

THE NEW  
SABBATH SCHOOL HOSANNA

*Enlarged & Improved.*



A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

Hymns

FOR THE

SUNDAY

School

AND

FAMILY

F-46.112

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THE NEW  
SABBATH SCHOOL HOSANNA,



ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF POPULAR HYMNS AND TUNES,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*For the Sunday School and the Family Circle.*

ALSO DESIGNED TO ACCOMPANY THE  
NEW AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK,  
WITH A TUNE FOR EVERY HYMN IN THE HYMN BOOK.

Compiled by EDWARD ROBERTS and a Committee of Pastors and Superintendents  
in New York and Brooklyn.

PUBLISHED BY G. S. SCOFIELD,  
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPOSITORY,  
NOS. 7, 8, & 10 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK,  
FOURTH AVENUE AND ASTOR PLACE.

## P R E F A C E .

WHEN the American Sunday School Hymn Book was compiled it entered into the plan of the Committee to prepare a Tune Book to accompany it.

They originally designed to have all the hymns of the Hymn Book in the Tune Book, but as this would make the Tune Book expensive it was decided to publish the tunes with one hymn to each, and designate by numbers the other hymns of the Hymn Book to which any given tune should be adapted. In this form it is now offered to the Sabbath Schools of the land. The Committee wish to invite attention to the following particulars:

1st. The Hymn Book contains 477 Hymns selected with great care. Among these will be found the choicest of modern composition, as well as many spiritual songs of earlier times, which our children should be taught. The great sale of the Hymn Book is the best evidence of its merits.

2d. In preparing the Tune Book they have rejected no tune simply because it was old, nor did they admit any tune simply because it was new. In all cases they sought for the *very best* tunes according to their judgment. The book contains more than two hundred tunes, of these about one fourth are new and written expressly for the words to which they are attached. Some of the most eminent composers in our country have assisted, as will be seen by referring to the tunes. Many of the grand old tunes which our fathers sung are preserved, and it is hoped that the new tunes may be found well adapted and useful.

The Committee believe that this book is in many respects superior to any book of tunes now in use for Sabbath School worship.

3d. Do you wish a new singing book for your school. Our advice is purchase the American Sunday School Hymn Book for the children. They will cost but 20 dollars per hundred copies. Let your leader and teacher, if they please, together with such of the older scholars as can read music, provide themselves with the Tune Book—the S. S. Hosanna. This can be done at a small cost and give a great variety of hymns from which to select. In giving out the hymn you can at the same time give out the page on which the appropriate tune can be found. You will find the page by the table of numbers at the end of the Tune Book, which corresponds to the hymns in the Hymn Book.

4th. The Tune Book may be used separate from the Hymn Book. It is complete in itself and is not surpassed by any book yet offered to the public.

The Committee desire to acknowledge their obligations to all who have aided them in this task. To those who have written new tunes, or granted the use of old ones they can offer no greater tribute than that which thousands of teachers and scholars will pay them when they sing their tunes, to which in all cases their names are attached.

## N O T I C E .

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## SABBATH SCHOOL HOSANNA.

Hy. 1. (26, 150, 250.)

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

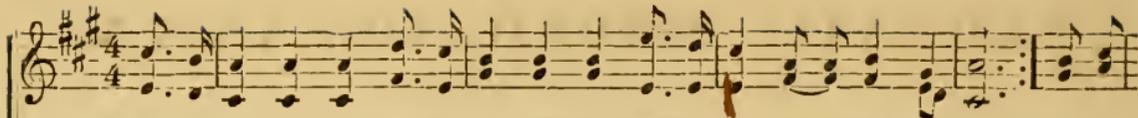
DUTTON.

1. Now con - de - scend, Al - might - y King, To bless this hap - py throng ;  
 2. We come to own the Power Di - vine, That watch - es o'er our days ;

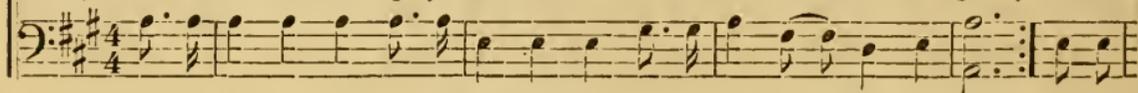
And kind - ly list - en, while we sing Our grate - ful morn - ing song.  
 For this our cheer - ful voi - ces join In hymns of grate - ful praise.

3. We come to learn thy holy word,  
 And ask thy tender care ;  
 Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,  
 We bend in humble prayer.

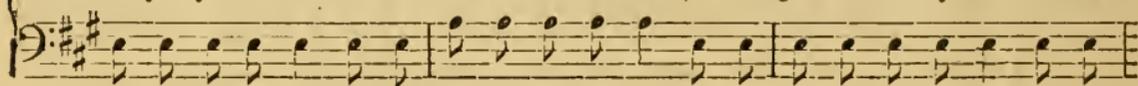
4. May we in safety pass this day,  
 From sin and danger free ;  
 And ever walk in that sure way  
 That leads to heaven and thee



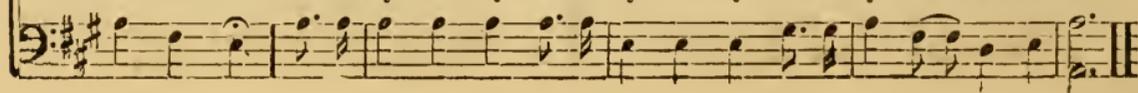
1. { When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full, } For 'tis  
 And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to the Sabbath school.
2. { On the frost-y dawn of a winter's morn, When the earth is wrapp'd in snow, }  
 Or the summer breeze plays round the trees, To the Sab-bath school I'll go. } When the



there we all a-gree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be At the  
 ho-ly day has come, And the Sabbath-breakers roam, I de-light to leave my home For the



Sabbath school. I'll a-way! a-way! I'll a-way! a-way! I'll a-way to the Sabbath school.



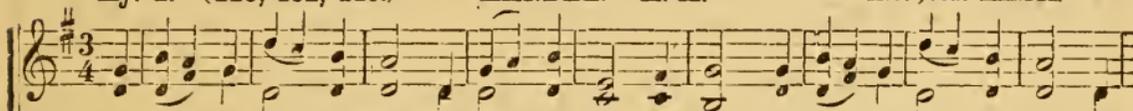
3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,  
 At the time of morning prayer;  
 And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,  
 For 'tis always pleasant there:  
 In the Book of holy truth,  
 Full of counsel and reproof,  
 We behold the guide of youth,  
 At the Sabbath school.—I'll away, &c.

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

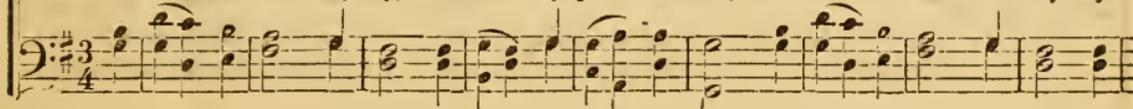
Hy. 2. (115, 432, 440.)

HANDEL. H. M.

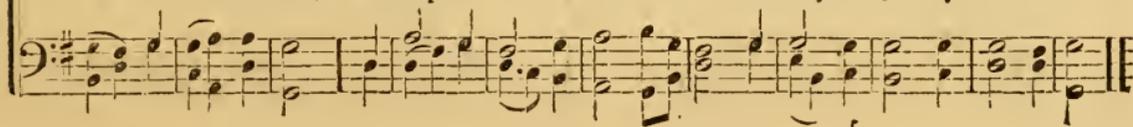
Arr. from HANDEL.



1. A - gain we meet, O Lord, A - gain we fill this place, To hear thy ho - ly word, And  
 2. Grant us the list - 'ning ear The un - der - stand - ing heart, The mind and will sin - cere, To  
 3. Thro' this, and ev - ery day, Teach us thy paths to tread, Nor let our feet a - stray By



ask thy promised grace; To thank thee for the gifts we share, The chil - dren of thy love and care.  
 choose the bet - ter part— To take the learner's low - ly seat, And gath - er wis - dom at thy feet.  
 Sa - tan's wiles be led; But keep us in the nar - row road—The way to glo - ry and to God.





1. { All the week we spend, Full of childish bliss,  
 Ev-ery changing scene [Omit.] Brings its hap - pi - ness; Yet our
2. { Love - ly is the dawn Of each ris - ing day,  
 Love - li - est the morn [Omit.] Of the Sabbath day; Then our



joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School, Had we not the Sabbath School.  
 in - fant hearts are full Of the precious Sabbath School, Of the precious Sabbath School.

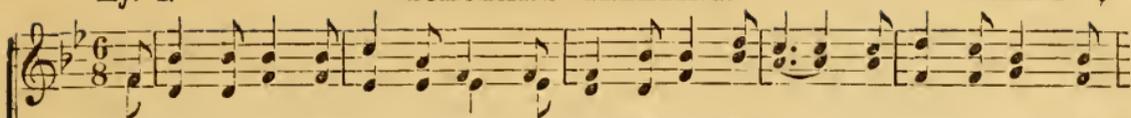


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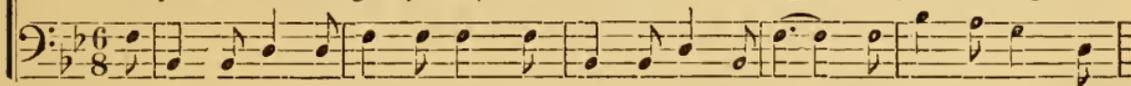
To our happy ears  
 Blessed news is brought,  
 Tidings of the work  
 Love divine has wrought,  
 Gracious news, and merciful:  
 How we love the Sabbath School!

4.

Sweetly fades the light  
 Of each passing day;  
 Peaceful is the night  
 Of the Sabbath day;  
 Then our hearts with praise are full  
 For the precious Sabbath School.



1. An-oth-er week has passed a-way, Time swift-ly speeds a-long; We come a-gain to  
 2. We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us  
 3. We'll sing of mer-cies dai-ly given, Thro' ev-ery pass-ing year; We'll sing the prom-is-  
 4. We'll sing of many a hap-py hour We've passed in Sun-day School, Where Truth, like Summer's  
 5. Our youthful hearts will glad-ly raise, Our voi-ces sweet-ly sing, A gen-eral song of



praise and pray, And sing our greet-ing song. We come with song to greet you, We  
 all our days, And guides to heaven a-bove. We come with song to greet you, &c.  
 es of heaven, With voi-ces loud and clear. We come with song to greet you, &c.  
 ge-nial showers, Ex-tends its gra-cious rule. We come with song to greet you, &c.  
 grate-ful praise To heaven's e-ter-nal King. We come with song to greet you, &c.



come with song a-gain, We come with song to greet you, We come with song a-gain.



8 Hy. 9. (10, 411.) AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. { The morning sky is bright and clear, A-way to Sabbath school; }  
 Let each one in the class ap-pear, A-way to Sabbath school; } 'Tis there we learn his ho-ly word, And

find the road that leads to God. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sab-bath school.

*Scholars.*  
 2. When each at night shall go to prayer,  
 We'll ask our God above,  
 T' extend o'er teachers his kind care,  
 And crown them with his love.

And when on earth our time is sped,  
 And we are numbered with the dead,  
*Scholars and Teachers.*  
 If faithful, we shall meet above,  
 We all shall meet above.

Hy. 6.

SABBATH MORNING.

DR. VANDER WEYDE.

1. On Sabbath morning, O how pleasant To come to Sabbath school! When ev'ry happy child is present, And ev'ry seat is full.

2. The blessed Bible there engages  
Each youthful heart and eye,  
To learn of God's own holy pages  
The wisdom from on high.
3. And surely He, who feeds the flowers  
With heaven's own morning dew,  
Will send on our young hearts the showers  
Of heavenly blessing, too.

4. Then let us gladly gather round him,  
And love him while we may,  
For they who seek have always found him,  
E'en in their early day.
5. And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,  
We all may meet above,  
Where he for us hath now ascended,  
Our Father's house of love.

## Hy. 8.

## NEVER LATE.

WM. B. BRADBURY. *By permission.*

SPRIGHTLY.

1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab - bath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly time a - way;  
2. Birds a - wake be-times; ev-ery morn they sing; None are tar - dy there, when the woods do ring;

With my les-sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab - bath school.  
So when Sun - day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab - bath school.

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

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

1. Oh, come, let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swell - ing, To God a - hove, a God of love, Oh,  
 2. The full notes pro - long, Our fes - tal cel - e - brat - ing, We hail the day with cheerful lay, And  
 3. Oh, swell, swell the song, His prais - es oft re - peat - ing, His Son he gave our souls to save—Oh,

come, let us sing! { Our joyful spirits, glad and free, }  
 full notes pro - long. { With high e - mo - tions rise to thee, } In heavenly mel - o - dy, Oh, come, let us sing.  
 swell, swell the song. { Both cheerful youth and silvery age, } These thrilling scenes engage, Full notes to prolong.  
 { And childhood pure, the gay, the sage, }  
 { The humble heart's de - vo - tion bring, }  
 { Whence gushing streams of love do spring, } And make the welkin ring With sweet swelling song.

4.

We'll chant, chant his praise,—  
 Our lofty strains now blending;  
 A tribute bring to Christ our King,  
 And chant, chant his praise!  
 Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,  
 "Tis finished!" then he meekly cried,  
 And bowed his head and died,—  
 Then chant, chant his praise!

5.

All full chorus join,  
 To Jesus condescending  
 To bless our race with heavenly grace,  
 All full chorus join!  
 To God, whose mercy on us smiled,  
 And Holy Spirit, reconciled  
 By Christ, the meek and mild,  
 All full chorus join!

1. O God, to thy promise our hearts humbly cling, To thine altar the bloom of our childhood we bring;  
2. Thanks, thanks for thy word, for the sweet Sabbath day, For the teachers who lead us in wisdom's glad way,

We seek thee right early, our guide thou shalt be; All the years of that youth we now of-fer to thee.  
Who point us to Je-sus, so re-a-dy of old Young chil-dren like us in his arms to en-fold.

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, to the Lamb, &c.

3. Should life be continued till manhood comes on,  
Till the scenes of its noontide like shadows are gone,  
Still, still be thou near us to help and defend,  
Till, like sheaves fully ripe, to the grave we descend.  
Hallelujah, &c.

3. Oh, grant that in heaven, earth's labors all done,  
The voice of these teachers with ours may be one,  
In praise unto Him in whose name they have taught,  
Whose blood flowing freely our pardon has bought.  
Hallelujah, &c.

MAESTOSO. Words by REV. E. S. PORTER, D.D.

1. In the far bet-ter land of... glo-ry and light The ran-somed are sing-ing in  
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their cho-rus of praise, Round the star-cir-cled crown of the

garments of white, The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption.—The  
An-cient of Days. And thrones and dominions re-ech-o the strain Of.... Glo-ry e-ter-nal to

Girls.

Lamb that was slain; The harp-ers are harp-ing, and all the bright train.....  
Him that was slain: And thrones and do-min-ions re-ech-o the strain.....

Boys.

1. The  
2. And

SONG OF REDEMPTION. Concluded.

All.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major. The treble staff begins with a whole note chord of D4 and F#4, followed by a series of eighth notes: D4, F#4, A4, B4, A4, F#4, D4. The bass staff begins with a whole note chord of G3 and B3, followed by a series of eighth notes: G3, B3, D4, F#4, D4, B3, G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Sing the song of Re-demption,—The Lamb that was slain.  
Of... Glo-ry e-ter-nal to Him that was slain.

harp-ers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song, &c.  
thrones and dominions re-ech-o the strain Of... Glo-ry, &c.

3.

Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,  
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?  
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain  
With the Song of Redemption,—The Lamb that was slain.

4.

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

Hy. 386.

BROTHERS, MEET US.

Arr. by F. H. LUMMUS.

The first system of musical notation for 'Brothers, Meet Us' consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time. The treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass staff begins with a quarter note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. { Girls. Say... brothers, will you meet us, Say... broth-ers, will you meet us,  
Boys. By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll meet you,

Full Cho. Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah,

The second system of musical notation for 'Brothers, Meet Us' consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time. The treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass staff begins with a quarter note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Say... brothers, will you meet us On Canaan's hap-py shore?  
By the grace of God we'll meet you, Where parting is no more.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-la-jah, For ev-er, ev-er-more.

2. Girls.

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

Boys.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
For ever, evermore.

Full Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

## SPIRITED. Trio.

1. Chil-dren of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sing the praise of Je - sus' name: Chil-dren, too, of la - ter  
2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalmist said; Babes and sucklings' art - less

## Trio. Infants.

## Trio. Infants.

days, Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing, Hark! while in - fant voi - ces  
lays Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise. Hark! while infant, &c.

## Full Chorus.

sing Loud ho - san - nas to our King, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

3. We are taught to love the Lord,  
We are taught to read his word,  
We are taught the way to heaven,  
Praise to God for all be given.—Hark, &c.

4. Parents, teachers, old and young,  
All unite to swell the song;  
Higher and yet higher rise,  
Till hosanna reach the skies.—Hark, &c.

{ There is a Friend we ought to love More than all friends be - side,.....  
 { His name is Je - sus—and his love [Omit.] For ev - er shall a -

- bid. Come, chil - dren, then, for now he lives, And praise from lit - tle ones re - ceives. With

*Fine.* Boys. Girls.  
 lip and life we'll praise his name, And not forget his laws a - gain. What! not for-get a - gain? No,  
 d. s. lip and life we'll praise his name, And not forget his laws a - gain.

Boys. Girls. All. \$  
 not for - get a - gain! What!—not for - get a - gain? No, not for - get a - gain! With

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre-cious than gold The hopes and the glo - ries its  
 2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweet - ly it smiles on the

pa - ges un - fold; It speaks of a Sa - viour, and tells of his love; It  
 sea - son of youth! It bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere the

shows us the way to the man-sions a - bove, It shows us the way to the man-sions a - bove.  
 heart is en-slaved in the bond-age of vice, Ere the heart is en-slaved in the bond-age of vice.

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

4. The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,  
 The 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.

1. Come! said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;  
2. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - ery wound,

I will guide you to your home: Wear - y wan - derer, hith - er come.  
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest, e - ter - nal sa - cred, sure

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer; He that bids us humbly pray Sends us not unblessed a-way.

2. Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3. Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy sovereign right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

1. Come, let us sweet-ly sing, join in full chorus, Praise to the mighty King, who reigneth o'er us;

Once he, a lit-tle child, gen-tle and low-ly, Taught us how we should live, loving, pure, and ho-ly.

- 2 Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger,  
Wandered from place to place, homeless and a stranger,  
Suffered and died for us,—oh, wondrous story!—  
Suffered that we might all dwell with him in glory.
3. O thou, who once didst hear children when singing,  
Thou, who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their bringing,  
From thy bright home above, graciously bending,  
List to our joyful songs gratefully ascending.
4. Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,  
Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect merit;  
Then shall we sweetly sing, in angelic chorus,  
Praise evermore to Him who shall there reign o'er us.

Duet.

1. In the ros - y light of the morn - ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high; From the

Chorus.

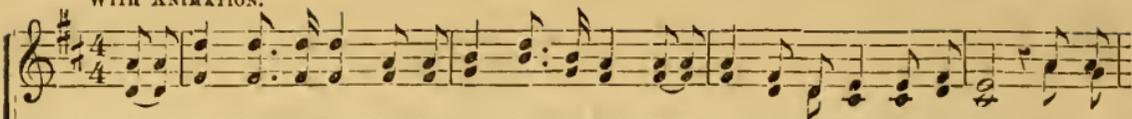
lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly. Sing prais - es, glad prais - es,

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

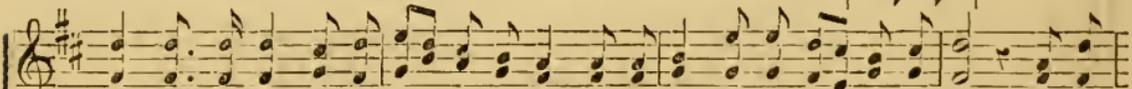
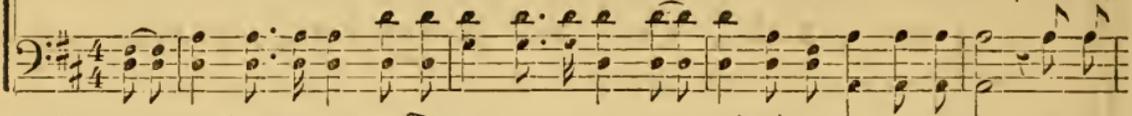
2. As he look'd in love from the world above,  
Our distresses fill'd his eye;  
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,  
On the bloody tree to die.  
Sing praises, &c.
3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled,  
To deliver us from woe,  
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;  
Let his praise for ever flow!  
Sing praises, &c.

4. 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.  
Sing praises, &c.
5. 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.  
Sing praises, &c.

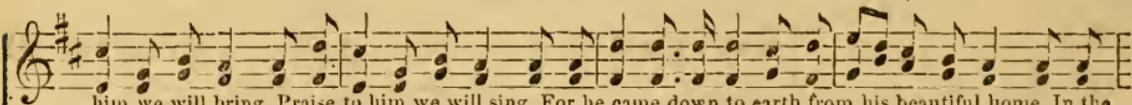
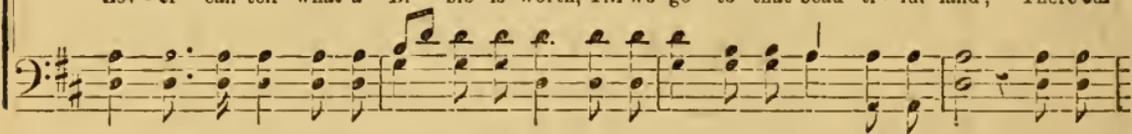
WITH ANIMATION.



