KIND WORDS

BY

G. W. LINTON and HOWARD M. TEASDALE.

Z8B
L658
1871

MEMPHIS, TENN.
PUBLISHED BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD,
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

KIND WORDS:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY

G. W. LINTON AND HOWARD M. TEASDALE.

MEMPHIS, TENN.:
PUBLISHED BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD,
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

46143

1871.
Kind

PREFACE.

To meet the increasing demands of Sunday-schools for new music, and the growing interest in the delightful service of song, we have, by special request, prepared this hymn and tune book.

In its preparation we have digressed somewhat from the course pursued by other authors, by excluding all hymns of a secular and political character.

The introduction into Sunday-schools of secular tunes to which are sung sacred words, to say the least, are objectionable, as it tends to vitiate the minds of the youth, by neutralizing the influence which the sacred theme inspires while engaged in the service of song.

All who have any experience in training the young in vocal music are aware that in order to interest children, develop their musical talent, and create a taste for sacred music, tunes of a sprightly style and flowing melody should be introduced.

We believe that there is not another book in the market that contains so many new and beautiful tunes, with appropriate hymns adapted to *all* the wants of Sunday-schools.

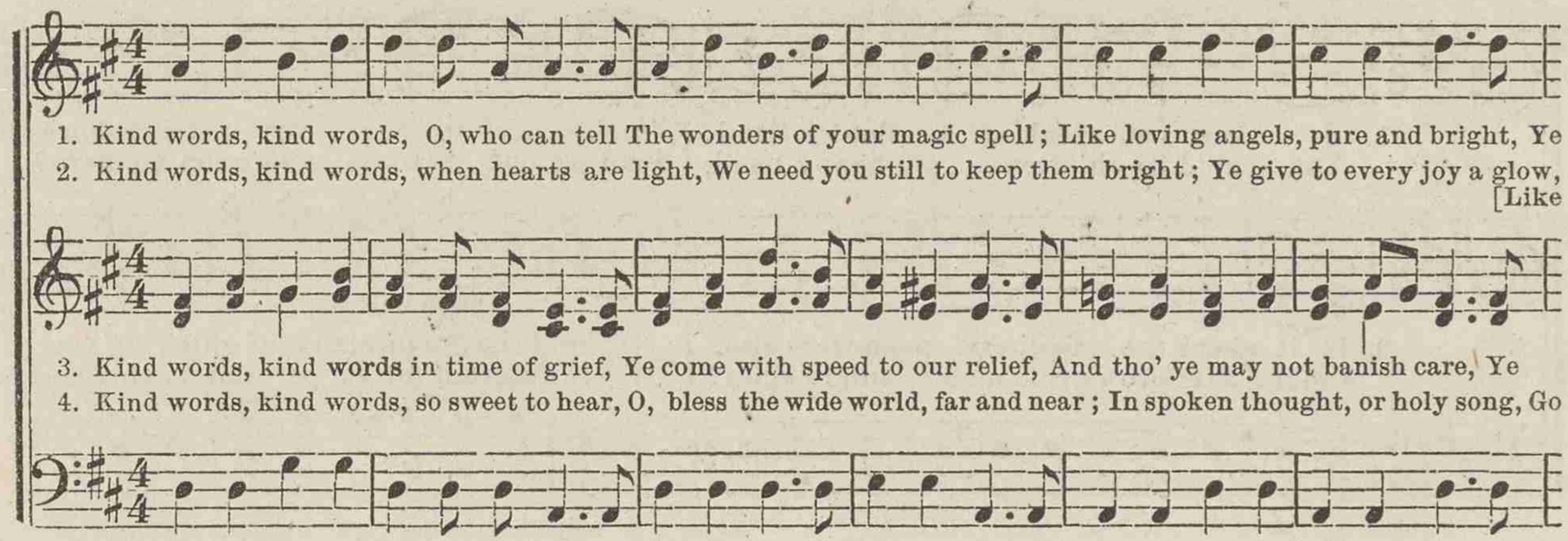
At the end of the book will be found a large number of familiar tunes; also indexes of the tunes and first lines of the hymns.

This little volume is now presented to those for whom it is designed with the hope that it will prove an acceptable and useful school-room and social-circle companion, promoting the peace and happiness of all by elevating the mind, and directing it to the source whence flows all our temporal and spiritual blessings.

THE AUTHORS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1871, by the Sunday-school Board of Southern Baptist Convention in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Words by Mrs. L. C. S. DOUGHERTY. Music by H. M. TEASDALE.



1. Kind words, kind words, O, who can tell The wonders of your magic spell; Like loving angels, pure and bright, Ye
2. Kind words, kind words, when hearts are light, We need you still to keep them bright; Ye give to every joy a glow, [Like
3. Kind words, kind words in time of grief, Ye come with speed to our relief, And tho' ye may not banish care, Ye
4. Kind words, kind words, so sweet to hear, O, bless the wide world, far and near; In spoken thought, or holy song, Go

CHORUS.

1. breathe a message of de-light. Liv-ing, dy-ing, kind words be Earth's good angels, helping me.
2. sun-light sparkling on the snow. Liv-ing, dy-ing, etc.
3. help the stricken heart to bear. Liv-ing, dy-ing, kind words be Earth's good angels, helping me.
4. and redeem the world from wrong. Liv-ing, dy-ing, etc.

THE BETTER LAND. 9s & 10s.

Words by MRS. HEMANS.

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, dear teacher, that Better Land?
Not there, not there, not there, my child.

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle child,
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs so mild,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death cannot enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,—
It is there, it is there, it is there, my child.

Sun-bright Clime. 9s & 8s.

To the tune "The Better Land."

1 Say, have you heard of the sun-bright clime?
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age has no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is bright, and the heart aflame?
A river of water is flowing there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand forms are hovering o'er
The golden stream on the happy shore.

2 A million of forms all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty clear and bright;
They dwell in their own immortal bow'rs;
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flow'rs;
But far away in that sinless clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unstain'd by crime,
Where, 'mid all things that are fair, is giv'n,
The home of the just, and its name is heav'n.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN FOREVER?

G. W. LINTON. 1866.

1. Shall we sing in heav'n for - ev - er? Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we
2. Shall we know each oth - er ev - er, In that land? in that land? Shall we
3. Shall we sing with ho - ly an - gels In that land? in that land? Shall we
4. Shall we rest from care and sor - row In that land? in that land? Shall we
5. Shall we know our bless-ed Saviour In that land? in that land? Shall we

sing in heav'n for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
know each oth - er ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
sing with ho - ly an - gels, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
rest from care and sorrow, In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
know our blessed Saviour In that ho - ly hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er, Far beyond the rolling
land, that happy land, They that meet shall know each oth-er, Far beyond the rolling
land, that happy land, Saints and an - gels sing for - ev - er, Far beyond the rolling

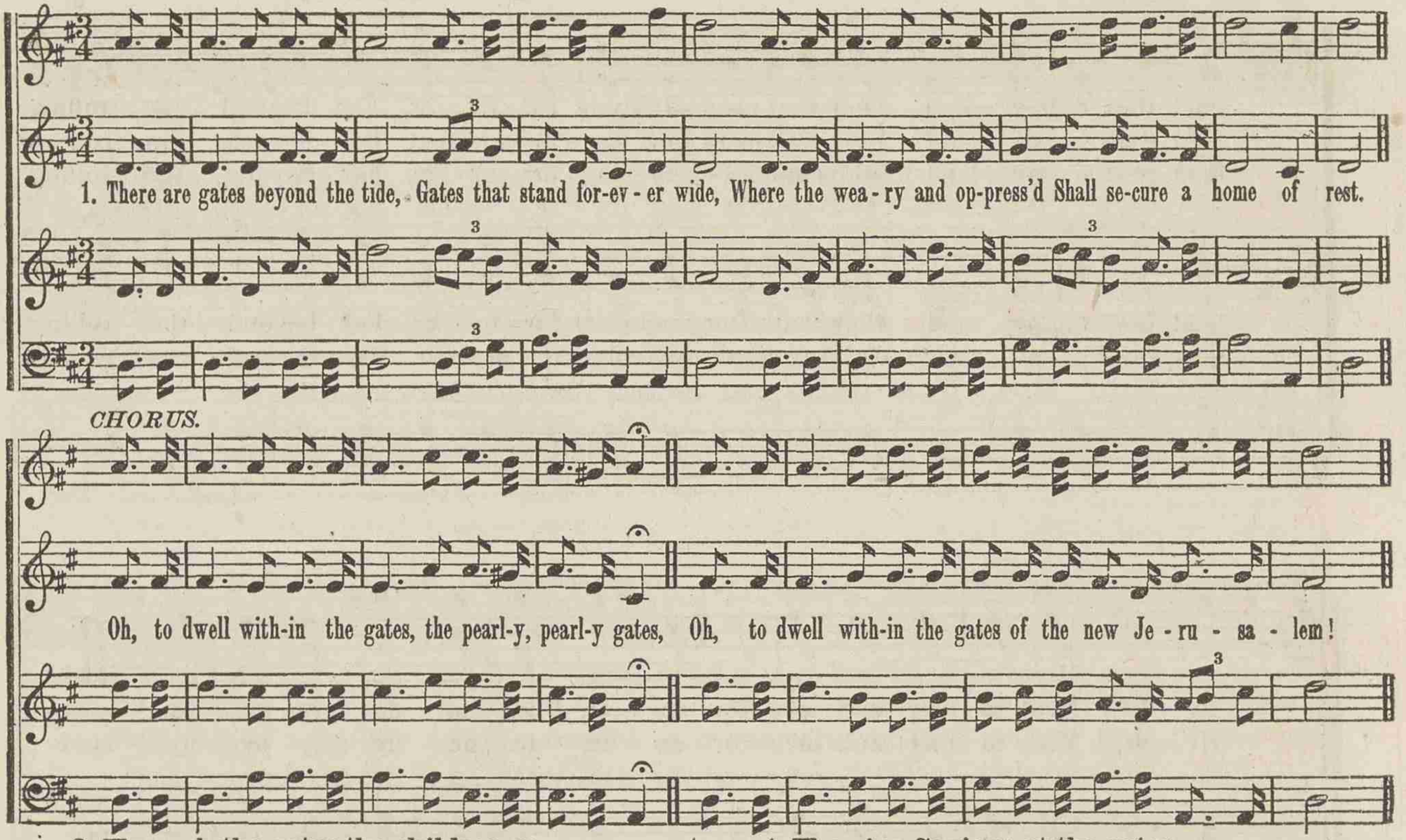
land, that happy land, They that meet shall rest for - ev - er, Far beyond the rolling
land, that happy land, We shall know our blessed Saviour, Far beyond the rolling

riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.

riv - er, Meet to sing and love for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.
riv - er, Love and serve him there for - ev - er, In that ho - ly hap - py land.

GATES BEYOND THE TIDE.

Words by Miss Juliet Goodlett, S.C.
Music by J. B. Sherman, S.C.



2. Through the gates the children go,
Where the crystal streams do flow;
Through the gates the aged one
Finds a never-setting sun.

3. There is beauty at the gates,
For a golden crown awaits,
And bright robes of purest white,
To adorn the saints of light.

4. There's a Saviour at the gates,
Who with loving smile awaits
To reward the hero band
Who have fought for Canaan's land.

5. At the gates the Shepherd claims
All the sheep that Jesus names,
Takes them in his gracious arm,
Keeps them safe from every harm.

SPEAK GENTLY. C. M.

Arr. by G. W. LINTON.

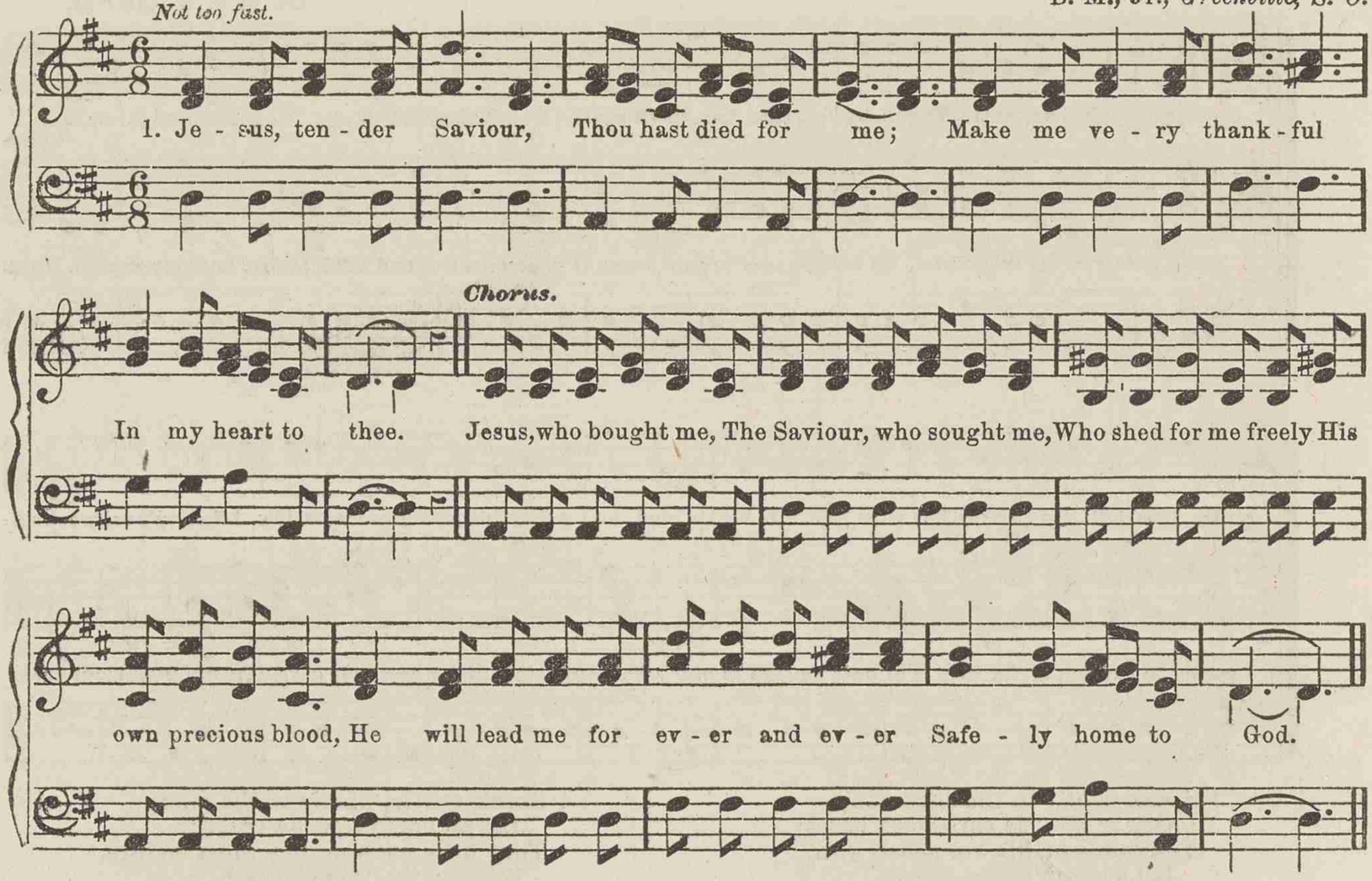
3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring, know,
They may have toiled in vain,
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh win them back again.

4 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
Speak gently, 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

B. M., Jr., *Greenville, S. C.*

Not too fast.



2. When the sad, sad story
Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

CHORUS.—Jesus, who bought, &c.

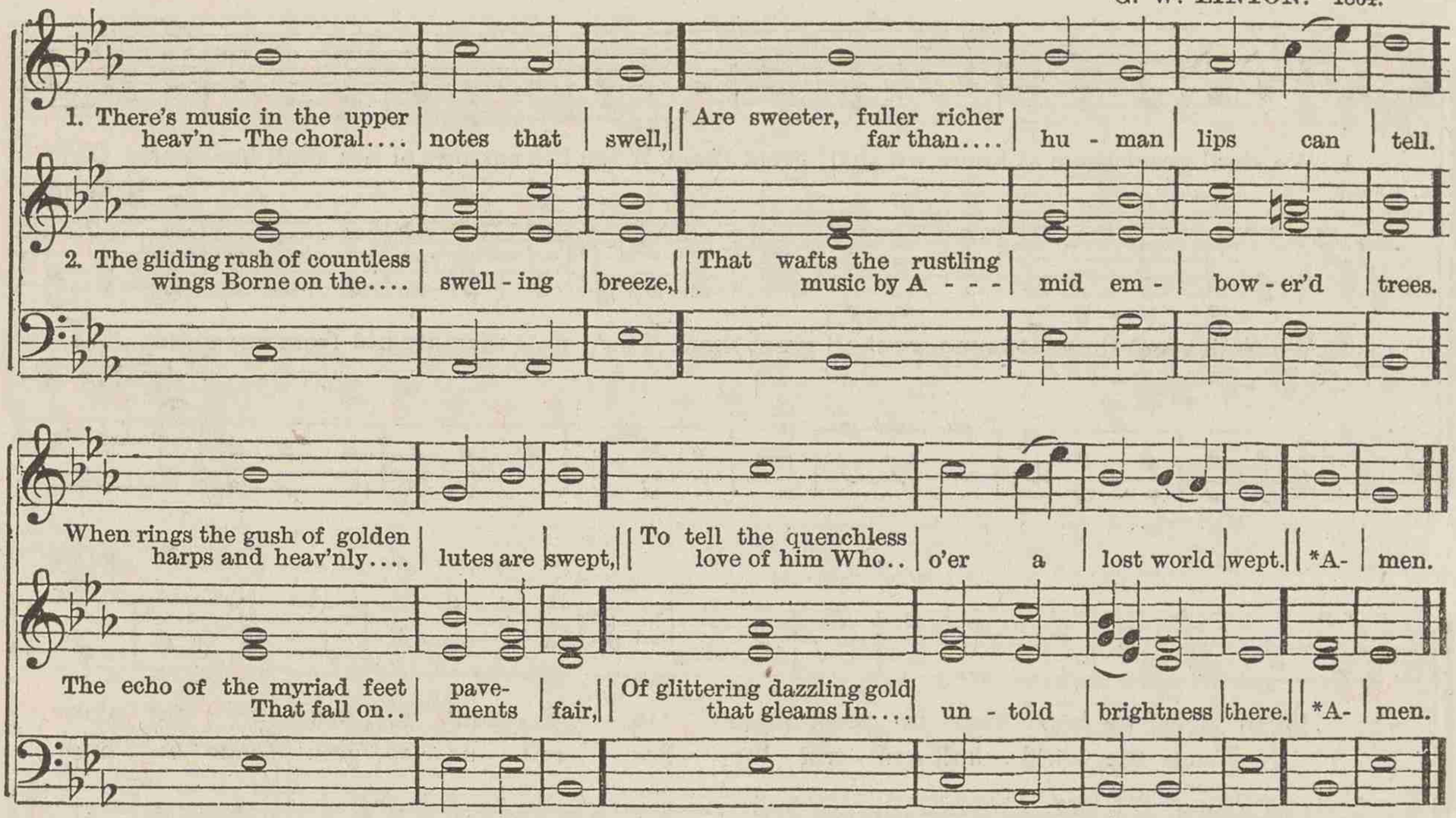
3. Now I know thou lovest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to thee.

CHORUS.—Jesus, who bought, &c.

4. Soon I hope in glory
At thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.

CHORUS.—Jesus, who bought, &c.

G. W. LINTON. 1864.



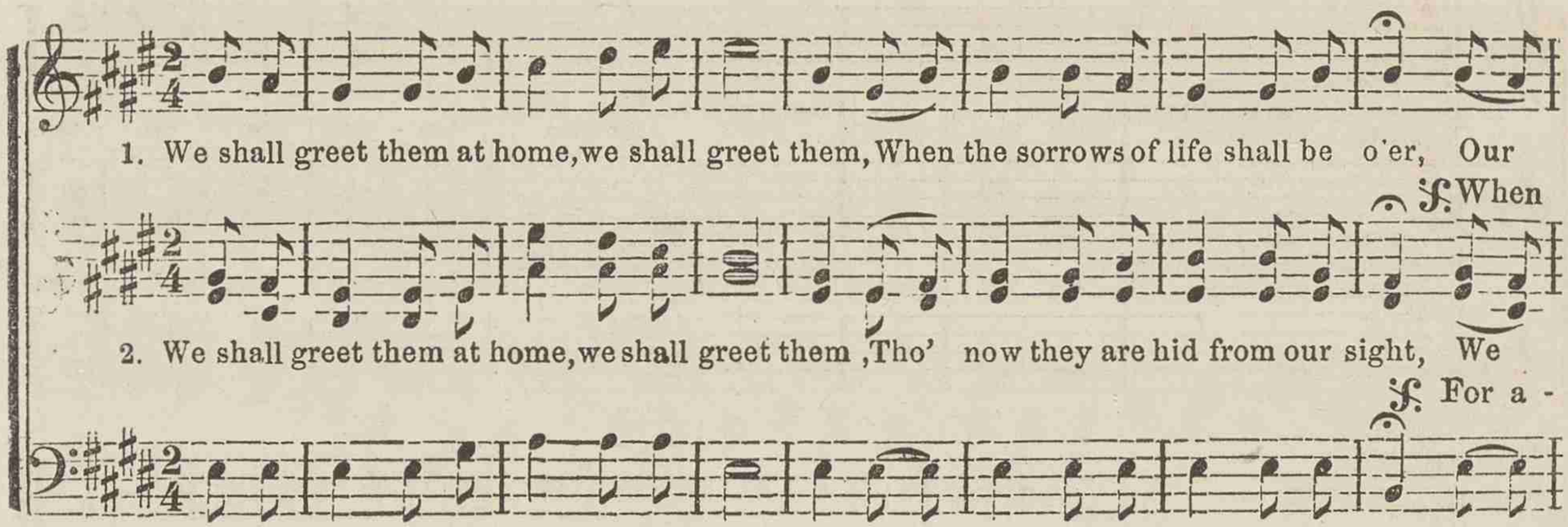
3. The music of the pearly gates,
When back by | angels | flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul
Their | sinless | bands a- | mong.
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the | stream of | life,
The rustle of the emerald leaf,
With | healing | virtues | rife.

