

AMERICAN
SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

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1857

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of the purest poetic utterances in our language. Teachers will find this all that they can desire." (Mass. Teacher.



SCHOOL HYMN BOOK:

BY ASA FITZ,

AUTHOR OF THE

American School Song Book, Common
School Song Book, Parlor Harp, etc.

SEVENTIETH THOUSAND.

B O S T O N :

PUBLISHED BY CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
111 Washington St.

1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1854

BY ASA FITZ,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District
of Massachusetts

STEREOTYPED BY J. E. FARWELL & CO
32 Congress Street, Boston.

PREFACE

TO THE NEW EDITION.

IT was our original design, in preparing a book of hymns for schools, to select such only as were appropriate for the devotional exercises of the school room. The first editions of the book contained but few others. Upon further consideration we found that a large number of the most popular school songs might be added, with a trifling expense, and thereby render the book much more valuable to those who are not accustomed to get up new music in their schools.

The tunes set to each hymn are generally familiar to most pupils in our schools. Note books are not needed for this class of music, especially when used for the purposes of devotion and recreation. Teachers who prefer the music will find most of the tunes referred to in this book in the "*Common School Song*

Book, " *American School Book,*" and " *Songs for the Million*" — books which are already in the hands of many of the pupils in our schools.

The Devotional Hymns are believed to be entirely free from any sectarian peculiarities while they are highly elevated in their character, and adapted to all ages of pupils.

The Songs contain pure moral sentiments, and are peculiarly adapted to render the exercises of the school room pleasant and refreshing.

No teacher with this book can fail to have good music in his school. Even if he does not sing, there are always pupils enough who can sing many of the hymns in this book without the aid of the teacher.

All schools, as far as possible, should commence and close the exercises of the day with a song of praise. This would tend greatly to refine and educate the moral elements of character, of which the pupil stands so much in need, and which, at the present day, is so much neglected.

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THE
AMERICAN
SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

I. 8 & 7 s. **BOUNDING BILLOWS**
Morning Song.

- 1 Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves they fly ;
Or bright clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

- 2 Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Scon its visions will be mine ;
Shall I covet wealth and glory ?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine ?

- 3 No, my God, one prayer I raise thee
From my young and happy heart ;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

- 4 Then, when years have gather'd o'er me,
 And the world is sunk in shade ;
 Heaven's bright realms will rise before me
 There my treasure will be laid.

II. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN. NUREMBERG.
 Evening Hymn.

- 1 Brothers, sisters, ere we part,
 Every voice and every heart
 Join, and to our Father raise
 One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
 Yet there is a brighter shore ;
 There released from toil and pain,
 There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to him who reigns in heaven,
 Be eternal glory given ;
 Grateful for thy love divine,
 O, may all our hearts be thine.

III. 7 s & 6 s. AMERICA.
 Morning Hymn.

- 1 Come, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing—
 Help us to praise.

Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
 By heav'n and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend.
 Come, and thy children bless ;
 Give thy good word success ;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

3 Be thou our comforter ;
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour.
 Omnipotent thou art :
 O, rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

IV.

7 s & 6 s.

AMERICA

For Divine Guidance.

1 O God, thy grace impart ;
 Revive my fainting heart ;
 My zeal inspire ;

Reveal thyself to me,
 And may my love to Thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be —
 A living fire.

2 When life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 O, Father, then in love,
 Fear and distress remove,
 And bear me safe above,—
 A ransomed soul.

V.

7 s & 6 s.

AMERICA

Praise to God.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name ;
 Praise through his courts proclaim ;
 Rise and adore ;

High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound his great acts of love :
 While his rich grace we prove,
 Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Triumphant sounds of praise,
 Wide as his fame ;
 There let the harps be found,
 Organs with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around—
 Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
 Shake every sounding string ;
 Sweet the accord !
 He vital breath bestows —
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose :
 Praise ye the Lord.

VI.

7 s.

NUREMBERG.

Praise.

1 Praise to God,—immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days :
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.
- 3 These, to that dear source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 4 Lord, to thee, my soul should raise
Grateful, never ending praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for **THY SELF** alone.

VII.

7 s.

NUREMBERG

The Acceptable Worship.

- 1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined .
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Heal the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store :
 Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

VIII.

7 s.

NUREMBERG.

Parting Song.

- 1 When shall we all meet again ?
 When shall we all meet again ?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again. .

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls ;
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

IX. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN

- 1 To thy pastures, fair and large,
 Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge ;
 And my couch, with tend'rest care,
 Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint — with summer's heat.
 Thou shalt guide my weary feet
 To the streams, that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread ;

With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard — and that my guide.

- 4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

X. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

God A Refuge.

- 1 Father, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none :
Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
Leave, O, leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O, God, art all I want,
 Boundless love, through Christ, I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take to thee,
 Reign O Lord, within my heart ;
 Reign to all eternity.

XI.

7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Heaven.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song ?
 " Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great afflictions came ,
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name .

Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

XII. L. M. HAMBURG--WARD
 Worship.

- 1 Great God, the followers of thy Son,
 We bow before thy mercy seat,
 'To worship thee, the holy One,
 And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O, grant thy blessing, here to-day !
 O, give thy people joy and peace !
 The tokens of thy love display,
 And favor that shall never cease.

- 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

XIII.

L. M. HAMBURG—WARD

The God of all Grace.

- 1 Great God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.
- 2 Seasons, and moons, still rolling round
In beautiful order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

- 4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

XIV. L. M. HAMBURG—WARD.

A Song for the Opening Year.

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter words, our souls shall boast.

XV.

C. M.

BALERMA.

Wisdom.

- 1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes,
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far,
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are,
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

XVI.

C. M.

BALERMA

Praise from all Nature.

- 1 Begin the high, celestial strain
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.
- 3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky ;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony ; —
- 5 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Greater sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

XVII.

C. M.

BAIERMA

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 O Thou, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend
Lo! at the footstool of thy love
Thy children humbly bend.

- 2 All reverence to thy name be given,
 Thy kingdom wide displayed :
 And, as thy will is done in heaven,
 Be it on earth obeyed.
- 3 Our table may thy bounty spread
 From thine exhaustless store :
 From day to day, with daily bread,
 Nor would we ask for more.
- 4 That pardon we to others give,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 From all temptation, O relieve,
 From every ill defend.
- 5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
 The kingdom, glory, power,
 Through the broad earth and spacious sky,
 Till time shall be no more.

XVIII. . . . 8 & 7 s. SICILIAN H—WILMOT
 Closing Hymn.

- 1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
 On th' instructions of this day ;
 That our hearts thy fear possessing,
 May from sin be turned away.

- 2 We have wandered ; O, forgive us,
We have wished from truth to rove ;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love
- 3 We have learned that Christ, the Saviour,
Lived to teach us what is good ;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.
- 4 For his sake, O God, forgive us :
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

XIX. 8 & 7 s. SICILIAN H—WILMOT.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew,
Praise him when reviv'd creation
Beams with beauties fair and new.
- 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers ;
Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side,
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.

- 3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
 Guide us in the way of truth .
 Keep our feet from paths of error,
 Make us holy in our youth.
- 4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven,
 Angels, sing your sweetest lays :
 All things utter forth his glory,
 Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

XX. 8 & 7 s. SICILIAN H—WILMOT.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeiess goodness prove :
 From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with carthly cares entwined
 Hope and comfort from above :
 Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

XXI.

8 & 7

WILMOT

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Part in peace ! is day before us ?
 Praise his name for life and light ;
 Are the shadows length'ning o'er us ?
 Bless His care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil mem'ry to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace ! such are the praises
 God, our Maker, loveth best ;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

XXII.

8 & 7

WILMOT.

Ascription.

- 1 Gracious Source of every blessing !
 Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;
 Let us each thy care possessing,
 Sink into the vale of years.

- 2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
 Peace, companion of our way :
 May our sun, in smiles declining,
 Rise in everlasting day.

XXIII.

8 & 7

WILMOT

Glory to God.

- 1 Praise to thee thou great Creator !
 Praise to thee from every tongue !
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high !

XXIV.

8 & 7 s.

WILMOT

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

XXV.

8 & 7 s

WILMOT.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

XXVI.

8 7 & 4.

GREENVILLE.

God, our Guide.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current :
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

XXVII. 8, 7 & 4. GREENVILLE.
 Dismission.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

XXVIII. 8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN.
 Worship.

- 1 Peace be to this habitation :
 Peace to all that dwell therein :

Peace, the earnest of salvation :
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us :
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us :
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;

3 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

XXIX.

7 & 6 s.

AMSTERDAM.

Heaven.

1 Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace.
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward's heav'n thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, add stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;

Fire ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace

XXX.

7 & 6 s.

AMSTERDAM.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness show.
- 2 Praise him for his noble deeds
 Praise him for his matchless power ;
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.
- 3 Praise him, every tuneful string ;
 And all of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.
- 4 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven on earth adored,
 Praise the Lord in every breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.

XXXI. 7 & 6. THE MORNING LIGHT.

Reflections at Sunset.

- 1 The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west :
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close ;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break ;
O, on that last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

XXXII. C. M. LANG SYNE.

Close of the Week.

- 1 O Lord, another week is flown,
And we, a youthful band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As in thy name we pray ;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are weak as they.
- 4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
 And bid our passion cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace.

XXXIII.

L. M. HEBRON — WARD.

Delight in the Sabbath.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing :
To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound'

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine :
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 When shall I see and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In an eternal world of joy ?

XXXIV. L. M. HEBRON — WARD.

Worship Acceptable from every Place.

- 1 O Thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue.
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

- 4 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

XXXV.

7 s. IN A COTTAGE

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Watch of Israel! we shall rest
 Calmly, if thy voice has blest;
 If thou sayest, "All is well,
 Ever wakeful sentinel,
- 2 If in sleep our spirits dream
 Still, O still be thou the theme;
 Heavenly let our spirits be,
 E'en of dreaming, dream of thee!
- 3 But if sleep be far away,
 And we watch till dawning day,
 Let the Spirit still impart,
 Calmness to each aching heart!

XXXVI.

7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Report of the Watchman.

First Voice.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.

Second Voice.

Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?

Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.

Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

XXXVII. 7 s. PLEYEL'S HYMN
Heaven.

1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

- 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief ean entrance find,
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark ! their songs melodious rise,—
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

XXXVIII.

8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN.

Petition.

