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GLAD TIDINGS:

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HOME CIRCLES, &c.

By

L. O. EMERSON,

And

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

We do not feel that any apology is necessary for presenting to the public another volume of Sabbath School Hymns and Music. The supply is not yet, beyond the demand. With few exceptions, both words and music have been written expressly for this collection. It contains a large number of bright and spirited hymns and tunes, well suited to the happy natures of youth, and is confidently commended to all Sabbath Schools who are tired of the old books, and in search of a new one. The sale of the various School and Church music books by the senior Editor have been very large, a sufficient proof that he possesses, in an eminent degree, the tact and taste so requisite in preparing singing books for general use.

Mr. Starkweather is a young and promising **AUTHOR**, and has contributed many choice pieces.

Glad Tidings.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

1. Our Fa-ther, we a - dore thy name, The sweetest pray'r our lips can name, We of - fer now to thee; Do
2. Pro-tect and lead our err-ing youth, In paths of pi - e - ty and truth, Nor ev - er let us stray; But,

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

thou the Ho - ly Spir - it send, Our guardian, guide, in - structor, friend, And com - fort - er to be.
through the Saviour's dy - ing love, Bring us to dwell with thee a - bove, In ev - er - last - ing day.

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody continues in the upper staff, and the accompaniment continues in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?
 2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav - en, Reach - ing far as man is found;

Lo! th'angel - ic hosts re - joic - es; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous
 Souls redeemed, and sins for - giv - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound. "Christ is born, the great An -

sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy: "Glo - ry in the high - est,
 oint - ed; Heav'n and earth his prais - es sing! Oh, re - ceive whom God ap -

glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!
point-ed For your Proph - et, Priest, and King!

(Sing the 3rd stanza to the last half of the tune.)

3.

"Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joys:
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

Missionary Hymn.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the Gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim stranger,
Faints 'neath Asia's scorching ray;
Bid the red browed forest ranger,
Hail it ere he fades away.</p> | <p>2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the Tropics fiercely glow;
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.</p> | <p>3 Rude in speech, or grim in features,
Dark in spirit tho' they be;
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.</p> |
|--|--|---|

Lord, a little band.

- 1 Lord, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing of thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn should we be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon
- 2 For we know the Lord of glory,
Always sees what children do;
And is writing now the story,
Of our thoughts and actions, too.
Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear what'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

Worship of the living Christ.

- 1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Joined in heart and joined in hand, We're a lit - tle hap - py band, Singing, singing, On our heavenward way,
 2. There is work for all to do; Labor brings its blessings too, Toiling, toiling; Sweet our rest will be,
 3. Thorns along our pathway lie; Clouds obscure our summer sky; Yet we're singing; Je - sus leads the way,
 4. Joined in heart and joined in hand, Trav'ling to our Father - land, Yonder, yonder lie its mansions fair;

CHORUS.

Learning how to la - bor, Learning how to pray. Come and join us, come and join us,
 When our feet are plant - ed On the crystal sea. Come and join us, come and join us,
 Teach - es us to la - bor, Teach - es us to pray. Come and join us, come and join us,
 Je - sus waits to welcome All his loved ones there. Come and join us, come and join us,

We're a lit - tle hap - py band; Come and join us, we are go - ing To our blessed Father - land.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

7

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

E.

1. Lord, hear me when I pray; Ac - cept my humble plea; 'Tis tis, and this a -
 2. I must a - lone de - cide, For I must stand a - lone, When earth's un - numbered

lone I bring, That Je - sus died for me. I'm but a fee - ble child; Yet
 millions wait Be - fore thy Judgment throne. Lord, help me now to bring My

I would en - ter now In - to thy fold, lest in the ways Of fol - ly I should go.
 youthful heart to thee; And oh, accept the of - fer - ing, Since Je - sus died for me.

GOING HOME.

Words by KATE CAMERON.
Moderato.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. The days now glid - ing o'er us, Are bear - ing us a - way; The grave lies straight be -
2. The flow'rs now blooming bright - ly, Will fade with - in our grasp; The hands we hold so

fore us, And short will be the way. We're go - ing, go - ing home, To
tight - ly, Will van - ish from our clasp. But tho' life's fond ties sever, And

our bright spir - it home; Life's lit - tle day bears us a - way, We're go - ing, go - ing home.
earthly hopes grow dim; God is the same for - ev - - er, Our trust is still in him.

GOING HOME. Concluded.

9

REFRAIN.

Go - ing home, go - ing home, O'er the path by Je - - sus trod;

Go - ing home, go - ing home, Where we shall dwell with God.

Missionary Hymn.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
 And as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them,
 Safe to the destined shore:
 That man may sit in darkness,
 And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
 Who holdest in thine arm,
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm.
 Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 Though far from us, who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Words written for this Work, by KATE CAMERON.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. There is a land of Prom - ise, For which our spir - its yearn; And
 2. And in that land of Prom - ise, We shall be free from sin; No

to that dis - tant coun - try, Our pil - grim foot - steps turn. Though
 out - ward foe as - sail us, No doubt or fear with - in. But

earth is fair and love - - ly, That world is far more bright, And
 freed from earth - ly fet - - ters, Our spir - its shall as - cend. And

THE PROMISED LAND. Concluded.

there is no more sor - - row, And no more death or night.
 praise our great Cre - a - - tor, In songs that nev - er end.

CHORUS.

The Prom - ised Land, The Prom - ised Land, It lies be - yond the riv - er, And

there we'll meet a hap - py band, And live and love for - ev - er.

LORD, HEAR ME WHEN I PRAY.

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. Lord, hear me when I pray; Ac-cept my humble plea; 'Tis this, and this a-lone I bring, That
2. I'm but a fee-ble child; Yet I would learn thy way; If death should touch this throbbing heart, What

CHORUS, faster and louder.

Je - sus died for me. Oh, Je - sus died for me; Yes, Je - sus died for me; 'Tis
power could bid it stay. Oh, Je - sus died for me; Yes, Je - sus died for me; 'Tis

this, and this a-lone I bring, That Je - sus died for me.

3 I must alone decide;
For I must stand alone,
When earth's unnumbered millions wait
Before thy Judgment throne.
Chorus.—Oh, Jesus died, &c.

4 Lord, help me now to bring
My youthful heart to thee;
And oh, accept the offering,
Since Jesus died for me.
Chorus.—Oh, Jesus died, &c

GOOD NEWS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

1. Good news for lit - tle chil - dren, Who - ev - er they may be ; To
 2. How - ev - er poor and need - y, How - ev - er weak and small, The
 3. None are too young to love him ; None are too young to know The
 4. Good news for lit - tle chil - dren! Pro - claim it far and wide, That

them the lov - ing Sa - viour Has said, "Come un - to me."
 bound - less love of Je - sus En - cir - cles one and
 name of Him who saves them From end - less death and
 all may learn to hon - or The One who for them died.

CHORUS, to be chanted.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and for - bid them not ; For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

I'M HAPPY IN JESUS.

MRS. S. B. HERRICK.
Cheerfully.

2. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, For he is my friend, And all thro' life's jour - ney, My
 2. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, He loves me. I know, His pres - nce is with me, Where -
 3. I'm hap - py in Je - sus, He says I may come, When earth - life is o - ver, To

steps he'll at - tend; His prom - ise is faith - ful, 'Tis "on - ly be - lieve," And
 ev - er I go; He ten - der - ly whis - pers, When I am op - pressed, Come
 share his sweet home; And there 'mid the ran - somed, With rap - ture I'll sing, Ho -

CHORUS. Loud.

ev - en the chil - dren, His grace may re - ceive. Hap - py in Je - sus, I'm
 child, in my bo - som Find ref - - uge and rest. Hap - py, &c.
 san - na to Je - sus, My Sa - - viour and King. Hap - py, &c.

I'M HAPPY IN JESUS. Concluded.

15

hap - py in Je - sus, I'm hap - py in Je - sus, For He is my Friend.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first song. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. A bass line is provided below the melody, consisting of chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Words by K. C.

1. O! let me work for Je - sus, Though hum - ble I may be, For
 2. To Him then let me ren - der, The trib - ute of my praise, And
 3. And when earth's lit - tle jour - ney Shall end on Heav - en's shore, With -

He my best Re - deem - er, Hath lived and died for me.
 glad - ly in His ser - vice, Spend my re - main - ing days.
 in God's up - - per tem - ple, I'll love and serve Him more.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second song. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. A bass line is provided below the melody. The lyrics are presented in three numbered lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

THE BEAUTIFUL PATH.

MRS. HARRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. There's a path for your feet, lit - tle chil - dren, Made soft by the good Shepherd's hand; It will
 2. There's a hand that is wait - ing to lead you, A hand that will ten - der - ly guide; There's a
 3. In the ci - ty whose walls are of jas - per, Whose pal - ac - es shine like the sun; You shall

lead thro' the sun - light and shad - ow, Safe in - to the beau - ti - ful Land, Where the
 form that a - long the bright path - way Will lov - ing - ly walk by your side; There's a
 wear the white robe of the ran - somed, And rest when your journey is done; There's a

still waves glide in their sweet - ness, And the pas - tures are fragrant and fair; Oh!
 voice that is sweet - er than mu - sic, A smile that is bright as the day; Oh!
 harp and a crown that a - waits you, A man - sion that's glorious and fair; Oh!

THE BEAUTIFUL PATH. Concluded.

17

CHORUS.

come to this path, lit - tle chil - dren, For beau - ty and blessing are there. 'Tis a
 tread in this path, lit - tle chil - dren, For Je - sus him - self is the way. 'Tis a
 fol - low this path, lit - tle chil - dren, And Je - sus will welcome ycu there. 'Tis a

beau - ti - ful path, lit - tle chil - dren, The path that the Sa viour has trod; It will

lead thro' this change - ful earth - val - ley, Up, safe to the bo - som of God.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Allegretto. Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

Music by L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. I love to think that Je - sus came From his bright home a - bove, That children, too, might
 2. I love to think that once he wore An in - fant's smiling face; In knowledge and in
 3. I love to think he walked the earth As oth - er children do, And gave sweet thoughts of
 4. I love to think our childish joys And griefs to him are known; That in his heart of

CHORUS,

learn his name, And sing his wondrous love. But Oh, the love, the wondrous love, That
 stat - ure grew, A child of matchless grace. But Oh, the love, the wondrous love, That
 heavenly birth, As he to manhood grew. But Oh, the love, the wondrous love, That
 ten - derness, He bears them as his own. But Oh, the love, the wondrous love, That

brought him from the skies! For - ev - er from our youthful hearts, Let grateful in - cense

WONDROUS LOVE, Concluded.

19

rise, For - ev - er from our youthful hearts, Let grateful in - cense rise.

ONLY ASLEEP. "Not dead, but sleepeth."

Tenderly.

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK. Music by L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. Bear her, oh bear her so ten - der - ly, Down where the vi - o - lets bloom,
 2. Fold the white hands so re - pos - ing - ly; An - gels her vig - ils shall keep;
 3. Let the sweet rose-buds be gar - land - ed Fresh, for her forehead so fair;
 4. "On - ly a - sleep," till the wak - ing be, When the glad morning shall come;

Twine no dark cy - press wreath o - ver her, Je - sus has lightened the tomb.
 Close the sweet eyes that so lov - ing - ly Say, she is on - ly a - sleep.
 Twine, too, the ten - der white lil - y - bell, In the soft folds of her hair.
 On - ly at rest 'mid the bless - ed - ness, Je - sus, and heav - en, and home.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN ARE RINGING

Words by Rev. MINOR J. SAVAGE.