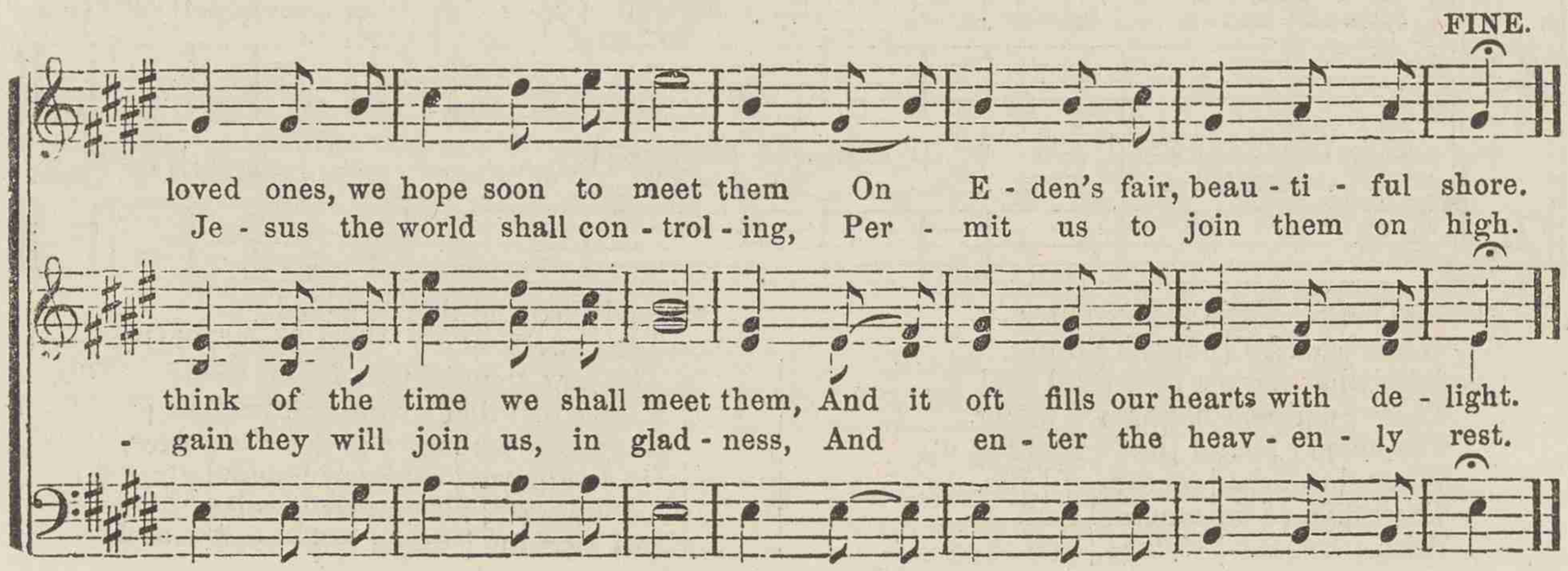
4. And then the tide of melody
That swells and | bursts when | rings
The new song in that far-off world,
That | thrilling | rapture | brings; |
But awed, we may not note its power,
Its depths we | may not | sound; |
Unfathomed, fathomless it rolls
In | glorious | might a- | round.

* Sing Amen after singing last verse.

WE SHALL GREET THEM AT HOME. 10s, 9s & 8s.

G. W. LINTON. 1864.





Home of the Angels.

To the tune on page 12.

1 There's a rest in the home of the angels,
That home by and by will be ours,
When gladly we turn from the pathway
That's strewn with earth's fairest of flowers.
No shadow of sorrow or sadness
Can dim the bright light of that sky,
But ever in anthems of gladness,
We'll join with the blest by and by.

2 We shall rest in the home of the angels,
The sky may be cover'd with gloom,
A bright star of promise is beaming,
Beyond the dark shades of the tomb.
Though thorny the way be, and dreary,
And tears may bedim every eye,
The rest for the care-worn and weary,
Will ever be ours by and by.

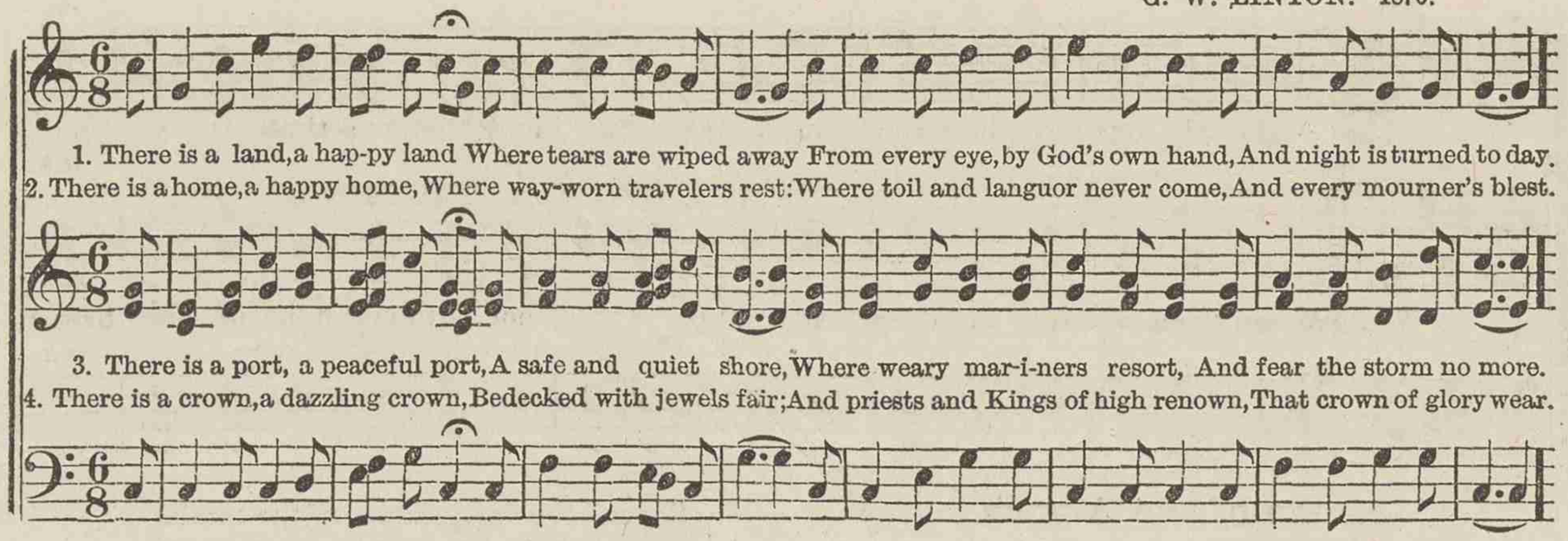
3 O, that beautiful home of the angels,
Is radiant with unfading morn,
And hence to its heavenly mansions,
How many dear lov'd ones have gone;
They've hastened to glory before us,
To dwell with the angels on high,
And there with the sanctified legions,
We'll meet them with joy by and by.

Conclusion of hymn on the opposite page.

3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Where nothing can ever divide;
Where sickness, or death cannot harm them,
Or tear them again from our side;
There we'll range beside life's cooling river,
'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
With the glory of God shining ever,
We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.

THE HOME OF THE BLESSED. C. M.

G. W. LINTON. 1870.



1. There is a land, a hap-py land Where tears are wiped away From every eye, by God's own hand, And night is turned to day.
2. There is a home, a happy home, Where way-worn travelers rest: Where toil and languor never come, And every mourner's blest.

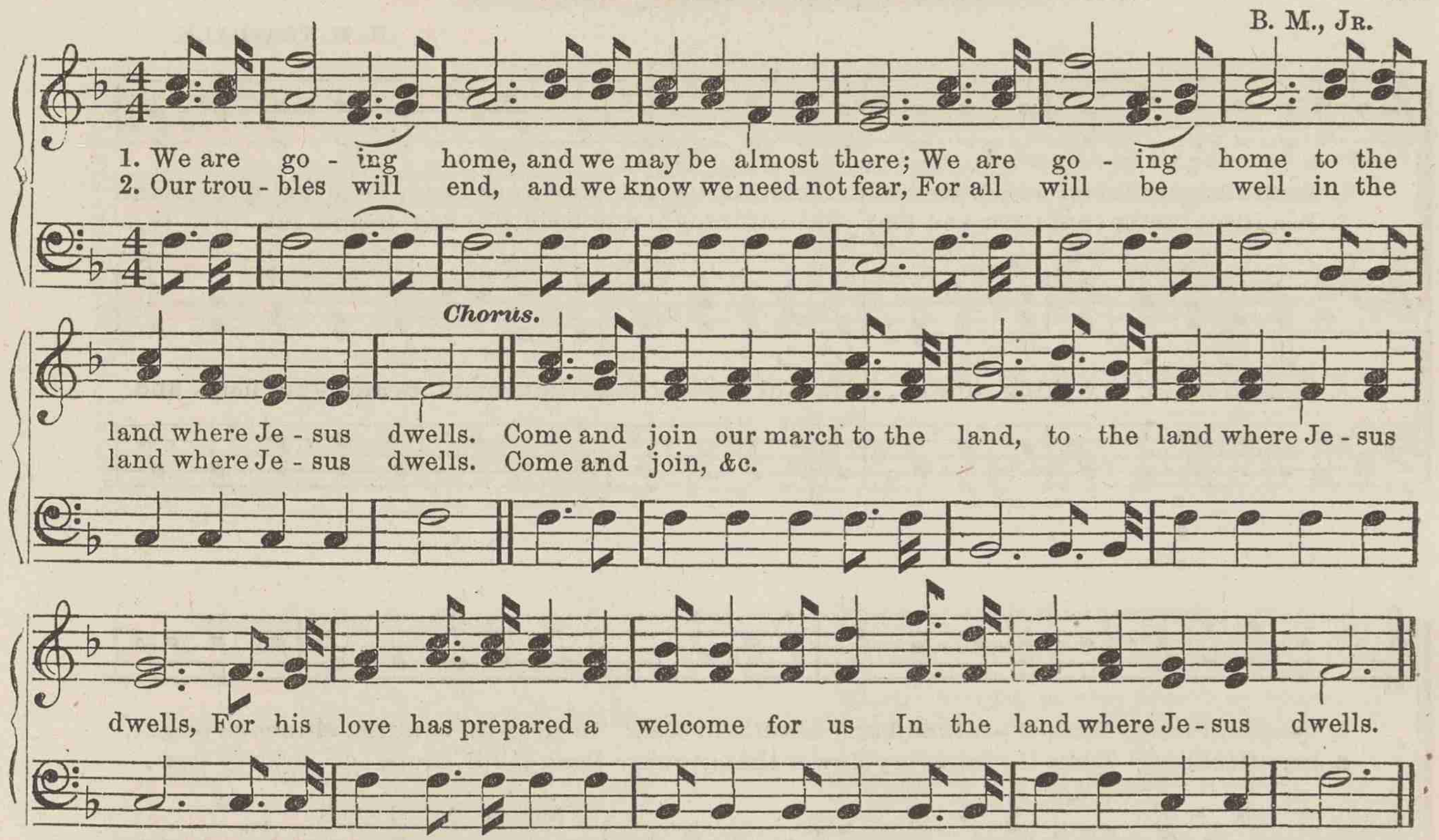
3. There is a port, a peaceful port, A safe and quiet shore, Where weary mar-i-ners resort, And fear the storm no more.
4. There is a crown, a dazzling crown, Bedecked with jewels fair; And priests and Kings of high renown, That crown of glory wear.

CHORUS.

Let us strive to go there, That its joys we may share, When we have finished our mission below.

Let us strive to go there, That its joys we may share, When we have finished our mission below.

B. M., Jr.



3. Let us take up our cross without a murm'ring word,
For it helps us on to the land where Jesus dwells.
Chorus.—Come and join, &c.

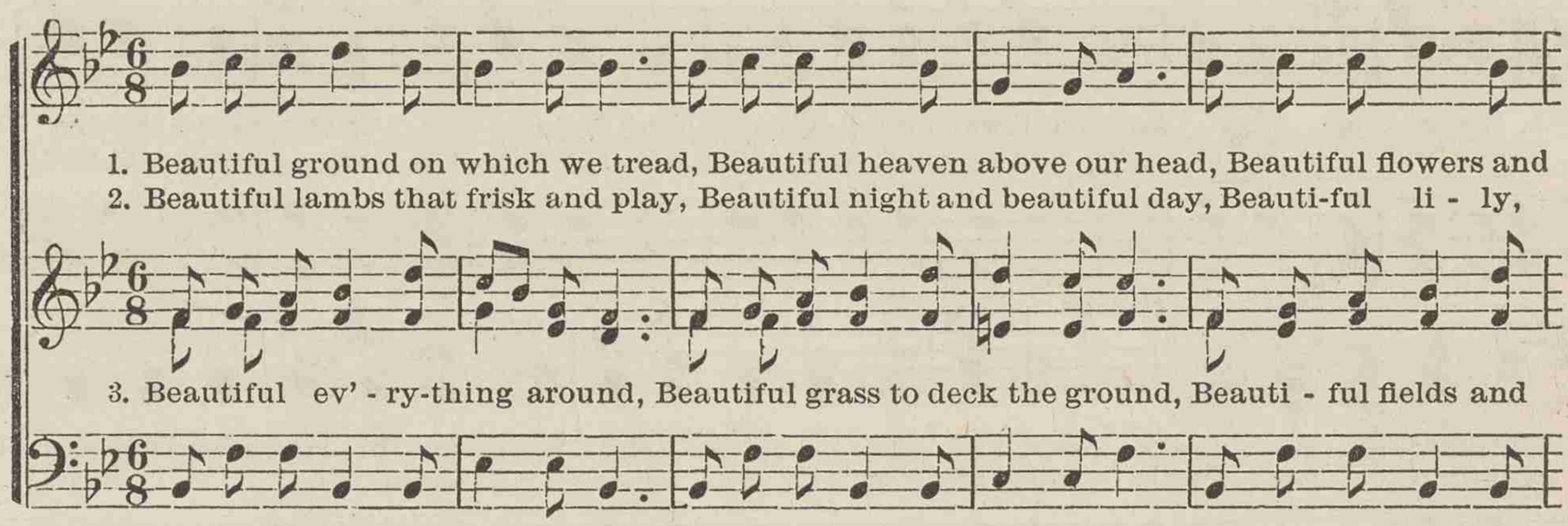
There's a bright crown in heaven for all who love the Lord,
Reserved safe above in the land where Jesus dwells.
Chorus.—Come and join, &c.

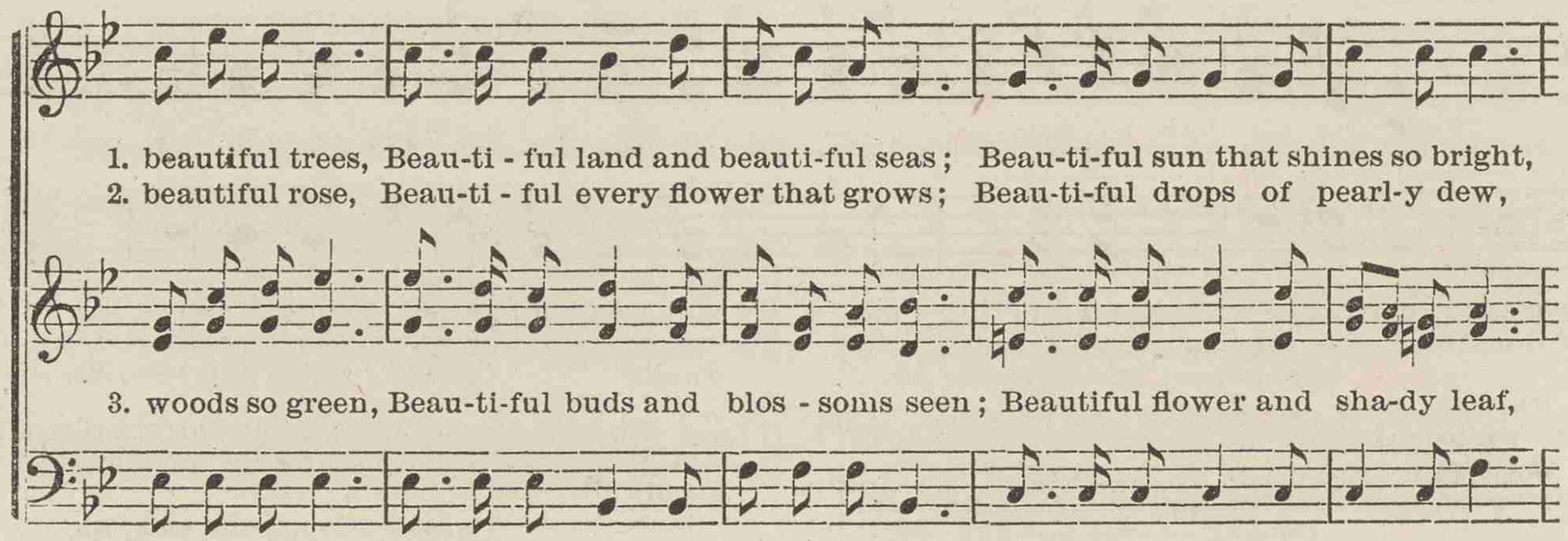
5. We will soon bid farewell to sin and sorrow too,
For we're now on the way to the land where Jesus dwells. Chorus.—Come and join, &c.

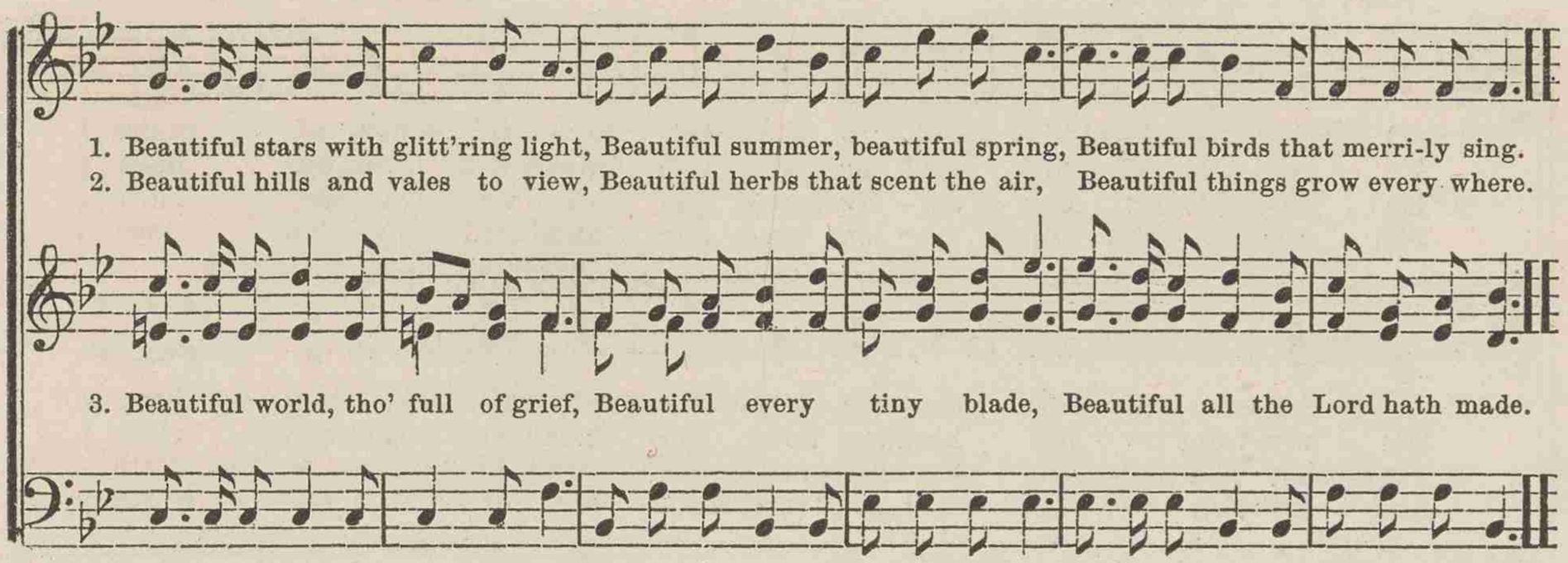
6. O Lord, bear me safe, death's icy current through,
For 'tis all that divides from the land where Jesus dwells.
Chorus.—Come and join, &c.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS. 8s, 6 lines.

H. M. TEASDALE.







Farewell, Brother. 8s & 7s.

Sing to the tune on page 50.

1 Farewell, brother!* deep and lowly,
Rest thee on thy bed of clay;
Kindred spirits, angels holy,
Bore thy heavenward soul away.

2 Sad we gave thee to the number,
Laid in yonder icy halls;
And above thy peaceful slumber,
Many a shower of sorrow falls.

3 Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song;
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee,
Come, in holy trust made strong!

4 Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread;
"Mortals! mortals! seek no longer,
Those that live among the dead."

5 Farewell, brother! soon we 'll meet thee,
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls;
For glad tidings float, how sweetly,
From the glorious land of souls.

6 Death's cold gloom now parts asunder,
Lo! the folding shades are gone;
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder!
God's broad day comes pouring on.

*Pastor, teacher, or sister, may be substituted.

SING UNTO THE LORD. C. M.

Poetry by E. E. ORVIS. Music by G. W. LINTON. 1870.

1. O praise the Lord,'tis good to sing In joy - ful songs of praise,
   To our ex - al - ted Lord and King Who crowns with love our days.
2. He gives us all our dai - ly bread, In him we live and move;
   The ver - y hairs up - on our head, Are numbered by his love.

3 A Father's ten - der love he shows To all his chil - dren here,
   His wondrous lov - ing kindness flows In streamlets bright and clear.
4. Then sing and praise his gra - cious name, And sound his prais - es forth.
   And pub-lish to the world his fame, And tell of all his worth.

CHORUS.

Sing, sing, sing a song un -to the Lord, Sing, sing, sing a song un-to the Lord.

Sing, sing, sing a song un -to the Lord, Sing, sing, sing a song un-to the Lord.

Prayer for Guidance. C. M.

To the tune on page 18.

1 O grant thy blessing, gracious Lord,
On our dear Sunday-school;
And while we study thy blest word,
Our erring thoughts control.
CHORUS—Guide us, Lord,
While in the Sunday-school;
Guide us, Lord,
For here we meet to learn.

2 Inspire with wisdom and with love
Thy humble servants, Lord;
That all may learn to know and prove
The joy thy smiles afford. CHORUS.

3 And when earth's changing scenes shall end,
On time's swift wings have flown,
Jesus, our teacher and our friend,
To each will give a crown. CHORUS.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.

Our Home at Last. C. M.

To the tune on page 18.

1 Death can not cause our souls to fear
If Jesus be our trust;
Though here our path be dark and drear,
He 'll bring us home at last.
CHORUS—Home, home, home,
Our heav'nly home at last;
Home, home, home,
Bright heaven, our home at last.

2 Faith looks beyond the bounds of time
To that celestial place,
Where Jesus reigns our priest and king,
Enthroned in righteousness. CHORUS.

