

**SABBATH SCHOOL GEMS**

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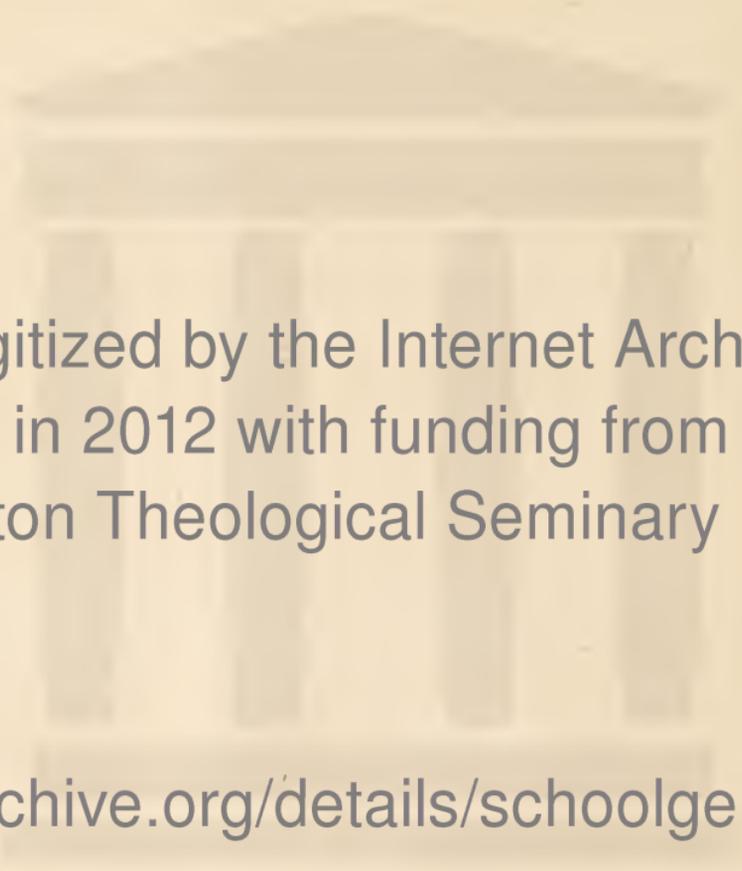
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SABBATH SCHOOL GEMS  
OF  
MUSIC AND POETRY:

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE  
SABBATH SCHOOL.

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BY J. & A. CRUIKSHANK.

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REVISED EDITION.

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# P R E F A C E .

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THE SABBATH SCHOOL is a place of deep and affecting interest to every faithful follower of the Lord Jesus; for it opens to the young, in the most attractive form, the rich treasures of the Gospel, feeds them with the bread of life, points them to the realms of glory, and sends them on their way rejoicing.

Being peculiar in its character, it requires peculiar means to carry it forward successfully. All who have had experience in its labors know something of the value of appropriate music as one of those means.

Such pieces as "Here we suffer grief and pain," "Immanuel," "There is a happy land," "Here we throng to praise the Lord," "I am bound to the land of Canaan," and those of a similar character, when sung with spirit, exert a powerful influence in elevating the taste and in

moulding the affections of the young. They often touch the hidden spring of emotion in the soul, and bring out the voice with surprising power and sweetness.

Most of the music in ordinary use in the Christian church in our land, finds, in general, but a feeble response in the hearts of children, simply because it is not adapted to their wants. This fact, long clearly seen and felt, led some noble minds, deeply imbued with the spirit of the Master when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," to supply the need; and the result of their labors is, that we now have a large number of beautiful pieces arranged expressly for the Sabbath School, and in every way suited to its wants.

These beautiful gems lie scattered through the various publications and papers of the day, and

need to be gathered up in some permanent form for preservation and use; for there is much in them well fitted to arrest the attention of the young, and turn away their thoughts from the childish things of earth to the great and sublime mysteries of Redemption, as unfolded in the Holy Scriptures, and carried out in the affecting sacrifice of the Lord of Glory on the Mount of Calvary.

A sufficient number of old and familiar pieces, selected from those that have become favorites with all classes, are embraced in this work to give it variety. The pieces generally take their title from the sentiment of the poetry, and not from the music; so that the distinctive character of each may be known at a glance.

The poetry near the close of the book has a reference to such tunes as are believed to be suitable, but this arrangement will not of course affect the judicious leader in his selection of such other tunes as he may think more suitable, or with which he may be more familiar.

The music of the Sabbath School should, to a great extent, be of a lively and cheerful cast, and sung with much spirit, otherwise, it will fail to interest, as experience has fully demonstrated.

In preparing this work the authors have drawn largely from the invaluable publications of Hastings, Bradbury, Mason, Pond, and S. S. Union.

Since the previous edition of this work was published, it has been re-modeled and altered so as to add much to its usefulness; and it has also been enriched by a large number of compositions of a high order, some of which have never before been published.

As the Sabbath School is founded on the principle of love to God and love to man, and does not therefore ordinarily admit of any pecuniary compensation to those who labor in extending its blessings, this work will be furnished at the simple cost of publishing, the authors esteeming it an honor to contribute in any degree to the advancement of an Institution justly ranked among the noblest of the earth.

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### Psalm xciv.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise to him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods.

In his hands are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God, and we the people of his pasture, and sheep of his hand.

To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness, when your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation and said, It is a people that do err in their hearts, and that have not known my ways, to whom I sware in my wrath, that they should not enter into my rest.

### Matthew v.

AND seeing the multitudes, he ascended a mountain, and when he was seated, his disciples came to him.

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you.

# SABBATH MORNING.

1. Awake! Awake! your bed forsake, To God your praises pay; The morning sun is clear and bright, How

precious is the sacred light! With songs of love, Praise God a-bove; It is the Sab-bath' day.

2.

Before the morn  
 Awaked the dawn,  
 The blessed Saviour rose;  
 He conquered death and left the grave,  
 While soft across the placid wave,  
 The morning star  
 Shone forth afar;  
 And vanquished all his foes.

3.

The angels bright,  
 From worlds of light,  
 To greet his rising came;  
 The prince of life with joy they view,  
 While heaven its glories o'er him threw;  
 Then haste to fly  
 Above the sky,  
 Their raptures to proclaim.

## THE ROSY LIGHT IS DAWNING. 7's &amp; 6's.

1. The ro - sy light is dawn - ing up - on the moun-tain's brow; It is the Sab - bath

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

morn - ing, A - rise and pay thy vow: Lift up thy voice to heav - en, In

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

sa - cred praise and prayer, While un - to thee is giv - en, The light of life to share.

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

**The Rosy Light is Dawning.**

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

**To Thee, O Blessed Saviour.**

11

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour,  
Our grateful songs we raise ;  
O tune our hearts and voices  
Thy holy name to praise ;  
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy  
We're here allowed to meet ;  
To join with friends and teachers,  
Thy blessing to entreat.
2. Lord, guide and bless our teachers,  
Who labor for our good,  
And may the Holy Scriptures  
By us be understood ;  
O may our hearts be given  
To thee, our glorious King ;  
That we may meet in heaven,  
Thy praises there to sing .
3. And may the precious gospel  
Be published all abroad,  
Till the benighted heathen  
Shall know and serve the Lord ;  
Till o'er the wide creation  
The rays of truth shall shine,  
And nations now in darkness  
Arise to light divine.

## AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. The morn - ing sky is bright and clear; A - way to Sab - bath school;  
 Let each one in the class ap - pear; A - way to Sab - bath school;  
 A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sab - bath school.

'Tis there we learn His ho - ly word, And find the road that leads to God:

Repeat 1st Part.

2.

In season let us all be there;  
 Away to Sabbath school;  
 That we may join the opening prayer;  
 Away to Sabbath school;  
 There we can raise our hearts to heaven,  
 And praise the Lord for blessings given.  
 Away, away, away, away,  
 Away to Sabbath school.

SCHOLARS.

SCHOLARS  
& TEACHERS.

3.

When each at night shall go to prayer,  
 We'll ask our God above  
 To extend o'er teachers his kind care  
 And crown them with his love.  
 And when on earth our time is sped,  
 And we are numbered with the dead,  
 If faithful, we shall meet above;  
 We all shall meet above.

PUNCTUALITY. L. M.

1. The clock has struck, I can - not stay, O let me rise and haste a - way;

I'll quit my bed, and leave my home, The hour of school at length is come.

2.

O, shall my teachers wait in vain,  
 While my neglect must give them pain?  
 No, let me rather strive to be  
 First of their little family.

3.

These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,  
 And I shall go to school no more;  
 I would not then endure the pain  
 Of having spent my time in vain.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL. C. M.

TEACHERS.] To Sab - bath school, to Sab - bath school, Ye chil - dren haste a - way; Be

ear - ly at the Sab - bath school, Nor ev - er stop to play, Nor ev - er stop to play.

2.

## CHILDREN.

At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,  
 This precious holy day,  
 We'll careful be at Sabbath school,  
 Our lessons well to say

3.

## CHORUS.

At Sabbath school, at Sabbath school,  
 It is the place of prayer ;  
 We'll solemn be at Sabbath school,  
 For God himself is there!

# HOW PLEASANT IS THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

15

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

1. On Sab-bath morning, O how pleas-ant To come to Sab - bath school!

When ev'-ry hap - py child is pre - sent, And ev'-ry seat is full.

2.

For there we meet each gentle teacher,  
Without a frown or rod;  
And sometimes, too, our dear, kind preacher,  
Who speaks to us of God.

3.

But, best of all, the lowly Saviour  
Is where his children meet,  
Who show, by quiet, meek behavior,  
They're sitting at his feet.

4.

How sweet, when all are lowly bending,  
To ask His blessing there;  
Or when in praise our voices blending,  
Thank him who hears the prayer.

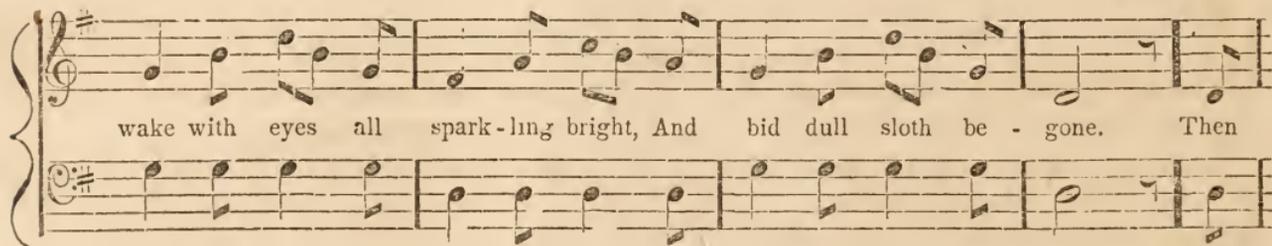
5.

And when life's Sabbaths all are ended,  
We all may meet above,  
Where He for us hath now ascended,  
Our father's house of love.

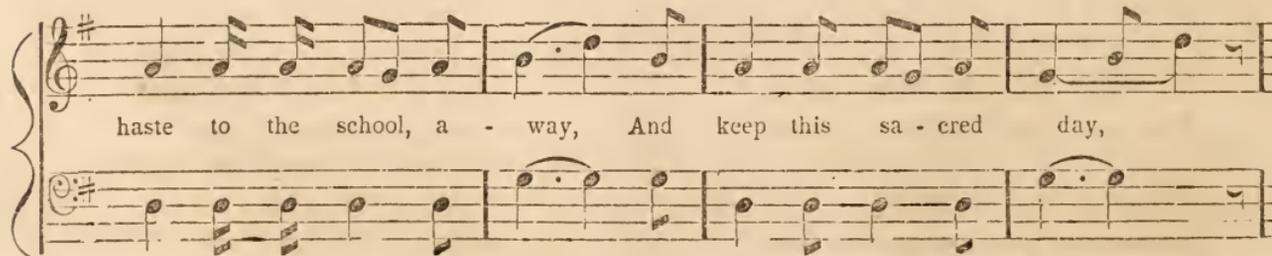
## INVITATION TO SABBATH SCHOOL.



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



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



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

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

2.

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

3.

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

2

4.

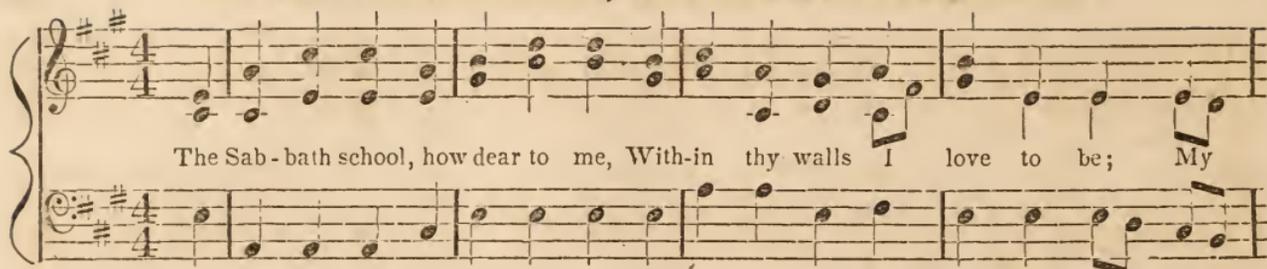
Then in the temple of the Lord,  
 That consecrated place,  
 We'll listen to God's holy word,  
 And seek his pard'ning grace :  
 Then haste to the school, away, &c.

5.

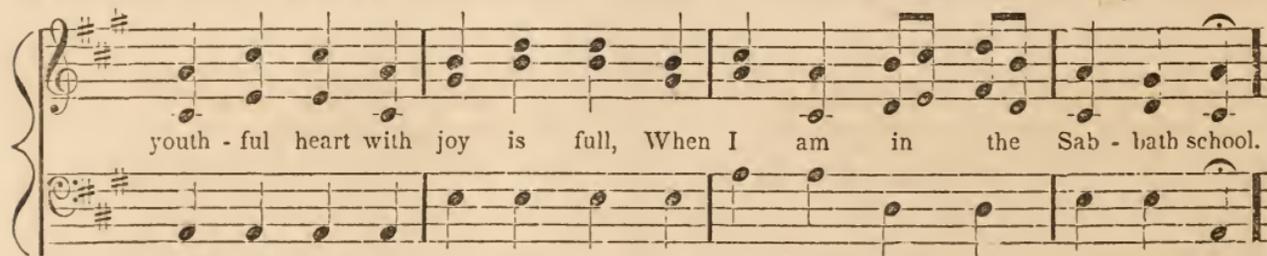
Then with united heart and voice,  
 Our song to God we'll raise,  
 While millions more with us rejoice,  
 And join in prayer and praise :  
 Then haste to the school, away, &c.

