

30

# Sabbath Carols:

A NEW COLLECTION

OF

MUSIC AND HYMNS.

Prepared for the Use of Sabbath Schools

BY

THEODORE E. PERKINS,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SHINING STAR," "SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER," "GOLDEN PROMISE," ETC.

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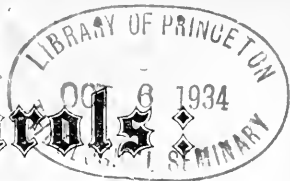
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# Sabbath Carols



*New York 1881*

A NEW COLLECTION

*of Selections from the*

MUSIC AND HYMNS.

*Emerson*

*annie fern*

Prepared for the Use of Sabbath Schools

BY

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"THE SHINING STAR," "SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER," "GOLDEN PROMISE," ETC.

*Theodore E. Perkins*  
*Emerson*

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## P R E F A C E .

IN the preparation of SABBATH CAROLS, the chief aim of the author has been to secure,

*First*, New Hymns of the best possible *Sabbath School* quality, pervaded with an evangelical spirit.

*Second*, To set these Hymns to melodies which should best express their spiritual sentiment, and at the same time be not only elevating in tone, but attractive to children and easy of performance.

*Third*, In addition to the above, a collection of old, familiar Hymns and Tunes has been inserted in the latter portion of *Sabbath Carols*, comprising the standard Sabbath School compositions of the age.

"Many a man, drifted into sin, has been brought to the foot of the cross by the remembrance of a Sunday-School song that buried itself like a rill beneath the layers of a worldly life, but burst forth again like a river through the crevice of a riven conscience."—REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

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## DEDICATED

TO THE

Sabbath-School Children of the United States,

BY

FANNY CROSBY.

Beautiful Sabbath Carols,  
Like the note of a silver bell,  
Sweet are the songs ye bring us  
From a land where our loved ones dwell:  
Carols for sunny childhood,  
And a season of riper years;  
Carols for those that labor,  
And are sowing their seed in tears.

Songs of the new-born spirit  
Gleam forth on your snowy page  
Songs for the lonely pilgrim,  
As he leans on the staff of age.  
Sing of a home in glory,  
Oh, tell of the fields of rest,  
Beautiful Sabbath Carols,  
Ye are heralds by angels blest.

# SABBATH CAROLS.

## COME, LET US SING.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Come, let us learn to sing be-low, That we may sing in heaven; Earth's  
2. And when of Je-sus' grace we sing,—Redemption's sweetest story, We

Chorus.

mel-o-dies, with gentle flow, Are sweet as breath of even. Sing on, sing on, till  
seem to hear the sound of wings, And feel the heavenly glory. Sing on, &c.

far a-bove, The an-gels join our songs of love; Sing on, sing on, till,

far above, The angels join our songs of love. Sing on, sing on, sing on.

3. The spirit mounts and soars away,  
Filled with ecstatic pleasure:  
As glory, like a cheering ray,  
Mingles with earthly measure.  
Sing on, &c.

4. And when on flow'ry hills of praise,  
The golden harps are given;  
Our glorious songs to Christ we'll raise,  
And fill the courts of heaven.  
Sing on, &c.

## "KEEP ON PRAYING."

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS

1st time.

1. Long my spir· it pined in sor· row, Watching, wait· ing all in vain;  
 Wait· ing for a gold· en morrow, [OMIT.....]

2. Ye, who sigh for ho· ly pleasures, Ye, who mourn your load of sin,  
 "Keep on pray· ing," heavenly treasures [OMIT.....]

2d time.

Free from worldly care and pain. When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the  
 In the end you're sure to win. Wrestle with the Lord of glo· ry, Lay your

ac· cents of a friend, Cheer up, brother, "keep on pray· ing." Keep on pray· ing  
 troubles at his feet, Plead with faith in Calvary's sto· ry Till your joys are

Chorus.

to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mer· cy  
 all complete. When our, &c.

seems de· lay· ing. Then in faith we'll keep on pray· ing, Keep on pray· ing,

Keep on pray· ing to the end.

8 How the angel· band rejoices  
 When a kneeling mortal prays;  
 Hear them cry. In heavenly voices,  
 "Keep on pray· ing" all your days.  
 Pray until you reach fair Canaan,  
 Reach the pearly gates of day,  
 Then your bliss shall end in glory,  
 And shall never pass away.—CRO.

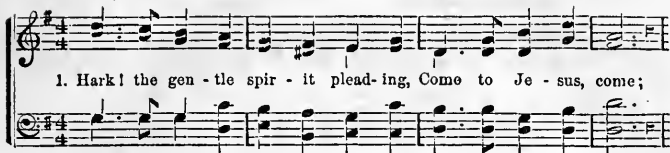


# COME TO JESUS COME.

5

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

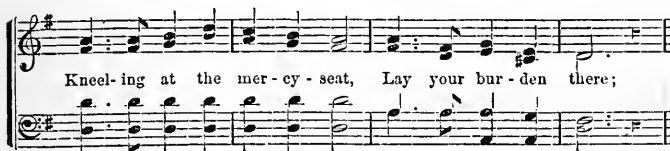
Music by JAS. M. NORTH.



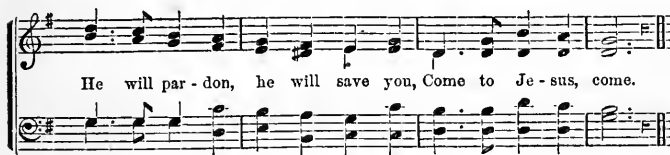
1. Hark! the gen - tle spir - it plead - ing, Come to Je - sus, come;



Love and mer - cy in - ter - ced - ing, Come to Je - sus, come:



Kneel - ing at the mer - cy - seat, Lay your bur - den there;



He will par - don, he will save you, Come to Je - sus, come.

2. Can you still neglect and grieve him?  
Come to Jesus, come;  
Will you not with joy receive him?  
Come to Jesus, come;  
Would you be forever blest,  
He will give you rest;  
Be not faithless but believing,  
Come to Jesus, come.
3. Would you win a glorious treasure?  
Come to Jesus, come;  
Would you find eternal pleasure?  
Come to Jesus, come;  
Are you weak, on him rely,  
He is ever nigh;  
Like a Shepherd he will lead you,  
Come to Jesus, come.

## MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by HENRY A. BROWN.

1. Gal-lant sol-diers, hear the trumpet sounding, Fill the ranks while

ev-ery heart With ea-ger joy is bounding. We are marching,

marching on to glo-ry, Ar-my of the Sunday school, We're

bound to Canaan's land. See our ban-ner proud-ly wav-ing

*D. S. for Chorus.*

o'er us, While our Cap-tain cheers the way be-fore us.

2.

Dear companions, we are glad to meet you;  
Will you help our noble cause,  
Oh join us, we entreat you.  
Rally, rally round our standard waving,  
Come and join our youthful van,  
There's room enough for all,  
Marching onward, all is bright before us,  
Marching onward, swell the joyful chorus.

3.

We are young, but still the right pursuing,  
We shall conquer by-and-bye,  
Our cruel foes subduing.  
Crowns are waiting, waiting for the faithful,  
We shall wear them by-and-bye,  
And shout the victory too.  
We are going where the golden river,  
Glides o'er Eden's sunny banks for ever.

# WAITING BY THE RIVER.

7

## Duet.

1. We are waiting by the riv-er, We are watching on the shore,

On-ly waiting for the an-gel, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

## Chorus.

We are waiting by the riv-er, We are watching by the shore,

On-ly waiting for the an-gel, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 There is darkness o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar,  
Yet the music of the angels  
Cheers us from the other shore.  
CHORUS. We are waiting, &c.

3 And the city, bright with glory,  
How its splendor charms the eye!  
Though we view it from a distance,  
We shall reach it by-and-bye.—CHORUS.

4 He has taken many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side,  
With our Saviour we shall meet them,  
When we cross the rolling tide.—CHORUS.

5 Through the lonely vale of shadows,  
When in triumph we have passed,  
In the happy land of promise,  
We shall meet our friends at last. CHORUS.

## THE CONVERT'S SONG.

*With Animation.*

T. E. P.

1. Joy-ful, joy-ful, now I re-sign All to him who has

died for me; A child of grace—what rapture is mine!

## Chorus.

Je - sus has made me free. I will praise him with

all my heart; Oh, how great his love for me! A

child of grace—what rapture is mine! Je-sus has made me free.

2. Lost and ruined, dark was my way;  
 Mercy found me a wandering soul;  
 And now like one of old I can say—  
 Jesus has made me whole.—CHORUS.

3. Weeping mourner, trust in his word;  
 Freely come, 'tis a Father's call;  
 Oh, taste and see how good is the Lord!  
 Come, there's room for all.—CHORUS.

# PILGRIM, REST AWHILE.

9

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. PETTIBONE.

1. Lord, the way is cold and dreary, Scarce a beam of light I see;

Let me plead thy gracious promise, Let me find re - pose in thee.

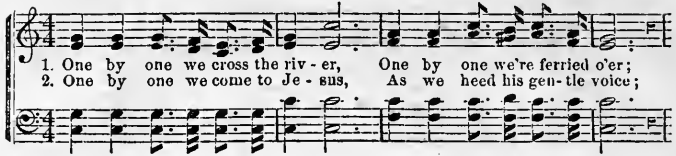
Faint beneath my heavy bur-den, Cheer me with thy tender smile;

I am wea-ry, O my Fa-ther, Let the pilgrim rest a while.

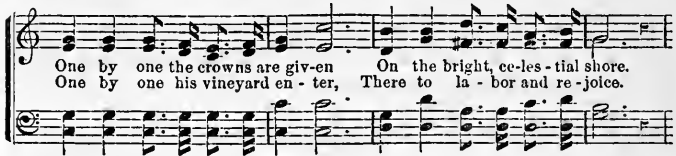
2. Shield me till the night is over,  
 And the gathering storm is past,  
 Till the morning sun arising,  
 Fills my soul with joy at last.  
 Shining through my tears of sorrow,  
 Let me view thy loving smile;  
 Lead me to thy cross, my Father,  
 Let the pilgrim rest a while.
3. Thou canst turn my grief to gladness;  
 Thou canst make the desert bloom;  
 Thou canst light the gloomy portals  
 Of the dark and silent tomb.  
 May I rest with thee forever,  
 When the toils of life are o'er;  
 From the spring of joy eternal  
 May I drink, and thirst no more.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

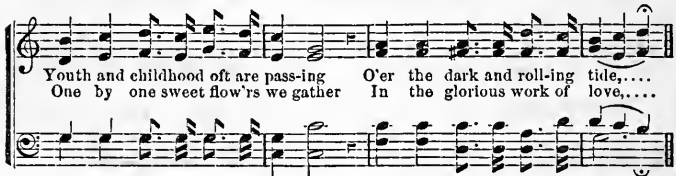
Music by T. E. PERKINS.



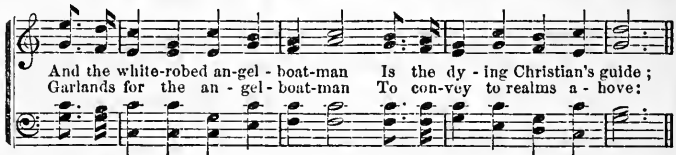
1. One by one we cross the riv - er,      One by one we're ferried o'er;  
2. One by one we come to Je - sus,      As we heed his gen - tle voice;



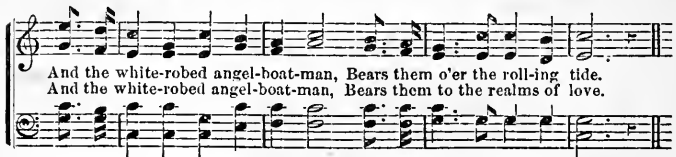
One by one the crowns are giv - en      On the bright, ce - les - tial shore.  
One by one his vineyard en - ter,      There to la - bor and re - joice.



Youth and childhood oft are pass - ing      O'er the dark and roll - ing tide,....  
One by one sweet flow'rs we gather      In the glorious work of love,....



And the white-robed an - gel - boat - man      Is the dy - ing Christian's guide;  
Garlands for the an - gel - boat - man      To con - vey to realms a - bove;



And the white-robed an - gel - boat - man,      Bears them o'er the roll - ing tide.  
And the white-robed an - gel - boat - man,      Bears them to the realms of love.

3. One by one the heavy-laden  
Sink beneath the noontide sun;  
And the aged pilgrim welcomes  
Evening shadows as they come.  
One by one, with sins forgiven,  
May we stand upon the shore,  
Waiting till the angel-boatman  
Takes the helm, and guides us o'er;  
And the white-robed angel-boatman  
Lands us on the shining shore.

# BLESSED REDEEMER.

11

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by JAS. M. NORTH.

1. { Bless-ed Re-deem-er, gra-cious-ly hear us, Breath-ing de-  
Ten-der-ly shield us, lov-ing-ly cheer us, Bless-ed Re-  
d. c. Ten-der-ly shield us, &c.

vo-tion like in-cense to thee; }  
deem-er, thy chil-dren are [OMIT.] } we. While in thy

*1st time.* *2d. Fine.*

king-dom an-gels a-dore thee, Joy-ful-ly sing-ing

ev-er be-fore thee; Grant our pe-ti-tion—hear, we im-

plore thee, Voi-ces now sing-ing prais-es to thee.

*D. C.*

2. Tranquilly fading, slowly declining,  
Twilight is passing in beauty away;  
Now on thy bosom safely reclining,  
Teach us, our Father, oh, teach us to pray.  
Blessed Redeemer, leave us, oh never,  
Till we have anchored over the river,  
Till we shall praise thee singing forever,  
Jesus, our Saviour, glory to thee.

# 12 THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. We're hap - py, dear Savour, and shall we not sing A  
 2. The grave could not hold him, on pin - ions of love, The

song of thankgiv - ing to Je - sus our King? We sought for his  
 bright seraphs bore him in triumph o - bove; A con - quer - ing

presence thro' sor - row's dark way, And an - gels of glo - ry the  
 Saviour heav'n crown'd him that day, For an - gels of glo - ry the

## Chorus.

stone roll'd a - way. We're hap - py in Je - sus, we're hap - py to -  
 stone roll'd a - way. We're hap - py, &c.

day, For an - gels of glo - ry the stone roll'd a - way,

8 Rejoicing in Jesus our union is sweet ;  
 As heirs of his kingdom each other we greet :  
 Together we love him, together we pray,  
 For angels of glory the stone rolled away.—CHORUS.

4 We'll sing of salvation through Jesus the Lamb,  
 'Till we on Mount Zion before him shall stand ;  
 Forever with Jesus, forever to stay,  
 For angels of glory the stone rolled away.—CHORUS.



# HEAVEN OF REST.

13

Words by Rev. H. C. M'COOK.

Music arr. by JAS. M. NORTH.

1. While walking the vale, What shadows pre - vail, And how gloomy the

clouds that ap - pear..... But in heaven, our home, Shall no shades ev - er

**Chorus.**  
come, No cloud nor no night shall be there. O heaven, sweet

heav - en, bright heav - en of rest; How hap - py we'll be, Dear Re -

- deem - er, with thee, Of its joys and its glo - ries pos - sessed!

2 What sorrow we know,  
What weeping and woe  
In this valley of tears while we stay.  
But in heaven, our home,  
Shall no tears ever come,  
For Jesus shall wipe them away.—CHO.

3 How weary we grow  
On our journey below,  
As foot-sore and faint we press on.

But our toil shall be past  
In the heaven of rest,  
Our weakness and weariness gone.—CHO.