3 Cease then, our wand'ring thoughts, to roam
From him whose love 's so great;
May we all seek that heav'nly home,
And dwell in glory bright. CHORUS.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.

The Family Band in Heaven. C. M.

To the tune on page 14.

1 Jesus, may all our family band,
When life's turmoils are o'er;
Together meet at thy right hand,
Where partings are no more.
CHORUS—Let us strive to go there,
That its joys we may share,
When we have finished our mission below.

2 There to behold our gracious God,
And endless bliss enjoy;
Where sin and sorrow ne'er intrude
Our pleasures to alloy. CHORUS.

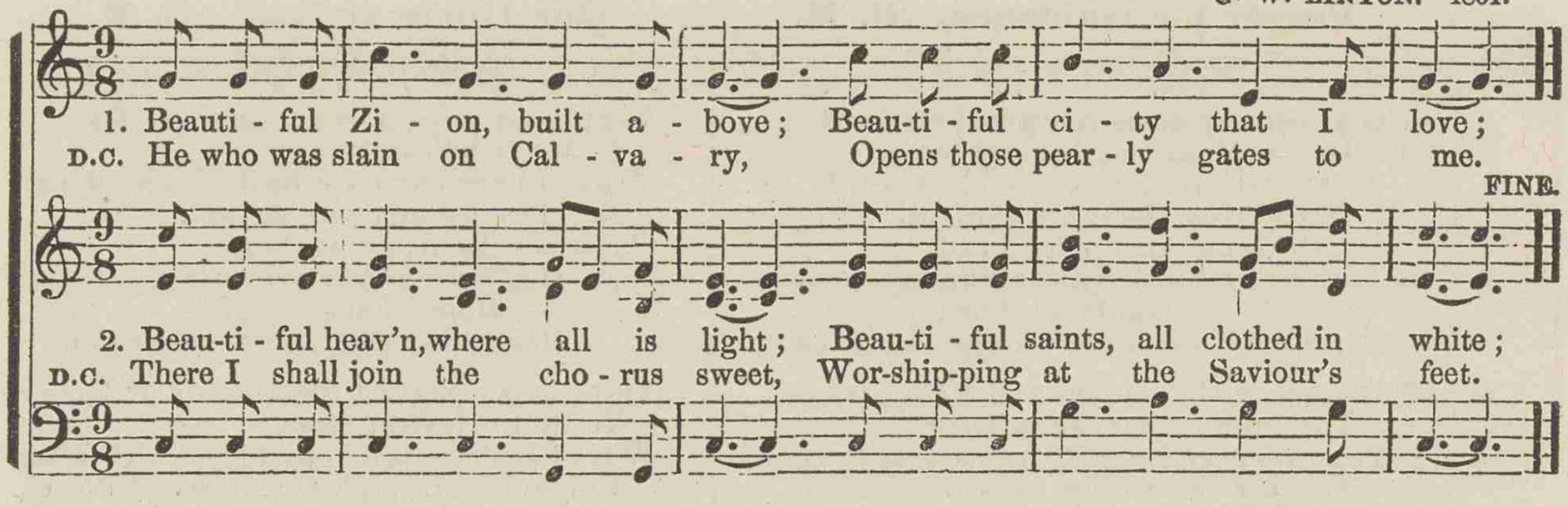
3 May we pass through those gates of pearl,
And walk the streets of gold;
Where God his glory shall unfurl,
Rejoicing we 'll behold.
CHORUS.

4 Our ransomed powers shall there unite
In songs of praise to thee;
With all the saints and angels bright,
Through vast eternity.
CHORUS.

MRS. B. KNOWLES.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s. 6 lines.

G. W. LINTON. 1864.



3 Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear;
Beautiful all who enter there:—
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace;—
There shall my eyes the Saviour see.—
Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

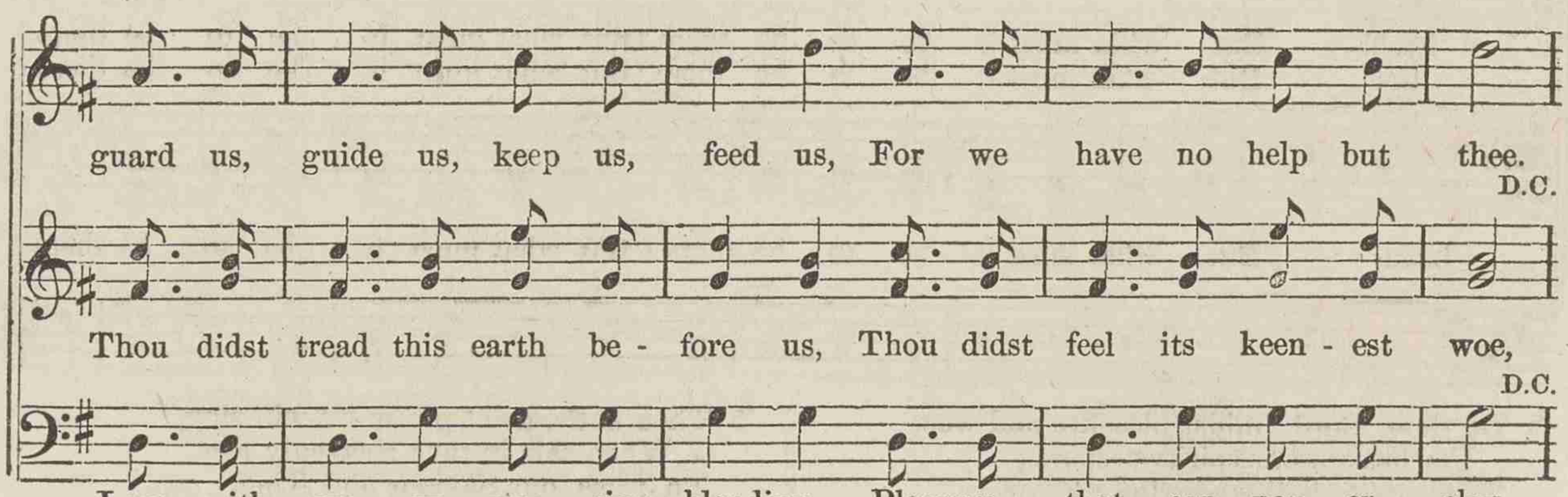
B. MANLY, Jr. D.D.

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
Then, soon shall we joyfully know,
And feel what it is to be there.

5 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that Heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Who reigns in the Realms of the Blest.

FATHER LEAD US. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

L. C. EVERETT.



Love for the Sunday-school.

8s & 7s. 6 lines.

1 Yes, dear Sunday-school, I love thee,
Here I meet with friends most dear;
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear;
And the teachers, and the teachers,
Kindly all my lessons hear.

2 Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord;
Precious lessons, precious lessons
Here are spoken from His word.

3 Yet my heart is fill'd with wonder;
Parents, teachers, can you tell,
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
Oh! invite them, Oh! invite them,
They will love the school so well.

4 I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school we'll straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be.
I am thankful, I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

Thanks to God. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

1 Thanks to God for ev'ry blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From his hand incessant flows.
Praise the Lord for ev'ry blessing,
Praise him for his holy word.

2 Let our gratitude awaken,
To the God who rules above;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Let our heartfelt thanks be given
For his mercies freely stor'd.

3 To his arms we're yet invited,
'Tis the Saviour bids us come;
Let us then with hearts united,
Seek thro' him a heav'nly home;
To his arms we're yet invited,
While his pleading voice is heard.

Doxology. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Great Jehovah we adore Thee,
Sing we to our God above;
He who sits enthroned in glory
Is the object of our love:
May our footsteps e'er be guided
Till we reach that home above.

PARTING HOUR. 7s, 6 lines.

G. W. LINTON. 1864.

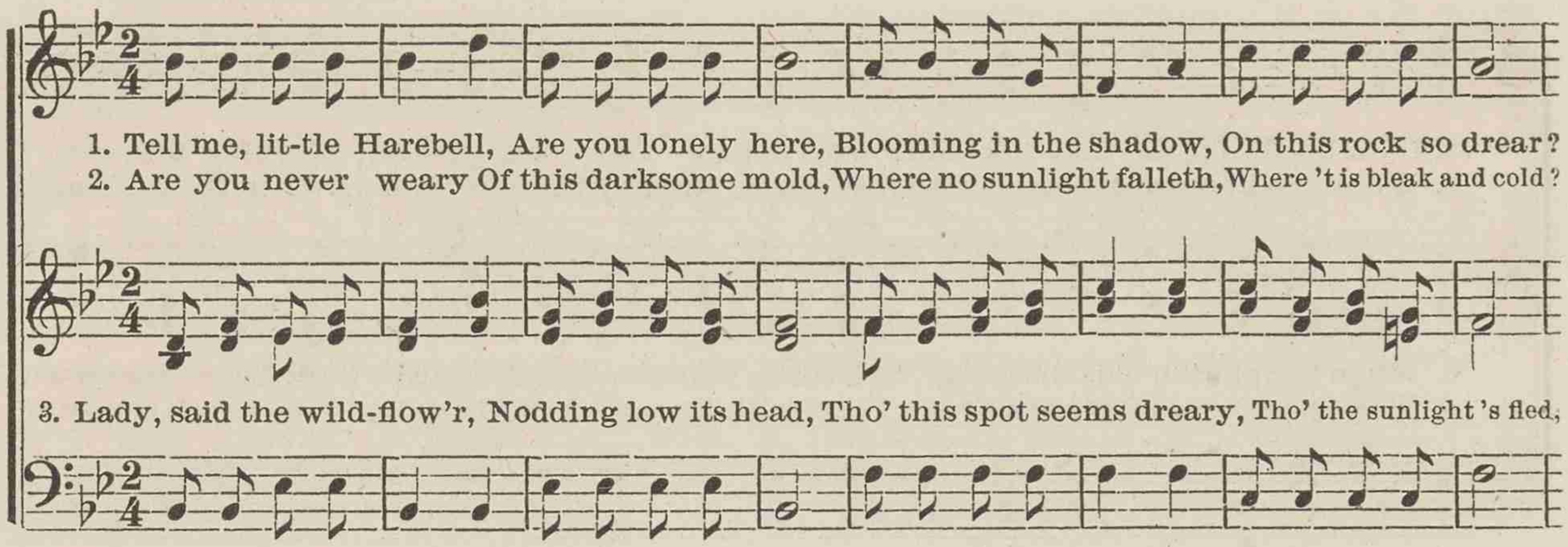
1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love re - tire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

2. Tho' on foreign shores we sigh, Far remote our native sky, Tho' the dèpths between us roll, Hope shall an-chor there our soul, And in faith's well known domain, Within the vail we'll meet again.

3. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wasting lamp is dead, When in cold oblivion's shade, Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid, Where im - mor - tal spir-its reign, Thith - er soar, to meet a - gain.

GOD IS IN THE SHADOW. 6s & 5s.

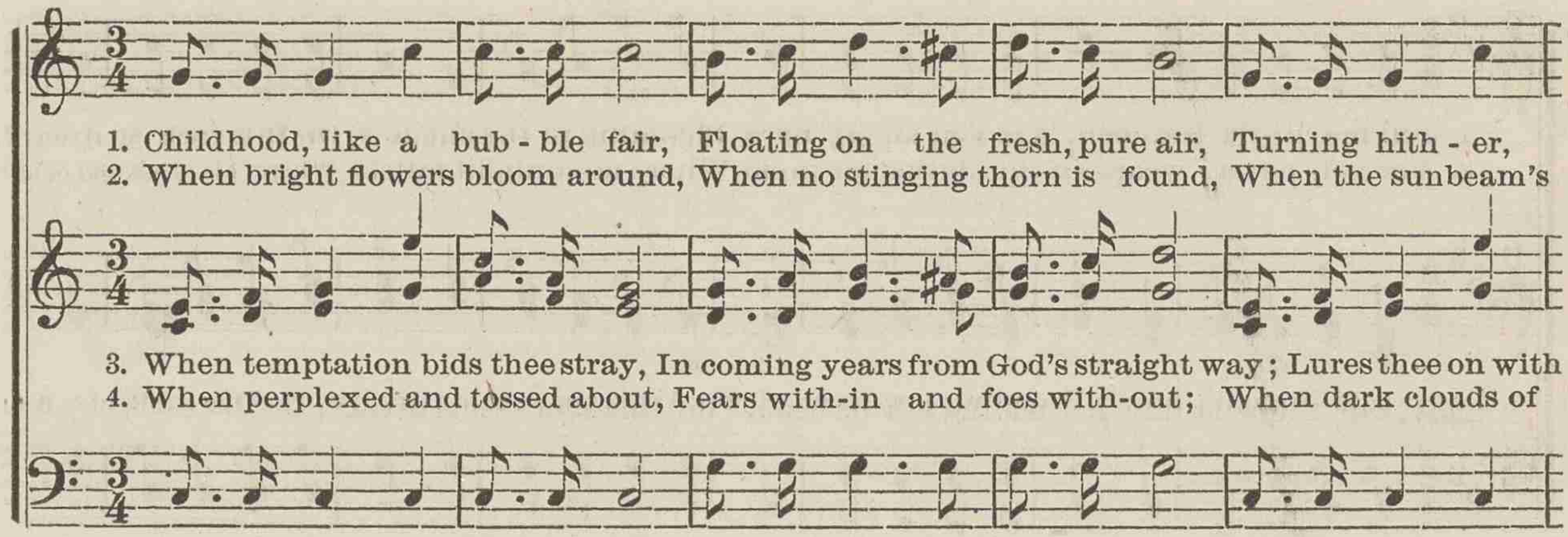
H. M. TEASDALE.

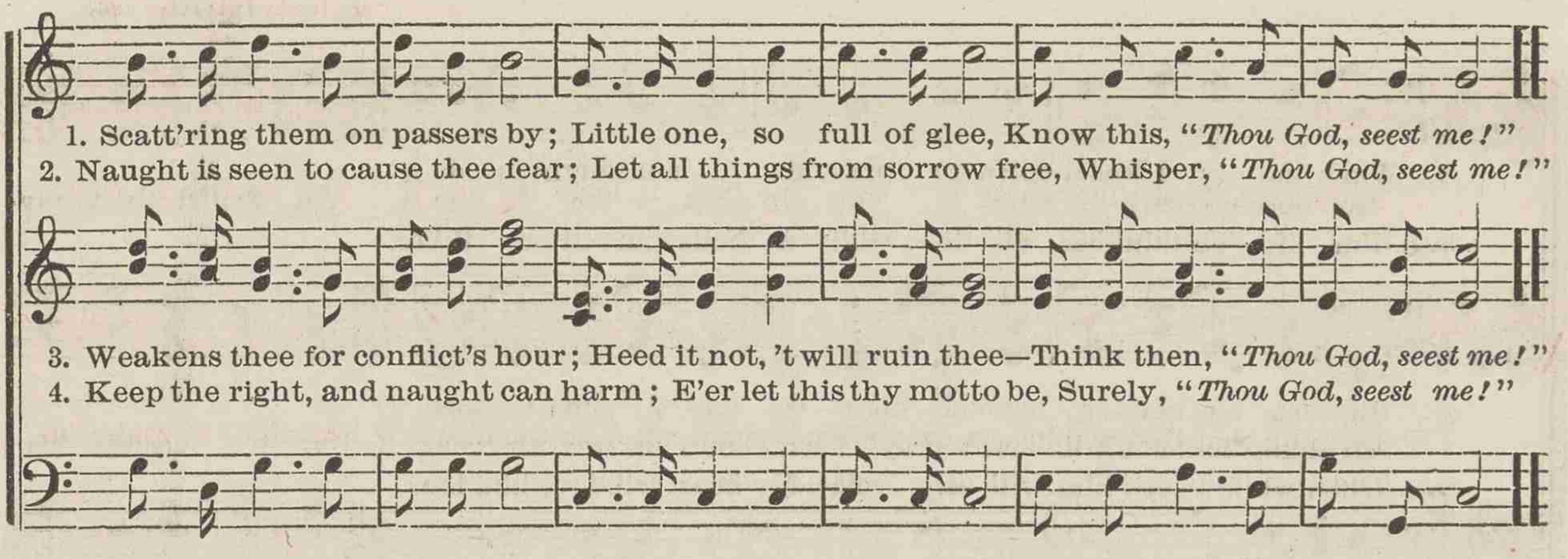


THOU GOD SEEST ME. 7s.

Poetry by Miss S. C. NIELL.

Music by H. M. TEASDALE.





Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 lines.

Sing to the tune on page 24.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin a double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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

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

Beautiful Cross. 8s. 6 lines.

Sing to the tune on page 20.

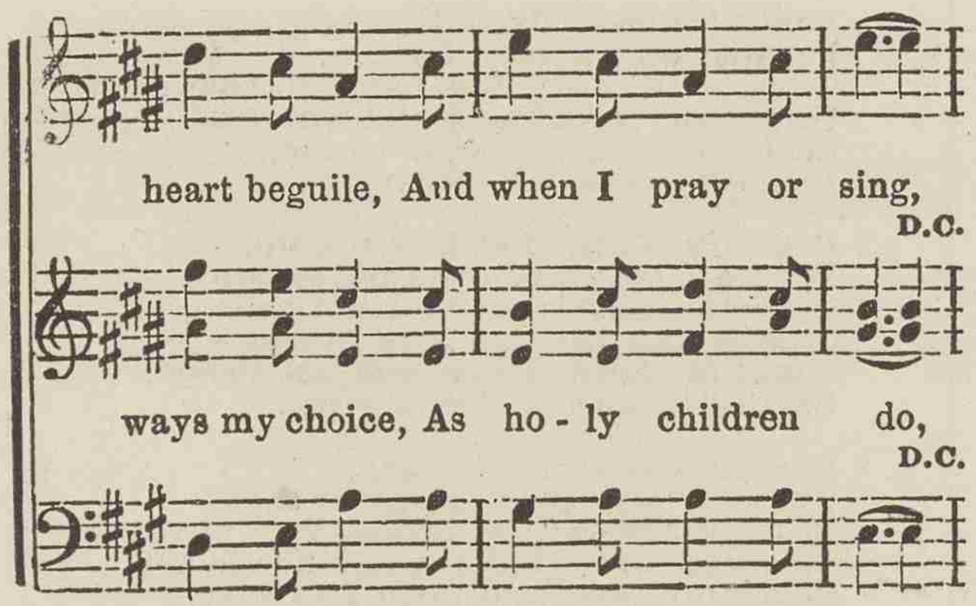
1 Beautiful cross by faith I see,
Planted on Calvary for me;
Cross of the suffering Lamb of God,
Under thy pressing weight he trod.
Beautiful cross, so dear to me,
Beautiful cross of Calvary.

2 Beautiful faith that lifts me up,
Where I may taste the bitter cup;
Beautiful faith that bids me bear
Crosses and ills, his love to share;
Beautiful faith, when tempest tossed,
Beautiful faith in Jesus' cross.

3 Beautiful cross of Calvary,
Oh, how my spirit clings to thee!
Beautiful faith that brings thee near:
Beautiful love that makes thee dear;
Beautiful cross and faith and love,
Sending me up to heaven above.

WANDERING THO'TS. C. M.

G. W. LINTON. 1859



The Golden Rule C. M.

1 To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

3 And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others serv'd me so.

4 But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be,
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS.

B. Manly, Jr., D.D.

2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3. See, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4. Hail the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

5. Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

LET US SING. C. M.

Poetry by E. E. ORVIS. Music by G. W. LINTON. 1870.

1. O sing the praises of your Lord, Enthroned on Zion's hill, He is by angels now adored, O-be-dient to God's will.
2. In ma-jes-ty and power supreme, His sceptre now he sways; His reign is now the grandest theme Of an-gel-songs of praise.

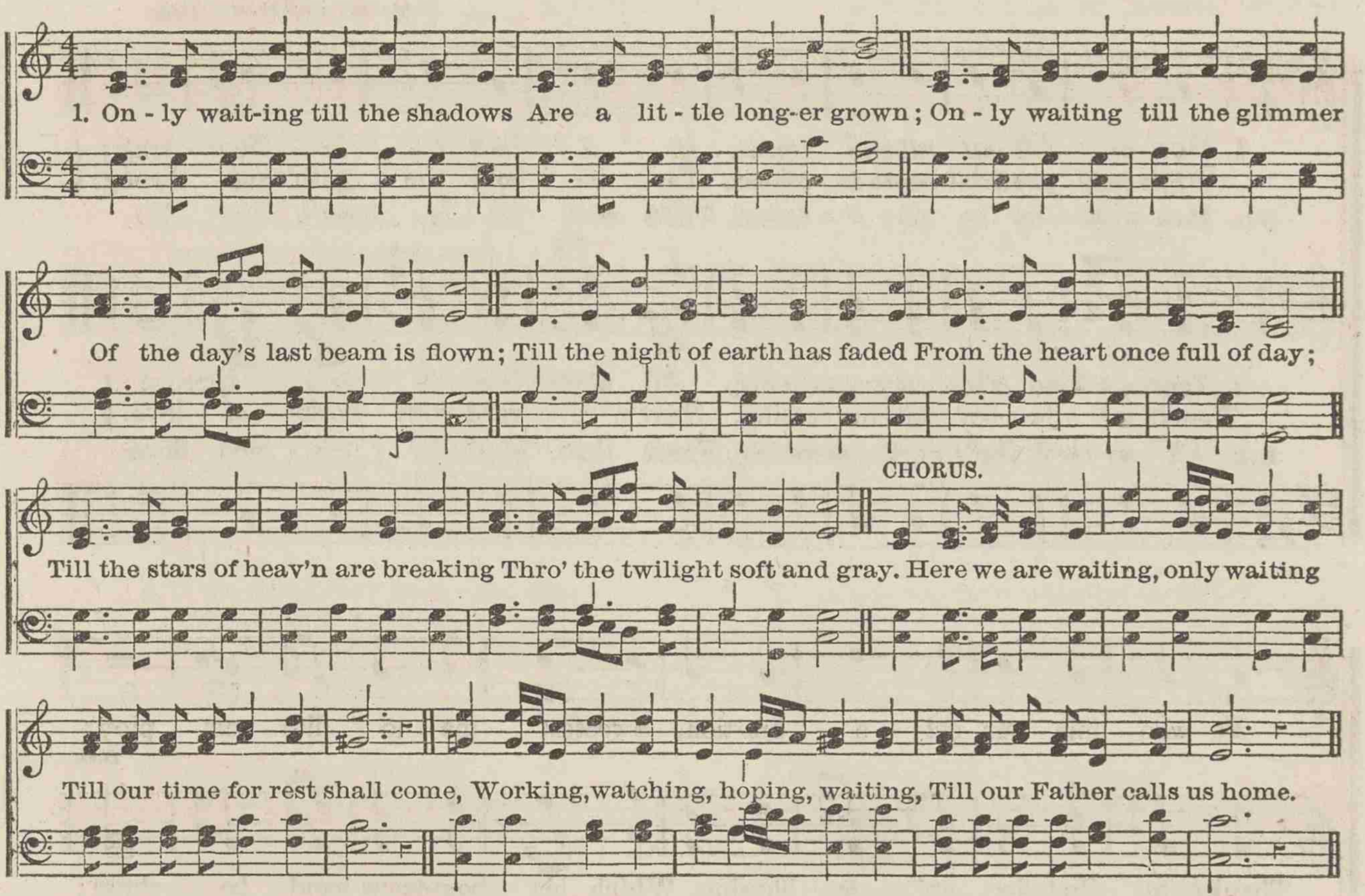
3. And worlds below, and worlds above, In rapturous anthems join, To cel - e - brate his sovereign love, And ma-jes - ty di-vine.
4. And thus he'll reign while time shall last, And earthly thrones endure; Till all the sons of God at last In heaven are made secure.

