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# WM. B. BRADBURY'S SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

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JUDGES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1863.  
L. M. GOTTSCHALK, A. W. BERG, CLARE  
W. BEAMES, FRANCIS H. BROWN.

This is unprecedented in the history of  
the Piano-Forte Trade.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, 427 Broome Street,  
Corner of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, New York.

# STRONG ENDORSEMENT

OF THE MOST EMINENT PIANISTS OF NEW YORK.

The most eminent of the musical profession of New York City, after frequent and thorough trials of my NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, have given me the most emphatic and unqualified Testimonials. The following is a specimen of the voluntary testimony I am constantly receiving from gentlemen entirely disinterested, and, as all will acknowledge, most thoroughly qualified to judge of the merits of a Piano-Forte.

"We have examined, *with much care*, Mr. Wm. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, and it is our opinion that, in power, purity, richness, equality of tone, and THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, Mr. BRADBURY'S instruments EXCEL.

"We find GREAT BRILLIANCY and a BEAUTIFUL SINGING QUALITY of tone most happily blended. We have RARELY SEEN a square Piano-Forte combining so many of these qualities essential to a PERFECT INSTRUMENT."

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## GOTTSCHALK,

The renowned Pianist and Composer, AFTER A CAREFUL AND THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, says:


"I have examined, with GREAT CARE, MR. WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Piano-Fortes, and it is my opinion that they are VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

"I have especially remarked their THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, and the power, purity, richness, and EQUALITY of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success.

"L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

"New York, July 12, 1863."





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PILGRIMS' SONGS

A

MUSICAL POCKET COMPANION,

OR

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK FOR PRAYER AND  
SOCIAL MEETINGS;

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

Selections from the Author's most popular Melodies and Hymns that have been issued within the last few years; together with a variety of New MELODIES, never before published. The whole designed as a help to the Prayer Meeting, the Class Meeting, and all Religious Social Gatherings.

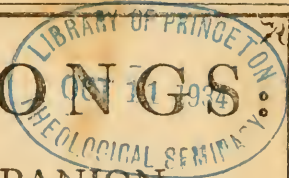
By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

NEW YORK:

Published by IVISON, PHINNEY & CO., 48 & 50 Walker Street.

WM. B. BRADBURY, No. 421 Broome Street.

CHICAGO—S. C. GRIGGS & Co.



## PREFACE.

**PILGRIM'S SONGS.**—This little work, intended only as supplementary to any Hymn book in use, is put forth as a response to the repeated question, "Can not something be done to awaken new life in our social religious meetings?" It is an attempt to do for the prayer meeting what has already been accomplished in the Sunday School, viz: by the introduction of a new and very popular class of Hymns and Tunes, to infuse new zeal and ardor in the meetings. Some err in supposing that all that is necessary to be done is to obtain a book with the tunes attached to the hymns. Such tunes, especially, as the good old standards like "Old Hundred," "Dundee," "St. Martins," "Mear," "Peterboro'," and the like, all of which, if known at all, can be sung as well without the music as with it. The congregation are requested to "join in the singing" as a duty. But a few straggling voices is the only response, and why? Because the people have not become interested. Children and birds sing because they love to—so should congregations. *They should be made to love to sing.* Then, and not till then, shall we have good congregational singing in our churches.

Let Singing Meetings, for the practice of devotional music be appointed. Let them, if convenient, be held on Sunday evening; and if other religious meetings are held on that evening, let them be short, and let the singing exercise occupy about half the time usually devoted to evening service. Let a suitable person be selected—the chorister, or teacher, or one of the singers who has a talent for the work, and let him teach and lead the meeting in the practice of such music and hymns as the people will enjoy. I would then whisper in his ear, "You must interest the people—secure the attendance of the Sabbath School children and teachers by frequently visiting the Sabbath School, and singing with them. If they love you they will follow you. They will attend the singing meeting and help you. Sing such pieces as are pleasing, tender and joyful, but always interesting and attractive—music that takes a deep hold of the feelings, that often brings the unbidden tear, or causes the heart to sing for joy. Those who attend will soon feel and say, 'It is good to be here,' and will invite their friends, and your meeting will increase in numbers and interest. Your devotional music will become popular, and it will soon be learned and sung from house to house, while those who at first held back will feel irresistibly drawn in and help to swell the vocal tide."

**PILGRIM'S SONGS** contains about one hundred Melodies, with a great variety of Hymns, adapted to the end in view, and furnished by the quantity at such a moderate price as to make them accessible to all. There are selections from the most popular Melodies and Hymns, recently published, together with a variety of new pieces, all breathing the spirit of devotion, in earnest but simple and natural musical strains. Such, for instance, as

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER; SWEET REST IN HEAVEN; NEARER HOME; HAPPY IN THE LORD; LONG LOVED ZION;  
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW; LOOKING HOME; THE SWEETEST NAME; REST FOR THE WEARY; SALVATION'S FREE;  
WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING; etc., etc.

Price 25 cents, or \$30 per 100, net cash. Single copies sent for examination on receipt of retail price.  
Orders now received at 427 Broome Street, corner of Crosby. WM. B. BRADBURY.



# SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY. **3**

17—One to each c.

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  
D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's

throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief; I  
snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!<br/>Thy wings shall my petition bear,<br/>To him whose truth and faithfulness,<br/>Engage the waiting soul to bless;<br/>And since he bids me seek his face,<br/>Believe his word, and trust his grace,<br/>I'll cast on him my every care,<br/>And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :</p> | <p>3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!<br/>May I thy consolation share;<br/>Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,<br/>I view my home, and take my flight:<br/>This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise<br/>To seize the everlasting prize;<br/>And shout, while passing through the air,<br/>Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. <b>3</b></p> |
|--|--|

## THE MERCY SEAT. L. M. with Chorus.

40—Two to the measure.

1 From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes,  
2 There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the Mer-cy-seat.  
A place than all be-sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought Mer-cy-seat.

## CHORUS.

The Mer-cy-seat, the Mer-cy-seat, the bless-ed Mer-cy-seat.

The Mer - cy - seat, The Mer - cy - seat, The bless-ed Mer - cy - seat.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

3.

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common Mercy-seat.

CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

4.

There—there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat,

CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

## OBERLIN. L. M.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace, O all-atoning Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face, I seek redemption in thy blood.

The musical score for 'Oberlin. L. M.' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

2 Thou art the anchor of my bore ;  
The faithful promise I receive :  
Surely thy death shall raise me up,  
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more,  
Me from the gospel hope can move ;  
I shall receive the gracious power,  
And find the pearl of perfect love.

## SECOND HYMN.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,  
All that has been amiss forgive ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word,  
And let thy truth within us live.

2 As all the hours of life, now gone,  
Have been with mercy richly crowned,  
So let that mercy still flow on,  
Forever sure as time rolls round.

I Go when the morn-ing shin-eth, Go when the moon is bright,

Go when the eve de-clin-eth, Go in the hush of night;

D.C. And in thy cham-ber kneel-ing, Do thou in se-cret pray.

TIME FOR PRAYER. Concluded.

7

AL SEG.  $\text{S}$

AL SEG.  $\text{S}$

Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Send earth - ly thoughts a - way.

AL SEG.  $\text{S}$

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for three parts: Treble Clef (top), Treble Clef (middle), and Bass Clef (bottom). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the middle staff. Each staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata-like symbol.

2.

Remember all who love thee,  
 All who are loved by thee;  
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
 If any such there be;  
 Then for thyself, in meekness,  
 A blessing humbly claim,  
 And blend with each petition  
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
 In solitude to pray,  
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
 When friends are round thy way,

E'en then the silent breathing,  
 Thy spirit raised above,  
 Will reach his throne of glory,  
 Where dwells eternal love.

4.

O, not a joy or blessing  
 With this can we compare—  
 The grace our Father gave us  
 To pour our souls in prayer;  
 When'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
 Before his footstool fall;  
 Remember, in thy gladness,  
 His love who gave thee all.

1 How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the pres-ence of our Lord!

Dear Sav - ior! on thy peo - ple smile, And come, ac-cor-ding to thy word.

2

From busy scenes we now retreat.  
That we may here converse with thee  
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—  
Let this the “gate of heaven” be.

3

“Chief of ten thousand!” now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face:  
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place.

1. Pilgrim is thy journey drear? Are its lights extinct for ever! Still suppress the rising

2. fear; God forsakes the righteous nev-er! Nev-er, nev-er! No, nev-er!

2.  
 Storms may gather o'er thy path,  
 All the ties of life may sever;  
 Still, amid the fear of death,  
 God forsakes the righteous never!

3.  
 Pain may rack the wasting frame,  
 Health desert thy couch forever,  
 Faith still burns with deathless flame,  
 God forsakes the righteous never!

4.  
 Earthly joys may all decline  
 At the mandate of the Giver,  
 Yet why shouldst thou e'er repine,  
 God forsakes the righteous never!

5.  
 When thy final hour shall come,  
 Dark will be death's fearful river;  
 But a voice dispels the gloom,  
 God forsakes the righteous never!

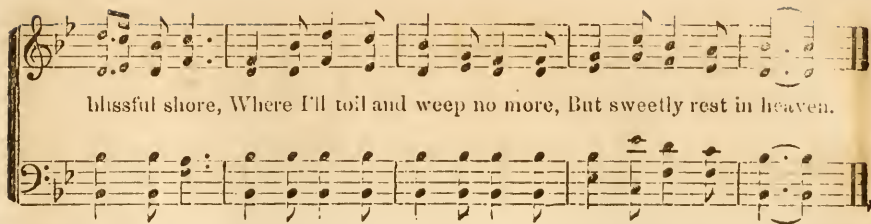
1 Pil-grim and stran-ger sad-ly I roam, 'Mid toil and danger, Far from my

home. Faint yet pursuing by fierce tempests driven, My strength still renewing. My

CHORUS *Spirited.*

hope is in heaven. Soon my con-flicts will be o'er. Soon I'll gain the





blissful shore, Where I'll toil and weep no more, But sweetly rest in heaven.

2.

3.

Friends fondly cherished wait for me there,	There free from anguish, free from all fear,
Happy with Jesus—His glories share,	No more I'll languish shedding no tear.
Soon will I greet them, no tie shall be riven,	Weeping! no never! the crown will be given,
For there I shall meet them all happy in	Forever and ever be happy in heaven.
heaven. Cuo. Soon my conflicts, etc.	Cuo. Soon my conflicts, etc.

4.

Loved ones in glory beckon me on,  
 List to their story, see their bright crown.  
 Joys everlasting to me will be given,  
 And treasures unwasting with glory in heaven.  
 Cuo. Soon my conflicts, etc.

1 Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes, Where sire and child devout - ly

kneel, While thro' the o-pen casement nigh The ver-nal blos-soms fra-grant steal.

2.

Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,  
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,  
And upward to th' eternal throne.  
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3.

But he who fain would know how warm  
The soul's appeal to God may be,  
From friends and native land should turn  
A wanderer on the faithless sea;—

4.

Should hear its deep, imploring tone  
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,  
When billows toss the fragile bark,  
And fearful blasts the conflict urge

5.

Nought, nought appears but sea and sky;  
No refuge where the foot may flee:  
How will he cast, O Rock divine,  
The anchor of his soul on thee.

20—Two to the measure. Joyfully.

1 Come ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in the song with

CHORUS.

sweet ac-cord. And thus surround the throne. The an-gels sing in their hap-py home, The home

an-gels sing in their hap-py home, The an-gels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But children of the Heavenly king,  
May speak their joys abroad.

*Cho.* The angels sing, etc.

3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the Heavenly fields,

Or walk the golden streets.

*Cho.* The angels sing, etc.

4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry.  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

*Cuo.* The angels sing, etc.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S "MARCHING ALONG."

Words by K. C.

"The dear place of Prayer."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 The peo - ple are gath'ring from near and from far, And glad-ly they meet in the  
2 How good is the place where so of - ten we meet. How happy to be near the

dear place of pray'r, To read and to pray and to sing Zi - on's song, And  
blest mer - cy seat: Our faith is refreshed, and our spir-its grow strong, And

FULL CHORUS.

help one a - noth - er while marching a - long, Marching a - long we are  
with thankful hearts we are marching a - long, Marching a - long we are

THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCHING ALONG. Concluded. 15

marching a-long, Gird on the ar-mor and be marching a-long, Our lead-er is

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and dotted rhythms. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Je - sus, he bids us be strong, And gird on our armor, and be marching a-long.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

3.

