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NEW
CELEBRATION HYMNS
FOR
FELLOWSHIP AND DAMASCUS.



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NEW CELEBRATION HYMNS.

1 A Land without a Storm.

1 *Boys.* Traveller, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form?

Girls. Nought to me the wind's rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.

Chorus. And I'm going, yes I'm going,
To that land that has no storms,
And I'm going, yes I'm going,
To the land that has no storms.

2 *Boys.* Traveller, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power?

Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower.

3 *Boys.* Traveller, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far-off shore.

4 *Boys.* Traveller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.

Girls. Yes, but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.

2 Always There.

1 Why should cold or stormy weather
Keep me, on this holy day,

From my duty to my Saviour,
 From the Sabbath school away?
Chorus. Always there, always there,
 There to join in praise and prayer;
 There, to meet my teachers dear,
 There, to join in praise and prayer;
 There, to meet my teachers dear,
 And join in praise and prayer.

2 Blessed place, where every moment
 Seems a treasure bright and fair;
 Dearly prized above all others,
 Let me then be always there.

3 Ne'er shall cold and stormy weather
 Keep me, on this holy day,
 From my duty to my Saviour,
 From the Sabbath school away.

3 Beautiful River.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

Chorus. Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river;
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy golden day.

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3 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy spirits quiver
With the melody of peace.

4 Canaan's Happy Land.

1 We are bound for Canaan's happy land,
We are bound for Canaan's happy land,
We are bound for Canaan's happy land,
Oh, will you meet us there?

Chorus. Singing glory, hallelujah,
Singing glory, hallelujah,
Singing glory, hallelujah,
We're bound for Canaan's land.

2 Say, brethren, will you go with us,
Say, brethren, will you go with us,
Say, brethren, will you go with us,
To Canaan's happy land?

3 Our Saviour, he will lead us on,
Our Saviour, he will lead us on,
Our Saviour, he will lead us on,
To Canaan's happy land.

4 We shall all be happy in that land,
We shall all be happy in that land,
We shall all be happy in that land,
Forever evermore.

5

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 Christ is born and heaven rejoices,
 Judah's plain is bathed in light,
 Thousand, thousand harps and voices
 Break the silence of the night.

Chorus. Glory in the highest, glory,
 Peace on earth, good will to men;
 Glory in the highest, glory,
 Peace on earth, good will to men.

- 2 Christ is born, the Lord's anointed
 Leaves the heavenly world awhile,
 Enters on the work appointed,
 God and man to reconcile.

- 3 Christ is born, oh! wondrous story!
 Lord of life, yet born to die;
 Sorrow's child, yet King of Glory,
 Born to rule and reign on high.

- 4 Royal babe, tho' few enthrone him,
 Few their grateful offerings bring,
 All the tribes of earth shall own him
 Prince of Peace, Creation's King.

6 Glory to God in the Highest!

- 1 Glory to God in the highest!
 Glory to God, Glory to God!
 Glory to God in the highest!
 Shall be our song to-day.

Duet. Another year's rich mercies prove
 His ceaseless care and boundless love;

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So let our loudest voices raise
Our anniversary song of praise.

Chorus. Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest
Glory glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!
Glory glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

2 The song that woke the glorious morn
When David's greater son was born,
Sung by an heavenly host, and we
Would join the angelic company.

3 And while we with the angels sing,
Gifts with the wise men let us bring
Unto the babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to him.

4 O, may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of his redeemed ones join the song.

7 Happy in the Lord.

1 A pilgrim and a stranger here,

Chorus. Happy, happy, happy;
I seek the home to pilgrims dear;

Chorus. Happy in the Lord.

A mansion in the heavenly place,

Chorus. Happy, happy, happy;

Where I shall see my Saviour's face.

Chorus. Happy in the Lord,

Chorus. We'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, happy, happy, happy;
Cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord.

2 I leave this world of sin behind,
That better home in heaven to find;
Fair lands are here, and houses fair,
But fairer is my home up there.

3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
No mourning there, no funeral gloom,
But health and youth forever bloom.

8

Jesus is King.

1 He who once to earth came down,
Toiled and suffered here below,
Sits upon his heavenly throne,
Wears the crown of glory now.

Chorus. While angels join to sing,
And loud the sweet words ring,
Jesus is King! Jesus is King!

2 Many little ones are there;
They have reached the happy land;
Now white robes and crowns they wear;
They have joined the angel band.

