

Marching along.

The children are gathering from near and from far,
For the trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
Let us gird on our armor, and be marching along.

Marching along, marching along,
gird on our armor, and be marching along.

... in battle array,
... waver, nor turn from the way;
... is our strength," be this ever our song,
While with courage and faith, we are marching along
Marching along, marching along,
With courage and faith, we'll go marching along.

We've enlisted for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain, we never will yield;
"The Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands, as we're marching along,
Marching along, marching along,

With the sword in our hands, as we're marching along
Through conflicts and trials, our crowns we must win
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If we trust in our Saviour, while marching along.

Marching along, marching along,
We'll trust in our Saviour, while marching along.

Then, let us press forward, and hope to the end,
While we battle for truth, we have always a Friend;
If we triumph, we'll join in the Conquerer's song,
So, with joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along,
Marching along, marching along,
With joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along.

From the new Edition of "Selected Hymns."

Presented to the School, by their friend J. Lebrun



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SELECTED
SABBATH-SCHOOL

HYMNS AND SONGS,

Sacred and Secular;

SUITABLE ALSO FOR

CONCERTS, SOCIAL CIRCLES, CHILDREN'S
MEETINGS, ANNIVERSARIES,
REVIVALS, ETC.

COMPILED BY

ISAAC RUSSELL,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF THE JEFFERSON STREET
BAPTIST CHURCH, LOUISVILLE, KY.

LOUISVILLE, KY.:
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1860.

1.12.63 2.50 K (Spec. Coll.) W.D. Gates

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THE
Jefferson Street Sunday-School.

LATE in the autumn of 1853, a few hopeful men connected with the Walnut Street Baptist Church resolved to attempt the organization of a Sunday-school in connection with a missionary effort then recently undertaken in the western part of the city. The prospect was at first by no means flattering. On the first Sunday of December following, the beginning was made. But three teachers and fifteen scholars were present. Soon after, the present Superintendent took charge of the school. Notwithstanding the various obstacles which at first seemed to cast doubt upon the present or even ultimate success of the enterprise, he determined to persevere. Soon growing numbers and increasing interest gave new hope to the little band. Early the following year, a church was organized. After a few months' labor by Rev. S. Remington, now of New York, our beloved brother, Rev. J. V. Scho-

field, was called to the pastorate. Amid many discouragements, he toiled zealously and hopefully in this new field, and his labors were abundantly blessed. The Sunday-school, too, grew apace. Large additions were made to its numbers, and it was not long before it began to attract attention from those who had previously been beyond the sphere of its influence.

During the spring of 1858, the Rev. J. V. Schofield deemed it his duty to remove to another field of labor; but his zeal for the cause of Christ and his untiring interest in the Sunday-school are still held in affectionate remembrance. In the autumn of the same year, our present beloved pastor, Rev. Abr'm Coles Osborn, commenced his labors with us. Since then, the same activity and continuous growth has characterized both church and Sunday-school. The whole number now attendant upon the latter is over five hundred; the average attendance is about three hundred. The best indication of its vigor is *the flourishing church of about three hundred members, most of whom have been gathered through its influence.* From a feeble mission school, the Jefferson Street Sunday-school has become itself

a strong missionary body. It has two flourishing branch schools in the city, each numbering about two hundred attendants; while some half-dozen others, in various destitute parts of the State, have been started by its instrumentality, and furnished with libraries, Testaments, etc. These "*Sunday - school Trees*," as they are called, form a centre of interest for both teacher and scholar; and the reports which are frequently read in the parent school show that they are taking deep root, and are already bearing abundant and hopeful fruit.

The collections of the parent school for missionary and other purposes during the past year (1859) have been over FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. The branch schools have also contributed liberally.

Among the various causes which, under God, have conspired to render this enterprise so signally successful, few have been more efficient for good than the lively and often enthusiastic interest which both scholars and teachers have exhibited in its behalf. They have felt that the school was in a peculiar sense *theirs*; and have labored zealously for its interests. When so many have done well, it is difficult to make distinctions. The Superintendent feels, how-

ever, that it is due to several that their "labors of love" should not pass entirely unmentioned.

To the leader of the church choir, Mr. Theodore Harris, he feels greatly indebted. His interest in the school has been unflagging; and especially in training the children for the various concerts and musical entertainments they have given, he has rendered most invaluable service. The eminent success which has attended these exhibitions is in no small measure due to his efficient efforts in their behalf.

It is due also that honorable mention be made here of the signal aid of the publisher, Mr. J. Le Brun, in this and other departments of the school; and to his untiring zeal the present work owes its appearance.

In the "byway and hedge" work of the school, many have labored earnestly and with success. Among those to whom the Superintendent feels most indebted, are Miss Leora M. Bettison and Miss Phoebe Lamppin. Through their exertions, large numbers have been added to the school. In various other ways they have contributed greatly to its success. Indeed, the present volume owes its origin, in great part, to Miss Bettison; and her taste and skill have been largely called into requisition in the selection and arrangement of its hymns.

THE CHARACTER OF GOOD SABBATH SCHOLARS

1. THEY remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, at home and by the way, in the house of God, and in the school.

2. They always endeavor to be at school in good time, that they may join in the opening exercises.

3. When they reach the schoolroom, they do not loiter by the door; they go directly in and walk softly to their seats.

4. During prayer, they reverently bow their heads, close their eyes, and maintain a perfect silence.

5. They learn their lessons perfectly, repeat them softly, yet distinctly, and improve all their time to the best possible advantage.

6. They are orderly in their posture; they are strictly observant of the rules of the school; they stop when the bell rings, though it be in the midst of a sentence.

7. They are quiet, serious, and attentive during all the exercises.

8. They promote, as far as possible, the comfort, happiness, and improvement of others.

9. They are obedient and submissive to their parents and teachers.

10. They are truthful, honest, and obliging to all around them.

11. They attend the regular services of the house of God. They behave well while there, and in going to and from that sacred place.

12. They never quit their seats, either in the school or in the church, without the consent of their teacher or superintendent, until regularly dismissed.

13. After the exercises of the school or the services of the church are over, they leave immediately for their homes in a quiet and orderly manner.

14. They attend all the regular Sabbath-school meetings, especially the Sunday-school concert for prayer.

15. They use every effort in their power to persuade the children in the neighborhood, that do not enjoy the advantages of Sabbath-school instruction, to attend and unite themselves with their school.

16. If they know of any of their schoolmates or classmates that are sick or in destitute circumstances, they at once inform their teacher or superintendent.

17. They endeavor by all possible means to persuade their parents, guardians, and friends to attend the services of the house of God, and to accompany them to all the regular Sunday-school meetings.

18. They love God and keep his commandments, praying to him daily, giving their hearts wholly to him, and studying his holy word day by day.

P R E F A C E .

SINGING is an essential element of the Sabbath-school; and as many new and beautiful hymns and tunes have been introduced into the Sabbath-schools of our land, it has been the object of the Compiler to gather and publish the newest and choicest, in a convenient form, for the use of the many teachers and scholars of our Sunday-schools.

Several national and secular pieces have been added; these, although unsuitable for the Sabbath-school room, are appropriate for celebrations, pic-nics, etc., etc.

A reference to the book and the page on which a suitable tune can be found, is affixed to almost every hymn. It does not follow that the tune to which reference alludes shall, in all or in any case, be sung to the hymn to which it is prefixed: it is merely intended as a guide.

The Compiler would very gratefully acknowledge his obligations to his friend, Mr. S. Wilder, Jr., of New York, for efficient aid in the embellishment of the book.

The sincere desire of the Compiler is, that they may have a happy influence on the hearts and lives of the children, and he will be abundantly repaid for the time and labor spent in its preparation.

I. R.

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SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

1 Let us all, both Old and Young.
Sabbath Bell, 61.

Let us all, both old and young,
Every day grow better :
Happy let us go
Through our path below.
Come take my hand, give yours to me,
And faithful we will try to be ;
And then we'll all rejoice, rejoice,
And then we'll all rejoice.

We will love our parents dear,
Serve, obey, and honor;
Ne'er will them deceive,
Nor their bosoms grieve.
Come take, etc.

Let us one and all engage,
That, like friends and brothers,
We in peace will live,
And our foes forgive.
Come take, etc.

Let us ne'er do wilful wrong,
Howsoever tempted;
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord.
Come take, etc.

2

Charity.

Sabbath Bell, 111.

MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three;"
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n-born art thou, charity.
Pity reigneth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.
Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy Heavenly Father's will.
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end,
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all mankind befriend.

3

A Saviour Near.

Oriola, 88.

HUSHED be my murmurings; let cares depart;
Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart;
He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain,
He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain,
He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

Gentle angels near me glide,
Hopes of glory round me 'bide
And there lingers by my side
A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near,
A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.

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.

Gentle angels, etc.

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.

Gentle angels, etc.

4

Beautiful Zion.

Oriola. 179

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love,
Beautiful gates, of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light!—
Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!

Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!

5

Canaan's Happy Shore.

Oriola, 109.

TELL me, brothers, will you meet me,
Tell me, brothers, will you meet me,
Tell me, brothers, will you meet me,
On Canaan's happy shore?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

6

Children's Praise.

P. M.

Oriola, 160.

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 blessed Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,
He'd accept our praise.

"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.

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.

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 for ever;
This will make us joyous ever.
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
Who remembered me.

7

Come and Welcome.

P. M.

Oriola, 226.

O COME, children, come to the Saviour to-day;
 Come, for all things are ready, O haste ye away:
 Come and welcome, come and welcome, come
 and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Come and welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.
 He invites you to come, to his word now attend;
 He calls you in love, he's the children's best
 friend:

Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Come and welcome to Jesus, the children's
 kind Friend.

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.
 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.

8

Flowers.

S. M.

Oriola, 238.

THE flowers along your path,
 The sparkling drops of dew,
 Dear children, have a gentle voice,
 And often speak to you.

They speak his praises forth,
 Who gave them power to shine,
 To bloom upon the lovely earth,
 And show his hand Divine.

And, with united voice,
They sing this song to you:
"Be pious, little girls and boys,
And praise your Maker, too."

9

Happy New Year.

Oriola, 62.

COME, children, and join in our festival song;
The new year has come, and the old year has
gone; [praise

We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our
days. [all!

Happy New Year to all, Happy New Year to
Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy
New Year to all.

Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
O, bless us, and guide us, Dear Saviour, we
pray, [stray.

That from thy blest precepts we never may
Happy New Year, etc.

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, etc.

Kind teachers, we children would thank you
this day, [way

That faithfully, kindly you've taught us the
How we may escape from the world's sinful
charms, [arms.

And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved
Happy New Year, etc.

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, etc.

And now, as we enter another new year,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here;
May many "bright jewels" be your blest re-
ward, [Lord.]

And "crowns of rejoicing in the day of the
Happy New Year, etc.

10

Invitation to Sabbath-School P. M.

Oriola, 16.

WHEN Sabbath's sacred morning light
Begins on earth to dawn,
We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
And bid dull sloth be gone;
Then haste to the school away,
And keep this sacred day—
Haste away, yes, haste away,
And keep this sacred day.

The tuneful birds in concert meet,
And carol sweet their lays;
In nature's temple they repeat
Their great Creator's praise.
Then haste, etc.

From valley, field, and mountain air,
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God for ever reigns.
Then haste, etc.

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, etc.

11

Kind Words.

Oriola, 146.

KIND words can never die,
Cherished and blessed;
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast!
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go through all years and climes,
Distant and near.

Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last;
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring,
Float o'er life's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.

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.

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 through eternal day
 With Christ above.

12

Let us love one another.

P. M.

Oriola, 196.

LET us love one another: not long may we stay
 In this brief world of mourning, so brief is
 life's day; [eve;
 Some fade ere 't is noon, and few linger till
 O, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one
 to grieve.

And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
 Ever still found the need to forgive and forget;
 Then O, though the hopes that we nourished
 decay,

Let us love one another as long as we may.

Thus we'll love one another, midst sorrow the
 worst,

Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first;
 Though the false wing of pleasure may change
 and forsake, [break.

