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I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.



1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,
3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the promised land, When Jesus calls me,



CHORUS.



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



- way, I'll away to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
- way, I'll away to the promised land, My Saviour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
way, I'll away to the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.



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

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JESUS EVER NEAR. C. M.

3

"PLYMOUTH COLL." By special permission.

1. Dear Je - sus! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be, To
 2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near; The

leave Thy home in heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me, A lit - tle child like me.
 sweetness of Thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear, I am too deaf to hear.

- 3. I can not feel Thee touch my hand,
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me, as my mother does
 Her erring little child.
- 4. But I have felt Thee in my thought,
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from Thee.

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

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ANNIVERSARY SONG.



1 Days, and weeks, and months, returning, Bear us gently down life's way ; Still their lesson we are
 2 Glad our hearts, and glad our voices, Joy controls the hasting hour ; None so sad but he re-
 3 Glad for classmates and for teachers, Guiding us with gentle rule, Glad for all the gifts that



Chorus.



learning, With each an-ni-versa - ry day. We hail this day, so full of joy, And
 joic - es 'Neath to-day's controlling power. We hail, &c.
 reach us, Thro' our own lov'd Sabbath School. We hail, &c.



greet it with our song, We hail this day, so full of joy, And greet it with our song.



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

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

Handwritten blue ink scribble

OH! WE LOVE TO COME.

Words by Miss S. HAMILTON. Music by Prof. T. WOOD, of Albany.

1. Oh! we love to come to our Sab-bath home, And learn of our teach - ers dear,

Who point us with love to our home a - bove, And the crown that a - waits us there.

And the crown that a - waits us there, And the crown that a - waits us there;

- 2. Oh! 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.
- 3. Oh! 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;

- 4. 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.
- 5. 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.

WE LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL. C. M.

By permission of H. WATERS.

1. We love the Sab-bath school, the place Our youth-ful feet have trod; Where
 2. We love the Sab-bath school: 'tis there The praise of God we sing; 'Tis

we have heard of wisdom's ways, That lead to peace and God, That lead to peace and
 there we bow the knee, in prayer, To God, our heavenly King, To God, our heavenly

God; Where we have heard of wis-dom's ways, That lead to peace and God.
 King; 'Tis there we bow the knee, in prayer, To God, our heavenly King.

3. We love the Sabbath School—where we
 The holy Bible read,
 Which tells of Christ, who came to be
 A Saviour, in our need.

4. Oh! that, when earthly cares are past,
 Our teachers we may meet
 Upon the blissful plains, and cast
 Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

LIVELY.

THE MISSION SHIP "MORNING STAR."



1. The mas-ter - build-er call-eth His work-men, "Follow me!" Each man a-mong them hasteth With
2. O build-ers! God be-stow-eth Your wis-dom, strength and skill, And ev - er him re-wardeth Who



strange a-lac - ri - ty. A shout re - e-choes near and far, "We build the ship—the Morn-ing Star.
work-eth with a will. "With right good will, a - lert we are. To build the ship—the Morn-ing Star.



3. They come with noisy trampling,
Ten thousand little feet,
Each emulous to offer
The tribute money meet;
All wide awake the children are
To build the ship—the Morning Star.

4. They bring no dingy copper,
With green and cankered spot,
But pure and precious silver,
Or choicer gold, I wot.
"The very best we have—Hurra!
To build the ship—the Morning Star."

5. Now bravely on her mission,
Away the good ship goes;
Nor fears the angry billow,
Nor roughest wind that blows;
For prayers go up from near and far—
"God speed the ship—the Morning Star."

6. I see her streamers floating
O'er Micronesian seas;
I hear a hearty welcome
Sent back upon the breeze—
"All hail! the ship that from afar
Glad tidings brought—the Morning Star."

Published by G. S. SCOFIELD, 375 Broadway, N. York

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HALLELUJAH TO THE LAMB.

1 O God! to thy promise our hearts humbly cling; To thine altar the bloom of our childhood we bring;
 2 Thanks, thanks for thy word, for the sweet Sabbath-day, For the teachers who lead us in wisdom's glad way;

We seek thee right early—our guide thou shalt be: All the years of that youth we now of-fer to thee.
 Who point us to Je-sus, so rea-dy of old, Young child-ren like us in his arms to en-fold.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Hal-le-lujah, Halle-lujah, Hallelujah, A-men.
 Halle-lu-jah, to the Lamb, Hal-le-lujah, Halle-lu-jah, Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Should life be continued till manhood comes on,
 Till the scenes of its noon-tide like shadows are gone,
 Still, still be thou near us to help and defend,
 Till like sheaves fully ripe to the grave we descend.
 Hallelujah, &c.