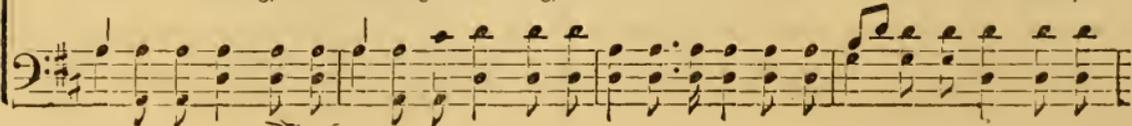
1. Thank God for the Bi - ble! 'tis there that we find The sto - ry of Christ and his love.—How he
2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind And to mourners his blessings were given; And he
3. In the Bi - ble we read of a beau - ti - ful land, Where sor - row and pain nev - er come; For....
4. Thank God for the Bi - ble! its truths o'er the earth We'll scat - ter with boun - ti - ful hand; But we



came down to earth from his beau - ti - ful home, In the man - sions of 'glo - ry a - bove; Thanks to  
 said, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heaven. Je - sus  
 Je - sus is there with a heav - en - ly band, And 'tis there he's pre - pared us a home. Je - sus  
 nev - er can tell what a Bi - ble is worth, Till we go to that beau - ti - ful land; There our



him we will bring, Praise to him we will sing, For he came down to earth from his beautiful home, In the  
 calls us to come: He's prepared us a home; For he said, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me, For of  
 calls: shall we stay? No, we'll gladly o - bey, For... Je - sus is there with a heav - en - ly band, And 'tis  
 thanks we will bring, There with angels we'll sing, And its worth we can tell when with Jesus we dwell, In



*ppp (Very soft, but do not retard the time.)*

Musical score for the first part of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

mansions of glory above; For he came down to earth from his beautiful home, In the mansions of glory above, such is the kingdom of heaven; For he said, Let the little ones come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven there he's prepared us a home; For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, And 'tis there he's prepared us a home heaven,—that beautiful land. And its worth we can tell when with Jesus we dwell, In heaven, that beautiful land.

Hy. 124.

MY BIBLE.

BROSTER.

Musical score for the first line of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

1. My Bi - ble! my Bi - ble! 'tis a book di - vine, Where heavenly truth and mer - cy

Musical score for the second line of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

shine, And wis - dom speaks in ev - ery line, And speaks to me, And speaks to me.

2. My Bible! in this book alone  
I find God's holy will made known;  
And here his love to man is shown—  
His love to me.
3. My Bible! here with joy I trace  
The records of redeeming grace;  
Glad tidings to a sinful race;  
Good news to me.

4. My Bible! here it is I read  
How Jesus did for sinners bleed:  
Oh, this was wondrous love indeed!  
Christ bled for me.
5. My Bible! oh, that I may ne'er  
Consult it but with faith and prayer  
That I may see my Saviour there,  
Who died for me!

1. The Sabbath school's a place of pray'r, I love to meet my teachers there, I love to meet my teachers there.  
2. In God's own book we're taught to read, How Christ for sinners groan'd and bled, How Christ for sinners, &c.

They teach me there that every one May find in heav'n a happy home, May find in heav'n a hap-py home.  
That precious blood a ransom gave, For sin-ful man his soul to save, For sin - ful man his soul to save.

Boys. All. Boys. All.  
I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school; I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school.  
I love to go, I love, &c.

3. In Sabbath school we sing and pray,  
And learn to love the Sabbath day;  
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,  
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend:  
I love to go, I love to go,  
I love to go to Sabbath school.

4. And when our day: on earth are o'er,  
We'll meet in heaven to part no more,  
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,  
And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet  
In heaven above, in heaven above,  
In heaven above, to part no more.

1. We love to sing to - geth - er, Our hearts and voi - ces one, To praise our heav - en - ly

## Chorus.

Fa - ther, And his e - ter - nal Son. We love to sing, We love to sing, We

love to sing to - geth - er, We love to sing, We love to sing, We love to sing to - geth - er.

2. We love to pray together  
To Jesus on his throne,  
And ask that he will ever  
Accept us as his own.  
We love, &c.

3. We love to read together  
The word of saving truth,  
Whose light is shining ever  
To guide our early youth.  
We love, &c.

4. We love to be together  
Upon the Sabbath day,  
And strive to help each other  
Along the heavenly way.  
We love, &c.

Not too Slow.

C. A. MUNGER.

Girls.

Boys.

Girls.

1. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of joy to  
 2. Shall we ev - er rise to dwell, In the light, in the light, Where im - mor - tal prais - es  
 3. Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, in the light, All the good shall Je - sus

Boys.

Girls.

Boys.

tell, In the light, the light of God. But a mu - sic sweet - er far, In the  
 swell, In the light, the light of God? And can chil - dren ev - er go, In the  
 see, In the light, the light of God. For the good a rest re - mains, In the

Girls.

Boys.

light, in the light, Breathes where an - gel spir - its are, In the light, the light of God.  
 light, in the light, Where e - ter - nal Sab - baths glow, In the light, the light of God?  
 light, in the light, Where the glo - rious Sa - viour reigns, In the light, the light of God.

Full Chorus—*In the time of a March.*

Let us walk in the light, Walk in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the

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

Hy. 103. (284.)

AFFECTION.

E. ROBERTS.

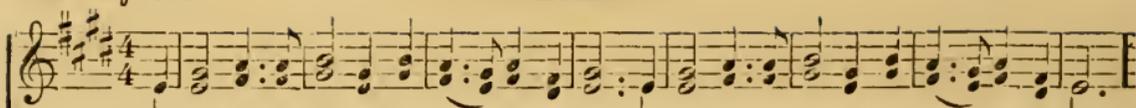
MODERATO.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sa - viour, Hast thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thankful In my heart to thee.

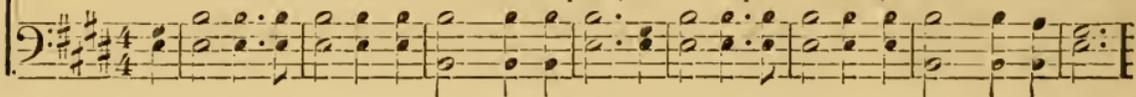
2. When the sad, sad story,  
Of thy grief I read,  
Make me very sorry,  
For my sins, indeed.

3. Now I know thou lovest,  
And dost plead for me,  
Make me very thankful,  
In my prayers to thee.

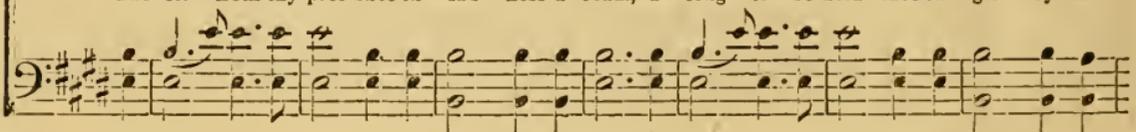
4. Soon I hope in glory  
At thy side to stand:  
Make me fit to meet thee  
In that happy land.



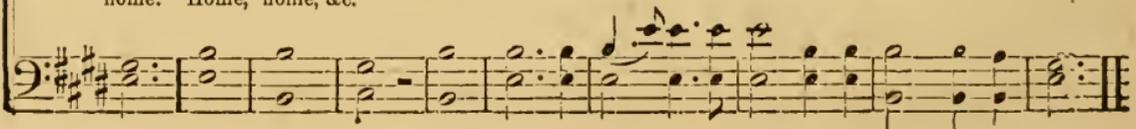
1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,—  
 2. Sweet bonds that unite all the chil - dren of peace, And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!



To find at the ban-quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the 'pres-ence of Je - sus at  
 Tho' oft from thy pres-ence in sad - ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo - ry at



home! Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo - ry, my home.  
 home. Home, home, &c.



3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.  
Home, home, &c.
4. While here in this valley of conflict I stay,  
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.  
Home, home, &c.

5. What'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.  
Home, home, &c.
6. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image to rise from the tomb  
With glorified millions, to praise thee at home.  
Home, home, &c.

## Hy. 188.

## WELCOME.

BROSTER.

NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Oh, come, chil- dren, come to the Sa- viour to - day: Come, for all things are read - y, oh,  
2. He in- vites you to come: to his words now at - tend: He.... calls you in love: he's the

haste ye a - way: Come and wel- come to Je- sus, nor lon- ger de- lay; Come and  
chil- dren's best Friend: Come and wel- come to Je- sus, the chil- dren's kind Friend; Come and

welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, nor longer delay,  
welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, the children's kind Friend.

3.  
He died that the souls of the children might live:  
He lives now in glory their prayers to receive:  
Come and welcome to Jesus: repent and believe.

4.  
The Spirit says, "Come!" his gentle voice hear:  
To-day pray for pardon, while Jesus is near:  
Come and welcome to Jesus while he is so near.

1. By faith I view my Sa-viour dy-ing On the tree, On the tree; To ev-ery na-tion he is cry-ing,  
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur-su-ing, Pi - ty me? Pi - ty me? And did he snatch my soul from ruin?

Look to me! {He bids the guilty now draw near, } free!  
Can it be? {Repent, believe, dismiss their fear. } Hark, hark! what precious words I hear! Mercy's free, mercy's  
{Oh, yes! he did salvation bring;} free!  
{He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;} And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free!

3. Jesus my weary soul refreshes;  
Mercy's free!  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me.  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove;  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free! mercy's free!

4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
"Mercy's free!"  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
"Mercy's free!"  
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
"Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

MODERATO.



1. { I am wretched, poor, and needy: Whither shall I fly? }  
 { There's a voice within that tells me I must surely die. } Some have sought him; some have found him:



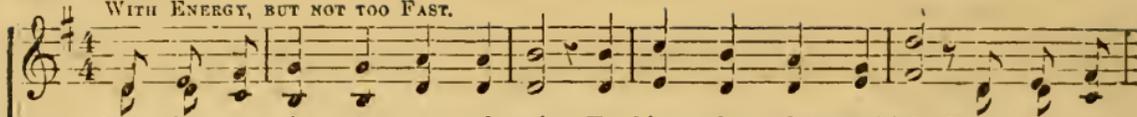
From their fears set free, They sing his prais-es all the day; But 'tis not so with me.



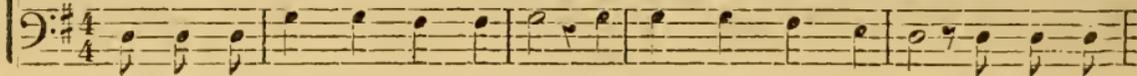
2. Oft he calls me as he passes,  
 Bids me come to him;  
 Oh, I cannot find the Saviour,  
 For my eyes are dim.  
 Some have sought him; some have found him:  
 From their blindness free,  
 They follow Jesus in the way;  
 But 'tis not so with me.

3. Conscience tells me of my danger,  
 Bids me not delay;  
 But I wander without knowing  
 How to find the way.  
 Some have found him, and press onward:  
 From their burdens free,  
 The shining goal is full in view;  
 But 'tis not so with me.

WITH ENERGY, BUT NOT TOO FAST.



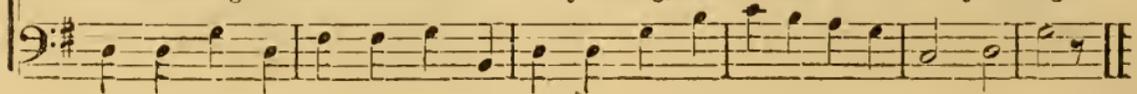
1. Come, let us raise A song of praise To him who rules on high; Whose love and
2. His boun-ties flow Where'er we go, A-bound where'er we stay; From ev-ery
3. We're traveling on, Yet not a-lone, Thro' life's dark wil-der-ness: Close by our



power, From hour to hour, Can ev-ery want sup-ply: The good-ness of our  
 snare His gra-cious care De-fends by night and day: The good-ness of our  
 side A heav-en-ly Guide Is pledged for our suc-cess: The good-ness of our



God and King Let all with hal-le-lu-jahs sing; Let all with hal-le-lu-jahs sing.  
 God and King Let all with hal-le-lu-jahs sing, Let all with hal-le-lu-jahs sing.  
 God and King Let all with hal-le-lu-jahs sing, Let all with hal-le-lu-jahs sing.



1. A crown of glo-ry bright, By faith, I see In yonder realms of light Prepared for me.  
2. Je-sus, be thou my guide, My steps at - tend; Oh, keep me near thy side, Be thou my friend.

Oh, may I faithful prove, And keep it in my view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue.  
Be thou my shield and sun, My Saviour and my guard; And when my work is done, My great re-ward.

## Hy. 201. (229, 258, 313.) EXPIATION. S. M.

DR. GREEN.

*Slow.*

1. Is this the kind return, Are these the thanks we owe, Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

2. To what a stubborn frame  
Hath sin reduced our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind!

3. Turn, turn us, mighty God!  
And mould our souls afresh;  
Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.

1. What is it shows my soul the way To realms of ev - er - last - ing day, And  
tells the dan - ger of de - lay? It is the pre - cious Bi - ble, It is the pre - cious Bi - ble.

2. What teaches me I'm bound to love  
The glorious God who reigns above,  
And that I may his goodness prove?  
It is the precious Bible.
3. What is it gives my spirit rest  
When with the cares of earth oppress'd,  
And points to regions of the blest?  
It is the precious Bible.

4. What tells me that I soon must die,  
And to the throne of judgment fly,  
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?  
It is the precious Bible.
5. Oh, may this treasure ever be  
The best of all on earth to me,  
And still new beauties may I see  
In this the precious Bible.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wanderers given; There is a joy for  
2. There is a home for wear - y souls By sin and sor - row driven; When toss'd on life's tem -

souls dis - tress'd, A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.  
- pest-uous shoals, Where storms a - rise, and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

3. There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Hy. 230.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. HASTINGS.

*Fine.*

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;  
D. c. Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

*D. C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

2. Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!

1. { I was once a thoughtless wanderer, Far away from God; }  
 { Earthly cares absorb'd and charm'd me, Sinful paths I trod. }      Some a-round me found their Saviour,

And from guilt were free;      Joy-ous were their hopes of heav-en: 'Twas not so with me.

2. I was troubled with my burden,  
 Hard it was to bear;  
 Rest I sought, but could not find it,  
 Peace I could not share.  
 I had stray'd and sinn'd so often,  
 Lost I seem'd to be;  
 Many were in Jesus happy:  
 'Twas not so with me.
3. Now, deliver'd from my burden,  
 Peace and joy are mine;  
 On my heart are ever falling  
 Beams of light divine.

- I have sought and found my Saviour;  
 Dear he seems to be;  
 And as others loved and praised him,  
 Now 'tis so with me.
4. Sinner worn with grief and sorrow,  
 Come to Jesus now,  
 Let your heart with true repentance  
 Low before him bow;  
 He invites you, he entreats you,  
 "Sinner, come to me!"  
 And while others are rejoicing,  
 'Twill be so with me.

1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
d. s. Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,

*Fine.*

All thy faith-ful mercies crown. Je-sus, thou art all compassion; Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.

2. Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave;  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

3. Finish, then, thy new creation:  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

1. { The pearl which worldings covet Is not the pearl for me;  
Its beau-ty fades as quick-ly [Omit.] As sun-shine on the sea. But

2. { The crown that decks the monareh's brow Is not the crown for me;  
It daz-zles but a mo-ment— [Omit.] Its bright-ness soon will flee. But

there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis called the pearl of great-est price, Tho' few its val-ue  
there's a crown pre-pared a-bove For all who walk in hum-blo love, For-ey-er bright 'twill

*Rit.*

see. Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the pearl for me!  
be. Oh, that's the crown for me! Oh, that's the crown for me! Oh, that's the crown for me!

3. The road that many travel  
Is not the road for me;  
It leads to death and sorrow,  
In it I would not be.  
But there's a road that leads to God,  
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,  
The passage here is free,  
Oh, that's the road for me!

4. The hope that sinners cherish  
Is not the hope for me;  
Most surely will they perish,  
Unless from sin made free:  
But there's a hope which rests in God,  
And leads the soul to keep his word,  
And sinful pleasures flee.  
Oh, that's the hope for me.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing; Sing your Sa - viour's

wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways, Glo - rious in his works and ways

2. Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.
5. Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all behind;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No: there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

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

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home, my crown to wear;  
For there's a crown for me.

1. How happy are they Who the Saviour obey And have laid up their treasure above! Oh! what tongue can ex-

- press The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love? Of a soul in its ear-li-est love?

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

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

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

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

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

4. Then with my waking thoughts,  
 Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

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

Hy. 215. (217, 301.)

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give: Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are not thy mer-cies  
 2. Oh, wash my soul from ev-ery stain, And make my guilt-y conscience clean! Here on my heart the

large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?  
 bur-den lies, And past of-fenc-es pain my eyes.

3. My lips with shame my sins confess  
 Against thy law, against thy grace;  
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

From "SAB. HYMN AND TUNE BOOK." *By permission.*

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them  
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing; Our ab - sent Lord has

as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger. For, oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our  
left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing; For, oh! &c.

friends are pass - ing o - ver, And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

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

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

MARSTOSO.

1. Be - gone, un-be - lief! My Sa - viour is near, And for my re - lief Will su - re - ly ap - pear;  
 2. Tho' dark be my way, Since he is my guide, 'Tis mine to o - bey, 'Tis his to pro - vide.  
 3. His love in times past For - bids me to think He'll leave me at last In trou - ble to sink.

By prayer let me wrestle, And he will per - form; With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm,  
 His way was much rougher And darker than mine; Did Je - sus thus suf - fer, And shall I re - pine?  
 Tho' pain - ful at present, 'Twill cease before long; And then, oh, how pleasant The con - queror's song.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfil,  
 Oh, may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will.

3. Arm me with jealous care  
 As in thy sight to live,  
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
 A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall for ever die.

WITH ENERGY.

*Fine.*

1. { Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }  
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }  
 D. C. Prom - ise of which on us each he be - stow'd, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

*D. C.*  
 Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode,

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

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

*Fine*

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.  
 d. c. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

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

*D. C.*

2. There the glory is ever shining:  
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight.  
 Here in this country so dark and dreary  
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary.  
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3. There's the city to which I journey;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 There is no sin there, nor any dying:  
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

## Hy. 238. (319.)

## HOWLAND.

*Melody by R. B. LOCKWOOD.*

NOT TOO FAST.

*Ritard.*

1. O Jesus, delight of my soul, My Saviour, my Shepherd divine I I yield to thy blessed control, My body and spirit are thine.  
 2. Thy love I can never deserve, That bids me be happy in thee: My God and my King I will serve, Whose favor is heaven to me.

3. How can I thy goodness repay,  
 By nature so weak and defiled?  
 Myself I have given away,  
 Oh, call me thine own little child.

4. And art thou my Father above?  
 Will Jesus abide in my heart?  
 Oh, bind me so fast with thy love  
 That I never from thee shall depart.

1. { Here o'er the earth as a stran-ger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest!  
 Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!  
 d. c. My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say, There, there is rest, there, there is rest!

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

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

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

## Hy. 243.

## VICTORY.

Melody by R. B. LOCKWOOD.

WITH ENERGY.

1. Breathe the wave, Christian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day, Christian, When the night's long-est.  
 2. Fight the fight, Christian: Je-sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, Heaven is be-fore thee.  
 3. Lift the eye, Christian, Just as it clos-eth; Raise the heart, Christian, Ere it re-pos-eth.

On-ward and on-ward still Be thine en-deav-or: The rest that re-main-eth Shall be for ev-er.  
 He that hath prom-is-ed Fal-ter-eth nev-er; The love of e-ter-ni-ty Flows on for ev-er.  
 Thee from the love of Christ Nothing shall sev-er, Mount when thy work is done, Praise him for ev-er.

Hy. 232.

NEW HAVEN. 6s &amp; 4s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sa-viour di-vine! Now hear me  
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart; My zeal in-spire: As thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.  
 died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.

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

4. When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove:  
 Oh, bear me safe above,  
 A ransom'd soul.

1. Oh, do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your friend, Oh, do not be dis-couraged, For Je-sus is your

friend, He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. *Fine.*

*Chorus.* I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school. *Repeat from F to Fine.*

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
The battle you shall win,  
For the Saviour is your Captain,  
And he hath vanquish'd sin.  
*Chorus*—I am glad, &c.

3. And when the conflict's over,  
Before him you shall stand;  
You shall sing his praise for ever,  
In Canaan's happy land.  
*Chorus*—I am glad, &c.



MODERATO.

1. Lit - tle travelers Zi - on - ward, Each oae en - tering in - to rest, In the kingdom of your Lord,

In the man - sions of the blest. There to wel - come Je - sus waits. Gives the crowns his

fol - lowers win : Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates, Let the lit - tle trav - elers in.

2. Who are those whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat  
They had ever kept in view?  
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"  
"I, from India's sultry plain;"  
"I, from Africa's barren sand;"  
"I, from islands of the main."

3. "All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last  
At the portal of the sky!"  
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin:  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travelers in. .

GENTLE.

*From the "ORIOLA." By permission.*

1. Let us love one an - oth - er, not long may we stay In this  
2. And the fond - est, the pur - est, the tru - est that met, Ev - er

brief world of mourning, so brief is life's day; Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few  
still found the need to for - give and for - get; Then, oh, tho' the hopes that we

lin - ger till eve; Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve.  
nourish'd de - cay, Let us love one an - oth - er as long as we may.

3.

Thus we'll love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,  
Unalter'd and fond as we loved at the first;  
Tho' the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,  
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break.

4.

There are some sweet affections that earth cannot buy,  
That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,  
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away:  
Yes, we'll love one another as long as we stay.

1. { How pleas-ant thus to dwell be-low, In fel-low-ship of love! }  
 { And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a-bove. } The good shall meet a-  
 d. s. To meet to part no

-bove... The good shall meet a-bove; And, tho' we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a-bove.  
 more... On Canaan's happy shore, And sing the ev-er-last-ing song With those who've gone before.

Chorus. D. S.  
 Oh, that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful! Oh, that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more!

2.  
 Yes, happy thought! when we are free  
 From earthly grief and pain,  
 In heaven we shall each other see,  
 And never part again.  
 Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

3.  
 The children who have loved the Lord  
 Shall hail their teachers there;  
 And teachers gain the rich reward  
 Of all their toil and care.  
 Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

4.  
 Then let us each, in strength divine,  
 Still walk in wisdom's ways,  
 That we with those we love may join  
 In never-ending praise.  
 Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

1. Oh, there will be mourn - ing Be - fore the judg - ment - seat, When this world is burn - ing, Be -

- neath Je - ho - vah's feet! Friends and kindred there will part, Will part to meet no more; Wrath will sink the

rebel's heart, While saints on high a - dore. Oh, there will be mourning Be - fore the judg - ment - seat.

