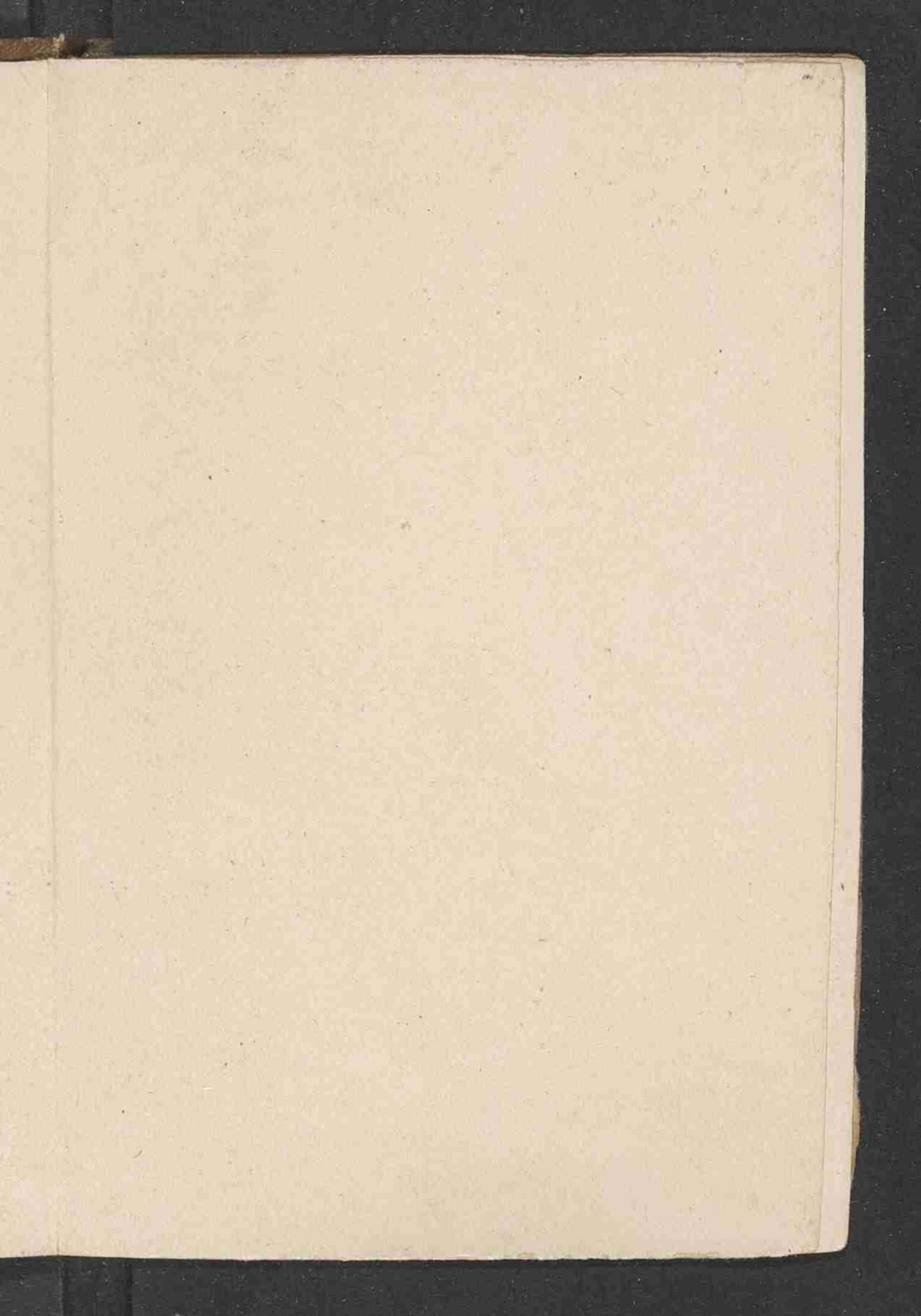


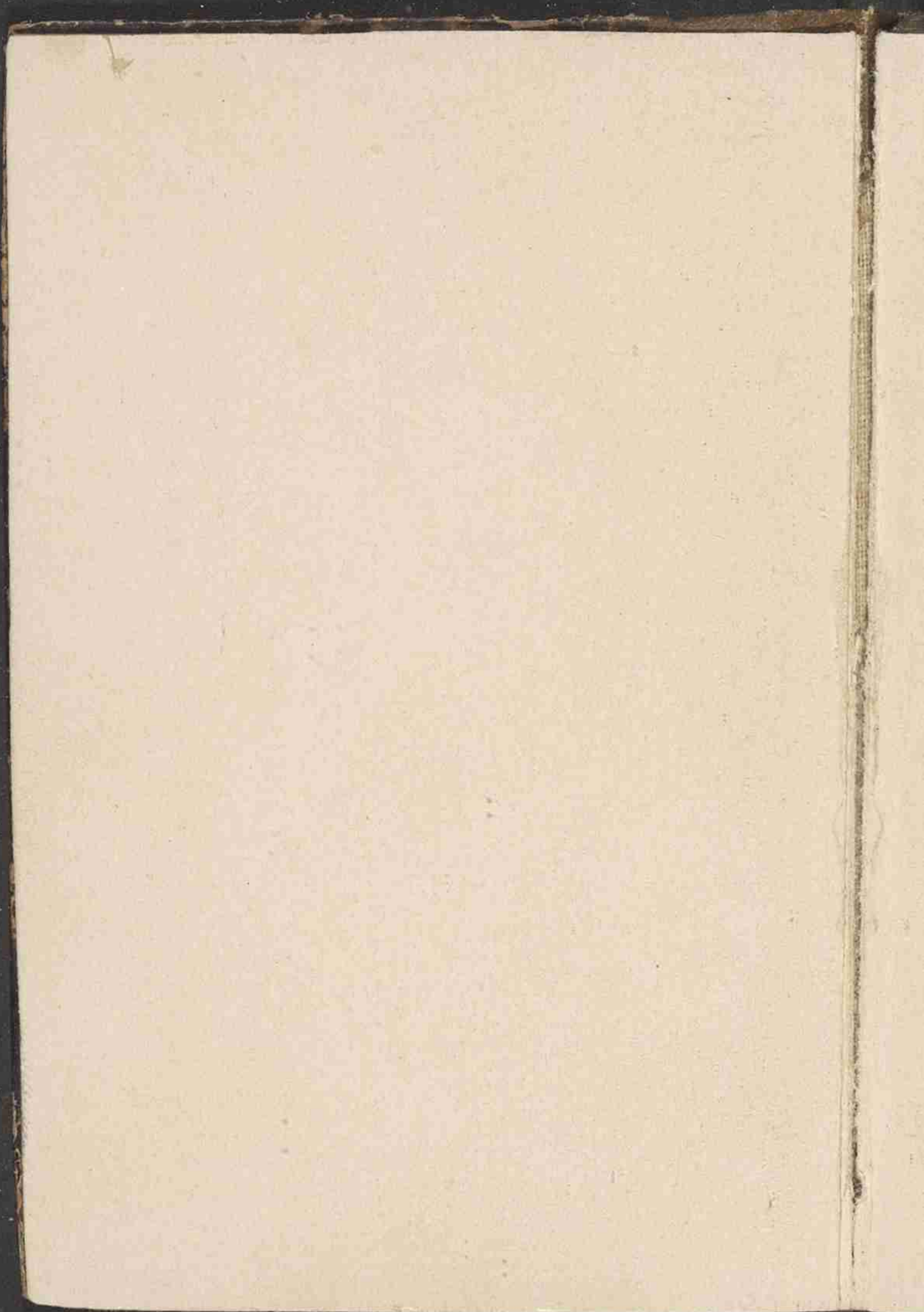


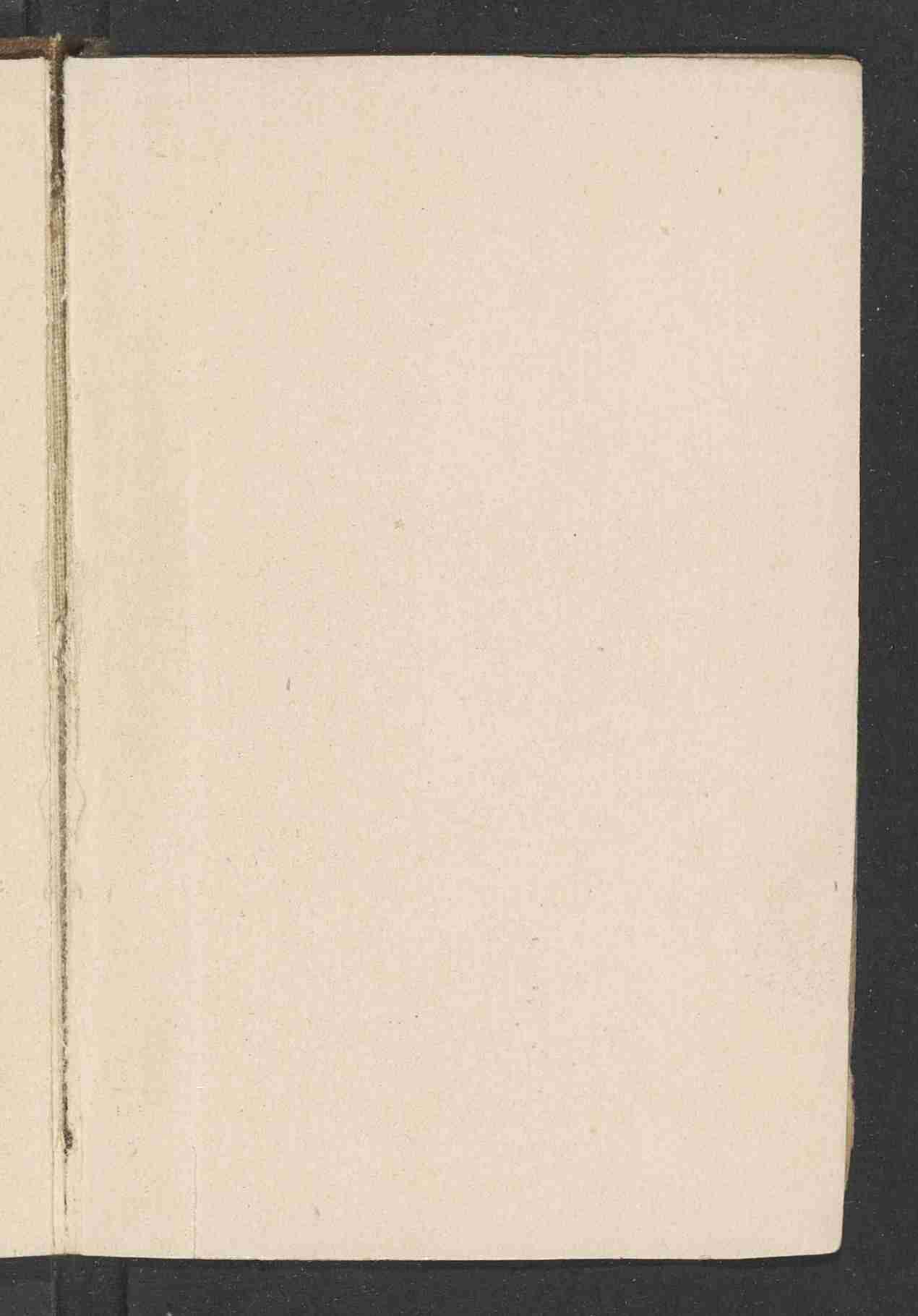
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THE
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SUNDAY S. S. SCHOOL HYMN BOOK

