SONGS OF PRAISE

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

(REVISED EDITION.)

COMPILED FROM

BRADBURY'S "NEW" GOLDEN TRIO, viz.:

THE "NEW" GOLDEN CHAIN, "NEW" GOLDEN SHOWER, AND GOLDEN CENSER.

By Rev. E. T. BAIRD, D.D.

RICHMOND, VA.:
Published by E. THOMPSON BAIRD, Secretary of Publication,
No. 1001 MAIN STREET.
1875.

SP-050005

SONGS OF PRAISE

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

(REVISED EDITION.)

COMPILED FROM

BRADBURY'S "NEW" GOLDEN TRIO, viz.:

THREE. "NEW" GOLDEN CHAIN, "NEW" GOLDEN SHOWER, AND GOLDEN CENSER.

By Rev. E. T. BAIRD, D.D.

RICHMOND:

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION, 1001 MAIN ST.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

In submitting this revised edition to the Christian public, the compiler would express the hope that his labors will meet the expectations of the friends of Sabbath Schools and will satisfy their necessities. Under present circumstances, he is sure nothing better could have been done, and he is persuaded that no other similar work will answer the purposes for which it was prepared half so well. It is compiled on principles well understood; it is free from everything distasteful to the religious sentiments prevailing among us, and is strictly a book designed for the worship of God.

The selection is confined to the works of Prof. WM. B. BRADBURY, partly because of their superior excellence, and partly because a wider field of selection was precluded, as all the tunes desired from various parts of the country are copyrighted, rendering it difficult to obtain the right to use them. An arrangement was, therefore, entered into with Mr. BRADBURY, who stands pre-eminent in this department, by which we obtained the use of his copyright in selecting and publishing this work.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

WARREN, Music Stereotyper, 43 Centre-st., New York.

☞ NOTICE TO BOOK COMPILERS AND OTHERS. ☜

The MUSIC and POETRY of nearly every piece in this work is COPY-RIGHT PROPERTY, and "Entered according to act of Congress." No person, therefore, has a right to print in any form, or for *any purpose whatever*, either *words or music*, without first obtaining permission from the author. If hymns or tunes are desired for Sunday School Anniversaries, or for any other purpose, such permission must first be obtained, otherwise the person using them trespasses against the laws of copy-right, makes himself liable, and will be held accountable.

GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOR AND GLORY, AND BLESSING.'"—*Rev.* 5: 12.

From "Golden Censer." WM. B. BRADBURY.

2.

Ye for whom his precious life was giv'n,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, and join the glorious choir of heav'n,
Join the everlasting song.
We will join, &c.

3.

Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.
We will join, &c.

4.

Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will join, &c.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
||: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer sweet hour of prayer.
May I thy consolation share:
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

Words by FANNY CROSBY

JESUS HELP ME.

HENRY TUCKER.

2 Jesus help me, I am fainting,
'Neath the deserts burning sky,
Lead to pastures cool and fragrant,
There my every want supply,
Shade me with Thy wings eternal,
Let me feel Thee ever near,
Thou canst whisper words of comfort,
Thou canst dry the falling tear.

3 Jesus help me, I am sinking,
In the cold and chilly wave,
Give me strength, my faith increasing,
Thou alone hast power to save,
Let my soul be filled with rapture,
Let my hope be stayed on Thee,
Let me bear my cross with patience,
Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

2. 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,
Would bring thee nigh.

3. Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4. Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

MY SABBATH SONG.

From 'GOLDEN CENSER." By permission. WM. B. BRADBURY.

2. 'Tis a song of love and mercy
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
No fear of ill, &c.

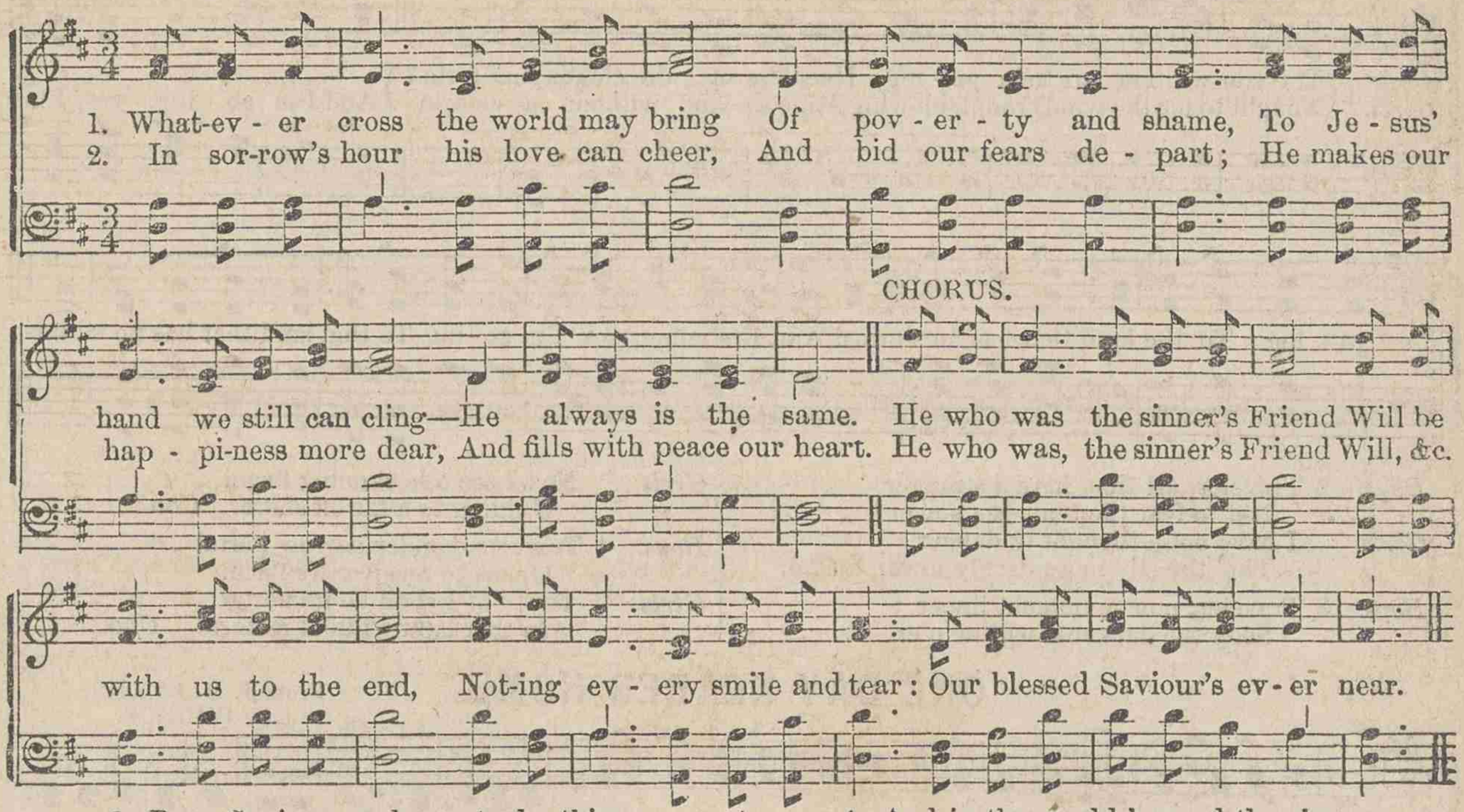
3. Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
No fear of ill, &c.

4. While I live, O, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
No fear of ill, &c.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

"JESUS CHRIST—THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."

Words by KATE CAMERON. *Music by* WM. B. BRADBURY.

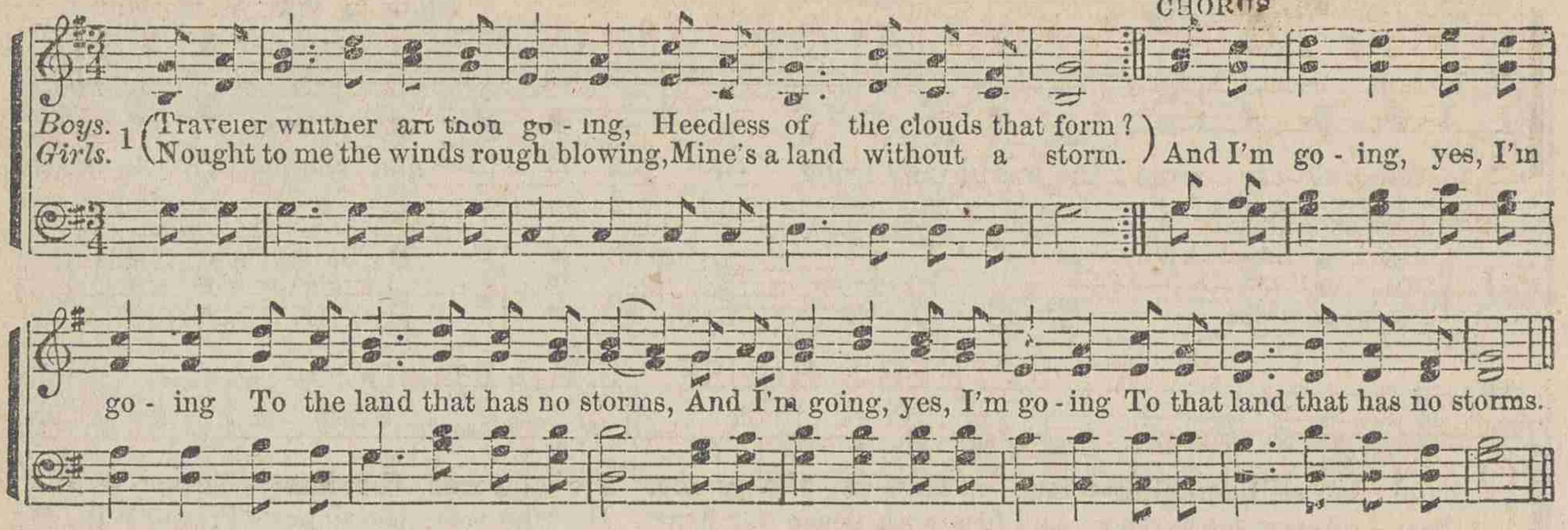


3. Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,
And all our sins forgive;
Conform us to thy will divine,
And bless us while we live.
He who was, &c.

4. And in the world beyond the sky,
With thee we'll gladly dwell;
No more to weep, no more to die,
No more to say farewell.
He who was, &c.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS. WM. B. BRADBURY



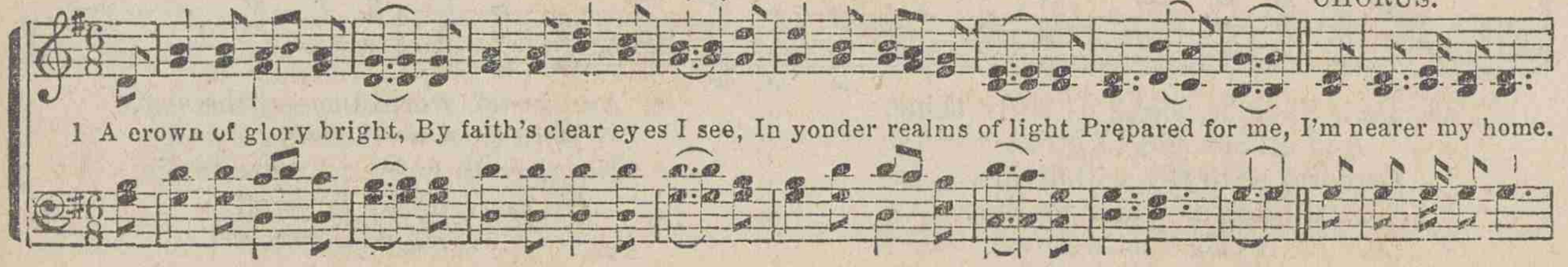
Boys. 2 Traveler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempests power?
Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower. *Cho.*

Boys. 3 Traveler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho.*

Boys. 4 Traveler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm. *Cho.*

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From J. M. EVANS.



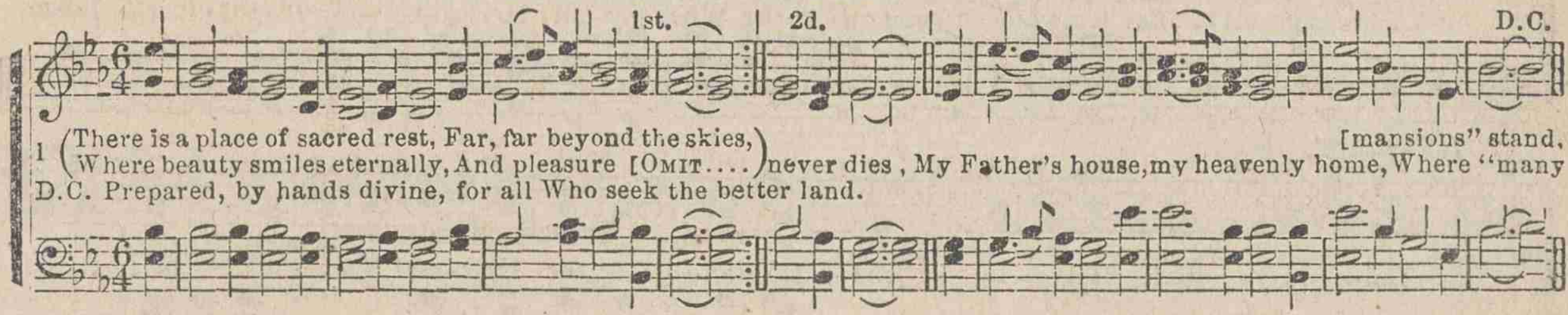
ONE DAY NEARER HOME. Concluded.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE. C. M. Double.



2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away,—
The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

THE GATHERING

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of Spring;
2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran - som so free - ly was given;

Our Mak - er! Re-deem-er! we grate-ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn-ing thy praise.
Thou designedst to lis - ten while children a - dored, With joy - ful ho - san-nas—the bless'd of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

f Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! *ff* Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le -

Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Hal-le - lu-jah!

- - - lu - - jah! Ho-san - na to the Lord!

Hal-le - lu-jah! Ho-san - na to the Lord!

3. Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
Hallelujah, &c.

4. Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precepts and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.
Hallelujah, &c.

QUARTETTE OR CHOIR.

2
"It is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds who knows to bind,
And heal the broken heart.

3
"It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day!

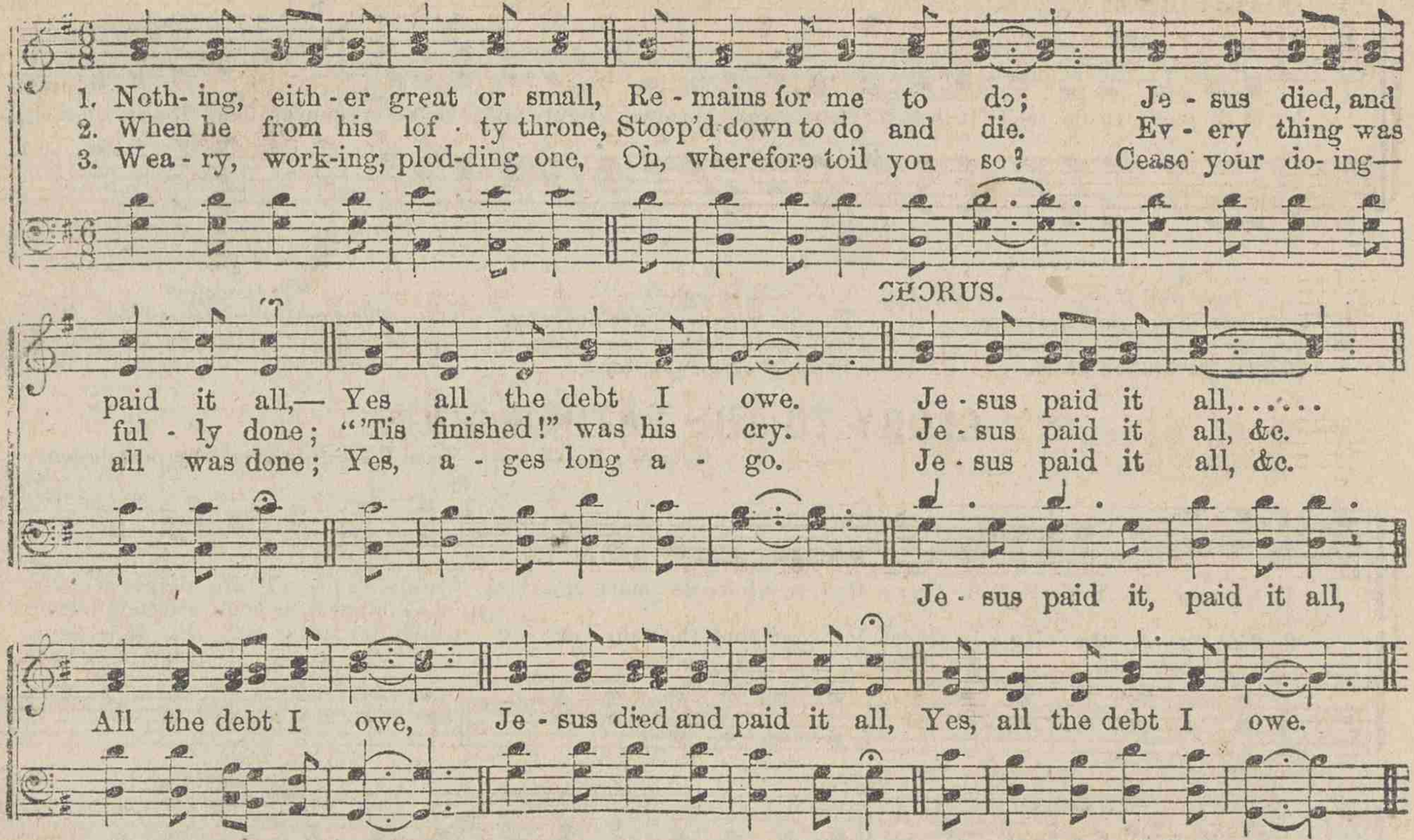
4
"It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

REV. W. H. COOK. From "Palm Leaves," by permission.

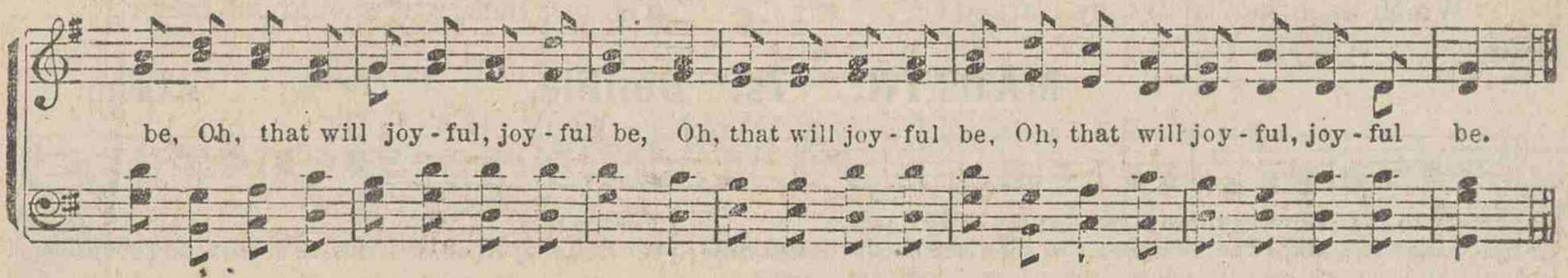
JESUS PAID IT ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

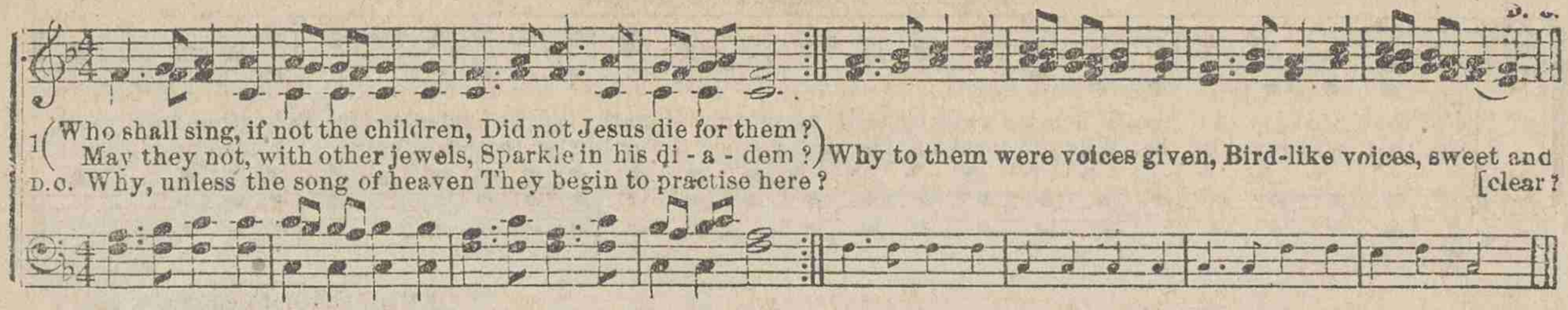
5. Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.



3 Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c.

4 Oh. that will joyful be,
When we hear what none can tell,
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angel's melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hallelujahs with them raise—
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c.

WHO SHALL SING? 8s & 7s.



2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they cannot sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they!

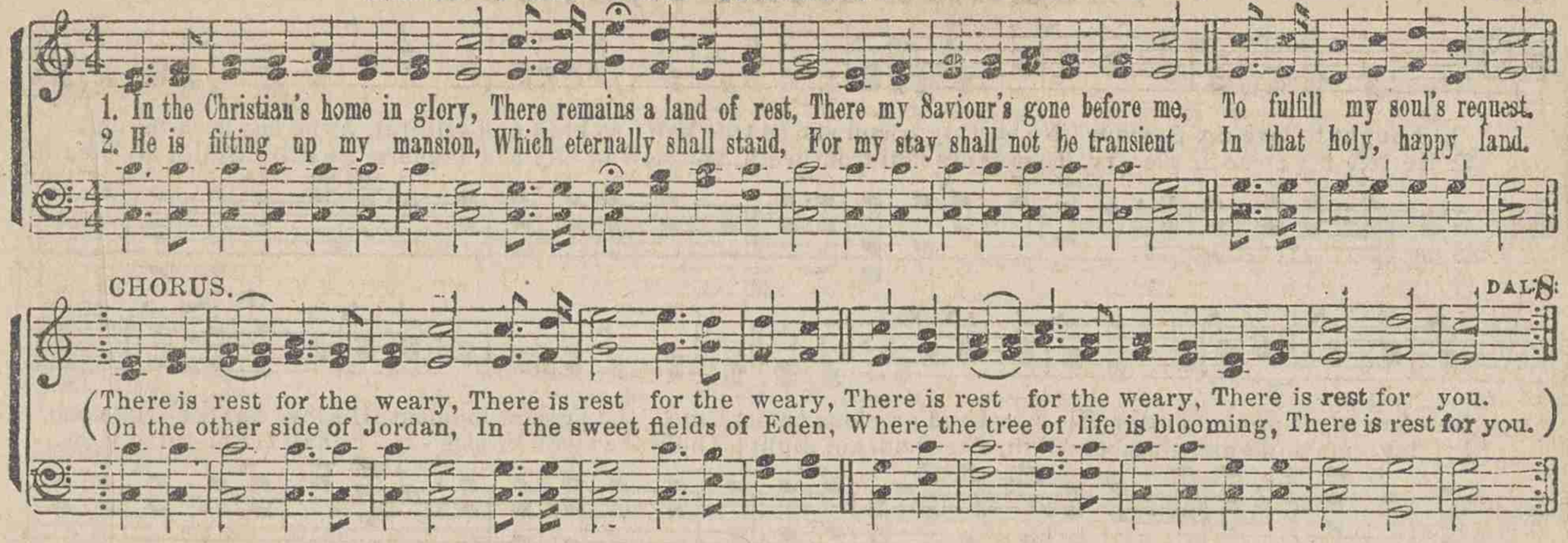
MARTYN. 7s. Double. MARSH.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!

Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Tho' you now are tempest tossed.
On his word your burden cast.
On his love your thoughts employ,
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 7s & 8s. Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



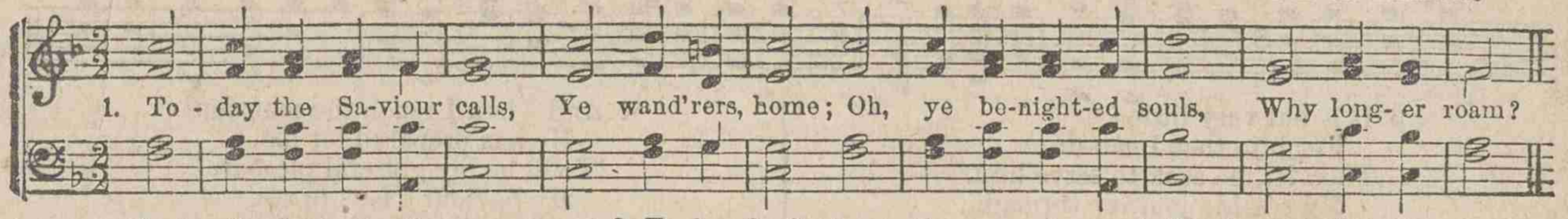
3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.

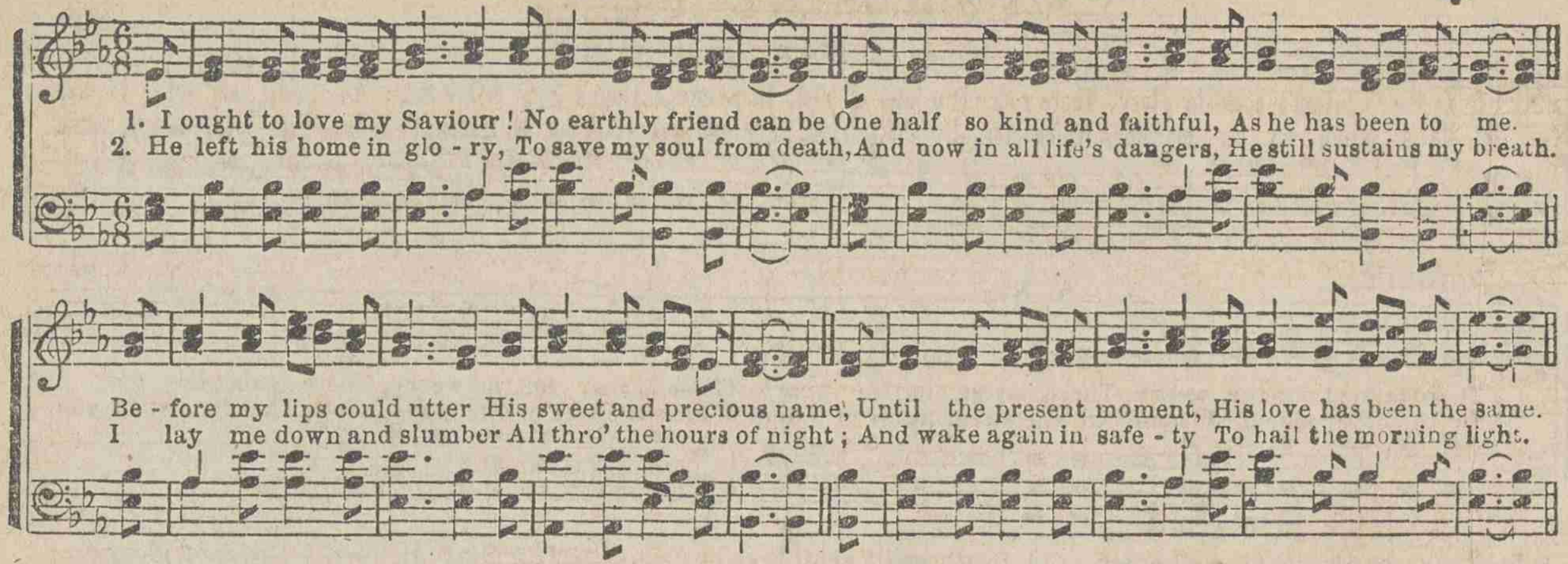


2. To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

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

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

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR.



3 It is but very little
For him that I can do:
Then let me seek to serve him,
My earthly journey through,
And without sigh or murmur,
To do his holy will:
And in my daily duties,
His wise commands fulfil.

4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see.
And 'mid the angel's music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers, and taught, proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
Our loving Saviour's name. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean flow,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna, sound from church and hall,
Let every voice ascend.
And this our watchword, one and all,
Hosanna, praise the Lord. CHO. Hosanna, &c.

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly bids us come;
In yonder world of glory,
He's made for us a home. *Cho.*

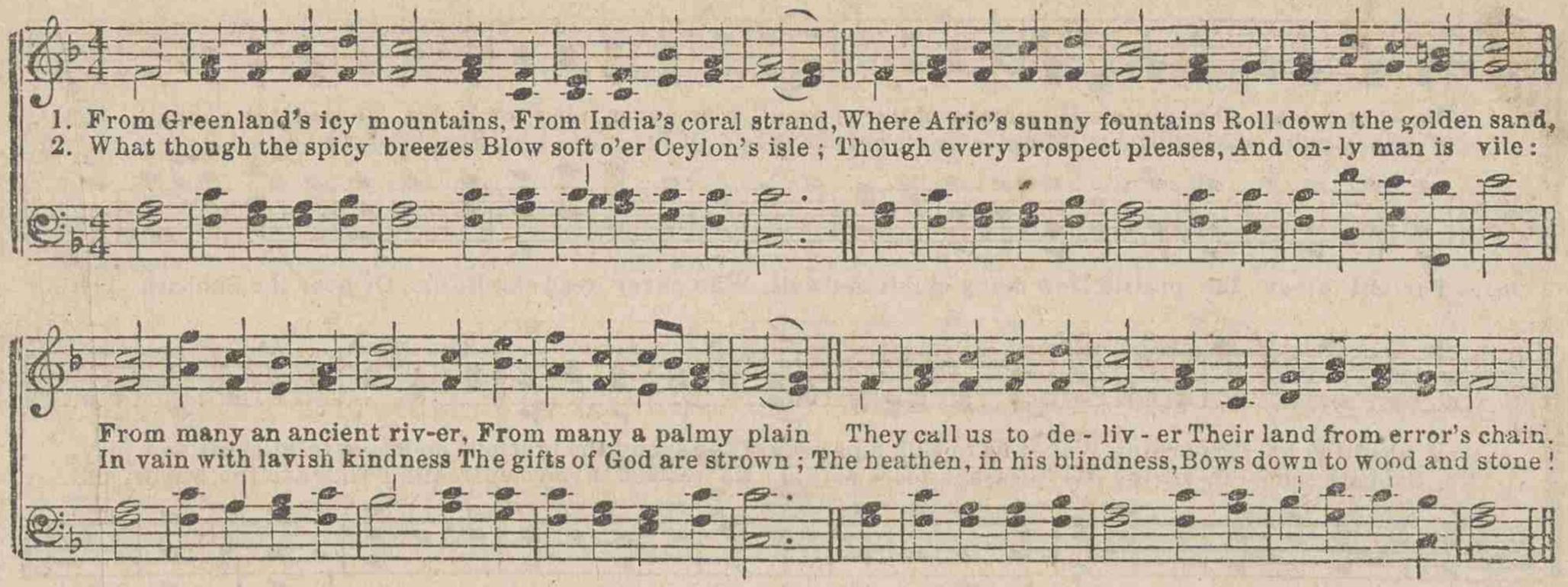
4 Our Jesus will be with us,
E'en to the journey's end;
In every sore affliction
A "present help" to lend. *Cho.*

5 We bless the name of Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood:
All glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good. *Cho.*

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



7s & 6s.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

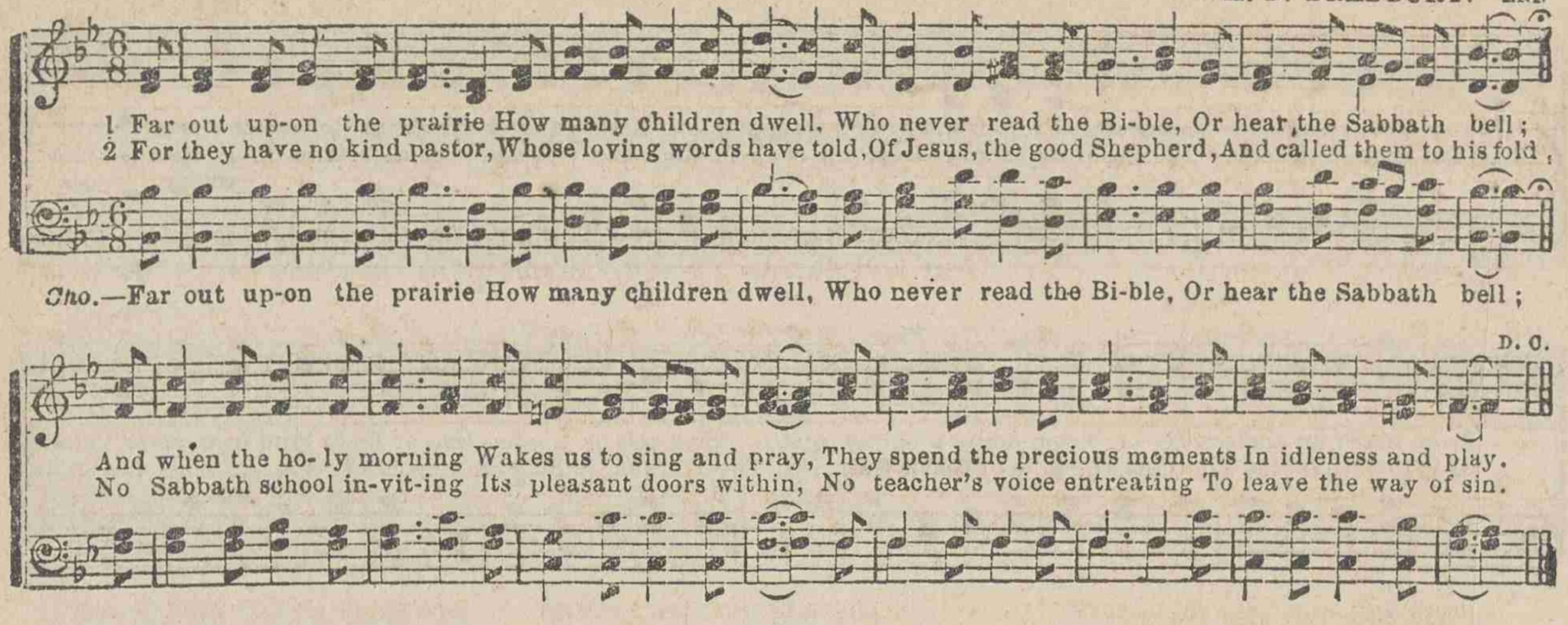
7s & 6s.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world :
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings :
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY. END



3 I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.—*Cho.*

4 And so each morn and evening,
Whene'er I kneel in prayer
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.—*Cho.*

2ND HYMN.