1

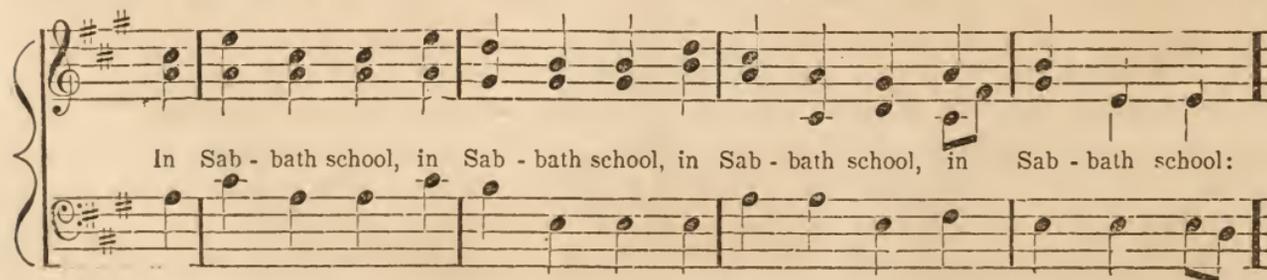
## THE SABBATH SCHOOL, HOW DEAR TO ME. L. M.



The Sab - bath school, how dear to me, With - in thy walls I love to be; My



youth - ful heart with joy is full, When I am in the Sab - bath school.



In Sab - bath school, in Sab - bath school, in Sab - bath school, in Sab - bath school:

# THE SABBATH SCHOOL, HOW DEAR TO ME—Continued.

19

The musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef on the top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

My youth - ful heart with joy is full, When I am in the Sab - bath school.

2.

'Tis here that I am taught to read  
 God's holy word, and feel the need  
 Of quick'ning grace and pard'ning love,  
 To fit me for yon heaven above.  
 In Sabbath school, &c.

3.

'Tis here that I am taught to pray,  
 And love God's holy Sabbath day;  
 To sing his praise, and learn his will,  
 And all my duties to fulfil:  
 In Sabbath school, &c.

4.

'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,  
 That he for me was crucified;  
 That he my blessed soul has bought:  
 These blessed truths I here am taught.  
 In Sabbath school, &c.

5.

These golden hours will soon be o'er,  
 And I shall go to school no more;  
 So I'm resolved to form the plan,  
 To strive and profit all I can.  
 In Sabbath school, &c.

6.

Oh, let my songs and praises rise,  
 Like grateful incense to the skies,  
 For that rich grace so free, so full,  
 That brought me to the Sabbath school,  
 In Sabbath school, &c.

## SABBATH DAY WELCOME. C. M.

1. O wel-come! wel - - come! ho - ly day, Ap - point-ed by our God, When

wea - ry souls may sing and pray, And search His ho - - ly word!

2.

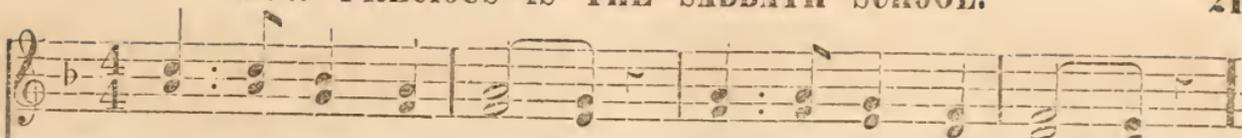
3.

4.

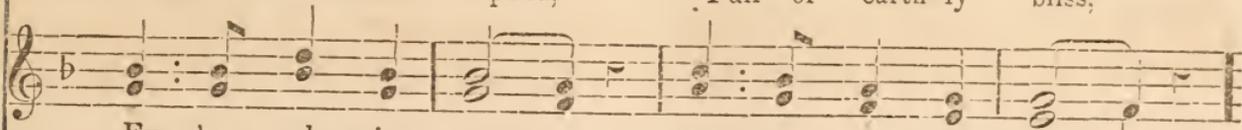
O welcome! holy Sabbath day, On which that word is given; To youthful souls, the only way To endless bliss in heaven.	Great day of rest! all glorious hour! On which God's only Son Arose from death, regain'd with power His high eternal throne.	O, when our Sabbaths here shall end, Be ours the sweet employ, With thee the holy time to spend 'n realms of endless joy.
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# HOW PRECIOUS IS THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

21

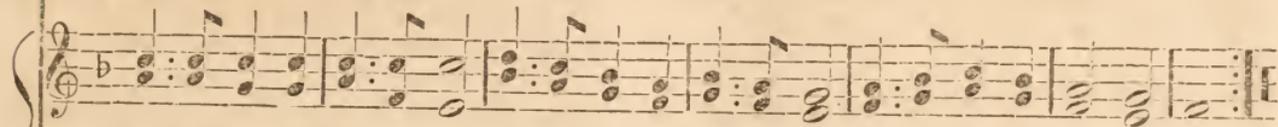


1. All the week we spend, Full of earth-ly bliss,

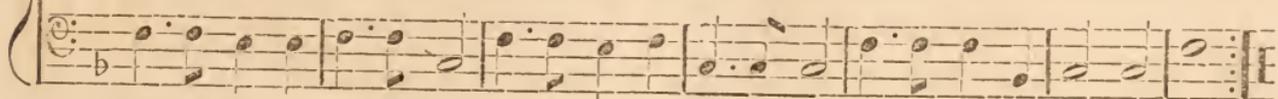


Ev - 'ry chang-ing scene Brings its hap - pi - ness;

**Chorus.**



Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath school, Had we not the Sabbath school!



2.

Lovely is the dawn  
Of each rising day,  
Loveliest the morn  
Of the Sabbath day;  
Then our youthful thoughts are full  
Of the precious Sabbath school!

3.

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

4.

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

## THE MORNING OF REST. 11's.

How sweet is the Sab - bath, the morn - ing of rest; The day of the

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "How sweet is the Sab - bath, the morn - ing of rest; The day of the".

week which I sure - ly love best; The morn - ing my Sa - viour a -

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "week which I sure - ly love best; The morn - ing my Sa - viour a -".

rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom.

The third system of musical notation, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom."

1.

How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest ;  
The day of the week which I surely love best ;  
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,  
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2.

O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,  
And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;  
Remembering these seasons were graciously given  
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3.

In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,  
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;  
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,  
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4.

Instruct me, my Saviour ; a child though I be,  
I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;  
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,  
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee  
the praise.

1.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near ;  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2.

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?  
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.

3.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day :  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad  
flight ;  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

## WHERE DO CHILDREN LOVE TO GO.

1. Where do chil - dren love to go When the win - try bree - zes blow? What is

it at-tracts them so? 'T is the Sun - day school.

2.

Where do children love to be  
 When the summer birds we see  
 Warbling praise on every tree?  
 In the Sunday school.

3.

Where are they so kindly taught  
 Who should rule in every thought,  
 What the blood of Christ has bought?  
 In the Sunday school.

4.

May we love this holy day,  
 Love to sing, and read, and pray,  
 Find salvation's narrow way  
 In the Sunday school.

1. Ma - ker of the Sab - bath day, Teach us how to praise and pray; Thou this bles - sed

day hast given, To pre - pare our souls for heaven.

2.

Giver of eternal rest,  
Be thy glorious gospel blest;  
Thou alone canst change the heart,  
Thou alone canst peace impart.

3.

Ruler of the earth and sky,  
Lord of all below, on high;  
Make the young, as well as old,  
Sheep of thy eternal fold.

4.

Friend of children, hear our prayer;  
Let no trifling feelings dare  
Steal the precious hours away,  
Of the sacred Sabbath day.

## HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH. 8's.

1. How sweet is the Sab - bath to me, The day when the Sa - vour a - rose;  
 'Tis hea - ven his beau - ties to see, And in his soft arms to re - pose;  
 But if he will make me his child, I'll nev - er for - sake him a - gain.

Repeat 1st Part.  
 He knows I am weak and de - filed, My life is but emp - ty and vain;

2.

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

3.

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

While God invites, how blest the day! L. M.

(Tune on page 13, or 18.)

1.

While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

2.

While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and peace is given;  
But soon, ah soon! approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

3.

Soon, borne on time's untiring wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your souls shall bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

4.

In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5.

While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away  
While yet a pardoning God is found!

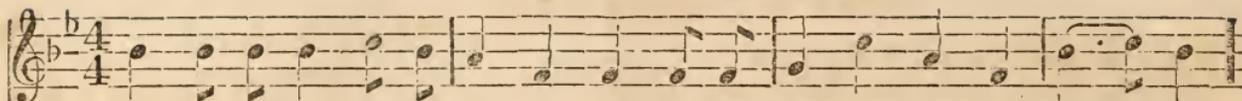
The Light of Sabbath Eve. 6's.

27

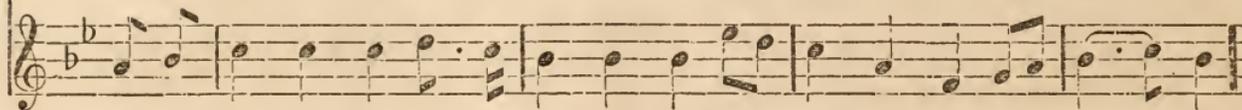
(Tune on page 38, or 89.)

1. The light of Sabbath eve  
Is fading fast away;  
What record will it leave,  
To crown the closing day?  
Is it a Sabbath spent,  
Of fruitless time destroyed?  
Or have these moments lent,  
Been sacredly employed?
2. How dreadful and how drear,  
In you dark world of pain,  
Will Sabbaths lost appear,  
That cannot come again.  
Then in that hopeless place,  
The wretched soul will say,  
"I had those hours of grace,  
But cast them all away."
3. To waste these Sabbath hours,  
O may we never dare!  
Nor taint with thoughts of ours  
These sacred days of prayer;  
But may our Sabbaths here  
Inspire our hearts with love;  
And prove a foretaste clear  
Of that sweet rest above.

## SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

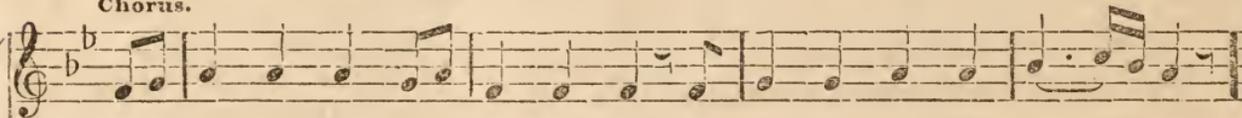


1. Ho - ly and bright is the soft - en'd light Of the Sab - bath eve - ning o'er us ;

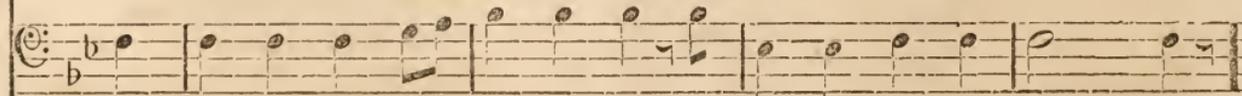
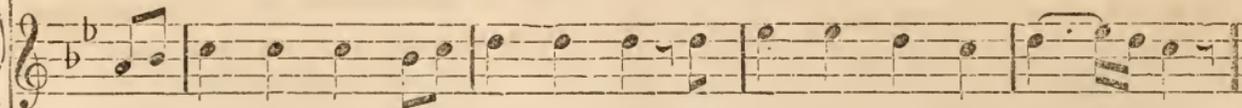


Then with calm de - light will we sing to - night, Our ves - per hymn in cho - rus!

## Chorus.



We'll sing the love of God a - bove, Who sent his Son to save us,



SABBATH EVENING HYMN—Continued.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment staff.

With sa - cri - fice be - yond all price, E - ter - nal life he gave us.

2.

Pilgrims are we in this world of sin,  
 And our path-way filled with sorrow ;  
 But we'll firmly tread in the steps he led,  
 And fear not for the morrow.

We'll sing, &c.

3.

With heaven in view, let our hearts be true  
 In Christ, whose blood hath bought us,  
 With an inward strife, and a lowly life,  
 We'll follow as he taught us.

We'll sing, &c.

4.

Grace for the day, and strength for the way,  
 His presence will afford us ;  
 With our hope secure, and the promise sure,  
 That soon he will reward us.

We'll sing, &c.

5.

On let us press in the heavenly race,  
 With patient faith untiring ;  
 All the warfare done, we'll obtain the crown  
 Of steadfast hearts aspiring.

We'll sing, &c.

# JUVENILE PRAISE. 7's & 6's.

1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing; To Zi - on Je - sus came, } Nor did their zeal of -  
 The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - na to his name. }

send him, But as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him, And smil'd to hear their song.

2.

And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love for children still;  
 Though now as King he reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill:  
 We'll flock around his banner,  
 Who sits upon the throne;  
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son."

3.

For should we fail proclaiming,  
 Our great Redeemer's praise;  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Might well hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words!  
 No! while our hearts are tender,  
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

# HOLY BIBLE. 7's.

31

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

Close with 1st Line.

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

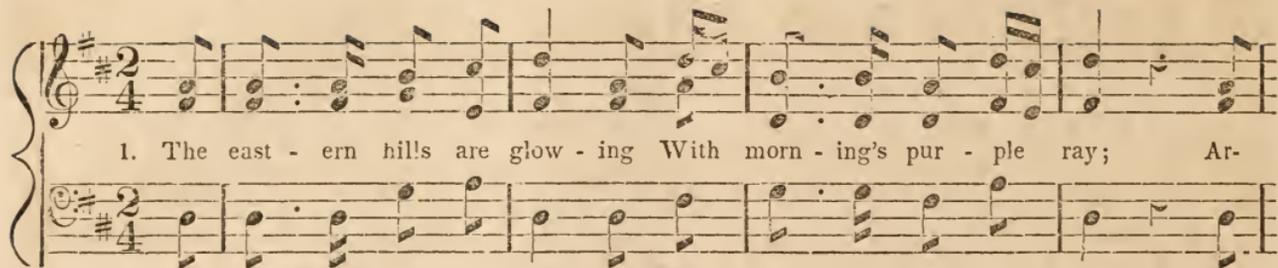
3.

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

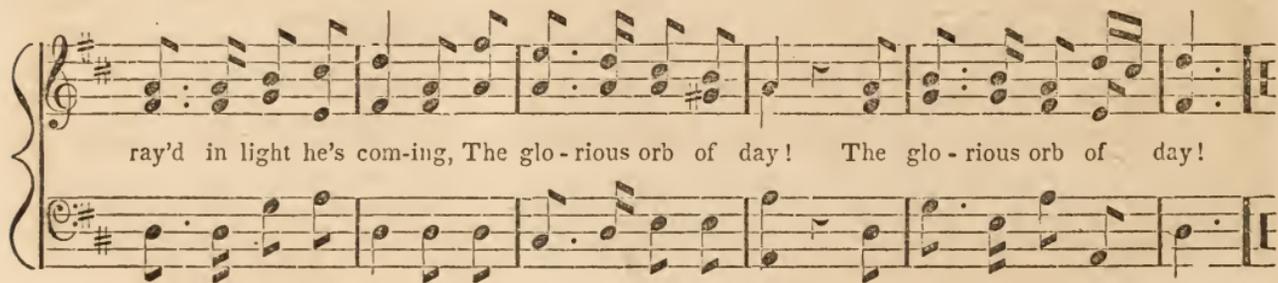
4.

Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
 And the rebel sinner's doom:  
 O, thou precious book divine!  
 Precious treasure! thou art mine!  
 Holy Bible, &c.

## MORNING HYMN.



1. The east - ern hills are glow - ing With morn - ing's pur - ple ray; Ar-



ray'd in light he's com-ing, The glo - rious orb of day! The glo - rious orb of day!

2.

All hail! thou constant emblem  
Of Him who dwells above!  
Of Him so great and glorious!  
And yet so full of love.

3.

How nature now rejoices,  
With life and beauty new!  
On every grass-blade twinkles  
The pearly drop of dew.

4.

How good is He who made thee,  
Thou glorious orb of day!  
With grateful hearts we'll praise Him,  
In morning's earliest ray.

# THE HAPPY MEETING.

33

*Soft.*

1. Here we suf-fer grief and pain, Here we meet to part a - gain, In heaven we part no more.

**Chorus.**

O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful joy-ful, joy-ful, O! that will be joy-ful, When we meet to part no more.

2.

All who love the Lord below,  
When they die to heaven will go,  
And sing with saints above.  
O! that will be joyful! &c.

3.

Little children will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From every Sunday school.  
O! that will be joyful! &c.

3

4.

O! how happy we shall be!  
For our Saviour we shall see,  
Exalted on his throne!  
O! that will be joyful! &c.

5.

There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ, the Lord.  
O! that will be joyful! &c.

## COME, YE SINNERS. 8's &amp; 7's.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and nee - dy, weak and woun - ded, sick and sore;  
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power;

Repeat 1st Part.

2.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Hasten! at his footstool fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

3.

Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will' not this suffice?

# THE GOSPEL TRUMPET SOUNDS. 8's & 4's.

35

1. Hark, hark! the gos-pel trumpet sounds, Through earth and heaven the echo bounds; Par - don and

peace by Je - sus' blood! Sin - ners are rec - on-ciled to God, By grace di - vine.

2.

Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,  
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;  
Mercy and justice here combine,  
Goodness and truth harmonious join,  
T' invite you near.

3.

Ye saints in glory strike the lyre;  
Ye mortals catch the sacred fire;  
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim:  
For ever worthy is the Lamb,  
Of endless praise.

## LITTLE PILGRIM. C. M.

1. There is a path that leads to God, A' l oth - ers go as - tray;  
 2. It leads straight through this world of sin, And dan - gers must be past;

Nar - row and dif - fi - cult the road, But Chris - tians love the way.  
 But those who bold - ly walk there - in, Will come to heaven at last.

3.

While the broad road where thousands go,  
 Lies near, and opens fair;  
 And many turn aside, I know,  
 To walk with sinners there

4.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,  
 Or wander from thy way,  
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
 And I shall never stray.

# WORTHY THE LAMB. C. M. D.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne;  
 Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
**Close.]** Wor - thy the Lamb, our lips re - ply, For he was slain for us.

Wor - thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus!

3.

Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and power divine;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

4.

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

1. Dark night a - way hath roll'd, Glad birds are soar - ing high;

The sun, with rays of gold, Looks from the daz - zling sky.

2.

Teach me to thank the Power,  
Whose hand sustains me so:  
Who o'er each fragrant flower  
Bids dews of mercy flow.

3.

O, raise my heart above,  
Where angel hosts adore;  
I'll praise thee for thy love,  
And count thy mercies o'er.

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

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy woun - ded side that - flowed, *Repeat 1st Part.*

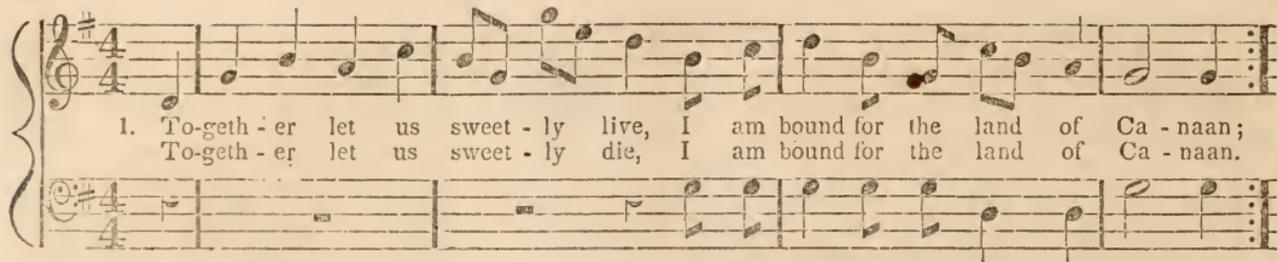
2.

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

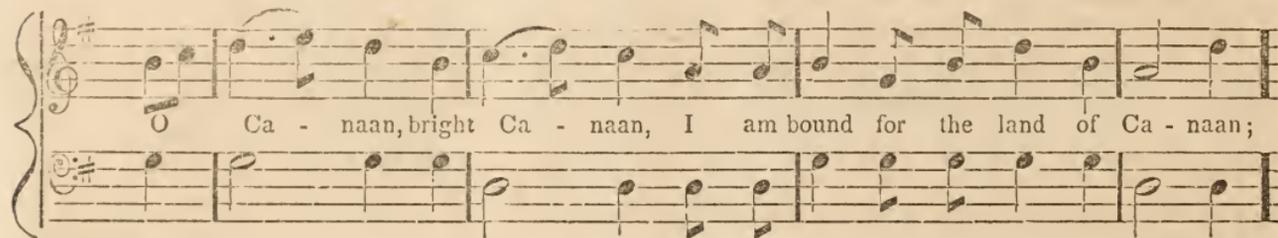
3.

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

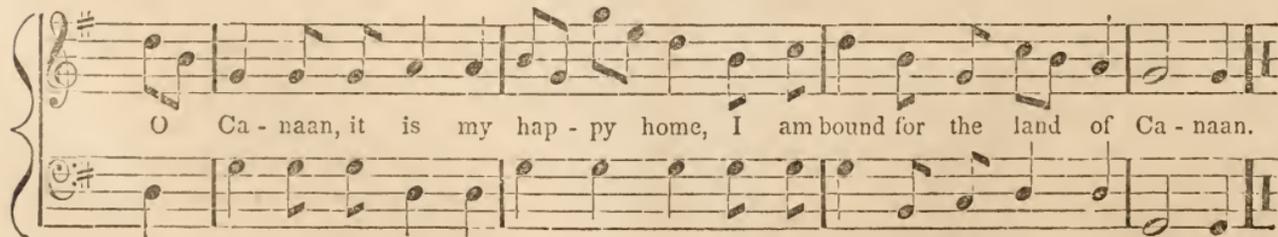
## I AM BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.



1. To-gether let us sweet-ly live, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan;  
To-gether let us sweet-ly die, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.



O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan;



O Ca-naan, it is my hap-py home, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.

Canaan—Continued.

2.

If you get there before I do,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;  
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O, Canaan, &c.

3.

Part of my friends the prize have won,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;  
And I'm resolved to travel on,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O, Canaan, &c.

4.

Then come with me, beloved friend,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;  
The joys of heaven shall never end,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O, Canaan, &c.

5.

Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;  
While higher still our joys they rise,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O, Canaan, &c.

The Redeemed in Heaven. 7 s.

41

(Tune on page 25, or 115.)

1. What are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;  
New dominion every hour."
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 dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispel all fears ;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

## REST FOR THE WEARY. S. M.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

2.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh!  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3.

Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4.

There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5.

Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone!

# THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

43

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

2.  
What teaches me I'm bound to love  
The glorious God who reigns above,  
And that I may his goodness prove?  
It is the precious Bible.

3.  
What is it gives my spirit rest,  
When with the cares of earth oppressed,  
And points to regions of the blest?  
It is the precious Bible.

4.  
What tells me that I soon must die,  
And to the throne of judgment fly,  
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?  
It is the precious Bible.

5.  
Oh may this treasure ever be  
The best of all on earth to me,  
And still new beauties may I see  
In this the precious Bible.

## PRAISE YE THE LORD. 10's.

1. O praise ye the Lord, Pre-pare a new song, And let all his saints In full cho-rus join;

With voi-ces u - ni - ted, The anthem prolong, And show forth his praises In mu - sic di - vine.

2.

Let us his great name  
Devoutly adore,  
In music divine  
His praises express,  
Who graciously opens  
His bountiful store,  
Our wants to relieve  
And our spirits to bless.

3.

The angels above  
His glories shall sing,  
His people below  
Shall publish his praise;  
Their loud acclamations  
To Jesus their King,  
Through earth shall re-echo  
And reach to the skies.

# MARY AT THE SAVIOUR'S TOMB. 7's.

45

1. Ma - ry to the Sa - viour's tomb, Has - ted at the ear - ly dawn;  
 Spice she brought, and rich per - fume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone;  
 Close.] Trem-bling, while a plen - teous flood Is - sued from her stream - ing eyes.

**Repeat 1st Part.**

For a - while she weep - ing stood, Struck with sor - row and sur - prise,

2.

But her sorrow quickly fled,  
 When she heard his welcome voice;  
 Just before, she thought him dead—  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.

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

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD 11's.

1. 'The Lord is my Shep-herd, how hap-py am I! How ten-der and watchful my wants to sup-ply!  
2. The Lord is my Shep-herd, then I must o - bey His gra-cious commandment, and walk in his way.

He dai - ly pro-vides me with rai-ment and food, What-e'er he de-nies me is meant for my good.  
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll re - new, And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll sub - due.

3.

The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!  
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die,  
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,  
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said.

4.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," I'll sing with delight,  
Till called to adore him in regions of light;  
Then praise him, with angels, to bright harps of gold,  
And ever and ever his glory behold.

# THE HAPPY LAND.

47

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

O, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for ever.

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 ever.

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 ever.

## CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6's &amp; 4's.

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait for to - mor-row, Yield thee to - day ;

Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room ; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

1.

Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Fill'd with dismay,  
 Wait not for to-morrow,  
 Yield thee to-day ;  
 Heav'n bids thee come,  
 While yet there's room ;  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Hear and obey.

2.

Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why wilt thou die ?  
 Come, while thou canst borrow,  
 Help from on high :  
 Grieve not that love,  
 Which from above,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Would bring thee nigh.

# TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

1. To - day the Sa - viour calls! Ye wand - 'ers come; O,

ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?

2.

To-day the Saviour calls!  
O, listen now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3.

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

4

4.

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

## CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT. 8's 7's &amp; 4's.

1. Lo! he comes, in clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored sinners slain ; } Hal - le -  
 Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train : }

lu - jah ; Je - sus shall for - ev - er reign, Halle - lu - jah ; Je - sus shall for - ev - er reign !

2.

Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at nought, and sold him,  
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3.

Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
 All who hate him, must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;  
 Come to judgment !—  
 Come to judgment—come away !

CHRIST, OUR SACRIFICE. S. M.

51

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain,

Could give the guilt-y con-science ease, Or wash a-way the stain!

2.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away—  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they!

3.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4.

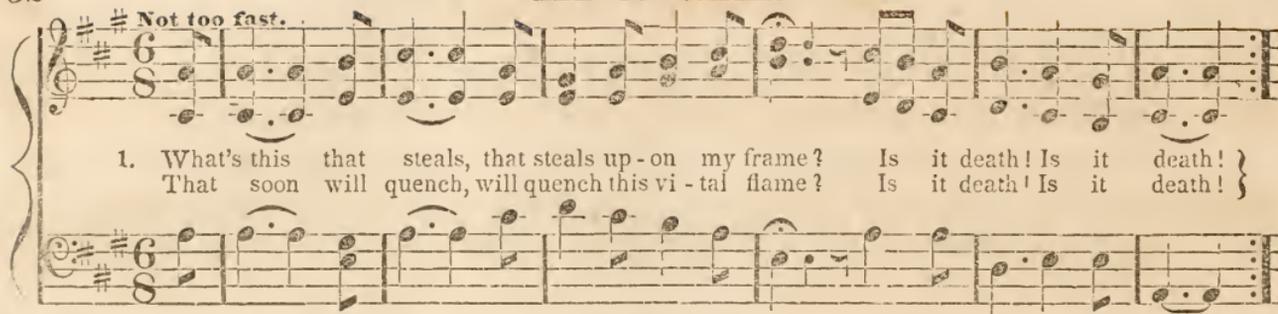
My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree;  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5.

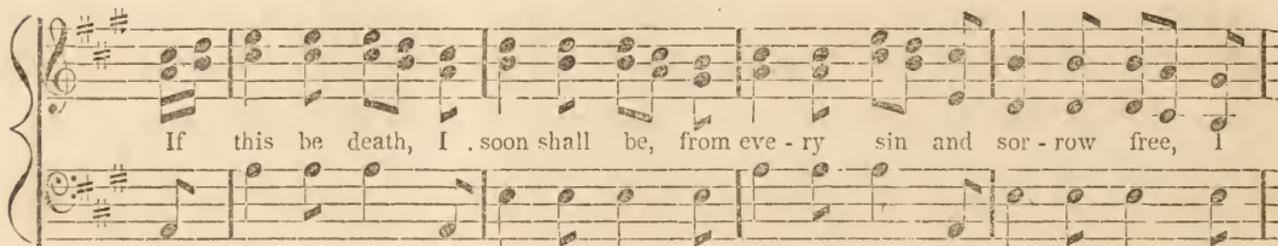
Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love!

## ALL IS WELL.

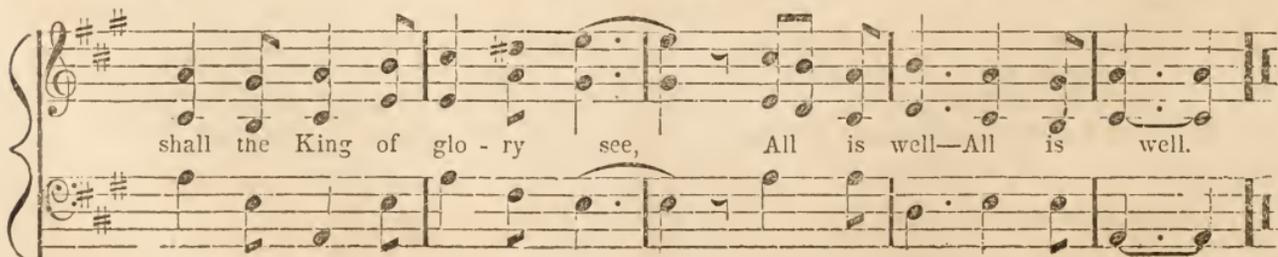
Not too fast.