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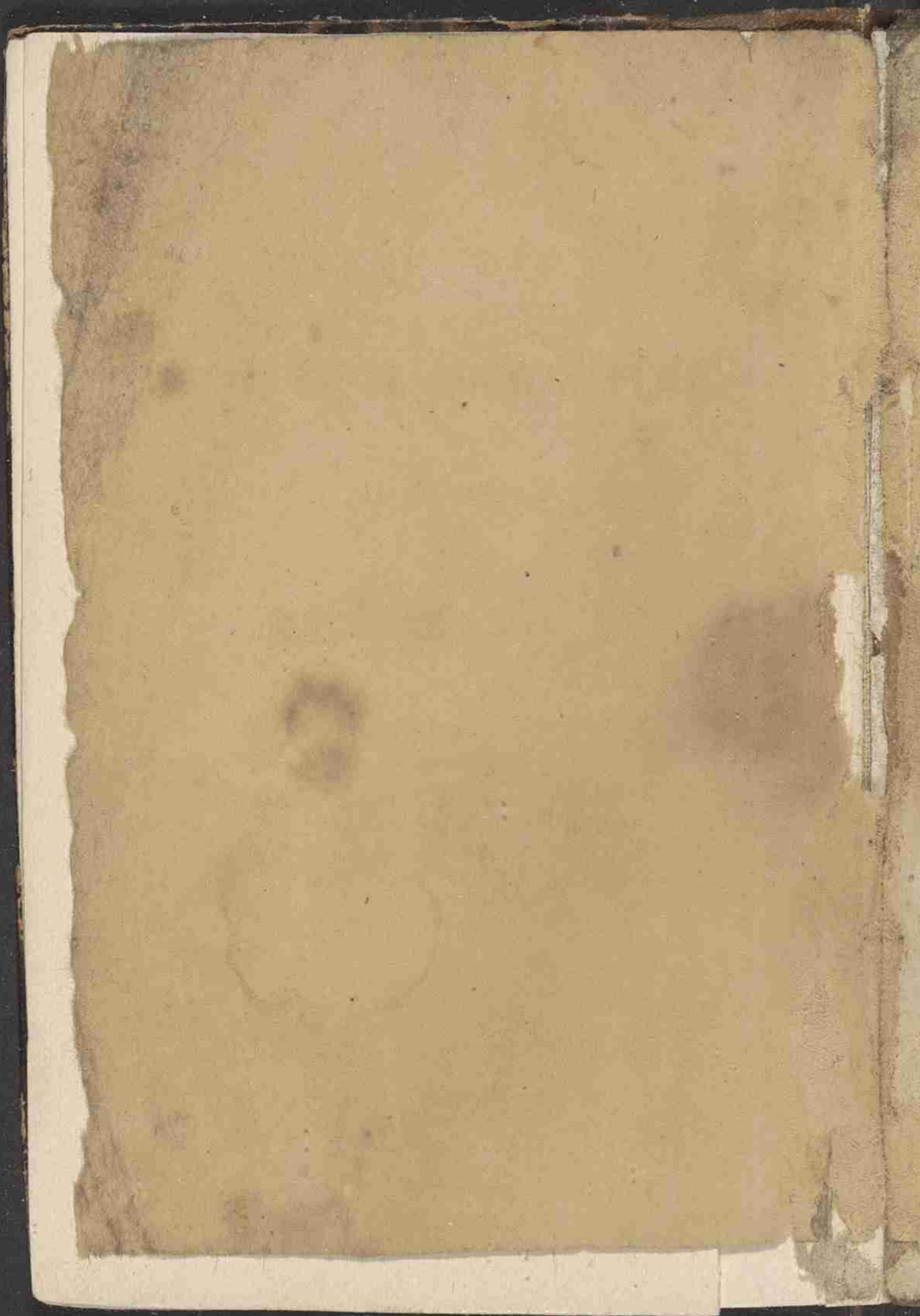
C. T. Ellford.

Let your hearts be as the towers of the sky,
And your voices as the voices of the King.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

S. S. BOARD S. C. BAPT. CONVENTION.

1864.



THE
CONFEDERATE
SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

COMPILED BY
C. J. Elford.

“Sing praises, glad praises;
Sing, children, sing:
Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
And exult in God our King.”

GREENVILLE, S. C.
S. S. BOARD SO. BAPT. CONVENTION.

1864.

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Hymn

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BIBLICAL RECORDER PRINT.

Raleigh, N. C.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

AN experience of more than twenty years as a Superintendent, has taught me the great value of singing, as an element of interest and success in the Sunday School; and a conviction that the blockade has caused a scarcity of Sunday School Hymn Books, has led me to make this compilation.

I have been careful to combine in the smallest space as many as possible of the "old songs of Zion," which are adapted alike to children and grown-up people, with such of the new Sunday School hymns as have been found on trial to be peculiarly pleasing and suitable to children.

May God bless the LITTLE volume to the good of the GREAT cause which it is intended to promote.