- 1 Father, in thy sacred dwelling,
 Now we lift the voice in prayer,
 While our gentle hearts are swelling,
 Lend, O lend, a gracious ear !
 View us on life's troubled waters,
 Rudely toss'd by every tide ;
 Guide us, infant sons and daughters,
 O'er the billows far and wide.
- 2 Should the distant shadows rising,
 Veil in clouds our vernal sky,
 May we, on thy arm reclining,
 Feel secure when danger's night.

Keep us, by thy spirit given,
Till the the voyage of life is past,
Safely to the port of heaven
Bring our weary souls at last.

XIX. 8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN

The Fount of Blessing.

- 1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
- 2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 3 Who may share this great salvator ?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

XL. 8 & 7. SICILIAN HYMN.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 Praise the Lord ; ye heavens adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

XLI. 7 & 6. MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Morning Song.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r.
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour ;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ;

Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

XLII. 7 & 6.

MISSIONARY HYMN

Life Rapidly Passing Away.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

- 2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us:
God takes the life he gave.

- 3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament, forever
The ruin of thy soul.

XLIII. 7 & 6. MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Remember thy Creator.

- 1 "Remember thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;

Before with God who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear :
 He cries, who died to save it,
 " Thy great Creator fear."

XLIV. 7 & 6.

THE WATCHER.

Pray Without Ceasing.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the moon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night ;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.
- 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.

XLV. L. M. WAY-FARING MAN.

The Love of God.

- 1 A poor, way faring-man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay !
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went or whence he came ;
 Yet there was something in his eye,
 That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered — not a word he spake ;
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all — he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again ;
 Mine was an angel's portion then —

And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock — his strength was
gone,

The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran, and raised the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er, —
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 Then, in a moment, to my view

The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew, —

My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes ;
He spake, and my poor name he named, —
“Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.”

XLVI.

11 s.

SWEET HOME.

Home.

1 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade
away,

They bloom for a season, but soon they
decay.

But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are
given,

Salvation on earth, and a mansion in
heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

The saints in those mansions, forever at
home.

2 Farewell vain amusements, my follies
adieu,

While Jesus and heaven and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home.

Home, etc. O when shall I share the frui-
tion of home?

3 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will
say,

“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on
my throne,

And dwell in my presence, for ever at
home.”

Home, etc. O there I shall rest with the
Saviour at home.

- 4 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be
 o'er,
 The saints shall unite to be parted no
 more ;
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
 dome,
 They dwell with the Saviour, forever at
 home.
 Home, etc. They dwell ,etc.

XLVII. C. M. WHEN I CAN READ ETC.
Resignation.

- 1 When I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall ;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

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

XLVIII. C. M. ORTONVILLE—DEDHAM
Christian Union.

- 1 Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own.
- 3 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.
- 4 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

XLIX.

L. M. L's.

BELVILLE.

The Lord our Shepherd.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O, God, art with me still,

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

L. 6 & 4. HAPPY LAND

The Happy Land.

- 1 There is a happy land
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand
 Bright, bright as day.
 O, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King, |
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free !
 Lord we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a father's hand,
 Love cannot die.

Oh, then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

LI. C. M. DEDHAM — BALERMA
Home of Rest.

- 1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with care oppressed :
When sighs and sorrowing fears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy :
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is an hour of sweet repose,
When storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.
- 4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy .

LII.

L. M.

HEBRON.

Meekness.

- 1 Happy the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray :
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek, all mild,
Inspire our hearts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion, rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

LIII.

L. M. HEBRON—HAMBURG.

Sacred Ties.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What zealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
 For human guilt and mortal woe ;
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flame in sacrifice.

LIV. L. M. 6 L's. BELVILLE.

Morning Petition.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares,
 Will bring its trials or its cares,
 O, Father, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
 Teach me thy statutes, all divine,
 And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies !
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflict's o'er, my labor's done—
 Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed :
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise.
 To see thy face and sing thy praise.

L V. L. M. DUKE ST.—WARD.

Rose of Sharon.

- 1 The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning breath,
May in the shades of evening fall
And bend its crimson head in death.
- 2 And earth's bright ones amid the tomb,
May like the blushing rose decay ;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.
- 3 And there amid a holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
There sits the King of glory near,
And executes his perfect law.
- 4 The ransomed of the earth, with joy
Shall in their robes of beauty come ;
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the christian's happy home.

LVI. C. M. ORTONVILLE—DUNDEE

Purity.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill.
Of Sharon's dewy rose ' .

- 2 Lo, such the youth whose holy feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Silpam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone :
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

LVII.

L. M. DUKE ST.—WARD

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Awake my soul and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Illumined by the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise

- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew —
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

LVIII. L. M. HAMBURG — DUKE ST.

The Throne of Love.

- 1 There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love ;
Whose waters gladden as they lave,
The bright and heavenly shores above.
- 2 While streams that on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray.
- 3 The pilgrim faint and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

- 4 There, O, my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there -
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

LIX. L. M. DUKE St. — HAMBURG.

Jesus Shall Reign.

- 1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

LX. L. M. HAMBURG — OLD HUNDRED.
Our Father in Heaven.

- 1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven :
To thy great name be reverence given ;
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.
- 2 Thy sacred will 'on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels round thy throne ;
And let us every day be fed,
With earthly, and with heavenly bread.
- 3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus,
To pardon those who injure us ;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every trial far remove.
- 4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul ;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen.

LXI L. M. WARD — HAMBURG.
Petition.

- 1 Art thou my Father ? canst thou hear
My feeble and imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a one as I can raise ?

- 2 Art thou my Father ? let me be
A meek obedient child to thee,
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

L.XII.

L. M.

HAMBURG.

Children's Prayer.

- 1 O Lord, behold before thy throne,
A band of children lowly bend ;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
- 2 Thou didst on earth the young receive ;
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live
For ever safe, for ever blest.

- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray,
Make us sincere, and make each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

I XIII. L. M. HAMBURG — HEBRON,
God Seen in His Works.

- 1 Thy works proclaim thy glory, Lord;
The blooming fields, the singing bird,
The tempest and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.
- 2 And when the setting sun declines,
I view Thee in its brilliant lines;
Those tints so beautiful and bright,
Teach me the Author of all light.
- 3 Great God! how should our worship rise
To Thee, who formed the earth and skies;
The things that creep, and things that fly,
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.

- 4 Then will I still adore thy name ;
 Thou who forever art the same :
 But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
 Shine brightest in thy holy word.

LXIV.

L. M.

WARD.

The River of God.

- 1 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God !
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

LXV.

L. M. WARD — DUKE ST.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 2 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;

Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

3 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;
Thy watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

LXVI.

7 s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Evening Hymn.

1 Source of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to thy children's cry !

3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;

May no thoughts corrupt and vain
 Draw our souls to earth again.

- 4 Rather help them still to rise
 Where our dearest treasure lies ;
 Help us in our daily strife;
 Make us struggle into life !

LXVII.

L. M.

HEBERON

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days !
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear,
 O, may thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear
 Thy love and kindness in my heart.

- 5 And when the night of death shall come,
Still may I trust almighty love,—
The love which triumphs o'er the tomb,
And leads to perfect bliss above.

LXVIII. L. M. HEBRON — DUKE ST.

Self-Consecration.

- 1 O, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant the Father's love,
Such strains as angel lips can sing.
- 2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn the Saviour's praise.
- 3 Great God, thy name we now adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And earthly joys, that charmed before,
For Christ, our Saviour, we resign.
- 4 In thee we trust, — on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong:
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng.

LXIX. L. M. HEBRON — HAMBURG.
 Morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning, at thy voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clear and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss ;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

LXX. C. M. CORONATION.
 Coronation.

- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him, who saved you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O, that with yonder, sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

LXXI.

C. M.

BRATTLE ST.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
 That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear ;
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

LXXII.

C. M.

CORONATION.

Gratitude for Preservation.

- 1 Come, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare ;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which in this hour we share.
- 3 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

- 4 Fast, fast our minutes fly away —
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
Then with our father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

LXXIII. S. M. OLMUTZ — ST. THOMAS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 The hours of evening close ,
Its lengthened shadows drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the morning dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for 'many things' assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

LXXIV. S. M. OLMUTZ — ST. THOMAS
Divine Guidance.

- 1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared ;
And still we live to sing thy praise
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive :
And, when we hear of Jesus' name
In that blest name believe !
- 4 O, let us never tread
The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God !

LXXV. S. M. OLMUTZ — BOYLSTON
God's Works Praise Him.

- 1 Ten thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

- 2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.
- 3 These living hearts of ours,
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of ten thousand flowers
Would please thee, Father, less.
- 4 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O, tune them all to sing thy praise,
In better songs on high.

LXXVI.

L. M.

OLD HUNDRED.

Praise.

- 1 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice, I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round ;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

LXXVII.

L. M.

OLD HUNDRED.

Song of Adoration.

- 1 Let one loud song of praise arise
 To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
 Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
 And life and health on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
 To him, sole good, give praises due :
 Let all the truth himself inspires
 Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
 Obedient to thy holy will,
 Let all our faculties, combined,
 Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 O, may the solemn breathing sound
 Like incense rise before thy throne,
 Where thou whose glory knows no bound,
 Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone !

LXXVIII. L. M. WARD—HEBRON
For the Close of School.

- 1 Father, 'once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend ;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our early and our only Friend.
- 2 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned.
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure, as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear then the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone :
And if we meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

LXXIX. 8 & 7. MOUNT VERNON
A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze ;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

- 3 Dearest sister thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

LXXX.

8 & 7.

BAVARIA.

Gratitude.

- 1 When the Olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again ;
When thy favored vintage flowing,
Gladdens the autumnal scene ;
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
By thy vines the poor shall glean.
- 2 When the vesper-star is beaming
In the coronet of even,
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven ;

When a thousand notes are blending
In the forest and the grove,
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto him whose name is Love.

- 3 When the stars appear in millions
In the portals of the west,
Brightly spangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest ;
When the milky-way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto him whose name is Love.

LXXXI.

C. M.

LANG SYNE.

The Hour Prayer.

- 1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing fears shall cease
And all be hushed to rest.
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts that here annoy ;
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

- 2 There is an hour of sweet repose,
When storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

LXXXII. C. M. DEDHAM — LANESBRO'.

Solitude.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

LXXXIII. C. M. ORTONVILLE — DEDHAM.

Retirement.

