

A NEW AND COMPLETE

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAWM," "SINGING BIRD," "SABBATH SCHOOL CHOIR," ETC.

BOSTON:

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE.

CINCINNATI: MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO.

1859.

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DYER

ORTOEA:

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CINCINNATI:

MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & COMPANY.

25 WEST FOURTH STREET.

NEW YORK: IVISON & PHINNEY.

1859.

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PREFACE.

NEXT to a good Superintendent, that which tends more than any thing else to make a Sunday School popular, is, doubtless, GOOD SINGING. And this should generally be characterized by sprightliness and cheerfulness, tempered with gentleness. "Animated, but not boisterous; gentle, but not dull or tame," are directions that will apply to most of the compositions in this book.*

We do not believe in the stiff, old-fashioned way many have of keeping the children singing nothing but Old Hundred, Dundee, Mear, St. Martins, and such like. Good old tunes these, no one will deny, and should be sung from time to time, but they are not in any peculiar sense children's tunes, and the children should not be limited to them.

The popular tunes for children should be as simple as their own thoughts,—sprightly as their own dispositions. Lambs require plenty of skipping room. They thrive best in the green fields. Let the children's songs, then, be such as they can understand, appreciate and enjoy; such as they will love to sing both in the Sabbath School and at their homes. These will ever be to them a source of delight, and will render the school doubly attractive.

We believe in making the children so happy on Sabbath day, by the use of all proper means, that they shall look forward to it through the week as "a delight." It is the *Lord's* day; a sacred day, a happy day. Psalm cxviii. 24.

This book has been prepared at the urgent request of a large body of Sunday School teachers, superintendents, and others, interested in the Sunday School cause.

* It affords us great pleasure to be able to refer to one of the largest and most prosperous Sunday Schools in the United States, the LEE AVENUE SUNDAY SCHOOL in Brooklyn, N. Y., as an illustration of the power of music as an agent for good in the Sunday School. Its importance is here fully recognized and appreciated.

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Harris

Singing is now so important an element of the Sunday School that it has seemed desirable that a more extensive and complete collection, both of hymns and tunes, than has heretofore appeared, should be prepared; and as the author's resources are somewhat extensive, he believes he has succeeded in preparing such a book as will meet the wishes, not only of the gentlemen at whose kind solicitation he first undertook the work, but also of all interested in the Sunday School. To the gentlemen referred to, he would express his obligations for valuable aid, suggestions and contributions, both of hymns and music.

While most of the good, popular Sunday School melodies of the present day are here inserted, many of them, however, newly arranged and harmonized, a large number of new pieces has been composed expressly for this work, which, it is believed, will prove equally as interesting, instructive, and varied as the old. These are generally of a popular character; the melodies, it is believed, will be found to be fresh and attractive, while the harmonies are natural and easy.

"Any thing will do for the Sabbath School," is a motto that has been too long recognized and acted upon; and, in keeping with this, "any thing that the children would sing" has been given them, as suitable, without the slightest regard to its adaptedness, construction, or associations.

While we would not confine Sabbath Schools to the old church music exclusively, we certainly would not, on the other hand, encourage the use of melodies that are associated with words and sentiments low and degrading. These can not be redeemed, and had better be let alone. The power of association in the human mind, especially in connection with music, is so great that the popular tune will always suggest the words with which it was first learned. If it be said that a sufficient number of striking melodies, adapted to children's abilities, can not otherwise be made available, we, in reply, would venture the assertion, based upon our former success in this department, that there are in this book more than fifty tunes, never before published, which, so soon as they are learned, will become as popular as most of that objectionable class to which reference has been made; and these have been composed expressly for THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TO TEACHERS OF SINGING AND CHORISTERS.

We urge upon all teachers and leaders of singing to interest themselves in the Sunday School. [The chorister who is most successful in sustaining a good choir in the church is, we have observed, often in the Sunday School singing with the children.] Especially do we urge such leaders to do their utmost to break up the slow, heavy, drawling habit of singing, which

RAM

prevails to a great extent. In many places these habits have become so confirmed that the starting of a well-known tune is the signal for a sleepy, drawling, *tiresome*, kind of singing that seems to us worse than no singing at all. If this habit can not otherwise be broken up, we would suggest that the tunes that have been sung in this way, be dropped for a while, and new ones substituted, until better habits shall have been formed.

HOW TO LEARN THE NEW TUNES.

Now that music is being taught so generally in the day schools of our country, a goodly number of youth will be found, especially among the older pupils and younger teachers of our Sunday Schools, who can read plain, simple music. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, the majority of those who sing these tunes will be such as will learn them by rote or ear. It is, therefore, *very important* that they be first sung correctly and carefully by the leader or teacher.

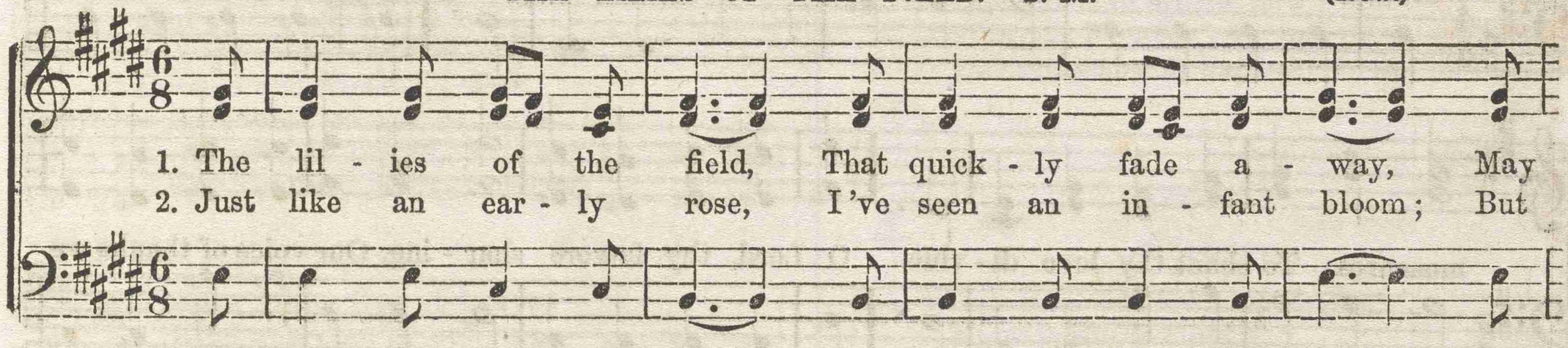
Let the leader of the singing, together with as many teachers and scholars as can read music, sing the tune through alone, once or twice,—being careful to sing it *up to the time;* then let the leader sing one strain, or line only, requiring all the school to sing it after him. Then the next, and so on, until the tune has thus been sung through. In this way it will be learned correctly. In less than five minutes such a simple melody as "The Love of Jesus," page 10, will be learned so as to be generally sung by the school; and even the learning of such a one as "A Home beyond the Tide," page 98, will occupy an almost incredible short space of time,—while the children will be kept continually interested. No employment in which we have ever engaged has proved of more interest to us, or yielded more direct returns of happiness than the hours thus spent, in teaching the young to sing their "Hosannas to the Son of David." This was our first work in the musical profession, and we ask no higher honor than that it shall be our last.

That "ORIOLA" may contribute greatly to aid in this good work,—to endear the Sunday School to every scholar, and to encourage, cheer, and strengthen every faithful superintendent and teacher,—is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

ORIOLA.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD. S. M. (New.)

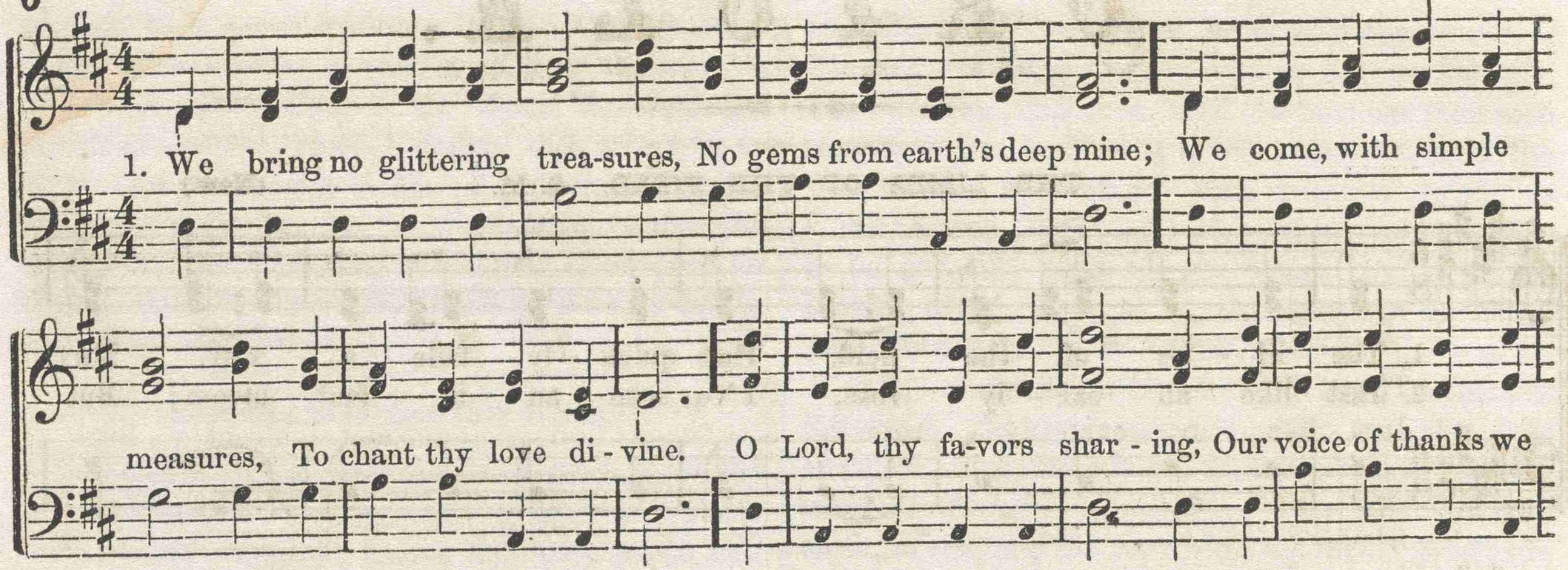




3. Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

4. To God, who made us all,
Oh, let us humbly cry;
And then, whenever death may call,
We 'll be prepared to die.

TRIBUTE OF PRAISE. 7s & 6s. (New.)



2

Tribute of Praise.

2. The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3. Saviour, bestow thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray;
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We 'll hope to meet again;
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
We 'll join to praise thy name.

7s & 6s.

3

Come join our Celebration.

1. Come, join our celebration,
With hallowed songs of joy;
And on this glad occasion,
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers now are here,
In purpose all united,
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

2. Thanks to the God of heaven—
Kind guardian of our race—
For all the favors given,
Beneath his smiling face:
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed;
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.

3. Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around;
And for that sweet affection,
He causes to abound,
In those who 're watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to allure us
To peace and heavenly joy.

4. May God, with many a blessing,
Reward their toil and care;
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer:
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow;
And grace, for ever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

7s, 6s.

4

Millennium.

1. When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one triumphant sound.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. B. From the "PSALMISTA."





Just as I am.

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

6. Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come!

6 L. M.

Mourning with Submission.

1. The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When his own children fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2. Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

3. Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4. Our Father God! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

7 L. M.

Love of the Sabbath.

1. I love to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home;
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

2. 'T is there I 'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

3. 'T is there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures, such as I.

4. From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.

5. And then, through life's remaining days,
I 'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace,
That brought me to this sacred place.

8 L. M.

The Cross of Christ.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

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

THE LOVE OF JESUS. L. M. (New.)



9

The Love of Jesus.

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3. When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong;
If I repent, he 's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I 'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

10

The Lambs of Jesus.

1. The lambs of Jesus—who are they,
But children that believe and pray?
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place!

2. The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

3. The lambs of Jesus! oh! that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord! take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

11

L. M.

Sabbath Employments.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joys are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

12

L. M.

"*Forgetting those things which are behind.*"

1. Farewell, farewell to all below,
My Jesus calls, and I must go;
I launch my boat upon the sea,
This land is not the land for me.

2. I've found the winding path of sin
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly waves I see
The land my Saviour bought for me.

3. Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I can not be—
This land is not the land for me.

4. My hope, my heart, is now on high,
There all my joys and treasures lie:
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O, that's the land, the land for me.

13

L. M.

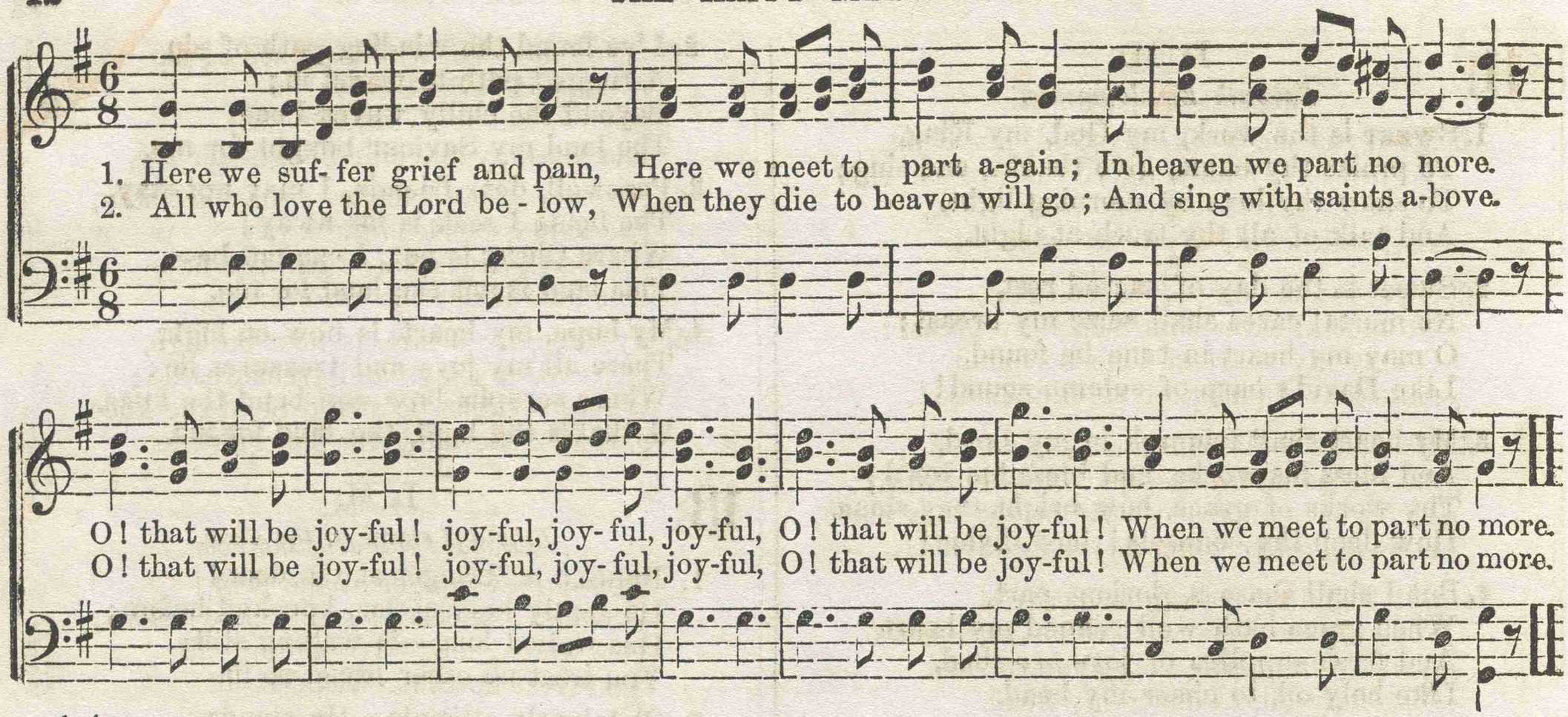
Behold I stand at the door.

1. Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—
His feet, departed. ne'er return;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

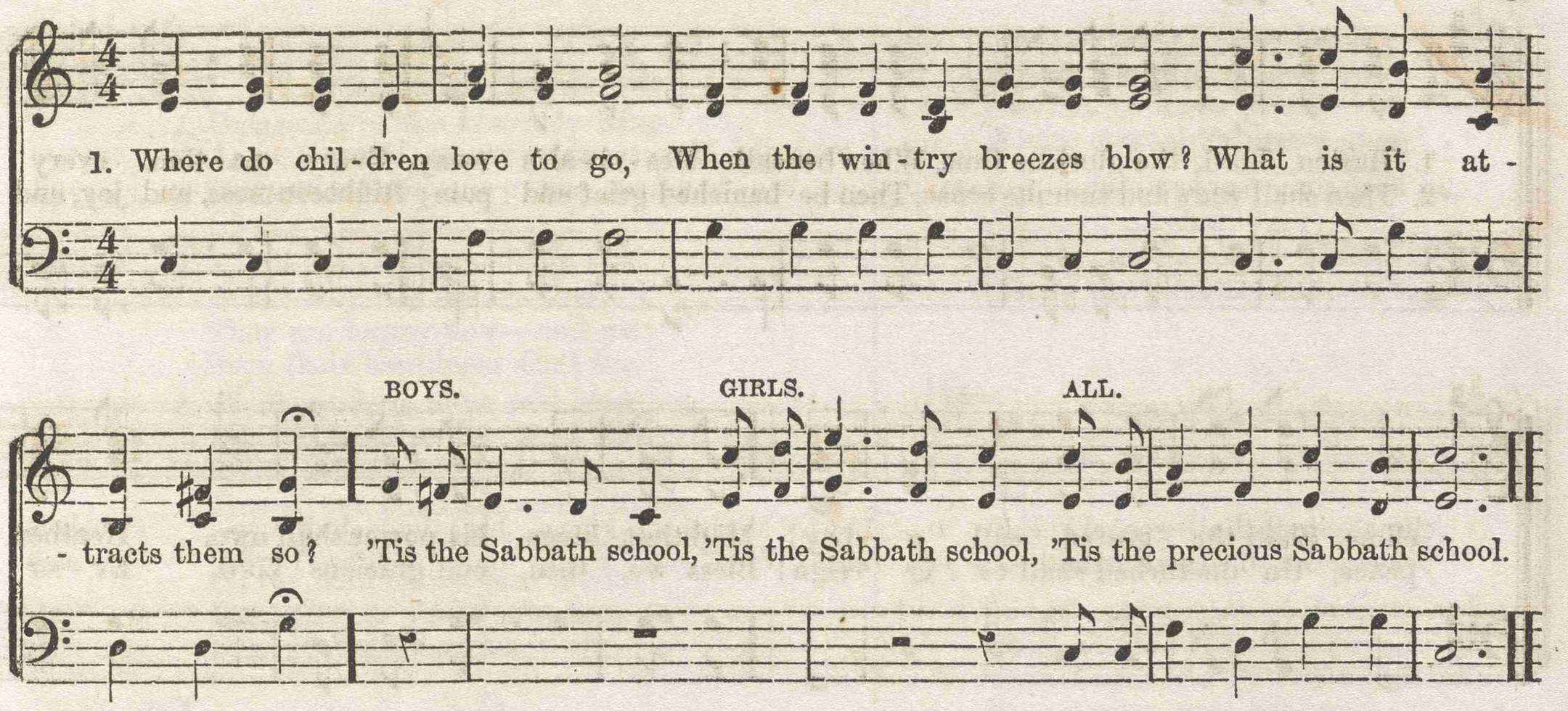


3. Happy scholars will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

4. Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our Pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

5. O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.
O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

6. There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ, the Lord.
O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.



15

1. Where do children love to go,
   When the wintry breezes blow?
   What is it attracts them so?
   'T is the Sabbath school.

2. Where to children love to be
   When the summer birds we see,
   Warbling praise on every tree?
   In the Sabbath school.

3. Where are they so kindly taught
   Who should rule in every thought,
   What the blood of Christ has bought?
   In the Sabbath school.

4. May we love this holy day,
   Love to sing, and read, and pray,
   Find salvation's narrow way
   In the Sabbath school.

Hy. 16

THE GLORIOUS TIME. 7s. Double.

(New.)

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Mes - si - ah's sway, Every na - tion, every
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness, and joy, and

clime, Shall the gospel call o - bey! Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen
peace, Un dis-turbed shall ev - er reign! Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ev - er

tribes his name a - dore; Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more.
praise his glorious name; All his mighty acts re - cord, All his wondrous love pro- claim.

17

7s.

Pilgrimage Heavenward.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

18

7s.

The Everlasting Sabbath.

1. SOON will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.

3. But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4. Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5. Yes:—that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

19

7s.

"Give me thy Heart."

1. HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
Children, come! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me to-day.

2. Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms;
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3. Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrows free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

4. Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

5. Now to thee, O Lord! we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us the grace divine;
Touch our hearts, and make them thine.

INVITATION TO SABBATH SCHOOL. ARR. FROM GERMAN MELODY.

1. When Sabbath's sa - cred morning light Be-gins on earth to dawn, We 'll wake with eyes all
2. The tune- ful birds in con-cert meet, And ca- rol sweet their lays; In Na-ture's tem - ple

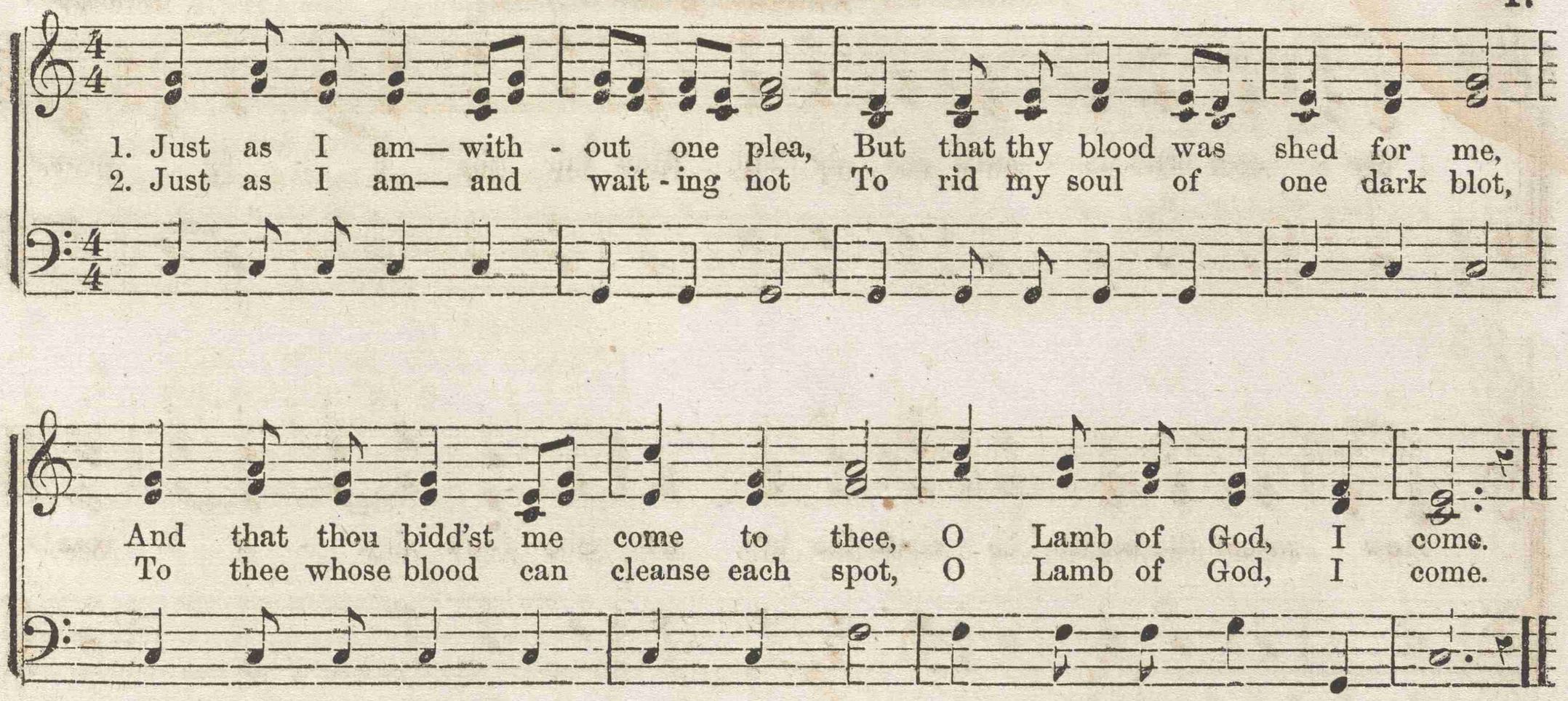
CHORUS.

spark-ling bright, And bid dull sloth be - gone. Then haste to the school a - way, And
they re - peat Their great Cre - a - tor's praise. Then haste to the school a - way, And

keep this sa - cred day, Haste a- way, yes, haste a-way, And keep this sa - cred day.
keep this sa - cred day, Haste a- way, yes, haste a-way, And keep this sa - cred day.

3. From valley, field, and mountain air,
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.
Then haste to the school away, &c.

4. Then with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we 'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice,
And join in prayer and praise.
Then haste to the school away, &c.



21

"Just as I am."

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

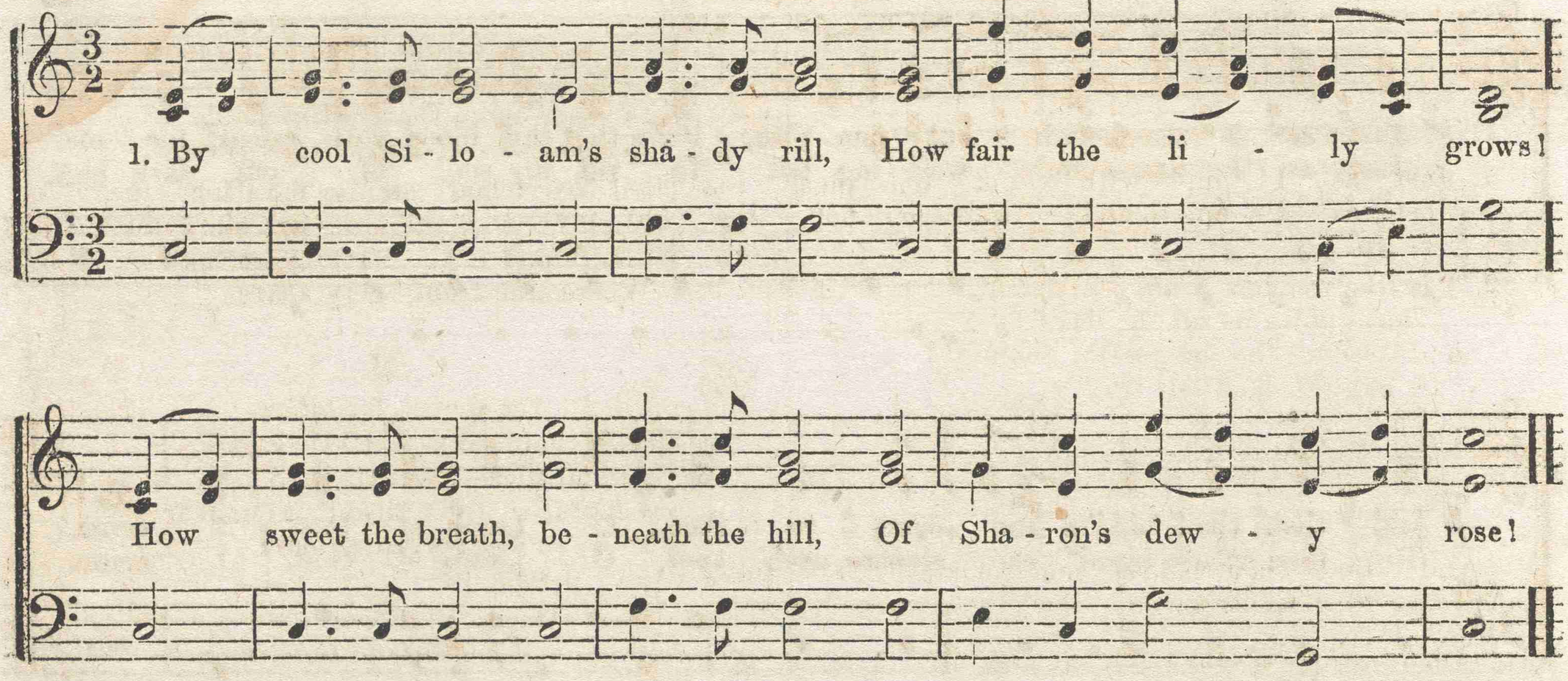
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find;
O Lamb of God, I come.

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.



22

By cool Siloam's shady rill.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
   How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
   Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo, such the child, whose early feet
   The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, by influence sweet,
   Is upward drawn to God!

3. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
   Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
   And stormy passion's rage.

4. O Thou who givest life and breath,
   We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
   To keep us still thine own.

23 C. M.

Instruction from the Scriptures.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2. 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3. Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book will guide our youth,
And well support our age.

4. Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

24 C. M.

Christ the Shepherd.

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

2. Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

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

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

25 C. M.

The Gospel Invitation.

1. The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2. For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4. Ye sinners, come—'t is mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

RONAN. 8s & 7s. Double. (New.)

1. Why should cold and storm-y wea - ther Keep me from the house of prayer;
O, where Chris - tians meet to - geth - er Let me still be with them there;
D. S. It would grieve my heart se - vere - ly, To be kept from prayer and praise.

FINE.

If I loved my God sin - cere - ly, If my heart ap - proved his ways;

D. S.

2. Where'er on earth the Saviour wandered,
Oft for me his cheek was wet;
Oft in silent prayer he pondered,
Through chill night on Olivet.

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

8s & 7s. Duoble.

27

The Sabbath-school Meeting.

1. Sabbath-schools must have their meeting,
When the appointed time comes round;
Surely 'tis a precious greeting,
For the children there are found;
'Tis not safe to pass it over,
For the rain or for the snow;
Children love their own dear meeting—
Parents! why not let them go?

2. There they sing of Him who never
Thrust aside their precious claims,
But took children to his bosom,
As a shepherd doth his lambs;
Some there were who tried to keep them,
Waiting till some other day;
But the Lord, their zeal rebuking,
Told them of a better way.

3. There their hearts go up to heaven,
On the fragrant breath of prayer;
Who shall say it is too early
For the children to be there?
Jesus says: Why should they linger,
(Speaking from his throne above,)
Till they are a little older,
Since they're old enough to love?

4. Oh! then, let them have their meeting,
Be the weather foul or fair;
So that when the Saviour calls them,
They may answer, "Here we are."
Tell them they can't come too early
To their Friend who reigns above;
For, ere they can lisp his praises,
They are old enough to love.

8s & 7s.

28

The righteous Dead.

1. Think, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are singing hymns above.

2. While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3. Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4. Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

Hy. 29

HOMEWARD BOUND.

MELODY BY J. W. DADMUN.



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

1. When the morning light drives a - way the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I 'll a - way to the Sabbath-School, For 'tis
2. On the frost - y dawn of a win-ter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees, To the Sab - bath - School I go; When the

there we all a - gree, All with hap - py hearts and free. And I love to ear - ly be At the
ho - ly day has come, And the Sab- bath-breakers roam, I delight to leave my home, For the

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS. ALL.

Sabbath-School; I 'll a - way! a - way! I 'll a - way! a - way! I 'll a - way to Sab- bath-School.

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

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

ALLEGRETTO. BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1845.

1. I love to steal a while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care;
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
And all his prom - i - ses to plead Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore.

Solitude.

4. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5. Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

C. M.

32

Anticipations of Heaven.

1. When 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 hellish 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 shall I 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.

NOTE.—This may be also sung with the Chorus "*O that will be joyful.*"

C. M.

33

Holy Fortitude.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2. Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas.

3. Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Hy. 34

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.

1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hast-ed at the ear - ly dawn; Spice she brought, and
2. But her sor-rows quickly fled, When she heard his wel - come voice; Christ has ris - en

sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone; For a while she lingering stood,
from the dead; Now he bid her heart re - joice; What a change his word can make,

Filled with sorrow and sur - prise; Trembling while a crystal flood Is-sued from her weeping eyes.
Turning darkness in - to day! Ye, who weep for Je-sus' sake, He will wipe your weeping eyes.

7s.

35 *Expostulation with Sinners.*

1. SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye forever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

7s.

36 *The Only Refuge.*

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll;
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

I'M GOING HOME.

1. My heaven-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
   Its glittering towers the sun out-shine, That heavenly man-sion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home. to die no more;

To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

37

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.
   I 'm going home, &c.

3. Let others seek a home below,
   Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
   Be mine the happier lot to own,
   A heavenly mansion near the throne.
   I 'm going home, &c.

4. 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.
I 'm going home, &c.

38

The eternal Sabbath.

1. THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2. No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the blest repose;
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

39

The youthful Pilgrim.

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

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

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

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

40

We're going Home.

1. WE go the way that leads to God,
The way that saints have ever trod;
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.
We 're going home, &c.

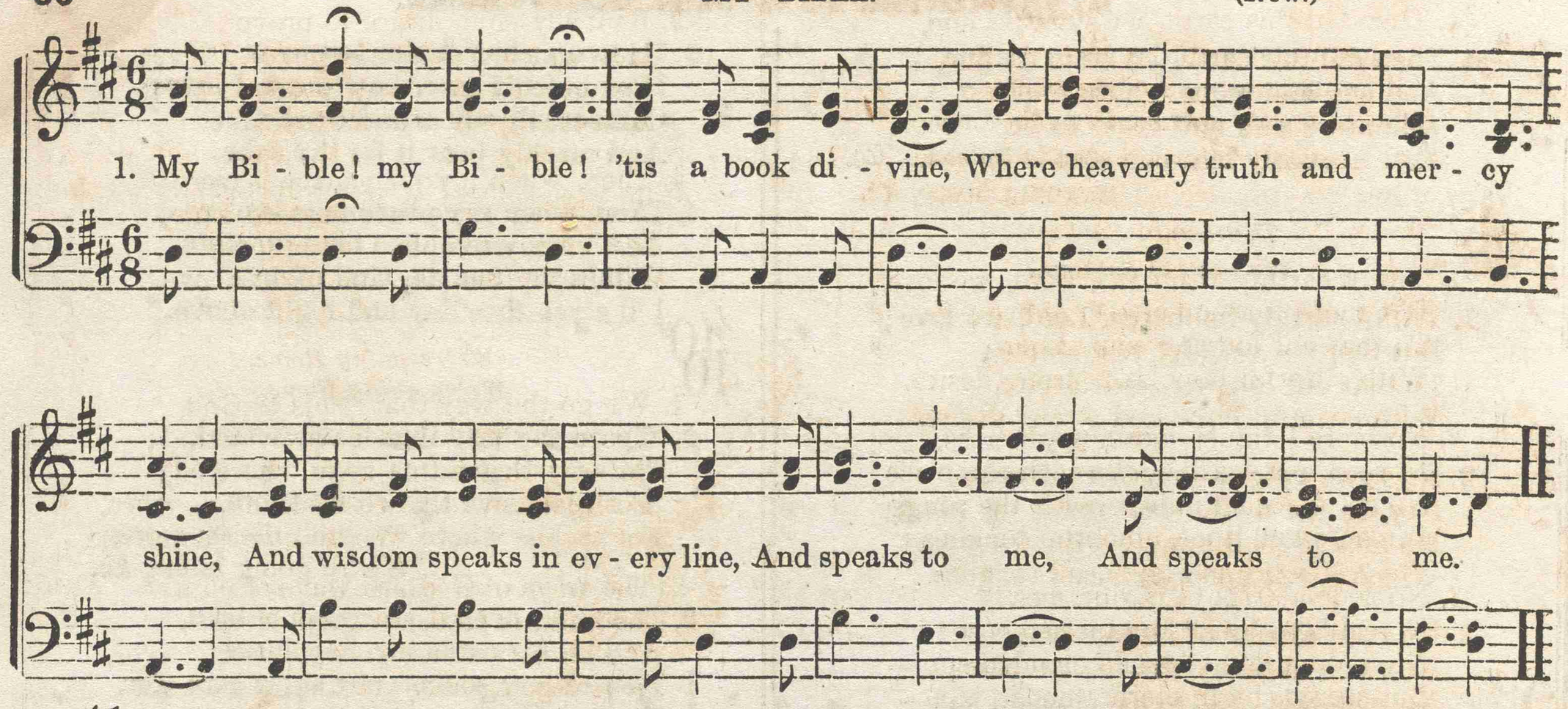
2. The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness;
Then weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We 're going home to die no more.
We 're going home, &c

3. There is a land beyond the sky
Where happy spirits never sigh,
Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
And sing of where we 'll die no more.
We 're going home, &c.

4. Come, sinners, come, O, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We 're going home to die no more.
We 're going home, &c.

MY BIBLE.

(New.)



41

2. My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown—
His love to me.

3. My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race;
Good news to me.

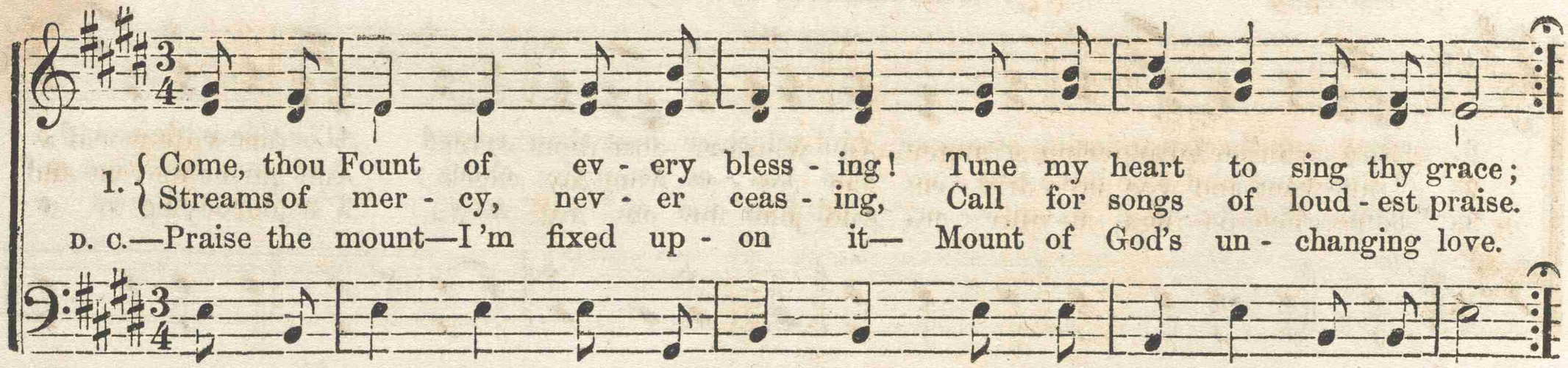
4. My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed:
O, this was wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me.

5. My Bible! O that I may ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Saviour there,
Who died for me!

1. "Say, whither, wandering stranger, Ah! whith-er dost thou roam? O'er this wide world a
2. "But want and woe have driv - en The ros - es from thy cheek; And garments rent and
3. "Come, then, be - nign in - quir - er, And join me on my way; I'm journeying to a

ran - ger, Hast thou no friend, no home?" "Yes, I've a Friend who nev - er Is
riv - en, Thy pov - er - ty be - speak." "I've food with which the an - gels Would
coun - try Where beams an end - less day; Where saints and an - gels, fall - ing Be -

absent from my side; And I've a home wher-ev - er In peace I shall a - bide.
all de - light-ed be; And robes of dazzling brightness Are now a - waiting me.
- fore the great, white throne, To you, to me are call - ing, Haste, pilgrim, has-ten home."





43

Grateful Recollection.

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

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

44

8s & 7s.

Holy Bible.

1. HOLY Bible, well I love thee!
Thou didst shine upon my way;
Like the glorious sun above me,
Turning darkness into day.
Just as the sun rolls back the night,
Breaking forth with morning ray,
So does the Bible's spreading light,
Chase the shades of sin away.

2. Holy Bible, mines of treasure,
In thy precious folds I see;
Earthly good would know no measure,
If this world were ruled by thee.
Just as the sun, from morn till noon,
Stately climbs the eastern sky,
So over all the earth shall soon
Beam the Day-spring from on high.

3. Holy Bible, do thou cheer me,
When I lay me down to die;
Christ has promised to be near me:
Can I fear when he is nigh?
Just as the sun descends at eve,
Soon with fresher beams to rise,
So shall the dying saint receive
Life eternal in the skies.

45

8s & 7s.

Glorying in the Cross.

1. IN the Cross of Jesus glory,
While your youth is in its prime;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round the theme sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake you,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake you;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy

3. When the Sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon your way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4. Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

46

8s & 7s.

Sitting at the Cross.

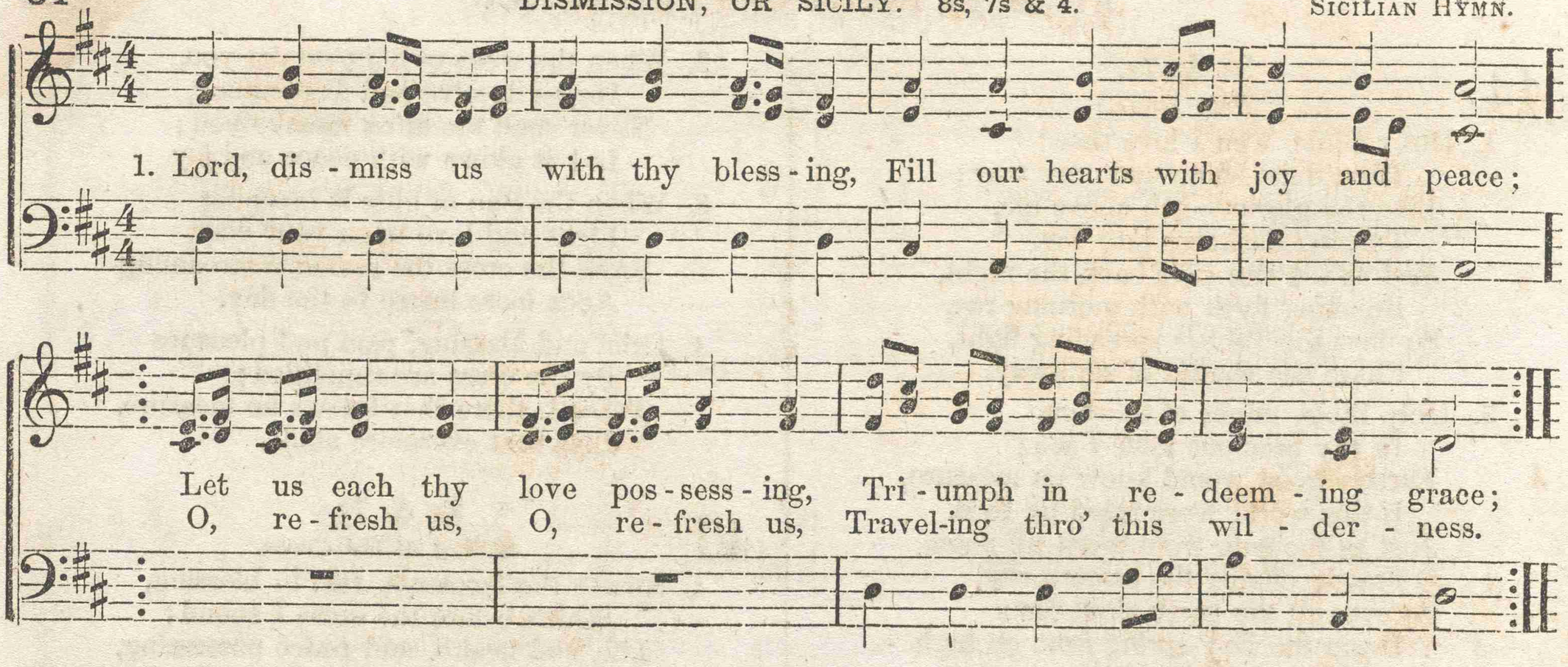
1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3. Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4. Here I 'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing;
Plead and claim my peace with God.

