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TILL DI SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

#### L. M

- 1 Assembled in our school once more,
  O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
  We meet to read and sing and pray—
  Be with us, then, through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
  For parents, teachers, toes and friends,
  And when we in thy house appear,
  Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more, May we above to glory soar,
  And praise thee in more lofty strains,
  Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

1 Children of the Heavenly King,
As we jurney let us sing—
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod— They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see:
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest, You on Jesus' throne shall rest— There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land— Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.
- Lord, submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below— Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.

## 3 8s and 7s.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
  Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
  Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
  Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount! O fix me on it— Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 3 Here I raise mine Ebenezer, Hither by thy help I'm come;

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And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

#### L C. M

- 1 Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, Obey the Saviour's call; Come seek his face and taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring, Ye children, great and small; Hosanna sing to Christ, your King— Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 This Jesus will your sins forgive— Oh, haste! before him fall; For you he died, that you might live To crown him Lord of all.

#### 5 8s and 7s.

1 Days and weeks and months, returning,
Bear us gently down life's way;
Still their lesson we are learning
With each anniversary day.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long;
We'll anchor by and by.

- 2 Glad our hearts and glad our voices,
  Joy controls the hasting hour;
  None so sad but he rejuices
  'Neath to-day's controlling power.
  We'll stand the storm, &c.
- 3 Glad for classmates, and for teachers,
  Guiding us with gentle rule,
  Glad for all the gifts that reach us
  Through our own loved Sabbath school.
  We'll stand the storm, &c.
- 4 Yet, though glad, we'll still remember What the moments always say:
  Life must have its cold December
  Just as surely as its May.
  We'll stand the storm, &c.
- Days like these forever wear:
  One more field has had its gleaning,
  One more sheaf our arms should bear.
  We'll stand the storm, &c.

## 6 L. M.

1 Farewell, farewell to all below, My Jesus calls and I must go; I launch my boat upon the sea—This land is not the land for me.

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- 2 I've found the winding path of sin A rugged path to travel in; Beyond the chilly waves I see The land my Saviour bought for me.
- 3 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
  The home I seek is far away;
  Where Christ is not I cannot be—
  This land is not the land for me.

7s. Tune, Ives.

- 1 Gracious Saviour, can it be,
  There awaits a crown for me!
  Set with gems so pure, so bright,
  Sparkling each with heavenly light!
  Yes, O yes, if you believe,
  Jesus has a crown to give.
- 2 Can it be, a harp of gold,
  Glittering bright, these hands shall hold!
  That this voice shall join the song
  Sung by angels round the Throne!
  Yes, O yes, if you believe,
  Jesus has a harp to give.
- 3 Shall I have a glorious dress,
  Purchased by thy righteousness!
  Shall I dwell with thee on high,
  Nevermore to sin or die!
  Yes, O yes, if you believe,
  Jesus has a robe to give.

A Shall I pass the pearly gates!
Shall I walk the golden streets!
Shall I see the great white throne,
And behold the Lamb thereon!
Yes, O yes, if you believe,
Jesus has a Heaven to give.

8 C. M.

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
  And calms the troubled breast;
  Tis manna to the hungry soul,
  And to the weary rest.
  I do believe, &c.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
  And cold my warmest thought;
  But when I see thee as thou art,
  I'll praise thee as I ought.
  I do believe, &c.

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#### Peculiar.

1 I HAVE a Father in the promised land;
My father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My father calls me I must go

My father calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Saviour in the promised land;
My Saviour calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My Saviour calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

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

4 I hope to meet you in the promised laud; At Jesus' feet, a joyous band, We'll praise him in the promised land. We'll away, we'll away to the promised land; At Jesus' feet, a joyous band, We'll praise him in the promised laud.

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blood,

# 10 Peculiar.

- 1 I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
  For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away;
  With my lesson learn'd, this shall be my rule,
  Never to be late at the Sabbath school.
- 2 Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing; None are tardy there when the woods do ring; So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule, Never to be late at the Sabbath School.
- 3 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.
- 4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er, And these happy hours shall return no more; Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule, Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

### 11 8s and 7s.

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

On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Edea, 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 laud.
There is rest, &c.

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.
There is rest, &c.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

12 7s and 6s.

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 with delight.

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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
I'd praise him with delight.

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
To bear me to the sky.

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 with delight!

13 C. M.

1 Loved Sunday school, place dear to me! Where'er through life I roam,

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My heart will often turn to thee, My cherished Sabbath home.

2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard,
Whose birth the angels sung,
When, o'er the shepherds filled with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3 Oh, blessed place! where first we shed Repentance' early tear—
Where youthful steps are taught to tread In paths of peace and prayer.

4 When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

# 14 Peculiar.

O, come, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love—
O, come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to Thee,
In heavenly melody—
O, come, let us sing!

O, swell, swell the song!
His praises oft repeating!
His Son he gave, our souls to save—
O, swell, swell the song!

The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song!

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!

# 15 7s, 6s and 8s.

1 O, no not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
I am 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,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he hath vanquish'd sin.
I am glad, &c.

8 And when the conflict's over, Before him you shall stand; 16

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You shall sing his praise forever, In Canaan's happy land. I am glad, &c.

#### 16 Tune, Prairie Flower.

oring,

1 O! THE Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright!

Joyfully we hail its golden light;

All the gloomy shadows chasing far away, Bringing us the pleasant day.

Day calm and holy, day nearest heaven— Day which a Father's love has given; O, the Sabbath morning, beautiful and

bright! Glad we haii its golden light!

- 2 All the days of labor ended one by one, Glad are we the six days' work is done; Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest, 'Tis the day that God has blest.

  Day calm and holy, &c.
- 3 Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
  So that when they all have passed away,
  Sweet't will be to think—the quiet Sabbath ev'n
  Brings us one day nearer heav'n.
  Day calm and holy, &c.

17

#### 6s and 4s.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour-King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We'll reign for aye!

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Tris religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die;
After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God our friend,
Then our bliss shall never end.

19

S. M.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
  That saw the Lord arise;
  Welcome to this reviving breast
  And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near
  And feasts his saints to day;
  Here we may sit and see him here,
  And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
  Where my dear Lord has been,
  Is sweeter than ten thousand days
  Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
  In such a frame as this,
  And sit and sing herself away
  To everlasting bliss.

## 20

#### Peculiar.

1 Where, O where are the Hebrew children, Where, O where are the Hebrew children, Who were cast in the furnace of fire?

Safe now in the promised land.

By and by we'll go home to meet them, By and by we'll go home to meet them, 'Way o'er in the promised land.

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- 2 Where, O where is the good Elijah, Where, O where is the good Elijah, Who went up in a chariot of fire?

  Safe now in the promised land.
- 3 Where, O where is the prophet Daniel, Where, O where is the prophet Daniel, Who was cast in the den of lions?

  Safe now in the promised land.
- 4 Where, O where is the weeping Mary, Where, O where is the weeping Mary, Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?

  Safe now in the promised land.

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