1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend,
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

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

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

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

WHERE THERE IS NO PARTING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The land for-ev-er bright and fair, Where
2. Shall I, unworthy I, To fear and doubting given, Mount up at last, and happy fly On

CHORUS.

sor - row reigns no more? Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing,
an - gel's wings to heaven. Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing, &c.

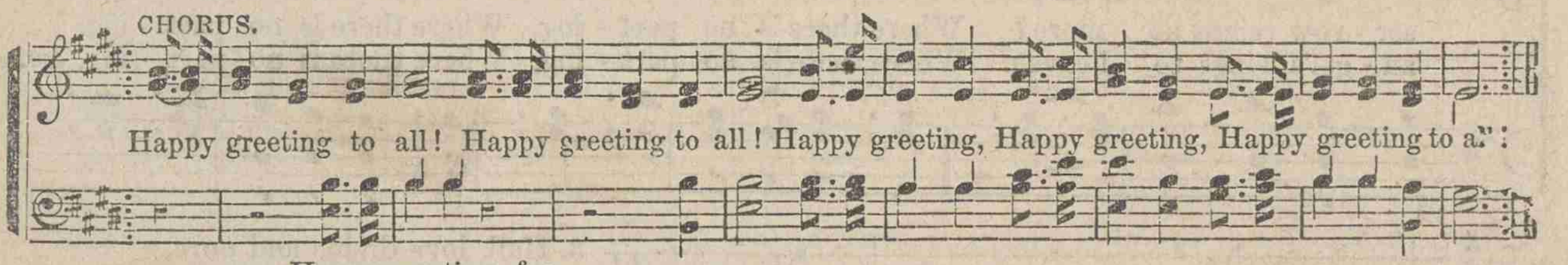
Where there is no parting, And sor-row reigns no more.

3. Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Chorus.*

4. I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. *Chorus.*

HAPPY GREETING.

Arranged.



Happy greeting, &c.

2 A * year has departed, how rapid its flight,
We welcome another, as joyous and bright;
How kindly our Father has kept us from ill,
He gives us his spirit to watch o'er us still. *Cho.*

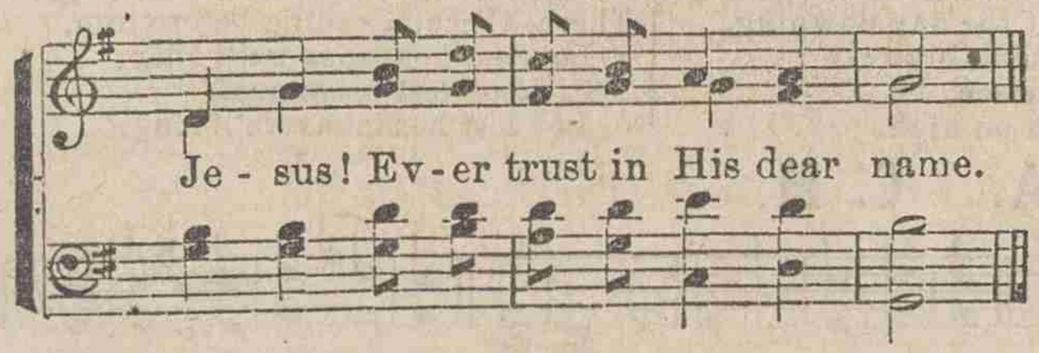
3 Our Sunday school banner is waving to-day,
Our number's increasing, with rapture can say;
We'll stand by that banner and fight for the Lord,
We'll hope in his mercy, and trust in his word. *Cho.*

3 Our Father in heaven, we render to thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Protect us and keep us, dear Saviour we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. *Cho.*

* Month. or week

LOOK TO JESUS. 7s & 8s.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



2 Look to Jesus! strong in manhood,
Who art pressing on thy race:
Slight the snares the world is spreading,
Onward, upward speed thy pace:
Poor and mean earth's brightest toys,
Weighed with heavens eternal joys.

3 Look to Jesus! aged traveler
On life's long and changeful road:
See'st thou not? 'tis almost ended,
Soon thou'lt be *at home* with God
Lean upon Him as you go,
Age and weakness stronger grow.

4 Look to Jesus! steadfast ever
Let us on his glory gaze;
Though revealed here but dimly,
Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze.
If by looking here below,
Like to Him our spirits grow

SING TO THE SAVIOUR.

2.

Praise, praise, yield him with gladness,
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
Where, death, where is thy sadness?
Jesus returns from the tomb,
Jesus returns,
Jesus returns from the tomb.

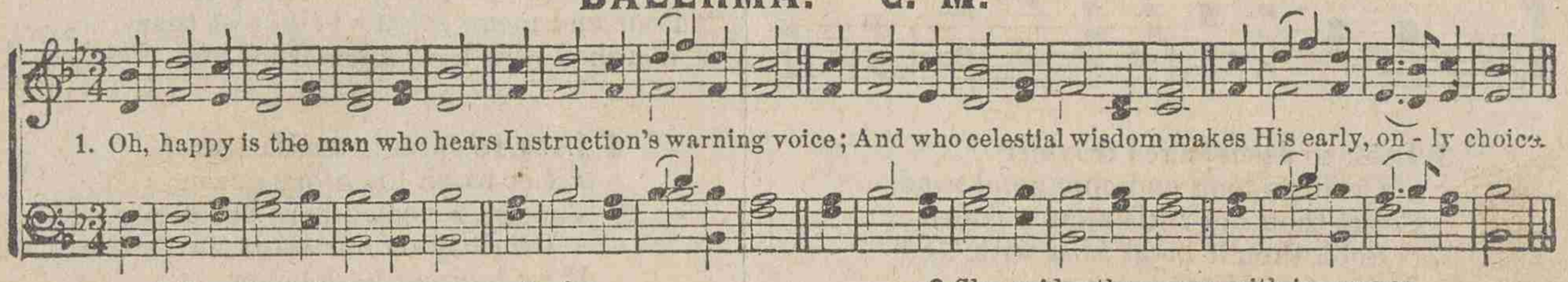
3.

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning
Light, light, spreads from the sky,
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high;
Jesus is risen,
Jesus is risen on high.

4.

Hail, hail, children adore him,
Here, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing;
Loudest hosannas,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing.

BALERMA. C. M.



2 For she hath treasures greater far,
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

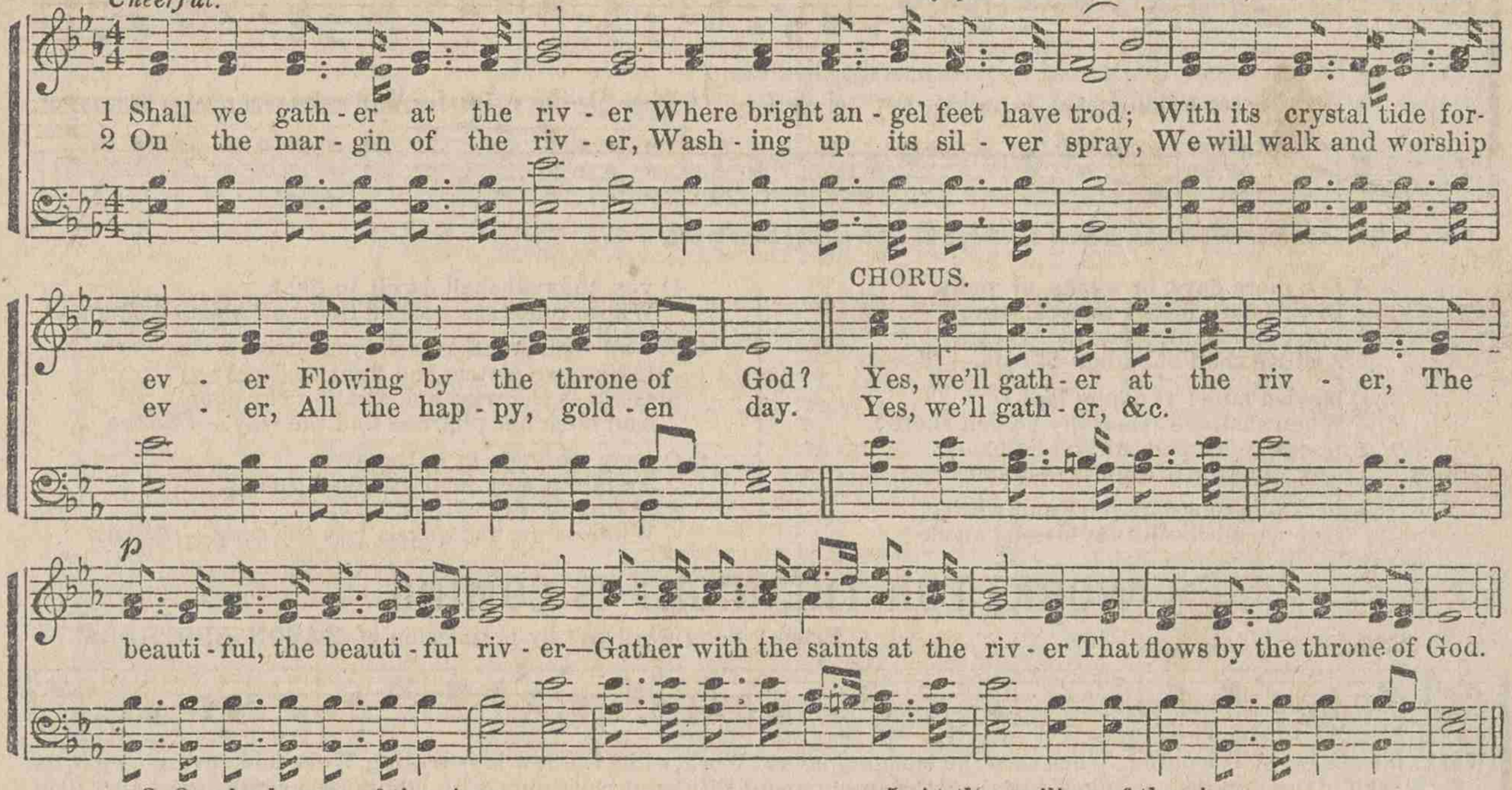
17

BEAUTIFUL RIVER

"And he shewed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.



3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

ZION'S PILGRIM. 8s & 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.—*Chorus.*

3 O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band,
United be for evermore.—*Chorus.*

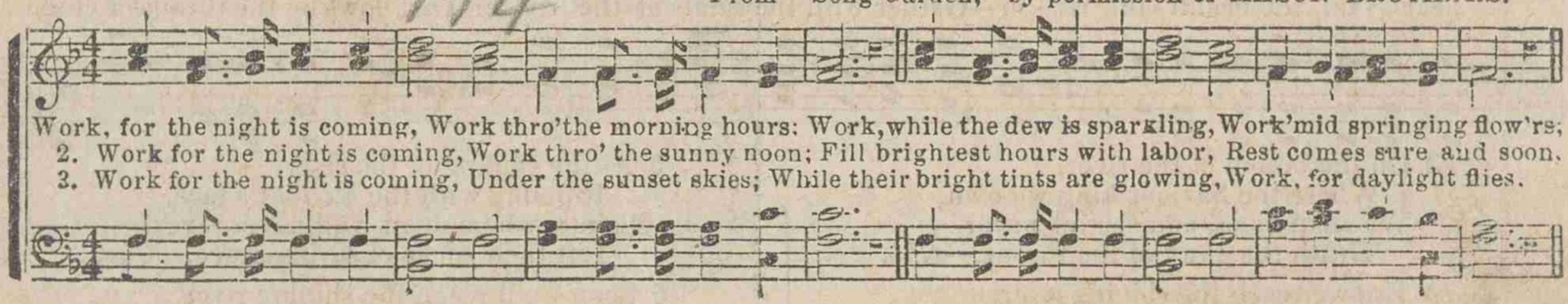
4 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blessed abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.—*Chorus.*

5 We all shall reach that golden shore,
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.—*Chorus.*

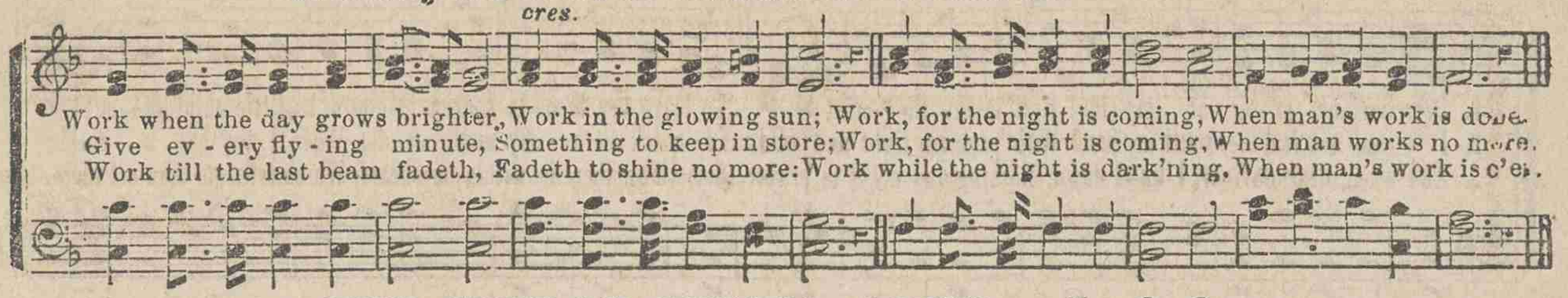
6 O, may we meet at last above,
Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.—*Chorus.*

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

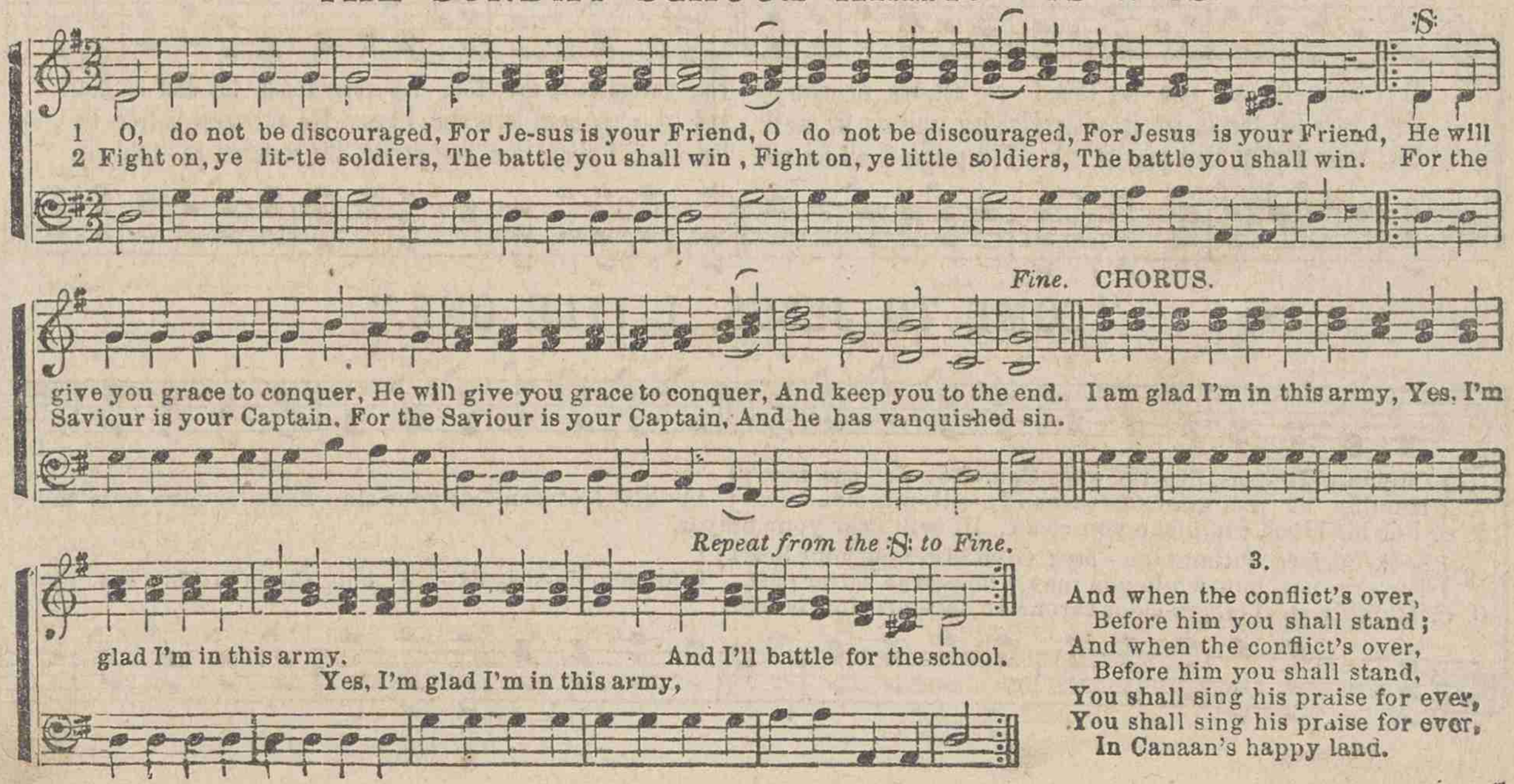
From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. Concluded.



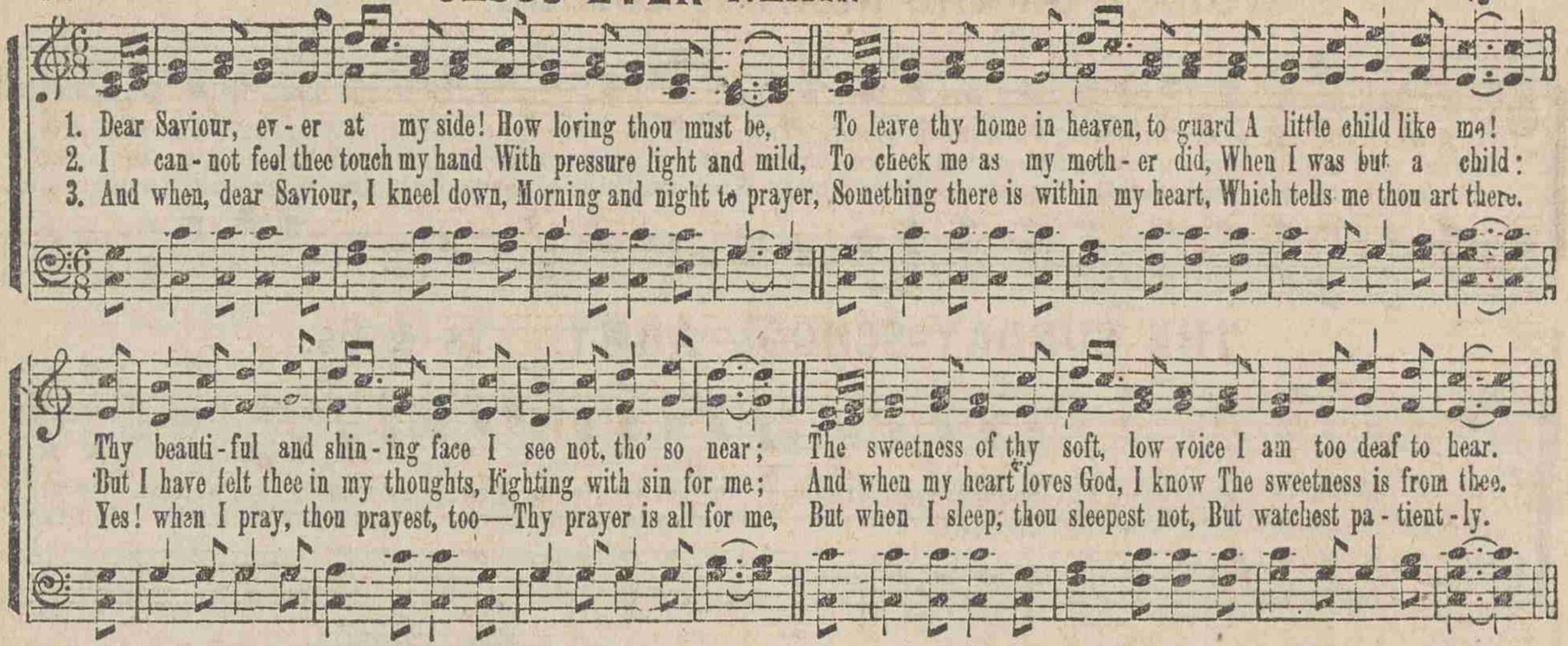
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY. 7s & 6s.



3.

And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.

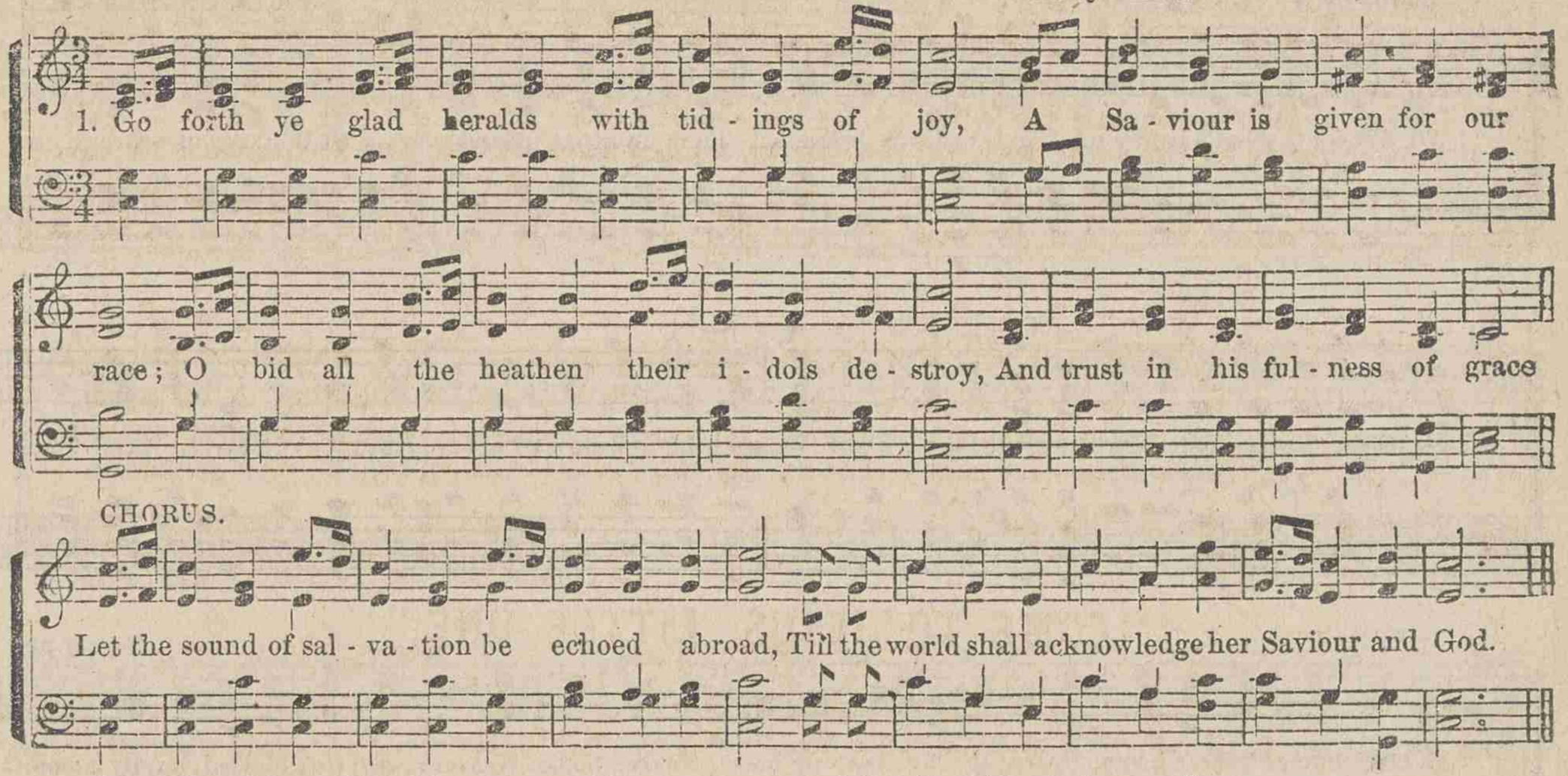
JESUS EVER NEAR. C. M. Double.



"COME TO JESUS, LITTLE ONE."

THE SOUND OF SALVATION. (Missionary.)

Words and Music by THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.



2 O tell of his wisdom, his power and his love,
How he labored and languished and bled,
How he rose from the tomb and ascended above,
Rich blessings around us to shed.
Cho. Let the sound, &c.

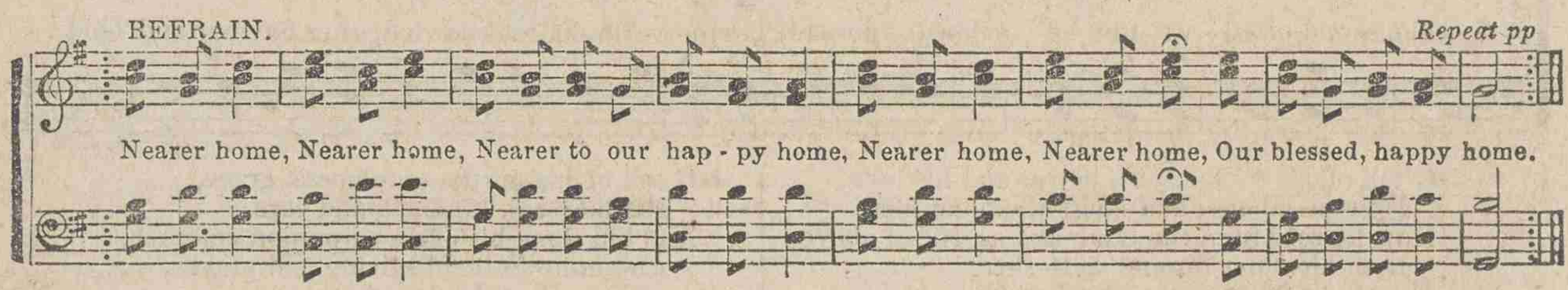
3 Bid the heathen repent of their sin and believe,
And trust in Immanuel's word;
O tell them his promise can never deceive,
For righteousness dwells with the Lord.
Cho. Let the sound, &c.

4 O tell of his purity, gentleness, grace,
His holiness, kindness and care;
And bid them his offers of pardon embrace,
And unite in thanksgiving and prayer.
Cho. Let the sound, &c.

5 Go forth ye glad heralds, and publish afar
That sinners may now be forgiven;
Go, show them the brightness of Bethlehem's Star,
To lead in the pathway to heaven.
Cho. Let the sound, &c.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

Words by KATE CAMERON. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
O let us each remember,
The storm will soon be past,
We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguisn
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing,
We're nearer, nearer home. &c.

HE LEADETH ME. From "Golden Censer."

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES; HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By
troubled sea— Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! &c.

his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me. &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (I'm but a stranger here : Heav'n is my home ;) (Dangers and sorrows stand)
(Earth is a desert drear : Heav'n is my home ;) (Round me on every hand,) Heav'n is my Father-land, Heav'n is my home.

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

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

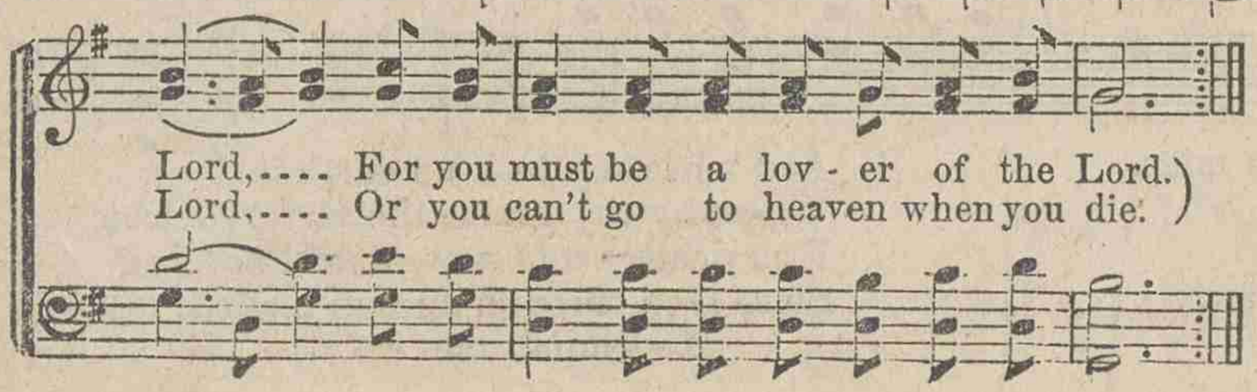
4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home.
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

Arranged.

CHORUS.

1. (Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee ;) (For you must be a lov - er of the
(No longer now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - e - ry.) (For you must be a lov - er of the

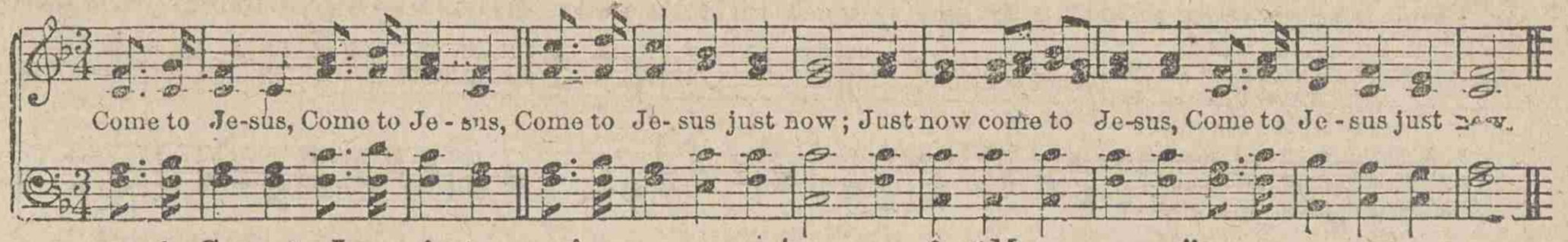


Lord,.... For you must be a lov - er of the Lord.)
Lord,.... Or you can't go to heaven when you die.)

2 Return, O wand'rer to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
The Spirit and the Bride say come ;
Oh ! now for refuge flee. *Cho.*

3 Return, O wand'rer to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day. *Cho*

THIS tune, as it now stands, was first sung, I think, in Scotland, where numbers were asking "What shall we do to be saved?" Those who have never heard it under such circumstances, cannot judge of its persuasive power to lead trembling sinners to the cross. The verses, of which we have given the first lines, can easily be filled out. Thousands will remember this hymn to all eternity, as having been used by God to lead them to Jesus. It has often, also, impressed upon the careless the solemn declaration of God's word, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—1 *Cor.* vi. 2.



1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11: 28.

2. He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." *Acts* 16: 31.

3. O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3: 16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb.* 7: 25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 *Pet.* 3: 9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6: 37.

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt.* 3: 7.

8. Call unto him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts* 2: 21.

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark* 10: 47.

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark* 10: 52.

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 *John* 1: 9.

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 *John* 1: 7.

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 *Cor.* 5: 17.

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev.* 3: 5.

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—*John* 15: 13.

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa.* 53: 3.