COMPILER.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THIS edition contains a number of additional Hymns, chiefly of the sprightly songs, which are specially designed for Sunday Schools. Thus enlarged, the work is believed to form an excellent collection, containing all that a School will need for permanent use. In the "Sabbath School Bell" and similar publications, a good many pieces are found in which the tune is pleasing, but the words are not calculated to do good. And while the singing in Sunday Schools ought usually to be very lively, yet we should not neglect to introduce, at every meeting of the School, at least one standard Hymn, such as this volume presents. Some find it very useful to announce a Hymn on the preceding Sunday, and let it be committed to memory, and then sung at the opening of the School. We must by all means try to please the children, but we must also try to profit them. In Sunday Schools, as well as in preaching, the problem is, not simply to gratify but to benefit, to combine animated interest with solid instruction and tender devotional feeling.

May we all be permitted at last to join the children that have gone before us; gone from our own classes and homes, as they stand "around the throne of God in heaven, singing glory, glory, glory."

SECRETARY

CONFEDERATE
SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

OPENING SCHOOL.

1 C. M.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng,
And kindly listen while we sing
Our grateful morning song.

2 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join,
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

2 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.

OPENING SCHOOL.

- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes 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.

3

P. M.

- 1 I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away;
With my lessons 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;

OPENING SCHOOL.

7

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.

4 P. M.

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.

I'll away! away! away! away!

I'll away to the Sabbath school.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,

When the earth is wrapp'd 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.
I'll away, &c.

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.
I'll away, &c.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd
place,
And the sunshine never fail;
While each blooming rose which in
memory 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.
I'll away, &c.

5

C. M. (CHORUS.)

1 ANOTHER week has passed away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.
We come with song to greet you.
We come with song again.

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.
We come, &c.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear.
We come, &c.

6

L. M.

1 Now we are met to read and pray,
And hear what our kind teachers say:
Let every child attentive be,
To him who every child can see.
2 He dwells in heaven; but he is here:
He lives on high; but he is near:

He knows our thoughts and wishes too,
And knows what we're about to do.

- 3 Then let us all be wise and learn
How from the ways of sin to turn;
How we may fear and love the Lord,
And understand his holy word.

7

P. M.

- 1 THE Sabbath morn is breaking,
The Sabbath bells are waking,
Our homes with joy forsaking,
To join the Sabbath School.

Shout and sing,
We hail the Sabbath School.
Shout and sing,
We hail the Sabbath School.

- 2 How joyful is the meeting,
Each one kindly greeting,
Sweet hymns of praise repeating,
While in the Sabbath School.

Shout, &c.

- 3 'Tis here we join in singing,
While Sabbath bells are ringing,
Our cheerful offerings bringing
Hosanna to our King.

Shout, &c.

4 Our teacher we'll remember,
Ten thousand thanks we render,
For thoughts of us so tender,
While in the Sabbath School.

Shout, &c.

5 O may we heed the warning,
That like this pleasant morning,
With all its sweets adorning,
Our life shall pass away.

Shout, &c.

8 TUNE, "*Prairie Flower.*"

1 Oh! 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;
Oh! the Sabbath morning! beautiful
and bright,

Glad we hail 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.

PRAYER.

9

7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with heavenly grace,
'Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee,—here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

10

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Thou wilt not be thrust away.
- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

11

C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet;
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;

Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

12

L. M.

1 O LORD, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live
Forever safe, forever blest.

3 The Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

- 4 Oh, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there!
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

13

L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
'Tho' thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

14

L. M.

- 1 My Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

- 2 I plead the name of thy dear Son,
All he has said,—all he has done;
Oh, may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free.
- 3 My Saviour, guide me with thine eye,
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favor crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

16

C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from thy grace I stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

17

7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love ! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

4 Now incline me to repent !
Let me now my fall lament !
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not :
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me.

19

7s & 6s.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy soul shall raise above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place of all on earth most sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

- 1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go,
And offer up our prayer:
A gracious God will mercy show,
To all who worship there.

- 2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne,
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings
down
As often as we went.
- 3 A throne of grace we yet shall need,
Long as we draw our breath;
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.
- 4 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.
-

PRAISE.

22

C. M.

- 1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease :
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
 'Tis life and health and peace.

23

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

24

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

25 TUNE, *Lily Dale*.

- 1 In the rosy light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high;
From the lips of youth, to the God of
truth
Let the joyful echoes fly.
Sing praises, glad praises,
Sing, children, sing,
Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
And exult in God our King.

2 As he look'd in love from the world
 above,
 Our distresses fill'd his eye;
 And a world to save, his own Son he
 gave,
 On the bloody tree to die.
 Sing praises, &c.

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.

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 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 swelling song.

- 3 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!

- 4 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!

27

7s & 6s.

- 1 COME, children, let us gather,
And sing a song of praise,
To our Almighty Father,
Whose goodness crowns our days.
Our lives and every pleasure,
Are presents from his hand;
His kindness knows no measure
Through all the happy land.
- 2 We'll thank Him for the Spring time,
And all the seasons round,
While willing voices bring Him
A song of grateful sound.
We'll think Him for the flowers
That deck the smiling plain;
We'll thank Him for the showers,
And for the golden grain.
- 3 We'll thank Him for the Sabbath,
The day of sacred rest;
We'll thank Him for the Bible—
The book of all the best.
We'll thank Him that he taught us

The precious Golden Rule;
We'll thank Him that he brought us
To love the Sabbath School.

28

C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

29

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !
As we journey 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.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

30

8s & 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;
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.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal
it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

31

8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him him for his love divine.
- 3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

32

7s & 6s.

- 1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and voices blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices,
Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;

We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong :
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save ;

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day ;
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess ;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

33

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

34

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.

35

L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

36

L. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in joyous lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?
2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

GOD.

37

8s & 7s.

- 1 God is love—his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Ere he grants, and woe he lightens:
God is light and God is love.
- 2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is light and God is love.
- 3 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is light and God is love.

38

C. M.

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

39

7s.

- 1 Poor and needy though I be,
God my Maker, cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.
- 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 awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

40

7s.

