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GLAD TIDINGS.

NEW HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

By R. M. McINTOSH,

AUTHOR OF "TABOR, OR RICHMOND COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC."

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PREFACE.

He who has studied and understands the present progressive spirit of the great American Sunday-school, needs not to be told that it is one of the most important institutions in the country, and that an intelligent use of appropriate music is its principal auxiliary. We therefore deem it unnecessary to offer an apology for presenting the public with another Sunday-School Music Book.

In musical composition we do not pretend to be superior to many of our cotemporaries, though we do claim that, with a personal experience of ten years as teacher and lecturer in the musical department of Sunday-schools in almost every section of the United States, and the able assistance of the best writers,* we have found it easy to fill the pages of this little volume with the choicest of hymns and best of music, *making ample provision for the ordinary service and all special occasions*, without resorting to the use of any of that multitude of nonsensical rhymes and worldly songs which crowd the pages of many other books, and which necessarily carry with them a great many worldly ideas and associations. In brief, we have endeavored to place the work far beyond present competition; and we now invite Superintendents, Teachers, Committees, and others, to give it a thorough examination, believing that we have fully accomplished our object.

The publisher has certainly done his part well; for, in quality of paper, beauty and clearness of type, &c., it is unsurpassed by any similar work heretofore published. Like the church-music book *Tabor*, it is a perfect model of the printer's art.

By way of introduction, schools may commence with such pieces as the following, viz.: The Happy Throng, page 112; Angels Join our Song, 3; Come to Me, 4; The Sabbath Morn, 10; In the Rosy Light, 36; Happy Greeting, 46; We are Marching to the Kingdom, 48; The Sabbath of the Soul, 110; Little Pilgrim here below, 108; Outside the Gate (No. 2), 70; Christ hath Arisen, 90; Even Me, 84; I'll away, &c., 74; Shout the Tidings, 71; We come with Song, 69; The Child's Hymn, 66; The Morning Star, 62; We're Marching, 59; God is Love, 58; The Sabbath Bell, 56; The Children's Plea, 13; There is a Beautiful World, 88; Only Waiting, 100; Hark! the Shining Saints, 106, &c.

Without further comment, we now commit our humble effort to the children, and friends of the Sunday-school, with a sincere desire that it may indeed prove a Messenger of Glad Tidings to all who receive it.

R. M. McINTOSH.

* We would here tender our grateful acknowledgments to the following gentlemen:—Dr. Mason, Dr. Everett, Mr. B. H. Everett, Mr. J. E. Hopkins, Mr. Philip Phillips, Mr. T. E. Perkins, and Rev. B. Manly, Jr., D.D.

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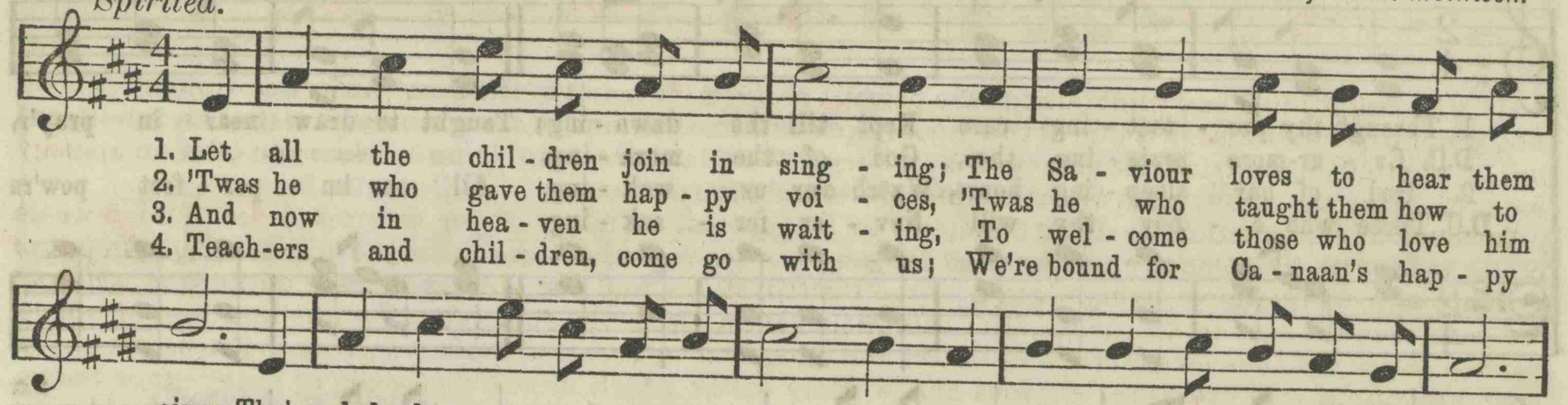
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Angels join our Song.

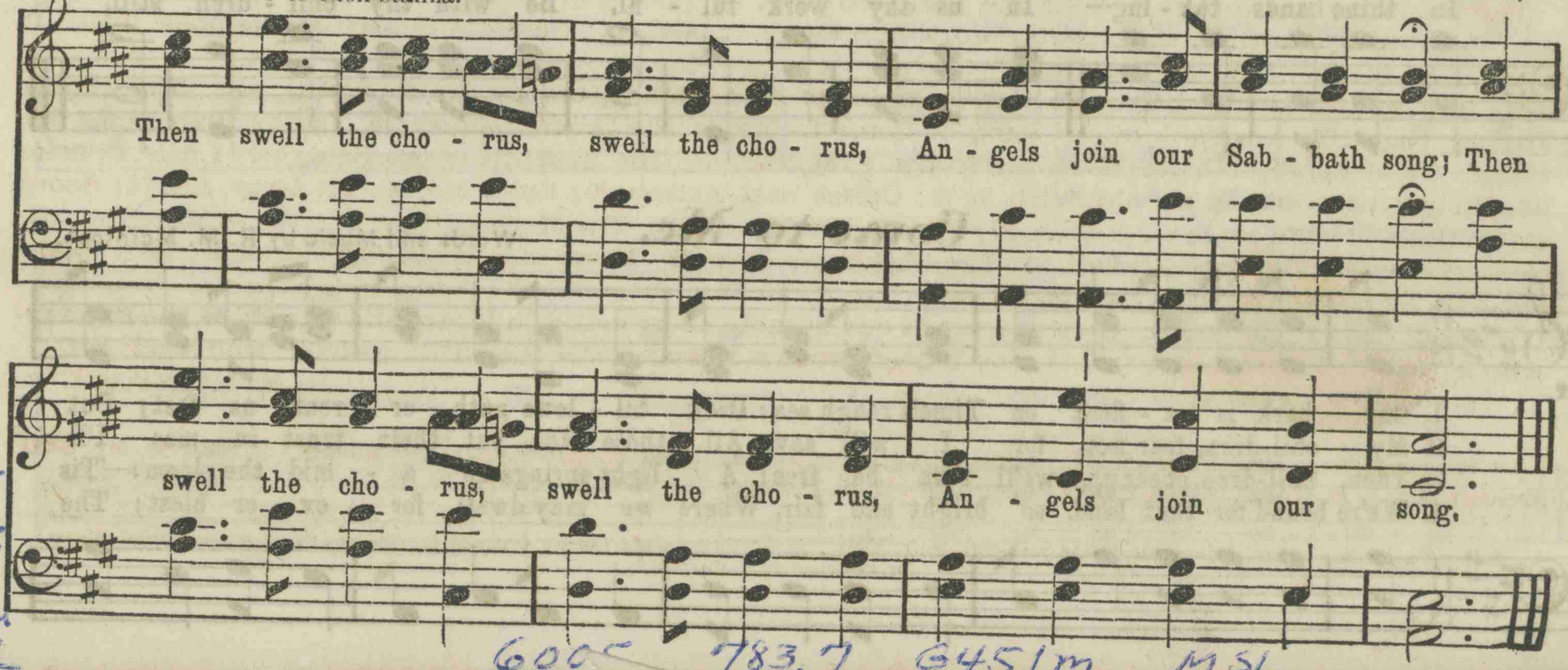
Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.

Spirited.



Full Chorus to each stanza.



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Through thy Protecting Care.

R. M. McIntosh.

FINE.

1. Through thy pro - tect - ing care Kept till the dawn - ing; Taught to draw near in pray'r,
D.C. Ev - er-more prais - ing thee, God of the morn - ing.
2. God of our sleep - ing hours, Watch o'er us wak - ing, All our im - per - fect pow'rs
D.C. Those who o - bey thy will Nev - er for - sak - ing.

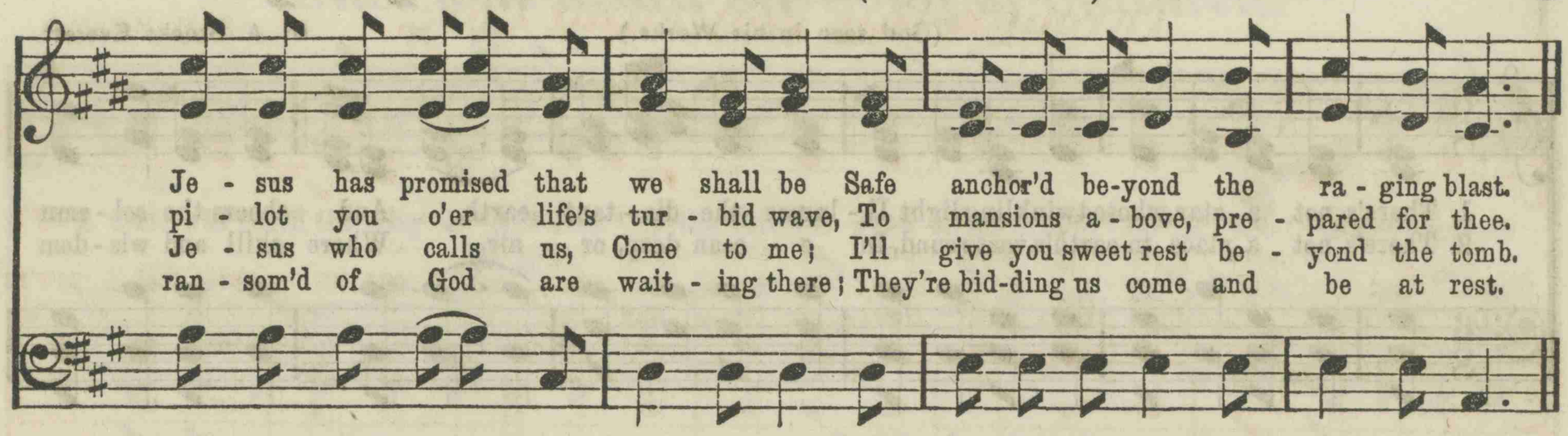
D.C.

Heed we the warn-ing, O thou great One in Three, Glad - ly our souls would be
In thine hands tak - ing— In us thy work ful - fil, Be with thy chil - dren still,
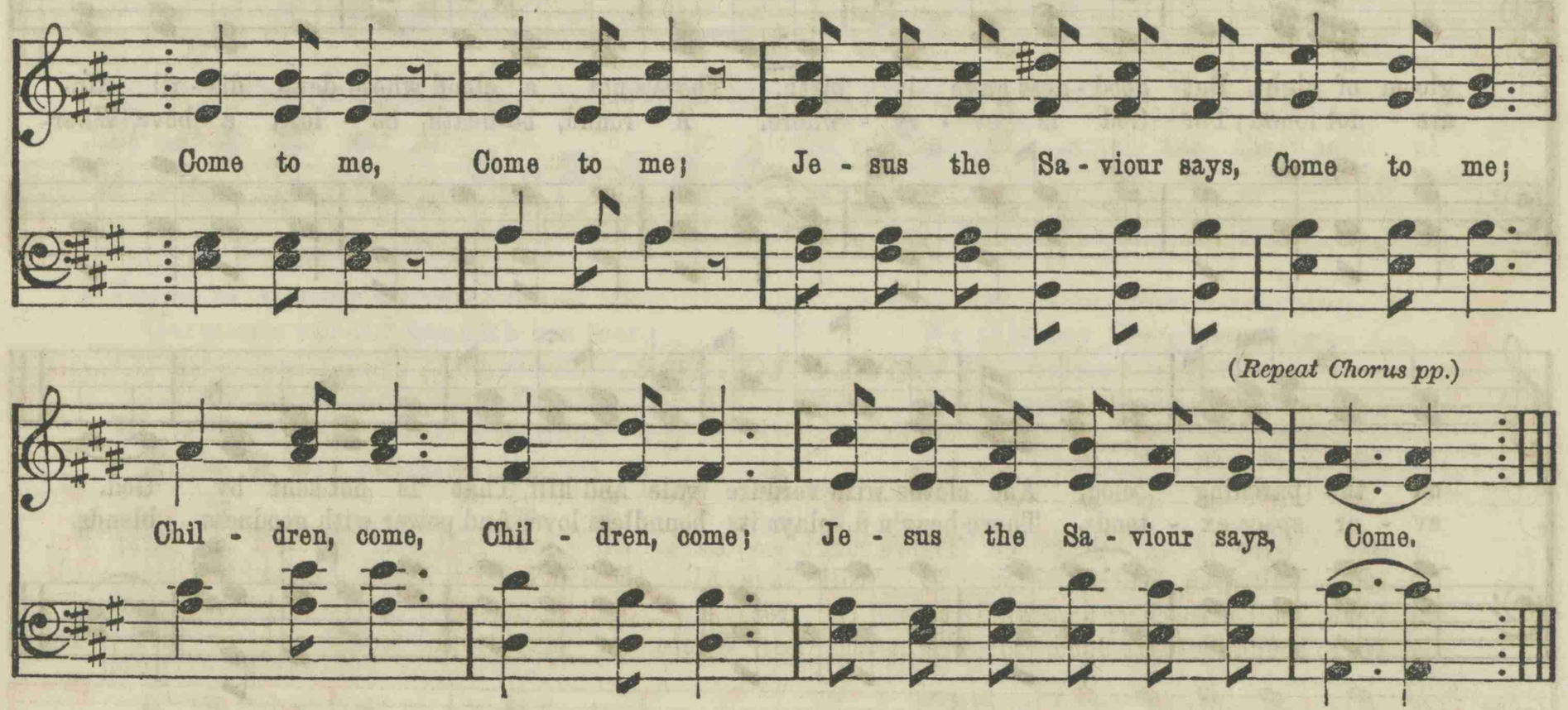
Come to Me.

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.

1. Our bark is a - float on Time's rough sea; Dark bil - lows gath - er round us fast; But
2. My chil-dren, fear not, for I will save All those who put their trust in me; I'll
3. Then, chil-dren, cheer up, we'll soon be free; A light springs up a - mid the gloom:—'Tis
4. We're bound for that land, so bright and fair, Where we may dwell for - ev - er blest; The



Chorus to each stanza.



There's not a Star whose Twinkling Light.

(God seen in his Works.)

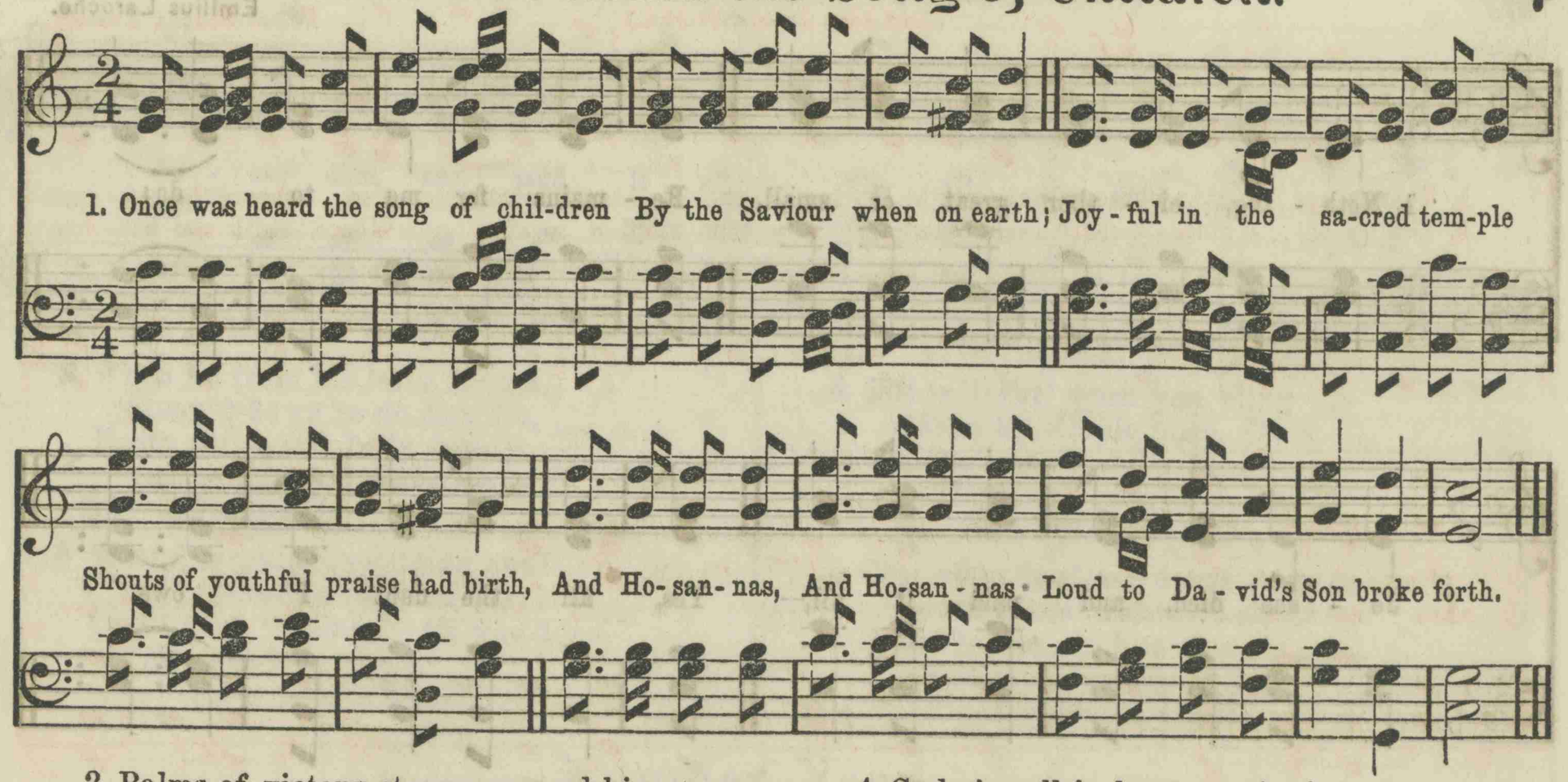
Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Il - lumes the dis - tant earth, And cheers the sol - emn
2. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o - cean deep, or air, Where skill and wis - dom

gloom of night, But good - ness gave it birth. There's not a cloud whose dews dis - til Up-
are not found; For God is ev' - ry - where. A - round, be-neath, be - low, a - bove, Wher-

on the parching clod, And clothe with verdure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.
ev - er space ex - tends, There heav'n displays its boundless love, And power with goodness blends.

Once was heard the Song of Children.



2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crown'd him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas, while Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But Hosannas, but Hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring:—
Glad Hosannas, glad Hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Oh, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays:
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem perfected praise;
Now Hosannas, now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

Jesus Paid it All.

Emilius Laroche.

1. Noth - ing, ei - ther great or small, Re - mains for me to do;
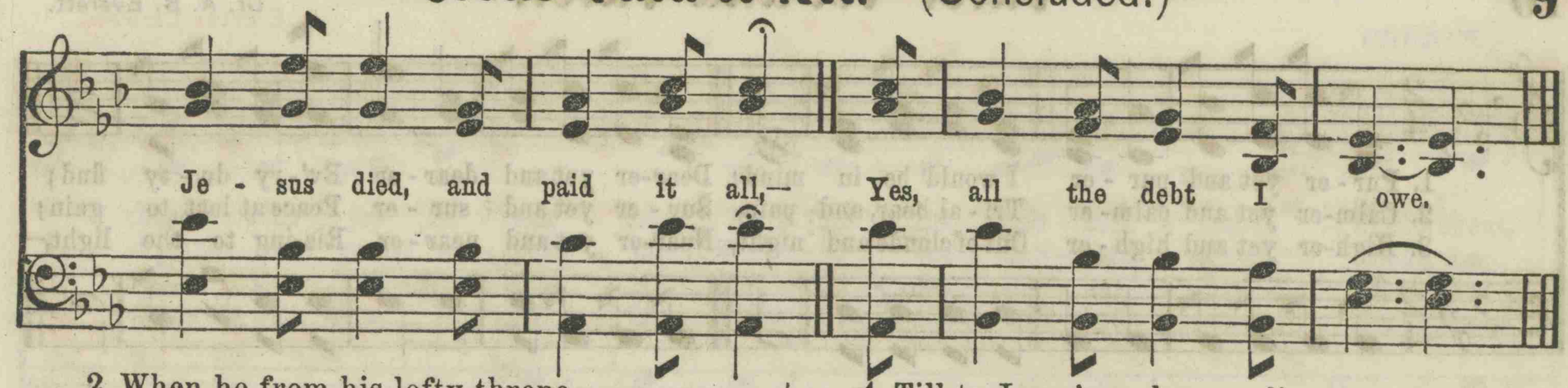
Je - sus died, and paid it all,— Yes, all the debt I owe.

Refrain.

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

Je - sus paid it, paid it all,

Jesus Paid it All. (Concluded.)



2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
Yes, "finished!" was his cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

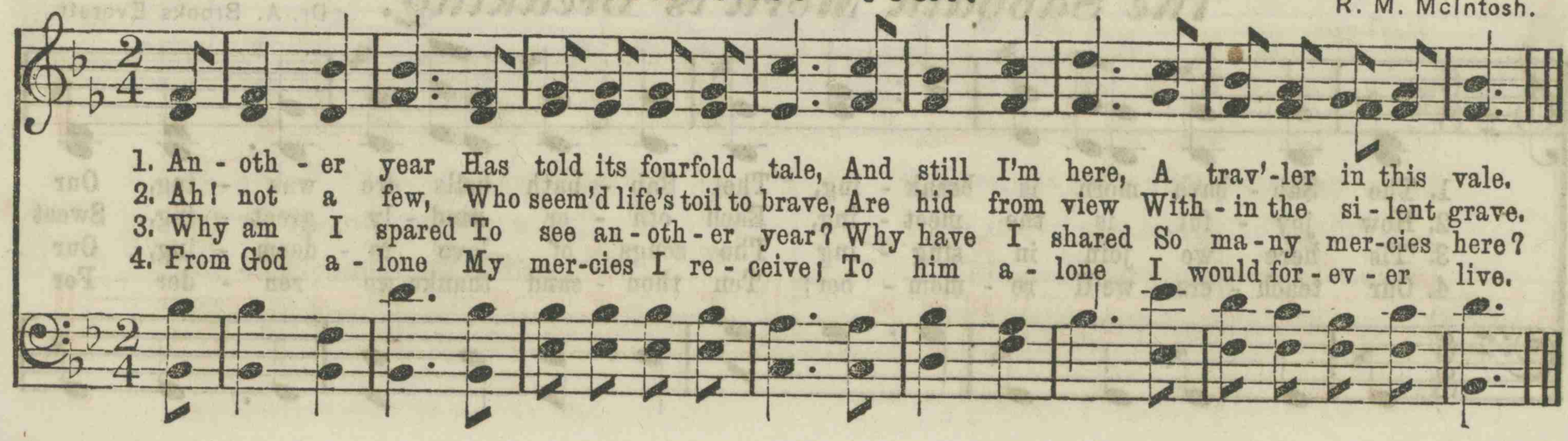
3 Weary, working, plodding one!
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing:" all was done,
Yes, ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

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

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

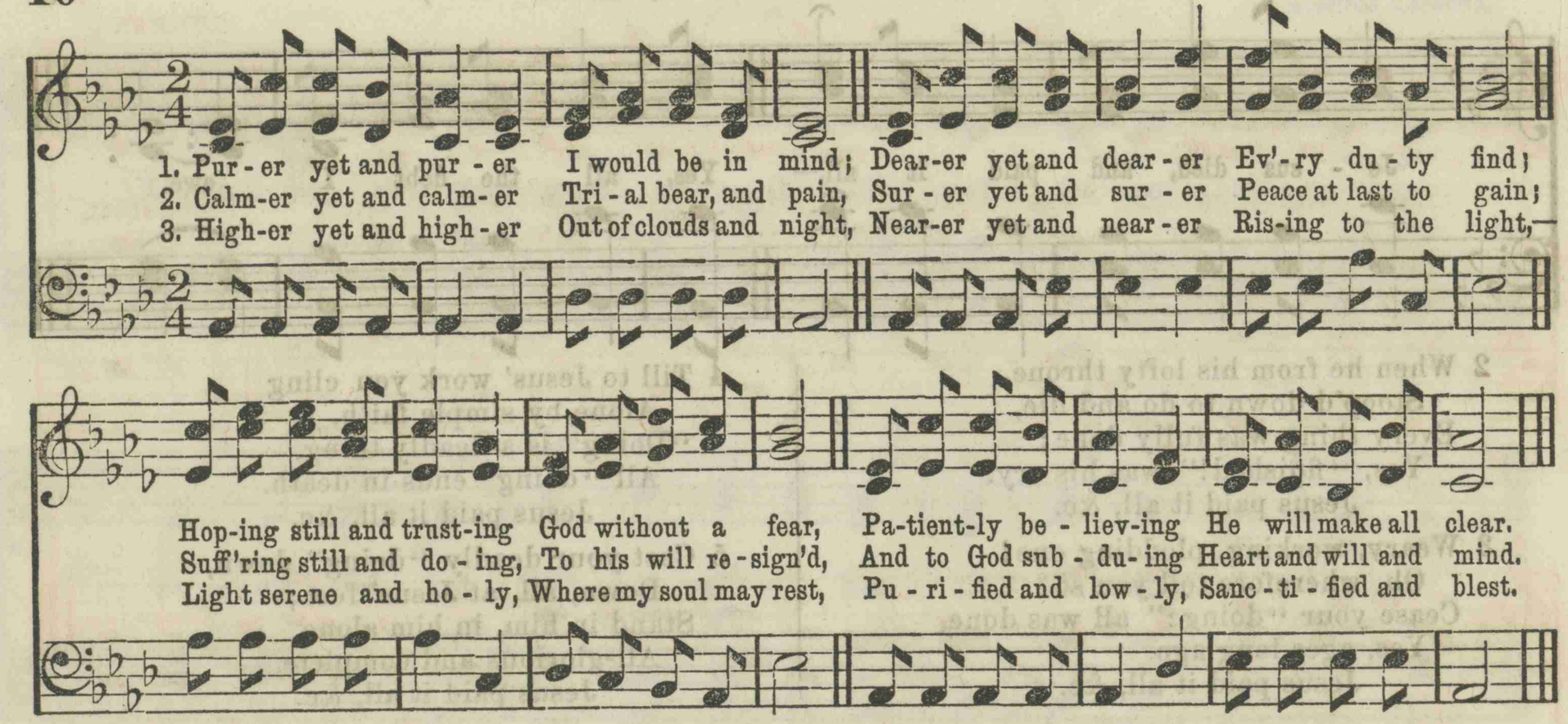
Another Year.

R. M. McIntosh.



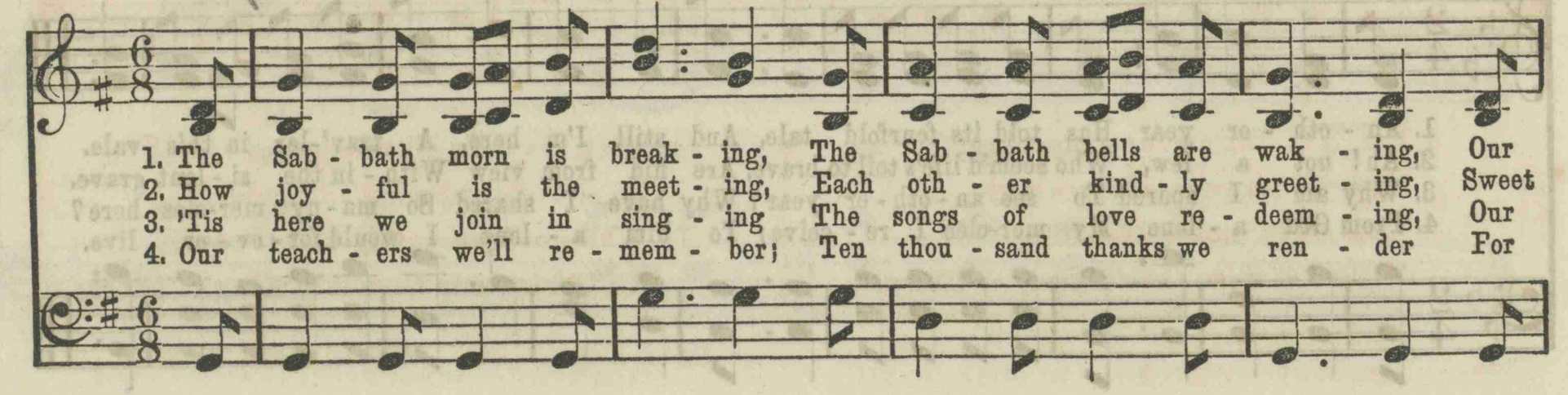
Purer Yet and Purer.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

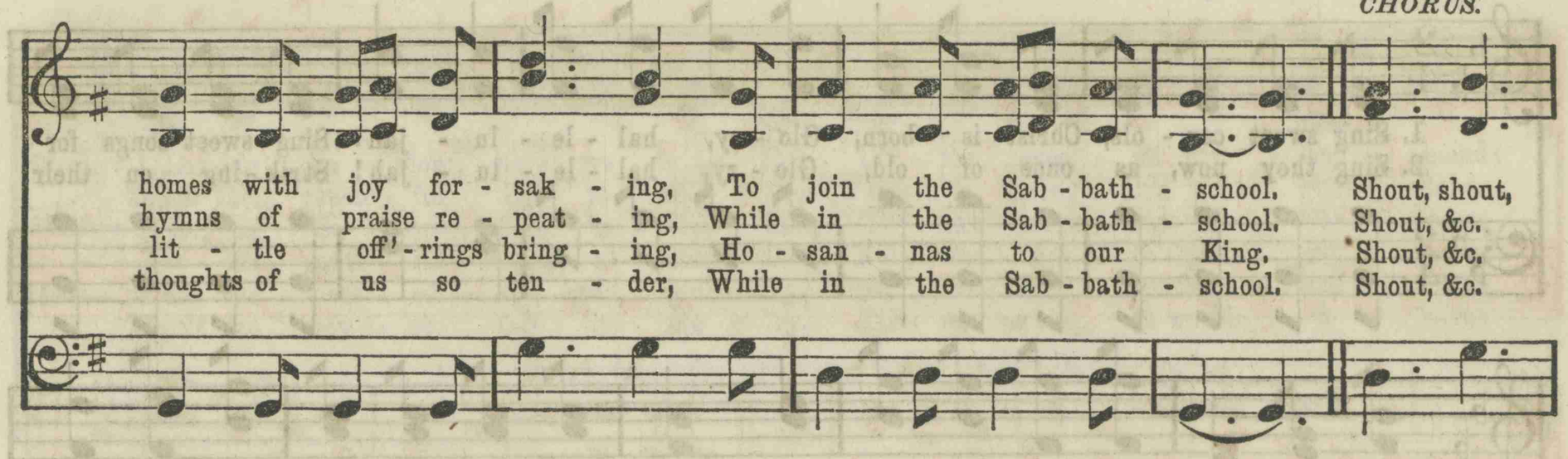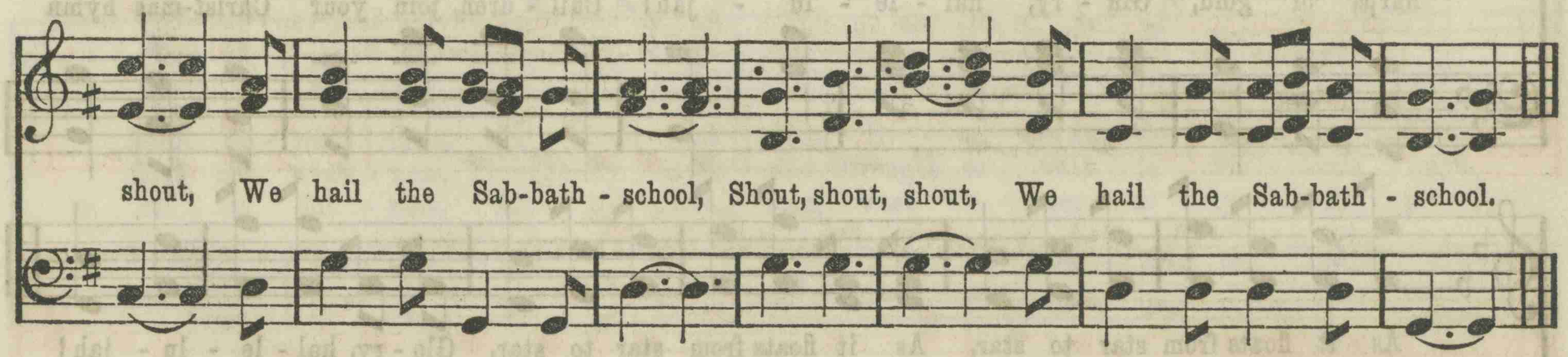


The Sabbath Morn is Breaking.

Dr. A. Brooks Everett.



CHORUS.





5 But, ah! life's sunny morning,
With all its sweets adorning,
Like early blossoms falling,
Will soon have pass'd away.—*Chorus.*

6 Then may we all remember
To strive our hearts to render,
While now so young and tender,
To Christ, our heavenly King.—*Chorus.*

Sing Sweet Carols, Christ is born.

1. Sing sweet car - ols, Christ is born, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Sing sweet songs for
2. Sing they now, as once of old, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Strik - ing on their

Christ - mas morn, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hear the an - gels' song a - far,
harps of gold, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Chil - dren, join your Christ-mas hymn

As it floats from star to star, As it floats from star to star, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
With the chant-ing ser - a - phim, With the chant-ing ser - a - phim, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

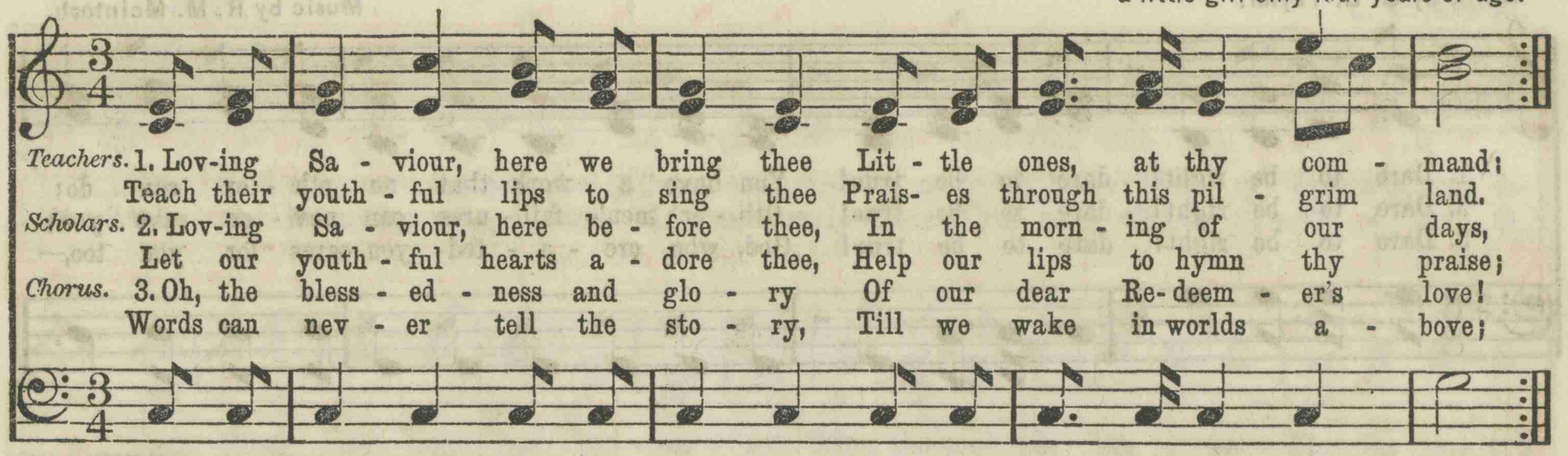
3 Through the silent skies afar, Glory, &c.
See his bright and shining star, Glory, &c.
As it shone, long years ago,
‖: On Judea's hills of snow. :‖ Glory, &c.
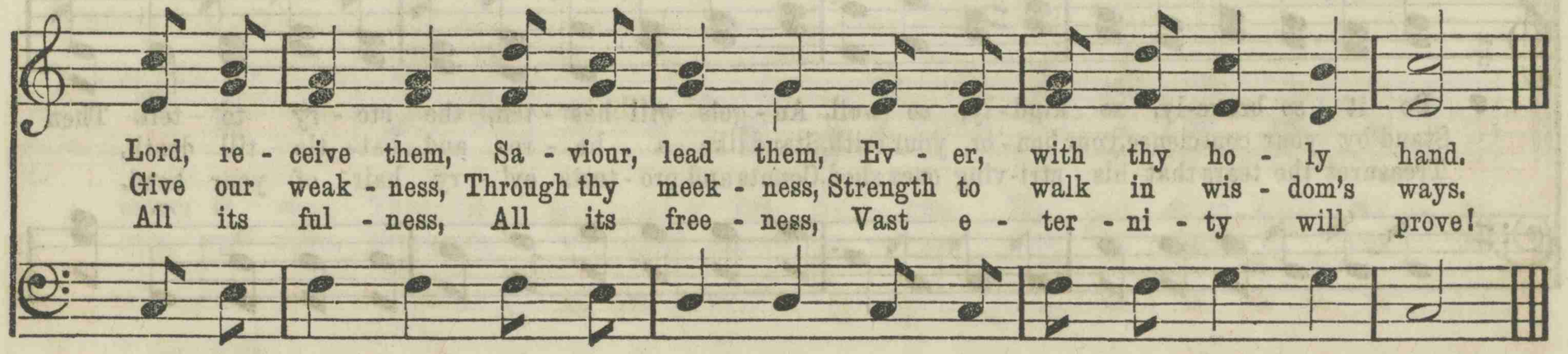
4 Jesus, once a little child, Glory, &c.
Guide us by thy Spirit mild, Glory, &c.
Till our Christmas songs we sing
‖: In the city of our King. :‖ Glory, &c.

The Children's Plea.

Words by
Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey.

Melody by
Loulie Everett McIntosh,
a little girl only four years of age.





TEACHERS.

4 To thy service, loving Saviour,
We would train each little one;
Smile upon their good behavior,
Let them plead, till life is done,
That the dying,
Heathen, sighing,
All may see the gospel sun.

SCHOLARS.

5 Saviour, hear our supplication,
Through our pilgrimage below;
Let the most benighted nation
Thy great love and gospel know;
Loving Saviour,
To the children,
Through all lands, thy goodness show.

CHORUS.

6 Hear us, great Jehovah, hear us,
While we daily, humbly pray,
Let the heathen, far or near us,
Hear thee calling, and obey;
Let the Bible,
And the Sabbath,
Gladden every earthly way.

Be Right, Be True.

Words by G. L. Taylor.

Music by R. M. McIntosh.

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

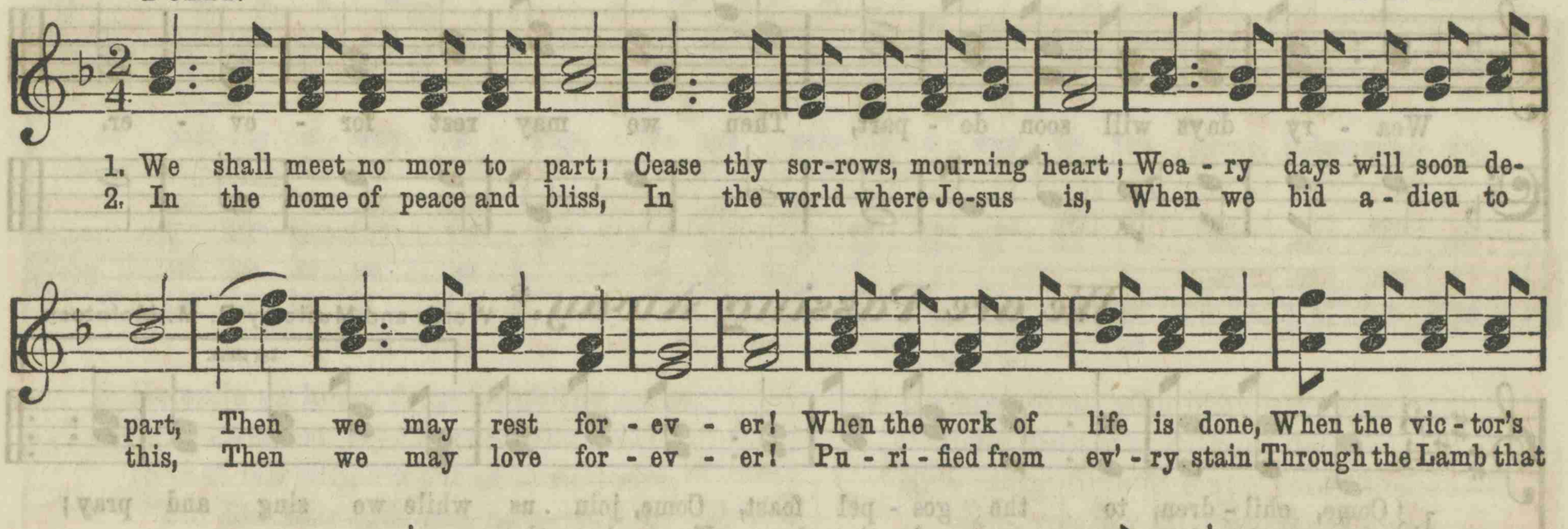
REFRAIN.

Do it so brave-ly, so kind - ly, so well, An - gels will has - ten, the sto - ry to tell. Then
Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith, Stand like a he - ro, and bat - tle till death.
Treasures the tears that his stri-ving ones shed, Counts and pro - tects ev' - ry hair of your head.
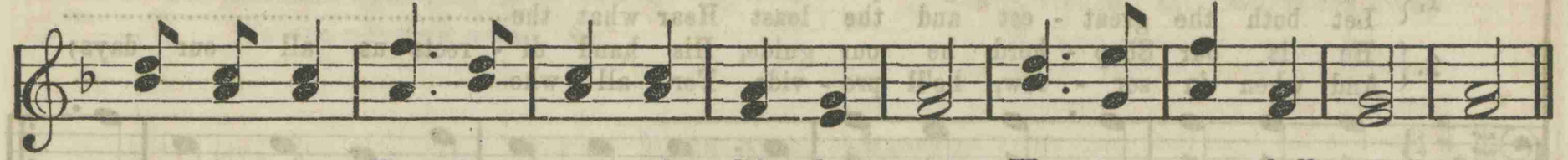
dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do.

We shall Meet no more to Part.

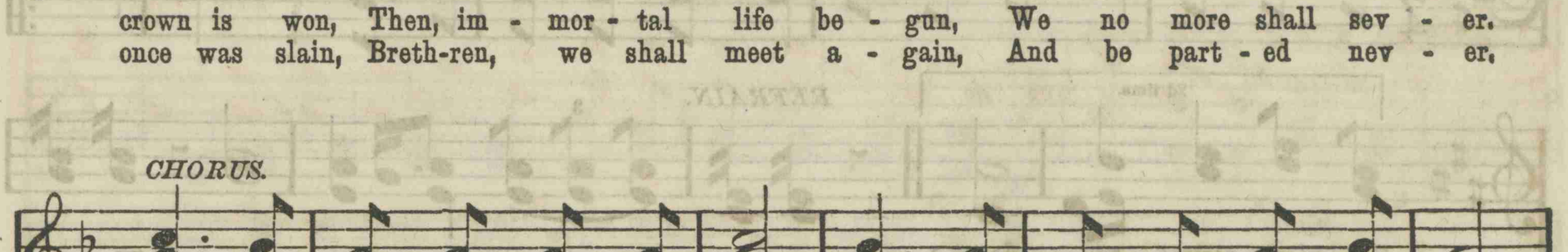
DUETT. L. C. Everett.



1. We shall meet no more to part; Cease thy sor-rows, mourning heart; Wea - ry days will soon de-
2. In the home of peace and bliss, In the world where Je-sus is, When we bid a - dieu to
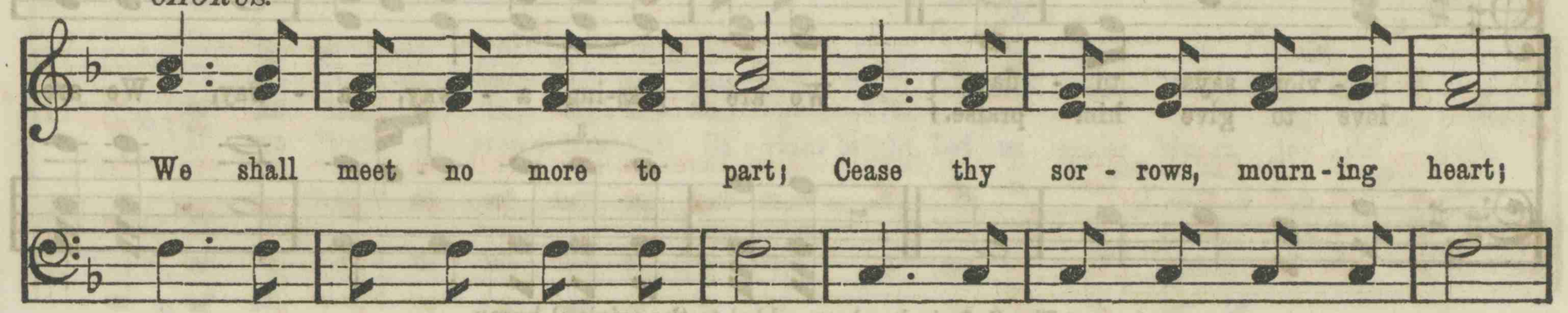


part, Then we may rest for - ev - er! When the work of life is done, When the vic - tor's
this, Then we may love for - ev - er! Pu - ri - fied from ev' - ry stain Through the Lamb that
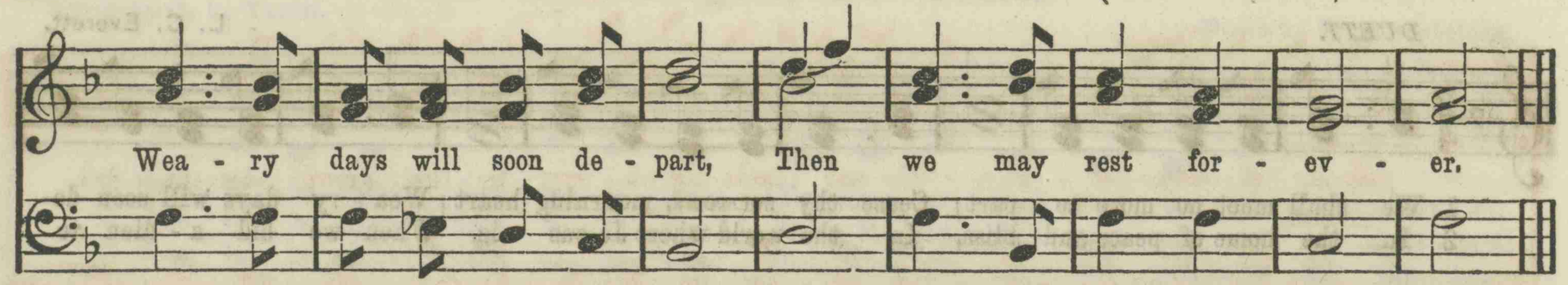


crown is won, Then, im - mor - tal life be - gun, We no more shall sev - er.
once was slain, Breth-ren, we shall meet a - gain, And be part - ed nev - er.