E.

1. "Hark! I hear the sweet bells ringing!" Said the dying little child. "Bells,—and then the sweetest singing!"
2. Yes, the bells of heaven were ringing; And the tremulous air, with joy, Fanned by angels, hastening, winging,

CHORUS.

And he list'ning lay and smiled. Oh, the bells, the bells immor - tal! Floating still up - on the air,
Brought their pæans to the boy. Oh, the bells, the bells immor - tal! Floating still up - on the air,

3 Once before they rung in glory,
When his little heart's strong door
Opened at the Saviour's story,
Let Him in forevermore.
Chorus.

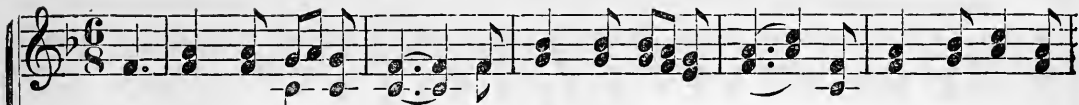
Ring they out through heaven's portal, Sounding welcome everywhere.

4 Now they ring another oping,
As the gate of heaven swings
Golden 'neath the pearl-arched coping
And he enters in and sings.
Chorus

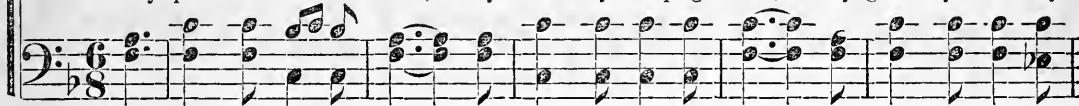
I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

L. O. EMERSON.

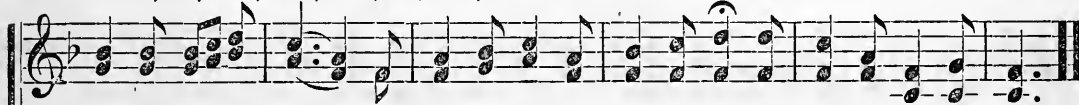
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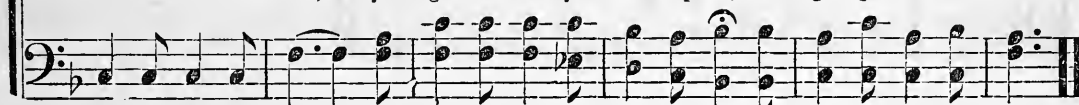
1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The fa - ther sought his child; They fol - lowed me o'er
 3. They spoke in ten - der love, They raised my drooping head; They gent - ly closed my



Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled: I was a wayward child, I
 vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Fam
 bleed - ing wounds, My faint - ing soul they fed; They washed my filth a - way, They



did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 ished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They sav'd the wand'ring one.
 made me clean and fair; They brought me to my home in peace, The long-sought wander - er.



MRS. S. B. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

With animation.

1. Just a - cross the riv - er, On the gold - en shore, Where the crystal morning Beams for - ev - er - more;

2. Hark! the sound of voic - es, 'Tis the cho - ral sweet, Of the children singing, At the Saviour's feet;

3. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Who his prais - es sing, Tho' they wear the earth robe, He is still their King:

Mid the heav'nly bowers, Mid the fadeless bloom, Dwell the hap - py children, In their bliss - ful home.

'Tis the glorious anthem, Swelling ev - er - more, Of the love that brought them To the gold - en shore.
He will gently guide them, Till the night is o'er, And they join the cho - rus, On the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

Would you cross the riv - er, To the gold - en shore, There to join the loved ones, gone be - fore?

Would you cross the riv - er. To the gold - en shore, There to join the loved ones, gone be - fore?

Heed the voice of Je - sus, Till this life is o'er, Safe - ly then He'll land you, On the gold - en shore.

Heed the voice of Je - sus, Till this life is o'er, Safe - ly then He'll land you, On the gold - en shore.

WILL YOU JOIN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL?

Words by Mrs. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

Earnestly.

1. Will you join our Sun - day School, Join our praise and join our prayer ;
 2. Will you, in the Sun - day School, Learn that Je - sus loves you still ;
 3. Will you join the Sun - day School, Swell - ing still the joy - ous band.

Learn with us the heav'n - ly rule, Share the gen - tle care ;
 And if you o - bey his rule, He'll shield you from all ill ;
 Till we march, with 'col - umns full, To the bet - ter land.

Of our teach - ers kind and true, Of the friends who love us too,
 E'en to Jor - dan's swell - ing tide, He will o'er your steps pre - side ;
 Friends are wait - ing ; will you come? Lov - ing hearts have made you room ;

Will you come and learn that Je - sus Loved and died for you?
 Will you come and learn of Je - sus, In the Sun - day School?
 Will you come and learn of Je - sus, In the Sun - day School?

CHORUS.

Friends are wait - ing; will you come? Lov - ing hearts have made you room;

Will you come and learn of Je - sus, In the Sab - bath School.

JESUS, THE CHILDREN'S KING

Words by MRS. S. F. HERRICK.
Allegro.

3. IN K. LEATHER

1. A - wake my heart, a - wake my tongue, And sing a - loud a raptur - ous song, Of
 2. He lived for us a life of care, That we his bless - ed - ness might share, And
 3. He asks, that we his lambs may be, In gen - tle - ness and pu - ri - ty, By
 4. And when we reach the gold - en shore, Where toil and con - flict all are o'er, He'll

him who is the chil - dr - r's King, Of him who bids the peo - ple sing.
 from his Fa - ther's glo - ry came, Oh, sing a - loud his won - drous name.
 crys - tal streams, in pas - tures fair, He'll lead us with a shep - herd's care.
 place us, each, a ra - diant gem, Up - on his roy - al di - a - dem.

CHORUS.

Blessed, blessed Je - sus, Blessed, blessed Je - sus, Je - sus is the children's King, Ah yes, we'll

Sing a-loud for Je-sus, Sing a-loud for Je-sus, Sing a-loud, for Je-sus is the children's King.

This block contains the musical notation for the first piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

WE HAVE GIRDED ON OUR ARMOR.

Mrs. S. C. HERRICK.
Bold and Strong.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. We have gird-ed on our ar-mor, And are march-ing bold-ly on, For the foe is just be-
 2. We have left the smold'ring camp-fires, And are ea-ger for the fray, In our valiant lead-er's
 3. We've a shield that nev-er fails us, And a chart that e'er will guide, We have parents, friends and

This block contains the musical notation for the second piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

fore us, And the bat-tle must be won; There's a glo-rious ban-ner float-ing From the
 footsteps, March we rank by rank a-way; There is mar-tial mu-sic swell-ing, From the
 teachers, Marching with us, side by side; There are gold-en crowns sus-pend-ed From the

This block contains the continuation of the musical notation for the second piece. It features a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

WE HAVE GIRDED ON OUR ARMOR. Concluded.

watch-tower in the sky, And we march be-neath its mot - to, We will conquer or we'll die.
 watch-tower in the sky, And our hearts re-peat its ech - o, We will conquer or we'll die.
 watch-tower in the sky, There are an - gel hands that beck-on, As we march to vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Marching on, March-ing on, We are march-ing bold - ly
 Marching on, bold - ly on, March-ing on, bold-ly on, We are march-ing bold - ly

on, Marching on, Marching on, And the vict -'ry must be won.
 on, bold-ly on, Marching on, bold-ly on, Marching on, bold-ly on, And the vict -'ry must be won.

"I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

29

Earnestly.

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

Music by L. B. STAREWEATHER.

1. I want to be a Christian; There's something in my heart, That tells me not to
 2. I want to be a Christian; To pray as Christians pray; To sing and talk of
 3. I want to be a Christian; To love as Christians love; To feel my wayward

tar - ry, But seek the bet - ter part, Now in my life's bright morning, While
 Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way. To know my sins for - giv - en, And
 spir - it Grow gen - tle as a dove. I want to tread in meekness, The

yet for me there's room, While an - gel spir - its beckon, And Je - sus bids me come.
 feel that I may be Made pure, and fit for heaven, Through Him who died for me.
 path He left for me; To feel His peace and presence, And thus His glo - ry see.

1. Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God; And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on your road;
2. Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God; And he shall be with you when fears are abroad;

And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on your head, And sleep, like an an-gel, shall vis-it your bed.
Your safeguard in dangers that threaten your path, Your joy in the val-ley and shadow of death.

The Bible, the Word of Truth.

- 1 The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation,—wide opens the door,—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.
- 2 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

The Sabbath.

- 1 How sweet is the Sabbath, the season of rest,
The day of the week which we surely love best!
This morning our Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 O, let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Remembering the Sabbath was graciously given,
To draw us from earth, and prepare us for heaven.

MORNING LIGHT.

31

C. M. WYMAN.

1. In the ro - sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high ; From the
 2. Let his praise be spread for the Lamb who bled, To de - liv - er us from woe ; Has en-

CHORUS.

lips of youth to the God of Truth, Let the joy - ful echoes fly. Sing praises, glad praises,
 dured the cross, the disgrace, the loss ; Let his praise for - ev - er flow. Sing praises, glad praises,

Sing, children, sing ! Let your songs a - rise to the lofty skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

3 Now exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
 He delights in mercy still ;
 Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear
 And our longing souls to fill. *Chorus.*

4 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
 But he loves the children best ;
 To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,
 And secure his promised rest. *Chorus.*

1. We are on the ocean sail - ing, Homeward now, we sweetly glide ; We are on the ocean

CHORUS.

sail - ing, To a home beyond the tide. All the storms will soon be o - ver ; Then we'll

anchor in the harbor ; We are on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore ;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more. *Chorus.*
- 3 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore ;

- By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er. *Chorus.*
- 4 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing ;
Free salvation is the song. *Chorus.*

WE COME, O GOD, WITH GLADNESS.

33

1. We come, O God, with gladness, Our humble thanks to bring ; With hearts yet free from
 2. Here, then in child-hood's morning, Our hymns to thee we raise ; Thy love, our lives a -

sad - ness, Our hymns of praise we sing. A - long our paths are glow - ing The
 dorn - ing, Shall fill our hearts with praise. Thy will, hence - forth, for - ev - er, Shall

to - kens of thy love ; Like streams of boun - ty flow - ing, Thy mercies from a - bove.
 be our on - ly guide ; From du - ty's path we'll nev - er, O, nev - er turn a - side.

MRS. S. C. HERRICK.

L. O. EMERSON.

Cheerfully.

1. Ring-ing, ring-ing, Voic-es soft and clear, Welcome bring-ing To the new born year.
 2. Fall-ing, fall-ing, For the old a tear, Smil-ing greet-ing, To the glad New Year.
 3. Wing-ing, wing-ing, Si-lent-ly to heav'n, May its mo-ments All to God be given.
 4. When the Sea-sons Cease to mark his love, May we praise him Ev-er-more a-bove.

