A COLLECTION

OF

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

COMPILED BY

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

"O, Come, Let us sing unto the Lord!"—Ps. xcv.

RALEIGH:

RALEIGH REGISTER STEAM-POWER PRESS.

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of Hymns has been compiled for the purpose of supplying a want, much felt in our Sabbath Schools at this time.

The compiler has endeavored to select such hymns as are in general use, and are adapted to all Sabbath School occasions. Many of the selections will be found set to music in the "Sabbath School Bell." That this little offering may prove acceptable to all the dear children who love to sing "the sweet songs of Zion," is the sincere wish of

THE COMPILER.

RALEIGH, *March*, 1863.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

1. THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1. The Sabbath School's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teachers there;
They teach me there that every one
May find, in heaven, a happy home.

Chorus—I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath School.

2. In God's own book we're taught to read,
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled:
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man, his soul to save.

I love to go, &c., &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., &c.

4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And, Oh! what joy t'will be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above to part no more.

2. COME TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

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, schoo! 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.

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3. THE SABBATH BELL.

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
Summons 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.

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4. WHERE DO CHILDREN LOVE TO GO.

1 Where do children love to go,
When the wintry breezes blow?
What is it attracts them so?
'Tis the Sunday school.

2 When the spring redecks the trees,
And a warmth comes with the breeze,
Children can thank God for these,
In the Sunday school.

3 Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree?
In the Sunday school.

4 When the Autumn blasts so chill,
Every flower of earth must kill,
Where do children gather still?
In the Sunday school.

5 Where are they so kindly taught
Who should rule in every thought,
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the Sunday school.

6 May we love this holy day,
Love to sing, and read, and pray,—
Find salvation's narrow way!
In the Sunday school.

5. WILL YOU COME TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL?

1 Will you come to our Sunday School?
I really wish you would.
O, come and join our Bible-class,
And learn how to be good.
We learn to sing, we learn to pray,
In our sweet Sunday School,
And here we learn of Jesus too,
Who gave the golden rule.
Chorus.—Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Join our Sunday School?
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Learn this golden rule?

2 We know when Jesus was on earth,
He loved each little child,
And taught us how we could become
So loving, good and mild.
He gave the golden rule, and then
He said that he should know
If we loved him, for if we did,
We should love all below.
Chorus.—Will you, &c.

3 To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be,
I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
Chorus.—Will you, &c.

4 And this plain rule forbids me quite,
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad, indeed,
When they are kind to me.
Chorus.—Will you, &c.

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6. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

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

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

2 Fight on ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he hath vanquished sin.
CHORUS:—*I am glad I'm in this army, &c.*

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.

You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land!
CHORUS:—*I am glad I'm in this army, &c.*

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7. HARK! THE SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING.

Tune—"TURN TO THE LORD."

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

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

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

Chorus.—Come, children, come, &c.

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

Chorus.—Come, children, come, &c.

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

Chorus.—Come, children, come, &c.

8. THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

1 Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Chorus.—Shout! shout the victory,
We're on our journey home.

2 Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Chorus.—Shout! shout the victory, &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.
Chorus.—Shout! shout the victory, &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.
Chorus.—Shout! shout the victory, &c.

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9. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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.
Chorus.—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.

Chorus.—The Sunday school, 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.

Chorus.—The Sunday school, the Sunday school, &c.

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

Chorus.—The Sunday school, the Sunday school, &c.

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10. I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

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:

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS.

Chorus.—I'll away! a-way! I'll away! a-way!
[BOTH.] I'll away to Sabbath school!

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sabbath school I 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.

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11. GOD BLESS THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1 Dear friends, with joy we meet you here,
On this our festive day,
To bless God for the Sunday school:
O join our simple lay.

Chorus.—The Sunday school, the Sunday school,
God bless the Sunday school.
The Sunday school, the Sunday school,
God bless the Sunday school.

2 'Tis there we learn how Jesus died
To save our ruined race;
How he was mocked and crucified,
That we might share his grace.

Chorus.—The Sunday school, &c.

3 While teachers look to God in prayer,
His spirit to impart,
O may the lessons taught us there
Be graven on each heart.

Chorus.—The Sunday school, &c.

4 When spring with verdure clothes the scene,
When summer breezes blow,
'Mid winter's snows and tempests keen,
To Sunday school we'll go.

Chorus.—The Sunday school, &c.