- 1 The calm retreat, the silent shade
 With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those that follow thee.
There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God.
- 2 There, like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness to her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise ;
There, O my soul ! look up and view
 Thy Father's smiling face ;
Here, promises he grants to you,
 In heaven, a resting place.

LXXXIV. 12s. ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Let us Love one another.

1 Let us love one another — not long may we
stay

In this bleak world of mourning, so brief
is life's day ;

Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few linger till
eve ;

Oh ! there breaks not a heart but leaves
some one to grieve ;

2 And the fondest, the purest, the truest that
met,

Have still found the need to forgive and
forget ;

Then, oh ! though the hopes that we nour-
ished, decay,

Let us love one another as long as we stay.

LXXXV. 7, 6, & 4. HOME.

The Invitation.

1 Soft, soft music is stealing
Sweet, sweet lingers the strain,

Loud, loud now it is pealing,

Waking the echoes again,

Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Waking the echoes again.

2 Join, join, children of sadness,
Send, send, sorrow away ;
Now, now, changing to gladness,
Warble a beautiful lay ;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Warble a beautiful lay.

3 Hope, hope, fair and enduring,
Joy, joy, bright as the day,
Love, love, heaven ensuring,
Sweetly invite you away ;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Sweetly invite you away

LXXXVI.

7 s.

HOLLY.

Evening.

1 Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

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

LXXXVII.

7 s.

WILMOT

Opening of School.

- 1 Suppliant, lo ! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now ;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
 We are weak, Almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
 Be the taught and teachers blest ;
 In our lives, and in our hearts,
 Father, by thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
 Light and pardon from above ;
 Charity for all our kind, —
 Trusting faith, and holy love.

LXXXVIII.

WILMOT — PLEYEL'S H.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 Child, amidst the flowers at play;
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently.
- 2 Father by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest work to leave,

Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

3 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone.

4 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee

LXXXIX. L. M. BONNIE DOON — HEBRON.

Morning Hymn.

1 While nature welcomes in the day,
My heart its earliest vows would pay
To Him whose care hath kindly kept,
My life from danger while I slept.

2 His genial rays the sun renews;
How bright the scene with glittering dews!
The blushing flowers more beauteous
bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.

3 So may the sun of righteousness
With kindest beams my bosom bless,

Warm into life each heavenly seed,
To bud and bear some generous deed.

XC.

LOVELY ROSE

Evening Song.

- 1 Come bless this evening's closing hour,
Lovely song!
Attune our hearts to sing thy pow'r,
Lovely song!
Now bless our weary soul,
Sweetly by thy soothing power,
Brighten ev'ry gloomy hour
With soft control.
- 2 Here's nought to mar our pleasures,
Lovely song!
We'll yield thee richest treasures,
Lovely song!
Now pour thy sweetest lay,
Stirring all our hearts to gladness,
Driving care and gloomy sadness
Far away.
- 3 This evening's sun's declining rays,
Lovely song!
Shall witness thy reviving lays,
Lovely song!

Soon we shall leave this place,
 For our homes and happy firesides,
 And for sleep, that gently glides
 O'er all our race.

- 4 May morning wake thy slumbers,
 Lovely song!
 And may to-morrow's numbers,
 Lovely song!
 Be like the syren's strain,
 Gently soothing all our troubles,
 Guiding us beyond life's bubbles,
 Pure bliss to gain.

XCI.

Oh! Come, Come away.

- 1 Oh! come, come away from labor now
 reposing,
 Let busy care a while forbear,
 Oh! come, come away.
 Come, come, our social joys renew,
 And there where Trust and Friendship
 grew,
 Let true hearts welcome you,
 Oh! come, come away.

- 2 From toil, and the cares on which the
day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh ! come, come away.
Oh ! come, where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth will gladness be,
And time fly merrily.
Oh ! come, come away.
- 3 While sweet Philomel the weary trav'ler
cheering,
With evening songs her note prolongs,
Oh ! come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing, in tuneful harmony
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty.
Oh ! come, come away.
- 4 The bright day is gone ; the moon and stars
appearing,
With silver light illumine the night,
Oh ! come, come away.
Come, join your pray'rs with ours, address
Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless
With Health, Hope, Happiness.
-Oh ! come, come away.

XCII. C. M. BALERMA — ORTONVILLE.

Our Destiny.

- 1 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky !
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
For thou, alas ! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose in air, whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye !
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring of days and roses made
Whose charms forever vie !
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas ! must die.
- 4 Be wise then mortal, while you may,
For swiftly time has fled ;
The thoughtless ones who laugh to day,
To-morrow may be dead.

XCIII. C. M. BALERMA — ORTONVILLE.

Love, the golden Chain.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord ;
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word.

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

XCIV. C. M. LANESBORO' — ORTONVILLE
Pleasant Words.

- 1 A little word in kindness said,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's sad,
And made a friend sincere.
- 2 A word, a look, has crushed to earth,
Full many a budding flower ;
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

- 3 Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

XCV. C. M. LANG SYNE — BALERMA.

My Father's House.

- 1 There is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.
- 2 My Father's house, my heavenly home !
Where 'many mansions' stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek the 'better land.'
- 3 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide.
- 4 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

- 5 In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete.
- 6 There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

XCVI.

7 s

WILMOT.

Morning Invocation.

- 1 Sleep forsakes us, may the soul
 Gladden in its Maker's sight ;
 As the clouds that o'er us roll,
 Sparkle in the morning light.
- 2 God of life be thou the ray,
 Of our dim and wandering course ;
 Light us as the star of day,
 On to truth's eternal source.

XCVII.

8 & 7s.

WILMOT

Pity's Tear.

- 1 Softly beams the dews of morning,
 On each graceful budding stem ;
 Rich as Orient Pearls adorning
 Persia's proudest diadem.

- 2 Brightly in the dome of heaven,
Shines the stars with golden crest ;
Smiling 'mid the blue of even,
On the ocean's mirrored breast.
- 3 But more soft, more brightly beaming,
To the pearl drops mild and meek,
In love's hallowed audience gleaming
Pity's tear on beauty's cheek.

XCVIII. L. M. BONNIE DOON.

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 When marshalled on the nightly plain,
A glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlēm.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem ·
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem

XCIX. 7s. & 6s. MORNING LIGHT.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 The eastern hills are glowing
With morning's purple ray ;
Arrayed in light, he's coming,
The glorious orb of day !
All hail, thou constant emblem
Of him who dwells above !
Of him, so great and glorious,
And yet so full of love.
- 2 How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new !
On every grass blade twinkles,
The pearly drop of dew.
How good is he who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day !
With grateful hearts we'll praise him
In morning's earliest ray.

C. 8s. & 7s. GREENVILLE.

Prayer for Success.

- 1 Thou who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee ;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
These, the babes of Zion see ;
Bless the labors,
That would bring them up for thee.
- 2 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction
And prevent its growing cold ;
Or support us,
E'en if blessing thou withhold.
- 3 Yet, with humble fervor bending,
We that blessing would entreat ;
In the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet ;
Straight to Zion
Turn the young inquirer's feet.
- 4 Then, when long we all have slumbered
Side by side, in common dust,
With thy ransomed people numbered

With the assembly of the just ;
 Child and teacher,
 Saviour ! own our humble trust.

CI.

“Land of our Fathers.”

- 1 Land of our Fathers ! wheresoe'er we roam,
 Land of our birth ! to us thou still art home ;
 Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend ;
 Down to posterity their influence descends
 All then inviting hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land.
 Our native land, etc.

- 2 Though other climes may brighter hopes
 fulfil,
 Land of our birth ! we ever love thee still !
 Heaven shield our happy home from each
 hostile band,
 Freedom and plenty ever crown our native
 land.
 All then inviting hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land.
 Our native land, etc.

CII.

Shed not a Tear.

1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early
beir,

When I am gone, when I am gone ;
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you should
hear,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round
my grave,

Think who has died his beloved to save ;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall
have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Plant ye a tree which may wave over me

When I am gone, when I am gone.

Sing me a song, if my grave you should
see,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's
day,

Come when the sun sheds his last linger-
ing ray,

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,

When I am gone, I am gone

CIII.

The Crystal Spring.

- 1 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high ;
Where the rocks and the woods their shadows fling,
And the pearls and the pebbles lie.
- 2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow ;
When the leaves of the trees are withering
From the frost, or the fleecy snow.
- 3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone ;
When the flowers are in bloom, and the
echoes ring
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.
- 4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear ;
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.
- 5 Give me a draught of the crystal spring,
And the same from day to day ;
But if aught from the worm of the still
you bring,
I will pour every drop away.

CIV.

Sparkling and Bright.

- 1 Sparkling and bright in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses,
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you
wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

CHORUS.

Oh then resign the ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter ;
There's nothing so good for the
youthful blood,
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

- 2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountains flowing ;
A calm delight both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

Oh then resign, etc.

- 3 Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother ;
'They've given up the poison'd cup,
Sor, husband, daughter, brother.

Oh then resign, etc.

CV.

SWEET AFTON.

Flow Gently Sweet Croton.

- 1 Flow gently sweet Croton, among thy green
trees,
Flow gently, we'll sing thee a song in thy
praise.
We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver
stream ;
And here we would linger, by moonlight's
soft beam.
The tide of intemperance has had its full
sway ;
The wine cup we banish away, far away
Then come to old Gotham, our city of
fame.
We'll sing of thy praises, sweet Croton,
again.
- 2 Thy crystal stream, Croton, how lovely it
guides,
And winds by the cot where contentment
resides ;
At evening we fain by thy green banks
would stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils o' the
day.

Flow gently, sweet Croton, among thy
green boughs,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of our
lays ;
O'er hills and o'er valleys thy bright water
comes,
To cheer and enliven our own happy
homes.

CVI.

7s.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Harvest Hymn.

- 1 Every sheaf of golden grain,
Standing on the smiling plain,
Tells us, if we do not know,
Whence our many blessings flow.
- 2 Thanks we bring for earthly good,
Nobler thanks for richer food ;
Love divine to us has given
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.
- 3 Lord ! to these thy favors, give
Hearts to serve thee while we live ;
Till we reap, where Jesus is,
Harvests of immortal bliss.

CVII.

7s.

IN A COTTAGE.

Closing School.

- 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer.
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain ;
May we, if we live, be brought,
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given ;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

CVIII.

Swiss Song--The Spring Tme.

