FRUITS AND FLOWERS:

A COLLECTION OF

Tunes and Songs for Common and Sunday Schools.

BY WILLIAM WALKER,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SOUTHERN HARMONY," "SOUTHERN AND WESTERN POCKET HARMONY," AND "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY."

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

Pitts Theology Library

Emory University
Atlanta, Georgia 30322

FRUITS AND FLOWERS:

A COLLECTION OF

TUNES AND SONGS FOR COMMON AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY

WILLIAM WALKER,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SOUTHERN HARMONY," "SOUTHERN AND WESTERN POCKET HARMONY" AND "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY."

"Praise the Lord, both young men and maidens, old men and children. Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord."—DAVID.
"Give unto the Lord the flowers of youth and fruits of age."—ANON.

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1873.

46296

1873
Frui

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRESS,
PHILADELPHIA.

PREFACE.

HAVING given an intimation in "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY" (page 17, published in 1867) that I intended at an early day to publish a little music-book in the seven-syllable character-notes, suitable for little children, and to aid them in learning to sing, I commenced getting up a number of beautiful tunes and songs that would please the little children, from the infant-classes up to those of more mature age, to be taught to them in our old field-schools (as they are commonly called) in the country, and the schools for children of like character in our towns, villages and cities; believing then, as I do now, that music should be taught more or less in all our literary schools of every grade, and knowing (from many years' experience) that they could learn to sing much quicker with the patent than the round notes; and in compliance with my promise, prepared it in that way. But before I was half done my little book, the brethren, *ministers of the gospel, superintendents, and teachers of Sunday-schools,* and a great many of the *dear little children, young ladies* and *gentlemen* scholars, began to say and write to me, saying, Make us a Sunday-school music-book with those beautiful-shaped notes used in "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY," for we don't know how to sing the round notes in the other Sunday-school books, but yours are as plain as the A, B, C's. I agreed to do so, and the brethren from every direction began to send me beautiful, yea, splendid, new tunes and songs for the Sunday-school book, many of them *perfect gems.* Leave was obtained from a number of gentlemen publishers to select tunes and songs from their works, which I have done, making one of the richest collections of music and songs for Sunday-schools ever published. Having all ready, we concluded to have a book of rather an unusual or new character by blending the two books together, being the first of the kind, we think, in a music-book for common and Sunday-schools, both in one. We call it "FRUITS AND FLOWERS"*—one of the prettiest names in the English language.

We hope all will be pleased with our little book, for in the selections for both departments every piece is *innocent* and of a highly moral or religious character. May God deign to bless the labor of our hands, and make this little book a blessing to the millions of children and people into whose hands we hope it may come, is the earnest, sincere and humble prayer of the author,

WILLIAM WALKER.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., 1869.

I hereby give my hearty thanks to the many kind friends, authors and composers for the free use of their books and tunes for this work; and if I have in any case inadvertently violated any one's copyright and they feel injured and will please write me, I will try to arrange matters satisfactory. WE WANT TO DO RIGHT.

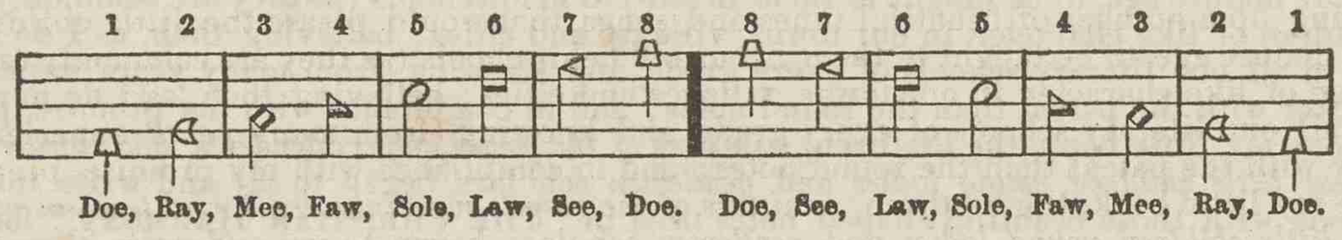
TO THE CHILDREN.

Well, children, I have been engaged for many years in making music-books for the grown people, so I thought I would now make a music-book for you, that you might all learn to sing while you are little folks. My mother learned me to sing when I was a little fellow about three years old. My dear children, don't you want to sing? It seems to me I almost hear you say,

* This beautiful name was suggested by Brother WILLIAM L. MONTAGUE, of Richmond, Va.

Yes, sir; that we do. Well, then, get your parents to buy you a copy of "FRUITS AND FLOWERS;" get them to show you how to learn the notes, called *Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe,* or take it with you to school and get the teacher to learn you; you can soon learn their names and shapes and tell them apart; yes, easier than you did the first seven letters of the alphabet, called A, B, C's. Here they are—now look at them good; now begin: *Doe*, *Ray*, *Mee*, *Faw*, *Sole*, *Law*, *See*; then again. Isn't that nice? I know you can soon learn. (NOTE.—The teacher will now make them on the blackboard, and ask their names and explain.) Sometimes the notes have stems to them, but they always have the same shape; sometimes they are black and have hooks or turns on the stems, but still the same shape. You must get your teacher to explain all this to you on the blackboard; then get him (or her) to learn you how to sing the notes put on these five parallel lines and spaces. They are called the eight notes.

EIGHT NOTES.



Now, after your teacher sings these notes with you a few times, you must get your school-books and learn your lesson and be smart, good little children, and learn fast; then your teacher will learn you to sing some pretty tunes by note; then some nice songs; then you will all love to go to school and learn how to read and learn how to sing, too; so, after a while, when you get large enough, ask your friends to get you a large-book—say, "THE SOUTHERN HARMONY," or "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY," which has the gamut, or rules to sing by, in it, and a great many beautiful tunes and songs that the people sing at church; and get some good person to teach a singing-school, so you can all learn how to sing anything you please. Now, my dear little children, good-bye; be good children, mind your father and mother and your teacher; go to Sunday-school, too, when you can, and to church, and listen to what the preacher says, and pray God to forgive your sins and make you all Christians, so that when we die we may all meet in heaven, where we shall for ever sing God's praises together; and may God bless you, dear children. Amen.

TO TEACHERS.

I feel sure in my own mind that you will all join heartily in introducing this little book, and get your patrons to furnish their children with a copy, that you may learn them to sing. It will cause the children to feel double the interest in the school. Sing a tune or two in the morning, then at recess, at noon, at the close; it rouses them up and refreshes them after hard study, gives them new life and energy for their studies, and causes them to love to go to school and have a deeper love for you as their teacher. If you have not learned music as a science, procure a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY," in the same kind of character-notes; the rules in the work are so plain and easy you can soon understand sufficient to sing with your pupils; draw short lessons on your blackboard, and explain to them. Don't try to do too much at one time, but just enough to make it pleasant and interesting to them. I look to you, together with superintendents and Sunday-school teachers, mostly for the circulation of this little book, besides the host of *ministers of the gospel* and *music teachers* that will push it with all their influence and energy; they believing, as I do, that it will, with God's blessing, be the means of doing much good, *musically, morally* and *religiously*. *So may it be.*

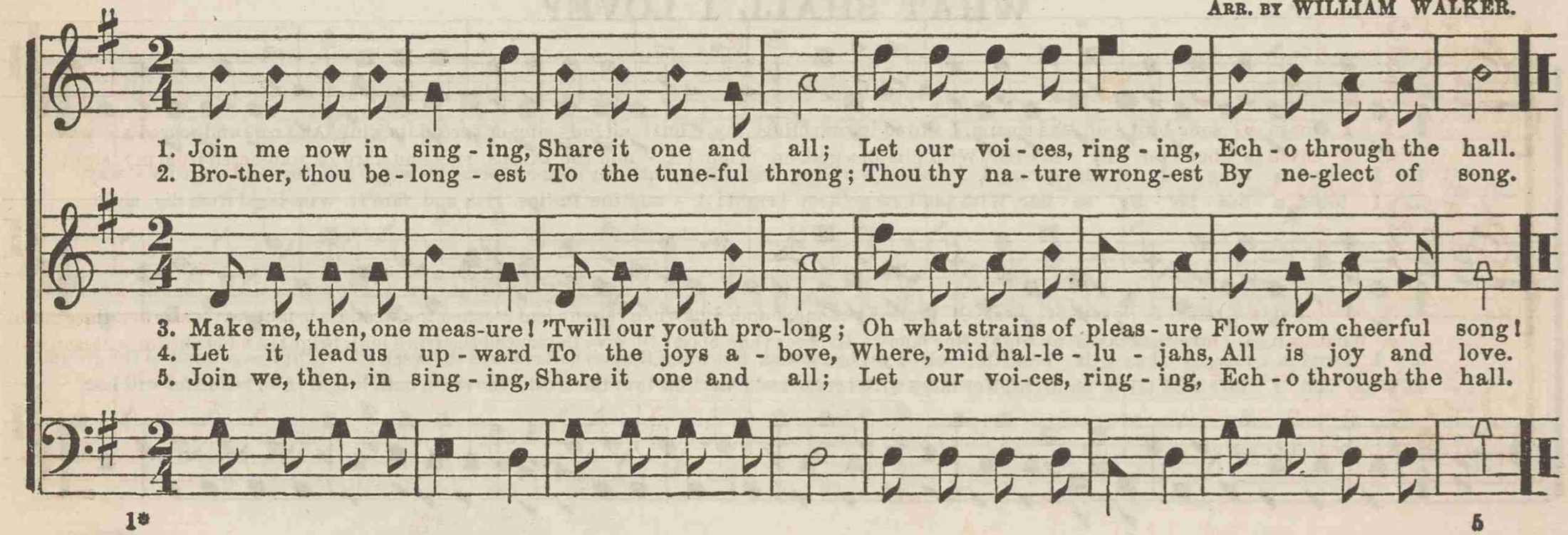
THE AUTHOR.

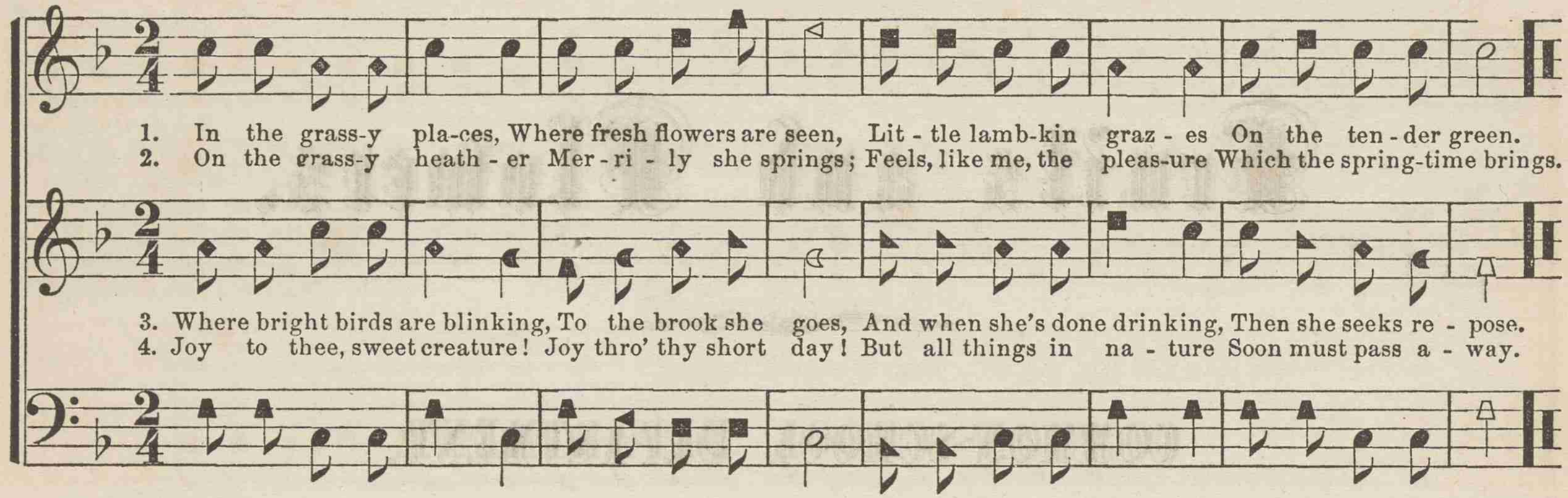
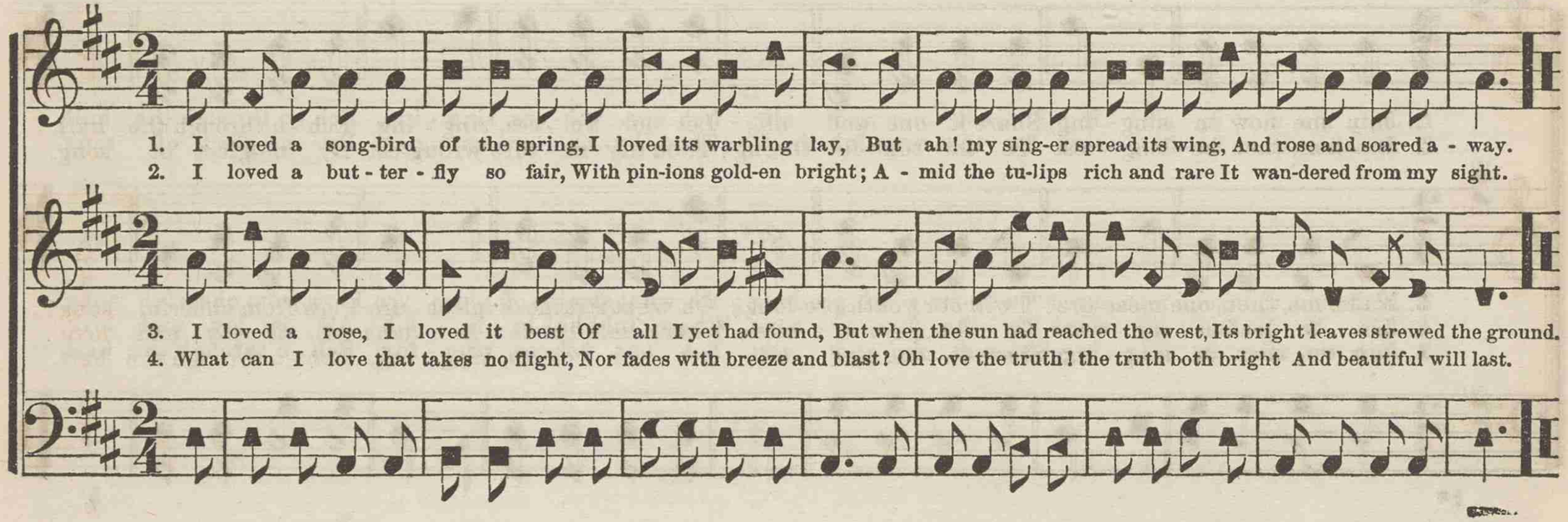
Fruits and Flowers.

COMMON-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

CALL TO SINGING. 6, 5.

ARR. BY WILLIAM WALKER.



THE LAMBKIN.

WHAT SHALL I LOVE?

THE SEASONS.

ARR. BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. Four sea - sons make up all the days of the year; If you'd know what they are, then come hith - er and hear How in
2. When the young leaves first peep from their buds on the spray, When the prim-rose and thorn - blos - som blow by the way, When the
3. When the lil - y shoots up with its beau - ti - ful flower, When the jes - sa - mine hangs in thick wreaths in the bower, When the
4. When the last corn is housed 'tween the showers on the hill; When the flowers are all gone and the eve-nings are chill; When the
5. When the snow-flakes skim down and the stormy winds blow, And the i - cic - les hang o'er the stream-let be - low; When the

or - der they pass, and what pres - ents they bring— The sum - mer, the au - tumn, the win - ter, and spring.
thrush and the lark are be - gin - ning to sing, Then know 'tis the sea - son, the sea - son of spring.

moss - rose is bloom-ing and scent-ing the air, 'Tis sum - mer, sweet sum - mer, and sun - shine is there.
leaves one by one fall a - way from the trees, Then au - tumn is come with his clouds and his breeze
woods are all bare, and the birds sing no more, 'Tis win - ter, cold win - ter, the last of the year.

PRETTY COW.

ARR. BY WILLIAM WALKER.

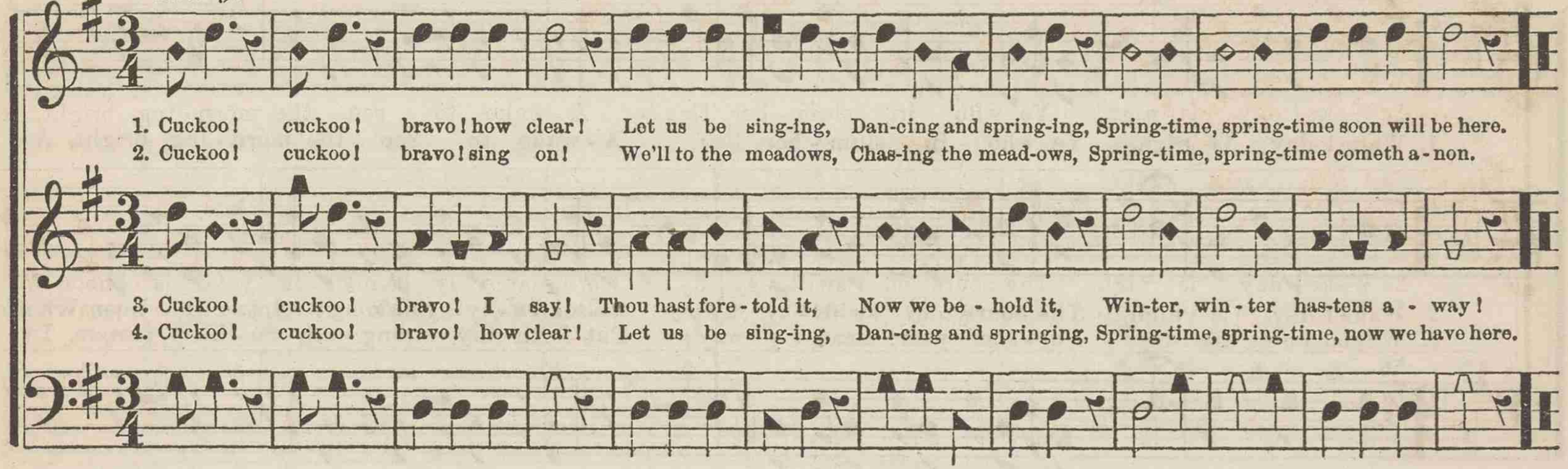
1. Thank you! pret-ty cow, for you have made Pleasant milk to soak my bread; Thank you! Eve-ry morn-ing, eve-ry night, Fresh, and

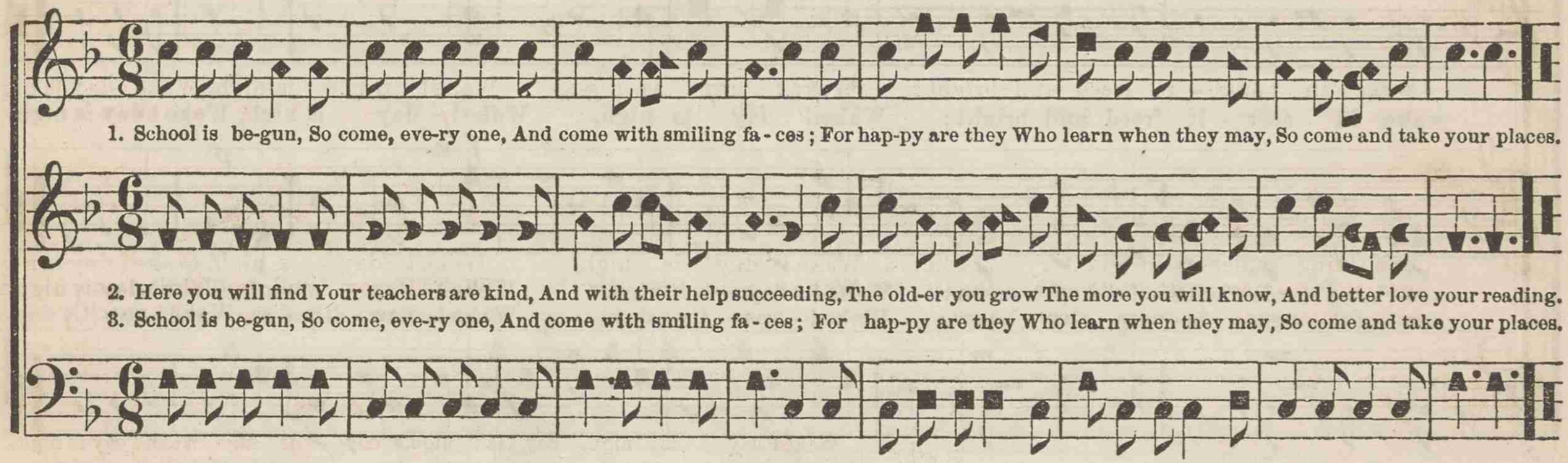
2. Thank you! and how thankful should I be Un-to Him who cares for me; Thank Him! Eve-ry day He gives me food, Watching
3. Thank you! pret-ty cow, for you have made Pleasant milk to soak my bread; Thank you! Eve-ry morn-ing, eve-ry night, Fresh and

warm, and sweet, and white, Thank you! Eve-ry morn-ing, eve-ry night, Fresh, and warm, and sweet, and white.

ov-er me for good; Thank Him! Eve-ry day He gives me food, Watch-ing ov-er me for good.
warm, and sweet, and white; Thank you! Eve-ry morn-ing, eve-ry night, Fresh, and warm, and sweet, and white.

CUCKOO.

Lively.

SCHOOL IS BEGUN.



AWAKE! WAKE! 'TIS DAY.

Lively.

GERMAN.

1, Wake! day is nigh, Ye who in slum - ber lie; A - wake to see the morn - ing bright, A-

2. Wake! day is nigh, The hours do swift - ly fly; We scarce - ly think it yet is noon When
3. Wake! now 'tis day, Pur - sue your stead - y way; Put forth thy strong - est, no - blest powers, To

wake in spir - it freed and bright: Wake! day is nigh, Wake! day is nigh, Wake! day is nigh.

eve - ning comes with silv' - ry moon: Wake! day is nigh, Wake! day is nigh, Wake! day is nigh.
use - ful - ness de - vote thy hours: Wake! now 'tis day, Wake! now 'tis day, Wake! now 'tis day.

Wake! day is nigh, day is nigh, day is nigh, Wake! day is nigh.

THE CRICKET.

ARR. BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. Chirp - ing lit - tle crick - et, Chirp and do not cease; Sing - ing in the thick - et,
2. We will not dis - turb thee, Chirp and do not cease; On - ly let us hear thee,
3. Crick - et, thou art peep - ing Thro' the rust - ling trees; While the world is sleep - ing,

4. Wake - ful as the star - light, Chirp and do not cease; Morn-ing, noon and mid - night,
5. Soon the leaves o'er-shad - ing, Scat - tered on the breeze, Will be seared and fad - ing,
6. While the days are love - ly Chirp, and do not cease: Let us ev - er hear thee,

Chirp a - way in peace, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la.

Chirp a - way in peace, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la.

THE CRADLE SONG.

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot - tage vale is deep; The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! I would not, would not weep; The lit - tle lamb he nev - er cries, And
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Near where the wood-bines creep; Be al - ways like the lamb so mild, A
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy rest shall an - gels keep, While on the grass the lamb shall feed, And

snow - y fleece so soft and clean: Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
bright and hap - py are his eyes: Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
sweet, and kind, and gen - tle child: Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
nev - er suf - fer want nor need: Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might-y o - cean And the beau-teous land.
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Humble tho' they be, Make the might-y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.

3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way From the paths of vir - tue, Oft in sin to stray.
4. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heaven a - bove.
5. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth-ful hands, Grow to bless the na-tions Far in heath-en lands.

THE LITTLE STAR.

f. FINE. D. C.

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won - der what you are! Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky:
D. C. *Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are!*
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up - on, Then you show your lit-tle light—Twinkle, twinkle all the night:
D. C. *Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are!*

FINE. D. C.

3. Then the trav'-ler in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark; He could not see where to go If you did not twin-kle so:
D. C. *Twin - kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are!*
4. In the sky a - bove you keep, In my win - dow of - ten peep; For you nev - er shut your eye 'Till the sun is in the sky:
D. C. *Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are!*

FINE. D. C.

AROUSE UP, YE SLEEPERS.

ARR. BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. A - rouse up, ye sleep-ers, the morn-ing is come, The sun has a - wak-ened the in - sect's soft hum;
2. Oh lose not the brightness of morning's young beams; The beauties of na - ture are sweet - er than dreams;

3. Then rouse up, ye sleep-ers, the morn-ing is here; The sun is a - ris- ing, the sky is all clear:
4. Then wake, O ye sleep-ers, nor slum-ber pro-long; Al - read - y the reap - er is hast'ning a - long:

The sheep to the fields go, The men to the meadow, And all to their la - bor 'till day-light grows low.
Your down - y bed leav-ing, Go forth 'till the eve-ning, Its fra-grant air breathes, and the night-warblers sing.

Come out to the mowing, The planting and sow - ing; Come quick-ly, ye sleepers, and come with good cheer.
Come up to the mountain, Or work by the foun-tain; A - wake with the morning, a - wake to my song.

1. In the grass - y pla - ces, Where the flow'rs are seen, There the lamb - kin graz - es
2. On the sun - ny pas - ture Mer - ri - ly she springs; Feels, like us, the pleas - ure

3. Where the birds are blink - ing, To the brook she goes; When she's done her drink-ing,
4. Soft - ly there she rests her By the run - ning stream; We will not mo - lest her,
5. Like the lamb - kin love - ly, From all e - vil free, Kind, and good, and low - ly,

On the ten - der green. La, la, la, La, la, la, There the lamb-kin, La, la, la, See pret-ty lamb.
Sun-ny spring-time brings. La, la, la, La, la, la, There the lamb-kin, La, la, la, See pret-ty lamb.

Then she seeks re - pose. La, la, la, La, la, la, There the lamb - kin, La, la, la, See pret-ty lamb.
Sweet-ly let her dream. La, la, la, La, la, la, There the lamb - kin, La, la, la, See pret-ty lamb.
I will ev - er be. La, la, la, La, la, la, There the lamb - kin, La, la, la, See pret-ty lamb.

HOUR OF SINGING.

1. We love to make sweet mu - sic, To make our voi - ces ring; And we are al - ways hap - py When comes the hour to sing.
2. Oh come and let us sing, then, Like birds that fly a - way, And look as bright as dew - drops In warm and sun - ny May.

3. We'll sing of love and kindness, We'll sing of home and school; We'll sing of morn-ing, mid-day, And eve-ning breezes cool.
4. And while we sing so cheerful, We'll bet-ter grow each day, And then our songs of pleasure Will nev - er fade a - way.

THE MOON.

1. How thou shin - est, love-ly moon! Ev - er si - lent, calm and lone; Queen of night, 'mid star-ry skies, Thou dost ev - er charm my eyes.
2. Soft-ly sail - ing thro' the sky, Ev - er smil-ing from on high; When thou pour-est floods of light, O - cean glim-mers in thy sight.

3. O'er the lone - ly pil-grim's way, Thou art shed-ding light like day: Cheerful - ly thou bid'st him roam, And thou guidest to his home.
4. Pleas-ant is thy face to me; How I love to gaze at thee, When thou shinest, love - ly moon, Ev - er si-lent, calm and lone!

WORK AWAY.

ARR. BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. I re - mem - ber a les - son which was not thrown a - way: In the morn of life be
2. Hands were made to be use - ful, if you teach them the way; There-fore for your-self or
3. And to speed with your la - bor make the most of to - day: What may hin - der you to-

4. As for grief and vex - a - tion, let them come when they may; When your heart is in your
5. In the world would you pros - per, then this coun - sel o - bey: Out of debt is out of
6. Let your own hands sup - port you 'till your strength shall de - cay, And your heart should nev - er

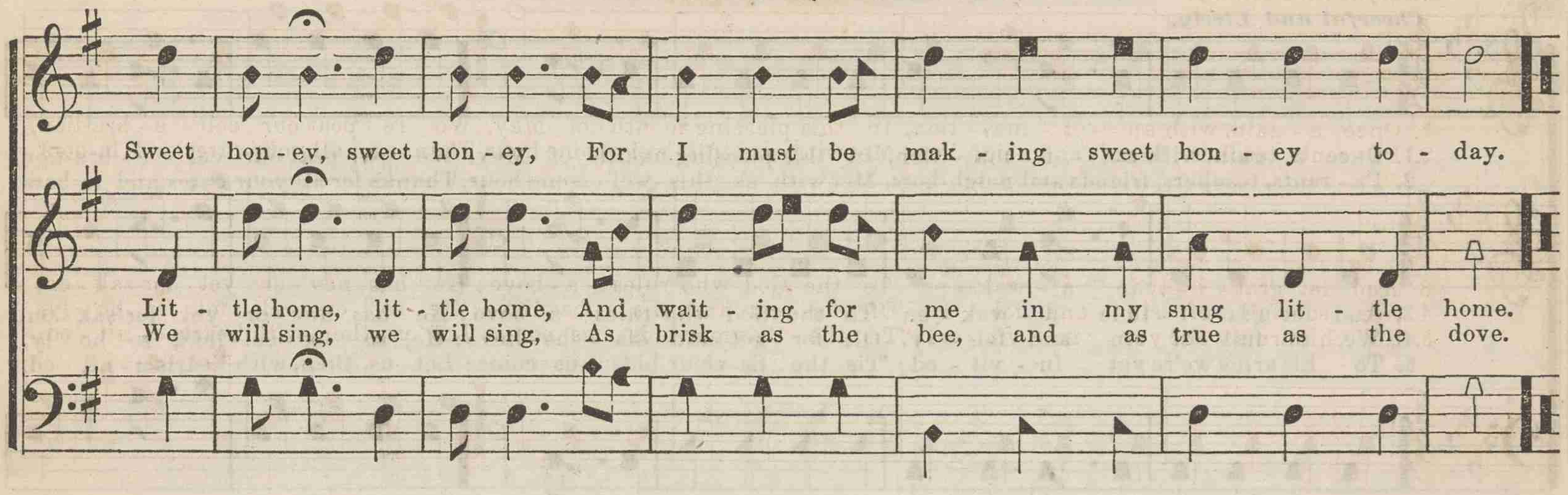
use-ful—don't spend too much time in play: Work a - way while you're young, work a - way, work a - way.
neighbor make them use-ful ev' - ry day: Work a - way while you're young, work a - way, work a - way.
mor-row, 'tis im - pos - si - ble to say. Work a - way while you're young, work a - way, work a - way.

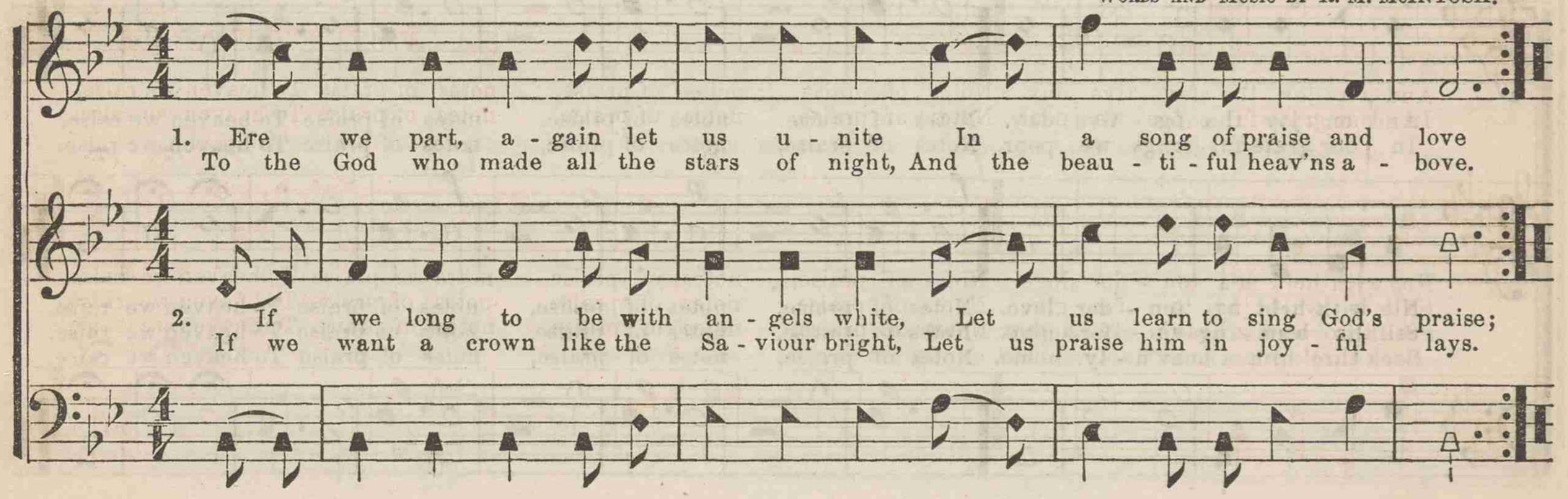
la - bor, it will soon be light and gay. Work a - way while you're young, work a - way, work a - way.
dan-ger, and your cred-it - ors to pay. Work a - way while you're young, work a - way, work a - way.
fail you, e - ven when your hair is gray. Work a - way while you're young, work a - way, work a - way.

BUSY BEE.

1. Oh say, bus - y bee, whither now are you go - ing? Whither now are you go - ing—to work or to play?
2. Oh say, pret - ty dove, whither now are you fly - ing? Whither now are you fly - ing—to Lon-don or Rome?
3. So we all, so hap - py while dai - ly ad - van-cing In wis - dom and knowledge, in vir-tue and love,

I am bound to the gar-den, where flowers are blooming, For I must be mak-ing sweet hon - ey to - day.

I am bound to my nest, where my partner is sigh - ing, And wait - ing for me in my snug lit - tle home.
Will sing on our way, in our pro-gress re - joi - cing, As brisk as the bee and as true as the dove.

ERE WE PART.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

MAY-DAY SONG.

Cheerful and Lively.

1. Once a - gain, with an - i - ma - tion, In this pleasing month of May, We re - peat our cel - e - bra-tion,
2. Pa - rents, teachers, friends and neigh-bors, Met with us this wel - come hour, Thanks for all your cares and la-bors
3. And let grat - i - tude a - wak - en To the God who rules a - bove; He has nev - er yet for-sak - en,
4. We, so full of sin and fol - ly, Oft for - get and dis - be - lieve; He, so ex - cel - lent, so ho - ly,
5. To his arms we're yet in - vit - ed; 'Tis the Sa-viour bids us come; Let us, then, with hearts u - nit - ed,

Chorus to each verse.

And en - joy the fes - tive day. Notes of praise. notes of praise, notes of praise To heaven we raise.
In our grate-ful songs we pour. Notes of praise, notes of praise, notes of praise To heaven we raise.

Nor with-held his ten - der love. Notes of praise, notes of praise, notes of praise To heaven we raise.
Still is wait - ing to for - give. Notes of praise, notes of praise, notes of praise To heaven we raise.
Seek thro' him a heav'n - ly home. Notes of praise, notes of praise, notes of praise To heaven we raise.

Not too fast.

1. I must not tease my moth - er, For she is ve - ry kind, And eve-ry thing she says to me I must di - rect-ly mind; For
2. I must not tease my moth-er; And when she likes to read, Or has the headache, I will step Most si-lent-ly in - deed; I will
3. I must not tease my moth - er; I've heard my fath-er say, When I was in my cradle sick She nursed me night and day; She lays
4. I must not tease my moth - er; She loves me all the day, And she has patience with my faults, And teaches me to pray; How much
when I was a ba - by, And could not speak or walk, She let me in her bo - som sleep, And taught me how to talk.
not choose a nois - y play, Or tri-fling trou-bles tell But sit down qui - et by her side, And try to make her well.
me in my lit - tle bed, She gives me clothes and food, And I have noth-ing more to pay But try -ing to be good.
I'll strive to please her She eve - ry hour shall see, For should she go a - way or die, What would become of me?

TIT FOR TAT.

1. Chil - dren, as we some-times see, Don't a - gree. They fall out, I grieve to say, In their hours of play.

2. Chil - dren, why such an - ger show? Don't you know You should not this rule o - bey? There's a bet - ter way;
3. Though it was in - deed un - kind, Nev - er mind. You should bear a lit - tle pain, So be friends a - gain.

One of - fends, and soon we learn He's of - fend - ed in his turn; And they say that, tit for tat Is the rule for that.

If each should in turn of - fend, Then would quar-rels nev - er end; There's a bet - ter way than that, Say not tit for tat.
Those who in this world would live Must for - get and must for-give: Bear these tri - fles like a man; That's the bet - ter plan.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

From "*Glad Tidings.*"
Music and part of words by R. McINTOSH.

Moderato.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day;

2. Child of sin and sor - row. Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst bor - row Help from on high;
3. Child of sin and sor - row, Come, come to - day: Child of sin and sor - row, Stay not a - way;

Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

Grieve not that love Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.
No long - er roam Far from thy home: Child of sin and sor - row, Come, come to - day.

THE CHILD'S WISH FOR SPRING.

Moderato.

J. H. HEWITT.

1. Gen - tle Spring, why don't you come, Pretty flowers, where are you? Hark! the wint'ry breez-es hum Mourn-ful - ly the branches through;

2. Gen-tle Spring, why don't you come? Where are all your budding leaves? E'en my little bird is dumb, For the balm-y air it grieves;

Snow is ov - er field and hill, Ice is on the val-ley stream; Now its plaintive voice is still, And its rip - ples seem to dream.

God is wise, 'tis his de-cree, He will soon make flow'rs spring up; By and by the rose we'll see, And the li - ly's hon-ey-cup.

1. Of all my joys, I prize the most My lit - tle gar - den here; No mat-ter how much pains it cost, 'Tis only still more dear.
2. I muse and watch it day by day With ten - der love and care; And well it does my pains repay With flow'rs and fruit so fair.
3. And eve - ry pret-ty plant that springs, However small it be, Each lit - tle bud and blossom brings A sweet delight to me.
4. I love my gar-den more and more; And when my task is done, And when the hours of school are o'er, I to my gar - den run.

WINTER.

Chorus.

1. { Win - ter, thou art ve - ry cold, Cut - ting are thy breez-es; / Snow-drift is on snow-drift rolled, All the wa - ter freez-es. } Snow-drift is on snow-drift rolled, All the wa-ter freez - es.
2. { Pi - ty, O my child, the poor—Scarce a stick to warm them; / Winds come whistling thro' the door, Skies, the clouds deform them. } Snow-drift is on snow-drift rolled, All the wa-ter freez - es.
3. { Oh, how ma - ny poor there are! How they shake and shiv - er! / Like the im - age of a star On the wa - vy riv - er. } Snow-drift is on snow-drift rolled, All the wa-ter freez - es.
4. { Yes, my heart shall pi - ty you Who have sor - row dai - ly: / For I may be wretch-ed too, Though I sing so gay - ly. } Snow-drift is on snow-drift rolled, All the wa-ter freez - es.

BLISS IS HOVERING.

1. Bliss is hov' - ring, smil - ing eve - ry - where; Hov' - ring o'er the ver - dant mountain,
2. In - no - cence un - seen is ev - er near; In the tall tree-top it lin - gers,
3. Pleas - ure ech - oes, ech - oes ev - er near; From the green bank decked with flow-ers,

4. Up and weave us now a flow' - ry crown: See the blos - soms all un - fold - ing,
5. Go ye forth and join the May - day throng: Sings the cuc - koo by the riv - er,
6. Bliss is hov' - ring, smil - ing eve - ry - where; Hov' - ring o'er the ver - dant moun-tain,

Chorus.

Smil - ing in the glas - sy foun - tain—Bliss is hov' - ring, smil - ing eve - ry - where.
In the nest of feath - er'd sing - ers, In - no - cence un - seen is ev - er near.
Sun - ny hills and pleas - ant tow - ers, Pleas-ure ech - oes, ech - oes ev - er near.

Each its beau - teous sta - tion hold - ing, Up and weave us now a flow' - ry crown.
In the breeze the young leaves quiv - er, Go ye forth and join the May - day throng.
Smil - ing in the glas - sy foun - tain—Bliss is hov' - ring, smil - ing eve - ry - where.

THE STARS ARE FADING.

(Morning Song.)

