

THE
NEW SHINING STAR:

A COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY

T. E. PERKINS.

OLIVE BRANCH," "ORIENTAL GLEE AND ANTHEM BOOK," "THE SACRED LUTE," AND CONDUCTOR
OF MUSIC IN THE FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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The satisfaction which the author and publisher of THE SHINING STAR have felt in its success,—the pleasure they have taken in thinking that by means of it they have been engaging the affections, and guiding the worship of many thousands of Christian children, in their homes and their Sunday Schools,—and the desire which they have felt to make the little book as worthy as possible of its purpose and use, have led them to prepare and issue this NEW SHINING STAR. It contains all those pages of the original edition which experience has shown to be most popular and useful; and in place of the others it introduces choice hymns and tunes, which, there is good reason to hope, will prove to be among the best of the whole book.

Perhaps some of those who have been wont to sing from week to week out of our little book, have wondered sometimes at its title, that a SHINING STAR should be a SINGING STAR. But this is no new thing. The oldest poem in the world tells how, at the beginning of the world,

“ The morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy.”
Job, xxxviii, 7.

And King David, who used to see and think much of the stars, when he was a shepherd, and afterwards a soldier, spending his nights in the open fields, speaks of them as “declaring the glory of God.” A Christian poet translates his language thus :

“ What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor *real*! voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs is found?
In *reason's* ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever *singing*, as they shine,
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.”

The thought thus suggested in the Bible is one that poets have always loved to dwell upon. Some of the most beautiful words ever written are the lines from Shakspeare, in which it is said :

“ There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings”....

Think of these thoughts, children, when you look at the stars, and you will find the hymns in our SHINING STAR all the sweeter for it.

We are glad for your sakes that the STAR has risen in this edition so much brighter than it was before. If we have not quoted too much poetry already, we would like to add, concerning this New Star, those lines from the great and noble John Milton :

“ So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon uprears his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

And as the bright advancing STAR calls up the shepherd, and the flock of Sunday School children, they will find, this time, that it leads them—

“ to fresh fields and pastures new.”

NEW SHINING STAR.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

T. E. PERKINS.

CHORUS.

1. { No - thing, ei - ther great or small, Remains for me to do; }
Je - sus died, and paid it all, — Yes all the debt I owe. } Je - sus paid it all, —

2. { When he from his loft - y throne, Stoop - ed down to do and die, }
Ev - ery thing was ful - ly done; Yes "finished!" was his cry. } Je - sus paid it all, —

All the debt I owe, Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

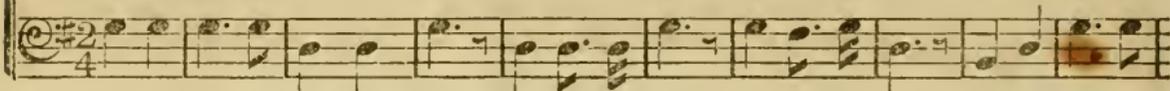
3.
Weary, working, plodding one !
O, wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your "doing:" all was done
Ages long ago.

4.
Till to Jesus, work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
"Doing" ends in death.

5.
Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Glorious and complete.



1. O, we love the Sab-bath school, Sweet Sabbath school; Sweet Sabbath school; Cheerful-ly we'll
2. And we love to car-ly meet In Sabbath school, In Sabbath school, Wisdom's le-ssons
3. Here we read the word of truth In Sabbath school; In Sabbath school; Learn to love the



Chorus.



mind each rule Of our Sab-bath school. When the Sabbath's morning light Drives a-way the
to re-peat, In the Sab-bath school. O we would that from the street. Ev-ery careless
Lord in youth In the Sab-bath school. While we live our prayers shall be, Let the wond'ring



shades of night, O, it is a pleasant sight To see our Sabbath school, To see our Sabbath school.
child we meet Might be brought to Je-sus' feet In our sweet Sabbath school, In our sweet Sabbath school.
na-tions see That the children of the free All love the Sabbath school. All love the Sabbath school.



PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

T. E. P. 5

Earnestly.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. Soft - ly on the breath of even - ing Comes the ten - der sigh of day ;
 2. Pear - ly dews like tears are fall - ing, Gen - tly on the sleep - ing flowers ;
 3. 'Tis the hour where hal - lowed feel - ings Chase our doubts and fears a - way ;
 4. Though temp - ta - tions dark op - press thee, Je - sus guides thee on thy way,

CHORUS.

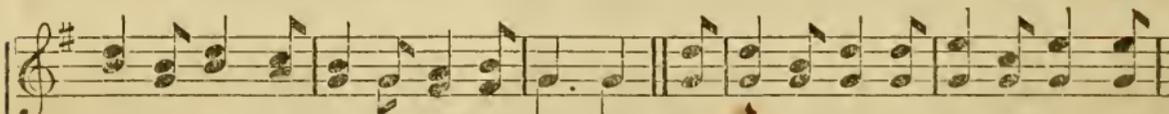
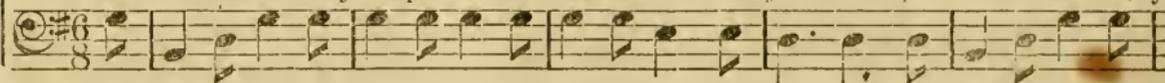
Lone - ly heart, by sor - row lad - en, 'Tis the time to pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,
 Stars like an - gel eyes are beam - ing From ce - lest - ial bowers.
 'Tis the hour for calm de - vo - tion, Pil - grin, watch and pray.
 He will hear thy light - est whis - per, Pil - grin, watch and pray.

Repeat Chorus.

cease thy mourn - ing, Wea - ry pil - grin, cease thy mourning, Rest be - yond for ev - er.



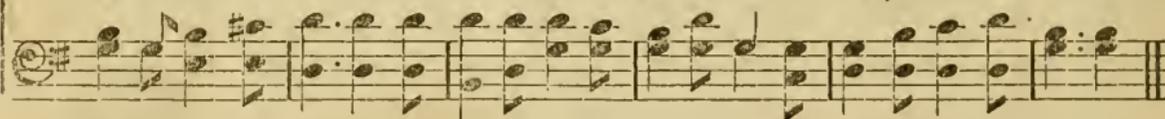
1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en, The name, be-fore his
 2. His human name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they sealed him, The name that still, by



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



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



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. An I when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For ever more must love him. We love, &c.</p> | <p>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, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

Slowly.

LOVELY SABBATH MORNING.

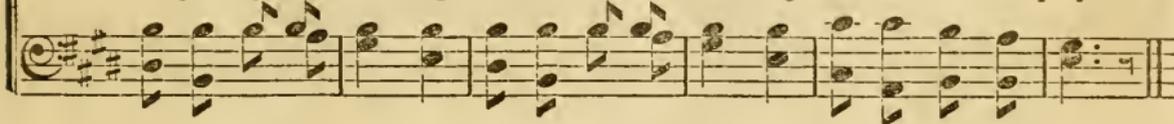
H. G. NAGELI. 7



1. Lovely Sabbath morn-ing, Woods and fields a - dorn - ing With thy ro - sy beam,
2. Now with ar - dent feel - ing, Mu - sic gen - tly steal - ing On the bal - my air,



Chasing ex - ery shad - ow From the hill and mead - ow, And the dim - pled stream.
Holy thoughts a - wak - ing, Still that eho - rus break - ing, Calls the soul to prayer.



3.

To that world of gladness,
Where no thought of sadness
Wrings the heart with pain,
Faith and hope ascending,
With the angels blending
Join their happy strain.

4.

Lovely Sabbath morning,
Woods and fields adorning,
Welcome, welcome, day ;
Morn of pure emotion,
Morn of calm devotion,
Could'st thou longer stay ?

SPIRIT VOICES.

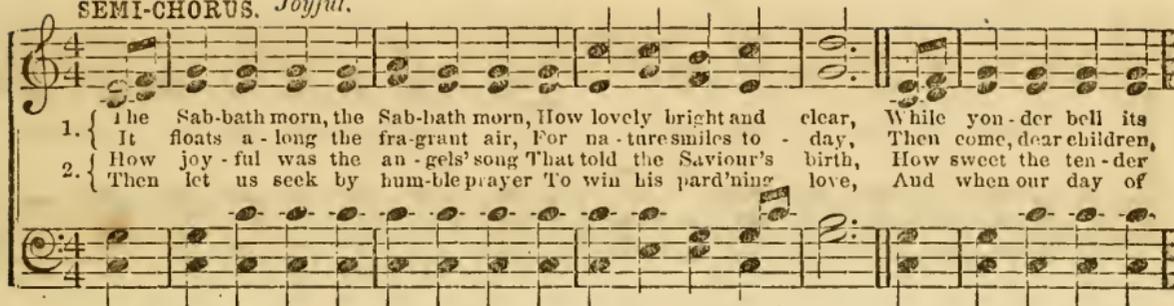
S. J. VAIL.

1. List-en to the ros-es, List-en to the rills, List-en to the breezes, Whispering o'er the hills;
 2. List-en to the rain-drops, List-en to the dew, List-en to the sun-shine, Whisper-ing to you;

They have each a bur-den For the will-ing ear, Ev-er to the list'ner Whispering, "God is near."
 These are spir-it voi-ces, Speaking to the heart, God is ev-er near thee, Wherso-e'er thou art.

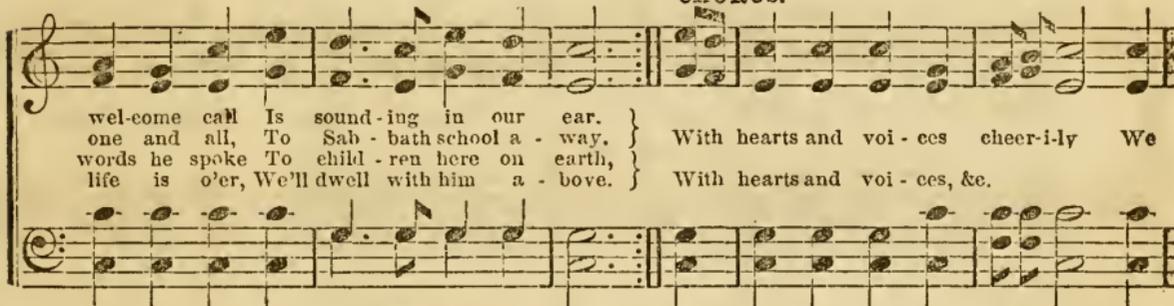
Chorus.

God is near thee Night and day, God will hear thee, Therefore pray, God is near thee, Night and day, God will, &c.

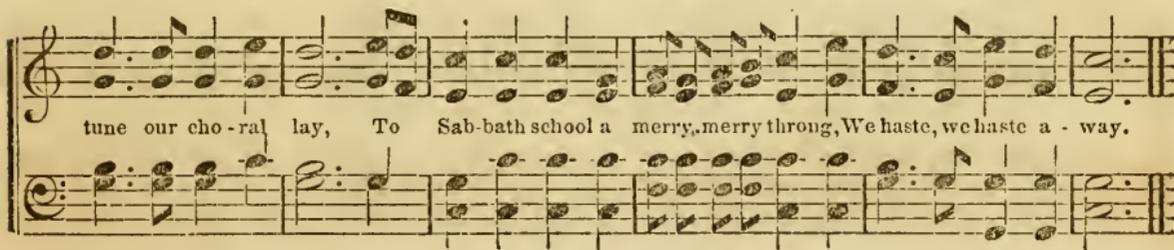


1. The Sab-bath morn, the Sab-bath morn, How lovely bright and clear, While you-der bell its
It floats a-long the fra-grant air, For na-tures smiles to-day, Then come, dear children,
2. How joy-ful was the an-gels' song That told the Saviour's birth, How sweet the ten-der
Then let us seek by hum-bly prayer To win His pard'ning love, And when our day of

CHORUS.



wel-come call Is sound-ing in our ear. }
one and all, To Sab-bath school a-way. } With hearts and voi-ces cheer-i-ly We
words he spoke To child-ren here on earth, }
life is o'er, We'll dwell with him a-bove. } With hearts and voi-ces, &c.



tune our cho-ral lay, To Sab-bath school a merry, merry throng, We haste, we haste a-way.

mf

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I

Cres. *f*

love! Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple — God its light!

mp

He who was slain on Cal - - va - ry, O - pens those pearl - y

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

gates to me, Zi - - on, Zi - on, love - ly

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It begins with a dynamic marking of *Repeat pp* (pianissimo). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Zi - on, Beau - - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

Repeat pp

2 Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow.
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne 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 his heavenly home with me.

Words by Miss LILY C.

T. E. P

Semi-Chorus. *Joyously.* Chorus. Semi-Chorus.

1. { Our na-tive land, to thee we cling, Tune the joy-ful lay; To thee our pur-est
 { In weal or woe, in good or ill, Tune the joy-ful lay; Let free-dom be our

Chorus. Chorus.

lau-rels bring, Tune the joy-ful lay. } Thy ban-ner is wav-ing o'er us,
 mot-to still, Tune the joy-ful lay. }

Tune the joy-ful lay; Thy foes shall fall be-fore us, Tune the joy-ful lay.

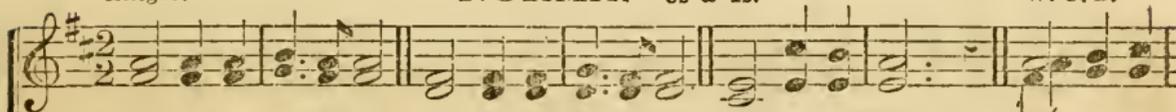
2. The cause of truth and right must stand,
Tune the joyful lay;
Against rebellion's cruel hand,
Tune the joyful lay.
Our Union's bark the storm shall brave,
Tune the joyful lay;
And ride exulting o'er the wave,
Tune the joyful lay.
Chorus.—Thy banner is waving, &c.

3. Then let our mutual feelings blend,
Tune the joyful lay;
Our earnest prayer to heaven ascend,
Tune the joyful lay.
That peace may weave her golden chain,
Tune the joyful lay;
Around our native land again,
Tune the joyful lay.
Chorus.—Thy banner is waving, &c.

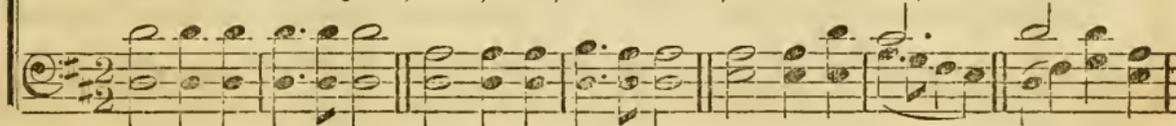
Allegro.

NORMA. Gs & 4s.

W. U. B.



1. The God of Harvest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice; The val-leys
2. The God of Harvest praise, Hands, hearts, and voices raise, With sweet accord; From field to



lough and sing, For-ests and mountains ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.
gar-ner throng, Bear-ing your sheaves along, And in your harvest song Bless ye the Lord.

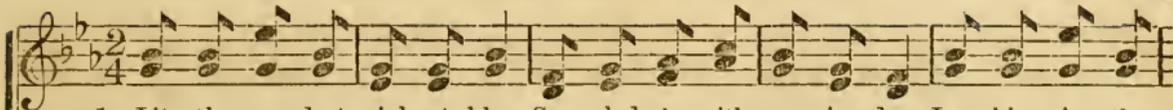


1. Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do ;
 2. Dare to be right! dare to be true! Oth-er men's failures can nev-er save you ;
 3. Dare to be right! dare to be true! God, who cre-at-ed you, cares for you too ;

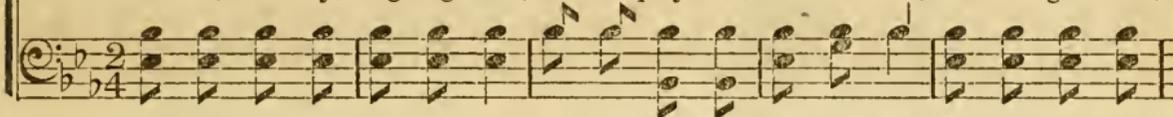
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten, the sto-ry to tell.
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, Stand like a he-ro and bat-tle till death.
 Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Chorus.