CHORUS.



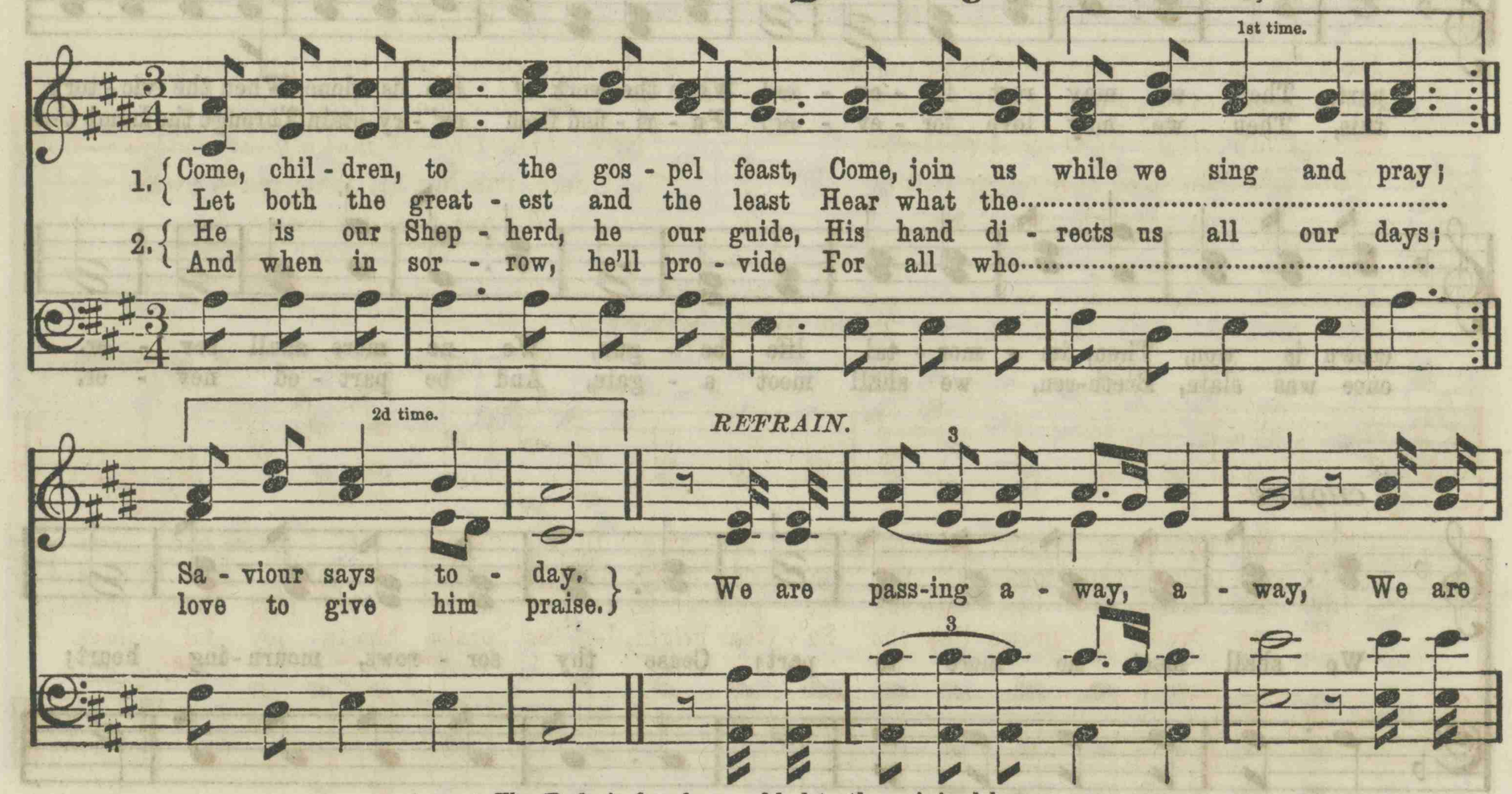
We shall meet no more to part; Cease thy sor - rows, mourn - ing heart;

We shall Meet no more to Part. (Concluded.)
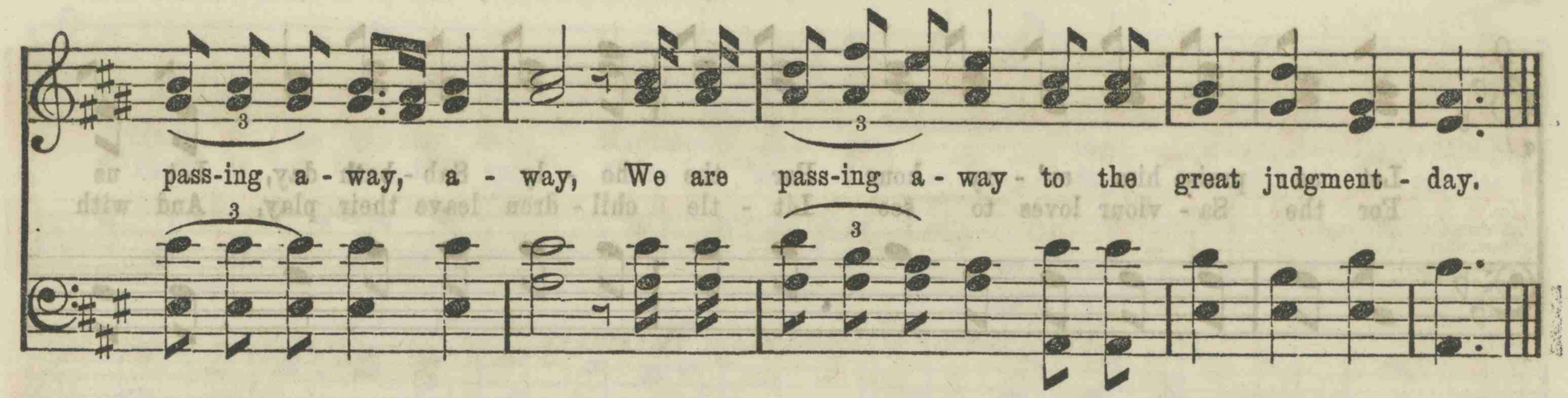


We are Passing Away.*

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.



* The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.

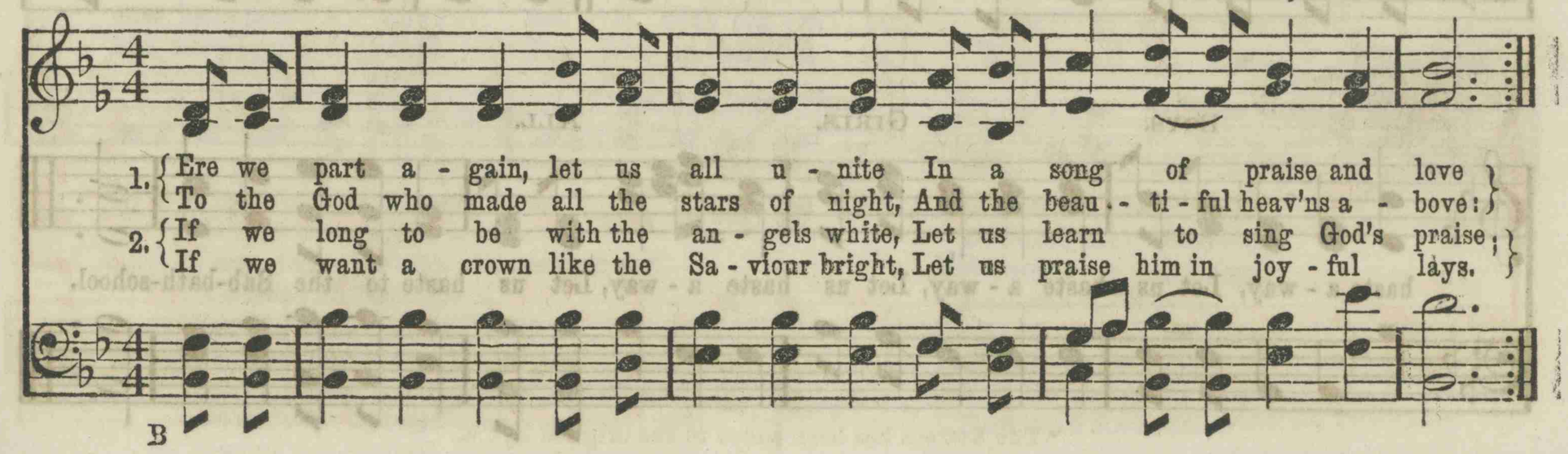


3 He calls us home from troubling cares,
To sweetest joys beyond the veil:
In that fair clime we'll shed no tears,
For his dear love can never fail.
We are passing away, &c.

4 He says to all who hear his voice,
Come unto me, without delay;
Now is the time to make your choice:—
Come, casting all your fears away.
We are passing away, &c.

Ere we Part.

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.



Ere we Part. (Concluded.)

Let us praise him ev' - ry hour For the ho - ly Sab - bath day, Let us
For the Sa - viour loves to see Lit - tle chil - dren leave their play, And with

CHORUS.
BOYS. GIRLS.

praise him in his pow'r, And to school a - way. Let us haste a - way, Let us
hap - py hearts and free Haste to school a - way. Let us haste a - way, Let us

BOYS. GIRLS. ALL.

haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste to the Sab-bath-school.

Hark to the Solemn Bell.

1. Hark to the sol - emn bell, Mourn - ful - ly peal - - - - ing! What do its wailings tell,
2. Earth is all van - i - ty, False as 'tis fleet - - - - ing; Grief is in all its joy,

On the ear steal - - - - ing? Seem they not thus to say?— Loved ones have pass'd a - way;
Smiles with tears meet - - - - ing: Youth's bright - est hopes de - cay, Pass like morn's gems a - way,

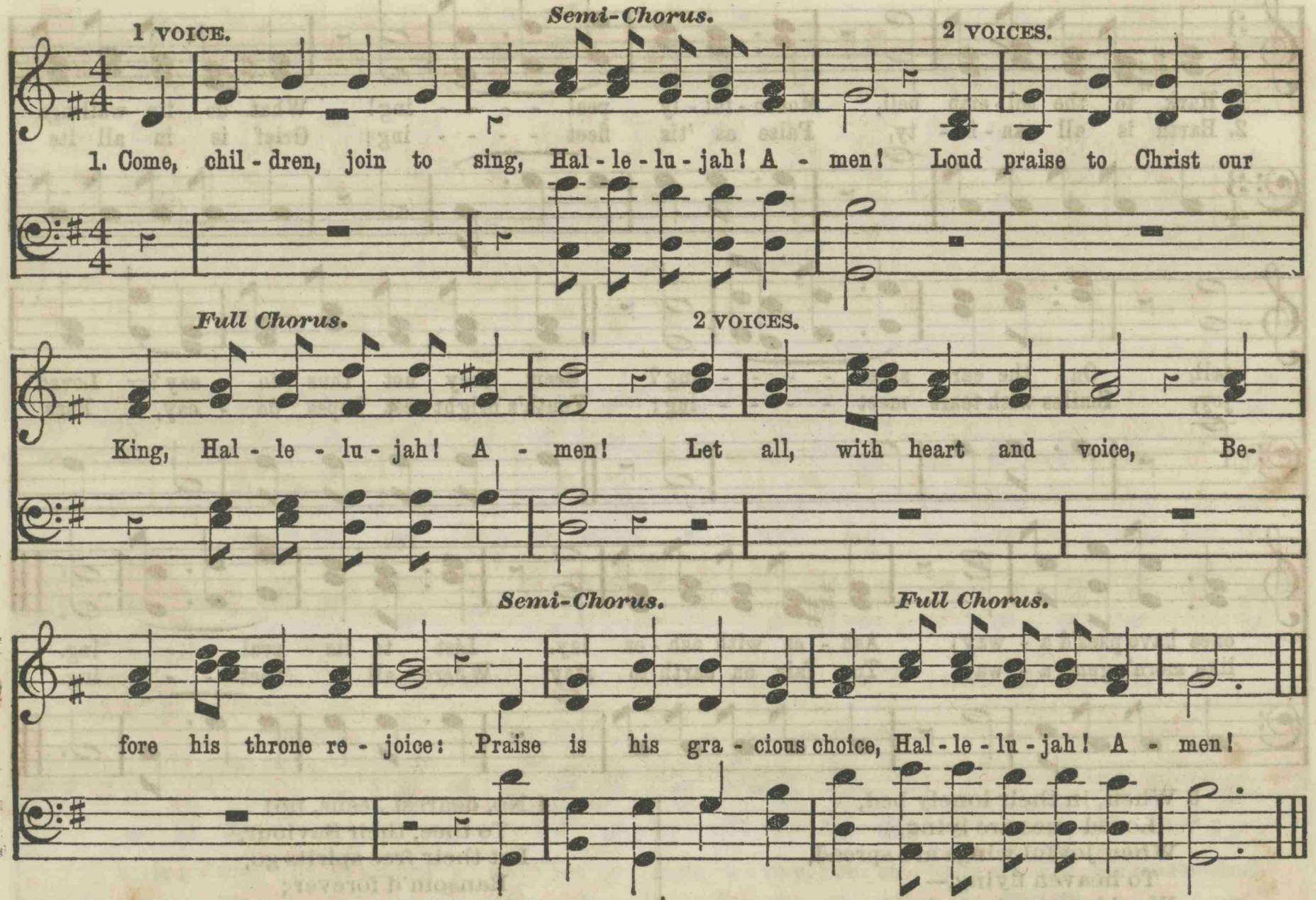
Ash - es with ash - es lay. List to its peal - - - ing,
Too fair on earth to stay, Where all is fleet - - - ing.

3 When, in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying,—
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying,—
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Sever'd in dying?

4 No, dearest Jesus, no!
To thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransom'd forever;
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and forever.

Praise to Christ.

L. C. Everett, *Toronto, C. W.*

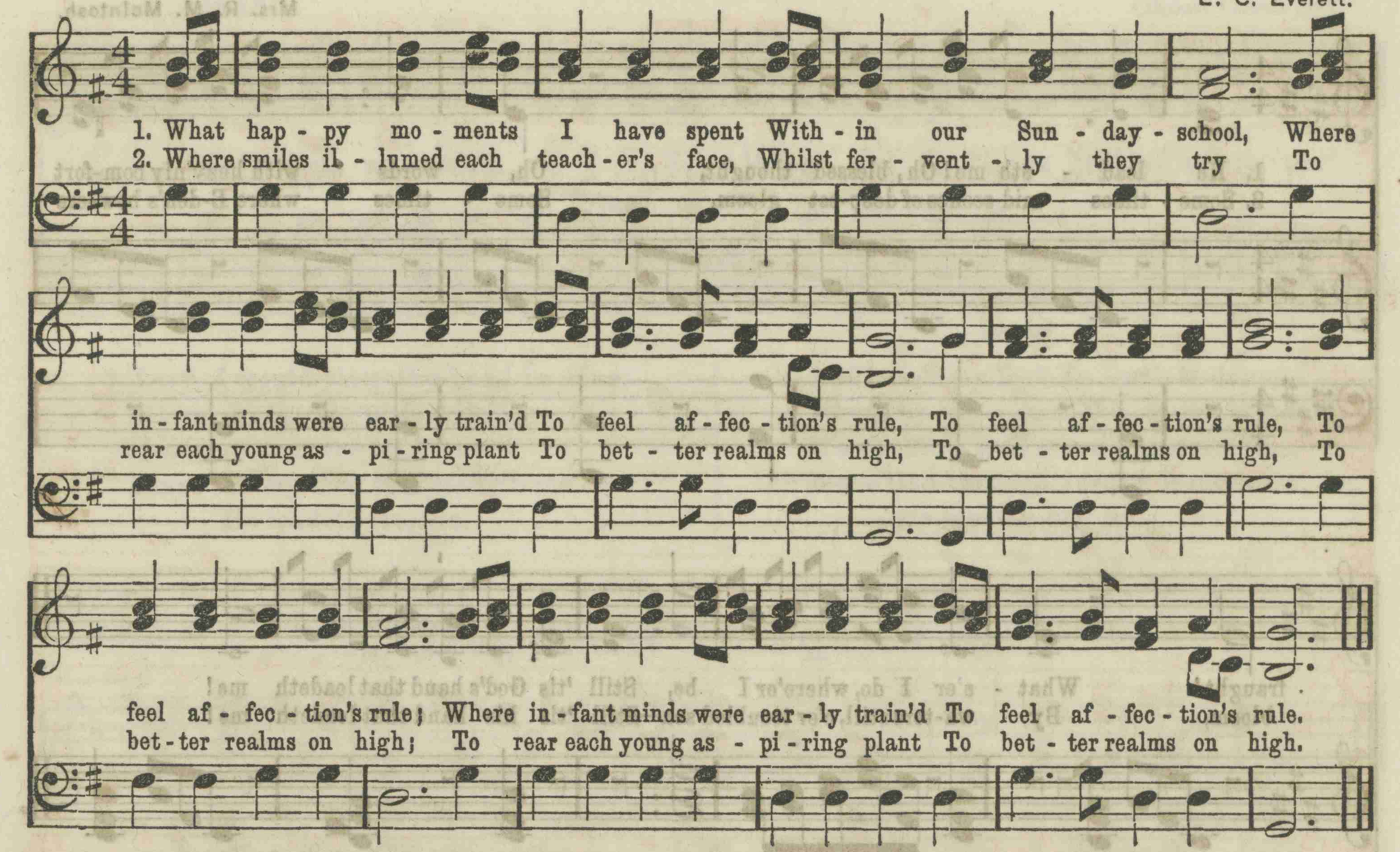


2 Come, lift your hearts on high, Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky, Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us he'll condescend;
His love shall never end, Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again, Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain, Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore, Hallelujah! Amen!

What Happy Moments.

L. C. Everett.



3 There, voices breathed sweet tones of love;
There, wrong was laid aside;
Whilst naught but rays of hope and joy
Would in each heart preside,
Would in each heart preside,
Would in each heart preside;
Whilst naught but rays of hope and joy
Would in each heart preside

4 Yes! memory loves to linger on
Those moments pass'd away,
When love and truth and joyous hopes
Made sweet the Sabbath day,
Made sweet the Sabbath day,
Made sweet the Sabbath day;
When love and truth and joyous hopes
Made sweet the Sabbath day.
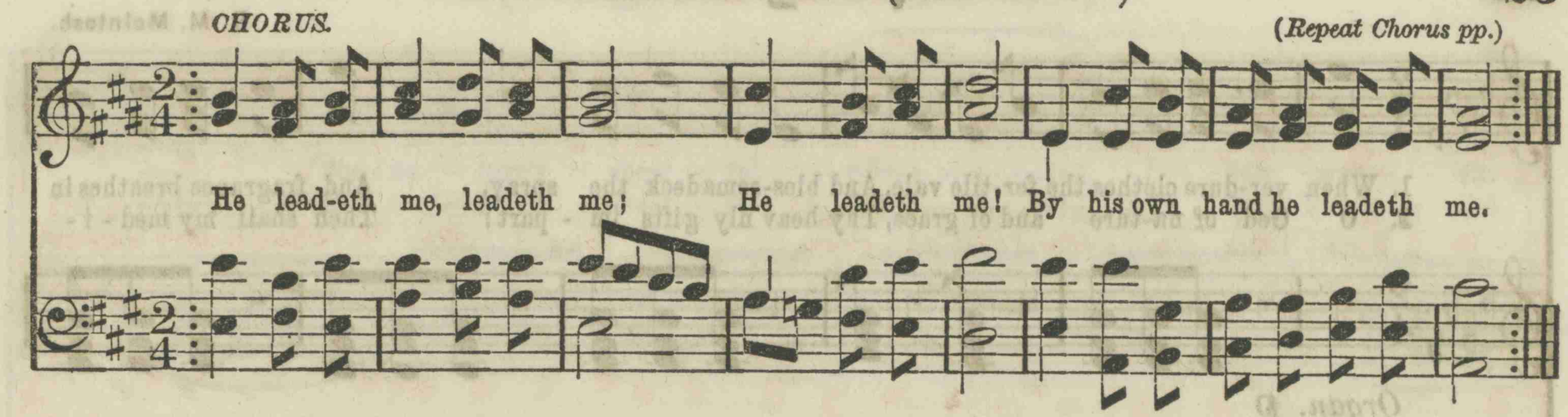
He Leadeth me.

Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.

1. He lead - eth me! Oh, blessed thought, Oh, words with heav'nly com-fort
2. Some - times mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some - times where E-den's bow-ers

fraught! What - e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
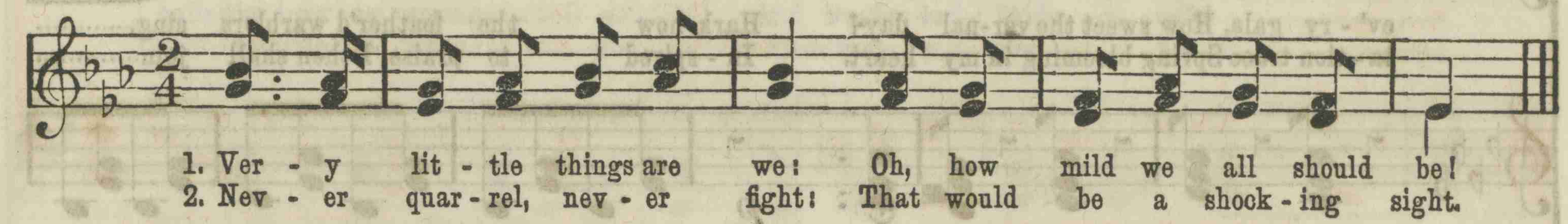
He Leadeth me. (Concluded.)



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

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

Very Little Things are we.



3 Just like pretty little lambs
Softly skipping by their dams.

4 We will love our teachers too,
And be always kind and true.

5 We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn, and cease to play,

6 And attend to every rule
Of our much-loved Sabbath-school.

Spring-Time.

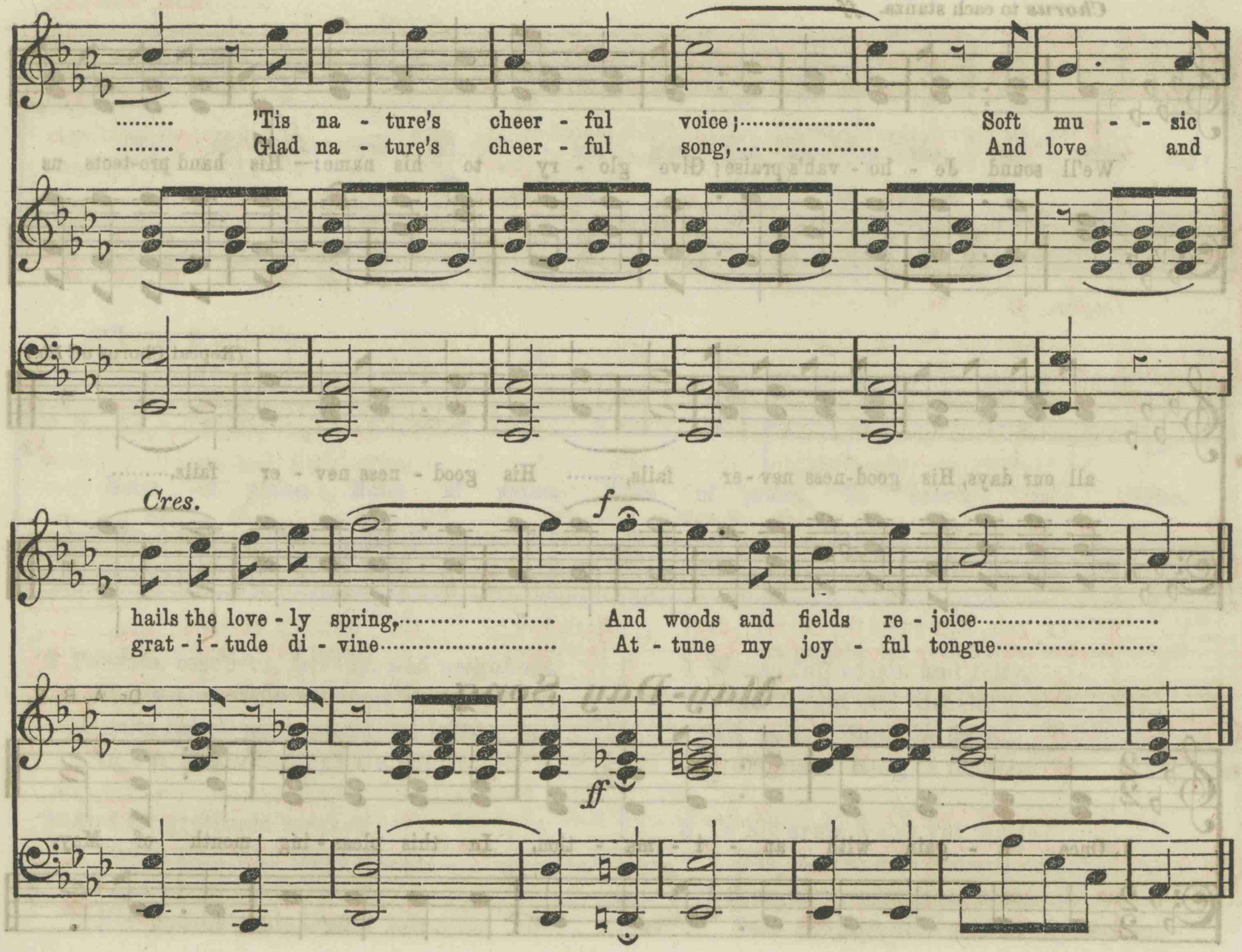
R. M. McIntosh.

1. When ver-dure clothes the fer-tile vale, And blos-soms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in
2. O God of na-ture and of grace, Thy heav'nly gifts im - part; Then shall my med - i -

Organ. p
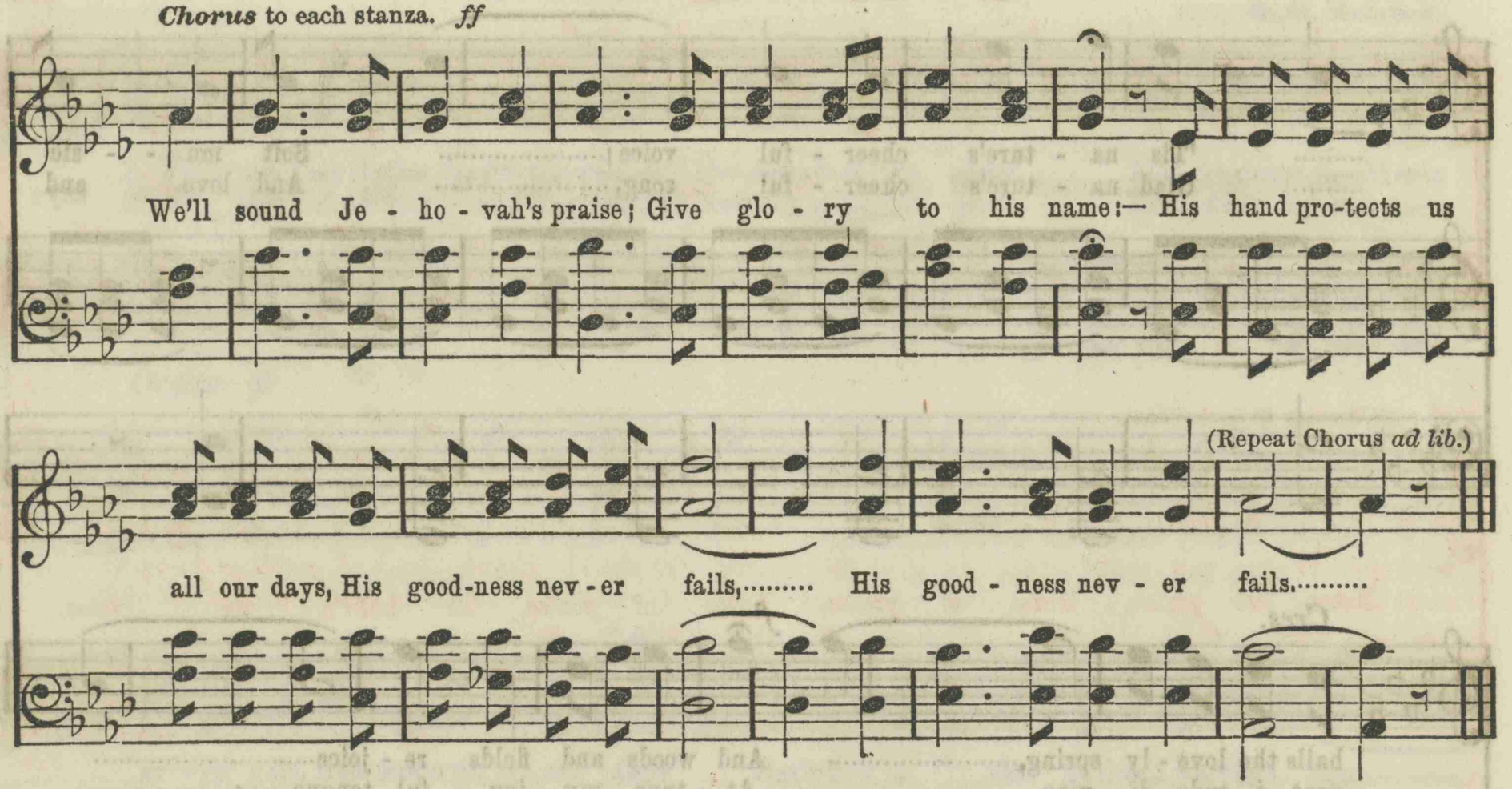
ev' - ry gale, How sweet the ver-nal day! Hark how the feather'd warblers sing,.....
ta - tion trace Spring blooming in my heart. In - spired to praise, I then shall join.....

p


'Tis na - ture's cheer - ful voice; Soft mu - - sic
Glad na - ture's cheer - ful song, And love and
Cres.
f
hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice
grat - i - tude di - vine At - tune my joy - ful tongue
ff
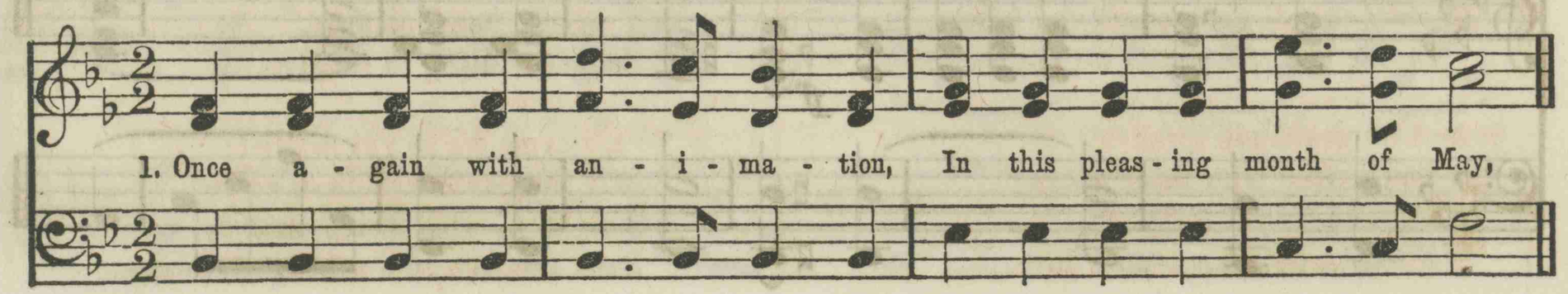
Spring-Time. (Concluded.)

Chorus to each stanza. *ff*
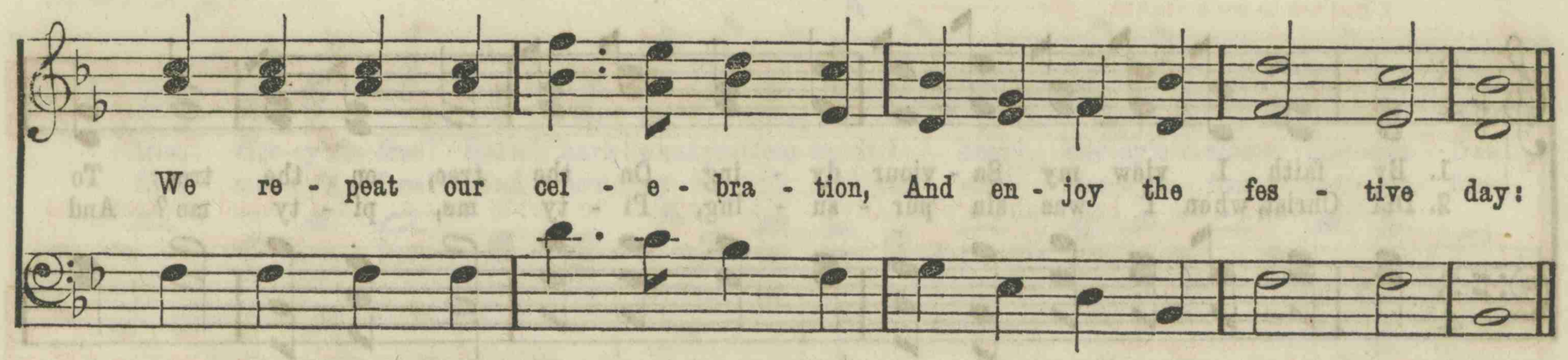


May-Day Song.
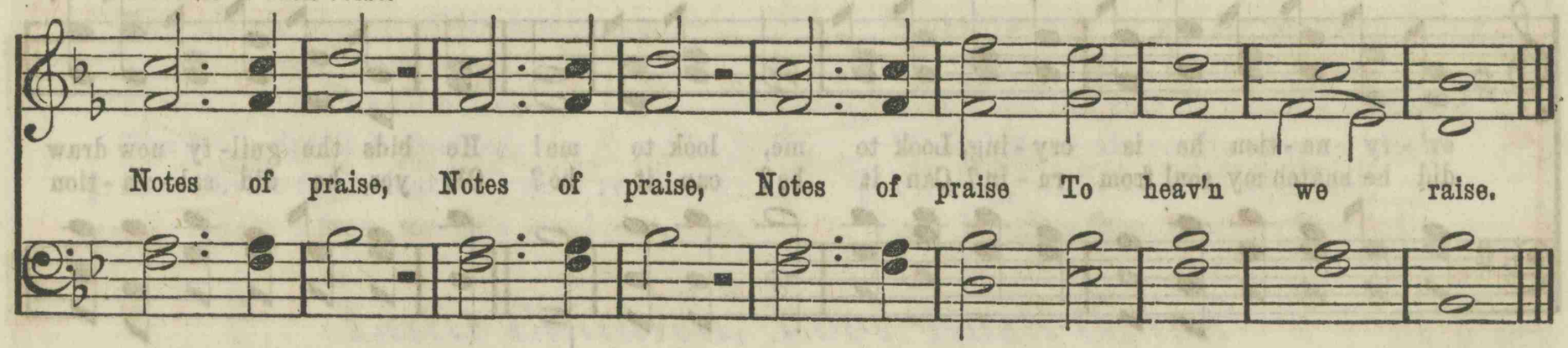
Dr. A. B. E.



May-Day Song. (Concluded.)



Chorus to each verse.



2 Parents, teachers, friends, and neighbors,
Met with us this welcome hour,
Thanks for all your cares and labors,
In our grateful songs we pour.

3 And let gratitude awaken
To the God who rules above;
He has never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.

4 We, so full of sin and folly,
Oft forget and disbelieve;
He, so excellent, so holy,
Still is waiting to forgive.

5 To his arms we're yet invited;
'Tis the Saviour bids us come;
Let us then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heav'nly home.

Mercy's Free.

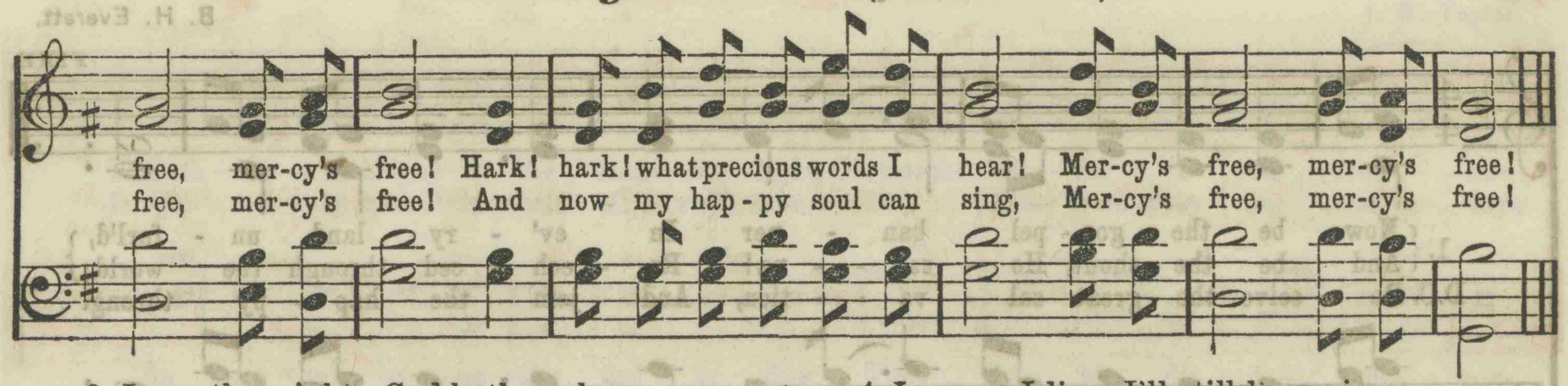
Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. By faith I view my Sa - viour dy - ing On the tree, on the tree; To
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pi - ty me, pi - ty me? And

ev' - ry na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me! He bids the guil - ty now draw
did he snatch my soul from ru - in? Can it be? can it be? Oh, yes, he did sal - va - tion

near: Re - pent, be - lieve, dis-miss thy fear;— Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! Mer-cy's
bring: He is my Pro-phet, Priest, and King; And now my hap - py soul can sing, Mer-cy's

Mercy's Free. (Concluded.)

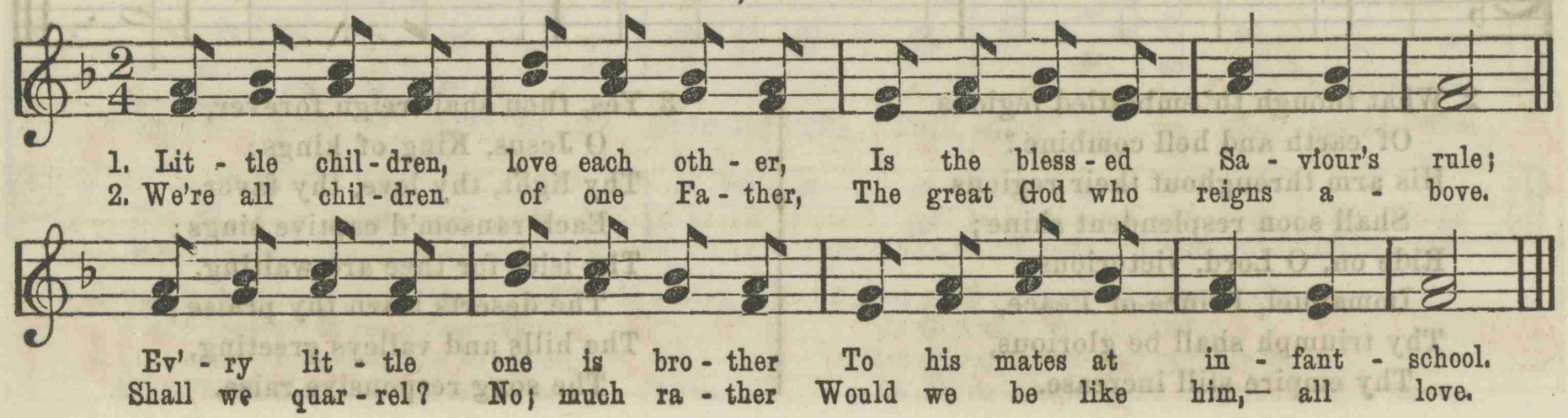


3 Jesus the mighty God hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,—
I am free, I am free!
For as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
‖: And Christ from death my soul retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free! :‖

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
‖: I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free! :‖

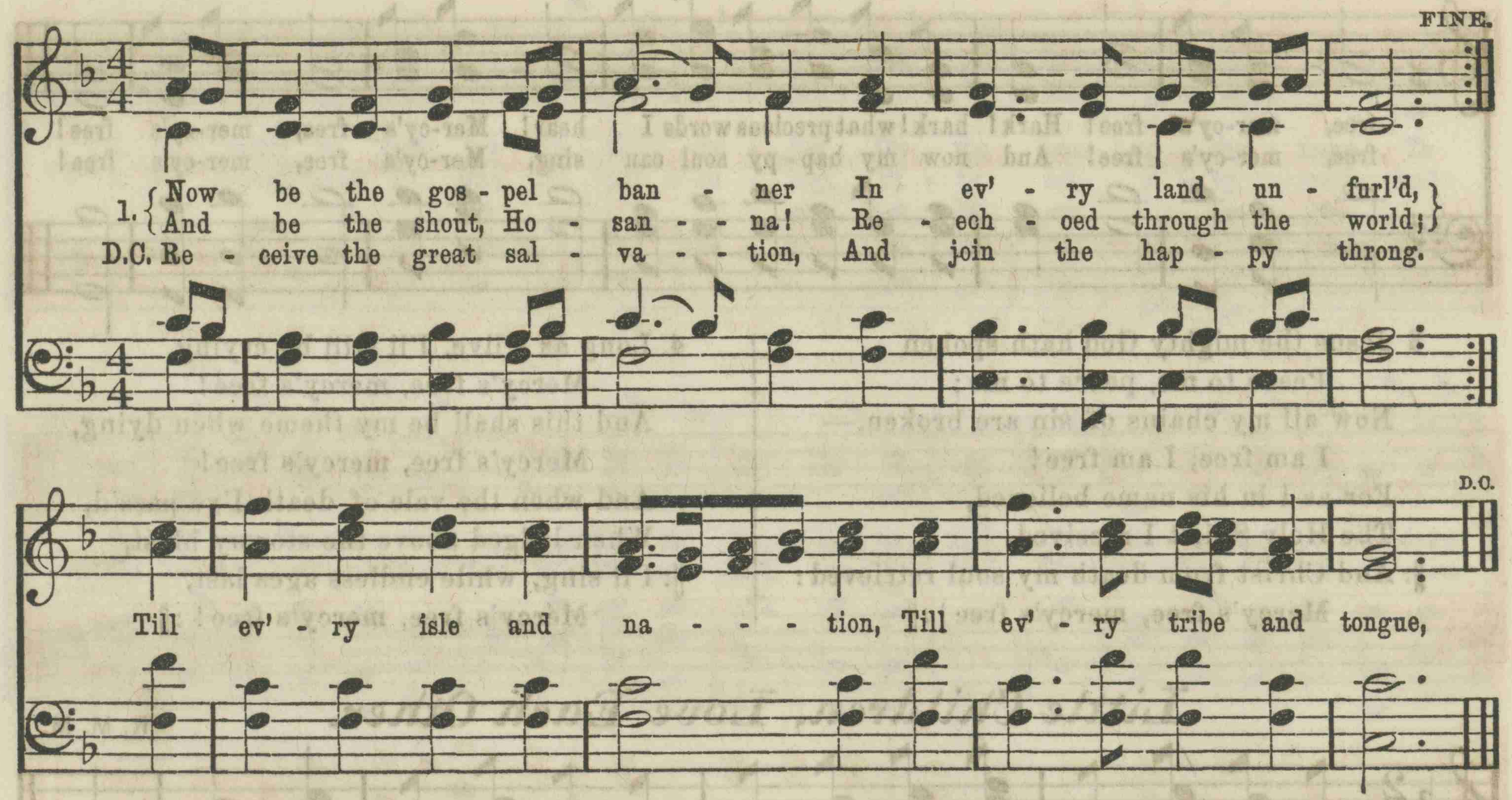
Little Children, Love Each Other.

R. M. M.



Gospel Banner.

B. H. Everett.

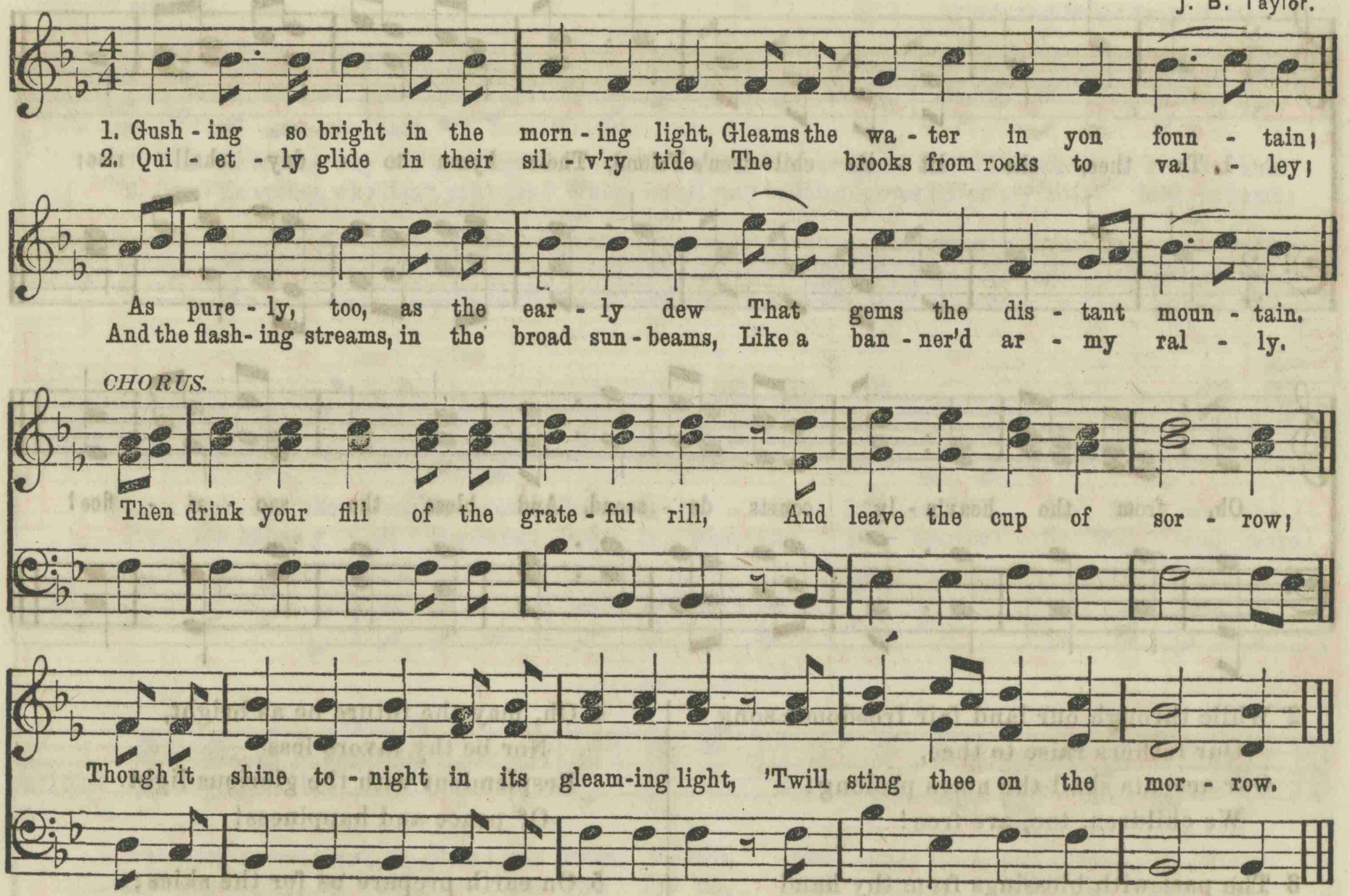


2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Gushing so Bright.