Solo voice. (*Small notes for instrument.*) *Full Chorus.*

1. { The stars are fad-ing from the sky, The mists be-fore the morn-ing fly; / The East is glow-ing with a smile, And Na-ture, laugh-ing all the while, } Says, "Clear the way! the world is wak-ing,

2. { The cock has crow'd with all his might, The birds are sing-ing with de-light; / The hum of bus'ness meets the ear, And face to face with kind-ly cheer, } Says, "Clear the way! the world is wak-ing,

3. { The bell is ring-ing, haste a-way! The school is o-pen, leave off play; / The sun of knowledge there we find A-ris ing on the youth-ful mind. } So "Clear the way! the world is wak-ing,

Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing; Night is gone and day is break-ing."

Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing; Night is gone and day is break-ing."
Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing; Night is gone and day is break-ing."

YES OR NO.

1. Short speech suf - fi - ces Deep thoughts to show, When you with wis-dom Say yes or no.

2. Time nev - er lin - gers, Moves nev - er slow; While he per - mits it, Say yes or no.
3. Deep may the im - port, For joy or woe, Be in the utt'rance Of yes or no.

Save me from speech - es Long, dull and slow, Oh how much bet - ter Plain yes or no!

If he es - capes you, Ne'er can you know If you a - gain may Say yes or no.
If ev - en these then You would fore - go, Eyes, sparkling eyes, shall Say yes or no.

HOLIDAY SONG.

WORDS BY MISS S. P. WHITTLESEY. MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

Omit these measures in D. C.

FINE.

1. { Let us be gladsome and let us be gay, On this our hol - i - day;
   { Let us be mirth-ful, in - no - cent as May, On this our fes - tal day;

D. C. *Let us be glad-some and let us be gay, On . . . . . this our hol - i - day.*

FINE.

2. { Let us have grateful hearts while we are gay, On this our hol - i - day;
   { Let us be gen-tle and smil - ing as May, On this our fes - tal day;

D. C. *Let us be gladsome and let us be gay, On . . . . . this our fes - tal day.*

FINE.

D. C.

Come let us raise An - thems of praise, To our Lord and our King, In joy - ous ac-cents sing: D. C.

Praise let us sing To our great King—With the heart and the tongue Our grate-ful notes pro - long: D. C.

3. Let us be humble still while we are gay,
   On this our holiday;
   Let us be holy, though mirthful as May,
   On this our festal day.
   Jesus is love, he reigns above;
   Bend the heart and the knee,
   To his high majesty,
   Let us be gladsome and let us be gay.
   On this our festal day.

4. While we are gladsome and while we are gay,
   On this our holiday,
   Let us be mindful, tho' mirthful as May,
   Of the great judgment-day.
   Let us e'er seek Him who was meek,
   With the heart and the voice;
   Make Jesus our first choice:
   Then we'll be happy, where joys never [cease,
   Through an eternal May.

ANOTHER YEAR.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. An - oth - er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A trav'ler in this vale.
2. Ah! not a few Who seem'd life's toil to brave Are hid from view With - in the si - lent grave.
3. Why am I spared To see an - oth-er year? Why have I shared So ma-ny mer-cies here?
4. From God a - lone My mercies I re - ceive; To him a - bove I would for ev - er live.

CHANGING WEATHER.

Lively.

1. It shines, it rains, Then shines again; What does the weather mean? It hangs in doubt, The sun comes out, With drizzling mist between.
2. Now dark, now light, Like day, like night, 'Tis changing, fickle weather; It mists at times, Then rains or shines, And sometimes altogether.
3. I pout, I pet, Well pleased I get, Both dil - i-gent and lazy; In my own way Is such a day, When rainy, shiny, hazy.
4. Do this, do that: What would'st be at? This raging, changing heart, Be still, oh cease! With sunshine, peace, How soon the clouds depart!
5. It is just so The clouds will go, When all at once 'tis clearing, The clouds gone by, That now on high Look peaceful, bright and cheering.
6. Thou sil - ly art, O fit - ful heart; Why wonder 'till thou'rt weary? Oh then be still, For soon it will Be pleasant, light and cheery.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR MONEY, BOYS.

Earnestly.

A VERY POPULAR AIR.

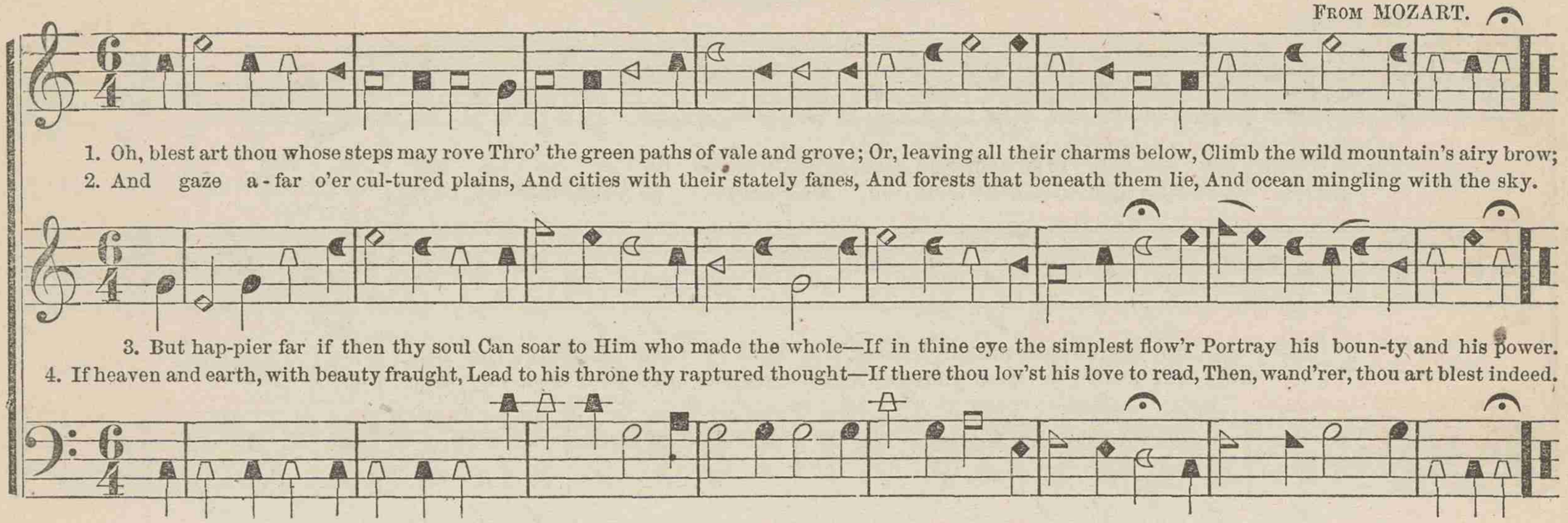
1. When life is full of health and glee, Work thou as bu - sy as a bee;
   And take this gen - tle hint from me, Be care-ful of your mon-ey, boys.
   Be care - ful of your

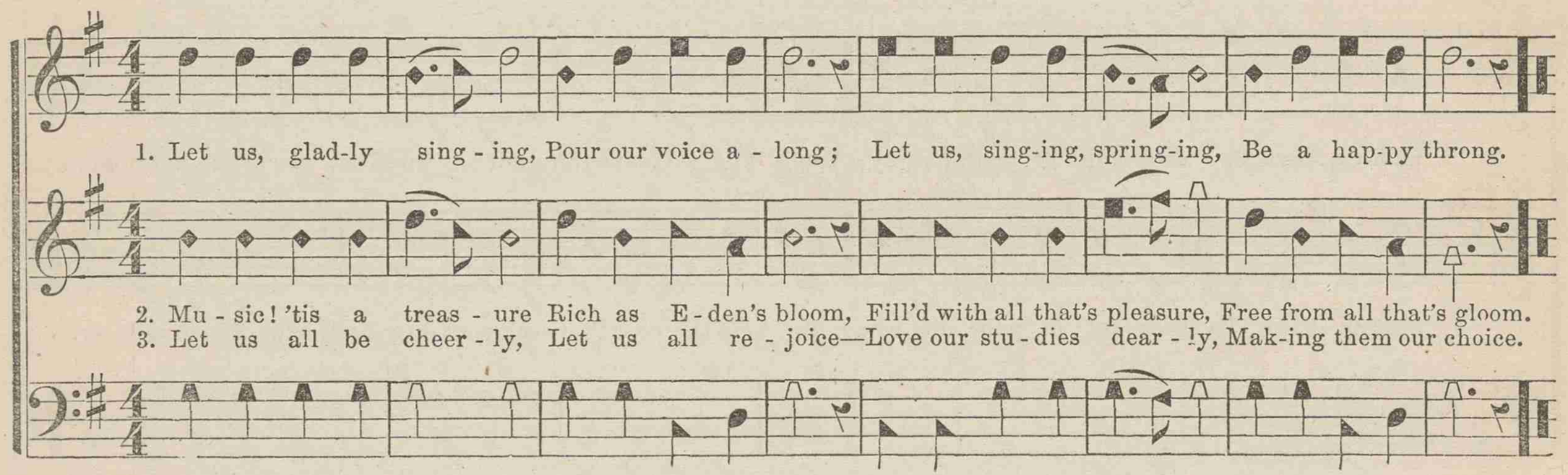
2. But do not shut sweet mer-cy's door, Nor cold-ly turn a - way the poor;
   To help the need - y from your store Be care-ful of your mon - ey, boys.
   Be care - ful of your

mon-ey, boys, Be care - ful of your mon-ey; You'll find it true that friends are few When you are short of mon-ey.

mon-ey, boys, Be care - ful of your mon-ey; To help the poor that seek your door Be careful of your mon-ey.

THE MOUNTAIN'S AIRY BROW.

FROM MOZART.

SINGING AND STUDY.



1. My days of youth, tho' not from fol - ly free, I prize the truth, the more the world I see;
2. My foot - steps lead, O truth, and mould my will, In word and deed, my du - ty to ful - fill;

3. The strength of youth— we see it soon de - cay, But strong is truth, and stronger eve - ry day;
4. My days of youth, tho' not from fol - ly free, I prize the truth, the more the world I see;

I'll keep the strait and narrow path, and, lead where'er it may, The voice of truth I'll fol - low and o - bey.
Dis - hon-est arts and sel-fish aims to truth can ne'er be-long, No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.

Tho' false-hood seem a mighty power, which we in vain as-sail, The power of truth will in the end pre-vail.
I'll keep the strait and narrow path, and, lead where'er it may, The voice of truth I'll fol-low and o - bey.

THE LOVELY MAY IS COMING.

Cheerful.

1. The love - ly May is com - ing, All decked in glitt'-ring green; Ye flow'rs from grove and mead - ow,
2. My friend-ly staff I've tak - en, My lit - tle bun - dle tied, And now I'm free to wan - der

3. The birds are float - ing o'er me In cir - cles light and gay; They soar and sing a - bove me,
4. The love - ly May is com-ing, All decked in glitt'-ring green; Ye flow'rs from grove and mead - ow,

Come to meet your queen; Ye flow'rs from grove and mead - ow, Come to meet your queen.
Where the road may guide; And now I'm free to wan - der Where the road may guide.

High and far a - way; They soar and sing a - bove me, High and far a - way.
Come to meet your queen; Ye flow'rs from grove and mead - ow, Come to meet your queen.

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

Gently and tenderly.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. The me - lo - dies of ma - ny lands Erewhile have charm'd my ear,
   Yet there's but one a - mong them all Which still my heart holds dear;
   I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be-

2. Its words, I well re - mem-ber now, Were fraught with precepts old,
   And eve - ry line a max - im held Of far more worth than gold;
   A les-son 'twas, tho' simply taught, That cannot pass a-

3. It told me in the hour of need To seek a so - lace there
   Where on - ly strick - en hearts could find Sweet an - swer to their prayer.
   Ah! much I owe that gentle voice Whose words my tears be-

guiled; It was the song my moth-er sung When I was but a child; It was the song my moth-er sung When I was but a child.

way; It is my guid-ing - star by night, My com-fort in the day; It is my guid - ing - star by night, My com-fort in the day.
guiled—That song of songs my moth-er sung When I was but a child; That song of songs my moth-er sung When I was but a child.

TRY AGAIN.

Very lively and earnest.

1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed— Try, try, try a - gain; If at first you don't suc - ceed,
D. S. *You will con - quer, nev - er fear,*

2. Once or twice, if you should fail, Try, try, try a - gain; If at first you don't pre - vail,
D. S. *Though we may not win the race,*

FINE.

Try, try, try a - gain: Then your courage should ap - pear, For if you will per - se - vere,
Try, try. try a - gain.

FINE.

Try, try, try a - gain; If we tire 'tis no dis - grace, Tho' we may not win the race;
Try, try, try a - gain.

FINE.

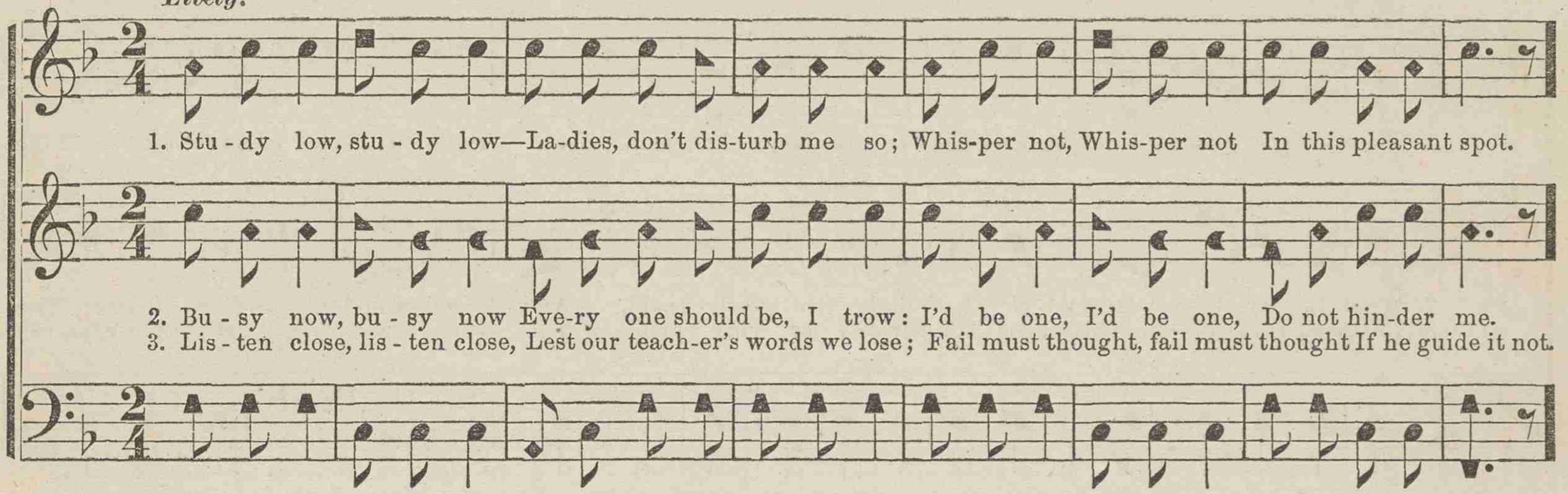
D. S.

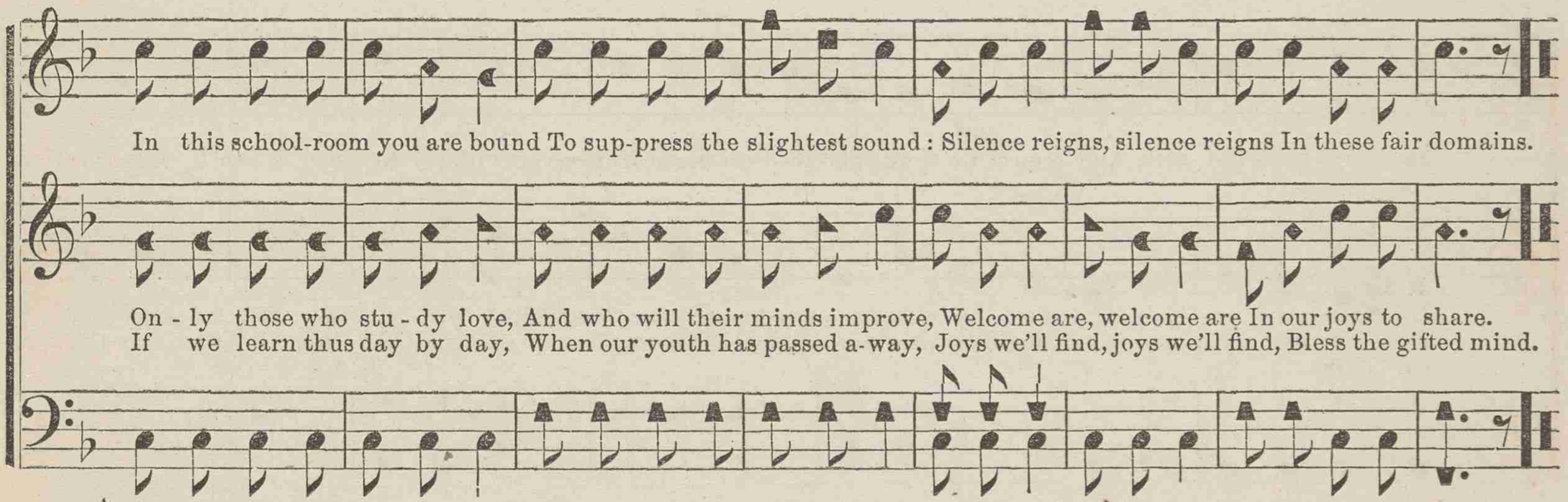
D. S.

D. S.

STUDY LOW.

Lively.



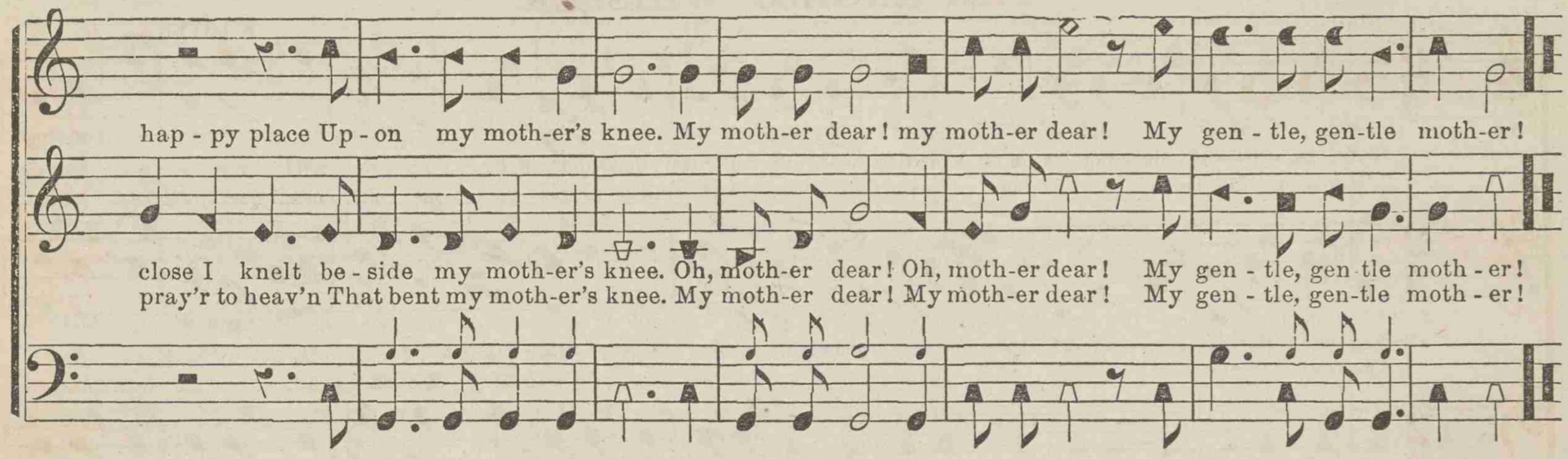


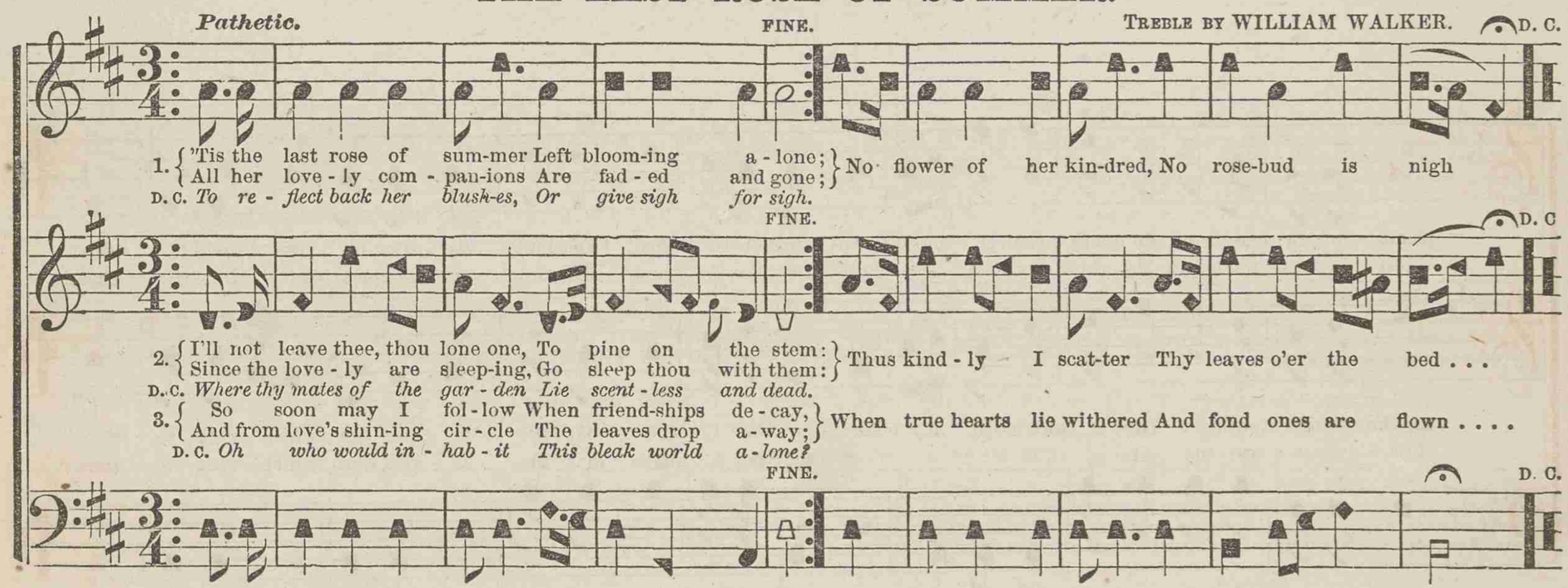
MY MOTHER DEAR.

Tenderly.

S. LOVER.

1. There was a place in child-hood That I re-mem-ber well, And there a voice of sweet-est tone Bright
2. When fai-ry tales were end-ed, "Good-night," she soft-ly said, And kissed and laid me down to sleep With-
3. In th' sickness of my child-hood, The per-ils of my prime, The sor-rows of my ri-per years, The

fai-ry tales did tell; And gen-tle words and fond em-brace Were given with joy to me, When I was in that
in my ti-ny bed; And ho-ly words she taught me there: Methinks I yet can see Her an-gel eyes, as
cares of eve-ry time—When doubt or dan-ger weighed me down, Then pleading all for me, It was a fer-vent

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

Slow.

S. LOVER.

1. A ba - by was sleep-ing, Its moth - er was weep - ing, For her hus-band was far on the wild rag-ing sea; And the
2. Her beads while she numbered, The ba - by still slum-bered, And smiled in her face as she bend - ed her knee: "Oh

3. And while they are keep - ing Bright watch o'er thy sleep - ing, Oh pray to them soft - ly, my ba - by, with me, And
4. The dawn of the morn - ing Saw Der - mot re - turn - ing, And the wife wept with joy her babe's fath - er to see; And

temp - est was swell-ing Round the fish - er - man's dwell - ing, As she cried, "Der-mot dar - ling, oh come back to me!"
blest be that warn-ing, My child, thy sleep a - dorn - ing! For I know that the an - gels are whisp' - ring to thee.

say thou would-'st rath - er They'd watch o'er thy fath - er, For I know that the an - gels are whisp' - ring to thee."
close - ly ca - ress - ing Her child with a bless - ing, Said, "I knew that the an - gels were whisp' - ring to thee."

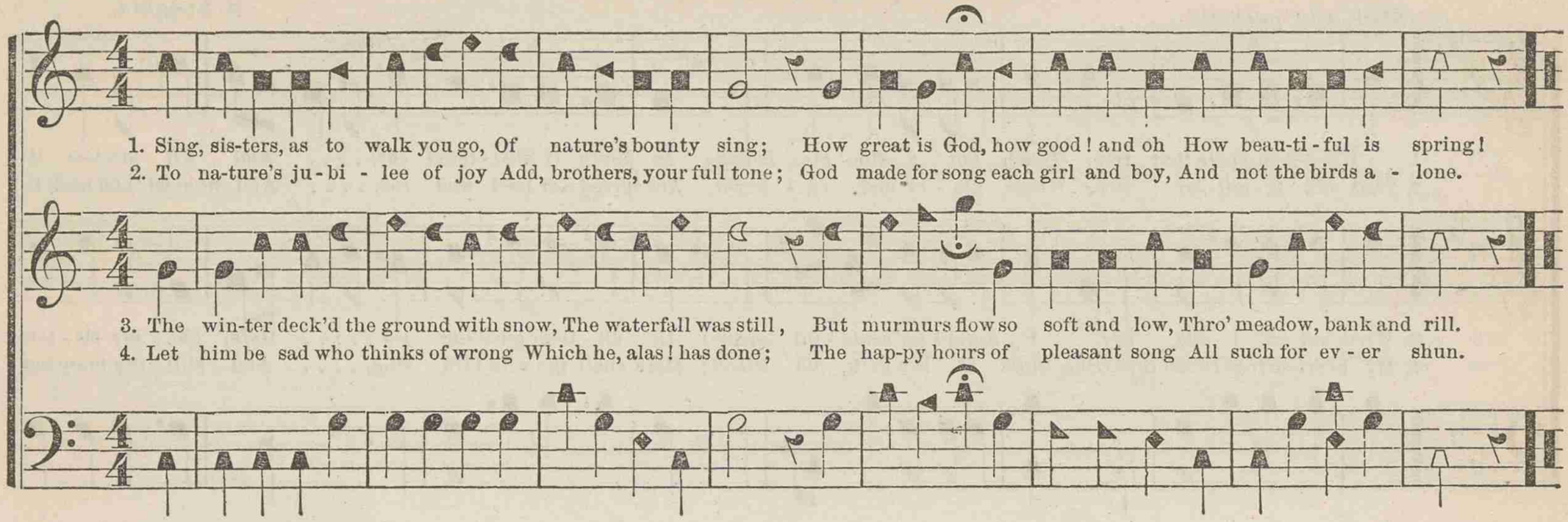
WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Slow and pathetic.

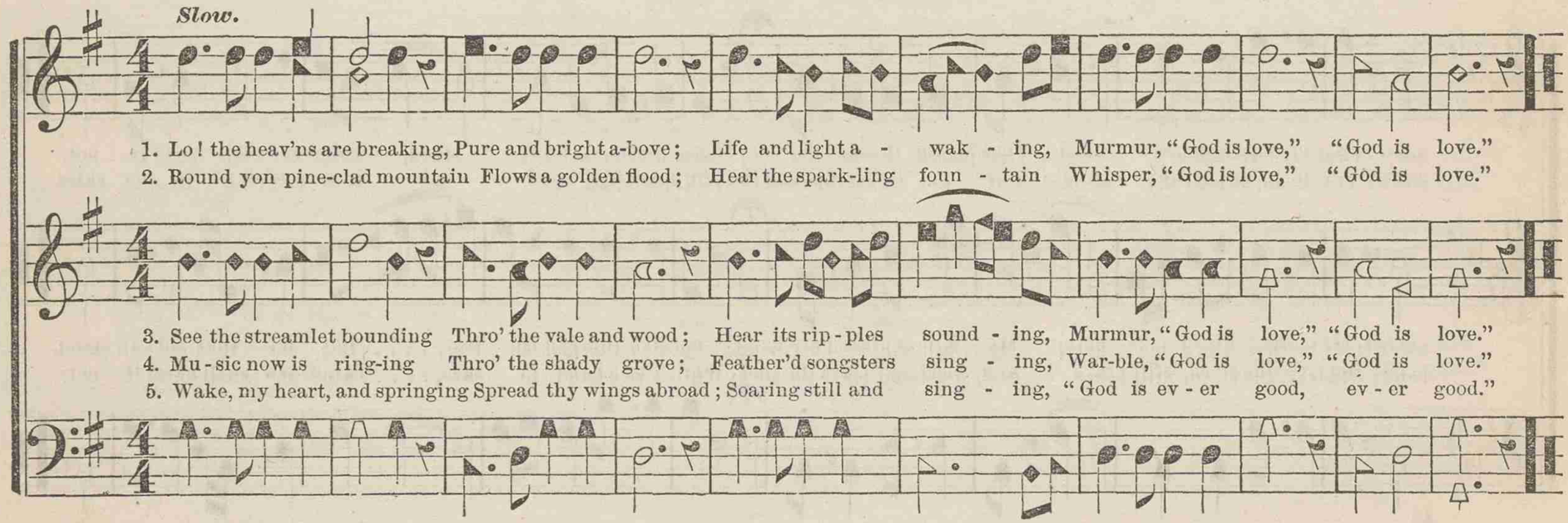
H. RUSSELL.

1. Wood-man, spare that tree, Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - tered me, ... And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas my fore-fath-er's hand That placed it near his cot: There, woodman, let it stand, Thine axe shall harm it not.
2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, Whose glo - ry and re - nown Are spread o'er land and sea, ... And wouldst thou hack it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earthbound ties; Oh spare that aged oak Now tow'ring to the skies.
3. When but an i - dle boy I sought its grate - ful shade; In all their gush-ing joy . . . . . Here, too, my sis - ters played; My mother kiss'd me here, My fath-er press'd my hand: Forgive this fool-ish tear, ... But let that old oak stand.
4. My heart-strings round thee cling Close as thy bark, old friend: Here shall the wild bird sing, ... And still thy branches bend; Old tree, the storm still brave, And, woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, ... Thine axe shall harm it not.

SING, SISTERS.



GOD IS LOVE.



MURMUR, GENTLE LYRE.

GERMAN.
Words translated by Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Andante.

1. Mur-mur, gen - tle lyre, Thro' the lone - ly night; Let thy trem-bling wire Wak - en dear de - light:
2. Tho' the tones of sor - row Min - gle in thy strain, Yet my heart can bor - row Pleasure from the pain:
3. Hark! the quiv'ring breez-es List thy silv'-ry sound; Eve - ry tu - mult ceas - es, Si - lence reigns a - round.
4. Earth be-low is sleep-ing— Meadow, hill and grove; An - gel stars are keep-ing Si - lent watch a - bove.

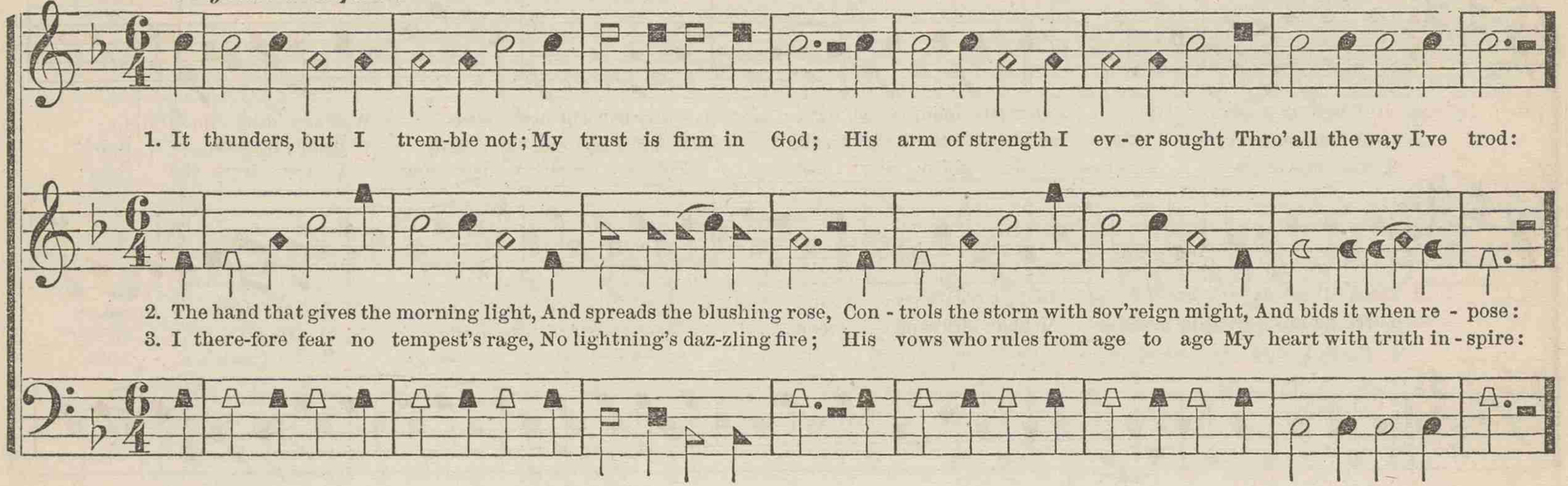
Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre, Thro' the lone - ly night; Let thy trembling wire Wak-en dear de - light.

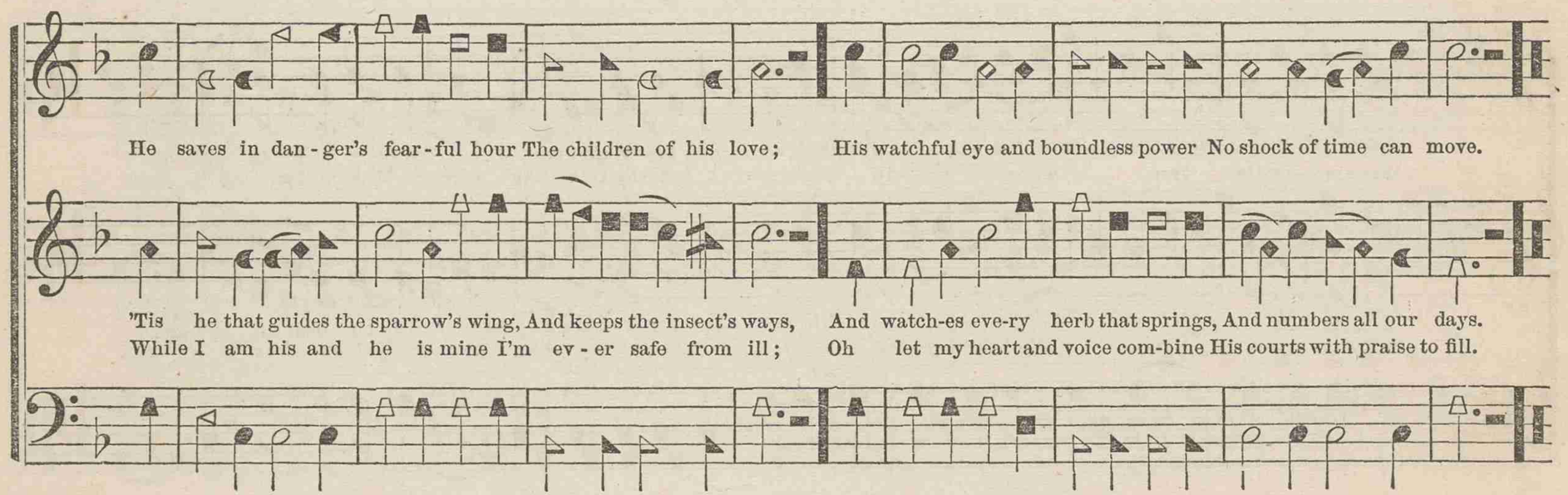
Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre, Thro' the lone - ly night, Let thy trembling wire Wak-en dear de - light.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

Majestic and firm.

MOZART.





A FARMER'S LIFE THE LIFE FOR ME.

Lively.

I. B. WOODBURY.

FINE.

1. A farmer's life the life for me, I own I love it dear-ly, And eve-ry sea-son, full of glee, I take its la-bor cheerly;
CHORUS.—*A farm-er's life the life for me, I own I love it dear-ly, And eve-ry sea-son, full of glee, I take its la-bor cheerly.*

2. The law-yer leads a ha-rass'd life, Much like the hunted ot-ter, And 'tween his own and oth-ers' strife, He's always in hot water,
CHORUS.—*A farm-er's life the life for me, I own I love it dear-ly, And eve-ry sea-son, full of glee, I take its la-bor cheerly.*

FINE.

3. The doc-tor's styled a gen-tle-man, But this I hold but humming; For like a tav-ern waiting-man, To eve-ry call he's "coming;"
CHORUS.—*A far-mer's life the life for me, I own I love it dear-ly, And eve-ry sea-son, full of glee, I take its la-bor cheerly.*

4. A far-mer's life then let me lead, Ob-tain-ing. while I lead it, E-nough for self and some to give To poor souls that need it.
CHORUS.—*A far-mer's life the life for me, I own I love it dear-ly, And eve-ry sea-son, full of glee, I take its la-bor cheerly.*

FINE.

D. C. *for Chorus.*

To plough or sow, to reap or mow, Or in the barn to thrash, sir—All this to me, I plain-ly see, Will bring me health and cash, sir;
For foe or friend A cause de-fend, How-ev-er wrong must be, sir, In rea-son's spite, Maintain its right, And clear-ly earn his fee, sir.

D. C.

Now here, now there must he re-pair, Or strive, sir, by de-ny-ing Like death himself, Un-hap-py elf, He lives by oth-ers' dy-ing:
I'll drain and fence, nor grudge expense To give my land good dressing, I'll plough and sow, Or drill in row, And hope from heav'n a blessing:

D. C.

THE MOUNTAIN HERD-BOY.

Cheerfully.

1. I tend the wand'-ring moun - tain flock: Here morning's ear-liest beam is cast, And eve-ning's blush here lin-gers last. I
2. I see the moun-tain tor - rent's head, I drink it from its rock - y bed; Ere leaps it forth with thund'ring sound I
3. The hill - top is my cit - a - del, And storms a-round it harm - less swell; The north and south winds howl a-main, But
4. 'Tis here I tend my moun-tain flock, 'Tis here I dwell in cav - erned rock; Here morning's ear-liest beam is cast, And

Cres. *f*

am the moun-tain herd - boy. I am the moun - tain herd - boy. I am the moun - tain herd - boy.
clasp it with my arms a - round. I am the moun - tain herd - boy. I am the moun - tain herd - boy.
can - not drown my mer - ry strain. I am the moun - tain herd - boy. I am the moun - tain herd - boy.
eve - ning's blush here lin - gers last. I am the moun - tain herd - boy. I am the moun - tain herd - boy.