And the bright urn of wealth into particles
 There are some sweet affections that earth can-
 not buy, [nigh,

That cling but the closer when sorrow draws
 And remain with us yet, though all else pass
 away—

Yes, we'll love one another as long as we stay.



13 Children, do you love each other? 8s. & 7s.
American S. S. Hymn-Book, 214.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by any thing you say?

Little children, love each other;
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

14

Let us walk in the Light. S. M.

Oriola, 219.

'Tis religion that can give,
In the light, in the light,
Sweetest pleasure while we live
In the light of God.

'Tis religion must supply,
In the light, in the light,
Solid comfort when we die
In the light of God.

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

After death its joys shall be,
In the light, in the light,
Lasting as eternity,
In the light of God.

Be the living God my friend,
In the light, in the light,
Then my bliss shall never end,
In the light of God.
Let us walk, etc.

15

Loving-Kindness.

L. M.

Oriola, 183.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O, how free!
He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O, how great!
When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud;
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O, how good!
Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
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.

16

I love them that love me.

Oriola, 150.

I LOVE them that love me,
And they that seek me early shall find me,
They that seek me early shall find me.

I love them that love me,
And they that seek me early shall find me,
They that seek me early shall find me.
They that seek me early,
They that seek me early,
They that seek me early shall find me.

17

Joyful be our Numbers.

Oriola, 229.

JOYFUL, joyful, joyful be our numbers,
Bursting forth the soul-enlivening lay;
Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,
Every heart now hail this happy day;
Bursting forth the soul-enlivening lay,
Hail, O hail this happy, happy day!

From the hill and valley, far away,
We come with merry greetings in our lay.
Often as our festal day rolls round,
We hail it ever with harmonious sound.
Golden hours are fleeting, like a spell;
We meet, too soon to part and say farewell.
Give the hand of friendship ere we part,
May Heaven now embalm it in each heart.

18

Little Flock.

Oriola, 194.

SHEPHERD, while thy flock are feeding,
Take these lambs
In thine arms,
Now for shelter pleading.
While the storm of life is lowering,
Night and day
Beasts of prey
Are lurking and devouring.

Shepherd, every grace combining,
Keep these lambs
In thine arms,
On thy breast reclining.

19

Martyn.

7s. double.

Oriola, 26.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.
But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ has risen from the dead;
Now he bid her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your weeping eyes.

20

My Dear Sunday-School.

Oriola, 188.

To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasures
of sin,
Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
But away with all sports or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday-school is the best.
But away with all sports or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday-school is the best.
My dear Sunday-school is the best,
My dear Sunday-school is the best.

I love my companions, I love youth's gay
scenes,

With brightness and purity blessed;
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday-school is the best.

I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the
flowers,

In beauty so charmingly dressed; [hours.
But there's purer delight in the still sacred
For my dear Sunday-school is the best.

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.

21

My Heart's Home.

Oriola, 59.

I KNOW a sweet valley,
Where bright waters play,
Where evening is milder,
And brighter the day.
A grove, sweetly whispering,
Shades valley and spring,
Where birds raise their nestlings,
And teach them to sing.

There stands a neat cottage,
With woodbines entwined,
And sweet honeysuckles,
And flowers to my mind.

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

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

O, that's the sweet valley
 Where bright waters play,
 Where evening is milder,
 And brighter the day.

22 Never forget the Sabbath-School.

Oriola. 66.

TEACHERS.—

NEVER forget the Sabbath-school,
 The lessons taught you here,
 The gentle words of love and truth,
 The true and earnest care.
 Remember, too, the teachers dear,
 Who oft for you will pray,
 That Jesus, by his gracious love,
 May keep you in the way;
 That Jesus, by his gracious love,
 May keep you in the way.
 We'll never forget the Sabbath-school,
 The precious Sabbath-school,
 We'll never forget the Sabbath-school,
 The precious Sabbath-school.

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, etc.

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, etc.

23

Salvation's Free.

Oriola, 36.

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.
 Salvation's full and free!
 Salvation's full and free!
 Salvation's free for you and me—
 Bless the Lord, salvation's free!
 He bought you with his blood,
 He'll wash you white as snow,
 And through your soul the peaceful stream
 Of love and joy shall flow.
 Salvation's full, etc.

Say, sinners, can you still
 Resist his dying love?
 Refuse the offers of his grace,
 And lose a home above?
 Salvation's full, etc.

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, etc.

No longer steel your heart ;
 'T will not avail you aught :
 Why ruin your immortal soul ?
 Your liberty is bought.
 Salvation's full, etc.
 Come, shout, salvation's free.

24

Scholars' Greeting.

Oriola, 218.

ANOTHER week has passed away ;
 Time swiftly speeds along !
 We come again to praise and pray,
 And sing our greeting song. [you,
 We come, we come, we come with song to greet
 We come, we come, we come with song again.

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.

We'll sing of mercies daily given,
 Through every passing year ;
 We'll sing the promises of Heaven,
 With voices loud and clear.

We'll sing of many happy hours
 We've passed in Sunday-school,
 Where truth, like summer's genial showers,
 Extends its gracious rule.

Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
 Our voices sweetly sing,
 A general song of grateful praise
 To heaven's eternal King.

25

Sisters.

7s.

Oriola, 235.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

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.

26

The Bright Crown.

Oriola, 180.

YE valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy, praying band,
Though in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of
the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear; [shine,
It will only make the crown the brighter to
When we have the crown to wear.

All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view;
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.

Let us never, etc,

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!"

Let us never, etc.



27

A Little While.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 69.

A LITTLE while, saith yonder sun,
And my career of light is run;
The moon sends back the sad reply,
And all the stars that deck the sky—
“A little while.”

The cedars of Mount Lebanon,
The mighty rivers flowing on,
The teeming earth, the circling years,
Upon them all this word appears:
"A little while."

O thou vain man! who look'st abroad
Upon these mighty works of God,
Canst thou from death exemption claim?
Ah! no, the word is still the same—
"A little while."

Child, in the Sabbath-school, though now
The flush of life is on thy brow,
Yet gayly as thou passest by,
Plainly the warning I descry—
"A little while."

THE Sunday-school, that blessed place,
O! I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school
O! 't is the place I love;
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

'T is there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
O! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high?
The Sunday-school, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

29 There is Sweet Rest in Heaven.

Oriola, 214.

COME, schoolmates, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;
The moments will not tarry;
This life will soon be gone.
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come;
These bodies soon will moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb.
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

Our friends have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
We never more shall see them
Till the fearful judgment day.
But we've 'listed in the army,
We've 'listed for the war,
We will fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.
There is sweet rest, etc.

Our Captain's gone before us;
 He bids us all to come;
 High up in endless glory
 He has fitted up our home.
 The world, the flesh, and Satan
 Will strive to hedge our way;
 But we'll overcome their powers,
 If we only watch and pray.
 There is sweet rest, etc.

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.

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.

WHEN shall we meet again?
 Meet, ne'er to sever?
 When will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us for ever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes,
 Never, no, never.

When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless for ever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill
 Never, no, never.

Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour!
 May we all there unite
 Happy for ever!
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never, no, never.

Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet, ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us for ever.

Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never, no, never.

31

Endless Praises.

Sacred Melodies.

ENDLESS praises to our God;
 Ever be his name adored.
 Angels, crown him, crown the Lamb,
 He is worthy, praise his name.

Saints, adore him for his grace
To our guilty, fallen race.

Saints and angels, join to sing
Glory to our God and King.

32

Jesus, be our Tender Shepherd.

Sabbath-School Gems, 68.

JESUS, be our tender Shepherd,
Jesus, be our tender Shepherd,
Jesus, be our tender Shepherd,
Take our sins away.

In thine arms may we be sheltered,
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
All thy words obey.

When we die, O! be thou near us,
When we die, O! be thou near us,
When we die, O! be thou near us,
Take us to thy fold.

There we'll ever sing thy praises,
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
And thy face behold.

33

Morning Prayer.

Linden Harp, 103.

JESUS, Lord, to thee I pray:
Guide and guard me through this day.
As the shepherd tends the sheep,
Lord! me safe from evil keep.
Keep my feet from every snare,
Keep me with thy watchful care.
All my little wants supply,
If I live or if I die.

And when life, O Lord! is past,
Take me to thyself at last.

34

Children, Hark!

Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 66.

CHILDREN, hark! the Saviour's speaking

To you now:

Laborers is my vineyard wanting—

Who will go?

Who will leave the world's allurements,

False as fair,

For the earnest toil and effort

Waiting there?

Who will say, as once did Samuel,

Here am I,

Waiting, Lord, to do thy pleasure,

Till I die?

Who will give their all to Jesus,

And receive

Of his grace a tenfold measure

While they live?

And when earthly toil is ended

Here below,

Wear a fadeless crown of glory:

Who will go? —SARA HAMILTON.

35

The Spirit of a Little Child.

Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 110.

FATHER, I know that all my life

Is portioned out for me;

The changes that will surely come

I do not fear to see;

I ask thee for a present mind,

Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise;
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries too and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outer life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful—not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

—ANNA L. WARING.



36

I ought to love my Mother. 7s & 6s.

Sabbath-School Bell, 119.

I OUGHT to love my mother ;
She loved me long ago ;
There is on earth no other
That ever loved me so.
When a weak babe, much trial
I caused her, and much care ;
For me no self-denial
Nor labor did she spare.

When in my cradle lying,
Or on her loving breast,
She gently hushed my crying,
And rocked her babe to rest :
When any thing has ailed me,
To her I told my grief ;
Her fond love never failed me,
In finding some relief.

What sight is that, which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?
It is my mother's face.

What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice,
With tones that tire me never?
It is my mother's voice.

When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such help as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I'll honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

I was a Wandering Sheep. S. M.

Plymouth Collection, 196.

I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep;
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er dale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.

They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone:
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

I was a wandering sheep;
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice;
 I love, I love his fold.

I was a wayward child;
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice—
 I love, I love his home.—BONAR.

38

Take thy Staff, O Pilgrim! 6s & 5s.

Beethoven Collection, 200.

TAKE thy staff, O pilgrim!
 Haste thee on thy way;
 Let the morrow find thee
 Farther than to-day.
 If thou seek the City
 Of the Golden Street,
 Pause not on thy pathway,
 Rest not weary feet.
 In the heavenly journey,
 Press with zeal along:
 Resting will but weary,
 Running make thee strong.

Wings that eagles carry,
 Rear them in their flight;
 So thy burden bears thee—
 Surely then 't is light.
 Haste; it hath been told thee
 All things are thine own;
 Pass the pearly portals,
 Stand before the throne.
 Here thy journey endeth,
 Here thy staff lay down;
 Enter here thy mansion,
 Here receive thy crown!—T. TILTON.

39

The Name of Jesus.

P. M.

Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 133.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they sealed him—
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote *this* name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

To Jesus every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess him;
And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless him.

O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.

Then let us sing around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus;
There's not a word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

—GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

40

None like Jesus.

P. M.

Mudge's S. S. Music-Book, 57.

Boys.—Who came from heaven to ransom me?

Girls.—Jesus, who died upon the tree.

CHORUS.

All.—O! who's like Jesus? he died on the
tree,

Girls. { He died for you, he died for me,
He died to set poor sinners free. [tree.

All.—O? who's like Jesus? he died on the

Why did he come from heaven above?
He came because his name was "Love."

And did he die—the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.

Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.

Christ is the weary sinner's home:
O, let us come! O, let us come!

41

Morn amid the Mountains.

Sabbath Bell, 135.

MORN amid the mountains—

Lovely solitude!

Gushing streams and fountains

Murmur, "God is good."

Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales, awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."

Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Ever, ever, evermore is good.

A Crown of Glory Bright. 6s & 4s.

American S. S. Hymn-Book, 258.

A CROWN of glory bright,
By faith, I see
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep it in my view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my Friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.



43

"The Precious Sabbath-School." 7s & 5s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 8.

