

W. P. Kemp, Boston, Mass.

WATERS' CHORAL HARP

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG, AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE HARPERS HARPING WITH THEIR HARPS



J. P. KEMP, 40 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

TUTTLE, ENG. N.

~~F 46~~



Division

SCA

Section

1875

XT
Eliza P. Fitzgerald.

Boston.

1864.

1874 - under this title
[Golden H. Wood's work]

WATERS'
CHORAL HARP

A NEW AND SUPERIOR COLLECTION OF
CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES,

MOSTLY NEW,

Written and Composed for

Sunday Schools, Missionary, Revival and Social Meetings,

AND FOR

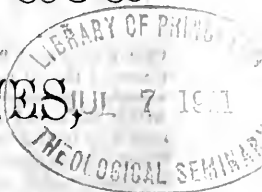
CHURCH WORSHIP:

EDITED BY HORACE WATERS,

Author of "S. S. Bell," Nos. 1 & 2; "D. S. Bell;" "Cantata of Ruth;" "Patriotic Song Book;" "Harp of Freedom;" and other musical works. Nearly One Million of S. S. Bell, Nos. 1 & 2 have been sold, which is the largest sale of any Sunday School book of their size in this country.

New York:

**PUBLISHED BY HORACE WATERS, No. 481 BROADWAY.
1863.**



PREFACE.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BELLS have chimed unceasingly for years, and have called many little ones to

“Leave their books and play,
To read that ‘Book Divine ;’
Where they are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline ”

Chime on, sweet Bells ; and may your silvery tones be mingled in sweet concord with the music of the “CHORAL HARP,” as it re-echoes throughout the land ; and may its strings vibrate in sweetest harmony, awakening an answering chord in the hearts of all who come within the sound of its magic voice. This little work is pronounced by all who have examined it to be the best collection ever issued. The tunes are all exactly suited to the wants of the children, while the hymns abound in good sentiment. It has been compiled with the utmost care, and with especial reference to the cultivation of musical taste in the young. The pieces it contains are mostly new, and of a character calculated to awaken high and holy thoughts in the minds of the children, and also to impress upon them the importance of leading pure and upright lives here below, if they would hope to sing hereafter with the angels in heaven. The little child singing the sweet hymn—“Leave me with my mother,” cannot fail to be inspired with new love and devotion ; and it is the earnest prayer of the publisher that it may be the means of recalling many a wayward child to the path of duty. He sends it forth on a mission of love to the children, with a desire to amuse as well as to instruct—to gratify them, and at the same time to enrich their minds with lofty thoughts and noble purposes ; and should it accomplish one half the good for which it is intended, he will feel that his efforts are sufficiently rewarded,

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WATERS'

CHORAL HARP.

LO! THE SEAL OF DEATH IS BREAKING.

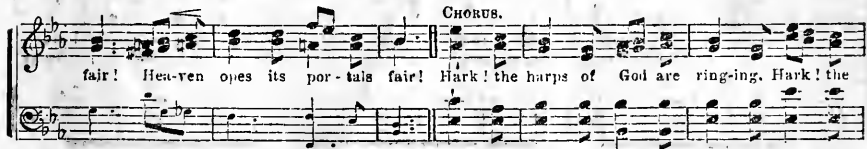
J. ZUNDEL.

DUETT.

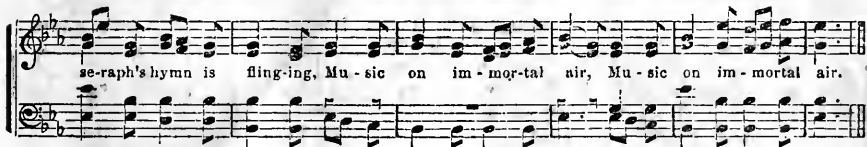


1. Lo! the seal of death is breaking; Those who slept its sleep are waking, Heaven opens its portals

CHORUS.



fair! Heaven opens its portals fair! Hark! the harps of God are ringing. Hark! the



se-raph's hymn is fling-ing, Mu-sic on im-mor-tal air, Mu-sic on im-mortal air.

2. There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud declining
O'er the land of life and love,
Thore the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing
In that radiant scene above.

3. There no sign of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery wellet; ;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
Over all the golden shore,

From 'Monthly Choir,' by permission.

"HE THAT GOETH FORTH."—Duet, Semi-chorus and Chorus

Duet. Words from the Lee Avenue Collection.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1 He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing still the pre - cious
 2 Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Nor let fears thy mind em -

seed, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, All his
 ploy, Be the pros - pect, ne'er so drea - ry, Thou may'st

1 Then will fall the rain of
Semi-chorus. 2 Lo the scene of ver - dure

la - bor shall suc - ceed. 1 Then will fall the
 reap the fruits of joy. 2 Lo the scene of

1st Treble
 2d Treble
 *Alto

*When the school sing but two parts the second treble may be used in the semi-chorus, omitting that marked "alto."

"HE THAT GOETH FORTH."—CONCLUDED.

5

Heav - en, Then the sun of mer - cy shine.
bright - 'ning, See the ris - ing grain ap - pear. *Chorus.*

rain of heav'n Then the sun of mer-cy shine, Pre-cious
ver-dure bright, See the ris-ing grain ap-pear, Look a -

fruits will then be given, Through an in-fluence all di-vine.
gain the fields are whitening, Sure the har-vest time is near.

RAISE WE NOW A GLADSOME MEASURE.—ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Written by SARA HAMILTON, of Lee Av. Sunday School, Brooklyn.

Tune—Call the Children Early, Mother.

1 Raise we now the gladsome measure,
To our Savior King,
While each bosom throbs with pleasure,
Loud his praises sing,
[: Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing till all the earth shall hear :]
2 'Tis his love has kindly spared us,
Through the passing year,
And his hand hath gently led us

All together here
[: Of that love we would be telling,
Loudly telling far and near. :]
3 Lord accept the gift we offer,
Now before the shrine,
Take the willing hearts we proffer.
Make them wholly thine,
[: Till in heaven we raise before thee,
Joyous anthems more divine. :]

Allegro.

1 A song, a song of gladness, For though we here may part, Breathe not a note of

sad-ness, We're ev-er joined in heart, And long will we re-mem-ber Where-

'er in life we stray. The hours we've passed together This hap-py Sab-bath day.

2 Around the throne of glory,
Those holy angels sing,
And tell to all the story
Of Christ the Savior King;
'Tis this that tunes our voices
In many a joyous lay,

While every heart rejoices,
This happy Sabbath day.

2 Now send a parting blessing,
O Father, from above,
May we, thy grace possessing.

Be saved to sing thy love.
Let this in hours of sadness
Bring each a cheering ray.
We'll spend in heav'n forever
A happy Sabbath day.

ALL THE WEEK,

WM. B. BRADBURY. 7

1 All the week we spend Full of child-ish bliss, Ev-ry changing scene Brings its

Duett

hap - pi - ness, Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school,

Chorus.

Yet, our joys would not be full had we not the Sab-bath school.

2 Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath-day :
Then our infant hearts are full
Of the precious Sabbath-school.

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

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

By permission,

Words by MARY E. STAINBURN.

Melody by H. Q. WILLSON.
Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.

1 The Sun-day school is my de-light, O let us has-ten there, O
2 When spring with many an op-ning flower And blos-som decks the ground, And

let us has-ten there, 'Tis there we learn the way that's right And hear the voice of
blos-som decks the ground, When summer's sun and gen-tle shower Spreads beauty all a-

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Prayer And hear the voice of prayer, O I love the Sun-day
round..... Spreads beauty all a-round, O I love, &c.

Girls. *Boys.* *Gir's.*

school, O I love the Sun-day school, So do I, So do I, So do

Boys. *All.*

I, So do I, So do I, O I love the Sun-day school.

3 And when the cold and chilly blast
 Shall steal away the flowers,
 Shall steal away the flowers,
 When winter's snow is falling fast
 This joy shall still be ours,
 This joy shall still be ours,

Cho. O I love, &c.

4 Yes, if the sweetest flowers abound,
 Or earth is clothed in snow,
 Or earth is clothed in snow,
 In Sunday school we will be found
 For there we love to go,
 For there we love to go.

Cho. O I love, &c.

HEAVENLY HOME.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

Music by J. P. ORDWAY. Arr. by H. WATERS.

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Pre-cious name to me; I love to think the time will
 2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! There no clouds a - rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights
 3. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears dis-turb me

FINE.

come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bil - ity here; I
 dim Thy ev - er-smil - ing skies. This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Yet
 there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall wor - thy be To

D. C.

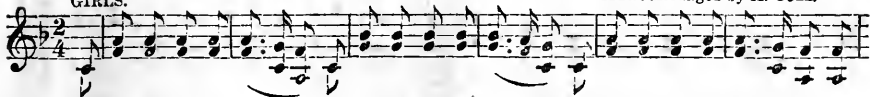
seek for one to come; And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
 clouds will oft - en come; And oh! I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home.
 dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome; But Christ, my Saviour, died for me, And now he calls me home.

WE'LL CAMP AWHILE IN THE WILDERNESS.

11

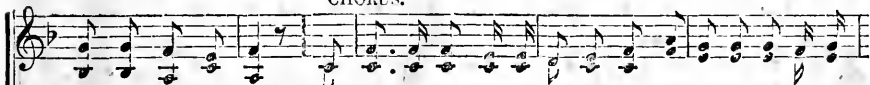
GIRLS.

Music Arranged by A. CULL.

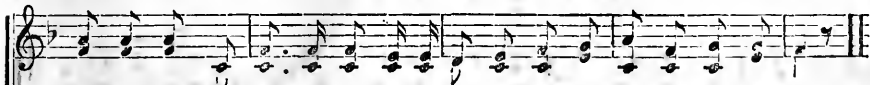
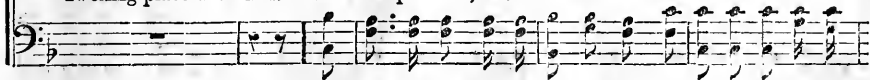


1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sorrow free; A mansion which eternal love De -
2. My Father's gracious hand Has built this sweet abode; From everlasting it was planned, My

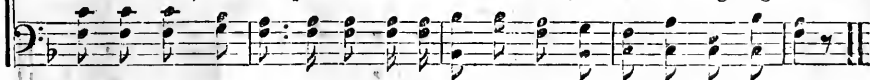
CHORUS.



- signed and formed for me. We'll camp a - while in the wilderness, We'll camp awhile in the dwelling - place with God. We'll camp awhile, &c.



wil - der - ness, We'll camp a - while in the wil - der - ness, And then we're going home.



3. My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.—*Chorus.*

4. Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where parting is unknown.—*Chorus.*

COME TO ME.

Melody by Dr. WM. MILLER.

1 With tear-ful eyes I look a-round, Life seems a dark and storm-y sea; Yet
 2 It tells me of a place of rest— It tells me where my soul may flee, Oh!
 3 When na - ture shud-ders, loth to part From all I love. eu - joy and see; Yet

'midst the gloom, I hear a sound. A heav-enly whis-per, "Come to me
 to the wea - ry, faint, op-pressed, How sweet the bid-ding, "Come to me. &c.
 a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice ut - ters, "Come to me. &c.

Echo ad lib *pp* Come to me, come to me, *mf* A heav-nly whis-per come to me.

4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting place for thee,
 Heavenward direct thy weary eye.
 I am thy portion, "Come to me." &c.

5 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me." &c.

THE WELCOME.

Words and Music by a young Lady. 13

1. The time of our watch-ing and wait-ing is o'er, And now thou art
 2. The hand that has led us while thou wert a-way, Has guid-ed thee
 3. And now with new vi-gor our hearts to sus-tain, We'll con-stant-ly

with us as ev-er be-fore; Our warm hearts may meet thee, Our
 ev-er a-long on thy way; Now warm hearts may meet thee, And
 seek thy ap-pov-al to gain; Our cou-duct shall prove thee, How

glad-voic-es greet thee, So hap-py to feel thou art with us once more,
 glad-voic-es greet thee, So hap-py are we, thou art with us to-day.
 fond-ly we love thee, So hap-py are we, thou art with us a-gain,

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, may thy blessing Rest up - on us through this night,
 2. May thy love dis - pel the darkness, Which hath veiled our souls in night,

Wilt thou kind - ly guard from danger Till the dawn of morn - ing light.
 May thy Spi - rit guide our foot-steps In the paths of peace and right.

DUO.

We would thank thee, oh! our Fa - ther, For the blessings of this day;
 May our faith be strong and fear - less, May our hope be firm and sure;

CHORUS.

And with deep, heart-felt con-tri-tion For for-give-ness hum-bly pray.
 May the blood of Christ, our Saviour, Cleanse our souls and make them pure.

CHRIST AS A LITTLE CHILD.

TUNE.—*Evening Hymn.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me :
 O that in my whole behavior
 He my pattern still might be.
 All my nature is unholy,
 Pride and passion dwell within ;
 But the Lord was meek and lowly,
 And was never known to sin.</p> | <p>2. While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess,
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.
 Let me never be forgetful
 Of his precepts any more :
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,
 As I've often been before.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the
 2. Sweet rose, in air whose o - dors wave, Whose co - lours charm the
 3. Sweet spring, of days and ros - es made, Whose che - rished sweets in

earth and sky, Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to - night, For thou
 gaz - er's eye, Thy root is Nev - er, in the grave, For thou
 beau - ty vie, Thy days de - part, thy ros - es fade, All, all,

CHORUS. *Ad lib. pp*

must die..... Thou..... must die.....
 toe must die..... Thou..... too must die.....
 all must die..... All..... all must die.....

MY ANGEL.

17

Words by R. H. PRUYN

Music arranged by S. H. DYER.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say, that in Heaven *their* angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in Heaven." *Matthew, xviii: 10.*

At the mo - ment of my birth, A bright an - gel comes to earth;
Watches me with cease - less care, Child of earth, yet Hea - ven's heir,

Spreads a - bove me guar - dian wings, And my bird song sweet - ly sings.
Gen - tly guides my wandering feet, To the blood bought mer - cy seat.

By my side, is ever nigh,
Hears my penitential sigh,
Bears to Heaven my fervent prayer,
Guards me from the tempter's snare.

Then to Heaven he wings his flight,
Telling hosts of angels bright.
In their presence joy is shown,
Crowns are cast before the throne.

