

NEW  
SABBATH SCHOOL



New-York:

PUBLISHED BY HORACE WATERS, 481 BROADWAY

SCA  
1876

4980



32,535

**New Sabbath School Bell**  
**NO. 2.**

A NEW COLLECTION OF  
**HYMNS AND TUNES**  
FOR  
**SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS,**

**By HORACE WATERS,**  
AUTHOR OF S. S. BELL Nos. 1 & 2. CHORAL HARP. ATHENÆUM COLLECTION.  
CHRISTIAN MELODIST. ZION'S REFRESHING SHOWERS. DAY SCHOOL  
BELL. HEAVENLY ECHOES. &c.

**NEW YORK :**  
Published by **H. WATERS,** 481 Broadway.

## NOTICE.

### THE NEW SABBATH SCHOOL BELL, No. 2.

About one half of this little volume is composed of gems from BELL No. 2, and the other half is made up of new hymns and tunes of great excellence; including a few standard S. S. pieces, which makes this volume one of the best Sunday School books ever published.

BELL No. 1, was the first popular S. S. book issued in this country: and so much was it sought for, and so rapid the sale, that more than three hundred thousand copies were sold before any other S. S. book of note was published.

BELL No. 1, stands upon its own merit! the sale of nearly one million copies is its best recommendation. Encouraged by its success, and with a full knowledge of the wants of SUNDAY SCHOOLS, BELL No. 2, as now arranged, is confidently believed to be equal if not superior to it.

It is the prayer of the Author that this little work may be the means of the conversion of thousands of children as has been its predecessor.

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# New Sabbath School Bell

## NO. 2.

### THE HEAVENWARD TRAVELER.

Music by BILLINGS. Arr. by Prof. A. CULL.

*Andante.*

1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary, oppressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!

Dark and dreary is the way, Toiling I've come; Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

- 2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,  
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;  
Pleasures that for ever live—I can not stay.
- 3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair,  
Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.  
Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor hearts be sad;  
Where the glory is for all, And all are glad.

- 4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair;  
Farewell, all I've loved below—I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;  
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.
- 5 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam;  
Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

## BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"And he shewed me a pure River of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1. By permission of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.  
*Cheerful*

Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod : With its crys-tal tide for-  
 On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship

### CHORUS.

ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God? Yes we'll gath-er at the riv-er. The  
 ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day. Yes we'll gath-er, &c.

beauti-ful, the beauti-ful riv-er—Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

- 3 On the bosom of the river,  
 Where the Saviour-king we own,  
 We shall meet, and sorrow never  
 'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*
- 4 Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down ;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown —*Cho.*

- 5 At the smiling of the river,  
 Rippling with the Saviour's face,  
 Saints, whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*
- 6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
 With the melody of peace.—*Cho.*

# JUST NOW.\*

5

^ **Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.**—Matt. 11: 28.  
 "Behold, now is the accepted time—behold now is the day of salvation."—Cor. 6: 2.

Arranged, WM. B. BRADBURY

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2. He will save you, just now, etc.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

3. O believe him, just now, etc.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the utmost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—Heb. 7: 25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—Pet. 3: 9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

7. Call unto him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

\* This little Chorus has been the means of helping many an inquiring sinner to embrace the Saviour, be lieve and trust Him.—"It was, says Rev. Hammond, "first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, "what shall we do to be saved."

8. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—Mark 10: 52.

9. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 John 1: 9.

10. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

11. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

12. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—Rev. 3: 5.

13. Jesus loves me.

"Greater love hath no man than his, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—John 15: 13.

14. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—Isa. 53: 3.

15. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—John 5: 12.

## DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COMING?

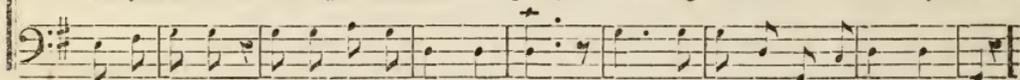
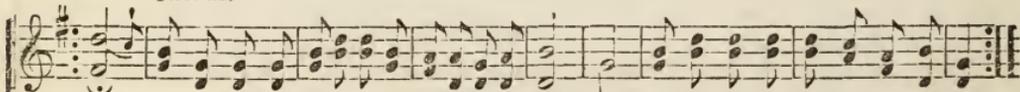
Music by REV. ROBERT LOWRY. Arr. by H. WATERA.

DUETT. *Soprano and Alto*

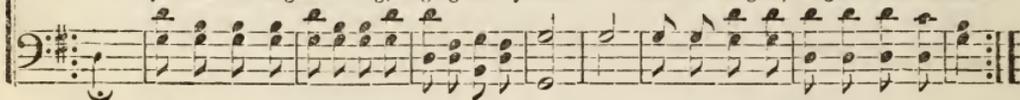
1. Holy angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight, Winged with mercy as they fly,



Don't you hear them? coming o - ver hill and plain, Scattering mu - sic in their heavenly train!

*Chorus.*

Oh! don't you hear the angels coming, singing as they come? Oh! bear me angels, angels bear me home.



2.

Tho' their forms we cannot see,  
They attend and guard our way,  
Till we join their company  
In the fields of heavenly day.  
*Cho.*—Don't you hear, &c.

2.

Had we but an angel's wing,  
And an angel's heart of flame,  
Oh, how sweetly would we ring  
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.  
*Cho.*—Don't you hear, &c.

3.

Yet methinks if I should die,  
And become an angel too,  
I, perhaps, like them might fly,  
And the Saviour's bidding do.  
*Cho.*—Don't you hear, &c.

# IS DEAR JESUS COMING, MOTHER ?

7

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

A dear little boy in—— uttered these words on a sick bed at a time when it was thought that he could not live till morning! "Is dear Jesus coming, mother? is he almost here?" Jesus did come in mercy! not to bear him to the "Shining Band," but to restore him to the arms of his loving parents!

1. "Is dear Jesus coming, Mother? Tell me, is he almost here? Willie feels so tired of waiting, Do you see God's angels

near?" Then he gent-ly sank to slum-ber, On his faith-ful mother's breast; He who heard that anxious question, Gave the

## CHORUS.

little suffer-er rest. Is dear Jesus coming? Do you see his angels near? Tell me, mother, tell me, Is dear Je-sus almost here?

2 Thus in days of pain and sorrow,  
When dark threatening clouds appear;  
Let us cry "is Jesus coming.  
Is the Saviour almost here?"  
Or in hours of golden sunshine,  
When the world looks fair and bright,  
Let us keep the Lord of glory

Always on our earthly side.  
Is dear Jesus, etc.  
3 Is dear Jesus coming, teacher,  
From the bright celestial  
shore? (ren.  
Down to earth, to meet his child-  
And to guide them evermore?

He is coming, he is coming,  
With the shining angel band,  
Clad in robes of grace and glory,  
Children take him by the hand.  
Jesus dear is coming.  
Don't you see his angels near.  
Oh sing Hallelujah! For the Lord  
the Lord is here.

## HEAVENLY HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by Miss J. W. SAMPSON. By permission.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. Heaven - ly home, heaven - ly home, Precious name to me ; I love to think the time will come When  
2. Heaven - ly home, heavenly home, Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there. For

I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here, I seek for one to come ; And tho' my pil - grim -  
ev - er - smiling skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come. And O, I long to

## CHORUS.

ago be drear, I know there's rest at home. Heaven - ly home. Heavenly home....  
see the light That gilds my heavenly home. Heavenly home, sweet home, Heavenly home, sweet home,

## Repeat Chorus.

Precious name to me. Home, sweet home.

3 Heavenly home, heavenly home,  
Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,  
Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,  
For all is peace at home.  
I know I ne'er shall worthy be  
To dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome.  
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,  
And now he calls me home. *Cho.*

# ROUSE THEE, CHILD OF HEAVEN!

9

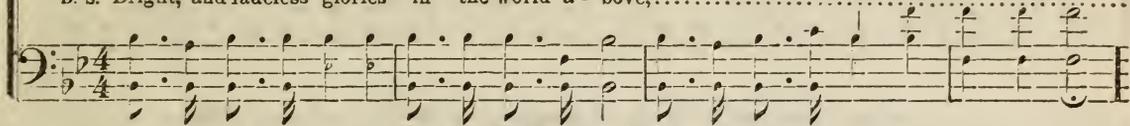
Words by Rev. SIDNEY DYER.

Music by G. F. ROOZ, by permission. Arr. by A. CULL.

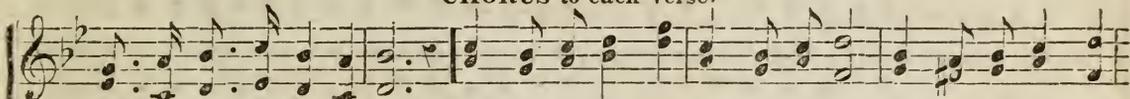
Duet.



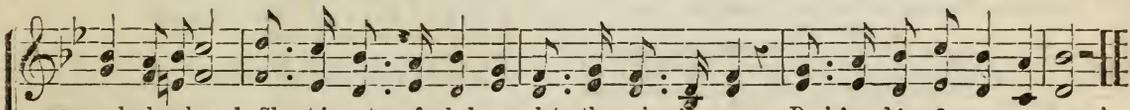
1. Rouse thee, child of heaven! why despairing thought? God to thee has giv - en, all unsought,  
D. S. Bright, and fadeless glories in the world a - bove,.....



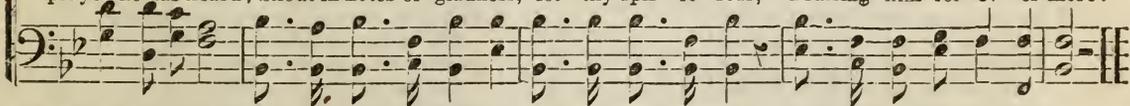
CHORUS to each verse.



Pledge of his e - ter - nal love! Trust him for - ev - er! rest in his word; Grace he has giv - en,



prayer he has heard; Shout in notes of gladness, let thy spir - it soar, Praising him for ev - er - more!



Glowing on the hill side, blushing in the flowers,  
Happy spirits greet us, cheering ours;  
Cease from thy repining, cease thee, child of heaven!  
Share the blessings God has given. Trust him, &c.

Rouse thee from thy sadness, rouse thee, drooping soul,  
Anthem notes of gladness round thee roll;  
Catch the song of rapture, join the seraph strain,  
Healing all thy care and pain. Trust him, &c.

## "CHRIST FOR ME."

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. My heart is fixed, Eternal God, Fixed on thee; Fixed on thee! And my immortal choice is made, Christ for

me; Christ for me! He is my Prophet, Priest and King; Who did for me salvation bring; And while I breath

mean to sing, Christ for me; Christ for me!

3 In pining sickness or in health,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 In deepest poverty or wealth,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 And in that all important day,  
 When I the summons must obey,  
 And pass from this dark world away,  
 Christ for me Christ for me!

2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 His riches never can be told,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Your gold will waste and wear away,  
 Your honor perish in a day—  
 My portion never can decay:  
 Christ for me; Christ for me.

4 At home, abroad, by night and day,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Whether I preach, or sing, or pray,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Him first and last, him all day long,  
 My hope, my solace, and my song,  
 Convince me if you think I'm wrong—  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!

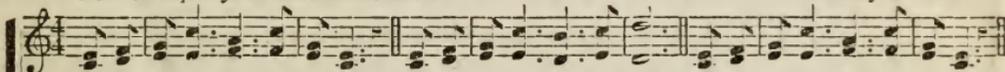
3 Now who can sing my song and say  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 My light and truth, my life and way;  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Can you oh! man and woman say,  
 With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,  
 Now from your inmost souls declare,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!

6 Can you, young men and maidens, say  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Him will I love and him obey,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me!  
 Then here's my heart and here's my hand,  
 We'll form a happy singing band,  
 And shout aloud through all the land,  
 Christ for me; Christ for me;

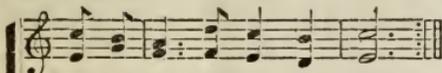
WAITING BY THE RIVER.

DUET.—Repeat first verse Full Chorus.

Arr. by W. H. D.



1. We are waiting by the river, We are watching on the shore, On - ly waiting for the boatman,  
 2. Tho' the mist hang o'er the river, And its billows loud - ly roar, Yet we hear the song of angels.  
 3. And the bright celestial city, We have caught such radiant gleams Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,



Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.  
 Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.  
 With its sweet and peaceful streams.



4 He has called for many a loved one,  
 We have seen them leave our side;  
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,  
 When we too have crossed the tide.  
 We are waiting, etc.

5 When we've passed that vale of shadows,  
 With its dark and chilling tide;  
 In that bright and glorious city  
 We shall evermore abide.  
 We are waiting, etc.

## RESTING BY AND BY

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. iv. 11.

Words by REV. SYDNEY DYER.

Music by R. LOWRY.

1st

1. (When, faint and weary toil - ing, The sweat drops on my brow, I long to rest from la - bor, To  
There comes a gentle chiding, To quell each mourning sigh: "Work (Omrr .....

2d | CHORUS.

drop the burden now—  
.....) while the day is shining, There's resting by and by." Resting by and by, There's

rest - ing by - and by; We shall not always la - bor, We shall not always cry; The end is drawing

near - er, The end for which we sigh; We'll lay our heavy burdens down— There's resting by and by.

2 This life to toil is given,  
And he improves it best  
Who seeks by patient labor  
To enter into rest ;  
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,  
Press on, the goal is nigh ;  
The prize is straight before thee,  
There's resting by and by.

3 Nor ask, when overburdened,  
You long for friendly aid,  
"Why idle stands my brother,  
No yoke upon him laid?"  
The Master bids him tarry :  
And dare you ask Him why ?  
"Go, labor in my vineyard,  
There's resting by and by."

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,  
Let this thy strength sustain,  
Each sheaf that fills the garner  
Brings you eternal gain ;  
Then bear the cross with patience,  
To fields of duty hie ;  
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—  
There's resting by and by.

O! BE GLAD, YE CHILDREN.

Words by MISS M. FEARY.

From "LITTLE WANDERER'S FRIEND." By permission.

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Have you ever heard the story, That the Holy Father tells, Of his children there in glory, Of his children, lov'd

CHORUS.

well? O! be glad, ye children, Blessed little children. Yes, be glad, ye children, For Jesus loves you well.

2 All the angels cease their singing,  
While they hear the Father tell  
Of his darling Son so willing  
To redeem the souls that fell. *Cho.*

3 Then the happy angels winging  
Bright their way thro' realms above,

Listened to the children, singing  
Of the dear Redeemer's love. *Cho.*

2 Back they flew to thrones all shining,  
And from golden harp-strings rung  
Sweetest music, ever chiming  
With the song the children sung. *Cho.*

## I AM THINKING OF HOME.

"In my Father's house are MANY MANSIONS.—John xiv. 1.

Words by MARY F. KIRBY

REV. R. LOWRY.

*Not too fast.*

1. I am thinking of home, of my father's house, Where the many bright mansions be: Of the  
 2. I am thinking of home, of the lov'd ones there, Dearest friends who have gone before: With

cit - y whose streets are all cover'd with gold. Of its jas - per walls, pure and fair to behold, Which the  
 whom we went down to the dead - river's side, And so sad - ly thought as we watch'd by the tide, Of the

## CHORUS.

righteous a - lone ev - er see. Oh, home, sweet home! sweet home! I am thinking, and longing for  
 thrice happy mornings of yore.

home, sweet home.

home; Be - yond the pearl - y gate, Ma - ny mansions wait For the weary ones who journey home.

3 I am thinking of home; I am homesick now,  
And my spirit doth long to be  
In the far better land, where the saints ever sing  
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and King,  
And of mercy so costly, so free.

4 I am thinking of home! yes, of "home, sweet home;"  
May we all in that home unite  
With the white-covered throng, and exultingly raise  
To the triune God, sweetest anthems of praise,  
Singing glory, and honor, and might.

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

From the "CASKEY." By permission.

DUET. Three beats to a measure.

1. The Sunday-school ar-my, unflinching and brave, Preparing for du - ty, this country shall save.  
Cho. - Halle - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on a tree, To op - en a fountain for children like me;

Repeat, full Chorus.

The tactics of war-fare they're learning to-day; The foe they shall conquer, for God is their stay.  
Halle - lu - jah to Je - sus, - Salvation is free - And in this great army I'm happy to be. . .