CHORUS.

Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing un - to the Lord.

Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing, let us sing praises, Let us sing un - to the Lord.

ONLY WAITING.



2. Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate
At whose threshold I have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.

Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away:
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.—CHORUS.

SPALDING. 8s & 7s.

G. W. LINTON. 1863.

1. Now we lift our tuneful voices, In a new me - lo - dious song;
While each youthful heart re - joi-ces, To be - hold the gath'ring throng.
D.C. Bow with us in ad - o - ration, Fill'd with ho - ly, heav'n - ly joy.

2. Teachers kind, whose care unceasing, All must hon - or and approve;
Thanks for la - bor still un-ceasing, Heav'n re - ward your works of love.
D.C. All on earth that's worth possessing, From that hand in - ces - sant flows.

Ye who join our cel - e - bra-tion, Sweetest me - lo - dies em - ploy;
D.C.

Thanks to God for ev' - ry blessing, Which his bounteous hand be - stows;
D.C.

Temperance Hymn. 8s & 7s.

1 Onward! onward! band victorious,
Rear the temp'rance banner high;
Thus far hath your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward, vict'ry hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won!

2 Onward! onward! song and shouting
Ring to heav'n's sublimest arch:
Whensoe'er your flag is floating,
And your conquering legions march.
Gird the temp'rance armor on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you,
Hasten, then, your work of love!

3 Lo, what multitudes despairing!
Widows, orphans, heirs of woe;
And the slaves their fetters wearing,
Reeling madly to and fro;
Mercy, justice, both entreat you
To destroy their bitter foe;
Christians, patriots, good men greet you,
To the conflict bravely go.

4 To the vender and distiller,
Thunder truth with startling tone!
Sweet the accents, louder, shriller,
Make their guilt enormous known.
Onward! onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free;
Vow on temp'rance's holy altar,
Death is yours, or victory.

We have met in peace. 8s & 7s

1 We have met in peace together,
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing;
Lord, accept of our oblation,
And the tribute now we bring.

2 We have met, and Time is flying,
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring.
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

3 He will aid us, should existence,
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest;
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing
We our Father's face shall see;
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children come to me."

Doxology. 8s & 7s.

Praise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Son, our expiation,
Priest and King, enthron'd above.
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

NIGHT SONG. 6s & 5s.

God is good. 6s & 5s.

1 Morn amid the mountains, lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains, murmur, 'God is good.'
Now the glad sun breaking, pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking, echo " God is good."

2 Hymns of praise are ringing thro' the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing, warble " God is good."
Wake, and join the chorus, man with soul endued
He whose smile is o'er us, God, our God, is good.

Let us sing of Jesus. 6s & 5s.

1 Let us sing of Jesus, let us praise His name!
For to seek and save us, to our world He came.
Let us pray to Jesus, He will hear our cry,
And will send to help us, from his throne on high.

2 Let us all love Jesus, for He loved us so
That He died to save us from our sin and woe.
Let us trust in Jesus, He alone can save;
And He waits to give us life beyond the grave.

3 Let us follow Jesus in the path He trod;
This will upward lead us to the home of God;
There we shall see Jesus sitting on His throne:
He will smile upon us, calling us His own.

I'm a little pilgrim. 6s & 5s.

1 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
Though this world is pleasant, sin is always near.
Mine's a better country, where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow never enter in.

2 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
But my home in heaven, cometh ever near.
But a little pilgrim must have garments clean
If he'd wear the white robes and with Christ be seen.

God is near thee. 6s & 5s.

1 Listen to the teachings
Of the Spirit near,
Calling to salvation,
And from sin and fear;
By them you may gather
Light, and life, and pow'r;
Freedom from the lurings
Of temptation's hour.

2 Listen to the pleadings
Of the Saviour's love;
Calling thee from sinning,
To his home above;
He will save from sorrow,
And the night of death,
And the dread hereafter,
Where is felt his wrath.

3 He is fitting mansions
For his followers true;
There is room now waiting,
Waiting just for you.
Will you taste the raptures
That His saints shall know?
Will you love the Saviour,
And to glory go?

4 Come then, to the fountain
Gushing from his side;
God and heav'n invites you,
Plunge beneath the tide;
There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul;
Hallelujah, glory,
Jesus died for all.

THE ANGELS SING.

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

CHORUS.

sweet accord, And thus surround the throne. The an-gels sing in their happy home, The
heavenly King May speak their joys abroad. The angels, etc. home

angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets. CHORUS.

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

Sowing and Reaping. 8s. 6 lines.

Sing to the tune Beautiful Zion, page 20.

1 Seed we are sowing, may it prove
Germs of the purest joy and love;
Rich may its golden fruitage be,
Lasting through vast eternity:
As we move onward here below,
Seed of some kind each day we sow.

2 Small though the seed be, soon 'twill grow
Bringing forth fruit for weal or woe;
Whether of righteousness or wrong,
We, the ripe grain must reap ere long:
Know we not, what our sowing be,
That in the harvest we shall see?

3 If we sow seed of virtue here,
Fruit for the realms of bliss 'twill bear;
There it will shine as diamonds bright,
Precious in our Redeemer's sight;
These are the jewels all may wear
When the bright joys of heav'n we share.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.

Love of God. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Sing to the tune on page 22.

1 Love of God, all love excelling!
How can I its wonders tell!
Now my troubled spirit quelling,
Now it breaks the power of hell:
O, what mercies, O, what mercies
Start beneath its magic spell!

2 Love of God, all love embracing
In its wide extended arms;
All our doubts and fears displacing,
Saves our souls from death's alarms;
O, what sweetness, O, what sweetness
Dwells within its blissful charms.

3 Love of God, all love possessing!
Filling all our souls with joy;
Pouring on each heart a blessing,
Which no time can e'er destroy:
Now may praises, now may praises
All our hearts and tongues employ.

4 Love of God, all love extending
Far o'er sea and ocean strands;
Thou art on the breezes sending
Joyful news to distant lands;
May thy triumphs, may thy triumphs
Bind the world within thy bands.

KNOWLES. C. M.

G. W. LINTON. 1859.

A song of praise. C. M.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,—
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Invitation to praise the Redeemer. C. M.

1 Come children, raise your voices high,
Your Saviour's love proclaim;
And with the choirs of earth and sky
Unite to praise his name.

2 Sing how he left the realms of light,
Where the bright angels dwell,
And passing through death's gloomy night,
Redeemed the world from hell.

3 Yes, we will gladly join our lays,
With heaven's seraphic throng;
And offer in our early days,
To Christ our grateful song.

4 And oh, that all would join to sing
That Saviour's love, who came,
Mankind from chains of sin to bring
To liberty again.

5 Then loud hosannas to our King,
Jesus, eternal God!
Let earth with joyful anthems ring,
To spread his fame abroad.

6 Let every tribe and nation own
His just and righteous sway,
And all unite to hasten on
The great Millennial day.

Children should not disagree. C. M.

1 Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

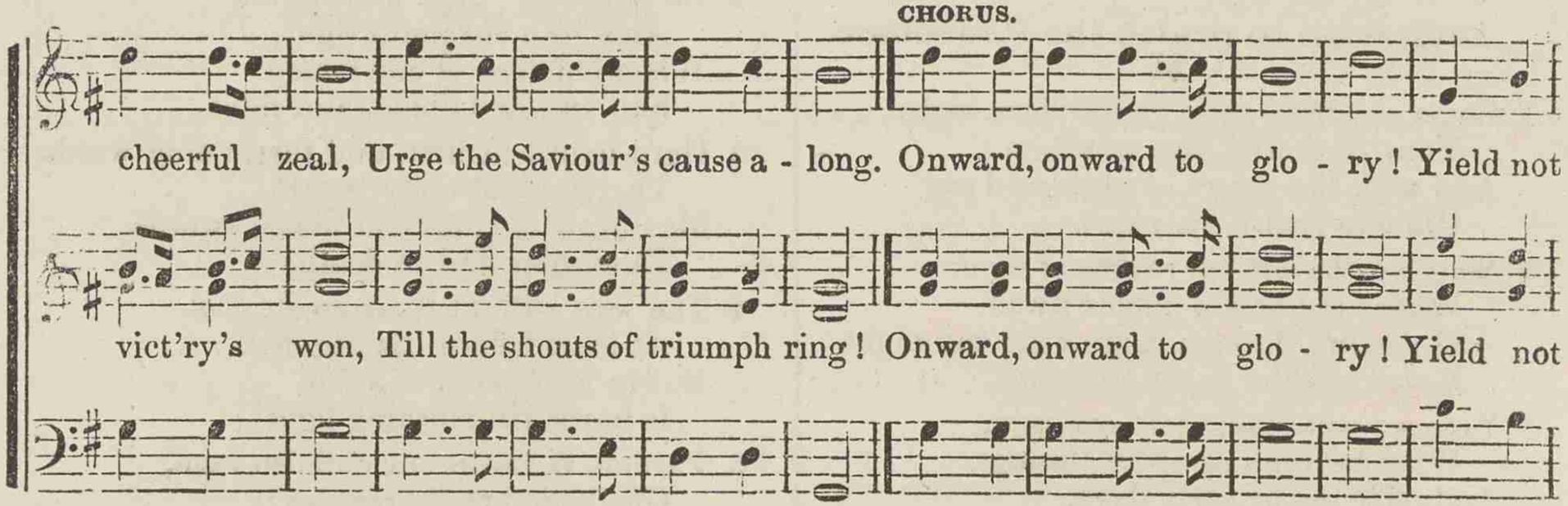
4 The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

5 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD. 7s.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR. Music by A. HULL.

CHORUS.



3 Jesus calls us to the field!
He will lead us evermore;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er. CHO.

4 Then in yonder world of light,
We will lay our armor down;
And, 'mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown. CHO.

The Christian Soldier. 7s.

To the tune on page 40.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

CHORUS. Onward, onward to glory!
Yield not to the wily foe;
Vict'ry and heaven are before thee,
Shout your triumph as you go.

2 Let not sorrow dim thine eye,
Soon shall every cheek be dry;
Let not fears thy course impede,
Great thy strength if great thy need. CHO.

3 Let thy drooping heart be glad,
March in heavenly armor clad;
See, the Captain leads the way,
Onward, Christian, win the day. CHO.

4 Onward, then, to glory move,
More than victor thou shalt prove;
Still through danger, toil, and woe,
Christian soldier, onward go. CHO.

The Happy Home. 6s & 4s.

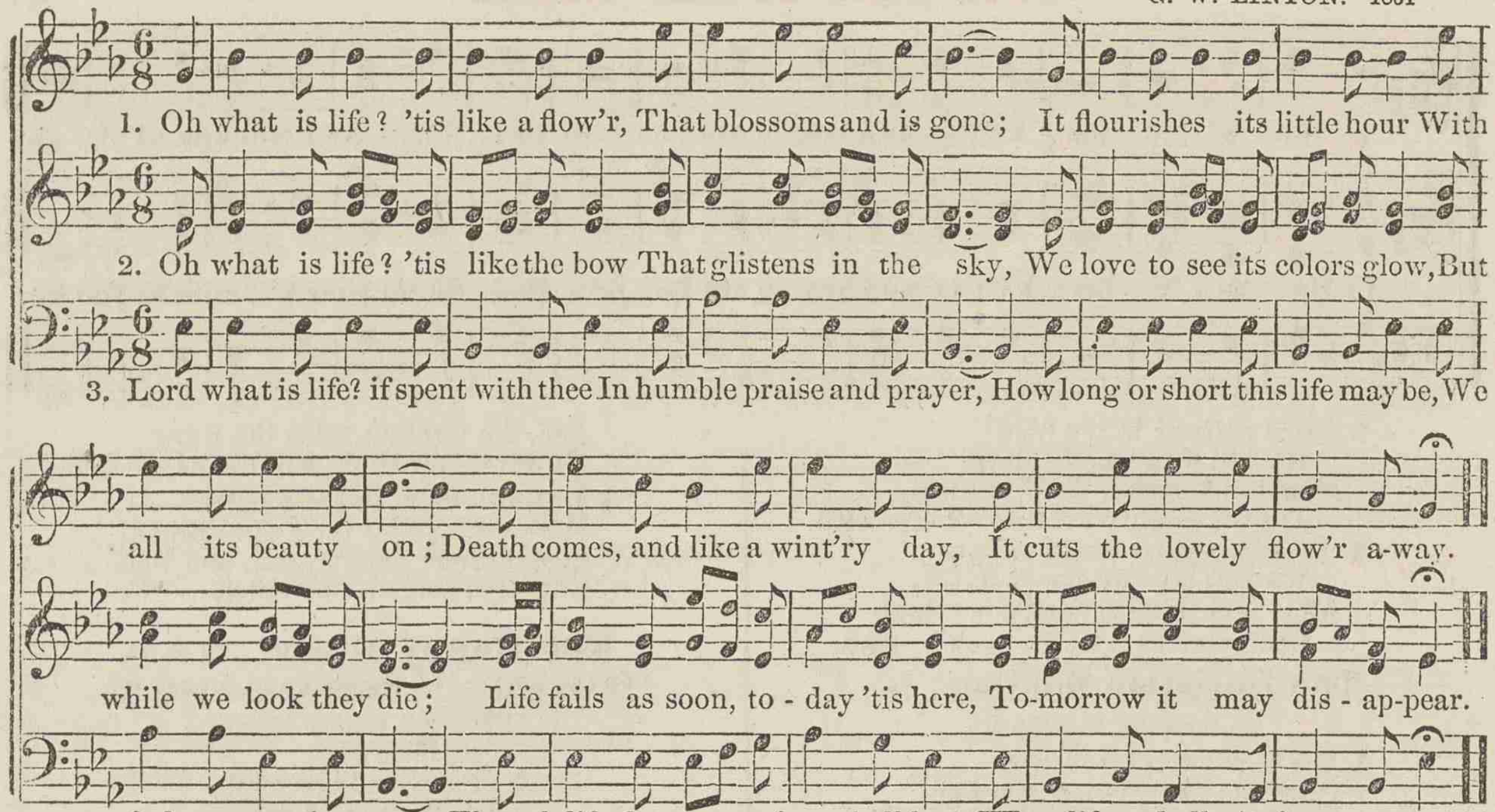
To the tune "The Happy Land," page 88.

1 There is a happy home,
Far, far away;
A life beyond the tomb,
Bright, endless day;
There we may happy be,
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
In peace and purity,
Blest, evermore.

2 "Come to this happy home,"
Hear Jesus say;
Jesus bids children come;
He leads the way;
Come, quickly, swiftly move
Toward your Father's home above,
There to enjoy his love,
For evermore.

WHAT IS LIFE? C. H. M. (86, 86, 88).

G. W. LINTON. 1864



THE LAND OF BLISS. C. H. M.

To be sung to the tune "What is Life?"

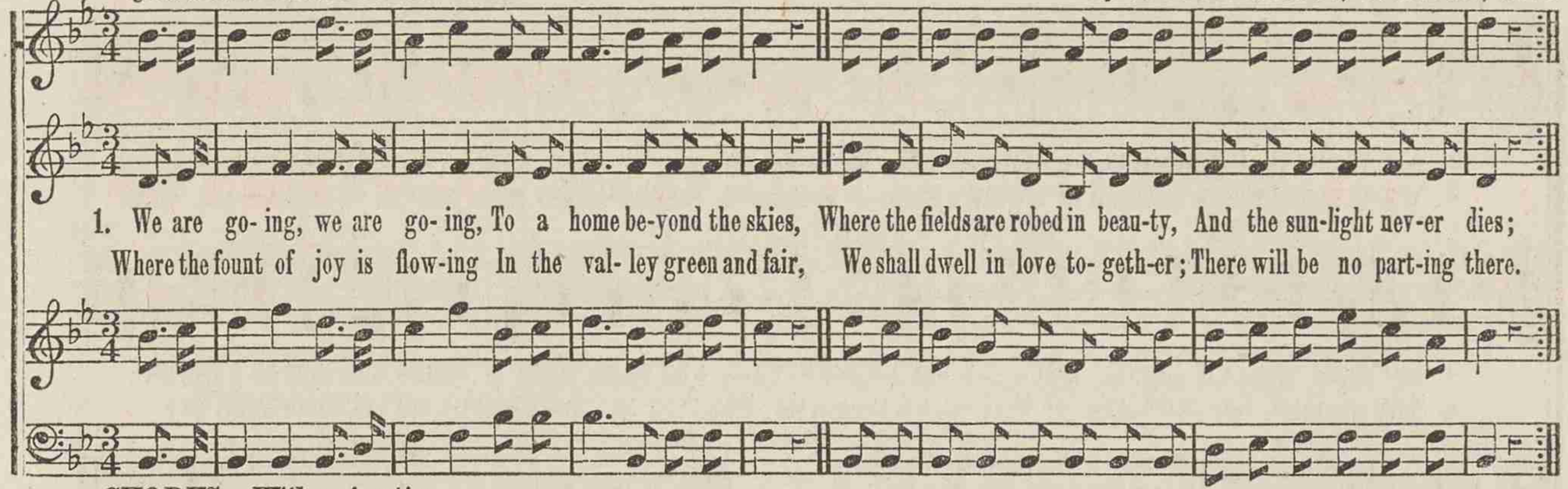
1. Heav'n is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2. Heav'n is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

HOME BEYOND THE SKIES.

Quartette or Semi-Chorus.

Music by J. B. SHERMAN, Greenville, S. C.



1. We are go- ing, we are go- ing, To a home be-yond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beau-ty, And the sun-light nev-er dies;
Where the fount of joy is flow-ing In the val- ley green and fair, We shall dwell in love to- geth-er; There will be no part-ing there.

CHORUS. With animation.

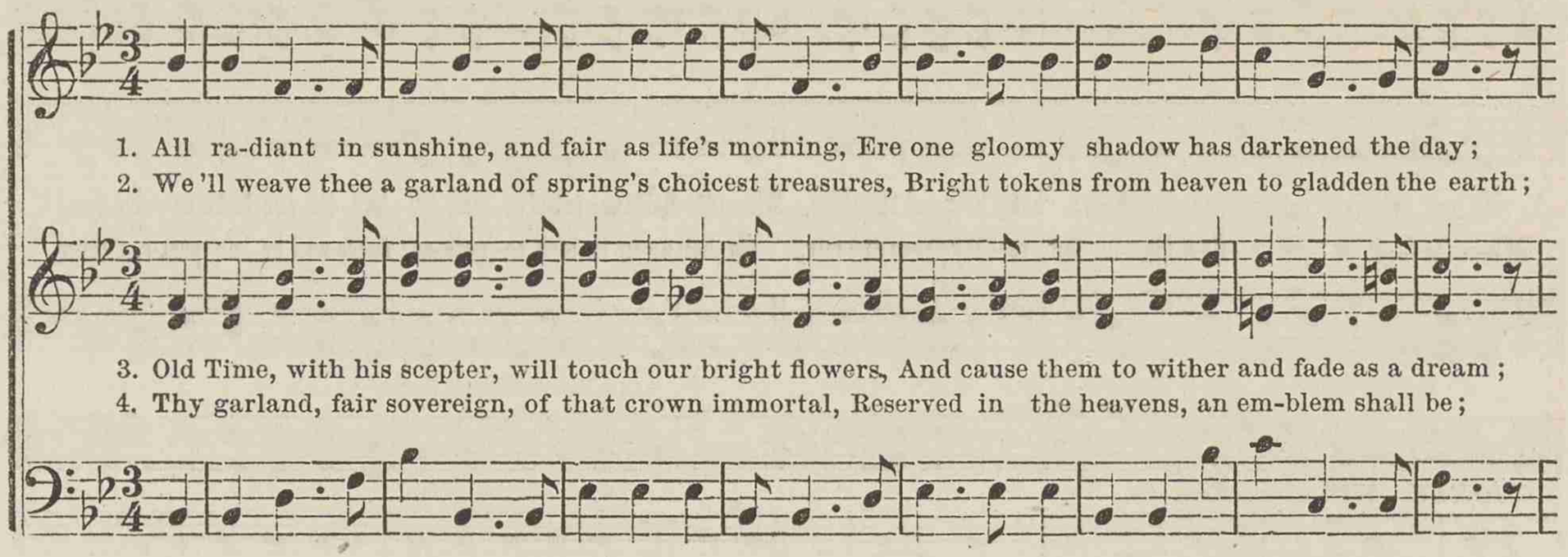
We are go- ing, we are go - ing, To a home be-yond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beau-ty, And the sun-light nev-er dies.