3 Christians in the song unite,
Gladly swell the notes of praise,
And with saints and angels bright,
Still the grateful anthem raise.

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- 4 Surely we that song may share,
Jesus bids the children come;
Gives the lambs his tender care,
Guides them to his heavenly home.

9 Jesus Loves Me.

[FOR THE INFANT CLASS.]

- 1 Jesus loves me—this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong.
Chorus. Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me—He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me—he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

10 Joyful Evermore.

- 1 Through the world we're marching on,
Chorus. Joyful, joyful, joyful.
Soon our heaven will be won.
Chorus. Joyful evermore.

Night will soon be turned to day,

Chorus. Joyful, joyful, joyful.

God will wipe all tears away.

Chorus. Joyful evermore.

Refrain. Oh the road is short and straight,

Leading up to Zion's gate;

There our loved ones for us wait,

Joyful, joyful, evermore.

Oh the road is short and straight,

Leading up to Zion's gate;

There our loved ones for us wait,

Joyful evermore.

2 Tho' we here must bear the cross,
Counting earthly gain as loss,
When we lay life's burden down,
We shall take the promised crown.

3 Now we look to Christ for aid—
None in vain to him have prayed;
Let us place our trust in him,
Never let our faith grow dim.

11 Love for Jesus.

1 Jesus, how can I but love thee!
Jesus, so loving and mild,
How can thy cross fail to move me!
There didst thou die for a child.

Chorus. Love of the heart, praise of the tongue,
Jesus, my Saviour, deserves from the
young,
Jesus, my Saviour, deserves from the
young.

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- 2 There, in the day of thy anguish,
Mocked by the guilty around;
There didst thou suffer and languish,
Bleeding from many a wound.
- 3 Help me, my Saviour, to love thee,
Though thy dear name is reviled;
Then at thy bar I shall prove thee
Saviour and Friend of thy child.
- 4 In that dear cross would I glory,
Which the proud world may despise,
And let the wonderful story
Tune my sweet harp in the skies.

12 My Heavenly Home.

- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Chorus. We'll be gathered home;
Nor death nor sighing visit there.
Chorus. We'll be gathered home.
Chorus. We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.
- 2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- 3 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arched and starry sky.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow;
- 5 Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

13 Shall we Sing in Heaven?

1 Shall we sing in Heaven forever?

Shall we sing, shall we sing?

Shall we sing in Heaven forever,

In that happy land?

Chorus. Yes, oh! yes, in that land, that happy
land,

They that meet shall sing forever,

Far beyond the rolling river;

Meet to sing and love forever,

In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other ever,

In that land, in that land?

Shall we know each other ever,

In that happy land?

3 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,

In that land, in that land?

Shall we rest from care and sorrow,

In that happy land?

4 Shall we know our blessed Saviour,

In that land, in that land?

Shall we know our blessed Saviour,

In that happy land?

14 The Angels There Will Teach Us.

1 To the heavenly land, to the heavenly land,

Where the saints and the seraphs stand,

We are on our way, we are on our way,

A united and happy band.

Chorus.

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Chorus. For the angels there will teach us
How to sing a sweeter song,
And no sorrow ever reach us,
In that happy, happy throng.
In the heavenly land, in the heavenly
land,
Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

- 2 Tho' we often tire, tho' we often tire,
When the pathway is steep and strait,
We will still press on, we will still press on,
Till we pass through the golden gate.
- 3 But we need not fear, but we need not fear,
For we've Jesus to be our guide,
And with him so near, ay, with him so near,
Nought of evil can e'er betide.
- 4 Will you go with us? will you go with us?
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless
day,
Is illumed by our Father's love.

15 The Blessed Sabbath School.

- 1 Holy and bright, in the sweet sunlight,
Is the blessed Sabbath morning,
And to God our King we will gladly sing,
Who hath caused its glorious dawning.
We'll haste away, each happy day,
Our dear companions greeting,
To our Sunday School, while the air is cool,
'Tis a pleasant place of meeting.

Chorus. Then away, away, away, away, away,
On this blessed Sabbath day,
Holy and bright, in the sweet sunlight,
We'll away to the Sabbath School.
Holy and bright, &c.

