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SUNDAY SCHOOL BELL:

A SELECTION OF HYMNS

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.



MACON, GEORGIA:

J. W. BURKE, Agent.
1862.



Wm. Green
Or the
Co.

SUNDAY

A SET

SUNDAY

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J. W. Smith
Dec 17/63.
G. B. B.
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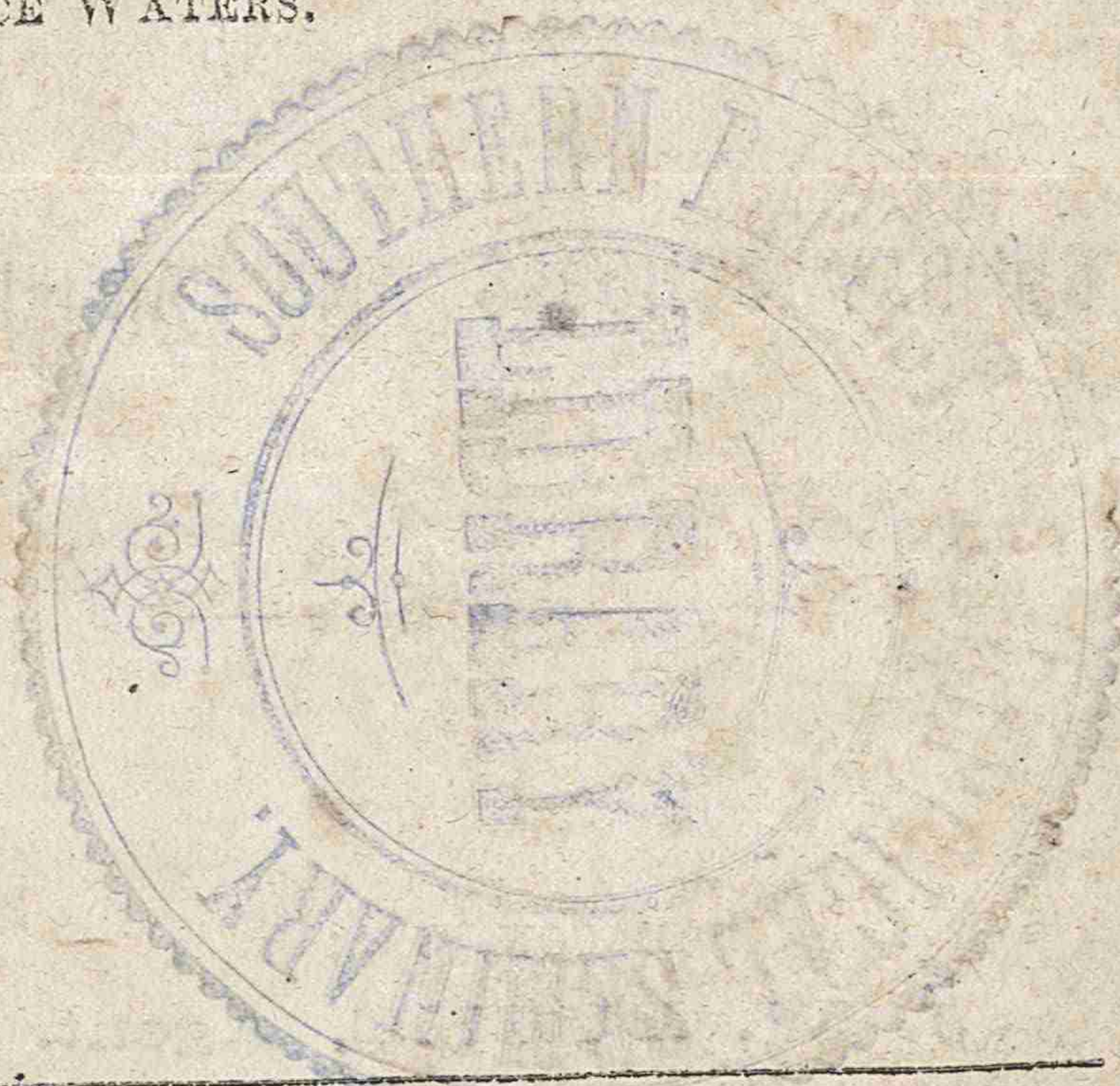
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NOTICE.

These hymns are selected chiefly from the
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by HORACE WATERS.