4 Oh! grant that in heaven, earth's labors all done,
 The voice of these teachers with ours may be one,
 In praise unto Him in whose name they have taught,
 Whose blood flowing freely our pardon hath bought.
 Hallelujah, &c.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Arranged by Mrs. L. E. L.

From the Christian Melodist.

We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright; Come join our hap-py

CHORUS.

youthful band, And seek the plains of light, O come and join our youthful band, Our

songs and triumphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for ev-er there.

The Saviour feeds his little flock, In that bright land no sin is found, Our Teachers kind, do point the way,
His grace is freely given; But all are happy there; And guide our feet aright,
The living waters from the rock, And youthful voices there shall join, To those bright realms of endless day,
And daily bread from heaven. With the Angelic choir. Where Jesus is the light.

CHO. O come and join our youthful band,
Our songs and triumphs share;
We soon shall reach the promised land,
And rest forever there.

CHO. Then come and join, &c.

SABBATH SCHOLARS' WELCOME. Words by H. OLMSTEAD.

SPIRITED.

Arranged to Music, by PROF. T. WOOD.



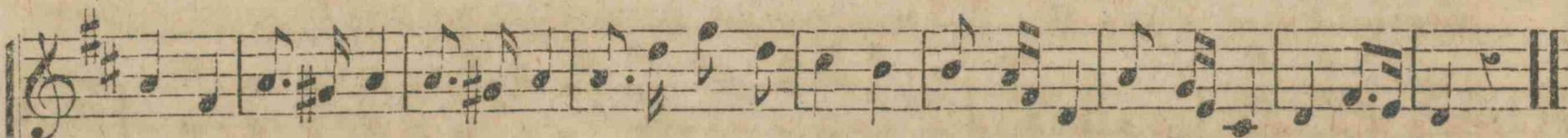
1. } Come with us to-day, O come,—Don't delay, don't delay—To the Sabbath-school, our home, Come, ye children,
 } Come while yet your hearts are light, Join our throng, join our throng; And unite with true delight, While we sing our
 2. } Here we learn the way of truth,—Teachers dear, teach us here!—And while "in the days of youth," We are taught the
 } On the ho-ly Sabbath-day, To each heart they impart Words of truth which point the way To the world of



haste a-way. }
 cheerful song. } Hearts so light, tempers right, Let us join the cho-rus, Light and free, may we be, All is bright be-
 Lord to fear; }
 joy a-bove. } Come away—don't delay—Come in youth's bright morning, Grace divine, let it shine, All our lives a-



FINAL ENDING.



fore us: Parents dear, with us here, By their presence cheer us; Swell the song, swell the song, God is love.
 doring: Thus we'll strive, all to live, Sin's tempta-tion scorn-ing, Swell the song, swell the song, God is love.



SABBATH SCHOLARS' WELCOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, swell the song of glad-ness, Hap-pi-ly, hap-pi-ly, not a thought of

sadness; Sing a-loud, sing a-loud, all is joy and gladness, Welcome, O welcome, O wel-come here!

For a *Finale* Chorus, repeat the first verse, as far as "God is love."

LITTLE THINGS.

MODERATELY FAST.

Arranged by LUCIUS HART.

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

2.
And the little moments,
Humble though they be
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3.
So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love;
Make our earth as Eden,
Like the heaven above.

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

THE BELLS OF HOLY SABBATH.

Music by PROF. T. WOOD, Albany, N.Y.

1. Hark! the bells of ho - ly Sab-bath! Hear their ringing soft and clear! While their solemn
2. While the tools of wea-ry workmen, Ly - ing all un - heed - ed now; Far from toil his

sa - cred mu - sic, Sounds so sweetly to the ear; Hear their sweet, per-sua-sive summons,
arm is ceas-ing, Happy smiles play on his brow, As he hears the church-bells ringing,

f CHORUS. FULL.

Recalling now God's high behest; Six days shalt thou have for labor, On the seventh, thou shalt rest.
Blessing with tears the high behest; Six days shalt thou have for labor, On the seventh, thou shalt rest.

3. Human hearts, ev'n if they're sinful,
Now a purer impulse swells,
As they feel the soothing cadence,
Of those sweetly echoing bells;
For their music, calm, but earnest,
Echo deep within the breast;
Six days shalt thou have for labor,
On the seventh, thou shalt rest.

