

THE
PLYMOUTH
SABBATH SCHOOL COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS AND TUNES.

By WM. B. BRADBURY.

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NEW YORK:

WM. B. BRADBURY, No's 425 & 427 Broome St.,
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1865.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS collection has been made primarily with reference to the wants of the PLYMOUTH SABBATH SCHOOL, in Brooklyn, N. Y. It has been a growth rather than an artificial structure, and represents hymns and tunes that have been found in practice to be most useful and pleasing.

Even more than in church service must the devotions of the Sabbath School be largely conducted through the instrument of music.

It has been thought that other schools might be profited by this publication. The general superintendence of the work has been in the hands of MR. GEO. A. BELL, in concert with a Committee from the School. MR. WM. B. BRADBURY has had charge of the musical portion of the work, and no other guarantee of its excellence will be required by those who are familiar with his labors in the cause of Sabbath Schools.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, *July*, 1865.

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PLYMOUTH SABBATH SCHOOL

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

INOS.



Staccato.

1 Come, children, join to sing, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men ! Loud praise to Christ our King, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men !

Let all with heart and voice, Before His throne rejoice ; Praise is His gracious choice. Halle - lu - jah, Amen !

No. 1.

2 Come, lift your hearts on high,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Hallelujah, Amen!
He is our guide and friend,
To us He'll condescend ;
His love shall never end,
Hallelujah, Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah, Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore
Hallelujah, Amen!



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

2

S. M.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

3

S. M.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come :"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come !"

2. Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come !"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come !

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

4

S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

S. M.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies
And bears our life away ;
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

- 4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. M.

- 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 :
Yet we must 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 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage Him on their side ;
When they are grieved, His bowels move,
And can they be denied ?
- 5 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer ;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord! In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy

word, We read thy name in fairer lines; 2. The rolling sun, the changing light And nights and

days thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

L. M.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race

It touched and glanced on every land
4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

9

L. M.

- 1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word.
- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky—
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
When heaven and earth have passed away.

10

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!
- 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul He'll ne'er disown;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

- 4 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake;—
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

11

L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep,
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs.
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There merey like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

12

C. M.

- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;

We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

13

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron scepter lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

14

C. M.

1 Oh! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King ;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honor sing ;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood His ancient throne :—
He loved that chosen race ;
But now He calls the world His own ;
The heathen taste His grace.

15

C. M.

1 I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

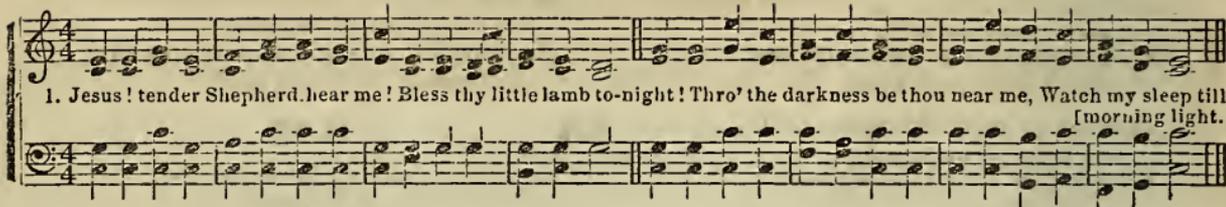
2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from Thee
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.



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

16 8s & 7s.

- 2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd and fed me,—
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

17 8s & 7s.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thyself revealing—
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.
- 4 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O, Thou mild, pacific Prince!

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

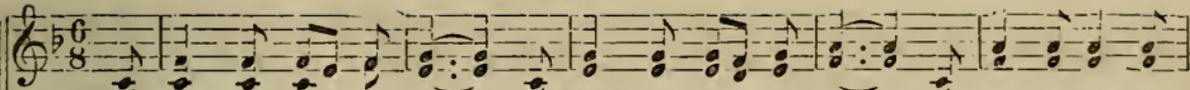
- 5 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

18 8s & 7s.

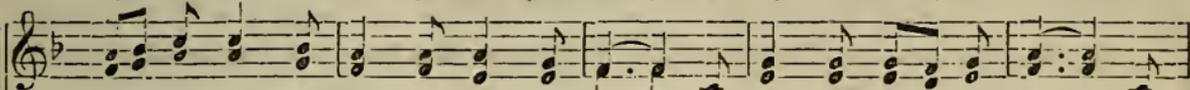
- 1 PLEASE to watch us, blessed Saviour,
As we leave our "Sabbath home;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to thee we come.
- 2 Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.
- 3 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."
- 4 Thus we'd serve thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gathered home to thee.

LEBANON. 8. M.

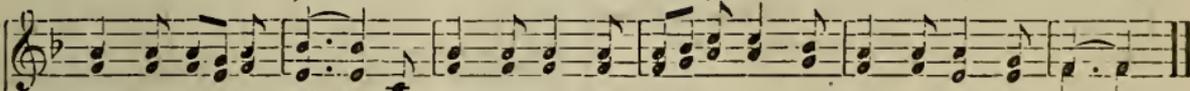
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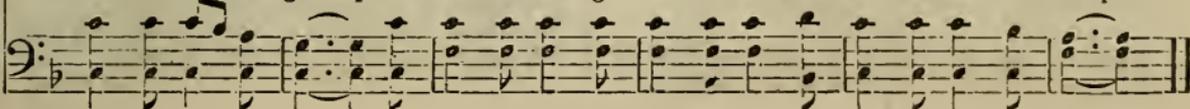
19 1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child; They followed me o'er
 3. Je - sus, my Shepherd is, 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that wash'd me



Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd; 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.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ; What more can he say than to you he hath said—Who unto the Saviour, for refuge have fled, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

20

11s.

2.

Fear not, I am with thee, Oh ! be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid :
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,

The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes :
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake !

KENNEDY.

el

lls.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply,
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good,
- 2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue,

- 3 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said,
- 4 The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him with angels to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

MEROE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

22

L. M.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star! bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?

- No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to hush, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
Jesus is not ashamed of me!

J. ZUNDEL. By permission.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest ; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, I found in him a resting - place, And he has made me glad.

23

C. M.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one
Stoop down and drink, and live ;
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun .
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

MILWAUKEE. 8s & 7s.

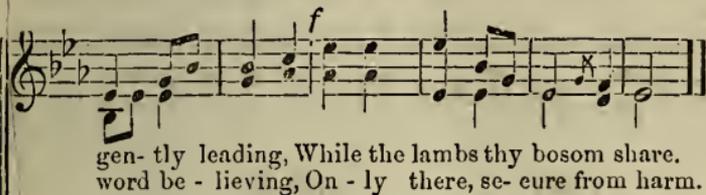
15

Rather slow and gentle.

JOHN ZUNDEL, by permission.



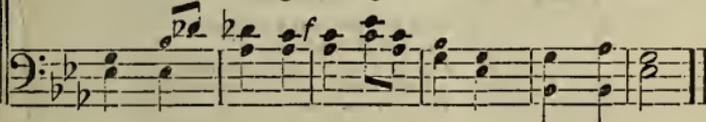
1. Saviour, who thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's kindest care, All the fee-ble.
 2. Now, these little ones re-ceiving, Fold them in thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy



gen-ly leading, While the lambs thy bosom share.
 word be-lieving, On-ly there, se-cure from harm.

24 8s & 7s.

- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them thro' life's dangerou ray.



- 4 Then within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

25 8s & 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our eyelids seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness can not hide from Thee,
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watcheth where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down the golden sand,
2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ; Though every prospect pleases, And on-ly man is vile :

From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palmy plain They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain,
In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown ; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone !

26

7s & 6s.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation. O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

27

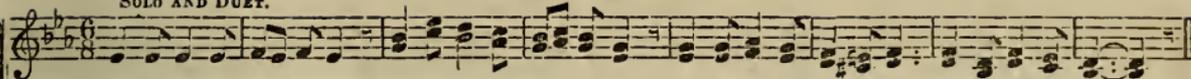
7s & 6s.

- 1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world :
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
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.

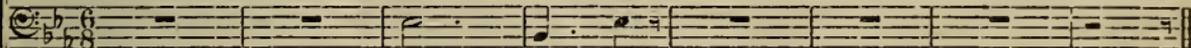
A HEAVENLY VOICE!

WM. B. BRADBURY. 17

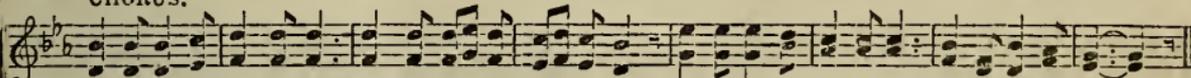
SOLO AND DUET.



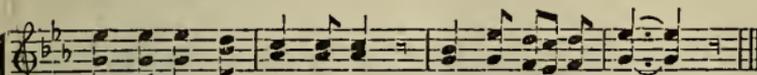
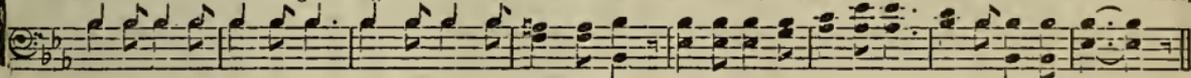
1 Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice. Floating lightly, lightly by! Come to Jesus and rejoice, Live with Him on high!
2 Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice, Singing sweetly, sweetly now; 'Tis the hour to make thy choice. Come! to Jesus bow!



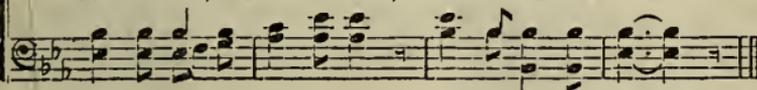
CHORUS.



Yes! we come! to Jesus come, For our Saviour ev-er dear Soon will call us to His home. Free from every fear.
Jesus' love—worth more than gold Dug from out the richest mines—Jesus' love, like wealth untold. Round the heart entwines,



Soon will call us to His home, Free from ev'-ry fear.
Je-sus love, like wealth untold, Round the heart entwines.



28 7s & 5s.

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

29

Tune—HOLLY, p. 135.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."
4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

" MARCHING ON ! "

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Marching on | marching on | glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far ;

Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, We are sol-diers of Zi - on prepared for the war

End

Marching on! marching on!

Marching on | marching on | marching on! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Marching

marching on!

on! Marching on!

on | marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the vic-to-ry, the vic-to-ry, the vic - io - ry!

D. C.

30

2

Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rd's the foe.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

3

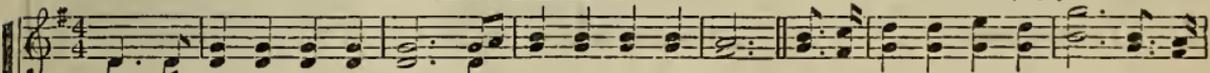
Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;

We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

4

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Cho.—Marching on, &c.

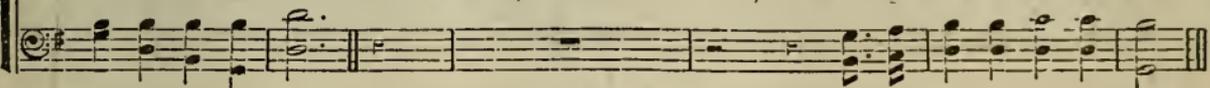
MT. BLANC. 6s & 7s, PLYMOUTH COLLECTION, by permission.



1 We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne, When He
2 We can see that distant home, Tho' clouds roll dark between; Faith views the radiant dome, And a



makes His people one In the new, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
lus - tre flashes keen From the new, From the new, From the new Je - ru - sa - lem.



31

6s & 7s.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

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

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

1. To - day the Saviour calls Ye wand'ers, home : O, ye benighted souls Why longer roam ?

32 6s & 4s.

2 To - day the Saviour calls ;
O, hear Him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls ;
For refuge fly ;
The storm of justice falls,
As death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to His power ;
O, grieve Him not away :
'Tis mercy's hour.

HARK ! THOSE HAPPY VOICES.

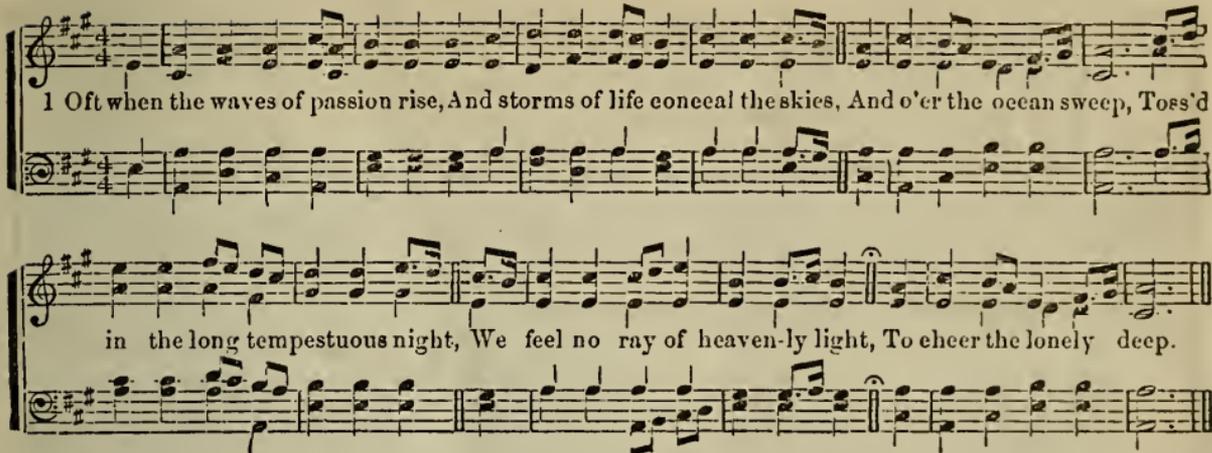
Spiritual Songs.

1 Hark ! those happy voices, saying, "Yet there's room : Sinner, come, Heaven's call obeying."
2. Now the feast is spread before thee, Wait no more, Grace implore, Peace shall then come o'er thee
3. Bless the Lord of life for ev-er, O, my soul, Boun-ti-ful, In - fi - nite His fa - vor.
4. Bless the Lord of Thy salvation, Who in love, From above, Heard thy suppli - ca - tion.

33

5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven
Through His blood
That freely flow'd,
Are thy sins forgiven.

6 Bless the Lord, whose love abounding,
Fills thy days
With joy and praise,
Songs of triumph sounding.



1 Oft when the waves of passion rise, And storms of life conceal the skies, And o'er the ocean sweep, Toss'd
in the long tempestuous night, We feel no ray of heavenly light, To cheer the lonely deep.

34

C. P. M.

2 But lo! in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now he passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 't is I

3 Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise:
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies!

SABBATH SCHOOL MARCHING SONG.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, from "S. S. Banner." By permission.

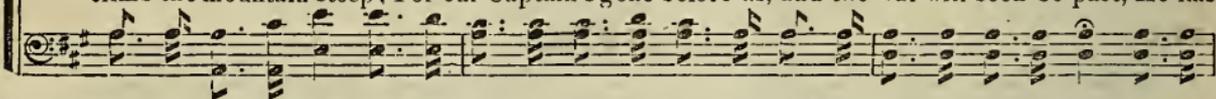


1. Hark! hark! the bat-tle-cry is sounding o'er the hill,
2. Who will join our army? hark! we call for vol-unteers,
3. Who will join our army? tho' the struggle may be long,
4. Onward, ev-er onward, then our steady course we'll keep,

Quick to your du-ty now, and
Yonder in the distance see, our
No-bly we will brave it, for our
Onward, ever onward, 'till we



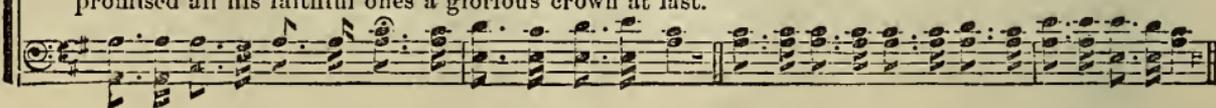

haste the ranks to fill; Let us ral-ly round our standard, like the heroes of the past, And to
bea-con light appears; When our way is dark and dreary, we will keep it still in view, And we'll
hearts in God are strong; If we trust our great Commander, aid and comfort we shall find, And he'll
climb the mountain steep; For our Captain's gone before us, and the war will soon be past, He has



CHORUS.



those who fight with courage bold, there's victo-ry at last. Marching on together, singing ever as we go,
fight the battle of the cross, and bear our colors true.
drive the foe before us, like the chaff before the wind.
promised all his faithful ones a glorious crown at last.



SABBATH SCHOOL MARCHING SONG. Concluded.

23

Truth shall be our watchword, and the world our traitor foe ; But salvation is our helmet, and our

sword can nev-er fail, For our Captain we will nobly fight, And in his strength prevail.

ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADEURY.

1 (Weeping soul, no longer mourn, Je- sus all thy griefs hath borne ;
View him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee ;) There thy every sin He bore, Weeping soul, lament no more.

35

7s.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid ;
See, upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours ;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem ;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away ;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace

1, Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise!

Father all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

36 6s & 4s.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend ;
 From all our foes defend,
 Nor let us fall ;
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on Thee be stayed,
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;

Our prayer attend ;
 Come, and Thy people bless ;
 Come, give Thy word success ;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour ,
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart.

And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

1 LET us awake our joys ;
Strike up with cheerful voice ;
Each creature, sing :
Angels, begin the song ;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad His name ;
Tell of His matchless fame ;
What wonders done ;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell ;
Mourners, rejoice :
His dying love adore ;
Praise Him, now raised in power ;
Praise Him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, He shall come,
While they who pierced Him wail ;
His promise shall not fail ;
Saints, see your King prevail :
Great Saviour, come.

This is the FIRST HYMN THAT WAS ADDRESSED TO CHRIST. It is found among the writings of Clement of Alexandria, but was probably written in the first century.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways—
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here we children bring,
Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
O all subduing Word,
Healer of strife :
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song ;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine enduring word
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing :
Let all the holy throng,
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

THE GATHERING

WM. B. BRADBURY.

39 1. We gath-er, we gath-er, dear Je-sus, to bring The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of Spring;
2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran-som so free-ly was given;

Our Mak-er! Ro-deem-er! we grate-ful-ly raise Our hearts and our voi-ces in hymn-ing thy praise.
Thou designdst to lis-ten while children a-dored, With joy-ful ho-san-nas—the bless'd of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Ho-san-na in the high-est! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-lo-
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-san-na in the high-est! Hal-lo-lu-jah!

... lu - jah! Ho-san-na to the Lord!
Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-san-na to the Lord!

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.
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.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

27

Words by Mrs. H. N. BEERS.

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Although I am a sinful child, Je-sus is my Saviour—With gall't my heart is all defiled, Je-sus died for me.

CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS.

I sing the love of Je-sus—He died for me, He died for me—His precious blood can cleanse us, Once shed on Calvary.

- 10
2. Though but a child, I'll do His will,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.
 3. Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.
 4. And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—

- I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.
5. When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.
There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died for me. who died
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap - pears ; The sons of earth are waking To pen - i - teo - tial tears :

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion Pre - pared for Sion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,

In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry to heaven going
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love.

And thou - and 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.

41

7s & 6s.

- 1 THE rosy light is dawning,
 Upon the mountain's brow ;
 It is the Sabbath morning,
 Arise and pay thy vow.
 Lift up thy voice to heaven
 In sacred praise and prayer,
 While unto thee is given
 The light of life to share.
- 2 The landscape, lately shrouded
 By evening's paler ray,
 Smiles beauteous and unclouded
 Before the eye of day.
 So let our souls, benighted
 Too long in folly's shade,
 Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
 To joys that never fade
- 3 O see those waters streaming
 In crystal purity,
 While earth, with verdure teeming,
 Gives rapture to the eye.
 Let rivers of salvation
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing virtues know.

7s & 6s.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with Him above ;
 And from that flowing fountain,
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before ;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er ;
 And since He has proved faithful,
 A righteous crown He'll give,
 And all His valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 O! cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

7s & 6s.

- 1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
 My heart, exulting sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings ;
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 My Saviour, thou shalt hear ;
 O, grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to thy bright abode ;
 Then cast my crown before thee,
 And all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore thee ;
 What could an angel more ?

7s & 6s.