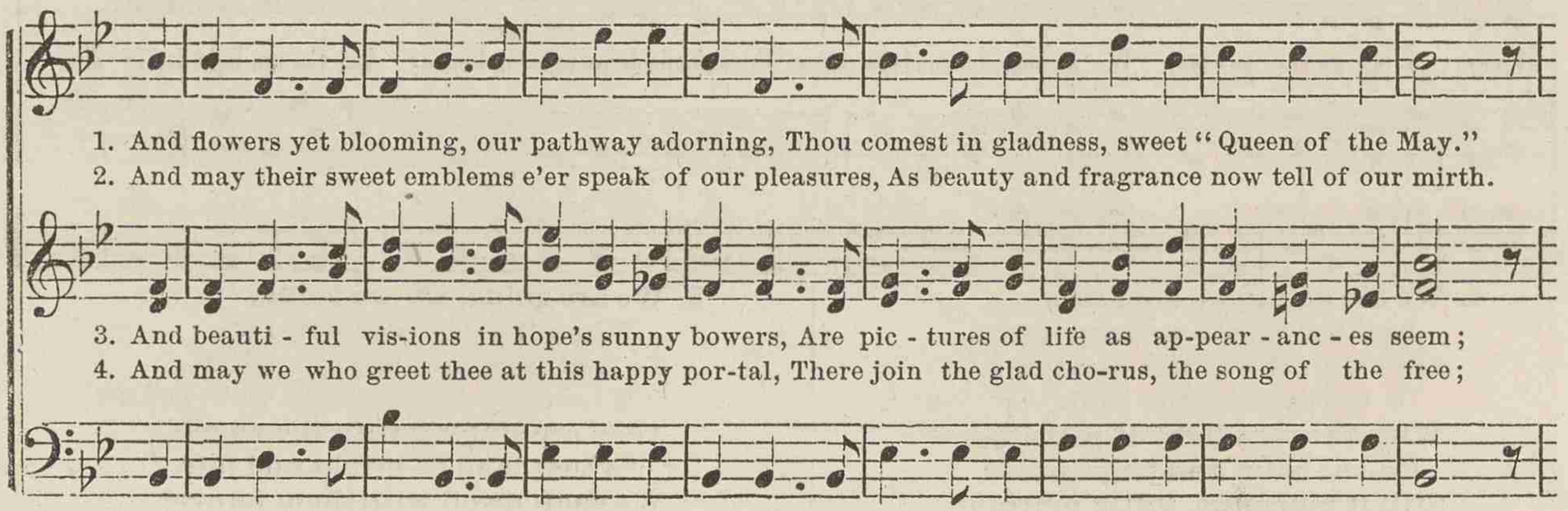
2. We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard,
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of the bird.
With the rosy light of morning,
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.—*Chorus.*

3. We are going, we are going,
When the day of life is o'er,
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before.
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair.
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.—*Chorus.*

CORONATION SONG. 12s & 11s.

Poetry by Miss S. C. NIELL. Music by H. M. TEASDALE.



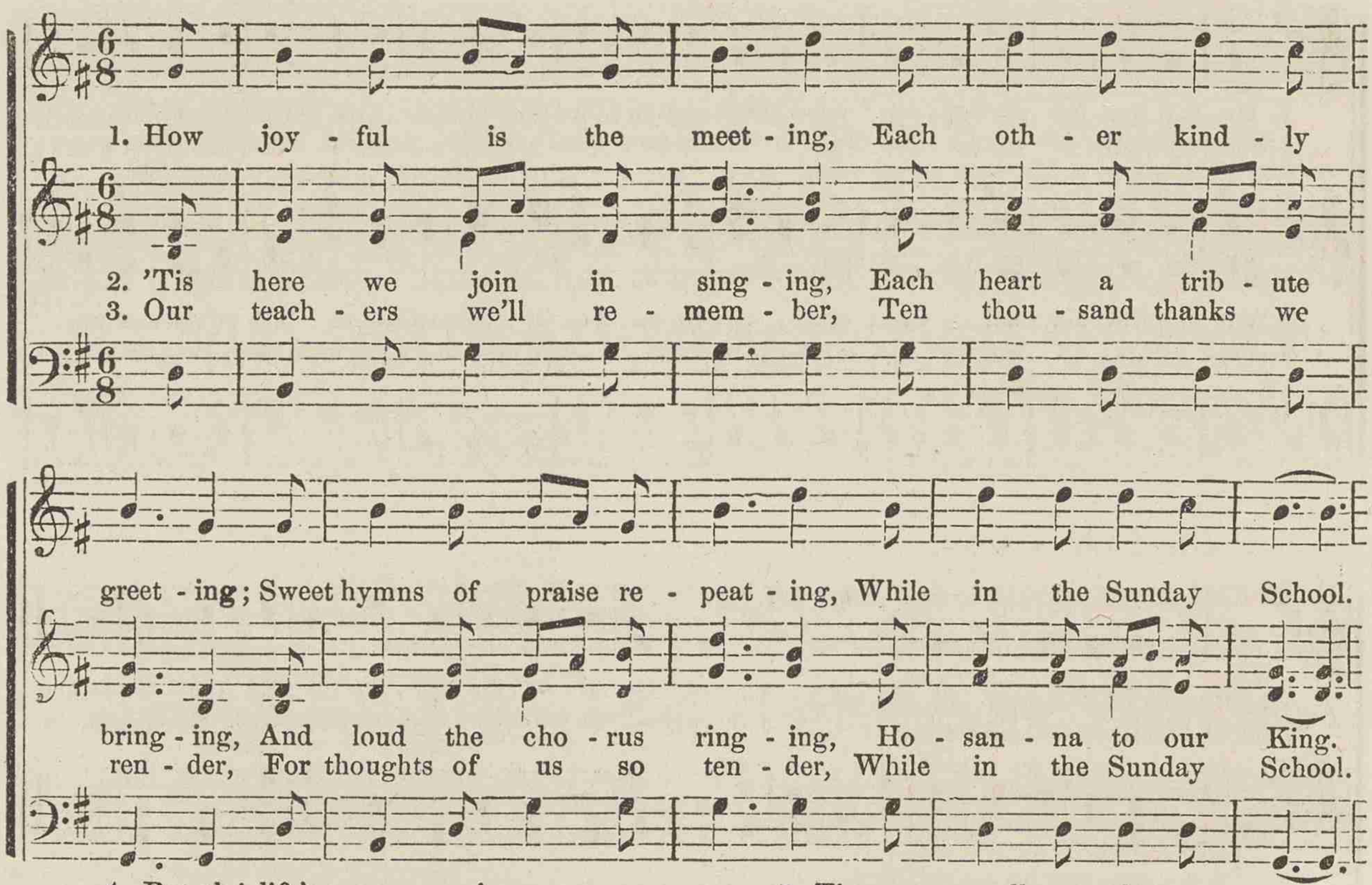


1. We hail thee, fair sov'reign, fit rep - re-sent - a-tion Of beautiful dreams, with which hope dazzles youth;
2. As sub-jects, we ten-der our loy - al de - vo-tion, And loud may our chorus resound o'er the green;
3. But all will not fail us, sweet mem-o - ries lin-ger, And cir - cle with glo-ry such pictures as this;
4. Then, sorrows all banished, and safe home in glo-ry, Through unending a-ges we'll swell the glad strain;

1. With hearts overflowing at thy cor - o - na-tion, We of - fer the hom - age of love and of truth.
2. Our young hearts, though buoyant, are touched with emotion, We hail thee! our sovereign, our lovely May Queen.
3. And hope will cast anchor while faith points her finger To that cor-o - na - tion in re - gions of bliss.
4. And loud may the u-ni - verse e - cho the sto-ry Of Him who shall crown us—THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

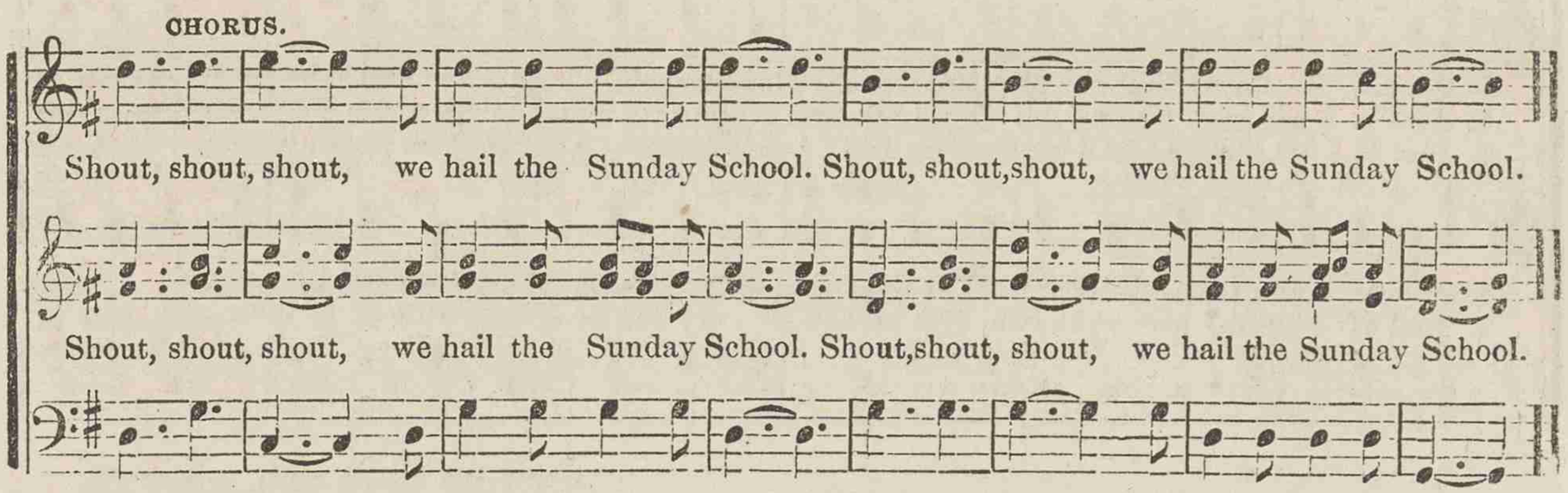
WE HAIL THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. 7, 7, 7, 6.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT. 1864.



4. But ah! life's sunny morning,
With all its sweet adorning;
Like early blossoms falling,
Will soon have passed away. CHO.

5. Then may we all remember,
To strive our hearts to render;
While now so young and tender,
To Christ our heav'nly King. CHO



Shed not a tear. 10s & 4s.

To the tune "Homeward bound," page 86.

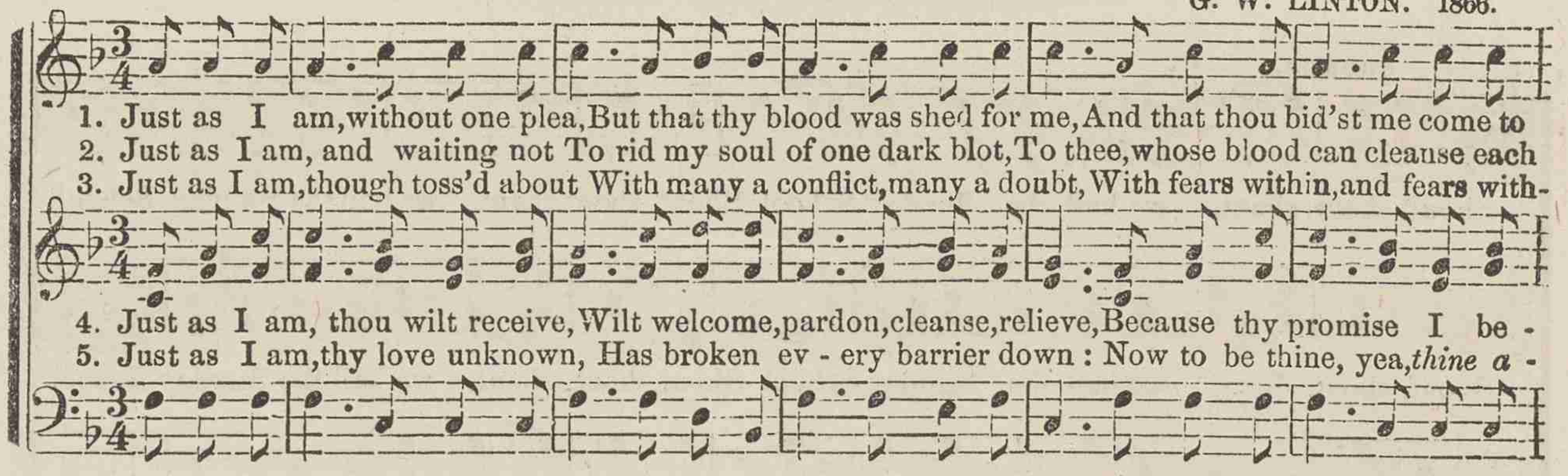
1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, I am gone,
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save:
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, I am gone,
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

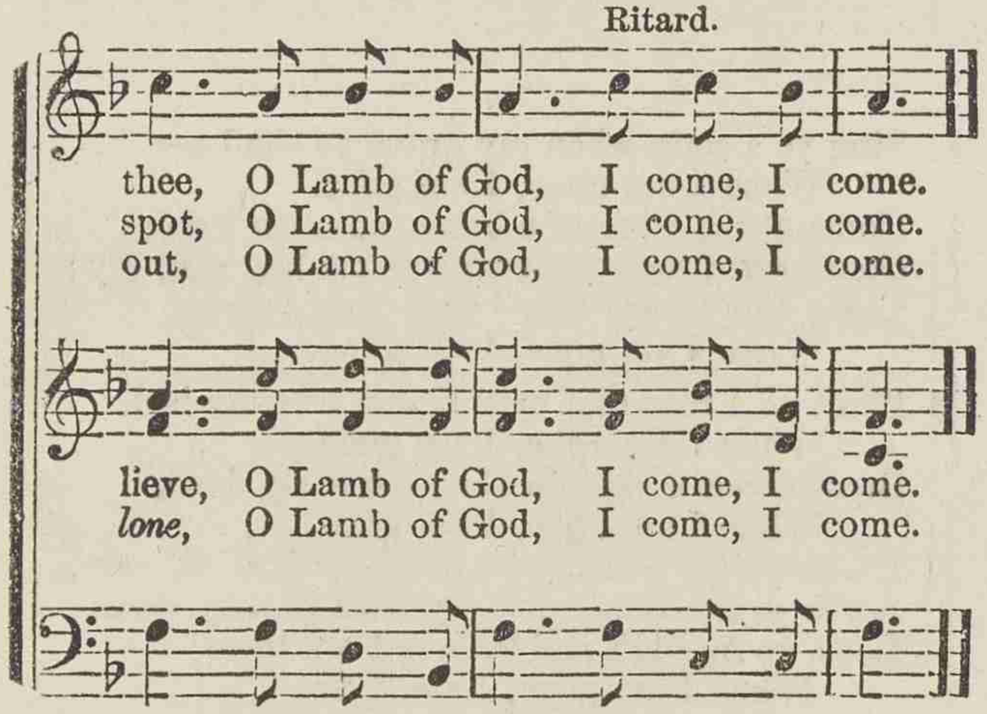
3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, I am gone,
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone,
Praise ye the Lord when I'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share;
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

JUST AS I AM. 8, 8, 8, 6.

G. W. LINTON. 1866.



Ritard.



Just as thou art. 8s & 6s.

To the tune "Just as I am."

1 Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heav'nly place,
O guilty sinner, come, O come.

2 Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest,
I bring relief to hearts opprest,
O weary sinner come, O come.

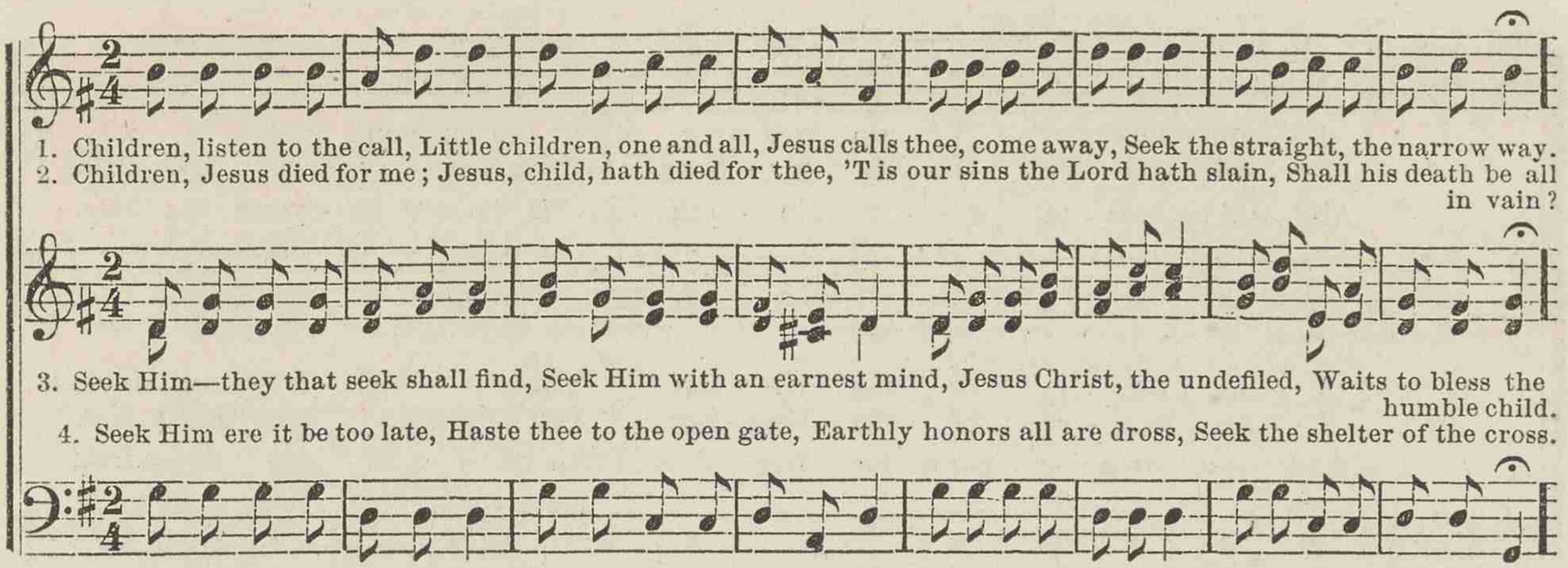
3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come, O come

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come, O come.

5 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come:
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come, O come.

THE CALL. 7s.

H. M. TEASDALE



1. Children, listen to the call, Little children, one and all, Jesus calls thee, come away, Seek the straight, the narrow way.
2. Children, Jesus died for me; Jesus, child, hath died for thee, 'T is our sins the Lord hath slain, Shall his death be all in vain?
3. Seek Him—they that seek shall find, Seek Him with an earnest mind, Jesus Christ, the undefiled, Waits to bless the humble child.
4. Seek Him ere it be too late, Haste thee to the open gate, Earthly honors all are dross, Seek the shelter of the cross.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away, Jesus calls thee, come away! Come away, come away, Seek the straight, the narrow way.

Come away, come away, Jesus calls thee, come away! Come away, come away, Seek the straight, the narrow way.

I AM WEARY. 8s & 7s. Double.

G. W. LINTON. 1864.

1. I am wea - ry, I am wea - ry, Of the cares and toils of life,
I am wea - ry of its sor - rows, I am wea - ry of its strife,
And th' im-mor - tal spir - it pin - eth For its home be - yond the sky.

2. I am wea - ry of the tri - fles That oc - cu - py my days,
I am wea - ry of the long - ing For hu-man love and praise,
And my spir - it pants for free - dom, From its i - dle joy and mirth.

I am wea - ry of its flow - ers, That bloom so soon to die,
D.C.

I am wea - ry of these pas - sions Turn-ing con - stant - ly to earth,
D.C.

3 I have seen the flowers wither,
I have seen the lov'd ones die,
I have seen the clouds of sorrow,
Overcast youth's summer sky.
I am pining, I am pining,
For my home among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Shall we meet? 8s & 7s.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll;
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er;
Shall we meet and cast our anchor,
By the fair celestial shore?

2 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Where the music of the ransom'd,
Rolls its harmony around;
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?

3 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down around his throne.

Yes, we'll meet. 8s & 7s.

1 Yes, we'll meet, beyond the river,
When our conflicts all are o'er;
And we'll spend the blest forever,
On that bright celestial shore.
Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease,
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crown'd with perfect peace.

2 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be,
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.
We shall meet, where all is onward,
Ev'ry change, new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.

3 We shall meet, there, faithful Christian,
When the burden we lay down,
We shall change our cross of anguish
For a bright unfading crown.
We shall meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own;
We shall know his blessed favor,
And sit down around his throne?

Doxology. 8s & 7s.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heav'nly manna feeding,
May our faith and love increase.
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise!

THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

1. To the heavenly land, to the heavenly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand,
   We are on our way, we are on our way, A u - nit - ed and hap - py band.
2. Tho' we oft - en tire, tho' we oft - en tire Where the pathway is steep and strait,
   We will still press on, we will still press on Till we pass thro' the gold-en gate.

CHORUS.

For the an - gels there will teach us How to sing a sweet - er song; And no

sor - row'll ev - er reach us In that hap - py, hap - py throng In the

3. But we need not fear, but we need not fear,
For we 've Jesus to be our guide;
And with him so near, aye, with him so near,
Naught of evil can e'er betide.
CHO.—For the angels, etc.

4. Will you go with us? will you go with us?
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless day
Is illumed by our Father's love.
CHO.—For the angels, etc.

Oblations of Praise. 8s & 7s.

Sing to tune on page 32.

1 Here we meet with joy and gladness;
With kind words each other greet,
And unite in grateful praises,
While we sing in concert sweet.
May each heart, filled with devotion,
Join the chorus, swell the song
Of thanksgiving to our Father,
Whose kind care our lives prolong.

2 Here our prayers and praise ascending,
Blend with angel's tuneful lays;
While with golden harps they worship,
God's undying love we praise.
Jesus, thee we come confessing,
On thy arm of love we lean;
May we, each thy love possessing,
Seek thy holy will to learn.

3 We would learn of thee, great Teacher,
Grow in knowledge, grace and love;
And now join in supplicating
Thy rich blessing from above.
Lead, O lead us, gentle Shepherd,
Into paths of joy and peace;
Take us home to dwell in glory,
Saved by thy redeeming grace.

MRS. G. W. LINTON.

FAREWELL. 6s & 4s. (64, 66)

G. W. LINTON. 1864.

1. Fare - well, Fare - well, we meet no more On this side heav'n; The parting scene is

2. Fare - well, fare-well, my soul will weep, While mem - 'ry lives; From wounds that sink so

3. Fare - well, fare - well, and shall we meet In heav'n a - bove; And there in un - ion

o'er, The last sad look is giv'n. The last sad look is giv'n.

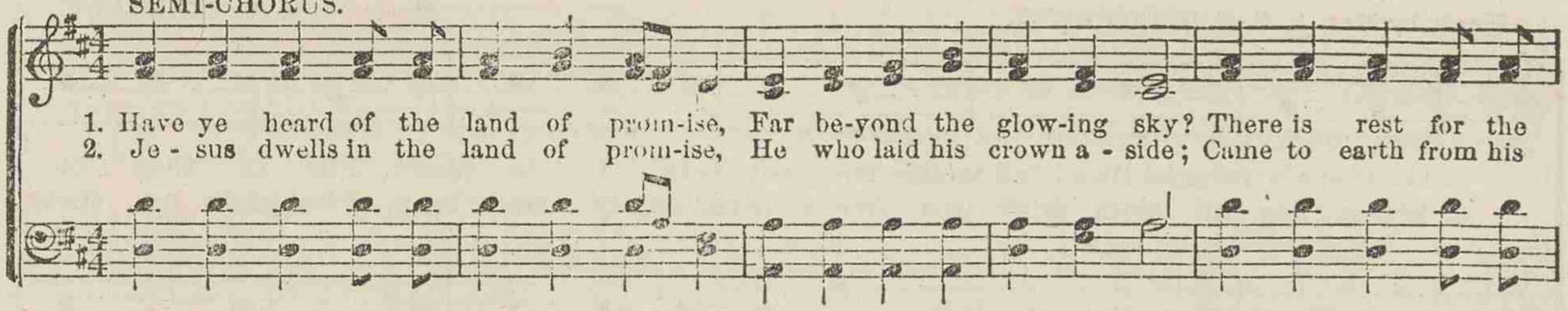
deep, No earth - ly hand re - lieves. No earth - ly hand re - lieves.

sweet, Sing of a Sav - iour's love? Sing of a Sav - iour's love?