When my soul, beneath the flood,
Of a Saviour's precious blood,
Losing sin's deep crimson glow,
Shines as spotless as the snow,

When my soul, o'er death's dark wave,
Speeds its way to God who gave,
Then, my angel's work is done;
Jesus crowns the ransomed one.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT.

Words by HENRY TUCKER.
Allegro moderato.

Melody by J. STANLEY.

1 The sun shines bright and our hearts are light, As we haste to the school a-way,
2 When win-ter's drea-ry winds are here, Or smiles the sum-mer's sun,

2d time.

We love the dawn of the Sab-bath morn, We love this ho-ly day.
We love to meet at Je-sus feet, Who call'at us ev-'ry one.

3 The Sunday School, the Sunday School,
The blessed heav'nly road,
|: We'll march along with prayer and song,
'Twill lead us up to God. :|

4 In joyous lays of prayer and praise,
We lift our hearts above,
|: As birds that wing the air, and sing
His goodness and his love. :|

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE IS COME.

13

Arranged by G C M.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly-solemn sound ; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds,

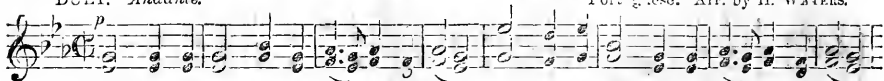
The year of ju - bi - lee is come. The year of ju-bi-lee is come ; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year, &c.</p> <p>3. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, &c.</p> | <p>4. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.</p> <p>5. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad
The year, &c</p> |
|---|--|

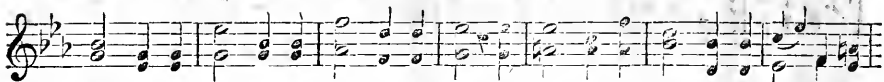
FADING, STILL FADING.

DUET. *Andante.*

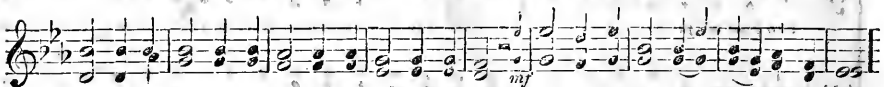
Portuguese. Arr. by H. WATERS.



1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining, Fa - ther in heav - en, the day, is de - clining.
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, oh, hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;



Safe - ty and in - nocence fly with the light; Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the
Fee - ble and faint - ing, we trust in thy might, In doubt - ing and dark - ness thy love be our



night. From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, and save me from crime.
light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, And wake in thy arms when morning returns.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.
Father, have mercy, &c.



THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOR EVER!

21

Words by GEO. P. MORRIS.

Partly Composed, and Arranged, by A. CULL.

SEMI-CHORUS. MAESTOSO.

1. A song for our banner, the watch-word recall, Which gave the Re-public her station,
 "U-ni-ted we stand, di-vid-ed we fall," It made and preserved us a nation,
 The u-nion of hearts, the u-nion of hands, And the flag of our U-nion for ev-er!

2. What God in his wisdom and mer-cy designed, And armed with his weapons of thunder,
 Not all the earth's despots and factious combined, Have the pow-er to conquer or sunder.
 The u-nion of hearts, &c.

Go back to 1st part, "The union of hearts," &c., and close with Ed brace, "Ever," &c.

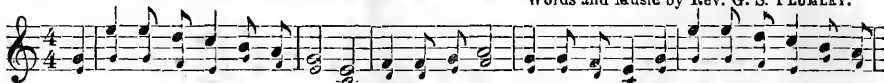
The u-nion of lakes, the u-nion of lands, The u-nion of States none can sev-er,

FULL CHORUS.

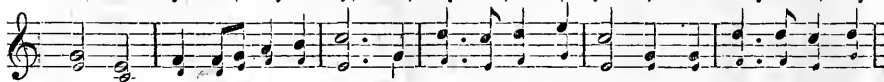
Ev-er, ev-er, ev-er, And the flag of our U-nion for ev-er.

WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY.

Words and Music by Rev. G. S. PLUMLEY.



1. Where Liber-ty dwells, is my country, There, on-ly there, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my
2. Where Liber-ty dwells, is my country, There, on-ly there, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my

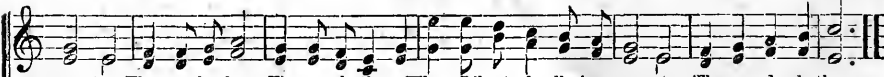
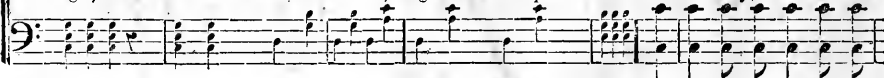


coun-try, There, and on-ly there. Tho' storms should howl around her, And skies be o-ver-
coun-try, There, and on-ly there. That land we will de-fend her, While floats our flag on

CHORUS.



east; And the good ship seem just to founder, Still, boys, we give to the blast. Where Liberty dwells, is my
high; Our motto is "nev-er sur-ren-der." Fight till we conquer or die. Where Liberty, &c.



coun-try, There, only there, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, and only there.



3.

Where Liberty dwells, &c.
That star-spread flag once covered
Our Washington, the blest;
That eagle victorious has hovered
Long o'er our bravest and best.
Cho. Where Liberty, &c.

4.

Where Liberty dwells, &c.
And know there's one who never
Bids a good cause go down;
God reigns, and his favor is ever
With us, with our foes, his frown.
Cho. Where Liberty dwells, &c.

5.

Where Liberty dwells, &c.
Sing then, bid those who love us
Join in our song so free;
The heavens are smiling above us,
Success, Peace and Liberty.
Cho. Where Liberty, &c.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

23

Con Brio.

Music arranged by H. WATERS.

1. Now to heaven our prayer as-cend-ing, God speed the right! In a no - ble
 2. Be the prayer a - gain re - peat-ed, God speed the right! Ne'er de-spair - ing,

cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right! Be their zeal in heaven re - cord-ed,
 tho' de - feat-ed, God speed the right! Like the great and good in sto - ry,

With suc-cess on earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right! God speed the right!
 If they fail, they fail with glo-ry, God speed the right! God speed the right!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. National Song.

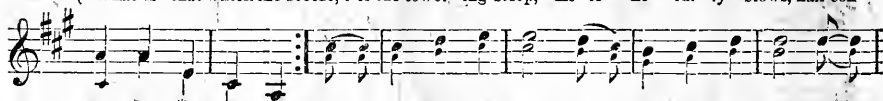
Maestoso.

SONG OR DUET.

Arranged by AUGUSTUS CULL.



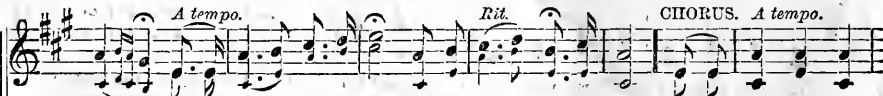
1. { O... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 -Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight O'er the ram-parts we watched were so
2. { On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 -What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-



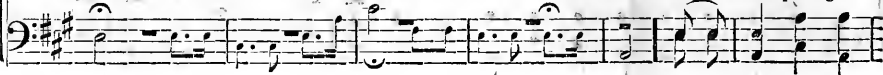
twi-ght's last gleaming; }
 gal-lant-ly streaming; } And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
 si-lence ro-pos-es; }
 -ceals, half dis-clos-es; } Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full



proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
 glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines in the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled ban-ner, O long may it



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. Oh... say, does that
 wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. 'Tis the star-span-gled



Rit. *Rit.*

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

3.

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more—
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollu-
 tion.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the
 grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
 land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
 nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ADDITIONS TO "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined by Liberty's smile,
 If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
 Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
 The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
 By the millions unchained when our birth was
 gained,
 We will keep her bright blazon for ever unstained!
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

BY MISS STEEDINS, THE SCULPTOR.

When treason's dark cloud hovers black o'er the land,
 And traitors conspire to sully her glory,
 When that banner is torn by a fratricide band,
 Whose bright, starry folds shine illumined in story,
 United we stand for the dear native land,
 To the Union we pledge every heart, every
 hand!
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FAREWELL TO OUR SUPERINTENDENT.

Words by Rev. Dr. ROGERS.

Music by S. H. DYER.

Once more with joy and sing - ing. To this bright scene we move, Our
Yet while with grate - ful glad - ness, His prais - es we pro - long, The

glad - some voi - ces ring - ing. In praise to him we love ; His guardian care and
deep - er notes of sad - ness, Must min - gle in our song. For ties we loved to

kindness, Have marked the passing year, And brought us on our jour - ney, With
cher - ish, We sun - der here with tears, And break with trembling fingers The

FAREWELL TO OUR SUPERINTENDENT, [CONCLUDED.] 27

searce a fall - ing tear.
pleas - ant bonds of years.

Oh! friend, and guide, and brother,
Beneath whose kindly rule,
So oft we've met together,
A happy Sabbath School;
We thank thee for thy labors,
Ever so freely given,
To tell us of our duty,
And lead the way to heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE,

Marcato. Words by a Teacher.

Music by S. H. D.

1 In this day, when war like ar - dor Glows in every man - ly heart;
2 'Tis a ser - vice where no mar - tial Shout or clash of arms is heard;

And when free - men fear to fal - ter Lest their li - ber - ties de - part,
Yet the bat - tle ra - ges fiercely, Though their be no sound nor word;

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. [CONCLUDED.]

Though we may not swell the num - ber Pres - sing for - ward peace to win,
There's an en - e - my to con - quer—'Tis the heart—he reigns with - in—

There is yet a no - bler ser - vice Which we here may en - ter in,
And we seek a bet - ter coun - try And a glorious crown to win.

There is yet a no - bler ser - vice Which we here may en - ter in,
And we seek a bet - ter coun - try. And a glorious crown to win.

3 There's a great and glorious Captain
Who will lead us in the fight;
One whose eye is ever on us.
While He strengthens with His might,
Helmet, shield, and shining breast-plate—
These our armor for the fray;—
And the Spirit's sword is given,
Mighty every foe to slay.

4 Thus equipped, and marshalled onward
'Neath a banner from on high,
Shall we shrink from fierce encounter
While the enemy is nigh?
Never! Christ Himself is with us:
See Him from the heaven's bend!
Thanks to Him, we'll gain the victory,
Faithful fighting to the end.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Smoothly.

The thought is in - spir - ing, the prospect is sweet, To know that when death I am

summon'd to meet, The friend who in life as my Saviour I knew Will

then be a friend that is faithful and true.

2 When Satan pursues me, when evil is nigh,
To Christ as my refuge, for safety I fly;
'Tis there I'm secure, and my hopes I renew,
While trusting the friend that is faithful and true

3 Long seasons of grief and sadness I've seen,
But He my support and my comfort has been,
Around me the arms of His mercy He threw,
Thus proving a friend that was faithful and true.

4 When time with its changes the message shall bring,
That I must be going, still close will I cling
To Him, who in life as my Saviour I knew,
Since He is the friend that is faithful and true.

LORD GIVE US FAITH.

Poetry by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by F. R. SILCHER, ar. by Prof. CULL.

Andante con moto.

1. Oh, have you seen the King of kings Ar - ray'd in robes of

light? He, to the poor, sal - va - tion brings, And to the blind gives

sight. A shep - herd too, he leads his flock, In pas - tures fresh and

green ; And where the waters cool and bright Among the rocks are seen,

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a dotted line indicating a continuation of the melody.

2.

Lord give us faith that we may view,
 Thy sweet and heavenly face ;
 And all the life-long journey through,
 Be strong to run the race.
 Faith, Lord, like Peter, would we ask
 To walk the restless tide,
 Of sin and care, and toil and pain,
 So we but reach thy side!

3.

By faith we see the fadeless hills,
 By faith we see our home,—
 While angel voices seem to say,
 "Poor weary pilgrim come!"
 Through glistening tears we see by faith,
 Out stretched on yonder shore,
 The beckoning hands of loving friends,
 Oh, can we ask for more.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments."

Words by WM. MOORE.

Music by M. F. H. SMITH.

Moderato.

1 The way to hap - pi - ness ob - tain. Is not to live a - lone for gain,
2 A word, though small it may ap - pear, If fit - ly spo - ken in the ear.

But to be doing good, To take the fainting by the hand, To cheer them when they
May be a conquest won—A soul withheld from going down, To dwell 'neath Heaven's per-

doubting stand, And help them on to Canaan's land As eve - ry Christian should.
pet - ual frown. A jew - el bright to deck the crown Of God's e - ter - nal son.

CHORUS. *Little quicker.*

O that's the way, O that's the way, O that's the way to be happy; To

live and do as Christ has taught, To love each other as we ought—O

that's the way, O that's the way, O that's the way to be happy.

3 Go to the homes where sorrow reigns,
Thro' highways, by-ways, streets and lanes,
And there the news make known,
That great and small, that halt and blind,

And outcasts, all of every kind,
In Christ, salvation free may find,
If they his power but own.
Chorus.—O that's the way, &c.

Words by R. P. CLARK.
March movement.

Music by A. CULL

1 The soldiers are gathering from near and from far, The trum-pet is sound-ing the
2 The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wa-ver nor
3 We've 'listed for life and will camp on the field, With Christ as our cap-tain we

call for the war, The con-flict is rag-ing, 'twill be fear-ful and long, We'll
turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ev-er our song, With
nev-er will yield, The "sword of the spir-it" both trus-ty and strong, We'll

CHORUS. f

gird on our ar-mor, and be march-ing a-long. March-ing a-long, we are
cour-age and faith we are march-ing a-long. March-ing a-long, &c.
hold in our hands as we're march-ing a-long. March-ing a-long, &c.

MARCHING ALONG. (CONCLUDED)

35

march-ing a-long, Gird on the ar-mor and be march-ing a-long, The

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also concludes with a double bar line.

- 4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
 For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
 But one thing assures us we cannot go wrong,
 If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

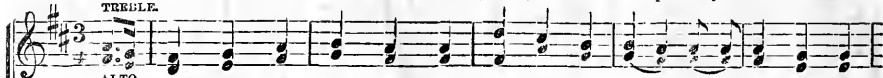
- 5 Then, let us press forward, and hope to the end,
 While we battle for truth, we have always a Friend
 If we triumph, we'll join in the Conqueror's song,
 So, with joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along:
 Marching along, marching along,
 With joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

Words and Theme by H. Q. WILSON. Composed by HENRY TUCKER.