4 No doubting, nor fear,  
Nor temptation is there,  
Nevermore from our Shepherd we'll stray.  
But in glory above  
We shall live in the love  
Of our Jesus for aye and for aye.—CHO.

1. Trav'lers in a des-ert land, 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther's hand

Gen - tly guides our pil-grim band On our way to glo - ry.

Can we fal - ter, can we fear, With our kind Pro-tect-or near?

No; by faith we'll per-se - vere On the way to glo - ry.

2. Though afflictions darkly rise,  
Veiling oft our native skies,  
They are blessings in disguise,  
On the way to glory.  
Let our hearts in God be strong,  
Though our journey may be long,  
Free salvation be our song  
On our way to glory.
3. Follow still our heavenly Guide,  
Faithful in his love abide,  
Laying every weight aside  
On the way to glory.  
Grace will all our foes subdue,  
Grace our vigor will renew,  
Grace will bring us safely through  
Praise the Lord of glory.

# FELLOW-HELPERS.

15

Words by Rev. E. TURNEY, D.D.

Music by A. VANALSTYNE.

1. Fellow help-ers to the truth, Ar-m-y of the liv-ing God,

Onward to the contest move, Spread your banners far a-broad.

Take the sword the Spir-it gives; Take the pure and liv-ing word;

Claim each realm by Sa-tan held, In the name of Christ, your Lord.

2. Fellow-helpers to the truth,  
 Lift your eyes, the fields are white:  
 Precious fruit o'er all the plain  
 Doth the reaper's toil invite.  
 Enter now the harvest field,  
 With united heart and hand:  
 Hark! a thousand urgent calls  
 All your energies demand.
3. Fellow-helpers to the truth,  
 Witness to its quickening power,  
 Till the sound of life and peace  
 Echo back from every shore.  
 By the love of Christ constrained,  
 Heaven's appointed work fulfill:  
 Here present your choicest gifts,  
 Life, and wealth, and active zeal.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. They are wait-ing by the shore, They have reach'd the golden strand, They have

passed the shin-ing por-tals Of the bright and sun-ny land; But they  
 CHORUS. They are

lin-ger on the bank, Where the sil-ver wa-ters glide, For the  
 wait-ing by the shore, They have reach'd the gold-en strand, They have

bark that soon will waft us O-ver Jor-dan's roll-ing tide. *Fine.*  
 passed the shin-ing por-tals Of the bright and sun-ny land.

Kindred spir-its, ev-er blest, Where no tears of sor-row flow, Do they

love as when we part-ed In the hap-py long a-go? *D. S. for Chorus.*

2.

In the gentle summer breeze,  
 And the sign of closing day,  
 We have heard a tender carol  
 And the music seemed to say:  
 Weary pilgrims, journey on,  
 For the Saviour still is nigh;  
 He will bear you on his bosom,  
 You will meet us by-and-bye.  
 From the voices of the night  
 Comes a murmur soft and low,  
 From the parted ones that left us  
 In the happy long ago.

Cuo. They are waiting, &amp;c.

3.

They are waiting by the shore,  
 They will bid us welcome there,  
 "To the river clear as crystal,"  
 And the trees that bloom so fair.  
 With the angels we shall sing,  
 With our Saviour we shall dwell;  
 To the friends that warmly greet us  
 We shall never say farewell.  
 Kindred spirits, ever blest,  
 Where no tears of sorrow flow,  
 They will love as when we parted  
 In the happy long ago.

Cuo. They are waiting, &amp;c.

## JESUS LOVES ME.

T. E. PERKINS.

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

Lit - tle ones to him be - long—They are weak, but he is strong.  
 From his shin - ing throne on high Comes to watch me, where I lie.

Je - sus loves me, he who died Heav - en's gates to op - en wide;  
 Je - sus loves me, he will stay Close be - side me all the way,

He will wash a - way my sin, Let his lit - tle child come in.  
 Then his lit - tle child will take Up to heaven for his dear sake.

Arranged by JAMES M. NORTH.

1. Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Born a lit - tle child for me;  
2. Je - sus died, Je - sus died, Died a cru - el death for me;

To this world of sin and shame Came, from sin to set me free:  
For my sake was cru - ci - fied, Hang - ing on the curs - ed tree:

He who all the world did frame, Laid a - side his maj - es - ty;  
Pierc - ed hands and bleed - ing side, Wound - ed for my sake I see;

Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Born a lit - tle babe for me.  
Je - sus died, Je - sus died, Died up - on the cross for me.

3. Jesus rose, Jesus rose,  
Left the gloomy grave for me;  
Gained the victory o'er my foes,  
Conquered the last enemy;  
Peaceful I shall sleep in death  
Till his call shall set me free.  
Jesus rose, Jesus rose,  
Rose and left the grave for me.
4. Jesus lives, Jesus lives,  
Ever lives to plead for me—  
Day by day my sin forgives,  
Grants me grace his child to be;  
When immortal life he gives,  
I shall rise his face to see:  
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,  
Lives to intercede for me.

1. Lord, I per - ish : save, I cried When the storm was rag - ing high ;

In thy mer - cy let me hide, Je - sus, save me, or I die.

Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb, He has made me what I am ;

Oh, how great his love for me ;—Hal - le - lu - jah ! grace is free.

2. Helpless at the cross I lay,  
 All my hope had well nigh fled,  
 Jesus took my sins away,  
 Jesus raised my drooping head.  
 Cho. Glory, &c.
3. Then I heard a voice divine  
 Gently bid me look and live ;  
 Oh, what rapture now is mine !  
 Joy the world can never give.  
 Cho. Glory, &c.
4. Saviour, with my latest breath  
 Pard'ning grace my theme shall be,  
 Till I cross the waves of death,  
 Till I anchor safe with thee.  
 Cho. Glory, &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Ring-ing, sweetly ring-ing, The cheerful Sabbath bells, Ringing, sweetly

ring-ing, The cheerful Sab-bath bells. We lin - ger a mo-ment their

call to hear, Then haste a - way to our school so dear,

O - ver the greenwood joy - ous and free, Sing - ing with glad - ness,

Chorus.

hap - py are we. While o - ver the dis - tant hill Their

mu - sic is float-ing still, Hear the eeh - o, eeh - o, eeh - o,



Musical score for "Sabbath Bells" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is marked with dynamics *f*, *mf*, and *p*. The lyrics are: "sweet Sabbath bells, Hear the ech-o, ech-o, ech-o, sweet Sabbath bells."

||: 2 Ringing, sweetly ringing,  
Their silver chimes we love, ||  
A mission of peace to the heart they bear,  
A welcome call to the house of prayer,  
Telling of rapture, telling of rest,  
Mansion of glory, tranquil and blest  
Cho. While over, &c.

||: 3 Ringing, sweetly ringing,  
Those cheerful Sabbath bells. :||  
O let us be grateful to God above, [love.  
Who crowneth our days with the light of  
Blessed Redeemer, ever to thee  
Praise from thy children offered shall be.  
Cho. While over, &c.

## JESUS IS MINE.

Words by BONAR.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

Musical score for "Jesus is Mine" in G major, 6/8 time. The first system shows the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev-ery

Musical score for "Jesus is Mine" in G major, 6/8 time. The second system shows the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-derness, Earth has no

Musical score for "Jesus is Mine" in G major, 6/8 time. The third system shows the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away,  
Jesus is mine!  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine!  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away,  
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine!  
Lost in this dawning light,  
Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried,  
Left but a dismal void,  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine!

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

1. There is joy a-mong the an - gels, That fill the courts a - bove,  
 CHO. There is joy, &c.

O'er a wand'ring soul re - turn - ing To ask a Fa - ther's love. *Fine.*

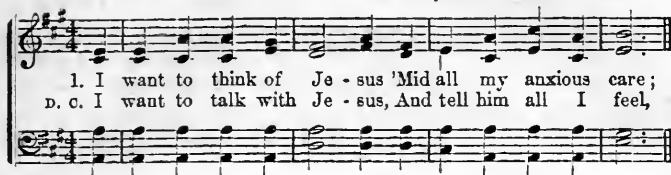
When the heart is bowed beneath the cross, And tears re - pent - ant fall,

And the ear - nest prayer of faith can say, "Here, Lord, I give thee all." *D.C.*

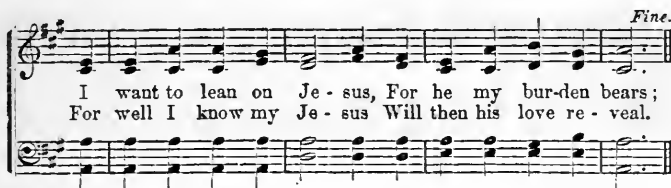
2. There is joy among the angels,  
 They tune their harps in Heaven,  
 When the new-born soul, with rapture  
 Can feel its sins forgiven;  
 And the healing stream of pardoning grace  
 Has washed its guilt away,  
 And the eye looks up without a cloud,  
 And hails the opening day.—CHO.
3. There is joy among the angels,  
 The shining portals ring,  
 When a band of happy children  
 Their hearts to Jesus bring;  
 Like the tender breath of early flowers  
 Their grateful songs shall rise,  
 Till the answering note from cherub choirs  
 In Eden's vale replies.—CHO.

# I WANT TO THINK OF JESUS. 23

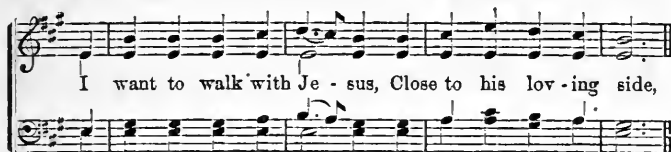
Words by Rev. SAMUEL A. RHEA.



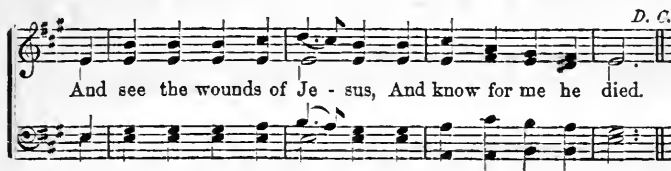
1. I want to think of Je - sus 'Mid all my anxious care ;  
 D. C. I want to talk with Je - sus, And tell him all I feel,



I want to lean on Je - sus, For he my bur - den bears ;  
 For well I know my Je - sus Will then his love re - veal. *Fine.*



I want to walk with Je - sus, Close to his lov - ing side,



And see the wounds of Je - sus, And know for me he died. *D. C.*

2.

I want look at Jesus  
 By faith within the veil,  
 And draw my strength from Jesus,  
 Whose word can never fail ;  
 I want to ask of Jesus  
 To keep me pure within,  
 And hear the voice of Jesus  
 That pardons all my sins ;  
 I want to sing of Jesus,  
 Of all the sweetest name,  
 The dying love of Jesus  
 To all around proclaim.

3.

I want to put on Jesus,  
 And hide myself in him,  
 For 'neath the robe of Jesus  
 I've no more guilt or sin ;  
 I want to live with Jesus  
 The endless life of love,  
 When safe at home with Jesus  
 In paradise above ;  
 I want to praise my Jesus  
 On harp of burnished gold,  
 And shout the love of Jesus  
 Through ages yet untold.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Give! Give! cheer - ful - ly give, As God has given to

thee; Do good to all, is the great command, And thine a

*Fine.*  
crown shall be.... Give to the wid - ow and or - phan one, Whoso

bur - den is hard to bear.... Go, vis - it the homes that are

*D. C. Chorus.*  
poor and dark, And scat - ter thy treas - ures there.

2.

Give! give! cheerfully give!  
Though small may be thy store,  
Oh! not in vain was the widow's mite,  
Then give, and trust for more.  
Give to the weary, the sick and faint,  
Oh, banish the tears they shed;  
But do it in meekness and love to Him  
Who giveth thy daily bread.  
CRO. Give! give! cheerfully give.

3.

Give! give! prayerfully give  
Where'er thou canst relieve;  
And thou shalt prove it is far more blest  
To give than to receive.  
Give to the spread of the Gospel light,  
To those by the Cross who stand;  
Wherever their mission, at home or  
abroad,  
Oh, give with a bounteous hand.—CRO.

# WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. 25

Dr. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,  
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome,

When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?  
This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.

## CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je sus comes,  
We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,

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

3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest ;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side,  
No more my steps shall roam ;  
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

T. E. P.

1. { Oh, could I with the an-gels sing, With pure and sin-less voice, }  
 I'll fly a-broad on-tire less wing, And bid the world re-joice; }  
 2. { I'd sing how God so free-ly gave His on-ly Son to die; }  
 That sin-ners he from death might save, And raise them to the sky; }

I'd sing of Je-sus' pre-cious love, To cheer the ach-ing heart;  
 O won-drous love! sur-pass-ing thought! For me those man-sions fair

And of that glo-ri-ous rest a-bove, Where tears can nev-er start.  
 Were by the bless-ed Sav-iour bought, With price beyond com-pare.

## Chorus.

Oh, there, be-neath that love-lit sky, I'll sing with an-gels by-and-bye;

Oh, there, be-neath that love-lit sky, I'll sing with an-gels by-and-bye.

3 Oh come, celestial Spirit, come  
 On wings of holy light;  
 And bear me to your glorious home,  
 Where all is pure and bright.  
 There shall I join the angel throng,  
 And soar on tireless wing,  
 And sing the everlasting song  
 Of glory to our King.—CHO.

# THE PILGRIM'S JOURNEY.

27

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. Slow to an - ger, full of kindness, Rich in mer - cy, Lord, thou art ;

Wash me in thy heal - ing fountain, Take a - way my sin - ful heart.

## Chorus.

I would go the pilgrim's journey, On - ward to the promised land ;

I would reach the gold - en cit - y, There to join the an - gel band.

2. Thou wilt never, never leave me,  
If I give myself to thee,  
Teach, oh, teach me how to praise thee,  
Tell me what my life should be.  
I would go, &c.
3. May thy ever gracious Spirit,  
Lead me in the way of truth,  
May I learn the voice of wisdom  
In the early days of youth.  
I would go, &c.
4. Oh, how sweet to rest confiding  
On thy word that can not fail,  
Strong in thee, whate'er my trials,  
Through thy grace I must prevail.  
I would go, &c.

JAS. M. NORTH.

Be- hold the Lamb of God That takes our guilt a - way, The

bright and morning star, that leads To ev - er - last - ing day :

Be- hold the Lamb of God, The pure and ho - ly one, Who

in the gar- den wept, and said, Thy will, not mine, be done.

2. They nailed him to the cross—  
 He suffered, bled, and died,  
 And, with his last expiring breath,  
 'Tis finished, Lord, he cried.  
 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 The Mighty now to save,  
 Who rent the cruel bars of death,  
 And trampled o'er the grave.
3. O sinner, why delay—  
 Why still the Spirit grieve?  
 Give God your heart, he bids you come,  
 His promised grace receive.  
 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 The pure and holy one,  
 In meek submission learn to say,  
 Thy will, not mine, be done.



# TAKE THY CHILDREN HOME. 29

Words by LILY.

T. E. P. From "The Golden Promise."

1. Why do we lin-ger? We have no rest-ing place, Rock'd by the tem-pest,  
 2. Why do we lin-ger? Why cling to earthly joys, Call-ing the pil-grim  
 3. There, on thy bo-som, Sheltered from every storm, Peace, like a riv-er,

On the o-cean's foam? Why do we lin-ger? We are but strangers here;  
 From the nar-row way? Trust not their brightness, Fleet as the ear-ly beam,  
 Shall for ev-er glide; Lav-ing the vine-tree, Cool-ing the sun-ny vale,

Semi-Chorus.