CHORUS.

The glad New Year, When friends so dear, Are cluster-ing round our way; The
 glad New Year, With fes-tive cheer, We cel-e-brate to-day.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second system has a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The third system has a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. Father, let thy ben - e - dic - tion, Gently fall - ing as the dew, And thy ev - er gracious
 2. Young in years, we need the wis - dom Which can on - ly come from thee; In the morn of our ex -
 3. When temptations shall as - sail us, When we fal - ter by the way, Let thine arm of strength de -

presence Bless us all our journey thro'; May we ev - er, May we ev - er Keep the end of life in view.
 istence Let us thy sal - vation see, Changed in spirit, Changed in spir - it, Then shall we thy children be.
 fend us, Saviour hear us when we pray: Thou art mighty, Thou art mighty, Be thou then our rock and stay.

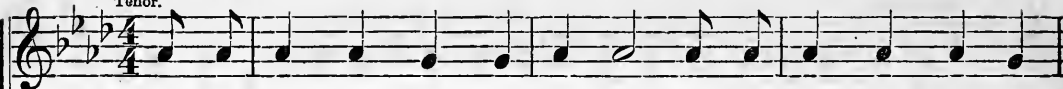
Preparation for the Heavenly Sabbath.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Now is done the time of teaching,
 Ended is the hour we love;
 Hush'd the voice of friends beseeching
 Us to seek for joys above:
 Precious Sabbaths!
 Swiftly, O! they swiftly move.</p> | <p>3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
 All our Sabbath schools be past;
 Like the leaf, to earth descended,
 With'er'd in the autumn blast:
 Life is passing,
 We must see the grave at last.</p> |
| <p>2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
 Ere from school we go away;
 Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
 Every troubled thought allay
 Make us holy,
 On the sacred Sabbath day.</p> | <p>4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
 With its sunny glories bright:
 And, with millions saved before us,
 May we join in worlds of light,
 Praising Jesus,
 Where the Sabbath knows no night.</p> |

Words by MRS. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

Tenor.



1. There's a land of light and beau - ty, Where the white - robed chil - dren
 2. There's a home of joy and glad - ness, Where the white - robed chil - dren

Soprano.



Alto.
 3. There's a path on the moun - tain sum - mit, Where the white - robed chil - dren
 Bass.



are; And the watch - word there is du - ty, And their light the morn - ing star.
 rest; And nev - er a note of sad - ness, Or a sigh shall thrill the breast.



go; And the gen - tie shep - herd leads them, To the sun - lit vales be - low.



4 There's a crystal fountain flowing,
 Where the white-robed children stray;
 And a tree whose golden fruitage,
 Overhangs the path alway. CHORUS.

5 There's a song, a rapturous choral,
 That the white-robed children sing;
 And a myriad harps responsive
 Sound the praises of their King. CHORUS

CHORUS.

There's a shin - ing crown, And a harp of gold, For the white - robed ones Of the

There's a shin - ing crown, And a harp of gold, For the white - robed ones Of the

Saviour's fold, In the land of light, in the land of light, of light and beau - ty.

Saviour's fold, In the land, the land of light and beau - ty.

Saviour's fold, In the land of light, in the land of light, of light and beau - ty.

LORD, HOW DELIGHTFUL 'TIS TO SEE.

M. M. DERBY.

Tenor.



1. Lord, how de - light - ful 'tis to see A - band of children worship thee!

Treble and Alto.



2. O, write up - on my memory, Lord, The les - sons of thy ho - ly Word;

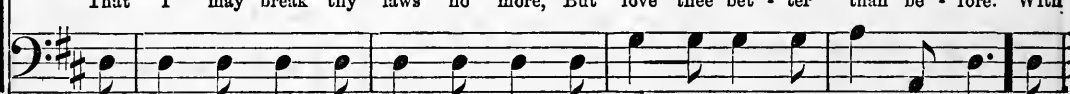
Bass.




At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heaven, and learn the way. I



That I may break thy laws no more, But love thee bet - ter than be - fore. With





have been there, and still would go; 'Tis like a lit - tle heaven be - low;
thoughts of Christ, and things di - vine, Fill up this youthful heart of mine;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across bar lines.



Not all my pleasure and my play Shall tempt me to for - get this day.
That, hop - ing par - don through his blood, I may lie down and wake with God.

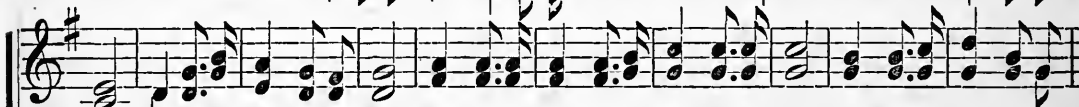
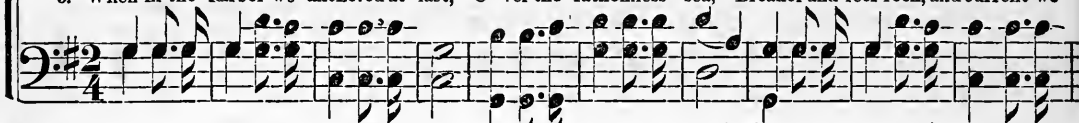
The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, with the same clefs and key signature as the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across bar lines.

THE VOYAGERS.

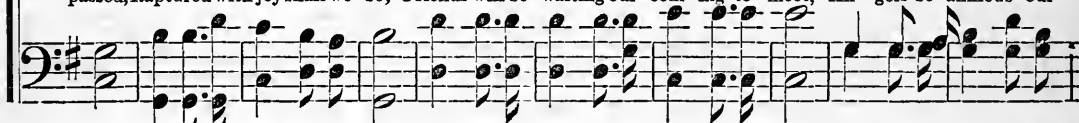
L. B. STARKWEATHER.



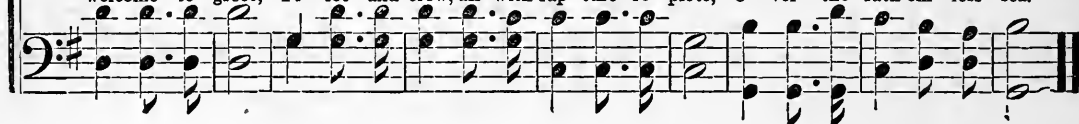
1. Swell, swell the song as we're gliding a - long, Out on the fathomless sea, Gath'ring strength as the tempest comes
 2. What tho' the tempest should ride in its wrath, Out on the fathomless sea, We have a lamp that will lighten our
 3. When in the harbor we anchored at last, O - ver the fathomless sea, Breaker and reef-rock, and current we



on, Youthful life voyagers are we; We have a pi - lot whose compass is true, Ask - ing us on - ly his
 path, Tho'neath the storm-cloud are we; What tho' the wild winds our bark should assail, Furl we our can - vas, and
 passed, Raptured with joy shall we be; Friends will be waiting our com - ing to meet, An - gels be anxious our



bid - ding to do; He'll guide us safe - ly the whole journey thro', Out on the fath - om - less sea.
 weather the gale; Pi - lot and com - pass and chart nev - er fail, Out on the fath - om - less sea.
 welcome to greet; Pi - lot and crew, all with rap - ture re - plete, O - ver the fath - om - less sea.



TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. Hark! the voice of cho - ral song, Floats up - on the breeze a - long, Chant - ing clear, in
 2. Save from sin's de - structive breath, Save from sor - row, shame and death, From in - tem - per -

sol - emn lays, "Man redeemed, to God the praise." An - gels, strike the gold - en lyre!
 - ance and strife, Save the husband, chil - dren, wife! Cour - age! let no heart de - spair -

Mortals, catch the heav'nly fire! Thousands ransomed from the grave, Millions yet our pledge shall save!
 High - ty is the truth we bear! Forward then, baptized in love, Led by wisdom from a - bove!

1. O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin; }
 Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who has died my heart to win. } I will

praise thee, I will praise thee, When shall I thy praise be - gin?

2 While the angel choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I Am;
 I with them will soon be vieing.
 Glory, Glory to the Lamb.
 O how precious, O how precious,
 Is the sound of Jesus' name.

3 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceived they mix the throng;
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 Lord, with grateful hearts before thee, 2 For thy bounteous gifts we praise thee, 3 Wherefore, Lord of earth and heav'n,
 We thy little children meet, Life, and peace, and friends, at home; We thy little flock would be;
 For thy goodness to adore thee, Yet a nobler song we'll raise thee, Unto us thy grace be given,
 And thy praises to repeat. Since thou didst from glory come, Teach us how to follow thee,
 Saviour, hear us! And didst freely And for refuge
 Hear us from thy mercy-seat. Suffer in the sinner's room. To the Rock of Ages flee.

1. We have met in peace to-gether, In this house of God again: Constant friends have led us hither, Here to chant the solemn strain;
 2. And, while nature flows in beauty, While the fields are rich in flow'rs, Shall our hearts neglect their duty? Shall our souls abuse their powers?
 3. We have met, and time is flying: We shall part, and still his wing, Sweeping o'er the dead and dying, Will the changeful seasons bring:

Here to breathe our ado-ration, While the balm-y breeze of spring, Like the Spirit of Salvation, Comes with gladness on its wing.
 Shall not all our hopes, ascending, Point us to a home a-bove, Where, in glo-ry nev-er ending, He who made us smiles in love.
 Let us, while our hearts are lightest, In our fresh and early years, Turn to him whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.

Anniversary Hymn.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Gracious Father, by thy favor,
 We are here to bless thy name,
 Thanking thee, our Guardian, Saviour,
 That our school is still the same—
 Rich in lessons of instruction,
 Rich in friends who love us well,
 Rich in charms against destruction
 Of the power of virtue's spell.</p> | <p>2 Hear us while we ask thy blessing,
 Still to rest upon our band,
 That, the worth of love confessing,
 We may still here, hand in hand,
 Anxious seek to know our duty,
 Be as youthful Jesus was,
 Prizing most that moral beauty,
 Which the good child only has.</p> | <p>3 Bless our parents, bless each teacher;
 Be, O God, our pastor's guide;
 May we hear him as thy preacher;
 In our hearts thy truth abide;
 And the path of life pursuing,
 By the precepts of thy Son,
 May we, when the past reviewing,
 Feel the joy of duty done.</p> |
|---|--|--|

THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Come, and sing with joy and gladness; El - e - vate your hearts in praise; Come, dis - miss all
 2. Come, and sweetly tune your voices; Raise them to a loft - y strain; Sing a - loud, while
 3. Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure That they should not hold their peace; And his blessings,

gloom and sadness; High your songs ex - ulting raise. With the an - gel choirs u - niting,
 heaven re - joices; Shout, for Je - sus comes to reign. Glo - ry! hear the angels crying,
 without measure, He bestowed on such as these: Then to heav - en high ascend - ing,

Sing of Je - sus' wondrous love; 'Tis a subject so delight - ing, Thrilling all the harps above.
 Glo - ry to the Saviour's name; Shall not children, with them vieing, Here, on earth his praise proclaim.
 Shall our anthems quickly rise; With an - gel - ic voices blending, Far above yon a - zure skies.

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

M. M. DERBY.

43

With spirit.