- 1 The sweet birds are winging,
||: From arbor to spray ; :||
And cheerily singing
Of spring time and May,
Merry May, merry May ;

Sing, shepherds, sing with me,
 Cheerily, cheerily,
 Sing, shepherds, sing with me,
 Merry, merry, May.

- 2 The cattle are lowing,
 ||: Come up from your hay— :||
 Lads, let us be going,
 The morning is May,
 Merry May, merry May ;
 Sing, shepherds, etc.

CIX.

The last Rose of Summer.

- 1 'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flow'r of her kindred
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh !
- 2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them ;

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where the mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

- 3 So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

CX.

The Cottager's Song.

- 1 In the cottage near the wood,
Health and happiness combine ;
Me to bless with every good,
That can render life divine ;
Though but lowly be my state,
I'll not envy all the great,
Thus contented with my lot,
Happy in my humble cot.

- 2 There, beneath my humble cot,
 Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell ;
 Sweet contentment still my lot, —
 Smiling joy can grace a cell.
 Nature's wants are all supplied,
 Food and raiment, house and fire :
 Wealth may swell in courts of pride,
 This is all that I desire.

CXI.

C. M.

DUNDEE.

The Request.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise :—
- 2 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

CXII.

C. M.

DEDHAM.

The Bible a Treasure.

- 1 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 Those children are divinely wise
 Who make that pearl their own.

- 2 Here consecrated water flows,
 To quench our thirst of sin :
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
Our guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
 Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

CXIII.

7 s.

WILMOT

When our Fathers.

- 1 When our fathers, long ago,
 Fled from persecution's flame,
O'er the dark tempestuous sea,
 Little children with them came,
Little children knelt and pray'd,
 With their Sires on freedom's shore,
Raised the grateful notes of joy,
 Louder than the ocean's roar

- 2 Bursting on night's darkest hour,
Children heard the savage yell,
And the loud and fearful cry,
Of their parents as they fell ;
Children sang in latter times,
Liberty's inspiring lay,
Glowing hearts in concert hailed
Each returning festal day.
- 3 But a nobler, sweeter song
We this day have met to sing ;
Praise to him in Bethlehem born,
Him, our Saviour and our King ;
He has conquered — lo he comes,
Leading captive death and sin ;
Open, open wide your gates,
Let the King of glory in.
- 4 Jesus, Jesus, yes, 'tis he,
Evermore the children's friend,
We have one request for thee ;
Teachers, faithful teachers send ;
Send them through this guilty world,
To make glad th' abodes of sin ;
Open, open wide your gates,
Let the King of glory in.

CXIV. FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL

Go to thy Rest.

- 1 Go to thy rest, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head ;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

- 2 Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,
Ere sin might wound thy heart,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

- 3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight,

Shall love with weak embrace,
Thy homeward flight detain ?
No ! Angel ! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

CXV.

Far o'er Hill and Dell.

- 1 Far, far o'er hill and dell,
On the winds stealing ;
List to the tolling bell,
Mournfully pealing.
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say ;
As melts the sounds away :
So earth's best joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling,
- 2 Now though the charmed air,
Slowly ascending,
List to the mourner's prayer,
Solemnly bending.
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

3 Here, o'er a father's tomb,
 See the orphan bending,
 And from the churchyard's gloom,
 Hear the dirge ascending.
 Hark! hark! it seems to say,
 How short ambition's sway,
 Life's joys and friendship's ray,
 In the grave ending.

CXVI. 7 & 6 s. MORNING LIGHT
Children's Prayer for a Blessing.

1 It is not earthly pleasure
 That withers in 'a day,
 It is not mortal treasure,
 That flieth soon away;
 It is not friends that leave us,
 It is not sense nor sin,
 That smile but to deceive us,
 Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
 Joy beyond earth's control;
 Rich from the throne it springeth,
 A fountain to the soul;

He that is meek and lowly,
The saviour's face shall see ;
To none but to the holy,
Heaven's gates shall opened be.

3 Lord, be thy spirit near us,
While we thy word are taught ;
And may these days that cheer us,
With future good be fraught.
May we to heaven invited,
When life and youth are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
Assemble round the throne.

CXVII. C. M. ORTONVILLE
Fourth of July Hymn.

1 To Thee, our Father and our Friend
Their hymn to-day shall rise ;
O from the heavenly courts descend,
And bless the sacrifice !

2 While thro' our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee ;
Our accents shall the notes prolong ;
We children, too, are free !

- 3 The past with blessings from thy hand,
Was richly scattered o'er ;
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.
- 4 O may the future be as bright,
Nor be thy favors less
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.

CXVIII.

P. M.

LILLY DALL

Truth.

- 1 Be sacred truth, my son, thy guide
Until thy dying day,
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
Be truthful, be honest,
Be just, my child,
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
- 2 Thy heart shall then be free and light,
And near the crystal spring,
Thy music be more gay and bright
Than when the wicked sing.
Be truthful, etc.

3 Oh, ! then be sacred truth thy guide
Until thy dying day ;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
Be truthful, etc.

4 Thy children then shall nightly come,
And weep around thy tomb ;
And flowers above thy moistened grave
Shall shed their rich perfume.
Be truthful, etc.

CXIX.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

Patriotic Song.

1 Before all lands from east to west,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming ;
No gold nor jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
And eyes with joy are gleaming.

2 Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best ;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art ;
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken

- 3 Before all people east or west,
 I love my countrymen the best,
 A race of noble spirit : —
 A sober mind, a generous heart,
 To virtue trained, yet free from art,
 They from their sires inherit.

CXX.

CARRY ME BACK.

The Pleasant School.

- 1 The pleasant school in yonder village
 I went to from day to day,
 And boys and girls together learned
 To study, and sing, and play.
 'Twas my delight, at morning break,
 To look all my lessons o'er ; —
 O, carry me back to school again,
 To my pleasant school once more.
- 2 My schoolboy days were short and
 merry,
 And merry my heart shall be,
 As I think upon the innocent joys
 Our school-room gave to me.
 But I miss some lessons I lost at school,
 And it grieves my heart full sore, —
 So carry me back, etc

- 3 Oh, tell me not I've passed the limit
 You've set in the schoolboy's prime,
 That the World is now the school for me,
 And my only teacher, Time!
 I would go to school where once I went,
 And stand on the same old floor,—
 Then carry me back, etc.

CXXI.

O! SUSANNA.

The School.

- 1 It is not in the noisy street
 That pleasure 's often found ;
 It is not where the idle meet,
 That purest joys abound.
 But where the faithful teacher stands,
 With firm but gentle rule ;
 Ah ! that's the happiest place for me,
 The pleasant common school.
 Oh, the school-room,
 O, that's the place for me ;
 You'll rarely find, go where you will,
 A happier set than we.
- 2 We never mind the baring sun,
 We never mind the showers,
 We never mind the drifting snows,
 While life and health are ours ;

But when the merry school bell throws
 Its welcome in the air,
 In spite of rain and drifting snows,
 You'll always find us there.
 Oh ! the school-room, etc.

3 The stamp that's borne on manhood's
 brow
 Is traced in early years ;
 The good or ill we're doing now,
 In future life appears :
 And as our youthful hours we spend
 In study, toil or play,
 We trust that each his aid will lend
 To cheer us on our way.
 Oh ! the school-room, etc.

CXXII.

LIGHTLY Row.

Morning.

1 Silently ! silently !
 Ope and close the school-room door ;
 Carefully ! carefully !
 Walk upon the floor !
 Let us, let us strive to be
 From disorder ever free ;
 Happily ! happily
 Passing time away.

2 Cheerfully ! cheerfully !

Let us in our work engage,
With a zeal ! with a zeal !

Far beyond our age ;—

And if we should chance to find
Lessons that perplex the mind,
Persevere ! persevere !
Never borrow fear.

3 Now we sing ! now we sing,

Gaily as the birds of spring ,
As they hop ! as they hop,
On the high tree top !

Let us be as prompt as they,
In our work and in our play ;
Happily ! happily
Passing time away.

CXXIII.

OLD GRANITE STATE.

The Village School.

1 ||: We have come to our School room :||

With spirit's light and gay ;

||: And in search of knowledge :||

We will pass our time away.

- 2 ||: We are an association :||
 Convened for learning's sake ;
 For without an education,
 We can fill no useful station,
 'Mid the rising generation,
 In the Old Granite State.
- 3 ||: Try again is our motto :||
 If in our tasks we fail ;
 ||: For we know that preseverance :||
 Will o'er obstacles prevail.
- 4 Now three cheers altogether,
 Shout for Common schools forever,
 Shout for blessings on the giver,
 Till we make the air resound ;
 And for those who labor for us,
 And whose guardian care is o'er us,
 We will swell the grateful chorus,
 Till the echoes back rebound.

CXXIV.

C. M.

BONNIE DOON

Ye Banks and Braes.

- 1 Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
 How can ye chant ye little birds,
 And I so weary full of care.

Thou hast break my heart thou warbling bird,
That sportest thro' the flowery thorn,
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

- 2 Oft have I sung by Bonnie Doon,
To cheer the friends that now are gone,
I could not think they'd fall so soon,
And sleep beneath the cold, cold stone.
With lightsome heart I plucked the flowers
To deck the friends I may not see,
But weary long will be the hours,
Till they are all restored to me.

CXXV.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Old Oaken Bucket.

- 1 How dear to my heart are the scenes of
my childhood,
When fond recollection presents to my
view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tan-
gled wildwood,
And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy
knew,
e

The wide-spreading pond and the mill
which stood near it,

The bridge and the rock where the
cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house
nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound
bucket,

The moss cover'd bucket that hung in the
well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hail as a trea-
sure,

For often at noon when return'd from
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite plea-
sure,

The purest and sweetest that nature
could yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom
it fell,

Then soon with the emblem of truth
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness it rose from
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy rim to
receive it.

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me
to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that
Jupiter sips.

And now far removed from the loved
situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in the
well.

CXXVI.

P. M.

DAN TUCKER.

Happy School.

- 1 We greet with joy this happy day,
 And we will drive dull care away,
 Hearts full of cheer, we'll never fear,
 While we in wisdom's ways appear.
 Then shout aloud ! shout aloud !
 Shout aloud ! swell the chorus,
 Happy days are yet before us.
- 2 O ! we will love our happy school,
 And never play the "idle fool"—
 United all in heart and hand ;
 O ! are we not a happy band ?
 Then shout, etc.
- 3 From morn to noon, from noon to night,
 Let peace and love our hearts unite,
 And when our daily task is o'er,
 We sing the song we sung before.
 Then shout, etc.

