

THE  
UNION  
SINGING-BOOK.

ARRANGED FOR AND ADAPTED TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION HYMN-BOOK.



Philadelphia

JAMES B. SMITH & CO. 33 SOUTH EIGHTH ST.

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July 20 1902

**T**HE UNION SINGING BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Just published and for sale at No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, The Union Singing Book, designed to accompany Union Hymns, published by the American Sunday School Union.

This volume contains 128 pages, in the form of a Miniature Singing Book. Each tune has three hymns or more adapted to it, making in all about 200 hymns and 50 tunes.

The Book contains several pages devoted to the elements of Music simplified for Children, designed to aid Teachers and Superintendents in giving instruction to the Sabbath School in Music. For sale at No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

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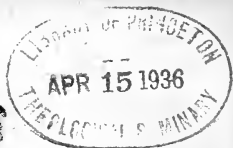
Given to his Son Charles

Greenman June 1st 1889

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS work is designed to furnish Sunday-schools with a selection of tunes and hymns adapted to their exercises. Music is beginning to be appreciated in many of these schools and efforts are made by many superintendents and teachers to awaken more *interest* in the subject by establishing juvenile singing-schools or classes.

The Sunday-school is not a suitable place for scientific instruction in music. It belongs rather to the public schools, where it should have place (as in many European countries) among the appointed exercises of every day. But a scientific knowledge is not needful for Sunday-school purposes. It is only necessary that the teachers and children should be able to sing correctly and with proper effect a few simple and common tunes; and this attainment may be readily made by the power of imitation. For this purpose the Sunday-school is

organized into a singing-school, and all the teachers and children are invited to attend gratuitously. The opportunity of learning to sing will draw many to such a place who would resist much higher motives. In country towns it may be necessary to accommodate the children from a distance by a little attention on the Sabbath. They could be collected in a class, half an hour after or before school, or at the time of intermission; and it would be time well spent, if only the moral influence of the exercise is considered. The school being organized, and some of the teachers properly instructed in their duty, there would be no difficulty in sustaining it with the help of such a book as the present. We hope the time is not distant when our churches will realize how important an instrument of good is at their service in the cultivation of sacred music among the young.

☞ In this book will be found a tune suited to every Hymn in the "Union Hymns."



# ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

## MUSICAL ALPHABET.

### CHAP. I.—§ 1.

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C'
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

### *Primary Sounds.*

1	-	3	-	5	-	-	8
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

NOTE.—The sounds which are represented by these figures are the fundamental sounds in music, and should be perfectly committed to memory before any attempt is made at singing by note. It is not enough to sing them in the order they here stand, for then they would be committed parrot-like, but by any order of progression in which they may be placed.

## *Lesson in Primary Sounds.*

### § 2.—TWOFOLD MEASURE.\*

U. N., 144.

1	1	3	3	5	5	8	8
Ho	ly	Bi	ble!	book	di-	vine!	
8	5	8	8	5	5	3	3
Pre	ci	ous	tre	as	ure!	thou	art
8	8	8	8	3	5	8	8
Mine,	to	tell	me	whence	I	came;	

\* Measures are the spaces between the bars, thus,  
Bar. Measure. Bar.

A twofold measure consists of two equal parts in a measure. The time occupied in singing through any measure, may be kept by some motion of the hand on each part of the measure. This is so well understood by teachers that no instruction is here necessary.

5	5	5	5	5	5	1	1
Mine,	to	teach	me	what	I	am.	
1	3	5	8	1	3	5	5
Mine,	to	chide	me	when	I	rove;	
1	3	5	8	1	3	5	5
Mine,	to	show	a	Sa-viour's		love;	
8	8	8	8	3	5	8	8
Mine	art	thou	to	guide	my	fact,	
5	5	5	5	5	5	1	1
Mine,	to	judge,	con-	demn,-ac-		quit.	
1	1	3	1	3	5	8	8
Mine,	to	com - fort		in	dis-	tress,	
8	5	8	8	5	5	3	3
If	the	Ho - ly		Spi - rit		bless;	
1	3	5	8	3	5	8	8
Mine,	to	show	by	liv - ing		faith	
5	5	8	5	3	5	1	1
Man	can	tri - umph		o - ver		death.	

## § 3.—THREEFOLD MEASURE.

U. H., 228.

5	5	3	5	5	3	8	8	5	5	5	5
'Tis	re-	li -	gion	that	can	give					
5	5	3	5	5	3	5	5	3	1	1	
Sweet - est	plea -	sure	while	we	live;						
5	5	8	8	8	5	5	5	8	8	8	
'Tis	re-	li -	gion	must	sup-	ply					
5	5	3	1	1	3	5	5	5	1	1	
So -	lid	com -	fort	when	we	die.					

After death, its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity!  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

## § 4.—THREEFOLD MEASURE.

U. H., 300.

1	3	3	1	5	5	3	8	8
There	is	a	land	a-	bove,			
8	8	8	5	5	3	5	5	
All	beau -	ti-	ful	and	bright,			

5 | 5 5 3 | 1 1 8 | 8 8 5 | 5 5 ||  
 And | those who | love and | seek the | Lord ||

8 | 5 5 3 | 1 1 3 | 1 1 ||  
 Rise | to that | world of | light. ||

2 There sin is known no more,  
 Nor tears, nor want, nor care;  
 There good and happy beings dwell,  
 And all are holy there.

§ 5.—FOURFOLD MEASURE.

U. H., 398.

1 | 3 1 3 5 | 8 8 8 ||  
 With- | in these walls be | peace, ||

5 | 8 8 5 8 | 5 5 5 ||  
 Love | through our bor - ders | found; ||

5 | 3 3 1 3 | 5 5 3 ||  
 In | all our lit - tle | pa-la-ces ||

5 | 8 5 3 5 | 1 1 1 - ||  
 Pros- | pe - ri - ty a - | bound. ||

2 God scorns not humble things;  
 Here, though the proud despise,  
 The children of the King of kings  
 Are training for the skies.

§ 6.—COMPOUND MEASURE; OR, TWO THREEFOLD MEASURES IN ONE.

U. H., 469.

1 | 3 3 3 5 5 5 | 8 8 8 5 5 ||  
 I | would not live alway: I | ask not to stay ||

5 | 3 3 3 1 1 1 | 5 5 5 3 3 ||  
 Where | storm after storm rises | dark o'er the way; ||

5 | 8 8 8 5 5 5 | 8 8 8 5 5 ||  
 The | few lurid mornings that | dawn on us here ||

5 - | 3 1 3 5 8 8 - | 5 5 5 1 1 ||  
 Are | enough for life's woes, full | enough for its cheer. ||

QUESTIONS.

1. Of what letters consist the musical alphabet?
2. Which are the primary, or fundamental, sounds in the alphabet?
3. How many kinds of measures have we in the foregoing examples?
4. What are they?

## CHAP. II.

## § 1.—THE SCALE.

NOTE.—The scale consists of five equal and two unequal steps in the progression of musical sounds. These steps are represented by the letters in the musical alphabet, and should be practised until each sound is perfectly fixed in the mind. A perfect knowledge of this lays the foundation for all musical attainment.

## SCALE IN TWOFOLD MEASURE.

U. H., 154.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
What	a	mer - cy,	what	a	trea - sure		

8	7	6	5	4	3	2	2
We	pos -	sess	in	God's own	word!		

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Where we	read with	sa - cred	plea - sure				

8	5	3	5	8	5	1	1
Of the	love of	Christ our	Lord.				

2 That blest word reveals the Saviour  
Whom our souls so deeply need;  
O what mercy, love, and favour,  
That for sinners Christ should bleed!

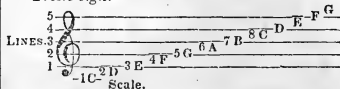
3 O the blessedness of knowing  
Christ our Saviour's precious love;  
Freely on a child bestowing  
Grace and mercy from above.

## § 2.—THE STAFF, CLEFF, &amp;c.

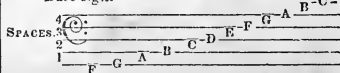
The staff is used to represent the letters in the musical alphabet. There are two signs prefixed to the staff, on each of which the letters are placed differently. One is called the treble sign, (clef.) the other base sign, (clef.) see following example.

*Staff, consisting of five lines.*

*Treble sign.*



*Base sign.*



NOTE. The situation of the letters on the staves should be committed perfectly to memory.

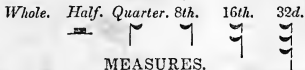
§ 3.—NOTES, RESTS, AND MEASURES.

NOTE.—The different kind of notes represent the comparative length of sounds. Rests are silent notes. Measures are the equal divisions of a piece of music.

NOTES.

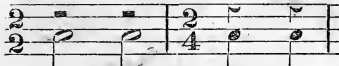


RESTS.

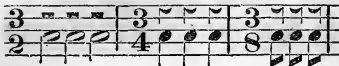


MEASURES.