JOHN L. JENKINS & CO., PRINTERS, MACON, GEORGIA.

Sunday School Bell.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

1. The dearest spot of earth to me
Is Home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see,
Is Home, sweet home!
There how charm'd the sense of hearing!
There, where love is so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering,
As Home, sweet home!
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize
My Home, sweet home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On Home, sweet home!
There where vows are truly plighted!
There where hearts are so united!
All the world besides I've slighted,
For Home, sweet home!

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. The Sabbath school's a place of prayer,
|| I love to meet my teachers there; ||
They teach me there that every one
May find, in heaven, a happy home.
|| I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath school. ||
2. In God's own book we're taught to read
|| How Christ for sinners groaned and bled; ||
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man his soul to save.
|| I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath school. ||
3. In Sabbath school we sing and pray,
|| And learn to love the Sabbath day; ||
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.
|| I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath school. ||
4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
|| We'll meet in heaven to part no more; ||
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet
|| In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above to part no more. ||

THE SHINING SHORE.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.—For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing o'er,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

CHORUS.

4. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHORUS.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!

CHORUS.

'TIS WELL.

1. On every sunny mountain,
In every gloomy dell—
Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart,
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.—'Tis well, 'tis well,
'Tis with the righteous well;
In pleasure's light and sorrow's
night,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2. What words of holy comfort!
Their sweetness who can tell?
Within the vale and o'er the flood,
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.

3. Tho' dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell,
The trusting heart will ever sing—
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.

4. And when the strife is over,
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS.

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1. There is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing;
A world where peace and pleasure reigns,
And heavenly praises ring.

CHORUS.—We'll be there, be there,
Oh! yes, we'll be there.
Palms of victory crowns of glory,
We all shall wear;
We shall wear glorious crowns
In that beautiful world on high.

2. There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall,
In sighing for our home.

CHORUS.

3. There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there,
That home is fair and bright.

CHORUS.

4. There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love,
Oh! may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.

CHORUS.

REST WITH JESUS.

1. Faith, hope, love, are awaking
Joy, joy in the sad breast,
Cares, pains, sins, all forsaking,
Sweetly in Jesus we rest.

CHORUS.—Aye, all, full, free,
Sweetly in Jesus find rest.

2. Come, come, laden and weary,
Sick, sore, sadly oppressed,
Lone, lost, treading life dreary,
Come to the Saviour and rest.

CHORUS.—Come, now, one, all,
Come unto Jesus and rest.

3. Old, young, all are invited;
Rich, poor, come and be blest;
Trust, love, serve, and united,
Jesus will give thee his rest.

CHORUS.—Aye, full, free, sweet,
Jesus will give thee his rest.

4. Now, now, while yet 'tis early,
Lord, Lord, hear our request,
Guide us up to gates pearly,
Bid us there enter and rest.

CHORUS.—There, saved, robed, crowned,
Ever with Jesus to rest.

I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET
STORY OF OLD.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to
his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on
my head,
That his arm had been thrown around
me,
And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love:
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.
4. In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-
pare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

1. Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there,
|| In that bright world above. ||

CHORUS.—Shout, shout the victory,
We're on our journey home.

2. Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there,
|| In that bright world above. ||

CHORUS.

3. Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There'll be no parting there,
|| In that bright world above. ||

CHORUS.

4. Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there,
|| In that bright world above. ||

CHORUS.

OH, COME LET US SING.

1. Oh, come let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love,
Oh, come let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee,
In heavenly melody—
Oh, come let us sing!
2. The full notes prolong;
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.
3. Oh, swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave our souls to save—
Oh, swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swellingsong.

4. We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise!
Our Saviour Prince, was crucified,
" 'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bowed his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

5. All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending,
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join.

TEACHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

1. Teacher, watch the little feet,
Walking through the meadows fair,
Wand'ring thro' the crowded street,
Scarcely heard or noticed there.
Never count the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Teacher, watch them wile you may.

2. Teacher, watch the little hands,
Busy, busy, all the day,
Making fo' us with straws and sands,
Plucking roses by the way.
Never deem the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little hands he eafter may
Nations and their history sway.

2. Teacher, watch the little lips,
Lispings sweet and pleasant words,
Sometimes their soft utterance trips,
Discord in the notes of birds.
Never deem the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little lips "sometimes proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name."