2. Oh, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat!  
When the trumpet's warning  
The sinner's ear shall greet!  
Friends and kindred, &c.

3. Oh, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat!  
When, from dust returning,  
The lost their doom shall meet.  
Friends and kindred, &c.

4. Oh, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat;  
Justice, ever frowning,  
Shall seal the sinner's fate.  
Friends and kindred, &c.

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when I shall rest in thee.

I've no 'a-bid-ing cit-y here, I seek for one to come, And tho' my pilgrimage be drear, I know there's rest at home.

**Chorus.**

Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when I shall rest in thee.

2.

Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no clouds  
arise,  
No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy ever-smiling  
skies.  
This earthly home is fair and bright,  
Yet clouds will often come;  
And oh, I long to see the light  
That gilds my heavenly home!  
Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no clouds, &c.

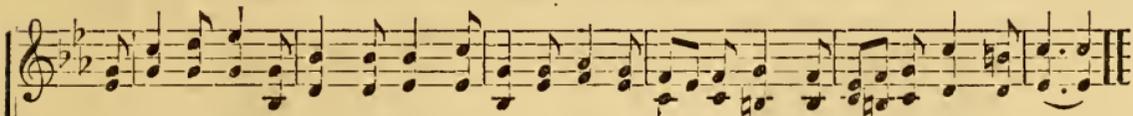
3.

Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's  
gloom,  
Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for all is peace  
at home.  
I know I ne'er shall worthy be  
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;  
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,  
And now he calls me home.  
Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall, &c.

NOT TOO SLOW.



1. Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand, Yet how in - sen - si - ble!  
 2. O God, my in - most soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtless heart E - ter - nal things impress!



- A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight, And save me, ere it be too late, By thy al-might-y grace.



3. Before me place, in bright array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day  
 When thou in clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar:  
 Oh, tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
 To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here,  
 With holy trembling, holy fear,  
 To make my calling sure;  
 Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,  
 Then shall I all thy will perform,  
 And to the end endure.

1. When o'er earth is break-ing Ro - sy light, and fair, Morn a - far pro-claimeth Sweetly, "God is there."

When the spring is wreathing Flow-ers rich and rare, On each leaf is writ-ten, "Nature's God is there."

2. In the Sabbath school-room,  
As we join in prayer,  
Every falling accent  
Tells us, "God is there."  
Kindly, teachers point us,  
With regard and care,  
To the heavenly mansion,  
Saying, "God is there."

3. Let us learn those lessons,  
Taught us everywhere:  
And, if sin assail us,  
Think that "God is there."  
Then, at last, with angels,  
Ever bright and fair,  
Singing glorious anthems,  
We'll see "God is there."

## Hy. 171. (76, 110, 174, 204.)

## PLEYEL. 7s.

1. Brother, hast thou wander'd far From thy Father's happy home, With thyself and God at war? Turn thee, brother, homeward  
[come.]

2. Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?  
Squander'd life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3. He can heal thy bitterest wound,  
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;  
Seek him, for he may be found;  
Call upon him; he is near.

NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Je - sus, we love to meet On this thy ho - ly day. We wor - ship round thy

seat, On this thy ho - ly day. Thou ten - der, heaven - ly Friend, To

thee our prayers as - cend; O'er our young spir - its bend On this thy ho - ly day.

2. We dare not trifle now  
 On this thy holy day.  
 In silent awe we bow  
 On this thy holy day.  
 Check every wandering thought,  
 And let us all be taught  
 To serve thee as we ought  
 On this thy holy day.

3. We listen to thy word  
 On this thy holy day.  
 Bless all that we have heard  
 On this thy holy day.  
 Go with us when we part,  
 And to each youthful heart  
 Thy saving grace impart  
 On this thy holy day.

## HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Wm. B. BRADBURY. *From the "GOLDEN CHAIR,"* By permission.

1. { We are out on an o - cean sailing; Homeward bound, we smoothly glide; }  
 { We are out on an o - cean, sail - ing To a home beyond the tide. } All the storms will  
 soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are out on an o - cean, sail - ing  
 To a home beyond the tide; We are out on an o - cean, sail - ing 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.  
 All the storms, &c.

3.  
 Come on board, oh, ship for glory,  
 Be in haste, make up your mind,  
 For our vessel's weighing anchor,  
 And you may be left behind.  
 All the storms, &c.

4.  
 When we all are safely anchor'd,  
 We will shout our journey's o'er,  
 We will walk about the city,  
 And will sing for evermore.  
 All the storms, &c.

1. I would not live away; I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter storm ri-ses dark o'er the way;

The few lu-rid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.

2.

I would not live away, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without, and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the eup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3.

I would not live away; no,—welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom;  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4.

Who, who would live away, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns,—

5.

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

MODERATO.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand ; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A

ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

2.

In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one array'd,  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.  
Singing, &c.

3.

What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?  
How came those children there ?  
Singing, &c.

4.

Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin ;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean !  
Singing, &c.

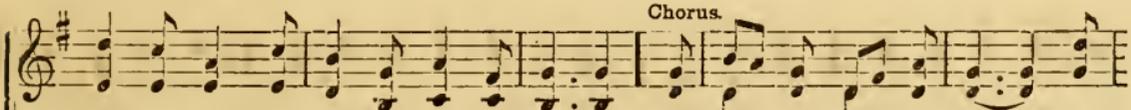
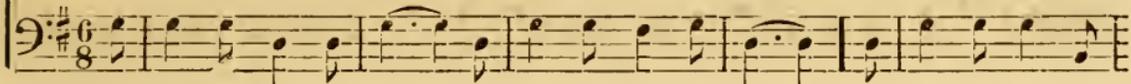
5.

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name ;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing, &c.

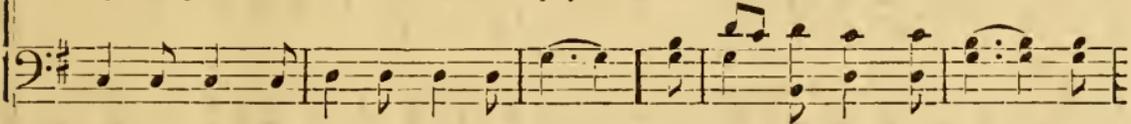
ALLEGRETTO.



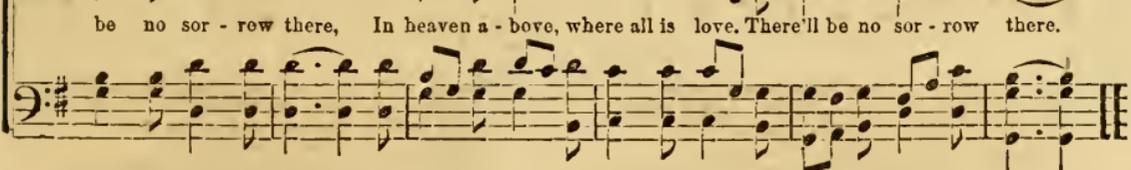
1. Come, sing to me of heaven, When I'm a - bout to die; Sing songs of ho - ly  
 2. When the last mo-ment's come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face, To catch the bright, so-



ee - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll  
 raph - ie glow Which in each fea - ture plays. There'll be no sor - row, &c.



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



3. Then to my raptured ear  
 Let one sweet song be given;  
 Let music charm me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heaven. There'll be, &c.

4. When round my senseless clay  
 Assemble those I love,  
 Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
 My glorious home above. There'll be, &c.

1. { Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly onward we move, Bound to the land of bright spi-rits a - bove; }  
 { Je-sus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come! Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to your home. }

Soon will our pilgrimage end here be - low, • Soon to the presence of God we shall go;

Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given, Joyful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before;  
 Waiting they watch us approaching the shore,  
 Singing, to cheer us while passing along,  
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.  
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:  
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death, with his arrow, may soon lay us low—  
 Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow;  
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,  
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be-  
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand; For my stay shall not be

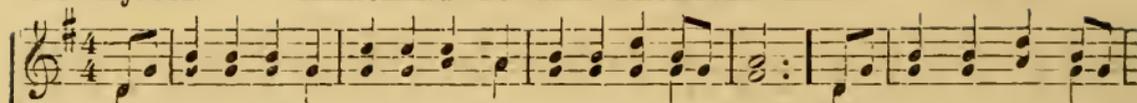
*Chorus to each verse.*

- fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest. { There is rest for the wea - ry, There is  
 tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land. } On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the

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

3. Pain and sickness no'er shall enter,  
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
 But in that celestial centre  
 I a crown of life shall wear.  
 There is rest, &c.

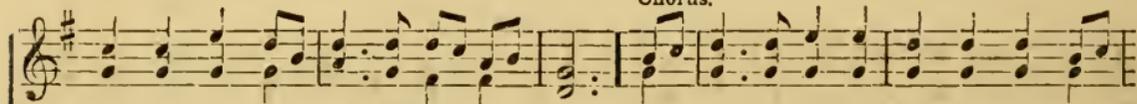
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;  
 Shout your triumphs as you go;  
 Zion's gates will open for you,  
 You will find an entrance through.  
 There is rest, &c.



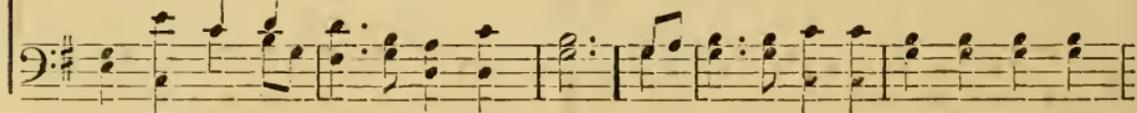
1. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our hap - py,



## Chorus.



youth-ful band, And seek the plains of light. Oh, come and join our youth-ful band, Our



songs and tri-umphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for ev - er there.



2.  
The Saviour feeds his little flock,  
His grace is freely given;  
The living waters from the rock,  
And daily bread from heaven.  
Oh, come and join, &c.

3.  
In that bright land no sin is found,  
But all are happy there;  
And youthful voices there shall join  
With the angelic choir.  
Oh, come and join, &c.

4.  
Our teachers kind do point the way,  
And guide our feet aright,  
To those bright realms of endless day  
Where Jesus is the light.  
Then come and join, &c.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.

Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour-King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!

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

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

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come! O ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly:  
The storm of vengeance falls,  
Ruin is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls:  
Oh, listen now!  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

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

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, well I love thee: Thou didst shine up - on my way, Like the glo - rious  
 2. Ho - ly Bi - ble, mines of treasure In thy pre - cious folds I see; Earth - ly good would  
 3. Ho - ly Bi - ble, thou wilt cheer me When I lay me down to die; Christ has promis'd

Chorus.

sun a - bove me, Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day. Just as the sun rolls back the night,  
 know no meas - ure If this world were ruled by thee. Just as the sun, from morn till noon,  
 to be near me:—Can I fear when he is nigh? Just as the sun de - scends at eve,

Breaking forth with morning ray, So does the Bi - ble's spreading light, Chase the shades of sin a - way.  
 Stately climbs the eastern sky, So ov - er all the earth shall soon Beam the Day-spring from on high.  
 Soon with fresher beams to rise, So shall the dy - ing saint re - ceive Life e - ter - nal in the skies.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y, that I love,  
2. Beau-ti - ful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti - ful an - gels, clothed in white,

Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple—God its light!  
Beau-ti - ful strains, that nev - er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps, thro' all the choir,

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.  
There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Sa - viour's feet.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
Beautiful all who enter there!  
Thither I press with eager feet;  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,  
Beautiful songs the angels sing,  
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,  
Beautiful home of perfect peace!  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see—  
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

1. To our dear Sabbath-school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home ;

I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*: Yes, all that I can I'm de-termined to do.  
*D. S.* So I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*: Yes, all that I can I'm de-termined to do.

God meant all the peo - ple who liv in this place, To hear of his goodness, and join in his praise: *D. S.*

2.  
 Let me think: are there none of the dear ones at home,  
 The large, or the little, who never have come?  
 Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*:  
 Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.  
 My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,  
 I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;  
 Who knows but among them I'll get *one* or *two*?  
 For all that I can I'm determined to do.

3.  
 Out there is the lot that I pass every day,  
 How many spend Sunday in frolic or play!  
 If I could but get *one* of those boys, now, or *two*,  
 To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do!  
 Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go:  
 What glory and blessedness then I shall know!  
 But I want in that glory that many may share,  
 That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there

1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the promised land; My Fa-ther calls me,

Chorus.  
I must go To meet him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a -

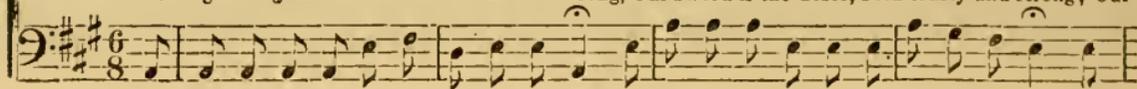
- way, I'll a - way to the promised land. My Fa-ther calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land;  
My Saviour calls me, I must go  
To meet him in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;  
My Saviour calls me, I must go  
To meet him in the promised land.
3. I have a crown in the promised land;  
When Jesus calls me, I must go  
To wear it in the promised land.

- I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;  
When Jesus calls me, I must go  
To wear it in the promised land.
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land;  
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
We'll praise him in the promised land.  
We'll away, we'll away to the promised land;  
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
We'll praise him in the promised land.



1. The Sunday School army has gather'd once more, Its numbers are greater than ev-er be-fore; Its  
 2. We fight a - gainst e - vil and battle with wrong, Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong; Our



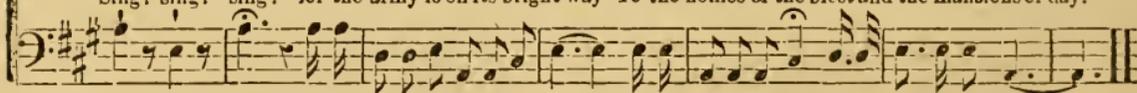
ban-ners are spread, and shall never be furl'd, Till the Prince of sal-va - tion has conquer'd the world.  
 watchword is Pray-er, and Faith is our shield, And nev-er, no, nev-er to our foes will we yield.



*Chorus to each verse.*



Sing! sing! sing! for the army is on its bright way To the homes of the blest and the mansions of day.



3. In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of the Lord,  
 Who died on the cross, and from death was restored,  
 To save us from sin, and to give us a place  
 With the angels who always behold his bright face.

4. To Jesus, our Captain, Hosannas we raise,  
 And join with our teachers in singing his praise;  
 His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be  
 Till we lay down our armor and death sets us free.

1. { Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful be our num - bers! Burst - ing forth the soul - en - liv - ening lay, }  
 { Swell the strain to mu - sic's sweetest mur - murs, Ev - ery heart now hail this hap - py day. }

Burst - ing forth the soul en - liv - ening lay, Hail, oh, hail this hap - py day! *Fine.*

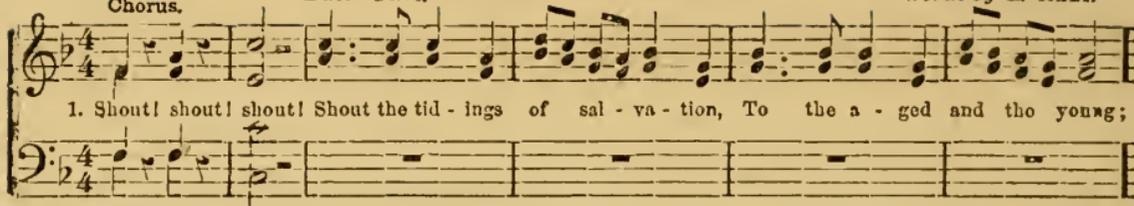
*D. C. to each verse.*

2. { From the hill and val - ley far a - way We come with mer - ry greet - ings in our lay, }  
 { Oft - en as our fest - al day rolls round, We hail it ev - er with har - mo - nious sound. }

3. { Gold - en hours are fleet - ing, like a spell; We meet too soon to part and say fare - well; }  
 { Give the hand of friend - ship, ere we part, May heav - en now em - balm it in each heart. }

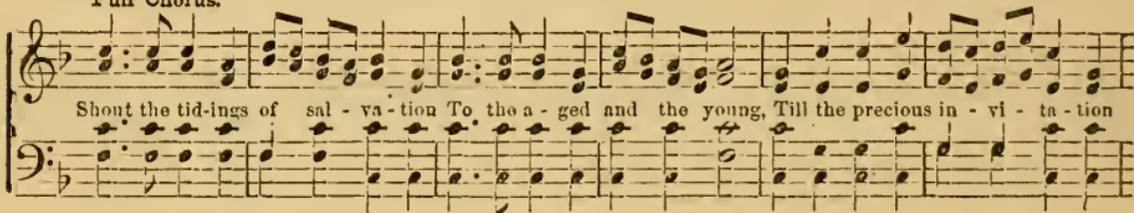
Chorus.

Duet—Girls.



1. Shout! shout! shout! Shout the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, To the a - god and the young;

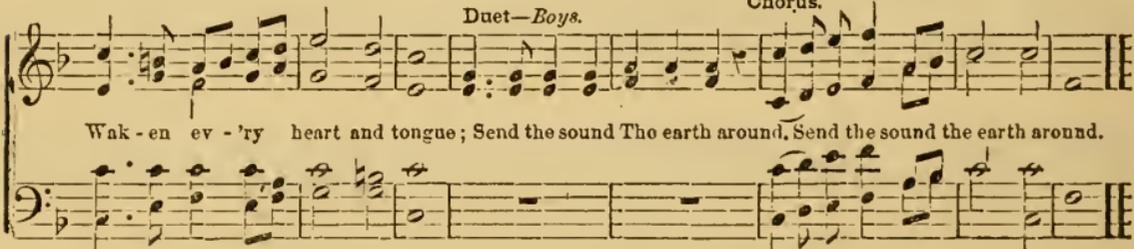
Full Chorus.



Shout the tid - ings of sal - va - tion To the a - god and the young, Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion

Duet—Boys.

Chorus.



Wak - en ev - 'ry heart and tongue; Send the sound The earth around, Send the sound the earth around.

2. Shout the tidings of salvation  
O'er the prairies of the West,  
Till each gathering congregation  
With the gospel sound is blest. Send, &c.

3. Shout the tidings of salvation,  
Mingling with the ocean's roar,  
Till the ships of every nation  
Bear the news from shore to shore. Send, &c.

4. Shout the tidings of salvation  
O'er the islands of the sea,  
Till, in humble adoration,  
All to Christ shall bow the knee. Send, &c.

5. Shout the tidings of salvation,  
Till the world shall hear the call,  
And, with joyous acclamation,  
Crown the Saviour Lord of all. Send, &c.

1. Come, lit - tle sol - diers, join in our band, March for the king-dom, our promised land,

Fear-less of dan - ger, on - ward we roam, Je - sus our leader is,.... Soon we'll be home.

Chorus.

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

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

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

1. Here we suf- fer grief and pain, Here we meet to part a - gain: In heaven we part no more.  
2. All who love the Lord be - low, When they die, to heaven will go, And sing with saints a - bove.

Oh, that will be joy - ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh, that will be joy - ful! When we meet to part no more.  
Oh, that will be joy - ful &c.

3. *Little children* will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From *every* Sunday-school.  
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
4. *Teachers*, too, shall meet above,  
And our *Pastors*, whom we love,  
Shall meet to part no more.  
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

5. Oh, how happy we shall be!  
For our Saviour we shall see  
Exalted on his throne.  
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.
6. There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ the Lord.  
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Hy. 315. (370.)

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransom'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

2. Blest Saviour, grant it, by thy grace;  
 Be thou my only hiding-place,  
 In this the accepted day;  
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

3. And when the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 To see thy smiling face:  
 Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

Hy. 395. (164, 231, 385.)

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.

1. { Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hastened at the ear - ly dawn; }  
 { Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone; } For a while she lingering stood,

Filled with sorrow and sur - prise, Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Issued from her weep-ing eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled  
 When she heard his welcome voice;  
 Christ had risen from the dead;  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice:

What a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,—The name be - fore his  
2. His hu - man name they did proclaim When A-br'am's son they seal'd him,—The name that still, by

Chorus.

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

*Ritard.*

hall him bless-ed Je - sus; For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus. ....

3. And when he hung upon the tree,  
They wrote this name above him,  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love him.  
We love to sing around our King,  
And hail him blessed Jesus, &c.
4. So now, upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.  
We love to sing, &c.

5. To Jesus every knee shall bow,  
And every tongue confess him,  
And we unite with saints in light,  
Our only Lord to bless him.  
We love to sing, &c.
6. O Jesus, by that matchless name,  
Thy grace shall fail us never;  
To-day as yesterday the same,  
Thou art the same for ever.  
Then let us sing, around our King,  
The faithful, precious Jesus, &c.

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the hap - py, the king - dom of love. }  
 { Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, Oh, say will you go to the E - den a - bove. }

Boys. Girls. All. *Repeat pp*

Will you go, Will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?.....

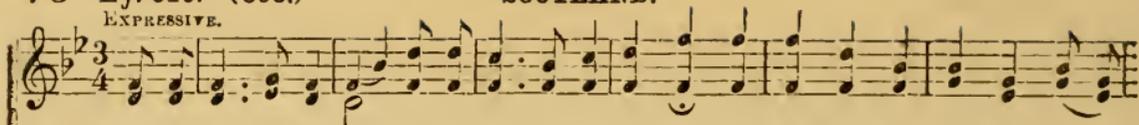
2.  
 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before  
 you,  
 And soon its ten thousand delights we will  
 prove;  
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright  
 glory,  
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.  
 Will you go, will you go?  
 Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

3.  
 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee;  
 We halt yet a moment as onward we move;

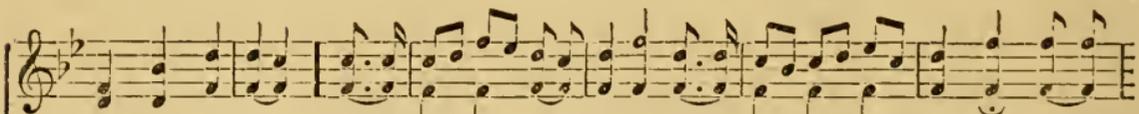
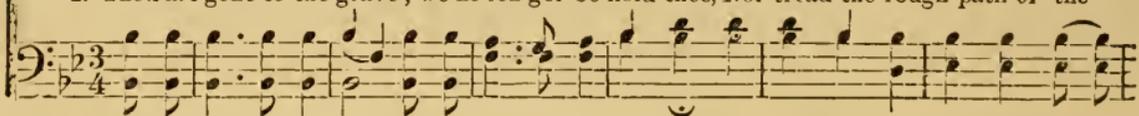
Oh, come to the Lord; in his arms he will take  
 thee  
 And bear thee along to the Eden above.  
 Will you go, will you go?  
 Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4.  
 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,  
 Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience re -  
 move,  
 No other but Jesus; then come to him, praying,  
 Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.  
 Will you go, will you go?  
 At last will you go to the Eden above!