TWOFOLD MEASURES.



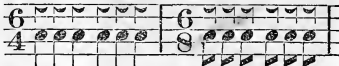
THREEFOLD MEASURES.



FOURFOLD MEASURES.



COMPOUND MEASURES.

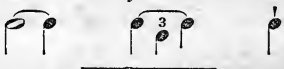


OTHER CHARACTERS.

Sharp. Flat. Natural. Hold. Dot of addition.



Tie. Mark of diminution. Distinction.



CHAP. III.

TRANSPOSITION.

TRANSPOSITION is the art of changing the first note in the scale from one letter on the staff to that of another.

The intervals or steps in the scale always hold the same relation to each other, in whatever situation you may place it on the staff. The first note in the scale is called the key, as it is that which is our guide in finding the other sounds in the scale. The flats or sharps which are prefixed to the staff, are the signatures or signs by which we determine the place of the key. Where there is no sign, the key, or first note in the scale, is on C; if one sharp is introduced, it is on G. The last sharp introduced is always the seventh in the scale: consequently, the key is just one step above, or six steps below.

Where flats are introduced, the last flat is always the fourth in the scale.

We now have this simple rule to remember. The right-hand sharp is always seven of the scale. The right-hand flat is always four of the scale. Count either way from these, and you find your key.

The reasons for the change of the key, and the use of sharps and flats, enter into the philosophy of the scale, and are not necessary for practical purposes.

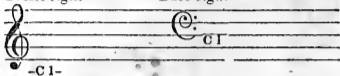
The following illustration of transposition will enable the pupil with little attention to read notes in any key.

ILLUSTRATION OF ALL THE TRANSPOSITIONS IN COMMON USE.

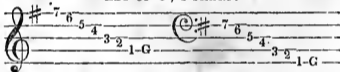
KEY OF C.

*Treble sign.*

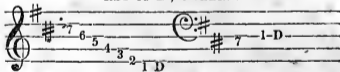
*Base sign.*



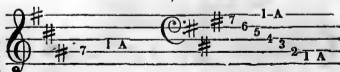
KEY OF G, 1 SHARP.



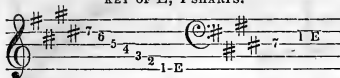
KEY OF D, 2 SHARPS.



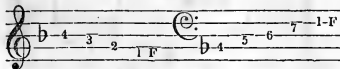
KEY OF A, 3 SHARPS.



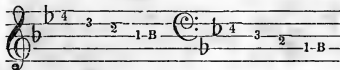
KEY OF E, 4 SHARPS.



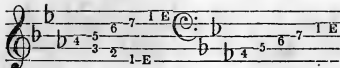
KEY OF F, 1 FLAT.



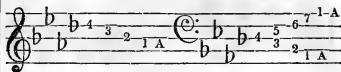
KEY OF Bb, 2 FLATS.



KEY OF Eb, 3 FLATS.



KEY OF Ab, 4 FLATS.



## QUESTIONS.

1. What is the scale?
2. What lays the foundation of all musical attainment?
3. What is a staff?
4. What are the signs prefixed to the staff?
5. How are the letters placed on the staff represented by the treble sign?
6. How are they placed when represented by the base sign?
7. What do notes represent?
8. What are rests?
9. What are measures?
10. What other characters are used in music?

Other questions may be asked the pupil, until he fully understands the use of all the characters in music. After practising those lessons in the primary sounds and scale sufficiently, he may be put to easy tunes, such as "God is love," "Lord, teach us how to pray," &c., which are equally as good for practice as lessons prepared on purpose.

1 Dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word;

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good; Wash all our works in Jesus's blood;

All that has been a - miss for-give, And let thy truth with-in us live.

Give every fettered soul re - lease, And bid us all de - part in peace.



*God made all things.*

1.

U. H., 10.

'TWAS God who made the earth and skies,  
Great are the wonders of his hand ;  
He is more powerful, good, and wise,  
Than any child can understand.

2.

Bright angels bow before his face,  
And saints stand waiting round his throne,  
And in that holy, happy place,  
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

---

*Doxology.*

U. H., 517.

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.

*Universal Praise.*

1.

U. H., 32.

FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2.

ETERNAL are thy mercies, Lord ;  
ETERNAL truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

---

*Parting Hymn.*

U. H., 510.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part  
Join every voice and every heart ;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise ;  
One final song of grateful praise.

U. H., 75, 138, 140, 142, 497, 513.

1 Now that our jour-ney's just be - gun, Our road so lit - tle trod,

2 And, lest we should be ev - er led Through sin-ful - paths to stray,  
 3 What sor - rows may our steps at - tend, We ne - ver can fore - tell;

We'll come, before we fur - ther run, And give our - selves to God.

We would at once be - gin to - tread In wis - dom's pleas - ant way.  
 But if the Lord will be our friend, We know that all is well

*God's Blessing asked.*

1.

U. H., 58.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
 To keep his statutes still :  
 O that my God would grant me grace  
 To know and do his will.

2.

O send thy Spirit down to write  
 Thy law upon my heart ;  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part.

3.

Conduct my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.

4.

Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
 'Tis a delightful road ;  
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
 Offend against my God.

*Sabbath-scholar's Prayer.*

1.

U. H., 68.

O THAT the Lord would teach my tongue  
 The heavenly song to raise ;  
 O that the Lord my heart would fill  
 With love, and joy, and praise !

2.

O that the Lord my steps would guid  
 In paths of righteousness ;  
 O that the Lord my lips would teach,  
 His ways and works to bless !

3.

O that the Lord would give me faith  
 The blessed Christ to see ;  
 O that he now would give me grace,  
 That I to him may flee !

4.

O that the Lord would make me know  
 The riches of his grace ;  
 Then should I live and please him too,  
 And dying see his face.

U. H., 7, 19, 20, 23, 26, 28, 29, 34, 38, 44

## 'Our Father in heaven.' 11s.

1 Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hal - low thy name;

2 For - give our trans - gres - sion, and teach us to know

May thy king - dom all ho - ly On earth be the same.

That hum - ble com - pas - sion that par - dons each foe.

*Grace.*

U. H., 211.

- 1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to the ear;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies, each hour, I meet  
 While pressing on to God.
- 3 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

*Self-dedication.*

U. H., 233.

- 1 LORD! I would come to thee,  
 A sinner all defiled;  
 O take the stain of guilt away,  
 And own me as thy child.
- 2 I cannot live in sin,  
 And feel a Saviour's love;  
 Thy blood can make my spirit clean;  
 O write my name above!

*The Ark.*

U. H., 206.

- 1 BEHOLD the ark of God!  
 Behold the open door!  
 Hasten to gain that blest abode,  
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 2 There safe shalt thou abide,  
 There sweet shall be thy rest;  
 And every wish be satisfied,  
 With full salvation blest.
- 3 And when the waves of wrath  
 Again the earth shall fill,  
 Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
 And rest on Zion's hill.

*Doxology.*

U. H., 508.

- 1 WE now from school depart,  
 Grace in God's house to seek;  
 Be present, Lord, with every heart,  
 There, and throughout the week.
- 2 May Father, Spirit, Son,  
 Rule us in peace and love;  
 And when on earth thy will is done,  
 Receive our souls above.

U. H., 251, 263 265, 273, 290, 292, 294.

1 Great God! be - hold, be - fore thy throne A band of child-ren low - ly bend;

2 Thy Ho-ly Spir-it's aid im - part, That he may teach us how to pray;  
 3 O, let thy grace our souls re - new, And seal a sense of par - don there;

Thy face we seek, thy name we own, And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

Make us sin - cere, and let each heart De-light to tread in wis - dom's way.  
 Teach us thy will to know and do, And let us all thy im - age bear.

*There is a God.*

1.

U. H., 70.

THERE is a God who reigns above,  
The Lord of heaven, and earth, and seas;  
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2.

THERE is a law which he hath made,  
To teach us all what we must do;  
And his commands must be obeyed,  
For they are holy, just, and true.

3.

THERE is an hour when I must die;  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;  
Thousands of children young as I  
Are called by death to hear their doom.

4.

LET me improve the hours I have,  
Before the day of grace is fled;  
There's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

*For the Young.*

U. H., 72.

- 1 **GREAT** Saviour, who didst condescend  
Young children in thine arms to take,  
Still prove thyself the children's friend,  
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 'TIS by the guidance of thy hand  
That they within thy house appear,  
And in thine awful presence stand,  
To hear thy word, and join in prayer.
- 3 **LIKE** precious seed, in fruitful ground,  
Let the instruction they receive  
To thy immortal praise abound,  
And make them to thy glory live.
- 4 **GIVE** them a sober, steady mind,  
Strength to withstand the snares of sin,  
Boldly to cast the world behind,  
And strive eternal life to win.
- 5 **TO** read thy word their hearts incline;  
To understand it, light impart;  
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,  
Take full possession of each heart.

