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THE

CHRISTIAN HARP

AND

SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

The Social Religious Circle, Revivals,

AND THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

—:o:—

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SINGER'S GLEN,
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JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS, PRINTERS.
1867.

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CH 873

Robert S Bryan

Robert
Bryan
Clerk
1920

Amanda J. Kingsley

my name is
my name is
his name is

Amanda Kingsley

Dear Diary

Today

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PREFACE.

THE publishers of this little work would say to their brethren of the various denominations, and friends in general, that their sole object in framing the "CHRISTIAN HARP AND SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER," was for the purpose of supplying a want—long felt by themselves and many others—of such a work.

When they first spoke of arranging and publishing a book of this kind, all who heard of it seemed much delighted, and many encouraged them to prosecute the work at once, declaring their hearty patronage.

They have, therefore, selected such melodies from the most popular musical works in the country, and collected such ballads from far and near, as were thought best adapted to social worship—revivals, and Sabbath Schools, and tending to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion.

The large sale and increasing demand for this little work, have induced the publishers to issue a Third Edition, which has been enlarged and improved. Some pieces in the former Edition have been replaced by others, which have been deemed better suited to answer the aims of the work.

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

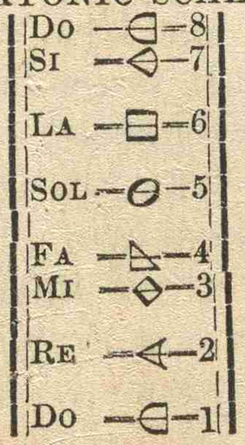
MUSIC is composed of tones produced by the human voice or musical instruments. These tones have three essential properties, namely:

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

Pitch regards a tone as *high* or *low;* length, as *long* or *short;* and power as *loud* or *soft.*

At the foundation of high and low tones lies a series of eight notes called the

DIATONIC SCALE.

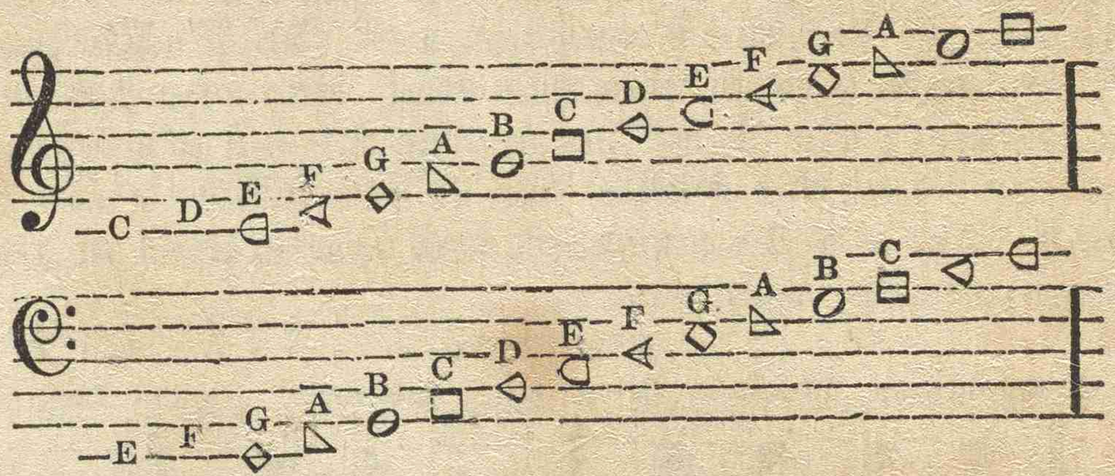


To the first tone of the scale we apply the syllable Do, to the second Re, &c., as above.

Music is written upon a character called the STAFF. The staff is composed of five lines and four spaces. The notes are written on the lines and in the spaces. Each line and each space thus represents a degree of sound. When more than nine degrees of sound are wanted, the spaces below and above are used; and if still more degrees of sound are wanted short lines are added below and above on which the notes are placed.

There are two staffs in use. These staffs are distinguished by characters called Clefs—the F Clef and the G clef. The lines and spaces represent different tones. These tones are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the F clef is placed on the staff, the first line is called G, the first space A, &c., as in the following example; but when the G clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents E, the first space F, &c.

THE STAFF WITH CLEFS, LETTERS, AND NOTES.



To represent the length of tones, characters are used called notes. These notes are of various lengths, as follows:



One whole note is equal in time to two half notes,

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or four quarters or eight eighths, or sixteen sixteenths; and the same relative length must be allowed to each note. Thus if we sing the whole note in four seconds of time, the half note must be sung in two seconds, the quarter note in one second, the eighth note in a half second, and the sixteenth note in a quarter of a second. But if in any piece of music the whole note is sung in three seconds, the half note must be sung in a second and a half, &c.

The notes of a piece of music are divided into equal measures—each measure containing the same value of notes. For this purpose bars are used. There are three bars in common use, viz; the single bar, the broad bar, and the double bar. The single bar divides the staff into equal time-measures; the broad bar marks the end of a line of poetry; and the double bar shows where a strain ends that is to be repeated, and is also used at the beginning of a chorus.

EXAMPLE:



Notes are subject to some modifications by the use of additional characters. A dot or point (.) placed after a note adds one-half to its length: thus the pointed whole note is equal to three half notes; the pointed half note to three quarters, &c. When the figure 3 is placed over a group of three notes, such three notes are to be performed in the time of two notes of equal value without the figure 3.—When a pause (𝄐) is placed over a note, it adds about one-third to its original length.

When a line of dots or points are placed across the staff, the strain following is to be repeated.

When the initials D. C. are placed over the staff they indicate a repetition of the first strain again, and closing with that.

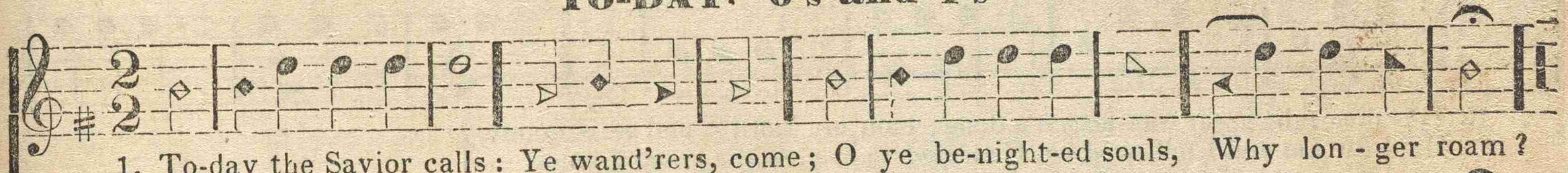
There are three kinds of TIME in music, namely, Common Time, Triple Time, and Compound Time. There are three varieties of Common Time; two of Triple and two of Compound. The first measure of Common time is marked with the fraction 2-2, and contains two half notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains four quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The third measure is marked with the fraction 2-4, and contains two quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Triple time is marked with the fraction 3-2, and contains three half notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure is marked with the fraction 3-4, and contains three quarter notes, or their equal in other notes or rests.
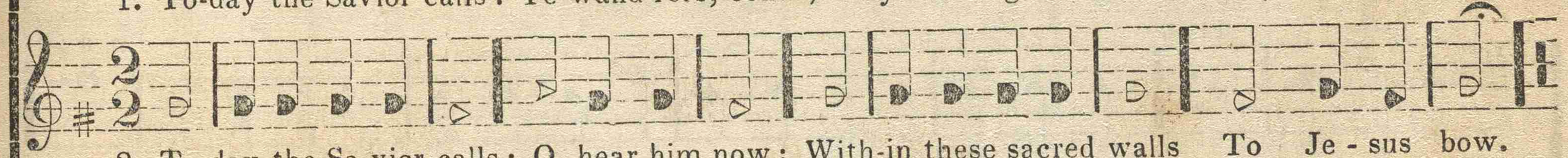
The first measure of Compound time is marked with the fraction 6-4, and contains six quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure with the fraction 6-8, and contains six eighth notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

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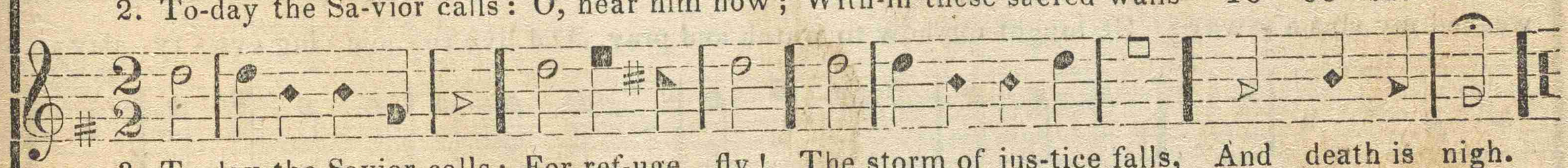
TO-DAY. 6's and 4's.



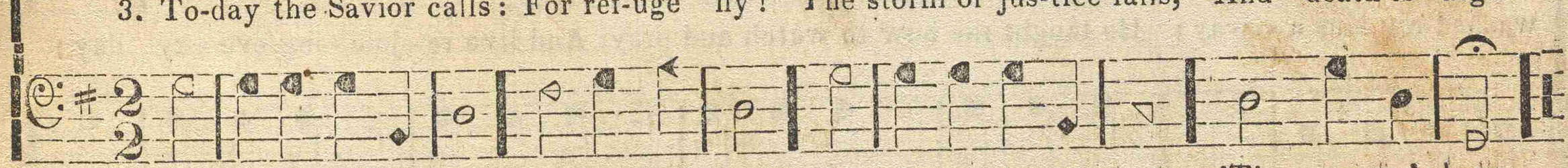
1. To-day the Savior calls: Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?



2. To-day the Sa-vior calls: O, hear him now; With-in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.



3. To-day the Savior calls: For ref-uge fly! The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.



4. The Spir-it calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a-way; 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice, On thee my Savior and my God; } Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } D. C. Happy day, &c.

2. O happy bond that seals my vows, To Him who merits all my love; } Happy day, hap-py day, When Je-sus
Let cheerful anthems fill his house While to that sacred shrine I move. } D. C. Happy day, &c.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; }
He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. }

FINE
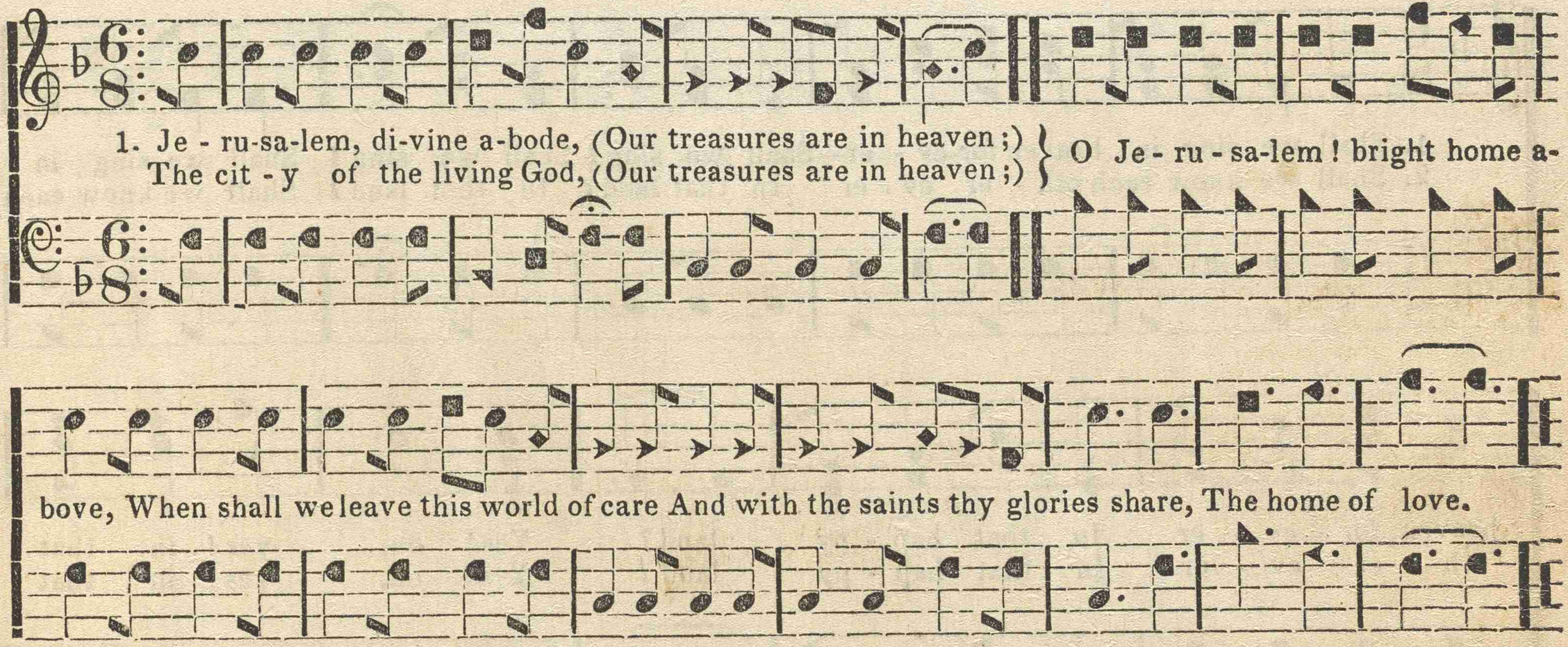
D. C.

washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day;

D. C.

washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day;

D. C.



2. The splendors of eternal morn,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Thy lofty walls and towers adorn,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
CHO.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

3. There angel forms in fadeless youth,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Obey the God of love and truth,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)

4. There saints in life's fair book enrolled,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Walk joyous thro' the streets of gold,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)

5. There white robed throngs, with waving palms,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Triumphant chant their holy psalms,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
CHO.—O, Jerusalem, &c.

6. And roll the anthem of their joy
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Like mighty thunders through the sky,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)
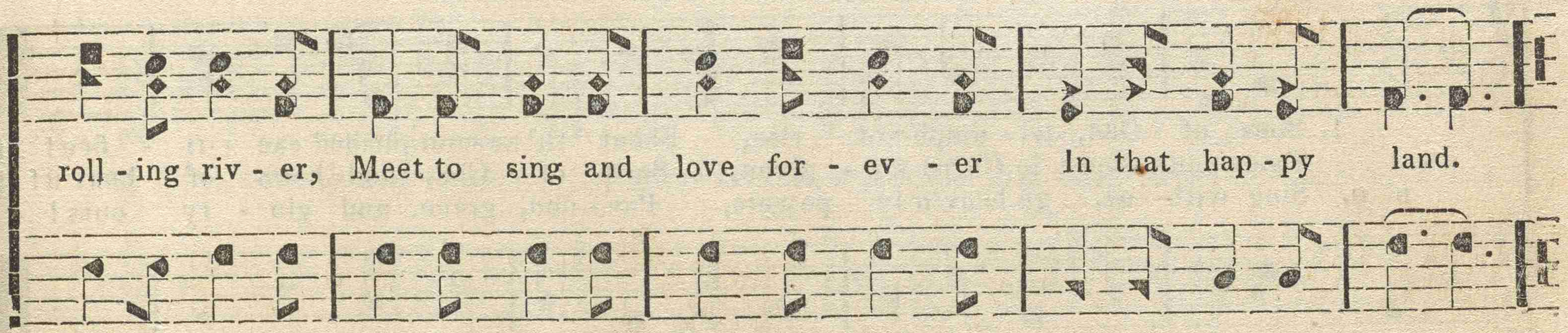
7. We come thro' Jesus' blood to claim,
(Our treasures are in heaven—)
Our mansions in Jerusalem,
(Our treasures are in heaven.)

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

1. Shall we sing in heaven for-ev - er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in
2. Shall we know each oth - er ev - er In that land? In that land? Shall we know each

heaven for - ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
oth - er ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that hap - py land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er, Far be - yond the
land, that hap - py land, They that meet shall know each oth-er, Far be - yond the



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 forever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love for ever
In that happy land?

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 meet our Christian Parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian Parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8. Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land?
We shall know our blessed Savior
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land!

MONTROSE. 7's. (DOUBLE.)

1. Sons of God, tri - umph-ant rise, Shout th' ac-com-plished sac - ri - fice!
Shout your sins in Christ for - given, Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n!
D. C. Sing with us, ye heav'n-ly powers, Par - don, grace, and glo - ry ours!

2. Love's mys-te-ri-ous work is done; Greet we now th' a - to - ning Son;
Heal'd and quick-ened by his blood, Join'd to Christ, and one with God.
D. C. When his ut - most grace we prove, Rise to heav'n by per - fect love.

D. C.
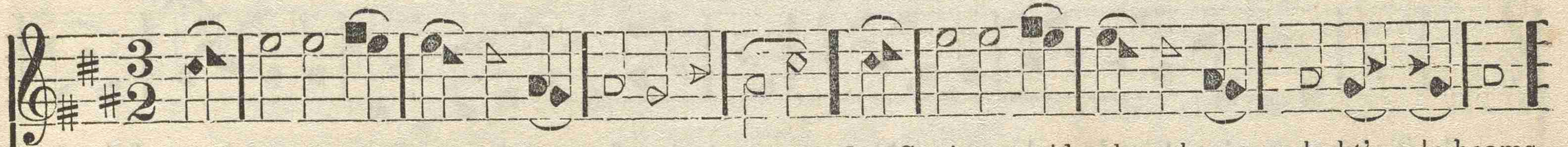
Ye that round our al - tars throng, List-n'ing an - gels, join the song,

D. C.

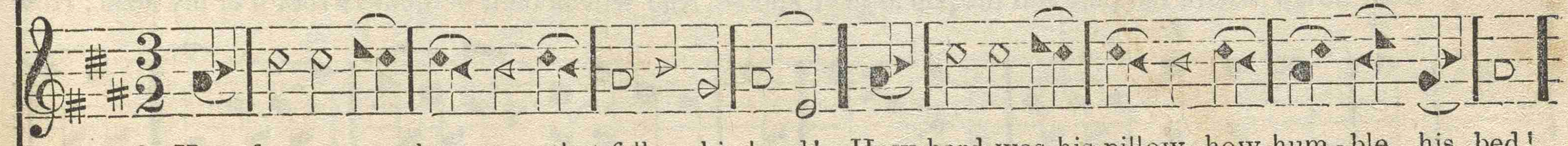
Him by faith we taste be - low, Might - ier joys or - dain'd to know,

D. C.

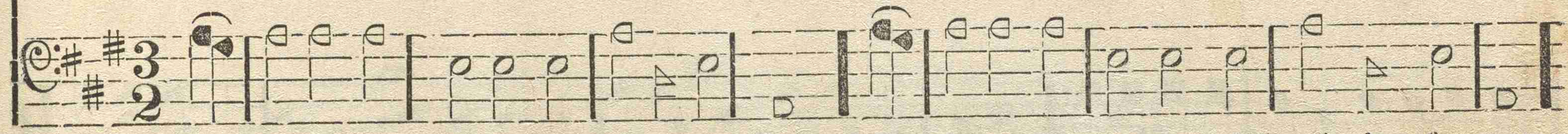
Ye that round our al - tars throng, List'n-ing an - gels, join the song,
Him by faith we taste be - low, Might-ier joys or - dain'd to know,



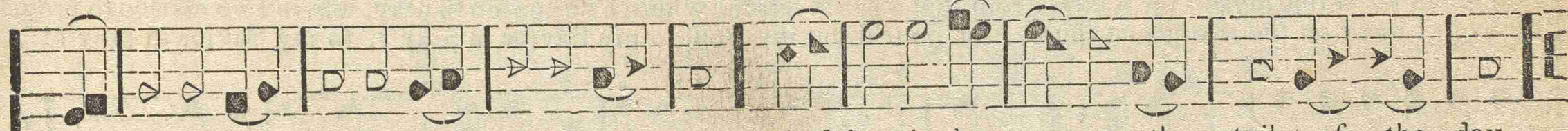
1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams, Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams



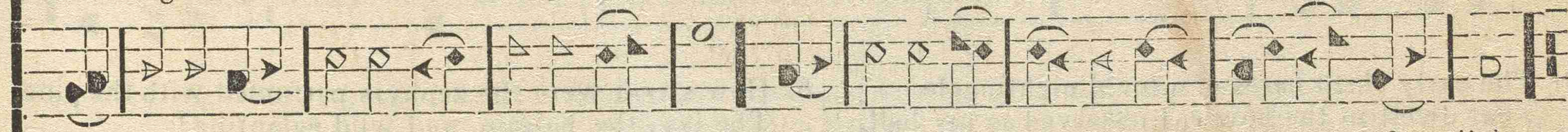
2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how hum-ble his bed!



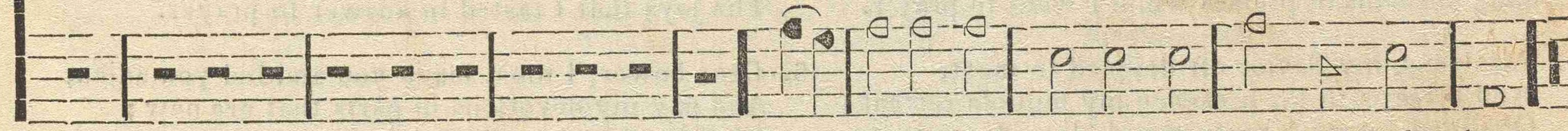
3. O gar-den of Oli-vet, thou dear, honored spot! The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for-got:
4. Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet! Oh, give him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet;



Shone bright on the waters would fre-quent-ly stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

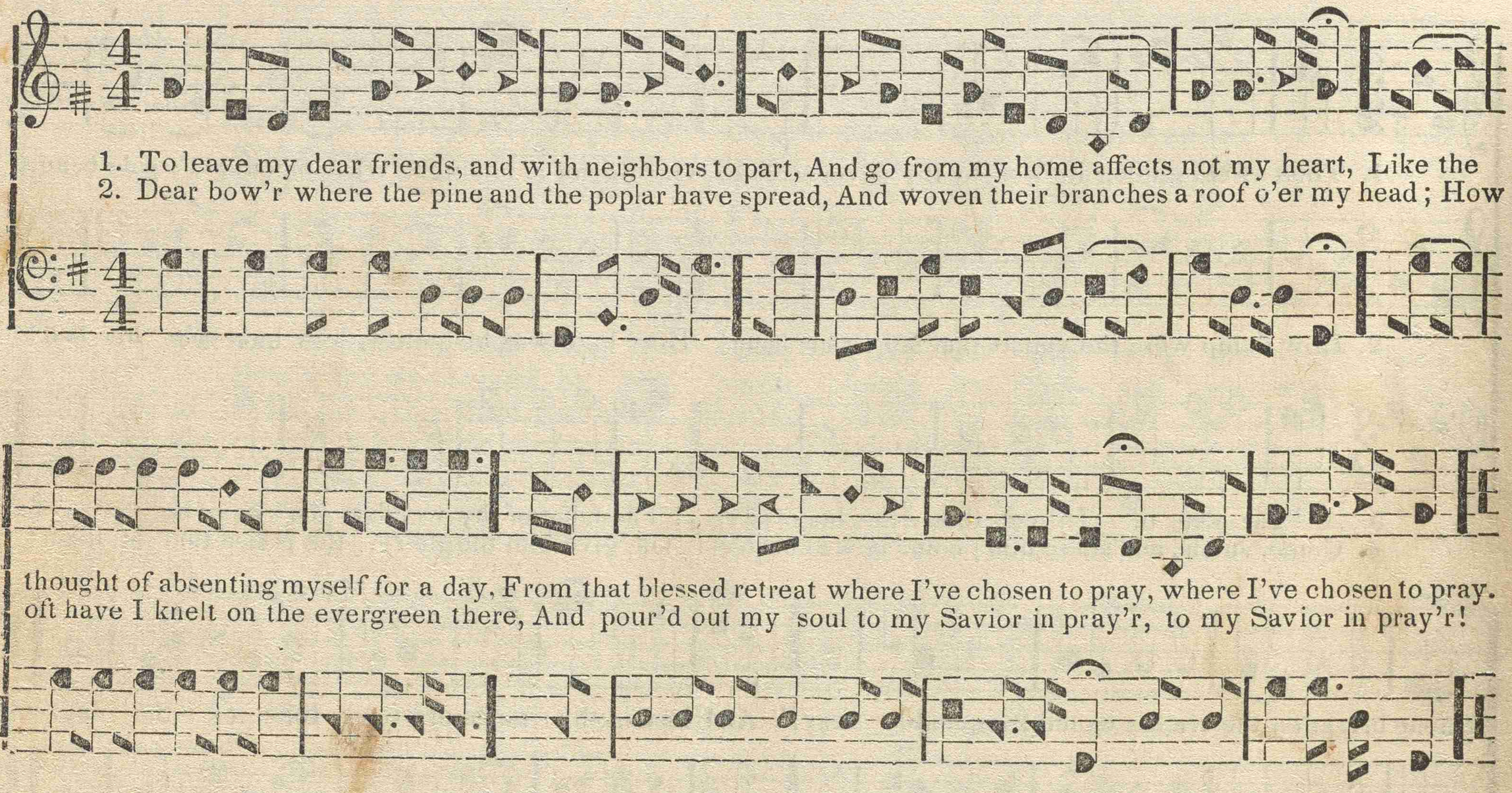


The angels, as-ton-ished grew sad at the sight, And fol-lowed their Master with sol-emn de-light.



The theme most trans-port-ing to seraphs a-bove; The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love.
Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.
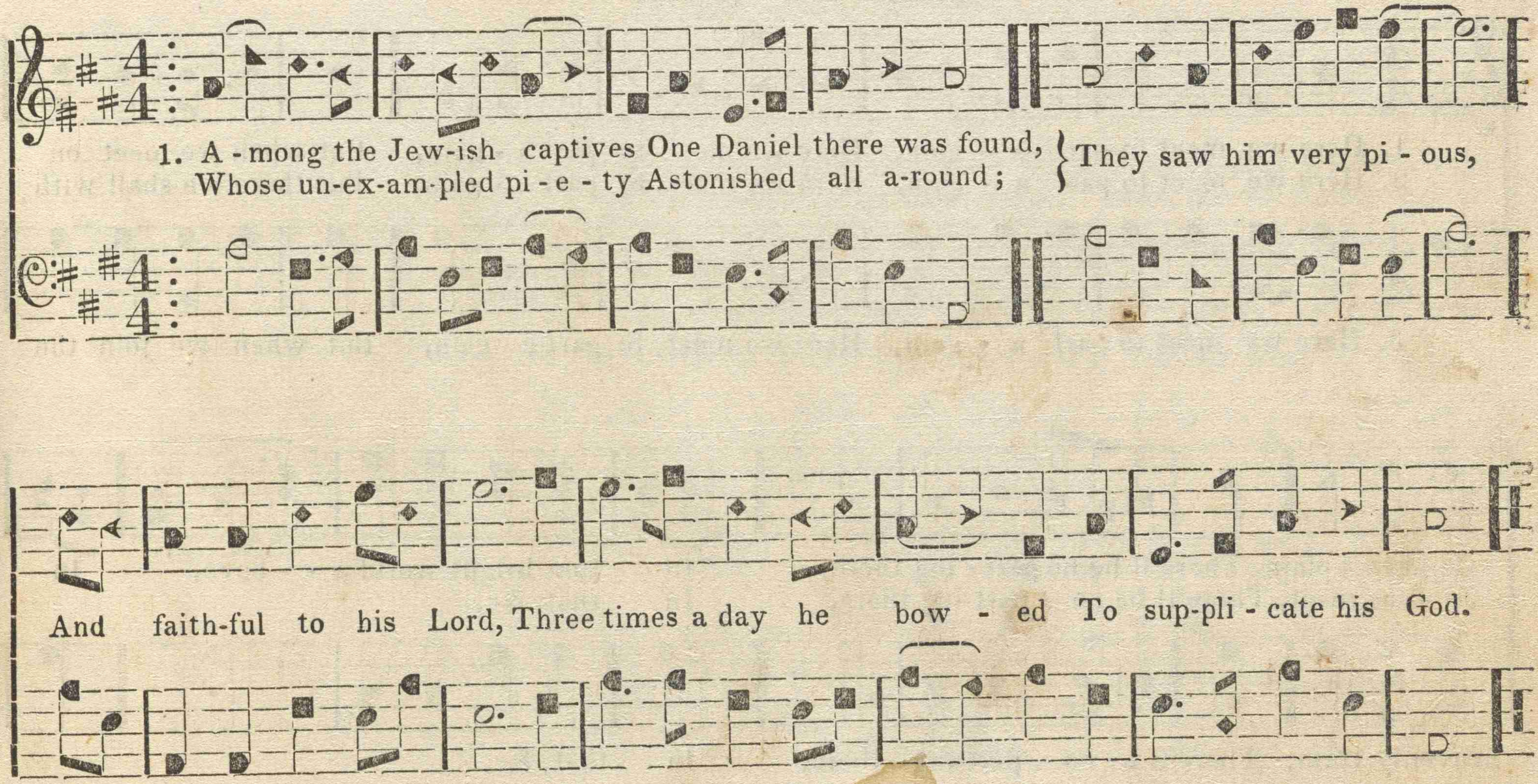


3. The early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale
That dwelt in the bow'r, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air,
Sang anthems of praises while I went to pray'r.

4. For Jesus, my Savior oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

5. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine!
But sweeter, oh sweeter, superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

6. Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Savior resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.



2.

Among the king's high princes
This Daniel was the first,
The king preferred the spirit
This Daniel he possessed;
His unexampled piety,
Sustained their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin,
They got a firm decree:

3.

Should any man or woman
A supplication bring,
For thirty days ensuing,
But unto thee, O king;
To any Lord or master,
Or any other man,
They should without distinction,
Fall in the lion's den.

4.

But now when Daniel heard it
Straight to his house he went,
To beg his God's protection—
It was his whole intent;
His windows being open,
Before his God he bowed—
The princes were assembled,
And saw him worship God.

NO PARTING THERE.

1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we meet on
2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But there we shall with

3. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we join the

Ca-naan's plain, There'll be no part - ing there, In that bright world a - - bove, In
Je - sus meet, There'll be no part-ing there, In that, &c.

heavenly train, There'll be no part-ing there, In that, &c.

CHORUS.

that bright world a - bove: Shout! shout the vic-t'ry, we're on our journey home.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year thy hand hath
2. In the world will foes as - sail me, Craf-tier, stronger far than I; And the strife may nev-er

3. I would trust in thy pro-tect-ing, Whol-ly rest upon thine arm; Fol-low whol-ly thy di -

brought me On through dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I
fail me, Well I know be-fore I die. There-fore Lord, I come, be - liev - ing Thou canst

rect-ing, Thou mine on-ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me.

doubt - ed, sent me light, Still thine arm has been a [illegible]ne, All my paths were in thy sight.
give the power I need; Thro' the pray'r of faith receiving, [illegible]trength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

turn to thee when tried, Still my foot-steps, Father, viewing, Keep me ev - er at thy side.

PARTING HYMN.
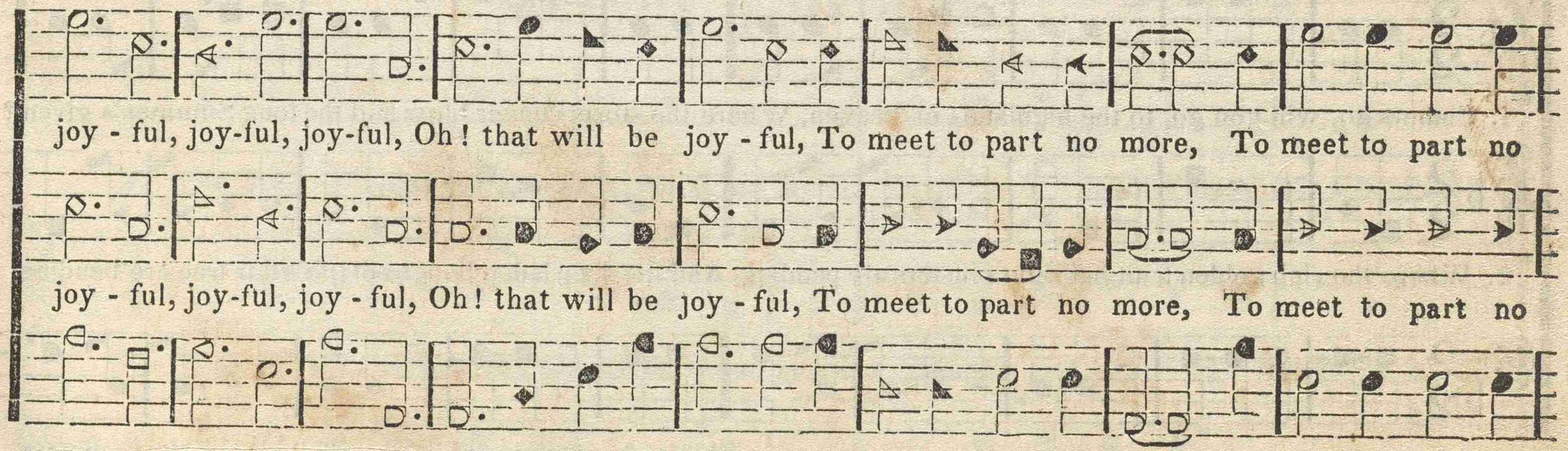
1. How pleasant thus to dwell be-low, In fel-low-ship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet above.
The good shall meet above, The
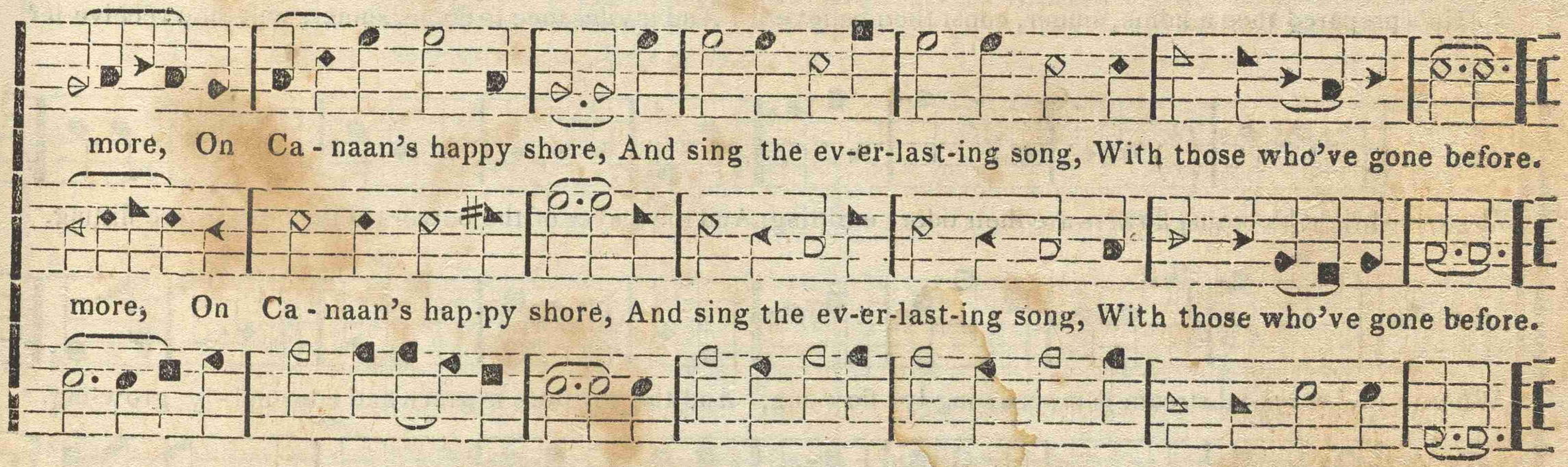
2. Yes, hap - py thought when we are free From earthly grief and pain;
In heav'n we shall each oth-er see, And never part a - gain;
And ne-ver part a - gain, And

CHORUS.

good shall meet a - bove; And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a-bove. Oh! that will be

nev - er part a - gain, In heaven we shall each other see, And never part a - gain, Oh! that will be
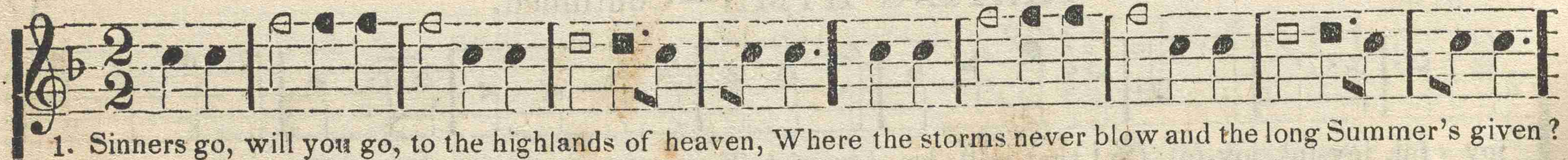




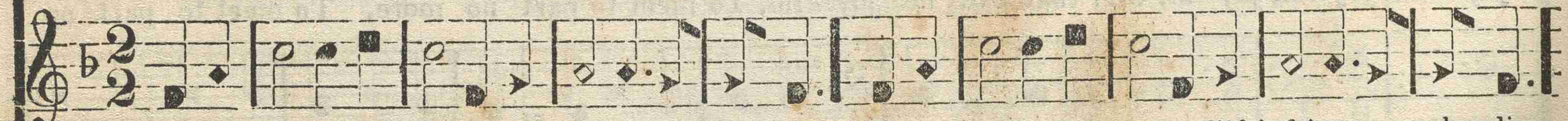
3. The children who have loved the Lord.
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.

4. Then let us each in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we with those we love may join,
In never ending praise.

THE INVITATION.



1. Sinners go, will you go, to the highlands of heaven, Where the storms never blow and the long Summer's given?
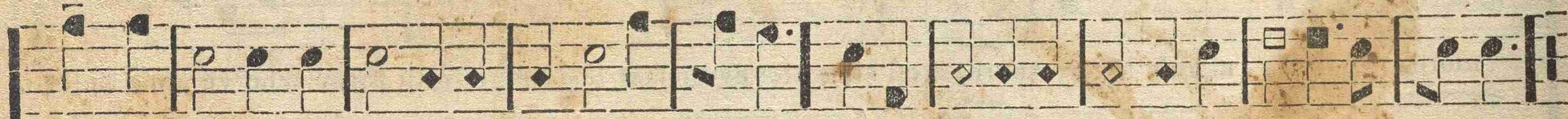


2. Where the rich golden fruit in bright clusters are pending, And the deep laden boughs of life's fair tree are bending,
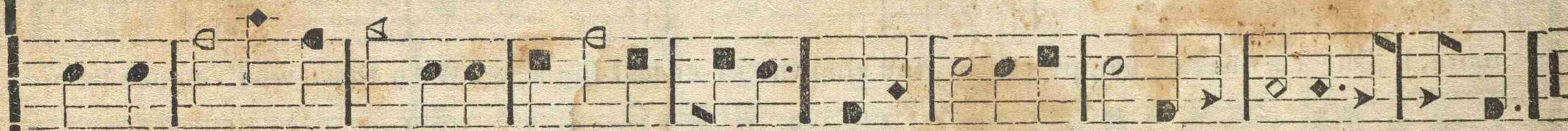


Shining beauteous and bright, shall inhabit the mountain,
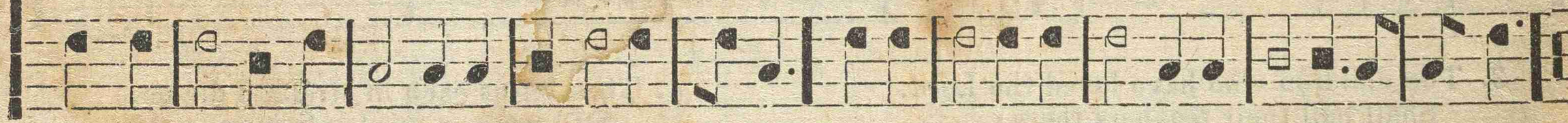
3. Where the saints rob'd in white, cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
4. He's prepared thee a home, sinner, canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come, sinner, wilt thou receive it?
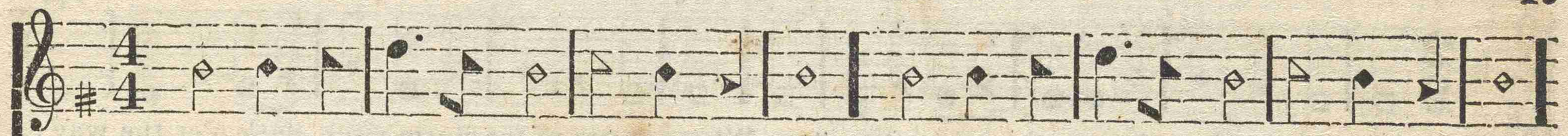


Where the bright blooming flow'rs are their odors emitting, And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are flitting.



Where life's crys-tal stream is un-ceas-ing-ly flow-ing, And the ver-dure is green and e-ter-nal-ly grow-ing.
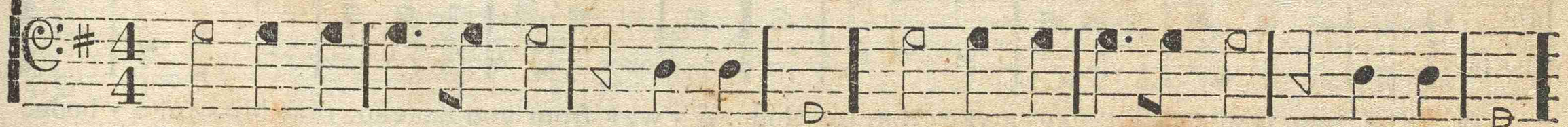


Where no sin, nor dis-may, neither trouble nor sor-row, Shall be felt for the day, nor be feared for the morrow.
Oh! then come, sinner come! for the tide is re-ce-ding, And the Savior will soon and for-ev-er cease pleading!