4. Teacher, watch the little heart,
Pulsing here with hope and love,
Tutorial lessons here impart,
Leading to our home above.
Never deem the labor lost,
Never heed the pains it cost,
Little hearts he eafter may
Control the children of to-day.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

1. Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all years and climes,
The heart to cheer.

CHORUS.—Kind words can never die, never
die, never die,
Kind words can never die, no, never
die.

2. Childhood can never die,
Wrecks of the past,
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring,
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.

CHORUS.—Childhood can never die, &c.

3. Sweet thoughts can never die,
Tho' like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly,

In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

CHORUS.—Sweet thoughts can never die, &c.

4. Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live thro' eternal day,
With Christ above.

CHORUS.—Our souls can never die, &c.

—o—

HERE WE THRONG TO PRAISE THE LORD.

1. Here we throng to praise the Lord:
Listen now, listen now,
Here we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned, our blest Redeemer,

With a father's love has said,
He'd accept our praise.

2. Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said;
"Let young children come to me,
And forbid them not—
For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,
Christ forgets us not.

3. Let us love, and now adore;
Love him now, love him now;
Let us love, and now adore,
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who hath died to win us favor—
Ah! this thought should melt our hearts.
Children's hearts can melt.

4. But we'll have a joyous song,
Joyous song, joyous song;
But we'll have a joyous song
For our jubilee.
Jesus lives and reigns forever;
This will make us joyous ever.
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
Who remembered me.

SISTER SPIRIT, STAY NOT HERE.

1. See an angel, flying—flying—
Father, mother, brother dear!
Hark, his voice is sighing—sighing—
“*Sister Spirit, stay no here.*”
Dearest father, I must leave thee,
With the angel fly away;
Dearest father, cease to grieve thee,
Oh! I would no longer stay.
2. Music—hear it! ringing—ringing—
Earth is dark—I cannot see—
Seraph voices singing—singing—
“*Sister Spirit, 'tis for thee.*”
I can hear them, mother, listen!
They are smiling now on you;
And now bright their faces glisten!
Oh! I know their love is true.
3. Vision? no! we're going—going—
Now the angel speaks to me:
“For thy trust while sowing—sowing—
“*Sister Spirit, thou art free.*”
Oh! a crown within the portal,
Held by hands so pure and white:
Brother dear, its gems immortal,
Shine with rays of matchless light.

4. Weep no more, dear mother—mother—
Angels soon will seek thine ear :
And so soft, oh ! father, brother,
Whisper, Spirit, stay not here.
Now, farewell, I go—I leave thee,
With the angel fly away :
Dearest loved ones, cease to grieve thee,
For I can no longer stay.
- ————○————

A LITTLE WORD IN KINDNESS SAID.

1. A little word in kindness said,
A motion or a tear,
||: Has often healed the heart that's sad,
And made a friend sincere. : ||
2. A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
||: Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour. : ||
3. Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak ;
||: The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break. : ||

BYE AND BYE.

1. Our bondage here shall end,
Bye and bye ;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee ;
And to Canaan we'll return,
Bye and bye.
2. Our Deliverer will come,
Bye and bye ;
And our sorrows here shall end,
With our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day,
Bye and bye.
3. Though our enemies are strong,
We'll go on ;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo ! Sinai's God is near,
Who the fiery pillow moves,
We'll go on.
4. By Marah's bitter stream,
We'll go on ;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine
We'll go on.

5. And when to Jordan's flood
We are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout,
We are come.
6. There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved.
7. Then with all the happy throng,
We'll rejoice,
Shouting "Glory to our King!"
Till the vaults of heaven shall ring,
And through all eternity
We'll rejoice.
-

CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING.

1. Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
O'er the land triumphantly;
Children's voices singing, singing,
Sound a joyous jubilee.

'Tis the day the wondrous sign,
Broke the wise men's calm repose;
Newly robed in rays divine,
The star of Bethlehem arose.

CHORUS.—Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
O'er the land triumphantly;
Children's voices singing, singing,
Sound a joyous jubilee.

2. Soft the world lay dreaming, dreaming,
On the morning of his birth;
Its pure snow veil gleaming, gleaming,
When the Christ-child came on earth.
He's the priceless pearl we hail,
Sent us from a Father's hand;
A fount of life that shall not fail,
A rock in a weary land.

CHORUS.