Articulate in a speaking manner. *Cres.* *Cres.*

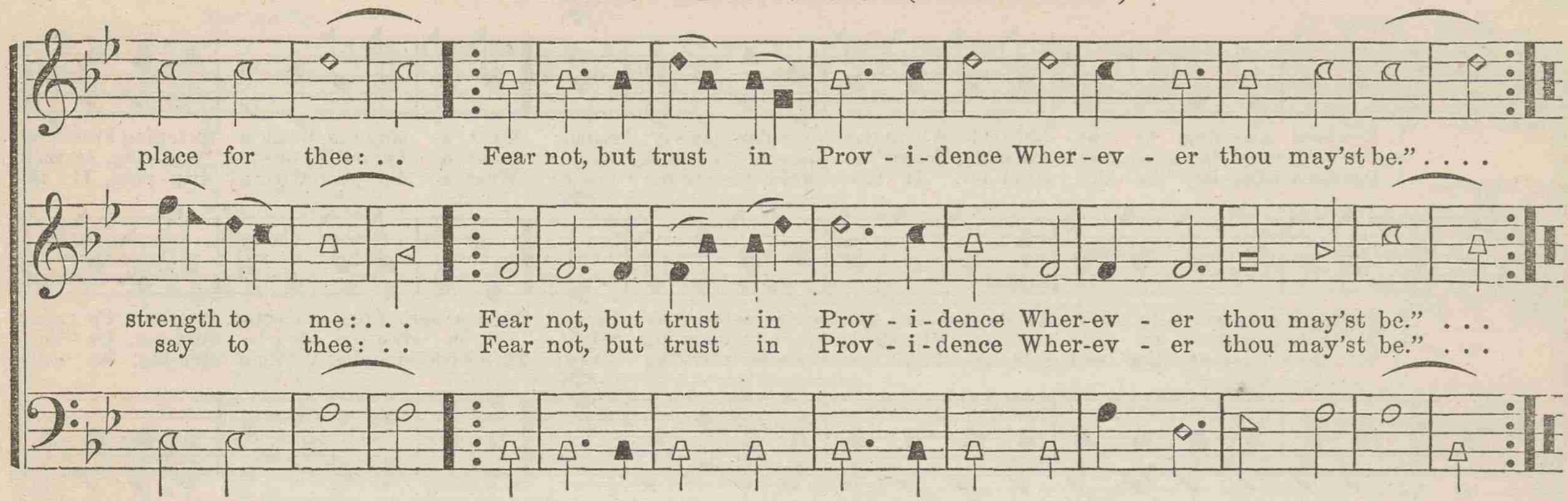
1. On foot I dai - ly take my way O'er moun-tains bare and mead-ows gay, And he who is not of my mind An-oth - er trav'ling
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, At eve - ry step to pause and sigh: No gloom-y man to scowl and groan, And over oth-ers'
3. This is the mer - ry sing-er's way—His foot - path is with ro - ses gay, In eve-ry land where song is known, Where music meets an
4. Foot - trav - el to the gay is sweet, But heav - y hearts make heav - y feet: The man who loves the sunshine bright And never peeps be-

f *Cres.* *Cres.* *f*

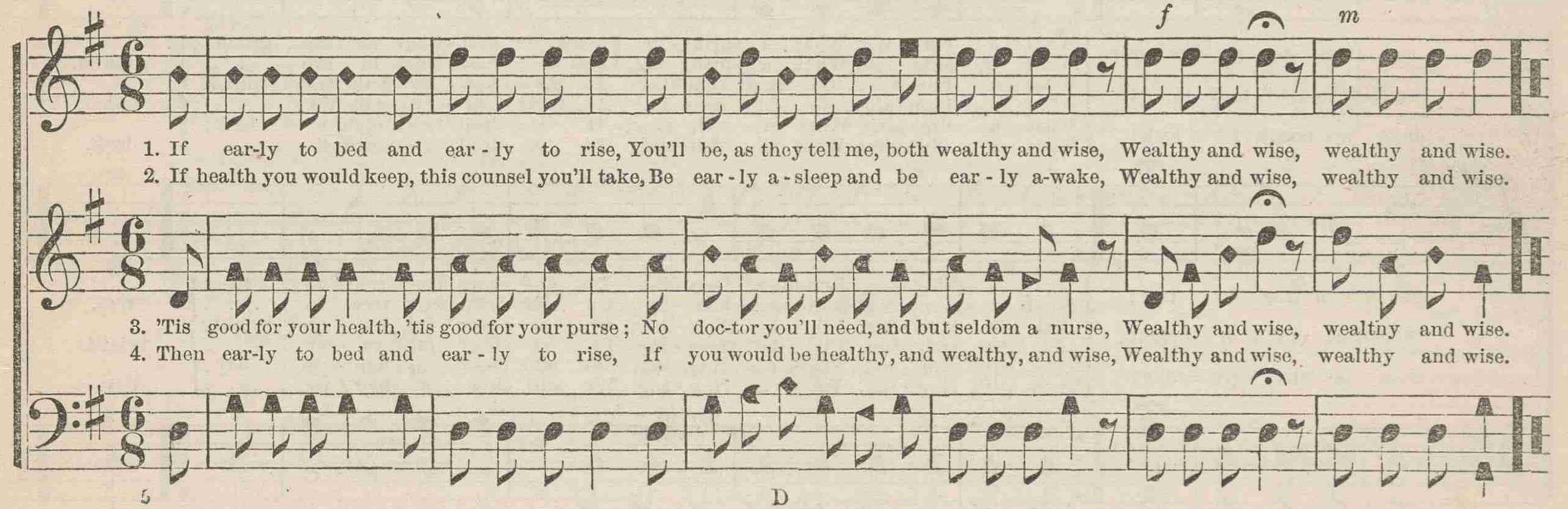
mate may find. He can - not go with me, He can - not go with me; No, no, he can-not go with me, He can-not go with me.
fail - ings moan. I'd rath - er trudge a - lone, I'd rath - er trudge a - lone; No, no, I'd rath-er trudge a - lone, I'd rath-er trudge a - lone.
answ'ring tone. That land his own must be, That land his own must be; Yes, yes, that land his own must be, That land his own must be.
hind for night, To him all light will be, To him all light will be; Yes, yes, to him all light will be, To him all light will be.

THE PILOT AT SEA.

1. O pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep; I'll come and pace the
2. Ah! pi - lot, dan - gers of - ten met We are too apt to slight; And thou hast known the
3. "On such a night the sea en-gulfed My fath - er's life - less form; My on - ly broth - er's

deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep. "Go down," the sail - or cried, "go down! This is no
rag - ing waves But to sub - due their might. "Oh 'tis not ap - a - thy," he cried, "That gives this
boat went down In just so wild a storm; And such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I

place for thee: . . Fear not, but trust in Prov - i - dence Wher - ev - er thou may'st be." . . . .
strength to me: . . . Fear not, but trust in Prov - i - dence Wher-ev - er thou may'st be." . . .
say to thee: . . Fear not, but trust in Prov - i - dence Wher-ev - er thou may'st be." . . .

EARLY TO BED.


f
m
1. If ear-ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, You'll be, as they tell me, both wealthy and wise, Wealthy and wise, wealthy and wise.
2. If health you would keep, this counsel you'll take, Be ear - ly a - sleep and be ear - ly a-wake, Wealthy and wise, wealthy and wise.
3. 'Tis good for your health, 'tis good for your purse; No doc-tor you'll need, and but seldom a nurse, Wealthy and wise, wealtny and wise.
4. Then ear-ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, If you would be healthy, and wealthy, and wise, Wealthy and wise, wealthy and wise.

BIRDS, BEES AND SQUIRRELS.

1. I've been sit - ting by the hill - side, Where the birds flew gay - ly round; What a sing-ing, What a springing From their
2. I've been stand - ing in the gar - den, Where the bees are buz-zing round; What a humming, Go - ing, com - ing, As their
3. I've been look - ing in the mead - ow At the swal-lows o'er the brook; What a dip - ping, What a drip - ping, It is

4. I've been wand'ring by the woodland, Where the squir-rels sport so free; What a spring-ing, Run-ning, leap-ing, Up and
5. While all crea-tures are so hap - py, While they sport in beam-ing light, I'll be striv-ing, I'll be thriv-ing, Ev - er
6. Soon the neigh-bors now will join us With the sun's de - part - ing ray; Then with sing-ing, Voi - ces ring-ing, We will

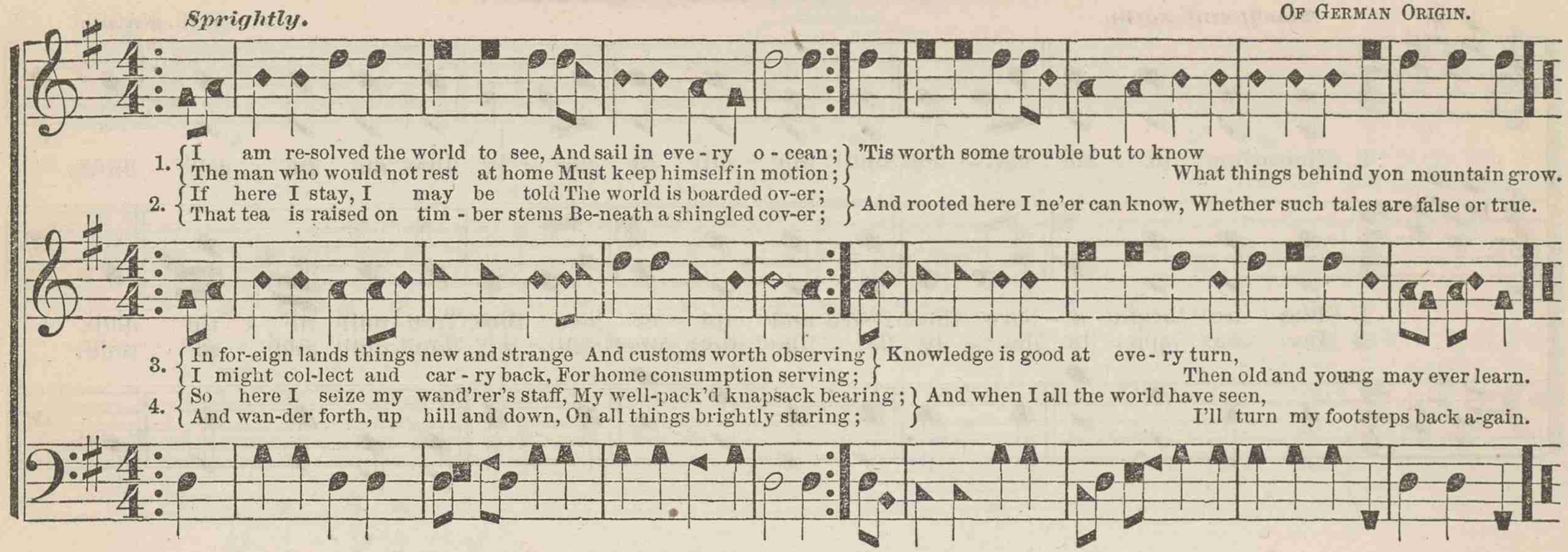
nest - lings to the ground:
hon - ey - cells they found:
droll e - nough to look:

{What a sing - ing, What a spring - ing, From their nest - lings to the ground;
{What a sing - ing, What a spring - ing, From their nest - lings to the . . . } ground.
{What a hum-ming, Go - ing, com - ing, As their hon - ey - cells they found;
{What a hum-ming, Go - ing, com - ing, As their hon - ey - cells they . . . } found.
{What a dip - ping, What a drip - ping, It is droll e - nough to look;
{What a dip - ping, What a drip - ping, It is droll e - nough to . . . } look.

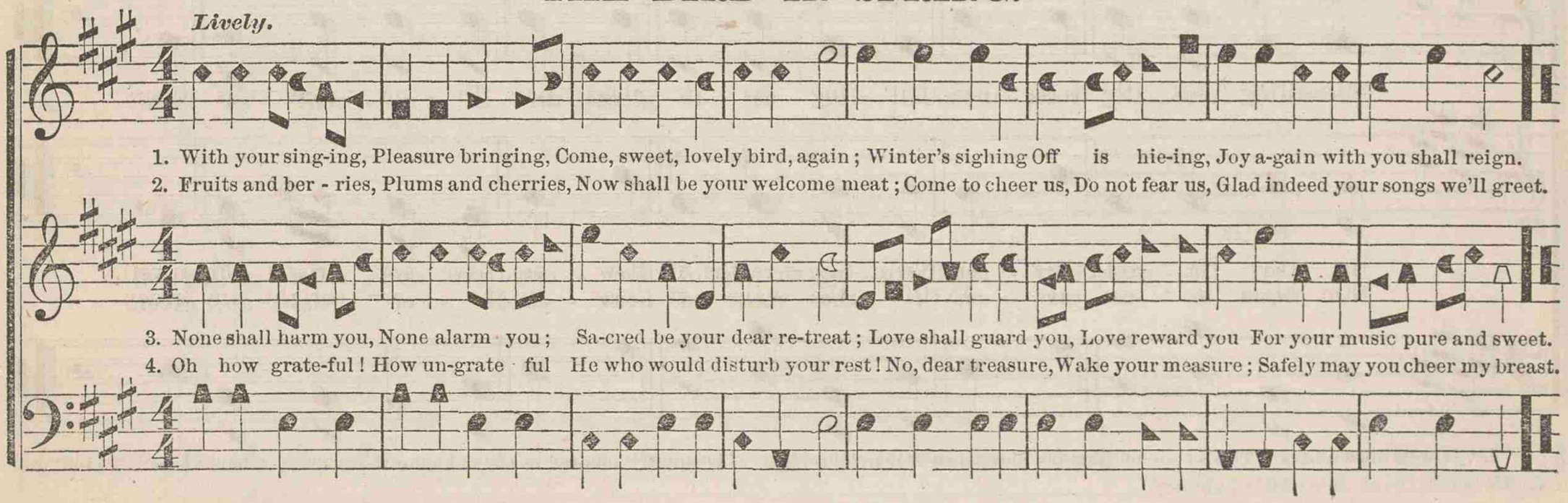
down, from tree to tree;
cheer - ful, ev - er bright;
close a hap - py day;

{What a spring - ing, Run - ning, leap - ing, Up and down from tree to tree;
{What a spring - ing, Run - ning, leap - ing, Up and down from tree to . . . . } tree.
{I'll be striv - ing, I'll be thriv - ing, Ev - er cheer - ful, ev - er bright;
{I'll be striv - ing, I'll be thriv - ing, Ev - er cheer - ful, ev - er . . . . } bright.
{Then with sing - ing, Voi - ces ring - ing, We will close a hap - py day;
{Then with sing - ing, Voi - ces ring - ing, We will close a hap - py . . . . } day.

Sprightly.

OF GERMAN ORIGIN.

THE BIRD IN SPRING.

Lively.



CHARMING LITTLE VALLEY.*

Slowly and softly.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Charm-ing lit - tle val - ley, Smil - ing all so gay - ly, Like an an - gel's brow,
2. Skies are bright a - bove thee, Peace and qui - et love thee, Tran - quil lit - tle dell:
3. May our spir - its dai - ly Be like thee, sweet val - ley, Tran - quil and se - rene:

Spread-ing out thy treas - ures, Call - ing us to pleas - ures In - no - cent as thou.

In thy fra - grant bow - ers, Twin - ing wreaths of flow - ers, Love and friend - ship dwell.
Em - blems to us giv - en Of the vales of heav - en, Ev - er bright and green.

* Dr. Lowell Mason says, "This is one of Nageli's most beautiful little songs. It is equally adapted to the old as to the young; where there is a pure and gentle spirit, it can never fail to please."

1. Oh how I love to roam a-broad, And wan- - - - - - der! Then come, com-pan-ions, all with me, A-
2. The wa - ters love to foam and roam, And wan- - - - - - der. They have no rest by day and night, But
3. See how the mill-wheel loves to turn, And wan- - - - - - der; The arms can hard - ly wait for day, But
4. The bee loves well from flow'er to flow'r To wan- - - - - - der; The birds fly, sing-ing, to and fro, A-
5. A - long the path where ros - es blow We'll wan - - - - - der, And thro' the groves and far a - way, With

Cres. *f*

long the riv - er bank in glee, We'll wan - der and wan - der, We'll wan- - - - - - der and wan - der.
e'er to wan-der find de-light. To wan - der and wan - der, To wan- - - - - - der and wan - der.

Cres. *f*

with the dawn will whirl a-way, And wan - der and wan - der, And wan- - - - - - der and wan - der.
bove the fields fresh breezes blow, And wan - der and wan - der, And wan- - - - - - der and wan - der.
joy un-ceas-ing, thro' the day, We'll wan - der and wan - der, We'll wan- - - - - - der and wan - der.

Cres. *f*

THE LOVED ONES FAR AWAY.

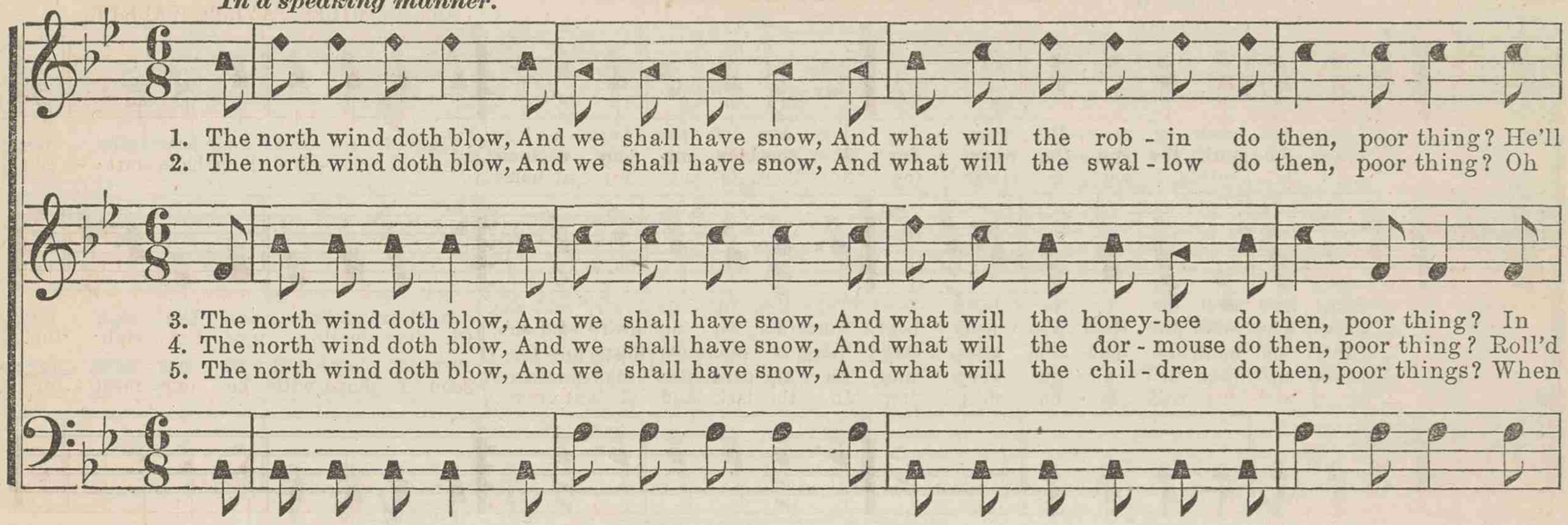
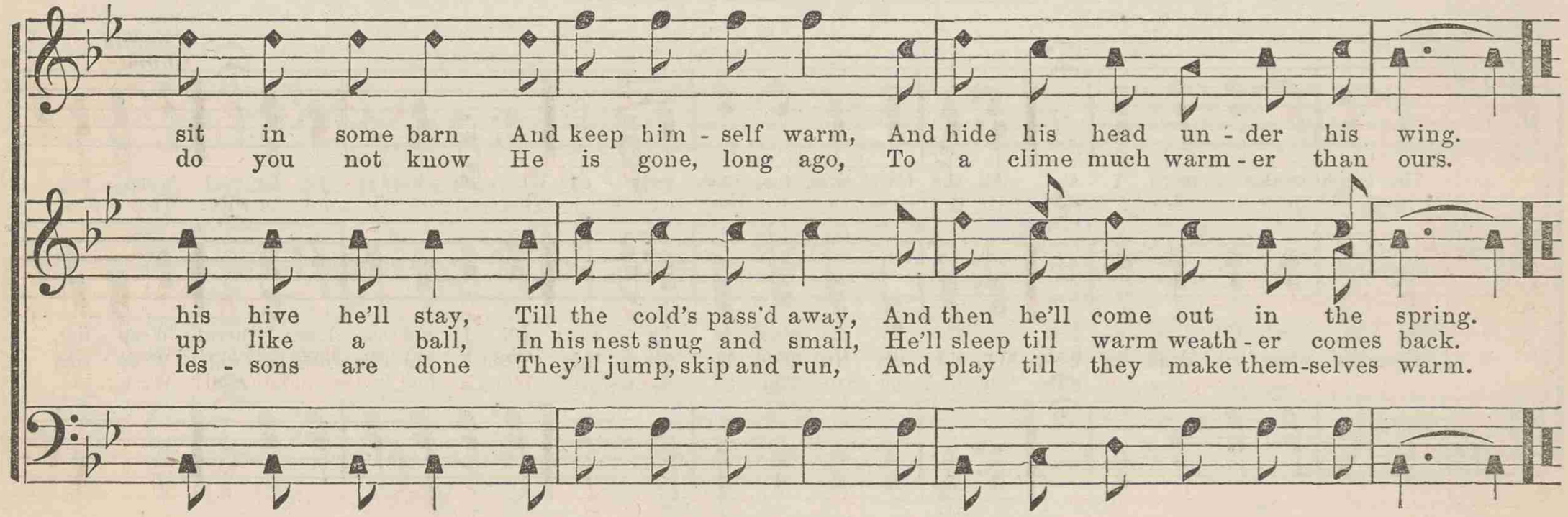
Of German Origin.

1. Our fes - tal songs are ring-ing loud, Our hearts are full of glee;
   We wel - come back our friends of old, We hail our ju - bi - lee:
   But mem' - ry checks our joy - ous notes, And soft - er pours our lay,
   While thinking of the ab - sent ones, The loved ones far a - way.

2. The spring is here with op'ning flow'rs, The grass is spring - ing green,
   And all the young and glad are met, A joy - ous crowd are seen;
   But some a - mong the love - li - est Are not with us to - day;
   We spoke the word of part-ing to The loved ones far a - way.

3. And some are rov - ing east and west, Or on the sound - ing sea,
   But peace and love and joy to them, Wher-ev - er they may be;
   Their mem' - ry ris - es in our hearts Up-on this fes - tal day;
   We ask for Heav'n's rich blessing on The loved ones far a - way.

WINTER SONG.

In a speaking manner.

I'VE NO MOTHER NOW.

Slow and pathetic.

ARR. BY MILES TAYLOR WALKER.

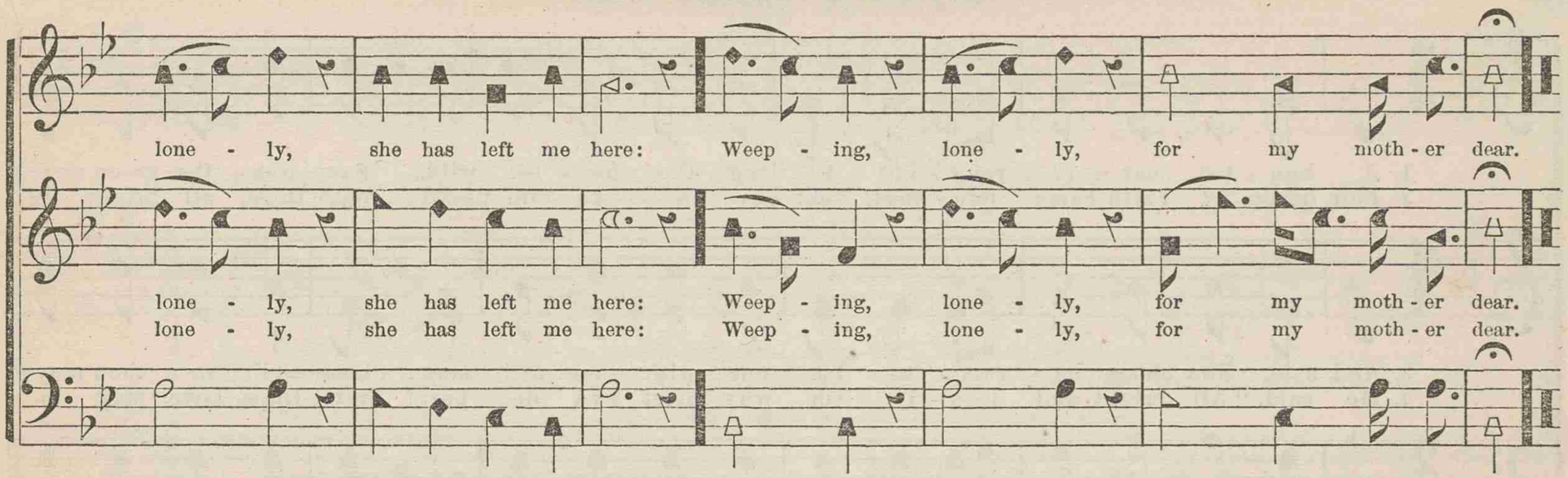
1. I've no moth-er now—I'm weep - ing; She has left me here a - lone;
   She be-neath the sod is sleep - ing; Now there is no joy at home.
   Tears of sor - row long have start - ed;

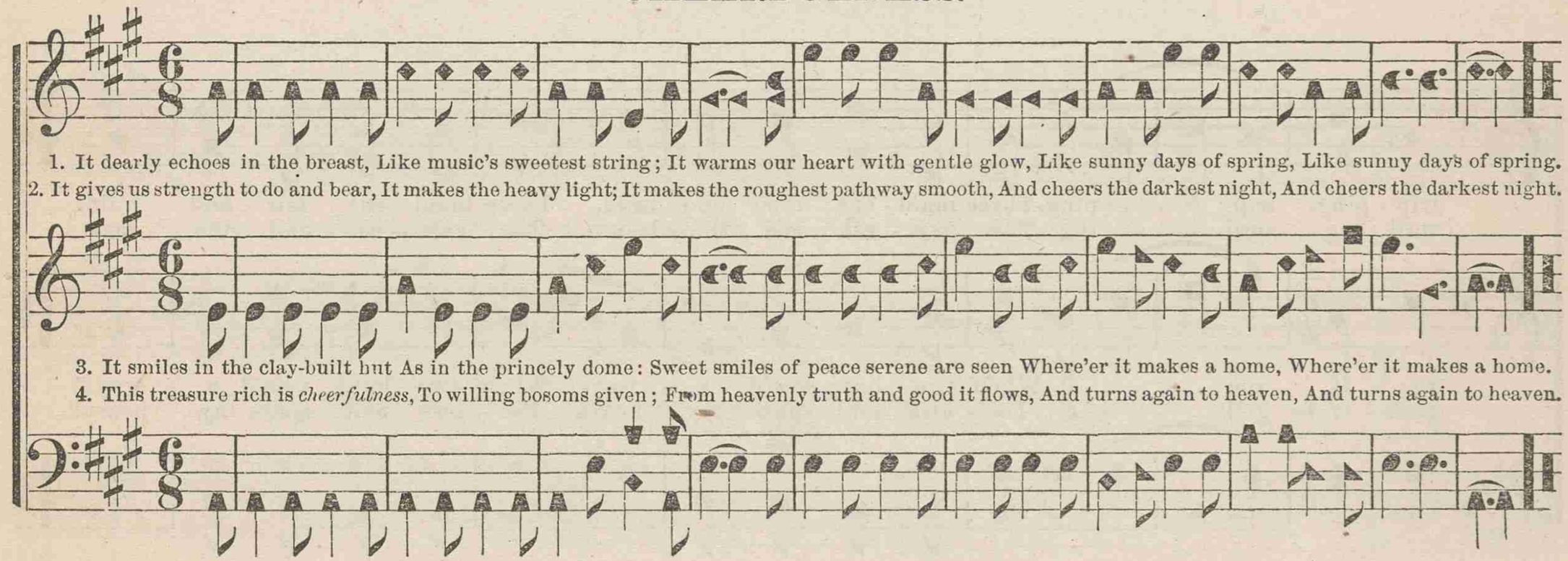
2. Ah! how well do I re - mem - ber! "Take this lit - tle flow'r," said she,
   "And when with the dead I'm num - bered, Place it on my grave for me."
   Oh dear moth-er, now I'm sigh - ing;

3. I've no moth-er now—I'm weep - ing; Tears my fur-row'd cheeks now lave:
   Soon with her will I be sleep - ing In the dark and si - lent grave:
   Soon I hope will be our meet - ing;

Chorus.

Her bright smiles no more I see. All the loved ones, too, have part - ed: Where, oh where is joy for me? Weep - ing,

On thy tomb I'll drop a tear, For the lit - tle plant is dy - ing: Oh I am so lone - ly here! Weep - ing,
Then the pleas - ure none can tell: Who for me will then be weep - ing, When I bid this world fare-well? Weep - ing,

CHEERFULNESS.



1. It dearly echoes in the breast, Like music's sweetest string; It warms our heart with gentle glow, Like sunny days of spring, Like sunny days of spring.
2. It gives us strength to do and bear, It makes the heavy light; It makes the roughest pathway smooth, And cheers the darkest night, And cheers the darkest night.
3. It smiles in the clay-built hut As in the princely dome: Sweet smiles of peace serene are seen Where'er it makes a home, Where'er it makes a home.
4. This treasure rich is *cheerfulness*, To willing bosoms given; From heavenly truth and good it flows, And turns again to heaven, And turns again to heaven.

THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.

1. A hun - ter, ear - ly rang - ing A - long the for - est wild, Saw o'er the green sward
2. Fair, queen - ly Faith came fore - most, Next Love be - fore him pass'd; With Hope, all bright - ly

3. And said, "Now choose be - tween us, For one with thee will stay: Choose well, or thou may'st
4. He said, "All bright and love - ly, Oh why must two de - part? Faith, Hope, Love, stay to-

trip - ping, trip- - - - ping, Three maid - ens fair and mild, Three maid - ens fair and mild.
smil - ing, smil- - - - ing, The gay - est and the last, The gay - est and the last.

rue it, rue . . . . it, When two have pass'd a - way, When two have pass'd a - way."
geth - er, to - geth- - - - er, Pos - sess and share my heart, Pos - sess and share my heart."

1. Come, now I am read - y for stud - y to - day; I prize eve-ry hour that is slid - ing a - way; But
2. I then shall be read - y to sport with the best, With du - ty perform'd and my conscience at rest; The
3. Oh joy with the hap - py, so hap - py to be, To read with the studious and play with the free; To

when all the tasks of the morn - ing are done, Oh how we will play! and oh how we will run!

sun will shine clear - er, the fields look more bright, And gay will our hearts be with pur - est de - light.
fol - low ad - vice from our el - ders, and know That those who best love us ap - prove what we do.

SUMMER MORNING.

1. How beau-ti-ful the morn-ing When sum-mer days are long! Oh we will rise be-times and hear The wild bird's happy song;

2. Up in the morning ear - ly!— 'Tis na-ture's gay-est hour— While pearls of dew are on the grass, And fragrance fills the flow'r;

For when the sun pours down his rays The bird will cease to sing; She'll seek the cool and si - lent shade, And sit with fold-ed wing.

Then up in the morn-ing ear - ly, And we will bound a-broad, And fill our hearts with mel - o - dy, And raise our song to God.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS. (Or Sky-Lark.)

WORDS BY HOGG. MUSIC BY D. F. AND J. H. D. TOMSON.

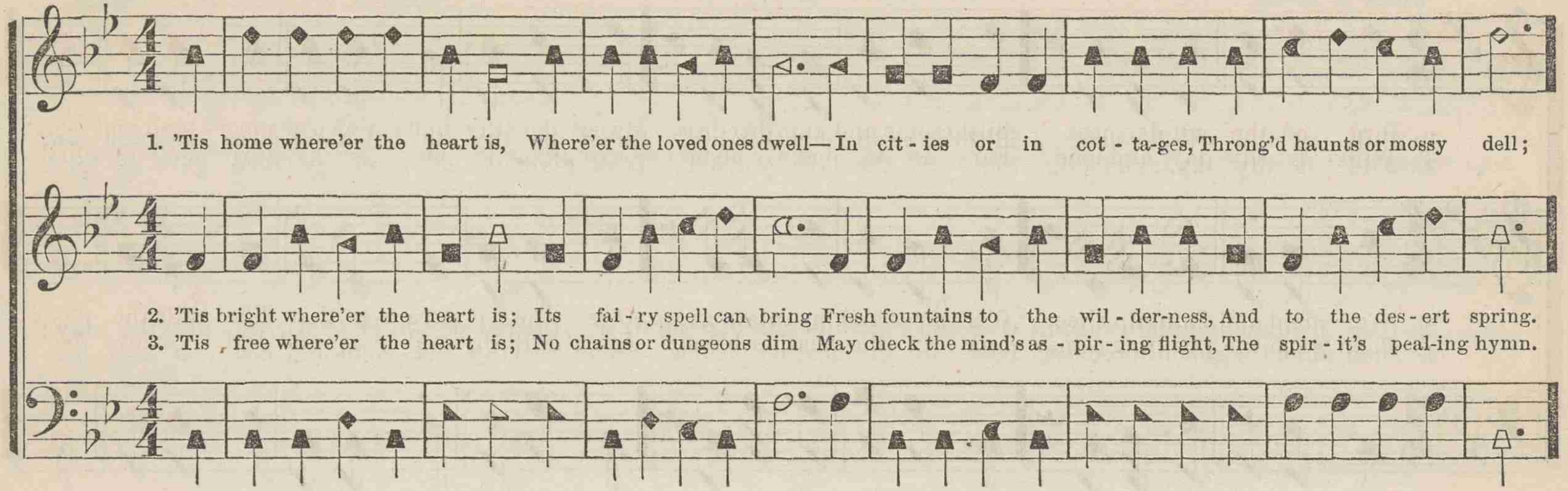
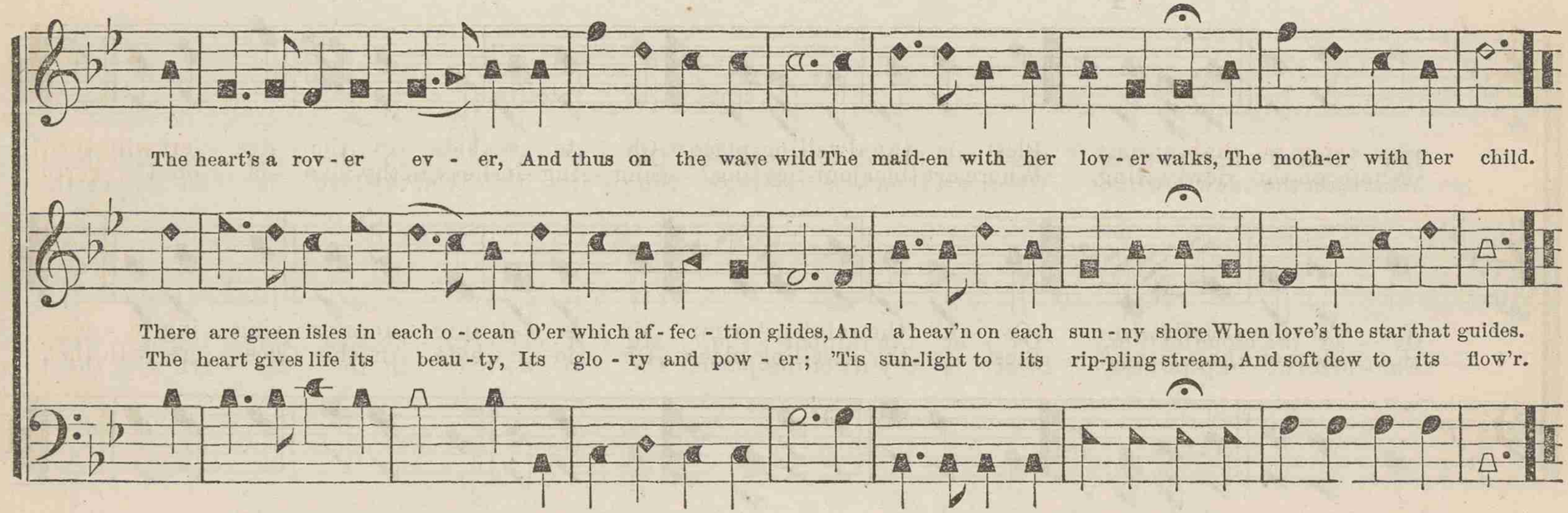
1. Bird of the wil-der-ness, Blithesome and cum-ber-less, Sweet be thy mo - tion o'er moor - land and sea.
2. Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the down-y cloud; Love gives it en - er - gy, love gave it birth.

3. O'er field and fountain sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red stream-er that her - alds the day;
4. Then when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather blooms Sweet will thy wel - come and bed of love be.

Em - blem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwelling-place: Oh to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
Where, on the dew-y wing, Where art thou jour-ney-ing? Sing - ing in heav'n, thy love is on the earth.

Ov - er the cloudlet dim, Ov - er the rainbow's rim, Mu - si - cal chor - ub, soar sing - ing a - way.
Em - blem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwelling-place, Oh to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!

'TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS.



LITTLE JIMMY.

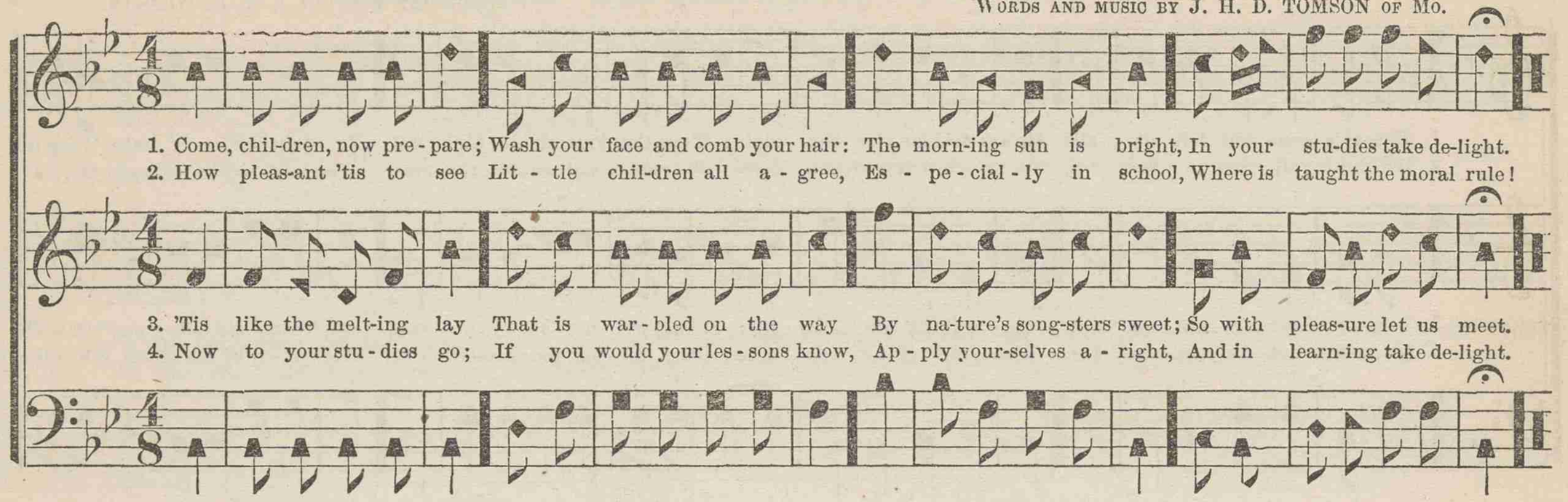
WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. H. D. TOMSON.

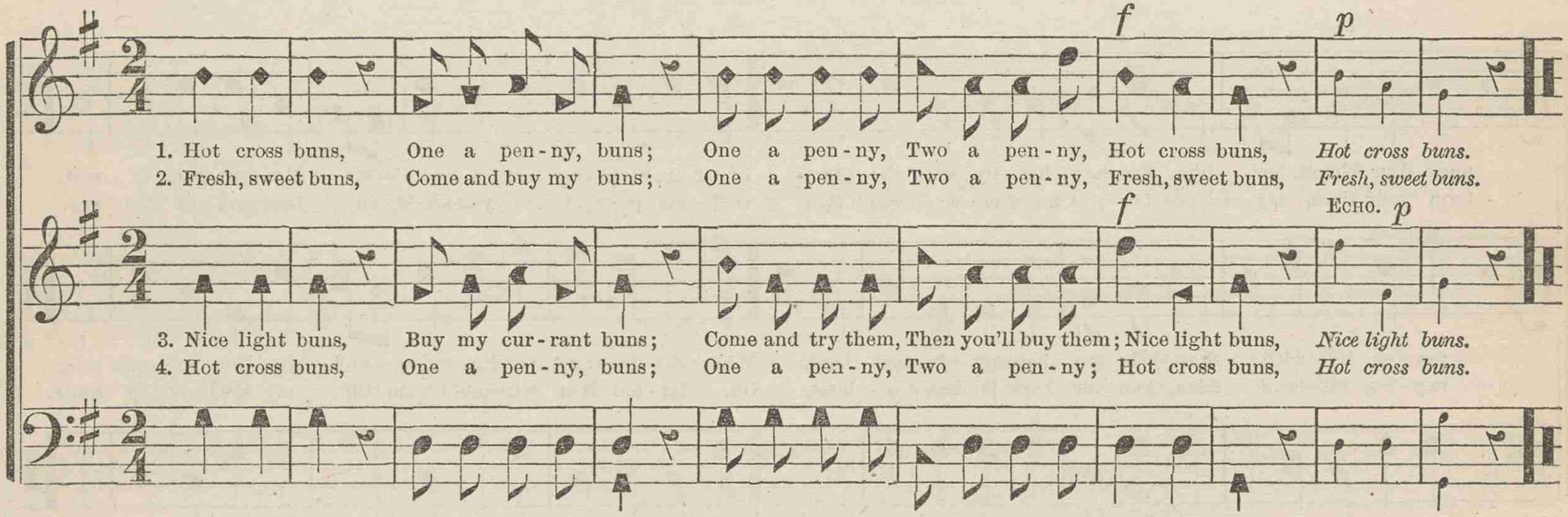
1. Jim-my's gone and left us all; He's cross'd far o'er the main: 'Twas the Fath-er did him call To join the ho-ly train. Weep no
2. We must all cross o-ver, too, To reach that healthful shore; We must sail a-mong the crew Who love to sin no more. Oh, re-
3. Wea-ry sail-ors are we all, A-sail-ing on life's sea: Should we not o-bey the call, Oh, "come and follow me?" Or we'll
4. Let us not for-get that He Who suf-fered for our sakes, Hung up-on the shameful tree, For-sak-en by his mates. When the

more, dear friends, for him, For he's hap-py with the blest: Cheer up, moth-er, chant a hymn—Our Jim-my's gone to rest.
form your lives, my friends, For you know not when you'll die: God his gos-pel to you sends, To lead you to the sky.
nev-er live with those Who are hap-py in that land, Where the fra-grant ver-dure grows—And sing the an-gel's song.
rag-ing bil-lows foam, And our bark is toss'd a-bout, Oh, for-bid that we should roam Off of the heav'n-ly route.