DISMISSION, OR SICILY. 8s, 7s & 4. SICILIAN HYMN.



47

Dismission.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay—
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

48

The Gospel Message.

1. SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it!
Every line is full of love

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim—
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
Oh, how gracious!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

8s, 7s, & 4s.

49 *Invitation to the Sinner.*

1. Hear, O sinner! mercy calls you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus:
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2. Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste to Jesus,
You must perish if you stay.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

50 *Close of Teaching.*

1. Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hushed the voice of friends, beseeching
Us to seek for joys above:
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.

2. Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
In our hearts assert thy sway:
Bless us, parting,
On this sacred Sabbath-day.

3. Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past;
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast:
Life is passing;
We must see the grave at last.

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

Hy. 51

SALVATION 'S FREE. S. M. With Chorus. (New.)

1. Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pard'ning grace, Come, yield your hearts up to Him now, And learn to love and praise.

CHORUS. *f*

Sal - va - tion 's full and free! Sal - va- tion 's full and free! Sal- va-tion 's free for you and me—Bless the Lord, sal-va-tion 's free.

2. He bought you with His blood,
He 'll wash you white as snow,
And thro' your soul the peaceful stream
Of love and joy shall flow.
Salvation 's full and free, &c.

3. Say, sinners, can you still
Resist His dying love;
Refuse the offers of His grace,
And lose a home above?
Salvation 's full and free, &c,

4. Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now think, He only died to save
From hell, from sin's reward!
Salvation 's full and free, &c.

5. No longer steel your heart!—
'T will not avail you aught;
Why ruin your immortal soul?
Your liberty is bought.
Salvation 's full and free, &c.
Come, shout—salvation 's free.

WORDS BY C. W. BETHUNE, D. D. MUSIC BY G. F. ROOT.



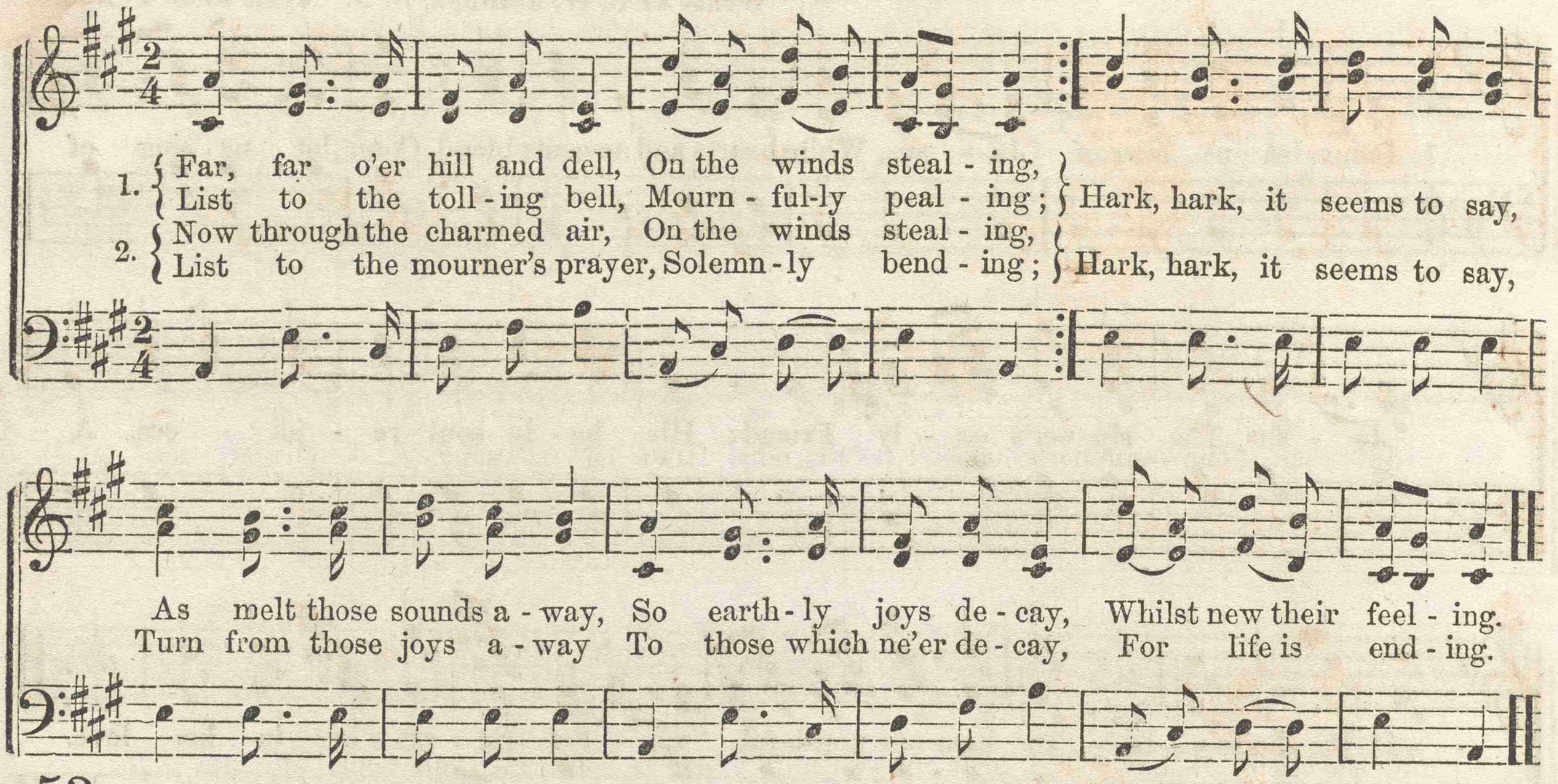
52

Come, let us sing.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by:
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We 'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those, who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will for ever bless.



53

3. O'er a father's dismal tomb
See the orphan bending,
From the solemn church-yard's gloom
Hear the dirge ascending.
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
How short ambition's sway,
Life's joys and friendship's ray,
In the dark grave ending.

4. So when our mortal ties,
Death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies,
Where care comes never;
And in eternal day,
Joining the angel's lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage for ever.

54

Funeral Dirge.

1. Hark to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,
Loved ones have passed away?
Ashes with ashes lay,
List to its pealing.

2. Earth is all vanity,
False as 'tis fleeting;
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting;
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay.
Where all is fleeting.

3. When in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain,
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?

4. No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransomed for ever;
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs be the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and for ever.

55

Come, children, join to sing.

1. Come, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice,
Hallelujah! Amen!

2. Come, lift your hearts on high,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us he 'll condescend,
His love shall never end,
Hallelujah! Amen!

3. Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we 'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Hallelujah! Amen!

LOTTIE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



56

Invitation to Christ.

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.

4. Come, then, whoever will,
Come while 'tis called to-day:
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

57 S. M.

Sunday-school Culture.

1. Blest Saviour, as we meet,
To join in hymns of praise,
And gather round the mercy-seat,
Oh, fill our hearts with grace.

2. Let thoughts of God, and truth,
And duty to the charge
Of training up immortal youth,
Our souls with zeal enlarge.

3. The worldling may not deem
This culture worth his toil;
And, to the thoughtless, it may seem
A thankless, fruitless soil.

4. But we have seen the dew
Upon that soil distil;
And oft that culture hearts renew,
And with thy blessing fill.

5. Not unto man, O Lord,
Be any honor given;
But be thy sovereign grace adored,
For fruit thus gleaned for heaven.

6. Oh, let each scattered sheaf,
Now gathered from the field,
A promise to our spirits give,
Of more abundant yield.

58 S. M.

Sowing the Seed.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

2. Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3. The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by spots 't is found;
Go forth then everywhere.

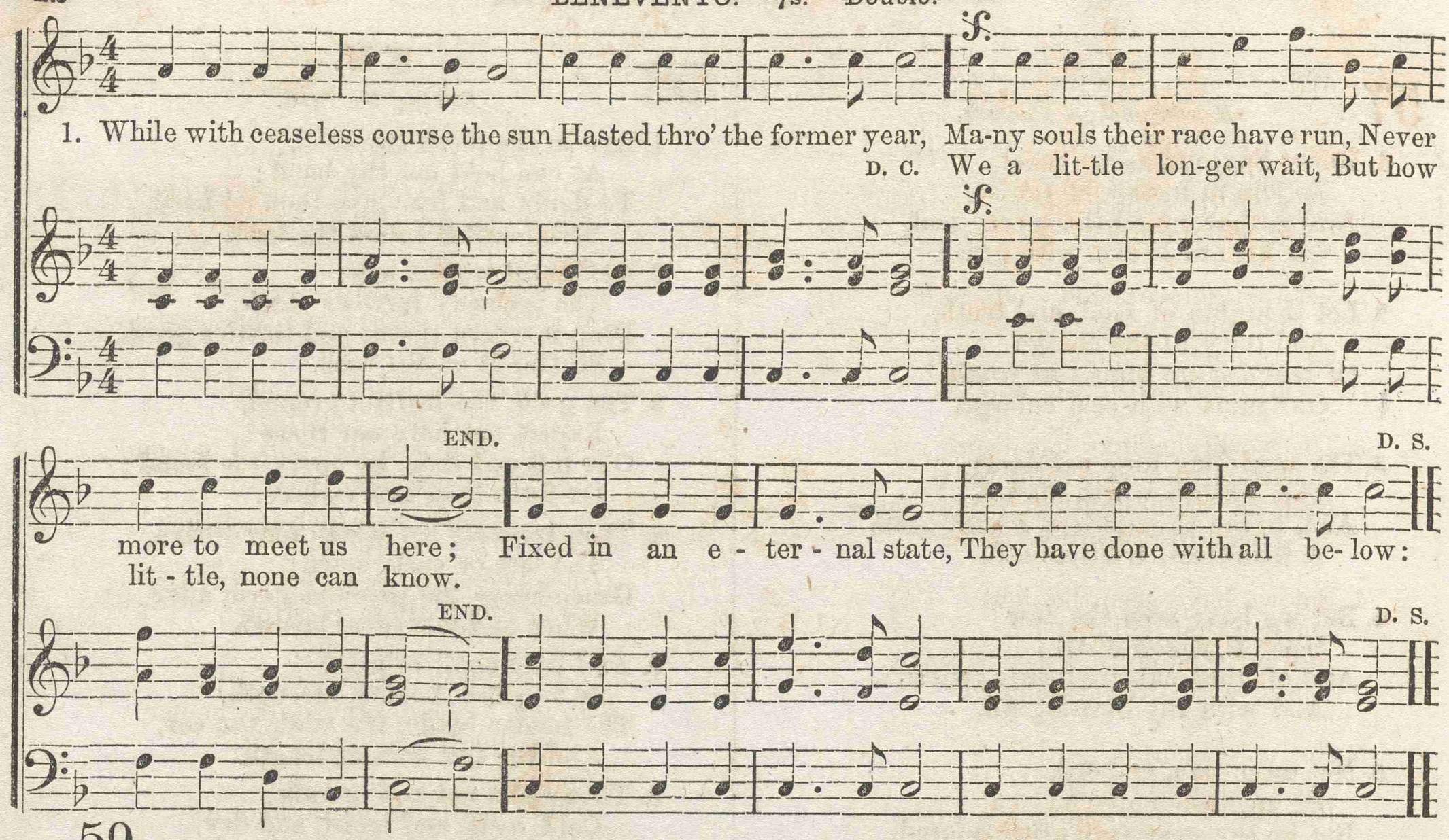
4. Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5. And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6. Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

7. Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.



59

Many have died.

2. As the winged arrow flies,
   Speedily, the mark to find;
   As the lightning from the skies
   Darts and leaves no trace behind;
   Swiftly thus our fleeting days
   Bear us down life's rapid stream;
   Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
   All below is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
   Pardon of our sins renew;
   Teach us henceforth how to live,
   With eternity in view.
   Bless thy word to young and old,
   Fill us with a Saviour's love;
   And when life's short tale is told,
   May we dwell with thee above.



60

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season—and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

1. Say, sin - ner, hath a voice with - in Oft whis-pered to thy se - cret soul,

1. Say, sin - ner, hath a voice with - in Oft whis-pered to thy se - cret soul,

Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And leave thy heart to God's con - trol?

Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And leave thy heart to God's con - trol?

61

The Last Call to Sinners.

2. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

3. Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never smile on thee.

62 L. M.

The Danger of Delay.

1. Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2. O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's hours are gone.

3. O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4. O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

63 L. M.

The Wanderer's Return.

1. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4. Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

64 L. M.

Children's Prayer.

1. O Lord, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2. Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

3. Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4. Oh, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

MANOR. 8s & 7s. (New.)



65

"*Hark!—what mean those holy voices.*"

2. Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found.
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3. Haste ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.
Haste ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.

8s & 7s.

66 *Praise for Mercies.*

1. Crowns and praises! crowns and praises!
To the Lord of hosts belong;
Every soul that on us gazes
Come and join the glorious song;
We are few to count his mercies,
Mean to raise his honors high;
Come and join our humble praises,
Every soul that passes by!

2. If each people, tribe and nation,
Here could glad hosanna sing;
If the mighty, vast creation,
Every tuneful voice could bring;
Yet how poor would be the sounding
Of the songs they all would raise!
Lord, thy mercies more abounding,
Rise above our highest praise.

8s & 7s.

67 *God is Light and Love.*

1. God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens;
God is light, and God is love

2. Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is light, and God is love.

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the cloud his brightness streameth;
God is light, and God is love.

4. He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

8s & 7s.

68 *The Sabbath Bell.*

1. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us come without delay;
And unite with thousands singing,
In their Sunday-schools to-day.

2. These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer;
But these hours are short and fleeting:
Let us then be early there.

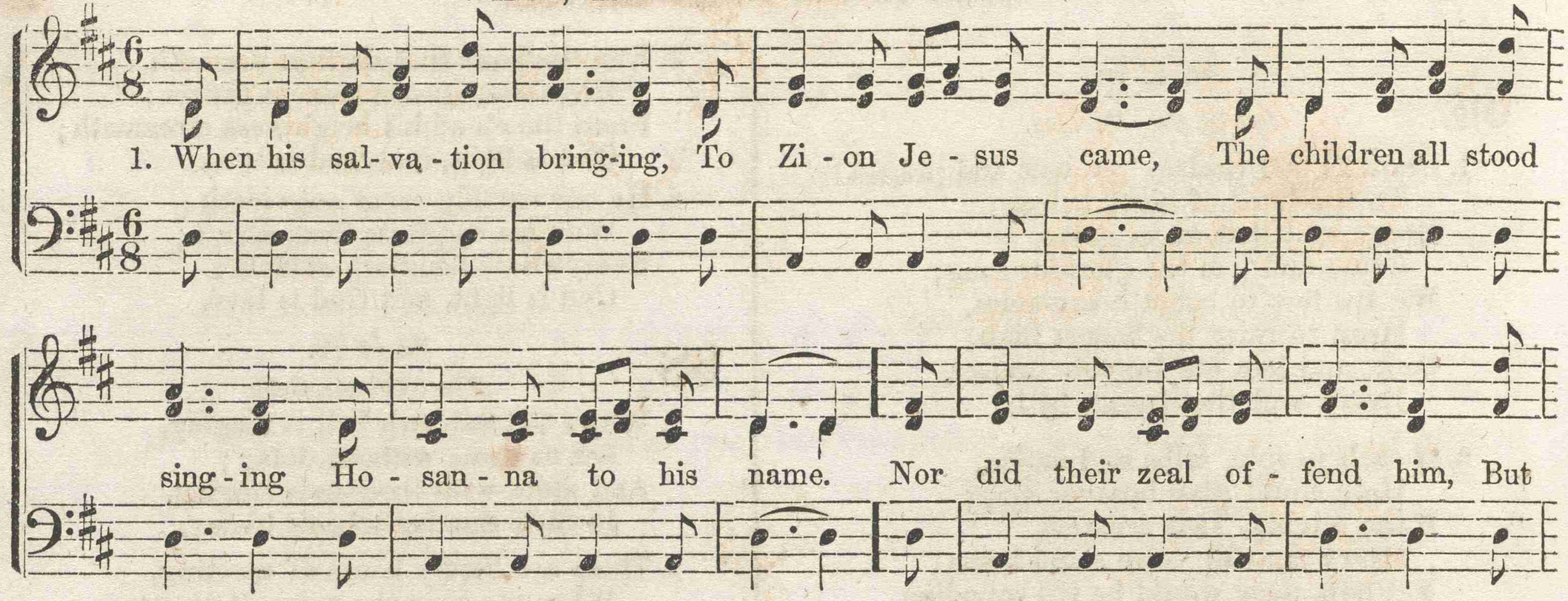
3. We shall keep our teachers waiting,
If we tarry by the way;
Or disturb the school reciting,
On this holy Sabbath-day.

4. Here the blessed gospel shows us
All its precious stores of truth;
And the Holy Spirit woos us
From transgression in our youth.

5. When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us to the school repair,
That we may unite in singing,
And together kneel in prayer.

WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING. 7s & 6s.

FROM "MOZART."





69

Shall we only render Words?

2. And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We 'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well Hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

7s & 6s.

70

Pray without ceasing.

1. Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy closet, kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2. Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thy self, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3. Or, if 'tis ere denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4. Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gives us,
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

7s & 6s, double.

71

Early Piety.

1. Go thou in life's fair morning,
Go, in thy bloom of youth;
And seek, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2. Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things,—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings!

3. Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow;
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator;
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar,
A morning sacrifice.



Coloss. i. 19.

2. I lay my wants on 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 long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lovely, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

1. Take up thy cross! the Sa - viour said, If thou would'st my dis - ci - ple be;
2. Take up thy cross! let not its weight Fill thy weak spi - rit with a - larm;
3. Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame, And let thy fool - ish pride be still;

Take up thy cross with will - ing heart, And hum-bly fol - low af - ter me.

My strength shall bear thy spi - rit up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.
Thy Lord did not re - fuse to die Up - on a cross on Calvary's hill.

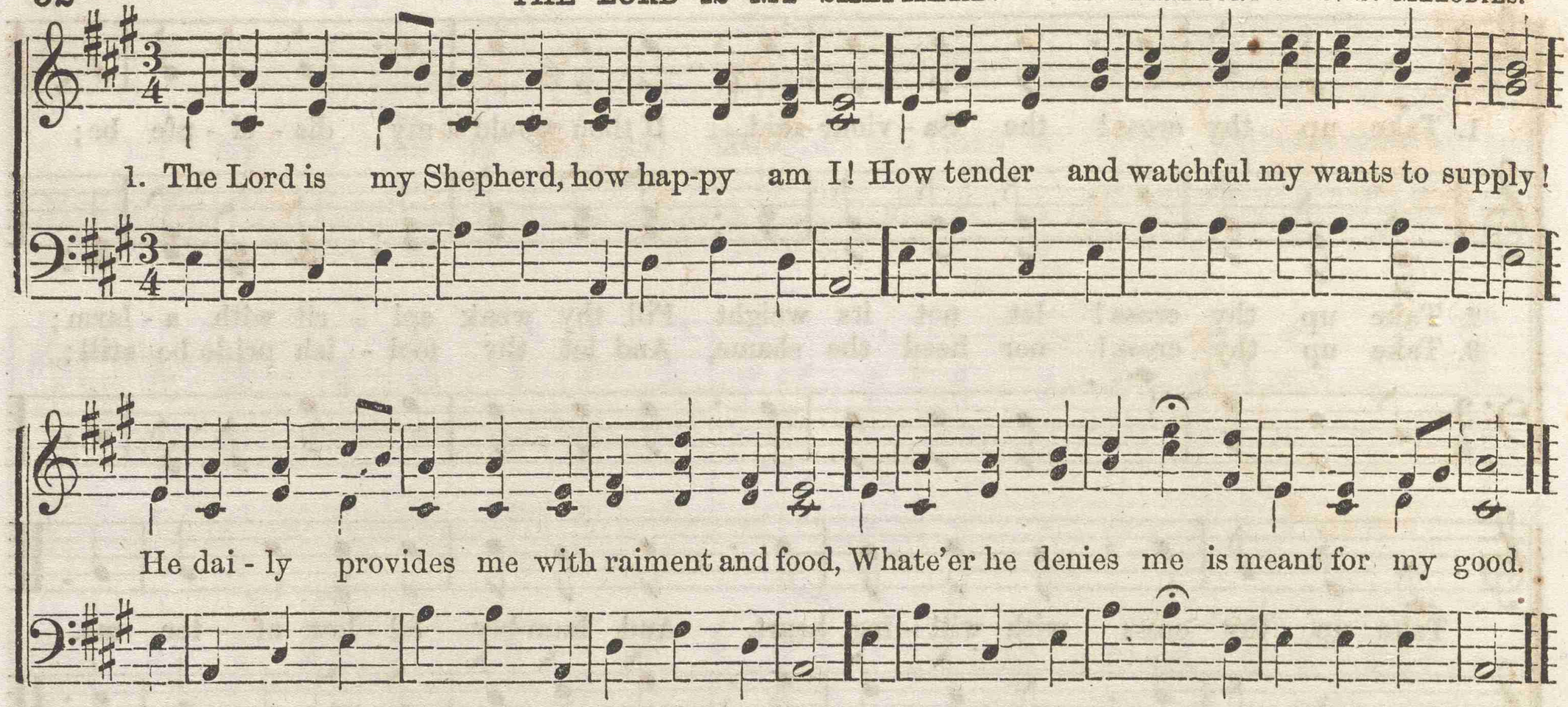
73

Take up thy Cross.

4. Take up thy cross! then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'T will guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5. Take up thy cross! and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. FROM BRADBURY'S "S. S. MELODIES."



74

Trust in God.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply!
He daily provides me with raiment and food,
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.

2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he 'll renew,
And though I 'm so sinful, my sins he 'll subdue.

3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I 'm blest while I live, and I 'm blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I 'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd hath said.

4. "The Lord is my Shepherd," I 'll sing with delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him, with angels, to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

11s.

75

The Brighter World.

1. I WOULD not live alway! I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

2. I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin!
Temptation without and corruption within!
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3. I would not live alway! no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

11s.

76

Jesus in the Garden.

1. THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head;
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3. O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

DOXOLOGY.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

Hy. 77

1. Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

2. All that Spring, with boun - teous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smi - ling land—

Boun - teous Source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

All that lib' - ral Au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores;

Praise to God.

3. These to that dear Source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow,
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4. Lord, to thee my soul would raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

78 7s.

Praise to the Trinity.

1. Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our prophet, priest, and king;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

79 7s.

Prayer for a New Heart.

1. God of mercy! God of love!
Hear me from thy throne above;
Teach me how in truth to pray:
Take my sinful heart away.

2. Often I offend thee, Lord,
I neglect thy holy word,
Break thy blessed Sabbath day:
Take my rebel heart away.

3. When my friends and teachers kind,
Bid me their instruction mind,
And I talk or idly play;
Take my careless heart away.

4. Oft I disobedient grow,
And ungrateful tempers show,
Evil things I do and say:
Take my wicked heart away.

5. When of Jesus' love I'm told,
And my heart is dull and cold;
Oh! to me thy love display:
Take my stony heart away.

6. Mould my nature all afresh;
Give to me the "heart of flesh;"
For I know that grace divine
Changes even hearts like mine.

80 7s.

The Accepted Offering.

1. Lord, what off'ring shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

2. Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store:—
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

ARRANGED.

1. We'll not give up the Bi - ble—God's holy book of truth, The bless - ed staff of
2. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, For it a - lone can tell The way to save our

hoa - ry age, The guide of ear - ly youth— The lamp which sheds a glorious light O'er
ru - ined souls From be - ing sent to hell. And it a - lone can tell us how We

ev - ery drear - y road— The voice which speaks a Saviour's love, And leads us home to
can have hopes of heaven—That thro' the Saviour's precious blood Our sins may be for -



3. We 'll not give up the Bible;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:
"The words that we have learn'd while young
Shall follow all our days:
For they 're engraven on our hearts,
And you cannot erase."—We 'll not, &c.

4. We 'll not give up the Bible—
We 'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide,
Till all shall know that we, the young,
Withstand each treacherous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We 'll never, never part.—We 'll not, &c.

82 WE 'LL NOT FORGET THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. We 'll not forget the Sunday school,
This hallowed, much-loved place;
Tho' friends and scenes around us change,
And time flies on apace:
We 'll think how oft the precious seed
Was sown in faith and prayer,
When we were thoughtless—took no heed
Of our kind teachers' care.

2. We 'll not forget the Sunday school,
Where hope of sins forgiven,
Through Him alone, who came to die,
Allured our souls to heaven:
There blood-bought ones, 'mid angels bright,
The heavenly prize have won,
And clad in robes of purest white,
Shine glorious as the sun.

3. We'll not forget the Sunday school,
Which taught us to beware
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,
Our youthful souls to ensnare:
We 'll wrestle hard with God in prayer,
And seek his gracious aid;
And, once obtain'd, we need not fear
But conquest shall be made.

4. We 'll not forget the Sunday school,
Nor friends that here we found,
Who strove to lead us home to God—
To them our hearts are bound:
We 'll follow in their footsteps here,
And teach, and sing, and love:
Keep them and us, Lord, in thy fear,
Till we shall mount above!

Tune of Some One to roam

OUR SABBATH HOME. (New.)

W. B. B.

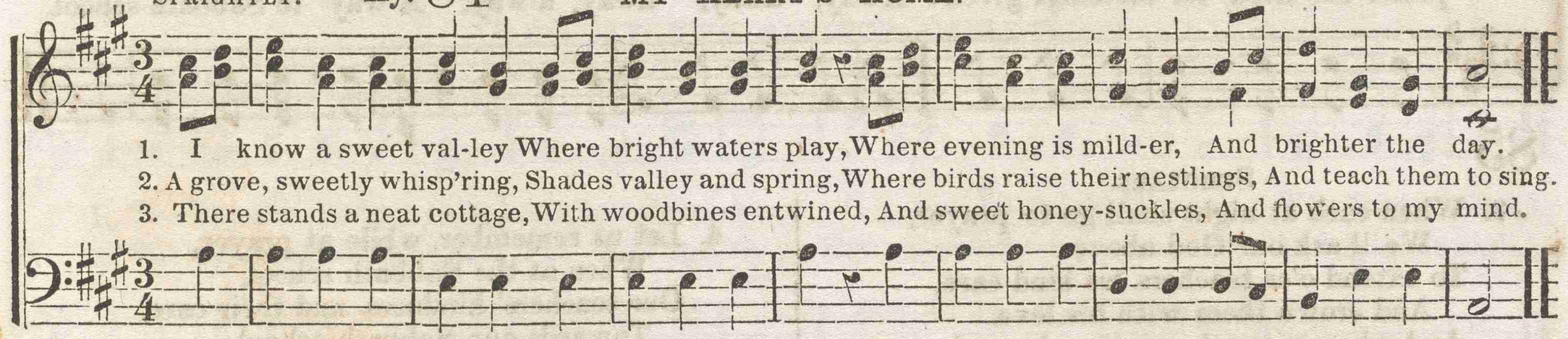
1. Oh, we love to come to our Sab - bath home, And learn of our teach - ers dear, Who point us, with love, to our home a - bove, And the crown that a - waits us there, The crown that a - waits us there, Who
2. Oh, we love to come to our Sab - bath home, When the six days of toil are o'er, And read and sing of our heaven - ly King, And learn to love him more, And learn to love him more, And
3. Oh, we love to come to our Sab - bath home, But we nev - er would come a - lone; We would each bring in from the paths of sin, Some err - ing, wan - d'ring one, Some err - ing, wan-d'ring one, We would



4. Oh, we urge all to come to our Sabbath home,
Who know not of God or of heaven;
We wish all to taste of the blessed feast,
Which our Father in love hath given.

5. Then come every one to o.. Sabbath home,
And learn of the joys above;
Our dear Sabbath school is our Sabbath home,
'T is the place we most dearly love.

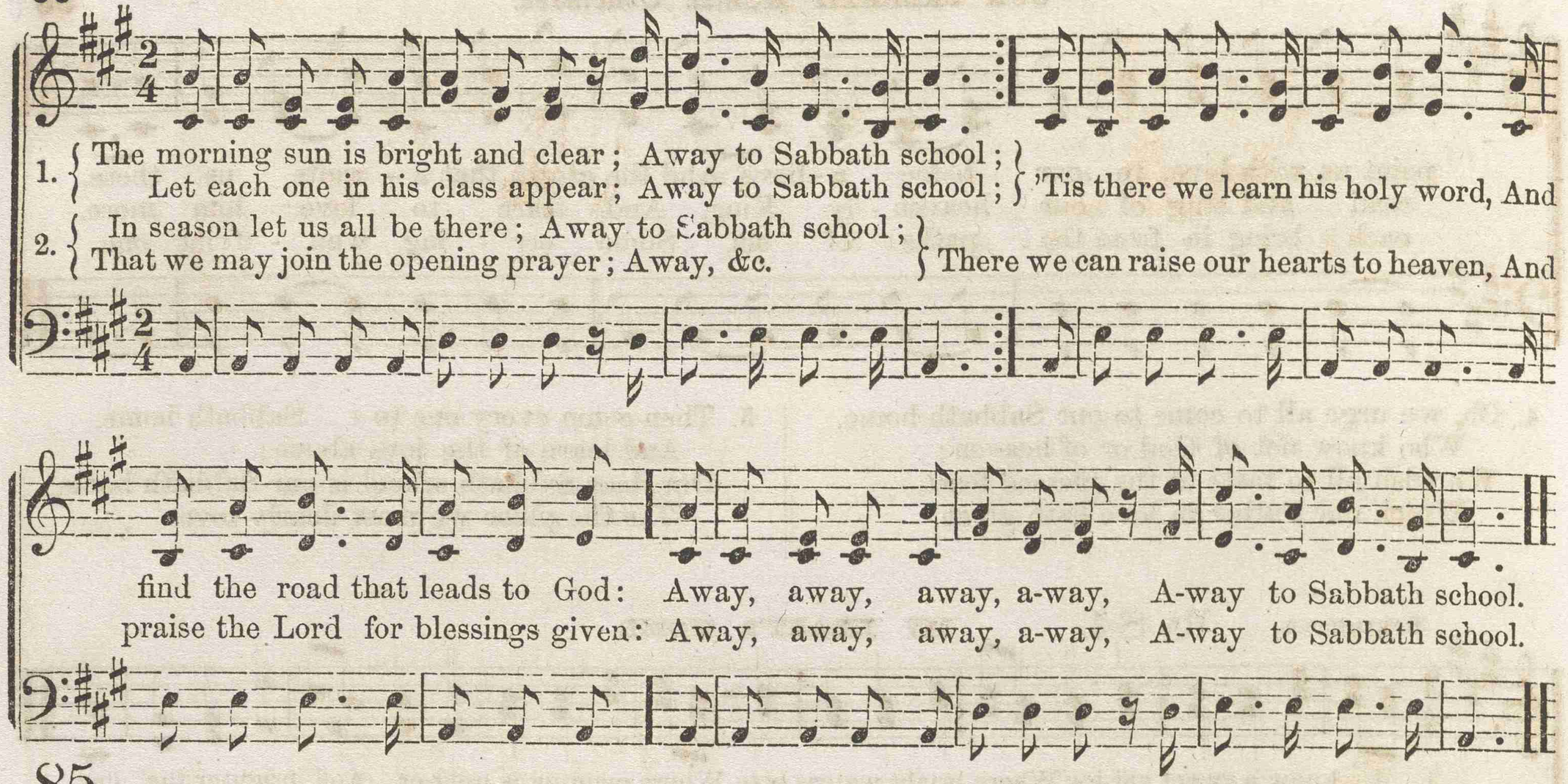
SPRIGHTLY. Hy. 84 MY HEART'S HOME.



4. There Peace dwells with Freedom,
There foes are not feared;
There childhood is cherished,
And age is revered.

5. There hearts true and humble
Their thanksgiving raise,
And make of their hearthstone
An altar of praise.

6. Oh, that 's the sweet valley
Where bright waters play,
Where memory is milder,
And brighter the day.



85

SCHOLARS.

3. When each at night shall go to prayer,
We'll ask our God above
To extend o'er teachers his kind care,
And crown them with his love.
And when on earth our time is sped,
And we are numbered with the dead,

TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

If faithful, we shall meet above;
We all shall meet above.

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

1. Our youthful hearts with Temperance burn,
Away, away the bowl;
From dram-shops all our steps we turn,
Away, away the bowl.
Farewell to rum, and all its harms,
Farewell the wine-cup's boasted charms:
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

2. See how the staggering drunkard reels,
Away, away the bowl;
Alas! the misery he reveals,
Away, away the bowl;
His children grieve, his wife in tears!
How sad his once bright home appears!
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

Boys.

3. We drink no more, nor buy, nor sell,
Away, away the bowl;

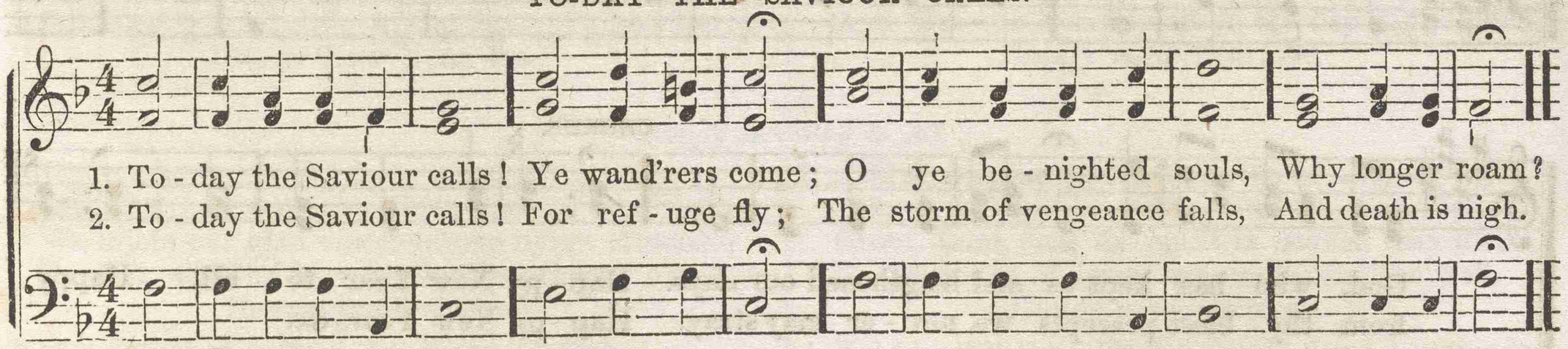
Girls.

The drunkard's offers we repel,
Away, away the bowl.

All.

United in a temperance band,
We 're joined in heart, we 're joined in hand,
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

"TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS."



87

3. To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh, hear him now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

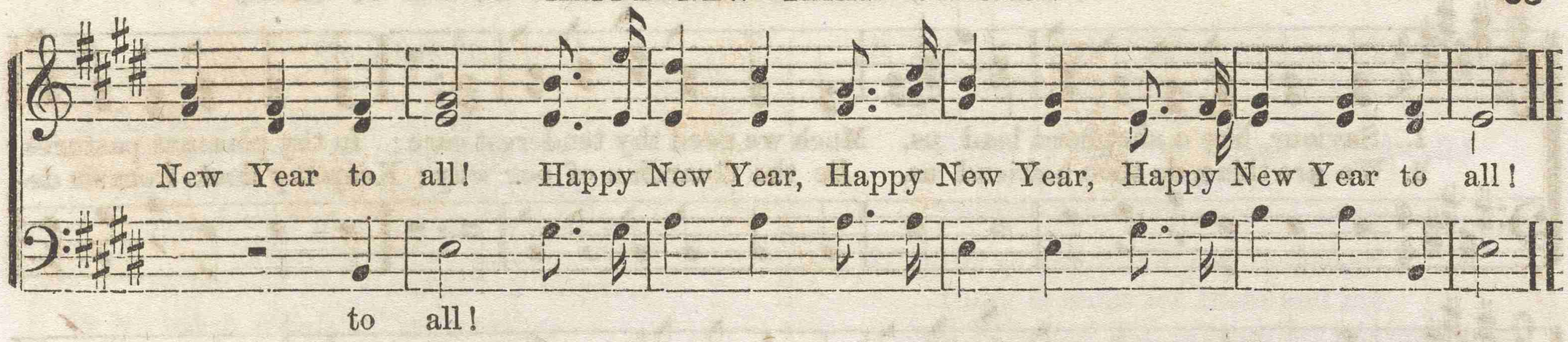
1. Come, chil - dren, and join in our fes - ti - val song, The new year has come, and the
2. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we lift up to thee Our voice of thanks - giving, our

old year has gone; We 'll join our glad voic - es in one hymn of praise, To
glad ju - bi - lee; Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray, That

CHORUS.

God, who has kept us and lengthened our days. Hap - py New Year to all, Happy
from thy blest precepts we nev - er may stray. Hap - py New Year, &c.

Hap - py New Year



3. And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Happy New Year, &c.

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 the Saviour's loved arms.
Happy New Year, &c.

5. Dear Pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold—
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."
Happy New Year, &c.

6. And now, as we enter another New Year,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here;
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."
Happy New Year, &c.

89

Happy Greeting to All.

1. COME, children and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
Happy greeting 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 greeting to all.

3. And if, ere this year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Happy greeting 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 Jesus' loved arms.
Happy greeting to all.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4s. (New.)

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. Blessed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. Blessed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear young children when they pray, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

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

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

91

8s, 7s & 4s.

1. SAVIOUR, at thy footstool bending,
We a youthful band appear;
May our grateful songs ascending,
Reach and please thy gracious ear:
Thus to praise thee
Make and keep our hearts sincere.

2. No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thy invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3. Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director;
In thy arms of mercy bear,
Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

92

8s, 7s & 4s.

Love for the Sabbath-school.

1. YES, dear Sabbath-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
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
Here are spoken from His word.

3. Yet my heart is filled with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
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 will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be.
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

93

8s, 7s & 4s.

1. HEAR, oh, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh, receive him,
Free salvation now obtain.

2. Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
Now your hearts to him unite.

3. All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek, oh, seek the Saviour's blessing,
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?

Hy. 94 **NEVER FORGET THE SABBATH SCHOOL.** (New.) W. B. B.

SPRIGHTLY BUT NOT TOO FAST.

Teachers. Never forget the Sabbath school, The lessons taught you here, The gen - tle words of

love and truth, The true and earnest care. Remember, too, the teachers dear, Who oft for you will

pray, That Je - sus, by his gracious love, May keep you in the way, That Je - sus, by his

Chorus of Teachers and Scholars.—Loud.



Repeat softly. *

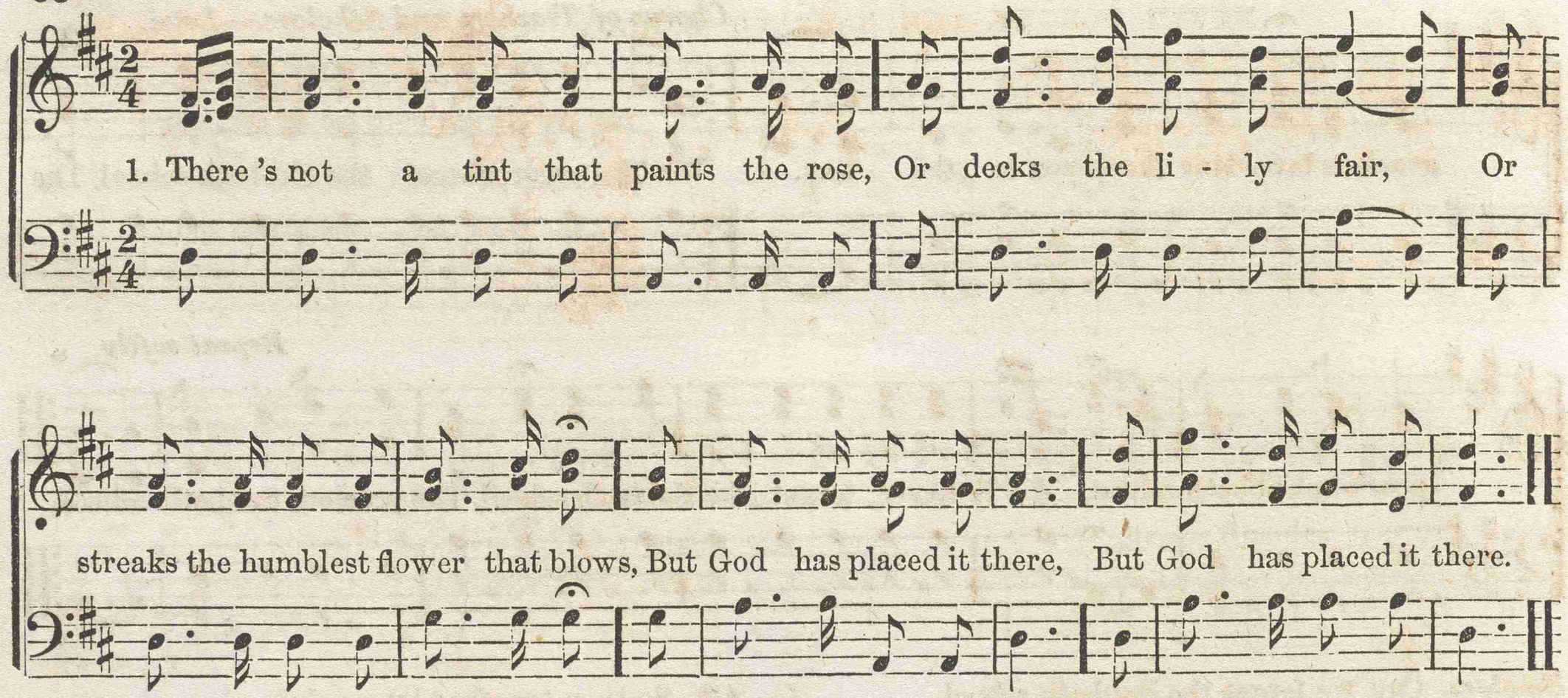


Scholars. Can we forget the Sabbath school,
The place of light and love,
Place where we learn of wisdom's ways,
That leads to homes above?
Wherever we may wander,
Where through the week we roam,
We 'll not forget the teachers dear,
Of this our Sabbath home.
We 'll never forget, &c.

All. So then together let us sing
In songs of grateful praise,
To Him who reigneth in the skies
Our grateful tribute raise;
And pray that through another year
His blessings may attend,
And that we never may forget
The sinner's truest Friend.
We 'll never forget, &c.

* NOTE.—In a public performance, or Concert of Sunday School Music, a pleasing effect will be produced by having a few voices at a distance, or in an adjoining room, singing this repeat.

"THERE 'S NOT A TINT." C. M. W. B. B.



95

"There 's not a tint that paints the rose."

2. There 's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3. There 's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4. There 's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where.

5. Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

96 C. M.

Confidence in Christ.

1. I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
   Or to defend his cause;
   Maintain the honor of his word,
   The glory of his cross.

2. Jesus, my God! I know his name;
   His name is all my trust;
   Nor will he put my soul to shame,
   Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
   And he can well secure
   What I've committed to his hands,
   Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will he own my worthless name,
   Before his Father's face;
   And, in the new Jerusalem,
   Appoint my soul a place.

97 C. M.

Asking for the Holy Spirit.

1. OUR heavenly Father bids us ask
   The blessings of his grace;
   And it should never be a task,
   To seek our Father's face.

2. He looks on us with thoughts of love,
   And promises to send
   The Holy Spirit from above,
   To be our guide and friend.

3. And he will show us heavenly things,
   And form our hearts anew,
   To serve and love the King of kings,
   As saints and angels do.

4. O Lord! that promised gift bestow,
   And fill us with thy love;
   That we may serve thee here below,
   And dwell with thee above.