WHERE do children love to go,
When the wintry tempests blow?
What is it attracts them so?
'T is the Sabbath-school,
'T is the Sabbath-school,
'T is the precious Sabbath-school.

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

When the Sabbath morning breaks,
Every eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy children makes?
'Tis the Sabbath-school, etc.

Where do pious teachers stay
From their peaceful homes away,
On the precious Sabbath day?
In the Sabbath-school, etc.

Where are we so kindly taught
God should rule in every thought—
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the Sabbath-school, etc.

May we ever love this day
More than all our sports and play,
Love to read, and sing, and pray,
In the Sabbath-school, etc.

WHEN o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth,
Sweetly, "God is there."
When the spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written,
"Nature's God is there."

When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us, "God is there."

All the wide world's treasures,
 Rich, or grand, or fair,
 In each feature, beareth
 Graven, "God is there."

In the Sabbath school-room,
 As we join in prayer,
 Every falling accent
 Tells us, "God is there."
 Kindly teachers point us,
 With regard and care,
 To the heavenly mansion,
 Saying, "God is there."

Let us learn those lessons
 Taught us everywhere;
 And if sin assail us,
 Think that "God is there."
 Then, at last, with angels,
 Ever bright and fair,
 Singing glorious anthems,
 We'll see "God is there."

45 We come with Song to greet you.
 Sabbath Bell, 11.

A YEAR again has passed away;
 Time swiftly speeds along!
 We come again to praise and pray,
 And sing our greeting song. [you,
 We come, we come, we come with song to greet
 We come, we come, we come with song again.

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.

We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of Heaven,
With voices loud and clear.

We'll sing of many a happy hour
We've passed in Sunday-school,
Where truth, like summer's genial shower,
Extends its gracious rule.

Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing
A general song of grateful praise
To heaven's eternal King.

46 Hark! the Sabbath Bells are ringing!
Sabbath Bell, 50.

HARK! the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.
Come, children, come! the bells are ringing,
To the school with haste repair;
Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in solemn prayer.
'Tis an hour of happy meeting;
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us all be early there.
Come, etc.

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

Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Come, etc.

47

Do Good! Do Good!

Sabbath Bell, 12.

Do good! do good! there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when to-morrow comes, still.
If you've money, you're armed, and can find
work enough
In every street, alley, and lane;
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters,
though rough,
Will be sure and return it again.
Then do good! do good! there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will, a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when to-morrow comes, still.

If you've only old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft;
In the name of a brother, confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft.
God careth for all, and his glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor;
Be thou like him, and bless every one,
And thou'lt be rewarded sure.
Then do good, etc.



48

Secret Prayer.

7s & 6s.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 91.

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—
Send earthly thoughts away—
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Then for thyself and neighbor
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 't is e'er 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 lifts above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

O! 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 art in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, too, in gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.

49

O! that Beautiful World.

Sabbath Bell, 18.

WE'RE going home, we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is passed,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;

Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth-bloom.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!
'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 depth of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

Rest for the Weary.

Sabbath Bell, 122.

In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you:
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, etc.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

51

O, where shall Rest be found?

Sabbath Bell, 82.

O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around a second death!
Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

52

God bless the Sunday-School.

Sabbath Bell, 113.

DEAR friends, with joy we meet you here,
On this our festive day;
To bless God for the Sunday-school,
O, join our simply lay.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
God bless the Sunday-school;
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
God bless the Sunday-school.

'T is there we learn how Jesus died
To save our ruined race;
How he was mocked and crucified,
That we might share his grace.
The Sunday-school, etc.

While teachers look to God in prayer,
His Spirit to impart,
O may the lessons taught us here
Be graven on each heart.
The Sunday-school, etc.

When Spring with verdure clothes the scene,
When summer breezes blow,
'Mid winter's snows and tempests keen,
To Sunday-school we'll go.
The Sunday-school, etc.



53

I know thou art gone!

Waters's S. S. Music Book, 9.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?

I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad.

I never look up with a wish to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away home, wherever it be,
I know thou hast visions of mine; [thee,
And my heart hath revealings of thine and of
In many a token and sigh.

In the hush of the night, on the waste of the
sea,

Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

54 Here we come with Cheerful Voices.

Sabbath Bell, 127.

HERE we come with cheerful voices,
Loud to sing our Saviour's praise;
Every youthful heart rejoices,
While to him our song we raise.
Heavenly mansions bright are shining
With his glory and his love;
Children in his arms reclining,
For of such is heaven above.
Waving palms are cast before him,
Garlands bright perfume the air;
Thousands now in love adore him,
As he comes triumphant there.
"Glory in the highest, glory,"
Swells again the joyful strain;
"Blessed is the King" whose story
Fills the heavens, and earth, and main.
Let us then, with cheerful voices,
Glad the cheerful theme prolong;
Echo back, till heaven rejoices,
Praise in never-ending song;
Loving him above all other
Friends whom dearly now we love;
Son of God, our Elder Brother,
Saviour, King, he reigns above.

55

Gather them in.

Sabbath Bell, 131.

GATHER them in from the lanes and streets;
Gather them in from their dark retreats;
From haunts of folly and dens of crime,
Gather them in, in their early prime.

Gladly, gladly, gladly we'll hear and obey,
Hear and obey, hear and obey,
Hear and obey the Saviour's rule,
And gather them all to the Sabbath-school.
Gather them in, in the numbers vast,
Which common arithmetic scarce can cast;
Gather them in for the countless throng
Which in heaven shall raise the endless song.

Gladly, etc.

Gather them in from the drunkard's cup,
Drying the sources of vigor up;
Gather them in from the scenes of strife;
Gather them into the way of life.

Gladly, etc.

Gather them in from the blow and curse,
Making, by cruelty, bad ones worse;
Gather them in to the gentle rule
Of the Christian Church and the Sabbath-school.

Gladly, etc.

Gather them in with a burning zeal;
Gather them in for the nation's weal;
Gather them in for the garner above,
Where faith and hope shall be lost in love.

Gladly, etc.

56

Great Shepherd.

Sabbath Bell, 133.

GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all thy flock dost keep,
Leading by waters calm—
Do thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by thy side;
Make me a little lamb.

I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from thee I stray:
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of thy pleasant way.

But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;
And thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

Till, from the soil of sin,
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me, in love,
To thy sweet fold above,
A little snow-white lamb.

A YEAR has flown; what joys we've seen!
How bright with mercies has it been!
We'll cherish it for ever.
Our grateful hearts shall ceaseless praise
To Jesus give through all our days,
And never grieve him, never,
And never grieve him, never.

He is our Captain and our Shield;
Armed with his truth, we'll never yield,
But fight and conquer ever.

In Jesus' strength, we'll onward move,
His promise daily, hourly prove:

I'll never leave thee, never,
I'll never leave thee, never.

In times of sorrow and distress,
Our God shall every trial bless;
Thus will we trust him ever.

In sickness, pain, and death, his love
Shall send us comfort from above;
We'll never doubt him, never,
We'll never doubt him, never.

58

Stand up for Jesus!

Bradbury's Musical Tract, No. I.

STAND up for Jesus, all who lead his host,
Crowned with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temptation yield;
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—

Stand up for Jesus!

Stand up for Jesus!

Stand up for Jesus, ye of every name,
All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame!
Forget the sad estrangement of the past;
With one consent in love and peace at last—
Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace;
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race—

59

Angry Words.

8s & 7s.

American S. S. Hymn-Book, 213.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious power.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
 Ne'er before by anger stirred,
 Oft are rent past human feeling,
 By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison-drops, are they,
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Saddest memories of to-day.
 Angry words—O, let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip!
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken,
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By a single angry word.

60 Suffer Little Children to come unto me.

Oriola, 152.

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

THE Saviour said, "Suffer little children to
 come unto me,"

The Saviour said, "Suffer little children to
 come unto me,

Suffer little children to come unto me;
 And forbid them not, forbid them not, for of
 such is the kingdom of heaven: [me,
 Suffer, suffer, suffer little children to come unto
 Suffer little children to come unto me.

FULL CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come, we come to follow
thee, [thee.
We come, we come, we come, we come to follow
We come, we come, we come, we come to sing
thy love, [thy love.
We come, we come, we come, we come to sing
We come, we come, we come, we come to praise
thy name, [thy name.
We come, we come, we come, we come to praise

61

Asleep in Jesus.

L. M.

Oriola, 72.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his cruel sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful region be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

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.



62

Sister and I.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 16.

WE love to go to Sabbath-school,
Sister and I, sister and I;
And be the weather foul or fair,
We purpose to be always there,
To listen to the opening prayer,
Sister and I, sister and I.

Our teacher we do dearly love,
Sister and I, sister and I;
She comes and takes us by the hand,
And points us to the better land,
And tries to make us understand,
Sister and I, sister and I.

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

We ought to love the Saviour most,
Sister and I, sister and I;
For if we love and serve him best,
In his own bosom shall we rest,
And be in heaven for ever blest,
Sister and I, sister and I.

63

Be Kind to each other. 6s & 5s.

Oriola, 224.

BE kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone;
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned!
Happy children, blessed children,
Who are loving one another truly;
And the Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Loving more than all beside.
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.
Happy children, etc.
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.
 Happy children, etc.

64

Come, Children, come. 4s & 8s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 35.

COME, children, come!
 God bids you come!
 Come, and learn to sing the story
 Of the Lord of life and glory:
 Come, children, come!
 Come, children, come!
 Christ bids you come!
 Early seek his face and favor,
 Love and serve your blessed Saviour:
 Come, children, come.
 Come, children, come!
 The Spirit says come!
 Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
 To the springs of living waters:
 Come, children, come.
 Come, children, come!
 All bid you come;
 Come unite your hearts and voices,
 Listening heaven then rejoices:
 Come, children, come.
 Come, children, come;
 Make heaven your home;
 Then, though earthly ties may sever,
 You shall live with Christ for ever:
 Come, children, come.

65

Come, Little Children.

P. M.

American S. S. Hymn-Book, 160.

COME, little children, O, come unto me !

O, will you come? O, will you come?

I'll be your Saviour, and happy you'll be ;

O, will you come? O, will you come?

Ye little lambs, I invite you to come

And dwell with me in my heavenly home ;

There in my bosom you all shall find room :

O, will you come? will you come?

Yes, blessed Jesus, we'll come unto thee ;

O, we will come! O, we will come!

Thou our Protector and Saviour shalt be ;

O, we will come! O, we will come? [way ;

Guide us, dear Saviour, through life's dreary

Soon shall we come to that glorious day

When sin and sorrow shall vanish away :

O, we will come! we will come!

66

Come, Little Soldiers.

P. M.

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 33.

COME, little soldiers, join in our band,

March for the kingdom, our promised land ;

Fearless of danger, onward we roam,

Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.

We're a little pilgrim band ;

Guided by a Saviour's hand ;

Soon we'll reach our fatherland,

No more to roam.

Hark to the voices, bidding us come!

Angels rejoicing, beckon us home :

No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,

Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.

We're a little pilgrim band, etc.

Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But, blest for ever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him, ages to come.
We're a little pilgrim band, etc.

67 Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy.

American S. S. Hymn-Book, 125.

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.

"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.

Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe;
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

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!

68 I know that my Redeemer lives. L. M.
American S. S. Hymn-Book, 87.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives;
I know that my Redeemer lives!

69 Little Children, Jesus calls you. P. M.
Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 107.

LITTLE children, Jesus calls you;
Listen to his blessed voice;
Sinners try in vain to shun it,
Christians hail it and rejoice.
Come, then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour King.

Little children, come to Jesus;
See him still inviting stand;
Hark! he bids you leave destruction,
Calls you to the better land.
Come, etc.

Little children, look to Jesus ;
 Look to Jesus, look and live ;
 Jesus suffered death to save you,
 Freest pardon he will give.
 Come, etc.

Save all my Children, Lord. S. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing-Book, 135.

