

Number 2.

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# ANNIVERSARY

## HYMNS AND MUSIC.

NUMBER TWO.

### CONTENTS:

- |                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 The Lamb that was Slain        | 11 Take My Heart         |
| 3 Children Called to Christ      | 12 The Sabbath-School    |
| 4 I Want to be Like Jesus        | 13 Joyfully. Joyfully!   |
| 5 Happy Day                      | 14 Oh, How He Loves!     |
| 6 Come and Sing                  | 15 Come, and Welcome     |
| 7 The Golden Rule                | 16 The Children's Friend |
| 8 Sunday-School Army             | 17 Come, Children, Come  |
| 9 How Sweet is the Sabbath to Me | 18 Remember Me           |
| 10 The Saviour's Call            | 19 Will You Go?          |

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# THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

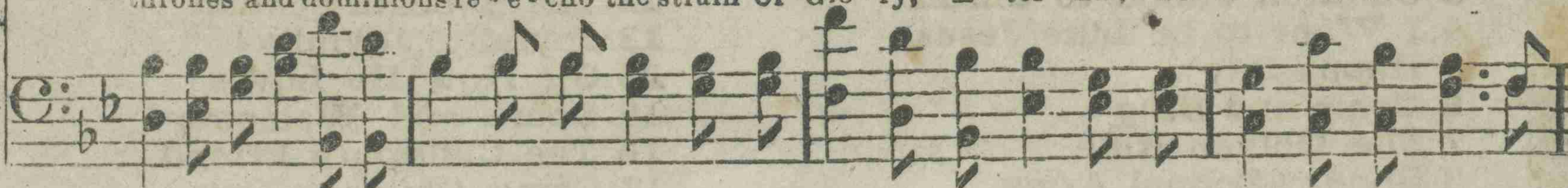
Maestoso.



1 In the far better land of glo - ry and light The ransom'd are singing in garments of white, The  
2 Like the sound of the sea swells their Chorus of praise Round the star-circled crown of the ancient of days, And



harpers are harping; and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption—The Lamb that was slain. The  
thrones and dominions re - e - cho the strain Of Glo - ry, E - ter - nal, To Him that was slain. To



Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain. The Lamb the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain.  
Him, to Him, to Him that was slain. To Him, to Him, to Him that was slain.



Dear Saviour may we with our voices so faint  
Sing the Chorus celestial with angel and saint?  
Yes! Yes! we will sing and thine ear we will gain  
With the song of Redemption—The Lamb that was slain.

Now children and teachers and friends all unite  
In a loud Hallelujah with the ransom'd in light;  
To Jesus, we'll sing that melodious strain,  
The song of Redemption—The Lamb that was slain.

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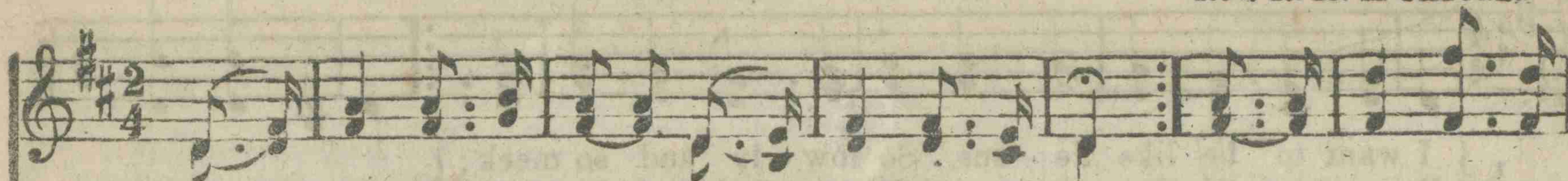
Samuel B. Cook



# CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

Rev. R. M. M'CHESNEY.

3



1. { Like mist on the mountain Like ships on the sea, } In the grave of our  
 So swift-ly the years Of our pil-grimage flee;  
 2. { How sweet are the flow'rets, In A - pril and May! }  
 But of - ten the frost makes Them wither a - way } Like flowers you may



fathers How soon we shall lie! Dear chil-dren, to day To the Sa - vour fly.  
 fade; Are you rea-dy to die! While "yet there is room" To a Sa - vour fly.