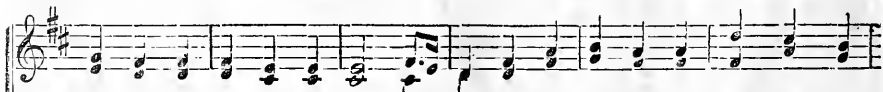
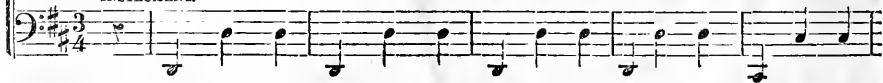
TREBLE.



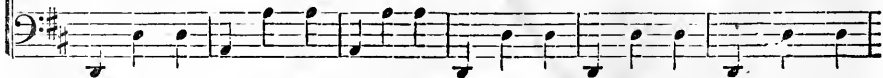
ALTO.

1. 'T was Je - sus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
 2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my

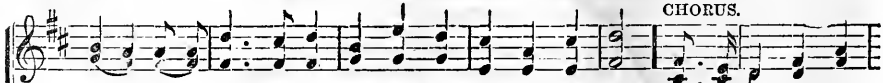
INSTRUMENT.



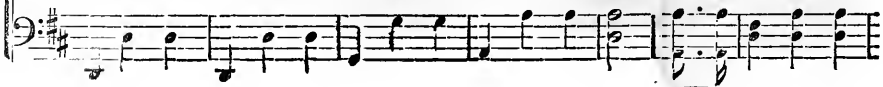
fountain for sinners like me; His blood is that fountain which par - don be -
 bounty, his love in my heart; So now I am joined with the con - quer - ing



CHORUS.



- - stows, And cleanses the foulest wher - ev - er it flows. For the Li - on of
 baud, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus' command. For the Li - on, &c.



The musical score is written on two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Ju - dah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry a - gain and a - gain.

3. Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
 And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
 In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss—
 My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
 And give us the vict'ry again and again.
4. And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
 And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
 Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
 I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
 And give us the vict'ry again and again.
5. And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
 From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
 I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
 And sing of the blood of the cross ever more.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
 And give us the vict'ry again and again.

Words and Music by E. N. ANDREWS.

1. Je - sus our dear - est Lord and King, We gath - er here thy praise to sing;

O look up - on us from a - bove, And grant each lit - tle child thy love.

2.
Once thou didst suffer such to come,
When mothers brought to thee from home,
The children thou didst then caress :—
Look on us too, and each one bless.

3.
Put thy dear hand upon our head,
Since thy own heart for us hath bled,

And say "Thy sins are all forgiven,"
Believe, and follow me to Heaven.

4.
Yes, Jesus, we would come to thee,
Help me from every sin to flee ;
And while we on thy name believe,
Do thou at last our souls receive.

CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE DEEP.

39

Ecclesiastes XI, 1 and 6.

Words and music by E. N. ANDREWS.

Cast your bread upon the deep And a bles-sing you shall reap Give to sev-en

and to eight, Tho' a lit-tle, 'twill be great. Ev-ry lit-tle deed of love

Will be noticed from above, For our heavenly Father knows, It shall blossom as the rose.

2 In the morning sow thy seed,
Evening then shall bring no need.
To the one who labors still,
Earnestly to do God's will,
While He gives us daily food
Let our hands be doing good

For how many to us say :
" We are not so poor as they."
3 Sorrow comes to all on earth
But in Jesus the New Birth
Fills us with another life,

Soothing each unholy strife ;
Making all our pathway bright,
With a glorious, heavenly light,
Praise the Savior for his love,
Leading us to God above.

40 TWELVE MONTHS HAVE SWIFTLY ROLLED AROUND.

DUETT. *Allegro Moderato*. [ANNIVERSARY HYMN.] Words and Music by M. F. H. SMITH.

1 Twelve months have swiftly rolled around, Since in this place our fes - tai lay, We sang to friends and

mf Cho. BOYS, *p* GIRLS, *f* ALL.

teachers dear, On this our Anniversary day, Pleasant months, Pleasant months, May many more be ours,

2.
We greet you now with songs of praise,
In sweeter strains than ere before,
And bless the Lord for his rich grace,
Bestowed on us in days of yore.
Joyful songs, joyful songs,
We now do raise on high.

3.
We love to meet in Sunday School,
To study from God's holy word;
Which tells us that so great is love,
He for us shed his precious blood.
Sunday School, Sunday School,
'Tis there we love to go.

4.
To many who have met us now,
The past has been a happy year,
For they have found a hope in Christ,
Above all other hopes most dear.
Happy year, happy year,
We know its been to them.

5.
And may the twelve months yet to come,
Be e'en more fruitful than the last;
And may none who have met us here,
In vain thy blessing on them ask.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
For all his mercies shown.

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK ?

41

Poetry by M.

Music by A. CULL.

Question. *Answer.*

1 What says the clock? when it strikes.... one, Watch, says the clock, oh,

Question.

watch lit - tle one! What says the clock when it strikes.... two?

Answer. *Question.*

Love God, lit - tle dar - ling, for God loves you! And tell me, tell me soft-ly

Answer.

what it whis - pers at three? It is; "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me."

2.
Then come gentle lambs, come and wander no more,
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.
And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,
When it echoes so sweetly, God bless thee at five,
And remember at six, with the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that passeth away!

3.
What says the clock when it strikes seven?
Of such is the king dom, the king dom of heaven!
And what says the clock when it strikes eight?
Strive, strive to enter in at the Beautiful Gate!
And louder, still louder it calls us at nine,
And its song is, my Son, give me that heart of thine,

4.
Then sweet be your voices responsive at ten—
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna—Amen!
And loud let the chorus ring on till eleven—
Praise, praise to the Father, the Father in Heaven.
While the deep stroke of midnight the watchword shall bring
Lo! these are MY jewels, these, these saith the King.

OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON:

Words from W. M.
Maestoso.

Music by D. C. HOLMES, Esq. Arr. by Prof. CULL.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of... the
2 I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hundred cir - cling

Inst

Lord, He is trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are
camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and

Inst *p*

stored, He hath loosed the faith - ful lightning of his ter - ri - ble swift
damps; I can read his right - eous sentence by the dim and flar - ing

Music by H. W.
CHORUS.

The musical score is arranged in two systems, each with a vocal line and an instrumental line. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The instrumental parts are marked with 'Inst' and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'ff'. The lyrics are: 'sword, Our God is march-ing on! Marching, marching lamps: Our God, &c. marching, marching, Our God is march-ing on.'

- 3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel ;
 " As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
 Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel." Our God, &c.
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant my feet ! Our God, &c.
- 5 In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me :
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, Our God, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Poetry by Mrs. O. S. MATTESON.

Music by STEPHEN. C. FOSTER.

Moderato, con Expression.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone Mid the flow'rs decked in
2, Oh that beau-ti - ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone, And the flow'rs and the

ev-er-green bloom. And we know they have crossed o'er the dark death wave, And they
ev-er-green trees, We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow, And the

dwell in that bright an-gel home; They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept,
breath faint - ly dies on the breeze; We shall meet the loved ones who have gone be-fore,

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE. Concluded

42

And they join in the an - gel throng, And the soft melting notes of the
And have bloomed in the world of souls, When our spir - its shall pass to that

CHORUS.

cho - rus a - bove In beau - ty is born a - long. There's a beau - ti - ful
bright, hap - py shore, Our bo - dies, the tomb be - low. There's a beau - ti - ful

shore where the loved ones are gone A beau - ti - ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone.

3. To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,

To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day pass, like the brave of yore
And bask in the beautiful shade,

We must bear the good part, must not shrink from

Till the pilot shall bear us o'er [toil,
To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,

Where parting shall come no more. *Cho,*

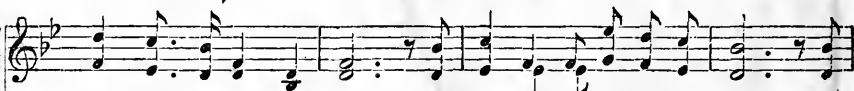
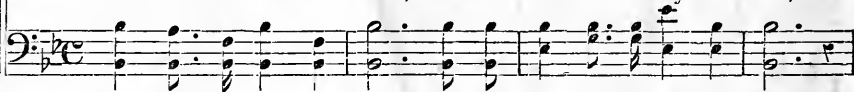
THERE IS A LAND OF LOVE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

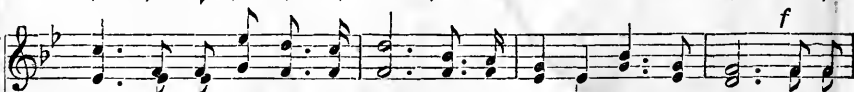
Music by S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by Prof. CULL.

Moderato.

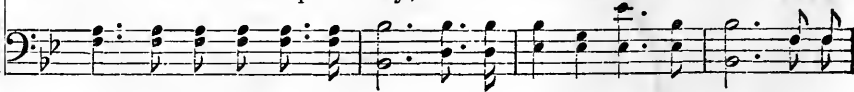
1 There is a land of love. Where the pure and the ho - ly rest,
 2 There is a land of love, On the shores of the crys - tal sea;



Far in the realms a - bove, In joy and gladness ev - er drest; A
 There may the spir - it rova, From earthly tri - als ev - er free; A



land of beau - ty and delight. Where the streets are paved with gold; Where ce -
 land where tears are wiped a - way; Where the blind their God behold; Where the



les - tial flowers are blooming fair and bright, And all is glorious to be - hold.
lame may walk a - long the heavenly way. And the bondman ne'er again be sold!

CHORUS. *Last verse repeat chorus pp.*

There is a land of love, O - ver on Ca-naan's shore ; There the soul in

Christ may sweetly rest, And nev - er, nev - er leave it more.

3 There is a land of love,
Where the soul of the ransomed sings
There may the weary dove,
From earthly wanderings fold her wings.

A land of truth and glory bright
Where the pangs of death ne'er come ;
Where Christ himself will be the only light.
Oh ! may I call that land my home ! *Cho.*

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Words by W. M.

DUET OR QUARTETTE WITH CHORUS.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1 When we hear the music, ring - ing In the bright celestial dome, When sweet
2 When the ho - ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we

an - gel voi - ces sing - ing Gladly bid us welcome home, To the land of ancient
know the friends that greet us, In the glorious spirit land! Shall we see the same eyes

sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care, In that land of light and glory, Shall we
shin - ing, On us, as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly

CHORUS. Repeat (Ad Lib.) *pp*

know each oth-er there? Shall we know.... each other? Shall we know.... each round us, as be-fore? Shall we, &c.

* *We shall* *We shall*

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

We shall *We shall*

3.

4.

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

Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
 Droop not, faint not, by the way;
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones
 In the land of perfect day!
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
 Murmured in my raptur'd ear,
 Evermore their sweet song lingers,
 "We shall know each other there!"
 We shall know, &c.

*For last verse.

Poetry by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN.

Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1. { When our earthly sun is set-ting, And its glo-ry fading fast; } **CHORUS.**
 { When our life's long looked for evening With its shadows comes at last— } Oh! 'tis

glorious, Oh! 'tis glorious, To enter in the sweet re-frain, Oh! 'tis glorious, Oh! 'tis

glorious, To know we'll meet a - gain.

2. When the tear-drops fast are flowing,
 And our hearts are torn with grief;
 When for all our sorrows, vainly
 We attempt to find relief—*Cho*,
3. When the cold sweat of the dying
 Hangs in drops upon our face,
 And a secret voice assures us
 We have almost run our race—*Cho*.
4. When the friends we love are standing
 Round our lonely, dying bed,
 And we take our farewell parting
 Ere the spark of life has fled—*Cho*.

COME, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

51

From the "Melodeon," by permission.

Har. by E. R. BLANCHARD.

1. Come, sing to me of heaven, When I'm a - bout to die;
Cho.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there.
 2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,

Sing songs of ho - ly co - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
 In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.
 Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gin be - low.

3. When the last moments come,
 O, watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright seraphic gleam
 Which o'er my features play.—*Cho.*
4. Then to my raptur'd ear,
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.—*Cho.*

5. Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest;
 And fold my pale and icy hands
 Upon my lifeless breast.—*Cho.*
6. Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love;
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.—*Cho.*

LITTLE ELLA'S AN ANGEL.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Solo.**Quartette or Semichorus.*

1 Lit-tle El-la's an an-gel in the skies, Sing, mer-ri-ly sing.

*Solo.**Quartette or Semichorus.*

Come broth-er and sis-ter, cease your sighs, Sing, mer-ri-ly sing.

FULL CHORUS: *For last verse repeat chorus pp.*

Sing, mer-ri-ly sing, Let the cho-rus joy-ful-ly ring! Lit-tle

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Little Ella's An Angel'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The melody line has the lyrics 'El-la's an an-gel in the skies, Sing, mer-ri-ly sing.' written below it. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. There are two small numbers, '2' and '4', placed below the bass staff at the beginning of the second and fourth measures respectively.

Never weep for the angel that's free from tears: Little Ella was truthful, good, and kind:
Sing, merrily sing. Sing, merrily sing,

Never sigh for the blest that have left all: Little Ella was blest in heart and mind:
Sing, merrily sing. Cho. [fears: Sing, merrily sing. Cho.

She has gone while her spirit from sin was Little Ella has left us full of love:
Sing, merrily sing. [free: Sing, merrily sing.

To a region of love and melody: Let us follow her up to the realms above:
Sing, merrily sing. Cho. Sing, merrily sing. Cho.

HOME, HEAVENLY HOME!

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER,

TUNE.—LITTLE ELLA'S AN ANGEL.

1 Every day I am nearer Canaan's shore, 2 Every bud that has perished is blooming there,
Home, heavenly home! Home, heavenly home!

Where sorrow and sighing come no more, Every forehead a pearly crown shall wear,
Home, heavenly home! Home, heavenly home! CHORUS.

Cho. Home, heavenly home! 3 Never mourn, for the river of life is free,
From thy joys I never shall roam, Home, heavenly home!

I can sing with the ransomed ever more, With watching and waiting we soon shall see,
Home, heavenly home! Home, heavenly home! CHORUS.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

Words by W. B. TAPPAN.

WOODLAND. C. M.

Music by N. D. GOULD.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning-wanderers given ; There is a joy for

souls distress'd, A balm for eve-ry wounded breast,—'Tis found a-bove—in heaven.