- 1 It is not earthly pleasure,
 That withers in a day ;
 It is not mortal treasure,
 That fieth soon away ;
 It is not friends that leave us,
 It is not sense nor sin,
 That smile but to deceive us,
 Can give us peace within.
- 2 But 'tis religion bringeth
 Joy beyond earth's control ;
 Rich from the throne it springeth,
 A fountain to the soul.
 He that is meek and lowly,
 The Saviour's face shall see ;
 To none but to the holy,
 Heaven's gates shall opened be.

1 Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so ; Little ones to him belong, They are weak but

CHORUS.

He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me. Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.</p> | <p>3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Come to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.</p> | <p>4 Jesus loves me; He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.</p> |
|--|--|---|

45

Tune—Rothwell. L. M. page, 72.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.</p> <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!</p> <p>3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;</p> | <p>Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!</p> <p>4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.</p> <p>5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.</p> |
|--|--|

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

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, Angels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.
 Stand by your con-science, your honor, your faith; Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tie till death.
 Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and prote-ct: ev-ry hair of your head.

CHORUS. V

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true!
 Dare,

4. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
 Dare to do right! &c.

5. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
 Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true and do right!
 Dare to do right! &c.

1 (Hark the sweetest notes of an - gels singing, Glo-ry, gl - ory to the Lamb,
All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing, Raising high the Saviour's) name. We will join the beautiful

2 (Ye for whom his precious life was giv - en, Sacred themes to you belong ;
Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven, Join the ev-erlasting) song. We will join, &c.

Or this: *Sing a-way, ye beautiful*

an - gels, We will join the beautiful an - gels, Singing a - way, Singing a - way, Glory, glory to the Lamb.

47 an - gels, *Sing away, ye beautiful an - gels, Sing a - way, sing a - way, Glory, glory to the Lamb.*

- 2 Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above ;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.

We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

- 3 Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name :
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.

We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

48 *Tune, Ives. p. 80.*

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime.

Shall the gospel call obey!
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign !
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name :
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

1 Spread, my soul, thy golden pinions—Bask in heaven's celestial ray—'Tis a foretaste of the

D. C. FULL CHORUS.

As the tide is flowing, flowing, Onward to return no more—So may heavenly breezes

END.

glories, Saved for that e - ter - nal day! When thy pil - grim - age is o - ver And the

blowing, Waft my soul to Canaan's shore!

D. C. IN FULL CHORUS

clouds sin are past Then if faithful to thy mission Thou shalt reach that goal at last.

49 2 Though the path be long and dreary,
 And my way by thorns beset;
 I will bravely onward journey,
 Hopeful of the blessing yet!
 Trusting in a loving Father;
 One whose mighty arm is strong;
 I will brave life's surging billows,
 'Till I see the shining throng!—*Cho.*

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



1 Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and

wish - es known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found relief; And oft escaped the tempter's snare By

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

50

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
||: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share:
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I 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! :||

BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

35

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, from "S. S. Banner." By permission.

1. Beautiful country, pure and blest, Beautiful Canaan, land of rest; There we shall meet to part no more, Our

CHORUS.

dear ones gone before. Home of the faithful, lovely, lovely Canaan. There shall redeeming grace our raptured souls em-

ploy; Home of the faith-ful, lovely, lovely Canaan, There shall the ransomed ones return with songs of joy.

- 2 Beautiful vales in verdure bright,
 Beautiful plains of golden light;
 Joyfully onward still we roam
 To thee our glorious home.—*Cho.*
- 3 Beautiful birds with plumage fair,
 Beautiful streams that wander there;

Beautiful land beyond the sky,
 Where hope can never die.—*Cho.*

- 4 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Glory to God our Saviour King;
 Honor and praise to Him be given,
 By all on earth and heaven.—*Cho.*

1 Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell ;
2 For they have no kind pastor, Whose loving words have told, Of Jesus, the good Shepherd, And called them to his fold ;

Cho.—Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell ;

D. C.
And when the ho-ly morning Wakes us to sing and pray, They spend the precious moments In idleness and play.
No Sabbath school in-vit-ing Its pleasant doors within, No teacher's voice entreating To leave the way of sin.

51

7s & 6s.

- 3 I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high ;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.—*Cho.*
- 4 And so each morn and evening,
Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there ;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.—*Cho.*

52

7s & 6s.

- 1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day :
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 52** 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus.
Stand In his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never 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.

53**7s & 6s.**

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
- 2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
- 4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 5 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

- 6 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

54**7s & 6s.**

- 1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend,
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend ;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along ;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong ;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by :
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.
- 3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our soul to save ;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone.
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.
- 4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus,
Throughout eternal day :
For those, who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess ;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will for ever bless.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON, of Paisley, Scotland.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty. Hold me
D. S. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me

FINE.
D. S.
with thy powerful hand; Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till.... I want no more.
till I want no more.

55

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

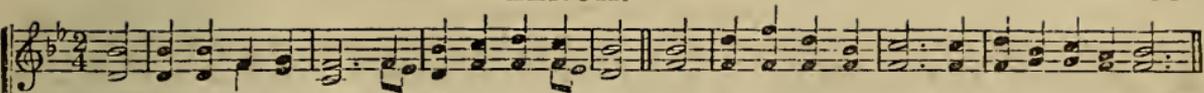
56

8s & 7s.

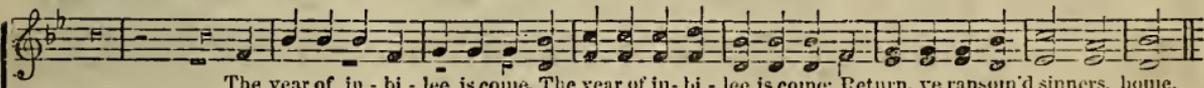
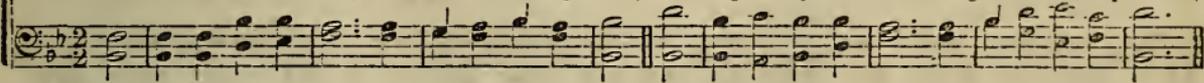
- 1 HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.

When I wandered, Thou hast found me:
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

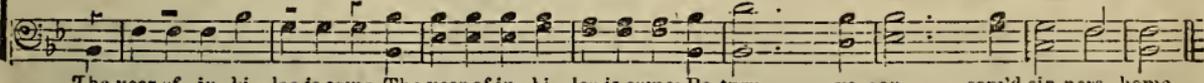
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
- 3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow— The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
 2. Ex- alt the Lamb of God, The sta - a - ton-ing Lamb; Re - demption by his blood Through all the lands proclaim,



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.



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

57

The Gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace,
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face;

The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mournful souls, be glad;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

58

H. M.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead;
 And o'er our hellish foes,
 High raised his conquering head
 In wild dismay the guards around,
 Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands,
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet;
 Joyful they come, and wing their way
 From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear,

Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air;
 Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
 Has left the dead—he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell;
 And send the echo round
 The globe, on which you dwell;
 Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead—no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st with thy blood,
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God;
 With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
 And empires gain beyond the skies

1 Joy for the sor-row-ful, strength for the weak, Words of be-nev-o-lence Je - sus doth speak;

FULL CHORUS, or 1st time Solo, and repeat full Chorus.

Repeat ad lib.

His purpose of mercy no power can stay, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

59

- 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.
- Cho. The lame leaping high, these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.
- 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.

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

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

Cho. Oh strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away,
Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

Trio. I We three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and foun - tain

Full Cho. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Fine. CHORUS.

moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star, O Star of won - der, Star of Night, Star with

Hal - le - lu - jan, A - - - - - men.

roy - al beau - ty bright, West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

D. C.

60

Solo :—GASPARD.

2 Born a KING on Bethlehem plain,
GOLD I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, Ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.—*Cho.*

Solo :—MELCHIOR.

3 FRANKINCENSE to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh :
Prayer and praising, All men raising,
Worship Him, God on High.—*Cho.*

Solo :—BALHAZAR.

4 MYRRH is mine ; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom :—
Sorrowing, sighing, Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.—*Cho.*

Trio.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice ;
Hallelujah : Hallelujah,
Heaven and earth reulies.—*Cho.*

1 Preserved by thine Al-mighty power, O Lord, our Maker—Saviour—King, And brought to
 2 We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given, Oh, may we

§ CHORUS.

see this happy hour, We come thy praises here to sing. Happy day, happy day, Here in thy
 still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins forgiven. d. s. Happy day, happy day, When Christ shall

FINE.

D. S.

courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy foot-stool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins away.
 wash our sins a-way.

60

L. M.

3 We praise thee for the joyful news,
 Of pardon through a Saviour's blood,
 O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
 The road to happiness and God.
Cho. Happy day, &c.

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

- 1 On happy day that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my Lord!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away;
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 Oh happy day, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love;

- Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
 Happy day, &c.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine,
 Happy day, &c.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possessed.
 Happy day, &c.

THE LITTLE WANDERER. L. M.

END. DAL.

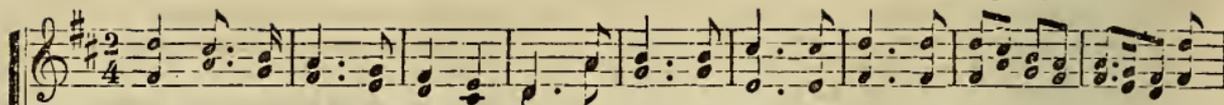
I Jesus to thy dear arms I flee, I have no other help but thee; For thou dost suffer me to come, O take a little wand'rer home.

d. s. O take a little wand'rer home.

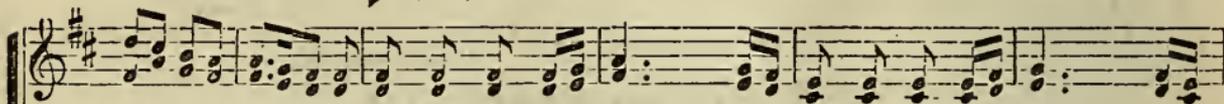
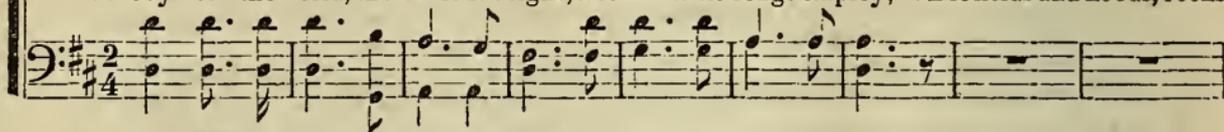
- 2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
 I'll follow thee and never fear;
 From thy dear fold I would not roam;
 O take a little wanderer home.
- 3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
 Yet still I know thou'rt very near;

- O say my sins are all forgiven,
 And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.
- 4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine.
 O be thou ever, ever mine,
 And let me never, never roam
 From thee, the little wanderer's home.

Arranged by L. MASON.

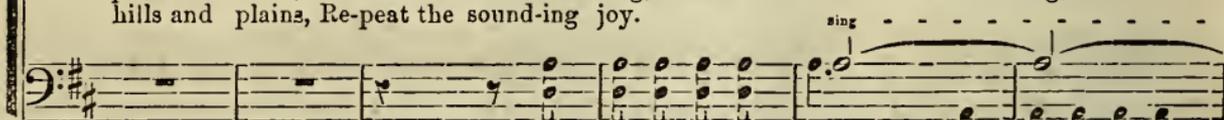


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart pre-
 2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks



- pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
 hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.

And heav'n and na-ture sing,.....

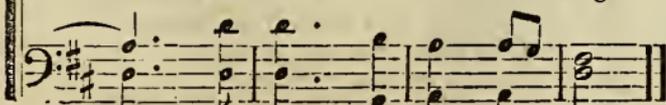


And heav'n and na-ture sing,

And heav'n and na-ture



..... And heav'n and na - ture sing.



sing

63

C. M.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

64

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears:
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

65

C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord for ever thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

66

C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
"Good-will and peace" are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail.
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. (Song and Chorus.)

SOLO, or a few voices.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free; The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee; A mansion in heaven we

see, . . . And a light in the window for thee. . .

67

- 3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*
- 4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN? WM. D. BRADBURY. 47

REFRAIN.

1 Shall we sing in heaven for ever—Shall we sing? Shalt we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ever, In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling riv-er, Meet to sing and love for ev-er, In that happy land.

- 68** 2 Shall we know each other, ever,
 In that land?
 Shall we know each other, ever,
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall know each other,
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 3 Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that land?
 Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 Saints and angels sing for ever,
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
 In that land?
 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
 In that happy land?

- Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land
 They that meet shall rest for ever,
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
 In that land?
 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 Children meet and sing for ever
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.
- 6 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
 In that land?
 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 We shall know our blessed Saviour,
 Far beyond the rolling river,
 Love and serve him there for ever. &c.

1. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, From dis - tant worlds where creatures dwell,

Let heav'n be - gin the sol - emn word, And sound it dread - ful down to hell.

69

L. M.

- 2 High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.
- 3 Let clouds and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
- 4 Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;

- Loud as His thunder, shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
- 5 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word !
O, may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 6 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord :
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

70

L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for Thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of my tongue.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

71

L. M.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues His glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are His work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on His pastures live,
- 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

- 4 The Lord is good the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man's shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

72

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people ; we His care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HE LEADETH ME. From "Golden Censer." By permission.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES; HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

1. He lead-eth me! O, blessed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By
troubled sea— Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! &c.

his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

MY SABBATH SONG.

51

From "GOLDEN CENSER." By permission. WM. B. IRADBURY.

1. Strains of mu - sic oft - en greet me, As I join the bu - sy throng, But there's nothing half so

CHORUS.
pleas - ant, As the ho - ly Sab - bath song. No fear of ill. No fear of wrong, While

I can sing my Sabbath song; My Sabbath song, My Sabbath song; I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2. 'Tis a song of love and mercy
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
No fear of ill, &c.

8. Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;

But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
No fear of ill, &c.

4. While I live, O, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
No fear of ill, &c.

What sin - ners val - ue I re - sign ; Lord ! 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

I shall be - hold Thy bliss - ful face, And stand complete in right - eous - ness

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

75

L. M.

- 1 What sinners value I resign ;
Lord ! 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

- 3 Oh ! glorious hour !—Oh ! blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise.
And in my Saviour's image rise.

76

L. M.

- 1 Now let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell;
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

77

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls! with sins distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

- 3 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

78

L. M.

- 1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!
- 3 Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 4 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 5 Great All in All, Eternal King!
Let me but view Thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and Thy grace.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRaise God from whom all blessings flow,
PRaise Him all creatures here below,
PRaise Him above, ye heavenly host;
PRaise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES

FOR S. S. CELEBRATION.

From "Oriola," by permission.

1 Now we lift our tuneful voices, In a new mel - odious song: While each youthful
2 Ye who join our ce - le - bration, Sweetest mel - o - dies em - ploy; Bow with us in

♩: FULL CHORUS.

heart re - joic - es, To behold the gath'ring throng. As we lift our waving banners To the breezes
ad - o - ration, Filled with holy, heavenly joy.

soft and mild, May the tide of glad ho - san - nas Flow from bosoms un - de - filed.

79

3 Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
All must honor and approve;
Thanks for labor still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.
Cho.—As we lift, &c.

4 Thanks to God for every blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
Cho.—As we lift, &c

SAFE AT HOME.

55

Words by Hon. ROBT. H. PRUYN.*

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 When the bat - tle is fought, and the vic - to - ry won, Life's tri - als are ended, and life's duties done,
2 The most youthful soldier will then have a share, In heav - en - ly mansions prepared for us there.

REFRAIN.

Then Je - sus, our Saviour, will welcome us home, No more in this desert of sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home,
The song of redemption, from infants, shall swell, As of Jesus, to wondering an - gels they tell.

Safe, safe at home, No more to roam, No more to roam, Safe, safe at home. Safe, safe at home, No more, no more to roam.

80

- 3 Though taken from earth in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour we'll ever adorn,
More bright than the stars will thy ransomed ones shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.
- 4 Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds with the riches of wisdom be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

* The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.

1. God is the re - fuge of his saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade ;

Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold him pre - sent with his aid.

S1

L. M.

- 1 God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

- 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

82

L. M.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives—the everlasting God—
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day ;
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far

- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

83

L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues ;
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

84

L. M.

- 1 O SACRED day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 2 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love ;
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

Quick.

"FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

From "Golden Chain," by permission.

1 Tho' the day's are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is one that sees thee ev - er
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces Often make thee happy here, Yet no one was e'er so hap - py,

REFRAIN.

And will hold thee near and dear.
But sometimes the clouds appear.) There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near,

Repeat *pp*
Nev - er, nev - er fear, There's a friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev - er near, Never fear.

85

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart,
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reach'd its height
There's a friend, &c.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore:
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss, for ever - more,
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.
There's a friend. &c.

- 1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's.
Costly, free, and knows no end,
Chorus.—There's a friend, &c.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God. *Cho.*

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same. *Cho.*
- 4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord at length to love,
We, alas! forget too often.
What a friend we have above. *Cho.*

LITTLE TRAVELER.

T. E. PERKINS, from "New Shining Star," by permission.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the soprano part. The lyrics are: "1 Lit-tle trav-lers Zi-on-ward, Each one ent-ri'ng in-to rest, In the king-dom of your Lord, D. S. Lift your heads ye gold-en gates! In the man-sions of the blest, There to wel-come Je-sus waits, Gives the crowns his foll'wers win; Let the lit-tle trav-lers in." The score includes a "Fine." marking and a "D. S." (Da Capo) instruction. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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

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



1 (Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For... the love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of ev - ery joy, Let... Thy praise our tongues employ.) All... to Thee, our God, we owe, Source, whence all our ble - s - ings flow. All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source, whence all our b'ess - ings flow.

- 88** 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord, for these our souls shall raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty, summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
Still to Thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

89

7s.

- 1 Praise the Lord—his power confess;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires,—
Praise him as his fame requires.
Let the trumpets lofty sound;
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.
- 2 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.
All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise, your hearts unite,
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

Dr. LOWELL MASON. By permission.
FINE.

1 (Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise above,)
 (Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoice - es ; Jesus reigns, the God of love.) See! he sits on yonder
 d. c. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

2 (King of glo - ry! reign for ev - er! Thine an ev - erlasting crown ;)
 (Nothing from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own.) Happy ob - jects of thy
 d. c. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

D. C.

throne ; Je - sus rules the world a - lone,
 grace, Destined to be - hold thy face.

90 8s & 7s.
 3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing!
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 " Glory, glory to our King!"
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen!

91

8s & 7s.

1 COME, and sweetly tune your voices—
 Raise them to a lofty strain ;
 Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices,
 Shout! for Jesus comes to reign.
 Glory! hear the angels crying,
 Glory to the Saviour's name ;
 Shall not children, with them vying,
 Here on earth his praise proclaim.

2 Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure,
 That they should not hold their peace ;
 And his blessings, without measure,
 He bestowed on such as these.
 Then to heaven, high ascending,
 Shall our anthems quickly rise
 With angelic voices blending,
 Far above yon azure skies.

1 (I am bound for the land of the liv-ing, O hin-der me not on my way; The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me,
The flow-ers that bloom in my path-way Breathe o-dors that waft me right on; They lure me no long-er to tar-ry,

ff REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*
That her-alds e-ter-ni-ty's day.
But welcome earth's time to be gone.) There's a hap-py home be-yond this world of care; A home a-bove, where all is love,

Coda for last stanza.
And the good shall all meet there; A home above, where all is love, And the good shall all meet there, Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

92

- 2 I am weaned from this land of the dying;
Decay is unstamped everywhere;
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting—
My soul has grown weak with its care.
The joy-rays of life are remembered
Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
The flesh and the spirit are weaving,
Each striving the mastery to gain. *Refrain.*
- 3 I am waiting the summons that bids me
No longer a pilgrim to roam,
But leaving the past in this death-land,
Make the land of the living my home.

- The messenger-angel stands waiting,
The signal to whisper to me,
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
And the Master is calling for me. *Refrain.*
- 4 The land of the living is yonder;
There life to its fullness has grown;
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
And sickness, and death, are unknown.
There the songs of redemption are chanted,
By a holy, harmonious band;
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land? *Refrain.*

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. When my heart was sick and sore, With the load of sin I bore; And no earthly hope could see, Je-sus, I came to Thee!

