

PLYMOUTH
SABBATH SCHOOL
COLLECTION.



BY H. E. MATTHEWS AND JOHN ZUNDEL.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. S. BARNES & CO.

F-46.112
M4235

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

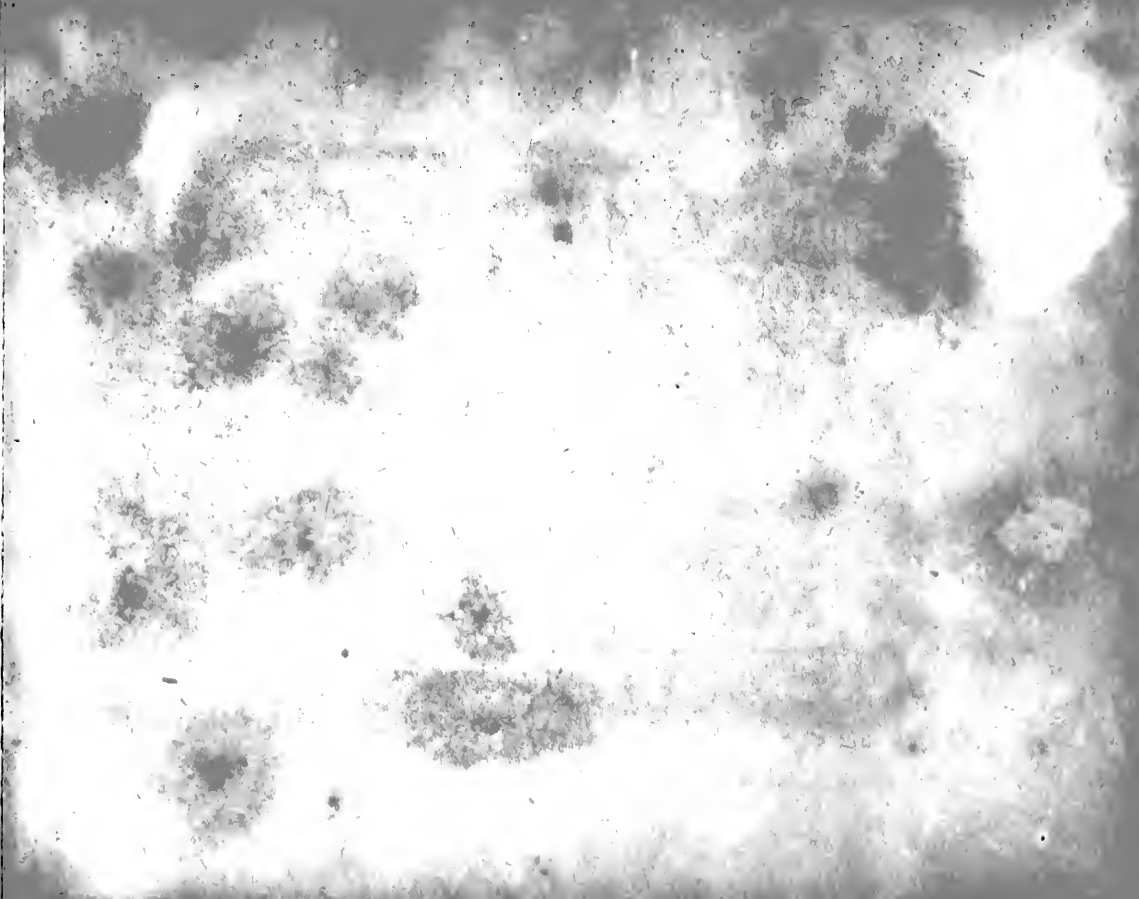
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCA

Section

1827





PREFACE

Our blessed Savior employed two methods of imparting instruction. Sometimes he simply *announced* truth in a purely didactic form. More generally, however, especially when surrounded with the young or the ignorant, "he opened his mouth in parables," and used the most familiar natural objects to explain and enforce moral truths. Thus, the "Lily," the "Grass," the "Sheep," the "Birds," the "Hen" and her "Chickens," the "Wheat-Fields" and the "Mustard Seed," have become enshrined in our memories as beautiful illustrations of the Savior's life and teachings, and throwing a flood of light, superior to the most labored argument, upon his character and the relations which he wishes us to sustain towards him.

This little work is a humble attempt to imitate the Savior in his favorite mode of instruction. Our labor is with the young. We seek to cultivate their higher social and moral natures through the medium of music. And knowing that for "*the soul to flow out in song*," the words must be such as the children can not only understand, but in the meaning and spirit of which they can heartily sympathise, we have selected those hymns chiefly which are founded upon natural objects, and have sought to associate with the "Stars," the "Flowers," the "Birds," the "Dew-Drop," "Trees," "Brooks," and "Fields," those thoughts of God, the Soul, Christ as its Savior, our relative duties in life, &c., as should be not only attractive, but *suggestive* also, and lead the child to look up through nature and material objects and relations, to God as its Father, and to Jesus Christ as its tenderest and truest friend. This fact must serve as an explanation why most of the standard church hymns, particularly those of a grave and didactic character, (though excellent for mature minds,) have been, to a great extent, excluded. We wish, through the associations of every-day life, to open the door continually, through which thoughts and impressions may come into the soul that might otherwise be excluded.

The design of the work embraces *three parts*, of which this is the *first*. The remaining numbers, each independent in itself, will be issued from time to time, as the material can be gathered and arranged. When completed, they will form a volume of convenient size, containing, it is believed, a sufficient variety of *truly good music* for all the purposes of the Sabbath-school, of Elementary Classes, and the Social Circle. It was originally prepared for our own School, and the Classes connected with our Church. But believing it calculated to do good upon a more extended scale, we now send it out upon its errand in life, praying that it may be a messenger of joy and gladness to many a cheerless spirit; that it may render vocal with praise many a dwelling otherwise mute, and that the happy voices which here unite in singing these earthly songs, may in a brighter world sing forever of the redeeming love of Christ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
May 5th, 1858.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1858,
By H. E. MATHEWS and J. ZUNDEL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PLYMOUTH SABBATH SCHOOL COLLECTION.

SONG OF PRAISE.

(M.)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

1. Thanks to God for eve - ry bless - ing, Which his boun - teous hand be - stows ;
All on earth that's worth pos - sess - ing, From that hand in ces sant flows.

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

2 And let gratitude awaken
To the God who rules above ;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 To his arms we're yet invited ;
'Tis the Savior bids us come ;
Let us then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heavenly home.
Hallelujah, &c.

BEAUTIES OF SUMMER.

H. E. Mathews.

1. Summer days are coming, Winter days are gone; Merry birds are singing In the flow'ry lawn. *Fine.*

2. Now the sun is shin-ing, With its cheerful rays; Oh, how ve-ry plea-sant Are these summer days. *D. C.*

3 Fruitful fields are waving
With the yellow grain;
Peaceful herds are grazing
On the verdant plain.

4 Honey bees are gath'ring
Sweets from all the flowers;
Ever, ever busy,
All the sunny hours.

5 May we learn the lesson
To be busy too;
Ever, ever seeking,
Useful work to do.

6 God, our great Creator,
Gave these summer days;
May our hearts and voices,
Join to give him praise.

O HOW PURELY.

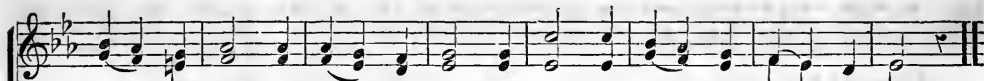
Festival of the Rose. 5



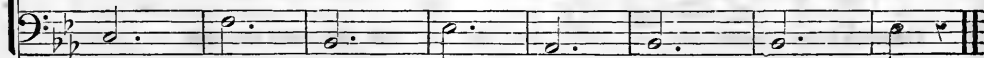
1. O how pure - ly, O how sure - ly, Live the in - no - cent in heart;
 2. An - gels stand - ing Where we're wan - dering, Watch our walk and guard our way;
 3. Day's de - clin - ing, Stars are shin - ing, Gleam - ing through the tran - quil night;



4. Fa - ther! ho - ly, Pure and low - ly May thy chil - dren ev - er be,



- Ev - er light - ly, Ev - er bright - ly, Ev - ery hour doth joy im - part.
 Like the show - ers, On the flow - ers, So fall bless - ings all the day
 Eye - lids clos - ing, Safe re - pos - ing, Rest we till the morn - ing light.