3. Angel hymns are pealing, pealing,
Thro' the depths of yonder sky;
Ransomed saints are kneeling, kneeling,
Kneeling at the throne on high.
With grateful voices come we now,
Come, both heart and hand to lift;
Lord of Life, to thee we bow,
And thank thee for thy gift.

CHORUS.

DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COM- ING?

1. Holy angels in their flight,
 Traverse over earth and sky,
 Acts of kindness their delight,
 Winged with mercy as they fly.

CHORUS.—Don't you hear them coming over
 hill and plain,
 Scattering music in their heavenly
 train?
 Oh! don't you hear the angels com-
 ing, singing as they come?
 Oh, bear me, angels—angels, bear
 me home.

2. Tho' their forms we cannot see,
 They attend and guard our way,
 Till we join their company
 In the fields of heavenly day.

CHORUS.

3. Had we but an angel's wing,
 And an angel's heart of flame,
 Oh, how sweetly would we ring
 Thro' the world the Saviour's name.

CHORUS.

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I, perhaps, like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do.

CHORUS.

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BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT
HOME.

1. Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert
young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from
thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and
bold,
Thy father is passing away.
2. Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort
her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother—for thee will she
 pray,
As long as God giveth her breath,
With accents of kindness then cheer her
 lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have
 dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn:
The flowers of feeling will fade at their
 birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be .
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
 Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart
 cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

1. When the morning light drives away the
night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath school!
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath school.

CHORUS.—I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath School!

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

CHORUS.

3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:

In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath school.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

—o—

WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS!

1. What wondrous love is this,
Oh my soul!
That caused the Lord of bliss
To send his precious peace
To my soul.
2. When I was sinking down,

Sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul.

3. Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Bear the news :
Like comets, through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4. Ye friends of Zion's king,
Join his praise ;
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise.

5. To God and to the Lamb
I will sing,
Who is the Great I Am,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

6. And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on,
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity
I'll sing on.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.

CHORUS.—I'll away, I'll away to the promised
land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised
land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.

2. I have a Saviour in the promised land,
I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet Him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

3. I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.

CHORUS.

4. I hope to meet you in the promised land,

I hope to meet you in the promised land,
At Jesus' feet, a joyous land,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
CHORUS.—We'll away, &c.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

1. O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, 'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

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 vanquished sin.

CHORUS.

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.

—o—

HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

1. Come, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day
brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of
praise
To God, who has kept us, and lengthened
our days.

CHORUS.—Happy greeting to all! happy greet-
ing to all!

Happy greeting, happy greeting,
happy greeting to all!

2. *Our Father in Heaven*, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour,
we pray,

That from thy blest precepts we never may
stray.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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.

CHORUS.

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."

CHORUS.

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."

CHORUS.

—o—

HARK! THE SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.

1. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

CHORUS.—Come, children, come! the bells are
ringing,
To the school with haste repair.
Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in so.lemn prayer.

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

CHORUS.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

1 WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1. I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand ;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,

I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2. I never should 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 Heav'n to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To 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.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!
2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless, we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless
tide,
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound.
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,
O 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 oppres-
sed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;

Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven we now 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 MORNING OF REST.

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of
rest?
The day of the week which I surely love
best;
The morning my Saviour arose from the
tomb,
And took from the grave all terror and gloom.
2. O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
Remembering these seasons were gracious-
ly given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for
heaven.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply!
He daily provides me raiment and food,
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in
his way,
His fears he will teach me, my heart he'll
renew,
And tho' I'm so sinful, My sins he'll sub-
due.
3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when
I die,
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd
has said.
4. "The Lord is my Shepherd," I'll sing with
delight,
Till called to adore him in regions of light;
Then praise him, with angels, to bright
harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

1. To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

CHORUS.—We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away
To the great Judgment Day.

2. Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

CHORUS.

3. Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

CHORUS.

4. Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or, must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

CHORUS.

5. Once more we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

CHORUS.

MARTYN.

1. Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone;
For a while she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.
2. But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ has risen from the dead;
Now he bid her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHORUS.—Oh, there is forgiveness,
Full and free forgiveness!
Oh, there is forgiveness,
At the mercy seat of Christ!

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHORUS

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, I come!

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

—O—

REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request;

CHORUS.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand.
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

CHORUS.

3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear;

CHORUS.—

4. Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.

CHORUS.—

—o—

REFUGE IN CHRIST.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;

Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than 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;
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover 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!