SAVE all my children, Lord !
 For less I dare not ask :
 I know thou wilt fulfil thy word,
 If I fulfil my task.
 Thy word is, " Work and pray ;
 Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears ;
 The sowing brings the reaping day,
 The harvest follows tears."
 O, let me strive to be
 The laborer thou wilt bless,
 And hourly offer unto thee
 The works of righteousness.
 Yet, when my best is done,
 'T is sin and folly still ;
 My only plea is that thy Son
 Wrought out thy perfect will.
 Then hear me while I ask,
 " Save all my children, Lord !"
 While I, in faith, fulfil my task,
 Do thou fulfil thy word.

Skeptic, spare that Book. 6s.

American S. S. Hymn-Book, 101.

SKEPTIC, spare that book ;
 Touch not a single leaf,
 Nor on its pages look
 With eyes of unbelief ;

'T was my forefathers' stay
 In the hour of agony;
 Skeptic, go on thy way,
 And let that old book be.
 That good old Book of Life
 For centuries has stood
 Unharmed, amid the strife,
 When earth was drunk with blood;
 And wouldst thou harm it now,
 And have its truths forgot?
 Skeptic, forbear thy blow,
 Thy hand shall harm it not.
 Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When in my grandsire's halls
 I heard its tales of truth;
 I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er that volume as he read;
 But that was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.
 My dear grandmother, too—
 When I was but a boy,
 I've seen her eyes of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joys;
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear are they to me:
 Skeptic, forego thy will;
 Go, let that old book be.

72

The Lord my Shepherd is. S. M.

American S. S. Hymn-Book, 75.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear; [dark shade,
 Though I should walk through death's
 My Shepherd's with me there.
 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

73 There's a Song the Angels sing. 7s & 11s.
 Brooklyn Anniversary Hymns, 1855.

THERE'S a song the angels sing,
 And its notes with rapture ring
 Round the throne whose radiance fills the
 heavens above;
 Shepherds heard the distant strain,
 Watching on Judea's plain,
 "Glory be to God, to men be peace and love."

CHORUS.

Through the earth and through the sky,
 Let the anthem ever fly, [high.
 Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on

'Tis a song for children too;
 To the Saviour 'tis their due;
 Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
 Join with angels in their song,
 And the heavenly strain prolong,
 "Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
 Through the earth, etc.

Soon around that throne may we
 With those happy angels be, [cease;
 Striking harps to strains that never more shall
 Mingling love with loftiest praise,
 Still the chorus there we'll raise,
 "Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
 Through the earth, etc.

74 **When Beautiful Flowers.** **11s.**
 American S. S. Hymn-Book, 240.

WHEN beautiful flowers impart their perfume,
 And sweet is their fragrance, and lovely their
 bloom,
 I think of the summer that endlessly glows,
 And the unwasting fragrance of Sharon's
 bright rose—

Of the home of my Saviour, of joys that await
 The spirits that pass through the bright, pearly
 gates;

Of the anthems of rapture, unceasing and high,
 The beautiful chorus that gladdens the sky.

'Tis the home of the ransomed, the land of the
 blest,

Where the pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
 To wander in gladness the pastures of green,
 And drink the still waters of pleasure serene.

'Tis the home that our Saviour has gone to
prepare—

No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of the unending glory awaiting the just,
When in Jesus' own likeness they rise from the
dust.

We bless thee, our Saviour, who call'st us to
share

The beautiful home thou hast gone to prepare;
We hope in thy mercy that, washed from our
sin, [enter in.

Through the gates of that city we may all

75 Words are Things of Little Cost. 7s.
American S. S. Hymn-Book, 214.

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.

O, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin—
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, or faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind!

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.



76

The Lambs of the Flock.

P. M.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 54.

WE'RE the lambs of the flock, and no danger
we fear,

When the voice and the call of our Shepherd we
hear,

Then we follow, then we follow, then we
follow, follow, follow, follow

In the steps of the flock, when the Shepherd
we hear.

We are tiny and weak, but our Shepherd is
strong; [long;

From the wolves he defendeth us all the day

If we follow, etc.,

In the track of his chosen ones all the day long.

The pastures are green, and the flowers bloom
around;

By the side of still waters he lets us lie down

Then we follow, etc.; [around]

Then we follow his call when the flowers bloom

O! that all the dear lambs had a heart to repl

When the Great Shepherd calls from his ma
sions on high:

“We will follow, etc.;

We will follow the Lamb to his fold in the

77

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

American S. S. Hymn-Book

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 slight his love and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

God your Saviour asks you why;

He who did your souls retrieve,

Died himself that you might live—

Will you let him die in vain?

Crucify your Lord again?

Why, ye careless sinners, why

Will ye slight his grace and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

God the Spirit asks you why;

He who all your lives hath strove,

Woodyou to embrace his love—

Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

We all love One Another. P. M.

Sabbath Bell, 113.

We all love one another,
We all love one another,
We all love one another,
And keep the golden rule.
n, love on, a little band of loving ones,
n, love on, a little happy band.

We always love our parents,
We always love our parents,
We always love our parents,
As children ought to do.

Sing on, etc.

We love our little sisters,
We love our little sisters,
We love our little sisters,
We love our brothers too.

Sing on, etc.

We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
Which tells us what to do.

Sing on, etc.

We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
Who shed for us his blood.

Sing on, etc.

We hope to get to heaven,
 We hope to get to heaven,
 We hope to get to heaven,
 And sing the songs above.
 Sing on, etc.

To-day the Saviour calls. 6s & 4s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 7.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls!
 Ye wanderers, come:
 O, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls!
 For refuge fly:
 The storm of vengeance falls;
 Ruin is nigh.

To-day the Saviour calls!
 O, listen now:
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

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

Little Things.

6s & 5s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing-Book, 5.

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Oft in sin to stray,
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the world above.
Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

81

Come to Jesus!

P. M.

Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 75.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now;
Just now, come to Jesus, just now!
He is able, he is able,
He is able, just now;
Just now, he is able, just now!
He is willing, he is willing,
He is willing, just now;
Just now, he is willing, just now!
Christ is knocking, Christ is knocking,
Christ is knocking, just now;
Just now, Christ is knocking, just now
God is waiting, God is waiting,
God is waiting, just now;
Just now, God is waiting, just now!



82 Invitation to join our Sunday-school. P. M.
Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 18.

WILL you come to our Sunday-school?

I really wish you would;

O! come and join our Bible-class,

And learn how to be good.

We learn to sing, we learn to pray,

In our sweet Sunday-school;

And here we learn of Jesus, too,

Who gave the golden rule.

Will you, will you, will you, will you

Join our Sunday-school?

Will you, will you, will you, will you

Learn this golden rule!

Then to heaven high ascending,
 Shall our anthems quickly rise,
 With angelic voices blending
 For above yon azure skies.

91

Joyfully! Joyfully!

10s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 136.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
 Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
 Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
 Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
 Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

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.

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 we will 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.

92

The Happy Land. 6s 7s, & 4s.

Anniversary Hymns, 14.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 O! how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise evermore!

Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why 'll you doubting stand,
 Why yet delay?
 O! we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 For evermore.

Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye:
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die;
 O! then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun
 Reign evermore!

93

Heaven is my Home. 6s & 4s.

Waters's S. S. Music Book, 43.

I'm but a stranger here.
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home;

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

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

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

94

Children in Heaven.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 65.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.
In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, etc.

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, etc.

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

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, etc.

95

The Lamb that was Slain. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 46.

In the far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing, in garments of
white,
The harpers are harping, and all the bright
train
Sing the song of redemption—the Lamb that
was slain.

Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus
of praise
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of
Days;
And thrones and dominions reëcho the strain
Of glory eternal 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 [was slain.
With the song of redemption—the Lamb that
Now, children, and teachers, and friends, all
unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption—the Lamb that was
slain.

96

"There's not a Tint."

C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 38.

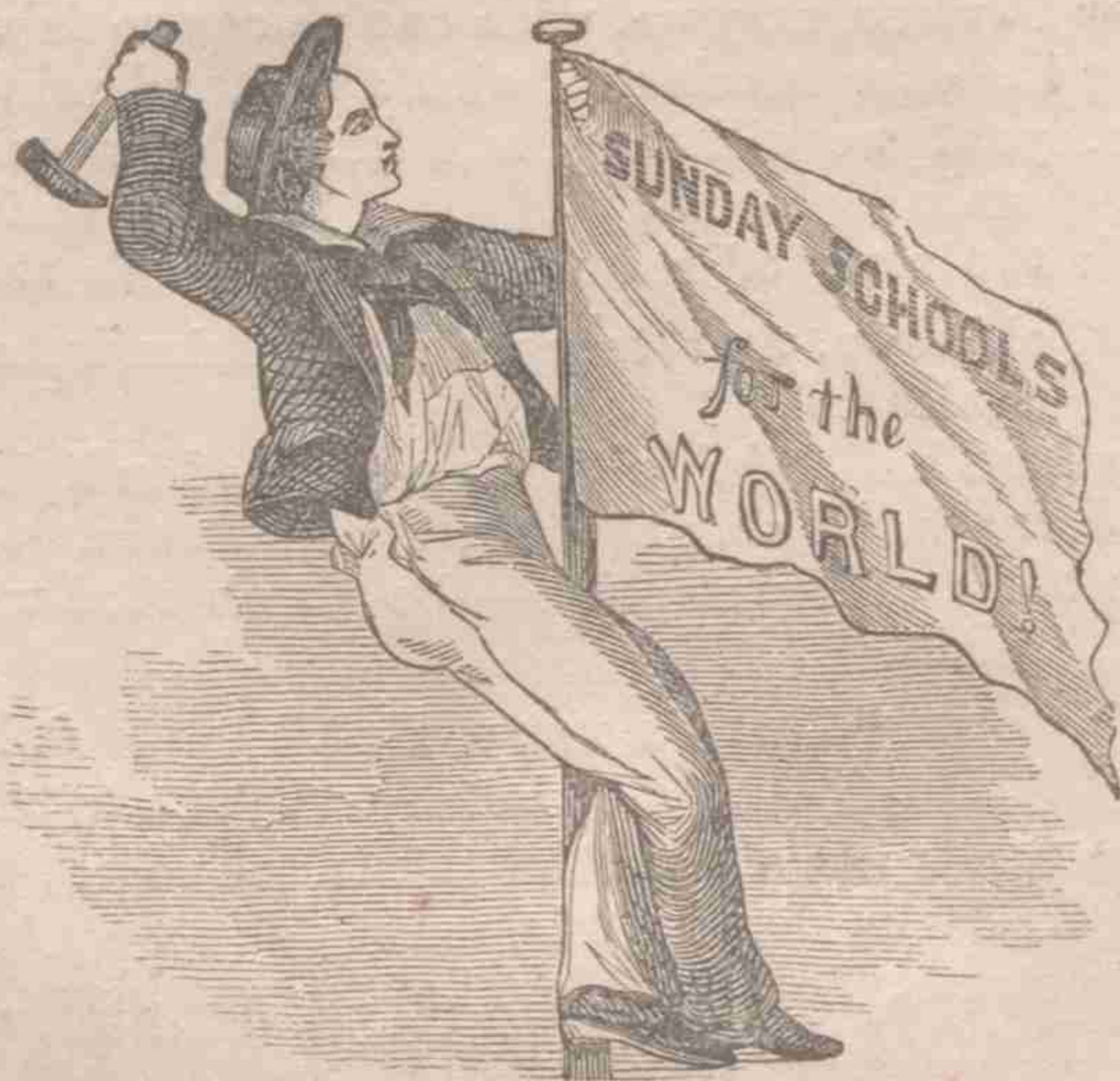
THERE 's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

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

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.

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 everywhere.

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



97

The Banner Hymn.

P. M.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 140.

AIR.—Star-Spangled Banner.

O! IT is the bright land of the Bible we love,
 Which so proudly we hail in the gospel-light
 gleaming,
 Whose radiance, reflecting pure light from
 above,
 O'er the land of the heathen in brilliance is
 streaming:
 In strength do we gather, in might do we come,
 The youth of our country—the pride of our
 home;
 And long may the Sabbath-school Banner still
 wave [the brave."
 "O'er the land of the free, and the home of

We gather in strength, and in numbers appear,
Rich and poor meet alike, the loved standard
surrounding; [rear!
What a garden for culture! what tendrils to
What a field for your labors—the harvest
abounding!
In strength, etc.