Our life is a warfare—not long can we rest,  
For foes fierce and deadly our pathway infest;  
We never must shrink, though the contest be long,  
But trust in our Leader while marching along.

Cho.—Marching along, &c.

4.

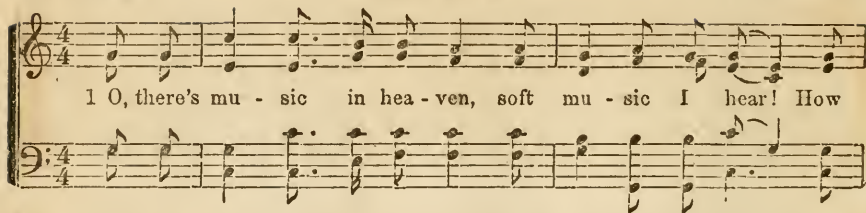
We know not how soon the glad summons may come,  
To lay down our weapons, and go to our home:  
But while we are waiting, let this be our song:  
From earth to the skies we are marching along!

Cho.—Marching along, &c.

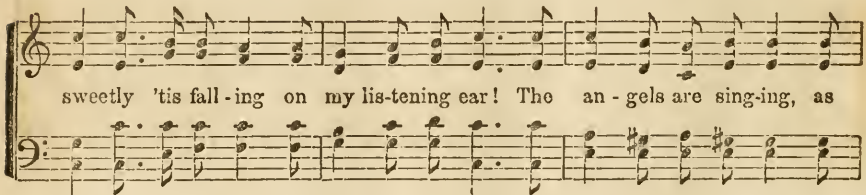
Words by A. M. S.

or, The Angels Harvest Home.

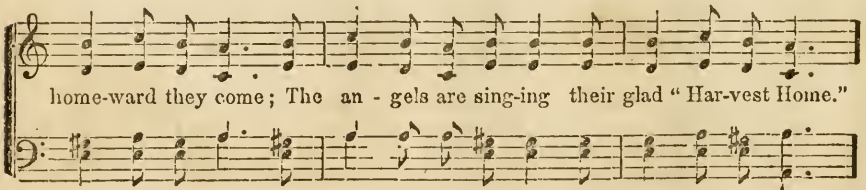
WM. B. BRADBURY



1 O, there's mu - sic in hea - ven, soft mu - sic I hear! How



sweetly 'tis fall - ing on my lis - tening ear! The an - gels are sing - ing, as



home - ward they come; The an - gels are sing - ing their glad "Har - vest Home."

## CHORUS.

Ho - san - na! ho-san - na! tri - umphantly sing! Ho - san-na for-ev - er, to

Jesus our King! With sheaves we have gather'd, on bright wings we come, Each

## CODA.

joy - ous - ly sing - ing the glad "Har-vest Home." Har - vest home,

Our joy-ous har-vest home.

har-vest home, Our joy - ous har-vest home,..... har-vest home.

Our joy-ous har-vest home.

Our joy-ous har - vest..... home.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The melody is written in the treble clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first line of music is followed by the lyrics 'har-vest home, Our joy - ous har-vest home,..... har-vest home.' The second line of music is followed by the lyrics 'Our joy-ous har-vest home.' The third line of music is followed by the lyrics 'Our joy-ous har - vest..... home.'

2.

At the feet of the Saviour, they cast their bright crowns ;  
 At the feet of the Saviour, their sheaves are laid down ;—  
 "They're mine ;" saith the Lord, " to my arms let them come ;" —  
 Then again Heaven rings, with the glad " Harvest Home."

CHORUS. Hosanna! hosanna! &c.

3.

Oh Lord of the Harvest, when round Thee shall stand,  
 The bright ones of heaven, with harps in their hands,  
 'Mid that happy throng may thy children find room  
 To sing with the angels their glad " Harvest Home."

CHORUS. Hosanna! hosanna! &c.



1 Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pard'ning grace, Come, yield your hearts up

CHORUS. *f*

to Him now, And learn to love and praise. Sal - va - tion's full and free! Sal -

va - tion's full and free! Sal - va - tion's free for you and me—Bless the Lord, salvation's free.

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

Refuse the offers of his grace,  
 And lose a home above! *Chorus*  
 4 Gaze on the bloody cross!  
 Gaze on your dying Lord!  
 Now think, He only died to save  
 From hell, from sin's reward *Chorus*

WM. B. BRADY. From "OKIOLA."

CHORUS. Cres.

Girls. { We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide ; }  
 Boys. { We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide. } All the storms will soon be over,  
 Girls. { Mil-lions now are safe-ly land-ed, O - ver on the gold-en shore ; }  
 Boys. { Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. } All the storms will soon be over,

Then we'll anchor in the har-bor ; We are out on the o-cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide ;

2.  
 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes  
 Gently waft our vessel on ;  
 All on board are sweetly singing—  
 Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*

3.  
 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.—*Cho.*

# THE BRIGHT CROWN. C. M. with chorus.

21

From "ORIOLA." by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. { Ye val-iant sol-diers of the cross, Ye hap-py pray-ing band; } Let us  
 { Though in this world you suf-fer loss, You'll reach fair Ca-naan's land; }

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.*

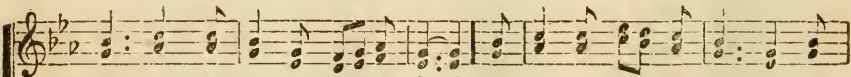
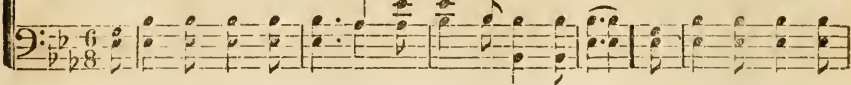
## I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR.

30--Two to each measure.

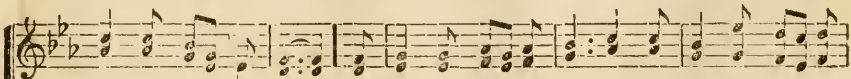
From the GOLDEN SHOWER, by permission.



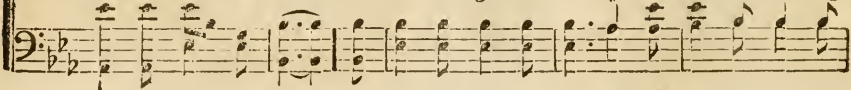
1 I ought to love my Sav-iour! No earthly friend can be One half so kind and  
 2 He left his home in glo - ry, To save my soul from death: And now in all life's



faith - ful. As he has been to me. Be - fore my lips could ut - ter His  
 dan - gers, He still sus - tains my breath. I lay me down and slum - ber All



sweet and pre-cious name, Un - til the present moment, His love has been the  
 thro' the hours of night; And wake a - gain in safe - ty To hail the morning



## REFRAIN. |

same. I ought to love my Saviour, My precious, precious Sav - iour, I  
light. I ought, &c.

ought to love my Sav - iour, He loves me well, I know.

3.

It is but very little,  
For him that I can do;  
Then let me seek to serve him,  
My earthly journey through;  
And without sigh or murmur,  
To do his holy will:  
And in my daily duties,  
His wise commands fulfil.

4.

And when I reach the mansion,  
He has prepared for me,  
'Twill be my grateful pleasure  
My Saviour's face to see,  
And 'mid the angel's music,  
Which then will greet my ear  
How eagerly I'll listen  
My Saviour's voice to hear.

1 Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings; For my Fa-ther's  
 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bring-ing; Night will be ex-  
 3 Oh! to be at home a-gain, All for which we're sigh-ing, From all earth-ly

*Refrain.*

man-sions still Ear-nest-ly is long-ing, Look-ing home, Look-ing home.  
 changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing-ing. Look-ing home, &c.  
 want and pain To be swift-ly fly-ing. Look-ing home, &c.

Towards the heavenly mansions Je - sus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

4 With this load of sin and care,  
 Then no longer bending,  
 But with waiting angels there  
 On our soul attending,

5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,  
 All for which we're sighing,  
 Soon our Lord will bid us come  
 To our Father's kingdom.

# LONELY TRAVELER.

23

40—Two to the Measure.

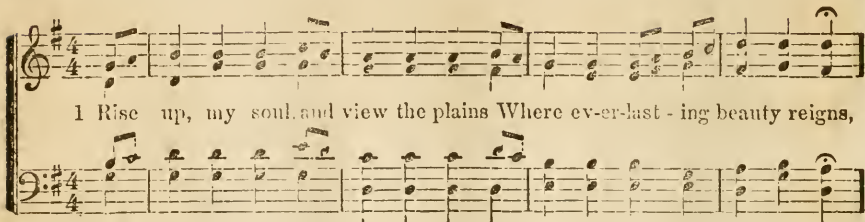
1. I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Weary, op - pressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!

Dark and dreary is the way, Toil-ing I've come, Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

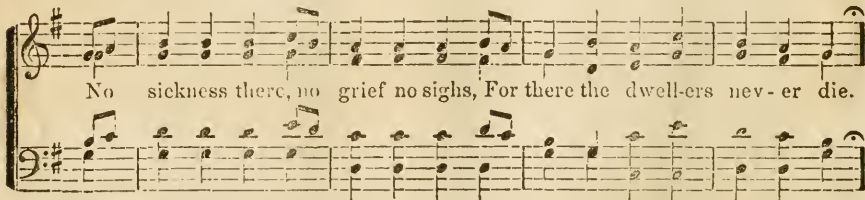
2. I'm a weary traveler here,  
 I must go on.  
 For my journey's end is near,  
 I must be gone.  
 Brighter joys than earth can give,  
 Win me away;  
 Pleasures that for ever live—  
 I can not stay.
3. I'm a traveler to a land  
 Where all is fair,  
 Where is seen no broken band—  
 All, all are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

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.
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.

26 THERE'S A BETTER DAY SOON COMING. L. M., with chorus.

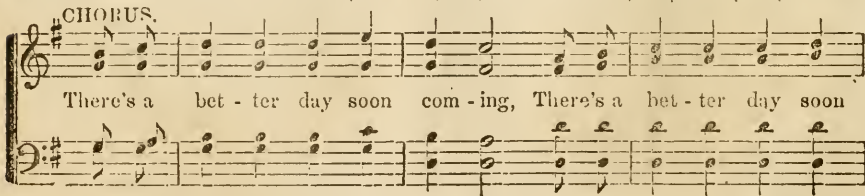


1 Rise up, my soul and view the plains Where ever-last - ing beauty reigns,



No sickness there, no grief no sighs, For there the dwell-ers nev - er die.

CHORUS.



There's a bet - ter day soon com - ing, There's a bet - ter day soon



The image shows a musical score for the song 'There's a Better Day'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

com-ing, There's a bet-ter day soon com-ing, O, then re-joice with me.

2.

While here, we groan with toil and care,  
 But we shall shine in glory there,  
 Shall range along the river side,  
 And drink the cool and living tide:—  
 There's a better day, etc.

3.

Shall stand the tree of life below,  
 And pluck the fruits that on them grow,  
 Shall pluck the fruits and pluck the flowers,  
 And dwell at ease in angel bowers.  
 There's a better day, etc.

4.

Our robes shall all be purest white  
 Our crowns more dazzling than the light,  
 Our conquering palms shall wave around,  
 Our harps, like David's harp, shall sound.  
 There's a better day, etc.

5.

Our songs about the throne shall rise,  
 Our shouts shall echo through the skies;  
 Roll on bright-day, in glory roll,  
 Arise to meet it, O my soul.  
 There's a better day, etc.

## A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Words by Miss JANE HAMILTON.

1 'Tis a bless-ed thought to know, When our fol-lies grieve us, And the sins of  
 2 Je - sus owns our worthless names At the court of hea-ven: Stands and pleads that

all the past, Rise and will not leave us. That be - fore the Fa - ther's throne  
 for his sake We may be for - giv - en. Pleads by that lone night of woe,

Plead-ing in our fa - vor, Making all our cause his own, Stands our precious  
 Spent in sad Gethsema-ne, And the precious blood he shed On the Cross of

## CHORUS.

Sa - viour. Je - sus is a faith - ful friend, He'll for - sake us nev - er.  
Calvary. Je - sus is, &c.

Je - sus is a faith - ful friend, Love and serve him ev - er.

3.