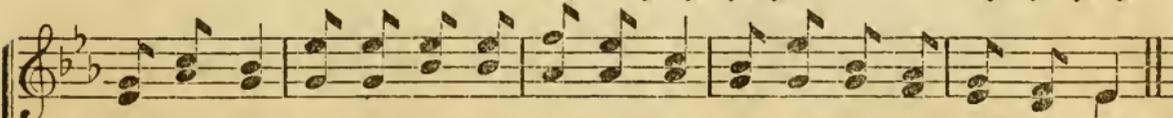
Then, dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do.



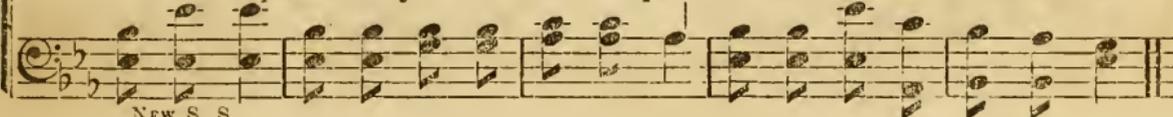
1. Lit - tle mo - dest viol - et blue, Spangled o'er with morn - ing dew, Laughing in the
2. Lit - tle star with gold - en eye, God has placed thee in the sky, Lit - tle bird with
3. Lit - tle mer - ry, laughing child, Ev - er play - ful, ev - er wild, Full of glad - ness,

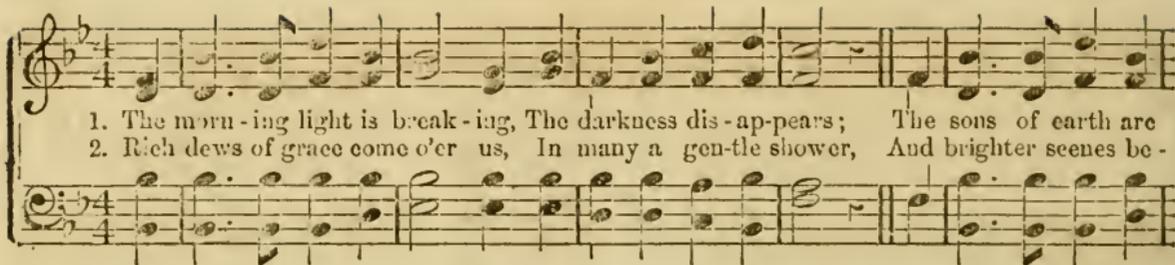


sportive air, God has made thy leaves so fair ; Little lambs that skip and play In the meadow
 glassy wing, God has taught thee how to sing ; Little clouds that lightly rest, On the bo - som
 full of love, God has made thee, God a - bove ; He thy lit - tle spir - it keeps, For he nev - er,

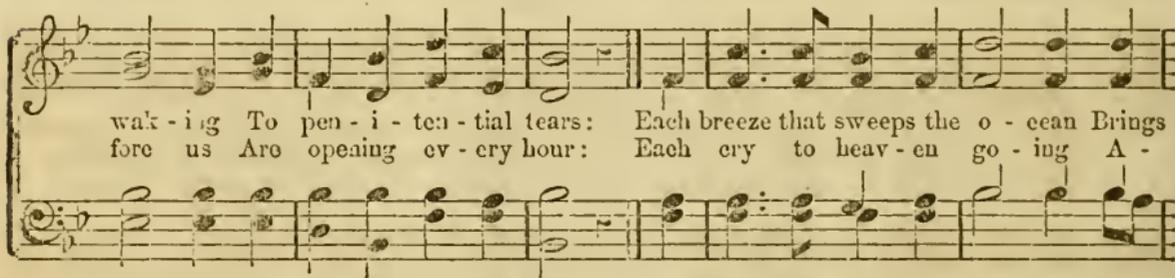


fresh and gay, God pro - tects you by his care, He has made your fleece so fair.
 of the west, Floating in the sum - mer air, God has made your form so fair.
 nev - er sleeps, When thy lit - tle life is past. He will take thee home at last.

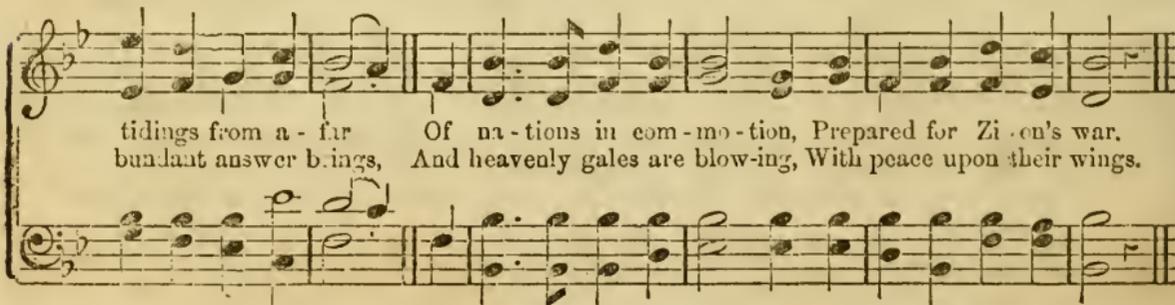




1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are
 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower, And brighter scenes be -



wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
 fore us Are open - ing ev - ery hour: Each cry to heav - en go - ing A -



tidings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war,
 bundant answer b - ings, And heavenly gales are blow - ing, With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above :
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord is come.

When shall the Voice of Singing.

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing,
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley ringing,
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign ?
2. Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly :
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply ;
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

Evening Hymn.

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

The Gospel Banner.

1. Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout hosanna,
 Reëchoed through the world ;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.
2. Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus ! King of kings ?
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings :
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so ; Lit - tle ones to
 2. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, 'Tho' I'm oft - en weak and ill ; From his shining

him be - long— They are weak, but he is strong. Je - sus loves me, he who died
 throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie. Je - sus loves me, he will stay

Heaven's gates to o - pen wide ; He will wash a-way my sin, Let his little child come in.
 Close beside me all the way ; Then his little child will take Up to heaven for his dear sake.

Gently.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'The Love of Jesus'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo is marked 'Gently.' at the beginning. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words placed above the notes to indicate phrasing.

1. Soft be the gently breaching notes,

That sing the Saviour's dying love;

Soft as the evening zephyr floats,

And soft as tuneful lyres above.

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

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

The Love of Jesus.

1. I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
 And makes the wounded spirit whole;
 My nature is by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.
2. How kind to Jesus, oh, how good
 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
 For children's sake he was reviled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.
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.

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.

Sleeping in Jesus.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting a summons from on high.

Words by LILY.

T. E. P.

1. Why do we lin - ger? We have no resting place, Rocked by the tempest On the ocean's

foam. Why do we lin - ger? We are but strangers here; Fa - ther, dear Fa - ther,

SEMI-CHORUS.

Take thy children home. Dark and lone our path be - low, By care and sor - row

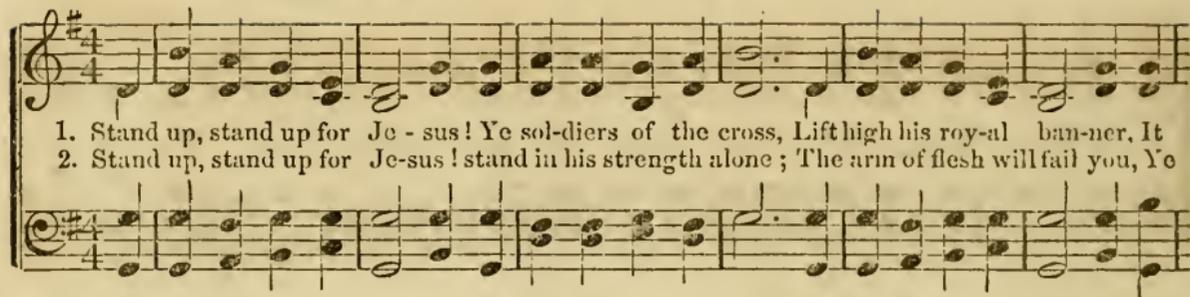
CHORUS.

cloud-ed; Drear-y winds a-round us blow, While onward still we roam. Why do we

lin-ger? We are but strangers here; Fa-ther, dear Fa-ther, Take thy children home.

2. Why do we linger?
 Why cling to earthly joys,
 Calling the pilgrim
 From the narrow way?
 Trust not their brightness,
 Flect as the early beam,
 Chasing the shadow
 From the brow of day.
Chorus.—Dark and lone, &c.

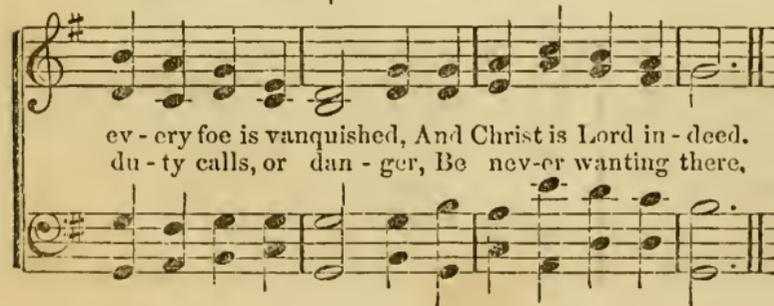
3. There, on thy bosom,
 Sheltered from every storm,
 Peace, like a river,
 Shall for ever glide:
 Laving the vine-tree,
 Cooling the sunny vale,
 Bearing the faithful
 On its silver tide.
Chorus.—Dark and lone, &c.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus! stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye



must not suf-fer loss. From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar - my shall he lead, Till
 dare not trust your own. Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And watching un-to prayer Where



ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there,

4.
 Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

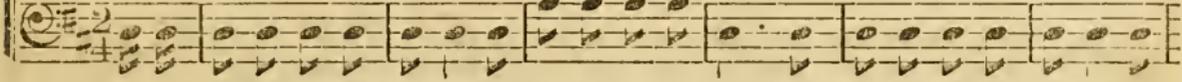
WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

WM. B. BRADEBURY. From the "Golden Censer."



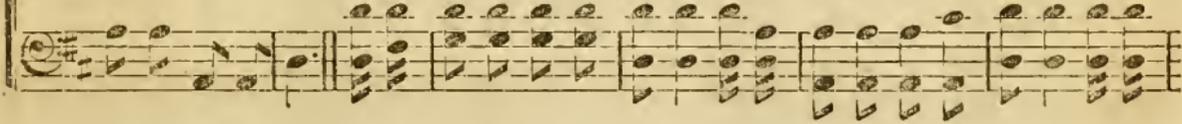
1. We are com-ing, blessed Sa-vi-our, We hear thy gen-tle voice; We would be thine for ev-er, And
 2. We are com-ing, blessed Sa-vi-our, To meet that hap-py band. And sing with them for ev-er, And
 3. We are com-ing, blessed Sa-vi-our, Our Fa-ther's house we see— A glo-ri-ous mausion ev-er, For



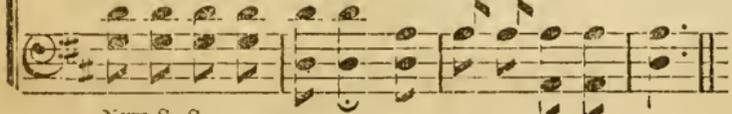
FULL CHORUS.



in thy love re-joice. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, we are com-ing, blessed Sa-vi-our, We are
 in thy presence stand. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, we are com-ing, blessed Sa-vi-our, We are
 children young as we. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, we are com-ing, blessed Sa-vi-our, We are



com-ing, we are com-ing, We hear thy gen-tle voice.
 com-ing, we are com-ing, To meet that hap-py land.
 com-ing, we are com-ing, Our Fa-ther's house we see.

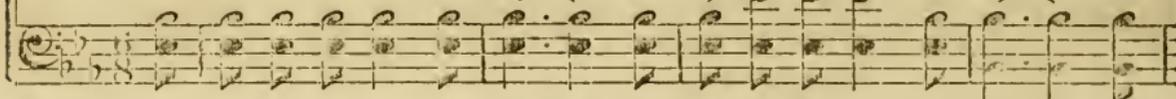


4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 That happy home is ours;
 If here we gain thy favor
 We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
 We are coming, &c.
 That happy land is ours.

5. We are coming, I blessed Saviour,
 To crown our Jesus King,
 And then with angels ever
 His praises we will sing.
 We are coming, &c.
 To crown our Jesus King.

Moderato.

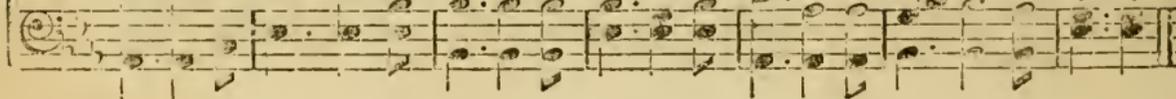

1. I've read of a world of beau - ty, Where there is no gloom - y night, While
 2. I've read of its flow - ing riv - er, That bursts from beneath the throne, And
 3. To rise to that world of light, And breathe its balm - y air, To




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




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



1. There is a land in - mortal, The beau - ti - ful of lands, Be - side its an - cient por - tal, A
d. s. And mortals who pass thro' it, Are

si - lent sentry stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door,
mortals nev - er more.

2.
Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3.
Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears,
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth,
'Tis life for them to die!

Steady and not too fast.

1. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, for I am full of sin, My soul is dark and
 2. I need thee, pre-cious Je - sus, for I am ve - ry poor, A stranger and a

guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in. I need the cleansing foun-tain, Where
 pil - grim, I have no earth-ly store. I need the love of Je - sus To

I can al-ways flee—The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sinner's on - ly plea.
 cheer me on my way, To guide my doubt-ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.

3. I need thee, precious Jesus,
 I need a friend like thee;
 A friend to soothe and sympathize,
 A friend to care for me.
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trouble,
 And all my sorrows share.

4. I need thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very blind;
 A weak and foolish wanderer,
 With dark and evil mind.
 I need thy cheering presence,
 To tread the thorny road;
 To guide me safe to glory,
 To bring me home to God.

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS:

DR. MASON. *By permission.*

1. How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his precepts are, "Come cast your bur-dens
 2. Be-neath his watchful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears all

on the Lord, And trust his constant care."
 na-ture up, Shall guard his children well.

3.
 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Hasten to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

4.
 His goodness stands approved,
 Through each succeeding day;
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

1. Yes, for me, for me he ear - eth, With a broth - er's ten - der care;

Yes, with me, with me he shar - eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear.
 d. s. Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatch - eth From the per - ils of the way.

Fine.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watch - eth, Ceaseless watch - eth, night and day;

D. S.

2. Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above ;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joy unearthly, love and light ;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.
3. Yes, in me, in me, he dwelleth ;
I in him, and he in me !
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven :
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us,
Bless thy little lambs to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near us ;
Keep us safe till morning light ;
All this day, thy hand has led us ;
And we thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us ;
Listen to our evening prayer.
2. May our sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends we love so well ;
Take us when we die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell,
May our sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends, we love so well ;
Take us when we die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Our Guide.

1. GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us ;
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us ;
When in devious paths we stray ;
Let thy goodness never fail us ;
Lead us in thy perfect way.
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.
When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel hands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Take my Heart.

1. TAKE my heart, O Father, take it ;
Make and keep it all thine own ;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it.
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mold it
In obedience to thy will ;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.
2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven ;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Words by MRS. C. A. HOLMES.

Music by S. B. SAXTON.

Allegretto.

1. We come, we come with sing - ing, Our hap - py voi - ces ring - ing, Glad

wel - come un - to all. We love to meet each oth - er, Each lit - tle friend and

broth - er, We love to meet our Sa - viour, The dear - est friend of all...

CHORUS.

Je - sus is here, An - gels are near; Sing, sing, prais - es sing,

Je - sus is here, An - gels are near; Sing, sing, prais - es sing.

2. We come, we come rejoicing,
 Our happy voices ringing
 Glad tidings unto all.
 We sing, we sing the story,
 The sweet, the sweet old story,
 How Jesus came from glory,
 And suffered for us all.
Cho. Jesus is here, &c.

