

H Y M N S.

*Joseph Smith*

First Baptist Church

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

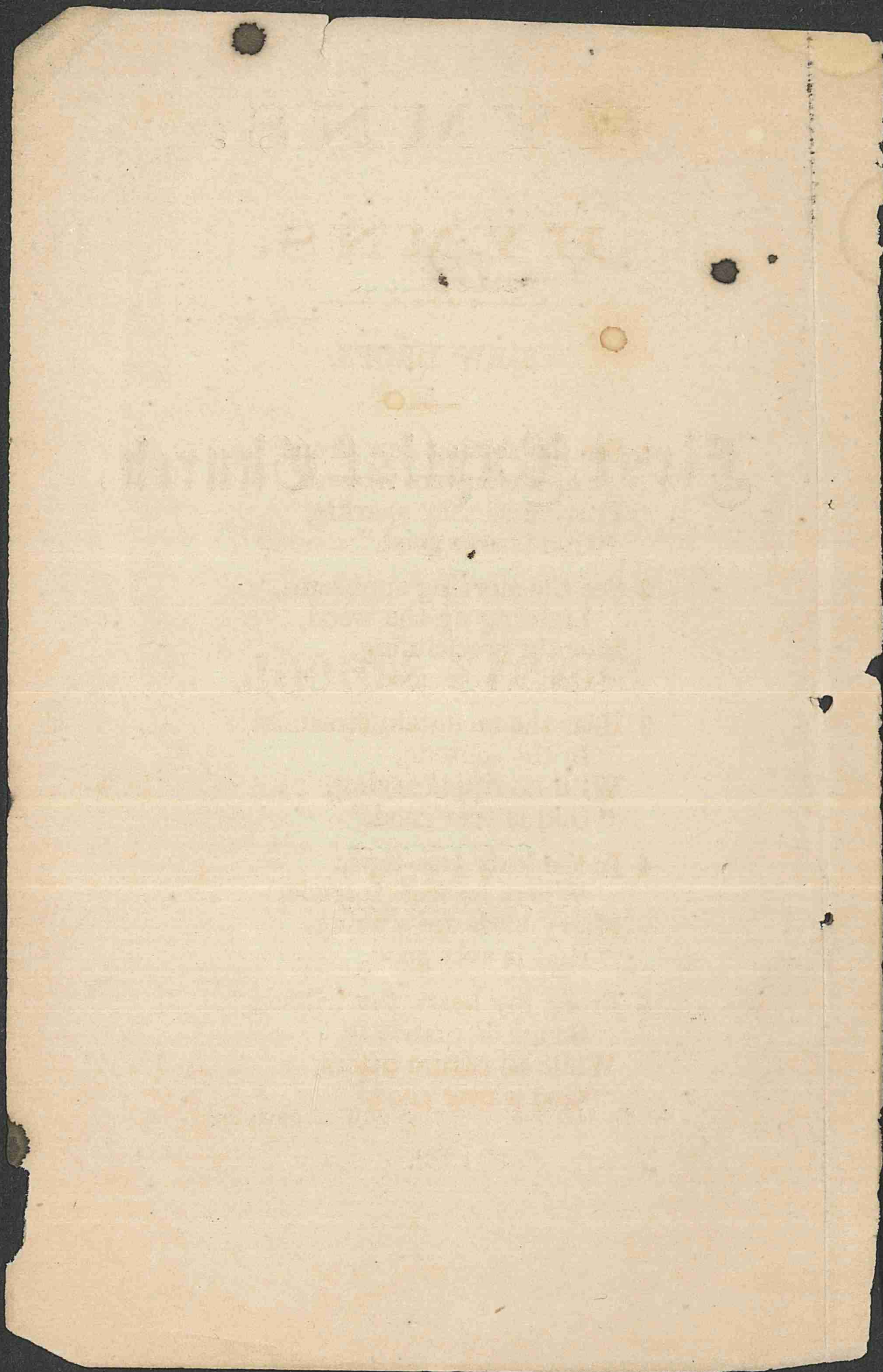
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RICHMOND:

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1859.







# HYMNS.

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## DEW DROPS.

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- 1 See the shining dew drops,  
On the flowers strewed,  
Proving as they sparkle,  
"God is ever good."
- 2 See the morning sunbeams,  
Lighting up the wood,  
Silently proclaiming,  
"God is ever good."
- 3 Hear the mountain streamlet,  
In the solitude,  
With its ripple saying,  
"God is ever good."
- 4 In the leafy tree-tops,  
Where no fears intrude,  
Merry birds are singing,  
"God is ever good."
- 5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,  
Songs of gratitude,  
While all nature utters,  
"God is ever good."