- An - thems swell - ing, With Thee dwell - ing, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.

THOU SWEET GLIDING KEDRON.

1. Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream, Our Sa - vior would lin - ger in

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

moon-light's soft beam, And by thy bright wa - ters till mid-night would stay, And lose in thy

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line features a more active eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment includes some sixteenth-note passages in the right hand, particularly in the first few measures.

mur - murs the toils of the day, And lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

THOU SWEET GLIDING KEDRON. (*Concluded.*)

1

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their master with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives! thou dear honored spot,
The power of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;

The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

Come saints and adore him—come bow at his feet,
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Andante. Terzetto.

THE DEW-DROP.

J. Zundel.

2 'Tis now the ruby bright,
But soon that tint declining,
Again it cheats the sight,
A yellow topaz shining.

3 Then darting round its rays,
With clear and brilliant light,
It glitters to the view,
Like purest diamonds bright.

4 And what but drops of dew
Are honor, wealth and pleasure,
That mock the dazzled view
With semblances of treasure?

5 Let not such glittering toys
The immortal soul entice;
True treasure only lies
In one great pearl of price.

1. Now night is gone, And gol - den morn In east-ern skies is breaking, And vale and wood, And

field and flood To songs of praise are wak - ing, To songs of praise are wak - ing.

2 How far away
To greet the day,
The lark is gayly singing;
On spangled green
The lambs are seen
O'er flowery meadows springing.

3 The woodlands round
With songs resound;
Each smiling plain rejoices;

And murmuring rills
Among the hills
Praise God with thousand voices.

4 May He, whose power
Each morning hour
With thousand tongues is praising,
Grant us to prove
Our grateful love,
Each heart glad incense raising.

LOVE OF GOD.

H. E. Mathews. 9

1. The morn - ing bright with ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep :

Fa - ther, I own thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.

1.
 The morning bright,
 With rosy light,
 Has waked me from my sleep :
 Father, I own
 Thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.

2.
 All through the day,
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide;
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Blest Jesus, near thy side.

1. See the shin-ing dew drops On the flow-ers strewed, Proving, as they spar-kle, God is ev-er good;

2. See the morn-ing sunbeams Light-ing up the wood, Si-lent-ly pro-claim-ing, God is ev-er good.

- 3 Hear the mountain streamlet
 In the solitude,
 With its ripple saying,
 God is ever good.
- 4 In the leafy tree-tops,
 Where no fears intrude,

- Merry birds are singing,
 God is ever good.
- 5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
 Songs of gratitude,
 While all nature utters,
 God is ever good.

Not quick.

MY BIBLE.

J. Zundel. 11

1. My Bi - ble! 'tis a book di - vine, Where heav - en - ly truth and mer - cy shine, And

wis - dom speaks in eve - ry line, And speaks to me, And speaks to me

2 My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown—
His love to me.

3 My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race;
Good news to me.

4 My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed:
O, this was wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me.

5 I love my Bible! may I ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Savior there,
Who died for me!

* May be sung by boys' voices, an octave higher.

1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab bath - day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly

time a - way; With my les - sons learned, it shall be my rule Nev - er

Fine.

to be late at the Sab - bath - school. Birds a - wake be - times; eve - ry

morn they sing, None are tar - dy there, while the woods do ring; So when

Sun - day comes, it shall be my rule Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath-school.

D. C.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath-day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away;
With my lessons learned, it shall be my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.</p> <p>2 Birds awake betimes; every morn they sing,
None are tardy there, while the woods do ring;
So, when Sunday comes, it shall be my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.</p> | <p>3 While the tuneful birds and the summer's sun
All in time are found with their work all done,
Shall not I, more blest, ever keep this rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school?</p> <p>4 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor shall I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Praise the Lord, when blush-ing morn-ing Wakes the blos-soms fresh with dew ; Praise him when re-

Fine.

vived cre - a - tion, Beams with beau - ty fair and new Praise the Lord when ear - ly breez-es

D. C.

Come so fragrant from the flowers ; Praise, thou willow by the brook-side, Praise, ye birds a - mong the bowers.

3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing,
 Guide us in the way of truth;
 Keep our feet from paths of error,
 Make us holy in our youth.

4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven;
 Angels sing your sweetest lays,
 All things utter forth his glory;
 Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

Moderato.

GOD IN ALL THINGS.

Bellini. (M.)

1. { There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the li - ly fair, Or
 streaks the hum-blest flower that grows, But God has placed . . . it there

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
 Or leaf of loveliest green,
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the spreading earth,
 And cheers the silent gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.

4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found;
 For God is every where.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There God displays his boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

1. From sweet and sooth-ing slum-ber, I wake to morn-ing light; No pain has pierced my

cham-ber, Thro' all the si-lent night. In peace I've rest-ed soft-ly, And

now in east-ern skies, The sun is shin-ing sweetly, And kind-ly bids me rise.

2 And now, O Heavenly Father,
To thee my voice shall raise,
This cheerful morning hour,
The song of grateful praise;
I know that thou wilt hear me
Whene'er I come to thee;
I know that thou art near me,
Although unseen by me.

3 O guide me by thy Spirit,
In virtue's narrow way—
Smile on me when I'm faithful,
And warn me when I stray;
From everything that's sinful,
O help me, Lord, to flee;
And now in life's bright morning,
To give my heart to thee.

Tenderly.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

H. E. Mathews.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It is in 3/4 time and D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The score is divided into two parts: '1st time.' and '2d time.'. The '1st time.' section ends with a repeat sign. The '2d time.' section ends with a double bar line. The tempo/mood is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

1. { Chide mildly the erring—Kind language endears;
Grief follows the sinful—Add not to their tears: Avoid with reproaches Fresh pain to bestow;

D. C. The heart which is stricken Needs ne-ver a blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring;
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength were but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way?

3 Chide mildly the erring;
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal—
They need not despair;
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us
Must shine from the skies.

1. { While beau - ty clothes the fer - tile vale, And blos - soms on the spray ; }
 { And fra - grance breathes in eve - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day ! }
D. C Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.

D. C.

Hark! how the fea - thered war - blers sing! 'Tis na - ture's cheer - ful voice ;

2 How kind the influence of the skies,
 While show'rs with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought:
 O, let my wand'ring heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
 Each smiling field and grove.

3 That Hand in this hard heart of mine
 Can bid each virtue live ;
 While gentle showers of grace divine,
 Life, beauty, fragrance give :
 O God of nature, God of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
 And bid sweet meditation trace
 Spring blooming in my heart.

HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

1. Come, chil-dren, and join in our fes-ti-val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along :

We'll join our glad voi-ces in one hymn of praise To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.

CHORUS,

Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting to all!

- 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.
- 4 Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day,
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in Jesus' loved arms.

1. Lord, how de - light - ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem - bly wor - ship

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

2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below:
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word!

That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

Andante—Legato.

AS FLOWS THE RAPID RIVER.

LAVINA. (M) 21
Fine.

1. As flows the rapid river, With channel broad and free, Its waters rippling ever, And hast'ning to the sea ;

Solo.

D. C.

So life is onward flowing, And days of offered peace, And man is swiftly go-ing, Where calls of mer-cy cease.

Ral.

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

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

COME, CHILDREN, COME!

Arr. from Righini. (♩.)