3. Dear Saviour, grant thy blessing
 While we, our wants confessing
 Before thee humbly fall.
 O, bless us in our praising,
 O, help us in our praying.
 And let us hear thee speaking
 Within these sacred walls.
Cho. Jesus is here, &c

1. On - ly the sun-beams re-lect-ed!... Beau - ti - ful thought!
 2. Canst thou not learn from the di - al,... Spir - - it of mine,

Dark-ness and clouds are neg-lect-ed... Mark - ing them not... Then
 In the dark sea - son of tri - al... Not.. to re - pine?... Nor

vain - ly the storm-clouds may low - er... Their shad - ows and gloom re - main
 pause thee to brood o - ver sor - row... If sad - ness and trou - ble be

* The Dial Plate.—“I mark only the hours.”



not; 'Tis on - ly the bright sun-ny hour..... That's nev - er for - got.
 thine; But pa - tient-ly wait till the mor - row Bring hours that shine.

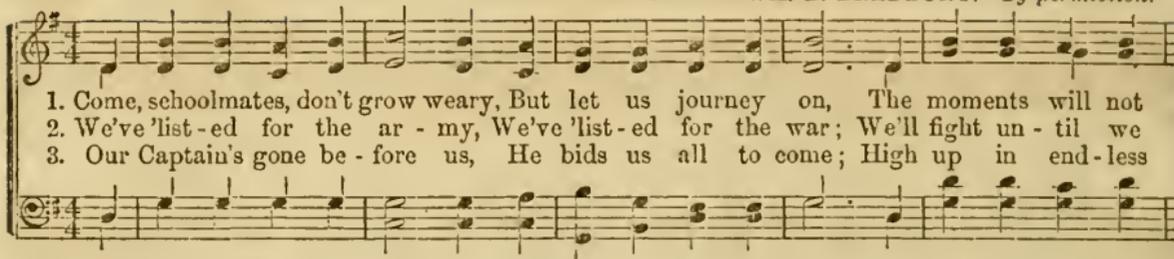
CHORUS.



On - ly the sun - beams re - flect - ed, Dark - ness and clouds are neg -

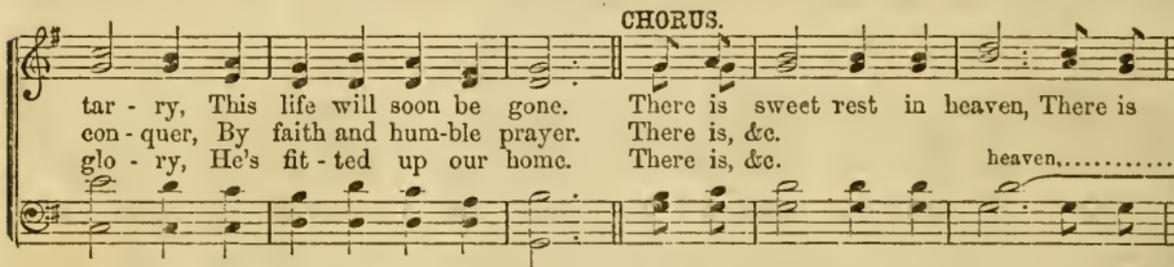


- lect - ed, Dark-ness and clouds are neg - lect - ed, Mark - ing them not..

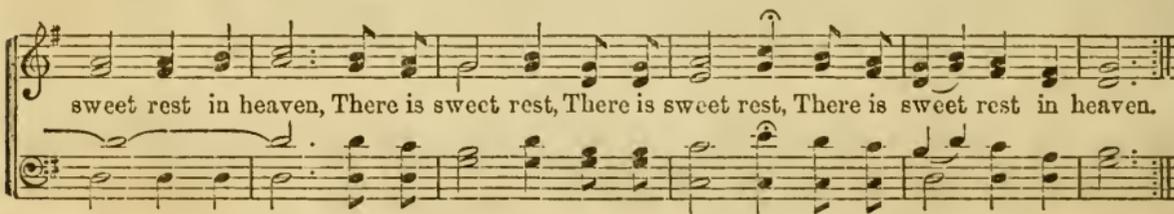


1. Come, schoolmates, don't grow weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not
 2. We've 'list-ed for the ar - my, We've 'list-ed for the war; We'll fight un - til we
 3. Our Captain's gone be - fore us, He bids us all to come; High up in end - less

CHORUS.



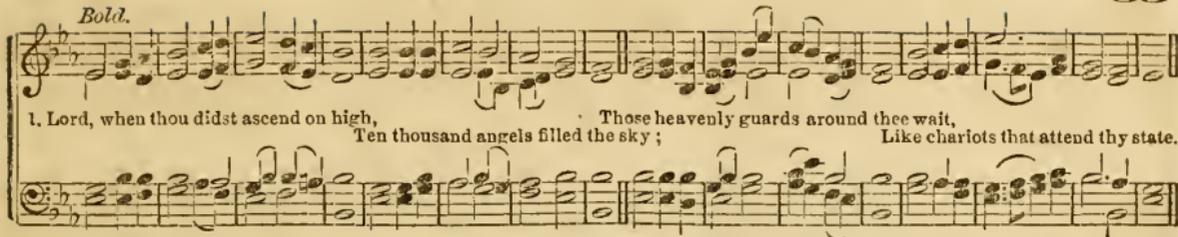
tar - ry, This life will soon be gone. There is sweet rest in heaven, There is
 con - quer, By faith and hum - ble prayer. There is, &c.
 glo - ry, He's fit - ted up our home. There is, &c. heaven.....



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

4. And Jesus will be with us,
 E'en to our journey's end;
 In every sore affliction
 His "present help" to lend.—*Chorus.*

5. Then glory be to Jesus,
 Who bought us with his blood;
 And glory be to Jesus,
 Who gives us every good.—*Chorus.*

Bold.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky; Like chariots that attend thy state.

2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear,
 More glorious, when the Lord was there
 While he pronounced his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains, like captives, led.
4. Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

How are thy Servants blessed.

1. How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
3. When, by the dreadful tempest borne,
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid—the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;

The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

5. In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

Jesus shall reign.

1. Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'n'ner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, On his faith-ful breast, Safe from ev - ery
 2. Je - sus is our Shepherd, In the dew - y mead, And the ver-dant
 3. Je - sus is our Shepherd, He the liv - ing way, From his fold of

dan - ger, We his flock may rest; By the cool - ing stream - let,
 mead - ow, He his flock will feed; He will ne'er de - sert us,
 mer - cy, May we nev - er stray; When our hearts are way - ward,

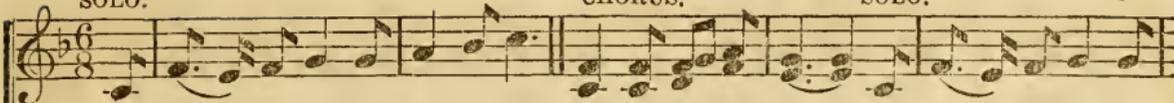
In the val - ley fair, He will gen - tly lead us, By his ten - der care.
 To the Tempter's power, He will kind - ly cheer us, In the dark - est hour.
 When our steps would rove, Bind us, gen - tle Shep - herd, With thy chain of love.

OUR HOME WITH JESUS. T. E. PERKINS. 37

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.



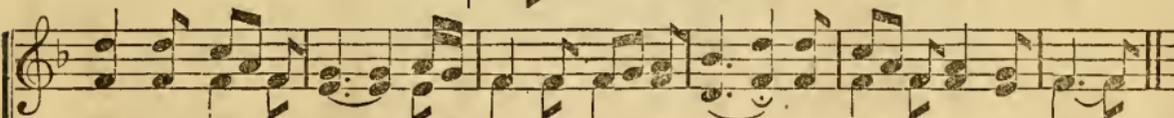
1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home, Nor death, nor sighing
2. Its glittering towers the sun out-shine, We'll be gathered home, That heavenly mansion
3. My father's house is built on high, We'll be gathered home, A - bove the arch'd and



CHORUS.



vis - it there, We'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll
 shall be mine,
 star - ry skies,



wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.



Not too fast. Speak the words distinctly.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Beau-ti-ful child, with elus-ting hair, Twin-ing the dais-y white and fair,
 2. Beau-ti-ful birds are on the wing, Beau-ti-ful notes of joy they sing,
 3. Hap-py and bright the greenwood bowers, Mer-ry and sweet the birds and flowers,

Turn from thy pas - time, leave thy play,.. Come from thy greenwood home a - way;
 Wak-ing the soul.. to praise and love,.. Tell-ing of rest in heaven a - bove;
 Wea-ry of all... thou soon will be,.... Come to the Sab-bath-school with me;

Tend-er-ly steal-ing o'er the dell... List to its call the Sab-bath bell.
 Beau-ti-ful child, with eyes so blue,.. Watch-ing the foun-tain's spark-ling hue.
 Beau-ti-ful hymns to God we sing,.. Joy-ful-ly there thy voice will ring.

For each Verse.

Trip - ping, trip - ping, light and free, Come to the Sab - bath-school with me.

SOVEREIGN RULER.

PLEYEL.

1. Sovereign Rul - er, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall; Hear, O, hear my
2. Vil - est of the sons of men, Chief of sin - ners I have been; Oft have sinned be-

3.

earn - est cry; Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- fore thy face, Trampled on thy rich - est grace.

Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4.

Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea-ry, op-pressed: But my journey's end is near,
 2. I'm a wea-ry trav'ler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near,

Soon I shall rest! Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toil-ing I've come;
 I must be gone; Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me a-way;

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

Animated.

1. Days, and weeks, and months re - turn - ing, Bear us gen - tly down life's way; Still their les - son
 2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voic - es, Joy con - trols the hastening hour; None so sad but
 3. Glad for class - mates and for teach - ers, Guid - ing us with gen - tle rule; Glad for all the
 4. Let us not for - get the mean - ing, Days like these for ev - er wear; One more field has

CHORUS.

we are learn - ing With each an - ni - ver - sary day. We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll
 he re - joic - es 'Neath to - day's con - troll - ing pow'r. We'll stand the storm, &c.
 gifts that reach us Thro' our own lov'd Sabbath - school. We'll stand the storm, &c.
 had its glean - ing, One more sheaf our arms should bear. We'll stand the storm, &c.

aneh - or by - and - bye; We'll stand the storm, it won't be long. We'll ane - or by - and - bye.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith I see In

Chorus.
yon - der realms of light Pre-paired for me. I'm near-er my home,

near - er my home, near - er my home to - day ; Yes!

Repeat very softly.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Nearer My Home'. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

near-er my home in heav'n to - day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And thro' the storms of life
My way pursue.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus be thou my guide,
My steps attend,

O, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.—*Chorus.*

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.—*Chorus.*

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1 I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music,
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,
O, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

Cheerful.

1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing Praises to our heavenly King; Let us raise,

let us raise High our notes of praise; Praise to Him whose name is Love,

Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues.

2.

Angels bright, angels bright,
 Robed in garments pure and white,
 Chant his praise, chant his praise,
 In melodious lays;
 But from that bright, happy throng
 Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
 Redeeming love, redeeming love,
 Brought us here above.

3.

Far away, far away,
 We in sin's dark valley lay,
 Jesus came, Jesus came,
 Blessed be his name!
 He redeemed us by his grace,
 Then prepared in heaven a place
 To receive—to receive
 All who will believe.

4.

Now we know—now we know
 We from heaven must shortly go,
 Soon the call—soon the call
 Comes to one and all.
 Saviour! when *our* time shall go
 Take us to our heavenly home,
 There we'll raise notes of praise
 Through unending days.



1. From a eot-tage in a dell, Waft-ed on the fra-grant air, When the twilight
 2. Fa-ther, I am lone-ly here, Those I love to rest are laid Where the brooklet
 3. Soon an an-gel from the sky Bore her spir-it far a-way Where the ros-es



shadows fell, Came a deep and ear-nest prayer: Je-sus, tho' a sin-ful child,
 runs so clear By the wil-low's crooping shade, Pale her cheek, but strangely fair,
 nev-er die, And the sil-very fountains play; Years have flown, but mem'ry still



May I give my-self to thee? Make me humble, meek, and mild, Teach me what I ought to be.
 As I watched her eye of blue, One bright tear was cradled there, Like a pearly drop of dew.
 Bring the Orphan's Prayer to me, And its words my bosom thrill, Teach me what I ought to be.



1. { Lit - tle child, do you love Je - sus? Oh, how he loves! }
 Do you wish to go to hea - ven? Oh, how he loves! }
 D. C. Je - sus lit - tle chil dren bless - es, Oh, how he loves!

First of all ask his for - give - ness With your heart, although quite help - less; D. C.

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 suffered to redeem you,
 And at last he died to save you,
 Oh, how he loves!
3. Jesus, dear Jesus, we will love thee,
 Yes, 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 yon 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!

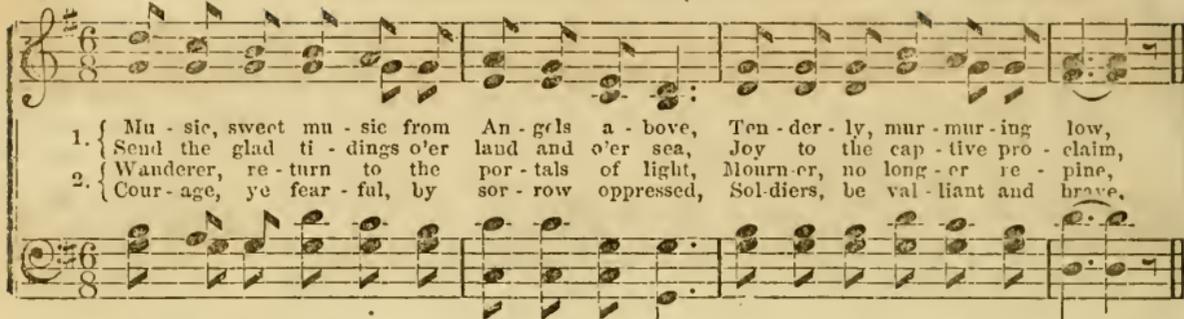
Not too Fast.

1. I close my heav - y eye, Saviour ev - er near; I lift my soul on
2. I feel thine arms a - round, Saviour ev - er near; With thee if I am

high. Thro' the dark-ness drear; Be thou my light, I cry, Saviour ev - er dear!
found, Nev-er can I fear, What-ev - er ills abound; Saviour ev - er dear!

3. Thine is the day and night,
Saviour ever near;
Thine is the dark and light;
Be my covert here;
O, shield me with thy might,
Saviour ever dear!

4. And when I come to die,
Saviour ever near,
Receive my parting sigh;
In the hour of fear,
Be to my spirit nigh.
Saviour ever dear!

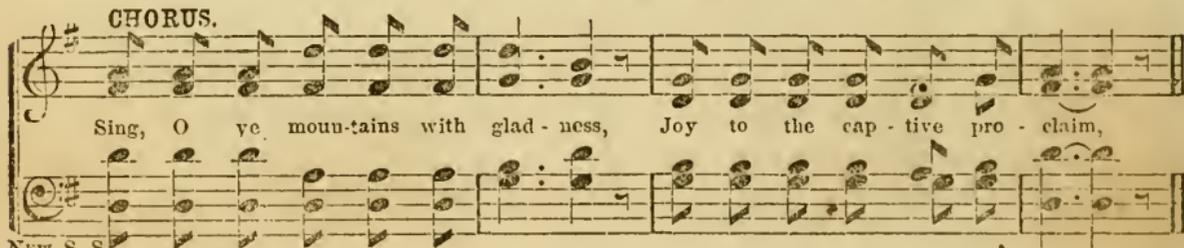


1. { Mu - sic, sweet mu - sic from An - gels a - bove, Ten - der - ly, mur - mur - ing low,
Send the glad ti - dings o'er land and o'er sea, Joy to the cap - tive pro - claim,
2. { Wanderer, re - turn to the por - tals of light, Mourn - er, no long - er re - pine,
Cour - age, ye fear - ful, by sor - row oppressed, Sol - diers, be val - liant and brave,



Par - don and peace from our Fa - ther a - bove, Waft - ed to mor - tals be - low,
Hope to the dy - ing, sal - va - tion is free, Hope through Imman - u - el's name.
Come to the foun - tain that spark - les so bright, Lave in its wa - ters di - vine,
Ma - rin - er see, there's a heav - en of rest, Yon - der it smiles on the wave.

