

THE
SABBATH SCHOOL WREATH.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

COMPILED BY

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN IN
THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

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

RALEIGH:

"SPIRIT OF THE AGE" OFFICE,
1864.

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PREFACE.

The favorable manner in which our collection of Sabbath School Hymns was received, has led to the publication of a third edition.

The compiler has endeavored to select such hymns as are in general use, and adapted to all Sabbath School occasions. Many of the hymns 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, N. C., March, 1864.

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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.

Chorus.—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.

Chorus.—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.

4

SABBATH SCHOOL

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, 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.

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.

HYMNS.

5

Then when the last sad bell
For us shall sound.
Ready all, ready all,
May we be found.

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 re-lecks 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.

HYMNS.

V

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.

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.*

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.

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.

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! away! I'll away! away!			
[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.

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 snow and tempest keen,
To Sunday school we'll go.

CHORUS.—The Sunday school, &c.

12 INVITATION TO THE 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.

CHORUS.—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:

CHORUS.—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.

CHORUS.—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:

CHORUS.—Then haste to the school, away, &c.

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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:

CHORUS.—Then haste to the school, away, &c.

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.

CHORUS.—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.

CHORUS.—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 fulfill:

CHORUS.—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

CHORUS.—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.

CHORUS.—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.

CHORUS.—In Sabbath school, &c.

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.

LORD.

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're 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.

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.

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 news! 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 sin 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.

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CHORUS

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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.

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.

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.

1 Kind words
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 CHORUS.--

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 CHORUS.--

3 Sweet
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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 thro' all years and climes, The heart to cheer.

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

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

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

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.

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.

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 CHORUS

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

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.

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.
-

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 sins;
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.

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.

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.

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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.

7s & 6s.

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.

LITTLE SAMUEL.

II. M.

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.

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.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

11s.

- 1 I would not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lucid 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 decending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful^a abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the 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.

"REST FOR THE WEARY."

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

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

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11s.

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.

24

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, the wilderness shall bloom.

- 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.
- 3 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, 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.

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."

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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.

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 raptuous praises repeat:
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 "Hallelujah!" again
 Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

1 "Remember thy Creator,"
 While youth is fair and 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 still 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."

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

C. M.

1 God is in heaven—can he hear
 A feeble prayer like mine?
 Yes, little child—thou need'st 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 shall 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 thy 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,

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 this 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.

41

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 | 2 |
| See the shining dew drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good. | See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the word,
Silently proclaiming,
God is ever good. |
| 3 | 4 |
| Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying
God is ever good. | 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.

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.

43. '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 day, &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.

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.

Come, children, come, for there are some
 Who have been won't 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.

45

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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.

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 soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

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 conqueror'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 the 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 mement, 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.

TEACHERS.

1 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 abounding grace:
 Come, with humble hearts, expressing
 All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 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.

3 Dearest children, now adore him;
 Swell aloud the joyful strain:
 Let the nation 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.

HYMNS.

43

CHILDREN.

4 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 hyming forth thy praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 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.

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, wel-
come,
Come and welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.

2 He invites you 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 be-
lieve.

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.

50

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

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

CHORUS—Traveler, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

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

CHORUS—Traveler, ages are its own, &c.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

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

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.

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 plead 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 to come !
 Angels rejoicing, beckon us home :
 No more shall sadness nor 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.

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 the 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.
-

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.

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 has taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear,
For the sake of him who brought 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.

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-swellingsong.

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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, [bring
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.

- 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 sabachthani;"
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.

S. M.

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 prolong;
In cheerful songs 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 I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET
STORY OF OLD.

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

69 TEACHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

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

Teacher, watch the little hands,
Busy, busy, all the day,
Making forts with straws and sands,
Plucking roses by the way.

Never deem the labor lost,
 Never heed the pains it cost,
 Little hands hereafter may
 Nations and their hist'ry sway.

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

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

CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING.

- 1 Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
 O'er the land triumphantly ;
 Children's voices singing, singing,
 Sound a joyous jubilee.
 'Tis the day the wondrous sign,
 Broke the wise men's calm repose ;
 Newly robed in rays divine,
 The star of Bethlehem arose.

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

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

3 Angel hymns are pealing, pealing,
 Thro' the depths of yonder sky;
 Ransomed saints are kneeling, kneeling,
 Kneeling at the throne on high,
 With grateful voices come we now,
 Come, both hearts and hands to lift;
 Lord of Life to thee we bow,
 And thank thee for thy gift.
 CHORUS.—Christmas bells are ringing, ringing, &c.

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 rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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 unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

72 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

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

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

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no never!

- 4 Soon shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from earthly woes,
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never—no, never!

73

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

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

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

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

CHORUS-- Let us walk, &c.