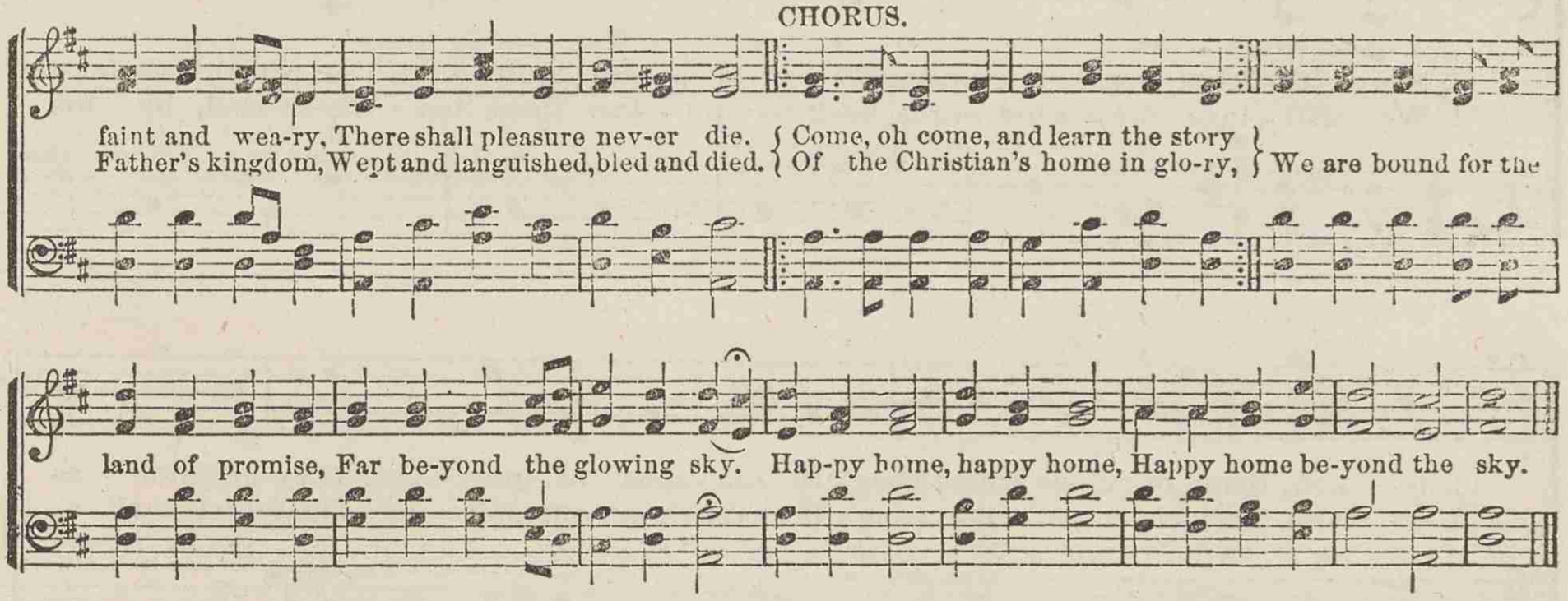
THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

SEMI-CHORUS.



CHORUS.

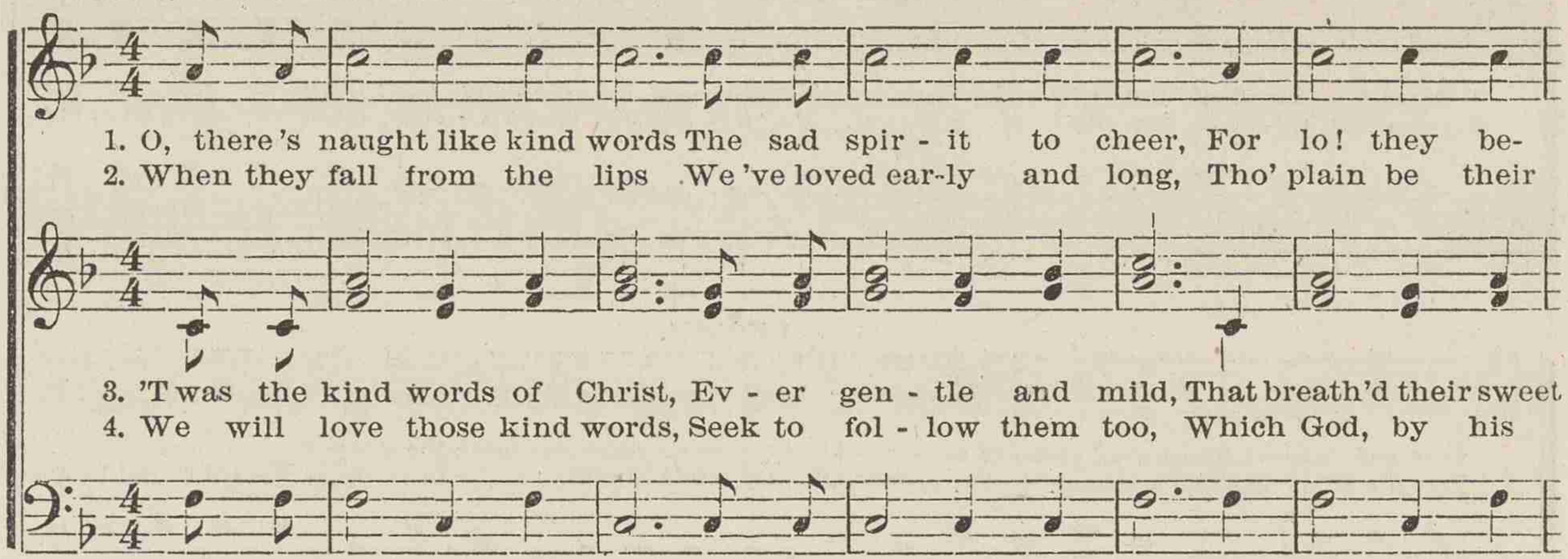


3. Have ye heard of the heavenly Canaan,
Where the good shall part no more?
Join our band, we are marching onward,
Soon our journey will be o'er.—*Cho.*

4. Have ye heard of the holy city
Beauteous realm of joy untold?
Would ye roam by the shining river?
Would ye tread the streets of gold?—*Cho.*

KIND WORDS. 6s & 5s.

Words by Mrs. L. C. S. DOUGHERTY. Music by H. M. TEASDALE.



CHORUS.

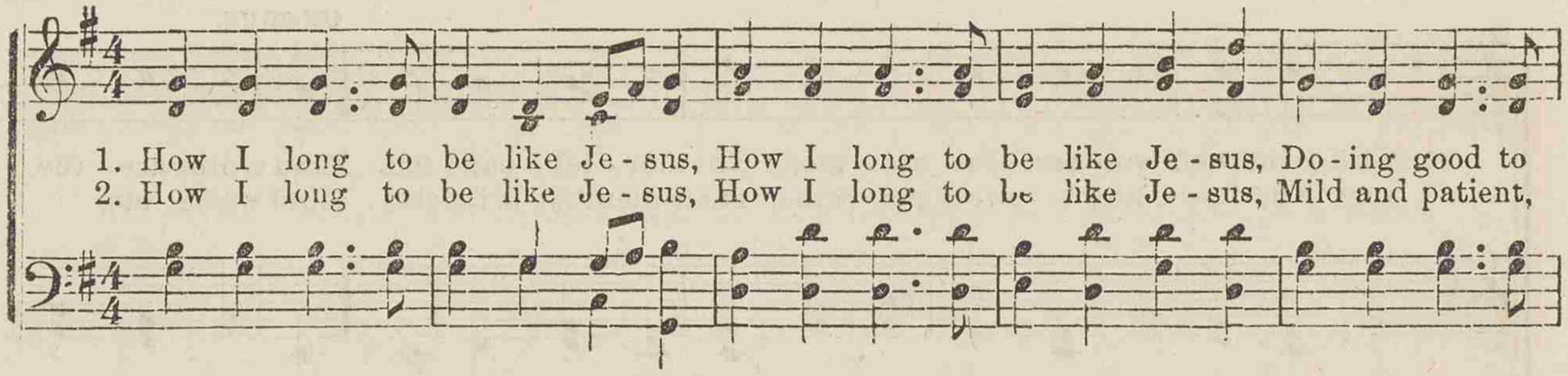
1. well, And their won-der - ful ma - gic, No mor - tal can tell. Kind words are the
2. way, And there, like a sweet per - fume, Their mem'ry will stay. Kind words, etc.

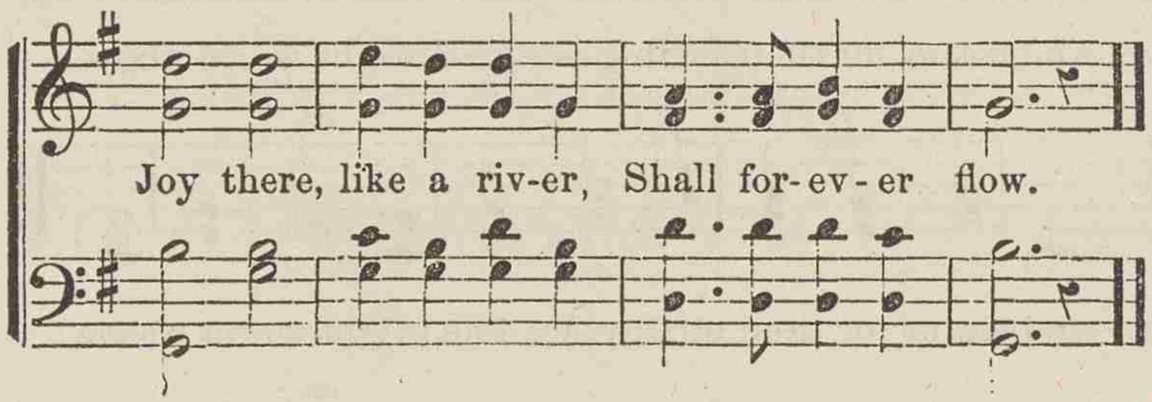
3. then, Tho' no lon - ger He walks with The chil - dren of men. Kind words are the
4. o'er, Then his kind words will greet us On heaven's bright shore. Kind words, etc.

e - choes Of friendship and love, And claim for their birth-place The bright world above.

e - choes Of friendship and love, And claim for their birth-place The bright world above.

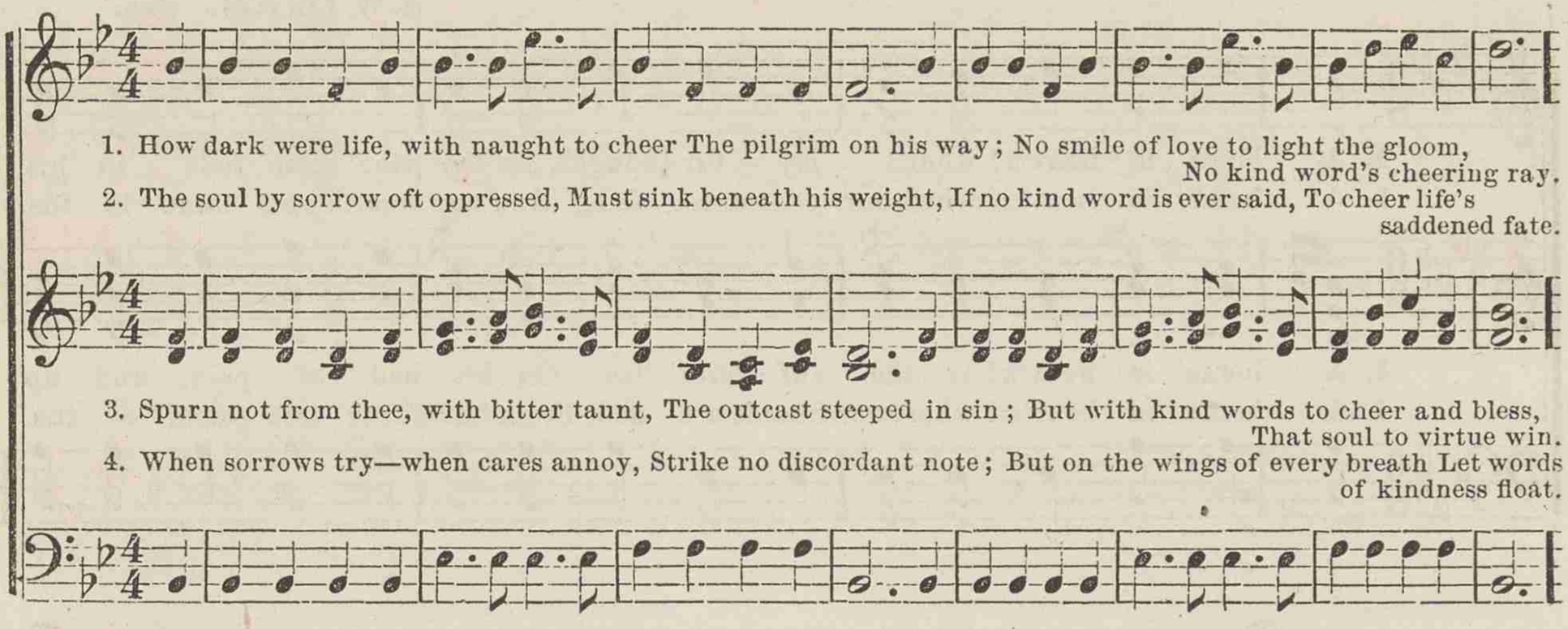
HOW I LONG TO BE LIKE JESUS.





3. How I long to be like Jesus,
   How I long to be like Jesus,
   Kind, forgiving those who wrong me,
   Wheresoe'er I go.—*Cho.*

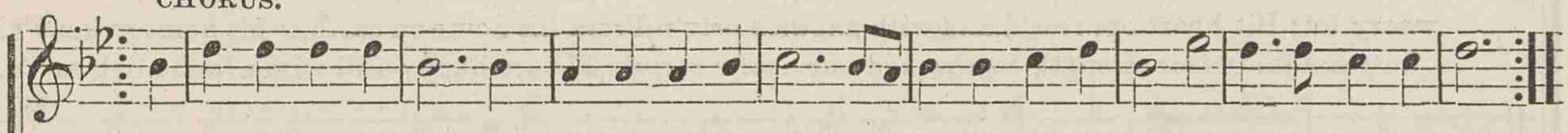
4. How I long to be like Jesus,
   How I long to be like Jesus,
   Like my Saviour pure and holy,
   Wheresoe'er I go.—*Cho.*



1. How dark were life, with naught to cheer The pilgrim on his way; No smile of love to light the gloom,
No kind word's cheering ray.
2. The soul by sorrow oft oppressed, Must sink beneath his weight, If no kind word is ever said, To cheer life's
saddened fate.

3. Spurn not from thee, with bitter taunt, The outcast steeped in sin; But with kind words to cheer and bless,
That soul to virtue win.
4. When sorrows try—when cares annoy, Strike no discordant note; But on the wings of every breath Let words
of kindness float.

CHORUS.

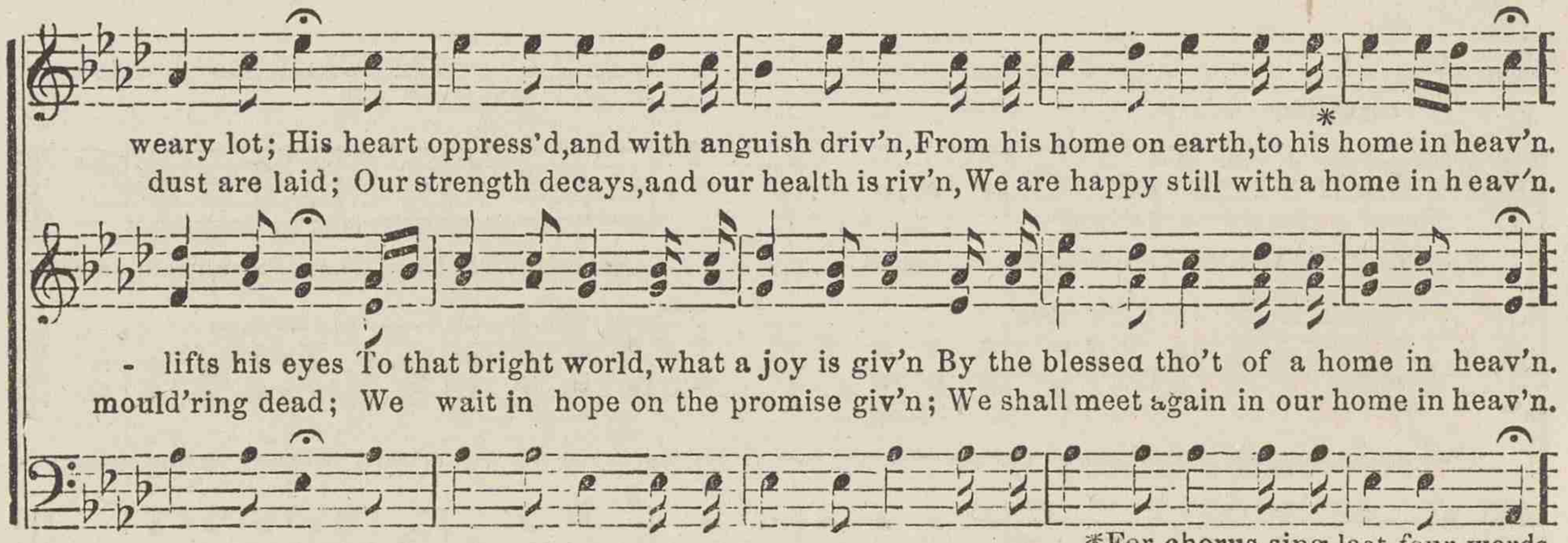


Kind words then speak to all, Kind words a soul may save; Kind words thy life will bless, And crown an honored grave.

Kind words then speak to all, Kind words a soul may save; Kind words thy life will bless, And crown an honored grave.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. (9, 10, 9, 10.)

G. W. LINTON. 1865.



HYMNS TO THE TUNE ON PAGE 68.

Rest for the weary. 8s & 7s.

1 In that world of ancient story,
Where no storm can ever come,
Where the Saviour dwells in glory,
There remains for us a home. CHO.

2 There within the heav'nly mansions,
Where life's river flows so clear,
We shall see our blessed Saviour,
If we love and serve him here. CHO.

3 There with holy angels dwelling,
Where the ransomed wander free,
Jesus' praises ever telling,
Sing we through eternity. CHORUS.

4 There amid the shining numbers,
All our toils and labors o'er,
Where the Guardian never slumbers,
We shall dwell forevermore. CHORUS.

Hope for the fallen. 8s & 7s.

1 O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheer'd by no reviving ray,
Brightly temp'rance's sun is rising,
Bringing near a glorious day.

CHO. There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.
Come while temp'rance friends are moving
In the way God has led them,
Walk the narrow path of duty,
There is hope for all.

2 Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;
See, from eastern coast to western,
Quickly fly the shades of night. CHO.

3 May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temp'rance ever
Multiply and still increase, CHO.

4 Now the trump of temp'rance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay!
Let your voices all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day. CHO.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. 9s & 8s.

G. W. LINTON. 1865.

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free, The home of the ransom'd,
2. That beautiful land, Ci-ty of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the
3. In visions I see its streets of gold, Its pear - ly gates I too behold, The riv-er of life, the
4. The heavenly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious

Chorus.

bright, and fair, And beautiful angels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful
light of day Hath driven the darkness far away. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful
crystal sea, The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful
choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful

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

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

LITTLE THINGS. 6s & 5s.

G. W. LINTON. 1870.

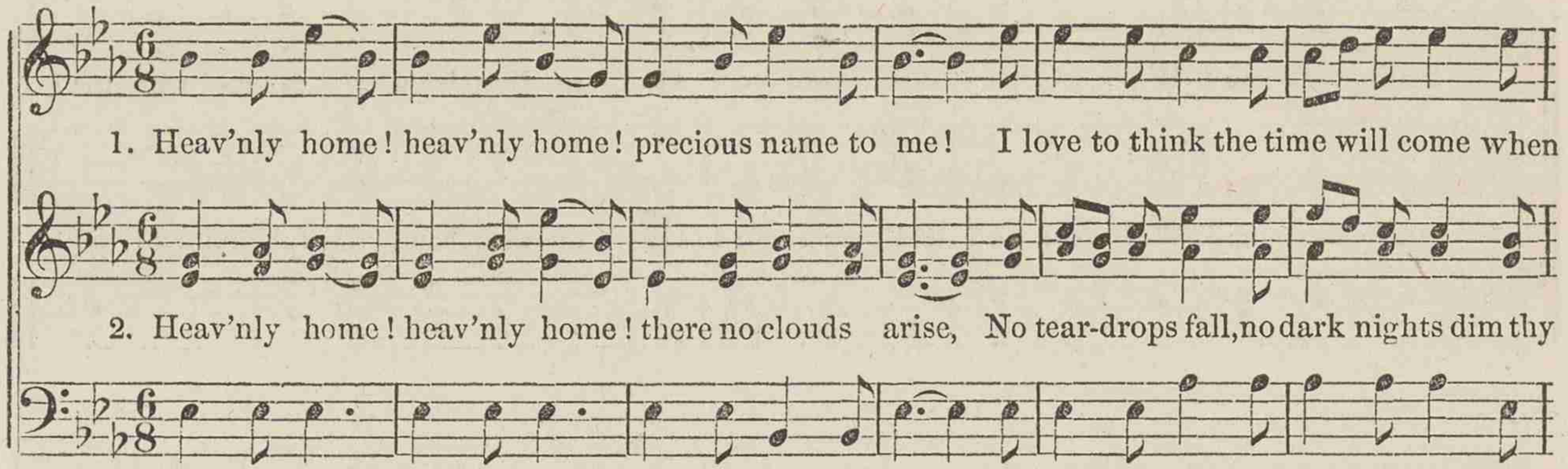
1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty o-cean, And the beauteous land.
2. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty a-ges Of e-ter-ni-ty.