2 The foe is advancing—comes in like a flood;  
Sin marshals her thousands, opposed to the good.  
Then, Sunday-school children, your banner unfurl!  
We read in its motto the hope of the world.—*Cho.*

3 'Neath the love of God's word take a firm, noble stand,  
Then rally around you all, all that you can;

Yes, fill each division, till aged and youth  
Shall join this great army to study the truth. *Cho.*

4 Then arm and equip—'tis free, without cost;  
Prepare for the battle, nor fear the dark host  
Of sin and delusion—you need not dismay;  
Choose Jesus your Captain, he'll sure win the day. *Cho.*

## THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Oh the tones of that beautiful bell That has sounded for many a year, Hosts of Sabbath-school children ear

tell How pleasant they are to the ear ; The heavenly notes they ring out So loving, so blessed and mild,

CHORUS.

While charming the brethren in Christ, Go straight to the heart of the child. Ring on, ring on, Let the

ring on.....

Hear-en-ly ca-den-ces swell. Ring on, ring on, Oh beautiful Sabbath-school bell, Ring on, ring on, ring on, ring on,

2 Think how many sad hearts have been cheer'd,<sup>3</sup>  
 And been led to the fountain of truth,  
 How many poor souls it has called  
 To seek their salvation in youth ;  
 Oh, the tones of that beautiful bell  
 Are sounding all over the land,  
 Inviting the people to sing  
 The songs of the glorified band.  
 CHO.—Ring on, etc.

Oh, the tones of that beautiful bell,  
 It rings out its welcome so free,  
 Still urging the sinner to Christ—  
*Come*, stranger, and listen with me,  
 Come, look in this wide open door,  
 Lit up by the gospel's bright rays,  
 Here list to the sound of the bell,  
 Where children are singing God's praise.  
 CHO.—Ring on, etc.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

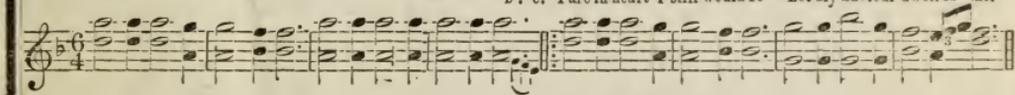
Music by W. H. DOANE. By permission.

*Slow. with feeling.*

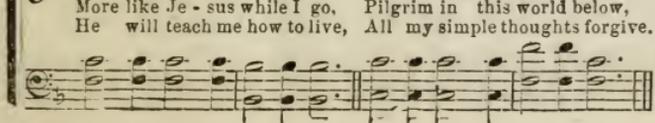
FIN.



1. More like Je-sus would I be, Let my Saviour dwell with me; Fill my soul with peace and love—Make me gentle as a dove;  
 D. C. Poor in spi-rit would I be. Let my Saviour dwell in me.  
 2. If he hears the raven's cry, If his ev-er watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall, Surely he will hear my call.  
 D. C. Pure in heart I still would be—Let my Saviour dwell in me.



D. C.  
 More like Je- sus while I go, Pilgrim in this world below,  
 He will teach me how to live, All my simple thoughts forgive.



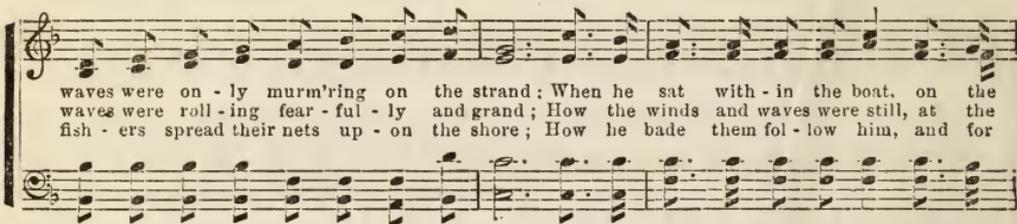
3 More like Jesus when I pray,  
 More like Jesus day by day,  
 May I rest me by his side,  
 Where the tranquil waters glide,  
 Born of him through grace renewed,  
 By his love my will subdued,  
 Rich in faith I still would be—  
 Let my Saviour dwell in me.

## JESUS BY THE SEA.

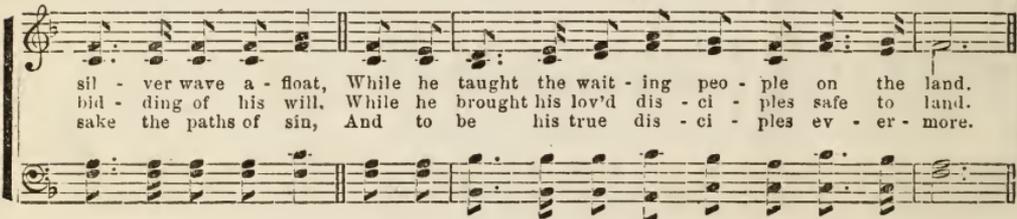
From "CHAPEL GEMS," by permission. G. F. ROOT.

*Reverentially.*


1. O I love to think of Je - sus as he sat be - side the sea ; Where the  
 2 O I love to think of Je - sus as he walk'd up - on the sea ; When the  
 3 O I love to think of Je - sus as he walk'd be - side the sea ; Where the

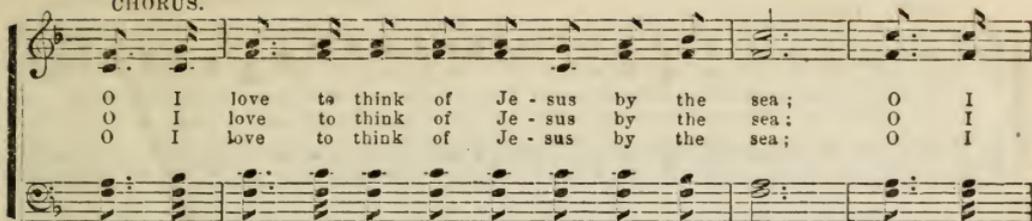


waves were on - ly murm'ring on the strand ; When he sat with - in the boat, on the  
 waves were roll - ing fear - ful - ly and grand ; How the winds and waves were still, at the  
 fish - ers spread their nets up - on the shore ; How he bade them fol - low him, and for

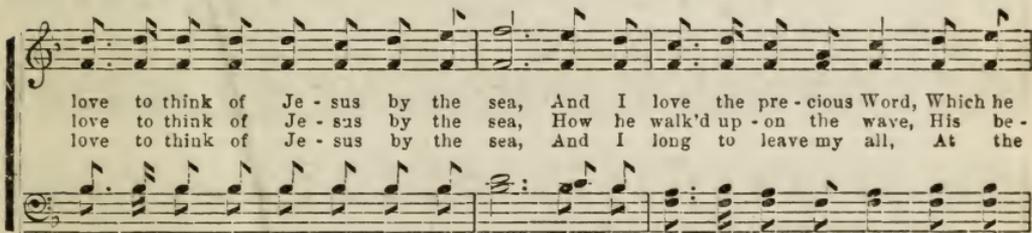


sil - ver wave a - float, While he taught the wait - ing peo - ple on the land.  
 bid - ding of his will, While he brought his lov'd dis - ci - ples safe to land.  
 sake the paths of sin, And to be his true dis - ci - ples ev - er - more.

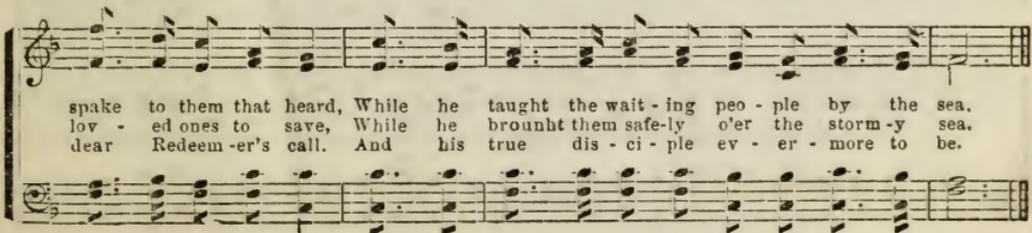
CHORUS.



O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea ; O I  
 O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea ; O I  
 O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea ; O I



love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I love the pre - cious Word, Which he  
 love to think of Je - sus by the sea, How he walk'd up - on the wave, His be -  
 love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I long to leave my all, At the



spake to them that heard, While he taught the wait - ing peo - ple by the sea,  
 lov - ed ones to save, While he brouhnt them safely o'er the storm - y sea.  
 dear Redeem - er's call. And his true dis - ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

## I WANT TO CROSS OVER.

From the "CASKET," by permission.

DUET. *Allegretto.*

1. O, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which our blest Saviour doth each one invite; 'Tis pre-  
2. 'Tis a land of rare beau - ty—a realm of delight, O'er-flowing with gladness, refulgent with light. Its

pared for the good and the pure and the blest, 'Tis o - ver the riv - er where the weary find rest.  
ver - dure ne'er withers, its flow - ers ne'er die, O, I long to cross o - ver with Jesus on high.

CHORUS.

O, I want to cross over, to dwell where he reigns, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains;

I want to be gathered with all the redeemed: Yes, over the riv - er where the fields are all green.

3.

There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;  
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;  
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,  
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green,  
O, I want to cross over, etc.

4.

'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,  
To reign with him ever, all happy and free,  
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,  
I'll cross the dark river,—bright angels will guide,  
O, want to cross over, etc.

THE GOLDEN THRONE.

From the "CASSET," by permission.

1. There is a place where an - gels dwell, There is a place where an - gels dwell,  
2. It takes a ve - ry.... hum - ble child, It takes a ve - ry.... hum - ble child,

CHO. Then al - ways go to the Sun - day school, Then al - ways go to the Sun - day school,

There is a place where an - gels dwell, 'Tis close by the gold - en throne  
It takes a ve - ry.... hum - ble child, To stand by the gold - en throne.

Then al - ways go to the Sun - day school, And learn the gold - en rule.

3 We'll mingle with the angels bright, &c.  
Around the golden throne.  
Then always, &c.

4 We'll wander by the river of life, &c.  
That flows from the golden throne.  
Then always, &c.

5 There's room enough for all to stand, &c.  
Around the golden throne.  
Then always, &c.

6 Dear parents will you meet us there, &c.  
Around the golden throne.  
Then always &c.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1st.

1 (Come, ral - ly round his standard, Our Saviour, King of kings, Whose world is life e - ternal, Whose To - geth - er in his vine - yard, We la - bor with de - light, We love to work for (Omit....

2d.

CHORUS.

arm sal - vation brings. ) Je - sus, He makes the way so bright. Then ral - ly for the school,

ral - ly for the school, The bles - sed, bles - sed Sun - day School, The light of hope, the

1st.

2d.

gate of love, That leads the soul to joy a - bove, joy a - bove.

1 Come rally round our standard,  
 A little pilgrim band;  
 We are going home to Canaan,  
 Our father's promised land;  
 Come with us on our journey,  
 And help us on our way,  
 We long to see our number  
 Increasing every day. *Cho.*

3 O, rally round our standard,  
 For volunteers we call—  
 O, rally round our standard,  
 There is a place for all;  
 Press on with zeal and courage,  
 And when our work is o'er,  
 A glowing crown awaits us,  
 Of joy for evermore. *Cho.*

WHO WAS IN THE MANGER LAID? JESUS.

Music by B. W. WILLIAMS.

SOLO. SOLO.

1. Who was in the manger laid? Je - sus. Who for mon - ey was betrayed? Jesus.  
 2 Who can hear us when we call? Je - sus. Who the dear - est friend of all? Jesus.

Who up Cal - va - ry was led? Who for us his life-blood shed? Jesus Christ, creation's head.  
 Who a - lone can do us good, When we're tossed on Jordan's flood? Jesus Christ, our risen Lord.

3 Who can rob the grave of gloom?  
 Jesus.  
 Who can raise us from the tomb?  
 Jesus.  
 When before the Judge we wait,  
 Who will open heaven's gate!  
 Jesus Christ, our Advocate,

4 Who will give us sweetest rest?  
 Jesus.  
 Whom in heaven shall we love best?  
 Jesus.  
 At his feet our crowns we fling,  
 While the rapturous song we sing,  
 Jesus Christ Saviour King.

## THE ANGELS' SONG.

1. There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose radiance fills the heav'ns a-

-bove; Shepherds heard a distant strain, Watching on Judea's plain, "Glory be to God, to men be peace and love."

## CHORUS.

Thro' the earth and thro' the sky Let the anthem ever fly, Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on high.

2 'Tis a song for children, too;  
To the Saviour 'tis their due:  
Let its grateful notes ascend to Him again;  
Join with angels in their song,  
And the heavenly strain prolong,  
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."  
Cho.—Through the earth, &c.

3 Soon around that throne may we  
With those happy angels be,  
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease;  
Mingling love with loftiest praise,  
Still the chorus there we'll raise,  
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."  
Cho.—Through the earth, &c.

# SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

25

Music by G. H. BATES, Arr. by A. CULL.

*Allegretto.* Quartette and Chorus



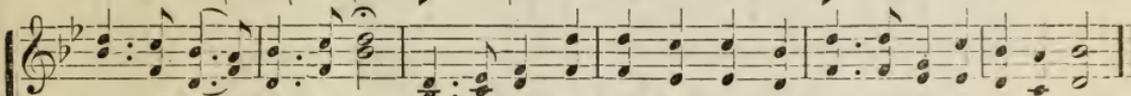
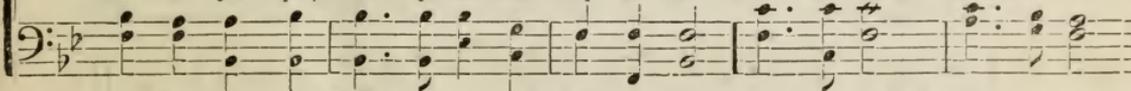
1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where in all the  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor When our storm - y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and  
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der ci - ty, Where the towers of crys - tal shine, Where the walls are



CHORUS



- bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
 cast the an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore? Shall we meet? Shall, &c.  
 all of jas - per, Built by workman - ship di - vine? Shall we meet? Shall, &c.



Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surges cease to roll?



- 4 Where the music of the ransomed 5 Shall we meet with many a loved one, 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
 Rolls its harmony around, That was torn from our embrace? When he comes to claim his own?  
 And creation swells the chorus, Shall we listen to their voices, Shall we know his blessed favor,  
 With its sweet melodious sound? *Cho* And behold them face to face? *Cho.* And sit down upon his throne? *Cho.*

## JESUS, WE THY LAMBS WOULD BE.

C. A. MARVEN.

GLIDING MOVEMENT—NOT TOO FAST.

1. Je - sus, we thy lambs would be, Humbly we would fol-low thee, Waiting for the

joyful day, When all care will pass away, When the reaping time shall come, And angels shout the

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

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

3 May we wait, and watch, and pray,  
For the coming of that day,  
When the wheat shall sifted be,  
And the chaff be driven from thee :  
When the reaping time, &c.

1. On the banks beyond the stream, Where the fields are always green, There's no night but  
 2. Flowers of fadeless beauty there, 'Trees of life with foliage rare. Fruits, the most in-  
 3. Soon from earth I'll soar a - way, To the realms of end-less day, Soon I'll join the

end-less day, There is where the an - gels stay. There's no sor - row, pain, nor fear,  
 -vit - ing grow, There is where I want to go. Hark! I hear the an - gels sing,  
 ransomed throng, Sing with them re - demp - tion's song. Pear - ly gates stand o - pen wide,  
 There is, There is where I want to go,

*pp Rit.* A TEMPO. *Stringendo.* *f*

There's no parting farewell tear, There's no cloud, no darkness there, All is bright, and clear, and fur.  
 Heavenly harpers on the wing, Through the air, and bid me rise, To the music of the skies.  
 Just beyond death's chilling tide, There my mansion bright I see, There the angels wait for me.

## BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Quartette or Semi-chorus.

11s &amp; 10s.

S. J. VAIL.

1 Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our dark-ness, and  
2 Say, shall we yield him in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom, and

lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,  
off - rings divine! Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the o - cean,

SOLO OR DUETT

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine? Vain-ly we of - fer each am-ple ob -

shining; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall: An-gels a-dore him, in  
 la-tion, Vain-ly with gold would his favors se-cure: Rich-er, by far, is the

*Full Chorus. (may be omitted.)*

slum-ber re-clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all! An-gels a-  
 hearts a-do-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor, Rich-er, by

dore him, in slumber re-clin-ing, As Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!  
 far, is the heart's a-doration; And dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

Words by W. K., from "Choral Hymn Book"

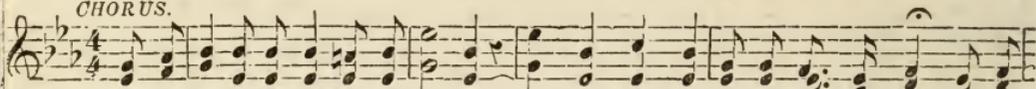
Music by S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. CULL.