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## THE SHINING SHORE.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly—  
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over;  
 And just before the shining shore,  
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins my brethren dear,  
 Our distant home discerning;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word—  
 Let every lamp be burning.

CHORUS—For, oh, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest naught can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.

CHORUS—For, oh, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
 Each cord on earth to sever,  
 Our King says *Come*, and there's our home,  
 Forever, oh! forever.

CHORUS—For, oh, &c.

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## OUR OFFERINGS.

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- 1 To-day we come with singing,  
And gladness in our breast,  
Our blooming off'rings bringing,  
For God has greatly blest.  
We spread our flowing banners,  
And lift our voices high;  
Our hymns and glad hosannas  
Resounding through the sky.
  
  - 2 We come with exultation,  
A joyful, happy band,  
Proclaiming free salvation  
To children of our land.  
Loud ring the glowing anthem!  
Oh! shout "A Saviour slain!"  
And let the mountains echo  
The glories of his name.
  
  - 3 Our souls be filled with gladness;  
Let rapture swell the breast;  
Ten thousand hearts are beating  
For children in the West.  
Shout, shout, ye saints, in triumph,  
The conqueror comes to reign,  
Let earth exalt her Saviour,  
And bless Emanuel's name.



## JESUS MY ALL TO HEAVEN IS GONE.

- 1 Jesus my all to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon,  
His track I see and I'll pursue,  
The narrow way till him I view.

CHORUS—Hallelujah ! hallelujah, hallelujah,  
[praise the Lord.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The way that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not,  
My grief and burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—  
“Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am :  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,—  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Hallelujah, &c.



- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say,—“Behold the way to God!”  
Hallelujah, &c.

### FLEET STREET.

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- 1 When the morning light drives away the night,  
 With the sun so bright and full,  
 And it draws its line near the hour of nine,  
 I'll away to the Sabbath school.  
 For 'tis there we all agree,  
 All with happy hearts and free,  
 And I love to early be  
 At the Sabbath school.  
I'll away, away,  
 I'll away, away,  
 I'll away to Sabbath school.

- 2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,  
 When the earth is wrapped in snow,  
 Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,  
 To the Sabbath school I go;  
 When the holy day has come,  
 And the Sabbath-breakers roam,  
 I delight to leave my home,  
 For the Sabbath school.  
I'll away, &c.



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

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,  
 And the sunshine never fail,  
 While each blooming rose which in memory  
 Shall a sweet perfume exhale : [grows,  
 When we mingle here no more,  
 But have met on Jordan's shore,  
 We will talk of moments o'er,  
 At the Sabbath school.  
 I'll away, &c.

### CLOSING HYMN.

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1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,  
 While thy praise we humbly sing,  
 Sinful hearts and lives confessing,  
 Nothing worthy can we bring ;  
 Yet thy book of love has taught us,  
 Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear :  
 For the sake of him who bought us,  
 We may call and thou wilt hear.



2 What a boon to us is given,  
 Thus to lift our voice on high,  
 Well assured the ear of heaven,  
 Hears our wants and will supply,  
 Weak and sinful, oh, how often  
 Must we look to God alone,  
 For his grace our hearts to soften,  
 And sustain us as his own ?

3 Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,  
 While we stay and when we go:  
 Here our hearts in friendly greeting,  
 Gladly join thy praise below:  
 But all earthly unions sever,  
 All their pleasures quickly fly,  
 Oh for grace to praise thee ever,  
 In that better world on high.

### THE ANCHOR.

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1 Days, and weeks, and months returning,  
 Bear us gently down life's way,  
 Still their lesson we are learning,  
 With each anniversary day.

CHORUS—We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,  
 We'll anchor bye and bye;  
 We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,  
 We'll anchor by and bye.



- 2 Glad our hearts, and glad our voices,  
 Joy controls the hasting hour,  
 None so sad but he rejoices,  
 'Neath to-days controlling pow'r.

CHORUS—We'll stand the storm, &c.

- 3 Glad for classmates and for teachers,  
 Guiding us with gentle rule ;  
 Glad for all the gifts that reach us,  
 Thro' our own loved Sabbath school.

CHORUS—We'll stand the storm, &c.

- 4 Yet tho' glad, we'll still remember,  
 What the moments always say ;  
 Life must have its cold December,  
 Just as surely as its May.

CHORUS—We'll stand the storm, &c.

- 5 Let us not forget the meaning,  
 Days like thee forever wear ;  
 One more field has had its gleaning,  
 One more sheaf our arms should bear.

CHORUS—We'll stand the storm, &c.

### ON THE OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN.

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- 1 O when shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with him above,  
 And drink the flowing fountain  
 Of everlasting love?



When shall I be delivered  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus  
 Drink endless pleasures in ?