CHORUS.



Sing, O ye moun - tains with glad - ness, Joy to the cap - tive pro - claim,

Hope to the dy - ing sal - va - tion is free, Hopethrough Im - man - u - el's name.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. The Saviour calls; let ev - ery ear At - tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls! dis -
 2. For ev - ery thirs - ty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and

- miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.
 bliss im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.

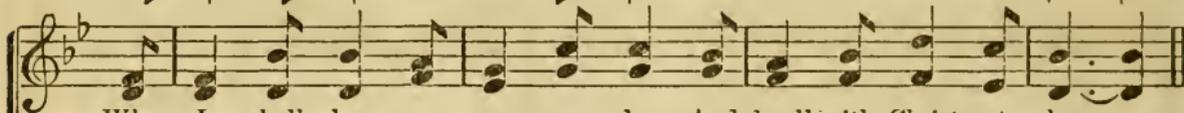
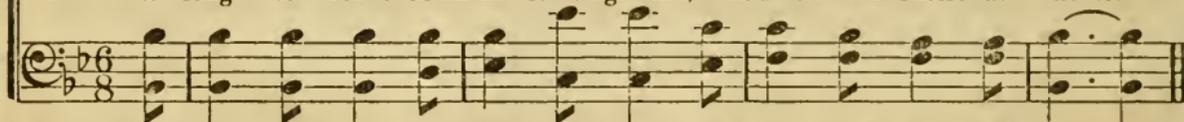
3. Ye sinners! come; 'tis mercy's voice;
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
 And can you yet delay?

4. Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss that love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

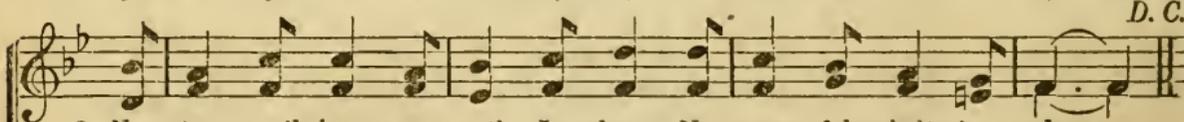
*Not too fast.**Fine.*

2. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the moment come
D. C. This world, a wil-der-ness of woe,—This world is not my home.

3. To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
D. C. I long to leave th'un-hal-owed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 But fly for suc-eor to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.



2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
 4. Wea-ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

*D. C.*

1. How dearly God must love us, And this poor world of ours, To spread blue skies above us, And deck the earth with flowers.

Chorus.

O may God's mercies move us To serve him with our powers, For, O how he must love us, And this poor world of ours.

2. There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells in accents holy
His kindness and his care.
Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.

3. He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread ;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed.
Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.
NEW S. S.

4. He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food ;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.
Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.

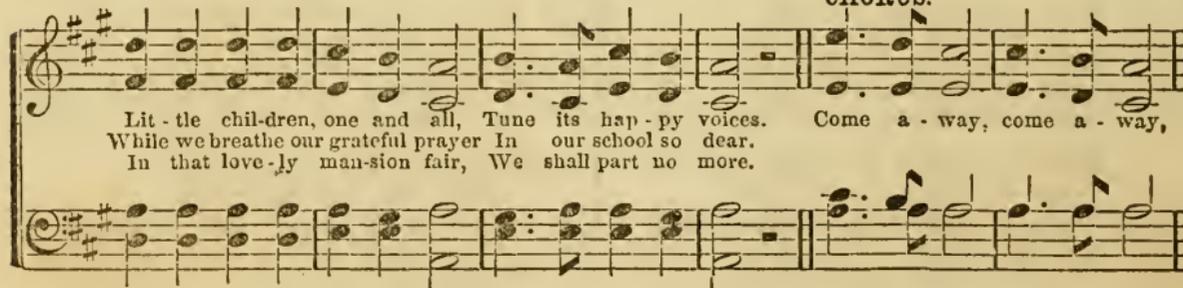
5. The Bible, too, he sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose blood can save and cleanse us
From guilt, and sin, and shame.
Cho.—O may God's mercies &c.

Cheerful


1. Come a - way, come a - way, Hark the bells are ring - ing, 'Tis the ho - ly Sab - bath - day,
 2. Mer - ry hearts while they beat, Light our sun - ny fea - tures, In the Sabbath - school we meet,
 3. Hap - py place, hap - py place, O, the wondrous sto - ry, Je - sus died that we might live



Pur - est pleasure bring - ing; Gold - en beams gen - tly fall, Ev - ery thing re - joi - ces,
 Friends and faith - ful teach - ers; Kneel - ing there, kneel - ing there, Je - sus deigns to hear us,
 In the realms of glo - ry; Kin - dred hearts wait us there, They have gone be - fore us.

CHORUS.


Lit - tle chil - dren, one and all, Tune its hap - py voices. Come a - way, come a - way,
 While we breathe our grateful prayer In our school so dear.
 In that love - ly man - sion fair, We shall part no more.

Hark the bells are ring - ing, Sing a - loud, sing a - loud praise to God, our King.

LITTLE PILGRIMS. *Words and Music by JOHN LLOYD, JR.*

1. Lit - tle pil - grims trip - ping light - ly O - ver flower - ets in your way,
2. Lit - tle pil - grims sad - ly toil - ing O'er a steep and rug - ged way,
3. Lit - tle pil - grims Je - sus loves you, More than earth - ly par - ents can,
4. Lit - tle pil - grims, seek him ear - ly, He will hear your lit - tle prayer,

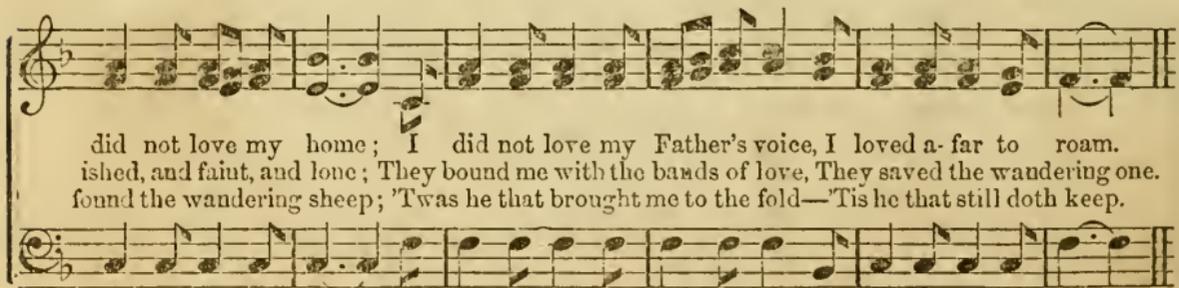
Thank the Lord and praise him night - ly For the bless - ings of the day.
 Give to God your heart's de - vo - tion For the bless - ings of the day.
 He has died from death to save you, Je - sus Christ, the son of man,
 Praise him, love him, trust him ev - er, He will all your bur - dens bear.

J. ZUNDEL. *By permission.*


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



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



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

I want a Heart to Pray.

1. I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
2. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
3. I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

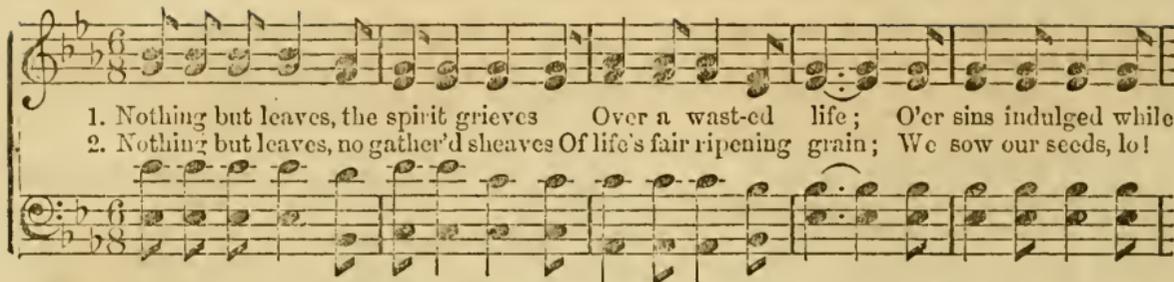
Sweet is the Time of Spring.

1. SWEET is the time of Spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:
But sweeter far, the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their king,
Who loves the youthful race.

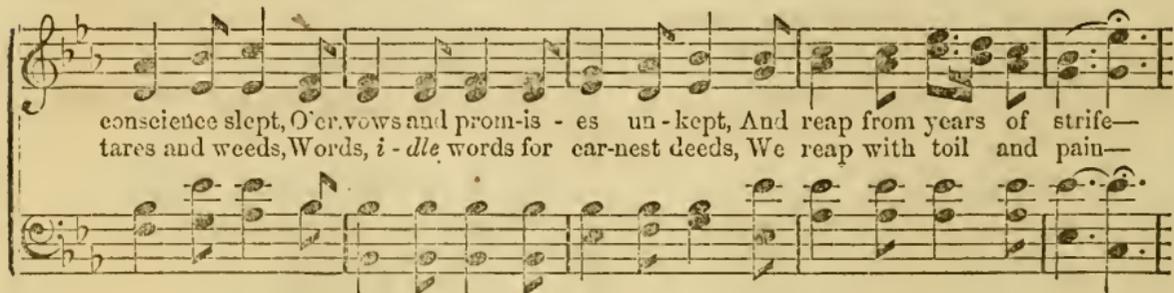
2. Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh;
But sweeter far, the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.
3. Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops.
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen,
Its freshness to distill.

A Charge to keep I have.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
2. Arm me with zealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.



1. Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves Over a wast-ed life; O'er sins indulg'd while
 2. Nothing but leaves, no gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We sow our seeds, lo!



conscience slept, O'er vows and prom-ises un-kept, And reap from years of strife—
 tares and weeds, Words, *i-dle* words for ear-nest deeds, We reap with toil and pain—



Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
 Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

3. Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves;
 No veil to hide the past;
 And as we trace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 Sadly we find at last—
 Nothing but leaves.

4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
 Bearing but withered leaves?
 Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat,
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,
 Nothing but leaves?

SEE THE GLOWING SKIES.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. P. 57

Lively.

- 
1. { See the glow-ing skies are bright, With sunny tints of pleas-ure, 'Tis a hap-py,
Com-forts from the bi-ble flow, Our best and pur-est treas-ure, Here we learn our
2. { It we tread the nar-row way, Its warn-ing voice will guide us, Like the pure and
It from dut-ies' path we stray, Its kind re-proof will chide us, Let us them its

CHORUS.



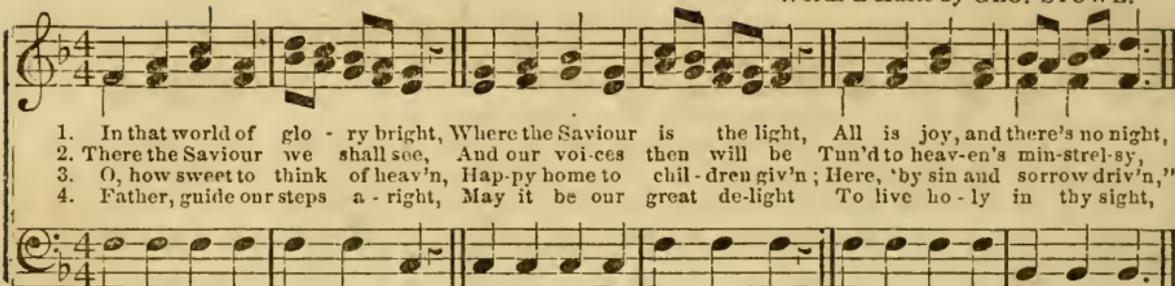
hap-py sight, And we are hap-py too; }
God to know, Its words are ev-er new. } Come, come, come, This cheer-ful hap-py
gen-tle ray, In yon-der arch of blue; }
truth ob-ey, And love our Sa-viour too. } Come, come, &c.



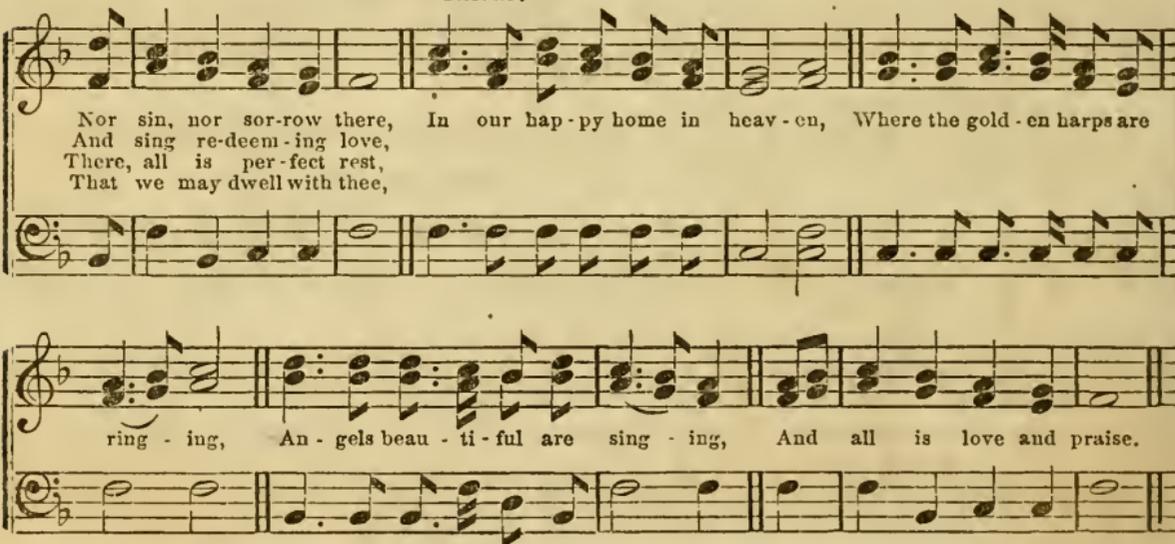
day, Come, come, come, To Sab-bath-school a-way.

3.
Sweetest lessons here we find,
Our teachers oft have told us,
If we all are good and kind,
We'll dwell in heaven above;
There our gentle shepherd dear
Will to his bosom fold us,
Wipe away our every tear,
And give us hearts of love.
Come, come, &c.

Words & Music by GEO. STOWE.



1. In that world of glo - ry bright, Where the Saviour is the light, All is joy, and there's no night,
 2. There the Saviour we shall see, And our voices then will be Tun'd to heav-en's min-strel-sy,
 3. O, how sweet to think of heav'n, Hap-py home to chil-dren giv'n; Here, 'by sin and sorrow driv'n,"
 4. Father, guide our steps a - right, May it be our great de-light To live ho - ly in thy sight,

Chorus.


Nor sin, nor sor-row there, In our hap-py home in heav-en, Where the gold-en harps are
 And sing re-deem-ing love,
 There, all is per-fect rest,
 That we may dwell with thee,

ring - ing, An - gels beau - ti - ful are sing - ing, And all is love and praise.

1. My rest is in heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when

tri - als are near? Be hushed, my dark spir - it, the worst that can come, But

shortens my journey and hast-ens me home

2.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask for no portion, seek not to be blest,
Till I find in my Saviour my joy and my rest.

3

Afflictions may grieve me, but cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.

Words by Miss. F. J. CROSBY.

Arranged for this Work.

MODERATO.

1. Shep-herd of Is-rael from thy throne be-hold us, Now let thy

pres-ence, fill this sa-cred place, Gen-tly, O gen-tly, to thy bo-som

CHORUS.

fold us, Grant thy pro-tection, shield us by thy grace. Kneeling be-fore thee

hum - bly we a - dore thee, Fa - ther, dear fa - ther hear our song of praise,

Our song of praise, our song of praise, our song of praise, our song of praise,

2.

We are thy children, in life's early morning,
 Lead us, O lead us in that living way,
 Cheered by thy counsel and thy gracious warning,
 Sheltered from evil may we never stray.