Though we long have turned aside,  
From his faithful warning,  
Treated all his love with pride,  
And his word with scorning;  
Still his love abides the same,  
Faithful, true and tender;  
Still he stands at God's right hand,  
Ever our Defender. CHO.—Jesus is, &c.

## WE'RE NEARER HOME.

16—Two to each measure. Words by KATE CAMERON.

1 We know not what's be - fore us, What tri - als are to come : But  
 2 Tho' dark our path, and lone - ly. And clouds our sky o'er - cast. Let  
 3 What-e'er of gloom or an - guish Life to our hearts may bring. In

each day pass - ing o'er us, Brings us still near - er home. We're near - er, near - er  
 us re - mem - ber on - ly. That it will soon be past. We're near - er, &c.  
 doubt we will not lan - guish, But cheer - ful - ly we'll sing. We're near - er, &c.

home. Our bless - ed, hap - py home, Where grief and sin can nev - er come, We're

## REFRAIN.

near - er, near - er home. Near - er home, Near - er home, Near - er to my

hap - py home, Near - er home, Near - er home, Our bless - ed, hap - py home. *Repeat pp*

## MEROE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 1847.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be—A mortal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,—  
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

1 Morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Brightly thou art breaking, Ho - ly joy thy light awaking;

The first system of music is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph angels glad behold thee

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D2, E2, F#2, and G2. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Far and wide, See them glide, Streams of rich sal - va - tion Flow to ev - ery na - tion.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff continues with quarter notes A5, B5, C6, and D6. The bass staff continues with quarter notes A2, B2, C3, and D3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

2.

Morn of Zion's glory—  
 Every human dwelling  
 With thy notes of joy is swelling ;  
 Morn of Zion's glory.  
 Distant hills are ringing,  
 Echoed voices sweet are singing  
 Hasten thee on  
 Like the sun,  
 Paths of splendor tracing,  
 Heathen midnight chasing.

3.

Morn of Zion's glory—  
 Now the night is riven ;  
 Now the star is high in heaven ;  
 Morn of Zion's glory.  
 Joyful hearts are bounding,  
 Hallelujah's sounding ;  
 Peace with men  
 Dwells again,  
 Jesus reigns forever !  
 Jesus reigns forever !

## WOODWORTH. L. M.

*Soft and gentle, but not too slow.*

DEATH.

WM. B. BRADDERY.

1 The God of love will sure in-dulge The flow-ing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children  
 2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding

fall around, When tender friends and kin-dred die.  
 hearts forget Th'al-mighty ev - er liv - ing friend.

2d HYMN.—JUST AS THOU ART.

- 1 Just as thou art, without one trace  
 Of love or joy, or inward grace,  
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
 O guilty sinner come, O come.
- 2 Come leave thy burden at the cross,  
 Count all thy gains but empty loss.  
 His grace repays all earthly loss,  
 Then needy sinner ! come O come.

28—One to each quarter note.

1 Spread, my soul, thy gol - den pin - ions—Bask in heaven's ce - les - tial

D C. FULL CHORUS

As the tide is flow-ing, flow-ing, Onward to re - turn no

ray—'Tis a fore-taste of the glo-ries, Saved for that e - ter - nal day!

more—So may heavenly breezes blow-ing, Waft my soul to Canaan's shore!

When thy pil - grim - age is o - ver And the clouds of sin are



D C IN FULL CHORUS

past Then if faith-ful to thy mis-sion Thou shalt reach that goal at last.

The image shows a musical score for two parts, Treble and Bass clef, in D major (one sharp). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The score is divided into two measures, labeled 3 and 4.

3

4

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

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

### SITTING BY 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.  
 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe:  
 Still in faith and hope abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

2 Truly blessed is the station!  
 Low before His cross to lie,  
 While I see Divine compassion  
 Beaming in His gracious eye  
 Here I'll sit, forever viewing,  
 Mercy streaming in his blood;  
 Precious drops my soul bedewing  
 Plead and claim my peace with God

1 How oft - en I am wea - ry, How of - ten sad and drea - ry, What

2 What then of tri - bu - la - tion, What then of sore tempt - a - tion: Be

Detailed description: This block contains the first two verses of the song. It features three staves of music: a vocal line in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves.

## CHORUS.

then but this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at home, } When this poor body lies  
 { When soft winds gent-ly

this my con - so - la - tion, I soon shall rest in heaven. When this poor, &c.

Detailed description: This block contains the chorus of the song. It features three staves of music: a vocal line in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves. The chorus begins with a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb, }  
 sigh - ing o'er its qui-et home. } When strange sweet flowers in beauty, in

beau-ty o'er it bloom. I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home.

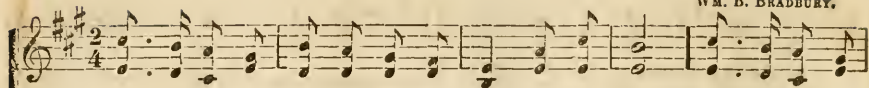
3 There shall my happy spirit  
 Sing of my Saviour's merit,  
 Who brought me to inherit  
 Eternal rest in heaven.  
 When this poor body, &c.

4 O brother, shall I meet you,  
 O sister, shall I greet you,  
 O sinner, shall I see you  
 Among the blest in heaven?  
 When this poor body, &c.

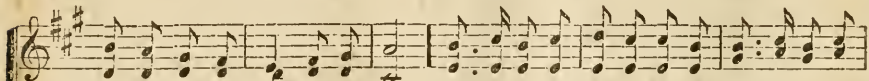
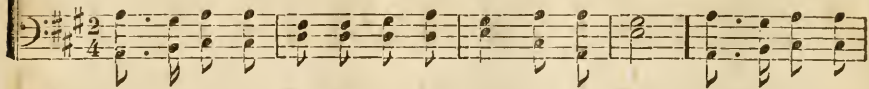
## ALL WILL BE WELL.

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

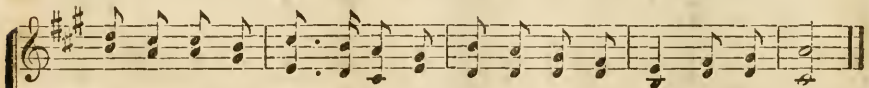
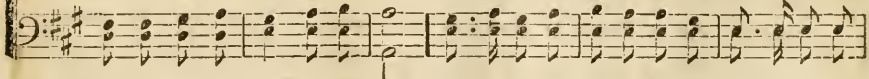
WM. B. BRADBURY.



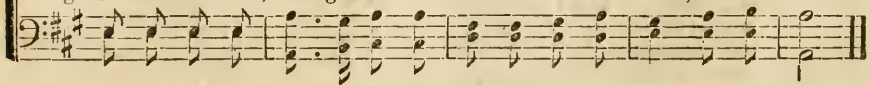
1 Thro' the love of God our Sav-ior, All will be well, Free and changeless



is His fa-vor, All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us, Perfect is the



grace that sealed us, Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well.



2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
 All will be well ;  
 Ours is not a full salvation,  
 All, all is well ;  
 Happy still in God confiding,  
 Truthful if in Christ abiding,  
 Holy through the Spirit's guiding,  
 All must be well.

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

## NEARER TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Near er to thee: E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth  
 me ; { Still all my song shall be, } Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!  
 { Near-er, my God, to thee, }

2 Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun goes down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone ;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,—  
 Nearer to thee !

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

4 Or if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly ;  
 Still all my song shall be,—  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee

1 } Peace, troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught these rocks their  
 } Cease thy complaint—sup-press thy groan, And let thy tears for -

2 } Come, free-ly come, by sin op-pressed Un-bur-then here thy  
 } Here find thy re - fuge and thy rest, And trust the mer - cy

1st 2nd

notes of woe. }  
 get to..... } flow; Be - hold the pre - cious balm is

weigh-ty load; }  
 of thy..... } God: Thy God's thy Sav - iour—glo - rious

\* The latter by using the small note at the beginning, joining the two eighth notes in the first full measure and omitting the repeat.



found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

word! For - ev - er love and praise the Lord.

“COME HITHER ALL YE WEARY SOULS.” 2D HYMN.\*

1.

“Come hither, all ye weary souls!  
Ye heaven-laden sinners! come;  
I’ll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2.

“They shall find rest, who learn of me,—  
I’m of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.

3.

“Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.”

4.

Jesus! we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits, to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

\* For this, or any other L. M. Hymn, use the small notes at the beginning and omit the repeat.

## THE HEAVENLY LAND.

32—Two to the measure.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1 There is a land, a peace - ful land, Be - yond death's roll - ing  
2 No need of sun, or moon, or stars, To read sweet Bethlehem's

riv - er, Where they whose robes are spot - less white, May  
sto - ry, For Christ him - self will be the light, In

CHORUS.

dwell, and dwell for - ev - er. In that fair land, oh may I stand A  
 that dear home of glo - ry. In that fair land, oh may I stand A



child of grace at God's right hand, And loud ho - san - nas

glad - ly sing. To Christ our Lord and Sav - iour.

3.

With friends so dear to us on earth,  
 We'll meet in blest communion,  
 Poor human guilt all washed away,  
 How sweet will be the union,  
 Cho.—In that fair land, &c.

4.

There is a land, a golden land,  
 Where angel bands are singing,  
 Where day and night the heavenly plains,  
 With trumpet harps are ringing.  
 Cho.—In that fair land, &c.

## SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

50—Two to the measure.

From the GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

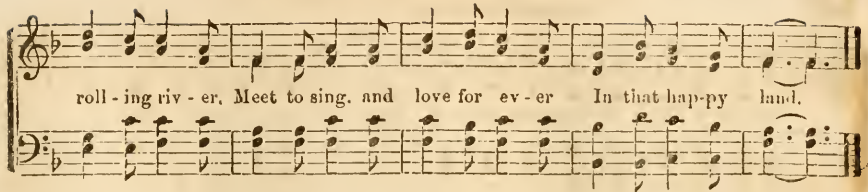
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ev - er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in  
 2. Shall we know each oth-er ev - er In that land? In that land? Shall we know each

## REFRAIN.

heaven for ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that  
 oth - er ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ev - er. Far beyond the  
 land, that happy land, They that meet shall know each other, Far beyond &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 forever  
 Far beyond the rolling river,  
 Meet to sing, and love forever  
 In that happy land!

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 forever  
 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 forever  
 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,  
 In that happy land!

## A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

From the GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There's a light in the win-dow for thee, brother, There's a light in the

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

win-dow for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions a - bove, There's a

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a dotted half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

CHORUS.

light in the win-dow for thee. A man-sion in hea-ven we

The chorus begins with a treble staff melody starting on a dotted half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) and the time signature changes to 3/4.

see. And a light in the win-dow for thee; A man-sion in

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody starts with a dotted quarter note 'see.', followed by eighth notes for 'And a light in the win-dow for thee;'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

heaven we see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff concludes with a double bar line. The bass staff continues with a final chord and a double bar line.

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,  
There's a light in the window for thee.  
*Cho.* A mansion in heaven we see, &c.
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.* A mansion in heaven we see, &c.
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.* A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

S. J. GOODENOUGH.

*Arranged.*

Let worldly minds the world pursue: It has no charms for me: Once I ad-mired its

## CHORUS.

tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free. Go - ing home, Go-ing home to

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment staff.

dwell where Je-sus is,      Go-ing home, go-ing home, going home to die no more.

2.

Its pleasures can no longer please,  
 Nor happiness afford ;  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 Now I have seen the Lord.

*Chorus.* Going home, &c.

3.

As by the light of opening day  
 The stars are all concealed,  
 So earthly pleasures fade away  
 When Jesus is revealed.

*Chorus.* Going home, &c.

4.

Creatures no more divide my choice ;  
 I bid them all depart :  
 His name, his love, his gracious voice  
 Have fixed my roving heart.

*Chorus.* Going home, &c.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME.

18—One to each quarter note.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDELL.