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12. INVITATION TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

1 When Sabbath's sacred morning light,
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 the 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 in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pard'ning grace:
Then haste to the school, away, &c.

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

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13. THE SABBATH SCHOOL, HOW DEAR TO ME. L. M.

1 The Sabbath school, how dear to me,
Within thy walls I love to be;
My youthful heart with joy is full,
When I am in the Sabbath school,

In Sabbath school, in Sabbath school,
In Sabbath school, in Sabbath school,
My youthful heart with joy is full,
When I am in the Sabbath school.

2 'Tis here that I am taught to read
God's holy word, and feel the need
Of quick'ning grace and pard'ning love,
To fit me for yon heaven above.
In Sabbath school, &c.

3 'Tis here that I am taught to pray,
And love God's holy Sabbath day;
To sing his praise, and learn his will,
And all my duties to fulfil:
In Sabbath school, &c.

4 'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,
That he for me was crucified:
That he my blessed soul has bought:
These blessed truths I here am taught.
In Sabbath school, &c.

5 These golden hours will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more;
So I'm resolved to form the plan,
To strive and profit all I can.
In Sabbath school, &c.

6 Oh, let my songs and praises rise,
Like grateful incense to the skies,
For that rich grace so free, so full,
That brought me to the Sabbath school.
In Sabbath school, &c.

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14. HERE WE THRONG TO PRAISE THE LORD.

1 Here we throng to praise the Lord
Listen now, listen now;
Here we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned our blest Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,
He'd accept our praise.

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

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

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

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15. HOMEWARD BOUND.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

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

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

4 Into the harbor of heaven 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 danger is o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

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16. I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.

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

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

2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go—
To meet him in the promised land.
Chorus.—I'll away, I'll away, &c.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land.
Chorus.—I'll away, I'll away, &c.

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

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17. WHAT'S THE NEWS?

1 Where'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news? what's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news? what's the news?
O! I have got good news to tell!
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,—
That's the news! that's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary!
That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news! that's the news!
'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
'Twas there he bowed his sacred head,
But now he's risen from the dead,
That's the new's! that's the news!

3 His work's reviving all around,
That's the news! that's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! that's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosanna to his name,
And all around they spread his fame—
That's the news! that's the news!

4 The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! that's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! that's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! that's the news!

5 And Christ the Lord can save you now—
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew—
That's the news! that's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! that's the news!

6 And now, if any one should say,
What's the news? what's the news?
O tell them you've begun to pray—
That's the news! that's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now, with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! that's the news!

18. I AM BOUND FOR THE LAND OF CANAAN.

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

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

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

Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

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

Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

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

Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

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

Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

19.

THE ANCHOR.

1 Days, and weeks, and months, returning,
Bear us gently down life's way;
Still their lesson we are learning,
With each anniversary day.

Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by;
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long.
We'll anchor by-and-by.

2 Glad our hearts, and glad our voices,
Joy controls the hasting hour;
None so sad, but he rejoices
'Neath to-day's controlling power.

Chorus.—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
Thro' our own loved Sunday school.

Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, &c.

4 Yet tho' glad, we'll still remember
What the moments always say;
Life must have its cold December,
Just as surely as its May.

Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, &c.

5 Let us not forget the meaning,
Days like thee for ever wear;
One more field has had its gleaning,
One more sheaf our arms should bear.

Chorus.—We'll stand the storm, &c.

20. LITTLE THINGS.

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

2 And the little moments,
Humble tho' 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.

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

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21. KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

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

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

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

Chorus.—Childhood can never die, &c., &c.

3 Sweet thoughts can never die, Tho' like the flowers
Their brightest hues may fly, In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue, They bloom again.
Chorus.—Sweet thoughts can never die, &c., &c.

4 Our souls can never die, Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie, Wrapped in its gloom.
What tho' the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day, With Christ above.
Chorus.—Our souls can never die, never die, never die,
Our souls can never die, no, never die.

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22. THE HAPPY LAND.

1 There is a happy land, Far, far away.
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day:
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Saviour King.
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

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

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

23. I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1 I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music
And praise him day and night.

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

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

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

24. SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.

1 Where, O where, are the Hebrew Children,
Where, O where, are the Hebrew Children,
Who were cast in the furnace of fire?
Safe now in the promised land.

Chorus.—By and by we'll go home to meet them,
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,
Who went up in a chariot of fire?
Safe now in the promised land.