## Duet.

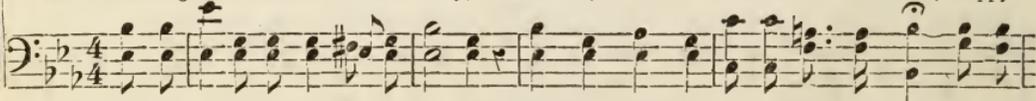


1. { What to me are earth's pleasures, And what its flowing tears? What are all the sorrows I deplore?  
There's a song ever swelling, still lingers on my ears; Oh, sorrow shall come again no more. }

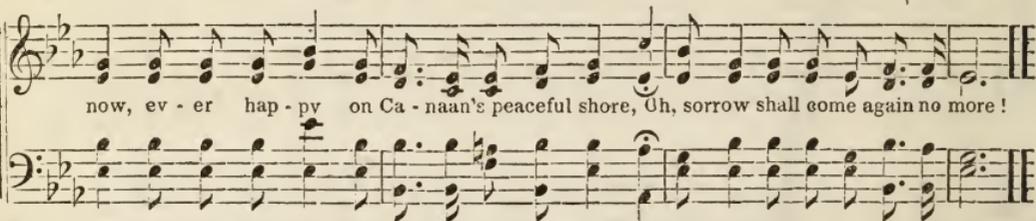
## CHORUS.



'Tis a song from the home of the weary, Sorrow, sorrow is for - ev - er o'er; Happy



now, ev - er hap - py on Ca - naan's peaceful shore, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!



2. I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;  
I court not this world's gilded store, [of day,  
There are voices now calling from the bright realms  
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!  
*Chorus.* 'Tis a song, &c.
3. Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my  
life away,  
With a lone heart still clinging to the shore,  
Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to say,  
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!  
*Chorus.* 'Tis a song, &c.
4. 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
'Tis a song that I've heard upon the shore;  
'Tis a sweet thrilling murmur around the Christian's  
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more! grave;  
*Chorus.* 'Tis a song, &c.
5. 'Tis the loud pealing anthem—the victor's holy  
song,  
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er;  
Where the saved ones forever, in joyous notes pro  
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more! long  
*Chorus.* 'Tis a song, &c.

\* By permission of FIRTH, POND &amp; Co.

# THANKS TO OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

31

IVES. 7s.

E. Ives, Jr. Beethoven Collection.

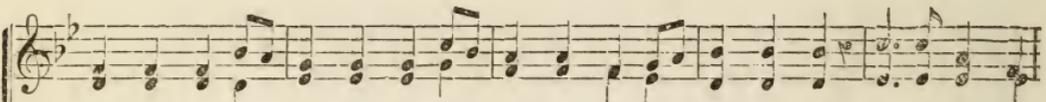
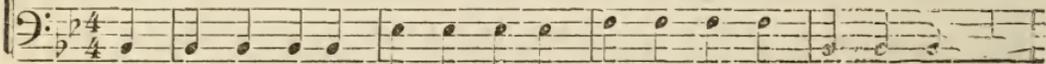
1. Fa-ther, hear ! to thee we raise Grateful songs and hymns of praise ; Let thy blessing on us rest,  
 2. Thou hast given us friends most dear ; Parents, teachers, lov'd ones here, Who for us both watch and pray,

With thy smile may we be blest. Thanks to Thee, our Fa-ther kind, The pro - vis - ion for the mind,  
 And would lead in the right way. Give us grace to hear thy voice, And may wisdom be our choice,

3 Lord ! be thou our guide through youth,  
 Lead us in the paths of truth ;  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Fit us for the realms of bliss.  
 Thou hast made and to us given In thy love, as rich as heaven.  
 On - ward press and upward move, Blessing all thy deeds of love.  
 Thus we hope to do thy will —  
 In the world our part fulfill ;  
 And when life's brief hour is o'er,  
 Meet in heaven and love Thee  
 more.



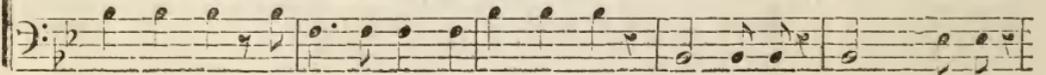
1. Come, O my soul, in joy - ous lays At - tempt thy great Re - deem - er's praise; But
2. Enthroned a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo ry like a gar - ment wear; And
3. Raised on de - vo - tion's lof - ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And



O what tongue can speak his fame, What verse can reach the lof - ty theme? Glory, glory  
 form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - - round him shine. Glory, &c.,  
 let his praise employ my tongue Till listening worlds shall join the song. Glory, &c.,



let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring, Ho - san - na! ho - - - san - na!



*Allegretto.*

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are: "Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God. Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heaven and earth with glo - ry ring, Ho - san - na! Ho - - - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God." The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the second system.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
Glory, glory, &c.
2. People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And youthful voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.  
Glory, glory, &c.
3. Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our KING;  
Angels ascend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.  
Glory, glory, &c.
1. ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
Through all the earth thy name is spread;  
And thine eternal glories rise  
Above the heavens thy hands have made.  
Glory, glory, &c.

2. Amidst thy temple children throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face;  
The Son of David is their song,  
And loud hosannas fill the place.  
Glory, glory, &c.
1. AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring  
To him who gave thee power to sing;  
Praise him who has all power above,  
The source of wisdom and of love.  
Glory, glory, &c.
2. Through each bright world above, behold  
Ten thousand, thousand charms unfold;  
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine  
To speak his wisdom all divine.  
Glory, glory, &c.
3. But in redemption, O what grace!  
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!  
Here wisdom shines forever bright;  
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.  
Glory, glory, &c.

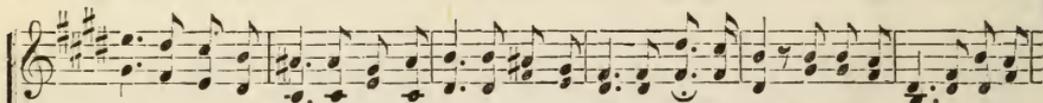
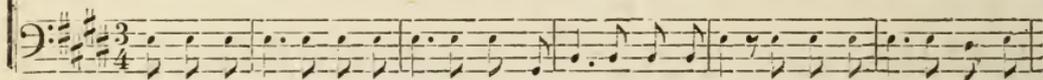
## CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS

Duet. Words by J. S. ADAMS.

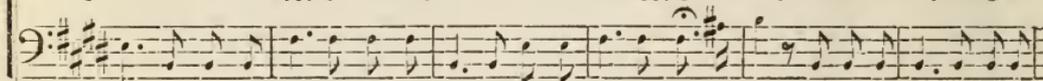
Music by CHEREY. Arr. by A. CULL.



1. In childhood's young and happy hours, I wander free o'er hill and plain; I gather bright and fragrant  
 2. I love these childhood's hours: they bring On every moment some new joy: Oh, who can half the rapture



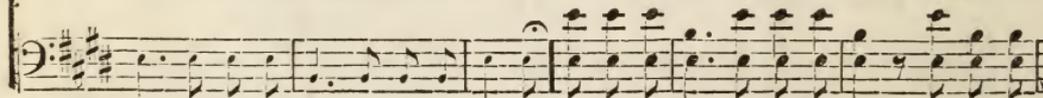
flowers. And love the sunshine and the rain, And love the sunshine and the rain. In every scene of nature  
 sing That crowns the happy girl and boy? That crowns the happy girl and boy? I see in every thing in



## CHORUS.



free, In garden and in forest wild, I look to God who blesses me, And thank him  
 life, A beauty on which God hath smiled, And turn from care, and toil, and strife, To thank him



Rall. Ad lib.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

that I am a child, I look to God, who blesses me, And thank him that I am, I am a child.  
 That I am a child, And turn from care, and toil, and strife, To thank him that I am, I am a child.

This beautiful tune may be sung to any long metre hymn.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. THE Sunday school, how dear to me!  
 Within thy walls I love to be;  
 Where, on the Sabbath day, we meet  
 In our accustomed class and seat.
2. 'Tis there that I am taught to read  
 God's holy word, and feel the need  
 Of quickening grace and pardoning love,  
 To fit me for yon heaven above.
3. 'Tis there that I am taught to pray,  
 And love God's holy Sabbath day;  
 To sing his praise and learn his will,  
 And all my duties to fulfil.
4. Oh, let my songs and praises rise,  
 Like grateful incense to the skies,  
 For that rich grace, so free, so full,  
 That brought me to the Sabbath school.

### HOW LITTLE THINGS INCREASE.

1. A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand  
 May plant upon an inch of land,  
 Whence twenty stalks might spring and yield  
 Enough to stock a little field.

2. The harvest of that field might then  
 Be multiplied to ten times ten,  
 Which sown twice more could furnish bread  
 Wherewith an army might be fed.
3. A penny is a little thing,  
 Which e'en a poor man's child may bring  
 Into the treasury of Heaven,  
 And make it worth as much as seven.
4. As seven! yea worth its weight in gold,  
 And *that* increased an hundred fold,  
 For lo! a penny tract, if well  
 Applied, may save a soul from hell.
5. That soul can scarce be saved alone,  
 It must, it will its bliss make known:  
 Come, it will cry, and you shall see,  
 What great things God hath done for me.
6. Hundreds that joyful sound shall hear,  
 Hear with the heart as well as ear;  
 And these to thousand more proclaim  
 Salvation in the only name.

## JOY-BELLS

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD

Music by HENRY TUCKER. By permission:

*Joyfully, rather quick.*

1. Joy-bells ring - ing, Children sing - ing. Fill the air with mu - sic sweet; Jo - cund mea - sure,  
2. Joy-bells ring - ing, Children sing - ing, Hark! their voices loud and clear, Breaking o'er us.

## CHORUS.

Guileless pleasure, Make the chain of song complete. Joy - bells! joy - bells! Nev - er, nev - er  
Like a cho - rus. From a pur - er happier sphere. Joy - bells! &c.

*Very soft.*

cease your ringing; Children! children Nev - er, nev - er cease your singing: List, list, the

*Loud.**Soft.**Very loud.*

song that swells, Joy - bells! joy - bells! List, list, the song that swells, Joy - bells! joy - bells!

3 Earth seems brighter,  
Heart grows lighter,  
As the jocund melody  
Charms our sadness  
Into gladness,  
Pealing, pealing joyfully.  
Joy-bells! etc.

4 Joy-bells nearer,  
Sound, and clearer,  
When the heart is free from care,  
Skies are cheering,  
And we're hearing  
Joy-bells ringing everywhere.  
Joy-bells! etc.

## LEAD THEM TO THEE.

R. LOWRY.

*Slow.*

1. Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gavest me,

O, by thy love divine, Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them, Lead them, Lead them to thee.

2 When earth looks bright and fair,  
Festive and gay,  
Let no delusive snare  
Lure them astray;  
But from temptation's power,  
Lead them, my God, to thee,  
Lead them to thee.

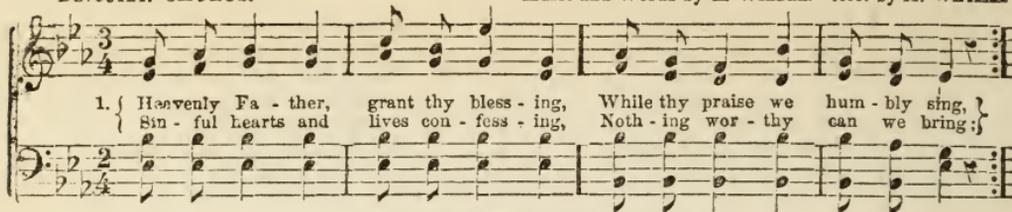
3 E'en for such little ones,  
Christ came a child,  
And through this world of sin  
Moved undefiled;  
O, for his sake I pray,  
Lead them, my God, to thee,  
Lead them to thee.

4 Yea, though my faith be dim,  
I would believe  
That thou this precious gift  
Wilt now receive;  
O, take their young hearts now  
Lead them, my God, to thee,  
Lead them to thee.

## HEAVENLY FATHER GRANT THY BLESSING.

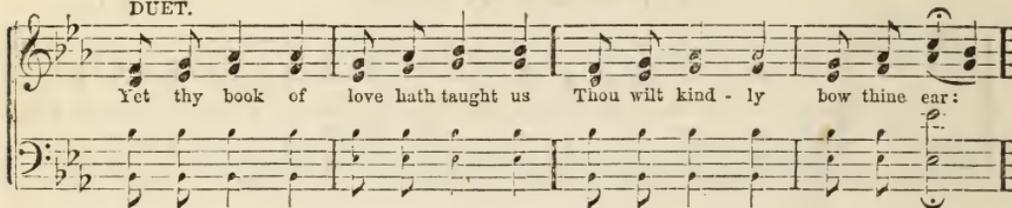
DEVOTELY. CHORUS.

Music and Words by L. WILDER. Arr. by H. WATERB.



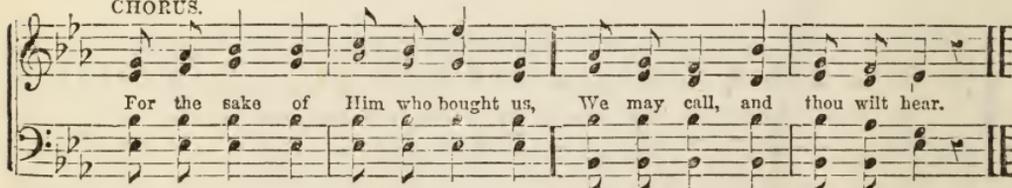
1. { Heavenly Fa - ther, grant thy bless - ing, While thy praise we hum - bly sing, }  
Sin - ful hearts and lives con - fess - ing, Noth - ing wor - thy can we bring.;

DUET.



Yet thy book of love hath taught us Thou wilt kind - ly bow thine ear:

CHORUS.



For the sake of Him who bought us, We may call, and thou wilt hear.

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

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

# JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

39

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee; }  
 Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my All shalt be. }  
 D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heavens are still my own.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; *D. C.*

2. Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour, too:  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou are not, like them untrue;  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
3. Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring no sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
 Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?
5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## "I'LL AWAKE AT DAWN."

From "S. S. Minstrel."

1. I'll a - - - wake at dawn on the Sab - - bath day, For 'tis  
 2. Birds a - - - wake be - - - times, ev - - - ery morn they sing, None are  
 3. When the sum - - mer's sun wakes the flowers a - - - gain, They the

wrong to doze ho - ly time a - - way; With my les - - son learned this shall  
 tar - - dy there, when the woods do ring; So when Sun - day comes, this shall  
 call o - - - bey—none are tar - - dy then; Nor will I for - - get that it

be my rule, Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath School.  
 be my rule, Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath School.  
 is my rule, Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath School.

# HOW PRECIOUS THE DYING OF SAINTS.

41

Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER.

Music by J. R. OSGOOD.

1. How precious the dying of saints to the Lord, Who waits to receive them on high; A. 1  
 2. To pilgrims, long wearied and sorely oppressed, Death comes as a precious boon given; A. 1

they, with sweet rapture, attend thy glad word, And pant for their home in the sky, And they, &c., And  
 sweet are the accents which call to the rest, Prepared for the weary in Heaven! And sweet are, &c, Pro-

pant for their home in the sky, And they, with sweet rapture, attend the glad word. And pant, &c.  
 Prepared for the weary in Heaven! And sweet are the accents which call to the rest, Prepared, &c.

3. The old and the young he enfolds in his arms,  
 Unheeding the pleadings of love;  
 But lo' to the righteous he opens those charms,  
 Immortal and fadeless above'

4. Then, let us, rejoicing in Faith, ever sing,  
 "I would not live always below;" [wings,  
 Since Death plumes for Heaven with angels' bright  
 I'm long, yea, panting, to go!

## WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

From "LITTLE SUNBEAM." By permission.  
Marching time.

W. H. DOANE.

1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair ; They are sowing seed in the noon-day's glare ; They are

CHORUS.  
sowing seed in the soft twilight ; They are sowing their seed in the solemn night. What shall the harvest

*Repeat softly.*  
be ? . . . . What shall the harvest be ? . . . . What shall the harvest be ? What shall the harvest be ?

2 They are sowing their seed of word and deed,  
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed ;  
O ! the gentle word, and the kindest deed,  
That have blest the sad heart in its sorest need.  
CHO.—Sweet shall the harvest be, etc.