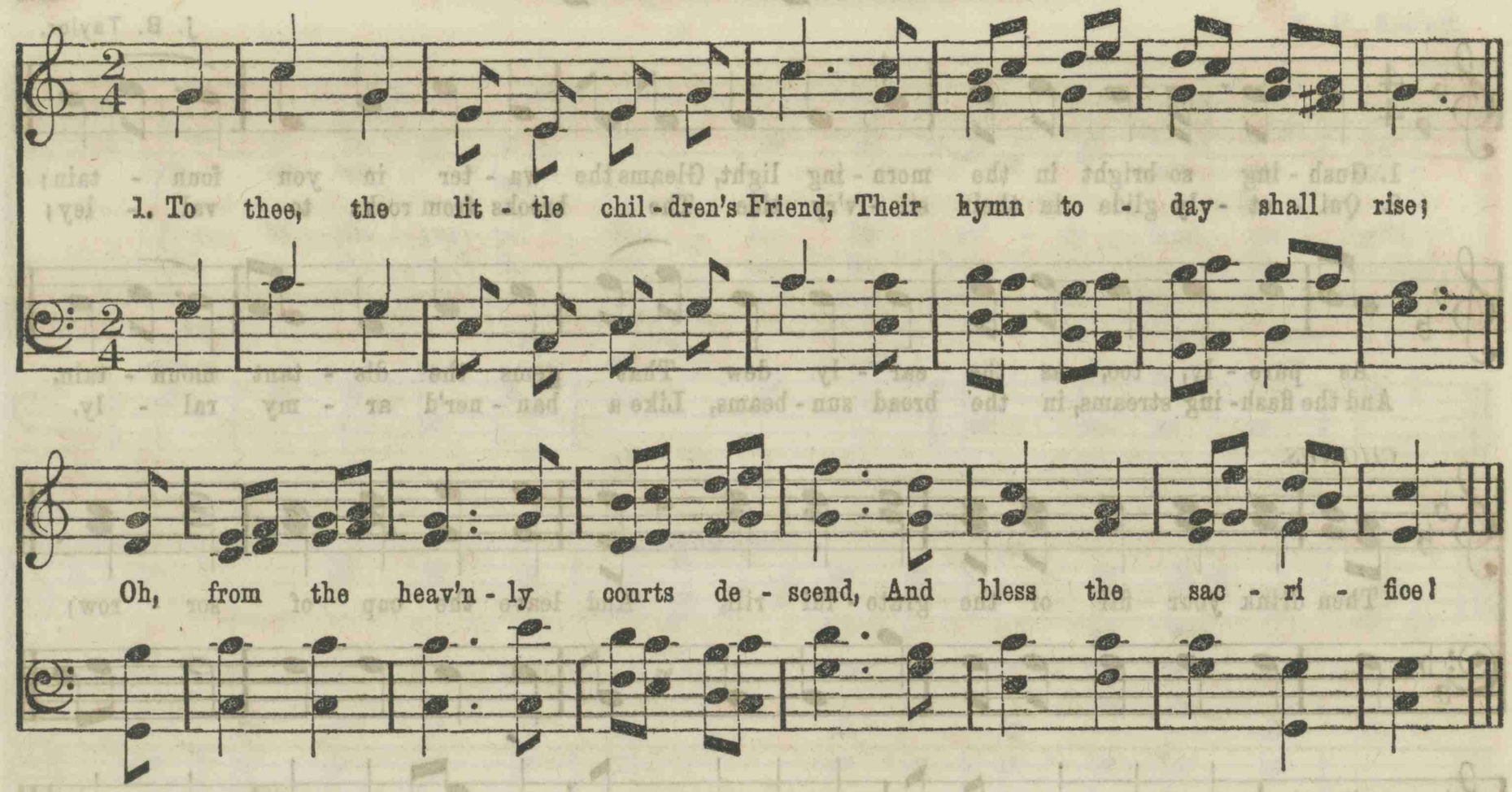
J. B. Taylor.



3 Touch not the wine, though brightly it shine,
When Nature to man has given
A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,
A bev'rage that flows from heaven.—*Chorus.*

4 Not only here of the water clear
Is God the lavish giver;
But when we rise to yonder skies,
We'll drink of life's bright river.—*Chorus.*

Fourth of July.



2 While through our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee,
Our accents shall the notes prolong:
We children, too, are free!

3 The past with blessings from thy hand
Was richly scatter'd o'er,
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.

4 Oh, may the future be as bright,
Nor be thy favors less
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness!

5 On earth prepare us for the skies;
And, when our life is o'er,
Let us to purer mansions rise,
And praise thee evermore.

The Child's Wish for Spring.

Moderato.

Words and Music by J. H. Hewitt.

1. Gen - tle spring, why don't you come? Pretty flow-ers, where are you? Hark! the wintry bree-zes hum
2. Gen - tle spring, why don't you come? Where are all your budding leaves? E'en my little bird is dumb;

Mourn - ful - ly the branches through. Snow is o - ver field and hill, Ice is on the
For the balm - y air it grieves. God is wise, 'tis his de-cree: He will soon make

val - ley stream; Now its plain - tive voice is still, And its rip - ples seem to dream.
flow'rs spring up; By - and - by the rose I'll see, And the li - ly's ho - ney - cup.

This World is all a Fleeting Show.

G. W. Linton.

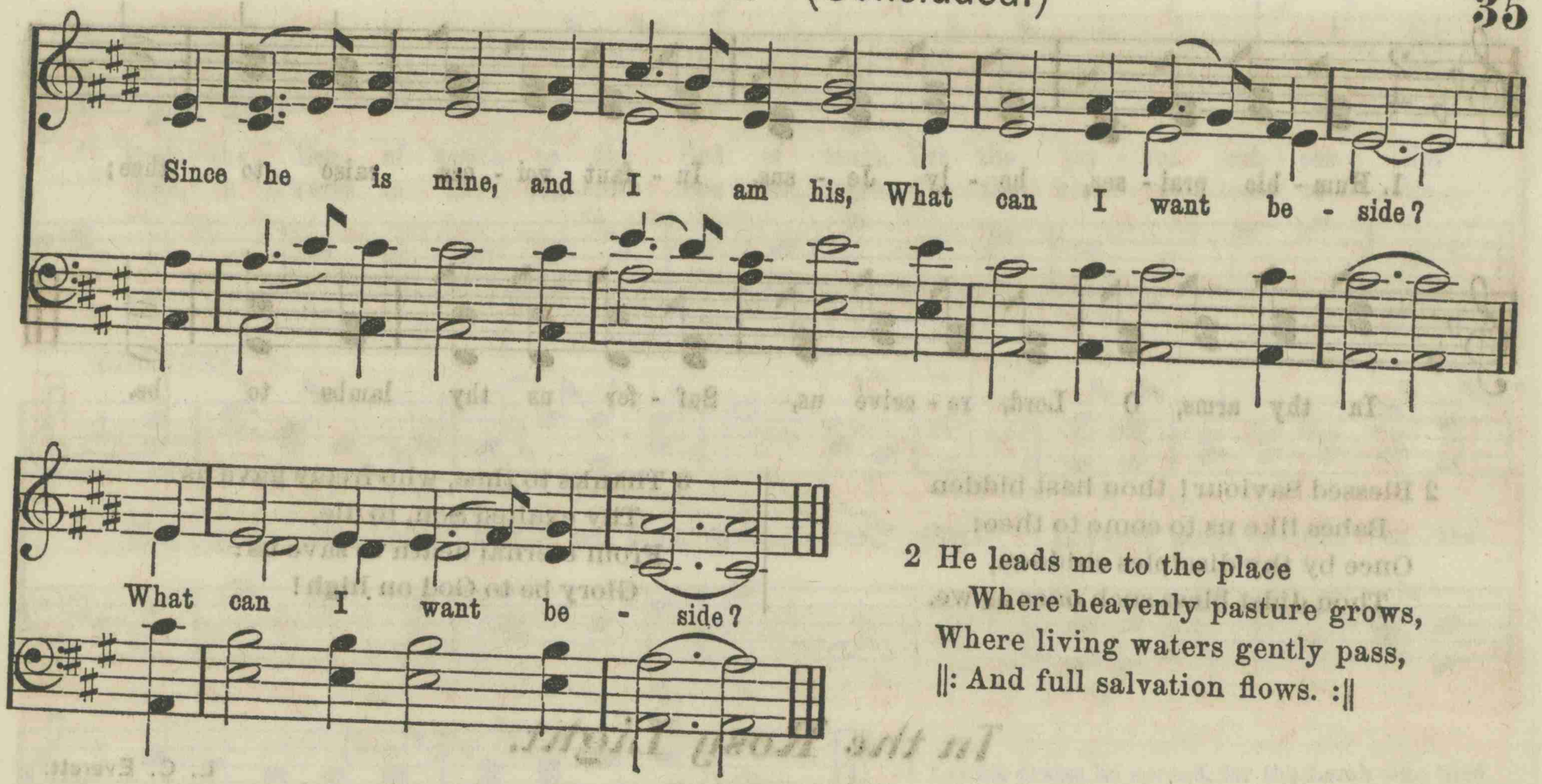
1. This world is all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n; The smiles of joy, the
2. And false the light on glo - ry's plume As fad - ing hues of ev'n; And love and hope and
3. Poor wan - d'rers of a storm - y day, From wave to wave we're driv'n; And fan-cy's flash and

tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow: There's no-thing true but heav'n.
beau - ty's bloom Are blos - soms ga - ther'd for the tomb: There's no-thing bright but heav'n.
rea - son's ray Serve but to light the trou - bled way: There's no-thing calm but heav'n.

Schuman.

L. C. Everett.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is: I shall be well sup - plied.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
‖: And full salvation flows. :‖

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
‖: For his most holy name. :‖

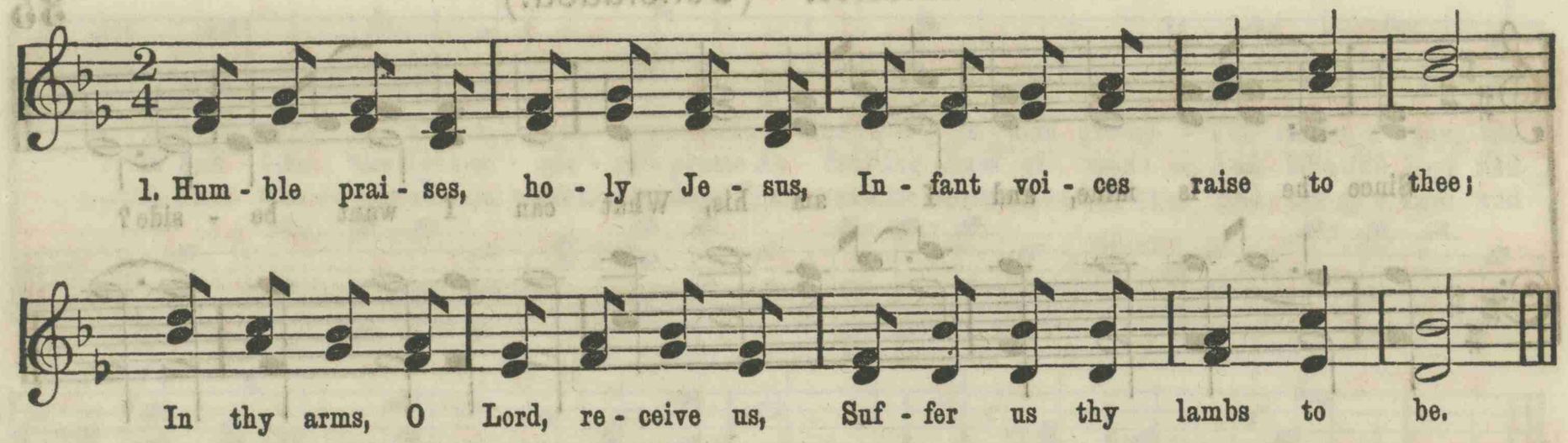
4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
‖: My Shepherd's with me there. :‖

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
‖: And joy exalts my head. :‖

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
‖: Nor cease to speak thy praise. :‖

Infant Praise.

R. M. M.
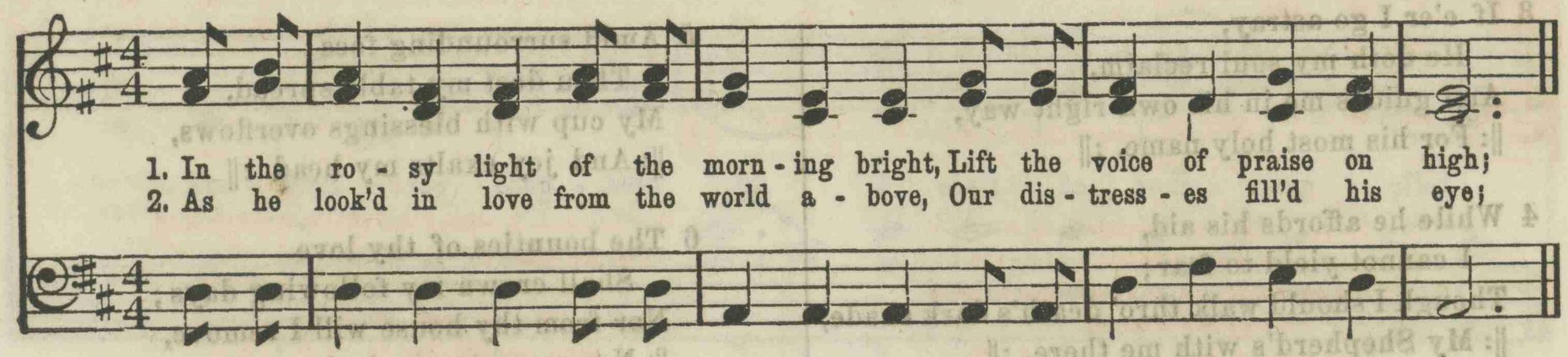


2 Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee:
Once by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

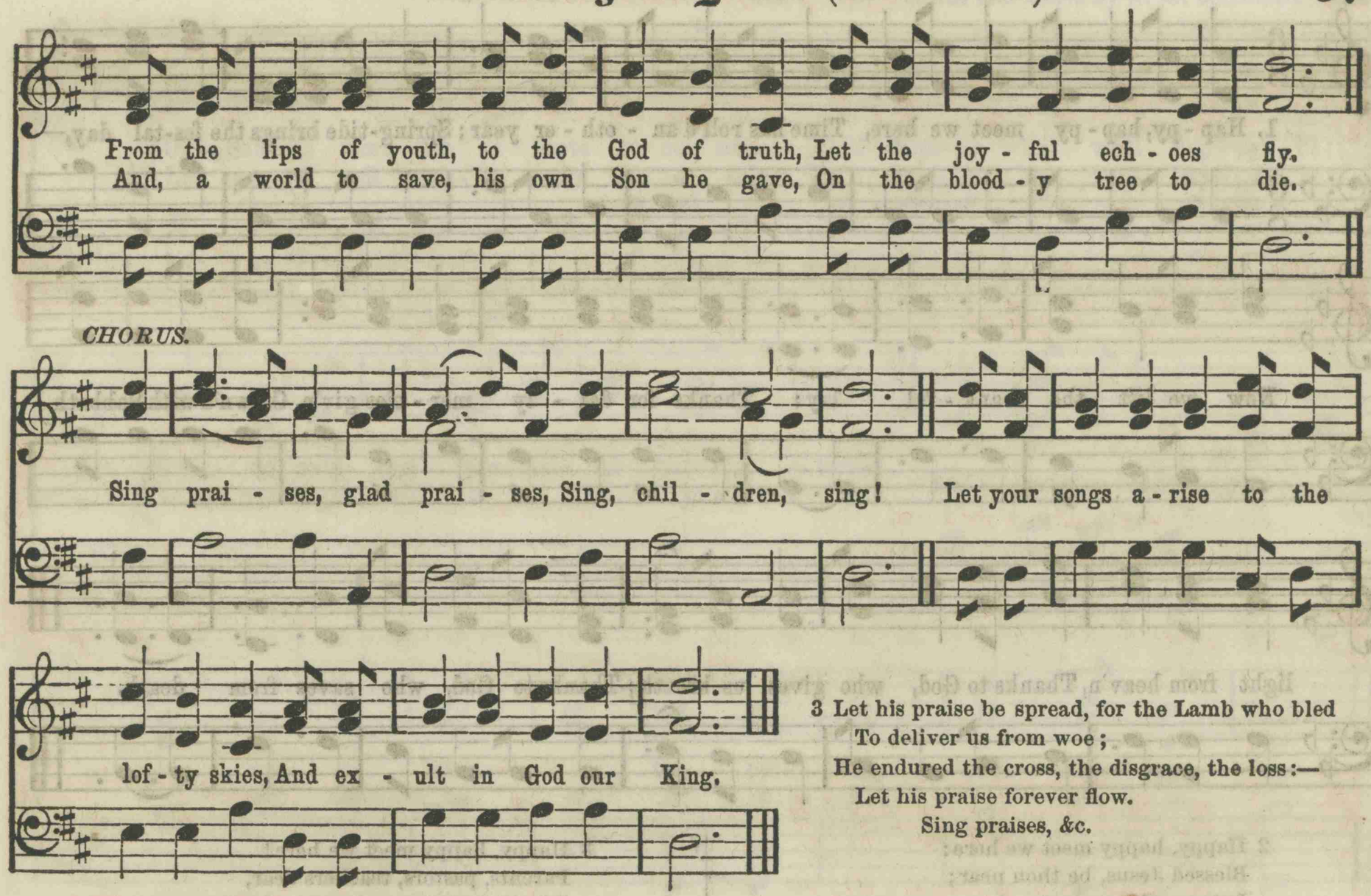
3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy exalted Son, to die,
From eternal death to save us:
Glory be to God on high!

In the Rosy Light.

L. C. Everett.



In the Rosy Light. (Concluded.)

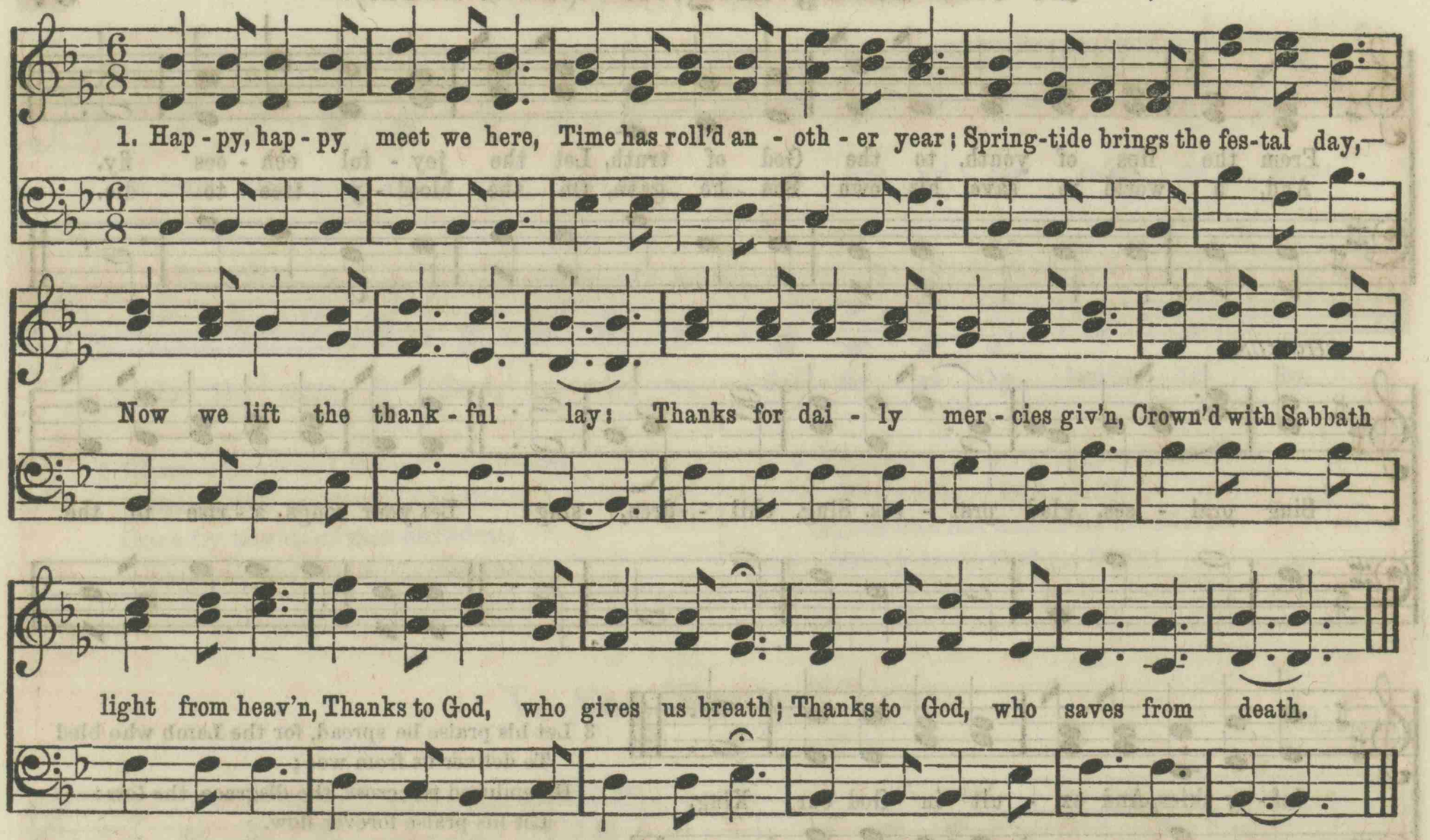


3 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss:—
Let his praise forever flow.
Sing praises, &c.

4 Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still,
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

Happy Meet we here. (Anniversary Hymn.)

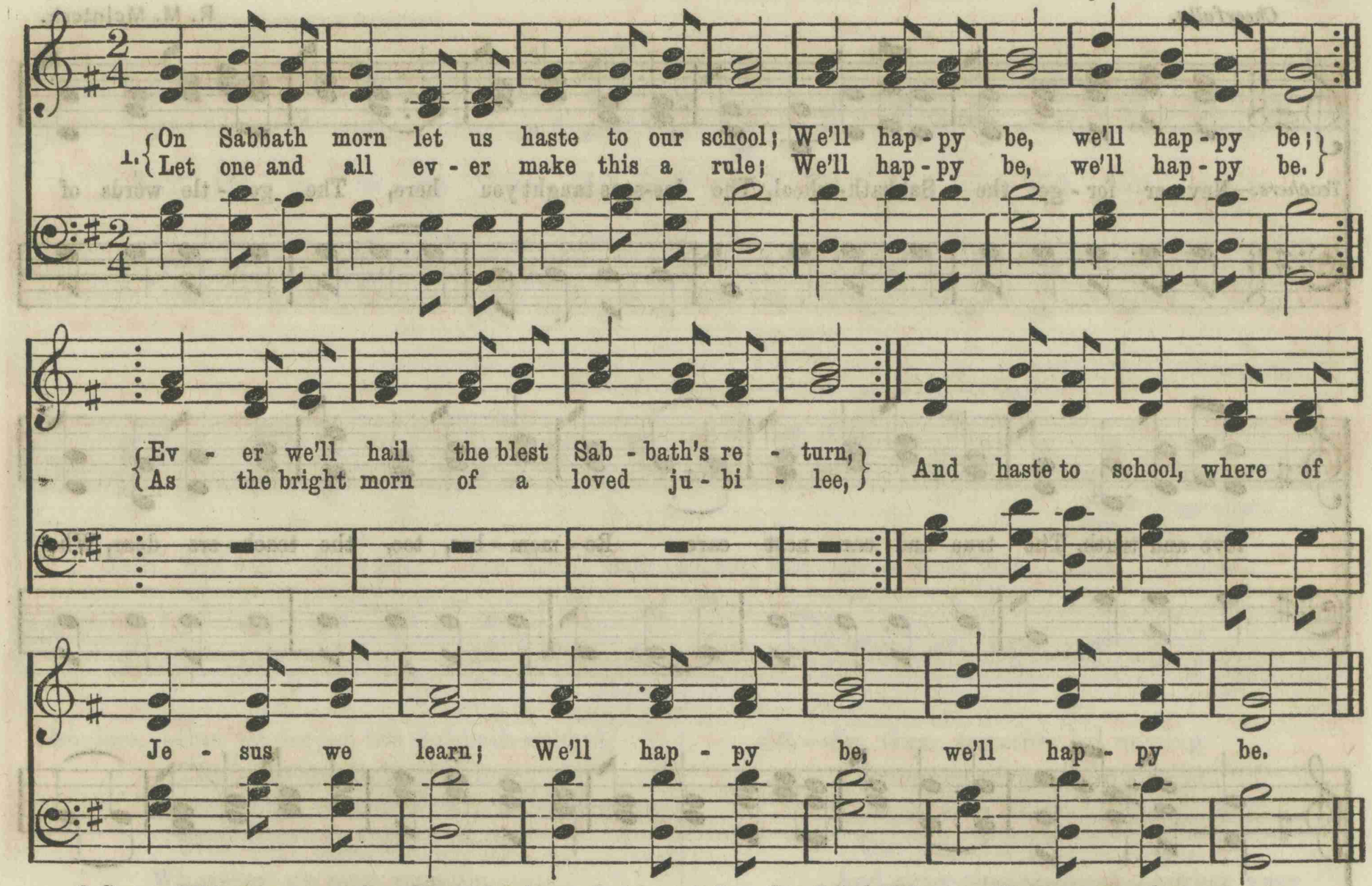


2 Happy, happy meet we here:
Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by thee.
Praise the Saviour's precious name!—
He to save from heaven came,—
For our sins did bleed and die:
Now he pleads for us on high.

3 Happy, happy meet we here!
Parents, pastors, teachers dear,
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys.
Thanks to God for parents kind;
Thanks for friends with hearts inclined
Thus to guide us in the road
Leading safely up to God

On Sabbath Morn.

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.

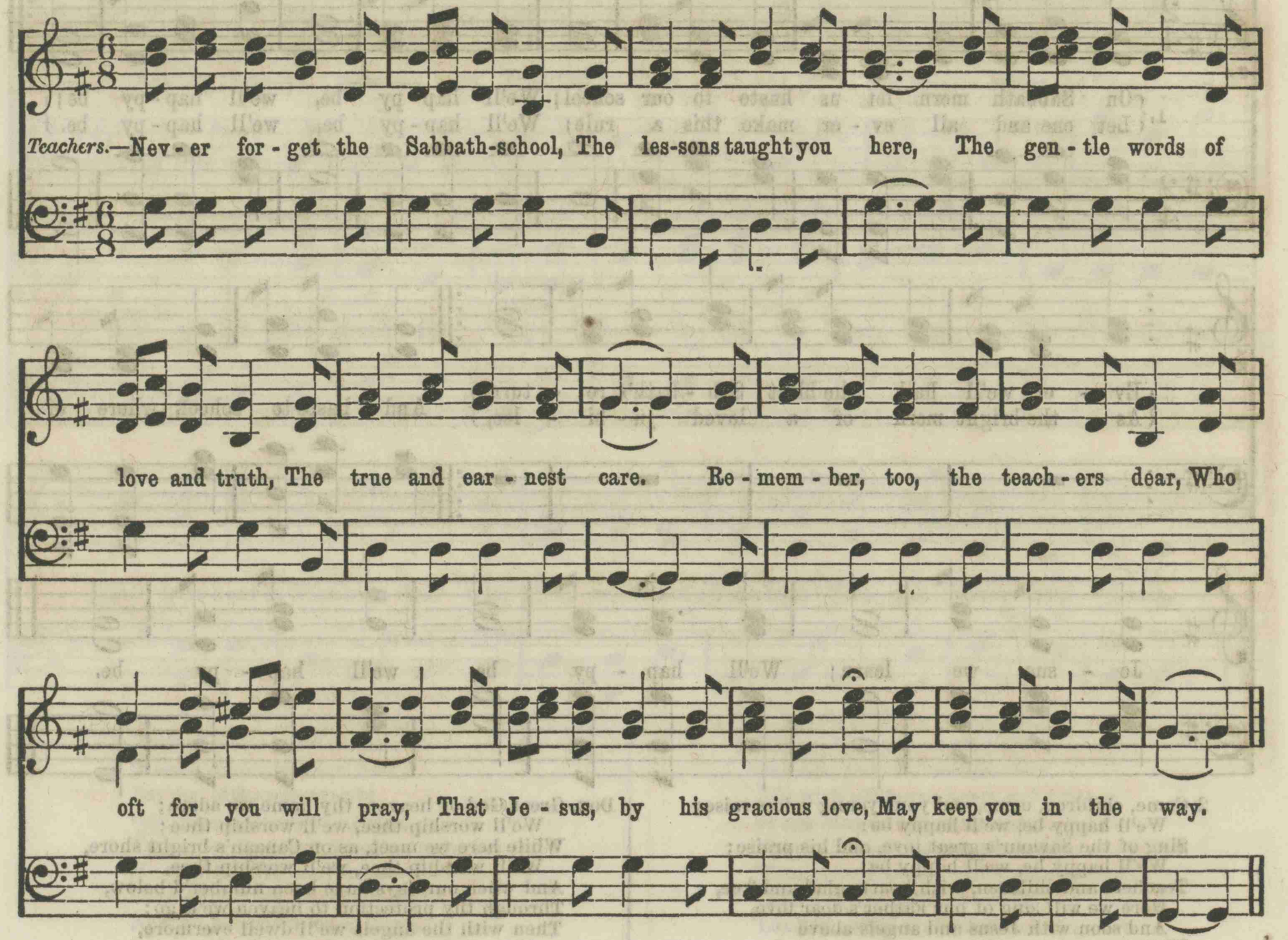


2 Come, children, come, and your young voices raise;
We'll happy be, we'll happy be;
Sing of the Saviour's great love, and his praise;
We'll happy be, we'll happy be.
Teachers and children, with hearts glad and free,
Here we will sing of our Father's dear love,
And soon with Jesus and angels above
We'll happy be, we'll happy be.

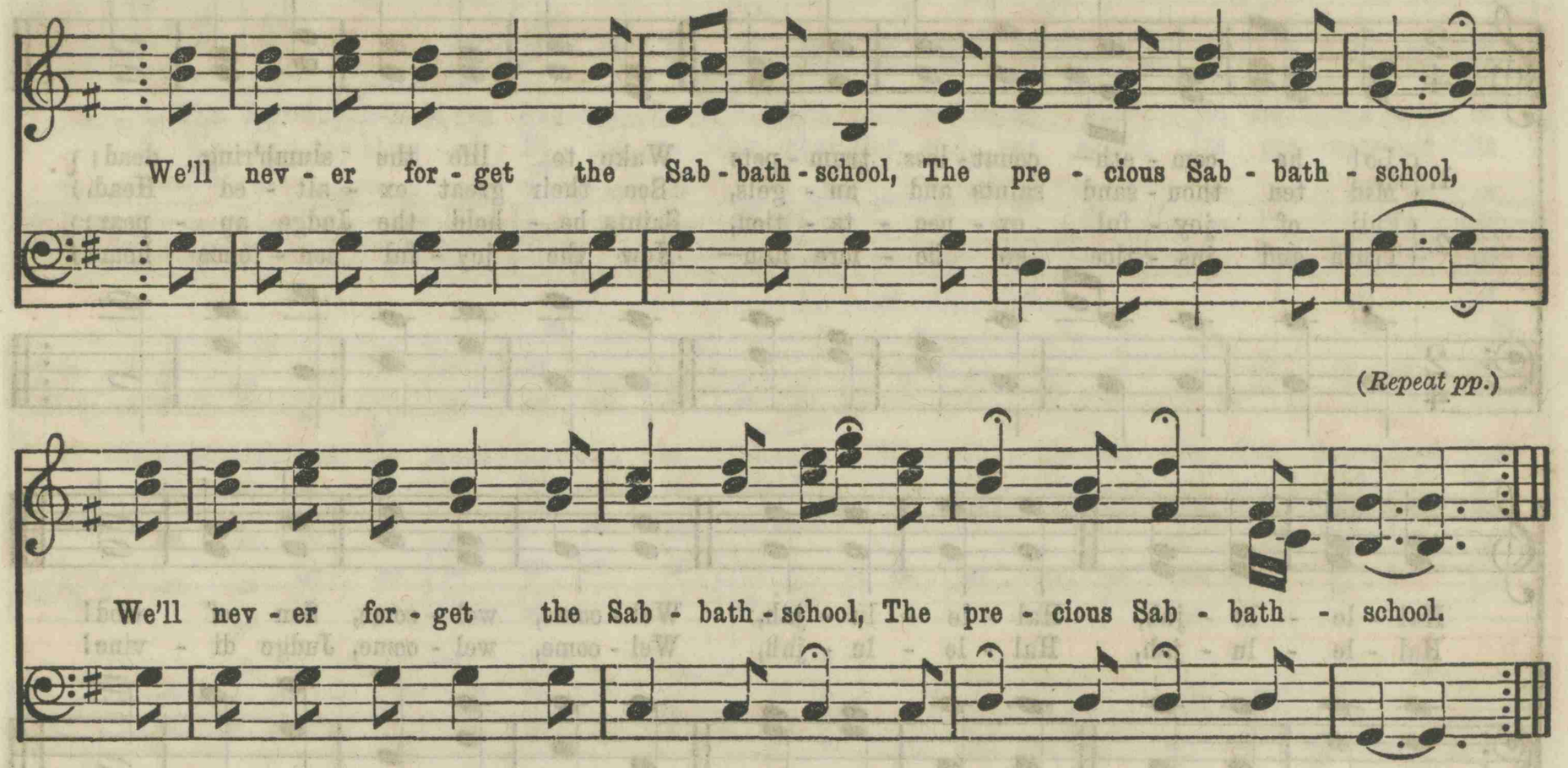
Dox. Great God of heaven, thy name we adore;
We'll worship thee, we'll worship thee;
While here we meet, as on Canaan's bright shore,
We'll worship thee, we'll worship thee.
And when our days have been number'd below,
Through thy protection to heaven we'll go;
Then with the angels we'll dwell evermore,
And worship thee, and worship thee.

We'll never forget the Sabbath-School.

Cheerfully. R. M. McIntosh.



Chorus of Teachers and Scholars.

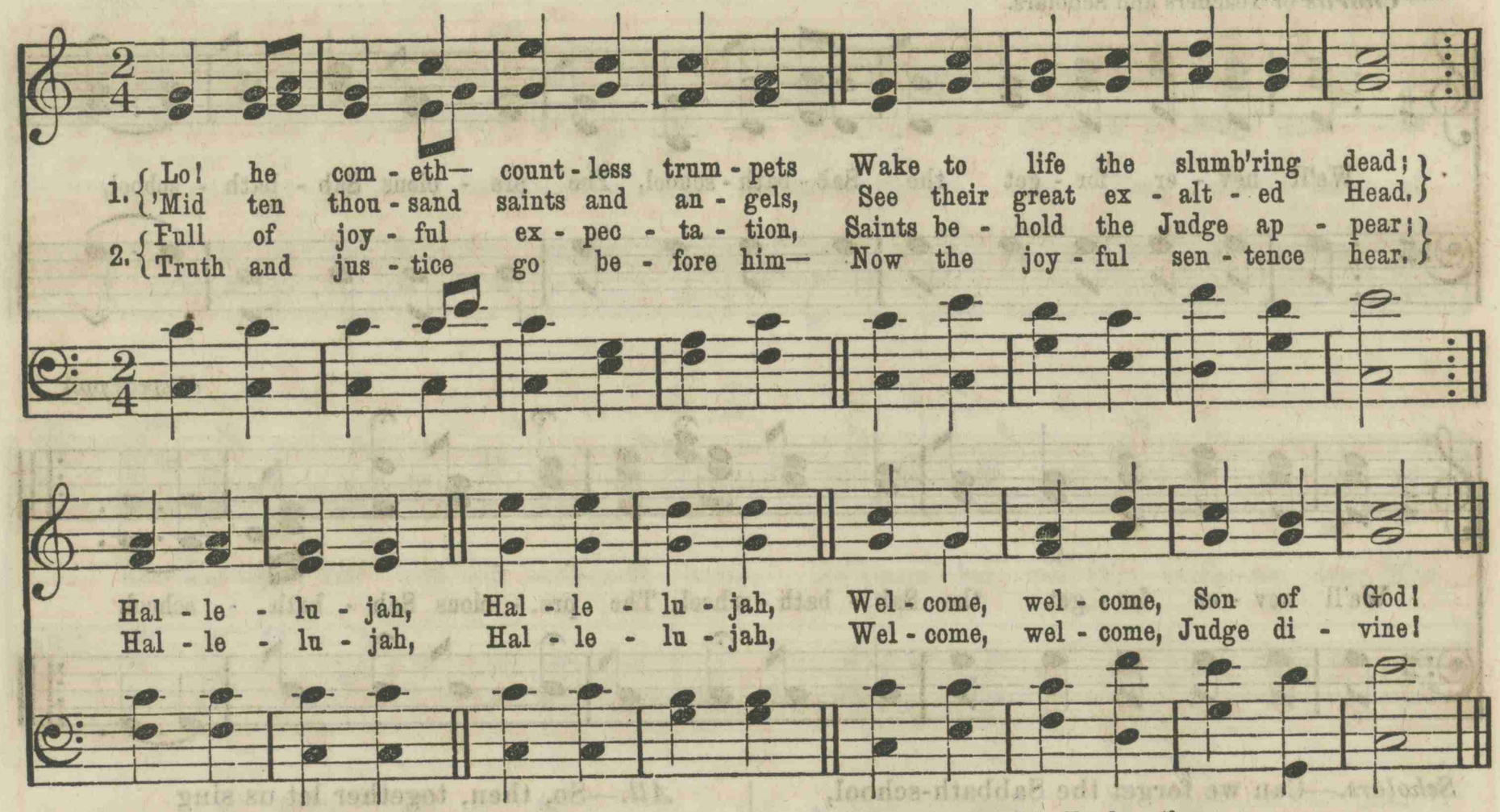


Scholars.—Can we forget the Sabbath-school,
The place of light and love,
Place where we learn of wisdom's ways,
That lead to homes above?
Wherever we may wander,
Where through the week we roam,
We'll not forget the teachers dear
Of this our Sabbath home.
We'll never forget, &c.

All.—So, then, together let us sing
In songs of grateful praise,
To Him who reigneth in the skies
Our grateful tribute raise,
And pray that through another year
His blessings may attend,
And that we never may forget
The sinner's truest Friend.
We'll never forget, &c.

Lo! He Cometh. (Advent.)

R. M. McIntosh.



1 Lo! He comes, in clouds descending,
Once on earth for sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own.
Hallelujah!
Come and make thy glory known.

4 Yet with mingled hope and fearing,
Wait we still our Judge to see;
In the day of thine appearing,
Spotless, blameless, may we be!
Ever watching,
Teach us, Lord, to welcome thee.

1. The Sun-day-school! the Sun-day-school! Blest be the wondrous plan! So strong its pow'r, so
2. We hold the bless - ed Bi - ble as Our char - ter and our shield, Its pre - cepts and its

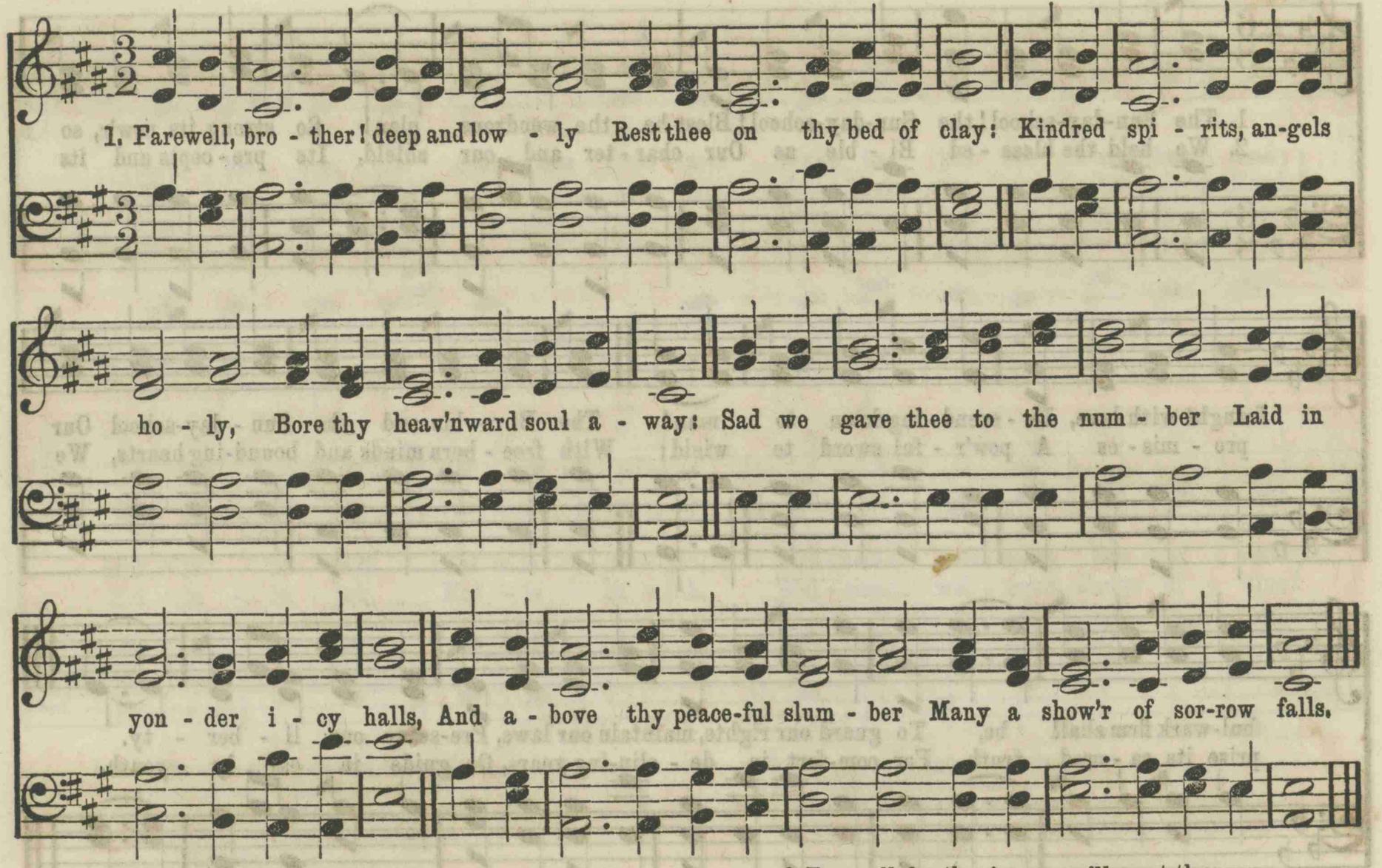
fraught with love, De - scend - ing down to man! The Bi - ble and the Sun - day-school Our
pro - mis - es A pow'r - ful sword to wield; With free - born minds and bound-ing hearts, We

bul-wark firm shall be, To guard our rights, maintain our laws, Pre-serve our li - ber - ty.
prize its sa - cred truth, For com-fort in de - clin-ing years, Or guide in ear ly youth.

3 Oh, holy book! Oh, happy day!
May unborn millions stand,
Surrounded by these bulwarks strong,
Throughout this happy land!
Nor tyrant's rod, nor despot's power,
Deprive us of our right
To serve our country and our God
In freedom's blessed light.

4 And when we stand on Zion's heights,
In the bright world above,
Where golden harps are sounding forth
The Saviour's dying love,
The Bible and the Sunday-school
Our anthems still shall be,
For they have led our wandering feet,
O Lord, to heaven and thee.

Farewell, Brother!



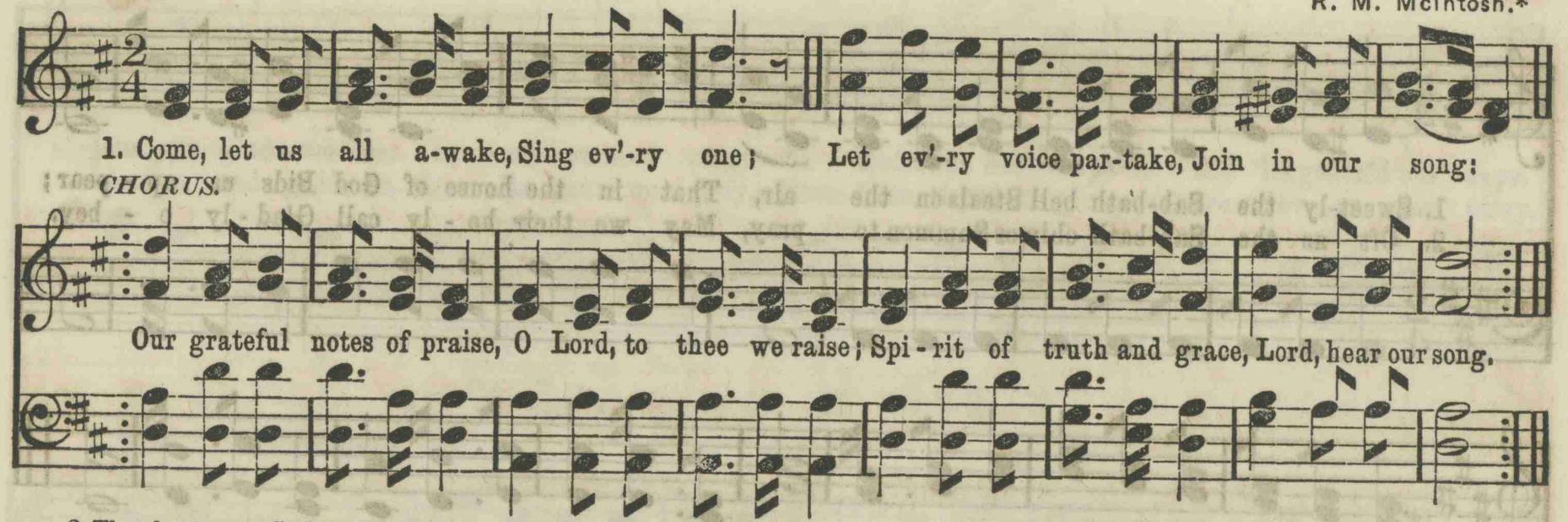
2 Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song:
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee—
Come, in holy trust made strong!
Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread;
Mortals! mortals! seek no longer
Those that live—among the dead.