EXPRESSIVE.



1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee : Tho' sorrow and darkness en-
2. Thou art gone to the grave ; we no lon-ger be-hold thee, Nor tread the rough path of the



- com- pass the tomb, The Sa- viour has pass'd thro' its por- tals be - fore thee, And the  
world by thy side : But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en - fold thee, And



lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.  
sin-ners may hope, since the Sinless has died, And sinners may hope. since the Sinless has died.



6.  
 Then art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,  
 And the song which thou heardest was the seraphin's  
 song.

4.  
 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere wrong to deplore  
 thee,  
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;  
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
 Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour has died.

Hy. 366.

## HAPPY DAY.

Chorus.

1. } Preserved by thine al-mighty power, O Lord, our Mak-er, Sa-viour, King, }  
 - } And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy praises here to sing. } Hap - py day, hap - py  
 d. s. Hap - py day, hap - py

2. } We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given: }  
 Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins for-given! } Hap - py day, &c.

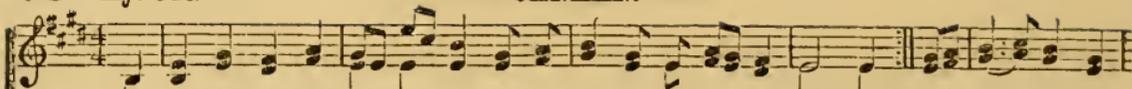
Fine.

D. S.  $\text{f}$ 

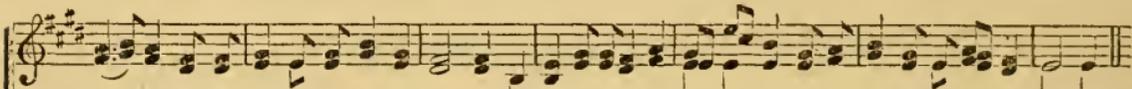
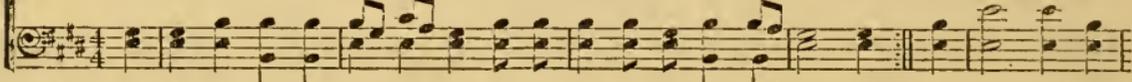
day! Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray That thou wouldst take our sins away.  
 day! When Christ shall wash our sins away!

3. We praise thee for the joyful news  
 Of pardon through a Saviour's blood:  
 O Lord, incline our hearts to choose  
 The way to happiness and God.

4. And when on earth our days are done,  
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,  
 Teachers and scholars, round thy throne  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.



1. { Come, children, let us sweet-ly sing, We are bound for the land of Ca - naan; }  
 { All glo - ry give to Christ, our King, We are bound for the land of Ca - naan; } Oh, Ca - naan, bright
2. { Hap - py are all good children here, They are bound for the land of Ca - naan; }  
 { And soon they'll be as an - gels are, They are bound for the land of Ca - naan; } Oh, Ca - naan, &c.



Canaan, We are bound for the land of Canaan; Oh, Canaan, it is our happy home, We are bound for the land of Canaan.



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

4. Then louder still our songs shall rise,  
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;  
 When we are far beyond the skies,  
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.  
 Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.



1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; }  
 { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy native place; } Sun and moon and stars do - eay,



Time shall soon this earth re-move; rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

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

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given;  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Hy. 443. (439, 455.)

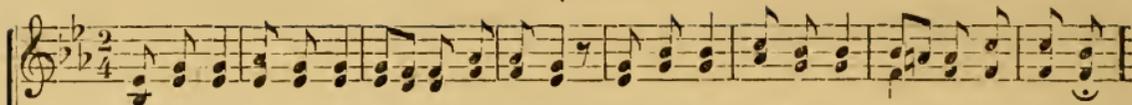
NETTLETON. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. { Praise we Him by whose kind fa-vor Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears; }  
{ May its sweet, re-viv-ing sa-vor Fill our hearts, dis-pel our fears. } Truth—how sacred is the

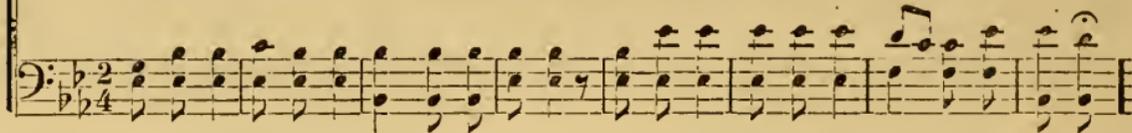
treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know; Vain the hope, and short the pleasure Which from other sources flow.

2. Lord, the truth we have been hearing  
Now to every heart apply;  
In the day of thine appearing,  
May we share thy people's joy.

Till thou take us hence for ever,  
Saviour, guide us with thine eye;  
May it be our sole endeavor  
Thine to live, and thine to die.



1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?



Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never,—no, never.



2. When shall love freely flow,  
Pure as life's river?  
When shall sweet friendship glow  
Changeless forever?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill  
Never,—no, never.
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.

4. Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever;  
Soon will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever;  
Our hearts will then repose,  
Secure from worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never,—no, never.

ALLEGRO.

Words by MISS HAMILTON.

1. Oh, we love to come to our Sab - bath home, And learn of our teach - ers dear,

Who points us with love to our home a - bove, And the crown that a - waits us there.

And the crown that a - waits us there, And the crown that a - waits us there.....

2. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home,  
When the six days' toil is o'er,  
And read and sing of our heavenly King,  
And learn to love him more.
3. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home,  
But we would not come alone;  
We would each bring in from the paths of sin  
Some wretched, wandering one:

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,  
Who know not of God or heaven;  
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast  
Which our Father's love hath given.
5. Then toil we on till the race is won,  
And the pearly gates unfold,  
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,  
At home in the city of gold.

1. { Be kind to thy father; for when thou wast young, Who loved thee so fondly as he?  
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, [Omit.]

And join'd in thy in-no-cent glee. Be { kind to thy father, for now he is old, His  
footsteps are feeble,—once fearless and bold, Thy

locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His  
fa - ther is pass - ing a - way; [Omit] Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.

2. Be kind to thy mother; for, lo! on her brow  
 May traces of sorrow be seen;  
 Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,  
 For loving and kind she hath been.  
 Remember thy mother; for thee will she pray  
 As long as God giveth her breath;  
 With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,  
 E'en to the dark valley of death.
3. Be kind to thy brother; his heart will have dearth  
 If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;  
 The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth  
 If love and affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are;  
 The love of a brother shall be  
 An ornament purer and richer by far  
 Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister; not many may know  
 The depth of true sisterly love;  
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
 The surface that sparkles above.  
 Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,  
 And blessings thy pathway shall crown,  
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers  
 More precious than wealth or renown.

Hy. 351.

NO PARTING THERE.

Arranged.

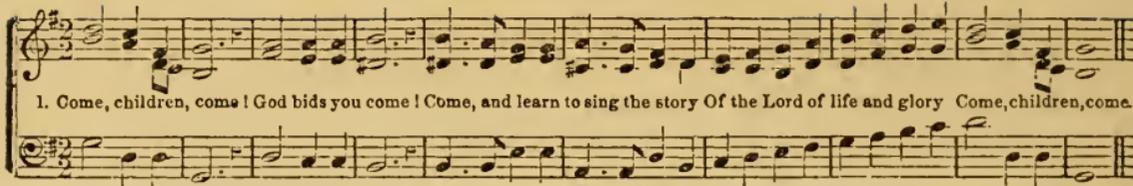
1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part again, But when we meet on Canaan's plain, There'll  
 2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part again, But when a seat in heaven we gain, There'll

Chorus.

be no parting there, In that bright world a - bove. Shout, shout the vict'ry! We're on our journey home!  
 be no parting there, In that bright world a - bove. Shout, shout the vict'ry! We're on our journey home!

3. Here we meet to part again;  
 But there we shall with Jesus reign,  
 There'll be no parting there,  
 In that bright world above.  
 Shout, shout, &c.

4. Here we meet to part again,  
 But when we join the heavenly train,  
 There'll be no parting there,  
 In that bright world above.  
 Shout, shout, &c.



2. Come, children, come!  
Christ bids you come!  
Early seek his face and favor,  
Love and serve your blessed Saviour:  
Come, children, come.

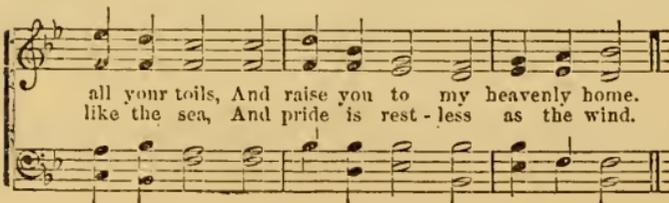
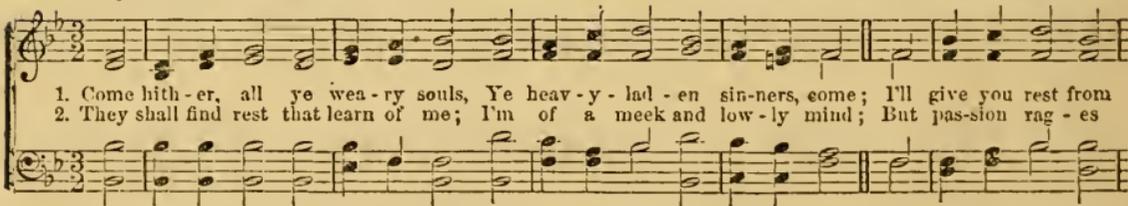
3. Come, children, come!  
The Spirit says come!  
Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,  
To the springs of living waters:  
Come, children, come.

4. Come, children, come;  
All bid you come;  
Come, unite your hearts and voices,  
Listening heaven then rejoices:  
Come, children, come.

5. Come, children, come;  
Make heaven your home;  
Then, though earthly ties may sever,  
You shall live with Christ forever:  
Come, children, come.

Hy. 226. (157, 236.)

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

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

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

SPIRITED.

1. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice, Floating lightly, lightly by! "Come to Jesus, and rejoice:  
d. s. Soon will call us to his home,

*Fine.**D. S.*

Live with him on high!" Yes! we come! to Je-sus come; For our Saviour, Sa-viour dear,  
Free from ev-ery fear.

2. Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice!  
Singing sweetly, sweetly now;  
"Tis the hour to make thy choice,  
Come! to Jesus bow!"  
Jesus' love,—worth more than gold  
Dug from out the richest mines,—  
Jesus' love, like wealth untold,  
Round the heart entwines.

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

1. Kind words can nev-er die: Heaven gave them birth; Wing'd with a smile, they fly All o'er the earth.

Kind words the angels brought, Kind words our Saviour taught,—Sweet melodies of thought! Who knows their worth?

Chorus.

Kind words can never die, nev-er die, nev-er die; Kind words can never die, no! nev-er die.

2. Kind deeds can never die;  
 Though weak and small,  
 From his bright throne on high  
 God sees them all;  
 He doth reward with love  
 All those who faithful prove;  
 Round them, where'er they move,  
 Rich blessings fall.  
 Kind deeds can never die, &c.

3. God's word can never die:  
 Though fallen man  
 Oft dares its truth deny,—  
 Dares it in vain.  
 God's word alone is pure;  
 His promises are sure;  
 Trust him, and rest secure  
 Heaven you shall gain.  
 God's word can never die, &c.

4. Our souls can never die:  
 God's word we trust;  
 He to our *bodies* said,  
 "Dust unto dust,"  
 Saviour, our souls prepare  
 Thy happy home to share;  
 Us to thy mansions bear,  
 When life is past.  
 Our souls can never die, &c.

1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who, from yon bright world a - bove, Ev - er watch - ful  
2. Heaven and earth by him were made, He by all must be o - bey'd; What are we, that

o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends his grace: Sing, my soul, his won - drous love.  
he should show So much love to us be - lów? Sing, my soul, his won - drous love.

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

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

1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle one; Come to Je-sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne, In submission, bow.

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

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

1. { There's a song the an - gels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose  
 Shepherds heard the distaut strain, Watching on Ju - de - a's plain, [Omit.]

ra-diance fills the heavens above.  
 [Omit.] "Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God, to

Chorus.

men be peace and love." Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the

an-them ev - er fly, Peace, good will to men, and glo - ry be to God on high.

2. 'Tis a song for children too;  
 To the Saviour 'tis their due;  
 Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;  
 Join with angels in their song,  
 And the heavenly strain prolong,  
 "Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."  
*Chorus.*—Through the earth, &c.

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

Hy. 257. (133, 228.)

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy

throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.

1. { I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest; Then why should my soul be so sad?  
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest, [Omit.] And the mourner looks

Chorus

up, and is glad. I nev-er look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beau-ty is

there; And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in re-ply, When I pour out my spi-rit in prayer.

2. In thy far-away home, wherever it be,  
I know thou hast visions of mine;  
And my heart hath revealings of thine and of thee,  
In many a token and sign.  
I never look up, &c.

8. In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
And my spirit lies down and is still.  
I never look up, &c.

1. { We go the way that leads to God, The way that saints have ev - er trod;  
So let us leave this sin - ful shore, [Omit.] For

Chorus.  
realms where we shall die no more. We're going home, we're going home, We're going home, to

Boys. Girls. All.  
die no more; To die no more, to die no more, We're going home, to die no more.

2. The ways of God are ways of bliss,  
And all his paths are happiness;  
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,  
We're going home, to die no more.  
We're going home, &c.

3. Come, sinners, come, oh, come along,  
And join our happy pilgrim throng!  
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,  
We're going home, to die no more.  
We're going home, &c.

IN EXACT TIME.

1. We lift our voi - ces, In a strain of gladness; And the songs up - on our tongues Ban-ish all our  
2. Children and pa-rents, Cor-dial-ly in - vit - ed, Praise the Lord, with one accord, Voi - ces all u -

sad - ness, Banish all our sadness.  
- nit - ed, Voices all u - nit - ed.

3. Small streams that murmur,  
Round each humble dwelling,  
While they flow so still and slow,  
Keep the tide-waves swelling.

4. Thus we together,  
With our small oblations,  
All unite, to send the light  
To the dark'en'd nations.

5. If we with patience  
Run the race before us,  
Soon our King will bid us sing  
In the heavenly chorus.

6. Let us with meekness  
Seek his face and favor,  
And at last, when life is past,  
Meet the blessed Saviour.

## Hy. 399.

## EVENING PRAYER.

E. ROBERTS.

Now I lay me down to sleep: I pray the Lord my soul to keep If I should

die be - fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. A - men, A - men.

And Je - sus said, Je - sus said, Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren, suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren,

and for - bid them not, for - bid them not, to come un - to me; For of

such is the king - dom of heaven, of such is the kingdom of heaven. A - - men.

Hy. 21. (116, 119, 268.)

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Come to the mercy-seat, Come to the place of prayer; Come, little children, to His feet, In whom ye live and are.

2. Come to our God in prayer,  
Come to your Saviour new,  
While youthful skies are bright and fair,  
And health is on your brow.

3. Come in the name of Him  
Who all your sorrows bore,—  
Who ever lives to pardon sin,  
And will be sought by prayer.

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

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

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

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

## Hy. 394.

## WE ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Duet.

1. We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er, And  
2. We al - ways love our pa - rents, We al - ways love our pa - rents, We al - ways love our pa - rents, As  
3. We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We

Chorus to each verse.

keep the gold - en rule. } Sing on, love on, a lit - tle band of lov - ing ones,—  
 chil - dren ought to do. } Sing on, love on, a lit - tle [Omit] hap - py band.  
 love our brothers too.

4. We love the Holy Bible,  
 We love the Holy Bible,  
 We love the Holy Bible,  
 Which tells us what to do.  
 Sing on, &c.

5. We try to love the Saviour,  
 We try to love the Saviour,  
 We try to love the Saviour,  
 Who shed for us his blood.  
 Sing on, &c.

6. We hope to get to heaven,  
 We hope to get to heaven,  
 We hope to get to heaven  
 And sing the songs above.  
 Sing on, &c.

Hy. 41. (42, 415.)

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s &amp; 4s.

1. Come, thou Al - mighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all

glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.

2. Jeans, our Lord, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies;  
 Now make them fall!  
 Let thine almighty aid  
 Our sure defence be made,  
 Our souls on thee be stay'd;  
 Lord, hear our call!

3. Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword;  
 Our prayer attend!  
 Come, and thy people bless;  
 Come, give thy word success;  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend!

## ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

1. Let ev-ery heart re-joice and sing, Let che-ral anthems rise; } For he is good; the  
 2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; } For he is good, &c.  
 And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be-fore his throne;

Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah

*Unisons.*

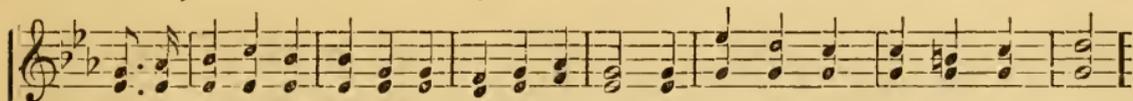
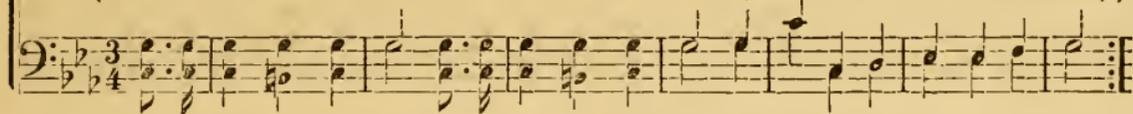
praise. While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an-tem raise, Let

each pro- long the grateful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise, And the God of our fa-thers praise.

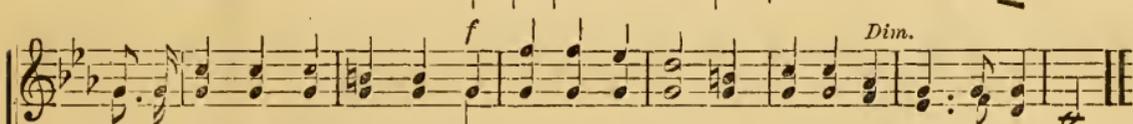
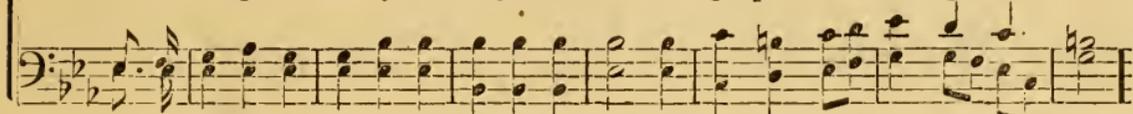
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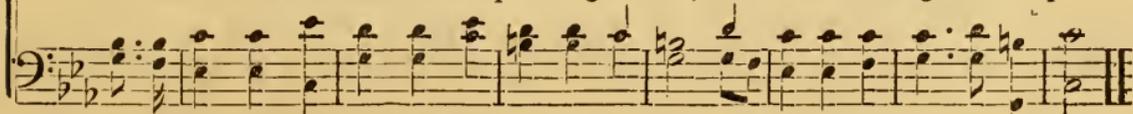
1. { When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone, And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,  
 { When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn, And Jesus invites thee no more, }



When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow, The gos-pel no mes-sage de - clare,—



Sin-ner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe, How suf-fer the night of de-spair?



2. When the holy have gone to the regions of peace  
 To dwell in the mansions above,—  
 When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,  
 Their song to the Saviour they love,—

Say, O sinner who livest at rest and secure,  
 Who fearest no trouble to come,  
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,  
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

ANIMATED.

1. We're trav - eling home to heaven a - bove: Will you go? Will you go? To sing the Sa - vior's  
2. We're going to walk the plains of light: Will you go? Will you go? Far, far from death, and

dy - ing love: Will you go? Mil - lions have reach'd that blest a - bode, An -  
curse, and night: Will you go? The crown of life we then shall wear, The

- oint - ed kings and priests to God, And mil - lions more are on the road: Will you go?...  
con - quor's palm we then shall bear, And all the joys of heaven we'll share: Will you go?...

8. The way to heaven is straight and plain: Will you go? | 4. Oh, could I hear some sinner say, "I will go."  
Repent, believe, be born again! Will you go? | Oh, could I hear him humbly pray, "Make me go."  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee, | And all his old companions tell,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me, | "I will not go with you to hell:  
And thou shalt my salvation see:" Will you go? | I long with Jesus Christ to dwell. Let me go."

1. { Come, let us all unite and sing, God is love. }  
 { While heaven and earth their praises bring, God is love. } Let every soul from sin awake, Their

harps now from the wil - lows take, And sing with me, for Je - sus' sake, God is love.

2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,  
     God is love.  
 In Christ I have redemption found;  
     God is love.  
 His blood has wash'd my sins away;  
 His Spirit turns my night to day;  
 And now my soul with joy can say,  
     God is love.
3. How happy is our portion here!  
     God is love.  
 His promises our spirits cheer;  
     God is love.

- He is our sun and shield by day,  
 By night he near our tents will stay,  
 He will be with us all the way:—  
     God is love.
4. What though my heart and flesh shall fail!  
     God is love.  
 Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,  
     God is love.  
 Through Jordan's swell I will not fear;  
 My Jesus will be with me there,  
 My head above the waves to bear:—  
     God is love.