MORNING SUN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. H. D. TOMSON OF MO.



HOT CROSS BUNS.*

* A kind of cake sold on the streets by poor old ladies, and chanted to this melody.

OUR BOAT

WORDS BY MISS MULOCK. MUSIC BY D. F. AND J. H. D. TOMSON.

1. Stars trembling o'er us, Sun - set be - fore us, Moun-tains in shad - ow and for - est do sleep;
2. Come not, pale sor-row, Wait till the mor-row, Rest soft - ly, fall - ing o'er eye - lids that weep;

3. As the waves cov-er, Th' depths we glide ov - er, So let the past in for - get - ful-ness sleep.
4. Heav'n shines a-bove us, Bless all that love us, All whom we leave in thy ten - der-ness keep.

Chorus.

While down the riv - er we float on for ev - er: Speak not, oh breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

While down the riv - er we float on for ev - er: Speak not, oh breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Gladsome.

FINE.

1. { Our youth - ful hearts for learn - ing burn, A - way, a - way to school.
   { To sci - ence now our steps we turn, A - way, a - way to school.

CHORUS.—*A - way to school, a - way to school, A - way, a - way to school.*

FINE.

2. { Be - hold! a hap - py band ap - pears, A - way, a - way to school.
   { The shout of joy now fills our ears, A - way, a - way to school.

CHORUS.—*A - way to school, a - way to school, A - way, a - way to school.* FINE

3. { No more we work, no more we play, A - way, a - way to school.
   { In stu - dy now we spend the day, A - way, a - way to school.

CHORUS.—*A - way to school, a - way to school, A - way, a - way to school.*

D. C. *for Chorus.*

Fare-well to home and all its charms, Fare-well to love's pa - ter - nal arms;

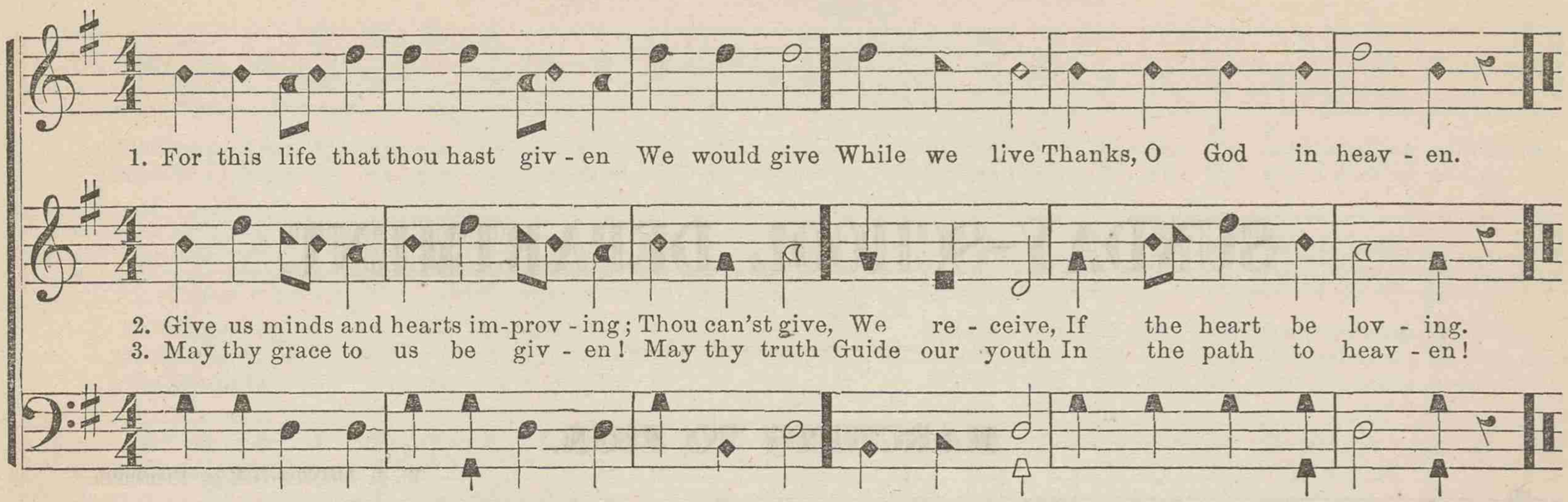
D. C.

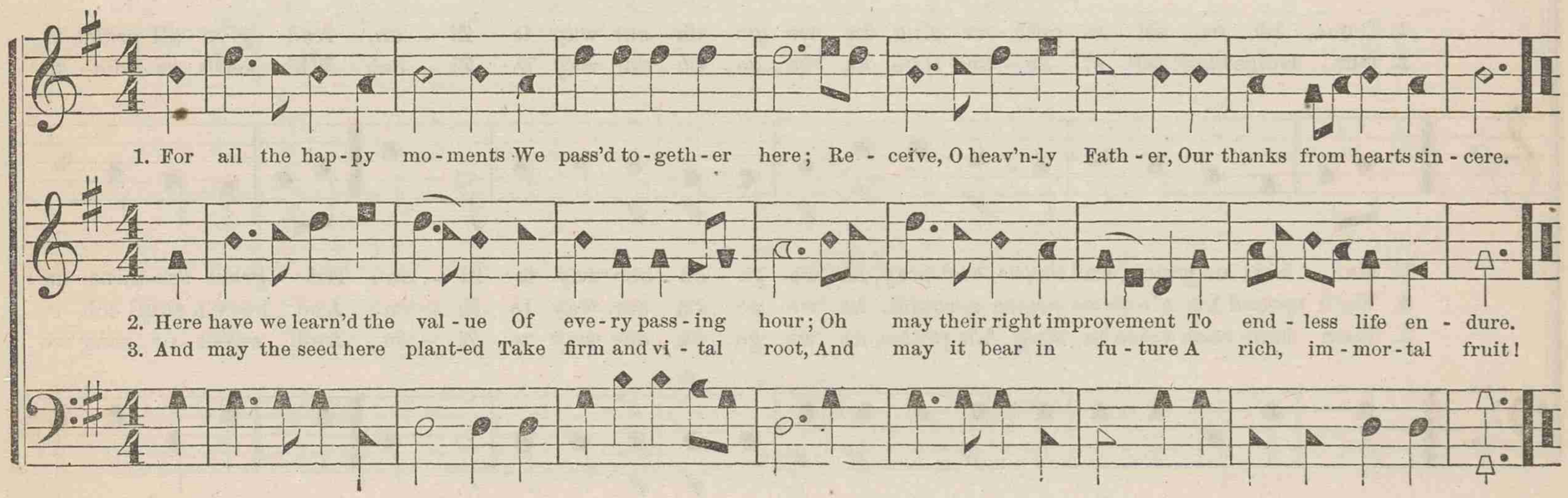
Our voi - ces ring, our hands we wave, Our hearts re - bound with vig - or brave:

D. C.

U - ni - ted in a peace - ful band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand;

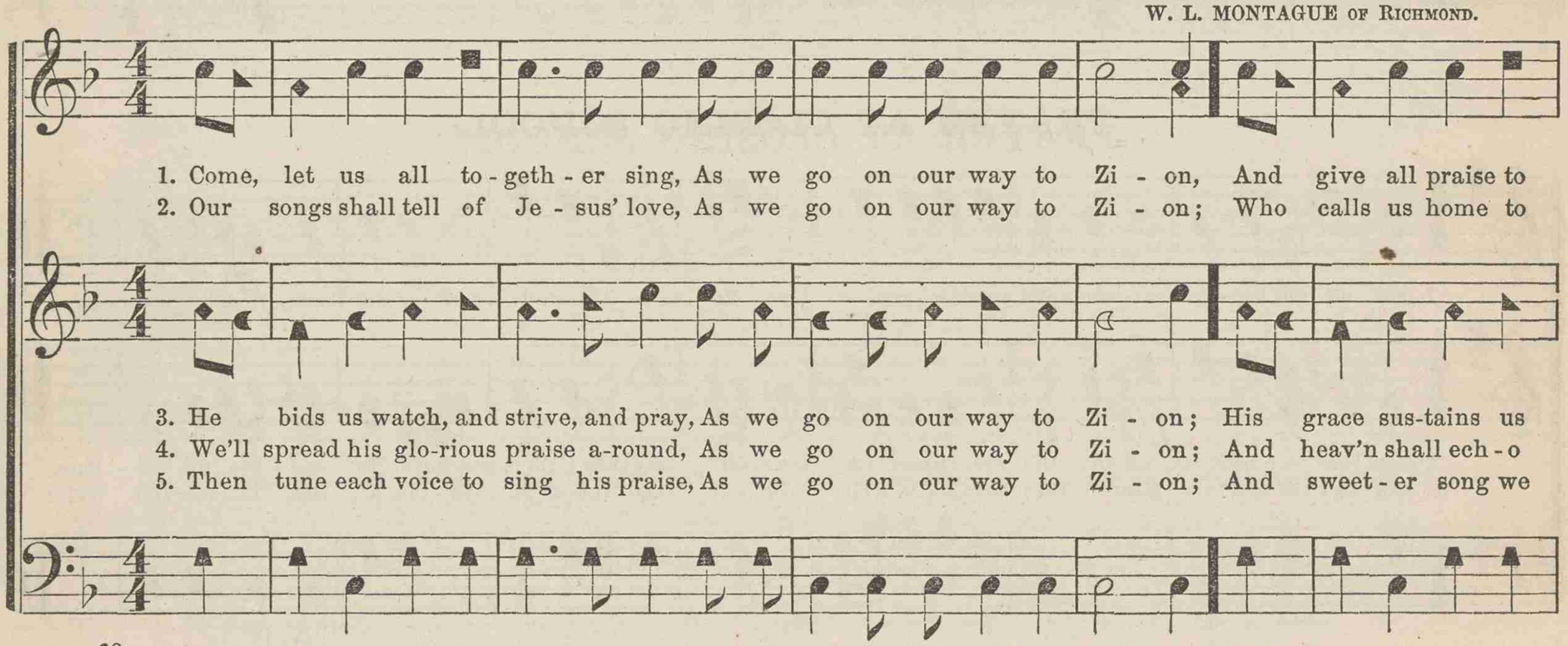
PRAYER AT OPENING SCHOOL.



PRAYER AT CLOSING SCHOOL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

MARCHING TO ZION.

W. L. MONTAGUE OF RICHMOND.



Chorus.

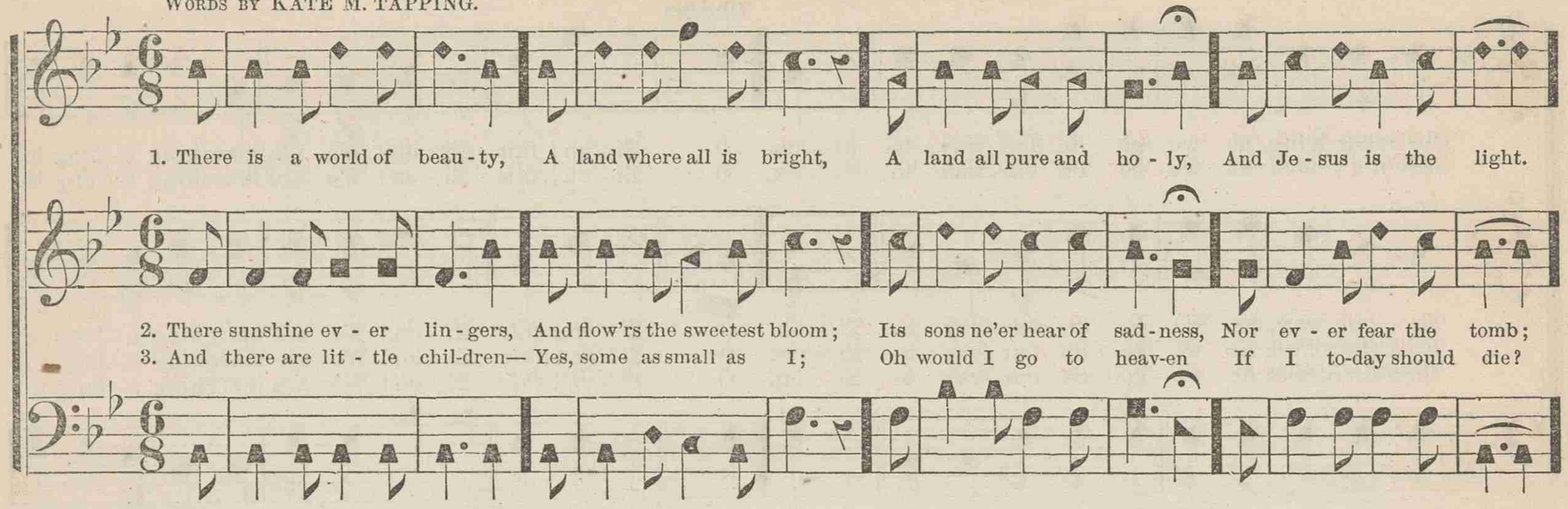
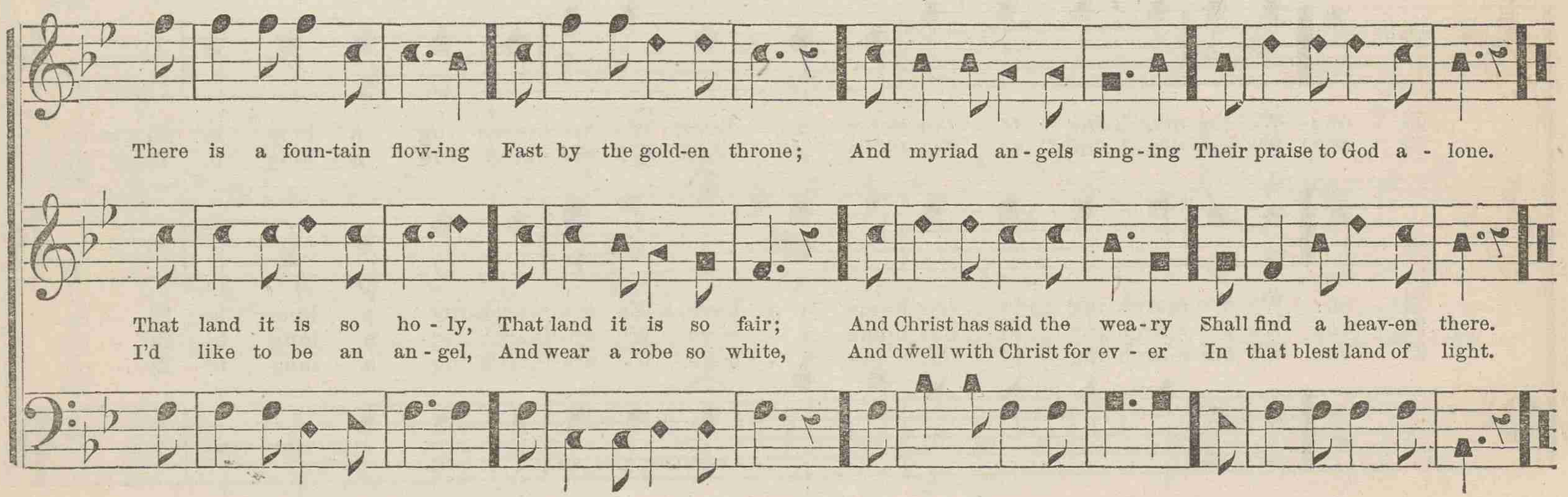
Christ our King, As we go on our way to Zi - on. O Zi - on! fair Zi - on! We are marching a - long to
heav'n a - bove, As we go on our way to Zi - on. O Zi - on! fair Zi - on! We are marching a - long to

on our way, As we go on our way to Zi - on. O Zi - on! fair Zi - on! We are marching a - long to
back the sound, As we go on our way to Zi - on. O Zi - on! fair Zi - on! We are marching a - long to
then shall raise, As we go on our way to Zi - on. O Zi - on! fair Zi - on! We are marching a - long to

Zi - on; We are march-ing to our home a - bove, We are march - ing a - long to Zi - on.
Zi - on; We are march-ing to our home a - bove, We are march - ing a - long to Zi - on.

Zi - on; We are march-ing to our home a - bove, We are march-ing a - long to Zi - on.
Zi - on; We are march-ing to our home a - bove, We are march-ing a - long to Zi - on.
Zi - on; We are march-ing to our home a - bove, We are march-ing a - long to Zi - on.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

WORDS BY KATE M. TAPPING.

THE SABBATH MORN IS BREAKING.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER. DR. A. BROOKS EVERET.

1. The Sab-bath morn is break-ing, The Sab-bath bells are wak-ing, Our homes with joy for - sak-ing, We join the Sab-bath - school.
2. How joy-ful is the meet-ing, Each oth - er kind-ly greet-ing, Sweet hymns of praise re - peat-ing, While in the Sab-bath - school!
3. 'Tis here we join in sing-ing The songs of love re - deem-ing; Our lit - tle off'-rings bringing; Ho - san - nas to our King!
4. Our teach-ers we'll re - mem-ber; Ten thousand thanks we ren-der For thoughts of us so ten-der While in the Sab-bath - school.
5. But oh life's sun-ny morn-ing, With all its sweets a - dorn-ing, Like ear-ly blos-soms fall-ing, Will soon have pass'd a - way.
6. Then may we all re - mem-ber To strive our hearts to ren-der, While now so young and ten-der, To Christ our heav'nly King.

Chorus.

Shout, shout, shout! We hail the Sab - bath - school; Shout, shout, shout! We hail the Sab - bath - school.

Shout, shout, shout! We hail the Sab - bath - school; Shout, shout, shout! We hail the Sab - bath - school.

WE COME WITH SINGING.

Joyful.

1. To - day we come with sing - ing And glad - ness in our breast Our bloom - ing off' - rings bring - ing, For
D. S. *Our hymns and our ho - san - nas Re-*

2. We come with ex - ul - ta - tion, A joy - ful, hap - py band, Pro-claim - ing free sal - va - tion To
D. S. *And let the moun-tains ech - o The*

3. Our souls be fill'd with glad - ness, Let rap - ture fill the breast; Ten thou - sand hearts are beat - ing For
D. S. *Let earth ex - alt her Sa - viour, And*

FINE.

God has great - ly blest; We spread our flow - ing ban - ners, And lift our voi - ces high;
sound - ing through the sky.

FINE.

chil - dren of our land; Loud ring the glow - ing an - them, Oh shout "A Sa - viour slain,"
glo - ries of his name.
chil - dren in the West; Shout, shout, ye saints, in tri - umph! The Conq' - ror comes to reign;
bless Im-man - uel's name.

FINE.

D. S.

D. S.

D. S.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

J. W. DADMUN.

1. { Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; } Far from the safe, qui - et har-bor we've rode,
   { Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; }

2. { Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; } Steady! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel;
   { Look! yonder lie the bright heav - en-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; }

3. { We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; } Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
   { Try to per - suade them to en - ter the throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; }

4. { In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; } Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
   { Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil-ver tide, We're home at last, home at last; }

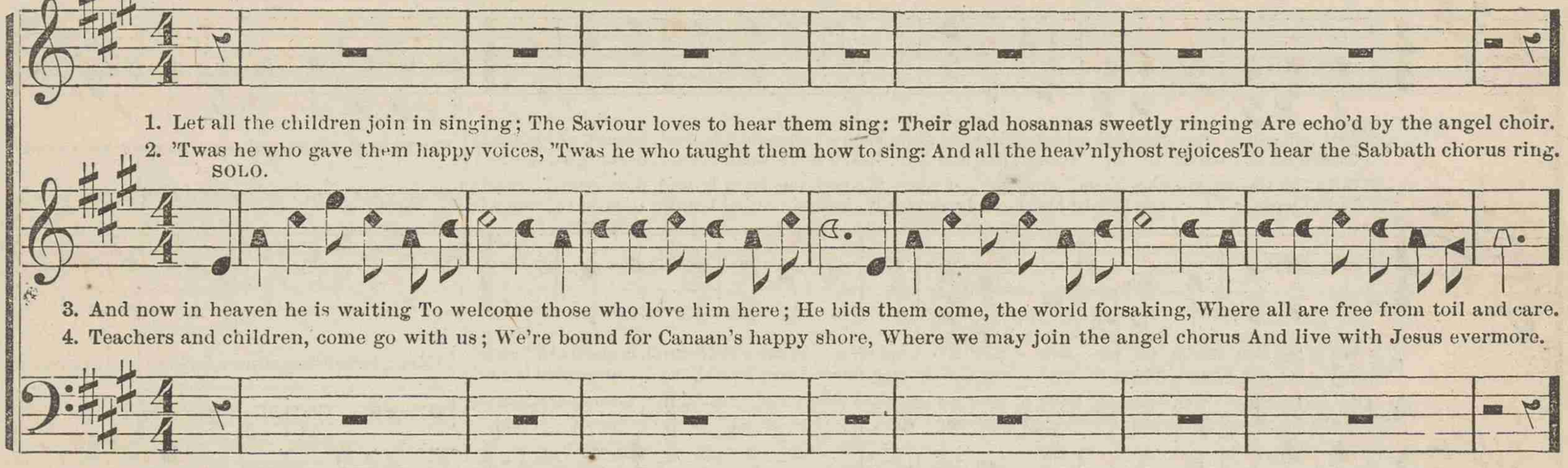
Seek-ing our Fath - er's ce - les - tial a - bode,; Prom-ise of which on us each he be - stow'd, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Stead - y, we soon shall out-weath-er the gale: Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creak-ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Join in our num-ber, oh come and be blest; Jour-ney with us to the man - sions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore! Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

ANGELS JOIN OUR SONG.

Spirited.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

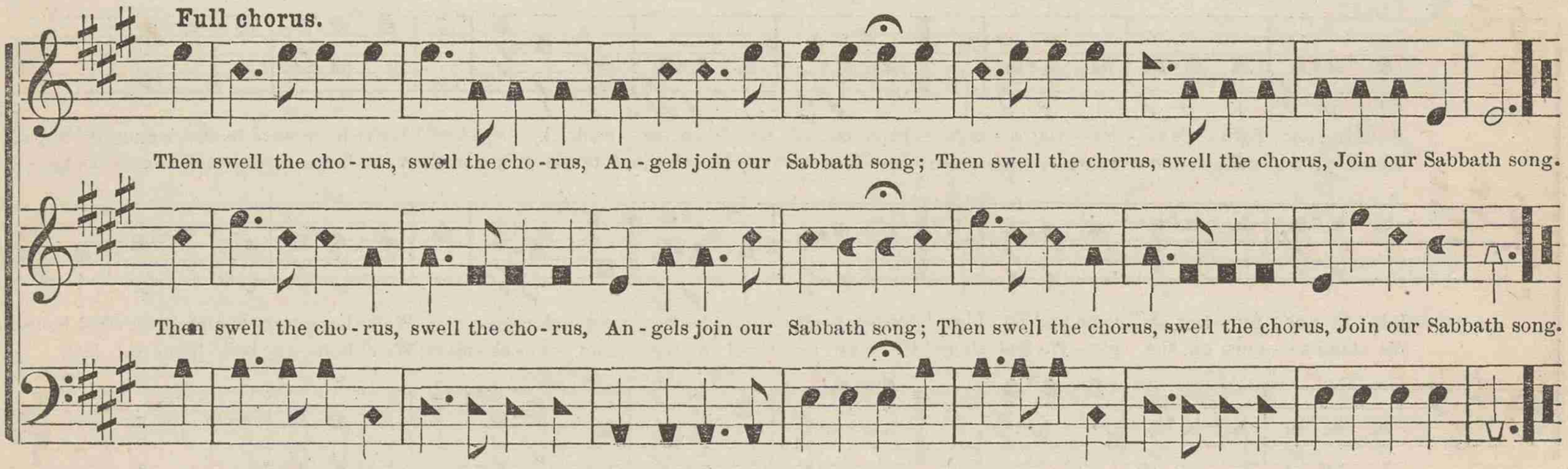


1. Let all the children join in singing; The Saviour loves to hear them sing: Their glad hosannas sweetly ringing Are echo'd by the angel choir.
2. 'Twas he who gave them happy voices, 'Twas he who taught them how to sing: And all the heav'nlyhost rejoicesTo hear the Sabbath chorus ring.

SOLO.

3. And now in heaven he is waiting To welcome those who love him here; He bids them come, the world forsaking, Where all are free from toil and care.
4. Teachers and children, come go with us; We're bound for Canaan's happy shore, Where we may join the angel chorus And live with Jesus evermore.

Full chorus.



1. Lit - tle trav'-lers Zi - on-ward, Each one ent'ring in - to rest On the king-dom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest.

2. Who are these whose lit - tle feet, Pac - ing life's dark jour-ney thro', Now have reach'd the heav'nly seat They had ev - er kept in view?

3. Each the wel-come, "Come," a-waits, Conq'rors o - ver death and sin; Lift your heads, ye gol - den gates, Let the lit - tle trav'-lers in.

Chorus.

There to wel-come Je - sus waits—Gives the crown his foll'wers win; Lift up your heads, ye gold - en gates, Let the lit - tle trav - el - ers in.

There to wel-come Je - sus waits—Gives the crown his foll'wers win; Lift up your heads, ye gold - en gates, Let the lit - tle trav - el - ers in.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

EMILLUS LAROCHE

1. Nothing, eith-er great or small, Remains for me to do; Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe:

2. When he from his loft - y throne, Stoop'd down to do and die, Eve - ry-thing was ful - ly done; Yes, "finish'd" was his cry:

Refrain.

Je - sus paid it, paid it all—All the debt I owe; Je - sus paid it, paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.

Je - sus paid it all— All the debt I owe; Je - sus paid it, paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.

Je - sus paid it, paid it all—All the debt I owe; Je - sus paid it, paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER. E. ROBERTS.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free; The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair, And beautiful angels, too, are there.
2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the light of day, Hath driven the darkness far away.
3. In vi - sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I too behold; The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The ambrosial fruits of life's fair tree.
4. The heav-en - ly throng, array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light,
And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

Refrain.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me? Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me?

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me? Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?

BLESSED BIBLE.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."—David.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer! What hath earth like this to cov-et? Oh what stores of wealth are here!
2. Man was lost and doom'd to sorrow; Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures borrow Till his way was clear'd by this.
3. Yes, I'll to my bo-som press thee; Precious Word, I'll hide thee here; Sure my ve - ry heart will bless thee, For thou ev-er say'st good cheer.
4. Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rov-ings led, When this Book brought back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
5. Yes, sweet Bi - ble, I will hide thee Deep, yes, deeper in my heart; Thou thro' all my life shalt guide me, And in death we will not part.
6. Part in death! no nev - er, nev-er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee: Then in worlds a-bove, for ev-er, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

Chorus.

Bless-ed Bi-ble! bless-ed Bi - ble! How it doth my bo-som cheer! What hath earth like this to cov-et? Oh what stores of wealth are here!

Bless-ed Bi-ble! bless-ed Bi - ble! How it doth my bo-som cheer! What hath earth like this to cov-et? Oh what stores of wealth are here!

Gently.

1. { *Girls.* A - cross the foam-ing riv - er, Be - yond the shores of time, There is a bright for ev - er, The soul's e - ter - nal clime.
Boys. My feet have wan-der'd hith-er, A - long the nar - row way, 'Mid dark and stormy weath-er, Thro' mire, and dust, and clay. }

2. { *Girls.* I feel the i - cy bil-lows, They toss a-gainst the shore, I see the swaying wil-lows, I hear the tempest roar:
Boys. O Fa-ther, help! I per-ish! My soul is tem - pest - toss'd; Let not the hope I cher-ish Be now for ev - er lost; }

All. 'Mid doubt, and fear, and sor-row, Thro' care, and toil, and pain; But oh! a glad to - mor-row Shines bright o'er yonder plain.

All. But guide me o'er the riv - er To yon e - ter - nal shore, The sun-shine of for ev - er, Where storms can come no more.

THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD ON HIGH.

JUDSON.

1. There is a beau-ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing; A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heav'nly praises ring.

2. There is a beau-ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes; A world where tears shall never fall In sigh - ing for our home.

3. There is a beau-ti - ful world, Un-seen to mor - tal sight, And dark-ness nev - er en-ters there—That home is fair and bright.

Chorus.

We'll be there, we'll be there; Palms of vict'ry, crowns of glo - ry, We shall wear, we shall wear In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

m *f* *m* *f*

We'll be there, we'll be there; Palms of vict'ry, crowns of glo - ry, We shall wear, we shall wear In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

SING, CHILDREN, SING.

WORDS BY MELVA.

Joyful, but not too fast.

Chorus.

A. P. H.

1. { *Boys.* Do you love the precious Saviour, He who died that you might live? / *Girls.* Do you ask him e'er to guide you, And your praises to receive? } Sing, sing, sing of Je-sus, chil-dren, sing; Loud, loud

2. { *Boys.* Do you tell your lit-tle school-mates Of that holy, hap-py land, / *Girls.* Where there is no sin nor sor-row, But a shin-ing, joy-ful band? } Sing, sing, sing of Je-sus, children, sing; Loud, loud

3. { *Boys.* Did not Je-sus die to save you? Did he not say, "Children, come, / *Girls.* In my Father's glorious mansions There I've bought for you a home?" } Sing, sing, sing of Je-sus, children, sing; Loud, loud

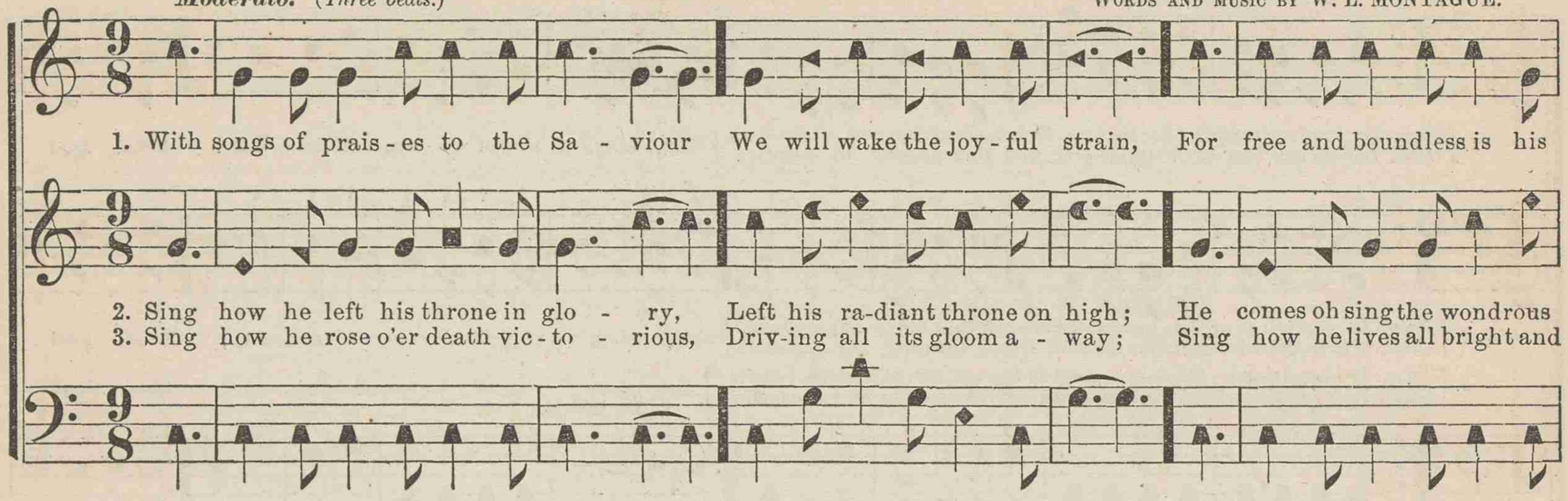
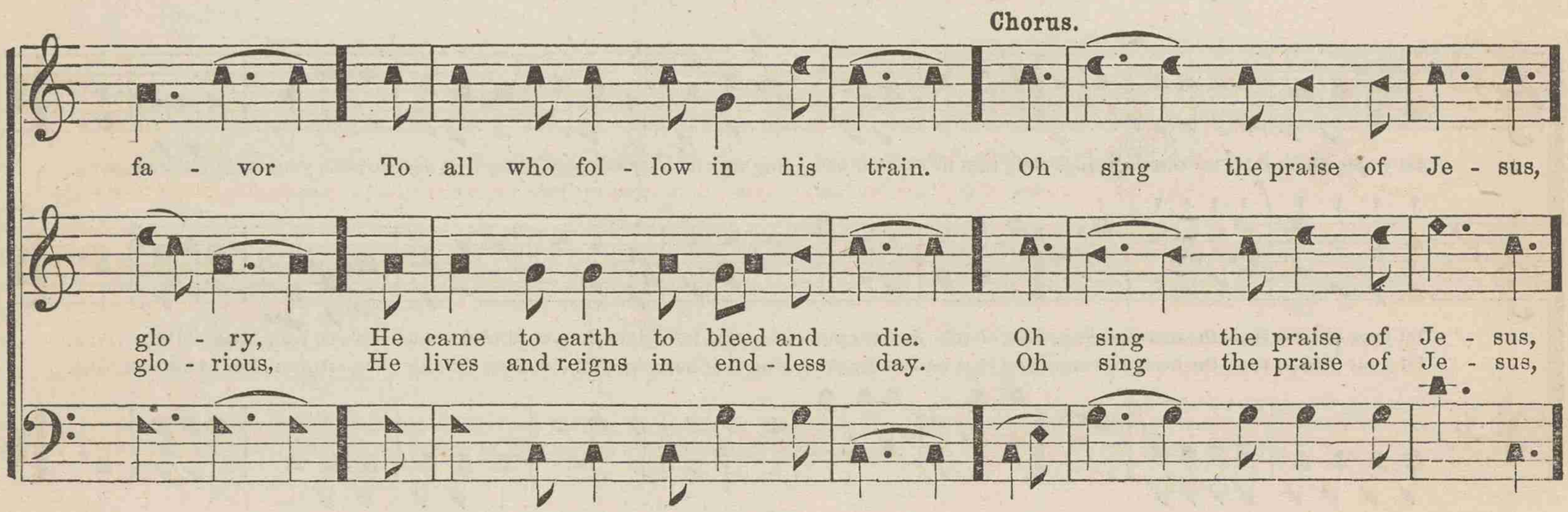
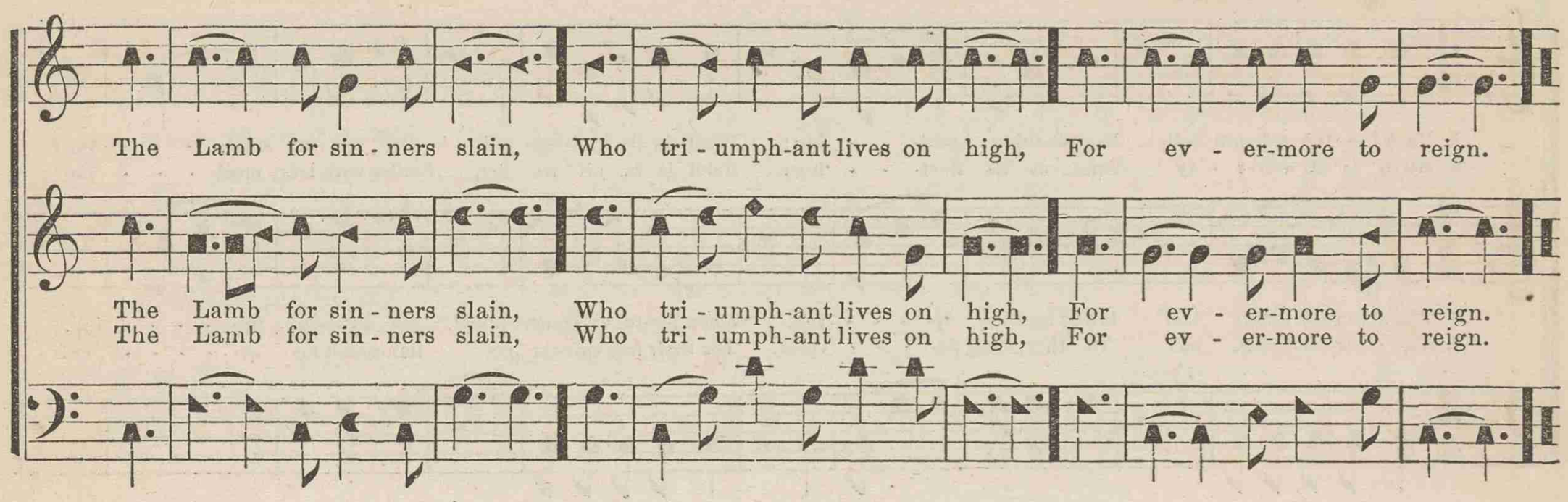
let your praises thro' the heavens ring. Sing that he died for you, Sing that he reigneth now, Sing that he lov-eth you, Sing, children, sing.

let your praises thro' the heavens ring. Sing that he died for you, Sing that he reigneth now, Sing that he lov-eth you, Sing, children, sing.

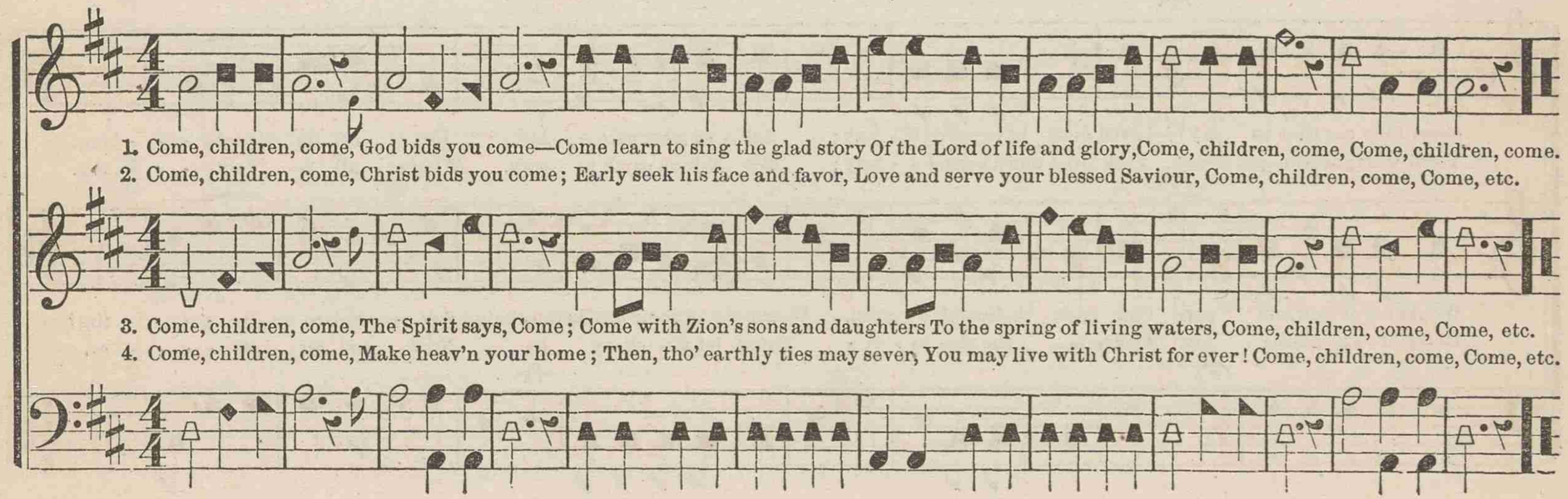
let your praises thro' the heavens ring. Sing that he died for you, Sing that he reigneth now, Sing that he lov-eth you, Sing, children, sing.

OH SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS!

Moderato. (*Three beats.*)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. L. MONTAGUE.



COME, CHILDREN, COME.



HARK! TO THE SOLEMN BELL.

1. Hark! to the sol-emn bell, Mourn-ful-ly peal- - - ing; What do its wail-ings tell, On the ear steal- - - - ing?
2. Earth is all van-i - ty False as 'tis fleet- - - ing; Grief is in all its joy, Smiles with tears meet- - - - ing;

3. When in their lonely bed Loved ones are ly- - - - ing, When joy-ful wings are spread, To heav-en fly- - - - - ing,
4. No, dear-est Je-sus, no! To thee, their Sa- - - - viour, Let their free spir-its go, Ran-som'd for ev- - - - - er!