3 Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls;
For glad tidings float, how swee tly!
From the glorious land of souls:
Death's cold gloom now parts asunder:
Lo! the folding shades are gone:
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder!
God's broad day comes pouring on.

Grateful Notes of Praise.

DUETT.

R. M. McIntosh.*



2 Thanks to our God on high,
Sing endless praise;
Thanks for his watchful eye,
Guiding our ways:
Thanks for his holy word,
Pointing to Jesus' blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
To endless days.
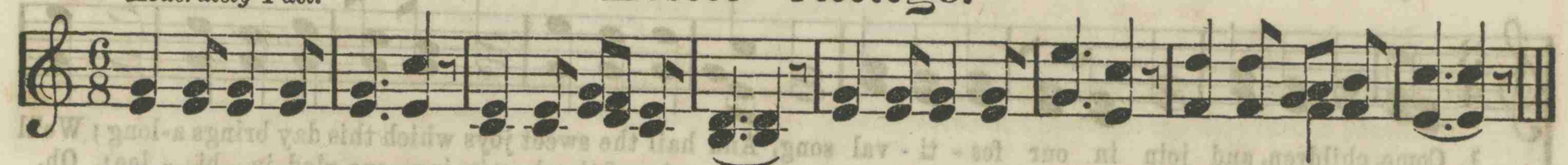
3 Down from his Father's throne,
Glorious and bright,
He came, and bled, and died,—
Oh, wondrous sight!
Jesus, to thee we come
In childhood's early bloom:
Oh, lead us safely home
To realms of light.

4 Then let us all awake,
Sing every one;
Let every voice partake,
Join in our song:
Children, his praise proclaim,
Teachers, prolong the strain:
Glory to Jesus' name!
Worthy the Lamb!

* (From the "Sunday-School Visitor.")

Little Things.

Moderately Fast.



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

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

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

Haste Away.

L. C. E.

1. Sweet-ly the Sab-bath bell Steals on the air, That in the house of God Bids us ap - pear;
2. Oft as the Sab-bath chimes Summon to pray, May we their ho - ly call Glad - ly o - bey.

"Chil-dren of God," it seems Soft - ly to say, "Haste a - way, haste a - way, Haste, haste a - way."
Then when the last sad bell For us shall sound, Rea - dy all, rea - dy all, May we be found.

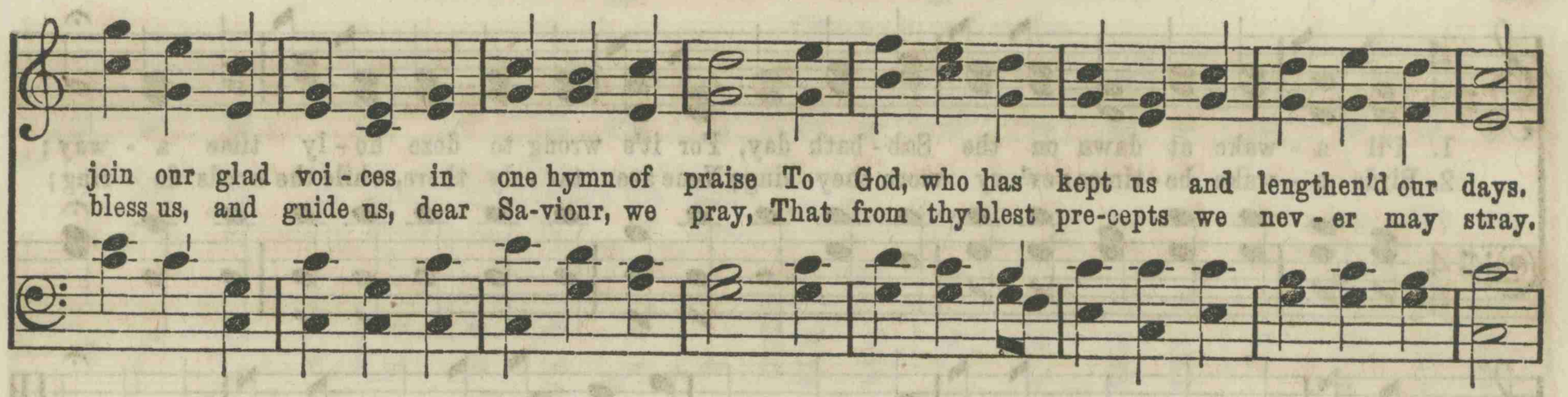
Happy Greeting to All.*

In quick time.

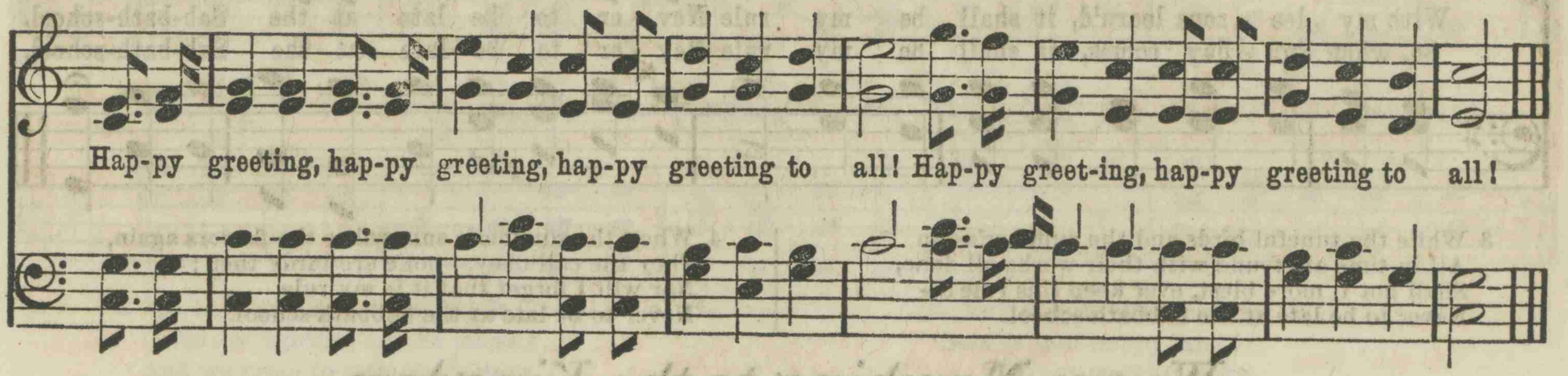
R. M. McIntosh.

1. Come, children, and join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings a-long; We'll
2. Our Fa-ther in hea - ven, we lift up to thee Our voice of thanks-giv-ing, our glad ju - bi - lee; Oh,

Happy Greeting to All. (Concluded.)



Chorus to each stanza.



3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

4 *Kind teachers*, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.

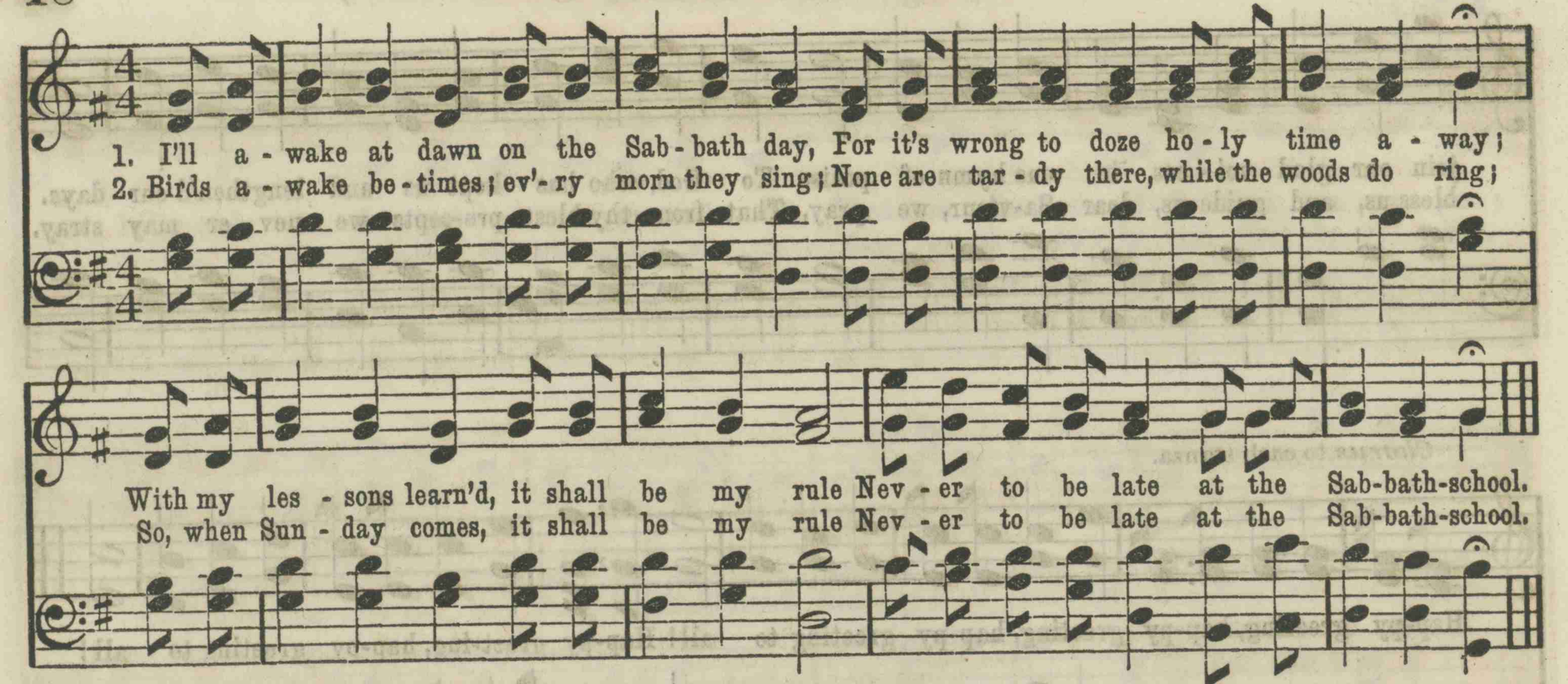
5 *Dear Pastor*, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold;
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."

6 And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer:
We pray for a blessing on your labors here:
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."

* In general anniversaries, omit the last two verses.

Never Late at Sabbath-School.

R. M. McIntosh.
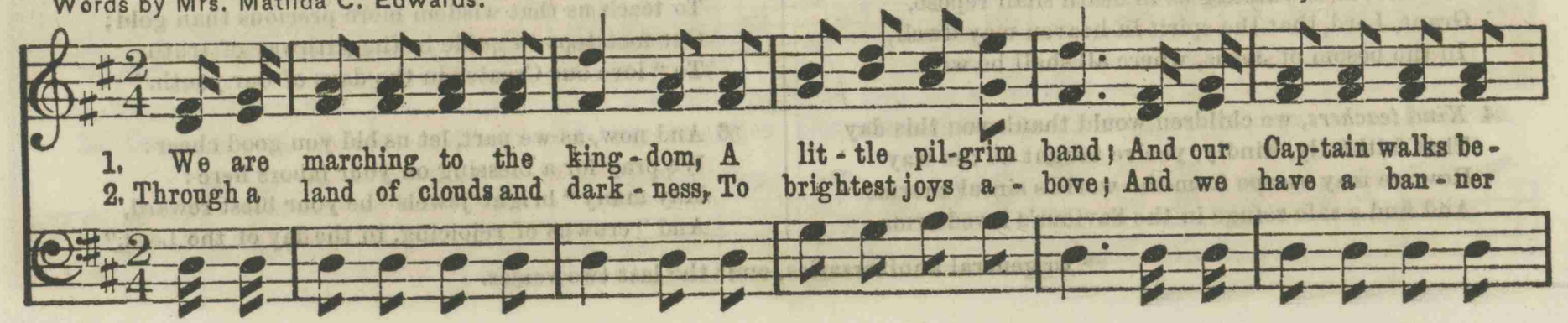


3 While the tuneful birds and the summer's sun
All in time are found with their works all done,
Shall not I, more blest, ever keep this rule?—
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

4 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey,—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

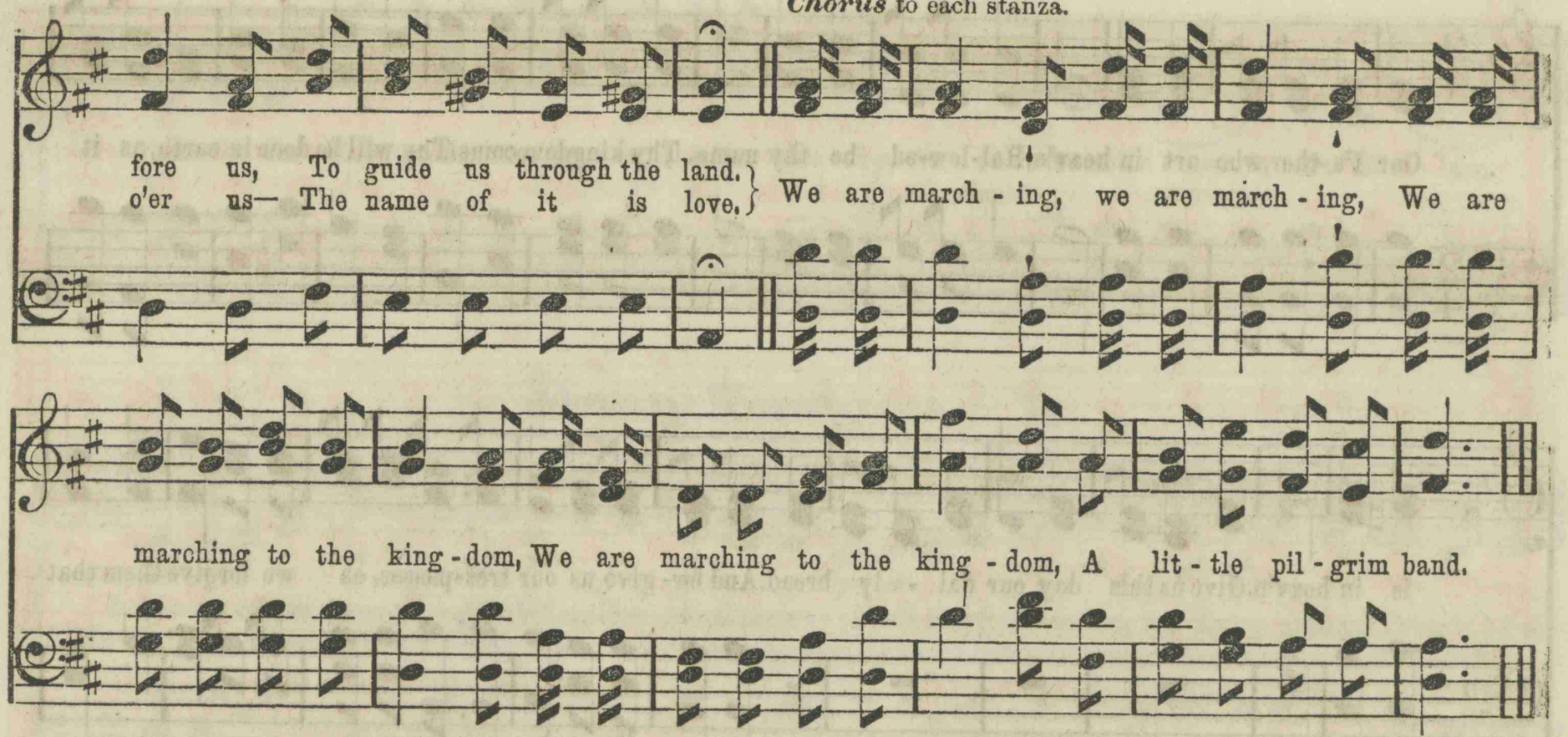
We are Marching to the Kingdom.

Words by Mrs. Matilda C. Edwards.

Music by R. M. McIntosh.



Chorus to each stanza.



3 We have just begun the battle,
We are fighting for the crown;
And we mean to gain the victory
Ere we lay our armor down.
We are marching, &c.

4 Oh, let us all with patience
The race before us run,
Ever looking unto Jesus,
Through whom the prize is won.
We are marching, &c.

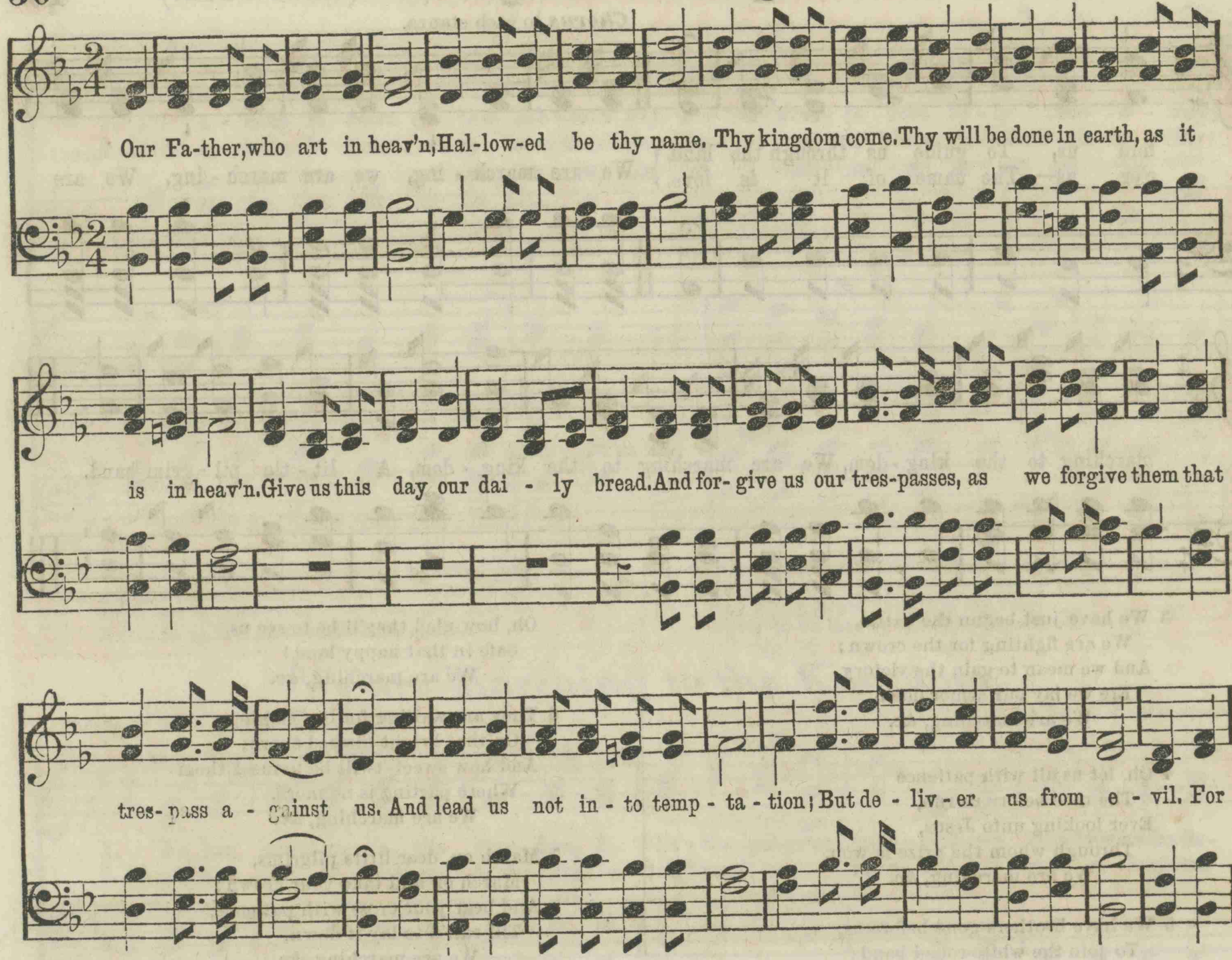
5 We have brothers gone before us,
To join the white-robed band:
Oh, how glad they'll be to see us
Safe in that happy land!
We are marching, &c.

6 They are waiting for our coming,
On that bright blessed shore;
And how sweet 'twill be to meet them
Where parting is no more.
We are marching, &c.

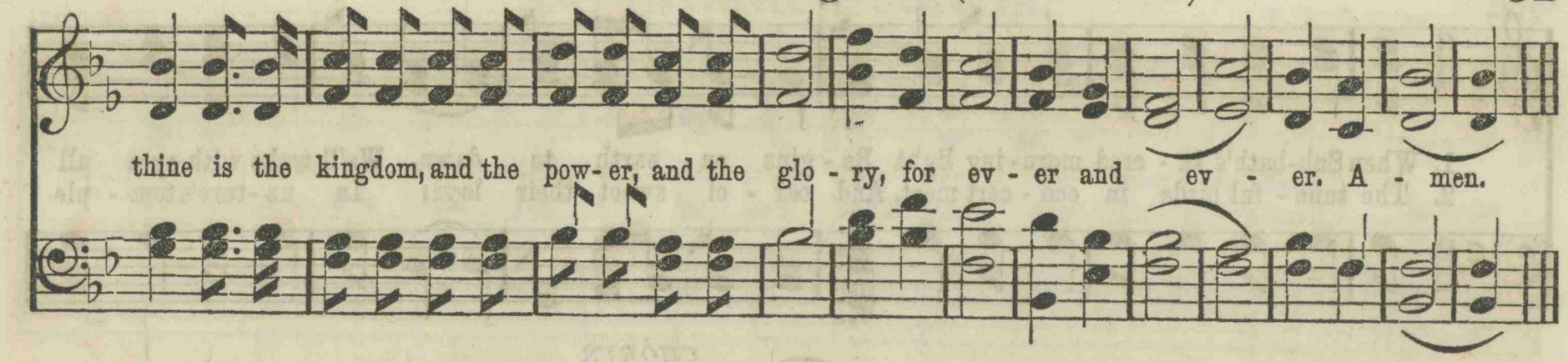
7 March on, dear little pilgrims,
March on and take your crown;
And bear your cross with patience,
Till call'd to lay it down.
We are marching, &c.

The Lord's Prayer.

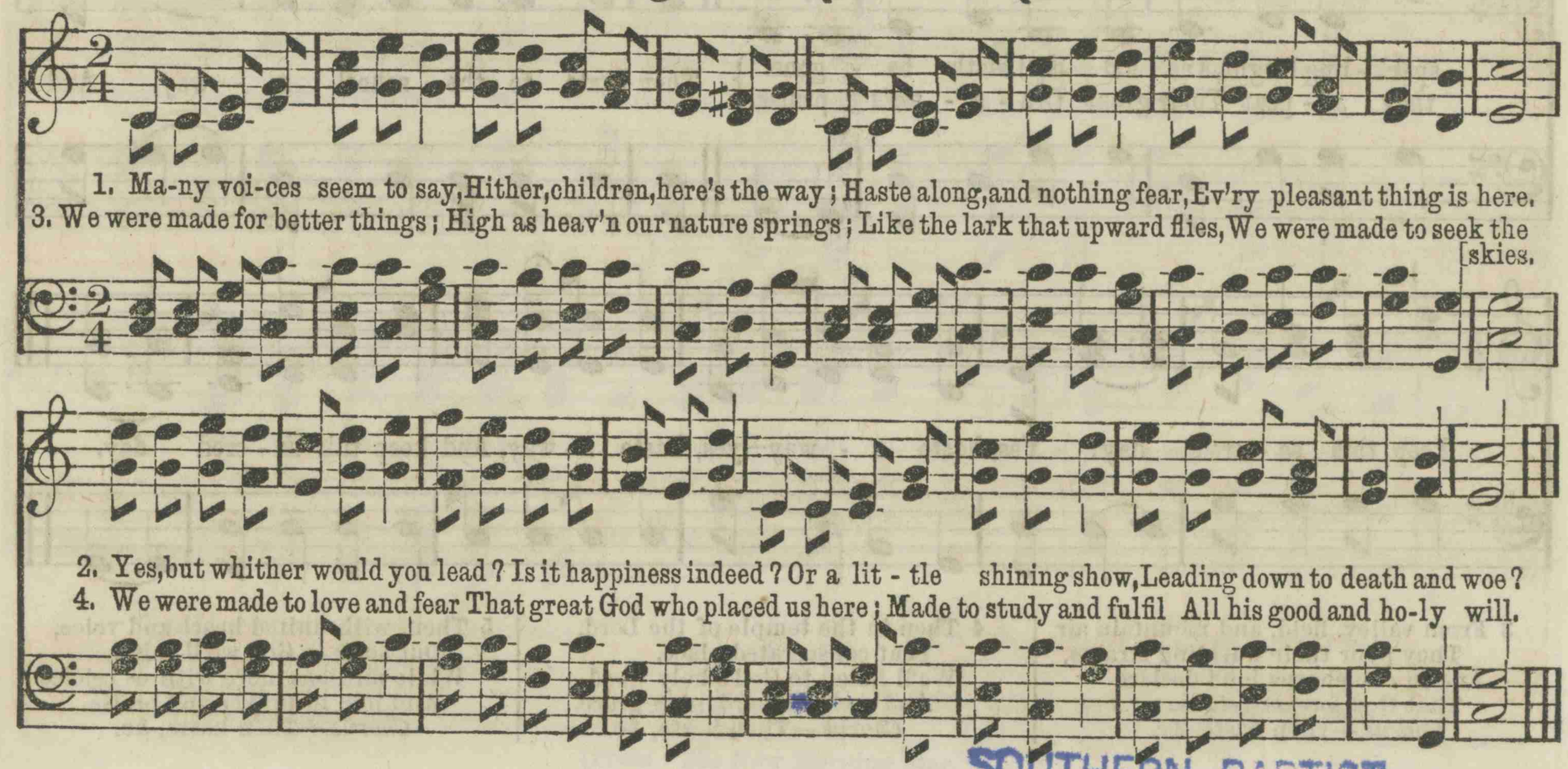
L. C. Everett.



The Lord's Prayer. (Concluded.)



Many Tempters. 7s.



SOUTHERN BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY

When Sabbath's Sacred Morning Light.

L. C. Everett.

1. When Sab-bath's sa - cred morn-ing light Be - gins on earth to dawn, We'll wake with eyes all
2. The tune - ful birds in con - cert meet, And car - ol sweet their lays: In na-ture's tem - ple

CHORUS.

spark - ling bright, And bid dull sloth be - gone.
they re - peat Their great Cre - a - tor's praise.
} Then haste to the school a - way, And

keep this sa - cred day: Yes, haste a - way—yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day.

3 From valley, field, and mountain air
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.
Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word
And seek his pardoning grace.
Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

5 Then, with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice
And join in prayer and praise.
Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY

Ye Valiant Soldiers.

T. E. Perkins.

1. { Ye va - liant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py, pray - ing band, }
{ Though in this world you suf - fer loss, You'll reach fair Ca - naan's land. } Let us

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

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

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

3 Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home!
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."—Let us, &c.

(From "The New Morning Star.")

Merrily the Temperance Horn.

Music by J. H. Hewitt. Arr. by Henry Tucker.

Duet.—Allegretto.

1. Mer - ri - ly the temp'-rance horn Is sound - ing o'er the sil - ver lake,
2. Cheer - ful - ly my harp I bring, And wake a wild - er, sweet - er strain,
3. Cheer - i - ly our foot - steps stray, Nor wait to think of dan - ger near;

Cheer - i - ly at ear - ly dawn Its swell - ing notes bid ech - o wake.
Joy - ous - ly my song I sing, And bid th' in - e - briate smile a - gain.
Mer - ri - ly, at close of day, We breathe the sweet - est mu - sic here.

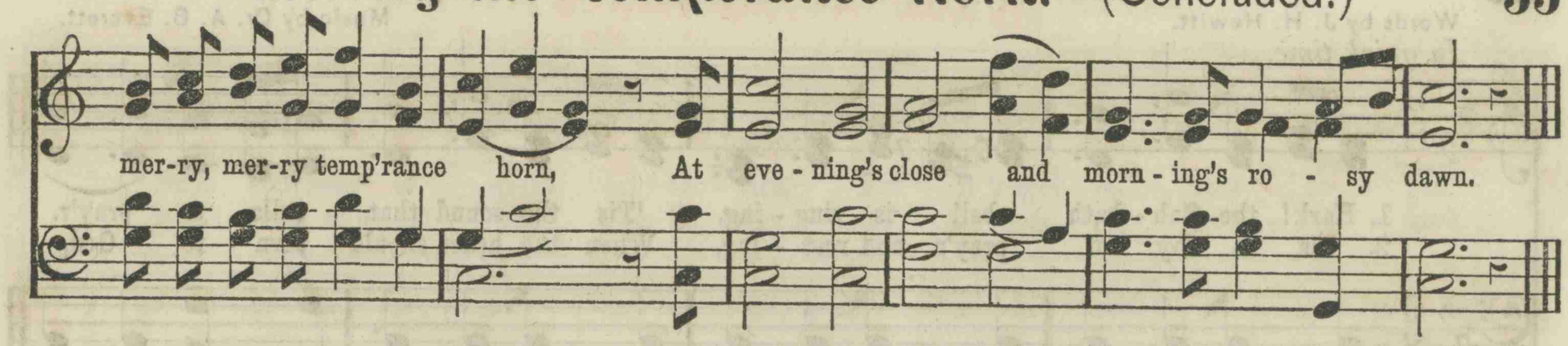
CHORUS.

Temp'rance, for thee, thee on - ly These sounds are ev - er sweet to me; Each haunt of plea-sure

lone - ly Is found when 'tis un-blest by thee. Sound, sound, sound, sound the

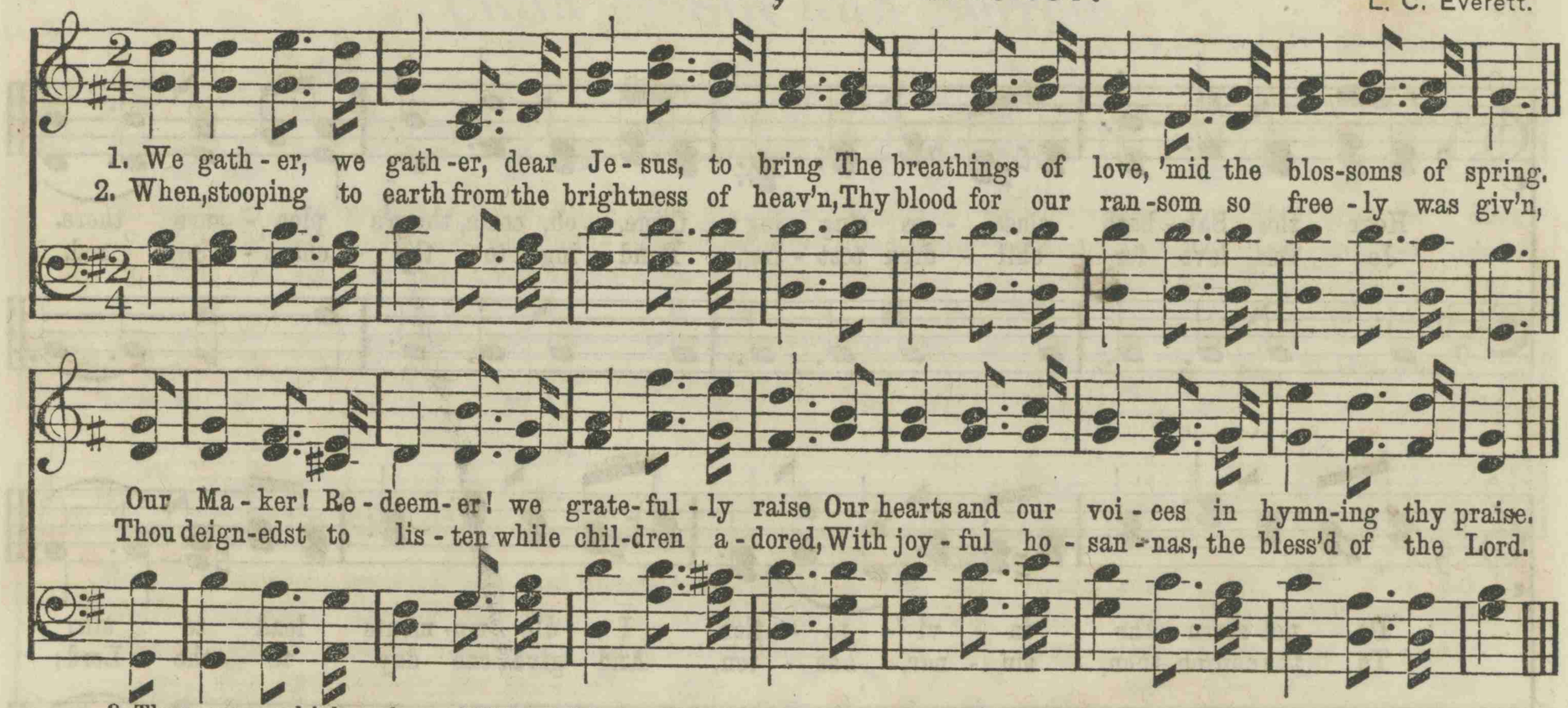
Slow. *ff*

Merrily the Temperance Horn. (Concluded.)



We Gather, We Gather.

L. C. Everett.



3 Those arms which embraced little children of old
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
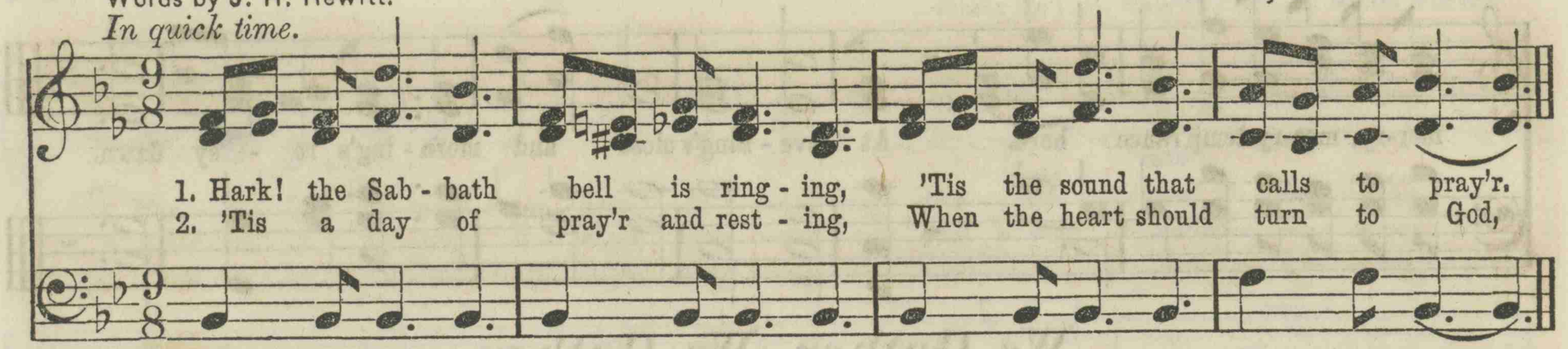
4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher! we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven!
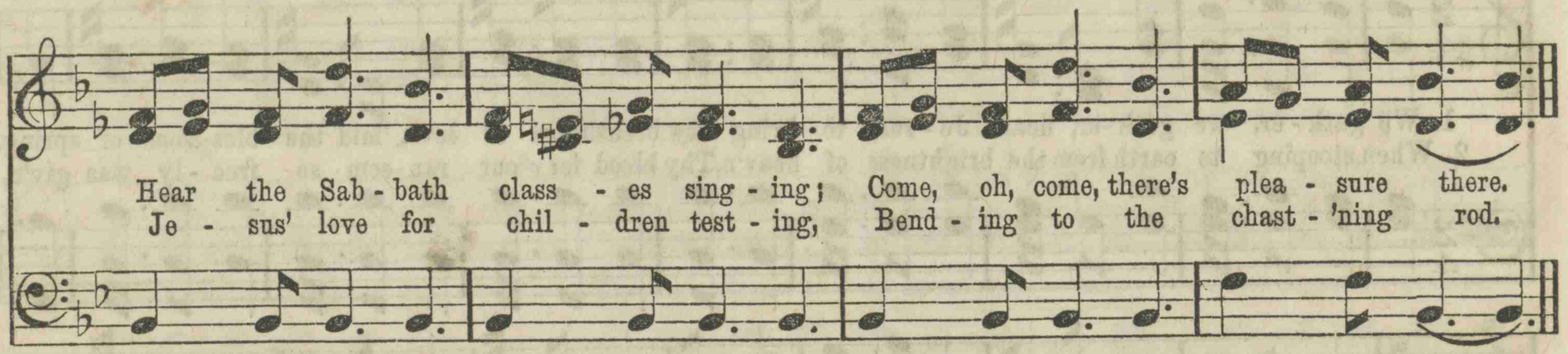
The Sabbath Bell. 8s & 7s.
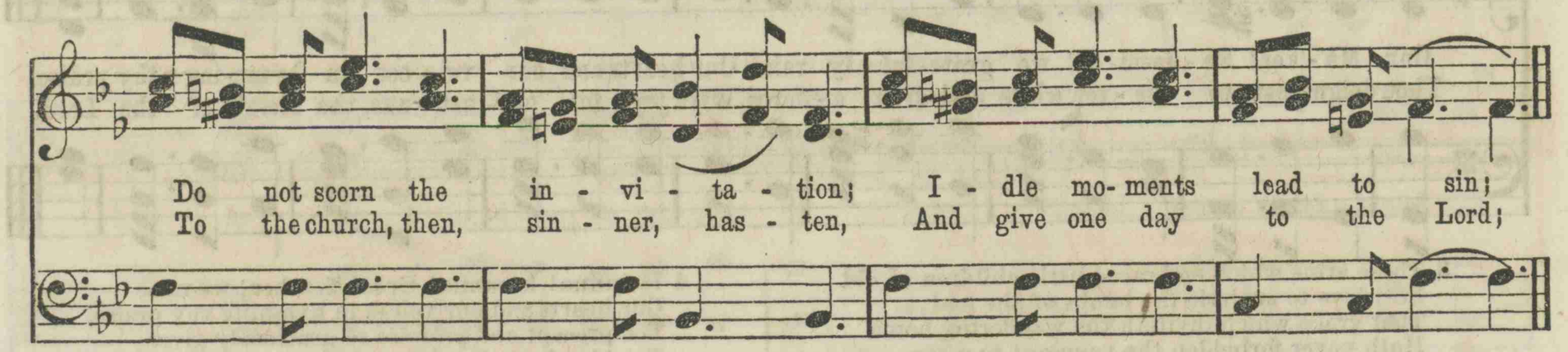
Words by J. H. Hewitt.
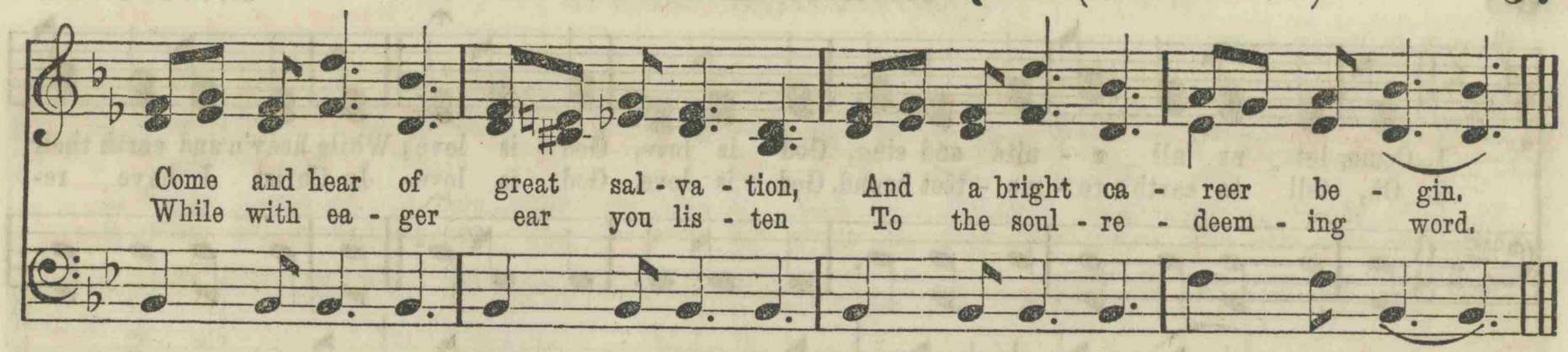
Music by Dr. A. B. Everett.

In quick time.



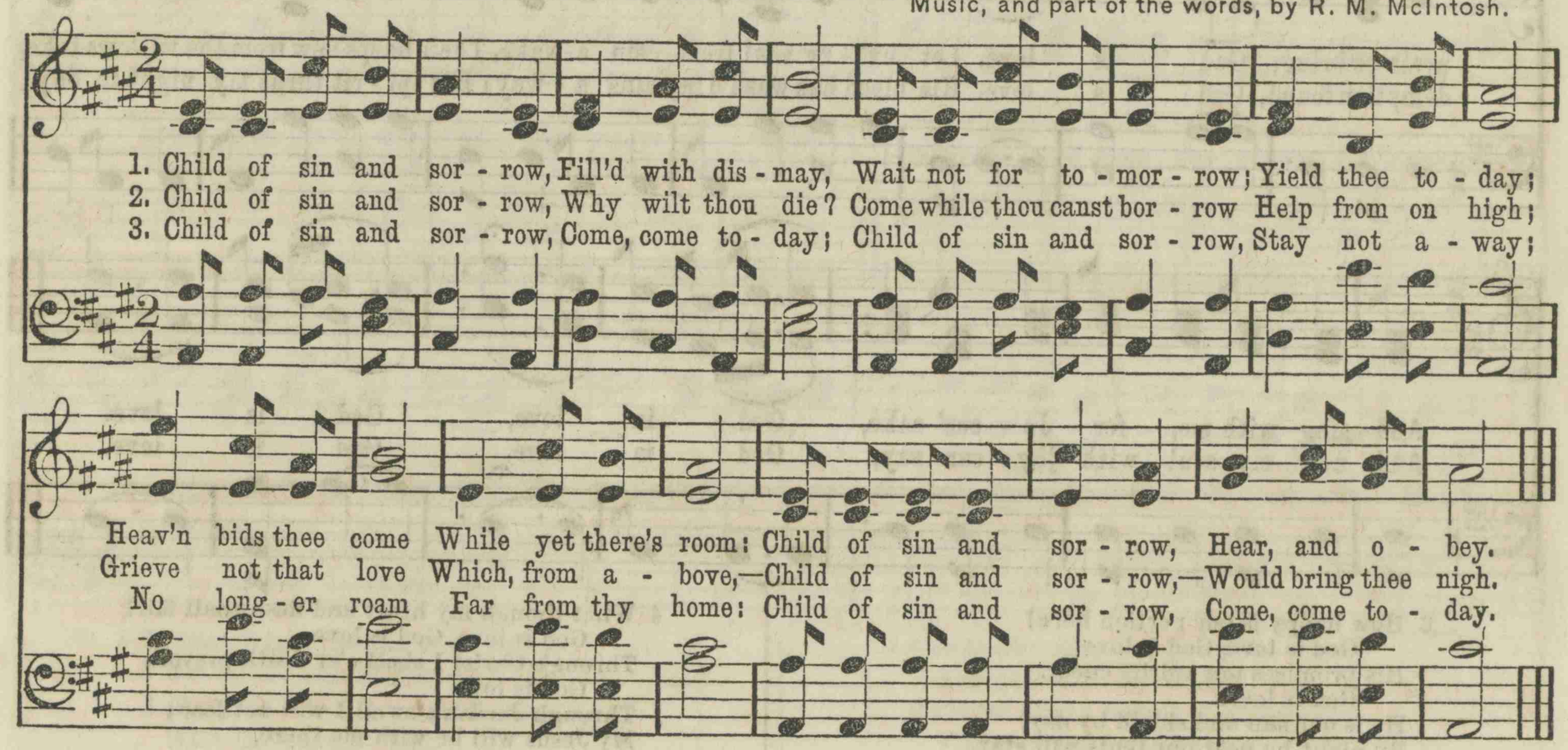






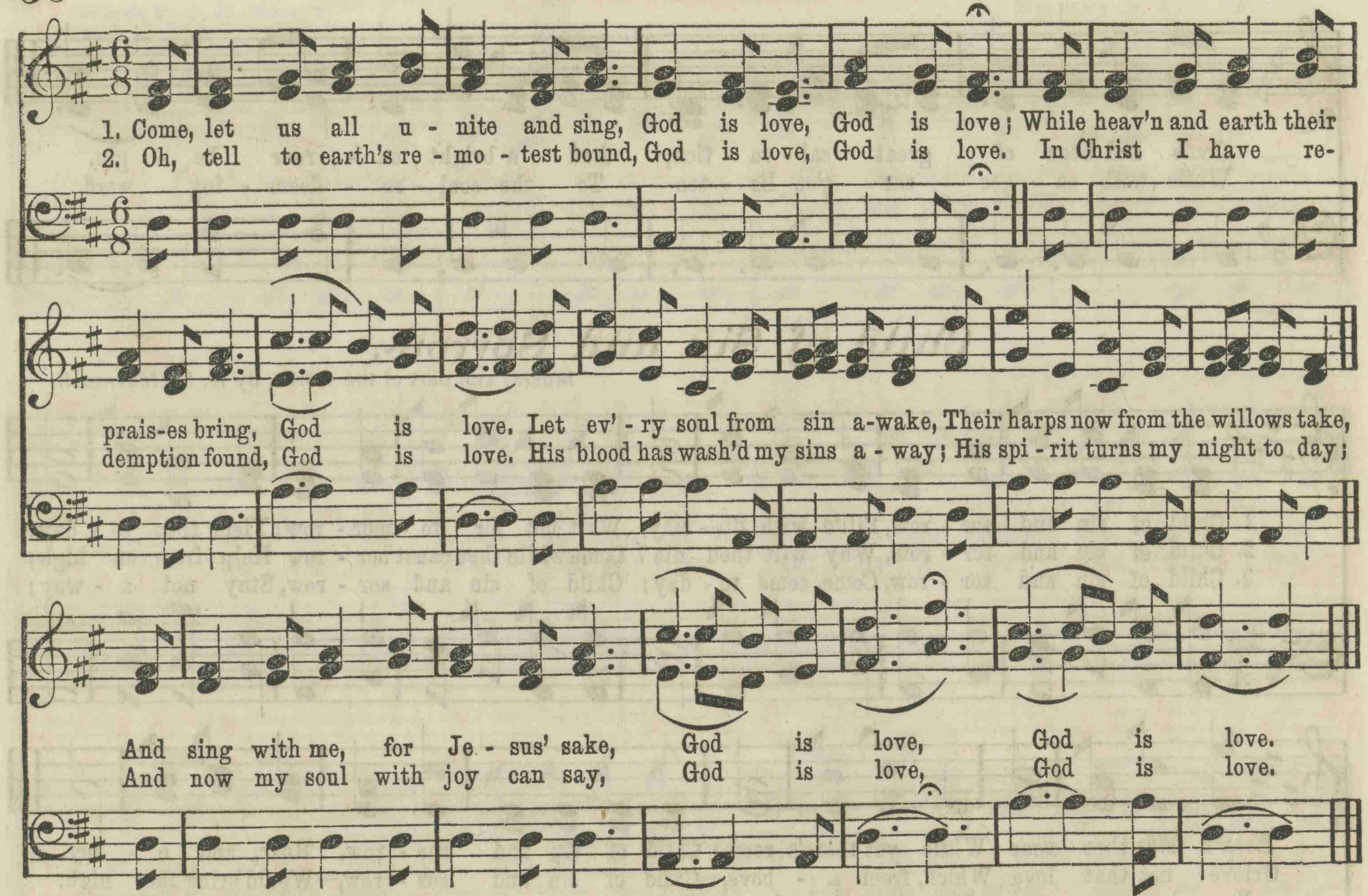
Child of Sin and Sorrow.