1. Hark!—what mean those ho - ly vol - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th' an - gel - ic

host re - joices; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them

chant, in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the highest— glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

2. Peace on earth—good will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found.  
 "Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,"  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!  
 Oh, receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

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

1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears, The sons of earth are

wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings

ti - dings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

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

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

4. Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thine onward way,  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay;  
 Stay not, till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not, till all the holy  
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

1. Re-joice in the Lord, Be-lieve in his word, Con-fide in his mer-cy and grace; His throne shall en-

-dure, His promise is sure, In him shall the righteous have peace, In him shall the righteous have peace.

2. Thrice happy are they  
 Who his precepts obey,  
 Who delight in the law of their God;  
 Their joys shall increase,  
 And their trials shall cease,  
 As they enter the heavenly abode.

3. What scenes will arise,  
 As they pass through the skies,  
 What raptures their bosoms will fill,

As their harps they employ,  
 In the fulness of joy,  
 On the height of some heavenly hill!

4. Rejoice in the Lord,  
 Believe in his word,  
 Confide in his mercy and grace;  
 His throne shall endure,  
 His promise is sure,  
 In him shall the righteous have peace.

1. Come, children, ere we part, Bless the Redeemer's name; Join every tongue and heart To celebrate his fame,—  
2. If here we meet no more, May we in realms a-bove, With all the saints, a-dore Redeeming grace and love.

Chorus.

Jesus, the children's Friend, Him whom our souls adore, His praises have no end; Praise him for ever - more.  
Jesus, the children's Friend, &c.

*Fine.* *D. C.*

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

2. Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?  
 Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high:  
 Grieve not that love  
 Which from above—  
 Child of sin and sorrow—  
 Would bring thee nigh.
3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee  
 Through that long to-morrow, eternity?  
 Exiled from home,

- Darkly to roam,—  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou flee?
4. Child of sin and sorrow lift up thine eye!  
 Hailrship thou canst borrow in worlds on high  
 In that high home,  
 Graven thy name:  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Swift homeward fly!

1. { Lit - tle child, do you love Je - sus? Oh, how he loves! }  
 { Do you wish to go to heav - en? Oh, how he loves! }  
 d. c. Je - sus lit - tle chil - dren bless - es; Oh, how he loves!

D. C.

First of all ask his for - give - ness With your heart, al - though quite help - less;

2. He will listen to your prayer;  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Feed you by his tender care;  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 He became a child just like you;  
 Here he suffer'd to redeem you;  
 And at last he died to save you;  
 Oh, how he loves!
3. Yes, dear Jesus, we will love thee;  
 Oh, we will love!  
 Trusting in thy grace to aid us,  
 Oh, we will love!

- And with thee to guide and bless us,  
 Tread the heavenly way before us,  
 Singing still, in joyful chorus,  
 Oh, how he loves!
4. Then, in you bright world of glory,  
 Oh, there we'll sing!  
 There we'll ever bow before thee:  
 Oh, there we'll sing!  
 And, with happy spirits blending,  
 Swell the song that has no ending,  
 Ever loving, ever singing,  
 Oh, how he loves!

MODERATO.

1. Great Shepherd of thy sheep, Who all thy flock dost keep, Lead-ing by wa-ters calm,

Do thou my foot-steps guide, To fol-low by thy side, Make me thy lit-tle lamb.

2. I fear I may be torn  
By many a sharp-set thorn,  
As far from thee I stray;  
My weary feet may bleed,  
For rough are paths which lead  
Out of thy pleasant way.

3. But when the road is long,  
Thy tender arm, and strong,  
The weary one will bear;  
And thou wilt wash me clean,  
And lead to pastures green,  
Where all the flowers are fair,

4. Till, from the soil of sin  
Cleansed and made pure within,  
Dear Saviour, whose I am,  
Thou bringest me in love,  
To thy sweet fold above,  
A little snow-white lamb.

Hy. 96. (19, 272, 356.)

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?  
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4. While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

1st. 2nd.

1. { Lit - tle children, can you tell, Do you know the sto - ry well,  
Ev - ery girl and ev - ery boy, Why the an - gels [Omit] sing for joy On the Christmas morning?

2. { Shepherds sat upon the ground, Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round,  
When the brightness fill'd the sky, And a song was [Omit] heard on high, On the Christmas morning.

3. "Joy and peace," the angels sang,  
Far the pleasant echoes rang,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"  
Hark! the angels sing it still  
On the Christmas morning.
4. For a little babe that day,  
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay,  
Born on earth our Lord to be:  
This tho wondering angels see  
On the Christmas morning.

5. Let us sing the angels' song,  
And the pleasant sounds prolong:  
This fair babe of Bethlehem  
Children loves, and blesses them  
On the Christmas morning.
6. "Peace" our little hearts shall fill,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"  
Hear us sing the angels' song,  
And the pleasant notes prolong,  
On the Christmas morning.

## Hy. 225. (38, 39, 291, 454.) ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. Grace!—'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear Heaven with the ech - o

shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.

3. Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone  
And well deserves the praise.

GLIDING.

1. I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Wea-ry, op-press'd; But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest.

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

2. I'm a weary traveler here,  
I must go on;  
For my journey's end is near,  
I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give  
Win me away;  
Pleasures that forever live;  
I cannot stay.
3. I'm a traveler to a land  
Where all is fair,  
Where is seen no broken band;  
Saints all are there.  
Where no tear shall ever fall,  
No heart be sad;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.

4. I'm a traveler, and I go  
Where all is fair;  
Farewell all I've loved below,  
I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,  
All I resign;  
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,  
If heaven be mine.
5. I'm a traveler; call me not:  
Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot:  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I roam;  
Hail me not; in vain you call:  
Yonder's my home.

1. { How sweet is the Sabbath to me, The day when the Saviour arose !  
 'Tis heaven his beauties to see, And [Omit.] in his soft arms to re-  
 D. C. But if he will make me his child, I'll [Omit.] nev-er for-sake him a -

- pose ; He knows I am weak and de-filed, My life is but emp-ty and vain ;  
 - gain.

2. This day he invites me to come :  
 He kindly he bids me draw near !  
 He offers me heaven for home,  
 And wipes off the penitent tear :  
 He offers to pardon my sin,  
 And keep me from every snare ;  
 To sprinkle and cleanse me within,  
 And show me his tenderest care.

3. I cannot, I must not, refuse ;  
 His goodness has conquer'd my heart :  
 The Lord for my portion I choose,  
 And bid all my folly depart.  
 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,  
 The day my Redeemer arose !  
 'Tis heaven his beauties to see,  
 And in his soft arms to repose.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he  
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that

call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then,  
I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

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

4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepa-  
re  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven:  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

1. For a season call'd to part, Let us now ourselves commend To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever-present Friend.  
2. Jesus, hear our humble pray'r: Tender Shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mercy and thy care All our souls in safety keep.

1. Morn a - mid the mountains—Lovely sol - i - tude! Gushing streams and fountains Murmur, "God is good."  
2. Now the glad sun, breaking, Pours a gold-en flood; Deepest vales, a - wak-ing, Ech - o, "God is good."

**Chorus.** *p* *p* *1st time. Repeat p* *2d time.*

Murmur, murmur, murmur, "God is good," Murmur, murmur, murmur, "God is good." murmur, "God is good."  
Ech - o, ech - o, ech - o, "God is good," Ech - o, ech - o, ech - o, "God is good." ech - o, "God is good."

3. Hymns of praise are ringing  
Through the leafy wood:  
Songsters, sweetly singing,  
Warble, "God is good."  
Warble, warble, warble, "God is good."

4. Wake, and join the chorns,  
Child, with soul endued;  
God, whose smile is o'er us,  
Evermore is good.  
Ever, ever, evermore is good.

Hy. 445. (430, 431, 434.)

OLMUTZ. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Once more, before we part, We'll bless the Saviour's name: Record his mercies, every heart; Sing, every tongue,  
2. May we receive his word, And feed thereon and grow, Go on to seek and know the Lord, And practice what we know. <sup>[the same.]</sup>

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly solemn sound! Let all the na - tions

know, To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The

year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.

2. Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb,  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the lands proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mournful souls, be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }  
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power. }  
 v. c. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

Turn, &c.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him.

Turn, &c.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.

Turn, &c.

5. Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
 On the bloody tree behold him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies.

Turn, &c.

Hy. 224. (297, 320.)

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

NOT TOO FAST.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - nel's veins; And

FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

*Final, p*

sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. The dying thief rejoiced to see<br/>That fountain in his day;<br/>And there may I, as vile as he,<br/>Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3. Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood<br/>Shall never lose its power<br/>Till all the ransom'd church of God<br/>Be saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream<br/>Thy flowing wounds supply,<br/>Redeeming love has been my theme,<br/>And shall be, till I die.</p> <p>5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,<br/>I'll sing thy power to save,<br/>When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue<br/>Lies silent in the grave.</p> |
|--|--|

Hy. 135. (77.)

LISCHER. H. M.

DR. L. MASON. From "CAR. SAC."

1. { Welcome, delightful morn! Thon day of sacred rest;  
I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest. }  
2. { Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face; } From low delights and trifling toys I soar to reach im - [and  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know

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

- mor-tal joys, I soar to reach..... im - mor - tal joys.  
fear the Lord, And learn to know..... and fear the Lord.  
I soar to reach

1. Would you be as an-gels are? Sing, sing his praise; Would you banish every care? Sing, sing his praise;  
2. If the world upon you frown, Sing, sing his praise; If you're left to sing a - lone, Sing, sing his praise;

Like the lark upon the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring, Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing his praise.  
If sad tri - als come to you, As to every one they do, For that they are blessings too, Sing, sing his praise.

Hy. 12. (33, 203, 275.)

BOYLSTON. S. M.

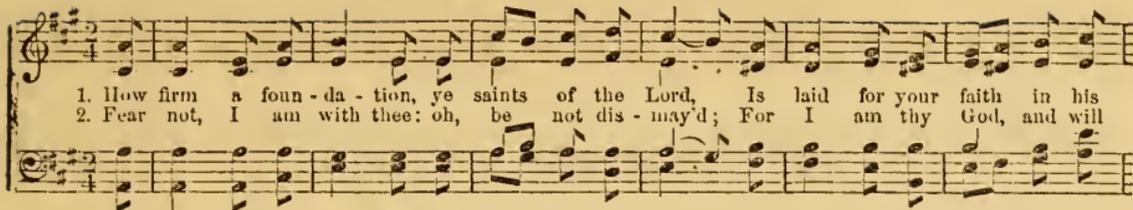
DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

1. Lord, fix our wandering thoughts, Thy sacred word to hear With deep attention and with love, With reverence and with <sup>fear</sup>.

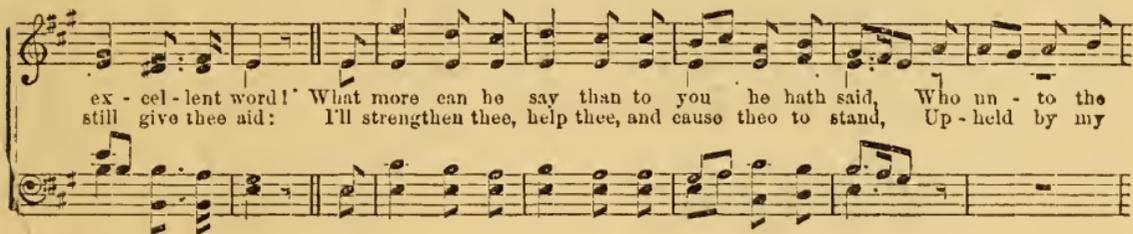
2. Let us remember still  
That God is present here;  
And let our hearts be all engaged  
When we draw near in prayer.

3. And when the humble notes  
Of praise our lips employ,  
Give us to taste the sweet delight  
Which saints in heaven enjoy.

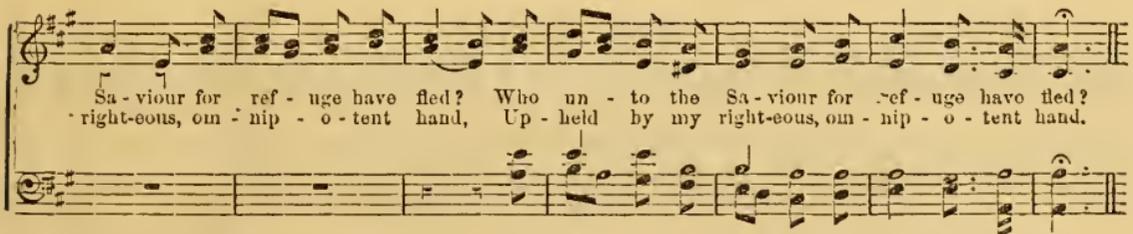
4. Oh, may thy sacred word  
Sink deep in every breast,  
And let us all by grace be brought  
To Christ, the promised rest.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his  
2. Fear not, I am with thee: oh, be not dis - may'd; For I am thy God, and will



ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un - to the  
still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my



Sa - viour for ref - uge have fled? Who un - to the Sa - viour for ref - uge have fled?  
- right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
5. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

1. } Thanks to our heavenly Fa - ther, Tho' an - gels tune his praise, } Thanks to our heavenly Fa - ther, Who  
 He will per - mit his chil - dren Their humble song to raise.

love pro - tects us here, And spares us yet to wel - come An - oth - er hap - py year.

2. For all the years departed,  
 For all the years to come,  
 For all the thousand blessings  
 That crown our happy home,

For all our loving kindred,  
 For all the friends we claim,  
 We thank our heavenly Father,  
 And bless his holy name.

Hy. 125.

BOOK OF GRACE.

Arr. by DR. HASTINGS

1. Book of grace, and book of glory ! Gift of God to age and youth ; Wondrous is thy sacred story, — Bright bright with truth.

2. Book of love ! in accents tender,  
 Speaking unto such as we ;  
 May it lead us, Lord, to render  
 All, all to thee.

3. Book of hope ! the spirit sighing,  
 Consolation finds in thee ;  
 As it hears the Saviour crying,  
 " Come, come to me."

4. Book of peace ! when nights of sorrow  
 Fall upon us drearily,  
 Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,  
 Full, full of thee.

5. Book of life ! when we, reposing,  
 Bid farewell to friends we love,  
 Give us, for the life then closing,  
 Life, life above.

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend; Come, let us sing of

Je - - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly friend: His ho - ly soul re - joi - - ces, A -

- mid the choirs a - bove, To hear our youth-ful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in his love.

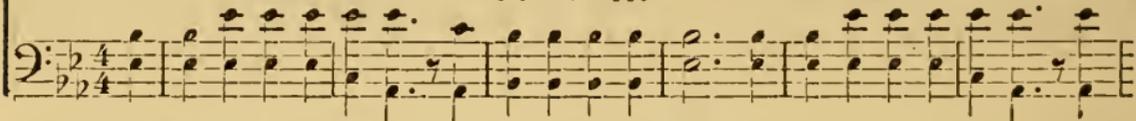
2. We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who wept our path along;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
The tempted and the strong:  
None who besought his healing,  
He pass'd unheeded by;  
And still retains his feeling  
For us above the sky.

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

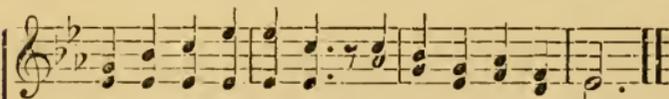
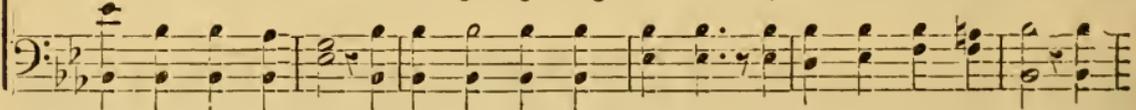
4. Then let us sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout eternal day:  
For those who here confess him,  
He will in heaven confess;  
And faithful hearts that bless him,  
He will forever bless.



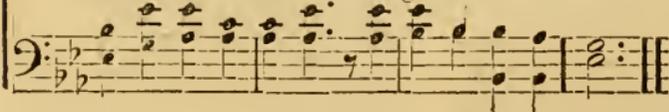
1. To-day we come with singing And gladness in our breast, Our blooming offerings bringing, For  
 2. We come with ex-ul-ta-tiou, A joy-ful, happy band, Proclaiming free salvation To



God has great-ly blest. We spread our flow-ing ban - ners, And lift our voi - ces high, Our chil-dren of our land. Loud ring the glow-ing an-them! Oh, shout, "A Sa-viour slain!" And



hymns and glad hosannas Resounding thro' the sky.  
 let the mountains echo The glories of his name.



3. Our souls be fill'd with gladness:  
 Let rapture swell the breast;  
 Ten thousand hearts are beating  
 For children in the West.  
 Shout, shout, ye saints in triumph!  
 The Conqueror comes to reign;  
 Let earth exalt her Saviour,  
 And bless Immanuel's name.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission*

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand; Where A - fric's sun - ny

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From

many a palm - y plain,—They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What though the splay 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 strew'd;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation? Oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd 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 ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

120 Hy. 339. (184, 211.) I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

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

Sa - viour, So glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest mu - sic, And praise him day and night.

2. I never would be weary,  
 Nor ever shed a tear,  
 Nor ever know a sorrow,  
 Nor ever feel a fear;  
 But, blessed, pure and holy,  
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
 And with ten thousand thousands  
 Praise him both day and night.
3. I know I'm weak and sinful,  
 But Jesus will forgive;  
 For many little children  
 Have gone to heaven to live.

- Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
 And lay me down to die,  
 Oh, send a shining angel  
 To bear me to the sky.
4. Oh, there I'll be an angel,  
 And with the angels stand,  
 A crown upon my fore-head,  
 A harp within my hand.  
 And there, before my Saviour,  
 So glorious and so bright,  
 I'll join the heavenly music,  
 And praise him day and night.

Hy. 451. (3, 30, 398, 448, 450, 452.) OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

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

1. I ought to love my mother: She loved me long a - go; There is on earth no oth - er That  
D. S. me no self - de - ni - al, Nor

*Fine.* ev - er loved me so. When a weak babe, much tri - al I caused her, and much care; For  
la - bor did she spare. *D. S.*

2. When in my cradle lying,  
Or on her loving breast,  
She gently hush'd my crying,  
And rock'd her babe to rest;  
When any thing has ail'd me,  
To her I told my grief;  
Her fond love never fail'd me  
In finding some relief.
3. What sight is that which, near me,  
Makes home a happy place,  
And has such power to cheer me?—  
It is my mother's face.

- What sound is that which ever  
Makes my young heart rejoice  
With tones that tire me never?—  
It is my mother's voice.
4. When she is ill, to tend her  
My daily care shall be:  
Such help as I can render  
Will all be joy to me.  
Though I can ne'er repay her  
For all her tender care,  
I will honor and obey her  
While God our lives shall spare.

1. } Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove ; }  
 Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces : Je - sus reigns, the God of love. } See, he sits on yon - der

throne! Je - sus rules the world a - lone. Hal - lo - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens  
 All above, and gives it worth ;  
 Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth :  
 When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine.
3. King of glory, reign forever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown ;  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever

- Those whom thou hast made thine own,—  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Chosen to behold thy face.
4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing,  
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away !  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing  
 Glory, glory, to our King!

## Hy. 27. (207, 237, 405.)

## SICILIAN HYMN. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. Sa - vour, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion ; Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain :  
 2. Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, — Shine up - on us from on high,

All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.  
Lest, for want of thine as - sist - ance, Ev - ery plant should droop and die.

3. Let our ar - tual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant  
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4. Break the tempter's fatal power;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

Hy. 270. (87, 121, 455.)

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

Spanish.

1. Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gently lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears, Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,  
D. S. Let thy goodness nev - er fail us,

*Fine.* Till our last great change appears: When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
Lead us in thy per - feet way. *D. S.*

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear;

And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us on thy bosom rest,  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. { Hear, O sin - ner! mer - cy hails you, Now with sweet - est voice she calls; }  
 Bids you haste to seek the Sa - viour, Ere the hand of jus - tice falls; }

2. { Haste, O sin - ner, to the Sa - viour! - Seek his mer - cy while you may; }  
 Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass a - way! }

Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus; 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.  
 Haste to Je - sus, Haste to Je - sus; You must per - ish if you stay.

1. Jesus! tender Shepherd, hear me! Bless thy little lamb to-night! Thro' the darkness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning (light).

2. All this day thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank thee for thy care;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warm'd and fed me,—  
 Listen to my evening prayer.

3. Let my sins be all forgiven!  
 Bless the friends I love so well!  
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der,

Shakes the earth and veils the sky! "It is finish'd! It is finish'd!" Hear the dy-ing Saviour cry.

2. "It is finish'd!"—oh, what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;  
"It is finish'd!"  
Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finish'd,—all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finish'd,—all that God had promised;

Death and hell no more shall awe:  
"It is finish'd!"  
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name;  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

GENTLY.

1. { Sin - ners, will you scorn the mes - sage Sent in mer - cy from a - hove? }  
 { Ev - ery sen - tence, oh, how ten - der! - Ev - ery line is full of love: } Lis - ten

to it! Lis - ten to it! Ev - ery line is full of love!

2.  
 Hear the heralds of the gospel  
 News from Zion's King proclaim, -  
 "Pardon to each rebel sinner,  
 Free forgiveness in his name:"  
 Oh, how gracious!  
 Free forgiveness in his name.

1. To thy pastures green and fair, Saviour, let a child re - pair; I will nev - er stray from thee,  
 2. Like a gen - tle lamb, I'll stay In the meadows fresh and gay; Peace - ful and con - tent - ed there,

But thy fold my home shall be, But thy fold my home shall be.  
 Guard - ed by my Shep - herd's care, Guard - ed by my Shepherd's care.

3. By the waters still and clear,  
 I shall wander without fear;  
 Happy by my Shepherd's side,  
 All my wants shall be suppli'd.

4. Lord, wilt thou my shepherd be?  
 Help me then to follow thee;  
 At thy feet myself I cast,  
 Thee to serve while life shall last.

1. { Yes! we trust the day is break - ing, Joy - ful times are near at hand; }  
 God - the might - y God, is speak - ing By his word, in ev - ery land; } When he

choos - es, Darkness flies at his command, When he choos - es, Darkness flies at his com - mand.

2. Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
 To our hearts, to hear, each day,  
 Joyful news from far arriving,  
 How the gospel wins its way,  
 Those enlightening  
 Who in death and darkness lay.