3 Some are sowing the seed of noble deed,  
With a sleepless watch, and an earnest heed ;  
With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow,  
And the fields are all whitening where'er they go.  
CHO.—Rich will the harvest be, etc.

4 And there's many yet standing with idle hands,  
Still they're scattering seed throughout the land,  
And some who are sowing the seeds of care,  
With their soil, long has borne, and it still must bear.  
CHO.—Sad will the harvest be, etc.

5 Whether sown in the darkness or sown in light ;  
Whether sown in weakness or sown in might ;  
Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath,  
In the broadest highway or shadowy path,  
CHO.—Sure will the harvest be, etc.

# WE'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO SEEK THE LORD.

43

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by K. LOWRY.

1. If we are old enough to sin, Or do some wrong each day, We're not too young to  
 CHO. We're not too young to seek the Lord, And not too young to pray, The blessed Sa- viour

seek the Lord, And not too young to pray; When bless- ed Je- sus on the earth, A  
 calls us now To give our hearts a - way.

suffer- ing man did roam, He, tak- ing child- ren in His arms, Said, "Suffer them to come." D. C.

2 We're not too young to seek the Lord,  
 When we know right from wrong,  
 When we can read His holy word,  
 And sing our Sabbath song;  
 To love our faithful teachers well,  
 And love our Sabbath school,  
 We're not too young to serve the Lord,  
 And mind the golden rule.  
 We're not too young, &c.

4 When sore temptations lure our feet,  
 We'll early seek His grace,  
 We're not too young to go to heaven,  
 And see his shining face;  
 We've joined the army of the skes,  
 And helped its ranks to fill,  
 And now we're gladly marching on,  
 Up Zion's holy hill.  
 We're not too young, &c.

## LET US PRAY.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Oft the soul to hea - ven ris - es, Leav - ing toil, and pain, and

care, Upward to the world of glo - ry, On the wings of faith and prayer. In the

crowded congre - gation, On the ho - ly Sabbath day, Like a peace-ful ben - e -

CHORUS. *Chanting style.*

diction, Comes the sentence "let us pray." Blessed Father, make us ho-ly, Give us

grace we humbly cry, Keep us, Lord, from all temptation, And recieve us when we die.

2 Bowing low before the Saviour,  
 Lifting up the longing heart,  
 Shedding tears of sweet contrition,  
 Oh, what joy will this impart;  
 In the closet—at the altar,  
 Or along the great high way:  
 Oft the still small voice will whisper,  
 In soft accents, *let us pray.*  
 Blessed Father, etc.

3 When life's fleeting dream is ended,  
 And all sin and sorrow's o'er,  
 We shall join the saints immortal,  
 Praising God on Canaan's shore,  
 For the tender love of Jesus,  
 To be with us day by day,  
 For the blessed Holy Spirit,  
 He has promised, *let us pray.*  
 Blessed Father, etc.

## BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.\*

ANDANTE EXPRESSIVO.

Music by I. B. WOODBURY, Arr. by H. WATERS.

1. Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fondly as  
2. Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow May tra - ees of sor - row be

he? He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And  
seen; Oh well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For

joined in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy father for  
lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re - mem - ber thy mother— for

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME. CONCLUDED. 47

INST.

now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His  
thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With

Ad lib.

footsteps are feeble, once fear - less and bold, Thy father is passing a - way.  
accents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark valley of death.

3. Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,  
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,  
If the dew of affection be gone.  
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,  
The love of a brother shall be  
An ornament purer and richer by far  
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister—not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love;  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above.  
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,  
Be kind to thy mother so near;  
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,  
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

\* By permission of O. DITSON and Co. Boston.

## "IN THAT HAPPY LAND."

FROM "LITTLE SUNBEAM," by per. Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

May be sung as a Duet the first time.

1. We are trav'ling home to heaven a - bove, Will you go with us? We are trav'ling home to  
 2. Dear companions will you go with us, Will you go with us? Dear companions will you

## CHORUS.

heaven a - bove, Will you go with us? O that's the heav'n I'm longing for, That's the heav'n I love  
 go with us, To that happy land? O that's, &c.

O, that's the heav'n I'm longing for, That's the heav'n for me.

3 Dear parents will you go with us,  
 Will you go with us,  
 Dear parents will you go with us,  
 To that happy land?  
 O, that's, etc.

4 Let us meet, dear children, in that land,  
 In that happy land;  
 Let us meet, dear children, in that land,  
 In that happy land.  
 O, that's etc.

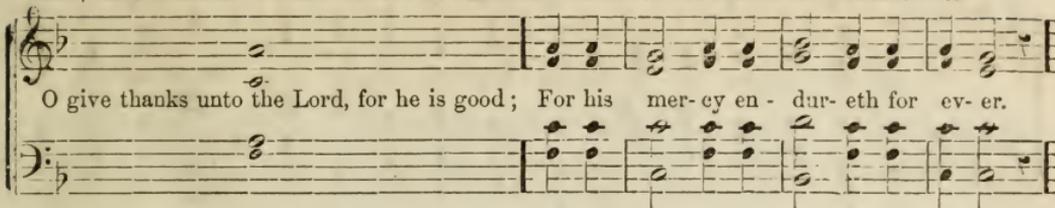
5 Let us meet, dear parents, in that land,  
 In that happy land;  
 Let us meet, dear parents, in that land,  
 In that happy land.  
 O, that' etc,

6 Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
 Will you go with us?  
 Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
 Will you go with us?  
 O, that's, etc.

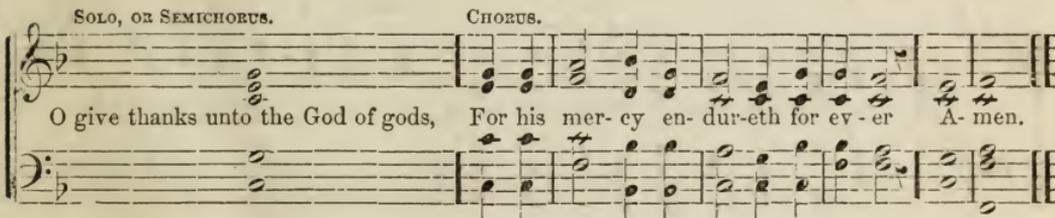
# O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD. Chant.

49

SOLO, OR SEMICHOBUS. SUPERINTENDANT OR TEACHERS. CHORUS BY THE SCHOOL AND CONGREGATION.



O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy endureth for ever.



SOLO, OR SEMICHOBUS. CHORUS.  
O give thanks unto the God of gods, For his mercy endureth for ever Amen.

## PSALM 136.

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;                 | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 2. O give thanks unto the God of gods;                          | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;                        | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 4. To him who alone doth great wonders;                         | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens;                      | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 6. To him that stretcheth out the earth above the waters;       | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 7. To him that made great lights;                               | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night; | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 9. Who remembered us in our low estate;                         | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 10. And hath redeemed us from our enemies;                      | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 11. Who giveth food to all flesh;                               | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 12. O give thanks unto the God of heaven:                       | CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. |

By permission of W. B. Bradbury.

Amen.

## CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY, MOTHER.\*

Words by a Lady at the Rensselaer Street Mission, Albany.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Call the children ear - ly, mother, While the birds do sing, While the dew is

DUET.  
on the flow - ers Which by the hill - side spring, Oft repeat the waking word,

CHORUS.  
Till they rise to praise the Lord, Oft repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord.

2. Call the children early, father,  
While the dew is on,  
Great the work that must be done  
Before the morning's gone;  
Call them round the altar bright,  
On which burns devotion's light,  
Call them round the altar, &c.

3. Call the children early, teacher,  
From the paths of vice;  
Every Sabbath day set forth,  
The pearl of richest price:  
Call them early to the Lord,  
Thou shalt reap a rich reward,  
Call them early, &c.

4. Call the children early, shepherd,  
Give the lambs thy care;  
See that they are folded safe  
Within the house of prayer.  
Call them at the dawn of day  
Lead them in the narrow way,  
Call them at the dawn, &c.

\* By permission of FISK POND & Co.

# WHEN ON EARTH OUR DEAR REDEEMER.

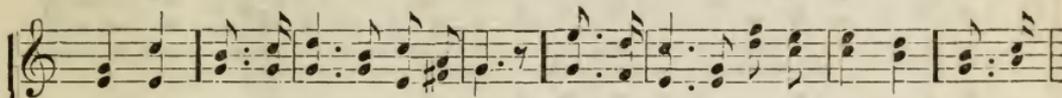
51

SPRIGHTLY.

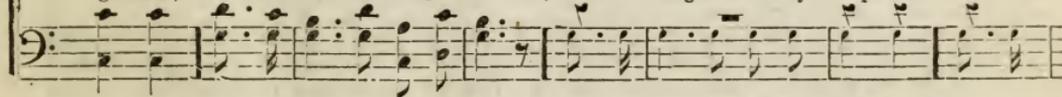
Words and Music by J. R. OSBORN.



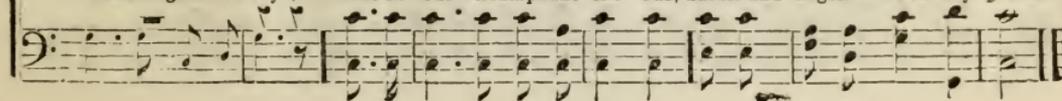
- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. When on earth our dear Redeem-er, Made his home with sinful man :       | Though his grace was oft re - |
| 2. Earn-est sought thy Jesus' presence, Earnest urged their suit of love ; | Plead-ing, Saviour bless our  |
| 3. "Suf-fer ye the lit-tle children, Let them ear-ly seek my grace,        | Know ye not their an-gels     |
| 4. Dearest Saviour, I would love thee, Thou thy love bestow on me ;        | Make me clean from all trans- |



- - ject-ed, None e'er sought that grace in vain ;	Some there were who sought his blessing, On their
dear ones, Let them thy sweet mercies prove ;	Stern dis-ci-ples, round him gathered, Bade them
ev-er Gaze up-on my Father's face ;	In His arms He did en-fold them, Gen-tly
- - gression, Meet to dwell in heaven with thee ;	Then in songs of ho-ly rap-ture Will I



children dear to rest, Knowing well, this boon possess-ing, They were rich-ly, tru-ly blest.
from his presence flee ; Je-sus turning, straight rebuked them, Saying "let them come to me."
pressing to His breast, And with words of heavenly kindness, Lulled their rising fears to rest.
chant in glorious rays, While in our triumphant cho-rus, Saints and angels swell thy praise.



## THE BEAUTIFUL SOULS ABOVE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

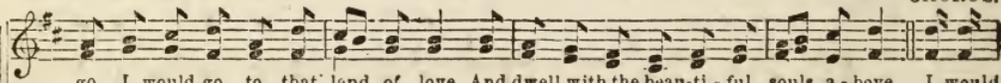
Music by Mrs. E. A. PARKHURST.



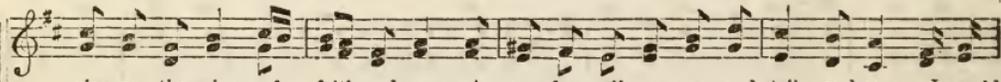
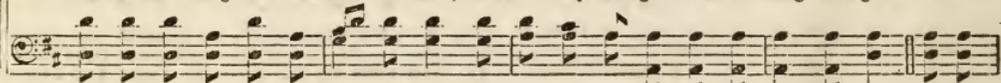
1. There are beau-ti - ful souls in the world of light, Who have robes of beauty and crowns of light ; I would  
 2. Oh ! these beautiful souls they have loved the Lord, They have lived by faith in His Holy Word ; They have



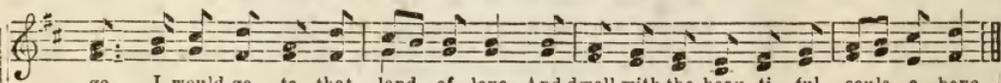
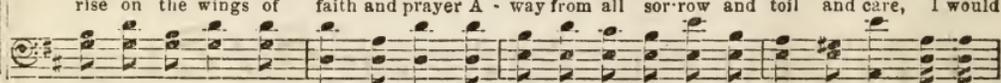
## CHORUS.



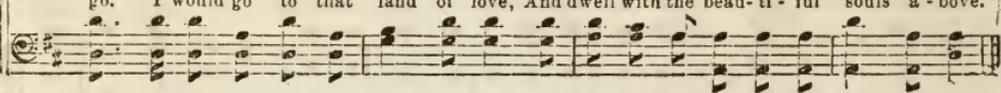
go, I would go to that land of love, And dwell with the beau-ti - ful souls a - bove. I would  
 washed all their garments as white as snow, And now they have gone where I long to go.



rise on the wings of faith and prayer A - way from all sor - row and toil and care, I would



go. I would go to that land of love, And dwell with the beau-ti - ful souls a - bove.



2 All these souls are the ones that the Saviour meant, 4 Oh, what beautiful souls we may have within,  
 When He said, unto you is my spirit sent, If we seek the Saviour and keep from sin.  
 For whoever would fain my disciple be And the angels will bear us on wings of love,  
 Must take up his cross and then follow me. *Cho.* To dwell with the beautiful souls above. *Cho*

COME TO JESUS EVEN NOW.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by W. H. DOANE.  
 CHORUS.

1, (Je-sus said I'll glad-ly suf-fer Little ones to come to me,) Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus,  
 (For their precious souls I of-fer My own blood to set them free.)

He from sin will set you free, Come to Je-sus. Come to Je-sus, He from sin will set you free.

2 Once with loving arms he held them  
 Folded in his fond embrace,  
 And he said for such, a kingdom  
 Is prepared, by heavenly grace.  
 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus even now.

8 Come, ere noon-tide sun effaces  
 Morning's freshness from your brow,  
 me, receive his warm embraces,

Come to Jesus, even now.  
 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus, even now.

4 Oh, there'll be a glorious meeting  
 When the angels bid us come.  
 Through the pearly gates to greet him,  
 In his bright, celestial home.  
 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.  
 Come, and heaven shall be your home

## THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1. To the fair shores of E - den, My soul longs to fly; And to

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

drink from the fountain That nev - er runs dry; Where the an - gels are sing - ing The

The second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and then a quarter note A4. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

same precious sto - ry; That will ev - er resound through the bright hills of glo - ry.

The third and final system of musical notation. The treble clef staff concludes the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and then a quarter note E4. The bass clef staff concludes the accompaniment with a final chord.

## CHORUS.

O take me my Sa - vour, To join the hap - py song, In the

bright hills of glo - ry, Where the an - gels belong, bright hills of glory Where an - gels belong.

2 Oh! what visions of beauty  
 Will burst on my sight;  
 As I enter the mansions  
 Of heavenly delight;  
 How the loved ones will greet me  
 From life's troubled story,  
 And will welcome me home  
 To the bright hills of glory!  
 Cho. Oh take me, &c.

3 Pray tell me ye watchmen  
 Who stand at the gate,  
 How long must I linger  
 In sorrow—and wait?  
 When I hear the sweet angels  
 Rehearsing the story,  
 And my spirit is longing  
 For the bright hills of glory!  
 Cho. Oh take me, &c.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING.

CHEERFULLY.

Words by M. Music by HENRY TUCKER.

1st time Semi-Chorus, 2d time full Chorus.

1. Christmas bells are ringing, ringing, O'er the land tri - umphant - ly; Children's voi - ces  
 2. Soft the world lay dreaming, dreaming, On the morning of his birth; Its pure snow veil  
 3. Angel hymns are pealing, pealing, Thro' the depths of yonder sky; Ransomed saints are

CRO. Christmas bells are ringing, ringing, O'er the land tri - umphant - ly; Children's voi - ces

*F.ve. DUET.*

singing, singing, Sound a joyous ju - bi - lee. 'Tis the day the wondrous sign,  
 gleaming, gleaming, When the Christ-child came on earth. He's the priceless pearl we hail,  
 kneeling, kneeling, Kneeling at the throne on high. With grateful voi - ces come we now,

singing, singing, Sound a joyous ju - bi - lee.

*Rit.* *D. C.*

Broke the wise men's calm repose; Newly robed in rays divine, The Star of Bethlehem arose.  
 Sent us from a Father's hand; A fount of life that shall not fail, A rock in a weary land.  
 Come, both heart and hand to lift; Lord of Life, to thee we bow, And thank thee for thy gift.