1. Come, children, come! God bids you come; Come and learn to sing the sto - ry Of the

Lord of life and glo - ry: Come, chil - dren, come! Come, chil - dren, come!

2 Come, children, come!
 Christ bids you come;
 Early seek his face and favor,
 Love and serve your blessed Savior;
 Come, children, come!

3 Come, children, come!
 The Spirit says, come;

Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
 To the spring of living waters:
 Come, children, come!

4 Come, children, come!
 Make heaven your home;
 Then, though earthly ties may sever,
 You may live with Christ for ever;
 Come, children, come!

1. What happy moments I have spent Within our Sunday-school ; Where infant minds were early train'd To feel affection's rule.

To feel affection's rule, To feel affection's rule ; Where infant minds were early train'd To feel affection's rule.

- 2 Where smiles illumed each teacher's face,
 Whilst fervently they try
 To rear each young aspiring plant
 To better realms on high.
- 3 There, voices breath'd sweet tones of love ;
 There, wrong was laid aside ;

- Whilst naught but rays of hope and joy,
 Would in each heart preside.
- 4 Yes! memory loves to linger on
 Those moments pass'd away,
 When love, and truth, and joyous hopes,
 Made sweet the Sabbath day.

1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the moon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night ; Go

with pure mind and feeling, Cast earthly thought away, And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.

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

2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are lov'd by thee ;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself in meekness
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 The dear Redeemer's name.

Light movement.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR. Arr. from the German. (L.) 25

1. Twin- kle, twin- kle, lit- tle star, How I won- der what you are, Up a - bove the world so

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes G2, B1, and D2.

high, Like a dia - - mond in the sky, Like a dia - - mond in the sky.

Like a diamond in the sky, Like a diamond in the sky.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are split across two lines of text.

2 When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3 Then the trav'ler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark ;

He could not see where to go
If you did not twinkle so.

4 In the dark, blue sky you keep,
In my window often peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

1. Young and happy while thou art, Not a fur-row on thy brow, Not a sor-row in thy heart, Seek the Lord thy Savior

now. In its freshness bring the flower, While the dew upon it lies, In the cool and cloudless hour, Of the morning sacri - fice.

1 Young and happy while thou art,
 Not a furrow on thy brow,
 Not a sorrow in thy heart,
 Seek the Lord thy Savior now.
 In its freshness bring the flower,
 While the dew upon it lies,
 In the cool and cloudless hour,
 Of the morning sacrifice.

2 Life will have its evil years,
 When its skies are overcast,
 All the present thronged with fears,
 And with vain regrets, the past.
 Let him tremble, who his heart
 Brings not in an hour like this,
 Lest Jehovah say—"Depart,
 You shall never taste my bliss."

Light Movement.

HOW PLEASING IS THY VOICE. From the Choral Friend. J. Zundel. 27

1. How pleas-ing is thy voice, O Lord, our heavenly King, That bids the frost re-tire, And
2. The morn with glo-ry crown'd, Thy hand ar-rays in smiles; Thou bidst the eve de-cline, Re-

wakes the love-ly spring! The rains re-turn, The ice dis-tils, And plains and hills For-get to mourn.
joic-ing o'er the hills. Soft suns as-cend, The mild wind blows, And beauty glows To earth's far end.

3 Thou mak'st the pastures green,
Thou call'st the flocks abroad;
The springing corn proclaims
The footsteps of our God:
Both bird and beast
Partake thy care,
And, happy, share
The general feast.

4 The thunder is his voice,
His arrows blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs;
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

Trebles.

1. We are but young, yet we may sing The praises of our heavenly King; He
Alto.
 made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star-ry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
 The gospel news, the heavenly word:
 If we despise the only way,
 How dread will be the judgment day!

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
 Perhaps our latter end is nigh,
 Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
 And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
 Jesus, in thee we would confide;
 O lead us in the path of truth,
 Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
 Unnumbered blessings on our head;
 Then let our youth and riper days
 Be all devoted to his praise.

Lively.

THE RAINBOW.

J. Zundel 29

1. Beau-ti-ful bow! in mer-ey given, A to-ken of love to earth from heaven: When thou art beaming

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, and then a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes G2, F#2, and E2.

bright and fair, May I e-ver be-hold the prom-ise there! Beau-ti-ful bow! beau-ti-ful bow!

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The treble staff features more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth notes and beams. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

1 Beautiful bow! in mercy given,
A token of love to earth from heaven:
When thou art beaming bright and fair,
May I ever behold the promise there!
Beautiful bow! beautiful bow!

2 Beautiful bow!—a brighter one
Is shining round the eternal throne;
And when life's fitful storm is o'er,
May we gaze on that bow for evermore,
Beautiful bow! beautiful bow!

* For two trebles and alto

Fine.

1. Now is past the time of teach - ing, End - ed is the hour we love,
D. C. Pre - cious Sab - baths, Pre - cious Sab - baths, Swift - ly, O, they swift - ly move.

D. C.

Still the pre - cious friends be - seech - ing Us to store our joys a - bove;

2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Savior, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay;
:||: Make us holy :||:
On the sacred Sabbath day.

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
And the joys they bring be past,
Like the leaf to earth descended,

Withered in the autumn blast;
:||: Life is passing, :||:
We must see the grave at last.

4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright:
And with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
:||: Praising Jesus, :||:
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther! let thy bless - ing, Peace and com - fort from a - bove,
 Rest up - on us, here con - fess - ing, All our sins a - gainst thy love.

O for - give us, O for - give us, Par - don us for Je - sus' sake.

D. C.

O for - give us, O for - give us, Par - don us for Je - sus' sake.

- 1 Holy Father! let thy blessing,
 Peace and comfort from above,
 Rest upon us, here confessing
 All our sins against thy love:
 O forgive us!
 Pardon us for Jesus' sake.
- 2 Young in years, but old in sinning,
 We have all deserved thy wrath;
 Lord, direct us, while beginning
 Now to walk in wisdom's path:
 O direct us
 In the way that leads to Thee.

- 3 For our sin and guilt lamenting,
 Let us bow before thy face;
 Oh! behold the souls repenting;
 Look, and give thy saving grace:
 O receive us
 Freely, for the Savior's sake.
- 4 Then, with joyful adoration,
 We will lift our heart and voice;
 While, beholding thy salvation,
 Saints and angels will rejoice;
 Hear us, Father,
 In the great Redeemer's name.

1. When Sab - bath's sa - cred morn - ing light Be - gins on earth to dawn, We'll

wake with eyes all spark - ling bright, And bid dull sloth be - gone. Then

haste to the school a - way, And keep this sa - cred day,

Haste a - way, yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day.

1 When Sabbath's sacred morning light
 Begins on earth to dawn,
 We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
 And bid dull sloth begone.
 Then haste to the school away, &c.

2 The tuneful birds in concert meet,
 And carol sweet their lays;
 In Nature's temple they repeat
 Their great Creator's praise.
 Then haste to the school away, &c.

3 From valley, field, and mountain air,
 They pour their warbling strains,
 And in one chorus loud declare
 That God forever reigns.
 Then haste to the school away, &c.

4 Then with united heart and voice,
 Our song to God we'll raise,
 While millions more with us rejoice,
 And join in prayer and praise.
 Then haste to the school away, &c.

1. To thee, my God and Sa - vior, My heart, ex - ult - ing, sings, Re - joic - ing in thy

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

fa - vor, Al - migh - ty King of kings; I'll cel - e - brate thy glo - ry, With all thy saints a -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of thy re - deem - ing love.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bass staff also concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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 Savior, 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 ?

THE FLOWERS ALONG YOUR PATH.

Z.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with some chords. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. The flowers along your path, The sparkling drops of dew, Dear children, have a gentle voice, And often speak to you.

2 They speak his praises forth,
 Who gave them power to shine,
 To bloom upon the lovely earth,
 And show his hand divine.