Fa-ther, dear Fa-ther, Take thy chil-dren home. Dark and lone our  
 Chas-ing the shad-ow From the brow of day. Dark and lone, &c.  
 Bear-ing the faith-ful On its sil-ver tide. Dark and lone, &c.

path be-low, By care and sor-row cloud-ed; Drear-y winds a-

Chorus.

round us blow, While onward still we roam. Why do we lin-ger?

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

Words by Mrs LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by C. G. ALLEN.

1. When Christ was journeying here be - low 'Mid scenes of hap - py cheer,

His voice, like mu - sic, soft and sweet, Reach'd childhood's list'ning ear.

It thrilled their hearts with rap - ture then, And set them all a - flame

In one har - mon - ious, ho - ly theme, Ho - san - na to his name.

Chorus.

Ho - san - na to our glo - rious King, Ho - san - na to his name!

Ho - san - na to our glo - rious King, Ho - san - na to his name.

2. Now Christ is sitting far above,  
 Yet bows his listening ear;  
 And every child may seek his love,  
 And feel his presence near:  
 If not the pressure of his hand,  
 By faith we may attain  
 A glimpse of him, the blessed Lamb,  
 Hosanna to his name.—CHO.
3. When Christ his loved ones shall embrace  
 Upon the golden shore,  
 We all shall see his glorious face,  
 And praise him evermore:  
 Judea's children there we'll meet,  
 With hearts and souls aflame,  
 And sing with them that song so sweet,  
 Hosanna to his name.—CHO.

IF I COME TO JESUS.

W. H. DOANE. By permission.

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad; He will give me  
 2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer; He will love me

Chorus.

pleasure, When my heart is sad. If I come to Je - sus,  
 dear - ly, He my sins did bear. If I come, etc.

Hap - py I should be, He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3. If I come to Jesus<br/>             He will take my hand,<br/>             He will kindly lead me<br/>             To a better land.<br/>             If I come, etc.</p> | <p>4. There with happy children,<br/>             Robed in snowy white,<br/>             I shall see my Saviour<br/>             In that world so bright,<br/>             If I come, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

Words by Rev. H. C. COOK.

Music by JAS. M. NORTH.

1. I'm a sol-dier, sol-dier of the cross, Lit-tle sol-dier of the

cross, In the ar-my of the Lord; Fierce and ma-ny are the

foes He will help me to op-pose, For my Cap-tain is the

Chorus.

Saviour gone be-fore me. On, on, on! I am marching on! Home to

glo-ry! Home to glo-ry! Fierce and ma-ny are the foes He will

help me to op-pose, For my Cap-tain is the Saviour gone be-fore me.

2 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,  
 Little soldier of the cross,  
 In the army of the Lord;  
 And the flag that floats above,  
 Is the banner of his love,  
 For my captain is the Saviour gone before  
 me.—CHORUS.

3 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,  
 Little soldier of the cross,  
 And I'm fighting for the crown.  
 Fierce enough will be the fray,  
 But I'm sure to gain the day,  
 For my captain is the Saviour gone before  
 me.—CHORUS.

4 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,  
Little soldier of the cross,  
And I know I'll win the crown.  
With my armor always bright  
I can put my foes to flight,  
For my captain is the Saviour gone before  
me.—CHORUS.

5 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,  
Little soldier of the cross  
Marching where the captain leads.  
Soon the battle will be o'er  
We shall meet to part no more  
On the verdant plains, the verdant plains  
of glory.—CHORUS.

A STARLESS CROWN.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

*With energy.*

1. { Oh, shall I wear a star-less crown In yon-der world of glo-ry?  
The wondrous sto-ry of the cross, The sufferings of the Sav-our,

Or will some lit-tle friend be found To whom I've told the sto-ry—  
Who died that he from world-ly dross Might win us to his fa-vor. }

Full Chorus.

O hap-py day! O hap-py place! We soon shall meet to- geth-er,

Where Je-sus stands with smil-ing face To crown us his for-ev-er.

2 A youthful army now we stand  
Our Captain's word is given,  
We'll onward move, his blest command  
Will guide us on to heaven.  
When serried hosts shall gather round  
The Lamb on Zion's mountain,  
Oh, there may we in ranks be found,  
Beside that healing fountain.  
CRO.—O happy day, &c.

3 In kindness now we ask you all  
To join our noble army,  
Though sorrow here may sometimes fall,  
And skies look dark and stormy,  
Beyond the dark, beyond the gloom  
A day of light is gleaming;  
And glory, brighter than the sun,  
On every face is beaming  
CRO.—O happy day, &c.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE. By permission.

1. I'll sing of Je - sus cru - ci - fied, The Lamb of God who

bled and died ; A heal - ing balm, a crimson tide, Flowed from his

Chorus.

head, his feet, his side. A - bove the rest this note shall swell, My

Jesus hath done all things well, My Jesus hath done all things well.

2.  
He sought me in the wilderness,  
And found me there in deep distress ;  
He changed and washed this heart of mine,  
And filled me with his love divine.  
Above the rest, &c.

3.  
For what the Lord hath done for me,  
For boundless grace so rich and free,  
For all his mercies that are past,  
I'll praise him while my life shall last.  
Above the rest, &c.

4.  
When sorrow's waves around me roll,  
His promises my mind console ;  
When earth and hell my soul assail,  
His grace and mercy never fail.  
Above the rest, &c.

5.  
When death shall steal upon my frame,  
To damp and quench the vital flame,  
I'll turn me to my Saviour's breast,  
And there recline and sweetly rest.  
Above the rest, &c.

6.  
And when we join the ransomed throng,  
To chant the sweet immortal song—  
With tuneful heart and voice and tongue,  
We'll roll the lofty note along.  
Above the rest, &c.

7.  
To him who washed us in his blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God ;  
Hosanna we will ever sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.  
Above the rest, &c.



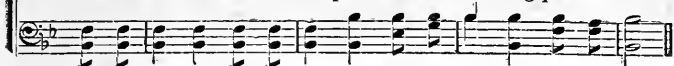
1. Always with us, always with us—Words of cheer and words of love;



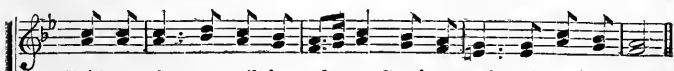
Cho. Always with us, always with us—Words of cheer and words of love;



Thus the ris- en Saviour whispers From his dwelling-place above.



Thus the ris- en Saviour whispers From his dwelling-place above.



With us when we toil in sad-ness, Sowing much and reaping none;



Tell- ing us that in the fu- ture Golden harvests shall be won.



2. With us when the storm is sweeping  
 O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
 Waking hope within our bosom,  
 Stilling every anxious fear.  
 With us in the lonely valley,  
 When we cross the chilly stream:  
 Lighting up the steps to glory,  
 With salvation's radiant beam.  
 Always with us, always with us—  
 Words of cheer and words of love,  
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers  
 From his dwelling-place above.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. When saints gath-er 'round thee, dear Saviour, a - bove, And hast-en to

crown thee with jew-els of love, A - mid those bright mansions of glo-ry so

Chorus.  
far, O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there? O tell me, O

tell me if I shall be there? O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

- 2 When teachers and scholars each other shall greet,  
And join in the anthem at Jesus' dear feet,  
Rich tokens of mercy for ever to share,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?  
CHORUS.—O tell me, &c.
- 3 When those, who have labored and struggled to save  
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,  
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHO.
- 4 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore  
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,  
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHO.
- 5 O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace  
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;  
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?—CHO.



# "MORE LIKE JESUS."

37

Words by FANNIE CROSBY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with feeling.

Written expressly for "Howard Mission."

1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sav - iour

dwell with me; Fill my soul with peace and love—  
D. C. Poor in spir - it would I be,

Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus,  
Let my Sav - iour dwell in me;

while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low,

2.  
If he hears the raven's cry,  
If his ever watchful eye  
Marks the sparrows when they fall,  
Surely he will hear my call.  
He will teach me how to livn,  
All my simple thoughts forgive;  
Pure in heart I still would be—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3.  
More like Jesus when I pray,  
More like Jesus day by day,  
May I rest me by his side,  
Where the tranquil waters glide.  
Born of him through grace renewed,  
By his love my will subdued,  
Rich in faith I still would be—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Wea-ry not, my bro-ther, Cheer-ful be thy song; Is thy bur-den  
2. Seek and thou shalt find him, Still in faith be-lieve, Call and he will

heav-y, And the jour-ney long? Does the weight op-press thee?  
hear thee, Ask him, and re-ceive: In the dark-est mo-ment—

Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with pa-tience,  
In the deep-est night, Ho-will give thee com-fort,

## Chorus.

Trusting in his word. Looking un-to Je-sus, He has died for  
He will give thee light. Looking, etc.

thee, Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus, We'll shout sal-va-tion free.

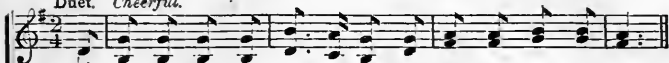
3. Trials may befall thee,  
Thorns beset thy way,  
Never mind them, brother,  
Only watch and pray:  
Through the vale of sorrow  
Once the Saviour trod;  
Run thy race with patience,  
Pressing on to God.

4. Labor on, my brother,  
Thou shall reap at last  
Fruits of Joy eternal,  
When thy work is past;  
Crowds of shining angels  
View thee from the skies,  
Run thy race with patience,  
Yonder is the prize.

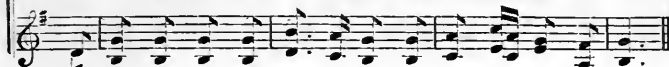
# WELCOME HOME.

Rev. R. LOWRY. 39

*Duet. Cheerful.*



1. There is a realm where Je - sus reigns, A home of grace and love,



Where an - gels wait with sweetest strains To greet the saints a - bove.

*Chorus.*



They'll sing their wel - come home to me, They'll sing their wel - come



home to me; The An - gels will stand on the heavenly strand, And



sing their wel - come home! Wel - come home! Wel - come home! The

2. There sons of earth will join to bless  
The precious Saviour's name,  
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,  
And saved from sin and shame.  
They'll sing their welcome, etc.

3. Yet all, alas! will not be there,  
For some will slight his grace,  
Though now he calls, they do not care  
To turn and seek his face.  
They'll sing their welcome, etc.

4. He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,  
And I will give you rest;"  
The angels wait their melody,  
To greet you with the blest.  
They'll sing their welcome, etc.

## THE INVITATION.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS,

Teachers.

I. Je - sus once lay in the man-ger, Lit-tle ones, for you and me;

Ho - ly an - gels stood in won-der, Thus the Lord of life to see.

From the star - ry heights of heav-en Mu - sic float-ed all a - round;

And the theme to man was giv-en, "Peace on earth!" O joy - ful sound!

Chorus—Children.

Joy - ful sound! our hap - py voi - ces Glad - ly join the sweet re - frain,

Je - sus came, and earth re - joic - es In the bless-ed Saviour's name.

2.

Where the temple stood in grandeur,  
Meekly riding, Jesus came,  
By a countless throng attended,  
Shouting glory to his name.  
Children then in love before him,  
Cried Hosanna in the throng ;  
Will you not like them adore him,  
Like them join the heavenly song ?

CHORUS—CHILDREN.

Heavenly song! our happy voices  
Gladly join the sweet refrain ;  
Jesus came, and earth rejoices  
In the blessed Saviour's name.

3.

"Jesus died on Calvary's mountain ;"  
Died to ransom you and me.  
Will you not approach this fountain ?  
Here salvation's full and free.  
But our blessed Lord is risen :  
And he sits, a glorious King,  
In the radiant light of heaven,  
Where adoring angels sing.

CHORUS—CHILDREN.

Angels sing : our youthful voices  
Gladly join the sweet refrain ;  
Jesus lives, and heaven rejoices ;  
Hallelujah to his name.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Nothing but leaves, the Spir-it grieves Over a wast-ed life ; O'er  
2. Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain ; We

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom-is - es unkept, And  
sow our seeds, lo ! tares and weeds, Words, *i- dle* words, for ear-nest deeds, We

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves,  
reap with toil and pain— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

3.

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

4.

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

## HEAVEN IS BRIGHT.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. I know that heaven is bright and fair, With all its golden treasure,

With hills of light and beauties rare, Im-part-ing ho - ly pleasure.

Yes, heaven is bright, for God is light, Each ray his glo-ry swell-ing,

And an-gels sing on tireless wing, The love of Je-sus tell-ing.

2. I know the songs of heaven are sweet,  
 For one harmonious story  
 Of love and grace divinely meet,  
 To swell the theme of glory.  
 Yes, heaven is bright, for God is light,  
 Each ray his glory swelling;  
 And angels sing on tireless wing,  
 The love of Jesus telling.
3. I've tasted here of Canaan's love,  
 And joined in earth's hosanna,  
 But with the angels far above,  
 I'll feast on heavenly manna,  
 Yes, heaven is bright, for God is light,  
 Each ray his glory swelling;  
 And angels sing on tireless wing,  
 The love of Jesus telling.

# NEVER GIVE UP.

43

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Allegro.*

1. Sol-diers for Je - sus, re-mem - ber our du - ty, He is our lead - er, and

strong to de-fend; Gird on our ar - mor and face ev - ery dan - ger,

**Chorus.**  
Pray without ceas-ing and fight to the end. Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,  
Nev - er give up, nev - er give up.

*1st time.* up, But onward, march onward and nev - er .give up;  
*2d* up, But onward, march onward and [omit - - - ] nev - er give up.

2. Never give up when the conflict is raging,  
Sin is our foe, and the world is the field;  
Stand by the cross with our banner uplifted,  
Glory our watchword, the Bible our shield.—CHO.
3. Never give up when the night is the darkest,  
Why should we tremble, there's nothing to fear;  
Grace will support us, the Saviour still whispers,  
Lo! I am with you, then be of good cheer.—CHO.
4. Cling to the hope that is sure as an anchor;  
Trials, though often they mingle our cup,  
Leave to the faithful a blessing behind them,  
Bear them with patience, but never give up.—CHO.
5. Never give up till the foe we have conquered;  
Firm at our post till our duty is done,  
Stand we like heroes, and face every danger:  
Never give up till the battle is won.—CHO.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By permission.

1. What is it shows my soul the way To realms of ev - er -  
 2. What teach - es me I ought to love The glo - rious God who

- last - ing day, And tells the dan - gers of the way? It  
 reigns a - bove, And that I may his good - ness prove? It

Chorus.

is the pre - cious Bi - ble. Oh, what works of grace I see!  
 is the pro - cious Bi - ble. Oh, what works, etc.

All that the Sav - iour has done for me, All that the soul in

heaven may be Is shin - ing on the page of the Bi - ble.

3. What tells me where I soon must die,  
 And to the throne of judgment fly,  
 To meet the great Jehovah's eye?  
 It is the precious Bible.—**Ch**

4. Oh, may this treasure ever be  
 The best of all on earth to me,  
 And still new beauties may I see  
 In this the precious Bible.—**Ch**.



SPEAK, AND WE WILL HEAR. 45

1. Speak from thy ho-ly word, Bless thy waiting children here ; Now

Chorus.

in thy temple, Lord, oh speak, and we will hear. Ten-der-ly,

watchful-ly guide our way, Chil-dren of thy fold are we,—

Gently chide us when we stray, And bring us at last to thee.

2. Look from the mercy-seat,  
 Where the shining angel throug  
 Fall at thy sacred feet,  
 And praise thee in their song.  
 CHO. Tenderly, watchfully, &c.