2. God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
 Let thy people see thy hand;  
 Let the gospel be victorious  
 Through the world, in every land;  
 Then shall idols  
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

1. Now is th'accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now, sinners, come, without delay, And seek the Saviour's face.

2. Now is the accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to-day,  
 To-morrow it may be too late,  
 Then why should you delay?

3. Now is the accepted time,  
 The gospel bids you come;  
 And every promise in his word  
 Declares there yet is room.

4. Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
 And feast them with thy love:  
 Then will the angels swiftly cry,  
 To hear the news above.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:

Boys.

I am weak, but thou art mighty: Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven,

Girls. All.

Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open thou the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid the swelling stream divide;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us

now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to - day, — Day of all the week the best, Em-blem

of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2.  
While we seek supplies of grace  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciled face,  
Take away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.

3.  
As we meet, thy name to praise,  
Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes  
While we in thy house appear:  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4.  
May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints:  
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

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

night and day Tu - ning their tri - umph - ant song? Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain,

Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power, Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - minion, ev - ery hour.

2. These through fiery trials trod;  
 These from great affliction came,  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Seal'd with his eternal Name:  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

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

GENTLY.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine! Mine, to tell me  
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Sa - viour's love; Mine art thou to

whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.  
guide my feet; Mine, to judge, con - demn, ac - quit.

\* Without the Repeat.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou precious book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

1. { To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, Will make me hon - est, kind and good. As  
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school! It is the place I love; For there I learn the gold - en rule Which

chil - dren ought to be. }  
leads to joys a - bove. }

2.  
I know I should not steal nor use  
The smallest thing I see  
Which I should never like to looe  
If it belong'd to me.  
The Sunday-school, &c.

3.  
And this plain rule forbids me quite  
To strike an angry blow,

Because I should not tunk it right  
If others served me so.  
The Sunday-school, &c.

4.  
But any kindness they may need  
I'll do, whate'er it be;  
As I am very glad indeed  
When they are kind to me.  
The Sunday-school, &c.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee!  
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! Soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;

A - shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?  
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.

3.  
 Ashamed of Jesus,—that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

4.  
 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away;  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5.  
 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And, oh, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

1. Prayer is appointed to convey Long as they live should Christians pray,  
 The blessings God designs to give; For only while they pray they live.

2. If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,  
 If cares distract or fears dismay,  
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
 In every case still watch and pray.  
 3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
 Though thought be broken, language lame:

Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.  
 4. Depend on him, thou canst not fail;  
 Make all thy wants and wishes known:  
 Fear not, his merits must prevail;  
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - - wake, my tongue!  
2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest in - age of his grace;

Ho - san - na to th'e - ter - nal Name! And all his bound - less love pro - claim.  
God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his might - iest works out - done.

3. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme!  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4. Oh, may I reach that happy place  
Where he unveils his lovely face,  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

1. May I resolve with all my heart, With all my powers to serve the Lord; Nor from his precepts e'er depart, Whose service is a rich re-  
ward.

2. Oh, be his service all my joy!  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labors so divine.

3. Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determin'd choice,

To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4. Oh, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

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

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

3. Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and foes without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

## Hy. 237. (40, 93, 200, 227.) AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

1. Oh that my load of sin were gone, Oh that I could at last sub - mit

At Je - sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet!

2. Rest for my soul I long to find;  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind.  
And stamp thine image on mine heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove.  
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
5. I would, but thou must give the power:  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is within me, join To bless his ho - ly name.  
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His mercies bear in mind; Forget not all his ben - e - fits, Who is to thee so kind.

3. He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

4. He feeds thee with his love,  
Upholds thee with his truth;  
And, like the eagles, he renews  
The vigor of thy youth.

5. Then bless the Lord, my soul,  
His grace, his love, proclaim;  
Let all that is within me join  
To bless his holy name.

1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be -  
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days, thy power confess; But the blest vol - umie

hold thy word We read thy name in fair - er lines, We read thy name in fair - er lines.  
thou hast writ Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace, Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

4. Nor will thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light or feel the sun.

1. Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes; Teach and instruct me by thy word, And make me truly wise.

2. Make me to know and understand  
Thy whole revealed will;  
Fain would I learn to comprehend  
Thy love more clearly still.

3. Help me to read the Bible o'er  
With ever new delight;  
Help me to love its Author more;  
To seek thee day and night.

4. Oh, let it purify my heart,  
And guide me all my days;  
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,  
And thou shalt have the praise.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this... night, For all the bless - ings of the light;

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - - night - y wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill which I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself and thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Eise glorious at thy judgment-day.

4. Oh, let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!  
Sleep which shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

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

## Hy. 264. (45, 202, 261, 296.) PETERBORO'. C. M.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart made clean by thy rich blood So freely shed for me!

2.  
▲ heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne.—  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3.  
An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within!

4.  
A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect and right and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads.—  
A place than all besides more sweet:  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sense and sin molest no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
5. Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This throbbing heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

1. Alas! what hourly dangers rise, What snares beset my way! To heav'n, oh, let me lift my eyes, And hourly watch and pray.

2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears!  
My weak resistance,—ah, how vain!  
How strong my foes and fears!
3. O Lord, increase my faith and hope,  
When foes and fears prevail,

- And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
4. Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

1. How blest the righ - teons when he dies, When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest!

How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gen - tly heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
How bright the unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!
5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

1. Remember thy Creator now, In these thy youthful days; He will accept thine earliest vow; He loves thine earliest praise.  
2. Remember thy Creator now, Seek him while he is near; For evil days will come when thou Shall find no comfort here.

3. Remember thy Creator now,  
His willing servant be;  
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,  
He will remember thee.

4. Almighty God, our hearts incline  
Thy heavenly voice to hear;  
Let all our future days be thine,  
Devoted to thy fear.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare him;

room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.  
And heaven and nature sing, .....

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
For thorns infest the ground;

- He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

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

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

3. Great God, let all my hours be thine.  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

1. See the kind Shep-herd, Je-sus, stands, With all-en-gag-ing charms; Hark, how he calls his ten-der  
2. Per-mit them to ap-proach, he cries, Nor scorn their hum-ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as

lamb. Hark, how he calls his tender lambs, And folds them in his arms. these, For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an-gels came.

3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams  
Where living waters flow,  
And guide us to the fruitful fields  
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4. The feeblest lamb amid the flock  
Shall be its Shepherd's care;  
While folded in the Saviour's arms,  
We're safe from every snare.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem, my hap-py home! Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la-lors  
2. Oh, when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where con-gre-ga-tions

have an end, In joy and peace and thee? In joy and peace and thee?  
ne'er break up. And Sabbaths have no end? And Sabbaths have no end?

3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

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

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And  
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
crown him Lord of all; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

3.  
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4.  
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5.  
Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## Hy. 63. (158, 161, 311.)

## DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Almighty God, thy piercing eye Strikes thro' the shades of night, And our most secret actions lie All open to thy sight.  
2. There's not a sin that we commit, Nor wicked word we say, But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ Against the judgment day.

3.  
And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and published there?  
Be all exposed before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

4.  
Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,  
Upward I dare not look;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book

5.  
Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let his blood wash out my stains  
And answer for my guilt.

1. { There is a glorious world of light, A-bove the star-ry sky, }  
 { Where saints departed, cloth'd in white, Adore the Lord most high. } And hark! a-mid the sacred songs Those

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

2. Those are the hymns that we shall know  
 If Jesus we obey;  
 That is the place where we shall go  
 If found in wisdom's way;  
 This is the joy we ought to seek  
 And make our chief concern;  
 For this we come, from week to week,  
 To read and hear and learn.

3. Soon will our earthly race be run,  
 Our mortal name decay,  
 Children and teachers, one by one,  
 Must pass from earth away.  
 Great God, impress the serious thought  
 This day on every breast,  
 That both the teachers and the taught  
 May enter to thy rest.

## Hy. 402.

## CHANT No. 1.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence |  
 cometh . . . my | help.  
 2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven  
 . . . and | earth. ||  
 3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that  
 keepeth thee | will not | slumber.  
 4. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber..  
 nor | sleep. |

5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon  
 thy | right— | hand.  
 6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon  
 by | night. ||  
 7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall  
 pre- | serve thy | soul.  
 8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming  
 in, from this time forth, an | even for- | ever- | more.

1. How sweet is the Sab-bath, the morn-ing of rest, The day of the week which I sure-ly love best,  
2. Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day, And not spend a min-ute in tri-ling or play,

The morn-ing my Sa-viour a-rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter-ror and gloom,  
Remembering these seasons were gracions-ly given To teach me to seek and pre-pare 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.

Hy. 404.

CHANT No. 2.

E. ROBERTS.

1.  
From the recesses of a lowly spirit  
My humble prayer ascend: O, Father, hear it!  
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness,  
For: give its weakness.

2.  
I know, I feel, how mean and unworthy  
The lowly sacrifice I pour be-fore thee;  
What can I offer thee, O thou most holy,  
But sin and folly?

3.  
 Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,  
 Cold in our warmest vows and vain our truest  
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour.—our lips re-peat them,  
 Our hearts for-get them.

4.  
 We see thy hand: it leads us, it supports us,  
 We hear thy voice: it counsels, and it courts us:  
 And then we turn away! and still thy kindness  
 For-gives our blindness.

5.  
 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing  
 To every generous thought and grateful feeling?  
 Oh, who can hear the accents of thy mercy,  
 And never love thee?

6.  
 Kind benefactor! plant within this bosom  
 The seeds of holiness, and let them blossom  
 In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
 And spring eternal.

Hy. 214. (170.)

LESLIE. S. M. Double.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Fa-ther's  
 voice, I loved a-far to roam. p. s. did not love my Shep-herd's

*Fine.* *D. S. S.*

voice, I would not be con-troll'd. I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I  
 voice, I loved a-far to roam.

2.  
 The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
 The Father sought his child;  
 They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er deserts waste and wild;  
 They found me nigh to death,  
 Famish'd and faint and lone;  
 They bound me with the bands of love,  
 They saved the wandering one.

3.  
 Jesus my Shepherd is:  
 'Twas he that loved my soul,  
 'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,  
 'Twas he that made me whole;  
 'Twas he that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep,  
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
 'Twas he that still doth keep.

4.  
 No more a wandering sheep,  
 I love to be controll'd,  
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
 I love the peaceful fold,  
 No more a wayward child,  
 I seek no more to roam,  
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
 I love, I love his home.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly

race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

## Hy. 34. (61, 112.)

## FAWCETT. 8s &amp; 7s.

Arr. by E. ROBERTS.

WITH ENERGY.

1. Praise to God the great Creator, Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Praise to God from every tongue; Join the u - ni - versal song.

2. Father, source of all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise him for his love divine.

4. Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise;  
Then, enraptured, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

1. Lit-tle children, Jesus calls you, Listen to his blessed voice; Sinners try in vain to shun it, Christians hall it

and re-joyce. Come, then, children, join to sing Glo-ry to our Saviour-King. Glo-ry to our Saviour-King.

2. Little children, come to Jesus;  
See him still inviting stand;  
Hark! he bids you leave destruction,  
Calls you to the better land.  
Come, then, &c.

3. Little children, look to Jesus,  
Look to Jesus, look and live;  
Jesus suffer'd death to save you,  
Freest pardon he will give.  
Come, then, &c.

1. "Thy will be | done!" | In devious way  
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; |  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |  
"Thy will be | done." |

2. "Thy will be | done!" | If o'er us shine  
A gladd'ning and a | prosperous | sun, |

This prayer will make it more divine— |  
"Thy will be | done." |

3. "Thy will be | done!" | though shrouded o'er  
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort—one  
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |  
"Thy will be | done." |

\* Close by repeating to the first two measures, "Thy will be done."

1. Days and weeks and months returning, Bear us gen-tly down life's way: Still their lesson we are learning  
2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voices, Joy con-trols the hast-ing hour; None so sad but he re - joi - ces

Chorus.

With each an-ni - versary day.... We hail this day, so full of joy, And greet it with a song; We  
'Neath to-day's controlling power. We hail this day, &c.

hail this day, so full of joy, And greet it with a song.

3. Glad for classmates, and for teachers,  
Guiding us with gentle rule,  
Glad for all the gifts that reach us  
Thro' our own loved Sabbath-school.  
*Chorus.*—We hail, &c.
4. Yet, though glad, we'll still remember  
What the moments always say:  
Life must have its cold December,  
Just as surely as its May.  
*Chorus.*—We hail, &c.

1. Je-sus died my soul to save; Blessed truth! Blessed truth! Je-sus died my soul to save From a world of woe.



When he lived on earth a stranger, He had oft to fly from danger, That he might the work perform He had come to do.

2. Jesus had no home on earth ;  
Mournful truth! mournful truth!  
Jesus had no home on earth  
He could call his own:  
Yet he was the mighty Saviour,  
Living in his Father's favor,  
'Mid the dark and fearful scenes,  
Though he seem'd alone.

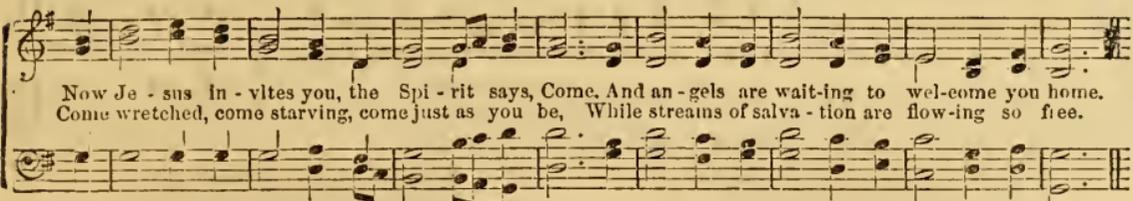
3. Jesus is in glory now:  
Joyful truth! joyful truth!  
Jesus is in glory now,  
In the world above:  
He has done with tears and sighing,  
Earth no more shall see him dying;  
Shout, my soul, thy song of praise,  
Thou shalt see his love.

Hy. 203. (177.)

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh?  
2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay Your hearts may grow better by stay-ing a-way!



Now Je-sus in-vites you, the Spi-rit says, Come, And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, While streams of salva-tion are flow-ing so free.

2. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive:  
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?  
It sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,  
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part:  
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?  
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded sin - ner whole; My na - ture is by  
 2. How kind is Je - sus, oh, how good! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood: For children's sake he

Chorus.

sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child. Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing, Let us praise him,  
 was re - viled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child. Sweetly, sweetly, &c.

praise him, bringing Hap - py voi - ces, voi - ces, ringing Like the songs of an - gels round the throne.

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

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

\* With same Chorus.

1. Oh, what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found, Suit-ed to ev - ery  
2. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds, Your ev - ery bur - den bring; Here love, un - chang-ing

sin - ner's case Who hears the joy - ful sound!  
love, a - - bounds.—A deep, ce - les - tial spring.

3.  
This spring with living water flows,  
And heavenly joy imparts;  
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts.

4.  
Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

## Hy. 28. (104, 286.)

## ESSEX. 7s. 6 lines.

*Fine.* *D. C.*

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

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

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

1. { Like.. mist on the mountain, Like ships on the sea, }  
 { So.... swift - ly the years Of our pil - grim-age flee. } In the grave of our  
 2. { How.. sweet are the flow' - rets In.... A - pril and May! }  
 { But.. oft - en the frost.... Makes them with - er a - way. } Like.... flowers you may

fa - thers How soon shall we lie! Dear chil - dren, to - day To the Sa - viour fly.  
 fade: Are you read - y to die? While "yet there is room," To a Sa - viour fly.

3. When Samuel was young,  
 He first knew the Lord;  
 He slept in his smile  
 And rejoiced in his word:  
 So most of God's children  
 Are early brought nigh:  
 Oh, seek him in youth,  
 To a Saviour fly.

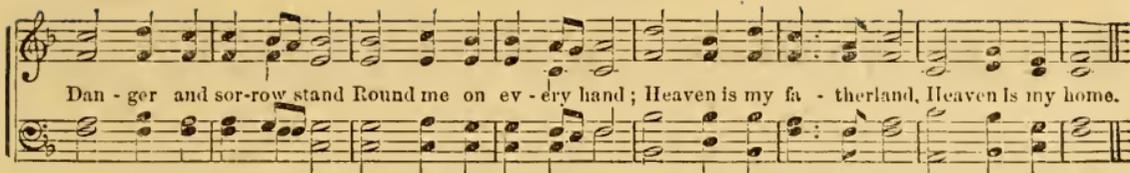
4. Do you ask me for pleasure?  
 Then lean on his breast;  
 For there the sin-laden  
 And weary find rest.  
 In the valley of death  
 You will triumphing cry,  
 "If this be call'd dying,  
 'Tis pleasant to die."

Hy. 337.

OAK. 6s &amp; 4s.

DR. L. MASON. *By permission.*

1. I'm but a trav - eler here, Heaven is my home. Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home.



Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - ery hand ; Heaven is my fu - therland, Heaven is my home.

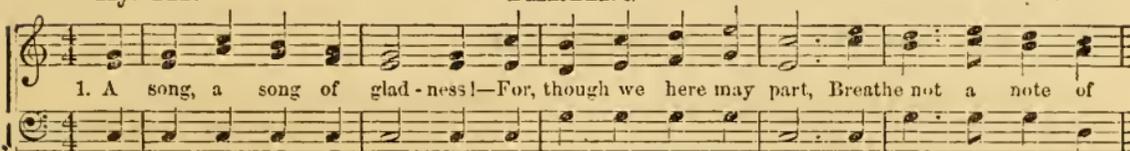
2. What though the tempest rage?  
Heaven is my home.  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home.  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There are the good and blest,—  
Those I love most and best;  
There, too, I soon shall rest;  
Heaven is my home.

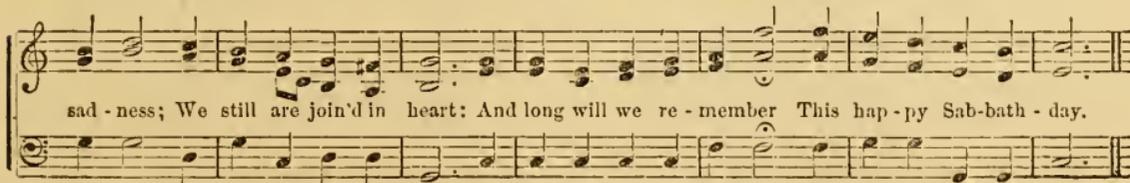
Hy. 442.

PARTING

SAMUEL ASHMEAD.



1. A song, a song of glad - ness!—For, though we here may part, Breathe not a note of



sad - ness; We still are join'd in heart: And long will we re - member This hap - py Sab - bath - day.

2. Around thy throne of glory,  
Blest Jesus, angels sing,  
Telling to all the story  
Of Christ, the Saviour-King:  
'Tis this that tunes our voices  
This happy Sabbath-day.

3. Send us a parting blessing,  
O Father, from above;  
May we, thy grace possessing,  
Be saved, to sing thy love,  
And spend in heaven, forever,  
A long and happy day!

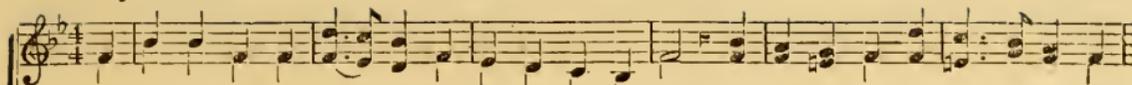


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. COME unto me, all ye that labor and are  <br/> heavy   laden,    and I will   give you  <br/> rest.   </p> <p>2.* Take my yoke upon you, and   learn of   me;   </p> | <p>for I am meek and lowly in heart; and<br/> ye shall find rest un-   to your   souls.   </p> <p>3. For my   yoke is   easy,    and my   burden is<br/>   light.  </p> |
|--|---|

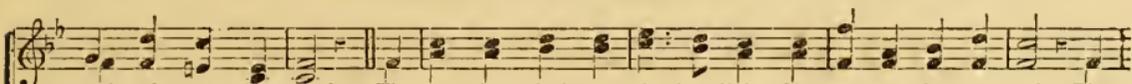
## HYMN 333.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. ONE sweetly   solemn   thought   <br/> Comes to me   o'er and   o'er:   <br/> I'm nearer my   home to-   day   <br/> Than I've ever   been be-   fore.</p> <p>2. Nearer my   Father's   house,   <br/> Where the many   mansions   be;   <br/> Nearer the   great white   throne,   <br/> Nearer the   jasper   sea:   </p> <p>3. Nearer the   bound of   life   <br/> Where we lay our   burdens   down,   <br/> Nearer   leaving my   cross,   <br/> Nearer   wearing my   crown.   </p> | <p>4. But lying   darkly be-   tween,   <br/> Winding down   through the   night,   <br/> Is that dim and   unknown   stream   <br/> Which leads at   last to   light.   </p> <p>5. Father,   perfect my   trust.   <br/> Strengthen my   feeble   faith,   <br/> Let me feel as   if I   trod   <br/> The shore of the   river   death.   </p> <p>6. For even   now my   feet   <br/> May stand up-   on its   brink;   <br/> I may be   nearer my   home,   <br/> Nearer now,   than I   think.   </p> |
|--|--|

\* Repeat the first part for the Second Verse.



1. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's holy Book of truth; The blessed staff of hoar - y age, The  
 2. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, For pleasure or for pain; We'll buy the truth, and sell it not, For  
 3. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, But spread it far and wide, Un - til its sav - ing voice be heard Be -

guide of ear - ly youth, The sun that sheds a glo - rious light, O'er ev - ery dreary road, The  
 all that we might gain: Tho' man should try to take our prize By guile or eru - el might, We'll  
 - yond the roll - ing tide: Till all shall know its gra - cious power, And, with one voice and heart, Re -



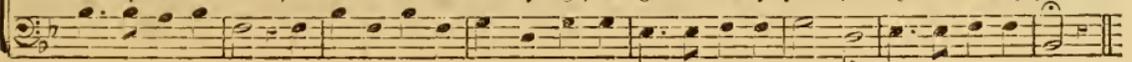
Chorus.



voice that speaks a Sa - vour's love And calls us home to God. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's  
 suf - fer all that man could do, And God de - fend the right! We'll not give up, &c.  
 - solve that from God's sacred Word We'll never, never part! We'll not give up, &c.




ho - ly Book of truth; The blessed staff of hoar - y age, The guide of early youth, The guide of ea - ly youth.