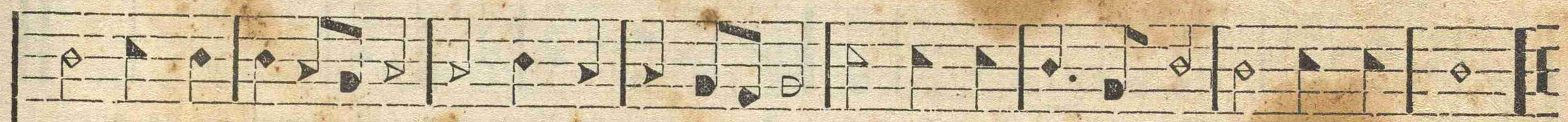
1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home: Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home;



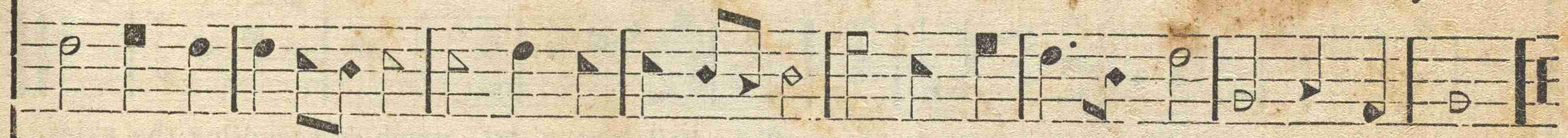
2. What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home;
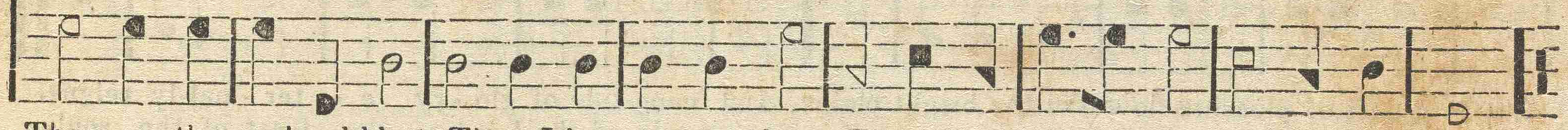


3. There, at my Sa-vior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home;



Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on eve-ry hand; Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.
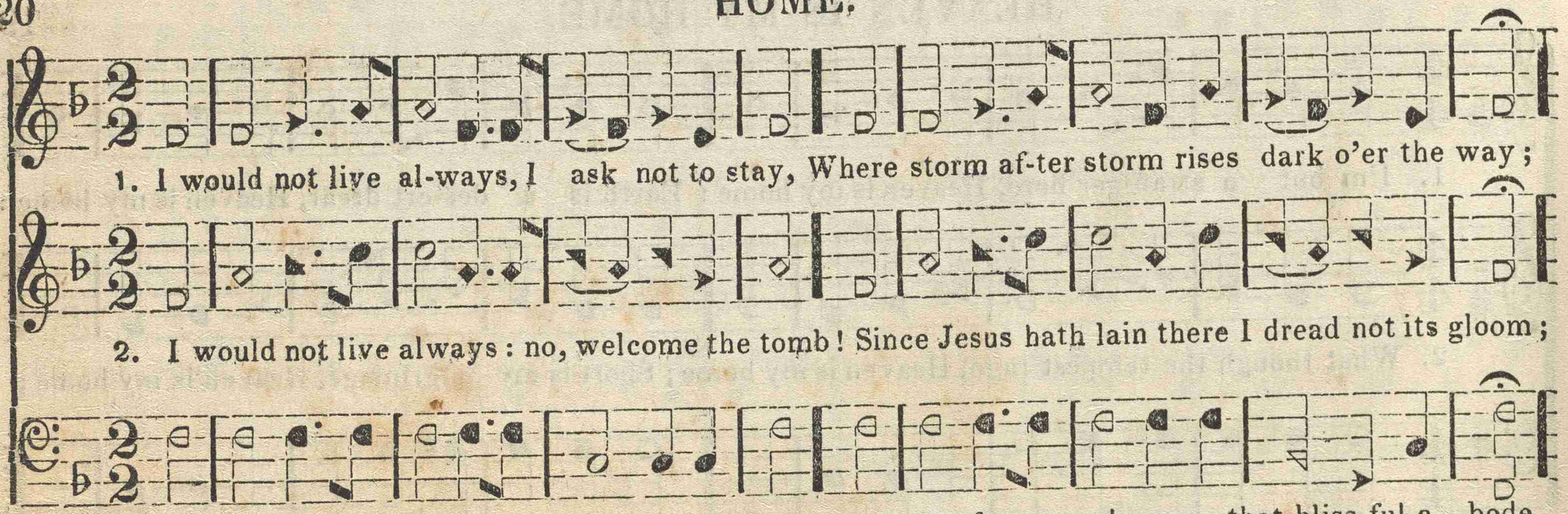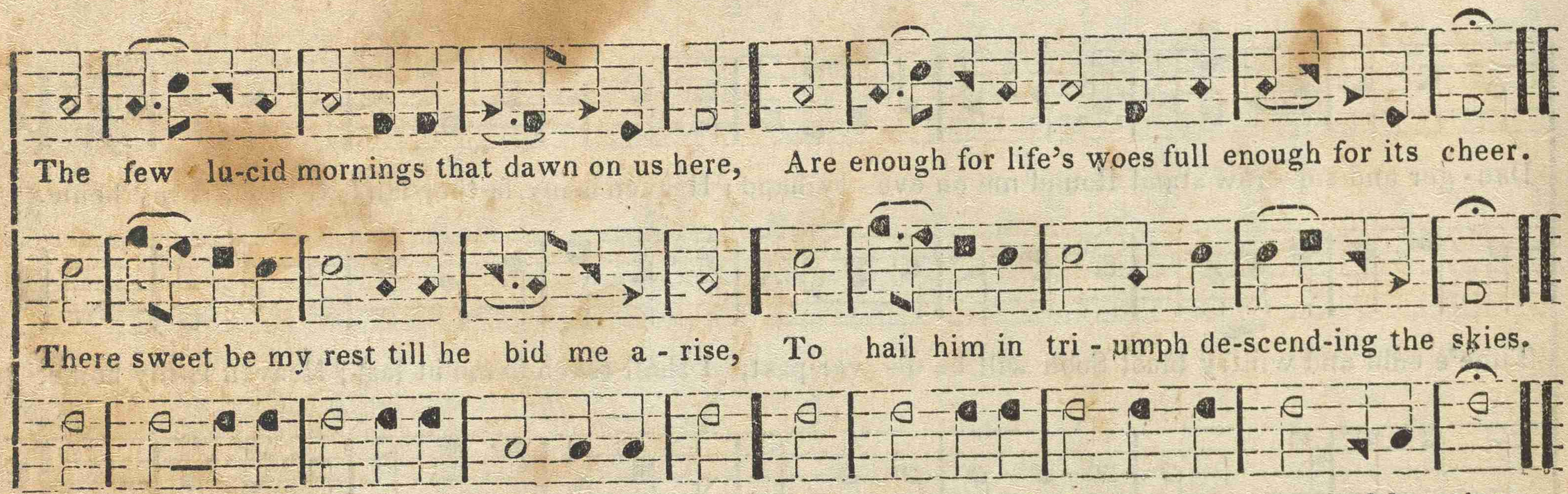


Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last; Heaven is my home.
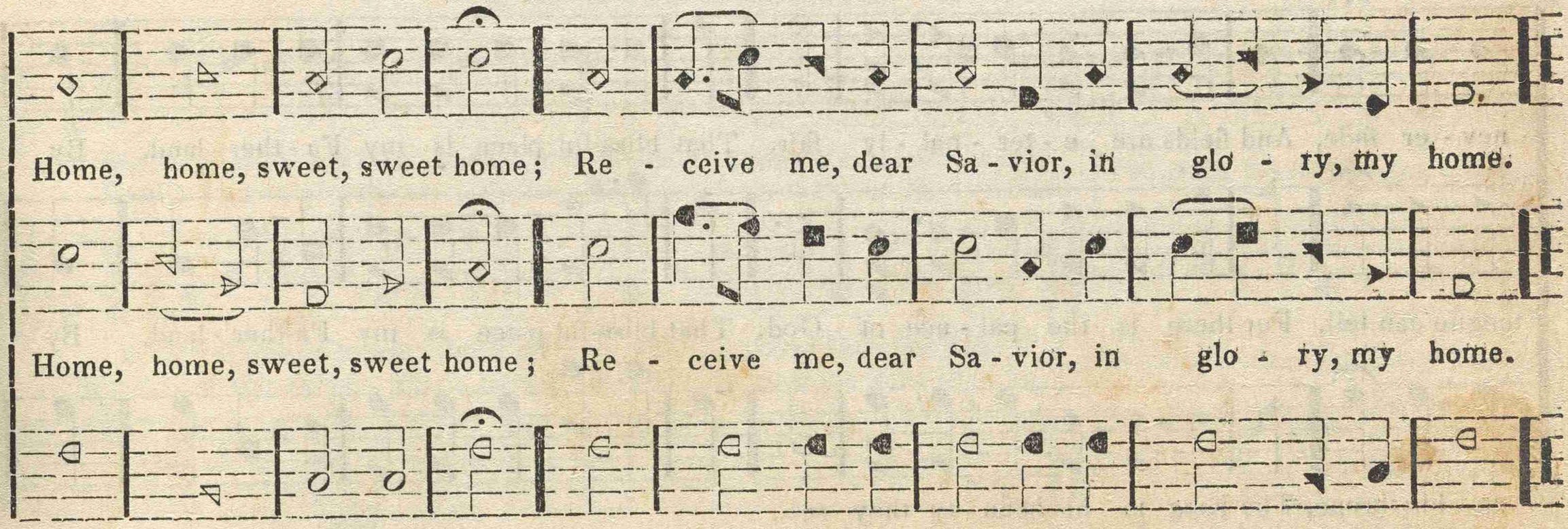


There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heaven is my home.
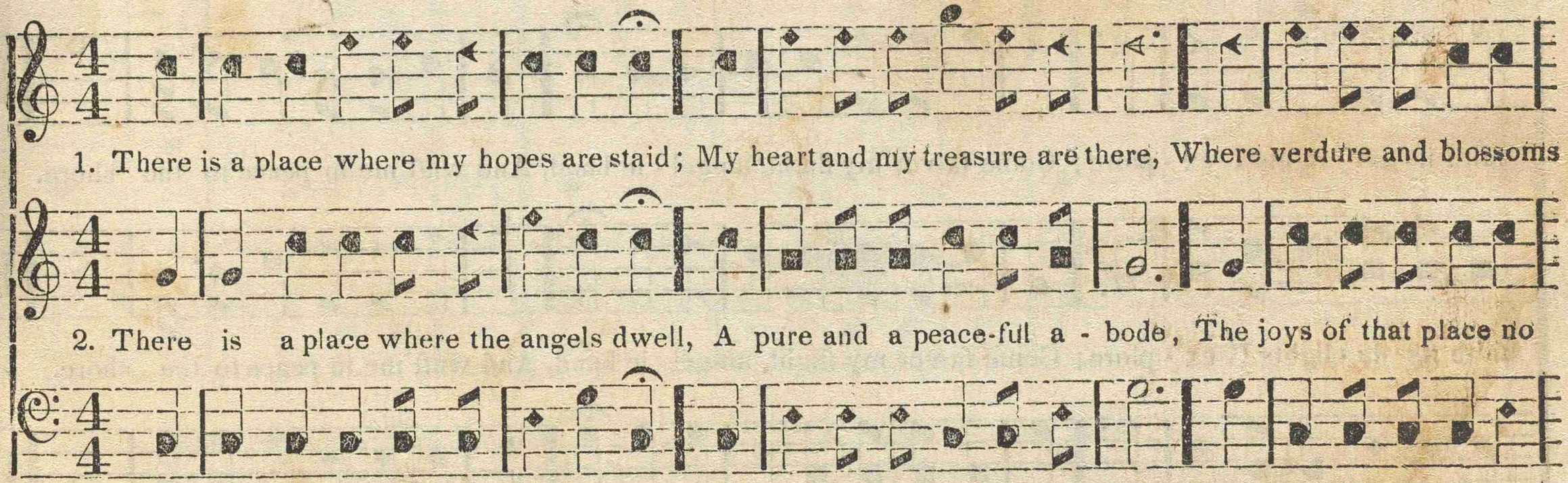
HOME.
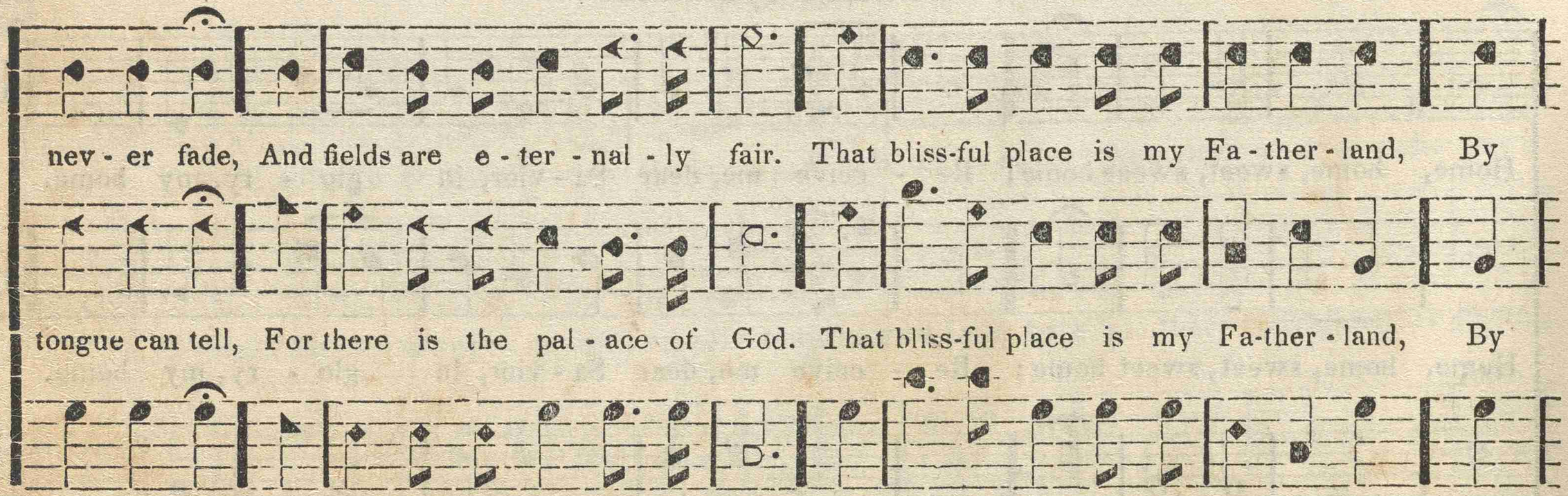

1. I would not live al-ways, I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm rises dark o'er the way;
2. I would not live always: no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
3. Who, who would live always away from his God, A - way from yon heaven, that bliss-ful a - bode,
4. Where saints of all a-ges in har - mo-ny meet, Their Savior and brethren trans-port-ed to greet;
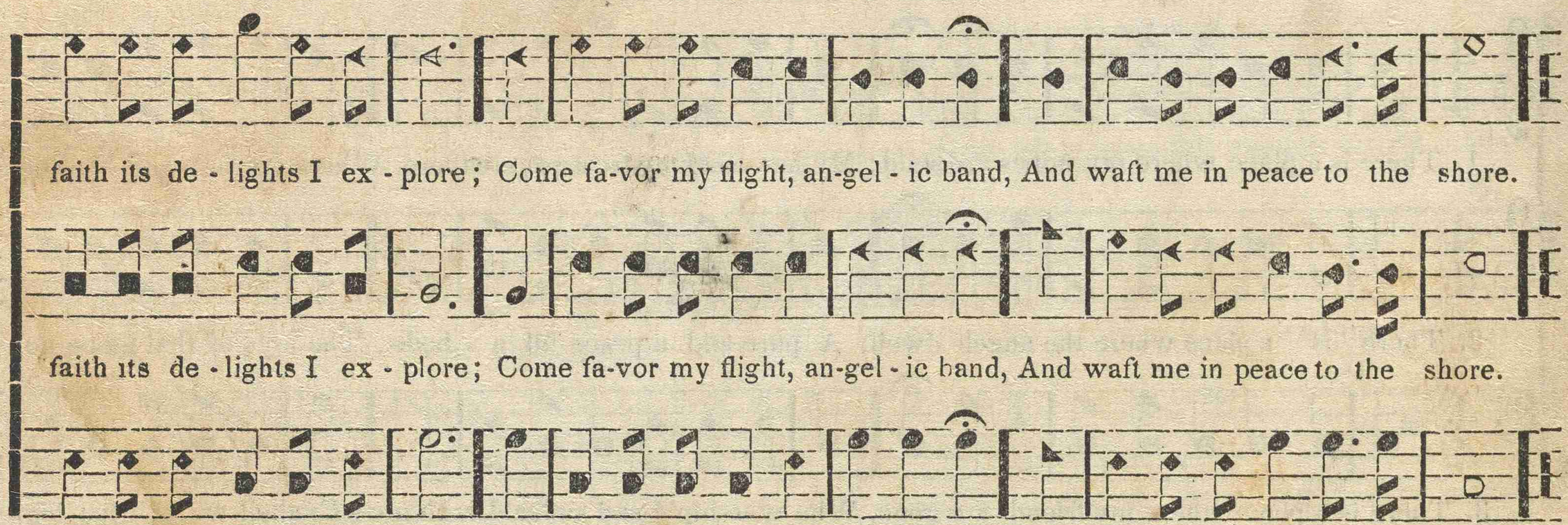

The few lu-cid mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes full enough for its cheer.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph de-scend-ing the skies.
Where riv-ers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal-ly reigns.
While anthems of rap-ture un-ceas - ing-ly roll, The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

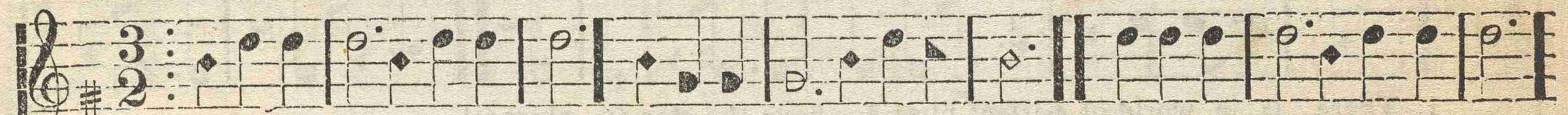


THE FATHERLAND.

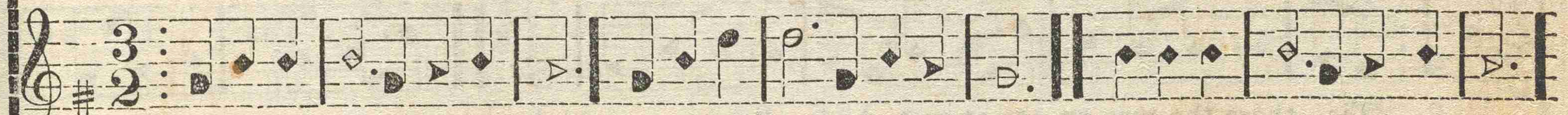



nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That bliss-ful place is my Fa - ther - land, By
tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God. That bliss-ful place is my Fa-ther - land, By
on his throne, The King in his beau - ty they see.
me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.

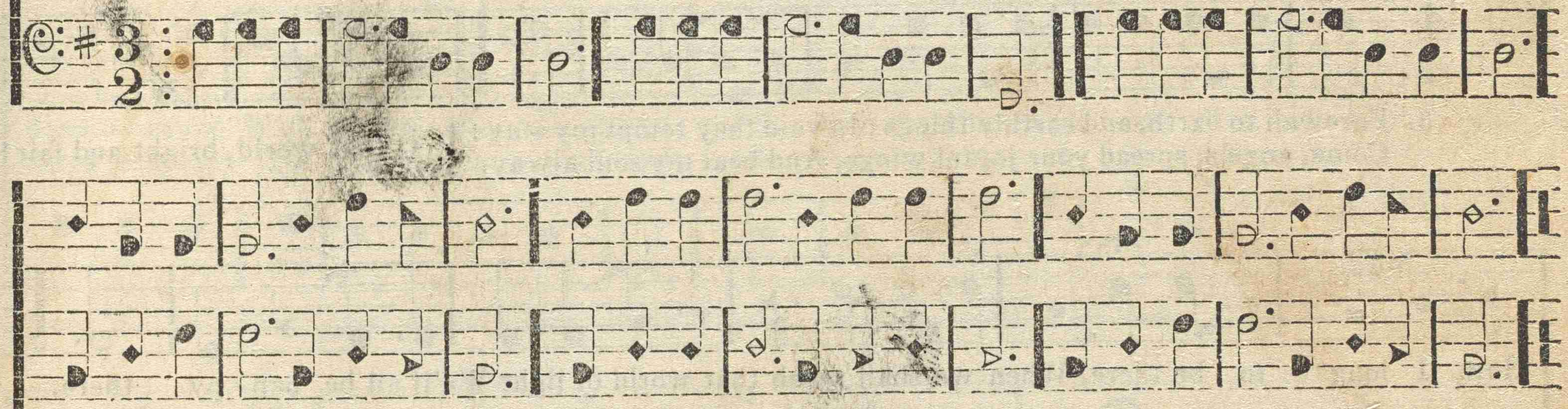

faith its de - lights I ex - plore; Come fa-vor my flight, an-gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.
faith its de - lights I ex - plore; Come fa-vor my flight, an-gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine. } I'm going home, I'm going home,



2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free, That heavenly mansion mine shall be. } I'm going home, I'm going home,



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

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

4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Music by
ALDINE.

CHORUS.

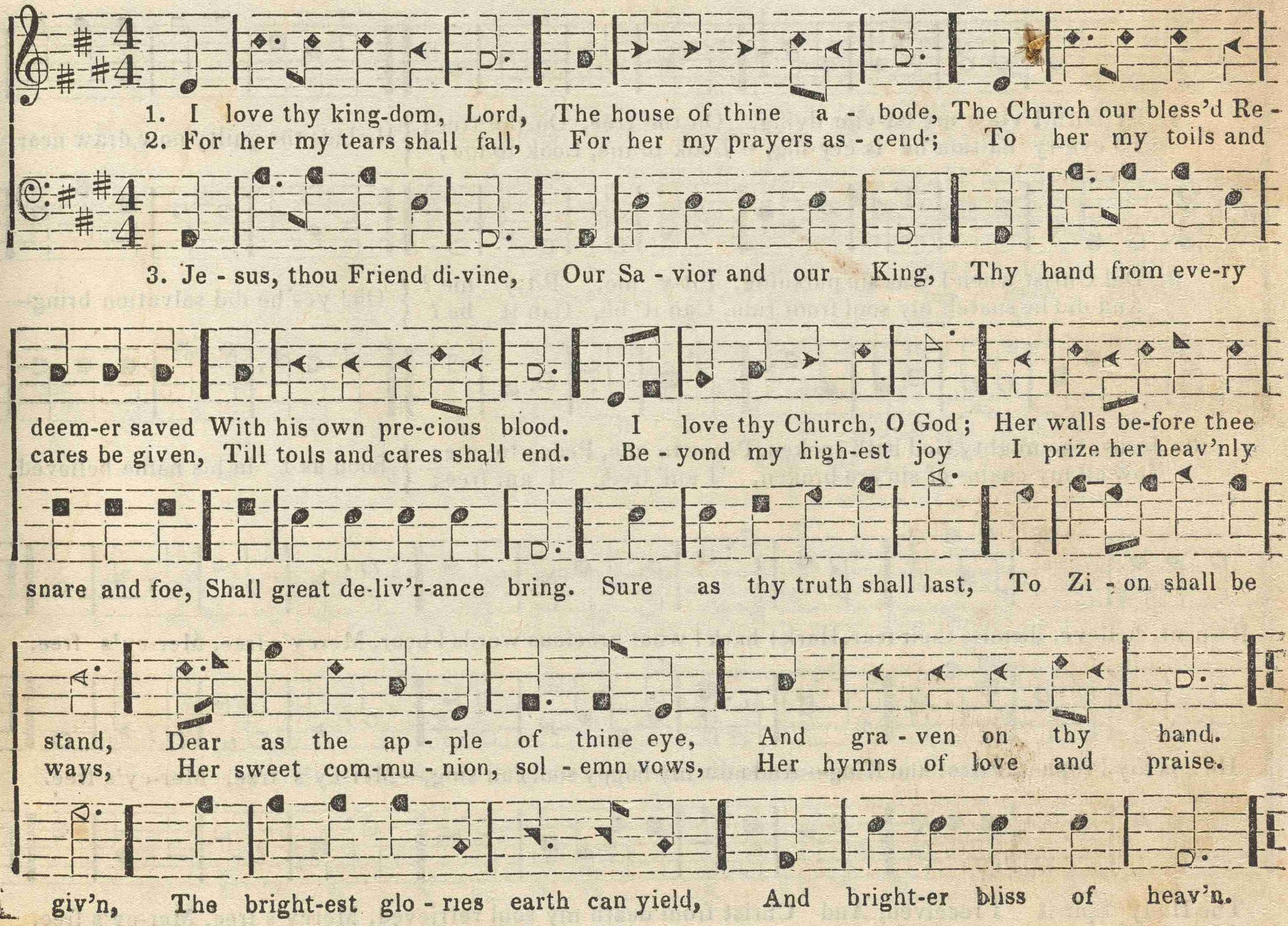
1. There is a world of perfect bliss A - bove the star-ry skies;
Op - press'd with sorrows and with sins, I thither lift my eyes.
O that world, bright and fair!

2. 'Tis there the wea-ry are at rest, And all is peace with-in;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed Is tranquil and serene.
O that world, bright and fair!

3. Farewell to earth, and earthly things: In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings, And bear my soul a-way.
O that world, bright and fair!

How I long to be there, When we shall reach that world of light We'll all be hap - py there.

How I long to be there, When we shall reach that world of light We'll all be hap - py there.


1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our bless'd Re -
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my toils and
3. Je - sus, thou Friend di-vine, Our Sa - vior and our King, Thy hand from eve-ry
deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood. I love thy Church, O God; Her walls be-fore thee
cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end. Be - yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'nly
snare and foe, Shall great de-liv'r-ance bring. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be
stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
ways, Her sweet com-mu - nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
giv'n, The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

MERCY'S FREE.

1. By faith I view my Sa-vior dying, On the tree, On the tree;
To eve-ry na-tion he is cry-ing, "Look to me, Look to me;"
He bids the guilty now draw near,

2. Did Christ when I was sin pursuing, Pit-y me, Pit-y me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be?
Oh! yes he did salvation bring—

3. Jesus, the mighty God hath spoken, Peace to me, Peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free;
Soon as I in his name believed,

Re-pent, believe, dismiss their fear, Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mer-cy's free.

He is my Prophet, Priest and King—And now my happy soul can sing,—Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free.

The Ho-ly Spir-it I received, And Christ from death my soul retrieved, Mercy's free, Mer-cy's free.

1. Ye val-iant sol-diers of the cross, Ye hap - py pray - ing band,
Though in this world you suf - fer loss, Press on to Ca - naan's land,

2. All earth-ly pleas-ures we'll for - sake When heav'n ap - pears in view,
In Je-sus' strength we'll un-der-take To fight our pas - sage through;
3. O what a glo-rious shout there'll be When we ar - rive at home,
Our friends and Je - sus we shall see, And God shall say "well done."

Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear,

It will on - ly make the crown the bright-er to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound :
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound :
Prom-ise of which on us each he be-stows, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound :
Look ! yonder lie the bright heav-en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creak-ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

D. C.

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode ;

D. C.

Stea-dy, O pi - lot ! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y ! we soon shall out - weath-er the gale !

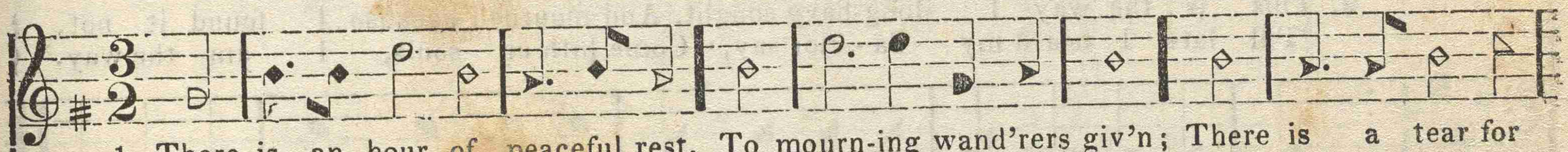
D. C.

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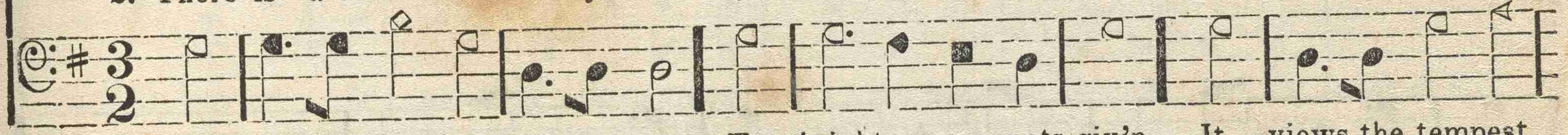
3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Come trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward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

4. Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last:
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last:
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.
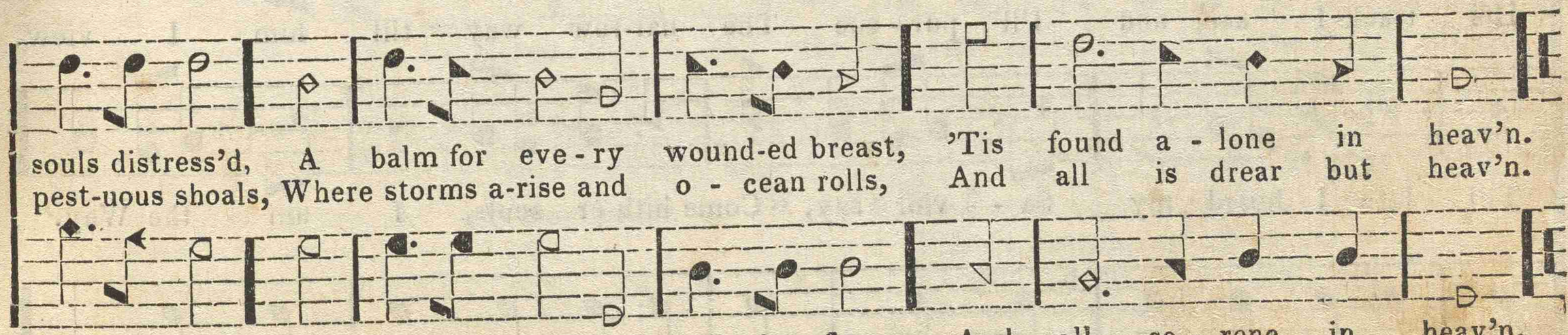
WOODLAND. 8,6,8,8,6.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourn-ing wand'rers giv'n; There is a tear for
2. There is a home for wear-ry souls, By sins and sor-rows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tem-



3. There faith lifts up the tear-less eye, To brighter pros-pects giv'n It views the tempest



souls distress'd, A balm for eve-ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n.
pest-uous shoals, Where storms a-rise and o-cean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.
pass-ing by, Sees eve-ning shad-ows quick-ly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.

HOSANNA. L. M.

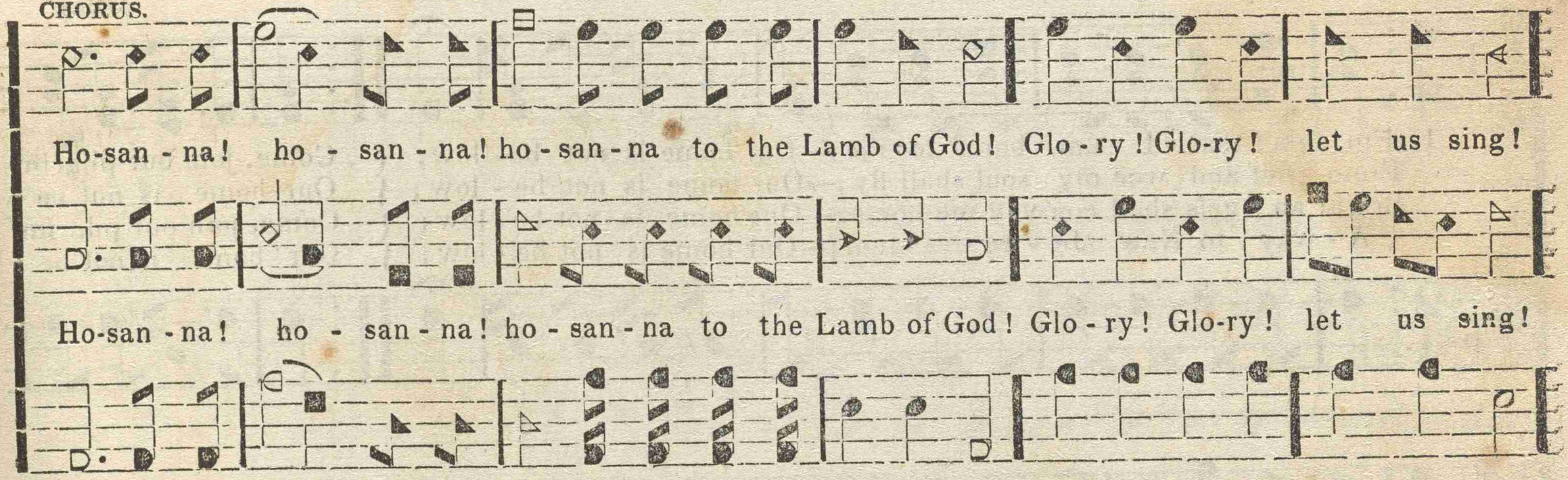
1. Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whow I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, The nar - row way till him I view.
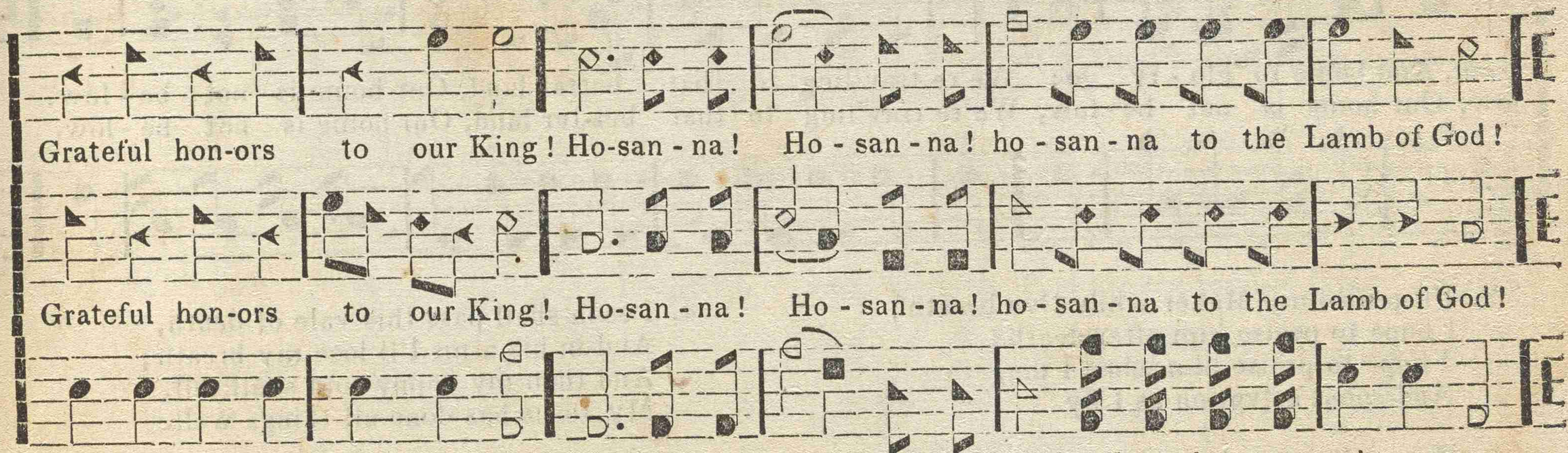
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not,
'Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, "Come hith-er souls, I am the way."

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar-row way till him I view.

Till late I heard my Sa - - vior say, "Come hith-er souls, I am the Way."

CHORUS.
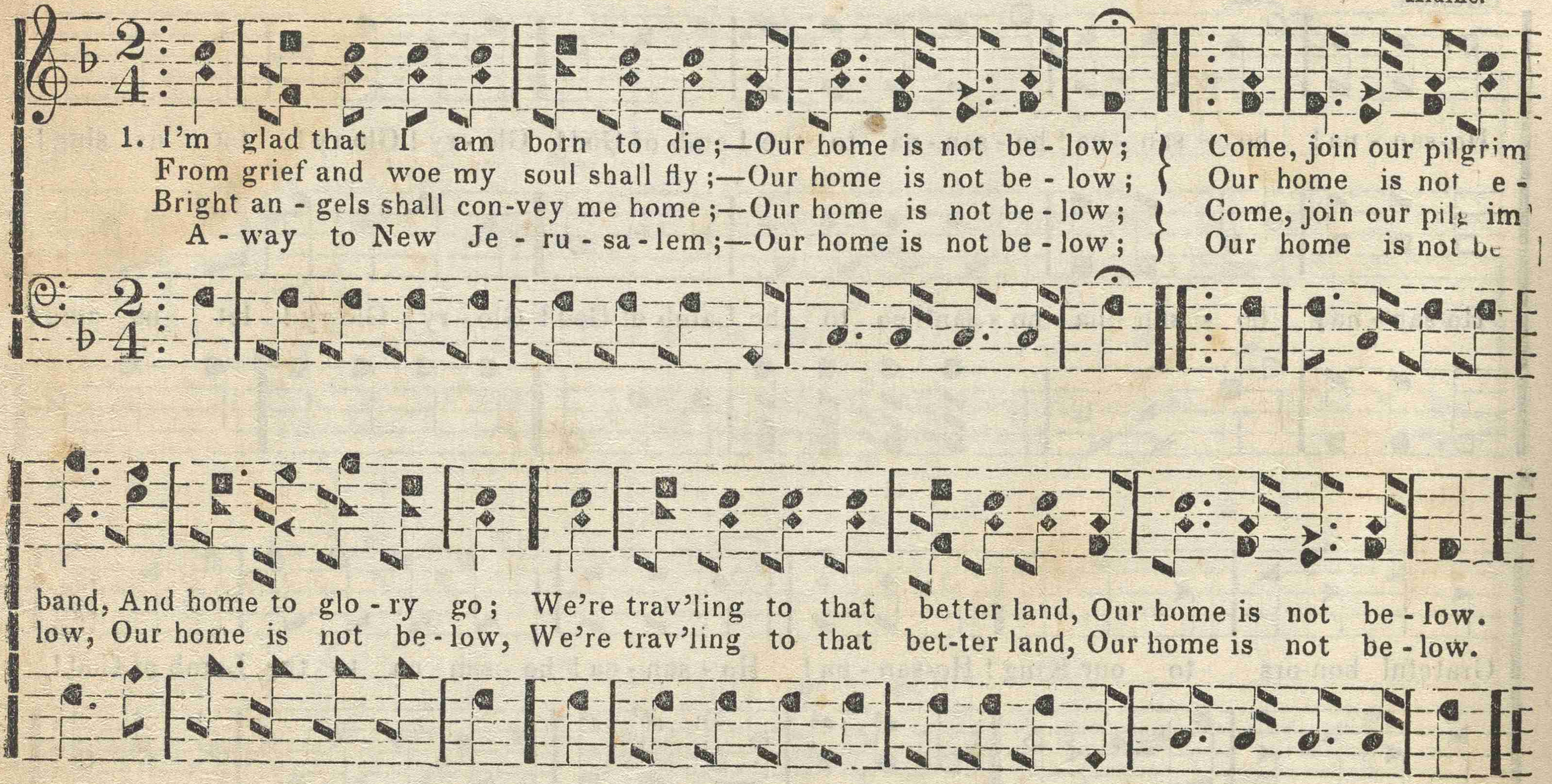




3. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—"Behold the way to God!"

OUR HOME IS NOT BELOW. L. M.

Arranged by Aldine.

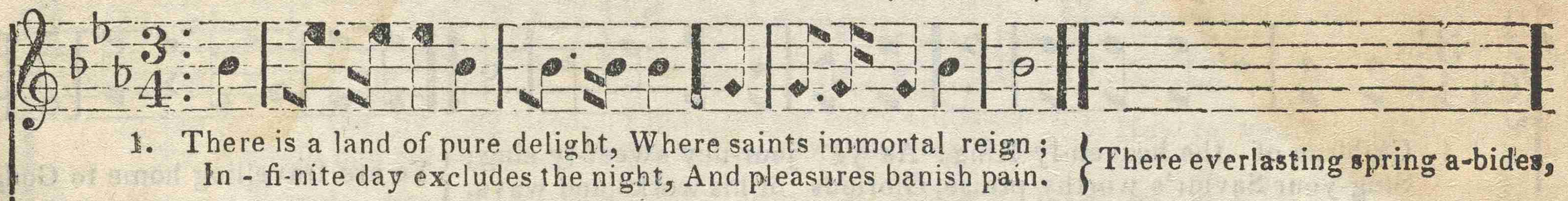


2. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
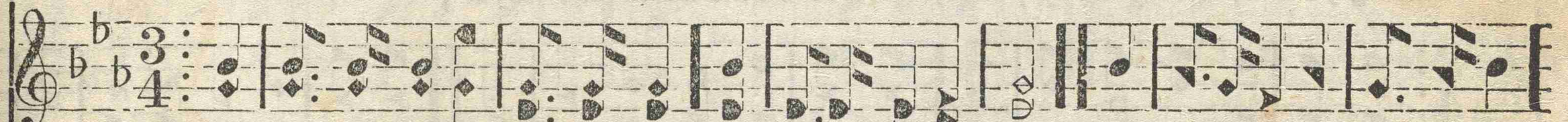
3. Farewell vain world, I'm going home,
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4. I soon shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
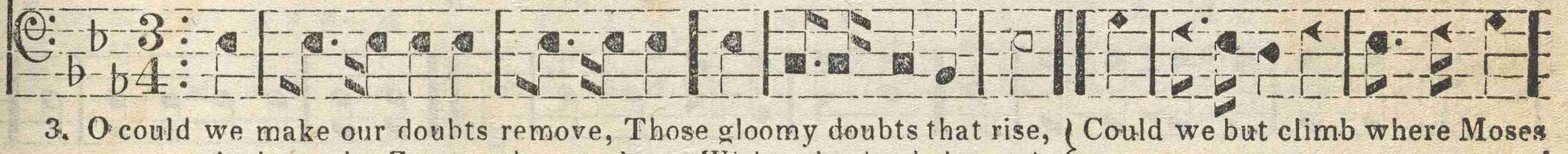
5. When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
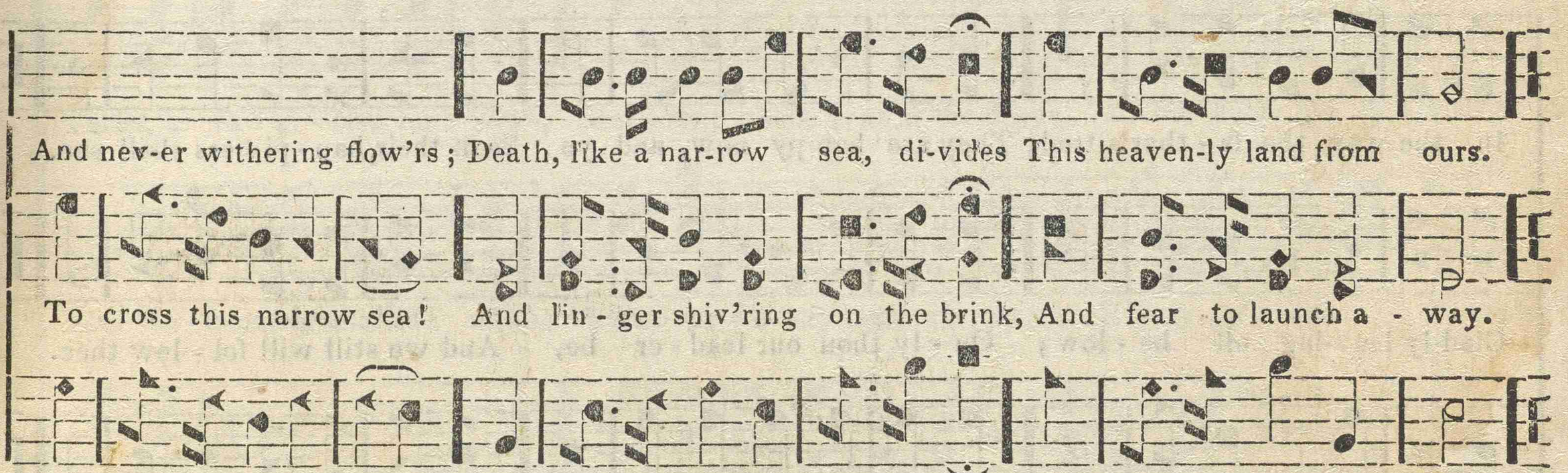


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. } There everlasting spring a-bides,



2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green ; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between. } But tim'rous mortals start and shrink



3. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unbeclouded eyes! } Could we but climb where Moses stood



And nev-er withering flow'rs ; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heaven-ly land from ours.

To cross this narrow sea! And lin - ger shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

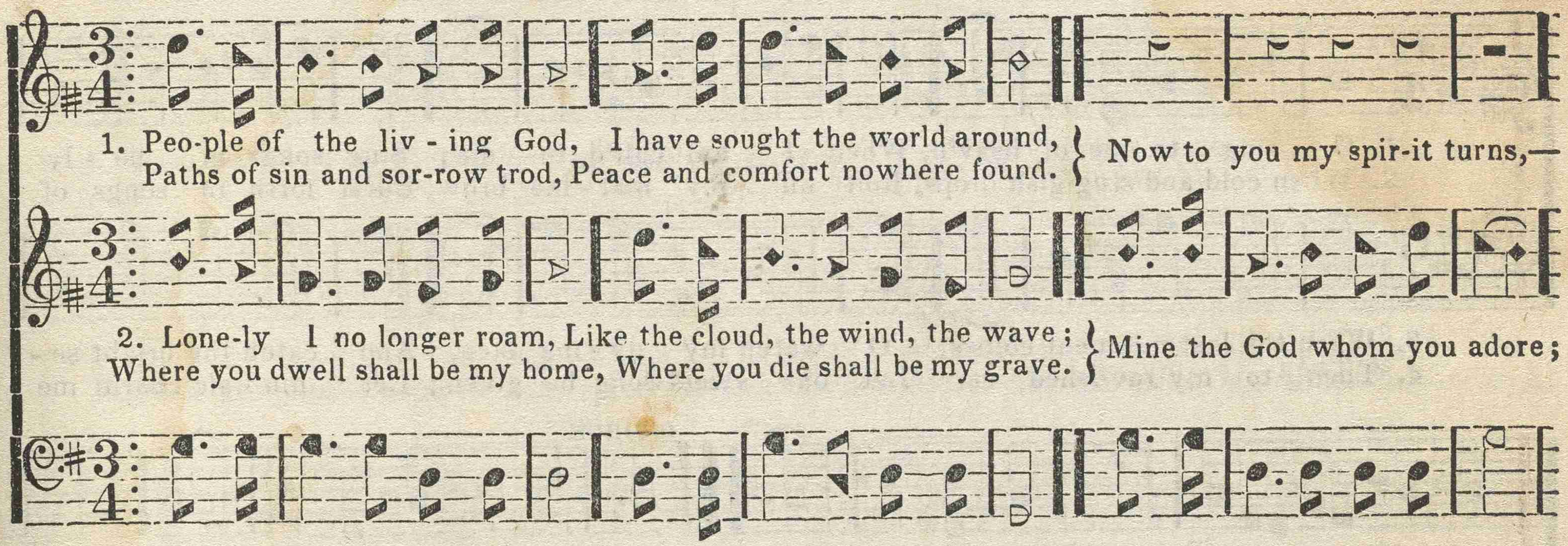
BALTIMORE. 7's.

1. Children of the heaven-ly King! As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
} Ye are travelling home to God,

2. Fear not, breth-ren! joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land;
Je-sus Christ, your Father's son, Bids you un-dis-may'd go on.
} Lord! submissive make us go,

In the way the fa - ther's trod; They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi-ness shall see.

Glad-ly leav-ing all be - low; On - ly thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.


1. Peo-ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spir-it turns,—
2. Lone-ly I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore;
Turns, a fu - gi - tive un - blest; Breth-ren, where your al-tar burns, O, re - ceive me in - to rest.
Your Re - deem-er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more; Eve-ry i - dol I re - sign.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARGE. S. M.