3. God of eternal love,  
 From thy temple ne'er depart ;  
 Come, thou celestial Dove,  
 Abide in every heart.  
 CHO. Tenderly, watchfully, &c.

Words by Rev. T. A. T. HANNA.

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Lit - tle birds of the for - est, sweet, sweet be your song; Lit - tle

brooks of the mountains, leap glad - ly a - long; Lit - tle flow'rs of the

val - ley, ope wide your blue eyes, For our Je - sus, dear Je - sus, comes

Boys. Chorus. Girls. Chor.  
down from the skies. For our Je - sus, dear Je - sus, For our Je - sus, dear

Je - sus, For our Je - sus, dear Je - sus, comes down from the skies.

2. Oh, the darkness that spread o'er Judea's blue sky,  
And the rocks that were cleft at the finishing cry;  
And the veil of the temple, all rending in twain,  
When our Jesus, dear Jesus, for sinners was slain.  
When our Jesus, &c.

3. Hear the cry of the sea, as it breaks on the strand;  
Hear the moan of the wind, as it sweeps o'er the land;  
And the cedars of Lebanon mournfully wave—  
For our Jesus, dear Jesus, goes down to the grave.  
For our Jesus, &c.

4. But the armies of heaven triumphantly sing,  
 And the ramparts of Zion with clarions ring ;  
 And each gate everlasting is lifting its head,  
 As our Jesus, dear Jesus, returns from the dead !  
 As our Jesus, &c.

5. Oh, to stand with our foreheads illumed by his name,  
 And to thrill with the song of the slain, risen Lamb.  
 Oh, to wear the white robes, and the fresh palms to wave  
 To our Jesus, dear Jesus, the Mighty, to save.  
 To our Jesus, &c.

CALL TO THE YOUNG.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE. By Permission.

1. Up for thy life, young soul ! Foes gather round thee fast ; Up, for the

swift hours roll Thy favored sea - son past. Now thou art strong,

Gird for the fight— De - cay, ere long, Shall waste thy might.

2. Christ and his ransomed band  
 Toward heaven thy soul allure,  
 Glorious at his right hand,  
 While joys on high endure.  
 There rest complete—  
 Thrice welcome they,  
 Whose early feet  
 His call obey.

3. Mark now, from realms above  
 The Spirit o'er thee bends ;  
 Gift of the Saviour's love,  
 Him, God the Father sends ;

He leads secure—  
 His sword and shield  
 Make victory sure,  
 Make Satan yield.

4. God and his saints invite ;  
 Hell warns with dreadful voice:  
 Life, death, all things unite,  
 To press thy timely choice.  
 List to that call—  
 On Jesus' side—  
 Trust now thine all  
 In him above.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. P. From "The Golden Promise."

1. Wea-ry wan-derer o'er the main, Seek-ing for thy

home a-gain, Thro' the gathering mists that rise, Velling thy

na-tal skies; Look be-yond, there's light for thee

Streaming o'er the tur-bid sea: Soft-ly it smiles, tho''

dis-tant far, The beau-ti-ful po-lar star.

2.

Stranger on a rocky strand,  
 Longing for thy fatherland,  
 Thro' the gathering clouds that rise,  
 Veiling thy natal skies;  
 Look beyond, there's hope for thee,  
 Dawning o'er a tranquil sea:  
 Softly it smiles, though distant far,  
 The beautiful polar star.

8.

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

# IN THAT HAPPY LAND.

49

Arranged by W. H. DOANE.

1. We are trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go with us?

We are trav'ling home to heaven a - bove, Will you go with us?

## CHORUS.

O, that's the heaven that I'm bound for, That's the heaven I love;

O, that's the heaven I'm long - ing for, That's the heaven for me.

2 Companions, will you go with us,  
Will you go with us?  
Companions, will you go with us  
To that happy land?

3 Dear parents, will you go with us,  
Will you go with us?  
Dear parents, will you go with us  
To that happy land?

4 We'll meet, dear children, in that land,  
In that happy land:

We'll meet, dear children, in that land,  
In that happy land.

5 We'll meet, dear parents, in that land,  
In that happy land:  
We'll meet, dear parents, in that land,  
In that happy land.

6 Our Saviour's hand will lead us on,  
Will you go with us?  
Our Saviour's hand will lead us on  
To that happy land.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. P.

1. Mine the cross, and thine the glory, Thou hast suffered once for me ;

Let my life be calm or clouded, I can trust it, Lord, to thee. *Fine.*

Let me feel the sweet assurance Of thy presence always near,

Grant me on - ly this, my Father, And my soul can nev- er fear. *D.C.*

2. All I am thy grace has made me,  
 All I am I owe to thee,  
 I can only thank and praise thee  
 For a love so pure and free.  
 Self-denying, persevering,  
 Where thy blessed feet have led,  
 May I follow, daily growing  
 Up to thee, my living head.
3. Mine the cross, and thine the glory,  
 Thou hast borne it once for me ;  
 Help me bear with Christian meekness  
 Every trial sent by thee.  
 On thy strength alone relying,  
 With thy lamp to cheer my way,  
 Leaning on the staff of mercy,  
 I will labor, trust, and pray.

# UP AND DOING.

51

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1. Brethren, let us work for Je - sus; Let us la - bor day and night

Build - ing up his ho - ly king - dom, Battling no - bly for the right.

Chorus.

Up and do - ing, nev - er fear - ful, Ev - er read - y, ev - er cheer - ful;

Let us glad - ly work for Je - sus Who so free - ly died for all.

2. Let us save the soul benighted,  
 Let us turn the wayward feet  
 From the paths of sin and darkness  
 To the pastures fair and sweet.  
 Cho.—Up and doing, etc.

3. Let us soothe the broken-hearted,  
 Pointing them to joys on high:  
 Let us help the poor and needy,  
 Let us heed the orphan's cry.  
 Cho.—Up and doing, etc.

4. Tenderly, oh, let us gather,  
 From the storm and from the cold,  
 All the little lambs, that Jesus  
 May protect them in his fold.  
 Cho.—Up and doing, etc.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

Duet. |1st.

1. { My rest is in heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I  
Be hushed, my dark spir - it, the worst that can come, [OMIT - - - -

|2d.

murmur when tri-als are near? } But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

Then the an - gels will come, with their mus - ic will come, With

mn - sic, sweet mu - sic to wel - come me home; In the

bright gates of crys - tal the shin - ing ones will stand, And

sing me a wel - come to their own na - tive land.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
Or building my hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city that hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undivided.—CHORUS.



3. Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy—  
 One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy:  
 And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,  
 Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.—CHO.
4. Let trial and danger my progress oppose,  
 They only make heaven more sweet at its close;  
 Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
 An hour with my Saviour will make up for all.—CHO.

## COME TO JESUS, LITTLE ONE.

Words by Rev. E. TURNEY, D. D.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one; Come to Je - sus now;  
 Hum - bly at his gracious throne In sub - mis - sion bow.  
 At his feet con - fess your sin, Seek for - give - ness there,  
 For his blood can make you clean, He will hear your prayer.

2. Seek his face without delay;  
 Give him now your heart;  
 Tarry not, but, while you may,  
 Choose the better part.  
 Come to Jesus, little one;  
 Come to Jesus now:  
 Humbly at his gracious throne  
 In submission bow.

1. Press on-ward, press on-ward, tho' oft your way is dark, With

cour-age and vig-or press on-ward to the mark: Oh,

lay a-side the weight of sin, and now with all your

might be-gin. Press on-ward, press onward where du-ty leads the

way, Press onward, press onward where du-ty leads the way.

2. Press onward, press onward, whatever may oppose,  
The Saviour will help you to conquer all your foes;  
Remember former things no more, but reaching forth to things before.  
Press onward, press onward, where duty leads the way.
3. Press onward, press onward, a rest remains for you,  
Be watchful, be faithful, your glorious home in view;  
Be swift your heavenly race to run, nor weary till your crown is won.  
Press onward, press onward, where duty leads the way.

# THINE EYE CAN SEE.

55

T. E. P.

1. Dear Sav-our, all I think or do Thine eye can see; My  
2. Do clouds obscure my morn-ing sun? Thine eye can see; Do

ma-ny wants, my tri-als too, Thine eye can see; Wher-e'er I dwell it  
friends for-sake no one by one? Thine eye can see; Have I no home, no

mat-ters not, My home a pal-ace or a cot, Thank God! what-ev-er  
resting place? Still op-ened are thine arms of grace, The tear of sor-row

Chorus.

be my lot, Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see, Thine eye can  
on my face Thine eye can see, Thine eye can see, etc.

see, Thank God! what-ev-er be my lot, Thine eye can see.

3. When evening shadows o'er me creep,  
Thine eye can see;  
When on my pillow calm I sleep,  
Thine eye can see;  
I thank thee for thy watchful care,  
How sweet thy tender love to share,  
And know that every grief I bear  
Thine eye can see. CHO.

4. If I would serve thee day by day,  
Thine eye can see;  
If from thy pleasant paths I stray,  
Thine eye can see;  
Oh, take my heart, my will subdue,  
And may I ever keep in view,  
That all I think and all I do  
Thine eye can see.

## CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

From the "Singing Pilgrim." By permission of P. PHILLIPS.

1. "I'm try-ing to climb up Zi - on's Hill," For the Sav- iour whispers,

"Love me;" Tho' all be- neath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a -

- bove me. Then up- ward still, to Zi - on's Hill, To the land of

joy and beau- ty, My path be - fore shines more and more As it

*Solo, or Semi-Cho.* *Duet, or 2d S. Cho.*  
nears the gold- en cit - y. I'm climb- ing up Zi - on's Hill, I'm climb- ing up

*Full Chorus.* *Repeat Chorus.*  
Zi - on's Hill, Climb- ing, climb - ing, climb- ing up Zi - on's Hill.

2. I know I'm but a little child,  
My strength will not protect me;  
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,  
And he will not neglect me.  
Then all the time I'll try to climb  
This holy hill of Zion,  
For I am sure the way is pure,  
And on it comes "no lion."  
Solo.—I'm climbing, &c.

3. Then come with me, we'll upward go,  
And climb this hill together,  
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,  
And sing as we go thither.  
Then mount up still God's holy hill,  
Till we reach the pearly portals,  
Where raptured tongues proclaim the  
songs  
Of the shining-robed immortals. Solo.

# I'M GOING TO BE A SOLDIER. 57

*Spirited.*

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. By Permission.

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

with my lit-tle com-rades, I'll take the field and fight;

I'll nev-er mind the hard-ships Nor dan-gers of the way,  
 Cho. Life's bat-tle, oh, life's bat-tle, 'Tis fought with self and sin;

*D. S. for Chorns.*  
 I'll watch and toil and wres-tle, By night as well as day.  
 But Je-sus is my Cap-tain, And I am sure to win.

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.

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.

1. Christian brethren, one and all, God hath spoken, we have heard,

Choro. Christian brethren, etc.

Go and work! the earnest call Oft repeated in his word:

*Fine.*

We who on his name believe, We who trust with him to live,

Free-ly now his grace receive, There-fore let us free-ly give.

*D.C.*

2. Go and work, nor idly stand  
 On the living fountain's brink,  
 Pining in a desert land,  
 Souls are thirsty, give them drink;  
 Question not if duty lead,  
 Take the cross, and bear our part,  
 Where we find a lamb to feed  
 Do it with a loving heart.—Choro.
3. Be our mission where it will,  
 Sow the seed, and wait the rain;  
 If we follow Jesus still  
 We shall never toil in vain.  
 Look abroad, the fields are white,  
 Lo! the harvest time is near;  
 Labor with the morning light,  
 Soon the reapers will appear—Choro.

T. E. P.

1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long ;

Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the angels' welcome song :

Oh, I see the dawn is break - ing On the hill - tops of the blest,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling And the weary are at rest."

2. Far away beyond the shadows  
 Of this weary vale of tears,  
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping  
 Through the bright and changeless year ;  
 Oh, I long to be with Jesus,  
 In the mansions of the blest,  
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest."
3. They are launching on the river,  
 From the calm and quiet shore,  
 And they soon will bear my spirit  
 Where the weary sigh no more ;  
 For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
 And I long to greet the blest,  
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest."

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fatherless, motherless, cheerless in grief, She is an

orphan one, ask - ing re - lief; Look in those tearful eyes,

haggard and wild, Pass her not heedless by, sorrow's lone child;

List to her pleading voice, cheer by a smile, Let Christian

sympathy soothe and beguile. Hark ! 'tis thy Saviour speaks



kindly to thee, All you may do for her is done for me.

## REFRAIN.

Pit-y the orphan one, care for her now, Chase ev-ery

cloud away from her pale brow; Hark! 'tis thy Saviour speaks

kindly to thee, All you may do for her is done for me.

2. Torn from parental love, guide of her youth,  
 Who now will gently breathe lessons of truth?  
 Who lead her trembling steps home to the skies,  
 Where sorrow never comes, hope never dies?  
 Lovingly, tenderly, teach her to pray;  
 Tell of the better land, show her the way.  
 Hark! 'tis thy Saviour speaks kindly to thee,  
 All you may do for her is done for me. *Cho.*

# 62 OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Arranged from W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly just a - cross the riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er side,  
2. On - ly just a - cross the riv - er, Are the friends we loved be - low,

Where the an - gels are in wait - ing, And the pure in heart a - bide;  
Clad in pure and spot - less gar - ments, That are whit - er than the snow;

Where there is no pain or sor - row To in - trude on heavenly rest,  
They have braved cold Jordan's billows, And have passed thro' death's alarms,

On - ly just a - cross the riv - er, Stand the man - sions of the blest.  
And are safe, for - ev - er safe, With - in the Sav - iour's lov - ing arms,

Chorus.

On - ly just a - cross the riv - er, Where the saints are pass - ing o - ver,

On - ly just a - cross the riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er side.

3. Only just across the river,  
 Where the hills of glory shine,  
 There the pearly gates stand open  
 Wide that lead to joys divine.  
 There the tree of life is blooming,  
 And the living waters glide,  
 Only just across the river,  
 Over on the other side.—CHORUS.
4. Only just across the river  
 Are the robes of spotless white ;  
 Only just across the river  
 Are the crowns of glory bright,  
 And the saints and angels joining  
 In the songs of one accord,  
 Only just across the river,  
 Sing the praises of the Lord.—CHORUS.

## PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. P.

*Earnestly.*

1. Soft-ly on the breath of evening Comes the ten-der sigh of day ;  
 2. Pearl-y dews like tears are fall-ing Gent-ly on the sleeping flowers,

Chorus.

Lonely heart, by sorrow lad-en, 'Tis the time to pray. Wea-ry pil-grim,  
 Stars like angel eyes are beaming From celestial bowers. Wea-ry, etc.

cease thy mourning, Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning, Rest beyond forever.

3. 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings  
 Chase our doubts and fears away ;  
 'Tis the hour for calm devotion,  
 Pilgrim, watch and pray.—CHO.
4. Though temptations dark oppress thee,  
 Jesus guides thee on thy way ;  
 He will hear thy lightest whisper,  
 Pilgrim, watch and pray.—CHO.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and

an-gels say: Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye

heavens, and earth re-ply. Love's re-deem-ing work is done,

Fought the fight, the vic-tory won: Je-sus' ag-o-

-ny is o'er, Dark-ness veils the earth no more.

2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
 Death in vain forbids him rise,  
 Christ hath opened paradise.  
 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
 Following our exalted Head :  
 Made like him, like him we rise ;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

1, { Brethren, let us speak for Je - sus, Tell the world his power to save; }  
He who gave his life our ran - som, Rose and triumph'd o'er the grave. }

## Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, joys e - ter - nal Wait us on that hap - py shore;

There we'll sing his praise for ev - er, When we meet to part no more;

There we'll sing his praise for ev - er, When we meet to part no more.