In Thy love my safety lies; In Thy per-fect sa-crifice, All my ter-rors have an end, O glo-ri-ous, per-fect friend.

93

- 2 When beneath the tempter's power,
 Fallen in an evil hour,
 In my shame, where could I flee,
 Only, my Lord, to Thee?
 Thou did'st comfort, cleanse, forgive:
 By Thy perfect life I live;
 Healing and mercy dwell for me,
 Only, my Lord, in Thee.
- 3 When a thousand cares annoy,
 And would all my peace destroy,
 Tossed upon a changing sea,
 Saviour, I rest in Thee!

- Thou art free from earthly care
 And Thy strength divine I share,
 Happy, and calm, and safe, and blest,
 While still in Thy love I rest.
- 4 When the terror of the tomb
 Fills my fainting soul with gloom,—
 Terror of the path unknown,
 Where I must tread alone,—
 In the cold and dismal vale,
 Still my heart shall never fail;
 Bright in the gloom Thy face I see,
 And Saviour, I trust in Thee!

1. O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh ;

Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.—

94

C. M.

- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

95

C. M.

- 1 THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
- 2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was Thine enemy.
- 3 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

96

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet

97

C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

DO GOOD.

From "Golden Censer." By permission.

1. Do good, do good, there is ev - er a way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't
2. If wealth be yours, then be willing to part With a por - tion, at least, of your wealth, And

FULL CHORUS.

wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day, And to-day when to-morrow comes still. Do good, do good, there's
prove you are grateful to God from your heart, And your neighbor you love as yourself. Do good, do good, &c.

ev - er a way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to - mor-row, but

do it to-day, And to-day, when to-morrow comes, still, And to-day, when to-morrow comes, still.

98

3.

Perhaps you're poor—and have little to spare,
There are some not so favored as you;
If only a shilling—bestow it with care,
And remember the good it may do.

Cho.—Do good, &c.

4.

Go help the weak, and the erring restore
To the path that in childhood they trod;

And if they repulse you, then try it once more,
Till you lead them to virtue and God.

Cho.—Do good, &c.

5.

Do good to all, and their burdens bear:
'Tis the will of your Father in heaven;
Remember this counsel—wherever you are,
That in secret your alms should be given.

Cho.—Do good, &c.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

1. Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

99

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

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

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

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

1. Be-hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is

waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.

101 L. M.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th'expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

100 L. M.

- 2 Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
 - 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
-
- So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
 - 3 A holy quiet reigns around
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
 - 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
 - 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

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

102

C. M.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

103

C. M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th'annointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

104

C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.
- 4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy can not fail,
Let me that mercy share.

I'LL RISE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Quick. | 1st time. | 2d time.

1 (I'll rise up ear-ly in the morn-ing, The morning of the Sabbath day,) And haste to Sabbath school away.
 I'll rise up ear-ly in the morn-ing, OMIT.....)

CHORUS.

For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school. For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath-school.

104

2.
 While there I'll listen to my teacher,
 And treasure up what he may say,
 While there I'll listen to my teacher,
 As up to heaven he points the way.
 For oh, I love my teacher dear,
 My teacher dear, my teacher dear,
 For oh, I love my teacher dear,
 So good and kind to me.

3.
 I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
 And try to practice what I learn ;
 I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
 And every sinful way will shun.
 For oh, I love that bles-ed book,
 That blessed book, that blessed book,
 For oh I love that blessed book,
 So full of grace and truth.

4.
 Then I'll not trifle any longer
 Nor throw my precious hours away.
 Then I'll not trifle any longer,
 But go to Christ without delay ;
 And dwell with him in heaven above,
 In heaven above, in heaven above—
 And dwell with him in heaven above,
 A heaven of joy and love.

CHRIST FOR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d. D. C.

1 (My heart is fix'd eternal God, Fix'd on thee, fixed on thee ;
 And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me.) He is my Prophet, Priest and King, Who did for me
 d. c. And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me. salvation bring

2 In him I see the Godhead shine
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 He is the majesty divine,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 'The Father's well-beloved son,
 Co-partner of his royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone,
 Christ for me, Christ for me.

3 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 How precious is his balmy name,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 Christ a mere man, may answer you
 Who error's winding path pursue,
 But I with past can never do,
 Christ for me, Christ for me.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

1 O, do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your Friend, O do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your Friend, He will
 2 Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The battle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The battle you shall win. For the

Fine. CHORUS.
 give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm
 Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin.

Repeat from the S: to Fine.
 glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school.
 Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army.

106 3.

And when the conflict's over,
 Before him you shall stand;
 And when the conflict's over,
 Before him you shall stand,
 You shall sing his praise for ever,
 You shall sing his praise for ever,
 In Canaan's happy land.

Chorus-

1 He lives, the great Re-deem - er lives, What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives, And now, before His
2 Re - peat - ed crimes a - wake our fears, And justice armed with frowns appears ; But in the Saviour's

Fa - ther, God, Pleads the full mer - it of His blood, Pleads the full mer - it of His blood.
love - ly face, Sweet merey smiles, and all is peace, Sweet merey smiles, and all is peace

107

L. M.

- 3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend !
On Him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

108

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

"EVEN ME."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

73

From "The Golden Shower," by permission.

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of b'lessings Thou art scattering full and free ;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me. Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

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

- 109** 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee ;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me--Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see :
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me--Even me.

- 5 Love of God so pure and changeless :
Blood of Christ so rich and free ;
Grace of God so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.--Even me.
- 6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me.--Even me.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' streams, We wept--with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

- 110**
- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we
sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear.
With silent string, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful
hands ?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

- 111**
- 1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee ?
Full pardon, strength to meet the
day,
And peace which none can take away.
- 2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear ?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near ;
Am I with dread of justice tried ?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath
died.

L. M.

- 3 In life, Thy promises of aid,
Forbid my heart to be afraid ;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
- 4 O, all-sufficient Saviour ! be
This all-sufficiency to me ;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can
harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From JOHN M. EVANS.
CHORUS.

1 A crown of glory bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of light Prepared for me, I'm nearer my home,

nearer my home, nearer my home to day; Yes! nearer my home in heaven to day, Than ever I've been be-fore.

112

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

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

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

EPIPHANY 11s & 10s.

1 Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness, Arise, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp, and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

CHORUS

Boys. 1 (Traveler, whither art thou go - ing, Heedless of the clouds that form?) And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm
Girls. 1 (Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land with-out a storm.)

go - ing To the land that has no storms, And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storms.

113

Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest power?

Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower. *Cho.*

Boys. 3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho.*

Boys. 4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.

Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that Land without a storm. *Cho.*

COME YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.

FINE. CHORUS.

1 (Come ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore.)
 (Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you. Full of pi - ty, love and power.) Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion,
 D. C. Glo - ry, ho - nor and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

Sound the praise of His dear name.

114

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.</p> | <p>4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.</p> |
| <p>3 Let no conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.</p> | <p>5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold Him—
 Hear Him cry before He dies.</p> |

115

8s & 7s.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you wait till you are better,
 You will never come at all.
Cho.—Turn to the Lord, &c.
- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.

116

8s & 7s.

- 1 Hark! the morning bells are ringing!
 Children, haste without delay;
 Prayers of thousands now are winging,
 Up to heaven their silent way.
- Cho.*—Come, children, come, the bells are ringing,
 To the school with haste repair;
 Let us all unite in singing,
 All unite in solemn prayer.

- 2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
- 3 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning 's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

117 8s & 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain:
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?

CHORUS.

- Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation;
Sound the praise of his great name;
Glory, honor, and redemption,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight.
- 3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe.

118 8s & 7s.

- 1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven He's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part.

- 2 Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once He died through your behavior,
Now He calls you by His charms.
- 3 Sinner! hear your God and Saviour,
Hear His gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior;
O repent, return and pray!
- 4 Now He's waiting to be gracious,
Now He stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
- 5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

119 8s & 7s.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls:
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gath'ring
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away.

COME UNTO ME. (Anthem.)

mp Soft and gentle tones, but earnest and devout.

120 "Come unto me all ye that labor And are hea-vy la-den, And I will give you rest,

Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me, for I am meek and low-ly of heart, And

ye.. shall find rest un-to your souls, For my yoke is ea-sy and my bur-den is light, My

SEMI-CHORUS.

yoke is ea-sy and my bur-den is light." O precious in-vi-tation, Help us, O Lord, to

COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

79

FULL CHORUS.

come with a bro - ken heart, and a con - trite spir - it, O precious in - vi - ta - tion, Help

us, O Lord, to come with a brok - en heart, and a con - trite spir - it, We praise thee, we

bless thee, O Je - sus, for thy love, We bless thee for the precious words that thou hast giv - en to us.

highest, in the high - - est, in the high - est.

Hosan - na, ho-san - na, ho-san - na in the high - est, ho-san - na in the highest, in the high - est.

Quicker and spirited f

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

night and day, Hymning one triumphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor,

glo - ry, power, Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain; New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."

121

These through fiery trials trod!—
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name

7s.

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

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

122

7s.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light ;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amid the throne ;
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords—
 "Take the kingdom ; it is thine,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords."
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
 And His blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who are these ? On earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race
 Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
 But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us ;
 Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine, on high !

123

7s.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hastened through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 Spared to see another year,
 Let Thy blessing meet us here ;
 Come, Thy dying work revive,
 Bid Thy drooping garden thrive :
 Sun of Righteousness, arise !
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes ;
 Let our prayer Thy pity move,
 Make this year a time of love.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view :
 Bless Thy word to old and young,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

From the Oriola," by permission.

Gently--Softly.

1 Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart, Je - sus is near me to cheer my heart; He's near to help me

whilst life's hours remain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

CHORUS.

Forte.

(Gen - tle angels near me glide,
Hopes of glo - ry 'round me bide.) And there lingers by my side, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ev - er

near, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ev - er near.

124

- 2 Why should I languish—why should I fear?
In sorrow and anguish He's ever near:
Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain.
Cho.—Gentle angels, &c.
- 3 Scenes that will vanish, smile on me now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow,
But soon in heaven He'll meet me again,
There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.
Cho.—Gentle angels, &c

LET ME GO.

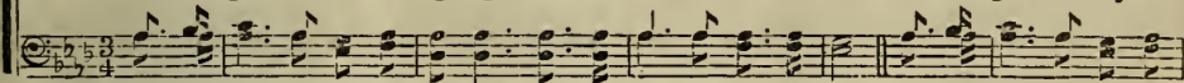
83

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

From "Pilgrim Songs," by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY



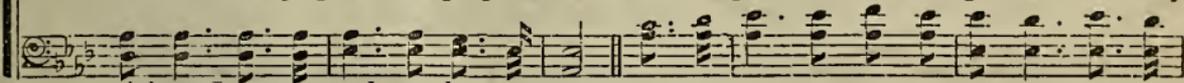
1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest, Let me go where my Re-



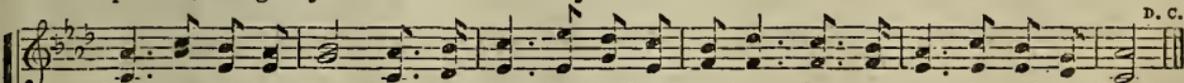
chorus. Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day, Bear me o - ver, angel



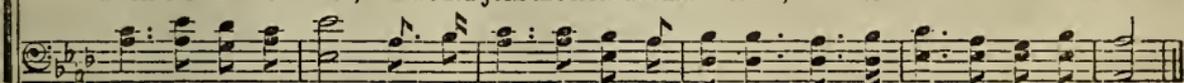
deemer has prepared his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they



pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.



dwell for ev - er - more, I would join the friends that wait me, Ov - er on the other shore.



2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe.
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my soul away, away.
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shall hymns of grateful love, Thro' heaven's high arches ring, And all the hosts a - bove . . Their songs of triumph sing.

FULL CHORUS. *ff* *ff* *pp* Echo at a distance.*

And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? And send the echo, *send the e - cho,*

ff *pp*

send the ech - o, send the ech - o, Send the ech - o, send the ech - o back a - gain.

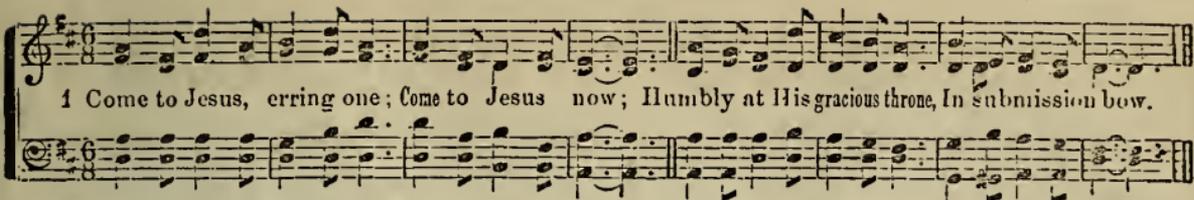
125

- 2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace. *Cho.*
- 3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bou_ght them with his blood,

- And all the love record,
That led them home to God. *Cho.*
- 4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through his name. *Cho*

SUBMISSION. 7s & 5s.

H. N. WHITNEY, by permission. 85

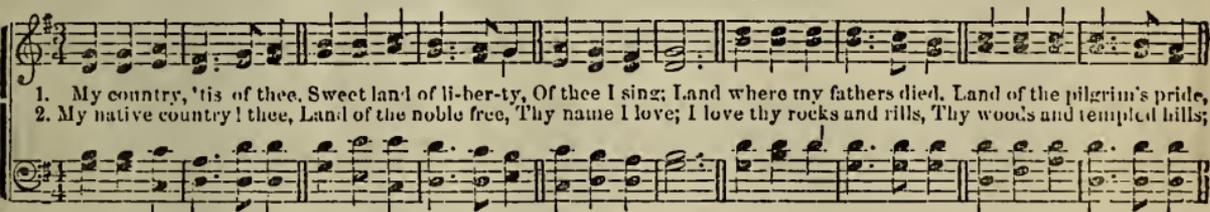


1 Come to Jesus, erring one; Come to Jesus now; Humbly at His gracious throne, In submission bow.

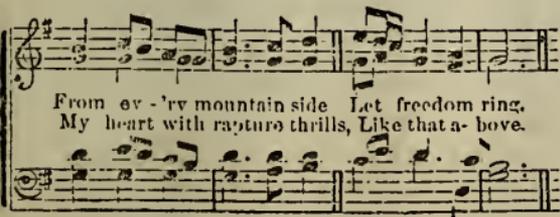
2 At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean,—
He will hear your prayer.

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

AMERICA. (National Hymn.)



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;



From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring,
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.

126

3.

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

4.

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

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Mak - er in my song;

An - gels shall bear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

127

L. M.

- 2 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive!

- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

128

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

- PRaise God from whom all blessings flow,
PRaise Him all creatures here below;
PRaise Him above, ye heavenly host;
PRaise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT. By permission. 57

1 My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those
D. S. And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore, We

hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver.
' may al - most dis - cov - er.

D. S.

129

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—
For oh! &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! &c.

130

L. M.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward

- And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
 - 3 Their hatred, and their love, is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
 - 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
 - 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there

LOVE AT HOME.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.

1. There is beau-ty all around, When there's love at home ; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at

home. Peace and plen-ty here abide, Smiling sweet on eve-ry side, Time doth soft-ly, sweetly glide,

When there's love at home, Love at home, love at home ; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

131

2.

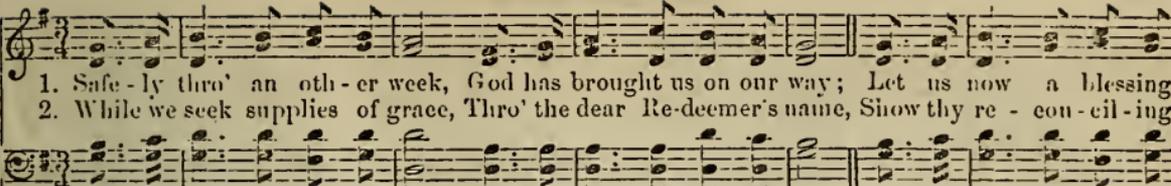
In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3.

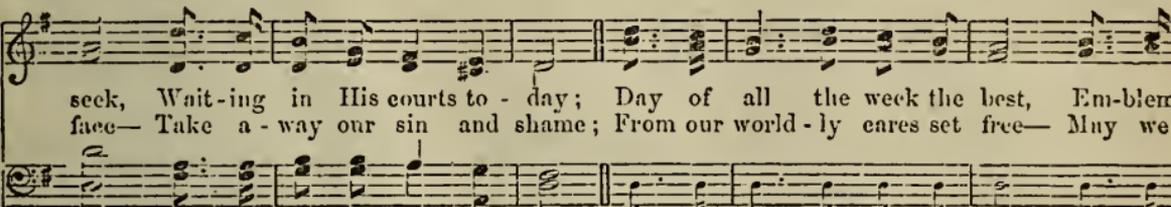
Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky ;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home.

4.

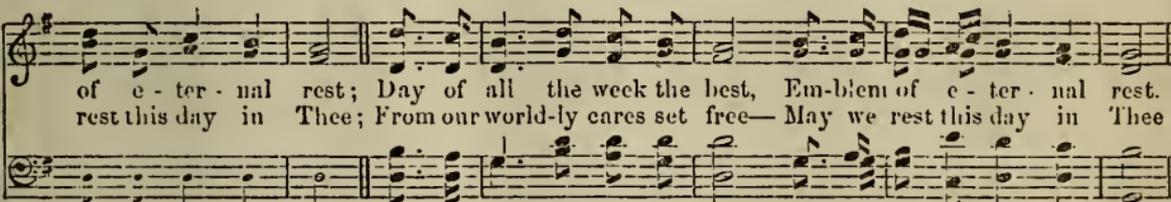
Jesus make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home ;
May Thy sacrifice be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest
With no sinful care distressed,
Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home.



1. Safe - ly thro' an oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name, Show thy re - cou - cil - ing



seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem
free— Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world - ly cares set free— May we



of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
rest this day in Thee; From our world - ly cares set free— May we rest this day in Thee

132

7s.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors

have an end, In joy, and peace, and Thee! 2. When shall these eyes Thy heav'n built walls And

pearl-y gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks with sal - vation strong, And streets of shining gold.

133

C. M.

- 3 There Lappier borders than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for Thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see.

134

C. M.

- 1 Ye weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travelers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold!
- 2 For Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land;
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.

- 3 O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes;
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies:
Bright angels whispering me away—
"O come, my brother, come!"—
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home

135

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky:
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, in perfect praise.
- 3 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
- 4 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.

1 (Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy ten'prest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us. For our use thy folds prepare.) Blessed Je sus, Blessed

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are. B'essed Je - sus. Blesse'd Je - sus. Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

136

8s, 7s & 4.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us.
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free,
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

LONELY TRAVELER.

From "Golden Chain."

FINE.

1 I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Weary, oppressed. But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!
d. s. Ask me not with you to stay, You - der's my home.

LONELY TRAVELER. Concluded.

D. S.

Dark and dreary is the way, Toil - ing I've come;

4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—I can not stay.

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

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all. Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS. Cres.

Girls. (We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; [anchor
Boys. (We are out on the ocean sailing. To a home beyond the tide.) All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll

f 1st. 2d.

in the harbor; (We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide;
We are out on the ocean sailing, (Omit.....) To a home beyond the tide;)

137

Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more

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

4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.—*Cho.*

1. Oh! for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sove - reign King; Let
 ev - ery land their tongues em - ploy, And hymns of tri - umph sing.

138

C. M.

- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
 His heavenly guards around
 Attend Him rising through the sky,
 With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honor sing;—
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
 Let knowledge lead the song;
 Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

- 5 In Israel stood His ancient throne:—
 He loved that chosen race;
 But now He calls the world His own;
 The heathen tastes his grace.

139

C. M.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate His constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honors crowned:—

3 The names of all His saints He bears,
Deep graven on His heart ;
Nor shall a name once treasured there,
E'er from His care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

140

C. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,
The glorious work complete ;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie,
Beneath His awful feet.

2 There, with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the Conqueror reigns ;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains

3 Amid the splendors of His throne,
Unchanging love appears ;
The names He purchased for His own
Still on His heart He bears.

4 O, the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store :
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine ;
I can not wish for more.