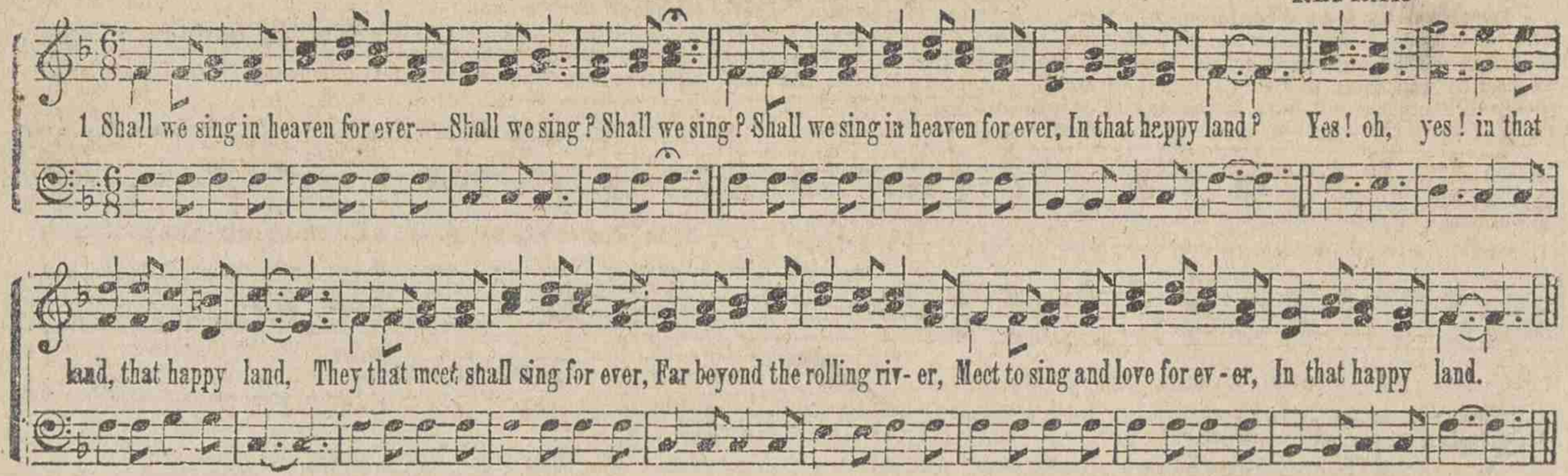
17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—*John* 5: 12.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

WM. B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN



2 Shall we know each other, ever,
In that land?
Shall we know each other, ever,
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land
They that meet shall rest for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?

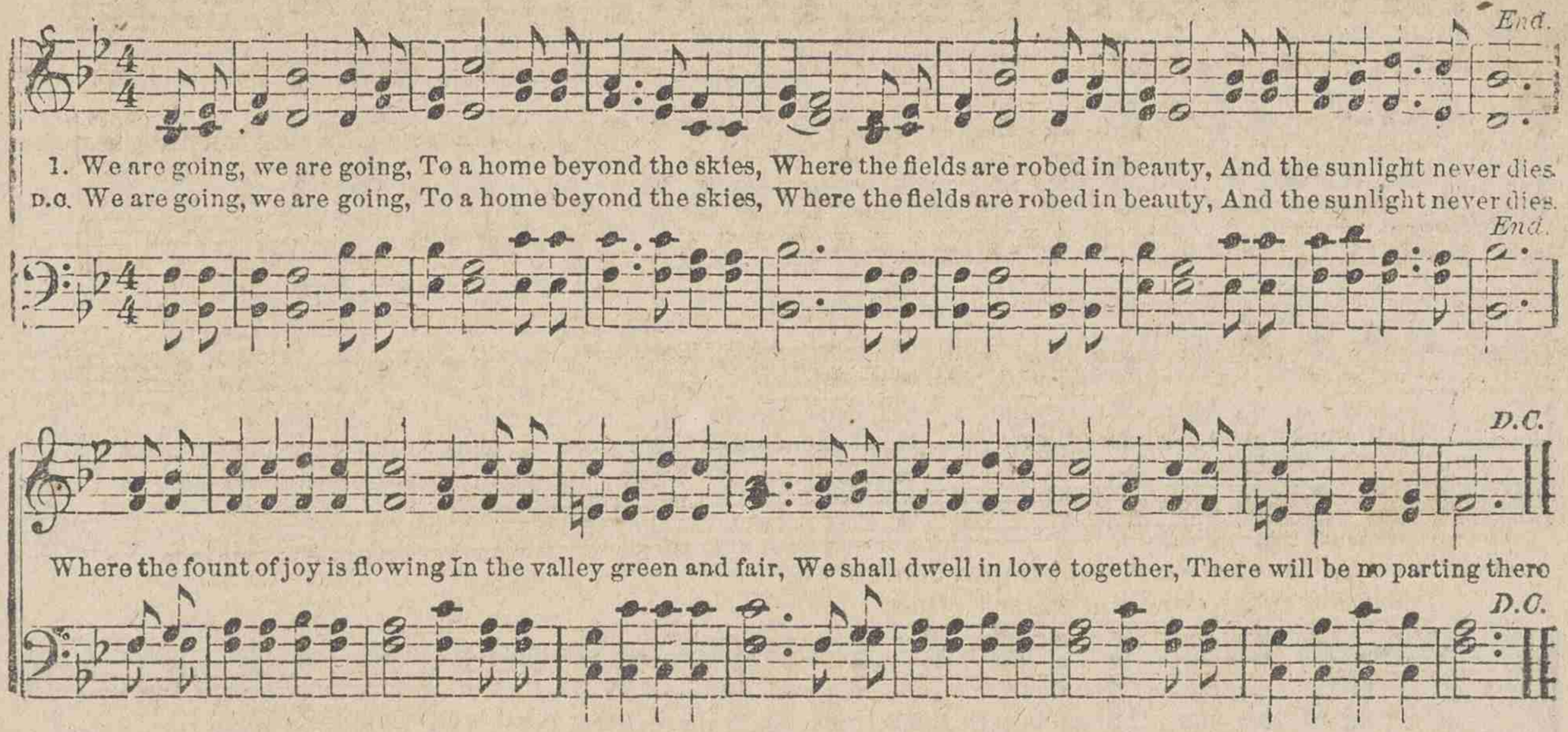
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land.
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land
We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever. &c.

BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY

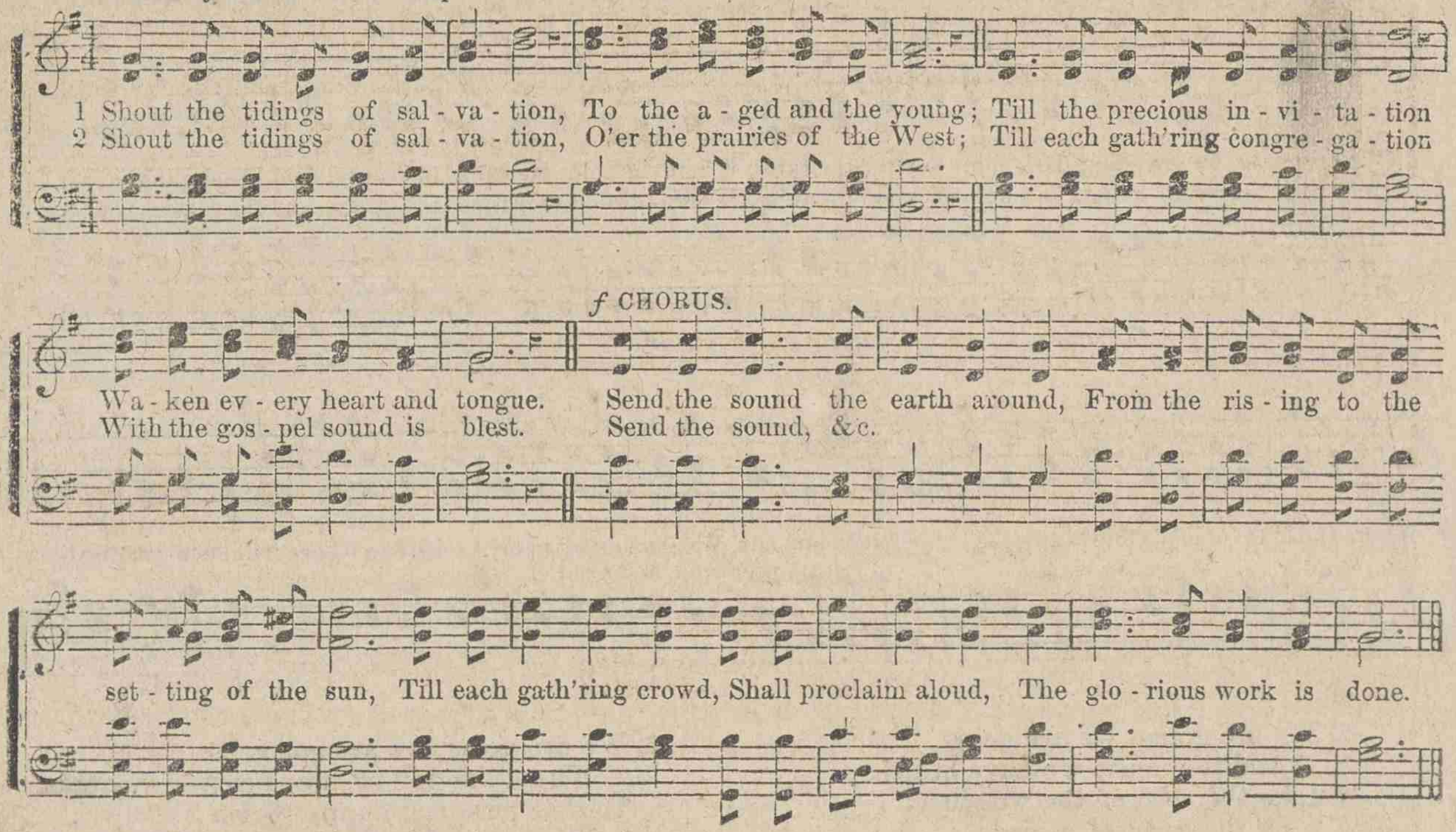


2. We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

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

GOOD TIDINGS.

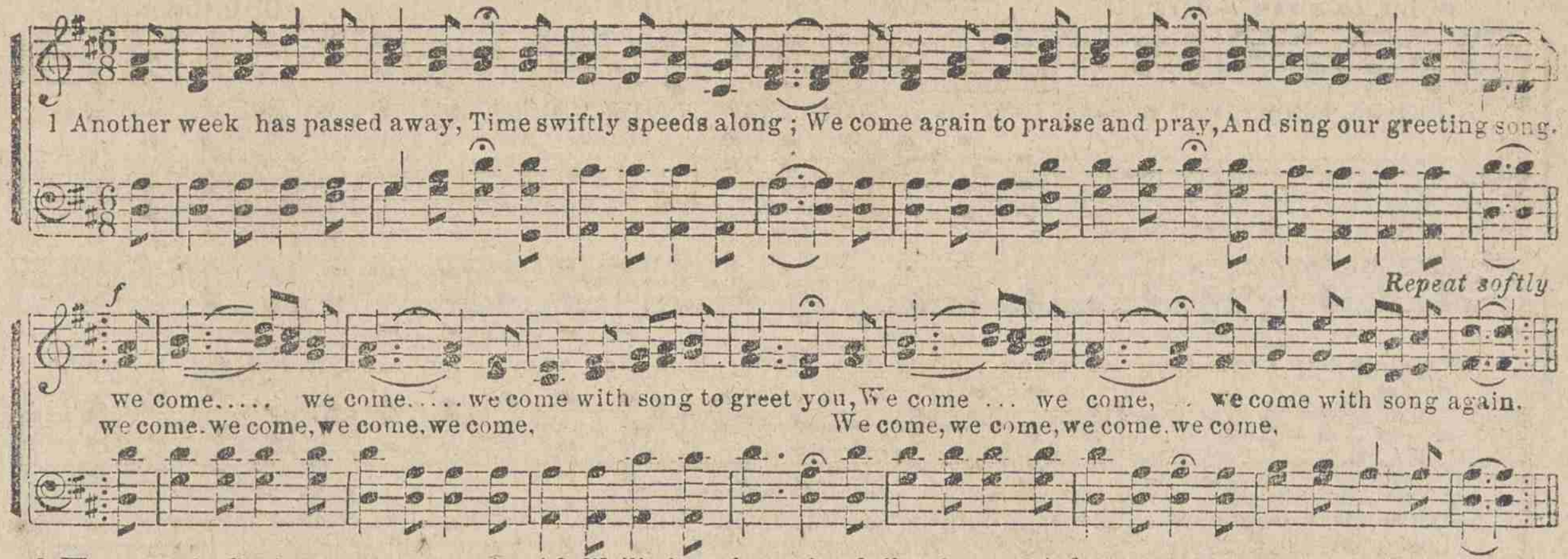
Words by LUCUS HART Esq. MISSIONARY. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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

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

WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU. WM. B. BRADBURY. 3



2 We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love,
Of him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.

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

4 O, let us live that we may share,
Unfading joys above,
How sweet through endless happy years
To sing redeeming love.

STEADFAST. L. M.

2 Oh ! be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands, rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways ;
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy prai-

PILGRIM, HALTING, STAFF IN HAND.

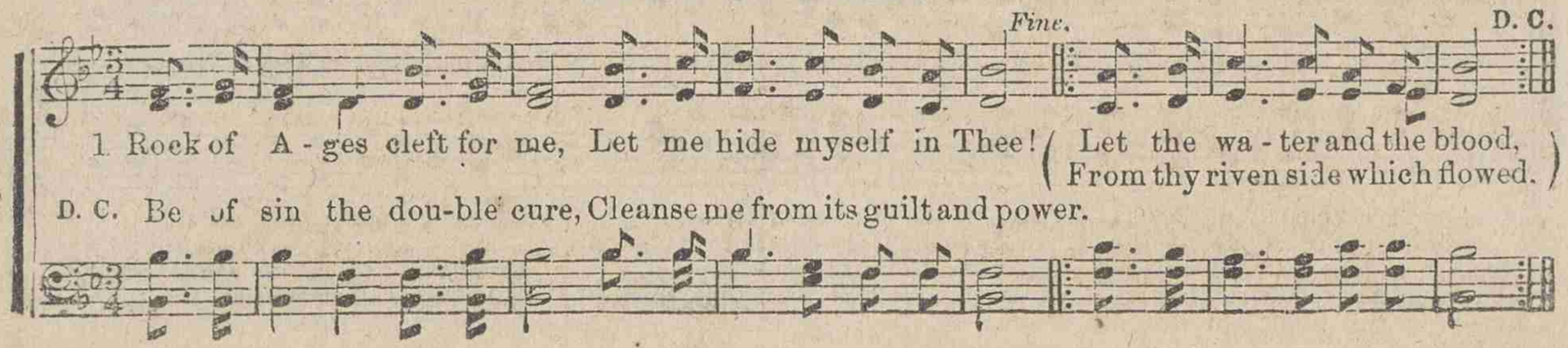
2 Though thy way seem dark and lone,
Look above, look above.
Though thy way seem dark and lone,
Look, look above:
All is light around the throne—
Sorrow's sighs are there unknown—
All is love, all is love,
All, all is love.

3 Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
Him obey, him obey,
Pilgrim! God thy guide will be,
Him, him obey,
Trust him, though thou canst not see,
'Tis his hand that leadeth thee
All the way, all the way,
All, all the way.

4 Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim come! Pilgrim come!"
Hark! a voice of melody!
"Pilgrim, come home!"
'Tis thy father calleth thee,
Onward press, and soon thou'lt be
Safe at home, safe at home,
Safe, safe at home.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

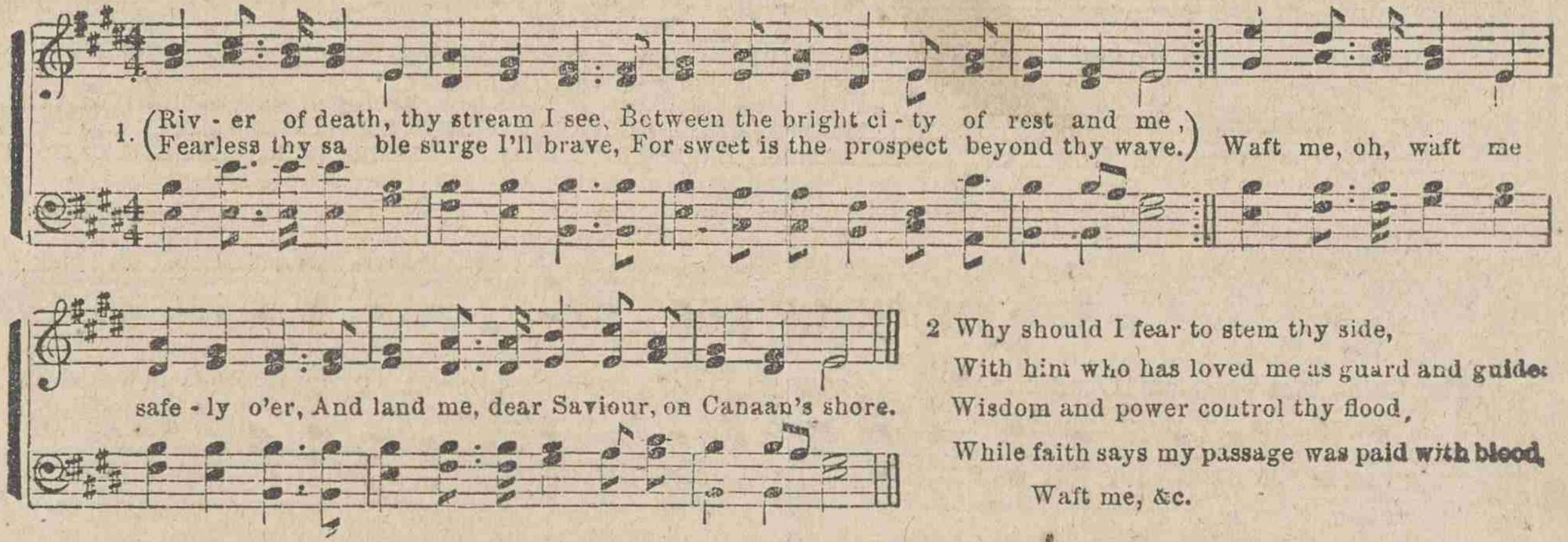


2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown.
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee

CANAAN'S SHORE. *



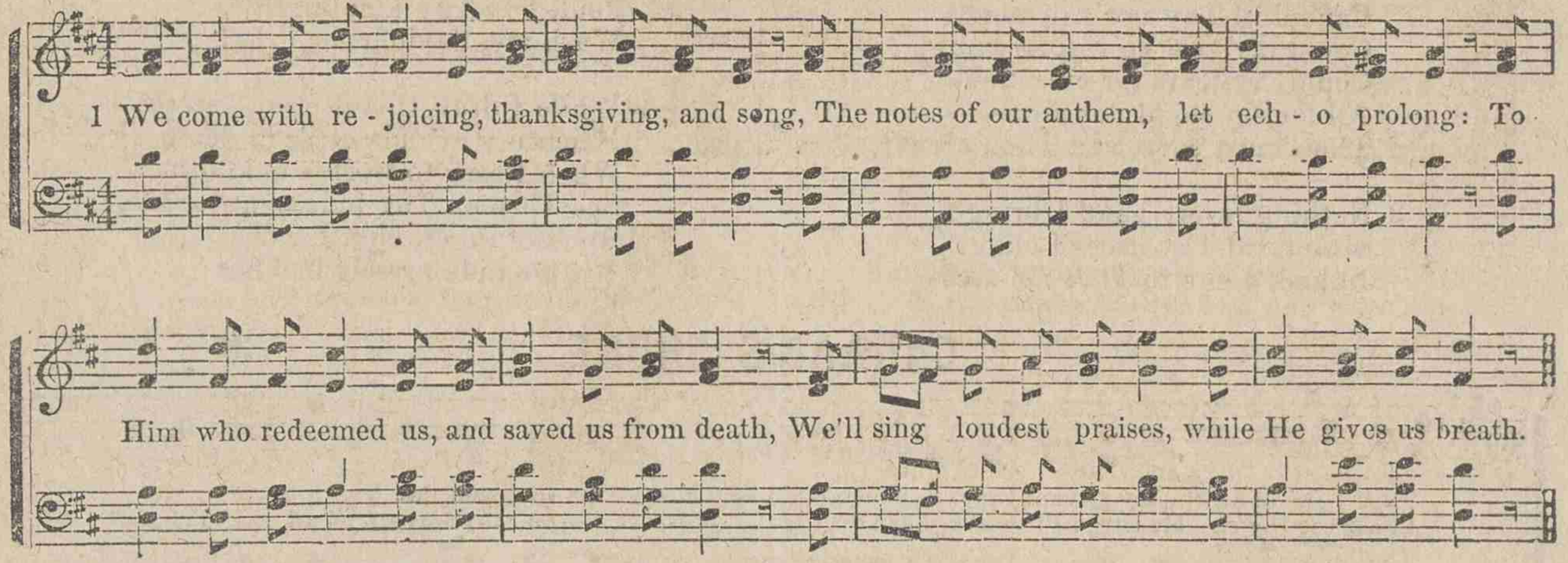
2 Why should I fear to stem thy side,
With him who has loved me as guard and guide:
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood,
Waft me, &c.

3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam.
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me, &c.

4 Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes,
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, &c.

WE COME WITH REJOICING.

Words by KATE CAMERON. (APPROPRIATE TO ANY ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



CHORUS.

2 The Lamb that was slain! our salvation is made!
In robes of His glory, our spirits arrayed;
O why should we fear, while on Him we rely,
He'll help us to live, and prepare us to die. *Cho.*

3 Oh! Jesus our Saviour! the dearest and best,
On Thee all our hopes for Eternity rest!
We love Thee, we praise Thee, Thy name we adore,
To Thee all our thoughts and our wishes shall soar. *Cho.*

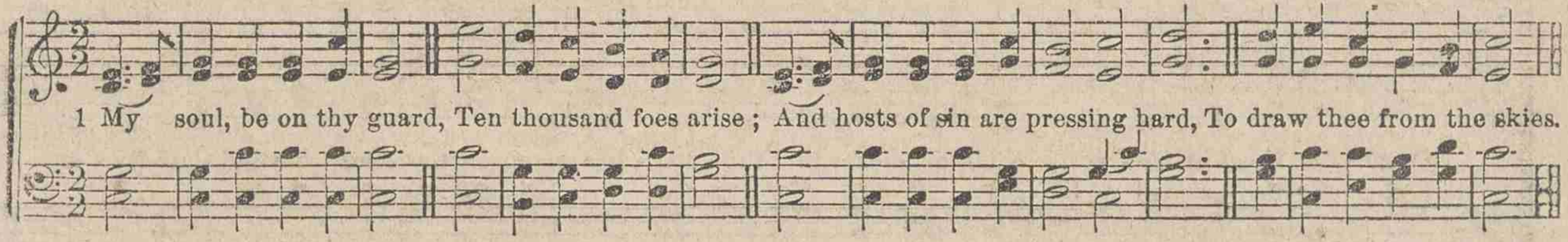
WILL YOU GO?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go? 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? will you go?

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease
Will you go? will you go?

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON. 1830.



2
Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3
Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4
Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

From "Silver Chime," by permission. *Words and Music by* H. L. FRISBIE.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be-yond, beyond the riv - er, Its smil - ing val-leys, hills so green,
2. No cankering care nor mor-tal strife, Be-yond, beyond the riv - er, But hap - py, nev-er - end-ing life,

Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Its shores are com-ing near - er, The skies are grow-ing clear - er, Each
Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Thro' the e - ter - nal hours, God's love, in heavenly show - ers, Shall

REFRAIN.

day it seem-eth dear - er, That land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its
wa - ter faith's fair flow - ers In the land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.

rage is al - most o - ver, We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land beyond the riv - er.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, &c.
When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, &c.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure In the land, &c.

4. When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, &c
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond, &c.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing,
We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land, &c.

WALK IN THE LIGHT. 7s.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God;
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
Believers there shall Jesus see,
In the light of God;
For the saints a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

CALL TO PRAISE.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

THE SWEETEST NAME.

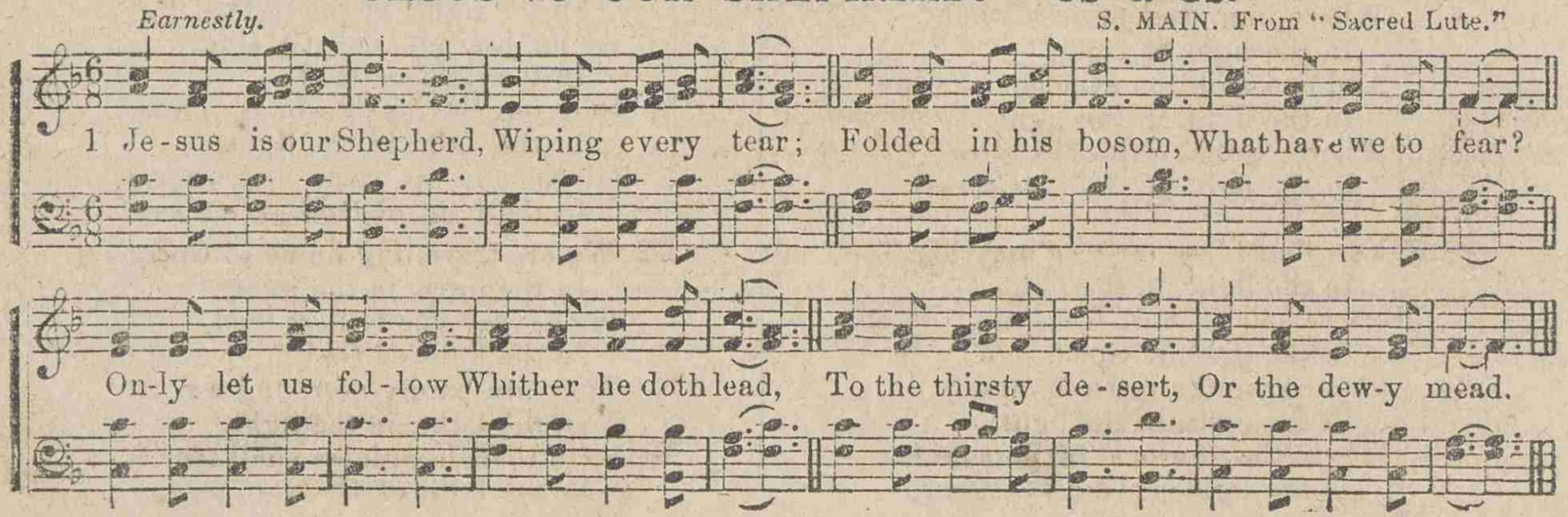
"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," &c.

2. His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they seal'd him;
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*

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

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

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD. 6s & 5s.



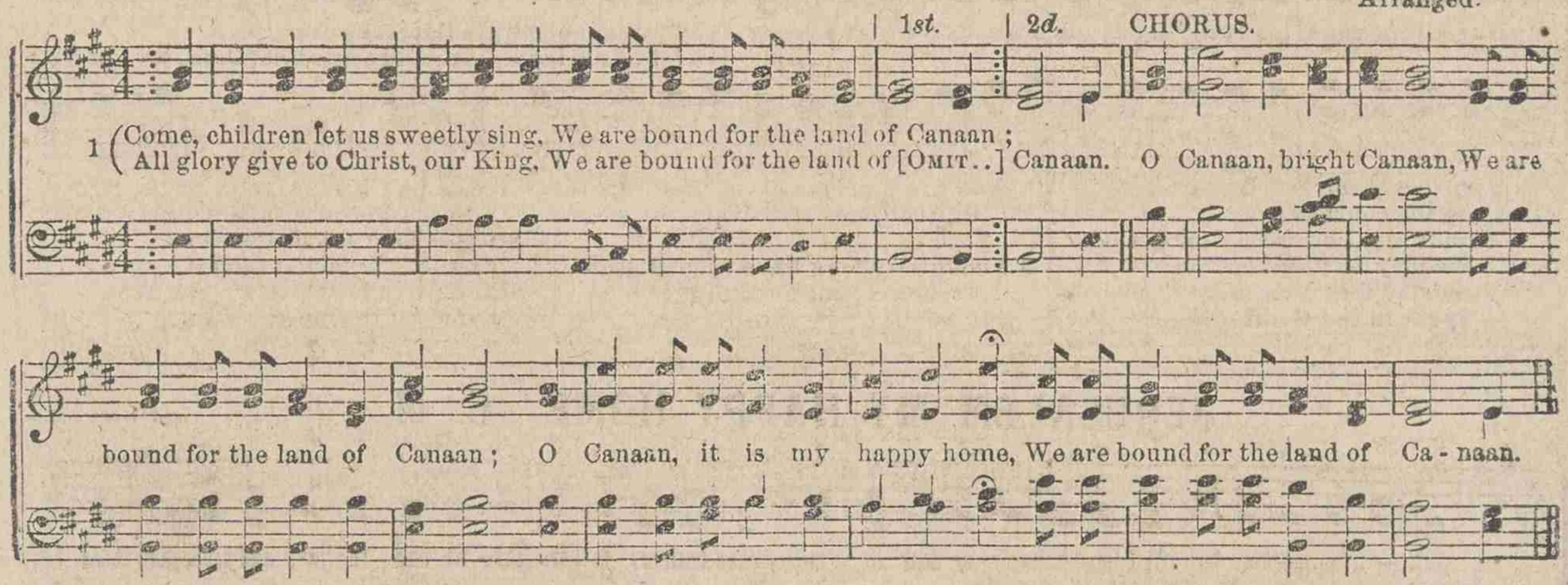
2
Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know his voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone;
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.

3
Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have my Spirit,
These," saith he, "are mine."

4
Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may threaten,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb

CANAAN.

Arranged.



2 Come, then, and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus—O Canaan, &c.

3 Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaan
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

Words by Miss JANE HAMILTON.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

2 Jesus owns our worthless names
At the court of heaven,
Stands and pleads that for his sake
We may be forgiven,
Pleads by that lone night of woe,
Spent in sad Gethsemane,
And the precious blood be shed,
On the Cross of Calvary.—*Cho.*

3 Though we long have turned aside
From his gentle warning,
Treated all his love with pride,
And his words with scorning;
Still his love abides the same,
Faithful, true and tender
Still he stands at God's right hand,
Ever our Defender *Cho.*

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY

REFRAIN.

3.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.—*Refrain.*

4.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.—*Refrain.*

IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

THEO. F. SEWARD.

3. Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of Heaven;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me?
Is there one for me? &c.

4. Harps of solemn sound above,
Swell loud praises to His love;
Oh! how sweet their sounds will be,—
Is there one prepared for me?
Is there one for me? &c.

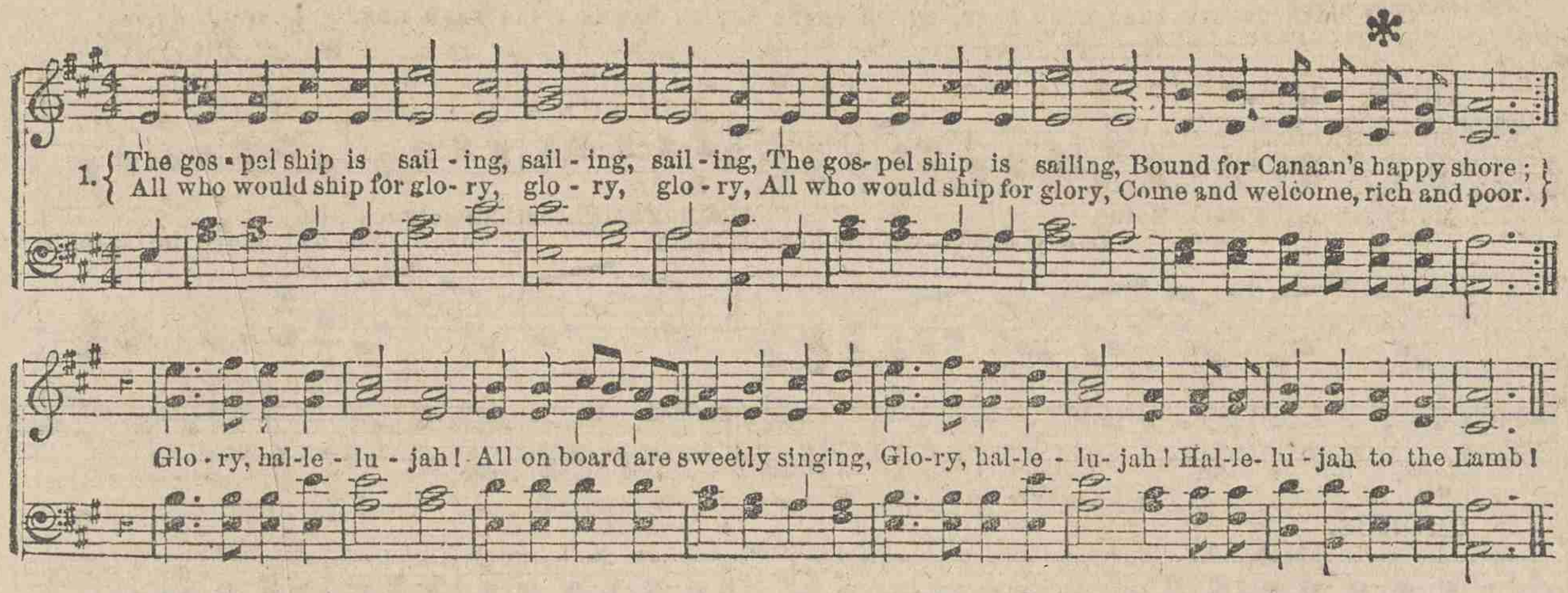
TAKE THY CROSS.