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1 Speed a-way! speed a-way! hap-py soul of the blest, From thy  
 2 Speed a-way! speed a-way! O why lin-ger be-low, When thy  
 3 Speed a-way! speed a-way! hap-py soul of the blest, To the

prison-house fly, like a bird to her nest; An-gel spirits are bending in love from the  
 measure of glo-ry no mor-tal can know, And the visions of beauty that beam on thy  
 land where the weary-worn pilgrim may rest, To the ci-tiy ce-les-tial, that beau-ti-ful

sky, To wel-come thee home to the man-sions on high! To the land where no  
 sight, All come from the Christian's dear home of de-light, Thy dark-ness is  
 shore, Where the presence of death we shall fear nev-er-more. Up! heaven-ward! let



night is, no tears, no de - cay! Speed a - way, speed a - way, hap - py  
 turned in - to in - fi - nite day! Speed a - way, speed a - way, hap - py  
 noth - ing thy jour - ny de - lay! Speed a - way, speed a - way, hap - py

Speed a - way..... \*

Alto full and clear-

*Ritard ad lib.*

soul of the blest, Speed a - way, speed a - way, to the land of thy rest.  
 Speed a - way.....

*With gentleness.*

Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray      Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day,

Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun      When the Chris - tian's course is run,

2.

Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades,  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3.

Saviour may our Sabbath's be  
Days of peace and joy in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

## SOFT AND HOLY.

(To Sabbath Evening.)

1.

Soft and holy is the place,  
Where the light that beams from heaven,  
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,  
With the joy of sins forgiven.

2.

There with one accord we meet,  
All the words of life to hear,  
Bending low at Jesus' feet,  
Worshiping with godly fear.

3.

Let the world and all its cares,  
Now retire from every breast;  
Let the tempter and his snares,  
Cease to hinder or molest.

4.

Precious Sabbath of the Lord,  
Fairest type of heaven above,  
Purest joy thy scenes afford  
To the heart that's tuned to love.

## LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE,

(To Sabbath Evening or Pleyel's Hymn.)

1.

Lord we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
Oh 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.

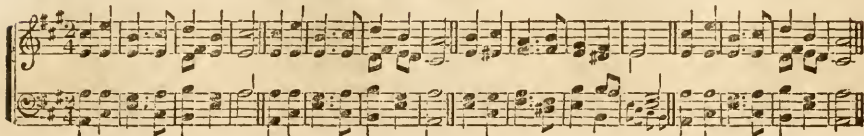
Comfort those who weep and mourn;  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

4.

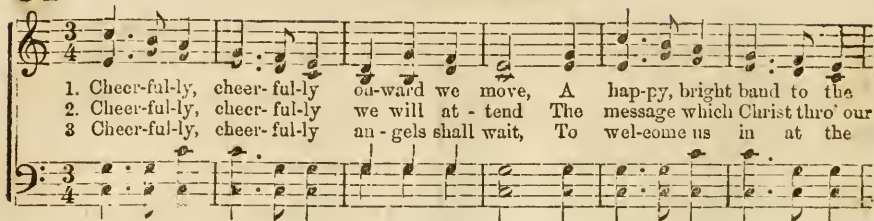
Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick; the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's.

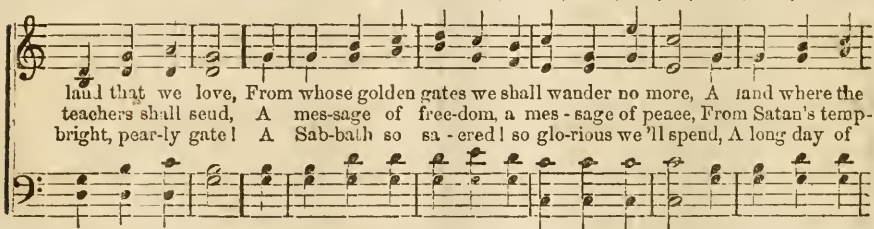
PLEYEL.



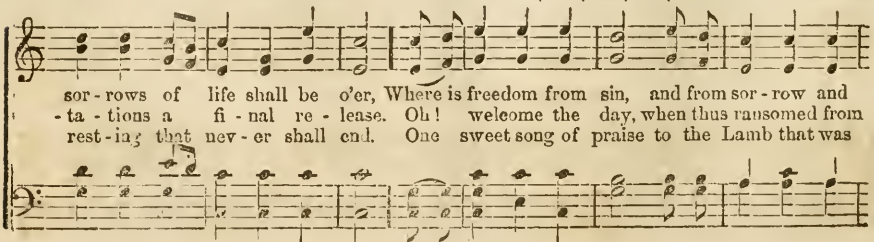
## RESTING AT HOME.



1. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly    ou-ward we move,    A hap-py, bright band to the  
2. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly    we will at - tend    The mes-sage which Christ thro' our  
3. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly    an - gels shall wait,    To wel-come us in at the



land that we love, From whose golden gates we shall wander no more, A land where the  
teachers shall seud, A mes-sage of free-dom, a mes - sage of peace, From Satan's temp-  
bright, pear-ly gate! A Sab-bath so sa - cred! so glo-rious we'll spend, A long day of



sor - rows of life shall be o'er, Where is freedom from sin, and from sor - row and  
-ta - tions a fi - nal re - lease. Oh! welcome the day, when thus ransomed from  
rest-ing that nev - er shall end. One sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was

*CHORUS to each Verse.*

night, A land full of ho - li-ness, beau-ty, and light. }  
 sin, The teach-er and schol-ar shall both en - ter in. } Pil-grims and strangers, no  
 slain! When we pass o - ver Jor-dan we'll praise him a - gain. }

more shall we roam, Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly rest-ing at home; Pil-grims and

strangers, no more shall we roam, Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly, rest-ing at home.

## REST FOR THE WEARY.

9—One to each quarter.

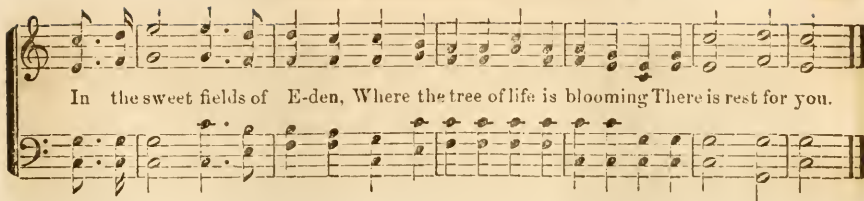
REV. J. W. DADMUN. Arranged.

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me,

## CHORUS.

To ful-fill my soul's request; There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you— On the oth-er side of Jordan,



In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming There is rest for you.

2.

He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.  
There is rest, &c.

3.

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

5.

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

**LET ME GO.** Music on page 68.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing,  
Are for evermore unknown,  
Where the joyous songs of glory,  
Call me to a happier home.  
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,  
I would gain life's fairer plains,  
Let me join the myriad harpers,  
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

5 Let me go, there is a glory,  
That my soul hath longed to know,  
I am thirsting for the waters,  
That from crystal fountains flow.  
There is where the angels tarry,  
There the saved forever throng,  
There the brightness wearies never,  
There I'll sing Redemption's song.

## OUR FRIENDS GONE BEFORE.

L. M., with Chorus.

1 I have some friends before me gone, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! And

The first system of music is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I'm re - solv'd to trav - el on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

## REFRAIN.

We soon shall reach the shin - ing shore, And there we'll meet to part no more,

The refrain section of music is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.



The image shows a musical score for two voices, Treble and Bass clefs, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The score is divided into two parts: '1st' and '2nd'. The lyrics are: 'Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah. | lu-jah.'

2.

Our friends are on the other side  
 Glory hallelujah!  
 They wait for us to cross the tide,  
 Glory hallelujah!

3.

Then let us ever onward go,  
 Nor set our hearts on things below.

4.

The day is hourly drawing near,  
 When before Christ we must appear.

5.

O! let us choose the better part,  
 And serve our Master hand and heart.

6.

Nor let aught tempt our feet to stray,  
 Outside the safe and narrow way.

7.

Then, when shall sink life's setting sun,  
 Our Judge shall say for us—"Well done!"

TIS BY THE FAITH.

1.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come  
 We walk through deserts dark as night;  
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2.

The want of sight she well supplies;  
 She makes the pearly gates appear;  
 Far into distant worlds she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.

3.

With joy we tread the desert through,  
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

1 By faith I view my Sav-iour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree, To

D.C. Hark! hark! what pre-cious words they hear, Mer-cy's free, Mercy's free, Hark!

ev - ery na - tion He is cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me.

hark! what pre-cious words they hear, Mer - cy's free, Mer - cy's free.

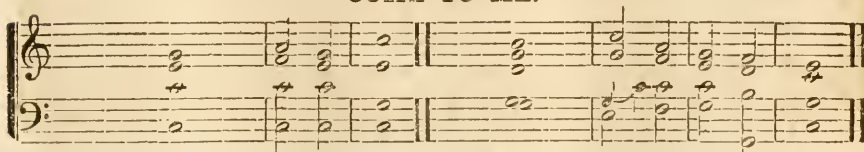
He bids the guil - ty now draw near, Re-pent, be-lieve, dis-miss their fear.

- 2 Did Christ when I was sin pursuing  
 Pity me pity me?  
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin  
 Can it be? 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, mercy's free;  
 And every moment Christ is precious  
 Unto me, 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 This precious truth ye sinners hear it  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—  
 Ye ministers of God declare it,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—  
 Visit the heathens dark abode  
 Proclaim to all the love of God  
 And spread the glorious news abroad,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

COME TO ME.



- 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, eu-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 fail 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 agony,  
 Support me, cheer me from above!  
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Tune arranged from a popular Camp Song.

12—One to each quarter note.

1. Ye soldiers of the cross, rise, and put your armor on; March to the ci - ty of the

New - Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus gives the or - der, and leads his peo - ple on

CHORUS.

'Till vic - to - ry is won. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

REPEAT AD LIBITUM

We are marching on.

2.

The watchmen they are crying, attend the trumpet's sound,  
Take the gospel banner, and the powers of hell surround,  
Hearts and arms make ready, the battle is at hand;  
Go forth at Christ's command.

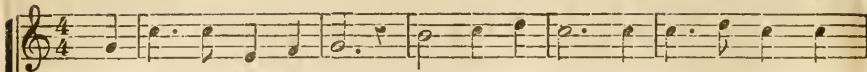
*Cho.* Glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

3.

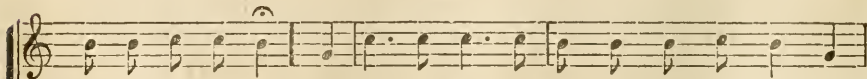
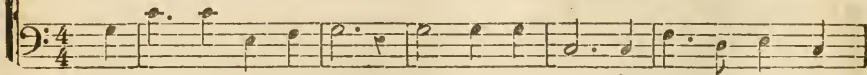
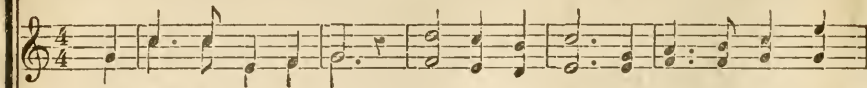
Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield,  
March on in order 'till you win the glorious field,  
Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful shore,  
Where war shall be no more. *Cho.*

4.

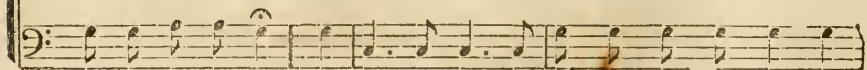
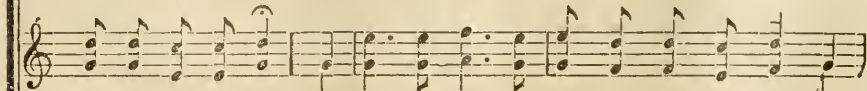
Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down,  
March on in duty, 'till you gain the starry crown,  
When the war is o'er and the battle you have won,  
Jesus will say, "well done." *Cho.*



1 No night shall be in Heaven! no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious



land-scape ev - er come ; No tears shall fall in sad-ness o'er those flowers, That



The image shows a musical score for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff. The music is in a common time signature and features a melodic line in the Treble staff, a supporting line in the Alto staff, and a bass line in the Bass staff. The lyrics are: "breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers, No night shall be in Heaven."

breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers, No night shall be in Heaven.

## 2.

No night shall be in Heaven! no dreadful hour  
 Of mental darkness or the tempter's power—  
 Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll.  
 To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

## 3.

No night shall be in Heaven. Forbid to sleep,  
 These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;  
 Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped away—  
 They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

## 4.

No night shall be in Heaven—no sorrow's reign,  
 No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;  
 No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;  
 No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

Words by REV. WM. HUNTER.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1 Firm - ly broth - ren, firm - ly stand, All u - ni - ted heart and hand. One un - bro - ken,  
2 Lift your standard, lift it high, Raise the Christian bat - tle cry. Christ your glorious

## FULL CHORUS.

val - iant band, Dauntless. brave and true. Die on the field of bat - tle,  
lead - er nigh, Calls a - loud to you. Die on the field of bat - tle,

Die on the field of bat - tle; Die on the field of bat - tle, Glo - ry in view.