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly
2. When cold and slug-gish drops, Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in songs of

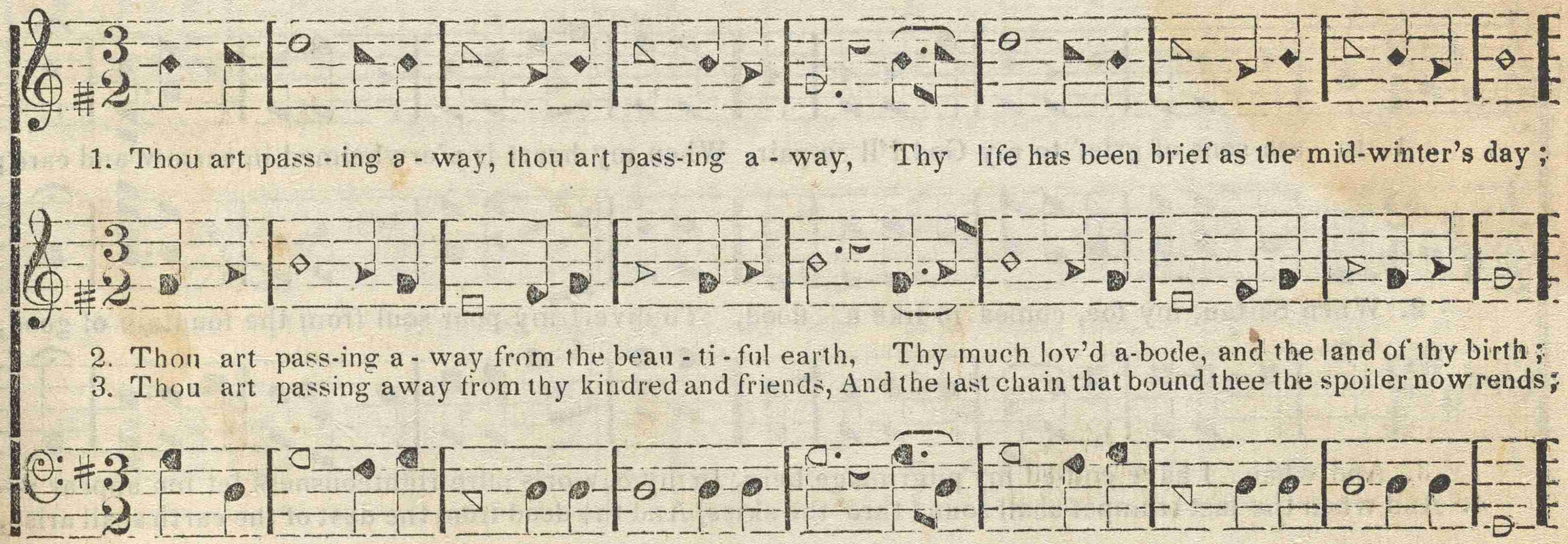
3. When the last mo-ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se -
4. Then to my rav-ished ear Let one sweet song be given; Let mu - sic charm me

CHORUS.

ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high. There'll be no more sor-row there, There'll
joy - ful - ness,—Let heav'n be - gin be - low.
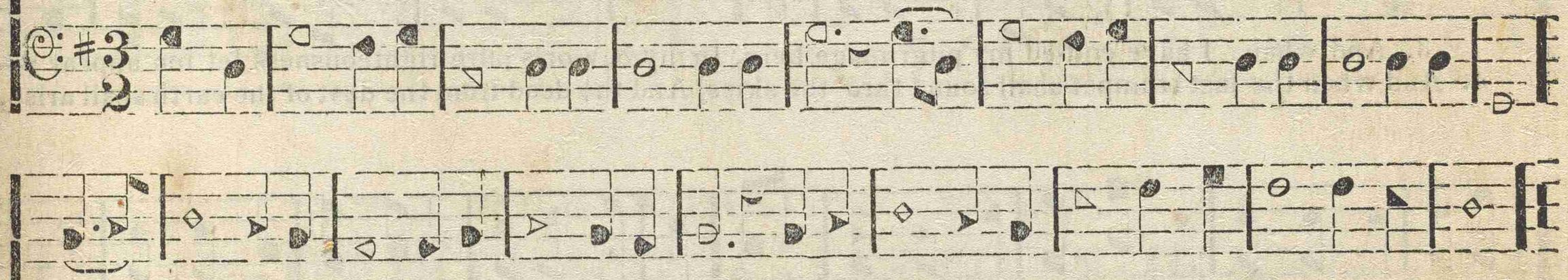
raph - ic gleam Which on each fea-ture plays.
last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

be no more sor - row there, In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there.

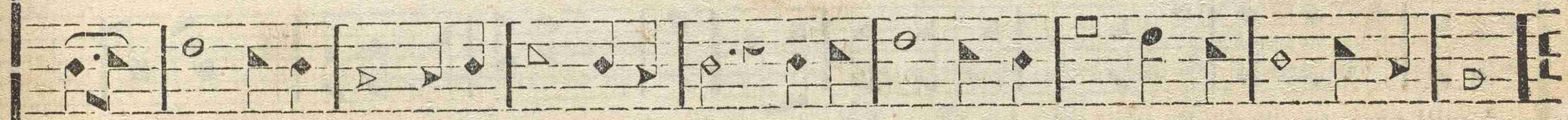


1. Thou art pass - ing a - way, thou art pass-ing a - way, Thy life has been brief as the mid-winter's day;
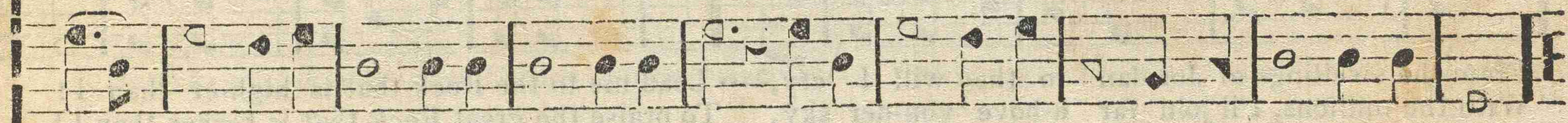
2. Thou art pass-ing a - way from the beau - ti - ful earth, Thy much lov'd a-bode, and the land of thy birth;
3. Thou art passing away from thy kindred and friends, And the last chain that bound thee the spoiler now rends;



Thy fore-head is pale, and thy pul - ses are low, And thy once blooming cheek wears the om-in-ous glow.



From its for-ests and fields—from its murmuring rills, From its beau-ti - ful plains and its herbage-crowned hills.
And thy last tones are falling on love's list'ning ear, And now in thine eye shines the fond part-ing tear.



THE ROCK.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed in sorrow and care;

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To divert my poor soul from the fountain of good,
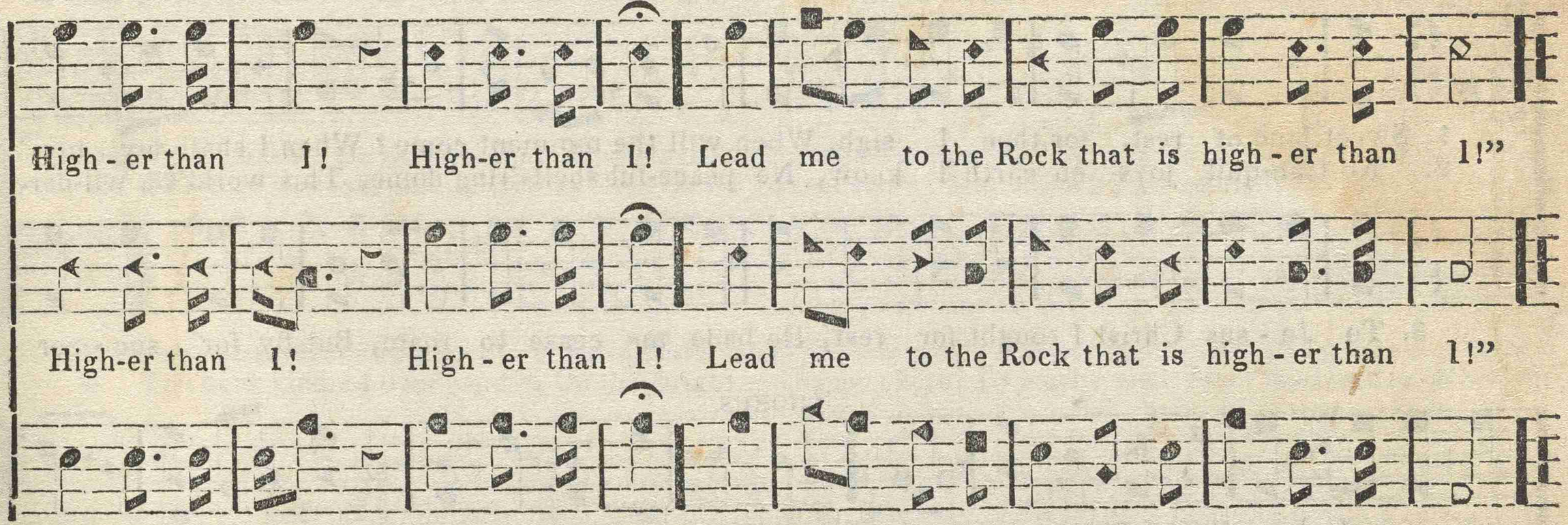
3. And when I have end-ed my pilgrimage here, In my Savior's pure righteousness let me appear :—

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,

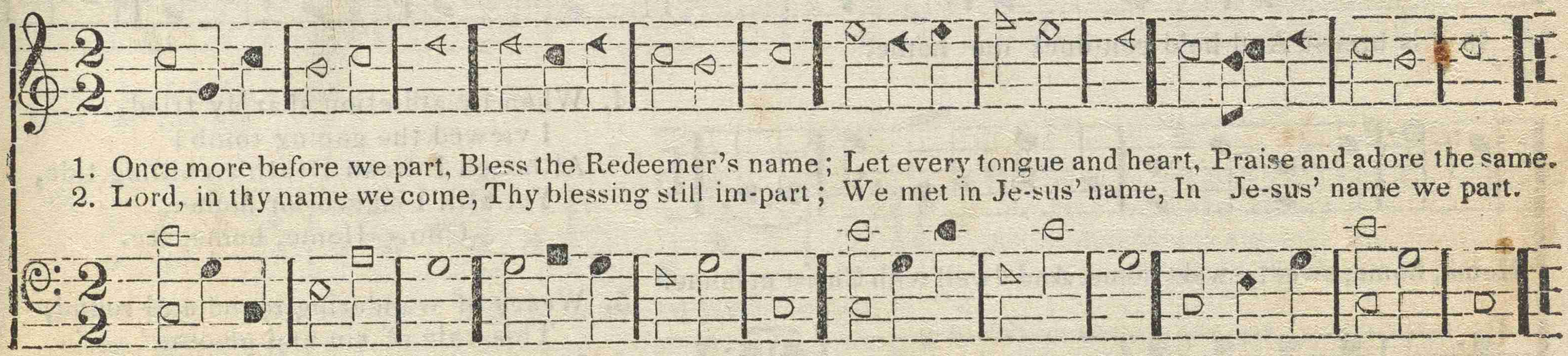
From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry—"Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!

I will pray to my Sa-vior who kind-ly did die—"Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

From the swellings of Jor-dan to thee will I cry,—"Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!
With the millions, I'll join far a-bove yon-der sky, To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!



SOLEMN PARTING. 6,6,6,6.

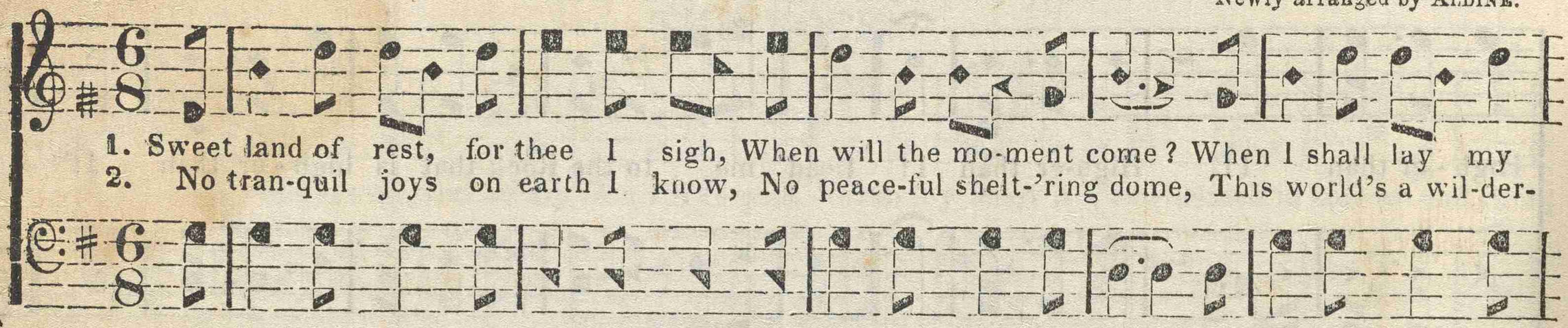


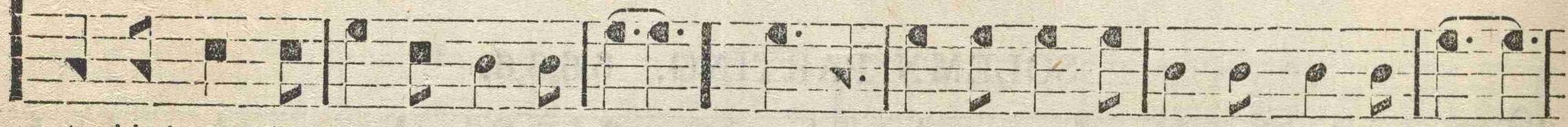
1. Once more before we part, Bless the Redeemer's name; Let every tongue and heart, Praise and adore the same.
2. Lord, in thy name we come, Thy blessing still im-part; We met in Je-sus' name, In Je-sus' name we part.
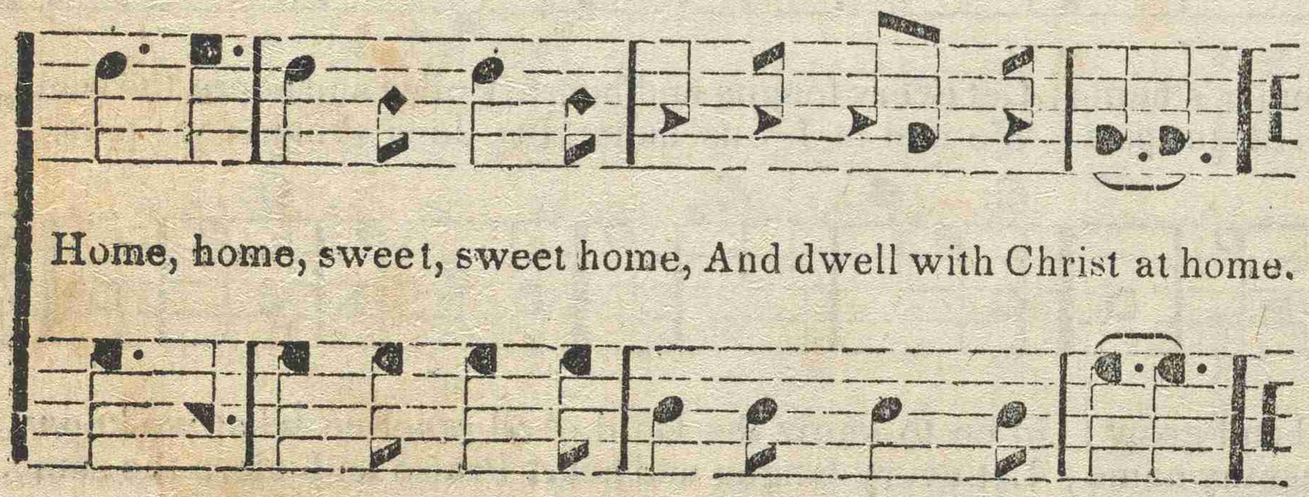
3. Still on thy holy word We'll live, and feed and grow; Go on to know the Lord, And practice what we know.
4. Now, Lord, before we part, Help us to bless thy name; Let every tongue and heart Praise and adore the same.

LAND OF REST. C. M.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.
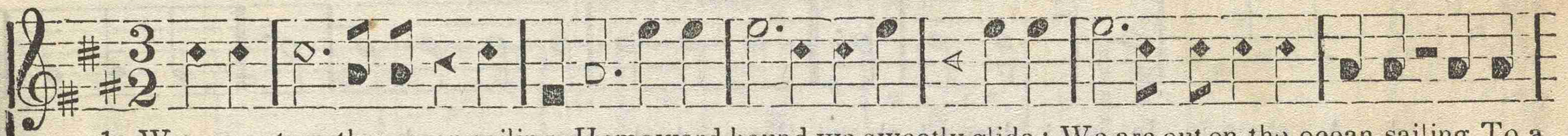






4. When by affliction sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread Death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.
CHO.—Home, home, &c.

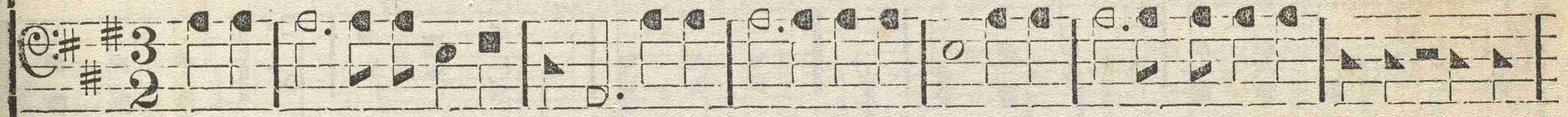
5. Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.
CHO.—Home, home, &c.

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.

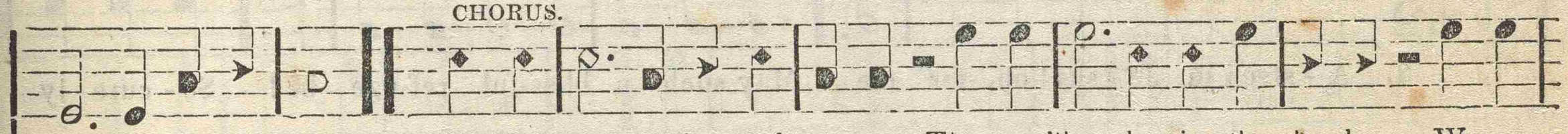


1. We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are out on the ocean sailing To a
2. Mil-lions now are safe-ly land-ed Over on the golden shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's

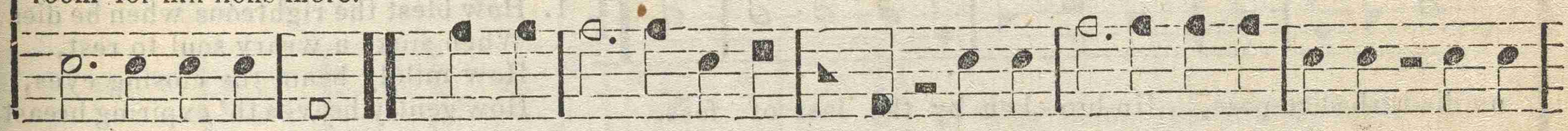


3. Come on board, and ship for glory, Be in haste, make up your mind! For our vessel's weighing anchor, You will
4. You have kindred over yonder, On that bright and happy shore; By and by we'll swell the number, When the

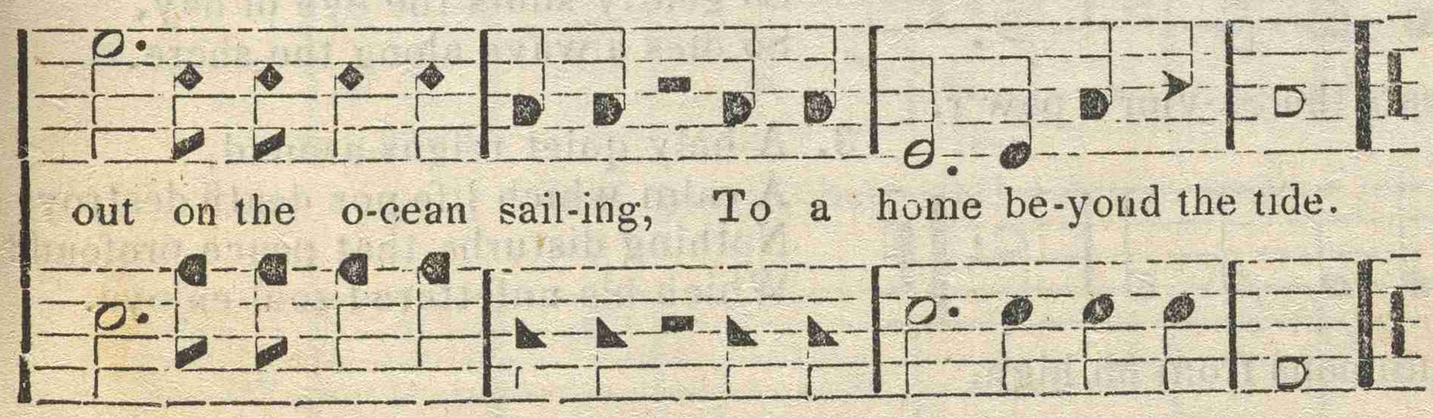
CHORUS.



home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll anchor in the har-bor; We are
room for mil-lions more.



soon be left be - hind.
toils of life are o'er.

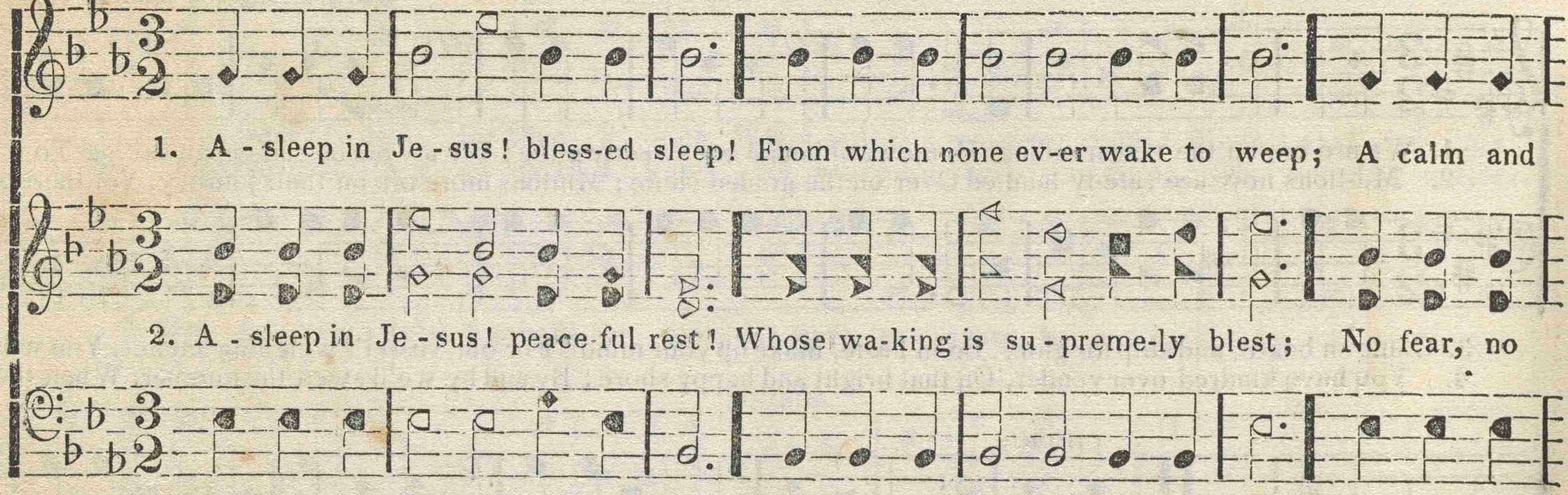


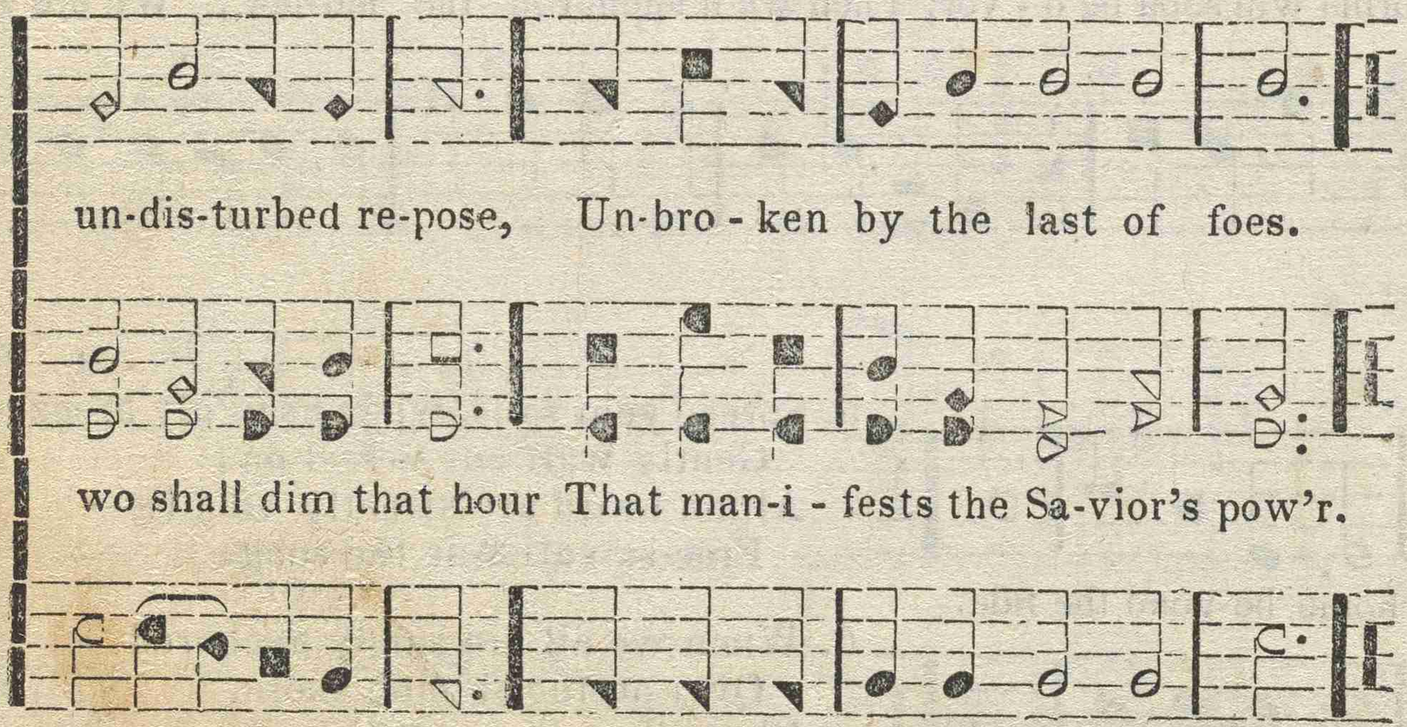
out on the o-cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide.

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

6. When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing for evermore.

REST. L. M.



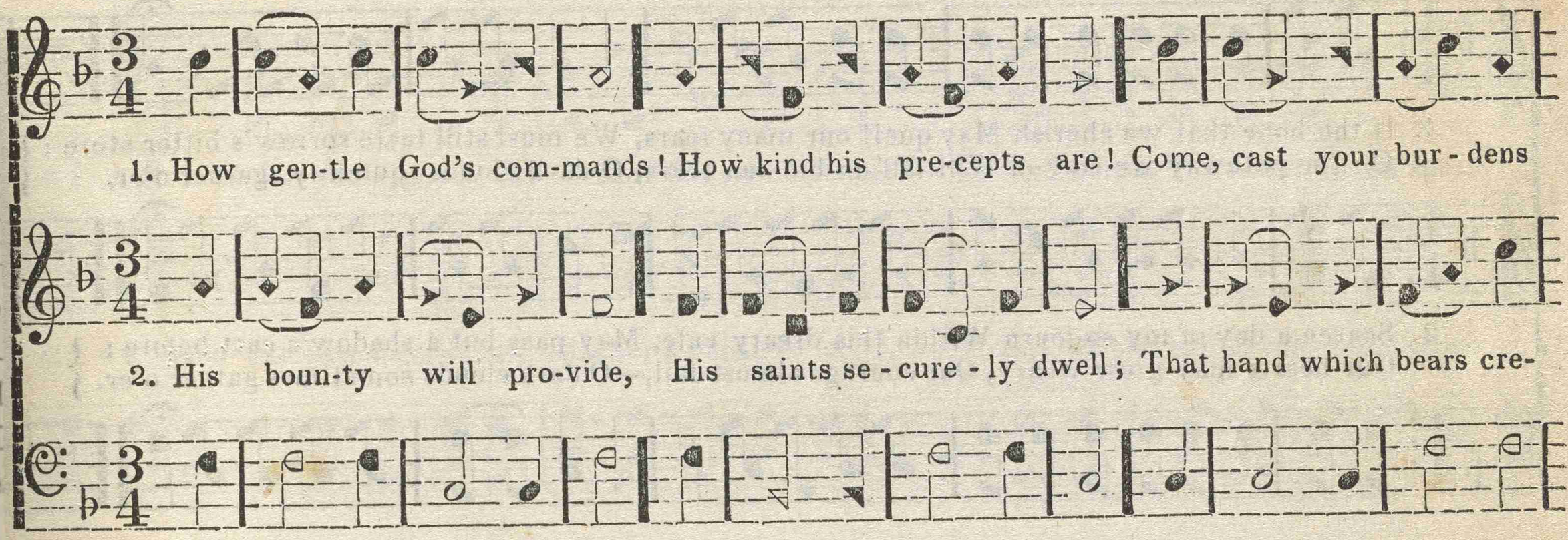


1. How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2. So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er!
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3. A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

DENNIS. S. M.



3. Why should this anxious load,
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find,

4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

DARK CLOUDS.

Arranged by
Aldine.

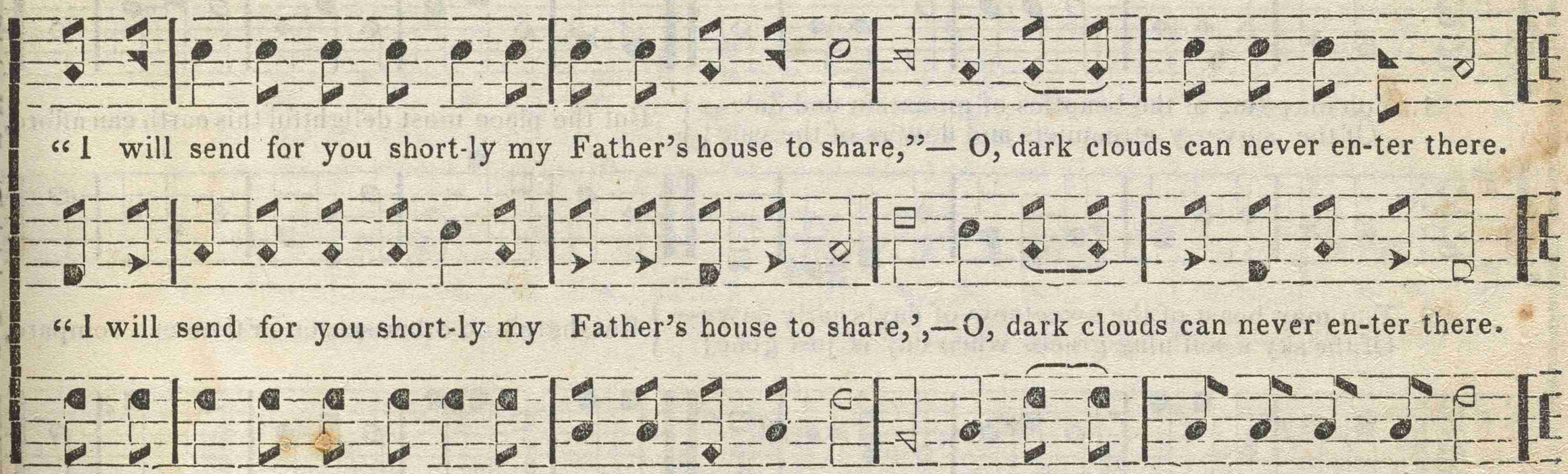
1. If the hope that we cherish May quell our many fears, We must still taste sorrow's bitter store :
On the pathway we trav-el Will fall un-bid-den tears, O dark clouds quick-ly gather o'er.

2. Scarce a day of my so-journ Within this dreary vale, May pass but a shadow's cast before ;
Our hearts may grow weary, Our courage almost fail,—O dark clouds sometimes gather o'er.

CHORUS.

But I hear the voice of my Sa - vior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu - cid air;

But I hear the voice of my Sa - vior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu - cid air;



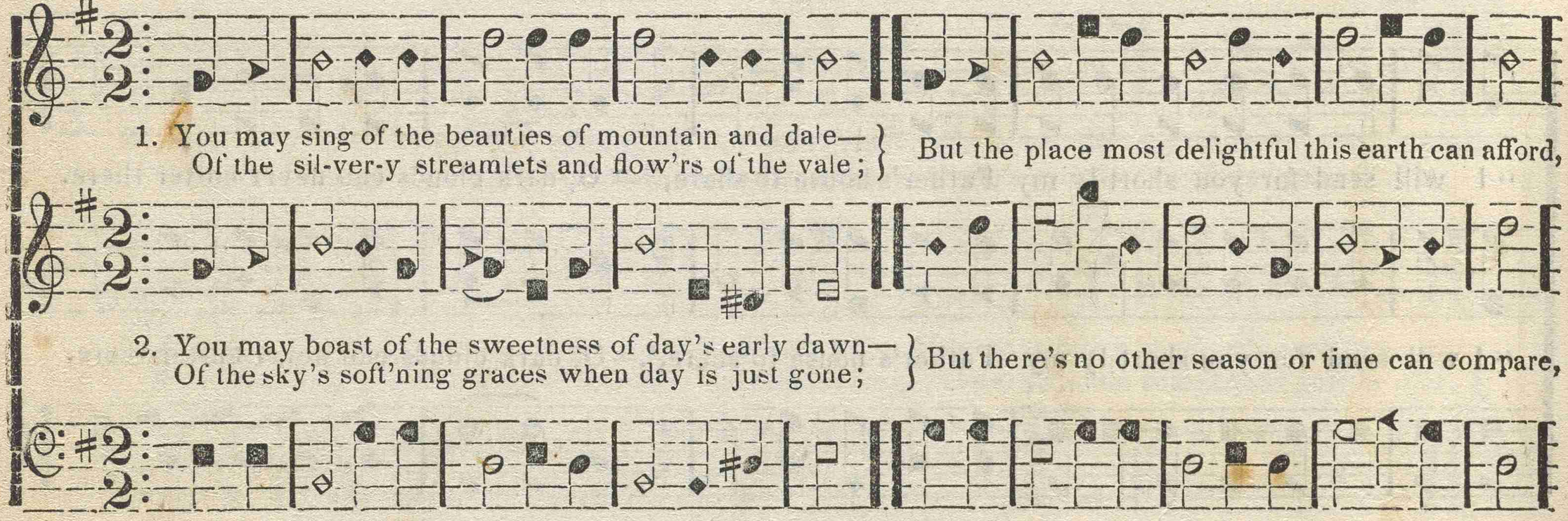
3. Dire enemies surround us
At morning, noon and night,
As the lion couches for his prey;
And when we look to Jesus,
Big tears bedim our sight,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er the way.
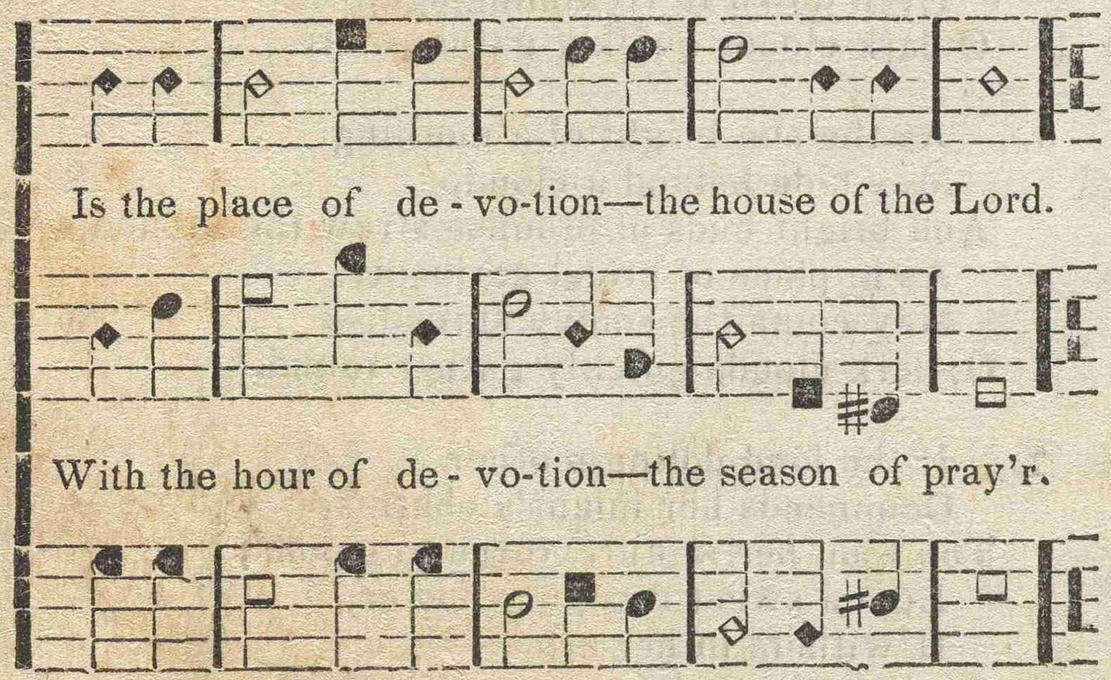
4. If the bliss of Christian union
Revives the fainting heart,
While loved ones to comfort tarry near,
In vain do we linger,
The dearest friends must part,—
O, dark clouds could seperate us here.

5. This life's a tiresome journey
As still from stage to stage,
We go on to future good or ill;
From the early hours of childhood
Even down to trembling age,—
O dark clouds quickly gather o'er.

6. As the sun bright of a morning
May hide behind a cloud,
And bright buds of promise strew the ground,—
As in place of bridal garment,
May come the snowy shroud,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather round.

7. If the fond doting mother
Commends her infant's charms,
Too soon her rapture turns to gloom;
Like a sweet drooping flower,
It withers in her arms,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er its tomb.

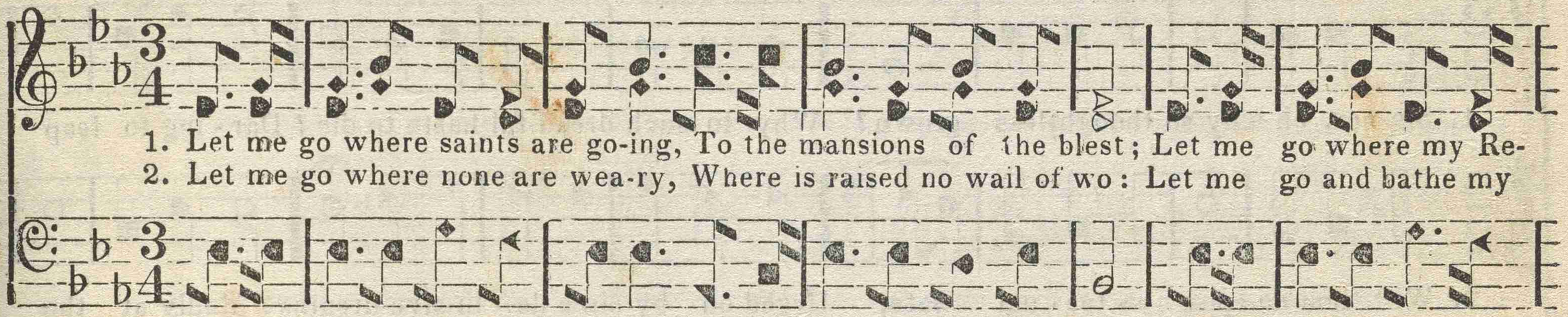




3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.
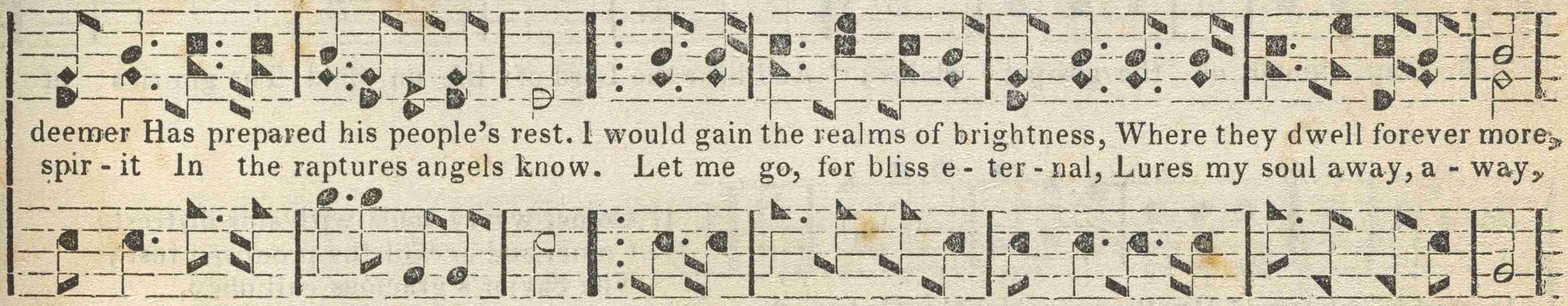
4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame and of wealth,
Of the hopes which so flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail! blessed temple, abode of my Lord,
I will turn to thee often, and learn from his word:
I will walk to thy altars with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from abode.
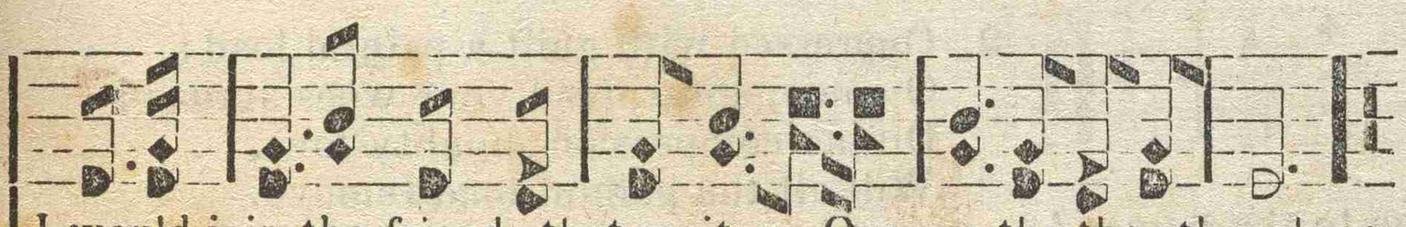


1. Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the mansions of the blest; Let me go where my Re-
2. Let me go where none are wea-ry, Where is raised no wail of wo: Let me go and bathe my
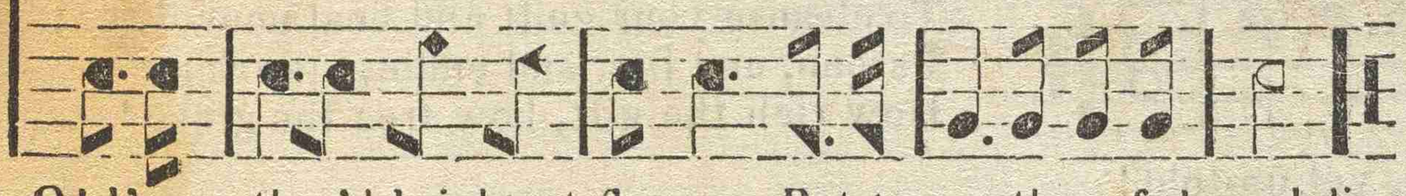
3. Let me go, why should I tar-ry? What has earth to bind me here? What but cares, and toils, and



deemer Has prepared his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forever more,
spir - it In the raptures angels know. Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal, Lures my soul away, a - way,



I would join the friends that wait me Over on the the other shore.
And the victor's song triumphant Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

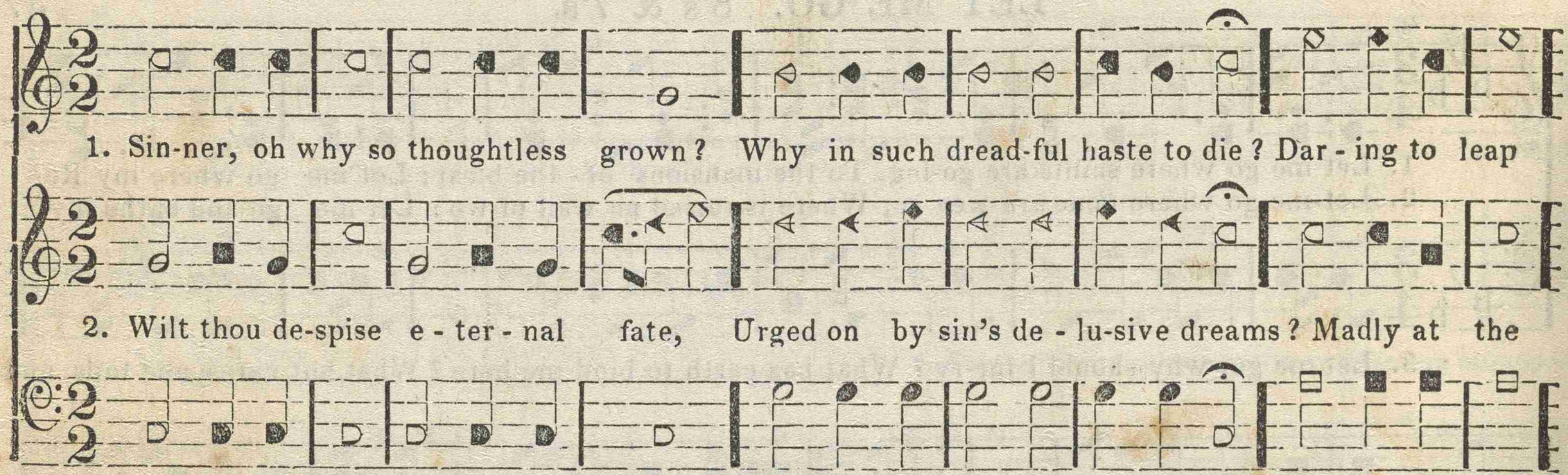


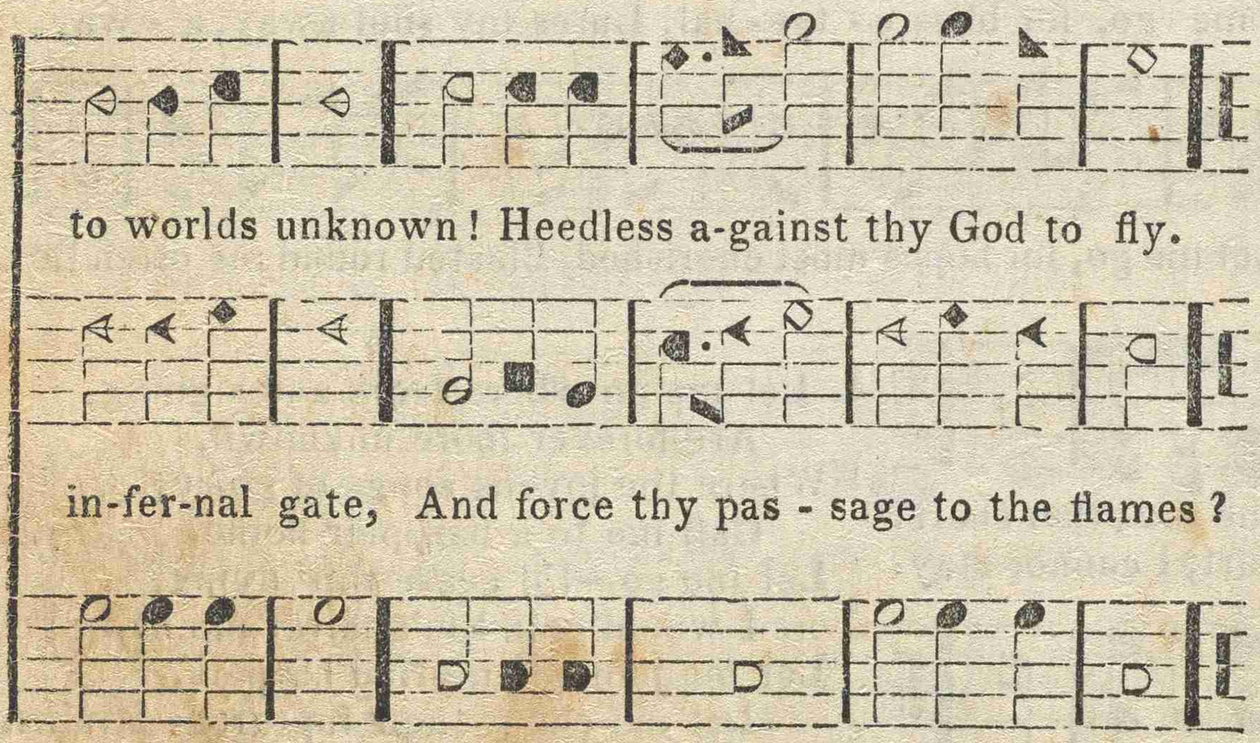
O! I've gather'd brightest flowers, But to see them fade and die.

sorrows? What but death, and pain, and fear? Let me go, for hopes most cherished, Blasted round me often lie;

4. Let me go where tears and sighing,
Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory,
Call me to a harppier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

WESTON. L. M.