98 C. M.

The Birth of Christ.

1. WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
   All seated on the ground,
   The angel of the Lord came down,
   And glory shone around.

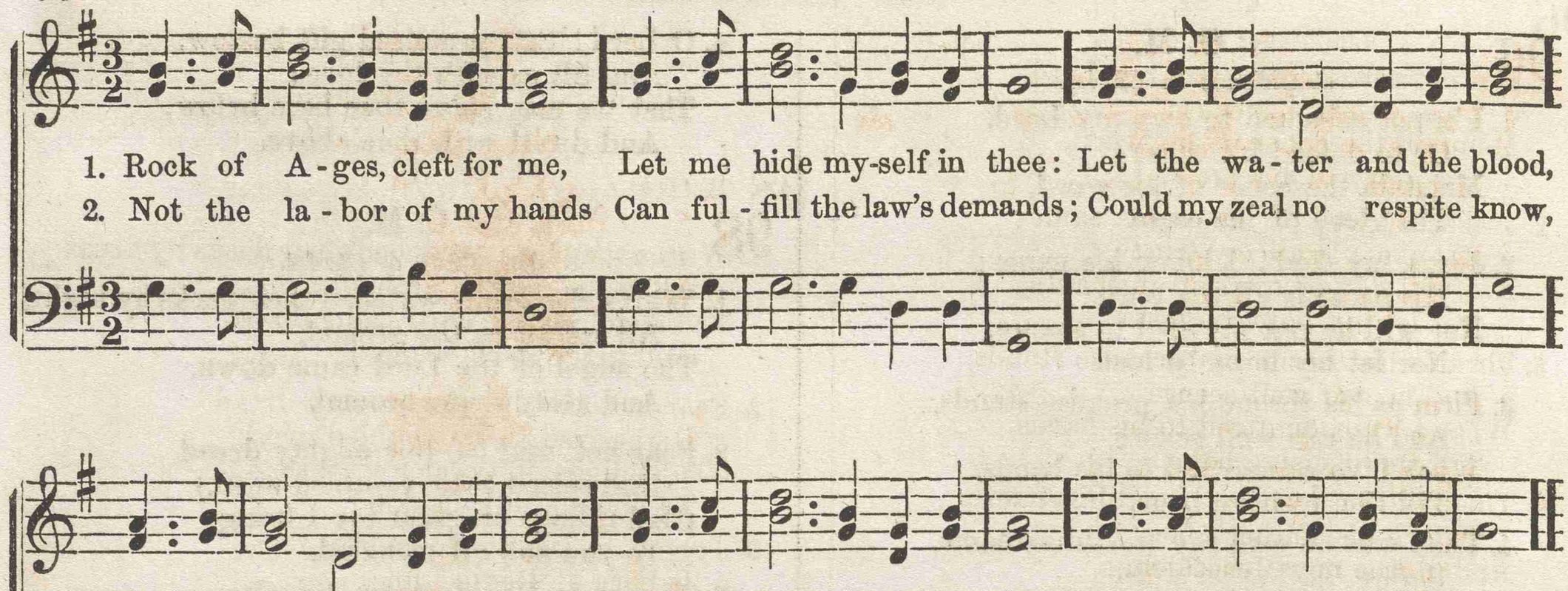
2. Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
   Had seized their troubled mind,)
   Glad tidings of great joy I bring
   To you and all mankind.

3. To you, in David's town, this day,
   Is born of David's line,
   The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
   And this shall be the sign.

4. The heavenly babe you there shall find
   To human view displayed,
   All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
   And in a manger laid.

5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
   Appeared a shining throng
   Of angels praising God on high,
   Who thus addressed their song:

6. All glory be to God on high,
   And to the earth be peace;
   Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
   Begin and never cease.



99

Christ, the Rock of Ages.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

100

7s, 6 lines.

Bethlehem.

1. Let us go to Bethlehem;
   There the King of Glory lies!
He has left his diadem,
   And his throne beyond the skies!
He, the Lord of endless years,
Now a feeble babe appears.

2. Let us go to Bethlehem:
   God descends with men to dwell!
And he comes not to condemn,
   But to save from sin and hell:
Oh, what rich and boundless grace,
To our lost and guilty race!

3. Let us go to Bethlehem:
   Eastern magi worship there;
Let us strive to rival them,
   With the incense of our prayer;
And our hearts, as offerings bring,
To the glorious new-born King.

101

7s, 6 lines.

Evil Words.

1. Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them; but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimonies bear
For us or against us there.

2. Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3. Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray:
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee,—
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

102

7s, 6 lines.

The close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1. If 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2. Saviour! may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

REST. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest! Whose wa - king is su - premely blest;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his cru - el sting.
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sa - viour's power.

Sleeping in Jesus.

4. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

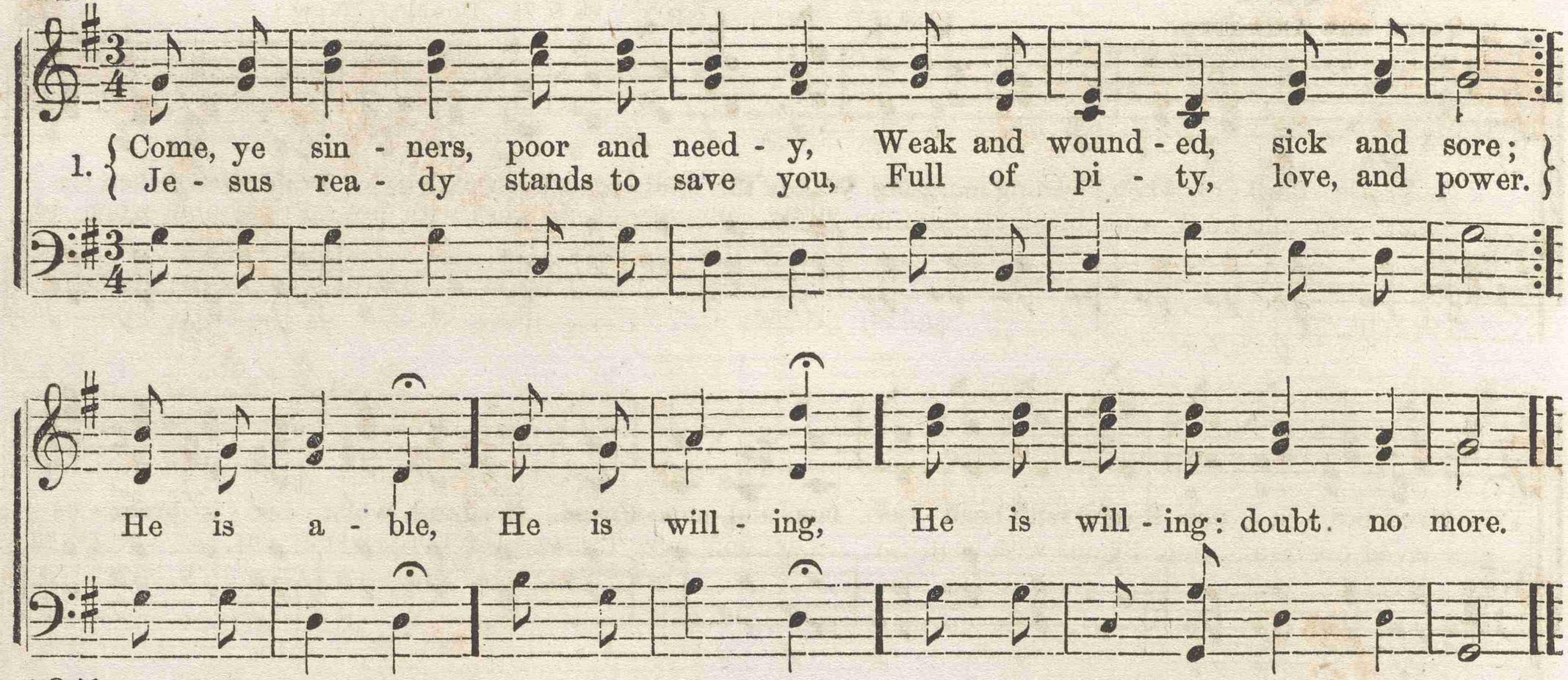
QUICK AND ANIMATED.

1. Praise the Lord, when blushing morn-ing Wakes the blos - soms fresh with dew; Praise him, when re - vived cre - a - tion Beams with beau - ty fair and new. Praise the Lord, when ear - ly breez - es Come so fragrant from the flowers; Praise, thou willow by the brookside, Praise, ye birds among the bowers.

2. Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven,
Angels, sing your sweetest lays,
All things utter forth his glory;
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

HOWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s. New Western Melody.



105

The Invitation.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'T is the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

106

8s, 7s & 4s.

Scholars' Song.

1. Teachers, here we meet together,
On this holy Sabbath-day;
Oh! we feel a sacred pleasure,
When we meet to praise and pray.
Saviour hear us,
Saviour hear us,
While we raise our grateful lay.

2. Once Judea's parents brought thee
Infants smiling on their arms;
For thy blessing they besought thee,
When they saw thy gracious charms.
Friend of children,
Friend of children,
How he clasped them in his arms.

3. Now he sits in yonder heaven,
Kindly bidding us to come;
If our hearts to him are given,
There we 'll sing a sweeter song:
We will praise him,
We will praise him,
When we join the happy throng.

4. May we meet each faithful teacher,
On that bright and flowery plain;
With our parents and kind preacher,
There in bliss for aye to reign:
And the glory,
And the glory,
We 'll ascribe to Jesus' name.

107

8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn we should be.
May thy Spirit
Teach us how to worship thee.

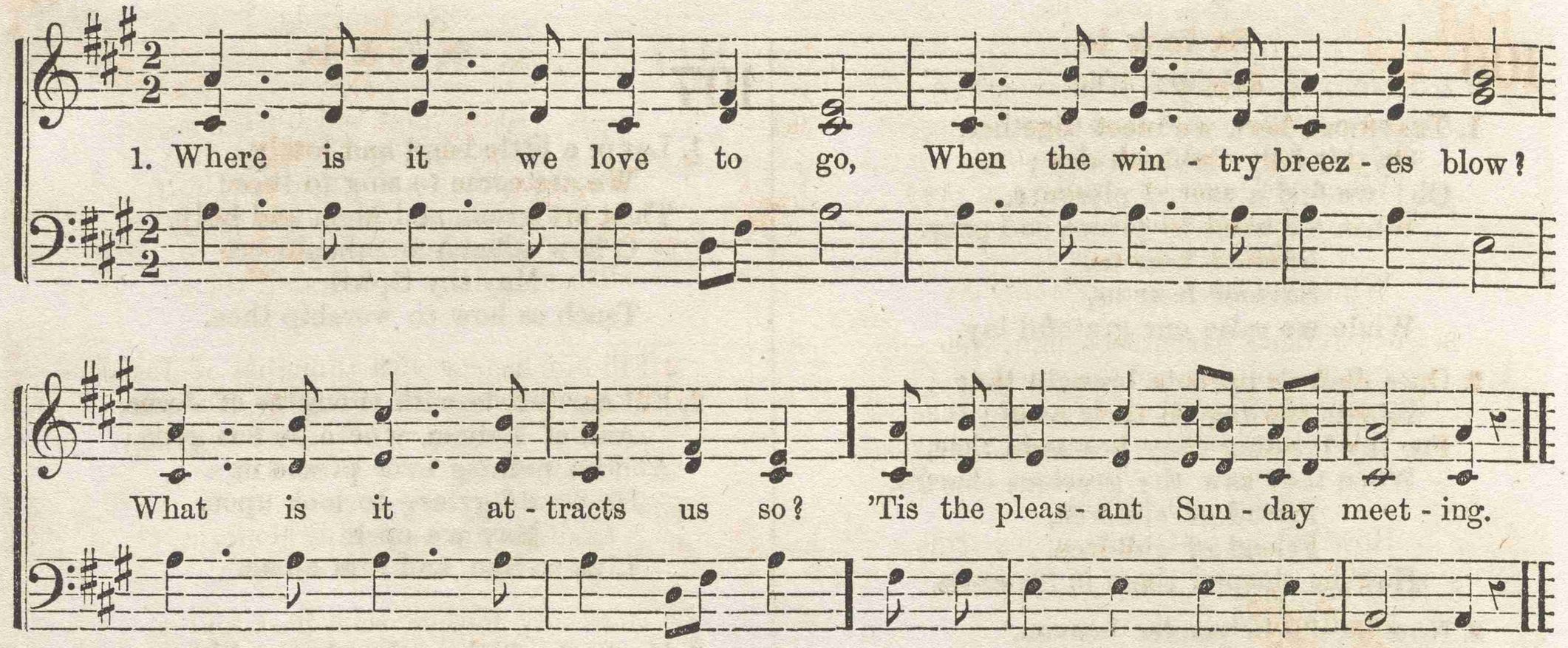
2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he has gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
May we ever
Live to him, and him alone.

3. Heavenly Father, thou hast told us
What thou 'd have us be and do;
Thou dost evermore behold us,
And dost search us through and through.
Thoughts unholy
Thou dost weigh, and actions too.

4. May our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us in the way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.
Praise and glory
To the Lord our God belong.

THE PLEASANT SUNDAY MEETING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



108

1.

Where is it we love to go,
When the wintry breezes blow?
What is it attracts us so?
'Tis the pleasant Sunday meeting.

2.

Where is it we love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree?
In the pleasant Sunday meeting.

3.

Where are we so kindly taught
Who should rule in every thought;
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the pleasant Sunday meeting.

4.

May we love this holy day,
Love to sing, and read, and pray;
Find salvation's narrow way,
In the pleasant Sunday meeting.

TENOR.

1. A - wake my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Glo - ry to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morning sa - cri - fice.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take.

109

Morning Hymn.

3. Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

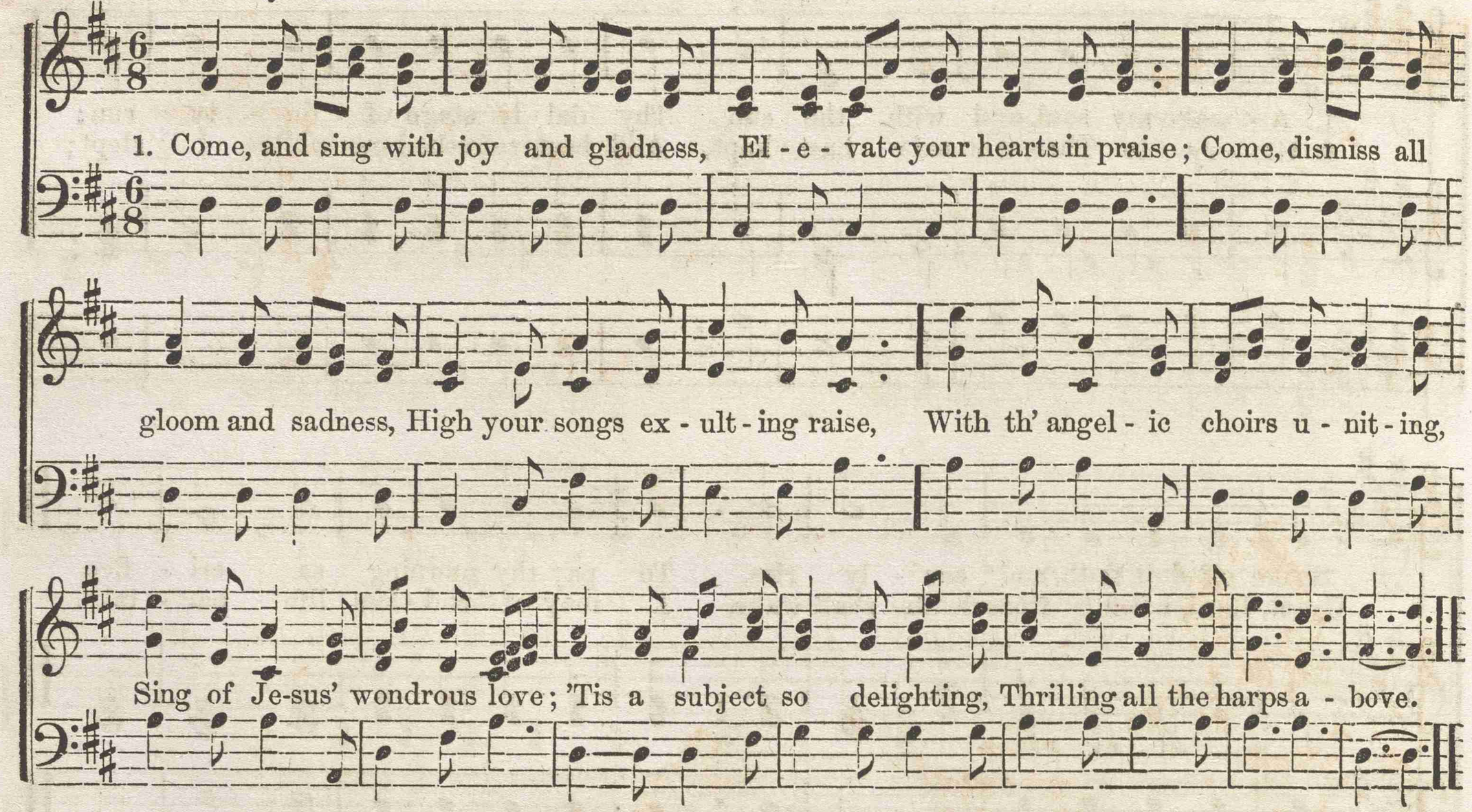
4. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Hy, 110

MODERATELY QUICK.

COME AND SING. 8s & 7s. Double.

W. B. B.



2. Come, and sweetly tune your voices,
Raise them to a lofty strain;
Sing aloud, while Heaven rejoices,
Shout! for Jesus comes to reign;
Glory, hear the angels crying,
Glory to the Saviour's name;
Shall not children, with them vieing,
Here on earth his praise proclaim.

3. Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure
That they should not hold their peace:
And his blessings, without measure,
He bestowed on such as these:
Then to heaven high ascending,
Shall our anthems quickly rise;
With angelic voices blending,
Far above the azure skies.

111

8s & 7s.

Come, ye Children, and adore Him.

TEACHERS.

1. COME, ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come, and worship now before him,
He hath called you by his love;
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all abounding grace:
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2. On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness—
All with happiness replete.
O to feel the love of Jesus!
O to know that from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3. Dearest children, now adore him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain;
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4. Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5. Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
Gladly, now, we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story;
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er;
All his grace and all his glory,
O proclaim for evermore!

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

1. I thank the goodness and the grace That on my birth have smiled, And made me in these
2. I was not born as thousands are, Where God is nev - er known, And taught to say a
3. I was not born without a home, In some poor broken shed, A gip - sy ba - by,

lat - ter days, A hap - py Christian child, A hap - py Christian child.
use - less prayer To gods of wood and stone, To gods of wood and stone.
taught to roam, And steal my dai - ly bread, And steal my dai - ly bread.

"*I thank the goodness and the grace.*"

4. My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this favored land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

113 C. M.

The Blood of Christ.

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

114 C. M.

What is Prayer?

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

115 C. M.

The One Petition.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Lean thou on - ly on his word: Ev - er will he

2. Ev - er in the rag - ing storm, Thou shalt see his cheer-ing form, Hear his pledge of

be thy stay, Tho' the heavens shall melt a - way, Tho' the heavens shall melt a - way.

com - ing aid: "It is I, be not a - fraid! It is I, be not a - fraid!"

116

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

3. Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger near his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4. He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

117

7s.

Children invited to Christ.

1. CHILDREN ! listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind;
Early seek, and ye shall find.

2. Sorrowful your sins confess;
Plead his perfect righteousness;
See the Saviour's bleeding side;—
Come ! you will not be denied.

3. For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart;
Never from his ways depart.

118

7s.

Allurements of Sin.

1. MANY voices seem to say,
"Hither, children—here's the way;
Haste along, and nothing fear,
Every pleasant thing is here!"

2. Yes—but whither would ye lead?
Is it happiness indeed?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and wo?

3. We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4. We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here,
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

5. We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile:
Thinking, as we labor thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6. So a pleasant path we 'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led;
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed!

119

7s.

A Preparation for Heaven.

1. MAKER of the Sabbath-day,
Teach us how to praise and pray;
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

2. Giver of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious gospel blest;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.

3. Ruler of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, on high;
Make the young, as well as old,
Sheep of thy eternal fold.

4. Friend of children, hear our prayer:
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away,
Of this sacred Sabbath day.

No. 1. ROSY LIGHT. 7s & 6s. G. J. WEBB.

1. The ro - sy light is dawn - ing Up - on the mountain's brow; It is the Sab-bath morn - ing— A - rise and pay thy vow; Lift up thy voice to hea - ven, In sacred praise and prayer, While un - to thee is giv - en The light of life to share.

120

2. The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles, beauteous and unclouded,
Before the eye of day;
So, let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3. O see those waters, streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye!
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

7s & 6s.

121

Sabbath-school Celebration.

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'T is by thy sovereign mercy
We 're here allowed to meet:
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2. Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3. And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

7s & 6s.

122

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

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. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

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

THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, My Fa-ther calls me,
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,

CHORUS.

I must go To meet him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-
I must go To meet him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-

- - way, I'll a-way to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.
- - way, I'll a-way to the promised land, My Saviour calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

3. ‖: I have a crown in the promised land, :‖
When Jesus calls me I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

4. ‖: I hope to meet you in the promised land :‖
At Jesus' feet a joyous band;
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, we'll away, &c.

1. I have a Father in the prom-ised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,
2. I have a Saviour in the prom-ised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,

CHORUS.

I must go, To meet him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll away to the promised land; I'll a -
I must go, To meet him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll away to the promised land; I'll a -

- - way to the promised land, My Fa - ther calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.
- - way to the promised land, My Fa - ther calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

3. ‖: I have a crown in the promised land, :‖
When Jesus calls me I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

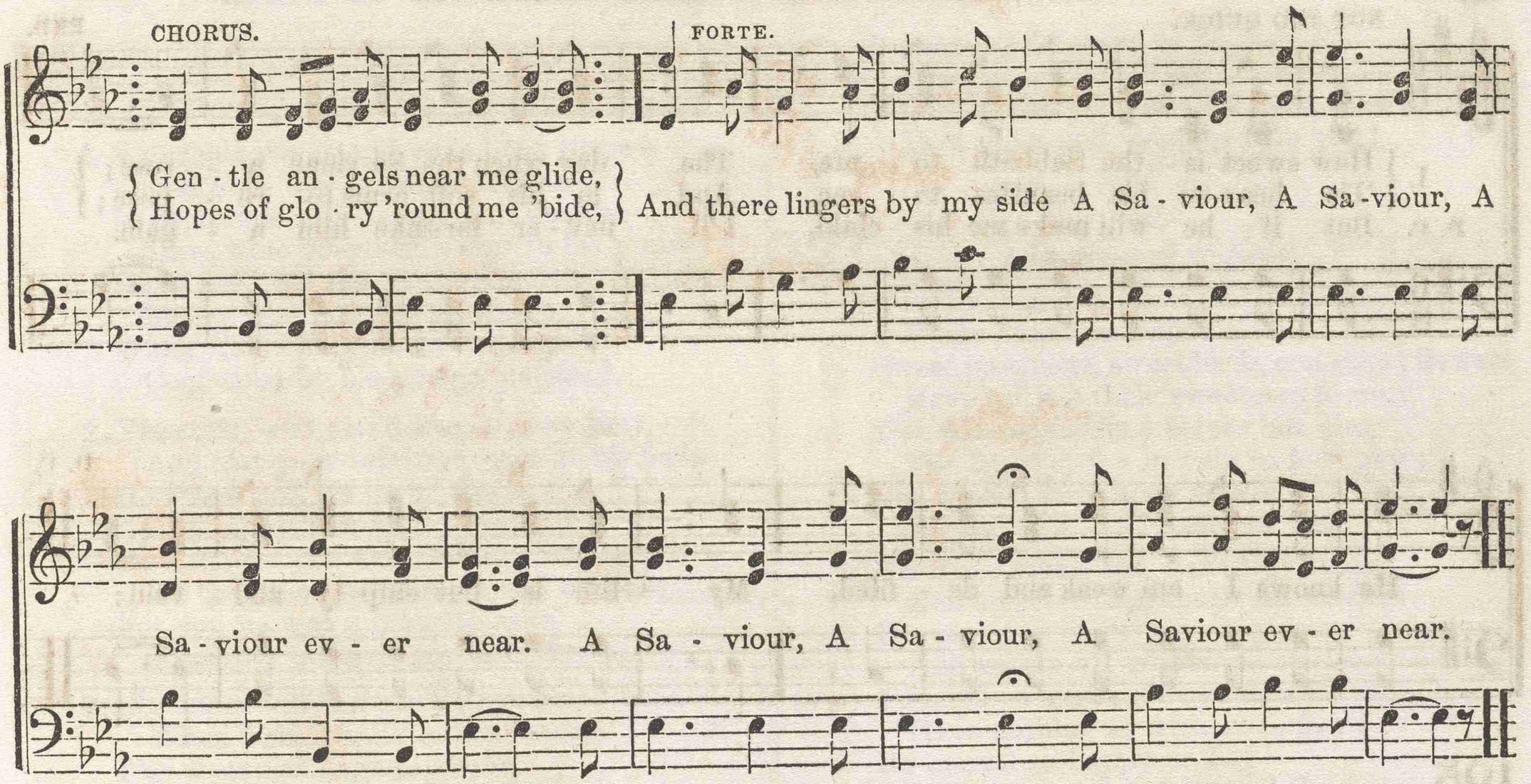
4. ‖: I hope to meet you in the promised land, :‖
At Jesus' feet a joyous band;
We'll praise him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.

Hy. 124

A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR. (New.)

GENTLY—SOFTLY.

1. Hush'd be my mur - murings, let cares de - part, Je - sus is near me,
to cheer my heart; He's near to help me whilst life's hours re - main, He speaks to
cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.



2. Why should I languish—why should I fear?
In sorrow and anguish He 's ever near;
Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, He 'll near me remain.
Chorus.—Gentle angels, &c.

3. Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow,
But soon in heaven He 'll meet me again,
There 'll end my sorrow, and there 'll end my pain.
Chorus.—Gentle angels, &c.





125

"How sweet is the Sabbath to me"

2. This day he invites me to come,
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.

4. I cannot, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all of my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

126

8s.

"*Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.*"

1. Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave—
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3. Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

4. I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder and worship with you!

127

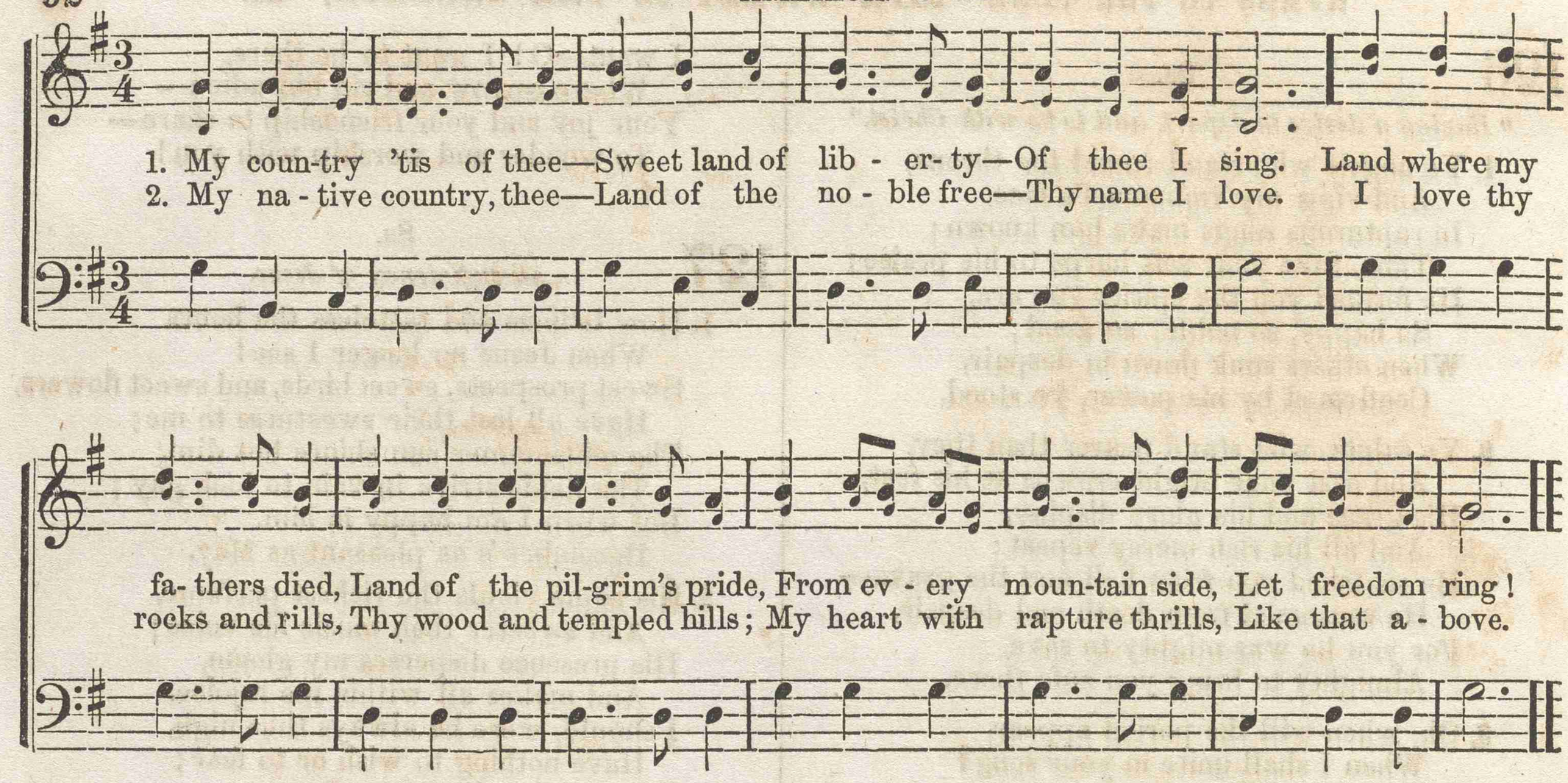
8s.

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

3. My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Then, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.



128

My country, 'tis of thee.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4. Our father's God, to thee—
Author of liberty—
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's happy light!
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

129

6s & 4s.

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

2. Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

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

4. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5. To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

130

6s & 4s.

Grateful Praise for the Gospel.

1. Come, let our voices raise
A song of grateful praise,
And thankful love;
Let each a tribute bring,
Let all awake and sing
Praise to our heavenly King,
Who dwells above.

2. The gospel's sacred page
Reveals to every age,
Salvation free.
Oh, send the joyful sound!
And let it echo round,
Till praises loud resound,
O God, to thee!

3. Accept our offerings, Lord,
To spread thy truth abroad,—
Our labors own:
At length, at thy right hand,
May we together stand,
And, with the angel-band,
Surround thy throne.

SLOW AND SOFT. AZMON. C. M. GLASER.

1. The Lord at - tends when chil - dren pray; A whis - per he can hear;
2. He sees us when we are a - lone, Though no one else can see;
3. 'Tis not e - nough to bend the knee, And words of prayer to say:

He knows not on - ly what we say, But what we wish or fear.
And all our thoughts to him are known, Wher - ev - er we may be.
The heart must with the lips a - gree, Or else we do not pray.

131

The Spirit of Prayer.

4. Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;
Thy grace to us impart,
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

5. Then, heavenly Father, at thy throne,
Thy praise we will proclaim;
And daily our requests make known,
In our Redeemer's name.

132

C. M.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, th' almighty Saviour, died,
For man, the rebel's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'T is all that I can do.

133

C. M.

A Sight of the Cross.

1. I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Methought he turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2. Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3. Alas! I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain.
Where could my trempling soul be hid?
For I the Lord had slain.

4. A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die—that thou may'st live."

5. Thus. while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

134

C. M.

Lord, teach a sinful Child to Pray.

1. Lord, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2. Teach me to do the thing that 's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And may it be my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

3. Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I 'll call;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that 's the worst of all.

HOLDEN.



135

Crowning the Saviour.

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

4. Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

136 C. M.

Invitation to Praise.

1. Come, children, hail the Prince of peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King:
O crown him Lord of all.

3. This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O haste! before him fall;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.

4. Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. All hail, the Saviour, Prince of peace,
Let saints before him fall;
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

137 C. M.

Jesus precious to the Believer.

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust;
The world compared with thee is nought,
And all its treasure dust.

3. All that my loftiest thoughts can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

138 C. M.

Praise for Redemption.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

Hy. 139

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE. (New.)

MODERATO.

1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound, we sweet - ly glide;
2. Mil - lions now are safe - ly land - ed O - ver on the gold - en shore;

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be-yond the tide.
Mil - lions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for mil - lions more.

CHORUS. *Cres.*

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor;



3. Come on board, O! "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel 's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind!
All the storms, etc.

4. You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore,
By-and-by we 'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.
All the storms, etc.

5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms, etc.

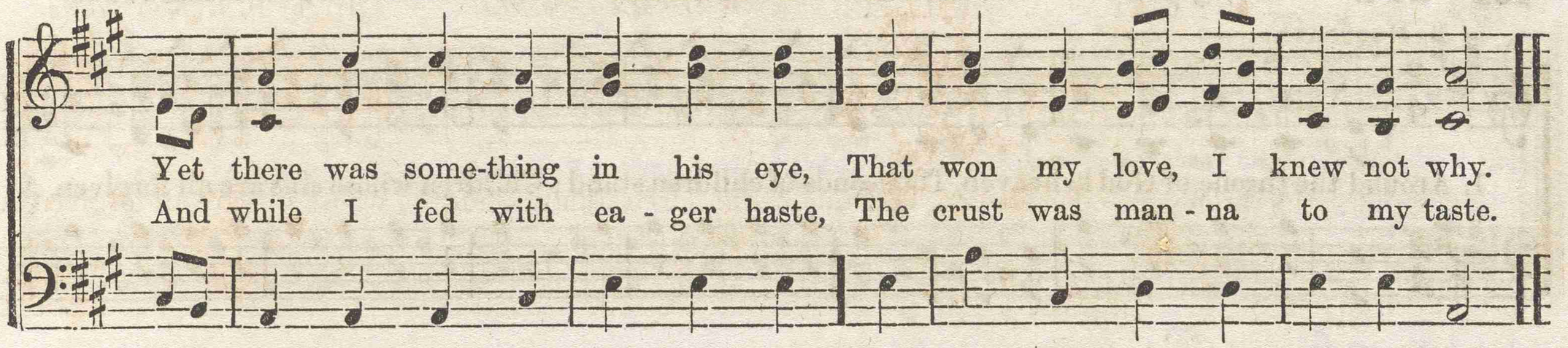
6. When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er!
We will walk about the city,
And we 'll sing for evermore.
All the storms, etc.

100 Hy. 140 "A POOR WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF." L. M.

1. A poor, way-far-ing man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way,
Who sued so hum-bly for re-lief, That I could nev-er an-swer Nay.

2. Once, when my scant-y meal was spread, He en-tered; not a word he spake,
Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,

I had not power to ask his name, Whith-er he went, or whence he came;
And ate, but gave me part a-gain. Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then;



3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup;
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4. 'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest;
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

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

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

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

No. 1. Hy. 141 **CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.** C. M. Arr. by H. E. MATTHEWS.

MODERATO.

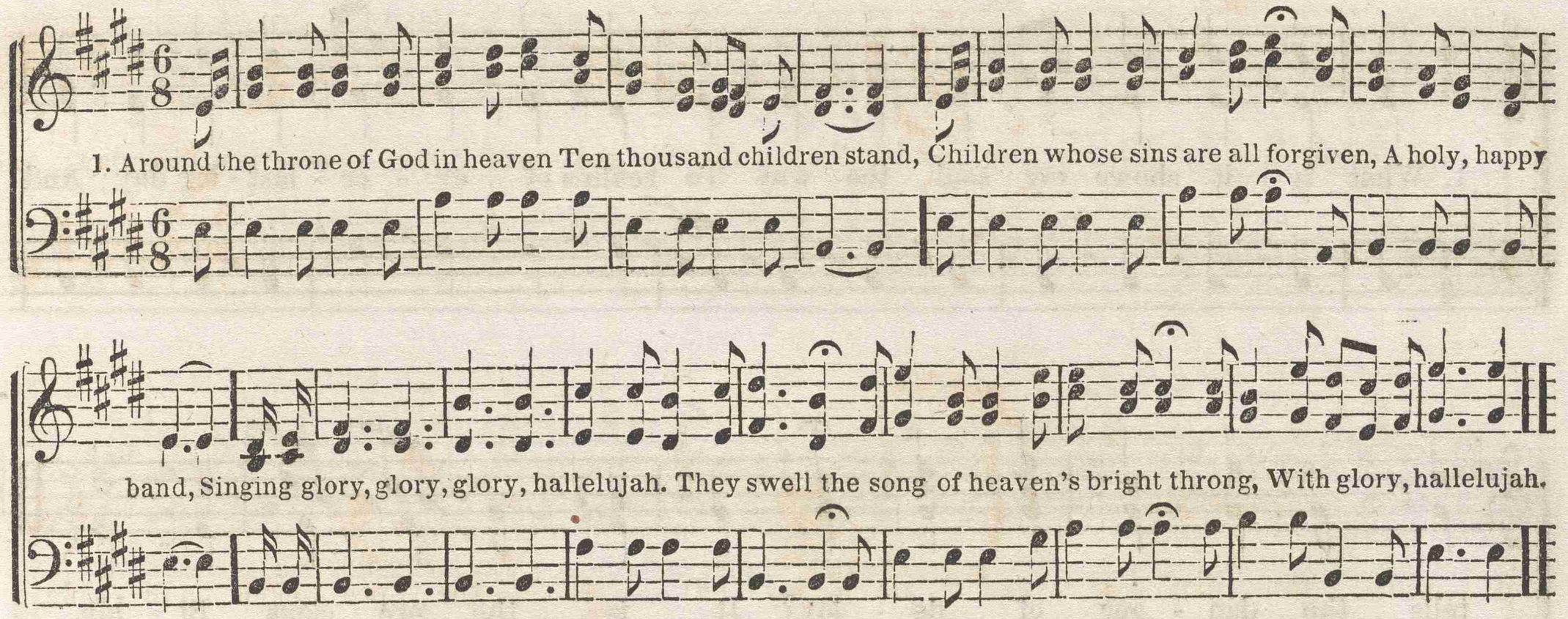


2. In flowing robes of spotless white,
   See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
   And joys that never fade,
      Singing, &c.

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.

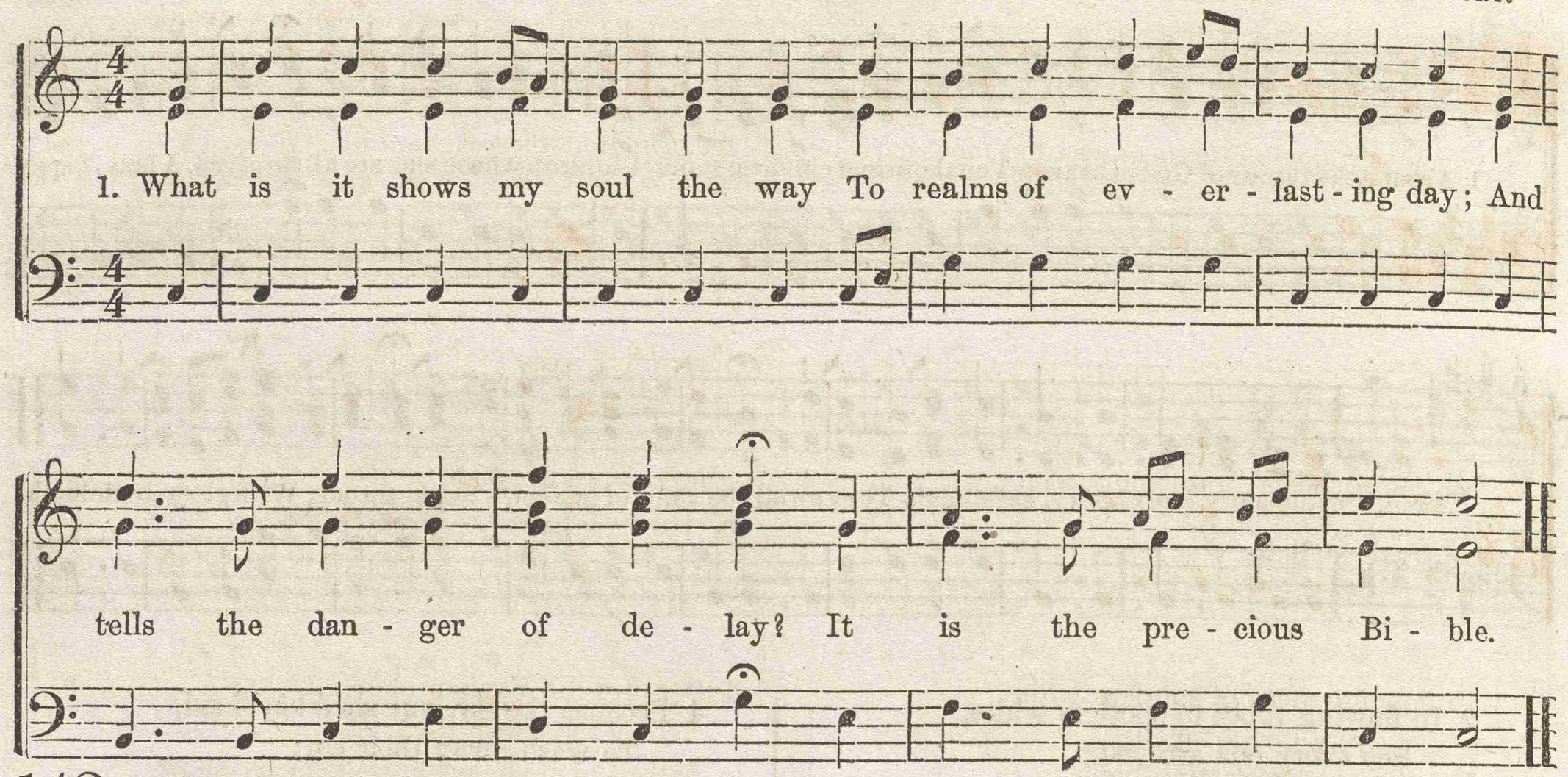


2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing, &c.

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.



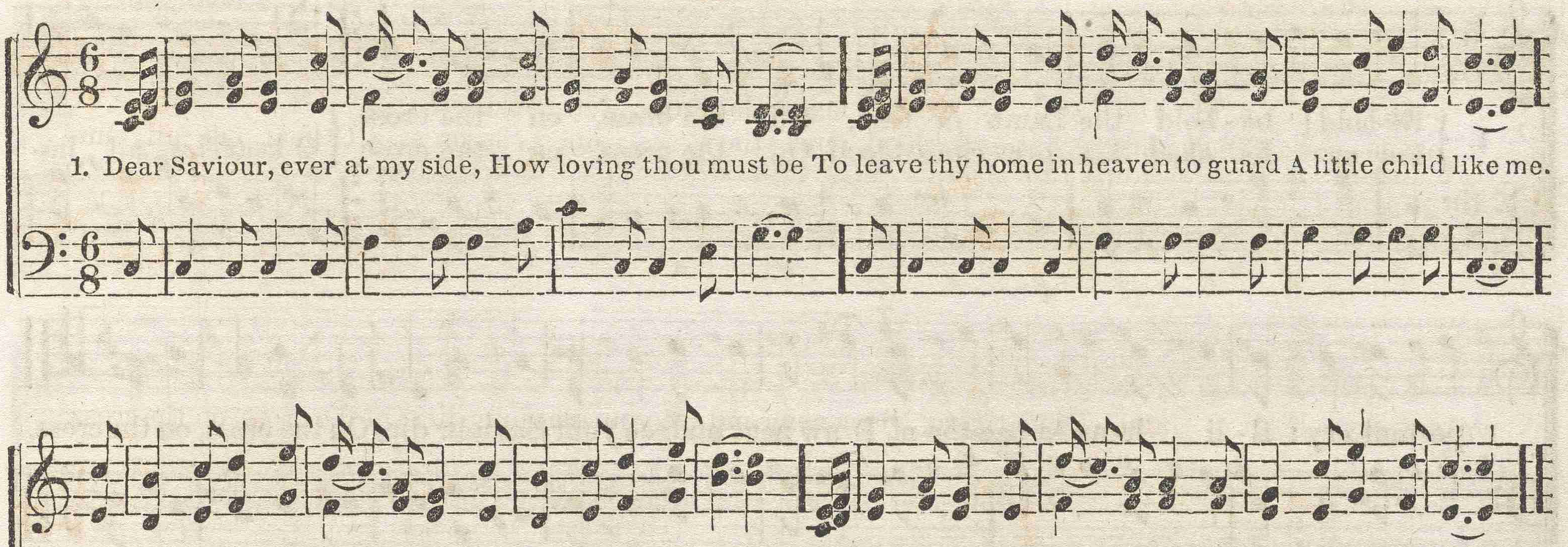
142

2. What teaches me I 'm bound to love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
It is the precious Bible.

3. What is it gives my spirit rest,
When with the cares of earth opprest,
And points to regions of the blest?
It is the precious Bible.