Moderately quick

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

2 There's a cross for thee to bear;
Toil, and pain, and grief, and care,
Yet though heavy it may be
Jesus bore still more for thee!
'Tis the thorny path alone
That can lead thee to His throne. *Cho.*

3 Soon, life's work will all be done,
Soon, thy mortal course be run:
Then, if thou hast faithful been,
And hast triumphed over sin.
Then thy cross thou layest down,
Christ shall give the promised crown. *Cho.*



2. She has landed many thousands,
Thousands, thousands,
She has landed many thousands,
On fair Canaan's happy shore ;
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along.
Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

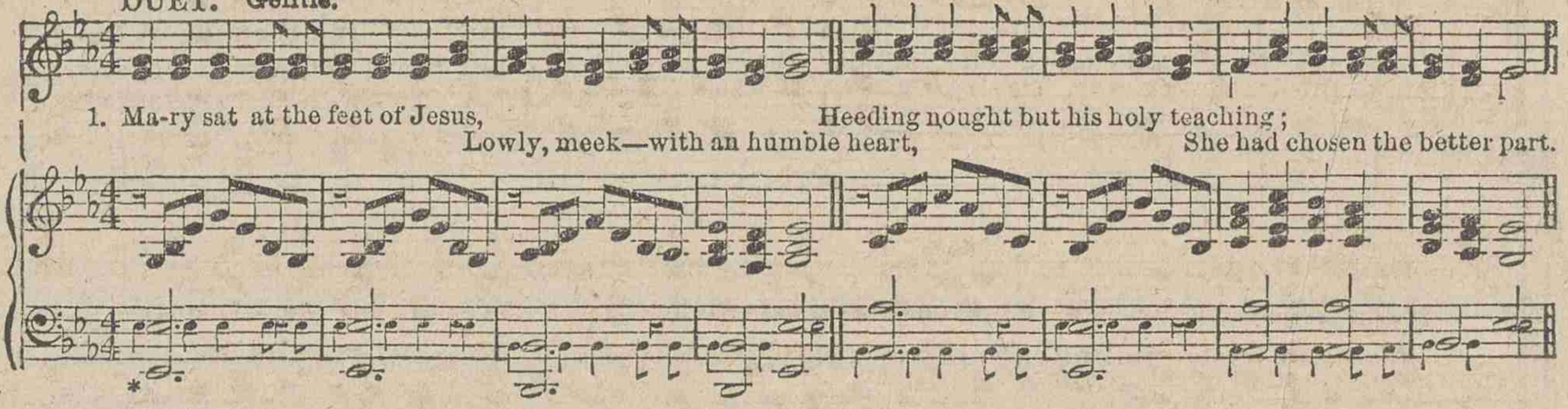
4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

THE BETTER PART.

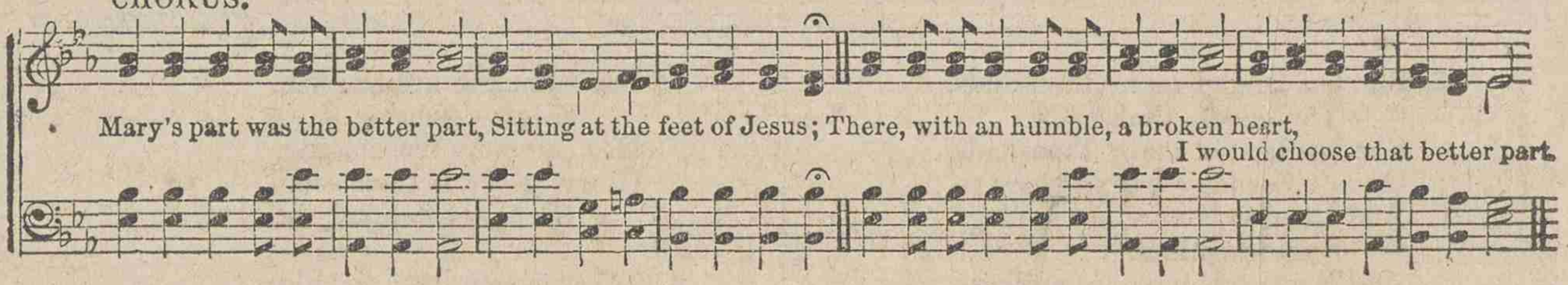
"MARY HATH CHOSEN THAT GOOD PART, WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HER."—*Luke* 10· 48-52.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

DUET. Gentle.



CHORUS.



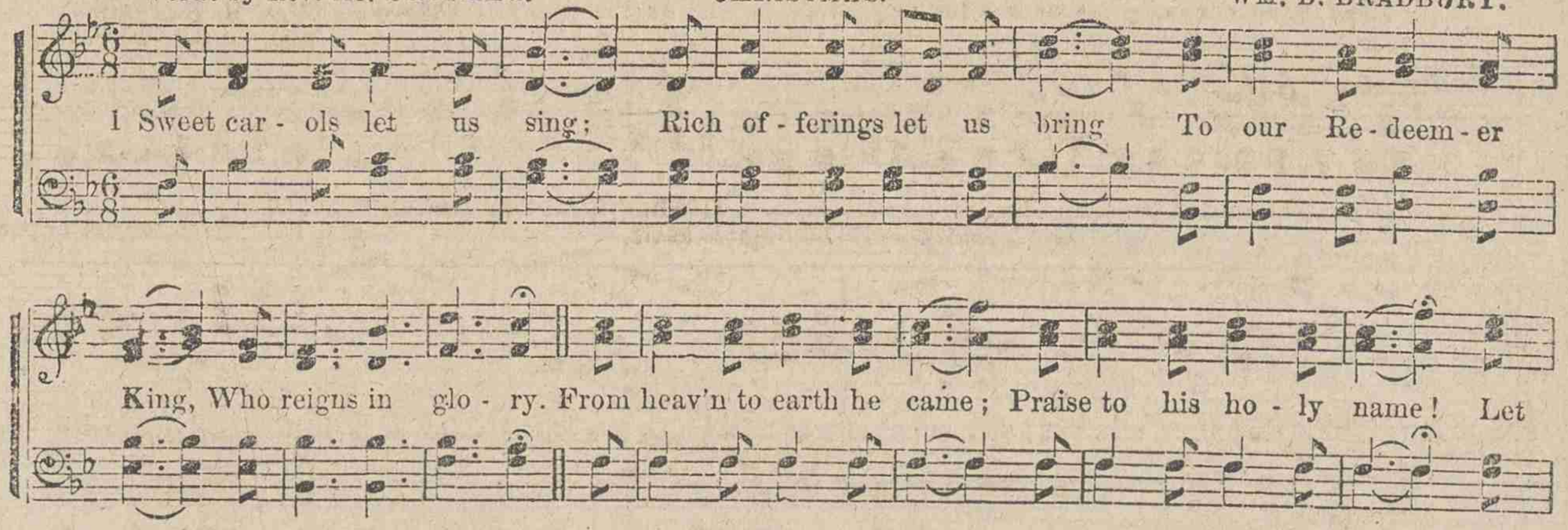
2. Cares that long with their weight oppressed her,
Tears that oft to her eyes would start,
All were lost in a beam of comfort:
She had chosen the better part.—*Cho.*

3. Like a stream in a lonely desert,
Cool and sweet to the yearning heart,
Came the words of her blessed Saviour,
"She hath chosen the better part."—*Cho.*

4. Jesus, now at thy footstool kneeling,
Grant thine aid to my longing heart;
May I sing with the blest in glory,
I have chosen the better part.—*Cho.*

* The small notes in the base are for the voice, when it is more desirable to have a vocal base than a mere instrumental accompaniment.

Words by Rev. Mr. STRYKER. CHRISTMAS. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Above angelic lays
Our Christmas hymns we raise;
With heart and voice we praise
The infant Jesus.
The song ascends on high;
It soars above the sky;
And echo gives reply,
"From sin He frees us"

3 For He, the humble born,
In poverty forlorn,
Subject to bitter scorn,
And vile behaviour;
The Great and Holy One,
Was God's anointed Son,
Who by his deeds hath won,
The name of Saviour.

4 Then on this natal day,
Our tribute let us pay,
And in a joyful lay
Unite our voices.
Loud will we raise the song,
Still the sweet strain prolong;
Thy church, in one vast throng,
O Lord, rejoices.

BLESSED BIBLE.

"THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MY HEART."—*David.*

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

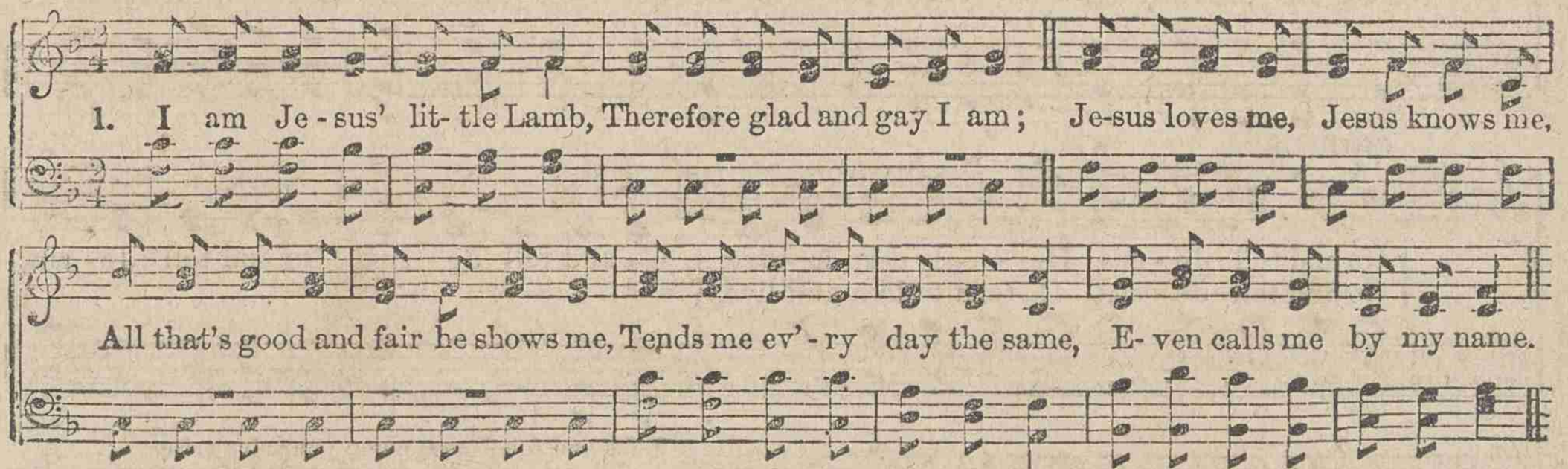
1. Bles - sed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my bo - som cheer! What on earth like this to co - vet? Oh, what stores of wealth are here! Man was lost and doom'd to ser - row, Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheer'd by this. Blessed Bi - ble, Blessed Bi - ble, how thou dost my spi- rit cheer, cheer.

2. Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible! &c.

4. Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible! &c.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

INFANT CLASS SONG.



2. Out and in I safely go,
Want or hunger never know,
Soft green pastures He discloseth,
Where His happy flock reposeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook he leadeth me.

3. Should not I be glad and gay?
In this blessed fold all day;
By this Holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light!
Yes! oh, yes, my lot is bright!

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS." T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole.

Look up to Him, He on- ly can for-give, Be - lieve on Him and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS.

{ Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give, / Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to him and live. } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus,

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give.

2. Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have. *Cho.*

3. Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears.
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest.—*Chorus.*

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

THE HAPPY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

2.

His gracious hand our steps shall guide.
All, all is love,
There's safety near his bleeding side,
All, all is love,
Come wash in this atoning flood,
This fountain filled with Jesus' blood,
'Twill fit you for that blest abode
Where all, all is love.

3.

By faith we see those hills so bright,
All, all is love,
And countless millions rob'd in white,
All, all is love,
And when we meet to part no more
With those we love, who've gone before,
We'll shout upon that shining shore,
Here, all, all is love.

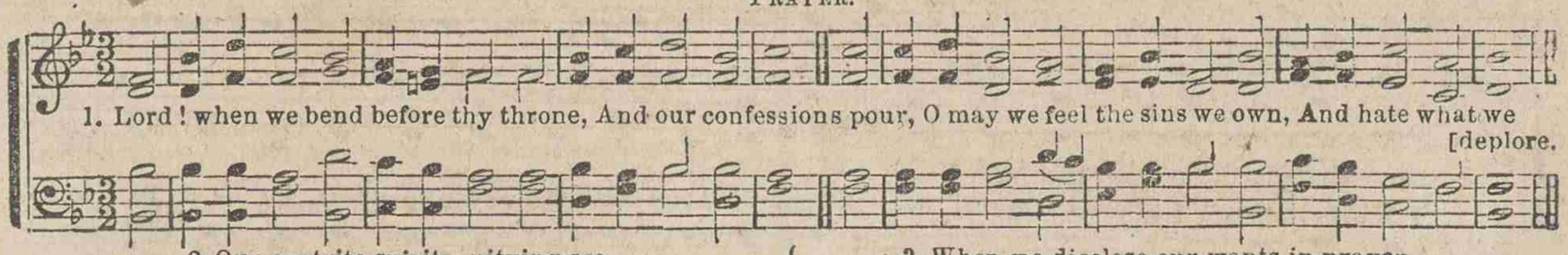
4.

Oh, happy day! oh, glorious rest!
All, all is love,
We shall be safe among the blest.
All, all is love,
What notes of rapture strike the ear!
Is it the music of that sphere?
Oh, hallelujah! heaven is near!
And all, all is love.

SILVERTON. C. M.

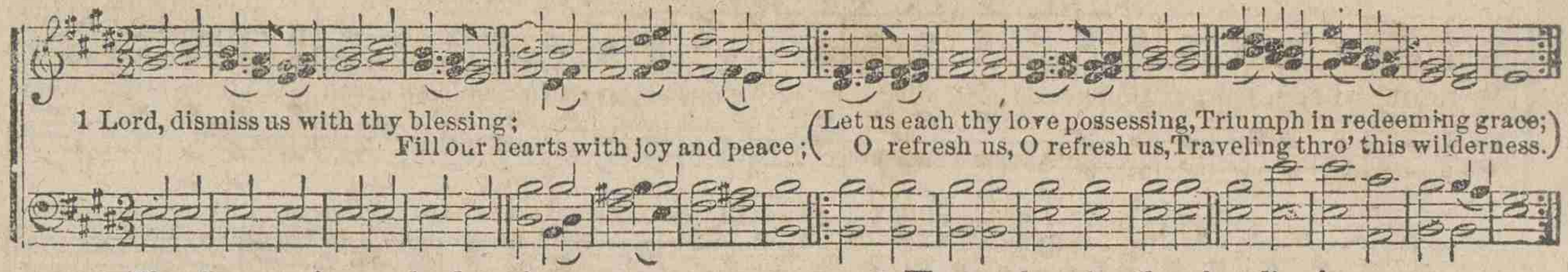
WM. B. BRADBURY.

PRAYER.



2 Our contrite spirits, pitying see,
True penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign:
And not a thought our bosom snare,
Which is not wholly thine.



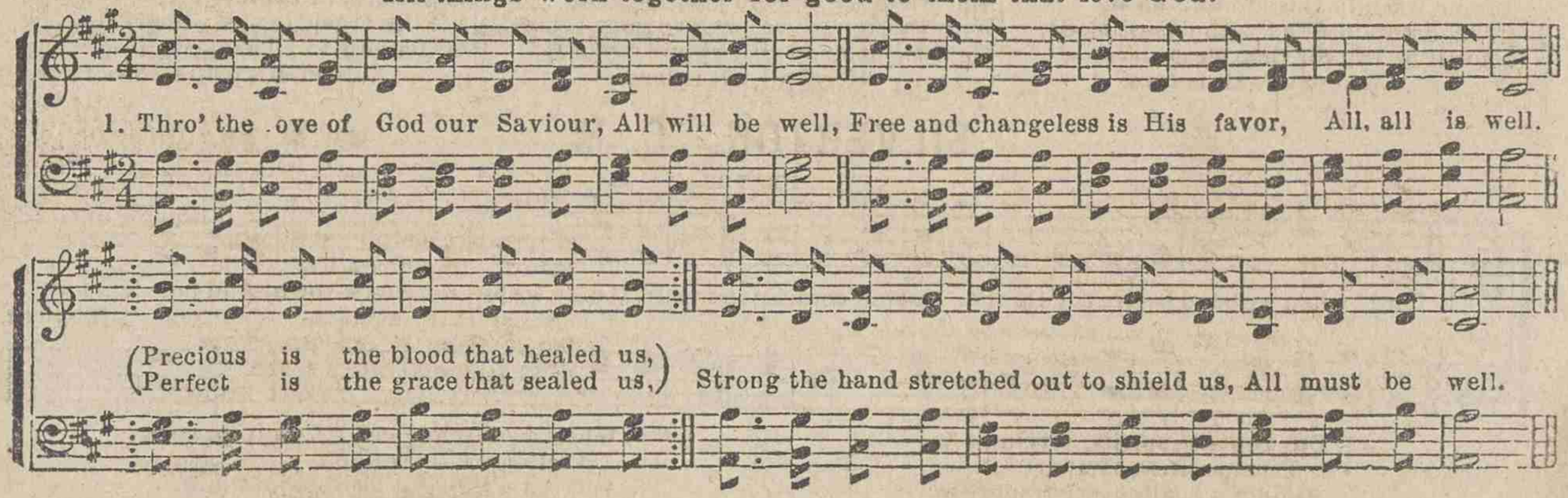
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound·
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angel's wings, to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

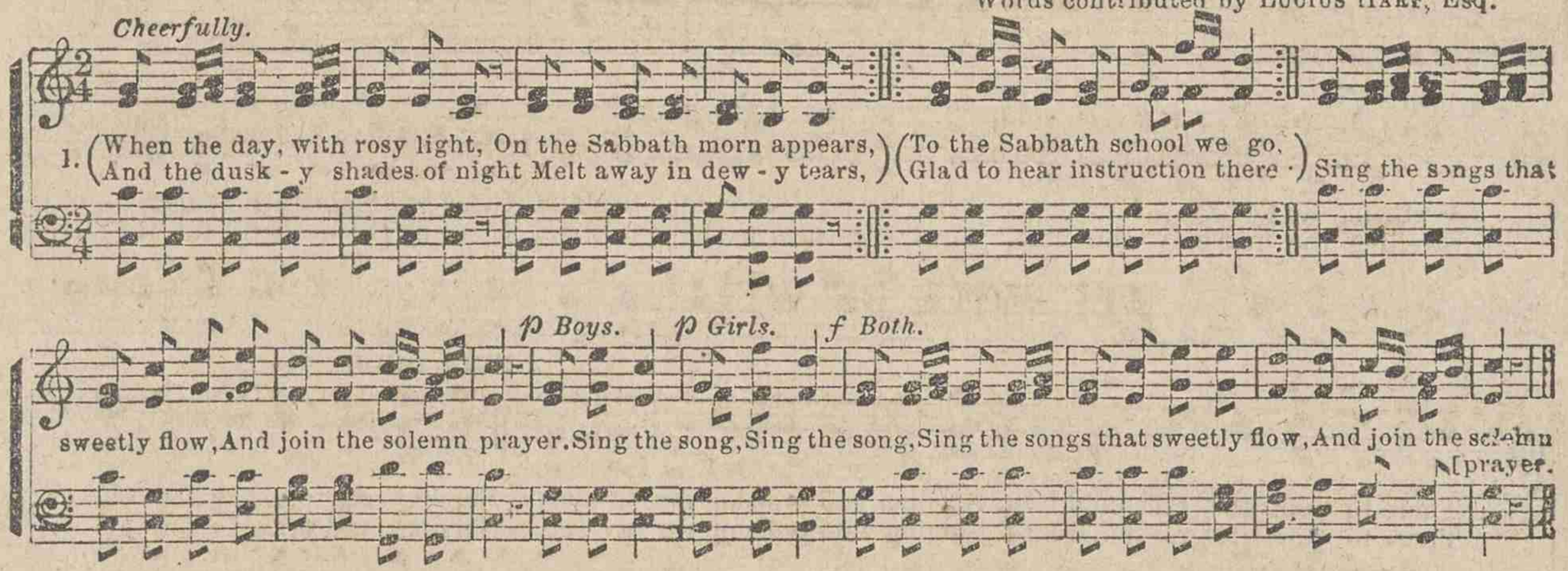


2 Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation, All, all is well;
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding
Holy through the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying, All must be well.

WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT. 7s.

Words contributed by LUCIUS HART, Esq.



2 Softly on the Sabbath air
Swell our hymns of grateful love;
Jesus listens to our prayer,
Hears the children's strains above
They who early seek his grace,
Objects of his tender care,
Sing the songs of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.
Sing the song, Sing the song,
Sing the songs of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.

3 He who left his throne above,
Poor, lost sinners to redeem,
He whose words are life and love—
Jesus Christ shall be our theme.
Thus to Sabbath school we go,
In its sacred duties share,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.
Learn the song, Learn the song,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.

SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thro' the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Lined by fair - est flow - ers, Flows a pure and crys - tal stream,
2. There are saints in robes of white, That have gone be - fore us, With the an - gels there u - nite,

Wat'ring the heavenly bow - ers. On its banks we hope to stand, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,
Swelling the heavenly cho - rus. And with them we hope to stand, Close by the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

FULL CHORUS.

There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er, Singing and praising for ev - er,
There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er, Singing and praising for ev - er,

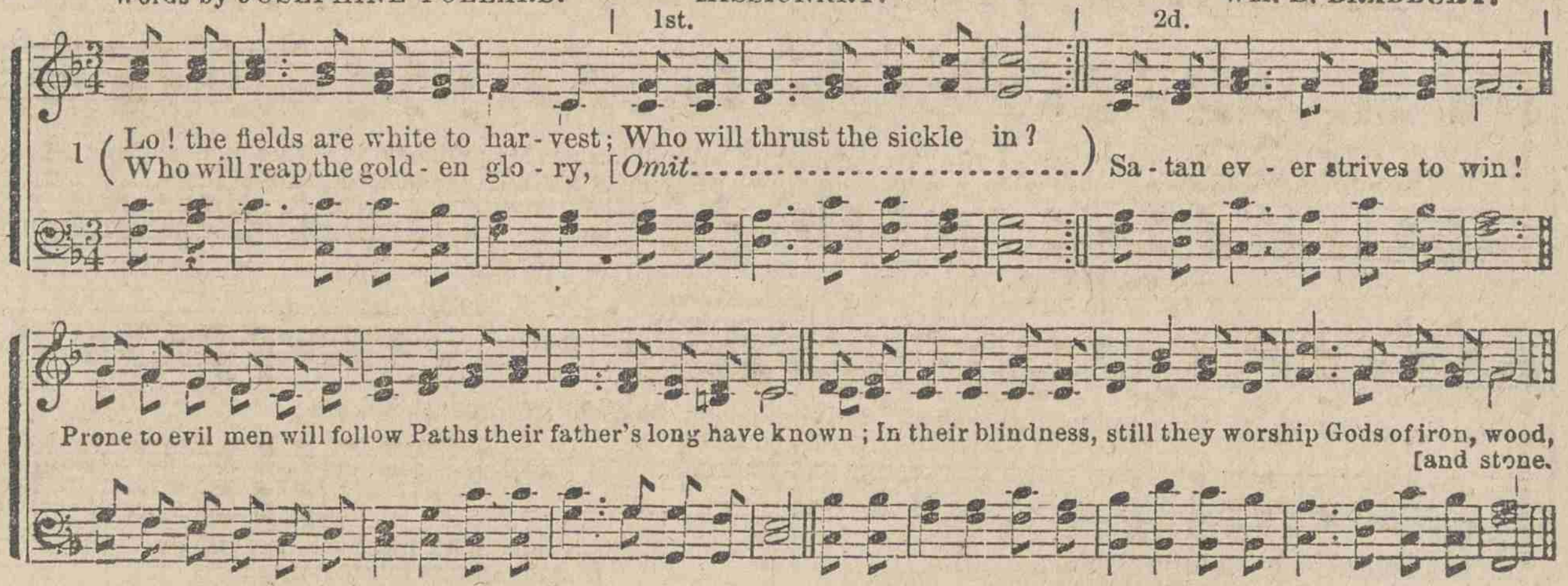
Close by that beauti - ful riv - er, There to join the ransom'd host, Singing and praising for ev - er.

3 They who long the cross have borne,
Cast their crowns before him;
Martyrs with their palms of gold
Singing with joy adore him.
Soon along the verdant banks;
Close by the beautiful river;
We shall hail our Saviour, King—
Singing and praising forever.

4 Courage then O fainting soul,
Jesus still is near thee;
If thy feeble strength should fail
Call, for he waits to hear thee;
He will bear thee in his arms,
Close by the beautiful river;
There we'll hail our Sovereign King,
Singing and praising forever.

LO! THE FIELDS ARE WHITE TO HARVEST.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. MISSIONARY. WM. B. BRADBURY.



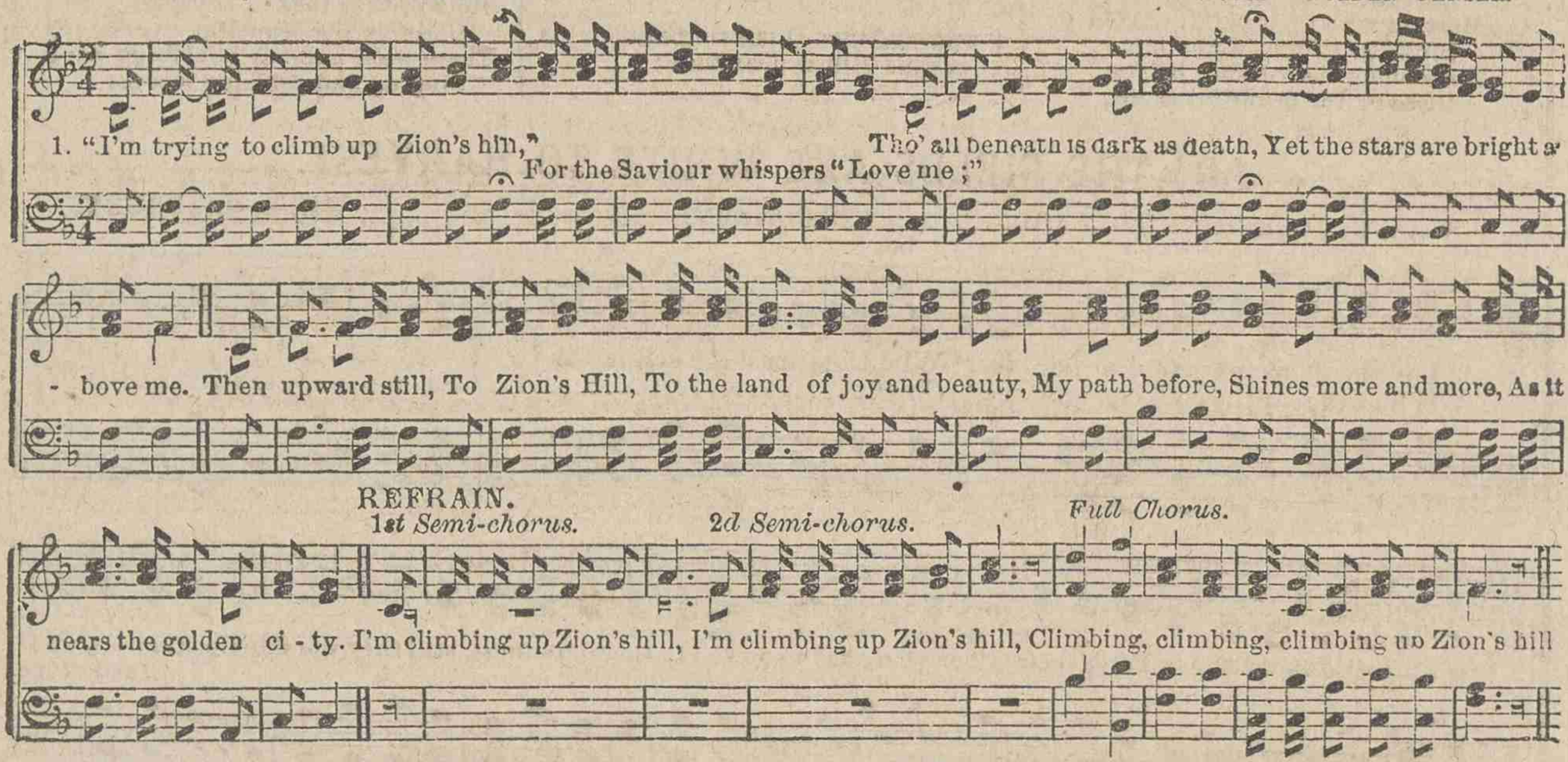
2 There are many, many children,
Growing up to sin and shame;
And their little lips are never
Taught to speak a Saviour's name:
Though the sun is shining o'er them,
Bathing all in glorious light,
Yet their hearts are full of shadows,
Darker than the darkest night.

3 Lo, the master looks imploring;
Lo, the myriad heathen stand,
Waiting for the gospel message
To arouse the slumb'ring land:
Who will bear the blessed tidings?
Spread the knowledge far and wide?
Telling heathen, wretched heathen,
'Twas for them a Saviour died!

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

LITTLE ARTHUR BAIN, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, uttered these words in the class-room.

Words by REV. J. G. CHAFEE. From "GOLDEN CENSER."



2. I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time
I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion;
For I am sure,
The way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

3. Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still
God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals;
Where raptured tongues
Proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

"He died that we might live."

Words by Mrs H. N. Beers.* *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

2. Though but a child, I'll do His will,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

3. Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

4. And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

5. When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.
There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died for me, who died for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

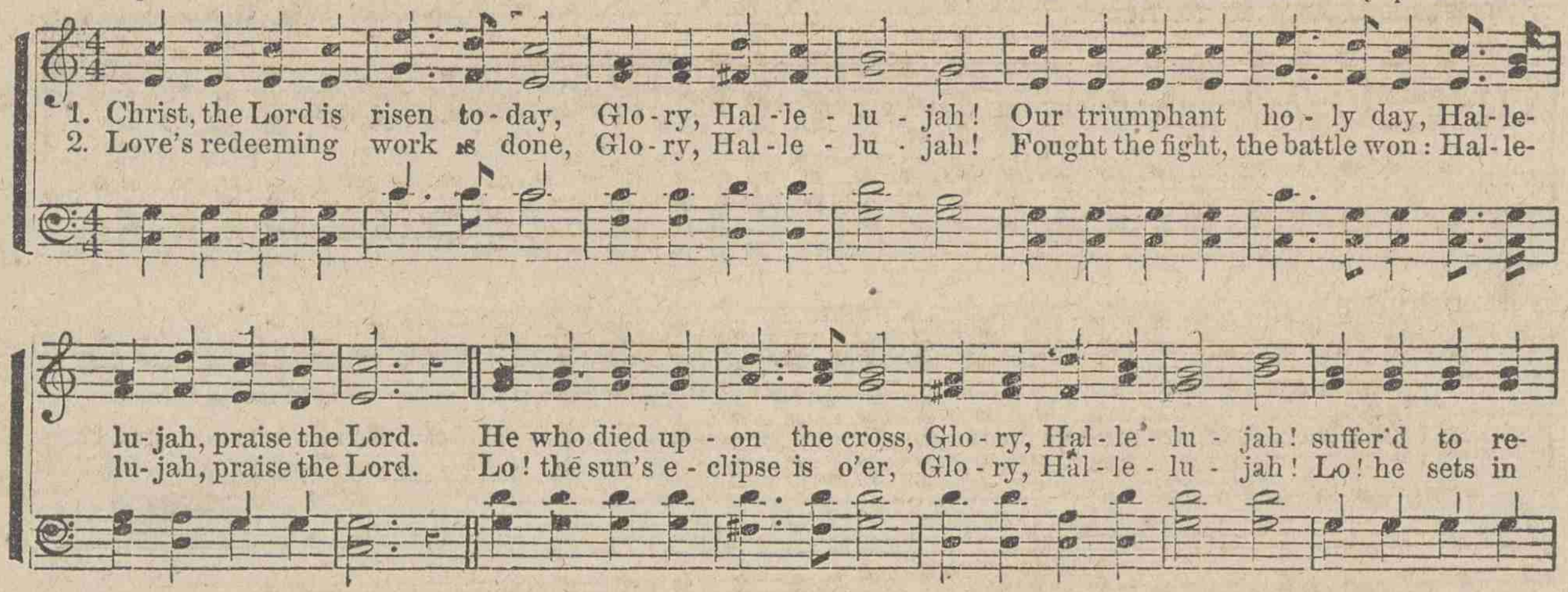
* Written for the Sabbath School of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, N. Y.

LORD'S DAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY

Spirited, but not too fast.

From "FRESH LAURELS." By permission.



FULL CHORUS.