Chorus.—By and by, &c.

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

Chorus.—By and by, &c.

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

Chorus.—By and by, &c.

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

Chorus.—By and by, &c.

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

Chorus.—By and by, &c.

25. HAPPY DAY.

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.
Chorus.—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.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

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

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26. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven;
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

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

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

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

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

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27. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go,
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before:
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come.

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

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28. THE TREE OF LIFE.

1 On a hill stands a beautiful tree,
Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shade and its treasures are free
For all who may thither repair;
Its leaves, ever green, do not die,
Its flowers with fragrance abound,
Its splendor enraptures the eye,
Its branches with music resound.

2 Though thousands by night and by day
Have feasted and gathered in store,
Have borne its rich bounties away,
Its fullness remains evermore:
Oh, what is its name? who can tell?
And the hill—where, oh where can it be?
By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
O, wonderful—beautiful tree.

3 On Zion's fair mount you behold
Its form in bright grandeur arise,
There glitter its green and its gold,
There lifts its tall head to the skies;
'Twas planted by Infinite love,
From the hills everlasting it came,
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above,
But BIBLE, on earth, is its name.

---

29. THE GOSPEL BANNER.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

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

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;

The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

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30. LITTLE SAMUEL.

Tune.—LENOX.

1 When little Samuel woke,
And heard his maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice.
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy would I be!
O, how should I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care,
May safely rest my head:
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say;
When e'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard."
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

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31. THE SHINING SHORE.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger:
Chorus.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent king the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning;
Chorus.—For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow;"
Chorus.—For now we stand, &c.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise
Each cord on earth to sever.
There bright and joyous in the skies
There is our home forever;
Chorus.—For now we stand, &c.

32. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's cares, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

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

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33. "REST FOR THE WEARY."

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

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

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished;
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
Chorus.—There is rest, &c.

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

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34. REJOICE, OR MILLENNIUM.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing:
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout with joy:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
And lambs shall with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth:
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations learn to war no more:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

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35. MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

1 Morn amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur "God is good."

BOYS. GIRLS. CHORUS.
Murmur, murmur, murmur "God is good."
Murmur, murmur, murmur "God is good."

2 Now, the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo "God is good."
Echo, echo, echo "God is good."

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, warble, warble "God is good."

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Ever, ever, evermore is good.

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36. HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

1 Come away to the skies—
My beloved, arise!
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day
Come exulting away,
And, with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to Paradise go.

3 There, Oh! there at his feet
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore

4 "Hallelujah!" we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain.
"Hallelujah!" again
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

---

37. REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

1 "Remember thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature
And dust return to dust:
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear.
He cries who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

---

38. GOD IS IN HEAVEN. 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.

---

39. THANKS TO OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

1 Father, hear! to thee we raise
Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
Let thy blessing on us rest,
With thy smile may we be blest.
Thanks to Thee, our Father kind,
That provision for the mind
Thou hast made, and to us giv'n
In thy love, as rich as heav'n.

2 Thou hast given us friends most dear;
Parents, teachers, loved ones here,
Who for us both watch and pray,
And would lead in the right way.
Give us grace to hear their voice,
And may wisdom be our choice;
Onward press and upward move,
Blessing all by deeds of love.

3 Lord! be thou our guide through youth,
Lead us in the paths of truth;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Fit us for the realms of bliss.

Thus we hope to do thy will—
In the world our part fulfill;
And when life's brief hour is o'er,
Meet in heaven and love Thee more.

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40. WOULD YOU BE AS ANGELS ARE?

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 birds of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

2 If the world upon you frown, Sing, &c.
If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c.
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings, too, Sing, &c.

3 For his wondrous, dying love, Sing, &c.
That he intercedes above, Sing, &c.
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel choirs on high, Sing, &c.

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41. GOD IS EVER GOOD.

1

See the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

2

See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
God is ever good.

3

Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
God is ever good.

4

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
God is ever good.

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
God is ever good.

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42. EARLY AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1 I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away;
With my lessons learned, it shall be my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

2 Birds awake betimes; every morn they sing,
None are tardy there, while the woods do ring;
So, when Sunday comes, it shall be my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

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

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

3. 'TIS ANNIVERSARY DAY.

1 With joy we meet, With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay;
Be dry each tear Of sorrow here,
'Tis anniversary day.
Chorus.—'Tis anniversary day;
'Tis anniversary day;
Be dry each tear Of sorrow here,
'Tis anniversary day.