- 1 This vast assembly now convened,
Teachers and scholars in one band,
What offerings do we bring?
The grateful heart would we return,
And our unworthiness would mourn,
Then let us humbly sing.
- 2 He who with loving kindness crowns
Our pathway, in this world below,
Deserves our highest praise:
To him, then, let our notes ascend:
Our Guardian—our Almighty friend—
In cheerful, grateful lays.
- 3 In all things, Lord! thy hand we see:
Do thou our "cloud and pillar" be,
To lead us through a land
Where Satan tempts—the world allures,
Where nothing but thy truth endures—
Oh! give us grace to stand.
- 4 The Sabbath day's sweet rest is ours,
And swift do fly its sacred hours,
While listening to thy Word,
From kind instructors Thou hast given
To show our souls the way to heaven,
And lead us unto God.
- 5 Oh! let us swell the strains anew,
And glory give where it is due:
Yes, Saviour! we repeat,
That thou hast kept, preserved, and fed,
And from our number many led
To worship at thy feet.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

- 1 We love to sing together,
We love to sing together,
Our hearts and voices one;
To praise our heavenly Father,
To praise our Heavenly Father,
And his eternal son.

We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing
gether;
We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing
gether.

- 2 We love to pray together,
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.

We love, we love, &c.

- 3 We love to read together
The Word of saving truth
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth,

We love, we love, &c.

- 4 We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.

We love, we love, &c.

76

OH! WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

- 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.

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

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment :
 The King's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

CHORUS.—Oh, who's like Jesus, &c.

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief and burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

CHORUS.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither soul, I AM THE WAY."

CHORUS.—Oh, who's like Jesus, &c.

- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shalt I receive.

CHORUS.—Oh! who's like Jesus, &c.

6 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."

CHORUS.—Oh ! who's like Jesus, &c.

77

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.

CHORUS.—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.

CHORUS.—Day calm and holy, &c.

3 Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
 So that when they all have passed away,
 Sweet 'twill be to think—the quiet Sabbath ev'n
 Brings us one day nearer heav'n.

CHORUS.—Day calm and holy, &c.

78

7's.

- 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.

79

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 hearts renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.
-

- 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 strayed;
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.
-

- 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 Come, ye that 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.

- 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,
Wand'ring 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.

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

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.
-

- 1 Jesus I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That heaven and earth 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.
-

- 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.

C. M.

38

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 groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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.

- 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 guilt confess,
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgments 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.
-

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 forget,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

61

C. M.

1 Father, what e'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

- 2 Give me 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.
-

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed 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 its cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no wee, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
-

- 1 Sav, 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!

C. M.

94

1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansion in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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.

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,

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

1 Gently, Lord, O! gently lead us,
 Through this lonely vale of tears;
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears,
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear,
 And when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

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

2 The Shepherd sought the sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that saved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
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.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
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 Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death
He enters heaven with prayer.
-

- 1 How pleasant is the dawn
Of this delightful day;
Now, with our teachers, let us join,
To read, and praise, and pray.
- 2 And may the God of love
Their kind endeavors own,
That we and they may meet above
To sing before his throne.
- 3 Dear Saviour! hear our cry,
O grant us all thy grace;
And make us fit while here below,
To dwell before thy face.

99

L. M.

- 1 Dear children! have you ever thought
That you will come to school in vain
Unless you think of what you're taught,
And try instruction to obtain?
 - 2 Allow no idle thought or look,
Let no disturbing sound be heard;
And when you read God's holy book,
Be sure you mind it every word.
 - 3 His holy word is written there,
For our instruction 'tis designed;
Then surely we should never dare
To read it with a thoughtless mind.
-

100

P. M.

- 1 How blest is this hour,
The hour of happy greeting,
While here we sit at Jesus' feet,
How blest is the hour!
He kindly bids us all draw near,
His winning accents banish fear.
His voice we love to hear
At this blessed hour.
- 2 O come, let us pray
To Jesus, interceding
With God above for pardoning love;
O come, let us pray.
With humble hearts before his face,
Now let us seek forgiving grace,
He hears the soul that prays,
Come, then, let us pray.

101

7s.

- 1 In this happy school we meet
How much longer none can tell;
Some, perhaps, to-day we greet,
Who must bid us soon farewell.
 - 2 Blessed Saviour, full of love,
Take these dear ones in thy care;
Gently draw their hearts above,
Let them in thy kindness share.
 - 3 Spared by thee till now we live;
Still thy mercy we implore;
Unto thee our hearts we give:
Keep us, save us, evermore.
-

102

7s.

- 1 Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live,
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory to the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

103

6s & 4s

1 Come, let our voices raise,
A song of grateful praise,
And thankful love ;
Let each a tribute bring,
Let all awake and sing,
Praise to our heavenly King,
Who dwells above.

2 The gospel's sacred page
Reveals to every age
Salvation free.
Oh, send the joyful sound !
And let it echo round,
Till praises loud resound,
O God to thee !