1. Days, and weeks, and months return - ing, Bear us gently down life's way; Still their lessons
 2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voices; Joy con - trols the hastening hour; None so poor but

CHORUS.

we are learning, With each an - ni - ver - sary day. We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll
 gifts may reach us, 'Neath to-day's control - ing power. We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll

anchor by and by, We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by and by.

3 Glad for classmates and for teachers,
 Guiding us with gentle rule;
 Glad for all the gifts that reach us
 Through our own lov'd Sabbath School.
Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, &c.

4 Let us not forget the meaning,
 Days like this forever bear;
 One more field has had its gleaming,
 One more sheaf our arms should wear.
Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, &c.

CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

Rev. I. N. TARBOX.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. A cry from a - far comes o'er the deep; 'Tis the wail of souls, as they

wait and weep; They sit in the shades and gloom of night, As they call to the nations a -

CHORUS.

far for light. Hear the cry sound a - broad, Send us, O send us the word of God.

The image shows a musical score for two voices, Treble and Bass clefs, in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Hear the cry sound a - broad, Send us, O send us, the Word of God!" The music consists of several measures of music, including chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

1.

A cry from afar comes o'er the deep ;
 'Tis the wail of souls, as they wait and weep ;
 They sit in the shades and gloom of night,
 As they call to the nations afar for light.

Hear the cry sound abroad,
 Send us, O send us the word of God !

2.

That cry is abroad on passing breeze ;
 See, it comes from isles of the tropic seas,
 Where tribes on many a sunny shore
 Bow down to their gods, and know no more.

Hear the cry sound abroad,
 Send us, O send us the Word of God !

3.

From lands of the East, with stores of gold,
 From the Empires strong in the years of old,
 From lands of the South, from icy North,
 Still the wail on the winds fore'er goes forth.

Hear the cry sound abroad,
 Send us, O send us the Word of God.

4.

How long shall it be ere light arise,
 And a world redeemed shall salute our eyes ?
 When Christ shall be known on every shore,
 And this wail shall be heard on earth no **more**.

Hear the cry sound abroad,
 Send us, O send us the Word of God !

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. I hear the an - gels call - ing, They're calling me a - way; I must be up and
 2. There's pains that I can soft - en, And burdens I may share, And hopes with which to
 3. Then, when the day is clos - ing, The weary shall have rest; The mourners cease to

la - bor, Must work while it is day. No more I wait; but earnest, Be-
 bright-en The shadows of de - spair. No more I wait; but earnest, Be-
 lan - guish; Peace reigns in ev' - ry breast. No more I wait; but earnest, Be-

gin at ear - ly morn; For an - gels now are call - ing, And I shall soon be gone.

1. Hear ye not a voice from heav'n To the list'ning spir - it given? "Children, come," it

seems to say "Give your hearts to me to - day."

Jesus a Guide.

- 1 Shepherd of thy little flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pastures grow,
Where the living waters flow.
- 2 By that pure and silent stream,
Shelter'd from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Cuardian, Guide,
Keep us ever near thy side!

Close of the Year.

- 1 Time by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
But it soon amounts to years.

- 3 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove;
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
Thus it wins us to his arms.

- 4 While to thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them thine.

Learning to Love.

- 1 Saviour! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lessons cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 2 If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.

"SAVIOUR, AT THY FOOTSTOOL BENDING."

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Saviour, at thy foot-stool bend-ing, We a youthful band ap-pear; May our grateful songs as -

lend-ing, Reach and please thy gracious ear; Thus to praise thee, Thus to praise thee,

Ritard.
Make and keep our hearts sin-cere.

2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thine invitation:

"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour.

Let us each thy kingdom see.

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director;
In thine arms of mercy bear.

Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

SABBATH MORNING.

M. M. DERBY.

51

p *mf* *Cres.*

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest; The day of the week which I surely love best;

2. O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day, And not spend a moment in trifling or play;

p *mf* *f*

The morning my Saviour a-rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter-ror and gloom.

Re-mem-bering these seasons were graciously given, To teach me to pray, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour, a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee.
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways;
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

Words by MRS. S. B. HERRICA.

L. B. SHARKWEATHER.

Lively.

1. Here as we raise our glad voic - es, Ev - e - ry heart now re - joic - es,
2. Ma - ny a change has come o'er us, Fac - es that once were be - fore us,

Joining to welcome you here; Fond-ly and ten - der - ly greet - ing All whom we love, may our
Forms we shall greet nev - er - more; Sad - ly we miss, and their dirges Swell like the deep o - cean

meet - ing Light - en our spir - its and cheer, Glad - ly we welcome you here.
surg - es, On a far des - o - late shore, Swell in our hearts ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Wel - come school mates, wel - come teach - ers, Loved ones all, this fes - tal day,

Join our prayers and join our prais - es, Raise to heaven the grate - ful lay.

3 Joy that again we may meet them ;
 Joy that in bliss we may greet them ;
 Tunes our glad hearts to thy praise.
 So with our grief and our sadness ;
 So with our joy and our gladness ;
 Blend we our festival lays,
 Tune we our hearts to thy praise.

4 Bring we with joy and thanksgiving,
 Praise to the great ever-living ;
 Thanks for his kindness and care,
 Asking that still he will guide us ;
 Asking that he will provide us
 Still in his blessing a share,
 When to our homes we repair.

"TIS SWEET TO SING FOR JESUS."

Words by MRS. S. B. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. 'Tis sweet to sing for Je - sus, He gave the tune - ful voice, To
 2. 'Tis swcet to talk for Je - sus, To tell of his dear name, Who
 3. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus, To scat - ter in our way, Sweet

CHORUS.

sound a - loud his prais - es, And in his love re - joice. 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis
 from his fa - ther's glo - ry, For our re - demp - tion came. 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis
 words and deeds of mer - cy, And kind - ness day by day. 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis

bles - sed, His glorious name to sing, Who is our Priest and Prophet, Our Saviour and our King.

4 'Tis sweet to give for Jesus,
 For children, such as we ;
 He gave a gift more precious
 Than all the world could be.

5 And oh! 'twill be with Jesus,
 So sweet in heaven to live;
 That all life's golden moments,
 To him we'll freely give.

1. Go thou, in life's fair morning—Go in the bloom of youth, And buy, for thine a - dorning,
2. Go, while the day-star shineth; Go, while the heart is light; Go, ere thy strength de-clineth,

The precious pearl of truth. Secure this heavenly treasure, And bind it on thy heart;
While ev'-ry sense is bright. Sell all thou hast, and buy it; 'Tis worth all earth-ly things—

3
Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow;
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator;
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice

YOUTHFUL PILGRIMS.

Words written for this work by KATH CAMERON.

1. Youthful pilgrims, happy band, Marching to the bet-ter land! Do not loi-ter on the

way, Learn to labor while 'tis day: Soon the night of death will come; Youthful pilgrims, hasten home!

2

Youthful pilgrims, O beware!
 Life is sweet, and earth is fair;
 Place not all your hope and trust
 On the things that turn to dust;
 Lay your treasure up on high;
 You will find it when you die.

3

Youthful pilgrims, do not fear;
 One who loves you well is near:
 He will guard you, He will guide,
 Love you more than all beside:
 And when earth is growing dim,
 Joy and peace you'll find in Him.

1. I will nev - er, never leave thee, I will never thee 'for - sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
 2. When the storm is raging round thee, Call on me in humble prayer; I will fold my arms a - bout thee,
 3. When thy soul is dark and clouded, Filled with doubt, and grief, and care, Thro' the mists by which 'tis shrouded,

For my name and mercy's sake. Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On - ly all my counsel take;
 Guard thee with the tenderest care; In the tri - al, in the tri - al, I will make thy pathway clear;
 I will make a light ap - pear; And the banner, and the banner Of my love I will up - rear;

CHORUS.

For I'll never, never leave thee, I will never thee for - sake.

4
 When thy feeble flame is dying,
 And thy soul about to soar,
 To that land where pain and sighing
 Shall be heard and known no more,
 I will teach thee,
 I will teach thee,
 To rejoice that life is o'er.
Chorus.—For I'll never, &c.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Words written for this work by KATE CAMERON.

1. The way of life is narrow, The path is steep and straight; But it leads thro' all earth's

CHORUS.
darkness, To Heaven's golden gate. The golden gate, the golden gate, O, en-ter ere it

is too late; For loving an-gels now a-wait, To greet you at the golden gate.

2 O, cast aside the burden
That weighs your spirit down;
And bear awhile the heavy cross,—
Then wear the starry crown. *Chorus.*

3 Death soon will end the warfare
That now we wage with sin;
And to Heaven's shining portai
We'll gladly enter in. *Chorus.*

NEARER HOME.

C. M. WYMAN.

59

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to -

CHORUS.

day, Than I've ev - er been be - fore. Near - er home, near - er home, We'll

sing as we go, Near - er home, near - er home, We'll sing as we go.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

CHORUS.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

CHORUS

4 Father perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith;
Let me feel as if I trod
The stream of the river death.

CHORUS

Allegro.

1. Once on Ju - de - a's lone - ly height, A radiant star a - rose, And came and stood with
 2. And in the si - lent hours of night, On Beth - le - hem's verdant plain, There shone a glo - ry
 3. "Ho - san - na in the high - est," rang O'er plain and rock and glen; Ho - san - nas still the

CHORUS.

wond'rous light, To mark a child's re - pose. We come, we come with gift and song, And
 soft - ly bright, And came an an - gel strain. We come, we come with gift and song, And
 An - gels sang, Peace and good-will to men. We come, we come with gift and song, And

joy - ous hearts to say, A mer - ry Christmas to you all, This glorious na - tal day.

4 And when their homage due to pay,
 Came wise men from afar;
 The path to where the infant lay,
 Was lightened by the star. CHORUS.

5 And so we sing the wond'rous birth,
 Of our Redeemer King;
 Join heart and voice, oh ransomed earth,
 His glorious name to sing. CHORUS.

THE HOLY SABBATH DAY.

B.

61

1. Hark, to the church-bells ring-ing, From spire and tur-ret high! Sweet mes-sa-ges they're
 2. A-round us day and night-ly, The love of God is spread; And through the sea-sons

bringing, Like voic-es from the sky; They bid us seek the al-tar, And there our trib-ute
 brightly, His roy-al gifts are shed; But oh! he comes not near us, 'Mid pleasure's sparkling

3 Come from the home of gladness,
 Where health and joy are known,
 Come from the hall of sadness,
 Whence every joy is flown:—
 Come to the house of praises,
 Let grief be charmed away,
 Where hope her anthem raises,
 This holy Sabbath day.

PARTING HYMN.

1. Thanks to thee, be-fore we part, Fa-ther, rise from eve-ry heart, For the bless-ed

Sab-bath given, To pre-pare our souls for heaven.

- 2 Give the teaching of this hour
O'er our lives a guiding power;
Deep impress thy saving truth
On the wavering heart of youth.
- 3 Guide and Guardian be to each,
Till that safer home we reach,
Where—sweet Sabbaths never o'er—
We shall meet and part no more.

Early Piety.

- 1 Young and happy while thou art,
Not a furrow on thy brow,
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now.
- 2 In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies,
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.
- 3 As the first-fruits of the year
Should be offered to the Lord,
So the first-fruits of the heart,
On his altar should be poured.
- 4 Thus the blessing from above,
On life's harvest shall be given;
Sown in tears, perhaps, on earth,
Reaped in joyfulness in heaven.