2 Fleeting is youth, but the gems of truth
That we glean from the sacred pages,
In our school so dear, tho' the storm is near,
Still we'll point to the Rock of Ages.
No time we'll waste, but gladly haste,
While the pleasant bells are ringing,
To the cheerful rule of the Sabbath School,
To the place of prayer and singing.

16 There's a Crown for the Young.

1 I know there's a crown for the saints of
renown,
And for saints whose good deeds are un-
sung,

But, oh say, is it true, if their days are but few,
That a crown is laid up for the young?

Chorus. Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown
for the young,

If their lives daily prove that the Sa-
viour they love,

I know there's a crown for the young.

2 The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,
And the song of salvation shall sing,
And the infant of days strike its harp in the
praise
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.

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- 3 The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,
Is more precious than tongue can express,
And, redeemed by the blood that on Calvary
flowed,
It shall shine in the region of bliss.
- 4 Then be it your care for that world to prepare :
Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours ;
Never faint in the road that leads upward to
God,
For the crown is for him who endures.

17 The Shining Way.

- 1 The pearly gates are open wide,
I see the bright array :
On either side the angels glide
To keep the shining way ;
And little children learn to find
The way by angels trod,
Where Christ's redeemed in union walk
The shining way of God.
- Chorus.* The pearly gates are open wide,
I see the bright array :
On either side the angels glide
To keep the shining way.
- 2 Where storms arise, and darkness clouds
The faithful pilgrim's way,
On either side the angels glide
To keep the shining way ;
And brighter gleams the morning light
Behind the gentle rod,

For Christ's redeemed more clearly see
The shining way of God.

- 3 And soon they walk the golden streets,
Not slighted and alone;
On either side the angels glide
To lead them to the throne;
And there they'll wear a starry crown,
Who once did tire and plod,
For Christ's redeemed, as kings, shall tread
The shining way of God.

18 The Welcome Home.

- 1 How sweet will be the welcome home,
When this short life is o'er;
When pain and sorrow, care and grief,
Shall dwell with us no more;
When we that bright and heavenly land
With spirit's eyes shall see,
And join the holy angel band
In praise, dear Lord, of thee.

Chorus. The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome home;
The welcome home, the welcome home,
The Christian's welcome home.

- 2 Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark
May anchor sure and fast
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last.
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain,
No sickness, sorrow, care or death,
Shall visit me again.

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3 Oh, may I live, while here below,
In view of that blest day
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away;
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure,
And sing an endless song to Him
Who made my soul secure.

19 We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice.

Chorus. We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.

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

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

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

20 We're Nearer Home.

1 We know not what's before us,
What trials are to come,
But each day passing o'er us
Brings us still nearer home.

Chorus. We're nearer, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home,
Where grief and sin can never come:
We're nearer, nearer home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
Nearer to my happy home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home.

Softly. Nearer home, &c.

2 Tho' dark our path and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only
That it will soon be past.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing.

The Angels in the Air.

- 1 When life's labor song is sung,
And the ebon arch is sprung
O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
Then the Lord will light the scene
With the angels' starry sheen,
As they welcome us to Zion's hill.

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

- 2 Dark the shadows in the vale,
Fierce the howling of the gale;
But the shining ones are near our door.
With our robes as bright as they,
We will tread the starry way,
With the shadow and the storm no more.

- 3 Flood the heart with parting tears,
Frost the head with passing years,
Mingle want and woe together here;
But the Lord will lift the cloud
That enwraps the shining crowd,
And we 'll never know a sorrow there.

Jesus Died For Me.

1 Although I am a sinful child,
Jesus is my Saviour;
With guilt my heart is all defiled—
Jesus died for me.

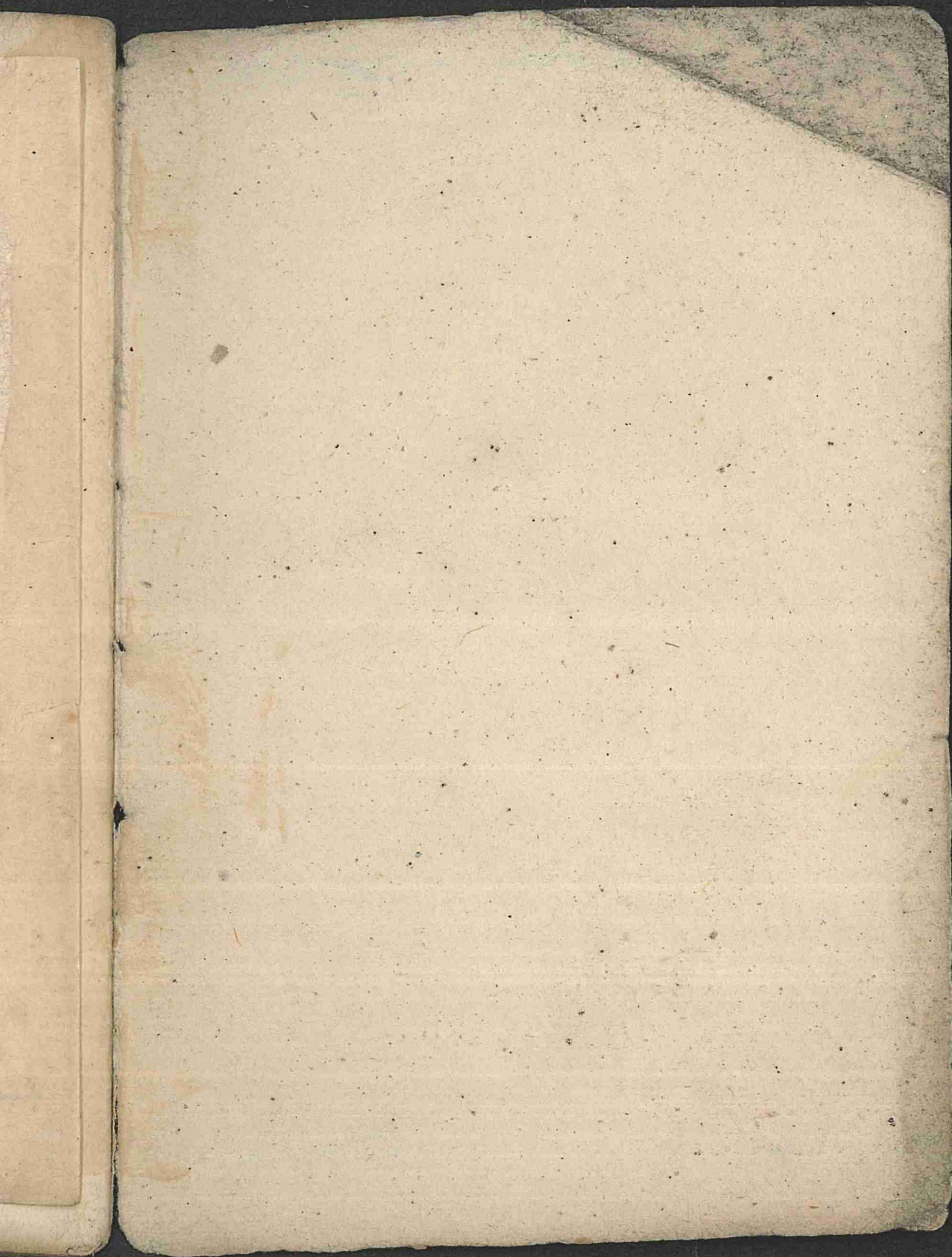
CHO.—I sing the love of Jesus;
(Girls.) He died for me,
(Boys.) He died for me,
His precious blood can cleanse us,
Once shed on Calvary.

2 Tho' but a child, I'll do his will—
Jesus is my Saviour;
I'll hear his voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.

3 Around my feet is many a snare—
Jesus is my Saviour;
I'll seek him every day in prayer—
Jesus died for me.

4 When all my duties here are done—
Jesus is my Saviour;
He'll take me nearer to his throne—
Jesus died for me.

CHO.—Then shall I be with Jesus,
(Girls.) Who died for me,
(Boys.) Who died for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.



COME UNTO ME.

ANTHEM.

Come unto me, all ye that labor
And are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest;
Take my yoke upon you,
And learn of me,
For I am meek and lowly of heart,
And ye shall find rest unto your souls;
For my yoke is easy,
And my burden is light;
My yoke is easy,
And my burden is light.

Semi Cho. Oh, precious invitation!
Help us, O Lord, to come,
With a broken heart and a contrite
spirit.

Chorus. Oh, precious invitation!
Help us, O Lord, to come,
With a broken heart and a contrite
spirit.

Full Cho. We praise thee, we bless thee,
O Jesus, for thy love;
We bless thee for the precious words
That thou hast given to us.

Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna in the highest!
In the highest, in the highest!