- 1 When I sleep, and when I wake,
When my daily walks I take,
Though my eyes no God can see,
Still he ever looks at me.
- 2 When I speak a wicked word,
By my Saviour it is heard;
Though I seek from God to flee,
Still from heaven he looks at me.
- 3 When I break this holy day,
And indulge in sinful play,
Could I still so thoughtless be,
If I felt he looks at me?
- 4 When with wicked ones I play,
When my heart forgets to pray,
Though I may forgetful be,
Still my Saviour looks at me.

THE SAVIOUR.

41

C. M.

1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
Shall be its Shepherd's care:
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

42

L. M. (CHORUS.)

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.

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

- 2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good!
 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood:
 For children's sake he was reviled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.

Sweetly singing, &c.

- 3 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.

Sweetly singing, &c.

43

C. M.

- 1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 Oh, may we ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to us speak!
 In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,
 And thy salvation seek.

3. Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

44

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

45

11s.

- 1 In the far better land of glory and light
The ransomed are singing in garments
of white,

The harpers are harping, and all the
bright train
Sing the song of Redemption,—The
Lamb that was slain.

2 Like the sound of the sea swells their
chorus of praise,
Round the star circled crown of the
Ancient of Days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the
strain
Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.

3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices
so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and
saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear
we will gain
With the song of Redemption,—The
Lamb that was slain.

1, Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

47

C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Chorus—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his pre-
cious 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.

THE SAVIOUR.

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.

48

P. M.

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abr'am's son they sealed him,
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

We love to sing, &c.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him.

We love to sing, &c.

- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us,
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

We love to sing, &c.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

49

C. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

50

8s & 7s.

1 Take my heart, O Father! take it;
 Make and keep it all thine own:
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
 In obedience to thy will;
 And, as passing years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and childlike still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind and far from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life:
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 And its sins be all forgiven:
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
 Guide it in the path to heaven.

51

S. M.

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
 Is whispering, Sinner, come!
 The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
 claims
 To all his children, Come!

2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, Come!

- Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!
- 3 Yes! whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life,
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

 THE BIBLE.

52

7s.

- 1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 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!

53

P. M.

1 What is it shows my soul the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And tells the danger of delay?
It is the precious Bible.

2 What teaches me I'm bound to love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
It is the precious Bible.

3 What tells me that I soon must die,
And to the throne of Judgment fly,
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible.

4 Oh, may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible!

54

C. M.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise
But love thy law, my God.

55

8s, 7s & 4s.

1 FATHER, in my life's young morning,
May thy word direct my way;
Let me heed each gracious warning,
Lest my feet should go astray;
And in sorrow
Let thy promise be my stay.

2 Father, gentle is thy teaching;
Be a docile spirit mine;
Fervently thy grace beseeching,
Let thy loving kindness shine
On my pathway,
And my heart be wholly thine.

3. Father, let me never covet
 Things of vanity and pride;
 Teach me truth; and may I love it
 More than all the world beside:
 Blessed Bible!
 May it be my heavenward guide.

THE SABBATH.

56

7s, 6 lines.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day,—
 Day of all the week the best.
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace
 Through the dear Redeemer's
 name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound.
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

57

7s.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, day of rest.
To the world in kindness given.
Welcome to this humble breast,
As the beaming light from heaven.
- 2 Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run,
As the peaceful streamlet flows,
Radiant with a summer's sun.
- 3 Day of tidings from the skies,
Day of solemn praise and prayer.
Day to make the simple wise,
Oh, how great thy blessings are!
- 4 Welcome, welcome day of rest,
With thy influence all divine,
May thy hallowed hours be blest
To this feeble heart of mine.

58

7s. (Chorus.)

- 1 PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell,
In the light, in the light,
Seeming much of joy to tell,
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far,
In the light, in the light,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light.
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.
- 2 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God?
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God?
Let us walk, &c.
- 3 Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God.

For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God
Let us walk, &c.

59

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 hath 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.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

60

C. M.

- 1 Loved Sunday school, place dear to me!
Where'er through life I roam,
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 wanderings here shall
cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place,
May we our anthems blend.

61

P. M.

1 Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath
home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us with love to our home
above
And the crown that awaits us there.

2 Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath
home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love him more.

3 Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath
home,
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in from the paths
of sin
Some wretched, wandering one.

4 Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's
breast,
At home in the city of gold.

62

C. M. (CHORUS.)

1 The Sunday school that blessed place!

Oh, I would rather stay

Within its walls, a child of grace,

Than spend my hours in play.

The Sunday school, the Sunday school,

Oh, 'tis the place I love,

For there I learn the golden rule

Which leads to joys above.

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?

The Sunday school, &c.

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.

The Sunday school, &c.

63

L. M. (CHORUS.)

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' groan'd and bled;
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man—his soul to save.
I love to go, &c.

- 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, &c.

64

P. M.

- 1 Oh, do 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.

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

I am glad, &c.

65

P. M.

- 1 We all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 And keep the golden rule.

Sing on, love on, a little band of loving
 ones;

Sing on, love on, a little happy band.

- 2 We always love our parents,
 We always love our parents,
 We always love our parents,
 As children ought to do.

Sing on, &c.

- 3 We love our little sisters,
 We love our little sisters,
 We love our little sisters,
 We love our brothers too.

Sing on, &c.

4 We love the Holy Bible;
We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
Which tell us what to do.

Sing on, &c.

5 We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
Who shed for us his blood.

Sing on, &c.