Cho. Kneeling before thee, &c.

3.

When the last moment glides away forever,
 Guide our frail vessel o'er the stormy sea,
 Then may we anchor by the shining river,
 Father, dear father, take us home to thee.

Cho. Kneeling before thee, &c.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me
d. c. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare. By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! And oft es -

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my peti - tion bear, To him whose
d. c. I'll cast on him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! I'll cast on

Fine.

at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known : In sea-sons of distress and
caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer !

truth and faith-ful - ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless ; And since he bids me seek his
him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !

D. C.

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share ;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer ! :

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine ! Break every tender tie, Je - sus is mine !
 2. Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine ! Here would I ever stay, Je - sus is mine !

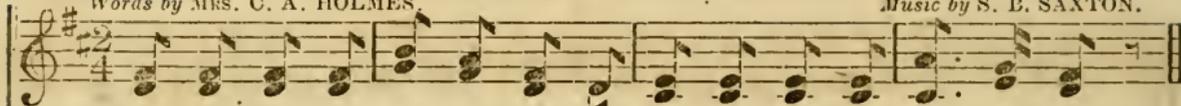
Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Jesus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine !

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine !
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

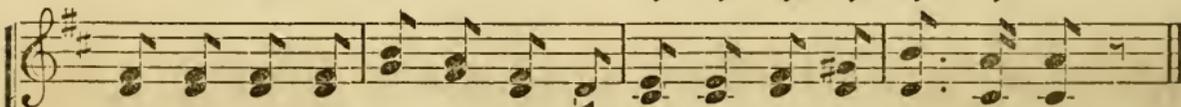
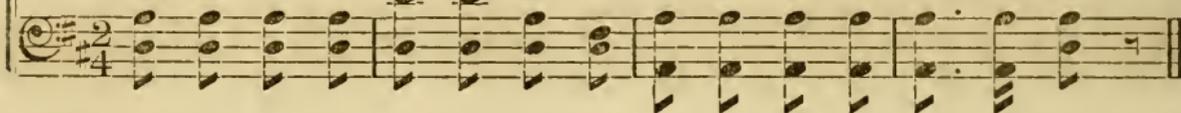
4. Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine !

Words by Mrs. C. A. HOLMES.

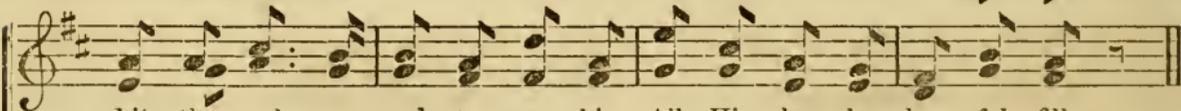
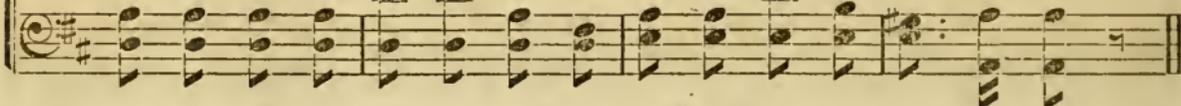
Music by S. B. SAXTON.



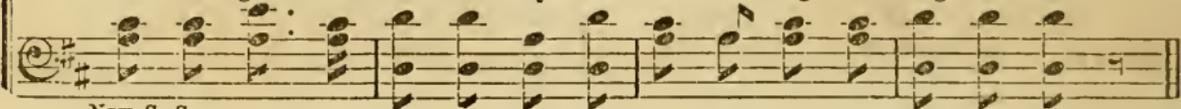
1. Lit - tle chil - dren, come to Je - sus, Hear him say - ing Come to me!
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv - en from the heavens a - bove ;
3. There are lit - tle crowns in Heav - en, There are lit - tle harps of gold,



Bles - sed Je - sus, who, to save us, Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry.
 Lit - tle ears to hear the sto - ry, Of the Saviour's won - drous love.
 There are white and shin - ing dress - es, There are gems and joys un - told.

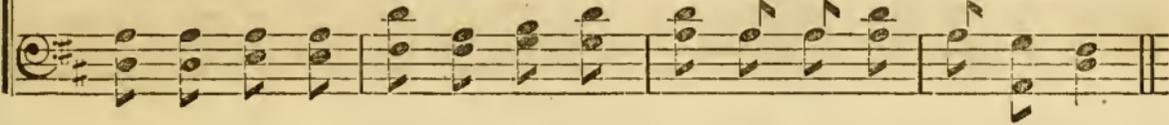


Lit - tle souls were made to serve him; All His ho - ly law ful - fill;
 Lit - tle tongues to sing his prais - es, Lit - tle feet to walk His ways,
 Je - sus gave His blood to buy them—He has bought e - nough for all;



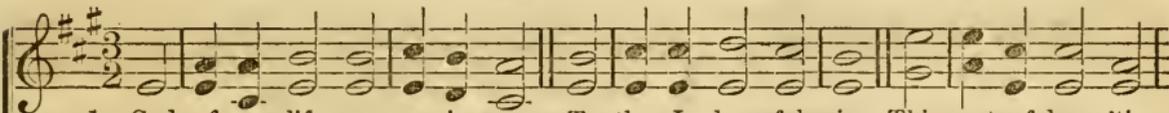


Lit - tle hearts were made to love Him; Lit - tle hands to do His will.
 Lit - tle bod - ies to be tem - ples, Where the Ho - ly Spir - it stays.
 Lit - tle chil - dren, come to Je - sus, He has love e - nough for all.

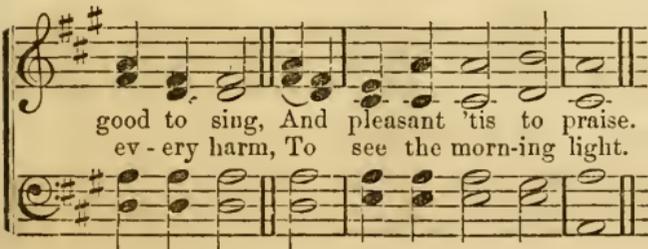
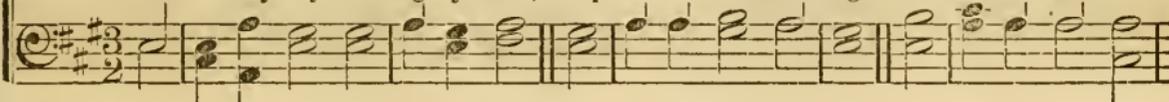


AZMON. C. M.

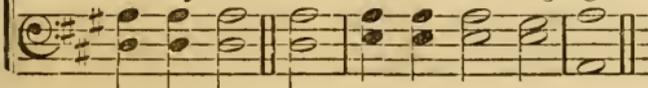
GLASER.



1. God of my life, my morning song To thee I cheer-ful raise; Thine acts of love, 'tis
 2. Preserved by thy Al-mighty arm, I passed the shades of night, Se-rene and safe from



good to sing, And pleasant 'tis to praise.
 ev - ery harm, To see the morn - ing light.



3. While numbers spend their night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I close mine eyes,
 And wake from sweet repose.
 4. O, let the same Almighty care
 Through all this day attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. I'm going to be a sol - dier, Gird on my ar - mor bright, And

with my valiant com-rades, I'll take the field and fight; I'll nev-er mind the

hardships, Or dan-gers of the way, I'll, watch, and toil, and wres - tle, By

Chorus.

night as well as day! Press for - ward, press forward We're sure to win the

day, For Christ will be our Cap - tain, And he will lead the way.

2.

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

3.

I know I am but feeble,
 But Jesus is my head,
 He's wise, and strong, and able
 To triumph he will lead;
 And when, beneath his banner,
 I've gained the victor's crown,
 With one loud, loud Hosanna,
 I'll lay my armor down.—*Cho.*

Words by Miss FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. E. P.

Semi-Chorus. Chorus. Semi-Chorus.

1. We are a group of happy children, Full of glee, full of glee, We are a group of happy children,

Chorus. Semi-Chorus.

We love the Sabbath School. Swiftly the moments wing their flight, Making our hearts with

Chorus.

pleasure bright. We are a group of hap-py children, We love the Sabbath School.

2. Heard ye the voice of love and mercy,
 Joyful sound, joyful sound,
 Heard ye the voice of love and mercy
 Come from the Sabbath School.
 Angels above that song repeat,
 Casting their crowns at Jesus' feet,
 Sweet is the voice of love and mercy
 Heard in the Sabbath School.

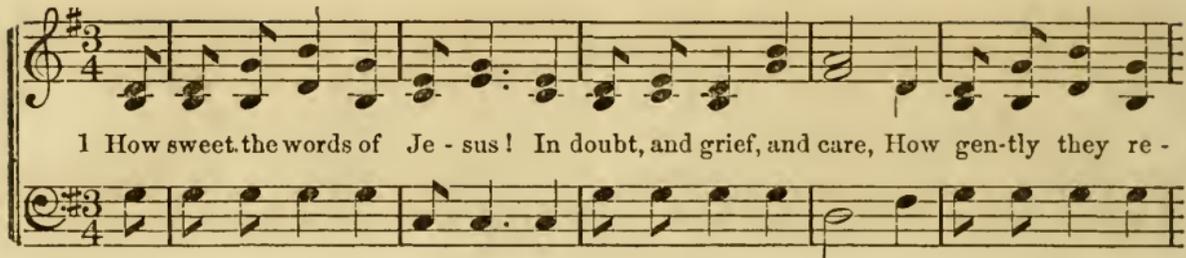
3. Come, let us give our hearts to Jesus,
 One and all, one and all,
 Come, let us give our hearts to Jesus
 Now in the Sabbath School.
 Soon will the day of life be o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more ;
 Yes, we will give our hearts to Jesus
 Now in the Sabbath School.

Gentle.

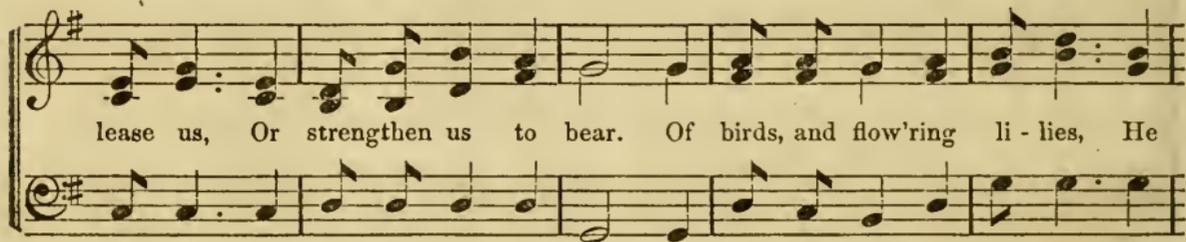
POTTER. C. M.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumb'ring care ;
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear ;
 3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And , fu - ture good im - plore ;

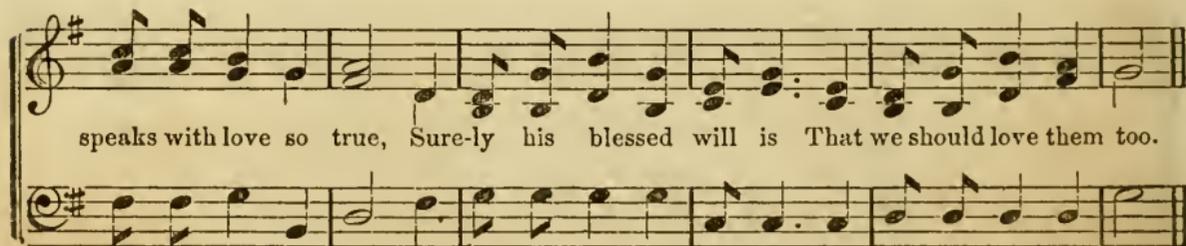
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
 And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor - rows east On him whom I a - dore.



1 How sweet the words of Je - sus! In doubt, and grief, and care, How gen - tly they re -



lease us, Or strengthen us to bear. Of birds, and flow'ring li - lies, He



speaks with love so true, Sure - ly his blessed will is That we should love them too.

Chorus.

O sweet bright flowers! O joy - ous birds! We love you more for Je - sus' words O

sweet bright flow'rs, O Joy - ous birds, We love you more For Je - sus' words.

2 "Behold the birds"—said Jesus,
 They neither sow nor reap,
 Yet God, your Father, pleases
 For them full stores to keep;
 With liberal hand he feedeth
 Their young ones when they call,
 Their flight, their rest he heedeth,
 And noticeth their fall.
 O sweet bright flowers!
 O joyous birds!
 We love you more
 For his sweet words.

3 The lilies, frail and tender,
 They neither toil nor spin,
 Yet kings in all their splendor,
 Can no such glory win.
 It is your Heavenly Father
 Who clothes the lilies too,
 Then will he not much rather
 Clothe and provide for you?
 O sweet bright flowers!
 O joyous birds!
 We love Him more
 For your sweet words.

Moderato.

T. J. COOK.

1. There's a coun - try, dear chil - dren, of end - less de - light, Un-
 2. And... may lit - tle chil - dren u - nite with that throng? Shall

clouded by sor-row, ne'er shad-ed in night, Where the spir-its in glo - ry u-
 they to the choir ce - les - tial be-long? Oh... say, may our voi - ces with-

- nite in the psalm, As - crib - ing all hon - or to God and the Lamb.
 ser - a - phim chime, And join the re-deemed in that mu - sic sub - lime?

CHORUS.

Will you go there, Will you go there to join our bless - ed Sa - viour?
May we go there, May we go, &c.

Will you go there, Will you go there to praise him ev - er - more?

3.

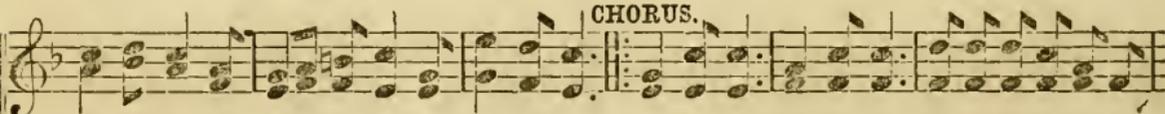
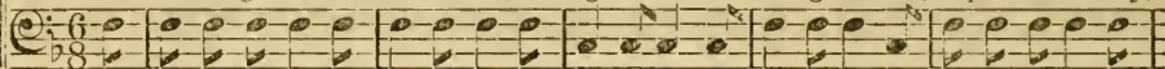
Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and
pray
That early he'll help you to find the good way:
Oh, he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile
of love,
And appoint you a place in the mansions above.
You may come there, &c.

4.

O heaven! with joy from this world of distress,
Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress—
From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we
roam,
We look to that land where the soul has a
home.
We will go there, &c.



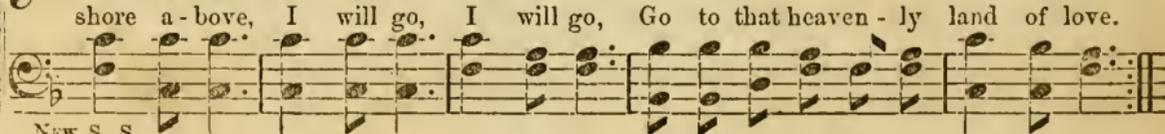
1. A ra-di-ant shore of light and love; A peaceful home of rest above; Is mine, if but faithful
2. A shadowless country fair and bright, The Lord himself the glorious light.—A garden of beauty
3. A few more seasons of grief and woe; A few more weary days below, Then if I am faith-fui
4. A beautiful garment, white and fair; A brighter crown than angels wear; A palm of victory,



I should be; This promise the Lord hath made to me! I will go, I will go, go to that ra-di-ant
 blooming free, A riv-er of life in store for me!
 I shall see, The mansion prepared in heaven for me!
 mine shall be; This promise the Lord hath made to me!



shore a - bove, I will go, I will go, Go to that heaven - ly land of love.





1. Blessed be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love ; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
 2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers ; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our [cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often, for each other, flows
 The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
 Our courage, by the way ;
 While each, in expectation, lives,
 And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign,
 Through all eternity.

Invitation of Jesus.