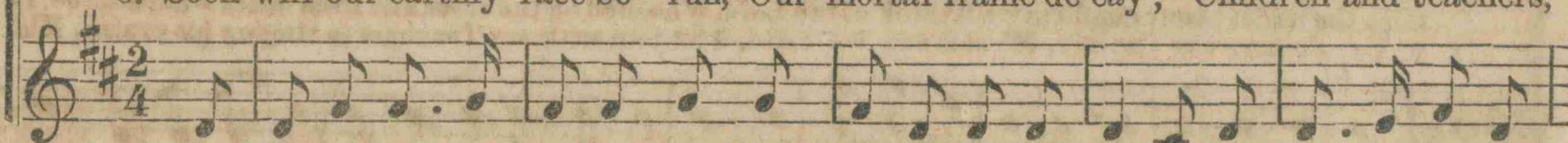
4. What a blessing is the Sabbath!
With its sweetly chiming bells,
Spirits pure, of deep devotion,
In their calm vibration dwells.
Then the weary one's reminded
Of *Jehovah's* high behest;
Six days only shalt thou labor,
On the seventh, thou shalt rest.

THE GLORIOUS WORLD OF LIGHT. C. M. Double.

Allegro.



1. There is a glorious world of light A - bove the starry sky, Where saints departed,
2. Those are the hymns that we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey; That is the place where
3. Soon will our earthly race be run, Our mortal frame de - cay; Children and teachers,



clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high. And hark! a - mid the sa - cred songs Those we shall go, If found in wisdom's way; This is the joy we ought to seek, And one by one, Must pass from earth a - way. Great God, im - press the serious thought, This



heavenly voi - ces raise, Ten thousand, thousand in - fant tongues, Unite in perfect praise. make our chief concern; For this we come, from week to week, To read, and hear, and learn. day on ev - ery breast, That both the teachers and the taught May en - ter to Thy rest.



THE GATHERING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

Lively.

Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER, D.D. Adapted from a Scottish Melody, by A. BEE.



1. The Sunday School Army has gathered once more, Its numbers are greater than ev - er be - fore, Its
2. We fight a - gainst e - vil, and battle with wrong, Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong ; Our
3. In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of the Lord, Who died on the cross, and from death was restored, To
4. To Je - sus, our Captain, Ho - san - nas we raise, And join with our Teachers in singing his praise ; His



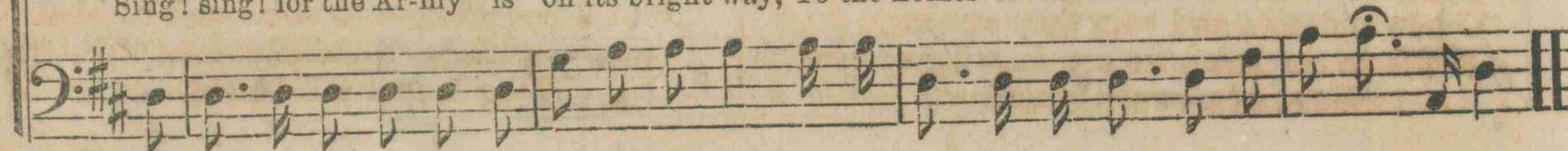
banners are spread, and shall nev - er be furled, Till the Prince of sal - va - tion has conquered the world.
 watchword is prayer, and Faith is our shield, And nev - er! no, nev - er, to our foes will we yield.
 save us from sin, and to give us a place With the an - gels who al - ways behold his bright face.
 sol - diers we are, and his sol - diers will be, Till we lay down our armor, and death sets us free.



CHORUS to each verse.



Sing! sing! for the Ar - my is on its bright way, To the homes of the blest and the mansions of day.



WE'RE ON OUR WAY HOME. Arranged by Rev. J. W. DADMUN. 15

Allegro.

FINE.

1. { We live as pilgrims and strangers below, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; }
 { Tho' of - ten tempted, yet on - ward we go, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. }
 D. C. We has - ten forward, con - tent with the fare, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

D. C.
 Tri - als and cross - es we cheerful - ly bear, Toils and temptations ex - pect - ing to share,

2. Earth with its trifles we all have resigned,
 We're homeward bound;
 Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,
 We're homeward bound;
 Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
 O how delusive and vain they appear,
 While to our home we are drawing so near!
 We're homeward bound.

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

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!

D. C

For I look forward to that glorious day When sin and sorrow shall vanish away ;

2.

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word :
 Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
 They have been called to receive their reward,
 There, there is rest! there is rest!

3.