Music, and part of the words, by R. M. McIntosh.



God is Love.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



3 How happy is our portion here!
God is love, God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer.
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
By night he near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way.
God is love, God is love.

4 What though my heart and flesh shall fail?
God is love, God is love.
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,
God is love.
Through Jordan's swell I will not fear;
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear.
God is love, God is love.

We're Marching.

L. C. Everett.

1. We're marching to the prom-ised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our hap - py
2. The Sa - viour feeds his lit - tle flock, His grace is free - ly giv'n; The liv - ing wa - ters

CHORUS.

youth - ful band, And seek the plains of light.
from the rock, And dai - ly bread from heav'n.

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

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And joyful voices there shall join
With the angelic choir.
Oh, come and join, &c.

4 Our teachers kind do point the way
And guide our feet aright
To those bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.
Oh, come and join, &c.

Blessings of the Sabbath-School.

Words by G. W. Bungay. L. C. Everett, *Brantford, C. W.*

SOLO.

1. Hap - py, hap - py days of child - hood, Whose glad mo - ments fly like ours!
2. Plea - sant, plea - sant friends and teach - ers In the joy - ous Sun - day - school,

DUETT.

Like the lin - nets in the wild - wood, Sing - ing to the sum - mer show'rs,
Truth - ful, truth - ful gos - pel preach - ers, Preach - ing to the in - fant soul,

TRIO. ***Semi-Chorus.***

Is the hap - py soul In the Sab-bath - school, Is the hap - py soul In the Sab-bath - school.
To the in - fant soul In the Sab-bath - school, To the in - fant soul In the Sab-bath - school.

Full Chorus.

Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le hal - le - lu-jah! Praise the Lord; Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord!

3 Joyful, joyful are the tidings
Jesus brings to anxious souls:
He will save us from backslidings,
Blessed be the Sabbath-school.

Bless the Sabbath-school
To the infant soul;
Bless the Sabbath-school
To the infant soul.—*Chorus.*

With Joy we Meet. (Anniversary.)

SOLO, or ***Semi-Chorus.***

R. M. McIntosh.

1. With joy we meet, With smiles we greet Our school-mates bright and gay;
2. Re-li-gious sound Now rings a-round And bright-ens ev'-ry ray;
3. We chil-dren sing, And ech-oes ring A-long the heav'n-ly way,

Be dry each tear Of sor-row here; *'Tis an-ni-ver-sary day.
Our ban-ner floats 'Mid hap-py notes On an-ni-ver-sary day.
Where an-gels blest Have for their rest One an-ni-ver-sary day.

CHORUS.

'Tis an-ni-ver-sary day, 'Tis an-ni-ver-sary day; Be dry each tear Of
On an-ni-ver-sary day, On an-ni-ver-sary day; Our ban-ner floats 'Mid
One an-ni-ver-sary day, One an-ni-ver-sary day; Where an-gels blest Have

sor-row here; 'Tis an-ni-ver-sary day.
hap-py notes On an-ni-ver-sary day.
for their rest One an-ni-ver-sary day.

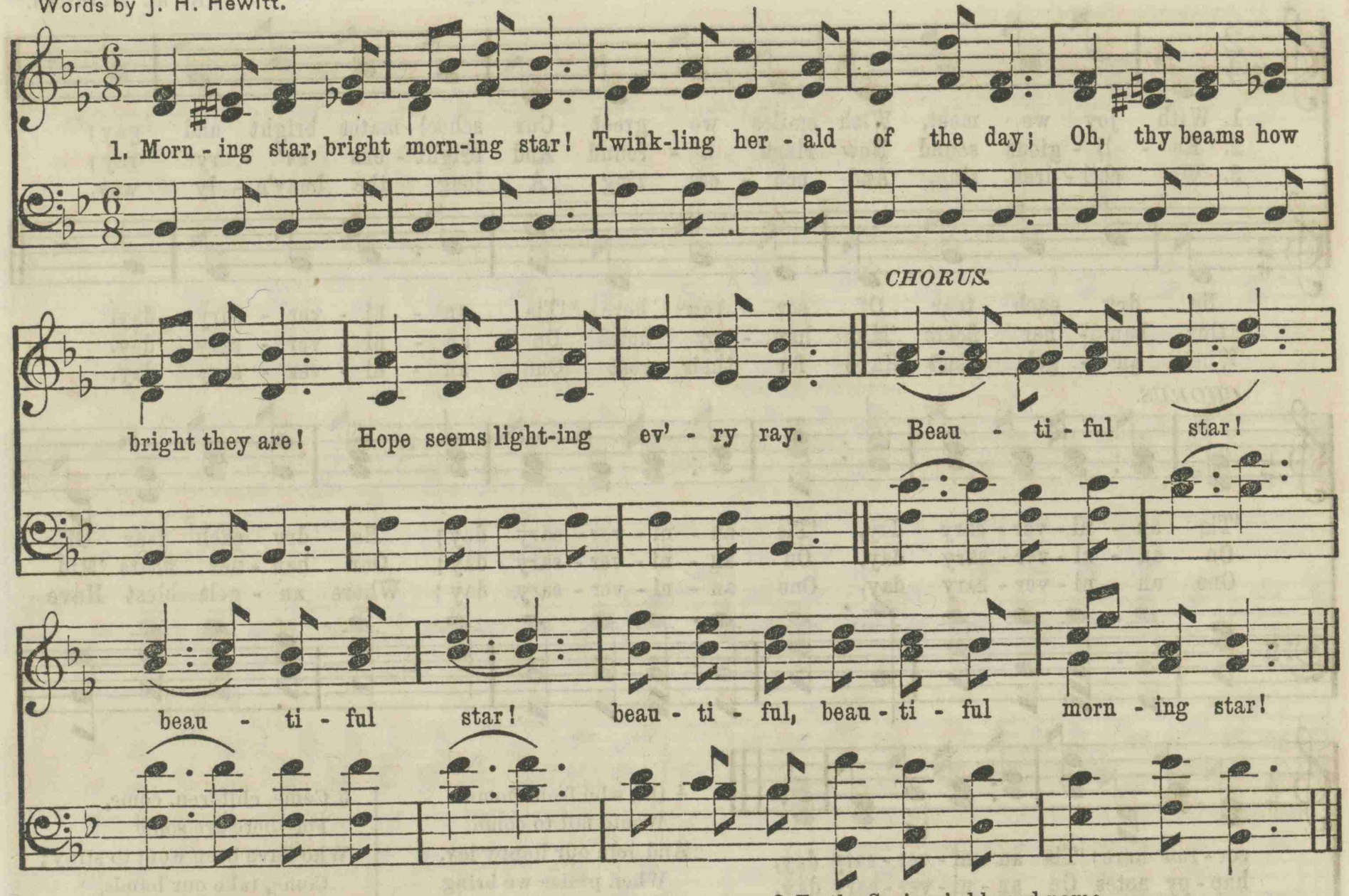
4 Oh, who from home
Would fail to come
And join our happy lay,
When praise we bring
To God our King
On anniversary day?
On anniversary day, &c.

5 Come, children, come,
For there are some
Who have been wont to stray;
Come, take our hands,
And join our bands,
This anniversary day.
This anniversary day, &c.

* Instead of this line may be sung, "*On this our festal day.*"

The Morning Star.

Words by J. H. Hewitt. Dr. A. B. Everett.

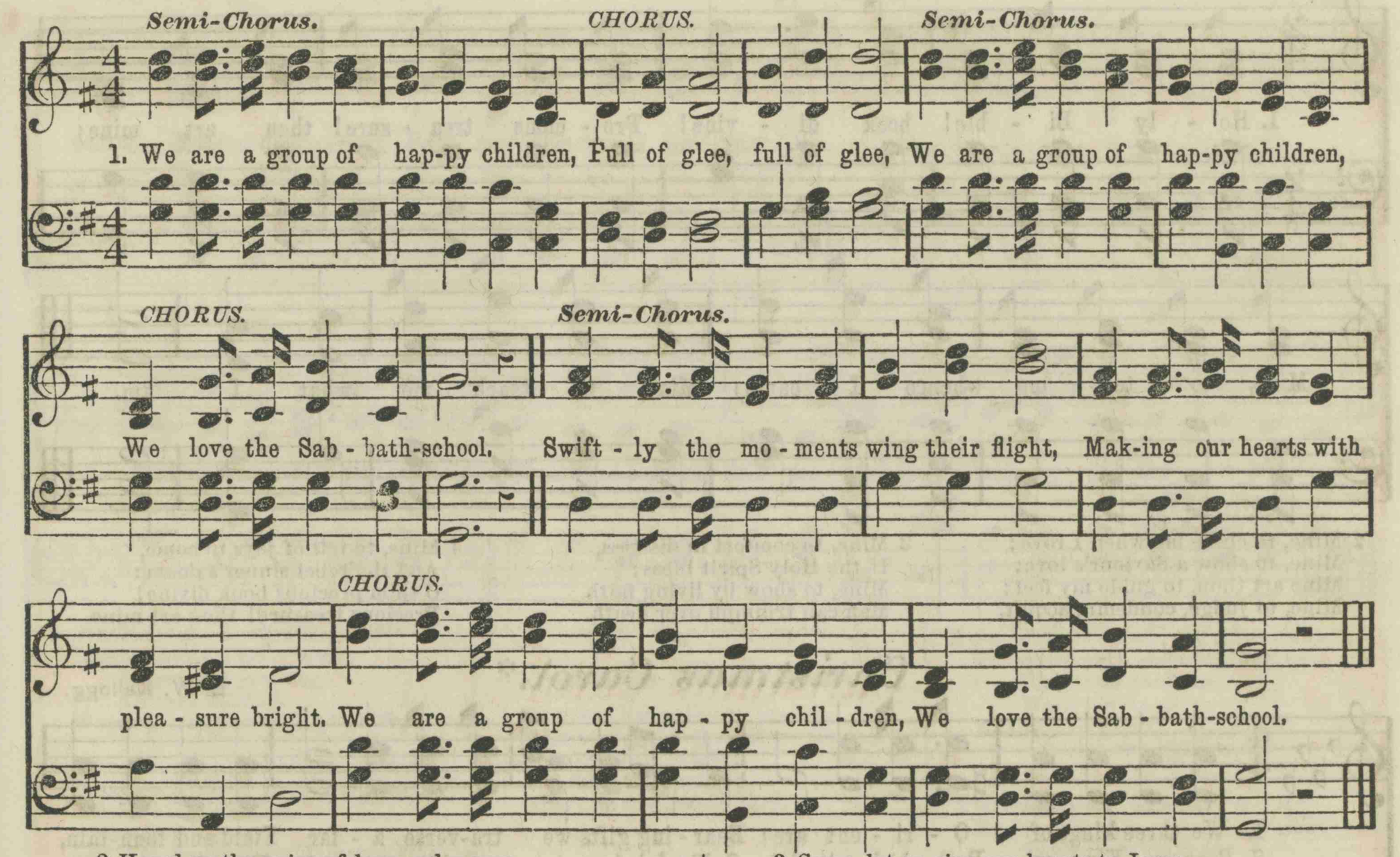


2 God hath kindled heavenly fires;
How they glisten in our view!
Angels seem to strike their lyres,
While we kneel and listen too.
Beautiful star, &c.

3 To the Saviour's blessed name
Let my earliest pray'rs arise;
While thy pure and silvery flame
Twinkles in the purple skies.
Beautiful star, &c.

Happy Children.*

Words by Miss Fanny J. Crosby. T. E. Perkins.



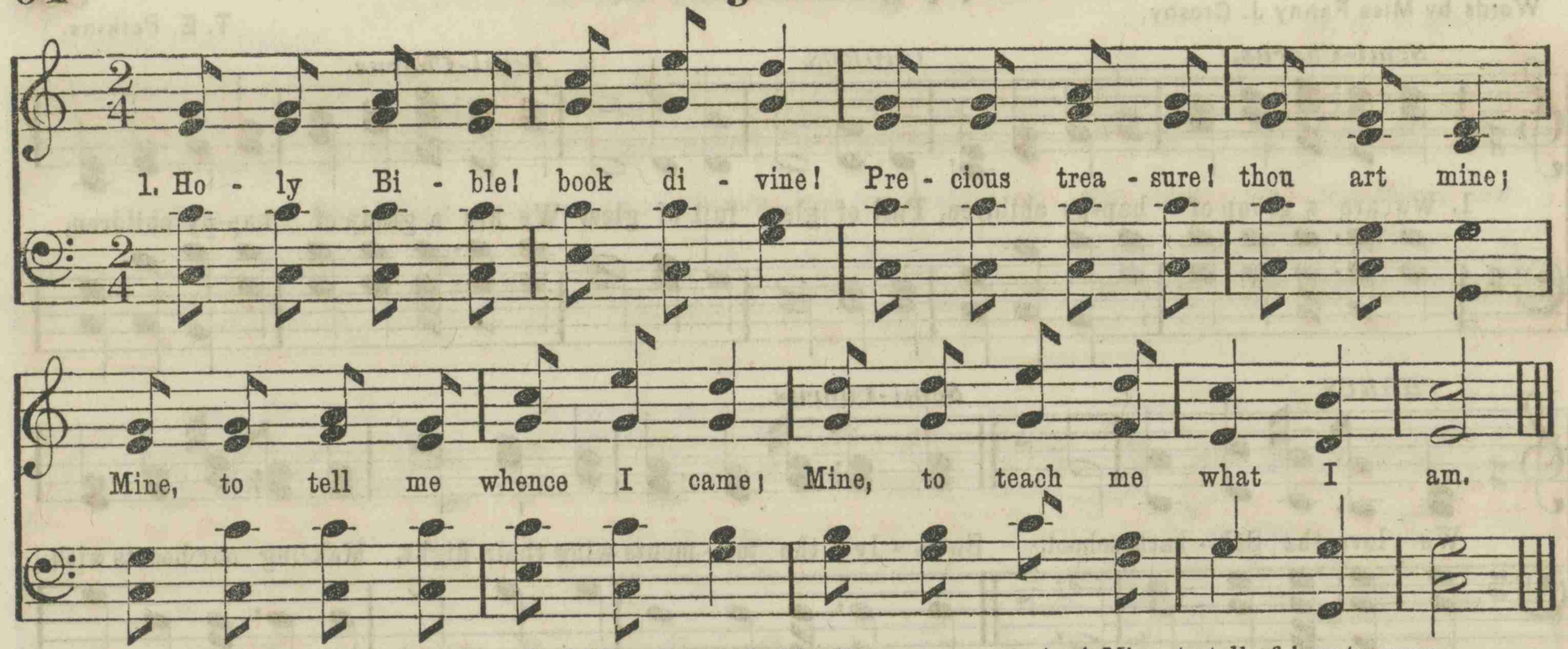
2 Heard ye the voice of love and mercy,
Joyful sound, joyful sound,
Heard ye the voice of love and mercy
Come from the Sabbath-school?
Angels above that song repeat,
Casting their crowns at Jesus' feet;
Sweet is the voice of love and mercy
Heard in the Sabbath-school.

3 Come, let us give our hearts to Jesus,
One and all, one and all,
Come, let us give our hearts to Jesus
Now in the Sabbath-school.
Soon will the day of life be o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Yes, we will give our hearts to Jesus
Now in the Sabbath-school.

* From "New Shining Star," by permission.

Holy Bible.

N. E. Everett.



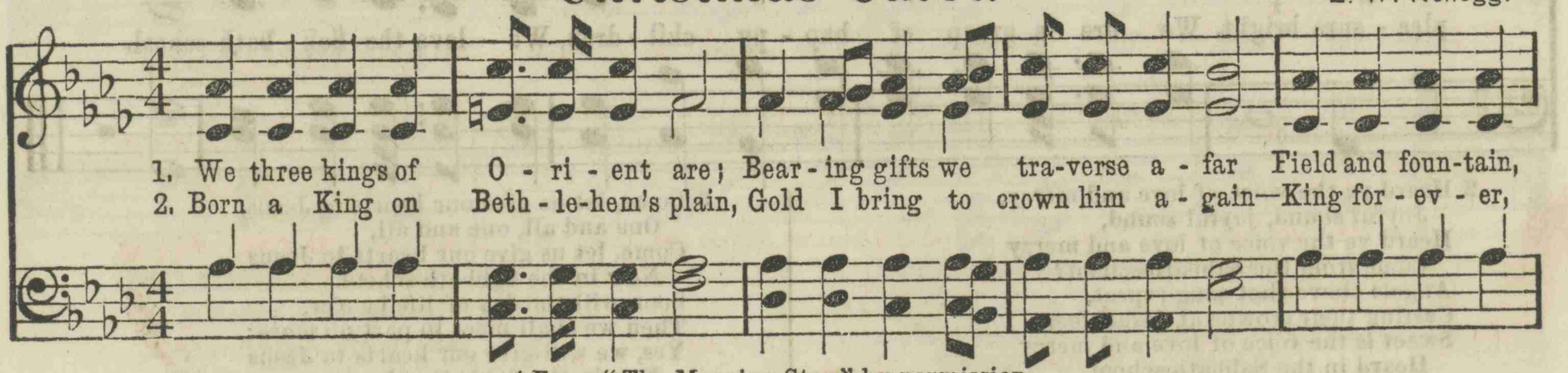
2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

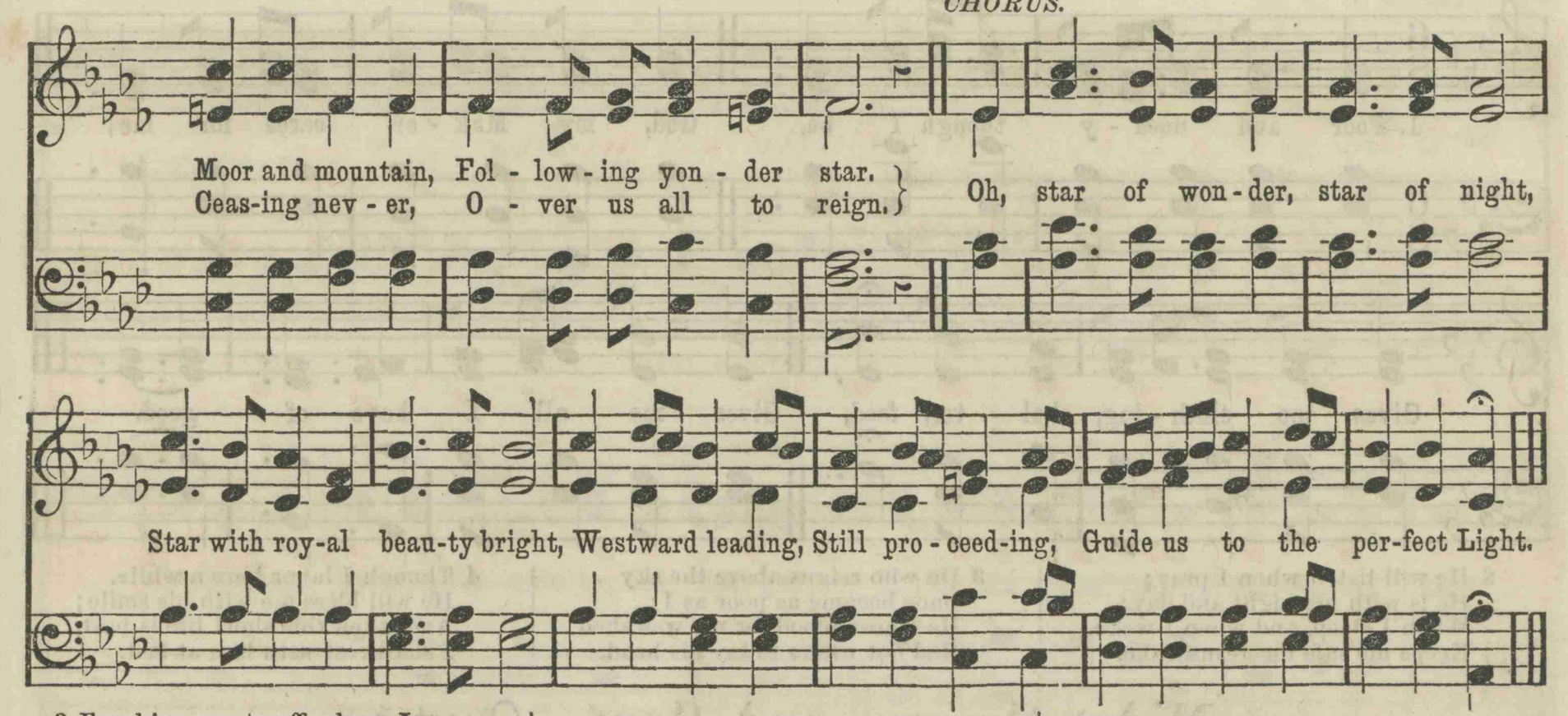
4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

Christmas Carol.*

E. W. Kellogg.



* From "The Morning Star," by permission.



3 Frankincense to offer have I:
Incense owns a deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship him God on high.—*Cho.*

4 Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom,—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.—*Cho.*

5 Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Heaven singing
Hallelujah;
Joyous the earth replies.—*Cho.*

Seeking Christ's Care.

1 SAVIOUR, listen to our prayer,
Poor and sinful though we are;
Guilt-confessing,
Give thy blessing,
Grant us thy loving care.

CHORUS.

O God our Father, Christ our King,
Now to thee our hearts we bring:
Keep them ever,
Blessed Saviour,
Till in heaven thy love we sing.
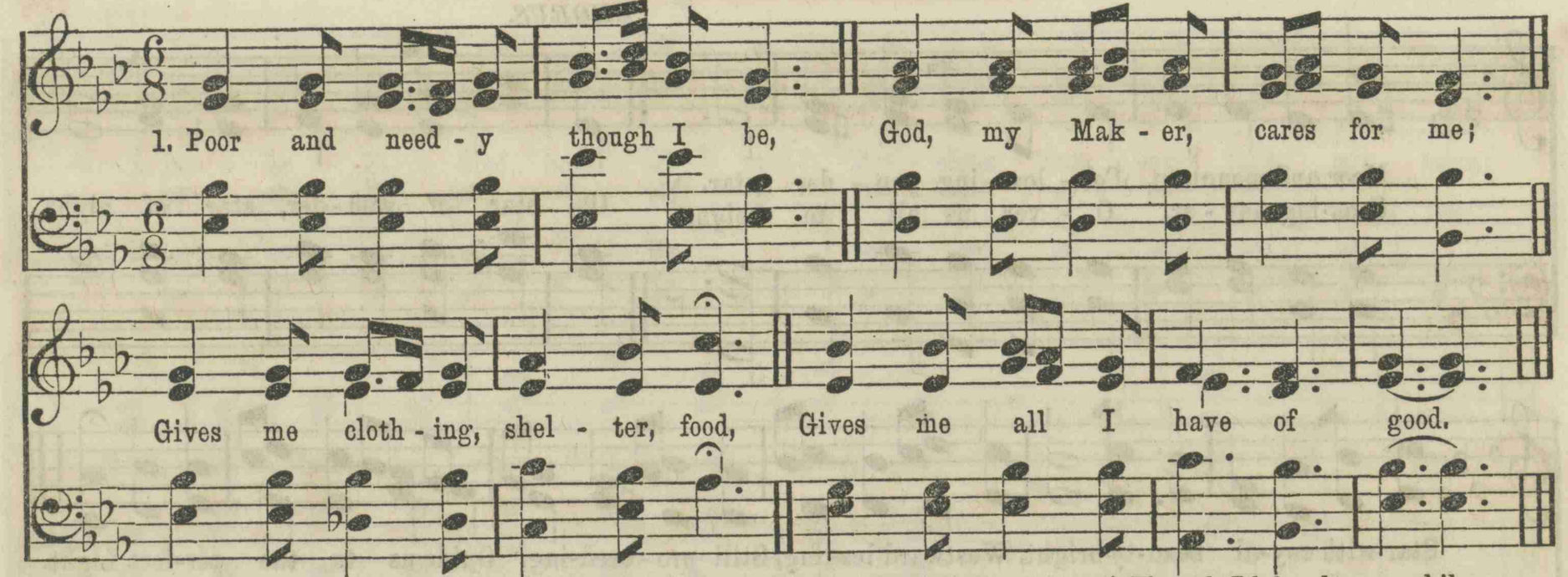
2 Strength is thine; we often stray
From thy pure and holy way:
Wilt thou guide us,
Walk beside us,
Nearer every day?
O God our Father, &c.

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning,
Heaven winning,
Praising evermore.
O God our Father, &c.

* From "The Morning Star," by permission.

The Child's Hymn.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



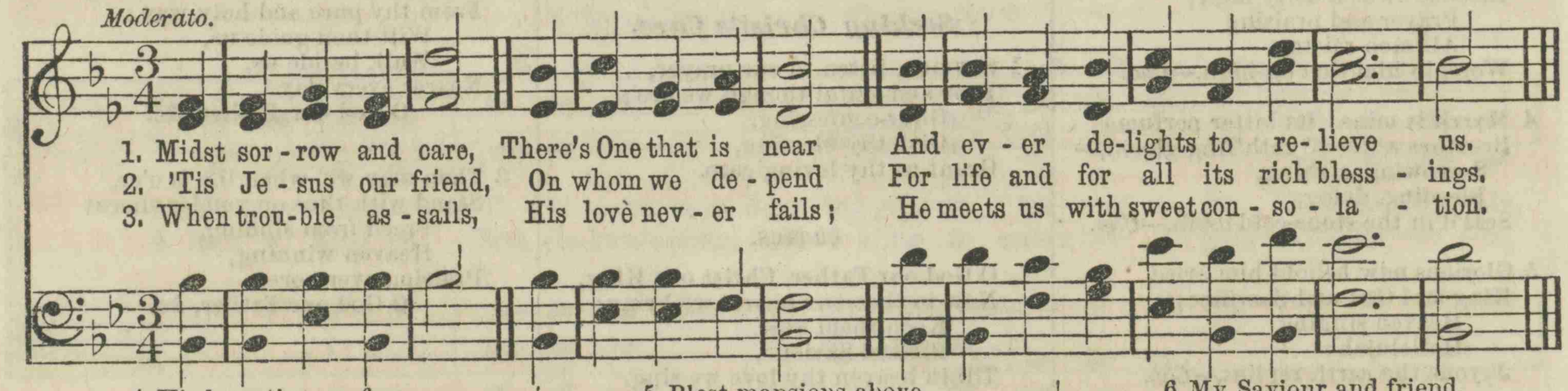
2 He will listen when I pray;
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep, and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here a while,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

Midst Sorrow and Care. Quartet.

R. M. McIntosh.

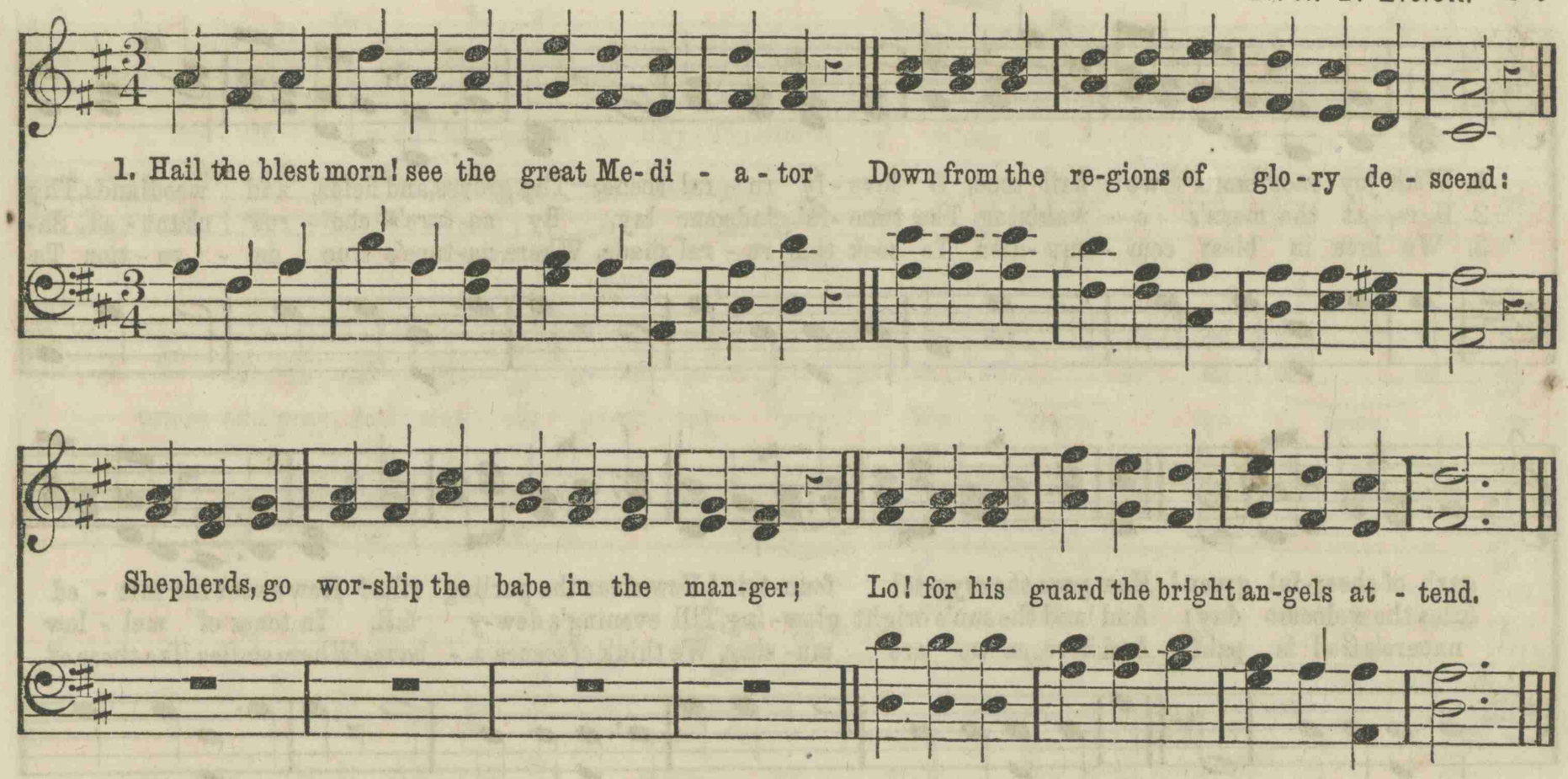


4 His bounties are free,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes the cry of the needy.

5 Blest mansions above,
Prepared by his love,
Are waiting at last to receive us.

6 My Saviour and friend,
On whom I depend,
My heart shall forever adore thee.

Hail the Blest Morn!



2 Bright in the east, lo! the sun of the morning
Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid;
While his pure light, the horizon adorning,
Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor

Rural Celebration.

1. With joy once more we hail thee, O love - ly ru - ral scene,—Thy groves, and fields, and woodlands, Thy garb of cheer-ful green! How pure the crys-tal foun-tain! How clear the purling rills! How sweet the tuft - ed flow'-rets That blos-som on the hills! Such rich and va - ried beau - ty Our hearts with rap - ture fills.
2. Here, at the morn's a - wak'ning, The tune -ful, gladsome lay, By na-ture's cho - rus chant - ed, Sa- lutes the welcome day; And 'mid the sun's bright glow - ing, Till evening's dew-y fall, In tones of mel - low sweetness, These feather'd warblers call On hu - man hearts to wor - ship The com-mon Lord of all.
3. We love in blest com - mu -nion To seek this ru - ral shade, Where na-ture's true de - vo - tion To nature's God is paid; And here, as we are mu - sing, We think of scenes a - bove, Where smiles like those of sum - mer No change can e'er re - move,—Where mu-sic yet more heav'n-ly Shall chant its notes of love.

We Come with Song.

Words by I. 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. We come, we come, we

CHORUS. f

We come, we come, we come, we come, we

(Repeat Chorus pp.)

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

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

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

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

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

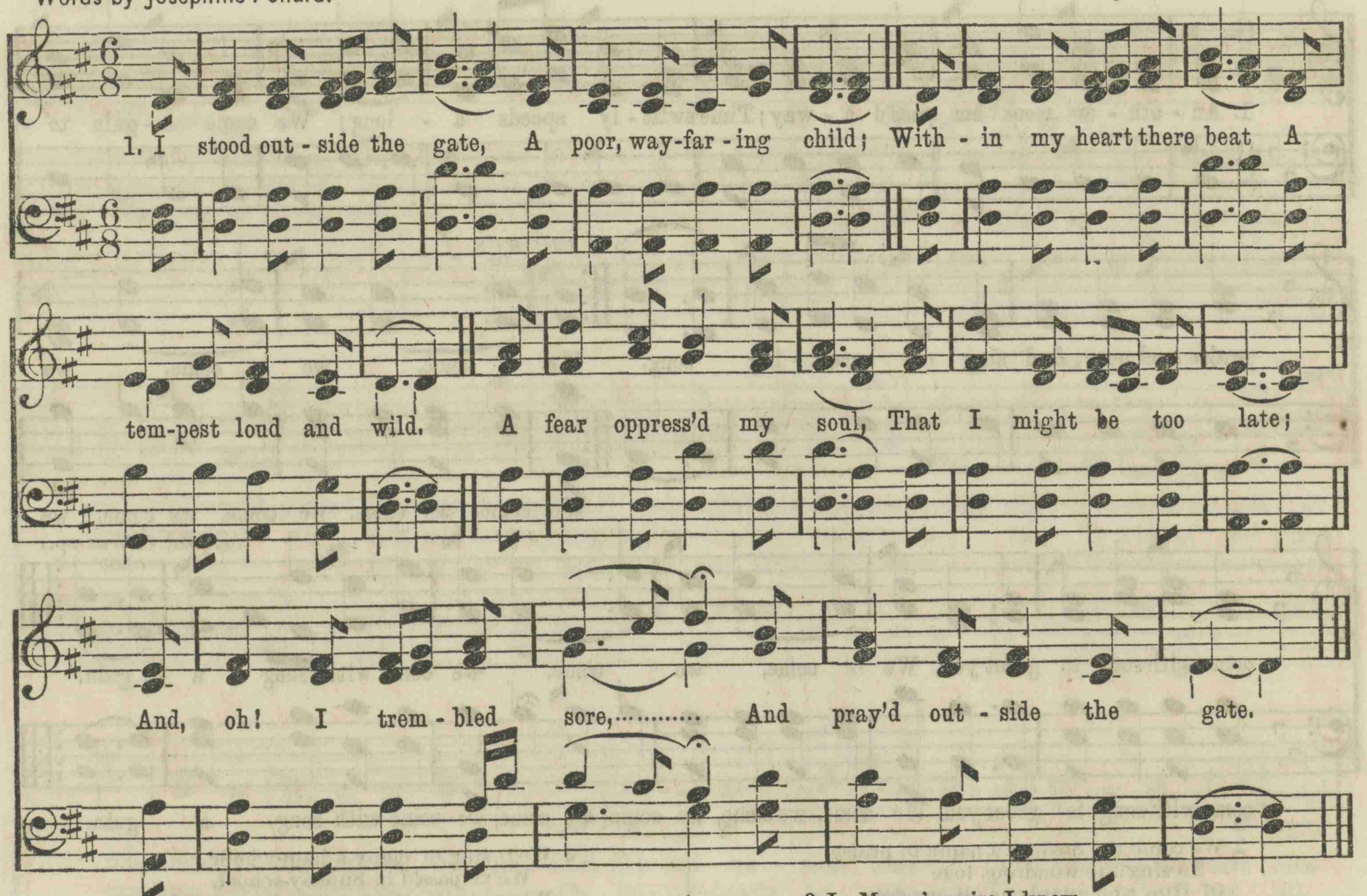
5 Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing,
A general song of grateful praise
To Heaven's eternal King.

* *Month*, *year*, or *day*, may be substituted.

Outside the Gate. (No. 2.)

Words by Josephine Pollard.

Music by Dr. A. B. Everett

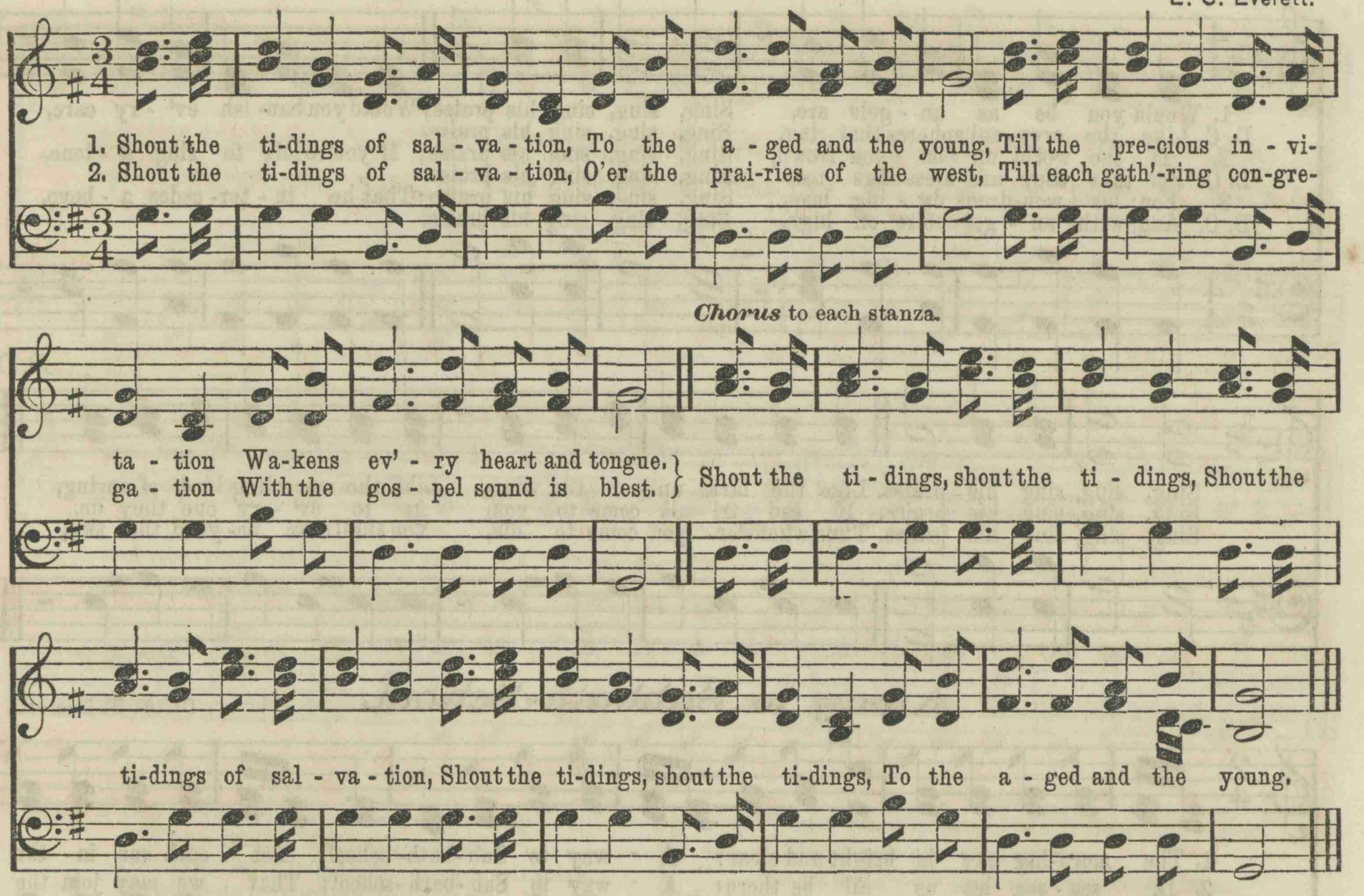


2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried,
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds;
She soothed my aching head;
She eased my burden'd soul,
And bore the load instead.

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
The Saviour long abused,
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh, what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And JESUS let me in!

Shout the Tidings.

L. C. Everett.



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

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till in humble adoration
All to Christ shall bend the knee.
Shout the tidings, &c.

5 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the world shall hear the call,
And with joyous acclamation
Crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Shout the tidings, &c.

Would you be as Angels are.

R. M. McIntosh.

FINE.

1. Would you be as an - gels are, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Would you ban- ish ev' - ry care,
D. C. Like the crys - tal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
2. If the world up - on you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If you're left to sing a - lone,
D. C. For that they are bless-ings too, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
3. For his won-drous dy - ing love, Sing, sing, sing his praise; That he in - ter- cedes a - bove,
D. C. And, with an - gel choirs on high, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

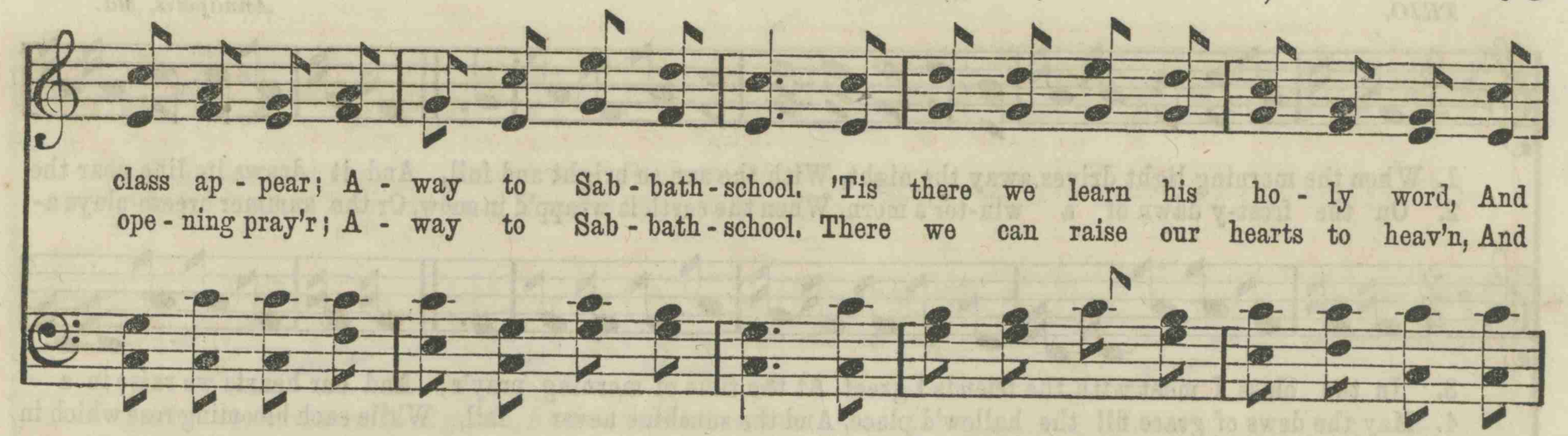
D.C.

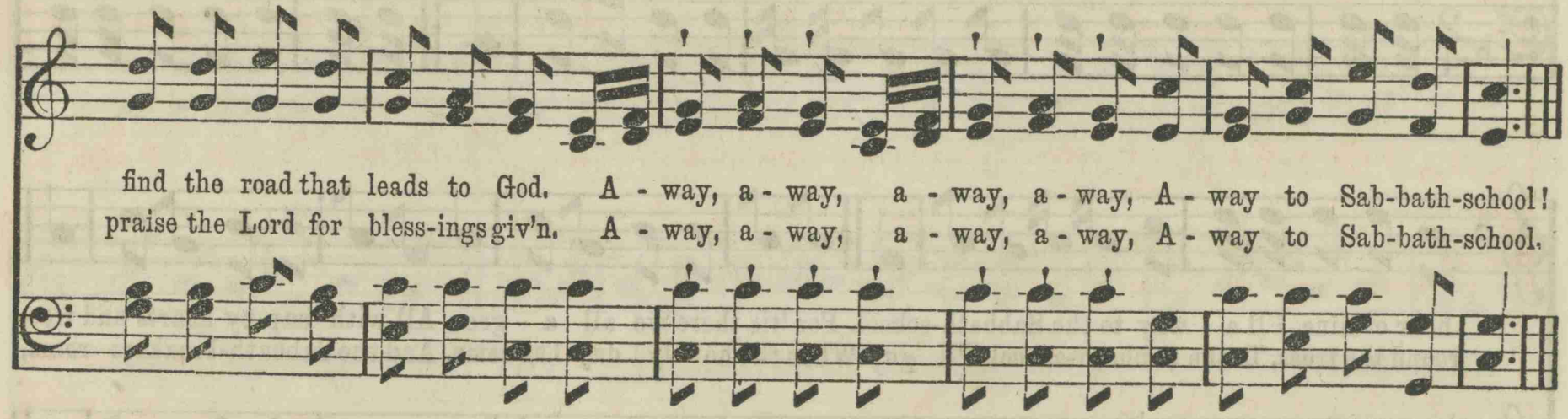
Sing, sing, sing his praise. Like the lark up - on the wing, Like the war-bling bird of spring,
Sing, sing, sing his praise. If sad tri - als come to you, As to ev' - ry one they do,
Sing, sing, sing his praise. Thus, whene'er you come to die, You shall soar be- yond the sky,

Away to Sabbath-School.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. The morn-ing sky is bright and clear; A - way to Sab - bath- school; Let each one in the
2. In sea - son let us all be there; A - way to Sab - bath - school; That we may join the





3 Let us remember, while at prayer,
When at the Sabbath-school,
Our teachers' kindness, and their care
Towards our Sabbath-school.
We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
And every rule and order mind,
When we're at school, at Sabbath-school,
When we're at Sabbath-school.