2.

There is a soft a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose—in heaven.

3.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

4.

There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempests passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

5.

There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

GIVE ME THE WINGS. C. M.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

HOW SWEET AND AWFUL. C. M.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

- 3 Pity the nations, O our God ;
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 4 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

JESUS, I LOVE. C. M.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to the ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arm
The antidote of death.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

1 Near-er, my God, to thee. Near-er to thee: E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me, Still, all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er, my

God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer, 4 Then with my waking tho'ts,
 Daylight all gone, Bright with thy praise,
 Darkness be over me, Out of my stony griefs,
 My rest a stone, Bethel I'll raise;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, So by my woes to be,
 Nearer my God, etc: Nearer, my God, etc.
- 3 There let the way appear 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Steps up to heaven; Cleaving the sky,
 All that thou sendest me Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 In mercy given, Upward I fly,
 Angels to beckon me Still, all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, etc. Nearer, my God, etc.

I'M A LONELY TRAVELLER. 6s & 4s.

- 1 I'm a lonely traveller here,
 Weary, oppress'd ;
 But my journey's end is near,
 Soon I shall rest.
 Dark and dreary is the way,
 Toiling I've come ;
 Ask me not with you to stay :
 Yonder's my home.
- 2 I'm a traveller, and I go
 Where all is fair ;
 Farewell all I've loved below
 I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
 All I resign ;
 Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
 If heaven be mine.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP. 6s & 4s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart ;
 My zeal inspire :
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire.

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

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest, Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove :
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransom'd soul.

A CROWN OF GLORY. 6 & 4s.

- 1 A crown of glory bright,
 By faith, I see
 In yonder realms of light
 Prepared for me,
 Oh, may I faithful prove,
 And keep it in my view,
 And through the storms of life
 My way pursue.
- 2 Jesus, be thou my guide,
 My steps attend ;
 Oh, keep me near thy side,
 Be thou my friend ;
 Be thou my shield and sun,
 My Saviour and my guard ;
 And, when my work is done,
 My great reward.

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

Words by T. TILTON.

Music by R. FLEMING.

Andante

1 Thou who ordainest, for the land's salvation, Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamen-

Repeat last line for last three verses.

ta - tion, Now unto Thee we lift our suppli - ca - tion—God save the Na - tion!

2.

By the great sign, foretold, of thy Appearing,
Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand fear-
ing,
Show us, amid this smoke of battle, clearing,
Thy chariot nearing! God save, &c.

3.

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out thy quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! Every fetter
shiver!
Smite and deliver! God save, &c.

4.

Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision!
Till, through the blood red Valley of Decision,
Peace on our fields shine, like a prophet's vision,
Green and elysian! God save, &c.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

39

Words by Rev. Wm. HUNTER.*

Melody by Wm. MILLER. Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

1 A home in heav'n, what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man tolls in his wea - ry
 2 A home in heav'n, as the suff - 'rer lies On his bed of pain and up - lifts his

lot, His heart oppressed and with an - guish driven From his home be - low to his home in heav'n.
 eyes, To that bright home, what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heav'n.

3 A home in heaven, when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven, when the faint heart bleeds;
 By the spirit's stroke for its evil deeds,
 Oh then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 Our home in heaven, oh the glorious home,
 And the spirit joined with the bride says "come,"
 Come seek his face, and your sin forgiven
 And rejoice in hope, of your home in heaven.

* By permission, from "Select Melodies," published by Perkinpine & Higgins, Philadelphia.

60 MY FATHER, BE THOU THE GUIDE OF MY YOUTH. 3s & 7s.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by J. L. ENSIGN. - Arr. by A. CULL.

1 Heavenly Fa - ther, I am threading Life's wild ma - zes, all a - lone;

In my child - ish weak - ness tread - ing, Ways all sha - dowy and un - known;

DUET. 2d time Chorus

Paths on eve - ry hand di - verg - ing, Tempt me from the nar - row way;

Paths on every hand diverging,

CHORUS.

Foes from out the shade e - merg-ing, Fill my soul with dire dis - may.

2 Poisonous fruits and flowers are growing,
 Suares and pitfalls I descry ;
 I am weary in my going,
 Lord, I falter, faint and die,
 Wilt thou be my guide, my Father,
 Wilt thou take my youthful hand ?
 Bear me in thy bosom rather,
 Through this dangerous, unknown land.

3 Bring me into wisdom's pathway,
 Where is pleasantness and peace :
 To the King's most glorions highway,
 Crowned with holiness and grace ;
 There my lips shall ever praise thee,
 There my feet shall sure abide ;
 Never shall I wander from thee,
 O my blessed, heavenly Guide.

GOD IS LOVE. 8s & 7s.

1 God is love ; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But His mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove .
 From the gloom His brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above :
 Every where His glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Music by J. L. ENSIGN.

Full Chorus.

1 Ring! ring! ring! ring! Sweetly, sweetly ring! Ring! ring! ring! ring! Sweetly, sweetly ring!

FINE.

Duett or Semichorus

Chiming bells your music bring! On this glad morn, Was Jesus born; Carols wake the

D. C.

fes-tal dawn! Carols wake the festal dawn!

2.

Come! come! come! come!
 Children, children come!
 Scatter flowers with sweet perfume!
 Good will to men,
 And joy again,
 Blossom in a world of pain.
 CHO. Come, &c.

3 Far, far, far, far,
Shines, oh, shines a star!
Brightly gleaming through the air!
With glittering ray
It lights the way;
Guide to Christ and endless day.
CHO. Far, &c.

4 Hear! hear! hear! hear!
Angels, angels near,
Wonders of his birth declare.
"Born to redeem
"From sin and shame—
"Jesus thou shalt call his name."
CHO. Hear, &c.

5 Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Thee, oh Thee, we bless,
Saviour of our sinful race;
All hail! all hail!
Emmanuel,
"God with us," has come to dwell.
CHO. Yes, &c.

6 Sing! sing! sing! sing!
Children, children sing!
Here your gladdest music bring!
All hearts combine,
With angels join,
Praise and bless the love divine!
CHO. Sing, &c.

SABBATH CAROL.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

1 Hail, hail, hail, hail!
Blessed Sabbath hail!
Leading us from worldly strife,
From brooding care—
From deserts bare—
Into pastures green and fair!
CHO. Hail, &c.

2 Now, now, now, now,
Let us humbly bow,
Grateful for sweet Sabbath's rest,
Its crimson light
Dispels our night,
Angels wonder at the sight.
CHO. Now, &c.

AIR. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

3 Drink, drink, drink, drink,
From the flowing brink,
"Who so drinketh ne'er shall die;"
Sweet living well,
In shady dell,
Half thy pleasures none can tell!
CHO. Drink, &c.

4 Hail, hail, hail, hail!
Blessed Sabbath, hail,
Foretaste of eternal bliss,
Of heavenly songs—
Of shining throngs—
All that to the saint belongs.
CHO. Hail, &c.

TEARS BRING THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

TEARS. 7s.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1 Blame not those who weep and sigh When to sadness giv - en;

Kind-ly view the tear-ful eye— Tears bring tho'ts of Heav-en.

2.

When in death our friends depart,
 When our hopes are riven;
 Tears bring comfort to the heart—
 Tears bring thoughts of Heaven.

3.

To the suffering child of earth
 Unto madness driven,
 Hallowed hours when tears have birth—
 Tears bring thoughts of Heaven

'TIS MY HAPPINESS BELOW. 7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

LORD, FOREVER. 7s.

- 1 Lord, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

- 3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel, now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways adore,
Wise, and powerful, and just.

JESUS, SAVE MY DYING SOUL. 7s.

- 1 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone.
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.
- 4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die:

Words by MRS. JENNIE DEWITT.

Music by A. CULL.

Maestoso.

f 1 Lord of lords, and King of kings, Of our nation's life the Giver, Heart and hand to
2 Thine the olive. thine the rod, When we stray, with both restore us, Be thou ours, as

thee she brings Loy - - al now and ey - er. Sealed to thee with mar - tyr - blood.
Is - rael's God, Fire and cloud be - fore us Drive from our be - lov - ed land

Blood of patriot sires who bore us, Mountain-prairie-forest-flood. Swells the lofty chorus.
Open foe and secret traitor Scatter with thine own right hand All who waste and hate her.

CHORUS, *Faster.*

O thou Al-migh-ty King, To Thee our hope shall cling, Tho' empires shake and sever. U-

nite and keep us free, We own no Lord but Thee, Colum-bia's King for-ev-er!

We own no Lord but thee Columbia's King forever!

God of Battles! be thou nigh
When the war-cloud breaks in thunder,
Let no storm that sweeps our sky,
 Rend its stars asunder.
God of Peace! through lowering skies,
Burst in might and shine in splendor,
While thy sons united rise
 Love and homage render.

3

4 GREAT JEHOVAH! through all time
Here let Virtue make her dwelling
Holy aim and deed sublime,
Columbia's triumph swelling.

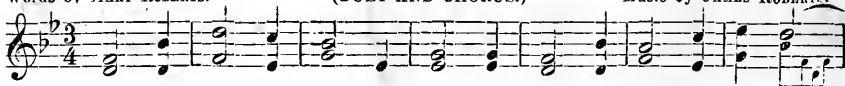
Let the mighty march of years,
Sing her fame, and tell her story
While the world our chorus hears,
Thine be all the glory. CHORUS.

PLEASANT WORDS FOR ALL.

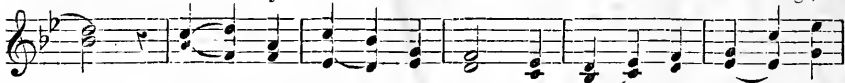
Words by MARY ROBERTS.

(DUET AND CHORUS.)

Music by JAMES ROBERTS.



1. Pleas-ant words! the riv-er's wave That rip-ples ev'-ry min-ute,
 2- And as hon-ey is not found Where no flow-ers are blooming;



On the shore we love so well. Hath not such
 So un-less with-in our hearts All love and



mu-sic in it..... Nor the song of breeze or
 truth are grow-ing..... No one on our lips will



birds Half so sweet as pleas-ant words, Half so sweet as
 find Pleas-ant words sin-cre and kind, Pleas-ant words sin-



pleas-ant words, Pleas-ant words for all.....
 cere and kind, Pleas-ant words for all.....

CHORUS.

Pleasant words, pleasant words, pleasant words for all; ...

..... There's nought so sweet as pleasant words, pleasant words for all!

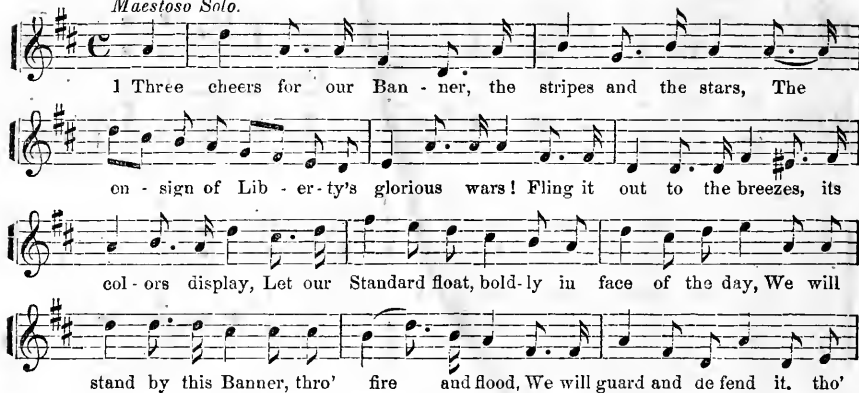
3. Let us, then, ask God to plant
 In us, flowers of beauty;
 Teach us to watch over them
 With humble, patient duty,
 Flowers that give the heart of youth,
 Meekness, gentleness, and truth,
 Meekness, gentleness, and truth,
 Pleasant words for all! *Cho.*

4. Pleasant words! oh, let us strive
 To use them very often;
 Other hearts they will delight,
 And our own will soften,
 Prove in every state and mood
 Happy way of doing good,
 Happy way of doing good,
 Pleasant words for all! *Cho.*

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER,

Words by M. E. WILLIAMS.
Maestoso Solo.

Music by A. A. ALLEN. Arr. by A. CULL.



1 Three cheers for our Ban - ner, the stripes and the stars, The
 on - sign of Lib - er - ty's glorious wars! Fling it out to the breezes, its
 col - ors display, Let our Standard float, bold - ly in face of the day, We will
 stand by this Banner, thro' fire and flood, We will guard and defend it. tho'

CHORUS.



crimson'd with blood. Then, three cheers for our Ban - ner, in

peace and in wars, We will - ev - er be true to the Stripes and the Stars.

The image shows a musical score for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line.

2

Three cheers for our Union, the Land of our birth ;
 'Tis the fortress of Freedom, the hope of the Earth,
 Arouse ye ye sons of the East and the West,
 To defend it, though blood flow from each gallant breast,
 Remember a noble old poet has said,
 'Tis sweet for our Country, to sleep with the dead. CHORUS.

3

The noble young heroes who rescue her name,
 Columbia will crown with the garland of fame ;
 If they fall, she will weep o'er their glorious scars,
 And will lay them to rest 'neath her Banner of Stars.
 We know that the Yankees will always be found,
 In the van of the host, on the blood reddened ground. CHORUS.

4

Three cheers for Columbia, the queen of the world,
 To the winds every quarter, her flag be unfurled,
 We have bowed at her feet in the day of her pride ;
 Shall we basely desert her, now she is defied ?
 No: millions of voices will quickly reply,
 For freedom and Country we'll dare and we'll die. CHORUS.

WILLIE'S GONE TO HEAVEN.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Duett. *Semichorus* *Semichorus*

1 Little Willie's gone to heaven, Praise the Lord! All his sins have been forgiven, Praise the Lord!

last

Lively. *Full Chorus.*

Joyful let your voices rise, Do not come with tearful eyes, Willie's dwelling in the skies, Willie's gone to heaven!

2.
Little Willie murmured never,
Praise the Lord!
Willie's soul will live forever,
Praise the Lord!

CHO. Joyful let, &c.

3.
In departing he was cheerful,
Praise the Lord!

He was hopeful, never fearful,
Praise the Lord!

CHO: Joyful let, &c.