U. H., 17, 121, 129, 415, 416, 417, 421.

I Come, children, hail the Prince of peace, Obey the Saviour's call : Come seek his face, and taste his grace,

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring ; Ye children great and small, Hosanna sing to Christ your King ;  
 3 This Jesus will your sins forgive, O haste ! before him fall ; For you he died, that you might live

And crown him Lord of all ; Come seek his face, and taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

O crown him Lord of all ; Ho-san-na sing to Christ your King, O crown him Lord of all.  
 To crown him Lord of all. For you he died, that you might live To crown him Lord of all.



*Crowning the Saviour.*

1.

U. H., 419.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

2.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 A remnant weak and small!  
 Hail Him who saves you by his grace  
 And crown him Lord of all.

3.

Teachers, who surely know his love  
 Who feel your sin and thrall,  
 Now join with all the hosts above,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

4.

May we with heaven's rejoicing throng  
 Before his presence fall,  
 Join in the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all!

*Christ's Nativity.*

1.

U. H., 114.

MORTALS, awake! with angels join  
 And chant the solemn lay;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine,  
 'To hail th' auspicious day.

2.

Wrapt in the silence of the night,  
 The world in darkness lay,  
 When sudden, glorious, heavenly light  
 Burst in a flood of day.

3.

O for a glance of heavenly love,  
 Our hearts and songs to raise;  
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
 And mingle with their lays.

4.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
 'Glory to God on high!  
 Good will and peace are now complete.  
 Jesus was born to die.'

U. H. 108, 390, 405.

1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives; What comfort this sweet sen - tence gives!  
 2 He lives to bless me with his love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,

3 He lives to silence all my fears, He lives to wipe a - way my tears,  
 4 He lives, all glo-ry to his name! He lives, my Je - sus, still the same;

He lives, he lives, who once was dead, He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing head.  
 He lives my hungry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to calm my trou-bled heart, He lives, all blessings to im - part.  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives, I know that my Re - deem - er lives!

*The Heavenly Sabbath.*

1.

U. H., 132.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;  
 Another Sabbath is begun;  
 Return, my soul; enjoy thy rest;  
 Improve the day that God hath blest.

2.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
 Draws us away from earth to heaven,  
 And gives this day the food of seven.

3.

O, may our prayers and praises rise  
 As grateful incense to the skies;  
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
 Which none but he who feels it knows.

4.

In holy duties may the day,  
 In holy pleasures, pass away;  
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend  
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

*Christ's Invitation.*

1.

U. H., 186.

COME hither, all ye weary souls;  
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 And raise you to my heavenly home.

2.

They shall find rest that learn of me;  
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
 But passion rages like the sea,  
 And pride is restless as the wind.

3.

Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
 My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
 My yoke is easy to his neck;  
 My grace shall make the burden light.

4.

Jesus, we come at thy command,  
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;  
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
 'To mould and guide us at thy will.

U. H., 5, 35, 50, 69.

1 There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;

3 Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in li - ving green;  
5 O, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise;

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain.

So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan roll'd be - tween.  
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;

2 There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne - ver - fa - ding flowers;

4 But tim - ous mor - tals start, and shrink To cross the nar - row sea;  
6 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav - en - ly land from ours.

And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Sho'd fright us from the shore.

1 When shall the voice of sing-ing Flow joy-ful-ly a - long? When hill and val-ley,

2 Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and

ring - ing With one tri - um-phant song, Pro-claim the con-test end - ed, And

foun - tains Shall ech - o the re - ply; High tower and low - ly dwell-ing Shall

HIM who once was slain A - gain to earth de - scend-ed, A - gain to earth de - scend-ed,  
send the chorus round, All hal-le-lu-jah swell-ing, All hal-le-lu-jah swelling,

A - gain to earth de - scend-ed, In right-ous-ness to reign!  
All hal-le-lu-jah swell-ing, In one e - ter - nal, sound!

## 'Go to thy rest, my child.' Gs.

1 Go to thy rest, my child; Go to thy dream-less bed,  
 2 Be - fore thy heart might learn In way-ward - ness to stray;  
 3 Be - cause thy smile was fair, Thy lips and eyes so bright:

Gen - tle and meek and mild, With bless-ings on thy head.  
 Be - fore thy feet could turn The dark and down - ward way;  
 Be - cause thy cra - dle care Was such a fond de - - light;



Fresh ro - ses in thy hand, Buds on thy pil - low laid,  
Ere sin might wound thy heart, Or sor - row wake the tear,  
Shall love, with weak em - brace, Thy heavenward flight de - tain?

Haste from this fear - ful land, Where flowers so quick - ly fade.  
Rise to thy home of rest, In A - mid you ce - les - tial sphere.  
No! an - gel, seek thy place A - mid you che - rub train.

1. 'The morning 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;

2. In sea - son let us all be there; A - way to Sab - bath - school;  
That we may join the opening prayer; A - way to Sab - bath - school;

'Tis there we learn His ho - ly word, And find the road that leads to God. A -  
There we can raise our hearts to heaven, And praise the Lord for blessings given. A -

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style with eighth and quarter notes. Below the top staff, there are two lines of lyrics. The first line is: "way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sab - bath - school." The second line is: "way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sab - bath - school." The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the melody.

3.

Let us remember, while at prayer,  
 When at the Sabbath-school,  
 Our teachers' kindness, and their care,  
 'Towards our Sabbath-school.  
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,  
 And every rule and order mind,  
 When we're at school, at Sabbath-school,  
 When we're at Sabbath-school.

3

4.

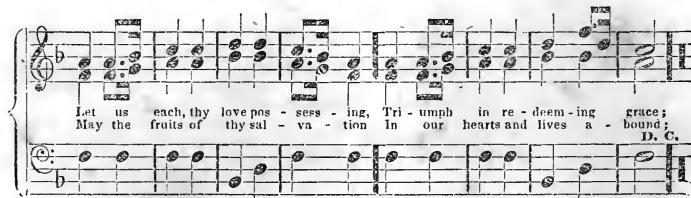
*Boys.* When each at night shall go to prayer,  
 We'll ask our God above  
*Girls.* T' extend o'er teachers his kind care,  
 And crown them with his love.  
*Boys and girls.*  
 And when on earth our time is sped,  
 And we are numbered with the dead,  
*Teachers and scholars.*  
 If faithful, we shall meet above;  
 We all shall meet above.

U. II., 83, 169, 224, 436, 470.



1 Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 2 Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion For the gospel's joy - ful sound;

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness.  
 May thy presence, May thy pre - sence, With us ev - er - more be found.



Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;  
 May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;  
 D. C.

*'It is finished.'*

1.

U. H., 214.

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.

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!

*The Promises.*

1.

U. H., 336.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace;  
 Blessed jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
 Let the rude barbarian, see  
 That divine and glorious conquest  
 Once obtained on Calvary:  
 Let the gospel  
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
 Win and conquer; never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase;  
 May thy sceptre  
 Over all the earth be swayed.

U. H., 182, 488, 504.

1 The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In eve - ry star thy wis - dom shines;  
2 The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days thy power con - fess;

3 Sun, moon, and stars con - vey thy praise Round the whole earth, and ne - ver stand;  
4 Nor shall thy spreading gos - pel rest Till through the world thy truth hath run;

But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.  
But the blest vo - tume thou hast writ, Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

So when thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on eve - ry land.  
Till Christ hath all the na - tions blest, That see the light, or feel the sun.

*God our Heavenly Father.*

U. H., 78.

- 1 GREAT God! and wilt thou be so kind  
The comfort of a child to mind?  
I a poor child, and thou so high,  
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!
- 2 Art thou my Father? canst thou hear  
My feeble and imperfect prayer?  
Or wilt thou listen to the praise  
That such a one as I can raise?
- 3 Art thou my Father? let me be  
A meek, obedient child to thee;  
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,  
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a friend;  
And only wish to do and be  
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 5 Art thou my Father? then at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down and take me in thy love,  
To be thy better child above.

*Prayer for Children.*

U. H., 41.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
From thy secure enclosure's bound,—  
And, lured by earthly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:
- 2 In all their erring, sinful years,  
O let them ne'er forgotten be;  
Remember all the prayers and tears  
Which have devoted them to thee.
- 3 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

---

*Doxology.*

U. H. 513.

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

U. H., 90, 95, 102, 112, 125, 134.

*"It is finished."*

U. H., 219.

- 1 'Tis finished—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died ;  
'Tis finished—yes, the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,  
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished—this, my dying groan,  
Shall sins of every kind atone :  
Millions shall be redeemed from death  
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round ;  
'Tis finished—let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and  
sky.

*Joy over the Convert.*

U. H., 204.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born !
- 2 With joy, the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love :  
The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul now formed anew ;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

*For a gracious Mind.*

U. H., 160.

- 1 BLEST Jesus ! let an infant claim  
The favour to adore thy name ;  
Thou wast so meek that babes might be  
Encouraged to draw near to thee.
- 2 Then to a child, great God, impart  
An humble, meek, and lowly heart ;  
O cleanse me by thy precious blood,  
And fill me with the love of God.