6 We hope to get to heaven,
We hope to get to heaven,
We hope to get to heaven,
And sing the songs above.

Sing on, &c.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

66 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of mercy, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

67

L M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face :
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart :
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear :
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn."
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

68

7s.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, now be wise :
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

60 WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

69

C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

70

P. M.

1 We're travelling home to heaven above:
Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love:
Will you go?

Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road:
Will you go?

2 The way to heaven is straight and plain:
Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again?
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me!
And thou shalt my salvation see!"
Will you go?

3 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 "I will go."

Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
 "Make me go."

And all his old companions tell,
 "I will not go with you to hell:
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell.
 Let me go."

71 C. M.

1 PUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace,
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and, oh, amazing love!
 He ran to our relief!

3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

72

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked be-
fore,
Hath waited long.—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

REPENTANCE.

73

8s & 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze.
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

5 Here, in tender, grateful sorrow,
 With my Saviour will I stay;
 Here new hope and strength will bor-
 row;
 Here will love my fears away.

74

8s & 6s, or L. M.

1 JUST as I am without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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

REPENTANCE.

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

6 Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

75

C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—unknown!
And I—see!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

76

L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive:
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow
severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

77

S. M.

- 1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
- 2 I can not live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean;
O write my name above!

78

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.
- 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 can not be ;
This land is not the land for me.

RELIGION.

79

C. M.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering
wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts en-
gage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

80

S. M.

- 1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

81

7s.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures 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.

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.
- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here,
- 3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall
bow,
He will remember thee.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

84

C. M.

- 1 Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart made clean by thy rich blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within !

- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

85

L. M.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

86

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

87

P. M.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So, by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

88

C. M.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—
2 Give a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

89

C. M.

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my name;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

90

C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile word a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

LIFE.

P. M.

91

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

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

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

For, oh! we stand, &c.

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

For, oh! we stand, &c.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever—
 Our King says 'Come, and there's our
 home,
 Forever, oh, forever!
 For, oh! we stand, &c.

- 1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound;
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-
 less 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 be-
 stow'd,
 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;

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 op-
press'd,

Join in our number, oh, come and be
blest,

Journey with us to 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.

- 1 WE are out on an ocean sailing;
Homeward bound, we smoothly glide;
We are out on an ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on an ocean, sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

All the storms, &c.

- 3 Come on board, oh, ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
And you may be left behind.

All the storms, &c.

- 5 When we all are safely anchor'd,
We will shout our journey o'er
We will walk about the city
And will sing forever more.

All the storms, &c.

94

7s.

1 LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win :
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

2 Who are those whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?
" I, from Greenland's frozen land ;"
" I, from India's sultry plain ;"
" I, from Afric's barren sand ;"
" I from islands of the main."

3 " All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portal of the sky !"
Each the welcome " Come " awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin :
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

95

7s & 6s.

COME, schoolmates, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on,
The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone.
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come,
These bodies soon will moulder
In the dark and dreary tomb.

Our friends have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
We never more shall see them,
Till the fearful judgment-day.
But we've 'listed in the army,
We've 'listed for the war;
We will fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come;
High up in endless glory
He has fitted up our home.
The world and flesh and Satan
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll overcome their powers
If we only watch and pray.

96

10s.

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 be-
low,

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 pass'd 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 conquer'd, his sceptre be
gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

97

11s (CHORUS.)

1 WE have gather'd once more our ho-
sannas to bring
To Him who reigns o'er us Redeemer
and King;
Tho' stain'd with the dust of the desert
we roam,
Thro' sunshine and tempest we're has-
tening home.

Hastening home—hastening home—
Thro' sunshine and tempest we're has-
tening home.

2 We are nearer to-day to the land of the blest,
Where the wicked come not and the weary find rest,
Than when last we met 'neath the Sabbath school dome,
For both children and teachers are hastening home,
Hastening home, &c.

3 Oh! how many have gone from the chorus below,
To join the redeem'd, where the bright waters flow;
All thro' the green pastures they cheerfully roam—
To meet them we're pressing, we're hastening home.
Hastening home, &c.

4 We're striving to live, that when marchings are o'er,
We all may find rest on the beautiful shore;
When there will singing, no longer to roam,
Sweet hymns to our Saviour, whose love brought us home.
Hastening home, &c.

1 COME, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promis'd
land;

Fearless of danger, onward we roam,
Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home

We're a little pilgrim band,
Guided by a Saviour's hand,
Soon we'll reach our Fatherland,
No more to roam.

2 Hark to the voices bidding us come!
Angels, rejoicing, beckon us home;
No more shall sadness or sorrow op-
press—

Come, little pilgrim band, there we
shall rest.

We're a little pilgrim band, &c.

3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
But, blest forever, God's love shall
share;

Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him, ages to come.

We're a little pilgrim band, &c.

99

7s (CHORUS.)

1 JESUS, we thy lambs would be,
Humbly we would follow thee,
Waiting for the joyful day,
When all care will pass away—

When the reaping time shall come.
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Now the field with grain is white,
Now the day is dawning bright;
Brighter far the sky will be,
When our Master we shall see—

When the reaping time &c.

3. May we wait and watch and pray
For the coming of that day
When the wheat shall sifted be,
And the chaff be driv'n from thee—

When the reaping time, &c.

100

P. M.

1 WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around his throne
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Tho' the clouds roll dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 O, glory shining far,
From the never-setting sun!
O, trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4 O, holy, heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now,
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

DEATH.

101

L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

102

L. M.

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals
are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away:
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in
 haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly
 there.

1 AND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

JUDGMENT.

104

C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour make haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound "Depart?"
- 3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

105

P. M.

- 1 O! there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ:
Parents and children there will part
Will part to meet no more.
- 2 O! there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ:
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 3 O! there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ:
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 4 O! there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ:
Teachers and scholars there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 6 O! there will be glory
At the judgment seat of Christ:
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

106

C. M.

- 1 AND must I to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

- 2 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.
- 3 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

107

S. M.

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HEAVEN.