3.  
 When Samuel was young,  
 He first knew the Lord;  
 He slept in his smile,  
 And rejoiced in his word;  
 So most of God's children  
 Are early brought nigh:  
 Oh seek him in youth—  
 To a Saviour fly.

4.  
 Do you ask me for pleasure!  
 Then lean on his breast,  
 For there the sin laden  
 And weary find rest.  
 In the valley of death  
 You will triumphing cry  
 "If this be called dying,  
 'Tis pleasant to die."

3688

8 3 7

MSL



# "I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS."



1. { I want to be like Je - sus, So low - ly and so meek; }  
 { For no one marked an angry word That ev - er heard him speak. } I want to be like



Je - sus, So fre - quent - ly in prayer; A - lone upon the mountain - top He met his Father there.



2.  
 I want to be like Jesus;  
 I never, never find  
 That he, though persecuted, was  
 To any one unkind.  
 I want to be like Jesus,  
 Engaged in doing good,  
 So that of me it may be said,  
 "She hath done what she could."

3.  
 I want to be like Jesus,  
 So lowly and so meek;  
 For no one marked an angry word  
 That ever heard him speak.  
 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,  
 As any one may see;  
 O gentle Saviour! send thy grace,  
 And make me like to thee.



# HAPPY DAY. L. M.

5

CHORUS.



1. { Preserved by thine Al-might-y power, O Lord, our Maker—Saviour—King, } Hap-py lay, hap-py  
 { And brought to see this happy hour, We come thy praises here to sing. } D. C. Hap-py day, hap-py



2. { We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given, } Hap-py day, hap-py  
 { Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins forgiven. } D. C. Hap-py day, hap-py



FINE.

End with 2d strain. S



day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins away.  
 day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.



day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins away.  
 day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.



3. We praise thee for the joyful news,  
 Of pardon through a Saviour's blood:  
 Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose  
 Te happiness and God.  
 Cho.—Happy day, &c.

4. And when on earth our days are done,  
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,  
 Teachers and scholars round thy throne,  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.  
 Cho.—Happy day, &c.



6 Moderately quick

# COME AND SING.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 Come, and sing with joy and gladness, El - e - vate your hearts in praise; Come, dismiss all  
2 Come, and sweetly tune your voices, Raise them to a lof - ty strain; Sing aloud, while  
3 Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure That they should not hold their peace, And his blessings



gloom and sadness, High your songs ex - ulting raise, With the an - gel choirs u - nit - ing,  
Heaven rejoices, Shout! for Je - sus comes to reign: Glo - ry! hear the an - gels crying,  
without measure, He bestow'd on such as these: Then to Heaven high ascending



Sing of Jesus' wondrous love; 'Tis a subject so delighting - Thrilling all the harps above.  
Glory to the Saviour's name; Shall not children, with them vieing Here on earth his praise proclaim?  
Shall our anthems quickly rise; With an - gelic voices blending Far above yon azure skies.



