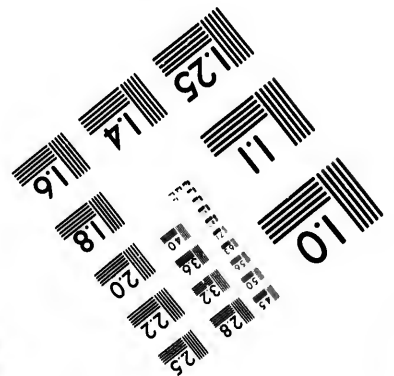
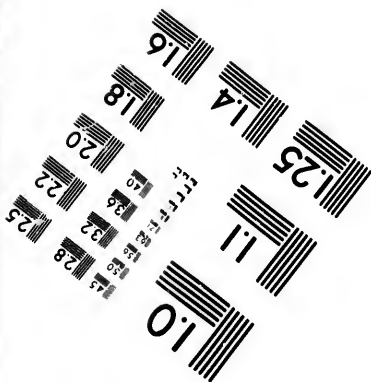
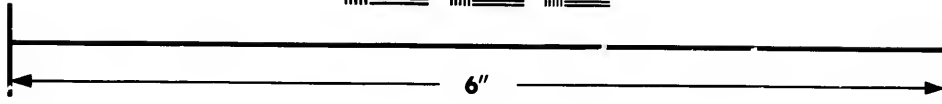
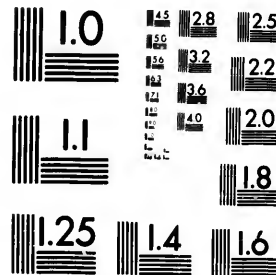
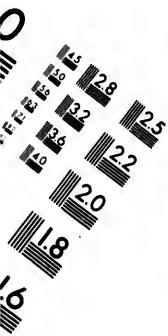


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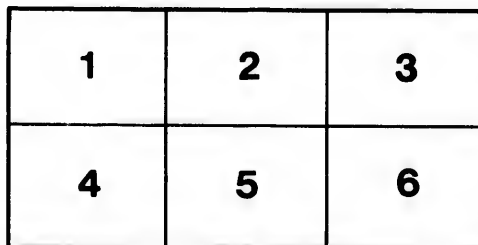
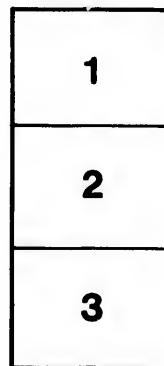
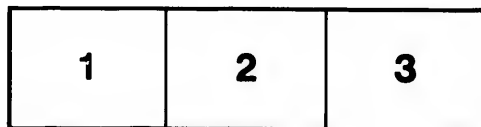
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THE  
CANADIAN  
SUNDAY SCHOOL HARP.

---

HYMNS AND TUNES  
FOR  
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

---

TORONTO:  
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL ROSE, WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

---

1866.

## P R E F A C E .

---

THIS collection of Sunday School Tunes, and of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, has been prepared by a properly appointed Committee; and no pains have been spared in making the best selection from all available sources. The selection has been made from very numerous collections, and many of the musical and poetic pieces will not be found in any previous collection for Sunday Schools. THE HARP contains a good variety of Hymn Tunes, in which respect many Sabbath School Collections are quite deficient, and also an extensive variety of other Pieces suitable to delight and profit children and youth, if not older persons also. The contents of THE HARP have received the warm approbation of the leaders of our Toronto Choirs, as well as of those of other places, and it is hoped it will meet the wants of *Canadian* Sunday Schools better than any other. Especial acknowledgments are due to the Rev. J. A. WILLIAMS, who has given much attention to Church and Sunday School Music, and who has contributed a principal part in making this collection as complete and satisfactory as possible.

It would be *superfluous* to commend the diligent encouragement of singing in our Sabbath Schools. The practice will bless and delight our children. It will destroy the influence of degrading worldly songs. It will help to preserve them from seeking evil company. It will provide them with a resource for their social and leisure hours through the whole of their lives. It will refine and elevate their minds, and tend to lead them to THE SAVIOUR. It will give a charm to religion, and attune their hearts to the blessed service of GOD. It will be to them a benefit in all respects, and a resource at all times. May THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HARP make music in all our Schools, and delightful melody in the hearts of thousands of our children and youth!

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,  
Toronto, June, 1866.

THE  
CANADIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL HARP.

INVOCATION.

In thine own house, on thine own day, We meet once more to praise and pray: Father in heaven, ac-

cept our praise, And hear the prayer we hum-bly raise; And when our work on earth is done, Oh

save us all, thro' Christ thy Son! A - men, A - men, Thro' Christ thy Son, A - men, Amen.

43257



## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

*Flow.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's  
d. c. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's

*END.* *D. C.*

throu Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief;  
snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

*END.* *D. C.*

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings 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! :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share:  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
||: And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

PERFECT LOVE.

Arranged by W. McDONALD.

5

1. Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord; Have you read that gracious promise,  
 2. Tho' you have great peace and comfort, Greater things you yet shall find, Freedom from un - ho - ly tempers,  
 3. O, ye ten - der lambs of Je - sus, Hear your heavenly Father's will; Claim your por - tion, plead his promise,  
 4. Come, my brethren, come, my sis - ters, Seek, O, seek this ho - ly state; None but ho - ly ones can on - ter,

Which is left you in his Word? I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,  
 Freedom from the carnal mind; To pro - cure your full sal - va - tion, Je - sus suf - fered, groined and died,  
 And he sure - ly will ful - fil; Pray, and the re - fu - ing fi - re, Will come streaming from a - bove,  
 Thro' the pure co - les - tial gate: Can you bear the thought of los - ing All the joys that are a - bove,

Sancti - fy and make you ho - ly; I will dwell and reign within.  
 O, be - hold the tenting fountain, Gushing from his wounded side.  
 Now be - lieve, and gain the ble - ssing, Full sal - va - tion, per - fect love.  
 No, my brot - her, no, my sis - ter, God will per - fect you in love.

5 May a mighty sound from heaven,  
 Suddenly come rushing down!  
 Cloven tongues, like as of fire,  
 May they sit on all around.  
 On the soul of each believer,  
 May the Holy Ghost come down;  
 It is coming! it is coming!  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

## THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

1. The val-leys and the mountains, The woodland and the plain, The riv-ers and the fountains, The  
 2. And shall the voice of na-ture Thus glo-ri-fy its King; And man, the no-ble creature, No  
 3. The word of life he gave us To guide us to the sky; That He might just-ly save us, He  
 4. Then train your youthful voi-ces To hymn his praise above; For he who here re-joi-ces In

sunshine and the rain, The stars that shine a-bove me, The flowers that deck the sod, Pro-  
 grateful trib-ute bring? Shall mer-cy strew his pathway, And all the sen-ses please, And  
 sent his Son to die— To die in shame and anguish, To die a sac-ri-fice; To  
 Je-sus' dy-ing love, A-round his throne in glo-ry Shall all his love proclaim, And

claim a-loud the glo-ry of my God. Prais-es, ho-ly ad-o-ra-tion, Prais-es  
 man withhold the sac-ri-fice of praise? Praise him, ye that live for-ev-er; Praise him  
 save us from the death that nev-er dies. Praise him, praise him for sal-va-tion; Praise him,  
 sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb. Praise him, praise th'o-ter-nal Fa-ther; Praise him,

VOICE OF PRAISE, Concluded.

to the God above; Prais - es through the wide cre - a - tion, Sound a - loud his greatness and his love.  
 ev' - ry heart and voice; Praise him, he's the glorious Giver; Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.  
 praise him for his Son; Praise him, ev' - ry tribe and nation; Praise him for the battle he has won.  
 praise th'e - ter - nal Son; Praise him, praise the Three to - gether, Father, Son, and Spirit, three in One.

ANOTHER YEAR.

**MODERATO.**

1. A - noth - er year Has told its four - fold tale, And still I'm here, A traveler in the vale.
2. Why am I spared To see a - noth - er year? Why have I shared So ma - ny mercies here.
3. From God a - lone My mercies I re - ceive; To Him a - lone I would for - ev - er live.
4. Then aid my tongue, Compan - ions on the road, To raise a song of grat - i - tude to God.

**CHORUS.**

Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Let all our voices raise, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, To God be all the praise.

## THERE'S A HOME FOR ALL.

MODERATO.

1. There's a home for the poor on that beau-ti-ful shore, When life and its sorrows are end-ed, And  
 2. There's a home for the ill, and their bosoms shall thrill With the rapture of healthful o - motion; For the  
 3. There's a home for the young, and a scraph's pure song Will the heaven - ly chorus be singing, While the

sweetly they'll rest in that home of the blest, By the presence of angels attend - ed. There's a home for the  
 sad, plaintive moan nev - er more will be known In that world full of peaceful de - vo-tion. There's a home for the  
 bright harps of gold, which will nev - er grow old, Thro' the glitter - ing arches are ringing. There's a home for the

sad, and their hearts will be glad, When they've cross'd over Jordan so dreary; For bright is the dome of that  
 o'd, when time and its mould The fair form of their beauty has faded; And brightly they'll bloom far be-  
 good, where none may intrude, Never tempted with e - vil nor fol - ly, They will calmly re- pose, freed from

THERE'S A HOME FOR ALL, Concluded.

4.  
 There's a home for the vile, all polluted with guile,  
 When they're cleaned by the quick'ning spirit;  
 For each shall be heir to that Kingdom so fair,  
 And all its full glory inherit. [call,  
 There's a home for us all when the summons shall  
 We will fly to the arms of our Saviour,  
 And join in the song of that beautiful throng,  
 And sing of redemption forever.

RING OUT, SWEET SILVER BELLS.

EARNESTLY. FINE. D. C.

1. { Ring out, ring out, sweet sil - ver bells, A joyous, joyous chime; }  
 { Your welcome music ev - er tells A Saviour's love divine. } Thrice blessed is the gladsome sound Now pealing on the air,  
 With willing hearts and feet we bound To God's own house of prayer.

2 Ring out, sweet bells, a happy strain,  
 Awake each tuneful voice  
 To praise His dear and holy name;  
 In him let all rejoice.  
 We are the children of his love;  
 United may we live;  
 He stoops from His bright throne above,  
 To pity and forgive.

3 Ring out your free, inspiring call,  
 Sweet bells of silver tongue;  
 Before his footstool here we fall,  
 And breathe our grateful song;  
 To us ye speak of joys unseen,  
 Immortal life and light,  
 A world of parity serene,  
 Where faith is changed to sight.

## DARE TO BE RIGHT.

CON SPIRITO.

1. Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do; Do it so bravely, so  
 2. Dare to be right! dare to be true! Other men's failures can nev - er save you; Stand by your conscience, your  
 3. Dare to be right! dare to be true! Love may de - ny you its sunshine and dew. Let the dew fail, for then

kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the sto - ry to tell. Then, dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a  
 honor, your faith; Stand like a he - ro, and bat - tle till death. Then, dare, &c.  
 showers shall be given; Dew is from earth, but the showers are from heav'n. Then dare, &c.

work that no other can do; Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do.

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
 God, who created you, cares for you too;  
 Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,  
 Counts and protects every hair of your head.  
 CRO. Then dare, &c.

5 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
 Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?  
 City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,  
 Can you not dare to be true and be right?  
 CRO. Then dare, &c.

6 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
 Keep the great judgment seat always in view;  
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then,  
 Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.  
 CRO. Then, dare, &c.

7 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
 Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue  
 The pathway by saints and by seraphim trod,  
 The pathway that climbs to the City of God.  
 CRO. Then, dare, &c.

## EATON. L. M.

This is a precious book indeed! Happy the child who loves to read! 'Tis God's own word, which he has given To

show our souls the way to heaven! It tells us how the world was made, And how good men the Lord obey'd.



## OUR HAPPY HOME.

1. In that world of glo - ry bright, Where the Saviour is the light, All is joy, and  
 2. There the Saviour we shall see, And our voi - ces then will be Tun'd to heaven's  
 3. O, how sweet to think of heav'n; Hap - py home to chil - dren giv'n; Here, "by sin and  
 4. Fa - ther, guide our steps a - right; May it be our great de - light To live ho - ly

CHORUS.

there's no night, Nor sin nor sor - row there. In our hap - py home in heav - en,  
 min - strel - sy, And sing re - deem - ing love.  
 sor - row driven," There, all is per - fect rest.  
 in thy sight, That we may dwell with thee.

Where the golden harps are ring - ing, Angels beau - ti - ful are singing, And all is love and praise.

OUR OWN DEAR HOME.

13

1. Home, dear home, we nev - er can for - get; Friends, dear friends, we of - ten there have met; Press'd by care, or  
 2. Lured by gain we seek a foreign shore, Worn and wea - ry heap the golden ore; Still our yearning  
 3. On the gilded page of earthly fame Some may pant to reg - is - ter their name; Round our names no  
 4. Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl, Mirth and mu - sic luro the careless soul; But with us at  
 5. Firm-ly bound by sil - ver chains of love, Here are foretastes of the home a - bove; Thou from whom all

CHORUS.

pierced by grief, Home has af - forded us a sweet re - lief. Ten - der memo - ries round thee twine,  
 hearts demand Rest in the homestead in our na - tive laud. Ten - der memo - ries, &c.  
 wreath may be, But you may read them on the old home tree.  
 home, you'll find Home joys that nev - er leave a sting be - hind.  
 bles - sings come, Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.

Like the i - vy green round the pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home.

## A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. There's a beauti - ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where  
 2. There's a beauti - ful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where  
 3. There's a beauti - ful crown for thee, brother, A crown, a crown for thee; When the battle is done, and

## CHORUS.

pleasure is, There, brother's a home for thee. A beauti - ful home for thee, brother, A  
 all is love, There, brother's a rest for thee. A beauti - ful rest for thee, brother, A  
 victory won, Our Saviour will give it to thee. A beauti - ful crown for thee, brother, A

beautiful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother's a home for thee.  
 beautiful rest for thee; In those mansions a - bove where all is love, There, brother's a rest for thee.  
 beautiful crown for thee; When the battle is done and victory won, Our Saviour will give it to thee.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,  
 A robe, a robe for thee;  
 A robe of white, so pure and bright,  
 A glorious robe for thee.  
 CHO.—A beautiful robe for thee, etc.

5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,  
 That home, that home above;  
 In that land of light, where all is bright,  
 That land where all is love?  
 CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, etc.

## I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

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

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

2 I never should be weary,  
 Nor ever shed a tear,  
 Nor ever know a sorrow,  
 Nor ever feel a fear;  
 But blessed, pure, and holy,  
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
 And with ten thousand thousands  
 Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,  
 But Jesus will forgive;  
 For many little children  
 Have gone to heaven to live.  
 Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
 And lay me down to die,  
 O, send a shining angel  
 To hear me to the sky.

4 O, there I'll be an angel,  
 And with the angels stand;  
 A crown upon my forehead,  
 A harp withiu my hand;  
 And there before my Saviour,  
 So glorious and so bright,  
 I'll join the heavenly music,  
 And praise him day and night.

## PRECIOUS SABBATHS.

GENTLY. LEGATO. CHORUS.

1. { Now is past the time of teaching, Ended is the hour we love ; }  
 { Still the precious friends beseeching, Us to store our joys a - bove ; } Precious Sabbaths, Precious Sabbaths, Swiftly, O they swiftly fly.

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

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,  
 And the joys they bring be past ;  
 Like the leaf to earth descended,  
 Withered in the autumn blast,  
 Life is passing—life is passing !  
 We must see the grave at last.

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

## LITTLE SERVANTS.

1. Oh what can lit - tle hands, lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven ? The  
 2. Oh what can lit - tle lips, lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven ? The  
 3. Oh what can lit - tle eyes, lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heaven ? The  
 4. Oh what can lit - tle hearts, lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heaven ? The  
 5. When hearts and hands and lips u - nite To please the King of heaven, And

lit - tle hands some work may try, To help the poor in mis - c - ry— Such grace to mine be given.  
 lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gentle words of kindness say— Such grace to mine be given.  
 lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's ho - ly book— Such grace, etc.  
 hearts, if God his Spir - it send, Can love and trust the children's Friend— Such grace, etc.  
 serve the Saviour with delight, They are most precious in his sight— Such grace, etc.

## EMMONS.

1. Thou dear Redeem-er, dy - iug Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor  
 2. Oh, may I ev - er hear thy voice In mercy to me speak; In thee, my priest will I rejoice, And

half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.  
 thy sal - va - tion seek, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

[2]

- 8 While Jesus shall be still my theme,  
 While on this earth I stay;  
 I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all the favored throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be my song.

## WHERE DO WE LOVE TO GO?

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS.

1. Where do we love to go? To the Sunday school, to the Sunday school, What do we do while  
 2. Where do we love to go? To the Sunday school, to the Sunday school, What do we do while  
 3. Where do we love to go? To the Sunday school, to the Sunday school, What do we do while

ALL.

there? We sing, we sing, we sing togeth - er, we sing of Je - sus' love, For Je - sus said,  
 there? We read, we read, we read togeth - er, we read God's ho - ly word; For God has said,  
 there? We sing, we sing, we sing togeth - er, we sing the angel's song; For the an - gels sang,

"Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, and for - bid them not, for of such is the  
 "Remem - ber thy Cro - a - tor in days of thy youth, that the days come not when thou shalt say I have no,  
 "Glo - ry be to God, be to God on high, and on earth be peace and good will, and good

kingdom of heaven, Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, and for -  
 pleas - ure in them, Re - member thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy youth, in the  
 will to men, Glo - ry be to God, be to God on high, and on

bid them, for - bid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heav'n."  
 days of thy youth, Re - member thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy youth."  
 earth, and on earth be peace, good will good will to men." A - men.

## SICILIAN HYMN.

1. Shepherd of thy lit - tle flock, Lead me to the shadowing rock; Where the richest pastures grow, Where the liv - ing waters flow.



## JOY IS FOR EARTH. BUT BLISS FOR HEAVEN.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. This world is all full of joy to me, Wherev - er I roam, by land or sea; Joy reigns o'er ev' - ry  
 2. This world is all full of joy to me, It whispers in ev' - ry leafy tree, And glows in ev' - ry  
 3. This world is all full of joy to me, For - ev - er it rings most happy and free; Yea, breaks all bounds, and

hill and dale, And sports on ev' - ry breeze and gale, And smiles in ev' - ry blushing flow'r, And dances in ev' - ry  
 sunbeam bright, And sings sweet songs in the pale moonlight, There's joy in ev' - ry sight and sound Wherev - er the works of  
 lies a - way In youthful sports on a ga - la day, But reigns most sweet in homes of love, A foretaste be - low of

laughing show'r. But bliss on earth is nev - er giv'n; Joy is for earth, but bliss for heav'n.  
 God are found. But bliss, etc.  
 that a - bove. But bliss, etc.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

MODERATO.

1. { Hast thou heard of the land where no sor-row or sad-ness Can dim, for a moment, the  
 Hast thou heard of the land where the deep tones of gladness Ne'er melt in - to tears, ne'er are  
 D. C. Where the wea - ry repose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the Canaan a - bove, 'tis the

light of the skies?  
 ..... echoed in sighs, Where mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, for - ev - er is flowing, And  
 ..... land of the blest.

FINE.

D. C.  
 flow'rs ev - er blooming waft fragrance a - round;

2 No eye e'er hath seen its bright splendors, excelling  
 The visions of fancy, the dreams of the soul;  
 No thought e'er can soar where that anthem is swelling,  
 Nor ear ever hear its deep melodies roll;  
 And death, with the touch of his cold, icy finger,  
 No more can alarm, for his triumphs are o'er;  
 Where the weary repose, all their troubles at rest,  
 'Tis the Canaan above, 'tis the land of the blest.

## A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

"Fear not, for I am with thee."

QUICK.

1. Though the days are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is One that sees thee ev - er,  
 2. All thy prospects will seem brighter When the shadow leaves the heart, And the steps of time beat lighter,  
 3. Soon will dawn a brighter morning On a blessed, tranquil shore; Sighs will then give place to singing,

And will hold thee near and dear. Cheerful hearts and smiling fa - ces Of - ten make thee happy here, Yet no one was  
 When the gloomy clouds depart. Many days have dawned sereno - ly, While the birds sang with de - light, But the skies were  
 Tears to bliss forev - er - more. Thou shalt see a world of glo - ry, And e - ter - nal joy and bliss; Let not then thy

Refrain.

c'er so happy But sometimes the clouds ap - pear. There's a friend that's ev - er near, Never fear, He is ev - er near,  
 dark and gloomy Ere the sun had reach'd its height.  
 soul be moaning O'er the woes and cares of this.

*Repeat pp.*

Never, nev-er fear. There's a friend that's ev-er near, Never fear, He is ev-er near, nev-er fear.

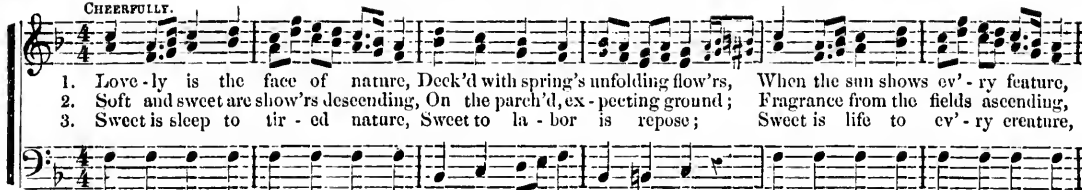
## I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM.

1. I'm a lit-tle pilgrim, And a stranger here; Though this world is pleasant, Sin is always near.  
2. But a lit-tle pilgrim Must have garments clean, If he'd wear the white robes, And with Christ be seen.

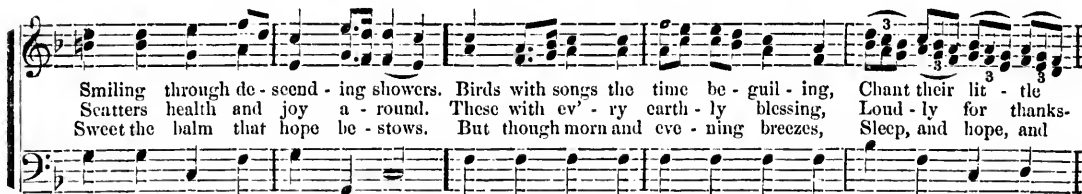
There's a bet-ter country, Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sorrow Nev-er en-ter in.  
Je-sus, cleanse and save me, Teach me to o-bey; Ho-ly Spirit, guide me On my heavenly way.

## THE SMILE OF JESUS.

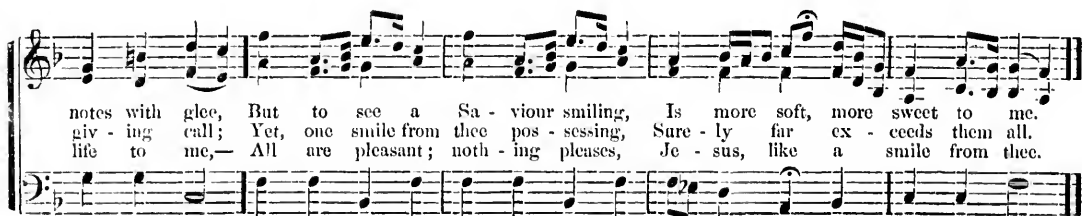
CHEERFULLY.



1. Love-ly is the face of nature, Deck'd with spring's unfolding flow'rs, When the sun shows ev'-ry feature,  
 2. Soft and sweet are show'rs descending, On the parch'd, ex-pecting ground; Fragrance from the fields ascending,  
 3. Sweet is sleep to tir-ed nature, Sweet to la-lor is repose; Sweet is life to ev'-ry creature,



Smiling through de-scend-ing showers. Birds with songs the time be-guil-ing, Chant their lit-tle  
 Scatters health and joy a-round. These with ev'-ry earth-ly blessing, Loud-ly for thanks-  
 Sweet the balm that hope be-stows. But though morn and eve-ning breezes, Sleep, and hope, and



notes with glee, But to see a Sa-voir smiling, Is more soft, more sweet to me.  
 giv-ing call; Yet, one smile from thee pos-sessing, Sure-ly far ex-ceds them all.  
 life to me,— All are pleasant; noth-ing pleases, Je-sus, like a smile from thee.

## BRIGHT BEAMS.

25

1. Bright beams from heav'n are breaking, O'er Bethlehem's darkened plains; And sounds of joy are  
 2. Glad ti-dings of sal - va - tion, The her - ald an - gel brings To ev' - ry land and

wak - ing, In sweet har - mo - nious strains; The watchful shepherds trembling, Are filled with sore dis -  
 na - tion, With heal - ing in his wings; Soft slumbering in a manger, An in - fant Sa - viour

may; While an - gel bands, as - sembling, Shine forth in bright ar - ray, Shine forth in bright ar - ray.  
 lies; Ye shepherds, fear no dan - ger, Lift up your joy - ful eyes, Lift up your joy - ful eyes.

## COME INTO CHRIST'S ARMY.

1. Come in - to Christ's ar - my, come, join, it to - day; He calls us him - self, so we must not de - lay; }  
 What tho' we are children, we're nev - er too small To be soldiers for Je - sus; so come one and all. }  
 2. He gives us our ar - mor, so shin - ing and bright, So let us fight bravely for truth and for right; }  
 The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed; We must ask for his help, or we shall not suc - ceed. }  
 3. He'll keep us in safe - ty till life shall be o'er; E'en death cannot harm us—Christ met him be - fore; }  
 We'll fol - low our Leader, till yonder bright heav'n Shall ring with our praises for vic - to - ry given. }

## Chorus.

Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis writ - ten a - bove On the folds of our ban - ner—that watchword is LOVE.

Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis writ - ten a - bove On the folds of our ban - ner—that watchword is LOVE.

## THE SABBATH DAY.

27

1. I love the bless-ed Sabbath day, Which God has kind-ly given; When we may meet to  
 2. I love to hear how Je-sus died, And how he rose a-gain; Ex-alt-ed at his  
 3. I love to sing on earth his grace To fall-cn, sin-ful man; But, when in glo-ry,

praise and pray, And learn the way to heaven; It leads our youthful thoughts to Him Who  
 Fa-ther's side, A Saviour-prince to reign. To him the pure an-gel-ic throng Raise  
 him I'll praise More than the an-gels can. Then will we sing in loud-er strain, Through

reigns in light a-bove; And makes the joys of earth grow dim, While mus-ing on his love.  
 their ser-aph-ic strain; And yet a child's thankgiv-ing song His list'ning ear may gain.  
 all e-ter-ni-ty, Wor-thy the Lamb that once was slain, To Him all glo-ry be.



## GATHER THEM IN.

"Go, therefore, into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE xiv. 23.

WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION.

MAY BE SUNG AS A DUET.

1. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; } Gather them in from the broad highway,  
 2. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; } Gather them in from the prairies vast,  
 } Gather them in from the street and lane,  
 } Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind,

## CHORUS.

Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in in this gospel day, Gather, gather them in; }  
 Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in of ev'ry cast, Gather, gather them in; } Gather them in, let the  
 Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in, both the halt and lame, Gather, gather them in; }  
 Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in with a willing mind, Gather, gather them in; } Gather them in, let the

## FULL CHORUS.

house be full, Gather them in to the Sunday school; Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in.

3 Gather them in, gather them in,  
 Gather the children in ;  
 Gather them in that are seeking rest,  
 Gather them in, gather them in ;  
 Gather them in from the East and West,  
 Gather, gather them in.  
 Gather them in that are roaming about,  
 Gather them in, gather them in ;  
 Gather them in from the North and South,  
 Gather, gather them in.  
 CHORUS.—Gather them in, &c.

4 Gather them in, gather them in,  
 Gather the children in ;  
 Gather them in from all over the land,  
 Gather them in, gather them in ;  
 Gather them in to our noble band,  
 Gather, gather them in ;  
 Gather them in with a Christian love,  
 Gather them in, gather them in ;  
 Gather them in for the Church above,  
 Gather, gather them in.  
 CHORUS.—Gather them in, &c.

## LOVE OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. I love the courts of God, As Da - vid did of old ; I love the word that tells of truths More precious far than gold ; And  
 2. Here we de - light to come, With those who love the Lord ; Our pleasant tasks and cheerful songs The purest joys af - ford ; For

dear unto my heart, This sacred hour of rest, Where Jesus meets a lit - tle child In courts that he has blest, In courts that he has blest.  
 love and harmo - ny, Fruits of the golden rule ; And hope and peace, and holy faith, Dwell in the Sabbath school, Dwell in the Sabbath school.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

MODERATELY QUICK.

1. To our dear Sunday school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at  
 2. God meant all the peo - ple who live in this place, To hear of his goodness, and join in his

home; I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.  
 praise; So I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

*One or more boys.*      *Girls and boys, or two girls alone.*      *Full Chorus.*

I'll try to bring *one*, I'll try to bring *two*, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-termined to do.

3 Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home,  
 The large, or the little, who never have come?  
 Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*,  
 Yes, all that I can. I'm determined to do.

4 My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,  
 I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;  
 Who knows but among them I'll get *one*, or *two*,  
 For all that I can, I'm determined to do.

5 Out there in the lot where I pass every day,  
How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play!  
If I could but get *one* of those boys, now, or *two*,  
To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.

6 Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go;  
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!  
But I want in that glory that many may share,—  
That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

1. Father of love, Father a - bove, Send down thy blessing up - on each head; Shield us from  
2. Humbly we pray, Humbly we say, Words that our Lord and Re - deem - er said; Trustful and  
3. Make us resigned, Patient of mind, While to the throne of thy grace we're led; Make us con-  
4. Sinful are we, Thoughtless of thee, While 'round our footsteps thy care is shed; Though we for-

pride While here we bide, Give us this day our dai - ly bread, Give us this day our dai - ly bread.  
weak, Humbly we speak, Give us this day, etc.  
tent With what is sent, Give us this day, etc.  
get, Watch o'er us yet, Give us this day, etc.



## THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

1. We are joyous - ly voyag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - ergreen shore, Whose in -  
2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Under our Saviour's com - mand; And our

## CHORUS TO EACH STANZA.

hab - it - ants nev - er of sickness complain, And nev - er see death a - ny more. Then let the hurricane roar, It  
hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave; For Je - sus will bring us to land. roar, . . .

will the sooner be o'er; We will weather the blast, and will land at last, Safe on the evergreen shore.

- 3 Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;  
Nothing can baffle his skill;  
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,  
Can make the loud tempest be still.—CHORUS.
- 4 In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,  
Send not a glimmering ray,  
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,  
Will drive all our terror away.—CHORUS.
- 5 Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,  
Fearfully overhead break;  
There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—  
There's one who will never forsake.—CHORUS.
- 6 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,  
Sink to be seen never more;  
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,  
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—CHORUS.

## BEAUTIFUL ZION.

1. Beautiful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love; Beautiful gates of pearl - y white,  
2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful an - gels clothed in white; Beautiful strains that nev - er tire,  
3. Beautiful crowns on ev' - ry brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the an - gels sing; Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,

Ritard.

Beautiful tem - ple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.  
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.  
Beautiful all who en - ter there; Thither I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.  
Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Hasto to this heavenly home with me.

## THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

*With feeling.* TRIO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There's a beauti - ful home in a far distant land, Where sunny days never grow cold; Where the  
 2. In that beauti - ful home there's no need of the sun; It neither hath darkness nor night, For, in  
 3. In that beauti - ful home there's no poison - ous breath, Nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor pain— No  
 4. Of that beauti - ful home brightest visions are mine, Of pleasures to mortal un - known, Save to

loved and the lov - ing pass not a - way, And the youthful they nev - er grow old.  
 glo - ry ar - ray'd the King on his throne, Is its beau - ty, its love, and its light.  
 dark trib - u - la - tions, doubtings, nor fears, Nor weeping, nor hop - ing in vain.  
 those whom the King has giv - en his seal— To those who are wholly his own.

CHORUS.

O beau - ti - ful home, sweet beau - ti - ful home! Oh, when shall I thy glo - ries share, With

saints and long-loved ones with Jesus to dwell, The crown of redemption to wear: Oh, beautiful mansion, my

heaven-ly home, We'll praise thee, dear Saviour, when there, We'll praise thee, dear Saviour, when there.

5 In that beautiful home are now gathered the hosts  
Of those who have died in the Lord;  
Who, amid the fierce storms and tempests of life,  
Believing, relied on his word.—CHORUS.

6 From that beautiful home, far from life's stormy vale,  
Soon, soon will his messengers come,  
To bear us lone sad ones, over the tide,  
To heaven, our beautiful home.—CHORUS.

NOTE.—If desired, the foregoing piece may be sung in unison, omitting the Second Treble, and uniting in full chorus at the end of each verse.

## HEBRON. L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.



## ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

*Unison.*

1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flock by night,  
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far ;

Ye who sang Cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.  
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light.  
 Seek the great de - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen his na - tal star.

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
 Waiting long with hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord descending,  
 In his temple shall appear.  
 Come and worship, &c.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,—  
 Justice now repeals the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you—break your chains.  
 Come and worship, &c.

"HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!"

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Grateful - ly a - dor - ing, our songs shall rise to Thee.  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see;  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy work shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Merciful and Mighty, God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty.  
 Cheru - bim and sera - phim falling down be - fore Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Merciful and Mighty, God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty.

## BEAUTIFUL CITY.

*mf*

1. Beautiful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love; Beautiful gates of pearly  
 2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beautiful strains that never

*Cres.* *f* *mp*

white, Beautiful temple— God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearl - y  
 tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshiping at the

*f* *Repeat pp.*

gates to me. Zi - on, Zion, love - ly Zion, Beau - ti - ful Zion, ci - ty of our God.  
 Sa - viour's feet. Zi - on, etc.

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

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

WITH PRECISION.

JESUS, FULL OF ALL COMPASSION.

1. Je - sus, full of all com - passion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Oh, let me know thy great sal -  
 2. Guilty, but with heart re - lenting, O - verhelm'd with helpless grief, With sor - row at thy feet re -  
 3. Whither should a wretch be fly - ing, But to him who comfort gives? Say, whither from the dread of  
 4. Saved, the deed shall spread new glo - ry Thro' the shining realms a - bove; Hark, an - gels sing the pleasing

va - tion, See, I languish, faint, and die! . . . Oh, see, I languish, faint, and die!  
 pent - ing, Send, oh send me quick re - lief! . . . Now send, oh send me quick re - lief!  
 dy - ing, But to Him who ev - er lives? . . . On - ly to him who ev - er lives!  
 sto - ry, All en - raptur'd with thy love, . . . 'Tis all en - raptur'd with thy love.

## SCHOOL HOUR.

1. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing! Let us haste with-out de-lay; Prayers of thousands  
 2. 'Tis an hour of hap-py meeting, We have met for praise and prayer; But the hour is

now are winging Up to heaven their si-lent way.  
 short and fleeting; Let us, then be car-ly there.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,  
 While you tarry by the way;  
 Nor disturb the school reciting;  
 'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4 Children, haste; the bells are ringing,  
 And the morning's bright and fair;  
 Thousands now are joined in singing;  
 Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

## SING HIS PRAISE.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Would you be as angels are, Sing, sing, sing His praise; }  
 Would you banish every care, Sing, sing, sing His praise; } Like the lark upon the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring,  
 d. c. Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing His praise.

2 If the world upon you frown, Sing, &c.  
 If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c.  
 If sad trials come to you,  
 As to every one they do,  
 For that they are blessings too—Sing, &c.

3 For His wondrous dying love, Sing, &c.  
 That He intercedes above, Sing, &c.  
 Thus, when'er you come to die,  
 You shall soar beyond the sky,  
 And with angel choirs on high, Sing, &c.

MERCY'S FREE.

GIRLS. Boys.

1. By faith I view my Saviour bleeding, On the tree, On the tree. To ev' - ry na - tion  
 D. C. Hark! hark! what piercing  
 2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pit - y me, Pit - y me! And did he snatch my  
 D. C. And now my hap - py

FINE. CHORUS. D. C.  $\text{ff}$

he is crying, Look to me! look to me. { He bids the guilt - y now draw near,  
 words I hear, Mer - cy's free, Mer - cy's free. { Re - pent, be - lieve, dis - miss their fear,  
 soul from ru - in, Can it be, Can it be! { O yes, he did sal - va - tion bring,  
 soul can sing, Mer - cy's free, Mercy's free. { He is my *Prophet, Priest and King;*

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
 And every moment Christ is precious  
 Unto me, unto me.  
 None can describe the bliss I prove,  
 While through this wilderness I rove;  
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love:  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
 And this shall be my theme when dying,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
 And when the vale of death I've passed,  
 When lodged above the stormy blast,  
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

## HAIL TO THE OPENING YEAR.

1. Hail to the op'ning year! Hail to the new-born time! Lord, to thy waiting ear We raise our cheerful hymn.  
 2. Hail to the op'ning year! The precious gift we own, With many a sorrowing tear For mis-spent seasons flown.  
 3. Hail to the op'ning year! We greet its na - tal morn, With promis - es and hopes, And high resolves upborne.

To thee we sing, to thee we pray, O God, who giv'st each year, each day.  
 Our wasted years, O God, forgive, And teach us bet - ter how to live.  
 Lord, we would spend this year to thee, In works of love and pu - ri - ty.

4.

God of the opening year!  
 God of each passing day!  
 O, hear our youthful prayer,  
 And grant us grace alway,  
 To shun the paths of vice and sin,  
 And heaven's blest life on earth be-  
 gin.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM.

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no - ble Queen, God save the Queen! Send her vic-  
 2. Crown'd by a na - tion's love, Guarded by Heaven a - bove, Long live the Queen! Loud may each

to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen!  
 voice exclaim, Wide as Brit - an - nia's fame, Long live Vic - to - ria's name, God bless the Queen!

BEYOND THE RIVER.

DOLCE E LEGATO.

CHORUS.

1. Beyond life's ra - ging fe - ver, Beyond life's troubled dream, }  
 Beyond death's surging riv - er, Beyond that sullen stream; } The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry,  
 2. Beyond this land of sighing, Where countless tears are shed, }  
 Beyond the sick and dy - ing, Beyond the mouldering dead; } The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry,

In beau - ty fad - ing not; Oh! pil - grim are you praying, That this may be your lot.

3 Beyond this scene of trial,  
 Where heart and flesh do fail;  
 Beyond the dark'ning shadows,  
 Beyond the gloomy vale; CHO.

4 Beyond the thought of grieving  
 A kind and gracious God;  
 Beyond the fear of sinning,  
 Beyond the chastening rod; CHO.

5 Beyond Earth's weary burden,  
 The cross, the scourge, the rod;  
 The saint shall dwell in glory,  
 The saint shall dwell with God. CHO.



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

1. O, do not be dis-couraged, For Jesus is your Friend, O, do not be dis-couraged, For Jesus is your Friend,  
 2. Fight on, ye little soldiers, The battle you shall win, Fight on, ye little soldiers, The battle you shall win;  
 3. And when the conflict's o-ver, Be-fore him you shall stand, And when the conflict's o-ver, Before him you shall stand;

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

CHORUS. *Repeat from the ♯ to the End.*

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

GOLDEN PROMISE.

45

1. A ra - di - ant shore of light and love; A peaceful home of rest above; Is mine, if but faithful  
 2. A shadow - less country, fair and bright, The Lord him - self the glorious light, — A garden of beauty,  
 3. A few more seasons of grief and woe; A few more wea - ry days be - low, Then if I am faithful  
 4. A beanti - ful garment, white and fair; A brighter crown than angels wear; A palm of vict'ry

CHORUS

I should be; This promise the Lord hath made to me! I will go, I will go, Go to that ra - di - ant  
 blooming free, A riv - er of life in store for me! I will go, etc.  
 I shall see, The mansion prepared in heaven for me! I will go, etc.  
 mine shall be; This promise the Lord hath made to me! I will go, etc.

*Repeat Chorus p*

shore a - bove, I will go, I will go, Go to that heaven - ly land of love.

LIVELY. STACCATO.  
GIRLS.

## REST YONDER.

BOYS.

1. This is not my place of resting; Mine's a ci - ty yet to come; Onward to it I am hastening—  
 2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Every trace of sin's sad sto - ry—  
 3. Here the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a - long, On the fresh - est pastures feeds us,  
 4. Soon we pass this desert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain—Never - more are sad or weary,

## REFRAIN.

*Cres.*

On to my e - ter - nal home. There is rest, There is rest, There is rest yonder, in that  
 All the curso hath passed a - way. There is rest, etc.  
 Furns our sigh - ing in - to song. There is rest, etc.  
 Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain! There is rest, etc.

hap - py land, There is rest yon - der, There is rest yonder, There is rest in that happy land.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

47

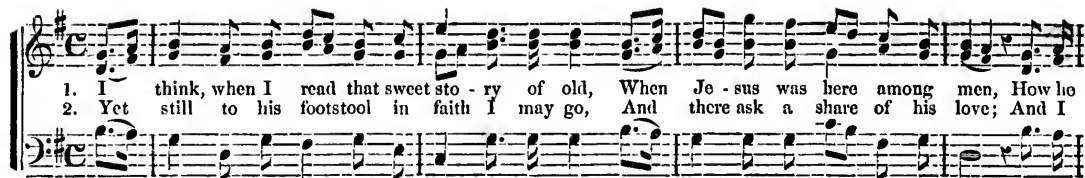
1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beautiful home above! Where I may rest from sorrow free, Beautiful home above!  
 2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beautiful home above! And trav - el in the toilsome way, Beautiful home above!  
 3. Thy shining walls by faith I see, Beautiful home above! The mansions fair prepared for me, Beautiful home above!

Within the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll walk with angels fair and bright, In my home above.  
 My weary feet are bruised and sore, But Jesus' feet were bruised before, To bring me to the o - pen door, Of my home above.  
 O let me keep my longing eyes Intent - ly fixed upon the prize, Till angels bear me to the skies, In my home above.

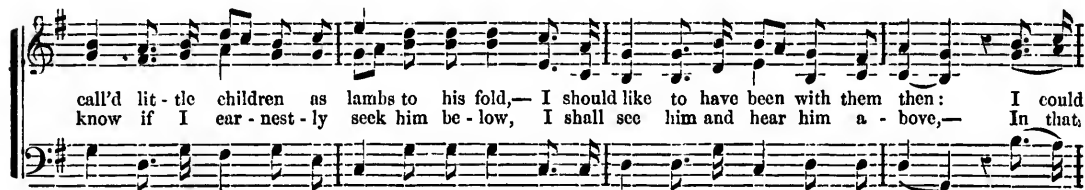
CHORUS.

Beautiful homo a - bove, Beautiful homo a - bove—O, come and take me, Saviour come; I love my beautiful home.

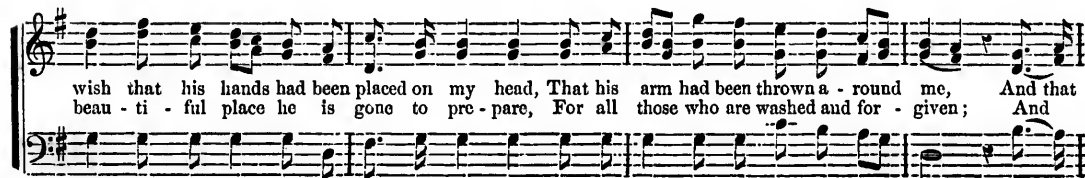
## THE CHILD'S DESIRE.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men, How ho  
2. Yet still to his footstool in faith I may go, And there ask a share of his love; And I



call'd lit - tle children as lambs to his fold, - I should like to have been with them then: I could  
know if I ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove, - In that



wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown a - round me, And that  
beau - ti - ful place he is gone to pre - pare, For all those who are washed and for - given; And

THE CHILD'S DESIRE, Concluded.

I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 ma - ny dear children are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AT SEA.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean; And, as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy To ev' - ry land below.  
 2. O thou E - ter - nal Ruler, Who holdest in thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Protect them from all harm!

Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore, That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade no more.  
 Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wherever they may be; Tho' far from those who love them, Still let them be with thee.

X

## "GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB."

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand; and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.'"—Rev. 5: 11, 12.

1st time. 2d.

1. { Hark, the sweetest notes of an - gels singing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! }  
 { All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing, Rais - ing high the Saviour's . . . . . } name.  
 2. { Ye for whom his precious life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you be - long; }  
 { Come, and join the glorious choir of heav - en, Join the cv - er - last - ing . . . . . } song.

REFRAIN.

We will join the beauti - ful an - gels, We will join the beauti - ful an - gels, Singing a - way,  
 Or this: Sing a - way, ye beauti - ful an - gels, Sing a - way, ye beauti - ful an - gels, Sing a - way,

Singing a - way, Glory, glory, to the Lamb.  
 Sing a - way, Glory, glo - ry to the Lamb.

- 3 Hearts all filled with holy emulation,  
 We unite with those above;  
 Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,  
 Founts of everlasting love. We will join, &c.
- 4 Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,  
 Let us praise his precious name;  
 Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing,  
 Be forever to the Lamb. We will join, &c.

WE COME WITH SONGS TO GREET YOU.

1. A year (week) a - gain has passed a - way, Time swiftly speeds a - long: We come a - gain to praise and pray,  
 2. We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us all our days,  
 3. We'll sing of mercies dai - ly given, Thro' ev' - ry passing year; We'll sing the promis - es of heaven,

REFRAIN.

And sing our greeting song. We come, we come, We come with songs to greet you, We  
 And guides to heaven a - bove. We come, &c.  
 With voi - ces loud and clear. We come, &c.

We come, We come, We come with songs to greet you,

come, We come, We come with songs a - gain.  
 We come, We come, We come with songs a - gain.

- 4 We'll sing of many a happy hour,  
 We've passed in Sunday school,  
 Where truth, like summer's genial showers,  
 Extends its gracious rule.—Chor.
- 5 Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,  
 Our voices sweetly sing  
 A general song of grateful praise,  
 To heaven's eternal King.—Chor.



## HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; }  
 { Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand, Round me on every hand; Heaven is my

father land, Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Time's cold and wintry blast.  
 Soon will be overpast;  
 I shall reach home at last,  
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 I shall be glorified,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 There are the good and blest,  
 Those I loved most and best;  
 There too, I soon shall rest,  
 Heaven is my home.

## O COME, LET US SING.

1. O come, let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God a - bove, a God of love, O come, let us sing!  
 2. O swell, swell the song, His praises oft re - peating: His Son he gave our souls to save, O swell, swell the song!  
 3. All full chorus join, To Je - sus con - de - scending, To bless our race with heavenly grace, All full chorus join!

Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high e - motions rise to thee In heavenly melo - dy! O come, let us sing!  
The humble heart's devotion bring, Whence gushing streams of love do spring, And make the welkin ring With sweet swelling song.  
To God, whose mercy on us smiled, And Ho - ly Spirit reconciled, By Christ, the meek and mild, All full chorus join.

## 'TIS THERE WE LOVE TO GO.

LIVELY.

CHORUS.

1. Bells have rung, 'tis time to go, We would not de - lay; }  
Ah, those sounds how well we know, On the Sabbath - day. } Sabbath school! 'tis there we love to go;

Yes, yes, yes, 'tis there we love to go.

- 2 Teachers dear we there shall find,  
Guiding us to heaven;  
Let us then with earnest mind,  
Heed all instruction given.—*Choro.*
- 3 Yes, our Saviour, when below,  
Bade little children come;  
He is just as willing now  
To lead us to our home.—*Cuo.*

## HOW LOVELY IS ZION.\*

SOLO, or two or three voices.

O how lovely, O how lovely, Zi-on, ci-ty of our God. O how

CHORUS.

How lovely is Zi-on, How lovely is Zi-on, How lovely is Zi-on, ci-ty of our God. How

lovely, O how lovely is Zi-on ci-ty of our God. How

lovely, how lovely, how love-ly is Zi-on. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

FINE.

\* Sing the Chorus, without the Solo, to the first double bar, for an introduction; then begin the piece, and sing it through as written. In the DA CAPO the same arrangement of beginning may be observed.

HOW LOVELY IS ZION, Concluded.

55

D.C.

love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how lovely is Zi-on, how love - ly.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

D.C.

O, TO BE THERE.

WITH FEELING.

1. O to be there; Where never tears of sorrow  
 2. O, lovely home! Thy fragrant, thornless flowers, Droop

Shall dim the eye;	Nor aching pain nor care,	come our mor-	O to be there!
not nor die;	But everlasting bloom	row,	
	Crowns all thy gol- den hours.	O, lovely home!	

3. O, let me | go! |  
 Death, shall not there dissever,  
 Our | loving | hearts! | Rivers of pleasure flow,  
 At God's right | hand for- | ever! |  
 O, let me | go! |

4. For thou art | there, |  
 Who unto me hast given  
 Eternal Life, making me | pure and | fair; |  
 And this, to | me is | Heaven, |  
 For Thou art | there! |

## THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

VERY SPIRITED. *f* CHORUS.

1. { Hear the roy - al procla - mation, The glad tidings of salvation, }  
 { Publishing to ev' - ry creature, To the ruined sons of nature; } Jesus reigns, Je - sus reigns, Jesus reigns,

Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic - torious, O - ver heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying,  
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,  
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor  
 Now is offered by the Saviour."  
 Jesus reigns, &c.

3 "Here is wine, and milk; and honey;  
 Come, and purchase without money;  
 Mercy flowing from a fountain,  
 Streaming from the holy mountain."  
 Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,  
 To the bounds of the creation;  
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,  
 The Almighty Prince of Zion.  
 Jesus reigns, &c.

5 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,  
 Christ hath purchased our redemption;  
 Angels, shout the pleasing story,  
 Through the brighter worlds of glory.  
 Jesus reigns, &c.

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

57

1. A beau-ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed,  
 2. That beau-ti - ful land, the city of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glo - ry of God, the  
 3. In vis - ion I see its streets of gold, Its beautiful gates I, too, behold, The riv - er of life, the  
 4. The heaven - ly throng arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one har - monious

CHORUS.

bright and fair, And beau - ti - ful an - gels, too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?  
 light of day, Hath driv - en the dark - ness far a - way. Will you go, &c.  
 crys - tal sea, Th' am - bro - si - al fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go, &c.  
 choir they praise Their glo - ri - ous Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go, &c.

*May be repeated at pleasure. pp.*

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

## A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

GENTLY—SOFTLY.

1. Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares de-part, Je - sus is near me, to cheer my heart; He's near to help me,  
 2. Why should I languish—why should I fear? In sorrow and anguish He's ev - er near; Sleeping or waking,  
 3. Scenes that will van - ish smile on me now, Joys of a moment play round my brow; But soon in heaven

whilst life's hours remain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain;  
 in pleasure or pain, Roaming or resting, He'll near me re-main, Roaming or resting, He'll near me re-main.  
 He'll meet me a - gain, There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain, There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.

CHORUS.

{ Gentle an - gels near me glide, }  
 { Hopes of glo - ry 'round me 'bide, } And there lingers by my side A Saviour, a Saviour, a

Sa - viour ev - er near. A Saviour, a Sa - viour, A Sá - viour ev - er near.

## SUNLIGHT.

## CHORUS.

1. The sun shines bright, And it pours its light O'er the val - ley, the field, and flood ; }  
The night-bird flies From the sun-lit skies, To his home in the leaf - y wood. } Then sleep no more, for the

day is come, The night with its gloom has fled ; With a cheerful heart ful - fil your part, And the path of duty tread.

2 God's word is light,  
Like the sun so bright,  
And it shines in this Christian clime ;  
And sin retires  
From its searching fires,  
To its home in the dens of crime.—Cao.

3 Poor pagans sleep  
In their gloom so deep,  
Not a star lends its feeble ray ;  
But rays divine  
On your pathway shine ;  
And you bask in the bright broad day.—Cao.

4 Then pray and toll  
For a little while,  
And the wants of the world supply ;  
Do all you can,  
Whether child or man,  
For the night of the grave draws nigh.—Cao.



## STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1. This life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin, And we are the soldiers the vict'ry to win, And Christ is the Captain of

## CHORUS.

our little band; Whatev - er oppo - ses, for him we will stand. Then stand up for Je - sus, what - ev - er befall; On

Calva-ry's mountain he stood for us all; Then stand up for Jesus, Stand up for Jesus, Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

- 2 To God for our armor we'll fail not to go;  
 He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;  
 The "gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,  
 And the good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.
- 3 Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,  
 Though wily our foes, we are "strong in the Lord;"

- While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,  
 Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—CHO.
- 4 Though little temptations—the worst ones of all—  
 Will often beset us to make us to fall,  
 We'll stand up for Jesus, and when life is o'er,  
 For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—CHO.

## DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

61

1. Suppose the lit-tle Cowslip Should hang its golden cup, And say, "I'm such a ti - ny flower, I'd better not grow up!"

How many a weary trav'ler Would miss its fragrant smell! How many a little child would grieve To lose it from the dell!

2 Suppose the glist'ning Dew-drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do;  
I'd better roll away!"  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

3 Suppose the little Breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The trav'ler on his way:  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake,  
If they were talking so?

4 How many deeds of kindness  
A little child can do,  
Although it has but little strength,  
And little wisdom too!  
It wants a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others, by its love.

## I DO BELIEVE.

Cho.—I will believe, I do believe That Je - sus died for me; And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

## EVENING.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

1. A - bid with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid; ;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

A-men.  
 When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bid with me.  
 Change and de - cay, in all around I see; O Thon who changest not, a - bid with me.  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord a - bid with me.

4.  
 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5.  
 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

# HOMeward BOUND.

63

END.

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

D.C.

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

2.  
 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
 Steady ! O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel !  
 Steady ! we soon shall out-weather the gale ;  
 O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail !  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3.  
 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,  
 We're home at last, home at last ;  
 Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,  
 We're home at last, home at last ;  
 Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;  
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,  
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,  
 We're home at last, home at last.

## REALMS OF THE BLEST.



1. I'll go to that beau-ti-ful land, Where the weary are ev-er at rest; There join with the  
 2. Life's dangers may compass me round, And my faith may be put to the test; I'll trust to the  
 3. I hope my dear father'll be there, With my mother and sis-ter so dear; My teach-er, whose  
 4. I hope that the day is at hand, When the tempter's do-min-ion will cease; When Christ, o'er the

## CHORUS.



ce-les-tial band, And lean on the dear Saviour's breast. I'll go, I'll go, I'll go; I'll  
 gos-pel's glad sound, That guides e-ven me to my rest. I'll go, &c.  
 thrice ten-der care Hath taught me sin's dark path to fear. I'll go, &c.  
 sea and the land, Shall reign in an un-end-ing peace. I'll go, &c.

go to that beau-ti-ful land; I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go to that beau-ti-ful land.

GOLDEN GATES.

65

MODERATO.

1. Lit - tle travelers Zi - on - ward, Each one entering in - to rest In the king - dom of your Lord,  
 2. Who are those whose lit - tle feet, Pacing life's dark jour - ney thro', Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,

*Piano.*

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

In the mansions of the blest. There to welcome Jo - sus waits; Gives the crowns his followers win;  
 They have ev - er kept in view?

*f*  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates, And let the children in.

- 3 I, from Greenland's frozen land  
 I, from India's sultry plain,  
 I, from Afric's barren sand,  
 I, from Islands of the main.—*Cho.*
- 4 All our earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by,  
 Here together met at last,  
 At the portals of the sky.—*Cho.*

## OVER THE SEA.

1. The sea is wildly tossing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we're swiftly crossing To our o - ter - nal home.  
2. We've many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heaven may anchor, And sing redeem - ing grace.

CHORUS.

Over the sea, over the sea, Gracious Saviour, pilot me; Over the sea, over the sea, Spirit kind, my guardian

*Rit.*

be; Over the sea, wherever I roam, Father a - bove, Oh bring me home Under the bright ce - les - tial dome.

3 Though nature in commotion  
Deth our power and skill,  
Our Jesus rules the ocean,  
And bids the winds be still

4 Sail on then, comrades, holdly,  
And make God's word your chart;  
Do every duty nobly,  
With joyful, trustful heart.

5 We'll front the gospel banner,  
And guard it with our life,  
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"  
Victorious in the strife.

# JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

S. S. WESLEY. 1864.

67

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion  
 2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel  
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leas'd, The shout of them that tri - umph,

Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O, I know not What joys a - wait us there, What  
 And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is so - re - ne; The  
 The song of them that feast. And they who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight, For -

ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare!  
 pastures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glorious sheen.  
 ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect,  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect.  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit ever blest.



## THERE'S JOY IN JESUS' LOVE.

1. We come this day to praise Our Saviour and our God; To Him our songs we raise, Who bought us with his blood;  
 2. Our hope is fixed a-lone On him whom we a-dore; For ble-sings all his own, We'll praise him ev-er-more.  
 3. With ev-er tender care Our lit-tle ones are led, The joys of heaven to share With Christ, their living head;

D. S. CHORUS.

From sin's dark waste of tears We raise our thoughts above, And sing, de-spite our fears, There's joy in Je-sus' love.  
 His care, that bids us live, His grace, that points a-bove, His word, whose pages give The joy of Je-sus' love.  
 We thank our heavenly King, That mercy from a-bove Has taught our lambs to sing There's joy in Je-sus' love.

*Chorus.* There's joy in Je-sus' love, To all who faithful live; There's joy in Je-sus' love, That nothing else can give.

## THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

1. We sing the praise of Jesus, the ho-ly Lamb of God, Who came from heav'n to bless us, and shed for us his blood;  
 2. We sing the praise of Jesus; tho' once on earth he taught, He's now in heav'n, and sees us, and knows our every tho't;  
 3. We sing the praise of Jesus, who did our souls redeem, Who welcom'd lit-tle children when they were bro't to him;

Who died in awful anguish up - on the cross, that we Might live to sing his praises throughout e - ter - ni - ty.  
 He will not frown up - on us, although to him we raise Our sinful hearts and voices, in one sweet song of praise.  
 He kindly spoke, and bade them that they for him had charms, And then he did en - fold them, and bless'd them in his arms.

## GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live; Children's prayers he deigns to  
 2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King; Children, raise your sweetest

hear, Children's songs de - light his ear.  
 strain To the Lamb, for he was slain.

- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!  
 Be this day a Pentecost!  
 Children's minds may he inspire,  
 Touch their tongues with holy fire!
- 4 Glory to the highest be,  
 To the ble-sed Trinity,  
 For the gospel from above,  
 For the word, that "God is love!"

## THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

1. Oft as I rove, in thoughtless mood, A - long life's flowery, sunny road, Unconscious how the path may  
 2. From day to day that voice I hear, And oftenest when no friend is near—When on some se - cret purpose

end, Un - heeding where my footsteps tend, I hear a voice which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come a -  
 bent, Or on some pleasure too in - tent—A still small voice, which seems to say, In a gentle whisper, Come a -

*pp* way, Come a - way! Softly it whispers, Come a - way, Come a - way, *mp* Come a - way!

3 At times perchance too near I tread  
Some cruel quicksand's treach'rous bed,  
Some yawning gulf, some fatal snare,  
Some spot where death is in the air;  
Then comes that warning voice to say,  
In a gentle whisper, Come away,  
Come away!  
Softly it whispers, Come away,  
Come away

4 Some foe with radiant beauty drapes  
Temptation in a thousand shapes;  
And many a glittering prize is given  
To lure me far from home and heaven;  
But never fails that voice to say,  
With its gentle whisper, Come away,  
Come away!  
Softly it whispers, Come away,  
Come away!

5 Ah, gentle Spirit, faithful Friend,  
Be with me always to life's end,  
Till He who keeps my heav'nly crown,  
Shall send his loving angel down,  
Upon my brow his hand to lay,  
And kindly bid me, Come away,  
Come away!  
And softly whisper, Come away,  
Come away!

## SWEETLY SING.

1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heavenly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;  
2. Angels bright, angels bright, Robed in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In melodious lays.  
3. Far away, far away, We in sin's dark valley lay; Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Blessed be his name!  
4. Now we know, now we know, We from earth must shortly go; Soon the call, soon the call, Comes to one and all.

•Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; || : Raise your songs, : || Now with thankful tongues.  
But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, || : "Redeeming love : || Brought us here above."  
He redeemed us by his grace, Then prepared in heaven a place To receive, to receive All who will believe.  
Saviour, when our time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home; There we'll raise notes of praise, Thro' unending days.

## A BRIGHTER DAY.

"Then look up, for your redemption draweth nigh."—LUKE xxi. 28.

1. "Lift your heads" with faith; the mor - row Dawneth bright-er than to - day; An - gel hands will  
 2. Art thou lone - ly, sad, and wea - ry, Watching through the si - lent night? Dry thy tears, the  
 3. Does the night seem long and wea - ry— Dangers threatening 'long the way? Joy will soon re-  
 4. What, though wars and earth's com - mo - tions Try your faith, and cause dis - may; God, your Fa - ther

CHORUS. *ff*

lift the shadows, Chase the gathering gloom a - way. "Lift your heads," the day is breaking, Soon the morning  
 o - rient glis - tens Like a thread of sil - ver light.—CHO.  
 turn to bless thee, Soon will dawn a brighter day.—CHO.  
 rules the na - tions, He will send a brighter day.—CHO.

will ap - pear; See the earth from slumber wak - ing; "Lift your heads," the day draws near.

5 Let the heart be cheered with gladness,  
 Though the sun is veiled from sight;  
 See! the stars are brightly beaming  
 Through the shadows of the night.

CHORUS.—Look! e'en now the morn is breaking;  
 See the shadows flee away;  
 See! the earth from slumber waking;  
 "Lift your heads!" behold the day!

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

SOLI.

1. We are waiting by the river, We are watching on the shore, On-ly waiting for the boatman,  
 2. Tho' the mist hang o'er the river, And its billows loudly roar; Yet we hear the song of an-gels,  
 3. And the bright ce - les-tial city, We have caught such radiant gleams, Of its towers like dazzling sun-light,

CHORUS.

Soon he'll come to bear us o'er. We are waiting by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore,  
 Wafted from the oth - er shore. We are waiting, &c.  
 With its sweet and peaceful streams. We are waiting, &c.

Only waiting for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

- 4 He has called for many a loved one;  
 We have seen them leave our side:  
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,  
 When we, too, have crossed the tide.
- 5 When we've passed that vale of shadows  
 With its dark and chilling tide,  
 In that bright and glorious city  
 We shall evermore abide.

## HEAVENLY BLISS.

May be sung as a Solo or Duett.

1. There is a glorious world of light, A - bove the stormy sky; Where saints depart - ed, clothed in white, A -  
 2. And there in all the sacred songs Those heavenly voices raise, Ten thousand thousand in - fant tongues U -  
 3. Those are the songs that we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey; And that the place where we shall go, If

CHORUS. *Lively.*

dore the Lord most high. Singing glory, glory, glory hal - le - lu - juh, Singing glory, glo - ry, glory, halle - lujah!  
 nite in perfect praise. Singing glory, &c.  
 found in wisdom's ways. Singing glory, &c.

The chorus may be repeated or not, at pleasure.

## CLOSING SONG.

1. Come, children, ere we part, Bless the Redeemer's name; Join ev' - ry tongue and heart, To cel - ebrate his fame.  
 2. If here we meet no more, May we in realms a - bove; With all the saints a - dore Redee ming grace and love.

## CHORUS.

Jesus, the children's friend, Him who our souls a-dore, His praises have no end, Praise him for-ev-er - more.

## A CROWN OF GLORY BRIGHT.

## CHORUS.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright By faith I see, In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me. I'm nearer my home,

nearer my home, nearer my home to-day; Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.

2 Oh may I faithful prove,  
The crown in view,  
And through the storms of life  
My way pursue.—Cuo.

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

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,  
My guide and guard;  
And when my work is done,  
My great reward.—Cuo.



## SING PRAISES.

1. In the ro - sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high, From the  
 2. As he looked in love from the world a - bove, Our distress - es filled his eye; And a  
 3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled To de - liv - er us from woe, Has en-

CHORUS.

lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly. Sing praises, glad praises,  
 world to save, his Son he gave, On the blood - y tree to die. Sing praises, glad praises,  
 dured the cross, the disgrace, the loss; Let his praise for - ev - er flow. Sing praises, glad praises,

Sing, children, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the loft - y skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

4 Now exalt'd high o'er the earth and sky,  
 He delights in mercy still;  
 Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear,  
 And our longing souls to fill.—CHO.

5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,  
 But he loves the children best;  
 To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,  
 And secure his promised rest.—Cao.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

77

1st. 2d.

1. { Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God.  
 { But a music sweeter far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angel-spirits are, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, in the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Where immortal praises swell,  
 In the light of God ?  
 And can children ever go,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow,  
 In the light of God.

Cho. — Let us walk, &c.

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be  
 In the light, in the light,  
 All the good shall Jesus see,  
 In the light of God ;  
 For the good a rest remains,  
 In the light, in the light,  
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns,  
 In the light of God.

Cho. — Let us walk, &c.

## YOUTHFUL WORKERS.

1. In the vineyard of our Fa-ther, Daily work we find to do; Scattered gleanings we may  
 2. Toiling ear-ly in the morning, Catching moments through the day, Nothing small or low-ly  
 3. Up, and ev-er at our calling, Till in death our lips are dumb; Or, till sin's do-minion  
 4. Steadfast, then, in our en-deavour, Heavenly Fa-ther, may we be! And for ev-er and for

gath-er, Though we are but young and few. Lit-tle clus-ters, lit-tle clus-ters Help to  
 scorning, So a-long our path we stray, Gath'ring glad-ly, gath'ring glad-ly Free-will  
 fall-ing, Christ shall in his king-dom come, And his children, and his chil-dren Reach their  
 ev-er We shall give the praise to thee; Hal-le-lui-ah! hal-le-lui-ah! Sing-ing

fill the garner too. Lit-tle clus-ters, lit-tle clusters Help to fill the garner too.  
 off'-rings by the way. Gath'ring glad-ly, gath'ring gladly Free-will off'rings by the way.  
 ev-er-last-ing home. And his children, and his children Reach their ev-er-last-ing home.  
 through e-ter-ni-ty. Hal-le-lui-ah! hal-le-lui-ah! Singing through e-ter-ni-ty.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

79

1. Round the throne in glo-ry Happy children throng, And redemption's sto-ry wakes the harp and song.

On the verdant mountain, By the shining stream, Or the living fountain, Je-sus is their theme.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, Praise him and a-dore; Glo-ry to the Lamb For ev-er-more.

2 Robes of snowy whiteness,  
Beautiful and rare;  
Crowns of radiant brightness,  
Such those children wear:  
Safe from death's bereavement,  
Sorrow and the grave,  
Free from sin's enslavement,  
Vict'ry's palm they wave. — CHO.

3 Now the skillful fingers  
Sweep the golden lyre;  
Not a harper fingers  
In that ransomed choir;  
Voices sweetly blending  
With the tuneful string,  
To the throne ascending,  
Praise the heavenly King. — CHO.

4 Children now sojourning  
In a world of sin,  
From your follies turning,  
Strive to enter in:  
Let your young affections  
Round the Saviour twine;  
And 'mid heaven's attractions  
You shall sing and shine. — CHO.

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden

sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spiey breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

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

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

81

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Hap - py day, hap - py day,  
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad, Hap - py day, hap - py day,

The musical score for 'Happy Day' is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

FINE.

D. S.

When Je - sus washed my sins a - way ; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev' - ry day.  
 When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

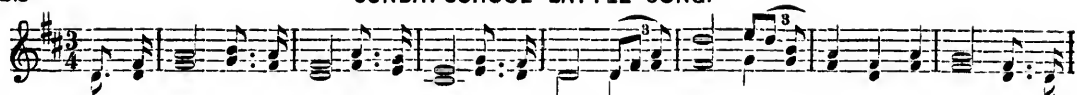
The musical score for 'When Jesus washed my sins away' is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there ; In heaven above where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

The musical score for 'No Sorrow There' is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. A guitar chord symbol [G] is present in the bass line.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL BATTLE SONG.

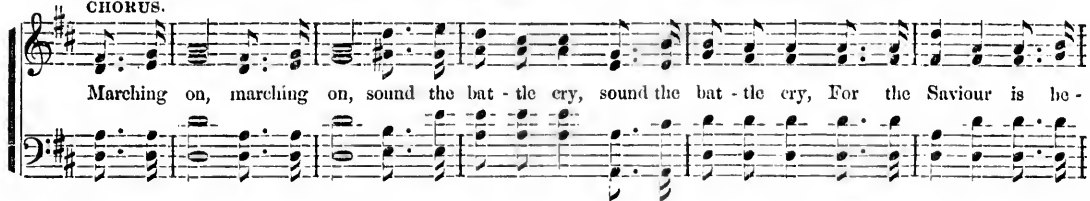


1. Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from  
 2. Pressing on, pressing on, to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat - tle we

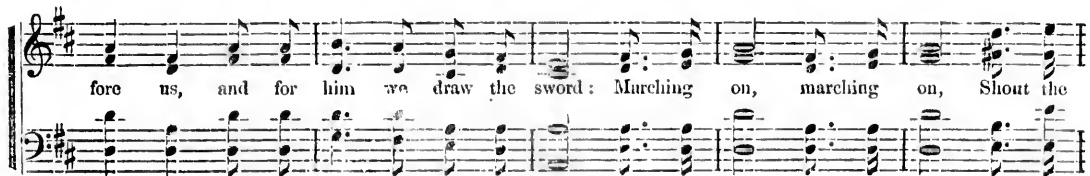


far; Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Lit - tle soldiers of Zi - on, prepared for the war.  
 go; 'Mid the cheering of an - gels our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rd the foe.

## CHORUS.



Marching on, marching on, sound the bat - tle cry, sound the bat - tle cry, For the Saviour is be -



fore us, and for him we draw the sword: Marching on, marching on, Shout the

vic - to - ry, shout the vic - to - ry! We will end the bat - tle singing, "Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord."

3 Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,  
At the call of our Captain we draw every sword:  
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,  
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.  
Cuo. — Marching on, &c.

4 Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come;  
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;  
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,  
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.  
Cuo. — Marching on, &c.

## LITTLE THINGS-

*Coda.*

1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the beauteous land, the beauteous land.  
2. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty.

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

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

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



## THE GOLDEN SHORE; OR. A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

CHORUS. *Cres.*

*Girls.* { We are out on the o - cean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; }  
*Boys.* { We are out on the o - cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide. } All the storms will soon be o - ver,  
*Girls.* { Millions now are safe - ly landed, O - ver on the golden shore; }  
*Boys.* { Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. } All the storms will soon be o - ver,

Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are out on the o - cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide;

We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes  
Gently waft our vessel on;  
All on board are sweetly singing—  
Free salvation is the song.—*Cito.*
- 3 When we all are safely anchored,  
We will shout—our trials o'er;  
We will walk about the city,  
And we'll sing for evermore.—*Cito.*

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

85

1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray, Thy grace betimes im - part, And grant thy Ho - ly  
2. But Christ can all my sins for - give, And wash a - way their stain; Can fit my soul with

Spi - rit may Re - new my sin - ful heart, A sin - ful creature I was born, And  
him to live, And in his king - dom reign. To him let lit - tle children come, For

from my birth have strayed; I must be wretched and for - lorn Without thy mer - cy's aid.  
he has said they may; His bo - som then shall be their home, Their tears he'll wipe a - way.

## LOOK ALOFT.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wind and the gale Are around and a - bove, if thy footing should  
 2. If the friend who embraced in pros - per - i - ty's glow, With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each  
 3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swift - er to

Look a - loft.....

fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution de - part, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -  
 woe, Should betray thee, when sor - rows like clouds are ar - rayed, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -  
 fly, Then turn, and thro' tears of re - pent - ant re - gret, Look a - loft, look a - loft, look a -

loft, and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart, Look a - loft, and be firm, and con - fid - ing of heart.  
 loft, to the friendship which nev - er shall fade, Look a - loft, to the friendship which nev - er shall fade.  
 loft, to the sun that is nev - er to set, Look a - loft, to the sun that is nev - er to set.

4 Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—  
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;  
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
 To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5 And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast,  
 His fears on the future, his pain on the past,  
 In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
 And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart.

SUNDAY! SACRED DAY OF REST-

MODERATO.

1. Sun - day! sa - cred day of rest, Ev - er welcomed, ev - er blest, Week - ly toils and  
 2. Now we to the church re - pair, And we kneel in wor - ship there, Look - ing for the  
 3. 'Tis the place where age and youth May re - sort in search of truth, Truth, for man's sal -

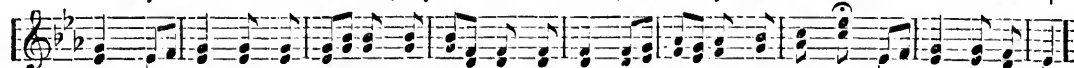
la - bors done, Now we greet with joy the sun. Hark! the mu - sic of the bell Ech - oes loud thro'  
 promised love Of our heav'nly Friend a - bove. There tho 'mer - ci - ful' are found, There the 'pure in  
 va - tion giv'n 'Tis the pathway, then, to heav'n. 'Two or three,' if gathered there, Seek - ing God in

copse and dell, Giv - ing note of 'meet - ing time,' Sweet and cheer - ful is Its chime.  
 heart' a - bound, There the hum - ble and the meek Mourn the fol - lies of the week.  
 praise or pray'r, With de - vo - ted, pi - ous mind, Will his bless - ing ev - er find.

## DUET.



1. My home is in heav - en, my rest is not here ; Then why should I murmur when tri - als ap -



pear ? Be hushed my dark spir - it, the worst that can come But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

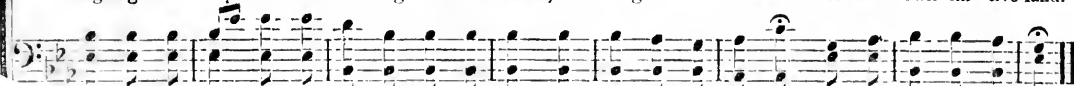
## CHORUS.



Then the an - gels will come, with their music will come, With music, sweet mu - sic to welcome me home ; In tho



bright gates of crys - tal the shining ones will stand, And sing me a welcome to their own na - tive land.



2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this ;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.—*Choro.*

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow ;  
I would not recline upon roses below ;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them forever on Jesus' own breast.—*Choro.*

DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COMING?

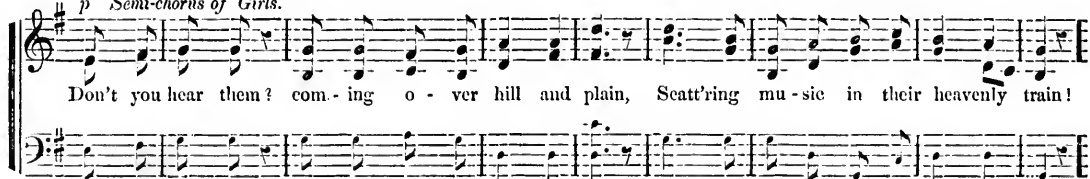
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DUETT. *Soprano and Alto.*



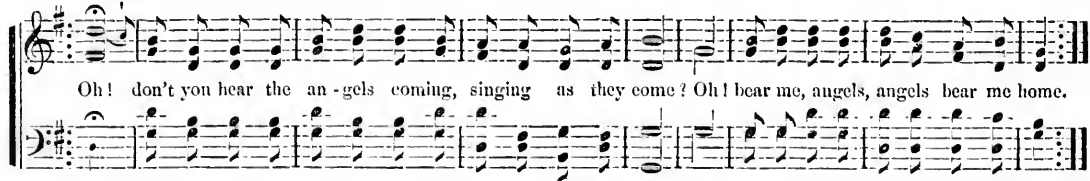
1. Ho-ly an-gels in their flight, Traver-se over earth and sky, Acts of kind-ness their de-light, Winged with mer-cy as they fly,

*p* *Semi-chorus of Girls.*



Don't you hear them? com-ing o-ver hill and plain, Seat'tring mu-sic in their hea-venly train!