4. What tells me that I soon must die,
And to the throne of judgment fly,
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible.

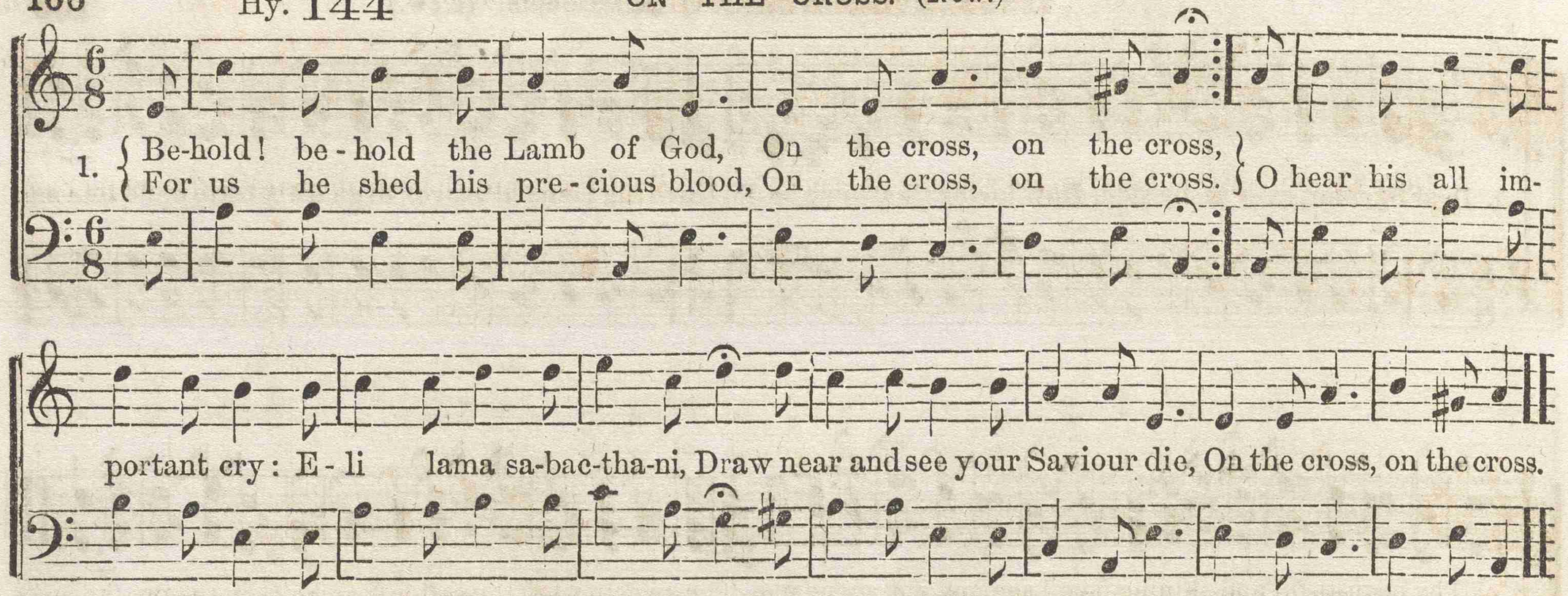
5. Oh may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible.



143

2. I can not feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.
But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3. And when, dear Saviour ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
Yes ! when I pray, thou prayest, too—
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not
But watchest patiently.

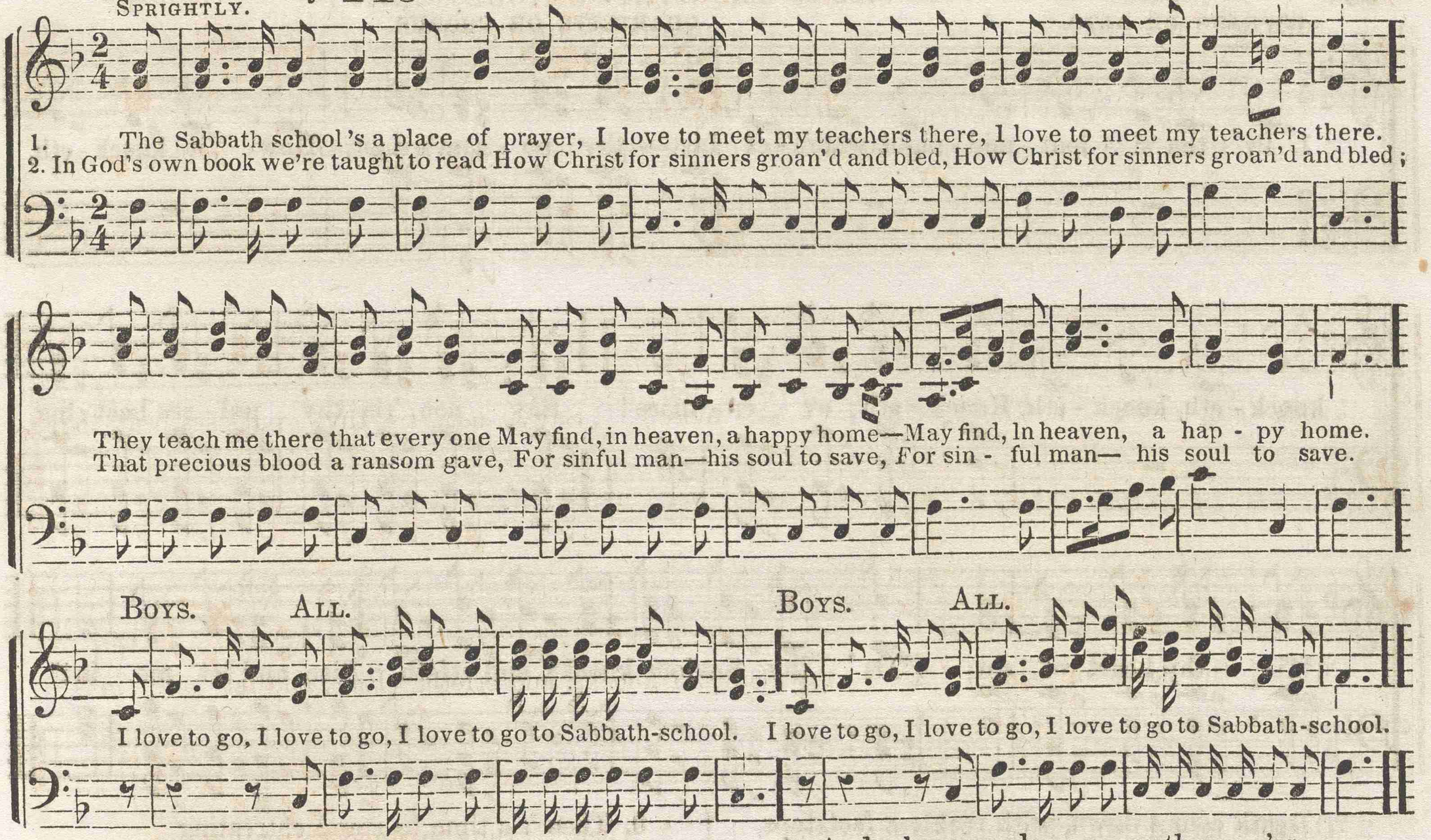


2. Behold! his arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross;
Behold! his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross, on the cross;
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight,
On the cross, on the cross.

3. Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4. And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle 's fought, the victory 's won,
On the cross, on the cross;
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"' Tis finished" now, the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

5. Where'er I go I 'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross;
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.



2. In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath day;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we 'll spend;
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

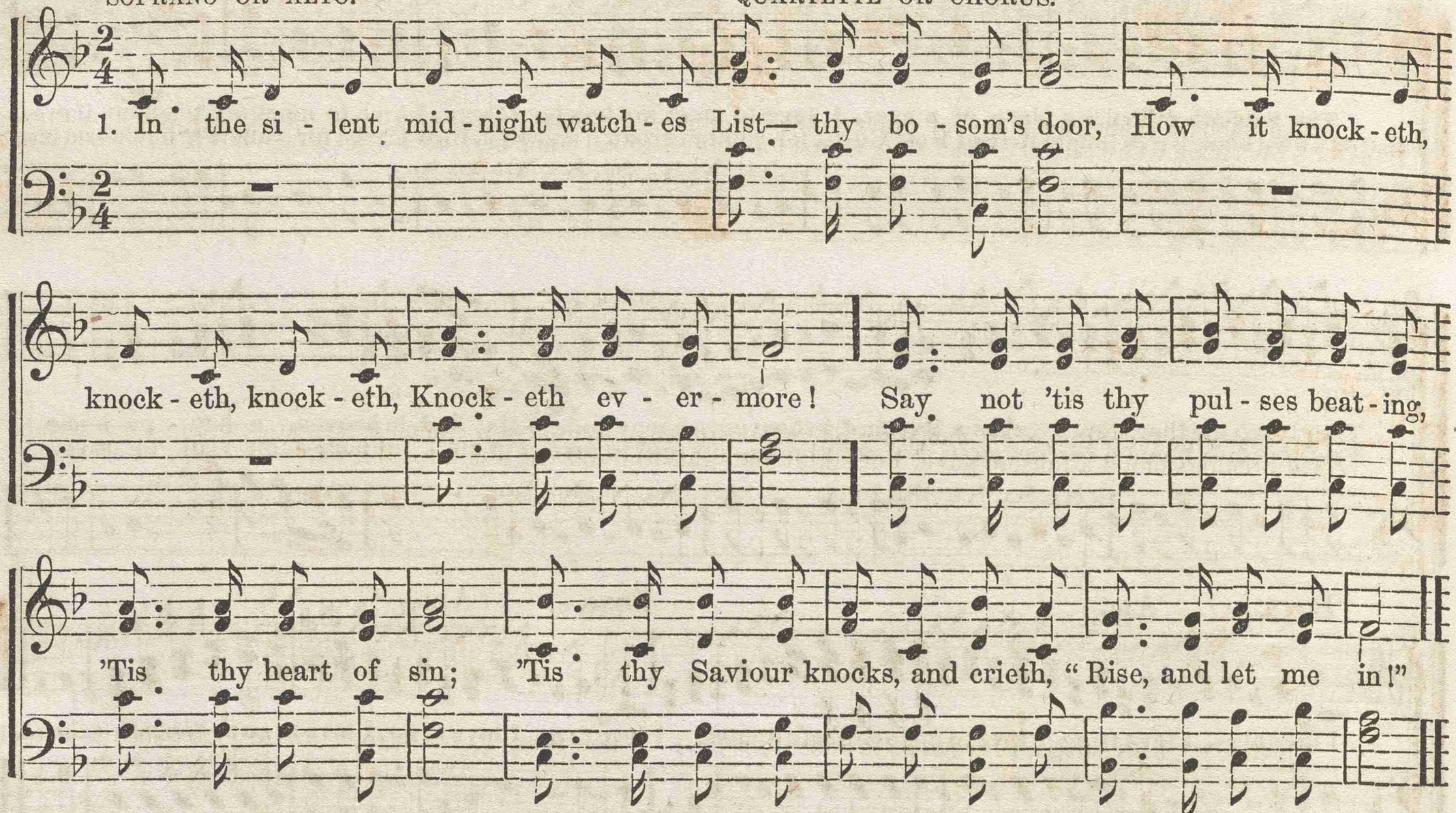
3. And when our days on earth are o'er,
We 'll meet in heaven to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh ! what joy 't will be to meet
In heaven above—in heaven above—
In heaven above, to part no more.

Hy. 146

"IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES." (New.)

W. B. B.

SOPRANO OR ALTO. QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.



2. Death comes down, with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

3. Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let you in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin!
Nay! alas, thou guilty creature!
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now he knows thee not.



147

2. Yes, by the grace of God, will meet thee,
On Canaan's happy shore.

3. Say, young converts, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?

4. Yes, by the grace of God, will meet thee
On Canaan's happy shore.

5. Heart-broken sinner, will you meet me
On Canaan's happy shore?

6. How can a sinner ever meet thee
On Canaan's happy shore?

7. Jesus will pardon, if you ask him,
In earnest faith and prayer;

8. Then, by the grace of God, I 'll meet thee
On Canaan's happy shore.

All.—Glory, glory, hallelujah
For ever, evermore.

BALERMA C. M.

Ascribed to R. SIMPSON, Scotland.

1. Oh, how di - vine, how sweet the joy, When but one sin - ner turns,

2. Pleased with the news, the saints be - low In songs their tongues em - ploy;

And with an hum - ble, bro - ken heart, His sin and er - ror mourns!

Be - yond the skies the ti - dings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

Joy over the repenting Sinner.

3. Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4. Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

C. M.

149 *The repenting Sinner returning.*

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2. "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer:
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away. I know
I must for ever die."

C. M.

150 *Temporal and Spiritual Blessings.*

1. Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me!

2. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more:
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3. How many children in the street,
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

4. While some poor wanderers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

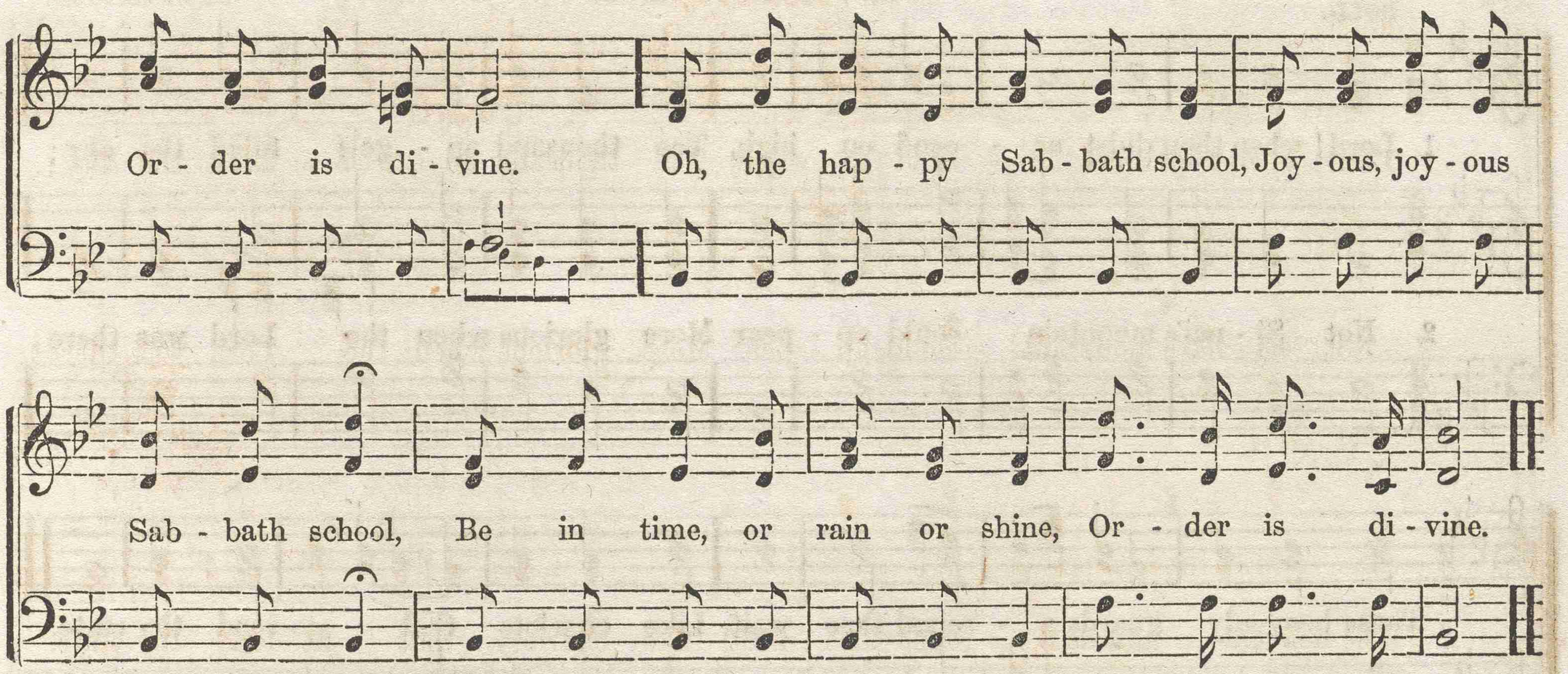
5. While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6. Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

1. Come, come, come, Do n't de - lay, haste a - way, To the Sab - bath

school to - day, Here to meet, and to greet All in friend-ship sweet.

Come, while yet the dews of morn Na - ture all with gems a - dorn; Be in time, rain or shine,



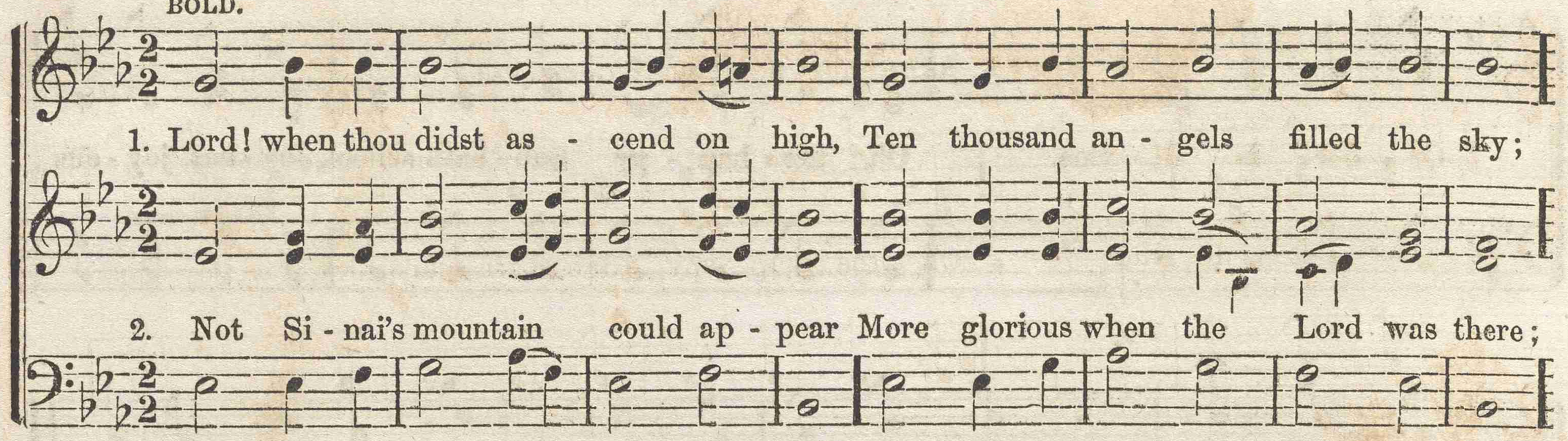
2. Come, come, come,
Not a tear, naught of fear,
Nor of sorrow is found here;
Faces bright, tempers right,
Oh the happy sight.
Health and beauty all around,
And no harsh or jarring sound,
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.
Oh the happy, &c.

3. Come, come, come,
Keep the way, do not stray,
'T is the holy Sabbath day.
Hie along, join the throng
In their grateful song;
Hither come, who would decline,
Bliss so rare and joys divine,
Pleasures pure, that endure,
All may here secure.
Oh, the happy, &c.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

BOLD.



Christ's Ascension.

3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4. Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

153 L. M.

Youthful Piety.

1. We are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2. We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3. We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding place.

4. We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5. We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

154 L. M.

Christ's Universal and Everlasting Kingdom.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

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

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

L. M.

155 *The Assembled School.*

1. Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.

2. Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3. When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.



2.

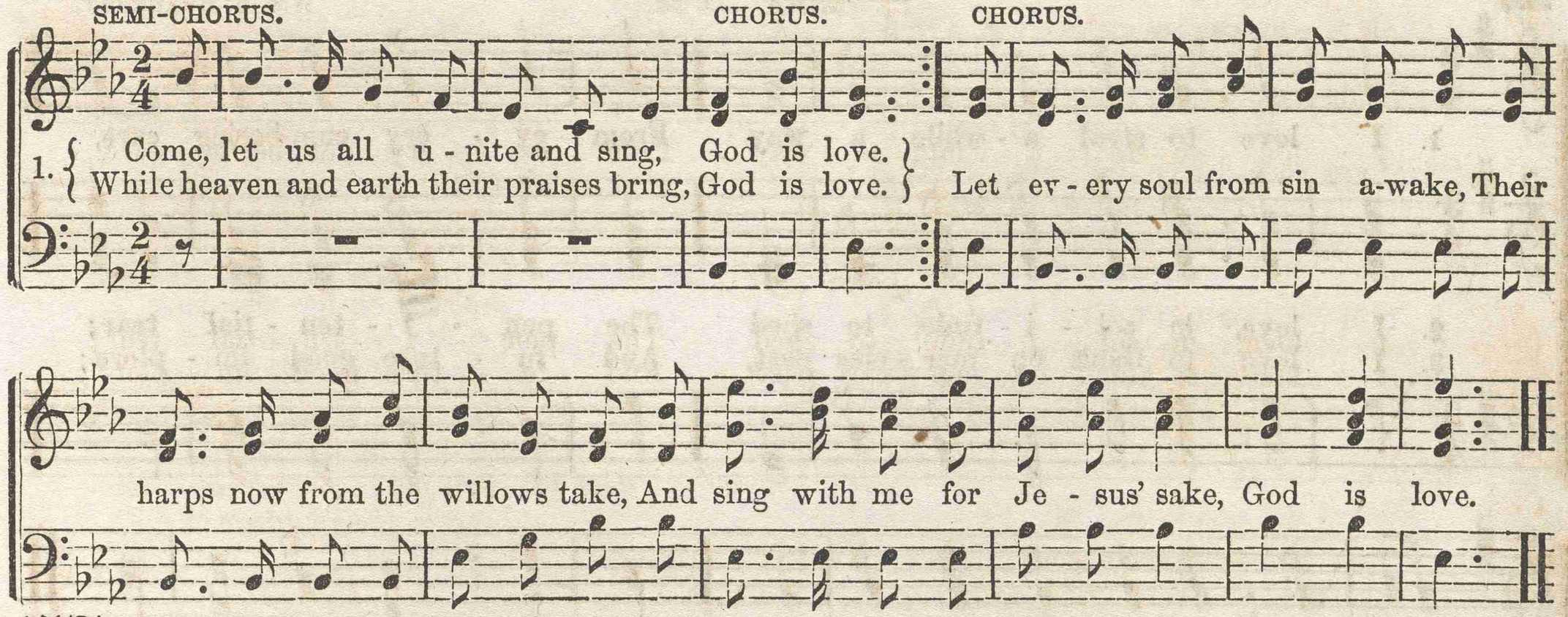
Leave us, now, each earthly feeling,
May devotion, o'er us stealing,
Take each sinful thought away—
Let us serve our God to-day.

3.

Soon the Sabbath will be fading,
Night will come, its glories shading;
Sabbath duties all be o'er
We can hear and learn no more.

4.

Oh! when wearied life is failing,
May we, heaven's glories hailing,
Rise to dwell, where angels be,
God our Saviour's face to see.



157

2. O! tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ I have redemption found;
God is love.
His blood has washed my sins away;
His Spirit turns my night to day;
And now my soul with joy can say,
God is love.

3. How happy is our portion here;
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
By night he near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way—
God is love.

4. What tho' my heart and flesh shall fail,
God is love.
Thro' Christ I shall o'er death prevail,
God is love.
Thro' Jordan's swell I will not fear;
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear—
God is love.

LA MIRA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum-bering care,
2. I love, in sol - i - tude, to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
And all his prom - is - es to plead, When none but God is near.
My cares and sor - rows all to cast On him whom I a - dore.

4. I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5. And, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm, as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

C. M.

159 *Death of a Scholar.*

1. We lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
When thou art called away.

2. Friendship and love have done their last,
And now can do no more;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.

3. Thy gentle spirit passed away
'Mid pain the most severe;
So great we could not wish thy stay
A moment longer here.

4. Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around the eternal throne,
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone.

5. O, who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this,
Since thou hast gained the realms of day,
And pure, undying bliss?

C. M.

160 *Thy will be done.*

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love kneel down and say,
"Father, thy will be done."

2. We, in these sacred words, can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3. Oh, let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4. Oh, could my heart thus ever pray,
With joy life's course would run:
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

C. M.

161 *Remember now thy Creator.*

1. Remember thy Creator now,
In these, thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

2. Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3. Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4. Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

1. Come where joy and gladness Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest: Come where grief and sadness
2. Thus our days em - ploy-ing, We are always learning some useful thing; These pursuits en - joy - ing,

FINE.

Will not find a dwelling in your breast. Time with us will pass a - way, With books, or work, or
Mer - ri - ly to-geth - er we will sing. Tho' in sports we take de-light, We al - so love to

D. C.

healthful play; Sometimes with a cheer - ful song, The hap - py hours will glide a - long.
read and write; Those who teach us, too, we prize, Who strive to make us good and wise.

May be used as a Marching Tune, in procession.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spi - rits a - bove. }
{ Je - sus, our Saviour, in mer - cy says, come, Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, haste to your home. }

Soon will our pil - grimage end here be - low, Soon to the presence of God we shall go;

Then, if to Je-sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, rest we in heaven.

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"Joyfully! Joyfully! onward we move"

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we 'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

COME WITH US. (New.)

"*Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.*"—Num. x. 29.

1. Oh come with us!— the Sab - bath bells are ring - ing, Thro' ci - ty streets, and o - ver hill and wood; Hark! hear you not what joy-ful sounds they're singing? "Come
2. Oh come with us, where ho - ly prayer and preach-ing, And songs of praise as - - cend un - to our God; Come to our Sab - bath school, and hear the teaching, "Come

thou with us, and we will do thee good, Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

3. How many thousands are in darkness lying,
Who know not of the gospel's glorious food,
No Sabbath school, no Sabbath bell's sweet chiming,
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

4. Shall we not call them in to taste the pleasure
Of meeting here in God's own house to pray;
To read his blessed word—oh, priceless treasure,
That tells of Christ, the Life, the Truth, the Way!



3. Love this Friend who longs to save thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Do thou love? He will not leave thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no more, then, of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows,
Oh, how he loves!

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
Oh, how he loves!

5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Naught can cleave his love asunder,
Oh, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation,
Oh, how he loves!

6. Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And, when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever,
Oh, how he loves!

IMPROVE THE TIME. (New.)

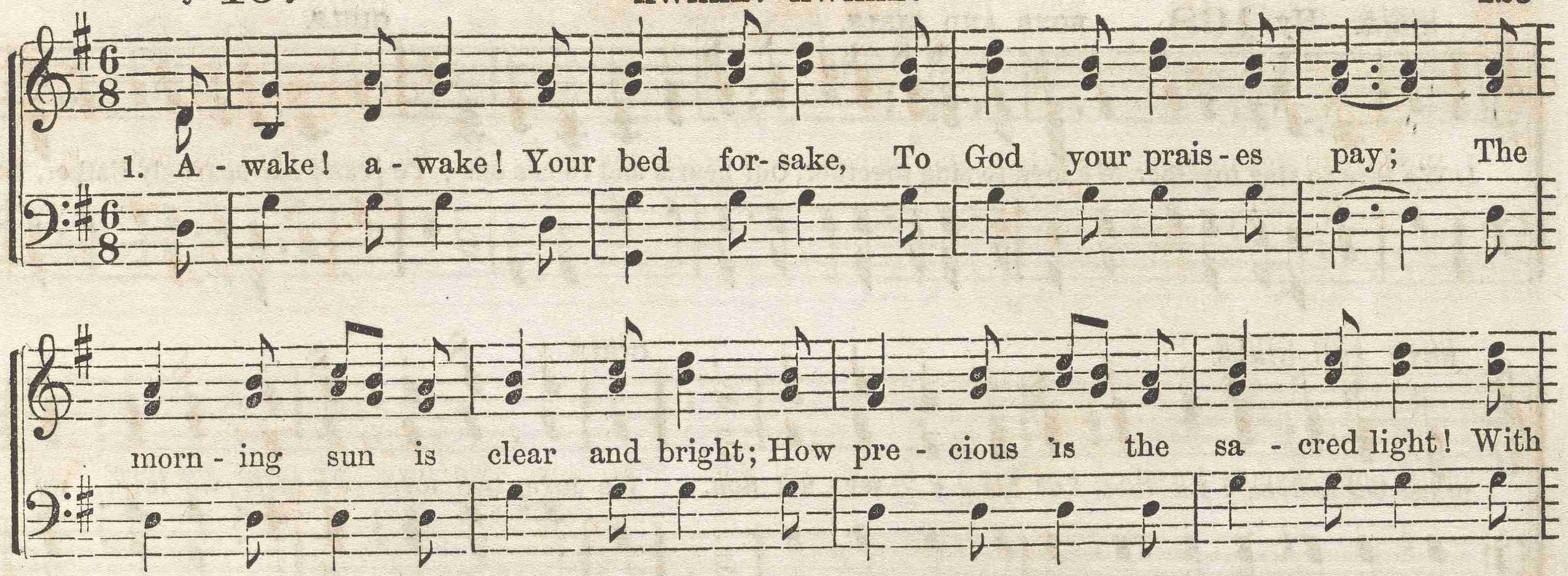
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. As forth I walked in the ear - ly, ear - ly morn - ing, The hon - ey bee so bu - si - ly the fields did rove, And thus she sang, "Good peo - ple, all take warn - ing: Time swift-ly flies, O then be wise, And time im - prove."

BOYS. GIRLS. ALL. *Forte.*

2. As on I walked in the early, early morning,
A little bird in nest I heard begin to move,
And "rise, my mate," he sang with cheerful warning:
"Time swiftly flies, O then be wise, and time improve."

3. Then, children, list, and prompt at early dawning,
Let one and all, at duty's call, prepare to move;
Beware lest age surprise you while you're yawning:
Time swiftly flies, O then be wise, and time improve.



2. Before the morn
Awaked the dawn,
The blessed Saviour rose;
He conquer'd death, and left the grave,
While soft across the placid wave,
The morning star
Shone forth afar,
And vanquished all his foes.

3. The angels bright,
From worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of life with joy they view,
While heaven its glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly
Above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim.

126 Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER. **WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.** WM. B. BRADBURY.

GIRLS. Hy. 168 BOYS AND GIRLS. GIRLS.



BOYS AND GIRLS. GIRLS.



FULL CHORUS.



2. We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, &c.

3. We love to read together
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, &c.

4. We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, &c.

1st time Solo voice, or Soprano voices only. 2d time All. NEW ARRANGEMENT.



2. There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3. Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light,
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. (New.)



Heaven is my Home.

2. What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage:
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not:
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my Father-land—
Heaven is my home.



171

2.

The good and the kind
In simplest of blessings find pleasure,
And ever enjoy a rich treasure;
The good and the kind.

3.

The good and the kind
Rejoice in the sunshine of heaven,
And peacefully welcome the even;
The good and the kind.

4.

The good and the kind
Are useful, and shrink not from labor,
To serve brother, kindred, or neighbor;
The good and the kind.

5.

The good and the kind,
By kindness their piety proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving,—
The good and the kind.

1. Glad - ly meet-ing, Kind - ly greet-ing, On this ho - ly Sab-bath day,
2. Glad - ly meet-ing, Kind - ly greet-ing, School-mates, teachers, all are here;

Sin - ful thoughts are all for - sak - en, Eve - ry seat in qui - et tak - en,
Some are listening, Some pre - sid - ing, Some the les-sons are pro - vid - ing,

Let each heart to God a - wak- en, While we sing and pray, While we sing and pray.
Some the in - fant mind are guiding, Filled with ho- ly fear, Filled with ho - ly fear.

3. Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing
Ere we hence depart.

4. Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return,
May our minds by study brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.



3. The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We 'll sing of its triumphs, we 'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4. The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

Hy. 174

"NEVER LATE."

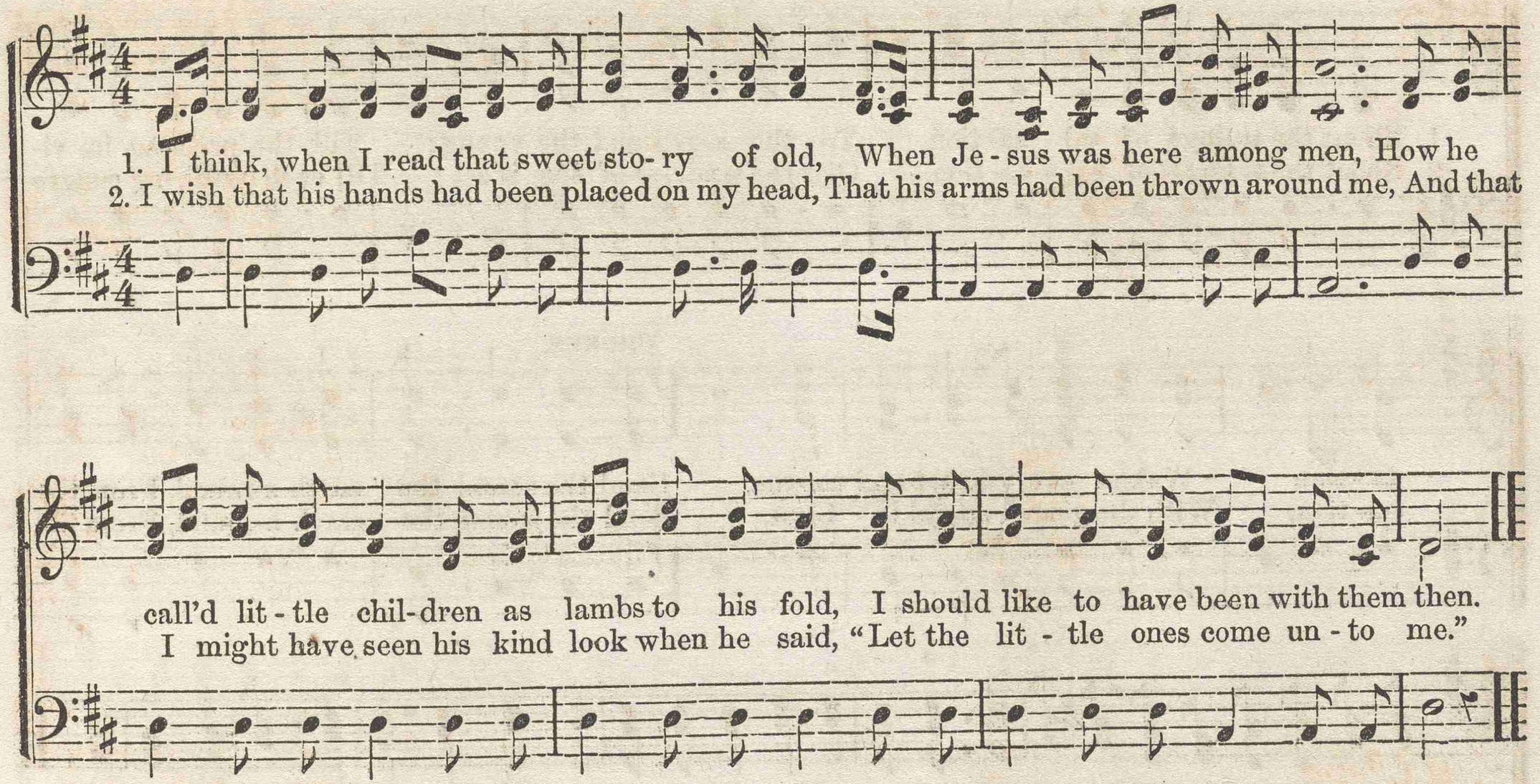
FROM BRADBURY'S S. S. MELODIES. W. B. B.

SPRIGHTLY.

1. I 'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab - bath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly time a - way; With my les - sons learned, this shall be my rule—Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath school.
2. Birds a - wake be - times; ev - ry morn they sing; None are tar - dy there, when the woods do ring; So when Sun - day comes, this shall be my rule—Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath school.

3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I 'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.



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3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4. In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

GOOD TIDINGS. (New.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shout the tidings of sal - va- tion, To the a-ged and the young; Till the precious in- vi-
2. Shout the tidings of sal - va- tion, O'er the prairies of the West; Till each gath'ring congre-

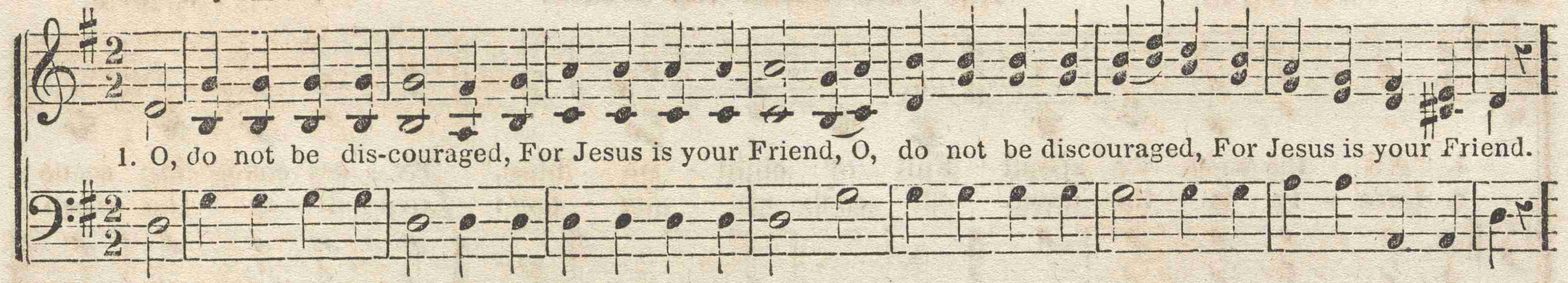
CHORUS.

ta - tion Waken every heart and tongue. Send the sound the earth a-round, From the
ga- tion, With the gospel sound is blest. Send the sound the earth a-round, From the

rising to the setting of the sun, Till each gath'ring crowd Shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.
rising to the setting of the sun, Till each gath'ring crowd Shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

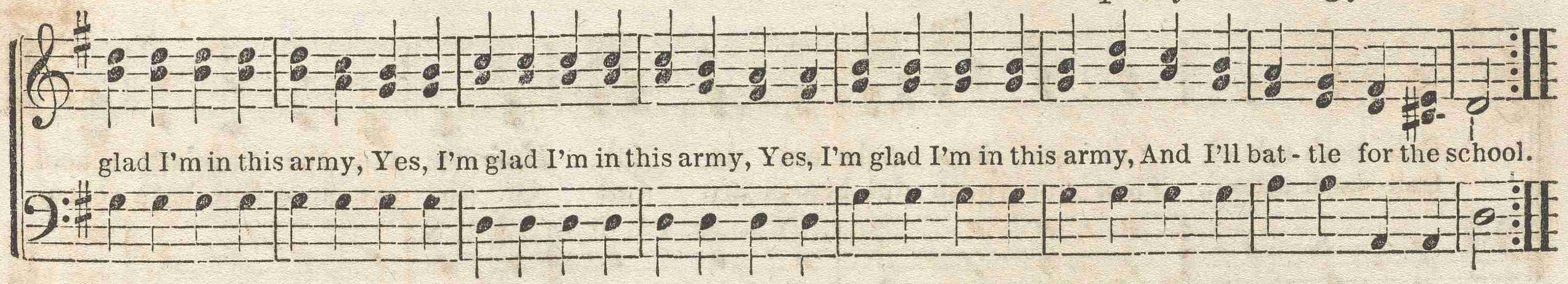
3. Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.
CHORUS. Send the sound, &c.

4. Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee,
CHORUS. Send the sound, &c.





Repeat from the 𝄋 to the end.



2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.
Chorus.—I am glad, &c.

3. And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.
Chorus.—I am glad, &c.

1. All the week we spend Full of child - ish bliss, Ev - ery chang - ing scene
2. Love - ly is the dawn Of each ris - ing day; Love - li - est the morn

Brings its hap - pi - ness; Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the
Of the Sab - bath day; Then our youth - ful hearts are full Of the pre - cious

Sab - bath school, Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school.
Sab - bath school, Then our youth - ful hearts are full Of the pre-cious Sab-bath school.

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

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

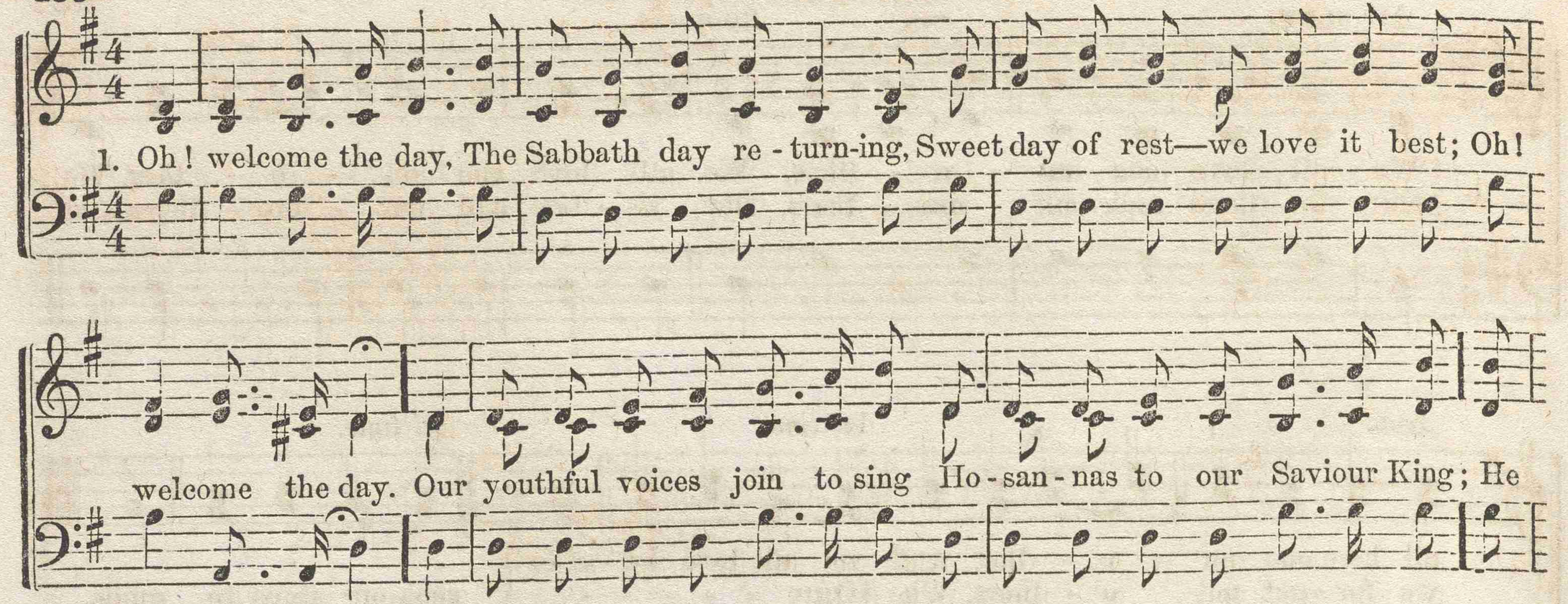


179

2. We love our school and teachers,
We love our school and teachers,
We love our school and teachers,
For blessed truths we learn:
And we will all come hither,
In fair or stormy weather;
And stay in peace together,
Till home we all return.