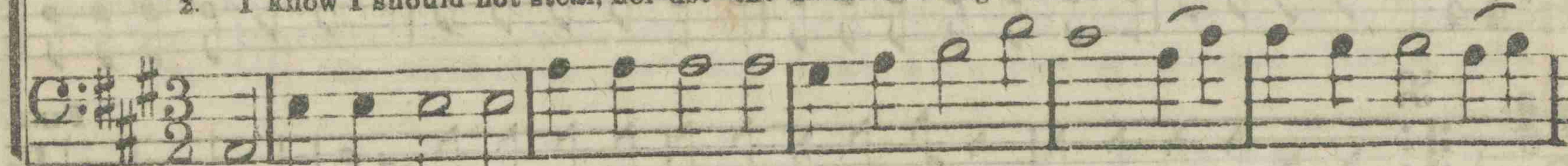


# THE GOLDEN RULE.

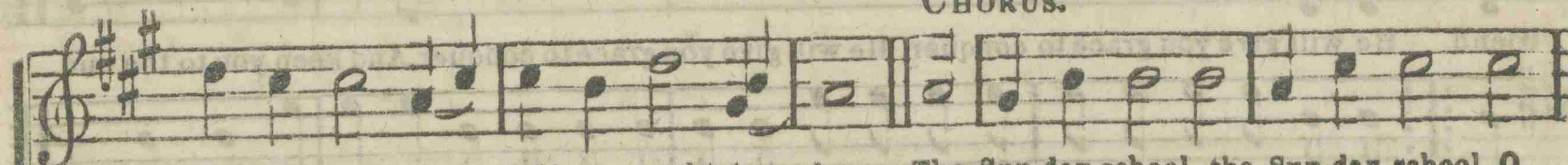
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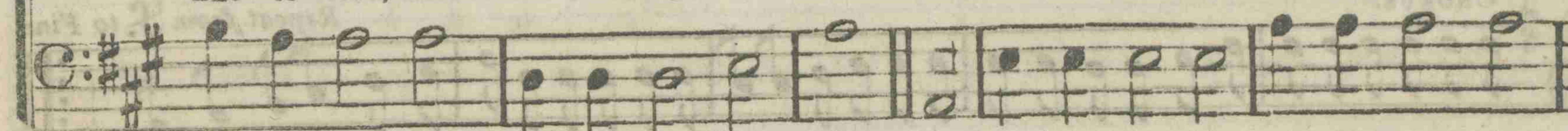
1. To do to others as I would that they should do to me; Will make me ho - nest,  
2. I know I should not steal, nor use the smallest thing I see; Which I should ne - ver



## CHORUS.



kind and good, As children ought to be. The Sun-day school, the Sun-day school, O  
like to lose, If it belonged to me. The Sun-day school, &c.



'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.



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, &c.

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, &c.



# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

1. O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your friend, O do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your

friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

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

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 hath vanquished sin.

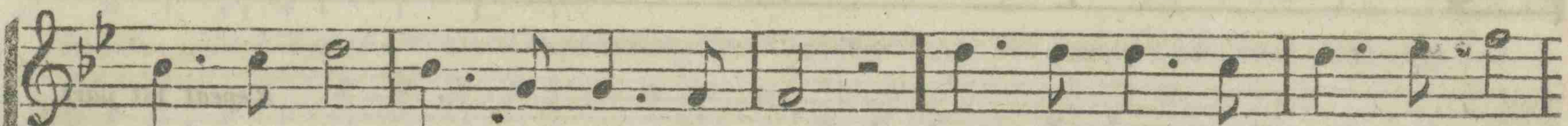
3. And when the conflict's over,  
Before him you shall stand,  
And when the conflict's over,  
Before him you shall stand:  
You shall sing his praise for e'er,  
You shall sing his praise for e'er,  
In Canaan's happy land.



## THE SAVIOUR'S CALL



1. Rouse ye at the Saviour's call! Children, rouse ye one and all; Wake, or soon your
2. Heard ye not the Saviour cry? "Turn, O turn, why will you die!" And in keenest
3. By the Saviour's bleeding love, By the joys of heaven above, Let these words your



souls will fall, Fall in deep des - pair.      Woe to him who turns a - way.  
 ag - o - ny, Mourn too late your doom!      Haste, for time is rush - ing on!  
 spi - rits move; Quick to Je - sus fly!      Come, and save your souls from death,



Je - sus kind-ly calls to-day; Come, O children, while you may, Raise your souls in prayer.  
 Soon the fleeing hour is gone, The lifted ar-row flies a - non, To sink you in the tomb.  
 Haste! escape Je - hovah's wrath, Fly! for life's a fleeting breath, Soon, O soon you'll die.





# HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH. 8a.

9



1. { How sweet is the Sab-bath to me, The day when the Saviour a-rose; }  
 { 'Tis heav-en his beau-ties to see, And in his soft arms to re-pose; }  
 But if he will make me his child, I'll nev-er forsake him a-gain.

Repeat 1st part.



He knows I am weak and de-fil'd, My life is but emp-ty and vain;

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.

3.

I can not, I must not refuse,  
 His goodness has conquered my heart  
 The Lord for my portion I choose,  
 And bid all 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 re-po-



# TAKE MY HEART. 8s & 7s. Double.

11

FROM SACRED SONGS—by permission.