CHORUS.



Oh! don't you hear the an-gels com-ing, sing-ing as they come? Oh! bear me, an-gels, an-gels bear me home.

2 Though their forms we cannot see,  
They attend and guard our way,  
Till we join their company  
In the fields of heavenly day.  
CRO.—Don't you hear, &c.

3 Had we but an angel's wing,  
And an angel's heart of flame,  
Oh, how sweetly would we ring  
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.  
CRO.—Don't you hear, &c.

4 Yet, methinks, if I should die,  
And become an angel too,  
I, perhaps, like them might fly,  
And the Saviour's bidding do.  
CRO.—Don't you hear, &c.

## GENTLE WORDS.

1. Gen-tle words, how sweet they sound; Joy they give to all a-round. Words of love, what peace they  
 2. Gen-tle words will reach the heart, Balm to sor-row they im-part; Lov-ing words are sweet to  
 3. Gen-tle words then free-ly give, They will teach you how to live; They to you are free-ly

## CHORUS.

bring, Hap-pi-ness to ev'-ry-thing. Gen-tle words, how sweet they sound; Joy they  
 hear, Join-ing hearts to oth-ers dear. Gen-tle words will reach the heart; Joy they  
 given, An-gels whis-per them from heav'n. Gen-tle words then free-ly give; Joy they

give to all a-round, Words of love, what peace they bring, Hap-pi-ness to ev'-ry thing.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

91

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are ; Bearing gifts we travel a - far Field and fountain, Moor and mountain,  
 2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again—King for - ev - er, Ceasing nev - er  
 3. Frankin - cense to of - fer have I: Incense owus a de - voty high ; Pray'r and praising All men rais - ing

## CHORUS.

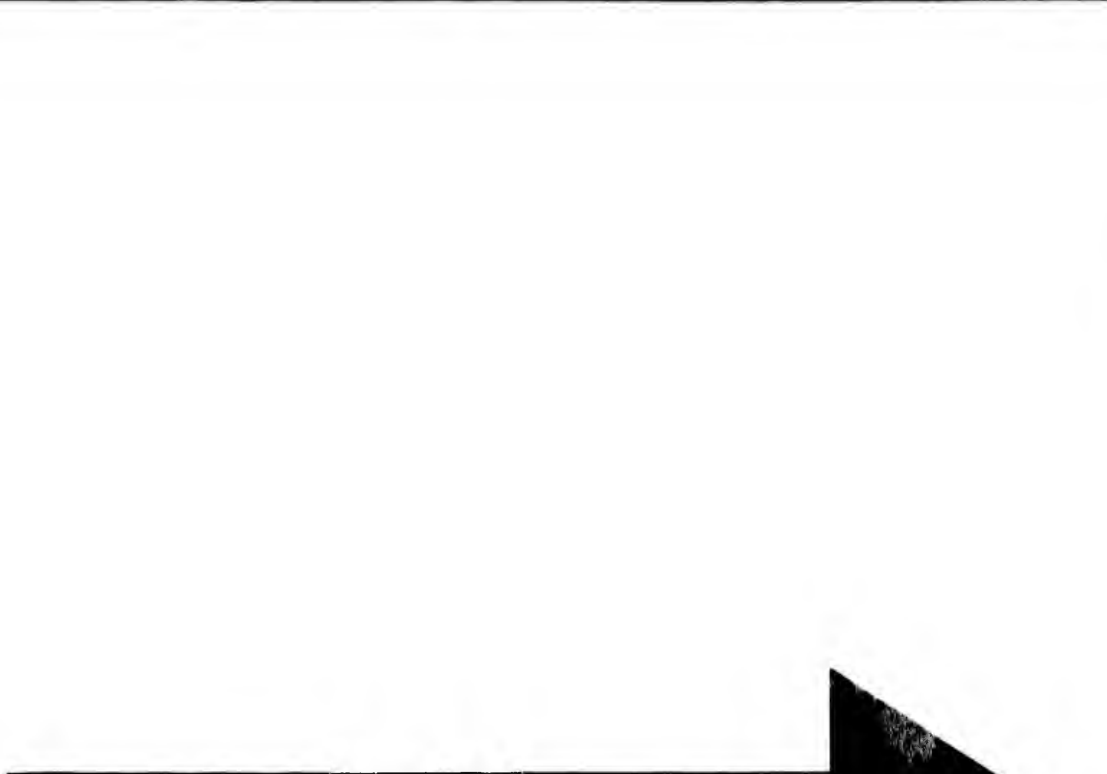
Fol - low - ing yon - der star. Oh, star of wonder, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,  
 O - ver us all to reign.  
 Wor - ship him, God, on high.

Westward leading, Still pre - ceding, Guide us to the perfect light.

4 Myrrh is mine : its bitter perfume  
 Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom—  
 Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.—**CHO.**

5 Glorious now behold him arise,  
 King and God and Sacrifice ;  
 Heaven singing Hallelujah ;  
 Joyous the earth replies.—**CHO.**







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1.5 1.8 2.0 2.2 2.5  
2.8 3.2 3.6 4.0  
4.5 5.0 5.6 6.3 7.1 8.0  
9.0 10.0 11.2 12.5 14.0 16.0 18.0 20.0 22.5 25.0 28.0 31.5 36.0 40.0 45.0 50.0 56.0 63.0 71.0 80.0 90.0 100.0

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## THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

MODERATO.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Beyond, beyond the riv - er; Its smil - ing valleys, hills so green,  
 2. No cankering care nor mortal strife, Beyond, beyond the riv - er; But hap - py, nev - er - end - ing life  
 3. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, beyond the riv - er; When we've the crown and kingdom won,  
 4. When shall we look from Zi-on's hill, Beyond, beyond the riv - er? With end-less bliss our hearts shall thrill,

Beyond, beyond the riv - er. Its shores are coming near - er, The skies are grow-ing clear - er, Each  
 Beyond, beyond the riv - er. Thro' the e - ter - nal hours, God's love, in heav'nly show-ers, Shall  
 Beyond, beyond the riv - er. There is e - ter - nal pleasure, And joys that none can measure, For  
 Beyond, beyond the riv - er. There an - gels bright are singing, Where gold - on harps are ringing, We

day it seemeth dear - er, That land beyond the riv - er. We'll stand the storm, We'll stand the storm, Its  
 wa - ter faith's fair flowers, In the land beyond the riv - er.  
 those who have their treasure In the land beyond the riv - er.  
 ne'er shall cease our singing In the land beyond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

rage is al-most o - ver, We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land beyond the riv - er.

## FAR, FAR AT SEA.

1. Star of peace to wand'ers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me, Cheer the pi - lot's  
 2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's  
 3. Star of hope, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the  
 4. Star Di - vine, O, safe - ly guide him, Bring the wanderer home to thee; Soro temp - ta - tions

vis - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion dreary, Far, far at sea.  
 lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Fur, far at sea.  
 bil - lows rocking, Far, far at sea, Save him, on the bil - lows rocking, Far, far at sea.  
 long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Soro temp - ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

## HAPPY HOME ABOVE.

1. We soon shall leave this for- eign land, And cross the flow- ing riv - er, And in our Saviour's  
 2. No sor - row there; from radiant eyes No tears of grief are starting; No sad fare - well, no

CHORUS.

presence stand, And sing his praise for - ev - er. Oh, hap - py home a - bove, Oh, hap - py home a - bove, Thro'  
 laboring sighs, When friend from friend is parting.

end-less days we'll sing the praise of Je - sus and his love.

- 3 No lurking foe, no hidden snare,  
 Shall evermore beguile us;  
 No pleasures false, as well as fair,  
 Shall evermore defile us.
- 4 Then, children, now repent, believe,  
 And walk the path of duty;  
 Then in the home above you'll live,  
 Where reigns immortal beauty.

1. When the morning light drives a-way the night, With the sun so bright and full; }  
 And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to Sabbath-School. } For 'tis there we all a-gree,  
 2. On the frost-y dawn of a winter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow, }  
 Or the summer breeze plays around the trees, To the Sabbath-School I go; } When the ho-ly day has come.

*Girls.*      *Boys.*

All with hap-py hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be, At the Sabbath-School; I'll a-way! a-way!  
 And the Sabbath breakers roam, I delight to leava my home, For the Sabbath-School. I'll, &c.

*Girls.*      *Boys.*      *All.*

I'll a-way! a-way! I'll a-way to Sabbath-School.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,  
 At the time of morning prayer;  
 And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,  
 For 'tis always pleasant there.  
 In the Book of holy truth,  
 Full of counsel and reproof,  
 We behold the guide of youth,  
 At the Sabbath-School. I'll away, &c.

## THE SHEEPFOLD.

1. When Je-sus the meek and the low-ly was here, He spoke in the accents of love: "For-bid not the  
 2. Then in thy green pastures I'll lay my-self down, And feed on the life-giv-ing word; I'll drink of the  
 3. Oh, why on the mountains so cold and so drear, Where darkness and dangers ap-pall, Should children be

children to come un-to me; Of such is the kingdom a-bove." Great Shepherd, I'm helpless and  
 wa-ters that peaceful-ly flow, And nev-er by tempest are stirred. But guard me and guide me, my  
 suffered to wan-der and die, When Je-sus would welcome them all? Ye friends of the children, go

of-ten I rove; My sins and my fol-lies in pit-y re-move, And gath-er a child in the  
 Shepherd, I pray, And give me a heart thy commands to o-bey, To turn from temp-ta-tions and  
 gath-er them in, And stud-y to woo them, and la-bor to win, Be-fore they are wedded to



arms of thy love, And give him a place in thy fold.  
tempters a - way, And nev - er de - part from thy fold.  
fol - ly and sin, And die far a - way from the fold.

4 For 'tis not the will of the Shepherd divine,  
- That one of these lambs should be lost,  
A precious salvation he purchased for them,  
And tongue cannot tell what it cost:  
He grieves when he sees them by folly beguiled,  
For precious to him is the soul of a child,  
And safely at last, in the land undefiled,  
He gathers them into his fold.

## WANDERING LAMBS.

1. O-ver the mountains, barren and cold, Far from the pasture, far from the fold, Wander the lambs, by folly beguiled;

## CHORUS.

Rescue the children, friends of the child. Hasten to seek them, hasten to save, Ere they be lost in the night of the grave.

2 Jesus, the Shepherd loves to behold  
Lambs of his flock secure in his fold;  
Grieved is the heart of infinite Love,  
When from the sheepfold little ones rove.  
CHO.—Hasten to seek, &c.

3 Pleasures allure them, false as they're fair;  
Lies in their pathway many a snare;  
Tempters around them seek to decoy,  
Dangers in ambush wait to destroy.  
CHO.—Hasten to seek, &c.

4 Gently and kindly guide the young feet,  
Line upon line, with patience entreat;  
Happy the heart whose labor is this—  
Guiding a child to mansions of bliss.  
CHO.—Hasten to seek, &c.

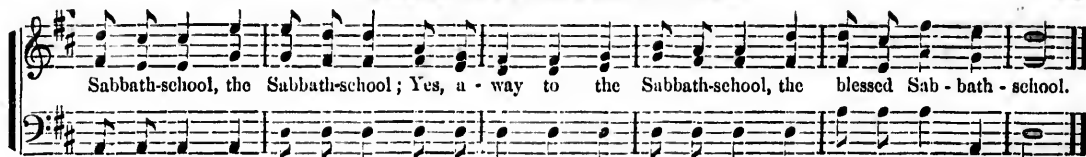
## REMEMBER THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

1. Oh, re - mem - ber the Sabbath-School, When the sum - mer is past, And the chill winds sigh  
 2. When the spring buds are o - pen - ing, To the school you re - pair; When the sum - mer flow'rs  
 3. Oh, the same friends will meet you there, And a - round you will cling; And the same songs will

mournful - ly, And the snow-flakes fly fast. Do not say, "It looks drear-i - ly; 'Tis a cold win - try  
 blos - som - ing, Oh, you love to be there; Like the bright and the beau - ti - ful, Love to hon - or God's  
 greet you there, That you sang in the spring; And the same truth ad - dress you there, And if you will o -

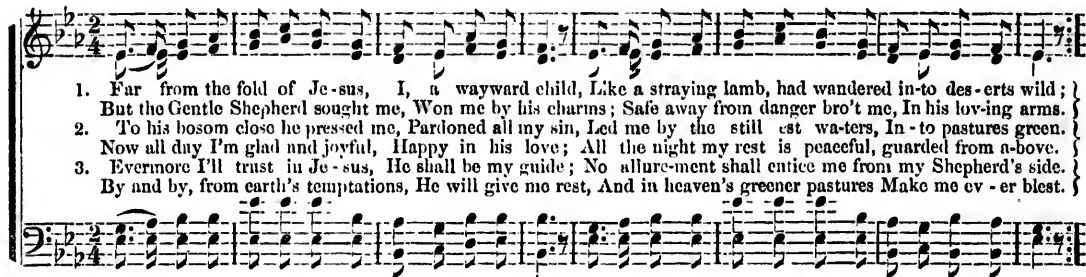
## CHORUS.

day;" Come with eyes sparkling mer - ri - ly; Come, boys and girls, a - way. Yes, a - way to the Sabbath-School, the  
 day; Come with hearts warm and du - ti - ful, Come, boys and girls, a - way.  
 bey; The dear Saviour will bless you there; Then, boys and girls, a - way.



Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school; Yes, a - way to the Sabbath-school, the blessed Sab - bath - school.

## GENTLE SHEPHERD.



1. Far from the fold of Je - sus, I, a wayward child, Like a straying lamb, had wandered in - to des - erts wild; }  
But the Gentle Shepherd sought me, Won me by his charms; Safe away from danger bro't me, In his lov - ing arms. }
2. To his bosom close he pressed me, Pardon'd all my sin, Led me by the still - est wa - ters, In - to pastures green. }
3. Now all day I'm glad and joyful, Happy in his love; All the night my rest is peaceful, guarded from a - bove. }

By and by, from earth's temptations, He will give me rest, And in heaven's greener pastures Make me ev - er blest. }

## CHORUS.



Praise Jesus, Gentle Shepherd, Saviour, loving, mild; Je - sus' name is sweetest mu - sic To the Christian child.

## THERE'S A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.

1. I know there's a crown for the saints of renown, And for saints whose good deeds are un-sung; But oh ?

CHORUS.  
say, is it true, if their days are but few, That a crown is laid up for the young? Yes, yes, yes, I

know there's a crown for the young; If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love, I know there's a crown for the young.

2 The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,  
And the song of salvation shall sing;  
And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise  
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.—CRO.

3 The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,  
Both the man and the youth and the child  
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust  
Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.—CRO.

4 The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,  
Is more precious than tongue can express;  
And redeemed by the blood that on Calvary flowed,  
It shall shine in the region of bliss.—CHO.

5 Then be it your care for that world to prepare;  
Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours;  
Never tire in the road that leads upward to God,  
For the crown is for him who endures.—CHO.

## GLORY BE TO GOD.

*Joyful.*

There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens above;

Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching o'er Ju-de-n's plain, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

Glo-ry be to God, to men, to men be peace and love, Thro' the earth and thro' the sky, Let the an-them ev-er fly,

## GLORY BE TO GOD, Continued.

Peace on earth, good will to men, peace on earth, good will to men, peace on  
 earth, good will to men,  
 good will to men, peace on earth, good will to men, peace on  
 earth, good will to men,  
 earth, good will to men, peace on earth, good will to men, peace on earth, good will to men, and glory be to God,  
 earth,  
 glo-ry be to God, to God on high. Peace on earth, good will to men,  
 Glo-ry be to God, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God,  
 Peace on earth, good will to men,  
 Glo-ry be to God, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God,

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Treble clef, with the Bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words appearing on both staves. The score is divided into three systems, each with two staves. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next three lines. The third system contains the final three lines. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

Peace on earth, good will to men, and glo-ry be to God, to God on high, A - men.

PHILLIPS.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, hear my call; Sin - ful though my heart may be, Thou my life, my hope, my all,  
 2. Lon - ly in a stran - ger land, Cast me not a - way from thee, Lead me by thy gen - tle hand,

Lord, a - bide with me.  
 Lord, a - bide with me.

3 Thou hast died the lost to save,  
 Died to set the captive free,  
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
 Lord, abide with me.

4 Fill me with thy love divine,  
 Consecrate my life to thee,  
 Bond my stubborn will to thine,  
 Lord, abide with me.

5 When the shades of death prevail,  
 Father, let me cling to thee;  
 When I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Still abide with me.

6 Then, O then, my raptured soul  
 Heaven's eternal rest shall see;  
 There, while endless ages roll,  
 Live and reign with thee.

1. O come, let us sing un - | to the | Lord; | Let us heartily rejoice in the . . . | strength of | our sal - | vation.

Let us come before his presence | with thanks - | giving, | And show ourselves . . | glad in | him with | psalms.

2 For the Lord is a | great - | God;  
And a great | King a - | bove all | gods.  
In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;  
And the strength of the | hills is | his - | also.

3 The sea is his, | and he | made it;  
And his hands pre - | pared - the | dry . . | land.  
O come, let us worship | and fall | down.  
And kneel be - | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

4 For he is the | Lord our | God;  
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of |  
his - | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty . . of | holiness;  
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

5 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;  
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people |  
with his | truth.

6 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,  
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,  
World | without | end. A - | men.



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

105

1. There is a Rose whose beauties grace The gar - den where it grows; In low - ly hearts it finds a place, 'Tis  
 2. Unchanged by time, it nev - er dies, Its beau-ties ne'er de - part; And not a thorn this Rose supplies, To  
 3. Tho' in this wil - der - ness for - lorn, This Love-ly Rose was found, Be - fore the morning stars were born It

CHORUS.

Shar - on's love - ly Rose. Beau-ti - ful Rose, beau - ti - ful Rose, Rose of Sha - ron, beau - ti - ful Rose,  
 pierce its home, the heart.  
 bloomed on heavenly ground.

Rose of Sha - ron, beau - ti - ful Rose.

- 4 Its fragrance filled the heavenly plains,  
 And all the sons of earth  
 May prove the virtues it contains,  
 And sing its wondrous worth.
- 5 In regions parched by burning heat,  
 Or chilled by polar snows,  
 The Rose of Sharon we may meet,  
 For Jesus is that Rose.—Cho.

## THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1. There's beau-ty in the sun-shine, There's beau-ty in the show-ers; There's beau-ty in the wild-wood, There's  
 2. But there's a world a - bove us More beau - ti - ful and pure, Where all that's bright and love-ly For  
 3. We weep, for here we lan-guish, But There's no sor - row there; The eye that fond-ly ga-zes Shall

beau - ty in the flow-ers: The val - ley and the mount-ain, The o - cean and the plain, In beau-ty robed, en-  
 ev - er shall en - dure: No an - gry storms as - sail it, No blast nor sick - ly blight, No chill-ing winds, no  
 nev - er shed the tear: No pang-s of sad bereave-ment Shall pierce the mour-ner's heart, No grassy grave shall

CHORUS.

trance the heart, And ev'-ry sense en - chain. Beau-ti - ful world, beau-ti - ful world, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful world;  
 burn - ing heats, No dark and drear - y night.  
 mar the ground, No death shall hurl the dart.

Beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful world, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world.

4 One sea on land and vernal,  
 Shall bless that hallowed ground,  
 And changeless and eternal  
 Shall beauty smile around:  
 From hunger, thirst, and weakness  
 The ransomed souls are free;  
 They drink the stream, they pluck the fruit,  
 Of immortality.—CRO.

## THE SHINING WAY.

1st. 2d.

1. The pearl-y gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright ar - ray; }  
 On ei - ther side The an - gels glide, To keep the shin - ing } way.  
 D. C. Where Christ's redeemed in union walk The shining way of God. And Zi-on's children learn to find The

D. C.

way by an - gels trod.

2 When storms arise, and darkness clouds  
 The faithful pilgrim's way,  
 The angels glide on either side,  
 To drive the clouds away.  
 And brighter gleams the morning light  
 Behind the gentle rod;  
 For Christ's redeemed more clearly see  
 The shining way of God.

3 And soon they walk the golden streets,—  
 Not slighted and alone,  
 On either side the angels glide,  
 To lead them to the throne.  
 And there they wear a starry crown,  
 While mortals tire and plod;  
 For Christ's redeemed are kings who praise  
 The shining way of God.

## WE'RE GOING HOME.

Solo.

1. Youthful pilgrims, whither bound, Thro' this vale so fear-ful? Passing o'er enchanted ground, Why are you so cheerful?  
 2. Tell us why, when pleasures woos, You will not believe her? Tell us why the heart you close On the gay de-ceiver?

CHORUS.

Oh, we're go-ing, go-ing home to our happy, happy home, To the eit-y of our Saviour King, Where the

golden crown they wear, and the palm of vic'try bear, And they strike the gold-en harp as they sing.

3 When from ambush Satan's dart  
 Wounds the pilgrim weary,  
 Where's the balm to ease the smart  
 In the desert dreary?—**Cho.**

4 But the deep, cold river see,  
 Pilgrims, just before you;  
 What will then your solace be  
 When its waves roll o'er you?—**Cho.**

5 Pilgrims of the Saviour King,  
 Earth's temptations scorning,  
 We will join your band and sing  
 In life's sunny morning.—**Cho.**

GUIDE US, SAVIOUR.

109

1st time. 2d time.

1. God has said, "For-ev-er blessed Those who seek me in their youth, }  
 They shall find the path of wisdom, And (*Omit.*) } the nar-row way of truth."

1st time. 2d time. Repeat ad lib. pp.

Guide us Sa-voir, Guide us Sa-voir, In the narrow way of truth. }  
 Guide us Sa-voir, Guide us Sa-voir, (*Omit.*) } In the nar-row way of truth.

- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness ;  
 Be our wisdom and our guide ;  
 May we walk in love and meekness,  
 Nearer to our Saviour's side.  
 Naught can harm us,  
 Naught can harm us,  
 While we thus in thee abide.
- 3 May thy watchful angels hover  
 Round us when there's evil near ;  
 May we hide beneath the cover  
 Of thy wings, in time of fear ;  
 And in sorrow,  
 And in sorrow,  
 Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.
- 4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,  
 And we sink beneath his might,  
 May that blessed morn awake us,  
 Safe in yonder realms of light ;  
 There forever,  
 There forever,  
 Chant thy praise with angels bright.

## THE LOVELY LAND.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign ; In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And  
 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, and nev - er-with'ring flow'rs : Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This  
 3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green ; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While

## CHORUS.

pleasures ban - ish pain. Oh the land, the lovely land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the golden strand wait the  
 heavenly land from ours.  
 Jor - dan rolled between.

hap - py, hap - py band, To welcome the ransomed home.

- 4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And view the Canaan' that we love,  
 With unbeclouded eyes.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll, Where, in all the bright for-ev-er,  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor When our stormy voy-age is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the anchor,  
 3. Where the mu-sic of the ransomed Rolls in har-mo-ny a-round, And cre-a-tion swells the cho-rus

CHORUS.

Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we  
 By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?  
 With its sweet, me-lo-dious sound?

meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
 Torn on earth from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices,  
 And behold them face to face.

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
 When he comes to claim his own?  
 Shall we hear him bid us welcome,  
 And sit down upon his throne?

## DO WHAT YOU CAN.

1. Don't think there is noth - ing for children to do, Be-cause they can't work like a man; The

harvest is great and the la - borers few : Then, children, do all that you can. Children, do all that you can ;

CHORUS.

Children, do all that you can ; The harvest is great and the la - borers few ; Then, children do all that you can.

2 You think, if great riches you had at command,  
Your zeal should no weariness know ;  
You'd scatter your wealth with a liberal hand,  
And succor the children of woe.—*CRO.*

3 But what if you've naught but a penny to give?  
Then give it, though scanty your store ;  
For those who give nothing when little they have,  
When wealthy will do little more.—*CHO.*



DO WHAT YOU CAN. Concluded.

4 It was not the oil'ring of pomp and of power,  
It was not the golden bequest—  
Ah, no, 'twas the mite from the hand of the poor  
That Jesus applauded and blessed.—*Chro.*

5 Then don't be a sluggard and live at your ease,  
And life with vain pleasures begui'c;  
But ever be active and busy us bees,  
And God on your labors will smile.—*Chro.*

PILGRIM STRANGER.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Whither go'st thou, pilgrim stranger, Passing thro' this darksome vale? | } No! I'm bound for the klugdom, Will you |
| Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail?       |   |
| 2. Pil-grim thou dost just-ly call me, Traveling through this lonely void; | } O! I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you  |
| But no ill shall e'er be-fall me, While I'm blessed with such a guide.     |   |
| 3. Such a Guide! no guide attends thee, Hence for thee my fears a-rise;    | } O! I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you  |
| If some guardian power defend thee, 'Tis un-sen by mortal eyes.            |   |
| 4. Yes, un-sen; but still, believe me, Such a Guide my steps at-tend;      | } For I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you |
| He'll in ev'-ry strait re-lieve me, He will guide me to the end;           |   |



go to glo-ry with me? Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,  
Darkly rolling through the vale;  
Should its boist'rous waves roll o'er thee,  
Would not then thy courage fail?  
No! I'm bound, &c.