3 And with united voice,
 They sing this song to you ;—
 “ Be pious, little girls and boys,
 And praise your Maker too ”

mf

1. { There is a glo-ri-ous world of light, A - bove the star - ry ^{ky,} high.
Where saints de - part - ed, clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high.

mf

f

2. { And hark! a - mid the sa - cred songs Those heavenly voic - es raise, } 3 These are the hymns that
Ten thousand thousand in fant tongues U - nite and sing his praise. }

we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey ; This is the place where we shall go, If found in wis - dom's way.

* Small notes second time.

Adagio.

SABBATH EVENING.

Beethoven. 37.

1. Soft - ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day ; Gent - ly as life's set - ting

pp Chorus.

sun, When the Christian's course is run. Ho - ly Sab - bath, Soft - ly fad - ing, Gent - ly as life's setting sun.

- 1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 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 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee ;
'Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me! Bless a lit - tle child to - night; Through the
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well; Take me,

Fine. Solo.

dark - ness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn - ing light. 2. All this
 when I die, to hea - ven, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

Accomp.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER. (Concluded.)

39

day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast

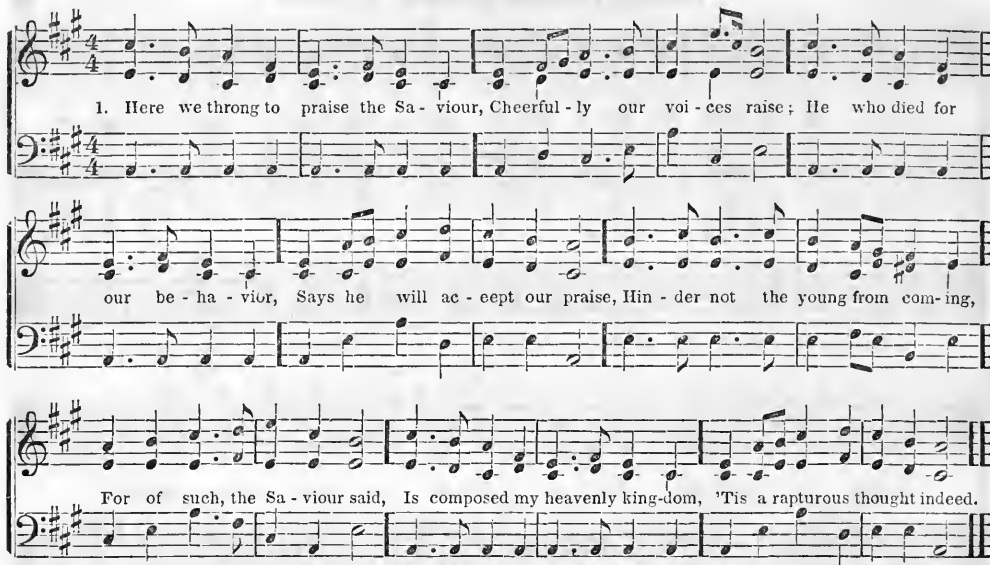
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody.

clothed me, warm'd me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer!

Rit.

D. C. 3d verse.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Rit.' (ritardando) marking towards the end of the system. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D. C. 3d verse.'.



1. Here we throng to praise the Sa-viour, Cheerful-ly our voi-ces raise; He who died for
our be-ha-vior, Says he will ac-cept our praise, Hin-der not the young from com-ing,
For of such, the Sa-viour said, Is composed my heavenly king-dom, 'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.

2 Let us love him and adore him,
In our days of feeble youth;
May we ever walk before him,
In the glorious paths of truth,
Let us never grieve the Saviour,
Who has died our souls to win;
Let us ever seek his favor,
Shunning all the paths of sin.

3 If our sins are all forgiven,
We may read our titles clear,
To eternal joy in heaven,
Far beyond this earthly sphere;
In that blest abode of glory,
We may join the angel throng;
Jesus' love shall be the story
Of our never ending song

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fa - thers died; Land of the pil-grim's pride; From ev - ery moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.

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;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathes 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.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourn-ing wanderers given ; There is a joy for
souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast,—'Tis found a-bove—in heaven.

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

- 4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
- 5 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There, joys divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HOW BRIGHT AND FAIR.—Trio.

DE BÉRIOT. 43

1. How bright and fair Thy foot-steps are, O Na-ture, to our eyes! We see them in the
 2. In joy-ous May, In au-tumn day, Thy glow-ing beau-ties shine; The love-ly tints of

low-ly vale, The meadow-green, the wa-ter-fall, Where smiles the plain With wav-ing grain, And
 fields and flowers, The pur-ple clus-ters in the bowers. The health-ful breeze, The bloom-ing trees, O

where the mountains rise; Where smiles the plain With wav-ing grain, And where the mountains rise.
 Na-ture! all are thine; The healthful breeze, The blooming trees, O Na-ture! all are thine.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he

called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen his kind look when
"Let the little ones come unto me." [he said,

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above;

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE HAPPY LAND.

45

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

O, how they sweetly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-rior King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

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

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

I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

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 Sab-bath - school; } For 'tis

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music features a simple melody with a repeat sign at the end of the first phrase.

there we all a - gree, All with hap-py hearts and free; And I love to ear-ly be At the

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) provides harmonic support. The system concludes with a final cadence.

I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL. (Concluded.)

47

Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys. Both.

Sab - bath-school: I'll a - way, a - way, I'll a - way, a - way, I'll a - way to Sab - bath-school.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for vocal parts, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
 When the earth is wrapped in snow,
 Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
 To the Sabbath-school I go;
 When the holy day has come,
 And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
 I delight to leave my home,
 For the Sabbath-school. I'll away, &c.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
 At the time of morning prayer;
 And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
 For 'tis always pleasant there:

In the book of holy truth,
 Full of counsel and reproof,
 We behold the guide of youth,
 At the Sabbath-school. I'll away, &c.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
 And the sunshine never fail,
 While each blooming rose which in memory
 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.

1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we meet on
 2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when a seat in

Ca-naan's plain, There'll be no part - ing there. In that bright world a - bove, In
 heaven we gain, There'll be, &c.

Chorus.

that bright world a - bove; Shout! Shout the vic - tory; we're on our jour - ney home,

3 Here we meet to part again,
 But there we shall with Jesus reign,
 There'll be, &c.

4 Here we meet to part again,
 But when we join the heavenly train,
 There'll be, &c.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

49

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spirits a - bove; }
 { Je - sus, our Saviour, in mer - cy says, come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home. }

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

Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joyfully, joy - ful - ly, rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
 Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore,
 Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow,
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb.
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

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

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

- 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
 Praise him both day and night.
- 3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live.

- Dear Saviour, when I languish
 And lay me down to die,
 Oh, send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky.
- 4 Oh, there I'll be an angel
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my 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 day and night.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

H. E. Mathews. 51

1. A-round the throne of God in heaven, Ten thousand children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A

Chorus. ff

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

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, &c.
- 3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

1. O, do not be dis-couraged, For Je-sus is your Friend, O, do not be dis-couraged, For Jesus is your Friend.
 2. Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The battle you shall win; Fight on, ye lit tle soldiers, The battle you shall win.
 3. And when the con-flict's over, Before him you shall stand, And when the con-flict's over, Before him you shall stand.

End. Chorus,

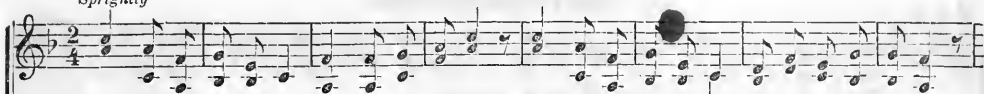
He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am
 For the Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin. I am
 You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall sing his praise for ever, In Ca-naan's hap-py land. I am

Repeat from ♩: to the End.