4.
All the light on him has broken,
Praise the Lord!
That from Christ was kindly spoken,
Praise the Lord!

CHO. Joyful let, &c.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME. 73

Words and music by S. C. FOSTER.

DUETT.—Asks the questions.

1 What did our Lord and Savior say When others wished to drive us a - way?

Instrumental.

CHORUS. Answers them.

"Suffer lit-tle children to come un-to me,—Of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

2.
What did he say who from above
Came down to teach us kindness and
love? CHO. Suffer little, etc.

3.
What were the words of him who bled,
Nailed to the cross with thorns on his
head? CHO. Suffer little, etc.

4.
What did he say whose spirit shed
Hope to the living, life to the dead?
CHO. Suffer little, etc.

5.
If on his mercy we rely,
What will his words be when we
die? CHO. Suffer little, etc.

{ 1 Far from mor-tal cares re - treat-ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, }
 Here our will-ing foot - steps meet-ing, Ev - ery heart to hea-ven as -pires; }
 D. C. Mer-cy from a - bove pro - claim-ing Peace and par - don from the skies

D.C.:

From the Fount of glo - ry beam-ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes.

2.

Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind;
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined:
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none:
 'Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

3.

Every stain of guilt abhorring.
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy Providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws;
 Lord, with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;
 Thou our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
 All our hope is from above.

WELCOME. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let me think how time is passing:
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding
Save the love of humble hearts.
- 2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.
- 3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart;
Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.

COME YE SINNERS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 Come ye sinners, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you wait till you are better

You will never come at all;
Sinners only,
Christ, the Saviour, came to call.

- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
There He groans, and bleeds, and dies,
"It is finished,"—
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.
- 4 Lo! th'incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

DOXOLOGY. 8s & 7s.

- 1 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER.

DUETT OR QUARTETTE. *COMODO*

Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1 Lay me down where the grass is green mother, Be-neath the wil-low shade,

Where the murmuring winds will mourn, mother, The wreck that death has made.

CHORUS

Bu-ry me in the morn-ing, And mourn not at my loss, For I'll

join the beau-ti-ful ar-my That car-ried the Savi-our's cross.

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff continues the melody and accompaniment.

2.

Never sorrow or sigh for me, mother,

Who fell in early years,

For I'll be in the pleasant land, mother,

That's free from grief and tears.

Cho. Bury me in the morning, &c.

3.

I have heard the songs of the blest, mother,

And death is drawing near,

To ferry me o'er the stream, mother,

That mortals dread and fear.

Cho. Bury me in the morning, &c.

4.

You must promise to come to me, mother,

When life and hope shall fade,

For there's room for you in the home, mother,

That's far from the greenwood shade.

Cho. Bury me in the morning, &c.

ETERNITY! L. M.

1 Eternity is just at hand!

And shall I waste my ebbing sand,

And careless view departing day,

And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!

To guilty souls a dreadful wound;

But, O, if Christ and heaven be mine,

How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,

My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—

An interest in the Saviour's blood,

My pardon sealed, my peace with God.

4 Search, Lord, O, search my inmost heart,

And light and hope, and joy impart:

From guilt and error set me free,

And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

1 { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise, }
D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of God's un - changing love.

Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove : D.C.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thine help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from Thy courts above.

HEAR, O SINNER. 8s. 7s & 4.

- 1 Hear, O sinner! Mercy hails you ;
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls :
 Trust in Jesus ;
 'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may ;
 Soon the day of grace is over ;
 Soon your life will pass away :
 Haste to Jesus ;
 You must perish if you stay.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation ;
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy Holy Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all thy grace inherit ;
 Let us find thy promised rest :
 Take away the love of sinning ;

Take our load of guilt away ;
 End the work of thy beginning ;
 Bring us to eternal day.

- 3 Carry on thy new creation ;
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee ;
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

KNOW, MY SOUL. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee :
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

BEFORE ALL PLACES, EAST OR WEST.

Words by MINNIE WATERS.

Arr. from a German Air, by H. TUCKER.

CHORUS.

1. Be - fore all pla - ces, east or west, I love the Sunday-school far the best, With
 2. Be - fore all peo - ple, east or west, I love my teachers far the best; I

DUET.

all the bright eyes gleaming; Next to my home, it has a part, A precious place with-
 love their ear-nest train-ing; Next to my parents, kind and true, To them my fond-est

CHORUS.

- - in my heart, A thousand faults re - deem-ing, A thousand faults re - deem-ing.
 love is due, A love that knows no wan - ing, A love that knows no wan-ing.

3. Before all children, east or west,
I love my schoolmates far the best;
The friends of life's sweet morning;
Their youthful heart for learning burns,
That they to good account may turn
The mind's inward adorning.
4. Before all pleasures, east or west,
I love my studies far the best;
The task that's set before me;
For well I know that wisdom sweet
Will prove a lamp unto my feet,
And shed a radiance o'er me.

COLD WATER SONG.

TUNE — "*Before all places.*"

1. BEFORE all causes, east or west,
I love the temperance cause the best—
I love its cheerful greetings;
I love the tales the speakers tell,
The songs we sing while echoes swell
At our cold water meetings,
At our cold water meetings.
2. Before all laws, or east or west,
I count the law of love the best—
Its accents, mildly spoken,
Will harmless make the poisoned bowl—
Bind up the wounded, and control
The heart that's almost broken,
The heart that's almost broken.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

TUNE—"*Before all places.*"

1. BEFORE all lands, from east to west,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming;

No gold nor jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
And eyes with joy are gleaming.

2. Before all tongues, in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art;
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.
3. Before all people, east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit:—
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

CLOSING SCHOOL.

TUNE — "*Nuremberg.*"

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.

OLD HUNDRED. Doxology. No. 1. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY: No. 2. L. M.

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

DOXOLOGY. No. 3. L. M.

All glory while the ages run
 Be to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
 O Holy Ghost, eternally.

DOXOLOGY. No. 4. L. M.

Praise to the Father with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
 As ever was in ages past.
 And shall be so while ages last.

DOXOLOGY. No. 5. L. M.

- 1 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as Thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
 Its thankful tribute to present;
 And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Jehovah Reigns. L. M.

- 1 Jehovah reigns ; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might ;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.
 - 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.
 - 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high ;
At his rebuke the billows die.
 - 4 Forever shall his throne endure ;
His promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace,
-
- WITH ALL MY POWERS. L. M.
- 1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
 - 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He bid my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand ;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
 - 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.
-

MY GOD, MY KING. L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER.

Words and music by S. C. FOSTER.

SOLO *> CHORUS*

1 Leave me with my moth-er for her voice is sweet, Sweetest, sweetest mel-o-dy.

Inst

SOLO *> CHORUS*

Leave me with my moth-er, for she clings to me, Fond-ly, fond-ly clings to me!

Inst

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Leave me with my mother, for I love her more,
Far more, far more than you know,
Leave me with my mother, for her heart is pure,
Purer, purer than the snow.</p> | <p>3 Leave me with my mother, and her prayers of love,
Fervent, fervent prayers of love,
Leave me with my mother, she is heard above,
Kindly, kindly heard above.</p> |
|--|---|

HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS.

85

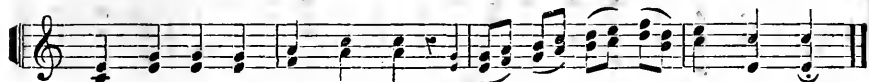
Words W. R.

Music by S. C. FOSTER.

DUETT.

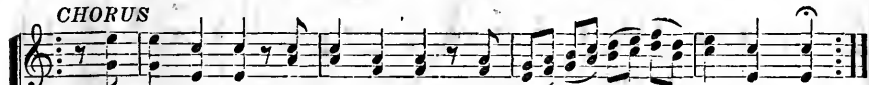


1 "He leadeth me," Oh! blessed thought! Oh! words with heavenly comforts fraught, What-

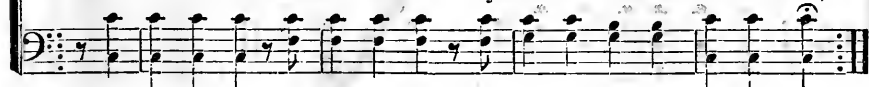


e'er I do, Where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God that lead-eth me.

CHORUS



He lead-eth me! he lead-eth me! By his own hand he lead-eth me,



2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis God that leadeth me!

Cho. He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine--

Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis God that leadeth me.

Cho. He leadeth me! &c.

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

Cho. He leadeth me! &c.

Moderato

Music by MRS. PARKHURST.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me
D.C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft es -

END DUETT!

at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of dis-
caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

D. C.

2.

ress and grief, My soul has often found relief.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place,
Where God my Saviour shows his face,
||: And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:||

3.

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

4.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my heaven, and at the sight,
 Put off this robe of flesh, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 ||: And shout while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

FROM EVERY STORMY WIND. L. M.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 ||: A place than all besides more sweet,—
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat :||
- 2 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat,
 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 ||: And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat. :||

PRAYER IS APPOINTED. L. M.

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give;
 Long as they live should Christians pray;
 They learn to pray when first they live.
 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 ||: If guilt deject; if sin distress;
 In every case, still watch and pray. :||
- 2 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
 Though thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 ||: Fear not; his merits must prevail;
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done. :||

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1 Fa - ther of love, Fa - ther a - bove, Send down thy bless - ing up -

on each head, Shield us from pride While we here bide, Give us this

day our dai - ly bread, Give us this day our dai ly bread.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the next two lines. The third system covers the final line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line.

2.

Humbly we pray,
 Humbly we say,
 Words that our Lord and Redeemer said.
 Trustful and weak,
 Humbly we speak,
 Give us this day our daily bread.
 Give us this day our daily bread.

3.

Make us resigned,
 Patient of mind.
 While to the throne of thy grace we're led
 Make us content
 With what is sent,
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 Give us this day our daily bread.

4.

Sinful are we,
 Thoughtless of thee,
 While 'round our footsteps thy care is shed
 Though we forget,
 Watch o'er us yet,
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 Give us this day our daily bread.

JESUS, OUR SHEPHERD.

M. A. KIDDER.

1.

Shepherd, we stray—
 Show us the way,
 Safe thro' each valley and mountain steep;
 Helpless we roam;
 Gather us home;
 Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!
 Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!

2.

Why should we fear?
 Thy voice we hear;
 Calling us fondly thy path to keep—
 Through pastures green,
 Soft rills between,
 Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!
 Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!

3.

Keep us from sin;
 Holy within;
 Safe in thy bosom no more we'll weep,
 Fill us with love,
 Guide us above,
 Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!
 Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Legato

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1 A beau-ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor-row free, The

home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels too are there.

CHORUS

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?

Repeat pp.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2.

That beautiful land where all is light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.

CHO. Will you go, &c.

3.

In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,

The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

CHO. Will you go, &c.

4.

The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

CHO. Will you go, &c.

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD. S. M.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ILLINOIS. L. M.

1 When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God ;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to his blood.

3.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4.

Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

MY DEAR REDEEMER. L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too,
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

WHY SHOULD WE START. L. M.

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die ?
What timorous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

JESUS OUR SOULS. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice,
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While Faith contends with Unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O, let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust,
Nor see that Faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
Reveal the glories of thy name,
And put all anxious doubt to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

LET EVERLASTING GLORIES CROWN.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 Let ev-er-last-ing glo-ries crown Thy head, my Savior and my Lord;
2 In vain the trem-bling con-science seeks Some solid ground to rest up-on;

Thy hands have brought salva-tion down, And stored the blessings in thy word.
With long despair the spir-it breaks, Till we ap-ply to Christ a-lone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

GREAT WAS THE DAY. L. M.

- 1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave!
And power to heal, and power to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

STAND UP MY SOUL. L. M.

- 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

PRaise, EVERLASTING PRaise. L. M.

- 1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid:
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.
- 3 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th'Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 4 Then, should the earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

THERE IS A HOLY CITY.

REDEEMER. 7s & 6s.

Music by Mrs. PARKHURST.

Legato.

1 There is a ho - ly ci - ty, A hap - py world a - bove, Beyond the star - ry

re - gions, Built by the God of love ; An ev - er - lasting tem - ple, And saints array'd in

white, There serve their great Redeem - er, And dwell with Him in light.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking is 'Legato.' The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system covers the first line of lyrics, the second system covers the second line, and the third system covers the third line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

IN TIME OF TRIBULATION. 7s & 6s.

1.

In time of tribulation Hear,
 Lord, my feeble cries;
 With humble supplication
 To Thee my spirit flies:

2.

My heart with grief is breaking;
 Scarce can my voice complain:
 Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
 Still watch and weep in vain.

3.

The days of old, in vision,
 Bring vanished bliss to view:
 The years of lost fruition
 Their joys in pangs renew.

4.

Remembered sons of gladness,
 Through night's lone silence brought,
 Strike notes of deeper sadness,
 And stir desponding thought.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

1 Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirsty spirit fains a

way, .. My thirs - ty spir - it fains a - way, Without thy cheer - ing grace.....

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

THERE IS A PATH. C. M.

- 1 There is a path that leads to God—
All others go astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
That I may never stray.

WHY SHOULD WE? C. M.

- 1 Why should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein ?
- 2 Folly and sin our peace destroy ;
They glitter and are past ;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.
- 3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease :

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

- 4 Oh, may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice ;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

LORD ! IN THE MORNING. C. M.

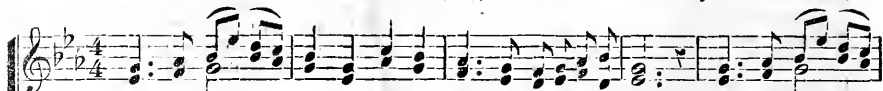
- 1 Lord ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye ;
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh ! may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

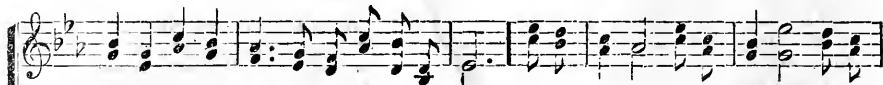
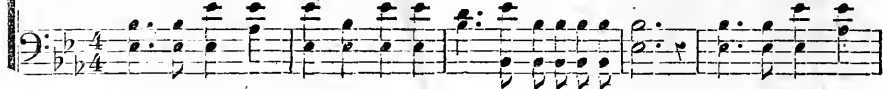
Moderato

SHEPHERD, 6s, 7s & 4s.