2 Religious sound Now rings around,
And brightens every ray;
Our banner floats 'Mid happy notes,
On anniversary day.
Chorus.—On anniversary, &c.

3 We children sing, And echoes ring
Along the heavenly way,
Where angels blest Have for their rest
One anniversary day.
Chorus.—One anniversary, &c.

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

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

44. WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU.

1 A year again has passed away!
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.

Chorus.—We come, we come,
We come with song to greet you,
We come, we come,
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.

Chorus—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.

Chorus.—We come, &c.

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

Chorus—We come, &c.

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

Chorus.—We come, &c.

45. HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

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

Chorus.—Happy greeting to all!
Happy 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.
Chorus.—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 heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
Chorus.—Happy greeting, &c.

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

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

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

46. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1 I'm but a traveler here,
Heaven is my home,
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home,
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

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47. WILL YOU GO?

1 We're traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached this blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions now are on the road,
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conquerer's palm our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,—Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,—Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—Will you go?
The saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring—Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,—Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe, [lieve.
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come be-

5 The way to Heaven is free for all,—Will you go?
For Jews and Gentiles, great and small,—Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start,—Come, away!

6 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.—Come to me!

7 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,—I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,—Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell!
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.—
Let me go! Fare you well!

48. COME YE CHILDREN AND ADORE HIM.

8s & 7s.

TEACHERS.

Come ye children, and adore him,
Lord of all, he reigns above;
Come, and worship now before him,
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing,
Of his all-bounding grace:
Come, with humble hearts, expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet:
Every bosom free from sadness—
All with happiness replete.
Oh to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh to know that from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

Dearest children, now adore him:
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

Lord of all, our heart's oblation
Now ascends to thee alone:
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at the throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth thy praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

Praise to thee, O Lord, forever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O Lord, the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story:
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er,
All his grace and all his glory,
Oh proclaim for evermore.

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49. COME AND WELCOME.

1 O come, children, come to the Saviour to-day;
Come, for all things are ready, O haste ye away:

Chorus.—Come and welcome, Come and welcome,
Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.

2 He invites yon to come, to his words now attend;
He calls yet in love. He's the children's best Friend:

Chorus.—Come and welcome, to Jesus, the children's
kind Friend.

3 He died that the souls of the children might live—
He lives now in glory, their prayers to receive:
Chorus.—Come and welcome, to Jesus, repent and believe.

4 The Spirit says "Come," his gentle voice hear:
To-day pray for pardon while Jesus is near:
Chorus.—Come and welcome, to Jesus, while he is so near.

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50. WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller. yes; it brings the day:
Promised day of Israel.
Chorus.—Traveller, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends;
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own:
See it bursts o'er all the earth!
Chorus.—Traveller ages are its own, &c.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the darkness seems to dawn;
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Chorus.—Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace, &c.

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51. GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

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,
Drive earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
And 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
Thy 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 spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

52. PILGRIM BAND.

1 Come, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promised land:
Fearless of danger, onward we roam;
Jesus our Leader is, soon we'll be home.

Chorus.—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 oppress,
Come, little Pilgrim-band, there we shall rest.

Chorus.—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.

Chorus.—We're a little Pilgrim-band, &c.

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53. SING PRAISES.

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.

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

2 As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye;
And a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.

Chorus.—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 for ever flow!
Chorus.—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.
Chorus.—Sing praises, &c.

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

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54. A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound, we sweetly glide.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.
Chorus.—All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions now are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

3 Come on board, O! "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind!
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore,
By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

6 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er!
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.
Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

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55. "HEAVENLY FATHER." 8's & 7's.

1 Heavenly Father grant thy blessing,
While thy praise we humbly sing,
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring.
Yet thy book of love hath taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear,
For the sake of him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful, O how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.

3 Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,
While we stay and when we go;
There our hearts in friendly greeting,
Gladly join the praise below.
But all earthly unions sever—
All their pleasures quickly fly,
O! for grace to praise thee ever
In that better world on high.

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56. OH COME, LET US SING.

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

2 The full notes prolong;
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.

3 Oh swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave our souls to save—
Oh swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

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

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

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57. OPENING HYMN.