A LAMP BRIGHTLY SHINES.

REV. I. N. TARBOX.

L. O. EMERSON.

63

1. A lamp brightly shines with its clear and kindly ray, Thro' the night, thro' the night, To night little pilgrims a -
 2. A voice from the heav'ns is still sounding in my ear, Come away, come away. How winning this sweet voice, which
 3. The word of the Lord, is this lamp unto my feet, Lest I stray, lest I stray, The spir-it of God, is this

long their earthly way, Thro' the night, thro' the night. And all who follow this light di - vine, Which God in
 ev - er - more I hear, Come a - way, come a - way. It calls me a - way to the heav'nly lands, It calls me a -
 voice still sounding sweet, Comca - way, come a - way. This lamp of wisdom shall be my guide, This voice I fol -

kindness permits to shine, Shall keep the safe way, nor ever go astray, Thro' the night, thro' the night.
 far to blood-washed bands, I hear still sounding, that voice so soft and clear, Come a - way, come a - way.
 low, nor turn a - side, Till at the blest seat, my journey is complete, Far a - way, far a - way.

I HEAR MY SAVIOUR CALLING.

MRS. S. B. HERRICK.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. I hear my Saviour call-ing, With morning's golden light, I hear him at the noon-day, And
2. I hear him in the breez-es That murmur soft-ly by, I hear him in the storm-cloud, That

in the hush of night, I hear him in my stud-y, In la-bor and in play, His
sweeps a-long the sky, I hear him in the flow-ers, In eve-ry leaf and tree, His

gen-tle voice is call-ing, Come child, I am the way.
ten-der voice is call-ing, Come hith-er, child, to me.

3 Dear Saviour, I am coming—
The path of life is bright ;
I come ere cloud and shadow
Obscure its fitful light.
Dear Saviour I am coming,
Obedient to thy call ;
Be thou my joy, my blessing,
My light, my life, my all.

JESUS OUR PILOT.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

M. M. DERBY.

63

1. Jesus is our Pilot; No one else can guide Our frail bark in safety, O'er life's stormy tide.
 2. Jesus is our Pilot; Leaning on his arm, We are safe from danger, Safe from fear and harm.
 3. Jesus is our Pilot; Well he knows the way, From these earthly shadows, To the realms of day.

When the waves of trouble Baffle human skill, He can always calm them With his "Peace be still."
 In His strong protection, Let us ev - er rest; Refuge from all sorrow, On His faithful breast.
 He can find that harbor, Others seek in vain, Where, as Lord of glo - ry, Ev - ermore He'll reign.

FULL CHORUS.

f Jesus is our Pilot; Guided by his hand, We shall reach the Haven, On the golden strand.

1. I'm but a stranger here; Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear;
 2. What though the tempests rage! Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrim-age;

Heaven is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev'-ry hand;
 Heaven is my home; Time's wild and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past;

Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.
 I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.

3

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

I LOVE THE LORD, WHO DIED FOR ME.

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I. J. ZIMMERMAN.
CHORUS.

1. I love the Lord, who died for me; I love his grace, di - vine and free; }
I love his word, for there I read, That he loved me, and for me bled. } Oh, who's like

Je - sus, who died up - on the tree, He died for you, he died for me; He

died to set poor sin - ners free.

2 I love to hear that he was slain;
I love his every grief and pain;
I love to think on him by faith,
And muse upon his cruel death. *Chorus.*

3 I love his people, and their ways;
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son;
I love the Spirit he sent down. *Chorus.*

4 I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home;
When I shall love as he loves me,
And praise him through eternity. *Chorus.*

REPEAT CHORUS *pp* ON LAST VERSE.

WHEN THE MORNING BELL IS RINGING.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. When the morning bell is ringing, To the chapel we re - pair ; Here we all unite in singing,
2. In the duties now be - fore us, Let us faithful - ly en - gage ; Spirit of all truth ! be o'er us,

And devout - ly join in prayer : While in harmo - ny our voices Are as - cending to our God,
As we search the sacred page ; May the lessons Christ has taught us, All our minds and hearts improve ;

3
Every grateful heart re - jices Thus to spread his praise a - broad.
And the blessings he has brought us, Wake a strong and ho - ly love.

Thankful for the kind protection
Which has blest us thro' the week,
Still imploring thy direction,
While we heavenly wisdom seek.
Father ! thus, in pure devotion,
Every thought inspired by love,
Gratitude in each emotion,
Would we lift our souls above

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

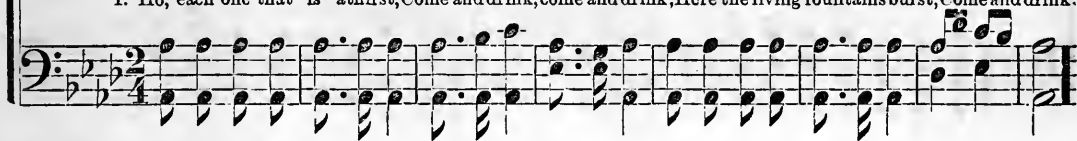
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REV. I. N. TARBOX.

L. O. EMERSON.



1. Ho, each one that is athirst, Come and drink, come and drink; Here the living fountains burst, Come and drink.



None who come, shall come in vain, They shall ease their burning pain, Never shall they thirst again, Come and drink.



2 Ye that hunger, far from home,
Buy and eat, buy and eat;
Though ye have no money, come,
Buy and eat;
Here is bread that can suffice,
Here is food of richest price,
Bought with costly sacrifice,
Buy and eat.

3 Let the needy and the poor,
Come and drink, come and drink,
They shall find the promise sure;
Come and drink;
Rich and poor, the high and low,
Ye have no where else to go,
Come where living waters flow,
Come and drink.

4 Wherefore spend your strength for naught,
Buy and eat, buy and eat;
Richer bread than gold ere bought,
Buy and eat;
Call off now thy wandering eyes,
Hear these voices from the skies,
From thy sin and sloth arise,
Buy and eat.

1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa-vour, All, all is well;
2. Tho' we pass thro' tribu-lation, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal-va-tion, All, all is well;

Precious is the blood that heal'd us, Perfect is the grace that sealed us, Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us,
Happy, still in God con-fid-ing, Fruitful, if in Christ a-bid-ing, Ho-ly, thro' the spir-it's guiding,

All must be well, All will be well, all will be well, Thro' the love of God our Sa-viour, All, all is well.

1. One sweet flow'r has drooped and fad - ed, One sweet in - fant voice has fled, One fair brow the
2. But we feel no thought of sad - ness, For our friend is hap - py now; She has knelt in

grave has shad - ed, One dear schoolmate now is dead.
soul - felt gladness, Where the bless - ed an - gels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

4 May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

5. Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to Thee.

Death of a Pastor.

1 Pastor, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 All thy love and zeal to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

3 May the conq'ring faith that cheer'd thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

Death of a Young Female.

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 is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

"JESUS, WE THY LAMBS WOULD BE."

1. Je - sus, we thy lambs would be, Humbly we would fol - low thee, Wait - ing for the joy - ful day,
2. Now the field with grain is white, Now the day is dawn - ing bright, Brighter far the sky will be,

When all care will pass a - way, When the reap - ing time shall come, And an - gels shout the
When our Mas - ter we shall see, When the reap - ing time shall come, And an - gels shout the

har - vest home, And an - gels shout the har - vest home.

1. What sound is this? a song to heav'n resound - ing, God is Love! God is Love! }
 And now from earth I hear the song rebounding, God is Love! God is Love! } Yes, while adoring hosts pro -

2. This song re - peat, repeat, yesaints in glo - ry, God is Love! God is Love! }
 And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story, God is Love! God is Love! } In this let heav'n and earth a -

3. Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming, God is Love! God is Love! }
 And prov - i - dence unites her voice, exclaim - ing, God is Love! God is Love! } But let the burdened sinner

clain, Love is his nature, Love his name, My soul in rapture cries the same; God is Love! God is Love!
 gree, To sound his love both full and free, And let the theme for - ev - er be, God is Love! God is Love!
 hear, The gospel sounding loud and clear To eve - ry soul both far and near, God is Love! God is Love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
 God is Love!
 And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
 God is Love!
 That God is Love I know full well;
 And had I power his love to tell,
 With loudest notes my song should swell;
 God is Love!

5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
 God is Love!
 And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure;
 God is Love!
 This theme shall be my song below,
 And when to glory I shall go,
 This strain eternally shall flow,
 God is Love!

"FATHER! GRANT US NOW THY BLESSING."

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Fa - ther! grant us now thy bless - ing, Smile up - on us from a - bove; Let us all, pure
2. Make us gen - tle, kind and low - ly; Teach us, Fa - ther, by thy word, How we may be

hearts pos - sess - ing, Fill our lives with deeds of love.
good and ho - ly, Like to Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

The Same.

- 1 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
- 2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come.

Confidence.

- 1 O, my Father, what a treasure
I possess in thy dear word!
There I read with holy pleasure,
Of the love of Christ my Lord.
- 2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
All his children deeply need;
O, what mercy, love and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed!
- 3 O, the blessedness of knowing
Christ, the tender Saviour's love,
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain,
 2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow,

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
 Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,

In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
 And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er.

3 Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever;
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel,
 Never, no, never.

REV. I. N. TARBOX.
Moderato.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. I love the day, the Sab - bath day, Em - blem of heav'nly rest; The morning light falls clear and bright, On
2. Jeho - vah waits with - in his gates, To call his peo - ple in; There would I stay to praise and pray, Far

fields in beau - ty drest; Ring out the bell and let it tell, To all the world a - broad, This is the
from the tents of sin; And while I hear, the si - lent tear, Will oft un - bid - den start, For by His

day to learn the way, Which leads us back to God.
word my soul is stirred To seek the bet - ter part.

3 And when at night the peaceful light,
Dies out along the west,
Beyond the skies, I turn my eyes
To mansions of the blest.
I think of those in sweet repose,
Gone to their heavenly home;
That happy shore, where sin no more,
Nor mortal grief can come.

1. How could I know the way to go, A weak and wand'ring child? How could I find, with
 2. How dark and drear would life ap - pear, With-out this lamp to guide? The clouds of sin would
 3. How would the tomb be full of gloom, To our be - wil - dered eyes? But now we wait at

CHORUS.

err - ing mind, My path thro' des - erts wild? But now thy light, through all the night, Shines
 shut me in, And eve - ry pros - pect hide. But now thy light, through all the night, Shines
 death's dark gate, Our pas - sage to the skies: For through the night, thy bleas - ed light, Shines

round a - bout my way; It shows the road to thine a - bode, It points to end - less day.
 round a - bout my way; It shows the road to thine a - bode, It points to end - less day.
 round a - bout our way; It shows the road to thine a - bode, It points to end - less day.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

REV. I. N. TARBOX.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. This life so brief, is full of grief, Earth is a home of sor-row; Nor can we know, as on we go, What
2. Life's troubled stream glides like a dream, Thro' sun and shadow flow-ing; It rolls along, with current strong, On-

CHORUS.

shall be - fall to - mor - row. Chil - dren of dust, we put our trust In Him who can de - liv - er; And
ward for - ev - er go - ing. Chil - dren of dust, we put our trust In Him who can de - liv - er; And

seek our rest a - mong the blest, Be - yond the gloomy riv - er.