5 On Thee alone, my hope relies ;
Beneath Thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

141

C. M.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright ;—

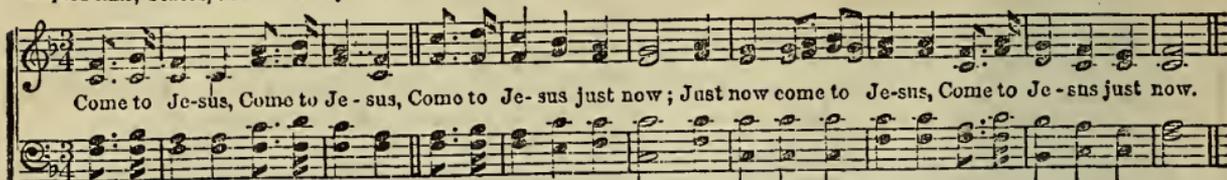
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

This tune, as it now stands, was first sung, I think, in Scotland, where hundreds were asking "What shall we do to be saved?" Those who have never heard it under such circumstances, cannot judge of its persuasive power to lead trembling sinners to the cross. The verses, of which we have given the first lines, can easily be filled out. Thousands will remember this hymn to all eternity, as having been used by God to lead them to Jesus. It has often, also, impressed upon the careless the solemn declaration of God's word, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—1 Cor. vi. 2.



Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. 11: 28.*

2. He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts 16: 31.*

3. O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John 3: 16.*

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb. 7: 25.*

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—*2 Pet. 3: 9.*

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John 6: 37.*

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt. 3: 7.*

8. Call unto him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts 2: 21.*

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark 10: 47.*

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark 10: 52.*

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—*1 John 1: 9.*

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—*1 John 1: 7.*

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—*2 Cor. 5: 17.*

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev. 3: 5.*

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—*John 15: 13.*

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa. 53: 3.*

17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—*John 5: 12.*

THE HAPPY BAND.

97

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

The musical score is written on two systems. The first system contains the vocal line and the first two lines of the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the continuation of the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1 (Oh, will you join our happy band, All, all is love.)
 (We're marching to fair Canaan's land, All, all is love.) With cheerful hearts we love to sing The

glories of our heavenly King, And to his fold the wayward bring, Where all, all is love.

143

2 His gracious hand our steps shall guide,
 All, all is love.

There's safety near his bleeding side,
 All, all is love.

Come wash in this atoning flood,
 This fountain filled with Jesus' blood
 'Twill fit you for that blest abode
 Where all, all is love.

3 By faith we see those hills so bright,
 All, all is love.

And countless millions rob'd in white,
 All, all is love.

And when we meet to part no more
 With those we love, who've gone before,
 We'll shout upon that shining shore,
 Here, all, all is love.

4 Oh, happy day! oh, glorious rest!
 All, all is love.

We shall be safe among the blest,
 All, all is love.

What notes of rapture strike the ear!
 Is it the music of that sphere?

Oh, hallelujah! heaven is near!
 And all, all is love.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the land that in darkness have lain;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zi - on in triumph begins her mild reign.

144

11s & 10s.

2.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

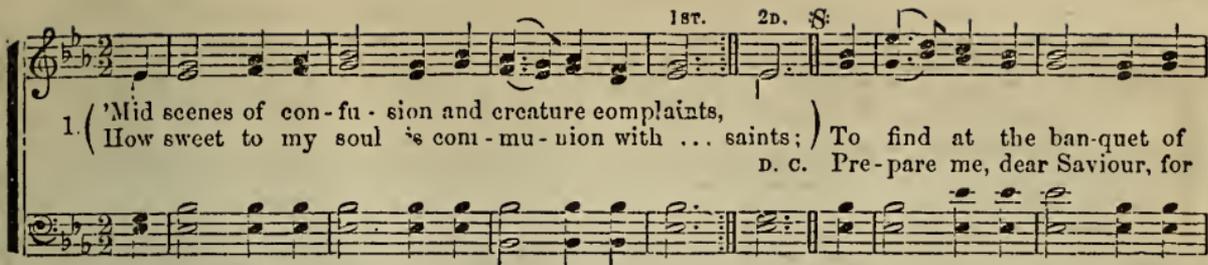
3.

Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along.

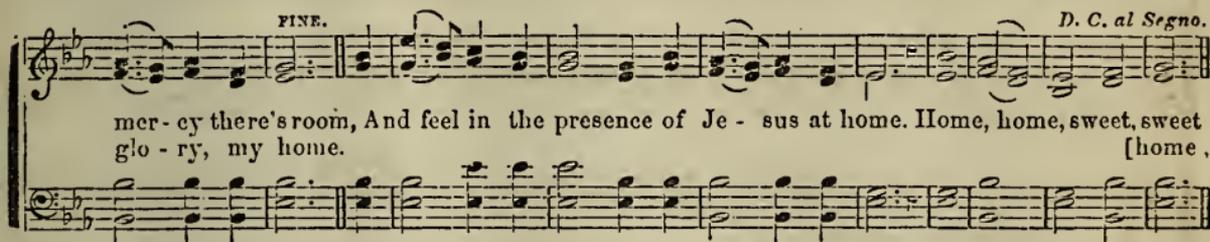
Loud from the mountain-tops, echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4.

See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



1. ('Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul 's com-mu-nion with ... saints;) To find at the ban-quet of
d. c. Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for



FINE. D. C. *al Segno.*

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet
glo-ry, my home. [home,

145

11s.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;

- In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
 - 6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

HOSANNAH. (ANTHEM.)

Two Divisions of the School may sing alternately.

WM. B. BRADBURY,

Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah. to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the

repeat by 2d Division.

1ST. 2D.

FINE.

Lord, Lord, Hosannah in the highest, in the high-est, Hosannah in the highest, in the highest.

(And when he was come unto Jerusalem, all the.....) city was moved, saying, "Who is this?" And the multitude said,

D. C. Chorus. Repeat pp

"This is Je - sus, This is Je - sus, the pro - phet of Na - za - reth and Ga - li - lee."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

101

Newly arranged and brought within an easy compass for Chorus Singing, by

SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 O.... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 (Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.)
 2 On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re- pos- es,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fit- ful- ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos- es;

CHORUS.

And the rock-et's red glare, bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there:
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo- ry re- flect- ed now shines in the stream:

FULL CHORUS.

O.... say does that star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 'Tis the star-spangled ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

1-46

3

4

And where is that hand, who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country, should leave us no more—
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; *Cho.*

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-re-cued 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!" *Cho.*

1 ("Mercy, O Thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed!) [louder still :
 ("Others by thy word are saved, Now to me af-ford thine aid.") 2 Many for his crying chid him, But he called the
 D. C. Till the gracious Saviour bid him Come, and ask Me what you will.

147

8s & 7s.

- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but He could give.
- "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found.
- "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

148

8s & 7s.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above :
 Praise, the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by Thine help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it ;
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

Spiritual Songs.

1. Drooping souls, no long-er mourn. Je - sus still is pre-cious; If to Him you
 D. C. Drooping souls, you need not die; Go to Him and hear Him.

D.C.
 now return, Heav'n will be pro - pitious. Je - sus now is passing by, Calling wand'ers near Him.

149

7s & 6s.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still He cries—"Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Though your sins like mountains high,
 Rise, and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on Him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 Dear to all that love Him;
 He to save the dying came;
 Go to Him and prove Him.
 Wand'ring sinners, now return;
 Contrite souls, believe Him!
 Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
 Worship Him; receive Him.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Lo, the war-cloud is past and the struggle is o'er, Hark the song of a peo-ple u-ni-ted once more;

Like a watch-fire ascend-ing, be-hold on the sea, Waving proudly as ev-er "The Flag of the Free."

CHORUS.

The Flag of our Un-ion, The Flag of our Un-ion, The Flag of our Un-ion, The Flag of the Free.

2 Oh, Columbia, Columbia, how tranquil and bright,
Was the morning that dawned on thy perilous night
When the angel of peace spread her wings o'er the sea,
And she blessed the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."

3 Now the day-star of hope in its glory appears,
Then awake from thy sorrow and banish thy fears.

For thy heroes have planted o'er land and o'er sea,
Waving proudly as ever "The Flag of the Free."

4 Let it wave, let it wave to the breezes unfurled,
'Tis the pride of the vet'ran, the boast of the world;
Then hurrah for the brave, and our motto shall be,
God protect the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;

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

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

151

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
And I'm longing, and I'm longing for the sight;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary.

3 Of that country to which I'm going.
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

1 Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le-lu-jahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's
 2 Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a-

work be-gun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.
 - rose, when He Cap-tive led cap-ti-vi-ty, Cap-tive led cap-ti-vi-ty.

152

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens and earth,—
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

7s.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

- 1 **Come** ye children, sweetly sing,
On this birthday of our King,
Now a joyous anthem raise,
In glad notes of grateful praise.
- 2 See, he leaves his Fa-ther's throne,
Lays aside his starry crown,
And to save the souls of men,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Hark! a new song rents the sky,
"Glory be to God on high,

Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

- 4 Angels now their chorus sing,
While the heavenly arches ring
To the seraphs' glad "Amen."
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 5 Children, catch the wondrous sound,
Let it peal the earth around,
Till all nations, tribes, and men,
Love the "Babe of Bethlehem."

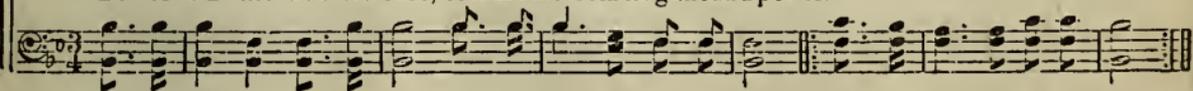
ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



1 Rock of A-ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! (Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed.)

D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee

Words by R. P. CLARK.

From "Golden Chain," by permission.

1 The children are gather'ing from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The

conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS *ff*

Marching along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor and be marching along, The

conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

155

- 2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way.
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.
Cho.—Marching along, &c.
- 3 We've listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;

The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Cho.—Marching along, &c.

- 4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along. *Cho.*

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

From "Praises of Jesus," by permission.

CHORUS.

1 (Christians, I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea,)
I would tell the wondrous sto-ry, What the Lord has done for me.) Glory, glo-ry, hal-le-
lu-jah, Tho'a stranger here I roam, I am on my way to Zi-on, I'm a pilgrim going home.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system also continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

156

- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to His fold of grace.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore *Cho.*

1 We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on a- ges telling,
2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally, With your music and your wine? Up! it is Je - hovah's ral-ly!

To be liv-ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray.
God's own arm hath need of thine. Hark! the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in la-zy lock?

Hark! what soundeth? is cre-a-tion Groaning for its latter day.
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier: Worlds are charging to the shoek.

156 8s & 7s.

- 3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

157

8s & 7s.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, e ty of our God;
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near—
 He who gives them daily manna,
 He who listens when they cry—
 Let him hear the loud hosanna
 Rising to His throne on high.

158

8s & 7s.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

3 Christ is born, the great anointed,
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 Oh! receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

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

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth,
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

6 Then we'll sing the wondrous story,
 And we'll chant in hymns of joy;
 Glory in the highest, Glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

159

8s & 7s.

1 ONWARD, Christian, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone;
 God hath set a guardian legion
 Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
 Rolleth o'er thee,—“ God is love.”
 Write upon thy red-cross banner,
 “ Upward ever,—heaven's above.”

3 By the thorn road and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won;
 Tread it without shrinking, brother!
 Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

4 By thy trustful calm endeavor,
 Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
 Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,
 For their sake, O press thou on!

5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace;
 While it needs thee, O no longer,
 Pray thou for thy quick release;

6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
 That thou be a faithful son;
 By the prayer of Jesus,—“ Father,
 Not my will, but Thine be done”

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, from "S. S. Banner." By permission.

1 Blessed are the poor in spirit, Children of the lowly one; They shall wear a crown of glory, When their
2 Humble christian meekly toiling, As thy day thy strength shall be; Bear thy cross a little longer, Jesus

work on earth is done. In their trials God is with them, He will make their burden light, He will cheer them by his
bore it once for thee. Art thou sometimes faint and weary, Drink the fount that flows for all, Precious words of ho-ly

CHORUS.

presence, Turning darkness into light. Blessed are the poor in spirit, Children of the lowly one; They shall
comfort, On thy ear like music fall Humble christian meekly toiling, As thy day thy strength shall be; Bear thy

wear a crown of glo-ry, When their work on earth is done.
cross a lit-tle longer, Je - sus bore it once for thee.

160

3

Art thou tempted, go to Jesus.
Tell him all thy doubts and fears,
He has felt thy every sorrow,
He will treasure all thy tears;
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
Rich in faith and strong in love,
Hoping, trusting and believing,
Toil shall end in bliss above.

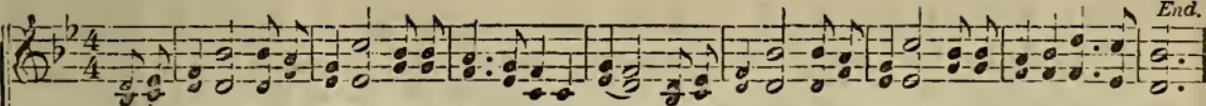
ERIGHT HOME ABOVE.

113

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

End.



1. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.
D.C. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.

End.

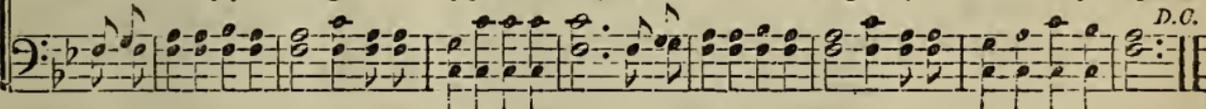


D.C.



Where the fount of joy is flowing In the valley green and fair, We shall dwell in love together, There will be no parting there

D.C.



161

2. We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

3. We are going, we are going,
Where the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East! the ho-ri-zon a-dorning, Guide where our infant Redeem-er is laid.

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

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

115

Words by H. S. WASHBURN.

163 Allegro.



1. Let ev-'ry heart re-joice and sing; Let cho-ral anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children bring To
 2. Ho bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known. And earth subdue'd to him, shall yet bow

God your sa-cri-fee. For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors
 low be-fore his throne. For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and, &c.

sound-ing loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise: While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills A

glorious anthem raise. Let each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise, Let
 each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise.

1st. 2d.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

, WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. We know not what's before us, What trials are to come: But each day passing o'er us, Brings us still nearer home.

We're nearer, nearer home, Our blessed, happy home, Where grief and sin can never come, We're nearer, nearer home.

REFRAIN.

Nearer home, Nearer home, Nearer to my happy home, Nearer home, Nearer home, Our blessed, happy home. *Repeat*

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.
Nearer home, &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing.
Nearer home, &c.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines. From HAYDN'S "CREATION." 117

1 The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye:

My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

165

L. M.

- 2 When in the sultry g'lebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my vains beguile;

- The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned
And streams shall murmur a'round.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

Slow and soft—Cantabile.

1 My son! know thou the Lord, Thy father's God obey, Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.

166

- 2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him in fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

CLOSING HYMN.

- 1 Once more before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name:

Let every tongue and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

- 2 Lord in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Thus nurtured by thy word,
May each in wisdom grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

167

S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy name.

- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

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

2. 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.

170

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.

May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

- 4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

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

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.
2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
3. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting a summons from on high.

HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh."—Anthem.

WM. B. BRADBURY,

pp—as at a distance.

171 Hosan-na, Ho-sanna, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,

mf *Cres.* *Cres.*

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Single voice.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father Da-vid, That com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

Blessed be the king-dom of our fa-ther Da-vid, That com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord,

HOSANNA. Concluded.

121

GIRLS.

BOYS.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

GIRLS.

BOYS

ALL.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na,

FULL CHORUS—CHOIR AND SCHOOL.

Blessed be the kingdom of our fa - ther David, Hosanna, in the highest, in the high - est. | - est, A - men, A - men.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

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

172

C. M.

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

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

1. On Jordan's rug - ged banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's
2. O, the trans - port - ing rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar -

fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my posses - sions lie.
rayed in liv - ing green, Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And riv - ers of de - light.

173

C. M.

- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
.. Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
.. And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be fo - ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

174

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes :—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

175

C. M.

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,

- In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

176

C. M.

- 1 Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds above the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades :
- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then we, on faith's sublimest wing,
With ardent joy shall rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Render immortal praise.

H. N. WHITNEY. By permission

I. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hast thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my heart to thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry Of thy grief I read, Make me ve - ry sor - ry For my sins, indeed.

177

6s & 5s.

2 Now I know thou lovest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful,
In my prayers to thee.
Soon, I hope, in glory
At thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.

2 He that dwelleth near thee,
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear thee.
In thy strength confide.
Sure is thy protection,
Safe is thy defence,
While in deep affliction,
Woe, or pestilence.

178

6s & 5s.

1 God of our salvation!
Unto thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.
We're weak and unworthy,
Poor, and sick, and blind,
Prostrate we adore thee,
Call thy grace to mind.

3 God of our salvation!
Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Boundless thy compassion,
Infinite thy grace.
While with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore:
Grant us thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

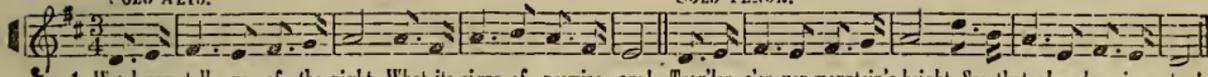
WATCHMAN. 7s. Double.

125

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

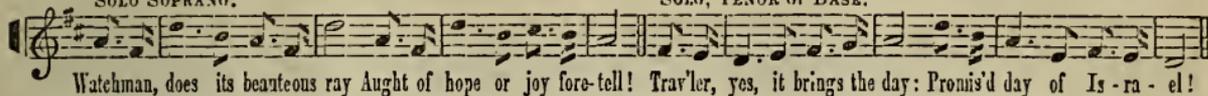
SOLO ALTO.

SOLO TENOR.



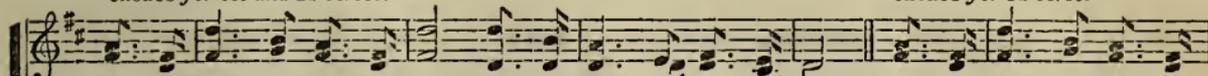
SOLO SOPRANO.

SOLO, TENOR or BASE.

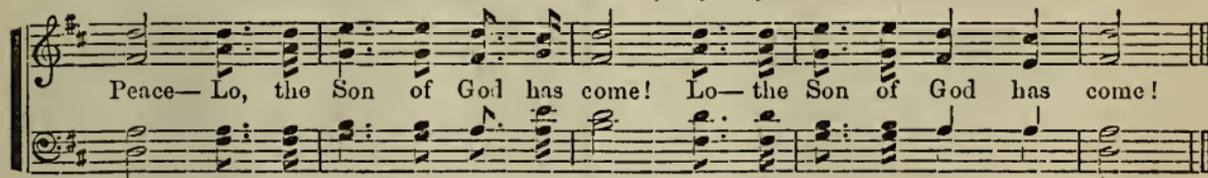


CHORUS for 1st and 2d verses.

CHORUS for 3d verse.



1. Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is - ra - el!
 2. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. 3. Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of



179

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that stars ascends;
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

FINE.

D. C.

1 (Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low Thee;) or known;
 Naked, poor despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be) Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped,
 D. C. Yet how rich is my condition ! God and heaven are still my own.

180 8s & 7s. Double.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too :
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes my hate, and friends may scorn me ;
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials, hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest,
 Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me.
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and far, and care ;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Soon shalt cease thy earthly mission,
 So on shalt pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shalt change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

181 8s & 7s. Double.

- 1 Who shall sing, if not the children,
 Did not Jesus die for them ?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem ?
 Why to them were voices given,
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear ?
 Why, unless the song of heaven
 They begin to practice here ?
- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne ;
 Angels cease, and, waiting, listen !
 Oh ! 'tis sweeter than their own !
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral ;
 When her ear is upward turned ;
 Is not this the same, perfect I,
 Which upon the earth they learned ?
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love ;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove ?
 Oh ! they can not sing too early !
 Fathers, stand not in their way !
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they ?

SABBATH EVENING.