Seem they not thus to say?—Loved ones have pass'd a - way; Ash - es with ash-es lay, List to its peal- - - - ing.
Youth's brightest hopes de-cay, Pass like morn's gems a - way; Too fair on earth to stay, Where all is fleet- - - - ing.

Would we to sin and pain Call back their souls a - gain, Weave round their hearts the chain Sev - ered in dy- - - - - ing?
Heirs of un-end-ing joy, Theirs is the vic - to - ry; Thine let the glo-ry be Now and for ev- - - - - er.

FAREWELL, BROTHER.*

1. Fare-well, broth-er, deep and low-ly Rest thee on thy bed of clay; Kindred spir-its, an-gels ho-ly, Bear thy heav'nward soul a-way.

2. Hear our pray'r, O God of glo-ry, Lowly breath'd in sor-row's song; Bleeding hearts lie bare be-fore thee— Come, in ho-ly trust made strong;

3. Fare-well, brother! soon we'll meet thee Where no cloud of sorrow rolls; For glad tid-ings float, how sweet-ly! From the glorious land of souls;

Sad we gave thee to the number Laid in yon-der cit-y halls; And a bove thy peaceful slumber Many a show'r of sor-row falls.

Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger, From the shad'wy land we dread; Mortals! mortals! seek no long-er Those that live a-mong the dead.

Death's cold gloom now parts asunder, Lo! the fold-ing shades are gone; Mourner, upward! yonder, yon-der, God's broad day comes pouring on.

* Sister, father, mother, teacher, or preacher, may be used to suit the occasion.

WE'LL NEVER FORGET THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Cheerfully. TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. *Teachers.* Nev-er for-get the Sab-bath-school—The lessons taught you here, The gen - tle words of love and truth, The true and earnest care; Re-

2. *Scholars.* Can we for-get the Sab-bath-school, The place of light and love?—Place where we learn of wis-dom's ways, That lead to homes a-bove? And
All. So, then, to-geth-er let us sing In songs of grateful praise, To Him who reigneth in the skies, Our grateful tribute raise; And

mem - ber, too, the teach-ers dear, Who oft for you will pray That Je - sus by his gra-cious love May keep you in the way.

wher - ev - er we may wan-der, Where thro' the week we roam, We'll not for-get the teach-ers dear Of this our Sabbath home.
pray that thro' an - oth - er year His bless-ing may at - tend, And that we nev - er may for-get The sin - ner's tru-est Friend.

Chorus.—Teachers and scholars.

We'll nev-er for-get the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath-school; We'll nev-er for-get the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath-school.

We'll nev-er for-get the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath-school; We'll nev-er for-get the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath - school.

THE CHILDREN'S PLEAS.

WORDS BY MISS P. C. WHITTLESEY.

MELODY BY LAULIE EVERETT McINTOSH.
(A little girl only four years old.)

Teacher. 1. Lov-ing Saviour, here we bring thee Little ones at thy command;
Teach their youthful lips to sing thee Praises thro' this pil-grim land;
Lord, re-ceive them, Saviour lead them Ev-er with thy ho-ly hand.

Scholars. 2. Lov-ing Saviour, here be-fore thee, In the morning of our days,
Let our youthful hearts a-dore thee, Help our lips to hymn thy praise;
Give our weakness, Thro' thy meekness, Strength to walk in wisdom's ways.

CHORUS. Oh the bless-ed-ness and glo-ry Of our dear Re-deem-er's love!
Words can nev-er tell the sto-ry, Till we wake in worlds a-bove;
All its full-ness, All its free-ness, Vast e-ter-ni-ty will prove!

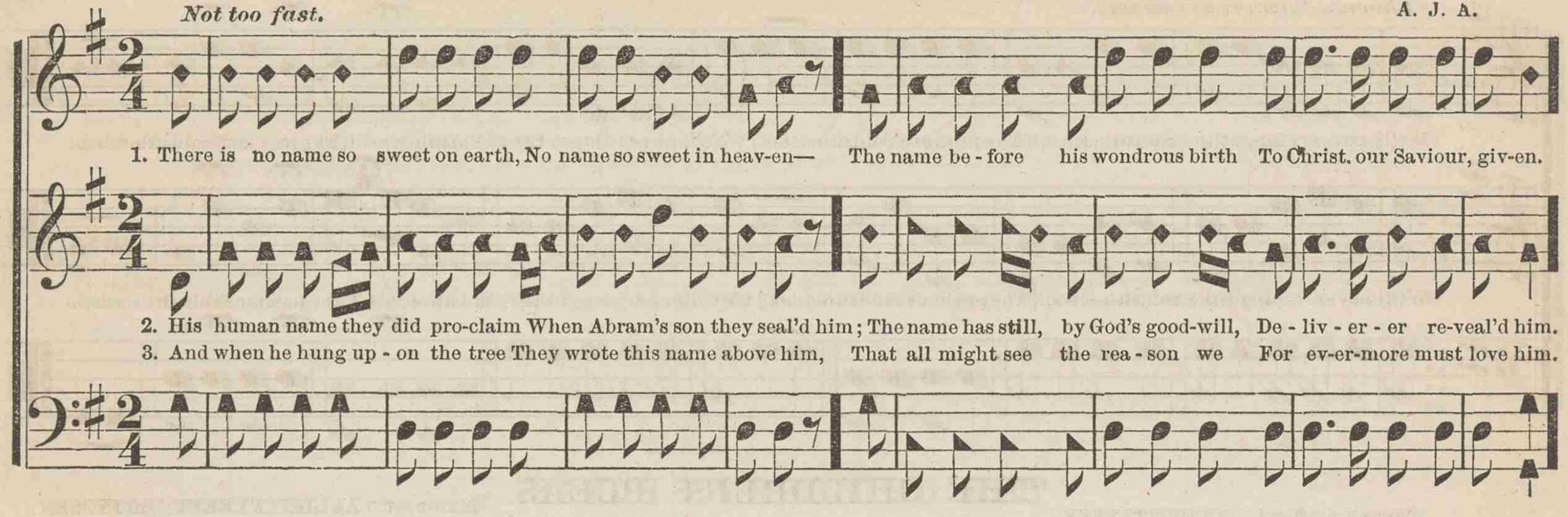
Teacher. 3. To thy ser-vice, lov-ing Sa-viour, We would train each little one;
Smile up-on their good be-ha-vior, Let them plead till life is done,
That the dy-ing heathen, sighing, All may see the gos-pel sun.

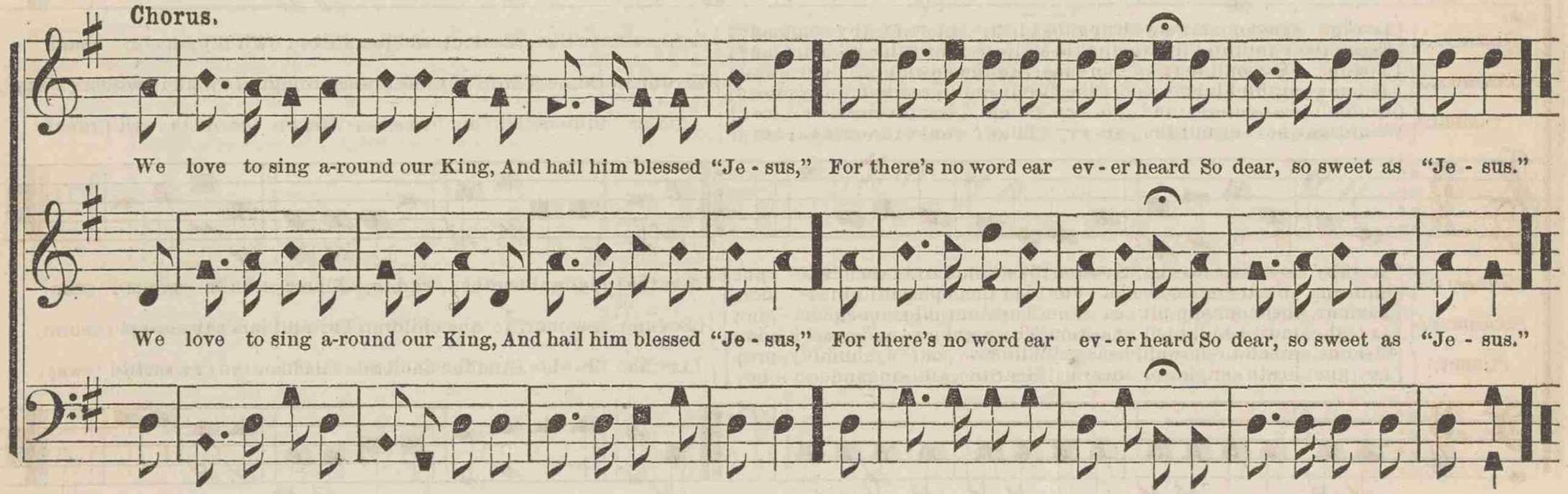
Scholars. 4. Saviour, hear our sup-pli-ca-tion Thro' our pil-grim-age be-low;
Let the most be-nighted na-tion Thy great love and gospel know;
Lov-ing Saviour, To the children Thro' all lands thy gos-pel show.

CHORUS. Hear us, great Je-ho-vah, hear us, While we dai-ly, humbly pray;
Let the heath-en, far or near us, Hear the call-ing and o-bey;
Let the Bi-ble And the Sab-bath Gladden eve-ry earth-ly way.

NO NAME SO SWEET AS JESUS.

Not too fast. A. J. A.



Chorus.

1. The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school! Blest be the won-drous plan; So strong its pow'r, so fraught with love, Descending down to man!
2. We hold the bless-ed Bi - ble as Our char-ter and our shield, Its precepts and its prom-is - es A pow'r-ful sword to wield;

3. O ho - ly Book! O hap - py day! May un - born millions stand, Sur-round-ed by these bulwarks strong, Throughout this happy land!
4. And when we stand on Zi-on's heights In the bright world a - bove, Where golden harps are sounding forth The Saviour's dying love,

The Bi - ble and the Sunday-school Our bulwark firm shall be, To guard our rights, maintain our laws, Preserve our lib-er - ty.
With free-born minds and bounding hearts, We prize its sa - cred truth, For com-fort in de - clin-ing years, Or guide in ear - ly youth.

Nor ty-rant's rod nor des-pot's pow'r De-prive us of our right To serve our country and our God In freedom's bless-ed light.
The Bi - ble and the Sunday-school Our anthems still shall be, For they have led our wand'ring feet, O Lord, to heav'n and thee.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

Boys.

1. { *Boys.* We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the hap - py, the king-dom of love. }
{ *Girls.* Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road to fol - ly, Oh say will you go to the E - den a - bove. }

Boys. Will you go?

2. { *Boys.* March on, hap-py pilgrims, that land is be-fore you, And soon its ten thousand de - lights we will prove. }
{ *Girls.* Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glo-ry, And drink the pure joys of the E - den a - bove. }

Boys. Will you go?

Girls. All. Boys. Girls. All.

Will you go? Oh say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you go? Oh say, will you go to the E - den a-bove?

Will you go? Oh say will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? Will you go? Oh say, will you go to the E - den a-bove?

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre - cious than gold, The hopes and the glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold;
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweet - ly it smiles on the sea - son of youth!

3. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! we hail it with joy, Its truths and its glo - ries our tongues shall employ;
4. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! the val - leys shall ring, And hill - tops re - ech - o the notes that we sing;

It speaks of a Sa - viour and tells of his love, It shows us the way to the man - sions a - bove.
It bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere th' heart is en-slaved in the bond - age of vice.

We'll sing of its tri-umphs, we'll tell of its worth, And send its glad tid - ings a - far o'er the earth.
Our ban - ners, in-scribed with its pre - cepts and rules, Shall long wave in tri-umph, the joy of the schools.

THE GATHERING.

From *Sunday-school Union sheet.*

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breathings of love 'mid the blos-soms of spring: Our Mak - er! Re-deem - er! we
2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heav'n, Thy blood for our ransom so free - ly was giv'n, Thou deign-est to lis - ten while
3. Those arms which embraced little children of old Still love to en - cir - cle the lambs of the fold: That grace which in - vit - eth the
4. Ho - san - na! ho-san-na! Great Teacher, we raise Our hearts and our voices in hymn-ing thy praise For pre-cept and prom-ise so

Chorus.

grate-ful-ly raise Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Ho-
chil - dren a-dored, With joy-ful ho-san-nas, the bless'd of the Lord. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Ho-
wan-der-ing home Hath nev-er for-bid-den the youngest to come. Hal - le - lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - - - jah! Ho-
gra-cious-ly giv'n, For blessings of earth and the glo-ries of heav'n. Hal - le - lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - - - jah! Ho-

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Ho-

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

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

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

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Repeat for Chorus.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place—Oh I would rather stay With - in its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
CHORUS.—*The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh 'tis the place I love; For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.*
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sin-ners such as I: Oh what has all the world beside That I should prize so high?
CHORUS.—*The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh 'tis the place I love; For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.*

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be giv'n To Him who dwells a - bove the skies, For such a blessing giv'n.
CHORUS.—*The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh 'tis the place I love; For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.*
4. And welcome then the Sunday-school: We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the gold-en rule And nev-er from it stray.
CHORUS.—*The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh 'tis the place I love; For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.*

JOYFULLY.

ARR. PARTLY BY PROF. J. G. DOUGHIT. OF S. C.

1. { Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, on-ward we move, Bound to a land of bright spir-its a - bove; / Je - sus, our Sa-viour, in mer-cy says, Come, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to your home:" } Soon will our pil-grim-age end here be - low,

2. { Teachers and scholars have pass'd on be - fore, Wait-ing, they watch us ap-proach-ing the shore; / Sing-ing, to cheer us while pass-ing a - long, "Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to your home:" } Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,

3. { Death with his ar-row may soon lay us low, Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow; / Je - sus hath brok-en the bars of the tomb, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, we will go home: } Bright will the morn of e- - ter-ni-ty dawn,

Soon to the pres-ence of God we shall go; Then, if to Je-sus our hearts have been given, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful - ly, rest we in heaven.

Harps of the bless-ed, your strains we shall hear, Fill-ing with har-mo-ny heav-en's high dome: Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, Je-sus, we come.
Death shall be conquer'd, his scep-tre be gone; Ov-er the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, safe-ly at home.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

Animated. WORDS BY MISS S. P. C. WHITTLESEY. MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

1. The Sabbath morn is beam-ing, Brightly beaming, Its gold-en light is gleaming, Sweetly o'er this Christian land;
   But there's a Sab-bath brighter, Brighter, brighter, But there's a Sab-bath brighter On fair Canaan's shining strand.

2. All who would sing God's praises, Endless praises; All who would sing God's praises, O'er this mortal land and shoal,
   This earthly Sabbath morn-ing, Ho-ly morning, Look up-ward for the dawn-ing Of the Sab-bath of the soul.

3. This ho-ly morn is fleet-ing, Swiftly fleet-ing; The waning hours are cheating Eve-ry sun-beam of its sky:
   But in that glorious morn-ing, Heav'nly morning, There'll be a fade-less dawn-ing Of the Sab-bath up on high.

Chorus.

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Ransom'd souls are sweetly singing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! In the Sabbath of the soul.

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Ransom'd souls are sweetly singing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! In the Sabbath of the soul.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry There re - mains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be - fore me To ful-fill my soul's re - quest.
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter-nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
3. Death it-self shall then be vanquish'd, And its sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ran-som'd, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn!

Chorus.

{There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
{On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

{There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
{On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly, Those
D.S. just be - fore the shin-ing shore, We
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let
D. S. just be-fore the shin - ing shore, We
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest naught can mo - lest, Where
D. S. just be-fore the shin - ing shore, We
4. Let sorrow's ru - dest temp-est blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er; Our King says, Come, and there's our home, For
D. S. just be-fore the shin - ing shore, We

FINE. **Chorus.** D. S.

hours of toil and dan-ger. For oh we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver, And
may al - most dis - cov - er.
eve - ry lamp be burn-ing. For oh we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver, And
may al - most dis - cov - er. FINE. D. S.
gold - en harps are ring - ing. For oh we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver, And
may al - most dis - cov - er.
ev - er, oh for ev - er. For oh we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver, And
may al - most dis - cov - er.
FINE. D. S.

BE KIND TO THY FATHER.

With tender feeling.

Refrain.

1. Be kind to thy fath-er, for now he is old, His locks in-ter - mingled with gray,
   His foot-steps are fee-ble, once fearless and bold—Thy fath - er is pass-ing a - way.
   Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,

2. Re - mem-ber thy moth-er, for thee will she pray As long as God giveth her breath:
   With ac-cents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way Ev'n to the dark val-ley of death.
   Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,

3. Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
   The flow-ers of feeling will fade at the birth If love and af - fec-tion be gone.
   Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,

4. Be kind to thy sis-ter, not ma - ny may know The depth of true sis - ter-ly love;
   The wealth of the o-cean lies fathoms be - low The sur-face that sparkles a - bove.
   Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,

And bless-ings thy path-way shall crown; Af - fec-tion shall weave thee a gar - land of flow'rs More pre-cious than wealth or re - nown.

And bless-ings thy path-way shall crown; Af - fec-tion shall weave thee a gar - land of flow'rs More pre-cious than wealth or re - nown.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Fath-er in the prom-ised land, I have a Fath-er in the prom-ised land; My Fath - er calls me, I must go To
D. S. My Fath - er calls me, I must go To

2. I have a Sa-viour in the prom-ised land, I have a Sa-viour in the prom-ised land; My Sa - viour calls me, I must go To
D. S. My Sa - viour calls me, I must go To

3. I have a crown in the prom-ised land, I have a crown in the prom-ised land; When Je - sus calls me, I must go To
D. S. When Je - sus calls me, I must go To

FINE. **Chorus.** D. S.

meet him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land;
meet him in the promised land.

FINE. D. S.

meet him in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land;
meet him in the promised land.

wear it in the promised land. I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land;
wear it in the promised land.

FINE. D. S.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crys-tal tide for ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
2. On the margin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship ev - er All the hap-py gold - en day.
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we eve-ry bur-den down; Grace our spir-its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
4. At the smil-ing of the riv - er, Mir-ror of the Saviour's face, Saints whom death will never sev-er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
5. Soon we'll reach the silver riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv-er; Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv-er; Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of children stand—Children whose sins are all for - giv'n, A
2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white See eve - ry one ar - ray'd, Dwelling in ev - er - last - ing light, And
3. What brought them to that world above, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace and joy and love? How
4. Be - cause the Sa-viour shed his blood To wash a - way their sin, Bath'd in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be-
5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved his name; So now they see his bless - ed face, And

ho - ly, hap - py band, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high. . . .
joys that nev - er fade, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high. . . .
came those children there? Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high. . . .
hold them white and clean, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high. . . .
stand be-fore the Lamb, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high. . . .

LOVE AT HOME.

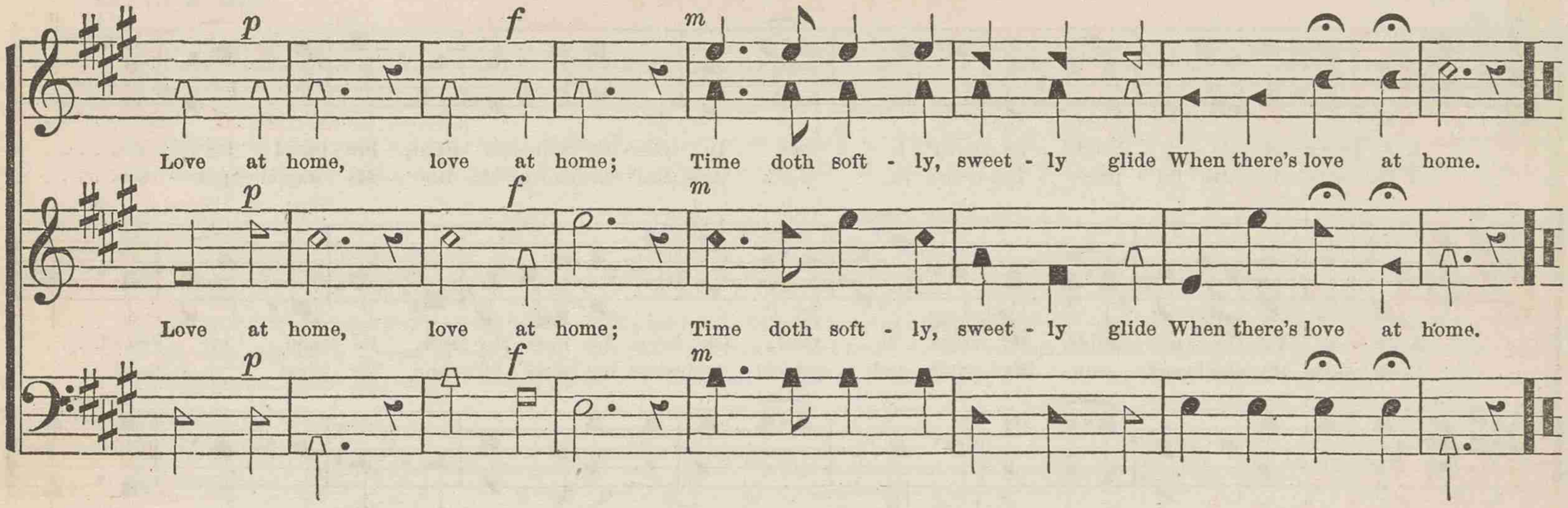
WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. H. McNAUGHTON, *by permission.*

1. There is beau-ty all a-round When there's love at home; There is joy in eve-ry sound When there's love at home:
2. In the cot-tage there is joy When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an-noy When there's love at home:

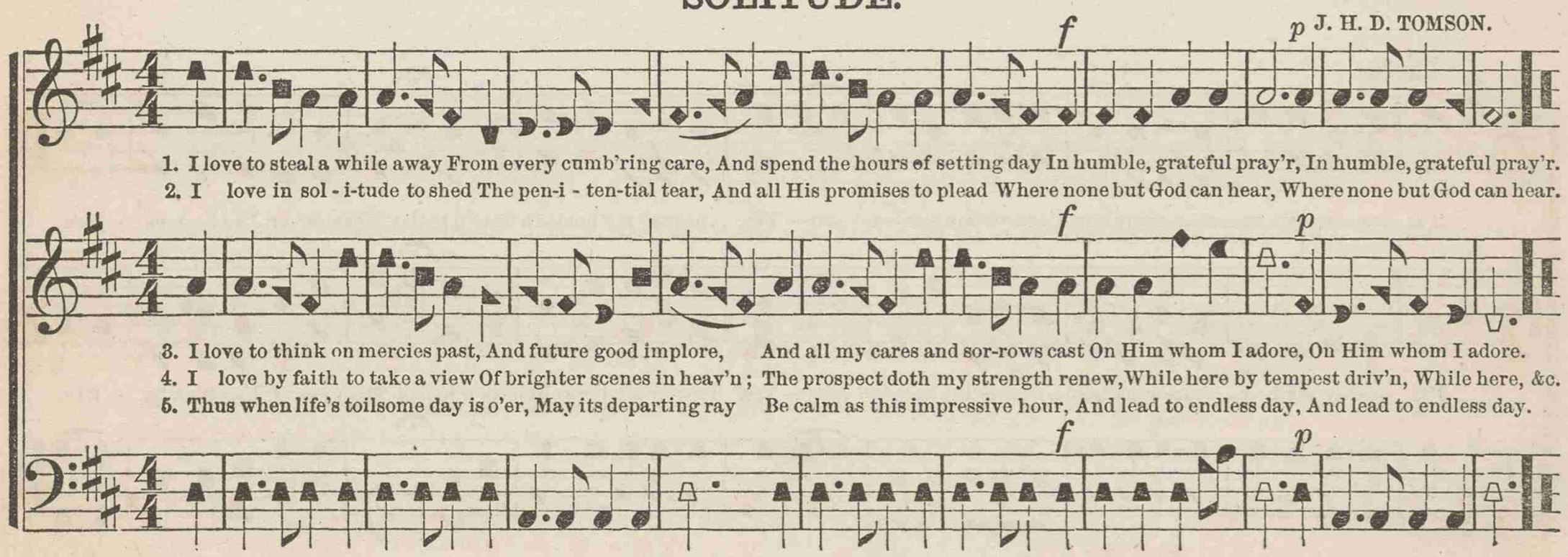
3. Kind-ly Heav-en smiles a-bove When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love When there's love at home.
4. Je-sus, show thy mer-cy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweet-ly whis-per I am thine, Then there's love at home.

Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, Smil-ing sweet on eve-ry side; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide When there's love at home.
Ros-es blos-som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar-den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete When there's love at home.

Sweet-er sings the brook-let by, Bright-er beams the a-zure sky; Oh there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheer-ing light Far ex-ceeds the sun so bright—Can dis-pel the gloom of night, Then there's love at home.


p f m
Love at home, love at home; Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide When there's love at home.
p f m
Love at home, love at home; Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide When there's love at home.
p f m

SOLITUDE.


f p J. H. D. TOMSON.
1. I love to steal a while away From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r, In humble, grateful pray'r.
2. I love in sol - i-tude to shed The pen-i - ten-tial tear, And all His promises to plead Where none but God can hear, Where none but God can hear.
f p
3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I adore, On Him whom I adore.
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heav'n; The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempest driv'n, While here, &c.
5. Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day, And lead to endless day.
f p

A CROWN OF GLORY BRIGHT.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright By faith I see In yon - der realms of light, Pre - pared for me. . . . .
2. Oh may I faith - ful prove The crown in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue. . . . .

3. Je - sus, be thou my guide, My steps at - tend; Oh keep me near thy side, Be thou my Friend. . . .
4. Be thou my shield and sun, My guide and guard; And when my work is done, My great re - ward. . . . .

Chorus.

I'm near-er my home, near-er my home, near-er my home to - day— Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

I'm near-er my home, near-er my home, near-er my home to - day— Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

SEND THE TIDINGS.

A. A. G.

1. Send the tid - ings of sal - va - tion To the heath - en sunk in sin; All without is des - o - la - tion, All is wretch-ed - ness within.
2. While the light is round you shi - ning, Pointing out the narrow path, Heathen, in the darkness pi - ning, Walk the downward road to wrath.
3. When in sor-row's hour you languish, Some sweet promise cheers your heart; They, thro' days and nights of anguish, Nothing find to ease the smart.
4. On the Sa-viour's bo-som ly - ing, You can smile when death draws near; But the heathen, when he's dying, Sinks in dark - ness and des-pair.
5. Think upon their de - so - la - tion, Pray and toil their souls to save; Send the gos - pel of sal-va - tion Ere they mould-er in the grave.

Chorus.

Send the tid - ings, send the tid - ings, Je - sus died the lost to save; Send the tid - ings, send the tid - ings, Je - sus died the lost to save.

Send the tid - ings, send the tid - ings, Je - sus died the lost to save; Send the tid - ings, send the tid - ings, Je - sus died the lost to save.

CHILD'S DESIRE.

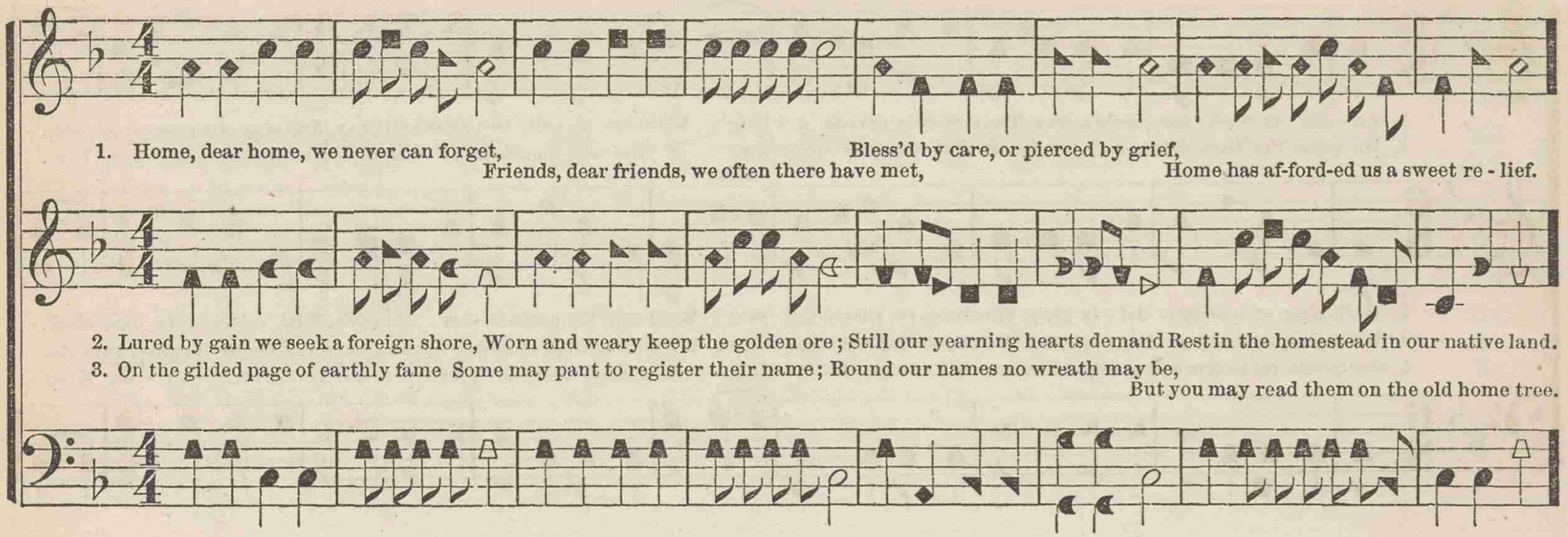
AS ARR. BY J. W. RAMSEY, *near Dalton, Ga,*
expressly for this work.

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,
   A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand;
   And there be - fore my Sa - viour, So glo-rious and so bright,
   I'll make the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise him with de - light.

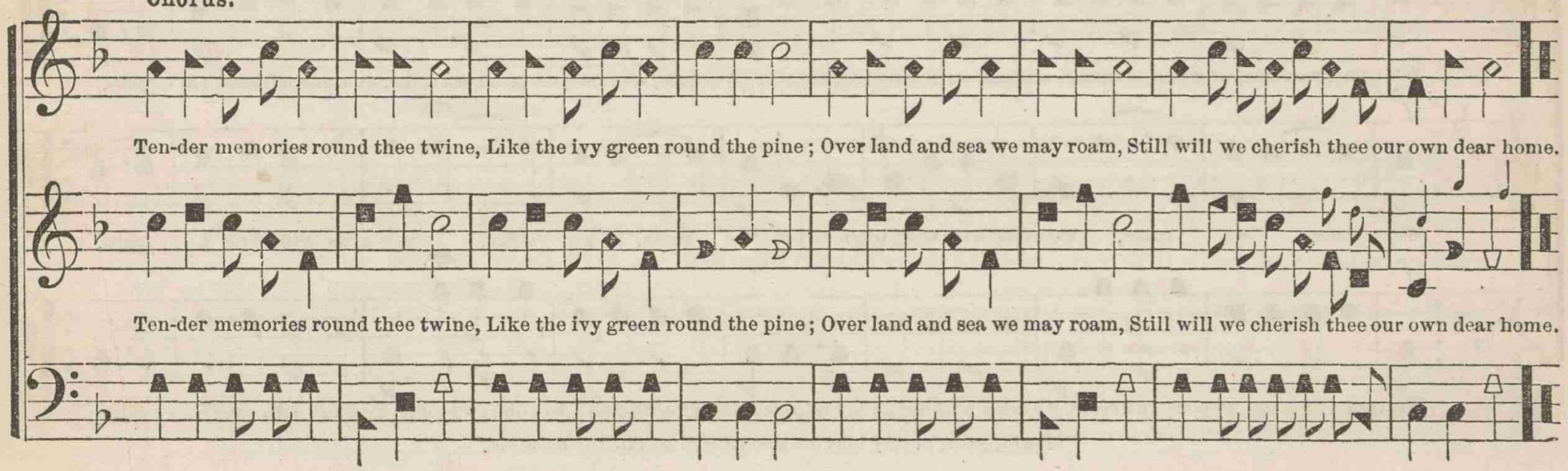
2. I nev - er should be wea - ry, Nor ev - er shed a tear,
   Nor ev - er know a sor - row, Nor ev - er have a fear;
   But bless - ed, pure and ho - ly, I'll dwell in Je - sus' sight,
   And with ten thou - sand thou-sands Praise him with great de - light.

3. I know I'm weak and sin - ful, But Je - sus will for - give,
   For ma - ny lit - tle chil - dren Have gone to heav'n to live.
   Dear Sa - viour, when I lan - guish, And lay me down to die,
   Oh send a shin - ing an - gel To bear me to the sky.

4. Oh there I'll be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,
   A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand.
   Right there be - fore my Sa - viour, So glo-rious and so bright,
   I'll join the heav'nly mu - sic And praise him with de - light.


1. Home, dear home, we never can forget, Bless'd by care, or pierced by grief,
Friends, dear friends, we often there have met, Home has af-ford-ed us a sweet re - lief.
2. Lured by gain we seek a foreign shore, Worn and weary keep the golden ore; Still our yearning hearts demand Rest in the homestead in our native land.
3. On the gilded page of earthly fame Some may pant to register their name; Round our names no wreath may be,
But you may read them on the old home tree.

Chorus.


Ten-der memories round thee twine, Like the ivy green round the pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee our own dear home.
Ten-der memories round thee twine, Like the ivy green round the pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee our own dear home.

WE COME WITH SONG.

WORDS BY J. P. WILLIAMS. MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

1. An - oth - er week* has pass'd a-way, Time swift-ly speeds a - long: We come a - gain to praise and pray, And sing our greet - ing song.
2. We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the won - drous love Of Him who guards us all our days, And guides to heav'n a - bove.
3. We'll sing of mer-cies dai - ly giv'n Thro' eve - ry pass - ing year; We'll sing the prom-is - es of heav'n With voices loud and clear.
4. We'll sing of many a hap - py hour We've pass'd in Sun - day-school, Where truth, like summer's genial show'r, Extends its gra-cious rule.
5. Our youth-ful hearts will gladly raise, Our voi - ces sweet - ly sing, A gen'ral song of grate-ful praise To heav'n's e - ter - nal King.

f **Chorus.**

We come, we come, we come, we come, we come with song to greet you: We come, we come, we come, we come, we come with song a - gain.

f

We come, we come, we come with song to greet you· We come, we come, we come with song a - gain.

f

We come, we come, we come, we come, we come with song to greet you: We come, we come, we come, we come, we come with song a - gain.

* Month, year, or day may be substituted to suit the occasion.

1. With joy once more we hail thee, O love - ly ru - ral scene— Thy groves, and fields, and
D. C. *How sweet the tuft - ed flow' - rets That blos - som on the hills! Such rich and va - ried*

2. Here at the morn's a - wak' - ning, The tune - ful, glad - some lay, By Na - ture's cho - rus
D. C. *In tones of mel - low sweet - ness These feather'd war - blers call On hu - man hearts to*
3. We love in blest com - mu - nion To seek this ru - ral shade, Where Na - ture's true de-
D. C. *Where smiles like those of sum - mer No change can e'er re - move, Where mu - sic yet more*

FINE.

wood - land, Thy garb of cheer-ful green! How pure thy crys - tal foun - tain! How clear the purl-ing rills!
beau - ty Our hearts with rapture fills.

D. C.

FINE.

chant - ed, Sa-lutes the wel - come day, And 'mid the sun's bright glow - ing, Till eve-ning's dew-y fall,
wor - ship The com-mon Lord of all.
vo - tion To Na-ture's God is paid, And here, as we are mus - ing, We think of things a - bove,
heav'n - ly Shall chant its notes of love.

D. C.

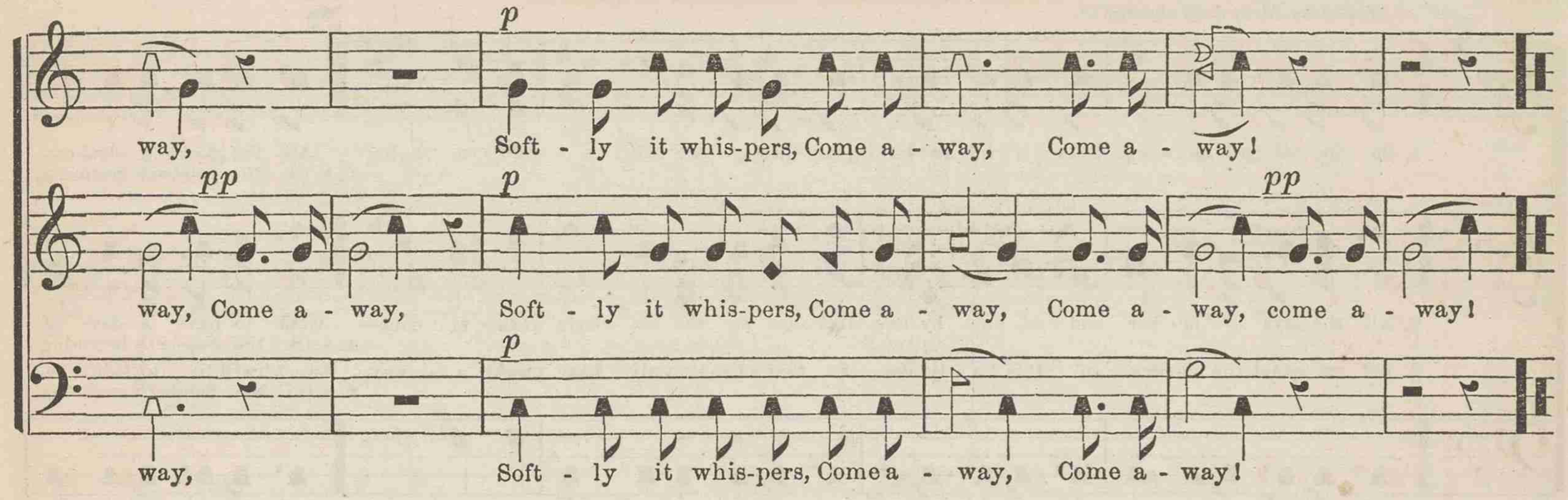
FINE.

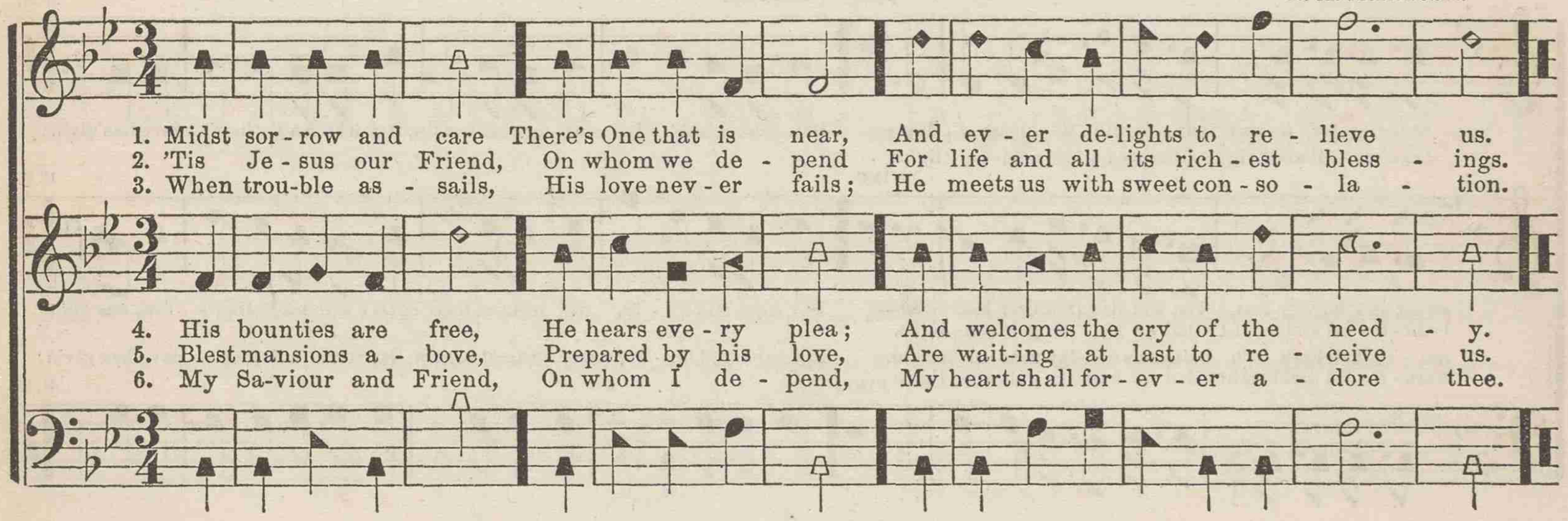
D. C.