2. If the flame of zeal is burning,  
If it glow from heart to heart.  
In the blessed cause of Jesus,  
We shall try to do our part.  
CHO.—Glory, glory, &c.

3. We must live and work for Jesus,  
Whatsoever we find to do,  
In the vineyard of our master,  
Let us with our might pursue.  
CHO.—Glory, glory, &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. My soul with rap-ture waits for thee, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!  
2. Thy ra-diant fields and glow-ing skies, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!

My home be-yond the roll-ing sea, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;  
Too pure and bright for mor-tal eyes, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;

I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The glo-ries of thy tran-quil shore,  
Be-side the liv-ing stream that flows, The wea-ry heart shall find re-pose—

Where pain and sor-row come no more—Hap-py vale of rest.  
Thy pearl-y gates shall nev-er close, Hap-py vale of rest.

Chorus.  
Beau-ti-ful vale of rest, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest, My

soul with rap-ture longs for thee, O love-ly vale of rest.

3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade!  
 Beautiful vale of rest;  
 Like morning dew or evening shade;  
 Beautiful vale of rest;  
 Yet, when we reach thy golden strand,  
 Our gentle Saviour's promised land,  
 We'll sing with all the angel band,  
 Happy vale of rest.

4. Oh, who would dwell forever here,  
 Beautiful vale of rest;  
 With joy, unfading joy, so near,  
 Beautiful vale of rest.  
 Oh, may I live that I may wear  
 A starry crown for ever there,  
 And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,  
 Happy vale of rest.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arranged from H. G. NAGELL.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—The house of thine a-bode,—  
 The church our blest Redeem-er saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God!  
 Her walls before thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
 And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall;  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways;  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Sure as thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. E. PERKINS.

Semi-Chorus. Chorus.

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Bat-tling for the Lord!

Semi-Chorus. Chorus.

E - ter - nal life, our guid-ing star, Battling for the Lord!

Full Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

2.  
We've girded on our armor bright,  
Battling for the Lord!  
Our captain's word our strength and  
Battling for the Lord!—Cho. [might,

3.  
We'll stand like heroes on the field,  
Battling for the Lord!  
And nobly fight but never yield,  
Battling for the Lord!—Cho.

4.  
Though sin and death our way oppose,  
Battling for the Lord!  
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,  
Battling for the Lord!—Cho.

5.  
And when our glorious war is o'er,  
Battling for the Lord!  
We'll shout salvation evermore,  
Battling for the Lord!—Cho.



# WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT. 69

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. { When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,  
And the day of rest lightens every breast, I'll a-way to the Sabbath school ; }  
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 ; }

For 'tis there we all a-gree, All with hap-py hearts and free, And I  
When the ho-ly day has come, And the Sab-bath breakers roam, I de-

Girls. Boys.  
love to ear-ly be At the Sab-bath-School; I'll a-way! a-way!  
- light to leave my home For the Sab-bath-school; I'll a-way, &c.

Girls. Boys. All.  
I'll a-way! a-way! I'll a-way to Sab-bath-School.

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

# 70 I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. I'm kneel-ing, Lord, at mer-cy's gate, With trembling hope and

fear, I've wait-ed long and still I wait Thy gracious voice to

hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in.

store; Wilt thou, O Lord, in mer-cy speak, I'm kneeling at the

door. I'm kneel-ing at the door, Kneel-ing at the door, Wilt

thou, O Lord, in mer-cy speak, I'm kneeling at the door.

2. None ever empty turned away,  
 Who truly sought thy face:  
 And I, my Saviour, come to-day,  
 To seek thy pardoning grace.

Thy precious blood is all my plea :  
 This, can my soul restore ;  
 Wilt thou in mercy speak to me,  
 I'm kneeling at the door.

3. And when the ransomed millions stand  
 On Zion's flowery hill,  
 With palms of victory in their hand,  
 Waiting their Master's will :  
 Oh, may I bear the living green,  
 And that dear name above,  
 Whose love the sinner did redeem,  
 While kneeling at the door.

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. By permission.

*With vigor.*

1. God bless our school! Sing to the praise of God most high; Sing how he

sent his son to die; Sing how he brings sal-va-tion nigh: God bless our schoel!

2. God bless our school!  
 Bring all the wandering children in,  
 Bring all the heirs of death and sin,  
 Bring them immortal life to win;  
 God bless our school!
3. God bless our school!  
 Teach us the word of truth to know,  
 Teach us in Christian strength to grow,  
 Teach us to serve thee here below!  
 God bless our school!
4. God bless our school!  
 Fill all our hearts with heavenly grace,  
 Lead us in love to that blest place  
 Where we shall see our Saviour's face.  
 God bless our school!

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by A. VANALSTYNE.

1. There's a home for us in glo - ry, By - and - bye, by - and - bye;

There we'll tell the joy - ful sto - ry, By - and - bye, by - and - bye;

See the ho - ly Mount of Zi - on, We shall stand, we shall stand,

And we'll sing the song of Mo - ses, With our harps in our hand,

Chorus.

We shall rest with God for ev - er, By - and - bye, by - and - bye;

On the banks be - yond the riv - er, By - and - bye, by - and - bye.

2.

We shall find a glorious treasure,  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye,  
In the golden fields of pleasure,  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye.  
If we sow in faith and meekness,  
We shall reap, we shall reap,  
Where the heart is never weary,  
And the eyes never weep.

CHO.—We shall rest, &c.

3.

We are going, we are going,  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye,  
Where ambrosial fruits are growing,  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye.

We shall meet our friends departed,  
On the shore, on the shore,  
And our souls again united,  
There to part nevermore.

CHO.—We shall rest, &c.

4.

There with rapture we'll adore Him,  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye,  
And we'll cast our crowns before Him,  
By-and-bye, by-and-bye.  
In the sunny vales of Eden  
We shall be, we shall be,  
And we'll sing through endless ages,  
Grace is free, grace is free.

CHO.—We shall rest, &c.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Nothing el-ther great or small, Remains for me to do; Je-sus died and

Chorus.

paid it all,—Yes, all the debt I owe. Je-sus paid it all,—all the

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

2 When he from his lofty throne,  
Stooped down to do and die;  
Everything was fully done;  
Yes, "finished!" was his cry.  
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary, working, plodding one!  
O, wherefore toll you so?  
Cease your "doing," all was done  
Ages long ago.  
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
"Doing," ends in death.  
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down all at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Glorious and complete,  
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

## COME TO THE MANGER.

Words by G. W. YOUNG, Esq.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.

*Joyous—sprightly.*

1. 'Tis the sea-son of Christ-mas—a - way to the Man-ger, The

*Chorus.*

place of all others where Christians should prove The zeal of dis-  
D. S. 'Tis the birth-place of

- ci - ples to.... wel - come the stran - ger Who comes on his  
Christ, con - se - rat - ed and ho - ly, 'Tis the tem - ple of

*Fine. Girls.*

mis - sion of mer - cy and love. And what tho' his roof and re -  
God-head, for Je - sus is there!

*D. S.*

- cep - tion be low - ly, Where on - ly the poor and the hum - ble re - pair;

2. Oh, come the Manger—the angel is winging  
The air, while his tidings are sounding abroad:  
And a legion of heavenly choristers singing  
Good will to the nations, and glory to God!  
Hast thou not a word for the joyous meeting,  
No song in that anthem of glory to share?  
Awake from thy slumbers, to join in their greeting,  
And come to the Manger—for Jesus is there!

2. Oh, come to Manger—the shepherds, obeying  
 The herald of glory, are there even now:  
 Their fervent petitions of gratitude paying,  
 And pleading their fealty and making their vow.  
 Hast thou no allegiance to offer before him,  
 No vows of affection, no penitent prayer?  
 Awake from thy slumbers, prepare to adore him,  
 And come to the Manger—for Jesus is there!
4. Oh, come to the Manger—the star is yet shining,  
 Undimmed by a cloud, uneclipsed by the morn;  
 Like curtains of silver, its radiance inclining,  
 To shelter the couch where the Saviour was born,  
 It shines to invite, to assure, to direct thee,  
 'Tis an omen of Mercy—no longer forbear;  
 The Shepherds, the Magi, the Angels expect thee,  
 Come, come to the Manger—for Jesus is there!

JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

H. N. WHITNEY. By permission.

1. 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 In - deed.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Now I know thou lovest,<br/>             And dost plead for me,<br/>             Make me very thankful<br/>             In my pray'rs to thee.</p> | <p>3. Soon, I hope, in glory.<br/>             At thy side to stand:<br/>             Make me fit to meet thee<br/>             In that happy land.</p> |
|--|---|

## WHO IS HE?

B. R. H. From "Chapel Gems," by permission of G. F. ROOT.

*The Teacher's part may be uttered in the speech voice.*

1. *T.* Who is he in yon - der stall, At whose  
2. " Who is he in yon - der cot, Bend - ing

## Chorus.

feet the shepherds fall? 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous  
to his toil-some lot? 'Tis the Lord, &c.

sto - ry, 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, At his

feet we hum-bly fall, Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 3. Who is he who stands and weeps<br>At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps? | 6. Who is he in Cal'ry's throes<br>Asks for blessings on His foes?       |
| 4. Who is he in deep distress,<br>Fasting in the wilderness?            | 7. Who is he that, from the grave,<br>Comes to heal, and help, and save? |
| 5. Lo! at midnight, who is he<br>Prays in dark Gethsemane?              | 8. Who is he that on yon throne<br>Rules the world of light alone?       |



1. { A-round the pure and shining throne Of him who reigns a - bove, }  
 Ten thousand thousand voices join To sing re-deeming love. } All

praise to thee, our God, they cry, Thou sovereign Lord of earth and sky!

The won-dering an - gel choir re - ply In one glad song of love.

2. There kings and prophets, ancient sires  
 Of Judah's chosen race,  
 Before their great Deliverer stand,  
 And view his smiling face;  
 They bow adoring at his feet,  
 Then strike their harps with joy complete;  
 They died in faith, and now they meet  
 To sing redeeming love.
3. There every nation, kindred, tongue,  
 Exalt the Saviour's name,  
 With loud, triumphant shouts of joy  
 His mighty works proclaim;  
 And in our Father's mansion bright,  
 Whose gates are open day and night,  
 Are children robed in spotless white,  
 Who sing redeeming love.
4. We long to fold our starry wings  
 Among that saintly band,  
 That round the pure and shining throne  
 With crowns of glory stand.  
 Oh, may we gain that peaceful shore,  
 When earthly storms and cares are o'er,  
 With happy children gone before  
 To sing redeeming love.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. P.

1. { Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blow - ing,  
Where shall I go, or whith - er fly for ref - uge?

Chorus.

Near - er and near - er comes the break - ers' roar— } With his  
Hide me, my Fa - ther, till the storm is o'er! } I can

lov - ing hand to guide, let the clouds a - bove me roll,  
brave the wild - est storm with his glo - ry in my soul,

1st time.

And the bil - lows in their fu - ry dash a - round me, }  
[OMIT.....]

2d time.

I can sing a - midst the tem - pest—Praise the Lord!

2. Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise :  
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave ;  
Safe he will lead me through the pathless waters,  
Jesus, the mighty one and strong to save —Cho.
3. Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,  
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail ;  
Now at the helm I see my Father standing, . .  
Soon will my anchor drop within the vale.—Cho.

# JEWELS.

79

G. F. R. From "Chapel Gems," by permission of ROOT & CADY.

*Moderato.*

1. When he com - eth, when he cometh, To make up his jew - els,

All his jew - els, all his jew - els, His lov'd and his own.

*Chorus.*

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a - dorn - ing

They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for his crown.

2.  
He will gather, he will gather  
The gems for his kingdom;  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His lov'd and his own.—CHO.

3.  
Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His lov'd and his own.—CHO.

Words by FANNY.

Music by W. H. PETTIBONE.

1. Weak and sin - ful, O my Fa - ther, Hop - ing, trust - ing

on - ly thee, Fold thy lov - ing arms a - round me,

Sav - iour, thou hast died for me. Com - fort me,

Com - fort me, Bless - ed Sav - iour, com - fort me.

2. Standing at the door of mercy,  
Lord, I wait a smile from thee;  
Rich and boundless are thy blessings,  
Surely there is one for me.  
Comfort me, etc.
3. Thou, my life, my only treasure,  
Let me give myself to thee,  
Let me drink the healing fountain;  
There is comfort still for me.  
Comfort me, etc.
4. Thou hast rolled away my burden,  
Praise forever, praise to thee;  
Blessed pardon, now I feel it,  
Thou hast spoken, Lord, to me.  
I am free, I am free,  
Saviour thou dost comfort me.

# WATCHING, HOPING, PRAYING. 81

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Do we thirst for liv - ing wa - ter, In a des - ert pin - ing?

Do we, walk - ing here in dark - ness, Feel our strength de - clin - ing?

In the gold - en fields of pleas - ure, By the crys - tal riv - er,

With the faith - ful gone be - fore us Soon we rest for ev - er.

2. Jesus feels our every trial,  
In his love abiding,  
Bear the cross, and wait with patience,  
All to him confiding.  
In the golden fields of pleasure,  
By the crystal river,  
With the faithful gone before us  
Soon we rest for ever.

3. Look beyond life's troubled ocean,  
Joy by faith surveying,  
Press we onward to the haven,  
Watching, hoping, praying.  
In the golden field of pleasure,  
By the crystal river,  
With the faithful gone before us  
Soon we rest for ever.

## COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. Come to the fount-ain of mer-cy and live, Come, and a

par-don re-ceive; Drink of the wa-ter that Je-sus will give,

Free-ly to those that be-lieve; } Weary and burdened with sorrow,  
 } Learn of the meek and the lowly,

Sweet is the mes-sage to thee, }  
 Come, heavy-lad-en to [Omr.] } me. Chorus. Come to the clear flowing

riv-er, Drink of its wa-ter for ev-er, Hun-gry and

thirst-y, oh, nev-er, Blessed are they that be-lieve!

2. Happy the nation whose God is the Lord;  
 Hearing in meekness and love  
 Counsels of wisdom and truth in his word,  
 Looking for comfort above;  
 He is their rock and salvation,  
 He is their strength and their song,  
 Onward from glory to glory,  
 Leading them gently along.—Cho.
3. Look unto Jesus, ye regions of earth,  
 Victor of death and the grave,  
 Though he was humble, and lowly his birth,  
 He is the mighty to save.  
 Why should we wander in darkness,  
 Why to the world should we cling?  
 Hope, like a bird, is before us,  
 Pluming her beautiful wing.—Cho.

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.

1. God of my life, my morning song To thee I cheer-ful raise;  
 2. Preserved by thy Al-might-y arm, I passed the shades of night,

Thine acts of love, 'tis good to sing, And pleasant 'tis to praise.  
 Se-re-ne, and safe from ev-ery harm, To see the morn-ing light.

3. [sighs,  
 While numbers spend their night in  
 And restless pains and woes,  
 In gentle sleep I close my eyes,  
 And wake from sweet repose.

4.  
 Oh, let the same Almighty care  
 Through all this day attend;  
 From every danger, every snare,  
 My heedless steps defend.

THE ONE PETITION.

1.  
 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise;

2.  
 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free:

The blessings of thy grace impart  
 And make me live to thee.

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

## JESUS IS HERE.

From "Singing Pilgrim," by permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O, come to Je-sus now, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;  
2. O, come this place within, Jesus is here, Je-sus is here;

All low before him bow, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;  
He sees you full of sin, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;

Too ma - ny go a - way, Too ma - ny still de - lay, Though  
He knows you when you come, Poor, wretched and undone, Seeking

Je - sus bids them stay; Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here.  
Him and Him a - lone; Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here.