108

P. M.

- 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 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?
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 cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

109

C. M. (CHORUS.)

1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm on my journey home:
Soon I my Saviour's face shall see,
And rest in heav'n, my home.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
I'm going home, &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
I'm going home, &c.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
I'm going home, &c.

110

P. M.

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.

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.

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.

111

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 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.
- 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.

112

S. M.

- 1 THERE is a land above,
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

D

- 2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

113

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then will my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

111 C. M. (CHORUS.)

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,
Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ for-
giv'n,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory, glory, glory, glory
Singing glory, glory, glory, glory, glory,
- 2 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.
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing glory, &c.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's
grace;
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing glory, &c.

115

P. M.

- 1 I'm but a traveler here,
Heav'n is my home,
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heav'n is my Fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.
- 2 What, tho' the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home,
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home ;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home ;
There are the good and blest
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

116

P. M.

- 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
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 land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land;
We'll away, we'll away to the prom-
ised land.
At Jesus feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised laa

117

7s. 6 LINES.

- 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.
- 4 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.

118

P. M.

1 SAY, brothers will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?
By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

2 Say, sisters, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?
By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

3 Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore!

119

P. M.

1 WHERE. O where are the Hebrew chil-
dren,
Where, O where are the Hebrew chil-
dren,
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.

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.

By and by, &c.

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.

By and by, &c.

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.

By and by, &c.

5 Where, O where is the martyr'd Stephen,
Where, O where is the martyr'd Stephen,
Who was stoned for the love of Jesus?
Safe now in the promised land.

By and by, &c.

6 Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
Who was pierc'd on the mount of Calv'ry?
Safe now in the promised land.

By and by, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

120 8s & 7s. (CHORUS.)

- 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 belong;
We'll anchor by and by.
- 2 Glad our hearts and glad our voices,
Joy controls the hastening hour;
None so sad but he rejoices
'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 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.

5 Let us not forget the meaning
 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.

121.

7s & 6s.

1 To-day we come with singing
 And gladness in our breast,
 Our blooming offerings bringing,
 For God has greatly blest.
 We spread our flowing banners,
 And lift our voices high;
 Our hymns and glad hosannas
 Resounding thro' the sky.

2 We come with exultation,
 A joyful, happy band,
 Proclaiming free salvation
 To children of our land.
 Loud ring the glowing anthem!
 Oh! shout "A Saviour slain!"
 And let the mountains echo
 The glories of his name.

122

C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed
Before my infant heart conceived.
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

123 S. M. DOUBLE.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I would not be controll'd,
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;

He found me nigh to death,
Famish'd and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

- 3 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.

124

P. M.

- 1 WOULD you be as angels are?
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
Would you banish every care?
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
Like the lark upon the wing,
Like the warbling bird of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
- 2 If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;
If you're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise;

If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

125

7s & 6s.

- 1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love to fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 3 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

126

7s & 6s.

- 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 with delight.
- 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.

4 • O, 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 with delight.

127 TUNE, *Happy Land*.

1 Come to the Sabbath school,
All children come;
Cheerful its pious rule,
• Pleasant as home.
Leave rude and naughty plays,
Love and keep the holy days;
Come, learn to pray and praise
In Sabbath School.

2 Come where our teachers meet,
Faithful and true;
Come, learn the lessons sweet,
Ready for you.

Come, school will not be long ;
 Come, join our happy throng ,
 Come, sing our pretty song ,
 In Sabbath school.

3 Oh ! there's a school on high,
 Where angels praise ;
 Joy beams in every eye,
 Sweet strains they raise.

There seraph children sing
 Anthems to our glorious King,
 And crowns to Jesus bring,—
 Blest Sabbath school.

128

6s & 5s.

1 LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the beauteous land ;

2 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

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.

129

P. M.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea :
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.
- 4 But, lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is that dim and unknown stream
Which leads at last to light.
- 5 Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith ;
Let me feel as if I trod
The shore of the river death.

6 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink,—
I may be nearer my home,
Nearer now than I think.

130

C. M. (CHORUS.)

- 1 YE valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy, praying band,
Tho' in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the
frowns of the world,
For we've all got the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the bright-
er to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.
- 2 All earthly pleasure we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view;
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Let us never mind, &c.
- 3 A hand divine will lead us on,
Through all the blissful road
Till to the sacred mount we rise,
And see our smiling God.
Let us never mind, &c.

- 4 O! 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 never mind, &c.

131

P. M

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee has come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 3 Jesus our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

TEACHERS' MEETING.

132

C. M.

- 1 TEACHER divine, we bow the knee,
Dependent, at thy throne;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee,
Ah! leave us not alone.
- 2 Without thee, we can nothing do;
Our weakness we confess;
Be thou our strength, and wisdom, too,
And thus our labors bless.

133

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 At thy footstool, humbly blending
Faith and hope with fervent prayer,
On thy promised help depending,
May our toils thy blessings share:
Great Jehovah,
Hear us; make us still thy care.
- 2 Here reveal thy power and glory;
Grant each teacher great success;
May those whom we teach adore thee,
And their Saviour now confess:
Holy Spirit,
Bless us with thy quickening grace,

134

S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed:
Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 5 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And shout the "Harvest-home!"

135

8s & 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR-KING! in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now.

2 Heavenly Fount! thy streams of blessing
 ing

Oft have cheered us on our way;
 By thy power and grace unceasing,
 We continue to this day.

3 Raise we then, in glad emotion,
 Thankful lays; and, while we sing,
 Vow a pure, a full devotion,
 To thy work, O Saviour-King.