1. Take my heart, O Father! take it; Make and keep it all thine own: Let thy Spi - rit melt and  
And, as pass-ing years un-



2. Fa - ther, make it pure and low - ly, Peaceful, kind, and far from strife, Turning from the paths un-  
Ho - ly Spi - rit, take and



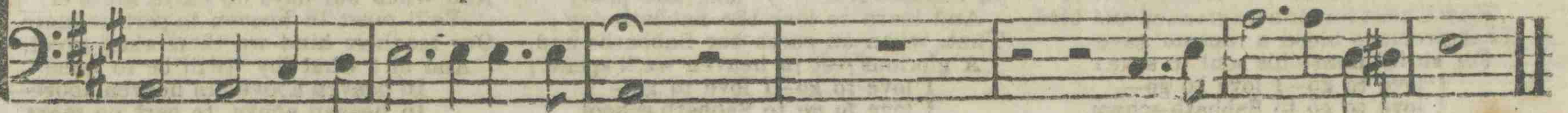
AL SEGNO.



break it; Turn to flesh this heart of stone. Heavenly Father, deign to mold it In obedience to thy will.  
fold it, Keep it meek and childlike still.



ho - ly Of this vain and sinful life. May the blood of Jesus heal it, And its sins be all forgiven  
seal it; Guide it in the path to heaven.



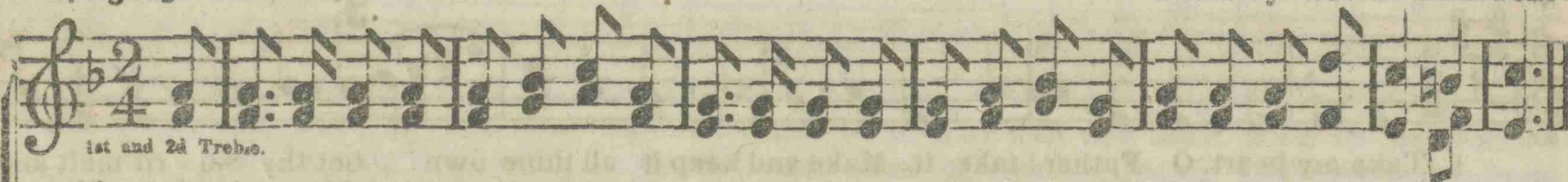
AL SEGNO.



## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*Sprightly.*

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



The Sabbath-school's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teachers there, I love to meet my teachers there:



They teach me there that every one May find, in heaven, a happy home—May find, in heaven, a happy home:



Boys.

All.

Boys.

All.



I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath-school. I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath-school.



In God's own book we're taught to read  
 How Christ for sinners groaned and bled;  
 That precious blood a ransom gave  
 For sinful man—his soul to save:  
 I love to go—I love to go—  
 I love to go to Sabbath-school.

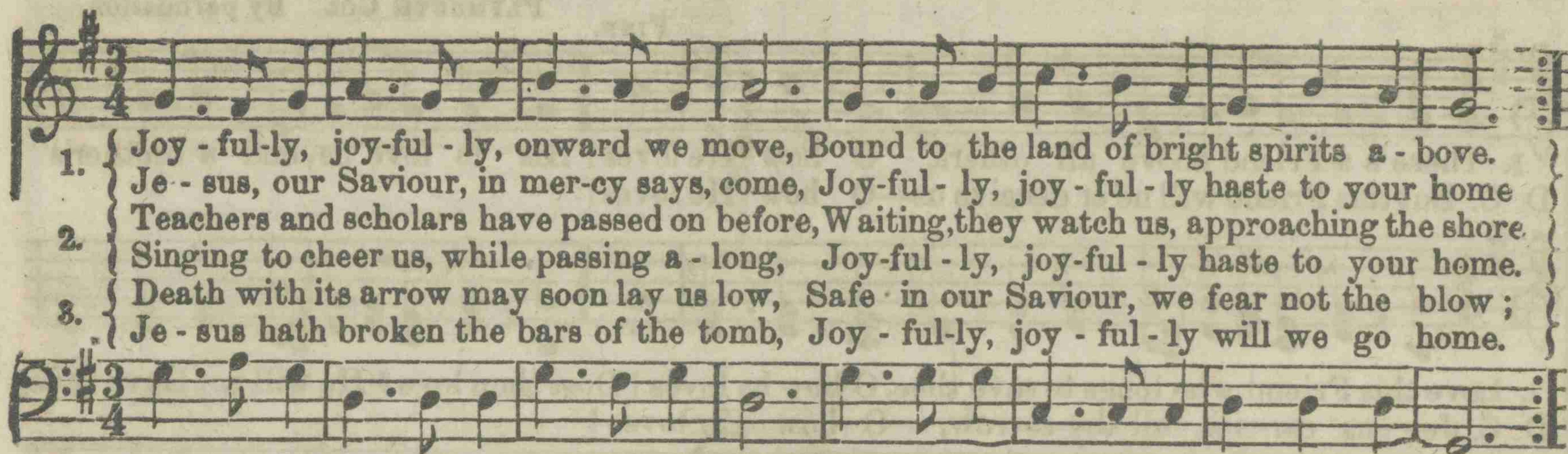
In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,  
 And learn to love the Sabbath-day;  
 That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,  
 A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend;  
 I love to go—I love to go—  
 I love to go to Sabbath-school.