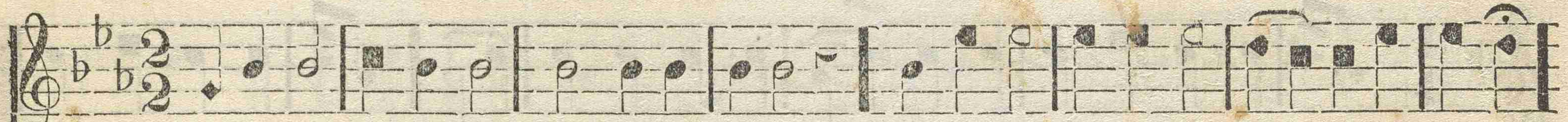




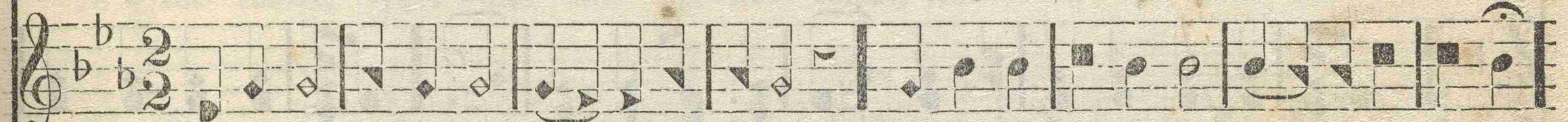
1. Come, weary souls with sins distrest;
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2. Oppressed with guilt a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

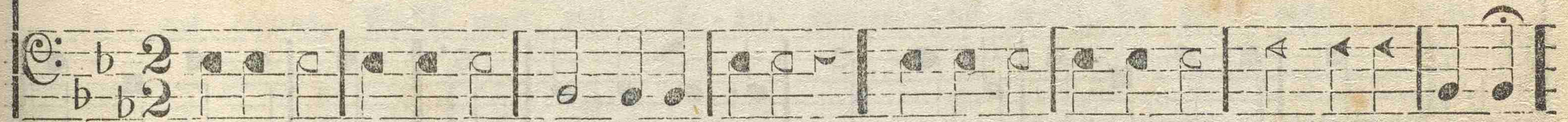
3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!



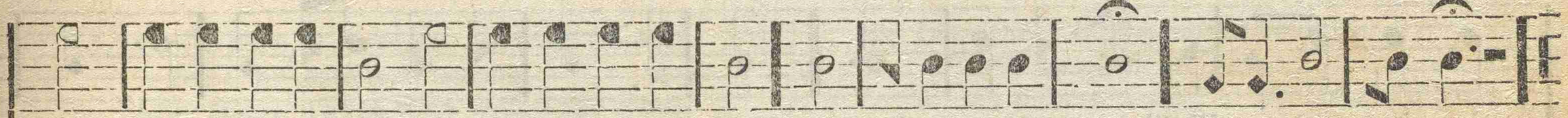
1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?



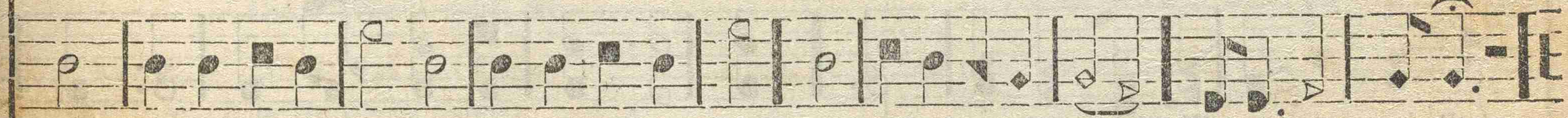
2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river! When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?



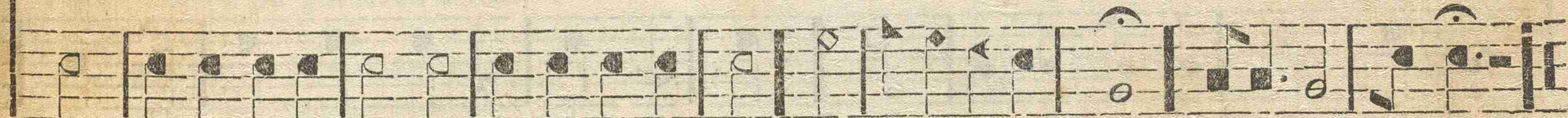
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior; May we all there u-nite, Hap-py for-ev-er?
4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sev-er; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er:



Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!



Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
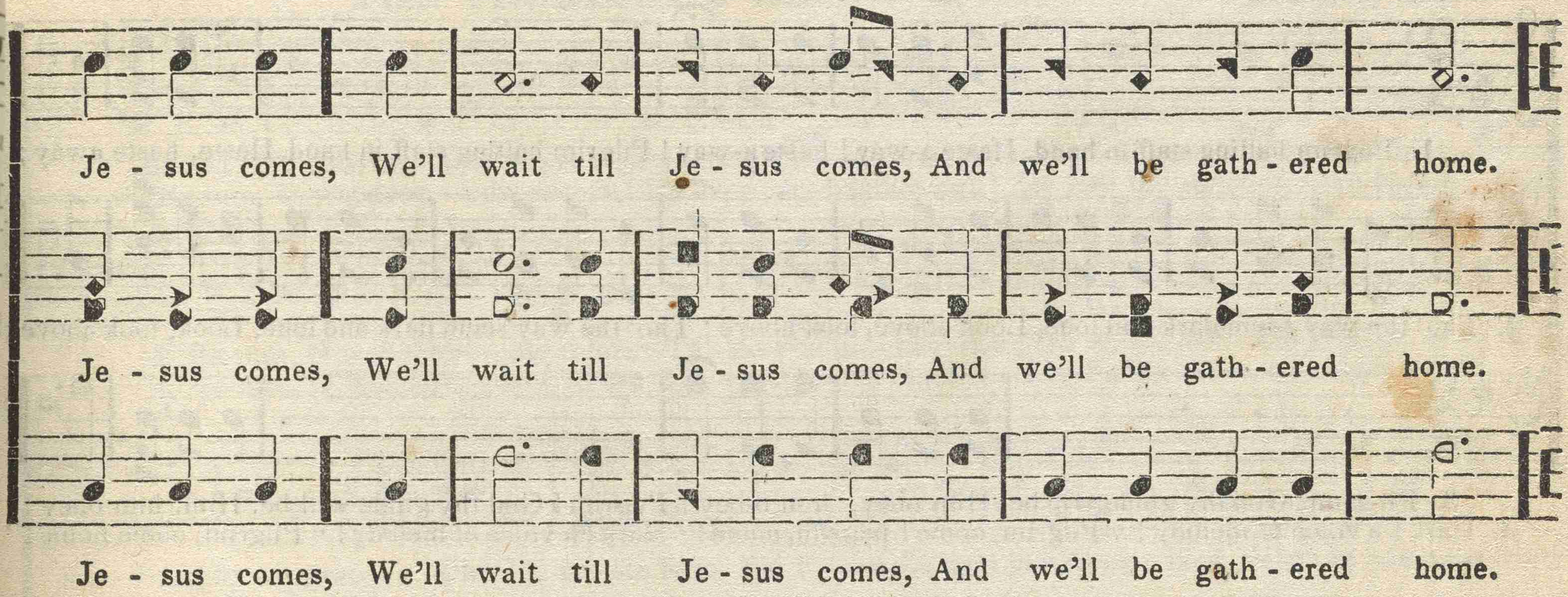


Where kin-dred spir-its dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis-pel Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Our hearts will then re-pose, Se-cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no, nev-er!

THE HEAVENLY MANSION.

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, We'll be gath-ered home; Nor death nor sigh - ing
2. Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gath-ered home; That heaven-ly mansion
3. My Fa - ther's house is built on high, We'll be gath-ered home; A - bove the arched and
4. When from this earth-ly pris - on free, We'll be gath-ered home; That heaven-ly man - sion

vis - it there, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
shall be mine, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
star - ry sky, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
mine shall be, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till



5. While here, a stranger far from home,
We'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
We'll be gathered home.
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.

6. I envy not the rich and great,
We'll be gathered home;
Their pomp of wealth, and pride of state,
We'll be gathered home.

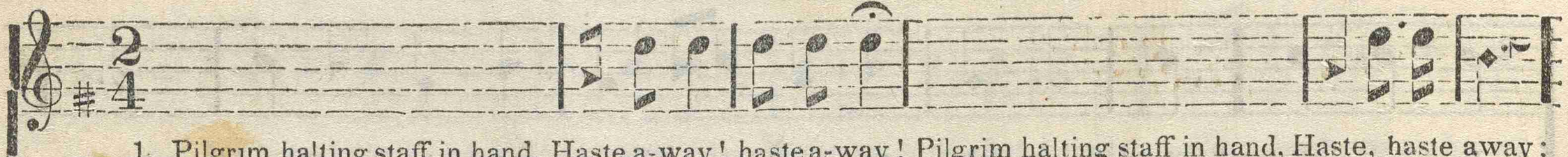
7. My Father is a richer King,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion still I sing,
We'll be gathered home.

8. Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home;
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow,
We'll be gathered home.
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.
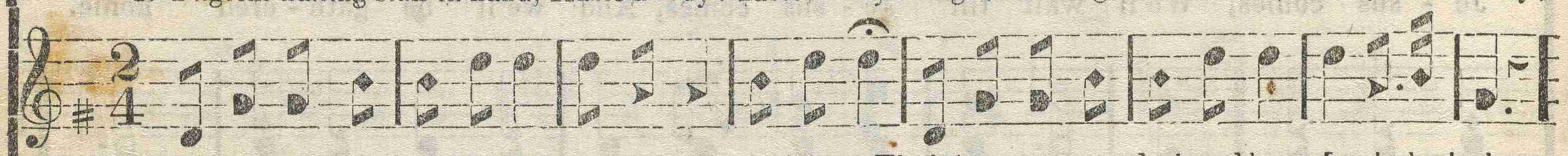
9. Be mine the happier lot to own,
We'll be gathered home;
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We'll be gathered home.

10. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
We'll be gathered home.
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll be gathered home.

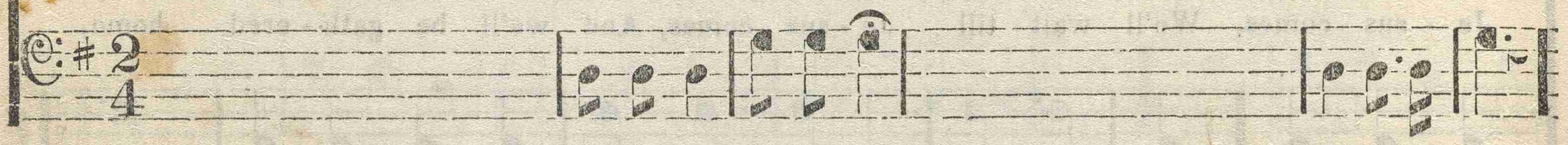
HALTING PILGRIM.



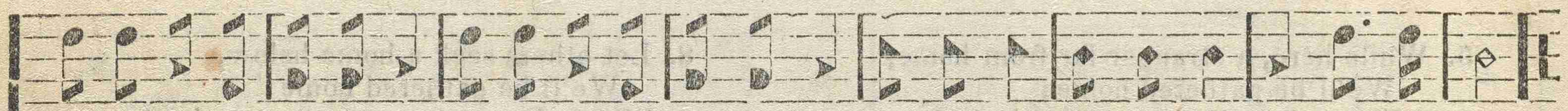
1. Pilgrim halting staff in hand, Haste a-way! haste a-way! Pilgrim halting staff in hand, Haste, haste away;



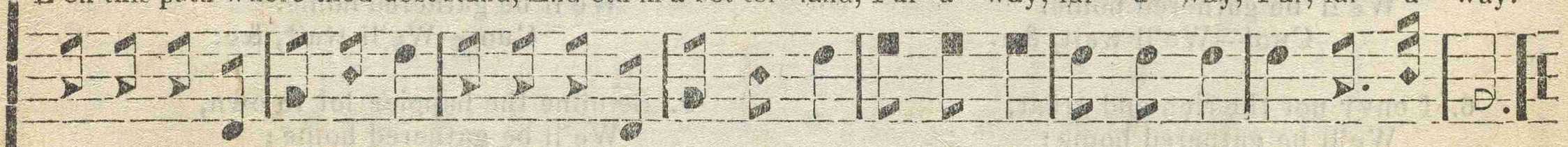
2. Tho' the way seem dark and lone, Look above, look above; Tho' the way seem dark and lone, Look, look above;
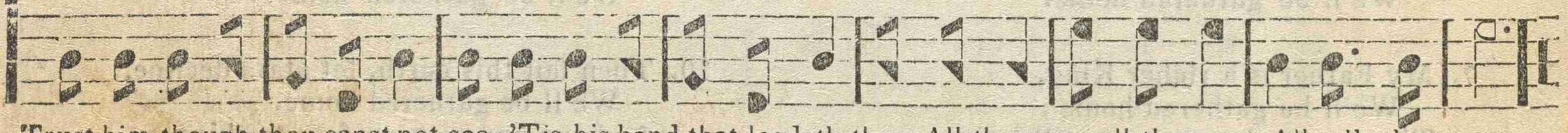


3. Pil-grim! God thy guide will be, Him obey, him o-bey; Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him, him obey;
4. Hark! a voice of melody! "Pilgrim, come! pilgrim, come!" Hark! a voice of melody! "Pilgrim, come home!"



E'en this path where thou dost stand, End-eth in a bet-ter land, Far a - way, far a - way, Far, far a - way.



All is light a-round the throne—Sorrow's sighs are there unknown, All is love, all is love, All, all is love.



'Trust him though thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that leadeth thee, All the way, all the way, All, all the way.
'Tis thy Fa-ther call-eth thee, On-ward press and soon thou'lt be, Safe at home, safe at home, Safe, safe at home.

THE PRODIGAL'S RESOLVE. C. M.

Arranged by ALDINE.

1. Return, O wanderer—now return And seek thy Father's face! Those new desires which in thee burn, Were
2. Re-turn, O wanderer—now re-turn! He hears thy humble sigh: He sees thy softened spirit mourn, When
3. Re-turn, O wanderer—now return: Thy Sa-vior bids thee live: Go to his feet—and grateful learn How
4. Re-turn, O wanderer—now return And wipe the fall-ing tear: Thy Father calls—no longer mourn, 'Tis

CHORUS.

Oh! I'll not die here, No, I'll not die here in a foreign land, When at home there's e -

kin - dled by his grace.
no one else is nigh.

free - ly he'll forgive.
love in-vites thee near.

nough and to spare, I'll a - rise and go to my Fa-ther's house, For I know there is mer-- cy there.

BILLOW.

1. Star of peace, to wand'rers wea-ry, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's
2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the
4. Star di-vine, O safe-ly guide him, Bring the wanderer home to thee; Sore temp - ta - tions

vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea.

lone - ly pil-low, Far, far at sea, Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil-low, Far, far at sea.

bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea, Save him on the bil-lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea.
long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Sore temp-ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

REST IN HEAVEN.

Newly arranged by POE.

1. How oft-en I am wea - ry, How oft - en sad and drea-ry, What then but this can
2. What then of trib - u - la - tion, What then, of sore temp-ta-tion, Be this my con-so -

3. Then, welcome death and mourn-ing, I see the day approaching; Joy com-eth in the

cheer me, I soon shall rest in heav'n. When this poor body lies slumb'ring in the grave, And soft winds gently sigh
la - tion, I soon shall rest in heav'n.

morn - ing, The day of rest in heav'n.

o'er its qui - et home, And strange, sweet flowers in beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest in heav'n.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for-ev - er bright,—Beau-ti-ful land of rest, No winter there, nor chill of night,—

2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for-ev - er free,—Beau-ti-ful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of Liberty,—

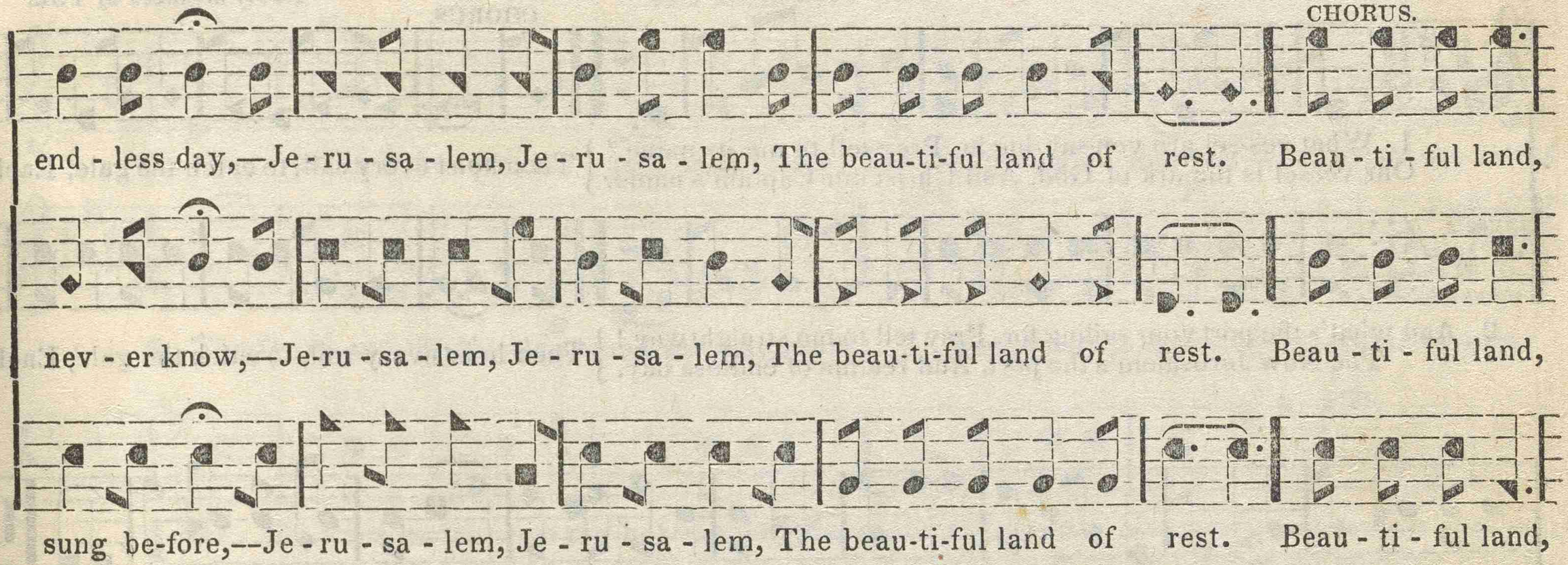
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for-ev-er dear,—Beau-ti-ful land of rest! Thy pear-ly gates al-most ap-pear,—
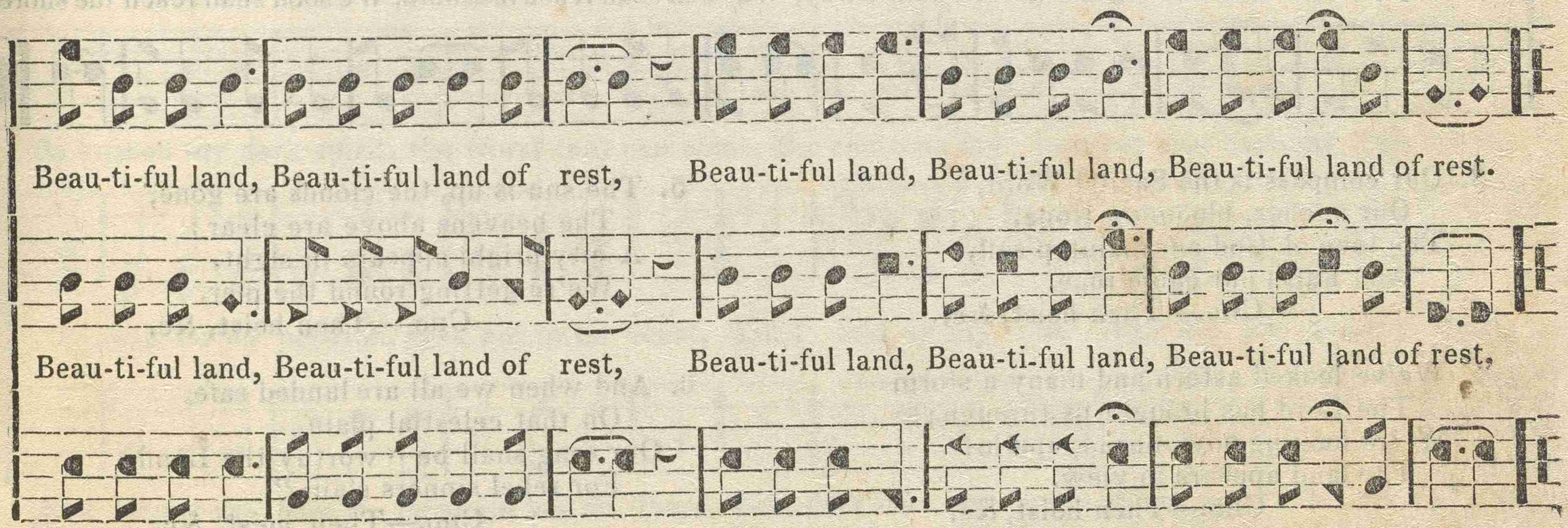
Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The drip-ping cloud is chased a-way, The sun breaks forth in

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ran-som'd there will

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We'll sing the song we've

CHORUS.
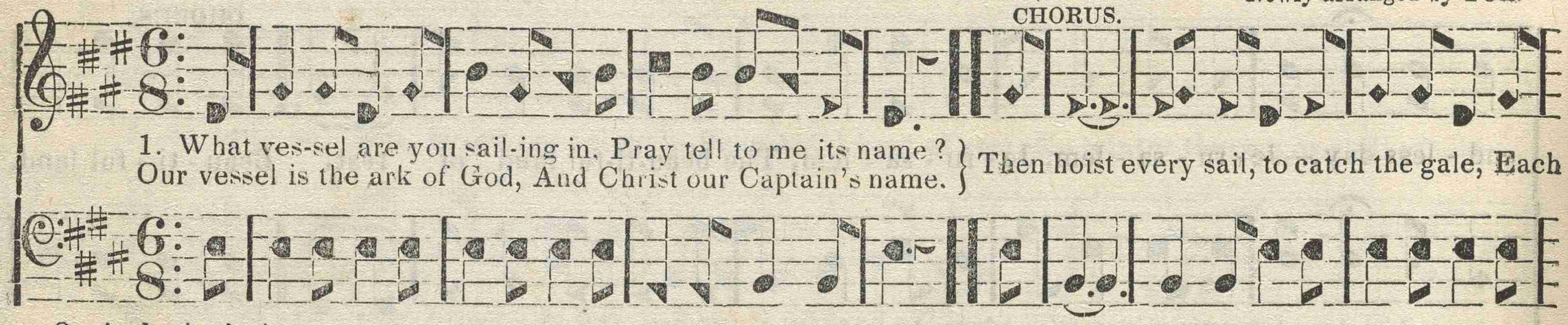

end - less day,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti-ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,
nev - er know,—Je-ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti-ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,
sung be-fore,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti-ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,


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

THE GOSPEL ARK.

Newly arranged by POE.

CHORUS.

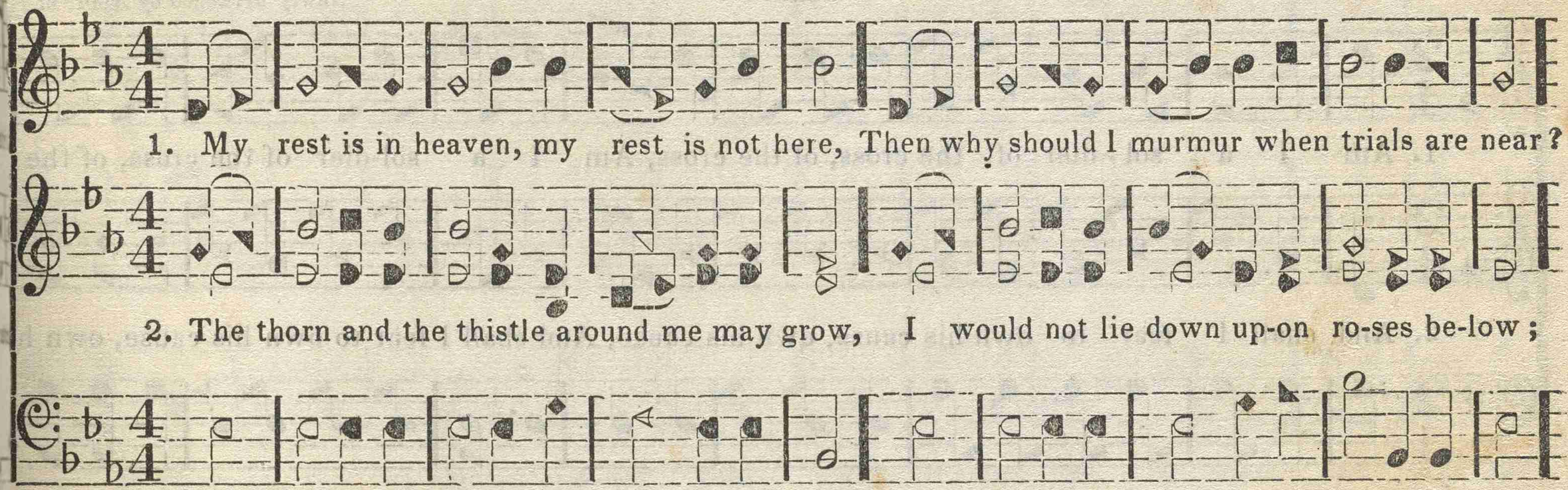


3. Our compass is the Sacred Word,
Our anchor, blooming Hope,
The love of God our maintop sail,
And Faith our cable rope.
CHO.—Then hoist, &c.

4. We've looked astern and many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now, ahead, and lo!
The land appears in view.
CHO.—Then hoist, &c.

5. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.
CHO.—Then hoist, &c.

6. And when we all are landed safe,
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be "worthy the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain."
CHO.—Then hoist, &c.


1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
2. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down up-on ro-ses be-low;
3. Af - flic-tions may grieve me but cannot destroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
4. A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an en-e-my's land;
Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come, But shortens my jour-ney and hast-ens me home.
I ask for no por-tion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Sa - vior my joy and my rest.
And bit-ter-est tears if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sun - shine, grow diamond and gem.
The road may be rough, but it can-not be long, I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

GLEN.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, of the cross, Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the
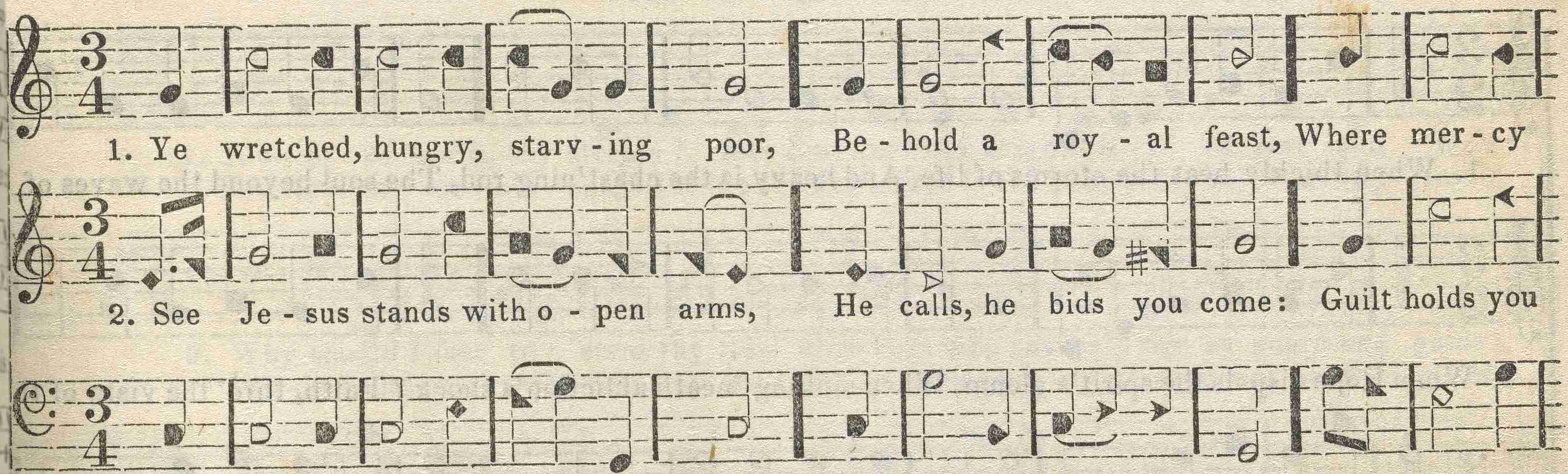
2. And shall I fear to own his cause, own his cause, And shall I fear to own his cause, own his

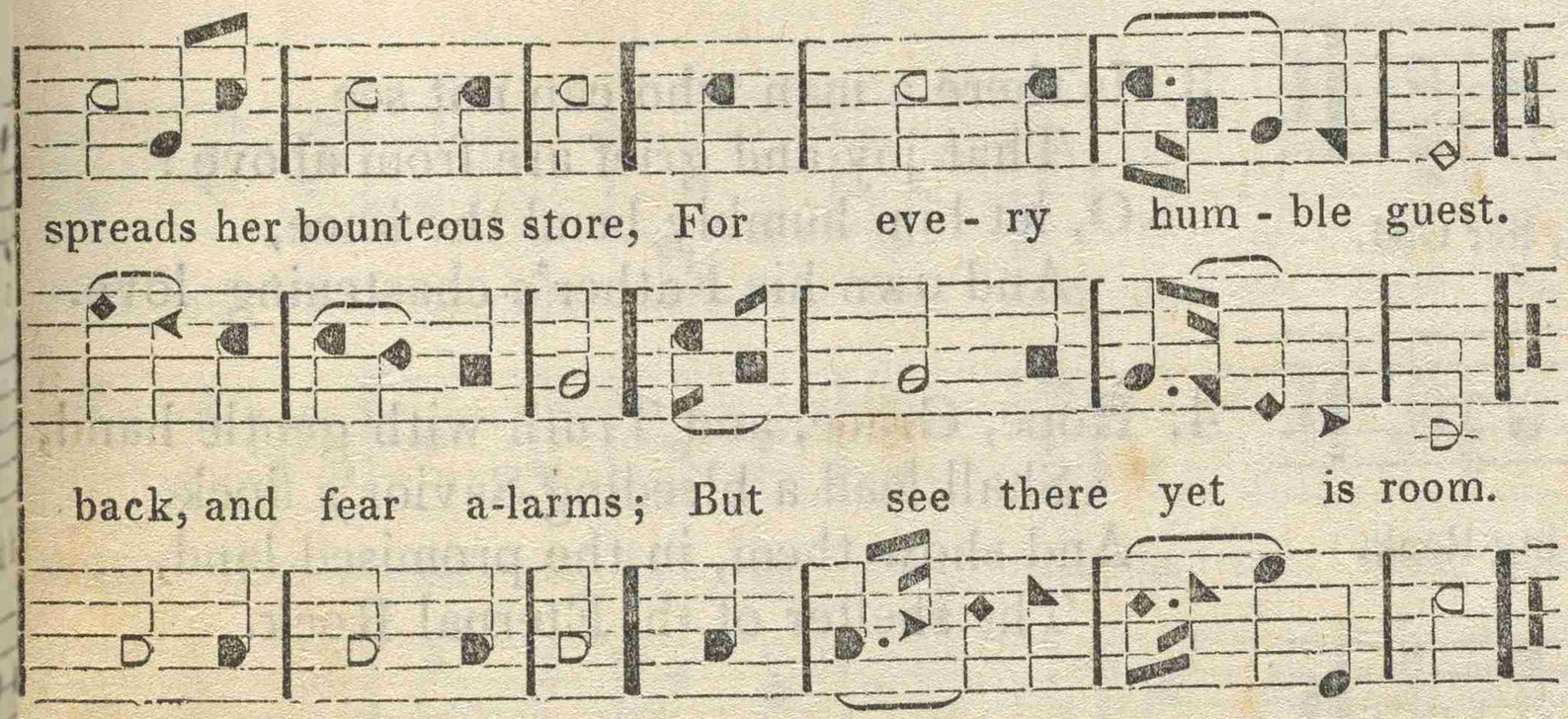
3. Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the skies, Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the
4. While oth-ers fought to win the prize, win the prize, While others fought to win the prize, win the

cross, Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?

cause, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

skies, Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease.
prize, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood - y seas?



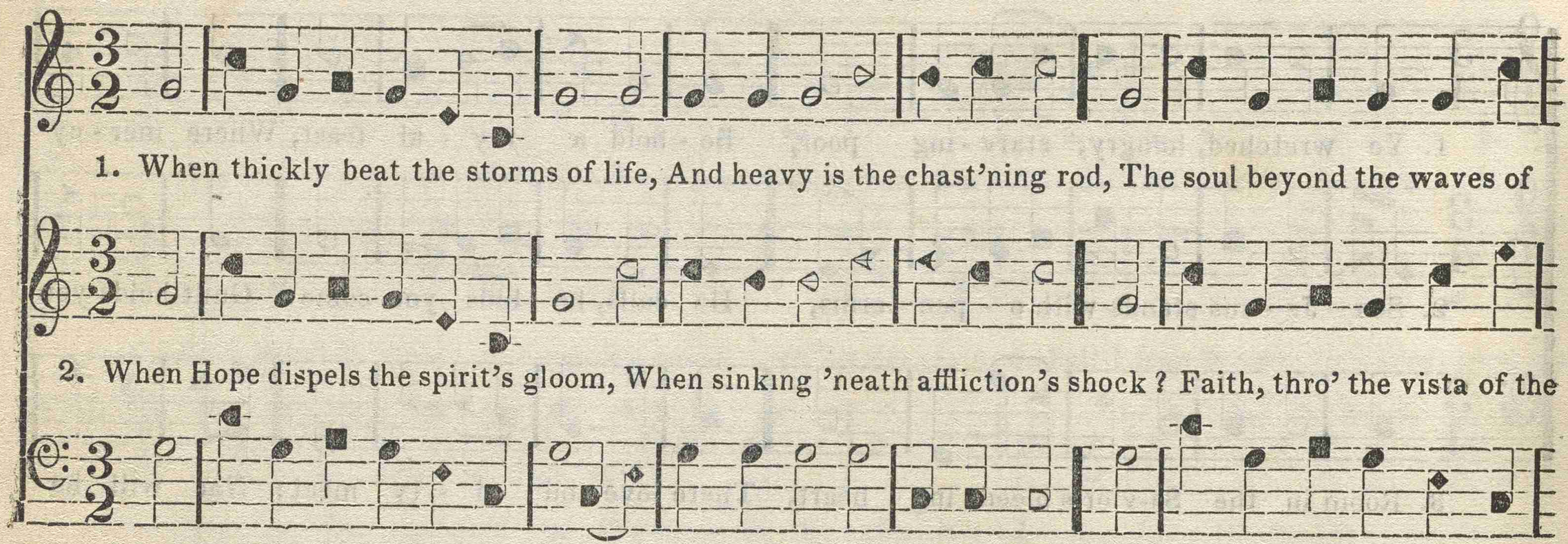


O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

ZELEK. L. M.
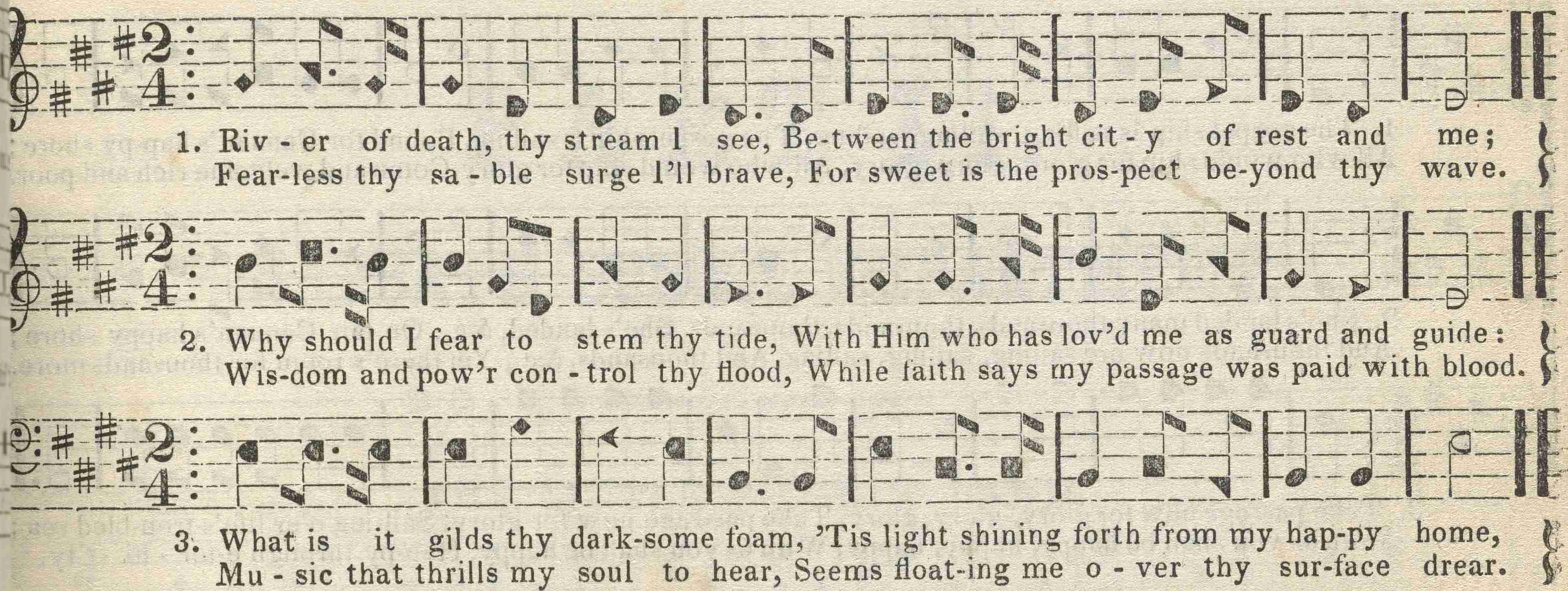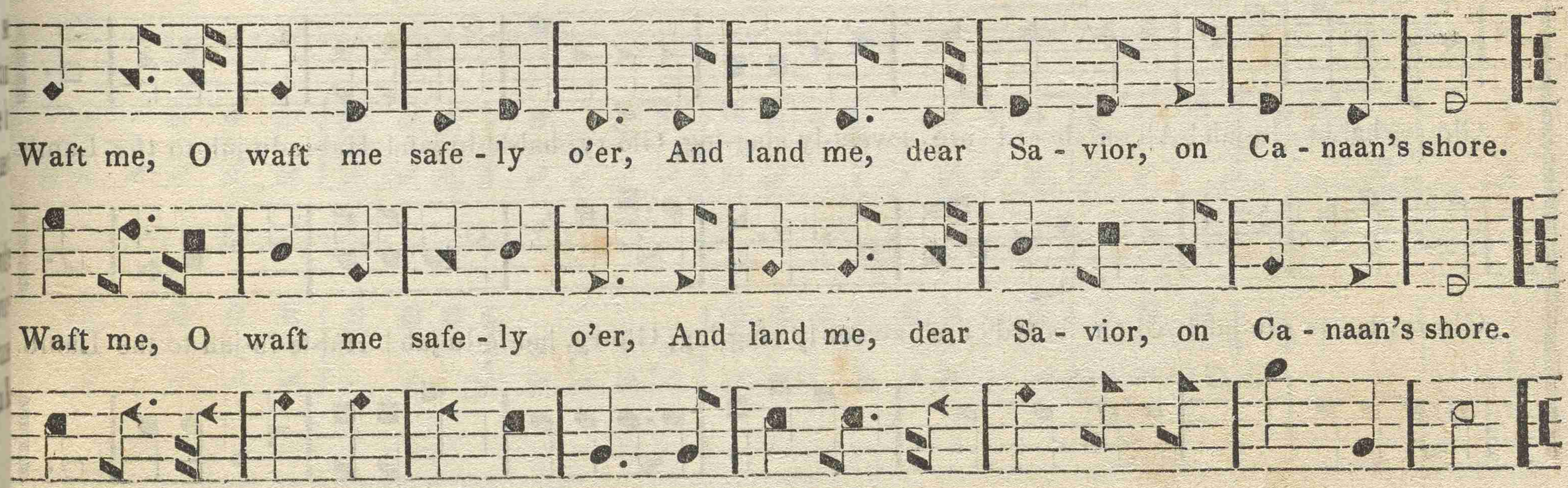


3. Is there a man who can not see
That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chastening love.

4. Hope, Grace, and Truth with gentle hand,
Shall lead a bleeding Savior's flock,
And show them, in the promised land,
The shelter of th' Eternal Rock.