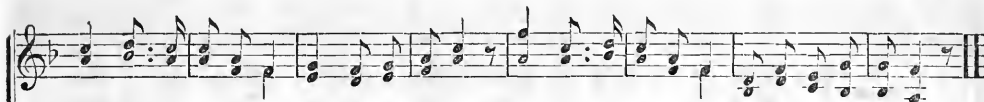
glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the school

SONG OF PRAISE.

53

Sprightly

1. Come, let us sweetly sing, join in full cho-rus, Praise to the mighty King, Him who reigneth o'er us!



Once He, a lit-tle child, gen-tle and low-ly, Tought us how we should live, loving, pure, and low-ly.



2 Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger,
Wandered from place to place, homeless and a stranger;
Suffered and died for us,—O wondrous story!
Suffered that we might all dwell with Him in glory.

8 O! Thou who once did hear children when singing,
Thou who did'st 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 swelling chorus,
Praise evermore to Him who shall there reign o'er us.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1 The Sun - day school, that bless - ed place, Oh! I would ra - ther stay With -
Chorus. The Sun - day school, the Sun - day school, Oh! 'tis the place I love, For

D. C. for Chorus.

- - . in its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
there I learn the gold - en rule Which leads to joys a - - bove.

2.

'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high—
The Sunday school, &c.

3.

Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given

To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given—
The Sunday school, &c.

4.

And welcome then the Sunday school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray—
The Sunday school, &c.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, My Father calls me,
 2. I have a Sa-viour in the promised land, I have a Sa-viour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,

Chorus.

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

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

3 ||: I have a crown in the promised land, ||
 When Jesus calls me I must go
 To wear it in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away, &c.

4 ||: I hope to meet you in the promised land, ||
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band;
 We'll praise him in the promised land.
 We'll away, we'll away, &c.

Moderately fast.

LITTLE THINGS.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean, And the beauteous

land, And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

4 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1 JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful,
In my heart to thee.

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

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

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

THE ANCHOR.

1. Days, and weeks, and months returning, Bear us gently down life's way; Still their lesson we are learning, With each anniversary day.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests.

Chorus.

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

The musical notation consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first verse. The melody is similar to the first verse, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes and chords.

- 2 Glad our hearts, and glad our voices,
 Joy controls the hasting hour;
 None so sad, but he rejoices
 'Neath to-day's controlling power.
Chorus. We'll stand, &c.
- 3 Glad for classmates and for teachers,
 Guiding us with gentle rule,
 Glad for all the gifts that reach us
 Through our own loved Sabbath School.
Chorus. We'll stand, &c.

- 4 Yet, though glad, we'll still remember
 What the moments always say;
 Life must have its cold December,
 Just as surely as its May.
Chorus. We'll stand, &c.
- 5 Let us not forget the meaning,
 Days like these for ever wear;
 One more field has had its gleaning,
 One more sheaf our arms should bear.
Chorus. We'll stand, &c.

1. How dear is the thought, that the an - gels of God May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod ;

And leave the sweet songs of the man-sions a - bove, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

2.

They come, on the wings of the morning they
 come,
 Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home ;
 Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3.

They come when we wander, they come when we
 pray,
 In mercy to guard us wherever we stray ;
 A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given ;
 Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

LORD, TEACH A LITTLE CHILD TO PRAY.

Plymouth Coll. 59

1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray; Thy grace be - times im - part; And grant thy Ho - ly
 2. A fall - en creature I was born, And from my birth I strayed: I must be wretched
 3. But Christ can all my sins for - give, And wash a - way their stain; Can fit my soul with

Spi - rit may Re - new my sin - ful heart.
 and for - lorn With - out thy mer - cy's aid.
 him to live, And in his king - dom reign.

- 4 To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face
 Shall surely taste his love;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.

CHILDREN BLEST BY THE SAVIOUR.

- 1 Behold, what condescending love
 Jesus on earth displays!
 To little children he extends
 The riches of his grace.
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 To our forefathers given;

- Our infants in his arms he takes,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare his claim deny;
 While his own word to us declares
 That such may heaven enjoy. .

HOLY FATHER.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year, thy hand hath
 2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craftier, strong - er far than I; And the strife may nev - er
 3. I would trust in thy pro - tect - ing, Whol - ly rest up - on thine arm; Fol - low whol - ly thy di -

brought me On thro' dan - gers oft un - known. When I wan - dered, thou hast found me; When I
 fail me, Well I know be - fore I die. Therefore, Lord, I come, be - liev - ing Thou canst
 - rect - ing, Thou, mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me

doubt - ed, sent me light, Still thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in thy sight.
 give the power I need; Thro' the prayer of faith re - ceiv - ing Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
 turn to thee when tried, Still my foot - steps, Father, view - ing, Keep me ev - er at thy side.

PILGRIM BAND.

61

1. Come, lit - tle soldiers, Join in our band, March for the king - dom, Our promised land:

Fear - less of dan - ger, On - ward we roam; Je - sus our Lead - er is, Soon we'll be home.

Chorus.

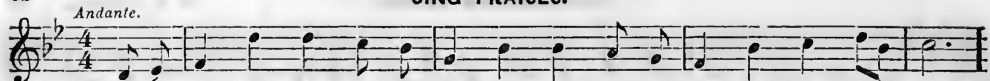
We're a lit - tle Pilgrim band, Guided by a Saviour's hand; Soon we'll reach our Fatherland, No more to roam.

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


8 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
 But blest for ever, God's love shall share;
 Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
 Ever still praising him in ages to come.
Cho.—We're a little Pilgrim-band, &c.

SING PRAISES.

Andante.



1. In the ro - sy light of the morn - ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high;



From the lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly.

Ad lib. *A tempo.*



Sing praises, glad praises, Sing, children, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the lof - ty skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

2 As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye;
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
Sing praises, &c.

3 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;—
Let his praise for ever flow!
Sing praises, &c.

4 Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

H. E. Mathews. 65

1. Childhood's years are passing o'er us: Soon our school-days will be done; Cares and sor-rows

lie be-fore us, Hid-den dan-gers, snares unknown, Hid-den dan-gers, snares un-known.

1 Childhood's years are passing o'er us;
 Soon our school-days will be done;
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 Oh! may He, who, meek and lowly,
 Trod himself this vale of woe,
 Make us his, and keep us holy—
 Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling:
 "Little children, follow me!"
 Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
 Teach us all to follow thee.

4 Soon we part—it may be never,
 Never here to meet again:
 Oh to meet in heaven for ever!
 Oh the crown of life to gain!

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Himmel.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo-ries con-
 2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures un-

- - fessed: But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
 - - told: But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?

- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
 From trials without and within:
 But what must it be to be there?
- 4 We speak of its service of love,—
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,—
 Of the church of the first-born above:
 But what must it be to be there?

- 5 Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel, what it is to be there.
- 6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that heavenly rest,
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

DEAR JESUS.

Auguste Mignon. 65



1. Dear Jesus! ev - er at my side, How loving must thou be To leave thy home in heaven to guard A little child like me.



Thy beau-ti-ful and shining face I see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.



2 I can not feel thee touch my hand
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me, as my mother did
 When I was but a child.
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
 Morning and night to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me thou art there.
 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest, too—
 Thy prayer is all for me;
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1. { I'm but a stran - ger here: Heaven is my home; }
 { Earth is a des - ert drear: Heaven is my home; } Dan - ger and sor - row stand

Round me on ev - ery hand, Heaven is my Fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the 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 my Lord's right hand:
 Heaven is my Father-land—
 Heaven is my home.

BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER

1. By the side of a riv-er so clear, They ear-ried the beau-ti-ful child, 'Mid the
 2. A-way from the riv-er so clear, They ear-ried the beau-ti-ful child, To his

flags and the bush-es, In an ark of bul-rush-es, They left him, so lone-ly and wild,
 ow-ten-der mo-ther, His sis-ter and bro-ther, And then he looked hap-py. and smiled:

For the ruf-ians would come, if he tar-ried at home, And mur-der that in-fant so dear.
 His mo-ther so good, Did all that she could, To nurse him, and teach him with care.