O! guide us in truth, and the future will smile;
Be your precepts in love, and we gladly
receive them;
No infidel tale will our reason beguile,
But the words of the Bible, our young hearts
believe them:
In strength, etc.

And in love we will think of the heathen afar,
And forget not to pray for his mind's desola-
tion;
The mission of mercy shall beam as a star,
And shall gild with its brilliance each far-
distant nation:
In strength, etc.

And our own land of freedom—be it ever the
same—
Future ages shall read and rejoice in our
story;
Our Sunday-school system shall gain us a name,
And religion shall wreath our young brows
with its glory:
The cause that we love, O! triumph it must!
With the brave be our motto—"In God is our
trust!"
Then long may the Sabbath-school Banner still
wave [the brave."
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of

98

Coronation of Jesus.

C. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 11.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call;
 The God incarnate! Man Divine!
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

99

Let us with a Joyful Mind.

P. M.

School Singer, 150.

LET us, with a joyful mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure,
 Hallelujah! Amen!

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah! Amen!

All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah! Amen!

He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah! Amen!

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah! Amen!

Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hallelujah! Amen!

100

God intrusts to all.

5s & 6s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 5.

God intrusts to all

Talents few or many;

None so young or small

That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
 Have a greater number,
 Yet my one I prize,
 And it must not slumber.
 God will surely ask,
 Ere I enter heaven,
 Have I done the task
 Which to me was given?
 Little drops of rain
 Bring the springing flowers;
 And I may attain
 Much by little powers.
 Every little mite,
 Every little measure,
 Helps to spread the light,
 Helps to swell the treasure.

Would you be as angels are?
 Sing, sing, sing his praise;
 Would you banish every care?
 Sing, sing, sing his praise;
 Like the lark upon the wing,
 Like the warbling bird of spring,
 Like the crystal spheres that ring,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise.
 If the world upon you frown,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise;
 If you're left to sing alone,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise;
 If sad trials come to you,
 As to every one they do,
 For that they are blessings, too,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise.



102 Temporal and Spiritual Blessings. C.M.
Plymouth Collection, 444.

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?
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.

104 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

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

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.

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.

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.

103 The Flight of the Blessed.

AIR—Carrier Dove.

FLY away to thy long-sought home on high!
Fly away to thy promised shore!
Where the Eden fields in glory lie,
And the humble shall weep no more.
I long have thought on your scenes sublime,
And dreamed of your temple of light;
I have wept while I mused on your sun-lit
clime,
Borne on with ecstatic delight.

Fly away to the living streams of joy!
Fly away to the garden of love!
Where the tempter again shall never destroy,
Nor mar the bright beauties above;

But a while I must stay in my prison of clay,
Or roam on this desolate shore;
I must wait for the dawn of the opening day,
When death and the curse are no more.

I must wait for the word of the Prince of
Peace;
I must wait for the guardian bands;
I must wait till the message brings release,
That's signed by Immanuel's hands.
Then away from this desert with joy I'll rise,
Then away from my prison I'll fly;
My pinion I'll dip in the clear blue sky,
And fly up to my home on high.

104

O! tell me no more.

Revival Hymns.

O, TELL me no more
Of the world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground
O, hallelujah! O, hallelujah!
O, hallelu, hallelu, hallelujah!

The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise! follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
day.

No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort go after him,
 go;
 So onward I move
 To a city above;
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will
 prove.

Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin;
 'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ
 within;
 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me I'll cry,
 Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:
 So this is the race
 I'm running through grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's
 face.

And now I'm in care
 My neighbors may share
 These blessings: to seek them will none of
 you dare?
 In bondage, O, why,
 And death will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so
 nigh?

105 There'll be no Parting There. P. M.
Anniversary Hymns, 59.

HERE we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above;
Shout! shout the victory!
We're on our journey home!

Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be, etc.

Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign;
There'll be, etc.

Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be, etc.

106 The Tree of Life. P. M.
Anniversary Hymns, 60.

ON a hill stands a beautiful tree,
Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shades and its treasures are free
For all who may thither repair;
Its leaves ever green do not die,
Its flowers with fragrance abound;
Its splendor enraptures the eye,
Its branches with music resound.

Though thousands by night and by day
Have feasted and gathered in store,
Have borne its rich bounties away,
Its fulness remains evermore:

108 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

O! what is its name—who can tell?
And the hill—where, O where can it be?
By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
O wonderful, beautiful tree!

On Zion's fair Mount you behold
Its form in bright grandeur arise
There glitter its green and its gold,
There lifts its tall head to the skies;
'Twas planted by Infinite Love,
From the hills everlasting it came:
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above;
But BIBLE, on earth, is its name.

107

Happy Day.

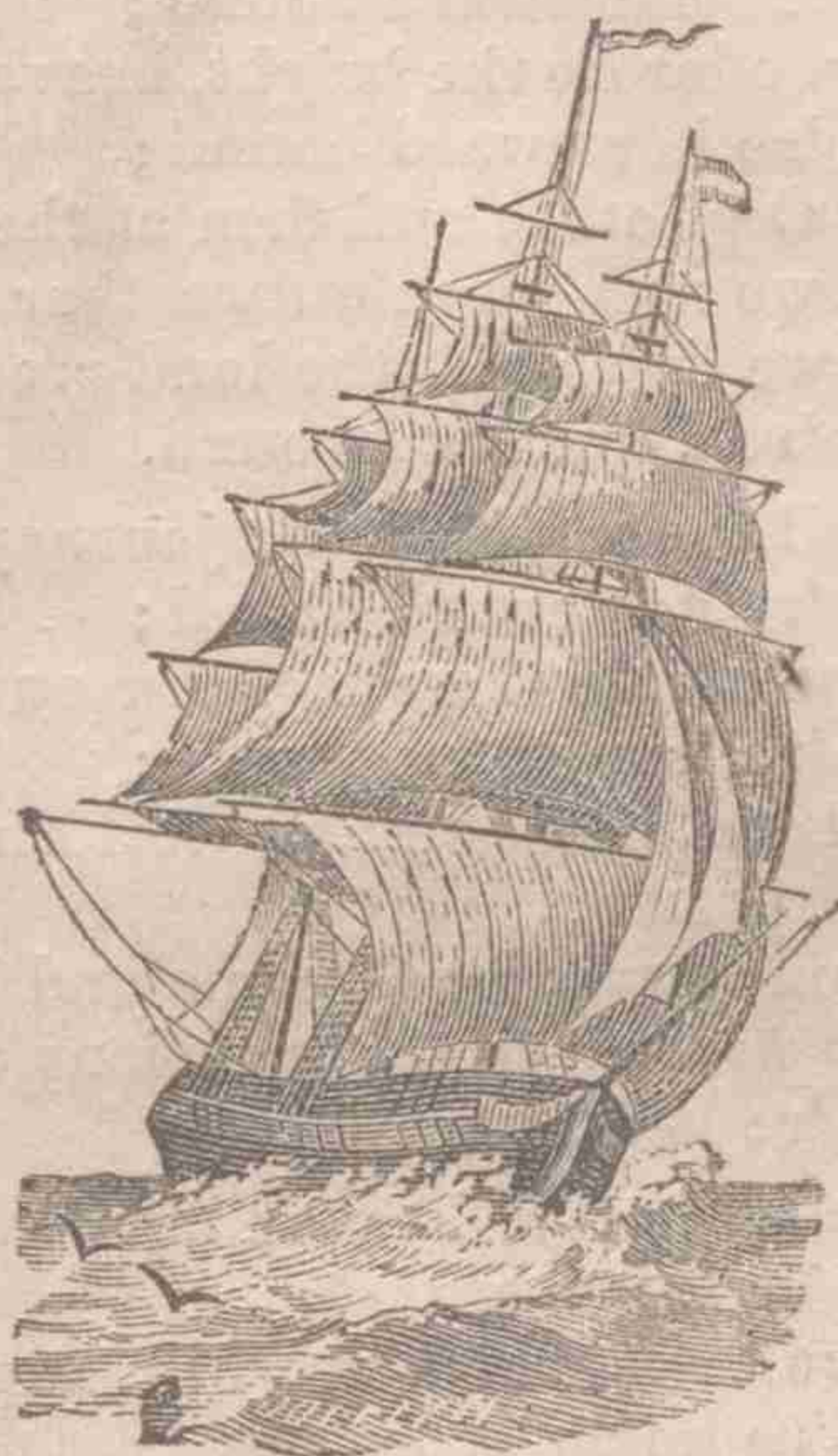
P. M.

Brooklyn Anniversary Hymns, 1855.

PRESERVED by thine Almighty power,
O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King!
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.
Happy day, happy day,
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay;
And at thy footstool humbly pray,
That thou wouldst take our sins away.
Happy day, happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away.

We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given,
O! may we still these mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Happy day, etc.

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.
Happy day, etc.



108

Homeward Bound. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. III., 15.

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

110 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

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.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
 We're homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
 We're homeward bound;
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and op-
 pressed,
 Join in our number; O, come and be bless'd;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
 We're homeward bound.

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:
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.

109 Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah!
 Plymouth Collection, 278.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty—
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou 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.
 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Friend of sinners! man's redemption!
 Land me safe on Canaan's side!
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

110 Child of Sin and Sorrow. 6s & 4s.
 Plymouth Collection, 126.

CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow, hear and obey.
 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow help from on
 high;
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow, wouldst bring thee
 nigh.
 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?

112 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

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!

111 Our Sabbath Home. P. M.
 Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 132.

O! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
 And learn of our teachers dear,
 Who point us with love to our home above,
 And the crown that awaits us there.

O! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
 When the six days' toil is o'er,
 And read and sing of our heavenly King,
 And learn to love him more.

O! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
 But we would not come alone;
 We would each bring in from the paths of sin
 Some wretched, wandering one—

Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
 Who know not of God or heaven;
 And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
 Which our Father's love hath given.

O! we love to come to this Sabbath home,
 But no heart or tongue can tell
 Of that home above, which a Father's love
 Has for those who do his will.

Then toil we on till the race is won,
 And the pearly gates unfold,
 And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
 At home in the City of Gold.

112

Filial Affection.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 17.

BE kind to thy father, for when thou wast
young,

Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,

And joined in thy innocent glee;
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold:
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
now,

For loving and kind she hath been:
Remember thy mother! for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone
way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother! his heart will have
dearth,

If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If love and affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer, by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

114 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

Be kind to thy sister! not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above;
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown;
Affection shall wreath thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

113 We love to Sing Together. P. M.
Waters's S. S. Music Book, 30.

We love to sing together,
Our hearts and voices one;
To praise our heavenly Father
And his eternal Son.
We love, we love, we love, we love,
We love to sing together;
We love, we love, we love, we love,
We love to sing together.

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

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

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

We hope to be together
 Within that world of light,
 Where Jesus reigns for ever,
 And all his friends unite.

Then let us sing together,
 Our hearts and voices one;
 And pray to God our Father
 To save us through his Son.

E. S. PORTER, D. D.

114 Dear Father! ere we part. H. M.
 Anniversary Hymns, 32.

DEAR Father, ere we part,
 Now let thy grace descend,
 And fill our youthful hearts
 With peace from Christ our Friend.
 May showers of blessings from above
 Descend and fill our hearts with love.

May we in after years,
 With gratitude review
 The service of this day,
 The work we now pursue;
 And speed our way to worlds above,
 With hearts all fired with holy love.

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 lie withered in the tomb.

116 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

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

115

I have a Father.

P. M

Anniversary Hymns, No. III., 2.

I HAVE a Father in the promised land;
 My Father calls me, I must go,
 To meet him in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
 My Father calls me, I must go,
 To meet him in the promised land.
 I have a Saviour in the promised land;
 My Saviour calls, I must go,
 To meet him in the promised land, etc.
 I have a crown in the promised land;
 When Jesus calls me, I must go,
 To wear it in the promised land, etc.
 I hope to meet you in the promised land;
 At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
 We'll praise him in the promised land, etc.