1. What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame? Is it death! Is it death! }  
That soon will quench, will quench this vi-tal flame? Is it death! Is it death! }



If this be death, I soon shall be, from eve-ry sin and sor-row free, I



shall the King of glo-ry see, All is well—All is well.

2.

Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me,  
 All is well, all is well ;  
 My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,  
 All is well, all is well ;  
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,  
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes ;  
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,  
 All is well, all is well.

3.

Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in  
 All is well, all is well ; [glory,  
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,  
 All is well, all is well ;  
 Bright angels have from glory come,  
 They're round my bed, they're in my room,  
 They wait to waft my spirit home,  
 All is well, all is well.

4.

Hark, hark ! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls  
 All is well, all is well ; [me,  
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,  
 All is well, all is well ;  
 Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu !  
 I can no longer stay with you,  
 My glittering crown appears in view,  
 All is well, all is well.

5.

Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ! ye blood-washed  
 Saved by grace, saved by grace ; [throng,  
 I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,  
 Saved by grace, saved by grace ;  
 All, all is peace and joy divine,  
 All heaven and glory now are mine ;  
 O, hallelujah to the Lamb,  
 All is well, all is well.

## THE ROYAL DIADEM. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall ; Bring forth the royal diadem,

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all!

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The melody concludes with a final cadence.

2.

Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring ;  
 Ye children, great and small,  
 Hosanna sing to Christ your King ;  
 O, crown him Lord of all !

3.

This Jesus will your sins forgive,  
 O haste ! before him fall ;  
 For you he died, that you might live  
 To crown him Lord of all !

# THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT. C. M.

55

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross. A fol - low'r of the Lamb?

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

2.

Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3.

Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4.

Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

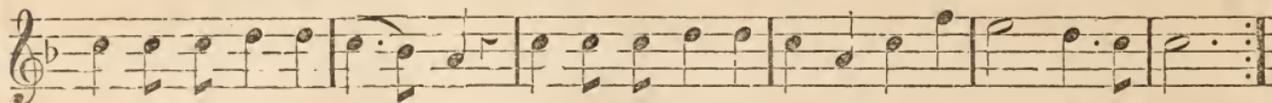
5.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine!

## HOSANNA.—A Response.\*

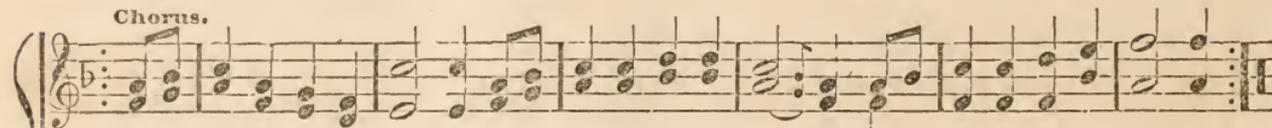


Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na,

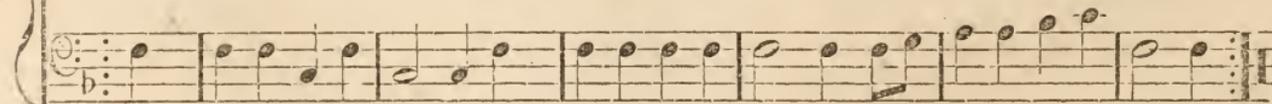


Bles-sed is he that com - eth, Bles-sed is he that com - eth in the name of the Lord.

## Chorus.



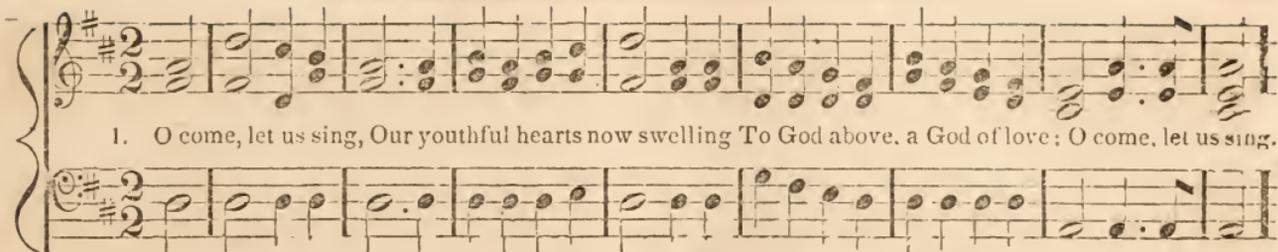
Ho - san-na in the high-est, Ho - san-na in the high - est, Ho - san-na in the high - est.



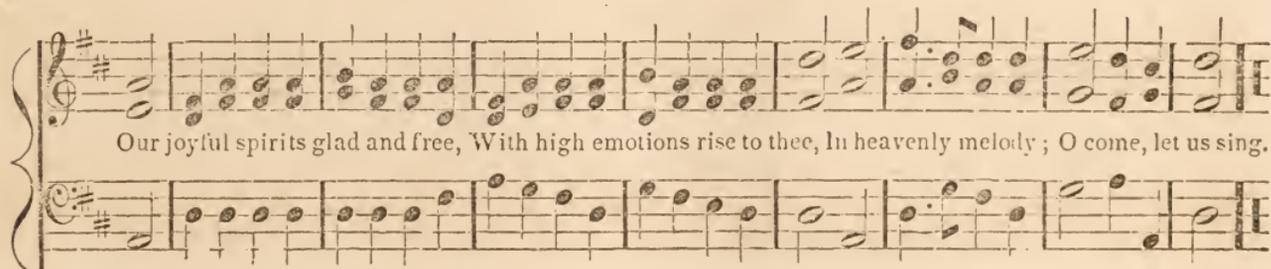
\* Let the school be divided, and one portion sing the first strain ; let the other division repeat the same, and then let the whole join in the chorus.

# O COME, LET US SING! 5's, 7's & 8's.

57



1. O come, let us sing, Our youthful hearts now swelling To God above, a God of love; O come, let us sing.



Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee, In heavenly melody; O come, let us sing.

2.

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

3.

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

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HELPER.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, Ye saints of the Lord, Is  
laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word: What more could his  
mer - cy and good - ness have said, To those who for ref - uge, To

those who for ref - uge, To those who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2.

Fear not, he is with thee, O be not afraid ;  
 For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid ;  
 He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
 Upheld by his gracious omnipotent hand. [stand,

3.

When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow ;  
 His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4.

When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,  
 His grace, all-sufficient, will lend thee its aid ;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee ; he does but design  
 Thy droßs to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5.

His people through life shall abundantly prove  
 His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ; [adorn,  
 Though age, with gray hairs, shall their temples  
 Like lambs, they shall still in his bosom be borne

6.

The soul on his bosom that leans for repose,  
 Is safe from th' assaults of its bitterest foes :  
 That soul, though all hell should in vengeance awake  
 He'll never, no never, no never forsake.

## IMMANUEL. P. M.

TEACHERS.] Come, chil-dren, can't you rise and tell, The won-ders of Im-man-u-el? Come

chil-dren, can't you rise and swell The prai-ses of Im-man-uel?

## CHILDREN.

Yes, bless the Lord, we'll rise and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel;  
Yes, bless the Lord, we'll rise and swell  
The praises of Immanuel.

## CHILDREN.

We bless him for his "golden rules,"  
Which we are taught in Sabbath schools,  
By which he saves our dying souls  
From endless pain and sorrow.

## CHORUS.

All glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who bought us with atoning blood

And wash'd us in the purple flood,  
Which makes us fit for heaven.

# ZION'S KING. C. M. D.

1. While an-gels, cloth'd in light di-vine. The Sav-iour's praises sing,  
 We, chil-dren, bow be-fore his throne, And crown him Zion's King; } With joy-ful hearts and

cheer-ful smiles, We now our off'rings bring; We will re-ceive his gra-cious word, And crown him Zion's King!

2.

He gives us food and raiment too,  
 And every needful thing;  
 And shall we not adore his love,  
 And crown him Zion's King?

3.

Then, when the toil of life is o'er  
 Up-borne on eagles' wings,  
 We'll praise his everlasting power,  
 And crown him King of kings!

# COME, EVERY PIOUS HEART. P. M.

1. Come, eve - ry pi - ous heart, That loves the Sa - viour's name; Your no - blest powers ex -

ert, To cel - e - brate his fame: Tell all a - bove, and all be - low, Tell  
Tell all a - bove,

all a - bove, and all be - low, The debt of love to him you owe.

Come, every pious heart—Continued.

2. He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside,  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died:  
What he endured, O who can tell?  
To save our souls from death and hell.
3. From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansions of the dead:  
And thence his mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led:  
Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode;  
He reigns on high, the Saviour God.
4. From thence our Lord will come,  
Nor long his chariot stay;  
He'll bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day:  
Then shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever rest in his embrace.
5. Jesus! we ne'er can pay  
The debt of boundless love!  
We give ourselves away,  
Our gratitude to prove.  
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give,  
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

Little Samuel. P. M.

(Tune on page 62, or 102.)

63

1. When little Samuel woke,  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word he spoke,  
How much did he rejoice;  
O blessed, happy child, to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind.
2. If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend,  
How happy should I be!  
O, how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.
3. And does he never speak?  
O yes! for in his word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God whom Samuel heard;  
In almost every page I see,  
The God of Samuel calls to me.
4. Like Samuel, let me say,  
Whene'er I read his word,  
"Speak, Lord, I would obey  
The voice that Samuel heard;  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

## CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE. L. M.

1. My dear Re - deem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;

But in thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

2.  
Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3.  
Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4.  
Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

# THE CHILD'S DESIRE. 12's & 9's.

65

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

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

2.  
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

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

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

5

## HERE WE THROG TO PRAISE THE LORD.

1. Here we throng to praise the Lord: Lis - ten now, lis - ten now; Here we throng to

praise the Lord, With our in - fant lays. He who once lay in a man-ger, Now enthroned our

blest Re - deem - er, With a fa - ther's love has said, He'd ac - cept our praise.

2. "Let young children come to me,"  
Jesus said. Jesus said ;  
"Let young children come to me,  
"And forbid them not.  
"For of such," the Saviour told them,  
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."  
What a rapturous thought it is,  
Christ forgets 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 for ever ;  
This will make us joyous ever :  
Saviour. hear this praise to thee,  
Who remembered me.

1. Jesus died my soul to save ;  
Blessed truth, blessed truth ;  
Jesus died my soul to save  
From the world of wo :  
When he lived on earth a stranger,  
He had oft to fly from danger,  
That he might the work perform  
He had come to do.
2. Jesus had no home on earth ;  
Mournful truth, mournful truth ;  
Jesus had no home on earth  
He could call his own :  
Yet he was the mighty Saviour,  
Living in his Father's favor,  
'Mid the dark and fearful scenes,  
Though he seemed alone.
3. Jesus is in glory now,  
Joyful truth, joyful truth ;  
Jesus is in glory now,  
In the world above ;  
He has done with tears and sighing,  
Earth no more shall see him dying ;  
Shout, my soul, thy song of praise,  
Thou shalt see his love.

Spirited.

## SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. Where, O where, are the Hebrew children—Where, O where are the Hebrew children,  
 Chorus. By and by we'll go home to meet them, By and by we'll go home to meet them,

Who were cast in the furnace of fire? Safe now in the promis'd land.  
 By and by we'll go home to meet them, 'Way o'er in the promis'd land.

2.

Where, O where is the good Elijah—  
 Where, O where is the good Elijah,  
 Who went up in a chariot of fire?  
 Safe now in the promis'd land.  
 By and by, &c.

3.

Where, O where is the prophet Daniel—  
 Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,  
 Who was cast in the den of lions?  
 Safe now in the promis'd land.  
 By and by, &c.

4.

Where, O where is the weeping Mary—  
Where, O where is the weeping Mary,  
Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?  
Safe now in the promised land.

By and by, &c.

5.

Where, O where is the martyred Stephen—  
Where, O where is the martyred Stephen,  
Who was stoned for his love to Jesus?  
Safe now in the promised land.

By and by, &c.

6.

Where, O where is the blessed Jesus—  
Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,  
Who was pierced on the mount of Calv'ry?  
Safe now in the promised land.

By and by, &c.

---

Children in Heaven. C. M.

(Tune on page 37, or 105.)

Around the throne of God in heaven  
Ten thousand children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

2.

In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one arrayed;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.

3.

They once were small and very young  
And lived on earth below;  
And could not praise with heart and tongue  
The Lord who loved them so.

4.

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

5.

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name;  
So now they see his lovely face,  
And sing aloud his fame.

6.

The blessed Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sins;  
He bathed them in that precious flood,  
And made them pure and clean.

## GOD IS EVER GOOD. 6's &amp; 5's.

1. See the morn - ing sun - beams, Light - ing up the wood, Si - lent - ly pro -

claim - ing, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.

2.

See the shining dew-drops,  
On the flowers strew'd ;  
Proving as they sparkle,  
God is ever good.

3.

In the leafy tree-tops,  
Where no fears intrude,  
Merry birds are singing,  
God is ever good

4

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,  
Songs of gratitude ;  
While all nature utters,  
God is ever good.

SONG OF CHILDREN. 8's, 7's & 4's.

1. Once was heard the song of chil-dren, By the Sa - viour when on earth; }  
 Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple, Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth, }

And ho - san - nas, and ho - san - nas Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.

2.

Palms of victory strewn around him,  
 Garments spread beneath his feet,  
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,  
 In fair Salem's crowded street,  
 While hosannas  
 From the lips of children greet.

3.

O, though humble is our offering,  
 Deign accept our grateful lays -  
 These from children once proceeding,  
 Thou didst deem "perfected praise."  
 Now hosannas,  
 Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

## HEAVENLY CANAAN.

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, }  
 To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie. }

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

**Chorus.**

We're march - ing through Im - man - u - el's ground, We soon shall hear the trum - pet's sound,

The chorus is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

**Close with this Strain.**

And there we shall with Je - sus reign, And nev - er, nev - er part a - gain.

The closing strain is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

# HEAVENLY CANAAN—Continued.

73

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff is for Girls and the second for Boys. Both parts are in a single melodic line with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'What! nev - er part a - gain? No! nev - er part a - gain!'.

Girls. Boys.  
 What! nev - er part a - gain? No! nev - er part a - gain!

Girls. Boys.  
 What! nev - er part a - gain? No! nev - er part a - gain!

2.

O'er all those wide extended plains,  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Son for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.  
 We're marching, &c.

3.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.  
 We're marching, &c.

4.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?  
 We're marching, &c.

5.

Filled with delight, my raptured soul,  
 Would here no longer stay;  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.  
 We're marching, &c.