INVITATION TO CHRIST.

1. Come, children, come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

CHORUS.—I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2. Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

CHORUS.

3. Say not ye will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call;
For fearful will their end be found
On whom his wrath shall fall.

CHORUS.

4. Come, then, whoever will;
Come while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

CHORUS.

EDEN.

1. There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

CHORUS.—Oh! Eden is the land of rest,
Oh! Eden is my home;
I'll steer my bark for Eden's shore,
For Eden is my home.

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

CHORUS.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

CHORUS.

4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

CHORUS.

HAPPY DAY.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.—Happy day, happy day, when Jesus
washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, &c.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.

CHORUS.

5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

CHORUS.

OUR GLAD VOICES.

1. Our glad voices let us raise
In a song of love and praise,
That we're taught in wisdom's ways,
In the Sabbath school.
Teachers there with pleasant smile,
Lead our thoughts to heaven the while,
Tell us Jesus—once a child,
Cares for such as we.
2. And they tell us of his love,
How he left his home above,
Come to earth his grace to prove—
Died on Calvary.
Oh, the precious truths we learn,
May we all to Jesus turn,
And our hearts within us burn,
Burn with love divine.

3. Then shall we, a blood-washed band,
Teachers and dear children stand,
In that happy, happy land,
From the Sabbath school.
To the Saviour's feet we bring
Our bright crowns, and then we'll sing,
And we'll make sweet heaven ring
With our grateful song.

4. And the joyful strain shall be,
Glory, honor, praise to thee,
Father, Son, and Spirit, Three,
Praise for evermore.
Our glad voices let us raise,
In a song of love and praise,
That we're taught in wisdom's ways,
In the Sabbath school.

DISMISSION.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heavenly mana feeding,
Let our faith and love increase :
Fill each breast with consolation ;
Up to thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

1. When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2. When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no never?

3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no never!

I AM BOUND FOR THE LAND OF
CANAAN.

1. Together let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.—O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2. If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

3. Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

4. Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

5. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys may rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

“I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.”

1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.
2. I would not live alway: no—welcome the
tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me
arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.
3. Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,—

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

—o—

“CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.”

1. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.
2. I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

I'M GOING HOME.

1. Happy the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace!
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace.

CHORUS.—I'm going home,
I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more,
To die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2. The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But bask in one eternal day.

CHORUS.

3. Now to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join the songs,
Hosanna to th' immortal King,
To whom immortal praise belongs!

CHORUS.

4. Most gracious Lord! O may we be
All brought with them in bliss to join:

Thy sacred countenance to see,
And sing thy mercies all divine!
CHORUS.

—o—

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

1, 'Tis religion that can give—
In the light, in the light;
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light;
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.—Let us walk in the light—
Walk in the light:
Let us walk in the light—
In the light of God.

2. After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light:
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God,
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light:
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.—

LOVING KINDNESS.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

CHORUS.—His loving kindness, Loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

CHORUS.

3. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

CHORUS.

4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

CHORUS.

5. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies,

CHORUS.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the
shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow,
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be
gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we at home.



“OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.”

1. Oh, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
3. When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

4. Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
6. Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

—0—

ROUSE THEE, CHILD OF HEAVEN.

AIR—*Prairie Flower.*

1. Rouse thee, child of heaven! why despair-
ing thought?
God to thee has given, all unsought,
Bright and fadeless glories in the world
above,
Pledge of his eternal love.
- CHORUS.—Trust him forever! rest in his word;
Grace he has given, prayer he has
heard;

Shout in notes of gladness, let thy
spirit soar,
Praising him forever more!

2. Glowing on the hill side, blushing in the
flowers,
Happy spirits greet us, cheering ours;
Cease from thy repining, cease thee, child
of heaven!
Share the blessings God has given.

CHORUS.

3. Rouse thee from thy sadness, rouse thee,
drooping soul,
Anthem notes of gladness round thee roll;
Catch the song of rapture, join the seraph
strain,
Healing all thy care and pain.

CHORUS.

—O—

SWEETLY SINGING.

1. I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;

My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.—Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing,
Let us praise him, praise him, praise
him, bringing
Happy voices, voices, voices, ringing,
Like the songs of angels around the
throne.

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'T was for my soul he shed his blood:
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.

3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart—
Alas, I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.

CORONATION OF CHRIST.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

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