3 The tribes of old, with courage bold,
Passed through the deserts dreary;
A way-worn band, they sought their land
Through marches long and weary.

CHORUS.

4 And so would we, as pilgrims be,
And live on earth as strangers;
So day by day, pursue our way,
Through snares, and toils, and dangers.

CHORUS.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

79

Words arranged by S. BEECHER.

L. E. STARKWEATHER.

1st SEMI-CHORUS.

2d SEMI-CHORUS.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; How thankful am I; The sheep he hath chosen In green pastures lie;
 2. The Lord is my Shepherd; How grateful am I; My soul he re-streth When ready to die;
 3. The Lord is my Shepherd; How happy am I, E'en when death's dark shadows are gather-ing nigh;

1st SEMI-CHORUS.

2d SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord is my Shepherd; No want shall I know; His loving hand leads us Where still waters flow.
 The Lord is my Shepherd; He guideth my feet All thro' the tempta-tions He brings me to meet.
 And when we shall enter Yon beauti-ful land, He then will support us, A "Staff" is his Hand.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord is my Shepherd, The Lord is my Shepherd, The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll praise his holy name.

1. God has said, "For - ev - er blessed Those who seek me in their youth; They shall find the path of wisdom,
 2. Be our strength, for we are weakness; Be our wisdom and our guide; May we walk in love and meekness,
 3. Thus, when evening shades shall gather, We may turn our tearless eye To the dwelling of our Father,

And the narrow way of truth:" Guide us, Saviour, Guide us, Saviour, In the narrow way of truth.
 Nearer to our Saviour's side; Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us, While we thus in thee a - bide.
 To our home beyond the sky; Gently passing, Gently passing To the happy land on high.

Children's Worship.

- 1 Lord, a little band, and lowly,
 We are come to sing of thee;
 Thou art great, and high, and holy;
 O how solemn we should be.
 May thy Spirit
 Teach us how to worship thee.
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven, where he is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us

- He would grieve to look upon.
 May we ever
 Live to him, and him alone.
- 3 May our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear what'er is wrong;
 Lead us in the way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.
 Praise and glory
 To the Lord our God belong.

1. We come, O God, with gladness, Our humble thanks to bring; With hearts yet free from sadness, Our
 2. Here, then, in childhood's morning, Our hymns to thee we raise; Thy love, our lives a - dorning, Shall

hymns of praise we sing. A - long our path are glowing The tokens of thy love; Like
 fill our hearts with praise. Thy will henceforth for - ev - er, Shall be our on - ly guide; From

streams of boun - ty flowing, Thy mercies from a - bove.
 du - ty's path we'll nev - er, O, nev - er turn a - side.

3
 To Thee be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of kings!
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings;
 We'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love

"WHEN WE'RE STANDING ON ZION'S HILL."

Words by MRS. S. B. HERRICK.
Allegro.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. When we're stand - ing on Zi - on's hill, With the ho - ly, hap - py throng; When our

hearts with mu - sic thrill, And our lips the strains pro - long, We'll look a - down the

path we came, And sing ho - san - na to his name, Who brought us to Zi - on's hill, Who

brought us to Zi-on's hill. Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - - - - ti - ru
 Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

Zi - on, Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on, We'll stand on Zi - on's hill.
 Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We'll stand on Zi - on's hill.

2 When we're standing on Zion's hill,
 Beside the River of life,
 When we're free from every ill,
 From sorrow and pain and strife,
 We'll look adown the path we came,
 And sing hosanna to his name,
 Who brought us to Zion's hill,
 Who brought us to Zion's hill.

3 When we're standing on Zion's hill,
 With the victor's crown and palm,
 When our hearts with rapture thrill,
 As we join the holy psalm.
 We'll look adown the path we came,
 And sing hosanna to his name,
 Who brought us to Zion's hill,
 Who brought us to Zion's hill.

"COMING EARLY."

Words by MRS. S. B. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, In the joy - ous morn - ing hours, While the

air is sweet with o - dors, And the dew is on the flow'rs, While the birds are gai - ly singing, And our

hearts are light and free; We are com - ing, bless - ed Je - sus, Com - ing

REFRAIN. com - - ing, com - - ing

ear - ly un - to thee. We are com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, Com - ing

un - - to thee, com - ing, com - ing ear - ly un - to thee.

ear - ly un - to thee, Yes, we're com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, Com - ing ear - ly un - to thee.

2 We are coming, for we hear thee
 In a gentle whisper say,
 I will lead you softly, lead you
 Little children all the way.
 If the path be rough and stormy,
 You my little lambs shall be,
 And I'll bear you in my bosom,
 If you early come to me.

3 We are coming, we are coming,
 For the loving voice we know;
 We shall tread the grassy meadows,
 Where the crystal waters flow.
 We will bravely bear our burdens,
 If our Leader thou wilt be.
 So we're coming, blessed Saviour,
 Coming early unto thee.

"IF YE LOVE ME."

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

Music by L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You will keep my commandments; On your
 2. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You shall walk in my garden, 'Mid the

lov - ing hearts you'll bind them In beau - ty to shine; All your life - path a -
 o - dor of its spi - ces, The rap - ture of song. Then your hearts shall be

dorn - ing, Like the pearls of the morn - ing, They shall be your brightest
 light - er, And your path shall be bright - er, And a share of all its

jewels, And you shall be mine; And you shall be mine, And you shall be
 glories To each shall be - long; To each shall be - long, To each shall be -

mine, They shall be your brightest jew - e's, And you shall be mine.
 long, And a share of all its glo - ries To each shall be - long.

3 If ye love me, little children,
 You shall dwell in my mansions ;
 And your raiment, in its glory,
 Shall shine as the sun ;
 And my peace, like a river,
 Flowing onward forever,

I will give you, and you shall be
 Bright stars in my crown ;
 Bright stars in my crown,
 Bright stars in my crown,
 I will give you, and you shall be
 Bright stars in my crown.

Words by Rev. I. N. TARBOK.

L. O. EMERSON.

CHORUS.

1. O'er the mountains see the breaking Of that bright and better day ;
When the weeping and the wailing Of the earth shall pass away. } Yes, 'tis true, the ancient story ;

Christ is coming in his glory, In his bright Millennial glory, Driving darkness far away ; Wait, O earth, till thy

King ap-pears! Shout, O earth, thy King draws near!

- 2 No more tumult wild of battle ;
No more garments rolled in blood ;
Peace and plenty flow forever,
Like a river's swelling flood. *Chorus.*
- 3 No more offering, no more worship,
Shall be paid to stock and stone ;
See all nations in their gladness,
Dowing down to God alone. *Chorus.*
- 4 Christ in triumph takes the kingdom ;
Rules the world from sea to sea ;
Glorious monarch! happy people!
He shall set the nations free. *Chorus.*

PALM - TREE LAND.

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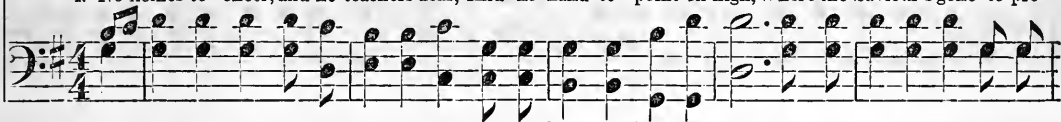
Words by MRS. S. B. HERRICK.

FOR MISSIONARY OCCASIONS.

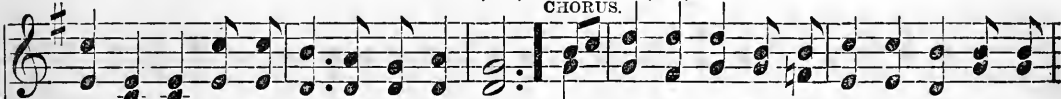
L. B. STARKWEATHER.



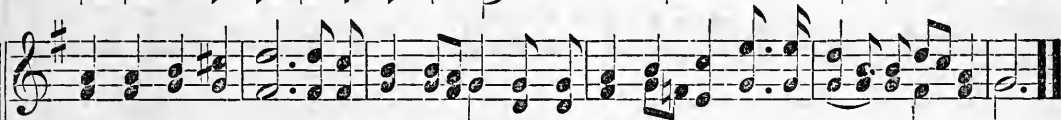
1. A - way, a - way where the breezes play In the spi - cy palm-tree land, Where the riv - ers stay in their
2. The chil - dren now are taught to bow At a gild - ed heathen fane; And a muttered pray'r floats a -
3. The Sab - bath bell, that we love so well, Never sounds in the palm tree land, And the Sunday school with its
4. No homes to cheer, and no teachers dear, And no hand to point on high, Where the Saviour's gone to pre -



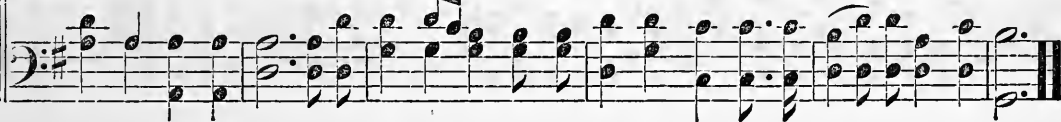
CHORUS.



on - ward way, As they kiss the gold - en sand. long the air, Till the ech - o comes a - gain. gold - en rule, Nev - er comes to the children band. pare a home, In a land be - yond the sky.	We'll haste to go, as we old - er grow, To the We'll haste to go, as we old - er grow, To the We'll haste to go, as we old - er grow, To the We'll haste to go, as we old - er grow, To the
--	--



darkened palm-tree land, Till his name shall ring, where the riv - ers sing, As they glide o'er gold - en sand.



THE SEA SHELL.

Words by Mrs. S. C. HERRICK.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. There's a shell from the heart of the sea, Singing, evermore singing, With the sound of a sweet mel-o-
 2. There's a shell from the heart of the sea, Singing, evermore singing, Tho' in cottage or pal-ace it
 3. May my heart like the shell from the sea, Singing, evermore singing, Blessed Je - sus be lift - ed to

dy, Sing - ing, ev - er - more singing, There's a song in its breath of an o - cean home, Where the
 be, Sing - ing, ev - er - more singing, In the em - er - ald deep, on the rock-bound shore, Where the
 thee, Sing - ing, ev - er - more singing, Tho' the tempest or calm, in my path-way should lie, May I

blue waters dance with their crested form, Singing, evermore sing-ing, Sing-ing, evermore, evermore singing.
 waves are asleep, or the wild winds roar, Singing, evermore sing-ing, Sing-ing, evermore, evermore singing.
 joy - ful - ly pass to my home in the sky, Singing, evermore sing-ing. Sing-ing, evermore, evermore singing.

"I WOULD LOVE THEE."

2.

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1. I would love thee, God and Fa - ther! My Re - deem - er and my King!

I would love thee; for, with - out thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.

- 2 I would love thee ; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne :
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.
- 3 I would love thee ; look upon me ,
Ever guide me with thine eye :
I would love thee ; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

- 4 I would love thee ; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes !
I would love thee ; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
- 5 I would love thee, I have vowed it ;
On thy love my heart is set :
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

"WE ARE ON OUR JOURNEY HOME."