3.  
Once our father-freemen cried,  
"Victory or death" beside,  
But with Jesus on our side,  
Death and victory too. *Cho.*

4.  
There to die, the battle won,  
There to fall the warfare done,  
Glory brighter than the sun,  
Then our promised due. *Cho.*

5,  
Christ our Captain's name we boast,  
Quells the dark Satanic host,  
Fall we then, each at his post,  
Fall as Christians do. *Cho.*



1. An-gels are hovering round, Hovering round, hovering round, An - gels are hovering round— Then

## REFRAIN.

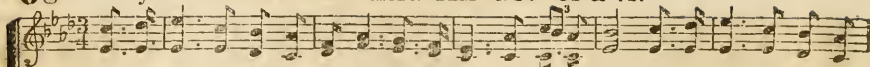
Christian, nev-er fear. Cheer up, then, pil - grim, never-moro de-spair; For Jesus sends his  
For Jesus sends

an - gel, And he is ev - er near, For Je-sus sends his an-gel, And he is ev-er near.  
For Jesus sends

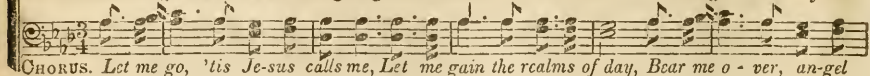
2. Spirits blest are hovering round,  
Hovering round, hovering round;  
Spirits blest are hovering round,  
Then Christian, never fear.—*Refrain.*

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

68 Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. LET ME GO. 8s & 7s.

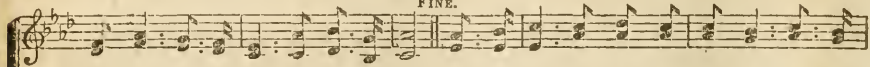


1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest, Let me go where my Re-



CHORUS. Let me go, 'tis Je-sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day, Bear me o - ver, an-gel

FINE.

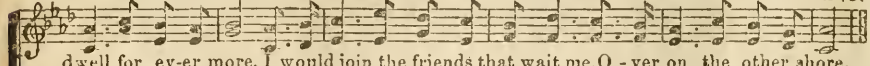


- deemer Has prepared his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they

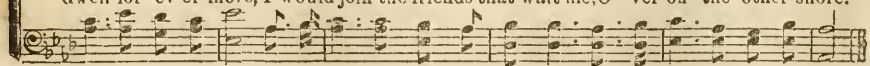


pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

D.C.



dwell for ev-er more, I would join the friends that wait me, O - ver 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.

# " LOOK UP."

69

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1 Say, earth-ly pil-grim, why de-lay? Why faint and droop along the way?

*Chorus on next page.*

Why tra - vel on with downcast eye, Look up and see the bright'ning sky,

2.

Thy feet may tread a thorny way—  
 But yet it leads to endless day—  
 The toilsome road, dear Jesus trod ;  
 Begun below, it leads to God !  
 Look up, look up, &c.

3.

Your pilgrimage will soon be o'er—  
 And on that bright and "shining shore"  
 The clouds that here bedimed your sight  
 Will flee before the heavenly light !  
 Look up! &c.

## CHORUS.

Look up, look up, and cease to pine, Look up, the sun a - gain will shine, And

light and love and joy be thine, Look up, for your sal - va - tion's night.

PARTING Concluded, *Music on the opposite page.*

2.

What tho' life's woes we feel,  
 And sore temptations,  
 Still let us nobly fill  
 Our proper stations;  
 Soldiers of Christ, hold fast,  
 The war will soon be past,  
 When victory comes, at last,  
 We'll meet in glory.

3.

Then, oh! what joys shall crown  
 That happy meeting,  
 We'll bow before the throne  
 Each other greeting;  
 Refreshed again we start,  
 Though for a while we part,  
 Yet always fond in heart  
 We'll meet in glory.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

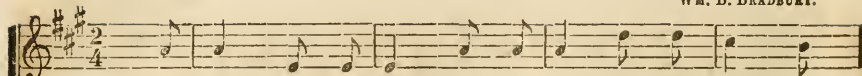
1 Farewell beloved friends, Time passes swiftly, When moments are improved,

Time pass-es sweet-ly; In Je-sus we are safe, When our few years are done,

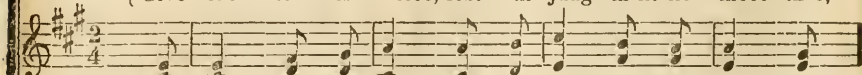
Be - fore the shin - ing throne, we'll meet in glo - ry.

\*Adapted also to the words "When shall we meet again."

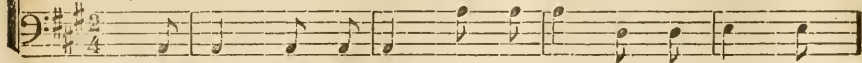
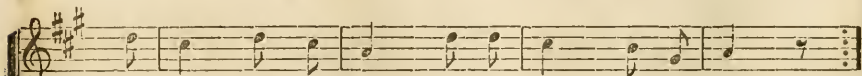
WM. B. BRADBURY.



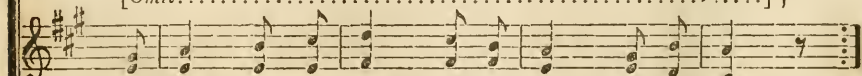
1 { Hark, sin - ner, while God from on high doth en - treat thee,  
Give ear to his voice, lest in judg - ment he meet thee,



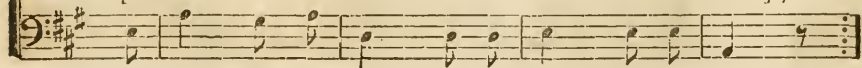
2 { How oft of thy dan - ger and guilt he hath told thee,  
Haste, haste while he waits in his arms to en - fold thee;

And warn - ings with ac - cents of mer - cy doth blend; }  
[Omit.....] }



How oft still the mes - sage of mer - cy doth send! }  
[Omit.....] }



The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains the lyrics: "The har - vest is pass-ing, the sum - mer will end." The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

## 3.

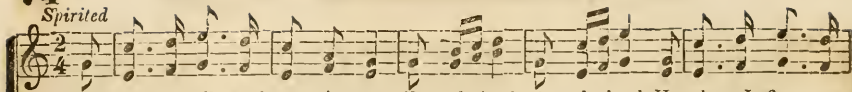
Despised, rejected, at length he may leave thee :  
 What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend !  
 Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee ;  
 " The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

## 4.

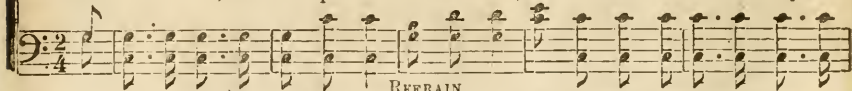
Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power ;  
 Our God will arise, with his foes to contend :  
 Haste, haste thee, O sinner ; prepare for that hour ;  
 " The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

## 5.

The Savior will call thee in judgment before him :  
 O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy friend ;  
 Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him ;  
 " Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

*Spirited*

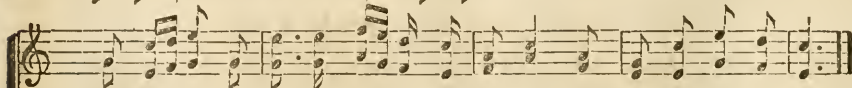
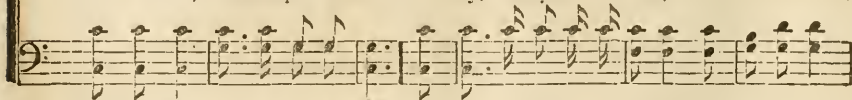
1 Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone. *View the land, view the land,* He whom I fix my  
 2 His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, *View the land, view the land,* The narrow way till



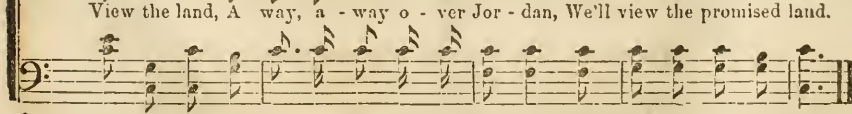
REFRAIN



hopes up - on, *View the promised land.* Away, a-way over Jordan, We'll view the land,  
 him I view, *View the promised land.* Away, a-way over Jordan, We'll view the land,



View the land, A way, a - way o - ver Jor - dan, We'll view the promised land.



3 The way the holy prophets went, *View, &c.* 4 The king's highway of holiness, *View, &c.*  
 The road that leads from banishment, *View, &c.* I'll go, for all his paths are peace, *View, &c.*  
 Cho.—Away, away, &c. Cho.—Away, away, &c.



1 } Lord I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free. }  
 { Show'rs the thirsty land re fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me. } E - ven me,

E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2.  
 Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
 Sinful though my heart may be ;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let thy mercy light on me,--  
 Even me.

3.  
 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour ;  
 Let me live and cling to thee :  
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor ;  
 Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—  
 Even me.

4.  
 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see :  
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me—  
 Even me.

5.  
 Love of God, so pure and changeless :  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;  
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me,—  
 Even me.

6.  
 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing ;  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,—  
 Even me.

30—Two to the measure.

From the GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

W. B. BRADBURY.

"FEAR NOT FOR I AM WITH THEE."

QUICK.

1 { Tho' the days are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is one that  
 { Cheerful hearts and smiling fa - ces Oft - en make thee happy here, Yet no one was

REFRAIN.

sees thee ev - er, And will hold thee near and dear. }  
 e'er so hap - py But sometimes the clouds appear. } There's a friend that's ev - er

near, Ne - ver fear, He is ev - er near, Ne - ver, ne - ver fear.

*Repeat pp*

There's a friend that's ev-er near, Ne-ver fear, He is ev-er near, Ne-ver 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.

3.

Soon will dawn a brighter morning  
 On a blessed tranquil shore ;  
 Sighs will thence give place to singing  
 Tears to bliss for evermore.  
 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.

CHO. CHO.

## CAIRO. C. M.

28—One to each quarter note.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

O Lord! I would delight in thee, And on thy care depend; To thee in every trouble flee, My best, my only friend.

W. H. OAKLEY.

1 Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep ;

*S:* *Fine.*

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep ;  
 D. S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

*D. S.*

Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suffering shown ;

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart ;  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of thy grief unknown ;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,  
 The gracious wonder show ;  
 Cast my sins behind thy back,  
 And wash me white as snow ;  
 If thy bowels now are stirr'd,  
 If now I do myself bemoan,  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

## THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

*With spirit and animation, but not too fast.*

1 Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glo - ry— A home when life's  
 2 Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the riv - er, Es - cort - ed by  
 3 There sweet - ly we'll rest in those man - sions for ev - er, And bask in the  
 4 Oh, who has pre - pared this ban - quet of pleasures, In hea - ven's sweet

sor - rows are o'er, Where joys that a - wait the meek and the low - ly, Will  
 an - gels a - long; And with them a - dore the Boun - te - ous Giv - er, Whose  
 ful - ness of love. Where fields are all bright with flow - rets that nev - er Shall  
 bow - er of rest? And bids us par - take of all its rich trea - sures, And

*Full Chorus. f*

more than lost E - den re - store. Where the new song of glo - ry is the  
 love is re - hearsed by the throng, Where the new song is giv - en. To the  
 with - er in E - deu a - bove. There the new song of par - don, is the  
 waits now to wel - come each guest? It is Je - sus, our Sa - viour, And we'll

theme of the ho - ly, And the ransomed are safe ev - er more, Where the new song of  
 loved ones in hea - ven. And the an - gels re - ech - o the song, Where the new song is  
 theme o - ver Jor - dan, And each harp swells the cho - rus of love, There the new song of  
 praise him for ev - er, When we're safe in those man - sions of rest. It is Je - sus, our

glo - ry Is the theme of the ho - ly, And the ransomed are safe ev - er more.  
 giv - en, To the loved ones in heav - en, And the an - gels re - ech - o the song.  
 par - don, Is the theme o - ver Jor - dan, And each harp swells the cho - rus of love,  
 Sa - viour, And we'll praise him for ev - er, When we're safe in those man - sions of rest.