8 Come, then, to Jesus now,  
Jesus is here, Jesus is here;  
All near him lowly bow,  
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.  
O, ye that feel your sin,  
And coming long have been,  
Now find your rest in him;  
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.

4 O, come to Jesus now,  
Jesus is here, Jesus is here;  
Old and young together bow,  
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.  
O, what a glorious thing,  
Sin's weary load to bring,  
And lose it while we sing:  
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.



# BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE. 85

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! Where  
2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove! And

I may rest, from sorrow free, Beautiful home a - bove! With-in the gold-en  
trav - el in the toilsome way, Beautiful home a - bove! My wea-ry feet are

gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll walk with an-gels  
bruised and sore, But Je - sus' feet were bruised be-fore, To bring me to the

Chorus.

fair and bright, In my home a - bove. Beau-ti - ful home a - bove,  
o - pen door Of my home a - bove. Beau-ti - ful home, &c.

Beau - ti - ful home a - bove—Oh, come and take me, Sav - iour, come: I

love my bean - ti - ful home.

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

86 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. { When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing Through the bright ce -  
 When the an - gel voic - es, sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us

- les - tial dome, }  
 welcome home } To that land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the

spir - it knows no care: In that land of light and glo - ry,

Shall we know each oth - er there? Shall we know each

We shall know each

oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each

oth - er,

We shall know each oth - er,

We shall know each

oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

oth - er,

We shall know each oth - er there.

2. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
 And my weary heart grows light,  
 For the thrilling angel voices,  
 And the angel faces bright,  
 That shall welcome us in heaven,  
 Are the loved of long ago,  
 And to them 'tis kindly given  
 Thus their mortal friends to know.  
 We shall know, &c.

3. Oh! ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Droop not, faint not by the way;  
 Ye shall join the loved departed  
 In the land of perfect day.  
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers  
 Murmur in my raptured ear;  
 Evermore their sweet tone lingers,  
 We shall know each other there.  
 We shall know, &c.

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

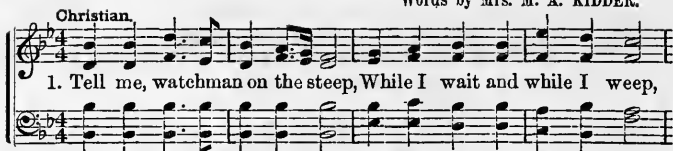
CHANT.



1. The Lord | is my | shepherd;  
 I | shall — | not — | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures :  
 He leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.
3. He re- | storeth my | soul :  
 He leadeth me in the path of righteousness | for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will  
 | fear no | evil :  
 For thou art with me : thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies.  
 Thou anointest my head with oil : my | cup — | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my |  
 life.  
 And I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever.

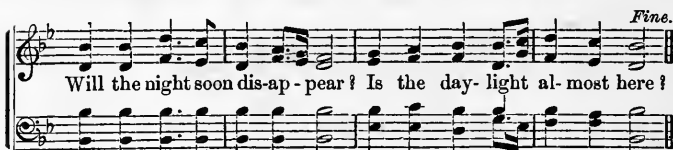
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

*Christian.*



1. Tell me, watchman on the steep, While I wait and while I weep,

*Cho.* Dawn, O gold-en glo-ry, dawn; Hasten, sweet mil-lennium morn :

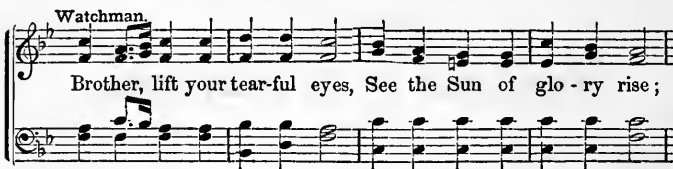


*Fine.*

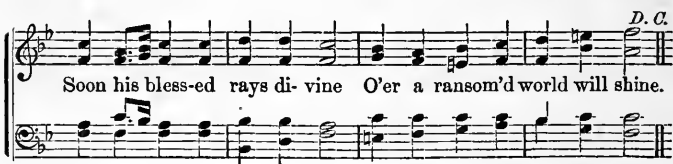
Will the night soon dis-ap-pear? Is the day-light al-most here?

Bright ce-les-tial Sun, a-rise O'er the por-tals of the skies.

*Watchman.*



Brother, lift your tear-ful eyes, See the Sun of glo-ry rise;



*D. C.*

Soon his bless-ed rays di-vine O'er a ransom'd world will shine.

*Christian.* 2. Tell me, shepherd of the sheep,  
While I wait, and while I weep,  
Can I fly the storm and cold,  
May I reach the heavenly fold?

*Shepherd.* Brother, through the stormy way  
Christ, your Shepherd, once did stray,  
Now his glory you may share  
In the mansions bright and fair.—*Cho.*

*Christian.* 2. Tell me, reaper, as you reap,  
While I wait, and while I weep,  
Is the harvest nearly past,  
May I yet my sickle cast?

*Reaper.* Brother, see, the grain is white;  
Reap, oh reap, while yet there's light;  
Soon the reaper's rest shall come,  
Soon we'll sing our harvest home.—*Cho.*

# THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD. 89

B. R. H. From "Chapel Gems," by permission.

1. 'Mid the pastures green of the bless-ed isles, Where nev - er is heat or  
2. There are ti-ny mounds where the hopes of earth Were laid 'neath the tear-wet

cold, Where the light of life is the Shepherds's mile, Are the  
mold, But the light that paled at the strick-en hearth Was

Lambs of the Up - per Fold. Where the ll - ies blos-som in  
joy to the Up - per Fold. Oh, the white stone bear-eth a

fade - less spring, And nev - er a heart grows old, Where the  
new name now, That nev - er on earth was told, And the

glad new song is the song they sing, Are the Lambs of the Up - per  
ten - der Shep - herd doth guard with care The Lambs of the Up - per

1st. 2d. Fina.

D.S.

Fold. Fold. Lambs of the Up - per Fold, Lambs of the Up - per Fold.  
Fold. Fold. Lambs, etc.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring  
2. Pass me not, O God, our Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my

heart and free; Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing,  
heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the ra - ther

Let some drop - pings fall on me!— E - ven me,  
Let thy mer - cy light on me!— E - ven me,

E - ven me! Let some droppings fall on me.  
E - ven me! Let thy mer - cy light on me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to thee!  
For I'm longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou art calling, oh, call me—Even me.
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit!  
Speak some word of power to me—Even me.
5. Have I long in sin been sleeping—  
Long been slighting, grieving thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh! forgive, and rescue me!—Even me.
6. Love of God—so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;  
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me!—Even me.

GEORGE KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. The Saviour calls; let ev-ery ear At-tend the heavenly sound:

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fear, Hope smiles re-viv-ing round.

2. For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flows,  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
3. Ye sinners! come; 'tis mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey:  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—  
And can you yet delay?
4. Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss that love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

TALLIS.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;
2. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
3. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
4. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass  
a- | gainst us.
5. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
6. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever  
and | ever. A- | men.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. By Permission.

*Moderato.*

1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, sing - ing for Je - sus, Try - ing to  
 serve him wher - ev - er I go; Pointing the lost to the way of sal -  
 - va - tion—This be my mis - sion, a pil - grim be - low. When in the  
 strains of my country I min - gle, When to ex - alt her my voice I would  
 raise; 'Tis for his glo - ry whose arm is her ref - uge, Him would I  
 hon - or, his name would I *rit.* praise, his name would I praise.

2. Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion.  
 Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;  
 Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,  
 Telling of rest in the mansions above.



Music may soften where language would fail us,  
 Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,  
 Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,  
 How we revere them when they are no more!

3. Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,  
 God of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing,  
 When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,  
 Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.  
 Glory to God for the prospect before me,  
 Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;  
 Singing for Jesus, oh, blissful employment,  
 Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

## FULLNESS IN CHRIST.

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.



1. I hear my Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small, Thou hast nought thy debt to

## Chorus.

owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

2. Yea, nothing good have I,  
 Whereby thy grace to claim;  
 I'll wash my garments white  
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.
3. And now complete in him,  
 My robe his righteousness,  
 Close sheltered 'neath his side,  
 I am divinely blest.—CHO.
4. When from my dying bed  
 My ransomed soul shall rise,  
 Jesus paid it all,  
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.
5. And when before the throne  
 I stand in him complete,  
 I'll lay my trophies down,  
 All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

# 94 WE LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Words by Miss FANNY J. CROSBY.

Semi-Chorus. Chorus.

1. We are a group of happy chil-dren, Full of glee, full of glee,

Semi-Chorus. Chorus.

We are a group of happy children, We love the Sabbath school ;

Semi-Chorus.

Swiftly the moments wing their flight, Making our hearts with pleasure  
[bright.

Chorus.

We are a group of hap-py children, We love the Sabbath school.

2. Heard ye the voice of love and mercy,  
Joyful sound, Joyful sound,  
Heard ye the voice of love and mercy,  
Come from the Sabbath school.  
Angels above that song repeat,  
Casting their crowns at Jesus' feet,  
Sweet is the voice of love and mercy  
Heard in the Sabbath school.
3. Come, let us give our hearts to Jesus,  
One and all, one and all,  
Come, let us give our hearts to Jesus,  
Now in the Sabbath school.  
Soon will the day of life be o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more!  
Yes, we will give our hearts to Jesus,  
Now in the Sabbath school.

# THE BANNER OF JESUS.

95

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Like the he - roes who gave us the land that we love, We will  
2. With the sword of the Spir - it, and pray'r for our shield, In the

fight for our home and our coun - try a - bove; And the ban - ner of  
strength of the Lord let us on to the field; And the ban - ner of

Je - sus entwined may it be, With our bean - ti - ful standard, "The  
Je - sus shall wave o'er the sea, With our bean - ti - ful standard, "The

Chorus.

Flag of the Free." The ban - ner of Je - sus, The ban - ner of  
Flag of the Free." The ban - ner, &c.

Je - sus, The ban - ner of Je - sus, The Flag of the Free.

8 Lo! the angel of hope, from the portals of day,  
Drops a smile like a sunbeam of joy on our way;  
She will blend them in beauty, and wave o'er the sea,  
With the banner of Jesus, "The Flag of the Free."—CHORUS.

8 Let us stand by the cross till our duty is done,  
Till the conflict is o'er, and our victory is won;  
Till our nation to Jesus united shall be,  
And the banner of Jesus, "The Flag of the Free."—CHORUS.

T. E. P.

1. My spir - it in hope is re - joic - ing, The pros - pect, tho' dis - tant, I  
see, A man - sion pre - pared for the faith - ful, Where an - gels are  
wait - ing for me. Je - sus will give me a wel - come there,  
Je - sus will wel - come me  
Je - sus will give me a wel - come there, An - gels are  
there, Je - sus will wel - come me there,  
cheer - ing me on - - - ward, Je - sus will welcome me home.  
An - gels are cheer - ing me on - ward,

2. How sweet are the visions of rapture,  
Which often by faith I behold :  
The saints in their garments of beauty,  
A city where streets are of gold!—Сю.
3. Dear Saviour, I long to behold thee,  
I long in thy image to rise ;  
Oh, when, like a bird on its pinions,  
Say, when shall I soar to the skies?—Сю.

# THE JASPER SEA.

97

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. When we've cross'd the Jasper sea To the oth - er shore, Full of

Chorus.

bliss our songs shall be, Praising ev - er - more. When we reach the

When we

shore O'er the Jas - per Sea, Joy shall reign for ev - er - more,

reach the shore

And heav'n our home will be, And heav'n our home will be.

2. With the angels round the throne,  
Robed in white, we'll stand ;  
Death and tears are never known  
In that happy land.—Cho.
3. Captive chains shall bind no more,  
When death sets us free,  
When we reach the other shore  
O'er the Jasper sea.—Cho.
4. Parting days will never come,  
Bright our lot will be,  
When we reach our heavenly home  
O'er the Jasper sea.—Cho.
5. To the judgment-seat above,  
Swiftly we repair,  
Saved from wrath through Jesus' love  
We shall see him there.—Cho.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1. There is a home in glo - ry, A bless - ed place of rest, Where

I, if on - ly faith - ful, May dwell a - mong the blest.

Chorus.

Je - sus, make me faith - ful: An - gels pure and blest, Bear me

on - ward, gent - ly on - ward, To that sweet home of rest.

2. There is a home of beauty,  
It lies beyond the tomb,  
Where darkness never enters,  
Where flowers eternal bloom.  
CHO.—Jesus make, etc.
3. Within that home celestial  
No sorrow e'er can come,  
No sin and no temptation—  
O blissful, happy home!  
CHO.—Jesus make, etc.
4. My earthly home is fading,  
And heaven is just in sight:  
Oh, bear me, blessed angels,  
To mansions of delight.  
CHO.—Jesus make, etc.

# BETHANY.

99

Dr. L. MASON. By permission.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
D. S. Near - er, my God, to thee,

*Fine.* That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,  
Near - er to thee! *D.S.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Though like the wanderer,<br/>The sun gone down,<br/>Darkness be over me,<br/>My rest a stone,<br/>Yet in my dreams I'd be,<br/>Nearer my God, to thee.<br/>Nearer to thee!</p> <p>3. There let the way appear<br/>Steps unto heaven;<br/>All that thou sendest me,<br/>In mercy given;<br/>Angels to beckon me,<br/>Nearer, my God, to thee,<br/>Nearer to thee.</p> | <p>4. Then with my waking thoughts,<br/>Bright with thy praise.<br/>Out of my stony griefs<br/>Bethel I'll raise;<br/>So by my woes to be<br/>Nearer, my God, to thee,<br/>Nearer to thee!</p> <p>5. Or if, on joyful wing,<br/>Cleaving the skies,<br/>Sun, moon and stars forgot,<br/>Upward I fly,<br/>Still all my song shall be,<br/>Nearer, my God, to thee,<br/>Nearer to thee.</p> |
|---|--|

# ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. How charm-ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,

Un-vails the beau-ties of his face, And sheds his love a-broad.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Here on the mercy-seat,<br/>With radiant glory crowned,<br/>Our joyful eyes behold him sit,<br/>And smile on all around.</p> | <p>3. Give me, O Lord, a place<br/>Within thy blest abode,<br/>Among the children of thy grace,<br/>The servants of my God.</p> |
|--|---|

## LOVE AT HOME.

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

1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at home ;  
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home ;

There is joy in ev - ery sound, When there's love at home.  
Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home.

Peace and plen - ty here a - bid, Smil - ing sweet on ev - ery side,  
Ros - es blos - som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet,

Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,  
Mak - ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at home,

love at home, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.  
love at home, Mak - ing 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. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest,

Here is no rest! Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone,  
d. s. My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say,

*Fine.*  
Yet I am blest, I am blest; For I look for-ward to  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

*D. S.*  
that glorious day, When sin and sor-row shall van-ish a-way;

2. Here are afflictions and trials severe,  
Here is no rest, here is no rest!  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest!  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;  
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord;  
They have been called to receive their reward,  
There, there is rest, there is rest!
3. This world of care is a wilderness state,  
Here is no rest, here is no rest!  
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest!  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast.  
There, there is rest, there is rest!

*Cheerful.*

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod ;  
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,

With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flowing by the throne of God ?  
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,

Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3. On the bosom of the river,  
Where the Saviour-king we own,  
We shall meet, and sorrow never,  
'Neath the glory of the throne.—CHO.
4. Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.—CHO.
5. At the smiling of the river,  
Rippling with the Saviour's face,  
Saints, whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.—CHO.
6. Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.—CHO.