THE SMALL STILL VOICE.

WORDS BY S. H. THAYER, ESQ. H. H.

1. Oft as I rove in thoughtless mood, A - long life's flow'ry, sun - ny road, Un - con-scious how the path may
2. From day to day that voice I hear, And oft'-nest when no friend is near; When on some se - cret pur - pose
3. At times perchance too near I tread Some cru - el quicksand's treach'rous bed, Some yawn-ing gulf, some fa - tal
4. Some foe with ra-diant beau-ty drapes Temp - ta - tion in a thou-sand shapes; And many a glitt'ring prize is
5. Ah, gen - tle spir - it, faith - ful friend, Be with me al - ways to life's end; Till He who keeps my heav'nly

end, Un - heed - ing where my foot-steps tend, I hear a voice which seems to say, In a gen - tle whisper, Come a-
bent, Or on some pleas-ure too in - tent, A still small voice which seems to say, In a gen - tle whisper, Come a-
snare, Some spot where death is in the air; Then comes the warning voice to say, In a gen - tle whisper, Come a-
giv'n To lure me far from home and heav'n; But nev - er fails that voice to say, With its gen - tle whisper, Come a-
crown Shall send his lov - ing an - gel down Up - on my brow his hand to lay, And kind - ly bid me, Come a-

MIDST SORROW AND CARE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

SABBATH MORNING.

WORDS BY MISS J. W. SAMSON.

1. Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Joy - ful - ly we hail its gold - en light; All the gloom - y shadows
D. S. Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing,

2. All the days of la - bor end - ed, one by one, Glad are we the six days' work is done— Glad to have a day of
D. S. Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing,

3. Let us spend the mo-ments of this ho - ly day, So that when they all have pass'd a - way, Sweet 'twill be to think the
D. S. Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing,

FINE. **Chorus.** D. S.

chas-ing far a - way, Bring-ing us the pleasant day— Day calm and ho - ly, day nearest heav'n, Day which a Fath-er's love has giv'n:
beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.

FINE. D. S.

sweet and ho - ly rest, 'Tis the day that God has blest— Day calm and ho - ly, day nearest heav'n, Day which a Father's love has giv'n:
beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.

qui - et Sab-bath ev'n Brings us one day near - er heav'n. Day calm and ho - ly, day nearest heav'n, Day which a Father's love has giv'n:
beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold - en light.

FINE. D. S.

CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS.

From "*Southern Melody.*"
ARRANGED BY HENRY TUCKER.

1. I'm wand'ring to and fro . . . . In this wide world of woe, ... Where streams of sorrow flow, . . . And then I'm go - ing home.
2. And when my faith is tried, . . . In Him I will con - fide, ... And all the storms outride, . . . And then I'm go - ing home.
3. Tho' strength and friends should fail, And foes my soul as - sail; . . . . Thro' Christ I shall pre - vail, . . . And then I'm go - ing home.
4. And when my toil is o'er, . . . When nearing Jordan's shore, . . . I'll shout as up I soar, ... For then I'm go - ing home.
5. When heav'n and earth shall flee, . When time shall cease to be . . . . Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, ... Oh then we'll all be home.
6. When at the judg-ment-seat . . We stand at Je - sus' feet, . . . Where world on world shall meet, . . Oh then we'll all be home.
7. When I reach that blest shore, . Where sor-row is no more, . . . I'll sing for ev - er - more . . . That we are safe at home.

Chorus.

We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, And then we're going home.

We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a while in the wil-der-ness, And then we're going home.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. (Second.)

(*Three beats to the measure.*)

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

FINE.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful ci - ty that I love,
D. C. *He who was slain on Cal - va - ry . . . O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.*
2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels clothed in white,
D. C. *There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Sa - viour's feet.*

FINE.

3. Beau - ti - ful crowns on eve - ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the conq' - rors show,
D. C. *Thith - er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.*
4. Beau - ti - ful throne of Christ our King, Beau - ti - ful songs the an - gels sing,
D. C. *There shall my eyes the Sa - viour see: Haste to this heav'n - ly home with me.*

FINE.

D. C.

Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple— God its light:
Beau - ti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir:

D. C.

Beau - ti - ful robes the ran - som'd wear, Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there:
Beau - ti - ful rest— all wand' - rings cease, Beau - ti - ful home of per - fect peace:

D. C.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ings Thou art scatt'ring full and free— Show'rs the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing:
2. Pass me not, O God my Fath-er, Sin-ful though my heart may be: Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sa-viour; Let me live and cling to thee: Oh I'm long-ing for thy fa-vor:

4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it; Thou canst make the blind to see: Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-its,
5. Love of God so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ so rich and free; Grace of God so rich and bound-less,
6. Pass me not, thy lost one bring-ing; Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee; Whilst the stream of life is spring-ing,

Refrain.

Let some drop-pings fall on me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.
Let thy mer-cy light on me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Let thy mer-cy light on me.
Whilst thou'rt call-ing, oh call me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Whilst thou'rt call-ing, oh call me.

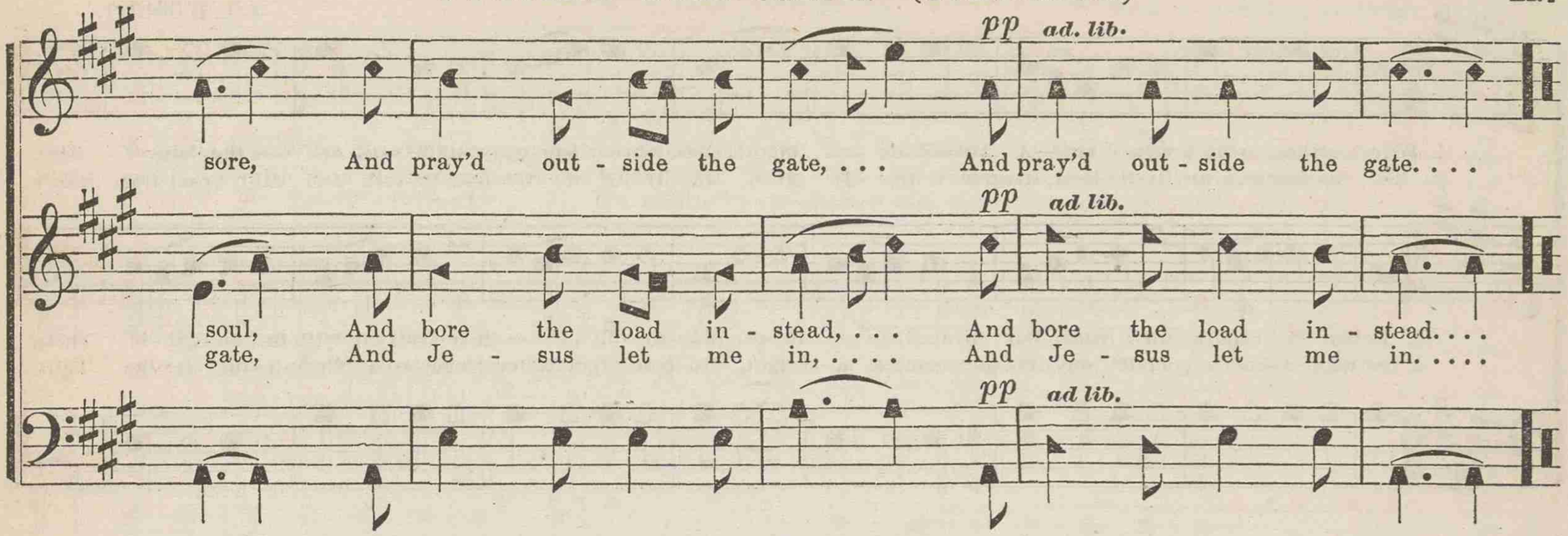
Speak some word of pow'r to me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Speak some word of pow'r to me.
Mag-ni-fy it all in me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Mag-ni-fy it all in me.
Bless-ing oth-ers, oh bless me. E-ven me, E-ven me, Bless-ing oth-ers, oh bless me.

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

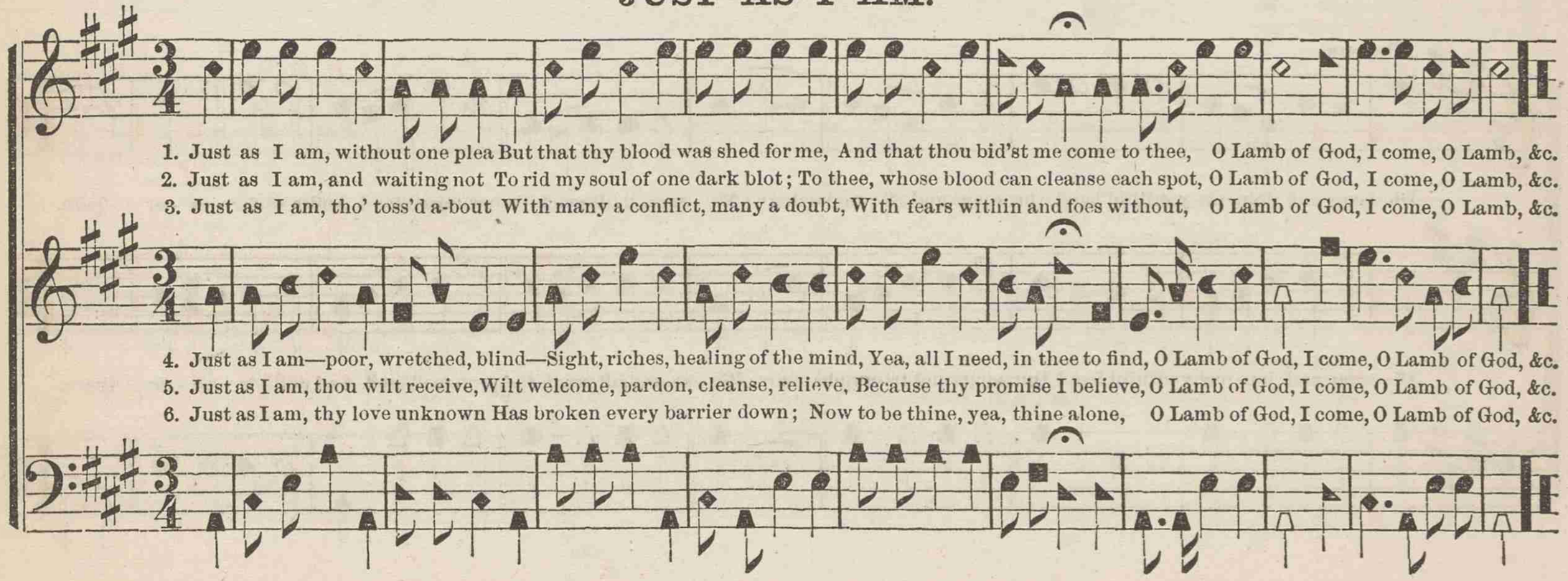
"Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

WORDS BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD. MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I stood outside the gate, A poor way-far-ing child; With-in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear op-press'd my soul That I might be too late, And oh I trem-bled in;
2. "Mer-cy!" I loud-ly cried, "Oh give me rest from sin." "I will," a voice re-plied, And Mer-cy let me She bound my bleed-ing wounds, She soothed my ach-ing head, She eased my bur-den'd
3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sa-viour long a-bused, Who of-ten sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh what a blest re-turn For ig-no-rance and sin! I stood out-side the



JUST AS I AM.



1. Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb, &c.
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot; To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb, &c.
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears within and foes without, O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb, &c.

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb of God, &c.
5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb of God, &c.
6. Just as I am, thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb of God, &c.

WE'RE MARCHING.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. We're marching to the promised land—A land all fair and bright; Come join our hap-py, youthful band, And seek the plains of light.
2. The Saviour feeds his lit-tle flock, His grace is free - ly giv'n; The liv-ing wa - ters from the rock And dai-ly bread from heav'n.
3. In that bright land no sin is found, But all are hap-py there; And joy-ful voi - ces there shall join With the an - gel - ic choir.
4. Our teach-ers kind do point the way, And guide our feet a - right, To those bright realms of endless day, Where Je-sus is the light.

Chorus.

Oh come and join our youthful band, Our songs and tri-umphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for - ev - er there.

Oh come and join our youthful band, Our songs and tri-umphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for - ev - er there.

GIVE ME JESUS.

MUSIC BY JAMES G. DOUTHIT.

1. While wand'ring to and fro In this wide world of woe, Where streams of sor - row flow, Give me Je - sus.
2. When tears o'er - flow mine eye, When press'd by grief I sigh, Still this shall be my cry— Give me Je - sus.
3. When to the mer - cy - seat I go my Lord to meet, My heart shall still re - peat— Give me Je - sus.
4. And when my faith is tried, In him will I con - fide, And all the storms out - ride— Give me Je - sus.
5. Tho' strength and friends should fail, And foes my soul as - sail, Thro' him I shall pre - vail— Give me Je - sus.
6. And when my toils are o'er, When near - ing Jor - dan's shore, I'll shout as up I soar— Give me Je - sus.
7. When at the judg - ment-seat I stand at Je - sus' feet, When worlds on worlds shall meet— Give me Je - sus.
8. When heav'n and earth shall flee, When time shall cease to be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty— Give me Je - sus.

Chorus.

Give me Je- - - - sus, . . Give me Je- - - - sus; You may have all this world— Give me Je- - - sus.

Give me Je- - - - sus, . . Give me Je- - - - sus; You may have all this world— Give me Je- - - sus.

THE HAPPY ANGELS. 10, 8, 7. (Peculiar.)

(*Three beats to the measure.*) 1*st time.* WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Hark, the notes of an - gels high in glo - ry, Where the bless - ed Je - sus reigns;
   Hear them chanting forth the pleas-ing sto - ry, [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

2. "Glo - ry, hon - or, wis - dom, might and bless-ing—End-less praise to Christ be - longs;"
   "For his boundless love is nev - er ceas - ing," [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

3. We would join the joy - ful, pleas-ing cho - rus, Join in hum - bler strains to sing
   Prais - es to him for the love he bore us, [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

2d time.

Of his love in sweet - est strains. Loud their gold - en harps are ring - ing:

Nor do an - gels cease their songs. Bend - ing low they all a - dore him;
Praise to Christ, our heav'n - ly King. Ev - er - more his love be tell - ing;

Tuneful voi-ces ev - er sing - ing, Hap - py an-gels, hap - py an-gels, We would join you in your song.

Cast-ing all their crowns be-fore him; Cry - ing, glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Ev - er-more his prais - es swell - ing; Hal - le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. { Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly
   { While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high: } Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D. C. *Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.*

2. { Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
   { Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: } All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;
D. C. *Cov - er my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.*

D. C.

3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want— All in all in thee I find;
   { Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind: } Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
D. C. *Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.*

4. { Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sins;
   { Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in. } Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of thee;
D. C. *Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.*

D. C.

SING AND PRAY.

1. Bells do ring, Birds do sing, One and all do what they can; Chil-dren, too, So must you, Praise the great Cre - a - tor too.
2. Pray and sing, Dai - ly bring, Heartfelt off'rings to the Lord; God will give While you live, Blessings promised in his word.

3. Children be, Joy - ful - ly, Sing-ing, pray-ing eve - ry day; God de - mands At your hands That you praise as well as pray.
4. When at last, Youth is past, And when comes the hour of death, Praise and pray, Then you may, Trusting God, re - sign your breath.

ff **Chorus.**

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Chil - dren, praise the Lord; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Chil - dren, praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Chil - dren, praise the Lord; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Chil - dren, praise the Lord.

1. Shall we sing in heav'n for ev - er? Shall we sing, shall we sing? Shall we sing in heav'n for ev - er In that hap - py land?
2. Shall we know each oth - er ev - er In that land, in that land? Shall we know each oth - er ev - er In that hap - py land?

3. Shall we meet our faith-ful teach-ers In that land, in that land? Shall we meet our faith-ful teach-ers In that hap - py land?
4. Shall we meet our dear lost chil - dren In that land, in that land? Shall we meet our dear lost chil-dren In that hap - py land?
5. Shall we know our bless - ed Sa - viour In that land, in that land? Shall we know our bless - ed Sa-viour In that hap - py land?

Chorus.

pp

Yes! oh yes! in that happy land They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to love and sing for ever In that happy land.

pp

Yes! oh yes! in that happy land They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to love and sing for ever In that happy land.

pp

INVOCATION. (Peculiar.)

Soft

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace,
   Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, To heav'n, thy na - tive place.

   Sun and moon and stars de - cay,
   Sun and moon, &c.

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
   Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun— Both speed them to their source:

   So a soul that's born of God
   So a soul, &c.

3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn—Press on - ward to the prize,
   Soon our Sa - viour will re - turn Tri - umph - ant in the skies;

   Yet a sea - son and, you know,
   Yet a sea - son, &c.

Soft *Strong*

Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way to seats pre-pared a - bove.

Pants to view his glo - rious face; Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em-brace.
Hap - py en-trance will be giv'n; All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heav'n.

I WOULD NOT BE AN ANGEL.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER. P. PHILLIPS.

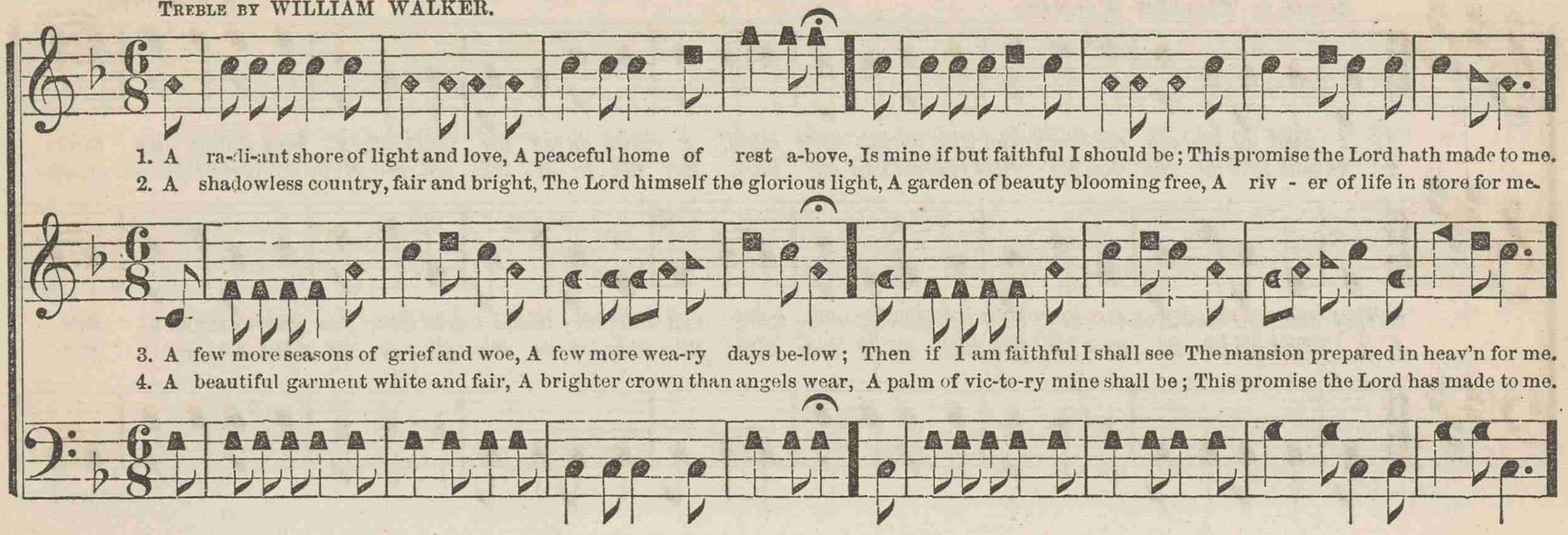
1. I want to join the ran-som'd, And with the ran-som'd stand, A crown up-on my fore-head, A harp with-in my hand;
2. An-gels look on and won-der; They can-not join the song, But list in si - lent rap-ture While saints the notes pro - long;
3. They cast their crowns be-fore thee, They hail thee Sa-viour, King, And while they thus a - dore thee, New prais-es strive to sing.
4. I would not be an an - gel: For them no Sa-viour died; No, rath - er let me glo - ry In Christ the cru - ci - fied;

I want to join the cho - rus, My voice I want to raise, And swell the song of vict' - ry To my Re-deem - er's praise.
Make me a saint in glo - ry, Oh let me see thy face, Like those who now be - fore thee Re - peat thy wondrous grace.

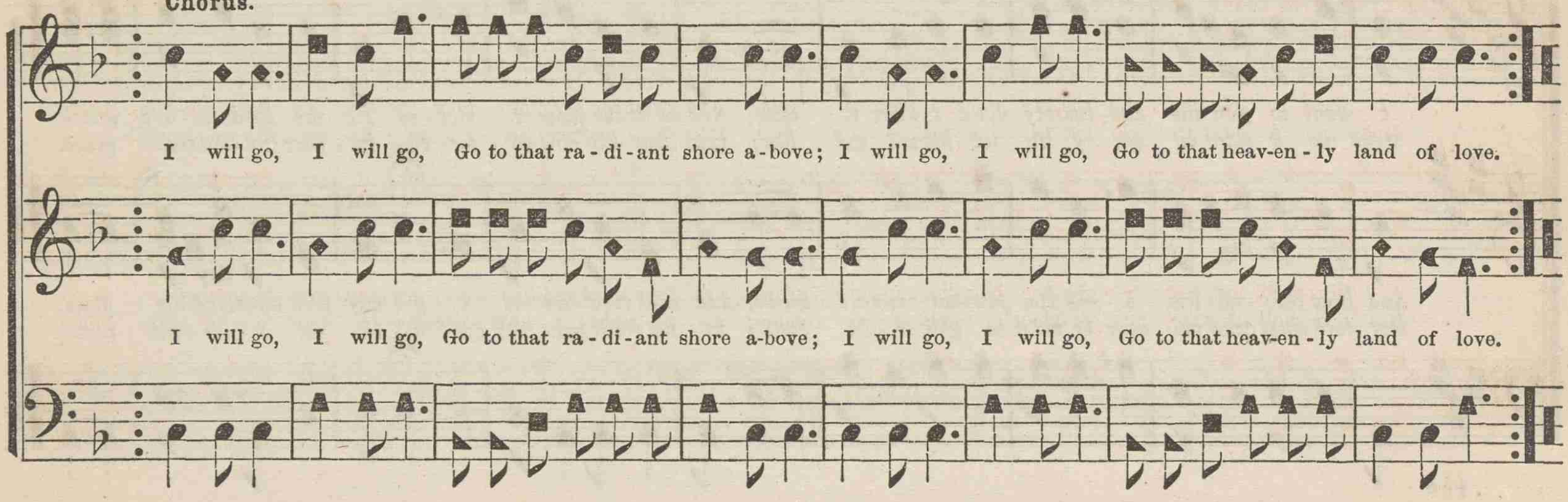
And thus thro' end - less a - ges The bliss-ful rap-ture grows, And thus thro' end-less a - ges Thy love un-chang-ing flows.
His love shall draw me near - er Than an - gels ev - er come; At his right hand he'll place me In our e - ter - nal home.

THE GOLDEN PROMISE.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.



Chorus.



SEEK THE SHEPHERD. (Pastorale.)

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Seek the ten - der Shep-herd, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Seek the ten - der Shep-herd, lit - tle lamb;
2. It will light your path - way, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, It will light your path - way, wand'ring lamb;
3. Now thro' pas - tures ver - dant, trust - ing lamb, trust - ing lamb, Now thro' pas - tures ver - dant, trust - ing lamb;

4. But the day grows storm - y, doubt - ing lamb, doubt - ing lamb, But the day grows storm - y, doubt - ing lamb;
5. Hid - den for a mo - ment, struggling lamb, strug-gling lamb, Hid - den for a mo - ment, strug-gling lamb;
6. On - ward! nev - er fal - ter, faith - ful lamb, faith - ful lamb, On - ward! nev - er fal - ter, faith - ful lamb;
7. You will find the Shep - herd, hap - py lamb, hap - py lamb, You will find the Shep - herd, hap - py lamb;

If you've not al - read - y found him, Seek the star whose rays have crown'd him, Seek the ten - der Shep-herd, lit - tle lamb.
Thro' dark wood and thorn - y bri - er, On - ward, up - ward, ev - er high - er It will light your pathway, wand'ring lamb.
While you watch the star in - tent - ly, It will lead you calm - ly, gent - ly, On thro' pas-tures ver - dant, trust-ing lamb.

Gloom-y thick - ets spread be - fore you, And no star is shi-ning o'er you; Oh, the day grows storm-y, doubt-ing lamb!
Tho' its light may seem de - nied you, To the fold 'twill sure-ly guide you; Hid-den but a mo-ment, struggling lamb.
On - ward in the path of du - ty, Faith's pure star still beams in beau - ty; On-ward! nev - er fal - ter, faith-ful lamb!
Up - ward! till the light grows clear - er, Fold and Shep-herd near - er, dear - er: You will find the Shep-herd, hap - py lamb.

MY HOME IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

AUTHOR OF WORDS UNKNOWN TO ME. W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. I've a home in the beau - ti - ful land Where reign-eth the pur - est de - light; No sigh - ing is there,
2. There are crowns in the beau - ti - ful land Far bright-er than we can con - ceive, Pre - pared for the blest,
3. There are robes in the beau - ti - ful land Of spot - less and ra - di - ant white; Each pu - ri - fied one

4. There are harps in the beau - ti - ful land Whose tones, soul - en-tranc - ing, a - wake At touch of the throng
5. Oh, my home in the beau - ti - ful land, My spir - it is sigh - ing for thee! I'm long - ing to go
6. Hap - py home in the beau - ti - ful land, When my spir - it as - cends to thee, My song shall be sweet,

No cloud of de - spair, No win - ter, nor tem - pest, nor night, No win - ter, nor tem - pest, nor night.
When from la - bor they rest, And be - hold Him in whom they be - lieve, And be - hold Him in whom they be - lieve.
Will out - shine the sun, Ar - ray'd in those gar-ments of light, Ar - ray'd in those gar - ments of light.

Who with jub' - lant song The joys of sal - va - tion par - take, The joys of sal - va - tion par - take.
From weep - ing and woe And from sin ev - er - more to be free, And from sin ev - er - more to be free.
As I bow at His feet Who bought such a man - sion for me, Who bought such a man - sion for me.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. (Irregular.)

(The small notes are for the instrument.)

1. When the mid-night cry be - gan, Oh what la - men - ta - tion!
Thou-sands sleep - ing in their sins, Ne-glect-ing their sal - va - tion:
Lo! the Bride-groom is at hand

2. Some in - deed did wait a while, And shone with-out a ri - val;
Oth - ers spent their seem - ing oil Long since the last re - vi - val:
Ma - ny souls who thought they'd light,

3. While the wise are pass - ing by, With all their lamps pre - pared,
Give us of your oil, they cry, If a - ny's to be spared:
Oth-ers trimm'd their form - er snuff,

4. When earth and sea shall be no more, And all their glo - ry per - ish,
When sun and moon shall cease to shine, And stars at mid-night lan - guish,
When Gabriel's trump shall sound a - loud

Who will kind - ly treat him? Sure - ly all the wait - ing band Will now go forth to meet him.
Oh when the scene was closed, Now a - gainst the Bridegroom fight, And so they stand op - posed.

Oh is it not a - maz - ing? Those con - clude they've light e - nough, And think their lamps are blaz - ing.
To call the slumb'ring na - tions, Then, Christians, we shall see our God— The God of our sal - va - tion.

JESUS IS MINE.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, all earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break eve - ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine:
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine:

3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine; Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine:
4. Fare - well, mor-tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine; Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine:

Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.

All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine.
Wel - come, O loved and blest Wel-come my Saviour's breast, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

WORDS BY MISS K. M. TAPPING.

From "*Silver Fountain*," by permission.

1. There's a beautiful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.
2. There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee.
3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother, A crown, a crown for thee; When the battle is done, the vict'ry won, Our Saviour will give it thee.
4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother, A robe, a robe for thee; A robe of white, so pure and bright, A glo-ri-ous robe for thee.
5. Wilt thou seek that beautiful home, brother, That home, that home above? In that land of light, where all is bright, In that land where all is love?

Chorus.

A beautiful home for thee, brother, A beautiful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

A beautiful home for thee, brother, A beautiful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

MY BIBLE LEADS TO GLORY.

ARR. BY HENRY TUCKER.

1. My Bi-ble leads to glo - ry, My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, My Bi-ble leads to glo - ry, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

2. I love the precious Bi - ble, I love the precious Bi - ble, I love the precious Bi - ble, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

3. I won't give up the Bi - ble, I won't give up the Bi - ble, I won't give up the Bi - ble, Ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

Chorus.

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low-ers of Im - man - u - el, Sing on, pray on, ye fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low-ers of Im - man - u - el; Sing on, pray on, ye fol - low-ers of the Lamb.

WELCOME HOME.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Brethren, while we journey here, Let us sing and nev-er fear; Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your Father calls, Come home.
2. What if tri-als prove se-vere, Never mind, the end is near; Soon we'll see the dawn of day, Soon the night shall pass a-way.
3. When our labor here is done, And the glo-rious vict'ry won, We will join the host a-bove, See the Sa-viour, sing his love.
4. Ban-ish then your sighs and tears, All your gloom-y doubts and fears; Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your Father calls, Come home.

Chorus.

We're a band of pil-grims to Zion bound, We are marching along thro' Immanuel's ground,
And soon we shall hear the joyful sound, Oh welcome, welcome home!

We're a band of pil-grims to Zion bound, We are marching along thro' Immanuel's ground,
And soon we shall hear the joyful sound, Oh welcome, welcome home!

BEAUTIFUL SINGING.

(Three beats to the measure.)

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.

GEO. A. MINOR, *Richmond, Va.*

1. Beau-ti - ful hymns the children are sing-ing, 'Tis their joy - ful morn - ing lay; Beau-ti - ful hymns of praises are
2. An - gels a - bove are hear-ing the sto - ry Of the children's beau-ti - ful song; Je-sus their Saviour now smiles in
3. Beau-ti - ful heav'n is wait-ing to wel-come All the chil-dren of the band; Beau-ti - ful saints are ready to

Chorus.

ring-ing In the children's school to - day. Beau - ti - ful hymns the chil - dren sing, Beau-ti - ful
glo - ry On the hap - py chil-dren's throng. Beau - ti - ful an - gels hear their song, Je - sus their
help them Sing their songs in that hap - py land. Beau - ti - ful heav'n for the chil - dren's band, Beau - ti - ful

hymns the ech - oes ring, Beau-ti - ful sing-ing, beau-ti - ful sing-ing, Beau-ti - ful hymns the children sing.

Sa - viour sees the throng, Beau-ti - ful an - gels, beau-ti-ful an - gels, Beauti - ful an - gels hear their song.
heav'n that hap - py land, Beau-ti - ful heav - en, beau-ti-ful heav-en, Beau-ti - ful home for chil-dren's band.

HAPPY LAND.

LEONARD P. BREEDLOVE.

1. { There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, / Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day; } Oh how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2. { Come to that happy land, Come, come a - way; / Why will you doubting stand? Why yet delay? } Oh we shall happy be, When, from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.

3. { Bright in that happy land Beams every eye; / Kept by a Fa-ther's hand Love can-not die: } Then shall his kingdom come, And bright above the sun We'll reign for aye.
Saints shall share a glorious home,

WATCHMAN, ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

WORDS BY MISS FANNY CROSBY.

1. Watchman, on the walls of Zi - on, Tell, oh tell us of the night; Dost thou see the star of prom-ise? Is it shi-ning clear and bright?

2. Watchman, on the walls of Zi - on, Will Mes-si - ah they have slain Bring the banish'd sons of Ju - dah To their na - tive hills a - gain?

3. Watchman, on the walls of Zi - on, Tell us of the fu-ture time: When shall peace and ho-ly u - nion Bind the sons of eve - ry clime?

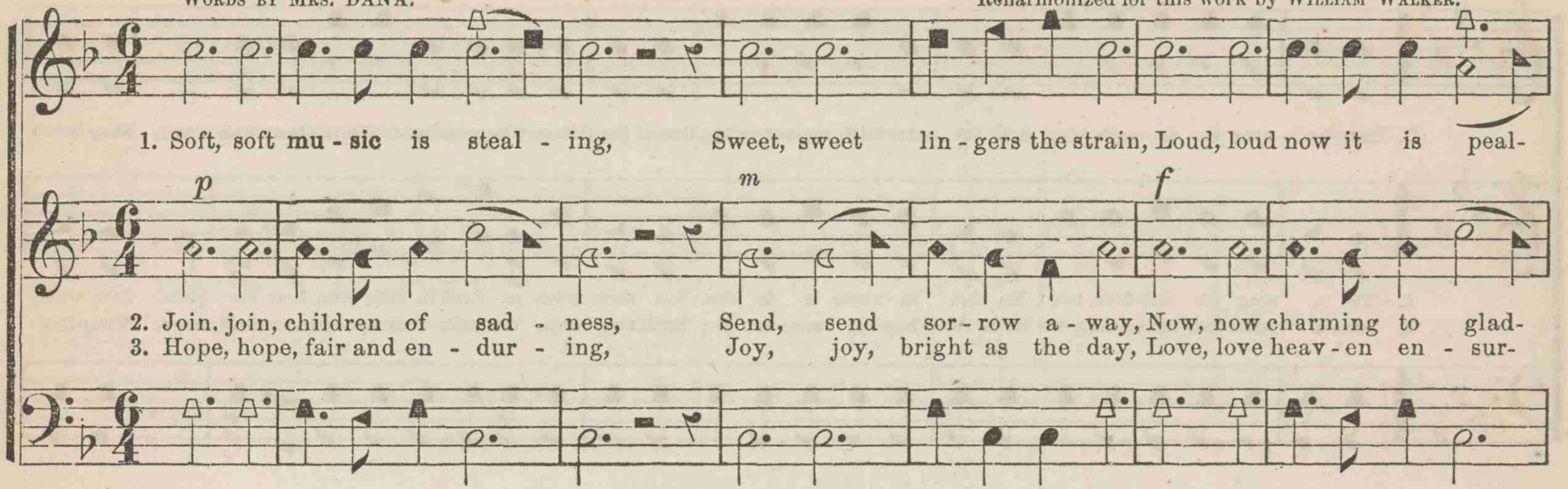
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! O'er the mountain's tow'ring height, See it ris - ing and as - cend-ing; Millions hail its welcome light.

Hal - le - lu - jah! God is ev - er Mind-ful of his cho-sen race; Tho' in ex - ile he'll re-store them To a Fath-er's dear em-brace.

Where the spark of love and glo-ry, Kin-dled to a liv-ing flame, Makes the heart of eve-ry Christian Feel and throb and burn in flame.

SOFT MUSIC.

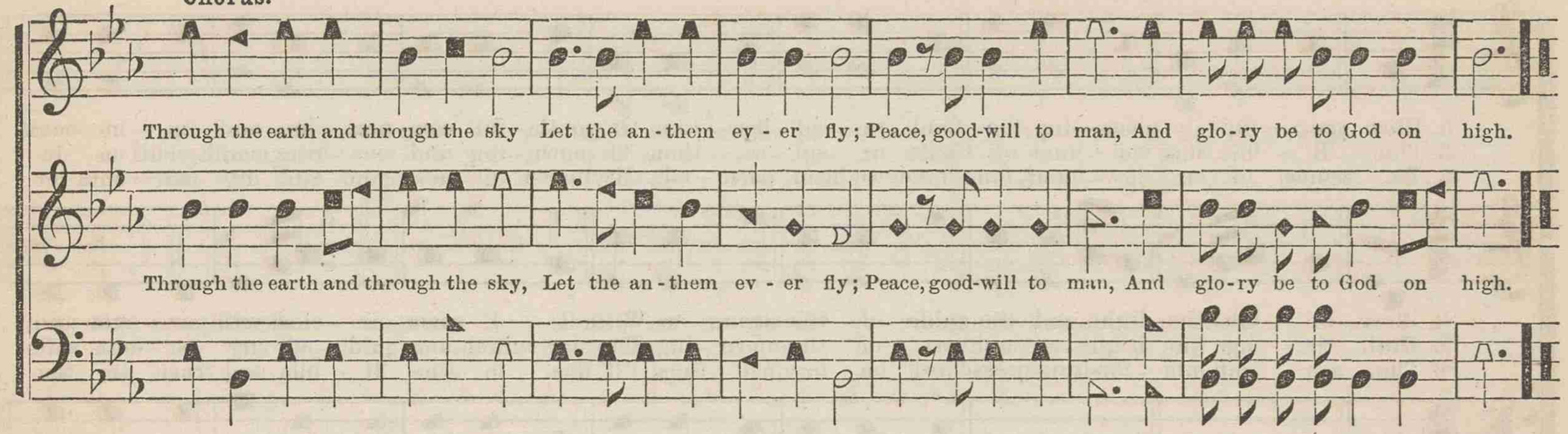
WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

GERMAN AIR.
Reharmonized for this work by WILLIAM WALKER.

THE ANGELS' SONG. (Christmas Anthem.)

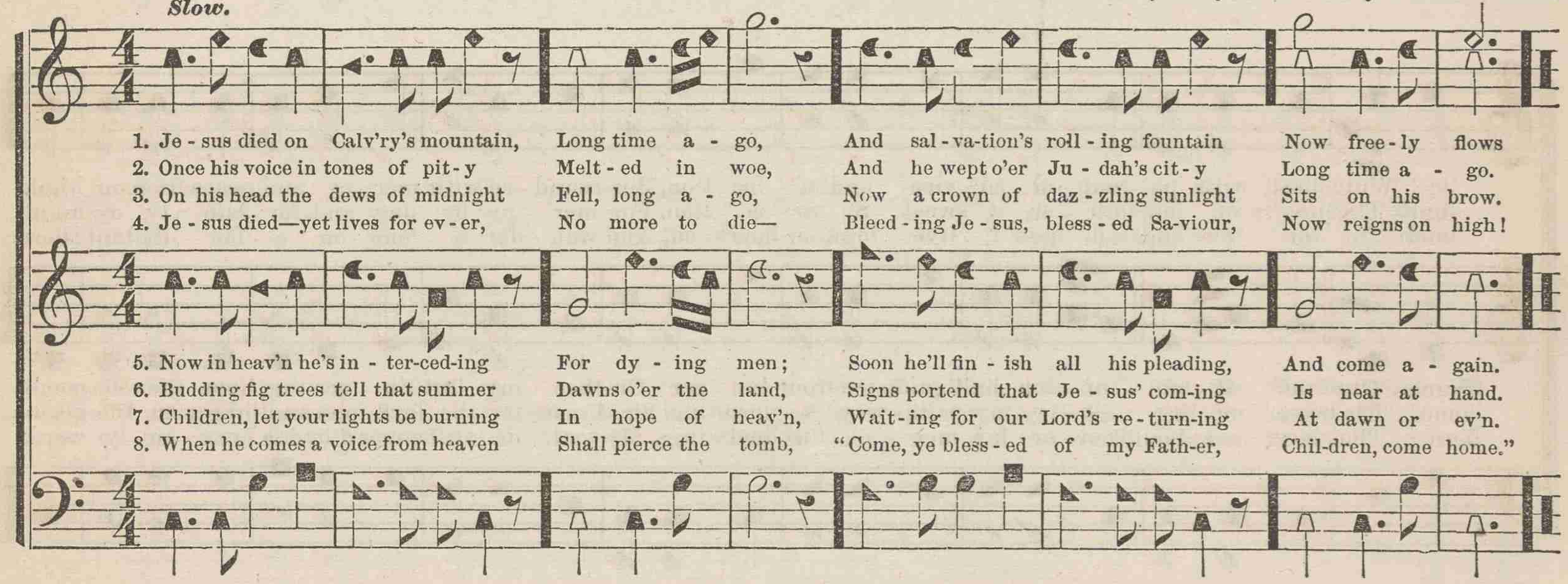
HENRY TUCKER.

1. There's a song the an - gels sing, And its notes with rap-ture ring, Round the throne where radiance fills the heav'ns a-bove; Shep-herds
2. 'Tis a song for chil-dren too, To the Sa - viour it is due; Let their notes as - cend to Him who bore the pain; Join with
3. Soon a - round that throne may we With those hap - py an-gels be; Strik-ing harps to strains that nev-er more shall cease; Ming-ling

heard the joy - ful strain Ech - oing o'er Ju - de - a's plain, Glo - ry be to God, to man be peace and love.
an - gels in their song, And the heav'n - ly strains pro - long, Glo - ry be to God, good - will and peace to man.
love with lof - tiest praise, Still the cho - rus there we'll raise, Glo - ry be to God, to man good-will and peace.