CXXVII.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Auld Lang Syne at School.

- ! Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ?

Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
For auld lang syne,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

2 We oft have cheered each other's task
From morn till day's decline,
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

3 Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine ;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

CXXVIII. P. M. AWAY TO SCHOOL.
Away the Bowl.

1 Our youthful hearts with temperance burn,
Away, away the bowl ;
From dram shops all our steps we turn,
Away, away the bowl ;

Farewell to rum and all its harms,
 Farewell the winecup's boasted charms,
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away,
 away the bowl.

2 See how that staggering drunkard reels !
 Away, away the bowl ;
 Alas, the misery he reveals,
 Away, away the bowl ;
 His children grieve, his wife 's in tears !
 How sad his once bright home appears !
 Away the bowl, etc.

3 We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,
 Away, away the bowl !
 The tippler's offers we repel,
 Away, away the bowl.
 United in a temperance band,
 We're joined in heart, we're joined in
 hand,
 Away the bowl, etc.

CXXIX.

7s. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Temperance Call.

1 Come, ye children, learn to sing ;
 Temperance songs are just the thing :

Tune your voices, make them ring
They'll give life a cheerful spring.
Cheerily, readily, come along ;
Sign the pledge, and sing the song.

2 Blooming youth, come sing the song,
Tune your lips, the strains prolong ;
Sit not by the wine too long,
Grief and wo to it belong.
Cheerily, readily, etc.

3 Lovely maid, the call obey,
Tune your lips, and keep away
From the tyrant's awful sway,
And be not the bibber's prey.
Cheerily, readily, etc.

4 Anxious parent, hear the call ;
See ! your children great and small,
Come to you with loudes' call —
Sign the pledge, and save them all.
Cheerily, readily, etc.

CXXX. 7 s. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The Temperance Banner.

1 Raise your Banner high in air,
Write *Cold Water* — write it there ;

Let its folds be wide unfurl'd,
Let it float o'er all the world —
Temperance Banner — raise it high,
Let it flap against the sky !

2 March, Reformers, march ye on,
Soon the battle will be won ;
 Soon the last poor, staggering soul,
 Will have turned — or found his goal.
Press, Reformers, press ye on,
Cease not, till the battle's won !

3 See, yon star is rising high ;
Hope is bending from the sky ;
 See, yon Rainbow bending o'er
 Ireland's lately deluged shore ;
See, her star is rising high,
Hope is bending from the sky !

4 Hark ! I hear yon spirits cry,
Come and see us — for we die ;
 Brandy, Rum, and Gin are dead ;
 Wine and Beer are frighthened, fled.
And the very winds reply,
Alcohol shall surely die !

5 Raise your Banner, raise it high ;
Let it flap against the sky ;

Let the world adorning see ;
Temperance — Truth — and Liberty —
Temperance Banner ; raise it high ;
Let it flap against the sky !

CXXXI. ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

The Drunkard's Bowl.

- 1 The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me ;
It kills his body and his soul ;
How sad a sight is he !
But there's a drink which God has given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free,
O that's the drink for me.

- 2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me ;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he ;
O, that's the stream for me.

- 3 The winecup that so many prize,
 Is not the cup for me ;
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see.
 But there's a cup of water pure,
 And he who drinks it may be sure
 Of health and length of days ; —
 O, that's the cup for me.

CXXII.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

Cold Water Song.

- 1 Before all causes east or west,
 I love the temperance cause the best —
 I love its cheerful greetings ;
 I love the tales the speakers tell,
 The songs we sing while echoes swell
 At our Cold Water Meetings,
 At our Cold Water Meetings.
- 2 Before all laws, or east or west,
 I count the law of Love the best —
 Its accents mildly spoken,
 Will harmless make the poisoned bowl —
 Bind up the wounded, and control
 The heart that's almost broken,
 The heart, etc.

CXXIII.

Evening Bell.

- 1 Hark ! the pealing,
Softly stealing,
Evening bell,
Sweetly echoed
Down the dell.
- 2 Welcome, welcome
Is' thy music,
Silvery bell !
Sweetly telling
Day's farewell !
- 3 Day is sleeping,
Flowers are weeping
Tears of dew ;
Stars are peeping
Ever true.
- 4 Grove and mountain,
Field and fountain,
Faintly gleam
In the ruddy
Sunset beam.
- 5 Happy hour,
May thy power

Fill my breast ;
Each wild passion
Soothe to rest.

CXXIV

Call of the Bell.

- 1 Hark ! the deep ton'd bell is calling,
Come ! O, come,
Weary ones where'er you wander,
Come ! O, come :
Louder now and louder pealing,
On the heart that voice is stealing,
Come, nor longer roam.
- 2 Now again its tones are pealing,
Come ! O, come,
In the sacred temple kneeling,
Seek thy home :
Come, and round the altar bending,
Love the place where God, descending,
Calls the spirit home.
- 3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
Come ! O, come,
Every heart pure incense bringing,
"Hither come !"
Father, round thy footstool bending,
May our souls to heaven ascending,
Find in thee their home.

CXXV.

Wherefore weapest thou?

- 1 Schoolmate wherefore weapest thou, weapest
thou, weapest thou,
Schoolmate wherefore weapest thou, weapest
thou so sore,
Schoolmate does our parting grieve thee,
Weep'st thou that I go and leave thee,
Schoolmate dear! then weep not now,
Schoolmate weep no more. Tra la la, &c.
- 2 Schoolmate we shall soon return, soon re-
turn, soon return,
Schoolmate we shall soon return, grieve thou
not so sore;
While at distance from thee parted,
Be not like the broken hearted,
Schoolmate dear then weep not now,
Schoolmate weep no more. Tra la la, &c.

CXXVI.

"Bright smiles the Morn."

- 1 Bright smiles the morn when flowers are
blooming,
Sing tra la la la la la la;
When skies are clear and birds are singing,
Sing tra la la la la la la:

Come ! schoolmates let us haste away,
And join the pleasures of this day.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

2 Hail, happy day, each other greeting,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

May all enjoy a happy meeting,

Sing tra la la la la la la ;

O'er hill and dale our footsteps roam,

Or by the ocean's briny foam.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

3 Sweet fields of green with waving splendor

Sing tra la la la la la la,

Sweet flowers your silent tribute render,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

To him who made you thus so blest,

And in a robe of beauty drest.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

4 Sweet birds, your bowers are ever vernal,

Sing tra la la la la la la,

To us you're given by the Eternal ;

Sing tra la la la la la la ;

Like your sweet day may ours appear,

When evening shades approach more near.

Sing tra la la la la la la.

CXXVII.

God speed the Right.

- 1 Brothers, sing with voice united,
 “ God speed the right ; ”
Sisters, join with hearts delighted,
 “ God speed the right ! ”
Lo ! the winds in silence bearing,
Lo ! all nature’s voice proclaiming,
 “ God speed the right ! ”
- 2 Be ye firm and be enduring,
 “ God speed the right ; ”
Always in the right pursuing,
 “ God speed the right.”
When all obstacles impede thee,
Trust in heaven for strength to aid thee :
 “ God speed the right ! ”
- 3 When life’s conflicts all are over,
 “ God speed the right ; ”
May we ne’er prove faithless, never,
 “ God speed the right ; ”
When all earthly ties are sundered,
When our days on earth are numbered,
 “ God speed the right.”

CXXVIII.

The Happy Land.

- 1 I have come from a happy land,
 Where care is unknown :

I have parted from a merry band
To make thee mine own.

Haste, haste, fly with me,
Where our banquet waits for thee :
Thine, thine its sweets shall be,
Thine, thine alone.

2 Here summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose leaf will fall ;
There angels wear no gloomy shroud,
There's no mournful pall ;
Each new morning ray
Leaves no sigh for yesterday,
No smile passed away,
Would we recall.

3 Is trouble on thy youthful brow,
Is sorrow on thy soul ;
O, heed then, my warning now,
And spurn pleasure's bowl ;
Here ! here ! you'll seek in vain,
For a balm to banish pain,
There's nought your lips can drain
Will grief control.

4 Come and touch this gentle hand,
Thy sorrow 'twill remove ;
Thy pain will cease when lightly fanned
By music from above.

Haste, then, fly with me,
Where our banquet waits for thee,
Thine, thine its sweets shall be,
Thine, thine alone.

CXXIX.

The Poachers.

- 1 How beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long ;
When merry birds are singing
Their light and blithesome song.
Then in the morning early
Awake to nature's voice ;
O take delight with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the morn.
- 2 Up in the morning early,
By day-light's earliest ray ;
Up in the morning early,
Nor spend a slothful day ;
Then call thy slumbering comrades,
To bless, and praise, and pray ;
Then take delight with thy heart aright,
For the blessings of the day.
- 3 " Up in the morning early,
Tis nature's gayest hour ;"
And seek the tints so pearly,
On every opening flower ;

And gather like the humble bee,
 Fresh sweets from every bower ;
 Then take delight with thy heart aright
 For the blessings of the day. *

4 The dewy grass all waving,
 Bencath a vernal sky ;
 The flowers their tribute bringing,
 Proclaim that God is nigh.
 And nature smiles on every thing,
 Without one cheerless sigh.
 Then take delight with thy heart aright
 For the blessings of the day.

CXXX.

Begone, dull Care.

1 Begone, dull sloth,
 I pray thee begone from me,
 Begone, dull sloth,
 You and I can never agree ;
 For I will work, and I will learn,
 And usefully pass the day,
 And I think it one of the wisest things
 To drive dull sloth away.
 Sloth and waste,
 Debts never are able to pay.

2 Go, vile Deccit,
 You never shall live with me ;
Go, vile Deccit,
 You and I shall never agree ;
For I will faithful pray to be,
 In all I do or say,
And always speak the honest truth,
 Whether at work or play.
 Vile Deccit,
 With me shall never stay.

3 Bad Temper, go,
 You never shall stay with me :
Bad Temper, go,
 You and I shall never agree ;
For I will always, kind and mild,
 And gentle, pray to be ;
And do to others, as I wish
 That they should do to me.
 Temper bad,
 With me shall never stay.

CXXXI.

School is begun.

1 School is begun, so come every one,
 And come with smiling faces,
For happy are they, who learn when they may,
 So come and take your places.

- 2 Here you will find, your teachers are kind,
And with their help succeeding,
The older you grow, the more you will know,
And soon you'll love your reading.
- 3 Little boys, when you grow to be men,
And fill some useful station,
If you should once be found out as a dunce,
O think of your vexation.
- 4 Little girls, too, a lesson for you,
To learn is now your duty,
Or no one will deem you worthy esteem,
Whate'er your youth or beauty.