116

He shall fly away as a Dream. P. M.

Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 125.

COME let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream ; our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O, that each in the day of His coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me
 to do."

O, that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne." C. WESLEY.

117

Judgment Hymn.

P. M.

Lee Avenue Collection, Part II., 143.

O, THERE will be mourning, mourning, mourn-
 ing, mourning,

O, there will be mourning at the judgment-seat
 of Christ !

Parents and children there will part,
 Wives and husbands there will part,
 Brothers and sisters there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

O, there will be mourning, etc. ;
 Friends and neighbors there will part, etc.

O, there will be glory, etc. ;
 Saints and angels there will meet, etc.,
 Will meet to part no more.

118 Why should Cold or Stormy Weather?
Boys' and Girls' Singing-Book, 5.

WHY should cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
O, where Christians meet together
Let me still be with them there.

If I loved my God sincerely,
If my heart approved his ways,
It would grieve my heart severely
To be kept from prayer and praise.

When 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.

119 Perseverance. C. M.
Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 129.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not; come, welcome, death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

120

The Blood of Christ. C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 180.

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

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

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

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.

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

121

The Lambs of Jesus. L. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 36.

THE Lambs of Jesus—who are they,
But children who believe and pray?
That keep God's laws, and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

118 Why should Cold or Stormy Weather?
Boys' and Girls' Singing-Book, 5.

WHY should cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
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The Lambs of Jesus. L. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 36.

THE Lambs of Jesus—who are they,
But children who believe and pray?
That keep God's laws, and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

* 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.

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

122

The Shining Shore.

Sabbath Bell, 104.

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

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

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

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 O! we stand, etc.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come! and there's our home,
For ever, O! for ever.
For O! we stand, etc.



123 Who shall Sing, if not the Children?
Sabbath Bell, 35.

Who shall sing, if not the children?

Did not Jesus die for them?

May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?

Why—unless the song of heaven

They begin to practice here—

Why to them were voices given,

Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?

There's a choir of infant songsters,

White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;

Angels cease, and waiting, listen!

O! 't is sweeter than their own!

Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned?
 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 O! they cannot sing too early;
 Fathers, stand not in their way;
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they?

124 The Family Bible. C. M.

Waters's S. S. Music Book, 15.

THIS book is all that's left me now—
 Tears will unbidden start;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family-tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
 She, dying, gave it me.
 Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear;
 Who round the hearthstone used to close,
 After the evening prayer;
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill!
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still.
 My father read this holy book
 To brother, sisters dear;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who leaned God's word to hear!

Her angel face, I see it yet—
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest Friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I've found thee true,
My Counsellor and Guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.—G. P. MORRIS.

125

The Godly Child.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 223.

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

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

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

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.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue
 crowned,
 Were all alike Divine—

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.—HEBER.

126 Let every Heart Rejoice and Sing. P. M. Anniversary Hymns, 57.

LET every heart rejoice and sing;
 Let choral anthems rise;
 Ye reverend men and children, bring
 To God your sacrifice;
 For he is good; the Lord is good,
 And kind are all his ways;
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise,
 While the rocks and the rills,
 While the vales and the hills,
 A glorious anthem raise;
 Let each prolong the grateful song,
 And the God of our fathers praise.

He bids the sun to rise and set;
 In heaven his power is known;
 And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
 Bow low before his throne;
 For he is good; the Lord is good,
 And kind are all his ways;
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise.—WASHBURN.



127

Dewdrops.

6s & 5s.

Sabbath Bell, 92.

SEE the shining dewdrops,
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
"God is ever good."

See the morning sunbeams,
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good."

126 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
"God is ever good."

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good."

Bring, my heart, thy tribute—
Songs of gratitude—
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good."

128 The Angels told me so.

Sabbath Bell, 69.

THOUGH they may lay beneath the ground
The form of Alle dear,
I know his spirit hovers round,
And mingles with us here;
His home may be in heaven above,
Yet oft to us below,
He will return to breathe his love,
The angels told me so.
The angels told me so,
He will return to breathe his love,
The angels told me so.

His form reposed upon the bier,
In sweet, cherubic rest,
When others came to shed a tear,
And ease his aching breast;
But Willie felt no throbbing pain,
As he repeats, "I know
Dear Alle will come back again,
The angels told me so.

And as he gazed, his eyes grew bright,
 And joy o'erspread his brow,
 While he exclaims in rapt delight,
 "O, there is Alle now!"
 I knew he would return to see
 Those he so loved below,
 And be a brother still to me—
 The angels told me so.

—REV. SIDNEY DYER.

129 We're going Home to Die no more.
 Sabbath Bell, 2.

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, we're going home,
 We're going home to die no more;
 To die no more, to die no more,
 We're going home to die no more.

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.

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.

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.

130 Holy Bible! well I Love Thee.
Sabbath Bell, 39.

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 the Bible's spreading light
Chase the shades of sin away.

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.

Holy Bible! thou wilt 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.

131 Consolation. 6s & 5s.
Sacred Songs, 146.

WHY that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?

O, thou heir of heaven,
 Think of Jesus' love,
 While to thee is given
 All his grace to prove.
 Is thy burdened spirit
 Agonized for sin?
 Think of Jesus' merit;
 He can make thee clean:
 Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
 Where his blood was spilt;
 In that precious fountain,
 Wash away thy guilt.
 Is thy spirit drooping?
 Is the tempter near?
 Still in Jesus hoping,
 What hast thou to fear?
 Set the prize before thee,
 Gird thy armor on;
 Heir of grace and glory,
 Struggle for thy crown.

132

O, Could we Speak!

TUNE—Ariel.

O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,
 O, could we sound the glories forth,
 Which in our Saviour shine,
 We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.
 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath Divine:
 We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
 We shall for ever shine.

130 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

We'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 We would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.
 Well, the delightful day will come,
 When our dear Lord will bring us home,
 And we shall see his face:
 Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A bless'd eternity we'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

133

Jesus shall Reign.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journey run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 Glory, glory, let us sing,
 While heaven and earth with praises ring,
 Hosanna: hosanna!
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God.
 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head,
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
 Glory, etc.
 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
 Glory, etc.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
Glory, etc.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels, descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
Glory, etc.

134

The Heavenly Journey.

7s.

Plymouth Collection, 228.

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

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

Shout, ye little flock and bless'd;
You near Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seats are now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

135 Now I lay me down to Sleep.
Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 126.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
Amen!

136 This Night, ere I lie down to Sleep.
Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

THIS night, ere I lie down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep,
That if I wake, or wake I never,
My soul is given to Christ for ever.

137 Very Little Things are We.
Sabbath Bell, 16.

VERY little things are we,
O, how mild we all should be!
Never quarrel, never fight;
That would be a shocking sight.
Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams.
We will love our teachers too,
And be always kind and true.
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn and cease to play;
And attend to every rule
Of our much-loved Sabbath-school.



138

How Sweet on the Sabbath. P. M.

Favorite Hymns, 10.

How sweet on the Sabbath to rise with the sun,
And haste to the Sabbath-school;
For there in my place, with my lesson begun,
I love Sabbath-school.

I love, I love, I love school,
I love, I love, I love school,
I love school, I love school,
I love Sabbath-school.

134 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

In the school I hear of a heaven of peace;
I love Sabbath-school—
A glorious plan of salvation by faith, etc.

With the name of my Saviour, my teacher doth
tell
How he died to redeem and save me from hell.

For children he died, and he loved them too;
His jewels they are, and their hearts he'll
renew.

“Forbid them not”—here his words are all
given—
“For of such,” he said, “is the kingdom of
heaven.”

Then, there I will go, where these lessons I
learn,
And be prompt in my place on the Sabbath's
return.

139

Ere on my Bed.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing-Book, 120

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
O! hear, great God, the words I say:
Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
In health and strength for many a year;
And still, O Lord! to me impart
A gentle and a grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
In heaven spend eternal day.

140 One there is Above all Others. 8, 7.
Oriola, 170.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

141 Salvation! O the Joyful Sound! C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

142 From every Stormy Wind that Blows.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

136 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

143

Delay Not.

11s.

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning
blood?

144

Will You Go?

Sabbath Bell, 47.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb;
 Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name;
 Will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
 Will you go?

145 Am I a Soldier of the Cross? C. M.
 Oriola, 24.

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?
 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?
 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar—
 By faith they bring it nigh.
 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

146 Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound! S. M.
 TUNE—Luther.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

138 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

147 Sweet Land of Rest. C. M.

SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful, sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

148 Rock of Ages. 7s.
Sabbath Bell, 88.

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

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

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

149 How Happy are They.

How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
O, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

'T was heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name:
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same!

150

Hark, my Soul!

7s.

Sabbath Bell, 89.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord—
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.
 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be:
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee, and adore:
 O for grace to love thee more!

151

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

7s.

AIR—Martyn.

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

152

Just as I am.

L. M.

Sabbath Bell, 19.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

Just as I am: thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

153

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

NEARER, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

142 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

154 Must Jesus Bear the Cross alone? C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear Name repeat.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

155 No Sorrow There.

Revival Hymns.

O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

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

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

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Upon my peaceful breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

156 Holy Angels in their Flight.

HOLY angels in their flight
Traverse over earth and sky:
Acts of kindness their delight,
Winged with mercy as they fly.

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Don't you hear them, coming over hill and plain,
Scattering music in their heavenly train?

CHORUS.

O! don't you hear the angels coming, singing
as they come?

O! bear me, angels, angels, bear me home.

144 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

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

Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
O, how sweetly would we ring
Through the world the Saviour's name!
Don't you hear, etc.

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

157 In the Cross of Christ I Glory. 8, 7

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

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

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

158 Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep? S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

159 My Faith Looks Up to Thee. 6s & 4s.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour Divine,
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

146 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

160 Time is Winging us Away. 7, 6.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

161 There is a Land of Pure Delight. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

162 Joyful Anticipations of Heaven. C. M.
Anniversary Hymns, 6.

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

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

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrows fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

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

163 The Friend we Ought to Love. P. M.
 Sabbath-school Gems, 72.

THERE is a Friend we ought to love
 More than all friends beside;
 His name is Jesus, and his love
 For ever shall abide.
 Come, children, then, for now he lives,
 And praise from little ones receives;
 With lip and life we'll praise his name,
 And not forget his laws again.
 What! not forget again?
 No, not forget again, etc.

There is a word we ought to prize
 More than all words beside;
 It tells how Jesus from the skies
 Came down, and wept, and died.
 Come, children, then, for now he lives—
 Sinners from every land receives:
 O! let us spread the tidings round,
 And publish wide the joyful sound.
 What! spread the joyful sound?
 Yes, spread the joyful sound, etc.

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

164

Come, Weary Sinner.

C. M.

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

“I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I’ll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

“I’ll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I’ll tell him I’m a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

“I’ll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives:
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

“Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

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

165

Amazing Grace.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 180.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !

And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

166 From All that Dwell below the Skies.

TUNE—Old Hundred.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

167

Doxologies.

L. M.

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.

—

PRAISE ye the Lord, who kindly rules
And blesses all our Sabbath-schools :
Let children, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHANTS.

1

Psalm 23.

Oriola, 241.

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.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his | name's — |
sake; || yea, though I walk through the val-
ley of the shadow of death, I will fear no
evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy
staff they | comfort | me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the pre-
sence 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.

2

Humble Devotion.

Oriola, 242.

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.

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!

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 | kind-
ness

For- | gives our | blindness!

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?

Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness, || and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty | bright and | ver-
nal.

And | spring e- | ternal.

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.

3

"Holy, Holy, Lord!"

Oriola, 243.

Rev. iv. 8, 11; v. 12, 13.

HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord . . . God Al- | mighty, ||
which was, and | is, and | is to | come!

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.

Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, || to
receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and
strength, and | honor, . . . and | glory, . . .
and | blessing.