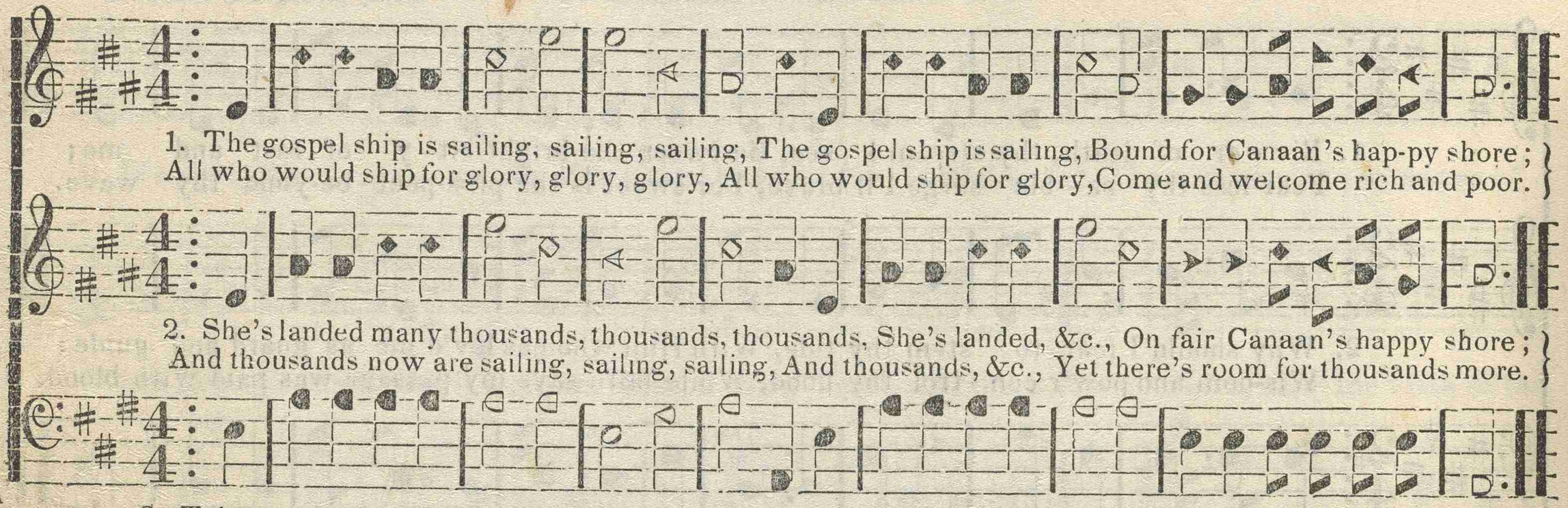
CANAAN'S SHORE.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.
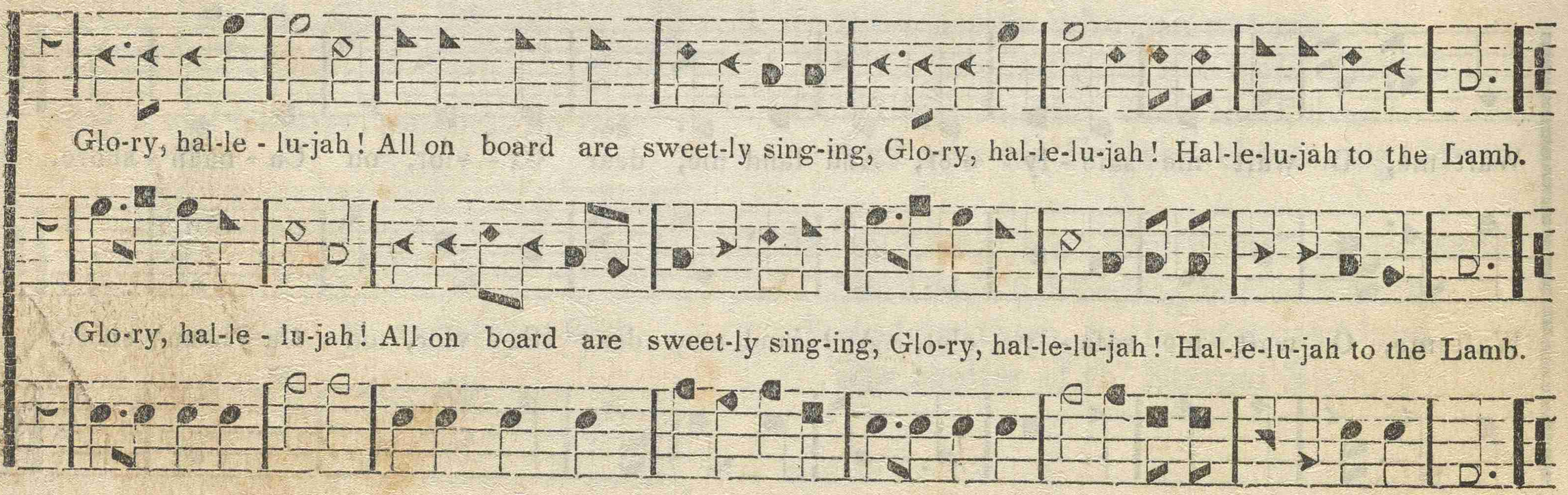




THE GOSPEL SHIP.



1. The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing, The gospel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's hap-py shore;
All who would ship for glory, glory, glory, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome rich and poor.

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

3. Take passage now for glory, glory, glory, Take pas-sage now for glory, Sail-ing o'er life's trou-bled sea;
With us you shall be happy, happy, happy, With us you shall be happy, Hap-py through e-ter - ni - ty.



Glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! All on board are sweet-ly sing-ing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb.

Glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! All on board are sweet-ly sing-ing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb.
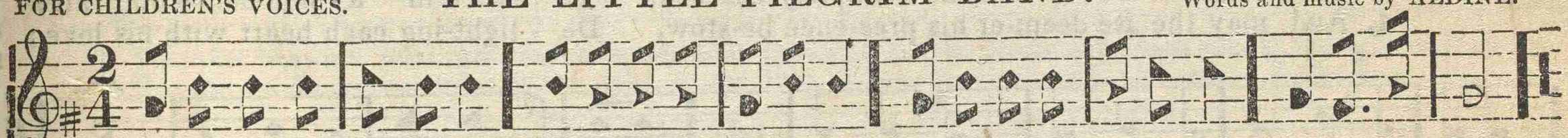
PART II.

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

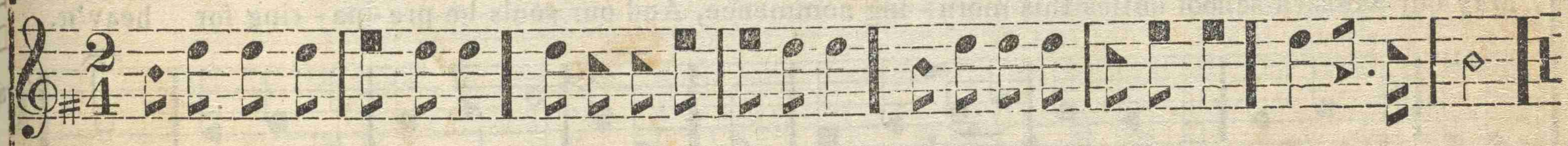
FOR CHILDREN'S VOICES.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM BAND.

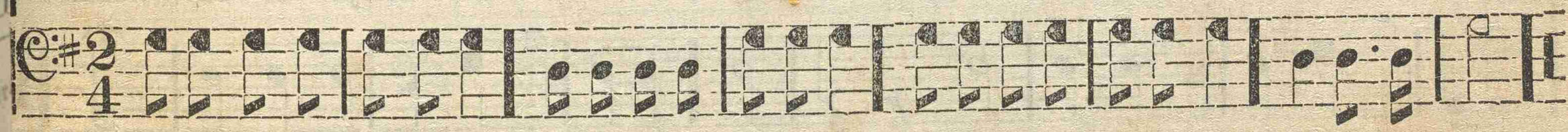
Words and music by ALDINE.



1. We're a little pilgrim band, Roaming thro' a stranger land, Soon on Canaan's shore to stand, No more to roam.

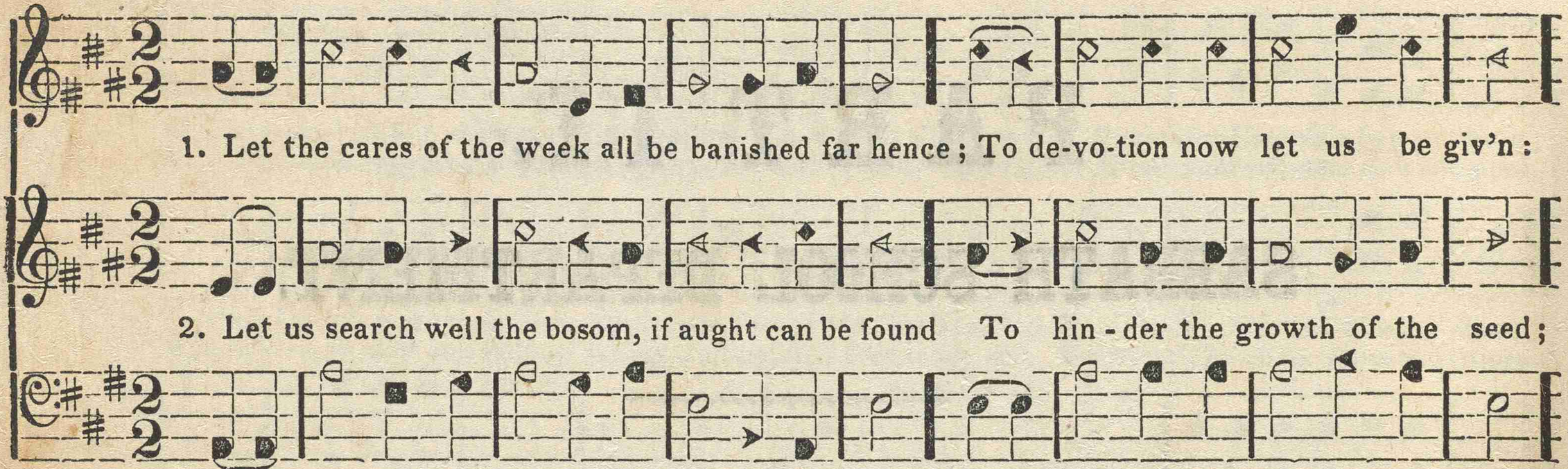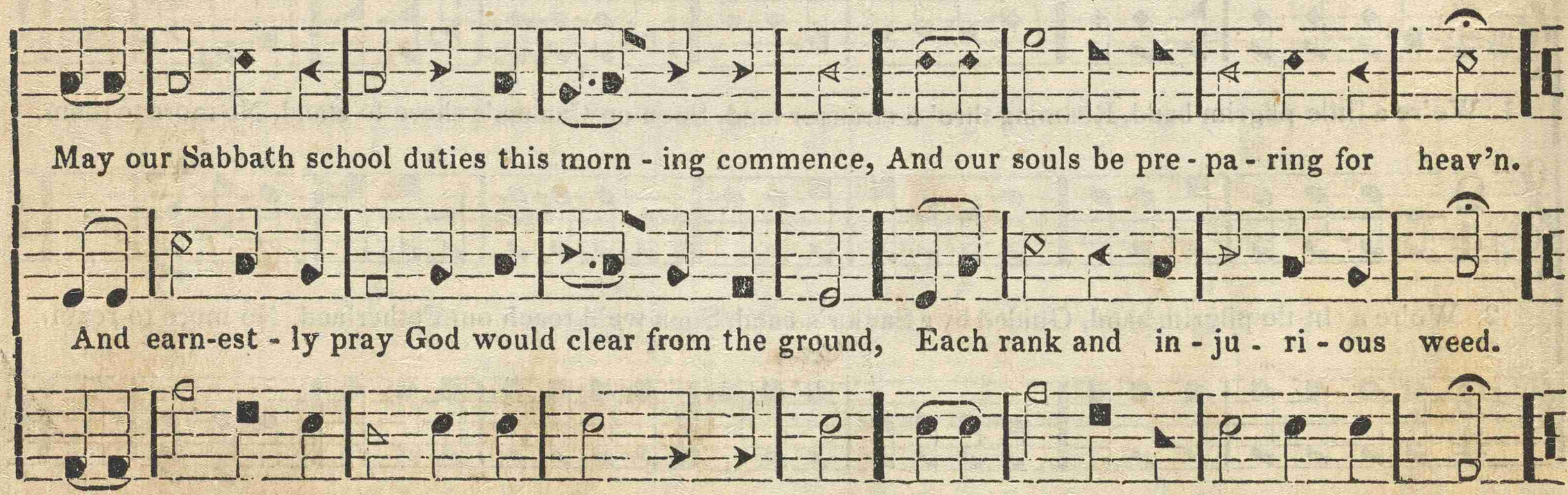


2. We're a lit-tle pilgrim band, Guided by a Savior's hand, Soon we'll reach our Fatherland, No more to roam.
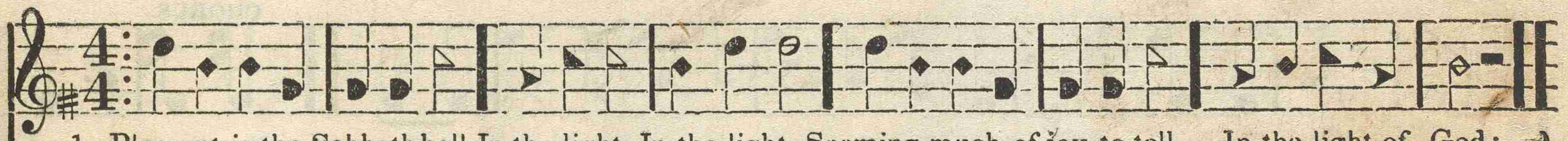


3. Soon that better land to gain, Free from sorrow, grief and pain, Sing the angels' happy strain, No more to roam.
4. There with Christ we'll live and reign, Nevermore to part again ; Sing the Lamb that once was slain, No more to roam .

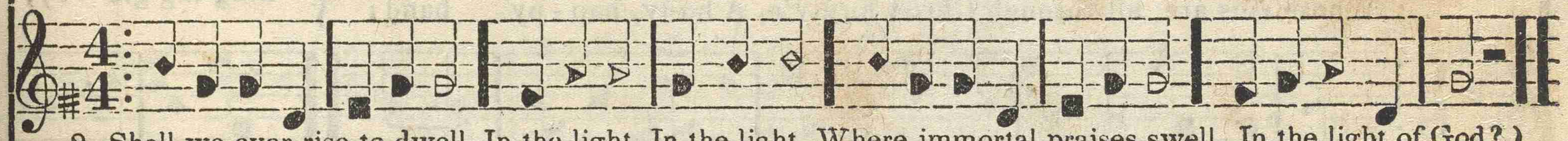
VERNON.


1. Let the cares of the week all be banished far hence; To de-vo-tion now let us be giv'n:
2. Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found To hin-der the growth of the seed;
3. And oh, that a dew from the Lord may descend, To rest in a-bun-dance on all;
4. And may the Re-deem-er his pres-ence be-stow, De-light-ing each heart with his love;

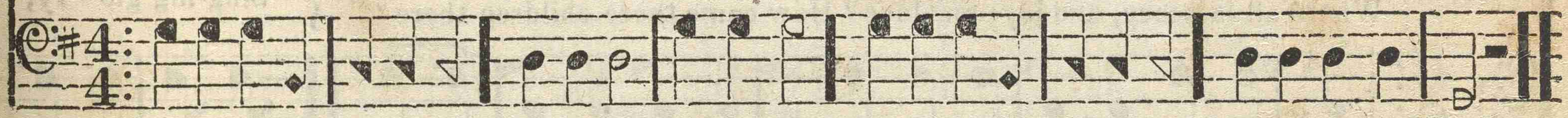

May our Sabbath school duties this morn-ing commence, And our souls be pre-pa-ring for heav'n.
And earn-est-ly pray God would clear from the ground, Each rank and in-ju-ri-ous weed.
For with-out it no bless-ing the word will at-tend, Though preached by A-pol-los or Paul.
And give us to taste, in his dwell-ing be-low, The joys of his tem-ple a-bove.



1. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell In the light, In the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God:
But a sweeter music far, In the light, In the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.
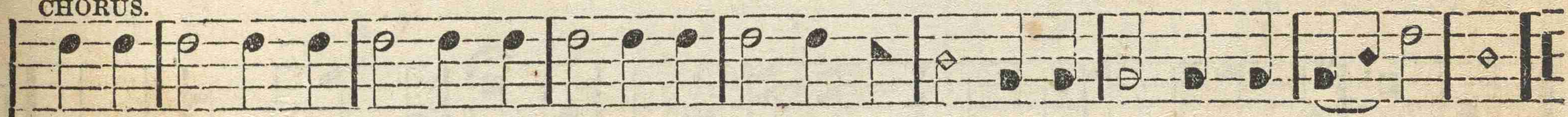


2. Shall we ever rise to dwell, In the light, In the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God?
And can children ever go, In the light, In the light, Where e-ter-nal Sabbaths glow, In the light of God?

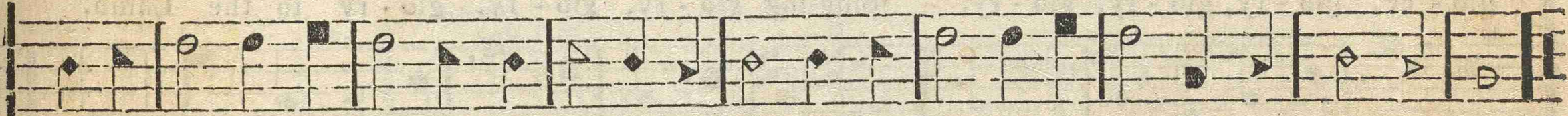


3. Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, In the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God:
For the good a rest remains, In the light, In the light, Where the glorious Savior reigns, In the light of God.
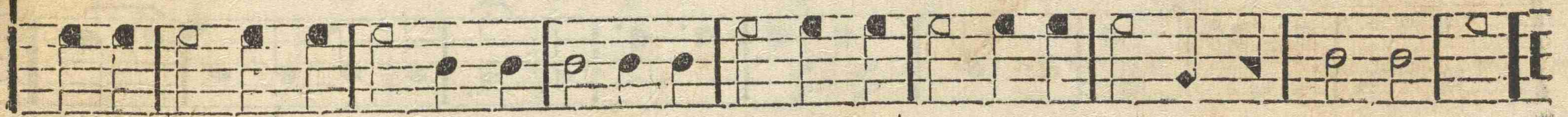
CHORUS.



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



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



CHILDEN'S SONG. C. M.

CHORUS.

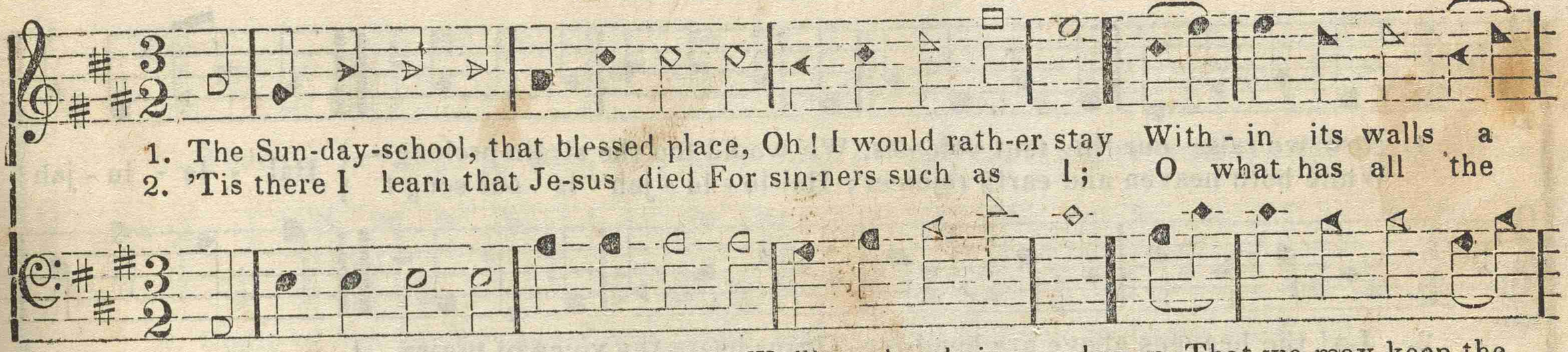
1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ forgiv'n, A ho-ly, hap - py band; } Sing-ing glo - ry,

2. What brought them to that world a-bove, That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there? } Sing-ing glo - ry,

3. Be - cause the Sa-vior shed his blood To wash a - way their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Be-hold them white and clean. } Sing-ing glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
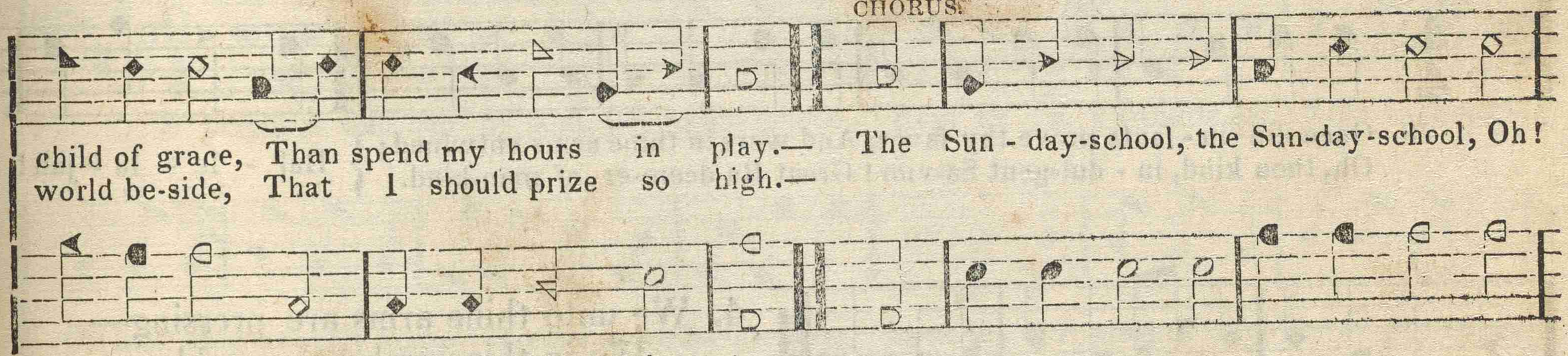
glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, to the Lamb.
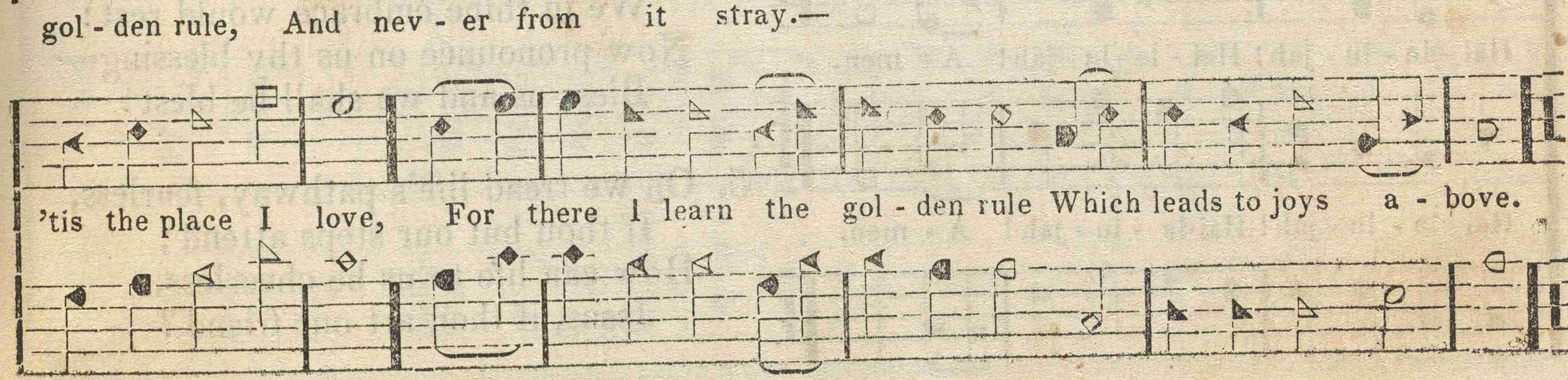


1. The Sun-day-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rath-er stay With - in its walls a
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je-sus died For sin-ners such as I; O what has all the

3. And welcome then the Sun-day-school, We'll read and sing, and pray, That we may keep the

CHORUS.



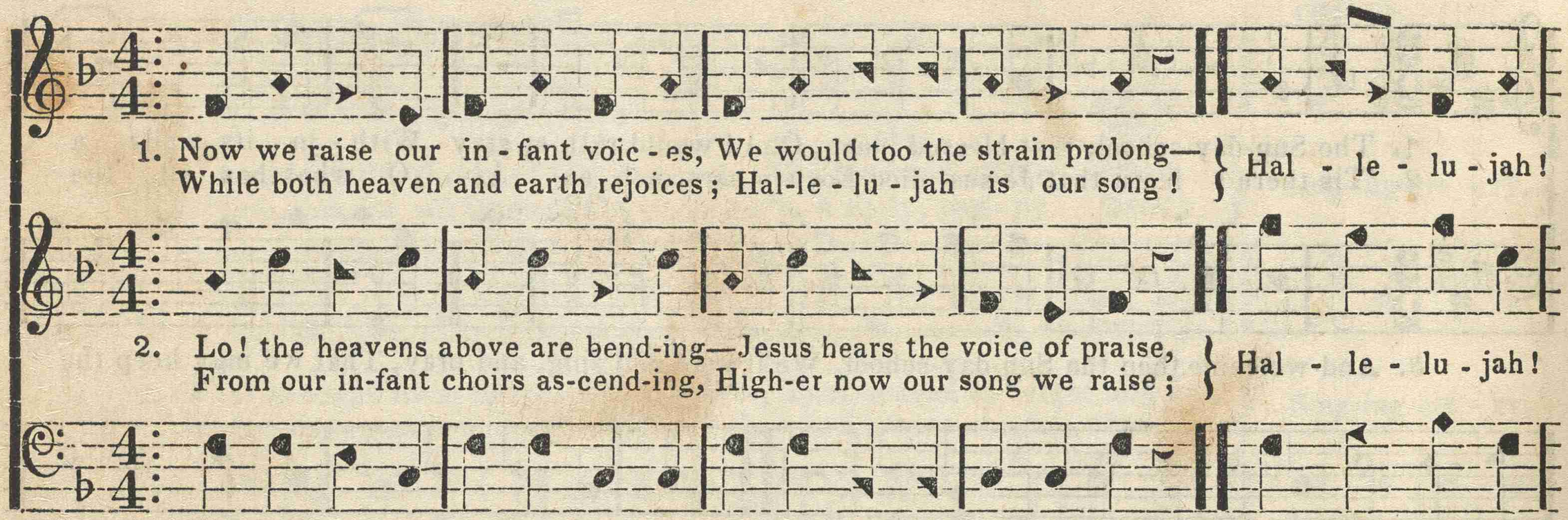
child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.— The Sun - day-school, the Sun-day-school, Oh!
world be-side, That I should prize so high.—
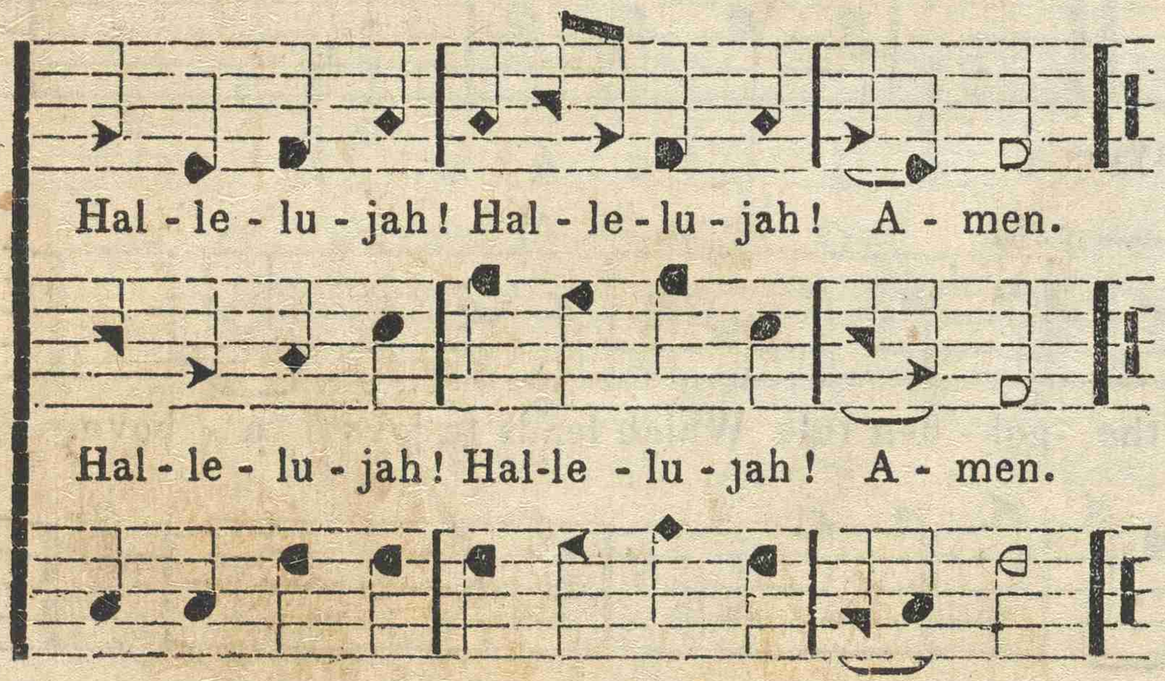


gol - den rule, And nev - er from it stray.—

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

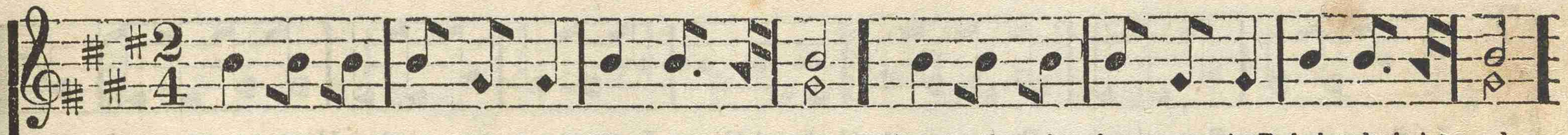
VESPER HYMN.



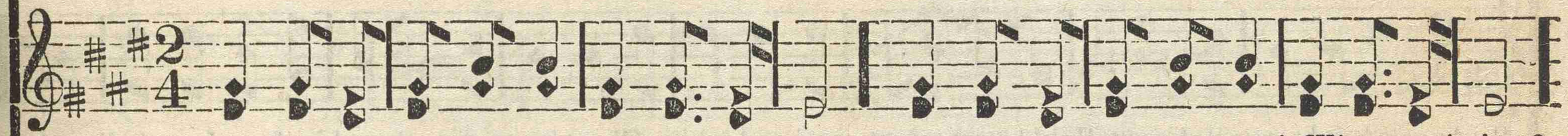


4. We unto thine arms are pressing—
We in thine embrace would rest:
Now pronounce on us thy blessing—
Bless us and we shall be blest:
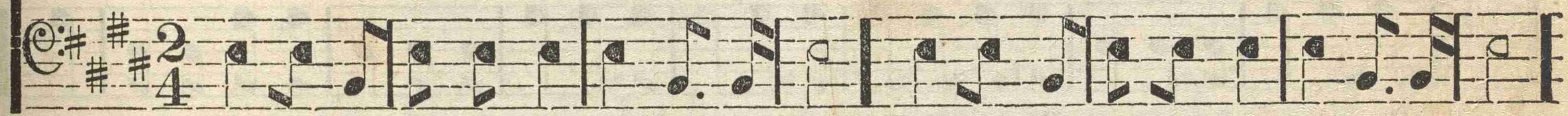
5. On we tread life's pathway, fearless,
If thou but our steps attend;
How can life to us be cheerless,
Jesus, if thou art our friend?



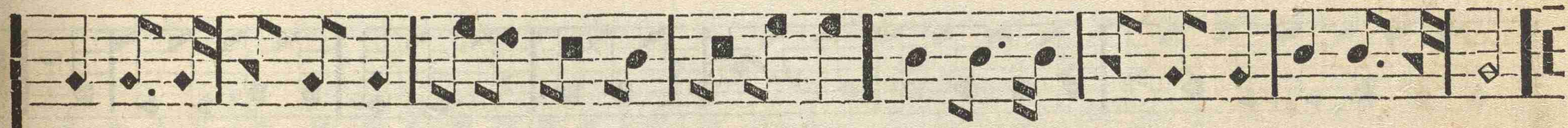
1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;



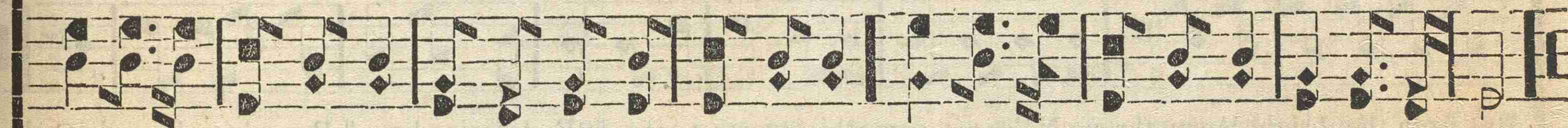
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come, away! Why will you doubt-ing stand, Why yet de-lay?



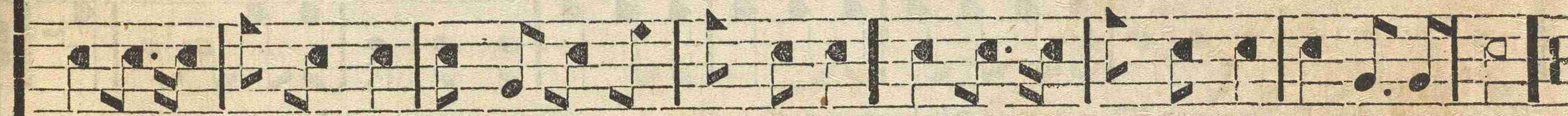
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand Love cannot die;



Oh how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Savior King," Loud let his prais-es ring For ev - er THERE.
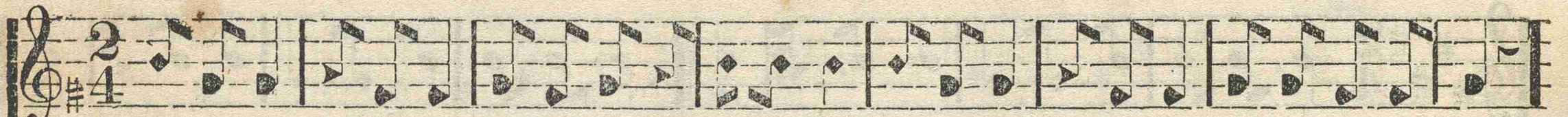


Oh we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sor-row free! Lord, we shall live with thee, For ever THERE.



Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home; And bright above the sun Reign EVERMORE.

SWEETLY SING.



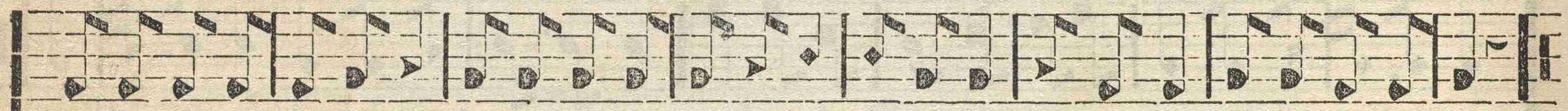
1. Sweetly sing, Sweetly sing, Praises to our God and King; Let us raise, let us raise, High our notes of praise;



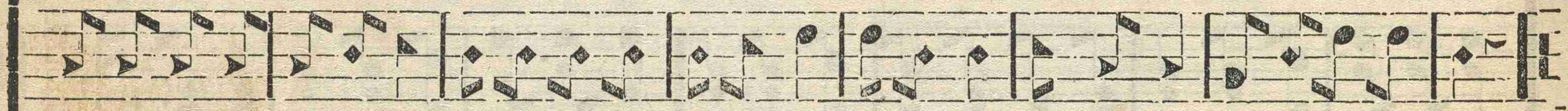
2. Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his, &c., In melodious lays.



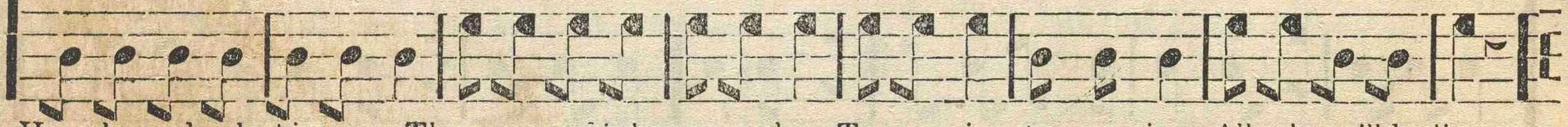
3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin's dark val-ley lay; Je-sus came, Jesus came, Bless-ed be his name,
4. Now we know, now we know, We from earth must shortly go; ‖: Soon the call, ‖ Comes to one and all!



Praise to him whose name is Love, Praise to him who reigns above; ‖:Raise your songs,:‖ Now with thankful tongues.

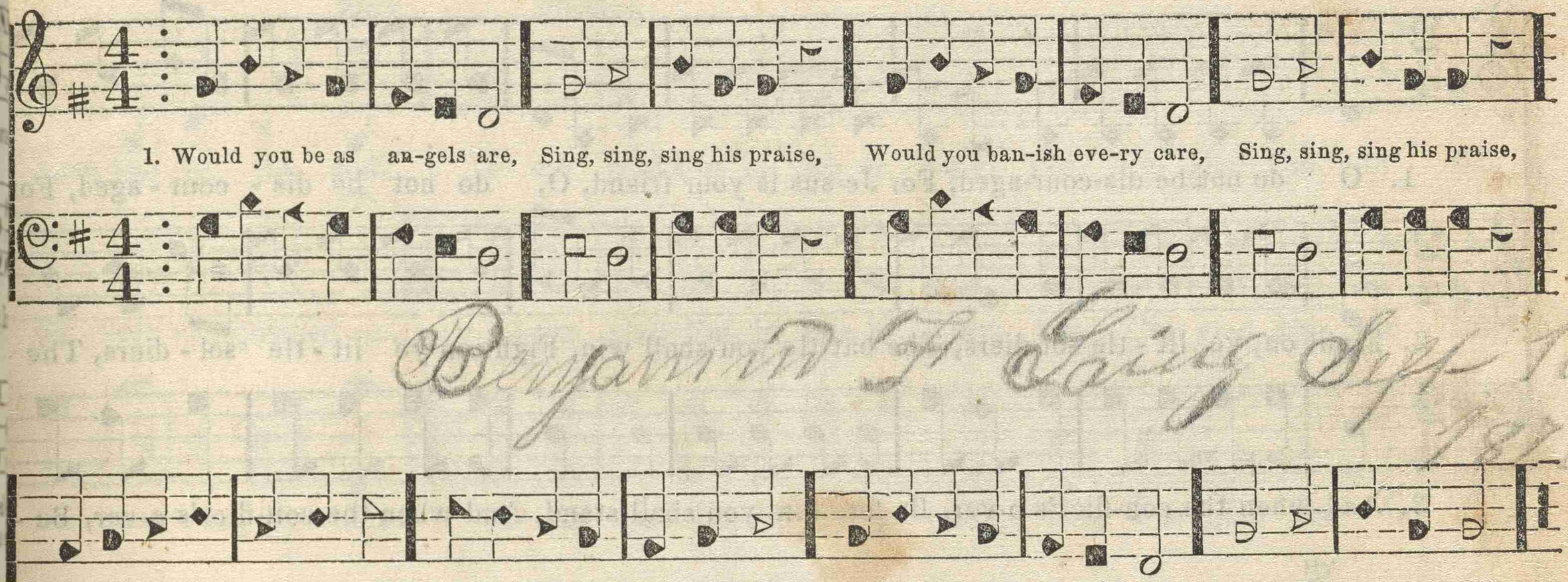


But from that bright happy throng Ne'er can come this sweetest song, ‖"Redeeming love,‖ Brought us here above."



He redeemed us by his grace, Then prepared in heaven a place To re-ceive, to re-ceive, All who will be-lieve.
Savior, when our time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home; There we'll raise notes of praise Thro' unending days.

SING HIS PRAISE.



2. If the world upon you frown,
   Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If you're left to sing alone,
   Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
   Sing, sing, sing his praise.

3. For his wond'rous, dying love,
   Sing, sing, sing his praise,
That he intercedes above,
   Sing, sing, sing his praise,
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyoud the sky,
And with angel choirs on high,
   Sing, sing, sing his praise.

1. O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Je-sus is your friend, O, do not be dis - cour - aged, For

2. Fight on, ye lit - tle sol-diers, The bat-tle you shall win, Fight on ye lit - tle sol - diers, The

3. And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be-fore him you shall stand, And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be -

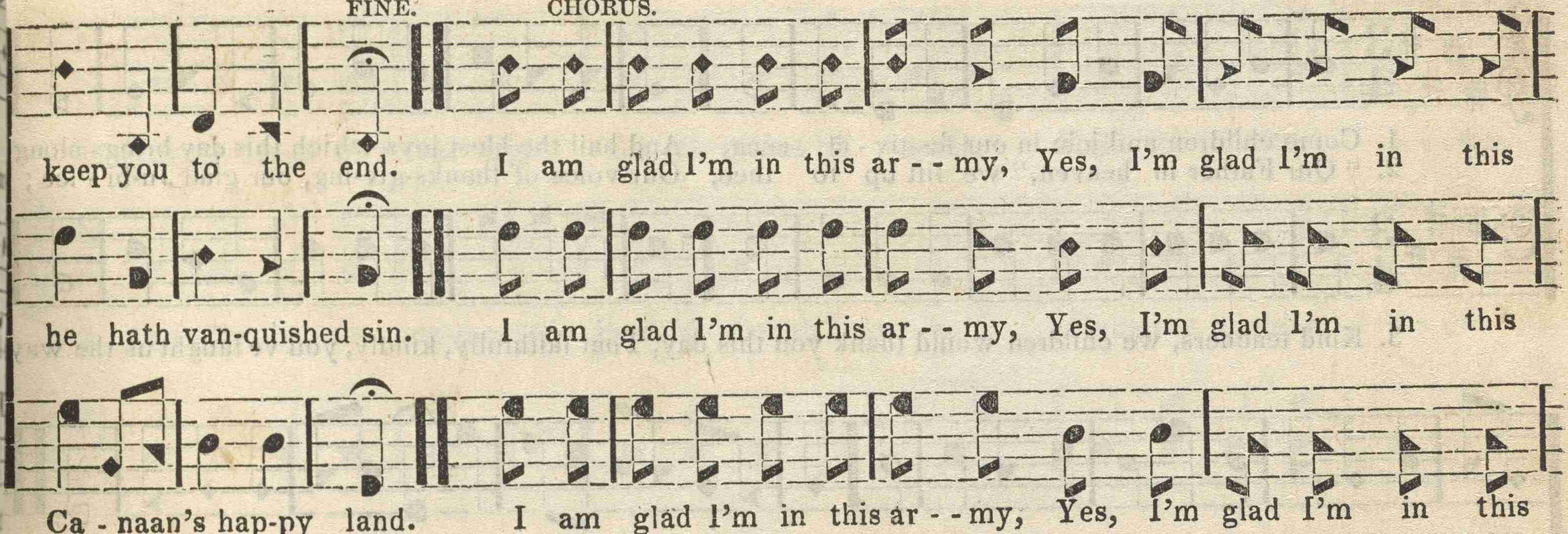
S.