CH. BEECHER.

1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around His throne, When he
 2. We can see that dis-tant home, Tho' clouds rise dark between; Faith views the radiant dome, And a
 3. O glo-ry shin-ing far From the nev-er set-ting sun; O trembling morning star! Our

makes his peo-ple one, In the new, In the new Je-ru - - sa - - lem.
 lus-tre flash-es keen, From the new, From the new Je-ru - - sa - - lem.
 jour-ney's al-most done, To the new, To the new Je-ru - - sa - - lem.

In the new Je-ru - sa - lem.
 From the new Je-ru - sa - lem.
 To the new Je-ru - sa - lem.

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

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

"THERE IS A HOLY CITY."

1. There is a ho - ly ci - ty, A hap - py world a - bove, Be - yond the star - ry re - gions, Built
 2. The meanest child of glo - ry, Outshines the ra - diant sun; But who can speak the splendor, Of
 3. The hosts of saints around Him, Pro - claim His worth of grace; The patri - archs and prop - hets, And

by the God of love, An ev - er - last - ing tem - ple, And saints ar - rayed in white, They
 that e - ter - nal throne, Where Je - sus sits ex - alt - ed, In God - like maj - es - ty; The
 all the god - ly race, Who speak of fi - ery tri - als, And tor - tures on their way, They

serve their great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in lig - ht.
 el - ders fall be - fore Him, The an - gels bend the knee.
 come from trib - u - la - tion, To ev - er - last - ing day.

4 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know.
 In every day of trouble,
 I'll raise my thoughts on high;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

WE'LL BATTLE FOR THE LORD.

Words by Rev. MINOR J. SAVAGE.

R.

1. Who - e'er would win the bat - tle Must nev - er mind the blows ; Who -
 2. God's lit - tle bands are mighty, When gird - ed with his might ; And

e'er would en - ter heaven, Must not turn back for foes ; But, tak - ing all the
 great - est Wrongs are helpless Be - fore the smallest Right. Then, tak - ing all the

ar - mor, The hel - met and the sword, I'll shout for Truth and Vie - try, And

CHORUS.

bat - tle for the Lord. And bat - tle for the Lord, And bat - tle for the

Lord, I'll shout for Truth and vic - t'ry, And bat - tle for the Lord.

3 Your enemies may gather
 Like clouds in days of storms ;
 But Truth's bright blade, like lightning,
 Shall scatter their proud forms.
 Then, taking all the armor,
 The helmet and the sword,
 I'll shout for Truth and Vict'ry,
 And battle for the Lord. *Chorus.*

4 Evils shall all be conquered,
 And every foe submit ;
 All, in that day that's coming,
 Shall fall at Jesus' feet.
 But now take all the armor,
 The helmet and the sword,
 I'll shout for Truth and Vict'ry,
 And battle for the Lord. *Chorus*

YOUNG AND HAPPY WHILE THOU ART.

1. Young and happy whilethou art, Not a furrow on thy brow, Not a sorrow in thy heart, Seek the
 2. Life will have its evil years, When its skies are o - ver - cast, All the present, throug'd with fears, And with

Lord, thy Saviour, now. In its freshness bring the flower, While the dew up - on it lies, In the cool and cloudless
 vain regrets, the past. Let him tremble, who his heart Brings not in an hour like this; Let Je - ho - vah say, De -

hour Of the morning sac - ri - fice.
 part, You shall never taste my bliss.

The Everlasting Sabbath.

1 Soon will set the Sabbath sun ;
 Soon the sacred day be gone ;
 But a sweeter rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
 Pleasant are the songs we raise ;
 Full of joy our notes of praise ;
 But a music sweeter far
 Breathes where angel spirits are.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
 Where immortal praises swell ?
 And can children ever go
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow ?
 Yes ; that rest our own may be ;
 All the good shall Jesus see ;
 For the good a rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns

1. We shall see a light ap - pear, By and, bye, when He come, We shall see him full and clear, By and

CHORUS.

bye, when He comes. Ride on, Je - sus, O ride on! We are on our jour - ney home.

2 We shall hear a mighty shout,
By and bye, when He comes ;
We shall, like the stars, shine out,
By and bye, when He comes.

CHORUS.—Ride on, Jesus, O ride on !
We are on our journey home.

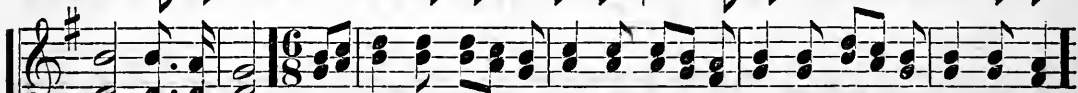
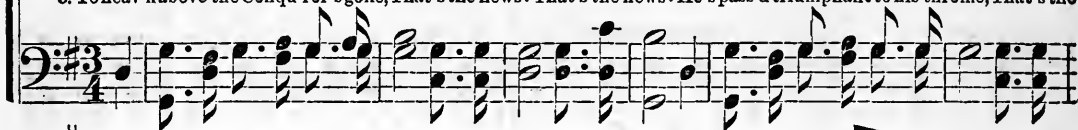
3 Then shall blaze earth's funeral pyre,
By and bye, when He comes ;
We shall shout above the fire,
By and bye, when He comes.

CHORUS.—Ride on, Jesus, O ride on !
We are on our journey home.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?



1. When'er we meet you always say, What's the news? What's the news? Pray what's the order of the day, What's the
2. The Lamb was slain on Cal - va - ry, That's the news! That's the news! To set a world of sin - ners free, That's the
3. To heav'n above the Conqu'ror's gone, That's the news! That's the news! He's pass'd triumphant to his throne, That's the

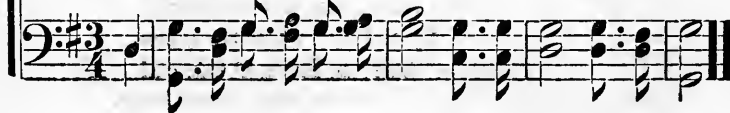


news? What's the news? O I have got good news to tell; My Saviour has done all things well,
 news! That's the news! 'Twas there his pre - sious blood was shed; 'Twas there he bow'd his sa - cred head,
 news! That's the news! And on that throne he will re - main, Un - til as judge he comes a - gain,



And triumph'd o - ver death and hell, That's the news! That's the news!
 But now he's ris - en from the dead, That's the news! That's the news!
 At - tend - ed by a dazzling train, That's the news! That's the news!

4 His work's reviving all around,
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And many have redemption found—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 And since their souls have caught the
 (flame,



They shout Hosanna to his name;
 And all around they spread his fame,
 That's the news! That's the news!

- 5 The Lord hath pardon'd all my sins, That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!
- 6 And Christ the Lord can save you now, That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful hearts he can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!
- 7 And then, if any one should say—
What's the news? What's the news?
O tell them you've began to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have join'd the conqu'ring band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's co - ral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains, Roll down their golden sand:

From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone
- 3 Can we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation. O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

IN HEAVEN WE PART NO MORE.

1. Here we suf - fer grief and pain; Here we meet to part a - gain, In heav'n we part no more.
 2. All who love the Lord be - low, When they die. to heav'n will go, And sing with saints a - bove.
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren will be there, Who have sought the Lord by pray'r, From many an Infant school.

CHORUS.

O that will be joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! O that will be

joy - ful! When we meet to part no more.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
 And our parents whom we love,
 Shall meet to part no more.

5 O how happy we shall be!
 For our Saviour we shall see
 Exalted on his throne.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.

WE ALL SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.

B. 101

1. Hail, sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one; Hail, sa - cred hope, that
 2. From east - ern shores, from northern lands, From western hill and plain, From southern climes, the

tunes our minds To sing what God hath done. It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which gospel grace hath
 broth - er-bands May hope to meet a - gain. It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which love divine hath

3 No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
 That blessed meeting knows;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And hope immortal grows;
 It is the hope, the precious hope,
 Which boundless grace hath giv'n,
 The hope, when time shall be no more,
 We all shall meet in heav'n.

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name; Children, too, of modern days,

2. We have often heard and read What the royal Psalmist said: "Babes' and sucklings' artless lays

Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark! hark! hark! While infant voices sing; Hark! hark!

Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise." Hark! hark! hark! While infant voices sing; Hark! hark!

hark! While in-fant voices sing Loud ho - sannas, Loud ho - sannas,

hark! While in-fant voices sing Loud ho - sannas, Loud ho - sannas,

Loud ho - sannas to our King.

Loud ho - sannas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord ;
 We are taught to read his word ;
 We are taught the way to heaven ;
 Praise for all to God be given.

Hark ! hark ! &c.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song ;
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannas reach the skies.

Hark ! hark ! &c.

Boldly.

1. Saints, for whom the Saviour bled, In your Captain's footsteps tread; Fol - low Jesus, and be led
 2. Chris - tian soldier, on with me! Soon your en - e - mics must flee; Your re - ward be - fore you see,

On to vic - to - ry! See your foe - men take the ground; While the sig - nal trumpets sound,
 Sparkling from on high! Boldly take the glo - rious field; You may fall, but must not yield;

3 By the ransom which he gave,
 By his triumph o'er the grave,
 Trust his mighty power to save;
 Firm and faithful be;
 And when death's dark hour is nigh,
 When the tear-drop dims the eye,
 You shall in the parting sigh,
 Grasp for victory

ONWARD! ONWARD! TARRY NOT HERE.

103

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. We are trav-el-ers here be-low, Onward, joy-ful-ly still we go; On-ly pilgrims
 2. Oh, the light of that sky se-re-ne, Mor-tal vis-ion hath nev-er seen; Strains no mor-tal
 3. Come, and join us, a pil-grim band, Go-ing home to our Father's land; Crowns of joy, di-
 4. Go-ing home to the fields of light, Go-ing home to our mansions bright; Oh! how hap-py

CHORUS.

here we roam, Je-sus will gath-er his children home. Onward! onward! tar-ry not here,
 ear can hear, Ech-o for-ev-er their mu-sic there. Onward! onward! tar-ry not here,
 vine-ly fair, Je-sus will give to his children there. Onward! onward! tar-ry not here,
 we shall be, Je-sus, our Sa-viour, we there shall see. Onward! onward! tar-ry not here,

Guardian an-gels hov-er-ing near, Sweetly chant their beautiful lay, Come, oh come to the realms of day.

THE STARRY CROWN.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. In yon - der ra - dant world a - bove, Where an - gels sing and all is love, Where

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a quarter note '1.' followed by the lyrics 'In yon - der ra - dant world a - bove, Where an - gels sing and all is love, Where'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

one e - ter - - nal sum - mer reigns, In beau - ty o'er the sa - cred plains.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line features a long note on 'one' followed by 'e - ter - - nal sum - mer reigns, In beau - ty o'er the sa - cred plains.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns, ending with a final chord.

CHORUS.

Is there a crown laid up for me, A beau - ti - ful star - ry crown for me? My tri - als o'er, my

The chorus begins with the vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'Is there a crown laid up for me, A beau - ti - ful star - ry crown for me? My tri - als o'er, my'. The music continues with the same key signature and time signature as the previous sections.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, aligned with the notes. The melody is a simple, flowing line, and the bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

joy com-plete, O may I cast at Je - sus' feet, My beautiful star - ry crown.