3 And soon by the sea that was Red
 Stood Moses the servant of God,
 While in Him he confided,
 The sea was divided,
 As upward he lifted his rod,
 The Jews safely crossed,
 While Pharaoh's host
 Were drowned in the waters and dead.

4 And soon on a mountain so high,
 Stood Moses, all trembling with awe,
 'Mid the lightnings and thunders,
 And great signs and wonders,
 For God was then giving his law:
 The Lord wrote it down
 On two tables of stone,
 Before he went back to the sky.

5 Once more on a mountain he stood,
 The last one he ever might see,
 The prospect was glorious,
 When Israel, victorious,
 Would soon over Jordan be free:
 Then his labors did cease,
 He departed in peace,
 And now rests in his heav'nly abode.

THE BEAUTEOUS MORNING.

Thos. Hastings.

1. How beau - teous the morn - ing ap - pears! The wood - lands their songs have be - gun;

The dew - drops, like pen - i - tent tears, Are bright in the beams of the sun.

- 2 The landscape is verdant and gay,
The meadows in richness are clad,
The flocks and the herds are at play,
And the heart of the peasant is glad.
- 3 How gently the waterfall pours!
How softly the breezes arise!

- How fragrant the opening flowers
Which spring in her beauty supplies!
- 4 All nature is smiling in peace,
The goodness of God she displays:
As mercies around us increase,
Let us join in the anthems of praise.

Lively.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious treasure! thou art mine; Mine to tell me whence I came;

Chorus. Slow and subdued.

Mine to tell me what I am. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious trea - sure! Thou art mine.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
 Mine to show a Saviour's love;
 Mine thou art to guide my feet;
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit:

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;

Mine to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death;

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

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

German Melody

1. O moth-er dear, Je - - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? When

shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see!

2 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seen.

4 Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;

And on thy banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

5 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

6 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

HOLY CITY.

Arr. from a Western Melody, 71

1. There is a ho - ly cit - y, A hap - py world a - bove, Beyond the star - ry re - gions, Built by the God of love ;
 2. The meanest child of glo - ry Outshines the radiant sun ; But who can speak the splendor Of that e - ter - nal throne,

An ev - er - lasting temple, And saints arrayed in white There serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light.
 Where Jesus sits ex - alt - ed, In godlike maj - es - ty ? The el - ders fall be - fore Him, The angels bend the knee.

3 Is this the Man of sorrows,
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,
 Condemned by haughty Herod,
 And by his men of war?
 He seems a mighty conqueror,
 Who spoiled the powers below,
 And ransomed many captives
 From everlasting woe!

4 The hosts of saints around Him
 Proclaim His work of grace ;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race,
 Who speak of fiery trials
 And tortures on their way—
 They came from tribulation
 To everlasting day.

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

MY GLORIOUS HOME.

Modern Harp.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
 3. There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor sin - nor sor - row know: Blessed seats! thro' rude and
 5. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, prophets there, A - round my Sa - viour stand; And soon my friends in

have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee! 2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And
 storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you. 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or
 Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band. 6. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo - rious home! My

pearl - y gates be - hold? Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 feel, at death, dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
 soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

Now I awake and see the light: Tis God who kept me thro' the night; To Him I lift my

voice and pray That he would keep me thro' the day; If I should die be - fore 'tis done, O

God, ac-cept me thro' thy Son, If I should die be - fore 'tis done, O God, ac-cept me thro' thy Son.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay
 O hear, great God, the words I say:
 Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
 In health and strength, for many a year.

And still, O Lord, to me impart
 A gentle and a grateful heart:
 That after my last sleep I may
 Awake to thine eternal day.

Not too fast.

1. God is in heaven: and can he hear A fee - ble prayer like mine?

Yes, lit - tle child, thou need'st not fear, He list - - ens now to thine.

- 1 God is in heaven: and can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,
He listens now to thine.
- 2 God is in heaven: and can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, child, he can—he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

- 3 God is in heaven: and would he know,
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it e'er so low,
He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven: and can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet—but love him here below,
And thou shalt praise him there.

THE SHEPHERD MY GUIDE.

H. E. Mathews. 75

Smooth and flowing.

1. With thy coun - sel thou shalt guide me, O thou Shep - herd of the flock ;

2. Poor and need - y, O re - ceive me, Be thy rod my staff and stay ;

Safe from ev - ery tem - pest hide me, Fixed up - on the liv - ing Rock.

And that bless - ed por - tion give me Which no power can take a - way.

WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE!

The musical score is written in 2/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are: "We won't give up the Bi-ble—God's ho-ly book of truth! The blessed staff of hoar-y age, The guide of ear-ly youth, The lamp which sheds a glorious light O'er ev-ery drear-y road, The voice which speaks a Saviour's love, And leads us home to God. We won't give up the Bi-ble—God's ho-ly book of truth!"

- 2 We won't give up the Bible,
 For it alone can tell
 The way to save our ruined souls
 From being sent to hell.
 And it alone can tell us how
 We can have hopes of heaven—
 That through the Saviour's precious blood
 Our sins may be forgiven.
 We won't give up the Bible—
 God's holy book of truth!
- 3 We won't give up the Bible!
 But if ye force away
 What is as our own life-blood dear,
 We still with joy could say:

"The words that we have learned while young
 Shall follow all our days;
 For they're engraven on our hearts,
 And still shall guide our ways."
 We won't give up the Bible, &c.

- 4 We won't give up the Bible!—
 We'll shout it far and wide;
 Until the echo shall be heard
 Beyond the rolling tide.
 Till all shall know that we, though young,
 Withstand each treacherous art;
 And that from God's own sacred word
 We'll never, never part.
 We won't give up the Bible, &c.

1: She died— yet is not dead! Ye saw the dai - sy on her tomb; It

bloomed to die— she died to bloom: Her sum - 'mer hath not sped'

2 She died—yet is not dead!
 Ye saw her jewels all unset!
 Lo! God then made a coronet,
 And crowned her ransomed head.

3 She died—yet is not dead!
 Ye saw her gazing toward a sky,
 Whose lights beam not on mortal eye:
 She lingered, yearned, and fled!

4 She died—yet is not dead!
 A messenger on noiseless wing
 Bore a sweet summons from the King:
 She followed where he led!

5 She died—yet is not dead!
 Thro' pearly gate, o'er golden street,
 She went her way with shining feet—
 Go ye, and thither tread!

FOR THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL IN SUMMER.

Words by Theodore Tilton.

Duet.

1 { The year's last song, and then we part! How swift the time is wing - ing! }
 { But sweet are farewells of the heart, When they are said in sing - ing! } { The ros-es climb the garden wall; The

Chorus.

buds are past their blow - ing; The sum-mer's breez-y voi - ces call, And we must now be go - ing!

2 The thrush is on her trembling nest
 Which every wind is swaying;
 And every robin shows his breast,
 While we are here delaying!
 The bees have set their pipes in tune
 On every head of clover;
 And we must haste to hear them soon,
 Or summer will be over!

3 To-day the birds on every bough
 Their Sabbath chimes are ringing;—
 The Lord is in his temple now—
 We praise him with our singing!
 Without, within, the voices chord!
 One praise we all are giving—
 To thee, the Ever-Living Lord,
 To thee, the Ever Living!

4 O God of every human heart,
 And every heart's pure feeling,
 We love and praise thee as thou art
 In Nature's own revealing!
 Wherever summer's grass is green,
 Or winter's snows are hoary,
 We see thee, though thou art unseen;
 We know thee by thy glory!