DISMISSION.

136

P. M.

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.

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.

Shout! shout, &c.

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.

Shout! shout, &c.

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.

Shout! shout, &c.

137 C. M. (Chorus.)

1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love!
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more!

To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song
With those who've gone before!

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
 Shall hail their teachers there;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.
 Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

 APPENDIX.

138 C. M. CHORUS.)

1 When Sabbath's sacred morning light,
 1 Begins on earth to dawn,
 We'll wake with eyes all sparkling
 bright,
 And bid dull sloth begone.

Then haste to the school, away,
 And keep this sacred day,
 Haste away, yes, haste away,
 And keep this sacred day.

- 2 The tuneful birds in concert meet,
 And carol sweet their lays;
 In nature's temple they repeat
 Their great Creator's praise:
 Then haste to school, away, &c.

3 From valley, field, and mountain air,
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare,
That God forever reigns:

Then haste to the school, away, &c.

4 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:

Then haste to the school, away, &c.

139

P. M.

1 SWEETLY the Sabbath bell
Steals on the air,
That in the house of God,
Bids us appear;
"Children of God," it seems
Softly to say,
"Haste away, haste away,
Haste, haste away."

2 Oft as the Sabbath chimes
Summon to pray,
May we their holy call
Gladly obey;
Then when the last sad bell
For us shall sound,
Ready all, ready all,
May we be found.

140

P. M.

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.

3 "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 And we'll have a joyous song,
Joyous song, joyous song;
And we'll have a joyous song
For our Jubilee.

2 Jesus lives and reigns for ever;
Jesus lives and reigns for ever;
This will make us joyous ever;
Saviour hear this praise to thee,
Who remembered me.

141 L M. (Chorus.)

1 PRESERVED by thine Almighty power,
O Lord our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.

Happy day, happy day,
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at thy footstool humbly pray,
That thou wouldst take our sins away;
Happy day, happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away.

2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved for mercies given;
Oh may we still those mercies share
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Happy day, &c.

3 We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;
O Lord incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.
Happy day, &c.

4 And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord that we at length may join
Teachers and scholars round thy throne
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Happy day, &c.

142. 11s. (Chorus.)

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.

Happy greeting to all!

Happy greeting 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.

Happy greeting, &c.

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 heav-
en may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all
shall be well.

Happy greeting, &c.

143

C. M.

- 1 God is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child—thou needst not fear:
He will attend to thine.
- 2 God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can—he looks at thee
All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven—would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low.
He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet—but love him here below,
And thou shalt praise him there.

144

6s & 4s.

1 Kind words can never die;
Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile, they fly
All o'er the earth.
Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught,—
Sweet melodies of thought!
Who knows their worth?

2 Kind deeds can never die:
Though weak and small,
From his bright throne on high
God sees them all;
He doth reward with love
All those who faithful prove;
Round them, where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.

3 God's word can never die;
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny,—
Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure;
His promises are sure;
Trust him, and rest secure
Heaven you shall gain.

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

145

P. M.

- 1 Come to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus ! just now, just now,
Come to Jesus ! just now.
Just now, just now, just now,
Come to Jesus ! just now.
2. He will save you ! he will save you ! etc.
3. He is able ! he is able ! etc.
- 4 He is willing ! he is willing ! etc.
- 5 I believe it ! I believe it ! etc.

146

P. M.

- 1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain top
He met his father there.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."
- 3 Alas ! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see ;
O gentle Saviour ! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The father's holy child.

147

11s & 8s.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story
of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd 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
looks when he said,

"Let the little ones come unto
me,

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
may go,

And ask for a share in his love;
And if this earnest seeking him be
slow, and good, and true, but taking time,

I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to
prepare,
For all who are washed and for-
given ;
And many dear children are gather-
ing there,
“ For of such is the kingdom of
heaven.”

148 L. M. (Chorus.)

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

O who's like Jesus, who died on the
tree
He died for you, he died for me,
He died to set poor sinners free,
O who's like Jesus who died on the
tree ?

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say;
"Come hither soul, *I am the way.*"

4 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest
Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—*Behold the way to God?*

149

P. M.

1 We're going home, we've had visions
bright

Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is
past,

And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall
roam,

But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;
Where the brow with sparkling gems
is crowned;

And the waves of bliss are flowing
round.

O that beautiful world! O that beau-
tiful world!

2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the victor's songs floats o'er the
plains,

And the seraph's anthems blend with
its strains;

Where the sun rolls down its brilliant
flood,

And beams on a world that is fair and
good;

Where stars once dimmed at nature's
doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth's
bloom.

O that beautiful world! O that beau-
tiful world!

3 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea
of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness:
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels'
cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne
appear;
Where the conqueror's song as it sounds
afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall
prove,
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.
O that beautiful world! O that beau-
tiful world!

150 12s & 11s. (CHORUS.)

1 We're bound for the land of the pure
and the holy,

The home of the happy, the kingdom
of love;

Ye wanderers from God in the broad
road of folly,

O say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go, will you go, will you go,
will you go,

O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blessed land, neither sighing
nor anguish

Can breathe in the fields where the
glorified rove:

Ye heart burdened ones who in misery
languish,

O say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go, etc.

3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and
all furnished,

Ere from this clay house he is sum-
moned to move;

Its gates and its towers with glory are
burnished;

O say will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go, etc.

4 M^z ch on happy pilgrims, that land is
before you,

And soon its ten thousand delights
we will prove:

Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of
bright glory,

And drink the pure joys of the Eden
above.

Will you go, etc.

O, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

DOXOLOGIES.

151

L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him all creatures here below!
Praise him above ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

152

C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now
And shall be evermore.

153

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

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