3 Accept our offerings, Lord,
To spread thy truth abroad,
Our labors own !
At length, at thy right hand
May we together stand,
And with the angel-band
Surround thy throne !

1 Hear, O children, mercy hails you
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls;
 Trust in Jesus;
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O children, to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy, while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
 Soon your life must pass away!
 Haste to Jesus;
 You must perish if you stay.

1 Come, O my soul, in joyful lays
 Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise;
 But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme:

Glory, glory, let us sing
 While heav'n and earth with glory ring,
 Hosanna! hosanna!
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God,
 Glory, glory, let us sing, &c.

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.
 Glory, glory, &c.

- 3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ my tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.
Glory, glory, &c.
-

HEAVENLY REST.

- 1 The soul on earth is doomed to pine
For rest, sweet rest ;
'Tis heaven alone, in joys divine,
Can give it rest.
There with brightest angels glowing,
Joyful anthems ever flowing,
Jesus seeing, loving, knowing,
Is rest, sweet rest !
- 2 Life is a sad and weary day,
It gives no rest ;
In care and pain it wears away,
And brings no rest,
But earth's sorrows have their measure,
Ending in eternal pleasure,
When in heaven we find the treasure
Of rest, sweet rest !
- 3 Then let us trust 'mid good and ill,
The promised rest ;
Since trial here will sweeten still
Our heavenly rest.
Joy from trouble we may borrow,
Pleasure from our hours of sorrow,
While we wait the dawning morrow
Of heaven's sweet rest !

107 WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

1 When the day with rosy light,
On the Sabbath morn appears,
And the dusky shades of night,
Melt away in dewy tears ;
To the Sabbath school we go,
Glad to hear instruction there ;
Sing the songs that sweetly flow,
And join the solemn prayer.

BOYS.

GIRLS.

[BOTH] Sing the song, Sing the song,
Sing the songs that sweetly flow,
And join the solemn prayer.

2 Softly on the Sabbath air,
Swell our hymns of grateful love ;
Jesus listens to our pray'r,
Hears the children's strains above,
They who early seek his grace,
Objects of his tender care,
Sing the song of endless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.
Sing the song, &c.

3 He who left his throne above,
Poor lost sinners to redeem ;
He whose words are life and love,
Jesus Christ shall be our theme.
Thus to Sabbath school we go,
In its sacred duties share,
Learn the song of heav'n below,
And gladly worship there,
Learn the song, &c.

108 THE GATHERING OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
ARMY.

1 The Sunday School Army has gathered once more,
Its numbers are greater than ever before,
Its banners are spread, and shall never be furled,
Till the Prince of salvation has conquered the world.
Sing! sing! for the army is on its bright way.
To the homes of the blest and the mansions of day.

2 We fight against evil, and battle with wrong,
Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong;
Our watchword is prayer, and faith is our shield,
And never! no never, to our foes will we yield.
Sing, sing, &c.

3 In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of the Lord,
Who died on the cross, and from death was restored.
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright face.
Sing, sing, &c.

4 To Jesus, our Captain, Hosannas we raise,
And join with our Teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be,
Till we lay down our armor, and death sets us free.
Sing, sing, &c.

109

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER. S. M.

- 1 Save all my children, Lord!
For less I dare not ask;
I know thou wilt fulfil thy word;
May I fulfil my task.
 - 2 The word is, "Work and pray,
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears:
The sowing brings the reaping days,
The harvest follows tears."
 - 3 Oh! let me strive to be
The laborer thou wilt bless;
And hourly offer unto Thee
The works of righteousness.
 - 4 Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still;
My only plea is, that thy Son
Wrought out thy perfect will.
 - 5 Then hear me while I ask,
"Save all my children, Lord;
While I, in faith, fulfil my task,
Do thou fulfil thy word."
-

110

LISCHER. H. M.

- 1 Dear Father, ere we part,
Now let thy grace descend,
And fill our youthful heart
With peace from Christ our friend,
May show'rs of blessings from above,
Descend and fill our hearts with love.

- 2 May we, in after years,
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The work we now pursue;
And speed our way to worlds above,
With hearts all fired with holy love.
- 3 We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,—
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.
- 4 Then when our spirits leave
This tenement of clay,
May they to God who gave,
Ascend, in endless day,
And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
The anthem sweet which never ends.
-

111

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.

SABBATH SCHOOL

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.

DOXCLOGIES. 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.

C. M.

2 Let God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make Him known,
 Or Saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

3 Ye angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Adore the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

A hlm
 Alas! a
 All hail
 Arise
 Around
 Asleep
 Awake
 Bless
 Christn
 Close of
 Come a
 Come c
 Come h
 Come l
 Come t
 Come t
 Come y
 Come y
 Dear ch
 Dopplo
 Eany a
 Father
 From a
 From e
 Gely
 Gely

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