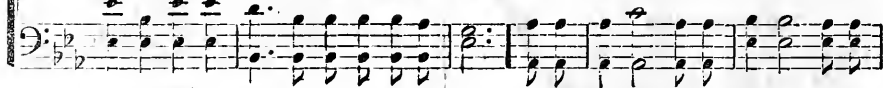
Music by MRS. PARKHURST.



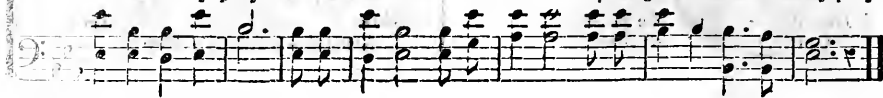
1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; In thy pleasant
 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from



pastures feed us. For our use thy folds prepare. Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast
 sin defend us. Seek us when we go a - stray. Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young



bought us. Thine we are; Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
 children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.



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

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

HEAR THE HERALDS.

1 Hear the heralds of the gospel
 News from Zion's king proclaim:
 "To each rebel sinner pardon;
 Free forgiveness in his name:
 Oh, what mercy!
 "Free forgiveness in his name."
 2 Sinners, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, O how tender
 Every line is full of love:
 Listen to it;
 Every line is full of love.
 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation
 Chase away the falling tears;
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
 4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way
 Hasten to the court of heaven;

Tidings bear without delay;
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
 2 "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford,
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us, through 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 in earth and heaven, uniting,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

TUNE, 48th page.

M. A. KIDDER.

1 When the scenes of earth have faded,
 And we tarry here no more ;
 When we catch sweet shining glimpses,
 Of the fair celestial shore ;
 Of the land that knows no sorrow,
 Neither darkness nor despair,
 Shall we see him in his glory,
 Shall we see our Saviour there ?

CHO. Shall we see our Saviour ?
 Shall we see our Saviour ?
 Shall we see our Saviour ?
 Shall we see our Saviour there ?

2 When the friends we love shall fail us,
 As we brave death's chilling tide ;
 When the olive plants forsake us,
 That have grown up by our side,
 And no living thing we cherished,
 Will avail us on that day,
 As we near the hills of glory,
 Shall we see him on our way ?

CHO. Shall we see, &c.

3 When the dreams of youth have vanished,
 And the hopes of riper years ;
 All our joys, and all our sorrows,
 All our ills, and all our tears ;
 In that land of golden promise,

Where the flowers are blooming fair,
 Shall we see him in his glory,
 Shall we see our Saviour there ?
 CHO. Shall we see, &c.

4 Yes, we'll see Him in his glory,
 Where the soul can never die ;
 For sweet promises are written,
 In his word for you and I.
 How among the blessed angels,
 We some humble place may share,
 We shall see him in his glory,
 We shall see our Saviour there.
 CHO. We shall see, &c.

5 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us ;
 Bless thy little lambs to night ;
 Through the darkness be thou near us ;
 Keep us safe till morning light,
 May our sins be all forgiven ;
 Bless the friends we love so well ;
 Take us, when we die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell,
 CHO. Then we'll know each other,
 Then we'll know each other,
 Then we'll know each other,
 Then we'll know each other there.

LORD. WE ARE YOUNG. L. M.

Tune. WARD, page 120.

- 1 Lord, we are young—thy help we need,
For various foes infest our way ;
Be thou to us a friend indeed,
Nor let us from thy precepts stray.
- 2 From wayward paths our feet restore,
And keep our tongues from speaking guile ;
And oh, preserve us evermore
From sin's seducing, luring smile.
- 3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire ;
To thee our every power incline ;
And may the pure celestial fire
Within our bosoms ever shine.
- 4 Oh, let the morning of our days
To thee, and thee alone, be given ;
Increase our love, approve our ways,
And guide us safely into heaven.

THERE IS AN EYE. C. M.

Tune. WOODLAND, page 54.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;

That ear is fill'd with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.

- 4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain ;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer ; which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

HEAR YE NOT A VOICE. 7s.

Tune. PLEYEL'S HYMN, page 132.

- 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 sorrow free ;
While our day is in its dew,
And the cares of life are few.
- 4 While to thee, O Lord, we come
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them thine.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. C. M.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,

When shall I lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

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

We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'We'll Wait Till Jesus Comes'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes. And we'll be gath-ered home.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 - No peaceful sheltering dome,
 This world's a wilderness of wo,
 This world is not my home.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.
- 4 I'll seek at once my Savior's side,
 No more my steps shall roam;
 Alone I'll brave death's chilling tide,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.
- COME LET US JOIN. C. M.
- 1 Come let us join our friends above,
 That have obtained the prize;
 And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise. We'll wait, &c.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven are one.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream, of death.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.
- 5 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.
 Cho. We'll wait, &c.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

DUETT, with accompaniment.

1 Who has our Re - deem-er heard, Whose voice was good and kind?

Thus he spoke in ho - ly word: Seek and ye shall find.

CHORUS.

Ask and it shall be giv-en, Seek and ye shall find, Ev - ery prayer is

heard in heav - en That is breathed from a truth - ful mind.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the Treble clef and the accompaniment in the Bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the Treble staff.

2 Come with gentle, contrite heart,
And seek the Savior's grace,
Come, that when from earth we part,
We'll meet him face to face.

CHO. Ask and it shall be, &c.

3 Every prayer is heard above,
That we sincerely feel,
Every sigh received with love,
When we repenting kneel,

CHO. Ask and it shall be, &c.

4 Life to all, our Lord has shown,
Then be to Hope resigned,
When around you, doubts are thrown
"Seek and ye shall find."

CHO. Ask and it shall be, &c.

I WOULD A YOUTHFUL. L. M.

1 I would a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thine everlasting throne.

2 I would my heart to thee resign;
Oh, come and make it wholly thine;
Set up thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.

3 Be it my chief desire to prove
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for thy sake.

4 Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve thee here no more,
Within thy temple, God of love,
I'll serve thee day and night above.

FAIR CANAAN'S LAND.

HOPE. C. M.

Music by G.

1 Fair Ca-naan's land, is just be-fore, Sweet spring is com-ing on,
 2 Me-thinks I now be-gin to see The bor-ders of that land;

A few more beat-ing winds and rains, And win-ter will be gone...
 The trees of life, with heavenly fruit, In beauteous or-der stand.

3.

O what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies:

4.

Bright angels whispering me away—
 "O come, my brother, come!"
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.

THERE IS A PLACE. C. M.

- 1 There is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.
- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide—
- 3 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 4 The vision of that heavenly home,
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies
A tide of rapture roll.
- 5 For there, adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine
Untroubled and serene.

GIVE ME THE WINGS. C. M.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears,

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

THERE IS A HOUSE. C. M.

- 1 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

COME TO THY REST.

From the N. Y. MUS. PIONEER.
SOLO OR DUETT.

(ANGEL'S CALL TO THE DYING.)

S. J. VAIL.

1 { Come a - way, come a - way, life is too sad for thee;
Earth is too rude for thee; heaven shall be glad of thee;

2 { Come a - way, come a - way, earth is not meant for thee;
Friends who have lost thee shall mourn and la - ment for thee;

Inst. Pia.

1st time. 2nd time.

Chill are its winds on thy del - i - cate breast;
Come a - way love - ly one, come to thy rest!
Beau - ti - ful spir - it, mount up to the sky;
Thou shalt re - joice in thy glo - ry on high.

CHORUS.

Low in thy narrow bed, Lay down thy gentle head; Give back to mother earth all she can crave;
Spread thy bright wings, and soar Spotless for evermore, Sin-stained no long-er, but white and forgiven:

All thy mor-tal-i-ty, Doom'd to fi-nal-ity, Leave it behind, in the dust of the grave,
Heir of in-fin-i-ty, Rob'd in divinity, Come away, happy one! come up to heaven!

Leave it be-hind, in the dust of the grave!
Come a-way, hap-py one! come up to heaven!

WE'LL ALL MEET OUR SAVIOUR.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

I We'll all meet our Saviour, if we keep his sa - cred word, 'Tis the

promise of the Lord, the promise of the Lord, We'll all meet our

Saviour, if we keep his sa - cred word, 'Tis the promise of the Lord. A - men,

2.

Then we'll live with the angels where no sin can ever come,
 In a fair and happy home, a fair and happy home ;
 And we'll sing heavenly praises where no sin can ever come,
 In a fair and happy home. Amen.

3.

He has gone from among us with a halo round him bright,
 To a land of love and light, a land of love and light.
 He has gone and he calls us with a halo round him bright
 To a land of love and light. Amen.

4.

He is called our Redeemer for he suffered for us all,
 That no penitent should fall, no penitent should fall ;
 He is called our Redeemer for he suffered for us all.
 And we'll hearken to his call. Amen.

FRIENDS OF THE POOR. C. M.,

- 1 Friends of the poor, the young, the weak,
 Regard our humble train ;
 Compassion at your hands we seek ;
 Shall children plead in vain ?
- 2 Were you not children once ? Renew
 The time when young as we :
 Think of the friends that nourished you,
 And hearken to our plea.
- 3 Are there not feelings from above,
 In every heart that reigns ?
 The pulse, the voice, the look of love ;
 Shall nature plead in vain ?

- 4 Have you no dear ones round your hearth
 As weak and young as we ?
 Think if like ours had been *their* birth
 Could you resist their plea ?
- 5 Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
 For man's redemption slain ?
 Behold the Saviour in our place ;
 Shall Jesus plead in vain ?
- 6 No ! by his early griefs and tears
 When poor and young as we
 By all His woes in after years,
 Accept your Saviour's plea.

WE'LL STILL KEEP MARCHING ON.

Words by Mrs M. A. KIDDER.

Music by S. C. FOSTER.

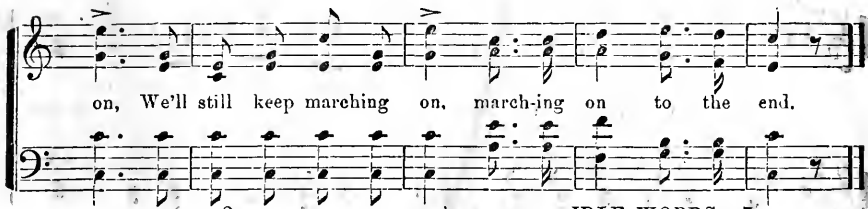
1st. 2d.

1 { No matter what temp-tations Assail us on our way, }
 { We'll still keep traveling onward Along the heav'nly... } way; We'll practice good to

o - thers While liv-ing here be-low, And dai - ly pray, to God each day, As

CHORUS.

marching on we go, We'll still keep marching on, marching on, marching



2.
 If enemies revile us,
 We'll not revile again;
 For Jesus' our example,
 Once dwelt with sinful men;
 He, patient was, and lowly,
 To friend as well as foe,
 Then let us strive like him to live
 As marching on we go!
 We'll still, &c.

3.
 We'll study well the Bible
 The holy word of God,
 'Twill prove a lamp to guide us
 Along the toilsome road,
 We'll sing the songs of Zion
 When in the valleys low—
 Bethlehém's star, will shine afar
 As marching on we go!
 We'll still, &c.

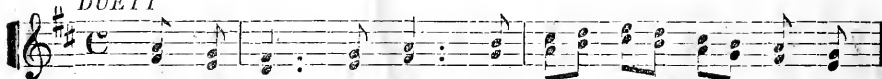
IDLE WORDS. 7s.

For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Matt. xii, 36

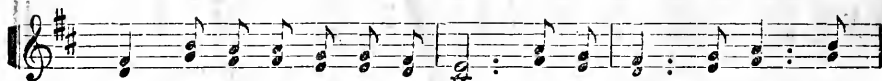
- 1 Words are things of little cost,
 Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
 We forget them, but they stand
 Witnesses at God's right hand,
 And their testimony bear
 For us, or against us, there.
- 4 O how often ours has been
 Idle words, and words of sin;
 Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
 Or deceit, our faults to hide;
 Envious tales, or strife unkind,
 Leaving bitter thoughts behind.
- 3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
 Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
 May our lips, from sin kept free,
 Love to speak and sing of thee;
 Till in heaven, we learn to raise
 Hymns of everlasting praise.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

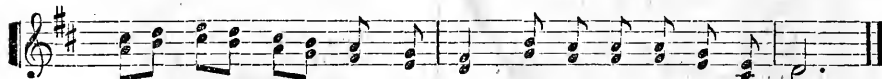
DUETT



1. When my moth - er's hands are o'er me, spread, As I
 2. When I hear the silv - 'ry notes of love From the



kneel, humbly pray-ing by her knee; When her gen - tle voice is
 birds gai - ly sing-ing in the tree, Then I feel that God still



round me shed, Then the an - gels are sing-ing un - to me.
 reigns a - bove, And the an - gels are sing-ing un - to me.

CHORUS.



Mu - sic from a - bove! Strains of joy and love, When my soul is fill'd with

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. Below the staves, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font.

mel - o - dy, Then the an - gels are sing - ing un - to me.

3.

When the stars are in the placid sky,
And soft winds are roving on the lea,
Then I feel that God still dwells on high,
And the angels are singing unto me.
Cho. Music from above, &c.

4.

When I hear the laughing, gurgling stream,
Or the waves of the deep and plunging sea,
Then I'm lull'd into a pleasant dream,
And the angels are singing unto me.
Cho. Music from above, &c.

ON THE BANKS OF LIFE'S FAIR RIVER.

Tune.—"Annie Lisle."

1 On the banks of life's fair river,
Lo! a youthful band,
And they're marching, marching ever,
For the better land;
But the way is full of peril,
And, alas! within

Rebel thoughts and traitor wishes
Tempt their hearts to sin.

Cho. Strike, children, for the Saviour!
Play the hero's part,
While remains a sin unconquered
In a youthful heart.

2 Earthly things are full of danger—

Thorns among the flowers—
And the devil still is lurking,
As in Eden's bowers.

Sometimes like a roaring lion,
Roams he forth to slay;
Sometimes like a hissing serpent,
Lies across our way. Cho. Strike, &c.

3 But we have a glorious leader,
Jesus, Lord of all,

Who is stronger than the Tempter.
Christ, on thee we call!

Lead us onward, dear Redeemer;
Ride thou on before,
And we shall be more than victors
In this holy war. Cho. Strike, &c.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.