Je - sus is your friend; He will give you grace to conquer; He will give you grace to conquer, And
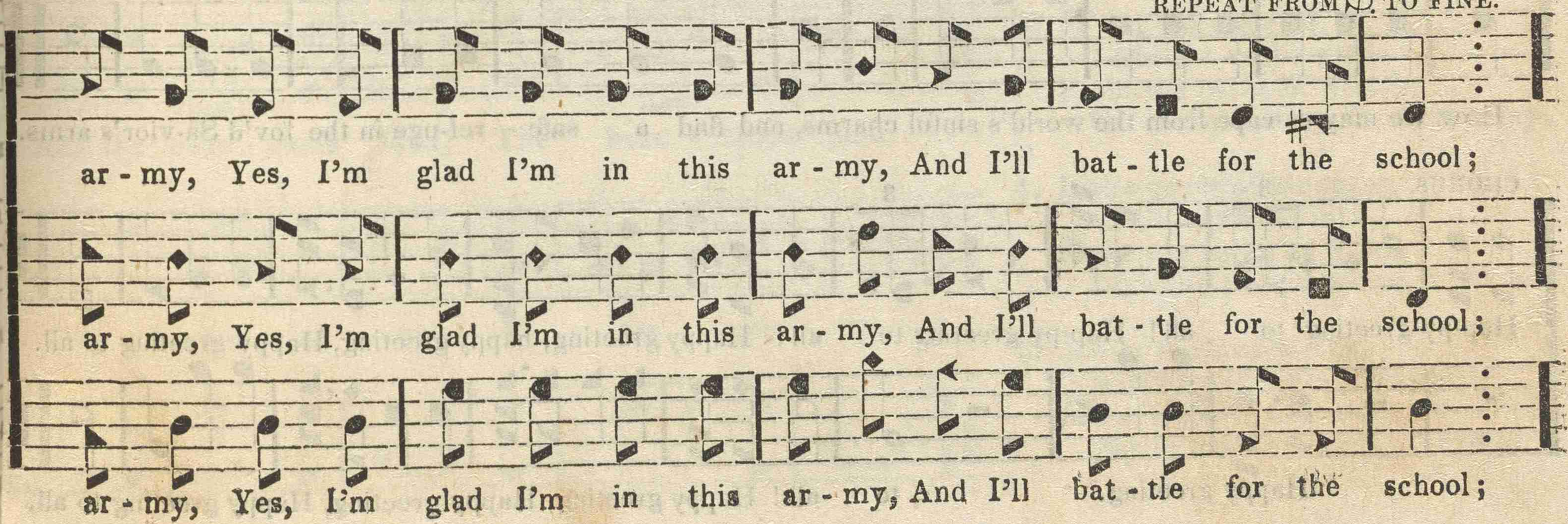
bat - tle you shall win; For the Sa-vior is your Cap-tain, For the Sa-vior is your Cap-tain, And

fore him you shall stand; You shall sing his praise for-ever, You shall sing his praise for-ev - er, In

FINE. CHORUS.



REPEAT FROM $. TO FINE.



HAPPY GREETING.

1. Come children and join in our fes-tiv - al song, And hail the blest joys which this day brings along;
2. "Our Father in heaven," we lift up to thee, Our voice of thanks-giv-ing, our glad Ju-bi - lee;

3. Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day, That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,

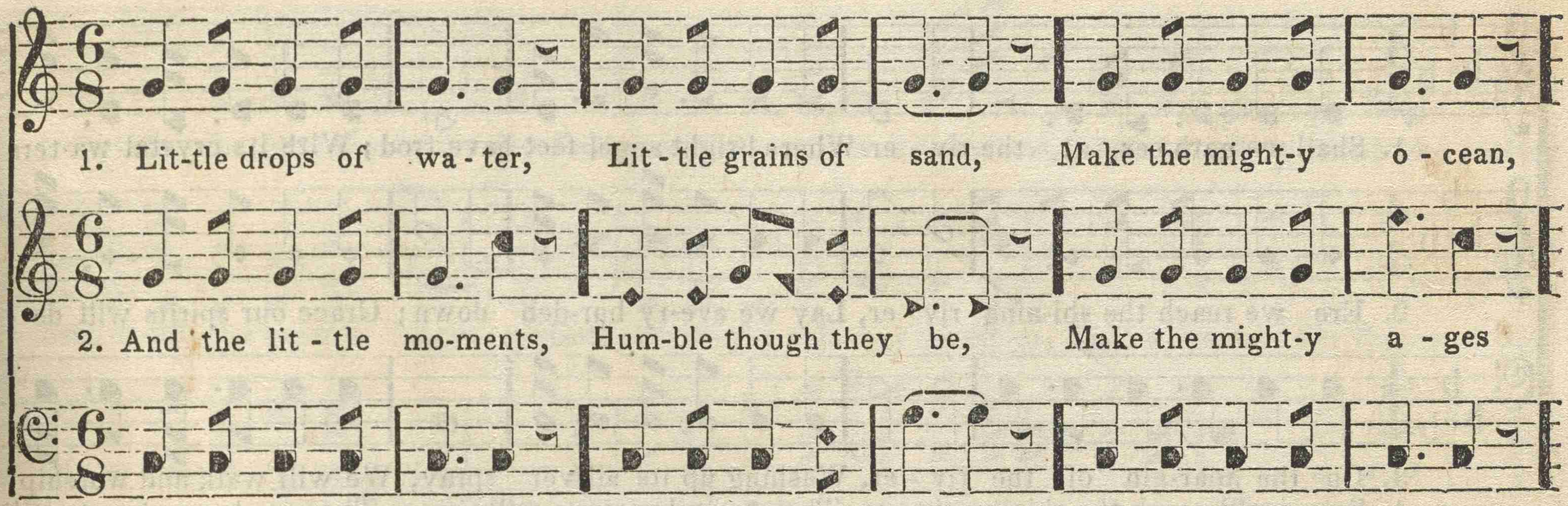
We'll join our glad voic-es in one hymn of praise, To God who hath kept us and lengthen'd our days.
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Savior, we pray, That from thy blest pre-cepts we nev - er may stray.

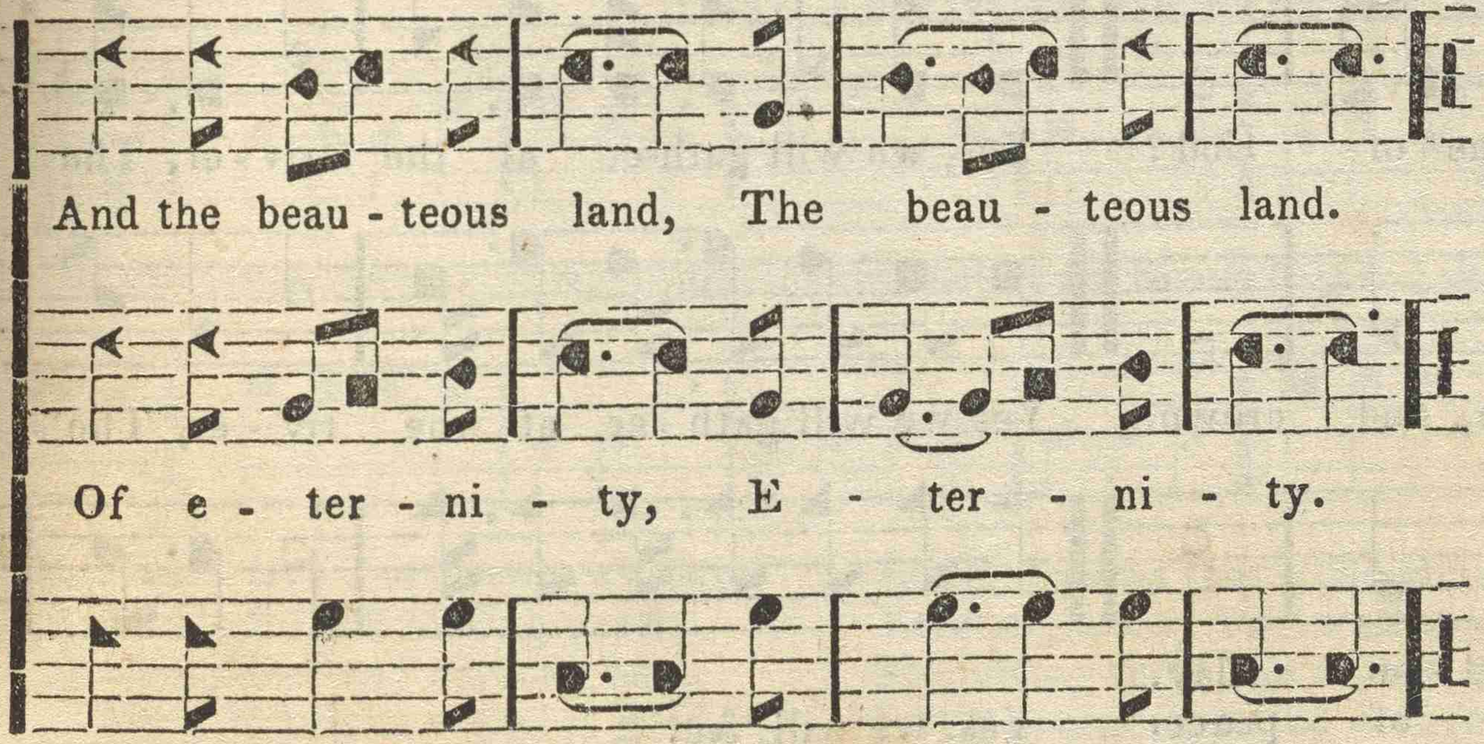
How we may es-cape from the world's sinful charms, and find a safe ref-uge in the lov'd Sa-vior's arms.

CHORUS.

Hap-py greeting to all! Hap-py greeting to all! Happy greeting, happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.

Happy greeting, to all! Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all.





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

4. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heav'n above, The, &c.

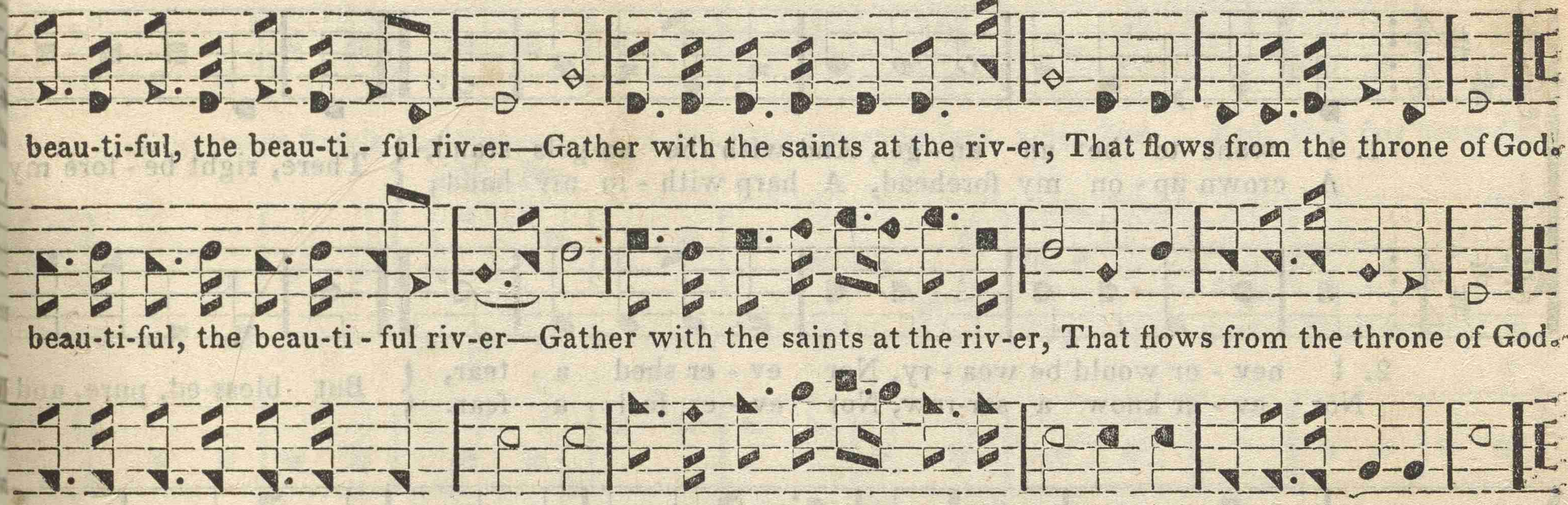
5. Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands, In, &c.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.
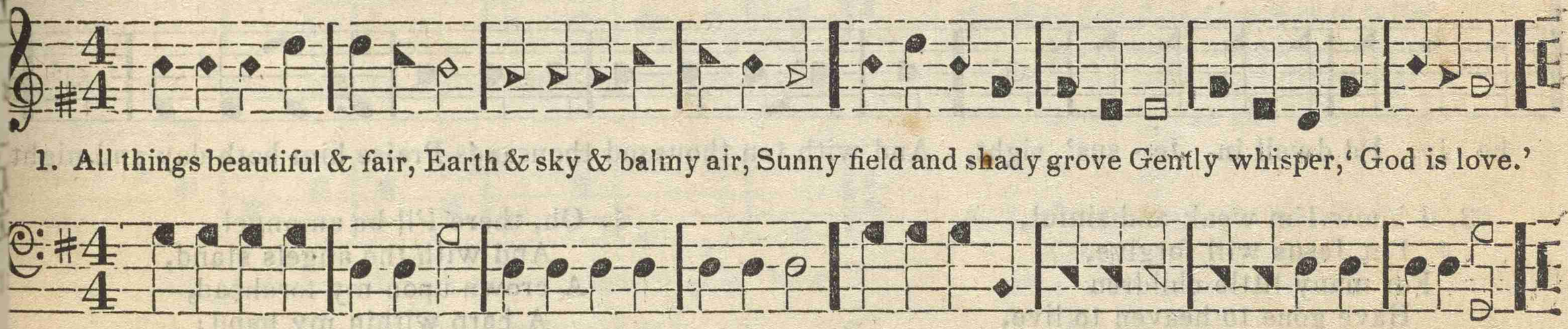
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal wa-ters
2. Ere we reach the shi-ning riv - er, Lay we eve-ry bur-den down; Grace our spirits will de-
3. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Then our pilgrimage will cease; Then our happy hearts will

CHORUS.

ev - er flow-ing from the throne of God? Yes, we will gath-er at the riv - er, The
liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown. Yes we will gath - er at the riv - er, The
ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
quiv-er, With the mel - o - dy of peace. Yes, we will, &c.



ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL. 7's.

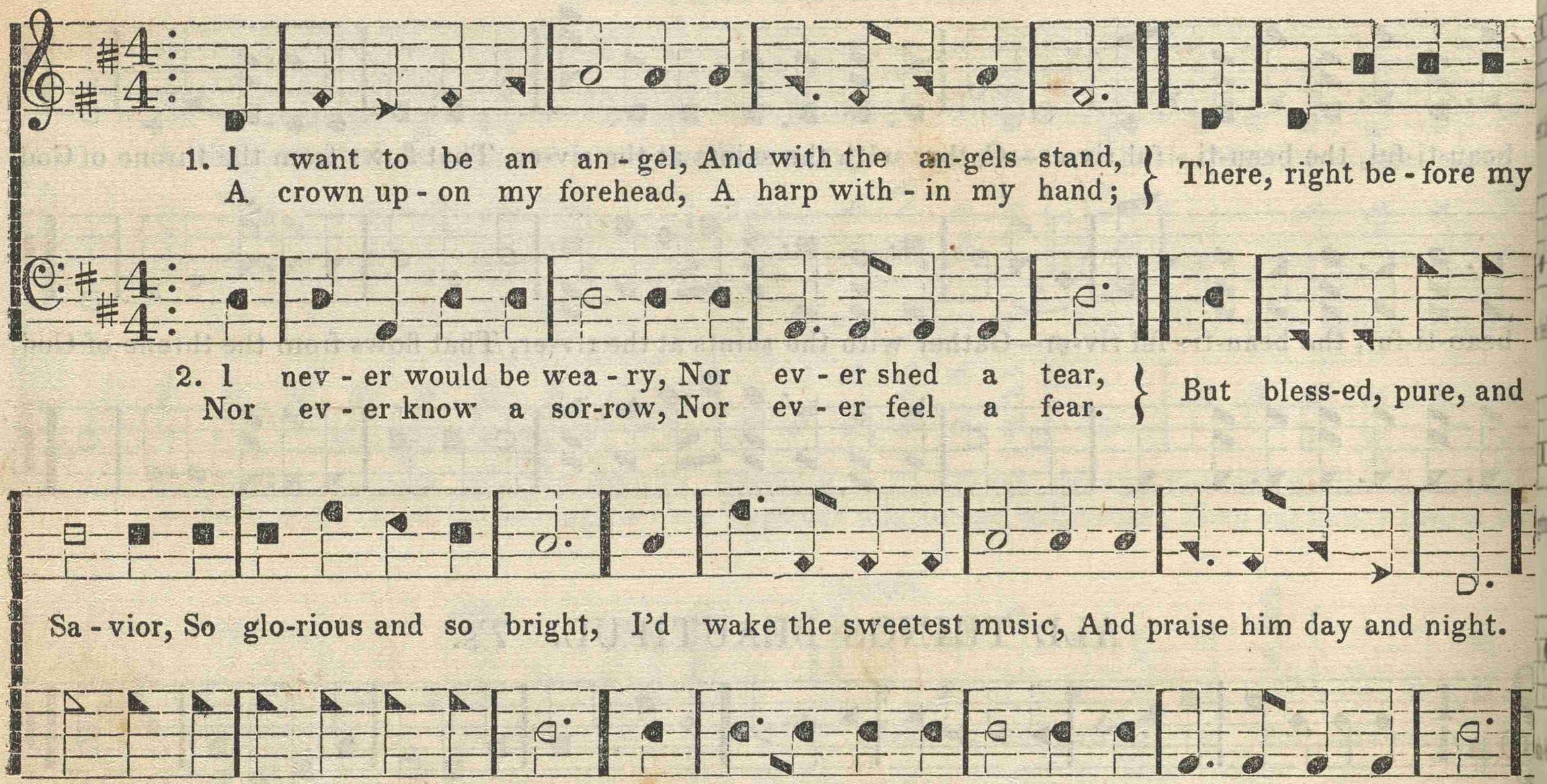


2. Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us "God is good."

3. Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."
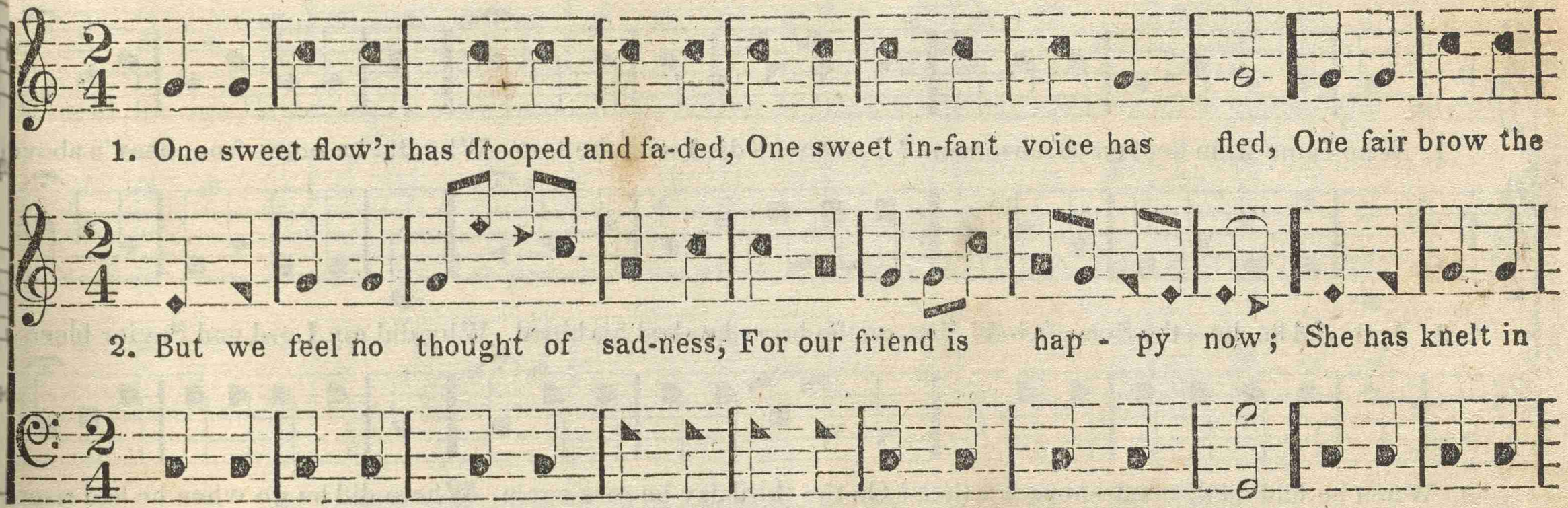
4. He who dwelleth high in heav'n
Uuto us all things hath giv'n,—
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love."

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



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

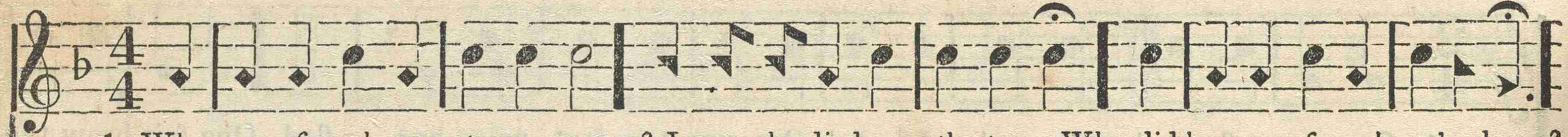
4. Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heav'nly music,
And praise him day and night.



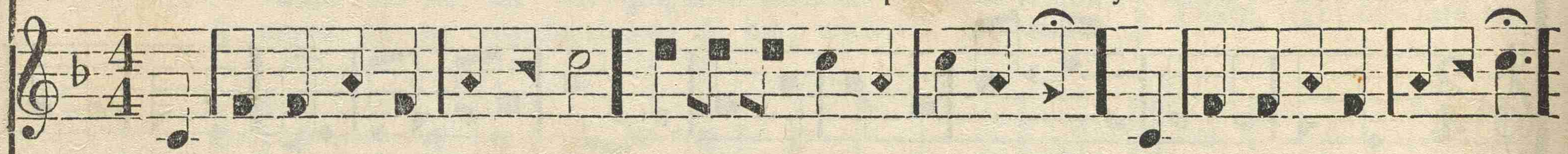
4. May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

5. Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to Thee.
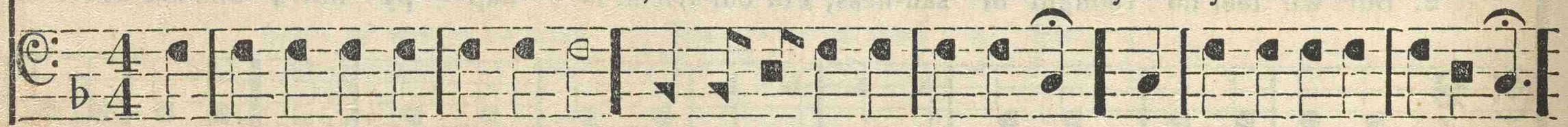
OH, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?



1. Who came from heaven to ransom me? Jesus who died upon the tree. Why did he come from heav'n above?

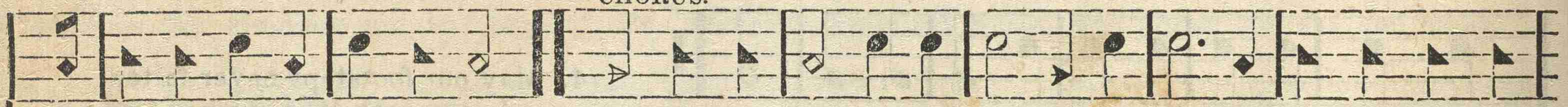


2. And did he die—the Son of God? Yes, on the cross he shed his blood. Why did my Lord and Savior bleed?



3. When he had died, what happened then? On the third day he rose again. Where did he go when he had risen?
4. Where is he now? Is he still there? Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer. What does he pray for, and for whom?
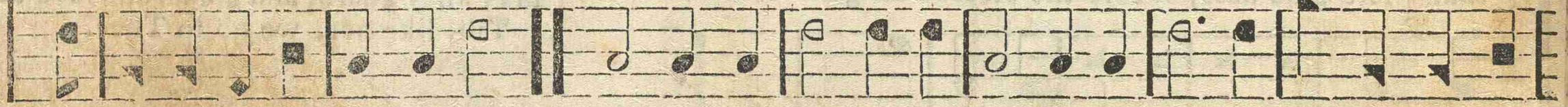
CHORUS.
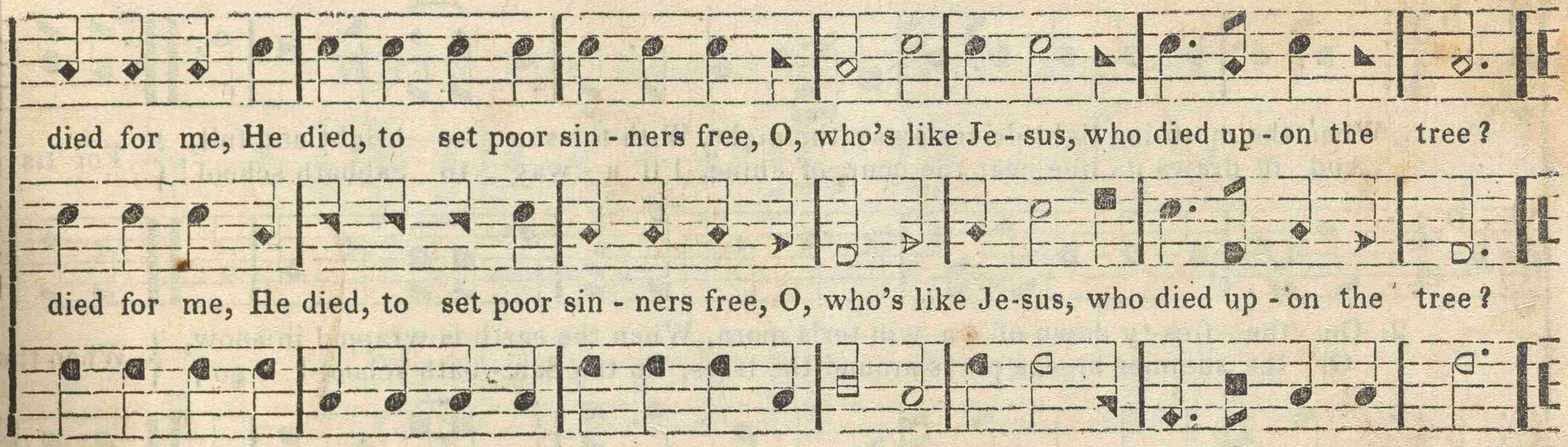


He came because his name was Love. O who's like Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He
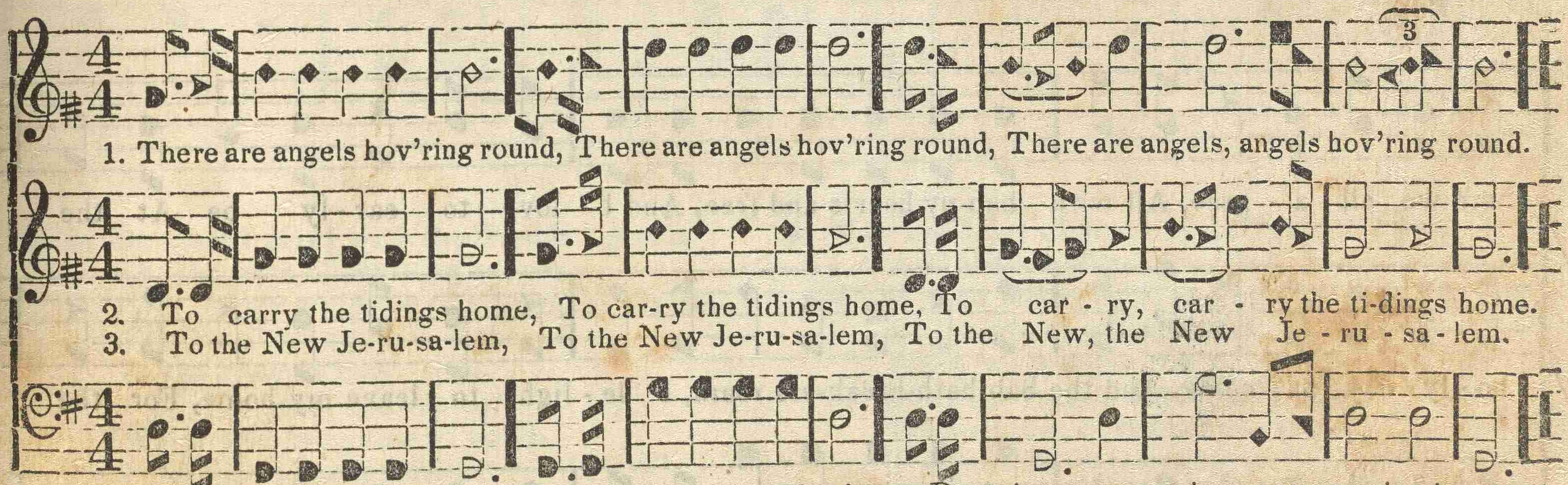


That we from e-vil might be freed. O who's like Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He



He went to God's right hand in heaven. O who's like Je-sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He
He prays that we to him might come.



THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.
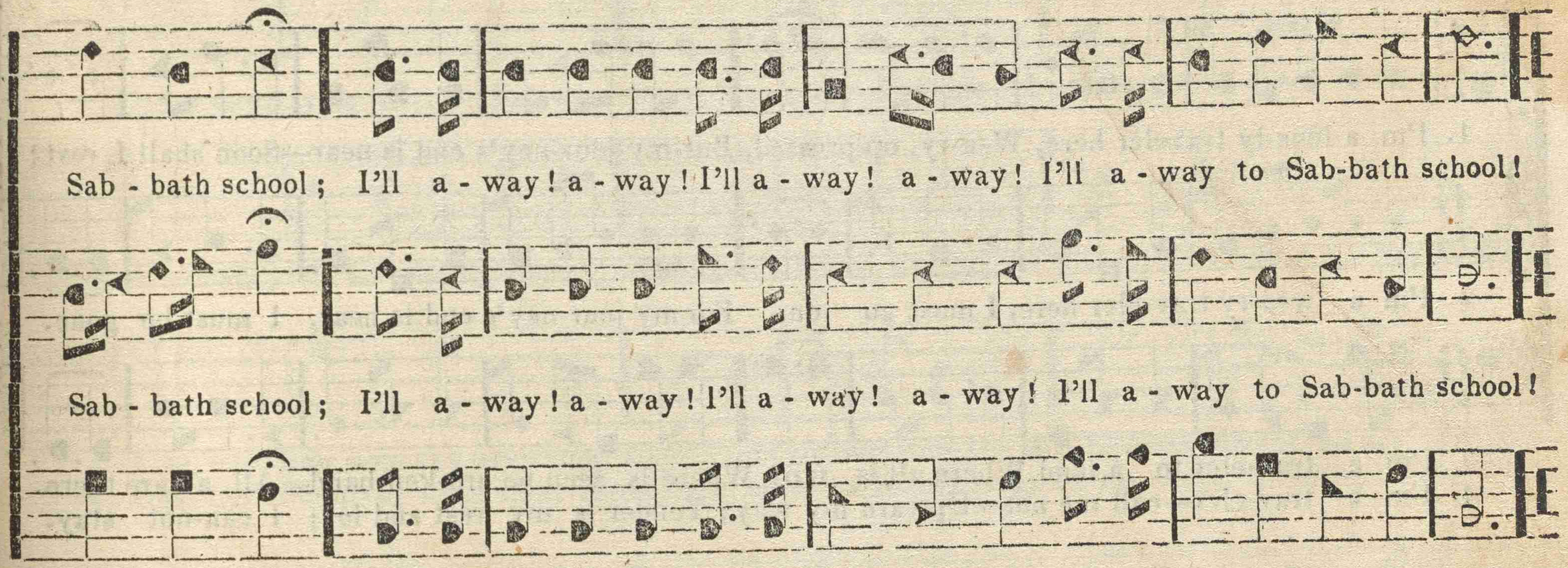


1. When the morn-ing light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a - way to Sabbath school! } For 'tis

2. On the fros-ty dawn of a win-ter's morn, When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees, To the Sab - bath school I go; } When the

there we all a - gree, All with hap-py hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the

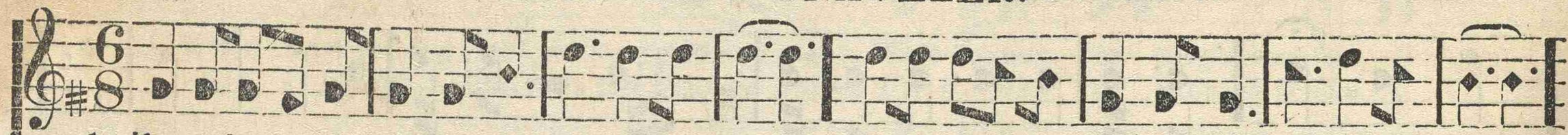
ho - ly day has come, And the Sab-bath-break-ers roam, I de - light to leave my home, For the
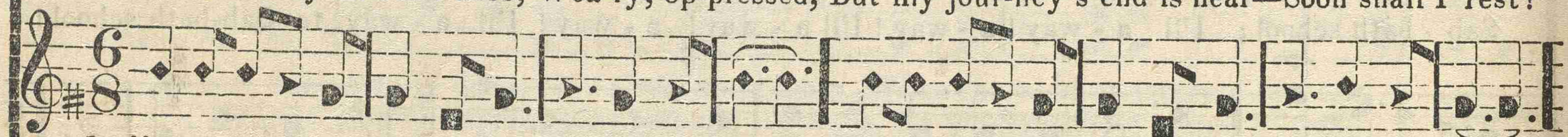


3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath school:
I'll away! away,! I'll away! away!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

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! away! I'll away, away!
I'll away to Sabbath school.

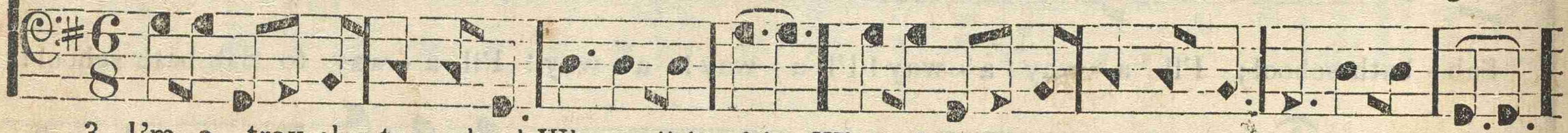
LONELY TRAVELER.
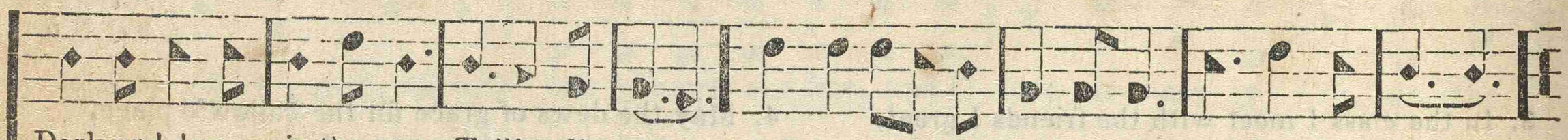


1. I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Wea-ry, op-pressed, But my jour-ney's end is near—Soon shall I rest!



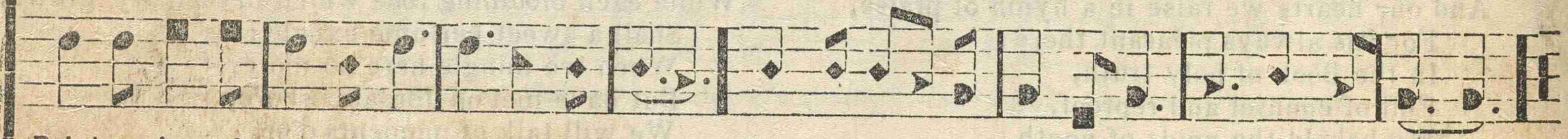
2. I'm a wea-ry trav-eler here, I must go on, For my jour-ney's end is near, I must be gone.
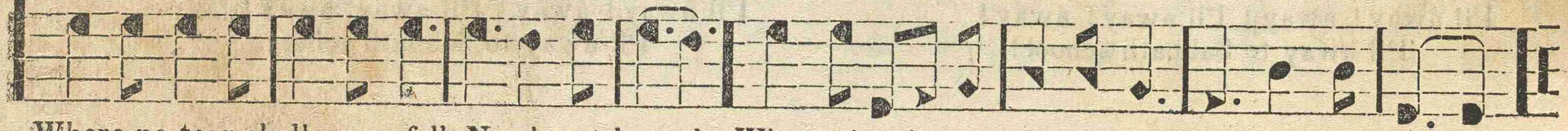


3. I'm a trav-eler to a land Where all is fair, Where is seen no bro-ken band—All, all are there.
4. I'm a trav-eler—call me not—Upward my way; Yonder is my rest and lot; I can-not stay.



Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toiling I've come; Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.
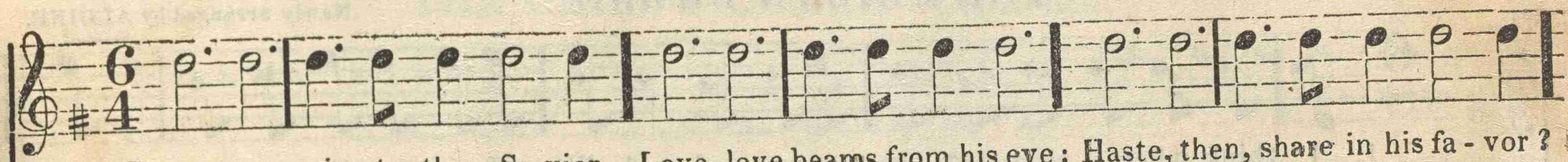


Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away; Pleasures that for-ev - er live— I can - not stay.

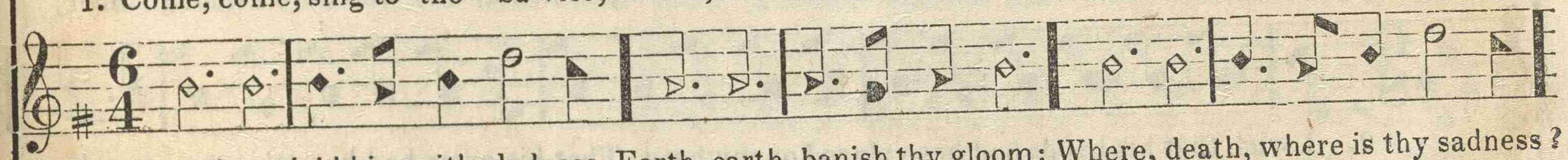


Where no tear shall ev-er fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glo - ry is for all, And all are glad.
Fare-well, earth-ly pleasures, all, Pilgrim I'll roam; Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.
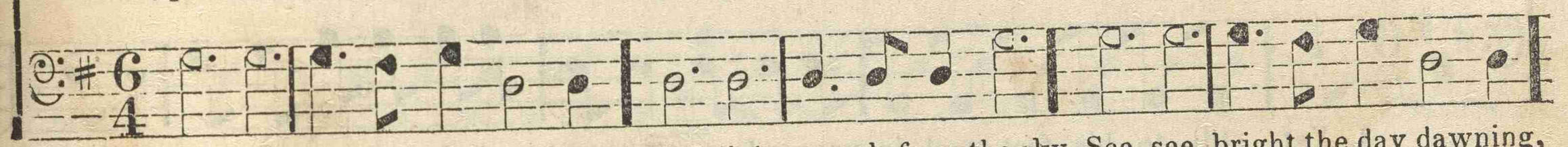
SING TO THE SAVIOR.



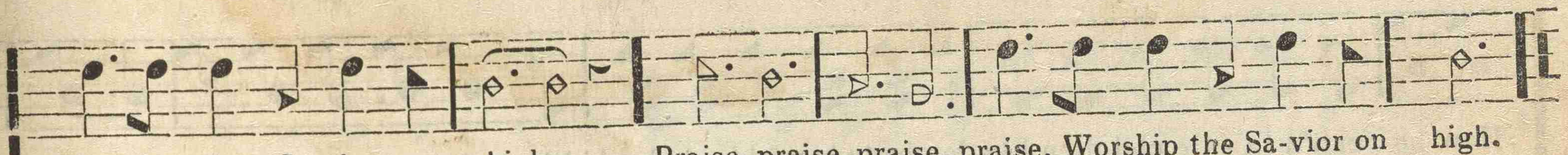
1. Come, come, sing to the Sa-vior, Love, love beams from his eye; Haste, then, share in his fa - vor?
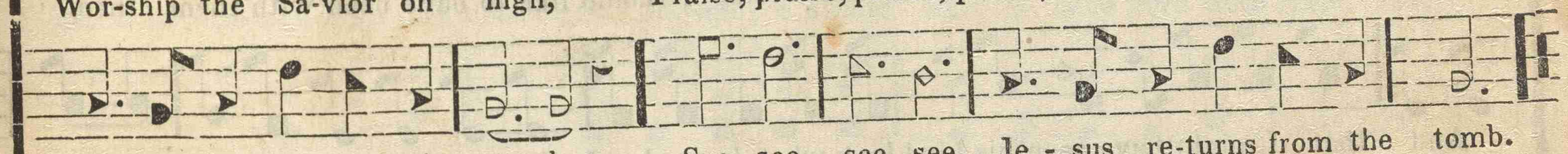


2. Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom: Where, death, where is thy sadness?
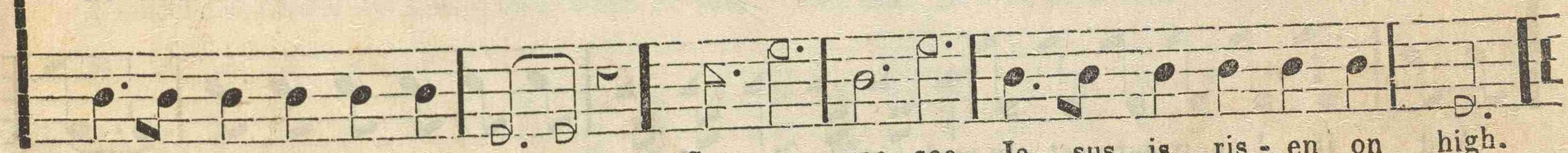


3. Rise, rise, free from thy mourning, Light, light spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawning,
4. Hail, hail, children, adore him, Here, here, anthems should ring, There, there, dwelling be-fore him,



Wor-ship the Sa-vior on high, Praise, praise, praise, praise, Worship the Sa-vior on high.
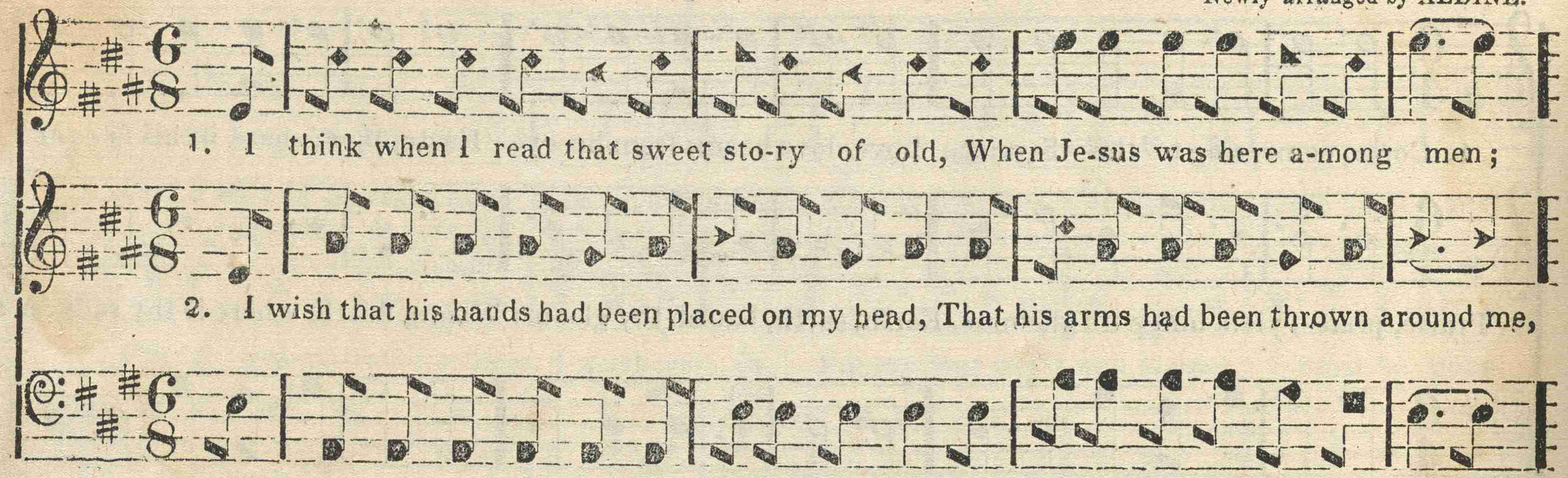


Je - sus re-turns from the tomb, See, see, see, see, Je - sus re-turns from the tomb.
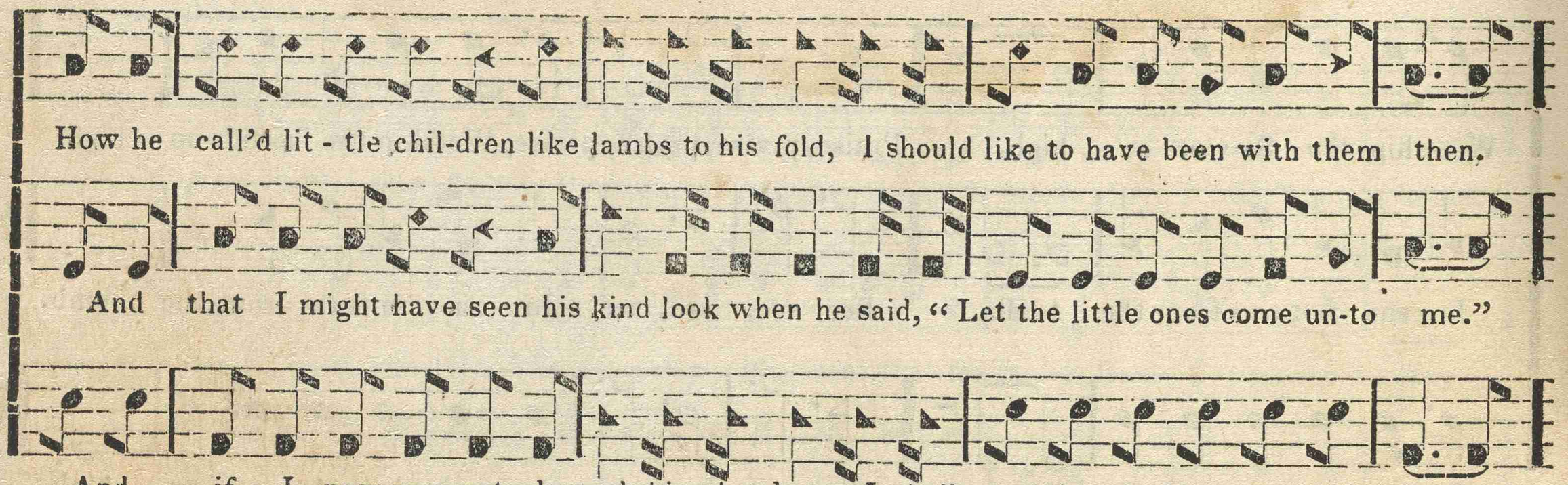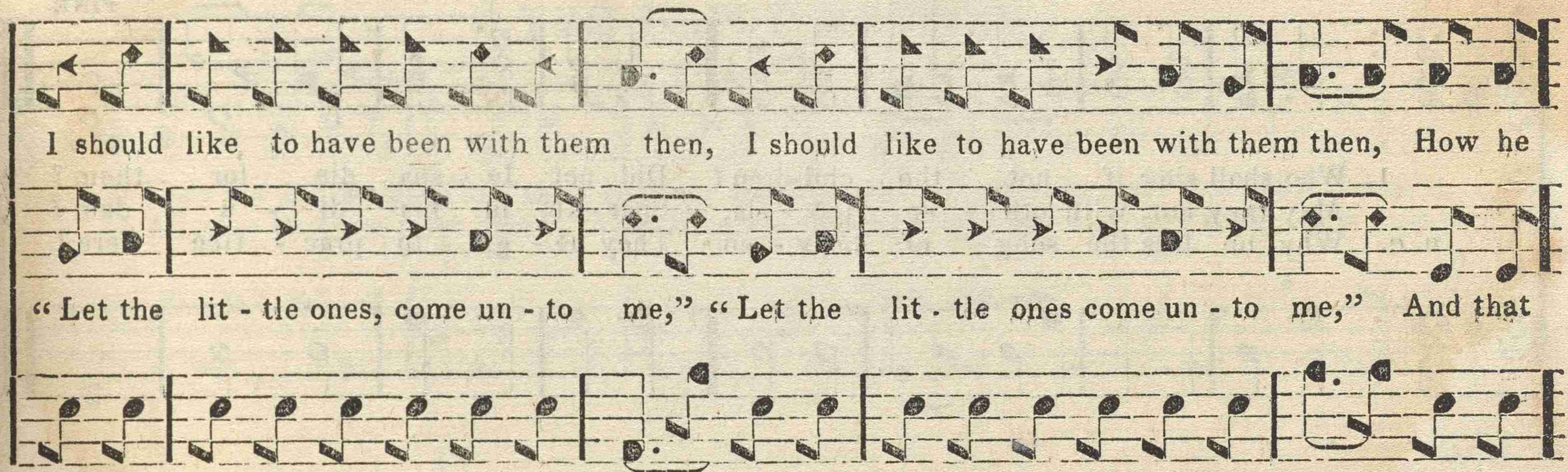


Je - sus is ris - en on high'; See, see, see, see, Je - sus is ris - en on high.
Loud-est, ho - san - nas we'll sing; Hail, hail, hail, hail, Loud-est ho - san-nas we'll sing.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.
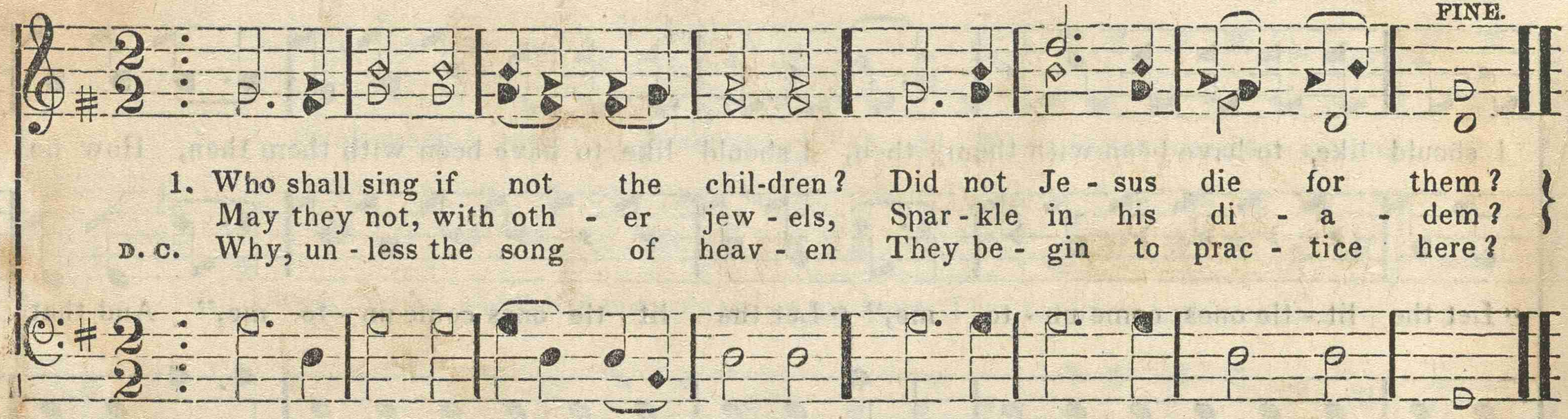
Newly arranged by ALDINE.