BEETHOVEN. 127

p Adagio. *cres.* *dim.*

mf

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray, Of the ho - ly Sabbath day; Gen - tly as life's

set - ting sun. When the Christian's course is run, When the Christian's course is run.

pp CHORUS.

cres.

dim.

Ho - ly Sab - bath, Soft - ly fad - ing, Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun.

182 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads,
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

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

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh,

Now Je- sus invites you, the Spi- rit says come, And angels are wait- ing to welcome you home.

183

11s.

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come, wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your
heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

184

11s.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleaned in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

MY FATHERLAND.

129

Melody by J. R. THOMAS. Harmonized for this work.

1. There is a place where all my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there. Where verdure and blossoms will

CHORUS,

never more fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That blissful place is my dear fatherland; By

faith its delights I explore; But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand, That leads me in peace to the shore.

185

2 There is a place where the holy angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode,
Of the joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.—*Cho.*

2 There is a place where loving friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me,

Exalted with Christ on His pure white throne,
The King in His beauty they see.—*Cho.*

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Saviour to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.—*Cho.*

By permission of WM. HALL & SON.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.

1 (Yes, we'll ral-ly round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!)
 (We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle-cry of) Freedom!

1st. 2d.

CHORUS. *ff*

The Un - ion for ev - er, Hur - rah, boys, Hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor, Up with the star;

While we ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once a - gain, Shouting the bat - tle - cry of Freedom!

186

- 2 We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Freemen more,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!—*Cho.*
- 3 We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

- And although he may be poor he shall never be a slave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!—*Cho.*
- 4 So we're springing to the call, from the East and from the
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom. [West.
 And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!—*Cho.* [best.

Published in sheet form, with Symphony and Accompaniment, by Root & Cady. Eastern Agency, 425 Broome St., N. Y.

PILGRIM'S SONG.

131

BOYS.

GIRLS.

1 Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Each with staff in hand?

We are go - ing on a journey,

2 Fear you not the way so lone - ly, You, a feeble band?

No, for friends unseen are near us,

CHORUS.

At the kings command;
An - gels round us stand;

O - ver plains, and hills, and val - leys, We are go - ing
Christ our lead - er walks be - side us, He will guard, and

to His pa - lace, We are go - ing to His pa - lace, In the bet - ter land.
He will guide us, He will guard, and He will guide us, To the bet - ter land.

187

3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In the better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's hand;
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In the better land.

4 Will you let me travel with you
To the better land?
Come away, we bid you welcome,
To our little band.
Come, O come! we cannot leave you,
Christ is waiting to receive you,
Christ is waiting to receive you
In the better land.

1 Come, little soldiers, Join in our band, March for the kingdom, Our promised land:

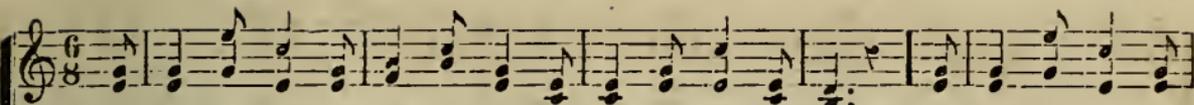
Fear-less of dan-ger, Onward we roam; Je-sus our Leader is, Soon we'll be home.

CHORUS.

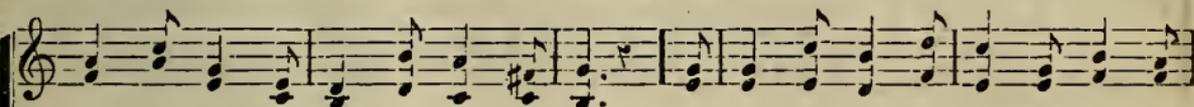
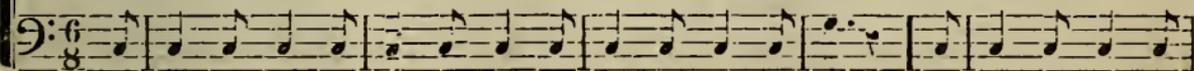
We're a lit-tle Pilgrim band, Guid-ed by our Saviour's hand, Soon we'll reach our Father-land No more to roam.

2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
 Angels rejoicing, beekon us home:
 No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
 Come, little Pilgrim band, there we shall rest.

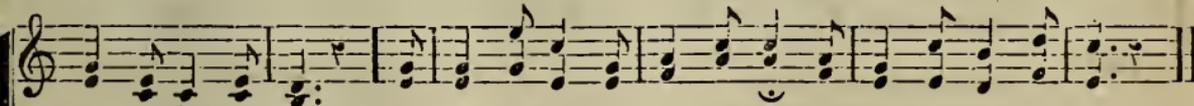
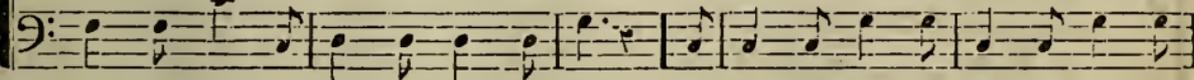
3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
 But blest for ever, God's love shall share;
 Soon we shall see him in his best home,
 Ever, still praising him, ages to come.



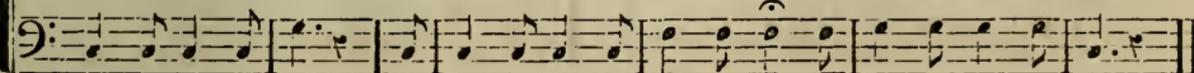
180 Dear Je - sus! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be To leave thy home in
 2 I can not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my
 3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down, Morning and night to prayer, Something, there is with -



heaven to guard, A lit - tle child like me. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I
 moth - er did When I was but a child. But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight -
 in my heart, Which tells me thou art there. Yes! when I pray, thou pray - est too—Thy



see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear.
 ing with sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from the
 pray'r is all for me; But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest pa - tient - ly.



1 "For ev-er with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis

CHORUS.

im-mortal-i-ty. Here in the bo-dy pent, Absent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my

moving tent A day's march nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

190

- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Cho.—Here in the body pent, &c.
- 3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

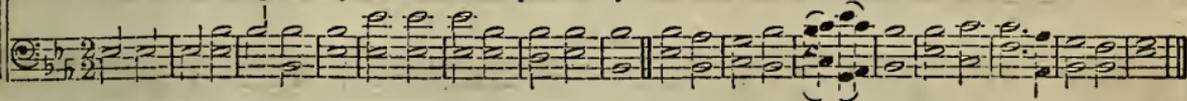
Cho.—Here in the body pent, &c.

- 4 'For ever with the Lord!'
—Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfill.
Cho.—Her, in the body pent, &c.

191



1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way ; Free from care, from labor free, Lord I would commune with Thee.
2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way ; Then from sin, and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.



192

7s.

- 1 **SINNER**, hear the voice of love ;
Sweet the message from above,
He will all thy sin remove,
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 2 Come, while life is in its prime.
Now is the accepted time ;
Come before the sun decline—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 3 Come, thou youthful, trusting one,
In life's early spring-time come.
Haste, while in thy glowing bloom—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 4 Come, with sin and doubt oppressed,
Early hasten to be blest,
He will grant you peace and rest—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 5 Mourner, lift thy tearful eye,
Cease thy anguish, hush thy sigh ;
List—a voice sounds from the sky—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.
- 6 God, the Spirit, hovereth near ;
God, the Father, answereth prayer ;
Now the voice of mercy hear—
Christ the Saviour passeth by.

193

7s.

- 1 **JESUS**, Shepherd of thy sheep,
Hither with thy flock we come ;
All our souls in mercy keep,
Never from thy side to roam.
- 2 Take the lambs within thine arms,
Gently to thy bosom press'd ;
From all sins and mortal harms,
In thy free salvation bless'd.
- 3 Where the gentlest waters flow,
Thither, Lord, each wand'rer lead ;
Where the greenest pastures grow,
There securely let us feed.
- 4 Close beside the sheltering rock,
When the desert wind is high,
Gather all our little flock
Till the tempest shall pass by.
- 5 Vain each under-shepherd's care,
Unless thou thy blessing give—
Hear, O Lord, our humble prayer,
Let us in thy favor live.
- 6 And when death's dark shadows fall
And the day of life shall close,
May each lamb, each shepherd, all
In thy heavenly fold repose.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. (CHANT No. 1.)

FIRST PART. SECOND PART.

THIRD PART.

194

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

- 1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good || will towards | men.
 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy
 great—| glory.

To the Second Part.

- 3 O Lord God, | Heavenly | King. || God the | Father | Al—| mighty !
 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son . . of the | Fa—| ther!

To the Third Part.

- 5 That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.
 6 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy up- | on—| us.
 7 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on—| us.

To the First Part.

- 9 For thou only | art—| holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.
 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy , Ghost, || art most high in the | glory . . of | God the | Father. ||
 A- | men.



195

- 1 O come, let us sing un- | to • the | Lord : || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength • of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with • thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves | glad • in | him • with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great | God, || and a great | King a- | bove • all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the corners | of • the | earth ; || and the strength of the | hills • is | his | also.
- 5 The sea is his, | and • he | made it : || and his hands pre- | pared • the | dry | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship, | and • fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore • the | Lord • our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord • our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep • of | his | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty • of | holiness ; || let the whole earth | stand • in | awe • of | him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge • the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world,
and the | peo- ple | with • his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son, || and | to • the | Ho- • ly | Ghost.
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev- • er | shall be, || world with- | out • end. | A | men.

1 (He knelt ; the Saviour knelt and pray'd, When but His Father's eye) The Lord of all, a-bove, be -

neath, Was bow'd with sorrow un - to death.

3 He knew them all—the doubt the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread :
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round His head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
Yet passed it not, that cup away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread ;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead ;
But there was sent Him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour ;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow Him ;
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

5 And was His mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but through Him that path who trod ?
"Save, or we perish, Son of God.

1 While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground; The
 an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glory shone a - round.

197

C. M.

- 2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
 Hnd seized their troubled mind—
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,

- All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease!"

Sprightly.

1 Come, let us sweet-ly sing, join in full cho-rus, Praise to the mighty King,
2 Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger, Wander'd from place to place,

Him who reigneth o'er us! Once, He, a lit-tle child, gen-tle and lowly, Taught us how
homeless and a stranger; Suffered and died for us,—O wondrous story! Suf-fered that

we should live, loving, pure, and lowly.
we might all dwell with Him in glory.

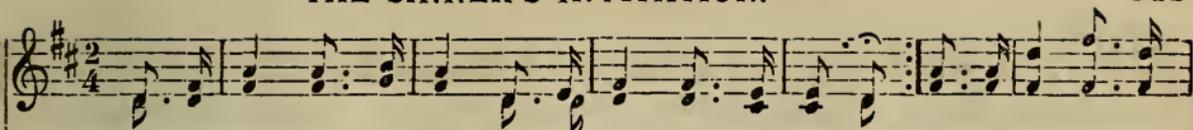
198

11s & 12s.

- 3 O! Thou who once did hear children when singing,
Thou who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their bringing:
From thy bright home above graciously bending,
List to our joyful songs gratefully ascending.
- 4 Be Thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,
Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect merit;
Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorons,
Praise evermore to Him who shall there reign o'er us.

THE SINNER'S INVITATION. 6s & 7s.

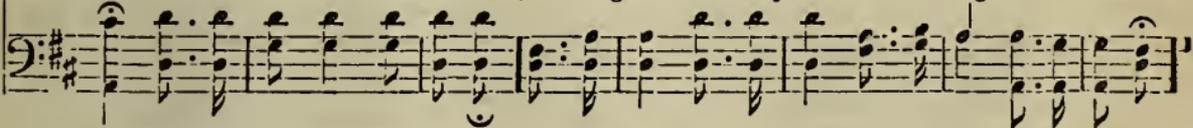
141



1 (Children come, will you come, Hear the Sav - iour proclaiming :)
 I have purchased a home In the mansions of hea - ven ;) For each sin - stricken



soul Who has fled to the fountain, Flowing forth from my side, As I hung on the mountain.



199

6s & 7s.

2 There the angels so bright
 Listen pleased to the story ;
 As the saints cloth'd in white,
 Sing aloud of his glory.
 There no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared you a home,
 Children will you believe it?
 And invites you to come,
 Children, will you receive it?
 Oh come, children, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

Andante

1 Depth of mercy ' can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would ~~not~~ hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

200

7s.

- 3 Kindled, His relentings are;
Me, He now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

201

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;

He himself has bid thee pray.
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

202

7s.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

203

7s.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?

When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

204

7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
“Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”
- 2 “I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 “Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 4 “Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”
- 5 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore—
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

DOXOLOGY. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1 Come, children, and join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along ;

We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Amen.

Hal - le - lu - jah

to the Lamb.

205

11s.

- 2 Our Father in Heaven, we lift up to thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee ;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
- 3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose ;
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

206

11s.

- 1 How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die ;
His hands and his feet were nail'd to the tree,
And all this he suffered for you and for me.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart,
To all who receive him by faith in their heart;
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of his fullness what grace they receive!
When weak, he supports them; when erring, he guides;
And everything needful he kindly provides.

4 Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days,
They only are blessed who walk in his ways;
In life and in death he will still be your friend,
For whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.

207 11s.

1 COME, children of Zion, and help us to sing
Loud anthems and praise to our Saviour and King;

Whose life once was given our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven to reign there with him

2 In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God,

3 O come to the Saviour and take up the cross,
Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but loss;
His mercy invites us, then let us comply—
O why should we linger when he is so nigh.

4 We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way,
His arm will protect us by night and by day;
All this we must suffer, and patiently bear,
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.

COME TO JESUS!

Words by Dr. JOHN B. PECK, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

H. P. MAIN. From "Hallowed Songs," by permission.

Tenderly.



1 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer ea-gerly; Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O slave! e-ternally; Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Je . sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! graciously; Come, come to Jesus!



208

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

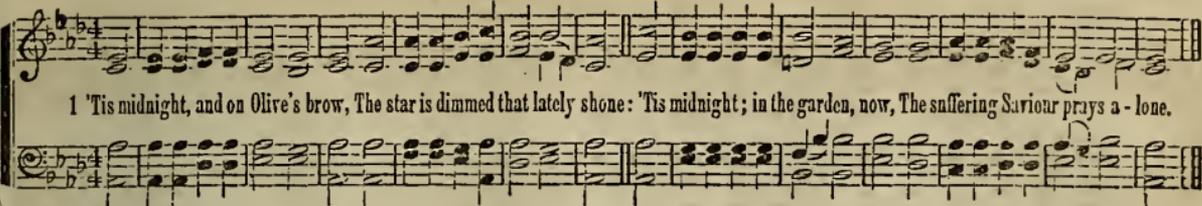
Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS. From "S. S. Banner," by permission.

Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Tell, O, tell us of the night; Dost thou see the
 2. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Will Mes - si - ah, they have slain Bring the banished
 3. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Tell us of the future time; When shall peace and

star of pro-mise, Is it shin - ing clear and bright? Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 sons of Ju - dah To their na - tive hills a - gain? Halle - lu - jah! God is ev - er
 ho - ly un - ion Bind the soul of eve - ry clime? Where the spark of love and glo - ry,

O'er the mountains towering height, See it ris - ing and ascending, Millions hail its welcome light.
 Mindful of his chosen race; Tho' in ex - ile he'll restore them To a father's dear embrace.
 Kin - dled to a living flame; Makes the heart of every christian Feel and throbb, and burn the same.



1 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.

209

L. M.

- 2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles, lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;

- Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

210

Father may we ask a blessing. (Music on page 146.)

- 1 Father may we ask a blessing
From thy gracious throne to-day
On our number here assembled,
And the cause for which we pray
While in concert we adore thee,
For the precious means of grace.
We would plead for heathen nations,
Those who never sought thy face.
- 2 Could they feel thy pard'ning mercy,
Could they taste thy love so free,
They would leave their senseless idols,
'They would worship only thee,

- Bring, O bring them, we implore thee,
To the pure and perfect way,
Break the cruel chain that binds them
'Turn their darkness into day.
- 3 Send thy gospel o'er the billow,
Let thy joyful tidings roll,
Like a vast and boundless river,
Spreading wide from pole to pole,
Aid thy servants in their labor,
Strengthen every pious heart,
Give them zeal and heavenly wisdom,
In thy work to bear a part.

CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL. Christmas.

Arranged by JAS. A. JOHNSON.
SEMI-CHORUS.

Words and Music by permission of Rev. W. A. MÜHLENBERG, D.D.

Ca-rol, brothers, ea-rol, Ca-rol joy-ful-ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer-ri-ly.

INSTR.

CHORUS. (*Forte.*) *Animated.* UNISON

Carol, brothers, ea-rol, Ca-rol joyful-ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer-ri-ly; And

pray a gladsome Christmas. For all good christian men. Carol, brothers, ea-rol, Christmas day a-gain.

FINE.

SEMI-CHORUS.

- 1 Ca-rol, but in gladness. Not in songs of earth, On the Saviour's birthday hallowed be our mirth;
- 2 At the mer-ry ta-ble Think of those who're none, The orphan and the widow, Hungry and a-lone;
- 3 Listening an-gel mu-sic, Discord sure must cease, Who dare hate his brother, On this day of peace?
- 4 Let our hearts responding To the seraph band, Wish this morning's sunshine, Bright in ev'ry land;

CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL. Concluded.

149

D. C. CHORUS

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day will keep The feast of ehar - ty.
 Bonuti-ful your offerings To the altar bring, Let the poor and needy Christmas-carols sing.
 While the heav'n's are telling To mankind, good will, Only love and kindness Ev - ery bo-som fill.
 Word and deed and prayer Speed the grateful sound, Telling "merry Christmas" All the world around.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME. From "Hallowed Songs," by permission.

1 Je - sus, Saviour ! hear my call, Sinful though my heart may be ; Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, abide with me
 2 Lonely in a stranger land, Cast me not away from thee ; Lead me by thy gen-tle hand, Lord, abide with me

212

- 3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
 Died to set the captive free ;
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
 Lord, abide with me.
- 4 Fill me with thy love divine,
 Consecrate my life to thee ;
 Bend my stubborn will to thine,
 Lord, abide with me.

- 5 When the shades of death prevail,
 Father, let me cling to thee ;
 When I pass the gloomy veil,
 Lord, abide with me.
- 6 Then, oh, then, my raptured soul
 Heaven's eternal rest shall see ;
 There, while endless ages roll,
 Live and reign with me.

1 Je - sus we thy lambs would be, Humbly we would fol - low thee, Wait - ing for the
 joy - ful day. When all care will pass a - way, When the reaping time shall come, And angels shout the
 harv - est home, When the reaping time shall come, And an - gels shout the harv - est home

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

213

2 Now the field with grain is white,
 Now the day is dawning bright —
 Brighter far the sky will be,
 When our Master we shall see,
 When the reaping time, &c.

3 May we wait, and watch, and pray,
 For the coming of that day,
 When the wheat shall sifted be,
 And the chaff be driv'n from thee,
 When the reaping time, &c.

214

- 1 Lift your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels joined in one;
 What a countless company
 Stand before yon dazzling throne!
 Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in milk-white robes arrayed;
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song;
 Cry aloud, in heavenly lays—
 Glory doth to God belong;
 God the glorious Saviour praise;

7a.

- All salvation from Him came—
 Him who reigns enthroned on high;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb—
 Let the morning stars reply.
- 3 Angel powers the throne surround;
 Next the saints in glory, they;
 Lulled with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay;
 Prostrate on their face, before
 God and His Messiah fall;
 Then in hymns of praise adore—
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.

WILL YOU GO ?

D. C.

1. (We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love. Will you go? will you go?) and priests to God.
 D.C. And millions now are on the road, Will you go? will you go? Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings

215

- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go? will you go?

- 3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,
 Will you go? will you go!
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease
 Will you go? will you go?

SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

From the "Golden Chair."

1. There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose radiance fills the heav'ns above,
2. 'Tis a song for children too; To the Saviour 'tis their due; Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;

ff CHORUS. *pp*
Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Ju-de-a's plain, "Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,
Join with an-gels in their song, And the heavenly strain prolong." Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,

Glo-ry be to God, to men be peace and love." Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the anthem ever fly,
Glo-ry be to God, good will and peace to men," Thro' the earth, &c.

Repeat pp * 216
"Glo-ry be to God again, Peace on earth, good will to men."

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

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response

HOW BEAUTEUS ARE THEIR FEET.