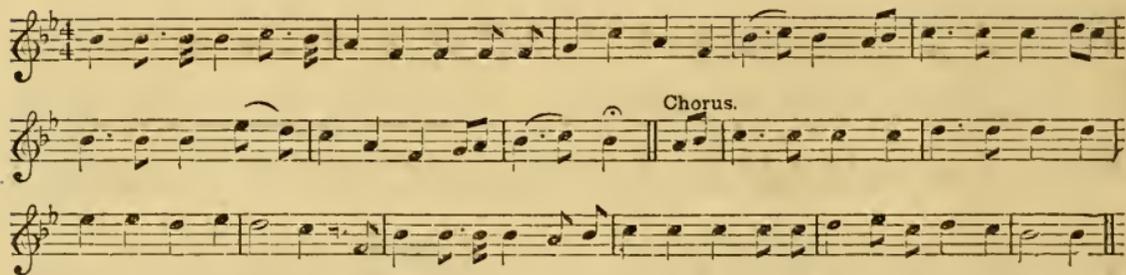
156 Hy. 407.

TEMPERANCE.



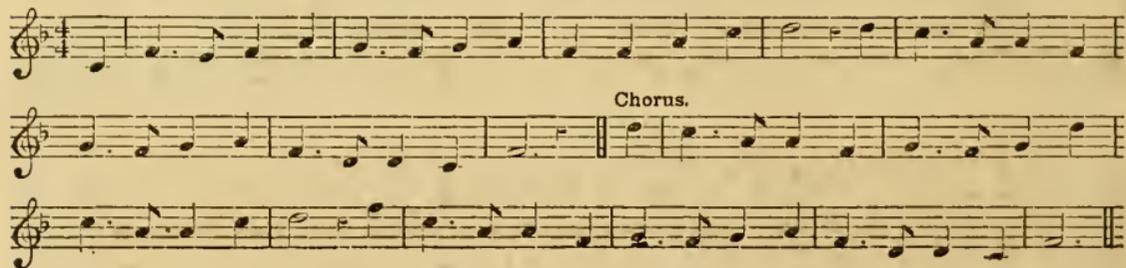
Hy. 413. (408.)

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.



Hy. 409.

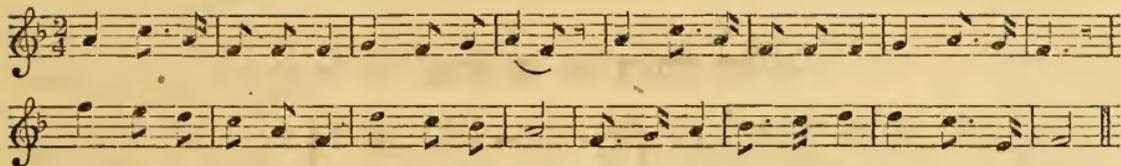
AULD LANG SYNE.



Hy. 417.

WANDERER, COME HOME.

157



Hy. 421.

TEMPERANCE CALL.



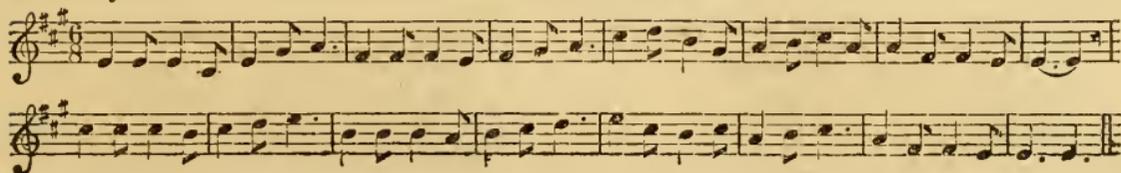
Hy. 423.

GO, GO, THOU THAT ENSLAVEST.



Hy. 424.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.



SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. WM. B. BRADBURY. *By permission.*  
From "GOLDEN CHAIN."

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's  
d. c. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer; And oft escaped the tempter's

*Fine.* *D. C.*

throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has often found re-lief;  
snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

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

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

# THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

159

WITH GENTLENESS.

W. M. B. BRADBURY. From the "GOLDEN CHAIN." By permission.



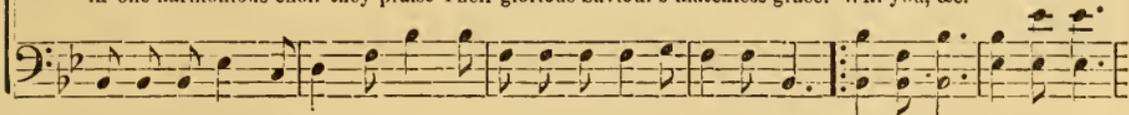
1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor-row free, The
2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The
3. In vi-sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I too be-hold; The
4. The heav-en-ly throng ar-rayed in white, In rap-ture range the plains of light; And



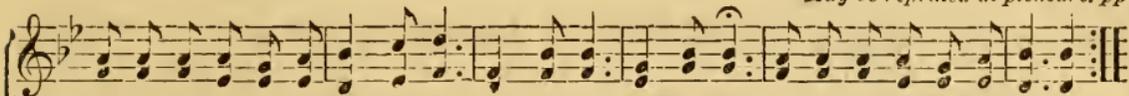
## Chorus.



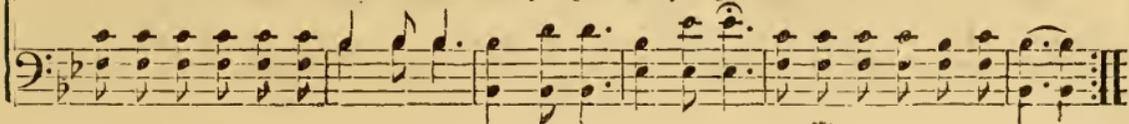
home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?  
 glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a-way. Will you, &c.  
 riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you, &c.  
 in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you, &c.



*May be repeated at pleasure. pp*



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

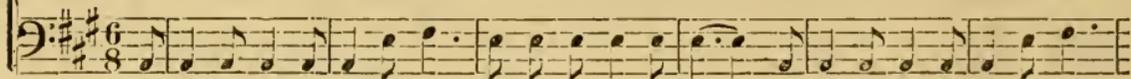


Words by H. L. FRISBIE.

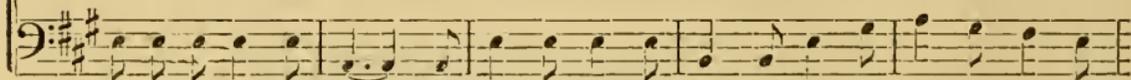
H. ROBERTS.



1. Je - ru - salem, so bright and fair, Beautiful land of rest! No gloomy night, nor sorrow there,
2. We long to see thy pearly gates, Beautiful land of rest! Oh, for its op'ning still we wait,



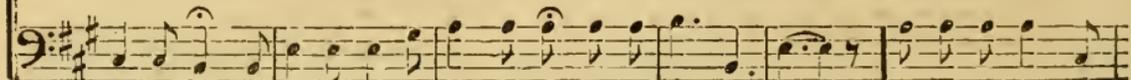
Beauti - ful land of rest! Je - sus, the Sun, for ev - er reigns O'er all those bright, ec -  
 Beauti - ful land of rest! And when our toils and cares are o'er, Those who have cross'd the



## Refrain.



- lestial plains, And angels sing in rapturous strains In the land of rest. Beauti - ful land of  
 stream before Will welcome us to Cauaan's shore, To the land of rest. Beauti - ful land, &c.



rest! Beau-ti-ful land of rest! Our wait-ing souls im-pa-tient stand To see the bor-ders

of that land, The stream of life, the angel band, In the land of rest, The beautiful land of rest.

3.

Our waiting heart with rapture beats,  
 Beautiful land of rest!  
 When shall we walk thy golden streets,  
 Beautiful land of rest!  
 We're marching onward, staff in hand,  
 Toward that holy, happy land,  
 And soon we'll meet the pilgrim band  
 In the land of rest.

*Chorus.* Beautiful land, &c.

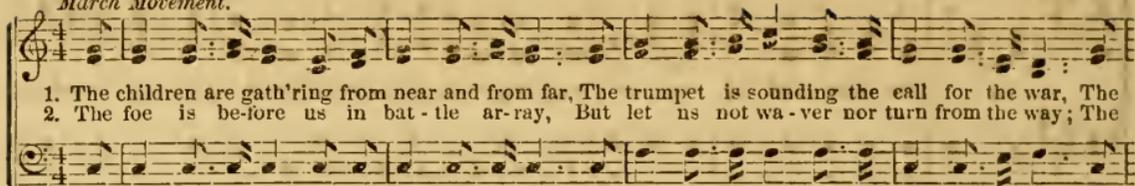
4.

Unto the river's banks we've come,  
 Beautiful land of rest!  
 Each moment brings us nearer home,  
 Beautiful land of rest!  
 There millions who've the vict'ry found,  
 Have laid their cross and armor down;  
 Still we are striving for the crown  
 In the land of rest.

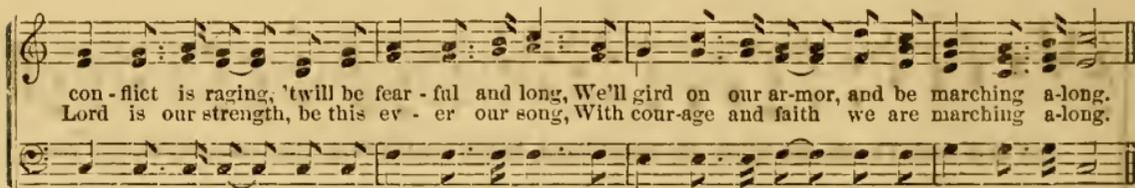
*Chorus.* Beautiful land, &c.

Words by R. P. CLARK.

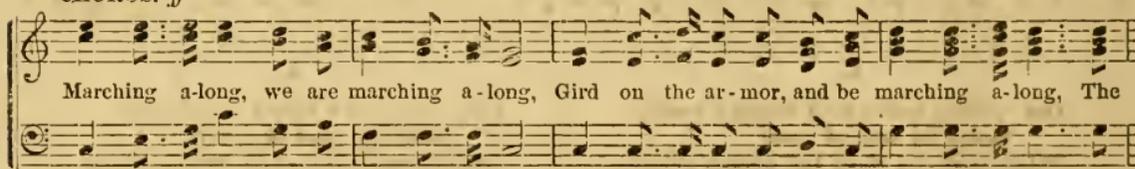
WM. B. BRADBURY.

*March Movement.*


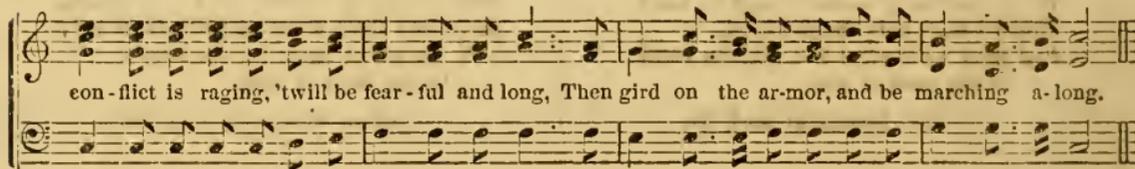
1. The children are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The  
2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wa-ver nor turn from the way; The



con-flict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, We'll gird on our ar-mor, and be marching a-long.  
Lord is our strength, be this ev-er our song, With cour-age and faith we are marching a-long.

CHORUS. *ff*


Marching a-long, we are marching a-long, Gird on the ar-mor, and be marching a-long, The



con-flict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, Then gird on the ar-mor, and be marching a-long.

3 We've listed for life, and will camp on the field,  
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;  
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,  
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.  
*Chorus.*—Marching along, &c.

4 Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,  
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin,  
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,  
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.  
*Chorus.*—Marching along, &c.

Hy. 461. OH, WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

*From "GOLDEN SHOWER." By permission.*

1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burd-en my soul, Like the waves in the  
2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled, And the friends I have  
3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall sub-due? Or the world in a

storm, When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of dis-tress o'er me roll? What shall I do?  
loved, From the earth are re-moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall, &c.  
day, Like a cloud roll a-way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall, &c.

what shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

4.  
O Lord! look in mercy on me,  
Come, O come, and speak peace to my soul:  
Unto whom shall I flee,  
Dearest Lord, but to thee, [whole.  
Thou canst make my poor broken heart  
That will I do! that will I do!  
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

## THERE IS BEAUTY ALL AROUND.

*Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON. By permission.*

1. There is beauty all around When there's love at home ; There is joy in every sound When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at

home. Love at home, love at home ; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

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

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

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

H. KINGSBURY. From "HAPPY VOICES." By permission.

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

## CHORUS.

ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we

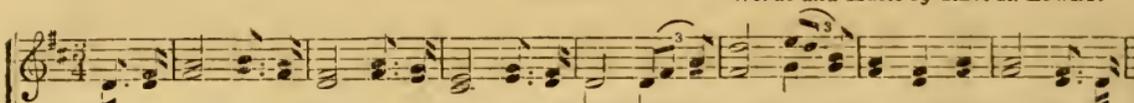
meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor  
When our stormy voyage is o'er:  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
By the fair celestial shore.—*Chorus.*

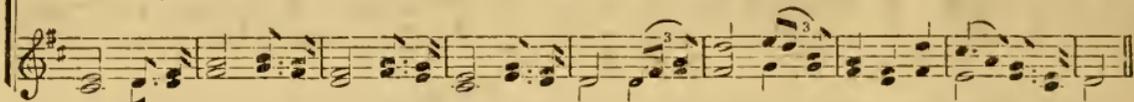
3 Where the music of the ransomed  
Rolls in harmony around,  
And creation swells the chorus  
With its sweet melodious sound.—*Chorus.*

4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
Torn on earth from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?—*Chorus.*

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When he comes to claim his own?  
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,  
And sit down upon his throne?—*Chorus.*

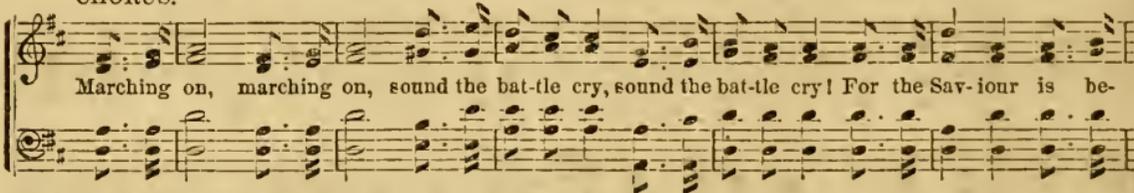
*Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY.*

1 Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from  
 2 Pressing on, pressing on to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we

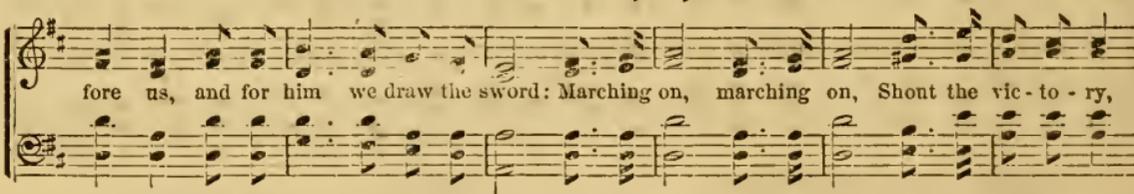


far; Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little sol-diers of Zi-on, prepared for the war.  
 go; 'Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rd the foe.

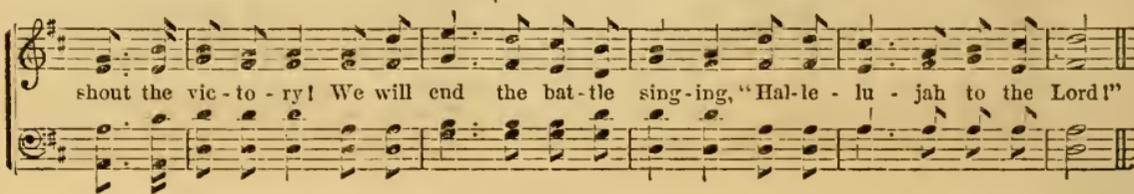
## CHORUS.



Marching on, marching on, sound the bat-tle cry, sound the bat-tle cry! For the Sav-iour is be-



fore us, and for him we draw the sword: Marching on, marching on, Shout the vic-to-ry,



shout the vic-to-ry! We will end the bat-tle sing-ing, "Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lord!"

3 Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,  
At the call of our Captain we draw every sword:  
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life;  
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.  
*Cho.*—Marching on, marching on, &c.

4 Singing on, singing on from the battle we come;  
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;  
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,  
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.  
*Cho.*—Marching on, marching on, &c.

Hy. 464.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

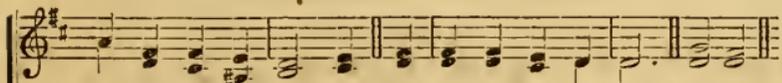
JOYOUSLY.



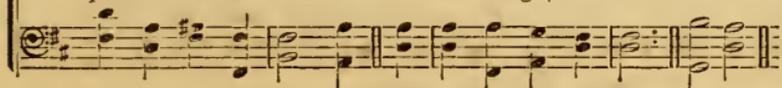
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion  
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel,



Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not—oh, I know not, What joys a-wait us there, What  
And all the mar-tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - renc; The



ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare. A - men.  
pastures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glorious sheen.



3.

There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
Forever and forever,  
Are clad in robes of white.  
Amen.

## WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

*From the "SONG GARDEN." By permission of MASON BROTHERS.*

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid spring-  
[ing flowers;

*cres.*  
Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is  
[done.

2.  
Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute

Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3.  
Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;

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

## Hy. 467.

## ANGELS ARE WAITING.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

T. C. O'KANE. *From "SINGING PILGRIM." By permission.*DUET. *Moderato.*

1. They are wait - ing for the com - ing An - gels on the oth - er shore;  
Wait - ing to re - ceive the ran - somed, When the storms of life are o'er;

Watching at the shining por - tals Of our Fa - ther's mansiou fair; They will strike their harps of

## FULL CHORUS.

glo - ry, They will bid us wel - come there. They are wait - ing, waiting, wait - ing, An - gels

on the oth - er shore; Waiting to re - ceive the ransomed, When the storms of life are o'er.

- 2 They are waiting for the aged,  
Those who long the way have trod;  
Waiting for the poor in spirit,  
Rich in faith and love to God;  
For the young and valiant soldiers,  
Who have nobly borne their part;  
For the self-denying Christian,  
For the meek, the pure in heart.—*Chorus.*
- 3 They are waiting for the heralds,  
Who in distant lands proclaim  
Life eternal, free salvation,  
Through a dying Saviour's name;

Waiting for the silent mourner,  
For the weary and oppressed,  
Who have borne their cross with patience,  
And are going home to rest.—*Chorus.*

- 4 In the sunny vales of Eden,  
By the river, clear and bright,  
Where the tree of life is planted,  
And our faith is lost in sight—  
We shall join the "church triumphant,"  
Free from sorrow, toil, and care:  
Every tie again united,  
There will be no parting there.—*Chorus.*

Wm. B. BRADBURY. From "NEW GOLDEN SHOWER." *By permission.*

1st time. 2d.

1. { Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; }  
 { Beyond the waking and the sleeping, [Omit.....] } Beyond the sowing and the reap-ing,

I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet The

dear ones all at home; Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

2.  
 Beyond the rising and the setting  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home! &c.

3.  
 Beyond the parting and the meeting  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home! &c.

4.  
 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
 Beyond the ever and the never,  
 I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home! &c.

In *Marching Movement*.WM. B. BRADBURY. From "FRESH LAURELS." *By permission.*

1. } We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God, and battle for the right, We will  
 In the Sunday-school our ar-my we prepare, As we rally round our blessed standard there. And the  
 D. C. We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where living waters flow; Come, and

*Fine.* CHORUS.

praise his name, rejoicing in his might, And we'll work till Jesus calls. }  
 Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls. } Then awake, then a-wake, happy  
 join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come, and work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, then awake,  
*D. C.*

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

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

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

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

\* TO THE LEADER.—*The effect of this piece will be heightened by singing the first part respectively.*

172 Hy. 470. HARK! THE MORNING BELLS ARE RINGING.

CHORUS.

1. { Hark! the morning bells are ringing! Children, haste without delay; } [ringing,  
 { Prayers of thousands now are winging Up to heav'n their silent way. } Come, children, come! the bells are

To the school with haste repair; Let us all u-nite in singing, All u-nite in sol-ern prayer.

- 2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,  
 Children meet for praise and prayer;  
 But the hour is short and fleeting,  
 Let us then be early there.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,  
 While you tarry by the way;

Nor disturb the school reciting,  
 'Tis the holy Sabbath day.—*Chorus.*

- 4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,  
 And the morning's bright and fair;  
 Thousands now unite in singing,  
 Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.—*Chorus.*

Hy. 463.

"EVEN ME."

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "GOLDEN CENSER." By permission.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;  
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather

Let some portion fall on me; E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some portion fall on me.  
 Let thy mer - cy fall on me; E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy mer - cy fall on me.

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

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

5.  
 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,—  
 Even me, Even me,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Hy. 471. WHO SHALL SING, IF NOT THE CHILDREN?

*Fine.*

1. { Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Je - sus die for them? }  
 { May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his di - a - dem? } Why to them were voices given—Bird-like  
 d. c. Why, unless the song of heaven They be - gin to prac - tice here?

*D. C.*  
 voices, sweet and clear—

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

3.  
 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,  
 Loved them with a wondrous love;  
 And will he, to heaven returning,  
 Faithless to his blessing prove?  
 Oh! they can not sing too early;  
 Fathers, stand not in their way!  
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—  
 Tell me, then, why should not they?

Words by REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

J. E. GOULD.

From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission.

TENDERLY.

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mortal ev - er heard; Oh! how it made my

heart re-joyce, And ev - 'ry feel-ing stirr'd; Oh! how it made my heart re-joyce, And  
D. S. And said, al-though with heart de-filed, I

*Fine. f* CHORUS. *D. S.*  
ev - 'ry feel-ing stirr'd! 'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild, He call'd me to his side,  
might in him con fide.