6 No! that stream hath nothing frightful,  
To its brink my steps I'll bend,  
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;  
There my pilgrimage will end.  
For I'm bound, &c.

## TEACHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

1. Teacher, watch the lit - tle feet Walking through the meadows fair, Wand'ring through the crowded street,  
 2. Teacher, watch the lit - tle hands, Bus - y, bus - y all the day, Mak - ing forts with straws and sands,  
 3. Teacher, watch the lit - tle lips, Lisp - ing sweet and pleasant words, Sometimes their soft utterance trips,

DUET. CHORUS.

Scarcely heard or noticed there, Nev - er count the la - bor lost, Nev - er heed the pains it cost, Lit - tle feet will  
 Plucking ro - ses by the way. Nev - er deem the la - bor lost, Nev - er heed the pains it cost, Lit - tle hands here -  
 Dis - cord in the notes of birds. Never deem the la - bor lost, Nev - er heed the pains it cost, Lit - tle lips "some -

go a - stray, Teacher, watch them while you may.  
 af - ter may, Na - tions and their his - t'ry sway.  
 times pro - claim Blessings in a Sav - iour's name."

- 4 Teacher, watch the little heart,  
 Pulsing here with hope and love,  
 Truthful lessons here impart,  
 Leading to our home above.  
 Never deem the labor lost,  
 Never heed the pains it cost,  
 Little hearts hereafter may  
 Control the children of to-day.

FLEE, AS A BIRD.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Flee, as a bird to your moun-tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin; Go to the clear flow-ing foun-tain,  
 2. He will protect thee for-ev-er, Wipe ev'-ry sad, fall-ing tear; He will forsake thee, O, nev-er,

Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is near thee; Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,  
 Sheltered so ten-der-ly there; Hasten, then, the hours now are fly-ing, Spend not the moments in sighing,

He on his bo-som will bear thee, O, thou who art wea-ry of sin, O, thou who art wea-ry of sin.  
 Cease from your sorrow and cry-ing, The Saviour will wipe ev'-ry tear, The Saviour will wipe ev'-ry tear.

## CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

1. Come un - to Je - sus, ye that mourn, Our blessed Saviour said; His prom-is - es, how sure they are, "Ye  
2. Ye poor in spir - it, un - to you How great the blessings given; His choicest prom-is - es are yours, "Yours

CHORUS.

shall be com - fort - ed." This prom - ise, on that sa - cred mount, Was giv - en by our Lord; "Re - joice, and  
is the kingdom—Heav'n."

be ex - ceed - ing glad, For great is your re - ward."

- 3 The meek, and they for Jesus' sake,  
Who persecutions bear;  
He promises a heavenly home,  
A crown of glory there.
- 4 Be merciful, for unto such  
He spares his chastening rod;  
Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,  
The pure shall dwell with God.

1. How can I be a hap - py child Where waves of troub - le roll, And drink of pleasures  
 2. How can I be a ho - ly child, And shnn the downward road, Where Sa - tan reigns and

*Chorus.* 'Tis found in Je - sus: Yes, 'twas he With blood the bless - ing bought: 'Twas dear to him, 'tis

FINE.

un - de - filed That sat - is - fy the soul? For all with - in and all around Is doomed to droop and die; Then  
 sin has spoiled The noblest work of God? How shall I tread enchanted ground, And keep my garments white; And  
 free to me; It costs the sin - ner naught.

D. C.

where shall happi - ness be found, And who the want sup - ply?  
 where shall conqu'ring grace be found, And armor for the fight?

3 How can I be a useful child,  
 And feel for others' woes,  
 And make the desert drear and wild  
 To blossom as the rose?  
 I'll pray and toil and do my part,  
 And ne'er to slumber yield;  
 But where's the strength to keep my heart  
 From fainting on the field?

## SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

CHILDRENS' ANTHEM.

Je - sus said, Je - sus said, Suffer lit-tle children, Suffer lit-tle children to come un-to me, to

*Instrument.* *Voice.*

come un-to me: Je - sus said, Je - sus said, Suffer lit-tle children to come un-to me, to come un-to me, and for-

bid them not, and for - bid them not, For of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven. A-men, A-men.

WHITE ROBES.

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng, Round the al - tar night and  
2. These thro' fie - ry tri - als trod, These from great af - flic - tions came; Now be - fore the throne of

CHORUS.

day, Sing - ing one tri - umph - ant song? They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me!  
God, Sealed with his al - might - y name.

Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.—CHO.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fears;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.—CHO.

## SABBATH-SCHOOL BELLS, CHIME ON.

DUET. *Lively.*

1. We leave the world of care, To greet one day in seven; To join in praise and prayer, And

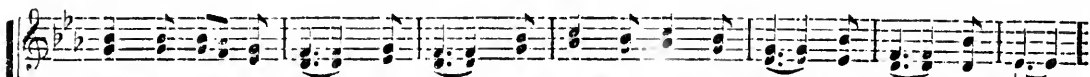
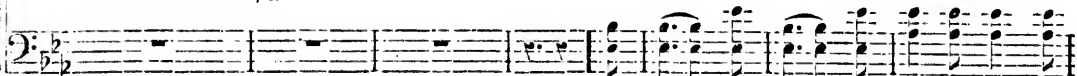


learn the way to heaven; The Sab - - - bath bells in - vite . . . . us all, Faint  
The Sab - bath bells in - vite us all.

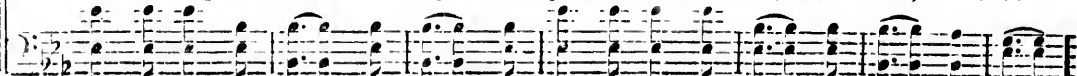
CHORUS.



em - - - blem of God's ho - ly call. Chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, your  
Faint em - blem, &c.



cheer - ful ring Shall tune our lips God's praise to sing Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.





Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime

Chime on, . . . . . chime on, . . . . .

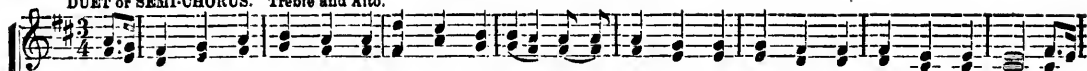
on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

2 We leave our books and play,  
 To read that "Book Divine;"  
 There we are taught the way  
 To joys that ne'er decline;  
 The music of those Sabbath bells,  
 How sweetly on the ear it swells!  
 CRO.—Chime on, loved bells, your welcome ring,  
 Shall tune our hearts God's praise to sing.

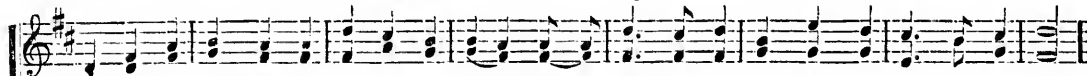
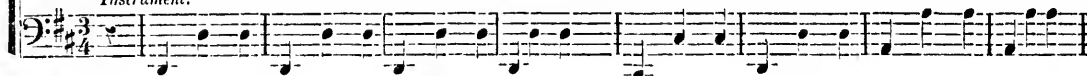
3 We leave our earthly home,  
 To seek that blest abode,  
 Where loved companions come  
 To lift their hearts to God;  
 List to the joyous sound that tells  
 The music of those Sabbath bells.  
 CRO.—Chime on, sweet bells, long may your ring  
 Inspire our hearts God's praise to sing.

## THE LION OF JUDAH.

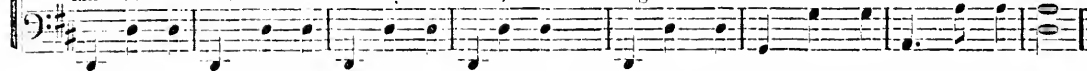
DUET or SEMI-CHORUS. Treble and Alto.



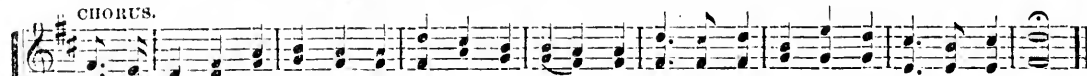
1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a fountain for sin - ners like me; His
2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my boun - ty, his love in my heart; So
3. Tho' round me the storms of ad - ver - si - ty roll, And the waves of de - struction en - com - pass my soul, In
4. And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound, And wake all the na - tions that sleep in the ground, Then,
5. And when with the ransomed by Je - sus my head, From fountain to fountain I then shall be led; I'll

*Instrument.*

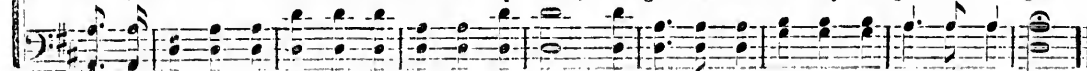
blood is that fountain which par - don be - stows, And cleanses the foul - est wher - ev - er it flows.  
 now I am joined with the con - quer - ing band, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus' command.  
 vain this frail ves - sel the tempest shall toss, My hope rests se - cure on the blood of the cross.  
 when heaven and earth shall be melt - ing a - way, I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.  
 fall at his feet and his mer - cy a - dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev' - ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.



1. In the far bet - ter land of glo - ry and light The ransomed are sing - ing in garments of white,  
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise Round the star - circled crown of the An - cient of days,

The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of re - demp - tion—"The Lamb that was slain."  
And thrones and domin - ious re - ech - o the strain Of glo - ry e - ter - nal to - Him that was slain.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.  
Hal - le - lu - jah

3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,  
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?  
Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain  
With the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."  
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

4 Now, children and teachers and friends, all unite  
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;  
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,  
The song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."  
Cro.—Hallelujah, &c.

## LOOK ABOVE.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are a-round and a - bove, If thy

*f*

foot - ing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau-tion de - part, "Look a - bove" and be

*p* *f*

firm, and be fear - less of heart, "Look a - bove" and be firm, and be fear - less of heart.

*ff*

2 If the friends who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds are arrayed,  
"Look above" to the friendship which never shall fade.

3 Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
"Look above" to the sun that is never to set.

4 Should those who are nearest and dearest thy heart—  
Thy friends and companions—in sorrow depart,  
Turn away from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
“Look above” where “affection is ever in bloom.”

5 And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
“Look above” to thy Saviour, fear not to depart.

## PARTING HYMN.

1. Please to watch us, bless - ed Saviour, As we leave our Sab - bath home, Guide and keep us  
3. Make each spir - it meek and low - ly, Make us leave the ways of strife, Lead us in the

## CHORUS.

from all dan - ger, Till a - gain to thee we come. 2. Tho' we ver - y oft - en wan - der  
path of du - ty, Lead us to the “bet - ter life.” 4. Thus we'd served thee, bless - ed Sa - viour,

In the path of vice and sin; Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us, Cleanse and make us pure with - in.  
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea, And with each loved friend and teacher, All are gathered home to thee.

## LET US WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it nev-er, no, nev-er de-cline;  
 For its prais-es are sung by the good in all lands That are blest with the gos-pel di-vine. }  
 2. 'Tis perfumed by the pray'rs, 'tis bedewed by the tears Of the ho-ly, the ac-tive, the true;  
 They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears, When its friends were but fee-ble and few. }

CHORUS.

Ral-ly then, ral-ly then, stand by the school; Why should it languish and die? Ral-ly then, ral-ly then,

stand by the school; Why should it languish and die?

- 3 Now the sunshine of favor illumines its path,  
 And the church spreads above it her wing;  
 'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,  
 And a gem in the crown of her King.—CHO.
- 4 There are thousands now singing and shining above,  
 There are thousands now toiling below,  
 Who are melted and won by Immanuel's love,  
 As they heard in the school of his woe.—CHO.

## JOYFULLY.

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1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright spir - its a - bove; }  
 An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home! }  
 2. Friends, fondly cherished have passed on be - fore; Wait - ing, they watch me ap - proach - ing the shore; }  
 Sing - ing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home. }  
 3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low, Strike, king of ter - rors, I fear not the blow; }  
 Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb! Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, will I go home. }

Soon with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low, Home to the land of bright spir - its I go;  
 Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear; Harps of the bless - ed, your voi - ces I hear,  
 Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn, Death shall be ban - ished, his scep - tre be gone:

Pil - grim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.  
 Rings with the har - mo - ny heaven's high dome, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.  
 Joy - ful - ly, then, shall I wit - ness his doom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

## HOLY ANGELS, SONS OF GLORY.

1. Ho - ly an - gels, sons of glo - ry, Clothed in robes of light di - vine, They re - peat the wondrous sto - ry  
 2. On their wings of gladness soaring, An - gels do their Lord's behests, Ev - er lov - ing and a - dor - ing,  
 3. Saints and martyrs, faint and wea - ry, With long wanderings here on earth; Pil - grims, prophets, a - ged, hoa - ry,

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Of a God for sin - - ners slain, And a - dore the great I Am. Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.  
 Thro' the regions of the blest; Thus they swell the heavenly theme.  
 Heirs of heav'n thro' the new birth; And ex - alt the Saviour's name.

glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.



- 4 Children, who were meek and lowly  
Followers of their Master here,  
Seeking, like him, to be holy,  
Now arrayed in beauty there,  
Catch the pure seraphic flame.—CHO.
- 5 Millions more on earth remaining,  
Precious lambs of Christ's wide fold,  
Who the pearl of price obtaining,  
Shall their Jesu' face behold,  
And his boundless love proclaim.—CITO.
- 6 Little children, Christ has bought you,  
Bought you with his precious blood;  
Give him, then, you hearts and lives, too,  
Joined in loving brotherhood,  
To extol his blessed name.—CITO.

O'ER THE FLOWING RIVER.

1. O'er the flow-ing riv - er, Lit - tle children stand, Free from sin for - ev - er, Happy in that land.

Fair - er than the summer flow'r Is ev'ry ho - ly one, Singing, shining ev - ermore, With glo - ry but be - gun.

- 2 Once their eyes were streaming  
With the tears of woe;  
Now with rapture beaming,  
Not a tear they know:  
Crowns of glory now they wear,  
And ever as they rove,  
O'er the tuneful harps they bear  
Their skilful fingers move.
- 3 'Twas Immanuel sought them,  
Straying from the fold;  
With a price he bought them,  
Dearer far than gold;  
Not the treasures of the mine,  
Not bloating flocks he gave;  
Blood he shed, — 'twas blood divine,  
To sanctify and save.
- 4 Little saints in glory,  
Guilty though I be,  
I have learned the story,  
"Jesus died for me."  
Ransomed by his blood divine,  
My Saviour I will love;  
Bear his cross, then rise and join  
Your shining band above.

## WE WONT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

1. We wont give up the Bi - ble, God's ho - ly book of truth, The bless-ed staff of hon - ry age, The  
 2. We wont give up the Bi - ble, For it a - lone can tell The way to save our ru - ined souls From  
 3. We wont give up the Bi - ble, We'll shout it far and wide, Un - til the eck - o shall be heard Be-

guide of ear - ly youth, The lamp which sheds a glorious light O'er ev' - ry drea - ry road, The voice which speaks a  
 per - ish - ing in hell. And it a - lone can tell us how We can have hopes of heav'n, That thro' the Saviour's  
 yond the roll - ing tide; Till all shall know that we, tho' young, Withstand each treach'rons art, And that from God's own

## CHORUS.

Saviour's love, And leads us home to God. We wont give up the Bi - ble, God's ho - ly book of  
 pre - cious blood Our sins may be for - giv'n.  
 sa - cred word We'll nev - er, nev - er part.

truth, The bless-ed staff of ho-a-ry age, The guide of ear-ly youth, The guide of ear-ly youth.

## JESUS LOVES ME.

1. Je-sus loves me! This I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so; Lit-tle ones to him belong, They are weak but He is strong.

## CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,  
Heaven's gate to open wide;  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let his little child come in.  
Cho.—Yes, Jesus, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill;  
From his shining throne on high,  
Comes to watch me where I lie.  
Cho.—Yes, Jesus, &c.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay  
Close beside me all the way;  
If I love him, when I die  
He will take me home on high.  
Cho.—Yes, Jesus, &c.

## PRECIOUS SAVIOUR OF SALVATION.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

1st time.

2d.

1. Pre-cious Saviour of sal-va-tion, We, this fes-tal day, would sing,  
 And would make our cel-e-bran-tion, [Omit.] } With our Saviour's prais-es ring.  
 2. Pre-cious Saviour! 'tis thy blessing, Cheers us in the morn of life;  
 Helps us on-ward to be press-ing, [Omit.] } 'Mid earth's sorrows and its strife.

'Tis thy mer-cy that hath led us, To the Sab-bath-school we love, And our teach-ers  
 Guards from fas-cin-a-ting pleasures, That would lead our feet a-stray: Sets be-fore us

there have fed us With the man-na from a-bove.  
 heav'n-ly treasures, While we walk the nar-row way.

3 Precious Saviour! we adore thee,  
 For thy many mercies shown:  
 Let our praises come before thee,  
 Find acceptance at thy throne;  
 Thus our songs, to heaven ascending,  
 Join with those of saints above,  
 And, with angel-voices blending,  
 Celebrate redeeming love.

THE ANGELS SING. S. M.

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1. Come ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in the song with the  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God, But chil - dren of the

CHORUS.

sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne. The an - gels sing in their hap - py home, The  
 heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad. home.

an - gels sing in their hap - py home, The an - gels sing in their hap - py home, And we will join them here.

3 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.—CRO.

4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.—CRO.

## I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy  
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirs - ty one Stoop

head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I  
down, and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My

found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.  
thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him, my star, my sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

WE ARE GOING.

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1. We are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing To a land where all is light; Where are flow-ing, flow-ing, flow-ing, Liv-ing  
 2. We are sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing As we joy-ful pass a-long; Hear the ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing Of our  
 3. We are pray-ing, pray-ing, pray-ing For the sin-ners all a-round, Who are stray-ing, stray-ing, stray-ing In a

DUET. CHORUS.

wa - ters, pure and bright, Here we learn re-demption's sto - ry, Here we seek our Saviour's grace; There we  
 glad tri - umph - ant song, Hap - pi - ness our hearts is swelling As we ev - er upward tend, And we  
 mis - e - ry pro - found. We are long-ing to be - hold them Tread with us the heav'nly road; In our

shall be-hold his glo - ry, Wor-ship - ing be - fore his face.  
 can - not cease from tell-ing Of our pre-cious heavenly Friend.  
 arms we would en-fold them, As we jour - ney home to God.

3 Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,  
 Pace we on with prayer and song,  
 Hastening to the meeting, meeting  
 Of the blood-washed ransomed throng.  
 Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,  
 Help us faithful still to prove;  
 Then at home with thee forever,  
 May we gathered be above.

## MORN.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweet-ly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee, Tinged are the dis-tant  
D. S. home is in the

FINE.  
skies with glo-ry, A bea-con light hung out for thee. A - rise, a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee; Thy  
world of glo-ry, Where thy Ro-deem-er reigns a - lone.

D. S.  
name is gra-ven on the throne; Thy

4 Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,  
Bright as the Summer's noon-tide ray;  
The starry crown in realms of glory,

2 Tossed on the dark, proud waves of ocean,  
Calmly composed, undaunted be;  
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion,  
Thy God doth still remember thee.—Arise, &c.

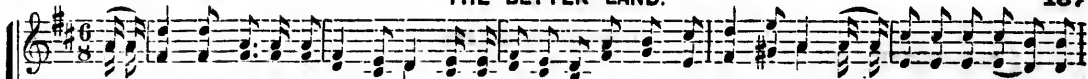
3 Christian, behold! the land is nearing,  
And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er,  
List to the heavenly hosts now cheering;  
See! in what throngs they range the shore.—Arise, &c.

Invites thy happy soul away.  
Away, away! leave all for glory,  
Thy name is graven on the throne, &c.

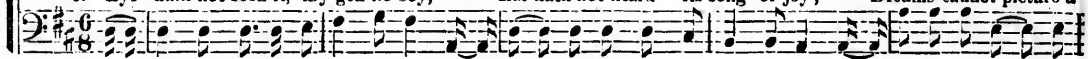


## THE BETTER LAND.

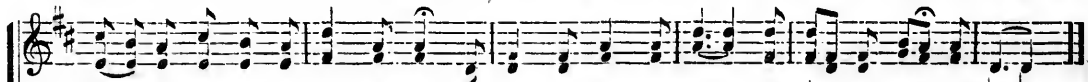
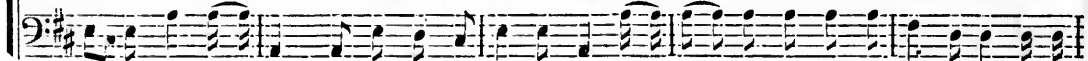
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1. I hear thee speak of the better land, Thou callest its children a happy band; Moth-er, oh, where is that  
 2. Is it where the feath-er-y palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe under sun-ny skies; Or 'midst the green islands of  
 3. Is it far a-way in some region old, Where the riv-ers wander o'er sands of gold; And the burning rays of the  
 4. Eye hath not seen it, my gen-tle boy, Ear hath not heard its song of joy; Dreams cannot picture a



ra-diant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the  
 glittering seas, Where fra-grant for-ests perfume the breeze, And strange, bright birds on the stary wings, Bear the  
 ru-bies shine, And the diamond lights up the se-cret mine, And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand? Is it  
 world so fair, Sor-row and death may not en-ter there; Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom, Far



fire-flies dance in the myr-tle boughs? Not there! not there! not there! My child, not there! not there!  
 rich hues of all glo-ri-ous things? Not there, &c.  
 there, sweet mother, that bet-ter land? Not there, &c.  
 beyond the clouds, and beyoud the tomb. 'Tis there! 'tis there! 'tis there! My child, 'tis there! 'tis here!



## GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

## ANNIVERSARY ANTHEM.

**FULL CHORUS.** *ff*

1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall  
 2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall

**SEMI-CHORUS OF DUET.**

be our song to - day; An - oth - er year's rich mer - cies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So  
 be our song to - day; The song that woke the glo - rious morn When Da - vid's great - er son was borne, Sung

**FULL CHORUS.**

let our loud - est voic - es raise Our An - ni - ver - sary song of praise. Glo - ry to God in the high - est!  
 by an heavenly host, and we Would join th'an - gel - ic com - pa - ny.

Musical score for "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!" featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score is in 3/4 time and includes dynamic markings *f* and *ff*. It concludes with two endings: "1st." and "2nd.".

Glory to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

ANDANTE.

## CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS.

Musical score for "CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE." in 2/2 time, marked "ANDANTE." and composed by Rev. J. A. Williams. The score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

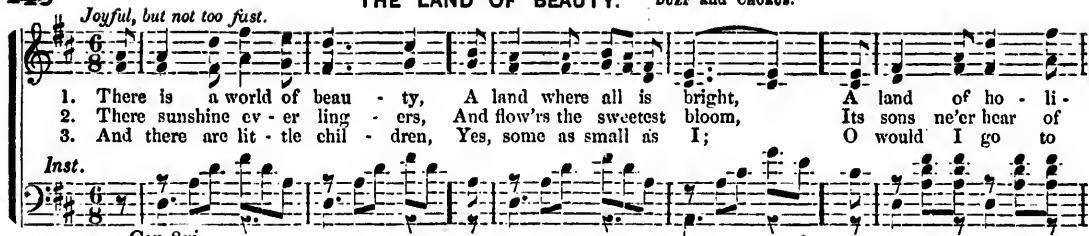
1. Cling to the might-y one, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the ho-ly one, He gives re-lief;  
 2. Cling to the lov-ing one, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the changeless one, Through all be-low;  
 4. Cling to the bleed-ing one, Cling to his side; Cling to the ris-en one, In him a-bide;

Musical score for the second part of "CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE." in 2/2 time, marked "ANDANTE." and composed by Rev. J. A. Williams. The score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Cling to the gra-cious one, Cling in thy pain; Cling to the faith-ful one, He will sus-tain.  
 Cling to the pardon-ing one, He speaketh peace; Cling to the heal-ing one, An-guish will cease.  
 Cling to the com-ing one, Hope shall a-rise; Cling to the reign-ing one, Joy lights thine eyes.

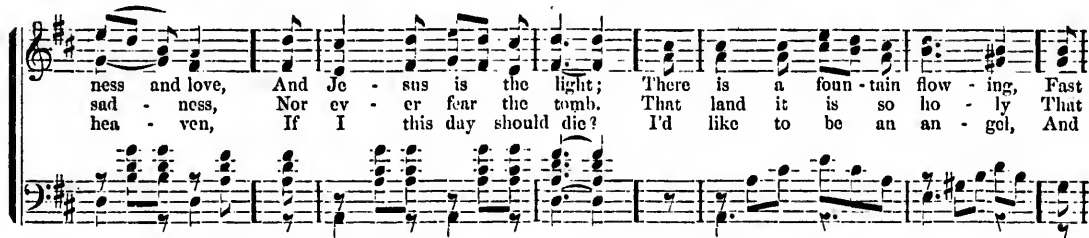
## THE LAND OF BEAUTY. DUET and CHORUS.