**SABBATH BELLS ARE RINGING, RINGING.**

1. SABBATH bells are ringing, ringing,  
Like soft voices, in the air,  
Of the angels, winging, winging,  
To the sacred house of prayer.  
'T is the day of holy rest,  
When the world, with all its care,  
Shall not rule the anxious breast;  
God reigns triumphant there.  
*Chorus*—Sabbath bells, &c.
2. Children's voices, pealing, pealing,  
Are the echoes of their souls;  
When they worship, kneeling, kneeling,  
In their pleasant Sabbath schools.  
There the child, in humble trust,  
Lisps the blessed Saviour's name;  
There the teacher, bowed in dust,  
The cross his only claim.—*Chorus.*
3. Light from heaven beaming, beaming,  
Breaks in glory on the soul;  
Hope in beauty, gleaming, gleaming,  
Cheers the children's Sunday school.  
Light and hope, and faith and love,  
Peace and joy are their reward;  
Heavenly blessings from above,  
For children of the Lord.—*Chorus.*

G. W. BUNGAY.

**SPRING BUDS SWEET ARE BLOOMING.**

1. SPRING-BUDS sweet are blooming, blooming,  
Fragrant spice-breath of the flowers,  
Spilled on cool winds, booming, booming,  
Drumming up the summer showers,  
Now foretell a plenteous year;  
Overflowing to the brim,  
May it bring God's loved ones near  
His throne to worship him.  
*Chorus*—Spring-buds sweet, &c.  
Storm-winds loud are calling, calling,  
On the sobbing clouds to come;  
Autumn leaves are falling, falling,  
And the partridge taps her drum,

Soon the autumn of our days  
Tinges life with soberness;  
May it mellow in His rays,  
The Sun of Righteousness.—*Chorus.*

3. Winter's cold is stinging, stinging,  
All the life it touches there;  
While the winds are flinging, flinging,  
Snow-flakes on the drifted hair.  
But there is a land above,  
Where will reign perpetual spring,  
Light of God's unchanging love,  
Beneath his sheltering wing.—*Chorus.*

G. W. BUNGAY.

**WILD BIRDS NOW ARE SINGING, SINGING.**

A SONG FOR PIC-NICS.

1. WILD birds now are singing, singing,  
In the woodlands, green and fair;  
Wood-notes now are ringing, ringing,  
From the tree-tops in the air.  
Sweet bird of the dusky wing,  
And the swelling breast of flame,  
When we hear thy sweet notes ring,  
Our praise is put to shame.  
*Chorus*—Wild birds now, &c.
2. Flowers here are clinging, clinging,  
To the rude rocks in the dell;  
They are kissed by springing, springing,  
Wavelets from the woodland well.  
As the sweet flowers breathe their balm  
On the crystal atmosphere,  
So the perfume of our psalm  
Shall sweeten offerings here.—*Chorus.*
3. Sunlight here is streaming, streaming,  
From the fountains in the sun,  
Blending here its beaming, beaming,  
Light with shadows as they run.  
Braiding thus the light and shade,  
Underneath the quivering leaves;  
So our chequered life is made,  
Where sun and shadow weaves — *Chorus.*

G. W. BUNGAY.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O, how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; Where I may rest from  
 2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; And tra - vel in the  
 3. Thy shining walls by faith I see, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; The mansions fair pre

sor - row free, Beau - ti - ful hom a - bove; With - in the gold - en gates of light, Ar -  
 toil - some way, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; My wea - ry feet are bruised and sore, But  
 pared for me, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; O, let me keep my long - ing eyes, In -

rayed in gar - ments pure and white, I'll walk with an - gels fair and bright,  
 Je - sus' feet were bruised be - fore, To bring me to the o - pen door  
 tent - ly fixed up - on the prize, Till an - gels bear me to the skies,

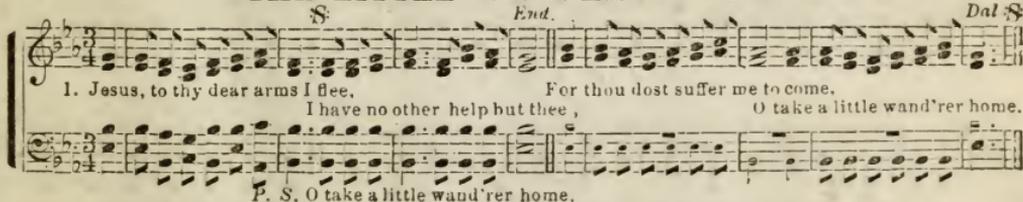
CHORUS.



In my home a - bove. Beau-ti - ful home a - bove, Beau - ti - ful home a -  
 To my home a - bove.  
 In my home a - bove.

bove, O, come, and take me, Sa - viour, come, I love my beau - ti - ful home.

THE LITTLE WANDERER. L. M.



*S.* *End.* *Dal. S.*

1. Jesus, to thy dear arms I flee, For thou dost suffer me to come.  
 I have no other help but thee, O take a little wand'rer home.

P. S. O take a little wand'rer home.

- 2 Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,  
 I'll follow thee and never fear;  
 From thy dear fold I would not roam,  
 O take a little wanderer home.
- 3 Jesus, I cannot see thee here,  
 Yet still I know thou'rt very near.

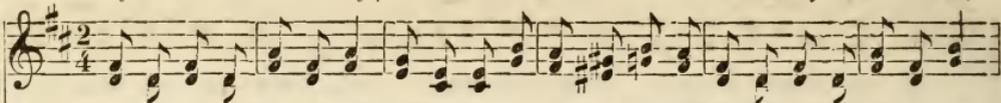
- O say my sins are all forgiven,  
 And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.
- 4 And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,  
 O be thou ever, ever mine,  
 And let me never, never roam  
 From thee, the little wanderer's home

## CHRISTMAS CHIMES. A Carol.

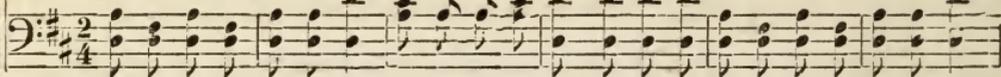
Words by FANNY CROSBY.

By permission of the author.

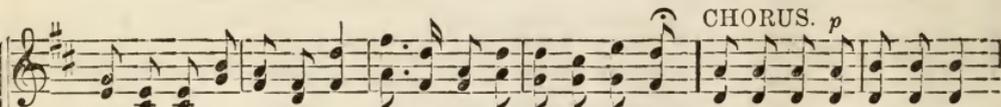
Music by HENRY TUCKER.



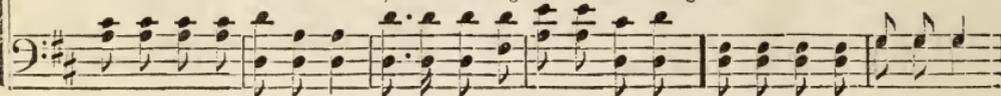
1. Christmas Chimes, sweet Christmas Chimes; Merry peals of mu - sic ring - ing, Mem'ries bright of old - en times,  
 2. Cra - dled in a man - ger bed, While a star its vig - il keep - ing. Beams of ten - der beau - ty shed,  
 3. Christmas Chimes, sweet Christmas Chimes; Telling still the joy - ful ex - ce - pt — heard in fair As - sy - rian chimes.



To the soul with rapture bringing, When the infant Saviour's birth Angels choirs with crowns descending  
 Lo! the infant Saviour sleeping — Years have winged their rapid flight Still that orb celestial burning,  
 Waft - ed from the land of glory — Christmas eve has come again; Earth and sky in concert blending,



Carol'd to the wond'ring earth; O'er the plains of Judah bending. Thus the lof - ty chorus ran:  
 Pours a flood of golden light, O'er this hallowed light returning.  
 Sound a - loft the welcome strain, From the angel choir descending.



*cres.*

Peace on earth, good will to men, Glo-ry in the highest be, Great Cre-a-tor, Lord to thee.

REFRAIN.

*cres.*

Hark! the mer-ry, merry, merry chimes; Hark! the mer-ry, merry, merry chimes

Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! the mer-ry chimes.

Glo-ry in the Highest be, Great Cre-a-tor Lord to thee. Great Cre-a-tor. Lord to thee.

## WE ARE GOING.

Music by HENRY TURNER.

1. We are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing To a land where all is light: Where are flow-ing, flow-ing,  
 2. We are sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing As we joy-ful pass a-long; Hear the ring-ing, ring-ing,  
 3. We are pray-ing, pray-ing, praying For the sin-ners all a-round, Who are stray-ing, stray-ing,  
 4. Thus while years are fleet-ing, fleet-ing, Pace we on with prayer and song, Hast-ing to the meet-ing,

DUO.

flow-ing Liv-ing wa-ters, pure and bright, Here we learn re-demption's sto-ry, Here we  
 ring-ing Of our glad, tri-umph-ant song Hap-pi-ness our hearts is swell-ing As we  
 stray-ing In a mis-e-ry pro-found. We are long-ing to be-hold them Tread with  
 meet-ing Of the blood-washed, ransomed throng. Je-sus, Sav-iour, leave us nev-er, Help us

CHORUS.

seek our Saviour's grace; There we shall be-hold his glo-ry, Wor-ship-ing be-fore his face.  
 ev-er up-ward tend, And we can-not cease from telling Of our precious, heavenly Friend.  
 us the heavenly road; In our arms we would enfold them, As we jour-ney home to God.  
 faith-ful still to prove; Then at home with thee for-ev-er, May we gath-ered be a-bove.

# IN THE ROSY LIGHT.

Music by HENRY TUCKER. 63

## Semi-Chorus.

1. In the ro - sy light of the morning bright Lift the voice of praise on high : From the lips of youth to the  
 2. Let his praise be spread for the Lamb who bled To deliver us from woe ; He endured the cross, the dis -  
 3. On the cross he hung, for the old and young. But he loves the children best : To his arms we'll fly, on his  
 4. Now ex - alt - ed high, o'er the earth and sky, He delights in mer - cy still, Bends his gracious ear our re -

## CHORUS.

God of truth,	Let the joy - ful	ech - oes	fly.	Sing praises, glad praises,
- grace, the	loss, Let his praise for -	ev - er	flow.	Sing praises, &c.
- grace re - ly,	And se - cure his	prom - ised	rest.	Sing praises, &c.
- quests to hear,	And our long - ing	souls to	fill.	Sing praises, &c.

Sing, children sing, Let your songs arise to the lof - ty skies And ex - ult in God our King.

## AS FLOWS THE RAPID RIVER.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Music by J. R. OSGOOD.

*Prompt*

1. As flows the ra - pid ri - ver, With chan - nel broad and free, Its waters rippling  
 2. As moons are ev - er wan - ing, As hastes the sun a - way, As stormy winds com -  
 3. Say, hath thy heart its trea - sure Laid up in worlds a - bove? And is it all thy

ev - er, And hast' - ning to the sea: So, life is on - ward flow - ing, And  
 - - plain - ing, Brings on the win - try day: So, fast the night comes o'er us - The  
 pleas - ure, Thy God to serve and love? Be - ware! lest death's dark riv - er, Its

days of offered peace; And man is swift - ly go - ing, Where calls of mer - cy cease.  
 darkness of the grave; And death is just be - fore us, God takes the life he gave.  
 bil - lows o'er thee roll, And thou la - ment for ev - er The ru - in of thy soul.

# CAROL.

65

Words by J. P. W.

Adapted and arranged from an Italian Melody by J. P. WILLIAMS.

SOLO.

DUETT.

1. The mer-ry bells are ring-ing. Christmas morn, The joyful news re-peat-ing. Christmas morn

CHORUS.

To us a child is born, The blessed Son of Mary, The Lord of life and glory. On Christ-mas morn.

- 2 The angel chorus singing  
 Christmas morn,  
 On earth their notes resounding,  
 Christmas morn.  
 Glory to God on high,  
 Good will to men and peace  
 Now begin and never cease,  
 On Christmas morn.
- 3 The Eastern star is shining,  
 Christmas morn,  
 The wise men's footsteps guiding,  
 Christmas morn,  
 To Bethlehem's holy shrine,  
 Where within a holy manger  
 Is laid the heavenly stranger  
 On Christmas morn.

- 4 With them we'll kneel adoring  
 Christmas morn,  
 The Lord on earth appearing  
 Christmas morn.  
 The Prince, the mighty God,  
 Oh, come, and let us worship  
 At his feet with lowly spirit  
 On Christmas morn.
- Oh! join the angel chorus  
 Christmas morn,  
 In carol sweet and joyous.  
 Christmas morn.  
 To us a Son is given,  
 Let the earth repeat the story,  
 "Glory in the highest!" glory  
 On Christmas morn.

DUET—*Not too fast*

1ST. | 2D. REFRAIN.

1 ( Pressing onward, looking up - ward.... To the land of... light; Crown o.  
 1 ( Waiting for a crown of glo - ry..... Set with jew - els..... ) bright.  
 2 ( From the world of peace and beau - ty, Angels look - ing down;  
 2 ( Gladly cheer the earthly pil - grim Waiting for the..... ) crown.

vic - to - ry! crown of beauty! We can bear the cross of du - ty. And defy the world with it.

*Ritard.*

dark frown, Waiting for a crown, Waiting for a crown.

3 Thro' the clouds of woe it sparkles  
 Softly down to earth.  
 Filling all our hearts with longing  
 For the heavenly birth.  
 Crown of victory, etc.

4 Let its bright, celestial glory,  
 All your sorrow drown;  
 Cheer up, Christian, while you tarry  
 Waiting for the crown.  
 Crown of victory, etc.

# SAY, BROTHERS, WILL YOU MEET US.

C7

From "LEE AVENUE CASKET." By permission.

Arr. by FRANKLIN H. LUMMES.

1. { *Girls.* Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
 { *Boys.* By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll meet you,

*Full Chor.* Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah,

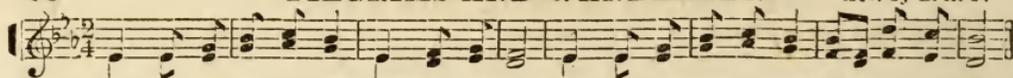
Say... brothers, will you meet us, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore. }  
 By the grace of God we'll meet you, Where part-ing is no more. }

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, For ev-er, ev-er-more.

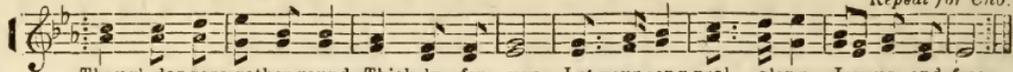
2.

**GIRLS.**—Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
 -On Canaan's happy shore.

**Boys.**—Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
 For ever, evermore.  
*Chor.* Glory, &c.



1. Brethren and sis - ters dear, Journey - ing home, Press thro' earth's wilderness, Cheerful - ly on ;  
Repeat for Cho.



Though dangers gather round, Thick-ly for you, Let your song peal along, Joyous and free.  
Cuo. Pil - grims and wander - ers, Here though we roam, Earthly storms cannot harm, Heav'n is our home.

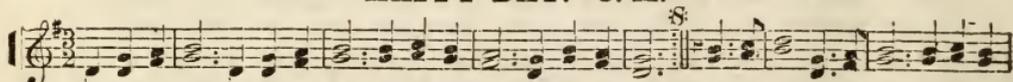
2 Earth hath her pleasures sweet,  
Luring us here,  
Loved friends most fondly greet,  
Friends that are dear.  
Yet though their forms we love,  
We ne'er will stray,  
Press we on—nearer home—  
Home far away. *Cho.*

3 Worthies have passed before,  
Heavenward they trod,  
And we will follow on,  
Trusting in God.

Bright crowns of glory now  
On high they wear,  
By their side let us sit—  
Jesus is there. *Cho.*

4 There the redeemed we'll meet  
Nearer the throne,  
There the Redeemer greet,  
Glorious One!  
Deep-toned our songs shall swell,  
Where angels love,  
With delight—clothed in white,  
Far--far above. *Cho.*

### HAPPY DAY. C. M.



1 (O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
(Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.) Happy day, happy day, When Jesus  
END. D. S.



washed my sins away ; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day.

2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love ;  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move. *Cho.*

3 'Tis done the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's and he is mine ,

He drew me and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine. *Cho.*

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear. *Cho.*

# SINNER, COME WILL YOU GO.

69

Words by REV. C. B. DAVIDSON.

6s & 7s. From "Devotional Melodies" by permission.

1 { Sin - ner, come, will you go. To the highlands of heaven, } Where the bright blooming flow-  
 { Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given? } [ers

Are their odors e-mit-ting. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the soft winds are flit-ting.