## HELENA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 When waves of sorrow round me swell, My soul is not dismayed ; I hear a voice I know full well. " 'Tis I, be  
 not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning clouds appear, And storms my path invade, That voice shall tranquilize each fear.  
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed—  
 Saviour! be near to aid ;  
 Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,  
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
 Death hides within its shade ;  
 Oh! say, when flesh and hearts shall fall,  
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

## "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

10—One to each quarter note.

Words in part from "Revival Melodies," by permission.

1 O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that burden my soul? Like the  
 2 O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasres of youth are all fled? And the  
 3 O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the  
 4 O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul; Unto

waves in the storm when the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.  
 friends I have loved, From the earth are removed. And I weep o'er the graves of the dead  
 world in a day, Like a cloud roll a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view  
 whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to thee, Thou canst make my poor broken heart who's.

What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 That will I do! that will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved.

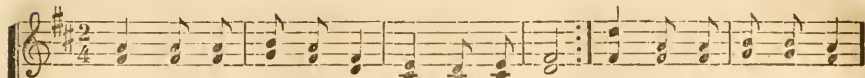


# HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

83

18—Two to the measure.

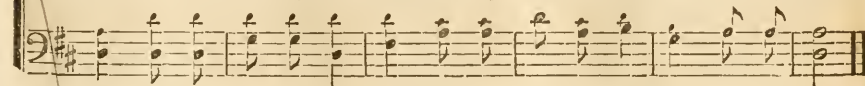
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { I'm but a stranger here: Heaven is my home; }  
 { Earth is a des-ert drear: Heaven is my home; } Dangers and sor-rows stand



Round me on ev - ery hand, Heaven is my Fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.

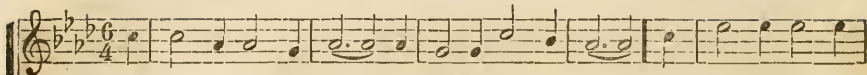


2.

What though the tempests rage,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pilgrimage:  
 Heaven is my home;  
 And time's wild, wintry blast  
 Soon will be over past,  
 I shall reach home at last—  
 Heaven is my home.

3.

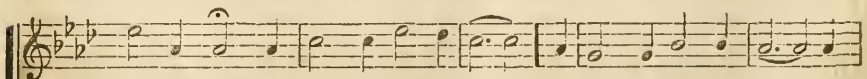
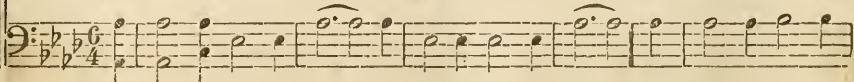
Therefore I murmur not:  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 And I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand—  
 Heaven is my Father-land—  
 Heaven is my home.



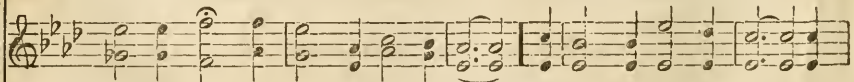
1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be: Life from the dead is



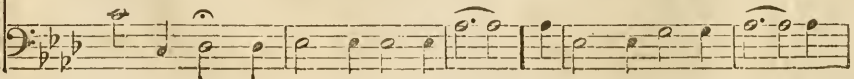
3. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul! how near, At times to faith's far-



in that word; T'is im - mor - tal - i - ty! 2. Here. in the bod - y pent. Ab -



- - - see - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear! 4. "For ev - er with the Lord!" Fa -



- - - sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A  
 - - - ther, if 'tis thy will, The promise of that faith-ful word, E'en

day's march nearer home, Near-er home, near-er home, A day's march nearer home,  
 here to me ful-fill, Here ful-fill, here ful-fill. E'en here to me ful-fill.

5 So when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.

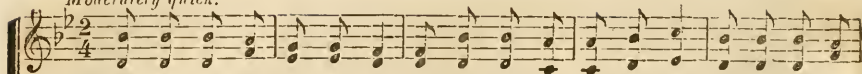
6 That resurrection word!  
 That shout of victory!  
 Once more—"For ever with the Lord!"  
 Amen! so let it be!  
 Let it be! let it be! Amen! so let it be!

# TAKE THE CROSS.

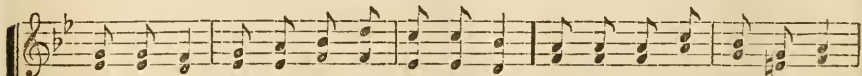
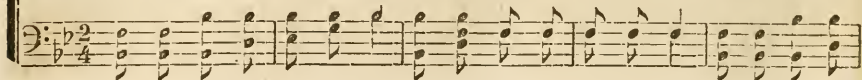
Words by K. C.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

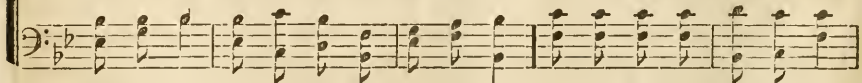
*Moderately quick.*



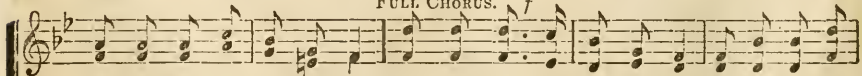
1. "Take thy cross and fol-low me" Thus the Mas-ter speaks to thee: Though in sin thou



dost a - bide, Je - sus calls thee to his side; Trust no mer-it of thine own,



FULL CHORUS. *f*



Look to Him, and Him a-lone. Take the cross the precious cross! Count all worldly



gain as loss, And all earth-ly things as dross; Je - sus bids thee bear the cross.

2. There's a cross for thee to bear;  
 Toil and pain, and grief, and care,  
 Yet though heavy it may be  
 Jesus bore still more for thee!  
 'Tis the thorny path alone  
 That can lead thee to His throne. *Cho.*

3. Soon, life's work will all be done,  
 Soon, thy mortal course be run:  
 Then, if thou hast faithful been,  
 And hast triumphed over sin,  
 Then thy cross thou layest down,  
 Christ shall give the promised crown. *Cho*

LORD, I BELIEVE. C. M. Double.

"LORD, I BELIEVE: HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

*FINE.*

*D.C.*

1. { Lord, I believe: thy power I own, Thy truth I would obey: } *dim* my sight.  
 { I wander comfortless and lone, When from thy paths I stray. } Lord I believe, but gloomy fears sometimes be-  
*D.C.*

*D.C.* I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

2 Lord I believe: but thou dost know  
 My faith is cold and weak;  
 Pity my frailty, and bestow  
 The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe, and only thou  
 Canst give my soul relief,  
 Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,  
 Help thou mine unbelief.

## CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

18—One to each measure.

1 We are bound for Ca - naan's hap - py land, We are bound for Canaan's  
2 Say, com-rades, will you go with us. Say, comrades, will you

hap - py land, We are bound for Canaan's hap - py land, Oh, will you meet us there?  
go with us. Say, comrades, will you go with us To Canaan's hap-py land?

## CHORUS.

Sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le -

- lu - jah, Sing-ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, We're bound for Canaan's land.

4.

Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
 Our Saviour he will lead us on.  
 Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
 To Canaan's happy land!  
 Glory, &c,

5.

Let us meet dear parents in that land,  
 Let us meet dear teachers in that land,  
 Let us meet dear schoolmates in that land,  
 On Canaan's happy shore!  
 Glory, &c.

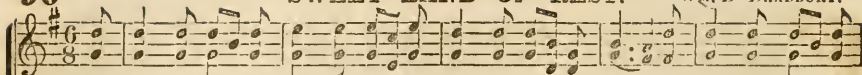
REST. L. M.  
 "ASLEEP IN JESUS."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

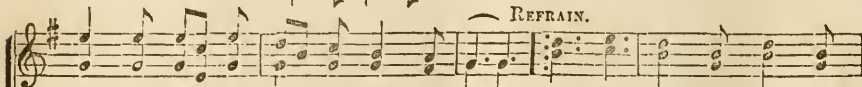
1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes,  
 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be!  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 And wait the summons from on high.

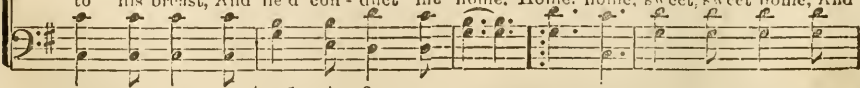


1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come! When I shall lay my  
 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering home, This world's a wil-de-  
 3 To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam, But fly for suc-cor

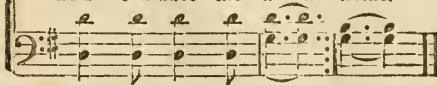


## REFRAIN.

ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And  
 -ness of woe, This world is not my home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This  
 to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And



dwell with Christ at home. home.  
 world is not my home. home.  
 he'd con-duct me home. home.



4 When by affliction sharply tried,  
 I viewed the gaping tomb;  
 Although I dread death's chilling tide,  
 Yet still I sighed for home.

Home, home, &c.

5 Weary of wandering round and round,  
 This vale of sin and gloom,  
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.

Home, home, &c.



# ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

91

36—Two to the measure.

From JOHN M. EVANS.

1 A crown of glo - ry bright, by faith's clear eyes I see In yon - der realms of

## CHORUS.

light Pre - pared for me, I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to

day; Yes! near - er my home in heaven to day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>2 O may I faithful prove,<br/>And keep the crown in view,<br/>And thro' the storms of life<br/>My way pursue,</p> | <p>3 Jesus, be thou my guide,<br/>And all my steps attend,<br/>O keep me near thy side,<br/>Be thou my friend.</p> | <p>4 Be thou my shield and sun.<br/>My Saviour and my guard,<br/>And when my work is done,<br/>My great reward.</p> |
|--|--|---|

## HAPPY IN THE LORD.

1 A pil - grim and a stran-ger here, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

CHORUS.

I seek the home to pilgrims dear, Hap - py in the Lord. We'll

cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

NOTE.—The first and third lines may be sung as Solos with good effect—the Chorus commencing at the words: "Happy," &c.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Happy in the Lord'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py in the Lord.

2.

I leave this world of sin behind, happy, happy, happy,  
 That better home in heaven to find, happy in the Lord ;  
 Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, happy, happy,  
 But fairer is my home up there, happy in the Lord.

*Chorus.*—We'll cross the river of Jordan, &c.

3.

In that fair clime of endless day, happy, happy, happy,  
 The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in the Lord :  
 To living founts, through verdant meads, happy, happy, happy,  
 The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in the Lord.—*Chorus.*

4.

The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, happy, happy,  
 In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in the Lord ;  
 No death shall visit them again, happy, happy, happy,  
 No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in the Lord.—*Chorus*

5.

Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, happy, happy, happy,  
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in the Lord ;  
 No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, happy, happy,  
 But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in the Lord.—*Chorus.*

GENTLY.



1 Soft the gently breathing notes,  
That sing the Saviour's dying love ;  
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,  
And soft as tuneful lyres above.

2 Soft the morning dews descend,  
While warbling birds exulting soar ;  
So soft to our almighty Friend  
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,  
That scatters life and joy abroad ;  
Pure as the lucid orb of day,  
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

## THE GOSPEL SHIP.

25—Two to each Measure.

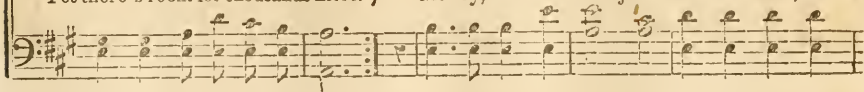
Musical score for 'THE GOSPEL SHIP.' in D major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The tempo is marked '25—Two to each Measure.' The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music features a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady beat.

1. { The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos - pel ship is sail - ing,  
All who would ship for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glo - ry,

2. { She has land - ed ma - ny thousands, thousands, thousands, She has land - ed ma - ny thousands,  
And thousands now are sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, And thousands now are sail - ing,



Bound for Canaan's happy shore; }  
 Come and welcome, rich and poor. } Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! All on board are  
 On fair Canaan's happy shore; }  
 Yet there's room for thousands more. } Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! All on board, &c.



sweet-ly sing-ing, Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

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.  
*Chorus—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.  
*Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.*

25—Two to each Measure.

Words by WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Music by W. B. B.