3. So our lit-tle errors, Lead the soul a-way From the paths of vir-tue Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an E-den, Like the heav'n a-bove.

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

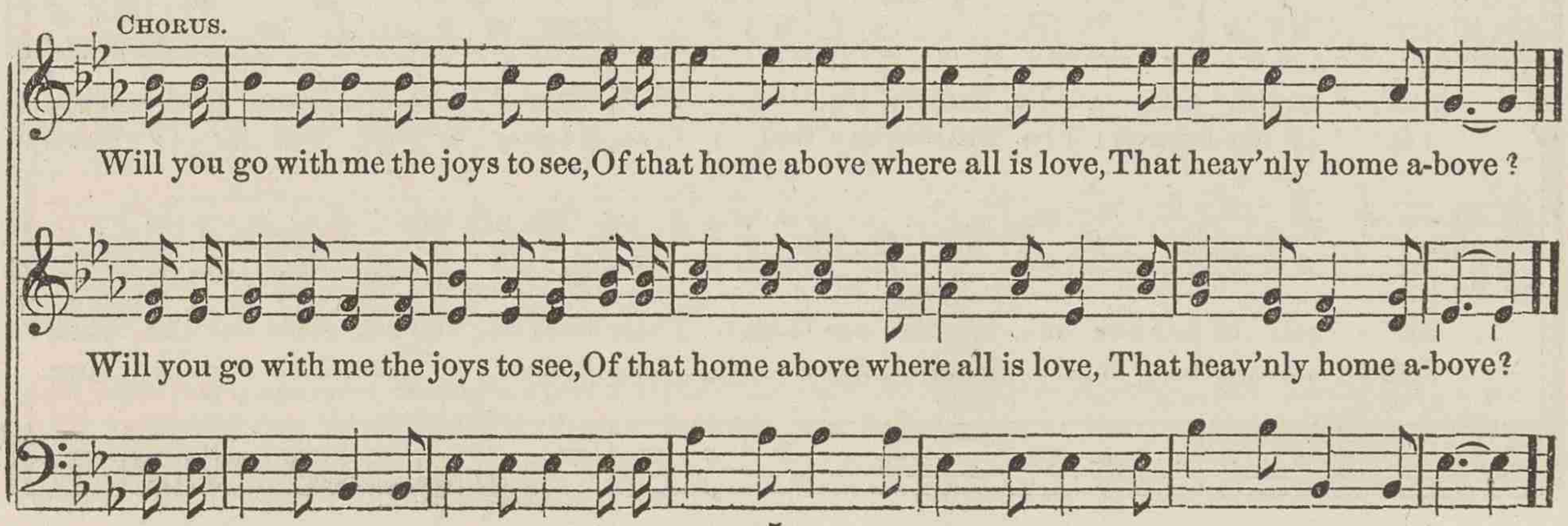
HEAV N_Y HOME.

G. W. LINTON. 1870.



And though my pil - grim - age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
And, oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heav'n - ly home.
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me, And soon he'll call me home.

CHORUS.


Will you go with me the joys to see, Of that home above where all is love, That heav'nly home a-bove?
Will you go with me the joys to see, Of that home above where all is love, That heav'nly home a-bove?

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

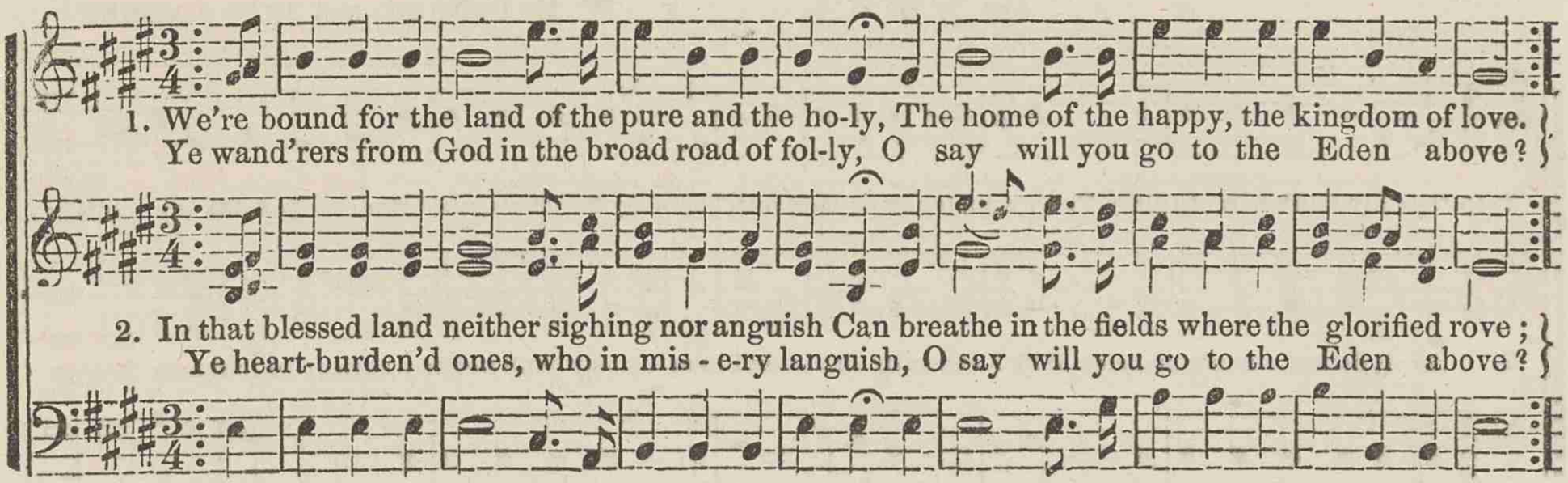
G. W. LINTON. 1864.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me;
2. Tho' like the wander - er, day-light all gone, Darkness comes o - ver me, my rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear steps up to heaven; All that Thou sendest me, in mercy giv'n;
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, cleaving the sky; Sun, moon, and stars forgot, up - ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

An - gels to beckon me, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Arr. by J. W. DADMUN.



CHORUS.

3

Each saint has a mansion prepar'd and all furnish'd,
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnish'd;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
CHORUS.—Will you go, &c.

4

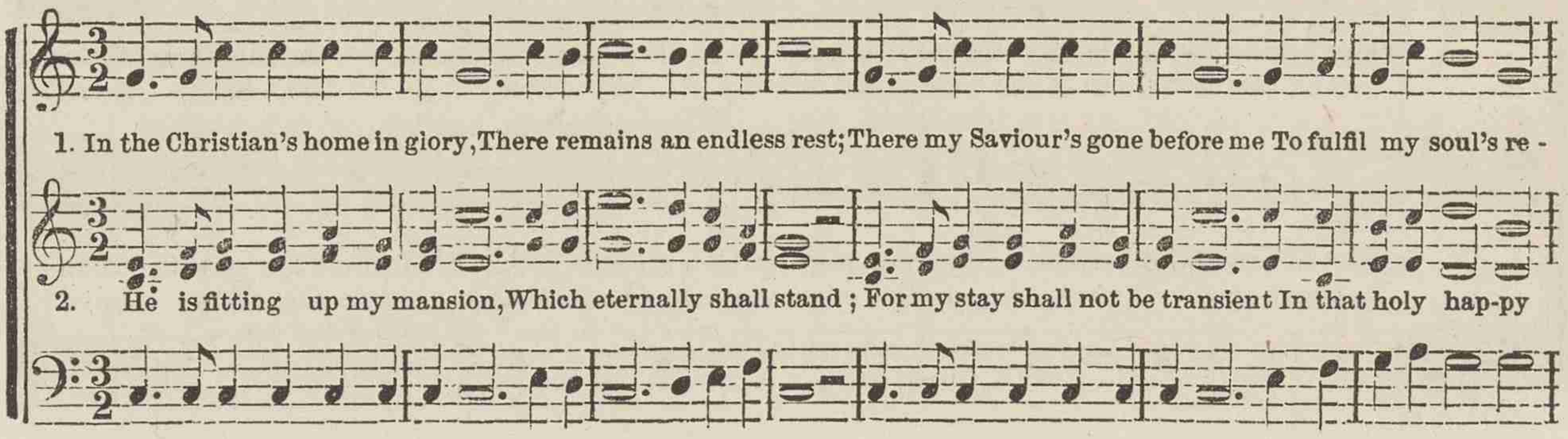
March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
CHORUS.—O yes, we will go, &c.

IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

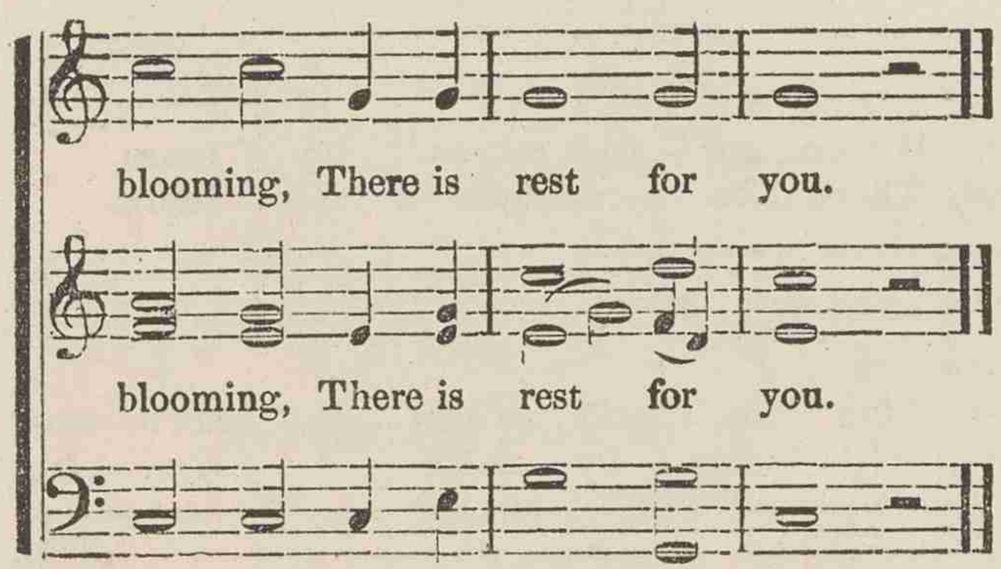
8s & 7s

Arr. by G. W. L.

W. Mc DONALD, and J. W. DADMUN



CHORUS.



3 Pain and sickness ne'er can enter:
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.—CHORUS.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd!
Hail with joy the happy morn.—CHO.

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

NO PARTING THERE. S. M. ✻

CHAS. DUNBAR.

No Sorrow there. S. M.

1 Oh, sing to me of heav'n,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS. There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heav'n above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features play.

4 Then to my raptur'd ear,
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my lifeless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

MRS. DANA.

Salvation's free. S. M.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine.

CHORUS. I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem
Like rays of pure celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam. CHORUS.

3 O, blest assurance this
Bright morn of heav'nly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way. CHORUS.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow;
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below. CHORUS.

Invitation to Christ. S. M.

1 Come, children, come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Believe, repent, obey.

CHORUS. I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied. CHORUS.

3 Say not ye will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call;
For fearful will their end be found
On whom his wrath shall fall. CHORUS.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood:
Believe, repent, obey. CHORUS.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

Missionary Hymn.
7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

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

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd 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 ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

We have no Home but Heaven. 7s & 6s.

1 We have no home but heaven!
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is mark'd by changes,
And strew'd with daily care;
Surrounded with temptation,
By varied ills oppress'd,
Each day's experience warns us
That *this* is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven!
Then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam;
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

3 We have no home but heaven!
We want no home beside;
O God! our Friend and Father!
Our footsteps thither guide;
Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship,
Its angel-like employ.

4 We have no home but heaven!
How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught!
With eager hearts we hasten
The promis'd bliss to share!
We have no home but heaven!
Oh! would that we were there!

Truth shall Prevail.
7s & 6s.

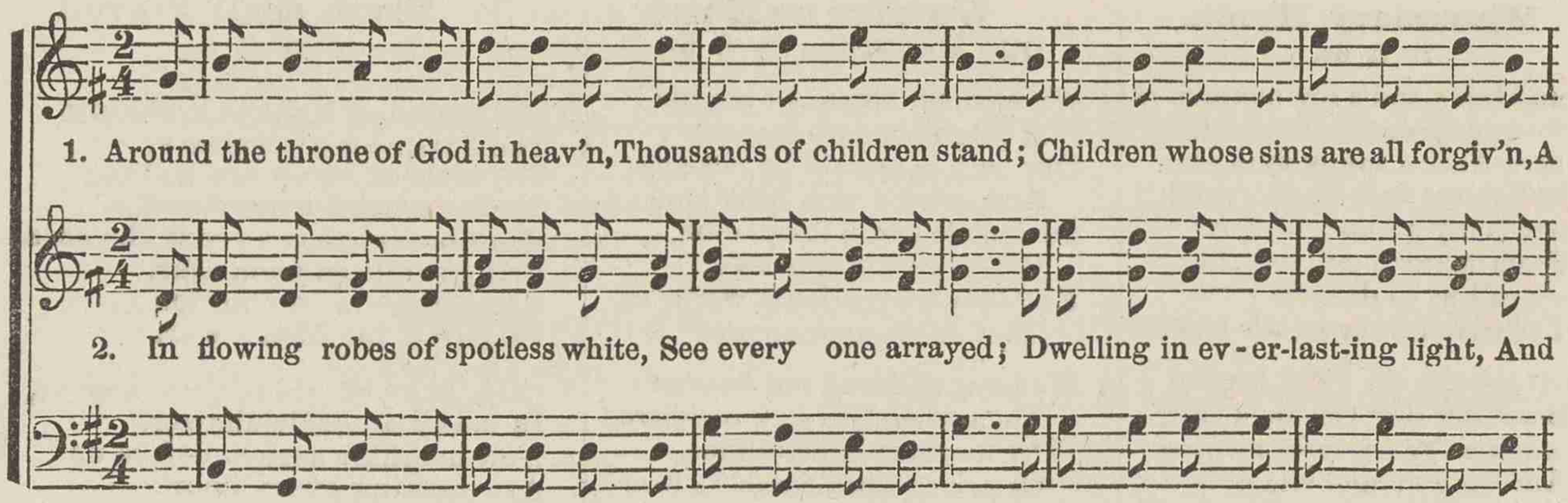
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
With gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the holy
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. C. M.



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

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing, &c.

Heavenly Bliss. C. M.

1 There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, &c.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
Singing glory, &c.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.

5 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

Hosannas in the Temple. C. M.

1 When Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, &c.

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.

3 O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.

4 Dwell by thy Gospel in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts,
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

1. Oh! there is a river whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all woe: Its streams are all

2. Oh! drink of this river, its full crystal flood Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load; Its ripples ne'er

3. This beautiful river our boast well may be, 'Tis fresh, o-ver-flowing, and better, 'tis free! The sin-sick re-

healing, there's life in each wave, Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save. Halle - lujah,

mix with the billows of strife, This is the "Pure River of Water of Life." Halle-lu-jah, A - men, Halle -

- joice in this "peace-speaking" tide, This River is Jesus, the "once crucified."

Halle - lujah,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

Happy meeting to all. 11s.

To the tune "THE RIVER OF LIFE."

1 Come, children, and join in our festival song,
The weeks and the months are all speeding along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us, and lengthen'd our days.
Happy meeting to all.*

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
Happy meeting to all.

3 And if before this year has drawn to a close,
Some lov'd one among us, in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In glory with Jesus, where all shall be well.
Happy meeting to all.

4 Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day,
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in our Saviour's arms.
Happy meeting to all.

* Happy New Year may be substituted.

God of our Salvation. 8s & 7s.

To the tune on page 50

1 Praise to thee, our great Creator,
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy;
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heav'n our songs we raise;
There enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE. 6s & 4s.

1. Kind words can never die! God gave them birth; Winged with a smile they fly All o'er the earth;
2. Kind deeds can never die! Tho' weak and small, From his bright throne on high God sees them all;
3. God's word can nev - er die! Tho' fall - en man Oft dares its truth de - ny—Dares it in vain;
4. Our souls can nev - er die! God's word we trust; He to our bodies said, "Dust un-to dust."

Kind words the angels bro't, Kind words our Saviour taught, Sweet melodies of tho't Who knows their worth?
He doth reward with love, All those who faithful prove, Round them where'er they move, Rich blessings fall.

God's word a-lone is pure, His promises are sure; Trust him, and rest secure, Heav'n you shall gain.
Saviour, our souls prepare, Thy happy home to share; Us to thy mansions bear, When life is past.

CHORUS.*

*For chorus, sing first line of each verse.

Kind Words are never lost. 6s & 4s.

1 Kind words are never lost,
Though years may fly,
While on life's billows tossed,
'Mid dangers nigh,
In mem'ry loved so well,
Who can their value tell?
Their echoes still will dwell
Deep in the heart.

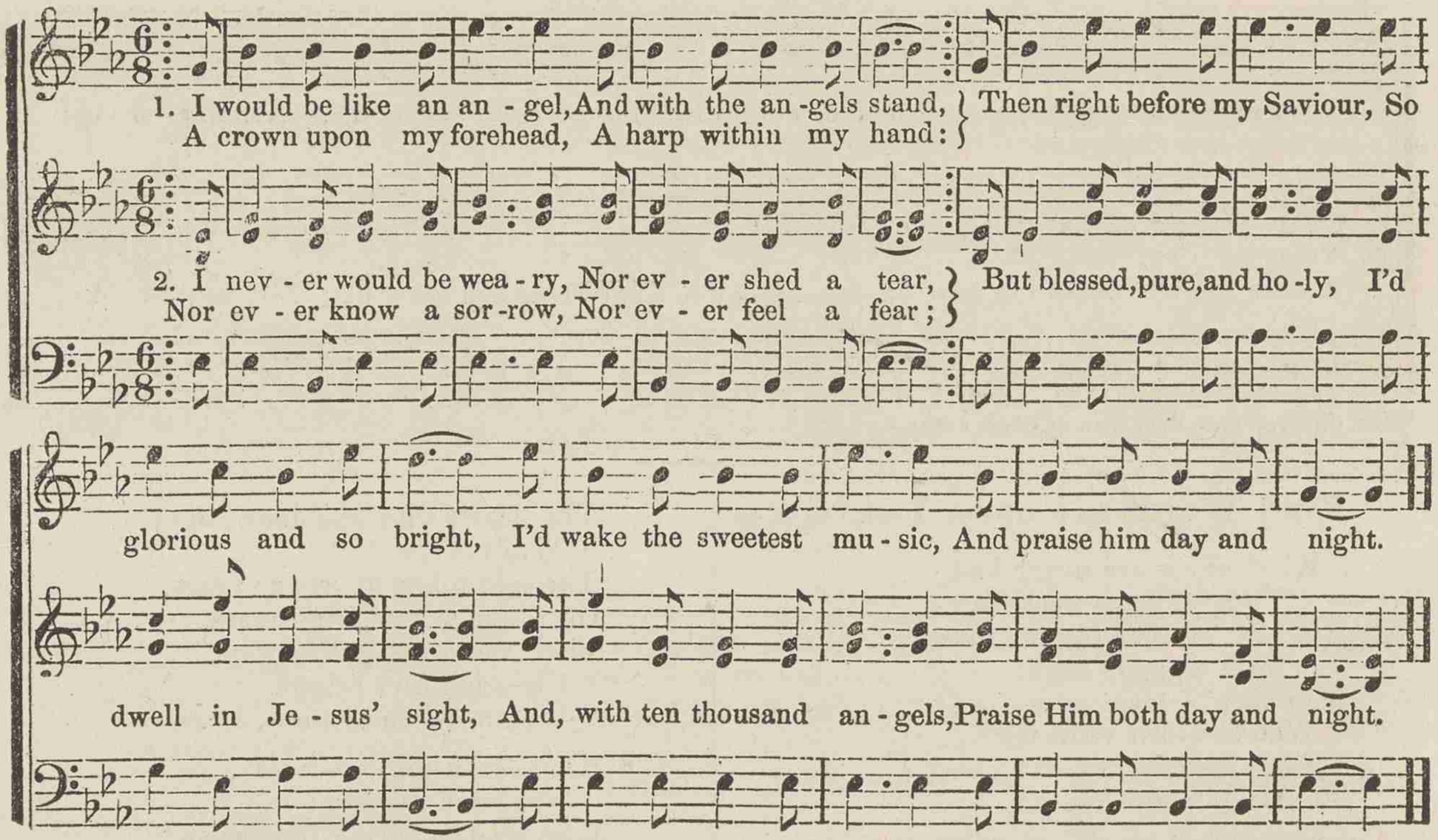
CHORUS.—Kind words are never lost,
Never lost, never lost
Kind words are never lost,
No, never lost.

2 Kind smiles are never lost,
But cherished yet,
The hearts they gladdened most
Will not forget;
Through mists of weary years,
Oft dimmed by falling tears,
Their radiance still appears
Cheering and bright.
CHO.—Kind smiles, &c.

3 Kind deeds are never lost,
Nor done in vain;
Like seed in spring-time cast
On fertile plains,
Their fruit shall yet appear
Rich harvests full in ear,
And every bud shall bear
A hundred fold.
CHO.—Kind deeds. &c.

THE CONQUEST. 7s & 6s.

Arr. by G. W. L.



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

4 O, then I'll see my Saviour,
And ever near him stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand!
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright;
I'll join the heav'nly music,
And praise him day and night.

I lay my sins on Jesus.

7s & 6s.

1

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2

I bring my wants to Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,—
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.

3

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild:
I long to be like Jesus,
The father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heav'nly throng;
And sing with saints his praises,—
To learn the angel's song.

H. Bonar.

Stand up for Jesus.

7s & 6s.

1

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross.
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
Ye are the men, now serve him,
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto pray'r,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.

4

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

The Saint's abode.

7s & 6s.

1

Beyond life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream,
The saints shall dwell in glory,
In beauty fading not,
Oh! Pilgrim, are you praying
That this may be your lot?

2

Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead.
Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale,

3

Beyond the tho't of grieving,
A kind and gracious God,
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod,
Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saints shall dwell in glory,
The saints shall dwell with God.

Doxology. 7s & 6s.

To thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings,
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all the saints above;
And tell the joyful story,
Of thy redeeming love.

PARTING HYMN. C. M.

1. How pleasant thus to dwell be-low, In fel-lowship of love; { The good will meet above, The
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet above. { To meet to part no more, On

2. Yes, happy tho't! when we are free From earthly grief and pain, { And never part a - gain, And
In heav'n we shall each other see, And never part a-gain. { To meet to part no more, On

good will meet a - bove, And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet a - bove.
Canaan's hap - py shore, And sing the ev - er - lasting song, With those who've gone before.

nev - er part a - gain, In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
Canaan's hap - py shore, And sing the ev - er - last-ing song, With those who've gone before.