2 Where the saints robed in white,  
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
 Shining beauteous and bright  
 They inhabit the mountain,  
 Where no sin nor dismay,  
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
 Will be felt for a day,  
 Nor be feared for the morrow

3 Where the rivers of joy  
 O'er the bright plains are flowing ;  
 There our bliss ne'er shall cloy !  
 To that land we are going.  
 Then say, will you go,  
 And the world leave behind you ?  
 Since its pleasures you know  
 Have but dazzled to blind you.

## THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.

Words by C. E. K.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Music by EDWARD ANSURL.

1. Wher-e'er my lit - tle footsteps go, Wher - ev - er I may chance to  
 2. When bent on some for - bid - den sin, I think no one is near to  
 3. At noonday, or in dark - est night, I can not hide a - way from

be, This so - lemn truth I sure - ly know, "Thou, God, se - est me."  
 see, There speaks a mon - i - tor with - in, "Thou, God, se - est me."  
 thee; Oh, that the truth were my delight, "Thou, God, se - est me."

4. Whene'er I feel the tempter's power,  
 And sin allures my heart from thee  
 May I remember in that hour,  
 "Thou, God, seest me."

5. And, Oh, I pray, for Jesus' sake,  
 That I a holy child may be,  
 And gratefully the message take,  
 "Thou, God, seest me."

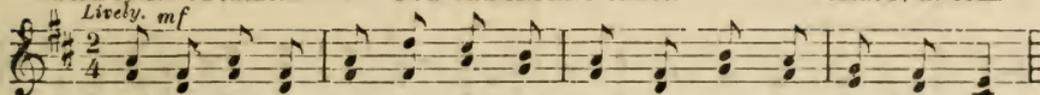
# HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

71

Words by G. W. BUNGAY.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

Music by A. CULL.

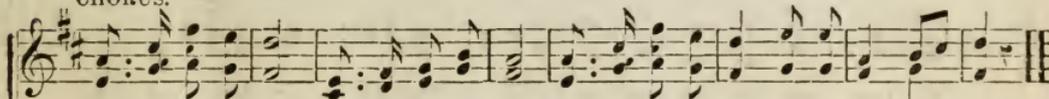


1. Hap-py, hap-py days of child-hood, Whose glad moments fly like ours—

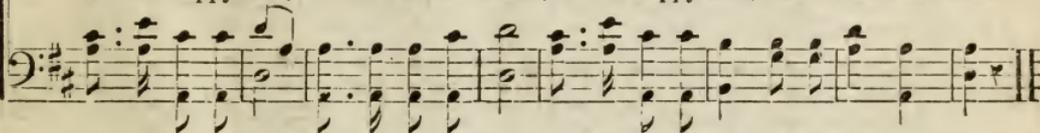


Like the lin-nets in the wild-wood Sing-ing to the sum-mer-showers.

## CHORUS.



Is the happy soul, In the Sabbath school, Is the happy soul, In the Sab-bath school.



2. Pleasant, pleasant friends and teachers,  
In the joyous Sunday school;  
Truthful, truthful gospel preachers,  
Preaching to the infant soul.

*Chorus*—To the infant soul,  
In the Sabbath school,  
To the infant soul.  
**In the Sabbath school.**

3. Joyful, joyful are the tidings,  
Jesus brings to anxious souls;  
He will save us from backslidings,  
Blessed be the Sabbath schools!

*Chorus*—Bless the Sabbath school  
To the infant soul;  
Bless the Sabbath school  
To the infant soul.

## I OFFER THEE THIS HEART OF MINE.

Words by G. W. BUNGAY.

Music by L. T. CHADWICK. Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

1. I of - for Thee this heart of mine, O God of ho - li - ness,  
 2. On earth there is no hap - pi - ness, No one, like Thee, to love,

## 2d time FULL CHORUS.

Fine.

No love can be as pure as Thine, No oth - er love can bless.  
 r. s. I'd ra - ther bear thy cross than be A king, the throue my toy.  
 No hand, like Thine, has power to bless, Out-reached from heaven a - bove.  
 n. s. How sweet 'twill be for me to think, It brings me near to Thee.

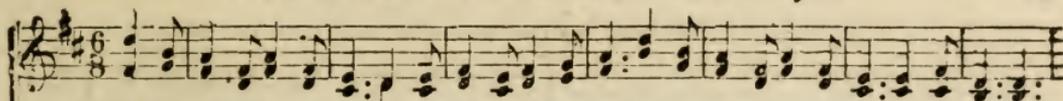
## DUET.

D. S. F.

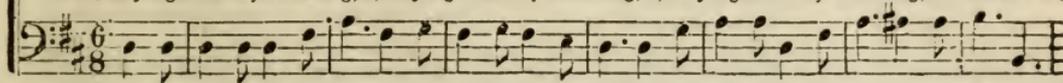
My ho - som swells with love for Thee, Great Fount of sweet - est joy,  
 And Oh! when death's cold cup I drink, Though but a child I be,

# GIVE ME JESUS. Sacred or Revival Hymn.

73

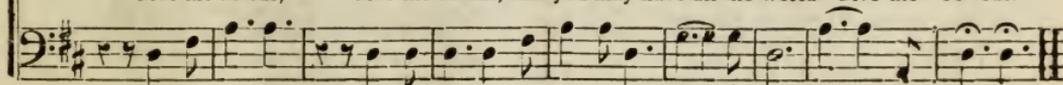


1. And I heard the mourner say, And I heard the mourner say, And I heard the mourner say, Give me Jesus.  
 2. When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, I have Je-sus.  
 3. O, the judgment day is coming, O, the judgment day is coming, O, the judgment day is coming, Give me Jesus,



Give me Je-sus,  
 I have Je-sus,  
 Give me Je-sus,

Give me Je-sus, And you may have all the world—Give me Je-sus.  
 I have Je-sus, And you may have all the world— I have Je-sus.  
 Give me Je-sus, And you may have all the world—Give me Je-sus.



4. Thus I heard a convert sing,  
 Thus I heard a convert sing,  
 Thus I heard a convert sing,  
 I have Jesus, I have Jesus, I have Jesus,  
 And you may have all the world—I have Jesus.

5. Oh now hear the voice that calls,  
 Oh now hear the voice that calls,  
 Oh now hear the voice that calls,  
 Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus,  
 For him give up all the world—Come to Jesus.

6. When the waves of trouble rise,  
 When the waves of trouble rise,  
 When the waves of trouble rise,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

7. When I languish, worn with pain,  
 When I languish, worn with pain,  
 When I languish, worn with pain,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

8. When I tread death's valley dark,  
 When I tread death's valley dark,  
 When I tread death's valley dark,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 What then will be all the world?—Give me Jesus

9. When I reach the spirit land,  
 When I reach the spirit land,  
 When I reach the spirit land,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 For dark would be all the world—Without Jesus.

## "EVEN ME."

Such testimony as the following, has induced the reprint of this beautiful hymn ;

"Thank you for singing that hymn, 'EVEN ME.' for it was the singing of that hymn that has saved me. \*

When they all sung those beautiful words, 'Let some droppings light on ME, and Blessing others, O bless me, Even me.' it seemed to reach my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept 'me, EVEN ME.' and it brought me to his feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words, or love to hear them sung? Ah! may I too sing them, when He shall take me before his throne at the last, and accept EVEN ME. Yours truly, A CONVERT."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "The Golden Shower," by permission.

1 (Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; ) [fall on me.  
 (Showers the thirsty land refreshing : Let some droppings fall on me. ) Even me, Even me, Let some droppings

2 ( Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful though my heart may be; ) [fall on me.  
 ( Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let thy mercy fall on me. ) Even me, Even me, Let some droppings

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour  
 Let me live and cling to thee;  
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
 Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—  
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see :  
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me—  
 Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless :  
 Blood of Christ so rich and free ;  
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me,—  
 Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing ;  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, O, bless me,—  
 Even me.

Tune.—WE'LL STEM THE STORM.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labors have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold ?  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 Jerusalem, my happy home !  
 My soul still pants for thee ;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
 When thy joys shall see.

# WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"—Matt. xxvii. 23.

Words by S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1st. 2d.

1 (What shall I do with Jesus, The Christ who may be mine?)  
 Ac-cept him as my Saviour, Or (*Omit*.....) spurn the gift divine? (His on-ly Son God,  
 And Christ I take to

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

gave me—I must, I do de-cide;  
 save me, Or (*Omit*.....) Christ is now de-nied. "What shall I do with Je-sus?" I'll

give my heart to Je-sus! Up-on the tree on Cal-va-ry He gave his life for me.

2 What shall I do with Jesus,  
 The precious Lamb of God?  
 I cast my soul upon him—  
 He bathes it in his blood;  
 I'll gratefully confess him  
 Before the vile and just;  
**My** ransomed powers shall bless him,  
**My** sure and only trust.

3 What shall I do with Jesus?  
 For him the cross I'll take:  
 And earthly losses suffer,  
 Ere I the Lord forsake.  
 In scenes of joy and sighing  
 His love shall be the same;  
 While living and in dying  
 I'll glory in his name.

4 What shall I do with Jesus,  
 When this brief life is past,  
 With me will be remembered  
 Before his bar at last.  
 He will not then disown me  
 With those who hate and scoff  
 At his right hand he'll crown me—  
 He will not cast me off.

## DARE TO BE RIGHT

*Con Spirito.* Words by REV. G. L. TATLOZ.

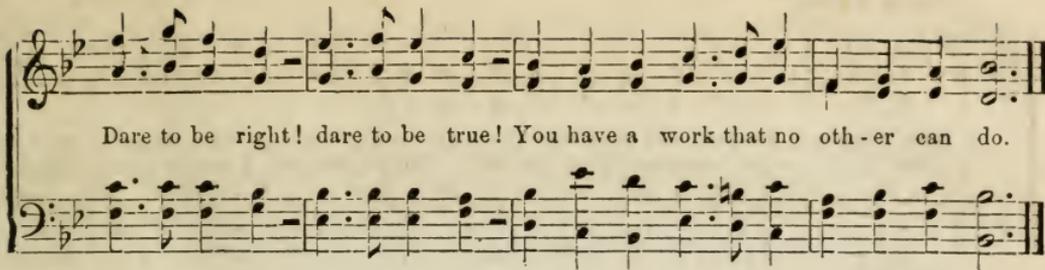
Music by S. G. VAIL. By permission.

1 Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do;

Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the story to tell.

*Chorus to each verse.*

Then, dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do;



Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do.

2 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Other men's failures can never save you,  
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;  
Stand like a hero and battle till death.  
Cho. Then dare to be right! &c.

3 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew.  
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;  
Dew is from earth, but the showers are from  
heav'n Cho. Then, dare to be right! &c.

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
God, who created you, cares for you too;  
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,  
Counts and protects every hair of your head.  
Cho. Then, dare to be right! &c.

5 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?  
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,  
Can you not dare to be true and be right?  
Cho. Then dare to be right! &c.

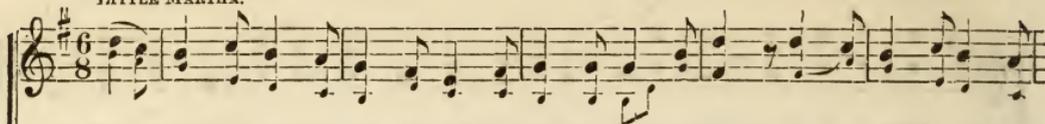
6 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Keep the great judgment seat always in view;  
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,  
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.  
Cho. Then, dare to be right! &c.

7 Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue  
The pathway by saints and patriarchs trod,  
The pathway that leads to the City of God.  
Cho. Then dare to be right! &c.

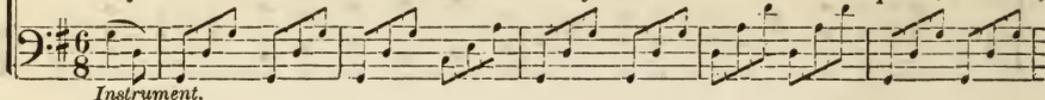
# "KIND SHEPHERD, LEAD ME O'ER THE PLAIN."

Words by GEO. W. BUNGAY.  
LITTLE MARTHA.\*

Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

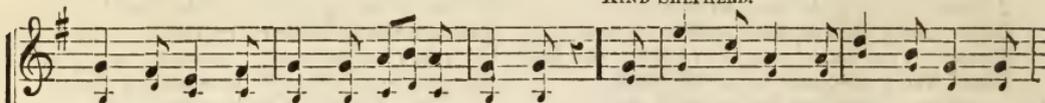


1. Kind shepherd, lead me o'er the plain, The night is drawing nigh, The thunder rolls, and  
2. My moth-er in her humble cot, Stands by the window sill, Dear shepherd, lead me;



*Instrument.*

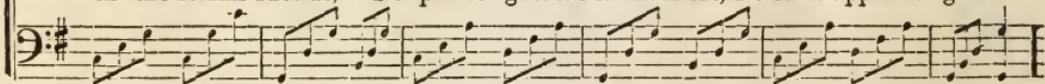
KIND SHEPHERD.



clouds of rain blot out the star-lit sky. You cannot cross the pathless plain, The  
I fear not, The storm that crowns the hill. Stay, darling, in my sheltering tent, Un-



tempest shakes the cloud, See, mixed with fire, the falling rain, Seem stitches in a shroud.  
- - til the storms subside, No planet lights the firmament, No stars appear to guide.



\* As sung by little Martha Davies, one of the Sunday School vocalists, who is the daughter of a deceased Clergyman.  
Melody by permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

"KIND SHEPHERD." (CONCLUDED.)

*Chorus by School and Audience.*

Kind shepherd, lead her o'er the plain, The night is dark and drear; And

wipe the tears, that fall like rain—She has no father here.

MARTHA.

3. Oh! shepherd, take me by the hand,  
I see my mother's form,  
She beckons, where the old elms stand,  
An angel in the storm.

SHEPHERD.

Thy mother will not meet again,  
Her darling, pleading child,  
If I should lead thee o'er the plain,  
Where winds are howling wild.

*Chorus.*—Kind shepherd, &c.

MARTHA.

4. My mother prays for me her child,  
And thunders stop to hear,  
Her accents soft, and sweet, and mild,  
And Jesus bows his ear.

SHEPHERD.

Then I will lead thee o'er the plain,  
Through darkness deep and wide,  
The lightning coming with the rain,  
Shall be the lamp to guide.

*Chorus.*—Kind shepherd, &c.

# HOLY ANGELS, SONS OF GLORY.

Air by R. C. Harmonized by J. ROBERTS.

1. Ho - ly an - gels, sons of glo - ry, Clothed in robes of light di - vine,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes.

They re - peat the wondrous sto - ry Of a God for sin - - ners slain,

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

**CHORUS.** *Lively.*

And a - dore the great I Am. Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

The chorus section begins with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes.

The image shows a musical score for two voices, likely soprano and alto, in a G major key and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb.

2.

On their wings of gladness soaring,  
 Angels do their Lord's behests,  
 Ever loving and adoring,  
 Through the regions of the blest;  
 Thus they swell the heavenly theme:  
 Singing glory, &c.

3.

Saints and martyrs, faint and weary,  
 With long wanderings here on earth;  
 Pilgrims, prophets, aged, hoary,  
 Heirs of heaven through the new birth;  
 All exalt the Saviour's name,  
 Singing glory, &c.

4.

Children, who were meek and lowly,  
 Followers of their Master here,

Seeking, like him, to be holy,  
 Now arrayed in beauty there,  
 Catch the pure seraphic flame,  
 Singing glory, &c.

5.

Millions more on earth remaining,  
 Precious lambs of Christ's wide fold,  
 Who the pearl of price obtaining,  
 Shall their Jesus' face behold,  
 And his boundless love proclaim,  
 Singing, glory, &c.

6.

Little children, Christ has bought you,  
 Bought you with his precious blood;  
 Give him, then, your hearts and lives, too,  
 Joined in loving brotherhood,  
 To extol his blessed name,  
 Singing glory, &c.

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Messi - ah is King!

*pia.*

1. Zi - on the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the high - est, how low - ly his birth, The
2. Tell how he cometh; from na - tion to na - tion, The heart - cheering news let the earth e - cho round; How
3. Mortals, your homage be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the gladsome ho - san - na a - rise; Ye

*cres.* *for.*

brightest arch - angel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up - on earth.  
 free to the faith - ful he of - fers sal - va - tion, How his people with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd.  
 an - gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be singing; One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.

# SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS. (CONCLUDED.)

83

*pia.*

Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes -

*for.*

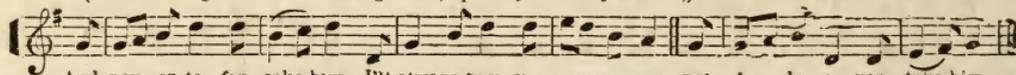
- - - si - ah is King. Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je -

- - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

## FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.



1 (Glo-ry to God, that I have found The pearl of my sal - vation ; ) And I'm resolv'd to travel --  
 I'm marching thro' Immanuel's ground, Up to my heavenly station;



And nev - er to for - sake him, I'll always keep the nar - row way, Till I do o - ver - take him

2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,  
 Heirs of immortal glory ;  
 For ye are built upon the rock,  
 The kingdom lies before you.

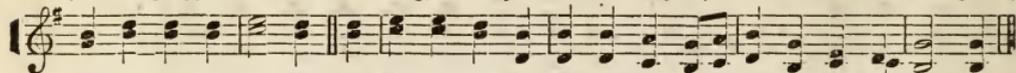
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace,  
 And tell the pleasing story ;  
 I'm with my little flock always,  
 I'll bring them home to glory.

## THE YOUNG CONVERT.

Arr. by W.



1 (When converts first be - gin to sing, Wonder, won - der, wonder, )  
 Their hap - py souls are on the wing, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah ! Their theme is all redeeming love,



Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah ! Fain would they be with Christ above, Sing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah

2 With admiration they behold, Wonder, &c.  
 The love of Christ that can't be told, Glory, &c.  
 They view themselves upon the shore, &c.  
 And think the battle all is o'er, &c.

Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,  
 And soon the victory you shall win.

3 Come, take up arms and face the field,  
 Come, gird on harness, sword and shield ;

4 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,  
 Then meet him with these blessed lines—  
 For Christ, our Lord has swept the field,  
 And we're determined not to yield.

## TUNE—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.

Religion never was designed  
 To make our pleasures less.

Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.

2 The sorrows of the mind,  
 Be banished from the place ;

3 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,

4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry ;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's  
 To fairer worlds on high. [ground

# OH, YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

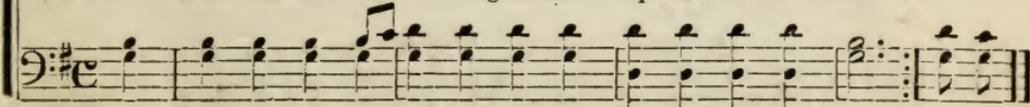
As sung by the soldiers in the army.

CITY POINT. C. M.

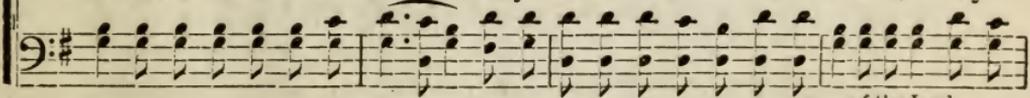
Music by S. Arr. by Mrs. PARKHURST.



- |   |   |  |   |
|---|---|--|---|
| 1 | { | Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? Oh, you            | } |
|   |   | And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? }           |   |
| 2 | { | Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flowery beds of ease, }              |   |
|   |   | While oth - ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' blood - y seas? } |   |
| 3 | { | Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood? }             |   |
|   |   | Is this vile world a friend of grace To help me on to God? }               |   |



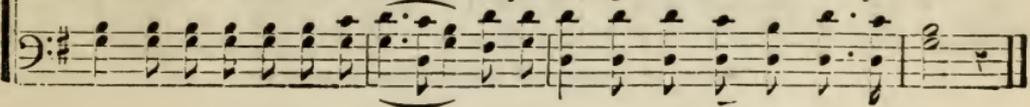
must be a lov - er of the Lord. Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Oh, you



of the Lord.



must be a lov - er of the Lord. Or you can't go to hea - ven when you die,



## WE LOVE THE HAPPY SCHOOL

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by O. C. SWEENEY. Arranged by A. CELL.

SOLO, or DUET.—*Moderato*.

1. Go to Sun-day school— Children do, chil-dren do— Learn the gold-en  
 2. Chil-dren love God's day— Children do, chil-dren do— When they watch and

## CHORUS.

rule That's made for me and you. We love the happy, happy school—Let  
 pray, I hope that's me and you. We love the happy, &c.

loud ho - san - nas ring! And chil-dren join The song bright an-gels sing.

\* Melody by permission of Messrs. FIRTH, POND &amp; Co.

8. Children turn from sin ;  
Children do, children do,  
When they're right within ;  
I hope that's me and you.  
*Chorus*—We love, &c.

4. Children fear to lie,  
Children do, children do,  
When their Saviour's nigh ;  
I hope that's me and you  
*Chorus*—We love, &c.

5. Children feel God's truth ;  
Children do, children do,  
Better in their youth ;  
I hope that's me and you.  
*Chorus*—We love, &c.

6. Children wrongs endure ;  
Children do, children do,  
When their hearts are pure ;  
I hope that's me and you.  
*Chorus*—We love, &c.

## WHAT SOME CHILDREN DO.

TUNE—"We love the happy School."

1. Some vain children try—  
Vain ones do, vain ones do—  
To play the butterfly ;  
But not the just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless the happy, happy soul,  
That loves the truth and right,  
Loves our Sabbath school,  
And worships God aright.

2. Some bad children swear ;  
Bad ones do, bad ones do—  
Never kneel in prayer,  
Not so the just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

3. Some mean children steal ;  
Mean ones do, mean ones do—  
Their hearts do seldom feel,  
As do the just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

4. Some bad children lie ;  
Bad ones do, bad ones do—  
Now let you and I  
Be like the just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

5. Some bold children fight ;  
Bold ones do, bold ones do—  
We know it is not right,  
We will be just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

6. Some the Sabbath break ;  
Bad ones do, bad ones do—  
Now for Jesus' sake  
Let us be just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

7. Some good children pray—  
Good ones do, good ones do—  
And keep the Sabbath day,  
And they are just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

8. Some good children love—  
Good ones do, good ones do—  
God who rules above,  
For they are just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

9. Some good children sing—  
Good ones do, good ones do—  
Christ their Hope and King,  
While they are just and true.  
*Chorus*—God bless, &c.

## THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.

CHORUS.—*Vigorous.*

By permission of the Author. HENRY TUCKER.

We praise thee! we bless thee! Thou who only art divine; No name is worthy such homage as thine; Our

heart's a - dor - a - tion for - ev - er we will gladly bring To thee, our Redeemer, Cre - a - tor, and King.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. To meet the glad echoes our voi - ces we raise, And join with our souls in the anthem of praise,
2. For mercies unnumber'd, for ten - der - est care, For blessings thy children so bounteously share:
3. For all the sweet promis - es faith - ful - ly given, For all the bright hopes that look forward to heav'n:
4. Our voi - ces in cho - rus ex - ult - ing - ly rise, To join with the angels whose songs fill the skies:

CHORUS.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art divine, For no name is worthy such homage as thine

SOLO.

1. With an - - - gels in glo - - - ry, We her - - - ald the sto - - - ry, Glad  
 2. Now joy - - - ful - ly blend - - - ing, With rap - - - ture as - - - cend - - - ing, Our  
 3. Our hearts..... warmly glow - - - ing, With mel - - - o - - - dy flow - - - ing, All  
 4. Ye an - - - gels in glo - - - ry, Still her - - - ald the sto - - - ry, Sing

ti - - - dings of joy and peace Thro' our Sa - - - viour and King ..... We  
 tri - - - bute of praise to thee, Bless - ed Sa - - - viour and King... ..  
 glo - - - ry and praise to thee, Bless - ed Sa - - - viour and King.....  
 prais es for - ev - er more To our Sa - - - viour and King.....

D. C.

*CODA after last verse.*

praise thee, we bless thee, Thou who only art divine, No name is worthy such homage as thine; Our

heart's ad-o-ra-tion for-ev-er we will gladly bring To thee, our Cre-a-tor Redeem-er and King.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men.

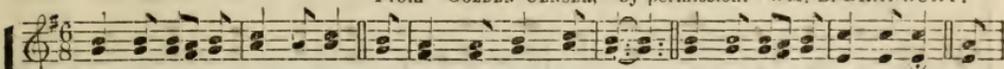
1 I have cast my "doing" down,  
Yes down at Jesus feet;  
Now I stand in Him alone.  
All glorious and complete.  
Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Something either great or small,  
From love to Him I'll do.

2 Now to Jesus' faith I cling,  
Alone by simple faith;  
Doing was a "deadly" thing,  
It would have been my death.  
3 Jesus once in anguish bleid  
Upon the cruel tree;  
There he bowed His sacred head,  
And suffered all for me. *CHO.*

4 'Twas my sins that nail'd Him there,  
My sins that shed His blood,  
Mine that pierced his bleeding side,  
The blessed Son of God. *CHO.*  
5 All my life shall now be given  
To Christ, my risen Lord;  
Learning all the way to Heaven,  
My duty in His word. *CHO.*

### JESUS PAID IT ALL.

From "GOLDEN CENSER," by permission. WM. B. BRADBURY.



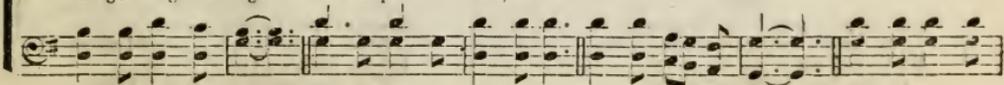
1. Nothing, either great or small. Remains for me to do; Je - sus died, and paid it all. — Yes.  
2. When he from his lof - ty throne. Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev - ery thing was fully done: "Tis  
3. Weary, working, plodding on, Oh, wherefore toil you so? Cease your doing, all was done; Yes,



#### CHORUS.



all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all, ... All the debt I owe, Je - sus died and  
finished!" was his cry. Je - sus paid it all, &c.  
a - ges long a - go. Je - sus paid it all, &c



Je - sus paid it, paid it all,



paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.



4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing.  
Your "doing" ends in death. *CHO.*  
5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
All glorious and complete. *CHO.*

Words by WILLIAM CUTLER, Esq.

Music by E. ROBERTS.\*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system also has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

TEACHERS. { Je - sus, Sa - viour, at thy bid - ding, Here our lit - tle ones we bring, }  
 { That thy love, all love ex - ceed - ing, They may ear - ly know and sing. }

SCHOLARS. { Je - sus, Sa - viour, we a - dore thee, As the chil - dren's on - ly friend; }  
 { Prayer and praise we bring be - fore thee—Kind - ly to our songs at - tend. }

Je - sus, take them, Lord, en - fold them, 'Neath the sha - dow of thy wing.  
 To thy weak - ness, Low - ly Sa - viour, In thy mer - cy con - des - cend.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the sweetness! oh, the glory!  
 Far earth's brightest crowns above!  
 Words can never tell the story  
 Of our dear Redeemer's love.  
 Its full sweetness,  
 Its sweet fulness,  
 All eternity shall prove.

## TEACHERS.

To Thy service, Jesus, Saviour,  
 We these little ones would train;  
 Smile upon them now with favor,  
 Let them plead—and not in vain.—  
 That the dying,  
 That the heathen  
 May the precious gospel gain.

## SCHOLARS.

Hear, O Lord! our supplication,  
 Thou, whose love has blessed us so—  
 Let the darkest, lowest nation,  
 Thy sweet name and gospel know.  
 To the children,  
 Blessed Saviour,  
 Everywhere thy goodness show.

## CHORUS.

Hear us, mighty Saviour! hear us,  
 Send thy gospel all abroad!  
 Let the heathen, far or near us,  
 Hear, obey, and turn to God.  
 Let the Bible,  
 Let the Sabbath,  
 Lighten every dark abode.

\* By permission, from "VAN DER WEYDE'S COLLECTION."

# THE HEAVENLY GIFT.

93

## CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Words and Music by JUAN ALZAMORA.

*Lively.*

1. Come sing aloud in notes of joy, Our songs of praise, each girl, and boy; For on this day from  
 2. We hail again this Christmas morn On which our Lord and King was born, And while our hearts with  
 3. He came from heav'n where all is bright, To teach us by his life the right, And by his grief and  
 4. Oh, will you not this gift receive, 'Twill all your pain and grief relieve; 'Tis God's best gift to

### CHORUS.

GIRLS. *n*

BOYS.

heav'n above, To us was sent God's gift of love! Then Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 joy do beat, Our lips shall now his love repeat.  
 death to gain, For us a right with him to reign.  
 mor - tals giv'n, 'Twill gain us peace, and rest in heav'n.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

*f* ALL.

Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Let us sing, To Christ, the children's friend and King.

## MUSIC EVERYWHERE, THAT'S WHY I LOVE IT SO.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. CULL.

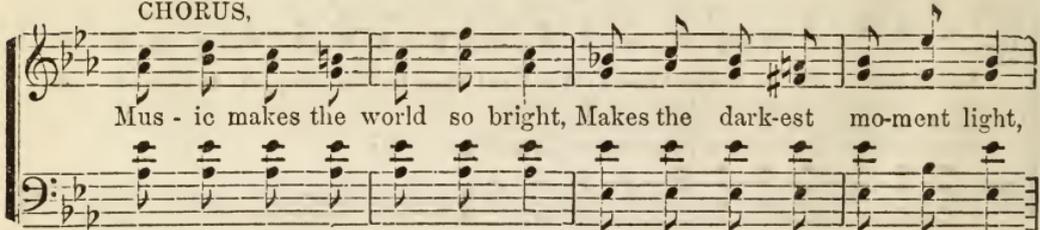
DUETT. *Moderato.*

1. Hark there's mus-ic in the air, Heavenly mus-ic rich and rare,  
 When I wan-der o'er the hill, Or be-side the laughing rill,

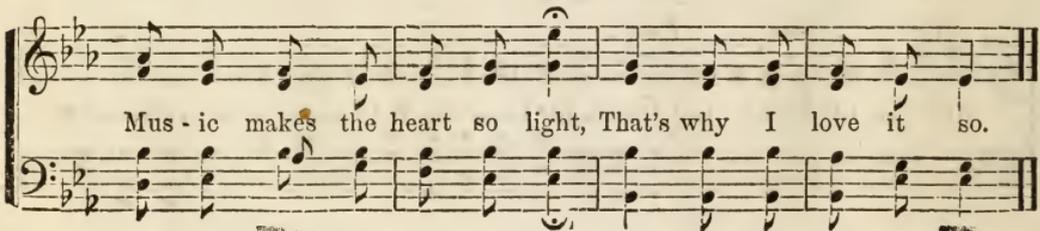


Mus-ic, Mus-ic eve-ry-where, That's why I love it so.  
 Plea-sant Mus-ic greets me still, That's why I love it so

CHORUS,



Mus-ic makes the world so bright, Makes the dark-est mo-ment light,



Mus-ic makes the heart so light, That's why I love it so.

- 2 When I lay me down to sleep  
 Praying God my soul to keep;  
 Angel music makes me weep,  
 That's why I love it so.  
 In the morn, sweet woodland notes,  
 From a thousand little throats,  
 Through the balmy azure floats,  
 That's why I love it so.  
 CHO. Music makes, &c.

- 3 Earthly music here below  
 Cheers us onward as we go,  
 Balm for every human woe,  
 That's why I love it so.  
 Heavenly music up above,  
 In a world of peace and love,  
 All the saints and angels move,  
 That's why I love it so.  
 CHO. Music makes, &c.

---

### MY PRECIOUS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

- 1 When the Sabbath chimes I hear,  
 Ringing out so loud and clear,  
 Oh! what place to me is dear?  
 My precious Sunday School!

There I learn to sing and pray,  
 There I learn the christians way  
 To the realms of endless day—  
 My pleasant Sunday School!  
 CHO. Glory be to God my King,  
 I will all His praises sing,  
 Will the sweetest offering bring,  
 My precious Sunday School.

- 2 Oh how grateful I should be  
 For God's mercies sent to me,  
 And the most of all to see  
 My happy Sunday School.  
 Does it rain or snow or shine,  
 In my seat I'll be at nine,  
 For the sweetest joys are thine,  
 My blessed Sunday School.  
 CHO. Glory, &c.

- 3 Many thoughtless children play  
 On God's holy Sabbath day.  
 They have never known they ~~say~~  
 My pleasant Sunday School;  
 I will lead the wanderers in,  
 From the ways of vice and sin,  
 To thy purer joys within;  
 My precious Sunday School.  
 CHO. Glory, &c.

## BLESSINGS ON THE CHILDREN; or, HARVEST WORK.

SPIRITED.