Blessing, and honor, and | glory, . . . and |
power, || be unto him that sitteth upon the
throne, and unto the | Lamb for | ever . . . and
ever. || Amen.

4

"The Mercy of the Lord."

Oriola, 244.

Psalm ciii. 17, 18.

THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting, upon them that fear him, and
his righteousness unto | children's | child-
ren:

154 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that
remember his com- | mandments to | do |
them.

Mark x. 14.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and
for- | bid them | not;
For of | such.. is the | kingdom.. of | heaven.

Isaiah xlv. 3, 4.

I will put my spirit upon thy seed, and my
blessing up- | on thine | offspring;
And they shall spring up as among the grass,
as | willows.. by the | water- | course.

Isaiah xl. 11.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; He
shall gather the lambs with his arms, and
and carry them | in his | bosom,
And shall gently lead | those that | are with |
young.

Acts ii. 30.

For the promise is unto you, and | to your |
children;
And to all that are afar off, even as many as
the | Lord our | God shall | call.

5

“O, Give Thanks!”

Oriola, 248.

Psalms cxxxvi.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
Chorus—For his mercy endureth for ever.
Give thanks unto the God of gods;
Chorus—For his mercy endureth for ever. Amen.

O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
To him who alone doeth great wonders;
To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
To him that stretched out the earth above the
waters;

To him that made great lights:
The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars
to rule by night;

Who remembered us in our low estate;
And hath redeemed us from our enemies;

Who giveth food to all flesh:
O give thanks unto the God of heaven.

6

"Our Father."

Oriola, 245.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed |
be thy | name; ||
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on |
earth... as it | is in | heaven;
Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive |
them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
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.

7

Psalm LXVII.

Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 194.

GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause his | face to | shine upon us:
That thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

156 SELECTED HYMNS AND SONGS.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.

Then shall the earth | yield her | increase;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless
us.

God | shall— | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear-- |
him.

8

Psalm CXXI.

Dulcimer, 296.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence | cometh..my | help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which |
made— | heaven and | earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that
keepeth thee | will not | slumber:

Behold he that keepeth Israel | shall not |
slumber..nor | sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade
upon thy | right— | hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor
the | moon by | night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he
shall pre- | serve thy | soul:

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and
thy coming in, from this time forth,
and | even..for | ever- | more. Amen.



NATIONAL
AND
TEMPERANCE SONGS.

I My Country! 'tis of Thee. 6s & 4s.
AIR—America.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

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.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty!
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

2

Independence Day.

Oriola, 158.

THIS day to greet,
 With joy we meet,
 Then banish care away:
 With festive cheer,
 Come hasten here,
 'Tis Independence Day!
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 'Tis Independence Day!

Joined heart and hand,
A happy band,
We freedom's flag display;
With music's sound,
We gather round,
'Tis Independence Day!

We shout and sing,
And flowers bring,
Youth's joyful emblems they;
The laurel twine
With fadeless pine,
'Tis Independence Day!

From morn to night,
With love unite
To celebrate this day;
Let peace and joy
Our hearts employ,
'Tis Independence Day!

3

Thrice Hail, Happy Day.

Oriola, 162.

THRICE hail, happy day!
Thou speak'st our nation's glory!
A voice with thee
Proclaims "We're free;"
Thrice hail, happy day!
Our hills and plains no more are trod
By those wield oppression's rod;
We know no tyrant's rod.
Hail, hail, happy day!
The graves of our fathers,
Their laurels brightly crown them!
They fought and died,
That we, in pride,

Might hail freedom's day!
 Then, come, ye sons of freedom's throng,
 And shout their deeds in joyful song;
 May mem'ry cherish long
 This bright, happy day!

O, 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!

4 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
 Lee Avenue Col., Part II., 176.

COLUMBIA, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 A world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view:
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue,

When war winged its wide desolation,
 And threatened our land to deform,
 The ark, then, of Freedom's foundation,
 Columbia, rode safe through the storm;

With her garlands of victory around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue.

Come all Columbia's sons hither,
 To join in our song with delight;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 May the star of their glory shine bright;
 May the service united not sever,
 But they to their colors prove true;
 The army and navy for ever—
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
 The army and navy for ever—
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

5

Song of Welcome.

Oriola, 120.

COME where joy and gladness [guest;
 Make each youthful stranger a welcome
 Come where grief and sadness
 Will not find a dwelling in your breast.
 Time with us will pass away,
 With books, or work, or healthful play;
 Sometimes with a cheerful song
 The happy hours will glide along.

Thus our day employing,
 We are always learning some useful thing;
 These pursuits enjoying,
 Merrily together we will sing.

Though in sports we take delight,
 We also love to read and write;
 Those who teach us, too, we prize,
 Who strive to make us good and wise.

6 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 140.

O! SAY can you tell by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
 last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through
 the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
 lantly streaming; [in air,

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting
 Gave proof through the night that the foe was
 still there!

O! say does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of
 the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dead silence
 reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering
 steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
 closes?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 beam, [stream;

In full glory reflected now shines o'er the
 'Tis the star-spangled banner—O! long may it
 wave [brave!

O'er the land of the free and the home of the

And where is that band who so vauntingly
 swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's con-
 fusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
 steps' pollution:
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
 grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's
 desolation;
 Bless'd with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-
 rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
 served us a nation;
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
 just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave!



7

Gushing so Bright.

Oriola, 177.

GUSHING so bright in the morning light,
 Gleams the water in yon fountain;
 As purely, too, as the early dew,
 That gems yon distant mountain.
 Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
 And leave the cup of sorrow—
 Though it shine to-night in its gleaming light,
 'T will sting thee on the morrow.

Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
 The brooks from rocks to valley;
 And the flashing streams, in the broad sun-
 beams,
 Like a bannered army rally.
 Then drink, etc.

Touch not the wine, though 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, etc.

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, etc.

8

The Good and the Kind.

Normal Singer, 27.

THE good and the kind
 Find flowers in their path ever springing,
 And angels around ever singing;
 The good and the kind.

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

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

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

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

9

O! Merry Goes the Time.

Bradbury's Singing-Bird, 169.

O! MERRY goes the time
 When the heart is young;
 There is naught too hard to climb
 When the heart is young;
 A spirit of delight
 Scatters roses in its flight,
 And there's magic in the night,
 When the heart is young.

But weary go the feet
 When the heart is old;
 Time cometh not so sweet
 When the heart is old;
 From all that smiled and shone,
 There is something lost and gone,
 And our friends are few or none,
 When the heart is old.

O! sparkling are the skies,
 When the heart is young;
 There is bliss in beauty's eyes
 When the heart is young;
 The golden break of day
 Bringeth gladness in its ray,
 And every month is May,
 When the heart is young.
 But the sun is setting fast,
 When the heart is old;
 And the sky is overcast,
 When the heart is old;
 Life's worn and weary bark
 Lies tossing wild and dark,
 And the star hath left hope's ark,
 When the heart is old.



10

We are Brothers.

Robin Redbreast, 87.

WE are brothers, we are brothers;
To one goal our footsteps tend;
Then, as through life's paths we wander,
Let us be each other's friend.
What though tempests dark assail us?
What though thorns infest our path?
Our brave hearts will never fail us,
Heedless of the tempest's wrath.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
Wanderers in this world of care;
Many, many are our sorrows,
Yet we never will despair.

We will hope, and hope for ever,
 For a brighter, sunnier day,
 When the clouds which round us gather,
 All will melt and pass away.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
 Pilgrim wanderers are we here;
 Let us, then, with words of gladness
 Strive our pathway lone to cheer.
 One bright star is ever shining
 In the fair or cheerless sky,
 And that star knows no declining—
 Hope's bright star will never die.

11

The Singers.

Metropolitan Glee Book, 192.

A JOYOUS, gay, and happy band,
 United fast and long,
 Th' emotions of our blithesome hearts,
 Break forth in joyous song;
 Then, join us, comrades, while we sing,
 Swell out the choral throng;
 Let friendship true, and peace, and love,
 Burst forth in joyous song.

Whatever thoughts our bosoms swell,
 Of sorrow or delight,
 Burst forth in warm, spontaneous song,
 That swell to heaven's height.
 Then join, etc.

On lofty mountain peaks we sing—
 In rocky vales profound—
 The aged pines in forest's shades,
 Shake at the echoing sound.
 Then join, etc.

And when the sun goes slowly down,
And stars peep forth at even,
Then full and high our voices swell,
In songs addressed to heaven.
Then join, etc.

12 Sing this Song with Me. Normal Singer, 92.

O! SING ye the merry, merry song with me!
And let our hearts be free
As the wavings of ocean, that ceaseless swell,
And the wandering breezes, that ever tell
The music of all we see.

O! sing ye the merry, merry song so bold!
And sing of days of old, [dew,
When the stars of the night sparkled bright as
And we pledged to continue for ever true,
As when first our chorus rolled.

O! sing ye the merry, merry song to-night!
And sing the hour's swift flight!
Sing of Him who together has brought us here,
Sing of Him who has made us to each so dear;
O! sing the glad song to-night.

13 Good Night. S. S. Anniversary Book, 156.

WE rise, dear friends, with true delight,
The eldest of the throng,
To wish you all a kind good night,
In this our parting song;
Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
While joys within our bosoms glow;
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

We next in turn, though younger still,
 Would chant our parting song;
 We boast indeed but little skill,
 Nor shall our strains be long;
 Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
 For every smile you deigned to show;
 Good night, etc.

Though younger still, yet do not blame
 The passion in our breast;
 Our gratitude you well may claim
 Ere we retire to rest;
 Our hearty thanks we now bestow;
 The time has come for us to go.
 Good night, etc.

We, least and last of all the train,
 Our infant voices try—
 Salute you all a parting strain,
 And bid you all good-bye;
 Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
 Our mothers want us—we must go.
 Good night, etc.

14

The Flag of our Union.

Bradbury's Seasons, Part II., 86.

"A SONG for our banner!" The watchword
 recall,
 Which gave the Republic her station:
 "United we stand, divided we fall—"
 It made and preserves us a nation.
 The union of lakes—the union of lands—
 The union of States none can sever!
 The union of hearts—the union of hands—
 And the flag of our Union for ever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with his weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder.
The union of lakes, etc.

15

Away, away the Bowl!

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 21.

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!

See how that poor inebriate reels!
Away, away the bowl!
Alas, the misery he reveals!
Away, away the bowl!
His children grieve, his wife's in tears,
How sad his once bright home appears!
Away the bowl, etc.

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

GIRLS. The tippler's offers we repel;
Away, away the bowl!

ALL, United in a temperance band, [hand;
We're joined in heart, we're joined in
Away the bowl, etc

16 Shall e'er Cold Water be Forgot?

Temperance Melodist, 48.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

SHALL e'er cold water be forgot,
 When we sit down to dine?
 O no, my friends, for is it not
 Poured out by hands Divine?
 Poured out by hands Divine, my friends,
 Poured out by hands Divine;
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,
 Poured out by hands Divine.

To Beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,
 'Tis not more strange than true,
 Cold water, though itself so *pale*,
 Imparts the rosiest hue;
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
 Imparts the rosiest hue;
 Yes, Beauty, in a water-pail
 Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, (though wonderful,
 'Tis not less true, again,)
 The weakest of all earthly drinks,
 Doth make the strongest men;
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
 Doth make the strongest men;
 Then let us take that weakest drink,
 And grow the strongest men.

The sturdy oak full many a cup
 Doth hold up to the sky,
 To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
 And thus the oak *gets high*;

'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
 'Tis thus the oak gets high;
 By having water in its cups,
 Then why not you and I?
 Then let cold water armies give
 Their banners to the air;
 So shall the boys, like oaks, be strong,
 The girls, like tulips, fair;
 The girls, like tulips, fair, my friends,
 The girls, like tulips, fair;
 The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
 The girls, like tulips, fair.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

17

Sparkling and Bright.

School Singer, 152.