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 'twill be to meet  
 In heaven above—in heaven above—  
 In heaven above, to part no more.

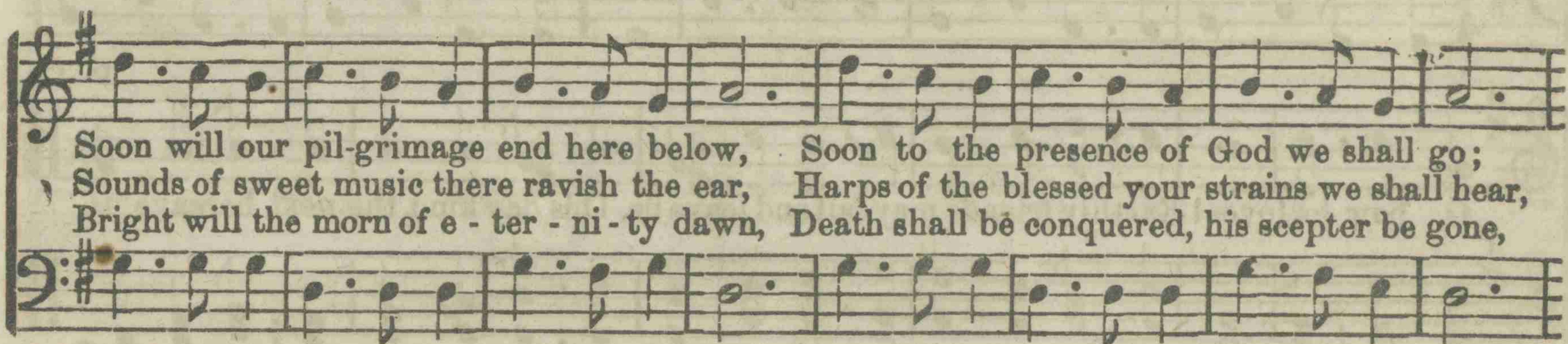


# JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!

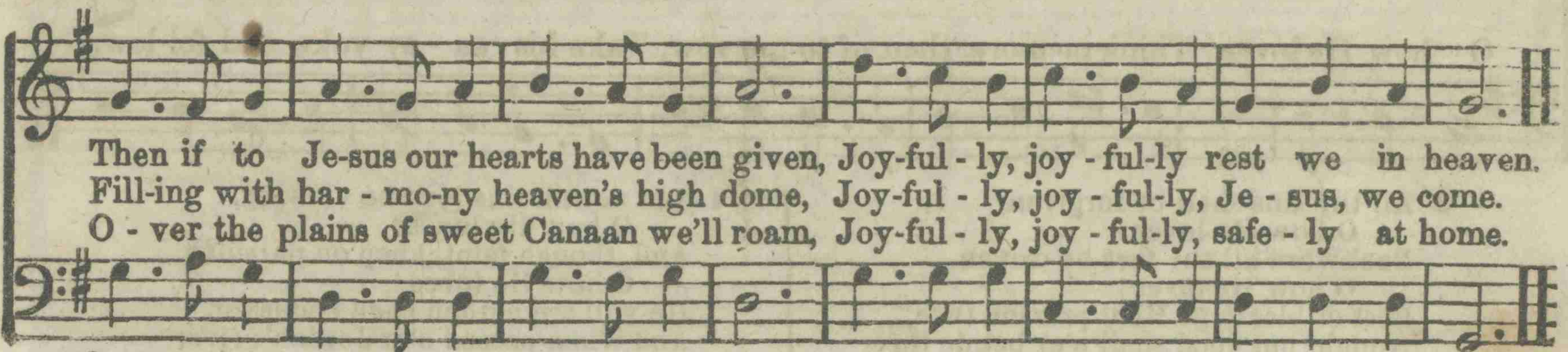
13



1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, onward we move, Bound to the land of bright spirits a - bove.  
 Je - sus, our Saviour, in mer - cy says, come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home  
 2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before, Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore.  
 Singing to cheer us, while passing a - long, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home.  
 3. Death with its arrow may soon lay us low, Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;  
 Je - sus hath broken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly will we go home.



Soon will our pil-grimage end here below, Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear, Harps of the blessed your strains we shall hear,  
 Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn, Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone,



Then if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.  
 Fill - ing with har - mo - ny heaven's high dome, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, Je - sus, we come.  
 O - ver the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.





1. There's a Friend above all others, O how He loves! His is love beyond a brother's  
D. C. But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—O how He loves!



2. Love this Friend who longs to save thee, O how he loves! Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,  
D. C. Je - sus car-ries all thy sorrow, O how He loves!



O how he loves! Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us,



O how He loves! Think no more, then, of to-morrow, Take his ea - sy yoke and fol-low,



3. All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
O how He loves!  
Backward all thy foes be driven,  
O 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,  
O how He loves!