1. Jesus, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint ;
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray, and never faint
2. He bows his gracious ear—
 We never plead in vain—
 Then let us wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

3. Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry ;
 Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
4. Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
 Will make our cause his care.

Come, Holy Spirit, come !

1. COME, holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds
 The darkness from our eyes.
2. Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
4. Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breast the flame
 Of never-dying love.

1. The Sun-day-school ar - ny has gathered once more, Its num-bers are great-er than
2. We fight a - gainst e - vil, and bat - tle with wrong, Our sword is the Bi - ble, both

ev - er be - fore; Its ban - ners are spread, and shall nev - er be furled, Till the
trust - y and strong; While prayer is our watch - word Faith is our shield, And

CHORUS.

Prince of sal - va - tion has con - quered the world. Sing, O sing as we're
nev - er! no, nev - er to foes will we yield. Sing, &c.

march-ing a - long, The Sun-day-school ar - my is no - ble and strong;

Sing, O sing, as we're marching a-long, The Sun-day-school army is marching a-long.

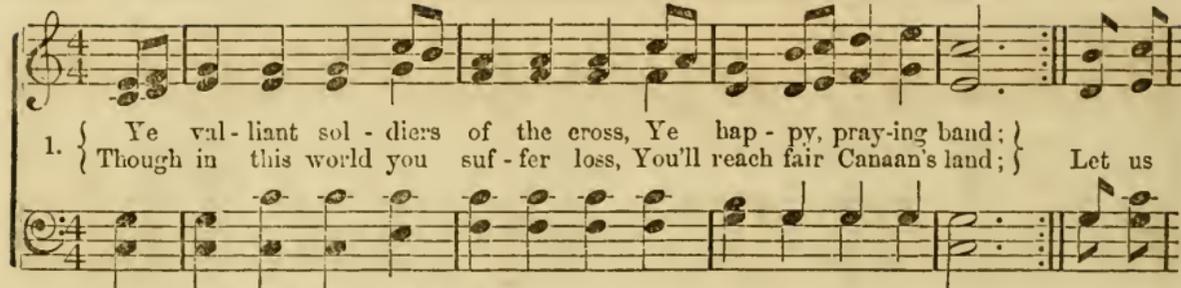
3.

Amid all our conflicts we'll think of the Lord,
 Who died on the cross, and from death was restor'd,
 To save us from sin, and to give us a place
 With angels who always behold his bright face.
 Sing, O sing, &c.

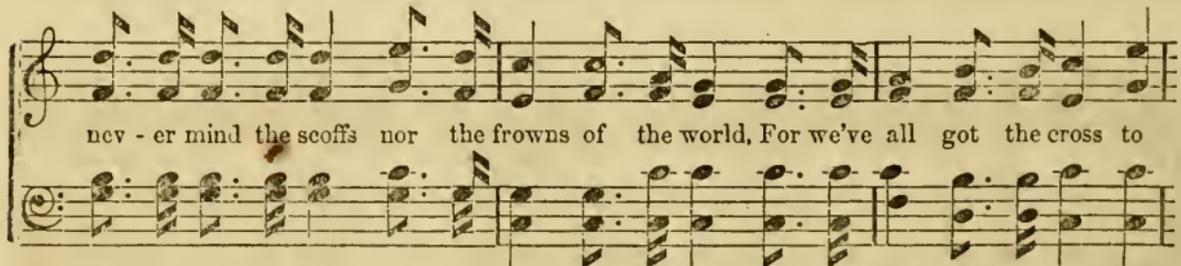
NEW S. S.

4.

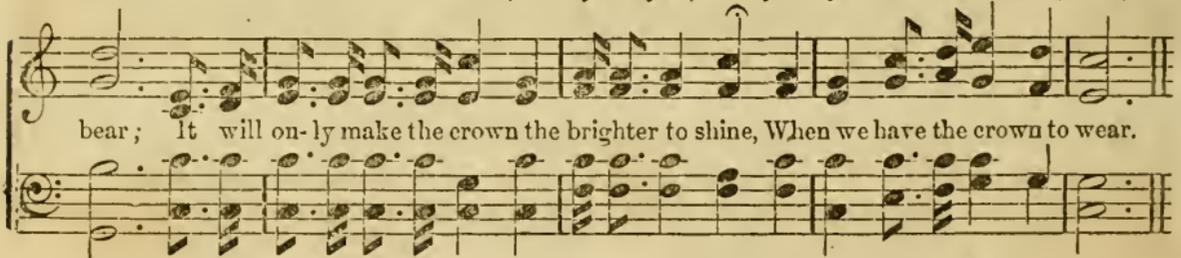
To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we raise,
 And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
 His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be.
 Till victory is won, and our spirits are free.
 Sing, O sing, &c.



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



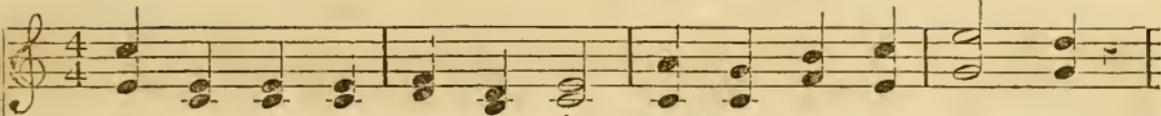
nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to



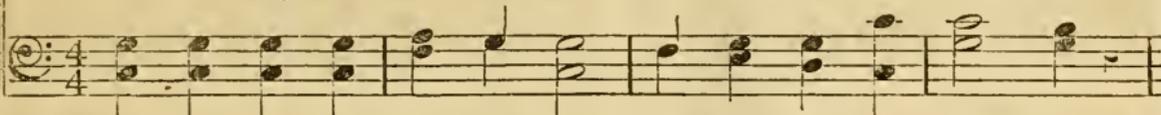
bear; It will on - ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view,
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through. Let us, &c.

3. O what a glorious shout there'll be,
 When we arrive at home,
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done." Let us, &c.



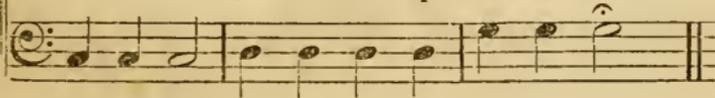
1. Hap - py an - gels! still ye dwell In yon worlds of glo - ry;
 D. C. Still your song is just the same— Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! &c.
 2. An - gels, sing a - gain with man— Swell our strain of glo - ry;
 D. C. Then in song and voice we'll hail, &c.



And in joy - ous an - them swell Love's re - deem - ing sto - ry. Shin - ing mul - ti -
 Shout with us the wondrous plan, Love's re - deem - ing sto - ry. Soon our stay on



- tudes! ye came Our Re - deem - er to pro - claim;
 earth shall fail, Soon shall drop the mor - tal veil,



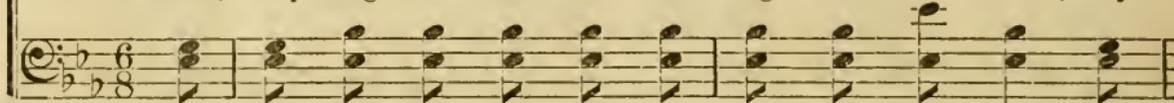
3.
 Christ our Lord, the *theme*, the *song*—
 Then no more the stranger,
 Welcomed by the shining throng,
 In lone Bethlehem's manger—
 Robed in peerless majesty,
 Soon our eyes shall also see;
 Then we'll sing, "Tis He, 'tis He!
 Glory, glory, glory!"

Joyfully, with Spirit and Energy.

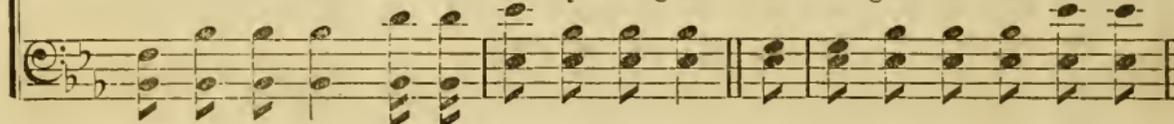
WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Golden Censer," by perm.



1. We gath - er, we gath - er, dear Je - sus, to bring The
 2. When, stoop - ing to earth from the bright - ness of heaven, Thy



breathings of love, 'mid the blos - soms of Spring ; Our Mak - er ! Re - deem - er ! we
 blood for our ran - som so free - ly was given ; Thou de - signest to list - en while



grate - ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn - ing thy praise.
 chil - dren a - dored, With joy - ful ho - san - nas — the bless'd of the Lord.



REFRAIN.

f Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-san-na in the

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

ff high-est! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-san-na to the Lord!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

3.

Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold,
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

Hallelujah, &c.

NEW S. S.

4.

Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precepts and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.

Hallelujah, &c.

Slowly.

1. Sweet is the calm de-light I feel, When at the throne of grace we kneel;
 2. Fa-ther di-vine, thine aid im-part, Thou canst re-claim the wand-ring heart,

Soft-ly the twi-light fades a-way, What have we done for God to-day?
 Teach us with ear-nest love to say, What have we done for God to-day?

How have we spent the hours he gave? He who has died our souls to-save,
 Thou art our hope, our strength, our all, Fa-ther of mer-cy hear our call,

TWILIGHT. Concluded.

83

He is the life—the truth—the way, What have we done for God to - day?
Soft - ly the twi - light fades a - way, What have we done for God to - day?

JESUS HEAR AND SAVE.

T. E. P.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man - kind the life and light,
2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Sa - viour mild, Hum - bled to a lit - tle child,
3. Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings Throned a - bove ce - les - tial things,

Mak - er, Teach - er, In - fi - nite,— Je - sus! hear and save.
Cap - tive, beat - en, bound, re - viled,— Je - sus! hear and save.
Lord of lords, and King of kings— Je - sus! hear and save.

1. We have no home but heav - en, A pil - grim garb we wear, Our

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The bass line starts on a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens under 'heav - en' and 'pil - grim'.

path is marked by chang - es, And strewed with man - y a care ; Sur - round - ed by temp.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F#5, followed by a half note G5. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The bass line continues with quarter notes D2, E2, and F#2, followed by a half note G2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens under 'chang - es' and 'man - y a care'.

- ta - tion, By va - ried ills op - press'd, Each day's ex - pe - ri - ence warns us That

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes G5, F#5, and E5, followed by a half note D5. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The bass line continues with quarter notes G2, F#2, and E2, followed by a half note D2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens under 'ta - tion' and 'ex - pe - ri - ence'.

Chorus.

this is not our rest. We have no home but heaven! We want no home be -

Repeat softly.

- side; O God! our Friend and Fa-ther! Our foot-steps thith-er guide!

2 We have no home but heaven !
 Then wherefore seek one here ?
 Why murmur at privations,
 Or grieve when trouble's near ?
 It is but for a season,
 That we as strangers roam,
 And strangers must not look for
 The comforts of a home.—*Cho.*

3 We have no home but heaven !
 How cheering is the thought,
 How bright the expectations
 Which God's own word has taught.
 With eager hearts we hasten,
 The promised bliss to share !
 We have no home but heaven !
 O, would that we were there !—*Cho.*

1. Come un - to me, when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is wear - y and dis - trest,
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring-flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,

Seek - ing for comfort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crown'd.

3.

4.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,	There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;	Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling	pressed ;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly	Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness.
hymn.	Come unto me, and I will give you rest !

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. "Is this the way, my Father?"	"Tis, my	child;	Thou must pass through this	tangled	drea-ry
2. "But enemies are around..."	"Yes, child, I	know,	Where least expecting, thou	shalt.....	find a
3. "My Father, it is dark."....	"Child, take my	hand;	Cling close to me, I'll lead	thee.....	thro' the
4. "My footsteps seem to slide."	"Child, on - ly	raise	Thine eye to me, then, in these		slippery
5. "Oh, Father, I am weary..."	"Child, lean thy	head	Upon my breast. It was my		love that

1. wild,	If thou wouldst reach the city	un - de -	filed,	Thy peaceful home a -	bove."
2. foe;	But victor thou shalt prove o'er	all be -	low: On - ly seek strength a -	bove."	
3. land;	Trust my all-seeing care; so..	shalt thou	stand 'Midst glo-ry bright a -	bove."	
4. ways,	I will hold up thy goings;....	thou shalt	praise Me for each step, a -	bove."	
5. spread	Thy rugged path; hope on till	I have	said, Rest, rest for aye, a -	bove."	

1. There is a ci - ty fair and bright, That eye hath nev - er seen,
 3. There liv - ing wa - ters cease-less flow From out the heav - en - ly throne;
 5. Nor sin nor sor - row com - eth there, Nor ev - er death nor pain,

Where ev - er dwell-eth pure de - light, And heav - en - ly peace se - rene.
 The fair - est fruits pe - ren - nial grow, And want is nev - er known.
 In love a - bid - ing, free from care, There saints for ev - er reign.

2. High walls of pre - cious gems and gold Se - cure from ev - ery ill; . . . Un -
 4. Nor sun by day, nor moon by night This heav - en - ly ci - ty needs; But
 6. A - mong the ma - ny man - sions there, O is there one for me? . . . Dear

- heard - of bliss and joys un - told With - in its bor - ders dwell.
 glo - ry sheds a crys - tal light That nev - er vanes nor fades.
 Lord, an hum - ble place pre - pare, That I may dwell with thee.

SINGLE CHANT. Peculiar.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still | wa - — | ters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparast a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup - runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, | for | ev - — | er. || Δ - | men.

SEMI-CHORUS.



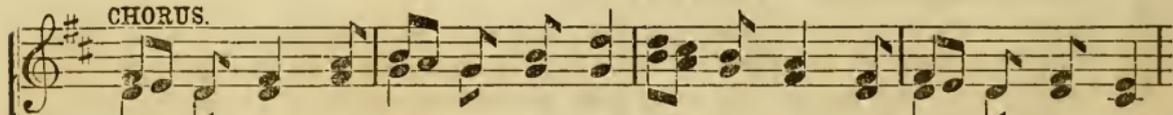
1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded sin - ner whole; My
 2. How kind is Je - sus, oh, how good! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood; For



na - ture is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
 chil - dren's sake he was re - viled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.



CHORUS.



Let us praise him, sweet-ly sing-ing, Let us praise him, praise him bring-ing,



1. God's an - gels come from heaven on high To keep me safe from harm, To
 2. They keep a care - ful watch at night A-round my peace - ful bed; They

CHORUS.

guard my bed from dan - ger nigh, My bo - som from a - larm. Bless - ed an - gels,
 will not let an e - vil light Up - on my slumbering head. Bless - ed, &c.

pure and ho - ly! Why should we e'er feel a - larm? Sent from heaven to

guard the low-ly, Shield they us from ev-ery harm.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a fermata over the final note of each staff.

3. They love to hear an infant pray
And praise the Name divine ;
I can not hear their songs, but they
Can hear and join in mine.—*Cho.*
4. They guard my path to heaven, and they
At last my soul will bear
Upon their shining wing away,
Their happiness to share.—*Cho.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER. CHANT.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven ;.....	hallow - ed	be	thy	name ;
2. Give us this.....	day	our	dai - ly	bread ;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de -	liv - er	us	from	evil ;

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of whole and half notes, with a fermata over the final note of each staff.

Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on.....	earth, as it	is	in	heaven ;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive.....	them that	tres - pass a -	gainst us ;	
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-	ev - er.	A -	men.	

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of whole and half notes, with a fermata over the final note of each staff.

With Boldness and Energy.

1. To the land that we claim, And our Union for ev-er, We are bound by a link That no
 2. On thy green sloping hills, In the shade of the wild wood, By thy clear flowing rills, We have
 3. May thy banner unfurled In its splendor and beauty, With its folds gently curled, Be our

ty-rant can sev-er; We'll tell of thy glo-ry Where'er we may be, And nev-er for-
 played in our childhood: We'll treasure those mem'ries Where'er we may be, And nev-er, &c.
 sig-nal to du - ty; We'll boast of thy triumph Where'er we may be, And nev-er, &c.

1 2 Dear land of the free.
 - get thee, nev-er for-get thee, Dear land of the free, free, Dear land... of the free.
 1 2

THERE IS AN HOUR.