CXXXII.

Welcome to School.

- 1 Come where joy and gladness
Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest,
Come where grief and sadness,
Will not find a dwelling in your breast.
Time with us will pass away,
With books, or work, or healthful play;
Sometimes with a cheerful song,
The happy hours will glide along.
- 2 Thus our days employing,
We are always learning some useful thing;

These pursuits enjoying,
Merrily together we will sing.

Though in sports we take delight,
We also love to read and write ;

Those who teach us too we prize,
Who strive to make us good and wise.

CXXXIII.

No Home like my own.

1 Why, ah ! why my heart this sadness,
Why, 'mid scenes like these decline,
Where all though strange, is joy and gladness ;
Say, what wish can yet be thine ?
O say what wish can yet be thine.

2 All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless, here I roam ;
The stranger's joys, howe'er enchanting,
To me can never be like home,
To me can never be like home.

3 Give me those, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my father and my mother ;
Give, O give me back my home,
My own, my own dear native home.

CXXXIV.

O, wipe away that Tear.

- 1 O, wipe away that tear,
The pearly drop I see,
Let hope thy bosom cheer,
As yon bright star we see!
Yes, when from thee away,
Sweet hope shall be our star,
We do not part for aye;
I'll welcome thee afar.
- 2 Our pleasant cottage home,
The dear remembered spot,
Though far away we roam,
It shall not be forgot;
The thought will often thrill,
Each heart with pleasure then,
When heart to heart we still,
Shall often meet again!
- 3 The flowers of spring come back,
Their fragrance mem'ry keeps,
They strew life's weary track,
Where fond affection weeps;
Our thoughts on heav'n be set,
'Twill soothe away our care,
While hope grows brighter yet,
To think our home is there.

- 4 At close of parting day,
Ere yon bright star is set,
Still meet me while away,
'Mid scenes we'll not forget ;
I'll watch the setting star,
And think I look to thee,
And thus, though sundered far,
How near our hearts may be !
- 6 How dear is every spot,
Where often we have strayed,
The mountain and the cot,
The greenwood where we played ;
The tree whose branches hung,
So graceful o'er the rill,
Upon whose banks we sung,
The songs that please us still.
- 6 At evening's quiet hour,
Then come to me in thought,
In mem'ry tread the bower,
In childhood often sought,
We'll sing those early songs,
Those oft repeated lays,
Whose brightest note belongs
To young life's brightest days.

CXXXV.

The Pilot.

- 1 O Pilot, 'tis a fearful night ;
There's danger on the deep ;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep : —
“Go down ;” the sailor cried, “go down ;
This is no place for thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”
- 2 Ah ! Pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight ;
And thou hast known these raging waves,
But to subdue their might :
“O, 'tis not apathy,” he cried,
“That gives this strength to me ;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”
- 3 On such a night the sea engulfed
My father's lifeless form ;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm :
And such, perhaps, may be my fate ;
But still I say to thee,
“Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.”

CXXXVI.

The Watcher.

- 1 The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
A watcher pale and tearful
Looked forth with anxious eye ;
How wistfully she gazeth,
No gleam of morn is there ;
Her eyes to heaven she raiseth,
In agony of prayer.
- 2 Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain,
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be ;
But O, for morn to see him,
Smile once again on me.
- 3 A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing,
They heed not morning there ;
O young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

4 The morning sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray ;
Beside her babe reclining,
The pale dead mother lay ;
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing,
There's light for us above.

CXXXVII.

Araby's Daughter.

1 Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter,
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea ;
No pearl ever lay under Omen's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.
O fair as the sea flower close to thee growing,
How light was my heart till love's witchery came.
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame.

- 2 But long upon Araby's green sunny high-
lands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the
doom,
Of her who lies sleeping among the green
islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up
her tomb.
And still when the merry date season is
burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young
and the old,
The happiest there from their pastime re-
turning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is
told.
- 3 The young village maid with flowers she
dresses,
Her dark flowing hair for some festival
day,
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her
tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror
away;
Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her hero forget
thee,

Though tyrants watch over her tears as
they start;

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll
set thee,

Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her
heart.

4 Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pil-
low,

With every thing beauteous that grows in
the deep:

Each flower of the rock, and each gem of
the billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
sleep;

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest am-
ber

That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
wept;

With many a shell in whose hollow wreathed
chamber,

We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have
slept.

CXXXVIII.

Merry Month of May.

1 Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May,
We will hasten to the woods away;

Among the flowers so sweet and gay ;
Then away, to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry merry May ;
Then away, to hail the merry merry month
of May.

CXXXIX.

No Home like my own.

- 1 Brother, rest from sin and sorrow ;
Death is o'er and life is won ;
Upon thy slumber dawns no morrow :
Rest ; thine earthly race is run,
O rest ; thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake ! the night is waning ;
Endless day is round thee poured ;
Then enter thou the rest remaining,
For the people of the Lord, &c.
- 3 Brother, wake ; for he who loved thee, —
He who died that thou mightst live, —
For he who graciously approved thee, —
Waits thy crown of joy to give, &c.
- 4 Fare thee well ; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Then triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above, &c.

CXL.

Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

1 Come, come, come.

Come to the sunset tree,

The day is past and gone ;

The woodman's axe lies free,

And the reaper's work is done,

The twilight star to heav'n,

And the summer dew to flowers,

And rest to us is given,

By the soft evening hours.

2 Sweet, sweet, sweet.

Sweet is the hour of rest,

Pleasant the woods' low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,

And the turf whereon we lie,

When the burden and the heat

Of the laborer's task is o'er,

And kindly voices greet

The tired one at his door.

3 Yes, yes, yes.

Yes, tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whisp'ring boughs,

Welcome the freshness round,

And the gale th'at fans our brows ;

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever the night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

4 There, there, there.
There shall no tempests blow,
Nor scorching noontide heat ;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet ;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

CXLI.

The Gipsies.

1 In the merry month of Maying,
When balmy breezes blow,
We'll lads and lasses in our best
Be dressed from top to toe ;
We'll dance and sing the jocund song upon
the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity around
us shall be seen ;
And thus we'll pass a pleasant time,
Nor think of care or woe,

In the merry month of Maying,
When balmy breezes blow,
In the merry month of Maying,
When balmy breezes blow.

2 Our hearts with joy and eyes with light,
Shall feast on nature gay ;
While trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfume fills the way.
'Tis then we'll hear the cuckoo's note,
Steal softly through the air,
While every scene around will look
Most beautiful and fair.
And thus we'll spend, &c.

3 We'll from the spring fill every glass,
And drink to friends most dear ;
And wish them many happy days,
And many a happy year.
Then upwards we will turn our thoughts,
And think of him above,
Who kindly spreads the flowery lawn
With his unchanging love.
And thus we'll spend, &c.

CXLII.

Blue Eyed Mary.

1 Come tell me, blue eyed stranger,
Say, whither dost thou roam ;

O'er this wide world a ranger ;
Hast thou no friends nor home ;
They called me blue eyed Mary,
When friends and fortune smiled ;
But ah, how fortunes vary !
I now am sorrow's child.

- 2 Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot ;
Still wet with morning showers —
I'll buy, " forget me not ;"
Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth ;
But never like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

CXLIII.

O, it is not while Riches.

- 1 O, it is not while riches and splendor sur-
round us,
That friendship and friends can be put to
the test ;
'Tis but when affliction's cold presence has
bound us,
We find which the hearts are that love us
the best ;
For friends will fawn at fortune's dawn,

- When the breeze and the tide waft us
steadily on ;
But if sorrow o'ertakes us, each false one
forsakes us,
And leaves us to sink or to struggle alone.
- 2** And though on love's altar, the flame that
is glowing,
Be brighter, still friendship is steadier far ;
One wavers and turns with each breeze that
is blowing,
And is but a meteor — the other's a star ;
In youth, love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past,
While friendship's flame burns ever the same,
And glows but the brighter the nearer its
cast.

CXLIV.

Child and the Snow-Bird.

- 1** The ground was all covered with snow one
day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a
tree,
And merrily singing his Chick-a-de-de, chick
a-de-de, chick-a-de-de,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

- 2 He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song —
“ O, sister, look out of the window,” said she;
“ Here’s a dear little bird, singing chick-a-
de-de, chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 3 “ Poor fellow, he walks in the snow and the
sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his
feet;
I pity him so, how cold must he be,
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de,
chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 4 “ If I were a barefooted snow-bird I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the
snow. —
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,
He’s all the time singing that chick-a-de-de,
chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 5 “ O mother, do get him some stockings and
shoes,
A frock, and a cloak, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he’d come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-
a-de-de, chick-a-de-de,” &c.

- 6 The bird had flown down for some crumbs
of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said ;
“ What a figure I'd make in that dress ! ”
thought he ;
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-
de-de, chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 7 “ I am grateful,” he said, “ for the wish you
express,
But I have no occasion for such a fine
dress ;
I had rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-
de, chick-a-de-de, &c.
- 8 “ There is ONE, my dear child, though I
cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough,
too. —
Good morning ! O who are so happy as
we ? ” —
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-
de, chick-a-de-de, &c.

CXLV.

The Savoyard Minstrel's Song.

- 1 Of my parents bereft,
And no friends have I left,

No protector have I ;
I'm a poor orphan boy.
From my country and home,
Now deserted I roam,
O'er the mountains afar,
With my plaintive guitar.

Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la la la, la la la.

2 But adieu to the hills,
And the bright sparkling rills,
And the cot in the glen,
I shall ne'er see again.
It reëchoed my song
As I wandered along,
And the notes brought relief
To my heart full of grief.

Tra la la la, &c.

3 Then its chords sweetly rung,
To my innocent song,
Ere I drank of the wine
Of my own native vine.
But I soon was, alas !
Quite a slave to the glass ; —
And I weep for the day
When it first stole my lay.

Tra la la la, &c.

4 But the rescue's at hand,
 And the cold water band
 Have restored me again
 From my heart-breaking pain.
 And my lyre is now strung
 For its loftiest song,
 Praising God in defence
 Of divine abstinence.
 Tra la la la, &c.

CXLVI.

Merrily every Bosom boundeth.