153

DR. I. MASON.

1 How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And

words of peace re-veal! 2 How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! — "Zi - on, be -

hold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns, He reigns and triumphs here."

217

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!

- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I Lord, at thy mercy seat, Humbly I fall, Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;

Now let thy work begin, Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus, my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall
Help thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call.
Oh, how I pine for thee,
'Tis all my hope, my plea,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call.
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Still at thy mercy seat
Humbly I fall,
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

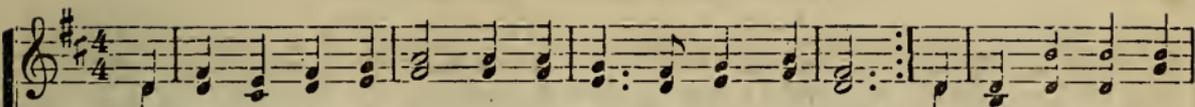
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6s & 4s.

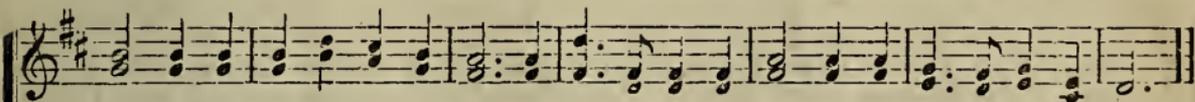
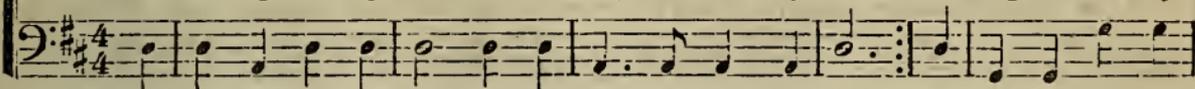
1 I'm but a stranger here:
Heaven is my home,
Earth is a desert drear:
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Father land—
Heaven is my home.

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

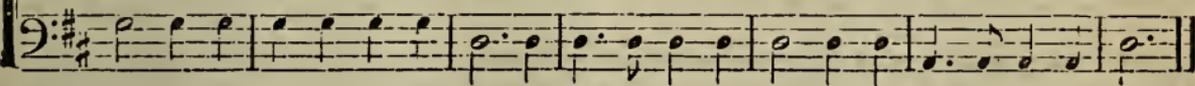
3 Therefore I murmur not:
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at the Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my Father land—
Heaven is my home.



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



Saviour, so glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest mu - sic, and praise him with delight.



220

7s. & 6s.

- 2 I never should 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
 I'd praise him with delight.
- 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
 To bear me to the sky.
- 4 O, there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand ;
 And there before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him with delight.

WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

1 (When the morn-ing light drives a-way the night, With the sun so bright and full,)
 (And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to the Sabbath-School,) For 'tis
 2 (On the fro-s ty dawn of a win-ter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow,)
 (Or the summer breeze plays a-round the trees, To the Sab-bath School I go;) When the

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

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS. ALL.
 Sabbath School; I'll a-way! a-way! I'll a-way! a-way! I'll a-way to Sabbath School.

221

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

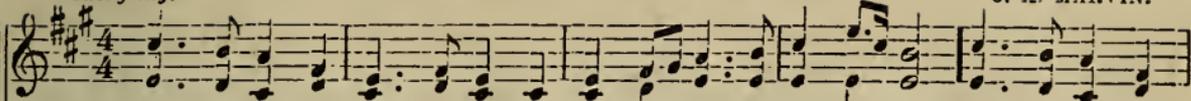
4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
 And the sun-line never fail,
 While each blooming rose, which in memory grows,
 Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
 When we mingle here no more,
 But have met on Jordan's shore,
 We will talk of moments o'er.
 At the Sabbath-School: I'll away! &c.

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAISE. 8s & 7s .

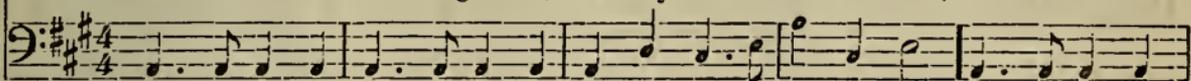
157

Cheerfully.

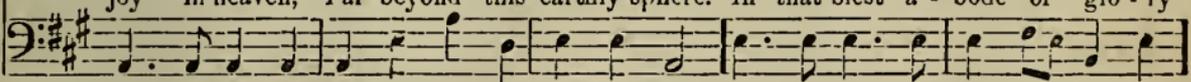
C. A. MARVIN.



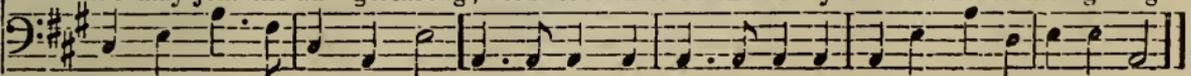
- 222 1. Here we throng to praise the Saviour, Cheerful - ly our voi - ces raise; He who died for
 2. Let us love him and adore him, In our days of fee - ble youth; May we ev - er
 3. If our sins are all forgiv - en, We may read our ti - tles clear, To e - ter - nal



our behav - ior, Says he will ac - cept our praise. Hin - der not the young from coming,
 walk before him, In the glorious paths of truth. Let us nev - er grieve the Saviour,
 joy in heaven, Far beyond this earthly sphere. In that blest a - bode of glo - ry



For of such the Saviour said, Is composed my heavenly kingdom, 'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.
 Who has died our souls to win; Let us ev - er seek his favor, Shunning all the paths of sin.
 We may join the an - gel throng; Jesus' love shall be the sto - ry Of our never ending song.



223

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un - | to • the | Lord, || and to sing praises unto thy | name,
• O | Most | Highest
2. To tell of thy loving kindness early | in • the | morning, || and of thy | truth • in the | night |
season.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up - | on • the | lute, || upon a loud instrument, | and
• up - | on • the | harp.
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through • thy | works, || and I will rejoice in giving praise
for the oper - | a • tions | of • thy | hands.
5. Glory be to the Father. | and • to the | Son, || and | to • the | Ho - • ly | Ghost.
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - • er | shall be, || world with - | out • end. | A - |
men.

1 (Joyfully, joyfully onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above;) Soon with my pilgrimage
An-gel-ic choristers sing as I come, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!) Home to the land of bright

ended below,
spirits I go;) Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam; Joyful-ly, joyful-ly, resting at home.

221

10s.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move.
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom;
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!

- Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

I. (Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things, Toward heav'n, thy native place.) Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay,

Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

225

7s & 6s.

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

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies ;
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
Fly from sorrow, and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

226 7s & 6s.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,

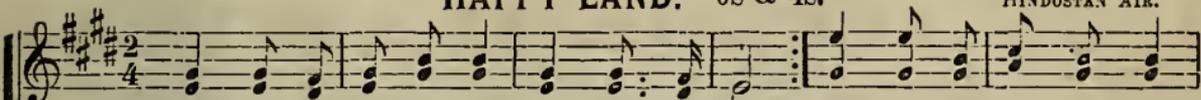
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the saints shall soon enjoy
Life—immortal life above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.

2 Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home;

HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

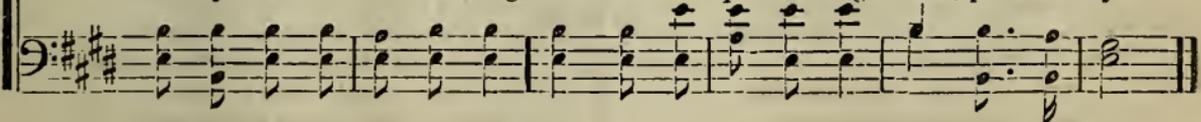
HINDOSTAN AIR.



1 (There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.) Oh, how they sweet - ly sing,



Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!



227 6s & 4s.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,

When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;

Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

WATCHMAN, TELL ME.

Moderato.

DIALOGUE.

From the "Golden Censer."

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef, 2/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef, 2/4 time). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
 Have the signs that mark its coming Yet up - on thy pathway shone? } Pilgrim, yes! a - rise, look

round thee: Light is breaking in the skies;.... Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, a-rise, a - rise!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
 Brighter still upon the way;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day
 When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea,
 And the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.</p> <p>3. Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
 Of the grand Sabbatic year;
 All with voices loud proclaiming
 That the kingdom's very near:
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise,
 Salem too appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.</p> | <p>4. Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on His jasper throne,
 Zion's king enthroned in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone:
 There on sun-lit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow;
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.</p> <p>5. Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder, O how cheering
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air,
 See the millions, hear them singing,
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.</p> |
|---|--|

THE BETTER LAND. From the "Golden Chain."

163

"BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY."—Paul
CHORUS.

1 Boys. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff 'n hand?
 GIRLS We are going on a journey, Going at our kings command; } Over hills, and plains, and
 2 Boys. Fear ye not the way so lonely, You, a lit - tle, feeble band?
 GIRLS. No, for friends unseen are near us, Holy an - gels round us stand; } Christ our leader, walks be-

val - leys, We are go - ing to his pa - lace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing
 side us, He will guard, and He will guide us. He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Going to the better land.
 to that better land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to the better land.

229

3 Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off, better land?
 GIRLS. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand;
 ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 We shall dwell with God forever
 In that bright, that better land.

4 Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land?
 GIRLS. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.
 ALL. Come. O come! and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land.

From "Golden Chain," by permission.

1 I ought to love my mother, She loved me long a - go, There is on earth no other That ev - er loved me so.

When a weak babe, much tri - al I caused her, and much care; For me no self - de - ni - al, Nor la - bor did she spare.

230

7s & 6s.

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

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

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

165

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Day Spring." By permission.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "1 Beau-ti-ful Zi-on built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful ei-ty that I love, Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

- 231** 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through 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 of 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,
 Hasten to this heavenly home with me.

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

Rev. W. H. COOKE. From "Palm Leaves," by permission.

232

1. Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, give, God, in whom we move and live, Children's prayer's he
 2. Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost, He reclaims the sin-ner lost, Children's minds may

deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear, Glo-ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet,
 he inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire, Glo-ry in the highest be, To the bles-sed

Priest and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain, To the Lamb, for he was slain.
 Trin-i-ty, For the Gos-pel from a-bove, For the word that God is love.

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

167

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1 (Ye val - iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py pray - ing band ;
Tho' 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.

233

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

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

SOPRANO AND ALTO SOLO.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the mid-night sha-dows flee,

INST.

Tinged are the dis-tant skies with glo-ry, A bea-eon light hung out for thee.

CHORUS.

A-rise, a-rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the

world of glo-ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns a-lone, Where thy Redeem-er reigns a-lone.

HYMN ANTHEM. Continued.

FEMALE VOICES.

2. Tossed on time's rude, re - lentless surges, Calm - ly, composed and dauntless stand, For

lo! beyond those scenes e - merges The light that bounds the prom - ised land.

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er; Hark! how the heav'nly

host are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore! See in what throngs they range the shore!

f MALE VOICES.*dolce.**f*

3. Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray; The

star gem'd crowns and realms of glo - ry In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way.

CHORUS.

A - way, a - way! leave all for glo - ry, Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in that

world of glo - ry, Where thy Redeemer reigns a - lone, Where thy Redeem - er reigns a - lone

HOMeward BOUND.

171

J. W. DADMAN.

1 (Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;) Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode,

Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Promise of which on us each lie be - stowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

234

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

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

PRAISE THE LORD.

ANTHEM.

1. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord when blushing morning Wakes the flowers fresh with dew;
 2. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth;

Praise the Lord,

Praise him when reviv'd creation Beams with beauty fair and new. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord when early
 Keep our feet from paths of er-ror, Make us holy in our youth. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye hosts of

breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye millions by the brookside, And ye
 heaven, Ye angels sing your sweetest lays. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O utter forth his glo-ry, Sound a-

PRAISE THE LORD. Conclude!

173

birds among the bowers. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath, Praise the loud Jehovah's praise. Praise the Lord,..... Praise ye the Lord, Let everything that hath breath, Praise, &c.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, CODA.

Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath,

CHANT. No. 4.

"Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

"Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, ||

"This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort— one
Is ours: —to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be done."

Close by repeating the first two measures.— "Thy will be done."

1 Hark ! the herald-angels sing: " Glory to the new-born King ; Peace on earth, and mercy mild : God and sinners reconciled."

2 (Joy - ful, all ye nations ! rise,) (With th'angel - ic host proclaim : Christ is born in Bethle - hem.)
 (Join the triumph of the skies ;) (With th'angel - ic host proclaim : Christ is born in Bethle - -) hem.

235

7s.

- 3 Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail ! the Sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
- 4 Let us then with angels sing :
 " Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled."

236

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God.
 In the way the fathers trod ;

They are happy now—and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepared—
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !
 Zion's city is in sight :
 There our endless home shall be,
 There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only Thou our leader be.
 And we still will follow Thee

1 O sacred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down; Now scornful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns thy on-ly crown:

O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

237

7s & 6s.

- 2 O noblest brow and dearest,
 In other days the world
 All fear'd when Thou appeard'st;
 What shame on Thee is hurl'd;
 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn;
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn.
- 2 What language shall I borrow,
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 O make me Thine forever,
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.

- 4 If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
 O Jesus, leave not me;
 In faith may I receive Thee,
 When death shall set me free.
 When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart,
 Release me then from anguish,
 By thine own wounded heart.
- 5 Be near when I am dying
 O, show Thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free.
 These eyes new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely—through Thy love.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

1 Lo! descending, the heavens rending, Messengers from God to men; Angels winging, tidings bringing, Christ is born in
2 Dearest Saviour, grant thy favor, While in these thy courts we stay, Thy rich blessing on us resting, On this happy

Beth-le-hem; Come with gladness, and ban-ish sadness, Children, sweet-ly tune your voices, Sing a-loud while
fes-tive day, Bells are ringing, and birds are singing, Woods and fields their tribute bringing, Back the hills the

heaven re-joice; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift a-loud a
ech-oes flinging; Let our voices, swell the cho-rus In a grate-ful song of praise; Joy-ful, come be-

left-y strain, God is re-con-ciled to man; Glo-ry to our Saviour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring,
fore him now, Humbly in his presence bow, Now to him our tribute bring, Lord of lords and King of kings

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Concluded.

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Praise him, Praise him, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, Praise him, Praise him, The Lord Je - ho vah praise, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!
 Praise him, Praise him, ye grate-ful children, praise, Praise him, praise him, ye grateful children, praise, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!

f *ff* *Fine.*

CHANT. No. 5.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | 'Come to | me.'
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the | bidding, | 'Come to | me.'
- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;

- When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters, | 'Come to | me,'
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting | place for | thee,
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy | portion, | 'Come to | me.'
- 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently | whisper, | 'Come to | me.'

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.

1 Work, for the night is com- ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling,
2 Work, for the night is com- ing, Work thro' the sun- ny noon; Fill brightest hours with la- bor,

cres.
Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
Rest comes sure and soon, Give ev- ery fly- ing min- ute, Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

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3

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

From the "Golden Censer."

1. We are com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We hear thy gen - tle voice; We would be thine for

FULL CHORUS.

ev - er, And in thy love re - joice. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, we are

com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We hear thy gen - tle voice.

239

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.
3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father'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 home is ours.
5. We are coming, 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.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

1. Go forth, young sol-dier of the Cross, The bat-tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the ar-mor
2. Be watch-ful, ar-my of the Cross, The foe is lurk-ing nigh: A soul must be the might-y

on, And sworn to do or die. Our bu-gle ne'er shall sound re-treat While Je-sus leads us
loss, If but one sol-dier die. Where'er you dare the hos-tile ranks, For-get not that with-

FULL CHORUS.

on: We will not lay our weapons by Un-till we wear the crown. A beau-ti-ful crown is waiting for
in There hides a most ter-ri-fic foe, The wi-ley "in-bred sin." A beau-ti-ful crown is waiting, &c

you, Far a-way in the promis'd land; A beautiful crown is waiting for me, Far a-way, in the promis'd land.

240

3 On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Through all the weary night,
With praise and prayer relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright;
Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you;
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

4 Rejoice, young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure;
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure:
Your weary feet shall walk the street
All paved with gold, on high;
And he who wore a crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

ROWLEY.

DR. L. MASON. by permission.

How hap-py are they Who the Saviour o - bey And have laid up their treasure above! Oh! what tongue can ex-
press The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love? Of a soul in its ear - li - est love?

241

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

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

PEACEFULLY SLEEP. (Quartette.)

1 Peaceful-ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kindly on her breast; Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod.
 2 Close to her lone and narrow house, Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs: Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
 3 Qui- et-ly sleep, be- lov- ed one, Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done; Rest till the trump from the opening skies

While the pure soul is resting with God. Peacefully sleep. Peacefully sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peacefully sleep.
 O - ver the ho - ly, beauti- ful dead. Peacefully sleep, &c.
 Bid thee from dust to glo- ry a- rise! Peacefully sleep, &c.

242

L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone;
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
Cho.—Peacefully rest, &c.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone:
 In solemn silence rest, my soul!
 Bow down before His awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.
- 3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
 And veil from me yon azure skies:

And soon shall death's oppressive hand
 Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

- 4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
 I lay my weary frame to rest,
 That night shall not make me afraid;
 That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

- 5 Again emerging from the night,
 I, like my risen Lord shall rise;
 Again drink in the morning light,
 Pure at its fount above the skies.

243

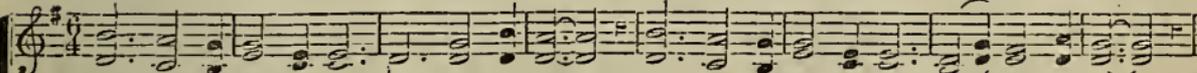
Tune—Rothwell. L. M. p. 72.

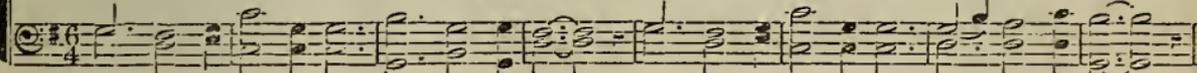
- SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that reared this stately frame,
Let all the nations sound His praise,
And lauds unknown repeat His name.
- 2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And pushed them into motion first.
- 3 Now, from His high, imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;

- He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all His saints are gathered in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

BETHANY. 6S & 4S.

Dr. L. MASON, by permission.

- 
- 1 Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me!
2 Tho' like the wander-er, The sungone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,

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

2-4-4

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

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

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

EXULTATION.

GEO. JAMES WEBB. By permission

Alleg. o Maestoso.

2-15 (Let every heart re-joice and sing, Let cho-ral anthems rise;)
 1 (Ye reverend men and children, bring To God your sa-eri-fice;) For he is good; the
 2. (He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known;) For he is good, &c.
 (And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be-fore his throne;)

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

UNISONS.

praise. While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious an - them raise, Let

each prolong the grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

TAKE THE CROSS.

185

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY,

Moderately quick.

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

Je - sus calls thee to his side ; Trust no mer - it of thine own, Look to Him, and Him a - lone. Take the cross the

FULL CHORUS.

precious cross ! Count all worldly gain as loss, And all earthly things as dross ; Je - sus bids thee bear the cross.

246

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

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

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;

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

247

2.

11s.

4.

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

3.

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

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

5.

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

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

187

From "Silver Chime," by permission.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.

218

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be - yond, beyond the riv - er, Its smil - ing val - leys, hills so green,
 2. No cankering care nor mor - tal strife, Be - yond, beyond the riv - er, But hap - py, nev - er - end - ing life,

Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Its shores are com - ing near - er, The skies are grow - ing clear - er, Each
 Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Thro' the o - ter - nal hours, God's love, in heavenly show - ers, Shall

REFRAIN.

day it seem - eth dear - er, That land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its
 wa - ter faith's fair flow - ers In the land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.

rage is al - most o - ver, We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land beyond the riv - er.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, &c.
 When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, &c.
 There is eternal pleasure,
 And joys that none can measure,
 For those who have their treasure In the land, &c.