From the German. 95

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There
 2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sins and sor-rows driven; When

is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast, 'Tis
 tossed on life's tem-pest-uous shoals, Where storms a-rise—and o-cean rolls, And

found a-lone—in heaven.
 all is dear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees 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 dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn—of heaven.

Words by Miss. FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. P.

1. Wear-y wander o'er the main, Seek-ing for thy home again, Through the gath'ring

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

mists that rise, Veiling thy na-tal skies; Look beyond, there's light for thee, Streaming o'er the

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

tur-bid sea, Soft-ly its smiles tho' dis-tant far, The beau-ti-ful po-lar star.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

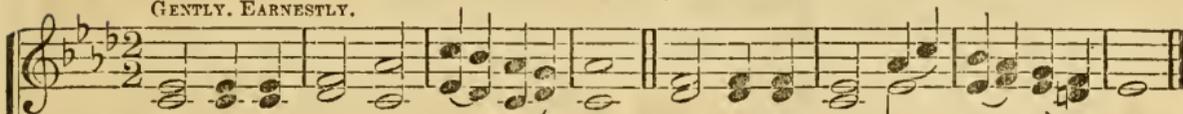
2. Stranger, on a rocky strand,
 Longing for thy father-land,
 Through the gath'ring clouds that rise,
 Veiling thy natal skies,
 Look beyond, there's hope for thee,
 Dawning o'er a tranquil sea,
 Softly its smiles tho' distant far,
 The beautiful polar star.

3. Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
 Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
 Tho' thy tears unheeded fall,
 Jesus will count them all;
 Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
 Breaking o'er a troubled sea,
 Softly it smiles tho' distant far,
 The beautiful polar star.

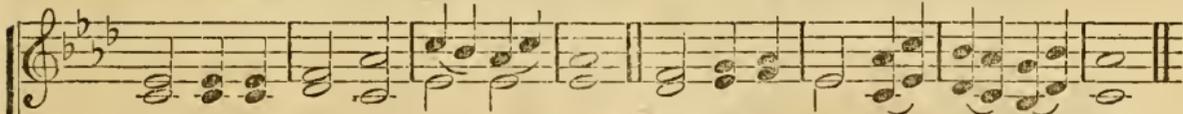
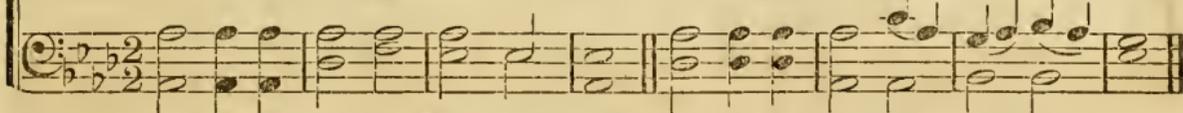
INVOCATION. L. M.

T. E. P.

GENTLY. EARNESTLY.



1. Breathe, Holy Spir - it, from a - bove, Un - til our hearts with fer - vor glow;
 2. Bid our con - flict - ing pas - sions cease, And ter - ror from each conscience flee;
 3. Give us to taste thy heavenly joy, Our hopes to brightest glo - ry raise;



O, kind - ly there a Sa - vior's love, True sympa - thy with hu - man woe.
 O, speak to ev - ery bo - som peace, Unknown to all who know not thee.
 Guide us to bliss with - out al - loy. And tune our hearts to end - less praise.



1. { Je - sus, I long for thee, Friend - less I roam, }
 { Earth has no joy for me, Heaven is my home; } When shall my soul a - rise,

Joy - ful with glad surprise Up to its na - tive skies, Heaven is my home.

2.

Grant me a light divine,
 While here I roam,
 O'er my dark path to shine,
 Heaven is my home;
 O, my sad heart be still,
 Patient in every ill,
 Thine be a father's will,
 Heaven is my home.

NEW S. S.

3.

There shall I see his face,
 No more to roam,
 Clasped in his dear embrace,
 Heaven is my home;
 Soon shall my spirit rise,
 Joyful with glad surprise,
 Up to its native skies,
 Heaven is my home.

CHRIST CARING FOR US.

Arranged. 99

1. I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake, I will guide, and
 2. When the storm is raging round thee, Call on Me in humble prayer; I will fold my

D. S. For I'll nev-er,

Fine.
 save, and keep thee, For My name and mercy sake. Fear no e - vil, Fear no e - vil,
 arms about thee, Guard thee with the tend'rest care. In the tri - al, In the tri - al,

nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee forsake.

D. S.
 On - ly all My coun - sel take;
 I will make thy pathway clear;

NEW S. S.

- 3 When the sky above is glowing,
 And around thee all is bright,
 Pleasure, like a river flowing,
 All things tending to delight,
 I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee,
 I will guide thy steps aright. For I'll, &c.
- 4 Thou may'st leave my care and keeping,
 Thou may'st wander far from me,
 Sorrow, then, and woe, and weeping,
 Mercy must mete out to thee,
 To the righteous, To the righteous,
 My rich blessings all are free.
 And I'll never, &c.

Words by Miss F. J. CROSBY.

Arranged.

1. When the moon is beam-ing, And the stars are gleam-ing, And night a charm be -
 2. In the lightning flash-ing, And the surg-es dash-ing A - long the peb-bly

- stows; Still the harp of na-ture there Lin-gers on the trembling air, And
 shore, In the thun-der's roll-ing chime Still is heard that voice sublime, Pro -

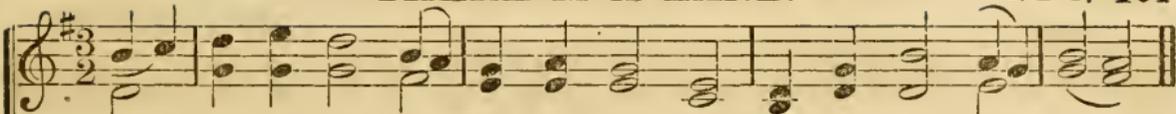
whispers, God is love, And whispers, God is love.
 - claiming, God is love, Pro-claim-ing, God is love.

3.

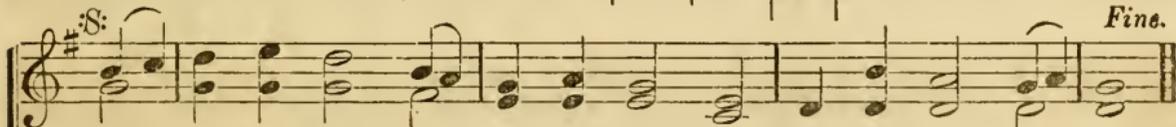
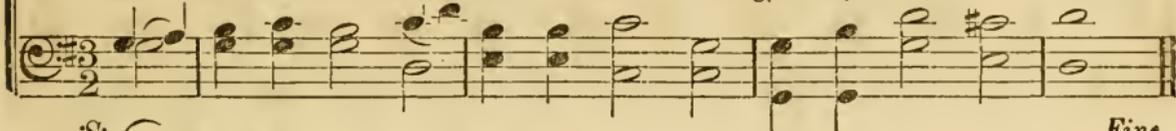
When the hopes we cherished
 One by one have perished,
 And all is lone and dark;
 Still the voice we love to hear
 Gently whispers in our ear
 The echo, God is love,
 The echo, God is love.

THERE IS A LAND.

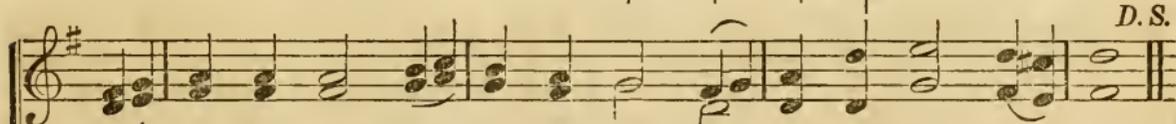
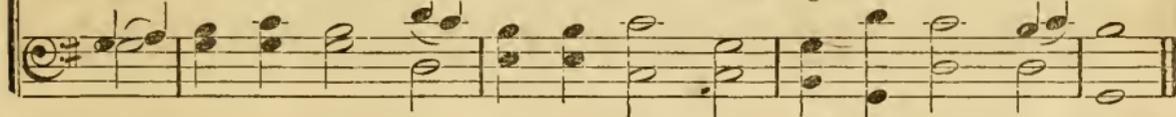
T. E. P. 101



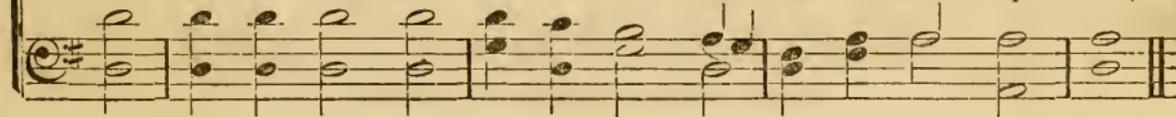
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. O, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,



E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
 D. C. Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes:
 D. C. Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shoro.



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fail - ing flowers;
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er;



DUET.

1. Joy for the sor-row-ful, strength for the weak, Words of be-nev-o-lence,

Je-sus doth speak; His pur-pose of mer-cy no pow-er can stay, For sor-row and

sigh-ing shall both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.

FULL CHORUS.

His purpose of mer-cy no pow-er can stay, For sor - row and sighing shall

both flee a - way, For sor - row and sigh - ing shall both flee a - way.

2.

Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Chorus.—The lame, &c.

3.

Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
Among the redeemed who journey along,

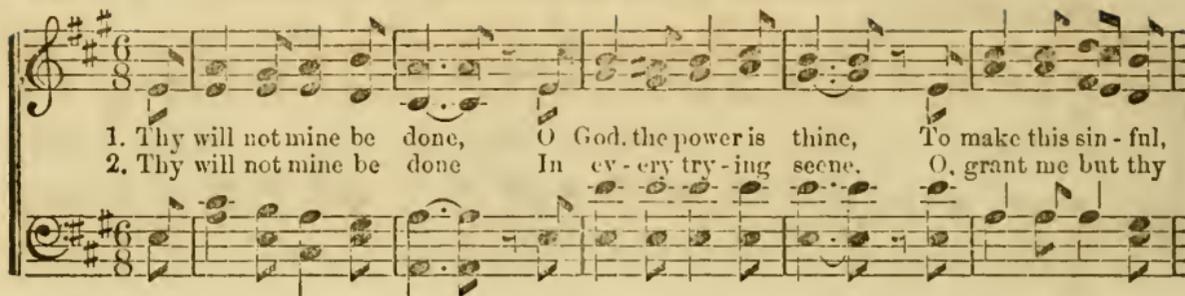
All looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Chorus.—All looking, &c.

4.

Joy for the sorrowful; Spirit of God!
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
Oh, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

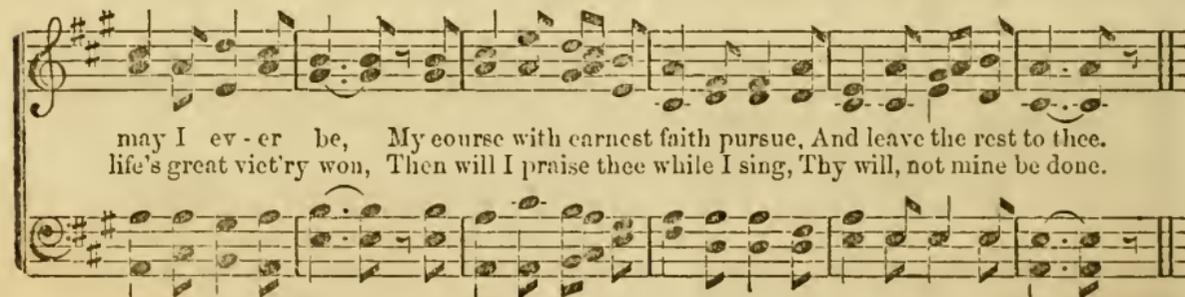
Chorus.—Oh, strengthen, &c.



1. Thy will not mine be done, O God, the power is thine, To make this sin - ful,
 2. Thy will not mine be done In ev - ery try - ing scene, O, grant me but thy



wayward heart Its all to thee re - sign; Sub - missive as a child, O,
 guiding hand, Thy heavenly light se - rene; And when the strife is o'er, And



may I ev - er be, My course with earnest faith pursue, And leave the rest to thee.
 life's great vic'try won, Then will I praise thee while I sing, Thy will, not mine be done.

1. { I'm but a stranger 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 fa-ther-land, 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 over, past,
 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 loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

1. From E - gypt's bond - age come, Where death and dark - ness reign, We
2. There sin and sor - row cease, And ev - ery con - flict o'er, We

Cho. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there, In

seek a new, a bet - ter home, Where we our rest shall gain.
there shall dwell in end - less peace, Nor thirst nor hun - ger more.

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

3. There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing,
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

New S. S. Chorus.—There'll be, &c.

4. We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.

Chorus.—There'll be, &c.



1. Let such as feel oppression's load Thy tender pity share; And let the helpless, homeless poor Be thy pe-cu-liar care.
 2. Go, bid the hungry orphan be With thine abundance blest; Invite the wand'rer to thy gate, And spread the couch of rest.

3. Then, bright as morning shall come forth
 In peace and joy thy days;
 And glory from the Lord above
 Shall shine on all thy ways.

Lord, teach a sinful Child to Pray.

1. LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
 And then accept my prayer;
 For thou canst hear the words I say,
 For thou art every where.
2. Teach me to do the thing that's right,
 And when I sin, forgive;
 And may it be my chief delight
 To serve thee while I live.
3. Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call;
 But keep me, more than all, from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

A closer Walk with God.

1. ON! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,—
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word?

NEW S. S.

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Dear Saviour! when my Thoughts recall.

1. DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
2. Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord!
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye.
3. Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face:
 And grateful own—how kind, how sweet,
 Thy condescending grace.

SOLO.

1. Yes, I know thou art praying to-night, mother, And I feel thou art praying for me ; . . .

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line for a solo voice. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment of a single melodic line.

For it comes o'er my soul like a vision of light, And I know thou art praying for me. . . .

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line for a solo voice. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment of a single melodic line.

CHORUS.

In my bo-som all care is at rest, mother, No long-er by sor-row op - prest ;

O, I know thou art praying to-night, mother, And I know thou art praying for me. . . .

2.

I have fought for the Union and right, mother,
I have stood by the flag of the free ;
That Banner so fair, with its' colors so bright,
'Twas the pride of our nation and thee.
Cho. In my bosom, &c.

3.

There's a chill on my forehead to-night, mother,
I am dying far distant from thee ;
But the star of my faith is unclouded and bright,
For I know thou art praying for me.
Cho. In my bosom, &c.

4. I am going to Jesus above, mother,
With the pure and the blest I shall be ;
But my spirit will guard thee in love, dear mother,
Till wafted by angels to me.
Cho. In my bosom, &c.

1. Rally round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love, On the land and seas, Brave hearts are under it,
2. Floating high a-bove us, Glowing in the sun, Speaking loud to all hearts Of a freedom won, Who dares to sully it,

Fine.

Let the traitors brag, Gallant lads, fire away, And fight for the flag. { Their flag is but a rag, Ours is the true one ;
Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one. }
Bought with precious blood, Gallant lads we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should { Raise, then, the banner high, Ours is the true one ;
swell the flood. } Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one. }

m *sempre cresc.* *ff D. C.*

Let our col-ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic-to-ry is lib-er-ty, And God will bless the right.

With Distinctness.

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right; }
 { In a no-ble cause contending, God speed the right. } Be our zeal in heav'n re-cord-ed,
 2. { Be that prayer a-gain re-pea-t-ed—God speed the right; }
 { Ne'er despairing, though defeated; God speed the right. } Like the good and great in sto-ry,

With suc-cess on earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 If we fail, we fail with glo-ry; God speed the right, God speed the right.

3.

Patient, firm, and persevering;
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er th'e vent nor danger fearing;
 God speed the right.
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 In the strength of heaven succeeding—
 God speed the right.

NEW S. S.

4.

Still our onward course pursuing;
 God speed the right;
 Every foe at length subduing;
 God speed the right.
 Truth our causē, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it;
 God speed the right.

Words by LILY.