*Joyful, but not too fast.*



1. There is a world of beau - ty, A land where all is bright, A land of ho - li -  
 2. There sunshine ev - er ling - ers, And flow'rs the sweetest bloom, Its sons ne'er hear of  
 3. And there are lit - tle chil - dren, Yes, some as small as I; O would I go to

*Inst.*

*Con Svi.*


ness and love, And Je - sus is the light; There is a foun - tain flow - ing, Fast  
 sad - ness, Nor ev - er fear the tomb. That land it is so ho - ly That  
 hea - ven, If I this day should die? I'd like to be an an - gel, And



by the golden throne, And my - riad an - gels sing - ing Their praise to God a - lone.  
 land it is so fair, And Christ hath said, the wea - ry Shall find a ha - ven there.  
 wear a robe so white, And dwell with Christ for - ev - er In that blest land of light.

## THE LAND OF BEAUTY, Concluded.

141

## CHORUS.

Up in that land of beauty, That land so bright and fair, May we all meet our Saviour, And in his glo-ry share.

## BELOVED. 11s &amp; 8s.

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af-flic-tion, I call; My comfort by day, and my
2. Where dost thou at noontide re-sort with thy sheep, To feed in the pas-ture of love? For why in the val-ley of
3. O, why should I wan-der, an a - lien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.  
 death should I weep, Or alone in the wil - der-ness rove?  
 sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
 The star that on Israel shone?  
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
 And where with his flock he has gone?
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
 And myriads wait for his word;  
 He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

## BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright angel-feet have trod; With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing  
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the  
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev'-ry bur-den down; Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-

CHORUS. *p*

by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The bean-ti-ful, the bean-ti-ful riv-er,  
 hap-py, gold-en day.  
 vide a robe and crown.

Gather with the saints at the riv-er, That flows by the throne of God,

4 At the smiling of the river,  
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.  
 CHO.—Yes, We'll, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver.  
 With the melody of peace—CHO.

SORROW IS O'ER.

143

DUET.

1. What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears? What are all the sorrows I deplore?  
 2. I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay; I desire not this world's gilded store.

There's a song ever swelling, still lingers on my ears, "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."  
 There are voices now calling from those bright realms of day, "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

CHORUS:

'Tis a song from the home of the weary: "Sorrow, sorrow is forever o'er: Happy now, ever happy on Canaan's peaceful shore. Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
 'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore;  
 'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:  
 "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

- 3 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
 'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore;  
 'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:  
 "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—CHO.
- 4 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,  
 Where the conflict and the strife are o'er;  
 When the saved ones forever in joyous notes prolong,  
 "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—CHO.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY H. H. H. FRINCK ALBERT.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy  
2. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and life to all lie

mild; God and sin - ners re - con - ciled." Joy all ye na - tions rise; Join the triumph  
brings, Ris - en with heal - ing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that men no

of the skies; With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
more should die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.



A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

145

Boys, or FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Girls, or SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Traveller, whither art thou going, Heedless of the clouds that form? Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a  
 2. Traveller, art thou here a stranger, Not to fear the tempest's power? I have not a tho't of dan-ger, Tho' the

CHORUS.

land with-out a storm. And I'm go -ing, yes, I'm go -ing To that land that has no storms, And I'm  
 sky more dark-ly lower.

go -ing, yes, I'm go -ing to the land that has no storms.

- 3 *Boys.* Traveller, now a moment linger,  
 Soon the darkness will be o'er.  
*Girls.* No! I see a beckoning finger,  
 Guiding to a far-off shore.—CHO.
- 4 *Boys.* Traveller, yonder narrow portal,  
 Opens to receive thy form,  
*Girls.* Yes! but I shall be immortal  
 In that land without a storm.—CHO.

## ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

## ALLEGRETTO.

1. We're a hap - py band of schol - ars, On the road, on the road, We're a hap - py  
 2. Pa - rents, teach - ers, they are with us, On the road, on the road, With a host that  
 3. We're a hap - py band of schol - ars, On the road, on the road, We're a hap - py

band of schol - ars, On the road to heav'n. We will count our la - bors nothing If we gain that  
 can't be numbered, On the road to heav'n. While we raise our tuneful numbers With this hap - py  
 band of schol - ars, On the road to heav'n. We will count our la - bors nothing If we gain that

## CHORUS.

bliss - ful shore; There we'll join the songs of an - gels, Singing ev - er - more. We're on the road, we're  
 Sab - bath throug, Let each heart and voice u - nit - iug, Swell the joy - ous song.  
 bliss - ful shore; There we'll join the songs of an - gels, Singing ev - er - more.

On the road, Come join our hap - py band, Tho' small the gate, the way is straight to Zi - on's hap - py land.

## WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

1. This life is a bat - tle with Sa - tan and sin, And we are the sol - diers the vict - ry to win,  
And Christ is the Cap - tain of our lit - tle band, Whatev - er op - po - ses, for him we shall stand.  
2. To God for our ar - mor, we'll fail not to go, He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too,  
The "Gos - pel of peace" shall our footsteps at - tend, The good "shield of faith from all harm shall defend.

*Girls.*      *Boys.*      *Girls.*      *Boys.*      *All.*

We will stand                      We will stand,                      We will stand, we will stand for the right.  
for the right,                      for the right,                      We will, &c.

3 Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,  
Though wily our foes, we're strong in the Lord;  
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,  
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—Chor.

4 Though little temptations, the worst ones of all,  
Will often beset us, and cause us to fall;  
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,  
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—Chor.

## THE CRYSTAL SEA.

1. Sweet must it be to dwell se - cure From sim - ple stain, from tho't im - pure, No wand'ring foot - step  
2. How oft the struggling spir - it tries For blest com - mu - nion with the skies; How oft we pray that

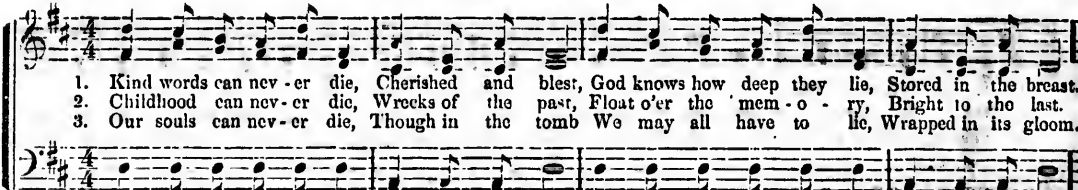
CHORUS.

to re - trace, No mourning for the Saviour's face; And this our hap - py lot shall be, When  
we may bear Christ's per - foot im - age, ev - en here; And O, like Je - sus we shall be, When

we have reached the crys - tal sea, When we have reached, have reached the crys - tal sea.  
we have, &c.

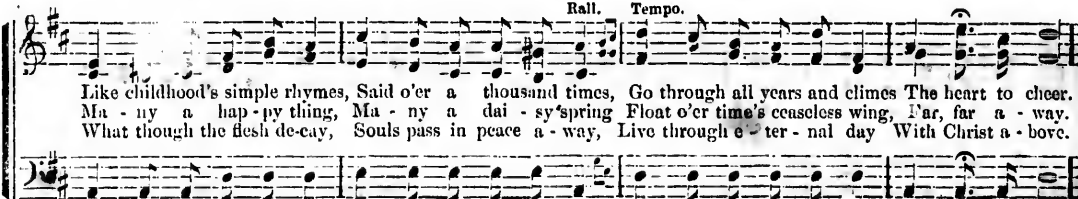
KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

149



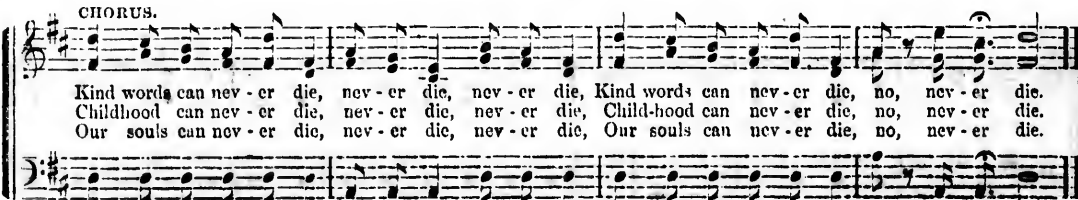
1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Stored in the breast.  
 2. Childhood can nev - er die, Wrecks of the past, Float o'er the mem - o - ry, Bright to the last.  
 3. Our souls can nev - er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapped in its gloom.

Rall. Tempo.



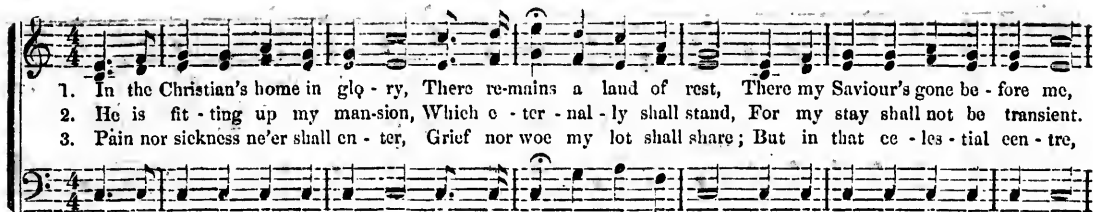
Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Go through all years and climes The heart to cheer.  
 Ma - ny a hap - py thing, Ma - ny a dai - sy's spring Float o'er time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way.  
 What though the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live through e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove.

CHORUS.



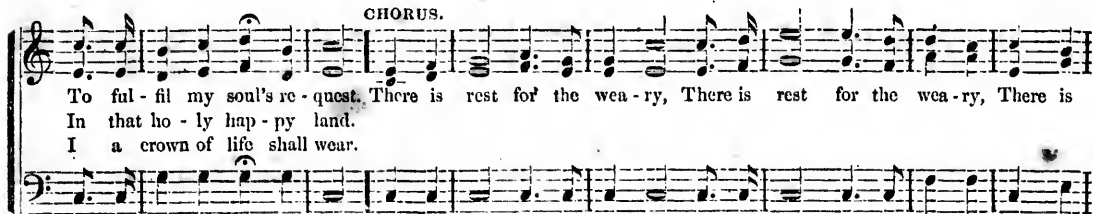
Kind words can nev - er die, nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
 Childhood can nev - er die, nev - er die, nev - er die, Child - hood can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.  
 Our souls can nev - er die, nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, no, nev - er die.

## REST FOR THE WEARY.

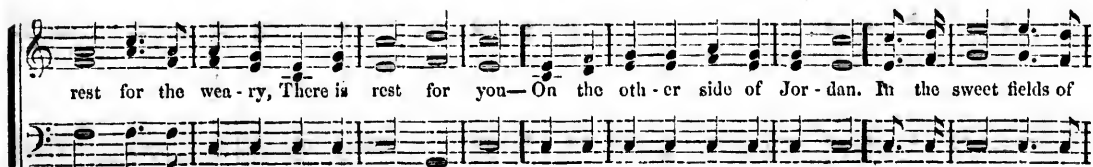


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be - fore me,  
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient.  
 3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre,

CHORUS.



To ful - fil my soul's re - quest. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is  
 In that ho - ly hap - py land.  
 I a crown of life shall wear.



rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—On the oth - er side of Jor - dan. In the sweet fields of

E - don, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn;  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,  
Hail with joy the rising morn.—CHO.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,  
Shout your triumph as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.—CHO.

NEVER GIVE UP.

1. Hast thou just be - gun to pray? Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up; }  
Press a - long the heavenly way, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up; }  
2. Fol - low those who've gone be - fore, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up; }  
Who have reached the deathless shore; Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up; }  
3. Think of those blest men of faith, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up; }  
Who re - sist - ed un - to death; Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up; }

Though an o - dict may be passed,  
From their loft - y seats on high,  
With what for - ti - tude they died;

Thou shalt be to li - ons cast, Hold thou thy pro - fes - sion fast; Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up.  
Far be - yond the star - ry sky; With u - nit - ed voice they cry; Nev - er nev - er, nev - er give up.  
"None but Christ," the martyrs cried, Ours is yet the strongest side; Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er give up.

## SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

MODERATO.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg - es ne'er shall roll, Where in all the bright for - ev - er,  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er; Shall we meet and cast our an - chor,  
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine, Where the walls are all of jas - per,

CODA.

Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet? Shall we meet be - yond the  
 By the fair, ee - les - tial shore? Shall we, &c.  
 Built by work - man - ship di - vine? Shall we, &c.

riv - er, Where the surg - es ne'er shall roll?

4 Where the music of the ransomed,  
 Rolls its harmony around;  
 And creation swells the chorus,  
 With its sweet, melodious sound.

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
 That was torn from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices,  
 And behold them face to face?



YES, WE'LL MEET.

153

MODERATO.

1. Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, When our con - flicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the blest for - ev - er,

2 Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions,  
Where our wand'rings all shall cease;  
There we'll meet our dear companions,  
And be crowed with perfect peace.

4: We shall meet, where all is onward,  
Every change new glories bring;  
And the host still moving forward,  
Glorify our heav'nly King.

3 Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortal,  
Sweeter far than rest can be;  
And before the throne eternal,  
All our earthly triumphs see.

5 We shall meet, O, weary brother,  
When the burden we lay down;  
We shall change our cross of anguish,  
For a bright unfading crown.

VERY LITTLE THINGS ARE WE.

1. Ver - y lit - tle things are we, O how mild we all should be; }  
Nev - er quar - rel, nev - er fight, [Omit.] } That would be a shocking sight.

2 Just like pretty little Lambs,  
Softly skipping by their dams;  
We'll be gentle all the day,  
Love to learn and cease to play.

3 We will love our teachers too,  
And be always kind and true;  
And attend to every rule,  
Of our much-loved Sunday-school.

## THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

Matth. 7: 24, 25.

1. O, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for - ev - er; The floods may come, and the  
 2. For He whose word is last - ing as the hills, Whose truth is unchang - ing ev - er, Hath said my house on the  
 3. O, if my house is built up - on the sand, 'Twill fall whon the floods are swelling; The winds will blow, and the  
 4. Then let my house be built up - on a rock, For there it will stand for - ev - er; The floods may come, and the

roll - ing thunder's shock May beat up - on my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,  
 sol - id rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of his hand, And it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,  
 tem - pest will de - scend, And beat up - on my house that is built upon the sand, And it surely will fall, nev - er to rise,  
 roll - ing thunder's shock May beat up - on my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev - er will fall, nev - er will fall,

FULL CHORUS. *ff* *mp*

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er. My rock is firm, it is my sure foun - da - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my  
 My rock is firm, is firm,

*Cres.*

lov - ing Saviour, Je - sus Christ, my lov - ing Saviour, The rock of my sal - va - tion, The rock of my sal - va - tion.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I OFFER THEE THIS HEART OF MINE.

*f* 2d time FULL CHORUS.

1. I of - fer thee this heart of mine, O God of ho - li - ness, No love can be as pure as  
D. s. I'd rat - her bear thy cross than  
2. On earth there is no hap - pi - ness, No one, like thee, to love, No hand, like thine, has pow'r to  
D. s. How sweet 'twill be for me to

*Fine.* DUET.

D. s. *f*

thine, No oth - er love can bless. My bosom swells with love for thee, Great Fount of sweet - est joy,  
be A king, the throne my toy.  
bless, Out - reached from heaven above. And oh! when death's cold cup I drink, Tho' but a child I be,  
think, It brings me near to thee.

## HOSANNA TO THE LAMB OF GOD.

1. Come, O my soul, in joy - ous lays At - tempt thy great Re - deemer's praise; But O what tongue can  
 2. En - throned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, Ho glo - ry like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of  
 3. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And let his praise em -

speak his fame, What verse can reach the loft - y theme? Glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing, While heaven and earth with  
 light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round thee shine. Glo - ry, &c.  
 ploy my tongue Till listening worlds shall join the song. Glo - ry, &c.

glo - ry ring, Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God. Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While

ALLEGRETTO.

COME, YOUTHFUL PILGRIMS, COME.

159

DUET.

1. Come, youthful pilgrims, come, haste to the Sa- viour, Come, ye young wan- der - ers, cling to his side.  
 2. Here see the bread of life; see wa- ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.  
 3. Fa - ther in hea - ven, hear, we bow be - fore thee, Look down in mer - cy, lend a lis'ning ear.

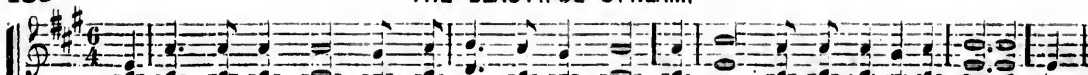
Kneel at his mer - cy - seat, sue for his fa - vor, Lambs of his ho - som, for whom he hath died.  
 Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - rows, but heaven can re - move.  
 Par - don we hum - bly ask, while we a - dore thee, Wilt thou not lis - ten, and an - swer our pray'r.

CHORUS.

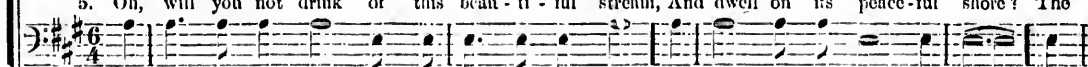
Kneel at his mer - cy - seat, sue for his fa - vor, Lambs of his ho - som for whom he hath died.

NOTE.—Repeat the last two lines of each verse for the Chorus.


## THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.



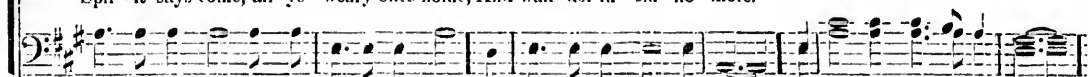
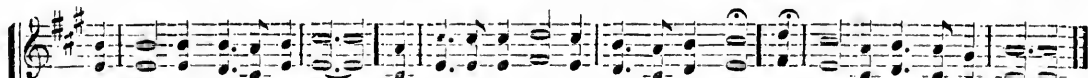
1. O, have you not heard of a beau-ti-ful stream, That flows thro' our Fath-er's land? Its  
 2. With mur-mur-ing sound doth it wan-der a-long, Thro' fields of e-ter-nal green; Where  
 3. Its foun-tains are deep and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the wea-ry soul; It  
 4. This beau-ti-ful stream is the Riv-er of Life! It flows for all na-tions, free! A  
 5. Oh, will you not drink of this beau-ti-ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore? Tho



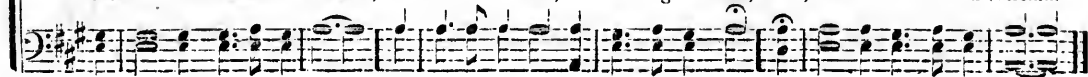
## CHORDS.



wa-ters gleam bright in the heav-en-ly light, And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand. Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream;  
 songs of the blest, in their ha-ven of rest, Float soft on the air se-rene.  
 flows from the throne of Je-ho-vah a-lone! Oh, come where its bright waves roll.  
 balm for each wound in its wa-ter is found; Oh, sin-ner, it flows for thee!  
 Spir-it says come, all ye wea-ry ones home, And wan-der in sin no more.

Seek now that beau-ti-ful stream; Its wa-ters so free, are flow-ing for thee,— Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream.



JESUS IS MINE!

161

MODERATO.

1. Why should I be sad or fear - ful? Je - sus is mine: Why should eyes with grief be tearful:  
 2. Mine from dan - ger to pro - tect me, Je - sus is mine: From my wail'd'rings to cor - rect me,  
 3. Mine through life's tem - pes - tuous jour - ney, Je - sus is mine: What tho' it be rough and, storm - y?

DUET.

Je - sus is mine: Now, his gracious work com - plet - ed, He a - bove all pow'r is seat - ed,  
 Je - sus is mine: Mine to fill my soul with pleas - ure, Mine, a price - less, peer - less treas - ure,  
 Je - sus is mine: Now he spreads his ban - ner o'er me, Sets the "bles - ed hope" be - fore me,

And by hosts in glo - ry greet - ed; Je - sus is mine!  
 Mine e'en now, and mine for - ev - er; Je - sus is mine!  
 Of his com - ing soon in glo - ry; Je - sus is mine!

- 4 Till that day, I'd fain be telling,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 On his love be ever dwelling;  
 Jesus is mine;  
 Thus I'd wait his blest appearing,  
 His own voice my spirit cheering;  
 Till I sing, the palm-branch bearing,  
 Jesus is mine!

## OH, SO BRIGHT!

1. There is a bet-ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! Where sin and woe are done a-way.  
 2. No clouds e'er pass a-long the sky, Hap-py land! Hap-py land! No tear-drop glistens in the eye  
 6. Tho' we are sin-ners, ev'-ry one, Je-sus died! Je-sus died! And though our crown of peace is gone,

Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And mu-sic fills the balm-y air, And an-gels with bright wings are there, And  
 Hap-py land! Hap-py land! They drink the gushing streams of grace, And gaze up-on the Saviour's face, Whose  
 Je-sus died! Je-sus died! We may be cleansed from eve-ry stain, We may be crown'd with bliss a-gain, And

harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!  
 brightness fills the ho-ly place, Hap-py land! Hap-py land!  
 in that land of pleasure reign; Je-sus died! Je-sus died!

- 4 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,  
 Come away!  
 We long to reach our Father's home,  
 Come away!  
 Oh, come, the time is gliding past,  
 And men and things are fleeting fast,  
 Our turn will surely come at last;  
 Come away! come away!



COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

*Not too Slow.*

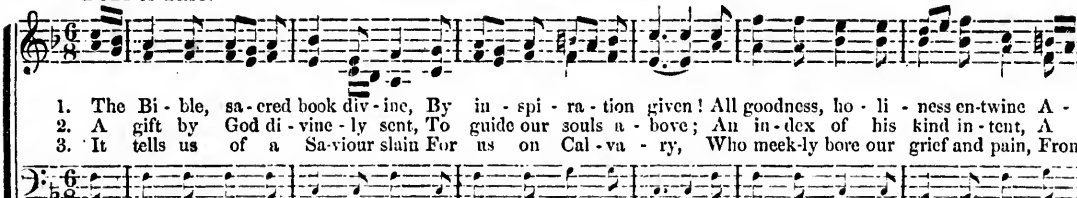
1. O come, children come, to the foun-tain draw near, Where the wa-ters of life are flowing so clear,  
 2. This foun-tain is flowing by night and by day, 'Twas opened for sinners; then keep not a-way;  
 3. From the des-erts of sor-row and sin quickly flee, To this fountain of life, whose wa-ters are free;

In Je-sus 'tis opened, no long-er de-lay, O, come and ac-cept him while yet 'tis to-day.  
 Come, drink of it free-ly, 'tis free-ly be-stowed, The life giv-ing fountain, the "riv-er of God."  
 It heals ev-ry sickness, it ban-ish-es pain, And who-ev-er tastes it, will ne'er thirst a-gain.

REFRAIN.

O, come, chil-dren come, O, come, children come, O, come to the "Fountain" while yet 'tis to-day.

## THE BIBLE, SACRED BOOK DIVINE.

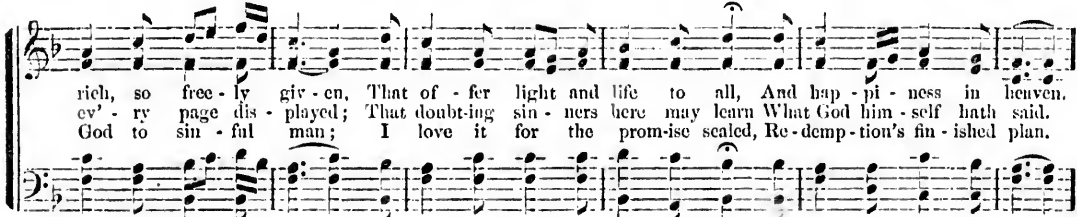


1. The Bi - ble, sa - cred book div - ine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! All goodness, ho - li - ness en - twine A -  
 2. A gift by God di - vine - ly sent, To guide our souls a - bove; An in - dex of his kind in - tent, A  
 3. It tells us of a Sa - viour slain For us on Cal - va - ry, Who meek - ly bore our grief and pain, From

## CHORUS.



round this gift from heaven. I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it for its prom - is - es, So  
 mon - u - ment of love. I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it for its glorious truths, On  
 sin to set us free. I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it for the love revealed By



rich, so free - ly giv - en, That of - fer light and life to all, And hap - pi - ness in heaven.  
 ev' - ry page dis - played; That doubt - ing sin - ners here may learn What God him - self hath said.  
 God to sin - ful man; I love it for the prom - ise sealed, Re - demp - tion's fin - ished plan.

## HEAVENLY HOME.

185

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Pre-cious name to me; I love to think the time will come When  
 2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! There no clouds a - rise, No tear-drop fall, no dark nights dim Thy

FINE.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; I seek for one to come; And  
 ev - er - smil - ing skies. This earth-ly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will of - ten come; And

D.C.

tho' my pil - grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.  
 oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home.

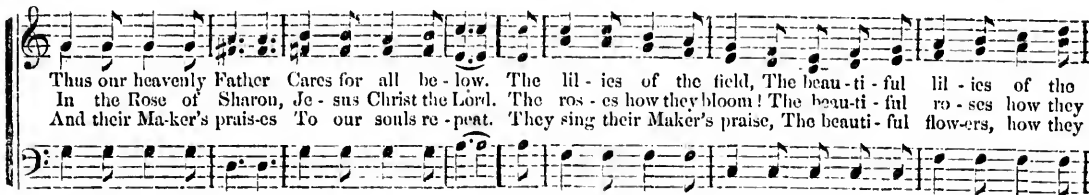
3 Heavenly home! heavenly home!  
 Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,  
 Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,  
 For all is peace at home.  
 I know I ne'er shall worthy be  
 To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;  
 But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,  
 And now he calls me home.