1. We are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - er - green  
 2. We have no - thing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Sa - vior's com -

shore. Who in - hab - it - ants nev - er of sick - ness complain, And nev - er see death a - ny more.  
 mand; And our hearts in the midst of the dan - gers are brave; For Je - sus will bring us to land.

*CHORUS to each Stanza.*

Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, It will the soon - er be o'er; We will  
 roar,.....

weath-er the blast, and will land at last, Safe on the ev - er - green shore.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;<br/>Nothing can baffle his skill:<br/>And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,<br/>Can make the loud tempest be still.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,<br/>Send not a glimmering ray,<br/>Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,<br/>Will drive all our terror away.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> | <p>5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,<br/>Fearfully overhead break;<br/>There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—<br/>There's one who will never forsake.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,<br/>Sink to be seen never more;<br/>He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,<br/>Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> |
|--|---|

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

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

2. Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound;  
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

Moderato. 22—One to each quarter note.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1 { Through a strange country as pilgrims we stray, For we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing home. }  
 { On-ward we go through the swift fading day, For we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing home. }

Wea-ry our march since the fair ro - sy dawn, Long is the dis-tance we've trav-eled since morn.

But we re-gret not the hours that are gone, For we're going, go-ing, go-ing home.

- 2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers,  
 When we're going, going, going home :  
 Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers  
 For we're going, going, going home ;  
 There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,  
 Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,  
 And never strewing the path to the tomb ;  
 For we're going, going, going home.

- 3 Hark ! 'tis the storm crashing loud though the pines,  
 We are going, going, going home ;  
 See the faint glimmering light that now shines !  
 We are going, going, going home.

Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,  
 Onward we still look, and never behind :  
 This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind,  
 We're going, going, going home.

- 4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,  
 We are going, going, going home :  
 Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,  
 We are going, going, going home :  
 Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,  
 Where we can never more suffer or die,  
 O ! let our anthem of praise ring on high !  
 We are going, going, going home.



## THE MASTER IS GONE.

99

“Jesus saith unto her, ‘Woman why weepest thou?’ She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, ‘Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.’”

“Jesus saith unto her, ‘Mary.’ She turned herself, and saith unto him ‘Raboni;’ which is to say ‘Master.’”—  
John 20 : 15, 16.

SEMI-CHORUS, or DUET.

1st time.

1 { Love sounds in her sighs, love flows in her eyes, How pen - sive she ut - ters her moan, }  
 { The stone is re - moved, lost is all that she loved. ( Omit. ) }

CHORUS.

Ah, Ma - ry! ah, Ma - ry! the Mas - ter is gone, Ah, Ma - ry! ah, Ma - ry! the Mas - ter is gone!

- 2 “In vain was my care those spices to prepare,  
 To embalm my dear Saviour alone ;  
 Taken home from my view, what alas shall I do.”  
 ||: Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone !:||
- 3 “I seek but in vain to relieve my heart's pain,  
 From bosoms as callous as stone ;  
 No one here can calm by sweet sympathy's balm,”  
 A heart full of sighs for the Master she loves.  
 Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone.
- 4 “Hallelujahs arise ; assist me ye skies,  
 And rejoice with a mortal who mourned !  
 Hence sorrow, hence care ; to the winds with despair,  
 ||: Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned. :||

\* Small notes for last stanza only.

1 When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing Thro' the bright celestial dome, When the

an - gel voi - ces ring - ing, Glad - ly bid us welcome home To the land of ancient

sto - ry. Where the spi - rit knows no care; In that land of light and

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE? Concluded. 101

CHORUS.

glo - ry, Shall we know each oth-er there? Shall we know each oth-er?

Shall we know each other? Say, O say, shall we know each other there?

- 2 When the holy angels meet us  
 As we go to join their band,  
 Shall we know the friends that greet us  
 In the glorious spirit-land?  
 Shall we see their dark eyes shining  
 On us as in days of yore?  
 Shall we feel their dear arms twining  
 Fondly round us as before. **Cho.** Shall.
- 3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
 And my weary heart grows light,  
 For the thrilling angel-voices,  
 And the angel-faces bright.  
 That shall welcome us in heaven,  
 Are the loved of long ago,

- And to them 'tis kindly given  
 Thus their mortal friends to know.  
**Cho.** We shall know each other,  
 We shall know each other,  
 Yes, oh yes, we shall know each other there.
- 4 O! ye weary heavy laden,  
 Droop not, faint not by the way;  
 Ye shall join the loved departed  
 In the land of perfect day.  
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers.  
 Murmur in my raptured ear;  
 Ever more their sweet tone lingers,  
 We shall know each other there.  
**Cho.** We shall know each other.

*With gentleness.*

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from  
2. That beau - ti - ful land, the city of Light, It ne'er has known the

sor-row free, The home of the ransomed, bright and fair And beautiful an - gels  
shades of night; The glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the dark-ness

## CHORUS.

too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful  
far a - way Will you go? Will you go?

*Repeat pp.*

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

The image shows a musical score for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef and the accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

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.

OH! BE TRUE.

*A Patriotic Song written to "That beautiful land."  
Words by W. H. Hayward, Esq.*

I.

Our beautiful flag, oh, now we see  
Firm every spot and blemish free,  
The flag of our Union bright and fair,

That waves in triumph every where.

CHO. Oh! be true—Oh! be true,  
True to our beautiful flag so free,  
Oh! be true—oh! be true,  
True to our beautiful flag.

2.

Oh! beautiful flag so pure and bright,  
Thy radiant stars are life and light,  
Emblem of power, our guide alway,  
Thy stars shall never fade away. CHO.

3.

We see thy stripes and eagle bold,  
And love thee more as we behold  
Forever wave on land and sea,  
The UNION FLAG of the brave and free. CHO

4.

This beautiful flag we soon shall see  
O'er every state unfurled and free,  
Beneath its folds shall discord cease  
And North and South rejoice in peace. CHO

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1 *sem. cho.* The storms of earth will van - ish, And all its tur - moils cease, Be - fore we reach that  
2 *sem. cho.* There clouds will never gath - er, Rude winds will ne - ver blow, And there will be that

*Full Chorus.*

coun - try, The bless - ed land of peace. }  
qui - et We can - not find be - low. } The land of peace, the land of peace, Oh! there will all our

troub - les cease, And all our hap - pi - ness in - crease In heaven, the land of peace.

1st *Semi. Cho.* On earth are wars and tumults,  
And danger, fear and strife,  
While unseen powers combining  
Assail our fleeting life.

2d *Semi. Cho.* But there is never conflict,  
Nor danger, nor alarm;  
The land of peace is guarded  
By an Almighty arm.

CHORUS. The land of peace, etc.

1st *Semi. Cho.* How blissful to look forward  
When all these storms shall cease  
And see that happy country,  
The holy land of peace.

2d *Semi. Cho.* We will not mind life's struggles,  
Which soon must have an end,  
But place our trust in Jesus,  
Our everlasting friend.

CHORUS. The land of peace, etc.

# THE UNION BAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 105

21—Two to each measure.

1 O we're a band of breth-ren dear, Who will join this happy band? Who live as pilgrim  
2 The prophets and apostles too, Once belonged to this happy band, And all God's children

CHORUS.

strangers here, Who will join this happy band? Hal-le-lujah, hal-le-lujah, We will join this  
here below, All have joined this happy band. Hal-le-lujah, hal-le-lujah, We will join this

happy band, Singing hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, We will join this happy band.

3 Let no contention e'er divide  
Members of this happy band;  
But firm, united, side by side,  
Thro' this life together stand.  
Cno.—Hallelujah, &c.

4 And when death comes, as come it must,  
To divide this happy band,  
The links will not return to dust.  
They will shine at God's right hand.  
Cno.—Hallelujah, &c.

*Modorato,*

1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo-ry dawn? Have the

signs that mark his com-ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone? Pilgrim

yes! a - rise, look round thee; Light is breaking in the skies; Gird thy



The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Watchman Tell Me'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

bri - dal robes a - round thee, Morning dawns, a - rise, a - rise!

2.

Watchman, see, the light is beaming,  
Brighter still upon the way;  
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day;  
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth and sea,  
All the saints of God now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.

3.

Watchman, hail the light ascending  
Of the grand Sabbatic year;  
All with voices loud proclaiming  
That the kingdom's very near:  
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,  
Canaan's glorious heights arise,  
Salem too appears in grandeur,  
Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

4.

Watchman, in the golden city,  
Seated on His jasper throne,  
Zion's king enthroned in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;  
There on sun-lit hills and mountains,  
Golden beams serenely glow;  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
On whose banks sweet flowrets blow.

5.

Watchman, see, the land is nearing,  
With its vernal fruits and flowers,  
On just yonder, O how cheering  
Bloom forever Eden's bowers!  
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air,  
See the millions, hear them singing,  
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

1 } Come, brethren, don't grow weary, But let us jour-ney on: The moments will not  
 { The passing scenes all tell us That death will surely come; These bodies soon will

## CHORUS.

tar - ry; This life will soon be gone: }  
 moulder In the dark and dreary tomb. } There is sweet rest in heaven. There is  
 There is sweet rest in heaven.....

sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,  
 They beckon us away,  
 O'er aerial plains they're soaring,  
 Blest in eternal day;  
 But we are in the army,  
 And dare not leave our post;  
 We'll fight until we conquer  
 The foe's most mighty host  
 There is sweet rest, &c.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,  
 He kindly calls us home  
 To yonder worlds of glory,  
 And sweetly bids us come.  
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
 Will strive to hedge our way,  
 But we'll o'ercome these powers—  
 We'll hourly watch and pray.  
 There is sweet rest, &c.

1. Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3.  
Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

4.  
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

5.  
Just as I am, thou wilt recieve,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise, I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

6.  
Just as I am, thy love, unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

*Spirited.*

1 Chris - tian, the morn breaks sweet-ly o'er thee, And all the mid-night

2 Toss'd on time's rude, re - lent - less sur - ges, Calm - ly, composed, and  
shad - ows flee, Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry,  
D.C. Thy home is in the world of glo - ry,  
daunt - less stand, For lo! be - yond those scenes e - mer - ges  
D.C. Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheer - ing,

THE MORNING IS BREAKING. Concluded.

111

A be - con light hung out for thee. } A - rise! a - rise! the  
 Where thy Redeem - er reigns a - lone. }

END. *ff*

The highs that bound the promised land. } Be - hold! be - hold! the  
 See in what throngs they range the shore! }

light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is gra - ven on the throne. *AL SEG.*

land is near - ing, Where the wild sea - storms rage is o'er ;

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,  
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray.  
 The star-gemm'd 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 that world of glory,  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

From "COTTAGE MELODIES," by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I'm called to die, Sing songs of ho-ly

*CHORUS*  
ec - sta-cy, To waft my soul on high: There'll be no sor-row there, There'll

be no sorrow there, In heaven a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble brow;  
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,  
Let heaven begin below. *Chorus*

3 Then to my raptured soul,  
Let one sweet song be given,  
Let music cheer me last on earth.  
And greet me first in heaven. *Chorus*

# BEAUTIFUL ZION.

113

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love;  
 Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God is light;  
 He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, O-pen'd those pearl-y gates to me,

2.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,  
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white,  
 Beautiful strains that never tire,  
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir,  
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
 Worshipping at the savior'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 savior see;  
 Haste to this heavenly home with me!

## A BRIGHTER DAY. 8s &amp; 7s, double.

"THEN LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH." Luke xxi, 28.

1 "Lift your heads" with faith; the mor - row Dawn - eth bright - er  
 2 Art thou lone - ly, sad and wea - ry, Watch - ing through the

than to day; An - gel hands will lift the shad - ows,  
 si - lent night? Dry thy tears, the o - rient glis - tens

*CHORUS*

Chase the gath - ering gloom a - way.  
 Like a thread of sil - ver light. "Lift your heads," the



day is break - ing, Soon the morn - ing will ap - pear;

See the earth from slumber wak - ing; "Lift your heads," the day draws near.

3.

Does the night seem long and weary—  
Dangers threatening 'long the way?  
Joy will soon return to bless thee,  
Soon will dawn a brighter day. *Chorus.*

4.

What though wars and earth's commotions  
Try your faith, and cause dismay  
God your Father, rules the nations,  
He will send a brighter day. *Chorus.*

5.

Let the heart be cheered with gladness,  
Though the sun is veiled from sight;  
See! the stars are brightly beaming  
Through the shadows of the night.