2.

Shall I the pearly gates behold,
 And walk the streets of purest gold?
 Or on the river's bank repose,
 Whose stream like murmuring music flows?

CHORUS.

3.

Shall I among the angel band,
 A soul redeemed in glory stand?
 And swell with them the choral lay,
 When time itself shall pass away?

CHORUS.

4.

If here I bear the Christian's part,
 With all the strength of mind and heart,
 My blessed Lord a pledge has given,
 Of rest for me, sweet rest in heaven.

(Chorus for 4th verse.)

There is a crown laid up for me,
 A beautiful starry crown for me;
 My trials o'er, my joys complete,
 Through grace I'll cast at Jesus' feet,
 My beautiful starry crown.

Not too Fast.

1. We gather once more in our pleasant retreat, And cheerfully smiling, each oth-er we greet; The sunshine of pleasure beams
 2. How precious the lessons of wisdom and truth, That lead us to God in the days of our youth! How pleasant to sit of the
 3. Cre-a-tor, Redeemer, and Father di-vine, For all our enjoyments the glo-ry be Thine; Thus far Thou hast led us ar-d
 4. And when we shall meet in that beautiful land, With spirits made perfect in glo-ry to stand, When a-ges unnumbered shall

CHORUS.

bright on our way; Oh, hap-py re-turn of our fes-ti-val day! Glad-ly we render our trib-ute of praise;
 land of the blest! A home where the wea-ry for-ey-cr shall rest. Glad-ly we render our trib-ute of praise;
 guard-ed our way; Oh, crown with Thy blessings our fes-ti-val day. Glad-ly we render our trib-ute of praise;
 cir-cle a-way, We'll wel-come e-ter-ni-ty's fes-ti-val day. Glad-ly we render our trib-ute of praise;

Gladly in chorus our voices we raise; Pastor and teachers, we joy-ful-ly say, All hail to our Sunday School festi-val day.

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

109

L. O. EMERSON.

1. O, when we give the part - ing hand, How oft it caus - es pain; How oft the cheerless
2. We bid thee wel - come back, to toils And ef - forts kind - ly given; To lead our feet from

thought will rise, We may not meet a - gain; But God has kind - ly spared our lives, And
paths of sin, And point the way to heaven; O there at last, on those blest shores, May

spared our pas - tor dear, And songs of grat - i - tude shall rise, Whilewelcomes meet him here.
all this lit - tle band, 'Mid welcomes from the shin - ing ones, Be found at Christ's righthand.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

L. O. EMERSON.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these? Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray?

f CHORUS.

These are they who've wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb; These are they who've wash'd their

robes in the blood of the Lamb. *p* Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him

SOLO, ad lib.

day and night, in his temple. They shall hun - ger no more, neither

f CHORUS. *Tempo.*

thirst a - ny more, For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, For the

SOLO.

Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, And lead them..... to liv - ing

Ad lib. *p* CHORUS, quite slow.

fountains, to liv - ing fountains. And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their

Cres. *p*

eyes, And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME.

113

I love them that love me, And they that seek me early shall find me, And they that seek me early shall find me ;

I love them that love me, And those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are }
with me, yea, durable } riches and righteousness.

The path of the just is as the shining light, That shineth more and more un - to the perfect day, Un - to the perfect day.

SOLO, ALTO.

Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me, Suffer little children to come unto me, And forbid them

not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Jesus said, Jesus said, Jesus said,

suffer little children to come unto me, And forbid them not, and forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of

heaven. Suffer little children to come unto me, And forbid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

CHORUS.

Jesus said, Jesus said, Suffer little children to come un - to me, Suffer little children to

Cres.

come un - to me, and for - bid them not, and for - bid them not, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK."

L. O. EMERSON.

He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, like a shepherd, like a shepherd,

And he shall gath - er, gath - er, gath - er the lambs with his arms, And

car - ry them, and car - ry them in his bo - som, And car - ry them in his bo - som.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, like a shepherd. And he shall gather the lambs,

He shall gather the lambs with his arms, with his arms, And carry them, and carry

them in his bosom, gather the lambs, gather the lambs, gather the lambs.

pp

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; O may we all re -
 2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis -
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us

mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.
 robe us a'l, Of what we here pos - sess.
 while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

4 And should we early rise,
 To view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

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

"Come at the morning hour." S. M.

1 Come at the morning hour,
 Come, let us kneel and pray,
 Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
 To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
 Of Ages, rest and pray;
 Sweet is the shelter from the sun,
 In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
 Around its altar, pray;
 And finding there the house of God,
 With heaven, then, close the day.

Sweet Sabbath. S. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 Sweet Sabbath of the year;
 While evening lights decay.
 Thy parting steps methinks I hear,
 Steal from the world away!
 2 Amid thy silent bowers,
 'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell;
 When falling leaves and drooping flow'rs,
 Around me breathe farewell!

1 This morning, Lord, attend,
 While we arc bowed in prayer;
 And from thy glorious throne descend,
 And in our midst appear.
 2 Make this thy dwelling place,
 While we assembled stay;
 Inspire each youthful soul with grace,
 And wash our sins away.

3 O, let this morning be
 Devoted to thy ways;
 And consecrate our school to thee,
 And fill each heart with praise.
 4 To child and teacher, Lord,
 Be thy best favors given;
 And may we all, with one accord,
 Make sure our way to heaven.

HOLDEN.

1. All hail, the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him

Lord of all: Bring forth the royal di - adem, And crown him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves 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 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

The Teacher's Object.

- 1 Attracted by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun,
Tho' different spheres may mark our course,
Our centre is but one.
- 2 As teachers of the young we meet;
Our object is the same;
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.
- 3 We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ:
O may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy!

Teacher's Success.

- 1 How should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labors with success,
Among the rising race!
- 2 Their joyful tongues unite to praise
His all-redeeming love,
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove.

Doxology.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

1. Ye Christian heroes, go proclaim, Sal - vation in Im -manuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear,

And plant the rose of Shar - on there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Morning Hymn.

1 Again returns the Sabbath day,
Another week has pass'd away;
Again we meet to serve the Lord,
To sing his love, and read his Word.

2 Before our God let us appear
With reverence and with holy fear;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Judge, our Saviour, and our Friend.

3 Let our united voices rise
In songs of praises to the skies;
To him who hears our humble cry,
And sees us with a Father's eye:

Supplication.

- 1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessings we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to wor-ship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

Teacher's Hymn,

- 1 Here, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet,
Joined by the chord of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.
- 2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appeared a child of lowly birth.
- 3 May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood,
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for sin could not atone;
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From thy side, a healing flood, Be of fear and sin the cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 Thou must save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling.
 And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

For the following hymns, repeat the first two lines of the above music.

The only Refuge.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, 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;
 Hangs my helpless 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.

Praise to God.

1 Let us sing, with one accord,
 Praise to the Eternal Lord;
 He is worthy whom we praise,
 Hearts and voices let us raise.
 Dear to him is youthful prayer;
 Humble hearts to him are dear:
 Heart and voice, let all be given,
 All will find its way to heaven.

1. Gent-ly Lord, O gent-ly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears; And O
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us with thy grace.

D.C.
Lord, in mer-cy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears.

- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin,
:|| Therefore praise him, :||
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
3 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
:|| Happy songsters, :||
When shall I your chorus join.

The Pilgrim's Guide and Guardian.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>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, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.</p> | <p>2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.</p> | <p>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, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.</p> |
|---|---|---|

Praise to the Saviour.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1 Lord, with grateful hearts before thee,
We thy little children meet,
For thy goodness to adore thee,
And thy praises to repeat.
Saviour, hear us!
Hear us from thy mercy-seat.</p> | <p>2 For thy bounteous gifts we praise thee,
Life, and peace, and friends at home;
Yet a nobler song we'll raise thee,
Since thou didst from glory come,
And didst freely
Suffer in the sinner's room.</p> | <p>3 Wherefore, Lord of earth and heav'n,
We thy little flock would be;
Unto us thy grace be given,
Teach us how to follow thee.
And for refuge
To the Rock of Ages flee.</p> |
|---|--|---|

CHANT. "Come to me."

123

L. B. S.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The music is in a minor key, indicated by one flat in the key signature.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, } stor- my sea. Yet midst the gloom I hear a } whis - per, come to me.
Life seems a dark and } sound, A heavenly }

2. It tells me of a place of rest, it } soul may flee. Oh! to the weary, faint, op- } bid - ding, come to me.
tells me where my } prest, How sweet the }

3. When nature shudders, loth to } joy and see. When a faint chill steals o'er } ut - ters, come to me.
part From all I love, en- } my heart, A sweet voice }

4. Come, for all else must fall and } place for thee. Heav'n-ward direct thy weep- } por - tion, come to me.
die, Eearth is no resting } ing eye, I am thy }

5. O, voice of mercy, voice of love, } ag - o - ny. Support me, cheer me from } whis - per, come to me.
In conflict, grief and } above, And gently }

CHANT. The Lord's Prayer.

CHARLES BARKER.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Prayer' features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff is simple and hymn-like, with the bass staff providing a steady accompaniment.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, } be thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will } earth as it is in heaven,
hallowed } be done on }

2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our trespasses, } give them } trespass a- gainst us,
as we for- } give them } who }

3. And lead us not into temptation, } liver us from evil, For thine is the kingdom, and } ev - er and ev - er. A - men.
but de- } the power and the glory, for- }

1. I've been thinking of home ; of my
 2. I've been thinking of home ; of the
 3. I've been thinking of home ; of the

Fa - ther's house, Where the many
 river of life, That flows through the
 loved ones there ; Dear friends, who have

4. I've been thinking of home ; and my
 5. I've been thinking of home ; and I'm
 6. I've been thinking of home, yea,

heart is full Of love for the
 lone - ly now ; My spirit doth
 "home, sweet home;" Oh, there may we

man - sions be ; Of the city, whose streets are paved with gold ; Of its
 city so pure ; Of the tree that stands by the side of the stream, Whose
 gone be - fore, With whom we walked to the death-river side, And

'Lamb of God, Who his precious life as a ransom gave, For a
 long to be In the Better Land, where the ransomed sing Of the
 all u - nite With the white-robed throng, and forever raise To the

jasper walls, so fair to behold, Which the leaves in mercy with blessings tecm, The sadly thought, as we watched the tide, Of the	right - cōus a - sin - wounded hap - py . . .	lone shall soul to days of	see. cure. yore.
sinful race, e'en our souls to save From love of Christ, their Redeemer, King; Of Holy One sweetest songs of praise, With	Jus - tice' a - mer - cy so glo - ry, and	veng - ing costly, so honor, and	rod. free. might.

CHANT. "Calm on the Bosom of thy God."

E.

1. Calm on the bosom of thy God, Young spirit	rest thee now!	E'en while with us thy foot- steps trod, His	seal was on thy brow.
2. Dust, to its narrow house be- neath! Soul, to its	place on high!	They that have seen thy look in death, No	more may fear to die.
3. Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers, Whence thy meek	smile is gone;	But O, a brighter home than ours, In	heaven is now thine own.

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