## SONG OF THE LILIES.

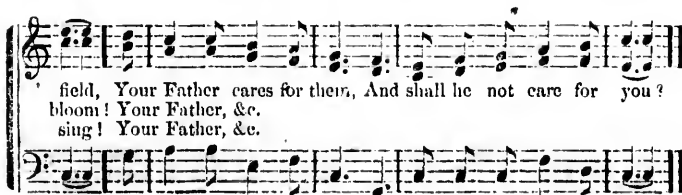
"consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—MATT. 6, 28; 30.



1. Hark, the lil - ies whis - per Ten - der - ly and low, "In our grace and beau - ty, See how fair we grow ;"  
 2. Hark, the ros - es speak - ing, Tell - ing all a - broad Their sweet, wondrous sto - ry, Of the love of God,  
 3. But - ter - cups and daisies, And the vio - lets sweet, Flow'rs of field and gar - den, All their voi - ces meet;



Thus our heavenly Father Cares for all be - low. The lil - ies of the field, The beau - ti - ful lil - ies of the  
 In the Rose of Sharon, Je - sus Christ the Lord. The ros - es how they bloom ! The beau - ti - ful ro - ses how they  
 And their Ma - ker's prais - es To our souls re - peat. They sing their Ma - ker's praise, The beau - ti - ful flow - ers, how they



field, Your Father cares for them, And shall he not care for you ?  
 bloom ! Your Father, &c.  
 sing ! Your Father, &c.

- 4 Let us then, be trustful,  
 Doubting not, although  
 Much of toil and trouble  
 Be our lot below.  
 Think upon the lilies,  
 See how fair they grow.  
 The lilies of the field,  
 The beautiful lilies of the field ;  
 Your Father, &c.

SCATTER SMILES AS YOU GO.

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1. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way, Thro' this world of toil and care; Like the beams of the  
 2. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but lit - tle they cost; But your heart may nev - er know What a joy they may  
 3. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the 'gravo of the past, Where the orphan's treasure lies; In the tear-drop that

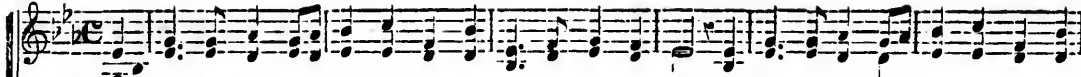
CHORUS.

morn - ing that gent - ly play, They will leave a sun - light there. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter  
 car - ry to wea - ry ones Who are pale with want and woe.  
 glis - tens there light will shine, As the rain - bow paints the skies.

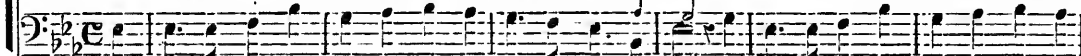
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, bright smiles,

smiles as you pass on your way, Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, bright smiles.


Scatter smiles, Scatter smiles, Scatter smiles as you pass on your way.  
 bright smiles, bright smiles,



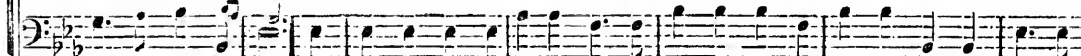
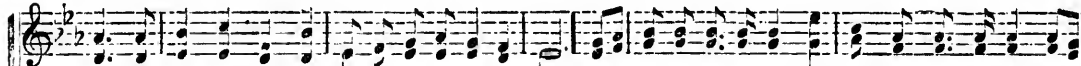
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And  
 2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs: Death, like a nar-row stream, di-vides That  
 3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green, So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While



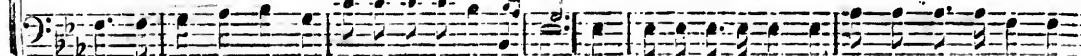
## CHORUS.

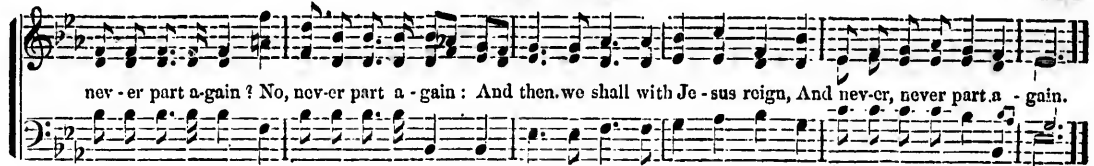


pleas-ures ban-ish pain. We're march-ing thro' In-man-uel's ground, And soon shall hear the trumpet sound; And then we  
 hap-py land from ours.  
 Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

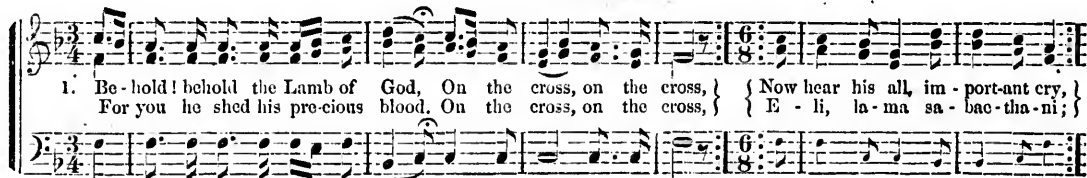
shall with Je-sus reign, And nev-er, nev-er part a-gain, What! nev-er part a-gain? No, nev-er part a-gain. What!





nev-er part a-gain? No, nev-er part a-gain: And then we shall with Je-sus roign, And nev-er, never part a-gain.

## ON THE CROSS.



1. Be-hold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross, { { Now hear his all, im-portant cry, }  
For you he shed his pre-cious blood. On the cross, on the cross, { { E-li, la-ma sa-bao-tha-ni; } }



Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.

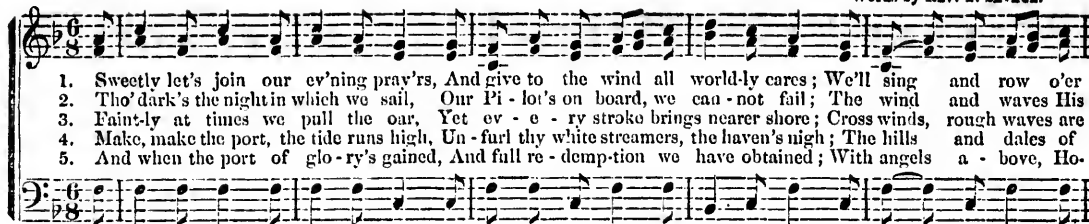
2 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross, on the cross;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for our sake,  
On the cross, on the cross.

3 Let all the children come and sing, Of the cross, &c.  
Parents and teachers come and sing, To the cross, &c.  
Here let the preacher take his stand,  
And with the Bible in his hand,  
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb. On the cross, &c.

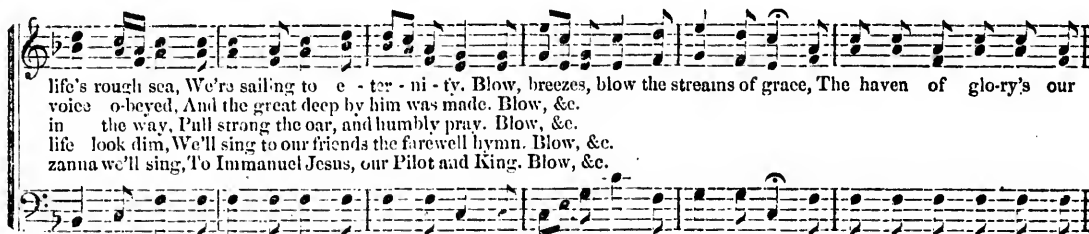
4 Where e'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the cross, &c.  
In nought my youthful heart shall glory, Save the, &c.  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus suffered death for me, On the cross, &c.

## THE CANADIAN BOAT HYMN.

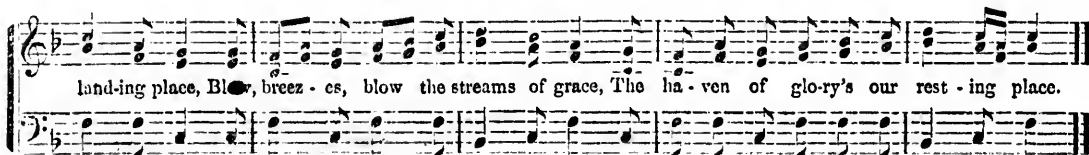
Words by REV. T. SAVAGE.



1. Sweetly let's join our ev'ning pray'rs, And give to the wind all world-ly cares; We'll sing and row o'er  
 2. Tho' dark's the night in which we sail, Our Pi - lot's on board, we can - not fail; The wind and waves His  
 3. Faint-ly at times we pull the oar, Yet ev - e - ry stroke brings nearer shore; Cross winds, rough waves are  
 4. Make, make the port, the tide runs high, Un - farl thy white streamers, the haven's nigh; The hills and dales of  
 5. And when the port of glo - ry's gained, And full re - demp-tion we have obtained; With angels a - bove, Ho-

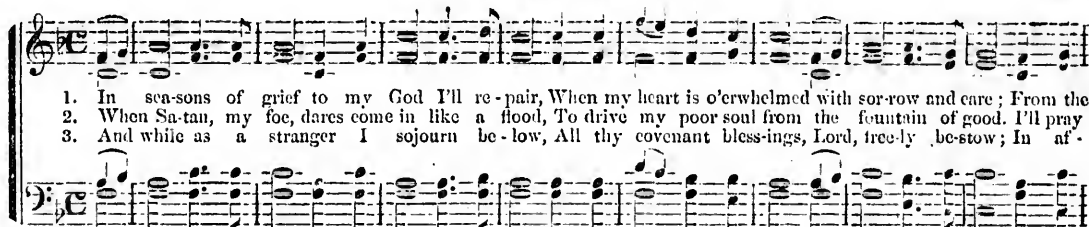


life's rough sea, We're sailing to e - ter - ni - ty. Blow, breezes, blow the streams of grace, The haven of glo-ry's our  
 voices o-beyed. And the great deep by him was made. Blow, &c.  
 in the way, Pull strong the oar, and humbly pray. Blow, &c.  
 life look dim, We'll sing to our friends the farewell hymn. Blow, &c.  
 zanna we'll sing, To Immanuel Jesus, our Pilot and King. Blow, &c.

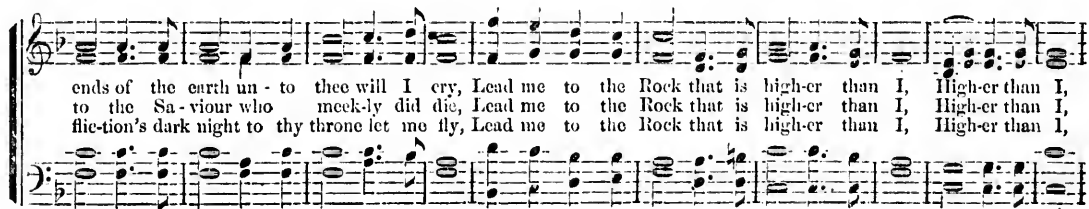


land-ing place, Blow, breez - es, blow the streams of grace, The ha - ven of glo-ry's our rest - ing place.

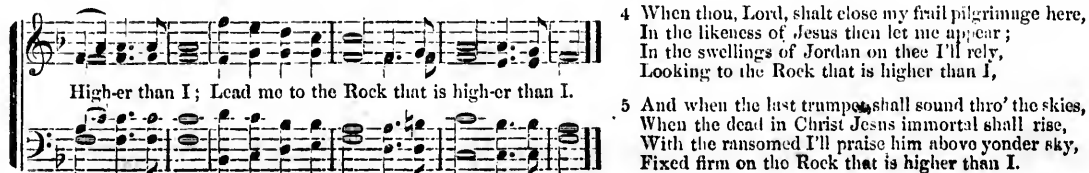




1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor-row and care; From the  
 2. When Sa-tan, my foe, dares come in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good. I'll pray  
 3. And while as a stranger I sojourn be-low, All thy covenant bless-ings, Lord, free-ly be-stow; In af-



ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,  
 to the Sa- viour who meek-ly did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,  
 fic-tion's dark night to thy throne let me fly, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,



High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

4 When thou, Lord, shalt close my frail pilgrimge here,  
 In the likeness of Jesus then let me appear;  
 In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,  
 Looking to the Rock that is higher than I,

5 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,  
 When the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,  
 With the ransomed I'll praise him above yonder sky,  
 Fixed firm on the Rock that is higher than I.

## TEACHERS, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Solo Alto. Solo Tenor.

1. Teachers, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Children, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star!  
 2. Teachers, tell us of the night, Higher yet that star ascends. Children, blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends;

Solo Soprano. Solo Tenor or Bass.

Teachers, does its beautiful ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Children, yes; it brings the day: Promised day of Isra-el.  
 Teachers, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Children, ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

*Chorus for 1st and 2d verses.*

*Chorus for 3d verse.*

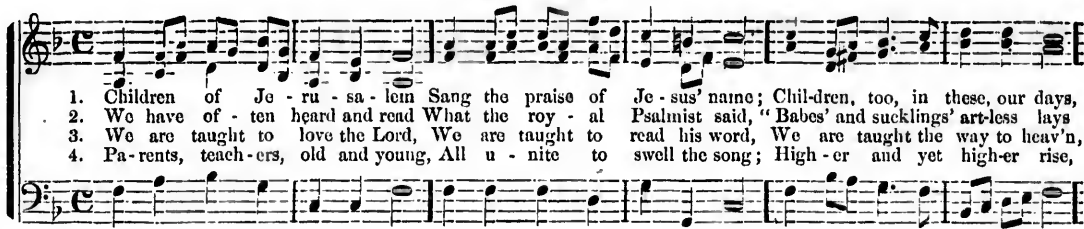
1. Children, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Isra-el.  
 2. Children, ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. 3. Children, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the

Son of God is come, Lo, the son of God is come!

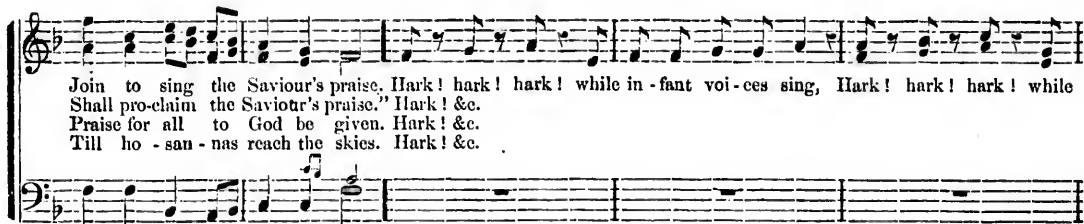
- 3 Teachers, tell us of the night,  
 For the darkness seems to dawn,  
 Children, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Teachers, let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Children, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

INFANT PRAISE.

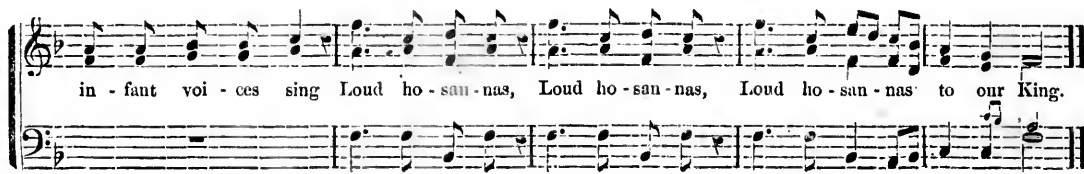
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1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name; Chil-dren, too, in these, our days,  
 2. We have of - ten heard and read What the roy - al Psalmist said, "Babes' and sucklings' art-less lays,  
 3. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his word, We are taught the way to heav'n,  
 4. Pa-rents, teach-ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song; High - er and yet high-er rise,



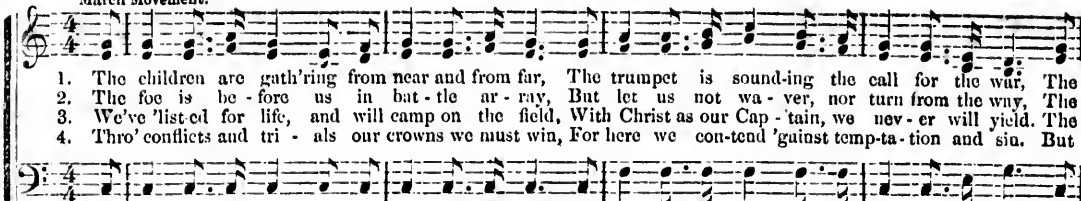
Join to sing the Saviour's praise, Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voi-ces sing, Hark! hark! hark! while  
 Shall pro-claim the Saviour's praise." Hark! &c.  
 Praise for all to God be given. Hark! &c.  
 Till ho - san - nas reach the skies. Hark! &c.



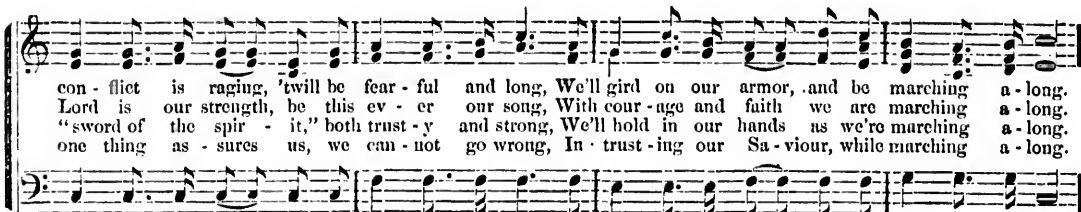
in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

## MARCHING ALONG.


## March Movement.



1. The children are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sound-ing the call for the war, The  
 2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wa-ver, nor turn from the way, The  
 3. We've 'list'ed for life, and will camp on the field, With Christ as our Cap-tain, we nev-er will yield. The  
 4. Thro' conflicts and tri-als our crowns we must win, For here we con-tend 'gainst temp-ta-tion and sin. But



con-flict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be march-ing a-long.  
 Lord is our strength, be this ev-er our song, With cour-age and faith we are march-ing a-long.  
 "sword of the spir-it," both trust-y and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're march-ing a-long.  
 one thing as-sures us, we can-not go wrong, In-trust-ing our Sa-viour, while march-ing a-long.

CHORUS. *ff*


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

con - flict is rag - ing, 'twill be fear - ful and long, Then girl on the ar - mor and be marching a - long.

COME TO THE HOUSE OF GOD. -

1. Come to the	house of	God,	His	Sub - bath	lights	the	skies ;
2. The world hath	lost its	thrall,	'Tis the	day of	peace	and	love ;
3. Come to the	house of	God,	And,	glad - ly	seek	his	face :
4. His word and	will to	learn,	Seek	him in	praise	and	pray'r ;

Cast off each	wea - ry	load,	Let	hymns	of	praise	a - rise.
And holy	du - - ties	call	To the	Lord	of	all	love.
Bow to his	chast'n - ing	rod,	Ask	and	re -	ceive	his
Then, wand'ring	pil - grim,	turn,	And	to	his	courts	re - pair.

## LO! THE PROMISED DAY IS BREAKING.

MODERATO.

1. Lo! the promised day is breaking, See its glorious light ap-pear, An - gel notes are soft-ly steal-ing  
 2. Yes! the promised day is breaking, Darkness, ha - tred reign no more, For Im - man - uel comes to vanquish  
 3. O the joy of his ap - pearing, Life di - vine his words im - part, And the strength he gives shall en - ter

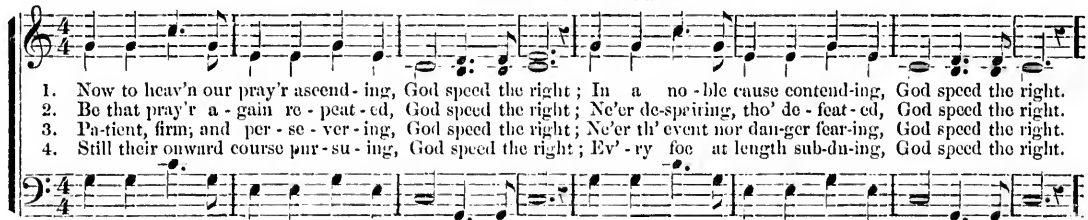
On the morning's wakeful ear. Hark! they float a - round and near us, Ho - ly strains of peace and love,  
 Sin and death, and man re - store. Wel - come, welcome, gra - cious Sav - iour, Wel - come, King - dom of our God,  
 In - to ev' - ry o - pen heart. Now the Queen of Chri - stian gra - ces Is by him en - thron - ed there,

Fall - ing on the list'ning spir - it From the hap - py world a - bove. Lo! lo!  
 Dwell with us in pow'r and glo - ry, Make on earth thy blest a - bode.  
 Sov'reign of the best and pur - est, Brightest of the good and fair.

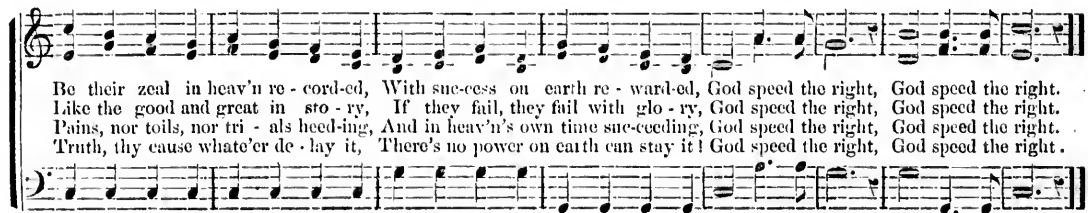


Lo! the glorious light ap - pears.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.



1. Now to heav'n our pray'r ascend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble cause contend - ing, God speed the right.
2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; Ne'er de - speir - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.
3. Pa - tient, firm; and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th' event nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.
4. Still their onward course pur - su - ing, God speed the right; Ev' - ry foe at length sub - du - ing, God speed the right.



Be their zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 Like the good and great in sto - ry, If they fail, they fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's own time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
 Truth, thy cause whate'er de - lay it, There's no power on earth can stay it! God speed the right, God speed the right.

## THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

DR. CALLCOTT.

1. May ev' - ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move, To  
 2. Let good men ne'er of truth de - spair, Tho' hum - ble ef - forts fail; Oh, give not o'er un - til once more The  
 3. Tho' interest pleads that no - ble deeds The world will not re - gard; To no - ble minds that du - ty binds, No

live in joy and peace, Now sor - row reigns, and earth complains, For fol - ly still her pow'r maintains; But the  
 righteous cause pre - vail, In vain, and long, en - during wrong, The weak may strive against the strong; But the  
 suc - ri - fice is hard. The brave and true may seem but few, But hope has bet - ter things in view; And the

With the right,  
 day shall yet ap - pear, When the might with the right, and the truth shall be, When the might with the right, and the  
 day shall yet ap - pear, When, &c.  
 day will yet ap - pear, When, &c.



truth shall be, And come what there may, To stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

## AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

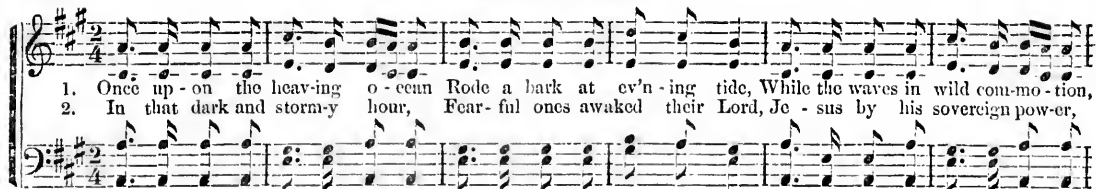
ALLEGRETTO.

1. A-round the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children, whose sins are all forgiven; A  
2. In flow-ing robes of spot-less white, See ev'-ry one ar-rayed: Dwelling in ev-er-last-ing light, And

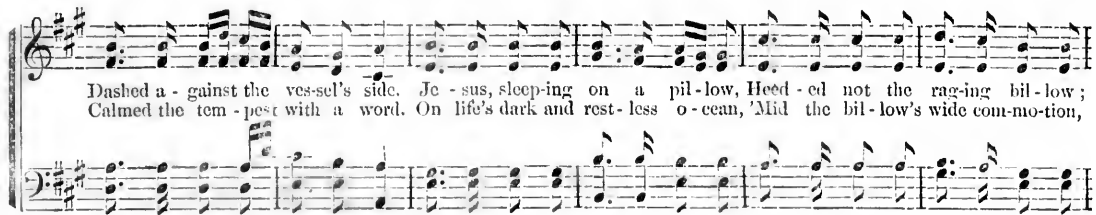
ho-ly, hap-py band, Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high.  
joys that nev-er fade. Sing-ing, &c.

- 3 What brought them to that world above? 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood, 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
That heaven so bright and fair, To wash away their sin; On earth they loved his name;  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; Bathed in that pure and precious blood, So now they see his blessed face;  
How came those children there? Behold them white and clean! And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing glory, &c. Singing glo-ry, &c. Singing glory, &c.

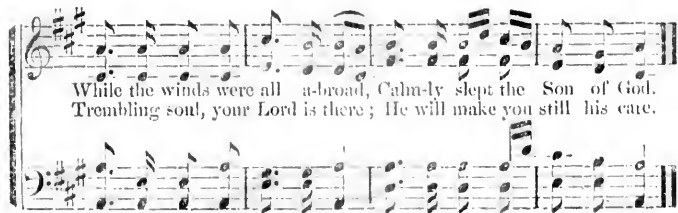
## PEACE, BE STILL.