4 When each at night shall bow in prayer,
We'll ask our God above
To extend o'er teachers his kind care
And crown them with his love.
And when on earth our time is sped,
And we are number'd with the dead,
If faithful, we shall meet above;
We all shall meet above.

I'll away to the Sabbath-School.

J. E. Hopkins,
Annapolis, Md.

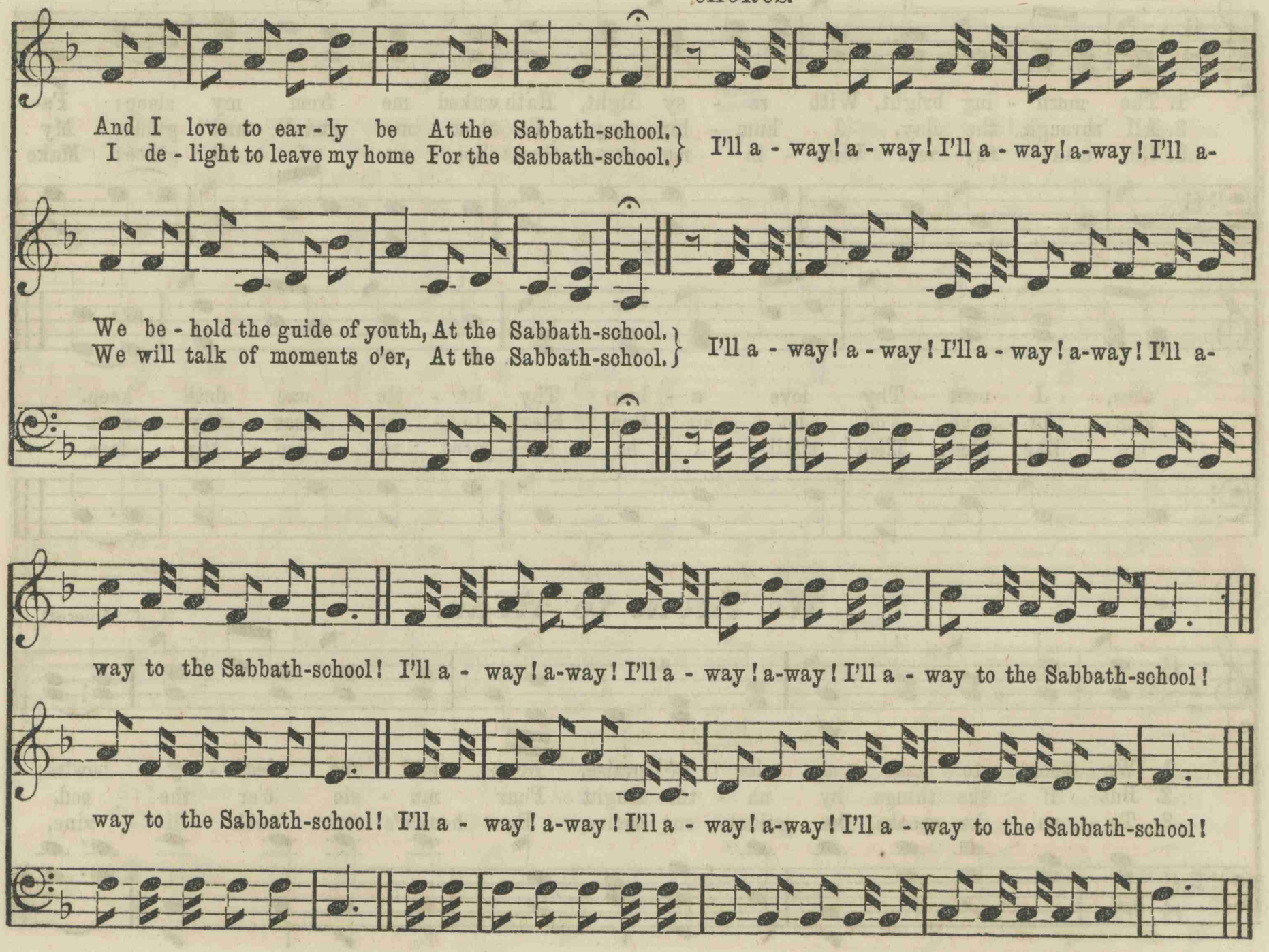
TRIO.

1. When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full, And it draws its line near the
2. On the frost-y dawn of a win-ter's morn, When the earth is wrapp'd in snow, Or the summer breeze plays a-
3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet, At the time of morning pray'r; And our hearts we raise in a
4. May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place, And the sunshine never fail, While each blooming rose which in

hour of nine, I'll a - way to the Sabbath-school. For 'tis there we all a - gree, All with hap-py hearts and free,
round the trees, To the Sabbath-school I'll go; When the ho - ly day has come, And the Sabbath-breakers roam,

hymn of praise, For 'tis al-ways plea - sant there: In the book of ho - ly truth, Full of counsel and re - proof,
mem'ry grows Shall a sweet perfume ex - hale: When we mingle here no more, But have met on Jordan's shore,

CHORUS.


And I love to ear - ly be At the Sabbath-school.
I de - light to leave my home For the Sabbath-school.
I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way! a-way! I'll a-
We be - hold the guide of youth, At the Sabbath-school.
We will talk of moments o'er, At the Sabbath-school.
I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way! a-way! I'll a-
way to the Sabbath-school! I'll a - way! a-way! I'll a - way! a-way! I'll a - way to the Sabbath-school!
way to the Sabbath-school! I'll a - way! a-way! I'll a - way! a-way! I'll a - way to the Sabbath-school!

The Morning Bright.

R. M. McIntosh.

TRIO.

1. The morn - ing bright, With ro - sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep: Fa-
2. All through the day, I hum - bly pray, Be thou my guard and guide; My
3. Oh, make thy rest With - in my breast, Great Spi - rit of all grace; Make

ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
sins for - give, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near thy side.
me like thee; Then shall I be Pre - pared to see thy face.

We Seem to Hear.

L. C. Everett.

1. We seem to hear a voice of praise, Here, 'mid the leaf - y bow'rs;
2. But if the things by na - ture taught Pour mu - sic o'er the sod,
3. To us he speaks, he guides our choice, By heav'n's own book di - vine,

From mur - m'ring streams whose crys - tal maze Doth cheer the thirst - y flow'rs,
How high should rise our rap - tured thought, Who learn the word of God!
And aids our teach - er's much - loved voice To fix each trea - sured line.

But loud - er where yon lof - ty trees By sum - mer's hand are drest,
To us he speaks from morn - ing's dell, From eve - ning's dew - y sphere,
To us he speaks, and we in praise Would still our off' - rings bring,

It swells on ev' - ry gen - tle breeze, From bough and spray and nest.
And when the ho - ly Sab - bath bell Sa - lutes the Chris - tian's ear.
Here, where cre - a - tion joins our lays, And there, where an - gels sing.

The Heathen's Call.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though ev' - ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown: The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.

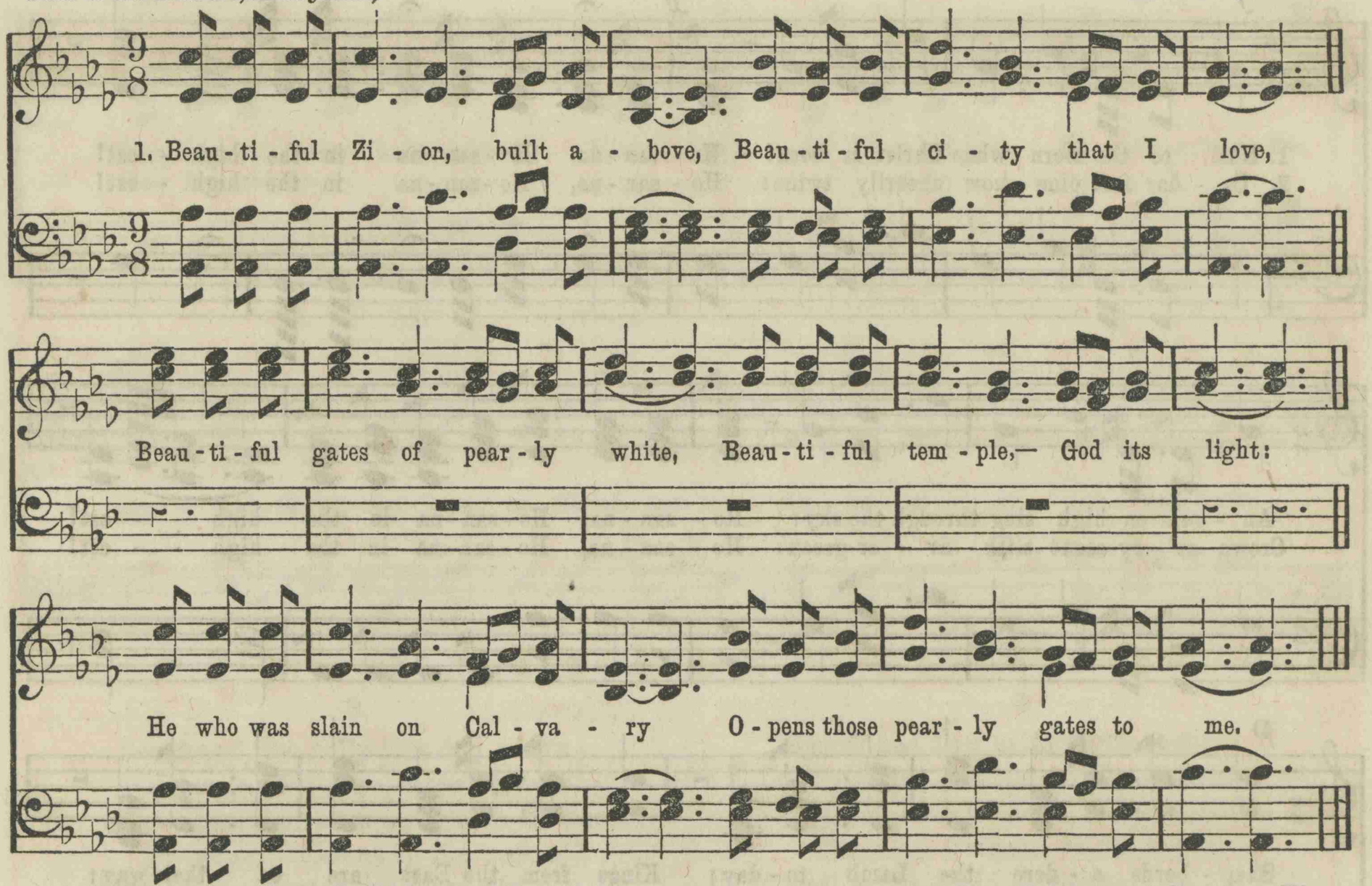
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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

Beautiful Zion.

(This piece should be sung with three beats to the measure, in *larghetto*.)

Dr. A. B. Everett.



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

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

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

Hail to the Morn.

J. A. P.
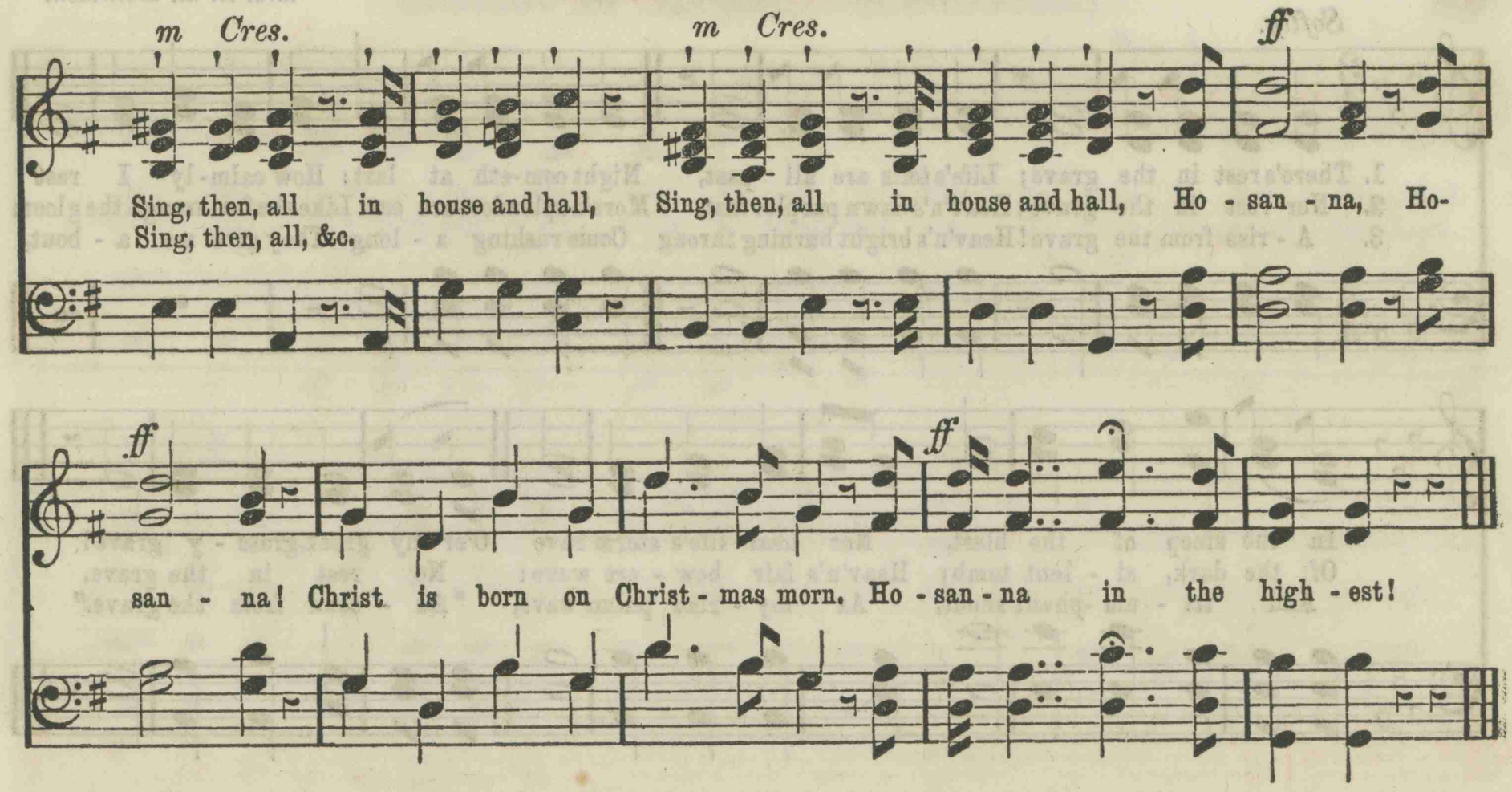
f *ff*

1. Hail to the morn when Christ is born! Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!
2. Ce - dar and pine now cheerily twine: Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

An - gels on high sing through the sky: Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
Crown ev' - ry scene with ev - er-green: Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!

p

Shep - herds a - dore the Lamb to - day; Kings from the East are on their way;
Now is the reign of dark - ness o'er; Je - sus is King for ev - er - more.



3.

Boughs of the holly this day adorn;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
Sharp are the leaves as crowns of thorn;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
See in the berries, all blood-red,
Blood that for us this Babe shall shed.
Sing, then, all, &c.

4.

Laurel and bay bring forth to-day;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
Matchless his might in deadly fight;
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!
Hail to the Child Immanuel!
Conqueror is He of death and hell.
Sing, then, all, &c.

* From "S. S. Service and Tune Book," by permission of Mason Brothers.

Laureola. 5s.

Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.

Softly.

1. There's rest in the grave; Life's toils are all past, Night com-eth at last: How calm-ly I rest
2. Nor rest in the grave; Heav'n's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendors are cast Like shafts through the gloom
3. A - rise from the grave! Heav'n's bright burning throng Come rushing a - long: They gird me a - bout,

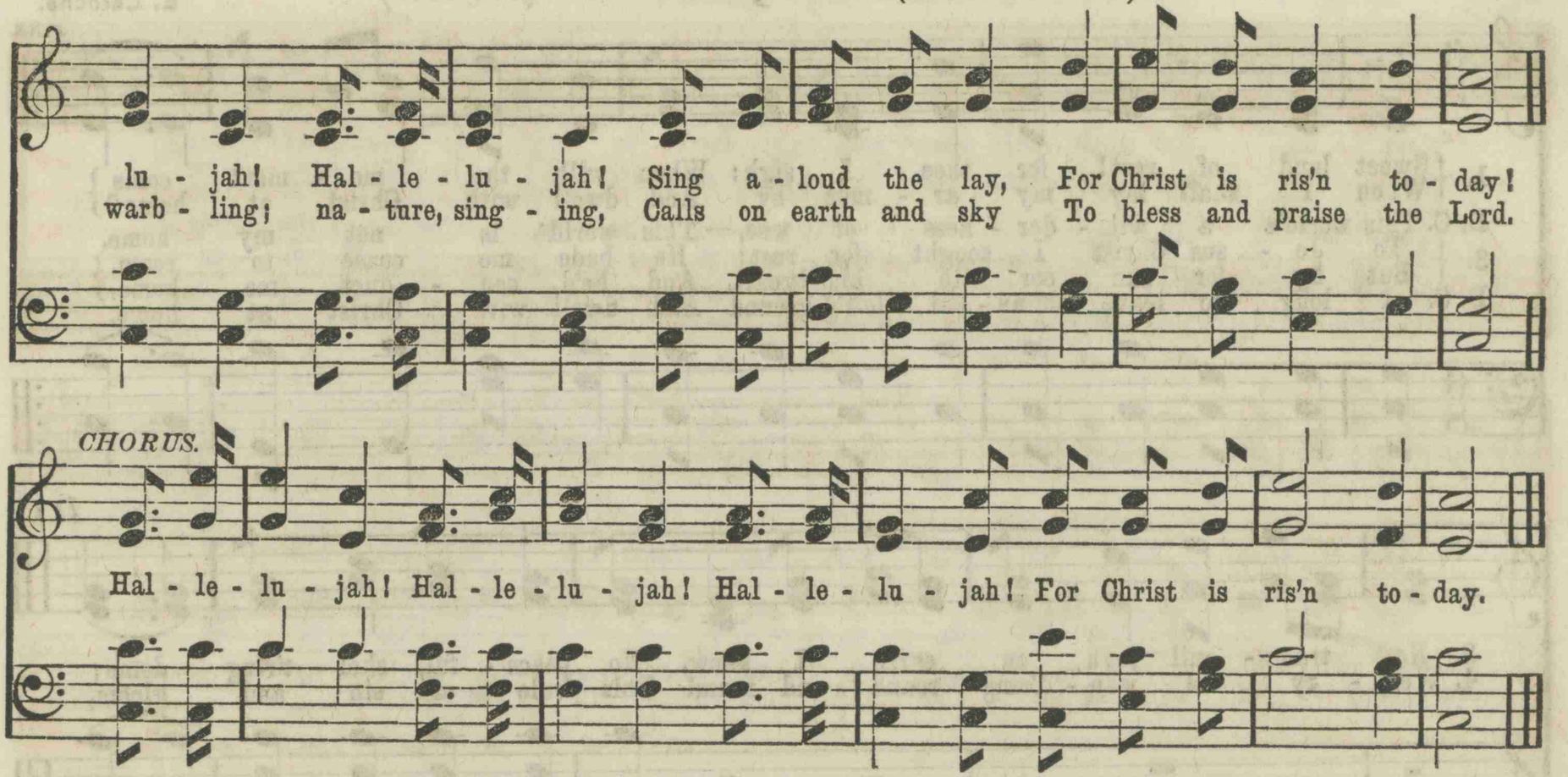
In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green, grass - y grave!
Of the dark, si - lent tomb; Heav'n's fair bow - ers wave: No rest in the grave.
And tri - um - phant shout, As my - riad palms wave, "As - cend from the grave."

Christ is Risen.

R. M. McIntosh.

Quick and Spirited.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris'n to - day; Hal - le -
2. Snows are melt - ed, flow'rs are spring - ing, Sum - mer now is nigh; Birds are



3 Twine sweet blossoms, wreathe the altar,
Deck the temple's shrine;
Prayers are breathing, odors mingling;
Heaven and earth combine
To fill our hearts with joy.—*Cho.*

4 Lenten sadness, tears and sighing,
Now are pass'd away;
Hearts are leaping, tongues repeating,
On this glorious day,
Glad songs of love and joy.—*Cho.*

5 Satan's power, sin and sorrow,
Death, the grave, and hell,
Now are conquer'd; and victorious,
High in heaven, shall dwell
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.—*Cho.*

6 Angel music, seraph voices,
Greet us in life's way;
Jesus, risen, goes before us,
Spreads our feast to-day,
And points to heaven above.—*Cho.*

Sweet Land of Rest. (Home.)

E. Laroche.

FINE.
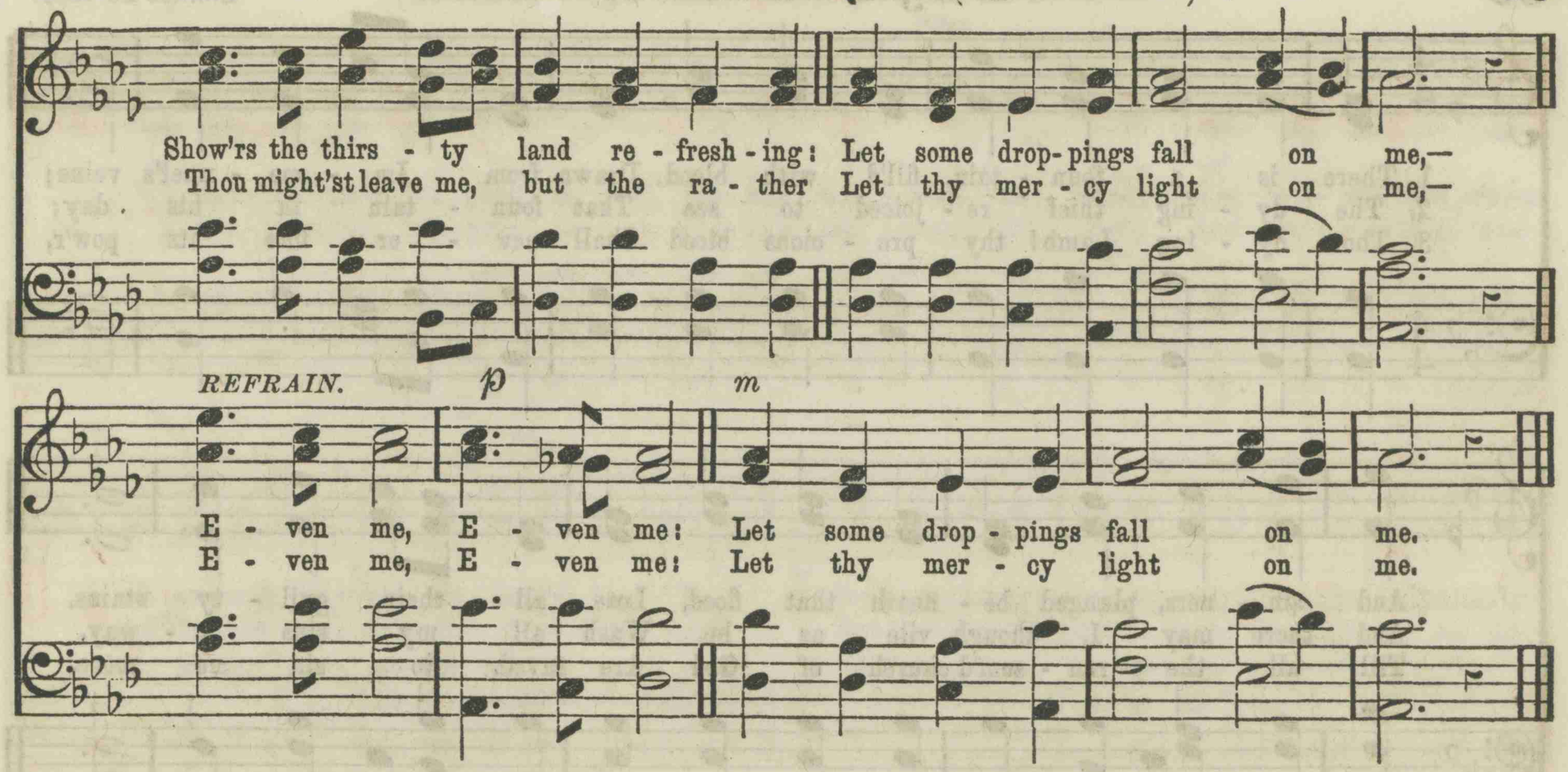
1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come
   When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell with Christ at home?
D. C. This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, — This world is not my home.
3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
   But fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home.
D. C. I long to leave th' un - hal - low'd ground And dwell with Christ at home.

D.C.

2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shel - t'ring dome;
4. Wea - ry of wan - d'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

Even Me. 8s & 7s.*

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ings Thou art scat - t'ring full and free,—
2. Pass me not, O God my Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be:



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

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

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

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

* When any other hymn is sung to this tune, the last five measures (the Refrain) must be omitted.

Day-Dawn. C. M.

Emilius Laroche.

1. There is a foun - tain, fill'd with blood Drawn from Im - ma - nuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb! thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - som'd church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

1. Bro - ther, thou art gone to rest, We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where
2. Bro - ther, thou art gone to rest, Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sor - row, pain, and

oft on earth Thy spi - rit long'd to be.
suff'ring now Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.
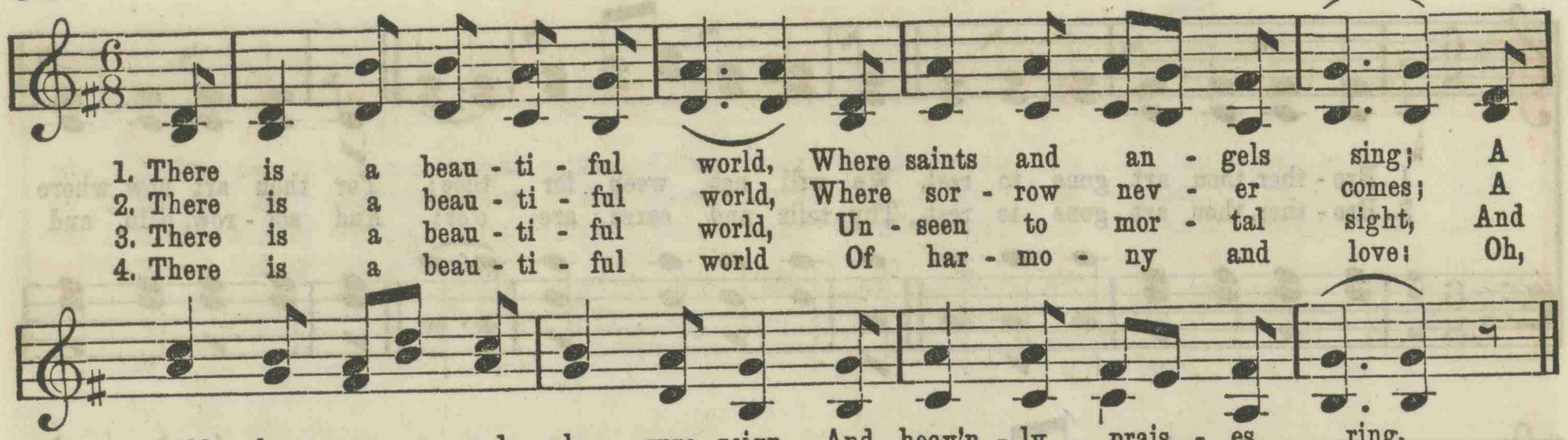
Bro-ther, thou art gone to rest, Thine is an earth-ly
Bro-ther, thou art gone to rest, Thy sins are all for-

tomb; But Je - sus sum - mon'd thee a - way, Thy Sa - viour call'd thee home.
giv'n, And saints of light have wel - comed thee To share the joys of heav'n.

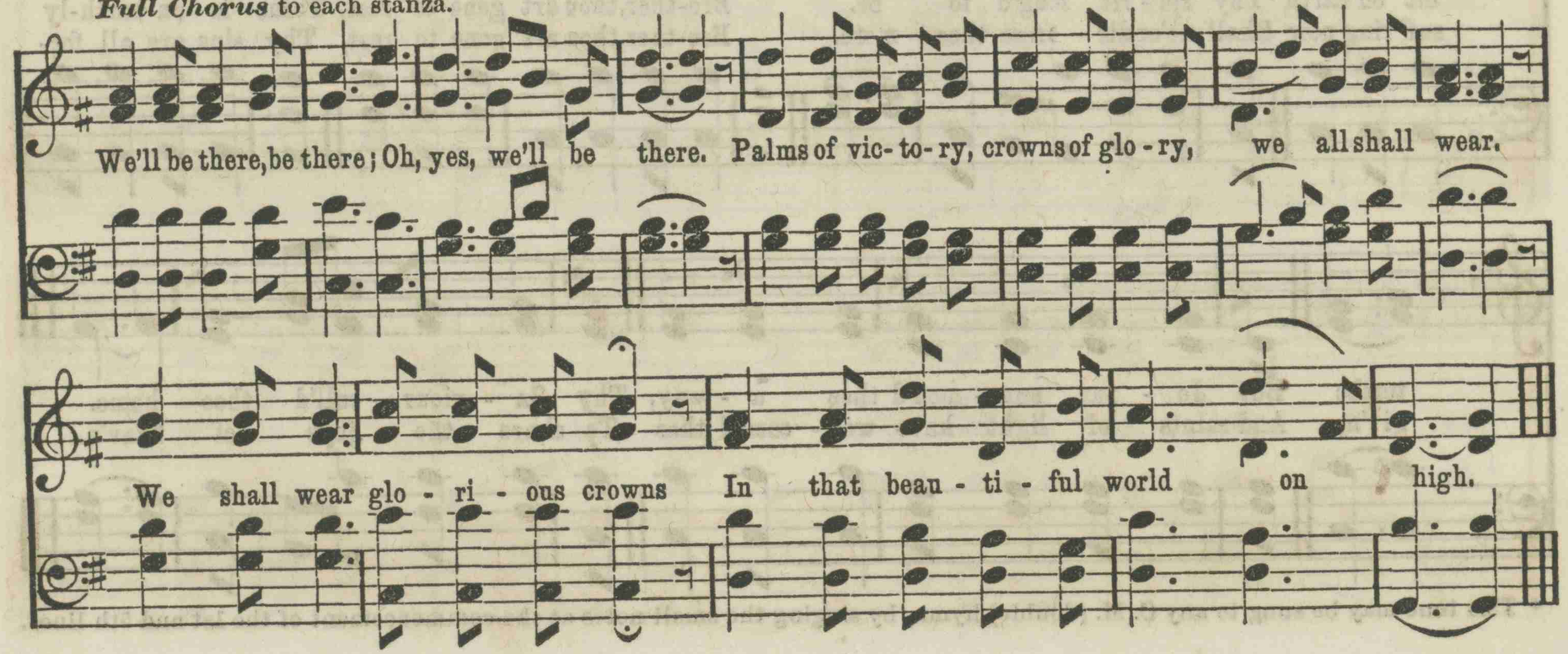
* This tune may be sung to any C. M. (double) hymn, by singing the small notes at the commencement of the 1st and 5th lines.

We shall wear Glorious Crowns.

R. M. McIntosh.



Full Chorus to each stanza.



Live on the Field of Battle.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

1. Live on the field of bat - tle! Be ear - nest in the fight; Stand forth with man - ly cour - age, And strug - gle for the right!
2. Watch on the field of bat - tle! The foe is ev' - ry - where; His fie - ry darts fly thick - ly, Like light' - ning through the air.
3. Pray on the field of bat - tle! God works with those who pray; His might - y arm can nerve us, And make us win the day.
4. Die on the field of bat - tle! 'Tis no - ble thus to die; God smiles on va - liant sol - diers—Their re - cord is on high.

1st Division.

Live, live, live, live, Live on the field of bat - tle!
Watch, watch, watch, watch, Watch on the field of bat - tle!
Pray, pray, pray, pray, Pray on the field of bat - tle!
Die, die, die, die, Die on the field of bat - tle!

2d Division.

The Winter is Over and Gone.

Joyfully.
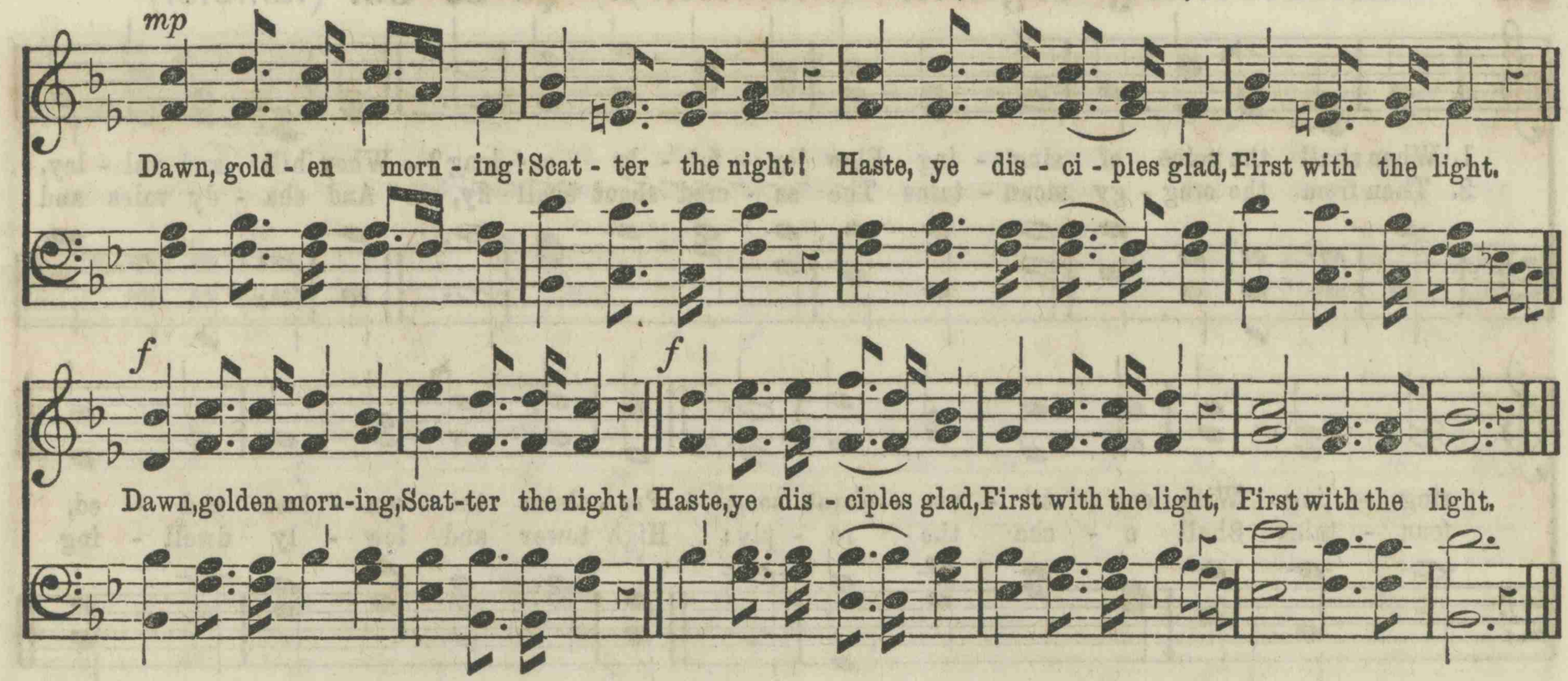
1. The win - ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whis - tles sweet on the spray,
2. Shall ev - e - ry crea - ture a - round Their voi - ces in con - cert u - nite,
3. A - wake, then, my harp and my lute! Sweet or - gans, your notes soft - ly swell!
4. His love in my heart shed a - broad, My gra - ces shall bloom at the spring;

The tur - tle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and war - bles a - way.
And I, the most fa - vor'd, be found In prais - ing to take less de - light?
No long - er my lips shall be mute The Sa - viour's high prais - es to tell!
This tem - ple his Spi - rit's a - bode, My joy, as my du - ty, to sing.

Christ hath Arisen.

Words by Rev. E. A. Washburn, D.D. Music by Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white-rob - ed ones Sit by the door.



2 Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chaunt the great Eastertide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chaunt him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth!
Chaunt, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the earth!
Chaunt Him, &c.

3 Chaunt Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod:
Chaunt Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God!
Break from *thy* winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
Bud with thy blossoms fair;
Christ is thy spring,
Break from thy winter, &c.

4 Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is the gloom:
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark! angel voices
Fall from the skies!
Christ hath arisen!
Glad heart, arise!
Hark! angel voices, &c.

* From "S. S. Service and Tune Book," by permission of Mason Brothers.

92 Missionary Hymn. (McIntosh's.) 7s & 6s. (Iambic.)

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley,
2. Then from the crag - gy moun - tains The sa - cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and

ring - ing With one tri - um - phant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed,
foun - tains Shall e - cho the re - ply: High tower and low - ly dwell - ing

And Him, who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign?
Shall send the cho - rus round, The hal - le - lu - jah swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

DOXOLOGY.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings.

We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

My Rest is in Heaven.

E. Laroche.

1. My rest is in hea - ven, my rest is not here: Then why should I mur - mur at tri - als se - vere? Be tran - quil, my spi - rit: the worst that can come But short - ens my jour - ney and has - tens me home.
2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss And stay - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this: I look for a ci - ty not build - ed with hands, And its glo - ri - ous tem - ple e - ter - nal - ly stands.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask for no portion, seek not to be blest,
Till I find in my Saviour my joy and my rest.

4 Afflictions may grieve me, but cannot destroy:
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.

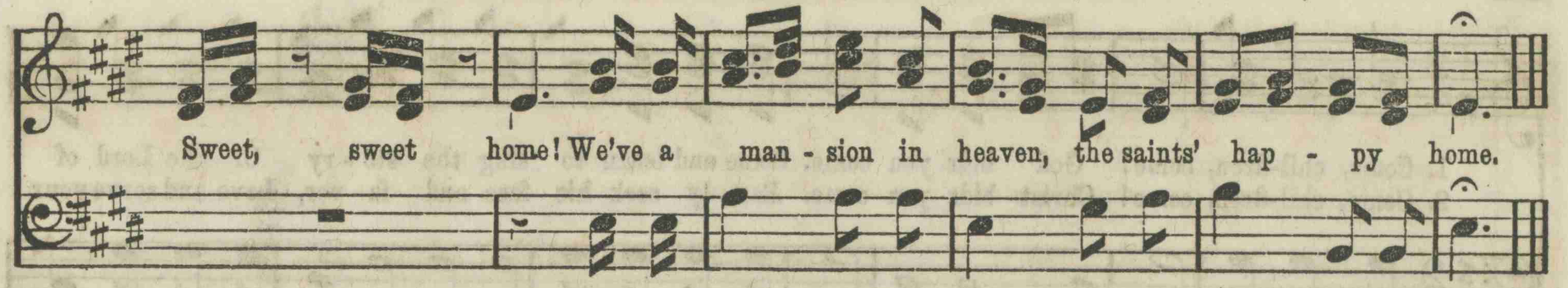
We've a Mansion in Heaven.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Music by Emilius Laroche.

1. How sweet 'tis to think, when this life fades a - way, We've a man - sion in
2. Oh, why should we mur - mur and grieve here be - low, When it is but a
3. A vi - sion of beau - ty now bursts on my sight, From the ci - ty ce-

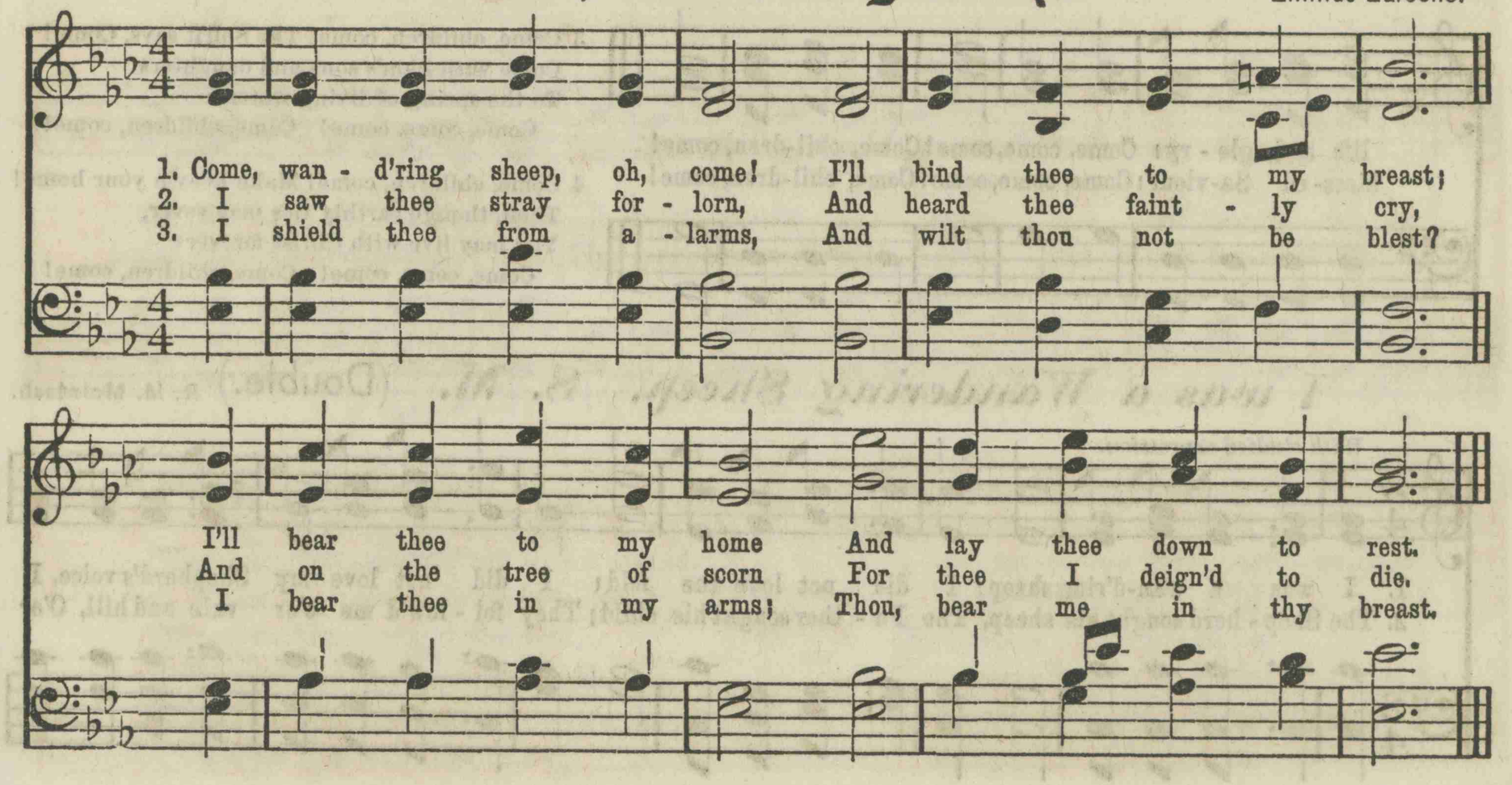
hea - ven that knows no de - cay,— A ci - ty of light, where we free - ly may
mo - ment of suff' - ring we know, Com-pared to the glo - ry re - veal'd to us
les - tial, the land of de - light:— Oh, rest thee, my spi - rit, till Je - sus shall

roam, The king - dom of pro - mise, the saints' hap - py home! Home, home,
there, On the sweet banks of Canaan, so bloom - ing and fair? Home, home,
come And bear thee a - way to the saints' hap - py home. Home, home,



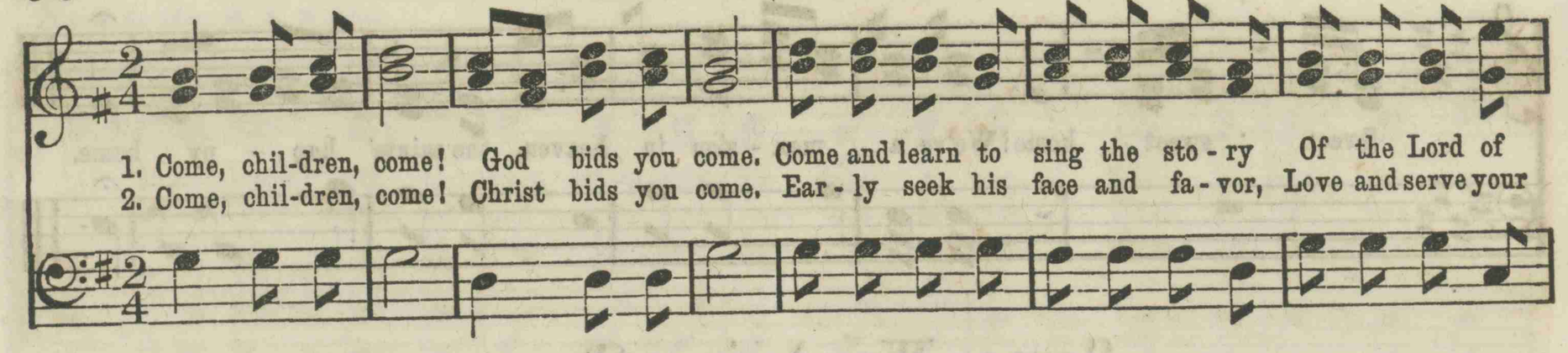
Come, Wandering Sheep.

Emilius Laroche.



Come, Children, Come.