## JESUS, WHEN A LITTLE CHILD. 7's.

1. Je - sus, when a lit - tle child, Taught us what we ought to be;

Ho - ly, harm - less, un - de - filed, Was the Sa - viour's in - fan - cy:  
All the Fa - ther's glo - ry shone, In the per - son of his Son.

2.

As in age and strength he grew,  
Heavenly wisdom filled his breast;  
Crowds attentive round him drew,  
Wond'ring at their infant guest.  
Gazed upon his lovely face,  
Saw him full of truth and grace.

3.

Father, guide our steps aright,  
In the way that Jesus trod;  
May it be our great delight,  
To obey thy will, O God!  
Then to us will soon be given  
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

THE GREAT REDEEMER. C. M.

75

1. All spot-less, in - no - cent, and pure, The great Re - deem - er stood,

While Sa - tan's fi - ery darts he bore, Re - sist - ing un - to blood.

2.

Touch'd by a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame;  
 He knows what sore temptations mean,  
 For he has felt the same.

3.

Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his power:  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
 In every trying hour.

## COME, YE CHILDREN, AND ADORE HIM. 8's &amp; 7's.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes the lyrics: "1. Come, ye children, and a - dore him, Lord of all, he reigns a - bove ; } He will grant you ev - ery  
Come, and worship now be - fore him, He hath called you by his love. }". The second system includes the lyrics: "bles - sing, Of his all - abounding grace ; Come, with humble hearts expressing, All your gratitude and praise."

1.

TEACHERS.

Come, ye children, and adore him,  
 Lord of all, he reigns above ;  
 Come, and worship now before him,  
 He hath called you by his love ;  
 He will grant you every blessing  
 Of his all-abounding grace :  
 Come, with humble hearts expressing,  
 All your gratitude and praise.

2.

CHILDREN.

On this holy day of gladness,  
 We will join in praises meet ;  
 Every bosom free from sadness—  
 All with happiness replete,  
 O to feel the love of Jesus !  
 O to know that from above,  
 Still our Heavenly Father sees us  
 With an eye of tender love !

TEACHERS.

3. Dearest children, now adore him ;  
Swell aloud the joyful strain ;  
Let the nations bow before him—  
Echo back the notes again.  
While he will accept the praises,  
E'en from every heart and tongue ;  
Those to him an infant raises,  
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4. Lord of all, our hearts' oblation  
Now ascends to thee alone ;  
We would come, with all the nation,  
Now to worship at thy throne.  
Teachers ! will you join the chorus ?  
Join in hymning forth his praise,  
Who, for our redemption, shows us  
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5. Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever !  
Gladly, now, we all unite ;  
Praise to thee, O God ! the giver,  
Blessed Lord, of life and light !  
Ransom'd nation, spread the story ;  
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er ;  
All his grace and all his glory,  
O proclaim for evermore !

1. Hark ! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !  
"It is finished !"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. "It is finished"—O, what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford !  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord ;  
"It is finished !"  
Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished—all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law ;  
Finished—all that God had promised ;  
Death and hell no more shall awe :  
"It is finished !"  
Saints from hence your comforts draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name ;  
Hallelujah !  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

## SPRING. C. M. D.

1. While beau - ty clothes the fer - tile vale, And blos - soms on the spray; }  
And frag - rance breathes in ev - ery gale, How sweet the ver - nal day; }

Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheer - ful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the

love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice; And woods and fields re - joice.

1. While beauty clothes the fertile vale  
And blossoms on the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day!  
Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!  
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
2. How kind the influence of the skies,  
While show'rs, with blessings fraught,  
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
And fix the roving thought:  
O, let my wond'ring heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless  
Each smiling field and grove.
3. That Hand in this hard heart of mine  
Can bid each virtue live;  
While gentle showers of grace divine,  
Life, beauty, fragrance give:  
O, God of nature, God of grace,  
Thy heavenly gifts impart:  
And bid sweet meditation trace  
Spring blooming in my heart.

1. At length the op'ning spring has come,  
How joyous is the scene!  
The air is fill'd with rich perfume;  
The fields are dress'd in green:  
I see my Saviour, from on high,  
Break through the clouds and shine;  
No creature now more bless'd than I,  
No heart more glad than mine.
2. Thy word bids all my hopes revive,  
It overcomes my foes;  
It makes my languid graces thrive,  
And blossom like the rose:  
Thus, Lord, a monument I stand,  
Of what thy grace can do;  
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,  
The changing seasons through.
3. To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs;  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours:  
His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;  
My tongue his goodness sing;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
The harvest crowns the spring.

## A LOOK FROM THE CROSS. C. M.

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood,

Who fix'd his lan - - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

2.

Sure never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look:  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

3.

Aias! I knew not what I did;  
But all my tears were vain;  
Where could my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord had slain!

4.

A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live.

5.

"Thus while my death thy sin displays  
In all its blackest hue;  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals thy pardon too."

# COME AWAY TO THE SKIES. 9's & 6's.

81

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed, a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born;  
 2. We have laid up our love, With our treasure, a - bove, Tho' our bodies con - tin - ue be - low;

On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.  
 The re - deem'd of the Lord, We re - mem - ber his word, And with sing - ing to Par - a - dise go.

3.

There, O there, at his feet,  
 We shall joyfully meet,  
 And be parted in body no more;  
 We shall sing to our lyres,  
 With the heavenly choirs,  
 And our Saviour in glory adore.

6

4.

"Hallelujah!" we sing  
 To our Father and King,  
 And his rapturous praises repeat;  
 To the Lamb that was slain,  
 "Hallelujah!" again  
 Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

## HASTE, O SINNER, TO BE WISE. 7's.

1. Haste, O sin-ner, to be wise, Stay not, stay not for the mor-row's sun!

Wis-dom warns thee from the skies, All the paths of death to shun.

2.

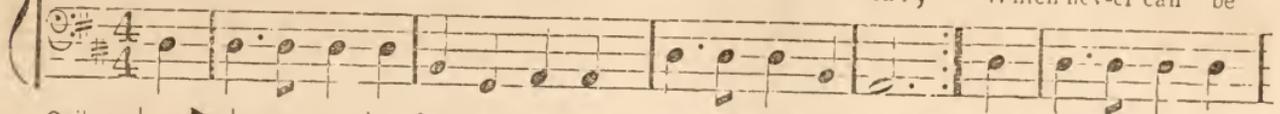
Haste! and mercy now implore;  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun!  
 Thy probation may be o'er,  
 Ere this evening's work is done.

3.

Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
 Death may e'en thy soul arrest,  
 Ere the morrow is begun.



1. The world their fancied pearl may crave, 'T is not the pearl for me, } But there's a pearl of  
 'Twill dim its lus-tre in the grave, 'T will moulder in the sea: } Which nev-er can be



price un - told, } The sinking soul 'twill save ; O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me.  
 bought nor sold, }



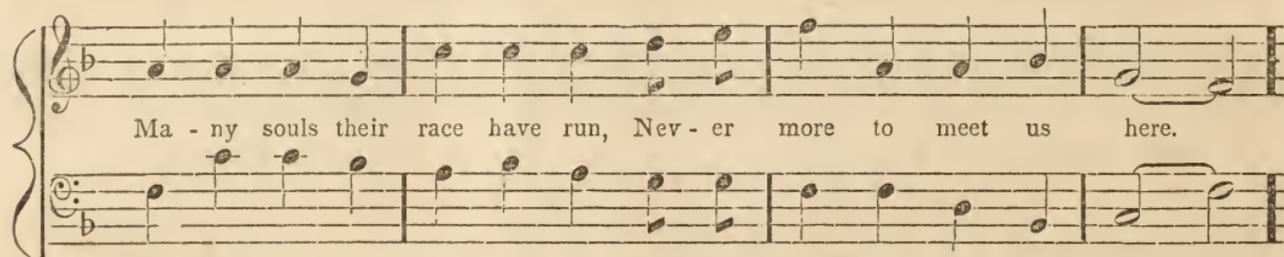
2.  
 The miser knocks at mammon's gate,  
 'T is not the gate for me;  
 From early morn till evening late  
 At his bolted door is he;  
 But there's a gate which leads to bliss,  
 And he who knocks by faith at this  
 Will ne'er be called to wait;  
 O, that's the gate for me.

3.  
 Let pleasure chant her syren song,  
 'T is not the song for me;  
 To weeping it will turn, ere long,  
 For this is heaven's decree;  
 But there's a song the ransomed sing  
 To Jesus, their exalted King,  
 With joyful heart and tongue—  
 O, that's the song for me.

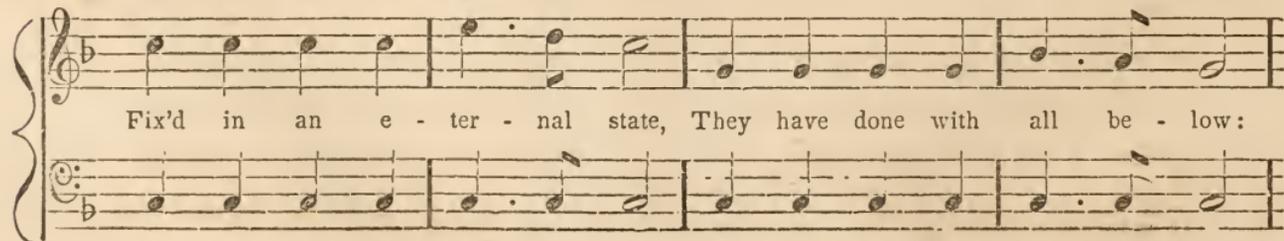
## WHILE WITH CEASELESS COURSE, THE SUN. 7's.



1. While, with cease - less course, the sun, Has - ted round the for - mer year,



Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here.



Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

2.

As the winged arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.

3.

Thanks, for mercies past, receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,  
 With eternity in view ;  
 Bless thy word to us while young,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 When our life's short race is run,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

## SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. 8's.

1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael, and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart. }  
 For clos - er com - mun-ion I pine. I long to re - side where thou art! }  
 Close. Are fed on thy bo - som re - clin'd. And screen'd from the heat of the day.

The pas - ture I lan - guish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o - bey,

'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock—  
 There only, I covet to rest ;  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :

2.

'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart ;  
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

Spirited.

SONG OF ANGELS. 8's & 7's.

87

1. Hark, what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the sky?

Lo! the an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, "Glo - ry be to God most high!"

2.

"Peace on earth, good will from heaven,"  
Harps and voices loud resound:  
"Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Far as guilty man is found."

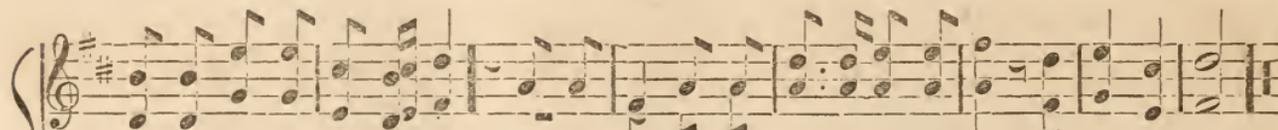
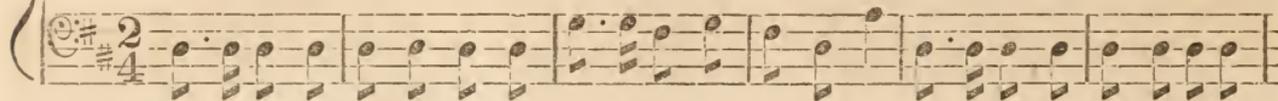
3.

Christ is born! ye saints adore him,  
Fear his name and taste his joy,  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
"Glory be to God most high."

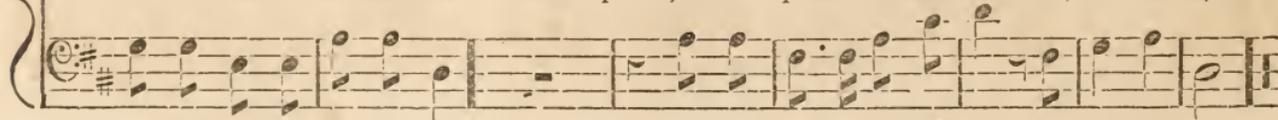
## NOTES OF PRAISE.



1. Thanks to God for every blessing Which his bounteous hand bestows; All on earth that's worth possessing,



From that hand in-ces-sant flows. Notes of praise, Notes of praise To heav'n we raise, To heav'n, &c.



2.

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

3.

To his arms we're yet invited;  
'Tis the Saviour bids us come;  
Let us then, with hearts united,  
Seek through him a heav'nly home.  
Notes of praise, &c.

“THY LITTLE CHILDREN SEE.”

1. O, gra - cious Lord of all, Thy lit - tle chil - dren see,

And mer - ci - ful - ly call Our wan - d'ring hearts to thee.

2.

O let thy powerful grace  
Our souls' attention draw,  
And on our mem'ries trace  
Thy never changing law.

3.

Let faith, and hope, and love,  
To dwell in us unite,  
Then raise our souls above,  
To live in endless light.

## GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. 8's, 7's &amp; 4's.

The musical score is written for two systems. The first system consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a soprano voice part. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a 4/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics for the first system are: "1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art migh - ty, Hold me with thy pow - erful hand;". The second system also consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues. Below it is a bass clef staff with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics for the second system are: "Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more." The score ends with a double bar line.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;  
I am weak, but thou art migh - ty, Hold me with thy pow - erful hand;

Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

2.

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

3.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside:  
Bear me o'er the raging billows,  
Lend me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

1.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,  
Through this lowly vale of tears;  
Through the trials still decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.  
Gently, Lord, &c.

2.

When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in folly's paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.  
Gently, Lord, &c.

3.

In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.  
Gently, Lord, &c.

4.

And when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest;  
Till by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.  
Gently, Lord, &c.

1.

Saviour! who thy flock art feeding,  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share.  
Saviour! who thy flock, &c.

2.

Now these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, thy word believing,  
Only there they're safe from harm.  
Saviour! who thy flock, &c.

3.

Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them through life's dangerous way.  
Saviour! who thy flock, &c.

4.

Let thy love-infusing Spirit  
On each heart be shed abroad;  
Raise us, by thy boundless merit,  
To become the sons of God.  
Saviour! who thy flock, &c.

## CHILDREN'S HOSANNAS. C. M. D.

1. Ho - san - nas were by chil - dren sung, When Je - sus was on earth;  
Then sure - ly we are not too young, To sound his prai - ses forth:

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is simple and suitable for children. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

The Lord is great, the Lord is good; He feeds us from his

The second system of music continues the melody. It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

store, With earth - ly and with heaven - ly food; We'll praise him ev - er - more.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

2. And when to him young children came,  
 He took them in his arms ;  
 He bless'd them in his Father's name,  
 And spoke with heavenly charms :  
 We thank him for his gracious word,  
 We thank him for his love ;  
 We'll sing the praises of our Lord,  
 Who reigns in heaven above.
  