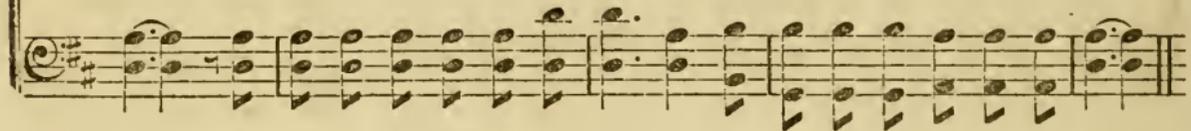
Arranged.



1. We'll hope in the midst of our tri - als, Nor yield to the chill of des -
2. He's prom-ised a home to the faith - ful, And such by his grace we may




- pair, But think of the mansion of glo - ry, Our Saviour has gone to pre - pare.
prove, We'll hope in the midst of our tri - als, And seek his pro - tec - tion and love.



3.

Tho' clouds may o'ershadow the sunlight,
Our journey by faith we'll pursue,
A star in the distance is shining,
T'will help us our strength to renew.

4.

Then hope in the midst of our trials,
Nor yield to the chill of despair,
But think of the mansion of glory,
Our Saviour has gone to prepare.

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

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

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

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

Because I should not think 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.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. *By permission.*

1. Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
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,
Tho' 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 merit must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of
 2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall

rest, There my Sa - viour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
 stand; For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is
 There is rest, &c.

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

Jer - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is

bloom - ing, There is rest for you.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

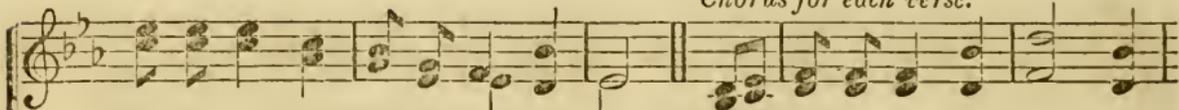
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.—*Cho.*



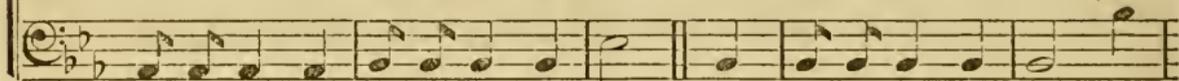
1. I love to sing of that great power, That made the earth and sea ; But better still I
2. I love to sing of God, of heaven. And all its pur - i - ty, God is my Father,
3. And when I reach that happy place, From all temptation free, I'll tune my ev - er-



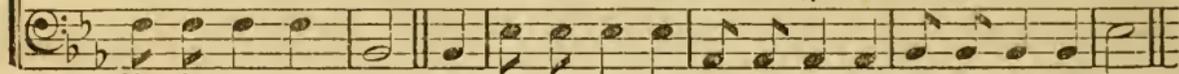
Chorus for each verse.



love the song Of "Je - sus died for me."
 Heaven my home, For "Je - sus died for me." He died for you and me, From
 rapturous notes, With "Je - sus died for me."



sin and death to free : I love to sing the glo - rious song Of "Je - sus died for me."



1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; Ev'n tho' it be a cross That raiseth
 2. Tho', like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a
 3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy

me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
 stone: Yet in my dreams, I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
 given; An-gels to beck-on, me, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

4.
 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of the 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.

118

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Where

I may rest from sor - row free, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! With - in the gold - en

gates of light, Ar - rayed in garments pure and white. I'll walk with an - gels fair and bright,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by T. E. PERKINS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CHORUS.

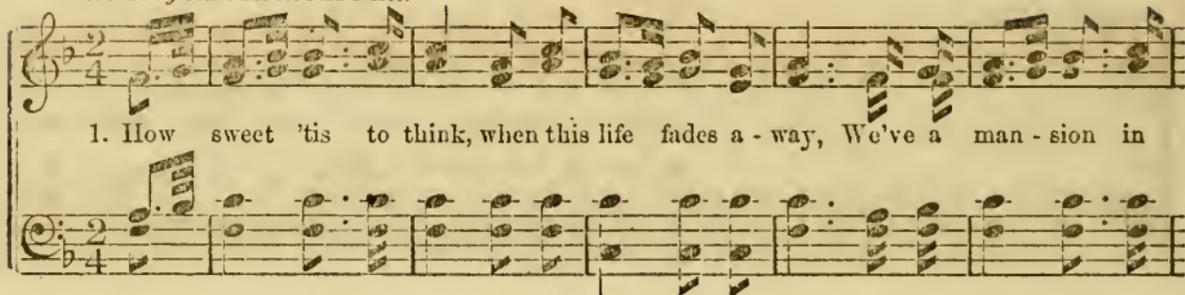
In my home a - bove. Beau-ti - ful home a - bove, Beau-ti - ful home a -

- bove— O, come and take me, Saviour, come; I love my beau-ti - ful home.

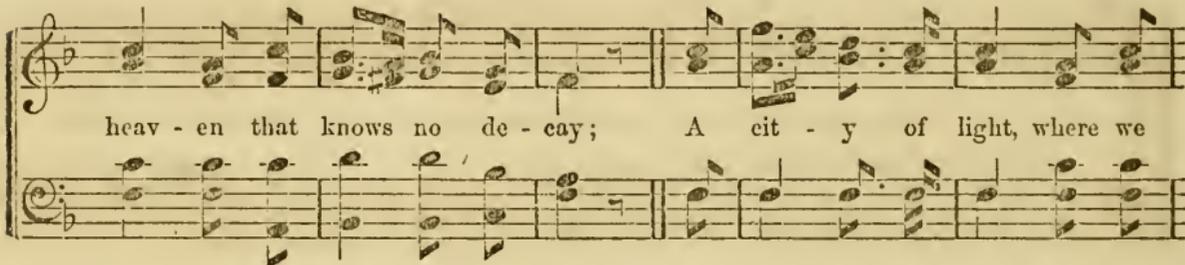
2. To reach thee safe I daily pray,
 Beautiful home above!
 And travel in the toilsome way,
 Beautiful home above!
 My weary feet are bruised and sore,
 But Jesus' feet were bruised before,
 To bring me to the open door
 Of my home above.
Chorus.—Beautiful home, &c.

3. Thy shining walls by faith I see,
 Beautiful home above!
 The mansions fair prepared for me,
 Beautiful home above!
 O let me keep my longing eyes,
 Intently fixed upon the prize,
 Till angels bear me to the skies,
 In my home above.
Chorus.—Beautiful home, &c.

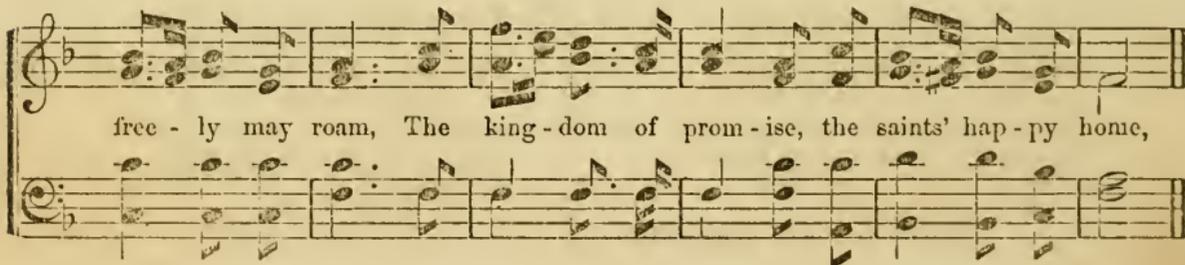
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.



1. How sweet 'tis to think, when this life fades a - way, We've a man - sion in



heav - en that knows no de - cay; A cit - y of light, where we



free - ly may roam, The king - dom of prom - ise, the saints' hap - py home,

Home, home, home, sweet home! We've a man-sion in heaven, the saints' hap-py home.

Home, home, sweet home! the saints' hap-py home.

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words like 'hap-py' and 'hap-py' hyphenated across lines.

2. Oh! why should we murmur and grieve here below,
When it is but a moment of suffering we know,
Compared to the glory revealed to us there,
On the sweet banks of Canaan, so blooming and fair.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.
3. A vision of beauty now bursts on my sight,
From the city celestial, the land of delight;—
Oh! rest thee, my spirit, till Jesus shall come,
And bear thee away to the saints' happy home.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home.
2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call.
Give them with that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

CRADLE SONG.

Words by the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

Music by the REV. J. CHANDLER. From the Pioneer.

1. O lit - tle child, lie still and sleep! Je - sus is near, Thou need'st not fear,

No one need fear whom God doth keep, By day or night;

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, gentle style. The lyrics are placed below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody, and the third staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord on the third staff.

Then lay thee down in slum - ber deep, Till morn - ing light.

2.

O little child, lie still and rest :
 He sweetly sleeps
 Whom Jesus keeps,
 And in the morning wake so blest
 His child to be ;
 Love every one, but love Him best,
 He first loved thee.

3.

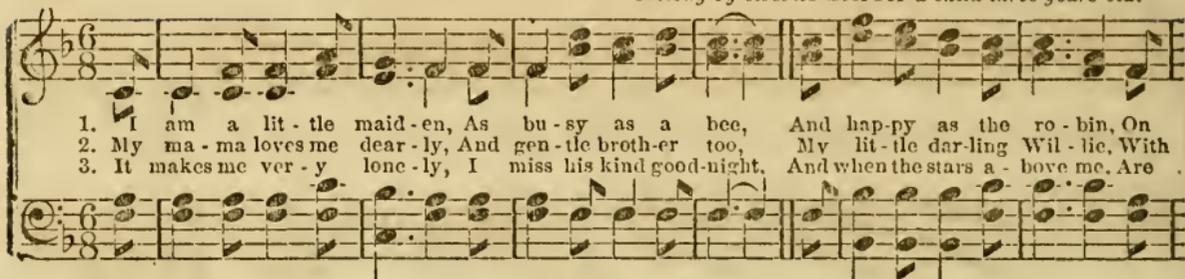
O little child, when thou must die
 Fear nothing then,
 But say Amen

To God's command ; and quiet lie
 In his kind hand,
 Till he shall say, " Dear child, come, fly
 To heaven's bright land."

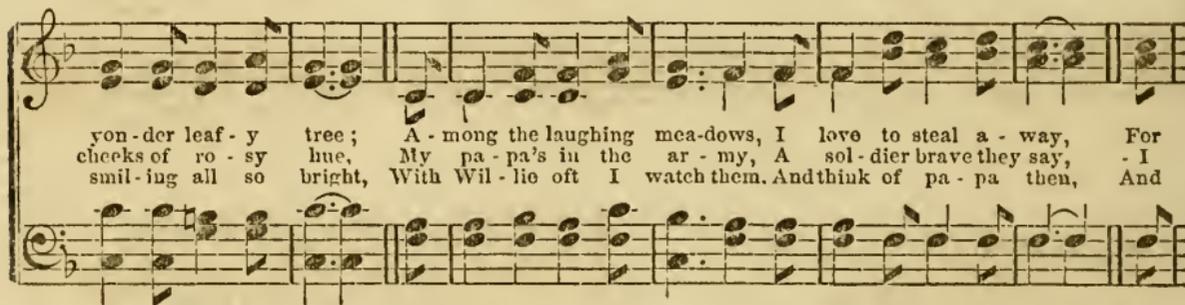
4.

Then, with thy angel-wings quick grown,
 Shalt thou ascend
 To meet thy Friend,—
 Jesus the little child will own—
 Safe, at his side !
 And thou shalt live before the throne
 Because he died !

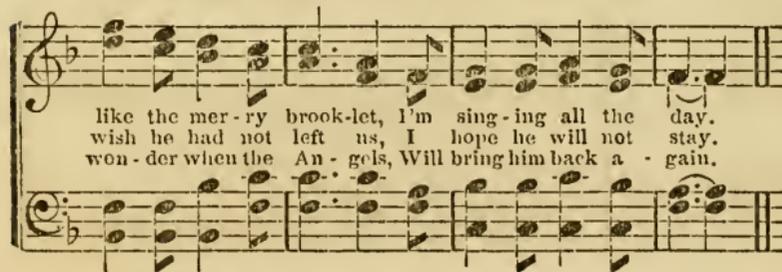
THE LITTLE MAIDEN'S SONG.

Melody by EMMA SMITH a child three years old.


1. I am a lit-tle maid-en, As bu-sy as a bee, And hap-py as the ro-bin, On
 2. My ma-ma loves me dear-ly, And gen-tle broth-er too, My lit-tle dar-ling Wil-lie, With
 3. It makes me ver-y lone-ly, I miss his kind good-night, And when the stars a-bove me, Are



yon-der leaf-y tree; A-mong the laugh-ing mea-dows, I love to steal a-way, For
 cheeks of ro-sy hue, My pa-pa's in the ar-my, A sol-dier brave they say, - I
 smil-ing all so bright, With Wil-lie oft I watch them, And think of pa-pa then, And



like the mer-ry brook-let, I'm sing-ing all the day.
 wish he had not left us, I hope he will not stay.
 won-der when the An-gels, Will bring him back a-gain.

4.

And when I kneel by mama,
 And say my evening prayer,
 My Grandpa and my Grandma,
 Are both remembered there;
 I always pray for mama,
 For Pa, and brother too,
 And ask that God will bless me,
 And teach me what to-do.

Maestoso.

1. My country, '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
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal

fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

GLORY TO GOD.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. Glory to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 Saints sing for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."</p> | <p>2. Join all the ransomed race
 Our Lord and God to bless,
 Praise ye his name.
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"</p> | <p>3. Soon we must change our place,
 Yet we will never cease
 Praising his name:
 Still will we tribute bring,
 Hail him our glorious King,
 And through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"</p> |
|---|--|--|

Maestoso.

1 { O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light last gleam - ing? }
ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing; } And the rock - et's red

glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our

flag was still there; O say, does the star-spangled banner still

wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughtily host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and war's desolation;
 Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued
 land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
 nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall, &c.

I N D E X .

A charge to keep I have.....	55	Jesus, who knows full well.....	75	Sweet words of Jesus.....	70
America.....	125	Jesus hear and save.....	83	Sleeping in Jesus.....	19
Azmon.....	65	Jesus died for me.....	116	Sweet rest in heaven.....	34
A closer walk with God.....	107	Joy for the sorrowful.....	102	Sovereign Ruler.....	39
Beautiful city.....	10	Jesus paid it all.....	3	Take thy children home.....	20
Beautiful home above.....	118	Jesus loves me.....	18	Take my heart.....	29
Blessed angels.....	92	Jesus, tender Shepherd.....	29	The Christian's hope.....	69
Blest be the tie.....	75	Jesus is our Shepherd.....	36	The guiding hand.....	87
Breathe holy spirit.....	97	Jesus shall reign.....	35	The gathering.....	80
Christ caring for us.....	99	Land of the pilgrims.....	91	The heavenly land.....	25
Come unto me.....	86	Little things.....	15	The Gospel banner.....	17
Come to the Sabbath School.....	38	Little pilgrims.....	53	The little Christian soldier.....	66
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	75	Little children.....	64	The love of Jesus.....	19
Cradle song.....	122	Little wanderer.....	54	The lonely traveler.....	40
Dare to be right.....	14	Love's redeeming story.....	79	The orphan's prayer.....	45
Duke Street.....	35	Let such as feel oppression's rod.....	107	The golden promise.....	74
Dear Saviour when my thoughts, 107	107	Lord teach a sinful.....	107	The pilgrim's song.....	84
Evan.....	107	Lovely Sabbath morning.....	7	The Polar Star.....	96
Evening Hymn.....	17	My heavenly home.....	105	The pilgrim's home.....	98
Federal Street.....	113	Nearer my home.....	42	The little maiden's song.....	124
God of my life.....	65	Nearer my God.....	117	The saints' happy home.....	120
Gently Lord, Oh gently.....	29	Need of Jesus.....	26	The Stars and Stripes.....	110
God is love.....	100	Nothing but leaves.....	56	The Sunday School Army song.....	76
God speed the right.....	111	No sorrow there.....	106	The Sabbath School.....	4
Golden rule.....	113	Norma.....	13	The sweetest Name.....	6
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