4. When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, &c.
 With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond, &c.
 There angels bright are singing,
 Where golden harps are ringing,
 We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land, &c.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

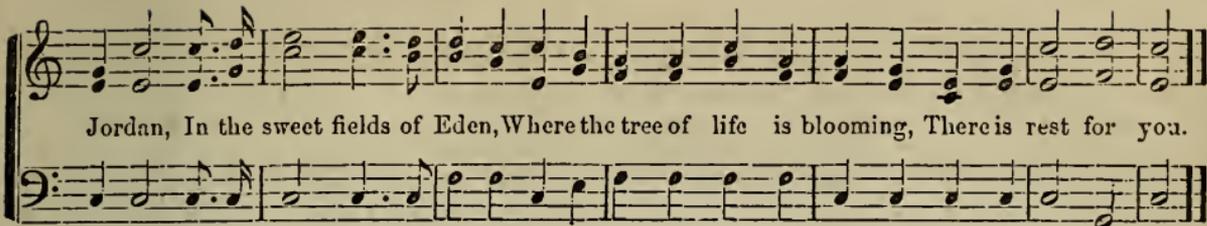
Arranged. REV. J. W. DADNUM.

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be -
 2. He is fit-ting up my mansion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be
 3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that ce - les - tial

CHORUS.

fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest; There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the
 transient In that ho - ly, hap-py land. There is rest, &c.
 cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear. There is rest, &c.

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



249

- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through
There is rest, &c.

250

7s.

- 1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate ;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.
- 2 Knock—He knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh :

Wait, till Heavenly grace appears.

Cho.—There is rest, &c.

- 3 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice!
" Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now, within the gate, rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

251

7s.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice!
Come, and make my path your choice,
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary wanderer, hither come.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.
- 2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

190 Words by KATE CAMERON. **THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK.** WM. B. BRADBURY.

Moderato

1 SEMI-CHO. (O what beauties adorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the week,
 2 SEMI-CHO. (And how gladly we start with a light happy heart, As the house of the Lord we seek.) (Humbly let us en-ter in,)
 (Praying to be free from sin.)

FULL CHORUS.

Pure with-out and pure with-in, On this Sab-bath day. Let us keep, well keep this blessed Sabbath day, This
 ho-ly Sabbath day, This ho-ly Sabbath day, Let us keep, well keep this ho-ly Sabbath day, 'Tis the best day of all the week.

252

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Be it ever our care in that place of prayer,
 Our spirits above to raise;
 Let us try to drive out each vain worldly thought,
 From God's holy courts of praise;
 Let no folly there intrude,
 Naught to mar our tranquil mood,
 Naught but what is true and good,
 On this Sabbath day. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 And our joy is full when the dear Sabbath school
 Throws open its friendly door;
 For we're sure there to find the Saviour so kind,
 And riches of sacred lore.
 As our voices all we raise.
 In sweet songs of love and praise
 May we tread in wisdom's ways,
 On this Sabbath day. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|

4 And when we go back to our week-day track,
Our lessons, our work, and play;
Let us hold ever dear the counsels we hear,
On the holy Sabbath day,

And remember that God's eye
Ever watches from on high,
And each day he is as nigh
As the Sabbath day. *Cho.*

THE WELCOME HOME. 8s & 6s.

From "Golden Shower," by permission.

1 (How sweet will be the welcome home, When this short life is o'er, When pain and sor-row, care and grief Shall dwell with us no more.)
(When we that bright and heav'nly land With spir-it eyes shall see, And join the ho-ly an-gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of thee.)

FULL CHORUS.

The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home, The welcome home, the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home.

Welcome home.

*In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated *pp**

253

8s & 6s.

2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last!
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again! *Cho.*

3 Oh may I live while here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure! *Cho.*

With spirit. Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN, by permission.

I I'm going to be a soldier, Gird on my armor bright. And with my lit-tle comrades, I'll take the field and fight ;

I'll never mind the hardships, Nor dangers of the way ; I'll watch and toil and wrestle By night as well as day.

CHORUS.

Life's battle, O life's battle, 'Tis fought with self and sin ; But Jesus is my Captain, And I am sure to win.

254

7s & 6s.

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.—Life's battle, &c.

3 I know I'm small and 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 long, loud hosanna,
I'll lay my armor down.
Cho.—Life's battle, &c

THE BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

193

From "Shining Star," by permission. S. J. VAIL.

255

1. I love the blessed Sabbath day, Which God has kindly given; When we may meet to
 2. I love to hear that Je - sus died, And how he rose a - gain; Ex - alt - ed at his
 3. I love to sing on earth his grace To fall - en, sin - ful man; But, when in glo - ry,

praise and pray, And learn the way to heaven: It leads our youthful thoughts to Him Who
 Fa - ther's side, A Saviour-prince to reign. To him the pure an - gel - ic throng Raise
 him I'll praise More than the an - gels can. Then will we sing in loud - er strain, Thro'

reigns in light a - bove; And makes the joys of earth grow dim, While musing on his love.
 their ser - aph - ic strain; And yet a child's thanksgiving song His list'ning ear may gain.
 all e - ter - ni - ty, Worthy the Lamb that once was slain, To him all glo - ry be.

OPEN WIDE THE GARDEN GATE. 7s.

From "Silver Chimes." By permission.

Allegretto.

1. O - pen wide the gar - den gate, Let the lit - tle wand'ers in; Let them now no lon - ger
wait, Tho' their lives are soiled by sin. There is room e - nough for them In the
per - fume - la - den bow'rs, Room for many a sparkling gem 'Mid the Gard'ner's liv - ing flow'rs.

256

- 2 Take them from the sin toss'd flood,
Moor them at the Eden isle;
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Their shall be an angel smile.
Shield them from the world's stern care,
Guide their little footsteps right;
Let them breathe the heavenly air,
Let them see its living light.
- 2 Suffer them to come to Him,
Shepherd of the cherub band;
He can light the valley dim,
Leading from this desert land,

7s.

- Nurtured with a kindly care,
All the weeds of sin kept down,
Golden fruit their lives shall bear,
Till they win the sparkling crown.
- 4 And with golden harps in hand,
Glad'ning all that best abode,
They shall shine a star-gem'd band
In the coronal of God.
Open, then, the garden gate,
Let the little wand'ers in;
See the blessed Saviour wait—
Wait to save their souls from sin.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

195

Moderato.

From "New Shining Star," by permission. T. J. COOK.

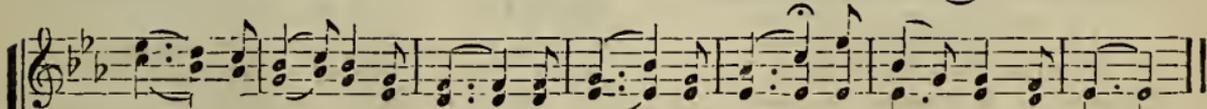
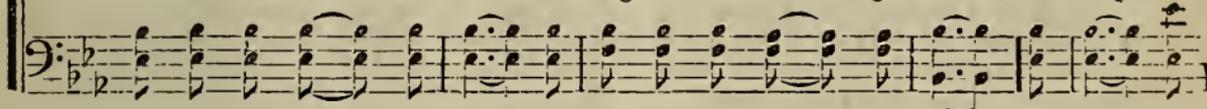


- 257
1. I've read of a world of beauty. Where there is no gloomy night, Where
 2. I've read of its flow - ing riv - er, That bursts from be - neath the throne, And
 3. To rise to that world of light, And breathe its balm - y air, To

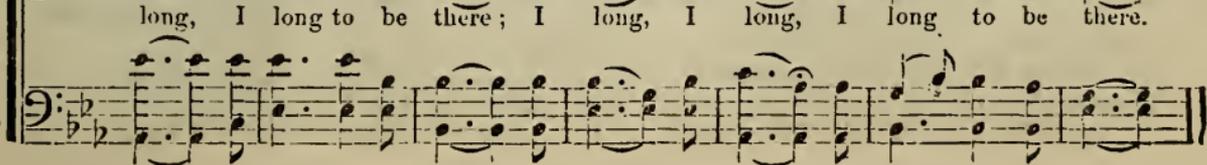


CHORUS.

love is the mainspring of duty, And God is the fountain of light; I long, I
 bean - ti - ful trees that ever 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.



Arranged from "Templi Carmina."

1. When I sur-vey the wondrons cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died, My richest
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain

gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
things that charm me most, I sa-cri-fice them to His blood.

258 L. M.

- 3 See. from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorus compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my an.

259 L. M.

- 1 HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies ;
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to His Father's court He flies ;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;

Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

- 5 Say—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave ?

260 L. M.

- 1 On! the sweet wonders of that cross.
Where my Redeemer loved, and died !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 2 I would forever speak His name ;
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

261

- 1 Though all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.
- 2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace.
And glory beams around Thy head.

- 3 Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.
- 4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Earnestly.

S. MAIN. From "Sacred Lute."

1 Je-sus is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear; Folded in his bosom, What have we to fear?

On-ly let us fol-low Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty de-sert, Or the dew-y mead.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The second system has a treble clef and a 5/8 time signature. Both systems include a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

262

- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know his voice;
How his gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone;
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.

- Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, "are mine."
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may rave,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

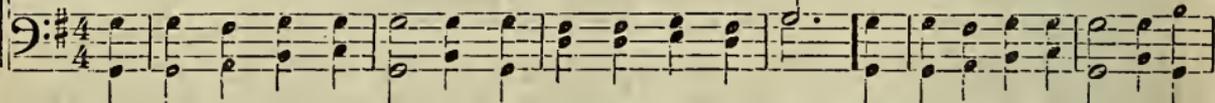
STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

Firmly.

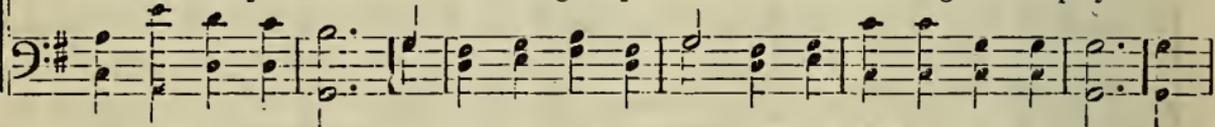
From "Sacred Lute," by permission. T. E. PERKINS.



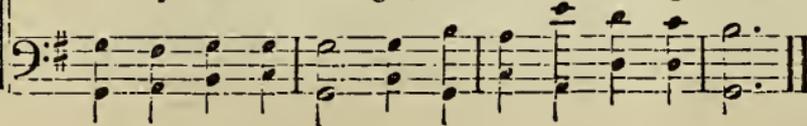
1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high his royal banner, It
 2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye



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 watch'ing un - to pray'r Where



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



263

7s & 6s.

3 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.

1 Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je-ho-rah hath triumphed, his peo-ple are free;
2 Praise to the con-quer-or, praise to the Lord: His word was our ar-row, his breath was our word;

Sing for the pride of the ty-rant is broken: His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave; How vain was their boasting! the
Who shall return to tell E-gypt the sto-ry Of those she sent forth in the hour of her glory; The Lord hath looked out from his

D. C. Last time only.

Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the ware. His peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free.
pil-lar of glo-ry, And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide. His peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free.

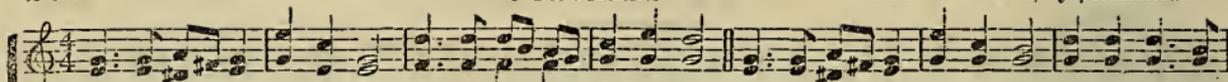
D. C.

- 265** 1 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Zion the marve'lous story be te'ling.
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth,
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
- Cho.*— Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Messiah is King Messiah is King!
- 2 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messlah is King!

Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round.
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Cho.— Shout the glad tidings, &c

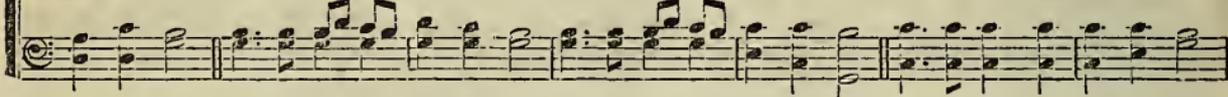
- 3 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Mortals your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the glad some hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.—*Cho*



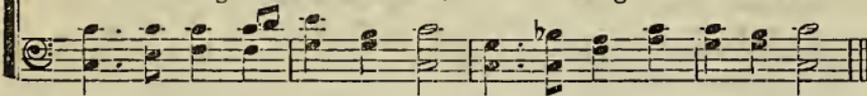
1 Hark! the song of Ju-bi-lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks up-



on the shore. 2 See Jehovah's banners furled · Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—'tis done! Now the kingdoms of this world



Are the kingdoms of His son, Are the kingdoms of His son.



266 3

He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.

4

Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

267 1 CHRISTIAN! see! the orient morn
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is born,—
Glorious day-spring from on high.
2 Heathens at the sight do sing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays,
Precious offerings now they bring—
First fruits of more perfect praise.

3 Zion's Sun—salvation's beams
Gilding now the radiant hills;
Rise and shine till brighter gleams
All the world thy glory fills.
4 Lord, of all thy scattered host
Spread thy truth from pole to pole,
Spread thy light to every coast,
Till it shine on every soul.

5 Hallelujah!—shout his praise!
Hail the day—spring from on high;
Praise his name to endless days,
Hallelujah!—to the sky.

6 Praise him all ye lost and won,
Angels sound his praise again;
Hallelujah to the Son.
Hallelujah!—Amen!

WE'LL HAIL THIS DAY.

T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

Animated.

1. Days and weeks and months re- turning, Bear us gent-ly down life's way; Still their les- son we are learning
2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voices, Joy controls the hasting hour; None so sad but he re- joi- ces

CHORUS.

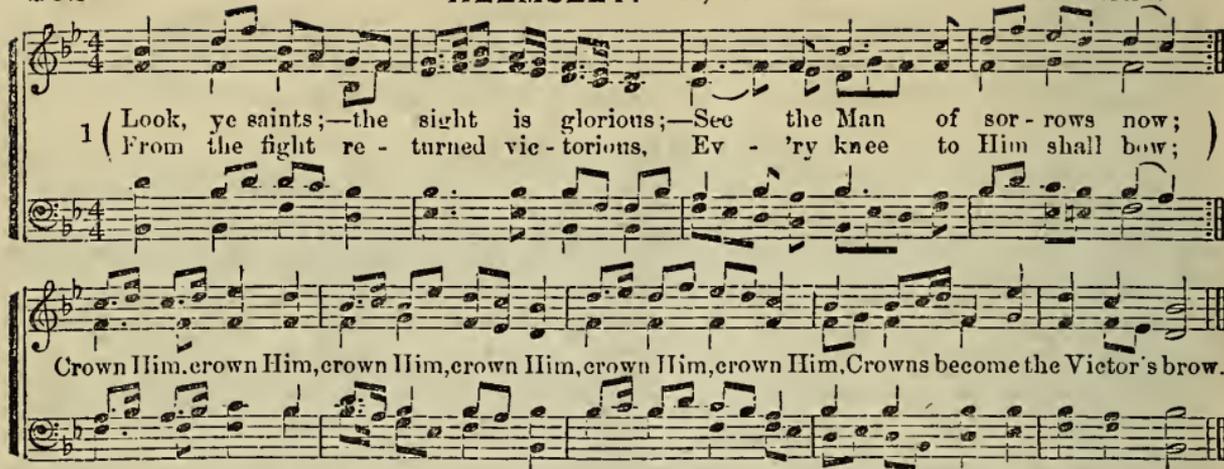
With each an - ni - versary day. We hail this day, so full of joy, And greet it with a song; We hail this
'Neath to-day's con- trol- ing power. We hail this day, &c.

day, so full of joy, And greet it with a song.

268

3 Yet, though glad we'll still remember
What the moments always say;
Life must have its cold December,
Just as surely as its May.—*Cho.*

4 Let us not forget the meaning,
Days like these forever wear;
One more field his lab'rs gleaming,
One more sheaf our arms should bear.—*Cho.*



1 (Look, ye saints;—the sight is glorious;—See the Man of sor-rows now;
From the fight re- turned vic- torious, Ev- 'ry knee to Him shall bow;)

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crowns become the Victor's brow.

269

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned Him,
While the heavenly concert rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour, King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

270

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angel's wings to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

- On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mournful captive,
 God himself shall loose thy hands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee,

Victory is thine at last;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain:
 Thousand—thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus Christ shall ever reign!
- 2 Every eye shall then behold Him
 Robed in awful majesty—
 Those that set at naught, and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree—
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 O, may Thine own Bride and Spirit
 Then avert a dreadful doom—
 And me summon to inherit
 An eternal blissful home:—
 Ah! come quickly!
 Let Thy second Advent come!

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'MORNINGTON. S. M.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.
 2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes, her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

JESUS BIDS THEE COME.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

From "S. S. Banner." T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

1 Sinner, wake, no more delay, Wake to duty, "watch and pray," Hasten to run the heavenly way. Jesus bids thee come.

CHORUS.

Lord be mer-ci-ful, To Thy children now, Oh, come and make us all Thine own, At Thy feet we bow.

274

- 2 Careless sinner, on the tree,
Now thy dear Redeemer see,
Bleeding, groaning all for thee,
Hark, He bids thee come. *Cho.*
- 3 Wilt thou still His spirit grieve,
Precious soul repent believe,
Now His offered love receive,
Jesus bids thee come. *Cho.*
- 4 Come with all thy guilt oppressed.
Come and find eternal rest,
Come and be forever blest.
Jesus bids thee come. *Cho.*

275 Tune—HAMBURG, p. 68.

- 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was Thy throne ere heaven was made;
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

- 2 Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man:
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream--
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

205

From "S. S. Banner." T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

1 Onward, press onward, the great command, Who'll be the first to join our band, Who from the snares of the world will fly. And
D. S. Honor and glory, and praise we'll give, To

FINE. *Girls.* CHORUS. *Boys.* *All.* D.S.
prove the joys that will never die. Soldiers for Je-sus, Soldiers for Je-sus, Soldiers for Je-sus we will be.
him who died and has made us free.

276

- 2 What have we done in the week that's past,
What if this hour should be our last;
Have we been seeking with earnest heart,
To choose, like Mary, the better part.
- 3 Onward, still onward, our way pursue,
Working with zeal and courage too;
Bearing with patience the ills we meet,
'Tis grief that makes every joy more sweet.

277 *Tune*—HAMBURG, p. 68.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh and all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break,
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there

I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

Words by Mrs LYDIA BAXTER.

By permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I'll think of my Saviour when day-light is breaking A-way from the darkness and gloom of the night,
 2. I'll think of my Saviour when day-light is sink-ing, And mingling its beams with the twi-light so gray

When fresh from his slumber the sun is a-wak-ing, And girding him-self with the armor of light.
 When bright starry eyes in the a-zure are twink-ling, And silence embraces the close of the day.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

BOYS.

CHORUS.

I'll think of my Sa-viour, I'll think of my Sa-viour, I'll think of my Saviour And hope thro' His love.

FULL CHORUS.

To meet with the an - gels, To meet with the an - gels, To meet with the an - gels And praise Him a - bove.

278

- 3 I'll think of my Saviour when pleasure is spreading
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my way;
Thro' sorrow and sadness, alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.
I'll think of my Saviour, &c.
- 4 I'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is flinging
Her thick robe of sadness around the dark tomb;
- 5 I'll think of my Saviour, my dear blessed Saviour,
When He from on high his bright angels shall send,
And take to His bosom His loved ones forever,
To join in the anthems that never shall end.
I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

GERTRUDE. 8s & 7s.

H. N. WHITNEY, by permission.

1 Saviour, source of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some me-lodious measure, Sung by raptured saints a-bove; Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.

279

8s & 7s.

3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
'Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.
- 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

WE COME WITH REJOICING.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

(Appropriate to any Anniversary occasion.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 We come with rejoicing, thanksgiving, and song, The notes of our anthem. let ech-o prolong: To

Him who redeemed us, and saved us from death, We'll sing loudest praises, while He gives us breath

CHORUS.

The Lamb that was slain, And liv-eth a-gain, We'll sing loudest praises, To the Lamb that was slain.

280

2.

The Lamb that was slain! our salvation is made!
 In His spotless robes, are our spirits arrayed;
 We need never fear, while on Him we rely,
 He will help us to live, and prepare us to die.

CHORUS.

3.

Oh! Jesus our Saviour! the dearest and best,
 On Thee all our hopes for Eternity rest!
 We love Thee, we praise Thee. Thy name we adore,
 To Thee all our thoughts and our wishes shall
 soar.

CHORUS.