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



# COME AND WELCOME.

15

DUETT.  
2d TREBLE.

FROM YOUNG REAPER.—H. G. B.



1. O come, children, come to the Saviour to-day : Come, for all things are ready, O haste ye a-way :
2. He invites you come, to his words now attend : He calls you in love—He's the children's best Friend :
3. He died that the souls of the children might live : He lives now in glory their prayers to receive :
4. The Spirit says, "Come," his gentle voice hear : To-day pray for pardon while Je-sus is near :

1st TREBLE.



CHORUS.



1. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,
2. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,
3. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome,
4. Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome.



- wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, nor lon - ger de lay.
- wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, the chil - dren's kind Friend.
- wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, re - pent and be - lieve.
- wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus while he is so near.







1. There is a friend we ought to love, More than all friends beside ;  
 His name is Je - sus—and his love For ev - er shall a-bide. }  
 2. There is a Word we ought to prize, More than all words beside ;  
 It tells how Je - sus from the skies Came down, and wept, and died. }

Come, children, then, for

Come, children, then, for



he lives, And praise from lit - tle ones re - ceives ; With lip and life we'll praise his name, And  
 no he lives, Sin - ners from eve - ry - land re - ceives ; Oh ! let us spread the tid - ings round, And



Boys.

Girls.

Boys.



not forget his laws again. What—not forget again ? No, not forget a - gain ! What—not forget a -  
 publish wide the joyful sound. What, spread the joyful sound ? Yes, spread the joyful sound ! What, spread the joyful



Girls.

ALL.



gain ? No, not forget a - gain ! With lip and life we'll praise his name, And not forget his laws again.  
 sound ? Yes, spread the joyful sound ! Oh ! let us spread the tidings round, And publish wide the joyful sound.