Chorus.

LONG TIME AGO.

A FRENCH AIR, mostly harmonized by WILLIAM WALKER.

Slow.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Harmony corrected for this work.

1. How pain - ful - ly pleas - ing the fond re - col - lec - tion Of youth - ful con - nex - ion and in - no - cent joy! While blest with pa - rent - al ad - vice and af - fec - tion, Sur-round - ed with mer - cy and peace from on high,
2. The Bi - ble, that vol - ume of God's in - spi - ra - tion, At morn - ing and eve - ning could yield us de- light; The pray'rs of our fath - er, a sweet in - vo - ca - tion, For mer - cy by day and for safe - ty by night.
3. Ye scenes of en - joy - ment, long have we been part - ed, My hopes al - most gone, and my par - ents no more; In sor - row and sad - ness I live brok-en-heart - ed, And wan - der a - lone on a far dis-tant shore.
4. Blest Bi - ble! the light and the guide of the strang - er, With it I seem cir - cled with par - ents and friends; Thy kind ad - mo - ni - tion shall guide me from dan - ger; On thee my last lin - ger-ing hope then de-pends.
5. Hail, ris - ing the bright-est and best of the morn - ing, The star which has guid - ed my par - ents safe home; The beam of thy glo - ry, my path - way a - dorn - ing, Shall scat - ter the dark-ness and bright-en the gloom.
6. Tho' age and mis - for-tune press hard on my feel - ings, I'll flee to the Bi - ble, and trust in the Lord; Tho' dark - ness should cov - er his mer - ci - ful deal - ings, My soul is still cheer'd by his heav - en - ly word.

I still view the chairs of my fath - er and moth - er, The seats of their off' - spring as ranged on each
Oh hymns of thanks-giv - ing with har - mo-nious sweet-ness, As warm'd by the hearts of the fam - i - ly
Oh why should I doubt a dear Sa - viour's pro - tec - tion, For - get - ful of gifts from his boun - ti - ful

Hope wak - ens to vig - or and ris - es to glo - ry; I will has - ten and flee to the prom-ised
As the East - ern sa - ges to wor - ship the strang - er Did has - ten with ecs - ta - sy to Can-aan's
And now from things earth-ly my soul is re - mov - ing. I soon shall be in glo - ry with heav'n's bright

hand, And the richest of books, which ex-cels eve - ry oth - er—The fam - i - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
band, Hath raised us from earth to that rap - tur-ous dwelling De-scribed in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
hand? Oh let me with pa - tience re-ceive his cor - rec-tion, And think of the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

land, And for ref - uge lay hold on the hope set be - fore me, Re-veal'd in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
land, I'll bow to a - dore him—not in a low man-ger—He's seen in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
band, And in rap-ture of joy be for ev - er a - dor - ing The God of the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

GENTLE HARP.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

VENETIAN AIR.
Harmonized by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. { Sound forth in tune - ful num - bers, gen - tle harp;
   { In - vite to peace - ful slum - bers, gen - tle harp;

Come bless the wea - ry

2. { We love thy tones of sad - ness, gen - tle harp;
   { But more thy notes of glad - ness, gen - tle harp;

Then pour thy sweet - est

3. { The sun that beam - eth bright - ly, gen - tle harp,
   { And moon that shi - neth night - ly, gen - tle harp,

Too soon shall be no

soul Sweet-ly by thy soothing pow - er, Brighten eve - ry gloom-y hour With soft con -, trol.

strain: With the hap - py sound of heav - en, Eve - ry morn and eve - ry ev'n, Come soothe our pain.
more; But when earth-ly things are dy - ing, Thy mu - sic, round us sigh-ing, Sweet joys re - store.

THE BLEST ETERNAL HOME.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

MELODY BY T. V. WIESENTHAL.
Parts by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. There's not a bright and beaming smile Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to fu-ture joy, And whis-pers heav'n to me; Tho'

2. I nev-er clasp a friendly hand, In greet-ing or fare-well, But thoughts of my e - ter-nal home With-in my bo-som swell; There,

p

of-ten here my soul is sad, And falls the si - lent tear, There is a world of smiles and love, And sor - row dwells not there.

p

when we meet with ho - ly joy, No thoughts of part-ing come, But nev - er - end-ing a - ges still Shall find us all at home.

p

DEAR HEAVENLY HOME.

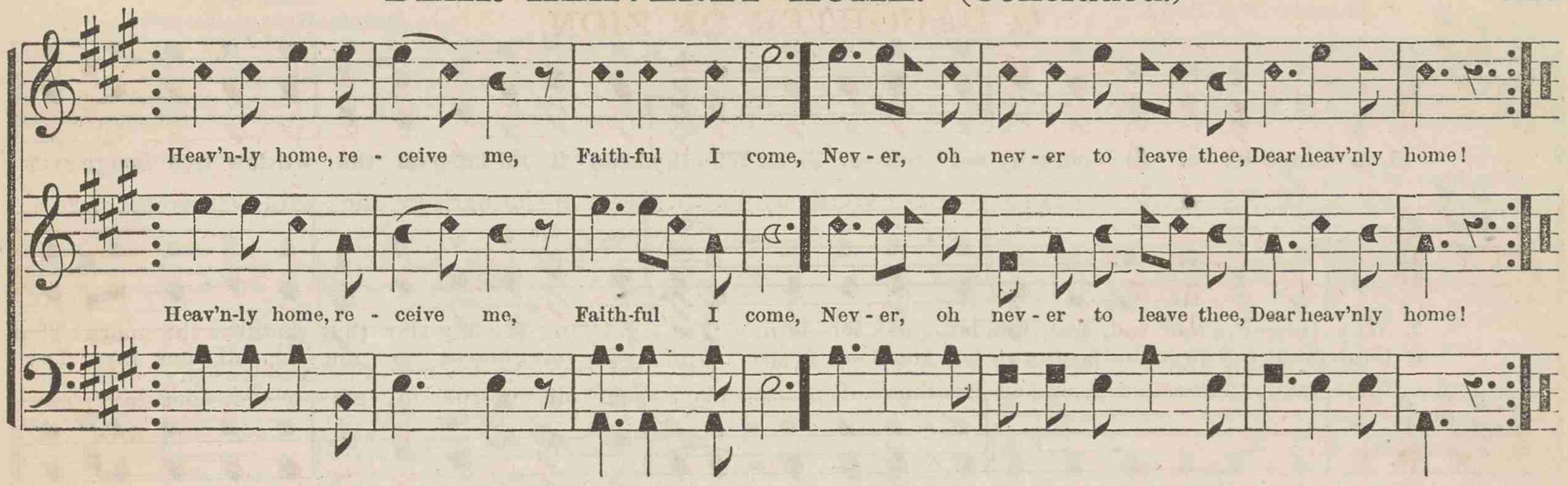
WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

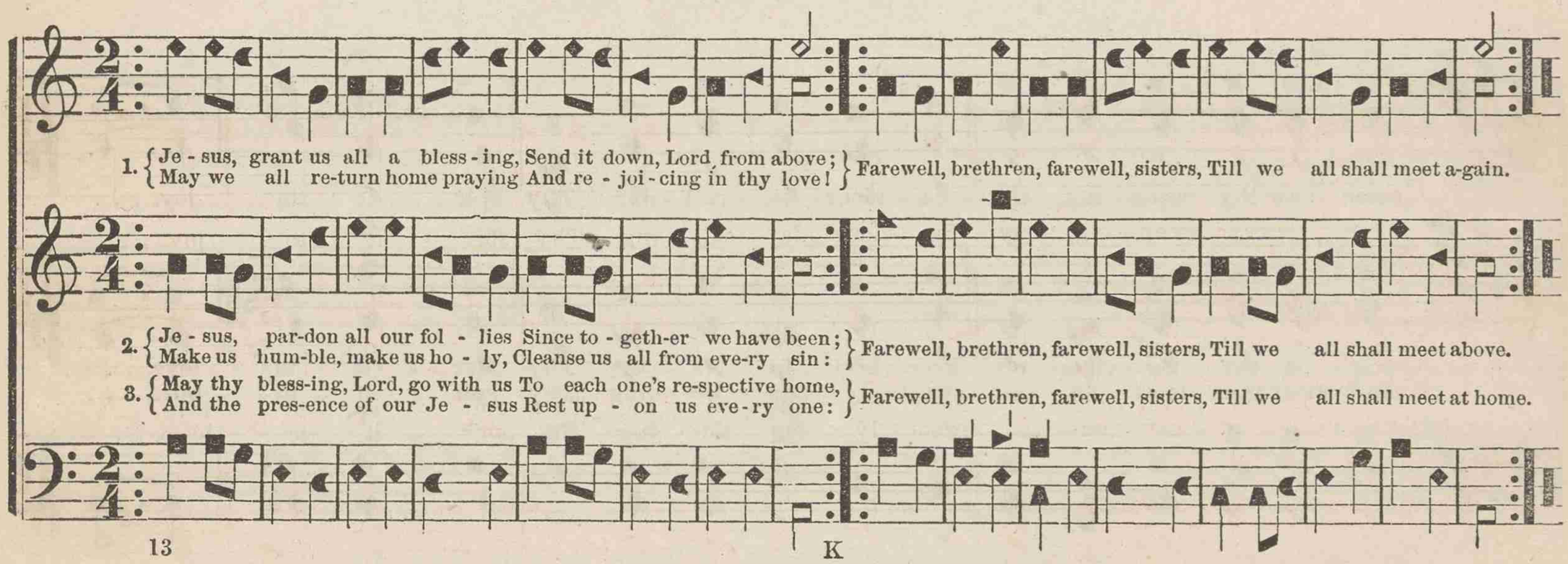
SWISS AIR.
Harmonized by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. Far o'er the wave which rolls so cold and cheer - less, There lies my home— the peace-ful, heav'n-ly shore:

2. Vain - ly for me the si - ren song of pleas - ure Now sounds sweet - ly; I hear a sweet - er strain:
3. Cease, ye who sing of earth's en - chant - ed bow - ers: Leave, leave me here— no more, no more I roam:

How swells my heart with rap - tures high, while fear - less I wait the hour to sail its bil - lows o'er.

Borne o'er the wave is heard the thrill - ing meas - ure, "Wor - thy the Lamb— the Lamb for sin - ners slain!"
Here dwells a charm to fix my no - blest pow - ers, Here comes a sound of "Wel-come to thy home!"

Heav'n-ly home, re - ceive me, Faith-ful I come, Nev - er, oh nev - er to leave thee, Dear heav'nly home!
Heav'n-ly home, re - ceive me, Faith-ful I come, Nev - er, oh nev - er to leave thee, Dear heav'nly home!

INVOCATION.

1. Je - sus, grant us all a bless - ing, Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all re-turn home praying And re - joi - cing in thy love!
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet a-gain.
2. Je - sus, par-don all our fol - lies Since to - geth-er we have been;
Make us hum-ble, make us ho - ly, Cleanse us all from eve-ry sin:
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet above.
3. May thy bless-ing, Lord, go with us To each one's re-spective home,
And the pres-ence of our Je - sus Rest up - on us eve-ry one:
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet at home.

O DAUGHTER OF ZION.

WORDS BY MRS. DANA.

IRISH AIR.
Parts by WILLIAM WALKER.

1. O daugh-ter of Zi - on, why sor - row-est thou? Why thy beau - ti - ful harp on the wil-low tree bough? Oh

2. Why droop-ing and sad, dost thou lan-guish for - lorn, For - get - ing the day-star that gladdens thy morn? That
3. Come, tune thy sweet harp, sing an an - them of praise, And join full cho-rus to me - lo - di - ous lays; Thy

cease now thy weep - ing, thy Sa - viour is call - ing Thy spir - it to joy. . . .

star is thy Sa - viour—oh hear him in - vit - ing Thy spir - it to love. . . .
Sa - viour from heav - en is sweet - ly en - tic - ing Thy spir - it to bliss. . . .

Slow and thoughtful.

1. *Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee; Nak-ed, poor, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sa-viour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, un-true.
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, dis-as-ter, scorn and pain; In thy ser-vice pain is pleasure, With thy fa - vor loss is gain.
4. Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va-tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in eve - ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear.
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo-ry, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r! Heav'n's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish eve-ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con-di-tion!—God and heav'n are still my own!
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show thy face and all is bright.
I have call'd thee, Ab - ba, Fath - er, I have set my heart on thee; Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me While thy love is left to me; Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mix'd with thee.
Think what Spirit dwells with-in thee, Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think that Jesus died to win thee; Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
Soon shall close thy earthly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days; Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight and pray'r to praise.

* This glorious hymn is said to have been composed by a young English lady, a Methodist, who had suffered much affliction.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. (New.)

(Three beats to the measure.)

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Beau-ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y that I love, Beau-ti - ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple, God its light;
2. Beau-ti - ful heav'n, where all is light, Beau-ti - ful an - gels clothed in white, Beau-ti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir;
3. Beau-ti - ful crowns on eve - ry brow, Beau-ti - ful palms the conq'rors show, Beau-ti - ful robes the ransom'd wear, Beau-ti - ful all who en - ter there;
4. Beau-ti - ful throne of Christ our King, Beau-ti - ful songs the an - gels sing, Beau-ti - ful rest, all wand'rings cease, Beau-ti - ful homes of per-fect peace.

WE ARE MARCHING TO THE KINGDOM.

WORDS BY MRS. MATILDA EDWARDS.

Not too fast.

MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

1. We are marching to the kingdom, A lit - tle pil-grim band, And our Cap-tain walks be - fore us To guide us thro' the land.
2. Thro' a land of clouds and darkness To bright-est joys a - bove; And we have a ban - ner o'er us— The name of it is Love.
3. We have just be-gun the bat - tle; We're fight-ing for the crown, And we mean to gain the vict'ry Ere we lay our ar - mor down.
4. Oh, let us all with patience The race be - fore us run, Ev - er look-ing un - to Je - sus, Thro' whom the prize is won.
5. March on, dear lit - tle pilgrims, March on and take your crown, And bear your cross with patience Till call'd to lay it down.

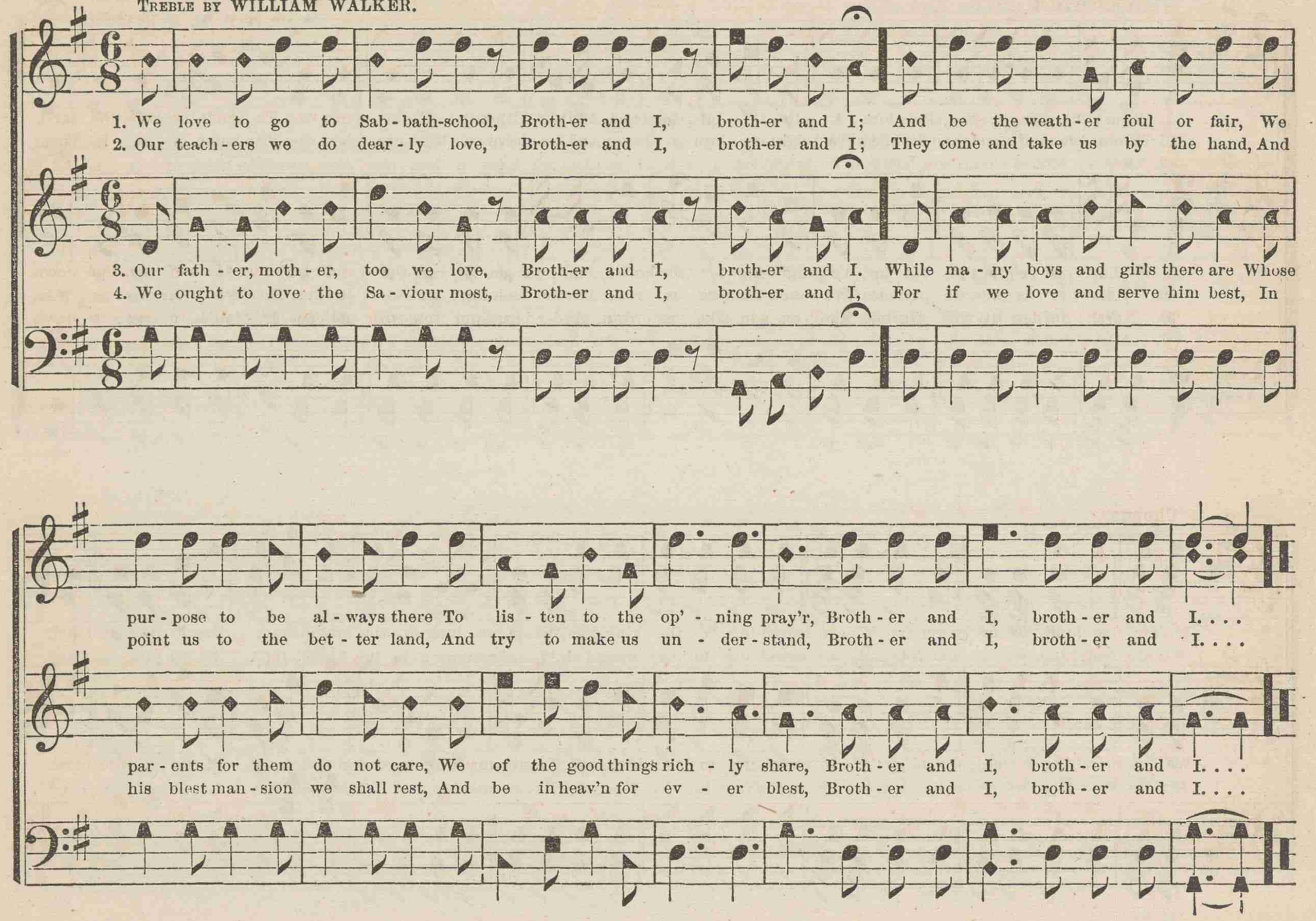
Chorus.

We are marching, we are march-ing, We are march-ing to the king-dom, We are marching to the king-dom, A lit - tle pil-grim band.

We are marching, we are march-ing, We are march-ing to the king-dom, We are marching to the king-dom, A lit - tle pil-grim band.

BROTHER AND I. (New.)

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.



THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE!

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre - cious than gold, The hopes and the glo - ries its pag - es un-fold; It speaks of a Sa - viour and
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweet-ly it smiles on the sea - son of youth; It bids us seek ear - ly the
3. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! we hail it with joy, Its truths and its glo - ries our tongues shall employ; We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll
4. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! the val - leys shall ring, And hill - tops re - ech - o the notes that we sing; Our ban-ners, inscribed with its

tells of his love, It shows us the way to the man - sions a - bove, It shows us the way to the man - sions a-bove.
pearl of great price, Ere th' heart is en-slaved in the bond - age of vice, Ere th' heart is en-slaved in the bond - age of vice.
tell of its worth, And send its glad tid - ings a - far o'er the earth, And send its glad tid - ings a - far o'er the earth.
pre - cepts and rules, Shall long wave in tri-umph, the joy of our school, Shall long wave in tri - umph, the joy of our school.

WATCH AND PRAY.

WORDS BY MRS. LILY.

1. When doubts and fears, like gath'ring clouds, Come o'er life's changeful sea, How sweet the voice that whispers then, There's rest beyond for thee!
2. When sor-row chills the trem-bling heart With sad and mourn-ful tone, And o'er the wrecks of pleasure gone It seems to weep a - lone,
3. The clouds will pass, the storm will cease, Whate'er thy trials be; The po - lar star is shining yet; There's comfort still for thee.
4. Go where the birds with joy proclaim The morn-ing's ear - ly light, At noontide hour, at dew-y eve, And in the hush of night.

Chorus.

Be strong in faith and firm in hope, Oh watch, watch and pray; Be - neath the cross a bless-ing lies, Then, Christian, watch and pray.

Be strong in faith and firm in hope, Oh watch, watch and pray; Be - neath the cross a bless-ing lies, Then, Christian, watch and pray.

MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

E. LAROCHE.

1. My rest is in heav - en, My rest is not here; Then why should I mur-mur at tri - als se-vere?
2. It is not for me to be seek-ing my bliss And stay - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this;

3. The thorn and the this - tle a-round me may grow: I would not lie down up - on ro - ses be - low;
4. Af - flic - tions may grieve me, but can-not de - stroy; One glimpse of His love turns them all in - to joy;

Be tran - quil, my spir - it; the worst that can come But short - ens my jour-ney and hast-ens me home.
I look for a cit - y not build - ed with hands, And its glo-rious tem - ple e - ter - nal - ly stands.

I ask for no por - tion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Sa-viour my joy and my rest.
And bit - ter - est tears, if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.

VICTORY!

HENRY.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing; Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
2. We are trav'ling home to God In the way our fath-ers trod; They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
3. Shout, ye lit-tle flock and blest, You on Je-sus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and re-ward.
4. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land; Je-sus Christ, your Fath-er's son, Bids you un-dis-may'd go on.
5. Lord, sub-mis-sive make us go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low; On-ly thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.

Chorus.

Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! Soon we'll gain the vic-to-ry; Oh what a meet-ing there will be When we gain the vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! Soon we'll gain the vic-to-ry; Oh what a meet-ing there will be When we gain the vic-to-ry!

NEARER MY HOME. (Irregular.)

JOHN N. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright By faith I see, In yon - der realms of light Pre - pared for me. . . .

2. Je - sus, be thou my guide, My steps at - - tend; Oh keep me near thy side, Be thou my Friend.

3. Be thou my shield and sun, My Sa-viour and my guard; And when my work is done, My great re - - ward.

Chorus.

I'm near-er my home, nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day; Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than ev-er I was be - fore.

I'm near-er my home, nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day; Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than ev-er I was be - fore.

ON SABBATH MORN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. M. McINTOSH.

1. On Sabbath morn let us has-ten to school—We'll happy be, We'll hap-py be;
Let one and all ev-er make this a rule— We'll happy be, We'll hap-py be;
Ev - er we'll hail the blest Sabbath's re - turn,
As the bright morn of a loved Ju - bi - lee,

2. Come, children, come and your young voices raise—We'll happy be, We'll hap-py be;
Sing of the Saviour's great love and his praise— We'll happy be, We'll hap-py be:
Teachers and chil-dren, with hearts glad and free,
Here we will sing of our Fath-er's dear love,

DOXOLOGY. Great God of heav-en, thy name we a - dore—We'll worship thee, We'll worship thee;
While we meet as on Ca-na-an's bright shore—We'll worship thee, We'll worship thee:
And when our days have been number'd be - low,
Thro' thy pro - tec - tion to heav - en we'll go,

And has - ten to school, where Je - sus we learn—We'll hap - py be, We'll hap - py be.

And soon with Je - sus and an - gels a - bove We'll hap - py be, We'll hap - py be.
There with the an - gels we'll dwell ev - er - more, And wor - ship thee, And wor - ship thee.

NEVER SIN AGAIN.

T. E. P.

1. This is not my place of rest-ing; Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it I am hast'ning—On to my e - ternal home.
2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a night-less day; Eve - ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry By God's grace has past a-way.
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a - long, On the fresh-est pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing in - to song.
4. Soon we pass this drear - y des - ert, Soon we bid fare - well to pain, Nev - er more be sad and weary, Nev - er more to sin a-gain.

Chorus.

Nev - er more, nev - er more, Nev - er more be sad and wea - ry, Nev - er more, nev - er more, Nev - er more to sin a - gain.

Nev - er more, nev - er more, Nev - er more be sad and wea - ry, Nev - er more, nev - er more, Nev - er more to sin a - gain.

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

C. C.

1. Once was heard the songs of children By the Sa-viour when on earth; Joy-ful in the sa-cred temple, Shouts of youthful praise had birth.
2. Palms of vict'ry strewn a-round him, Garments spread beneath his feet; Prophet of the Lord they crown him In fair Salem's crowded streets.
3. Bless-ed Saviour, now tri-umph-ant, Glo-ri-fied and throned on high, Mor-tal lays from man or in-fant Vain to tell thy prais-es try.
4. God o'er all, in heav-en reigning, We this day thy glo-ry sing; Not with palms thy path-way strewing— We would loftier tribute bring.
5. Oh, tho' hum-ble is our off'ring, Deign t' accept our grate-ful lays; These, from children once proceeding, Thou didst deem thy perfect praise.

Chorus.

Come, children, come and tune your voices, Come, children, come and tune your voices, Sing ye aloud while heav'n re-joi-ces, Sing, chil-dren, sing.

Come, children, come and tune your voices, Come, children, come and tune your voices, Sing ye aloud while heav'n re-joi-ces, Sing, chil-dren, sing.

HAPPY DAY.

Chorus.

1. Pre-served by thine al-might-y pow'r, O Lord, our Mak - er, Saviour, King,
   And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais-es here to sing.

2. We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mer-cies giv'n;
   Oh may we still those mercies share, And taste the joys of sins for - giv'n!

Hap-py day, hap - py day, Here in thy courts we'll glad-ly

3. We praise thee for the joy-ful news Of par-don thro' a Saviour's blood;
   O Lord, in - cline our hearts to choose, The road to hap - pi-ness and God.

4. And when on earth our days are done, Grant, Lord, that we at length may join
   Teachers and scholars around thy throne, The song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

Hap-py day, hap - py day, Here in thy courts we'll glad-ly

stay, And at thy foot-stool humbly pray That thou wouldst take our sins away: Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way

stay, And at thy foot-stool humbly pray That thou wouldst take our sins away; Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way.

IN THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet a-round his throne When he
2. We can see that dis-tant home, The clouds roll dark be-tween; Faith views the ra-di-ant throne, And a
3. Oh the glorious shining face! From th' nev-er-set-ting sun; O trem-bling morning star, Our jour-
4. Oh the ho-ly heav'nly home! O rest e-ter-nal there! When shall the ex-iles come? When they

makes his peo-ple one, In the New, ... in the New, ... In the New Je-ru-sa-lem.
lus-tre flash-es keen, In the New, ... in the New, ... In the New Je-ru-sa-lem.
ney is al-most done, In the New, ... in the New, ... In the New Je-ru-sa-lem.
cease from earth-ly care, In the New, ... in the New, ... In the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

COME WITH US. (New.)

"Come with us, and we will do thee good."—Numbers x. 29.

1. Oh come with us, the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing Thro' cit-y streets and ov-er hill and wood; Hark! hear you not what
2. Come with us where ho-ly pray-er and preach-ing, And songs of praise as-cend un-to our God; Come to our Sab-bath-
3. How ma-ny thou-sands are in dark-ness ly-ing Who know not of the gos-pel's glo-rious food! No Sab-bath-schools, no
4. Shall we not call them in to taste the pleas-ure Of meet-ing here in God's own house to pray, To read his bless-ed

joyful sounds they're sing-ing? Come thou with us and we will do thee good, Come thou with us and we will do thee good.
school and hear the teach-ing, Come thou with us and we will do thee good, Come thou with us and we will do thee good.
Sab-bath-bells sweet chim-ing, Come thou with us and we will do thee good, Come thou with us and we will do thee good.
Word—oh priceless trea-sure—That tells of Christ, the life, the truth, the way? That tells of Christ, the life, the truth, the way?

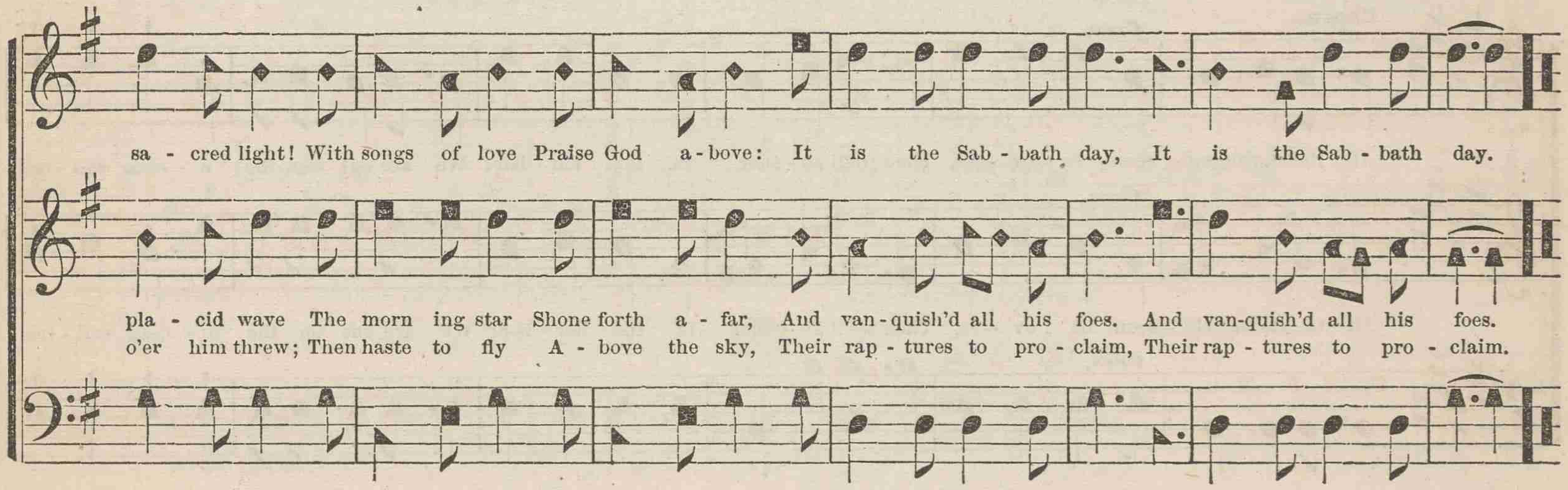
WE SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

1. We sing the love of Je - sus, And praise him for his grace, Whose arm has brought salva - tion To all our guilt-y race: He
2. We sing the pow'r of Je - sus, His wondrous pow'r to save—Who cap - tive led the cap - tive And triumph'd o'er the grave: He
3. We sing the love of Je - sus, And on his word de - pend—Our on - ly hope of par - don, The sin-ner's dearest Friend: He'll

left his Fath-er's king - dom—The shi-ning realms on high— To take our fall - en na - ture, To suf - fer, bleed and die.

lives in life e - ter - nal, He reigns for ev - er - more; We hail him King of glo - ry, We wor-ship and a - dore.
ne'er forsake his chil - dren, For them his Spir-it pleads; We'll bear the cross of Je - sus, And fol - low where he leads.

1. A - wake! a-wake! Your bed for-sake, To God your prais-es pay; The morn - ing sun is clear and bright: How pre-cious is the
2. Be - fore the morn A - woke the dawn The bless-ed Sa - viour rose; He con-quer'd death and left the grave, While soft a - cross the
3. The an-gels bright From worlds of light To greet his ris - ing came; The Prince of life with joy they view, While heav'n its glo - ries



A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. We're out on the o - cean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We're out on the o - cean sail - ing To a home be-yond the tide.
2. Mil-lions now are safe - ly land - ed Ov - er on the gold-en shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more.
3. Come on board, oh "ship" for glo - ry, Be in haste, make up your mind, For our vessel's weighing an-chor, You will soon be left be-hind.
4. You have kin - dred ov - er yon - der On that bright and happy shore; By and by we'll swell the num-ber When the toils of life are o'er.
5. Spread your sails while heav'nly breezes Gently waft our ves - sel on, All on board are sweetly sing-ing, Free sal-va - tion is the song.
6. When we all are safe-ly an-chor'd, We will shout our tri-als o'er, We will walk a - bout the cit - y, And we'll sing for ev - er more.

Chorus.

Cres.

All the storms will soon be ov - er, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing

Cres.

All the storms will soon be ov - er, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing

Cres.

To a home be-yond the tide; We are out on the o-cean sail-ing To a home be-yond the tide.

To a home be-yond the tide; We are out on the o-cean sail-ing To a home be-yond the tide.

THE CHILDREN'S INVITATION.

1. { Children, come, will you come, Hear the Saviour proclaiming, } For each sin-stricken soul, Flowing forth from my side,
{ I have purchased a home, In the mansions of heaven, } Who has fled to the fountain, As I hung on the mountain.

2. { There the angels so bright Lis-ten pleased to the story, } There no sin nor dismay, Will be felt for a day,
{ As the saints clothed in white Sing aloud of his glory; } Neither trouble nor sorrow, Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3. { He's prepared you a home, Children, will you believe it? } Oh come, come, children, come, And the Saviour will soon
{ And invites you to come, Children, will you receive it? } For the tide is re-ced-ing, And for ever cease pleading.

I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night:
D. C. *I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night:*

2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shi - ning, And I'm long-ing, and I'm long-ing for the sight;
D. C. *I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.*

3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re-deem - er, my Re-deem-er is the light.
D. C. *I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.*

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing: D. C.

With-in a coun - try, unknown and drea - ry, I have been wand'ring, for - lorn and wea - ry: D. C.
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin there, nor an - y dy - ing: D. C.

1. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je-sus, And do-ing good to all a - round, Wheresoe'er I go!
2. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je-sus, Mild and pa-tient, meek and low - ly, Wheresoe'er I go!
3. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je-sus, Kind, for-giv - ing those who wrong me, Whereso-e'er I go!
4. How I long to be like Je - sus, How I long to be like Je-sus, Like my Sa-viour, pure and ho - ly, Whereso-e'er I go!

Chorus.

There no more to sev - er, Dwell with him for ev - er— Joy there, like a riv - er, Shall for ev - er flow.

There no more to sev - er, Dwell with him for ev - er— Joy there, like a riv - er, Shall for ev - er flow.

COME TO ME.

(*Three beats to the measure.*)

GEO. A. MINOR, *Richmond, Va.*

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round— Life seems a dark and storm - y sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest— It tells me where my soul may flee;

p *m*

3. When na - ture shud - ders, loth to part From all I love, en - joy and see;
4. Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no rest - ing - place for thee;
5. O voice of mer - cy! voice of love! In con - flict, grief and ag - o - ny,

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'n - ly whis - per, "Come to me."
Oh to the wea - ry, faint, op - press'd, How sweet the bid - ding, "Come to me!"

Cres. *Dim.*

When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice ut - ters, "Come to me."
Heav'nward di - rect thy weep - ing eye, I am thy por - tion, "Come to me."
Sup - port me, cheer me from a - bove, And gent - ly whis - per, "Come to me."

Chorus.

we come, we come,

f Echo. *p* *f* Echo. *p*

Je - sus, we come, Je - sus, we come, Je - sus, we come, Je - sus, we come,

we come, we come,

Je - sus, we're coming to thee, Je - sus, we're coming to thee, to thee.

f Echo. *p* *m* *ff*

Je - sus, we're coming to thee, coming to thee; Je - sus, we're coming to thee, coming to thee.

Je - sus, we're coming to thee, Je - sus, we're coming to thee, to thee.

JESUS DEAR, I COME TO THEE.

Slow and gentle.

1. { Je - sus dear, I come to thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins a - way; }
   { Je - sus dear, I learn of thee, In thy word di - vine; Eve - ry prom-ise there I find, May I call it mine? }

2. { Je - sus dear, I long for thee—Long thy peace to know; Grant those pur - er joys to me, Earth can ne'er be - stow; }
   { Je - sus dear, I cling to thee, When my heart is sad Thou wilt kind - ly speak to me, When my heart is sad. }

3. { Je - sus dear, I trust in thee—Trust thy ten - der love; There's a hap - py home for me With thy saints a - bove; }
   { Je - sus, I would come to thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins a - way. }

Chorus.

{ Je - sus, hear my hum - ble song, } Gent - ly lead my soul a - long, Help me come to thee.
{ I am weak, but thou art strong; }

{ Je - sus, hear my hum - ble song, } Gent - ly lead my soul a - long, Help me come to thee.
{ I am weak, but thou art strong; }

THE LOVELY LAND.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
2. There ev - er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er - with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.
4. Oh could we make those doubts remove—Those gloomy doubts that rise; And view the Canaan that we love, With un - be-cloud-ed eyes.
5. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Chorus.

Oh the land, the love-ly land, The land o - ver Jor-dan's foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransom'd home.

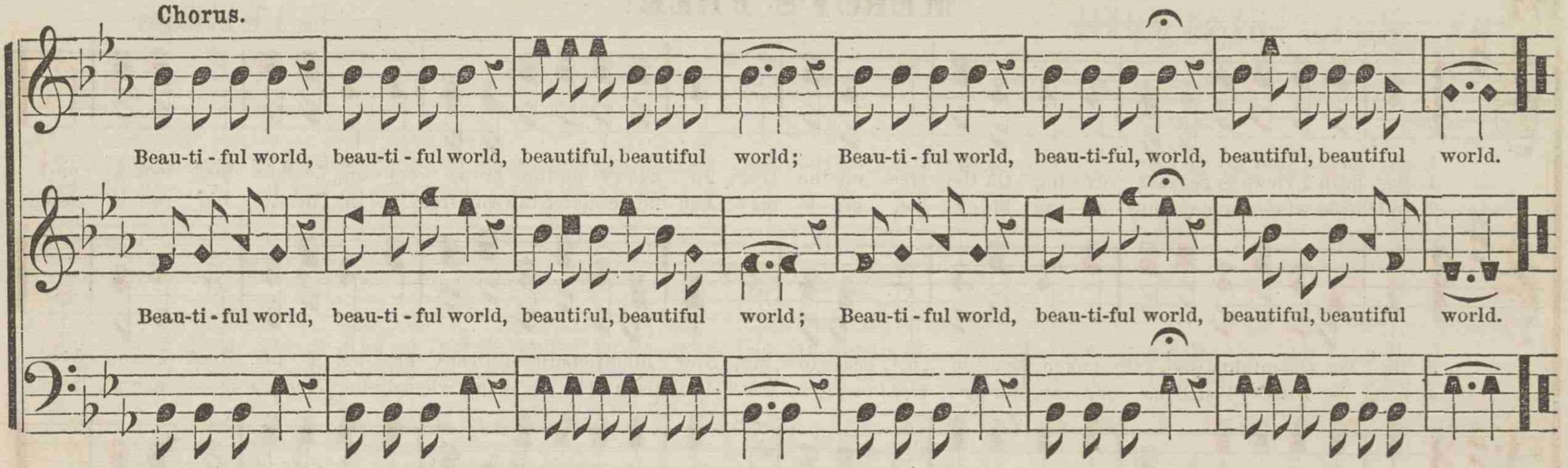
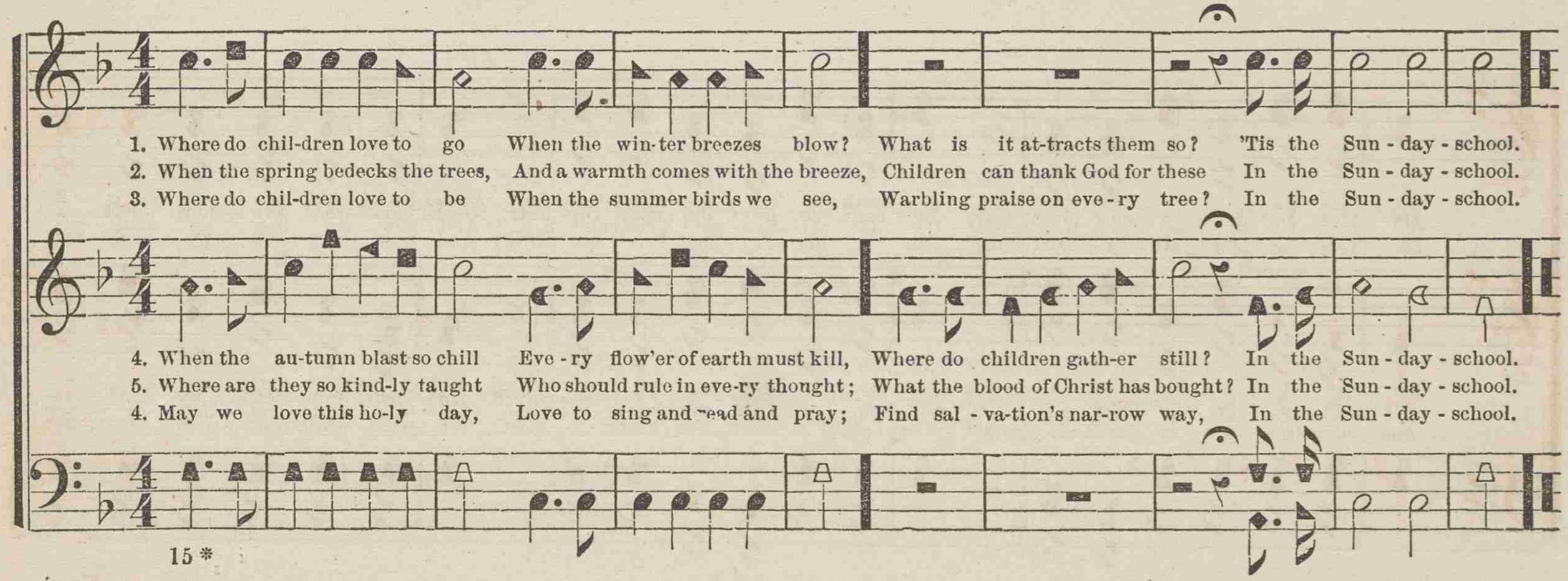
Oh the land, the love-ly land, The land o - ver Jor-dan's foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransom'd home.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

A. A. G.

1. There's beau-ty in the sun-shine, There's beauty in the show'rs, There's beauty in the wildwood, There's beauty in the flow'rs. The
2. But there's a world a - bove us More beau - ti - ful and pure, Where all that's bright and love-ly For ev - er shall en - dure; No
3. We weep, for here we lan-guish, But there's no sor-row there; The eye that fond-ly gaz - es Shall nev - er shed a tear; No
4. One sea - son, bland and ver - nal, Shall bless that hallow'd ground; And changeless and e - ter - nal Shall beau-ty smile a - round; From

val - ley and the moun-tain, The o - cean and the plain, In beau-ty robed, en-trance the heart, And eve - ry sense en - chain.
an - gry storms as - sail it, No blast nor sick - ly blight, No chill-ing winds, no burn-ing heats, No dark and drea-ry night.
pangs of sad be - reave-ment Shall pierce the mourner's heart; No grass - y grave shall mar the ground, No death shall hurl the dart.
hun-ger, thirst and weak-ness The ransom'd souls are free; They drink the stream, they pluck the fruit Of im-mor-tal - i - ty.