1 Cast-ing all your care up - on Him, For He car-eth for you, For He car-eth, for He car-eth,

For He car-eth for you. With a love so kind and tender, Grateful service should you render; Give to Him the

load you bear, Cast on Him your weight of care, For He car-eth for you, For He car-eth for you.

281

2 Casting all your care upon Him,
 For He careth for you,
 For He careth, for He careth,
 For He careth for you.
 In the time of grief and trial,
 Weary pain, and self-denial;
 Look to Him for grace and strength,
 He will comfort you at length,
 For He careth for you.

3 Casting all your care upon Him,
 For He careth for you,
 For He careth, for He careth,
 For He careth for you.
 In the hour of mortal anguish,
 When in death's cold arms you languish,
 Place in Him your perfect trust,
 He will raise you from the dust,
 For He careth for you.

Words by Miss K. M. TOPPING.

Music by A. J. ABBEY, by permission.

1 There's a beauti-ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where
2 There's a beauti-ful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where

CHORUS.

pleasure is, There, brother,'s a home for thee. A beauti-ful home for thee, brother, A
all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee. A beauti-ful rest for thee, brother, A

beauti-ful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother,'s a home for thee.
beauti-ful rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee.

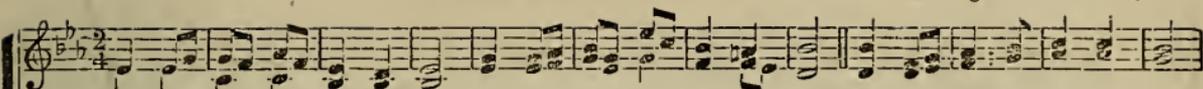
- 3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A crown, a crown for thee,
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.
Cho.—A beautiful crown for thee, &c.
- 4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;

- A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee
Cho.—A beautiful robe for thee, &c.
- 5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?
Cho.—A beautiful home for thee, &c.

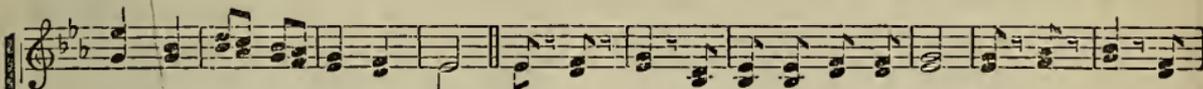
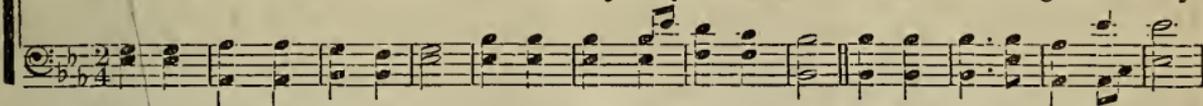
CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

211

Arranged for this work.



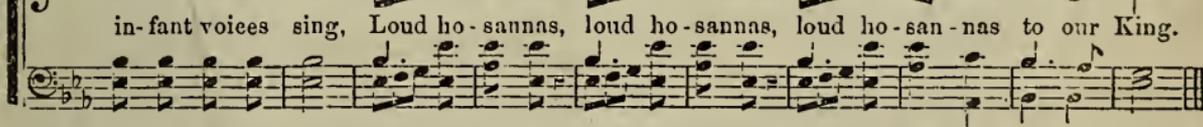
1 Children of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sing the praise of Je - sus' name: Children, too, of la - ter days,
2 We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalmist said; Babes and sucklings' artless lays



Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark! hark! hark! while infant voices sing, Hark! hark! hark! while
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise. Hark! hark! &c.



in - fant voices sing, Loud ho - sannas, loud ho - sannas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.



283

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

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

DUET or TRIO.

1 Dark thro' the desert our pilgrim path is lying; Danger and death hover dimly o'er our way;
2 Home of the weary, we wanderers would hail thee, Catching the gleam of thy shining dome afar;

'Toarsely the tempest but moeks our feeble crying, Weary we wan-der and wish for the day.
Cit - y of Peace! no tempest can assail thee. Light never wan-ing! no shadows can mar.

CHORUS.

Weary we wander and wish for the day. Look! pil-grim, look! the morning light is breaking!
Light never waning! no shadows can mar. Look! pil-grim, look! &c.

Shout! for the perils of the gloomy night are past! Joy! for the shining ones to welcome thee are

waiting. Enter thy father's house,—at rest, at home, at last! Enter thy father's house!—at rest, at home, at last!

284

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Robes of ransomed! our eyes have caught your
lustre,
Songs of the sinless! your echoes reach our ear!
Garlands of lilies on purest foreheads eluster;
Eyes beam with gladness unsullied by a tear
<i>Cho.</i>—Look, pilgrim, look! &c.</p> | <p>4 Saviour Divine! to Thee our joys are owing!
Thanks be to God! for the victory is won!
Past is the peril, and thankful hearts o'erflow-
ing,
Join the glad choral, for heaven is begun!
<i>Cho.</i>—Look, pilgrim, look! &c.</p> |
|---|--|

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. L. MASON, by permission.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de- nies, Ac - cepted at thy

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

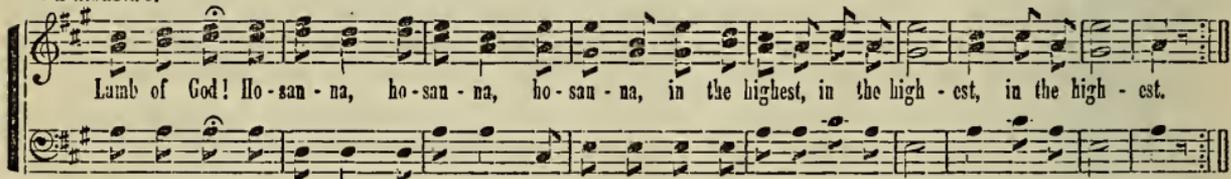
285 C. M.

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



1 (What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thns from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud and louder still, So sweetly sound [omit] from Zion's hill?) Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to the

no a measure.



286

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosannas to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given.
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

ZION'S PILGRIM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



Girls. 1 (Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound, Our journey lies along this road;)
Boys. (This wilderness we travel round, To reach the city of our God.) O happy pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear.



D.C. *Girls.* Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood And we are traveling home to God.

287

- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.
Cho. O happy pilgrims, &c.
- 3 O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be for evermore.
Cho. O happy pilgrims, &c.
- 4 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?

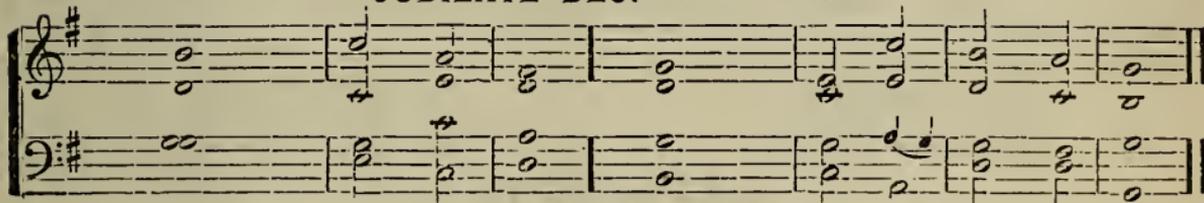
O yes, they all shall dwell in light
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.

Cho. O happy pilgrims, &c.

- 5 We all shall reach that golden shore
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.
Cho. O happy pilgrims, &c.

- 6 O may we meet at last above
Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
Cho. O happy pilgrims, &c.

JUBILATE DEO. CHANT No. 6.



1. O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands: ||serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his |
presence | with a | song.
2. Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God; || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we
are his people. | and the | sheep of his | pasture.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thank-
ful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever | lasting; || and his truth endureth from gene |
ration to | generation.
5. Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son.||and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,||world | without | end. A- | men.

LITTLE THINGS.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

From "New Shining Star." T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

1 Little modest violet blue, Spangled o'er with morning dew. Laughing in the sportive air, God has made thy leaves so fair;
2 Little star with golden eye, God has placed thee in the sky, Little bird with glassy wing, God has taught thee how to sing;

Little lambs that skip and play. In the meadow fresh and gay. God protects you by his care. He has made your fleece so fair.
Little clouds that lightly rest, On the bosom of the west, Floating in the summer air. God has made your form so fair.

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3

Little merry, laughing child,
Ever playful, ever wild,
Full of gladness full of love,
God has made thee, God above,

He thy little spirit keeps,
For he never, never sleeps,
When thy little life is past,
He will take thee home at last.

THINE, THINE ALONE.

From "S. S. Banner." T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

1 I have sought in the lap of earth, Rest from every pain; I have drank from the spring of joy, But all, all was vain.
2 I have gazed on the sky at morn, When 'twas blue and fair; But a cloud in the distance frown'd, A dark storm was there.

THINE, THINE ALONE. Concluded.

Je - sus set me free, Je - sus I would ev - er be Lost to all but thee, Thine, thine a - lone.
 So was life to me Till my Saviour set me free, Je - sus, I would be Thine, thine a - lone.

3 I have looked in the eye of hope,
 When its smile was gay;
 I have joined in the song of mirth,
 But all pa-sed away.
Cho. What was hope to me
 Till my Saviour set me free,
 Jesus, I would be
 Thine, thine alone.

4 I have learned from the sacred page
 How I ought to live,
 And I feel now a peace within
 The world cannot give.
Cho. Jesus set me free,
 Jesus, I would ever be
 Lost to all but thee,
 Thine, thine alone.

HOMES IN GLORY. (Easter Hymn.)

CHORUS. From S. S. Banner, by permission.

1 (Come, let us hail the rising morn And tune our happy voices,) He died to save our souls from death, We shout the
 (Our blessed Saviour rose to-day, And all the earth re-joice - es) wond'rous
 2 (T is God who gve us life and health, Our friends and every bl - ssing.)
 (How grateful then our hearts should be, So many joys poss - ssing.)

story. We love to meet where Chris - tians pray, And sing of homes in glory.

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3 But most we prize his holy word,
 Our best and purest treasure,
 The lamp that lights our wand'ring feet
 To wisdom, truth, and pleasure.—*Cho*

4 Then let us hail the rising morn,
 And tune our happy voices;
 Our blessed Saviour rose to-day,
 And all the earth rejoices.—*Cho.*

OUR FATHERS' LONG AGO.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

PATRIOTIC.

From "Golden Censer." By permission.

1 (When a - cross the o - cean wide, Where the heaving waters flow,
Came the May Flower o'er the tide, With our Fathers, long a - go;) When they neared the rocky

strand, And their cho - rus rent the air, Children in that pilgrim band Clasped their

lit - tle hands in prayer, Children in that pilgrim band Clasped their little hands in prayer.

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2 Sweetly rang their evening hymn
O'er that region vast and wide,
Through the forest dark and dim,
And the rocking pines rep'ed.
'Twas a cold December night,
And the earth was robed in snow,
But the stars with mellow light
Blest our Fathers long ago.

3 When the early buds were seen,
And the robin's song was heard,
Children frolicked on the green,
Happy as the woodland bird;
Cutled the daisy young and fair,
Watched the brooklet's quiet flow,
Banished every cloud of care
From our fathers long ago.

4 When our country's banner bright
Told her deeds of noble worth,
Children hailed its radiant light,
Hailed the land that gave them birth;
Children now rejoice to hear,
All their youthful hearts can know,
And the precepts still revere
Of their fathers long ago.

MY SHEPHERD.

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Words by Miss THALHEIMER.

Music arranged for this work.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car- ing in ev-ery need, Thy little lambs to feed : Trusting Thee still ;

In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fearing no ill.

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2 Or if the way should lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid ;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill!

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1 LORD, do not leave me!
I'm but a little child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone ;

But Thou art strong and wise,
No ill can Thee surprise ;
Beneath Thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If Thou my guide wilt be,
Gladly I'll go with Thee ;—
No harm can come to me
Holding Thy hand ;
And soon my weary feet
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeem'd shall stand.

SOLO. CHORUS.

Musical notation for Chant No. 7. The score is written on two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piece is divided into a 'SOLO' section and a 'CHORUS' section. The solo section consists of the first two measures, and the chorus section consists of the remaining six measures. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

SOLO CHORUS.

Musical notation for Chant No. 8. The score is written on two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piece is divided into a 'SOLO' section and a 'CHORUS' section. The solo section consists of the first two measures, and the chorus section consists of the remaining six measures. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff.

- 1 O all ye Works of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 2 O ye Angels of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 3 O ye Heavens, bless, | ye the | Lord; || yea let it praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 4 O ye Sun and Moon, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 5 O ye Stars of Heaven, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 6 O ye Light and Darkness, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 7 O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 8 O ye Ice and Snow, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 9 O ye Winter and Summer, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 10 O ye Frost and Cold, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 11 O ye Nights and Days, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 12 O ye Mountains, and Hills, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 13 O let the Earth, | bless the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 14 O ye Seas and Floods, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 15 O let Israel, | bless the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 16 O ye Children of Men, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 17 O ye Righteous, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 18 O ye Servants of the Lord, bless | ye the | Lord; || praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.
- 19 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 20 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world with- | ou. end, | A- | men.

- 1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul ; || and all that is within me, | praise his | holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits ;
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, || and | healeth | all thine | infirmities ;
- 4 Who saveth thy | life from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee with | merey and | loving | kindness.
- 5 O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | ceel in | strength ; || ye that fulfil his com-
mandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his = | word.
- 6 O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts ; || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
- 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion : || praise thou
the | Lord. = | O my | soul.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end | A- | men.

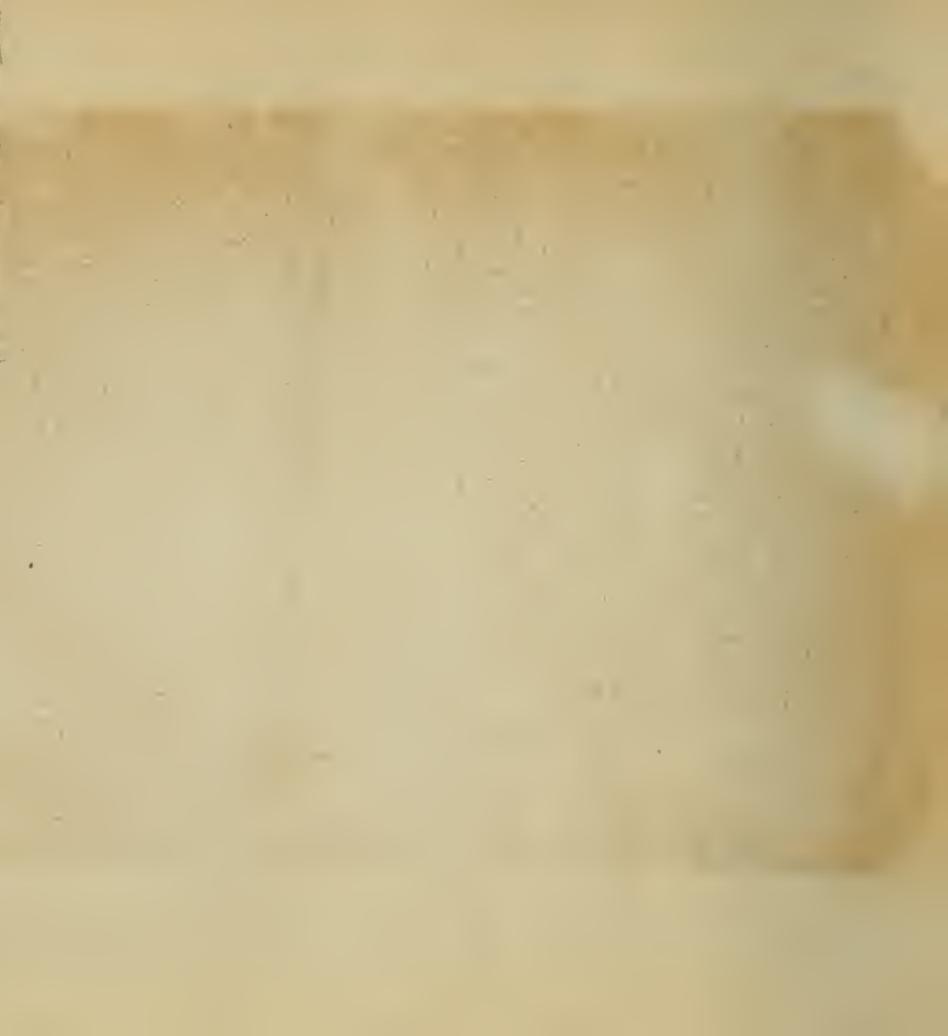
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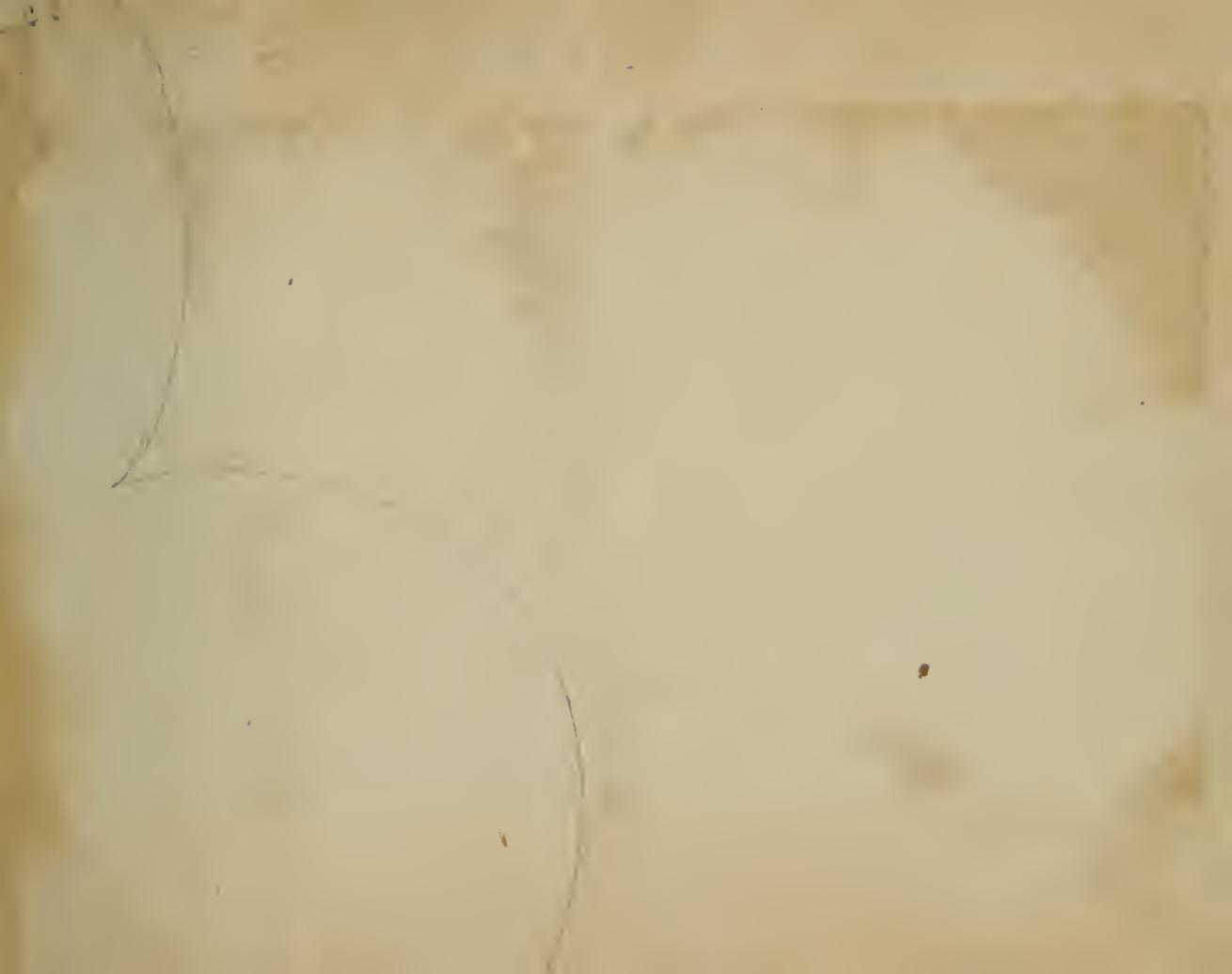
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