*The Burden of Sin.*

U. H., 202.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!  
 O that I could at last submit,  
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down!  
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;  
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
 And fully set my spirit free;  
 I cannot rest, till pure within,  
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove;  
 Thy cross was stained with hallowed blood,  
 That I might taste thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,  
 My heart from every sin release;  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

*Returning to God.*

U. H., 197.

1.  
 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,  
 And seek an injured Father's face;  
 Those warm desires that in thee burn  
 Were kindled by redeeming grace.
2.  
 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
 And seek a Father's melting heart;  
 His pitying eye thy griefs discern,  
 His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.
3.  
 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
 Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;  
 Go, view his bleeding side, and learn  
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
4.  
 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
 And wipe away the falling tear:  
 'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,"  
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
- U. H., 172, 178, 181, 189, 191, 192, 196, 201

1 My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
 2 My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

3 Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
 4 Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of Li - ber-ty! To thee we sing; Long may our

fathers' died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From eve-ry mountain's side Let freedom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.

tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro - long.  
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

1.

COME, thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise !  
 Father, all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 Ancient of Days.

2.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies ;  
 Now make them fall !  
 Let thine almighty aid  
 Our sure defence be made,  
 Our souls on thee be stayed ;  
 Lord, hear our call !

3.

Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword ;  
 Our prayer attend !  
 Come, and thy people bless ;  
 Come, give thy word success ;  
 Spirit of Holiness,  
 On us descend ?

1.

GLORY to God on high !  
 Let heaven and earth reply,  
 ' Praise ye his name !'  
 Angels, his love adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore ;  
 Saints, sing for evermore,  
 ' Worthy the Lamb !'

2.

Join all the ransomed race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless,  
 Praise ye his name.  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 Making a cheerful noise,  
 Shouting, with heart and voice,  
 ' Worthy the Lamb !'

3.

Soon must we change our place,  
 Yet will we never cease  
 Praising his name ;  
 Still will we tribute bring ;  
 Hail him our gracious King ;  
 And, through all ages, sing,  
 ' Worthy the Lamb !'

1 Humble prais - es, ho - ly Je - sus, Infant voi - ces raise to Thee;

2 Blessed Sa - viour, thou hast bid - den Babes like us to come to Thee;  
 3 Thanks to Thee, who free - ly gave us Thy ex - al - ted Son to die;

In thy arms, O Lord, re - ceive us; Suf - fer us thy lambs to be.

Once, by thy dis - ci - ples chidden, Thou didst bless such ones as we.  
 From e - ter - nal death to save us, Glo - ry be to God on high!

*Prayer for a Blessing.*

1.

U. H., 130.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing  
 On th' instructions of this day;  
 That our hearts, thy fear possessing,  
 May from sin be turned away.

2.

We have wandered; O, forgive us;  
 We have wished from truth to rove;  
 Turn, O turn us, and receive us,  
 And incline our hearts to love.

3.

We have learned that Christ, the Saviour,  
 Lived to teach us what is good;  
 Died to gain for us thy favour,  
 And redeem us by his blood.

4.

For his sake, O God, forgive us;  
 Guide us to that happy home,  
 Where the Saviour will receive us,  
 And where sin can never come.

*Feeding with the Word.*

1.

U. H., 164.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding  
 With the shepherd's kindest care;  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs thy bosom share.

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.

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.

4.

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

U. H., 42, 92, 423, 458.

44 U. H., 469. 'I would not live alway.' 11s. (PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

1 I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where  
 2 I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb; Since

3 Who, who would live al - way a - way from his God? A-  
 4 Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their

storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid  
 Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom: There, sweet be my

way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode; Where the ri - vers of  
 Sa - viour and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet; While the an - thems of

morn-ings that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, Are  
rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph, To

plea - sure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glory, And  
rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord, And

enough for life's woes, Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.  
hail him in triumph, To hail him in tri - umph, de - scend - ing the skies.

the noontide of glory, And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns:  
the smile of the Lord, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1 Rise, Daugh-ter of Zi - on, thy mourn-ing is o'er; The night that hath  
2 O lift up thine eyes, look a - round thee and see, How thy child - ren are

3 From the sea's far - thest shores, and like its full tide, The na - tions new-  
4 Who wast - ed thee once, low-ly kneel at thy throne, Re - joic - ing thy

veiled thee, shall veil thee no more; Wear the robes of the morn - ing; a -  
gath - 'ring to - geth - er to thee; Like doves on the wing, fly - ing

born, how they flow to thy side; To free - dom forth spring - ing, thy  
scep - tre of mer - cy to own; And the proud and the lof - ty, that



The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values and rests. Vertical bar lines divide the music into measures. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with lines of music and lyrics connected by vertical lines.

rise thou and shine, For the beau - ty and light of Je - ho - vah are thine.  
 home to be blest At thine al - tar with peace, in thy bo - som with rest.

light having seen, They bless thee a mo - ther, and hail thee a queen.  
 hail not thy day, In the blaze of its noon shall but wi - ther a - way.

- 5 In thy kingdom of love shall all violence cease ;  
 Thine exactors be justice, thine officers peace ;  
 Thy people all righteous, and truth all thy ways ;  
 Thy gates are salvation, thy portals are praise.
- 6 Jehovah thy Beauty, thy Brightness, thy Crown,  
 Thy noon shall ne'er wane, and thy sun ne'er go down ;  
 And the tide of thy glory, no ebbing to know,  
 From ages eternal, to ages shall flow.

*The Lord is our Shepherd.*

## 1.

THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide;  
Whatever we want he will kindly provide,  
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,  
His care and protection his flock will surround.

## 2.

The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear?  
What danger can move us, while Jesus is near?  
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

## 3.

Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,  
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay,  
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,  
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

## 4.

The Lord has become our salvation and song  
His blessings have followed us all our life long;  
His name we will praise while he lends us our breath,  
Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.

*Church in Affliction.*

## 1.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

## 2.

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends ;  
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

## 3.

'O fearful ! O faithless !' in mercy he cries ;  
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?  
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,  
'Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

## 4.

'Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure,  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
'To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.'

1 Thou sweet gliding Ke-dron, by thy sil-ver stream, Our Saviour would  
 2 How damp were the va-pours that fell on his head; How hard was his

3 O gar-den of O-lives, thou dear honoured spot, The fame of thy  
 4 Come, saints, and a-dore him; come bow at his feet: O give him the

lin-ger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,  
 pil-low, how hum-ble his bed; The an-gels be-hold-ing, a-mazed at the sight,

wonders shall ne'er be for-got; The theme most transporting to se-raphs a-bove,  
 glo-ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise,

CHORUS.

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day. Peace, peace, welcome guest!  
 At - tend - ed their Mas - ter with so - lemn de - light. Grace, grace, grace di - vine!

\*The triumph of sorrow, the tri - umph of love. Love, love, matchless love!  
 And join the full chorus that glad - dens the skies. Come, come, glad - ly come!

FOR.

May the peace of my Saviour a - - bide in my breast.  
 The Sa - viour is risen, sal - - va - tion is mine.

There's no love like this . . . at in hea - ven a - - bove  
 O sweet is the voice that wel - comes me home.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;

2 Ri-vers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course;  
 3 Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn; Press on-ward to the prize;

Rise from tran-si--to-ry things Towards hea:en, thy na-tive place;

Fire, as-cend-ing, seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source:  
 Soon our Sa-viour will re-turn, Tri-um-phant, in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move ;

So the soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face ;  
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given ;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.  
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray, And give us hearts to ask; Or  
2 Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit send, Our bo - soms to in - spire; Then

3 Je - sus, our great High Priest, Pre - sent our prayers a - bove; And  
4 Teach us to find our bliss In earn - est, fer - vent prayer; For

all we think, or do, or say, Will be a tire - some task.  
shall our praise to thee as - cend, With pure and warm de - sire.

spread a - broad, o'er all thou see'st, The man - tle of thy love.  
where we pray our Sa - viour is, And bliss is on - ly there.



*God's Works praise him.*

1.

U. H., 362.

TEN thousand different flowers  
To thee sweet offerings bear ;  
And cheerful birds in shady bowers  
Sing forth thy tender care.

2.

The fields on every side,  
The trees on every hill ;  
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,  
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3.

But trees, and fields, and skies,  
Still praise a God unknown ;  
For gratitude and love can rise  
From living hearts alone.

4.

These living hearts of ours  
Thy holy name would bless ;  
The blossom of ten thousand flowers  
Would please the Saviour less.

*Watch and pray.*

1.

U. H., 455.

My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.

2.

O watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3.

Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down ;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou hast got thy crown.

*Doxology.*

U. H., 516.

YE angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

U. H., 460, 453, 487, 480, 472.

1 Children of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;  
2 We are travelling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;

3 Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land,  
4 Lord! o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing our Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.  
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis - mayed go on.  
On - ly thou our lea - der be, And we still will fol - low thee.