3. Before he left this world of wo,  
 On Calvary he died ;  
 His blood for us did freely flow,  
 Forth from his wounded side ;  
 O, then we'll magnify his name,  
 Who groaned and died for us ;  
 We'll worship the atoning Lamb,  
 And sing the bleeding cross.
  
4. He rose again and walked abroad,  
 And many saw his face ;  
 They called him the Incarnate God,  
 Redeemer of our race :  
 He rose and he ascended high ;  
 We'll bow to his command ;  
 His glories fill the earth and sky.  
 He sits at God's right hand.

1. There is a glorious world of light  
 Above the starry sky,  
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,  
 Adore the Lord most high.  
 And hark, amid the sacred songs  
 Those heavenly voices raise,  
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues  
 Unite in perfect praise.
  
2. Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
 If Jesus we obey ;  
 That is the place where we shall go,  
 If found in wisdom's way ;  
 This is the joy we ought to seek,  
 And make our chief concern ;  
 For this we come, from week to week,  
 To read and hear, and learn.
  
3. Soon will our earthly race be run,  
 Our mortal frame decay ;  
 Children and teachers, one by one,  
 Must pass from earth away.  
 Great God, impress the serious thought  
 This day on every breast,  
 That both the teachers and the taught  
 May enter to thy rest.

## JESUS, HEAR AND SAVE. 7's &amp; 5's.

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,

Mak - er, teach - er in - fi - nite—Je - sus, hear and save!

2.

Great Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a little child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—  
Jesus, hear and save!

3.

Suffer me to come to thee,  
Day and night my keeper be,  
Ev'ry moment watch o'er me—  
Jesus, hear and save!

1. Lamb of God, whose bleed - ing love We now re - call to mind, }  
 Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find; }  
 C[lose.] O, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

Think on us who think on thee, Ev - 'ry bur - den'd soul re - lease;

2.

By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray—  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away:  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free;  
 From all sin do thou release;  
 O, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

3.

Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
 The sinner's pardon seal;  
 Own us freely justified,  
 And all our sickness heal:  
 By thy passion on the tree,  
 Let our griefs and troubles cease;  
 O, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

## REDEMPTION'S SONG. 6's &amp; 4's.

1. My Sav-iour, 'tis of thee, Who bled on Cal-va-ry, My soul would sing: Thou heard'st the

sin-ners' cry, And laid thy glo-ries by, Thy head to bow and die, Re - lief to bring.

2.

Salvation's work is done,  
 And the great vict'ry won—  
 All may be free:  
 Let joy and peace prevail,  
 Let war and tumult fail,  
 And man his brother hail,  
 O'er earth and sea.

3.

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

# COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. 6's & 4's.

97

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

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

2.

Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour!  
 Thou, who almighty art;  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart.  
 Spirit of power.

3.

To thee, great ONE in THREE,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence, evermore!  
 Thy sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore!

## THE SPIRIT IN OUR HEARTS. S. M.

1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whis - pering, "Sin - ner, come;" The  
2. Let him that hear - eth, say, To all a - bout him, "Come!" Let

bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims, To all his chil - dren, "Come!"  
him - that thirsts for righ - teous - ness, To Christ the foun - tain, come!

3.

Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life,  
Tis Jesus bids him come.

4.

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

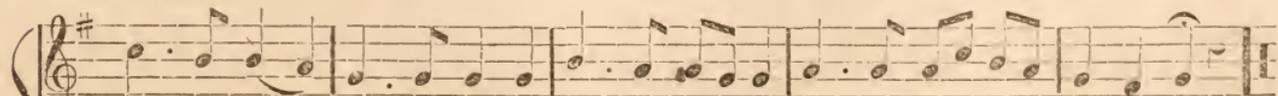
# THE TRUE FRIEND. 8's & 7's.



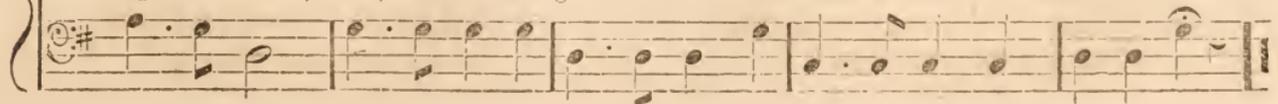
1. One there is a-bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend; His is love be-  
 2. When he liv - ed on earth, a-based, Friend of sin - ners was his name; Now a - bove ail



yond a broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have  
 glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same. O, for grace our hearts to soft-en; Teach us, Lord, at



shed his blood? But this Sa-viour died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God.  
 length to love; We, a - las! for - get too of - ten What a friend we have a - bove.



## PARTING HYMN

1. How pleas - ant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love; }  
 And though we part, 't is bliss to know, The good shall meet a - bove. }

The good shall meet a - - bove, The good shall meet a - bove, And though we part, 't is

bliss to know, The good shall meet a - bove. O! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful,

PARTING HYMN—Continued.

joy - ful! O, that will be joy - ful, to meet to part no more, To meet to part no

more, On Canaan's happy shore, Where we shall sit at Jesus' feet, And meet to part no more.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

## DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.

1. Dear Fa-ther, ere we part, Now let thy grace de - scend,  
And fill each youthful heart With peace from Christ our friend; } May show'rs of blessings from above, De-

scend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.

2.

May we, in after years,  
With gratitude review  
The service of this day,  
The works we now pursue;  
And speed our way to worlds above,  
With hearts all fired with holy love.

3.

We know that soon on earth  
The fondest ties must end,—  
Our own most cherished hopes

To death's cold hand must bend:  
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,  
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4.

Then when our spirits leave  
These tenements of clay,  
May they, to God who gave,  
Ascend, in endless day,  
To join with parents, teachers, friends,  
That anthem sweet which never ends.

God, our Preserver. H. M.

(Tune on pag<sup>e</sup> 62 or 102.)

1. Upward I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid ;  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made :  
God is the tower to which I fly ;  
His grace is nigh in every hour.
2. My feet shall never slide,  
Nor fall in fatal snares,  
If God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears .  
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep  
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
3. No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there :  
Thou art my sun. and thou my shade,  
To guard my head by night or noon.
4. Hast thou not given thy word,  
To save my soul from death ?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath ;  
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
Till from on high thou call me home.

Resurrection of Christ. H. M.

(Tune on page 62 or 102.)

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose :  
The Saviour left the dead,  
And o'er his mighty foes,  
High raised his conqu'ring head ;  
In wild dismay, the guards around  
Fall to the ground, and sink away.
2. Lo! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands,  
And worship at his feet :  
Joyful they come, and wing their way,  
From realms of day, to Jesus's tomb.
3. Then back to heaven they fly,  
The joyful news to bear :  
Hark ! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air !  
Their anthems say, " Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead ; he rose to-day."
4. Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeemed by him from hell ;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell !  
Transported cry, " Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

## BLESSED PROMISE. 8's &amp; 7's.

1. Bless - ed Sa - viour, thou hast told us, In the midst of two or three,

Thou art pre-sent to be - hold us, If we hum - bly call on thee;  
Bless - ed promise, bless - ed prom - ise; May we thy sal - va - tion see.

2.

O, instruct us, gracious Master,  
While thy tender lambs we guide;  
May we lead them to green pasture,  
By the living water's side,  
Where the fountain of salvation,  
Pours its soul-refreshing tide.

3.

Haste the time, when all the islands  
In the bosom of the sea,  
And the lowlands, plains and highlands,  
Shall resound with praise to thee;  
And the children of all nations  
Shall their God and Saviour see.

SALVATION, O THE JOYFUL SOUND! C. M.

105

1. Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea - sure to our ears;

A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

2.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day

3.

Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

## REJOICE, OR MILLENIUM.

*Spirited.*

1. Re-joyce, Re-joyce, the prom-ised time is com-ing, Re-joyce, Re-joyce, the

wil-der-ness shall bloom, And Zi-on's chil-dren then shall sing, The des-erts all are

blos-som-ing, Re-joyce, re-joyce, the prom-ised time is com-ing, Re-joyce, re-

joyce, the wil-der-ness shall bloom. The gos-pel ban-ner, wide un-fur'l'd, Shall wave in triumph

Close with First Strain.

o'er the world; And ev-ry creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glo-rious ju-bi-lee.

2.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;  
 And lambs shall with the leopard play;  
 For nought shall harm in Zion's way:  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

The sword and spear, of needless worth,  
 Shall prune the tree, and plough the earth;  
 And peace shall smile from shore to shore,  
 And nations learn to war no more:  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

## HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

1. How beautiful are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill!

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their tid - ings are!

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET—Continued.

109

Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here!

2.

How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!  
How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light—  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

3.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy!  
The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God!

## THE REIGN OF CHRIST. 7's &amp; 6's.

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da-vid's great - er Son; Hail, in the time ap-

point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op-pres - sion, To set the cap-tive

free; To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

2. He comes with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
3. He shall come down like showers,  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path, to birth;  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
4. For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is LOVE.

1. The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
2. See heathen nations bending,  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending,  
In gratitude above:  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
3. Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way,  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not, till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home,  
Stay not, till all the holy,  
Proclaim the Lord has come

## THE GOSPEL BANNER. 7's &amp; 6's.



1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un - fur'd ;



And be the shout ho - san - na, Re - ech - oed through the world ;



Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue, Re-

ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throug.

Repeat the first two strains as a chorus. using the small notes.

2

What, though the mighty legions  
Of earth and hell combine?  
His arm, throughout their regions,  
Shall soon resplendent shine  
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,  
Immanuel, Prince of peace!  
Thy triumph shall be glorious—  
Thy empire still increase.

Now be the gospel, &c

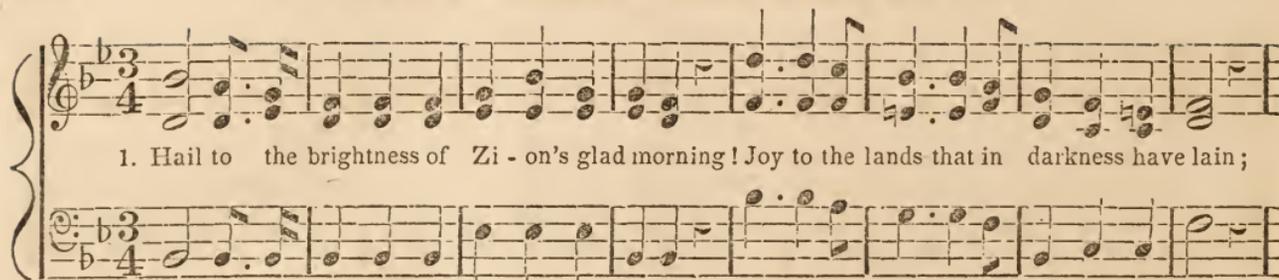
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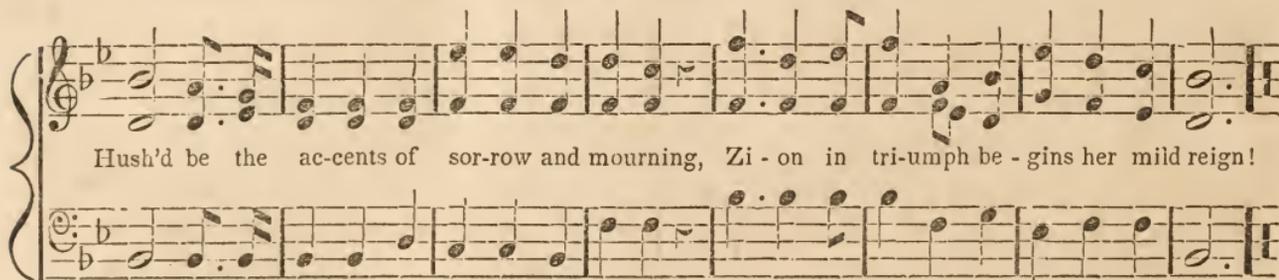
Yes—thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings!  
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,  
Each ransomed captive sings.  
The isles for thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn thy praise,  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

Now be the gospel, &c.

## HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11's &amp; 10's.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;



Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign!

2.

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

3.

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
 Loud from the mountain top echoes are ringing,  
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

# HASTEN, LORD, THE GLORIOUS TIME. 7's.

115

1. Hasten, Lord, the glo-ri-ous time, When beneath Mes-si - ah's sway, Ev'ry na - tion, ev-'ry  
 2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be ban-ish-ed grief and pain; Righteousness, and joy and

clime, Shall the gos-pel call o- bey! Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes  
 peace, Un - dis-turbed shall ev - er reign! Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord, Ev - er praise

his name a - dore; Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.  
 his glo - rious name; All his mighty acts re - cord, All his wondrous love pro - claim.

All shall dwell together. 7's & 6's.

(Tune on page 30, or 110.)

1.

And shall we dwell together,  
As children dwell at home,  
And every one be happy,  
And not a sorrow come?

2.

Dark people from the islands,  
Far scattered o'er the sea;  
Pale men from icy deserts,  
Too cold for flower or tree?

3.

Yes, all shall dwell together,  
That once were far apart;  
All who have served their Saviour  
With hand and tongue and heart.

4.

Yes, all shall dwell together,  
As children dwell at home;  
And then we shall be happy;  
God's kingdom will have come.

Watchmen! to your stations. 8's & 7's.

(Tune on page 76, or 87.)

1.

Watchmen! onward to your stations,  
Blow the trumpet long and loud;  
Preach the gospel to the nations,  
Speak to every gath'ring crowd.

2.

Watchmen! hail the rising glory  
Of the great Messiah's reign;  
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,  
Tell it to the list'ning train.

3.

Watchmen! as the clouds are flying,  
As the doves in haste return,  
Thousands from amid the dying,  
Flee to Christ his love to learn.

4.

Watchmen! now lift up your voices;  
Tell the triumphs of your King,  
While the ransomed host rejoices;  
Sing aloud his praises, sing.

Let there be Light! 6's & 4's.

(Tune on page 96, or 97.)

1.

Thou! whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight—  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
“Let there be light!”

2.

Thou! who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight—  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind—  
O, now to all mankind  
“Let there be light!”

3.

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove!  
Speed forth thy flight:  
Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
“Let there be light!”

Glad Tidings to Zion. 8's, 7's & 4's. 117

(Tune on page 34, or 50.)

1. On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
Zion, long in hostile lands:  
Mourning captive.  
God himself will loose thy bands
2. Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God will now restore thee;  
He himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee:  
Here their boasts and triumph end:  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
All thy warfare now is past;  
God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last:  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

*(Tune on page 34 or 90)*

1. Who can tell what notes of sadness  
From the hills and valleys rise,  
Where no messages of gladness  
Echo from the bending skies ;  
Where in darkness,  
Without hope the sinner dies.
2. O, how desolate the dwelling,  
Where our God is not revered,  
Where no song of praise is swelling,  
Nor the voice of prayer is heard !  
Where religion's  
Cheering rays have not appeared.
3. Where the seeds of vice are growing,  
And the paths of folly lie ;  
Where the streams of death are flowing,  
With destruction ever nigh ;  
Where the children  
And the aged faint and die.
4. Send the gospel, life's great treasure,  
To these dark and dreary lands ;  
Then will joy, in richest measure,  
Swell and break sin's iron bands ;  
And salvation  
Roll in beauty o'er their sands.

*(Tune on page 30 or 112.)*

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

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral straud,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand:  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
  
2. What though the spicy breezes,  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone!
  
3. Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life 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.

---

**Bear the tidings. 8's, 7's & 4's.**

*(Tune on page 71 or 76.)*

1. Men of God, go take your stations;  
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth,  
Loud proclaim among the nations  
Joyful news of heavenly birth:  
Bear the tidings,  
Tidings of the Saviour's worth!
  
2. Go to men in darkness sleeping;  
Tell that Christ is strong to save;  
Go to men in bondage weeping;  
Publish freedom to the slave:  
Tell the dying,  
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

*(Tune on page 34 or 76.)*

1. Children, have you read the story  
Of your dear Redeemer's birth?  
How he left his throne of glory,  
And came down to dwell on earth?
2. Once within the oxen manger,  
He a helpless babe was laid;  
There behold the glorious stranger,  
Where his lowly bed was made!
3. All his life was marked by sorrow,  
And his death-pangs, who can know!  
Language knows not where to borrow  
Words to speak his untold wo.
4. Children, tell me, while you listen,  
Why he left his house on high?  
Ah! I see the tear-drop glisten,  
" 'Twas, that we might never die."
5. Hark, methinks I hear him saying,  
" Let the little children come!  
Wheresoe'er they may be straying,  
I will gladly take them home."
6. Come, then, now in life's young morning,  
To this dear Redeemer's breast!  
He with grace your souls adorning,  
Will for ever make you blest.

*(Tune on page 31 or 74.)*

1. From the cross, uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear,  
Bursting on the ravished ear:  
" Love's redeeming work is done;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
2. " Sprinkled now with blood, the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On my pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Love's redeeming work is done;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
3. " Spread for thee, the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed;  
Love's redeeming work is done;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
4. " Soon the days of life shall end,  
Lo! I come! your Saviour, Friend;  
Safe your spirits to convey,  
To the realms of endless day;  
Love's redeeming work is done;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Redeeming Love. 8's & 7's.

(Tune on page 87, or 104.)

1. Come, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
3. Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed with precious blood.
4. Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be :  
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
5. Prone to wander, Lord I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

Longing to be with Christ. 8's. 121

(Tune on page 26, or 86.)

1. To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
Oh bear me, ye cherubims, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.
2. My Saviour, whom absent I love,  
Whom not having seen, I adore ;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power ;
3. Dissolve thou these bonds that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee ;  
Oh strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.
4. When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more by my sins  
The bosom on which I recline ;
5. Oh then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured ;  
I shall see him whom absent I loved,  
Whom not having seen, I adored.

*(Tune on page 45, or 84.)*

1. Jesus! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past:  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O 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 defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

*(Tune on page 26, or 86.)*

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
The woodlands, the fields, and the flows,  
Have lost all their sweetness to me!  
His name yields the richest perfume,  
And softer than music his voice;  
His presence can banish my gloom,  
And bid all within me rejoice,
2. Dear Lord! if indeed thou art mine  
And thou art my Sun and my song;  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
Oh drive these dull clouds from the sky;  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or bid me soar upward on high,  
Where winters and storms are no more.

**Hope of Heaven.***(Tune on page 100.)*

When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.  
O, that will be joyful, &c.

**The Saviour's Love. C. M.**

*(Tune on page 37, or 92.)*

**TEACHERS.**

1. Come, children, raise your voices high,  
Your Saviour's love proclaim,  
And with the choirs of earth and sky  
Unite to praise his name:  
Sing how he left the realms of light,  
Where the bright angels dwell,  
And, passing through death's gloomy night,  
Redeemed our world from hell.

**CHILDREN.**

2. Yes, we will gladly join our lays  
With heaven's seraphic throng,  
And offer, in our early days,  
To Christ our grateful song:  
And oh, that all would join to sing  
That Saviour's love, who came  
Mankind from chains of sin to bring  
To liberty again.

**CHORUS.**

3. Then loud hosannas to our King,  
Jesus, eternal God;  
Let earth with joyful anthems ring,  
To spread his fame abroad:  
Let every tribe and nation own  
His just and righteous sway,  
And all unite to hasten on  
The great millennial day.

**Praise to the Saviour. 7's & 6's.**

**123**

*(Tune on page 10 or 30.)*

1. To thee, my God and Saviour,  
My heart exulting sings,  
Rejoicing in thy favor,  
Almighty King of kings:  
I'll celebrate thy glory  
With all thy saints above,  
And tell the joyful story  
Of thy redeeming love.
2. Soon as the morn with roses  
Bedecks the dewy east,  
And when the sun reposes  
Upon the ocean's breast,  
My voice in supplication,  
My Saviour, thou shalt hear;  
O, grant me thy salvation,  
And to my soul draw near.
3. By thee, through life supported,  
I pass the dang'rous road,  
With heavenly hosts escorted,  
Up to thy bright abode;  
Then cast my crown before thee,  
And, all my conflicts o'er,  
Unceasingly adore thee;  
What could an angel more?

*(Tune on page 42, or 51.)*

1. And must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
2. God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And from the bending skies  
Still watches o'er the sleeping dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
3. Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Our bodies then will shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and divine.
4. These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.
5. Accept, O Lord, the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,  
With our immortal tongues.

*'Tune on page 14, or 55.)*

1. O, thou who didst uphold my way,  
From earliest infancy,  
Before my lisping tongue could say,  
Dear Lord, remember me!
2. Still through the path of youth my guide  
And my protector be.  
And when my feet would turn aside,  
Dear Lord, remember me!
3. And shouldst thou graciously ordain,  
That manhood I should see,  
O never let me live in vain,  
Dear Lord, remember me!
4. If thou shouldst pain or sickness send,  
From murmuring keep me free;  
Or if thy hand should riches lend,  
Dear Lord, remember me!
5. And when this earthly scene I leave,  
And worldly prospects flee,  
As then my latest sigh I heave,  
Dear Lord, remember me!

Jesus in the Garden. 11's.

(Tune on page 22 or 46.)

1.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream  
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;  
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2.

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

3.

O, Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4.

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

"I would not live always."

(Tune on page 58 or 46.)

125

1.

I would not live always; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:  
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are followed by gloom and beclouded with fear.

2.

I would not live always: no, blest is the tomb;  
Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3.

I would not live always remote from my God,  
An exile from heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4.

There saints of all ages, in harmony sweet,  
Their Saviour and Brother transported do meet;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

## The Thunder Storm. C. M.

*(Tune on page 10 or 92.)*

1. It thunders, but I tremble not,  
My trust is firm in God ;  
His arm of strength I've ever sought,  
Through all the way I've trod.  
He saves, in danger's fearful hour,  
The children of his love ;  
His watchful eye and boundless power  
No shock of time can move.
2. 'Tis he that gives the morning light,  
And spreads the blushing rose,  
Controls the storm in sovereign might,  
And bids it when repose ;  
'Tis he that guides the sparrow's wings,  
And keeps the insect's ways,  
And watches every herb that springs,  
And numbers all our days.
3. I therefore fear no tempest's rage,  
No lightning's dazzling fire ;  
His vows who rules from age to age,  
My heart with trust inspires ;  
Since I am his and he is mine,  
I therefore fear no ill,  
O, let my heart and voice combine,  
His courts with praise to fill !

## Blessings of Religion. C. M.

*(Tune on page 10 or 92.)*

1.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasures pass away ;  
They float on time's resistless tide,  
And cold are while they stay ;  
But joys that from religion flow,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amid the darkest gloom of wo,  
Will shine with sweetest light.

2.

Religion's way no clouds obscure,  
But o'er the Christian's soul,  
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,  
Though tempests round him roll ;  
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,  
Yet till its latest thrill,  
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,  
That ray will light it still.

*(Tune on page 31.)*

'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasure while we live ;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die :  
After death, its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity !

The Ark and Dove. 6's & 4's.

(Tune on page 96, or 97.)

1.

There was a noble ark,  
Sailing o'er waters dark,  
And wide around ;  
Where beauty once had been,  
Not one tall tree was seen,  
Nor flower, nor leaf of green ;  
All, all were drowned.

2.

Then a soft wing was spread,  
And o'er the billows dread  
The dove she flew ;  
But on that shoreless tide,  
O'er waters dark and wide,  
No living thing she spied  
To cheer her view.

3.

So to the ark she fled,  
With weary drooping head,  
To seek her rest.  
Christ is thine ark above,  
O, seek his tender love,  
And thou shalt be his dove,  
For ever blest !

Faith in Christ. 6's & 4's.

(Tune on page 96, or 97.)

1.

My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine :  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

2.

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

3.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O, bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul

*(Tune on page 42, or 51.)*

1. My soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
2. High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread;  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
3. The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
4. He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd by every breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.
5. Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
6. But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

*(Tune on page 25, or 45.)*

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
“Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”
2. “I delivered thee, when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. “Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
4. “Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath—  
Free and faithful—strong as death.
5. “Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;—  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”
6. Lord! it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore—  
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

God a Rock and Fortress. 7's.

(Tune on page 31, or 39.)

- 1 Lord! I look for all to thee;  
Thou hast been a rock to me:  
Still thy wonted aid afford;  
Still be near, my shield, my sword!  
I my soul commit to thee—  
Lord! thy blood has ransomed me.
- 2 Faint and sinking on my road,  
Still I cling to thee, my God!  
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,  
Harassed by a thousand foes,  
Hope still chides my rising fears;  
Joy still mingles with my tears.
- 3 On thy word I take my stand.  
All my times are in thy hand;  
Make thy face upon me shine;  
Take me 'neath thy wings divine:  
Lord! thy grace is all my trust;  
Save, O! save thy trembling dust!
- 4 O! what mercies still attend  
Those who make the Lord their friend!  
Sweetly, safely, shall they 'bide  
'Neath his eye, and at his side:  
Lord! may this my station be:  
Seek it, all ye saints, with me.

Christ our Hope. 7's.

(Tune on page 45, or 115.)

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground—  
Christ, the spring of all my joy!  
Still in thee let me be found,  
Still for thee my powers employ.
2. Let thy love my heart inflame;  
Keep thy fear before my sight;  
Be thy praise my highest aim;  
Be thy smile my chief delight.
3. Fountain of o'erflowing grace!  
Freely from thy fulness give:  
Till I close my earthly race.  
Be it "Christ for me to live!"
4. Firmly trusting in thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound;  
Safely I shall pass the flood,  
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
5. When I touch the blessed shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll;  
Death's dark stream shall never more  
Part from thee my ravished soul.
6. Thus—O thus an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky;  
Having known it "Christ to live,"  
Let me know it "gain to die."

**130** Children, hear the melting story. **8, 7, 4.**

(Tune on page 34, or 104.)

1.

Children, hear the melting story  
Of the Lamb that once was slain :  
'Tis the Lord of life and glory ;  
Shall he plead with you in vain ?  
O receive him,  
And salvation now obtain !

2.

Yield no more to sin and folly,  
So displeasing in his sight ;  
Jesus loves the pure and holy,  
They alone are his delight :  
Seek his favor,  
And your hearts to him unite.

3.

All your sins to him confessing  
Who is ready to forgive ;  
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,  
On his precious name believe :  
He is waiting :  
Will you not his grace receive ?

**Come to Calvary's holy mountain.**

(Tune on page 88.)

1.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruined by the fall !  
Here a pure and healing fountain,  
Flows to you, to me, to all.  
Notes of praise, notes of praise,  
To heaven we raise, to heaven we raise.

2.

Come in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled, peace may find.  
Notes of praise, notes of praise,  
To heaven we raise, to heaven we raise.

3.

He that drinks, shall live forever ;  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :  
God is faithful, God will never  
Break his covenant in blood.  
Notes of praise, notes of praise,  
To heaven we raise, to heaven we raise.

**Homeward Bound. S's.**

(Tune on page 26, or 66.)

1. Though dwelling with strangers around,  
And foreign and weary the land,  
I homeward to Zion am bound—  
The day of release is at hand:  
Then, Mesech and Kedar, farewell,  
To enter my welcome abode,  
With friends and with angels to dwell,  
With Jesus, my Saviour and God!
2. Though hourly summon'd to arms,  
And legions against me combine,  
I'm calm in the midst of alarms,  
My weapons and cause are divine:  
A Captain almighty I own;  
And banner'd by faith in his Name,  
I shout, ere the battle is won—  
I more than a conqueror *am!*
3. Perplexings though often I feel,  
And mazy the paths that I tread,  
My God has been leading me still,  
And still he has promised to lead:  
The crooked shall all be made straight,  
The darkness shall beam into light;  
I have but a moment to wait,  
And faith shall be turned into sight.

**Chide mildly the Erring. 6's & 5's.**

(Tune on page 22, or 46.)

1. Chide mildly the erring—  
Kind language endears;  
Grief follows the sinful—  
Add not to their tears:  
Avoid with reproaches  
Fresh pain to bestow;  
The heart which is stricken  
Needs never a blow.
2. Chide mildly the erring;  
Jeer not at their fall;  
If strength were but human,  
How weakly were all!  
What marvel that footsteps  
Should wander astray,  
When tempests so shadow  
Life's wearisome way?
3. Chide mildly the erring;  
Entreat them with care;  
Their natures are mortal—  
They need not despair:  
We all have some frailty,  
We all are unwise;  
And the grace which redeems us  
Must shine from the skies.

*(Tune on page 55, or 80.)*

1. God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep, in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*(Tune on page 75, or 80.)*

1. Laden with guilt, and full of tears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord ;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.
2. The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage ;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in every page.
3. This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own.
4. Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench my thirst of sin ;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.
5. This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.
6. O may thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command ;  
Nor I forsake the happy road,  
That leads to thy right hand.