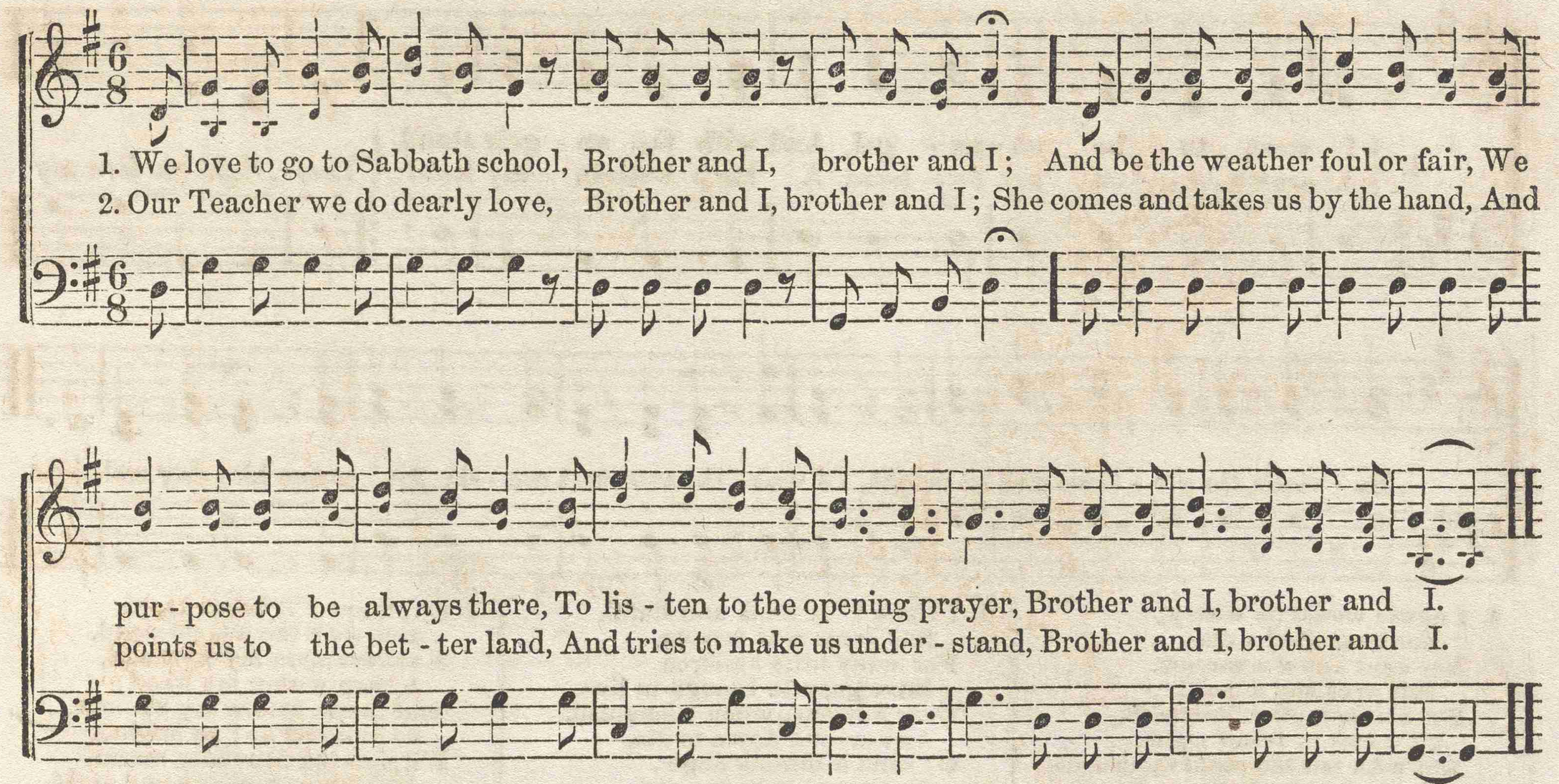
3. And when we come together,
In bright or gloomy weather,
The same good friends as ever,
We 'll sing to cheer the way;
And then our lessons ending,
In praise to God ascending,
Our cheerful voices blending,
Shall close the happy day.

OH! WELCOME THE DAY. (New.)



2. How blest is this hour,
The hour of happy greeting,
While here we sit at Jesus' feet,
How blest is the hour.
He kindly bids us all draw near,
His winning accents banish fear,
His voice we love to hear
At this blessed hour.

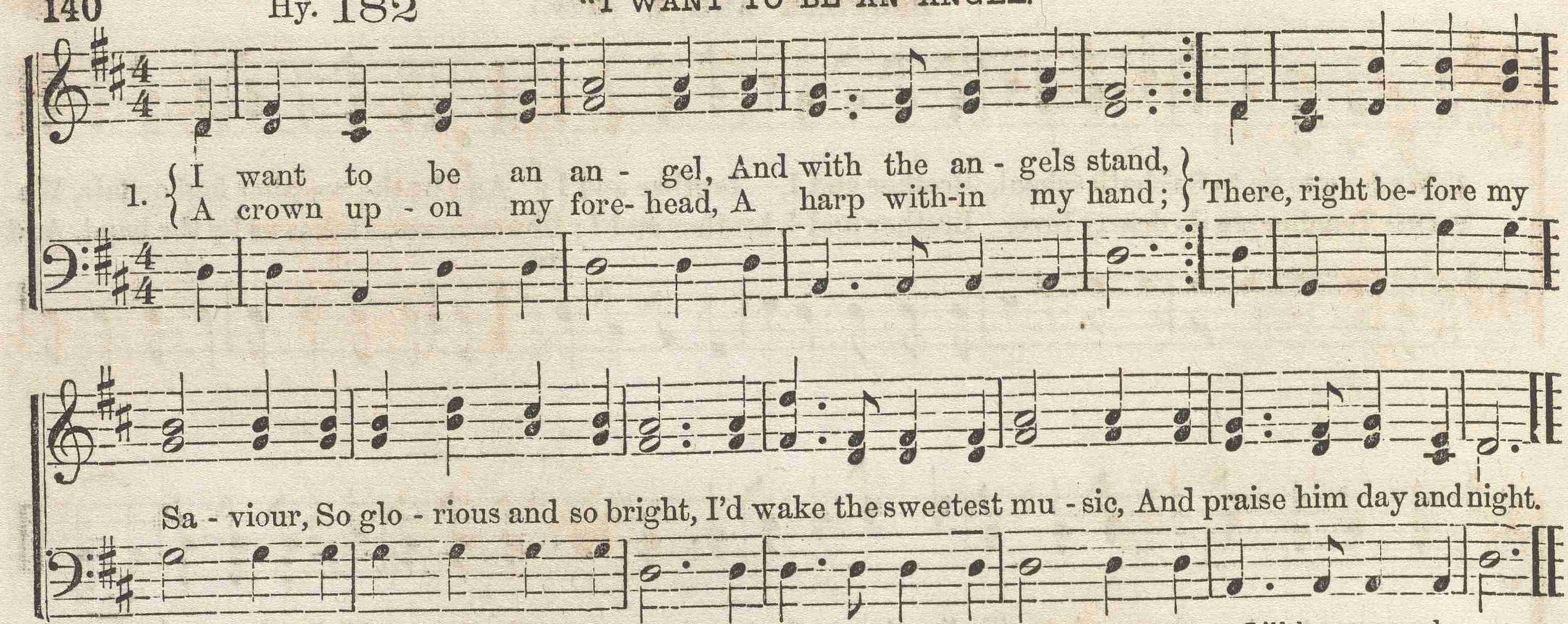
3. Oh! come, let us pray,
To Jesus interceding
With God above. for pard'ning love,
Oh, come, let us pray.
With humble hearts before his face,
Now let us seek forgiving grace,
He hears the soul that prays;
Come, then, let us pray.



181

3. Our father—mother, too, we love—
Brother and I, brother and I;
While many boys and girls there are
Whose parents for them do not care,
We of the good things richly share—
Brother and I, brother and I.

4. We ought to love the Saviour most—
Brother and I, brother and I;
For if we love and serve him best,
In his blest mansion we shall rest,
And be in heaven for ever blest—
Brother and I, brother and I.



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

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

4. Oh, there I 'll be an angel,
And with the angels 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 heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

183

COME, ERE IT BE TOO LATE.

1. O COME, in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2. "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

3. And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

7s & 6s.

184 *I want to be like Jesus.*

1. I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

2. I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.

3. I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4. I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

7s & 6s.

185 *We have no Home but Heaven.*

1. WE have no home but heaven!
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation,
By varied ills oppressed,
Each day's experience warns us
That *this* is not our rest.

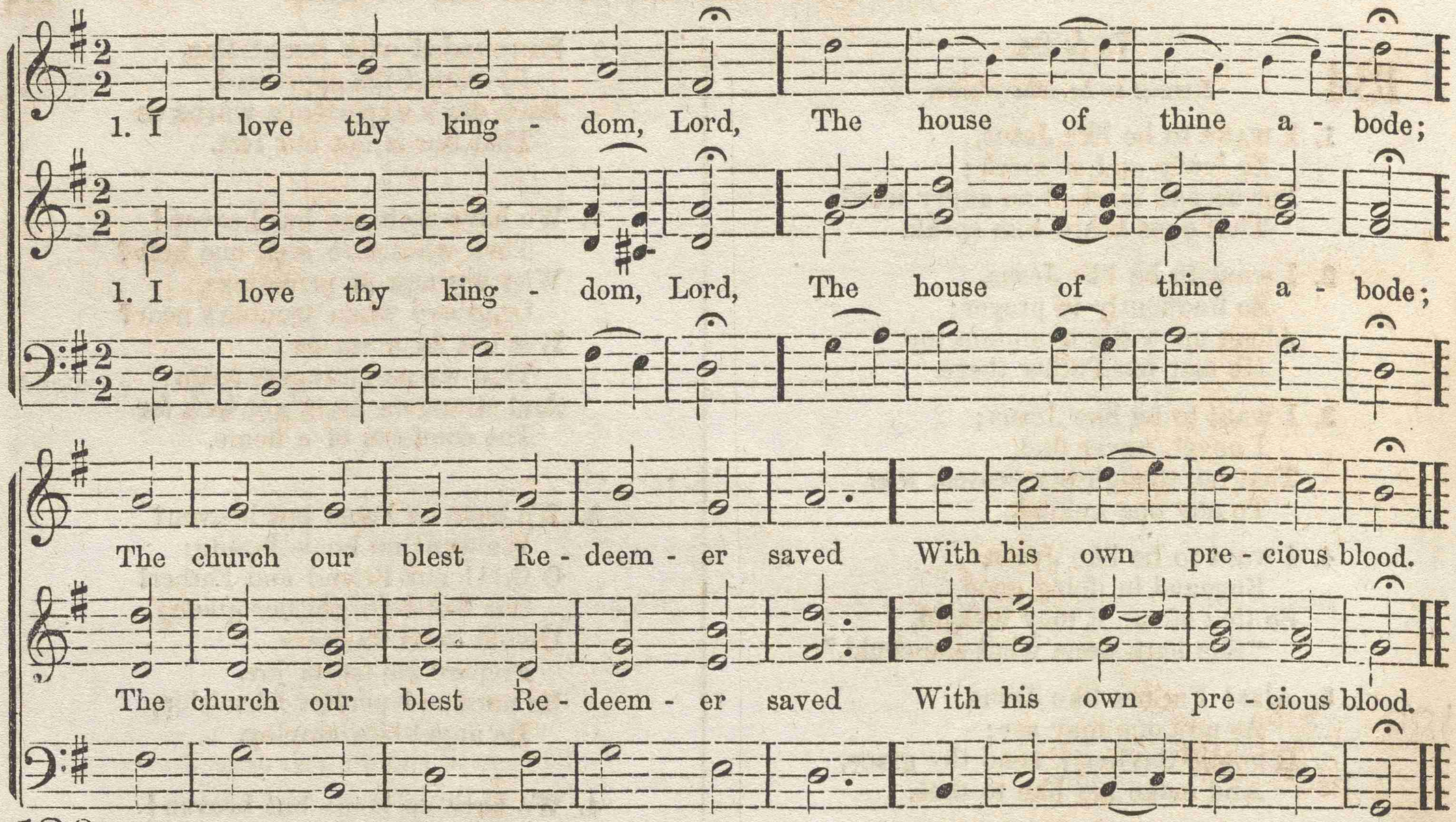
2. We have no home but heaven!
Then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam;
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

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 for us 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 eagle hearts we hasten,
The promised bliss to share!
We have no home but heaven!
Oh! would that we were there!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL.



186

Love for Sion.

2. I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall:
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

187 S. M.

Universal Praise.

1. LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2. Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3. He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4. By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

188 S. M.

The Lord will give Grace and Glory.

1. COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fru ts on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

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

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

189 S. M.

The Accepted Time.

1. Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2. Now is the accepted time—
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,—
Then why should you delay?

3. Now is the accepted time,—
The gospel bids you come:
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4. Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly,
To bear the news above.





190

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.
The Sunday school, &c.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given—
The Sunday school, &c.

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—
The Sunday school, &c.

C. M.

191

The Golden Rule.

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.
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 know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday School, the Sunday School, &c.

3. And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday School, the Sunday School, &c.

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.
The Sunday School, the Sunday School, &c.

C. M.

192

The Heavenly Guardian.

1. THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend,
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus, the Children's Friend.
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. From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
O save our souls from sin and woe—
Thou art the Children's Friend.
Chorus.—O Jesus, &c.

3. Teach us to prize thy holy word
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.
Chorus.—O Jesus, &c.

4. Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love,—
To him our souls commend
Who left his glorious throne above,
To be the Children's Friend.
Chorus.—O Jesus, &c.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE. (New.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

W. B. B.

Melodeon or Piano.

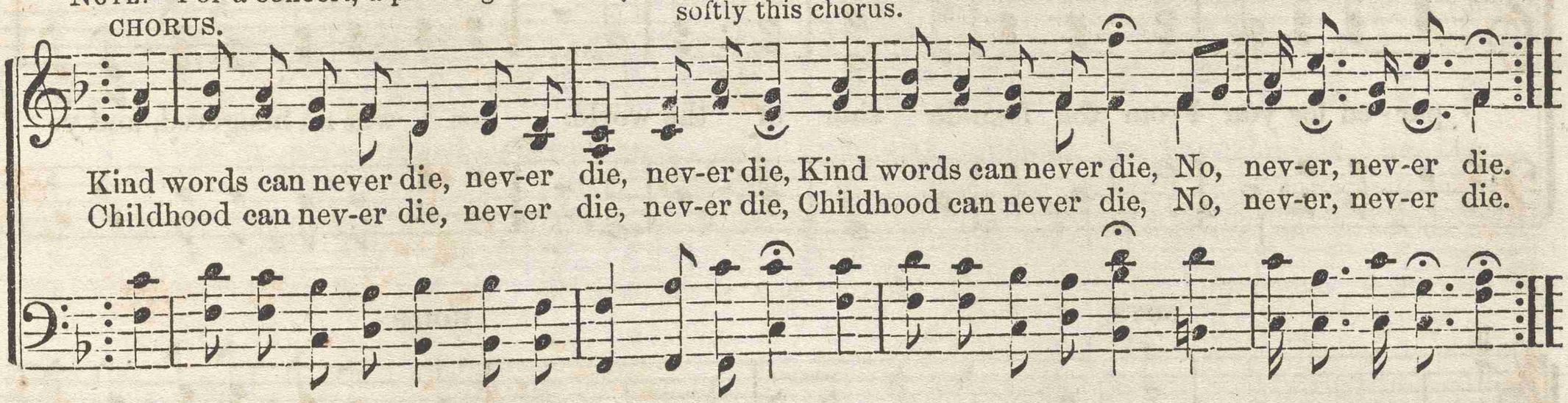
1. Kind words can nev - er die,
2. Child - hood can nev - er die—

Cher - ished and blest,
Wrecks of the past,

God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast: Like
Float o'er the mem - o - ry, Bright to the last:



NOTE.—For a concert, a pleasing effect may be produced by having a quartette or semi-chorus *out of sight*, repeat softly this chorus.



3. Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly,
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

Cho. Sweet thoughts can never die,
Never die, never die,
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never, never die.

4. Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom:
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live thro' eternal day,
With Christ above.

Cho. Our souls can never die,
Never die, never die,
Our souls can never die,
No, never, never die.

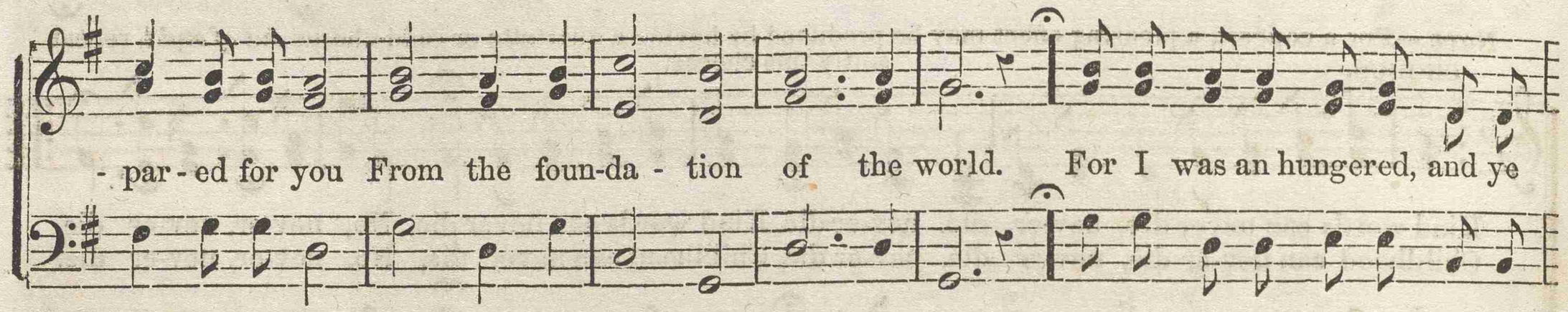
"COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER." Anthem for Children.

Composed for the Anniversary of the Five Points Mission.
By Wm. B. Bradbury.

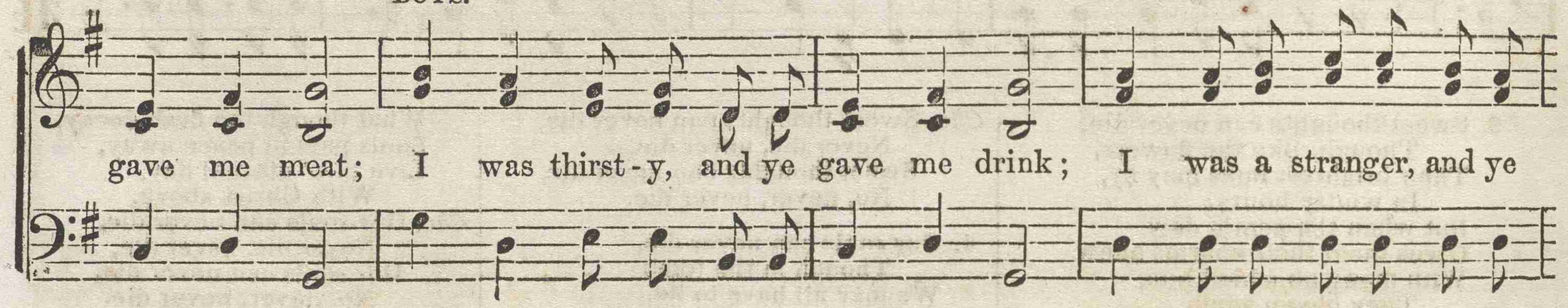
RECITATIVE. *f* CHORUS.



GIRLS.



BOYS. GIRLS.



BOYS. GIRLS.

took me in; Na - ked, and ye cloth-ed me, I was sick, and ye vis - it - ed me;

BOYS. D. S. 𝄋 Close with this, after reciting the 37th, 38th, 39th, and part of 40th verses.

I was in pri - son, and ye came un - to me; "In - as - much as ye have done it un - to

D. S. 𝄋

one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it un - to me, ye have done it un - to me."

Hy. 195 "I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME." Anthem. (New.)

I love them that love me, And they that seek me ear - ly shall find me,

I love them that love me, And they that seek me ear - ly shall find me,

They that seek me ear - ly, Shall find me. I love them that love me, And

They that seek me ear - ly, shall find me. I love them that love me, And

they that seek me ear - ly shall find me, They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

they that seek me ear - ly shall find me, They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

They that seek me ear - ly, They that seek me ear - ly, They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

They that seek me ear - ly shall find me.

Hy. 196 "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

(Solo and Response.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

ANDANTE. SOLO. TEACHER.



The Sa - viour said, "Suf-fer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me," The Sa - viour said,



"Suf - fer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me, Suf-fer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me, And for-

CON ESPRESSIONE.



- bid them not, forbid them not, for of such is the king-dom of heaven; Suffer, Suffer,

Cres.



Suf-fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, Suf-fer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me.

ALLEGRO. CHORUS. SCHOLARS.

We come, we come to fol - low thee, We come, we come to fol - low thee.

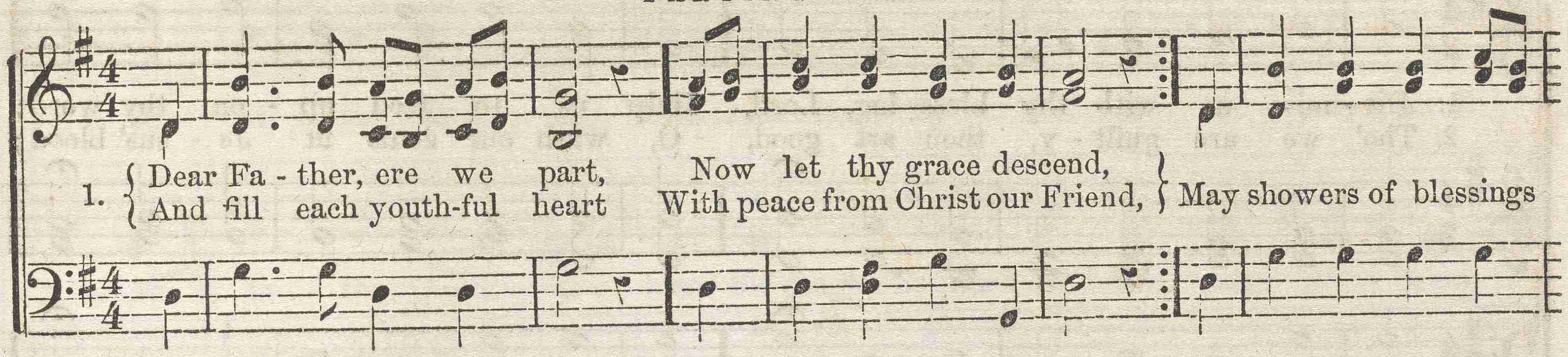


1. We come, we come, we come, we come to follow thee, We come, we come, we come, we come to follow thee.
2. We come, we come, we come, we come to sing thy love, We come, we come, we come, we come to sing thy love.
3. We come, we come, we come, we come to praise thy name, We come, we come, we come, we come to praise thy name.

NOTE.—*The Solo may be performed between each stanza of the Chorus, or only between the first and second.*

BOWEN. H. M.

PARTING HYMN.





197

2. We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end;
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,
Must soon be withered in the tomb.

3. Then, when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they, to God who gave,
Ascend in endless day,
To join with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word;
2. Tho' we are guilt - y, thou art good, O, wash our souls in Je - sus' blood;

All that has been a - miss, for - give, And let thy truth with - in us live.
Give ev - ery fet - tered soul re - lease, And bid us all de - part in peace.

Doxology. No. 2.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Doxology. No. 3.

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

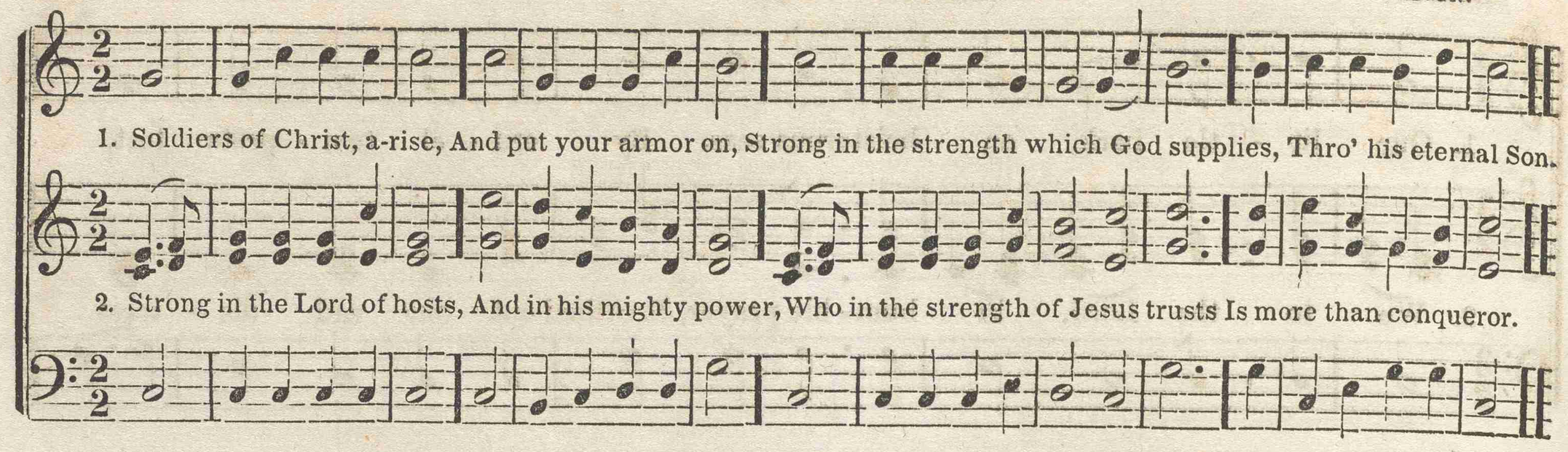
1. Our lit - tle bark, on boisterous seas, By cru - el tem - pests tost,
2. We to the Lord, in hum - ble prayer, Breathed out our sad dis - tress
With - out one cheer - ing beam of hope, Ex - pect - ing to be lost.
Though fee - ble, yet with con - trite hearts, We sought re - turn - ing peace.

199

Our little bark.

3. The stormy winds thy voice obeyed,
The waves no more did roll;
At thy command a placid sea
Spake comfort to the soul.

4. Well may our grateful, trembling hearts,
Sweet hallelujahs sing,
To Him who hath our lives preserved,
Our Saviour and our King.



200

Christian Warfare.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array,
Legions of enemies oppose
Throughout the evil day.

6 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

201

God is Sovereign.

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

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

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

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

1. Come, let us sweet-ly sing, join in full cho - rus, Praise to the
2. Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a man - ger, Wan - dered from

mighty King, who reigneth o'er us; Once he, a lit - tle child, gen- tle and
place to place, homeless and a stranger; Suffered and died for us— oh! wondrous

low - ly, Taught us how we should live, lov - ing, pure, and ho - ly.
sto - ry! Suffered that we might all dwell with him in glo - ry.

202

"*Come, let us sweetly sing.*"

3. O thou who once didst hear children when singing,
Thou who didst sweetly say, suffer ye their bringing;
From thy bright home above graciously bending,
List to our joyful songs, gratefully ascending.

4. Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,
Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect merit:
Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorus,
Praise evermore to him who shall there reign o'er us.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

(New.)

1 This day to greet, With joy we meet, Then ban - ish care a - way; With fes - tive cheer, Come
2 Join'd heart and hand, A hap - py band, We Freedom's flag dis - play; With mu - sic's souud, We
3. We shout and sing, And flowers bring, Youth's joyful em - blems they; The lau - rel twine With
4. From morn to night, With love u - nite To cel - e - brate this day; Let peace and joy Our

has-ten here, 'Tis In - de-pendence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de-pendence
gath-er round, 'Tis In - de-pendence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de-pendence
fade-less pine, 'Tis In - de-pendence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de-pendence
hearts employ, 'Tis In - de-pendence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de-pendence

Or thus:

Day. Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de-pen-dence Day. 'Tis In - de-pen-dence Day.

5. Our fathers brave,
The land to save,
Did freedom's call obey;
By young and old,
Their deeds be told,
'T is Independence Day.

6. Let banners wave
For deeds so brave,
The stars and stripes display!
The eagle bold
Our shield shall hold,
'T is Independence Day!

7. Huzza again!
Another strain,
And then for home away!
This day was won
By Washington!
'T is Independence Day!

204 ANNIVERSARY DAY.

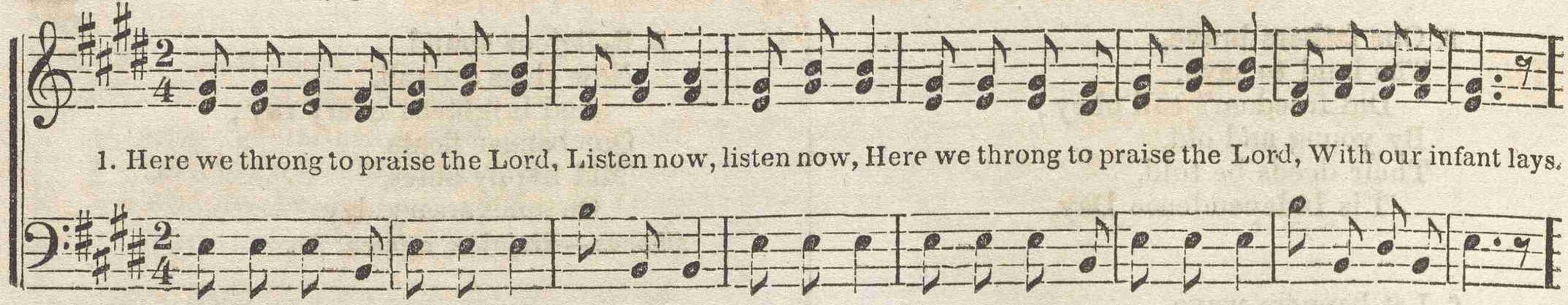
1. With joy we meet,
With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay;
Be dry each tear
Of sorrow here,
'T is anniversary day.
Chorus.—Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
'T is anniversary day.

2. Religious sound
Now rings around,
And brightens every ray;
Our banner floats
'Mid happy notes,
On anniversary day.
Chorus.—Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

3. We children sing,
And echoes ring
Along the heavenly way,
Where angels blest
Have for their rest,
One anniversary day.
Chorus.—Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

4. Oh, who from home
Would fail to come,
To join our happy lay?
When praise we bring
To God our King,
On anniversary day.
Chorus.—Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

5. Come, children, come,
For there are some
Who have been wont to stray;
Come, take our hands,
And join our bands,
This anniversary day.
Chorus.—Rejoice, rejoice, &c.



1. Here we throng to praise the Lord, Listen now, listen now, Here we throng to praise the Lord, With our infant lays.



He who once lay in a manger, Now enthroned, our blest Redeemer, With a Father's love has said He'd accept our praise.

2. "Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said;
"Let young children come to me,
And forbid them not.
"For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,
Christ forgets us not!

3. Let us love, and now adore;
Love him now, love him now.
Let us love, and now adore,
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who hath died to win us favor,
Ah! this thought should melt our hearts—
Children's hearts can melt.

4. But we'll have a joyous song,
Joyous song, joyous song;
But we'll have a joyous song
For our jubilee.
Jesus lives and reigns forever;
This will make us joyous ever.
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
Who remembered me.

206 *Jesus Died my Soul to Save.*

1. JESUS died my soul to save;
Blessed truth, blessed truth;
Jesus died my soul to save
From a world of woe:
When he lived on earth a stranger,
He had oft to fly from danger,
That he might the work perform
He had come to do.

2. Jesus had no home on earth;
Mournful truth, mournful truth;
Jesus had no home on earth
He could call his own:
Yet he was the mighty Saviour,
Living in his Father's favor,
'Mid the dark and fearful scenes,
Though he seemed alone.

3. Jesus is in glory now;
Joyful truth, joyful truth;
Jesus is in glory now,
In the world above:
He has done with tears and sighing,
Earth no more shall see him dying;
Shout, my soul, thy song of praise,
Thou shalt see his love.

207 *Worship in the Sabbath School.*

1. HERE we come to worship God,
Sing his praise, sing his praise,
Here we come to worship God,
In our songs of praise.
Join we now our hearts and voices,
While with us all heaven rejoices;
Young and old, come, worship God,
In these sacred lays.

2. Here we come to worship God,
Hear his word, learn his word,
Here we come to worship God,
Listening to his word.
In this precious word he tells us
Who he is, and why he made us
Living, thinking, deathless souls:
Bless him for his word.

3. Humbly here we worship God,
Seek his face, seek his face,
Humbly here we worship God,
Seek his face in prayer.
He invites in love—he gave us
His own Son who died to save us;
In his name we come to God,
Come in humble prayer.

4. While we come to worship God,
Yet there's room, yet there's room,
While we come to worship God,
Yet there's room for more;
Jesus bids us go and seek them,
From the streets and highways bring them,
Teach them here the way to God,
Show them mercy's door.

THRICE HAIL, HAPPY DAY! * (For the 4th of July.)

ALLEGRO STACCATO.

1. Thrice hail, hap-py day, That speak'st our na-tion's glo-ry! A voice with thee Pro-
2. The graves of our fathers, Their lau-rels brightly crown them! They fought and died, That

claims "we're free;" Thrice hail, hap-py day. Our hills and plains no more are trod By
we, in pride, Might hail freedom's day! Then, come, ye sons of freedom's throng, And

those who wield op-pres-sion's rod; We know no ty-rant's rod. Hail, hail! hap-py day!
shout their deeds in joy-ful song; May mem-'ry cher-ish long This bright, hap-py day.

3.
Oh, where is the land,
In all the wide creation,
That beams so bright,
With freedom's light,
On this happy day!
That's ever sought, and ever loved,
By all her freeborn sons approved,
And guarded from above;
Then hail, happy day!

* May be used as a Marching Song.

209

Come to the Sabbath School!

1. Oh! come, come away! the Sabbath morn is passing,
Let's hasten to the Sabbath-school;
Oh! come, come away!
The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,
Their joyous peals salute my ear,
I love their voice to hear;
Oh! come, come away!

2. While others may seek for vain and foolish pleasures,
The Sabbath-school shall be my choice!
Oh! come, come away!
How dear to hear the plaintive strain,
From youthful voices rise amain,
With sweetest tones again;
Oh! come, come away!

3. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
To guide my steps to joys on high;
Oh! come, come away!
The flowery paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wandering steps to lead;
Oh! come, come away!

4. I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking—
"Let little children come to me;
Oh! come, come away!
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive;
Oh! come, come away!"

210

Come let us sing!

1. Oh! come, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love—
Oh! come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee,
In heavenly melody.
Oh! come, let us sing!

2. The full notes prolong,
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.

3. We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant, his praise!
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
"'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bowed his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!



211

The appointed Way.

1. LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

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

3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee,—here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4. Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

7s.

212

Use of the Bible.

1. Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2. Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

7s.

213

The Sun of Righteousness.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2. Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3. Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!

4. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life he to all brings,—
Risen with healing in his wings.

5. Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

7s.

214

The Great Teacher.

1. Christ was teaching all the day,
Where the throng of hearers met;
And at night retired to pray,
On the mount of Olivet.

2. He on no soft couch reposed,
Through those hours of needful sleep,
But, when other's eyes were closed,
He awoke to pray and weep.

3. All the labors we have shared,
Oh, how poor, and little worth,
When with those, so great, compared,
Of our Saviour upon earth!

4. Oh, may love our souls inspire,
Him to follow, now above;
Then our hearts will never tire,
In these humble deeds of love.

...LENA. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. Death has been here, and borne a - way A scho - lar from our side;
2. Not long a - go, he filled his place, And sat with us to learn;
3. Per - haps our time may be as short, Our days may fly as fast;

Just in the morn - ing of his day, As young as we he died.

But he has run his mor - tal race, And nev - er can re - turn.
O Lord, im - press the sol - emn thought, That this may be our last.

215

Death of a Scholar.

4. We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first; oh, may we all
Prepare to meet our God!

5. All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

216 C. M.

Seeking after God.

1. SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die;
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

217 C. M.

Prayer of a Penitent.

1. O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return"?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4. O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

218 C. M.

Mourning over spiritual Declension.

1. WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee—no more by night?

2. Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3. When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4. But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The fluttering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5. Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair, deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON. 1830.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far his power pro - longs my days;

2. Much of my time has run to waste; And I, per-haps, am near my home;

And ev - ery eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

But he for - gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

219

An Evening Hymn.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

220 L. M.

Precious Invitation.

1. While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound,
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's untiring wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your souls shall bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise:
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

221 L. M.

A Blessing Sought.

1. Once more assembled on thy day,
O Father, hear us when we pray;
And teach us thankfully to own
The love that draws us near thy throne.

2. Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire
With brightest rays of heavenly fire,
And let our songs of praise arise
In grateful incense to the skies.

3. O may our faith on wings of love
Soar upward to the realms above;
And grant us fervency of prayer,
That we may find a blessing there.

222 L. M.

Condemned, but pleading the Promises.

1. Show pity, Lord: O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4. O save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

223 L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

1. Come, dearest Lord. and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away,
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2. Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3. Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

THE TRUE FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

MOZART.

1. One there is, a - bove all o - thers, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be-
2. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, a - bove all

- yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends, to save us,
glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same. O for grace our hearts to soft - en!

Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Re - conciled, in him to God.
Teach us, Lord, at length to love: We, a - las! forget too oft - en What a friend we have a - bove.

225 8s & 7s.

Christ as a little Child.

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

226 8s & 7s.

Closing Hymn.

1. PRAISE we him, by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears;
May its sweet, reviving savor
Fill our hearts, dispel our fears.
Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord! its worth to know;
Vain the hope and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
2. Lord! the truth we have been hearing,
Now to every heart apply;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.
Till thou take us hence forever,
Saviour! guide us with thine eye;
May it be our sole endeavor,
Thine to live and thine to die!

8s & 7s.

227 *Forsaken all to follow Christ.*

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish every fond ambition;
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
2. Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Hy. 228

REMEMBER ME. C. M. Double.

1. Je - sus, thou art the sin - ner's friend, As such I look to thee, Now in the fullness
2. Thou wondrous Advo - cate with God! I yield myself to thee; While thou art sit - ting

of thy love, Oh, Lord! remember me. Re - mem - ber thy pure word of grace, Re -
on thy throne, Dear Lord! remember me. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile, Yet

- - mem-ber Cal - va - ry; Re - mem - ber all thy dying groans, And then re - member me.
thy sal - va - tion's free; Then, in thy all - abounding grace, Dear Lord, re - member me.

3. Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

229 C. M.

Life a Summer's Day.

1. THIS life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light;
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
And soon give place to night.
Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth the morning gay;
Manhood 's the noon so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

2. This life was given us to prepare
For that which is to come;
O may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!
And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

230 C. M.

The Spirit's Influence.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

231 C. M.

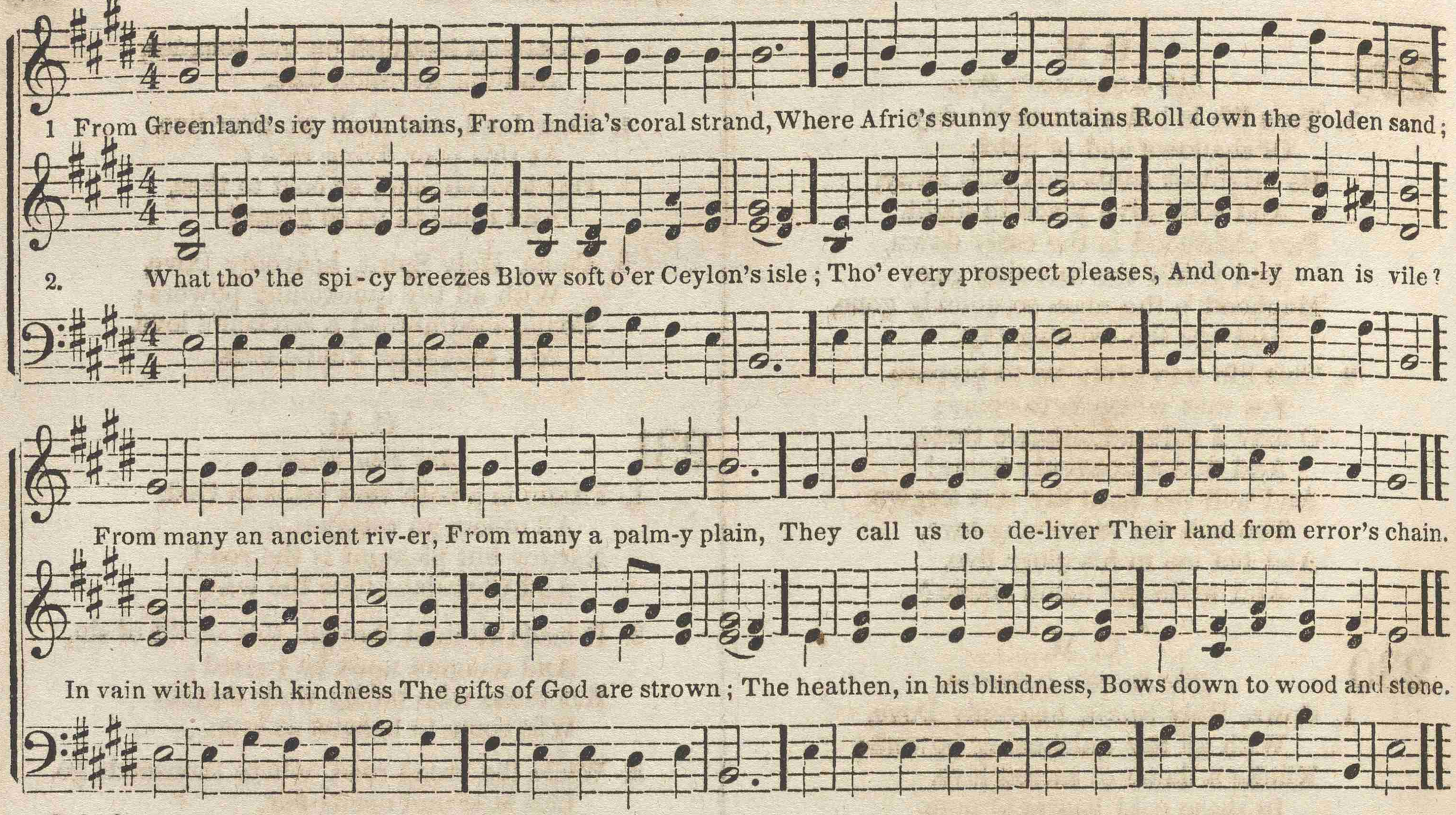
But Two Ways.

1. THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2. It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last:

3. While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4. But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord! condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.



232

Missionary Hymn.

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

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

233 7s & 6s.

1. As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2. As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave,
And death is just before us:
God takes the life he gave.

3. Say, gay one, is thy treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure,
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware lest death's dark river
It's billows o'er thee roll;
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

234 7s & 6s.

Prayer for Missionaries at Sea.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy,
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2. O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be:
Though far from those who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

7s & 6s.