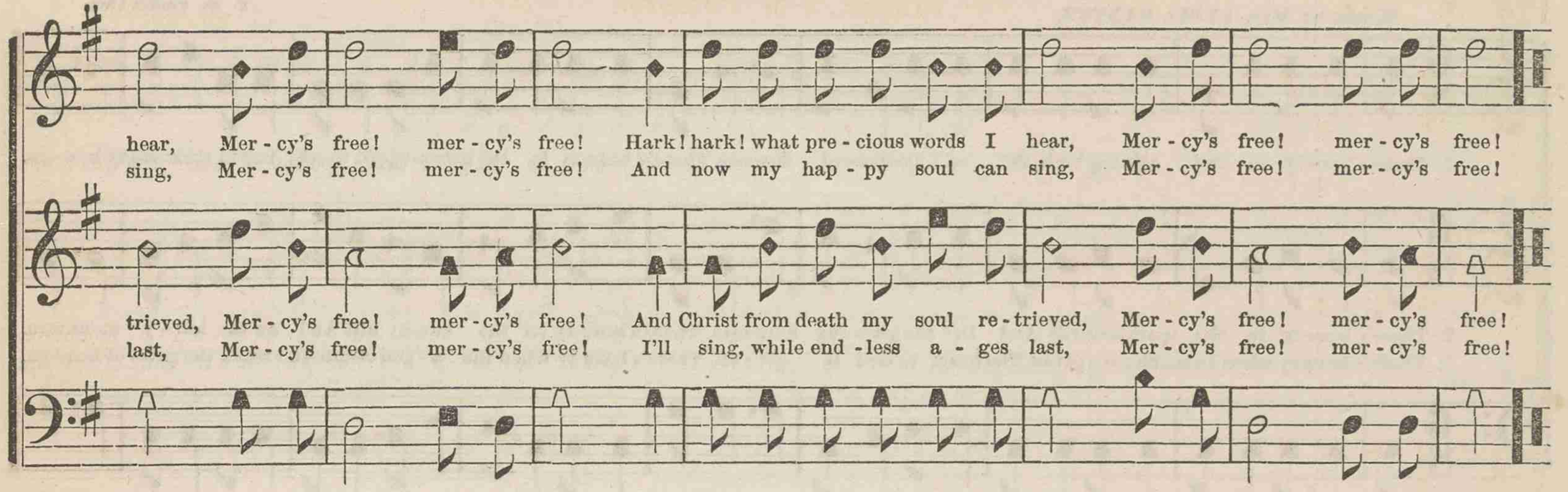
Chorus.

WHERE DO CHILDREN LOVE TO GO?

MERCY'S FREE!

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

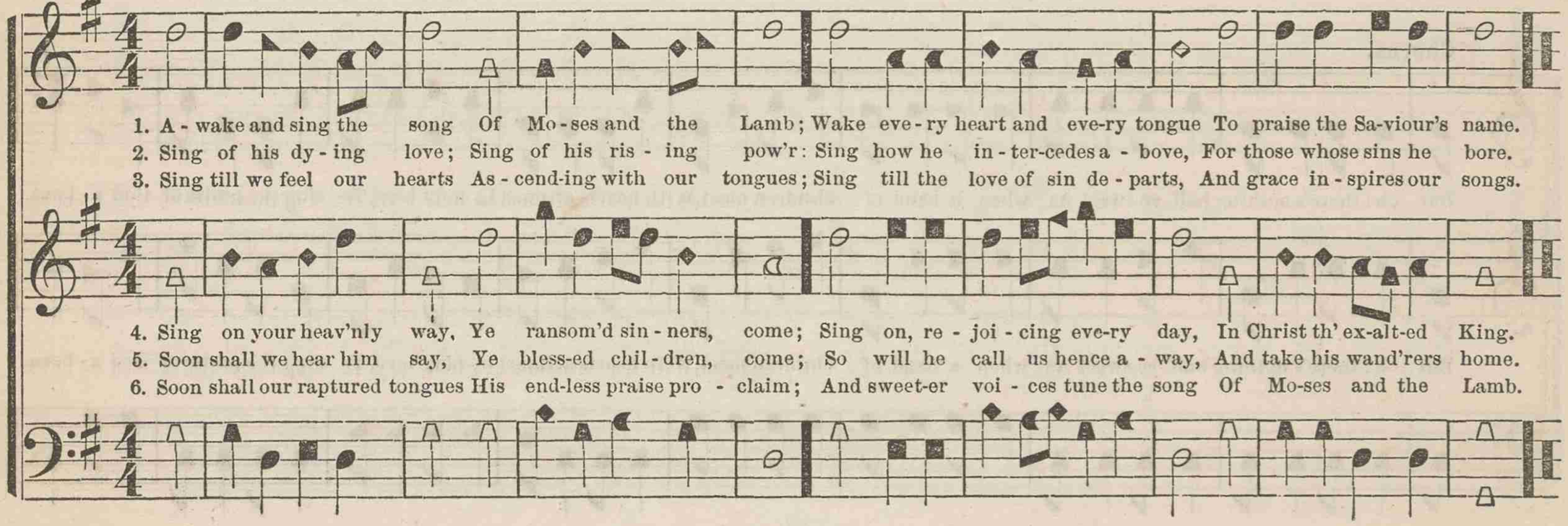
1. By faith I view my Saviour dy - ing On the tree, on the tree; To eve-ry na-tion he is cry - ing, Look to me! look to me!
2. Did Christ while I was sin pur - su - ing Pit - y me, pit - y me? And did he snatch my soul from ru - in, Can it be? can it be?

3. Je - sus, the mighty God, hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me; Now all my chains of sin are brok-en, I am free! I am free!
4. Long as I live I'll still be cry - ing, Mer-cy's free! mercy's free! And this shall be my theme when dy-ing, Mercy's free! mercy's free!

He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re - pent, be - lieve, dis - miss thy fear: Hark! hark! what pre - cious words I
Oh yes, he did sal - va - tion bring, He is my Pro - phet, Priest and King; And now my hap - py soul can

For as I in his name be - lieved, The ho - ly Spir - it I re - ceived, And Christ from death my soul re-
And when the vale of death is pass'd, When lodged a - bove the storm - y blast, I'll sing, while end - less a - ges

WEBSTER. S. M.

From "*Southern Harmony.*"



BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

WORDS BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. T. E. PERKINS.

1. There's beau-ty in the op'ning buds Of ro - sy-tint - ed flow-ers, There's beau-ty in the green-tipp'd woods, And in their shady bow-ers.

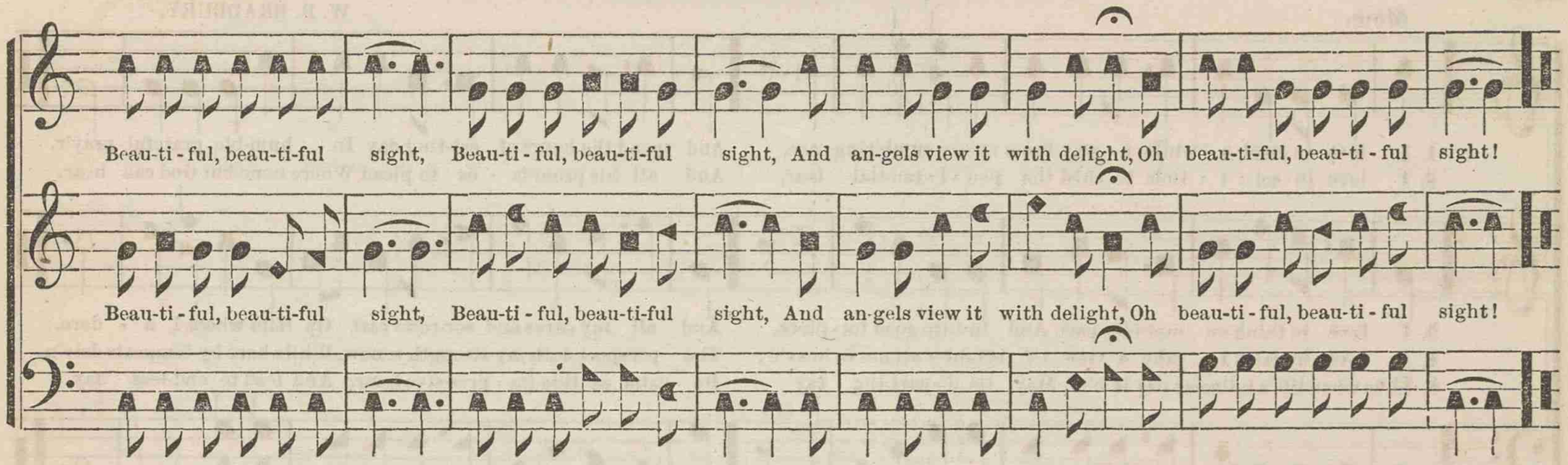
2. There's beau-ty in the sparkling rill And in the gush-ing foun-tain, There's beau-ty on the sun-ny hill And on the loft - y mountain.

3. There's beau-ty when in manhood's prime The heart to God is giv - en, There's beau-ty when the a - ged climb And reach the gates of heav-en.

Chorus.

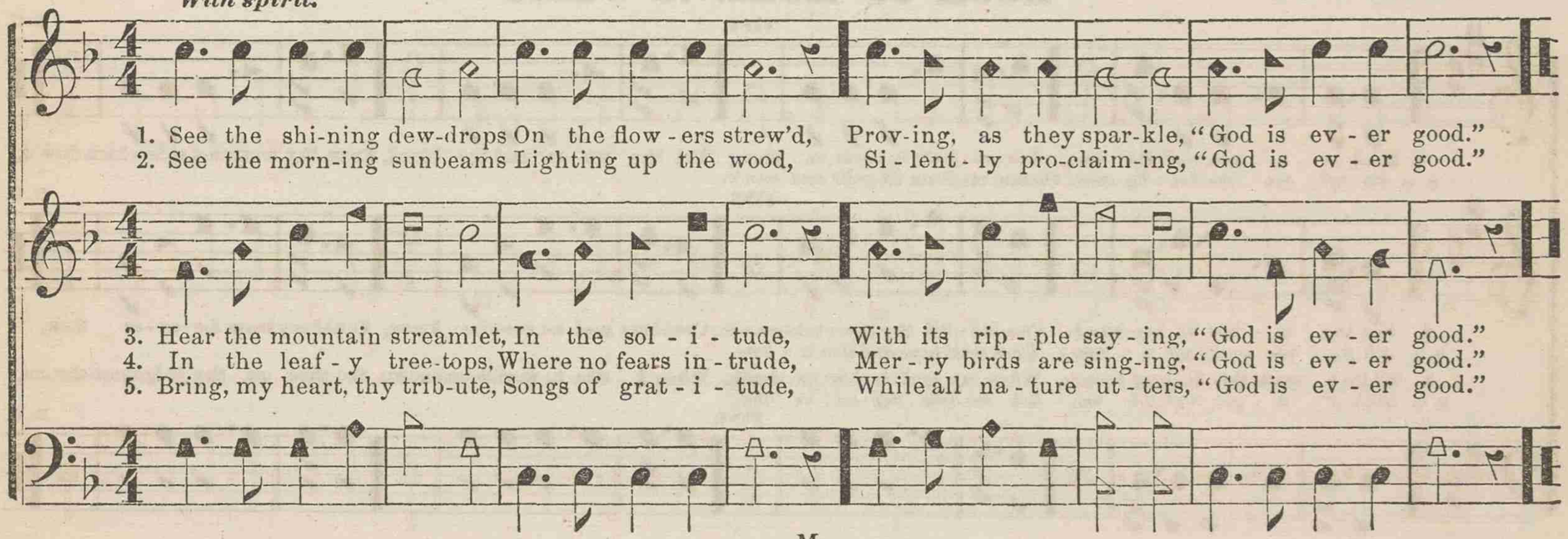
But oh! there's nothing half so sweet As when a band of children meet, With hearts attuned by holy love, To sing the praise of God a - bove.

But oh! there's nothing half so sweet As when a band of children meet, With hearts attuned by holy love, To sing the praise of God a - bove.

BEAUTIFUL SIGHT. (Concluded.)

DEWDROPS.

With spirit.

D. S. B. BENNETT.



BROWN. C. M.

From "*Christian Harmony.*"
W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. I love to steal a while a - way From eve-ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grateful pray'r.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed the pen - i - ten-tial tear, And all his prom-is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heav'n; The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
5. Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray Be calm as this im - pres-sive hour, And lead to end-less day.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

FINE. D. C.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
D. C. *Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.*

FINE. D. C.

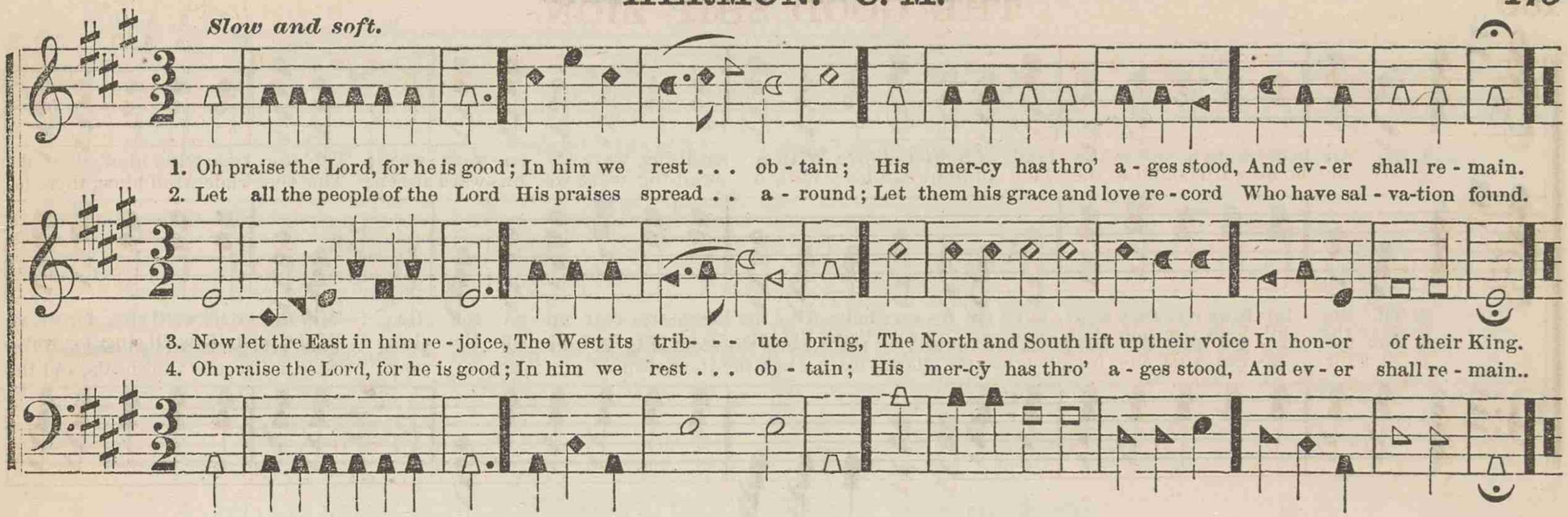
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill thy law's commands; Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
D. C. *All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.*

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment-throne,
D. C. *Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.*

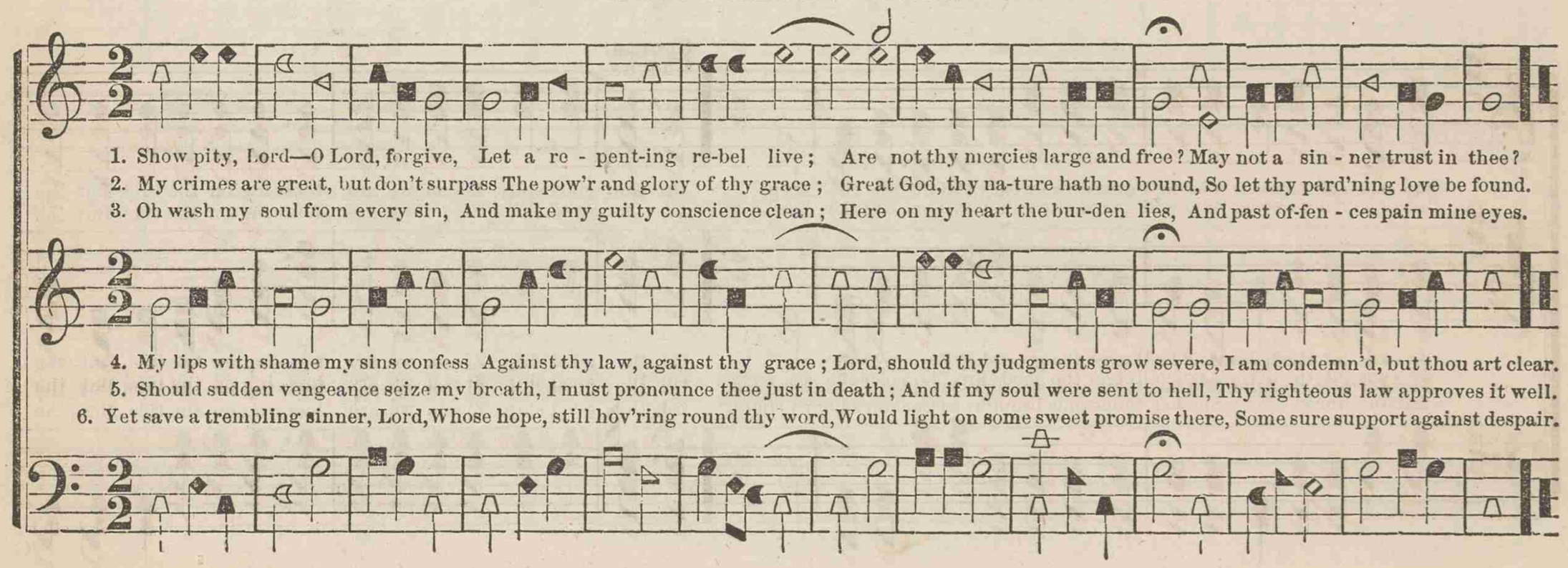
FINE. D. C.

HERMON. C. M.

Slow and soft.



DEVOTION. L. M.

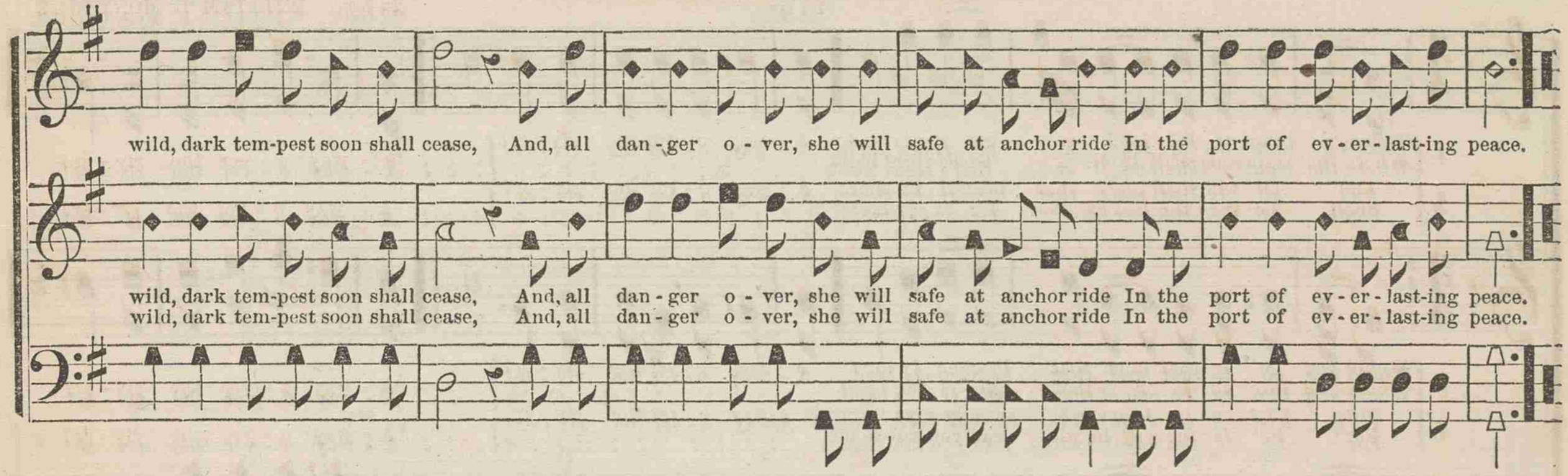
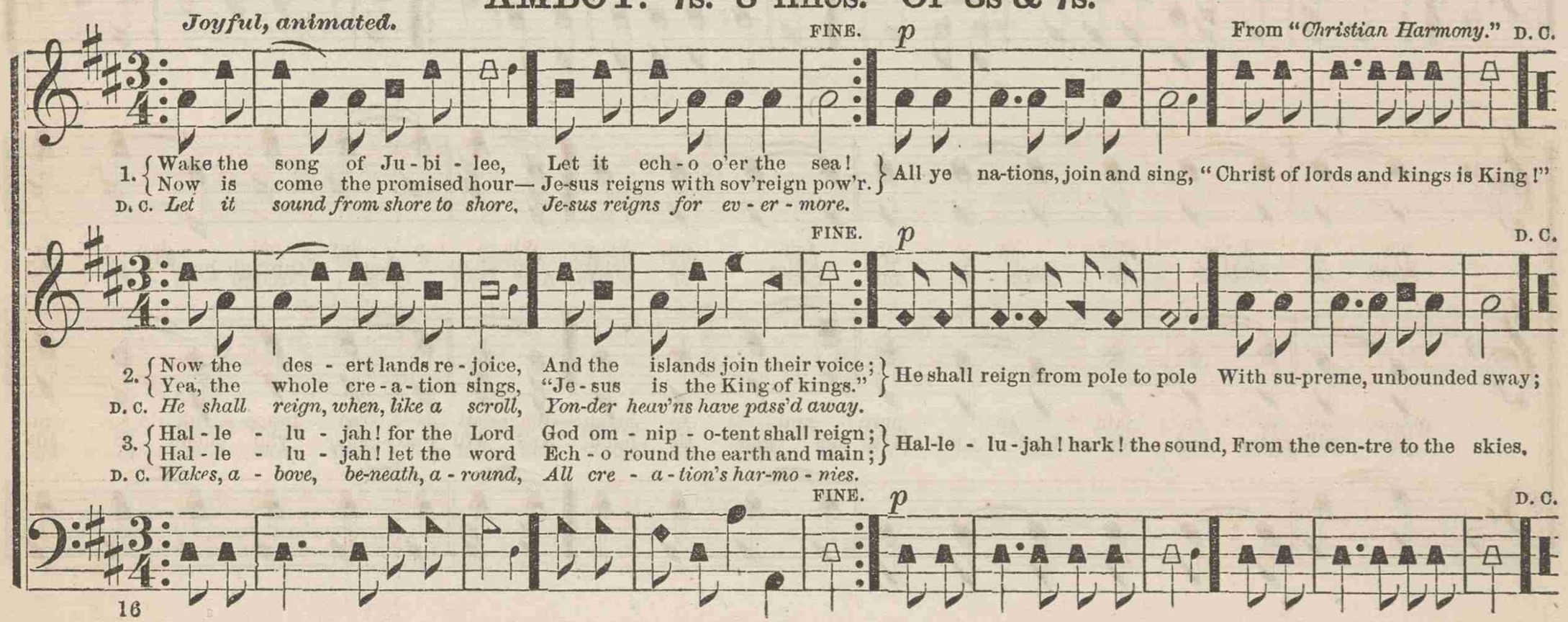


THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

A. A. G.

1. We are home-ward bound to the land of light and love, With a swell-ing wave we on-ward sweep; Tho' the rude wind blow, there is
2. Tho' the bil-lows rise they shall nev-er o-verwhelm, Tho' the break-ers roar up-on the lee; 'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've
3. Tho' for a-ges past she has ploughed the stormy main, She's the stout ship Zi-on as of yore; Safe 'mid rocks and shoals, and the

Chorus.

One who rules above, Who will guard the weary sail-or on the deep. On the good ship Zi-on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the
Je-sus at the helm, And he'll steer the good ship Zi-on o'er the sea. On the good ship Zi-on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the
fear-ful hur-ri-cane, She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy shore. On the good ship Zi-on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the

AMBOY. 7s. 8 lines. Or 8s & 7s.

AWAY OVER THE RIVER!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
WILLIAM L. MONTAGUE.

1st time. 2d time.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land, a glo-ri-ous land, A-way o-ver the riv-er!
Where the righteous shall dwell at God's right hand, ... A-way o-ver the riv-er!

2. And all who shall reach that beau-ti-ful shore, A-way o-ver the riv-er!
Shall be-hold the dear Sa-viour for ev-er-more, ... A-way o-ver the riv-er!

3. Would you go to that land, that heav-en-ly land, A-way o-ver the riv-er?
Would you like to be one of that glo-ri-ous band, ... A-way o-ver the riv-er?

4. Then hast-en to Je-sus, who sweetly says, "Come!" A-way o-ver the riv-er!
For he is the way, he will lead you safe home, ... A-way o-ver the riv-er!

'Tis a land for ev - - er fair and bright, Where e - ter - nal day ex-
Shall be clothed in beau - ti - ful robes of white, And shall range through beau - ti - ful

Where all is so fair, so pure and so bright—Where all is so peace - ful, so ra-
He will guard and de - fend you with his gen - tle hand, And will wel - come you home to his

cludes the night, A - way o - ver the riv - er! A - way o - ver the riv - er!
plains of light, A - way o - ver the riv - er! A - way o - ver the riv - er!

diant with light! A - way o - ver the riv - er! A - way o - ver the riv - er!
beau - ti - ful land, A - way o - ver the riv - er A - way o - ver the riv - er!

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODWARD.

1. How sweet the melt-ing lay That breaks up - on the ear, When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in pray'r!

2. The breez - es waft their cries Up to Je - ho-vah's throne; He lis - tens to their hum - ble sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.
3. So Je - sus rose to pray Be - fore the morn-ing light; Once on the chill-ing mount did stay And wres-tled all the night.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS!

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion To the a - ged and the young, Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wakens eve - ry heart and tongue.
2. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion O'er the prai - ries of the West, Till each gath'ring con-gre - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest.
3. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion, Mingling with the o-cean's roar, Till the ships of eve-ry na-tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
4. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion O'er the isl - ands of the sea, Till in hum-ble ad-o - ra-tion All to Christ shall bend the knee.
5. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion, Till the world shall hear the call, And with joy-ous ac-cla - ma-tion Crown the Sa-viour Lord of all.

Chorus.

Shout the tid-ings, shout the tid-ings, shout the tid - ings of sal - va-tion, Shout the tid-ings, shout the tid-ings, To the a - ged and the young.

Shout the tid-ings, shout the tid-ings, shout the tid - ings of sal - va-tion, Shout the tidings, shout the tid-ings, To the a - ged and the young.

OH COME, COME, AWAY!

TREBLE BY DR. HAUSER.
ALTO BY WILLIAM WALKER.

Lively.

1. Oh come, come a - way! the Sabbath morn is pass - ing; Let's hasten to the Sabbath-school: Oh come, come a - way! The
2. My com - rades in - vite to join their happy num - ber, And glad-ly will I meet them there: Oh come, come a - way! 'Tis
3. While oth - ers may seek for vain and foolish pleas-ures, The Sabbath-school shall be my choice: Oh come, come a - way! How
4. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heav'nly wis - dom, To guide my fee-ble steps on high: Oh come, come a - way! The
5. I there hear the voice in heav'nly ac-cents speak-ing, "Let lit - tle children come to me, Oh come, come a - way! For-
6. With joy I ac - cept the gra-cious in - vi - ta - tion; My heart ex-ults with rapt'rous hope: Oh come, come a - way! My

Soft. *Strong.*

Sab-bath bells are ring-ing clear, Their joy-ous peals sa - lute my ear, I love their voice to hear: Oh come, come a - way!
there we meet to sing and pray, To read God's word on his glad day, With joy let's haste a - way: Oh come, come a - way!
dear to hear the plaintive strain From youthful voices rise a - main, With sweet - est tones a - gain: Oh come, come a - way!
flow'ry paths of peace to tread, Where rays of heav'nly bliss are shed, My wand'ring steps to lead: Oh come, come a - way!
bid them not their hearts to give, Let them on me in youth be-lieve, And I will them receive:" Oh come, come a . way!
deathless spir-it, when I die, Shall on the wings of an-gels fly To man - sions in the sky: Oh come, come a - way!

THE OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN.

Vivace. WORDS PRINCIPALLY FROM BARBAULD. MUSIC BY W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Our coun-try is Im-man-uel's ground, We jour-ney to that prom-ised soil; The songs of Zi-on cheer our hearts,
2. We tread the path our Mas-ter trod, And fain would bear the cross he bore; And eve-ry thorn that wounds our feet
3. Our strength may be dis-solved a-way, But still we on-ward, up-ward move; For, while our bod-ies wan-der here,
4. There, on some green and flow'ry hill, Our wea-ry souls at last shall sit; And with trans-port-ing rap-ture tell

Chorus.

While strang-ers here be-low we toil; For we soon must cross to the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
Has pierced his tem-ples long be-fore; For we soon must cross to the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
Our eyes and souls are fix'd a-bove; For we soon must cross to the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
Of all the la-bors of our feet; For we soon must cross to the oth-er side of Jor-dan,

All cross o-ver the roll-ing tide— And sweet will be the rest When our feet shall stand on the shore on Ca-naan's side!

All cross o-ver the roll-ing tide— And sweet will be the rest When our feet shall stand on the shore on Ca-naan's side!

IT IS WELL.

1. It is well! It is well! It is well! God's ways are always right, And love is o'er them all, Although a-bove our sight.
2. It is well! It is well! It is well! Tho' deep and sore the smart, He wounds us but to bind And heal the broken heart.
3. It is well! It is well! It is well! Tho' sor-row clouds our way, 'Twill make the joy more dear That ush-ers in the day.
4. It is well! It is well! It is well! The path that Je-sus trod, Tho' rough and dark it be, Leads home to heav'n and God.

A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR THEE.

Gently, softly.

TREBLE BY WILLIAM WALKER.

1. Hush'd be my murm'rings, let cares de - part, Je - sus is near me to cheer my heart; He's near me to help
2. Why should I lan-guish? why should I fear? In grief and an - guish he's ev - er near; Sleep - ing or wak-ing,
3. Scenes that will rav - ish smile on me now, Joys of a mo-ment play round my brow; But soon in heav - en

while life's hours re-main, He speaks to cheer me in tri - al and pain, He speaks to cheer me in tri - al and pain.

in pleasure or pain, Roam - ing or rest-ing, he'll near me re - main, Roam-ing or resting, he'll near me re - main.
he'll meet me a - gain, There'll end my sor - row and there'll end my pain, There'll end my sor-row and there'll end my pain.

Chorus.

f

Gentle angels, near me glide, And there linger at my side: A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near; A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.
And there linger at my side,

f

Gentle angels, near me glide, And there linger at my side: A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near; A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.
And there linger at my side,

HOME. S. M.*

W. L. MONTAGUE, *Richmond, Va.*

1. My Father's house on high Is my e - ter-nal home; O God, forbid that I should sigh While trav'ling here a - lone.
2. My Fath-er and my God, Oh lead me safe - ly on, Till in that heav'nly world a-bove I feel my work is done.
3. Then join the heav'nly throng, To sing re-deem-ing love; While endless a - ges roll a - long We'll praise our God a - bove.

* This beautiful tune is taken from "THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY," one of the best books of Church music ever published.

ST. LOUIS. 7s.

Slow.

From "*Christian Harmony.*"

1. Christian brethren, ere we part, Eve-ry voice and eve-ry heart Join, and to our Fath - er raise One last hymn of grate-ful praise.

2. Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There released from eve - ry pain, There we all may meet a - gain.

NO SORROW THERE.*

Repeat for Chorus.

1. Oh sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly ecs - ta - sy To waft my soul on high.

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

2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my marble brow, Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be - gin be - low.

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

3. When the last moment comes, Oh watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se - ra-phic gleam Which o'er each fea-ture plays.

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

4. Then to my raptured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n; Let mu - sic charm me last on earth And greet me first in heav'n.

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

5. Then round my senseless clay As - sem - ble those I love, And sing of heav'n, de - light - ful heav'n, My glo - rious home a - bove.

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

* For parting occasions may be sung to this tune the words, "Blest be the tie that binds," &c., and the chorus, "*There'll be no parting there; In heaven,*" &c

INDEX.

COMMON-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

	PAGE
A Farmer's Life the Life for Me	45
Another Year	30
Arouse Up, ye Sleepers	14
Awake! wake! 'tis Day	10
Away to School	66
Be Careful of your Money, Boys	31
Birds, Bees and Squirrels	50
Bliss is Hovering	26
Busy Bee	18, 19
Call to Singing	5
Changing Weather	30
Charming Little Valley	52
Cheerfulness	57
Child of Sin and Sorrow	23
Cuckoo	9
Early to Bed	49
Ere we Part	19
God is Love	42
Holiday Song	29
Hot Cross Buns	64
Hour of Singing	16
I Must not Tease my Mother	21
I've no Mother Now	56, 57
Little Jimmy	63
Little Lamb	15
Little Things	13
May-day Song	20
Morning Sun	64
Murmur, Gentle Lyre	43
My Little Garden	25
My Mother Dear	38, 39
Our Boat	65
Prayer at Opening School	67
Prayer at Closing School	67
Pretty Cow	8
School is Begun	9
Singing and Study	32
Sing, Sister	42
Study Low	37
Summer Morning	60
The Angels' Whisper	40
The Bird in Spring	51
The Bird in the Wilderness	61
The Child's Wish for Spring	24
The Cradle Song	12
The Cricket	11
The Foot Traveler	47
The Good Scholar	59
The Hunter's Prize	58
The Lambkin	6
The Last Rose of Summer	39
The Little Star	13
The Love of Truth	33
The Loved Ones Far Away	54
The Lovely May is Coming	34
The Moon	16
The Mountain's Airy Brow	32
The Mountain Herd-boy	46
The Pilot at Sea	48, 49
The Seasons	7
The Song my Mother Sings	35
The Stars are Fading	27
The Thunder-storm	44
The Wanderer	53
The Young Traveler	51
'Tis Home where the Heart is	62
Tit for Tat	22
Try Again	36
What shall I Love?	6
Winter	25
Winter Song	55
Woodman, Spare that Tree	41
Work Away!	17
Yes or No	28

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

	PAGE
A Beautiful Home	131
Across the Foaming River	79
A Crown of Glory Bright	104
A Home Beyond the Tide	164
Amboy	181
Angels Join our Song	74
Around the Throne	101
A Saviour ever near Thee	188, 189
Awake! awake!	163
Away Over the River!	182, 183
Beautiful Land	77
Beautiful River	100
Beautiful Sight	176, 177
Beautiful Singing	134, 135
Beautiful Zion (*Second.*)	114
Beautiful Zion (*New.*)	148
Be Kind to thy Father	98
Blessed Bible	78
Brother and I (*New.*)	150
Brown	178
Camp in the Wilderness	113
Child's Desire	106
Come, Children, Come	83
Come, Children, Come	158
Come to Me	168, 169
Come with Us (*New.*)	161
Dear Heavenly Home	144, 145
Devotion	179
Dewdrops	177
Disciple	147
Even Me	115
Farewell, Brother	85
Gentle Harp	142
Give me Jesus	119
Happy Day	159
Happy Land	135
Hark! to the Solemn Bell	84
Hermon	179
Home	189
Homeward Bound	73
How I long to be like Jesus!	167
I have a Father in the Promised Land	99
In the New Jerusalem	160
Invocation	124
Invocation (*New*)	145
I'm a Pilgrim	166
It is Well	187
I Would not be an Angel	125
Jesus Dear, I come to Thee	170
Jesus is Mine	130
Jesus, Lover of my Soul	121
Jesus Paid it All	76
Joyfully	94
Just as I Am	117
Little Travelers	75
Long Time Ago	139
Love at Home	102, 103
Marching to Zion	68, 69
Mercy's Free	174, 175
'Midst Sorrow and Care	111
My Bible Leads to Glory	132
My Home in the Beautiful Land	128
My Rest is in Heaven	153
Nearer my Home	155
Never Sin Again	157
No Name so Sweet as Jesus	88
No Sorrow There	190
Oh Come, come Away	185
O Daughter of Zion	146
Oh Sing the Praise of Jesus!	82, 83
On Sabbath Morn	156
Our own dear Home	107
Outside the Gate	116, 117
Rest for the Weary	96
Rock of Ages	178
Rural Celebration	109
Sabbath Morning	112
Seek the Shepherd	127
Send the Tidings	105
Shall we Sing in Heaven For Ever?	123
Shout the Tidings	184
Sing and Pray	122
Sing, Children, Sing	81
Soft Music	137
Solitude	103
State Street	183
St. Louis	190
That Beautiful World on High	80
The Angels' Song	138, 139
The Beautiful World	172, 173
The Bible	91
The Bible and the Sunday-school	89
The Bible! the Bible!	151
The Blest Eternal Home	143
The Children's Invitation	165
The Children's Pleas	87
The Child's Question	70
The Eden Above	90
The Family Bible	140, 141
The Gathering	92, 93
The Golden Promise	126
The Good Ship of Zion	180, 181
The Happy Angels	120, 121
The Lovely Land	171
The Midnight Cry	129
The Other Side of Jordan	186, 187
The Sabbath Morn is Breaking	71
The Sabbath of the Soul	95
The Shining Shore	97
The Small Still Voice	110, 111
The Sunday-school	93
Victory!	154
Watch and Pray	152
Watchman, on the Walls of Zion	136
We are Marching to the Kingdom	149
Webster	175
We Come with Singing	72
We Come with Song	108
Welcome Home	133
We'll Never Forget the Sabbath-school	86, 87
We're Marching	118
We Sing the Love of Jesus	162
Where do Children Love to Go?	173

THE VOICE IN SINGING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

MADAM EMMA SEILER.

One vol. 12mo. Tinted Paper. Extra Cloth. Price $1.50.

"We would earnestly advise all interested in any way in the vocal organs to read and thoroughly digest this remarkable work."—*Boston Musical Times.*

"It is meeting with the favor of all our authorities and is a very valuable work. To any one engaged in teaching cultivation of the voice, or making singing a study, it will prove an efficient assistant"—*Loomis's Musical Journal.*

"This remarkable book is of special interest to teachers and scholars of vocal music. It is, however, of value to that much larger number of persons who love music for its own sake."—*North American.*

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,

715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

GOOD THINGS.

A Profusely Illustrated Magazine for the Young of all Ages.

EDITED BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

Author of "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," etc.

This beautifully Illustrated Magazine for Young People is considered by competent judges to be almost unrivalled in its special field.

In addition to entertaining STORIES, TALES, SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, and POEMS, the Magazine will contain valuable and instructive papers on NATURAL HISTORY, FAMILIAR SCIENCE, etc., adapted to the comprehension of young readers.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS, one of the great features of the Magazine, are profuse, and engraved in the best style from designs by eminent artists.

TERMS.—Yearly Subscription, $2.50. Single Number, 25 cents.

CLUB RATES.—Three Copies, $6.50; Five Copies, $10; each additional copy, $2.

SPECIMEN NUMBER mailed, postage paid, to any address on receipt of 20 cents.

Address J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,

715 & 717 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA.