



THE
CANADIAN
WARBLER
NEW COLLECTION
HYMNS OF **TUNES**
FOR
SABBATH **SCHOOLS.**

By L. C. EVERETT.

PUBLISHED BY A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

1863.

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PREFACE.

In offering this little volume of Hymns and Tunes to his young friends of the Sabbath-school, the author begs to assure them of his earnest desire and unremitting efforts in its preparation, to make it as complete and unexceptionable as possible in its adaptation to their wants.

For general use, the variety of Hymns and Tunes, it is believed, is ample; whilst, for special occasions, such as Missionary Meetings, Anniversaries, Rural Celebrations, Monthly Concerts, Teachers' Meetings, Infant Class Exercises, &c., no work of similar dimensions provides more abundantly.

Convinced, by long experience and observation in training the young in vocal music, that their tastes require the frequent introduction of new tunes, and those, too, of a more sprightly and pleasing melody than those heavy, dignified compositions ordinarily heard in the regular service of the sanctuary, with the view of gratifying his young friends, he has thought it best to employ tunes of the former character mainly for this work, whilst of the latter class a sufficient number have been inserted for all occasions requiring their use.

Without further comment, the work is now presented to those for whom it is designed with the hope that it will prove to be an acceptable and useful schoolroom and fireside companion—promoting the peace and happiness of many young hearts in life and in eternity.

L. C. EVERETT.

No. 1.—GATHERING FOR PRAISE. 6s & 5s, or 11s. L. C. EVERETT.

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, Dear Je-sus, to bring The breathings of love, Mid the blossoms of spring;
2. When stoop-ing to earth From the bright-ness of heav-en, Thy blood for our rans-om So freely was giv-en;

3. Those arms which embrac-ed Little chil-dren of old; Still love to en-cir-cle The lambs of the fold;
4. Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Great Teach-er! we raise Our hearts and our voices in hymn-ing thy praise,

Our Mak-er! Re-deem-er! We grate-ful-ly raise Our hearts and our voices in hymn-ing thy praise.
Thou desig-n-er to His-ten While chil-dren adored, With joy-ful hosanna, The bless'd of the Lord!

That grace which in-vit-eth The wan-der-ing home, Hath never for-bid-den The young-est to come.
For pre-cept and prom-ise So gra-cious-ly given; For bless-ings of earth And the glories of heav-en!

RETT.

spring.
givan;

fold;
raise,

fac.
rdl

e.
enl

TE

No. 2 - THE HEATHEN'S CALL 7s & 6s.

Dr. A. B. E.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's son - ny
 2. What tho' the spi - cy bress - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Tho' every prospect
 3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be -
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

foun - tains Roll down their gol - den sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
 pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
 night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion oh, sal - va - tion! The
 glo - ry. It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The

many a palm'y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain,
 gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mos - jah's name.
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deemer, King Cre - a - tor In bliss returns to reign.

No. 3.—"GO TO THY REST," &c.

L. C. E.

1. Go to thy rest, dear child, Go to thy dreamless bed, Gentle, and meek, and mild, With blessings on thy head;
2. Before thy heart might learn In waywardness to stray, Before thy feet could turn The dark and downward way,

3. Because thy smile was fair, Thy lips and eyes so bright, Because thy cradle-care Was such a fond de-light,—

Fresh ro-ses in thy hand, Buds on thy pillow laid, Haste from this fearful land, Where flowers so quickly fade.
Ere sin might wound thy breast, Or sorrow wake the tear, Rise to thy home of rest In you ce-lestial sphere.

All love, with weak embrace, Thy heavenward flight detain? No, angel! seek thy place Amid you cherub train.

(This piece should be sung with three
beats to the measure, in *targhetto*)

No. 2 BEAUTIFUL KING.

By Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Beautiful Me - em, built a / love, Beau-ti-ful ci - ty that I love, Beautiful gates of pear - ly
2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never

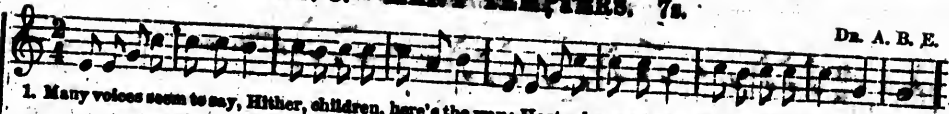
3. Beautiful crowns on ev' - ry brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed
4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the an-gels sing, Beautiful rest, all wander-ings

white, Beautiful temple—God its light: He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Opens those pearly gates to me.
tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir: There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

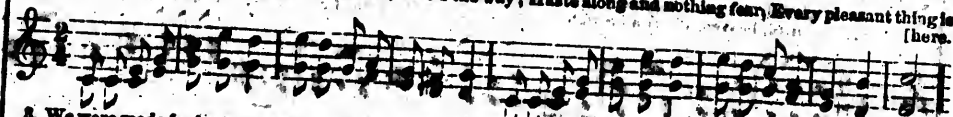
wear, Beautiful all who enter there: Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace: There shall my eyes the Saviour see, Hark to this heavenly home with me.

No. 5. — **WAVE TEMPTERS.** 7s.

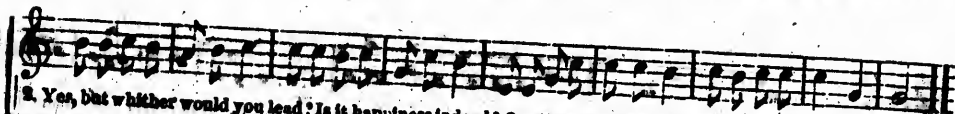
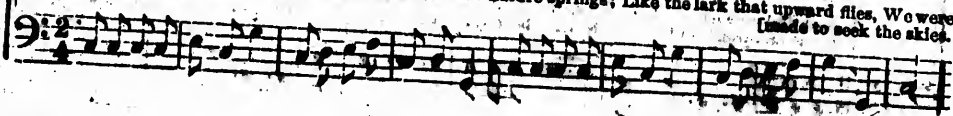
Dr. A. B. E.



1. Many voices seem to say, Hither, children, here's the way; Haste along and nothing fear, Every pleasant thing is
[here.]



2. We were made for better things; High as heaven our nature springs; Like the lark that upward flies, We were
[made to seek the skies.]



3. Yes, but whither would you lead? Is it happiness indeed? Or a little shining show, Leading down to death and woe?



4. We were made to love and fear That great God who placed us here; Made to study and fulfill All his good and holy
[will.]



B. E.

things
there.

were
skied.

two?

body
will.

Wm. H. Bell No. 8.—"SING HIS PRAISE."

R. McCoy McIntosh.

Four

1. Would you be as an-gels are, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Would you banish ev-ery care,
 D. C. Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

2. If the world up-on you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If you're left to sing a-lone,
 D. C. For that they are blessings too, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

3. For his wood-ward dy-ing love, Sing, sing, sing his love; That he in-ter-ceeds a-bove,
 D. C. And with an-gel choirs on high, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

Sing, sing, sing his praise; Like the lark up-on the wing, Like the warbling bird in spring,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise, If sad tri-als come to you, As to ev-ery one they do.

Sing, sing, sing his praise: Then, when'er you come to die, You shall see be-yond the sky,

No. 7.—WE SEEM TO HEAR. G. M. Double.

L. C. E.

1. We seem to hear a voice of praise, Here, 'mid the leaf-y bowers;
 2. But if the things by man-tare taught, Pour man-sie o'er the sod;
 3. To us he speaks, he guides our choice, By heaven's own book di-vine;

1. There seems a voice in ev-ery gale, A tongue in ev-ery flower,
 2. Shall I be mute, great God, a-lone, 'Midst man-tare's lead as-claim!

From murmuring streams whose crys-tal mass Doth cheer the thirst-y sowers,
 How high should rise our rap-tured thought Who learn the word of God,
 And sing our teach-er's much-loved voice To fix each treas-ured line.

Which tells, O Lord, the won-drous tale Of thy al-might-y power,
 Shall set my heart with an-swering tone, Ere the form thy ho-ly name!

WE SEEM TO HEAR. *Continued.*

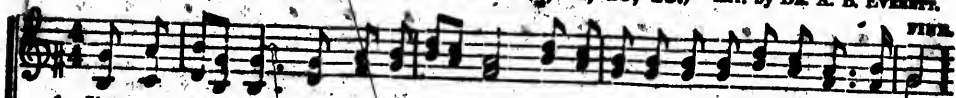
But loud - er where you lof - ty trees By sun - mer's hand are drest;
 To us he speaks, from morn - ing's deth, From eve - ning's low - ly sphere;
 To us he speaks, and we in praise Would still our offerings bring.

The birds, that rise on quiver - ing wing, Pro - claim their Ma - ker's praise,
 All na - ture's debt is small to mine: Na - ture shall cease to be;

If swells on ev - ery gen - tle breeze, From bough, and spray, and nest,
 And when the he - ly Sab - bath bell is - luted the Chris - tian's ear,
 Here, where cre - a - tion joins our lays And there, where an - gels sing.

And all the ming - ling sounds of spring To thee an - an - them raise,
 Thou gav - est - proof of love di - vine - In - mor - tal Ma - to us.

No. 8.—THE PILGRIM. (♩, 11, 10, 10.) Arr. by DR. A. B. EVERETT.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
 D. C.—I'm a pil-grim, &c.
 2. There the glo-ry is ev-er abid-ing! O, my long-ing heart, my long-ing heart is there.
 D. C.—I'm a pil-grim, &c.
 3. There's the cit-y to which I jour-ney; My Re-deemer, my Re-deem-er is its light.
 D. C.—I'm a pil-grim, &c.
 4. Fa-ther, moth-er, and sis-ter, broth-er! If you will not journey with me I must go!
 D. C.—I'm a pil-grim, &c.
 5. Fare-well, dreary earth, by sin so-blight-ed, In im-mortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!
 D. C.—I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.



Do not dis-turb me, for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
 Here in this coun-try so dark and drear-y, I long have wander'd for-lorn and wear-y.
 There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
 Now since your vain hopes you thus will cherish, should I see, linger, and with you per-ish?
 He who has formed thee will soon re-cre-ate thee, And then thy dread curse shall nev-er more be.



No. 2.—HOSANNA. G. M. Double.



1. Hosanna be the children's song To Christ, the children's King; His praise, to whom their souls belong,
Let all the children sing.



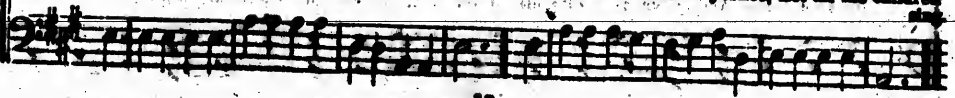
2. Hosanna, on the wings of light, O'er earth and ocean fly, Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heaven
to earth reply.



2. Hosanna sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain, While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.



4. Hosanna from our song shall be, Hosanna to our King; This is the children's jubilee, Let all the children
sing.



No. 100 - THE SABBATH SCHOOL

Dr. A. B. E.

1. The morning sky is bright and clear; A - way to Sabbath school; Let each one in the
 2. In season let us all be there; A - way to Sabbath school; That we may join the
 3. Let us remember, while at prayer, When at the Sabbath school; Our teachers' kindness,
 4. When each at night shall bow in prayer, We'll ask our God a - bove To extend o'er teachers

that up - pear; A - way to Sabbath school; 'Tis there we learn his ho - ly word, And
 open - ing prayer; A - way to Sabbath school; There we can raise our hearts to heaven, And
 and their care, towards our Sabbath school. We'll be his children, good and kind, And
 his kind care, And crown them with his love. And when on earth our time is sped, And

MY SINGING CLASS. (Incorporated.)

And the road that leads to God, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sabbath school.
 praise the Lord for blessings given, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sabbath school.

ev - ery rule and order mind, When we're at school, at Sabbath school, When we're at Sabbath school,
 we are numbered with the dead, If faithful, we shall meet a - bove; We all shall meet a - bove.

No. 11. — BALDRIDGE. 7s & 4s.

R. M. McIVERSON.

1. { When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal day, }
 { Bless Redeemer, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the gloomy way; } Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Usher in eternal day

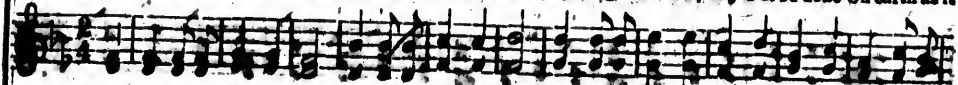
2. { Upward from earthy things, bid my wandering footsteps go; }
 { Open thou the eternal gate: To thy praise extol my thro; } Then, triumphant, Then, triumphant, I will join th' immortal choir.

No. 19.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

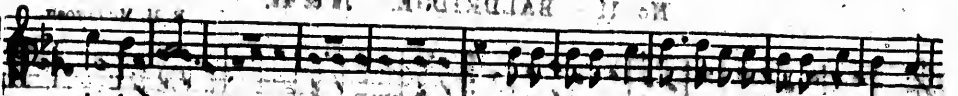
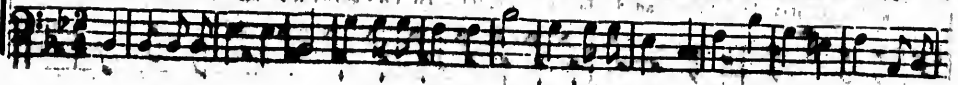
L. C. EVERETT.



Our Father, who art in heav'n, Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done On earth as it



is in heav'n, Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that



is in heav'n, Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that



is in heav'n, Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that



THE LORD'S PRAYER. (CONCLUDED.)

trespass a - gainst us, And lead us not in-to tempta - tion, But de - liv - er us from e - vil; For
trespass a - gainst us, And lead us not in-to tempta - tion, But de - liv - er us from e - vil; For

This system consists of three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G-clef with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line in G-clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in F-clef. The music is in a common time signature.

this is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - - er. A - men.
this is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - - er. A - men.

B 17

This system consists of three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G-clef with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line in G-clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in F-clef. The music is in a common time signature. The system ends with a double bar line. Below the staves are the letters 'B' and '17'.

No. 12. -- HAPPY DAY.

Chorus.

1. Preserved by thine Al-mighty power, O Lord, our Maker-Saviour-King,
 And brought to see this happy hour, We come thy praises here to sing.
 We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given;
 Oh, may we still these mercies share, And taste the joys of heav'n.
 We praise thee for the joy, full rays Of pardon thro' a Saviour's blood:
 Oh Lord, incline our hearts to thee; This song to hap-py-day and God.
 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.

Hap-py day, hap-py
 Happy day, &c.
 Happy day, &c.
 Happy day, &c.

day, Here in the courts we'll gladly sing, And as thy footstool humbly pray, We'll wait and wait
 till we can sing thy praises here, And as thy footstool humbly pray, We'll wait and wait

take our sins a-way, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way,
 When Christ shall wash our sins a-way, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way.

No. 14. — ONCE WAS HEARD. 2s, 7c & 4s. 6 lines.



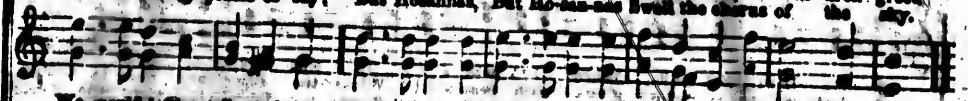
1. Once was heard the song of children, By the Saviour when on earth; Joy - ful in the sacred tem - ple
 2. Palms of victory strewn around him, Garments spread beneath his feet, Prophet of the Lord they crown'd him,
 3. Blessed Saviour, how tri - umph - ant, Glo - ri - ous and throned on high, how - tal lays from man or in - fant



4. God o'er all in Heaven reigning, We this day thy glory sing - Met with palms thy pathway crowning,
 5. O, though humble is our offering, Deign accept our grate - ful lays - Thine from children once proceeding,



Shouts of youthful praise had birth, And Hosannas, And Hosannas loud to David's Son broke forth,
 In fair Salem's crowd'd street, While Hosannas, While Hosannas From the lips of chil - dren greet,
 Vain to tell thy praise on - say! But Hosannas, But Ho - san - nas swell the chorus of the sky.



We would better it - self bring - Glad Hosannas, Glad Hosannas To our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Thou didst deem perfected praise, Now Hosannas, Now Hosannas, Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise,



No. 15. — THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way. Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
 2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still delay?
 3. Hail in that hap-py land, Reas-ure ev-ry eye; Kept by a fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die.

O how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King! Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 O, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free; Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 O, then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright, above the sun, We reign for aye.

No. 16. — SPRING CELEBRATION. 8s & 7s. Double. L. C. E.

1. We have met in places to-gath-er, In this house of God a gain:
 2. And while na-ture glows with beau-ty, While the fields are rich in flowers,
 3. There are no friends la-ment the dead; There no friends la-ment the dead;
 4. We have met, and have la-ment-ing— We shall part—and still his wing,

SPRING CELEBRATION. (CANTATA.)

Con - stant friends have led us hith - er, Here to chant the so - lem - n strain,
 Shall our hearts mag - leet their du - ty, Shall our souls a - bus their powers?
 And on fields that nev - er with - er, Fade - less rays of life are shed:
 Sweep - ing o'er the dead and dy - ing, Which the change - ful sea - sons bring:

Here to breathe our ad - o - ra - tion, While the "balm - y" breeze of spring
 Shall not all our hopes, as - sea - die, Point us to a home a - bove,
 There with bright im - mor - tal ro - ses, An - gels wreath their harps of gold,
 Let us, while our hearts are light - est, In our fresh and ear - ly years,

Like the Spir - it of sal - va - tion, Comes with glad - ness on its wing,
 Where, in glo - ry nev - er end - ing, He who made us smiles in love,
 And each man - ners' soul re - po - ses, Midst a scene of bliss un - told,
 Turn to Him, whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.

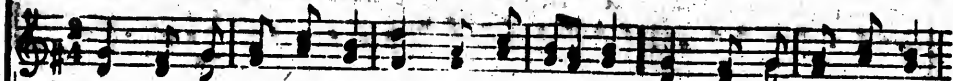
No. 17.—"THROUGH THE PROMISING DARE" 6s & 5s.

R. McCoy Molstrom.

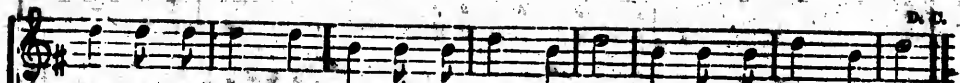
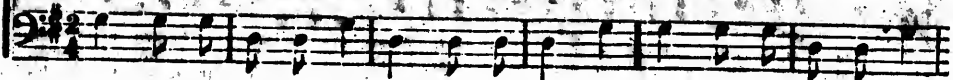
FIVE.



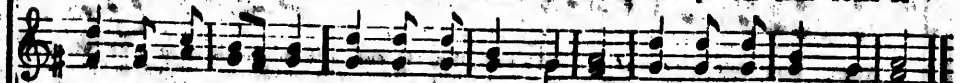
1. Through thy pro- tect- ing care Kept till the dawn- ing; Taught us draw near in prayer,
 A. C. Ev- er- more prais- ing thee, God of the morn- ing.



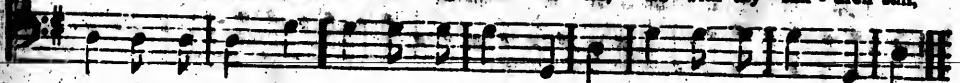
2. God of our sleep- ing hours, Watch o'er us wak- ing, All our im- per- fect powers
 A. C. Those who o- bey thy will Nev- er for- sak- ing.



Need we be wak- ing; O Thou great One in Three, Glad-ly our souls would be

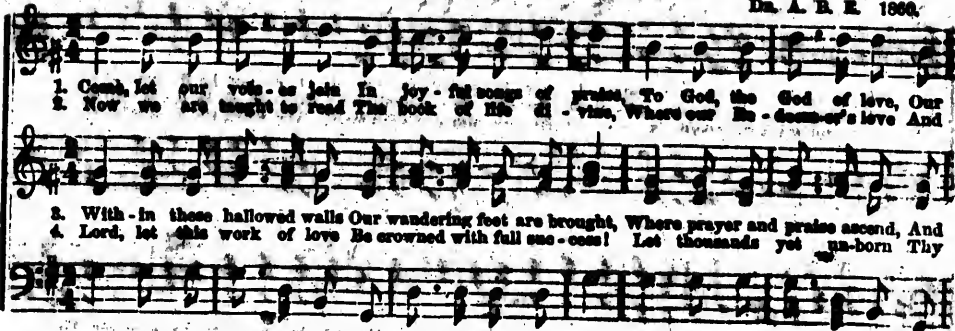


In thine hands tak- ing— In us thy work fal- sil, Be with thy chil- dren still,



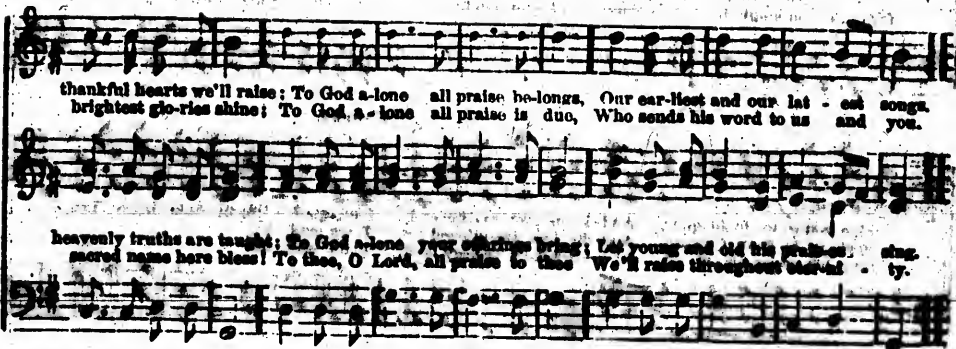
No. 18. — GRADING SCHOOL. — M. M.

Da. A. B. E. 1890.



1. Come, let our voices join in joy - ful songs of praise, To God, the God of love, Our
 2. Now we are taught to read The book of His di - vine, Where our Be - come's love And

3. With - in these hallowed walls Our wandering feet are brought, Where prayer and praise ascend, And
 4. Lord, let this work of love Be crowned with full suc - cess! Let thousands yet un-born Thy



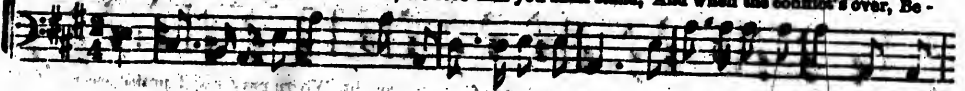
thankful hearts we'll raise: To God a-lone all praise be-longs, Our ear-liest and our lat - est songs,
 brightest glo-ries shine; To God a-lone all praise is due, Who sends his word to us and you.

heavenly truths are taught; To God a-lone your offerings bring; Let young and old his praise un - sing,
 sacred name here bless! To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee We'll raise throughout eter - ni - ty.

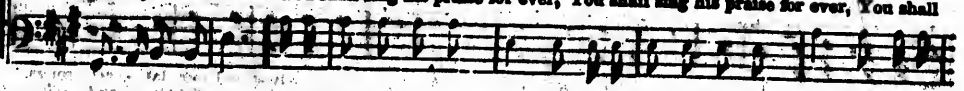
No. 19. — **THE BATTLE FOR THE SCHOOL**, 7s, 6s & 8s.



1. O, do not be dis-courag-ed, For Je-sus is your Friend, O, do not be dis-courag-ed, For
 2. Fight on, go on - till you are - slain, The bat-tle you shall win; Fight on, go on - till you are - slain, The
 3. And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be-fore him you shall stand, And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be-



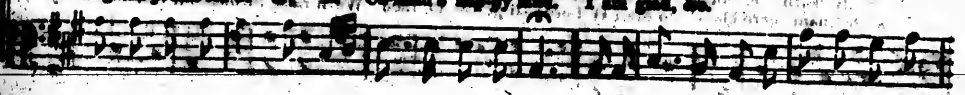
Je-sus is your Friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, He will
 battle you shall win. For the Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, He will
 fore him you shall stand. You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall



Chorus.



give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm
 Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquish'd sin. I am glad, do
 sing his praise for ever, In God's happy land. I am glad, do



I'LL BATTLE FOR THE SCHOOL. (Cox, Lupat.)

glad I'm in this ar-my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar-my, And I'll bat-tle for the school.

No. 20—WE ARE BUT YOUNG, L. M. * *

1. We are but young, yet we may sing The praise of our heavenly King;
 2. We are but young, yet we have heard The good news, the heavenly word;
 3. We are but young, yet we must die, For - sake our lat - ter night;
 4. We are but young, we need a guide; Je - sus, in that we would con - die;
 5. We are but young, yet God has shed Un - num - bered bless - ings on our head;

He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star - ry worlds on high.
 If we despise the on - ly way, How dread will be the judg - ment day!
 O lead us in the path of truth, And send us in Christ's mid - dle place;
 Then let our youth and rip - er days Pro - tect and bless our help - less youth.
 Be all de - vot - ed to his praise.

No. 21 - GREENVILLE No. 7a Double

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Come, thou Mount of every blessing, Turn thy heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of love, and praise;
 2. Here I'll raise mine Ho - me - na - sur, Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar - rive at home. } Teach me some melodious song,
 Jesus taught me when a stranger,
 O! to grace how great a debt - er I'm con - ceiv'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fit - ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee! } From to wander, Lord, I feel it -

Send by thy sacred tongues abroad; From the mount - I'm fix'd upon it - Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!
 Wandering from the fold of God: Ho, to - que - sue me from danger, In - ter - pose his pre - cious blood.
 From to leave the God I love - How's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for thy courts a - love.

No. 22. - GARRIE. FROTHINGHAM. 1870. R. M. Johnson.

1. I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For it's wrong to doze be-ly time a-way;
 2. Birds a-wake be-things; ev-ery morn they sing, None are tar-dy there, while the woods do ring;

3. While the tune-ful birds and the sum-mer's sun All in time are found with their works all done;
 4. When the summer's sun awakes the flowers again, They the tall e-very-ness are tar-dy then;

With my les-sons learned, it shall be my rule Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
 So, when Sun-day comes, it shall be my rule Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.

Shall not I, more blunt, ev-er keep this rule, Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school?
 Nor will I, far-got, that it is my rule, Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath school.

No. 23.—I LOVE TO GO TO SABBATH SCHOOL. I. M. Double. * *

1. The Sab - bath school's a place of prayer. I love to meet my teach - ers there!
 2. In God's own book we're taught to read. How Christ for sin - ners groan'd and bled!

1. In Sab - bath school we sing and pray, And learn 'to love the Sab - bath day;
 2. And when our days on earth are o'er, We'll meet in heaven to part no more;

They teach me there that ev - ery one May find in heaven a hap - py home:
 That Jesus' blood a sin - ner gave For sin - ful man - his soul to save:

That when on earth our Sab - bath ends, A glo - rious rest in heav'n we'll spend:
 Our teach - ers kind we there shall greet, And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet

I LOVE TO GO TO SABBATH SCHOOL. Chorale.

ALL.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.
 I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.

SOLO.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.
 In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove to part no more.

ALL.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.
 I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.

SOLO.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.
 In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove to part no more.


No. 21. — THE GLORIOUS JUBILEE. 11, 16, 8.

L. C. EVERTS.

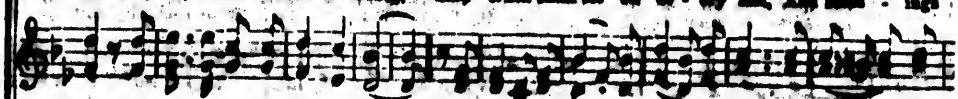
1. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the waterspout shall bloom; And Zion's children
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing; From Zion shall the
2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign; And hallel shall with the

3. Zion shall sing, the courts are all blest - standing,
law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north; Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -

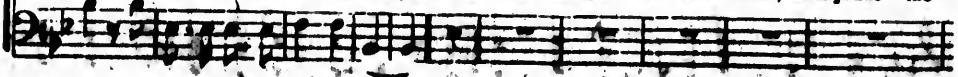
THE GLORIOUS JUBILEE. (COPPERSON.)




. . . Joice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom. The gos - pel ban - ner, wide unfur'd, shall wave in
 . . . Joice, rejoice, Jesu - s' love shall sing. And truth shall sit on ev - ery hill, And bless - ings




. . . Joice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign The sword and spear, of needless worth, shall prune the




CHORUS.



tri - umph o'er the world; And every creature, bond or free, shall hail that glorious jubilee.
 Now in every rill, And praise shall every heart employ, And every heart shall shout with joy.



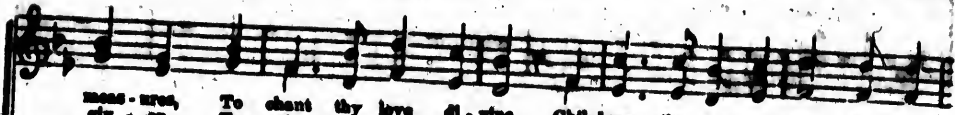
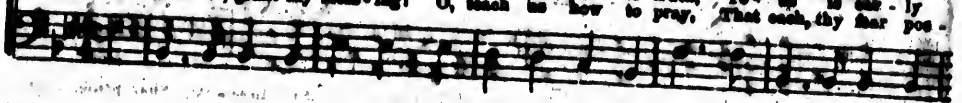
And peace shall mingle from shore to shore, And mountains shall be no more.



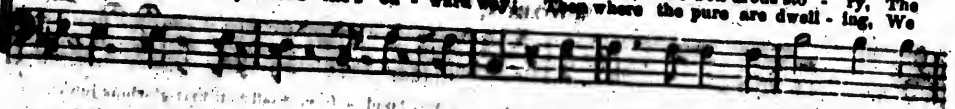
No. 25.— WE BRING NO earthly TREASURES.



1. We bring no earthly treasures, No gems of earth's deep mine; We come with sin-ple
 2. The heart as gift of Hear-on, Love's with-ten word of truth, To up is our-ly
 3. Re-sume-er, grant thy bless-ing! O, teach us how to pray, That each, thy fear pos-



ness-ure, To chant thy love di-vine. Chil-dren, thy fa-vors shar-ing, Their
 To guide our steps in youth; We hear the won-drous sto-ry, The
 ness-ing, May tread His on-ward way; Then where the pure are dwell-ing, We



voice of thank-ful praise; To-ther, to-cept our off-ing, Our song of grateful praise,
 this our-our-ry; We stand of bound-les glo-ry, From sin and sor-row free,
 hope to meet a-gain, And sweet-er mem-bers dwell-ing, For ev-er praise thy name.



No. 28. — THE CHILD'S HYMN. 7a.

DR. A. R. E.

1. Poor and need - y though I be, God, my Mak - er, cares for me;
 2. He will list - en when I pray, He is with me night and day,

3. He who reigns a - bove the sky - Once be - came as poor as I;
 4. Though I is - bour here a - while, He will bless me with his smile;

Gives me cloth - ing, shel - ter, food, Gives me all I have of good.
 When I sleep and when I wake, Keeps me safe for Je - sus' sake.

He whose blood for me was shed, Had not where to lay his head.
 And when this short life is past, I shall rest with him at last.

No. 29. — "THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL." C. M. Double.

1. The Sunday School! the Sunday School! Blest be the won-drous plan!
 2. We hold the bless-ed Bi-ble as Our char-ter and our shield, So strong its power, so Its pre-cepts and its

3. O ho-ly book! O hap-py day! May un-born mil-lions stand,
 4. And when we stand on Zi-on's heights, In the bright world a-bove, Sur-rouned by these Where gold-en harps are

fraught with love, De-scend-ing down to man! The Bi-ble and the Sun-day School Our
 pro-mis-es A power-ful sword to wield; With freeborn minds and bounding hearts, We

bulwarks strong. Throughout this happy land; Nor ty-rant's rod, nor despot's power, De-
 sounding forth The Sa-viour's dy-ing love, The Bi-ble and the Sun-day School Our

THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. (CONCLUDED.)

bul-wark firm shall be, To guard our rights, maintain our laws, Preserve our li - ber - ty,
 prize its sa - cred truth, For com - fort in de - clin - ing years, Or guide in ear - ly youth.

prive us of our right To serve our coun - try and our God In free - dom's bless - ed light,
 anthems still shall be, For they have led our wandering feet, O Lord, to heaven and thee.

No. 30. — "TIS RELIGION." 7s.

* *

1. 'Tis re - lig-ion that can give } Sweetest pleasure while we live, } 'Tis re - lig-ion must sup - ply } Sol - id comfort when we die.
 2. Af - ter death its joys will be } Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty! } Be the liv - ing God my Friend, Then my bliss shall never end.

No. 31. — "I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY." C. M.

**

1. I love to steal a while a way From ev-ery cumber-ing care,
 2. I love in sol-itude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore;

4. I love, by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heaven:
 5. Thus, when life's toll-some days is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray

And spend the hours of set-ting day in hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.
 And all his pro-mis-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor-rows cast On him whom I a-dore.

The pres-ent does my strength re-new, While here by tem-pests driven.
 Be calm as this im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end-less day.

No. 32.—JUSTINA.

R. McCoy McINTOSH.

1. Come, chil-dren, come! God bids you come! Come and learn, to sing the sto - ry
 2. Come, chil-dren, come! Christ bids you come! Ear - ly seek his face and fa - vor,
 3. Come, chil-dren, come! The Spirit says, come! Come, with Zi - on's sons and daughters,
 4. Come, chil-dren, come! Make heav'n your home! Then, though earthly ties may sev - er,

Of the Lord of life and glo - ry; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!
 Love, and serve your bless - ed Sa - viour; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!
 To the spring of liv - ing wa - ters; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!
 You may live with Christ for ev - er; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!

Additional Hymn for opposite page.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
2. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—
 That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see,
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

4. In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
5. When gladness wings the favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
6. My lifted eye without a tear
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on thee.

No. 33. — HYMN. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

1. Now con - de-scend, Al - might - y King, To bless this lit - tle throng,
 2. Bro - thers and sis - ters, hand in hand, Our lips to - geth - er move:
 3. We come to own the power di - vine That watch - es o'er our days:

And kind - ly lis - ten while we sing, Our pleas - ant eve - ning song,
 O, smile up - on this lit - tle band, U - nite our hearts in love,
 For this our see - ble voic - es join, To God we give the praise.

Value of the Scriptures.

1. How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;

Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

No. 34. WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS.

Toronto, C.W., March 16th, 1862.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories con-
 2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures un-

CHORUS

essed;
 told; But what must it be to be there? there, there, there! But what must it be to be there!
 But what must it be to be there? there, there, there! But what must it be to be there!

3.
 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
 From trials without and within;
 But what must it be to be there!

4.
 We speak of its service of love,—
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,—
 Of the Church of the first-born above.
 But what must it be to be there!

5.
 Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel, what it is to be there.

6.
 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that heavenly rest,
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

No. 35.— HEAVENLY BLISS. C. M.

N. E. EVERETT.

1. There is a glo-ri-ous world of light Above the star-ry sky; Where saints departed, clothed in
 2. And hark! a-mid the sacred songs Those heavenly voices raise, Ten thousand thousand in-fant
 3. Those are the hymns that we shall know If Jesus we o-bey; That is the place where we shall

4. This is the joy we ought to seek, And make our chief concern; For this we come, from week to
 5. Soon will our earth-ly race be run, Our mortal frame do-cay; Children and teach-ers, one by
 6. Great God! impress the serious thought This day on ev-ery breast; That both the teachers and the

white, A-dore the Lord most high.
 tongues U-nite, and per-fect praise.
 go, If found in wis-dom's way.

week, To read, and hear, and learn.
 one, Must droop, and pass a-way.
 taught May en-ter in-to rest.

The Lord's Day.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day he rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
4. Bless is the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains,
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

No. 36.—THE TRUE FRIEND. 8c & 7a.

MORANT.

1. One there is a - bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's,
 2. When he liv'd on earth a - bas-ed, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glo - ry rais-ed,

D. S. 1. But this Saviour died to have us
 2. We, a - las! for - got too of - ten

D. S.

Fine.

Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
 He re - joice in the same. O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

Re - conciled, in him, to God.
 What a friend we have a - bove.

1. LORD, a little hand, and lowly,
 We are come to sing to thee;
 Thou art great, and high, and holy,
 O how solemn should we be?

2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven, where He is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

3. For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions, too.

4. Let our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear what's or is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

No. 37.— LORD, WE COME TO THEE. 7s. Double.

Dr. A. B. E.

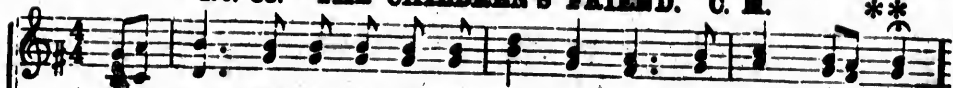
1. Hear ye not a voice from heaven, To the list'ning spir - it given? Children, come! it
2. Lord; we will re - member thee, While from pains and sorrows free, While our day is

seems to say, Give your hearts to me to - day. Sweet as is a mother's love,
in its dew, And the clouds of life are few. Now to thee, O Lord we come,

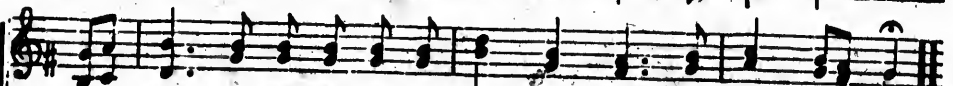
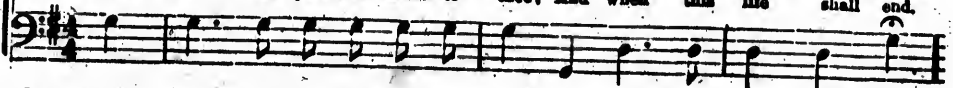
Ten - der as the heavenly Dove, Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms; Thus it wins us to his arms.
In our morning's early bloom; Breathe on us thy grace divine; Touch our hearts and make them thine.

No. 38.—THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. C. M.

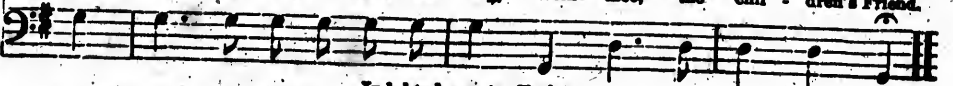
**



1. Thou Guar - dian of our youth - ful days, To thee our prayers as - cend ;
 2. From thee our dai - ly mer - cies flow, Our life and health de - scend ;
 3. Teach us to praise thy ho - ly word, And to its truths at - tend ;
 4. O may we feel a Sa - viour's love, To him our souls com - mend ;
 5. Lord, draw our youth - ful hearts to thee ; And when this life shall end,



To thee we'll tune our songs of praise, Je - sus, the chil - dren's Friend.
 O save our souls from sin and woe ; Thou art the chil - dren's Friend.
 Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord, And love the chil - dren's Friend.
 Who left his glo - rious throne a - bove, To be the chil - dren's Friend.
 Raise us to live a - bove the sky, With thee, the chil - dren's Friend.



Indebtedness to Christ.

1. To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 O ! let the feeblest of thy flock
 Attempt to speak thy praise.
2. But how shall mortal tongue express
 A subject so divine ?
 Do justice to so vast a theme,
 Or praise a love like thine ?
3. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
 To this amazing love ;

Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
 And nobler bliss above.

4. To thee my trembling spirit flies,
 With sin and grief oppress'd ;
 Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
 And lulls my cares to rest.
5. Lead on, dear Shepherd ! led by thee,
 No evil shall I fear ;
 Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
 And praise thee better there.

No. 39. — "AGAIN." C. M.

1. A - gain the kind re - voiv - ing year Has brought this hap - py day,
 2. Our watch - ful guar - dians, robed in light, A - dore the heav - ny King;
 3. They know no want, they feel no care, Nor ev - er sigh as we;
 4. If aught can there en - hance their bliss, Or raise their rap - tures higher,
 5. With what re - sem - bling care and love Both worlds for us ap - pear!

And we in God's bless'd house ap - pear A - gain our vows to pay.
 Ten thou - sand thou - send ser - aphs bright In - ces - sant praise sing.
 Sor - row and sin are stran - gers there, And all is har - mo - ny.
 New joys in heaven, at sights like this, New an - thems fill the choir.
 Our friend - ly guar - dians, those a - bove— Our ben - e - fac - tors, here.

For an Orphan Asylum.

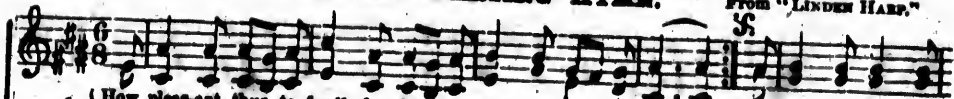
1. FATHER of mercies, hear our prayers
 For those that do us good,
 Whose love for us a place prepares,
 And gives the orphans food.
2. Their aims in blessings on their head
 A thousand fold restore;
 O feed their souls with living bread,
 And let their cup run o'er!

2. For ever in thy Christ built up,
 Thy bounty let them prove;
 Steadfast in faith, joyful through hope,
 And rooted deep in love.
4. For those who kindly founded this,
 A better house prepare;
 Remove them to thy heavenly bliss,
 And let us meet them there.

No. 40. — PARTING HYMN.

From "LINDEN HARP."

♩



1. How pleas-ant thus to dwell be-low in fel-low-ship of love;
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet a-bove;
2. Yes, happy thought! When we are free From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each oth-er see, And nev-er part a-gain.
2. The chil-dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teachers there;
And teach-ers gain the rich re-ward Of all their toil and care;
4. Then let us each, in strength di-vine, Still walk in wisdom's way;
That we, with those we love, may join In nev-er end-ing praise!

The good shall meet a-

And nev-er part a-

Of all their toil and

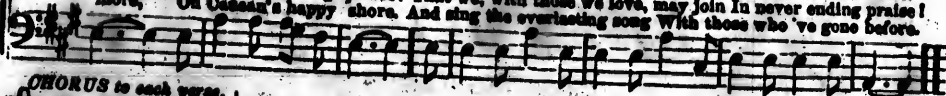
In nev-er end-ing

D. C. To meet, to part no-



FINE.

-bove, The good shall meet above; And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet above.
-gain, And nev-er part a-gain; In heaven we shall each other see, And nev-er part a-gain.
-care, Of all their toil and care; And teachers gain the rich reward Of all their toil and care.
praise! In nev-er end-ing praise! That we, with those we love, may join In nev-er ending praise!
more, On Ceasar's happy shore. And sing the everlasting song With those who've gone before.



CHORUS to each verse.



D. C. ♩

O that will be joy-ful, Joy-ful, Joy-ful, O that will be joy-ful, To meet, to part no more:



No. 41—"WHILE BACK" 8s & 7s.

1. While each writhed breath on na - tion
 2. What a wick - ing, what a tra - sure,
 3. God's best word re - veals the Sa - viour,
 4. Oh! the his - tor - y of know - ing
 5. Heaven - ly Fa - ther! give thy Spi - rit

None - ing knows, O Lord of these,
 I pos - sess in thy dear word!
 Sin - ful chil - dren deep - ly need;
 Christ the ten - der Sa - viour's love,
 To each child who looks to thee;

In this hap - py land, sal - va - tion
 There I read with ho - ly plea - sure
 Oh! what mer - cy, love, and fa - vour,
 Free - ly on a child be - show - ing
 May we thy rich grace in - her - it!

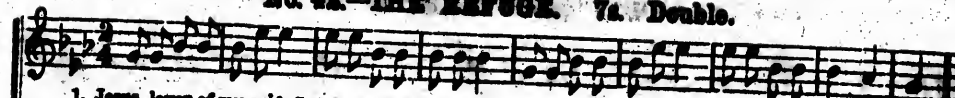
Rich - ly is re - vealed to me,
 Of the love of Christ, my Lord.
 That for sin - ners Christ should bleed,
 Grace and mer - cy from a - bove.
 May we like our Sa - viour be.

Children commended to Christ.

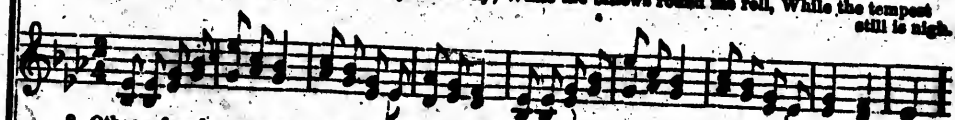
1. SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the flocks gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share;
2. Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

3. Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them through life's dangerous way.
4. Then within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting place;
 Feed in pastures ever verdant,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

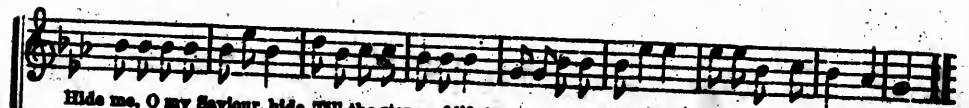
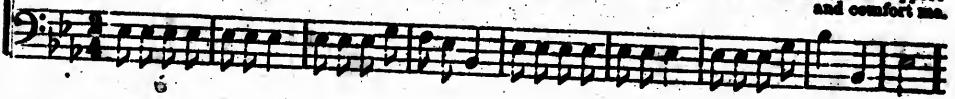
No. 42.—THE REFUGE. Va. Double.



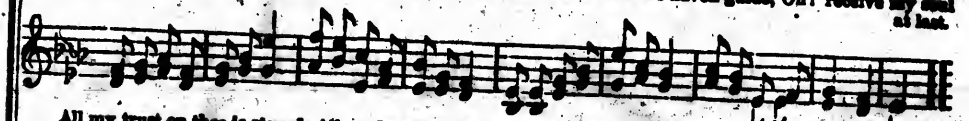
1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows round me roll, While the tempest still is high.



2. Other refuge have I none, Helpless hangs my soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe into the haven guide, Oh! receive my soul at last.



All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.



No. 43.—FAREWELL, BROTHER! 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Farewell, brother! deep and low-ly Rest thee on thy bed of clay: Kin-dred spi-rits, an-gels
 2. Hear our prayer, O God of glory, Lowly breathed in sorrow's song: Bleeding hearts lie bare be-

3. Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee Where no cloud of sorrow rolls; For glad ti-dings float, how

ho-ly, Bore thy heavenward soul a-way: Sad we gave thee to the num-ber Laid in
 fore thee—Come, in ho-ly trust made strong! Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger, From the

sweetly! From the glorious-land of souls: Death's cold gloom now parts asun-der: Lo! the

FAREWELL, BROTHER. CONCLUDED.

an - gels
 are be -
 in - der i - cy halls, And a - bove thy peaceful slumber Many a shower of sor - row falls.
 dreary land we dread; Mortals! mortals! seek no long - er Those that live - a - mong the dead.
 folding shades are gone: Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder! God's broad day comes pouring on.

No. 44. BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

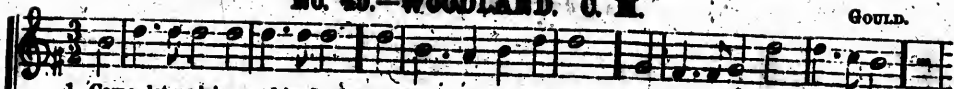
1. O Lord, another day is flown, And we, a lowly band, Are met once more before thy throne To bless thy fostering hand.
 2. Thy heavenly grace to each impart, All evil far remove, And shed abroad in every heart Thine ev - er - last - ing love.

3. Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The Sun of righteousness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

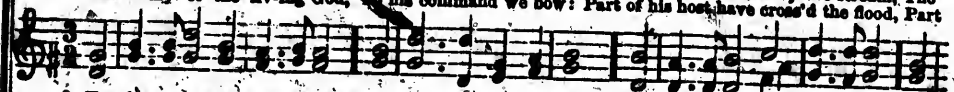
4. Oh, still restore our wandering feet,
 And still direct our way,
 Till worlds shall fall, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of endless day.

No. 45.—WOODLAND. C. M.

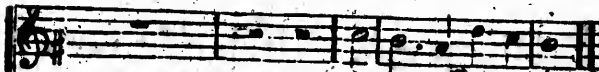
GOULD.



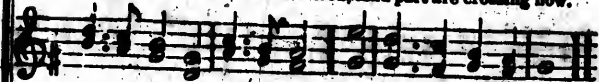
1. Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtain'd the prize; And on the eagle wings of love, And
 Let all the saints ce-lestial sing, With those to glo-ry gone; For all the servants of our King, For
 2. One fam-i-ly we dwell in him, One church a-bove, beneath, Tho' now di-vi-ded by the stream, Tho'
 One ar-my of the liv-ing God, In his command we bow: Part of his host have cross'd the flood, Part



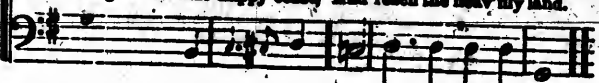
3. Ten thousand to their endless home This solemn moment fly; And we are to the margin come, And
 His mil-l-tant embodied host, With wishful looks we stand, And long to see that happy coast, And



on the eagle wings of love To joys ce-lestial rise!
 all the servants of our King, In earth and heaven, are one,
 now divided by the stream, The nar-row stream of death,
 of his host have cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now.



we are to the margin come, And we expect to die;
 long to see that happy coast, And reach the heav'nly land.



Our old companions in distress
 We have again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity.
 Even now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crown'd,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.
 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
 O that the word were given!
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And lead us all in heaven.

No. 46. — SABBATH MORNING. 6, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8.

L. C. EVANS.

And
For
The
Part

And
And

And
And

ada

del
de,

1. Sabbath morning! Sabbath morning! Welcome Sabbath morning bright: Up we rise— we need no

2. Sabbath morning! Sabbath morning! Hearts so blithe and eyes so bright! Off to school— we need no

warning— Glad to see its opening light: Glad to see the sun adorning With his beams this Sabbath morning.

warning, Off to school with footsteps light: Lessons learning, we're adorning Our young minds this Sabbath morning.

No. 47.— FARNVILLE

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Just as I am— with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And
 2. Just as I am— and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
 3. Just as I am— though tess'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, With

4. Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind, Yea,
 5. Just as I am— thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve, Be -
 6. Just as I am— thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - ery barrier down! Now

that thou bidst me come to thee— O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
 thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, &c.
 fears within and wars without— O Lamb of God, &c.

all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
 - - - cause thy promise I be - lieve— O Lamb of God, &c.
 to be thine, yes, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, &c.

No. 48.—FREDERICK. 11a.

KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al-way! I ask not to stay Where storm after storm ris-es dark o'er the way
 2. I would not live al-way! thus fettered by sin! Temptation without and cor-ruption within!
 3. I would not live al-way! no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
 4. Who, who would live al-way; a way from his God—A-way from yon heav-en, that blissful a-bode,
 5. Where the saints of all a-gees in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,


DUEL.

The few hur-ri-d mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.
 Even the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiv-ing with pen-itent tears.
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me a- rise, To hail him 'in tri-umph de-scending the skies.
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory a-ter-nal-ly reigns.
 While the anthems of rapture unceasing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

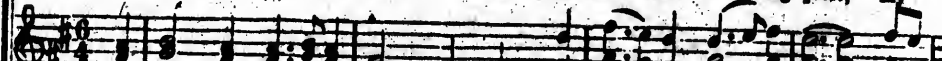
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, and-folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
 Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With psittacus and oil thou anointest my head;
 O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?
 4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

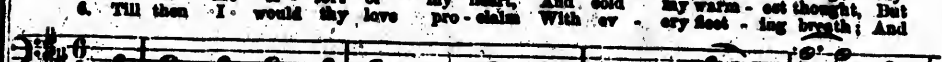
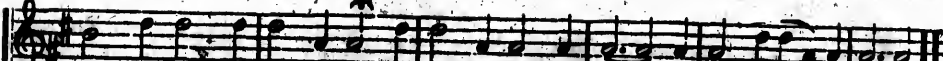
No. 49.— "HOW SWEET" C. M.




1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear. It
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
 3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place, My



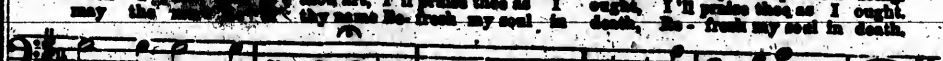
4. Je - sus, my Sa - viour, Shep - herd, Friend, My Fresh - et, Priest, and King; My
 5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought; But
 6. Till then I - would thy love pro - claim With ev - ery foot - ing breath; And

soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the ven - ry, rest, And to the ven - ry, rest.
 nev - er - fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.

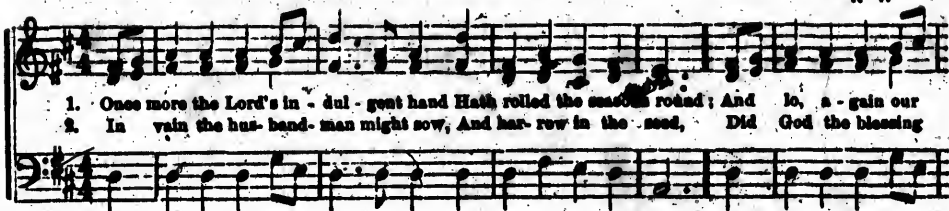


Lord, may I ever say, my God, Ac - cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
 when I see how good Thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
 may the name of Je - sus Be - fresh my soul in death, Be - fresh my soul in death.

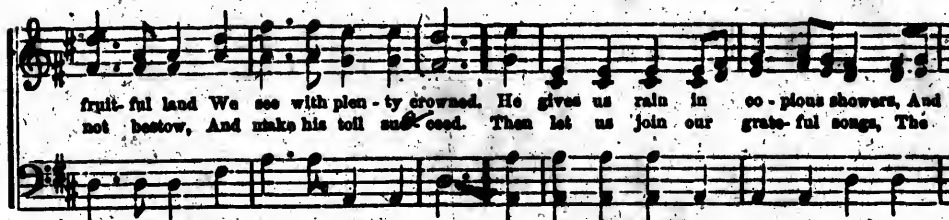


No. 50.— HARVEST HYMN. C. M. Double.

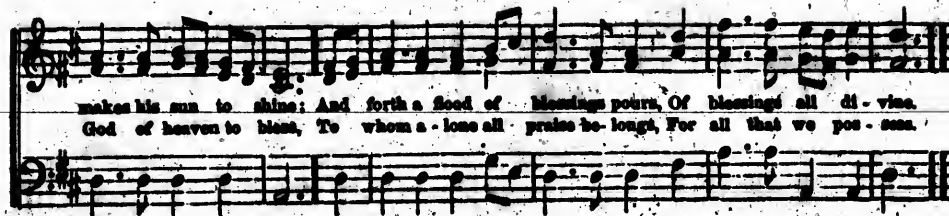
* *



1. Once more the Lord's in - dul - gent hand Hath rolled the seasons round; And lo, a - gain our
2. In vain the hus - band - man might sow, And har - row in the seed, Did God the blessing



fruit - ful land We see with plen - ty crowned. He gives us rain in co - pious showers, And
not bestow, And make his toil suc - ceed. Then let us join our grate - ful songs, The



makes his sun to shine; And forth a seed of blessings pours, Of blessings all di - vine.
God of heaven to bless, To whom a - lone all praise be - longs, For all that we pos - sess.

No. 51. HASTE AWAY. 3, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Sweet - ly the Sabbath bell steals on the air, That in the house of God bids us ap - pear;
 2. Oft as the Sabbath chimes summon to pray, May we their ho - ly call Glad - ly o - bey.

"Child - ren of God," it seems soft - ly to say, "Haste a - way, haste a - way, haste, haste a - way."
 Then when the last sad bell For us shall sound, Rea - dy all, rea - dy all, May we be found.

No. 52. OLD HUNDRED. I. M.

1. God is my friend; I need not fear; For he is good, and always near, And he will keep me by his power, From day to day, from hour to hour.
 2. I am a sinner; but I know a - way God's own Word has told me so - That Jesus Christ came down from heav'n, To die that I might be forgiven.
 3. There is one thing that I must do, And that is this; For God has said, That those whom he promises from ill Must love to do his holy will.

No. 53. GLADLY MEETING. 3, 7, 8, 8, 8, 5, 5.

(For Opening Sabbath-School.) L. C. EVANS.

1. Gladly meeting, Kindly greeting, On this holy Sabbath-day, Sinful thoughts are all forsaken, Ev'-ry seat in

qui-et 'ta-ken, Let each heart to God a - wa-ken, While we sing and pray, While we sing and pray.

2 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
School-mates, teachers, all are here:
Some are listening, some presiding,
Some the lessons are providing,
Some the infant mind are guiding,
Filled with holy fear.

3 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

4 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return,
May our minds by steady brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

No. 54. BROTHERLY LOVE. 8s & 7s.

1. Little children, love each other, Is the blessed Saviour's rule; Ev'ry little one is brother To his mates at Sabbath-school.
2. We're all children of one Father, The great God who reigns above; Shall we quarrel? No; much rather Would we be,
[Like him, all love.

No. 55. HAPPY MEET WE HERE. (Anniversary Hymn.) 7s. Double

1. Hap - py, hap - py meet we here, Time has roll'd an - oth - er year; Spring - tide brings the fes - tal day,—

Now we lift the thank - ful lay! Thanks for dai - ly mer - cies giv'n, Crown'd with Sabbath

light from heav'n. Thanks to God, who gives us breath; Thanks to God, who saves from death.

Happy, happy meet we here:
 Pleased Jesus, be thou near;
 Let our pleasures ever be
 Only those approved by thee.
 Praise the Saviour's precious name!—
 He to save from heaven came,—
 For our sins did bleed and die—
 Now he pleads for us on high.

2 Happy, happy meet we here,—
 Parents, pastors, teachers dear;
 All, with gladness heart and voice,
 Share with us our festive joys.
 Thanks to God for parents kind;
 Thanks for friends with hearts inclined
 Thus to guide us in the road
 Leading safely up to God.

No. 56. I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 6.

Dr. A. B. E.

1. They say this world's a vale of tears, Al-though so plea-sant it appears; That

all on earth is lit-tle worth, And can-not make us bliss; That

plea-sures fly, friends drop and die, And sick-ness breaks our rest.

2 So let them say; for well I know,
 When God the sweetest pleasure flow,
 And he could be a friend to me
 Should all besides depart;
 In sickness rest, my pillow smooth,
 And cheer my fainting heart.

3 While through this world my footsteps stray,
 This blessed God shall be my stay,
 My mamma sweet, my shade from heat,
 My light in darkest gloom;
 His love shall show where'er I go,
 Until I reach the tomb.

No. 57. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.*

Arranged by L. C. EVERETT.
FINE.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spi - rits a - bove;
Je - sus, our Sa - vour, in mer - cy, says, Come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to your home.

Soon will our pil - grim - age end here be - low, Soon to the pre - sence of God we shall go:

Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, rest we in heav - en.

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.

* 1s. (double), by slurring the first two notes in each measure. Six lines, by omitting the repeat.

No. 58. GOD IS EVER GOOD. Cs & 5a.

L. C. H.

1. See the shining dew-drops On the flowers strew'd, Proving as they sparkle, God is ever good, God is ever good.

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

No. 59. DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HARRON.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

No. 60. SICILY. 8s & 7s.

1. Hum-ble prais - es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voi - ces raise to thee;

In thy arms, O Lord, re - ceive us; Suf - fer us thy lambs to be.

- 2 Blessed favour, thou hast hidden
Hides like us to come to thee;
Once, by thy disciples hidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.
- 3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy-cursed Son to die;
From eternal death to save us,
Glory be to God on high.

(Glorious things of thee are spoken,
O Son, thy of our God)

- 4 No where word can now be broken
Chose thee for his own sake.
- 5 On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake his sure repose?

With salvation's wall surrounded,
We can smile at all his foes.

- 6 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply her sons and daughters
And the har of want remove.
- 7 Who can stint while such a river
Outward flows, her thirst to assuage!—
Grace, which, like the dew, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 8 Round each habitacion hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

No. 61. TREE MASTER. C. M.

L. C. M.

1. When Sab-bath's sa - cred morn - ing light Be - gins on earth to dawn, We'll wake with eyes all
 2. The tune - ful birds in con - cert meet, And ca - rol sweet their lays: In na - ture's tem - ple

spark - ling bright, And bid dull sloth be - gone. } Then haste to the school a - way, And
 they re - peat Their great Cre - a - tor's praise. }

CHORUS

keep this sa - cred day? Yes, haste a - way—yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day.

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, &c.

4. Then in the temple of the Lord,
 That consecrated place,
 We'll listen to God's holy word,
 And seek his pardoning grace.
 Chorus: Then haste, &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.
 Chorus: Then haste, &c.

No. 62. WE'RE MARCHING. C. M. Double.

L. G. EVERETT.

1. We're march-ing to the prom-ised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our hap-py
2 The Sa-voir feeds his lit-tle flock, His grace is free-ly given; The liv-ing wa-ters

CHORUS
youth-ful band, And seek the plains of light.
from the rock, And dai-ly bread from heaven. } Oh, come and join our youth-ful band, Our

songs and tri-umphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land And rest for-ev-er there.

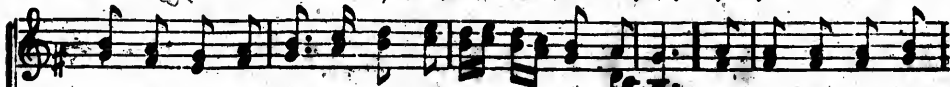
3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And joyful voices there shall join
With the angels choir.
Chorus: Oh, come and join, &c.

4 Our teachers kind do point the way
And guide our feet aright
To those bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.
Chorus: Oh, come and join, &c.

No. 63. HERE WE MEET TO PART AGAIN. 7s, 8s & 6s. D. C. EVANS.



1. Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part a-gain; But
 2. Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part a-gain, Here we meet to part a-gain; But



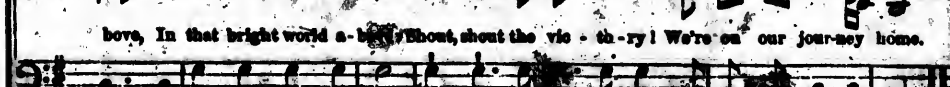
when we meet on Ca-naan's plain, There'll be no part-ing there, In that bright world a-
 when a seat in heaven we gain, There'll be no part-ing there, In that bright, &c.



CHORUS



bove, In that bright world a-bove, Shout, about the vic-tory! We're on our jour-ney home.



3 Here we meet to part again:
 But these we shall with Jesus reign,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above.
 Chorus: Shout, about the victory! &c.

4 Here we meet to part again:
 But when we join the heaven again,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above.
 Chorus: Shout, about the victory! &c.

No. 64. IN THE LIGHT. 10, 7s, 6s, 4s.

L.C.M.

1. In the re - cy light of the sun, let the voice of praise on high; from the

2. As he look'd in our human form, Our distress - ed fill'd his eye; and a
3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who died, To de - liv - er us from woe; his en-

CHORUS.

lips of youth, to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful e - choes fly,
world to save, his own son he gave, On the bloody tree to die. Sing, praise, glad praise, sing,
dured the cross, the dis - grace, the loss; — Let his praise be - ev - er flow.


chil - dren, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the lif - ty skies, And ex - alt in God our King.

4 Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
His delights in mercy still,
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praise, &c.


5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best,
his arm we'll fly, on his grace
and secure his promised rest.
Sing praise, &c.

No. 65. I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE. Cs & 3s.

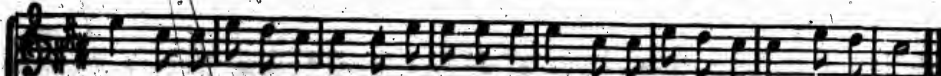
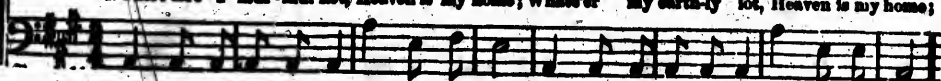
L. C. R.




1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a de-sert drear, Heaven is my home;
2. What tho' the tem-pests rage! Heaven is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heaven is my home




3. There at my Sa-viour's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heaven is my home;
4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heaven is my home; What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heaven is my home;



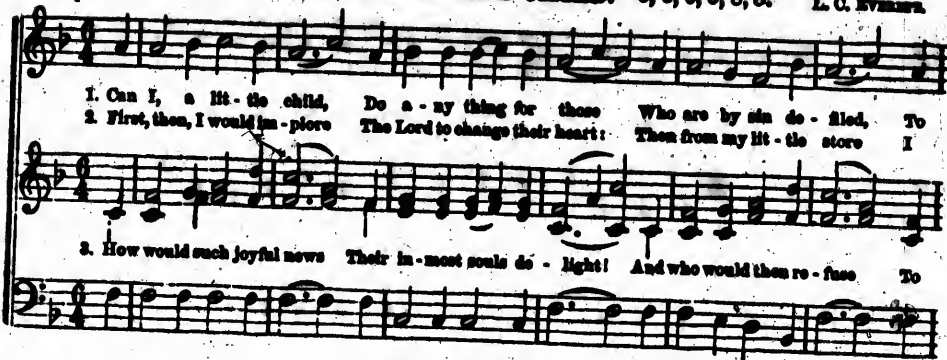
Dun-ger and sur-row stand Round me on ev'-ry hand; Heaven is my in-ther-land, Heaven is my home!
And time's wild, wintry blast soon shall be o-ver-gone; I shall reach home at last: Heaven is my home!



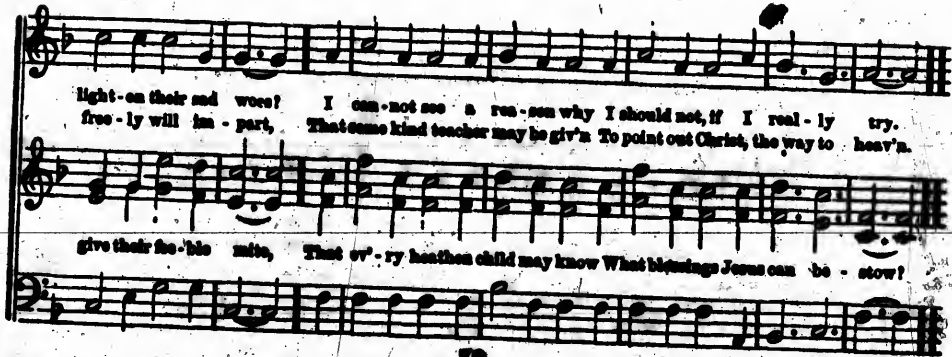
There are the bread and meat, There I lay down and rest; There, too, I sleep shall rest: Heaven is my home!
And I shall surely stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heaven is my Father-land: Heaven is my home!



No. 68. CAN I, A LITTLE CHILD. G, G, G, G, G, G. L. C. EVANS.



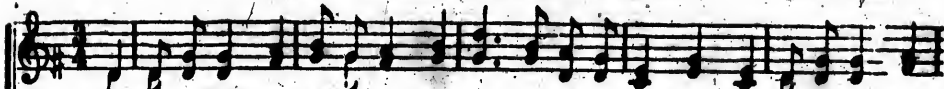
1. Can I, a lit-tle child, Do a-ny thing for those Who are by sin de-filed, To
 2. First, then, I would im-plore The Lord to change their heart: Then from my lit-tle store I
 3. How would each joyful news Their in-most souls de-light! And who would then re-sume To



light-on their sad woes? I can-not see a rea-son why I should not, if I real-ly try.
 free-ly will im-part, That some kind teacher may be giv'n To point out Christ, the way to heav'n.
 give their sac-rifices, That ev'-ry heathen child may know What blessings Jesus can be-stow!

No. 67. THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root.



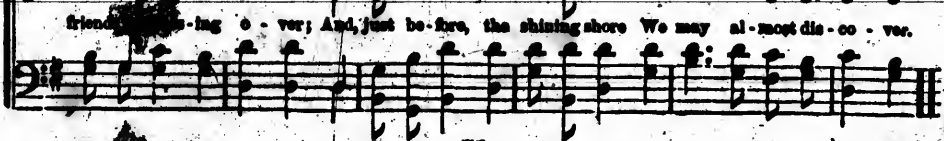
1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pilgrim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them
2. Our ab - sent king the watchword gave, "Let ev - ry lamp be burn - ing." We look a - far, a -
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row. For hope will sing, with
4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each chord on earth to sev - er, There bright and joy - ous



as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger:
 cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;
 courage bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor - row;" } For now we stand on Jag - dan's strand, Our
 in the skies—There is our home for ev - er:



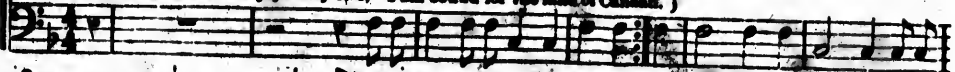
friend - ing o - ver; And, just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - co - ver.



No. 68. CANAAN.



1. To- geth - er let us sweet - ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan; } O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am
 2. If you get there be - fore I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan; } O Canaan, so.
 3. Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 4. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 5. And I'm resolved to tra - vel on, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 6. Then come with me, beloved friends, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 7. The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 8. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
 9. While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.



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



No. 69. SERVE GOD TO-DAY. 7c.




1. Now the shadows of night are gone; Now the morning light is come; Lord, may we to thee to-day; Drive the shades of sin away.
 2. Fill our souls with heav'nly light; Banish doubt, and clear our sight; In thy service, Lord, to-day. May we labor, watch, and pray.
 3. When our work of life is past, Oh, may we then at last; Night and sin will be no more; When we reach the heavenly shore.

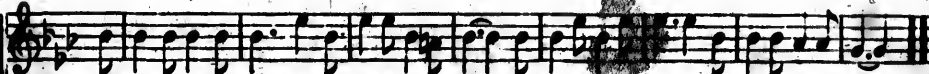
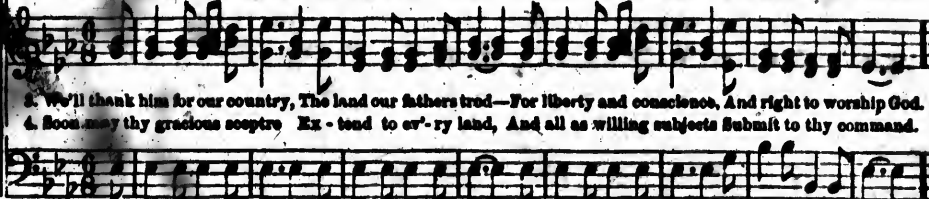


No. 70. WE MEET AGAIN. 7s & Cs.

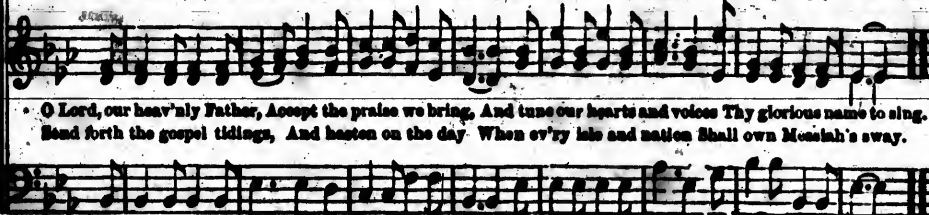
L. C. B.



1. We meet again in gladness, And thankful voices raise: To God, our heav'nly Father, We'll tune our grateful praise:
2. We'll thank him for the Sabbath, This day of ho-ly rest, And for the blessed Bible, The book that we love best;
3. We'll thank him for our country, The land our fathers tread—For liberty and conscience, And right to worship God.
4. Soon may thy gracious sceptre Ex-tend to ev'-ry land, And all as willing subjects Submit to thy command.



Th' his kind hand that kept us Through all the changing year: His love it is that brings us Again to worship here.
For Sabbath-school and teachers, To us so kindly giv'n, To guide us in the pathway That leads to joys in heav'n.



• O Lord, our heav'nly Father, Accept the praise we bring, And tune our hearts and voices Thy glorious name to sing.
Send forth the gospel tidings, And hasten on the day When ev'ry lab and nation Shall own Messiah's sway.

No. 71. AWAY TO SCHOOL. 8s & 6s.

L. C. R.

1. Our youth - ful hearts for learn - ing burn—A-way, a-way to school: To sit - once now our
 2. Be - hold, a hap - py band ap - pears—A-way, a-way to school: The shout of joy now
 3. No more we walk, no more we play—A-way, a-way to school: In stu - dy now we

steps we turn—A-way, a-way to school. Fare - well to home and all its charms, We
 fill our ears—A-way, a-way to school. The voi - ces ring, the hands they wave—Each
 spend the day—A-way, a-way to school. U - nit - ed in a peace - ful band, We're

CHORUS

break from love's pa - ter - nal arms,
 heart rebounds with vigor brave—
 Join'd in heart and join'd in hand: } A-way to school—a-way to school, A-way, a-way to school.

No. 72. I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that

called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

I might have seen him look when he said, "Let - the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

3. Yet still to his sheltered 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 is 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."

No. 73. STAND UP FOR JESUS. 10c.

* * *

1. Stand up for Je - sus! all who lead his host! Crown'd with the splendors of the Ho - ly Ghost

2. Stand up for Je - sus! ye of ev'-ry name! All one in prayer, and all with praise a - flame!

3. Stand up for Je - sus! Lo! at God's right hand Je - sus him-self for us de-ights to stand!

Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield, Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field.

For - get the sad estrangement of the past, With one consent in love and peace at last.
Let saints and sin - ners won - der at his grace; Let Jews and Gen - tiles blend, and all our race.

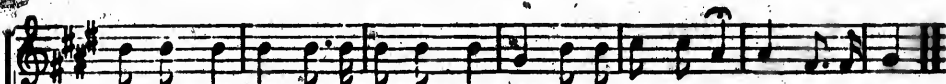
No. 74. FESTIVE SONG. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. (For Spring Celebration.) * * *



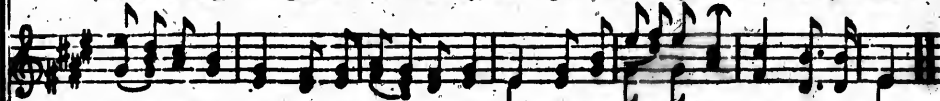
1. Come, join the festive song. Wake voices all: Chime with the vernal throng, List to the call: Hear we in
2. Lord of the rolling year, Round and above, Boundless thy works appear, Boundless thy love: All, all in



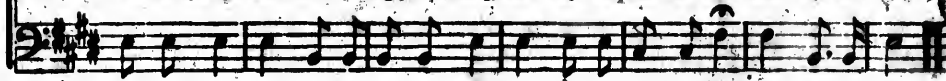
3. Joyous we swell the train, Thankful to thee—Watch'd by thy care, again Springtide to see: Still in this
4. On-ward for - ev - er flow Truth's mighty wave: Seen every clime below Conquer and save. Sweet as the



ev - ry breeze, From vale and moun-tain trees, Glad notes of na - ture say, Join ye my lay.
earth and sky, As glide the sea - sons by, New glo - ries of thy name Ev - er pro - claim.



goc - pel land Throughs forth the Sabbath band, Un - der truth's ca - no - py, Hap - py and free.
voice of spring, Then ev - ry tongue shall sing, Glo - ry to God on high, Glo - ry for aye,



No. 75. WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU.

Word by I. P. WILLIAMS.

Arr. by I. P. WILLIAMS.

1. A year a-gain has passed a-way! Time swiftly speeds a - long!
 2. We come, the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love
 2. We'll sing of mer-cies daily-given, Through ev - ry pass - ing year,
 4. We'll sing of many a hap - py hour We've passed in Sun-day - school,
 6. Our youthful hearts will glad - ly raise, Our voi - ces sweet - ly sing,
 We come a-gain to
 Of Him who guards us
 We'll sing the pro - mise
 Where truth, like summer's
 A grate - ful song of

CHORUS *f* REPEAT *p*

praise and pray, And sing our greet - ing song.
 all our days, And guides to heaven a - boys.
 of Heaven With voi - ces loud and clear.
 ge - nial showers, Extends its gra - cious rule.
 grateful praise, To heaven's e - ter - nal King.

We come, we come, we
 We come, &c.

come with song to greet you, We come, we come, we come with song a - gain.

In quick time.

No. 77. DENWIDDIE.

R. McCoy Melrose, 1889.

1. Come, children, and join in our fe-tiv-al song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along; We'll
2. Our Fa-ther in Hea-ven, we lift up to thee Our voice of thankgiv-ing, our glad ju-bi-lee; 'Oh,

3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a-mong us in death shall repose, Grant,
4. Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way How

Join our glad voi-ces in one hymn of praise To God, who has kept us, and lengthen'd our days,
bless us, and guide us, dear Sa-voir, we pray, That from thy best precepts we ne-ver may stray.

Lord, that the spi-rit in hea-ven may dwell, In the bosom of Je-sus, where all shall be well,
we may es-cape from the world's sinful charms, And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.

DINWIDDIE. Concluded.

chorus

Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, happy greeting to all

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."

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 best reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."

In general anniversaries, omit the last two verses.

No. 78. MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARCH.

1. Ma - ry to the Bar - ber's tomb Hated at the ear - ly dawn;
Ere she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone; } For a while she ling'ring stood, }
2. But her sorrow quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice; } Filled with sorrow and surprise, }
Christ has risen from the dead; Now he bid her heart rejoice; } Turning darkness into day! }

D. C.

D. C. 1. Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.
2. Ye who weep for Jesus' sake, He will wipe your tears away.

WE'RE HOMeward bound.

Arranged by Rev. J. W. DAVIS.



1. O'er the hills and through the vale, } We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Seeking the home of a peaceful and happy life,
 O'er the hills and through the vale, } We're homeward bound.



Far from the east, and far from the west, Seeking our Fa-ther's ce-lestial a-bode,



2. While the morning dawns and evening falls,
 And the sun and moon and stars
 Shine in the sky above,
 We're homeward bound,
 We're homeward bound,
 We're homeward bound.

3. When the morning dawns and evening falls,
 And the sun and moon and stars
 Shine in the sky above,
 We're homeward bound,
 We're homeward bound,
 We're homeward bound.

4. O'er the hills and through the vale,
 Seeking the home of a peaceful and happy life,
 O'er the hills and through the vale,
 We're homeward bound,
 We're homeward bound,
 We're homeward bound.

No. 80. 'TIS RELIGION THAT CAN GIVE. 7s, 6s & 5s.



1. { 'Tis religion that can give—In the Light, in the Light: Sweetest pleasure while we live—In the Light of God.
 'Tis re-ligion must sup-ply—In the Light, in the Light: Sweet comfort when we die— In the Light of God.
 2. { After death his joys shall be—In the Light, in the Light: Lasting as a - ter - ni - ty—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 in the Light, Walk in the Light: Let us walk in the Light, In the Light of God.



PLEASANT in the Sabbath hall—
 In the Light, in the Light:
 Resounding praise of God to tell—
 In the Light of God.
 But a week's respite we—
 In the Light, in the Light:
 Brethren whose souls are—
 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.

3 Shall we ever rise to dwell
 Where immortal praises swell?
 And can children ever go
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
 Chorus: Let us walk, &c.

3 Yes, that like our own may be:
 All the good shall Jesus see:
 For the good O Lord we sing,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
 Chorus: Let us walk, &c.

No. 81. LITTLE DROPS OF WATER. Cs & 5s.

L. C. H.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might - y o - cean And the pleasant

2. Thus our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way From the path of vir - tue, Off in sin to

The first system consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, a vocal line, and a bass line. The second system also consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, a vocal line, and a bass line. The third system consists of a single bass line.

land. Thus the little minutes, Humble though they be, Make the might - y a - ge Of e - tor - ni - ty.

stray. Lit - tle deeds of kindness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an Eden Like the heaven a - bove.

The second system consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, a vocal line, and a bass line. The third system consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, a vocal line, and a bass line. The fourth system consists of a single bass line.

No. 82. GOD'S WORKS PRAISE HIM. S. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERTS.

1 Ten thousand dif-fer-ent flow-ers To the sweet off'ring bear, And cheer-ful birds in shady bow-ers sing

forth thy ten-der care. The fields on ev'-ry side, The trees on ev'-ry hill, The glo-ri-ous sun, the

mol-ling tide, Pro-claim thy won-ders still.

2 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

3 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

No. 83. WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s, Double.

LARGHETTO.
SOLO ALTO.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

SOLO TENOR.

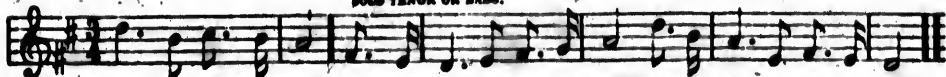
1 Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of pro-mise are: Traveller, o'er you mountain's
2 Watchman, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as-cends. Traveller, bless-ed - ness and
3 Watchman, tell us of the night, For the dark-ness seems to dawn. Traveller, dark-ness takes its

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. (Concluded.)



height See that glo - ry - beam - ing star! Watchman, does its beautiful ray Aught of
 light, Peace and truth, its course per - tends. Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the
 light, Doubt and ter - ror are with - drawn. Watchman, lo! thy wanderings cease; lie thee

SOLO TENOR OR BASS.



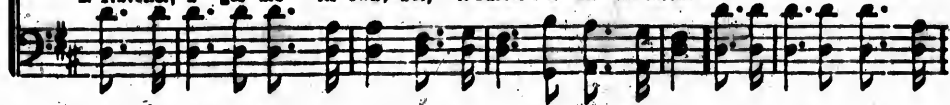
hope or joy foretell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.
 spot that gave them birth? Traveller, a - ge are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
 to thy qui - et home. Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come!

CHORUS for 1st and 2d voices.

CHORUS for 3d voice.



1. Traveller, yes; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el! 2. Traveller, lo! the Prince of
 2. Traveller, a - ge are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!



Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!



No. 84. SWEADNER. C. M.

M. G. EVANS, Feb. 1846.

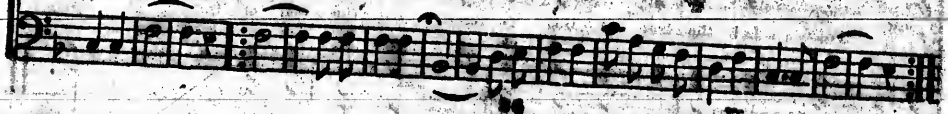


1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sorrow fall, So I but safely reach my home, My God, my hea-
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my



weeping eyes.
frowning world.
ven, my all.
peaceful breast.

Oh, halle - in-jah! Oh, halle - in-jah! halle, hallelu-jah! Praise the Lord.



No. 85. LEBANON. 7s.

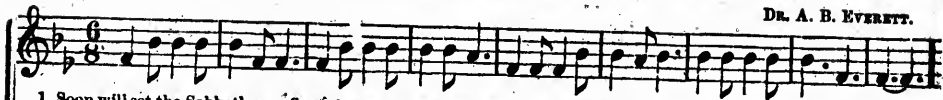
From "Baptist Chorals."

1. Lord, be - fore thy throne we stand; Once a - gain thy chil - dren see
 2. Suf - fer us to come and pray, Dai - ly do we stand in need;
 3. Suf - fer us to come and learn; Light - en our be - cloud - ed eyes;
 4. While we here have life and breath, This our con - stant prayer should be,

Smile up - on the youth - ful band, Suf - fer us to come to thee.
 And, if thou shouldst turn a way, Lord, we should be poor in - deed.
 From our fol - ly make us turn, Or we nev - er can be wise.
 This our la - st sigh in death, Suf - fer us to come to thee.

No. 86. THE EVERLASTING SABBATH. 7s. Double.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



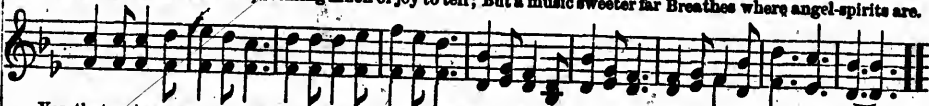
1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun, Soon the sacred day be gone; But a sweeter rest remains Where the glorious Saviour
[reigns.]



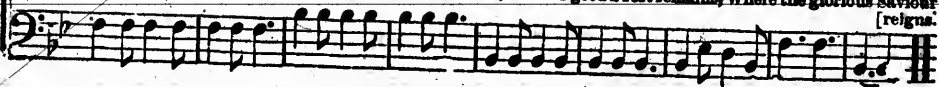
2. Shall we ever rise to dwell Where immortal praises swell? And can children ever go Where eternal Sabbaths glow?



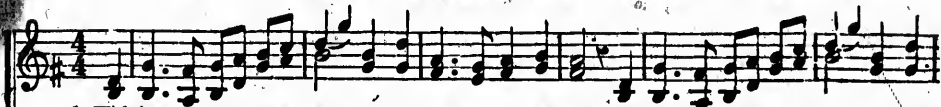
Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, Seeming much of joy to tell; But a music sweeter far Breathes where angel-spirits are.



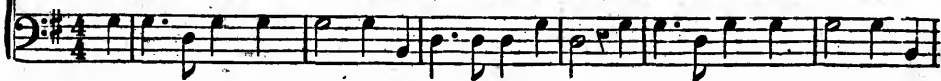
Yes, that rest our own may be: All the good shall Jesus see; For the good a rest remains, Where the glorious Saviour
[reigns.]



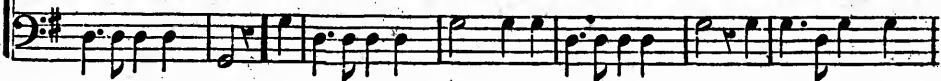
No. 87. RURAL CELEBRATION. 7s & 6s. 10 lines. **



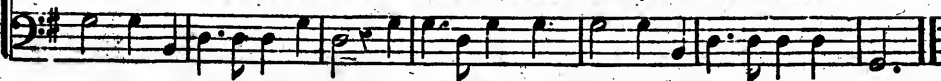
1. With joy once more we hail thee, O love-ly ru-ral scene! Thy groves, and fields, and woodlands, Thy
 2. Here, at the morn's a-wak-ing, The tuneful, gladsome lay, By nature's cho-rus chant-ed, Sa-
 3. We love in blest com-mu-nion To seek this ru-ral shade, Where nature's true de-vo-tion To



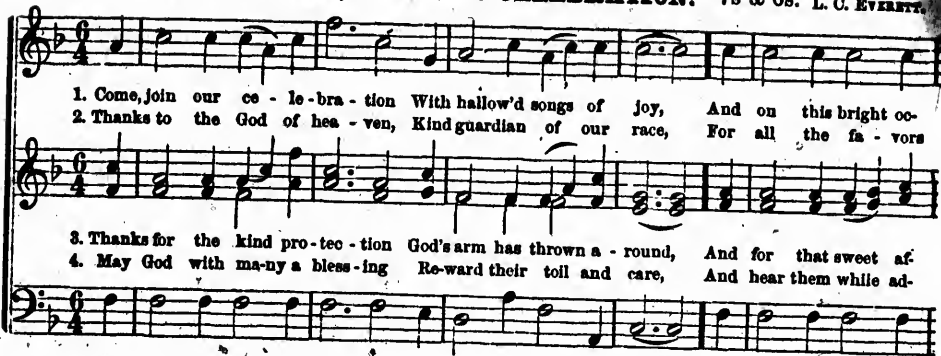
garb of cheerful green! How pure the crystal fountain! How clear the purling rills! How sweet the tuft-ed
 lutes the welcome day; And mid the sun's bright glowing, Till evening's dewy fall, In tones of mel-low
 nature's God is paid. And here, as we are mus-ing, We think of scenes above, Where smiles, like those of



flow'rets That blossom on the hills! Such rich and va-ried bean-ty Our hearts with rapture fills.
 sweetness, These feather'd warblers call On human hearts to wor-ship The common Lord of all.
 sum-mer, No change can e'er remove,—Where music yet more heav'nly Shall chant its notes of love.

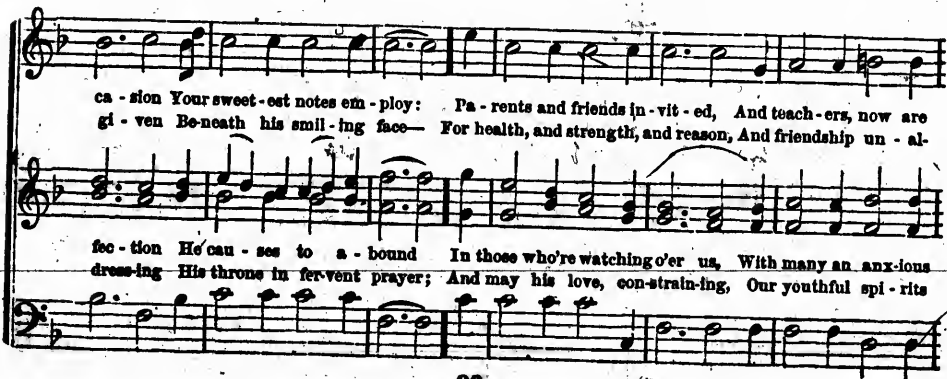


No. 88. COME, JOIN OUR CELEBRATION. 7s & 6s. L. C. EVERETT.



1. Come, join our ce - le - bra - tion With hallow'd songs of joy, And on this bright oc -
 2. Thanks to the God of hea - ven, Kind guardian of our race, For all the fa - vors

3. Thanks for the kind pro - tec - tion God's arm has thrown a - round, And for that sweet af -
 4. May God with ma - ny a bless - ing Re - ward their toil and care, And hear them while ad -



ca - sion Your sweet - est notes em - ploy: Pa - rents and friends in - vit - ed, And teach - ers, now are
 gi - ven Be - neath his smil - ing face - For health, and strength, and reason, And friendship un - al -

fec - tion He cau - ses to a - bound In those who're watching o'er us, With many an anx - ious
 dress - ing His throne in fervent prayer; And may his love, con - strain - ing, Our youthful spi - rits

COME, JOIN OUR CELEBRATION. Concluded.

here, In pur - pose all u - nelt - ed Our youth - ful hearts to cheer.
 loy'd, And ev' - ry plea - sant sea - son In Sun - day - school en - Joy'd.

sigh, And seek - ing to re - store us To peace and heav'n - ly Joy.
 bow; And grace for - ev - er reign - ing Our in - most souls en - dow.

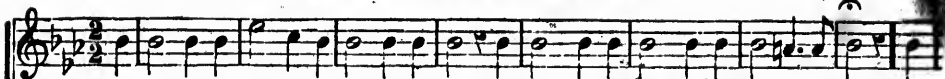
No. 89. HOLY BIBLE. 7s.

N. E. EVERETT.


1. Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine! Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I [am.
 2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou, to guide my feet, Mine, to judge, con-
 fitem, acquit.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.
 4. Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; O thou precious book divine! Precious treasure! thou art [mine.

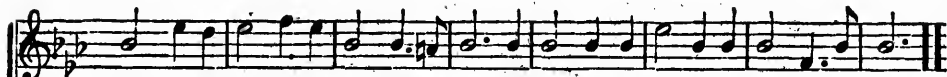
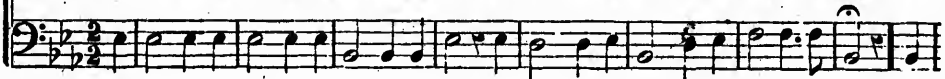
No. 90. THE BIBLE. 11s.




1. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold: It
2. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the sea - son of youth! It




3. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! the val - leys shall ring, And hill - tops re - ech - o the notes that wesi - ng; Our



speaks of sal - va - tion, wide o - pens the door, Its of - fers are free, to the rich and the poor.
bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere the heart is enslaved in the bond - age of vice.



ban - ners, in - scribed with its precepts and rules, Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.



No. 91. COME, CHILDREN. 8s. Double.

**

1. Come, children, 'tis Jesus commands: The voice of your Saviour obey: When Jesus inviting you stands, No trifles
[should turn you away.

2. Then give to the Saviour your heart, And learn without further delay: He'll teach you to choose the good part Which
[ne'er shall be taken away.

Though children in stature and years, Salvation is needed by you; For children, it plainly appears, Must answer for all
[that they do.

His hand shall supply all your wants, Though ever so many or great: His love shall redress your complaints, And ren-
[der your portion complete.

HOW sweet is the fragrance of flowers
That bloom at the dawning of day,
Refresh'd with heaven's kindest showers,
How healthy and beautiful they!
Thus lovely and soothing the sight—
More lovely than nature supplies—
Are those who at earliest light
Expand their young hearts to the skies.

2 A tribute acceptable paid,
Yet green, in the season of prime,
Ere noon hath its ravages made
And verdure is sullied by time:
Collect for thine altars, O God,
A wreath from our garden below:
Nay, send thy refreshings abroad,
That all the plantation may grow.

No. 92. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Arranged by AUGUSTUS CULL.

DUETT or TRIO.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place! Oh, I would ra - ther stay With - in its walls, a
 2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sin - ners such as I; Oh, what has all the
 3. Then let our grate - ful tri - bute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him who dwells a -
 4. And welcome then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the

CHORUS.

child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
 world be - side, That I should prize so high!
 above the skies, For such a bless - ing given. } The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh,
 gold - en rule, And ne - ver from it stray.

'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

No. 93. SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, hear: On us look kind - ly down: Our
 2. In youth - ful hearts the seed Of as - cred truth we sow: Now

3. Then, though the sow - er weep, Ere long, with thank - ful voice, Both
 4. Thou dost the seed pre - pare, And make it spring when sown; Aud,

hum - ble la - bors deign to cheer, And with - thy fa - vor crown,
 Lord, the bless - ing that we need Rich - ly do thou be - stow.

he who sows and they who weep To - ge - ther shall re - joice.
 if a hun - dred - fold it bear, The praise is all thy own.

CREATOR! Saviour! God!
 We raise our hearts to thee;
 And, resting on thy precious blood,
 We bend our suppliant knee.

2 Oh, deign to hear our prayer,
 And save the youthful race;
 Convert the children of our care
 By thine almighty grace.

3 Cause them to feel thy love,
 Teach them to lip thy praise,
 While strains seraphic from above
 Re-echo youthful lays.

No. 94. SABBATH-SCHOOL CELEBRATION, No. 3.

N. E. EVHART. Sept. 1861.



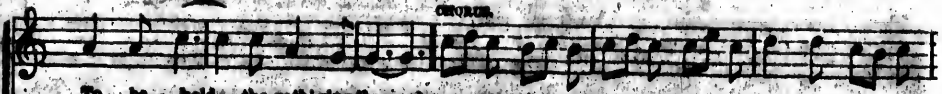
1. Now we raise our tune-ful voi-ces, In a new me-lo-dious song, While each youthful heart re-joices
2. Ye, who join our ce-le-bration, Sweetest as-socia-tion; Bow with us in a-dor-a-tion,



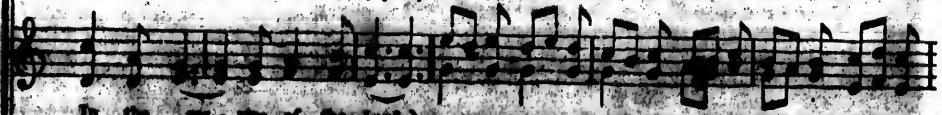
3. Oh, the great, the boundless fa-vors We're permit-ted to re-cord! May they quicken our en-deav-ors
4. Teachers kind, whose care un-ces-sing All trust hon-or and ap-prove. Thanks for labors still un-ces-sing-
5. Thanks to God for ev-ry blessing Which his boun-teous hand bestows, All on earth that's worth pos-sessing,



CHORUS.



To be - hold the path-way throng } As we lift our wav-ing ban-ners, To the breeze so
 WEL'd with ho - ly, heav-en-ly joy.



In the pres-ence of the Lord } As we lift our wav-ing ban-ners To the breeze so
 Heaven re - wards our works of love }
 From that hand in - ces-sant flows.



SABBATH-SCHOOL CELEBRATION. Concluded.

soft and mild, May the tide of glad ho-san-nas Flow from bo-soms un-de-fled.

No. 95. WHO SHALL SING, IF NOT THE CHILDREN? 8s & 7s. Double.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT. Jan. 1860.
D.C.

FINE

1. { Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Jesus die for them? } Why to them were voices given—Bird-like voices,
 { May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his diadem? } [sweet and clear—
 D. C. Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practise here?

2. { There's a choir of infant songsters, White-robed, round the Saviour's throne; } Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 { Angels cease, and, waiting, listen! Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own! } When her ear is upward turn'd;
 D. C. Is not this the same, perfected, Which upon the earth they learn'd?

No. 96. SINNER, COME. CANTABRAS

Dr. E.

1. Sinner, come, mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing, Trembling now, contrite bow, Take the offer'd blessing.
 2. Sinner, come, lo! the tomb Opens wide before thee! See death stand—lift his hand—Waiting to devour thee.

Sinner, come, while there's room, While the feast is waiting—While the Lord, by his word, Kindly is inviting.
 Sinner, come, ere thy doom Shall be seal'd forever; Now return, give up and mourn, flee to Christ the Saviour.

No. 97. WHAT IS LIFE? 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

L. C. E.

1. Lord, what is life? 'Tis like a flower That blossoms and is gone: We see it flourish for an hour, With
 2. Lord, what is life? 'Tis like the bow That glitters in the sky: We love to see its colors glow, But
 3. Lord, what is life? If spent with thee In duty, praise, and prayer, How ev-er long or short it be, We

WHAT IS LIFE? Concluded.

all its beau-ty on! But death comes like a win-try day, And cuts the pret-ty flower a-way.
 while we look they die: Life falls as soon; to-day 'tis here, To-night, perhaps, 'twill dis-appear.
 need but lit-tle care: Be-cause e-ter-ni-ty will last When life, and e-ven death, are past.

No. 98. OUR CHARTER. 8s & 6s.

DR. A. B. B.

1. We hold the blessed Bible fast, Our charter and our shield—Its precepts and its promises A powerful sword to wield; [With
 2. O holy book! O happy day! May unborn millions stand, Surrounded by these balwarks strong, Throughout this [happy land; Ner
 free-born minds and bounding hearts, We prize its sacred truth, For comfort in declining years—Our guide in early [youth
 tyrant's rod, nor despot's power, Deprive us of our right To serve our country and our God in freedom's blessed light.

No. 99. CEDAR AND VINE (Missionary.) 11s. 6 lines.

L. C. EVANS

1. Go ye to the land of the cedar and vine, Where the angels came down in their heav'nly train, Where the
 2. Go ye to the land of jew-el and gem, Go ye to the shores of the richest of pearl; The
 3. Go ye to the land of the ol-ive, and teach Of a peace which the world is not able to give; The

gar-den was fill'd with the presence di-vine, And the Saviour has trodden the valley and plain; For a
 light of salvation is giv-en to them.—There ear-ly the ban-ner of glo-ry un-furl; Oh,
 flow-er-ry land where the mes-sage shall reach The millions that wait in the Saviour to live; Go

star hath a-risen to shine through the gloom, And a life breaketh forth from the verge of the tomb
 go to the isles in the ocean's wide breast, And tell them of Je-sus, and heaven, and rest.
 ye to the land of the ru-by and gold, And bid them the crown of redemption be-hold.

No. 100. THE CHILD'S WISH FOR SPRING.

Moderate.

Words and Music by J. H. Hewitt.

1. Gen-tle spring, why don't you come! Pretty flowers, where are you? Hark! the wintry bree-zes hum
2. Gen-tle spring, why don't you come! Where are all your budding leaves? 'Wen my little bird is dumb,

Mourn-ful-ly the branches through. Snow is o-ver field and hill, Ice is on the
For the bairn-y air - it grieves. God is wise, 'tis his de-cree—He will soon make

val - ley stream; Now its plain-tive voice is still, And its rip-ple seems to dream.
Sow'r's spring up; By-and-by the rose I'll see, And the H - ly's ho - ney-cup.

No. 101. THE FAMILY BIBLE

Music by RICHARD. Arranged by J. E. Goss

1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bid-den start; With fal-tering lip and
 2. Ah! will do I re-mem-ber those Who's names these re-cords bear; Who round the hearth-stone
 3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To bre-thers, sis-ters, dear: How calm was my poor
 4. Thou tra-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stant-ty I've tried; When all were false, I've

throb-ling brow, I press it to my heart. For me - my gen - e - ra - tions past Here
 used to close, Af-ter the eve-ning prayer, And speak of what these pa - ges said, In
 moth-er's look, Who less'd God's word to hear! Her an - gel hoo - I see it yet! What
 hand thee true, My coun - sel - or and guide. The mines of earth no trea - sure give That

In our fam - ily tree; My mo - ther's hands this Bi - ble clas'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.
 tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
 thronging mem - ories come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the hall of home.
 could this re - luctant buy; In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

No. 103. THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW. 8s & 6s.

G. W. LINTON.



1. This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion given, The smiles of joy, the
2. And false the light on glo-ry's plume As fid-ing hues of even; And love and hope and



3. Poor wan-d'ers of a storm-y day, From wave to wave we're driven; And fan-cy's flash and



tears of woe, De-cel-ful shine, de-cel-ful slow: There's no-thing true but heaven.
beau-ty's bloom Are ble-some ga-ther'd for the tomb: There's no-thing bright but heaven.



rea-son's ray Seem but to light the trou-bled way: There's noth-ing calm but heaven.



No. 103. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

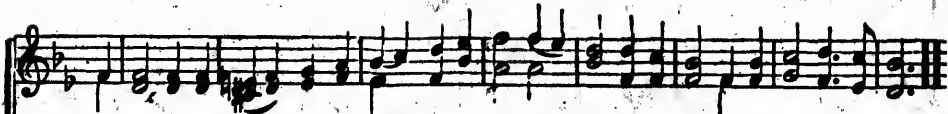
1. How se - rious is the charge To train the in - fant mind
 2. May we in Chris - tian bonds The Chris - tian to name a - dorn
 3. While wick - ed men u - nite, Our youth to lead a - side,
 4. De - pen - dent, Lord on thee, Our hum - ble means to bless,

'Tis God a - lone can give a heart To such a work in - dined.
 By act - ive deeds for pub - lic good, Nor mind the sin - ner's scorn
 'Tis ours to show them wis - dom's path, In wis - dom's path to guide.
 We glad - ly join our hearts and hands, And look for large suc - cess.

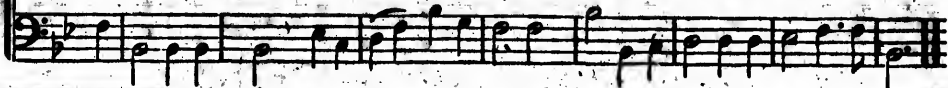
No. 104 "HOW SWEET." 11s. * *



1. How sweet is the Sab-bath, the morn - ing of rest, The day of the week which I dearly love best!
 2. Oh, let me be thought-ful and prayer-ful to-day, And not spend a mi-nute in tri-ling or play!



The morn-ing my Saviour a-rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom.
 Re-mem-bering these sea-sons were graciously giv'n To teach me to seek and pre-pare me for heav'n.



3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere:
 In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4. Instruct me, my Saviour: a child though I be,
 I am not too young to be noticed by thee:
 Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways:
 I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the
 praise.

No. 105. COME, SEEMER, COME 4, 4, 8, 8, 4, 4.

Words and Music by Dr. A. Brooks Everett

1. Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam? Come to Christ, your Lord and Sa-ving,
 2. Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam? Seek ye not for earth-ly plea-sures,
 3. Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam? Plead for mer-cy, Christ will hear you,
 4. Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam? Come to Je-sus, he'll re-ceive you,

Seek his mer-cy, love, and fa-vor: Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam!
 Christ will give you heav'n-ly trea-sures: Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam!
 For, in love, he's ev-er near you: Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam!
 He will love, and ne'er de-ceive you: Come, sin-ner, come, Why long-er roam!

No. 106. DELAY NOT. 11s.

Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

1. De-lay not, de-lay not, O sin-ner, draw near, } No price is de-
 The wa-ters of life are now flow-ing for thee, }
 2. De-lay not, de-lay not, O sin-ner, to come, } Her voice is not
 For mer-cy still lin-gers, And calls thee to-day, }

TREAT OF DELAY NOT. Concluded.

mand-ed, the Sa-viour is here, Re-demp-tion is pur-chased, sal-vä-tion is free,
heard in the vale of the tomb, Her mes-sage, un-head-ed, will soon pass a-way.

3 Delay not, delay not: the spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not: the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid!

No. 107. WELCOME. 7s. Double.

G. W. LARSON. No.

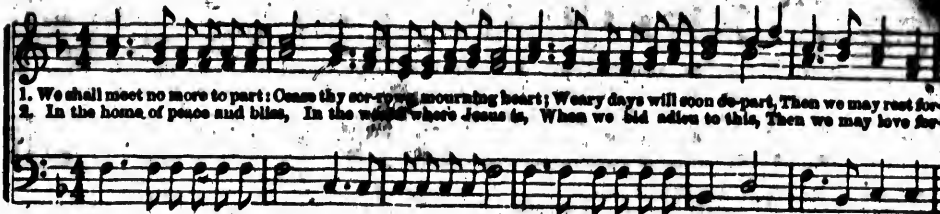
1. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, To the world in hindrances given;
Welcome to this care-worn breast As the beaming light from heaven. } Day of soft and sweet repose, Gently now thy
D. C. As the peaceful streamlet flows, Radiant with a summer's sun. [moments run,

2. Day of tidings from the skies, Day of solemn praise and prayer, } Welcome, welcome, day of rest, With thine influences
Day to make the simple wise, Oh, how great thy blessings are! [all divine;

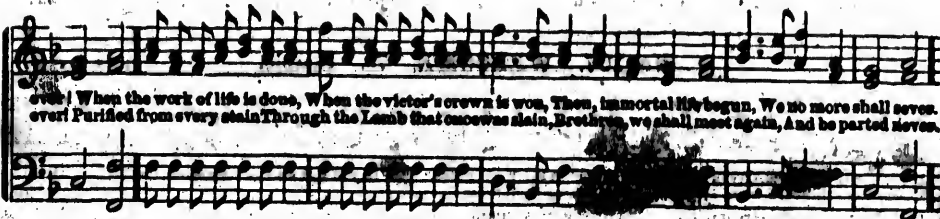
D. C. May thy hallow'd hours be blest To this wandering heart of mine. D.C.

No. 108. "WE SHALL MEET NO MORE TO PART." 7s, 7s, 6s.

L. O. EVERTS.

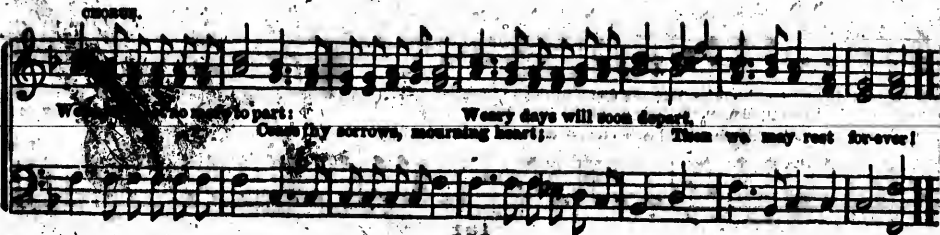


1. We shall meet no more to part: Cease thy sorrowing mourning heart; Weary days will soon de-part, Then we may rest for-
2. In the home of peace and bliss, In the world where Jesus is, When we bid adieu to this, Then we may love for-



ever! When the work of life is done, When the victor's crown is won, Then, immortal life begun, We no more shall ever-
ever! Purified from every stain Through the Lamb that takes away sin, Brethren, we shall meet again, And be parted never.

CHORUS.



We shall meet no more to part: Weary days will soon depart,
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart! Then we may rest for-
ever!

No. 109. "THE ROSY LIGHT." G. F. Johnson & Co.

Dr. H.

1. The rosy light is dawning Upon the mountain's brow; It is the Sabbath morning, Oh, come and pay thy vow. Lift
2. The landscape, lately shrouded By evening's paler ray, smiles beauteous and unclouded Before the eye of day: So

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble clef. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 2/4 time, with a bass clef. The music is in common time (C) and features a simple, hymn-like melody.

up thy voice to heaven In sacred praise and prayer, While unto thee is given The right of life to share.
let our souls, benighted Too long in silly's shade, By thy kind smiles be lighted To joys that never fade.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble clef. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 2/4 time, with a bass clef. The music continues the hymn-like melody from the first system.

No. 110. SYLVIA. C. & 4. (Peculiar.)

Mus. and part of the w.
E. McCoy Melrose



1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fild with dis - may, Wait not for - to-mor - row, Yield thee to - day:
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high
3. Child of sin and sor - row, Come, come to - day: Child of sin and sor - row, Stay not a - way:



How's him sleep cross While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Believe not, that love While from a - love, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.
No long - er roam, Far - from thy home: Child of sin and sor - row, Come, come to - day.



No. 111.—“HERE O’ER THE EARTH” P. M.

R. McCor Melrose, Richmond, Va., 1880.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here as a pilgrim I wander a-broad, Yet I am blest, Yet I am blest!
 D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say, There, there is rest! There, there is rest!

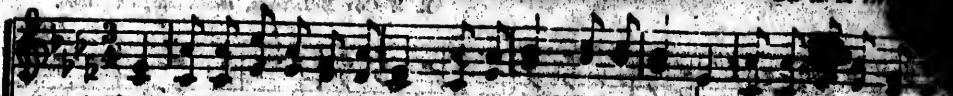
2. Here are af-flic-tions and tri-als so-vere, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear, Yet I am blest, Yet I am blest!
 D. C. They have been called to receive their re-ward, There, there is rest! There, there is rest!

3. This world of care is a wick-ed-rest state, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
 Here must I bear from the world all its hate, Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
 D. C. Soon shall I lean up-on Je-sus' own breast, There, there is rest! There, there is rest!

D. C.

For I look for-ward to that glorious day, When sin and sor-row shall van-ish a-way;
 Sweet is the prom-ise I read in his word: Bless-ed are those who have died in the Lord,
 Soon shall I be from the wick-ed re-leased, Soon shall the wea-ry for ev-er be blest,

No. 121 - WILL YOU GO? - H. A. R. P.



1. We're traveling home to heaven above—Will you go? Will you go? To sing the victor's dying
2. We're going to see the blessing Lamb—Will you go? Will you go? In rapturous strains to praise his
3. We're going to join the heavenly choir—Will you go? Will you go? To raise our voice and take the
4. Ye war-ry, heavy la, den, come—Will you go? Will you go? In the bliss house, there still is
5. The way to heaven is free for all—Will you go? Will you go? For Jews and Gentiles, great and
6. The way to heaven is straight and plain—Will you go? Will you go? Be - born, be - lieve, be born a -
7. O, could I hear some heavenly— "I will go: I will go: I'll start this moment, cheer the



love, Will you go? Will you go? Millions have reached this blessed abode, Anointed kings and prophets of
 name, Will you go? Will you go? The crown of life we there shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall
 wear, Will you go? Will you go? The saints and angels glad to sing Hosanna to their God and
 room—Will you go? Will you go? The Lord is waiting to receive, If thou wilt on him now be-
 lieve—Will you go? Will you go? Make up your mind, God give your heart, With every sin and i-dol-
 gain—Will you go? Will you go? The Saviour calls & lead to thee, "Take up thy cross and follow
 way—Let me go, Let me go, My old companion, fare you well, I will not go with you to



No. 113. IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

Rev. W. McD. and
Arr. by L. C. H.

1. In the Christian's home in glory There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be-
2. He is setting up my mansion, which eter-nal-ly shall stand; For my stay shall not be

CHORUS

fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the
transient in that ho-ly, hap-py land. There is rest, &c.

wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, On the other side of

IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. Concluded

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

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

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

No. 114.—SPRING. C. M. FROM NEW TRIN. MUSICUS.

1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
2. Hark! how the feathered warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3. O God of nature and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts impart; Then shall my meditation trace Spring, bloom-
ing in my heart.
4. Inspired to praise, I then shall join Glad nature's cheerful song; And love and gratitude divine Attune my
joyful tongue.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine,
 2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters
 3. If e'er I go a-way, He doth my soul re-claim, And guides him in his way.

4. While he af-fords his aid, I can-not yield to fear; Though I should walk thro'
 5. A-mid sur-round-ing foes, Thou dost my to-bis spread, My cup with blessings
 6. The boun-ties of thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from thy house will

I am his, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side?
 gen-ty past, And full sal-va-tion flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.
 own right way, For his most ho-ly name, For his most ho-ly name.

death's dark shade, My Shep-herd's with me there, My Shep-herd's with me there,
 sor-row, And joy ex-cites my head, And joy ex-cites my head,
 to-morrow, Nor come to speak thy praise, Nor come to speak thy praise.

No. 116. — "ON SABBATH MORN."

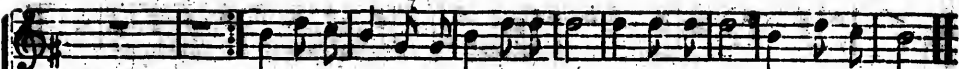
Words and Music by R. M. McILROSS. Richmond, Va. Feb. 1898.



1. On Sabbath morn let us haste to our school, We'll happy be, we'll happy be; } Ever we'll hail the blest
 Let one and all ev-er make this a rule, We'll happy be, we'll happy be. } As the bright morn of a
 2. Come, children, come, and your young voices raise, We'll happy be, we'll happy be; } Teachers and children with
 Sing of the Saviour's great love, and his praise, We'll happy be, we'll happy be. } Here we will sing of our



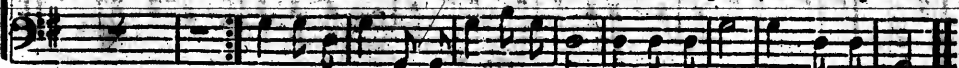
Dox. { Great God of heaven thy name we adore, We'll worship thee, we'll worship thee; } And when our days have been
 While here we meet at on Canaan's bright shores, We'll worship thee, we'll &c. } Thro' thy protection to



Sabbath's re- turn, } And haste to school where of Jesus we learn, We'll happy be, we'll hap- py be
 lov'd ju- bi- lee! }
 hearts glad and free, }
 Fath-er's dear love, } And soon with Jesus and an- gels a- bove, We'll happy be, we'll hap- py be.



numbered be- low, }
 heaven we'll go; } Then with the angels we'll dwell evermore, And worship thee, and worship thee.



No. 117. — **CHEROKEE, C. S. M.** (Four 8s & Two Cs.)

Wm. H. & T. Bonn.

1. Come on my partners in distress, My comrades thro' this wilderness; Who still your bodies
 2. Be - yond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heavenly place, The saint's assur-

3. Who suf - fer with our Mas - ter here, We shall be - fore his face appear, And by his side sit
 4. Thrice blessed, bliss - in - spi - ring hope! It lifts the fainting spir - it up, It brings to life the

feel: A while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears To that ce - les - tial hill.
 hope: On faith's strong eagle pinions rise, And force your passage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.

down: To patient faith the prize is sure; And all that in the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown
 dead; Our conflicts here shall soon be past, And you and I at - tend at last, Triumphant with our Head.

No. 118.— GIVE ME THY HEART. C. M.

Children, and have you never known The shavings from above? Give me, says Christ, thy heart, my son, Give me
 (thine earliest love,
 True, there's another seeks thy heart, Another asks your love; The flattering world tries all her arts Your youth,
 (Thal mind to move,
 Choose ye; to-day he calls, to-day Oh! listen to his voice, And make the Lord, without delay, Your early, only choice,

No. 119.— "THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING." 7s & 6s. L. C. M.

1. The mellow eve is gliding softly down the west; So, every care subsiding, My soul would sink to rest.
 2. The woodland hues are fading; The daylight's gleams are close; May angels, round me singing, Thus hymn my last repose.
 3. The evening star has lighted Her crystal lamp on high; So when in death brightened, May hope illumine the sky.
 4. In golden splendour dawning, Who morrow's light shall bring; O, on the last bright morning, May I in glory wing.

No. 120.—ST. AMBROSE

Sa & 7c. Double.

From "New Third Mus." B. H. Evans

1. { Since I soon must part for ev - er From the joys of time and cease, } What tho' I am young and
 Let it be my first en - deavor To prepare for go - ing hence. }

2. { Shall I, to indulge in pleasure, O - ver - look the judgment day? } Wise and ho - ly men have
 Shall I waste time's precious treasure, Wanton - ly, in i - die play? }

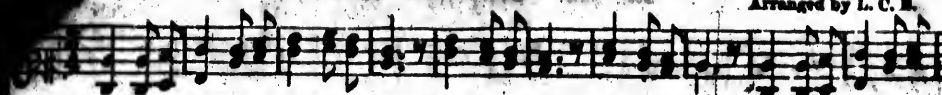
3. { Let me seize each moment rather, And improve it ere it flies; } Thru' the dear Redeemer's
 Ac - tive prove, un - til my Fath - er Calls me to the up - per skies. }

healthy, Children less, and younger die; Tho' my friends were great and wealthy, Low as others I must lie.
 told me, That I have a soul to save; Shall I suffer sloth to hold me, When I'm hastening to the grave?

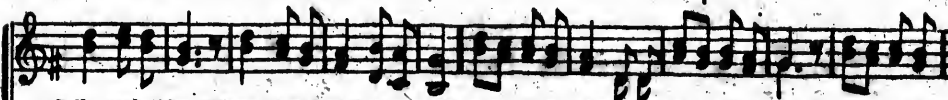
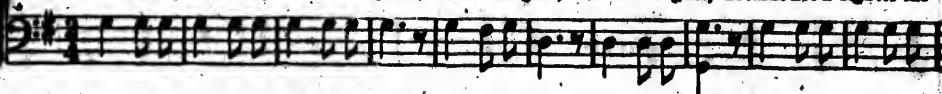
mer - it, Father, let a child draw nigh; By the teachings of thy Spir - it, Lead, O! lead me till I die!

No. 181. SHED NOT A TEAR. 10s, 8s, & 7s.

Arranged by L. C. B.



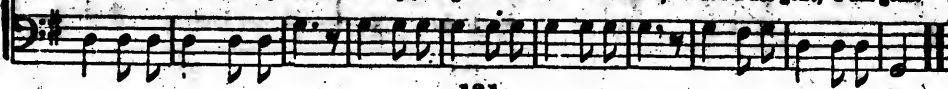
1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone, Baffle when the slow-tolling
2. Plant ye a tree which may wave over me, When I am gone, when I am gone, Sing ye a song when my
3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed, When I am gone, when I am gone, Breathe not a sigh for the



bell you shall hear, When I am gone, I am gone. Weep not for me when you stand round my grave; Think who has grave ye shall see, When I am gone, I am gone. Come at the close of a bright summer's day; Come when the blest ear-ly dead, When I am gone, I am gone. Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care: Serve ye the



died his be-lov-ed to save: Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have, When I am gone, I am gone. Sun sheds his last lingering ray: Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away, When I am gone, I am gone. Lord, that my bliss ye may share: Look up on high and believe I am there, When I am gone, I am gone.



No. 122.—BILLOW. Op. 7 & 4.

Dr. A. BROOKS EVANS. 1853. From "New Tunes."

1. Star of Peace, to wand'ring we - ry, Glean - ing through the storm - y gloom
 2. Star of Love, our spi - rit's light - ing, Bless the de - sert land, we roam
 3. Star of Faith, in thee con - so - lat - ing, All our fears are o - ver - come

4. Star of Hope, to mor - tal's wall - ing O'er the dark and dis - mal tomb,
 5. Star Di - vine, thy beam shall guide us, Till with joy the ran - som'd come,

Cheer the pil - grim's vi - sion drear - ry, Far - far from home.
 Heart with kin - dred heart u - nit - ing, Far, &c.
 On the waves se - cure - ly rid - ing, Far, &c.

Shine when earth and sea are fall - ing, Far - far from home.
 Where no sun shall o'er di - vide us, Safe - safe at home.

No. 194. — ROSE. 7s.

FROM "RAFFLES"

Dr. A.

1. To thy tem - ple we re - pair; Lord, we love to wor - ship there;
 2. While thy glo - rious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue;
 3. While to thee our prayers as - cend, Let thine ear in love at - tend;

4. While thy word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at thy law,
 5. From thy house when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn,

There, with - in the veil, we meet Christ up - on the mer - cy - seat
 Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord, our Right - eous - ness
 Hear us when thy Spi - rit pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.

Let thy gos - pel's won - drous love Ev - ery doubt and fear re - move.
 Then, ad - ore - ing, we may say, "We have walked with God to - day."

HOW CAN WE LET US SING OF JESUS.

W. BARRETT, D.D.

Music by G. F. ROSE.

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents blend, Come, let us sing of

Je - sus, The sinner's on - ly Friend; His ho - ly soul re - joice - es, A - mid the choirs a -

love, To hear our youth - ful voice - es Ex - ult - ing in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

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

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

No. 123.—LOMAX.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King,
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sa-viour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;

3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Ner thorns in-fer the ground;
 4. He raises the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare his room, And heaven and na-ture sing.
 While floods and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.

He comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found.
 The glo-ries of his right-cous-ness, And won-ders of his love.

1. { Cease here long-er to de-tain me, Fond-est mother, drown'd in wo : }
 Now thy kind ca-ress - es pain me, Morn ad-van - ces, let me go. } See you o- rient

2. { Lately launch'd a trembling stranger On the world's wide boisterous flood,
 Pierced with sorrows, toss'd with danger, Glad-ly I re - turn to God. } Now my cries shall cease
 3. { Weep not o'er these eyes that languish, Up-ward turning to their home;
 They will soon for - get all an-guish, While I wait to see thee come. } There, my moth - er,

streak appearing, Harbinger of endless day: Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering, Calls my new-born soul away.

to grieve thee, Now my trembling heart shall rest: Kinder arms thine mine receive me, Softer pillow than thy breast
 pleasures centre: Weeping, parting, care, or wo, Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—Morn advances, let me go.

No. 128. — "PEOPLE OF THE DOUBLE."

1. Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round, Paths of
 2. Lone-ly I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you
 3. Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en-joy-ment, pomp, or power; Wel-come

sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no where found; Now to you my spi-rit turns, Turns a-
 dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave; Mine the God whom you adore, Your Re-
 pov-er-ty and cross, Shame, reproach, affliction's hour; "Follow me;" I know thy voice; Je-sus,

in-gu-tive un-blest; Brethren, where your al-tar burns, Oh, receive me in-to rest.
 deem-er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev-ery i-dol I re-sign.
 Lord, thy steps I see; Now I take thy yoke by choice, Light thy burden now to me.

"THE ERRING." 6s. & 5s. L. C. E.

1. Chide mildly the erring—Kind language endears; Grief follows the sin-ful—Add not to their tears A -
2. Chide mildly the erring—Jeer not at their fall; If strength were but human, How weakly were all! What

3. Chide mildly the erring—Entreat them with care; Their natures are mortal—They need not despair; We

void with re-proach-as Fresh pain to be-glow; The heart which is stricken Needs never to blow.
mar-vel that foot-steps should wander astray, When tempests so shadow Life's wea-ri-some way?

all have some frail-ty, We all are unwise; The grace which redeems us Must shine from the skies.

No. 130.—MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS

1. Morn a - mid the moun - tains— Love - ly sol - i - tude! Gush - ing streams and
 2. Now the glad sun, break - ing, Fours a gold - en flood; Deep - est vales, a -
 3. Hymns of praise are ring - ing Thro' the leaf - y wood; Song - sters sweet - ly
 4. Wake, and join the cho - rus, Child with soul en - dued; He whose smile is

foun - tains,	Mur - mur,	"God is	good!"	God	is	good!"
wak - ing,	Ech - o,	"God is	good!"	God	is	good!"
sing - ing,	War - ble,	"God is	good!"	God	is	good!"
o'er	us,	God,	our	God,	is	good.

No. 131.—IDA 8s & 7s.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Little children, love each other, In the blessed Saviour's rule; Every little one is brother To his mates at Infant - school.
 2. We're all children of one Father, The great God who reigns above; Shall we quarrel? No; much rather Would we be like him—All love.

Double. FROM "NEW THIRD MUSICIAN"

D. C.

Heaven, above, the glorious throne, When, beneath Messiah's sway, } [tribes his name adore;
 Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel's call obey; } Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen
 D. C. Satan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

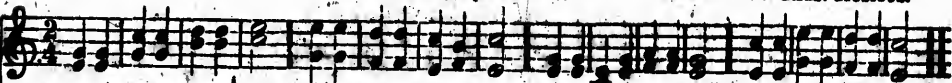
FINE

D. C.

Then shall war and tumult cease, Then be banished grief and pain; } [praise his glorious name;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Undisturbed, shall ever reign. } Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever
 D. C. All his mighty acts record, All his wondrous love proclaim.

No. 133.—LEE. 7a.

FROM "NEW THIRD MUSICIAN"



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's Pentecost! Children's minds may he inspire, Touch their tongues with holy
 fire.
4. Glory in the highest be To the blessed Trinity, For the gospel from above, For the word that "God is love."



No. 134.

1. As teachers of the young we meet, Our object is the same; To lead them to the Saviour's feet, And praise his glori-
ous name.

2. We meet to strengthen and unite Our hearts in thine employ; O may our work be our delight, A crown of future joy.

3. May union, zeal, and wisdom join, To make our meetings blessed; And mutual love to God and man, Be constant possession.

No. 135.—A CHILD'S PRAYER, or MATHER. 7s. FROM NEW TRIN. MUSIC.

1. Gracious Lord, we look to thee, Meek and humble may we be; Pity and anger put away, Make us better every day.

2. Teach us for our friends to pray, And our parents to obey; Richest blessings from above, Give them for their tender love.

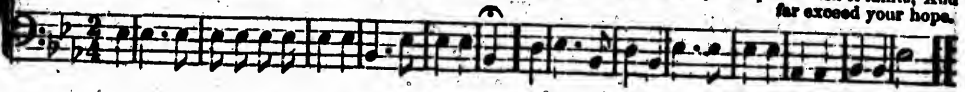
3. May we find the sweets of prayer Sweeter than our pastimes are; Love the Sabbath and the place Where we learn to seek thy face.

GOD," O. M.

G. W. LINTON.

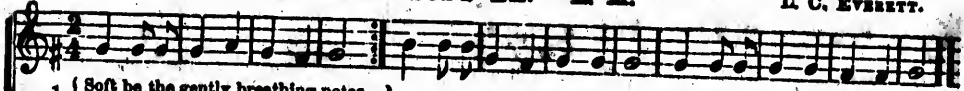


1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children, seek my grace;" My heart replied, without delay, "I'll seek my Father's face."
2. Let not thy love be hid from me, Nor frown my soul away; God of my life, I fly to thee In each distressing day.
3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to wail, or die, My God will make my life his care, And all I need supply.
4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit when it faints, And far exceed your hope.



No. 137.—"SOFT BE." L. M.

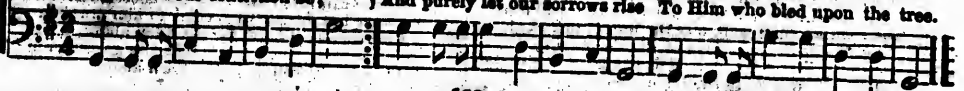
L. C. EVERETT.



1. Soft be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar,
- Soft as the evening sephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres a-bove,
So soft to our almighty Friend Be every sigh our bosoms pour.



2. Pure as the sun's gaily'ning ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Maker, God;
3. Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
As pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise To Him who bled upon the tree.



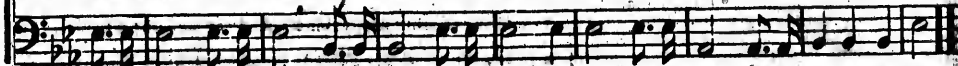
No. 138. WERE BOUND FOR



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;</p> <p>2. Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can in-jure the dwellers in that ho-ly grove;</p> <p>3. No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy;
The heirs of His glory whose na-ture is love;</p> <p>4. No sickness can reach them—that country is healthy:
O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!</p> | <p>The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!</p> <p>O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!</p> <p>O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!</p> <p>O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!</p> |
|--|---|



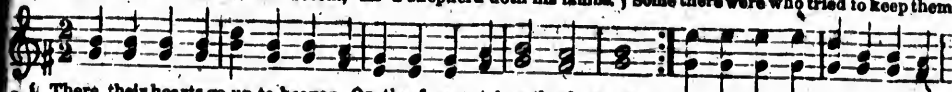
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!



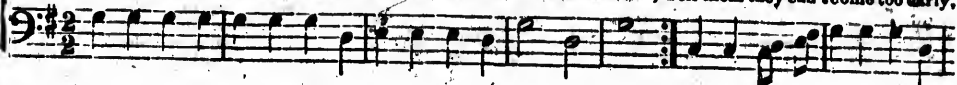
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished:
O say, will you go to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above!</p> <p>6. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go!
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.</p> | <p>7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above!</p> <p>8. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove!
No other but Jesus: then come to him praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
At last, will you go to the Eden above!</p> |
|---|---|

SHOULD HAVE THEIR CONCERTS. * *

Sabbath schools must have their concerts. When th' appointed time comes round ;
 Sure - ly, 'tis a precious meeting. For the children there are found. } 'Tis not safe to pass it over,
 2. } There they sing of him who never Thrust aside their precious claims ; } But took children to his bosom, As a shepherd doth his lamba ; } Some there were who tried to keep them



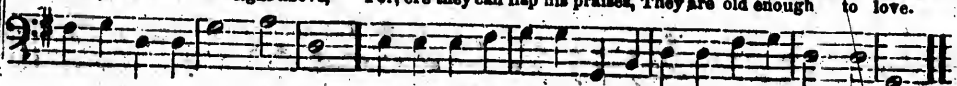
3. } There, their hearts go up to heaven, On the fragrant breath of prayer ; } Who shall say it is too ear-ly For the children to be there ; } Jesus says, why should they linger.
 4. } O, then, let them have their concert, Be the weather foul or fair ; } So that when the Saviour calls them, They may answer, " Here we are. " } Tell them they can't come too early.



For the rain or for the snow ; Children love their own dear meeting ; Parents, why not let them go ?
 Waiting, till some o - ther day ; But the Lord, their soul rebuking, Told them of a bet - ter way.



(Speaking from his throne above.) Till they are a lit - tle old - er, Since they're old enough to love ?
 To their Friend who reigns above, For, ere they can lip his praises, They are old enough to love.

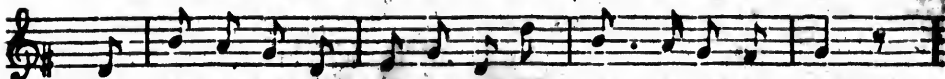


No. 140. — WIFE

SOLO.



1. With joy we meet, With smiles we greet Our schoolmates bright and gay;
2. Re - li - gious sound Now rings a - round, And brightens ev - ery ray;
3. We children sing, And e - choes ring A - long the heavenly way;
4. Oh, who from home Would fall to e - side, And join our hap - py lay;
5. Come, children, come, For there are some Who have been wont to stray,



Be dry each tear Of sor - row here, 'Tis an - ni - versary day.
 Our ban - ner floats 'Mid hap - py notes, On an - ni - versary day.
 Where an - gels blest, Have for their rest, One an - ni - versary day.
 When praise we bring To God our King On an - ni - versary day.
 Come, take our hands, And join our hands, This an - ni - versary day.

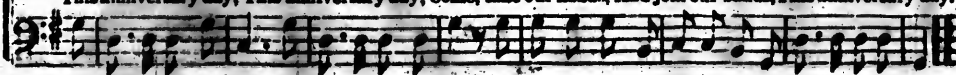
CHORUS.



'Tis an - ni - versary day, 'Tis an - ni - versary day, Be dry each tear Of sorrow here, 'Tis anniversary day.
 On anniversary day, On anniversary day, Our banner floats 'Mid happy notes, On an - ni - ver - sa - ry day.
 One anniversary day, One anniversary day, Where angels blest, Have for their rest, One anniversary day.



On an - ni - versary day, On anniversary day, When praise we bring To God our King On anniversary day.
 This anniversary day, This anniversary day, Come, take our hands, And join our hands, This anniversary day.



"NEVER FOUND." S. M. L. G. R.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul?
 2. The world can no- ver give, The bliss for which we sigh;
 3. Be- yond this vale of tears, There is a life a- bove,

4. There is a death whose pang Out- lasts the fleet- ing breath;
 5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun;
 6. Here would we end our quest: A- lone are found in thee

Twere vain the o- cean depths to sound, Or pierce to et- ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un- measured by the flight of years— And all that life is love.

O! what e- ter- nal hor- rors hang A- round a se- cond death!
 Last we be ban- ished from thy face, And ev- er more un- done.
 The life of per- fect love, the rest Of im- mor- tal i- ty.

No.

1. Great God! to thee my voice I raise, To thee my young-est hours be-long;
 2. 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe, That I was born on Christian ground;
 3. I would not change my na-tive land For rich Pe-ru, with all her gold;

4. How do I pl - ty those that dwell Where ig - no - rance and darkness reigns:
 5. Thy glo - rious prom - i - sea, O Lord, Kin - die my hopes and my de - sire:
 6. Thy praise shall still em - ploy my breath, Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven:

I would be gin my life with praise, Till grow-ing years improve the song.
 Where streams of heav'n-ly mer - cy flow, And words of sweet sal - va - tion sound.
 A no - blér prize lies in my hand Than east or west - ern In - dies hold.

They know no heaven, They fear no hell— Those end-less joys, those endless pains.
 While all the preach - ers of thy word Warn me to scape e - ter - nal fire.
 Nor will I run the road to death, And waste the bless - ings thou hast given.

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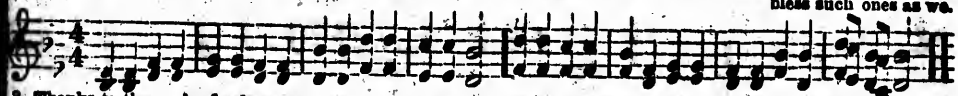
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Es & 7s. From "New Thes. Mus."



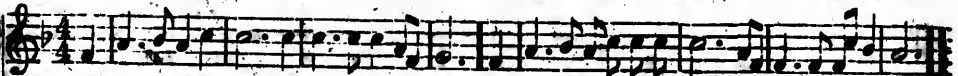
1. Humble praises, holy Jesus, Infant voices raise to Thee; In thy arms, O Lord, receive us, Suffer us thy lambs to be.
2. Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden Babes like us to come to thee; Once by thy disciples chidden, Thou didst bless such ones as we.



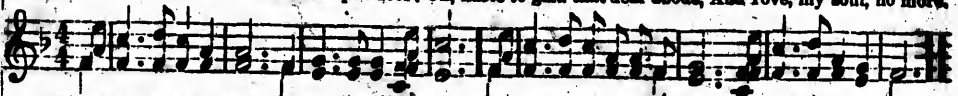
3. Thanks to thee, who freely gave us Thy exalted Son, to die, From eternal death to save us; Glory be to God on high!



No. 144. — THE GOSPEL ARK, or LOUGHMILLER. S. M. From "New Thes. Mus."



1. Oh! cease, my wandering soul, On restless wings to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.
2. Behold the ark of God! Behold the open door; Oh, haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.



3. There, safe thou shalt abide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And every longing satisfied, With full salvation blest.



No. 140

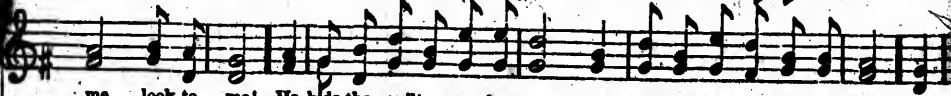
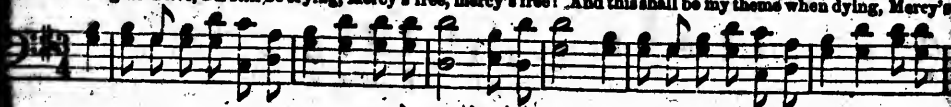
1. O Je - sus! de - light of my soul, My Saviour, my Shepherd di - vine!
2. Thy love I can no - ver de - serve, That bids me be hap - py in thee;

3. How can I thy good - ness re - pay, By na - ture so weak and de - filed?
4. And art thou my Fa - ther a - bove? Will Je - sus a - bide in my heart?

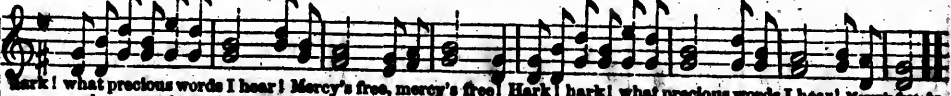
I yield to thy bless - ed con - trol, My bod - y and spir - it are thine.
My God and my King I will serve, Whose fa - vour is hea - ven to me.

My - self I have giv - en a - way, O call me thine own lit - tle child.
O bind me so fast with thy love, That from thee I ne'er shall de - part.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying, On the tree, on the tree; To every nation he is crying, Look to
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pi-ty me, pi-ty me! And did he snatch my soul from ruin! Can it
3. Je-sus the mighty God hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me; Now all my chains of sin are broken,—I am
4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying, Mercy's free, mercy's free! And this shall be my theme when dying, Mercy's



me, look to me! He bids the guilty now draw near: Re-pent, be-lieve, dis-miss thy fear. Hark!
 be can it be? Oh, yes, he did sal - va-tion bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King; And
 free, I am free! For as I in his name be-lieved, The Ho - ly Spi-rit I re-ceived, And
 free, mercy's free! And when the vale of death I've passed,—When lodged above the stormy blast,—I'll



Hark! what precious words I hear! Mercy's free, mercy's free! Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! Mercy's free, now
 now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free! And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free.
 Christ from death my soul retrieved: Mercy's free, mercy's free! And Christ from death my soul retrieved: Mercy's free, be-
 sing, while endless ages last, Mercy's free, mercy's free! I'll sing, while endless ages last, Mercy's free, mercy's free.



1. Je - ru - salem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors
 2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl-y gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks, with sal-

3. O when, thou d - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre - gations
 4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know; Bless'd seats thro' rude an

5. Why should I shrink at pain and we?
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

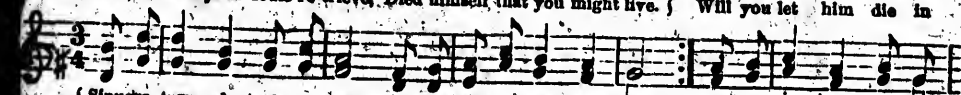
6. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

7. Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee:
 When shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys can see.



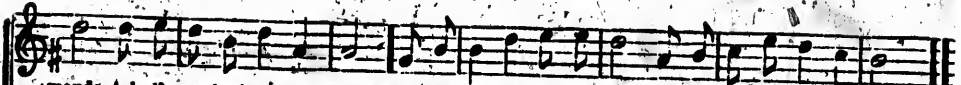
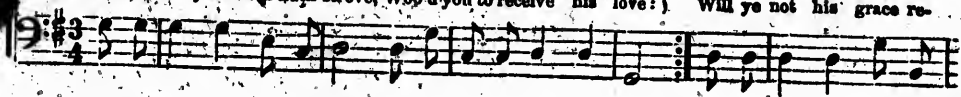
1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Maker asks you why:
 God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with himself to live:
 2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why:
 He who did your souls re-trieve, Died himself that you might live.

He the fa-tal cause de-
 Will you let him die in

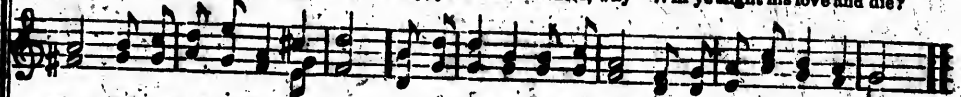


3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God the Spirit asks you why:
 He who all your lives hath strove, Wou'd you to receive his love:

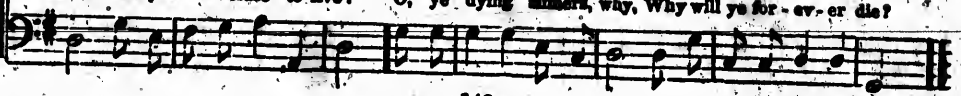
Will ye not his grace re-



mands, Asks the work of his own hands: Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye slight his love and die?
 vain? Cru-ci-fy your Lord a-gain? Why, ye careless sinners, why Will ye slight his love and die?



ceive? Will you still refuse to live? O, ye dying sinners, why, Why will ye for-av-er die?



514 280 1287

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - ery land un - furled;
 And be the about, Ho - san - na! Re - ceed through the world;
 n. c. Re - ceive the great pal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

2. What though th' em - bat - tled their re - gions, Shall soon re - splend - ent shine;
 n. c. Thy tri - umph shall be glo - rious, Thy em - pire still in - crease.

3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings;
 Thy light, thy love, thy fa - vor, Each ran - som'd cap - tive sings;
 n. c. The hills and val - leys greet - ing, The song re - spon - sive raise.

D. C.

Till ev - ery isle and na - tion, Till ev - ery tribe and tongue
 Ride on, O Lord, vic - to - rious; Im - man - uel, Prince of Peace,

The isles far thee are wait - ing, The cas - erts learn thy praise;

1. Once a year with an i - ma - Mon, in this pleas - ing month of May,
 2. For - re - teach - ers, friends, and neigh - bours, Met with us this wel - come hour;
 3. And let grat - i - tude a - wak - en, To the God who rules a - all things;
 4. We - so, full of sin and fol - ly, Oft for - get and dis - be - lieve;
 5. To his arms we're yet in - vit - ed; 'Tis the Ba - viour bids us come;

We re - peat our ad - o - ra - tion. And en - joy the ses - sive day;
 Thanks for all your cares and la - bours, In our grate - ful songs we pour;
 He has nev - er yet for - sak - en, Nor with - held his ten - der love;
 He - so ex - cel - lent, so ho - ly, Still is wait - ing to for - give.
 Let us then, with hearts u - nit - ed, Seek through him a heav - en - ly home.

CHORUS to each verse.

Notes of praise, Notes of praise, Notes of praise To heaven we raise.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me: Let me hide my face in thee!
 D. C. Be of sin the du - Mo care - Cleanse me from my guilt and power.
 2. Could my soul the du - Mo care - Cleanse me from my guilt and power.
 3. Noth - ing in no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow -
 I bring; Simp - ly to thy cross I cling.

2. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,
 D. C. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me: Let me hide my self in thee!

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - er side that flowed,
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone!

When I soar to worlds un - known, See thee on thy judg - ment; throne, -

D. C.

* *

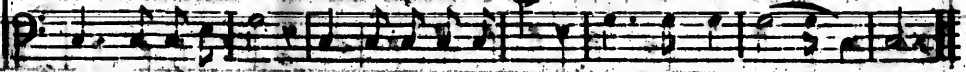
1. Hasten, O Lord, to my relief; What do thy walling
 2. Earth is so desolate; Take as the host sing; Grief is in all its
 3. When in their loneliness, Loved ones are ly ing; When joy-ful wings are
 A. No, dear-est Je-sus, no! thee, their Sa-viour, Let their free spi-rits



tell, On the ear steal - - - ing? Seem they not thus to say, Loved
 joy, Smiles with tears meet - - - ing, Youth's brightest hopes do say, Pass
 spread, To hon-our thy ing, Would we to sin and pain Call
 go, Run-son'd for ev-er! Here of un-end-ing Joy, Their



Shall have found a way; Ask us with ask us lay? List to its peal - - - ing
 like morn's sun a way; Too fair do earth to stay, Where all is feet - - - ing
 break their souls a gain, We've found their hearts the chain, Sev-er'd in dy - - - ing?
 is the vic-tory; Thine let the glo-ry be, Now and for ev-er.



1. The light of Sab-bath eve Is sad - and dim, and will be
 2. How dreadful and how drear, In yon dark world of pain, Will Sabbath lost ap -
 3. To waste the Sab-bath hours, O may we nev - er there: Nor talk with thoughts of

leave, To crown the clos - ing day? Is it a Sab-bath spent, Of
 pear, That can - not come a - gain! Then in that hope - less place, The
 our, These sa - cred days of prayer; But may our Sabbath here In -

fruit - less time destroy'd? Or have these moments lent, Been so care - less employ'd?
 wretched soul will say, "I had these hours of grace, But and them all a - way."
 spare our hearts with love; And prove a merciful dear Of that sweet rest a - bove.

L. C. EVANS, Toronto, C.W., Feb. 1, 1902.
FULL CHORUS.

1 VOICE. 2 VOICES. 3 VOICES.

1. Come, children, join to sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Loud praise to Christ our King, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! Let
2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Halle-lu-jah! A-men! Let praise fill the sky, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! He
3. Praise yet the Lord a-gain, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Life shall not end the strain, Halle-lu-jah, A-men! On

BASS

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

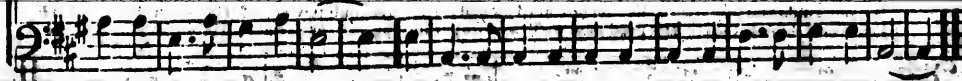
all, with heart and voice, Be-fore his throne rejoice: Praise is his gracious choice, Halle-lu-jah! A-men!
is our guide and friend; To us he'll con-de-scend; His love shall nev-er end, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!
ben-ven's bliss-ful shore His good-ness we'll a-dore; Sing-ing for ev-er more, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!



1. { When daily I kneel down to pray, As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say, Unless I feel it too. } Yet foolish thoughts my heart
2. { O let me never, never dare To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer That comes not from the heart. } But if I make his ways my



galle; And when I pray or sing, I'm often thinking all the while About some other thing.
chose, As holy children do, Then, while I seek him with my voice, My heart will love him too.



1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; } From vic - tory un - to
 Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: }

2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trust-ful call o - bey! } "Ye that are men, now
 Forth to the migh - ty con - flict In this his glo - rious day: }

3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; } To him that o - ver -
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song: }



vic - tory His army shall be led, Till ev' - ry foe is vanquished, And Christ's Lord in - deed,
 serve him," Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 com - eth. A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



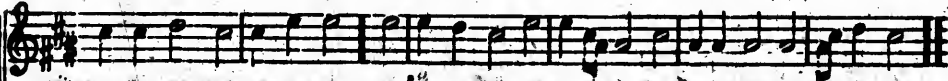
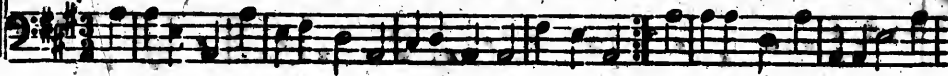


1. { He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around : }
 { A solemn darkness veils the skies: A sudden trembling shakes the ground : } Come, saints, and drop



2. { Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glory dies for men! }
 { But lo! what sudden joys we see! Jesus, the dead, revives again! } The rising God smashes the tomb, L

3. { Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliverer reigns : } (dreas King), Be
 Sing how he spelled the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains. } Say, " Live for ever, won -



Him who green'd beneath your head : He shed a thousand drops for you, A precious drop of richest blood.



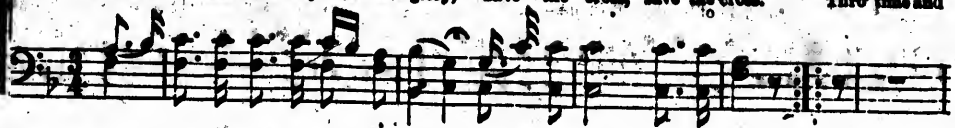
to his Father's court he flies: Cherubs legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies,
 to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting?" And " Where's thy victory,
 boasting grave?"



1. He - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God,
 For you he shed his pre - cious blood,
 2. He - hold his arms ex - tend - ed wide,
 He - hold his bleed - ing hands and side,
 3. Come, sin - ners, see him lift - ed up,
 He drinks for you the bit - ter cup,
 4. 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
 The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won,
 5. Where'er I go, I'll tell the story,
 In no - thing else my soul shall glory,

On the cross, on the cross;
 On the cross, on the cross;
 On the cross, on the cross;
 On the cross, on the cross;
 On the cross, on the cross;
 On the cross, on the cross;
 On the cross, on the cross;
 Of the cross, of the cross;
 Save the cross, save the cross.

Now hear his
 "E - loi loi"
 The sun with -
 The heavens are
 To heaven he
 "Tis finished!"
 The rocks do
 While Je - sus
 Yes, this my
 Thro' time and



all - im - port - ant cry,
 ma - sac - the - rial
 holds its rays of light,
 clothed in shades of night,
 turns his lan - guid eyes,
 now the Conqueror cries,
 rend, the mountains quake,
 doth a - tonement make,
 con - stant theme shall be,
 in e - ter - ni - ty,

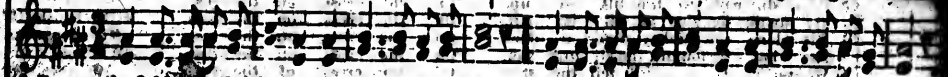
Draw near, and see your Sa - viour die
 While Je - sus doth with dev - ils fight,
 then bows his sa - cred head, and dies,
 While Je - sus suf - fers for their sake,
 That Je - sus suf - fered death for me

On the cross, on the cross.
 On the cross, on the cross.
 On the cross, on the cross.
 On the cross, on the cross.
 On the cross, on the cross.





1. Live on the field of battle! Be earnest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for the right.
 2. Watch on the field of battle! The foe is everywhere; His fiery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air.



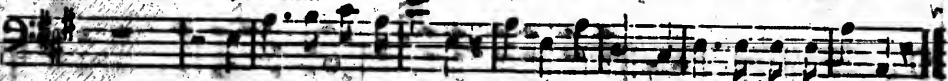
3. Pray on the field of battle! God works with those who pray; His mighty arms can serve us, And make us win the day.
 4. Die on the field of battle! 'Tis noble thus to die; God smiles on vallant soldiers—Their record is on high.



Live, live, live, live, Live on the field of bat-tle! Live, live, live, live, Live on the field of bat-tle.
 Watch, watch, watch, watch, Watch on the field of battle, Watch, watch, watch, watch, Watch on the, &c.
 1st Division.



Pray, pray, pray, pray, Pray on the field of bat-tle, Pray, pray, pray, pray, Pray on the field of bat-tle.
 Die, die, die, die, Die on the field of bat-tle, Die, die, die, die, Die on the field of bat-tle.
 2d Division.



Child-hood and youth, how vain they seem! Their beauty pass - es like a dream,
Yet in our charge with hope we trace; The features of a future race,
2. God of the church, which must re - main, While gen - e - rations wax and wane,

4. Hence fill thy courts with songs of praise, Hence min - is - ters and peo - ple raise,
5. We plead thy pro - mise, sov - ereign Lord, While thus we pray with one ac - cord;

And soon or late, the love - liest bloom Will fade and with - er in the tomb.
And, in these youth - ful class - es, see The seed of church - es yet to be.
For this we toll - O deign to bless The hum - ble of - fort with suc - cess.

And hence sup - ply thy fail - ing hands, That bear thy word to hea - then lands.
Even as thy pro - mise let it be, For, touch - ing this, we all a - gree.

1. Now, chil-dren, to God's house re-pair, And with the he - ly throng O give your
 2. Im-prove the strength you here have gained To-do his he - ly will; Im - prove the know

hum-ble prayer, And raise the cheer-ful song. Praise God, whose mercies brought you here, Whose
 here at-tained, To love and serve him still. Yet not the world have cause to say, You

goodness keeps you still; Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer, Whose power subdues your will.
 served your God for nought: But grow in grace from day to day, As you have here been taught.

From sweet and soothing slum-ber, I wake to morn-ing light; No pain has pierced my
 1. And now, O Heavenly Fa-ther, To thee my voice shall raise, This cheer-ful morn-ing
 2. O guide me by thy Spi-rit, In vir-tue's nar-row way— Smile on me when I

cham-ber, Thro' all the si-lent night, In peace I've rest-ed soft-ly, And
 hour.... The song of grate-ful praise; I know that thou wilt hear me, When
 faith-ful, And warn me when I stray; From ev-ery-thing that's sin-ful, O

now in east-ern skies, The sun is ris-ing sweet-ly, And kind-ly bids me rise.
 o'er I come to thee; I know that thou art near me, Although un-seen by me.
 help me, Lord, to see; And now in life's bright morning, Be give my heart to thee.

And heard his Ma-ter's voice, At ev-ry word he
 spoke, How much did he re-joice;

O bless-ed, hap-py
 child, to see The

...ed, hap - py child, to find, The God of heaven so near and kind.
child, to find, The God of heaven so near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.

O bless - ed, hap - py child, to find, The God of heaven so near and kind.

God of heaven so near and kind, 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 would 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 rest
The God whom Samuel heard
In silence 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,
Whenever 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.

1. A - gain the kind re - volving year
 2. Our watch-ful guardians, robed in light,
 3. They know no want, they feel no care,
 4. If aught can there en - hance their bliss,
 5. With what re - sembling care and love

Has brought this hap - - -
 A - dre the heaven - - -
 Nor not - or sign - - -
 Or raise their raptures high - er,
 Both worlds for us ap - - -

And we in God's bless'd house ap - - -
 Ten thousand thousand, seraphs bright
 Not - row and sin are strangers there,
 A - gain our vows to pay.
 In - ces - sant praise - on sing.
 And all is har - mo - ny.

New joys in heaven, at nights like this,
 Our friendly guardians, these a - love -
 New anthems all the choir.
 Our be - e - fac - tora, here.

How long sometimes a day appears. And weeks how long are they!
Months move along, as if the years would never pass a - way, } But months and years are passing by, and

Days, months, and years must have an end. Surely, Lord, I see:
I'll always have as long to spend. As when I start to - see. } Great God, on infant ears - not fall these

now mortal be gone: For day by day, I slowly, slowly come on.

each of thing can be: O, on - ly pray that I may dwell that long, long time with Thee

1. God of Mercy, in the hour of need,
 2. God of Love, when sorrows press us,
 3. God of Faith, our souls are won - by,
 4. Prince of Peace, O, guide us
 5. Je - sus Christ, our dear de - scend - er,
 From our hearts, so long - or
 From our sin, O, set us free.

Cheer us with your song we're rev - led,
 When we're sad do the - se things,
 Lead us from the path of sin,
 Far, far a - way,
 Far, far a - way,
 Far, far a - way,
 Far, far a - way.

When the day has gone and the
 Night is here, and the world is
 Far, far a - way,
 Far, far a - way,
 Home, home to thee.

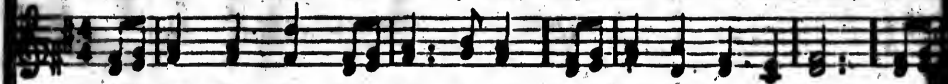
1. What me - ments I have seen, What in our Sun - day school;
 2. Where I - lamed each teach - er's face, What for - vent - ly they try
 3. There, you - a breath'd sweet tones of love; There, wrong was had a - side; Whilst
 4. You! man - cry loves to sin - get on, There mo - ments pass'd a - way. When

in - fant minds were ear - ly train'd To feel of - Ses - tion's rule, To feel of - Ses - tion's rule; To
 rear each young as - pi - ring plant To bet - ter realms on high, To bet - ter realms on high; To
 naught but rays of hope and joy, Would in each heart pre - side, Would in each heart pre - side; Would
 love, and truth, and joyous hopes Made sweet the Sabbath day, Made sweet the Sabbath day; Made

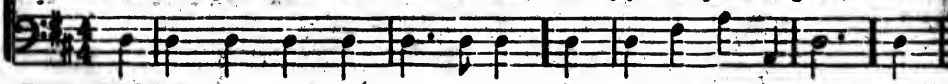
feel of - Ses - tion's rule, Where infant minds were early train'd To feel of - Ses - tion's rule.
 bet - ter realms on high, To rear each young as - pi - ring plant To bet - ter realms on high.
 in each heart pre - side, Whilst naught but rays of hope and joy, Would in each heart pre - side.
 sweet the Sab - bath day, When love, and truth, and joyous hopes Made sweet the Sab - bath day.



1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn - ing wan - derers given; There
 2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sins and sor - rows driven, When



3. There faith lifts up the tear - less eye, The heart no long - er riven— And
 4. There fra - grant flowers im - mor - tal bloom, And joys su - preme are given; There



is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.
 tomed by life's temptuous' shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.



views the tempest pass - ing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all so - reme in heaven.
 rays di - vine dis - perse the gloom; Be - yond the dark and narrow tomb, Ap - pears the dawn of heaven.



There
When

And
These

1. Sweet ~~the~~ ~~man,~~ ex - ceed - ing sweet, When the saints to - geth - er meet,
 2. Sing we than o - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa - ther move:
 3. Sing the Son's a - mar - ing love; How he left the realms a - bove,
 4. Sing we too the Spi - rit's love; With our wretch - ed hearts he strove,

When the Sa - viour is the theme, When they join to sing of him,
 He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave his Son,
 Took our na - ture, and our place, Lived and died to save our race,
 Filled our minds with grief and fear, Brought the pre - cious Sa - viour near.

Additional Hymn for "THE HEAVENLY HEAR,"—opposite page.

1. There is a land of calm delight
 To sorrowing mortals given;
 Where rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
 And all to soothe their souls unite;
 Sweet is their rest in—heaven.

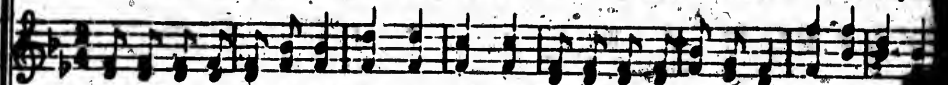
2. There glory beams on all the plains,
 And joy for hope is given;
 There music swells in sweetest strains,
 And spotless beauty ever reigns,
 And all is love in—heaven.

3. There is a stream that ever flows,
 To passing pilgrims given;
 There fairest fruit immortal grows;
 The verdant sower eternal blows
 Amid the fields of—heaven.

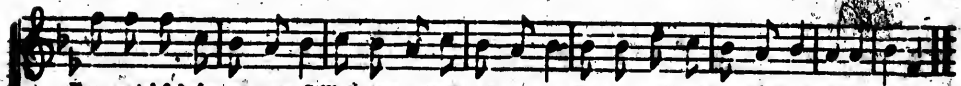
4. There is a great and glorious prize
 For those with sin who've striven;
 'Tis bright as star of evening skies,
 And far above it glittering lies
 A golden crown in—heaven.



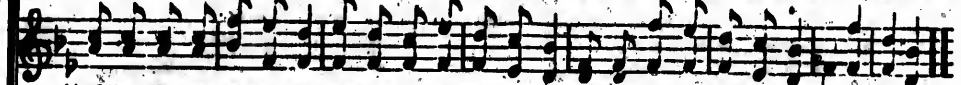
1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hal-le - lu - jah, Who from yon bright world above, Halle - lu-jah
 2. Heaven and earth by him were made, Halle-lu - jah, He by all must be o-beyed; Halle - lu-jah



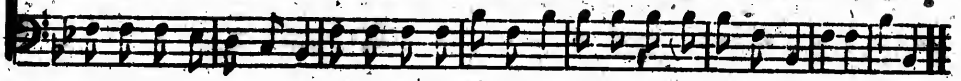
3. God, thus merci - ful and good, Hal - le - lu - jah, Bought us with a Saviour's blood, Halle - lu-jah
 4. Sing, my soul, adore his name, Hal - le - lu - jah, Let his glo-ry be thy theme, Halle - lu-jah



Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends his grace; Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hallelujah.
 What are we, that he should show So much love to us below! Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hallelujah.



And, to make our safety sure, Guides us by his Spirit pure: Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hallelujah.
 Praise him till he calls thee home, Trust his love for all to come; Praise, O praise the God of love, Hallelujah.



le - lu - jah
le - lu - jah
e - lu - jah
e - lu - jah

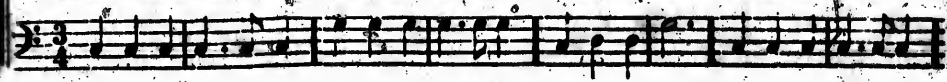


1. God bless our native land, Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave,

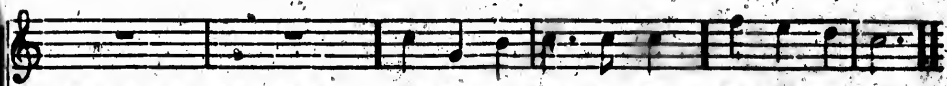


2. For her our prayer shall rise, To God above the skies; On him we wait: Thou who hast heard each sigh!

3. Bless thou our native land, Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave,



allelujah.
allelujah.
allelujah.
allelujah.

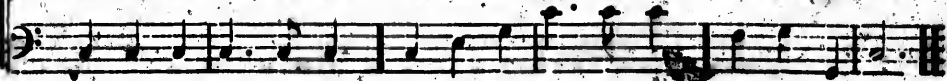


Rul - er of wind and wave! Do thou our coun - try save By thy great might.



Watch - ing each weep - ing eye, Be thou for ev - er nigh: God save the State.

Rul - er of wind and wave! Do thou our coun - try save By thy great might.






1. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love?
2. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before; He's given me my orders, And bids me ne'er give o'er!
3. Tho' grace I am determin'd To conquer tho' I die, And then away to Jesus On wings of love I'll fly:
4. Where'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way, Then cast your care on Jesus, And don't forget to pray.
5. O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your Friend; And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not refuse to lend.



When shall I be deliver'd From this vain world of sin? And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in?
His promises are faithful—A righteous crown he'll give, And all his valiant soldiers Eternally shall live.
Farewell to sin and sorrow! I bid them both adieu! And, O, my friends, prove faithful And on your way pursue.
Gird on the Gospel armour Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the combat's ended, He'll carry you above.
Neither will he upbraid you, Tho' often you request! He'll give you grace to conquer, And take you home to rest.





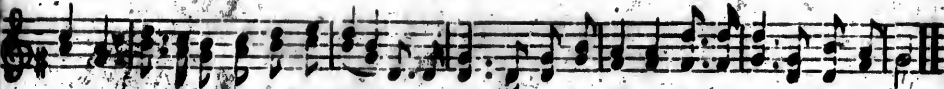

TEACHERS. } Come, ye children, and adore him, Lord of all, he reigns above; } He will grant you ev'ry
} Come, and worship now before him, He hath call'd you by his love; }

CHILDREN. } On this hol-y day of gladness, We will join in praises meet; } Oh to feel the love of
} Every bosom free from sadness—All with hap-pi-ness replete. }


TEACHERS. } Dearest children, now adore him; Swell aloud the joy-ful strain; } While he will accept the
} Let the nations bow be-fore him—Echo back the notes again. }

CHILDREN. } Lord of all, our hearts ob-la-tion Now ascends to thee alone; } Teachers, will you join the
} We would come, with all the nation, Now to worship at the throne. }

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.
} Praise to thee, O Lord, for ev-er! Gladly now we all unite; }
} Praise to thee, O Lord, the giv-er, Blessed Lord, of life and light! } Ransomed nation, spread the



blessing! Of his all-abounding grace: Come, with humble hearts, expressing All your gratitude and praise.
Je-sus! Oh to know that from a-bove Still our heav'nly Father sees us With an eye of tender love!
praises, E'en from ev'ry heart and tongue, Those to him an infant rais-ed, And are sweetest of the song.
chorus? Join in hymning forth his praise, Who, for our redemption shows us All the riches of his grace.
sto-ry: Rescued people ne'er give o'er, All his grace and all his glory. Oh proclaim for ever-more.



1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,
 2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,
 3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the promised land, When Jesus calls me,
 4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the promised land, At Jesus' feet, a

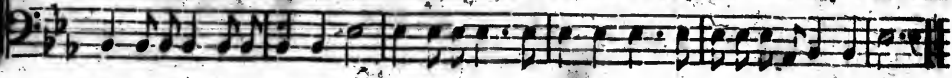
CHORUS.

I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-
 I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-
 I must go To wear it in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-
 joy-ous band; We'll praise Him in the promised land. We'll away, we'll away to the promised land, We'll a-

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



... way, I'll away to the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 ... way, We'll away to the promised land, At Jesus' feet, a joyous band; We'll praise Him in the promised land.

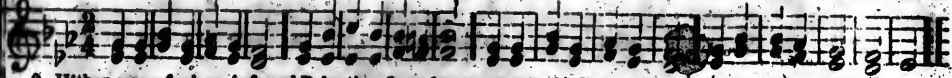


No. 175.—PUMROY. 7s.

From "New Third Musicians."

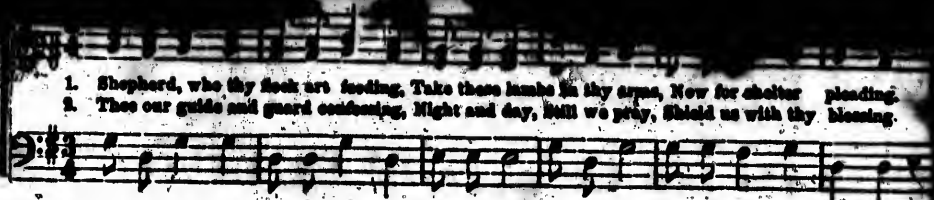


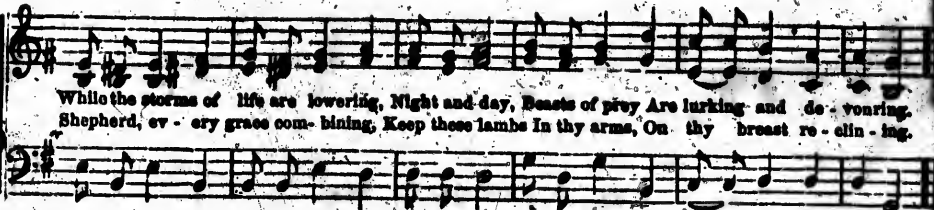
1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home: Weary wanderer, hither come.



2. Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound! Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.




- 
1. Shepherd, who thy flock art feeding, Take these lambs in thy arms, Now for shelter pleading.
 2. Thou our guide and guard confiding, Night and day, Still we pray, Shield us with thy blessing.



While the storms of life are lowering, Night and day, Beasts of prey Are lurking and do - voring.
Shepherd, ev - ery grace com - bin - ing, Keep these lambs In thy arms, On thy breast re - clin - ing.

No. 177.—EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE. I. M. *

- 
1. How should the mea - sur - ing of my days Be spent in hum - ble prayer and praise To
 2. Up to his throne I'll lift my eyes, He will re - gard my ear - ly cries; He
 3. O may his con - des - cend - ing love Still draw my heart to things a - bove, That

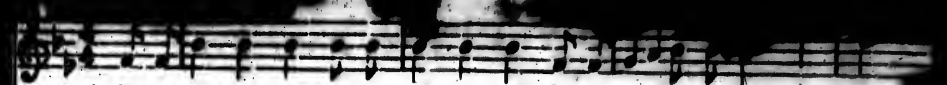
him who gave me life and breath, And still preserves my soul from death.
will not frown my soul a-way, He loves to hear his chil - dren pray.
J a - mong his saints may know The joys of heaven be - gun be - low.

No. 178.— ASSEMBLED SCHOOL. L. M.

DR. E.

1. As - sembled in our school once more, O Lord, thy bless - ing we im - plore:
2. Our fer - vent prayer to thee as - cends, For pa - rents, teach - ers, foes and friends,
3. When we on earth shall meet no more, May we a - have to glo - ry soar:

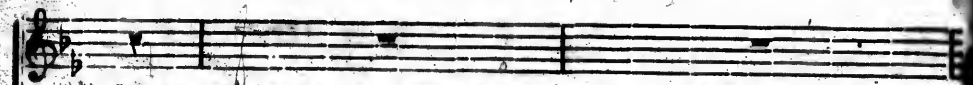
We meet to read, and sing, and pray, Be with us, then, through this thy day.
And when we in thy house ap - pear, Help us to wor - ship in thy fear.
And praise thee in more loft - y strains, Where e - ter - nal Sab - bath reigns.



1. { Ere we part a - gain let us all u - nite, In a song of praise and love.
To the God who made all the stars of night, And the beau - ti - ful heavens a - bove:



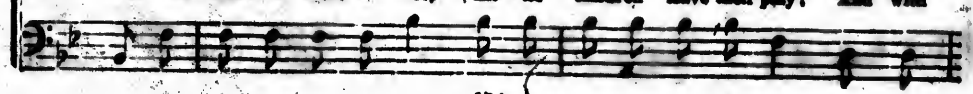
2. { If we long to be with the an - gels white, Let us learn to sing God's praise:
If we want a crown like the Sa - viour bright, Let us praise him in joy - ful lays:



Let us praise him ev - ery hour For the ho - ly Sabbath day, Let us



For the Saviour loves to see, Lit - tle children leave their play; And with



praise him in his power, And to school a - way. *Chorus* Let us haste a - way, Let us

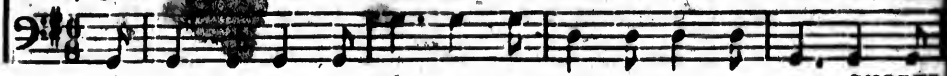
hap - py hearts and free, Haste to school a - way. Let us haste a - way, Let us

All.

Chorus
haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste to the Sabbath school.

haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste to the Sabbath school.

1. The Sab - bath morn is break - ing, The Sab - bath bells are wak - ing, Our
 2. How joy - ful is the meet - ing, Each oth - er kind - ly greet - ing, Sweet
 3. 'Tis here we join in sing - ing, The songs of love re - deem - ing, Our
 4. Our teach - ers we'll re - mem - ber; Ten thou - sand thanks we ren - der, For
 5. But ah! how sad - ly we move - ing, With all its guests a - down - ing, Like
 6. Then may we all re - mem - ber To strive our hearts to ren - der, While

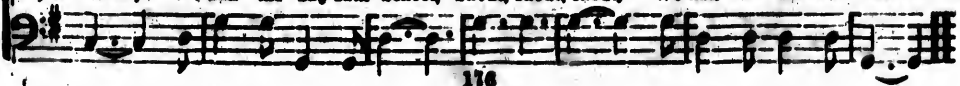



CHORUS

homes with joy fer - mak - ing, To join the Sab - bath School, Shout, shout
 hymns of praise re - peat - ing, While in the Sab - bath School, Shout, do.
 lit - tle offer - ings bring - ing, Ho - san - nas to our King, Shout, do.
 thoughts of us so ten - der, While in the Sab - bath School, Shout, do.
 ear - ly mes - sages full - ing, Will soon have passed a way, Shout, do.
 now so young and ten - der, To Christ our heav - en - ly King, Shout, do.



about, We hail the Sab - bath School, Shout, shout, shout, We hail the Sab - bath School.

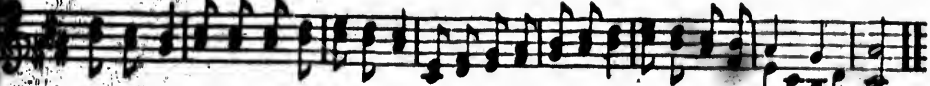





1. Gloomy night is past, Morn has come at last, Bells are ringing fast, Come to Sabbath-school. There we'll sing our



Saviour's praise—Glorious in his works and ways—Sing our Saviour's dying love, He will hear us from above.



§ Cheerful sun-beams play
On the verdant lay,
And they seem to say,
"Go to Sabbath-school."



Go with grateful hearts and sing
Praises to your Lord and King—
Sing your Saviour's dying love,
He will hear us from above.

1. How sweet is the Sab - bath to me, The day when the Sa - vour a - rose!
 'Tis hea - ven his beau - ties to see, And in his soft arms to re - pose. }
 D. C. But if he will make me his child, I'll ne - ver for - sake him a gain.

He knows I am weak and de - filed, My life is but emp - ty and vain:
 D. C.

2 This day he invites me to come,
 How kindly he bids me draw near!
 He offers me heaven for home,
 And wipes off the penitent tear:
 He offers to pardon my sin,
 And keep me from every snare;
 To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
 And show me his tenderest care.

3 I cannot, I must not refuse;
 His goodness has conquered my heart;
 The Lord for my portion I choose,
 And bid all my folly depart.
 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
 The day my Redeemer arose!
 'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
 And in his soft arms to repose.

a - rose!
re - pose.
a - gain.

Al. U.
vain:
D. C.

heart;

1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er! When will peace wreath her chain Round us for-ev-er!
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er! When shall sweet friend-ship glow Change-less for-ev-er!
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sa-viour; May we all there u - nite, Happy for ev-er;
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er; Soon will peace, wreath her chain Round us for-ev-er

Our hearts will ne'er re-poss. Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Where joys ce-lestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall feel, And fears of part-ing chill Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Where kin-dred spi-rits dwell, There may our mu-sic swell, And time our joys dis-pel Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Our hearts will then re-poss, Se-cure from world-ly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no, nev-er!

1. How pleasant here a - gain to meet, How joy - ful thus to raise Our tune - ful notes in
 2. Then let us strive, while we have breath, His precepts to o - bey; For soon the so - lemn
 3. To our dear friends, assem - bled here, A debt of love we owe, For acts of kind - ness

songs so sweet, To our Re - deem - er's praise! To us he has been ev - er kind: Oh,
 hour of death Will sum - mon us a - way. The dear do - lights we now en - joy Will
 year by year, Which they on us be - stow. May God In mor - cy bless them all With

bles - ed be his name; He bears us all up - on his mind; His love re - mains the same.
 then have pass'd a - way; But heav'n at - fords more sweet em - ploy, Through one eter - nal day.
 hope, and joy, and peace, And with us meet, when he shall call, Where pleasures never cease.

181 MAY COME THE LAST DAY (Hymn)

1. { See, an - o - ther week is gone! Quick - ly have the mi - nutes pass'd; }
 { This we en - ter now up - on Will to ma - ny prove their last. }

D. C. Let me ask, Am I pre - pared, Should I be this week re - moved?

2. { Some we now no long - er see, Who their mor - tal race have run, }
 { Seemed as fair for life as we When the form - er week be - gun. }

D. C. Vast e - ter - ni - ty is near, I am stand - ing on its brink

D. C.

Mer - cy hith - er - to has spared, But have mer - cies been im - proved?
 While we pray, and while we hear, Help us, Lord, each one, to think,

1. To Je - sus our King, who sits on the throne, Our tri - bute we bring, His sove - reign - ty own:
 2. Each Sun - day - school child con - tri - butes to cheer The wil - der - ness wild, the so - li - tude drear:
 3. The Fa - ther, the Son, the Spi - rit of grace, The Great Three in One, all na - tions shall bless,

- His kingdom, so glorious, we long to be - hold O'er all men vic - to - rious, As promised of old.
 The de - sert so fear - ful with wants and with woes, We help to make cheerful and bloom as the rose.
 The poor Pa - gan swell forth his praise with the Jew, The Mussulman tell forth his glad homage too.

THE SERVICE FROM THE NEW PART 4

1. Dear Father ere we part, Now let thy grace descend,
 And fill our youthful heart With peace from Christ our Friend,
 2. May we in af - ter years, With grati - tude re - view
 The service of this day, The work we now pur - sue;

May show'rs of blessings from above De -
 And speed our way to worlds above, With

Descend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.
 hearts all fired with ho - ly love, With hearts all fired with ho - ly love.

3 We know that soon on earth
 The fondest ties must end,
 Our own most cherish'd hopes
 To Death's cold hand must bend;
 The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,
 Must soon lie wither'd in the tomb.

4 Then, when our spirits leave
 These tenements of clay,
 May they to God, who gave,
 Ascend in endless day,
 And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
 That anthem sweet which never ends.

1. There's not a star whose twink-ling light illu-mines the dis-tant earth, And cheers the so-lemn
 2. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean deep, or air, Where skill and wis-dom

gloom of night, But good-ness gave it birth. There's not a cloud whose dew dis-till Up-
 are not found; For God is ev'-ry where. A-round, be-neath, be-low, a-bove, Where

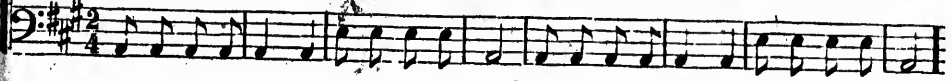
on the parch-ing clod, And clothe with ver-dure vna and hū!, That is not sent by God,
 ever space ex-tends, There Heaven dis-plays its bound-less love, And power with good-ness blends.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

Dr. A. K. Swanson



1. When o'er earth is breaking Ro-sy light, and fair, Morn a - far pro-claim-eth, Sweetly, "God is there."
2. When the storm is howling Thro' the midnight air, Fear-ful-ly its thun-der Tells us, "God is there."



When the spring is wreathing Flowers, rich and rare, On each leaf is writ-ten. "Nature's God is there."
All the wide world's treasures, Rich, or grand, or fair, In each feature bear-eth, Graven, "God is there."



3 In the Sabbath-school-room,
As we join in prayer,
Every falling accent
Tells us, "God is there."
Kindly teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansion,
Saying, "God is there."

4 Let us learn those lessons,
Taught us everywhere,
And, if sin assail us,
Think that "God is there."
Then, at last, with angels,
Ever bright and fair,
Singing glorious anthems,
We'll see "God is there."

No. 100. SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS. COME TO THE SHA-DY GROVE. 1-6, 8, C.

Come to the sha - dy grove. Come! Come! Come to the sha - dy grove. Come to the sha - dy grove. Come to the sha - dy grove.

Come! Come! Come! { Come to the sha - dy grove, Come where the wild birds sing, Come to the rock - y height, Come to the moon - lit dell, } Come! Come! { Come to the sha - dy grove, Come where the wild birds sing, Come to the rock - y height, Come to the moonlit dell, } Come! Come! Come! Come!

1st 2d

sha - dy grove. grove. The brook rolls bright ly on, the brook rolls bright ly on, the brook rolls brightly on. And bid dull care, dull care, dull care be - gone, and bid dull care be - gone, dull care be - gone. Aud see the sun a go down, and see the sun go down, the sun go down, The day is past is past and gone, is past and gone, the day is past and gone.

1st 2d

to the sha - dy grove. grove. The brook rolls brightly on, rolls brightly on, rolls brightly on. And bid dull care, dull care, dull care be - gone, and bid, and bid dull care be - gone. to the rock - y height, go down, and see; and see the sun go down, to the moonlit dell, and gone, the sun go down, and gone, the sun go down, and gone, is past and gone.

1st 2d

to the sha - dy grove. grove. The brook rolls brightly on, the brook rolls brightly on, the brook rolls brightly on. And bid, and bid, and bid dull care be - gone. Aud see the sun go down, the sun go down, the sun go down, The day is past is past and gone, is past and gone, the day is past and gone.

1, 2, 3, 4.

COME TO THE SHADY GROVE

me to the

Come
Come
Come
Come
Come

Come

ly on,
be gone,
go down,
and gone.

ly on,
be gone,
go down,
and gone.

ly on,
be gone,
go down,
and gone.

ly on,
be gone,
go down,
and gone.

Come! Come! Come! { Come to the sha - dy grove, the sha - dy grove, The brook rolls bright - ly
Come where the wild birds sing, the wild birds sing, And bid dull care be -
Come to the rock - y height, the rock - y height, And see the sun go
Come to the moon - lit dell, the moon - lit dell, The day is past and

Come! Come! Come! { Come to the sha - dy grove, the sha - dy grove, The brook rolls bright - ly
Come where the wild birds sing, the wild birds sing, And bid dull care be -
Come to the rock - y height, the rock - y height, And see the sun go
Come to the moon - lit dell, the moon - lit dell, The day is past and

Come! Come! Come! { Come to the sha - dy grove, the sha - dy grove, The brook rolls bright - ly
Come where the wild birds sing, the wild birds sing, And bid dull care be -
Come to the rock - y height, the rock - y height, And see the sun go
Come to the moon - lit dell, the moon - lit dell, The day is past and

on, the brook rolls bright ly on. So has - ten, so has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
gone, and bid dull care be - gone.
down, and see the sun go down.
gone, the day is past and gone.

on, The flow'rs in - vite to love, So has - ten, so has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
gone, White woods and val - leys ring, Come has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
down, White drops the veil of night, Come has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
gone, The sun has bid fare - well, So has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.

on, The flow'rs in - vite to love, So has - ten, so has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
gone, White woods and val - leys ring, Come has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
down, White drops the veil of night, Come has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.
gone, The sun has bid fare - well, So has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev - ry one.

... AND SAVE THE QUEEN

1. God save our gra-cious Queen, long live our
 2. O Lord our God, a- rise, seat- te- her ... mles, ... the ...
 3. Thy chol- cest gifts in store, On her be pleased pour; Long may she reign, May she re-

to- ri- ous, Hap- py and glo- ri- ous, Long to reign o- ver us, God save the Queen
 po- ll- utes, Fru- strate their kna- vish tricks, On her our hopes we fix, God save us all!
 fend our laws, And ev- er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen!

GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore:
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless,
 Praise ye his name.

In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Soon must we change our place;
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name;
 Still will we tribute bring,
 Hall him our gracious King,
 And, through all ages, sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

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