*Rather slow and in exact time.**From the Carmina Sacra, by permission.*

1 O, could I speak the matchless worth, O, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior

shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine,

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face :
Then with my Savior, brother, friend,
A best eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
That righteousness my robe shall be ;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me nearer to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death ;
The Spirit of adoption breathe ;
His consolations send ;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
" Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

O THOU THAT HEAR'ST. C. P. M.

1 O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow

From Carmina Sacra, by permission. WARD. L. M.

DR. L. MASON

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'God is the Refuge of His Saints'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: '1 God is the re - fuge of his saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres ent with his aid.'

2.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace, our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Of grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

THINE EARTHLY SABBATHS. L. M.

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

JESUS, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

ANOTHER SIX DAY'S WORK. L. M.

- 1 Another six day's work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun.
Return my soul, enjoy the rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away,
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP.

BOYLSTON, S. M.

From the Carmina Sacra, by permission.

DR. L. MASON.

I Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve-ry eye,

2.

The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3.

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

THE PITY OF THE LORD. S. M.

- 1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

LORD HELP ME TO RESIGN. S. M.

- 1 Lord help me to resign
My doubting heart to thee,
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.
- 2 My only aim be this,—
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

- 4 So will I firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.
- 3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care,
Thy great compassion never fails :
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.

O WHERE SHALL REST. S. M.

- 1 O where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL.

1 How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are,

"Come cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care."

2.

Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4.

His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

ANOTHER DAY IS PAST. S. M.

- 1 Another day is past,
The hours forever fled ;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep ;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed !
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed,

THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE. S. M.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
And leave my soul undressed.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
My angels guard me when I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

- 4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run—
- 5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh, may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love

COME AT THE MORNING HOUR. S. M.

- 1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening in thy home,
Around its altar, pray ;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord !
With thee to watch and pray.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Air, from Handel.

1 Mor-tals; awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay; Joy, love, and

grat - i - tude, com - bine To hail th'auspi - cious day. To
To hail th'aus-pi - cious

hail th'auspicious day, To hail, to hail th'auspi-cious day.
day,
day, To hail th'auspi-cious day To hail,

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

SING TO THE LORD. C. M.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let new seraphic joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains sink ; ye valleys rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 4 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations as their God,
To show the world his righteousness
And send his truth abroad.

HARK ! THE GLAD SOUND. C. M.

- 1 Hark ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne.
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

ONCE MORE MY SOUL.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

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

Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him.....that rules the skies.

2.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;

My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HOSANNA. C. M.

- 1 Hosanna, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word ;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.
- 4 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

NOW THAT THE SUN. C. M.

- 1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

JESUS, IMMORTAL KING! C. M.

- 1 Jesus, immortal King ! arise ;
Rise and assert thy sway ;
Till earth subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror ! ride,
Till all thy foes submit ;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around ;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored ;
And earth, with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord

HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN,
.. DUETT.*Moderato.*

1 To thy pastures, fair and large. Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with

tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

2.

When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams, that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow,

3.

Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;

With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4.

Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shall attend;
And shall bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

GREATER LOVE. 7s.

- 1 Greater love than this there's none,
When the Father gives the Son ;
When the Son forsakes the skies,
For his foes a sacrifice.
- 2 There, my soul, behold the Lord !
He receives thy sins' reward ;
Hanging on the dreadful tree,
As a substitute for thee.
- 3 Thine the stripes that Jesus bears ;
Thine the crown of thorns he wears ;
Thine the heart that him denied ;
Thine the guilt that pierced his side.
- 4 Thine the sin that weighed him down,
When he felt the Father's frown ;
When he sent to heaven the cry,
Why God left him thus to die !
- 5 Thus for thee, my soul, he died !
Thus for thee was crucified ;
Hast thou then no cross to bear,
For thy Jesus hanging there ?

TO THY TEMPLE. 7s.

- 1 To thy temple we repair ;
Lord, we love to worship there ;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
Then at evening, we may say,
" We have walked with God to-day."

SAVIOUR BLESS THY WORD. 7s.

- 1 Saviour, bless thy word to all ;
Quick and powerful let it prove .
O, may sinners hear thy call ;
Let thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless :
Follow it with power divine ;
Give the gospel great success ;
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice ;
Send, O, send thy truth abroad ;
Let the nations hear thy voice, —
Hear it, and return to God.

WHEN THY MORTAL LIFE IS FLED.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1 When thy mor-tal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread,

When is fin-ished thy ca-reer, Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap-pear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

SOVEREIGN RULER. 7s.

- 1 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry ;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been ;
Oft have sinned before thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 Jesus, save my dying soul ;
Make my broken spirit whole ;
Humbled in the dust I lie ;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

SINNERS, TURN. 7s.

- 1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ;
God, who did your being give.
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why
Will ye not in him believe ?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
Often with you has he strove.
Woody you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive !
Will ye still refuse to live ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die ?

COME, SAITH JESUS. 7s.

- 1 Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.
- 2 Hither come ; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

WEEPING SINNERS. 7s.

- 1 Weeping sinners, dry your tears ;
Jesus on the throne appears ;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.
- 2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath ;
Can you slight such heavenly charms ?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

1 Lord, we come be - fore thee now ; At thy feet we hum-bly bow ;

O do not our suit dis-dain ; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
 In compassion now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee ; here we stay ;
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
 Let the time of joy return ;
 Those that are cast down, lift up ;
 Make them strong in faith and hope,

5 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind ;
 Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

JESUS SAVE MY DYING SOUL. 7a.

- 1 Jesus, save my dying soul ;
Make the broken spirit whole ;
Humble in the dust I lie ;
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face ;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known ;
Thou art righteous, thou alone,
All my help is from thy cross ;
All beside I count but loss.
- 4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive ?
Helpless at thy feet I lie ;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

MUCH IN SORROW. 7a.

- 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight ; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ; much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.

- 3 Shrink not, Christians,—will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the battle-field ?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.
- 4 But when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

BLEEDING HEARTS. 7a.

- 1 Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean ;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.
- 2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live ;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.
- 3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Treading, now your steps retrace ;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Fainting souls in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power ;
On the risen Lord rely ;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high

By permission.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

DR. L. MASON.

1 Now be the gos⁴-pel ban - ner In ev - ery land unful'd ; And be the shout ho -
2 Yes, thou shalt reign for - ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings ! Thy light, thy love, thy

san - na Re - ech - oed through the world : Till ev - ery isle and na - tion, Till
fa - vor, Each ransomed cap - tive sings : The isles for thee are wait - ing, The

ev - ery tribe and tongue. Receive the great salva - tion, And join the hap - py throng.
des - erts learn thy praise, The hills and valleys greeting, The song re - spon - sive raise.

OUR COUNTRY'S VOICE. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Our country's voice is pleading,
 Ye men of God, arise!
 His providence is leading,
 The land before you lies;
 Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
 And promise clothes the soil;
 Wide fields for harvests whitening,
 Invite the reapers toil.
- 2 Go where the waves are breaking,
 On California's shore,
 Christ's precious gospel taking,
 More rich than golden ore;
 On Alleghany's mountains,
 Through all the Western Vale,
 Beside Missouri's fountains,
 Rehearse the wondrous tale.
- 3 Where prairie flowers are blooming,
 Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
 The farthest wilds illuming,
 With light that ever glows;
 To each lone forest-ranger
 The Word of Life unseal;
 To every exile stranger
 Its saving truths reveal.
- 4 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west;

Till all, his cross beholding,
 In him are fully blest.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Hasten, hasten the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy sceptre shall obey.

WHEN SHALL THE VOICE. 7s & 6s.

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

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!

And now, be - fore his Fa - ther, God, He pleads the mer - its of his blood.

2.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3.

Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
 Above our fears, above our faults,

His powerful intercessions rise;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4.

Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
 On thee our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

GREAT GOD, ATTEND. L. M.

- 1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs,
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day ;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too :
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT. L. M.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
O guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

LIGHT OF THE SOUL. L. M.

- 1 Light of the soul! O, Saviour, blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all its sweetness and delight.
- 2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
Come in thy hidden majesty ;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.
- 3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed,
Through him, unto the Father be
Glory and praise eternally.

SABBATH. 7s.

DR. L. MASON.

1 Safely thro' an - other week, God has brought us on our way ; Let us now a blessing

seek, Waiting in his courts to day ; Day of all the week the best, Emblem

of e - ter - nal rest ; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free—
May we rest this day in thee.

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

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

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE, 7a.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptations power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray,

2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
"It is finished," hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom :
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes :
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

LIGHT OF LIFE. 7b

1 Light of life, seraphic fire ;
Love divine, thyself impart :
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Enter every drooping heart :

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less :
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

RISE MY SOUL.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

1 { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
 { Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heaven, thy na - tive place.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics.

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

The second system of music continues the composition. It features the same two-staff format with treble and bass clefs, one sharp key signature, and 4/4 time signature. The melody and accompaniment are clearly visible.

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

The third and final system of music concludes the piece. It maintains the two-staff structure with treble and bass clefs, one sharp key signature, and 4/4 time signature. The piece ends with a double bar line.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source ;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies ;
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
Fly from sorrow, and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

SAVIOUR, I THY WORD. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Saviour, I thy word believe ;
My unbelief remove ;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above ;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art,
Now thy gracious word fulfil ;
Send the witness to my heart ;
The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me ;
Make me every deed thine own,

- In all things led by thee ;
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, O, deign to dwell ;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.
- 3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me ;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee :
Make me choose the better part ;
O, do thou my pardon seal ;
Send the witness to my heart ;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

TIME IS WINGING US AWAY. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb ;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb ;
But the saints shall soon enjoy,
Life—immortal life above.
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love,

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1 Let vain pur - suits and vain de - sires Be ban - ished from the heart,

The Sav - iour's love fill ev - ery breast, And light and life im - part.

- 2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way!
- 3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

- 4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.
- 5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power
T' obey his holy word.

LO! WHAT A GLORIOUS SIGHT. C. M.

- 1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And fled the rolling skies.
- 2 From highest heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."
- 4 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

WHEN VERDURE CLOTHES. C. M.

- 1 When verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing,
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

8 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

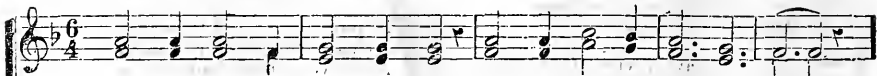
LET ZION AND HER SONS. C. M.

- 1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
These ruins shall be built again
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saults complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 4 This shall be known when we are dead
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise and trust the Lord.

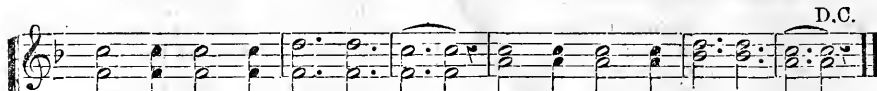
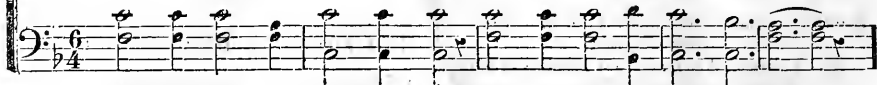
FROM THE CROSS UPLIFTED HIGH.

MARTYN. 7S.

MARSH.



1 From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
D. C. "Love's redeem-ing work is done; Come and welcome sin - ner come.



What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the ravished ear!



- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 3 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HASTE, O SINNER. 7a.

- 1 Haste, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

COME! SAID JESUS'. 7a.

- 1 Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home:
Weary wanderer, hither come.
- 2 Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

- 3 Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—
- 4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HEARTS OF STONE. 7a.

- 1 Hearts of stone! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
Crucified God's only Son!
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with the bloody spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice—
While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain—
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew!
No; with all my sins I'll part,
Break, oh! break, my bleeding heart!

HOW I LONG TO BE THERE.

Words by Mrs M. A. KIDDER.

Music by G. LINLEY. Arr. by Prof. CULL.

Andantino.

1 { How I long to be there, where my spir - it may rest, In the
 { Where my Sav - iour en - folds in the arms of his love, All the

D.C. Oh, when wea - ry and sad, and o'er-bur - dened with care, From the

FINE DUETT

man - sions a - bove, in the home of the blest, }
 blos - soms of earth now transplanted, a - bove. } How I

depths of my soul how I long to be there.

long for one look at that In - fi - nite face, One

INST

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "soul - heal - ing draught from the riv - er of grace." The final measure of the melody includes a triplet of eighth notes and a fermata, with the initials "D.C." written above it. A "2." is written below the first measure of the piano accompaniment.

2.
 How I long to be there in my heavenly home,
 Where with angelic hosts, on bright wings I
 may roam,
 Where the trees never fade and the flowers
 ever bloom,
 And where glory divine lights the way from
 the tomb ;
 How I long to bow down to my God and my
 King,
 My offering of love with the ransom'd to bring
 Blessed, thrice blessed shore, ever peaceful
 and fair,
 Whene'er tempted and tried, how I long to be
 there.

DON'T FORGET. MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

1.
 Don't forget to do good ! like the stream to the
 sea,
 So the good that we do shall flow on full & free
 Thro' the changes of time, thro' eternity's round,

Every action of love in God's record is found,
 Every kind word we speak, like a seed that is
 sown,
 Still nurtured in love, soon a flower will have
 grown,
 Tho' it blossoms on earth, in the sun and the rain,
 Its sweet fragrance ascends to its author again !

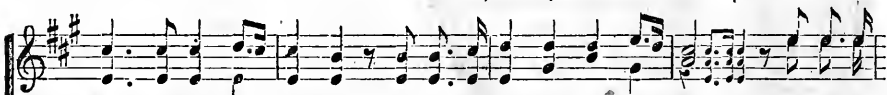
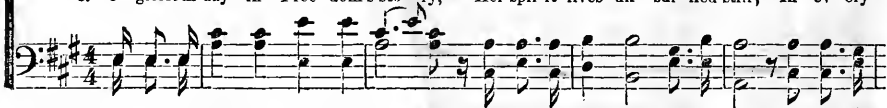
2.
 Don't forget to do good, 'tis made up of small
 things.
 Every atom of love, what a blessing it brings ;
 The sweet thanks of a child can a pleasure im-
 part,
 Or the faint beaming smile from a sorrowing
 heart.
 Our dear Saviour on earth went about doing
 good,
 The sick he gave health—to the poor he gave
 food,
 And though homeless himself and o'er bur-
 dened with woe,
 Yet he never forgot to do good here below.