R. M. McIntosh.
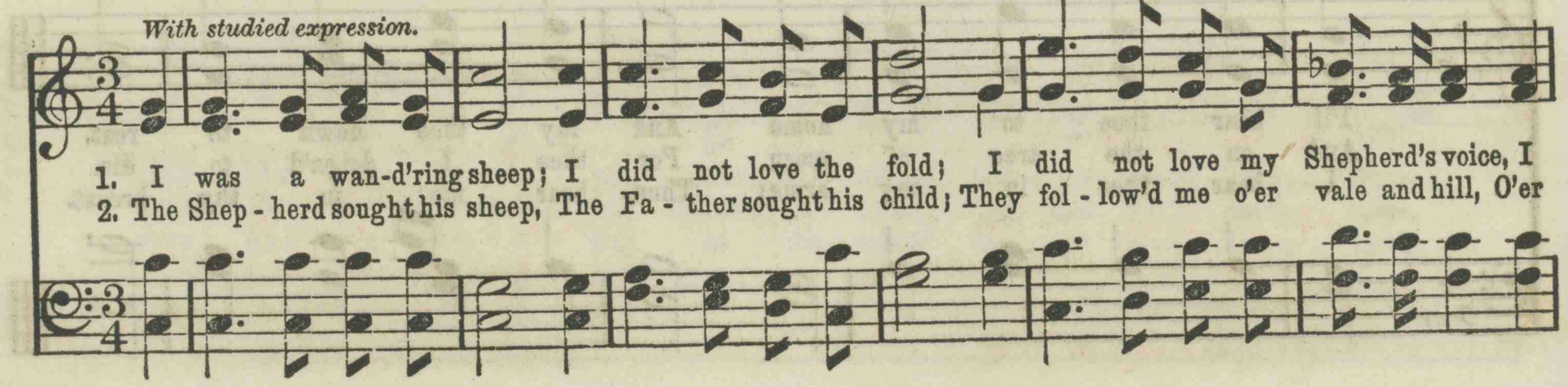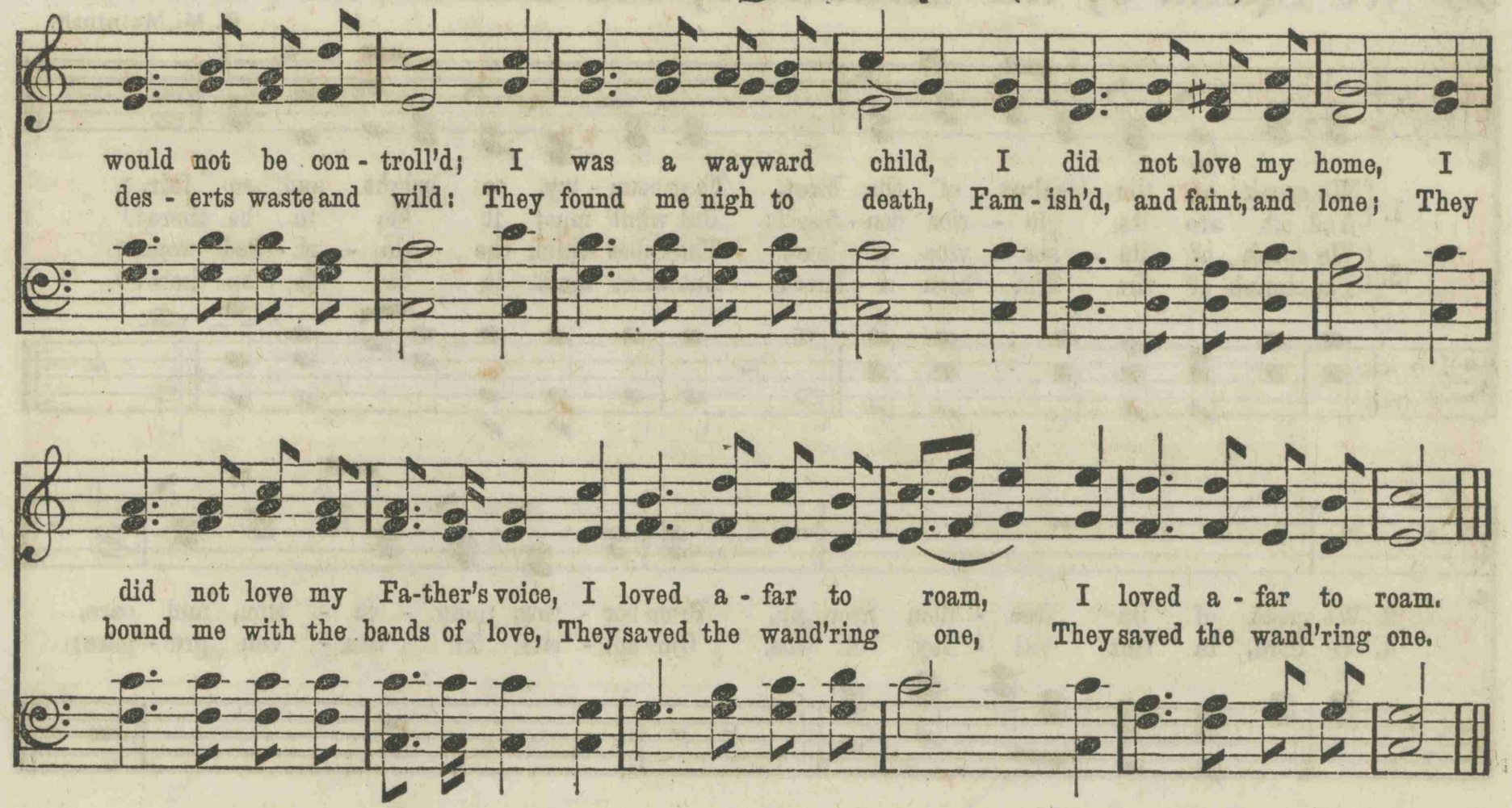


3 Come, children, come! The Spirit says, Come!
Come with Zion's sons and daughters
To the spring of living waters:
Come, come, come! Come, children, come!

4 Come, children, come! Make heav'n your home!
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You may live with Christ forever:
Come, come, come! Come, children, come!

I was a Wandering Sheep. S. M. (Double.)

R. M. McIntosh.





3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controll'd;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.

X G.B.

98 We Speak of the Realms of the Blest. 8s. (Double.)

R. M. McIntosh.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,
   And oft are its glo - ries con - fess'd; But what must it be to be there!
3. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,
   The church of the first - born a - bove; But what must it be to be there!

2. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion, and care,
4. O Lord, in this val - ley of woe, Our spi - rits for hea - ven pre - pare;

From tri - als with-out and with - in; But what must it be to be there!
And short - ly we al - so shall know And feel what it is to be there!

Words by Josephine Pollard:
from the "Sunday-School Times."

Outside the Gate.

Music by R. M. McIntosh.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child; With-in my heart there beat
2. "Mer-cy!" I loud-ly cried, "Oh, give me rest from sin!" "I will," a voice re-plied;
3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sa-viour long a-bused, Who oft-en sought my heart,

A tempest loud and wild. A fear op-press'd my soul, That I might be too late;
And Mer-cy let me in. She bound my bleed-ing wounds; She soothed my ach-ing head;
And wept when I re-fused. Oh, what a blest re-turn For ig-no-rance and sin!

p

And, oh! I trem-bled sore, And pray'd out-side the gate, And pray'd outside the gate.
She eased my bur-den'd soul, And bore the load in-stead, And bore the load in-stead.
I stood out-side the gate, And Je-sus let me in, And Je-sus let me in.

pp ad lib.

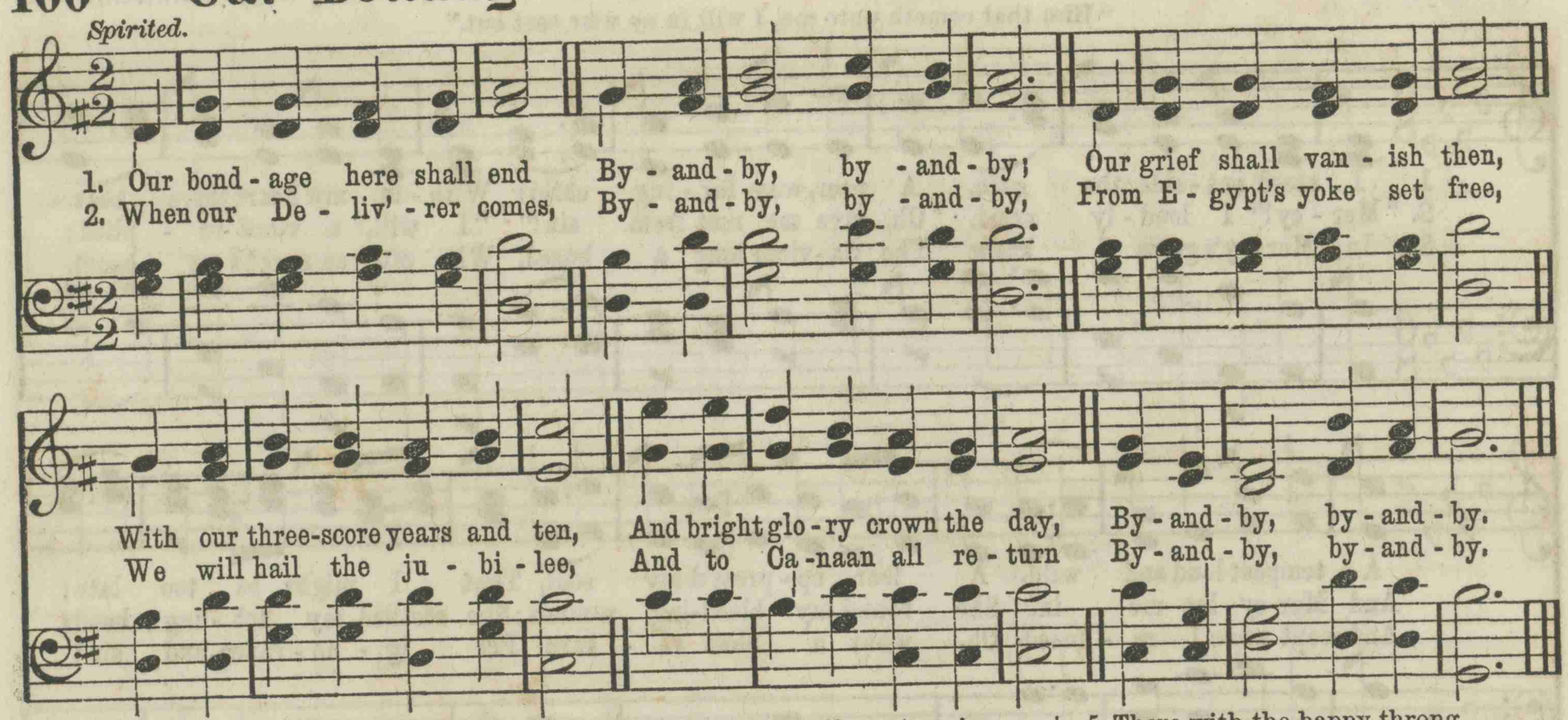
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pp ad lib.

100 Our Bondage here shall end. 6s & 7s.

I. B. Woodbury.
(By permission.)

Spirited.



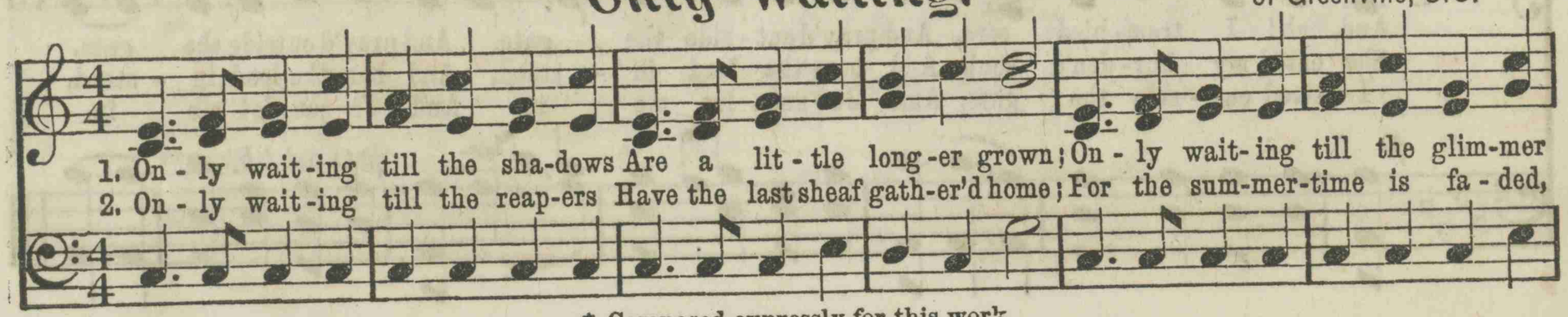
3 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
While the ransom'd host shall shout,
"We are come! we are come!"

4 There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
When we each other greet
At our great Redeemer's feet,
Who have loved, who have loved.

5 There with the happy throng
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
Shouting, "Glory to our King!"
Till the dome of heav'n shall ring,
And through all eternity
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice.

Only Waiting.*

Rev. B. Manly, Jr., D.D.,
of Greenville, S.C.



* Composed expressly for this work.

DUETT.

Of the day's last beam is flown,—Till the night of earth has fa - ded From the heart once full of day,
And the au - tumn winds have come. Quick-ly, reap - ers, quick- ly gath- er The last ripe corn of my heart;

REFRAIN.

Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Through the twilight soft and gray. Here we are waiting, on - ly waiting,
For the bloom of life is wither'd, And I has - ten to de-part.

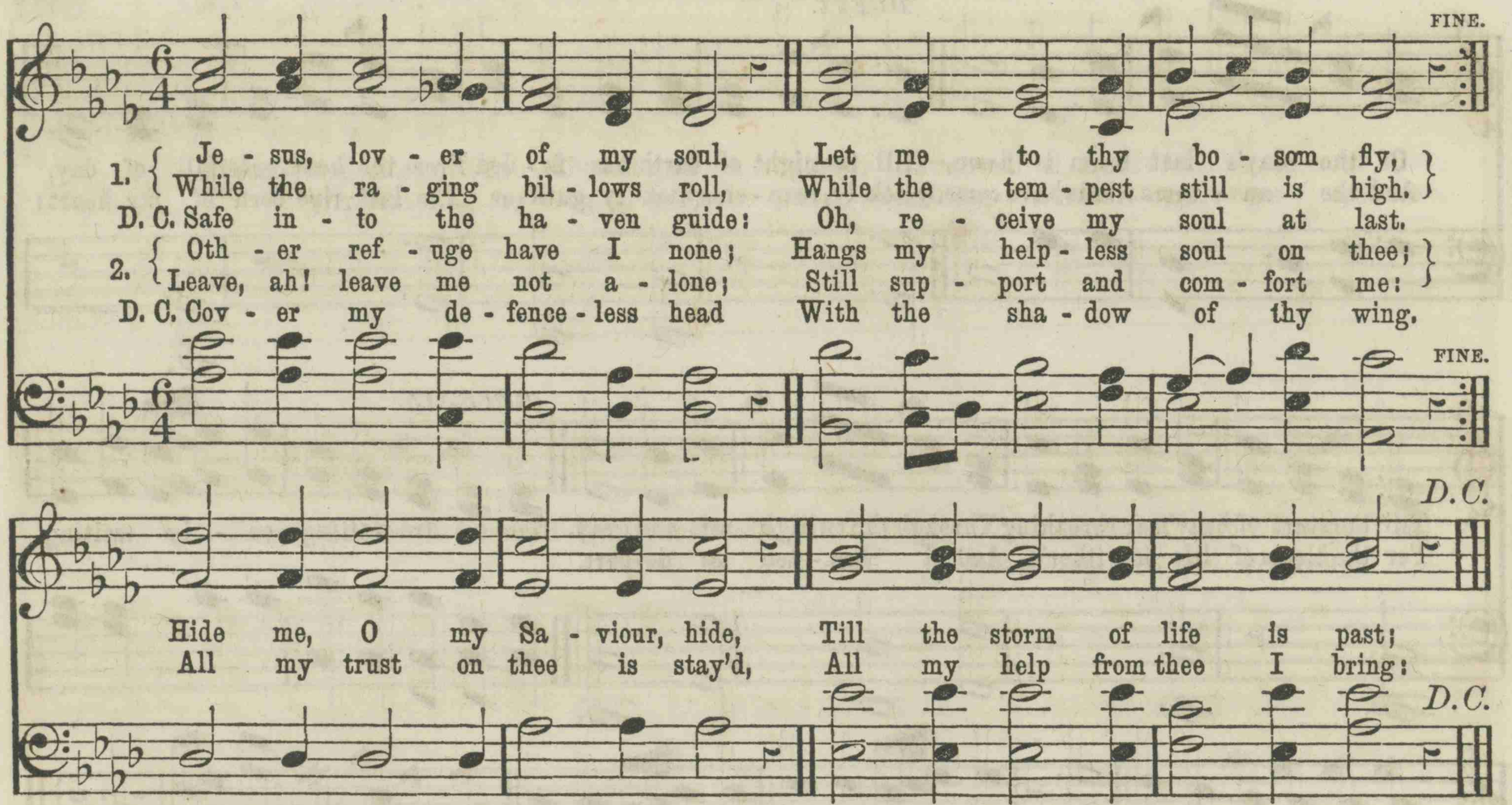
Till our time for rest shall come, Work - ing, watching, ho - ping, wait-ing, Till our Father calls us home.

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Here we are waiting &c.

Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away:
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
Here we are waiting, &c.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

R. M. McIntosh.



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 holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
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 sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Just as I am. (Farmville.)

1. Just as I am,— with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To

that thou bidd'st me come to thee,— O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, &c.

3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without,—
O Lamb of God, &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, &c.

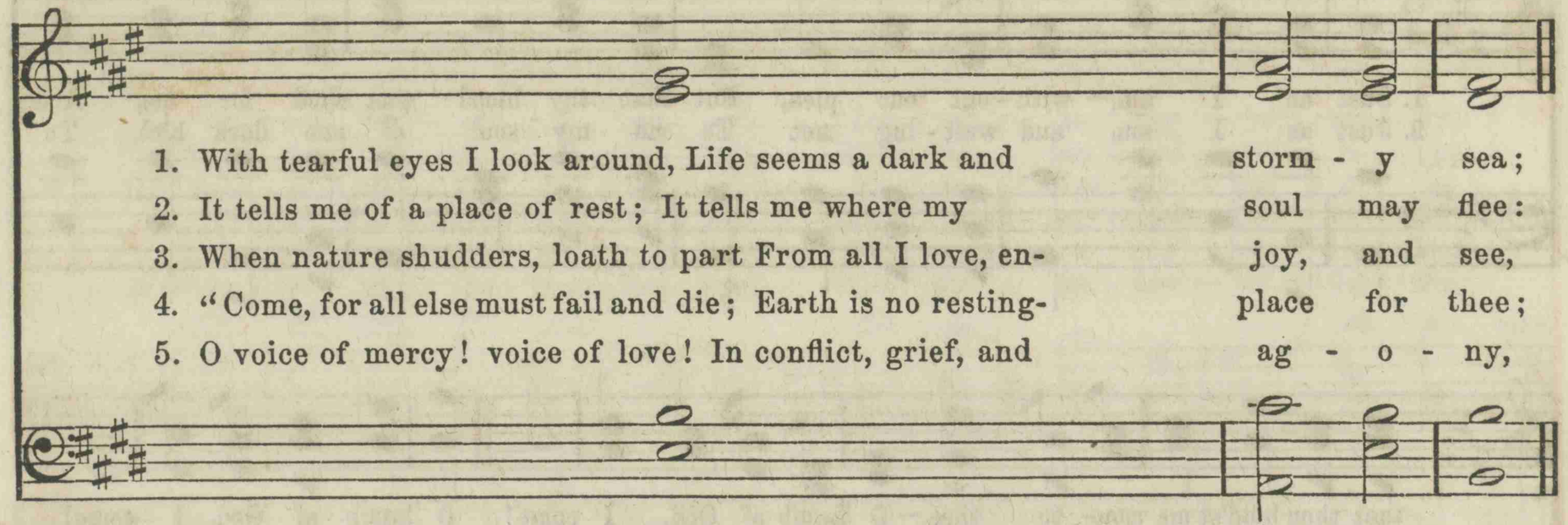
5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, &c.

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,—
O Lamb of God, &c.

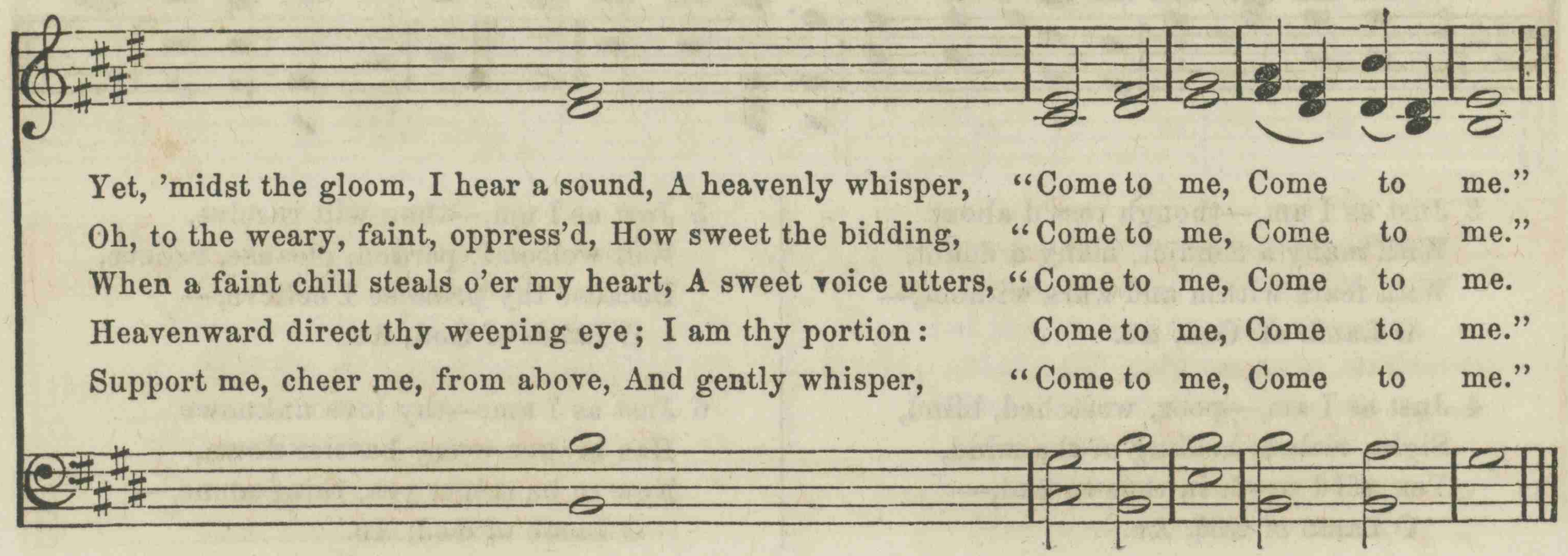
Chant. "Come to Me."

E. Laroche.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.



1. With tearful eyes I look around, 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:
3. When nature shudders, loath to part From all I love, en- joy, and see,
4. "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting- place for thee;
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny,
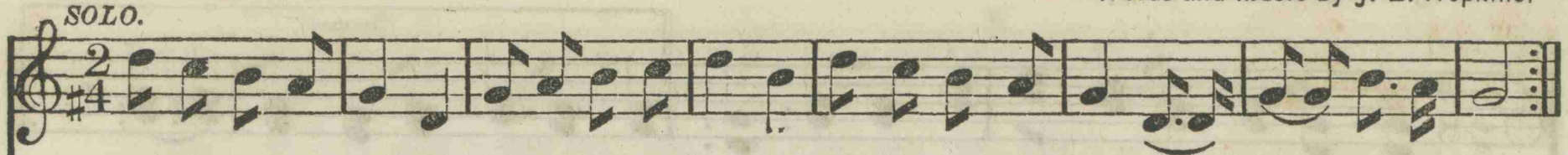


Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me, Come to me."
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me, Come to me."
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice utters, "Come to me, Come to me.
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye; I am thy portion: Come to me, Come to me."
Support me, cheer me, from above, And gently whisper, "Come to me, Come to me."
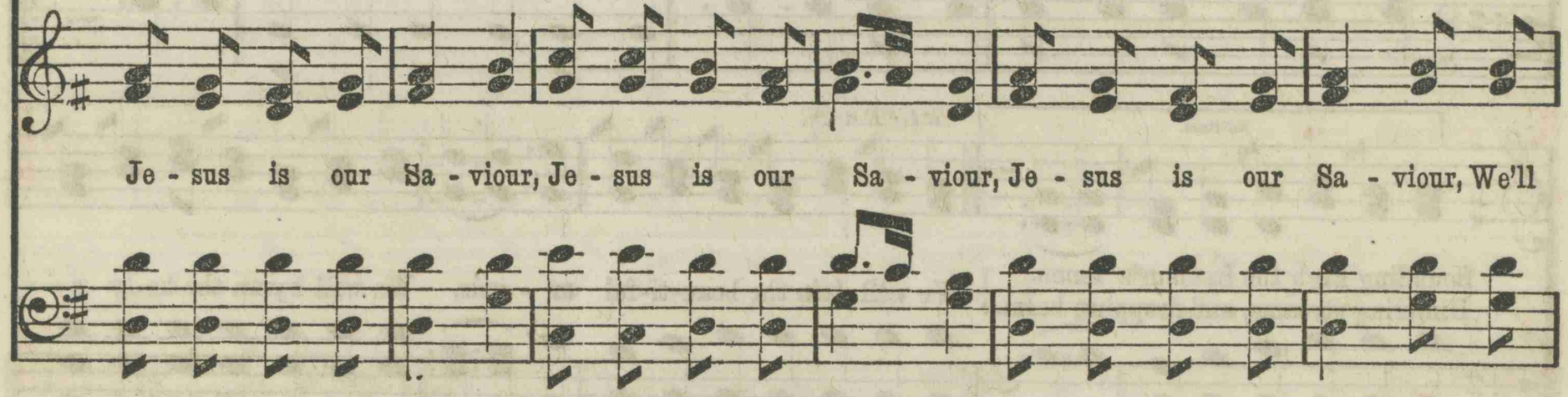
Children's Praise. 105

Words and Music by J. E. Hopkins.

SOLO.
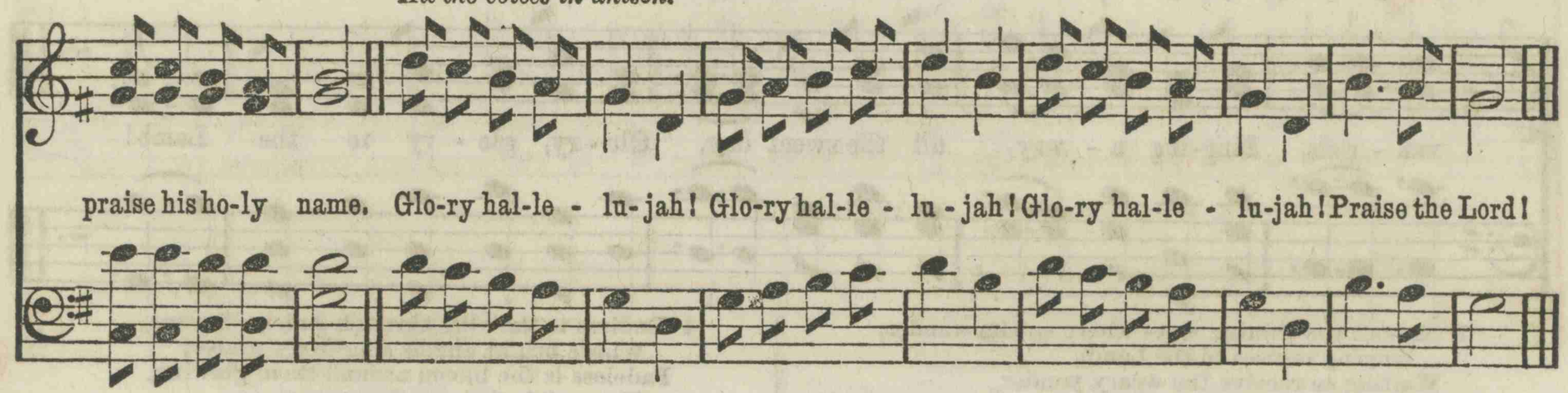


1. "Suf-fer lit - tle children," said our bless-ed Sa-viour, "Suffer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me."
   We will sing his prais-es, we will sing his prais-es, We will sing his prais-es on this Sabbath day.
2. O thou blessed Je - sus, tune our hearts and voi-ces, While we sing thy prais-es in the Sunday-school.
   Come, oh, come and bless us, Come, oh, come and bless us, Come, oh, come and bless us, On this Sabbath day.



Je - sus is our Sa - viour, Je - sus is our Sa - viour, Je - sus is our Sa - viour, We'll

All the voices in unison.



praise his ho-ly name. Glo-ry hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry hal-le - lu - jah! Glo-ry hal-le - lu-jah! Praise the Lord!

X?

106 Hark! the Shining Saints.

Words by Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey.

Music by R. M. McIntosh.

1st time.

1. Hark! the shi - ning saints are sweet - ly sing - ing, Glo - ry, hon - or to the Lamb;
   All the an - gel hosts their tri - bute bring - ing,
2. Bright the bloom-ing fields where an - gels stray-ing, Shout-ing glo - ry to the Lamb;
   Soft the sum - mer airs a - round them play - ing,

2d time.

REFRAIN.

Sounding high the Saviour's name.
Dimpling streams, and dropping balm. } We will join the beau-ti-ful an - gels, We will hymn the ho-ly e -

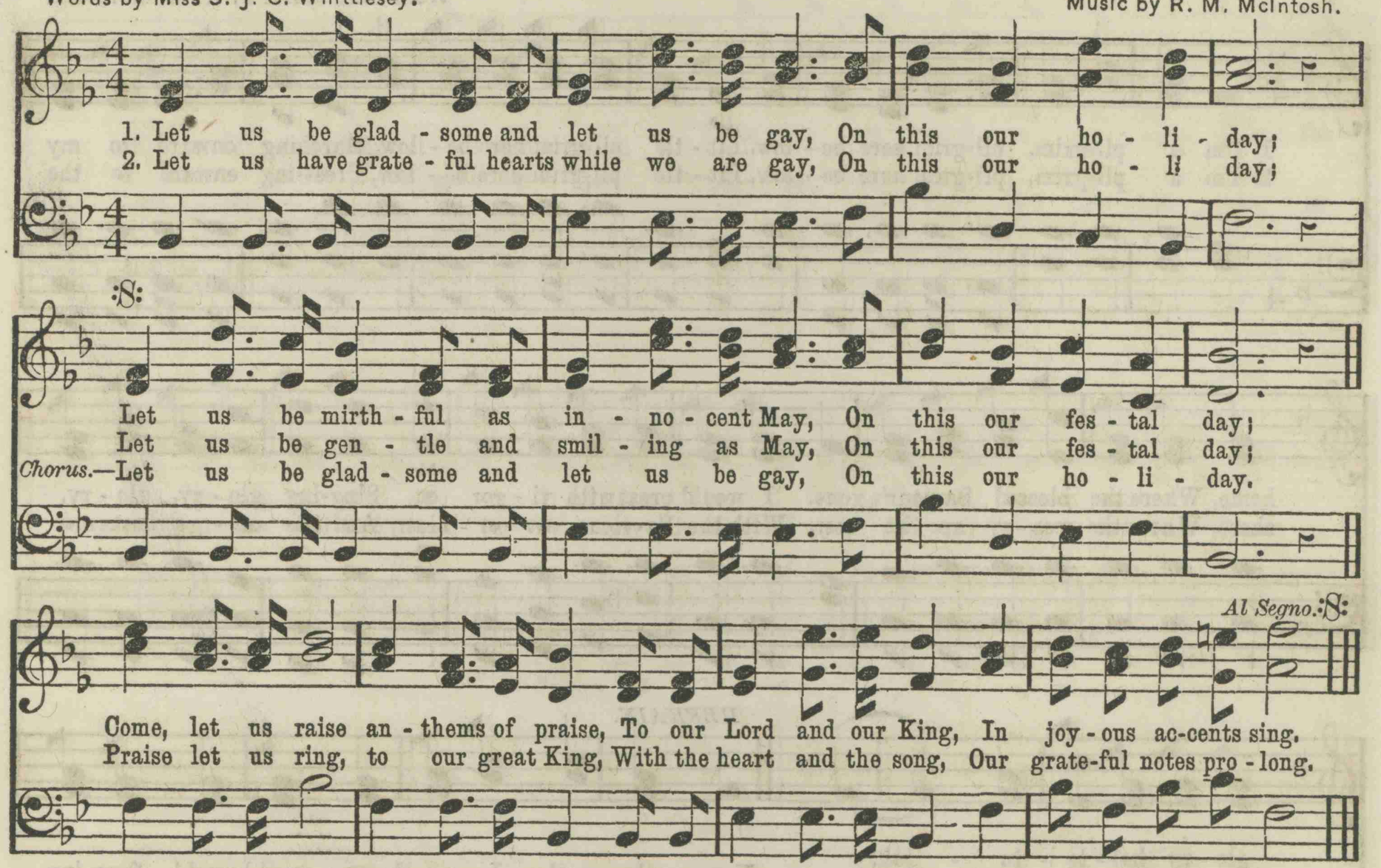
van - gels, Sing-ing a - way, all the sweet day, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

3 Smooth the shining ways where spirits wander,
Singing praises to the Lamb,
Waiting to receive the weary yonder,
Up in Canaan's holy calm.
We will join, &c.

4 Endless is the bliss through Aidenn flowing,
Where bright angels sing God's praise;
Fadeless is the bloom around them glowing,
Glory gilds the graveless ways.
We will join, &c.

Holiday Song.

Words by Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey. Music by R. M. McIntosh.



3 Let us be humble awhile 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, &c.

4 While we are gladsome, and while we are gay,
On this our holiday,
Let us be mindful, though 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.
Chorus.—Then we'll be happy, where joys never cease,
Through an eternal May.

Little Pilgrim here below.

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.

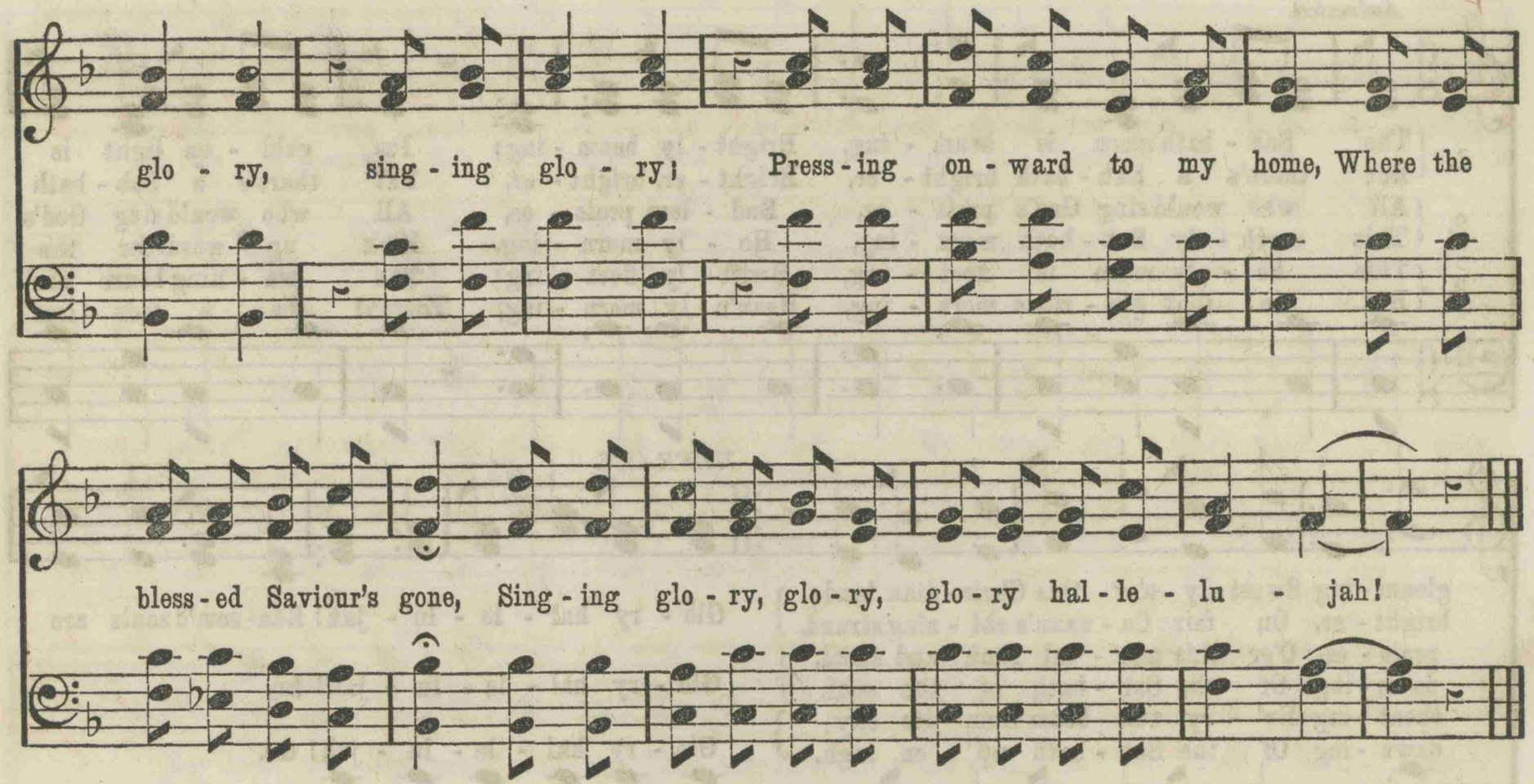
1. I'm a pil-grim, pil-grim here be - low, Lit - tle pil-grim here be - low, Marching onward to my
2. I'm a pil-grim, pil-grim here be - low, Lit - tle pil-grim here be - low, Press-ing onward to the

home, Where the blessed Saviour's gone. I would press with vi - gor on, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry,
shore, Where the wea - ry are at rest, With the Sa-viour ev - er blest, And the an - gel hosts are

REFRAIN.

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.
singing hal - le - lu - jah.

Yes, oh, yes! I am home - ward bound! Sing-ing



3 I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim here below,
Little pilgrim here below,
Trav'ling onward to my home,
Where a mansion bright I see,
And the angels wait for me,
Singing glory, glory, glory hallelujah.
Yes, oh, yes! &c.

4 I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim here below,
Little pilgrim here below,
Striving bravely for a crown:
Soon from earth I'll pass away
To the realms of endless day;
Soon I'll join the ransom'd throng in glory singing.
Yes, oh, yes! &c.

110 Words by Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

Music by R. M. McIntosh.

Animated.

1. The Sab - bath morn is beam - ing, Bright - ly beam - ing; Its gold - en light is gleam - ing Sweet - ly o'er this Chris - tian land;
   But there's a Sab - bath bright - er, Bright - er, bright - er, But there's a Sab - bath bright - er, On fair Ca - naan's shi - ning strand.
2. All who would sing God's prais - es, End - less prais - es, All who would sing God's prais - es, O'er this mor - tal bank and shoal,
   This earth - ly Sab - bath morn - ing, Ho - ly morn - ing, Look up - ward for the dawn - ing Of the Sab - bath of the soul.
3. This ho - ly morn is fleet - ing, Swift - ly fleet - ing; The wa - ning hours are cheat - ing Ev' - ry sun - beam from its sky;
   But in that glo - rious morn - ing, Heav'n - ly morn - ing, There'll be a fade - less dawn - ing Of the Sab - bath up on high.

REFRAIN.
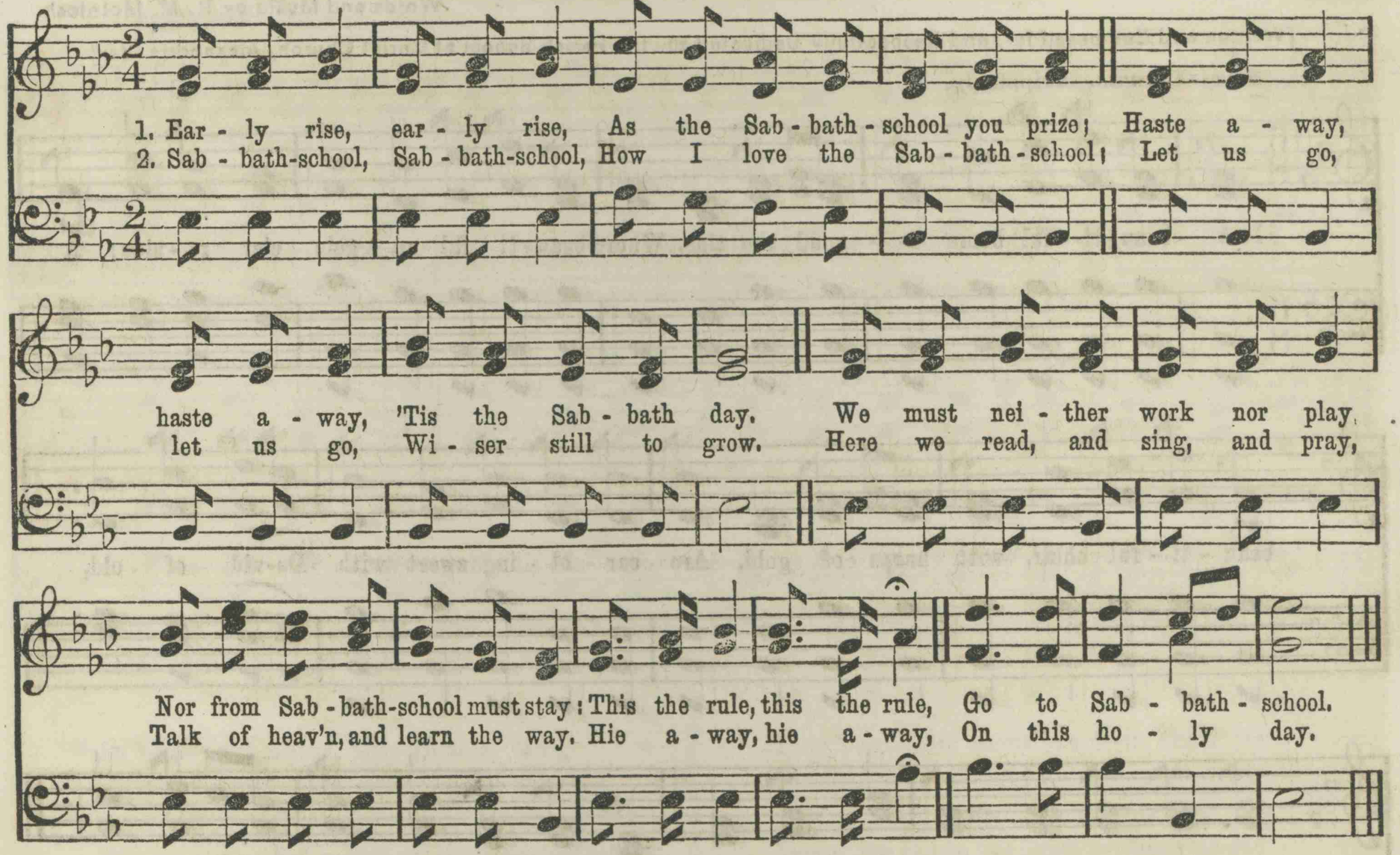
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Ran - som'd souls are sweet - ly sing - ing; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! In the Sab - bath of the soul.

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! &c.

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! &c.

Early Rise.

J. E. Hopkins. **111**



3 Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear,
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord!
Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here:
Pressing on, pressing on,
Youth will soon be gone.

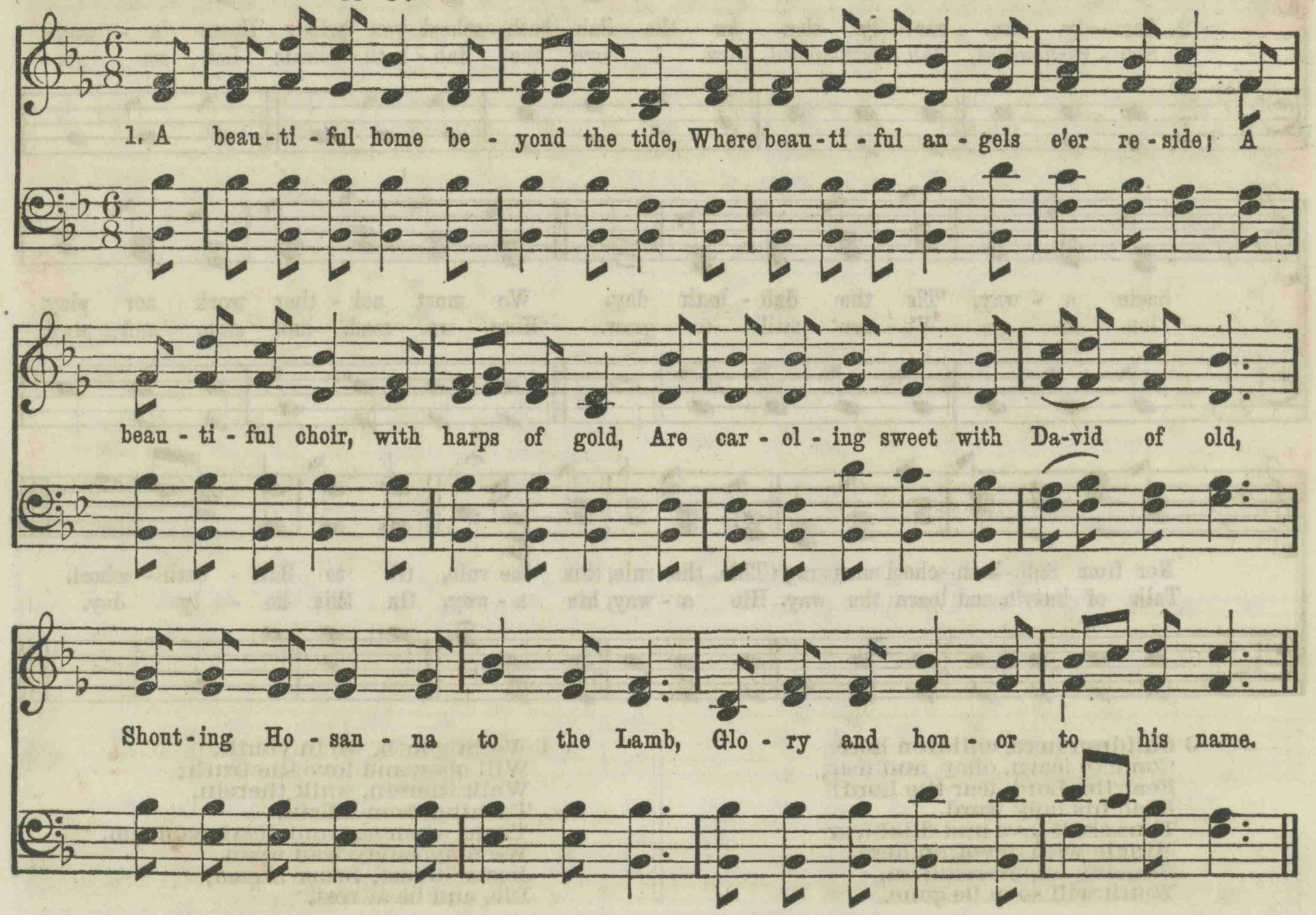
4 We in youth, we in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein,
Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
Die, and be at rest.

The Happy Throng.