*Lovest thou me?*

U. H., 110.

- 1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord—  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
'Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath.  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 "Thou shall see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
'That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!

*"Give me thy Heart."*

U. H., 187.

- 1 HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,  
To the listening spirit given?  
Children, come! it seems to say,  
Give your hearts to me to-day.
- 2 Sweet as is a mother's love,  
Tender as the heavenly Dove,  
'Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms;  
'Thus it wins us to his arms.
- 3 Lord, we will remember thee,  
While from pains and sorrows free;  
While our day is in its dew,  
And the clouds of life are few.
- 4 Then, when night and age appear,  
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;  
Thou our glorious leader be,  
When the stars shall fade and flee.
- 5 Now to thee, O Lord! we come,  
In our morning's early bloom;  
Breathe on us thy grace divine;  
'Touch our hearts, and make them thine.

U. H., 171, 175, 247.

1 Thou wakest from hap - py sleep, to play With bound-ing heart, my boy;

3 Be - fore thee lies a long, bright day Of sum - mer and of joy;

Thou hast no hea - vy thought or dream, To cloud thy fear - less eye.

Long be it thus! life's ear - ly stream Should still re - flect the sky.



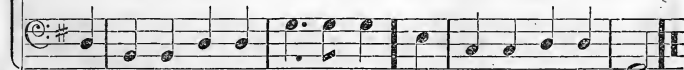
2 Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim On thy young spi - rit's wings;



4 So, in the on - ward vale of tears, Wher - e'er thy path may be;



Now in thy morn for - get not Him From whom each pure thought springs.



When strength has bowed to e - vil years, He will re - mem - ber thee.

1 God is love; his mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we move;

2 Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Worlds de - cay, and a - ges move;  
 3 E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, His un - chang - ing good-ness proves;

Bliss he grants, and wo he light - ens: God is light, and God is love.

But his mer - cy wa - neth ne - ver: God is light, and God is love.  
 From the mist his bright - ness streameth: God is light, and God is love.

*Overcoming Impediments to Worship.*

1.

U. H., 51.

WHY should cold or stormy weather  
 Keep me from the house of prayer?  
 Oh! where Christians meet together,  
 Let me still be with them there!

2.

If I loved my God sincerely,  
 If my heart approved his ways,  
 It would grieve my heart severely  
 To be kept from prayer and praise.

3.

When on earth the Saviour wandered,  
 Oft for me his cheek was wet:  
 Oft in silent prayer he pondered,  
 Through chill night, on Olivet.

4.

Then shall cold or stormy weather  
 Keep me from the house of prayer?  
 No! where Christians meet together,  
 Let me still be with them there!

*The good Shepherd.*

1.

E. H., 89.

Jesus says that we must love him;  
 Helpless as the lambs are we;  
 But he very kindly tells us,  
 That our shepherd he will be.

2.

Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,  
 Guard us both by night and day;  
 Pity show to little children,  
 Who like lambs too often stray.

3.

We are always prone to wander,  
 Please to keep us from each snare;  
 Teach our infant hearts to praise thee  
 For thy kindness and thy care.

## 'Hark, the morning bells are ringing.' 8s &amp; 7s.

ALLEGRO.

1 Hark! the morn-ing bells are ring-ing! Child-ren, haste with-out de-lay;  
2 'Tis an hour of hap-py meet-ing, Child-ren met for praise and prayer;

3 Do not keep our teachers wait-ing, While you tar-ry by the way;  
4 Children, haste; the bells are ring-ing, And the morn-ing's bright and fair;

Prayers of thous-ands now are wing-ing Up to heav-en their si-lent way.  
But the hour is short and fleet-ing; Let us, then, be ear-ly there.

Nor dis-turb the school re-cit-ing; 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day.  
Thousands now are joined in sing-ing; Thousands, too, in so-lemn prayer.



*Prayer to the Saviour.*

U. H., 430.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again :  
Keep no longer at a distance :  
Shine upon us from on high ;  
Lest, for want of thy assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely once thy garden flourished,  
Every part looked gay and green ;  
Then thy word our spirit nourished,  
Happy seasons we have seen !  
But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,—  
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,  
Shun the world's enticing snares  
Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

*The Gifts of Jesus.*

U. H., 105.

- 1 JESUS gives us true repentance  
By his Spirit sent from heaven :  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."  
Faith he gives us to believe him,  
Grateful hearts his love to prize ;  
Want we wisdom ? he must give it,  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 2 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Helps us do what he commands ;  
Makes us follow his directions,  
Gives us willing feet and hands.  
All our prayers, and all our praises,  
We should offer in his name :  
He who dictates them is Jesus ;  
He who answers is the same.
- 3 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;  
That alone be all our glory,  
All things else we count but loss.  
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Endless source of joy and love ;  
Grant us, Lord, thy constant favour,  
Till we reign with thee above.

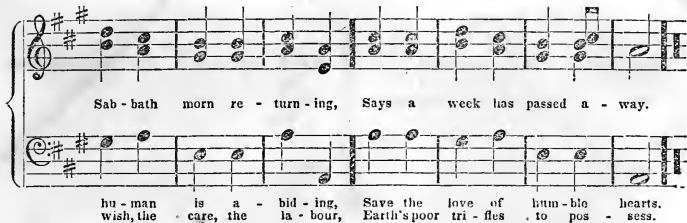
WORDS BY MRS. HALE.

1 Wel-come, wel-come, qui - et morn - ing; I've no task, no

2 Let me think how time is glid - ing; Soon the long-est  
3 Love to God and to our neigh-bour Makes our pu - rest

toil to day; Now the Sab-bath morn re - turn - ing, Now the

life de - parts; No - thing hu - man is a bid - ing, No - thing  
hap - pi - ness; Vain the wish, the care, the la - bour, Vain the



Sab - bath morn re - turn - ing, Says a week has passed a - way.  
 hu - man is a - bid - ing, Save the love of hum - ble hearts.  
 wish, the care, the la - bour, Earth's poor tri - fles . to pos - sess.

4 Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,  
 Like the startled doves they fly;  
 Or bright clouds each other chasing  
 Over yonder quiet sky.

5 Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,  
 Soon its visions will be mine;  
 Shall I covet wealth and glory?  
 Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine?

5

6 No, my God, one prayer I raise thee  
 From my young and happy heart;  
 Never let me cease to praise thee,  
 Never from thy fear depart.

7 Then, when years have gathered o'er me,  
 And the world is sunk in shade;  
 Heaven's bright realms will rise before me,  
 There my treasure will be laid.

*My Beloved.*

1.

My beloved, wilt thou own me,  
 When my heart is all defiled ?  
 Though thy dying love has won me,  
 Can I deem thee reconciled ?

2.

My beloved, pass before me ;  
 Never from my sight remove ;  
 Many waters flowing o'er me,  
 Fold me in thy sheltering love.

3.

My beloved, safely hide me  
 In the drear and cloudy day ;  
 Ere the windy storm has tried me,  
 Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

4.

My beloved, kindly take me  
 To thy sympathizing breast ;  
 Never, never more forsake me ;  
 Guide me to the land of rest.

*Feed my Lambs.*

1.

“ FEED my lambs ! ”—how condescending,  
 How compassionate the grace  
 Of the Saviour, just ascending,  
 Thus to bless our infant race ?

2.

Richest treasure, dearest token,  
 From his stores of love to give ;  
 Kept from age to age unbroken,  
 Till its bounty *we* receive.

3.

Who, without that word of blessing,  
 Could our dark estate have told ?  
 Sin and wo our souls distressing,  
 Lost and wandering from his fold.

4.

“ Feed my lambs ! ” ye pastors, hear it ;  
 Feed the flock of his own hand :  
 Oh, for him, for us, revere it ;  
 Keep the Shepherd's last command.

*Reward of the faithful Teachers.* U. H., 271.

- 1 WHEN the infant spirit, flying,  
Smiles and gladly leaves its clay,  
On a Saviour's death relying,  
Soaring to the world of day ;
- 2 If beside that pillow, standing,  
One there be, who taught it so ;  
Led that little soul, expanding,  
All the love of God to know ;
- 3 O how pure must be the pleasure,  
Thus his sweet reward to see ;  
As its life fulfils its measure,  
As it seeks eternity !

*Thoughts of Death.*

U. H., 277.

- 1 LET me think, if I were dying,  
(And I very soon must die,)  
On what hope am I relying !  
To what refuge could I fly ?
- 2 Not a sister, nor a brother,  
Nor the holiest of men ;  
Nor a father, nor a mother,  
Could afford me refuge then !

- 3 They could only stand beside me,  
Smooth my pillow, mourn my fall ;  
But death's power would soon divide me  
From the dearest of them all.

*The righteous Dead.*

U. H., 272.

- 1 THINK, O ye who fondly languish  
O'er the grave of those you love,  
While your bosoms throb with anguish,  
They are singing hymns above.
- 2 While your silent steps are straying  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love :  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish  
Enter not the world above.

1 O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, My great Re-deem-er's praise;  
2 My gra-cious Mas-ter, and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim

3 Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;  
4 Look un-to him, ye na-tions; own Your God, ye fal-len race;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.  
And spread, through all the earth a-broad, The ho-nours of thy name.

'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
Look, and be saved through faith a-lone; Be jus-ti-fied by grace.

*The Blood of Christ.*

U. H., 213.

- 1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there would I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save;  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

*For a very little Child*

U. H., 331.

- 1 O THAT it were my chief delight  
To do the things I ought!  
Then let me try with all my might,  
To mind what I am taught.
- 2 Wherever I am told to go,  
I'll cheerfully obey;  
Nor will I mind it much, although  
I leave a pretty play.
- 3 When I am bid, I'll freely bring  
Whatever I have got;  
And never touch a pretty thing,  
If mother tells me not.
- 4 And when I learn my hymns to say,  
And work, and read, and spell,  
I will not think about my play,  
But try and do it well.
- 5 For God looks down from heaven high,  
Our actions to behold;  
And he is pleased when children try  
To do as they are told.

*Salvation*

U. H., 218

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial 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.

*The Request.*

U. H., 57.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise:—
- 2 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.

*The Bible a Treasure.*

U. H., 147.

1.  
 THIS is the field where hidden lies  
 The pearl of price unknown;  
 Those children are divinely wise  
 Who make that pearl their own.
2.  
 Here consecrated water flows,  
 To quench our thirst of sin:  
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
 Nor danger dwells therein.
3.  
 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
 Where wit and reason fail;  
 Our guide to everlasting life  
 Through all this gloomy vale.
4.  
 O may thy counsels, mighty God,  
 Our roving feet command;  
 Nor we forsake the happy road  
 That leads to thy right hand.



*Christ the Shepherd.*

1.

U. H., 115.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,  
 With all engaging charms ;  
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
 And folds them in his arms.

2.

Permit them to approach, he cries,  
 Nor scorn their humble name :  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
 The Lord of angels came.

3.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams  
 Where living waters flow :  
 And guide us to the fruitful fields  
 Where trees of knowledge grow.

4.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock  
 Shall be its Shepherd's care ;  
 While folded in the Saviour's arms,  
 We're safe from every snare.

*God hears, sees, and knows me.*

1.

U. H., 72.

God is in heaven—can he hear  
 A feeble prayer like mine ?  
 Yes, little child, thou needest not fear,  
 He listeneth to thine.

2.

God is in heaven—can he see  
 When I am doing wrong ?  
 Yes, that he can—he looks at thee  
 All day and all night long.

3.

God is in heaven—would he know  
 If I should tell a lie ?  
 Yes, if thou saidst it very low,  
 He'd hear it in the sky.

4.

God is in heaven—can I go  
 To thank him for his care ?  
 Not yet—but love him here below,  
 And thou shalt praise him there.

## 'Yes, my native land, I love thee.' 8s. &amp; 7s.

1 Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;  
2 Home, thy joys are pass - ing love - ly; Joys no stran - ger heart can tell;

3 Scenes of sa - cred peace and plea - sure, Ho - ly days and Sab - bath bell,  
4 Yes, I hast - en from you glad - ly, From the scenes I loved so well;

## DUETT.

Friends, con - nec - tions, hap - py coun - try, Can I bid you all fare - well?  
Hap - py home! 'tis sure I love thee; Can I, can I say, fare - well?

Rich - est, bright - est, sweet - est trea - sure! Can I say a last fare - well?  
Far a - way, ye bil - lows, bear me; Love - ly na - tive land, fare - well!



Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?  
 Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?

Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?  
 Pleased, I leave thee; Pleased, I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell.

5.

In the deserts let me labour;  
 On the mountains let me tell  
 How He died, the blessed Saviour!  
 To redeem a world from hell!  
 Let me hasten,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvass swell;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell.  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land, farewell! farewell!

*Prayer for Success.*

1.

V. H., 427.

THEU, who didst with love and blessing  
 Gather Zion's babes to thee;  
 Still a Saviour's love expressing,  
 These, the babes of Zion see;  
 Bless the labours,  
 That would bring them up for thee.

2.

Smile upon the weak endeavour,  
 Vain, if thou thy smile deny;  
 Lo! they rise,—to live forever!  
 Train, O train them for the sky!  
 Ne'er may Satan  
 Plunder Zion's nursery.

3.

Let no self-applauding feeling,  
 Naught of praise from mortals won,  
 O'er the heart infectious stealing  
 Poison what our hands have done;  
 Raise the motives,  
 Sink the pride of every one.

4.

Love to thee, and pure affection  
 For the lambs that need a fold,  
 These should give our zeal direction,  
 And prevent its growing cold;  
 Or support us,  
 E'en if blessing thou withhold.

5.

Yet, with humble fervour bending,  
 We that blessing would entreat;  
 In the infant heart descending,  
 Make the toils of learning sweet;  
 Straight to Zion  
 Turn the young inquirer's feet.

6.

Then, when long we both have slumbered,  
 Side by side, in common dust,  
 With thy ransomed people numbered,  
 With the assembly of the just;  
 Child and teacher,  
 Saviour! own our humble trust.

*Come, ye Sinners.*

U. H., 182

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power ;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 Surrender.*

U. H., 488.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
Welcome to this heart of mine :  
Lord, I make a fell surrender,  
Every power and thought be thine ;  
Thine entirely,  
Through eternal ages thine.
- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near :  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

*Call from the Heathen.*

U. H., 504.

WASTED o'er the breast of ocean,  
Hark ! a voice attracts the ear ;  
Hushed be every rude commotion ;  
Soft and low it murmurs near—  
Lo we perish ! ye can save,  
Fearless venture o'er the wave.

1 When our fa - thers, long a - go, Fled from per - se - cu - tion's flame,  
2 Burst - ing on night's dark - est hour, Child - ren heard the sa - vage yell,

3 But a no - ble, sweet - er song We, this day, have met to sing;  
4 Je - sus! Je - sus! yes, 'tis he! Ev - er - more the child - ren's friend;

O'er the dark, tem - pes - tuous sea, Lit - tle child - ren with them came:  
And the loud and fear - ful cry Of their pa - rents, as they fell.

Praise to Him, in Bethlehem born, Him, our Sa - viour and our King.  
We have one re - quest for thee; Teachers, faith - ful teach - ers, send;

Lit - tle child-ren knelt and prayed With their sires on free - dom's shore,  
 Child-ren sang, in la - ter times, Lib - er - ty's in - spir - ing lay;

He has conquered! Lo! he comes, Lead-ing cap - tive death and sin!  
 Send them through this guilt - y world, To make glad th' a - bodes of sin.

Raised the grate-ful notes of joy Loud-er than the o - cean's roar.  
 Glow - ing hearts in con - cert hailed Each re - turn - ing fes - tal day.

O - pen, o - pen wide your gates! Let the King of glo - ry in!  
 O - pen, o - pen wide your gates! Let the King of glo - ry in!

1 The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west ;  
2 The wood - land hum is ring - ing The day - light's gen - tle close ;

3 The eve - ning star has light - ed Her crys - tal lamp on high ;  
4 In gold - en splen - dour dawn - ing, The mor - row's light shall break ;

So, ev - 'ry care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest.  
May an - gels, round me sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.

So, when in death he - nigh - ted, May hope il - lume the sky.  
O! on the last bright morn - ing, May I in glo - ry wake.



*Children's Prayer for a Blessing.* U. H., 353.

- 1 It is not earthly pleasure,  
That withers in a day ;  
It is not mortal treasure,  
That flieth soon away ;  
It is not friends that leave us,  
It is not sense nor sin,  
That smile but to deceive us,  
Can give us peace within.
- 2 But 'tis religion bringeth  
Joy beyond earth's control ;  
Rich from the throne it springeth,  
A fountain to the soul ;  
He that is meek and lowly,  
The Saviour's face shall see ;  
To none but to the holy,  
Heaven's gates shall opened be.
- 3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,  
While we thy word are taught ;  
And may these days that cheer us,  
With future good be fraught ;  
May we, to heaven invited,  
When youth and life are flown,  
Teachers and taught united,  
Assemble round the throne.

*Sabbath-school Celebration.* U. H., 350.

- 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 labour 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.

1 Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce - men - ted, mixt in one,

3 A rill, a stream, a tor - rent flows! But pour a might-y flood;  
5 May we, a lit - tle band of love, We sin - ners, saved by grace,

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.

O sweep the na - tions, shake the earth, Till all pro - claim thee God.  
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry changed, Be - hold thee, face to face!

near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.

were so near, If God Al - migh - ty 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 And I, beneath his care,  
 May safely rest my head;  
 I know that God is there,  
 To guard my humble bed:  
 And every sin I well may fear,  
 Since God Almighty is so near

5 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.