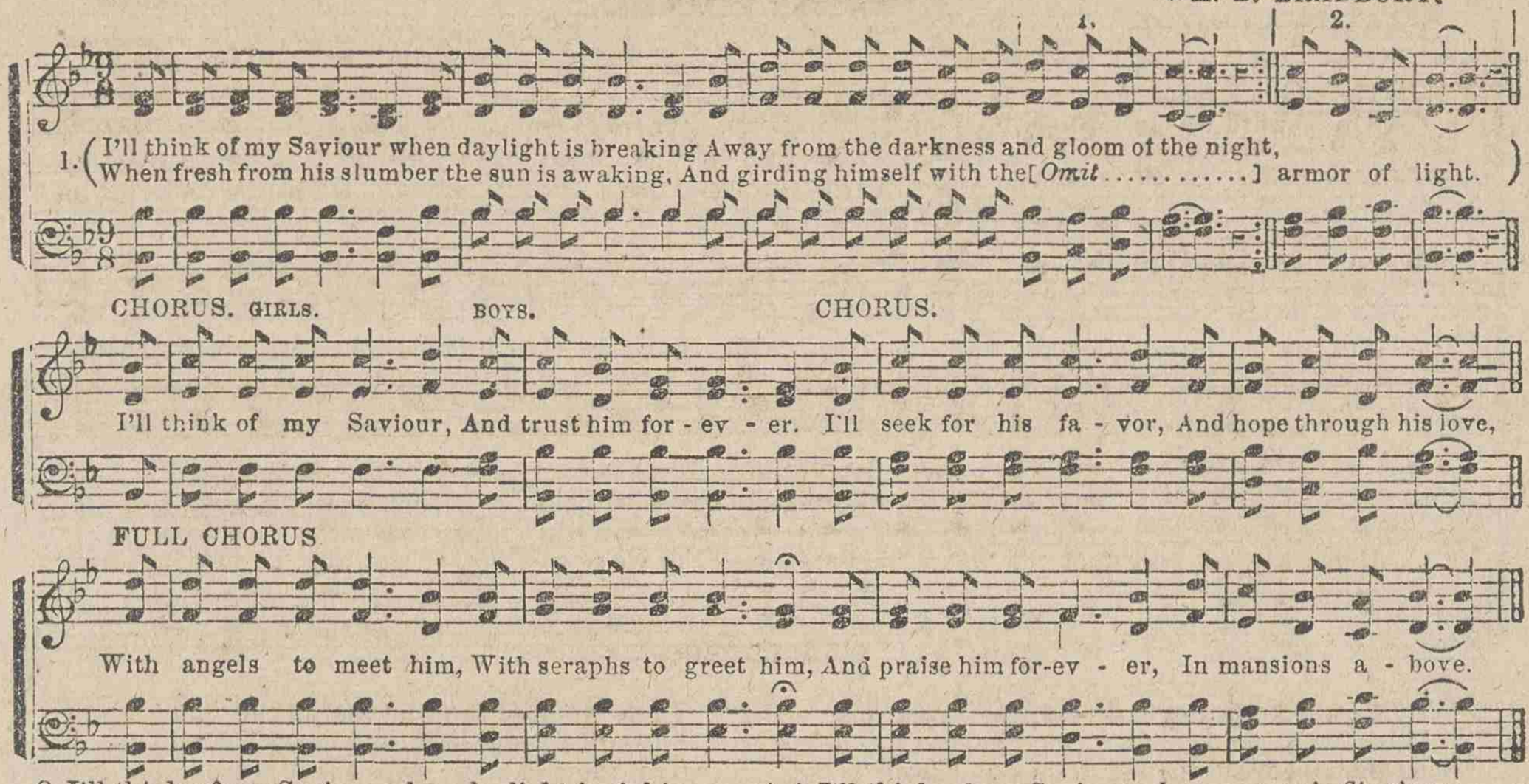
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry boasting grave!

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

I'LL THINK OF MY SAVIOUR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is sinking,
And blending its beams with the twilight so gray,
When bright starry eyes in the azure are twinkling,
And silence embraces the close of the day.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

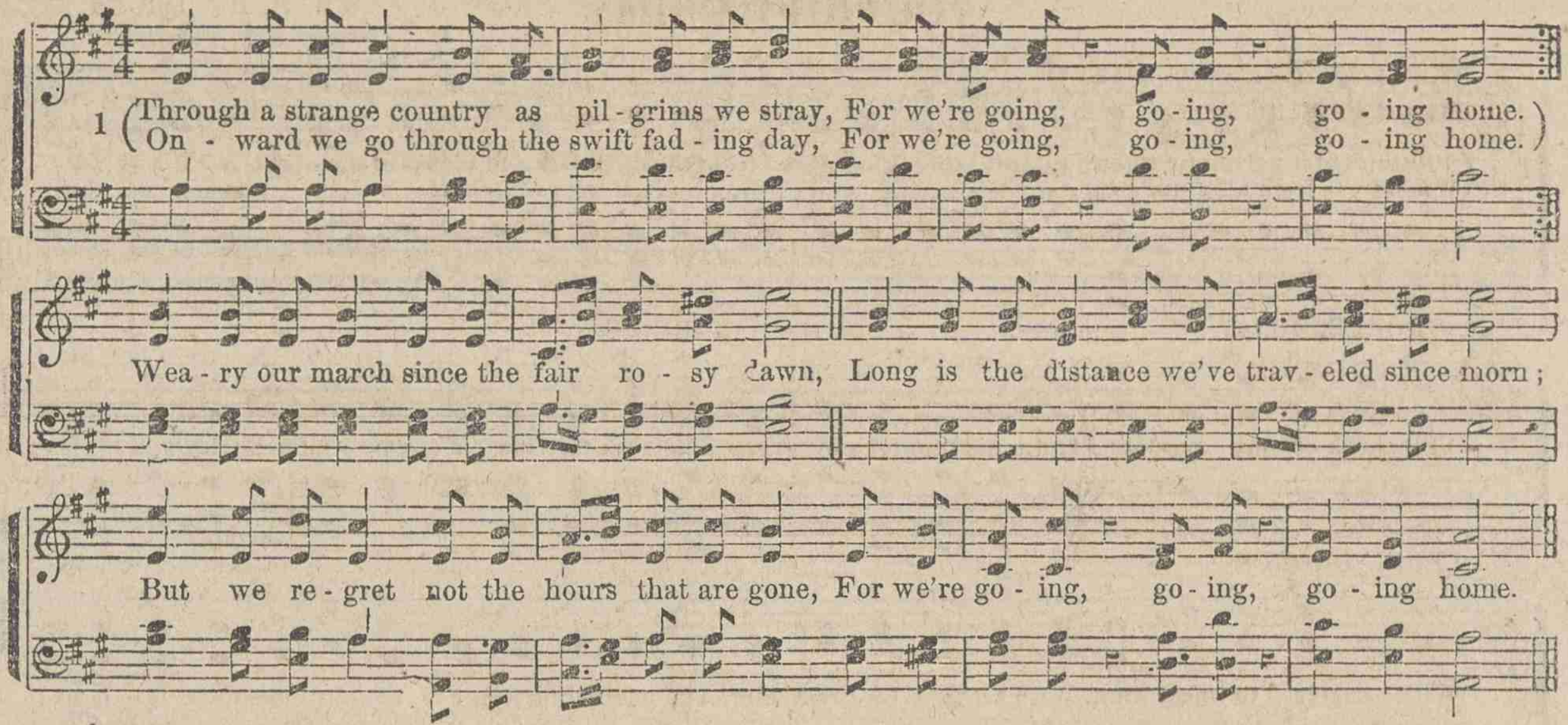
3 I'll think of my Saviour when pleasure is spreading
Her soft downy pinions to gladden my way;
Thro' sorrow and sadness, alone He was treading,
To open for sinners the portals of day.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

4 I'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is flinging
Her thick robe of sadness around the dark tomb;
If light from His presence a glory is bringing,
'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its gloom.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

5 I'll think of my Saviour, my dear blessed Saviour,
When he from on high his bright angels shall send,
And take to His bosom His loved ones forever,
To join in the anthems that never shall end.
CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour, &c.

GOING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers?
When we're going, going, going home:
Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers
For we're going, going, going home:
There fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
And never strewing the path to the tomb;
For w'ere going, going, going home.

3 Hark! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pines
We are going, going, going home;
See the faint glimmering light that now shines
We are going, going, going home.
Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
Onward we still look, and never behind;
This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind
We are going, going, going home.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice.
We are going, going, going home:
Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
We are going, going, going home:
Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
Where we can never more suffer or die,
O! let our anthem of praise ring on high!
We are going, going, going home.

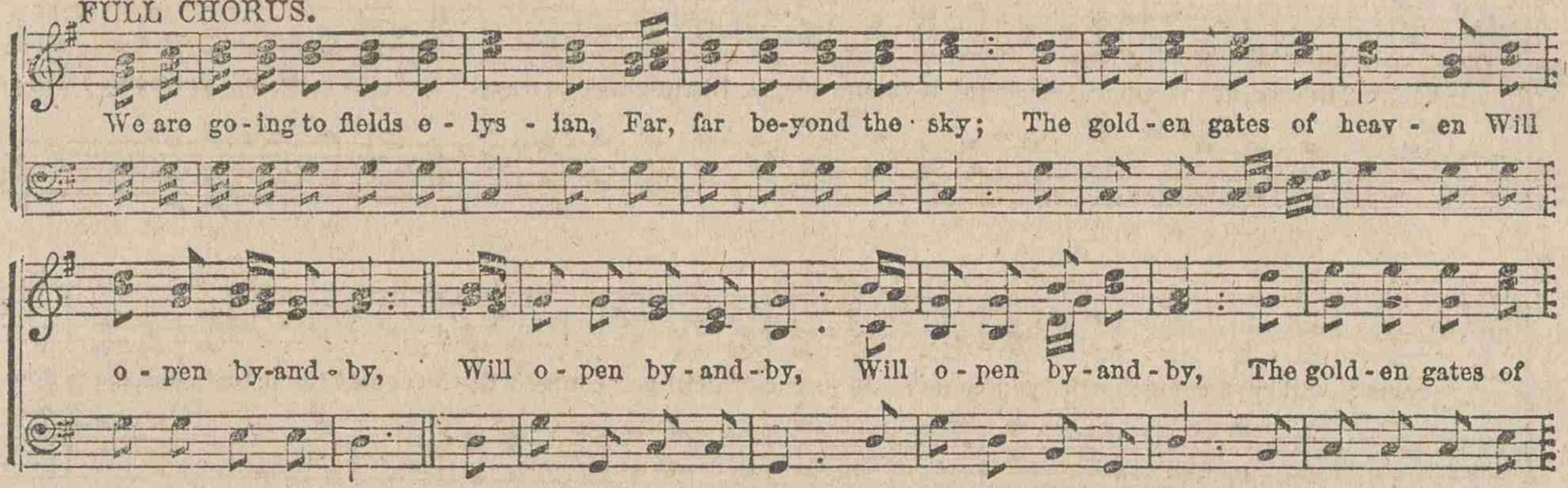
YOUNG PILGRIMS.

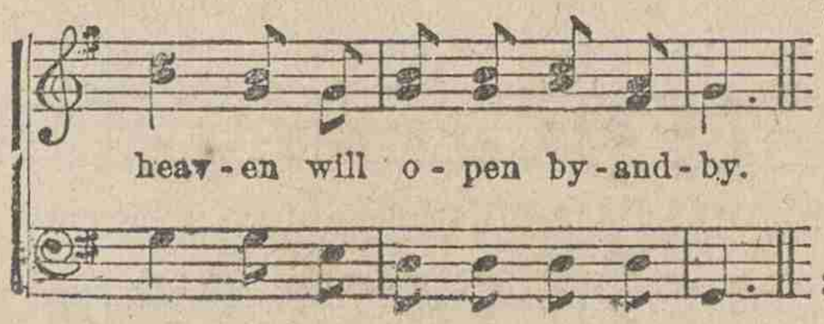
WM B. BRADBURY.

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.





2 With cheerful steps we'll hasten,
Nor list the tempter's charms;
But to the spirit listen
That calls to Jesus' arms.
'Twill make life's burden lighter
To feel God's gracious love;
And every precept brighter
That points to realms above. *Cho.*

3 His holy book will ever
Our onward footsteps guide.
Until we reach our Saviour,
And anchor near his side.
And when we meet our Jesus,
And tears are wiped away,
We'll take the harp he gives us,
And shout and sing for aye.

Cho. We've reached the fields elysian,
The Eden of the blest;
With angels now in heaven
The pilgrims are at rest.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

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

CHORUS.—*A little Faster.*

healing, there's life in each wave, Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save. Jesus calls, will you come? will you

come? will you come? will you come? Je - sus calls, will you come? will you come? Come to Je-sus, come now.

CODA.—*Original Time.*

Yes, come, O come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now, Yes, come, O come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now.

THE RIVER OF LIFE. Concluded.

2 Oh! drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load,
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."—*Chorus.*

3 This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free!
The sin-sick rejoice in this peace-speaking tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."—*Chorus.*

GRATITUDE. L. M.

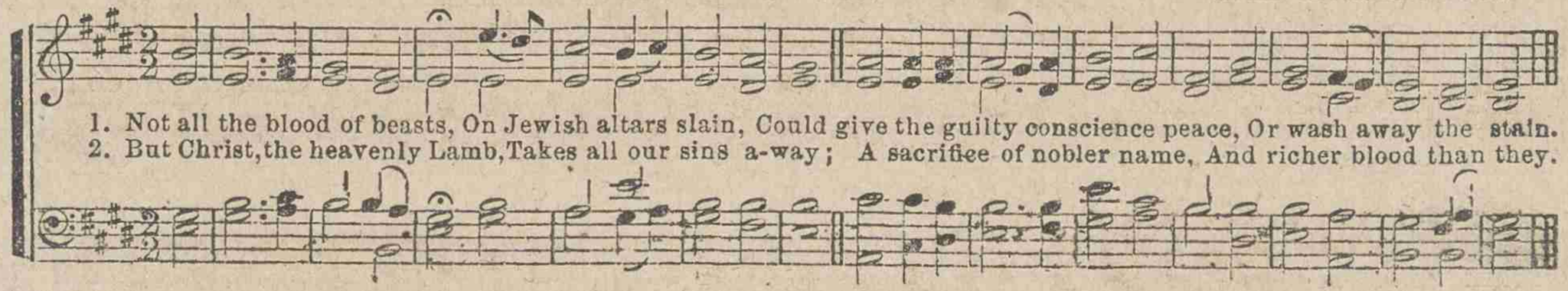
BOST.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes. her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

Words by R. S. TAYLOR. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do; None are i - dle in that blessed land.

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind, And employment for each little hand.

FULL CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do...

On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do...

2 There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,
As they wander the green meadows o'er;
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest abode,
All the good that have gone there before.
There'll be something to do, &c.

3 There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,
To the dear ones that linger below;
And it may be our Father the children will send
To be angels of mercy in woe.
There'll be something to do, &c.

SONG OF THE LILIES.

From "Golden Censer."

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—*Matt.* 6, 28–30.

Words by Rev. J. A. Collier, *Kingston, N. Y.*

2. Hark, the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story,
Of the love of God,
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ the Lord.
The roses how they bloom!
The beautiful roses, how they bloom!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

3. Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet,
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices meet;
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.
They sing their Maker's praise,
The beautiful flowers, how they sing!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

4. Let us, then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. 8s & 7s.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—*The Beloved Disciple.*

2 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.

VIOLET. 8s & 7s.

2

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3

Perish, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

MY MANSION IN THE SKY. 71

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. Music by HENRY TUCKER.

2 In that bright world of love and light,
That city of our God;
I know a glorious welcome waits,
Each lover of the Lord!—*Cho.*

3 The vain pursuits of this short life,
How weak and frail they seem;
When from my blessed home above,
I catch one shining gleam!—*Cho.*

4 If I'm a lover of the Lord,
And to his footstool come;
I know He'll send his angels down,
To guide me safely home;—*Cho*

THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 (Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory—A home when life's sorrows are o'er,
Where joys that await the meek and the lowly, [*Omit*. . . . .) Will more than lost Eden restore,

2 (Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the riv - er, Escort - ed by angels a - long ;
And with them a - dore the Bounteous Giver, [*Omit*. . . . .) Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.

FULL CHORUS. *f*

Where the new song of glo - ry Is the theme of the ho - ly, And the ransomed are safe ev - er more,
Where the new song is giv - en, To the loved ones in heaven, And the an - gels re - ech - o the song,

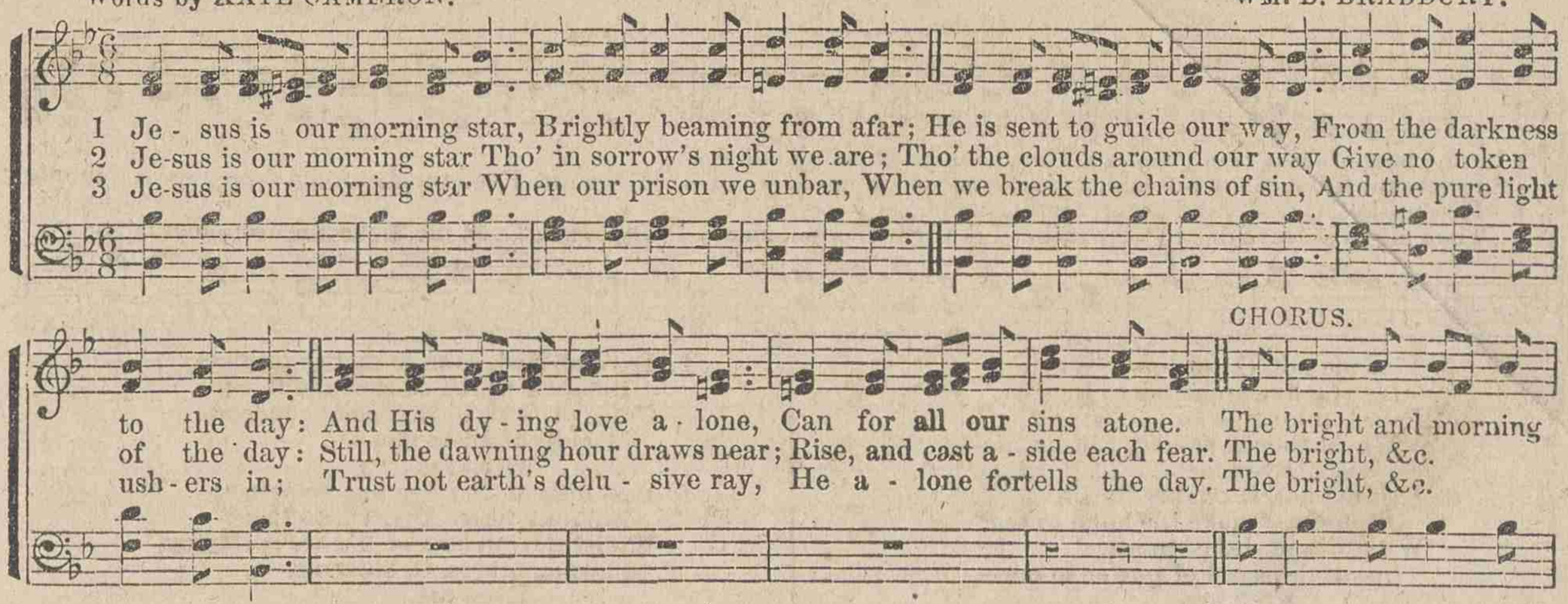
Where the new song of glo - ry Is the theme of the ho - ly, And the ransomed are safe ev - er more.
Where the new song is giv - en, To the loved ones in heaven, And the an - gels re - ech - o the song.

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions for ever
And bask in the fulness of love,
Where fields are all bright with flowrets that never
Shall wither in Eden above.
Cho. ‖:There the new song of pardon,
Is the theme over Jordan,
And each harp swells the chorus of love.:‖

4 Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures,
In heaven's sweet bower of rest?
And bids us partake of all its rich treasures,
And waits now to welcome each guest.
Cho. ‖:It is Jesus, our Saviour,
And we'll praise him for ever,
When we're safe in those mansions of rest.:‖

OUR BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

Words by KATE CAMERON. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Our Guiding Star.

1 Glorious hope, eternal life,
Promise sweet to mourners given,
Soon will end this mortal strife,
Look beyond there's rest in heaven:
Rest from sorrow, toil, and care
In our Father's mansion fair.

Cho —We're on our journey home,
We're on our journey home,
Jesus is our guiding star,
We're on our journey home.

2 We must meet with trials here;
Through a desert waste we roam;
But our Saviour still is near,
He will guide us safely home

From the world's coroding care
To our Father's mansion fair.—*Cho.*

3 On a wild and stormy sea,
When our fragile bark is driven,
Shatter'd tho' its sails may be,
We shall anchor safe in heaven;
We shall rise triumphant there,
To our Father's mansion fair.—*Cho.*

152

EVEN ME

Wm. B. Bradbury.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to thee:
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me,—
Even me.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

FOR THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 75

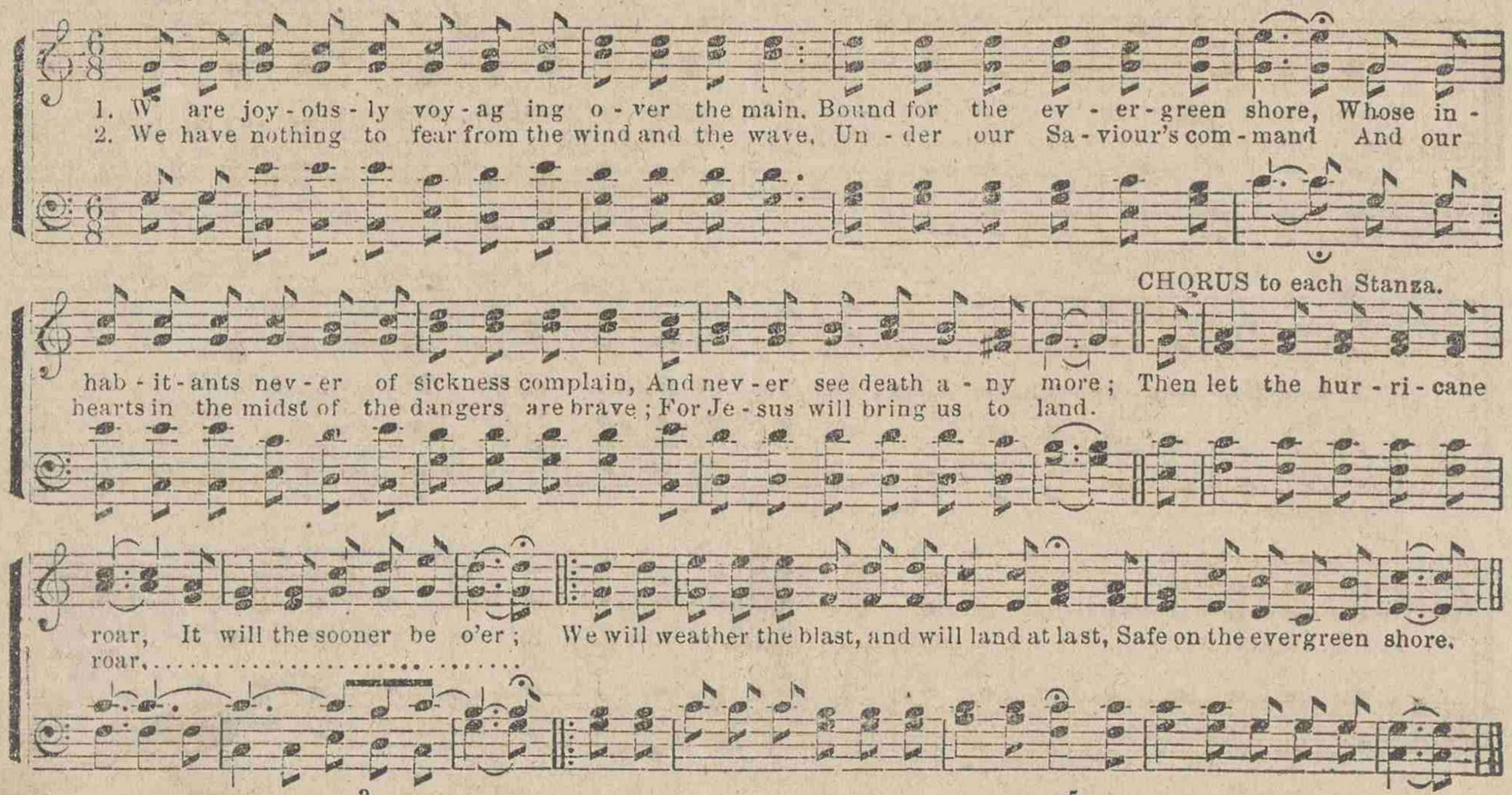
Words by FANNY CROSBY.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm,
Beneath thy watchful care;
A sinner lost, but saved by grace
Be this my only plea:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art
Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

Words by WM. HUNTER, D. D. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



3.

Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill;
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Cho.*

4.

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.—*Cho.*

5.

Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
There's one who will never forsake.—*Cho.*

6.

Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more;
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—*Cho.*

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

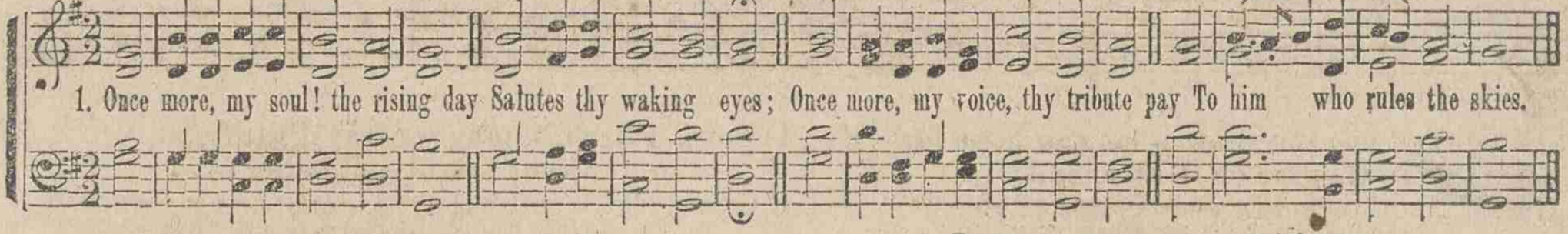
Dr. L. MASON, by permission.

3 There let the 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!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



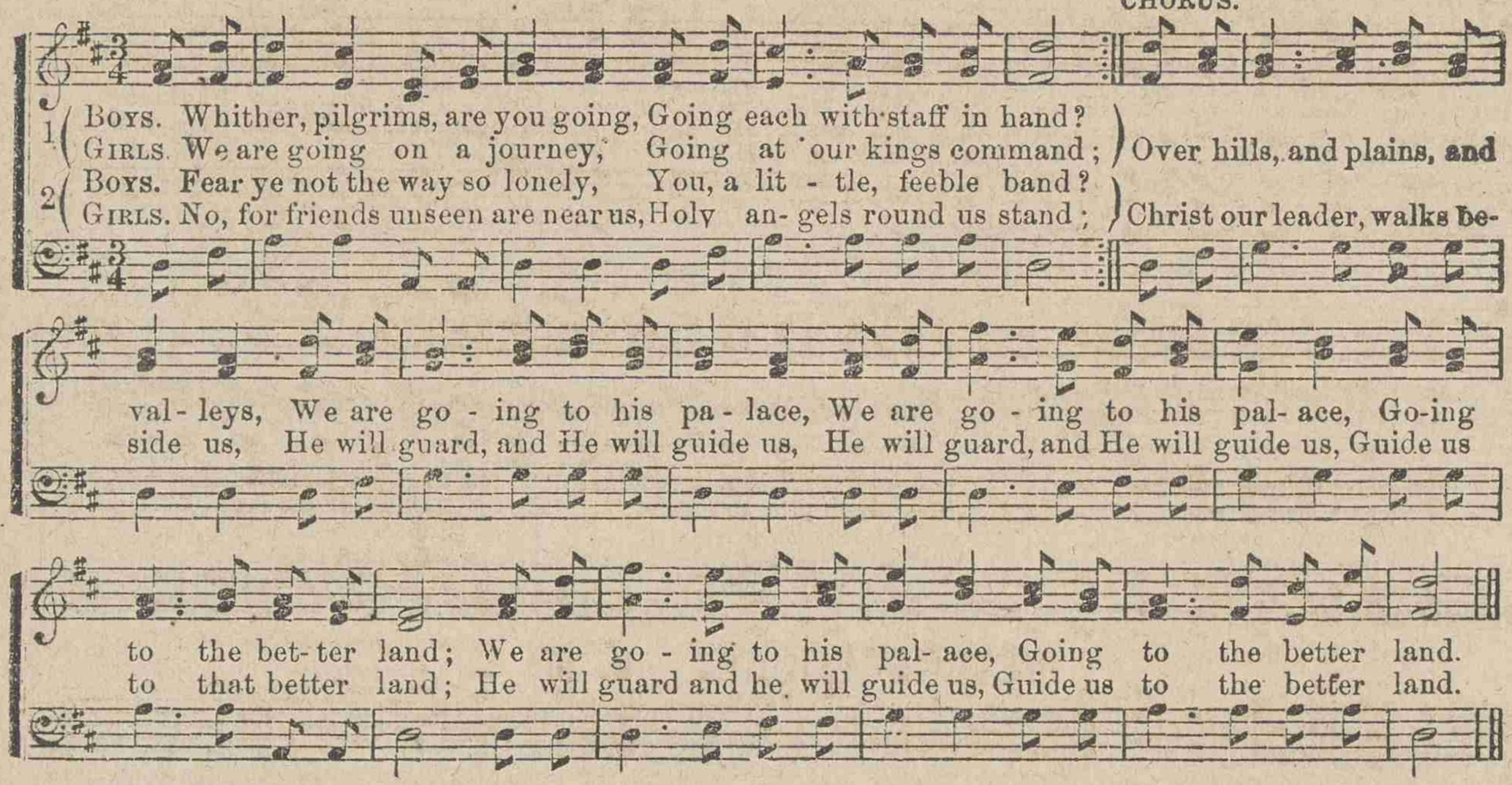
2 Night unto night his name repeats
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays

THE BETTER LAND. 8s & 7s.

"BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY."—*Paul.*

CHORUS.

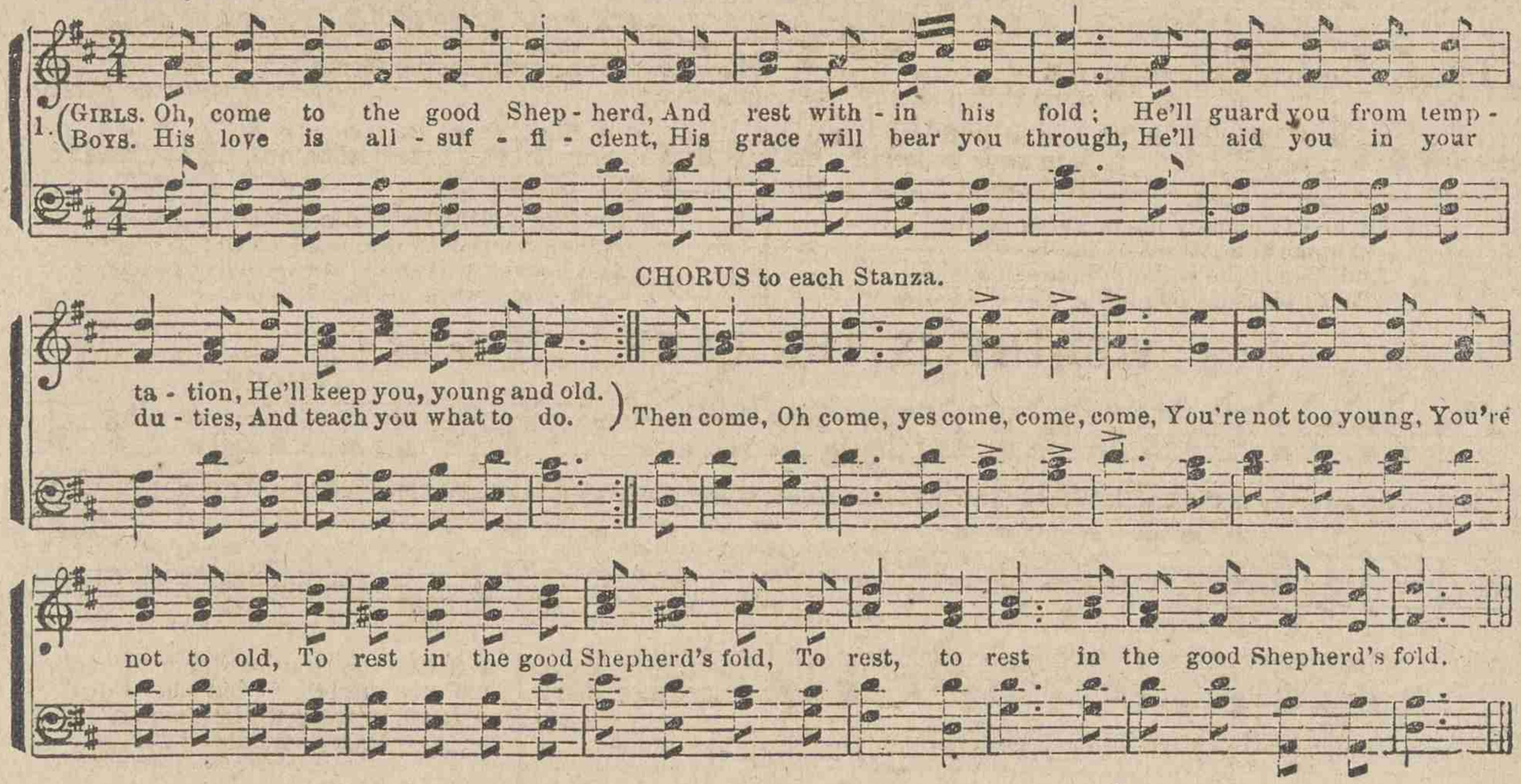


3 Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;
All. We shall drink of life's clear river
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

4 Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome.
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All. Come, O come! and do not leave us.
Christ is waiting to receive us.
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 7s & 6s.