E. IVES, Jr.

1. Who are these in bright array, This ex-ult-ing, happy throng,

Round the al-tar night and day, Hymning one tri-umphant song?  
 O. s. Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-ery hour."

"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glo-ry, power,

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
 These from great affliction came;  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with his almighty name:  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed;  
 Them, the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead;  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs:  
 Perfect love dispel all fears;  
 And forever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In  
2. Oh, may I faithful prove, And keep the crown in view, And

Chorus.

yonder realms of light, Prepared for me. I'm nearer my home,  
through the storms of life My way pur - sue. I'm nearer, etc.

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

*Repeat very softly.*

home in heaven to-day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,  
My daily steps attend;  
Oh, keep me near thy side,  
Be thou my friend.—Сно.

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

1. Glorious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls surround - ed, Thou may'st smile at 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 their thirst t' assuage;  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age?
3. Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name.  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasures,  
 None but Zion's children know.

1. { The gos-pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gospel ship is sail - ing,  
All who would ship for glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory,

Bound for Canaan's happy shore ; }  
Come and welcome, rich and poor. } Glo- ry hal - le - lu - jah ! All on board are

sweet-ly sing-ing, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

2. She has landed many thousands, thousands, thousands,  
She has landed many thousands  
On fair Canaan's happy shore ;  
And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing,  
And thousands now are sailing  
Yet there's room for thousands more,  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes, breezes, breezes,  
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,  
Swiftly glides the ship along.  
Her company are singing, singing, singing,  
Her company are singing,  
Glory, glory is their song.  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
4. Take passage now for glory, glory, glory.  
Take passage now for glory,  
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,  
With us you shall be happy, happy, happy,  
With us you shall be happy,  
Happy through eternity.  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

*Fine.*

1. } Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast-ed at the ear-ly dawn; }  
 } Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone; }  
*D. C.* Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.

*D. C.*  
 For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sor-row and sur-prise,

2. But her sorrows quickly fled  
 When she heard his welcome voice :  
 Christ has risen from the dead ;  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
 What a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day ;  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

## CHRIST THE ONLY REFUGE.

1. JESUS ! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high ;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last !
2. Other refuge have I none,—  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee !  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !  
 Still support and comfort me ;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 All and all in thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our heavenly King ;

Let us raise, Let us raise High our notes of praise :

Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above ;

Raise your songs, Raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues .

2.

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

3.

Far away, far away,  
 We in sin's dark valley lay,  
 Jesus came, Jesus came,  
 Blessed be his name !

He redeemed us by his grace,  
 Then prepared in heaven a place  
 To receive—to receive  
 All who will believe.

4.

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



1. { To - day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to  
 Say, will you to Mount Zi - on go? Say, will you have this

make your choice ; }  
 Christ, or no ? } We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a -

way, We are pass - ing a - way To the great Judgment - day.

- 2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,  
 Say, will you be forever blest?  
 Will you be saved from sin and hell?  
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell?—We are passing, &c.
- 3 Come now, dear friends, for ruin bound,  
 Obey the Gospel's joyful sound;  
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove  
 The joy of Christ's redeeming love.—We are passing, &c.
- 4 Leave all your sports and glittering toys;  
 Come, share with us eternal joys;  
 Or, must we leave you bound to hell?  
 Then, dearest friends, a long farewell.—We are passing, &c.
- 5 Once more, we ask you, in his name,  
 For yet his love remains the same:  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?—We are passing, &c.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN. By permission.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest;

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.

## Chorus.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,  
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

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

2. He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand ;  
For my stay shall not be transient,  
In that holy, happy land.—CHO.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;  
But in that celestial centre,  
I a crown of life shall wear.—CHO.
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed !  
Hail with joy the rising morn.—CHO.
5. Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory !  
Shout your triumph as you go !  
Zion's gate will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.—CHO.

1. { There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way,  
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day. } Oh, how they sweetly sing,

Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

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

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

## PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him who rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound;  
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

T. J. COOK. By permission.

*mf*

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

*cres.*

love! Beauti - ful gates of pearl-y white, Beauti - ful tem-ple-  
white; Beauti - ful strains that nev-er tire, Beauti - ful harps thro'

*f* *mp*

God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,  
all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet,

*f*

O - pens those pearl - y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on,  
Wor-ship-ing at... the Sav - iour's feet. Zi - on, &c.

*Repeat pp*

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

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

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

1. Here we throng to praise the Lord, List-en now, List-en now,  
2. "Let young children come to me," Je - sus said, Je - sus said;

Here we throng to praise the Lord With our in - fant lays.  
"Let young children come to me, And for - bid them not."

He who once lay in a manger, Now enthroned, our blest Redeemer,  
"For of such," the Saviour told them, "Is composed my heavenly king-  
[dom.]"

With a Fa-ther's love has said, He'd ac - cept our praise.  
What a rapturous thought it is, Christ for - gets us not!

3. Let us love, and now adore ;  
Love him now, love him now.  
Let us love, and now adore,  
In our youthful strength,  
Let us never grieve our Saviour,  
Who hath died to win us favor,  
Ah ! this thought should melt our hearts—  
Children's hearts can melt.

4. But we'll have a joyous song,  
Joyous song, joyous song ;  
But we'll have a joyous song  
For our jubilee.  
Jesus lives and reigns forever :  
This will make us joyous ever.  
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,  
Who remembered me.

1. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je - sus,  
2. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je - sus,

Chorus.

Do - ing good to all a - round me, Whereso-e'er I go. { There no  
Mild and pa - tient, meek and lowly, Whereso-e'er I go. } Joy there,

| 1st. | 2d.

more to sev - er, Dwell with him for ev - er; }  
like a riv - er, [OMIT.....] } Shall for-ev - er flow.

3. How I long to be like Jesus,  
How I long to be like Jesus,  
Kind, forgiving those who wrong me,  
Wheresoe'er I go.—CHO.
4. How I long to be like Jesus,  
How I long to be like Jesus,  
Like my Saviour, pure and holy,  
Wheresoe'er I go.—CHO.

## THE SWEETEST NAME.

1. There is a name the proph-ets knew; And man-y a wondrous sto - ry,  
2. That name the shepherds heard that night, By an - gel-choirs sur-round-ed,

Fine.

Fore-told that sweet-est name be - low, Or in the realms of glo - ry.  
When "pence on earth, good will to man," O'er Ju - dea's plains re-sound - ed.

d.s. For there's no word we ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

Chorus.

*D.S.*

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je - sus:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3. In every prayer for strength divine,<br/>In every time of sadness,<br/>That name we plead, that name we<br/>praise,<br/>It fills our hearts with gladness.</p> | <p>4. Dear name! the anchor of the soul,<br/>The only source of pleasure,<br/>The spring of hope, the fount of<br/>life,<br/>Our best, our purest treasure.</p> |
|--|---|

LITTLE THINGS.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

From "New Shining Star."

*1st.*

1. { Lit - tle mod - est vio - let blue, Span - gled o'er with morn - ing dew, }  
Laughing in the spor - tive air, [OMIT.....]

*2d.*

God has made thy leaves so fair; 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.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Little star with golden eye,<br/>God has placed thee in the sky;<br/>Little bird with glassy wing,<br/>God has taught thee how to sing;<br/>Little clouds, that lightly rest<br/>On the bosom of the west,<br/>Floating in the summer air,<br/>God has made your form so fair.</p> | <p>3. Little merry, laughing child,<br/>Ever playful, ever wild,<br/>Full of gladness, full of love,<br/>God has made thee, God above;<br/>He thy little spirit keeps,<br/>For he never, never sleeps;<br/>When thy little life is past<br/>He will take thee home at last.</p> |
|--|---|

1st. | 2d.

1. { When torn is the bo - som by sor - row and care,  
Be it ev - er so sim - ple there's nothing like [OMIT] prayer: It

com - forts, it soft - ens, sub - dues, yet sus - tains, Bids hope rise ex -  
D. S. Be it ev - er so

D. S.

ult - ing, and pas - sions restrains; Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,  
sim - ple, there's nothing like prayer.

2. When far from the friends that are dearest we part,  
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;  
Past scenes and enjoyment live painfully there;  
And restless we languish, till peace comes in prayer. Prayer, &c.
3. When earthly delusions would lead us astray  
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,  
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!  
But looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer. Prayer, &c.
4. While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,  
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;  
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,  
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer. Prayer, &c.

## GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Mer - ry, mer - ry chiming bells, Stealing o'er the si - lent dells, Hap - py



news their music tells, Glo-ry in the High-est, Glo-ry in the High-est.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. In a manger far away,<br/>Once the infant Saviour lay,<br/>He was born on Christmas-day,<br/>Glory in the Highest.</p>            | <p>4. With the bells that sweetly chime,<br/>Soon shall every heathen clime<br/>Hail the happy Christmas time,<br/>Glory in the Highest.</p> |
| <p>3. Born to die for you and me,<br/>Born to set the captive free;<br/>Prophets longed his birth to see,<br/>Glory in the Highest.</p> | <p>5. Let the joyful echo fly,<br/>Angels sing and earth reply,<br/>Glory be to God on high,<br/>Glory in the Highest.</p>                   |

FREDERICK. 11s. GEO. KINGSLEY.

| 1st. | End.

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm aft-er  
*D.C.* Are fol-lowed by gloom, or be-cloud-ed with fear.

*D.C.*

storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,

2. I would not live alway 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.
4. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
4. Who, who would live alway away from his God—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
5. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
There Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

GEORGE F. ROOT. By permission.

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. just be - fore the shin - ing shore, We

*Fine. Chorus.*  
hours of toil and dan - ger. For now we stand on  
may al - most dis - cov - er.

*D. S.*  
Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And

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

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here;

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.  
But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy with - out 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.

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

*Bold.*

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys run ;  
2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And endless prais - es crown his head ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

3. People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns :  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King :  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

# 120 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 spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs ;

*cres.*  
Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun ;

Work, for the night is com' - ing, When man's work is done.

2. Work for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the sunny noon ;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store :  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies ;  
While their bright tints are glowing  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more ;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy,

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sublime.  
Never shall the cross forsake me : Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
5. In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

## I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID.

Dr. L. MASON. By permission.

1. I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the | house of the | Lord.
2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem ; Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- | gether.
3. Whither the tribes go up : the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name of the | Lord.
4. For there are set thrones of judgment, the | thrones of the | house of | David.
5. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall | prosper that | love [thee.
6. Peace be within thy walls ; and pros- | peri-ty with- | in thy | palaces.
7. For my brethren and companion's sakes, I will now say, | Peace be with- | in thee. [A- | men.
8. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will | seek thy | good.

## MARCHING SONG.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Hark! hark! the bat-tle-cry is sound-ing o'er the hill,  
2. Who will join our ar-my? hark! we call for vol-un-teers,

Quick, to your du-ty now, and haste the ranks to fill; Let us  
Yonder in the dis-tance, see, our bea-con light appears; When our

ral-ly round our stand-ard, like the he-ros of the past, And to  
way is dark and drear-y, we will keep it still in view, And we'll

Chorus.  
those who fight with courage bold, there's vic-to-ry at last. Marching on to-  
fight the bat-tle of the cross, and bear our col-ors true. Marching on, etc.

- geth-er, sing-ing ev-er as we go, Truth shall be our watchword, and the

world our traitor foe; But sal-va-tion is our helmet, and our sword can never

fail, For our Cap-tain we will no - bly fight, and in his strength prevail.

3. Who will join our army? though the struggle may be long,  
Nobly we will brave it, for our hearts in God are strong;  
If we trust our great Commander, aid and comfort we shall find,  
And he'll drive the foe before us, like the chaff before the wind.
4. Onward, ever onward, then our steady course we'll keep,  
Onward, ever onward, till we climb the mountain steep:  
For our Captain's gone before us, and the war will soon be past,  
He has promised all his faithful ones a glorious crown at last.

O HEAVEN, DEAR HEAVEN.

*Fine.*

1. { How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for - given! }  
{ This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven; }  
*D. C.* To dwell for - ev - er with the blest, E - ter - nal joys to share.

*Chorus.*

*D. C.*

O heaven, dear heaven, sweet land of rest, When shall my soul be there,

2. A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, oh, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight—  
The heaven prepared for me.—CHORUS.
3. Oh, what a blessed hope is ours  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And ante-date that day.—CHORUS.
4. We feel the resurrection near,—  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels fill'd.—CHORUS.

From "The Silver Fountain."

By permission of A. J. ABBEY.

1. By faith I view my Saviour bleeding, On the tree, On the tree!

To ev - ery na - tion he is crying, "Look to me! Look to me!"  
*d.s.* Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, "Mercy's free, Mercy's free." *Fine.*

*Chorus.* He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear; *D.S.*

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
 Pity me?  
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,—  
 Can it be?  
 Oh yes, he did salvation bring;  
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 And now my happy soul can sing,  
 "Mercy's free!"
3. Jesus, my weary soul refreshes,  
 Mercy's free!  
 And every moment Christ is precious  
 Unto me.  
 None can describe the bliss I prove,  
 While through this wilderness I rove;  
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love;  
 Mercy's free!
4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
 "Mercy's free!"  
 And this shall be my theme when dying,  
 "Mercy's free!"  
 And when the vale of death I've passed,  
 When safe beyond the stormy blast,  
 I'll sing while endless ages last,  
 "Mercy's free!"



# JESUS, MY ALL.

125

1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum - bly I fall; }  
 { Plead - ing thy prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; }

Now let thy work be - gin, Oh, make me pure with - in,

Cleanse me from ev - ery 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.

# JESUS, I LONG FOR THEE.

1. Jesus, I long for thee,  
 Friendless I roam;  
 Earth has no joy for me,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 When shall my soul arise,  
 Joyful with glad surprise,  
 Up to its native skies?  
 Heaven is my home.
2. Grant me a light divine,  
 While here I roam,  
 O'er my dark path to shine,  
 Heaven is my home.

- Oh, my sad heart, be still  
 Patient in every ill,  
 Thine be a Father's will;  
 Heaven is my home.
3. There shall I see his face,  
 No more to roam;  
 Clasped in his dear embrace;  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Soon shall my spirit rise,  
 Joyful with glad surprise,  
 Up to its native skies;  
 Heaven is my home.

AVISON.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing..... Je-ru-salem

triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King! 1. Zi-on the mar-vel-ous

sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the highest, how low-ly his

birth, The brightest arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He

stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth, Shout the glad tidings, ex-

-ult-ing-ly sing..... Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

1st & 2d time. | 3d time.

- si - ah is King, King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The piece is marked with '1st & 2d time.' and '3d time.' indicating repeat sections.

2. 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 crown'd. Shout, &c.
3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;  
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies. Shout, &c.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. { To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me,  
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, It is the place I love;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first part of 'THE GOLDEN RULE.' It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. A large curly brace groups the first two lines of lyrics.

Will make me hon - est, kind and good, As children ought to be, }  
For there'll I learn the gold - en rule, Which leads to joys a - bove. }

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second part of 'THE GOLDEN RULE.' It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. Two large curly braces group the two lines of lyrics.

2. I know I should not steal nor use  
The smallest thing I see,  
Which I should never like to lose  
If it belonged to me. The Sunday-school, &c.
3. And this plain rule forbids me quite  
To strike an angry blow,  
Because I should not think it right  
If others served me so. The Sunday-school, &c.
4. But any kindness they may need  
I'll do whate'er it be:  
As I am very glad indeed  
When they are kind to me. The Sunday-school, &c.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

*Fine.*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee!  
 D.C. Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

*D.C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From his riv - en side which flow'd,

2. Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfil the law's demands:  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever 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 eyestrings break 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.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN. By permission.

1. } Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward  
 } Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward  
 D.C. Prom - ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward

*Fine.* *D.C.*

bound, homeward bound; } { Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode, }  
 bound, homeward bound; } { Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode, }  
 bound, homeward bound.

# HOMeward BOUND.

129

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, oh come, and be blest;  
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest;  
 We're homeward bound.
4. Into the harbor of heaven we now glide; Were 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

# MOUNT PISGAH. C. M.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name

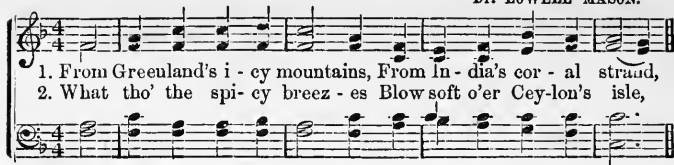
Chorus. D.S.

Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?


- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Must I be carried to the skies<br/>         On flowery beds of ease,<br/>         While others fought to win the prize,<br/>         Or sailed through bloody seas?</p> | <p>3. Are there no foes for me to face?<br/>         Must I not stem the flood?<br/>         Is this vile world a friend to grace,<br/>         To help me on to God?</p> |
|---|---|

## 130 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s &amp; 6s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



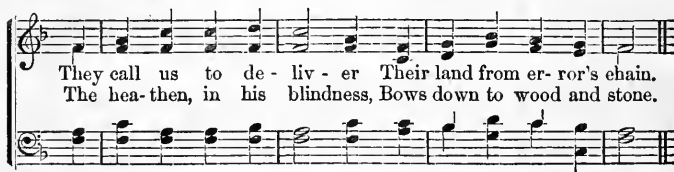
1. From Greeuland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;  
Though ev - ery prospect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
The hea-then, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

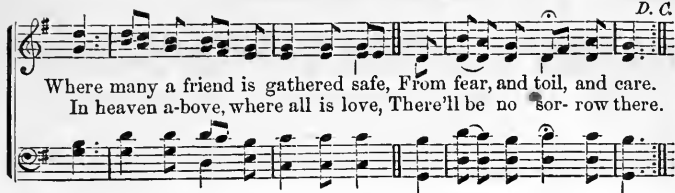
3. Can we whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of light deny?  
Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

# NO SORROW THERE.

135

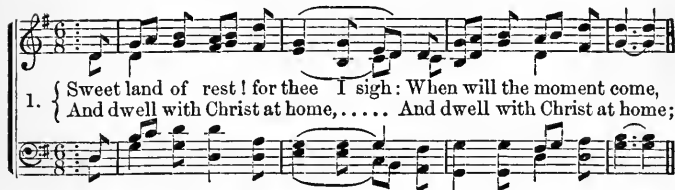
*D. C.*



Where many a friend is gathered safe, From fear, and toil, and care.  
In heaven a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor- row there.

2. I love to think of heaven,  
Where my Redeemer reigns;  
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise  
In endless, joyous strains.—CHO.
3. I love to think of heaven,  
The saints' eternal home;  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,  
And all our joys are one.—CHO.
4. I love to think of heaven,  
The greetings there we'll meet:  
The harps—the songs for ever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets.—CHO.
5. I love to think of heaven,  
That promised land so fair,  
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs  
To be for ever there.—CHO.

# SWEET LAND OF REST.



1. { Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the moment come,  
And dwell with Christ at home, . . . . And dwell with Christ at home;



When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home. }  
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home. }

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,<br/>No peaceful sheltering home;<br/>This world's a wilderness of woe,<br/>This world is not my home.</p> | <p>3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,<br/>He bade me cease to roam,<br/>But fly for succor to his breast,<br/>And he'd conduct me home.</p> |
|---|--|

## I LOVE JESUS.

Arranged by T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune our hearts to grate - ful lays ;  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah, I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I

do love Je - sus, he's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

2. Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3. Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither, by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

## I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger ; I can tar - ry, I can  
v. c. I'm a pil - grim, etc.

*Fine.*  
tar - ry but a night ; { Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing  
To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing :  
*D. C.*



2. There the glory is ever shining ;  
I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;  
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
3. There's the city to which I journey ;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light ;  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
There is no sin there, nor any dying.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

## JOYFULLY.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright  
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spir - its above ; } { Soon with my pilgrimage ended be - low, }  
haste to thy home ! } { Home to the land of bright spirits I go ; } Pil - grim and

stran - ger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

2. Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before ;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore ;  
Singing to cheer me through 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 sceptre be gone,—  
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home

Arranged.

Chorus.

1. { Re- turn, O wan-d'r'er, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther calls for thee; } { For you  
 { No long-er now an ex- ile roam In guilt and mis-er - y. } { For you

must be a lov-er of the Lord, For you must be a lov-er of the Lord, }  
 must be a lov-er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die. }

2. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,  
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, come ;  
 Oh! now for refuge flee. —Cho.
3. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,  
 'Tis madness to delay ;  
 There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day. —Cho.

## GOING HOME.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain, nor death can enter there ; }  
 { Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine ; That heavenly mansion shall be mine. }

Chorus.

{ I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more ; }  
 { To die no more, to die no more, 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. —Cho.

3. 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.—CHO.

## COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND says this was first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, "What shall we do to be saved?"

*With feeling and earnestness.*

SUPR.—"COME UNTO ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

1. *Come to Jesus, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be SAVED."—Acts xvi. 31.

2. *He will save you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"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 iii. 16.

3. *Oh, believe him, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"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. vii. 25.

4. *He is able, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward, not WILLING that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 Pet. iii. 9.

5. *He is willing, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"Him that cometh to me, I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT."—John vi. 37.

6. *He'll receive you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"FLEE from the wrath to come."—Matt. iii. 7.

7. *Flee to Jesus, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"Whosoever shall CALL on the

name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts. ii. 21.

8. *Call unto him, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE."—Mark x. 25.

9. *He will hear you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"Jesus, thou son of David, have MERCY on me."—Mark x. 47.

10. *He'll have mercy, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to FORGIVE US our sins."—1 John i. 9.

11. *He'll forgive you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son CLEANSETH US from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

12. *He will cleanse you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a NEW CREATURE."—2 Cor. v. 17.

13. *He'll renew you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"He that overcometh, the same shall be CLOTHED in white raiment."—Rev. iii. 5.

14. *He will clothe you, just now, etc.*

SUPR.—"Greater LOVE hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 13.

15. *Jesus loves you, just now, etc.*

Words by F. SMITH.

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

pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain 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 breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The song prolong.

4.

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

## GOD SAVE THE STATE.

1.

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

2.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies:  
On him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State!

# C O N T E N T S .



	PAGE		PAGE
A crown of glory bright.....	104	Come to Jesus, come.....	5
A Lover of the Lord.....	138	Come to Jesus, little one.....	53
Always with us.....	35	Come to Jesus just now.....	139
America.....	140	Come to the fountain.....	82
Am I a soldier of the cross....	129	Come to the manger.....	74
Around the pure and shining throne.....	77	Comfort me.....	80
A Starless Crown.....	33	Cross and Crown.....	13
Autumn.....	105	<b>CHANTS.</b>	
Azmon.....	83	I was glad when they said unto me.....	121
Bartimeus.....	121	Our Father, who art in heaven	91
Battling for the Lord.....	68	The Lord is my Shepherd...	87
Beautiful City.....	112	The Lord's Prayer.....	91
Beautiful Home above.....	85	Dark is the night.....	78
Beautiful River.....	102	Dawn, O golden glory.....	88
Beautiful Vale of Rest.....	66	Dear Saviour, all I think or do.	55
Beautiful Zion built above.....	112	Dennis.....	67
Behold the Lamb of God.....	28	Do we thirst for living water..	81
Bethany.....	99	Duke Street.....	119
Blessed Redeemer.....	11	Easter Anthem.....	64
Brethren, let us speak for Jesus	65	Even me.....	90
Brethren, let us work for Jesus.	51	Fade, fade each earthly joy....	21
By-and-bye.....	72	Father, I stretch my hand to thee.....	132
By faith I view my Saviour bleeding.....	124	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	83
Call to the Young.....	47	Fatherless, motherless, cheerless	60
Cheerfully give.....	24	in grief.....	15
Children's Praise.....	113	Fellow helpers to the truth....	117
Christ the only Refuge.....	107	Frederick.....	130
Christian brethren, one and all.	58	From Greenland's icy mountains	93
Christ, the Lord, is risen to day.	64	Fullness in Christ.....	6
Climbing up Zion's Hill.....	56	Gallant soldiers, hear the trum- pet sounding.....	6
Come, let us learn to sing below	3		
Come, thou fount of every blessing.....	136		

	PAGE		PAGE
Give, give, cheerfully give.....	24	I want to think of Jesus.....	23
Glory in the highest.....	116	I was glad when they said....	121
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	105	I would not live away.....	117
Go and work.....	78	Jesus came, Jesus came.....	18
God bless our native land.....	140	Jesus, I long for thee.....	125
God bless our school.....	71	Jesus is here.....	84
God of my life.....	83	Jesus is mine.....	21
Going home.....	138	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	107
Grace is free.....	19	Jesus loves me.....	17
Happy Day.....	132	Jesus, make me faithful.....	98
Hark! hark! the battle cry...	122	Jesus my all.....	125
Hark! the gentle spirit pleading	5	Jesus once lay in a manger....	40
Heaven is bright.....	42	Jesus only.....	18
Heaven of Rest.....	13	Jesus paid it all.....	73
Heber.....	91	Jesus, tender Saviour.....	75
Here is no rest.....	101	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	119
Here o'er the earth as a stranger	101	Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....	133
Here we throng to praise the Lord.....	113	Jesus will welcome me.....	96
Home.....	116	Jewels.....	79
Home of the blest.....	59	Joy among the angels.....	22
Homeward bound.....	128	Joyful, joyful now I resign....	8
Hosanna to his name .....	30	Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.....	137
How charming is the place....	99	Keep on praying.....	4
How happy every child of grace	123	Like the heroes who gave us the land.....	95
How I long to be like Jesus...	114	Little birds of the forest.....	46
I am waiting by the river.....	59	Little modest violet blue.....	115
I do believe.....	132	Little Things.....	115
If I come to Jesus.....	31	Long my spirit pined in sorrow.	4
I hear my Saviour say.....	93	Looking unto Jesus.....	38
I know that heaven is bright..	42	Lord, at thy mercy-seat .....	125
I'll sing of Jesus crucified ....	34	Lord, I hear of showers of blessings.....	90
I'll sing with angels.....	26	Lord, I perish; save, I cried...	19
I love Jesus.....	136	Lord, the way is cold and dreary	9
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	67	Love at home.....	100
I love to think of heaven.....	134	Marching on to glory.....	6
I'm a pilgrim.....	136	Marching Song.....	122
I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross.....	32	Martyn.....	107
I'm going to be a soldier.....	57	Mary to the Saviour's tomb....	107
I'm kneeling at the door.....	70	Mercy's free. ....	124
I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate.....	70	Merry, merry chiming bells....	116
I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill	56	'Mid the pastures green of the blessed isles.....	89
In that happy land.....	49		
In the Christian's home in glory	110		
In the cross of Christ I glory..	121		
Ives.....	103		

	PAGE		PAGE
Mine the cross and thine the glory.....	50	Ring, sweetly ring.....	20
Missionary Hymn.....	131	Rock of Ages.....	128
More like Jesus.....	37	Sabbath Bells.....	20
Mount Pisgah.....	129	Shall I be there.....	36
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	119	Shall we gather at the river... 102	
My country, 'tis of thee.....	140	Shall we know each other there	86
My days are gliding swiftly by	118	Shining Shore.....	118
My heavenly home is bright		Shout the glad tidings.....	126
and fair.....	138	Singing for Jesus.....	92
My rest is in heaven.....	52	Slow to anger, full of kindness.	27
My soul with rapture waits for		Softly on the breath of evening.	63
thee.....	66	Soldiers for Jesus.....	43
My spirit in hope is rejoicing...	96	Soldier of the Cross.....	32
Nearer, my God, to thee.....	99	Speak, and we will hear.....	45
Nearer my home.....	104	Speak for Jesus.....	65
Never give up.....	43	Speak from thy holy word....	45
No sorrow there.....	134	St. Thomas.....	99
Nothing but leaves.....	41	Sweet Land of Rest.....	135
Nothing either great or small... 78		Sweetly sing.....	108
O come to Jesus now.....	84	Take thy children home.....	29
O happy day, that fixed my		Tell me, watchman on the steep	88
choice.....	132	The Angel Boatman.....	10
O heaven, dear heaven.....	123	The Angel's Welcome.....	52
O how my spirit longs for thee.	85	The Banner of Jesus.....	95
O land of rest, for thee I sigh.. 25		The Bible.....	44
Oh could I with the angels sing	26	The Convert's Song.....	8
Oh, shall I wear a starless		The Golden Rule.....	127
crown.....	33	The Gospel Ship.....	106
Once more, my soul.....	111	The Happy Land.....	111
On our way to glory.....	14	The Happy Long Ago.....	16
One by one we cross the river.. 10		The Invitation.....	40
Only just across the river.....	62	The Jasper Sea.....	97
Our Father, who art in heaven.	91	The Lambs of the Upper Fold.	89
Our Jesus.....	46	The Lord is my Shepherd.....	87
Out on an ocean all boundless.. 128		The Lord's Prayer.....	91
Over on the other side.....	62	The morning light is breaking.. 131	
Passing away.....	109	The One Petition.....	83
Peterborough.....	111	The Orphan Wanderer.....	60
Pilgrim, rest awhile.....	9	The Pilgrim's Journey.....	27
Pilgrim, watch and pray.....	63	The Polar Star.....	48
Press onward.....	54	The Saviour calls, let every ear	91
Redeeming Love.....	77	The Stone rolled away.....	12
Remember me.....	133	The Sweetest Name.....	114
Rest for the weary.....	110	There is a happy land.....	111
Return, O wanderer, to thy		There is beauty all around.... 100	
home.....	138	There is a name the prophets	
		know.....	114
		There is a realm where Jesus	
		reigns.....	39

	PAGE		PAGE
There is joy among the angels..	22	We're trav'ling home to heaven	
There's a home for us in glory.	72	above .....	134
They are waiting by the shore.	16	We're listed in that holy war..	68
Thine eye can see.....	55	Webb.....	131
'Tis the season of Christmas ..	74	Welcome Home.....	39
To be like Jesus.....	114	We love the Sabbath School...	94
To-day, if you will hear his voice	109	What is it shows my soul the	
To do to others as I would....	127	way.....	44
Trav'lers in a desert land.....	14	When Christ was journeying	
		here below.....	30
Up and doing.....	51	When he cometh.....	79
Up for thy life, young soul.....	47	When saints gather round thee.	36
		When the morning light.....	69
Waiting by the River.....	7	When torn is the bosom.....	116
Watching, hoping, praying.....	81	When we hear the music	
We are a group of happy		ringing.....	86
children.....	94	When we've crossed the Jasper	
We are trav'ling home to heaven	49	sea.....	97
We are waiting by the river...	9	While walking the vale.....	13
Weak and sinful, O my Father.	80	Who are these in bright array..	113
We'll wait till Jesus comes....	25	Who is he in yonder stall.....	76
Weary not, my brother.....	38	Will you go.....	134
Weary wand'rer o'er the main	48	Why do we linger.....	29
We're happy, dear Saviour....	12	Work, for the night is coming..	120



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