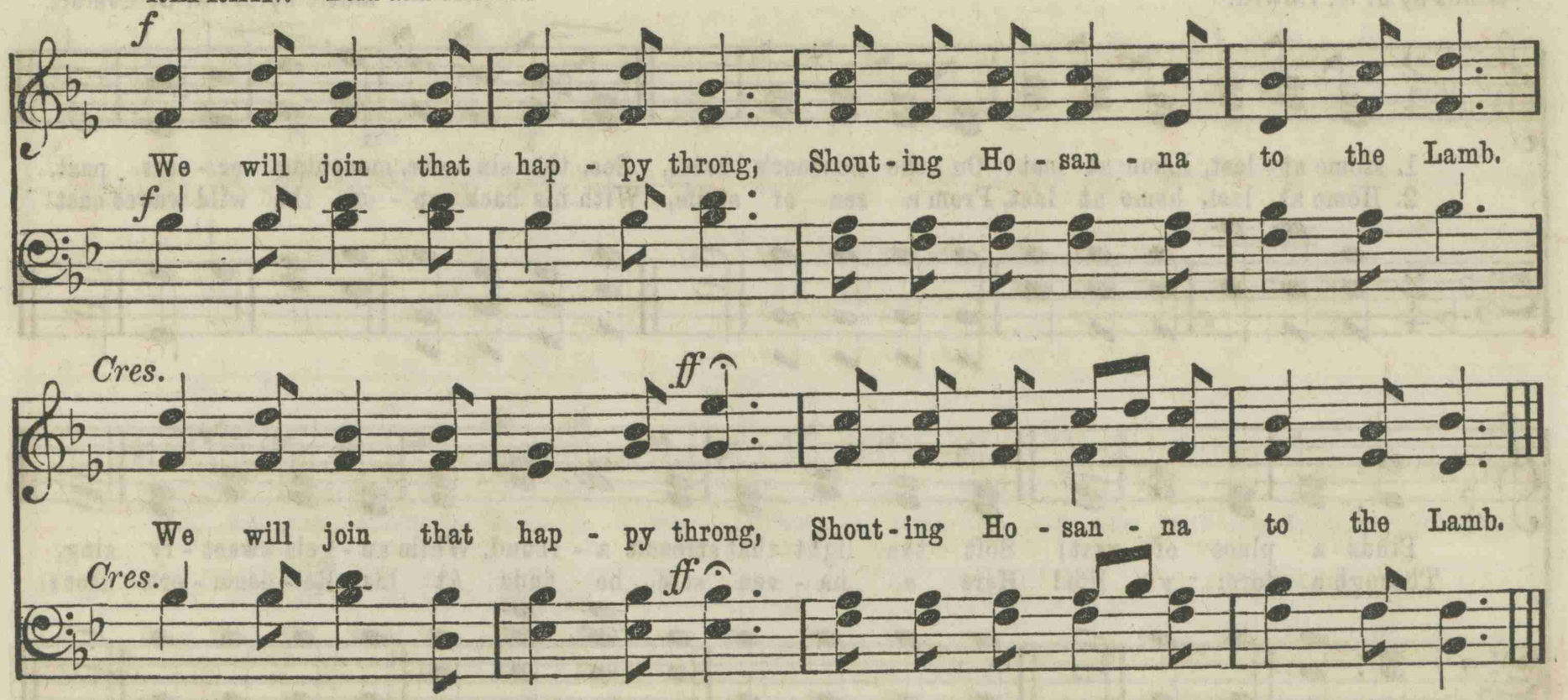
Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh.

[Written and Composed for, and Respectfully Dedicated to, the Parish School at Christ Church, Alexandria, Va.]

Semi-Chorus. Trippingly.



REFRAIN. Bold and distinct.



2.

* In beautiful notes, this Easter-Tide,
They're chanting a song by Jesus' side,
And telling of rest in heaven's pure light,
Where beautiful robes of spotless white
Are waiting for all the saints of peace,
Whose pilgrimage here ere long must cease.

REFRAIN.

ff. We will join, &c.

3.

This beautiful choir we soon shall join,
Singing with them this sweetest song:—
Glory and honor, love and praise,
Jesus, be thine through endless days!
Saviour, whene'er our time shall come,
Take us, oh, take us to thy home,

REFRAIN.

ff. There to join the happy throng, &c.

* Instead of "Easter-Tide," in this line, may be read "Sabbath day," "joyous day," or "festal day," to suit the occasion.

114 Home at Last.

Words by J. H. Hewitt. Music by Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Home at last, home at last! On the Saviour's breast, See, the sin - ner, mourning er - rors past,
2. Home at last, home at last, From a sea of strife, With his back up - on the wild waves cast

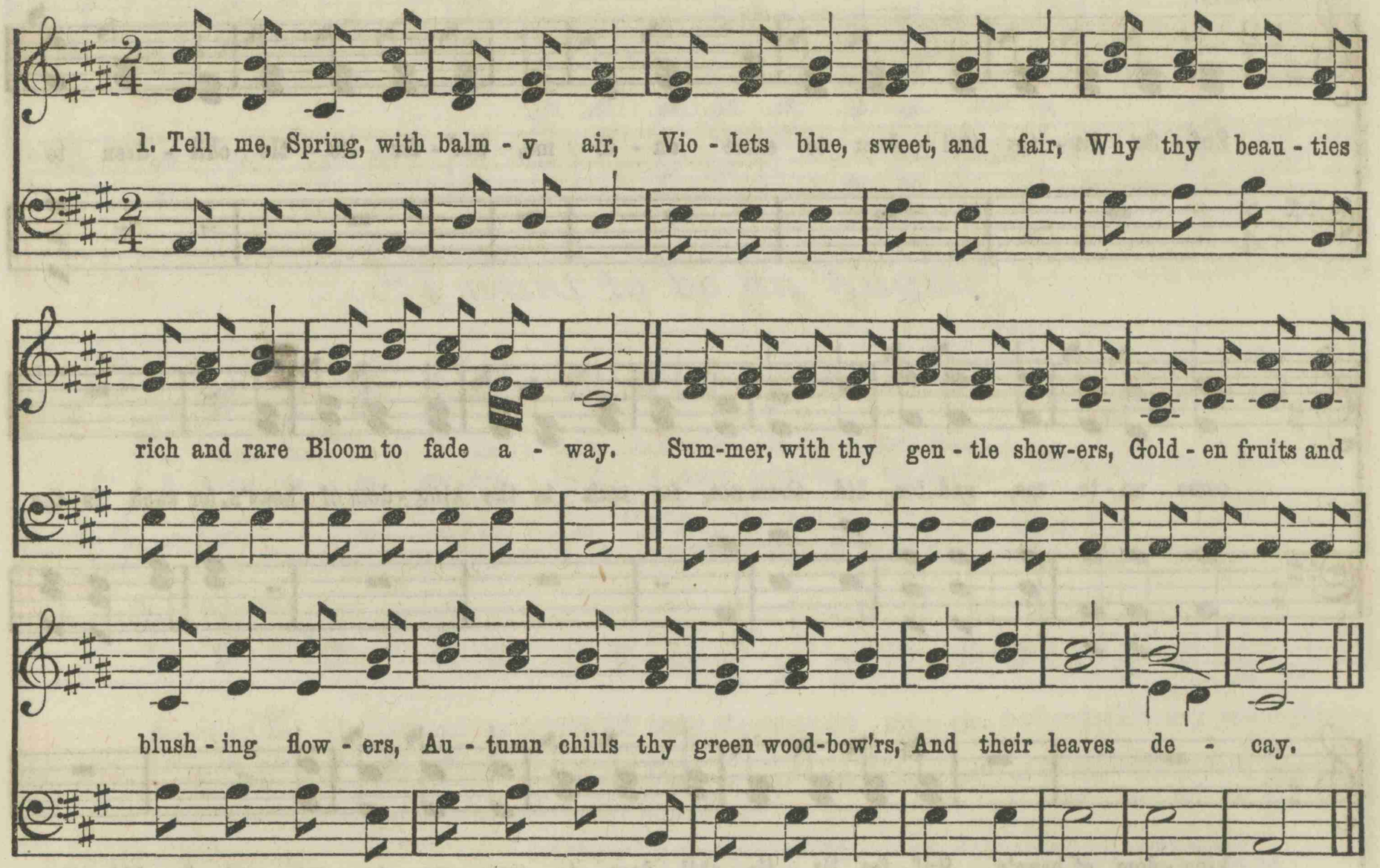
Finds a place of rest; Soft the light that streams a - round, While an - gels sweet - ly sing,
Through a storm - y life! Here a ha - ven safe he finds At his Re - deem - er's feet;

Cres.

And the harps of hea - ven swell the sound To the heav'n - ly King.
Here, pro - tect - ed from the waves and winds, Oh, his rest how sweet!

Tell me, Spring.

Words by Fanny Crosby. Music by R. M. McIntosh.



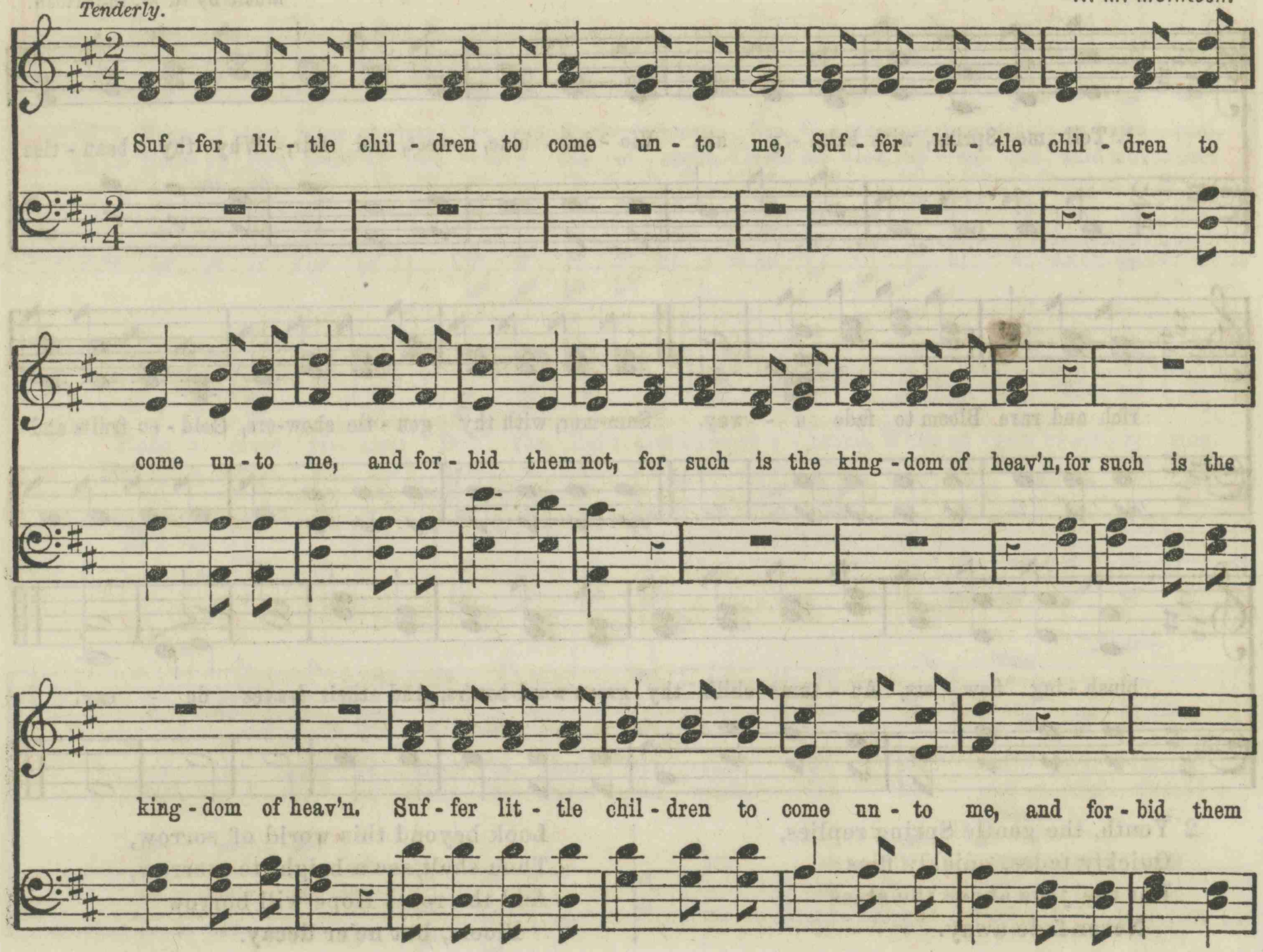
2 Youth, the gentle Spring replies,
Quickly fades, quickly flies;
But the joys above the skies
Never fade away.
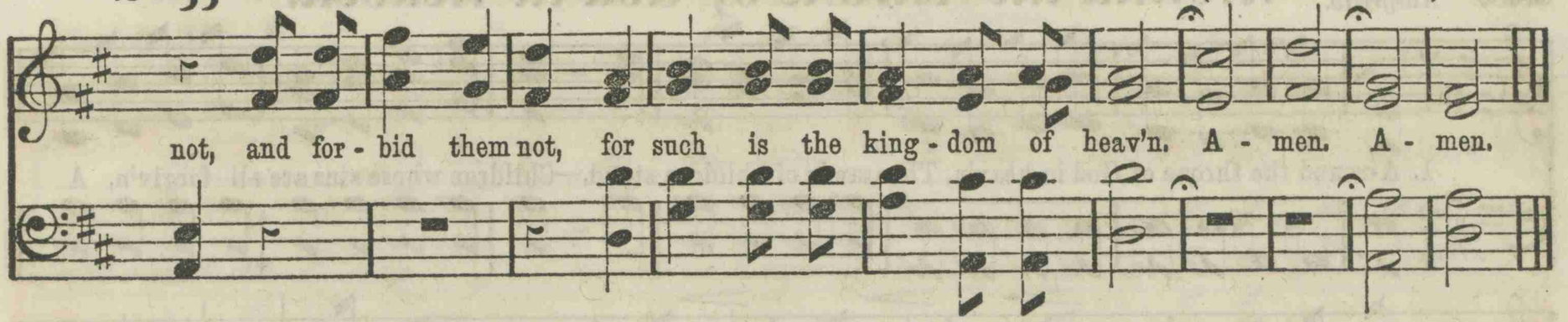
Look beyond this world of sorrow,
Thou shalt see a bright to-morrow,
And the roses Hope will borrow
Bloom, but ne'er decay.

116 Sentence.—Suffer Little Children to come unto Me.

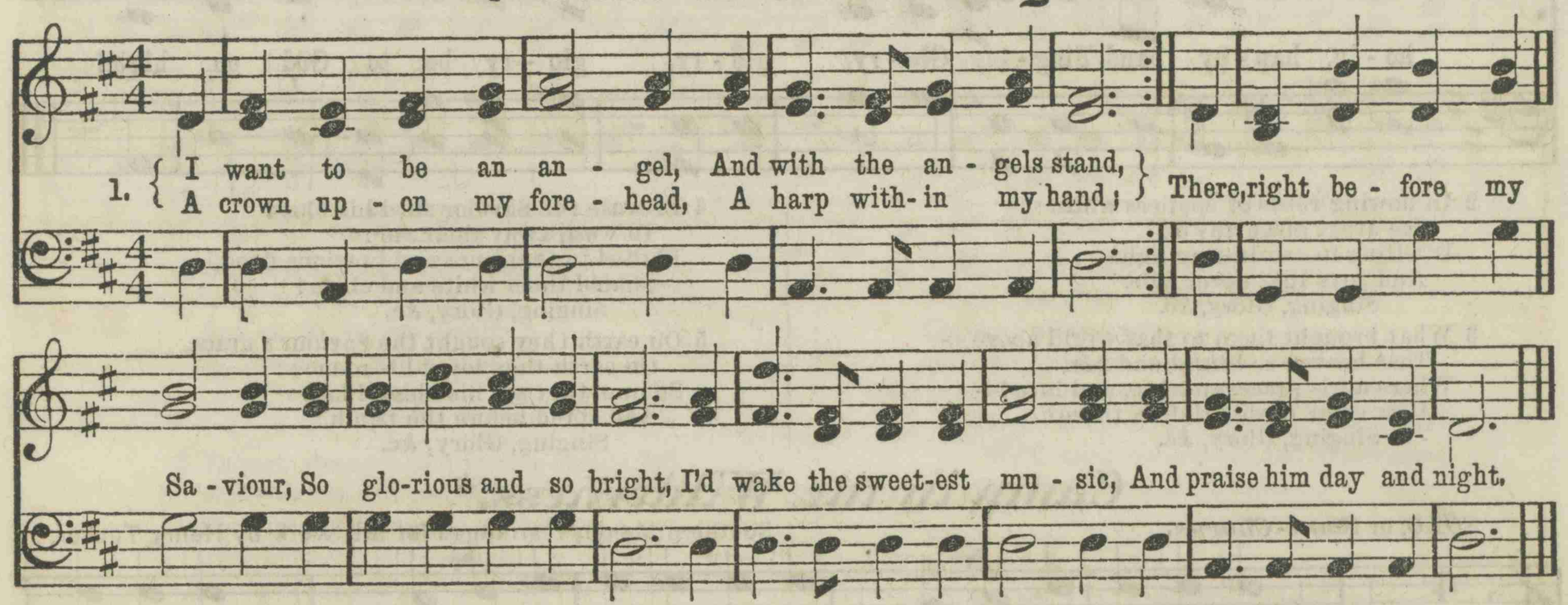
R. M. McIntosh.

Tenderly.





"I want to be an Angel."

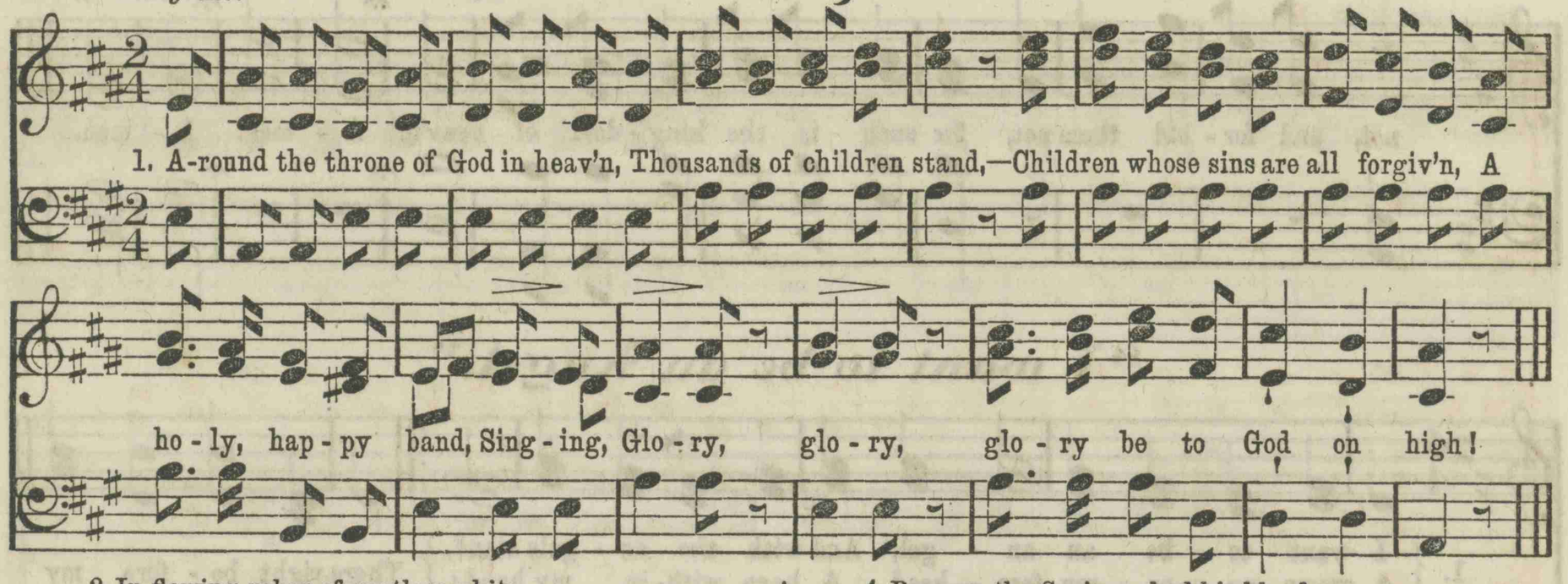


2 I never would be weary,
  Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
  Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure, and holy,
  I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And, with ten thousand thousands,
  Praise him both day and night.

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

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

118 *Allegretto.* Around the Throne of God in Heaven.



2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade.
Singing, Glory, &c.

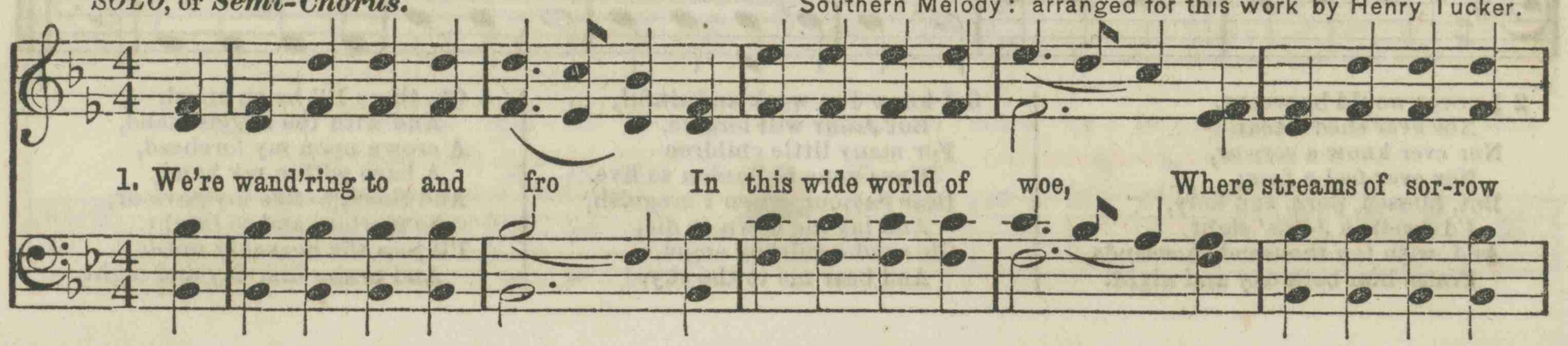
3 What brought them to that world above,—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, &c.

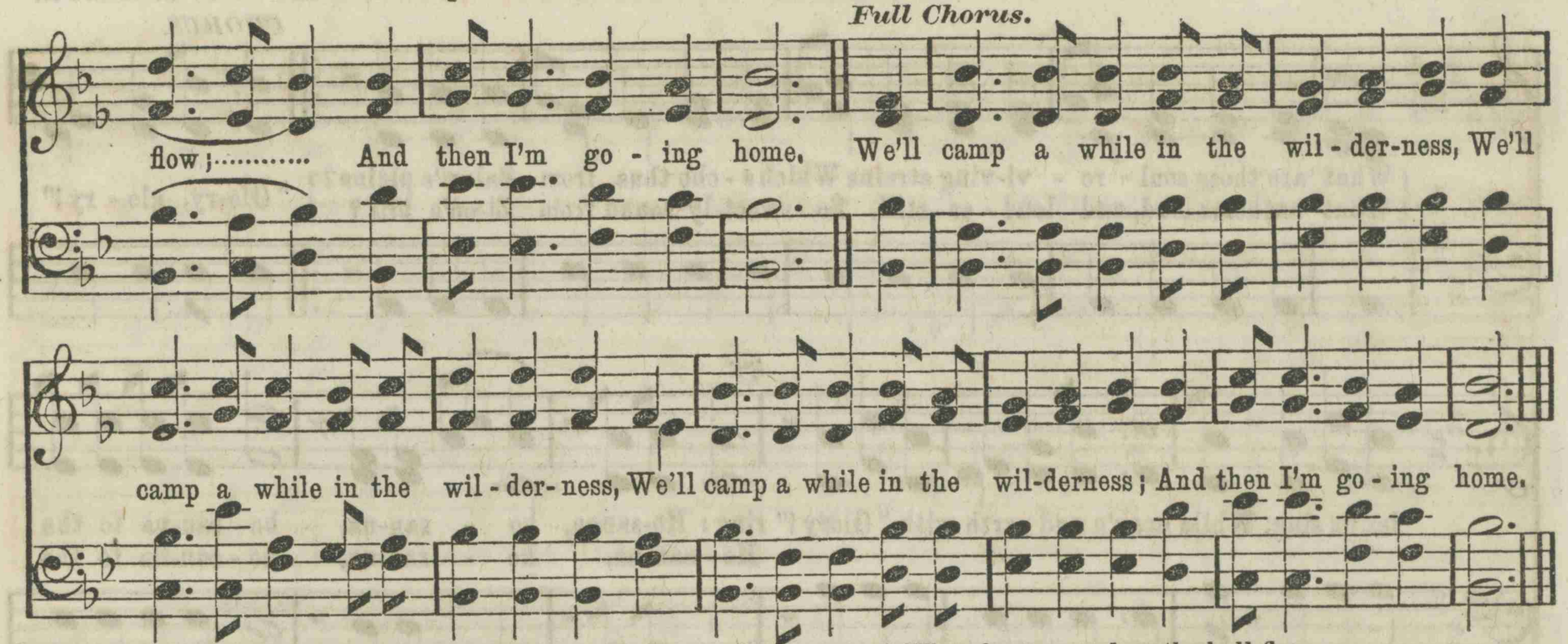
4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, Glory, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, &c.

Camp in the Wilderness.*

SOLO, or ***Semi-Chorus.*** Southern Melody: arranged for this work by Henry Tucker.





2 And when my faith is tried,
In Him I will confide,
And all the storms outride;
And then I'm going home.
We'll camp, &c.

3 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through Christ I shall prevail;
And then I'm going home.
We'll camp, &c.

4 And when my toil is o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout, as up I soar;
For then I'm going home.
We'll camp, &c.

5 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Oh, then we'll all be home.
Chorus.—We'll camp no more in the wilderness,
We'll camp no more in the wilderness,
We'll camp no more in the wilderness;
For then we'll all be home.

6 When at the judgment-seat
We stand at Jesus' feet,
Where world on world shall meet,
Oh, then we'll all be home.—*Chorus.*

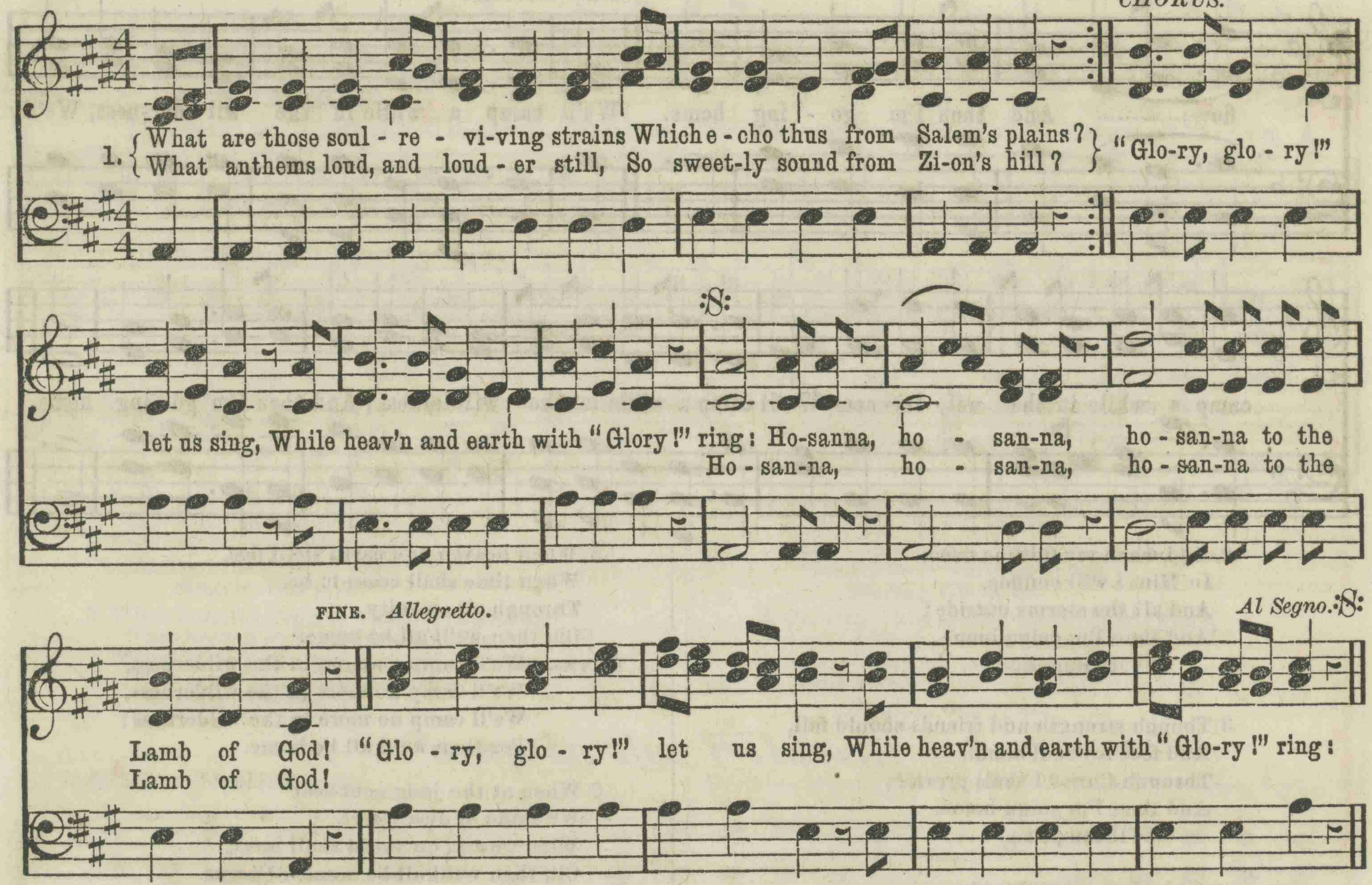
7 When I reach that happy shore
Where sorrow is no more,
I'll sing for evermore
That we are safe at home.—*Chorus.*

* We here recognize a melody of our childhood, and heartily thank Brother Tucker, of the "Mystic Tie," for his admirable arrangement of it.—ED.

Hosanna.

From the S. S. Minstrel.

CHORUS.

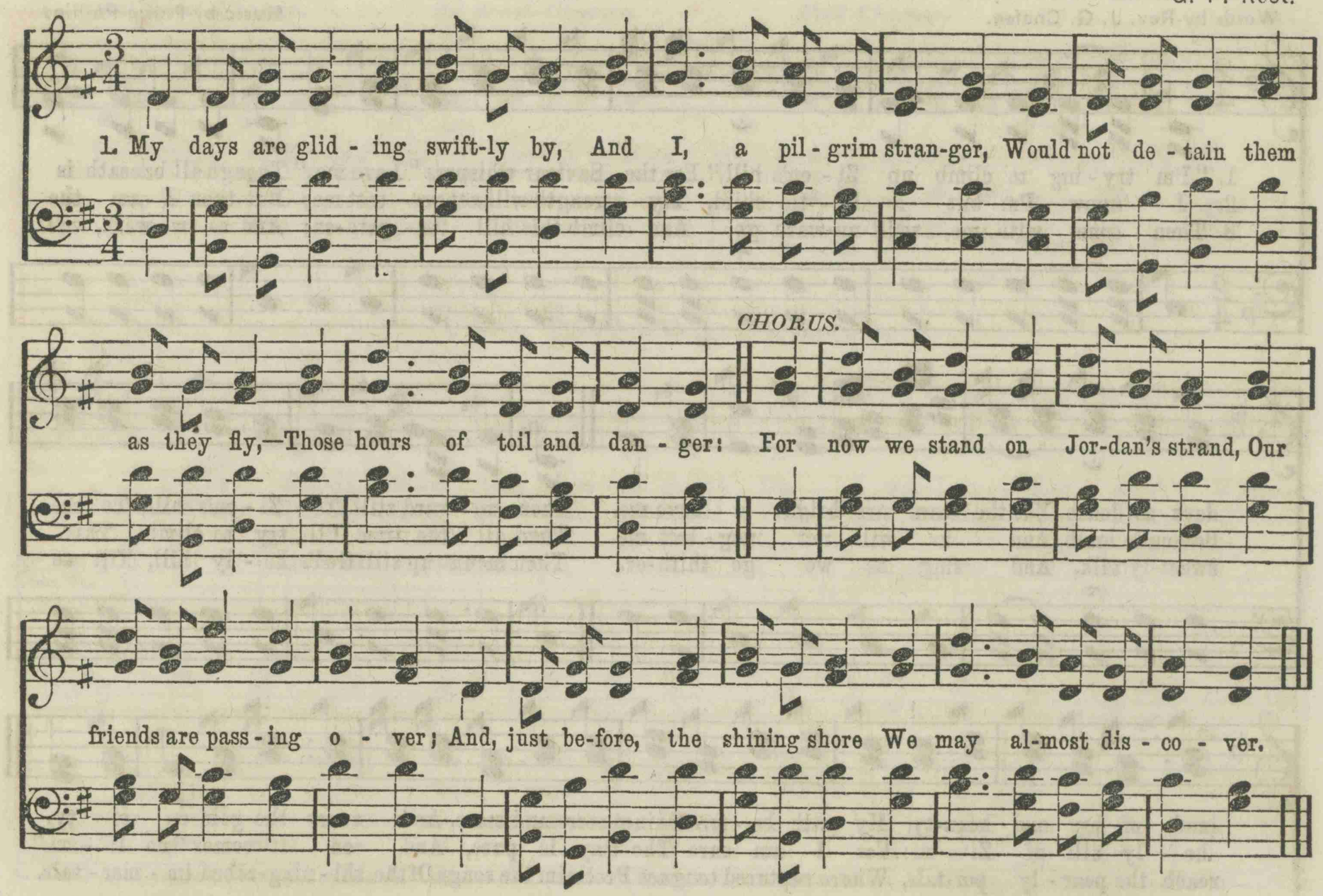


2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings,
"Hosanna to the King of kings!"
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.—*Chorus.*

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.—*Chorus.*

4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear:
All praise on earth to him be given,
And "Glory!" shout through highest heaven.—*Cho.*

G. F. Root.



2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let ev'ry lamp be burning;"
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.—*Cho.*

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."—*Cho.*

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each chord on earth to sever,
There bright and joyous in the skies—
There is our home forever.—*Cho.*

Climbing up Zion's Hill.

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

Words by Rev. J. G. Chafee. Music by Philip Phillips.

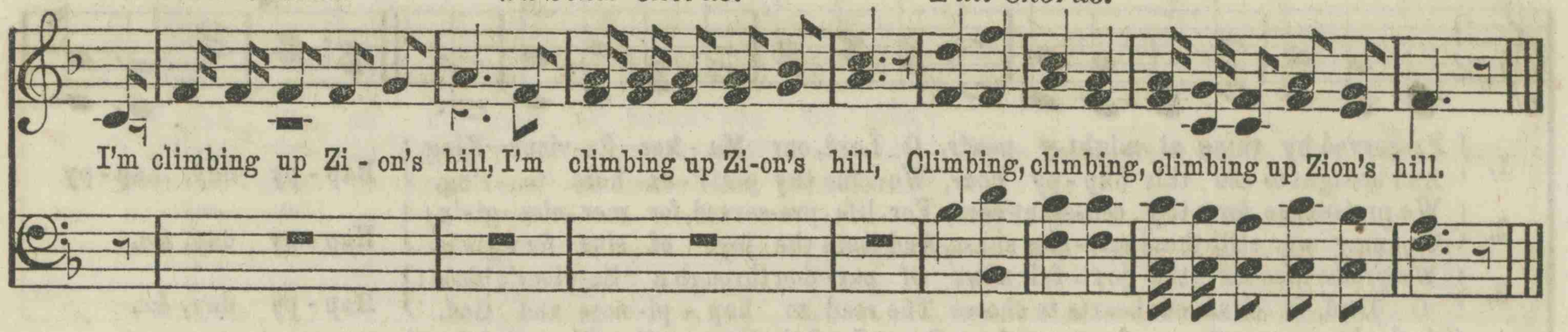
1. "I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's hill," For the Saviour whispers "Love me;" Though all beneath is
2. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, My strength will not pro - tect me; But then I am the
3. Then come with me, we'll up-ward go, And climb this hill to - geth-er; And as we walk, we'll

dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a - bove me. Then up - ward still To Zi - on's hill, To the
Saviour's lamb, And he will not neg - lect me. Then all the time I'll try to climb This
sweet-ly talk, And sing as we go thith-er. Then mount up still God's ho - ly hill, Till we

land of joy and beau-ty, My path be - fore Shines more and more, As it nears the gold-en ci - ty.
ho - ly hill of Zi - on; For I am sure The way is pure, And on it comes "no li - on."
reach the pear - ly por-tals, Where raptured tongues Proclaim the songs Of the shi - ning-robed im - mor - tals.

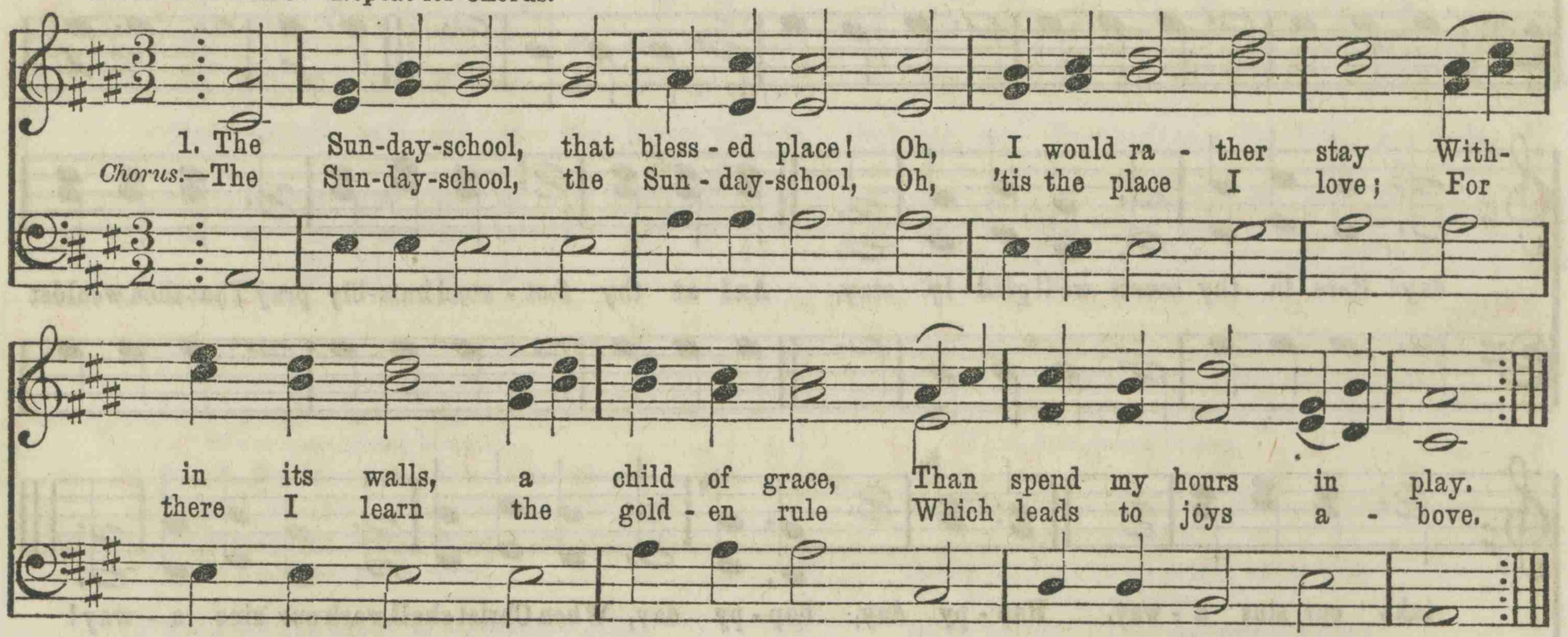
REFRAIN.

1st Semi-Chorus. ***2d Semi-Chorus.*** ***Full Chorus.***



The Sunday-School.

DUETT or *TRIO.*—Repeat for Chorus.



2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I:
Oh, what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high?—*Cho.*

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given,
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.—*Cho.*

4 And welcome then the Sunday-school!
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule
And never from it stray.—*Cho.*

Happy Day.

CHORUS.

1. { Preserved by thine al-might-y pow'r, O Lord, our Ma-ker—Sa-viour—King, / And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy prais-es here to sing. } Hap-py day, hap-py

2. { We praise thee for thy con-stant care, For life pre-served, for mer-cies giv'n; / Oh, may we still those mer-cies share, And taste the joys of sins for-giv'n. } Hap-py day, &c.

3. { We praise thee for the joy-ful news Of par-don through a Sa-viour's blood; / O Lord, in-cline our hearts to choose The road to hap-pi-ness and God. } Hap-py day, &c.
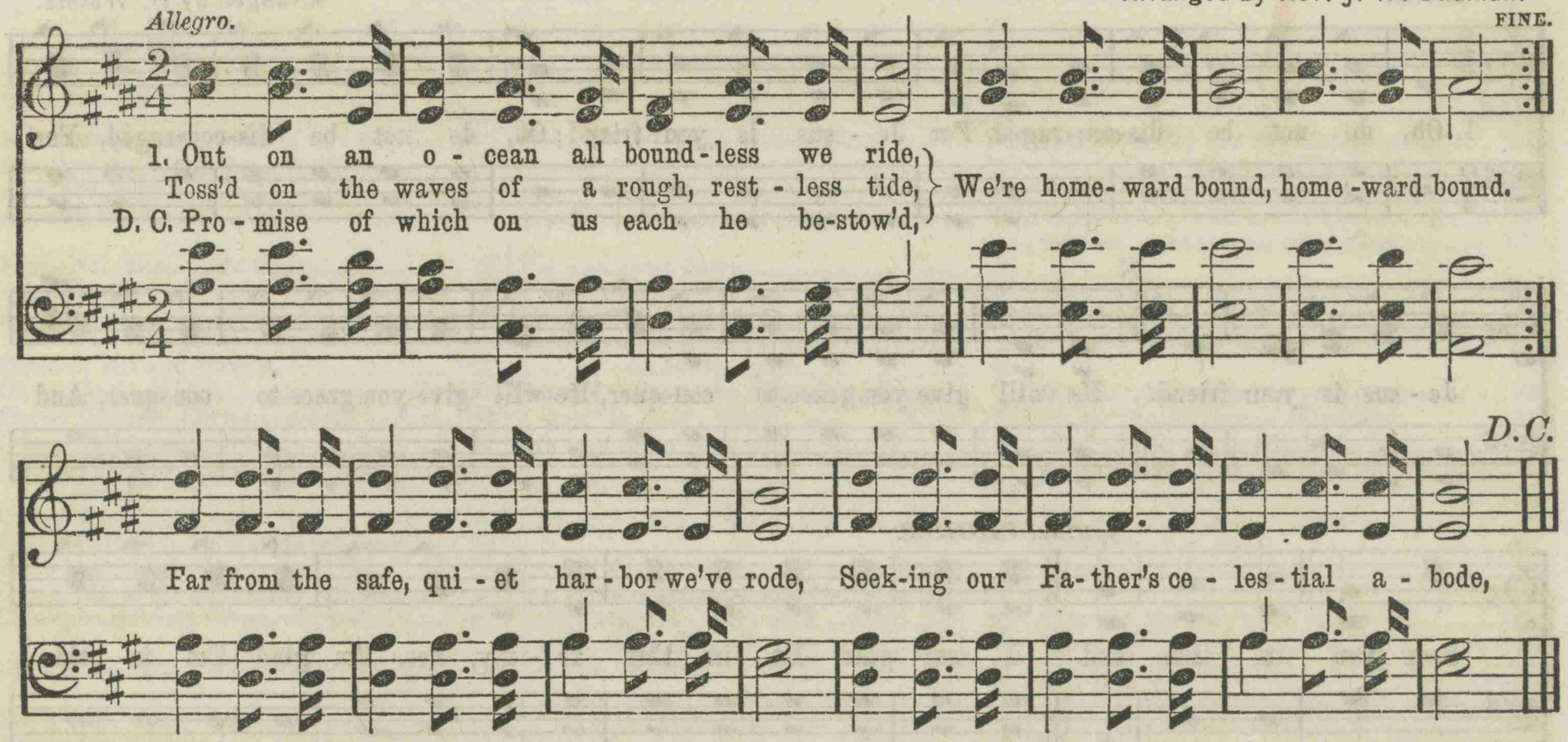
4. { And when on earth our days are done, Grant, Lord, that we at length may join, / Teach-ers and schol-ars, round thy throne, The song of Mo-ses and the Lamb. } Hap-py day, &c.

day! Here in thy courts we'll glad-ly stay, And at thy foot-stool hum-bly pray That thou wouldst

take our sins a-way. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way!

Homeward Bound. 125

Arranged by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale.
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound.

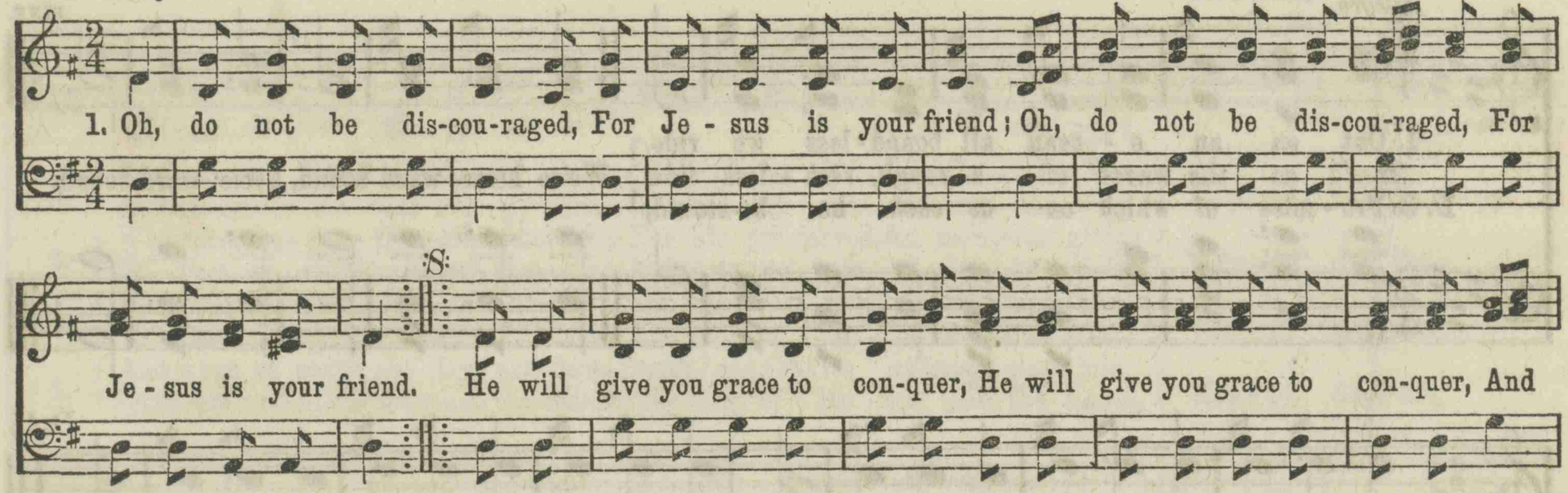
3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
Join in our number,—oh, come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest.
We're homeward bound.

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

The Sunday-School Army.

Lively.

Arranged by H. Waters.



2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he hath vanquish'd sin.

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

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