FREEMEN'S GATHERING.

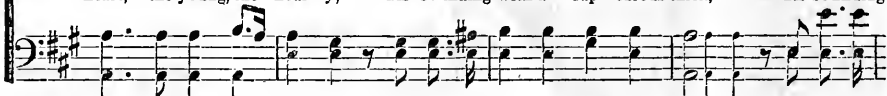
Words by S. DYER.
Music arr. by A. CULL.



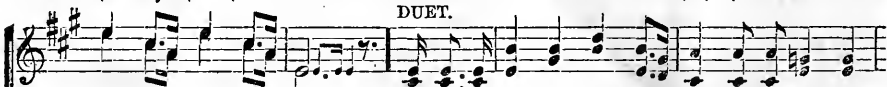
1. A-rouse! a trai-tor band is arm-ing, Their pi-rate ban-ner taints the air; Our country
2. From East and West the tides are meet-ing, The North rolls down its gi-ant wave; All par-ti-
3. O glorious day in Free-dom's sto-ry, Her spir-it lives un-sul-lied still; In ev-ery



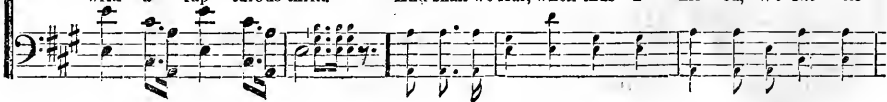
calls, each one a-larm-ing— To Freedom's standard all re-pair, To Freedom's
-zans as broth-ers greet-ing, As on they come to die or save, As on they
heart, the young, the hoar-y, 'Tis bounding with a rap-turous thrill, 'Tis bounding



DUET.



stand-ard all re-pair. Lo! spir-its from the field so go-ry, Where fought and
come to die or save. And who can stand this dread up-ris-ing? Not trai-tors
with a rap-turous thrill. And shall we fear, when thus u-nit-ed, We bat-tle



Rit.

bled our no - ble sires, A - new each pa - triot bosom fires, As marshalled for the field of
 base to Freedom's cause, False to their vows, false to its laws, And whom the *world* is now de -
 for our na - tive land A - gainst a false and traitor band? Be - hold! e'en now they stand af -

FULL CHORUS. *A tempo.*

glo - ry. The stripes and stars un - fur! Un - sheath the bat - tle - blade! Strike
 - spls - ing. The stripes and stars un - fur! &c.
 - frighted. The stripes and stars un - fur! &c.

home! strike home! till Free - dom's foes, Shall low..... in dust be laid.

TO FAR HEATHEN LANDS.

A MISSIONARY HYMN, written and composed for, and sung at the Anniversary of 176
SANDS' St. METHODIST EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, Brooklyn.

Words by JULIA C. BREWSTER.

Music by C. E. KIMBALL.

1 To far heath - en lands, the ti - dings we'll send

That Je - sus now reigneth their Sav - iour and friend, 'Till

mill - ions in wor - ship their voi - ces shall raise,



The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The treble staff contains a melody with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and half notes, some with slurs and ties. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Below the treble staff, the lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font. The lyrics are: "And own him a Sav - iour most wor - thy of praise."

2.

Oh, while we have life let us work for the Lord,
And hasten his kingdom by spreading his word,
Dispelling the darkness by sending the light,
And crushing the wrong by the strength of the right.

3.

Co-workers with God, our object and aim
To sound through the world his glorious name,
The dear name of Jesus, who died to redeem,
An angel can wish for no loftier theme.

4.

And when life is ended we'll die without fear,
As odors on breezes tell flowers are near,
To christian's departing a foretaste is given
By angel-wings laden with fragrance of heaven.

DAUGHTER OF ZION. 11s.

RICHLAND. 11s.

From "CARMINA SACRA," by permission.

With spirit and energy.

1. Daugh-ter of Zi-on! a - wake from thy sad-ness! A - wake! for the foes shall op -

- press thee no more;— Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day - star of gladness, A -

- rise! for the night of thy sor-row is o'er. Daugh-ter of Zi-on! a -

- wake from thy sad-ness! A - wake! for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

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

3.
Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;—
Shout for the foe is destroyed that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free,
Daughter of Zion! awake, &c.

CODA. for last stanza.

shall op - press thee no more, shall op - press thee no more.
 is the way with - out thee. is the way with - out thee.
 and lend us thine aid, and lend us thine aid,

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR. 11s. M. A. KIDDER.

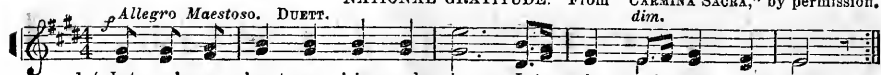
- 1 Jesus my Saviour, oh ! keep me and guide me !
 For dark and beset is the way without thee !
 When I pass over, oh, walk thou beside me,
 Thy rod and thy staff still my comfort shall
 be ! Jesus, my Saviour, etc.
- 2 Waiting, I stand on the brink of the river,
 Alone, for the lov'd ones have gone from my
 side,
 Waiting to join them where death cannot sever,
 Where angels are singing far over the tide !
 Jesus, my Saviour, etc.
- 3 Visions of beauty, of rapture and glory !
 Shine forth, as I gaze on that beautiful shore,
 Spirits celestial are hymning the story,
 How Christ all the sins of a fallen race bore !
 Jesus, my Saviour, etc.
- 4 Waiting and longing, for pleasures immortal,
 How long must I tarry in sorrow and sin ?
 Forms that I cherished stand just at the portal
 Of glory, and lovingly beckon me in !
 Jesus my Saviour, etc.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 11s.

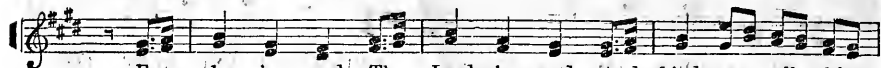
- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid:
 Brightest and best, etc.
- 2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.
 Brightest and best, etc.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine ? Brightest and best, etc.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the hearts adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
 Brightest and best, etc.

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

NATIONAL GRATITUDE. From "CARMINA SAGRA," by permission.
dim.



1. { Let ev'-ry heart re-joice and sing; Let cho-ral an-thems rise; }
 { Ye rev'rend men and chil-dren bring; To God your sac-ri-fice; }
 2. { He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known; }
 { And earth sub-duc'd to him, shall yet Bow low be-fore his throne; }

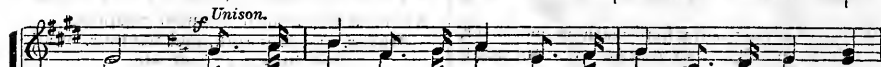


For he is good, The Lord is good, And kind are all his

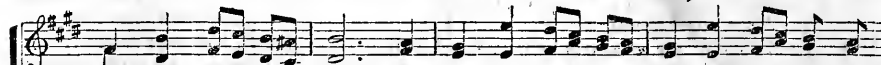
CHORUS.



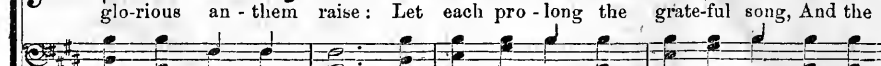
ways; With songs and hon-ors sounding loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah



praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A



glo-rious an-them raise: Let each pro-long the grate-ful song, And the



God of our fa - ther's praise, And the God of our fa - ther's praise.

A LITTLE WHILE.

D. G. HOLMES.

The first part. *legato*; after the pause \curvearrowright *con animo*, and somewhat *staccato*, except concluding strain which requires a *legato* movement.

A lit - tle while to toil a - long This wea - ry wind - ing way, And

we shall join the ransom'd throng, And we shall sing love's cho - ral song, In yon - der land of

day - In yon - der land of day.

2.
A little while for doubt and gloom
And feeble trust in God,
And faith shall spread her eagle plume,
The soul her palm and crown assume,
||: Forever with the Lord.:||

Andante.

HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME.

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. *p* Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my low - ly thatched cottage a -

Cres.

home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else -
- gain; The birds singing gayly, that come at my call: Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than

*piu Adagio.**A tempo.**Rit.*

- where; Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Do it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.
all: Home, &c.

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES AND MUSIC.

A home in heaven	50	From the cross uplifted high...	146	Let Zion and her sons rejoice...	145
A song of gladness	6	Free men's gathering	150	Lo, what a glorious sight...	145
All the week	7	For a season called to part.	81	Light of life, seraphic fire.	141
Addition to the Star Spangled Banner	25	Great God attend while Zion..	139	Lord in the morning thou shalt	99
A crown of glory bright.	57	God speed the right.	23	Lord give us faith	20
Another six days work is done.	121	Give me the wings of faith.....	55	Little Ella's an' angel.....	52
Another day is past	125	God save the nation	58	Love divine, all love exceeding..	79
All glory while the ages run ...	82	God is love.....	61	Lord forever at thy side.....	65
A little while	157	Give us this day our daily bread.	88	Leave me with my mother	84
Bury me in the morning, mother	76	Grant was the day	95	Let everlasting glories crown..	94
Before all places east or west...	80	Go to dark Gethsemane.....	141	Lord help me to resign.....	123
Before all lands	81	Greater love than this there's ..	131	Lo the seal of death.	3
Be thou O God, exalted high..	82	God is the refuge of his saints..	120	Lord we are young	102
Beautiful shore	44	He that goeth forth.....	4	Lord we come before thee now.	134
Bleeding hearts defiled by sin..	135	Heavenly home.....	10	Let vain pursuits.....	144
Brightest and best	155	Home, heavenly home	53	My angel	17
Best friend.....	29	How sweet and awful.....	58	Marching along	34
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..	147	Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you	79	My faith looks up to thee.	57
Come to me.....	12	He leadeth me beside	85	My Father, be thou the guide.	69
Christ a little child	15	Hark, the voice of love	101	May the grace of Christ	75
Cast your bread upon the deep.	39	Hear the herald of the Gospel..	101	My dear Redeemer and my Lord	92
Come sing to me of heaven.....	51	How gentle God's commands.	124	My God, my King, thy various.	83
Christmas carol	62	Hark the glad sound the Saviour	127	Mortals awake, with angels join	126
Columbia's king forever	66	Hosanna with a cheerful sound	129	Much in sorrow, oft in woe.....	135
Come thou fount.....	78	He lives, the great Redeemer..	138	Nearer my God to thee.....	53
Cold water song	81	Ha te, O sinner, to be wise.	147	Now that the sun is gleaming	129
Closing school	81	Hearts of stone, relent, relent..	147	Now be the gospel banner	136
Come sound his praise abroad..	81	Home, sweet home	154	Our country is pleading.....	137
Come let us join our friends..	105	How I long to be there	148	Once more my soul the rising day	128
Come ye sinners, heavy laden..	75	Hear ye not?	103	Oh, where shall rest be found..	123
Come to thy rest.....	110	I'm a lonely traveler here	57	Our God is marching on.....	42
Come at the morning hour.....	125	In time of tribulation	97	Oh! 'tis glorious	53
Come saith Jesus' sacred voice.	133	I would a youthful pilgrim be.	107	On the banks of life's fair river.	117
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?..	122	Idle words.....	115	Oh, could I speak the matchless	118
Don't forget to do good.....	149	Jesus, dearest Lord and King.	58	O thou who hear'st the prayer	116
Daughter of Zion	154	Je-sus, I love thy charming.	55	Pleasant words for all	68
Evening hymn	14	Jehovah reigns, he dwells	84	Praise God	82
Eternity is just at hand	77	Jesus, our Shepherd.	89	Praise to the Father	82
Early my God without delay...	98	Jesus our soul's delightful	93	Praise, everlasting praise be paid	95
Fading, still fading	20	Jesus, where'er the people meet	121	Prayer is appointed to convey..	87
Farewell to our superintendant.	26	Jesus, immortal King, arise....	129	Raise we now a gladsome.....	5
Far from mortal cares retreating.	74	Jesus, save my dying soul	135	Rise my soul.....	142
From every stormy wind	87	Je-sus, my Saviour, oh keep me	155	Safely through another week..	140
Fair Canaan's land is just before	108	Know my soul thy full salvation	79	Stay, thou insulted Spirit stay..	139
Friends of the poor.....	113	Let every heart rejoice and sing	156	Star Spangled Banner	24
		Light of the soul, O Saviour.	139	Saviour, I thy word believe....	143

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES AND MUSIC.

So do I.....	8	The Lion of Judah.....	33	To thy temple we repair.....	131
Sweet day so cool.....	16	Twelve months have swiftly.....	40	Time is winging us away.....	143
Shall we know each other there.....	48	There is an eye.....	03	There is a path that leads to God.....	99
Sabbath carol.....	63	There is a land of love.....	46	When verdure clothes.....	145
Suffer little children to come.....	73	There is an hour of peaceful.....	54	When shall the voice of singing.....	137
Sweet hour of prayer.....	86	Fears bring thoughts of heaven.....	64	Weeping sinners dry your tears.....	133
Stand up my soul.....	95	To the far heathen lands.....	152	When thy mortal life is fled.....	132
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	100	'Tis my happiness below.....	65	We'll camp awhile.....	11
Shall we see our Saviour there?.....	102	Three cheers for our banner.....	70	We'll still keep marching on.....	114
Seek and ye shall find.....	1-6	To God the Father, God the Son.....	82	We'll all meet our Saviour.....	112
Sing to the Lord ye distant lands.....	127	That beautiful land.....	99	We'll wait till Jesus comes.....	104
Sovereign ruler, Lord of all.....	133	There is a holy city.....	96	Why should we start or fear.....	93
Sinners turn, why will ye die?.....	133	There is a house not made.....	109	Where Liberty dwells.....	22
Saviour bless thy word to all.....	131	There is a place of sacred rest.....	103	Why should we spend our youth- ful days.....	99
The sun shines bright.....	13	The angels are singing unto me.....	116	What says the clock?.....	41
The welcome.....	18	To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.....	119	Willie's gone to heaven.....	72
The year of jubilee is come.....	19	Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord.....	121	Welcome, welcome quiet morn.....	75
The flag of our Union forever.....	21	The city of the Lord.....	123	With all my power of heart.....	83
The Christian warfare.....	27	The day is past and gone.....	125	When I survey the wondrous.....	92
The way to be happy.....	32	To thy pastures fair and large.....	130		

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