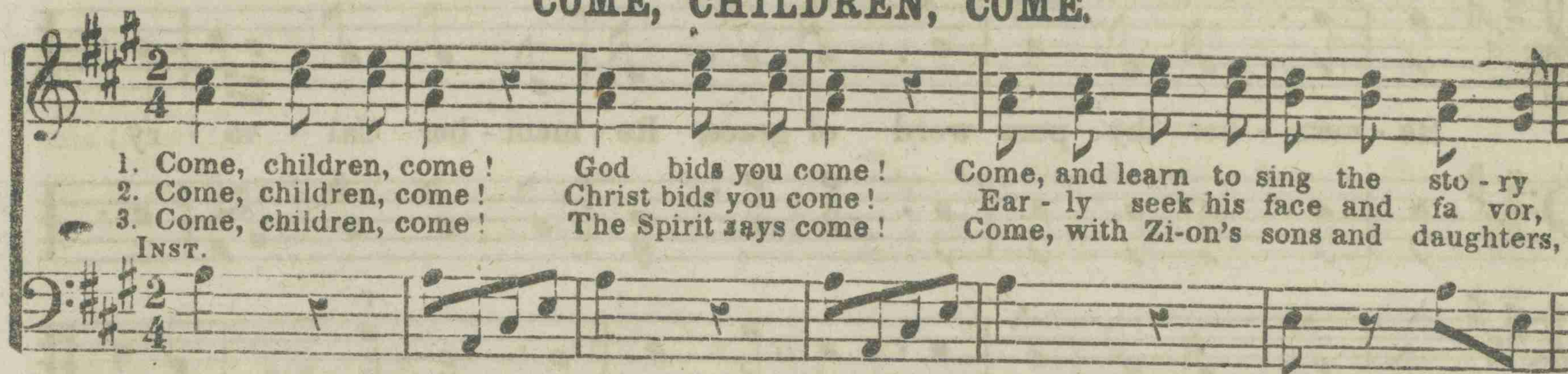
# THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. (Concluded.)

17

3. There is a loss we ought to fear  
More than all loss beside ;  
Our souls—than life itself more dear,  
Those souls for which Christ died.  
Come, children, then, say Jesus lives,  
To Jew and Gentile life he gives,  
And if in him they now believe,  
Their souls shall endless life receive.  
What—endless life receive ?  
Yes—endless life receive !

4. There is a Land we ought to love  
More than all lands beside ;  
The land of glory, light, and love,  
Where all the saints abide.  
Come, children, for this land prepare,  
Tribes of all nations shall be there ;  
Oh ! then we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again.  
What—never part again !  
No—never part again !

## COME, CHILDREN, COME.



1. Come, children, come !      God bids you come !      Come, and learn to sing the sto - ry  
2. Come, children, come !      Christ bids you come !      Ear - ly seek his face and fa vor,  
3. Come, children, come !      The Spirit says come !      Come, with Zi-on's sons and daughters,

INST.



Of the Lord of life and glo - ry : Come, chil - dren, come.  
Love and serve your bless-ed Saviour : Come, chil - dren, come.  
To the spring of liv - ing wa-ters : Come, chil - dren, come.

4. Come, children, come ;  
All bid you come ;  
Come unite your hearts and voices,  
List'ning heaven then rejoices ;  
Come, childrer come.

5. Come, children, come ;  
Make heaven your home ;  
Then, though earthly ties may sever,  
You shall live with Christ for ever.  
Come, children, come.



## REMEMBER ME.



1. { Je - sus! thou art the sin - ner's friend; As such I look to thee, {  
 Now in the full - ness of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - mem - ber me. }



Re - mem - ber thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;



Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.



2. Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
 I yield myself to thee;  
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
 Dear Lord! remember me.  
 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
 Yet thy salvation's free;  
 Then, in thy all abounding grace,  
 Dear Lord! remember 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.



# WILL YOU GO?

19



1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n a-bove; Will you go! Will you go! }  
 { To sing the Saviour's dy-ing love; Will you go! Will you go! } Mil  
 d. c. And mil-lions more are on the road, Will you go! Will you go!
2. { We're going to walk the plains of light; Will you go! Will you go! }  
 { Far, far from death, and curse and night; Will you go! Will you go! } The  
 d. c. And all the joys of heav'n we'll share: Will you go! Will you go!



- lions have reach'd that blest a-bode, A-noint-ed kings and priests to God,  
 crown of life we then shall wear, The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,



3. The way to heav'n 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. O could I hear some sinner say,  
 "I will go."  
 O could I hear him humbly pray,  
 "Make me go."  
 And all his old companions tell,  
 "I will not go with you to hell,  
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell  
 Let me go."



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