CHORUS—On the other side of Jordan,  
 In the green fields of Canaan,  
 Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 There is rest for the soul,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 O! there's rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the soul.

2 But now I am a soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before;  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And tells me not to fear.  
 His faithful word has promised  
 A righteous crown to give,  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 With him shall ever live.

CHORUS—On the other side, &c.

3 Through grace I am determined  
 To conquer, though I die—  
 And then away to Jesus,  
 On wings of love I'll fly.  
 Farewell to sin and sorrow—  
 I bid them all adieu;  
 And, O my friends prove faithful,  
 And on your way pursue.

CHORUS—On the other side, &c.



4 And if you meet with troubles  
 And trials on your way,  
 Then cast your care on Jesus,  
 And don't forget to pray.  
 Gird on the heavenly armor  
 Of faith and hope and love;  
 Then when the combat's ended,  
 He'll carry you above.

CHORUS—On the other side, &c.

### THE ROSY LIGHT IS DAWNING.

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- 1 The rosy light is dawning  
 Upon the mountain's brow;  
 It is the Sabbath morning,  
 Arise and pay thy vow.
- 2 Lift up thy voice to Heaven,  
 In sacred praise and prayer.  
 While unto thee is given  
 The light of life to share.
- 3 The landscape, lately shrouded  
 By evening's paler ray,  
 Smiles beauteous and unclouded,  
 Before the eye of day.
- 4 So let our souls, benighted  
 Too long in folly's shade,  
 By thy kind smiles be lighted  
 To joys that never fade.



5 O see those waters, streaming  
 In crystal purity;  
 While earth, with verdure teeming,  
 Gives rapture to the eye!

6 Let rivers of salvation,  
 In larger currents flow,  
 Till every tribe and nation  
 Their healing virtues know.

### LAND OF BEAUTY.

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1 There's a glorious land on high,  
 Far beyond the starlit sky,  
 All things there are pure and bright:

CHORUS—Land of beauty, land of light;  
 Land of beauty, land of light.

2 Living splendor beameth there,  
 Holy fragrance fills the air,  
 All is rich with spotless white:

CHORUS—Land of beauty, &c.

3 There no angry tempest blows,  
 No red ball the thunder throws,  
 No dread gloom is spread by night:

CHORUS—Land of beauty, &c

4 There the holy mountains are,  
 And sweet valleys stretched afar,  
 There are rivers pure and bright:

CHORUS—Land of beauty, &c.



5 Radiant verdure decks the ground,  
 Lovely flowers rejoice the ground,  
 All is glorious to the sight:

CHORUS—Land of beauty, &c.

### THE BLEST ONES AT HOME.

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1 Away on the banks of life's bright river;  
 Far, far, away—  
 There will my heart be turning ever,  
 There's where the blest ones stay;  
 All through this vale of sin and sorrow,  
 Sadly I roam;  
 Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,  
 And for the blest ones at home.

CHORUS—All without is dark and dreary,  
 Every where I roam,  
 O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,  
 Sighing for the blest ones at home.

2 Though all earth's sunny scenes I wandered  
 In youth's gay morn;  
 How many precious hours I've squandered,  
 How many mercies scorned;  
 When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,  
 Wretched was I;  
 But now my heart has found a treasure,  
 There with the blest ones on high.

CHORUS—All without is dark, &c.



3 One hour there is for ever bringing  
 Memories of love;  
 'Twas when my sighs were changed to singing  
 Of the blest ones above;  
 When shall I see my Saviour reigning  
 On His white throne?  
 When will be hushed my heart's complaining,  
 There with the blest ones at home?  
 CHORUS—All till then is dark, &c.

### SKEPTIC, SPARE THE BIBLE.

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- 1 Skeptic, spare the bible,  
 Touch not a single leaf,  
 Nor on its pages look  
 With eye of unbelief;  
 'Twas my forefather's stay  
 In the hour of agony.  
 Skeptic, go thy way,  
 And let that old book be.
  
- 2 That good old book of life,  
 For centuries has stood  
 Unharm'd amid the strife,  
 When earth was drunk with blood;  
 And wouldst thou harm it now,  
 And have its truths forgot?  
 Skeptic, forbear thy blow,  
 Thy hand shall harm it not.



3 Its very name recalls  
 The happy hours of youth,  
 When in my grandsire's halls  
 I heard its tales of truth.  
 I've seen his white hair flow  
 O'er that volume as he read;  
 But that was long ago,  
 And the good old man is dead.

4 My dear grandmother, too,  
 When I was but a boy—  
 I've seen her eyes of blue  
 Weep o'er its tears of joy.  
 Their traces linger still,  
 And dear they are to me;  
 Skeptic, forego thy will—  
 Go, let that old book be.