**Jehovah, thy Salvation. 8's & 7's.**

*(Tune on page 76, or 99.)*

1. Call Jehovah thy salvation,  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;  
In his secret habitation,  
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed :  
There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.
2. Only with thine eye, the anguish  
Of the wicked thou shalt see,  
When by slow disease they languish,  
When they perish suddenly :  
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,  
God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;  
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,  
Thee no evil shall befall.
3. Since, with pure and firm affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love ;  
With the wings of his protection,  
He will shield thee from above :  
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save ;  
Here, for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

**Judgment Day. 8's, 7's & 4's.**

*(Tune on page 34, or 50.)*

1. Lo! the mighty God appearing,  
From on high Jehovah speaks !  
Eastern lands the summons hearing,  
O'er the west his thunder breaks :  
Earth beholds him :  
Universal nature shakes.
2. Zion all its light unfolding,  
God in glory shall display ;  
Lo! he comes—nor silence holding,  
Fire and clouds prepare his way ;  
Tempests round him  
Hasten on the dreadful day:
3. To the heavens his voice ascending,  
To the earth beneath he cries :—  
“Souls immortal now descending,  
Let the sleeping dust arise !  
Rise to judgment ;  
Let my throne adorn the skies.
4. “Gather, first, my saints around me,  
Those who to my covenant stood ;  
Those who humbly sought and found me,  
Through the dying Saviour's blood :  
Blest Redeemer !  
Dearest sacrifice to God !”

*(Tune on page 36, or 105.)*

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

5.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

*(Tune on page 42, or 51.)*

1.

To-morrow, Lord ! is thine—  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

2.

The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

3.

Since, on this fleeting hour,  
Eternity is hung,  
Awaken, by thy mighty power,  
The aged and the young.

4.

One thing demands our care ;—  
Be that one thing pursued ;  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.

5.

To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beams should die,  
In sudden, endless night.

Jesus' love to children. C. M.

(Tune on page 92, or 105.)

1. Young children were to Jesus brought,  
His blessing to obtain;  
And never was that blessing sought,  
By old or young, in vain.
2. The rash disciples would have sent  
The little ones away;  
But Jesus blamed the harsh intent,  
And kindly bid them stay.
3. "Let little children come to me,  
Nor from my arms be driven;  
For none but such as these shall be  
The heirs of God in heaven.
4. "Forbid them not to ask my grace,  
Though with a feeble tongue;  
Forbid them not to seek my face—  
They cannot be too young."
5. Then in his arms the babes he took,  
And bless'd and pray'd for each;  
O, what compassion in his look!  
What mercy in his speech!
6. Dear Saviour, thou art still the same—  
Hear now the children's prayer;  
And while we praise thy gracious name,  
May we thy blessing share.

Jesus suffering in the garden. 11's. 135

(Tune on page 22, or 53.)

- i.  
While passing a garden, there fell on my ear  
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one very near;  
The voice of the sufferer afflicted my heart,  
While in agony pleading the poor sinner's part.
2.  
So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,  
That down o'er his bosom roll'd great bloody tears;  
I wept to behold him; I asked him his name—  
He answer'd, "'Tis Jesus! from heaven I came.
3.  
"I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die;  
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by  
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."
4.  
I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his wo,  
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;  
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,  
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.
5.  
I trembled with horror! and loudly did cry,  
Lord! save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!  
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, "Live;  
Thy sins which are many, I freely forgive."
6.  
How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!  
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!  
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad—  
I shouted, Salvation! and glory to God!

## Child's morning prayer

*(Tune on page 12.)*

1. The morning bright, with rosy light,  
Hath waked me from my sleep;  
Father, I own thy love alone,  
Thy little one doth keep.
2. All through the day, I humbly pray,  
Be thou my guard, and thou my guide;  
My sins forgive, and let me live,  
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

## Sabbath evening.

*(Tune on page 45, or 74.)*

1. Softly fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.
2. Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades;  
All things tell of calm repose,  
At the holy Sabbath's close.
3. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of peace and joy in thee;  
'Till in heaven, our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.

## Angels' invitation.

*(Tune on page 47.)*

1. Hark! 'tis the angels' song,  
List to their lay:  
Bright is our starry home,  
Haste thee away:  
Come to the fragrant grove,  
Richly formed by Sovereign love;  
There thou shalt ever rove,  
Joyful and free.
2. Hath life no charm for thee,  
Lone, weary one?  
Jesus thy friend shall be—  
Come, pilgrim, come:  
Come join our spirit throng,  
Come and sing the angels' song,  
Come help our notes prolong,  
Jesus to praise.
3. All heaven is holy ground,  
Thy soul to bless;  
No sin can there be found,  
Thee to oppress:  
Jesus will keep thee there,  
Ever blooming, ever fair;  
Come then, and glory share,  
Eternally.

Rejoice in the Lord.

(Tune on page 81.)

1. Come, rejoice in the Lord ;  
Come, believe in his word,  
And confide in his mercy and grace ;  
For his throne shall endure,  
And his promise be sure,  
And in him shall the righteous have peace.
2. O, how happy are they,  
Who his precepts obey,  
And delight in the law of their God ;  
For their joys shall increase,  
And their trials shall cease,  
As they enter their holy abode.
3. O, what scenes will arise  
As they pass through the skies ;  
And what raptures their bosoms will fill,  
As their harps they employ,  
In the fulness of joy,  
On the height of some heavenly hill.
4. Come, rejoice in the Lord ;  
Come, believe in his word,  
And confide in his mercy and grace ;  
For his throne shall endure,  
And his promise be sure,  
And in him shall the righteous have peace.

Go, seek the sufferer. 8's & 7's.

(Tune on page 76, or 87.)

1. In the hour of keenest sorrow,  
In the hour of deepest wo,  
Wait not for the coming morrow,  
To the sad and suffering go.
2. Make it thy sincerest pleasure  
To assuage a brother's grief ;  
Freely op'ning all thy treasure  
To bestow the full relief.
3. Go, and seek the orphan sighing,  
Seek the widow in her tears ;  
And on mercy's pinions flying,  
Go dispel their darkest fears.
4. Seek the stranger, sad and weary—  
Pass not on the other side ;  
Though the task be sad and dreary,  
Heed thou not the thought of pride.
5. Go with kindness unassuming,  
In a meek and quiet way ;  
Be not haughty, nor presuming,  
Though thy brother sadly stray.
6. Let thy pattern be the Saviour,  
In thy daily walk of love ;  
Then his grace shall give thee favor,  
And thy soul shall dwell above.

## Summer days. 6's &amp; 5's.

*(Tune on page 70.)*

1. Summer days are coming,  
Winter days are gone;  
Merry birds are singing,  
In the flow'ry lawn.
2. Now the sun is shining,  
With his cheering rays;  
O how very pleasant  
Are these summer days!
3. Fruitful fields are waving  
With the yellow grain;  
Peaceful herds are grazing  
On the verdant plain.
4. Honey bees are gath'ring  
Sweets from all the flowers;  
Ever, ever busy,  
All the sunny hours.
5. May we learn the lesson  
To be busy too;  
Ever, ever seeking,  
Useful work to do.
6. God, our great Creator,  
Gave these summer days;  
May our hearts and voices,  
Join to give him praise.

## God sends the blessing. C. M.

*(Tune on page 78, or 105.)*

1.  
The farmer ploughs and sows the field,  
'Tis all that he can do;  
He cannot make the dry seed grow,  
Nor give it rain or dew.
2.  
God sends the sunshine, dew, and rain,  
And covers it with snow;  
Then, let us thank him for the gift—  
To him our bread we owe.
3.  
Whene'er we view the waving grain,  
Or eat our daily food;  
Let grateful thoughts to God arise,  
And praise him for his good.
4.  
The youthful mind is like the field;  
Our teachers sow the seed;  
But when instruction's work is done,  
There's something more we need.
5.  
Then let us pray that God would add  
His blessing to their toil;  
Then our young minds and hearts will prove  
A rich, productive soil.

**The Works of God.**

*(Tune on page 66, first part.)*

1. God doth make the wind to blow,  
Wind to blow, wind to blow,  
God doth make the wind to blow,  
O'er the earth and free.
2. God doth make the vapors rise,  
Vapors rise, vapors rise,  
God doth make the vapors rise,  
Out of land and sea.
3. God doth make the flying clouds,  
Flying clouds, flying clouds,  
God doth make the flying clouds,  
Shadow o'er the sky.
4. God doth make the rain to fall,  
Rain to fall, rain to fall,  
God doth make the rain to fall,  
From the clouds on high.
5. God doth make the hail come down,  
Hail come down, hail come down,  
God doth make the hail come down,  
In the thunder showers.
6. God doth make the snow descend,  
Snow descend, snow descend,  
God doth make the snow descend,  
In cold wintry hours.

**The Works of God.**

*(Tune on page 66, first part.)*

1. God doth make the lightning flash,  
Lightning flash, lightning flash,  
God doth make the lightning flash,  
When the storm is near.
2. God doth make the thunder roll,  
Thunder roll, thunder roll,  
God doth make the thunder roll,  
Sultry air to clear.
3. God doth make the winter's cold,  
Winter's cold, winter's cold,  
God doth make the winter's cold,  
Come with icy breath.
4. God doth make the summer's heat,  
Summer's heat, summer's heat,  
God doth make the summer's heat,  
Save our race from death.
5. God doth make the changing moon,  
Changing moon, changing moon,  
God doth make the changing moon,  
Shine with pleasant light.
6. God doth make the twinkling stars,  
Twinkling stars, twinkling stars,  
God doth make the twinkling stars,  
Light the sky at night.

*(Tune on page 78, or 92.)*

1. "Dear mother, earth's so beautiful,  
I should not like to die;  
Although they tell me there are worlds  
More bright beyond the sky."
2. "My child, the blessed Saviour loves,  
In Scripture we are told,  
To gather all his wand'ring lambs,  
Within one cherished fold."
3. "And yet, how pretty are my flowers,  
How sweet the linnet's song!  
And dearer, still, my own pet lamb—  
How could I leave it long?"
4. "The flowers of earth, my child, will fade;  
The pretty lamb must die;  
And singing birds, when winter comes,  
Far, far from thee will fly."
5. "But mother, I'm so happy here,  
With every thing to love;  
Why should I leave this pretty world  
For one so far above?"
6. "Alas! poor child, when sickness comes,  
And takes away thy bloom;  
Thou'lt ponder on the sacred page  
And look beyond the tomb."

*(Tune on page 10, or 36.)*

1. Dear children, 'tis a fearful thing,  
A wicked lie to tell;  
No comfort, after such a deed,  
Can in the bosom dwell.
2. With shame, and sorrow, and disgrace,  
It shadows o'er our youth;  
While peace and happiness are theirs,  
Who always speak the truth.
3. Long may we keep our hearts from guile,  
Our lips from falsehood's stain;  
For who, if once we have deceived,  
Will trust our word again?
4. I would not, all the world to win,  
Become a lying youth;  
For God in anger looks on him,  
Who does not speak the truth.
5. O Father! on this little band  
Of children, now look down;  
And deign, in gentleness and love,  
To make us all thine own.
6. From grief, and sorrow, and from sin,  
Preserve our tender youth;  
And O! in mercy, grant that we  
May always speak the truth.

**Be kind to thy kindred.**

*(Tune on page 65.)*

1.

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,  
His locks intermingled with gray,  
And his footsteps how feeble, once fearless and bold,  
As he walks on through life's rugged way.

2.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow,  
May traces of sorrow be seen ;  
With thine accents of kindness, O comfort her now,  
While the winter of age is so keen.

3.

Be kind to thy brother, for very few know  
The depth and the strength of his love :  
Like the riches of ocean 'tis hidden below  
The dark surface that's ruffled above.

4.

Be kind to thy sister, do nothing to mar  
Her love and affection for thee ;  
'Tis an ornament purer and richer by far,  
Than the pearl from the depths of the sea.

5.

Thy kindness shall bring thee full many sweet  
hours,  
Rich blessings thy pathway to crown,  
And affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,  
More unfading than wealth or renown.

**Be kind to each other.**

*(Tune on page 22, or 46.)*

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1. Be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Will surely be gone !  
Then, 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The blest recollection  
Of kindness returned.
2. When day hath departed,  
And memory keeps  
Her watch, broken-hearted,  
Where all she loved sleeps,  
Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove,  
Let trifles prevail not,  
'Gainst those whom you love.
3. Nor change with the morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling !  
O, be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Will surely be gone !

*(Tune on page 25, or 115.)*

1.

Young and happy while thou art,  
 Not a furrow on thy brow,  
 Not a sorrow in thy heart,  
 Seek the Lord thy Saviour now.

2.

In its freshness bring the flower,  
 While the dew upon it lies,  
 In the cool and cloudless hour,  
 Of the morning sacrifice.

3.

Life will have its evil years,  
 When its skies are overcast,  
 All the present thronged with fears,  
 And with vain regrets, the past.

4.

Let him tremble, who his heart,  
 In an hour like that would bring,  
 Lest Jehovah say, "Depart!  
 'Tis a worn and worthless thing

*(Tune on page 10, or 55.)*

1.

My father raised his trembling hand  
 And laid it on my head—  
 God bless thee, O my son, my son,  
 Most tenderly he said.

2.

He died, and left no gold nor gems,  
 And yet I was his heir,  
 For that rich blessing which he gave,  
 Became a fortune rare.

3.

Still in my weary hours of toil,  
 To earn my daily bread,  
 It gladdens me in thought to feel  
 His hand upon my head.

4.

Though infant tongues to me have said,  
 "Dear father," oft since then,  
 Yet when I bring that scene to mind,  
 I'm but a child again.

Act the gentle part. C. M.

(Tune on page 14, or 105.)

1.

O turn that little foot aside,  
Nor crush beneath its tread  
The smallest insect of the earth,  
Which looks to God for bread.

2.

If he who made the universe,  
Looks down in kindest love,  
To shape an humble thing like this,  
From his high throne above—

3.

Thou shouldst not dare, in wantonness,  
That creature's life destroy ;  
Nor give a pang to any thing,  
That he has made for joy.

4.

My child, begin in little things  
To act the gentle part ;  
For God will turn his love away  
From every cruel heart.

Autumn. 8's & 7's.

(Tune on page 87, or 99.)

1.

See the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered, to the ground ;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound :

2.

“ Youth on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.

3.

“ What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay, with health, and many a grace ;  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
Summer gives to autumn place.”

4.

On the tree of life eternal,  
Let your highest hopes be stayed ;  
This alone, forever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

(Tune on page 34, or 102.)

1. Now is past the time of teaching,  
Ended is the hour we love,  
Still the voice of friends beseeching  
Us to seek for joys above;  
Precious Sabbaths,  
Swiftly, O, they swiftly move.
2. Wake, then, every tender feeling,  
Ere from school we go away;  
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,  
Every troubled thought allay;  
Make us holy  
On the sacred Sabbath day.
3. Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,  
And the joys they bring be past,  
Like the leaf to earth descended,  
Withered in the autumn blast;  
Life is passing,  
We must see the grave at last.
4. Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,  
With its sunny glories bright;  
And with millions saved before us,  
May we join in worlds of light,  
Praising Jesus,  
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

(Tune on page 34, or 104.)

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
O, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

L. M.

(Tune on page 64.)

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

L. M.

(Tune—Old Hundred.)

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