- 1 Merrily every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily O! merrily O!
 Where the song of temp'rance soundeth,
 Merrily O! merrily O!
 Where the parent's smile hath more brightness,
 There the youthful heart hath more lightness,
 Every joy the home surroundeth,
 Merrily O! merrily O!
 Merrily, merrily, merrily O!
 Merrily O! merrily O!
- 2 Wearily every bosom pineth,
 Wearily O! wearily O!
 Where the weed intemperance twineth,
 Wearily O! wearily O!

There the parent's smile yields to sadness,
 There the youthful heart hath no gladness,
 Every flower of life declineth,
 Wearily O! wearily O! &c.

3 Cheerily then awake the chorus,
 Cheerily O! cheerily O!
 Abstinence will peace restore us,
 Cheerily O! cheerily O!
 Now the parent's smile beams the clearest,
 Now the parent's hopes are the dearest;
 Every joy is now before us,
 Cheerily O! cheerily O! &c.

CXLVII.

Pilgrims and Wanderers.

1 Over the mountain wave,
 See where they come:
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind
 Welcome them home;
 Yet where the sounding gale
 Howls to the sea,
 There the song peals along,
 Deep-toned and free.
 Pilgrims and wanderers,
 Hither we come;—
 Where the free dare to be,—
 This is our home.

- 2 England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather hills, —
Sweet their perfume ;
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray :
Native land — native land,
Home far away.
Pilgrims, &c.
- 3 Dim grew the forest path,
Onward they trod ;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God !
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song ;
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along.
Pilgrims, &c.
- 4 Not theirs the glory wreath,
Torn by the blast ;
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they past ;
Green be their mossy graves !
Ours be their fame,
While their song, peals along
Ever the same.
Pilgrims, &c.

CXLVIII.

The Troubadour.

- 1 Brightly the morning sun
Shines from afar ;
Swiftly his course he'll run
By every star ;
Ages have seen his face,
Darkness may roam ;
Morning sun, morning sun,
Come to my home.
- 2 Treasures of joy he brings
On every beam ;
Flowers paint their cheeks anew,
By every stream.
Birds chant their warbling lays,
On every bough ;
Morning sun, morning sun,
Shine on us now.
- 3 Hark ! 'tis the shepherd's note,
Breathing his prayer ;
Lord, guide my wandering thoughts
Up to thee there.
Where angels robed in white,
Ne'er from thee roam ;
Morning sun, morning sun,
Guide wanderers home.

CXLIX.

Maltese Boatman's Song.

- 1 Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,
 Cheerily now our cause goes on.
 Hark! how the temp'rance warning clear,
 Sweetly falls upon the ear.
 Then come let us fight, till the battle is
 o'er,
 And man shall yield to temptations no
 more.
 Our strife and warfare being done,
 How sweet the conqueror's welcome
 home.
 Home, home, home, the conqueror's wel-
 come home.
 Sweet, O sweet the conqueror's welcome
 home,
 Welcome home, welcome home, welcome
 home.
- 2 Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,
 Warmed hopes on beauty's wing.
 Come cheer us with your heavenly smiles;
 Recompense for all our toils.
 Then come let us fight, &c.

CL.

Ship ahoy!

1 When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
O, they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet,
Sparkling on deck is every eye,
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! our joyful cry,
When answering back we faintly hear,
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer! what
cheer!

Now sails aback, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home,
But soon, too soon, we part in pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again!
To sail o'er silent seas again!

2 When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,
With toil her destined port to gain,
Our gallant ship has neared the strand,
We claim our own, our native land,
We claim our own, our native land,
Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout;
"Land ahead! land ahead. look out!
look out!"
Around on deck we gayly fly;
"Land ahead! land ahead! with joy we
cry;"

Yon beacon's light directs our way,
 While grateful vows to heaven we pay,
 And soon our long lost joys renew,
 And bid the boisterous main adieu !
 And bid the boisterous main adieu !

CLI.

Canadian Boat Song.

- 1 Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep
 time ;
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep
 time ;
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim, •
 We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's
 past,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's
 past.
- 2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow the stream runs fast, &c.

CLII.

Juniatta.

- 1 Wild roved the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniatta ;
Swift as an Antelope
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks
In wavy tresses flowing.
- 2 Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfarata ;
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniatta.
Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe,
Adown the rapid river
- 3 Bold is my warrior, good
The love of Alfarata ;
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniatta.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war cry sounding
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

4 So sang the Indian girl,
 Bright Alfarata ;
 Where sweep the waters
 Of the blue Juniatta.
 Fleeting years have borne away
 The voice of Alfarata,
 Still sweeps the river on
 The blue Juniatta.

CLIII.

Child's Return from the Woodlands.

- 1 Hast thou been in the woods with the honey
 bee ?
 Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures
 free ?
 With the hare through the copse and din-
 gles wild ?
 With the butterfly o'er the heath, fair child ?
 Yes, the light fall of the bounding feet
 Hath not startled the wren from her mossy
 seat :
 Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,
 And brought back a treasure of buds and
 bells.
- 2 Thou knowest not the light wherewith fairy
 lore
 Sprinkles the turf and the daises o'er ;

Enough for thee are the dews that sleep,
Like hidden gems, in the flower urns deep ;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed
cell,
And the scent by the blossoming sweet-briers
shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-hya-
cinth's head.

- 3 O, happy child, in thy fawnlike glee,
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of
spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colors fling ;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon,
What if to droop and to perish soon ;
Nature hath mines of such wealth, and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now.

CLIV.

Star of the East.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid —
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine ;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine ?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

CLV.

Hark! 'tis the Bells.

- 1 Hark! 'tis the bells of a village church,
How pleasantly they strike on the ear,
And how merrily they ring,

Come, let us join and we'll imitate their
melody,

Let each take a part in the harmony and sing.

- 2 I love a merry peal of bells,
Of hope and joy their music tells ;
When trav'ling homewards, merrily,
They greet us ever cheerily,
Hark ! 'tis the bells, &c.

CLVI.

The Mellow Horn.

- 1 At dawn Aurora gayly breaks,
In all her proud attire ;
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes
Reflecting liquid fire.
All nature smiles to usher in,
The blushing tints of morn ;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn,
The mellow horn, the mellow mellow horn,
The mellow horn, the mellow mellow horn ;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn ;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn,
The mellow, mellow horn,
The mellow, mellow horn.

- 2 At eve when gloomy shades obscure
 The tranquil shepherd's cot,
 When tinkling bells are heard no more,
 And daily toil forgot ;
 'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,
 On zephyrs gently borne,
 With witching cadence seems to float
 Around the mellow horn.
 The mellow horn, &c.
 'Tis then the sweet enchanting note, &c.

CLVII.

The Farmer's Boy.

- 1 The sun had sunk behind the hill,
 Across yon dreary moor,
 When wet and cold there came a boy
 Up to the farmer's door,
 Can you tell me, said he, if any there be,
 Who would like to give employ.
 For to plough and to sow
 To reap and to mow,
 To be a farmer's boy,
 For to be a farmer's boy.
- 2 My father's dead, my mother's left
 With four poor children small,
 And what is worse for my mother still,
 I'm the eldest of them all ;

But though little, I will work as hard as I can,
If I can get employ.

For to plough and to sow, &c.

3 But if no boy you chance to want,
One favor I've to ask,

To shelter me till dawn of day,

From the cold and wintry blast,

And at break of day I will trudge away,

Else where to seek employ.

For to plough and to sow, &c.

4 The farmer's wife cries try the lad,
Let him no farther seek,

O do ! papa, the daughter cries,

While tears run down her cheek,

For those that will work, 'tis hard to want,

Or to wander for employ.

For to plough and to sow, &c.

5 The farmer's boy, he grew a man,
The good old farmer died ;

He left the lad with all he had,

And his daughter for his bride ;

The boy that was, now a farmer is,

And he thinks and smiles with joy,

On the break of day,

When he passed that way,

To be a farmer's boy,

For to be a farmer's boy.

CLVIII.

Cheer up my Schoolmates.

First voice.

- 1 O, what can make this glorious land,
The land of peace and beauty ?

Second voice.

'Tis freedom's children well attuned
To sing the song of liberty.

Then cheer up my schoolmates dear,
Put forth your utmost powers,
Then cheer up my schoolmates dear,
Fair freedom will be ours.

- 2 O, what can make New England's sons
The rightful heirs of freedom ?

'Tis science' altars, glowing ones,
Lit up by truth and purity.

Then cheer up, &c.

- 3 O, what can make our native state,
The state where virtue loves to dwell ?

'Tis freedom's children, taught to hate
The ways the wicked love so well.

Then cheer up, &c.

- 4 O, what can make our native town
Do honor to our sires ?

Those holy fires, which on them shone
Reflected, still be ours.

Then cheer up, &c.

5 O, what can make this treasured spot
The place where all the virtues dwell?
'Tis each with each to take our lot,
And practise all the virtues well.
Then cheer up, &c.

5 Then let us all in concert join,
To swell the song of liberty;
Yes, let us all the sound prolong,
And echo back its melody.
Then cheer up, &c.

CLIX.

The Hindoo Girl's Song.

This song relates to a well-known superstition among the young Hindoo girls. They make a little boat out of a cocoa-nut shell, place a small lamp with flowers within this ark of the heart, and launch it upon the Ganges. If it floats out of sight with its lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous; if it sinks, the love which it questions is ill fated.

t Float on, float on, my haunted bark,
Above the midnight tide;
Bear softly o'er the water dark
The hopes that with thee glide.

- 2 Float on, float on, thy freight is flowers,
And every flower reveals
The dreaming of my lonely hours,
The hope my spirit feels.
- 3 Float on, float on, thy shining lamp
The light of love is there ;
If lost beneath the waters damp,
That love must then despair.
- 4 Float on, beneath the moonlight float
The sacred billows o'er ;
Ah ! some kind spirit guides my boat,
For it hath gained the shore.

CLX.

Bonny Boat.

- 1 O swiftly glides the bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore ;
And to the fisher's chorus note,
Soft moves the dipping oar :
These toils are borne with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed ;
That feeble age and helpmate dear,
And tender bairnies feed.
- 2 We cast our lines in Largo bay,
• Our nets are floating wide ;
Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
Rocks lightly on the tide :

And happy prove our daily lot,
Upon the summer sea ;
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.

- 3 The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm ;
Nor water sprite, nor eldric thing,
The bonny boat can harm :
It safely bears its scaly store,
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.
- 4 We cast our lines in Largo Bay, &c.

CLXI.

Hymn for an Exhibition.