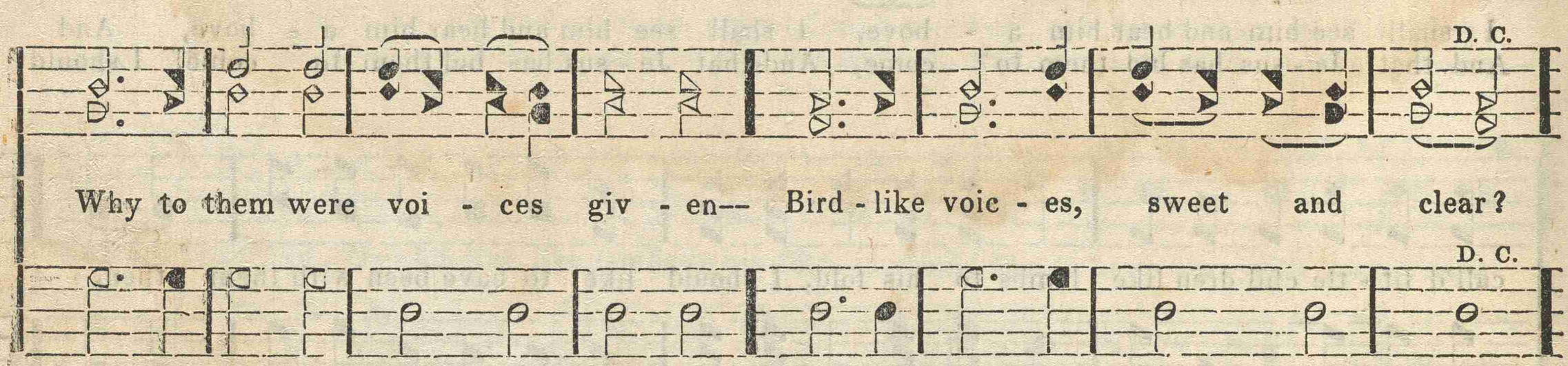





I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then, How he
"Let the lit - tle ones, come un - to me," "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me," And that
I shall see him and hear him a - bove, I shall see him and hear him a - bove, And
And that Je - sus has bid them to come, And that Je - sus has bid them to come, I should
call'd lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
if I now earn-est - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

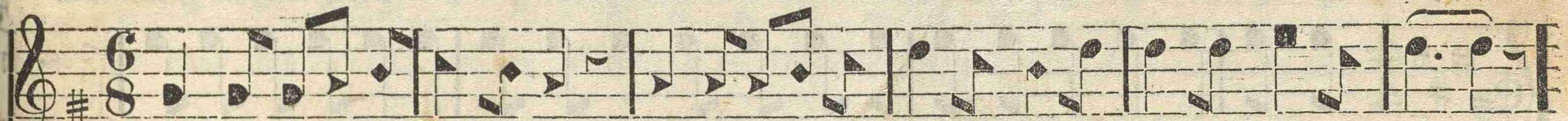
WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN?
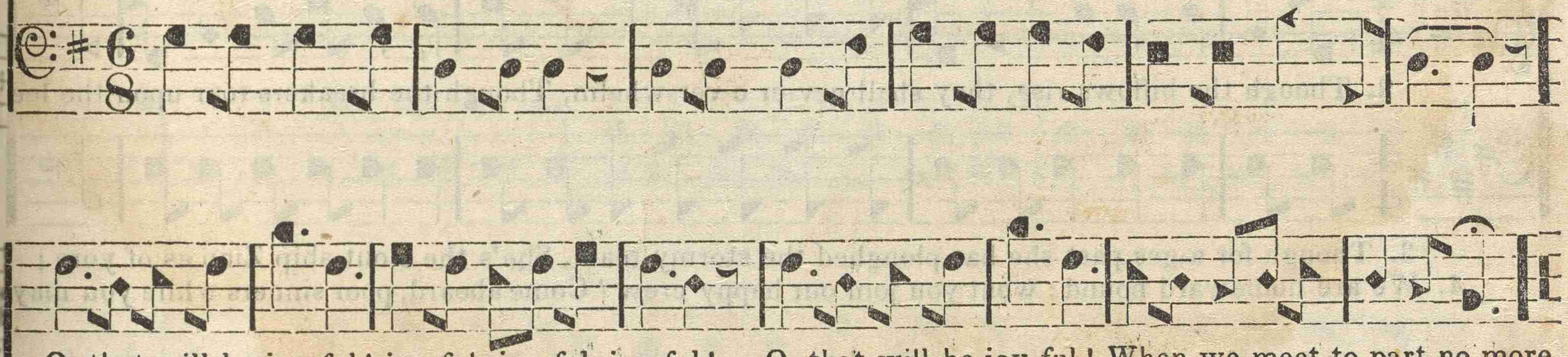




2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed round the Savior's throne,
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own;
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

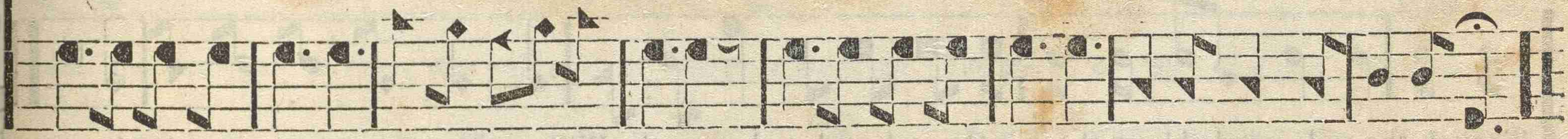
3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they cannot sing too early;
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?



1. Here we suf-fer grief and pain, Here we meet to part a-gain, In heav'n we part no more.
2. All who love the Lord below, When they die to heav'n will go, And sing with saints above.



O, that will be joy-ful! joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful! O, that will be joy-ful! When we meet to part no more.



3. Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer,
From every Sunday school;
O, that will be joyful! &c.
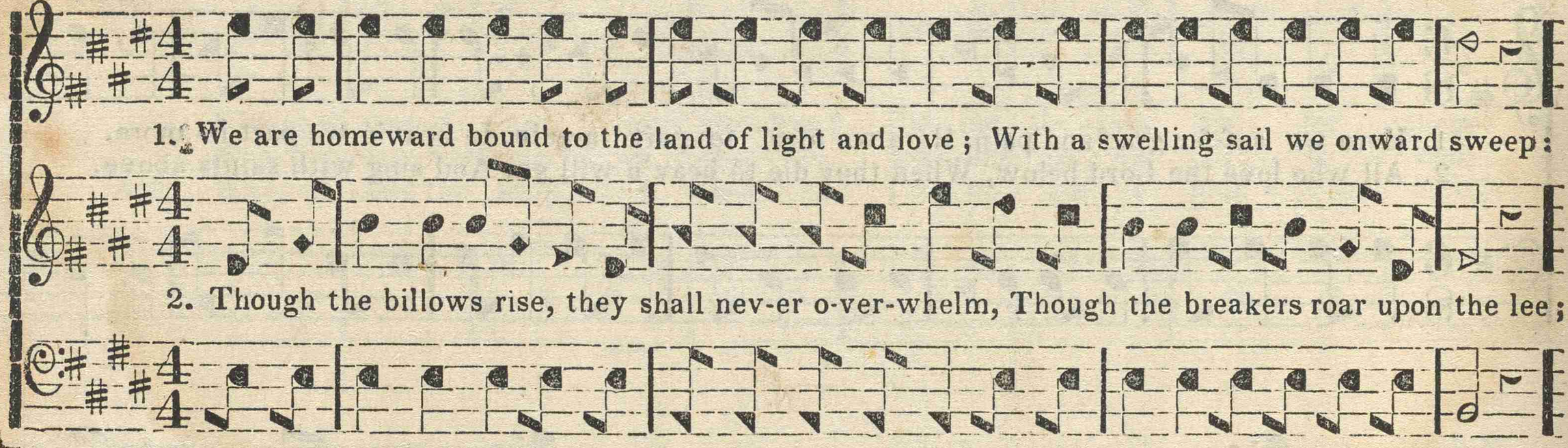
4. Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors whom we love
Shall meet to part no more.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

5. O! how happy shall we be!
For our Savior we shall see,
Exalted on his throne,
O, that will be joyful! &c.

6. There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord,
O, that will be joyful! &c.

THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.

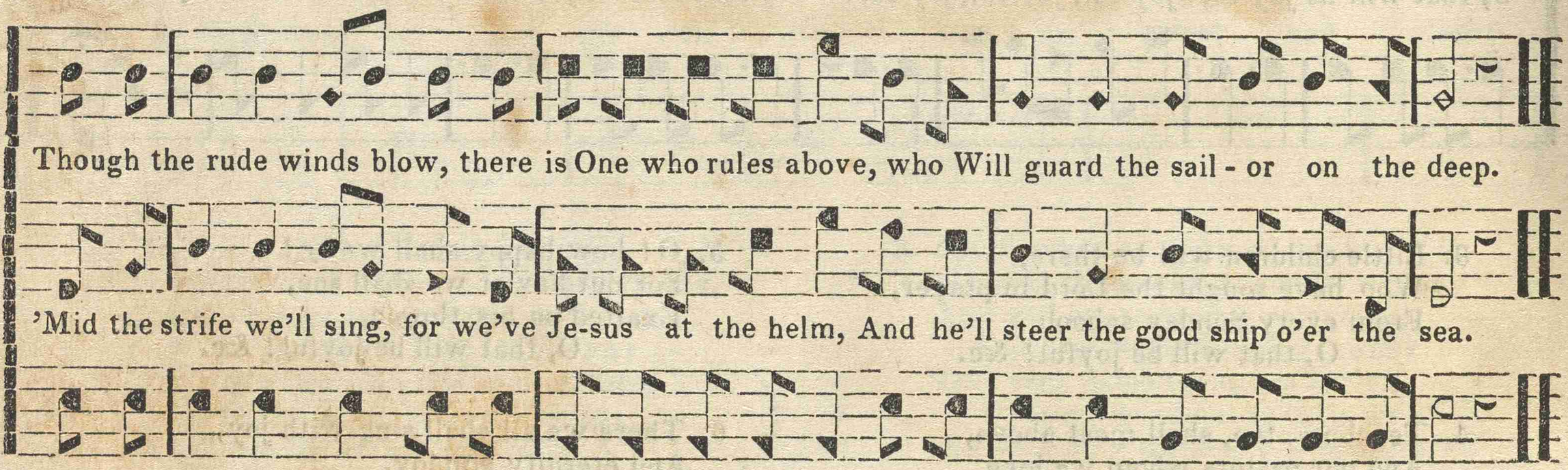


1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love; With a swelling sail we onward sweep:

2. Though the billows rise, they shall nev-er o-ver-whelm, Though the breakers roar upon the lee;

3. Though for a-ges past she has ploughed the stormy main, She's the stout ship Zion as of yore;

4. We are homeward bound: wont you join our happy crew? Come aboard, poor sinners while you may:



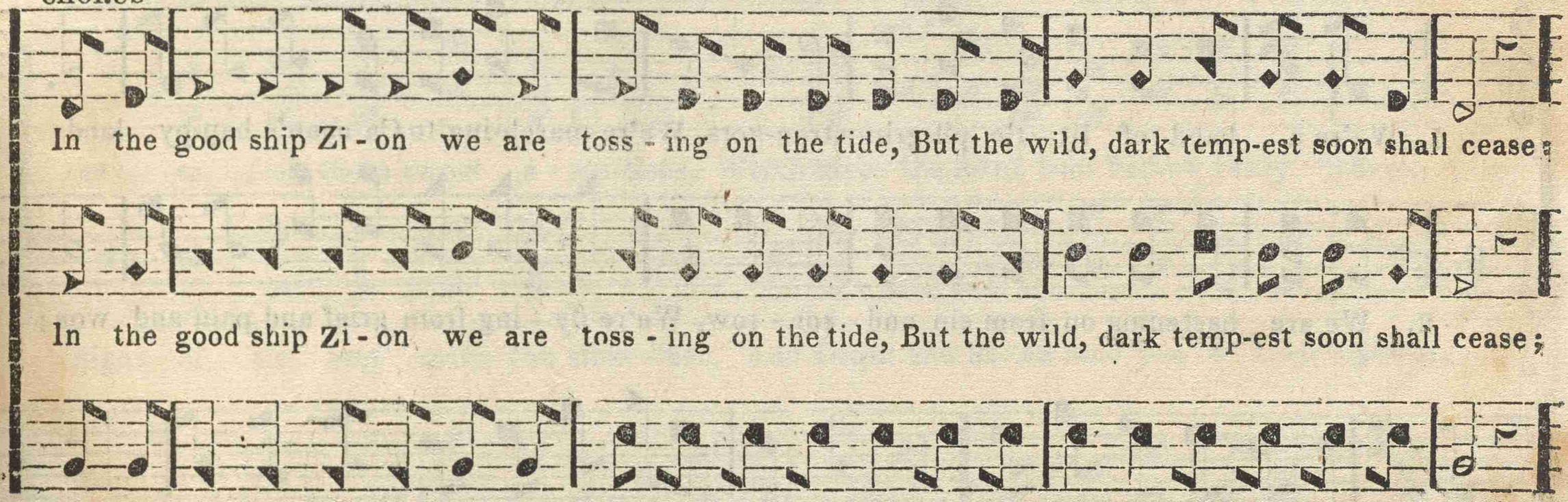
Though the rude winds blow, there is One who rules above, who Will guard the sail - or on the deep.
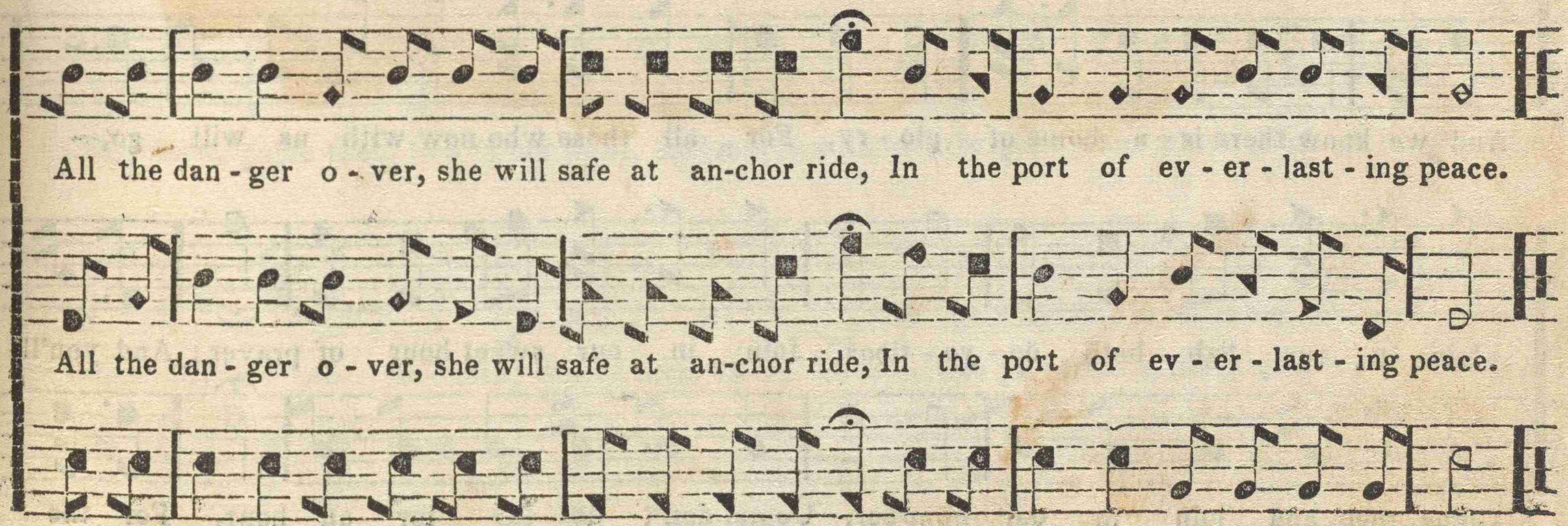
'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Je-sus at the helm, And he'll steer the good ship o'er the sea.

Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fear-ful hur - ri-cane, She has thou-sands brought to Canaan's shore.

To the eye of faith there's a bet-ter land in view; 'Tis the land of nev - er - end - ing day.

CHORUS
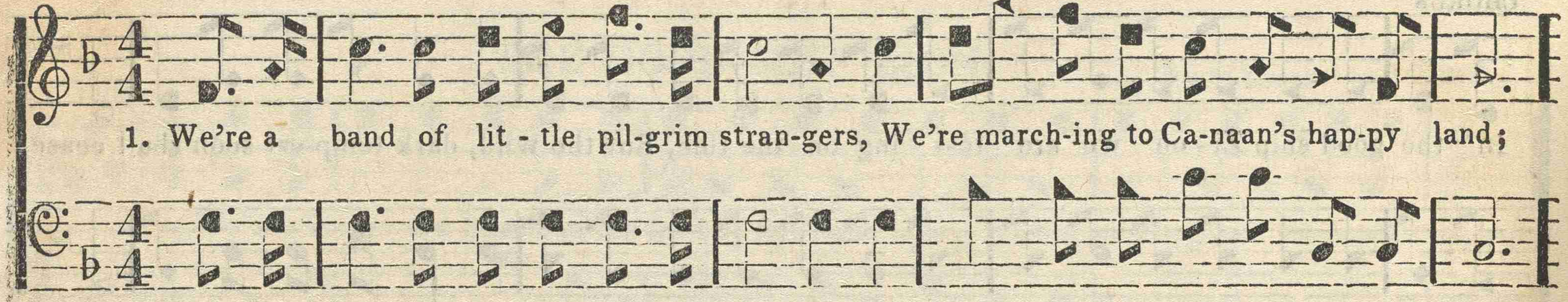

In the good ship Zi - on we are toss - ing on the tide, But the wild, dark temp-est soon shall cease;
In the good ship Zi - on we are toss - ing on the tide, But the wild, dark temp-est soon shall cease;


All the dan - ger o - ver, she will safe at an-chor ride, In the port of ev - er - last - ing peace.
All the dan - ger o - ver, she will safe at an-chor ride, In the port of ev - er - last - ing peace.

WORDS BY ALDINE.

WE'RE MARCHING TO CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.



1. We're a band of lit - tle pil-grim stran-gers, We're march-ing to Ca-naan's hap-py land;

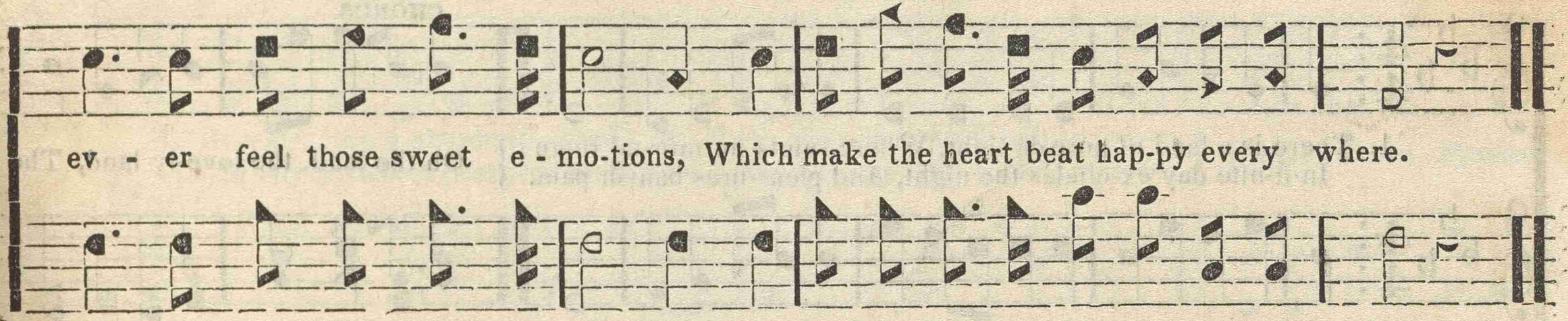
2. We are hastening on from sin and sor - row, We're fly - ing from grief and pain and woe;

Wont you fly from sin's al - lur - ing dan - gers, And join in our lit - tle pil - grim band,—
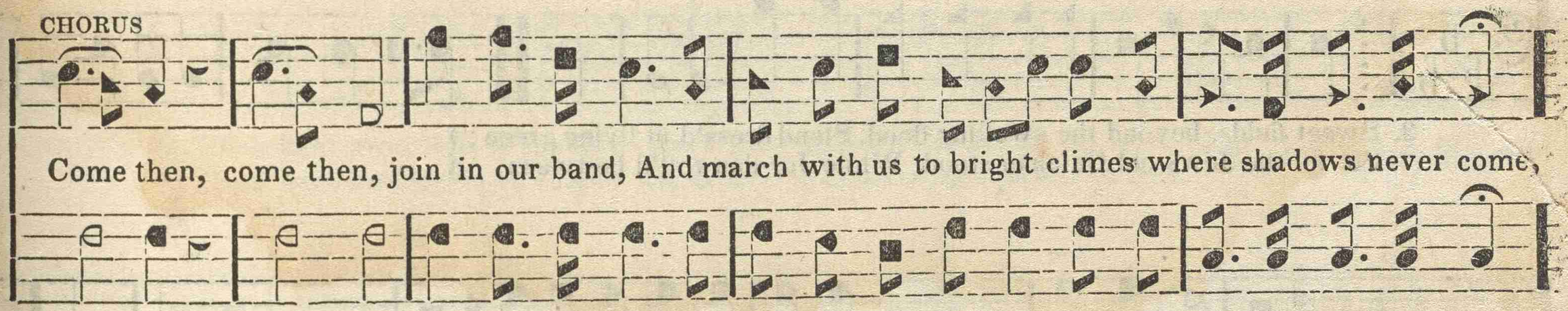
And we know there is a home of glo - ry, For all those who now with us will go,—
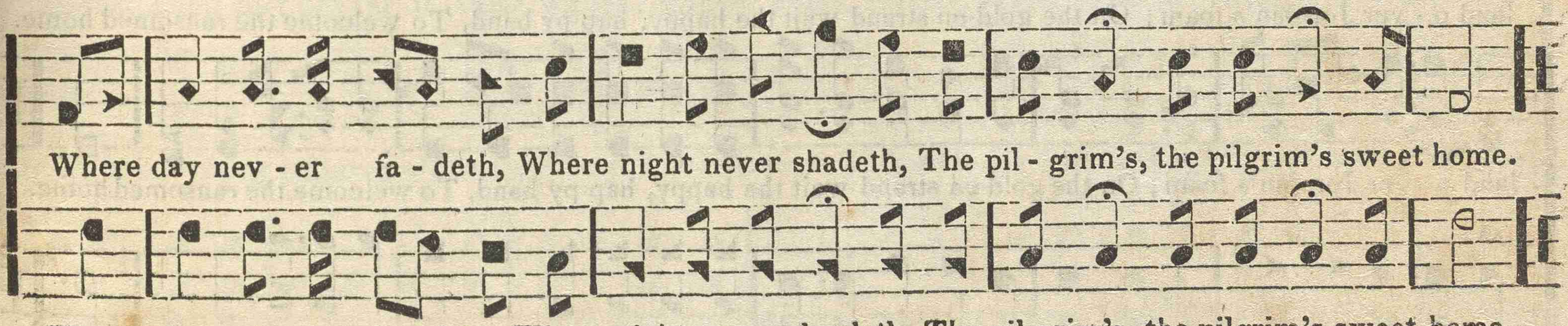
Join in our Sab - bath de - vo - tions, Join in our sweet hour of prayer; And you'll

Come, then, and join in our num-ber, Come, don't de - lay for an hour, For the


ev - er feel those sweet e - mo-tions, Which make the heart beat hap-py every where.
night of sin may make you slum - ber, And Death and Sa-tan bind you in their power.

CHORUS


Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,
Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,


Where day nev - er fa - deth, Where night never shadeth, The pil - grim's, the pilgrim's sweet home.
Where day nev - er fa - deth, Where night never sha-deth, The pil-grim's, the pilgrim's sweet home.

THE LOVELY LAND.

CHORUS.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign ;
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures banish pain.

Oh the land, the love-ly land, The
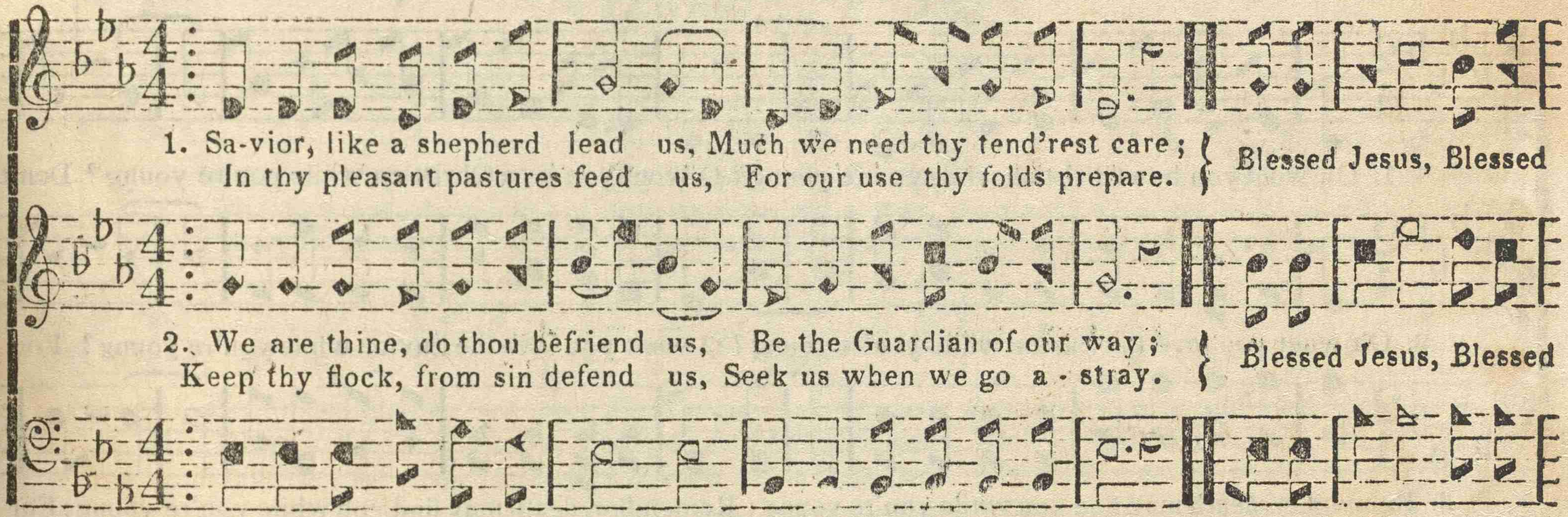
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a - bides And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death like a narrow sea, di - vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

Oh the land, the love-ly land, The

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.

land o - ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the gold-en strand wait the happy, hap-py band, To welcome the ransomed home.

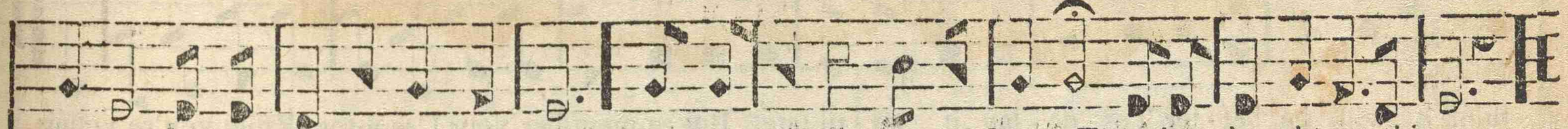
land o - ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the gold-en strand wait the happy, hap-py band, To welcome the ransomed home.



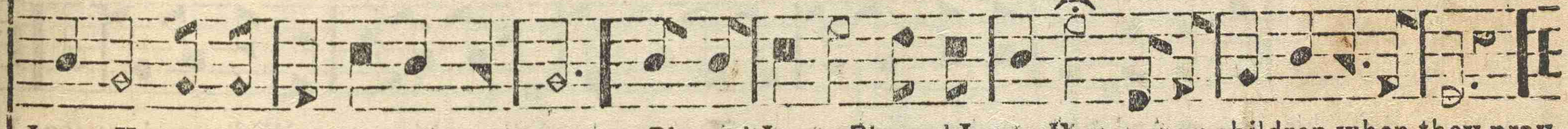
1. Sa-vior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. } Blessed Jesus, Blessed

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 a-stray. } Blessed Jesus, Blessed

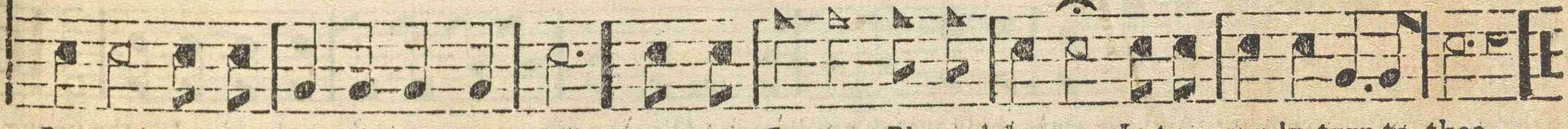
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. } Blessed Jesus, Blessed



Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.



Jesus, Hear young children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.



Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to thee, Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Jesus, Let us ear-ly turn to thee.

O WONT YOU BE A CHRISTIAN?
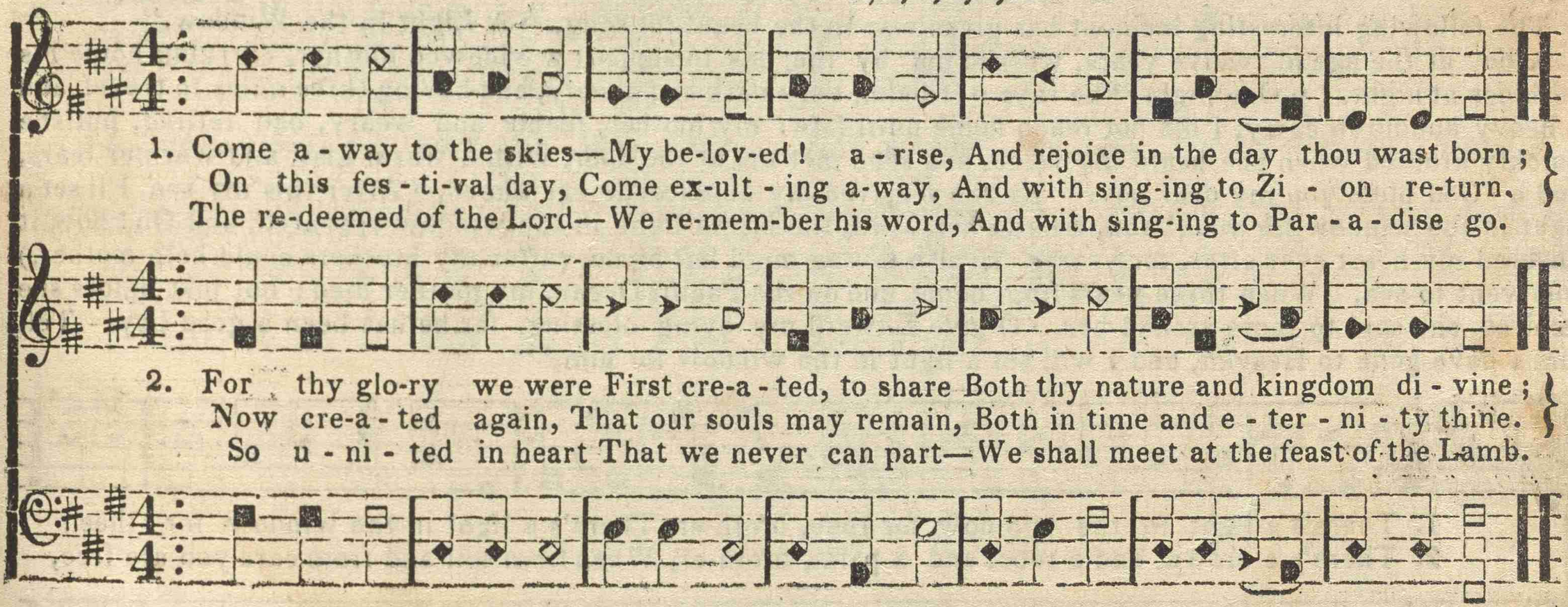
1. Oh wont you be a Christian while your'e young? O wont you be a Christian while you're young? Don't think it will be bet-ter To de-lay it un-til later, But re-mem-ber your Cre-a-tor While you're young.
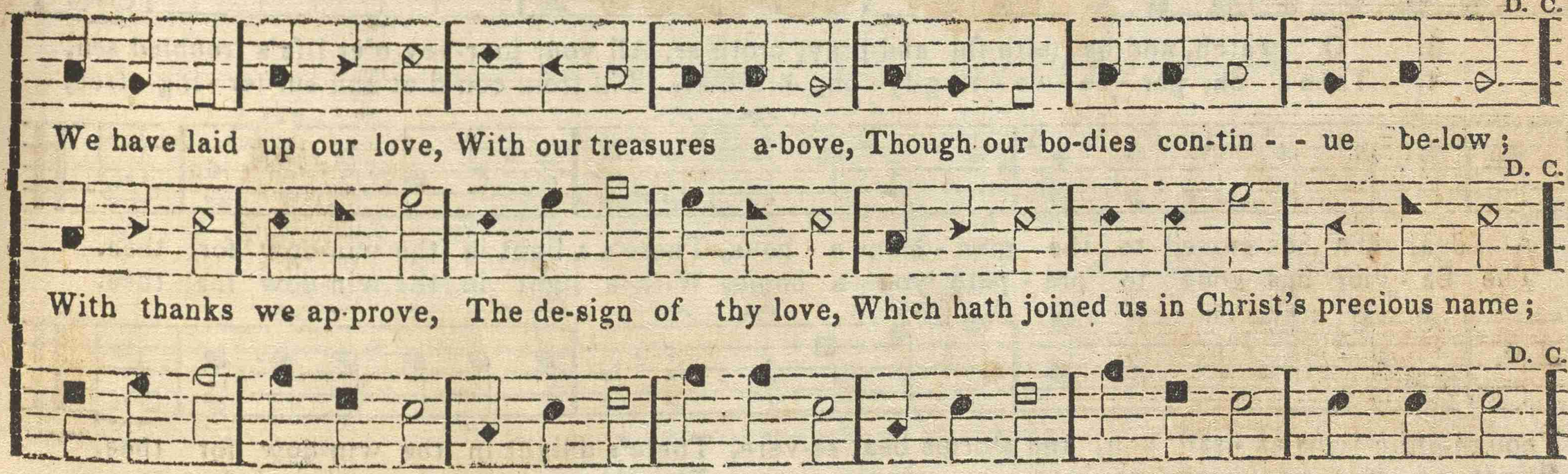
2. Oh wont you love the Savior while you're young? O wont you love the Savior while you're young? For you he left his glo-ry And em-braced a cross so gory; Wont you heed the melting story While you're young?

3. Remember, death may find you while you're young: Remember, death may find you while you're young; For friends are often weeping, And the stars their watch are keeping O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping Lie the young.

4. Oh walk the path to glo-ry while you're young; Oh walk the path to glo-ry while you're young; And Je-sus will be-friend you, And from danger will defend you, And a peace divine will send you, While you're young.

OTTERBEIN. 6,6,9,6,6,9.



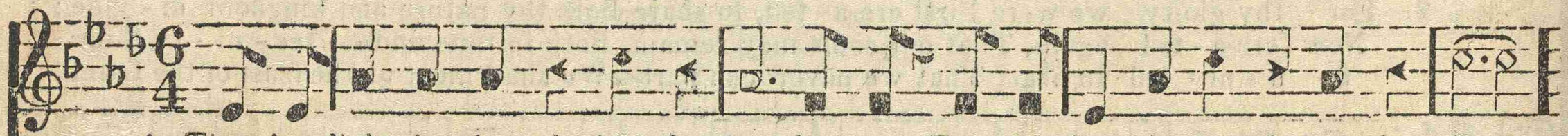


A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.
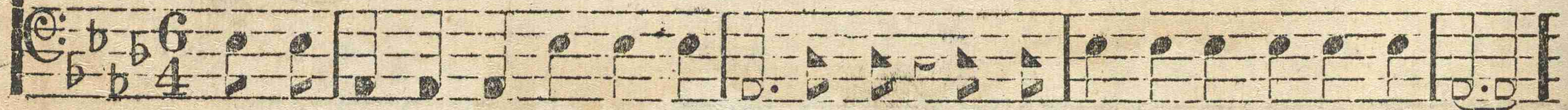
Newly arranged from BRADBURY, by ALDINE.