- 2 I saw his face, the fairest face  
That mortal ever saw;  
:|: I long'd the Saviour to embrace,  
From him new life to draw. :|:  
"Come unto me," he kindly said,  
"And I will give thee rest;  
The ransom-price I fully paid—  
Repent! believe! be blest!"
- 3 I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt;  
:|: Oh, how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt! :|:

- My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven,  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"
- 4 Dear Saviour, let me ever sing  
Thy praise, while I have breath;  
:|: Each night and morn my tribute bring,  
Until I sleep in death: :|:  
And then my soul, beyond the sky,  
Shall join, with sweet acclaim,  
With all the ransomed throng on high  
To praise Messiah's name.

Words by REV. WM. P. BREED, D.D.

From "SONGS OF GLADNESS." By permission.

1. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light, And ev - er blest em - ploy, Where struggling faith is

## CHORUS.

turn'd to sight, And sor - row turn'd to joy! There Je - sus sits en - throned, And

saints and an - gels round, Ring out the joy - ous psalm Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

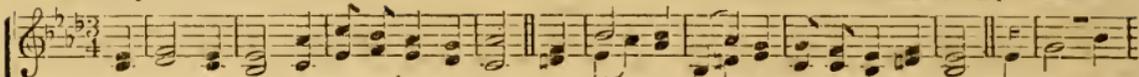
- 2 Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
 What gloom around us lay,  
 Till gleams of thee stole on our sight,  
 And changed our night to day!—*Cho.*
- 3 Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
 By Jesus' hand prepared,

How can I lose thee from my sight,  
 By worldly magic snared?—*Cho.*

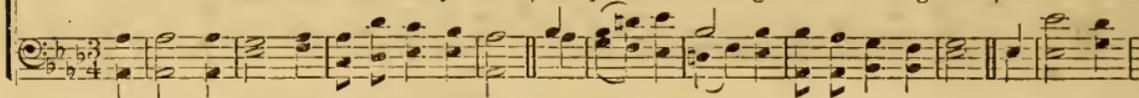
- 4 Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
 I long, I long for thee:  
 I long to tread the margin bright  
 Along the emerald sea.—*Cho.*

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

J. E. GOULD. From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission.



1. There is a spot of consecrated ground, Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found; 'Tis named (and  
2. 'Tis here a calm re-treat is always found; Per-  
petual sunshine gilds the sacred ground; Pure airs and



Christians love the well-known sound) The throne of grace.  
heavenly odors breathe around The throne of grace.

- 3 Saviour! the sinner's friend, our hope, our all!  
Here teach us humbly at thy feet to fall;  
Here on thy name with love and faith to call  
For pardoning grace.



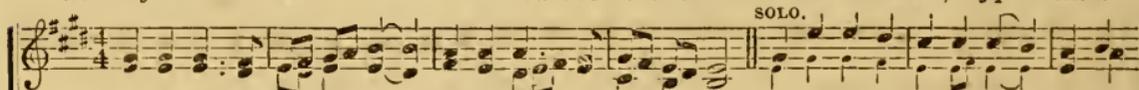
- 4 Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,  
Till, numbered with thy ransomed flock above,  
We cease to want, but never cease to love  
The throne of grace.

## Hy. 476.

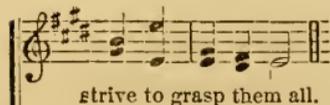
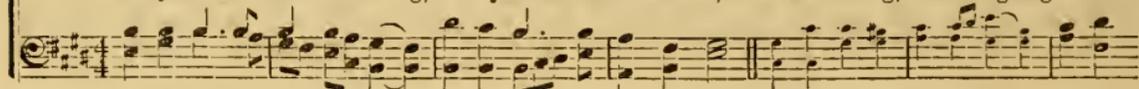
## ONE BY ONE.

Words by MISS PROCTER.

J. E. GOULD. From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission.



1. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going—Do not



strive to grasp them all.

- 2 One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily, when given—  
Ready, too, to let them go.

- 4 Every hour that fleets so slowly,  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.



- 3 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade, while others greet thee,  
Shadows passing through the land.

- 5 Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven, but one by one;  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

WITH EXPRESSION.

From "SONGS OF GLADNESS," by permission.

1. I have a Saviour—he's pleading in glo-ry, So precious, tho' earthly en-joyments be few; And  
 2. I have a Fa-ther—to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty, precious and true; And

now he is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me; But, oh, that my Sav-iour was your Saviour too!  
 soon will my spir-it be with him in heav-en; But, oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!

REFRAIN, for each verse. *rit.*

For you I am praying—I'm pray-ing for you!

3 I have a robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness—  
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
 Oh, when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,  
 Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace, and it's calm as a river—  
 A peace that the friend of the world never knew;  
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;  
 But, oh, could I know it was given to you!

(Tune "NEWPORT," on page 117.)

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 Good Shepherd, grant thy blessing<br/>         Upon thy lambs to-day;<br/>         Let thy kind hand caressing<br/>         On each head softly lay.<br/>         With praise we come before thee,<br/>         Our hearts all full of love;<br/>         On earth we would adore thee,<br/>         As angels do above.</p> | <p>2 They call us "Lambs of Jesus,"<br/>         And such we wish to be;<br/>         Oh, how that name would please us<br/>         If heard pronounced by thee!<br/>         "Lambs of the flock!" dear Saviour,<br/>         We follow in thy way,<br/>         Look on us each with favor,<br/>         And never let us stray.</p> | <p>3 With heavenly pasture feed us,<br/>         In meadows green and fair;<br/>         By the still waters lead us,<br/>         And make us all thy care.<br/>         Safe through each vale of sorrow<br/>         Lead thou the gloomy way,<br/>         Until we see the morrow<br/>         Of an eternal day.</p> |
|---|---|--|

## 13. 6s &amp; 5s.

[Tune, page 41.]

1. Our Father in Heaven,  
We hallow thy name!  
May thy kingdom holy  
On earth be the same!  
Oh, give to us daily  
Our portion of bread;  
It is from thy bounty  
That all must be fed.
2. Forgive our transgressions,  
And teach us to know  
That humble compassion  
That pardons each foe;  
Keep us from temptation,  
From weakness and sin;  
And thine be the glory  
Forever, amen!

## 1-4. C. M.

[Tune, p. 141.]

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unutter'd or express'd;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold, he prays."

## 23. 7s &amp; 6s.

[Tune, p. 116.]

1. Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And, in thy closet kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
2. Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And blend with each petition  
Thy Great Redeemer's name.
3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Thy spirit lifts above,  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Where dwells eternal love.
4. Oh, not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,—  
The grace our Father gives us,  
To pour our souls in prayer;  
Whene'er thou art in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall;  
Remember, too, in gladness,  
His love who gave thee all.

## 26. C. M.

[Tune, p. 5.]

1. I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care,

And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
4. I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempest driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## 32. 7s.

[Tune, p. 17.]

1. GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.
2. Fain I would to thee be brought  
Gracious God, forbid it not:  
In the kingdom of thy grace  
Give a little child a place.
3. Oh, supply my every want,  
Feed the young and tender plant;  
Day and night my keeper be,  
Every moment watch round me.

## 39. S. M.

[Tune, p. 106.]

1. AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love;  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the exalted King.
4. Soon we shall hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come;"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.
5. Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praises proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## 49. L. M.

[Tune, p. 136.]

1. AWAKE, my soul in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,  
He justly claims a song from thee,—  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate,—  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,—  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
4. Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart;

But though I oft have him forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.

5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail,  
Oh! may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.

## 60. 7s.

[Tune, p. 126.]

1. GLORY to the Father give,  
God, in whom we move and live;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.
2. Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King,  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
He reclaims the sinner lost;  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
4. Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

## 62. C. M.

[Tune, p. 140.]

1. Using the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food,  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.

4. There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes his glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow,  
By order from his throne.

## 66 S. M.

[Tune, p. 127.]

1. COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
2. He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.
4. To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your Gracious God.

## 68. 7s.

[Tune, p. 17.]

1. Poor and needy though I be,  
God, my Maker, cares for me;  
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
Gives me all I have of good.
2. He will listen when I pray,  
He is with me night and day,  
When I sleep and when I wake,  
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.
3. He who reigns above the sky  
Once became as poor as I;  
He whose blood for me was shed  
Had not wrore to lay his head.

4. Though I labor here awhile,  
He will bless me with his smile  
And when this short life is past,  
I shall rest with him at last.

## 76. 7s.

[Tune, p. 54.]

1. WHEN I sleep, and when I wake  
When my d'ily walks I take,  
Though my eyes no God can see,  
Still he ever looks at me.
2. When I speak a wicked word,  
By my Saviour t is heard;  
Though I seek from God to flee,  
Still from Heaven he looks at me.
3. When I break this Holy day,  
And indulge in sinful play,  
Could I still so thoughtless be,  
If I felt he looks at me?
4. When with wicked ones I play,  
When my heart for-gets to pray,  
Though I may forgetful be,  
Still my Saviour looks at me.
5. When my angry passions rise,  
God can hear my sinful cries;  
When rebellious I would be,  
Still he ever looks at me.
6. Every disobedient word,  
False or cross, in heaven is heard,  
Though no human eye can see,  
God, my Saviour looks at me.

## 77. H. M.

[Tune, p. 113.]

1. WHEN little Samuel woke,  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word he spoke,  
How much did he rejoice!  
Oh, blessed, happy child! to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2. If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend,  
How happy should I be!  
Oh, how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.
3. And does he never speak?  
Oh, yes; for in his word  
He bids me come and seek,  
The God whom Samuel heard:  
In almost every page I see,  
The God of Samuel calls to me.
4. And I, beneath his care,  
May safely rest my head;  
I know that God is there,  
To guard my humble bed:  
And every sin I may well fear,  
Since God Almighty is so near.
5. Like Samuel, let me say,  
Whene'er I read his word,  
"Speak, Lord; I would obey  
The voice that Samuel heard:"  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

## 84. C. M.

[Tune, p. 142.]

1. COME, children, hail the Prince of peace,  
Obey the Saviour's call;  
Come, seek his face, and taste his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,  
Ye children, great and small,  
Hosanna sing to Christ your King,  
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
3. This Jesus will your sins forgive;  
Oh, haste! before him fall:  
For you he died, that you might live  
To crown him Lord of all.

4. All hail the Saviour, Prince of peace!  
Let Saints before him fall;  
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every people, every tribe,  
Around this earthly ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all

## 87. 8s &amp; 7s.

[Tune, p. 123.]

1. ONE there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free and knows no end.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God.
3. When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.
4. Oh for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above.

## 97. 11s.

[Tune, p. 144.]

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy  
am I!  
How tender and watchful my wants to  
supply!  
He daily provides me with raiment and  
food;  
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my  
good.

2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey  
His gracious commandments, and walk  
in his way;  
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll  
renew,  
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll  
subdue.

3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy  
am I,  
I'm blest when I live, and I'm blest  
when I die;  
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll  
dread.  
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd  
has said.

4. The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with  
delight.  
Till call'd to adore him in regions of  
light;  
Then praise him with angels to bright  
harps of gold,  
And ever and ever his glory behold.

99. C. M.

[Tune, p. 141.]

1. DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,  
How loving must thou be,  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A little child like me!
2. Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.
3. I cannot feel thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me, as my mother does  
Her erring little child.

4. But I have felt thee in my thought,  
Fighting with sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from thee.

5. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart,  
Which tells me thou art there.

6. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too—  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

109. 8s, 7s & 4s.

[Tune, p. 124.]

1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:  
Much we need thy tender care;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use thy folds prepare.  
Blessed Jesus!  
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
2. We are thine: do thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way;  
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray.  
Blessed Jesus!  
Hear young children when they pray.
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
Blessed Jesus!  
Let us early turn to thee.
4. Early let us seek thy favor,  
Early let us do thy will;  
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,  
With thy grace our bosom fill.  
Blessed Jesus!  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

112. 8s & 7s.

[Tune, p. 146.]

1. SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
2. Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
4. By thy hand, restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come,  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

114. C. M.

[Tune, p. 136.]

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys!  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## 173. 7s &amp; 6s.

[Tune, p. 121.]

1. I MUST obey my mother.  
So gentle, kind and true:  
Her loving hand has led me  
Thus far life's pathway through,  
She watches o'er me fondly,  
And keeps the thorns away;  
And it would deeply grieve her  
If I should not obey.
2. I must obey my mother;  
For, when I helpless lay  
A babe upon her bosom,  
She watch'd me day by day.  
She caught my earliest lisping,  
And charm'd it into speech,  
And train'd my timid footsteps,  
And sought my soul to teach.
3. I must obey my mo'her;  
For I remember well  
That Christ was thus submissive  
While he on earth did dwell.  
He did his mother's bidding,  
He still was meek and mild;  
And he will grant a blessing  
To each obedient child.

## 197. C. M.

[Tune, p. 183.]

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears.  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do

## 206. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

[Tune, p. 126.]

1. CHILDREN, hear the melting story  
Of the Lamb that once was slain:  
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:  
Shall he plead with you in vain?  
Oh, receive him,  
And salvation now obtain.
2. Yield no more to sin and folly,  
So displeasing to his sight;  
Jesus loves the pure and holy;  
They alone are his delight:  
Seek his favor,  
And your hearts to him unite.
3. All your sins to Him confessing,  
Who is ready to forgive,  
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,  
On his precious name believe;  
He is waiting:  
Will you not his grace receive?

## 211. 7s &amp; 6s.

[Tune, p. 120.]

1. I WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one mark'd an angry word  
That ever heard him speak.  
I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer;  
Alone upon the mountain-top  
He met his Father there.

2. I want to be like Jesus;  
I never, never find  
That he, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.  
I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good,  
So that of me it may be said,  
"She hath done what she could."
3. I want to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one mark'd an angry word  
That ever heard him speak.  
Alas! I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see;  
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,  
And make me like to thee.

## 231. 7s. Double.

[Tune, page 73.]

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows 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,  
Oh, 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 stay'd:  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

## 252. L. M.

[Tune, p. 135.]

1. THE lambs of Jesus:—who are they,  
But children that believe and pray,  
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,  
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?
2. The lambs of Jesus!—they are meek,  
The words of peace and truth they speak:  
To all God's creatures they are kind,  
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.
3. The lambs of Jesus:—oh that we  
Might of that blessed number be!  
Lord, take us early to thy love,  
And lead us to the fold above.

## 269. S. M.

[Tune, p. 41.]

1. BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
4. We're one in Christ our Head,  
In him we grow and thrive;  
Nor will he leave us with the dead  
While he remains alive.
5. This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

## 284. 6s &amp; 5s.

[Tune, p. 25.]

1. LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beautiful land
2. And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.
3. So our little errors  
Lead the soul away,  
From the paths of virtue  
Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.
5. Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

## 287. 8s &amp; 7s.

[Tune, p. 122.]

1. CHILDREN, do you love each other?  
Are you always kind and true?  
Do you always do to others  
As you'd have them do to you.
2. Are you gentle to each other?  
Are you careful day by day  
Not to give offence by actions,  
Or by any thing you say?
3. Little children, love each other;  
Never give another pain;  
If your brother speak in anger,  
Answer not in wrath again.
4. Be not selfish to each other;  
Never spoil another's rest;  
Strive to make each other happy,  
And you will yourselves be blest.

## 319. 8s.

[Tune, p. 43.]

1. My Saviour has gone to prepare  
A place for the child of his love,  
And now he's awaiting me there,  
In the house of his Father above.
2. That house is beyond the blue sky,  
More bright than I ever could tell—  
I shall only go home, when I die,  
With my Brother and Father to dwell.
3. I have treasures laid up for me there,—  
A crown of the loveliest gold;  
And my Father will give me to wear  
A dress that will never grow old.
4. And perhaps he will give me bright  
wings,  
To fly on long errands for him,  
And a harp with its sweet-sounding  
strings  
Which never are tuneless or dim.
5. Oh, I long for those mansions so fair,  
And to join with the angels in white,  
You will hear me, perhaps, when I'm  
there,  
I shall sing out so loud with delight.

## 320. C. M.

[Tune, p. 112.]

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign:  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood  
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

## 321. C. M.

[Tune, p. 59.]

1. COME, let us sing of heaven above,  
Our glorious, happy home,  
Where dwells the Saviour whom we love,  
And who has bid us come.  
Oh, that is joyful, joyful, joyful!  
Oh, that is joyful,  
That Jesus bids us come  
To dwell with him above,  
And sing the everlasting song  
Of his redeeming love.
2. Angels are there around the throne,  
Sweet notes of praise they sing:  
All glory to our God alone,  
And to our Saviour-King.  
Oh, that is joyful! &c.
3. And children join the glorious song,  
Who once lived here below:  
But now, amid that sinless throng,  
They no more sorrow know.  
Oh, that is joyful! &c.
4. 'Twas Jesus died that we might gain  
This glorious, happy home;  
For us he suffer'd grief and pain,  
And therefore bids us come.  
Oh, that is joyful! &c.

## 370. C. P. M.

[Tune, p. 72.]

1. We come, we come, in joyous strain,  
To sing the praise of Jesus' name,  
And high our voices raise;  
He that redeem'd our fallen race,  
And saves us by his sovereign grace,  
Demands our highest praise.
2. O Jesus, thou exalted King,  
To thee our offering now we bring:  
May we our tongues employ  
To swell the song of dying love  
Which ransom'd souls now sing above.  
While heaven is fill'd with joy.
3. Thou blessed Lamb that once was slain  
Who bore the cross, endured its pain,  
And died on Calvary's hill:  
We hail thee as the risen Lord,  
Who came according to thy word,  
To do thy Father's will.
4. Then shout aloud, in joyful strains,  
'Tis Jesus Christ forever reigns,  
High on his throne above;  
And may the heavenly choirs on high  
Send back the echo in reply  
To this our song of love.

## 379. 7s &amp; 6s.

[Tune, p. 119.]

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour,  
Our grateful songs we raise,  
Oh, tune our hearts and voices  
Thy holy name to praise:  
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy  
We're here allow'd to meet,  
To join with friends and teachers,  
Thy blessing to entreat.

2. Lord, guide and bless our teachers,  
Who labor for our good;  
And may the holy scriptures  
By us be understood:  
Oh, may our hearts be given  
To thee, our glorious King,  
That we may meet in heaven,  
Thy praises there to sing.
3. And may the precious gospel  
Be publish'd all abroad,  
Till the benighted heathen  
Shall know and serve the Lord;  
Till o'er the wide creation  
The rays of truth shall shine,  
And nations now in darkness  
Arise to light divine.

## 431. S. M.

[Tune, p. 110.]

1. SAVE all my children, Lord!  
For less I dare not ask;  
I know thou wilt fulfil thy word  
If I fulfil my task.
2. Thy word is "Work and pray:  
Toil on 'mid hopes and fears:  
The sowing brings the reaping day,  
The harvest follows tears."
3. Oh, let me strive to be  
The laborer thou wilt bless,  
And hourly offer unto thee  
The works of righteousness
4. Yet, when my best is done,  
'Tis sin and folly still;  
My only plea is that thy Son  
Wrought out thy perfect will.
5. Then hear me while I ask,  
"Save all my children, Lord!"  
While I, in faith, fulfil my task,  
Do thou fulfil thy word.

## 435. 8s &amp; 7s.

[Tune, p. 100.]

1. **TOIL** on, teachers! toil on boldly!  
Labor on, and watch and pray,  
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,  
Heed them not, go on your way;  
Jesus is a loving master;  
Cease not, then, his work to do;  
Cleave to him still closer, faster,  
He will own and honor you.
2. **Toil** on, teachers! earnest, steady,  
Sowing well the seed of truth,  
Always willing, cheerful, ready,  
Watching, praying for your youth  
Patient, firm and persevering,  
Leaning on the promise sure;  
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,  
Faithful to the end endure.
3. **Toil** on, teachers! you are doing  
What the Saviour well approves;  
Satan seeks young souls to ruin,  
Jesus to redeem them loves;  
Kindly still he looks upon them,  
Tenderly he calls them near,  
Sheds his grace and mercy on them  
While his blessed voice they hear.
4. **Toil** on, teachers! in due season  
Reaping-time will surely come;  
You shall yet have glorious reason  
To rejoice in harvest-home;  
Many a shining one in glory,  
As the endless ages roll,  
Shall reveal the welcome story  
How *by you* Christ saved his soul.

## 439. 8s &amp; 7s.

[Tune, p. 79.]

1. **HEAVENLY** Father, grant thy blessing,  
While thy praise we humbly sing:  
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,  
Nothing worthy can we bring;  
Yet thy book of love hath taught us  
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;  
For the sake of Him who bought us  
We may call, and thou wilt hear.
2. What a boon to us is given,  
Thus to lift our voice on high,  
Well assured the ear of Heaven  
Hears our wants and will supply;  
Weak and sinful, oh, how often  
Must we look to God alone,  
For his grace our hearts to soften  
And sustain us as his own.
3. Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,  
While we stay and when we go;  
Here our hearts in friendly greeting  
Gladly join thy praise below;  
But all earthly unions sever,  
All their pleasures quickly fly:  
Oh for grace to praise thee ever,  
In that better world on high!

## 440. H. M.

[Tune, p. 5.]

1. **DEAR** Father, ere we part,  
Now let thy grace descend,  
And fill each youthful heart  
With peace from Christ our Friend,  
May showers of blessings from above  
Descend and fill our hearts with love.
2. **May** we in after-years  
With gratitude review  
The service of this day,  
The work we now pursue,

And speed our way to worlds above,  
With hearts all fired with holy love.

3. We know that soon on earth  
The fondest ties must end,—  
Our own most cherish'd hopes  
To death's cold hand must bend,  
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,  
Must soon lie wither'd in the tomb.
4. Then, when our spirits leave  
These tenements of clay,  
May they to God, who gave,  
Ascend, in endless day,  
And sing, with parents, teachers, friends,  
That anthem sweet, which never ends.

## 447. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

[Tune, p. 128.]

1. **LORD**, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
Oh, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
2. **Thanks** we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.
3. **Then**, when'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—  
Glad the summons to obey,—  
May we ever  
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