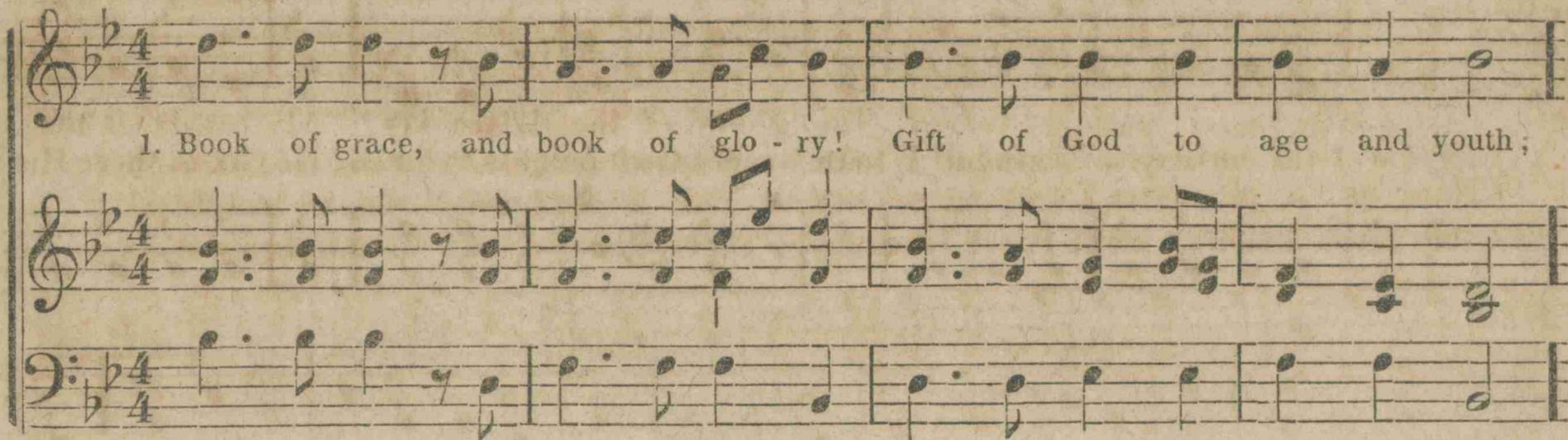
This world of cares is a wilderness state,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast,
 There, there is rest! there is rest!

By Permission.
NOT TOO SLOW.

BOOK OF GRACE.

17

Arranged by THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Book of grace, and book of glo-ry! Gift of God to age and youth;



Won-drous is thy sa-cred sto-ry— Bright, bright with truth.

2. Book of love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to thee.

3. Book of hope! the spirit sighing,
Consolation finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to me."

4. Book of peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full, full of thee.

5. Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

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THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAY. L. M.

Scotch Melody of 1709. Arranged by E. C.

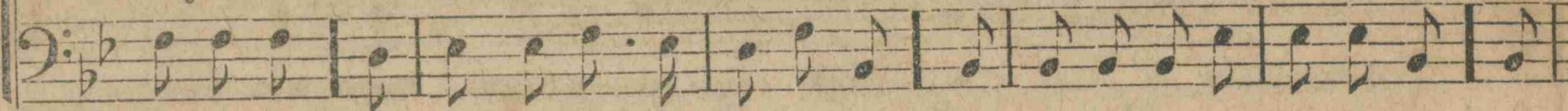
SPIRITED.



1. A - rise! arise! with joy survey The glo-ry of the latter day; Al - rea-dy is the
 3. Be - hold the way to Zion's hill, Where Israel's God delights to dwell; He fix-es there His



- dawn begun, That marks at hand the rising sun. 2. The friends of truth assembled stand, A
 lofty throne, And calls the sacred place his own. 4. "Behold the way!" ye heralds, cry! Spare



- chosen, consecrated band, The emblem of the cross display, And cry aloud, "Behold the way."
 not, but lift your voices high, Convey the sound from shore to shore, And bid the captive sigh no more.



5. Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray,
 With joy we view, and hail the day;
 Thou Sun! arise, supremely bright,
 And fill the world with purest light.

NOTE.—In singing the 5th verse, repeat the tune from the figure 2.

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! Spare

way."
no more.

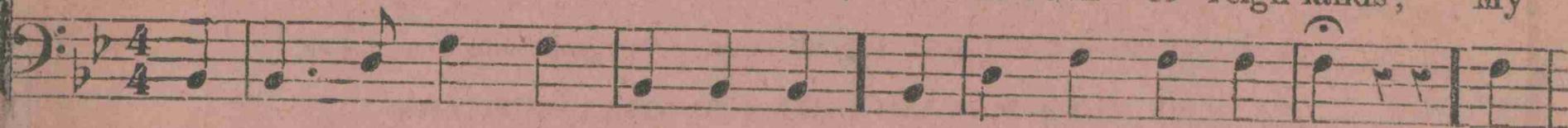
Spirited.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Arranged for this Book by S. 17



1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent, They
d. c. I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in fo - reign lands; My



END.

D. C.



stopped the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. I'll die no more for bread,
Father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.



2. What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here. I'll die, &c.

3. I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place. I'll die, &c.

4. His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child. I'll die, &c.

5. Father, I've sinned, but O, forgive!
Enough! the Father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead. I'll die, &c.

6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, but now is found. I'll die, &c.

7. 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come. I'll die, &c.

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