Words by KATE CAMERON. "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—*Jesus*.



2.

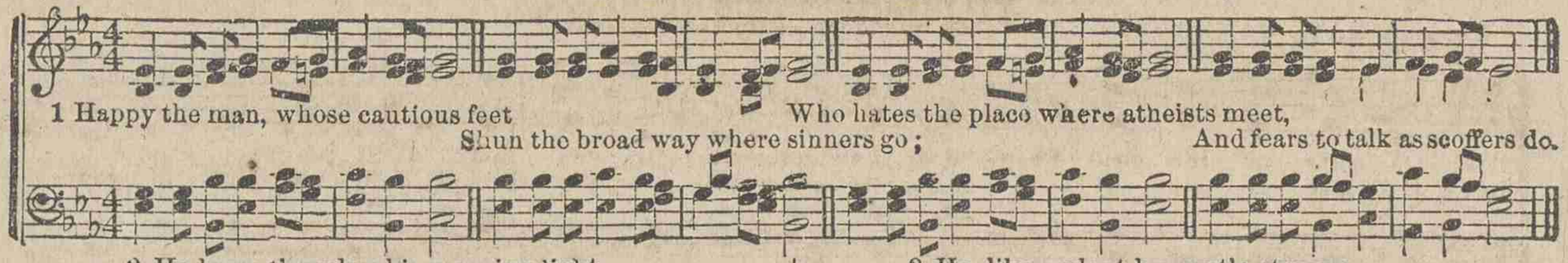
GIRLS. Oh, who would wish to wander
From such a fold as this?
Without is gloomy terror,
Within is perfect bliss.
BOYS. Though rough the path, and thorny
You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm.
CHORUS.—Then come, &c.

3.

GIRLS. The world is full of trials,
And sorrow comes to all;
But happy those who listen
To the good Shepherd's call,
BOYS. For every grief that darkens,
And all the tears that dim,
Are sent to us in mercy,
To draw us nearer him.
CHORUS.—Then come, &c.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON



1 Happy the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t'employ his morning light,
Among the statues of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. 7s & 4s.

CHORUS.

2. Sons of Morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

3. Christ has come in very deed,
Born to bruise the serpent's head;
Sinner, he's the friend you need,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

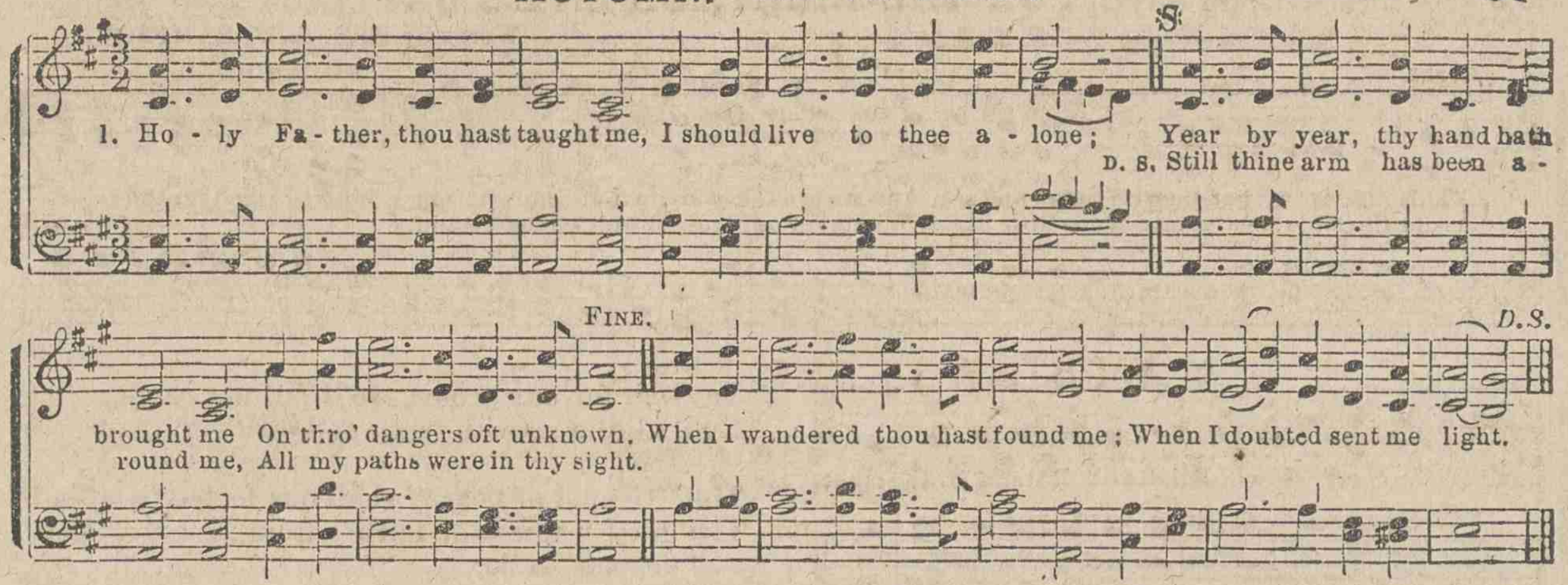
4. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "what shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*

6. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God hath heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

7. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.



2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting.
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

CHRIST WITH US. 8s & 7s.

1 Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

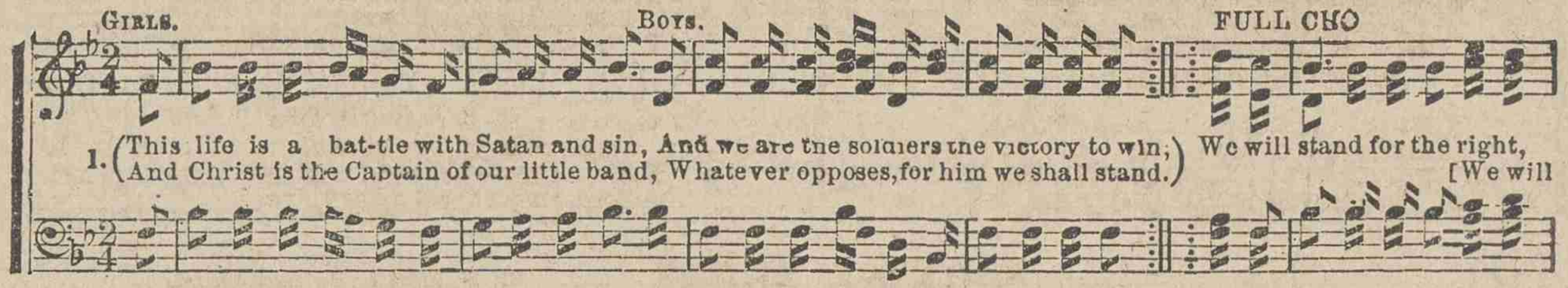
2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

82 WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, OR LIFE'S BATTLE. 11s. *

Words by MRS. J. W. SAMPSON.



2 To God, for our armor, we'll fail not to go,
He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;
The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,
The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.—*Cho.*

3 Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.—*Cho.*

4 Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—*Cho.*

* From "*Sabbath Chimes.*"

ORTONVILLE. C. M. (New Chain.)

DR. T. HASTINGS.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT. By permission.

2
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 oh! &c.

3
Should coming days be dark and cold,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! &c.

4
Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever.
Our King says, Come, and there's ow
For ever, oh! for ever I [home
For oh! &c.

JESUS LOVES ME

WM. B. BRADBURY.

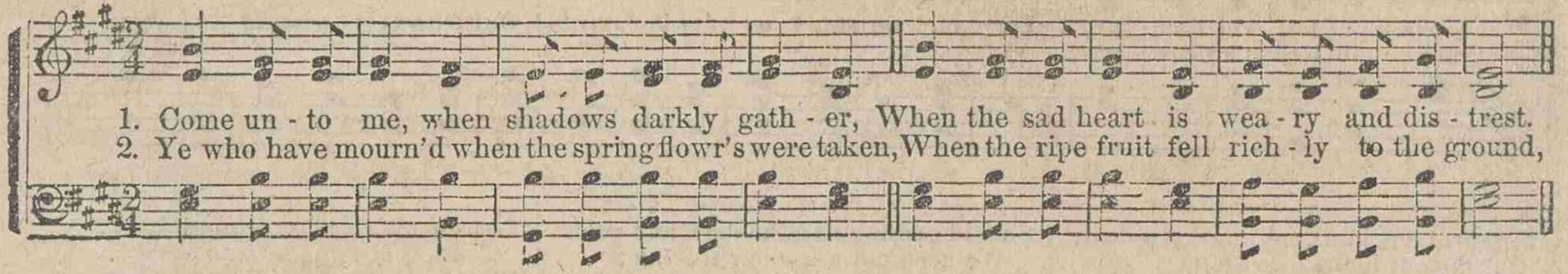
2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

COME UNTO ME.

By permission of DR. L. MASON.

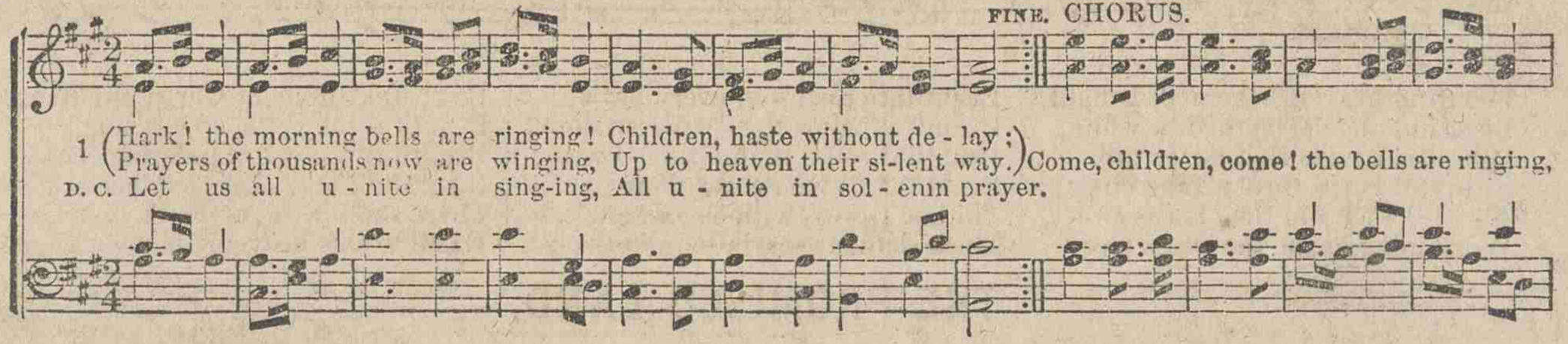


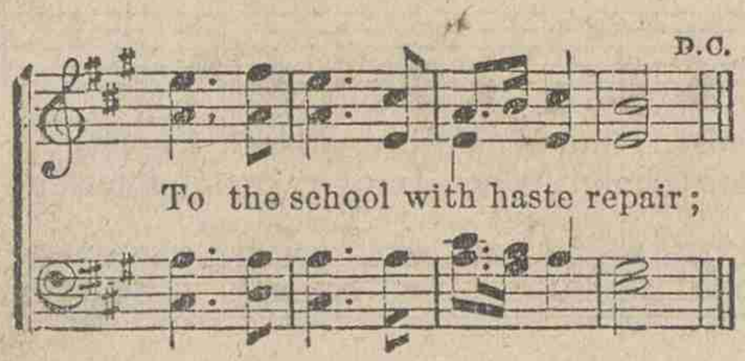
COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn:

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

THE MORNING BELLS. 8s & 7s.





2
'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

3
Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath-day.
Chorus Come, children, &c.

4
Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Chorus. Come, children, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Day Spring." By permission.

2.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire.
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet

3.

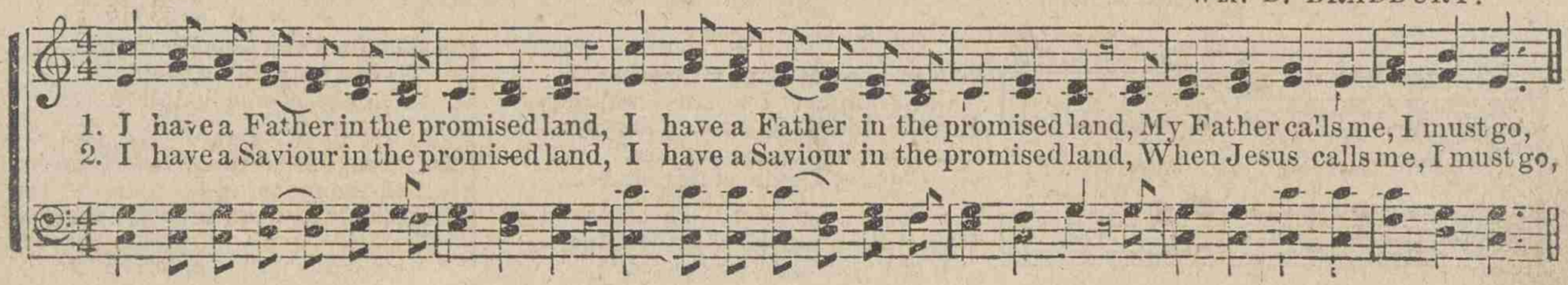
Beautiful crowns on every brow
Beautiful palms the conqerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4.

Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me

THE PROMISED LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



THE PROMISED LAND. Concluded.

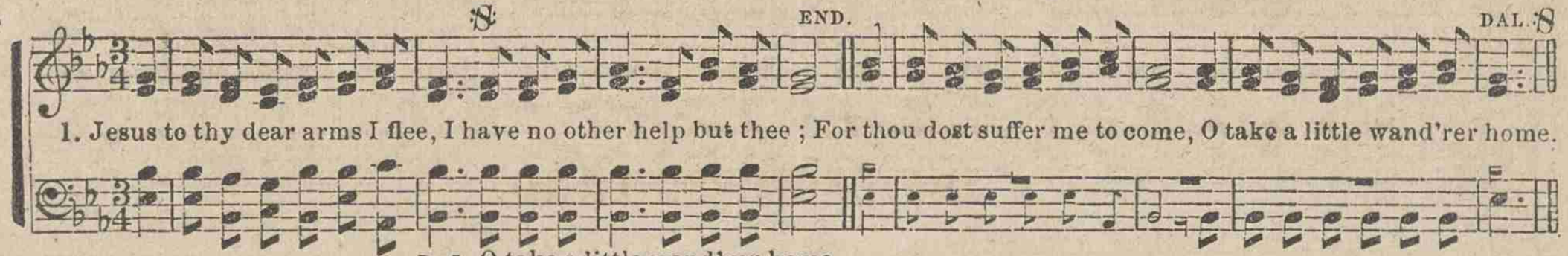
CHORUS.

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

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

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2.

Jesus I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home.

3.

Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

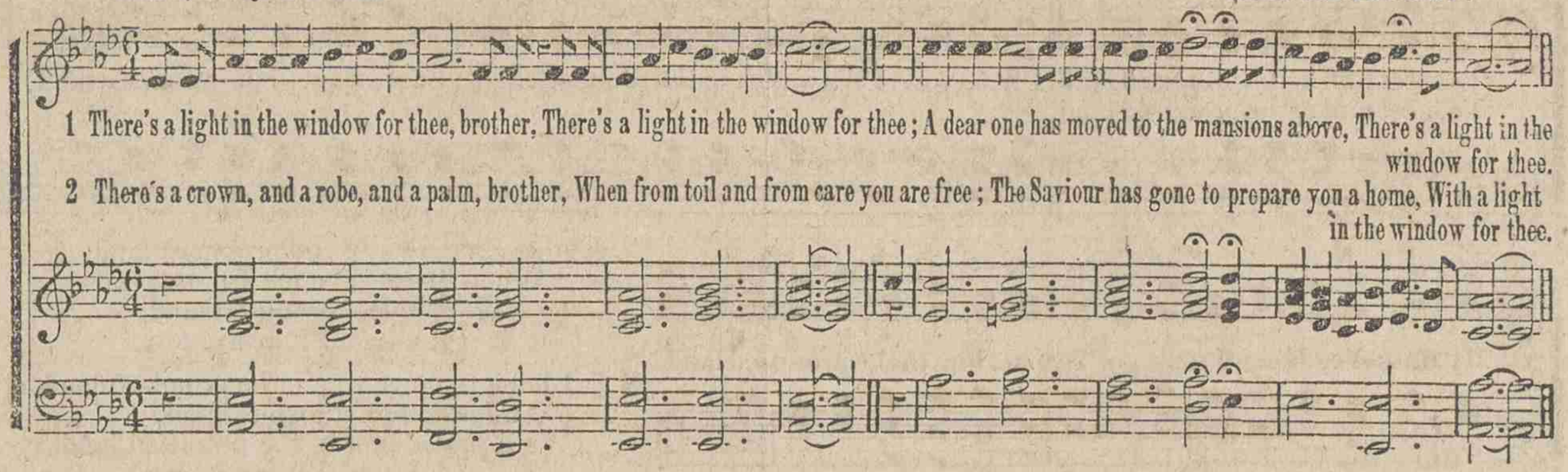
4

And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. (Song and Chorus.)

SOLO, or a few voices.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee; A dear one has moved to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free; The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free.
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee. *Cho.*

1. When Life's la - bor song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung, O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale, But the shining ones are near our door:
3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years, Mingle want and woe to - geth - er here—

Then the Lord will light the scene With the angels' star - ry sheen, As they welcome us to Zi - on's hill.
With our robes as bright as they, We will tread the starry way, With the shadow and the storm no more,
But the Lord will lift the cloud That enwraps the shining crowd, And we'll never know a sor - row there.

CHORUS. *Steady time.*

We'll meet each other there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the an - gels in the air, Yes, we'll meet each other

there; We'll meet each other, there Yes! we'll meet each other there, With the angels, with the angels in the air.

TRY TO BE LIKE JESUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gentle, not too loud.

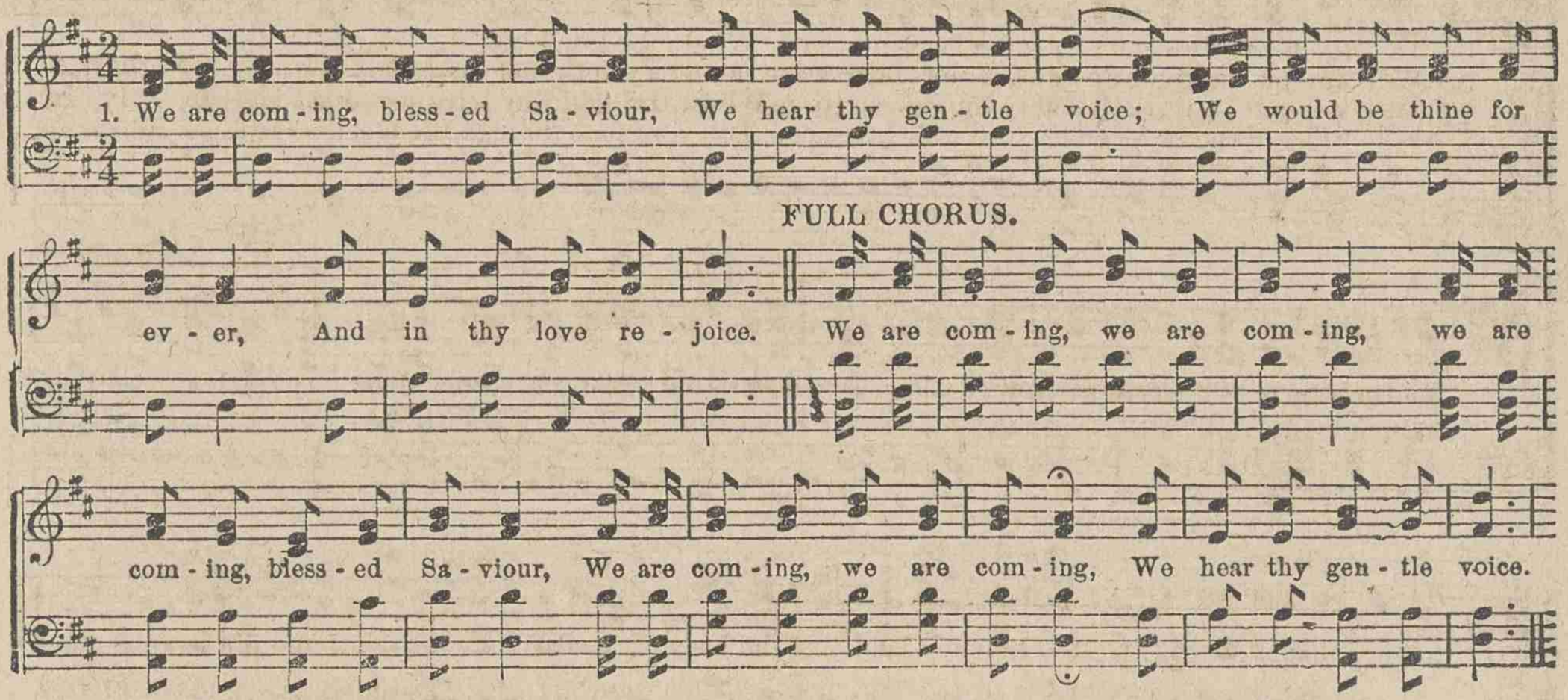
3. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will;
We'll seek His strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—*Chorus.*

4. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At His right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story
The ransomed sing on high.—*Chorus.*

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

WORDS BY MRS. KYDIA BAXTER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.



2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

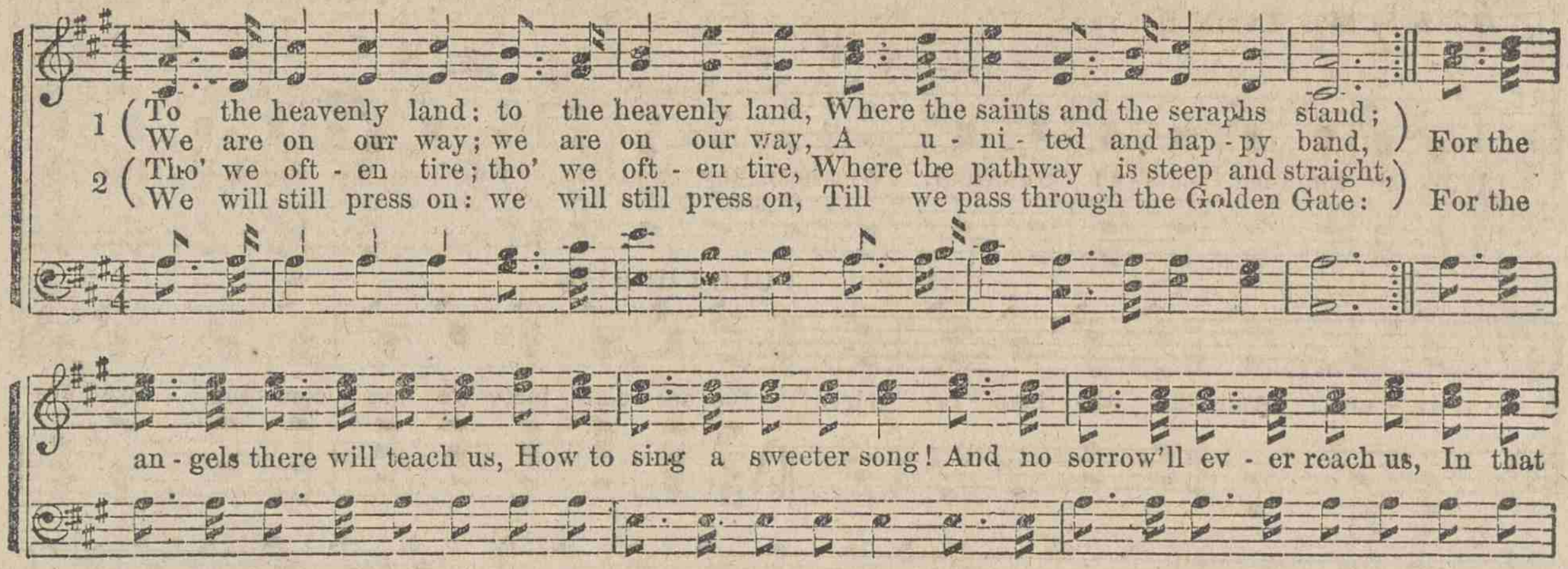
3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

"THERE ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER." WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 But we need not fear: but we need not fear,
For we've Jesus to be our guide:
And with him so near: aye with him so near
Naught of e-il can e'er betide,
Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4 Will you go with us! will you go with us!
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless day,
Is illumed by our Father's love,
Cho.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

SAVED BY GRACE. 8s & 7s. Double.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

ARR. FROM SPIRITUAL SONGS.

2 Earthly pleasures fading round me,
Like the autumn leaf may fall;
Jesus thou wilt give me comfort,
Thou art dearer far than all.—*Cho.*

3 I will praise thee, I will bless thee,
This my happy song shall be;
When I reach the port of glory,
Jesus thou hast died for me.

Cho.—for 3d verse. Saved by grace, thy child forever,
Lost in wonder, love and praise;
Precious Saviour I have found thee,
Thou art mine, I ask no more.

For Missionary concerts.

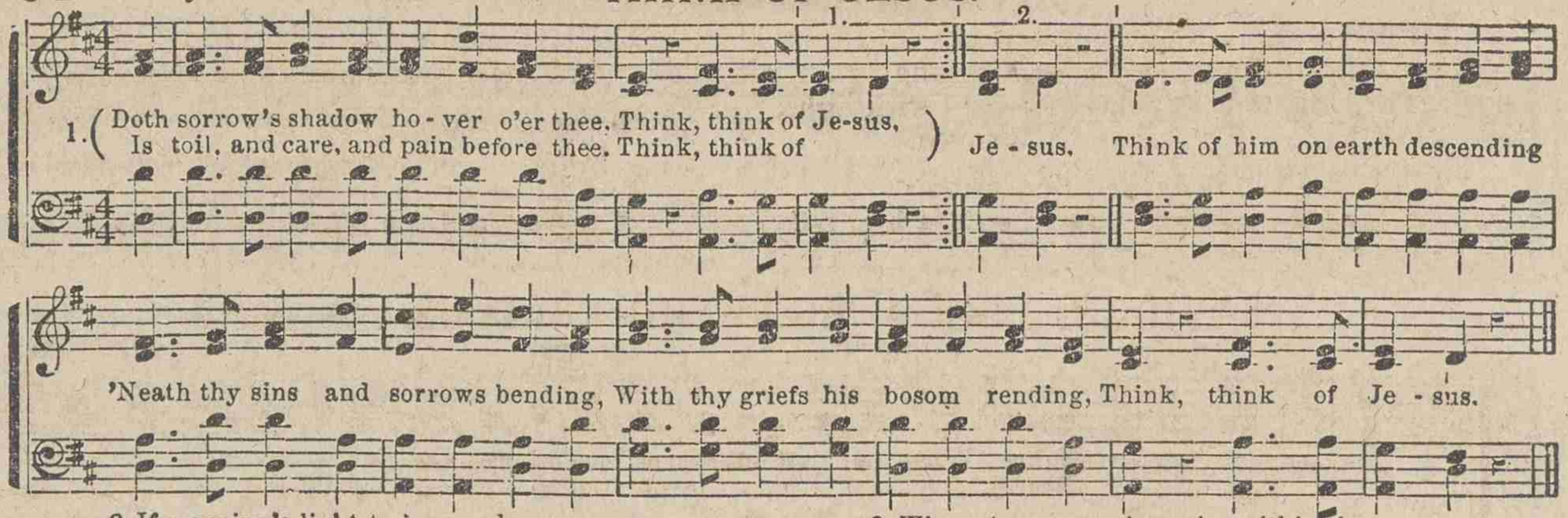
1 In thy temple Lord we gather,
In thine own appointed way;
For thy glorious cause, and kingdom,
At thy sacred feet to pray.

CHO. Star of Jacob, King of Judah,
Hallelujah to thy name;
May thy love in every bosom,
Kindle to a living flame.

2 Bless thy servants gone to labor
With thy standard in their hands;
Guide them o'er the snow-clad mountain,
On the deserts burning sand. *Cho.*

3 May thy word in might prevailing,
Far and wide its power extend;
And the world its truth confessing,
To thy gentle sceptre bend. *Cho.*

94 Words by Mrs GODFREY. **THINK OF JESUS.** T. F. SEWARD.



2 If morning's light to joy awaken,
Think, think of Jesus,
Should evening find thee lone, forsaken,
Think, think of Jesus,
Should Time's hands of friends bereave thee,
And thy brightest hopes deceive thee,
Think of one who will not leave thee,
Think, think of Jesus.

3 When stormy passions rise within thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
When earthly pleasure lures to win thee,
Think, think of Jesus,
Though the cup of anguish draining,
Cease thy wearied soul's complaining
See the Lamb in glory reigning,
Think, think of Jesus.

OBERLIN. L. M.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope;
Thy faithful promise I receive;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan, with all his arts, no more,
Me from the gospel hope can move:
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

1 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

3 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

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

WM. B. BRADBURY

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us.
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

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

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

THE LIFE-BOAT.

Spirited—in march movement.

1. The life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she rides The darkened and stormy, and treacher - ous main, The
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! o'er life's stormy wave, Is the life-boat to res - cue all tem - pest toss'd souls, It

wild moaning tempest, the fierce rolling tide, Unite their dark powers to o'erwhelm her in vain The mariner sees her, and
ev - er is ready from danger to save; 'Tis safe on the ocean, tho' fiercely it rolls, The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! it

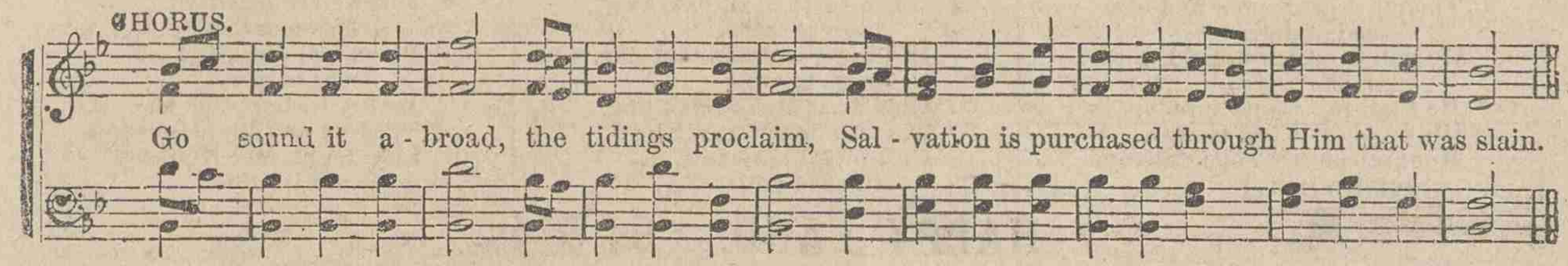
hope fills his breast, The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the sea, It shines as a star on the billows fierce breast, And
shines ever bright, Like a heavenly star on the water's dark breast, It sheds in man's pathway a glo - ri-ous light, And

mounts o'er the wa - ters so no - bly and free, And mounts o'er the wa - ters so no - bly and free.
points out his course to the ha - ven of rest, And points out his course to the ha - ven of rest.

JESUS OUR KING.

MISSIONARY.

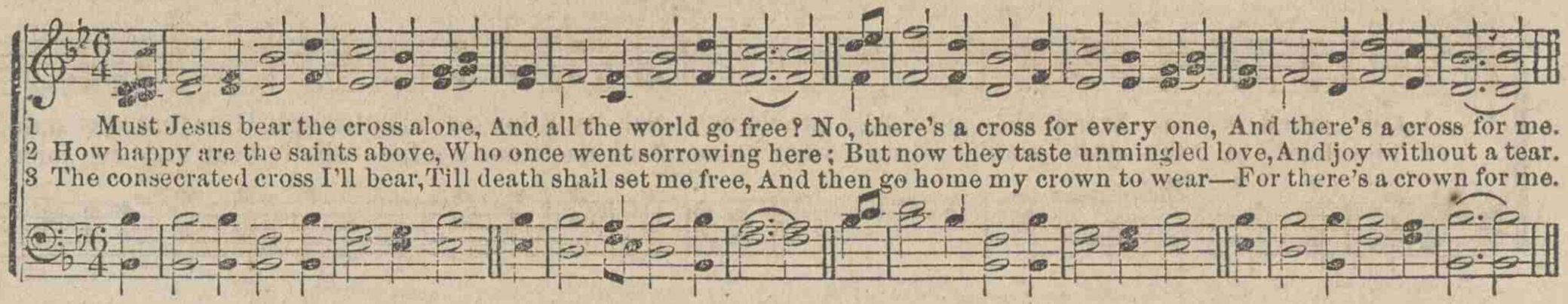
WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Go, heralds, away! your mission fulfil
The Gospel declare, we'll pray for you still—
Be steadfast, be watchful, stand by the right,
And God will sustain you with wisdom and might.
CHO.—Go sound it abroad, &c.