235 *Invitation to Youth.*

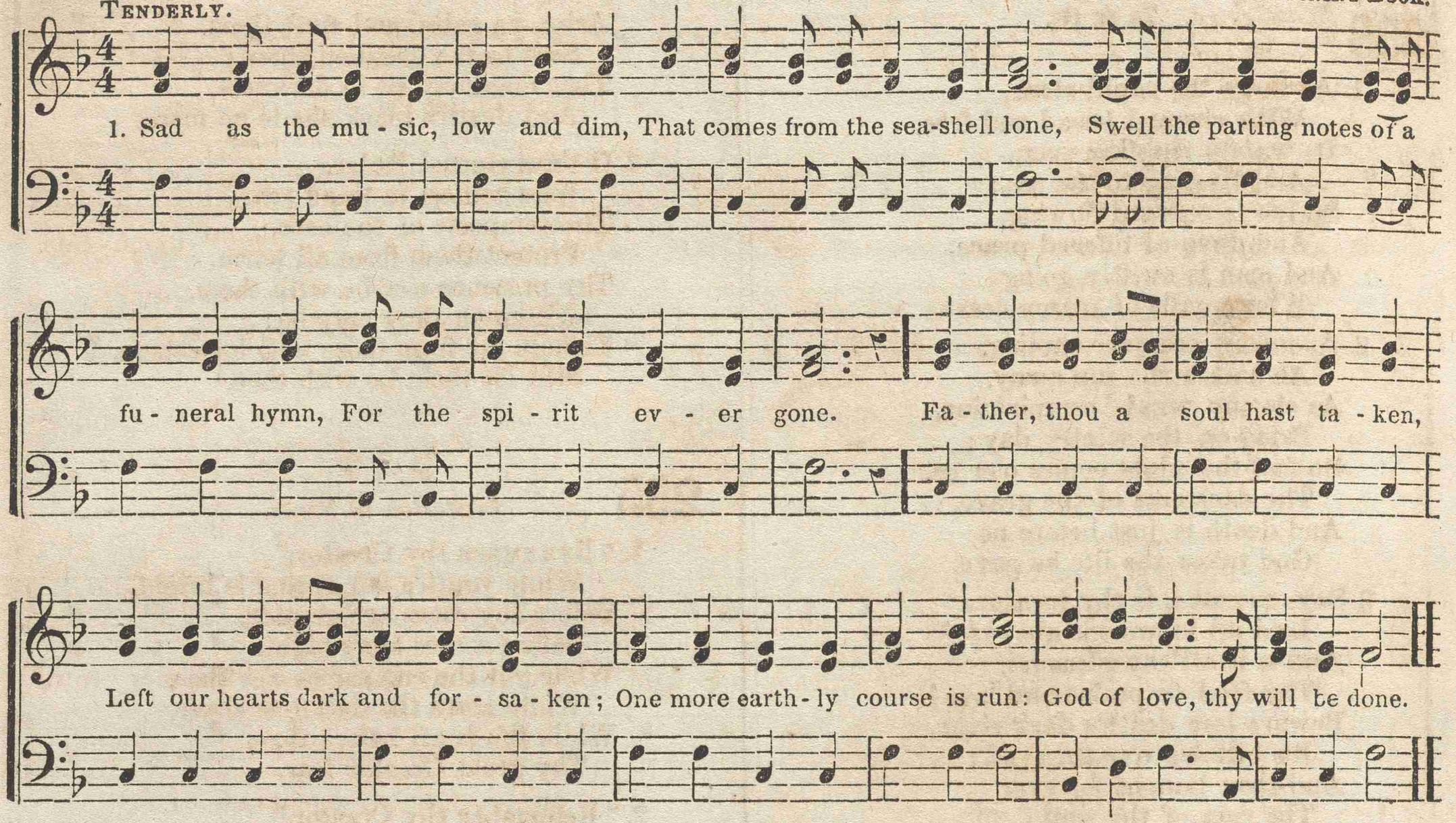
1. "Remember thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night.
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2. "Remember thy Creator,"
E'er life resigns its trust,
E'er sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust.
Before, with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

REQUIEM. Death of a Teacher, or Pupil.

FROM BOYS AND GIRLS SINING BOOK.

TENDERLY.



236

2 Soft as the lay the wood-bird sings,
When the light of day is fled,
And eve hath veiled all earthly things,
Be our requiem for the dead.

Father, thou most kind and holy,
Bend we to thee, meekly, lowly;
Thou hast called a cherished one;
God of love, thy will be done.

1. Gush - ing so bright in the morn - ing light, Gleams the wa - ter in yon foun - tain;
As pure - ly, too, as the ear - ly dew That gems yon dis - tant moun - tain.

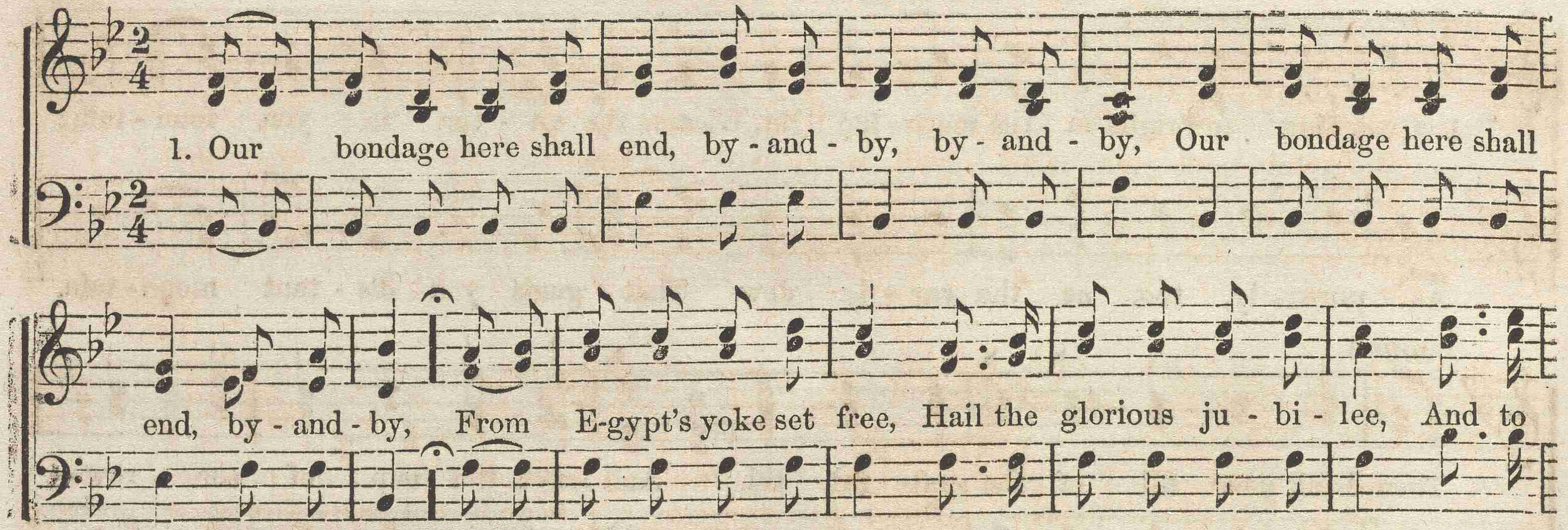
CHORUS.

Then drink your fill of the grate - ful rill, And leave the cup of sor - row—
Though it shine to - night in its gleam - ing light, 'Twill sting thee on the mor - row.

2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
The brooks from rocks to valley;
And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeams,
Like a bannered army rally.
Then drink, &c.

3 Touch not the wine, tho' brightly it shine,
When nature to man has given
A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,
A bev'rage that flows from heaven.
Then drink, &c.

4 Not only here of the water clear,
Is God the lavish giver;
But when we rise to yonder skies,
We'll drink of life's bright river.
Then drink, &c.



2. Our Deliverer will come, by-and-by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by-and-by.

3. Tho' our enemies are strong, we 'll go on,
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we 'll go on.

4. By Marah's bitter stream, we 'll go on,
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine, we 'll go on.

5. And, when to Jordan's flood, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he 'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come.

6. There friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7. Then, with all the happy throng, we 'll rejoice,
Shouting, "Glory to our King,"
Till the vaults of Heaven shall ring,
And through all eternity, we 'll rejoice.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beauti - ful ci - ty that I
2. Beau-ti - ful heaven, where all is light, Beauti - ful an - gels, clothed in

love, Beau-ti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple—God its
white, Beau-ti - ful strains, that nev - er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps through all the

light, Beauti - ful gates of pearly white, Beauti - ful temple—God its light.
choir, Beauti- ful strains, that nev - er tire, Beauti - ful harps through all the choir.

2. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.

3. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

THE BRIGHT CROWN. (New.)

CHORUS.

1. { Ye val - iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py, pray- ing band,
   { Though in this world you suf - fer loss, You 'll reach fair Ca - naan's land; } Let us

CHORUS.

nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear,

It will on- ly make the crown the bright-er to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2. All earthly pleasures we 'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we 'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Chorus. Let us never, &c.

3. O what a glorious shout there 'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Chorus. Let us never, &c.



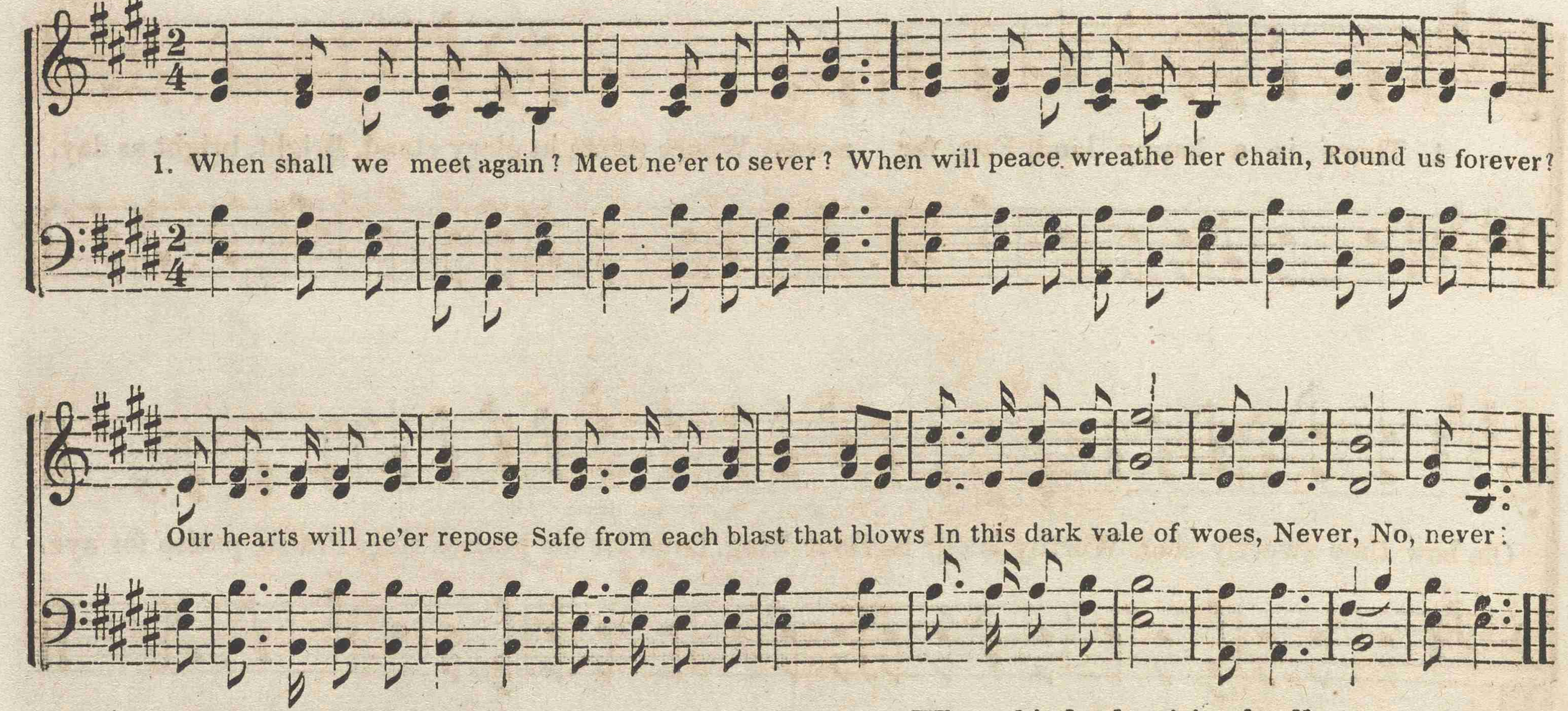
241

2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

Hy. 242

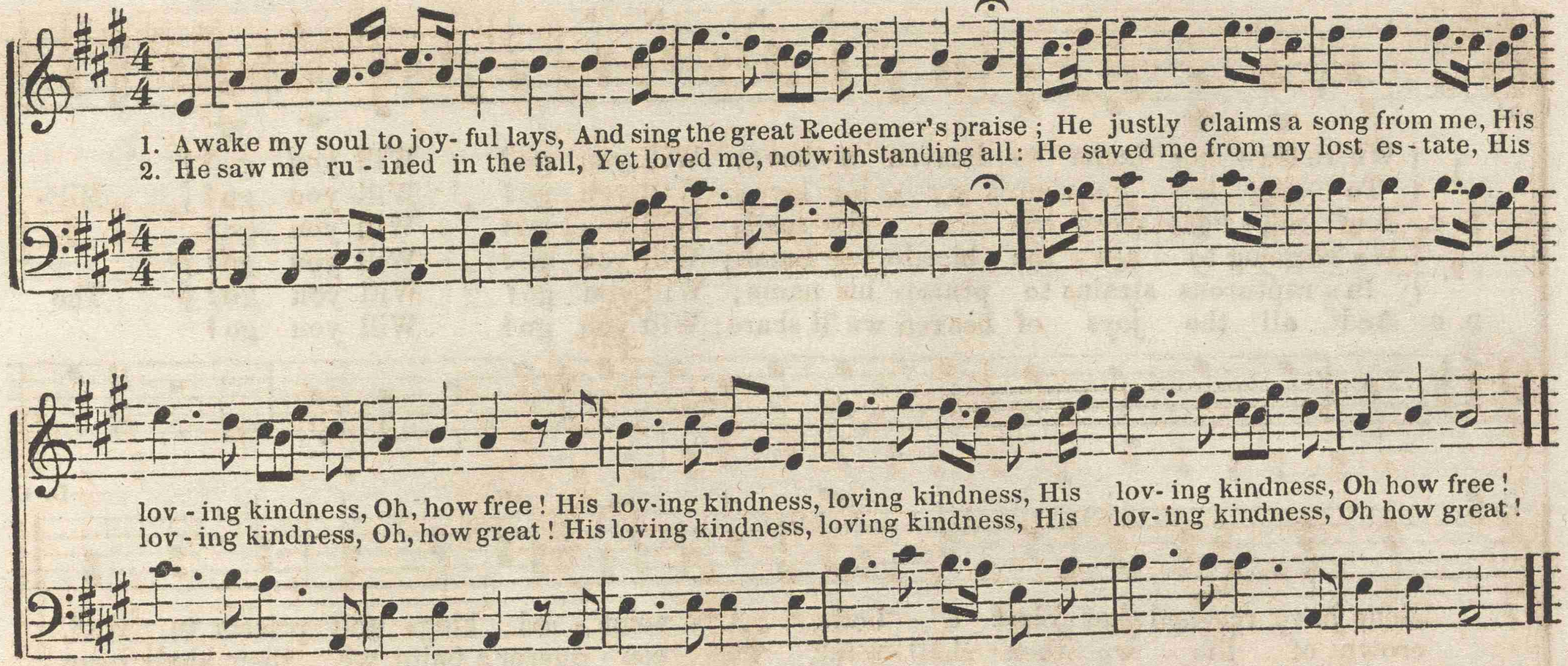
WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? (New.)



2. When shall love freely flow,
   Pure as life's river?
   When shall sweet friendship glow,
   Changeless forever?
   Where joys celestial thrill,
   Where bliss each heart shall fill,
   And fears of parting chill,
   Never, no never.

3. Up to that world of light
   Take us, dear Saviour!
   May we all there unite
   Happy forever!
   Where kindred spirits dwell,
   There may our music swell,
   And time our joys dispel—
   Never—no, never.

4. Soon shall we meet again,
   Meet, ne'er to sever;
   Soon will peace wreathe her chain
   Round us forever,
   Our hearts will then repose—
   Secure from worldly woes;
   Our songs of praise shall close—
   Never—no, never.



243

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!

4. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

6. Then let me mount, and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

WILL YOU GO?





244

3. The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see."
Will you go?

4. We 're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice, and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just before, the shining shore We may almost dis - cov - er.

2. We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home discern - ing; Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burning— For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just before, the shining shore We may almost dis - cov - er.

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

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there 's our home,
For ever. oh! for ever!
For oh! &c.

MODERATO.

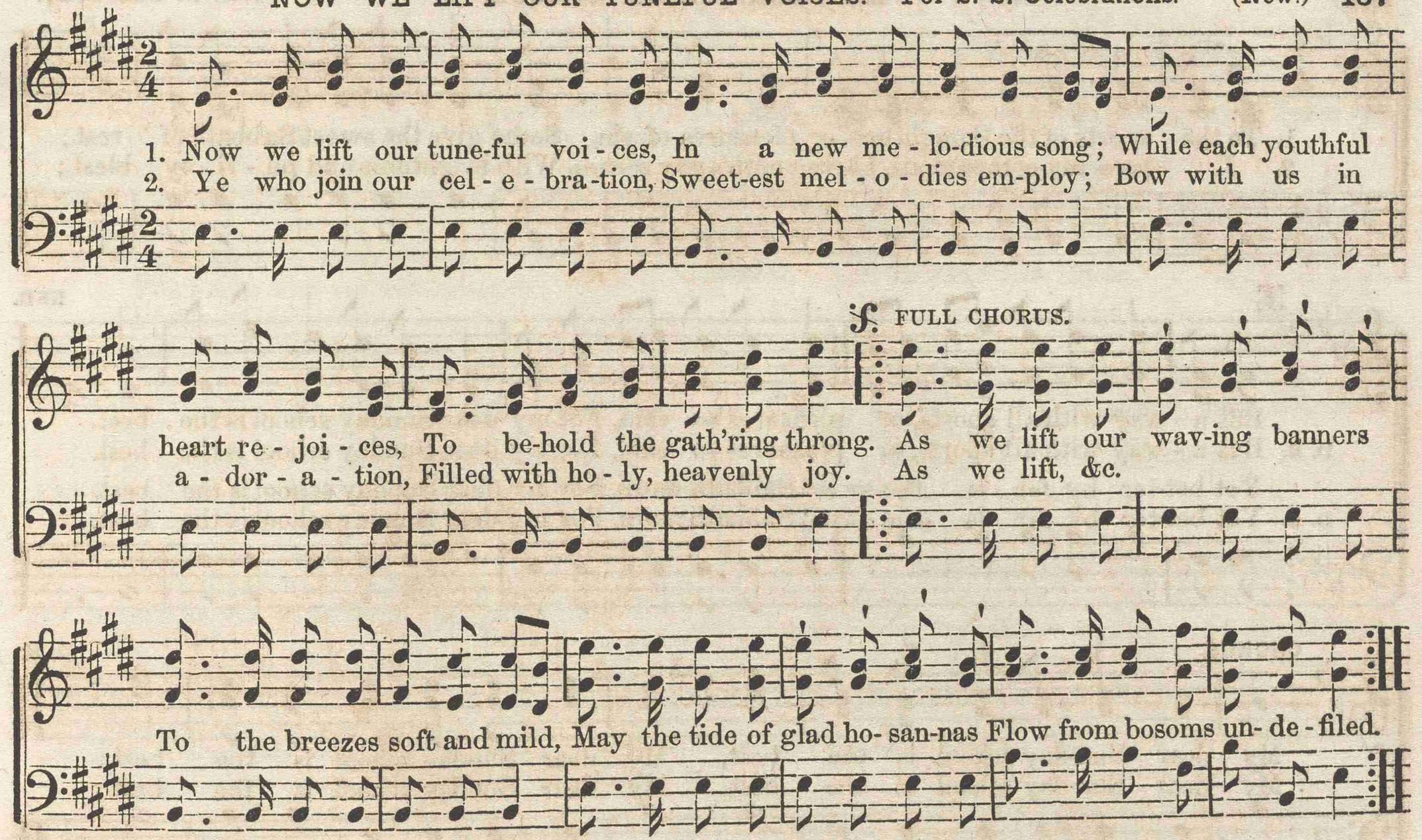
1. Lit - tle trav-elers Zi-on-ward, Each one entering in - to rest, In the king-dom of your Lord,
2. Who are they whose little feet, Pacing life's dark journey through, Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,

In the mansions of the blest: There to wel - come Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his
They had ev - er kept in view? "I, from Greenland's fro - zen land;" "I, from In - dia's

fol-l'wers win; Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates! Let the lit - tle trav-elers in.
sul - try plain;" "I, from Af - ric's bar - ren sand;" "I, from isl - ands of the main."

246 3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!

Each the welcome '*Come*' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin."
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in.



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"*Now we lift our tuneful voices.*"

3. Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
All must honor and approve;
Thanks for labor still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.
Chorus. As we lift, &c.

4. Thanks to God for every blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that 's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
Chorus. As we lift, &c.

* May be used in processions as a Marching Tune.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasures of sin, Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
2. I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes, With brightness and pu - ri - ty blest;

ff. END.

But a - way with all sports, or pleasures so vain, For my dear Sunday school is the best.
D. S. But a - way with all sports, or pleasures so vain, For my dear Sunday school is the best.
Yet bet-ter by far is the sweet Sabbath morn, For my dear Sunday school is the best.
D. S. Yet bet-ter by far is the sweet Sabbath morn, For my dear Sunday school is the best.

CHORUS. D. S.

My dear Sun-day school is the best, My dear Sunday school is the best;
My dear Sun-day school is the best, My dear Sunday school is the best;

"To the sports of the thoughtless."

3. I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers,
In beauty so charmingly drest;
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

4. Then I 'll sing of my school, and the Sabbath I love,
Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
Thou guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine!
O, bring me to share in that rest.

249 *Thank God for the Bible.*

1. THANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that we find
The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing.
For he came down to earth, &c.

2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls *us* to come,
He's prepared us a home.
For he said let the little ones come, &c.

3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, &c.

4. Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth
We'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

7s.

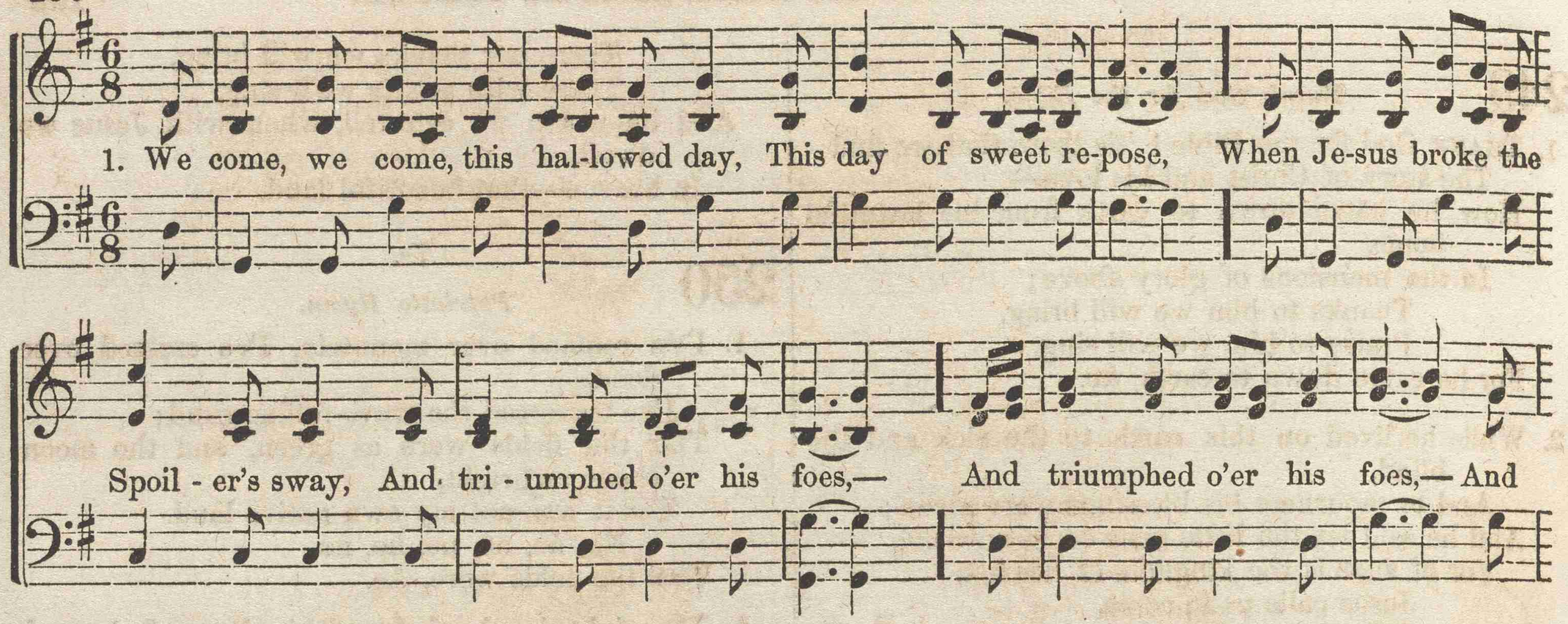
250 *Patriotic Hymn.*

1. I'VE roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood,
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;
Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.
No, no, no, no, no, no.
Tho' the fields were, &c.

2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled, and looked bland;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
Yet happier far were, &c.

3. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home;
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
'Tis the birth-place of, &c.

THE GLADSOME STRAIN. C. M. 6 lines.



251

2. There is a song, a joyous song,
That angels sing above;
Its notes the ransomed ones prolong,
The theme, redeeming love:
O we would join that blissful throng,
And sing a Saviour's love.

3. The hour is full of sweet delight
To many gathered here,
Who, groping once in sin's dark night,
Now feel Christ's presence near:
O glorious is a Saviour's light,
Dispelling every fear.

4. O keep these tender lambs, we pray,
By thy almighty power;
Nor let them from thy pasture stray
When threat'ning tempests lower:
O guide them in the "narrow way,"
Till death's triumphant hour.

5. Let shouts of joy ascend the sky,
For sinners born again;
And seraphs, bending from on high,
Take up the gladsome strain:
From earth let echoing praises fly,
And heaven respond, Amen!

C. M.

252 *Our Sunday School.*

1. WHAT happy moments I have spent
Within our Sunday school;
Where infant minds were early train'd
To feel affection's rule.

2. Where smiles illumed each teacher's face,
Whilst fervently they try
To rear each young aspiring plant
To better realms on high.

3. There, voices breathed sweet tones of love;
There, wrong was laid aside;
Whilst nought but rays of hope and joy
Would in each heart preside.

4. Yes! memory loves to linger on
Those moments pass'd away,
When love, and truth, and joyous hopes,
Made sweet the Sabbath day.

C. M.

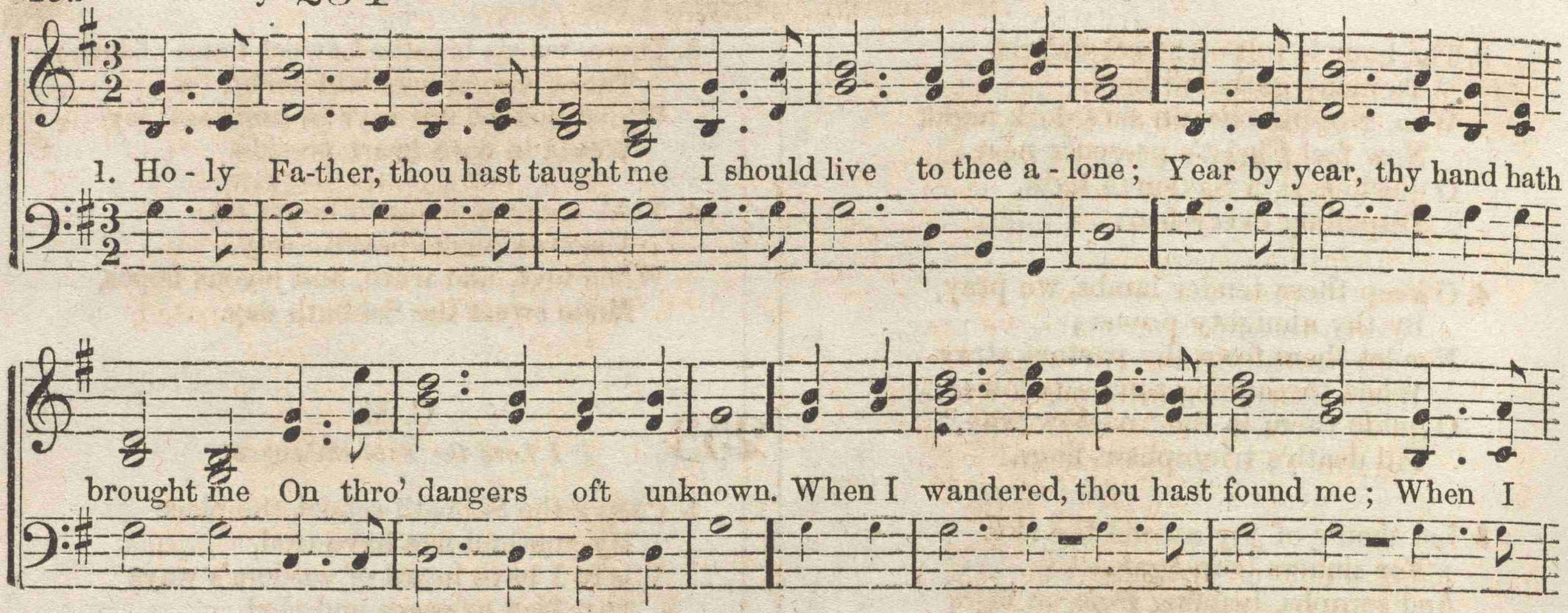
253 *I Love the Sabbath School.*

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

2. I love the Sabbath school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer,
To God our heavenly King.

3. I love the Sabbath school, where we
The holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4. O, that when life's few days are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the heavenly plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.



2. In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3. I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

8s & 7s.

255

Who shall sing, if not the Children?

1. WHO shall sing, if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear—
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here?

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned:
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they cannot sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds sing while the day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not *they?*

8s & 7s.

256

Toil on, Teachers.

1. TOIL on, teachers, toil on boldly,
Labor on, and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;
Jesus is a loving master;
Cease not then his work to do;
Cleave to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.

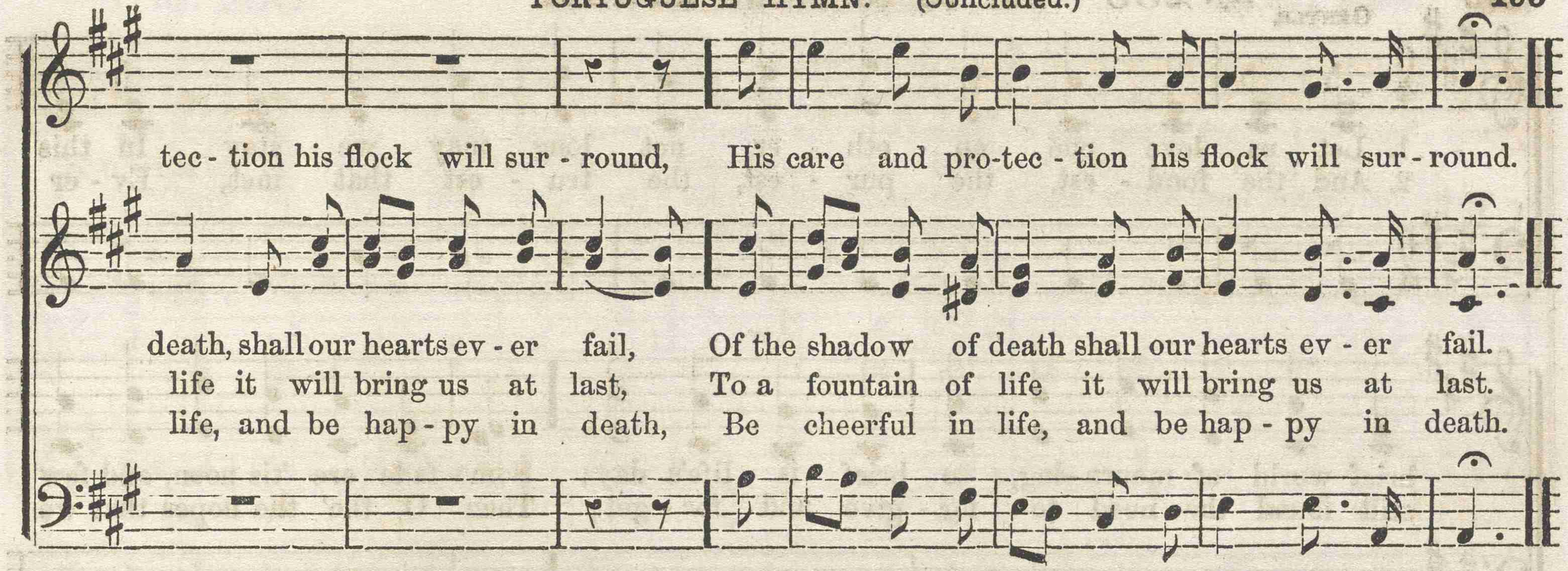
2. Toil on, teachers! nothing daunted,
Whatsoever may oppose;
You shall have all help that's wanted,
Jesus every peril knows:
Be not fearful, terror-stricken,
Tremble not at any foe—
Danger, let it only quicken,
Make your Christian courage show.

3. Toil on, teachers! toil on ever,
Constantly, unflinching toil;
Faint ye not, and weary never,
Labor on in every soil;
Listless souls one day may waken,
Buried seed spring up and grow,
Sin's stout bulwarks may be shaken,
Hardened hearts may be brought low.

4. Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seed of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth;
Patient, firm, and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

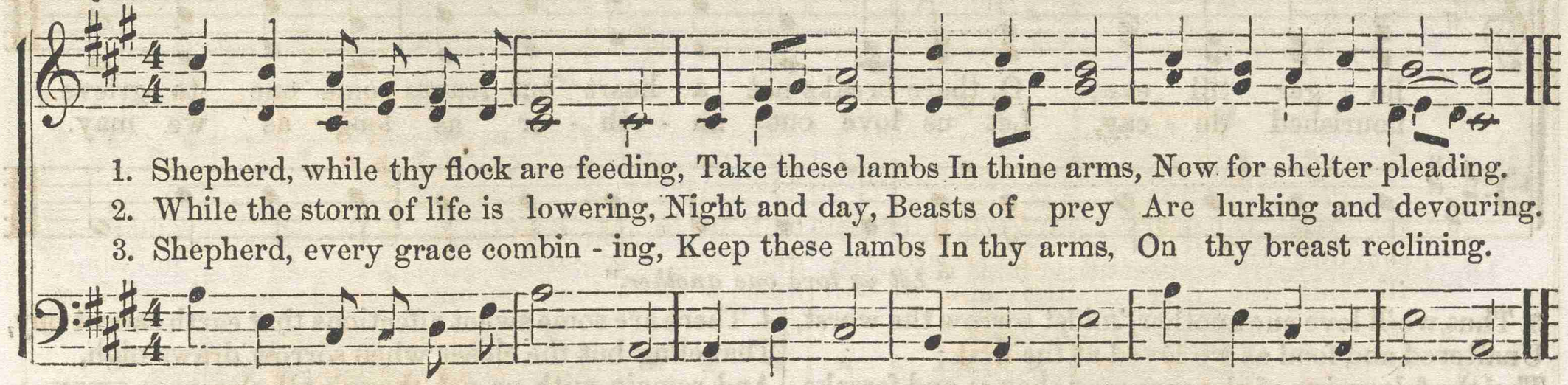
1. The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide, What-ev-er we want he will
2. The Lord is our Shepherd, what then shall we fear? What danger can move us, while
3. Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our
4. The Lord has be-come our sal-va-tion and song, His blessings have followed us

kind-ly pro-vide, To sheep of his pasture his mer-cies a-bound, His care and pro-
Je-sus is near? Not when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale Of the shadow of
com-fort and stay, For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past, To a fountain of
all our life long; His name we will praise while he lends us our bread, Be cheerful in



Hy. 258

LITTLE FLOCK.



Hy. 259 LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

GENTLE.

1. Let us love one an - oth - er, not long may we stay In this brief world of mourn - ing, so brief is life's day; Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few lin - ger till eve; O, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve.
2. And the fond - est, the pur - est, the tru - est that met, Ev - er still found the need to for - give and for - get; Then O, tho' the hopes that we nourished de - cay, Let us love one an - oth - er as long as we may.

"*Let us love one another.*"

3. Thus we 'll love one another, 'midst sorrow the worst,
Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first;
Tho' the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break.

4. There are some sweet affections that earth cannot buy,
That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away—
Yes, we 'll love one another as long as we stay,

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, Wait not for to - mor - row,
D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst bor - row
D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

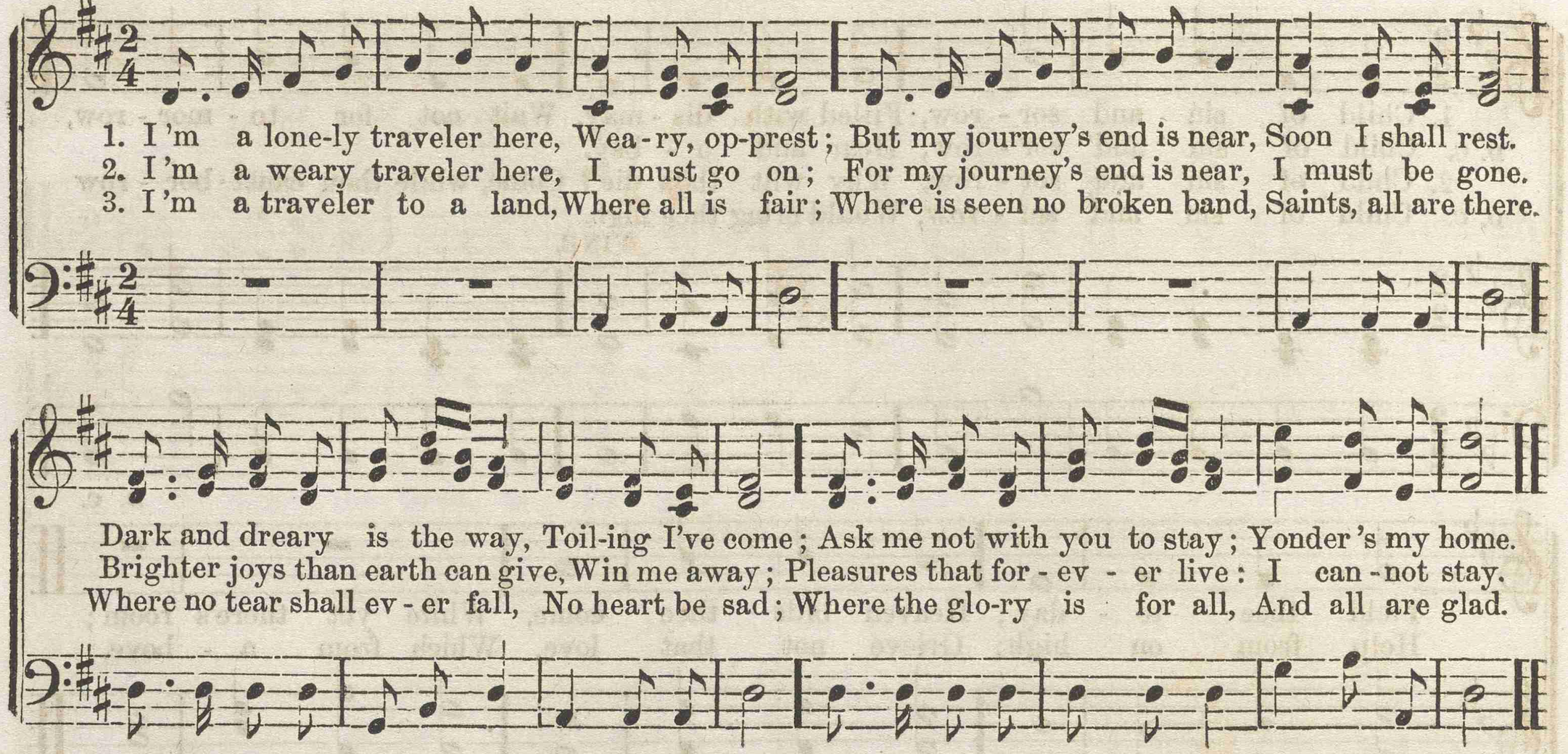
FINE.

D. C.

Yield thee to - day; Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;
Help from on high: Grieve not that love, Which from a - bove,

3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow, eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4. Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

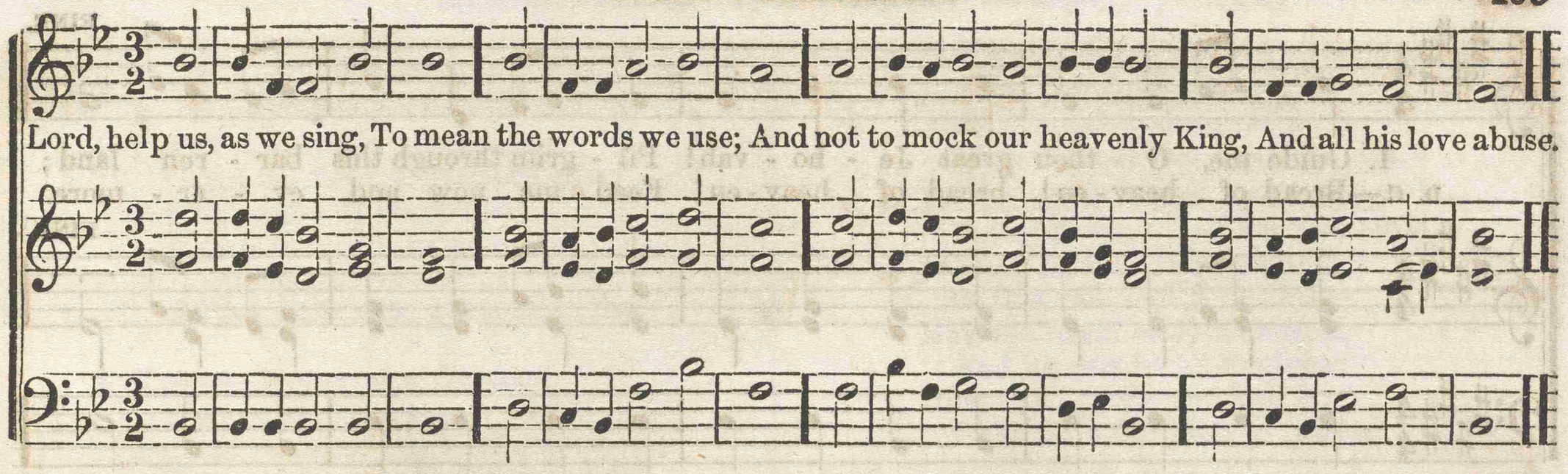


261

Yonder's my Home.

4. I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below,
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler; call me not:
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I roam:
Hail me not; in vain you call:
Yonder's my home.



262

Lord, help us.

2. Lord, help us, as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere;
And as we learn of wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

3. Lord, help us, as we hear,
To treasure up thy word;
And, not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

4. Lord, help us, while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
The aid of thy good Spirit give;
In mercy be our Guide.

263

1. YES, Christian teacher, go,
It is thy Master's call:
"Preach through the world my word, and lo!
I 'm with thee, lest thou fall."