5 We linger in our parting song;
 We praise thee as we sever;
 The summer days will not be long,
 Ere we shall praise for ever!
 All hail! then, for the Summer Land
 Whose blossoms never wither;
 Though here we part each other's hand,
 We keep our journey thither!

I'M A PILGRIM.

79

Fine.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;

D. C.

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

2.

There the glory is ever shining!
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3.

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

CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

Geo. Kingsley.

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

fair and hap - py land, To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie.
- rayed in liv - ing green, Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

- 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 for 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.

Moderato.

I'M GOING HOME.

Mark Hallam. 81

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter there : Its glittering towers the sun outshino ; That

Chorus.

heavenly mansion shall be mine. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.

- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

HEAVENLY FATHER, GRANT THY BLESSING.

Mozart.

I. Heavenly Fa-ther, grant thy bless-ing, While thy praise we hum-bly sing; Sin-ful hearts and

lives con-fess-ing, No-thing wor-thy can we bring, No-thing wor-thy can we bring.

- 2 Yet thy book of love hath taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
" We may call, and thou wilt hear.
- 3 What a boon to us is given
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
- 4 Weak and sinful, Oh! how often
Must we look to God alone,

- For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.
- 5 Bless, O Lord! this happy meeting,
While we stay, and when we go;
There our hearts, in friendly greeting,
Gladly join the praise below.
- 6 But all earthly unions sever—
All their pleasures quickly fly;
Oh! for grace to praise thee ever
In that better world on high!

WANDERING STRANGER.



1. "Say, whither, wandering stranger, Ah! whither dost thou roam? O'er this wide world a ranger, Hast thou no friend, no home?"



"Yes, I've a Friend who never Is absent from my side; And I've a home wherever In peace I shall a-bide.



2 "But want and woe have driven
The roses from thy cheek;
And garments rent and riven
Thy poverty bespeak."
"I've food with which the angels
Would all delighted be;
And robes of dazzling brightness
Are now awaiting me.

3 "Come, then, benign inquirer,
And join me on my way;
I'm journeying to a country
Where beams an endless day;
Where saints and angels, falling
Before the great, white throne,
To you, to me are calling,
Haste, pilgrim, hasten home."

PARTING HYMN.

H. E. Mathews.

1. Please to watch us, bless - ed Saviour, As we leave our "Sab - bath home."

Guide and keep us from all dan - ger, Till a - gain to thee we come.

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.

EARTHLY FLOWERS

H. E. Mathews.

85

1. When beautiful flowers impart their perfume, And sweet is their fragrance, and lovely their bloom,

I think of the summer that endlessly glows, And the unwasting fragrance of Sharon's bright rose.

2 Of the home of my Saviour, of joys that await
The spirits that pass through the bright pearly gate;
Of the anthems of rapture, unceasing and high,
The beautiful chorus that gladdens the sky.

3 I see that the flowers of earth fade away,
And all human pleasures at last will decay;
The blight and the mildew will fall on the flowers,
And hoar frost will cover the sweet summer bowers,

4 But the beautiful mansion, that lies far away,
Knows not a north wind, or chill, wintry day:
The blight and the mildew come not to that shore,
Where the freshness of summer is seen evermore.

5 'Tis the home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where the pilgrim shall enter a glorious rest—
To wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasure serene.

6 'Tis the home that our Saviour has gone to prepare;
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there:
Of the unending glory awaiting the just,
When in Jesus' own likeness they rise from the dust!

7 We bless thee, our Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home thou hast gone to prepare;
We hope in thy mercy, that, washed from our sin,
Through the gates of that city we may all enter in.

HAPPY DAY.

Chorus.

1. { Preserved by thine Al-mighty power, O Lord, our Mak - er - Saviour - King, } Hap - py day, hap - py
 { And brought to see this hap - py hour, We come thy prais - es here to sing. } d. c. Hap - py day, hap - py

End.

End with 2d strain.

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

2.

We praise thee for thy constant care,
 For life preserved, for mercies given;
 Oh, may we still those mercies share,
 And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Chorus. Happy day, &c.

3.

We praise thee for the joyful news
 Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;

Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose
 The road to happiness and God.
Chorus. 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.
Chorus. Happy day, &c.

1. How I love my ten - der mother! How I love my fa - ther dear! How I love my lit - tle

brother, And my sis - ter so sin - cere. They are all both kind and true, And they

love me dear - ly, too, They are all both kind and true, And they love me dear - ly, too.

2 Be my neighbor proud or lowly,
 He shall my affection share;
 Be he sinful, be he holy,
 He may claim my earnest prayer:
 Let me not unfeeling prove,
 Nor myself too dearly love.

3 But, of all affection given,
 God on high demands the most;
 God, the Father in the heaven,
 God, the Son and Holy Ghost—
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Be thou all in all to me.

JUST AS I AM.

Mrs. M. de L. Love.

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

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

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

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

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



1 Thy word is a | lamp to my | feet,
 And a | light un- | to my | path.
 I have sworn, and I | will per- | form,
 That I will keep the | judgments | of thy | justice,

2 I am afflicted | very | much.
 Revive me, Jehovah, ac- | cording | to thy | word.
 Accept, I beseech thee, the free will offering of
 my mouth, | O Je- | hovah,
 And | teach thou | me thy | judgments.

3 My soul is continually | in my | hand :
 Yet do I | not for- | get thy | law.
 The wicked have laid a | snare for | me :
 Yet I have not | wandered | from thy | precepts.

4 Thy testimonies have I taken as an heri - | tage
 for | men ;
 For they are the re- | joicing | of my | heart ;
 I have in- | clined my | heart
 To perform thy statutes | always, | to the | end.

p *f*

1. Father, hear! to thee we raise Grateful songs and hymns of praise; Let thy blessing on us rest,
2. Thou hast given us friends most dear; Parents, teachers, loved ones here, Who for us both watch and pray,
3. Lord! be thou our guide thro' youth, Lead us in the paths of truth; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,

p *ff*

With thy smile may we be blest. Thanks to thee, our Fa-ther, kind, That pro-vi-sion
 And would lead in the right way. Give us grace to hear thy voice, And may wis-dom
 Fit us for the realms of bliss. Thus we hope to do thy will— In the world our

p

for the mind Thou hast made, and to us given, In thy love, as rich as heaven.
 be our choice: On-ward press and up-ward move, Bless-ing all by deeds of love.
 part ful-fill; And, when life's brief hour is o'er, Meet in heaven and love thee more.

THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root. By permission. 91

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them
 2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing; Our ab - sent Lord has
 3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That perfect rest nought
 4. Let sorrow's rid - est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says, come, and

as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our .
 left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing— For oh! &c.
 can molest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing. For oh! &c.
 there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for ev - er! For oh! &c.

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

WILL YOU GO?

1. { We're tra-v'ling home to heaven a - bove; Will you go? Will you go? }
 To sing the Sa - viour's dy - ing love; Will you go? Will you go? } Mil-

d. c. And mil - lions more are on the road; Will you go? Will you go?

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

d. c. And all the joys of heaven we'll share; Will you go? Will you go?

lions have reached that blest a - bode, A - noint - ed kings and priests to God,
 crown of life we then shall wear, The con-queror's palm we then shall bear,

D. C.

3. The way to heaven is straight and plain;
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again;
 Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross, and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see."
 Will you go?

4. We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Will you go?

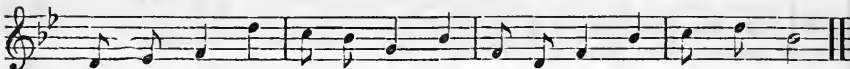
Moderato.
Solo.

THE INVITATION.