1 A poor, way-far-ing man of grief, Hath of-ten crossed me on my way.

2 Once, when my scan-ty meal was spread, He en-tered; not a word he spake;  
 3 I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;

Who sued so hum-bly for re-lief, That I could ne-ver an-swer Nay.

Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,  
 The heed-less wa-ter mocked his thirst; He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I had not power to ask his name, Whith-er he went, or whence he came;

And ate, but gave me part a-gain. Mine was an an-gel's portion then;  
I ran and raised the suffer-er up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup;

Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

And while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was man-na to my taste.  
Dipped and returned it run-ning o'er; I drank and ne-ver thirst-ed more.

4.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
 A wintry hurricane aloof;  
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
 To bid him welcome to my roof.  
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest;  
 Laid him on mine own couch to rest;  
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway side;  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
 Revived his spirit, and supplied  
 Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.  
 I had, myself, a wound concealed;  
 But, from that hour, forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6.

In prison I saw him next, condemned  
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
 And honoured him 'mid shame and scorn.  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He asked if I for him would die;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried 'I will!'

7.

Then, in a moment, to my view  
 The stranger started from disguise;  
 The tokens in his hands I knew;  
 My Saviour stood before my eyes!  
 He spake, and my poor name he named;  
 'Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
 Fear not; thou didst it unto me.'

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

U. H., 119.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things :
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll :  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall ;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their Saviour thus they sing ;  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King !

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

U. H., 56.

- 1 JESUS! and can it ever be  
That I should be ashamed of thee ?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,—  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to hush, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !  
And O may this my glory be,  
Jesus is not ashamed of me !

U. H., 13, 37, 136, 158.

## 'Saviour, be thou with us going.'

1 Sa - viour, be thou with us go - ing, With the world to

2 Pre - cious is thy word of pro - mise; Pre - cious to thy  
 3 May we thus, till life is o - ver, Trust in thee, and

mix a - gain; 'Tis thy strength we trust to, know - ing We are weak as

peo - ple here; Though the foe would wrest it from us, Thou hast bid us  
 va - liant prove; Eve - ry day fresh cause dis - co - ver, Cause of won - der,



o - ther men; If thou keep us, If thou keep us, We are safe, and  
 no - thing fear: In our tri - als, In our tri - als Thou hast said thou  
 joy, and love: And, vic - to - rious, And, vic - to - rious, To our place in

on - ly then, We are safe, and on - - ly then.  
 wilt he near, Thou hast said thou wilt he near.  
 heaven re - move, To our place in heaven re - - move.

1 How hap - py is the child who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice ;  
 2 For she has trea - sures great - er far Than east or west un - fold ;

3 She guides the young with in - no - cence In pleasure's path to tread ;  
 4 Ac - cord - ing as her la - bours rise, So her re - wards in - crease ;

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice,  
 And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their stores of gold.

A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the a - ged head.  
 Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

*Early Instruction.*

1.

U. H., 231.

HAPPY the child whose early years  
 Receive instruction well ;  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.

2.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
 To mind religion young ;  
 Grace will preserve our following years,  
 And make our virtues strong.

3.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
 Our childhood we resign ;  
 'Twill please us to look back, and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.

4.

O let the work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my youngest breath :  
 Thus I'm prepared for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.

7

*The great Concern.*

1.

U. H., 128.

RELIGION is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know.

2.

Religion should our thoughts engage  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 Or for an early tomb.

3.

O, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
 And be my stubborn will subdued,  
 His government to own.

4.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
 Be joined with godly fear ;  
 And all my conversation prove  
 My heart to be sincere.

*The Goodness of God.*

1.

U. H., 1.

How kind in all his works and ways  
Must our Creator be ;  
We learn some lesson of his praise  
From every thing we see.

2.

The glorious sun that blazes high,  
The moon more pale and dim,  
With all the stars that fill the sky,  
Are made and ruled by him.

3.

And this vast world of ours below,  
The water and the land,  
And all the trees and flowers that grow  
Were fashioned by his hand.

4.

Yes, and he formed our infant race,  
And he is ever near  
To those who early seek his face  
By humble, earnest prayer.

*Power and Goodness of God.*

1.

U. H., 8.

I SING the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

*Child's Prayer.*

U. H., 36.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray;  
Thy grace betimes impart;  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my sinful heart.
- 2 A fallen creature I was born,  
And from my birth I strayed:  
I must be wretched and forlorn  
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain;  
Can fit my soul with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let little children come,  
For he hath said they may;  
His bosom then shall be their home,  
Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face  
Shall surely taste his love;  
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,  
To dwell with him above.

*God the Children's Friend.*

U. H., 59.

- 1 WHILE angels praise thy gracious name,  
And Holy! Holy! cry;  
May little children do the same,  
And raise their songs on high?
- 2 They may.—To Samuel thou didst speak,  
And mark him as thy own;  
They may—for thou hast bade them seek  
For mercy through thy Son.
- 3 And King Josiah in his youth  
Was early taught by thee  
To fear thy name, to love thy truth,  
And every sin to flee.
- 4 Nor canst thou change—still, still thou art  
The helpless infant's friend;  
O, I would give thee all my heart,  
And on thy grace depend.
- 5 And now, O God! to thee I cry:  
O form my soul anew;  
The Saviour's cleansing blood apply,  
And all my sins subdue.

U. II., 46, 429, 431, 461.

1 When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

2 Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,  
3 Let cares like a wild de - luge come, And storms of sor - row fall;

I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eycs.

Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

*The New Jerusalem.*

U. H., 303.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend;  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo  
Or feel, at death, dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there—  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

- 6 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

*Christ the Rock.*

U. H., 498.

- 1 In every care that dims the mind,  
When dark temptations press,  
Let me with Christ a shelter find,  
My Rock, my Righteousness.
- 2 If man conspire my hopes to blast,  
Or sickness come, or pain;  
And peace and joy have quickly past,  
And fail to cheer again:
- 3 Then, Lord, amidst the darkest night,  
And through the stormiest day,  
Be thou for ever in my sight;  
My Rock! my Hope! my Stay!

*Solitude.*

U. H., 316.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care;  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear;  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

*Walking with God.*

U. H., 209

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.



*Eternity.*

U. H., 302.

- 1 THE sun that lights the world shall fade,  
The stars shall pass away ;  
And I, a child immortal made,  
Shall witness their decay.
- 2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,  
Though now so bright they shine,  
When earth and all it holds have fled,  
Eternity is mine.
- 3 For I can never, never die,  
While God himself remains ;  
But I must live in heaven on high,  
Or where deep darkness reigns.
- 4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,  
To Christ, O let me flee ;  
If pain be hard for one short day,  
What must forever be !

*Recovery from Sickness.*

U. H., 269.

- 1 I THANK the Lord who lives on high,  
Who heard an infant pray ;  
And healed me that I should not die,  
And took my pains away.
- 2 O let me love and serve thee, too,  
As long as I shall live ;  
And every evil thing I do,  
For Jesus' sake forgive.

*Doxology.*

U. H., 519.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,  
And set the prisoners free ;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

1 Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;  
2 All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smi - ling land;

3 These to that dear Source we owe, Whence our sweet-est com - forts flow;  
4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grate - ful, nev - er - end - ing praise;

Bounteous Source of eve - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.  
All that libe - ral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores.

These, through all my hap - py days, Claim my cheer - ful songs of praise.  
And when eve - ry bless - ing's flown, Love thee for thy - self a - lone.

*The Child's Prayer.*

1.

J. H., 63.

JESUS, see a little child  
Humbly at thy footstool stay;  
Thou, who art so meek and mild,  
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

2.

Though thou art so great and high,  
Thou dost view, with smiling face,  
Little children when they cry,  
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace."

3.

Show me what I ought to be,  
Make me every evil shun;  
Thee in all things may I see,  
In thy holy footsteps run.

4.

Jesus! all my sins forgive,  
Make me lowly, pure in heart,  
For thy glory may I live,  
Then be with thee where thou art.

*For Morning and Evening.*

U. H., 64.

- 1 GRACIOUS God! to thee I pray,  
Give me grace to pray aright;  
Guide and bless me every day,  
And defend me every night.
- 2 Let thy mercy, while I live,  
Every needful want supply;  
And thy blissful presence give,  
To support me when I die.

*Morning and Evening.*

U. H., 65.

- 1 TEACH me, Lord, thy name to know,  
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;  
May I do thy will below  
As thy will is done above.
- 2 When I go to rest at night,  
O'er me watch and near me stay;  
And when morning brings the light,  
May I wake to praise and pray.

U. H., 39, 45.

*Love of God.*

1.

U. H., 79.

SING, my soul, his wondrous love,  
 Who from yon bright world above,  
 Ever watchful o'er our race,  
 Still to man extends his grace :

2.