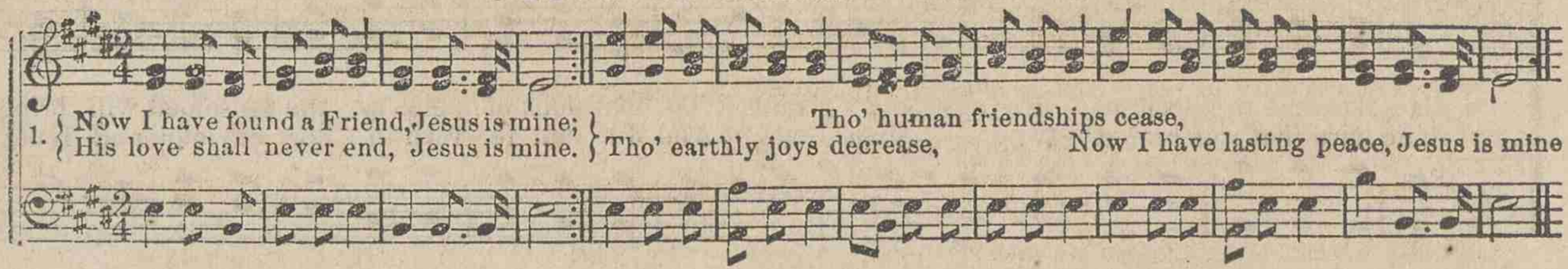
4 Go, heralds, away! the harvest is near,
The reapers will come, the Master appear
Be patient in labor, fervent in love,
And God will reward you in glory above.
CHO.—Go sound it abroad, &c

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



1 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.
2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
3 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.

JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.



1. { Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine; / His love shall never end, Jesus is mine. } Tho' human friendships cease, / Tho' earthly joys decrease, / Now I have lasting peace, Jesus is mine

2. Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply.
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

3. When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great Judgment-day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

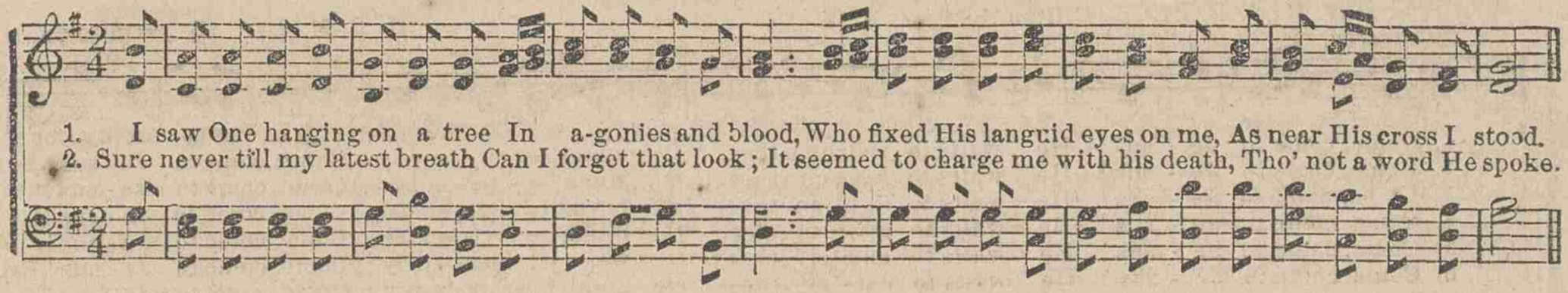
1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring.
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

THE LAMB UPON CALVARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



3. My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

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

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

GREGORIAN.

1 { Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

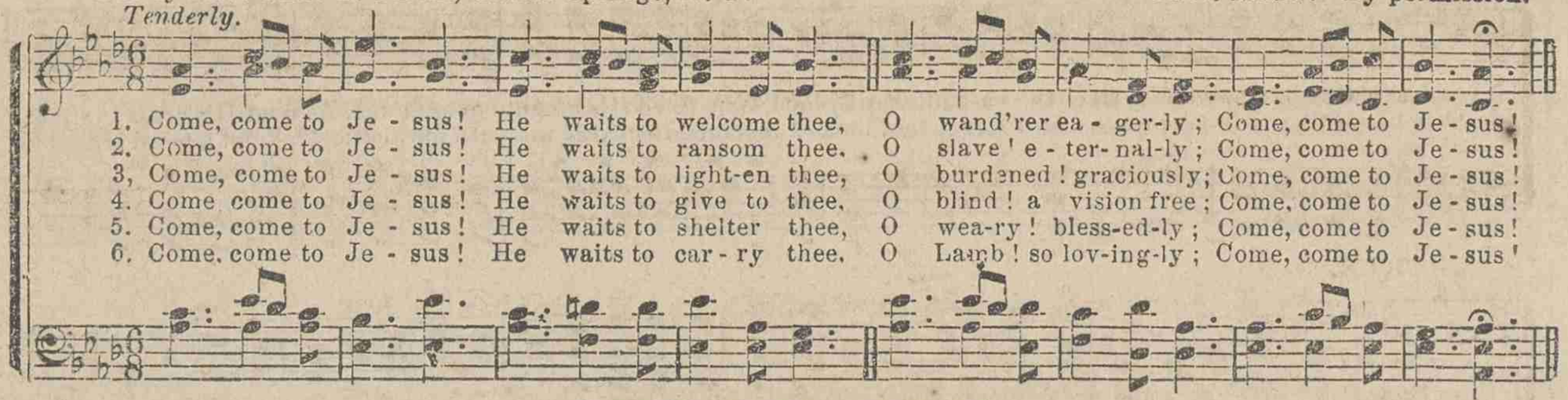
2 { Give us this | day our | daily | bread,
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres-pass a- | gainst us

3 { And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil:
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for- | ever. A- | men

COME TO JESUS.

Words by REV. GEO. B. PECK, Clifton-Springs, N. Y. H. P. MAIN. By permission.

Tenderly.



LONELY TRAVELER.

2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—I can not stay.

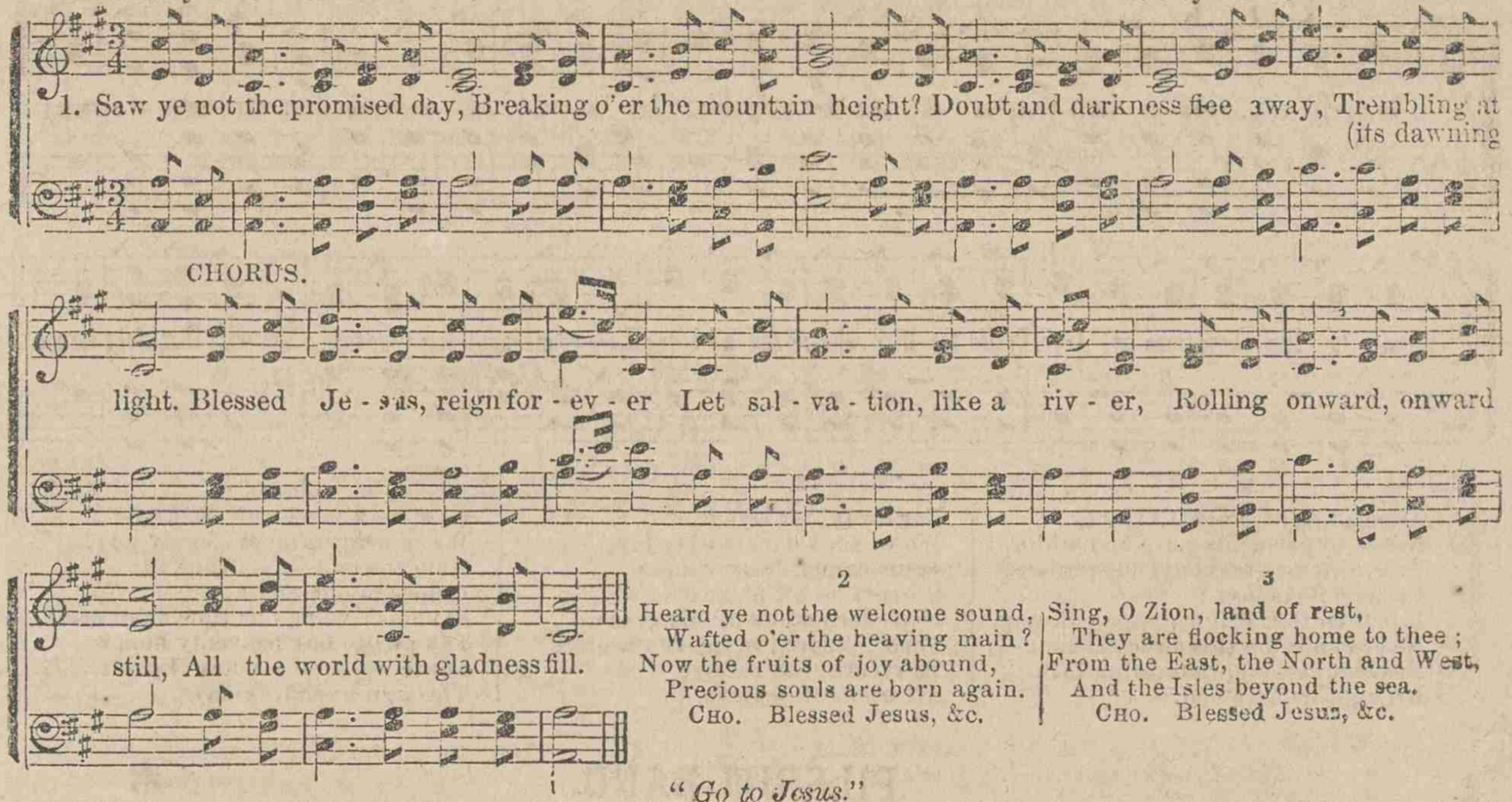
3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor hearts be sad;
Where the glory is for all, and All are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam,
Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

THE PROMISED DAY. (Missionary.)

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. Music by HENRY TUCKER.



2

Heard ye not the welcome sound,
Wafted o'er the heaving main?
Now the fruits of joy abound,
Precious souls are born again.
CHO. Blessed Jesus, &c.

3

Sing, O Zion, land of rest,
They are flocking home to thee;
From the East, the North and West,
And the Isles beyond the sea.
CHO. Blessed Jesus, &c.

"Go to Jesus."

1 Go to Jesus when thy heart
Droops beneath its weight of care;
When the joys of earth depart,
Seek a purer light in prayer.
Cho. Jesus will forsake thee never,
He is thine, and thine forever,
By the cooling stream that flows,
Thou shalt find a sweet repose.

2 O'er the hopes in ruin laid;
Does the tear in secret fall?
Is thy trembling soul afraid?
Go to the Jesus—tell him all. *Cho.*

3 Go to Jesus, on his breast
He will lay thy aching head,
Calm thy every pain to rest,
Beams of mercy o'er thee shed. *Cho.*

SWEETLY SING, SWEETLY SING.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

2.

Angels bright, angels bright,
Robed in garments pure and white,
Chant his praise, chant his praise,
In melodious lays;
But from that bright, happy throng,
Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
Redeeming love, redeeming love,
Brought us here above.

3.

Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4.

Now we know—now we know
We to heaven must shortly go:
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when *our* time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home.
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.

PILGRIM BAND. ✱

CHORUS by smaller Scholars.

2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels, rejoicing, welcome us home;
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
CHORUS.—We're a little pilgrim, &c.

3 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.
CHORUS.—We're a little pilgrim, &c

I NOW BELIEVE. C. M. With Chorus.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Cho.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more,
I now believe, I do believe, &c.

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

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

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

MUSIC BY R. LOWRY.

DUET. CHORUS. DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright,—Beauti - ful land of rest, No win - ter there, nor chill of night,—

CHORUS.

Beau- ti - ful land of rest! The drip - ping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in

CHORUS.

end- less day,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti - ful land of rest. Beau-ti - ful land,

Beau-ti - ful land, Beauti - ful land of rest, Beauti - ful land, Beauti- ful land, Beauti - ful land of rest.

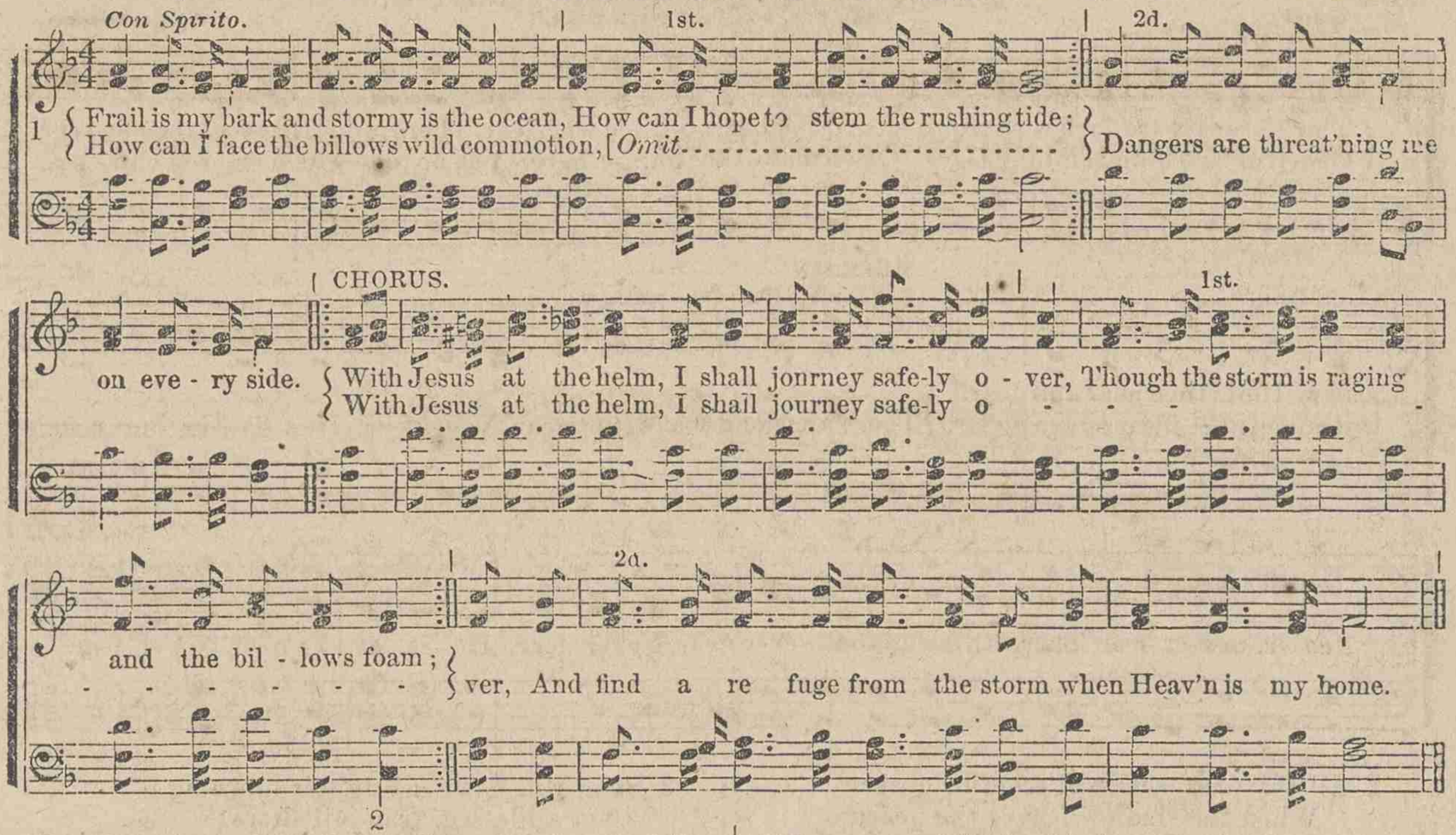
2. Jerusalem, for ever free.—
Beautiful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of Liberty,—
Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.
Jerusalem, &c.

3. Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before.—
Jerusalem, &c.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

JESUS AT THE HELM.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.



Though weak my faith, there's One whose love unfailing,
Will cast a brightness over sight so dim;
His strength for all my frailties still availing,
Will make me feel the love I owe to Him. *Cho.*

3

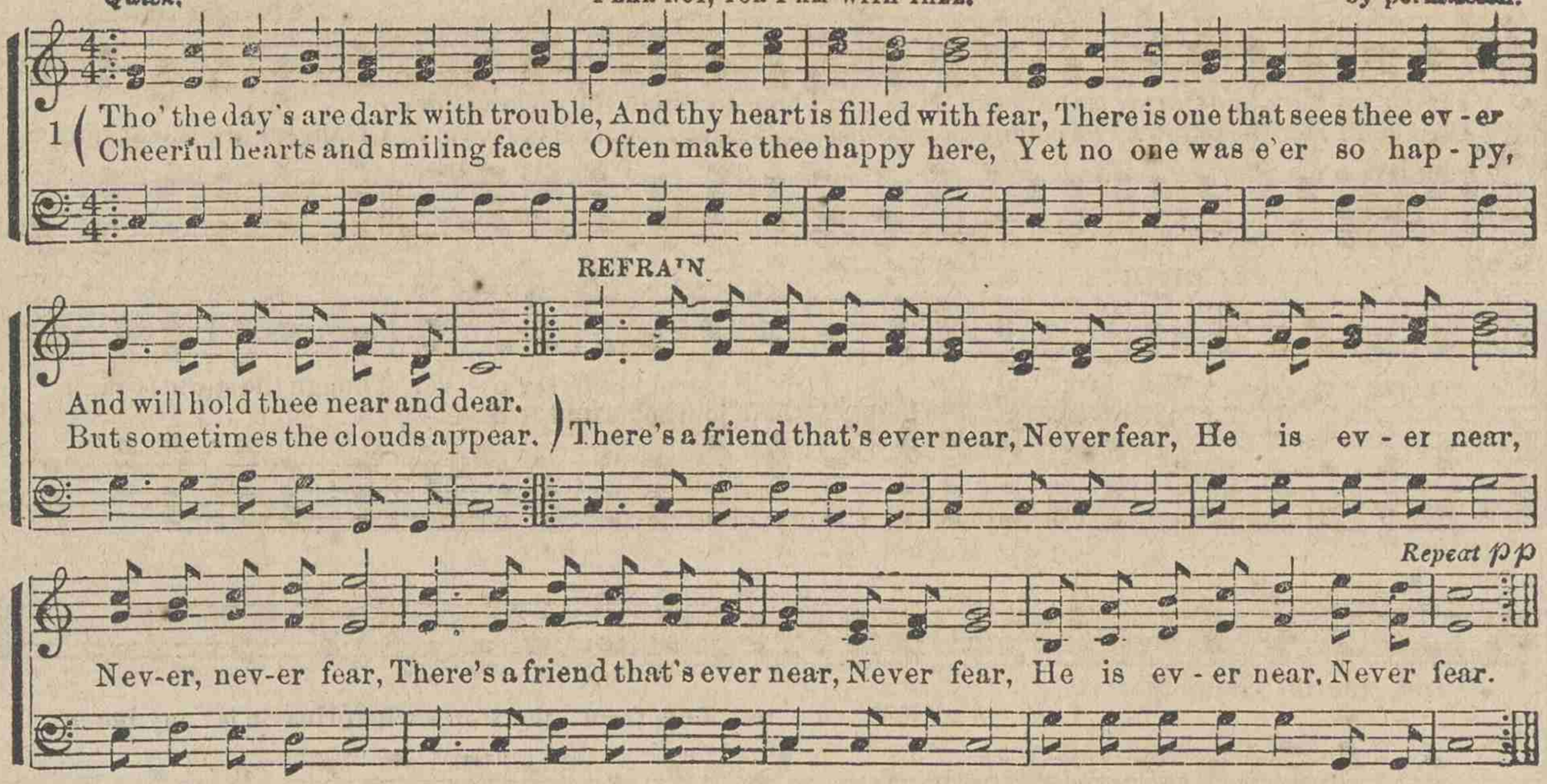
Hushed are my fears, and in his love confiding,
O let me lean my head upon his breast;
At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
Will safely bear me home with Him to rest. *Cho.*

4.

Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
E'en through the night I see his glorious form,
With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide me,
My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm. *Cho.*

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR. 8s & 7s.

Quick. "FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE." by permission.



2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart,
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
There's a friend, &c.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss, for ever-more,
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.
There's a friend, &c.

2 Its walls are built of jasper,
Its streets are paved with gold,
And countless are the glories,
Which we shall there behold. *Cho.*

3 The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle,
The Lamb---He is their light. *Cho.*

4 And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin;
For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in. *Cho.*

5 And there Life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Beside its waters grow. *Cho.*

6 But through the Golden City,
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest and King *Cho.*

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

ANIVERSARY ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

1. Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Shall
2. Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS *or* DUET.

be our song to-day; An-oth-er year's rich mer-cies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
be our song to-day; The song that woke the glorious morn When Da-vid's great-er son was borne, Sung

FULL CHORUS.

let our loud-est voic-es raise Our An-ni-ver-sary song of praise. Glo-ry to God in the high-est!
by an heavenly host, and we Would join th'an-ge-lic com-pa-ny. Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

Glory to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!
Glory to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

f *ff* 1*st.* 2*nd.*

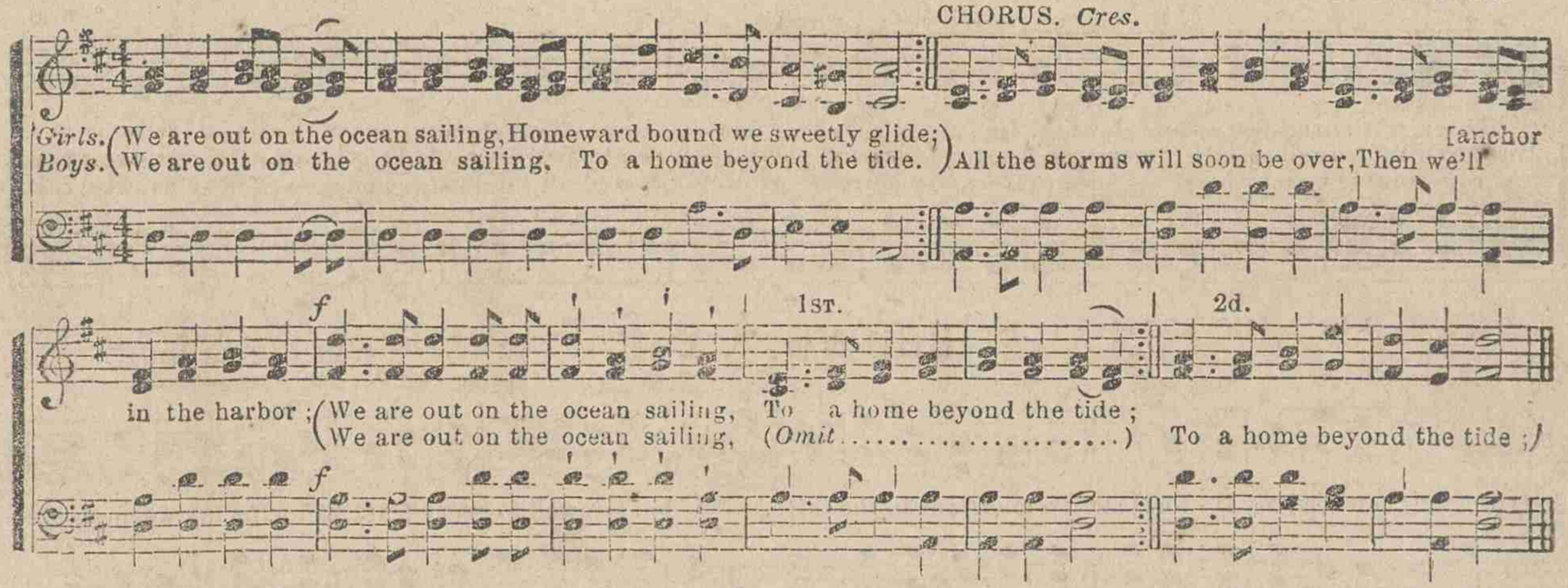
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST ! Concluded.

3 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day,
And while we with the angels sing;
Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to him.
Glory to God in the highest,&c.

4 Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day
O, may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of his redeemed ones, join the song,
Glory to God in the highest, &c.

THE GOLDEN SHORE. 8s & 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



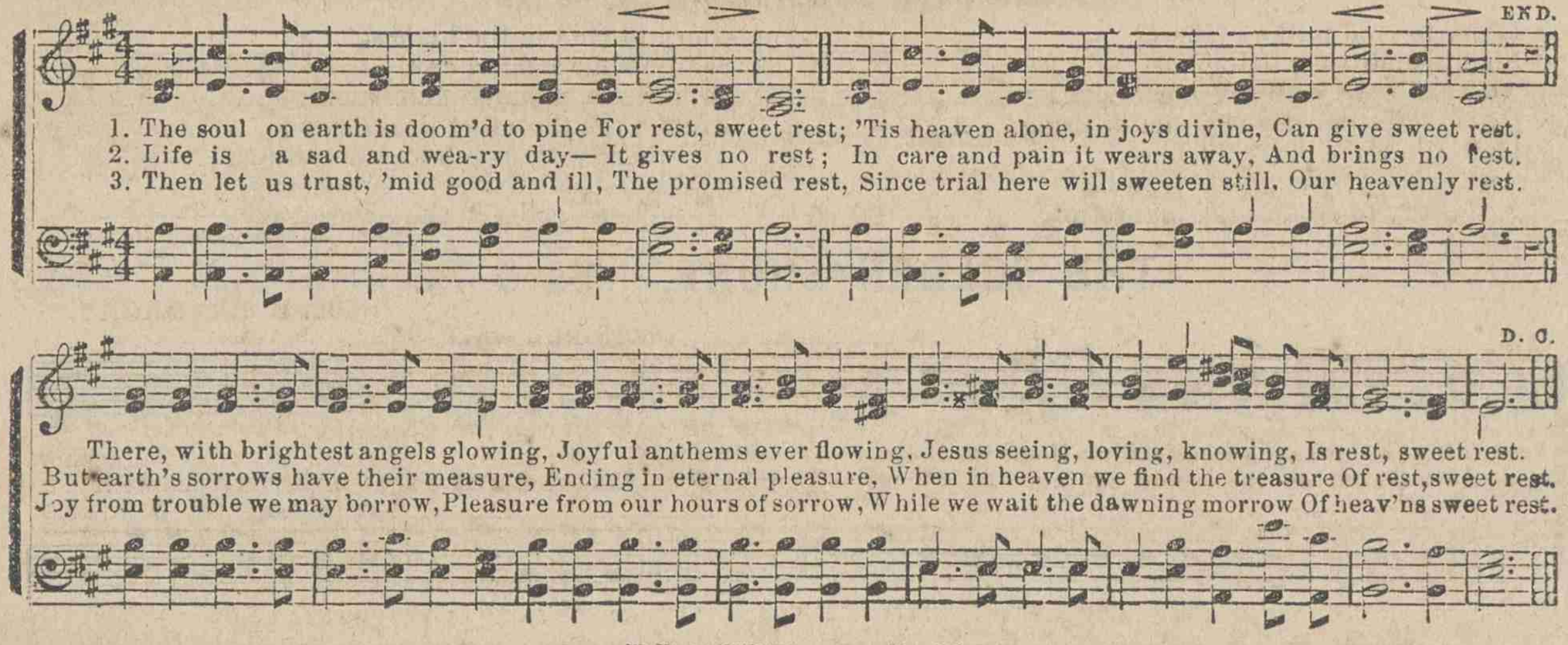
2
Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore ;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3
Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*

4
When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er ;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.—*Cho.*

HEAVENLY REST.

Arr. from WRIGHTON.



BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Cho —I want to go, &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all,
Cho.—I want to go, &c.

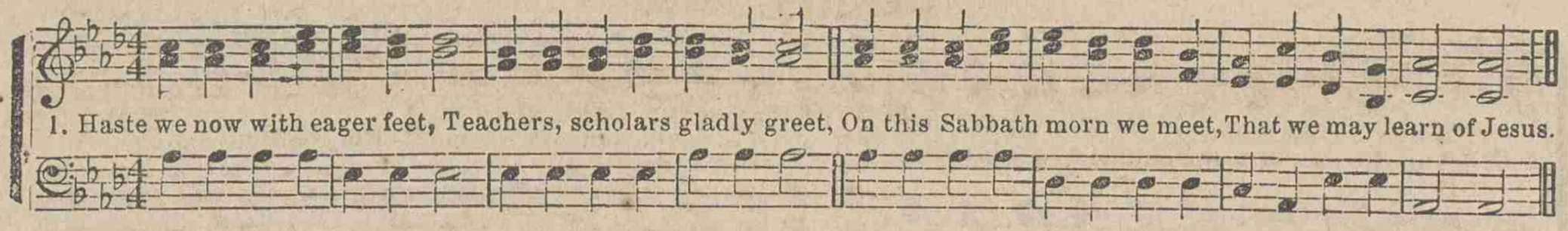
4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest.
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Cho.—I want to go, &c.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the the trees,
To the Sabbath School I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath School;
I'll away, &c.

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

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

112 Words by Miss H. MEEKER. **LEARNING OF JESUS.** From "New Golden Shower."



2 Help us, Lord, throughout this day,
While we sing and while we pray,
Let thy Spirit with us stay,
While here we learn of Jesus.

3 Lord, our hearts are full of sin,
Let thy Spirit enter in,
Make them pure, all white and clean,
And full of love to Jesus.

4 As we learn thy righteous will,
Help us, Holy Father, still,
Each commandment to fulfill,
And give the praise to Jesus.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

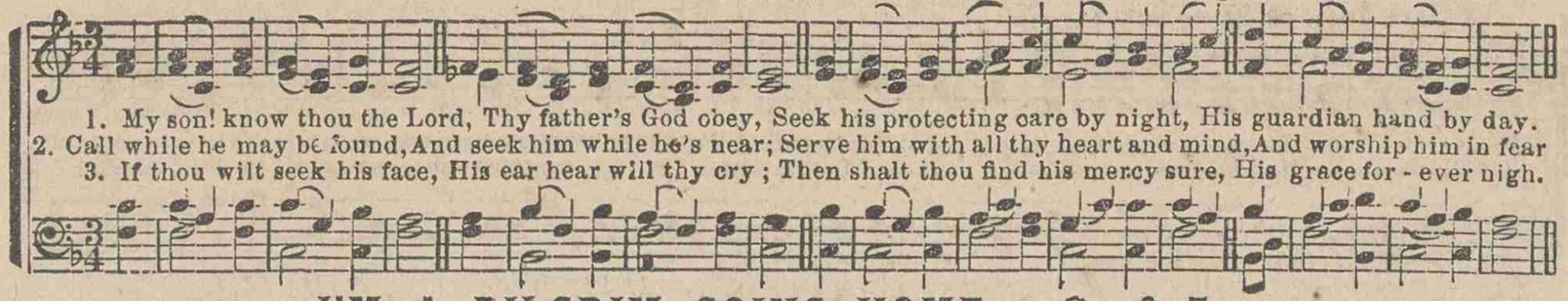
2 We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own. *Cho.*

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

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

DENNIS. S. M.

Arranged from NAGELI.

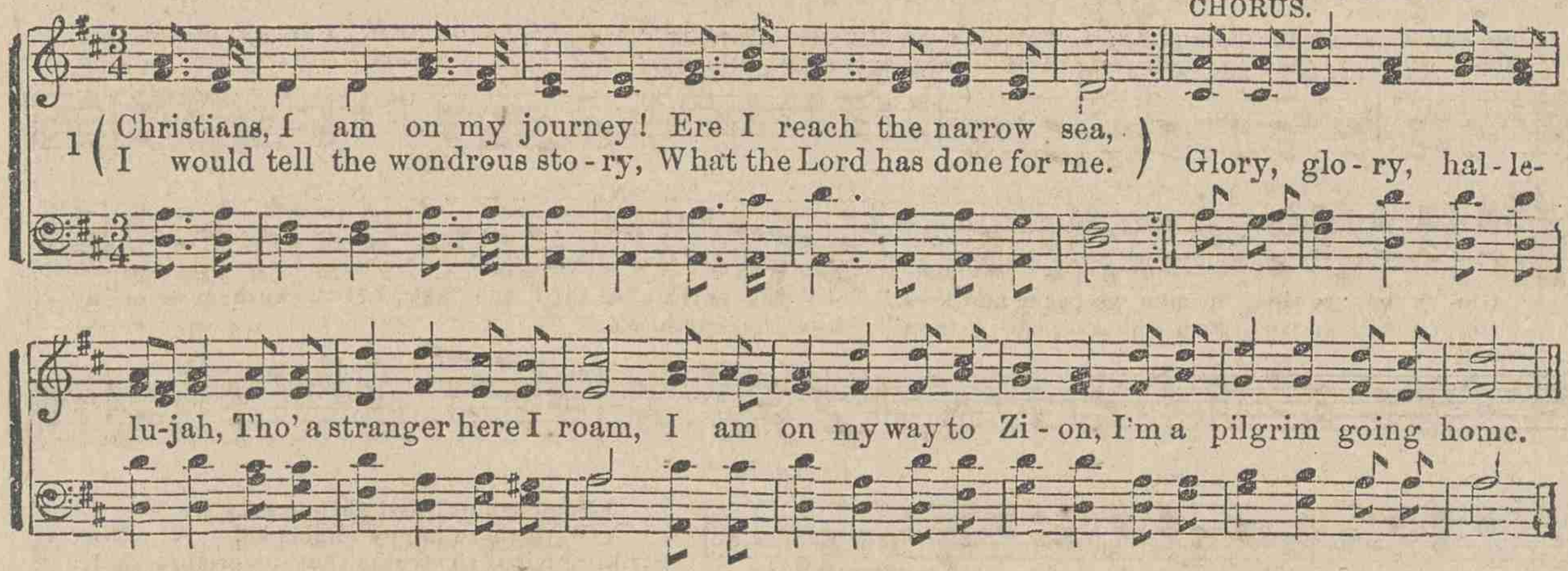


1. My son! know thou the Lord, Thy father's God obey, Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.
2. Call while he may be found, And seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him in fear
3. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear hear will thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mercy sure, His grace for-ever nigh.