*Chorus.*

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,  
See the shadows flee away;  
See! the earth from slumber waking,  
"Lift your heads!" behold the day!

## THE SWEETEST NAME.

From the GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in hea-ven, The name be-tore his  
2. His hu-man name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they seal'd him, The name that still by

## REFRAIN.

wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour giv - en. We love to sing a round our King, And  
God's good will, De - liv - er - er revealed him. We love &c.

hail him blessed Je - sus: For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus

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

1. So now upon his Fathers throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
Tho Prince and Saviour Jesus.—Cho.

# LONG-LOVED ZION.

117

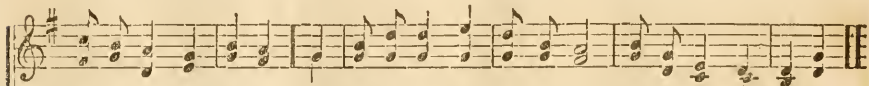
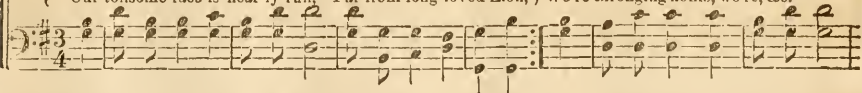
20--One to each ♪.

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

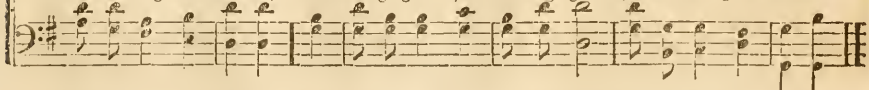
CHORUS to each Stanza.



1. { Where Babel's drooping willows stood, Far from long-loved Zion. } We're thronging home,  
 { We hung our harps, in silent mood, Far from long-loved Zion. } we're thronging home,  
 2. { Great things the Lord has done for us, Far from long-loved Zion, } We're thronging home, we're, &c.  
 { Our toilsome race is near-ly run, Far from long-loved Zion, }



Home to long-loved Zi - on, We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zi-on.



3. As streams their mighty torrents pour  
 Far from long-loved Ziou;  
 So turn our hearts to thee once more,  
 Home to long-loved Zion.  
 We're thronging home, &c.
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.  
 We're thronging home, &c.

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.  
 We're thronging home, &c.
6. Our grateful incense to the skies,  
 Home in long-loved Zion;  
 Mingled with holy songs shall rise,  
 Home in long-loved Zion.  
 We're thronging home, &c.

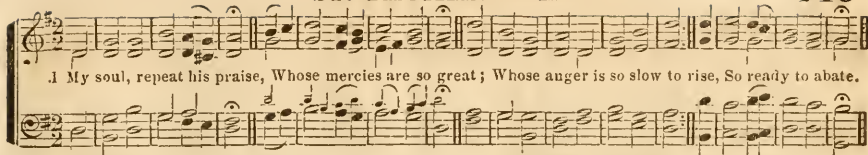
1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them  
 2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing; Our ab - sent Lord has  
 3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That perfect rest nought  
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says, come, and

as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our  
 left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing— For oh! &c.  
 can molest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing. For oh! &c.  
 there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for ev - er! For oh! &c.

friends are pass - ing o - ver, And just be - fore, the shi - ning shore We may almost dis - cov - er.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

119



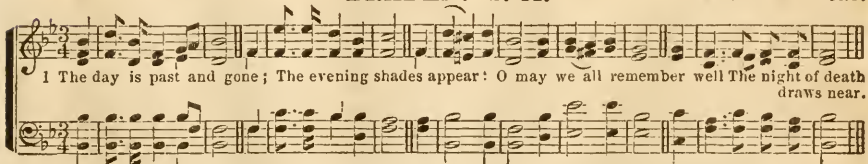
1 My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field  
It withers in an hour.

BRADEN. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear: O may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

SUPERIORITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.  
1 O Lord, thy perfect word

- Directs our steps aright,  
Nor can all other books afford  
Such profit and delight.
- 2 Celestial beams it sheds  
To cheer this vale below:  
To distant lands its glory spreads,  
And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts,  
Commands our hope and fear;  
Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,  
And feel its influence there!

## CHORUS.

1 The Christian loves oft by still wa-ters to roam, And longs for the bliss of his  
2 When tear-drops of anguish his eyes o - ver-flow, And his heart almost breaks with a

heavenly home; And when in green pastures his soul freely feeds, He blesses the hand that sup-  
pressure of woe, He sings of his Savior, and finds that repose Which none but the Christian on

plies all his needs. And this his sweet song Floats softly along, Like the mu - sic of  
earth ev - er knows. And this his sweet song Floats softly along, Like the mu - sic of

Go to next page.

an - gels, the Christian's sweet song.  
an - gels, the Christian's sweet song.

3.

His youth is the dawn of a clear summer day,  
His age, like the twilight, fades gently away;  
And when the grim messenger points to the  
tomb,  
His songs of salvation its darkness illumine.  
And this his sweet song, &c.

# THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET SONG. Concluded. 121

*Solo, Duet, or Semichorus\* Mezzo Soprano, male, or mixed voices singing the melody—Soft, flowing, gentle.*

Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, be near to me, Keep me, dear Sav - iour,

Base in octaves.

near - er to thee, Let me nev - er wan - der from thy heavenly way ;

1st TIME 2d TIME

Keep me, oh, keep me, Let me nev - er stray, Let me nev - er stray.

\* If a Base is desired, it will be suggested by the notes for the instrument.

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement, "Good bye, good bye! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry papa, *we'll all meet again in the morning!*" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father; and his heart grew lighter under his burden: for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this, "We'll all meet again in the morning!" It rouses up the fainting soul, and frightens away fear. Clouds may gather upon our path; disappointments may come: but all this cannot destroy the hope within us, if we can say truly, "All will be right in the morning!" If you were to die to-night, would it be well with you in the morning?

Words by KATE CAMERON.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A lit - tle child lay dy - ing As the sunset hour drew night, And these the words he

ut - tered When he breathed his last Good-Bye. "I know that my angel moth - er Is

wait - ing to bear me from thee, We'll all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, Dear



*CHORUS* *f*



father weep not for me! We'll all meet again in the morning, We'll all meet again in the

morning, We'll all meet a-gain in the morning Of heaven's e - ter - nal day."

2.

The words were full of solace,  
 Falling like a healing balm  
 On the heart so sorely stricken,  
 That the mourner might well be calm.  
 The sharp sting of anguish taken,  
 The burden of grief grew more light;  
 We'll all meet again in the morning,  
 Like a rainbow spanned Death's night.

CHORUS.—We'll all meet, &c.

3.

O, ye who sadly languish,  
 Weighed down by grief and gloom,  
 Beside the grave's dark portal,  
 Look beyond the silent tomb!  
 With God leave your precious treasures,  
 Shall He not in all things do right?  
 We'll all meet again in the morning  
 Death's sleep is but for a night.

CHORUS.—We'll all meet, &c.

1 { A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pretty sight, }  
 { It sailed a - long so pleasantly, And all was calm and bright, } When, lo! a storm be -

2. { And all but One were sore a-fraid Of sink - ing in the deep, }  
 { His head was on a pil-low laid, And he was fast a-sleep; } "Mas-ter, we per-ish!

- gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong; It blew the clouds across the skies, It  
 Master, save!" They cried: their Master heard; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And

blew the waves a-long— It blew the clouds across the sky, It blew the waves a-long.  
 stilled them with a word; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word.

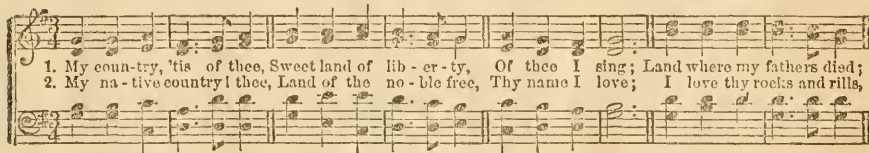
8. A noble ship, our country dear,  
 Has weathered many a gale—  
 Yet now a storm beats so severe  
 That many stout hearts quail;  
 But One who rides above the storm,  
 Can save us from all ill;  
 We only wait to hear his voice  
 Commanding "Peace, be still!"

4. O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,  
 Remove the chastening rod;  
 Let not our foes exulting say,  
 "There is no help in God."  
 From threat'ning storms preserve our land,  
 Rebuke the winds and waves;  
 And let us, one united band,  
 Rejoice in God, who saves.

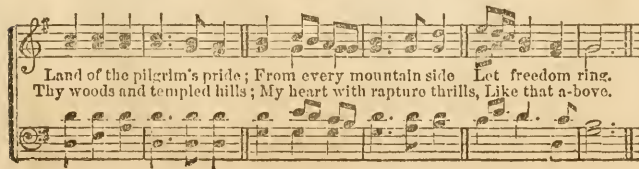
*Maestoso.*

## AMERICA. National Hymn.

Words by F. S. SMITH.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died;  
 2. My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,



Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side Let freedom ring.  
 Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.

8.

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.

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# “THE GOLDEN SHOWER.”

Extract from a letter of JEREMIAH JOHNSON, Jr., Superintendent of the Leo Avenue Sunday School, to WM. B. BRADBURY, Author of the “GOLDEN CHAIN,” “GOLDEN SHOWER,” etc.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 23, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have in several previous letters written in the highest commendation of the GOLDEN CHAIN, and I have had no reason to change my opinion. No music book has done so much to create an interest among the children as the CHAIN. It was issued just at the right time; its want had long been felt. Sabbath Schools had been surfeited with new music books, but almost all of them were filled with old melodies that had either been worn out, or used in connection with secular songs. Fresh original music and words were needed. These were all supplied by the GOLDEN CHAIN.

After we had sung, with much satisfaction, almost everything that the CHAIN contained, we began to feel the want of something *new*, and you may judge of the pleasure it afforded us to hear that you intended to send forth its brother, THE GOLDEN SHOWER. We gladly welcomed and immediately introduced the *new-comer*. It created a great furore among our children. It has not disappointed us. Our expectations have been fully realized. The matter, both music and words, is *new*,

*fresh*, and *vigorous*. It is a book of gems. The pieces appear to be all available, and it would delight you to hear our children sing “The Best Day in the Week,” “A Saviour Ever Near,” “The Welcome Home,” “Whither, Traveler, are You Going?” and others too numerous to mention. I do not understand how any Sabbath school can get along well without these books.

Superintendents and strangers often say to me, “How do you keep up your numbers?” I answer, by *interesting the children*. It is an easy matter to gather in the children, but much more difficult to keep them after they have been gathered in; and yet if every school would introduce such new books as THE GOLDEN SHOWER and GOLDEN CHAIN, and sing the pieces as they should be sung, their numbers and interest would be greatly augmented. I hope the SHOWER will be introduced everywhere, for I am sure that it will conduce to the spiritual and temporal prosperity of the great Sunday School Cause.

Very truly yours in the good work,  
JEREMIAH JOHNSON, Jr.

The Price of the “GOLDEN CHAIN” and “GOLDEN SHOWER” is as follows, viz. : Retail—Paper Covers, 20 cts. ; Board do., 25 cents.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 427 Broome Street, Corner Crosby St.

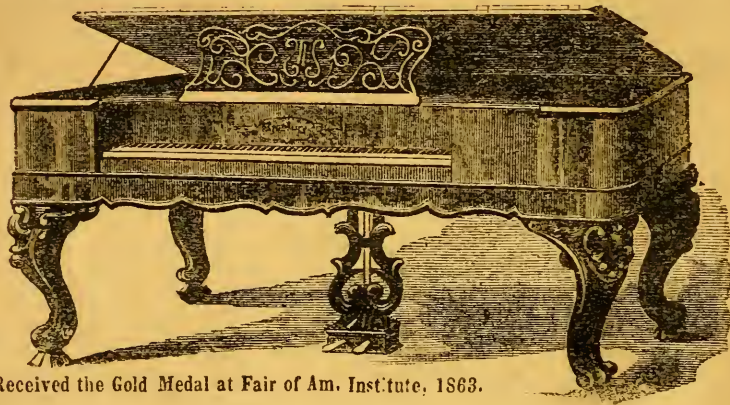








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"NEW YORK, September 8, 1863.

"J. N. PATTISON."