2. Declare the unknown Lord,
On island, mount, and plain;
Tell how he saves us by his blood
From everlasting pain.

3. Yes, tell of Jesus' love,
Jesus, the Saviour, slain,
Who freely left the joys above,
Who died, yet lives again.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



For Divine Guidance.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Thou of death and hell the conqueror,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

265

8s & 7s.

Prayer for a revival.

1. SAVIOUR visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2. Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4. Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

266

8s & 7s. Double.

Penitence.

1. TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own:
Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to heaven.

267

8s & 7s. Double.

A Blessing sought.

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

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

1. { Once was heard the song of children, By the Sa - viour when on earth;
Joy - ful in the sa - cred temple Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth, }

And Ho - san - nas And Ho - san - nas Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.

2. Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3. Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But Hosannas,
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4. God o'er all in Heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad Hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5. O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem perfected praise.
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

8s, 7s & 4s.

269

King Messiah.

1. Let us sing the King Messiah—
King of righteousness and peace;
Hail him, all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease:
Ever hail him,
Never let his praises cease.

2. How transcendent are thy glories,
Fairer than the sons of men:
While thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign!

3. Gird thy sword on, mighty Hero!
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course majestic;
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor!
Let mankind before thee bow!

4. Majesty, combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To ensure thy blessed conquests,
On, great Prince, assert thy right!
Ride triumphant,
All around the conquered globe!

5. Blest are all that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

8s, 7s & 4s.

270

"It is finished."

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

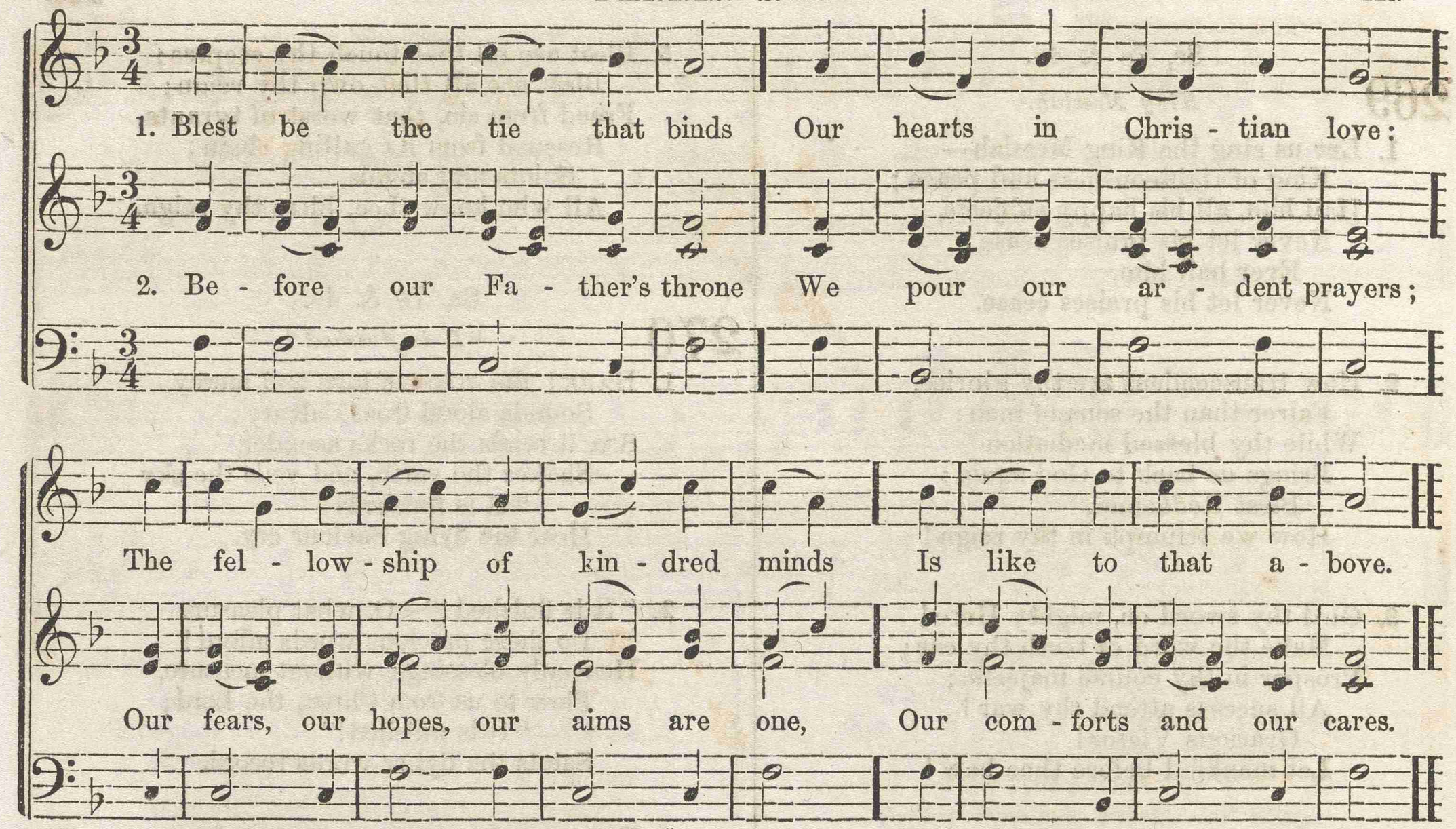
2. "It is finished!"—O, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

SLOW AND SOFT.

DENNIS. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM H. G. NAGELI.



271

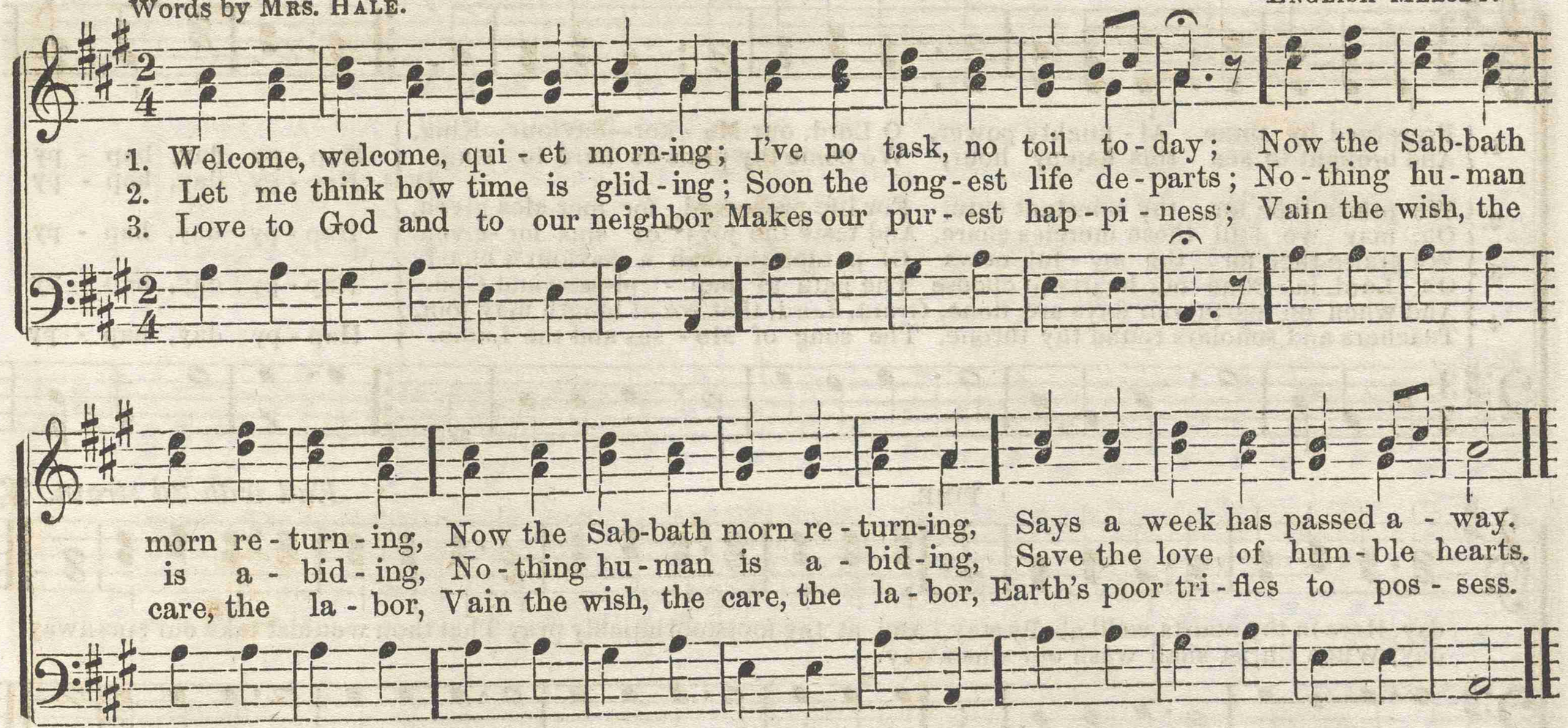
Christian Fellowship.

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

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

Words by MRS. HALE.

ENGLISH MELODY.



272

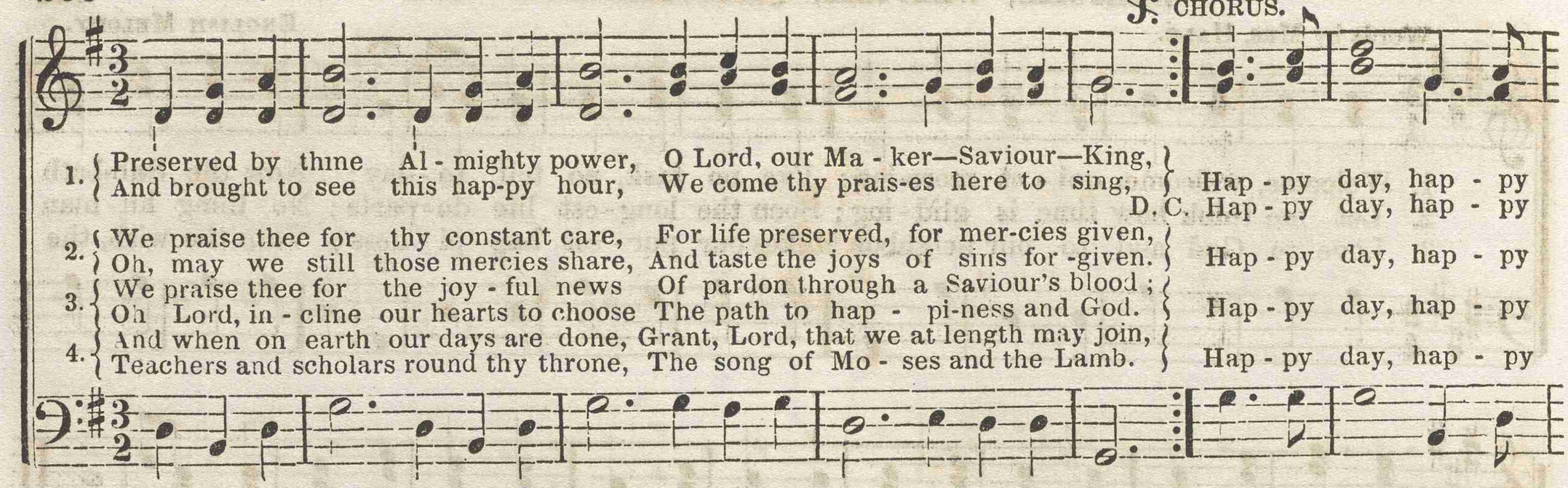
"*Welcome, quiet Morning.*"

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

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

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

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



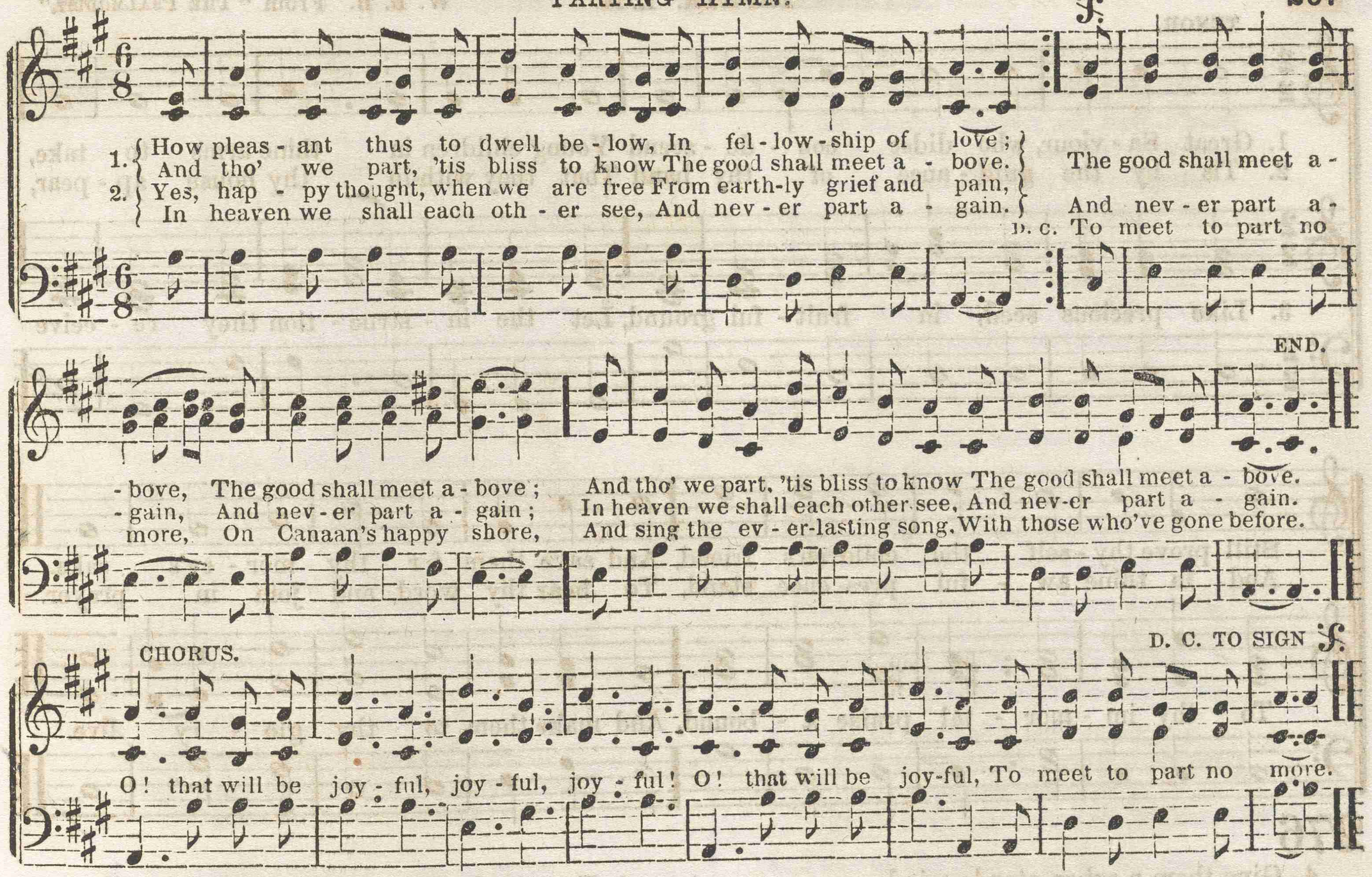


274 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing soul rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, &c.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.
Happy day, &c.



275

Parting Hymn.

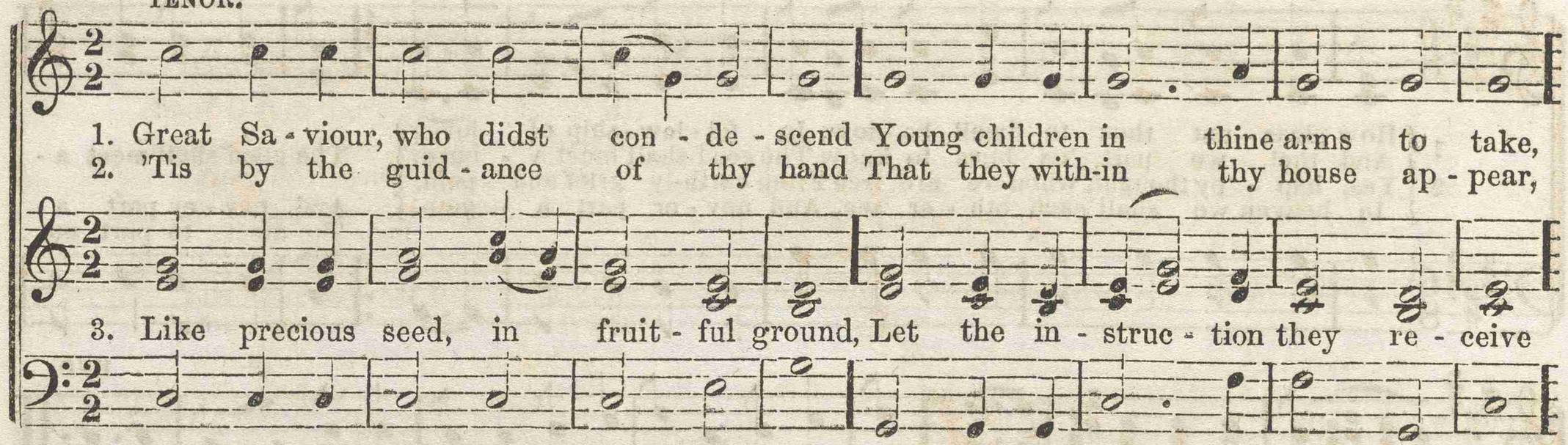
3. The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
O! that will be joyful, &c.

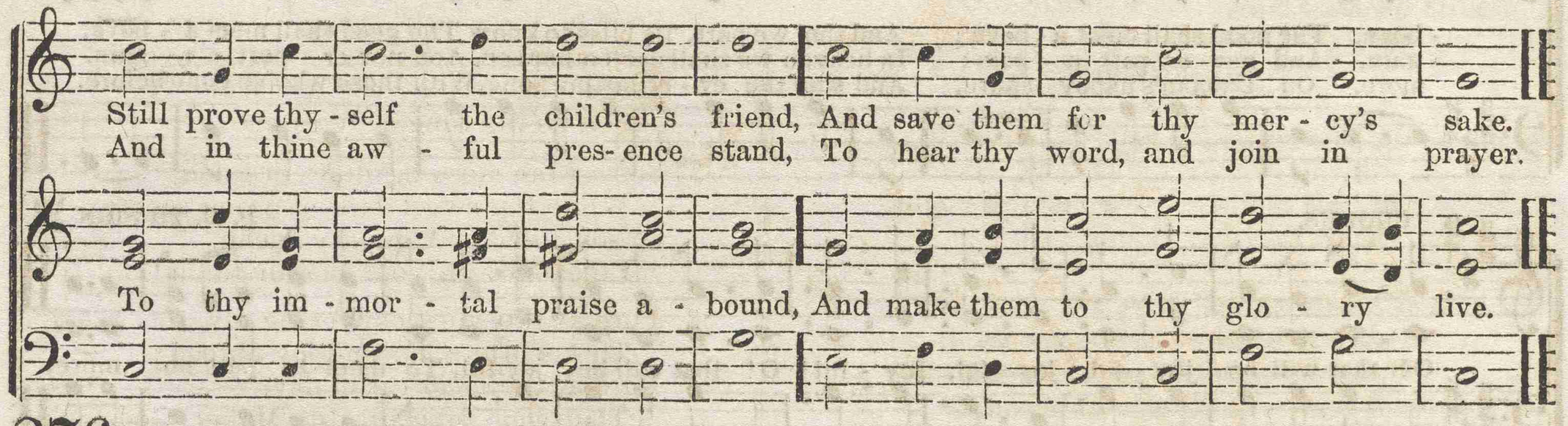
4. Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.
O! that will be joyful, &c.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. B. From "THE PSALMODIST."

TENOR.





276

4. Give them a sober, steady mind,
Strength to withstand the snares of sin,
Boldly to cast the world behind,
And strive eternal life to win.

5. To read thy Word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart;
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

L. M.

277

Death of a Teacher.

1. THE voice is hushed—the gentle voice
That told us of a Saviour's love,
And made our youthful hearts rejoice,
In hope of heaven, our home above.

2. The eye is dim—the loving eye
That beamed so fondly on us here;
Sealed up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear.

3. Not long ago [she] filled [her] place,
And sat with us to learn;
But [she] has run [her] mortal race,
And never can return.

4. Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord! impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.

5. We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first!—oh! may we all
Prepare to meet our God.

6. All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

L. M.

278

Prayer before reading the Bible.

1. IN humble prayer, oh, may I read
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead;
Lord, send thy Spirit to impart
A wise and understanding heart.

2. Be thou my teacher, thou my guide;
May all I read be well applied;
My danger and my refuge show,
And let me thy salvation know.

L. M.

279

The Saviour's Love.

1. SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft to your Almighty friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4. Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To Him who bled upon the tree.

O THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD. (New.)

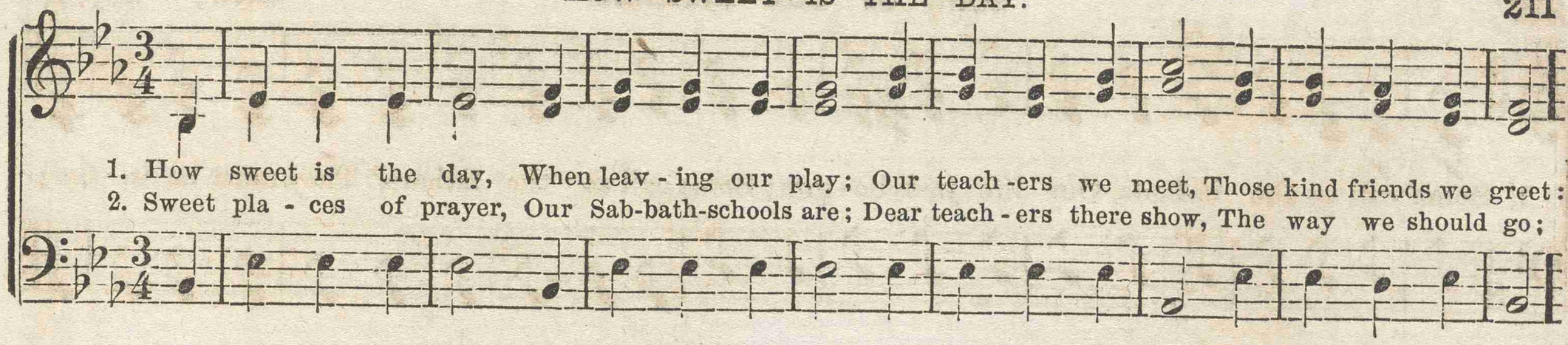
1. We are go - ing home, we've had vis - ions bright, Of that ho - ly land, That world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past, And the heavenly morn - ing dawns at last;
2. We are go - ing home, we soon shall be Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the vic - tor's song floats o'er the plains, And the seraph's an - thems blend with its strains;

Where the wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py, peace-ful home;
Where the brow with spark - ling gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss are flow - ing round.
Where the sun rolls down its bril - liant flood, And beams on a world that's fair and good;
Where stars, once dim - med at na - ture's doom, Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.

O, that beau-ti - ful world, That beau-ti - ful world, That beau-ti - ful world shall be our home!

280

3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air:
Through endless years we then shall prove,
The death of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world, that beautiful world shall be our home!

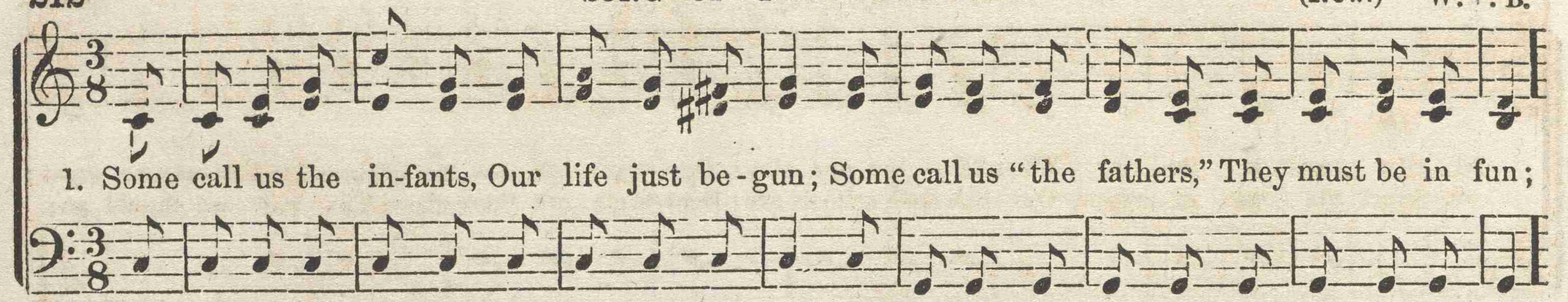


281

"*How sweet is the day.*"

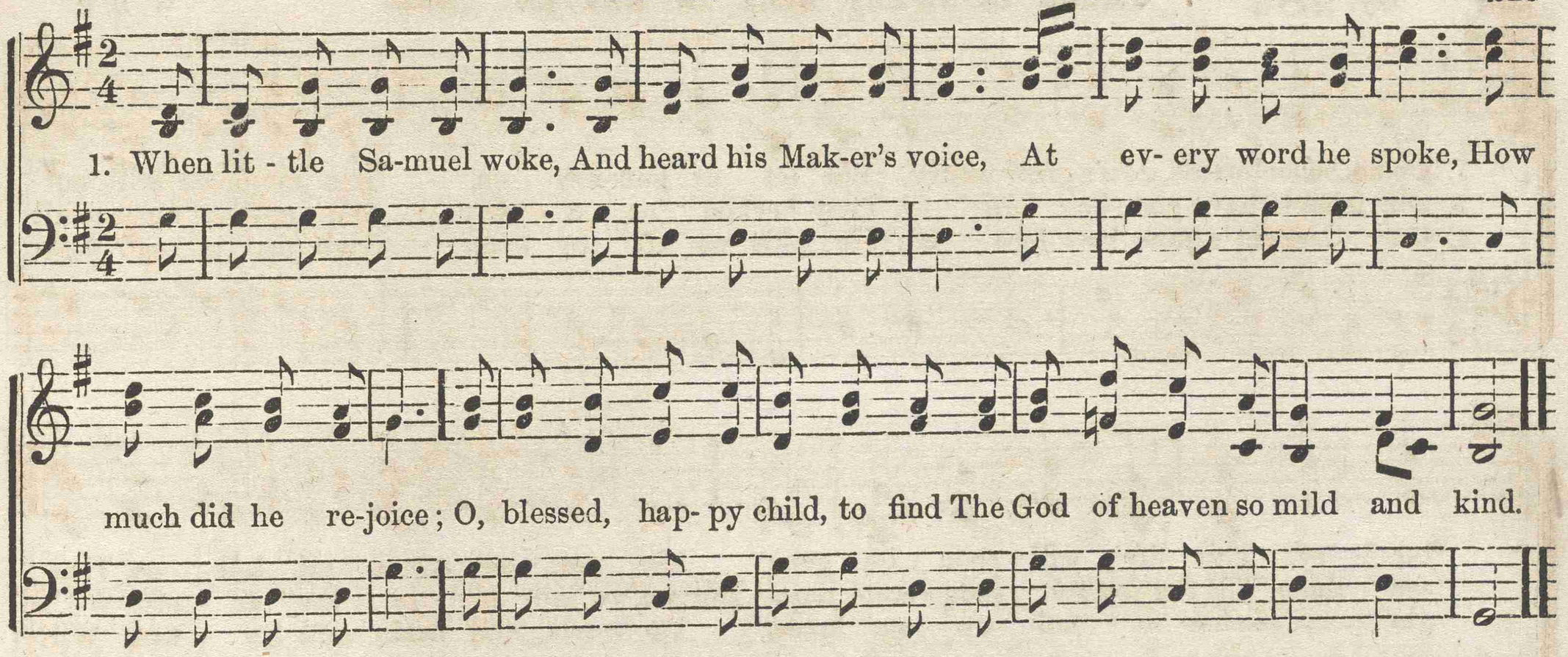
3. Thanks, thanks for such friends—
Such means and such ends—
Such faith and such prayer—
Such toil and such care.
To school, then, we 'll go,
And there learn to know
The worth of the soul,
Which Christ can make whole!

4. Go on, friends, and teach,
And labor and preach,
And spread far abroad
The word of our God.
Then, when to the skies
Your spirits shall rise,
How great your reward
From Jesus your Lord!



2. Some say, while they call us
Such wee bits of things,
We're what men are made of,
The priests and the kings;
Whatever we may be,
We're sure of one thing;
That you are our Shepherd,
And we're here to sing.

3. We bring the bright pennies;
They 're little, we know;
But, love going with them,
To dollars they 'll grow;
As much as this, surely,
We children can see;
If there were no pennies,
No dollars there 'd be.



283

When little Samuel woke.

2. If God would speak to me,
And say he was my Friend,
How happy should I be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3. And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4. And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5. Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

214 Hy. 284 **THERE IS SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.** (New.) W. B. B.

1. Come, schoolmates, do n't grow weary, But let us jour-ney on, The moments will not tar - ry, This life will soon be gone. The pass - ing scenes all tell us, That death will sure - ly come, These bod - ies soon will moulder In the dark and dreary tomb.
2. Our friends have gone be - fore us, They beckon us a - way; We nev - er more shall see them 'Till the fearful judg - ment day. But we 've 'list - ed in the ar - my, We 've 'list - ed for the war, We will fight un - til we con-quer, By faith and humble prayer.
3. Our Captain 's gone be - fore us, He bids us all to come; High up in end - less glo - ry, He has fit - ted up our home. The world, and flesh, and Sa - tan, Will strive to hedge our way, But we 'll o'er - come their powers If we on - ly watch and pray.

Chorus.



Repeat softly.



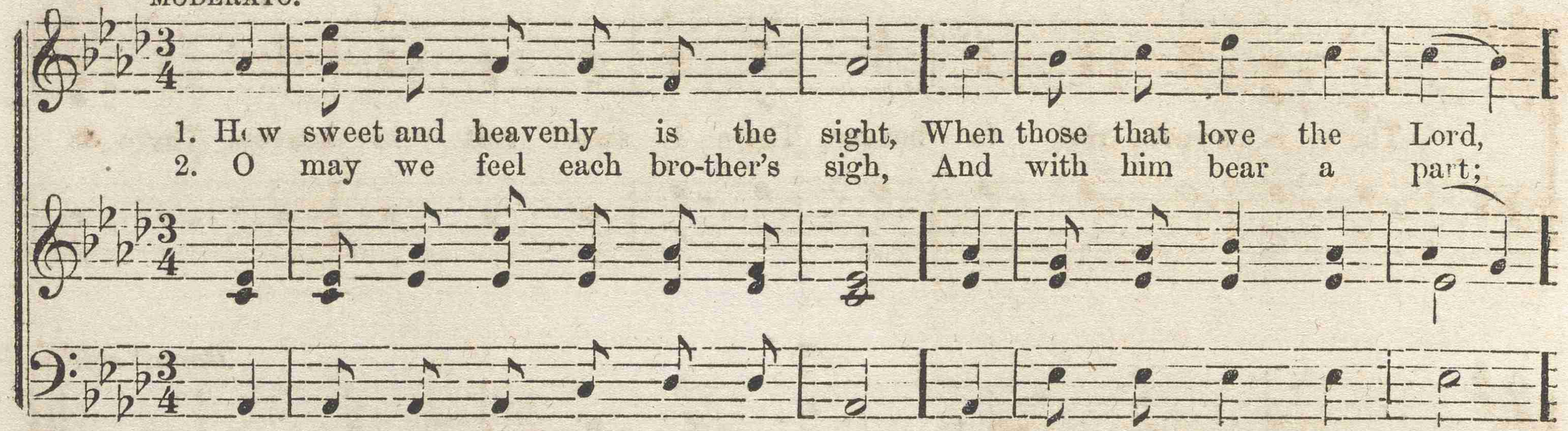
4. And Jesus will be with us
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction,
He is "present help" to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
"He will give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest."
There is sweet rest, etc.

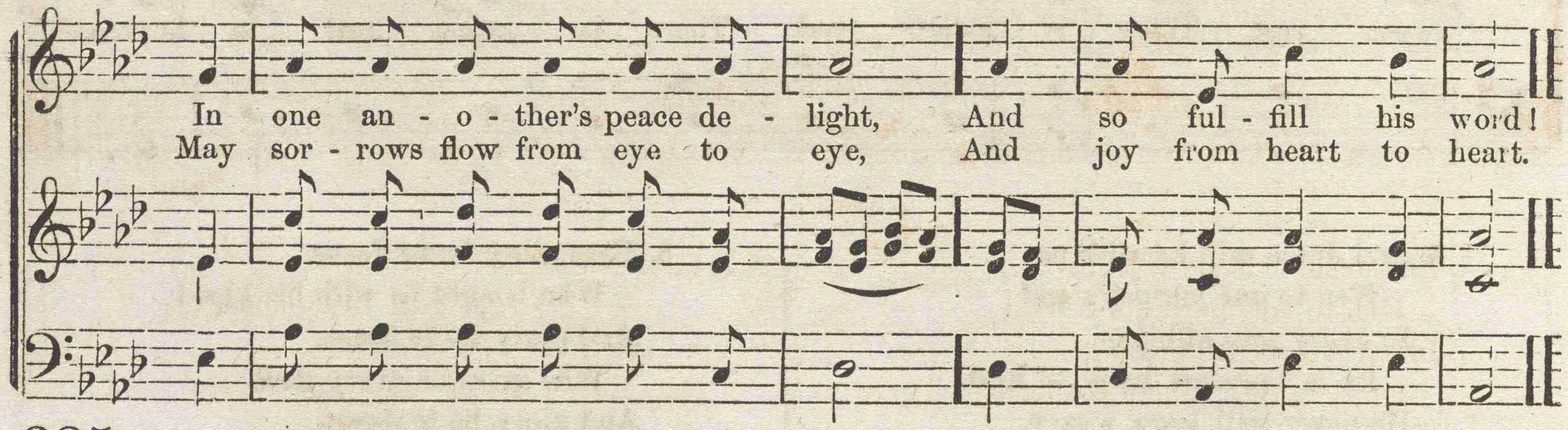
5. Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good.
And glory be to Jesus,
Who will keep us to the end,
All glory be to Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend.
There is sweet rest, etc.

WIRTH. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

MODERATO.





285

Brotherly Love.

3. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.

4. Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

286 C. M.

There's nothing sweeter.

1. THERE'S nothing sweeter than the thought,
That I may see the Lord,
If I but seek him as I ought
And love his works and word.

2. I'd rather be the least of them
That are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

3. Once in his arms the Saviour took
Young children, just like me,
And blessed them with a voice and look,
As kind as kind could be.

4. I'd rather be the least of them
That shar'd that look and tone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

5. And though to heaven the Lord hath gone,
And seems so far away,
He hath a smile for every one
That doth his voice obey.

6. I'd rather be the least of them
That he will bless and own,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

287 C. M.

"Full of Boys and Girls."

1. A PROPHET of the olden time,
Saw in the coming years,
A sight within Jerusalem,
Which calmed his rising fears.

2. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Her ways that mourned so long—
He saw them filled with boys and girls—
A playful, happy throng.

3. So may we see, with eye of faith,
Jerusalem above:
And hear the song that children sing,
In the thronged streets thereof.

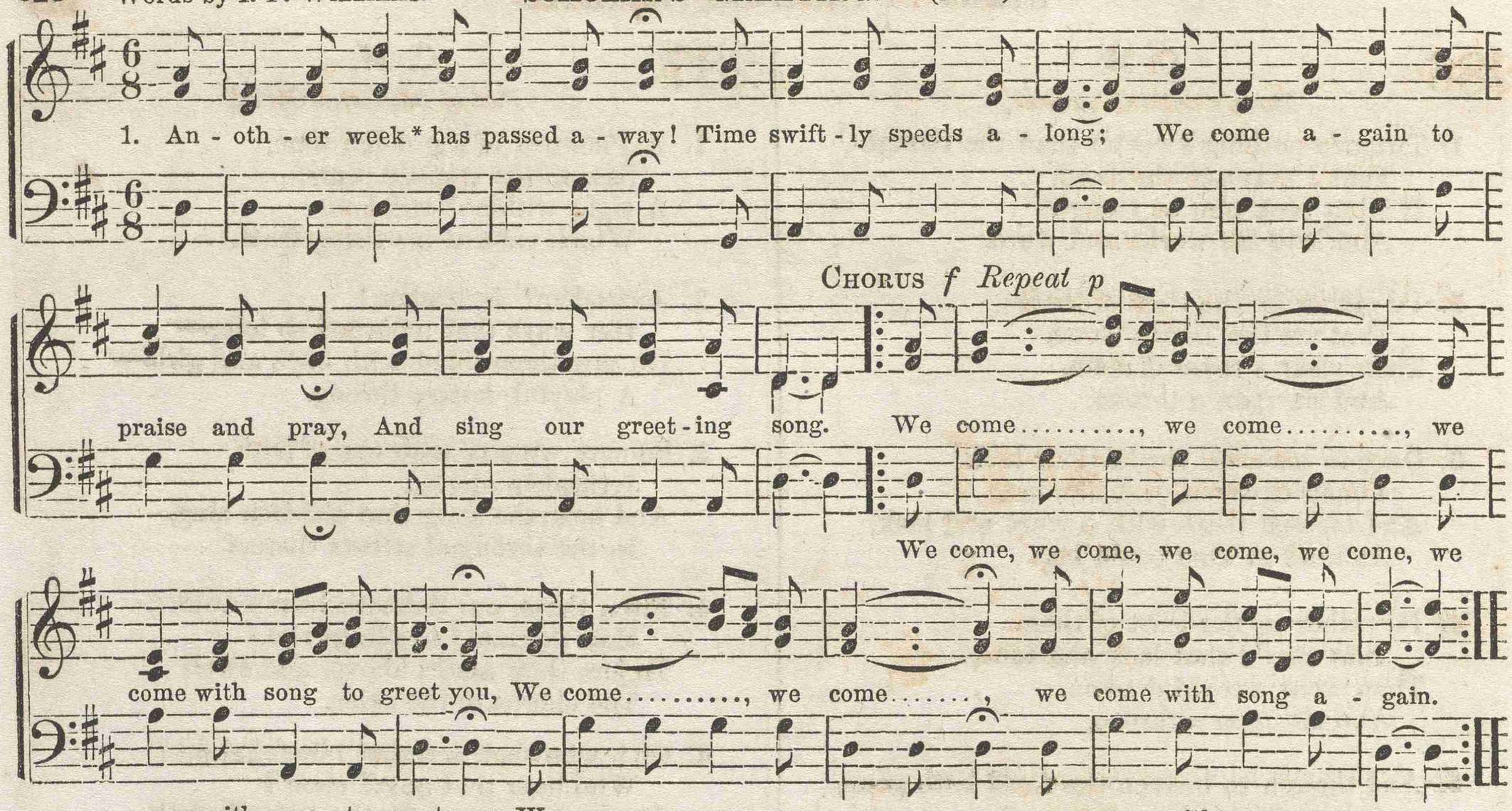
4. From these, our Sabbath homes below,
May thousand nestlings rise,
To join their mates above, and swell
The chorus of the skies.

4. Oh! who shall see that blissful sight?
Who hear that angel choir?
One hour were worth the toils of earth,
Of which we often tire.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

218 Words by I. P. WILLIAMS. **SCHOLAR'S GREETING.** (New.)



288

2. We come the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to Heaven above.

3. We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of Heaven,
With voices loud and clear.

4. We'll sing of many a happy hour
We've passed in Sunday school,
Where truth, like summer's genial showers,
Extends its gracious rule.

5. Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing,
A general song of grateful praise,
To Heaven's eternal King.

* *Month, year, or day, may be substituted.*



290 *The Sabbath Bell.*

1. PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell—
In the light, in the light:
Seeming much of joy to tell—
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far—
In the light, in the light:
Breathes where angel-spirits are—
In the light of God.
Cho. Let us walk in the light—
In the light, in the light, &c.

2. Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
Cho. Let us walk, &c.

3. Yes, that bliss our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see:
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
Cho. Let us walk, &c.

Hy. 291 THE SCHOOL GATHERING. No. 1. (New.)

ALLEGRO. BOLD AND SPIRITED.

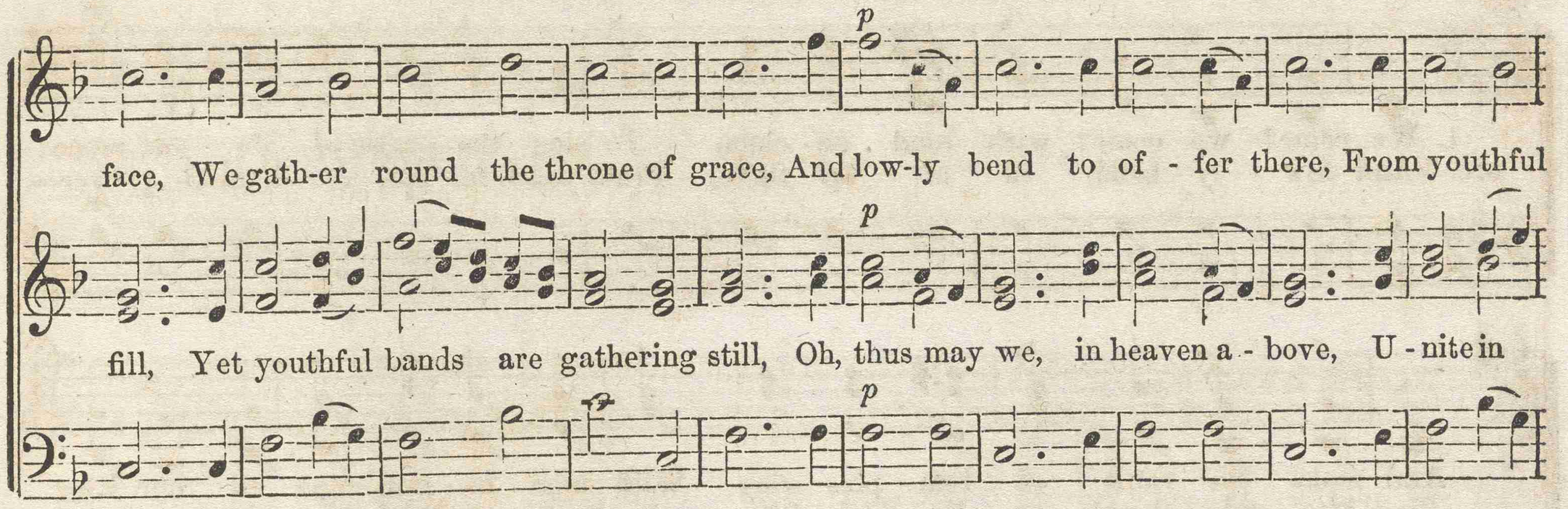
CHARLES SCHAPELREI.