Heaven and earth by him were made,  
 He by all must be obeyed ;  
 What are we, that he should show  
 So much love to us below !

3.

God, thus merciful and good,  
 Bought us with a Saviour's blood ;  
 And to make our safety sure,  
 Guides us by his Spirit pure :

4.

Sing, my soul, adore his name,  
 Let his glory be thy theme ;  
 Praise him till he calls thee home,  
 Trust his love for all to come :

*Refuge for the Tempted.*

U. H., 88

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high !

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last !

3 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sins :  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.

5 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity !

*The everlasting Sabbath.*

U. H., 127.

- 1 SOON will set the Sabbath sun,  
Soon the sacred day be gone;  
But a sweeter rest remains,  
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
- 2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,  
Seeming much of joy to tell;  
Kind our teachers are to-day,  
In the school we love to stay.
- 3 But a music, sweeter far,  
Breathes where angel-spirits are;  
Higher far than earthly strains,  
Where the rest of God remains.
- 4 Shall we ever rise to dwell  
Where immortal praises swell?  
And can children ever go  
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
- 5 Yea:—that rest our own may be,  
All the good shall Jesus see;  
For the good a rest remains,  
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

*Prayer for Direction.*

U. H., 159.

- 1 To thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there;  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe;  
May thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
"I have walked with God to-day."

‘Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming.’

1st Treble, or Air. SOLI.

2d Treble. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the

Tenor.

Base.

Duett.

wil-der-ness shall bloom; And Zi-on's children then shall sing, The deserts are all blossoming.

Inst.

Semi Chorus.

Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the wilderness shall bloom;

The image shows a musical score for a semi-chorus. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

1st and 2d Trebles.

The gos-pel banner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world, And every creature,

The image shows a musical score for the first and second trebles. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the first treble in G major with a treble clef. The middle staff is for the second treble in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first two staves. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

Inst.

‘Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming.’ CONCLUDED.

Tutti con anima.

*1st Treb.* Re - joice, re - joice,

bond or free, Shall hail that glo - rious ju - bi - lee.

*2d Treb.* Re - joice, re - joice,

*Tasto.*

*Base.* Re-joice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

Re - joice, re - joice, rejoice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom.

promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice,

Rejoice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice,

the wil - der - ness shall bloom.

Rejoice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom.



*Salvation for the Heathen.* U. H., 335.

## Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
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 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O, salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim;  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learnt 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.

---

*Doxology.*

U. H., 350.

## Missionary Hymn.

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.

I Eve - ry sheaf of gold - en grain, Stand - ing on the smil - ing plain,

2 Thanks we bring for earth - ly good, No - bler thanks for rich - er food;  
 3 Lord! to these thy fa - vours, give Hearts to serve thee while we live;

Tells us, if we do not know, Whence our ma - ny bless - ings flow.

Love di - vine to us has given Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.  
 Till we reap, where Je - sus is, Har - vests of im - mor - tal bliss.

*Prayer for a very little Child.* U. H., 392.

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought;  
Gracious God, forbid it not:  
In the kingdom of thy grace  
Give a little child a place.
- 3 O supply my every want,  
Feed the young and tender plant;  
Day and night my keeper be,  
Every moment watch round me.

*Closing School.*

U. H., 394.

- 1 For a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,

Let thy mercy, and thy care,  
All our souls in safety keep.

- 3 What we each have now been taught,  
Let our memories retain;  
May we, if we live, be brought,  
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,  
Songs of praises shall be given;  
We'll our thankfulness express,  
Here on earth and when in heaven.

*Doxology.*

U. H., 520

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,  
God, in whom we move and live;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ, our prophet, priest, and king;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain,  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

*Heaven in Prospect.*

U. H., 506.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light,  
Priests and kings and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
- 4 Who are these?—on earth they dwelt,  
Sinners once of Adam's race;  
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,  
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 5 They were mortal too, like us;  
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

*Death of a Child.*

U. H., 283

- 1 MOURN not, ye whose child hath found  
Purer skies and holier ground;  
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,  
Free from thorns and fresh with dew.
- 2 Mourn not, ye whose child hath fled  
From this region of the dead,  
To yon winged angel-band,  
To a better, fairer land.
- 3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow  
Free from weeds of toil and wo,  
Joys which mortals may not share;  
Mourn ye not your child is there.

*Progress of the Gospel.*

U. H., 463.

- 1 WHEN the glorious work begun,  
Small and feeble was its day;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way.
- 2 More and more it spreads and grows;  
Strong and mighty to prevail:  
Sin's stronghold it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

U. H., 59, 61, 68, 93, 94, 109, 385, 483, 495

*Birth-day.*

1.

U. H., 363.

HEAVENLY Father! look on me,  
 Now my birth-day's come once more;  
 Listen while I pray to thee,  
 And with infant powers adore.

2.

Once I was an infant weak,  
 Sleeping on my mother's knee;  
 Then I could not walk or speak,  
 Yet thou didst take care of me.

3.

Now I run about and talk;  
 Now I learn to read my book;  
 Through the fields I now can walk,  
 On the pretty flowers can look.

4.

Bless me now I am a child,  
 Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me;  
 Make me good, and wise, and mild,  
 Make me all that I should be.

*Birth of Christ.*

1.

U. H., 364.

Songs of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When he spake—and it was done.

2.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
 When the Prince of peace was born;  
 Songs of praise arose when he  
 Captive led captivity.

3.

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

4.

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

1 I saw one hanging on a tree, In a - go - nies and blood;  
2 Sure, ne - ver, till my la - test breath, Can I for - get that look:

3 My conscience felt and owned the deed, And plunged me in de - spair;  
4 A se - cond look he gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give;

Me - thought he turned his eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.  
It seemed to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke.

I saw my sins his blood had sneed, And helped to nail him there.  
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die, — that thou mayest live "

*For the Spirit's Influence.*

U. H., 43.

- 1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,  
To worship at thy feet;  
O pour thy Holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
To hear the Saviour's voice:  
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek;  
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
And understand thy word;  
To feel thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,  
'Thy love and mercy known;  
The icy hearts, blest Saviour, melt,  
And break the hearts of stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,  
And saints rejoice in thee;  
Let rebels be subdued by love,  
And to the Saviour flee.

*Lord, remember me.*

U. H., 55.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my guilty burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
In love, remember me!
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee;  
Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day,  
And still remember me!
- 4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,  
'This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
Hear, and remember me!
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be,  
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me.

U. H., 49, 56, 60, 62, 77 90, 99, 103, 104.

*God eternal and unchangeable.*

U. H., 74.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!  
How frail and weak are we;  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere earth or heaven was made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present to thy view,  
To thee there's nothing old appears;  
And nothing can be new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs,

*The all-seeing God.*

U. H., 75.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in that dreadful book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and published there?  
Be all exposed before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;  
Upward I dare not look;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt;  
And let his blood wash out my stains  
And answer for my guilt.



*God eternal.*

U. H., 81.

- 1 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
Through endless years the same.
- 4 Time, like an ever-flowing stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
We fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

*God is everywhere.*

U. H., 82.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within ;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
And fill me with thy love.

## 'How pleasant thus to dwell below.'

1 How pleas-ant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love; }  
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. }

2 Yes, hap - py thought! when we are free From earth-ly grief and pain, }  
In heaven we shall each o - ther see, And ne - ver part a - gain. }  
3 The children who have loved the Lord Shall hail their teach-ers there; }  
And teach-ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care. }

The good shall meet a - - bove, The good shall meet a - - bove;

And ne - ver part a - - gain, And ne - ver part a - - gain;  
Of all their toil and care, Of all their toil and care;

And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.

In heaven we shall each o - ther see, And ne - ver part a - gain.  
 And teach - ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care.

O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful! O! that will be joy-ful, To

O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful! O! that will be joy-ful, To  
 O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, 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,

meet to part no more. To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,  
 meet to part no more. To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,

And sing the ev - er - last - ing song, With those who've gone be - fore.

And sing the ev - er - last - ing song, With those who've gone be - fore.  
 And sing the ev - er - last - ing song, With those who've gone be - fore.

*And must this body die.* Boylston, B. Acad.

- 1 AND must this body die,  
 'This mortal frame decay ?  
 And must these active limbs of mine,  
 Lie mouldering in the clay.
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
 And frequent from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace  
 Shall these vile bodies 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.

—◆—  
*Christian Fellowship.*

U. H., 450.  
 Boylston.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love ;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent prayers ;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.

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

4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain,  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

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

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin we shall be free :  
 And perfect love and friendship reign  
 Through all eternity.

U. H., 120, 124, 259, 260, 311, 321, 366, 396, 396, 438, 451, 459, 465

*Christ our King.*

1.

U. H., 106.  
School Street.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2.

To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice ;

3.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

4.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud amen.

*Sabbath Employments.*U. H., 135.  
School Street.

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

U. H., 33, 71, 73, 146, 150, 153, 155, 156, 157, 161, 177, 223.

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