CHORUS.

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

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

Anticipations of Heaven. C. M.

1 Since I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

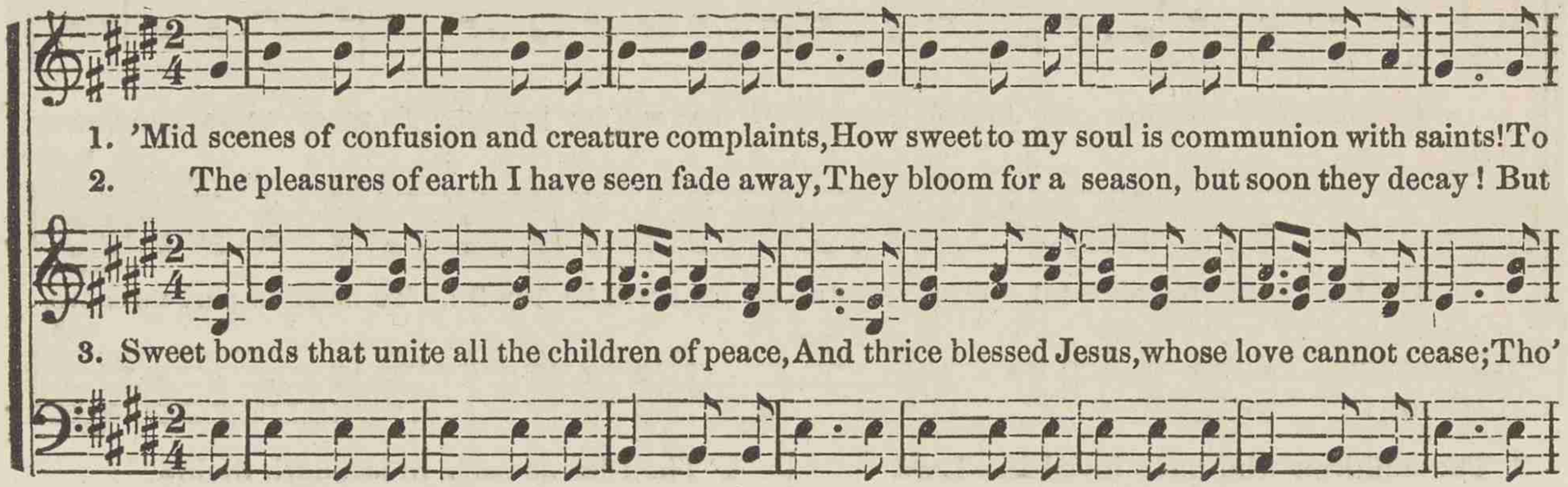
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When I've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
I've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when I first begun.

THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME. 11s.

Sicilian Air.



4 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at home.
CHORUS.

5 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O, give me submission and strength for each day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home. CHORUS.

6 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give in Thy grace,
The Spirit's sweet comfort, the smiles of Thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at Thy throne
And give, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
CHORUS.

7 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy presence to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in Thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.
CHORUS.

Rest in Heaven. 11s.

To the tune "The Saint's Sweet Home."

1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
CHO. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

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.
CHORUS.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not sit down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Until I shall find them in Jesus' kind breast.
CHORUS.

4 Afflictions may oppress me they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
The bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
CHORUS.

5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for them all.
CHORUS.

HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s & 4s.

J. W. DADMUN.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress,
Join ye our number, O come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
We're home at last;
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above,
We're home at last;
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar,
O how we'll shout as we enter the door,
We're home at last.

Heavenward Bound.

1 In life's bright morning the tempest we brave,
We're heav'nward bound, heav'nward bound;
Out on the dark and the storm-broken wave,
We're heav'nward bound, heav'nward bound.
Earth's bright attractions grow dim in the light,
That distant city reveals to our sight,
Toward which we're urging our unceasing flight,
We're heav'nward bound, heav'nward bound.

2 Tossed though we be on a dark restless tide,
We're heav'nward bound, heav'nward bound;
The ship of Zion will dangers outride,
We're heav'nward bound, heav'nward bound;
Jesus our Captain dispelleth our fear;
Hear him proclaiming, "A hundred fold here,"
With life eternal, when he shall appear,
We're heav'nward bound, heav'nward bound.

3 Now to the youthful the voyage we commend,
Come, with us go, with us go;
Welcome! a welcome to all we extend,
Say, will you go, will you go?
Swiftly, O swiftly we'll fly to the ark!
Our ship is passing—make haste to embark!
Night hastens quickly, all dreary and dark,
Haste! let us go, let us go! E. MASON

Homeward Bound.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heav'nly 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 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound;
Joyful, O comrades! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound;
Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea?
"Welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed are ye."
Can it the greeting of paradise be?
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

THE HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

Hindostan Air.

Temperance hymns to the tune "Homeward bound,"

Stay, brother, stay! 10s & 4s.

1 Stay, brother, stay! whither going so fast?
Danger is there! danger's there!
Ruin, which rides on the merciless blast,
Sweeps not so bare, not so bare.
Poison they give, which corrupts and degrades,
Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid,
Death and destruction to life is their trade,
O, then beware! then beware!

2 Thousands you've heard of with once happy homes;
Where are they now? are they now?
Millions you've heard of who rushed to the tombs;
Weep, thinking how, thinking how.
Think of the fathers the foe has beguil'd,
Think of the heart-broken mother and child,
Think of the homes made distracted and wild;
Then take the vow, take the vow.

3 Touch not the cup then, as long as you live;
Safety is there! safety's there!
Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temp'rance can give;
Make her your care, her your care.
Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,
Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,
To happiness, honor friendship, and fame,
Come, brother dear, brother dear.

Touch not the cup. 10s & 4s.

1 Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;
Many I know that have quaff'd from the bowl,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Little they tho't that the demon was there,
Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare,
Then of that death-dealing bowl, O beware;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;
Tho' like the ruby it shines in the light;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3 Touch not the cup, O young man, in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Think that perhaps you may share in their doom,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

CHORUS.

3 In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away;
To living founts, through verdant meads,
The Lamb his ransom'd followers leads. CHO.

4 The fruits and flowers of Paradise,
In rich abundance round them rise;
No death shall visit them again,
No sickness there, no touch of pain. CHO.

5 Farewell! vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
No mourning there, no funeral gloom,
But health and youth forever bloom. CHO.

We're going home. L. M.

1 Amid the hours that quickly fly,
Amid the flowers that soon must die,
Amid our tears while here we roam,
How sweet the thought we're going home.

CHORUS.

We're going home to that fair land,
To join a happy, sinless band;
We'll shout with joy while here we roam,
Vain world adieu, we're going home.

2 We're going home with saints to dwell,
Where angel hosts their chorus swell;
To join the glorious ransomed band,
Who stand in bliss at God's right hand. CHO.

3 We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power;
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by and by we're going home. CHO.

4 No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O, sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home. CHO

My heavenly home. L. M.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair;
No pain, or death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun out-shine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm going home to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

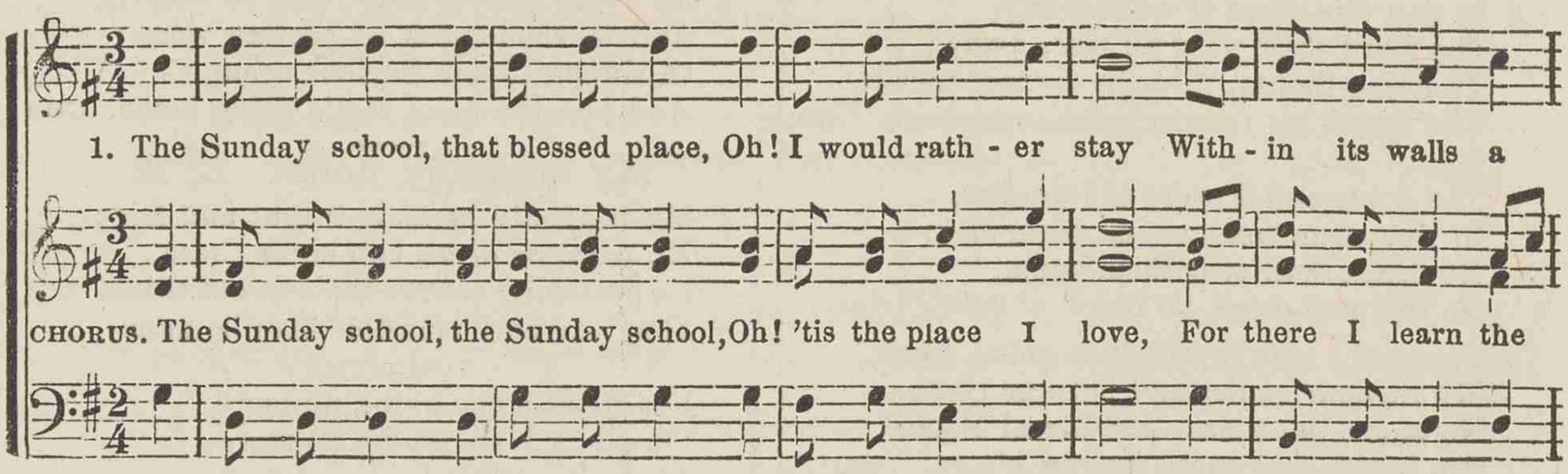
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be. CHO.

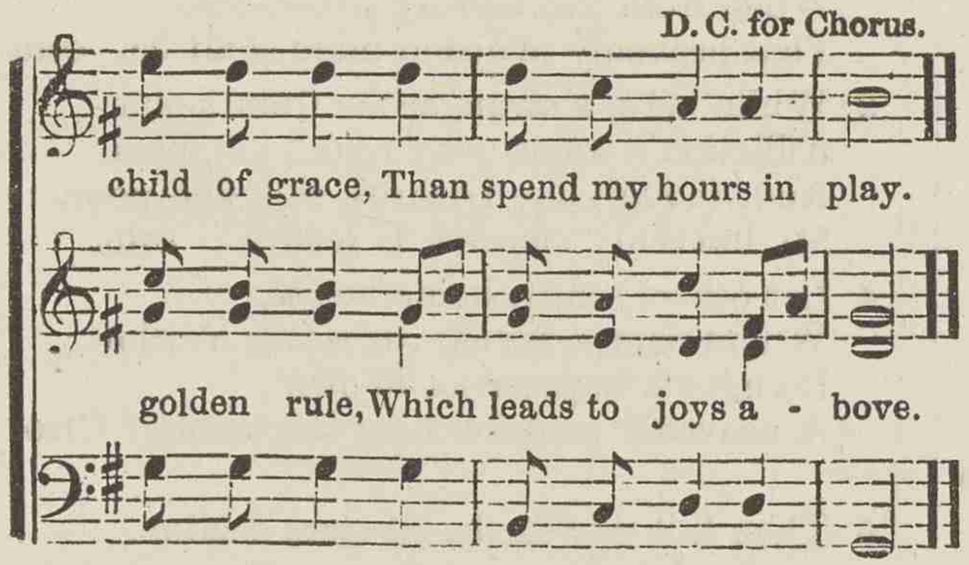
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure. CHO.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Where flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne. CHO.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me. CHO

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. C. M.





2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high? CHORUS.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be giv'n
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing giv'n.— CHORUS.

4 And welcome, then, the Sunday school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.— CHORUS.

Sweet Sunday-School. C. M.

1. Sweet Sunday-school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sunday-school.

CHORUS.—The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2. Within thy courts of Him I've heard,
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds, fill'd with fear,
The star of glory hung.—CHO.

3. When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal dwelling-place,
May we our anthems blend.—CHO.

A blessing implored. C. M.

1. O Lord, on this our Sunday-school,
Thy blessing we implore;
On those who teach and those who learn,
Thy choicest blessings pour.

CHORUS.—O Jesus, draw our hearts to thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.

2. Here we are taught to spend aright,
Our time in wisdom's way,
Then let us not these hours employ
In idle talk or play.—CHO.

3. Here too we learn with thankful joy
To seek thy house of pray'r;
Then let us hear, and praise, and pray
In truth and spirit there.—CHO.

4. And here we read thy blessed word,
The message of thy will;
May we indeed its truths believe,
Its righteous laws fulfil.—CHO

I Love the Sunday-School. C.M.

1. I love the Sunday-school, the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

CHORUS.—The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2. I love the Sunday-school, where we
The holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be,
A Saviour in our need."—CHO.

3. O, that when life's few days are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the heav'nly plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

With Joy we meet. C.M.

1. Dear friends, with joy we meet you here,
On this our festive day;
To thank God for the Sunday-school,
O join our simple lay.

CHORUS.—The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
God bless our Sunday-school,
For there I learn the golden rule,
In our dear Sunday-school.

2. 'Tis there we learn how Jesus died,
To save our ruin'd race;
How he was mock'd and crucified,
That we might share his grace.—CHO.

3. While teachers look to God in pray'r,
His blessing to impart,
Oh may the lessons taught us there
Be graven on each heart.—CHO.

4. When spring with verdure clothes the scene,
When summer breezes blow,
'Mid winter's snows and tempests keen,
To Sunday-school we'll go.—CHO.

INDEX OF TUNES.

		PAGE.
A home in heaven	9s & 10s,	60
Beautiful thoughts	8s. 6 lines,	16
Beautiful Zion	8s. 6 lines,	20
Coronation Song	12s & 11s,	44
Farewell	6s & 4s,	54
Father, lead us	8s & 7s. 6 lines,	22
Gates beyond the tide	7s,	8
God is in the shadow	6s & 5s,	25
Hark! the herald angels sing.	7s,	29
Heavenly home	P. M.,	64
Home beyond the skies	8s & 7s,	43
How I long to be like Jesus	8s. 3 lines,	58
I am weary	8s & 7s,	50
Jesus, tender Saviour	6s & 5s,	10
Just as I am	8s & 6s,	48
Kind words	6s & 5s,	56
Kind words, Earth's good angels.	P. M.,	3
Kind words for all	C. M.,	59
Knowles	C. M.,	38
Let us sing	C. M.,	30
Life's battle-field	7s,	40
Little things	6s & 5s,	63
Nearer, my God, to thee	6s & 4s,	66
Night song	6s & 5s,	34
Only waiting	8s & 7s,	31
Parting hour	7s. 6 lines,	24
Realms of the blest	8s,	21
Shall we sing in heaven forever?	P. M.,	6
Sing unto the Lord	C. M.,	18
Spalding	8s & 7s,	32
Speak gently	C. M.,	9
That beautiful land	9s & 8s,	62
The angels sing	S. M.,	36
The angels there will teach us.	10s & 8s,	52
The better land	9s & 10s,	4
The Call	7s,	49
The home of the blessed	C. M.,	14
The land of promise	9s & 7s,	55
The land where Jesus dwells.	12s,	15
The music of heaven	Chant,	11
Thou, God, seest me	7s,	26
Wandering thoughts	C. M.,	28
We hail the Sunday-school.	7s & 6s,	46
We shall greet them at home.	10s, 9s & 8s,	12
What is life?	C. H. M.,	42

FAMILIAR TUNES.

Children in heaven	C. M.,	74
Homeward bound	10s & 4s,	86
I'm going home	L. M.,	90
In the Christian's home	8s & 7s,	68
Kind words can never die	6s & 5s,	78
No parting there	S. M.,	70
Parting Hymn	C. M.,	82
The Conquest	7s & 6s,	80
The Eden above	12s & 11s,	67
The happy land	6s & 4s,	88
The river of life	11s,	76
The Saint's sweet home	11s,	84
The Sunday-school	C. M.,	92
Webb	7s & 6s,	72

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE.
A beautiful land by faith I see,	62
A home in heaven! what a joyful,	60
Amid the hours that quickly fly,	91
And may I still get there?	70
A pilgrim and a stranger here	90
Around the throne of God in heaven,	74
Beautiful Cross, by faith I see,	27
Beautiful ground on which we tread,	16
Beautiful Zion built above,	20
Beyond life's raging fever,	81
Childhood like a bubble fair,	26
Children, listen to the call,	49
Come, children, come to God,	71
Come, children, raise your voices high,	39
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,	38
Come ye who love the Lord,	36
Farewell, farewell, we meet no more,	54
Hark! the herald angels sing,	29
Have ye heard of the land of promise,	55
Heaven is the land where troubles cease,	42
Heavenly home, heavenly home,	64
How dark were life with naught to cheer,	59
How I long to be like Jesus,	58
How pleasant thus to dwell below,	82
How sweet to bless the Lord,	71
I am weary, I am weary,	50
I hear you speak of a better land,	4
I would be like an angel,	80
I lay my sins on Jesus,	81
I'm a little pilgrim and a stranger,	35
In life's morning the tempest we brave,	87
In that world of ancient story,	61
In the Christian's home in glory,	68
Jesus, may all our family band,	19
Jesus, tender Savior,	10
Just as I am without one plea,	48
Just as thou art without one trace,	48
Kind words are never lost,	79
Kind words can never die,	78
Kind words, kind words, O who can tell,	3
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,	22
Let us sing of Jesus, let us praise,	35
Listen to the teachings,	35
Little drops of water,	63
Morn amid the mountains, lovely,	35
Murmur, gentle lyre,	34
My heavenly home is bright,	91
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature,	84
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,	85
Nearer, my God, to thee,	66
O, for a thousand tongues to sing,	39
Oft in danger, oft in woe,	41
O grant thy blessing, gracious Lord,	16
Oh, sing to me of Heaven,	71
Oh, what is life? 't is like a flower,	42
Oh! there is a river whose fresh waters flow,	76
O Lord, on this our Sunday-school,	93
Only waiting till the shadows,	31
O praise the Lord, 't is good to sing,	18
O sing the praises of your Lord,	30

	PAGE.
O there's naught like kind words,	56
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,	87
Praise to thee, our great Creator,	77
Rock of ages, cleft for me,	27
Say, have you heard of the sun-bright clime?	5
Seed we are sowing, may it prove,	37
Shall we meet beyond the river?	51
Shall we sing in heaven forever?	6
Since I can read my title clear,	83
Soldiers on life's battle-field,	40
Speak gently, it is better far,	9
Stand up! stand up for Jesus!	81
Tell me, little harebell,	25
Thanks to God for every blessing,	23
There are gates beyond the tide,	8
There is a glorious world of light,	75
There is a happy home,	41
There is a happy land far, far away,	88
There is a land, a happy land,	14
There is a world of beauty,	72
There's a rest in the home of the angels,	13
There's music in the upper heaven,	11
The Sunday-school, that blessed place,	92
To do to others as I would,	28
To the heavenly land, to the heavenly land,	52
We are going home, and we may be,	15
We are going, we are going,	43
We have met in peace together,	33
We have no home but heaven,	73
We live as pilgrims and strangers below,	86
We're bound for the land of the pure and,	67
We shall meet them at home,	12
We sing of the realms of the blest,	21
Whatever brawls disturb the street,	39
When daily I kneel down to pray,	28
When Jesus to the temple came,	75
When shall we all meet again?	24
Yes, dear Sunday-school, I love thee,	23
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,	51

DOXOLOGIES.

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,	23
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,	51
Praise the God of all creation,	33
To thee, my God, my Savior,	81

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

All radiant in sunshine, and fair as life's,	44
Come, children, and join in our festival song,	77
Dear friends, with joy we meet you here,	93
Here we meet with joy and gladness,	53
How joyful is the meeting,	46
I love the Sunday-school, the place,	93
Now we lift our joyful voices,	32
Sweet Sunday-school, place dear to me,	93

MISSIONABY HYMNS.

From Greenland's icy mountains,	73
Love of God, all love excelling,	37
The morning light is breaking,	73

TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

O'er the dark abode of sorrow,	61
Onward! onward! band victorious,	33
Stay, brother, stay, whither going so fast?	89
Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul,	89

FUNERAL HYMNS.

Death can not cause our souls to fear,	19
Farewell, brother, deep and lowly,	17
Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,	47

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD,

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

KIND WORDS.

A new and superior collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday-schools.

Single copy.....30 cents. Per dozen.....$3 50
50 copies .....$13 50 100 copies.....25 00

KIND WORDS, THE CHILD'S DELIGHT

SEMI-MONTHLY SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER.

T. C. Teasdale, D. D., Memphis, Tenn.
Elder S. Boykin, Macon, Ga. } Editors.

TERMS:

Single copy, per annum.....50 cents.

CLUBS TO ONE ADDRESS.

No names written on papers at club rates.

Six copies.....$2 00
Ten and upwards, each..... 25

POSTAGE QUARTERLY, IN ADVANCE.

Clubs of 10 copies and under, 4 oz.....6 cents.
Single copy.....6 cents.
Payable at the office of subscriber.

A NEW FIFTY VOLUME LIBRARY.

Of choice Sunday-school books. Every Sunday-school in the land ought at once to add this library to their collection.

50 vols. marble paper sides, cloth back.....$8 00
50 vols. marble paper sides, morocco back.....10 00
10 vols. new series S. S. books..... 2 50
Child's Quest. Book on the Four Gospels, Part 1, per doz. 1 00
" " " " " " 2, " 1 00
Little Lessons, Part 1, per dozen.....$0 60
" " " 2, " 60
Sunday-school Primers, with covers, per dozen 1 00
" " without " " 60
Catechism on Bible Doctrine, per dozen..... 60
One-year Class Books, with covers, per dozen..... 60
" " " without " " 40
Infant Class Question Books, per dozen..... 50

Sherwood's Notes on the New Testament, vol. 1..... 1 75
" " " " " " 2..... 1 75

This work, by the venerable Adiel Sherwood, D. D., an able divine and ripe scholar, is the best work we know of for Bible Classes and Sunday-school teachers.

Address, **Rev. T. C. TEASDALE,**
361 Main Street, Corner Second, MEMPHIS, TENN.

G. W. Linton's New Music Books

THE VOCALIST.

A collection of 313 tunes, anthems, and chants, old and new, designed for the choir, congregation, and singing class; containing, also, fourteen chapters on music, and two on versification and chanting.

Single copy, by mail.....$1 00 Per dozen, by express..$9 60

LINTON'S SPARKLING GEMS.

A new collection of hymns and tunes for Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, and the Social Circle.

Single copy, by mail....30 cts. Per dozen, by mail.....$3 60
Per dozen, by express..... 3 00

LINTON'S INDUCTIVE METHOD.

An exposition of the Author's *modus operandi* of teaching vocal music. Containing a complete course of lessons in vocal music, with blackboard exercises, questions and answers, and instructions to the teacher. Price 50 cents per copy. Sent by mail, post paid.

R. W. CARROLL & CO., Publishers,
117 West Fourth St., Cincinnati