1. Once up - on the heav - ing o - cean Rode a bark at ev' n - ing tide, While the waves in wild con - mo - tion,  
2. In that dark and storm - y hour, Fear - ful ones awak - ed their Lord, Je - sus by his sov - er - eign pow - er,



Dashed a - gainst the ves - sel's side. Je - sus, sleep - ing on a pil - low, Heed - ed not the rag - ing bil - low ;  
Calmed the tem - pest with a word. On life's dark and rest - less o - cean, 'Mid the bil - low's wide con - mo - tion,



While the winds were all a - broad, Calm - ly slept the Son of God.  
Trembling soul, your Lord is there ; He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping,  
When before his throne you bow ;  
Never, never is he sleeping,  
Where he reigns in glory now.  
If the world is dark before thee,  
If the billows, rolling o'er thee,  
All thy soul with terror fill,  
Hear him saying, " Peace, be still."

RALLY ROUND THE CROSS.

181

1. Hark! the Gos-pel trumpet sounding, Hear its ech-o far and wide; }  
 Mil-lions to the cross are fly-ing, Where the Saviour bled and } died, Come and join that no-ble ar-my,

And our bat-tle-ry shall be, Ral-ly round the cross of Je-sus; He has died to make us free.

CHORUS.

Ral-ly round the cross, Ral-ly round the cross; Je-sus died to make us free; Ral-ly, ral-ly round the cross.

2 Through his all atoning merit,  
 We no more are slaves to sin;  
 By his grace we yet may conquer;  
 Foes without and foes within.  
 Courage, let our hearts be valiant,  
 And our armor brightly shine;  
 Take the helmet of salvation,  
 Wield the sword of truth divine.

3 See our glorious banner waving  
 O'er the Christian's battle-ground;  
 Faithful at our posts of duty,  
 Let us each and all be found.  
 See our glorious banner waving,  
 To its colors boldly stand;  
 Lo! one "beacon" in the distance,  
 Pointing to the promised land.

## THE POLAR STAR.

1. Weary wander o'er the main, Seeking for thy home a - gain, Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise,  
 2. Stranger, on a rocky strand, Longing for thy fa - ther-land, Thro' the gath'ring clouds that rise,

Veiling thy na - tal skies; Look be - yond, there's light for thee, Streaming o'er the tur - bid sea;  
 Veiling thy na - tal skies; Look be - yond, there's hope for thee, Dawning o'er a tranquil sea;

Soft-ly it smiles, tho' distant far, The beautiful po - lar star.  
 Soft-ly it smiles, tho' distant far, The beautiful po - lar star.

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

## SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

183

SINGLE VOICE, (BOY,) OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Boy. 1. Do you know a - ny lit - tle bare-foot boy, In a gar-ret or a cel - lar, Who shivers with cold, and whose  
 Girl. 2. Do you know a - ny lit - tle tired girl, Whose feet with cold are aching, Whose shrinking form braves the  
 3. Can you think of a comrade who often goes To play in the lots on Sunday, And who's late at school, and who

CHORUS.

garments old, Will scarcely hold to - gether? Go bring him in; there is room to spare; Here are food, and shel-ter, and  
 winter's storm; The alms of the richer taking? Go bring her in, &c.  
 breaks the rule Of his teacher dear on Monday? Go bring him in, &c.

Repeat in full Chorus.

pity; And we'll not shut the door 'Gainst one of Christ's poor, Tho' you bring every child in the ci - ty.

TEACHER.

4 Go! gather them in from the tenement house,  
 And the merchant's stately palace;  
 From the world's dark strife, and the heavenly life,  
 Let them drink from the golden chalice. Go bring them, &c.

5 'Tis the Master's work! there is none so low,  
 But his loving hand may reach them;  
 And there's none so sunk in want and woe  
 But we'll joy to help and teach them. Go bring them, &c.

## THE HAPPY HOME.

1. I am bound for the land of the living, O hinder me not on my way; The sunlight is bright'ning be-  
The flowers that bloom in my pathway Breathe odors that waft me right on; They lure me no longer to  
2. I am weaned from this land of the dying; De-cay is enstamped every-where; Earth's pleasures are seeming and  
The joy-rays of life are remembered Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain, The flesh and the spir - it are

*ff* REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*

fore me That heralds e - ter - ni - ty's day. }  
tar - ry, But welcome earth's time to be gone. } There's a hap - py home beyond this world of care; A  
fleeting— My soul has grown weak with its care. }  
weaving, Each striving the mastery to gain. } There's a hap - py, &c.

home a - bove, where all is love, And the good shall all meet there; A home above where all is love, And the

*Coda for Last Stanza.*

good shall all meet there. Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

3 I am waiting the summons that bids me  
No longer a pilgrim to roam,  
But, leaving the past in this death-land,  
Make the land of the living my home.

The messenger-angel stands waiting,  
The signal to whisper to me,  
That the place is prepared for my dwelling,  
And the Master is calling for me.

4 The land of the living is yonder ;  
There life to its fullness has grown ;  
There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,  
And sickness, and death are unknown.  
There the songs of redemption are chanted,  
By a holy, harmonious band ;  
O, when shall I leave this clay casket,  
And fly to my home in that land ?

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

\* Can be sung in two sharps, if preferred.

1. Come, children come, God bids you come ; Come and learn to sing the sto - ry Of the Lord of  
2. Come, children come, Christ bids you come ; Ear - ly seek his face and fa - vor, Love and serve your

life and glory ; Come, children come, Come, children come.  
blessed Saviour ; Come, children come, Come, children come.

3 Come, children come, the Spirit says come ;  
Come with Zion's sons and daughters,  
To the spring of living waters ;  
Come, children come, come, children come.  
4 Come, children come, make heaven your home ;  
Then, though earthly ties may sever,  
You may live with Christ forever !  
Come, children come, come, children come !

## THE GARDEN HYMN.

1. The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes, The lilies grow and thrive;  
d. s. Which make the dead re - vive,

**FINE.**  
The lil - ies grow and thrive; Refresh - ing showers of grace di - vine From Je - sus flow to ev' - ry vine,  
Which make the dead re - vive.

- 2 O, that this dry and barren ground  
In springs of water might abound,  
A fruitful soil be,  
The desert hill  
While Jesus here  
And makes his people live.
- 3 The glorious time is now,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is;  
I taste and see the pardon free  
For all mankind as well as me,  
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
And taste the sweetness of his word,

- In Jesus' ways go on:  
Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.
- 5 We feel that heav'n is now begun;  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high:  
It comes in floods we can't contain;  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.
- 6 But when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
Jesus will lead his armies through,

- To living fountains where they flow,  
That never will run dry.
- 7 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,  
And make the upper regions ring,  
When all the saints get home:  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
Soon we shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.
- Amen, Amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
And claim my mansion there;  
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more,



RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY ABOVE.

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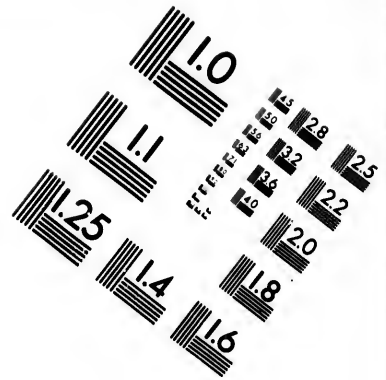
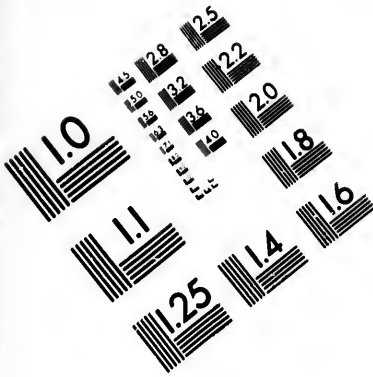
1. There's many a poor lit - tle boy, Whose father and moth - er are dead, Whose heart is a stranger to  
 2. Go out in the hedges and find, For the angels has giv - en the rule, The halt, and the maimed, and the  
 3. Go, bear - ing the en - sign of love, Its banner - ies for - ev - er unfurled, Recruit for the ar - my a -

CHORUS. *Faster.*

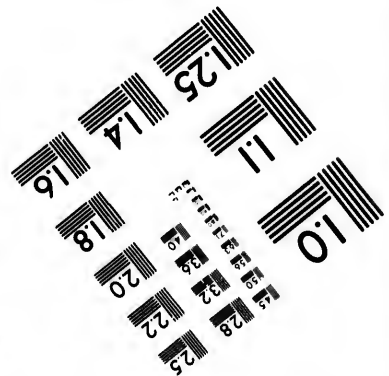
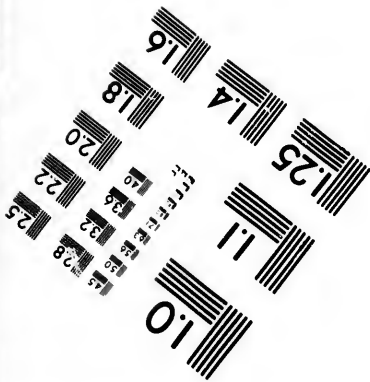
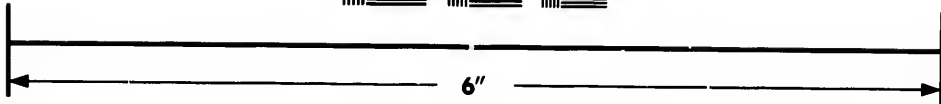
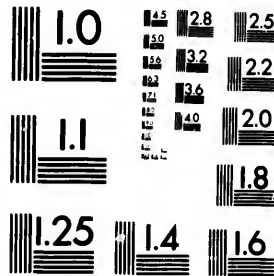
joy, No home save a hov - el or shed. We care not how poor or rich he may be, Go, bring him in, Sal -  
 blind, Go, bring them all in - to the school.  
 above, Your warrant em - brae - es the world.

va - tion is free ; His soul is a jew - el, whose light by and by, May shine in your crown, like a star in the sky.





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## COME, YE SINNERS. Ss &amp; Ts.

FINE.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }  
 Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. } Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion,  
 d. c. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

D.C.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh. Turn, &c.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him. Turn, &c.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all. Turn, &c.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
 On the bloody tree behold him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies. Turn, &c.

## COME, HOLY SPIRIT, COME.

1. Come, Holy	Spi - rit,	come!	Let	thy bright	beams a -	rise;
2. Convince us	of our	sin,	Then	lead to	Je - sus'	blood;
3. 'Tis thine to	cleanse	the heart,	To - -	sanc - ti -	fy the	soul,
4. Dwell, therefore,	in our	heart;	Our	mind from	bond - age	free,

Dispel the sorrow from our mind, The dark-ness from our eyes.  
 And to our inmost soul re-veal The won-d'rous love of God.  
 To pour fresh life in ev'-ry part, And new-cro-ate the whole.  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love The Fa-ther, Son, and Thee.

THE PRECIOUS SABBATH SCHOOL.

*Not too Fast.*

1. All the week we spend, Full of childish bliss, Ev'-ry changing scene Brings its hap-pi-ness, Yet our  
 2. Love-ly is the dawn Of each ris-ing day, Love-li-est the morn Of the Sab-bath day; Then our

joys would not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school.  
 in-fant hearts are full Of the precious Sab-bath school.

- 3 To our happy ears  
 Blessed news is brought,  
 Tidings of the work  
 Love divine has wrought,—  
 Gracious news and merciful;  
 How we love the Sabbath school.
- 4 Sweetly fades the light  
 Of each passing day;  
 Peaceful is the night  
 Of the Sabbath day;  
 Then our hearts with praise are full  
 For the precious Sabbath school.

## LOVEST THOU ME? CHANT.

*With Feeling.*

1. Lovest thou me? Mine ears attend, And all my powers of be - ing blend To hear the words from  
 2. Lovest thou me? Oh, thought most dear! That one so vile as I may fear, And draw with faith and  
 3. Lovest thou me? Lovest thou me? Let me not dare con - sent to flee, From this most earnest,

such a friend As Je - sus!  
 bold - ness near, This Je - sus!  
 ten - der plea Of Je - sus!

4 Lovest thou | me ? | Let pity melt my heart,  
 To think of all the | pains he | felt;  
 How contradiction | sore was | dealt,  
 To | Jesus !

5 Lovest thou | me ? | More than mother,  
 More than father, | sister, | brother,  
 More on earth than | any | other,  
 Asks | Jesus.

6 Lovest thou | me ? | Yea, Lord, thou knowest,  
 That I do love thee, even | to the | lowest,  
 By grace, I'll follow | where thou | goest,  
 Dear | Jesus !

7 Shepherd Di - | vine, | Thou good and kind,  
 Grant us these words to | keep in | mind,  
 And grace to seek thee, | and to | find  
 Our | Saviour.

## THERE IS A GLORIOUS WORLD OF LIGHT.

1. There is a glorious world of light, A - bove the starry sky, Where saints de - part - ed, cloth'd in white, A -

dore the Lord most high. But, hark! amid the joy - ful songs Those happy voices raise, Ten thousand, thousand

in - fant tongues U - nite with per - fect praise.

2 Soon must our earthly course be run,  
Our mortal frames decay;  
Parents and children, one by one,  
Must fade, and pass away.  
Great God, impress the solemn thought  
This day on every breast,  
That both the teachers and the taught  
May gain thy heavenly rest.

## CHILDREN'S VOICES.

1. Oh, childhood's happy voice, bird-like and sweet, What can so cheer us at home when we meet, Loving and worship-ling at Je - sus' feet.

2 Children's hosannas were sweet to his ear,  
Who, now enthroned above, still bends to hear  
Songs and hosannas from little ones here.

3 Lo, where their Sabbath-school melodies ring,  
List'ning and hovering on viewless wing,  
Angels beholding the face of their King.

4 Saviour, blest Saviour, prepare by thy love  
All the dear children to praise thee above,  
Wirbling forever in heaven's happy grove.

5 Let us on earth begin heaven's long employ,  
Soothing the sorrows our souls that annoy,  
Singing each day with an ever new joy.



## BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, When the night's long-est.  
 2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race Christian, Heav'n is be - fore thee.  
 3. Raise the eye, Christian, Just as it clos - eth; Lift the heart, Christian, Ere it re - pos - eth.

On-ward and on-ward, still Be thine en - deav - or; The rest that re - main - eth Shall be for - ev - er.  
 He who hath prom - is - ed Fal - ter - eth nev - er; The love of the Sa - viour Flows on for - ev - er.  
 Thee from the love of Christ Let noth - ing sev - er; Press to the mark, and then Praise him for - ev - er.

*Coda to last verse.*

Thee from the love of Christ Let nothing sev - er; Press to the mark, and then Praise him for - ev - er.

THAT WILL BE JOYFUL. C. M.

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1. How pleasant thus to dwell be - low in fel - low - ship of love! } The good shall meet a - bove, The  
 And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. } D. S. To meet to part no more, On

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
 good shall meet a - bove; And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know the good shall meet a - bove. Oh, that will be  
 Canaan's hap - py shore, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone be - fore,

*D. S.*  
 joy - ful, joyful, joyful! Oh, that will be joyful, To meet to part no more,

2 Yes, happy thought, when we are free  
 From earthly grief and pain,  
 In heaven we shall each other see,  
 And never part again.—CHO.

3 Then let us each in strength divine,  
 Still walk in wisdom's ways,  
 That we with those we love may join  
 In never-ending praise.—CHO.

## JESUS IS MINE.

T. E. PERKINS.

S. FINE.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine! Break ev'ry ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wilderness,  
 D. S. Je - sus a - lone can bless. Je - sus is mine!

D. S.

2 Tempt not my soul away, 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, 4 Farewell, mortality;  
 Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine!  
 Here would I ever stay, Lost in this dawning light, Welcome, eternity,  
 earth has no resting place. Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine!  
 Perishing things of clay, All that my soul has tried, Welcome, O loved and blest,  
 Born but for one brief day, Left but a dismal void, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
 Pass from my heart away, Jesus has satisfied, Welcome, my Saviour's breast,  
 Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine! Jesus is mine!

## COME TO JESUS.

For the Infant Class.

TEACHERS.

1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one; Come to Je - sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne In sub - mis-sion bow.  
 2. At his feet con-fess your sins; Seek forgiveness there; For his blood can make you clean; He will hear your pray'r.  
 3. Seek his face without de - lay; Give him now your heart; Tarry not, but while you may, Choose the bet-ter part.

COME TO JESUS, Concluded.

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SCHOLARS.

Yes, to Je - sus we will come, Come to Je - sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne in sub-mis-sion bow.  
 At his feet con-fess our sin, Seek for - giveness there; For his blood can make us clean; He will hear our pray'r.  
 Seek his face with-out de-lay; Givo him now our heart; 'Far - ry not, but while we may, Choose the bet-ter part.

Repeat the first verse for a closing stanza.

SWEET LAND OF REST.

1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home; }  
 And dwell with Christ at home..... And dwell with Christ at home; When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home. }

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
 No peaceful, sheltering dome;  
 This world's a wilderness of woe;  
 This world is not my home,  
 This world is not my home,  
 This world is not my home;  
 This world's a wilderness of woe,  
 This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,  
 He bade me cease to roam;  
 But fly for succor to his breast,  
 And he'd conduct me home;  
 And he'd conduct me home,  
 And he'd conduct me home;  
 But fly for succor to his breast,  
 And he'd conduct me home.

4 Woary of wand'ring round and round  
 This vale of sin and gloom,  
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home,  
 And dwell with Christ at home,  
 And dwell with Christ at home;  
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.

## THE SINNER'S INVITATION.

Musical notation for the first system of 'THE SINNER'S INVITATION.' It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the initials 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

1. Sin-ner, come, will you go To the highlands of heaven? }  
 Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given; } Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their odors emitting.  
 D. C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breezes are fitting.

- 2 Where the saints robed in white—  
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;  
 Shining beauteous and bright,  
 They inhabit the mountain.  
 Where no sin, nor dismay,  
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
 Will be felt for a day,  
 Nor be feared for the mo-row.
- 3 He's prepared thee a home—  
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
 And invites thee to come,  
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
 O come, sinner, come,  
 For the tide is receding,  
 And the Saviour will soon,  
 And forever cease pleading.
- 4 Where the rivers of joy  
 O'er the bright plains are flowing,  
 There our bliss ne'er shall cloy!  
 To that land we are going.  
 Then say, will you go,  
 And the world leave behind you?  
 Since its pleasures you know  
 Have but dazzled to blind you.

## LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.

Musical notation for the first system of 'LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.' It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Children on life's bat - tle field! Be ye vallant, bold, and strong; In the strife with cheer-ful zeal, Urge the Saviour's cause a - long.  
 2. Hark! the battle is be - gun! Rai-ly, Christians, for your King; Forward, till the vict'ry's won, Till the shouts of triumph ring!

## CHORUS.

Onward, onward to glo - ry! Yield not to the wi - ly foe: Vict'ry and heav'n are be - fore thee, Shout your triumph as you go.

## WHO SHALL SING?

FINE.

1. Who shall sing if not the children, Did not Jo - sus die for them? }  
 May they not, with oth - er jew - els, Sparkle in his di - a - dem? }

D. C. Why, un - less the song of heaven They be - gin to prac - tice here? Why to them were voi - ces giv - en, -

D. C.

Bird - like voi - ces, sweet and clear?

- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,  
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;  
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!  
 Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own!

Faith can hear the rapturous choral,  
 When her ear is upward turned;  
 Is not this the same, perfected,  
 Which upon the earth they learned?

- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,  
 Loved them with a wondrous love;  
 And will he, to heaven returning,  
 Faithless to his blessing prove?  
 Oh, they cannot sing too early;  
 Fathers, stand not in their way!  
 Birds do sing while day is breaking;  
 Tell me, then, why should not they?

## OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

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

## JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Infant Class Song.

1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle Lamb, Therefore glad and gay I am; Je-sus loves me, Je-sus knows me, All that's good and  
 2. Out and in I safe-ly go, Want or hunger nev-er know; Soft green pastures he dis-closeth, Where his hap-py

fair he shows me, Tends me ev'-ry day the same, Even calls me by my name.  
 flock re-pos-eth; When I faint or thirsty be, To the brook he leadeth me.

- 3 Should not I be glad and gay ?  
 In this blessed fold all day ;  
 By this Holy Shepherd tended,  
 Whose kind arms when life is ended,  
 Bear me to the world of light ?  
 Yes, oh, yes, my lot is bright !

WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

1. When his sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The chil-dren all stood sing-ing Ho-san-na to his name:  
D. S. He bade them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.

Nor did their zeal of-fend him, But, as he rode a-long,

2 Then since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still;  
Though now as King he reigneth,  
On Zion's heav'nly hill;

We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And sing aloud hosanna!  
To David's royal Son.

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

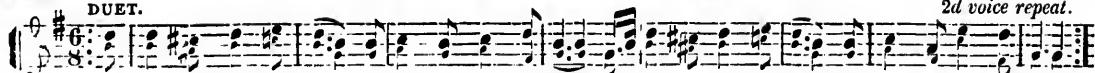
EVA. C. M.

GENTLY, WITH EXPRESSION.

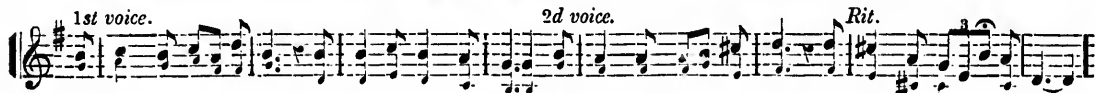
1. I love, I love the Sabbath-school, Where happy children meet; Where rich and poor alike may come, And sit at Je-sus' feet.  
2. I love, I love the Sabbath-school, Where children learn to pray; And hear a-bout the world to come, And Je-sus Christ the way.



DUET.

*2d voice repeat.*

*1st Voice.* When lig'ht comes o'er the plain, And sunshine o'er the lea, Oh! meet me once a-gain, Where oft I've knelt with thee; }  
*2d Voice.* When first the sun's bright ray, Illumes the sparkling sea, I'll leave my homeward way, And kneel in prayer with thee. }



How blessed is ev'-ry spot, Where we in youth have prayed, Where sweet and sacred thought, Each hour so blissful made.



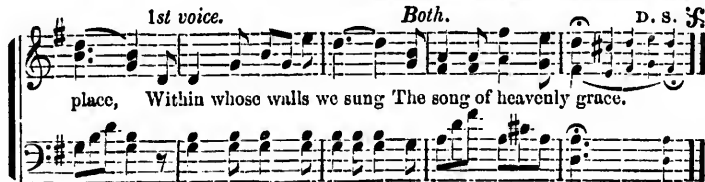
The pleasant Sabbath-school, To us a ho-ly place, With-in whose walls we sung The songs' of heavenly grace;

*Inst.*

sung The songs of heaven-ly grace. The pleas-ant Sab-bath-school, To us a ho-ly

THE PLEASANT SABBATH-SCHOOL, Concluded.

*1st voice.* *Both.* *D. S.  $\text{ff}$*

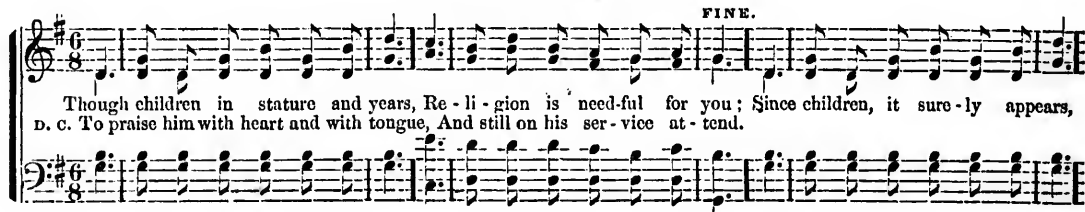


place, Within whose walls we sung The song of heavenly grace.

2 At morning's rosy hour,  
 On each blest Sabbath-day,  
 Oh! leave thy pleasant bower,  
 And come where Christians pray;  
 I'll sing blessed songs,  
 The dear inspiring strains,  
 Whose sweetest song belongs  
 To Christ our Lord, who reigns.  
 How blest is every spot, &c.

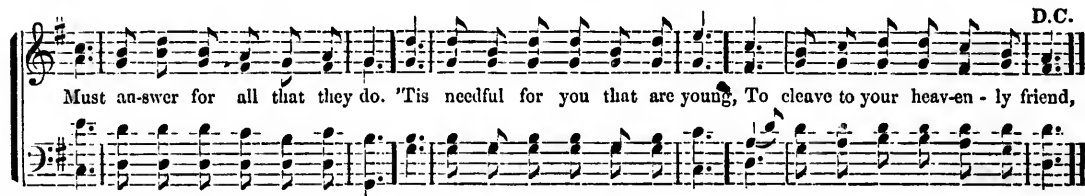
DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.

*FINE.*



Though children in stature and years, Re - li - gion is need - ful for you; Since children, it sure - ly appears,  
 d. c. To praise him with heart and with tongue, And still on his ser - vice at - tend.

*D.C.*



Must an - swer for all that they do. 'Tis needful for you that are young, To cleave to your heav - en - ly friend,

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me!  
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness bo o-ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!  
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee.  
Nearer to thee !

5 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

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