1 How pleasant here again to meet;
How joyful thus to raise
Our tuneful notes in songs so sweet,
To our Redeemer's praise.
To us he has been ever kind;
O blessed be his name;
He bears us still upon his mind;
His love remains the same.

2 Then let us strive, while we have breath,
His precepts to obey;
For soon the solemn hour of death
Will summon us away.
The dear delights we now enjoy
Will then have passed away;
But heav'n affords more sweet employ,
Thro' one eternal day.

3 To our dear friends, assembled here,
A debt of love we owe,
For acts of kindness, year by year,
Which they on us bestow.
May God in mercy bless them all
With hope, and joy, and peace,
And with us meet, when he shall call,
Where pleasures never cease.

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58. AWAKE! AWAKE!

1 Awake! awake! Your bed forsake,
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright;
How precious is the sacred light!
With songs of love Praise God above,
It is the Sabbath day.

2 Before the morn Awaked the dawn,
The blessed Saviour rose;
He conquer'd death, and left the grave,
While soft across the placid wave,
The morning star Shone forth afar,
And vanquished all his foes.

3 The angels bright, From worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of life with joy they view,
While heav'n his glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly Above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim.

59. SONG OF GLADNESS.

1 Sing, oh sing the song of gladness;
Joy becomes this happy scene;
See the earth her wintry sadness
Wears no more, but robes of green;
Brightly now our waving banners
Float upon the gentle breeze,
While the tide of glad hosannas
Pours its choral melodies.

Chorus.—Sing, oh sing, his praises bringing,
While the ringing skies resound;
Rocks and hills, and tower and dwelling,
Send the swelling chorus round.

2 Sing his mercy that doth keep us
While our years are flitting by;
Pouring all its richest treasures,
Guarding with a father's eye—
Countless as the stars of heaven,
Richer far than golden store,
Are the blessings he has given,
Freely as the summer's shower.

Chorus.—Sing, oh sing, &c.

3 Sing His love, all love surpassing!
How his only son he gave
On the cruel cross to suffer,
From its doom the soul to save.
Children, will you hear the story,
And refuse his pardoning love?
Come, oh come, and share his glory
In the worlds of light above.

Chorus.—Sing, oh sing. &c.

60 THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE!

1 The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere th' heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ:
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our Schools.

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61. SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE.

1 What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears?
What are all the sorrows I deplore?
There's a song ever swelling, still lingers on my ears,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

Chorus.—'Tis a song from the home of the weary,
Sorrow, sorrow is forever o'er;
Happy now, ever happy on Canaan's peaceful shore,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;
I court not this world's gilded store;
There are voices now calling from the bright realms of day,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song, &c.

3 Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my life away,
With a lone heart still clinging to the shore,
Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to say,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song, &c.

4 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'Tis a song that I've heard upon the shore;
'Tis a sweet thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave;
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song, &c.

5 'Tis the loud pealing anthem—the victor's holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er:
Where the saved ones forever, in joyous notes prolong,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
Chorus.—'Tis a song, &c.

---

62. SWEETLY SINGING.

1 I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.
Chorus.—Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing, [bringing
Let us praise him, praise him, praise him,
Happy voices, voices, voices, ringing,
Like the songs of angels around the throne.

2 How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood.
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
Chorus.—Sweetly singing, &c.

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

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

ON THE CROSS.

63.

1 Behold! behold! the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross.
For you he shed his precious blood.
On the cross, on the cross.
Now hear his all-important cry:
"Eloi lama sabacthani;"
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me
On the cross, on the cross.

3 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross,
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross.

---

64. ROCK OF AGES.

1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow—
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

65. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

---

66. FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Thro' 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.

3 In every land begin the song;
In every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

---

67. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

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 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your triumphs at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

68. PARTING HYMN.

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

Chorus.—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.

Chorus.—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.

Chorus.—Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those who love, may join
In never-ending praise!

Chorus.—Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

69. CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

1 Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love,
Still the precious friends beseeching
Us to store our joys above.
Precious Sabbaths, precious Sabbaths,
Swiftly, Oh, they swiftly move.

2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay.
Make us holy, make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath day.

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
And the joys they bring be past,
Like the leaf to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast.
Life is passing, life is passing,
We must see the grave at last.

4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright:
And with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus, praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbaths know no night.

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70. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

1 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.

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For the benefit of the Children in the Confederate States.

Raleigh, North Carolina, 1863.

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