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME. 8s & 7s.

From "Praises of Jesus." by permission.

CHORUS.



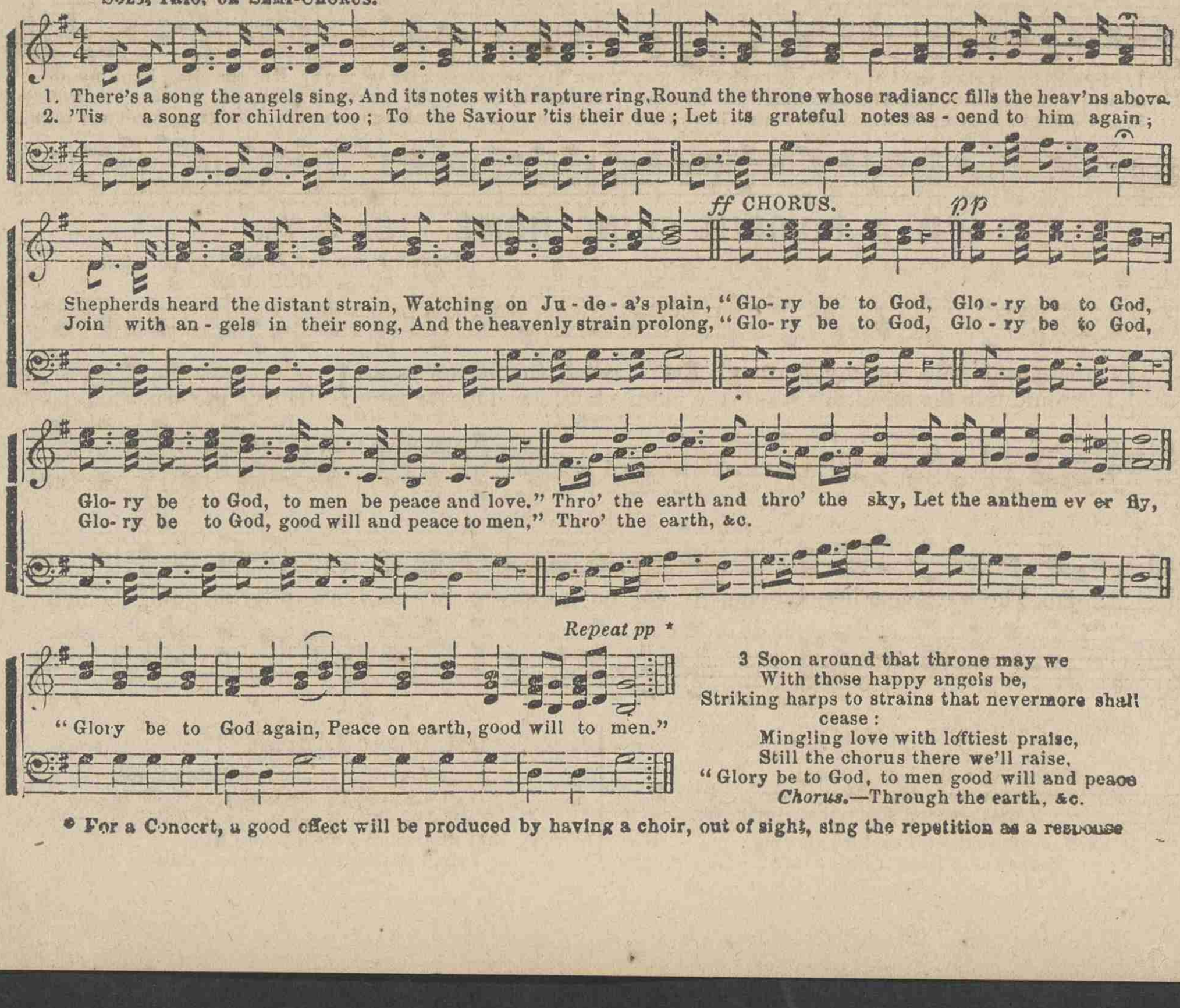
2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to His fold of grace.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love,
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore *Cho.*

THE ANGEL'S SONG. *

SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.



3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease :
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

* For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response

Words by H. S. WASHBURN. *

Allegro.

1. Let ev - 'ry heart re-joice and sing; Let cho-ral anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children bring To
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known· And earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow

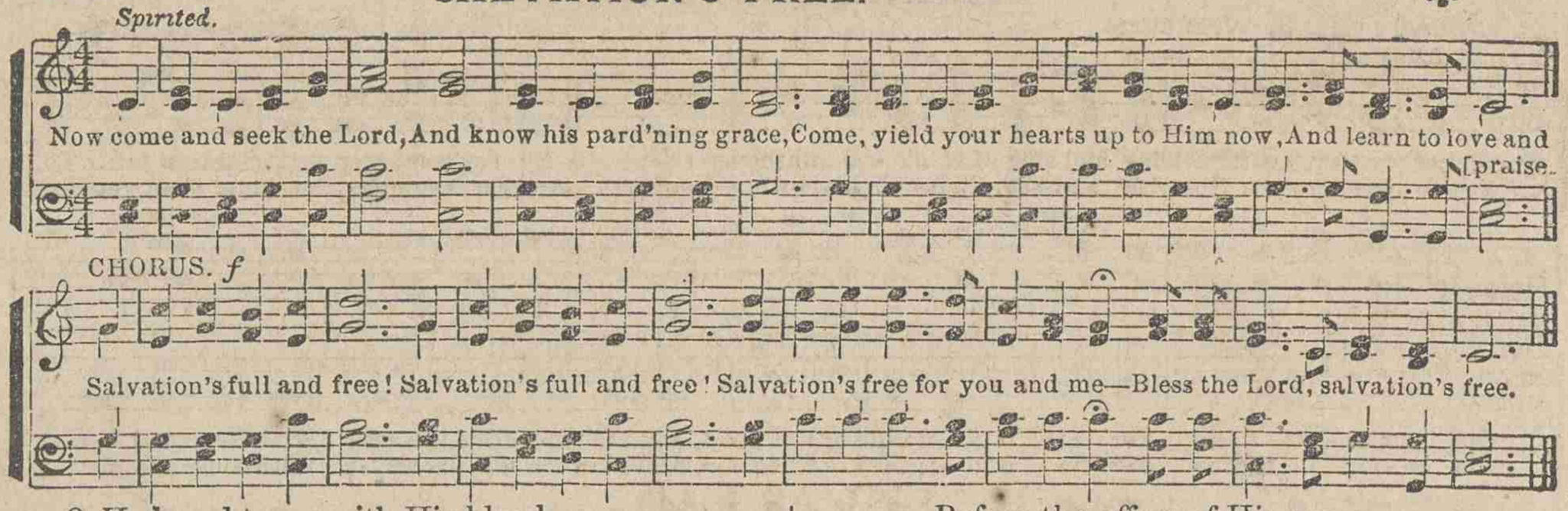
God your sa - cri - fice. For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors
low be - fore his throne. For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and, &c.

sound - ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise: While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills A

1st. 2d.

glorious anthem raise. Let each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise, Let
each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise.

SALVATION'S FREE. S. M. ✻



2 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—*Cho.*

3 Say, sinners, can you still
Resist His dying love;
Refuse the offers of His grace,
And lose a home above!—*Cho.*

4 Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now think, He only died to save
From hell, from sin's reward.—*Cho.*

WE ARE PILGRIMS. 7s. ✻

3.

Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Friends we mourn in sorrow here
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above. CHO.

4.

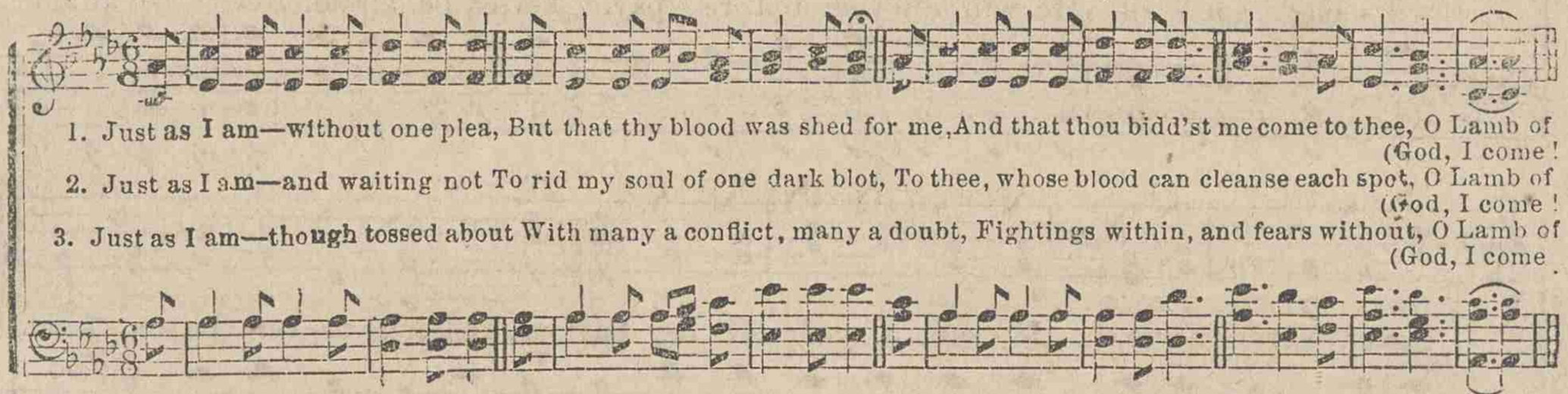
Let no trifles by the way,
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray,
From the narrow path and strait
Leading to the golden gate. CHO.

5.

No, our faith has still in view
One like us, a pilgrim too;
From his track we will not roam
We to Christ are going home. CHO.

JUST AS I AM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. 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!
2. 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!
3. Just as I am—though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of (God, I come.

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

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

6 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!

NEVER BE AFRAID.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Never be afraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to
2. Never be afraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and

CHORUS.

own your Sa - viour, He who loves and cares for you. Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid,
wil - ling spi - rit, He will all your toil re - pay. Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid,

Never, never, never, Je - sus is your lov - ing Saviour, Therefore ne-ver be a - fraid.

3.

Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

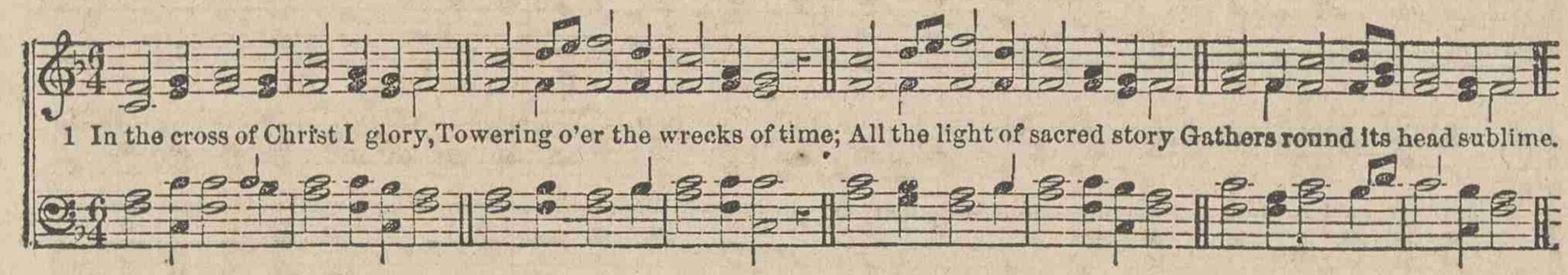
4.

Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on his care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

5.

Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.



2.

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.

3.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4.

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

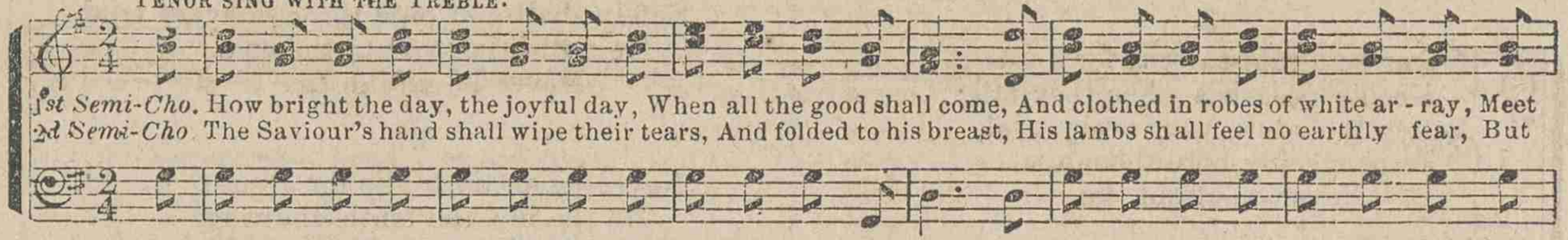
5.

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

MEET ME IN HEAVEN. C. M. Double.

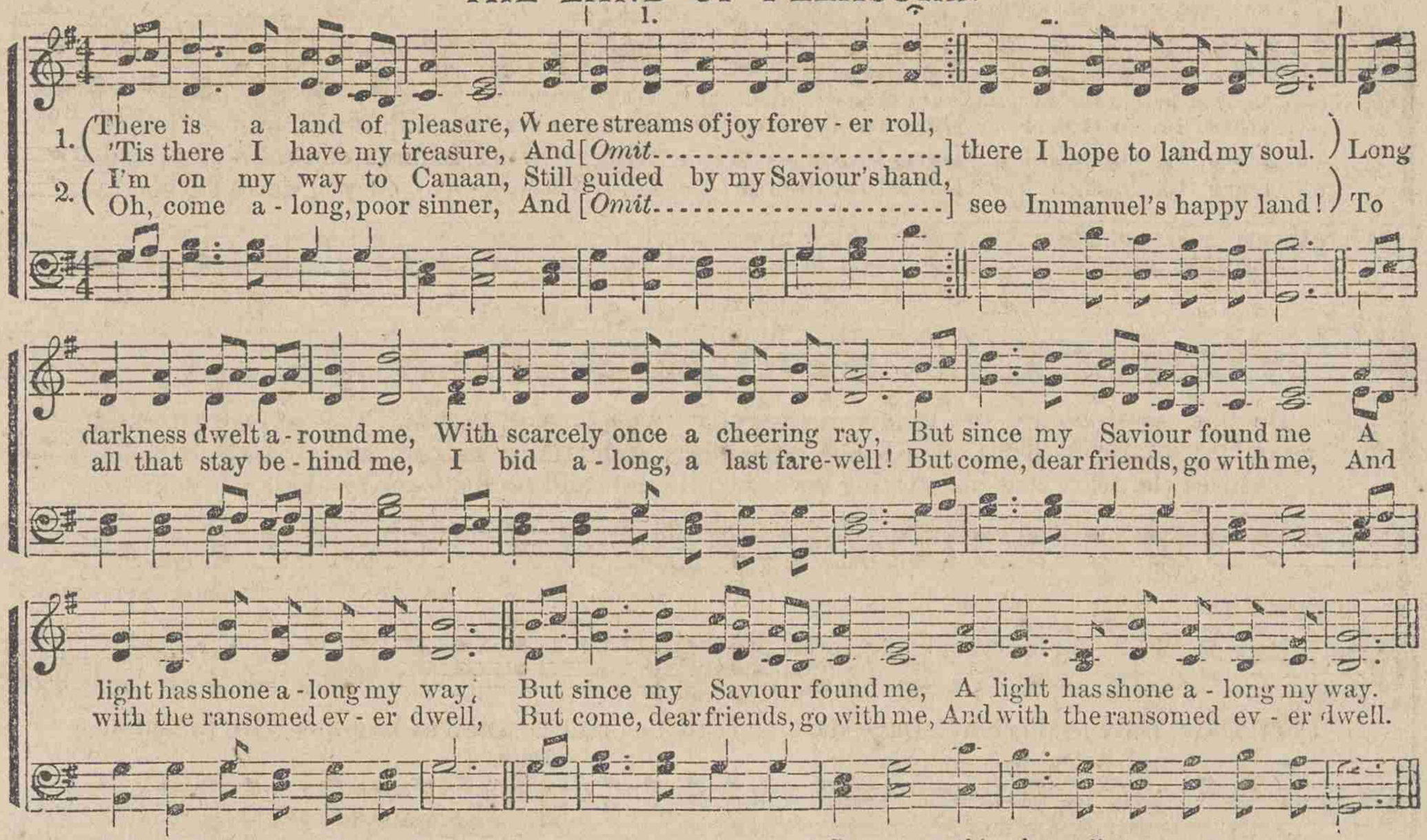
WM. B. BRADBURY.

TENOR SING WITH THE TREBLE.



2 Ah! would you be among the blest,
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet!
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

3 Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the clefted rock.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.



3 Death's waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word hath calmed the ocean,
His lamp hath cheered the gloomy vale;
Oh, may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gates of death I sail!

4 Soon, soon th'archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:
Then shall I see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance
And take his ransomed people home.

DARE TO DO RIGHT! DARE TO BE TRUE!

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do,
2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth-er men's failures can nev-er save you.
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre-at-ed you, cares for you too;

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, Angels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle till death.
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects eve-ry hair of your head.

CHORUS.

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare,

4. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
Dare to do right! &c.

5. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare to do right! &c.

THE DEAR ONES ALL AT HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

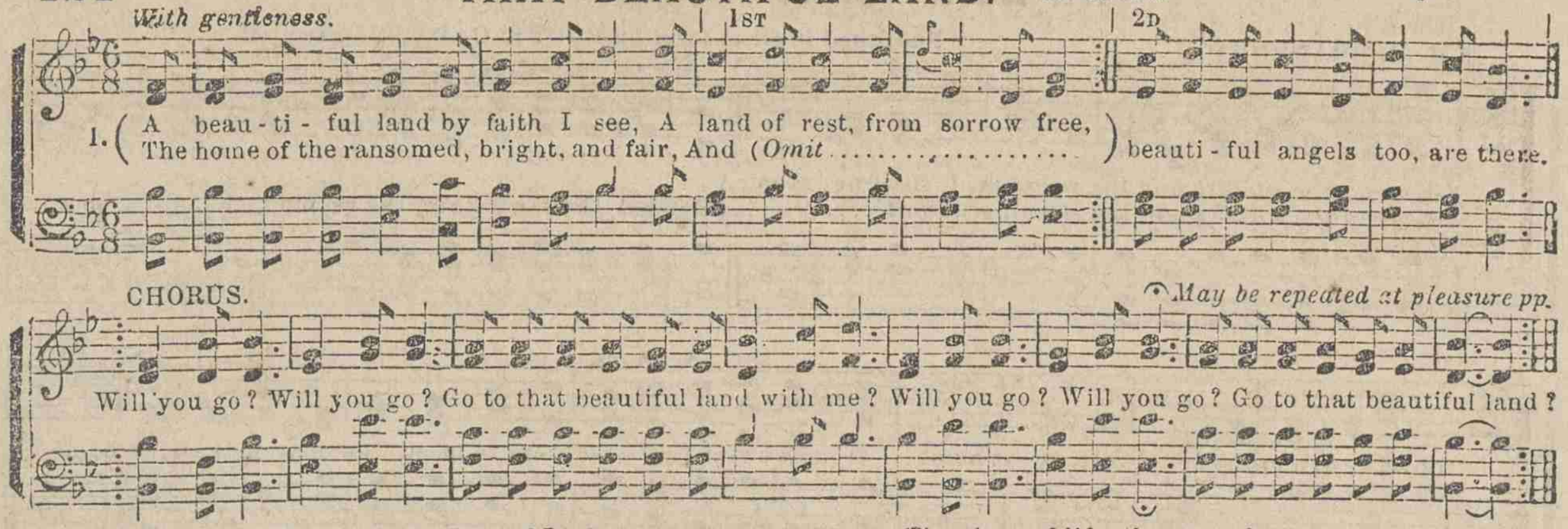
Published in sheet form by ROOT & CADY, Chicago, Ill.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O! how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
‖: O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home. :‖

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. 9s & 8s. *



2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.—*Cho.*

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—*Cho.*

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—*Cho.*

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. B.

2 I love in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

1. Go forth! young soldier of the Cross, The battle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on, And sworn to do or die.

CHORUS.

(Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Jesus leads us on.
We will not lay our weapons by, Un - til we wear the crown.) There's a crown of glo - ry for you,

There's a crown of glory for me, There's a crown for you, There's a crown for me, Far away in the promised land.

2.

Be watchful! army of the Cross,
The foe is lurking nigh,
A soul must be the mighty loss,
If but one soldier die.
Whene'er you dare the hostile ranks,
Forget not that within
There hides a most terrific foe.
The wily "inbred sin." CHO.

3.

On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Thro' all the weary night,
With praise and pray'r, relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you:
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view. CHO.

4.

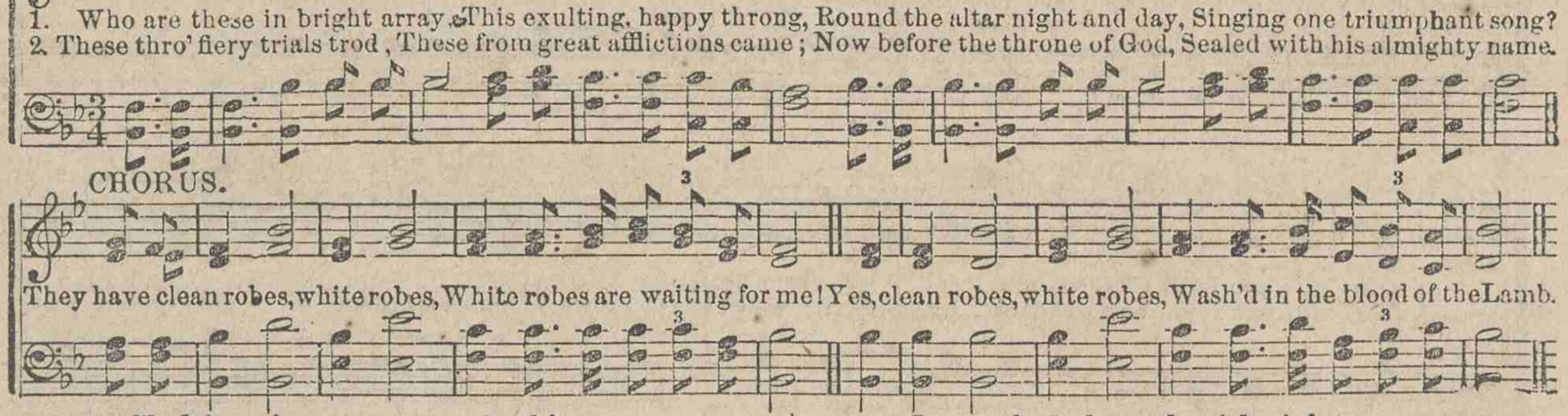
Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure,
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure.
Your weary feet shall walk the street,
All paved with gold on high,
And he who wore a crown of thorns
Will crown you in the sky CHO.

WHITE ROBES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"AND LO, A GREAT MULTITUDE, WHICH NO MAN COULD NUMBER, OF ALL NATIONS, AND KINDREDS, AND PEOPLE, AND TONGUES, STOOD BEFORE THE THRONE, AND BEFORE THE LAMB, CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS."—*Rev.* vii. 9.

1. Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar night and day, Singing one triumphant song?
2. These thro' fiery trials trod, These from great afflictions came; Now before the throne of God, Sealed with his almighty name.



CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me! Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

3. Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
They have clean robes, &c.

4. Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
They have clean robes, &c.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Dox. No. 1. Be thou, O God, ex-alt-ed high, And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

No. 2.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

No. 3.
To God the Father God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

INDEX

The pieces marked thus * are taken from "New" Golden Chain; those marked thus † from "New" Golden Shower: and thus ‖ from Golden Censer.—See notice on third page.

*A beautiful land 124
†A crown of glory bright 8
†A faithful friend..... 46
*A friend that's ever.. 106
†A land without a storm 8
*A light in the window. 88
*All will be well..... 56
‖Although I am a..... 61
*Always with us..... 81
‖And may I still get... 21
†Another week has passed 37
*Autumn..... 82
*Balerma 24
‖Bartemius..... 119
‖Beautiful land of rest. 104
†Beautiful river..... 25
†Beautiful Zion..... 86
*Betnany 77
*Be thou O God..... 126
†Beyond the smiling... 123
‖Blessed Bible..... 52
‖Bright home above... 35
*Brown..... 110
*Canaan 45
†Canaan's shore..... 39
*Child of sin and sorrow 5
*Children do you love. 70
*Children of the..... 43
Christ the Lord is risen. 62
*Christians I am on my 113
‖Climbing up Zion's hill 60
*Come children let us . 45
*Come—come sing.... 24
*Come, come to Jesus. 100
†Come let us be joyful. 22
*Come let us sing of... 20
*Come little soldiers... 102
†Come schoolmasters.. 18
†Come sound His praise 18
‖Come to Jesus just now 33
*Come to Jesus little.. 28
†Come unto me..... 84
*Cross and Crown.... 98
‖Dare to do right..... 122
*Dear Saviour ever at. 28
†Dennis..... 113
*Dismission 56
†Doth sorrow's shadows 94
†Even me..... 74
*Far out upon the prairie 20
†For thou hast died for.. 75
†Frail is my bark..... 105
*From Greenland's icy. 19
†Glorious hope..... 73
‖Glory, glory..... 3
†Glory to God in the... 108
†Glory to the Father.. 11
‖Go and tell Jesus.... 54
†Go forth ye glad heralds 29
†Go forth young soldier. 125
†Going home..... 64
†Good tidings..... 36
†Go sound it abroad... 97
†Go to Jesus..... 101
*Gratitude 67
*Hamburg 80
†Happy greeting..... 22
*Happy the Man..... 80
Hark the lillies..... 69
*Hark the morning bells 85
‖Hark the sweetest notes 3
Haste we now..... 112
Heaven is my home... 32
*Heavenly rest..... 110
Hebron 74
‖He leadeth me..... 31
*Holy Father thou hast 81
†Hosannah, hosannah.. 17
*How bright the day.. 120
‖I am Jesus' little lamb 53
†I'll think of my Saviour 63
*I'm a pilgrim going.. 113
*I'm a lonely traveler.. 100
†I'm but a stranger.... 32
‖I'm trying to climb... 60
†I have a father..... 86
*I love to steal..... 124
‖I now believe..... 103
*In the christians home 15
‖In the cross of..... 119
†In thy temple Lord... 93
†I ought to love my... 16
‖Is there one for me... 47
*It is well..... 11
‖Jerusalem for ever.... 104
*Jerusalem my happy. 46
†Jesus at the helm.... 105
‖Jesus died for me.... 61
*Jesus ever near..... 28
†Jesus help me..... 5
*Jesus I my cross..... 70
*Jesus is mine..... 98
†Jesus is our morning.. 73
*Jesus is our Shepherd. 44
‖Jesus' little lamb..... 53
†Jesus loves me..... 81
†Jesus our King..... 97
‖Jesus paid it all..... 12
‖Jesus to thy dear arms 87
†Just as I am..... 117
‖Just now..... 33
*Laban 41
*La Mira..... 124
†Learning of Jesus.... 112
‖Let every heart rejoice 115
‖Life's journey we have 65
*Lonely traveler..... 100
*Look to Jesus..... 23
*Lord dismiss us..... 56
†Lord I hear of..... 74
†Lord when we bend.. 55
Lord's day..... 62
†Lo the fields are white. 59
*Love one another.... 70
*Majestic sweetness... 82
‖Mansions are prepared 47
*Martyn 14
‖Mary sat at the feet.. 50
*Mary to the Saviour's. 14
*Meet me in heaven... 120
*Missionary hymn.... 19
*Mornington 67
*Must Jesus bear the.. 98
*My days are gliding.. 83
†My Father's house... 9
*My God how endless. 67
†My mansion in the sky 71
‖My Sabbath song..... 6
†My son know thou... 113
*My soul be on thy.... 41
*Nearer my God to thee 77
‖Never be afraid..... 118
‖No mortal eye..... 42
*Not all the blood of... 67

INDEX.—Concluded.

Nothing either great.. 12
Now be the Gospel... 19
*Now come and seek.. 116
*Now I have found.... 98
†Now I resolve..... 37
†Oberlin 94
*O do not be discouraged 27
*Oh! come to the..... 79
Oh! for a sight..... 95
†Oh! give me a harp.. 72
*Oh! happy is the man. 24
†Oh! Jesus full of truth 94
†Oh! Jesus precious.. 71
*Oh! that will joyful be 13
*Oh! there is a river.. 66
†Oh! will you join.... 55
*Old hundred..... 126
*Once more my soul... 77
†One day nearer home. 8
*Ortonville..... 82
†Our bright and morning 73
†Our Father who art.. 99
*Peterborough..... 77
*Pilgrim band..... 102
*Pilgrim halting..... 38
*Pilgrims we are..... 26
*Pleasant is the Sabbath 43
*Praise God from whom 126
†Precious Saviour..... 93
*Rest for the weary... 15
†Return oh wanderer.. 32
*River of death..... 39
*Rock of Ages..... 38
*Salvation is free..... 116
†Saved by grace..... 93
*Saviour like a shepherd 95
†Saw ye not the promised 101
†Shall we gather at.... 25
*Shall we sing in heaven 34
*Shining shore..... 83
†Shout the tidings of... 36
†Silver street..... 18
†Silverton 55
†Singing and praising.. 58
*Sing to the Saviour... 24
‖Something to do in... 68
‡Song of the lillies..... 69
†Steadfast 37
‡Strains of Music..... 6
†Sweet carols..... 51
*Sweet hour of prayer. 4
*Sweetly sing..... 102
†Sweet rest in Heaven. 18
†Take thy cross..... 48
‖Thanksgiving anthem. 115
*That beautiful land... 124
†The angels in the air.. 89
*The angels sang..... 114
†The angels there will. 92
*The better land..... 78
‖The better part..... 50
†The bright hills of glory 72
†The children's jubilee. 17
†The crown of glory... 125
†The dear ones all at.. 123
*The evergreen shore.. 76
‖The gathering..... 10
†The golden city..... 107
*The golden shore.... 109
*The good shepherd... 79
*The gospel ship..... 49
†The happy land..... 55
‡The Lamb upon Calvary 99
‖The land beyond the. 42
†The land of pleasure.. 121
†The life boat..... 96
‡The little wanderer... 87
†The Lord's prayer.... 99
*The morning bells... 85
†The promised day.... 101
†The promised land... 86
*The river of life..... 66
*The S. school army... 27
‖The sinners friend.... 7
*The soul on earth.... 110
†The sound of salvation 29
‖The sweetest name... 44
‖There is a fountain... 103
*There is a happy land 98
†There is a land of.... 121
*There's a light in.... 88
†There is a place of.... 9
*There is no name so.. 44
‖There'll be something. 68
*There's a song the angels 114
†Think of Jesus..... 94
*This life is a battle... 82
*Though the days are.. 106
†Through a strange.... 64
*Through the love of.. 56
†Through the new..... 58
*Thus far the Lord.... 74
†'Tis a bless'd thought.. 46
*To-day the Saviour calls 15
*To God the Father... 126
†To the heavenly land. 92
†Traveler whither art.. 8
‖Try to be like Jesus.. 90
*Violet..... 70
*Walk in the light.... 43
‖We are coming..... 91
‖We are going..... 35
*We are joyously..... 76
*We are out on the ocean 109
†We are pilgrims..... 116
†We come with rejoicing 40
†We come with song... 37
‡We gather, we gather. 10
†We know not what... 30
*We'll stand for the right 82
‖We'll try to be like Jesus 90
†We love to sing..... 112
†We're nearer home... 30
*We're traveling home. 41
†We seek the Golden.. 107
‖Whatever cross..... 7
†When clouds hang... 75
*When I can read.... 110
†When life's labor song 89
*When the day with rosy 57
†When the morning... 111
‖Where there is no.... 21
‖White robes..... 126
†Whither pilgrims.... 78
‖Who are these..... 126
*Who shall sing..... 14
*Will you go..... 41
†Work for the night... 26
*Worthy is the Lamb.. 80
†You must be a lover... 32
‖Young pilgrims..... 65
*Zion's pilgrim..... 26

$$
\begin{array}{r}
25 \\
\hline
150 \\
75 \\
\hline
900 \\
150 \\
\hline
750 \\
480 \\
\hline
270 \\
216 \\
\hline
54 \\
52 \\
\hline
2
\end{array}
$$

$$
\begin{array}{r}
18 \\
\hline
36 \\
18 \\
\hline
216
\end{array}
$$