G. F. R. 93

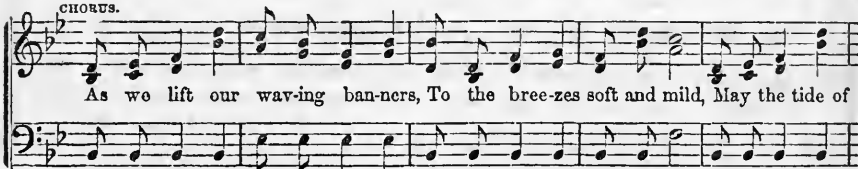


1. Now we lift our tune-ful voi-ces, In a new, me-lo-dious song;
2. Ye who join our ce-le-bra-tion, Sweetest me-lo-dies em-ploy;
3. Teach-ers kind, whose care un-ceas-ing, All must hon-or and ap-prove.

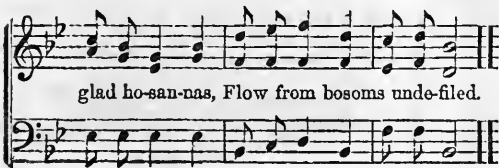


While each youthful heart re-joices, To be-hold the gath-ering throng.
Bow with us in a-dor-a-tion, Filled with ho-ly, heavenly joy.
Thanks for la-bor still un-ceas-ing, Heaven re-ward your works of love.

CHORUS.



As we lift our wav-ing ban-ners, To the bree-zes soft and mild, May the tide of



glad ho-san-nas, Flow from bosoms unde-filed.

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.

INFANT CHOIR.

FINE.

1. { Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Je - sus die for them? }
 { May they not, with oth - er jew - els, Sparkle in his di - a - dem? }
 d. c. Why, un-less the song of heav-en They be-gin to prac-tice here?

D. C.
 Why to them were voi - ces giv - en—Bird-like voi-ces, sweet and clear?

2.

There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned!

3.

Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will be, 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!

FINE

1. { Out on an o - cean all boundless, we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're, &c.

d. c. Promise of which on us each he' bestowed, We're, &c.

D. c.

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.</p> <p>3. Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound;
Joyful, O comrades! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound;</p> | <p>Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea?
"Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed are ye!"
Can it the greeting of paradise be?
We're homeward bound.</p> <p>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;
Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.</p> |
|--|---|

PLYMOUTH SABBATH SCHOOL COLLECTION.

INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
As flows the rapid river,.....	21	How bright and fair,.....	43	She died—yet is not dead,.....	77
Beauties of Summer,.....	4	How I love my tender Mother,.....	87	Sing Praises,.....	62
By the side of a river,.....	67	How pleasing is thy voice,.....	27	Song of Praise,.....	3, 53
Canaan's Happy Land,.....	80	I have a Father in the Promised Land,.....	55	Spring,.....	18
Child mildly the erring,.....	17	I'll away to the Sabbath School,.....	46	"Suffer little children to come unto Me".....	44
Childhood's Tears,.....	63	I'm a Pilgrim,.....	79	Thanks to our Father in Heaven,.....	90
Children blessed by the Saviour,.....	59	I'm going Home,.....	81	The Anchor,.....	57
Children in Heaven,.....	51	Infant Choirs,.....	94	The Angels of Heaven,.....	58
Children's Praise,.....	28	Invitation to Sabbath School,.....	32	The Beauteous Morning,.....	68
Close of Evening Prayer,.....	33	I want to be an Angel,.....	50	The Dew-drop,.....	7
Close of School,.....	30	Joyfully, joyfully,.....	49	The Flowers along your path,.....	35
Come, children, and join in our festal song,.....	19	Just as I am,.....	83	The Happy Land,.....	45
Come, children, come,.....	22	Little Child's Prayer,.....	56	The Invitation,.....	93
Dear Jesus,.....	65	Little Things,.....	56	The Rainbow,.....	29
Early at Sabbath School,.....	12	Lord, teach a little child to pray,.....	59	The Realms of the Heart,.....	64
Earthly Flowers,.....	85	Love of God,.....	9	There is an hour of peaceful rest,.....	42
For the Close of School in Summer,.....	78	Morning,.....	8, 16	There'll be no Parting there,.....	48
God in all Things,.....	15	Morning and Evening Prayer,.....	73	The Shepherd my Guide,.....	65
God is ever good,.....	10	My Bible,.....	11	The Shining Shore,.....	91
God is in Heaven,.....	74	My country! 'tis of thee,.....	41	The Sunday School,.....	54
Happy Day,.....	86	My glorious Home,.....	72	The Sunday School Army,.....	52
Heaven,.....	36	O how purely,.....	5	Thou sweet, gliding Kedron,.....	6
Heaven is my Home,.....	66	O Mother dear, Jerusalem,.....	70	Thy Word is a lamp to my feet,.....	89
Heavenly Father, grant Thy blessing,.....	82	Our Sunday School,.....	23	Twinkle, twinkle, little star,.....	25
Here we throng to praise the Saviour,.....	40	Parting Hymn,.....	84	Wandering Stranger,.....	83
Holy Bible,.....	69	Pilgrim Band,.....	61	We won't give up the Bible,.....	76
Holy City,.....	71	Praise the Lord,.....	14	When and How to Pray,.....	24
Holy Father,.....	60	Praise to the Saviour,.....	34	Will you go?.....	92
Homeward Bound,.....	95	Sabbath Evening,.....	37	Worship,.....	31
		Seek the Lord while young,.....	26	Worship of God,.....	20







MUSIC BOOKS AND HYMN BOOKS

FOR THE

School, Church, Family, and Social Circle,

PUBLISHED BY

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

51 AND 53 JOHN-STREET, NEW YORK.

The attention of all lovers of song (sacred and secular) is invited to the following Hymn and Tune Books:—

PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES—Comprising 1,850 Hymns and 360 Tunes. Compiled by HENRY WARD BEECHER. Price.....	\$1 50	PLYMOUTH SABBATH SCHOOL COLLECTION—Prepared by H. F. MATTHEWS.....	30
PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS—32mo.....	75	SELAH—A Choice Selection of Church Music, Hymns, Tunes, Set Pieces, Anthems, Choruses, etc., by THOMAS HASTINGS.....	\$1 00
PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS—18mo.....	50	SACRED PRAISE; OR, THOUGHTS UPON THE SUBJECT OF CHURCH WORSHIP. By THOMAS HASTINGS.....	50
PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS—12mo.....	1 00	KINGSLEY'S HARP OF DAVID—A Selection of Sacred Music, Anthems, etc., etc. By GEORGE KINGSLEY..	1 00
REVIVAL HYMNS AND TUNES. Paper Cover.....	15	KINGSLEY'S YOUNG LADIES' HARP—A Choice Selection of Pieces for Young Ladies, with Piano Accompaniment. By GEORGE KINGSLEY.....	75
REVIVAL HYMNS AND TUNES. Half bound.....	25	KINGSLEY'S JUVENILE CHOIR—A Selection of Tunes for the use of Schools.....	37½
BAPTIST HYMN AND TUNE BOOK—Being Plymouth Collection adapted to Baptist Churches.....	1 50	CURTIS' PRIMARY SCHOOL VOCALIST—An Elementary Singing Book for Schools, designed as Introductory to School Vocalist.....	50
CHRISTIAN MELODIES—Containing a Selection of Hymns and Tunes for the Family and Lecture-room. Hymns selected by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.....	50	CURTIS' SCHOOL VOCALIST—Designed for Advanced Classes.....	75
THE YOUNG SINGER'S FRIEND; OR, LEE-AVENUE COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SONGS—Compiled by the Superintendent, (JEREMIAH JOHNSON). Two Parts in One. Cloth.....	40	SHERWOOD'S SCHOOL SONG AND HYMN BOOK—Containing a large Collection of Hymns (Secular and Sacred), designed for the School-room.....	37½
The same work, half bound.....	75		
The same work, half bound. Part First.....	20		
SABBATH-SCHOOL GEMS—A selection of Hymns and Tunes for Sabbath-Schools. By J. A. and I. CHURCH-SHANK.....	37½		