SPARKLING and bright, in its liquid light,
 Is the water in our glasses;
 'T will give you health, 't will give you wealth,
 Ye lads and rosy lasses;
 O! then resign your ruby wine,
 Each smiling son and daughter;
 There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
 Or sweet as the sparkling water.
 Better than gold is the water cold,
 From the crystal fountain flowing;
 A calm delight both day and night,
 To happy homes bestowing.
 O! then resign, etc.
 Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,
 Of the weeping wife and mother;
 They've given up the poisoned cup—
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.
 O! then resign, etc.

18

The Declaration.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 68.

WE come, we come, a little band,
As children of the nation;
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand,
To keep the Declaration.

We come, we come, with joyful eyes,
We fear no usurpation;
Our fathers fought to win the prize,
And keep the Declaration.

We come, we come—'t is freedom's cause
Excites our admiration;
Columbia's sons maintain her laws,
And keep the Declaration.

We come, we come, with garlands bright,
To crown with approbation
Our land, which marches in her might,
To keep the Declaration.

We come, we come—to God be praise,
For our exalted station;
We thank him for such happy days,
And keep the Declaration.

We come, we come—we soon must die,
And so must all our nation:
We'll not forget the prize on high,
Yet keep the Declaration.

19

My Drink shall be the Flowing Fountain.

Anniversary Hymns, 2.

My drink shall be the flowing fountain,
Transparent, sparkling, cool, and pure,
Fresh from the cleft of rocky mountain,
For fevered heat and thirst a cure

Ye maddening drinks, begone from me,
Wine, whiskey, and crambambuli,
Crambam, crambambuli, crambambuli.

I saw a sight most melancholy—
A drunkard in the public way;
His face was fire, his voice was folly;
There, wallowing like a swine, he lay.
Ye drinks of fools, begone from me,
Gin, porter, and crambambuli.
Crambam, etc.

Long as I live, the thought I'll cherish,
If Heaven vouchsafe to keep me free;
Strong drink is but the way to perish—
Cold water is the drink for me.
Ye murderous drinks, begone from me,
Beer, brandy, and crambambuli.
Crambam, etc.

20

My Own Native Land.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 16.

I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed over
flood,
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;
Though 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;
Though the fields were as green, and the moon
shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.

176 NATIONAL AND TEMPERANCE SONGS.

The right hand of friendship how oft have I
grasped, [bland;
And bright eyes have smiled, and looked
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 the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree; [home;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes; [home;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

21

Good Night.

8, 6.

Sabbath Bell, 10.

GOOD NIGHT: one song before we part,
In friendship and delight;
May love flow sweet from heart to heart,
And each bid all good night.

Good night, dear friends, good night;
Good night, dear friends, good night;
May love flow sweet from heart to heart,
And each bid all good night.

Good night, dear friends; may happy days
Make every vision bright,
And each one bathe in golden rays,
Where none will say good night.

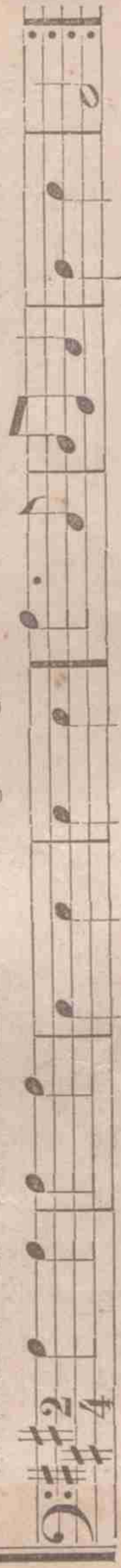
Good night, dear friends, good night;
Good night, dear friends, good night;
May each one bathe in golden rays,
Where none will say good night.

HARK! THE SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.

1



{ Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing! Chil-dren, haste without de-lay;
 { Prayers of thousands now are wing-ing, Up to heaven their si-lent way.
 D. C. Let us all u-nite in sing-ing, All u-nite in so-lemn prayer.



Chorus to each verse.



Come, children, come! the bells are ring-ing, To the school with haste re-pair.



2

Allegro.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A. T. by Rev. J. W. DADMAN.

1. { Out on an ocean all boundless, we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're, &c.
 D. C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're, &c.

Fine.

D. C.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode.

OH COME, LET US SING!

3

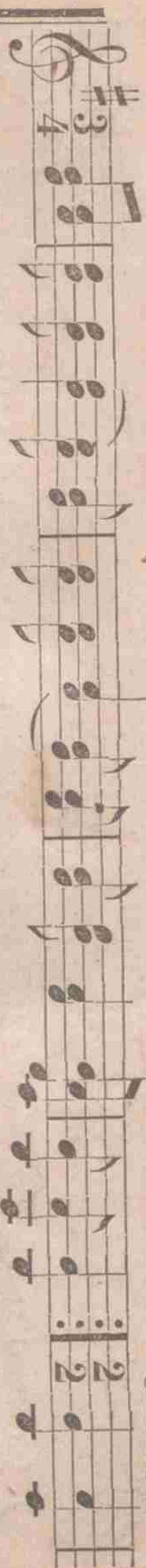
1. Oh come let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God above, a God of love; Oh come let us sing!
 2. The full notes prolong; Our festal ce-lebrating; We hail the day with cheerful lay, And full notes prolong,

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains the melody for the first part of the song. The second staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff.

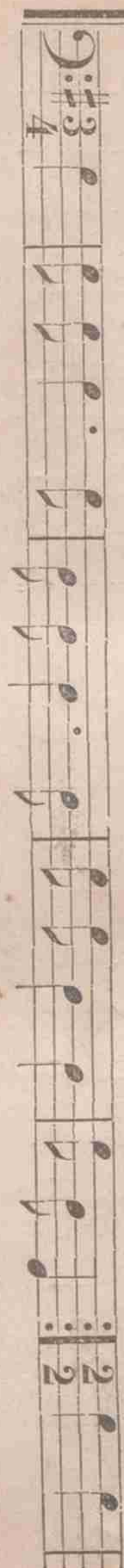
Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee, In heavenly melody—Oh come, let us sing!
 Both cheerful youth and silvery age, And childhood pure, the gay, the sage, These thrilling scenes engage, Full
 [notes to prolong.]

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains the melody for the first part of the song. The second staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff. The phrase "[notes to prolong.]" is written below the second staff, indicating that the notes should be held for a longer duration.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

Harmonized by S. J. ANDERSON.
CHORUS.

1. { To day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice ; }
 { Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go ! Say, will you have this Christ, or no ! } We are



passing a-way, We are passing away, We are passing away, To the great Judgment Day.



NO REST HERE. P. M.

5

Fine.

1. { Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 d. c. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest! there is rest!

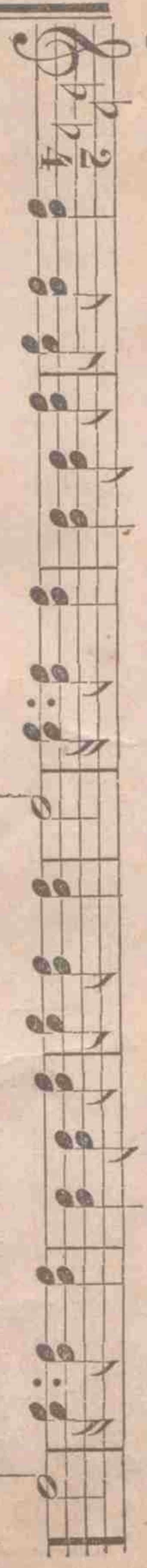
For I look forward to that glorious day, When sin and sorrow shall vanish a-way;

D. C.

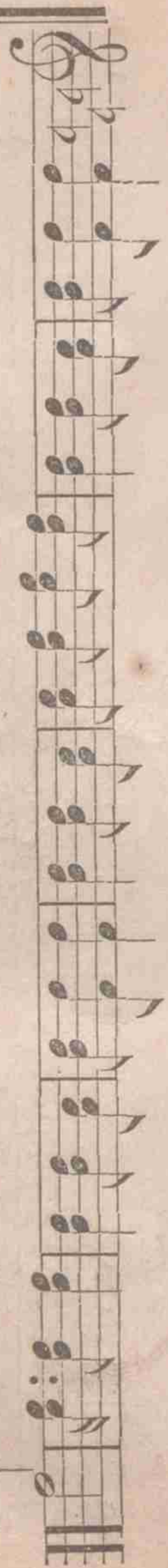
6

HAPPY LAND.

HINDOSTAN AIR.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay?
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams eve-ry eye, Kept by a Father's hand, Love can-not die;



Oh! how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, ever-more!
Oh! we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, For ever-more!
Oh! then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun For ev-er-more!



I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

7



1. { I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand, }
 A crown upon my fore-head, A harp within my hand; } There, right before my Saviour, So



glo-rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest mu - sic, And praise him day and night.



2

I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

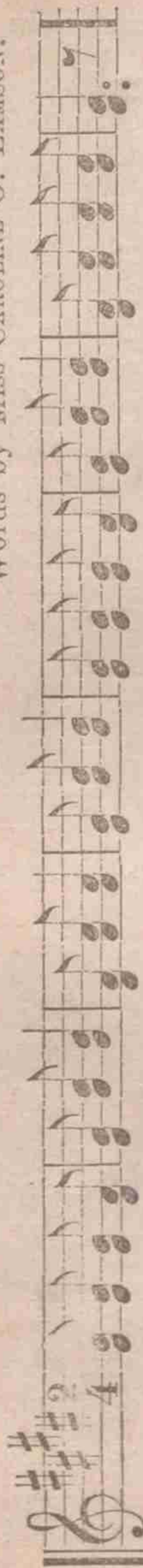
1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that
 3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love: And if

called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 I thus earn - est - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

HERE WE THRONG TO PRAISE THE LORD.

9

Words by Miss CAROLINE O. LAMSON.



1. Here we throng to praise the Lord: 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.



WAD HAPPY DAY, HAPPY DAY

10 Allegretto.

Duet.

THE ANCHOR.

1. Days, and weeks, and months, returning, Bear us gently down life's way : Still their lesson we are learning,
With each anniversary day.
2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voices, Joy controls the hasting hour : None so sad, but he rejoices 'Neath to
day's controlling power.

CHORUS.

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by, We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by.

HAPPY DAY, HAPPY DAY.

11

Chorus.

1. { Preserved by thine Al-mighty power, O Lord, our Ma-ker, Saviour, King, }
And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais-es here to sing. }
2. { We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given, }
Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins for-given. }

Happy day, happy
Happy day, happy

End.

End with 2d strain.

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

12

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

1. To-day the Saviour calls ! Ye wand'ers come ; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam !

2. To-day the Saviour calls ! For refuge fly ; The storm of vengeance falls, And death is nigh.

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.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

13

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first two verses indicated by numbers 1 and 2.

fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and bass staff. The lyrics continue below the staves, with the first two lines of the second verse indicated by numbers 1 and 2.

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SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF THE JEFFERSON STREET
BAPTIST CHURCH, LOUISVILLE, KY.

LOUISVILLE, KY.:
J. LE BRUN, PUBLISHER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS AND BRETHREN.

*[From Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., Pastor of First
Baptist Church, Chicago, Illinois.]*

I. RUSSELL, ESQ.:

DEAR BROTHER:—I am pleased with your selections of hymns, so appropriately introduced by a memorial of the Jefferson Street Sunday-school, whose exercises have so often been enlivened by them.

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W. W. EVERTS.

September 30, 1860.

[*From Rev. R. B. C. Howell, D. D., Pastor of
the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn.*]

MR. LE BRUN:

DEAR SIR:—I have seen the proof-sheets of the “Sabbath-school Hymns” you are about publishing. The design is neat; the hymns I have examined are good; and I have no doubt the book will be an excellent one. You have my best wishes for the success of the enterprise.

Yours truly, etc.,

R. B. C. HOWELL.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 4, 1860.

[*From Professor N. Robinson, A.M., late Editor of
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[From Rev. Abr'm Coles Osborn, A.M., Pastor of the
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MR. J. LE BRUN:

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In Christian love,

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[From Mr. Theo. Harris, Leader of the Choir, Jefferson Street Baptist Church.]

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