- 1 Mark, O mark, sweet friends, the morning,
See how fair the sun now shines ;
How bright each thing, with its adorning,
Will seem until each ray declines.
- 2 Then, ah, then, the night advancing,
With its shades will darken all ;
No more will light for us be glancing,
Except from stars in night's dark pall.
- 3 Thus, O thus, the sun of learning
Will for us its beams display ;

And cheer our minds, our footsteps turning,
Into its steep but flowery way.

- 4 Still, O still, as time is flying,
Death, like night, will shade our eyes ;
But thoughts, like stars, when we are dying,
Shall cheer us as to heaven we rise.

CLXII.

The brave old Oak.

- 1 A song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's health and renown to his broad green
crown,
And his fifty arms so strong !
There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes
down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.
- 2 He saw the rare times, when the Christmas
chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,

And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage
small,
Were full of American cheer ;
And all the day, to the rebee gay,
They frolicked with lovesome swains :
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-
yard laid,
But the tree, he still remains.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, &c.

CLXIII.

The Spirits of Bliss.

- 1 How cheering the thought that the spirits
of bliss,
Will come to a world such as this,
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions
above
To bring us some message of love.

- 2 They come on the wings of the morning,
they come,
To lead some poor wanderer home ;
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy
abode,
Who will rest in the arms of his God.

CLXIV.

Maltese Boatman's Song.

1 See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Hark ! how the solemn vespers sound,
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
o'er,

And fold our nets as we row to the shore ;
Our toil of labor being done,

How sweet the boatman's welcome home.

Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome
home.

Sweet, O, sweet the boatman's welcome
home.

Welcome home ! welcome home !

2 See, how the tints of daylight die,
Soon we'll hear the tender sigh ;
For when the toil of labor's o'er,
We shall meet our friends on shore.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
o'er,

And fold our nets as we row to the shore ;
For fame or gold howe'er we roam,

No sound so sweet as welcome home !

Home, home, home, &c.

CLXV. OLD FOLKS AT HOME.
Temperance River.

- 1 Roll on thou great and glorious river
We float with thee,
Our land we must and will deliver,
From Bacchus wash her free.
Cold water is our motto,
From purest fountains flow,
Distilled from out the deepest grotto,
And from the sparkling snow.
- 2 A small and noiseless, ceaseless streamlet,
Winds towards that shore ;
Where temperance, sparkling, swelling sea
yet,
Will a broad ocean roar.
Cold water is our motto, &c.
- 3 Come all ye charming, smiling beauties,
Matrons too appear ;
Come, now, with heart, perform your duties,
Come pledge to water clear.
Cold water is our motto, &c.
- 4 There's virtue in this golden goblet,
Young men drink you ;
Pure nectar sweetly now flows from it,
'Tis Hermon's spicy dew.
Cold water is our motto, &c.

CLXVI.

The Mountain Maid's Invitation.

1 Come! come! come!
O'er the hills, free from care,
In my home true pleasure share;
Blossoms sweet, flowers most rare,
Come where joys are found!
Here the sparkling dews of morn
Tree and shrub with gems adorn,
Jewels bright, gayly worn,
Beauty all around!
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Jewels bright, gayly worn,
Beauty all around!

2 Come! come! come!
Not a sigh, not a tear,
E'er is found in sadness here,
Music soft, breathing near,
Charms away each care!
Birds, in joyous hours, among
Hill and dell, with grateful song,
Dearest strains here prolong,
Vocal all the air!
Tra la la la, &c.

3 Come! come! come!
When the day's gently gone,
Evening shadows coming on,
Then, by love, kindly won,
Truest bliss be thine!
Ne'er was found a bliss so pure,
Never joys so long endure;
Who would not love secure?
Who would joys decline?
Tra la la la, &c.

CLXVII.

The May Queen.

- 1 You must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the
glad New year;
Of all the glad New year, mother, the mad-
dest merriest day:
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.
- 2 I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I
shall never awake,
If you do not call me loud when the day be-
gins to break:

But I must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

3 Little Effie shall go with me mother, to-mor-
row to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me
made the Queen ;
The shepherd lads on every side will come
from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

4 All the valley, mother, will be fresh and
and green and still
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over
all the hill.
The rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily
glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

5 The night winds come and go, mother, upon
the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass ;

- There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o'
 the livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.
- 6 So you must wake and call me early, call me
 early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the
 glad New year :
 To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest,
 merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

LXVIII. C. M. ORTONVILLE.
 Speak gently.

- 1 Speak gently, it is better far
 To rule by love than fear ;
 Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.
- 2 Speak gently, love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind ;
 And gently friendship's accents flow,
 Affection's voice is kind.
- 3 Speak gently to the little child,
 Its love be sure to gain ;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild —
 It may not long remain.

- 4 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run —
Let such in peace depart.
- 5 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
- 6 Speak gently to the erring — know
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perhaps unkindness made them so,
O, win them back again.
- 7 Speak gently — 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

CLXIX.

Be kind to thy Father.

- 1 Be kind to thy FATHER, for when thou wert
young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from
thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.

- 2 Be kind to thy MOTHER, for lo ! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O well mayst thou cherish and comfort her
 now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
- 3 Be kind to thy BROTHER, — his heart will
 have dearth,
 If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth
 If the dew of affection be gone.
- 4 Be kind to thy SISTER, — not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.
- 5 Be kind to thy TEACHER, — the burden she
 bears,
 Her spirits are wearing away ;
No price for her labor so precious appears,
 As the kindness she meets day by day.
- 6 Be kind to thy SCHOOLMATES, — not long
 canst thou be
 With schoolmates to study or play ;
Thy kindness will make thee more happy
 and free
 When school pleasures vanish away.

CLXX.

Swear not.

- 1 When joy thy heart is swelling,
When thou art wild with glee,
When laughter shouts are telling
Of scholboys' revelry, —
O, *swear not* in thy playing!
Swear not, thy WIT to show!
The NAME we use in praying,
Canst thou profane it so?
- 2 When angry thoughts invade thee,
And prompt unkind desire, —
If petty wrongs have made thee
Speak out thy burning ire;
O, *swear not* in thy playing!
Swear not, thy WRATH to show!
The NAME we use in praying,
Canst thou profane it so?
- 3 When sportive tongues invite thee
To wordy contests vile,
Still striving to delight thee
By oaths and mingled smile, —
O, *swear not* in thy playing!
Swear not, thy SKILL to show!
The NAME we use in praying,
Do not profane it so!

CLXXI.

Haste thee, Schoolboy.

- 1 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay ;
Many a time you've tardy been,
Many a lesson you've not seen ;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.
- 2 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Join no more the laggard's play ;
Quickly speed your steps to school,
And there mind your teacher's rule ;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Join no more the laggard's play.
- 3 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well, to-day ;
Love the truth, and shun the wrong,
Then no day will seem too long ;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well to-day.
- 4 Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay ;
Seek the place with knowledge blest,
Twill thee guide to endless rest ;
Haste thee, schoolboy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay.

CLXXII.

SCOTS WHA HA'E.

Our pleasant School.

1 Where do children love to go,
When the storms of winter blow ?
What is it attracts them so ?

'Tis our pleasant school.

Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree ?

In our pleasant school.

2 When the beauteous morning breaks,
And each eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy children makes,

As our pleasant school ?

Faithful may we keep the day !

Never waste the time in play !

Truthful all we do or say,

At our pleasant school.

CLXXIII.

The better Land.

1 I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

2 Is it where feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry
wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand,

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

“ Not there, not there, my child !

4 “ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

CLXXIV.

My Native Land.

- 1 My native land, my native land,
O 'tis a lovely land to me ;
I bless my God that I was born,
Where man, where man, where man is *free*.
Our land, it is a glorious land,
And wide it spreads from sea to sea,
And sister states in union join,
And all, and all, and all are *free*.
- 2 And equal laws we all obey,
To kings we never bend the knee ;
Here we may own no Lord but God,
Where all, where all, where all are *free*.
We've lofty hills, and sunny vales,
And streams that roll to either sea ;
And through this large and varied land,
Alike, alike, alike we're *free*.
- 3 You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
And youth's gay shout and childhood's
glee,
And every one in safety dwells,
And all, and all, and all are *free*.
We're brothers all from south to north,
One bond will draw us to agree ;
We love this country of our birth,
We love, we love, we love the *free*.

4 We love the name of Washington,
 I lisped it on my father's knee,
 And we shall ne'er forget the *name*,
 While all, while all, while all are *free*.
 My land, my own dear native land,
 Thou art a lovely land to me ;
 I bless my God that I was born
 Where man, where man, where man is *free*.

CLXXV.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven ; Hallowed | be
 thy | name ;
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, On earth
 as it | is in | heaven ;
 Give us this day our | daily | bread ;
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
 those who | trespass against | us ;
 And lead us not into temptation, But de- |
 liver us from | evil ;
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power and
 the glory, For | ever and | ever. | A- |
 men, A- | men.

CLXXVI.

I will lift up mine Eyes.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From
 whence | cometh .. my | help.

- 2 My help cometh from the Lord, Which made
| heaven.. and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; He
that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel, Shall not |
slumber .. nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord is thy keeper ; The Lord is thy
shade upon thy | right | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, Nor the
| p moon by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ;
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and
thy coming in, From this timè forth and
for- | ever | more. | A- | men, A- | men.

CLXXVII.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not |
want ;
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pas-
tures ; He leadeth me beside the still |
wa- | ters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his | nar-
| sake.

- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they | p comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup
.. runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord,
for- | ev— | er. | A- | men.

CLXXVIII.

Hear, ye Children.

- 1 Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father,
And attend to | know under- | standing.
- 2 For I give you good doctrine, Forsake ye |
not my | law.
- 3 For I was my father's son, Tender and only
beloved in the | sight of my | mother.
- 4 He taught me also, and said unto me, Let
thine heart retain my words: Keep my
com- | mandments and | live.
- 5 Get wisdom, get understanding; for- | get
it | not.

- 6 Neither decline from the words of | my— |
mouth.
- 7 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve— |
thee ;
Love her, and she shall | keep— | thee.
- 8 Wisdom is the principal thing ; | therefore
get | Wisdom.
And with all thy getting, get under- | stand-
— | ing.
- 9 Exalt her, and she shall pro- | mote— |
thee ;
She shall bring thee to honor when thou
dost em- | brace— | her.
- 10 She shall give to thine head an | ornament
of | grace.*
A crown of glory shall she | deliver to |
thee A- | men.

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