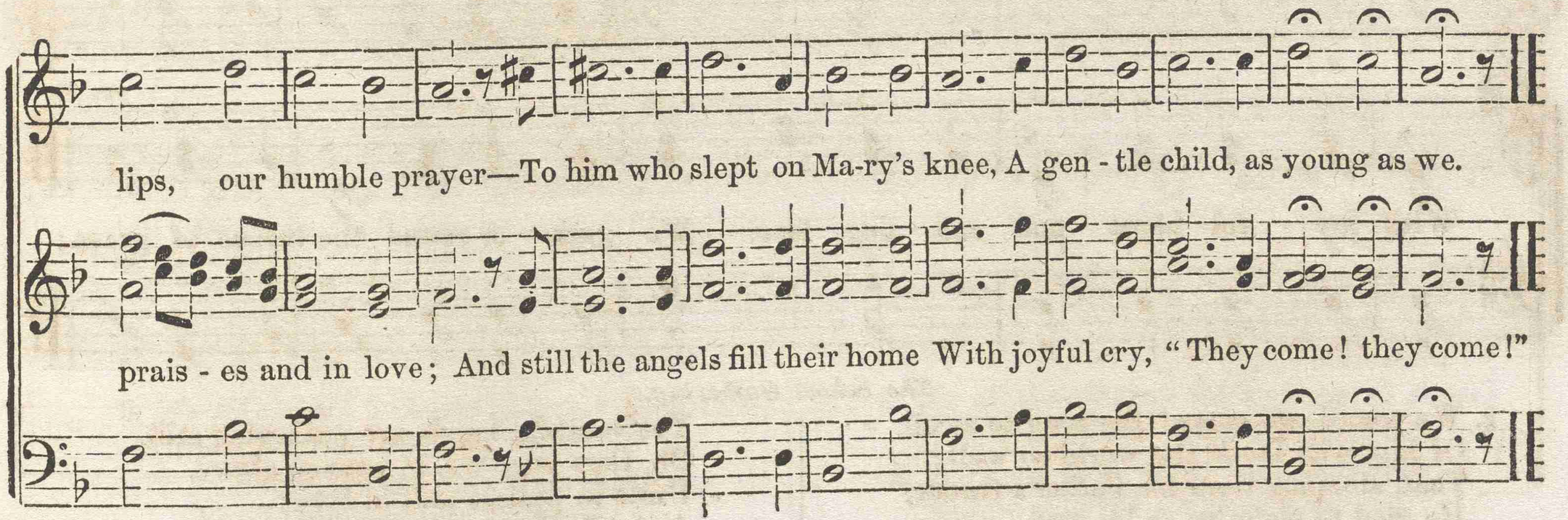
1. We come! we come! with loud ac-claim, To sing the praise of Je - sus' name; And make the

2. We come! we come! the song to swell, To him who loved the world so well; That, stoop-ing

vault - ed tem - ple ring With loud ho - sannas to our King. With joyful heart and smiling

from his Father's throne, He died to claim it as his own. With joy we haste the aisles to


p
face, We gath-er round the throne of grace, And low-ly bend to of - fer there, From youthful
p
fill, Yet youthful bands are gathering still, Oh, thus may we, in heaven a - bove, U - nite in
p


lips, our humble prayer—To him who slept on Ma-ry's knee, A gen - tle child, as young as we.
prais - es and in love; And still the angels fill their home With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

1. We come! we come! with loud ac - claim To sing the praise of Je - sus' name;
D. C.—And low - ly bend, to of - fer there, From youth-ful lips, our hum-ble prayer—

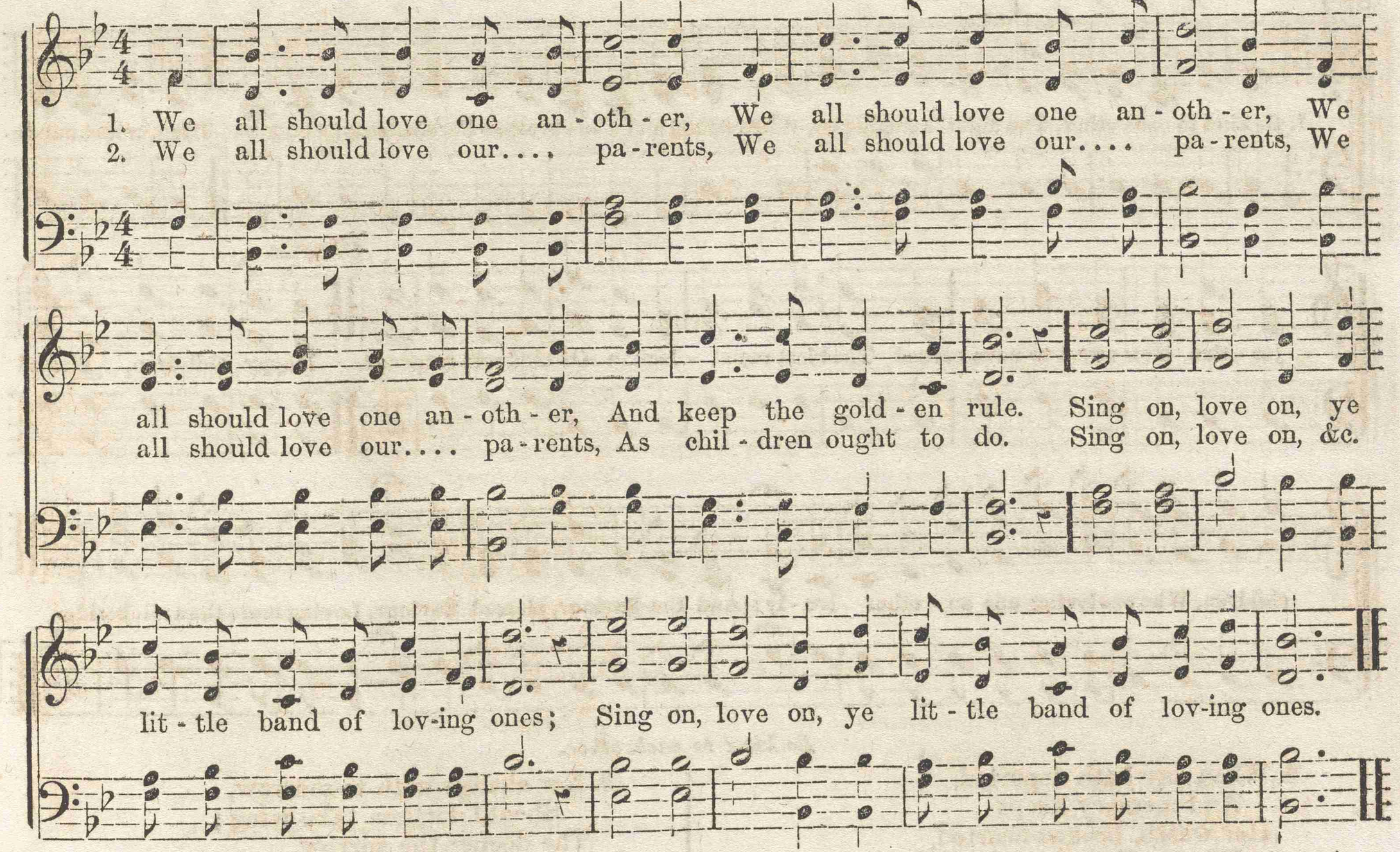
And make the vault - ed tem - ples ring With loud ho - san - nas to our King.
To him who slept on Ma - ry's knee, A gen - tle child, as young as we.

With joy - ful heart and smi - ling face, We gath - er round the throne of grace;

D. C.

The School Gathering.

2. We come! we come! the song to swell,
Of him who loved the world so well;
That, stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim us as his own.
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"



3. We all should love our sisters, (3 *times.*)
And love our brothers too.

4. We all should love the Bible, (3 *times.*)
Which tells us what to do.

5. We all should love the Saviour, (3 *times.*)
Who shed for us his blood.

6. We hope to go to heaven, (3 *times.*)
And sing the songs of love.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

1. Be kind to each other, The night 's coming on, When friend and when brother Perchance may be gone; Then, midst our de-

Chorus.

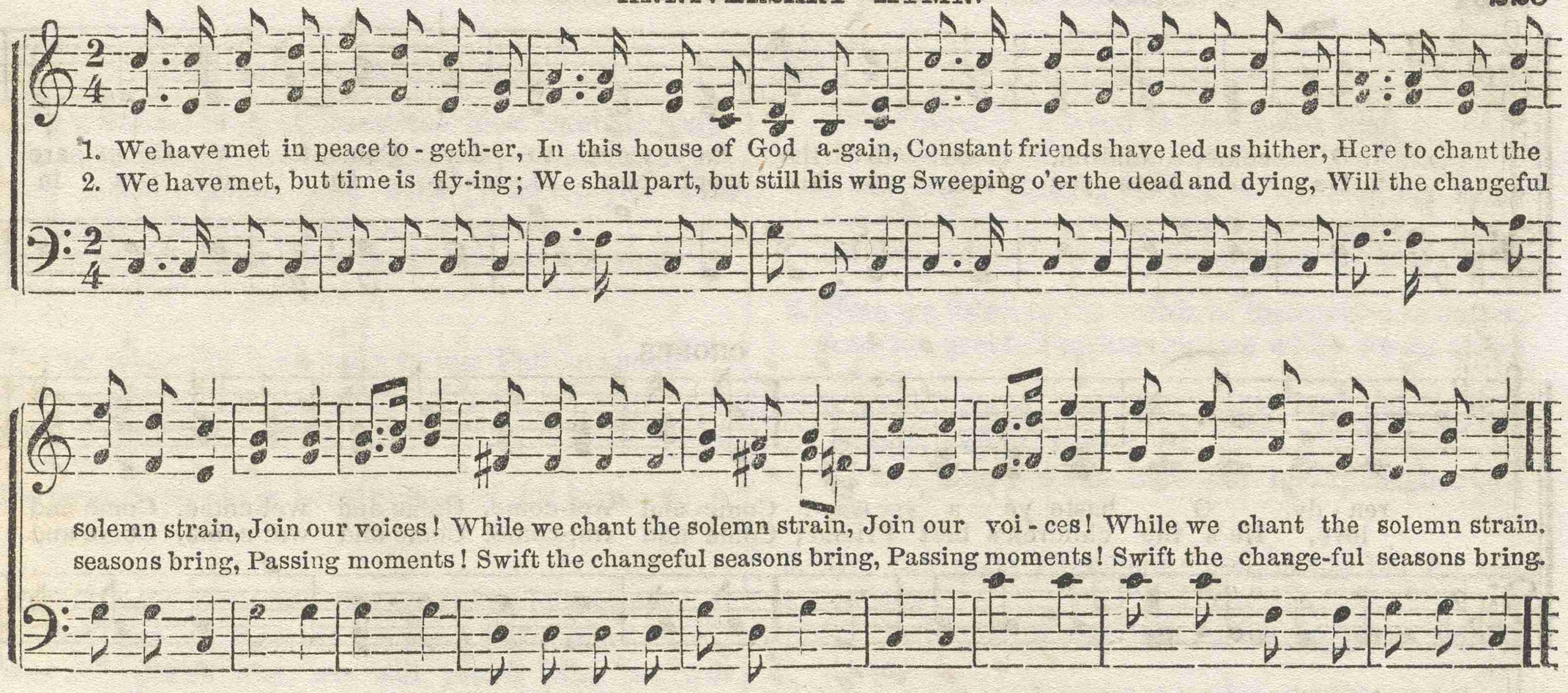
- - jec - tion, How sweet to have earned The blest rec-ol - lection Of kindness returned. Happy chil-dren, Blessed

children, Who are loving one an - other tru - ly; And the Saviour, blessed Saviour, Loving more than all beside.

Be kind to each other.

2. When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all the loved sleep,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,
Let trifles prevail not
'Gainst those whom you love.
Chorus.—Happy children, &c.

3. Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
The deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Be kind to each other!
The night 's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
Chorus.—Happy children, &c.



294

Anniversary Hymn.

3. 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 tears.
Gracious Saviour!
Thy rich grace will calm our fears,
Gracious Saviour!
Thy rich grace will calm our fears.

4. Then with glory never ending,
We our Saviour's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
Little children, come to me.
Precious saying!
Little children, come to me,
Precious saying!
Little children, come to me.

Hy. 295 COME AND WELCOME.

1. O come, children, come to the Sa - viour to - day: Come, for all things are
2. He in - vites you come, to his words now at - tend: He calls you in

CHORUS.

rea - dy, O haste ye a - way: Come and wel-come, Come and wel-come, Come and
love, He's the children's best Friend; Come and wel-come, Come and wel-come, Come and

welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Come and welcome to Je - sus, nor longer de - lay.
welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Come and welcome to Je - sus, the children's kind Friend.

3. He died that the souls of the children might live:
He lives now in glory, their prayers to receive:
Come and welcome, Come and welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, repent and believe.

4. The Spirit says, "Come," his gentle voice hear:
To-day pray for pardon while Jesus is near:
Come and welcome, Come and welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, while he is so near.

296

Pleasures of the Sabbath School.

1. WE welcome with gladness the blest Sabbath Day,
We meet here with pleasure to praise and to pray;
Yes, with pleasure, yes, with pleasure, yes, with pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, pleasure,
We meet here with pleasure to sing and to pray.

2. Let us wake the glad song to our Father above,
Who permits us again here to sing of his love;
Ever loving, ever loving, ever loving, loving, loving, loving,
He permits us again here to sing of his love.

3. How dear is this place and this hour of prayer;
When Jesus we meet, O 'tis good to be there;
We will praise him, we will praise him, we will praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,
We will praise him whose presence has oft blest us here.

4. Soon will end here below all our prayers and our songs,
Soon the greetings and farewells will cease from our tongues;
Then in glory, then in glory, then in glory, glory, glory, glory,
Then in glory forever we'll renew the glad strains.

297

The Good Shepherd.

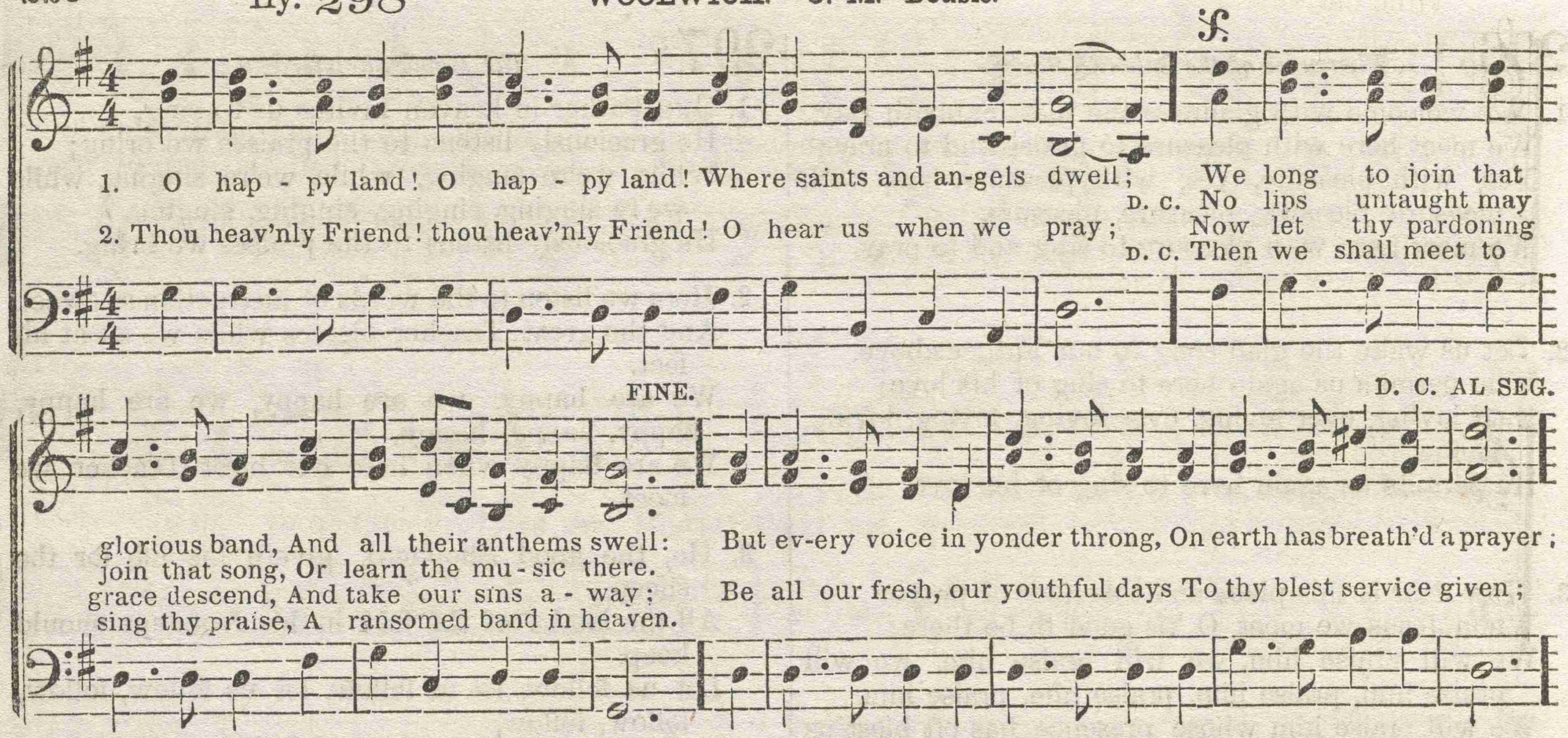
1. OUR Father in heaven invites us to sing,
He graciously listens to the praises we bring;
While we're singing, while we're singing, while we're singing, singing, singing, singing,
He graciously listens to the praises we bring.

2. Here we listen to the words of instruction so sweet,
And the great Teacher blesses while we sit at his feet.
We are happy, we are happy, we are happy, happy, happy, happy,
We are happy when here our blest Teacher we meet.

3. He, the good Shepherd, giveth his life for the sheep,
All the lambs of the fold in his footsteps should keep.
Let us follow, let us follow, let us follow, follow, follow, follow,
Let us follow the Shepherd who died for his sheep.

4. Ah! how many are they who have not heard his name:
We will tell them to come, for to save them he came.
We will hasten, we will hasten, we will hasten, hasten, hasten, hasten,
We will hasten to teach them our dear Saviour's name.

223 Hy. 298 WOOLWICH. C. M. Double.



299

MY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. My Sunday school! my Sunday school!
I love the hallow'd spot;
Amid my trifles and my play
Thou shalt not be forgot:
Though idle, wicked children, spurn
Its counsels and its care,
Yet still my willing feet shall turn
To seek instruction there.

2. My Sunday school! my Sunday school!
How pleasant is the place—
Where in God's holy book I learn
The love of Christ to trace:
The words that fell from Jesus' tongue,
His cure of blind and dumb;
And how the Saviour loved the young,
And bade the children come!

3. My Sunday school! my Sunday school!
O may I so improve,
That my amendment may repay
My teacher's care and love:
May all the lessons taught me there
Be graven on my heart,
That I, O Lord, thy name may fear,
Nor from thy ways depart!

FULL CHORUS.

{ Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful be our num-bers, Burst-ing forth the soul - en-livening lay, }
{ Swell the strain to mu-sic's sweetest murmurs, Ev - ery heart now hail this hap-py day, }

FINE.

Burst - ing forth the soul - en-livening lay, Hail! O hail! this hap-py, hap-py day.

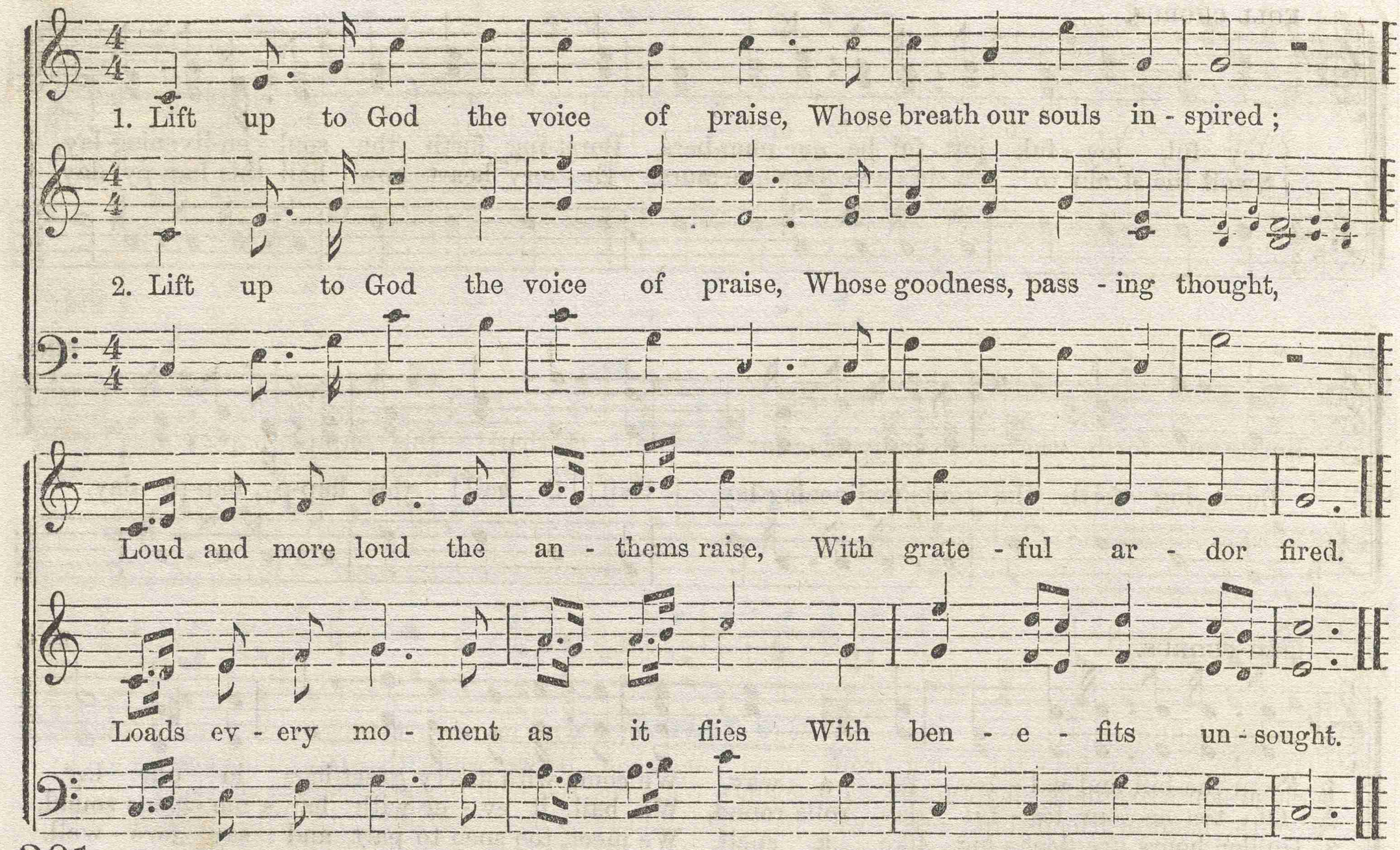
D. C.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. From the hill and val - ley, far a - way, We come with merry greet-ings in our lay.
2. Of - ten as our fes - tal day rolls round, We hail it ev - er with har - mo - nious sound.
3. Golden hours are fleet - ing, like a spell, We meet, too soon to part and say fare - well.
4. Give the hand of friend-ship, ere we part, May heav-en now em-balm it in each heart.

WARDLAW. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

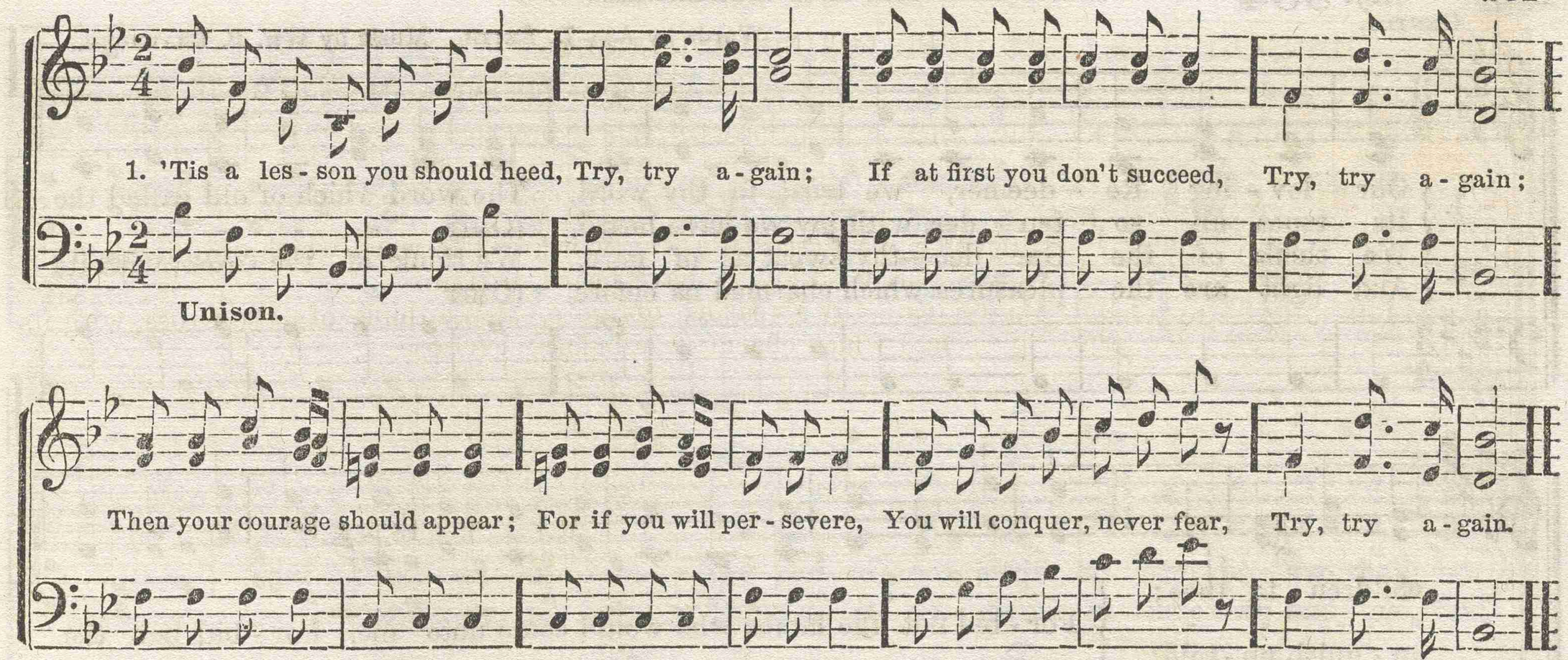


301

Praise to God.

3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.



302 *Try again.*

2. Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try again,

3. If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try again.

303 *Love for Sion.*

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

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

3. For his wondrous dying love,
Sing, sing his praise;
That he intercedes above,
Sing, sing his praise;
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel choirs on high,
Sing, sing his praise.

OUR LOVING REDEEMER.

GENTLY.

Words by ASA D. SMITH. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Our lov - ing Re - deemer, we trust in thy word, The word which of old called the children to thee;
Its tones, all so ten - der, with joy we have heard, (OMIT - - - - - - - - - - an - guish un - told;

2. We think of the Gar - den—thy sweat as of gore, We think of the Cross, with its
And light are the pleasures which charmed us before, (OMIT - - - - - - - - - -



Hy. 304 *Our loving Redeemer.*

3 Our sins, tho' as scarlet, they all shall be clean,
Washed white in thy blood, as the beautiful snow;
The robe of thy righteousness on us be seen,
The joy of forgiveness our young hearts shall know.
We come, oh, &c.
Our peace, like a river, unbroken shall flow.

4 When life is all over, we hope then above,
Where cometh no terror, where falleth no tear,
To sing in sweet numbers thy wonderful love,
With all who in childhood have followed thee here.
We come, oh, &c.
In the glory of heaven at last to appear.

234 ANDANTE. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



305

1.

To thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

2.

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

3.

Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4.

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

306

Closing Hymn.

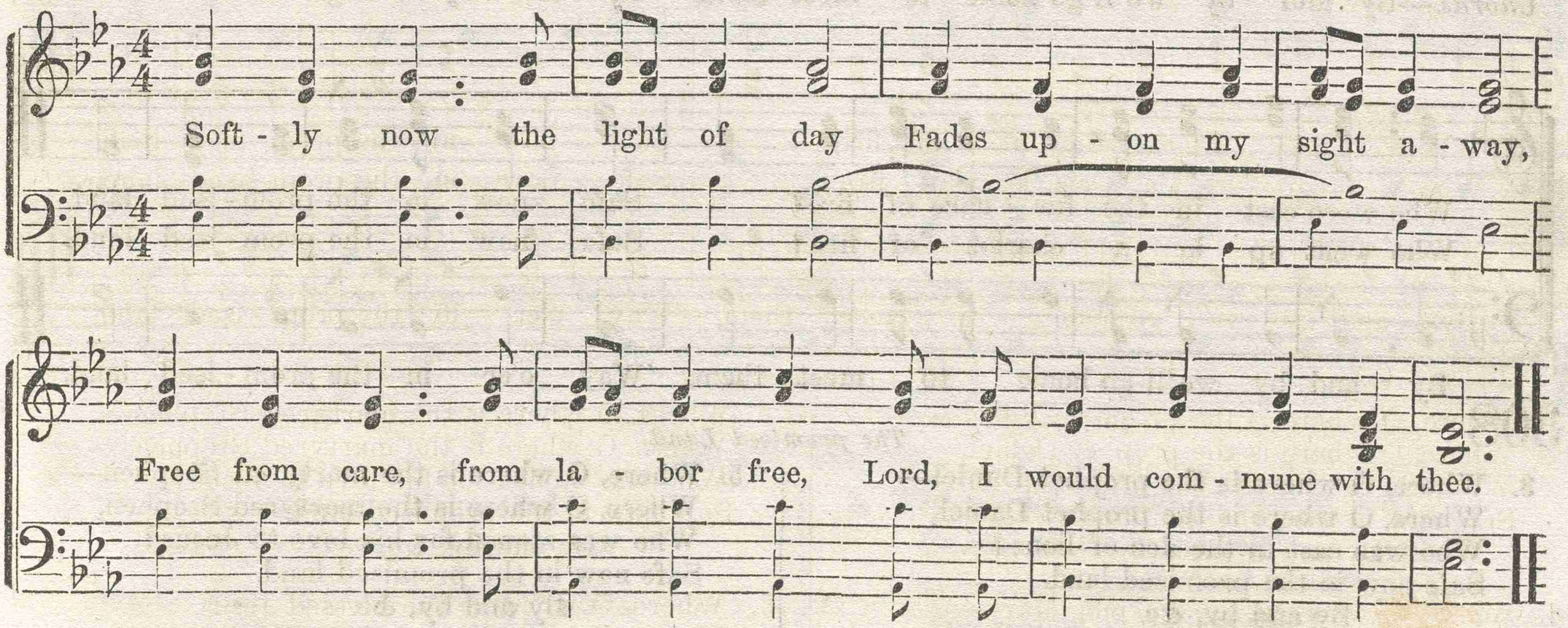
1. Brothers, sisters, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2. Tho' we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3. Now to him, who reigns in heaven,
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine.

307

Slow and Soft. SISTERS. 7s.



1. Softly now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away,
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Spirited.

SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. Where, O where, are the He - brew children— Where, O where, are the Hebrew children,
2. Where, O where, is the good E - li jah, Where, O where, is the good E - li - jah,

Chorus.—By and by we'll go home to meet them, By and by we'll go home to meet them,

Who were cast in the fur - nace of fire? Safe now in the prom - ised land.
Who went up in a chariot of fire? Safe now in the prom - ised land.

By and by we'll go home to meet them, 'Way o'er in the prom - ised land.

The promised Land.

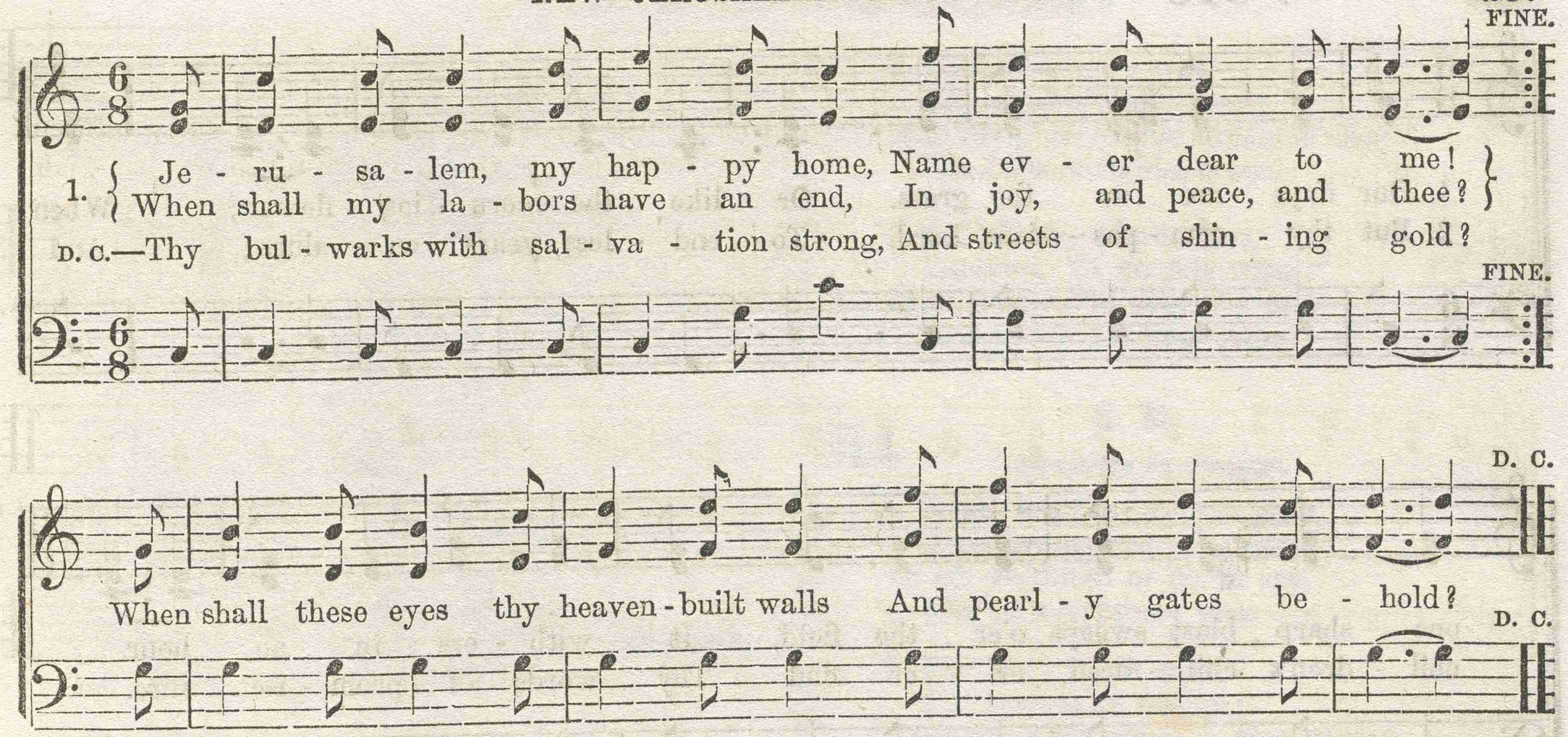
3. Where, O where is the prophet Daniel—
Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,
Who was cast in the den of lions?
Safe now in the promised land.
By and by, &c.

4. Where, O where is the weeping Mary—
Where, O where is the weeping Mary,
Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?
Safe now in the promised land.
By and by, &c.

5. Where, O where is the martyred Stephen—
Where, O where is the martyred Stephen,
Who was stoned for his love to Jesus?
Safe now in the promised land.
By and by, &c.

6. Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
Who was pierced on the mount of Calvary?
Safe now in the promised land.
By and by, &c.

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M. Double.



309

The New Jerusalem.

2. Oh! when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day!
Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joy shall see.



311

THE FLOWERS ALONG YOUR PATH.

1. The flowers along your path,
The sparkling drops of dew,
Dear children, have a gentle voice,
And often speak to you.

2. They speak his praises forth,
Who gave them power to shine,
To bloom upon the lovely earth,
And show his hand divine.

3. And, with united voice,
They sing this song to you;—
"Be pious, little girls and boys,
And praise your Maker too."

312 S. M.

The Time to Part.

1. THE time to part has come;
The hour of teaching 's o'er.
May each some blessing carry home,
Worth more than earthly store.

2. May we, who taught thy word,
Its saving value know;
And in the heavenly wisdom, Lord,
With steady progress, grow.

3. May we, who heard the voice
Of kind instruction given,
Make godliness our only choice,
And seek the way to heaven.

4. So, through our future days,
We'll bless this hallowed place;
Where words of truth, and prayer, and praise,
Are means of saving grace.

313 S. M.

"*Come.*"

1. THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2. Let him that heareth, say,
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3. Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come;
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, help us to obey thy call,
And at thy bidding, come!

314 S. M.

Sincerity in Prayer.

1. LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2. Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4. Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

TRIPLE CHANT No. 1. Gloria in Excelsis.

FIRST PART. SECOND PART.



THIRD PART.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy great — | glory.

To the Second Part.

3. O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son..of the | Fa- — | ther!

To the Third Part.

5. That takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.
6. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us.
7. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, ‖ Re- | ceive our | prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy up- | on— | us.

To the First Part.

9. For thou only | art — | holy, ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory..of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

SINGLE CHANT No. 2. (Peculiar.)



PSALM 23.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters.

2. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake; ‖ yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.

3. Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup..runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for- | ev- — | er. ‖ A- | men.



HUMBLE DEVOTION.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O | Father, | hear it;—
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear and | meekness;
For- | give its | weakness.

2. We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour be- | fore thee:
What can we offer thee, O | thou most | holy!
But | sin and | folly!

3. We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;—
We hear thy voice—it | counsels, . . . and it | courts us;
And then we turn away!—yet | still thy | kindness
For- | gives our | blindness.

4. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?—
O, who can hear the accents | of thy | mercy,
And | never | love thee!

5. Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness, ‖ and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty | bright and | vernal,—
And | spring e- | ternal.

6. Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and | seraphs...are the | wardens;—
Where every flower—brought safe through | death's dark | portal—
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

CHANT No. 4. "Holy, holy, Lord."



Rev. 4: 8 & 11, *and* 5, 10 & 13.

1. Holy, holy, holy, | Lord..God Al- | mighty, ‖ which was, and | is, and | is to | come.

2. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor..and | power; ‖ for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.

3. Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, ‖ to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength; and | honor,..and | glory,..and | blessing.

4. Blessing, and honor, and | glory..and | power, ‖ be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for- | ever..and ever. ‖ Amen.

CHANT No. 5. "The Mercy of the Lord." TALLIS.



FOR CHILDREN.

Psalm 103 : 17, 18.

1. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them them that fear him, and his right-eousness unto | children's | children :
2. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his com- | mandments to | do | them.

Mark 10 : 14.

1. Suffer little children to come unto me, and for- | bid them | not:
2. For of | such. .is the | kingdom. .of | heaven.

Isaiah 44 : 3, 4.

1. I will put my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing up- | on thine | offspring :
2. And they shall spring up as among the grass, as | willows. .by the | water- | course.

Isaiah 40 ; 11.

1. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ; He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them | in his | bosom,
2. And shall gently lead | those that | are with | young.

Acts 2 : 30.

1. For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children ;
2. And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

FOR BAPTISMS.

Mat. 28 : 19, 20.

1. Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the | Holy | Ghost:
2. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you ; and lo, I am with you alway, | even. .to the | end. .of the | world. ‖ A- | men.

INVITATIONS.

Mat. 11 : 28.

1. Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden.
2. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and | I will | give you | rest.
3. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly..in | heart;
4. And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
5. For my yoke is easy, and my | burden..is | light,
6. For my yoke is | easy,..and my | burden..is | light.

Psalm 51 : 17.

1. The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit.
2. A broken and a contrite heart, O | God, thou | wilt not..de- | spise.

Rev. 22: 17.

1. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that | heareth..say, | Come;
2. And let him that is athirst, come, and whosoever will, let him take the | water of | life — | freely. ‖
   A- | men.

CHANT No. 6. "Our Father." Gregorian.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖
   Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth,..as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
   And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres-..pass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
   For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

CHANT, No. 7. "Thy will be done."



"THY WILL BE DONE."

1. "Thy will be | done!" | In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2. "Thy will be | done!" ‖ if o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done."

3. "Thy will be | done!" ‖ though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

Close by repeating to the first two measures, "Thy will be done."

CHANT, No. 8. "Come to me." W. B. B.



"COME UNTO ME."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."

3. It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me."

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."

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

5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me, from above!
And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."

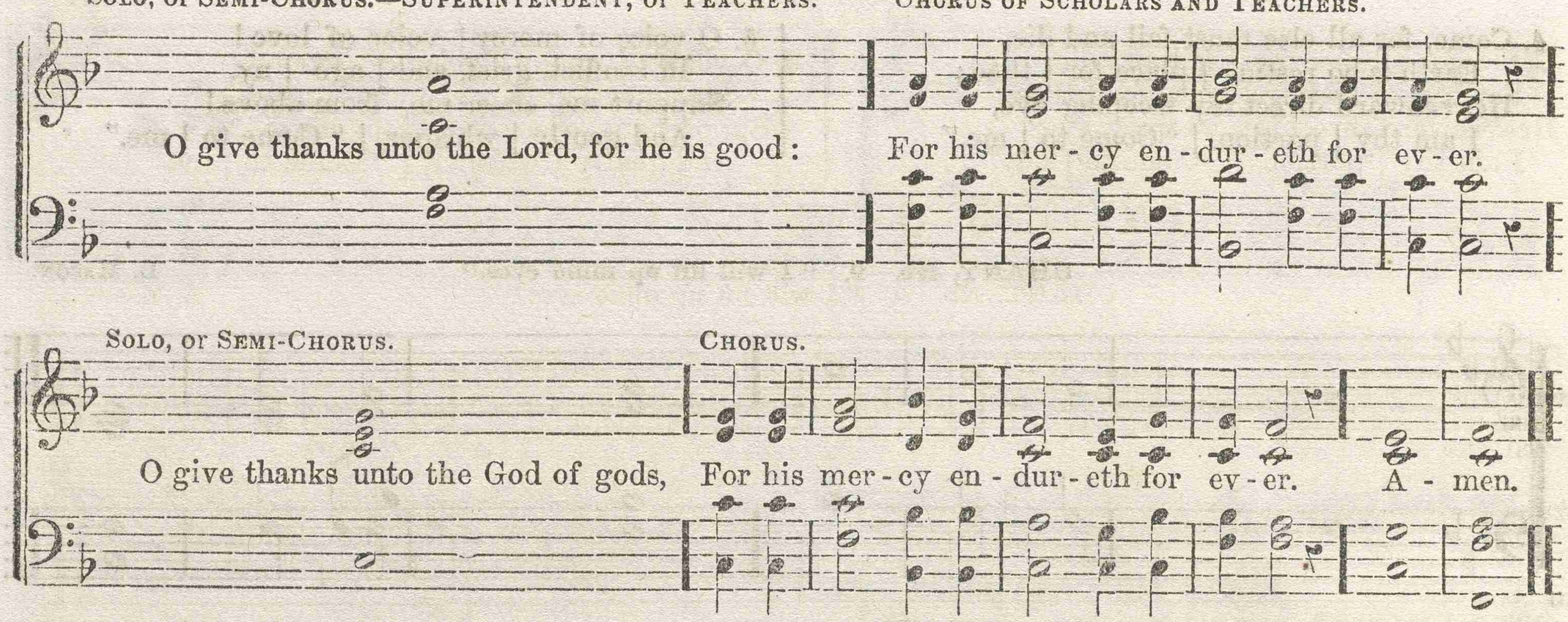
CHANT, No. 9. "I will lift up mine eyes." L. MASON.



Psalm 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh..my | help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven..and | earth. ‖
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall not | slumber..nor | sleep. |
5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night. ‖
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. | A— | men.

CHANT, No. 10. "O give thanks."



Psalm 136.

1.	O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
2.	Give thanks unto the God of gods;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
3.	O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
4.	To him who alone doeth great wonders;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
5.	To him that by wisdom made the heavens;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
6.	To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
7.	To him that made great lights;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
8.	The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
9.	Who remembered us in our low estate;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
10.	And hath redeemed us from our enemies;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
11.	Who giveth food to all flesh;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.
12.	O give thanks unto the the God of heaven;	*Cho.* For his mercy endureth for ever.

Amen.

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