The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Light in the Window."
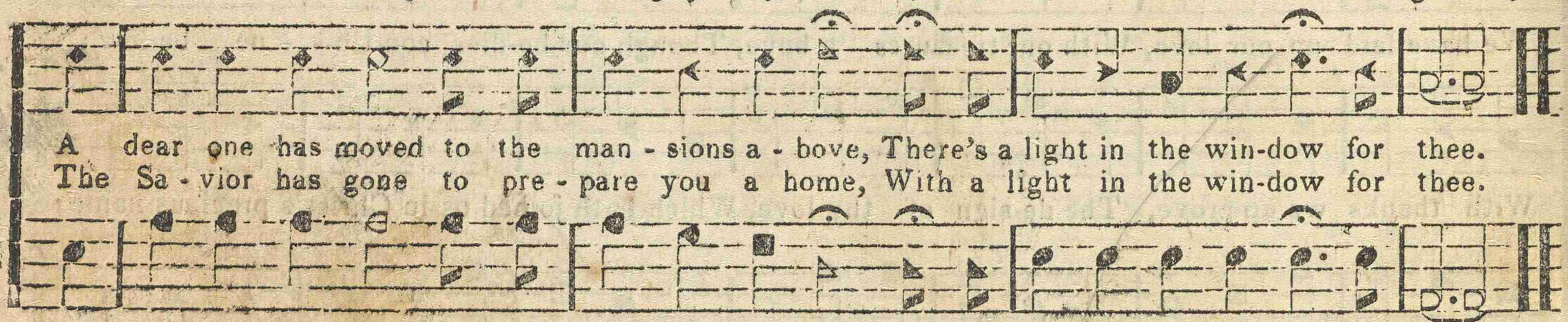
A boy at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late: my mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a 'God bless you my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this my son, I'll set a light in the window for you;' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and Oh! how it cheered my heart ever after, for years. Health failing me, I left home, (after my brothers could help mother,) and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"



1. There's a light in the win-dow for thee, broth-er, There's a light in the window for thee;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, broth-er, When from toil and from care you are free,
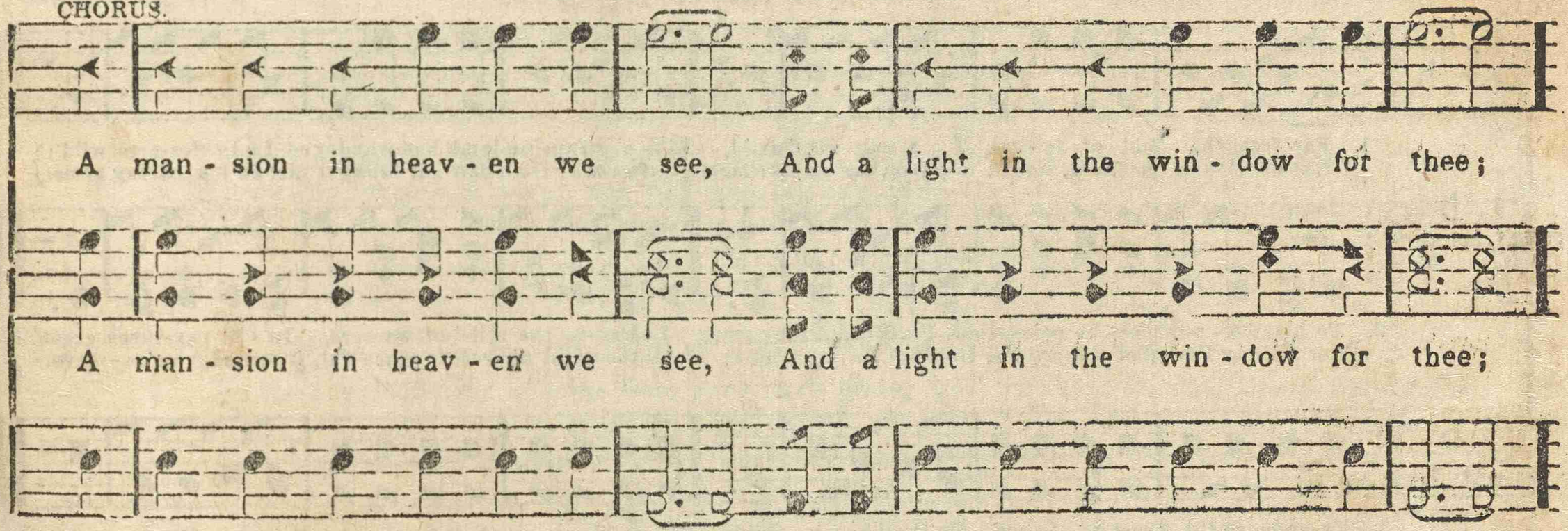


3. O watch, and be faith-ful and pray, broth-er, All your jour-ney o'er life's troubled sea,
4. Then on, per - se - ve - ring-ly on, broth-er, Till from con-flict and suf-fer - ing free,

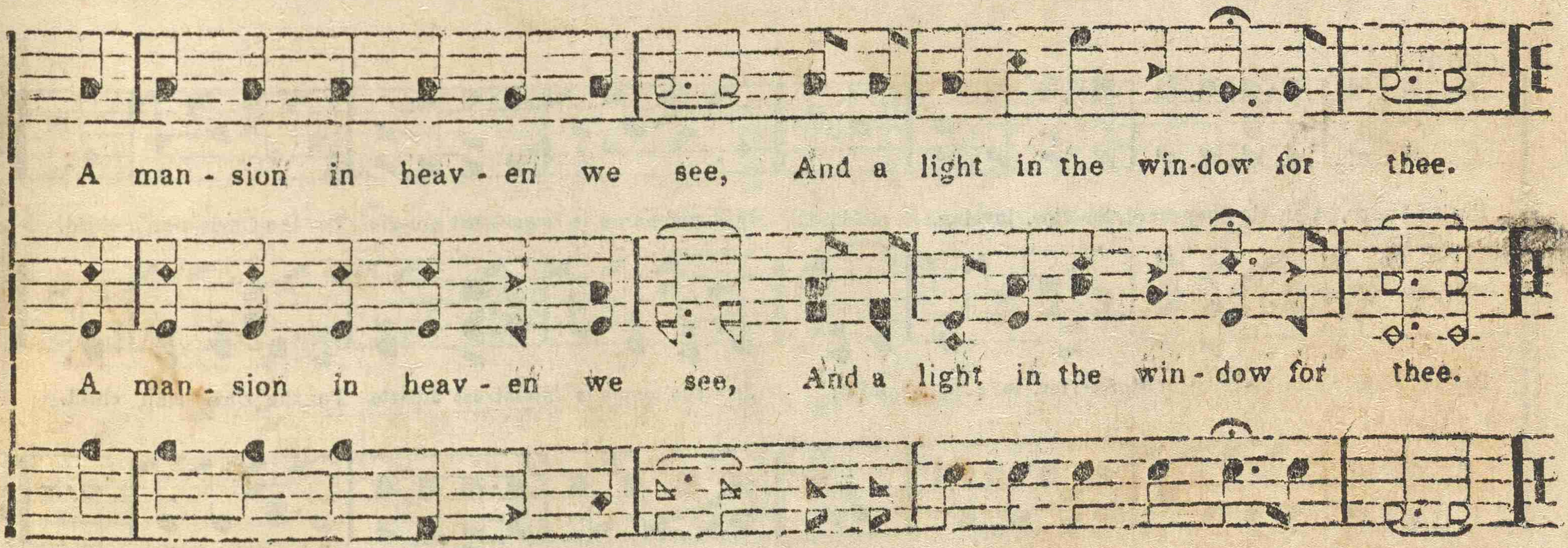


A dear one has moved to the man - sions a - bove, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.
The Sa - vior has gone to pre - pare you a home, With a light in the win-dow for thee.

Though afflic-tions as - sail you, and storms beat se-vere, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.
Bright an - gels now beck - on you o - ver the stream, There's a light in the win-dow for thee.

CHORUS.


A man - sion in heav - en we see, And a light in the win - dow for thee;
A man - sion in heav - en we see, And a light in the win - dow for thee;


A man - sion in heav - en we see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.
A man - sion in heav - en we see, And a light in the win - dow for thee.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

1. Far from the fold of Je-sus, I a way-ward child, Like a stray-ing lamb had wander ed In-to des-erts wild ;
But the Gentle Shepherd, sought me, Won me by his charms; Safe a-way from dan-ger brought me, In his lov-ing arms.

2. To his bo-som close he pressed me, Pardoned all my sin, Led me by the stil-lest wa-ters, In-to pas-tures green.
Now all day I'm glad and joy-ful, Hap-py in his love; All the night my rest is peace-ful, Guarded from a-bove.

3. Ev-er-more I'll trust in Je-sus, He shall be my Guide; No al-lure-ment shall en-tice me From my Shepherd's side.
By and by, from earth's temp-ta-tions, He will give me rest, And in heav-en's green-er pas-tures Make me ev-er blest.

CHORUS.

Praise Je-sus, Gen-tle Shep-herd, Sa-vior, lov-ing, mild; Je-sus' name is sweet-est mu-sic To the Chris-tian child.

Praise Je-sus, Gen-tle Shep-herd, Sa-vior, lov-ing, mild; Je-sus' name is sweet-est mu-sic To the Chris-tian child.

THE GOLDEN PLAIN.

Words by ALDINE. Arranged by J. F. SIMPSON.

1. There's a land of light and love far a-way, Where the long severed friends meet a-gain;
Where the long dark night and toil-wearing day, Nev-er tarn-ish the bright gold-en plain;
Where the soul is freed from sor-row and death, And the tear nev-er-more dims the eye.

2. To that gol-den shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them again,
When that glorious morn in lus-tre shall dawn, And we stand on the bright golden plain;
And with an-gels bright through time's ceaseless flight, We shall sing of a dear Sa-vior's love.

D. C.

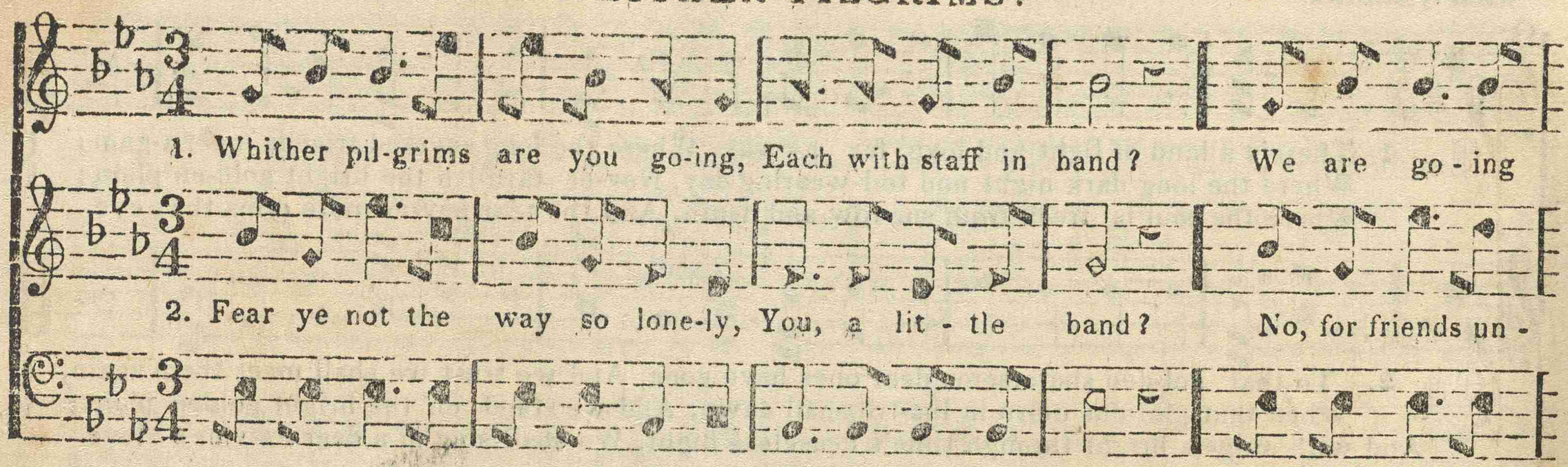
Where the rude winter blasts nev-er chill with their breath, Nor the dark-ling storm glooms the sky;

D. C.
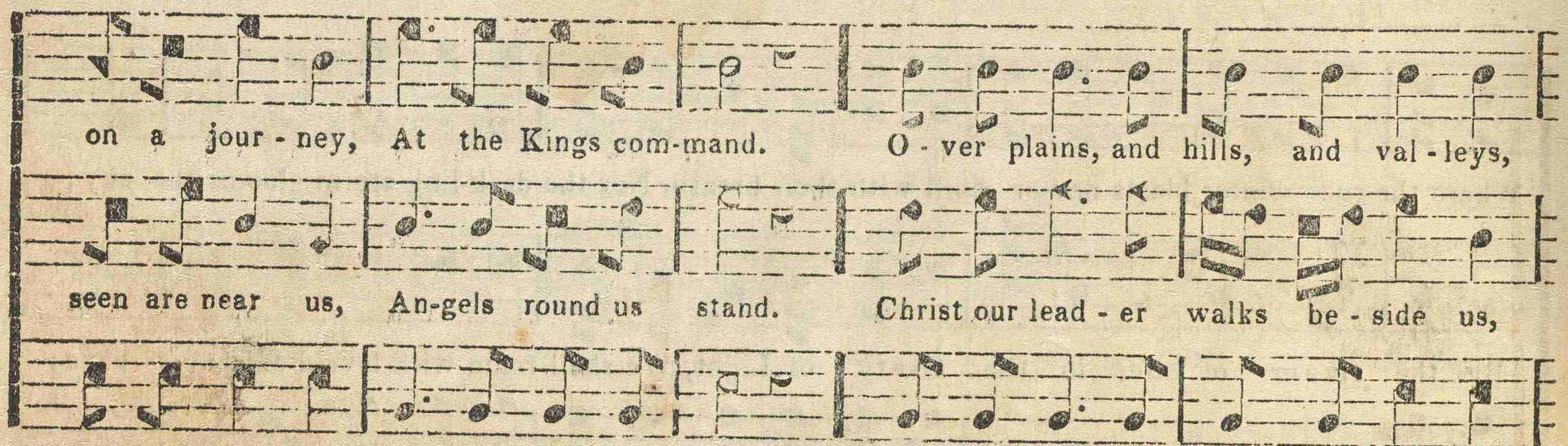
By the riv-er of Life, in the Ci-ty of Light, We shall roam with love'd ones a - - bove;

D. C.

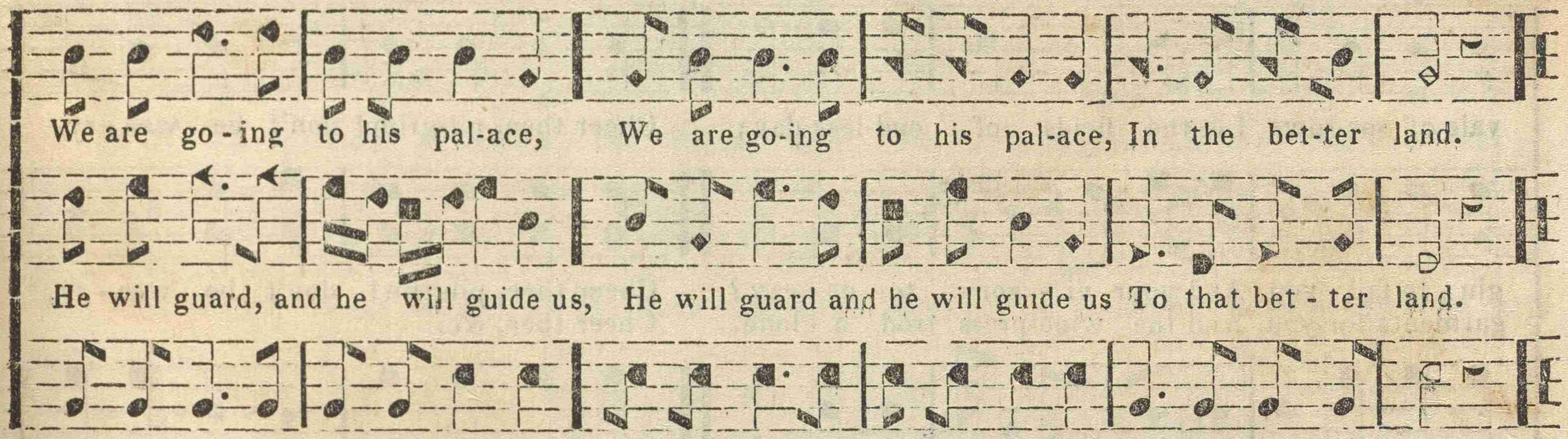
WHITHER PILGRIMS?



1. Whither pil-grims are you go-ing, Each with staff in hand? We are go - ing
2. Fear ye not the way so lone-ly, You, a lit - tle band? No, for friends un -
3. Tell me, pil-grims, what you hope for, In the bet - ter land? Spot-less robes and
4. Will you let me trav - el with you, To the bet - ter land? Come a - long, we
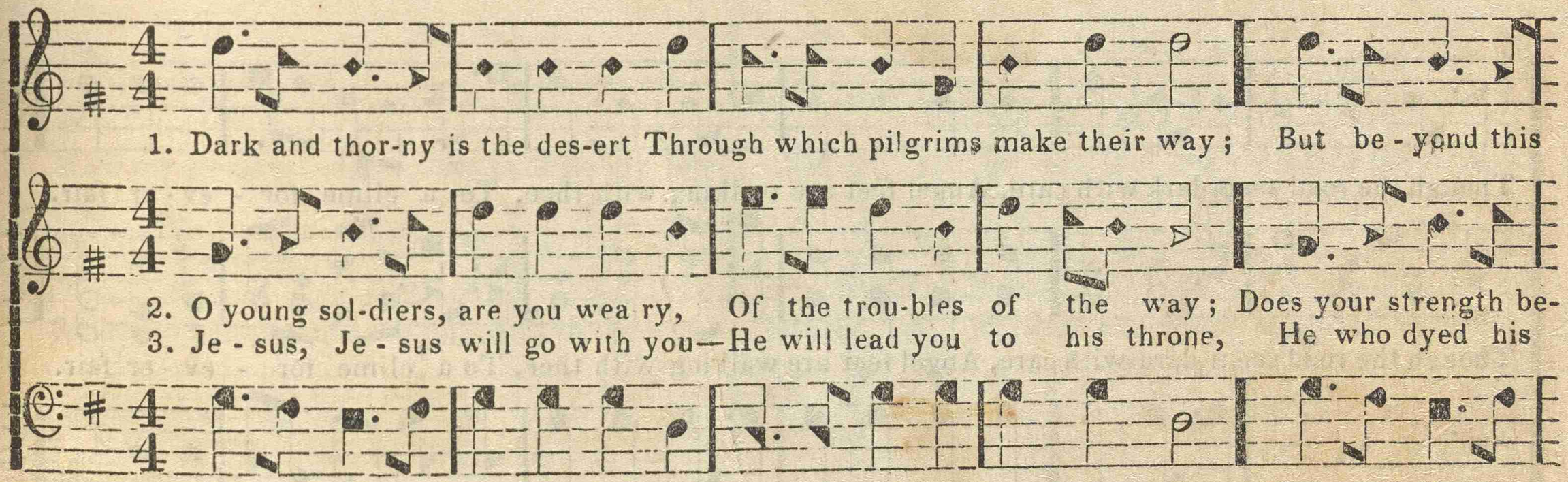


on a jour - ney, At the Kings com-mand. O - ver plains, and hills, and val - leys,
seen are near us, An-gels round us stand. Christ our lead - er walks be - side us,
crowns of glo - ry, From a Sa - vior's hand. We shall drink, of life's pure riv - er,
bid you wel-come, To our lit - tle band. Come, oh! come, we can - not leave you,

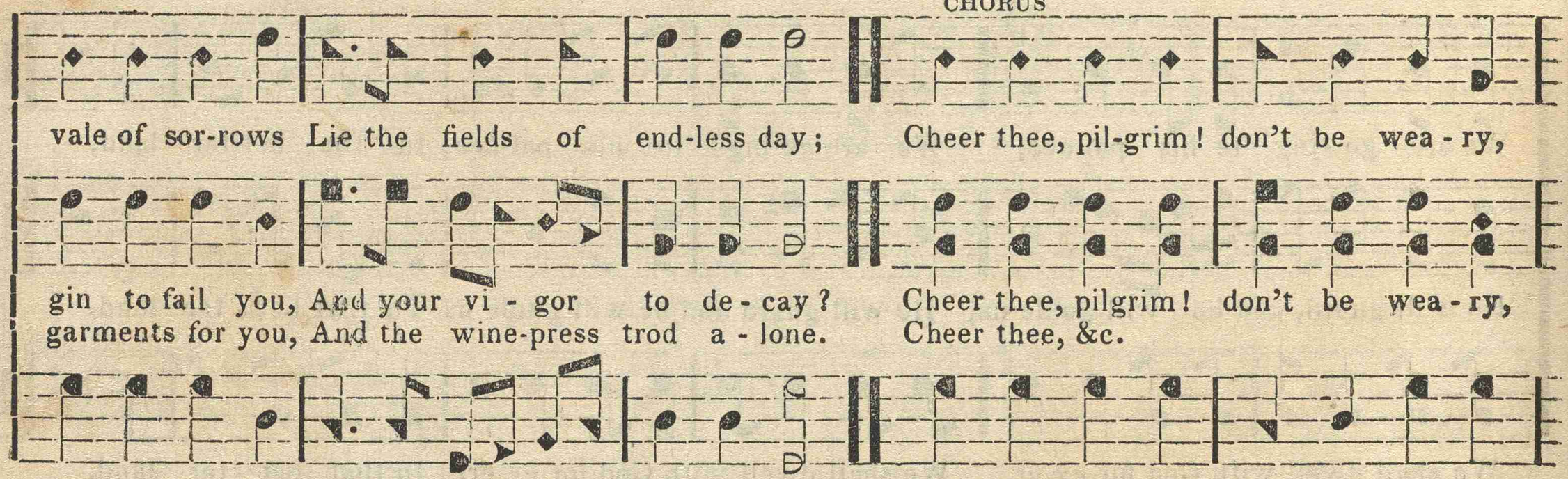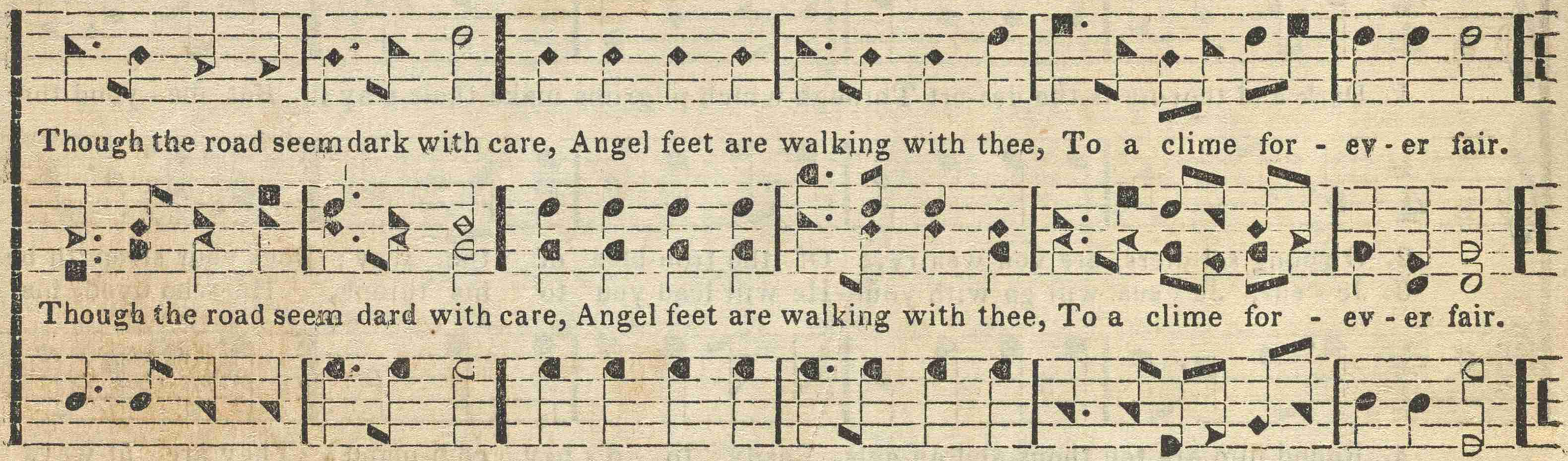


ANGEL FEET ARE WALKING WITH THEE.
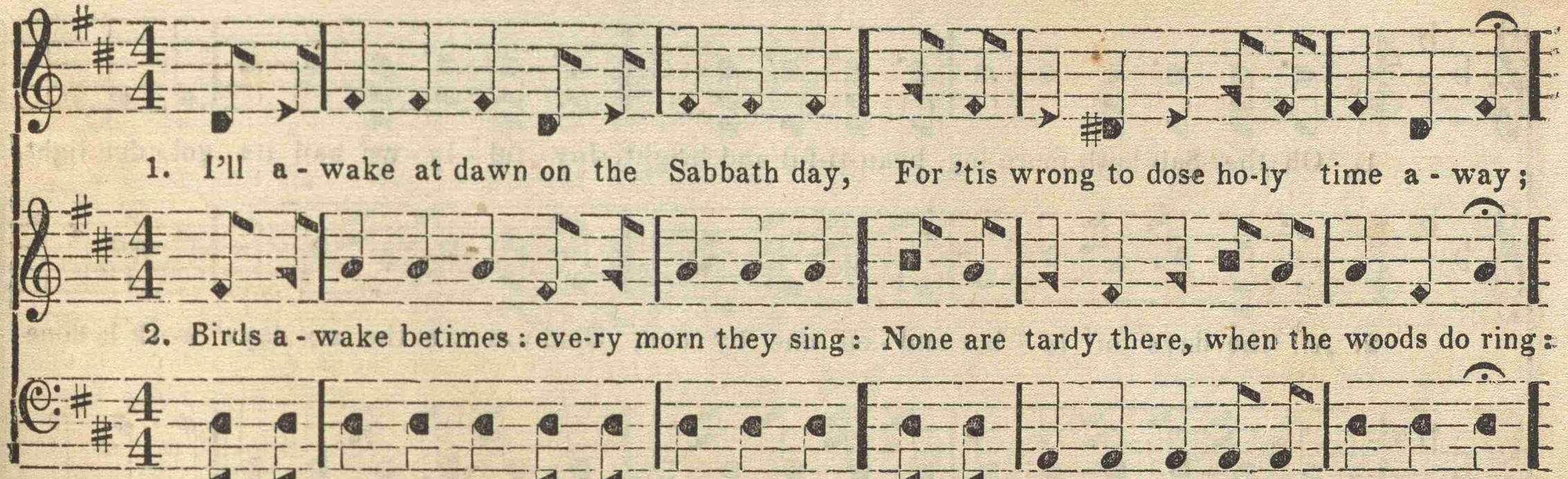
Music by ALDINE.
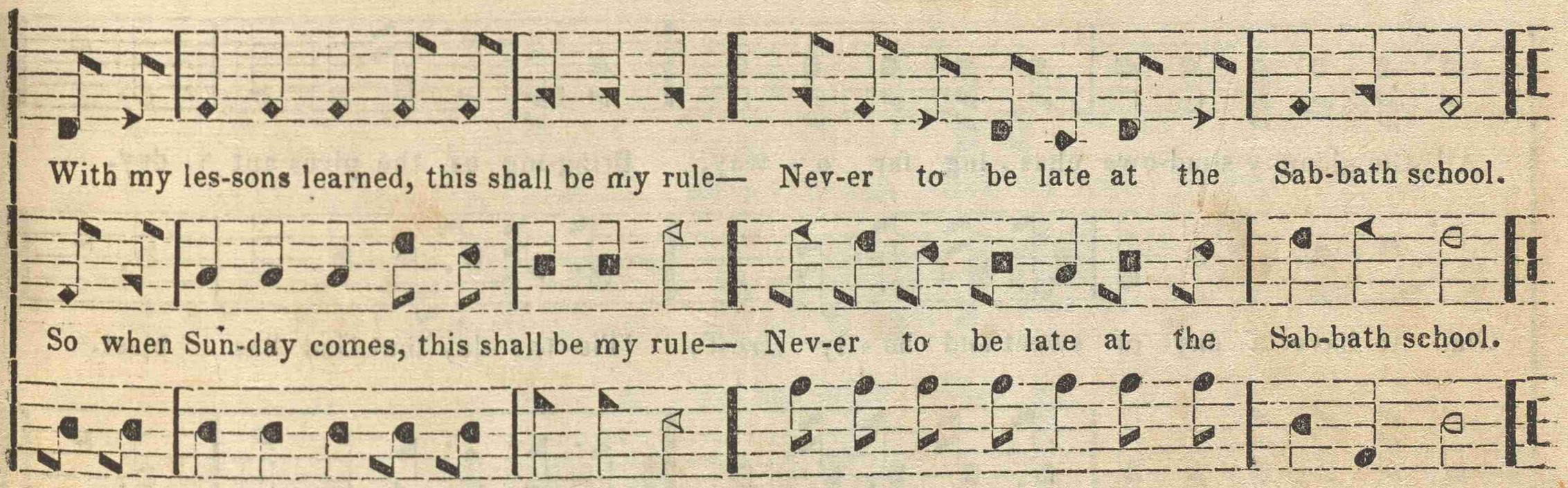


CHORUS


vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day; Cheer thee, pil-grim! don't be wea-ry,
gin to fail you, And your vi-gor to de-cay? Cheer thee, pilgrim! don't be wea-ry,
garments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone. Cheer thee, &c.
hov'r-ing round you, Till you reach the heavenly land. Cheer thee, pilgrim! don't be wea-ry,
peace shall ev-er Reign and tri-umph in your breast.


Though the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ev-er fair.
Though the road seem dard with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ev-er fair.
Though the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ev-er fair.
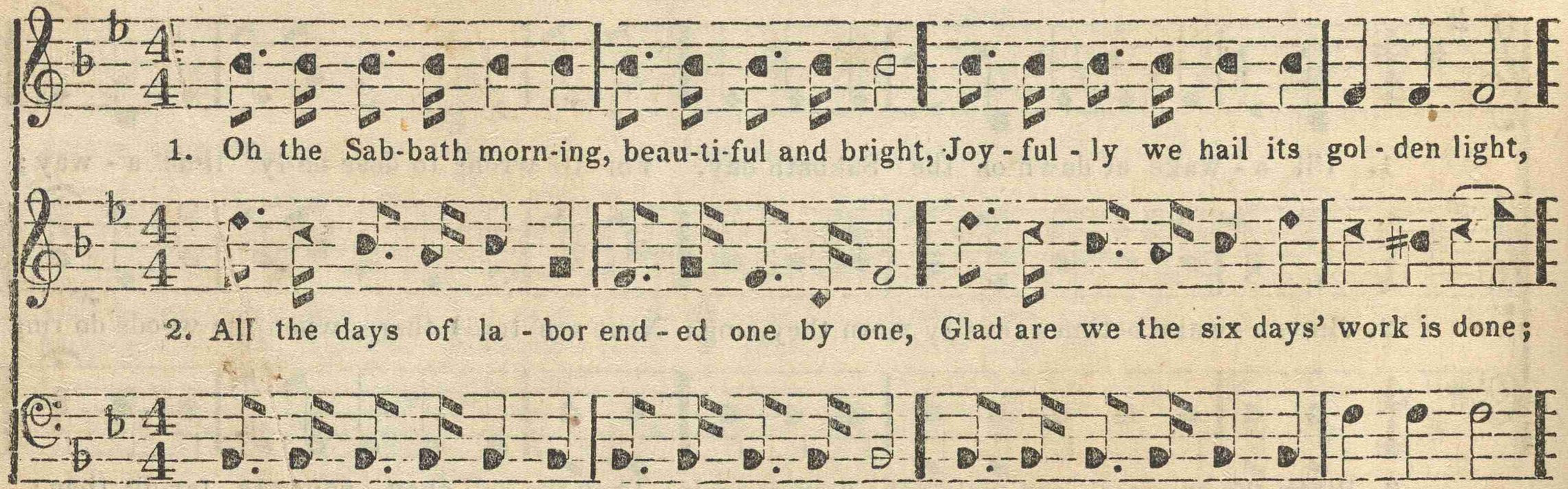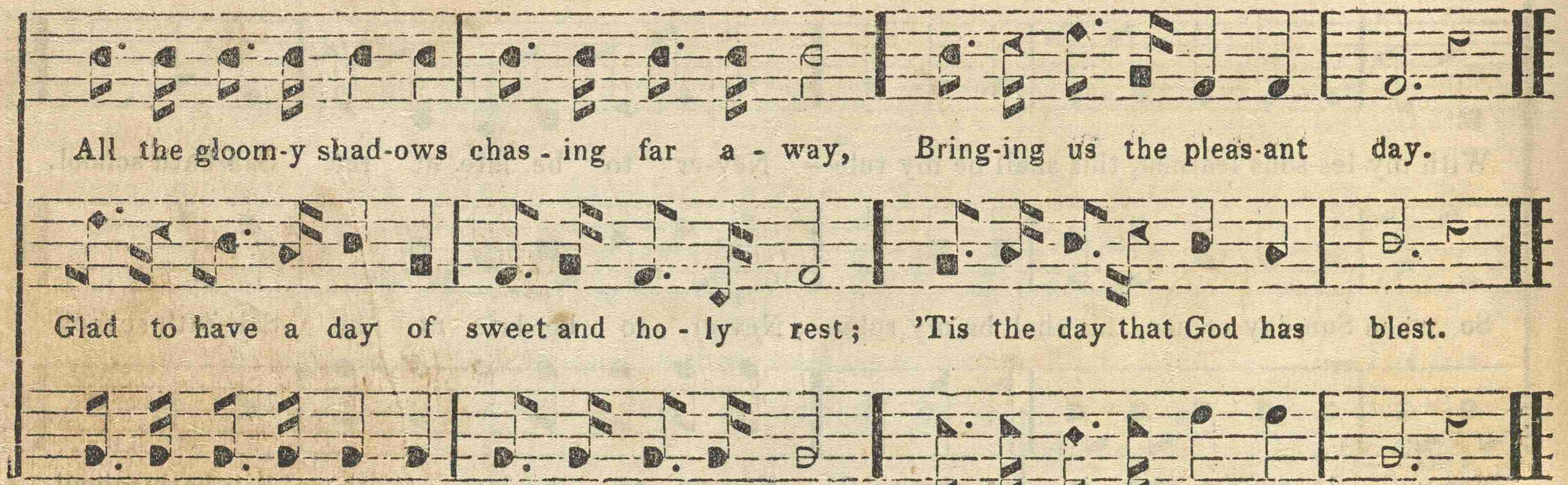


1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to dose ho-ly time a - way;
2. Birds a - wake betimes: eve-ry morn they sing: None are tardy there, when the woods do ring:
3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the call obey—none are tar-dy then;
4. But these Sab-bath days will soon be o'er, And these hap-py hours shall re-turn no more;
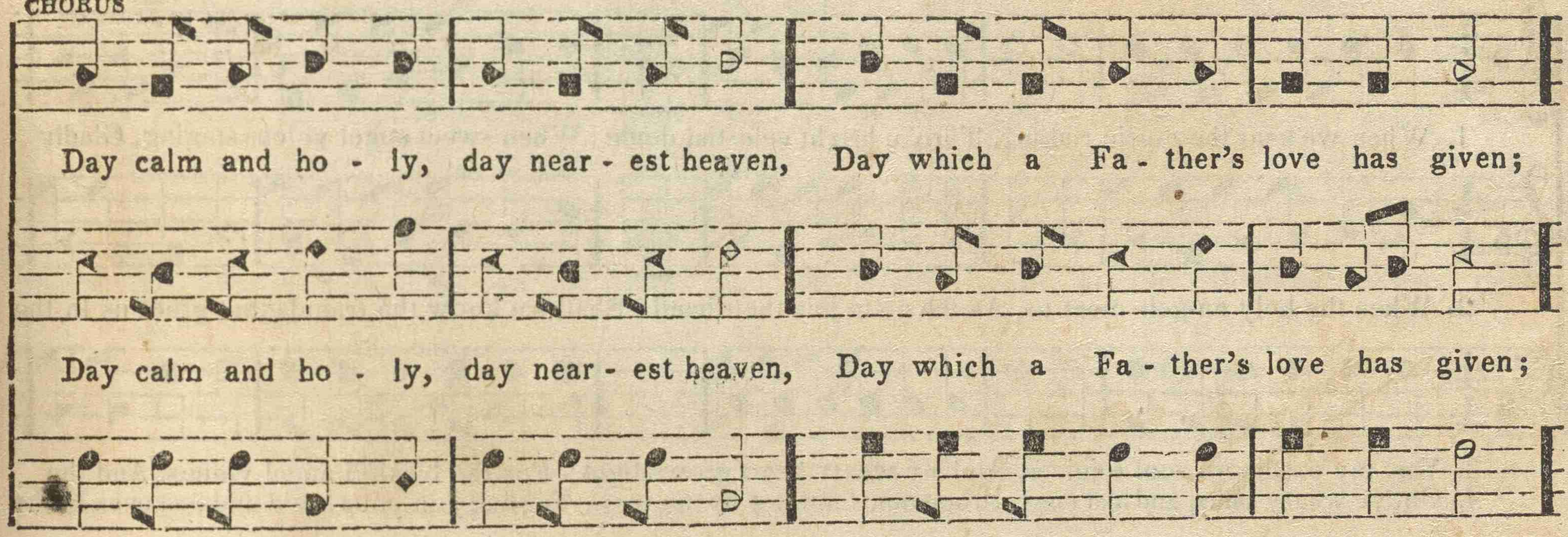


With my les-sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
So when Sun-day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
Nor will I for-get that it is my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
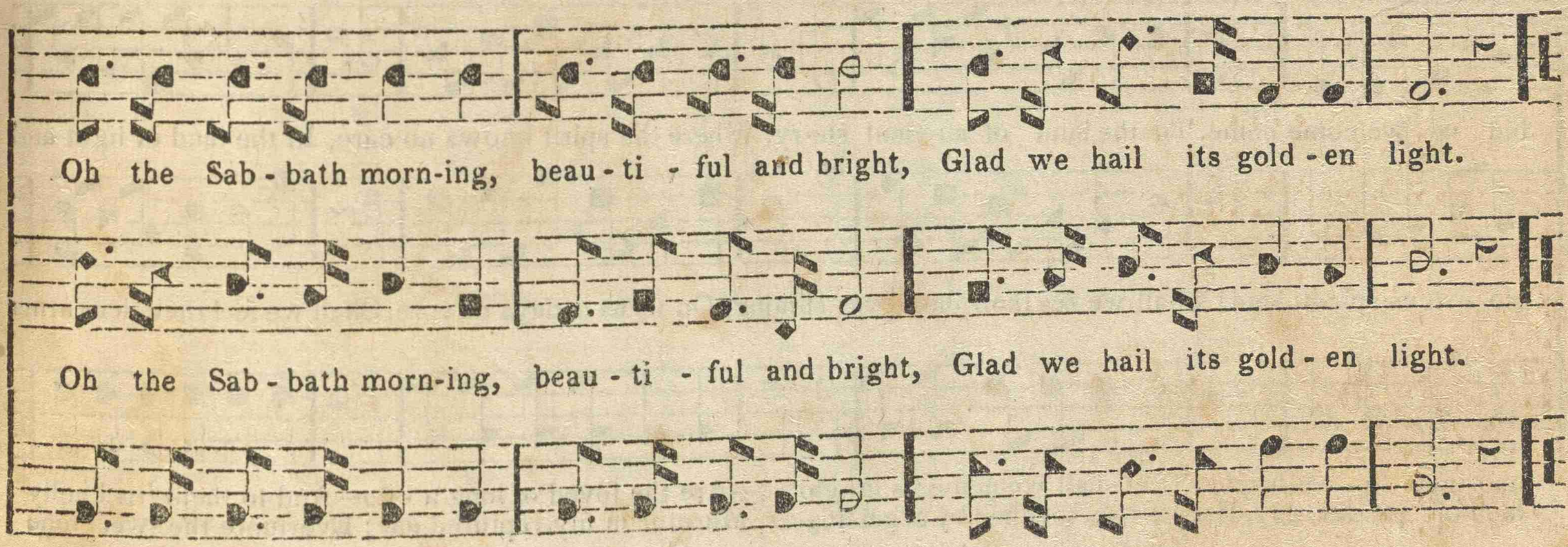
SABBATH MORNING.
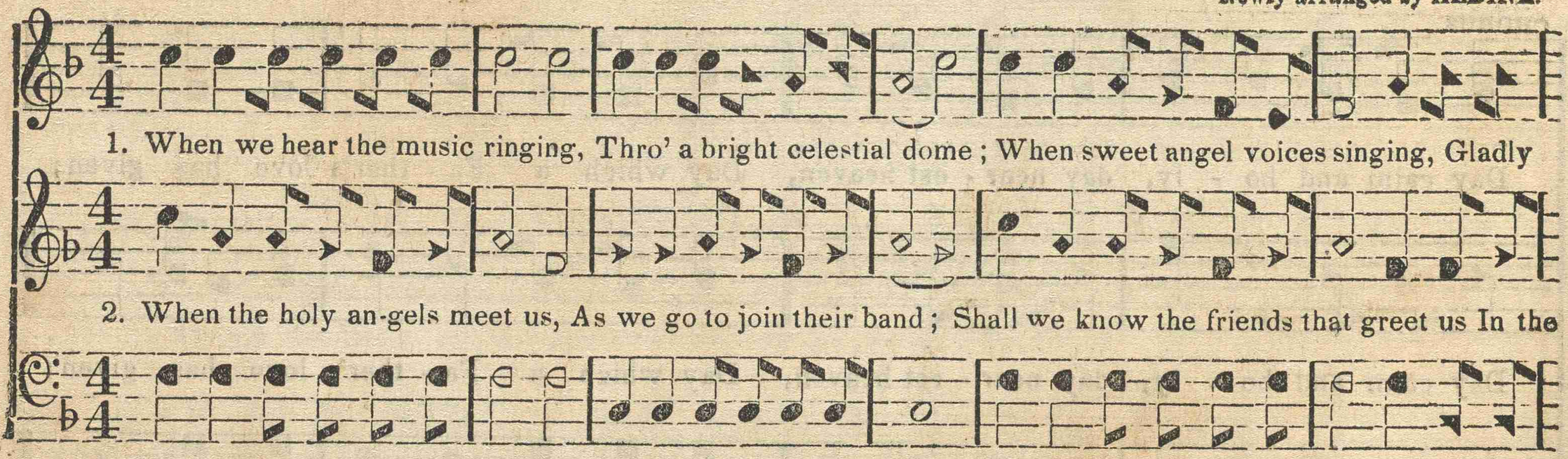




CHORUS
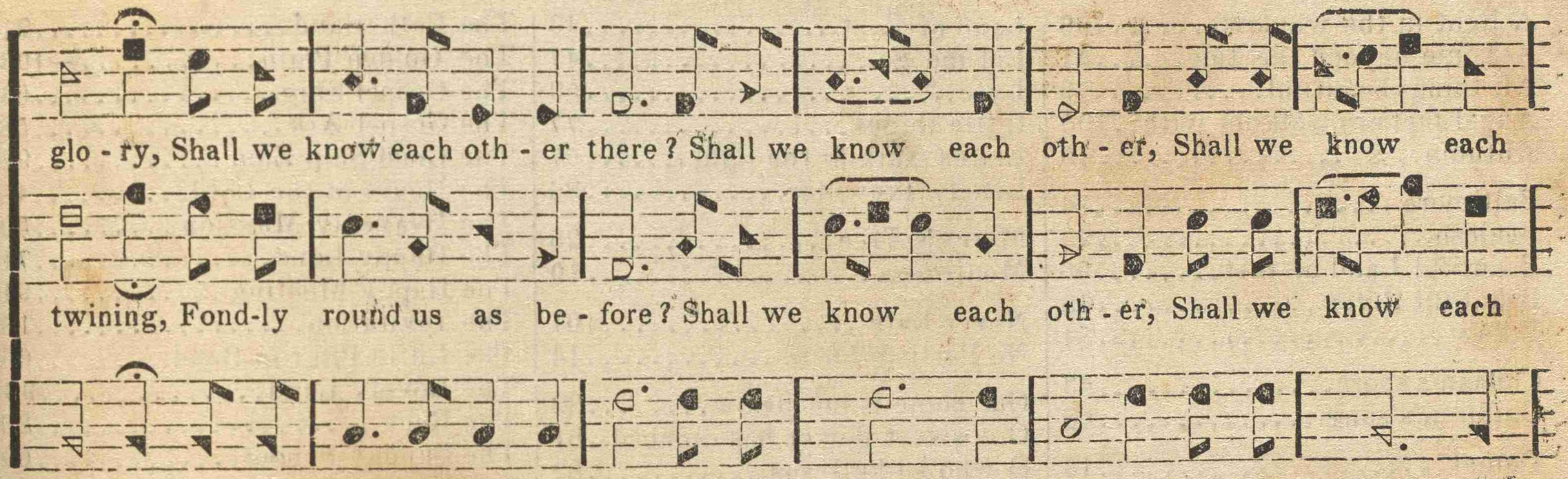

Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Fa - ther's love has given;
Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Fa - ther's love has given;
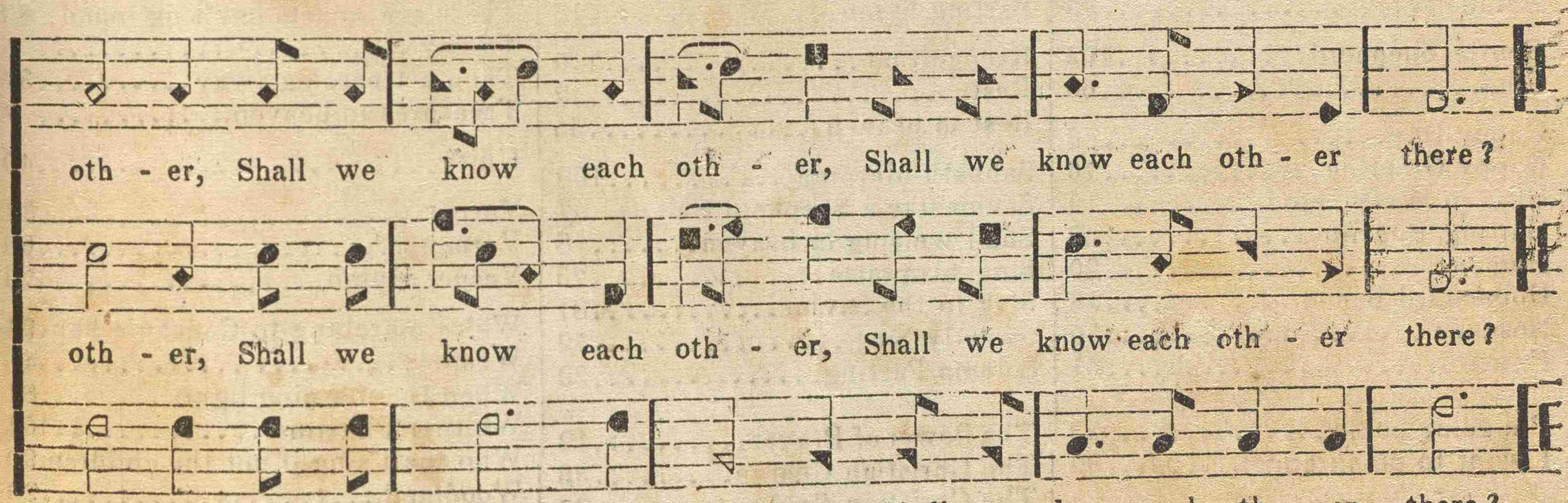

Oh the Sab - bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.
Oh the Sab - bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.

RECOGNITION.

Newly arranged by ALDINE.




glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
twining, Fond-ly round us as be - fore? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
giv - en, Thus their mor-tal friends ro know, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
lin - gers—We shall know each oth-er there, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each


oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there?

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A home beyond the tide.....41
All things beautiful.....79
Angel feet are walking with..105
Autumn.....15

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Bealoth.....25
Beautiful Land of rest.....56
Beautiful River.....78
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Canaan's shore.....63
Children's song.....68

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