Words and Music by J. R. Osgood.

1. Bless - ings—blessings on the chil - dren; Bid them to the Sa - viour come;  
 2. From all lands their cry is com - ing, Echo - ing round and round the earth,

Bright and precious gifts of hea - ven, Rays of sun - shine in our home. Our Re -  
 Sad - der far than Egypt's wail - ing, When her first - born sunk in death. Come, and

- - deem - er loved and blessed them, Glad - ly we would bless them too,  
 help us! seek and save us, Ere we sink in ray - less night;

BLESSINGS ON THE CHILDREN; or, HARVEST WORK. (CONCLUDED.) 87

"Feed my lambs," is His com - mand - ment, Let us hear and glad - ly do;  
Gloom is o'er us! death be - fore us; Send, oh send, the gos - pel's light;

Guide and guard them, Gent-ly lead them Where the "liv - ing wa - ters" flow.  
God commands it, Hasten to give it, Give the world the Gos - pel's light.

3. Wide the harvest is before thee,  
Bowed the head of golden grain,  
Earnest trust thy gathering sickle  
Ere it falls to earth again.  
Wages—wages God will give thee,  
Better far than monarch's state,  
Earthly grandeur can not treasure,  
Glory, an eternal weight.  
Thus God gives thee—  
Truly gives thee—  
Glory, an eternal weight.

4. Souls immortal is the harvest,  
All around thee, press they on  
As a heaving, restless ocean  
Up to God's great judgement throne.  
Will ye falter? dare ye dally  
'Mid this countless, deathless throng?  
Up, with all thy powers rally,  
Waits for thee a fadeless crown.  
This thy wages—  
Glorious wages—  
An eternal, fadeless crown.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

From "HAPPY VOICES," by permission.

1. Oh, won't you be a Christian while you're young? Oh, won't you be a Christian while you're young? Don't

think it will be better To de-lay it un-til later, But remember your Creator, While you're young.

- 2 ||: Oh, won't you love the Saviour  
While you're young? :||  
For you he left his glory  
And embraced a cross so gory;  
Won't you heed the melting story  
While you're young?
- 3 ||: Remember, death may find you  
While you're young: :||  
For friends are often weeping,  
And the stars they watch are keeping  
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping  
Lie the yo

- 4 ||: Oh, walk the path of glory  
While you're young; :||  
And Jesus will befriend you,  
And from danger will defend you,  
And a peace divine will send you  
While you're young.
- 5 ||: Then won't you be a Christian  
While you're young? :||  
Why from the future borrow,  
When, ere comes another morrow,  
You may weep in endless sorrow,  
While you're young.

# GOOD RESOLVES.

89

Words and Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. I'll pray for the dear Sabbath School, For tho' I delight to be there; 'Tis Je-sus alone can pros-

CHORUS.

per-i-ty send, And send it in answer to prayer. I'll pray for the school that I love, I'll pray for the

school that I love; It guides us by truth and it cheers us with song, And trains us for a mansion above.

- 2 I'll work for the dear Sabbath School,  
While others are idle and cold;  
I'll seek the lost lambs in the by-ways around,  
And gather them into the fold.  
I'll work, etc.
- 3 I'll speak for the dear Sabbath School,  
If ever I hear it reviled;  
I'll point to the fruits of its labors of love,  
And tell what it does for a child.  
I'll speak, etc.

- 4 I'll weep for the dear Sabbath School,  
When fainting and wounded it lies;  
When those who were friends in the prosperous  
Now turn a deaf ear to its cries. [day,  
I'll weep, etc.
- 5 God prosper the dear Sabbath School,  
That shelters the lambs of the fold;  
The work of the hand, and the word, and the ~~love~~,  
I'll never, no never withhold,  
God prosper, etc.

## CAROL, CHRISTIANS, CAROL.

W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D.

## DUET.

Carol, Christians, carol, carol, joy-ful-ly, Carol the good tidings. Carol merri-ly;

## CHORUS.

Carol, Christians, carol, carol joy-ful-ly, Carol the good tidings, Carol mer-ri-ly; And

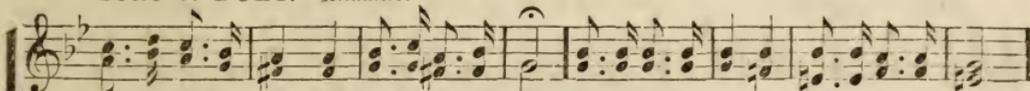
pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men; Carol, Christians. carol. Christmas day again.

FINE.

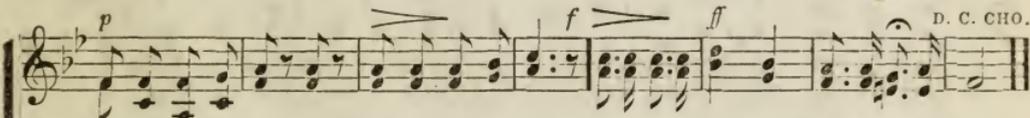
# CAROL, CHRISTIANS, CAROL. Concluded.

101

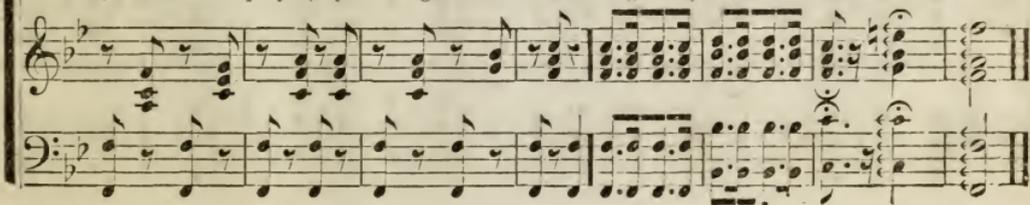
SOLO or DUET. *Andante.*



1. Ca-rol, but with gladness. Not in songs of earth : On the Saviour's birthday Hallowed by our mirth ;
2. At the merry ta-ble, Think of those who've none, The orphan and the widow, Hungry and alone.
3. Listening angel music, Discord sure must cease— Who dare hate his brother, On this day of peace !
4. Let our hearts, responding to the seraph band, Wish this morning's sunshine Bright in every land,



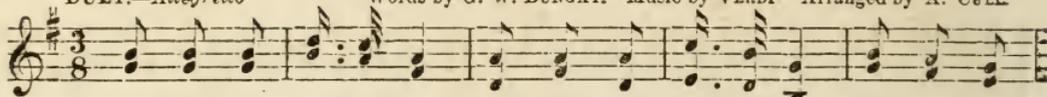
While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The Feast of charity.  
 Boun-ti-ful your off-rings To the al-tar bring, Let the poor and needy Christmas carols sing.  
 While the heavens are telling To mankind good will, Only love and kindness Every bosom fill.  
 Word, and deed and prayer, Speed the grateful sound, Telling merry Christmas All the world around.



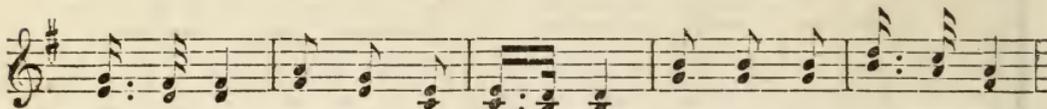
## HEAVEN BLESS THE SCHOOL

DUET.—*Allegretto*

Words by G. W. BUNGAY. Music by VERDI Arranged by A. CELL



1. Come to the Sab-bath school, When our glad bells shall toll, Come with a  
 2. Like the gay lark on high, Lost in the list-'ning sky, Shall be our

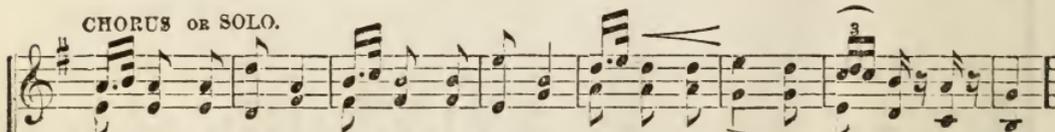


cheer-ful soul, Hap-pi-ly sing-ing. Life like a riv-er flows,  
 mel-o-dy, Sounding so gay-ly. Rise with the ris-ing sun,

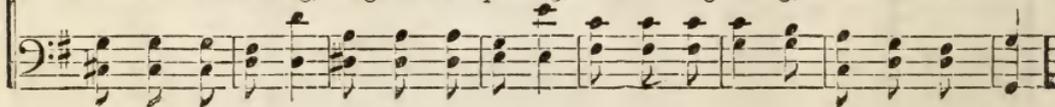


Rude-ly its zephyr blows, Win-ter its mantle throws, Flake on flake fling-ing.  
 Sing till his race be run, Pray, that God's will be done, Wor-ship him dai-ly,

CHORUS or SOLO.



Fond hearts are beating, Songs we're repeating, Warm is our greeting, Heaven bless the school.



# HEAVEN BLESS THE SCHOOL. (CONCLUDED.)

103

SOLO SOPRANO.

Heaven bless the school, Oh! Heaven bless the school, Oh! Heaven bless the

CHORUS.

Bless the school, bless the school, Heaven bless the school, bless the school,

school, Oh! Heaven bless the school, Oh! Heaven bless the school.

bless the school, bless the school, Oh! bless the school, Oh! Heaven bless the school.

## OUR GLAD VOICES.

Words by Mrs. E. M. LEVY.

Scotch Melody. Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Our glad voi - ces let us raise In a song of love and praise, That we're taught in  
 2. And they tell us of his love, How he left his home a - bove, Came to earth his  
 3. Then shall we, a blood-washed band, Teachers and dear chil - dren stand, In that hap - py.  
 4. And the joy - ful strain shall be, Glo - ry, hon - or, praise to thee, Fa - ther, Son, and

## DUET.

wis - dom's ways, In the Sab - bath school. Teach - ers there with pleas - ant smile,  
 grace to prove— Died on Cal - va - ry.... Oh, the pre - cious truths we learn,  
 hap - py land, From the Sab - bath school. To the Sa - viour's feet we bring  
 Spir - it, Three, Praise for ev - er - more. Our glad voi - ces let us raise,

## CHORUS.

Lead our thoughts to heaven the while, Tell us Je - sus—once a child, Cares for such as we...  
 May we all to Je - sus turn, And our hearts within us burn, Burn with love di - vine.  
 Our bright crowns, and then we'll sing, And we'll make sweet heaven ring With our grateful song.  
 In a song of love and praise, That we're taught in wisdom's ways, In the Sabbath school.

# WE'LL GIVE OUR HEARTS TO JESUS.

103

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1 ( We'll give our hearts to Je - sus, And learn his name to praise, The bles - sed Bi - ble  
We'll give our hearts to Je - sus, In sun - ny childhood's hours, When life is like the

1st. 2d. CHORUS.  
tells us, How pleasant are his ways.)  
spring time And [Omit.....) full of buds and flow'rs. And when we safely an-chor On

Ca - naan's hap - py shore, To him be all the glo - ry, And praise for ev - er - more.

2 We'll give our hearts to Jesus,  
Our best and dearest friend,  
He, like a gentle shepherd,  
Will guide us to the end ;  
In green and fragrant pastures,  
His little flock will lead,  
Beside the quiet waters,  
Supplying all we need. *Cho.*

3 We'll give our hearts to Jesus,  
Who died that we might live,  
Our hearts, tho' weak and sinful,  
Are all we have to give.  
The simple prayer of childhood,  
Our God will ne'er despise.  
A lowly contrite spirit,  
Is precious in His eyes. *Cho.*

## COME, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

From the "Melodeon," by permission.

Har. by E. R. BLANCHARD.

1. Come, sing to me of heaven, When I'm a - bout to die;  
*Cho.*—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there.  
 2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my nar - ble brow,

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.  
 In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.  
 Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gia be - low.

3. When the last moments come,  
 O, watch my dying face,  
 To catch the bright seraphic gleam  
 Which o'er my features play.—*Cho.*
4. Then to my raptured ear,  
 Let one sweet song be given;  
 Let music charm me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heaven.—*Cho.*

5. Then close my sightless eyes,  
 And lay me down to rest;  
 And fold my pale and icy hands  
 Upon my lifeless breast.—*Cho.*
6. When round my senseless clay  
 Assemble those I love;  
 Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
 My glorious home above.—*Cho.*

## TUNE—GREENVILLE. 8s,7s&amp;4s.

1 Come ye sinners, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If ye wait till you are better  
You will never come at all;  
Sinners only,  
Christ, the Saviour, came to call.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you—  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him,  
There He groans, and bleeds, and  
dies,  
"It is finished,"—  
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending  
Pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him—venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good.

## TUNE—DEVOTION. 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
Boundless love in Thee I find,  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

## TUNE—THE SHINING SHORE.

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

2 Our absent king the watchword gave,  
"Let every lamp be burning;"  
We look afar, across the wave,  
Our distant home discerning;—*Cho*  
3 Should coming days be dark and cold,  
We will not yield to sorrow,  
For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
"There's glory on the morrow;"—*Cho.*

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,  
Each cord on earth to sever.  
There bright and joyous in the skies—  
There is our home for ever;—*Cho.*

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why—  
Will ye not in him believe?  
He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why—  
Often with you has he strove,  
Would you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
O, ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye for ever die?

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home,  
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. E. DOANE.

1. Don't for - get to read the Bi - ble, In the ear - ly days of youth, Ev - ery morn - ing,  
 2. Has your heart grown sad and weary. Full of sor - row, grief, and care? "Come to me, ye  
 3. Read what Je - sus says of children, "Suffer them to come to me," He a kind and

every evening, Fill your minds with sacred truth ; Read the Bible, read the Bible, For a guide to  
 heav - y laden," Take your Bi - ble, read it there ! Read ere sickness comes upon you, Read ere earthly  
 tender Shepherd, They his pre - cious lambs shall be ; Read how God in sweet compassion, Set aside one

CHORUS.

you 'tis given ; Read the Bi - ble, Read the Bi - ble, It will lead you up to heav'n. Read the Bible,  
 ties art riven ; Read the Bi - ble, Read the Bi - ble, It will lead you up to heav'n.  
 day in seven, That we all might read the message, Sent to guide us all to heav'n.

read the Bi-ble. It will lead you up to heav'n, Read the Bible, read the Bible, It will lead you up to heav'n.

IF I COME TO JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad; He will give me plea-sure,  
2. If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer; He will love me dear-ly—

CHORUS.

When my heart is sad. If I come to Je-sus, Hap-py I should be, He is gent-ly  
He my sins did bear.

calling Wea-ry ones like me.

Come, O come to me.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3.<br/>If I come to Jesus.<br/>He will take my hand,<br/>He will kindly lead me<br/>To a better land.<br/>If I come, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4.<br/>There with happy children,<br/>Robed in snowy white,<br/>I shall see my Saviour,<br/>In that world so bright.<br/>If I come, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|--|

## THE DEWY ROSE OF SHARON

DUET.—*Andante.*

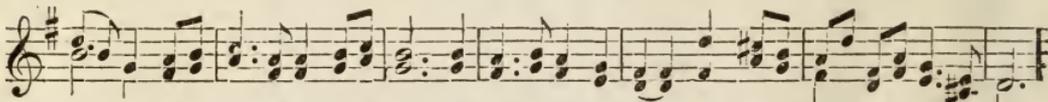
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. Music by HARROWAY. ARR. BY A. CELL



1. The dew - y, dewy rose of Sha - ron, How sweet, how sweet it scents the air, A  
 2. How ma - ny, many souls have wandered, With-out, with-out a help-ing hand; Their

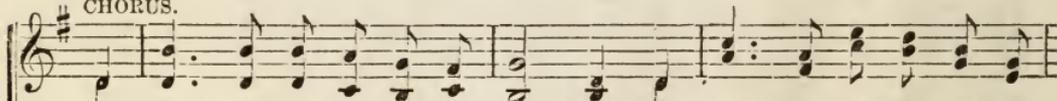


crown, a crown of matchless glo - ry Up - on its fore-head fair! So we in deeds of  
 light, their light and beauty fad - ed, Their bark up-on the strand; When one small act of

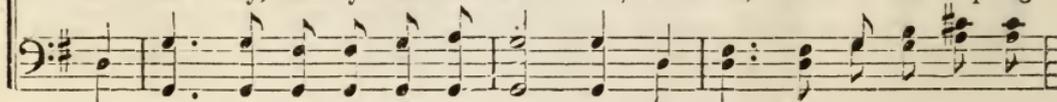


goodness Un - til our life shall close, May scatter bloom and fragrance Like Sharon's dewy rosa  
 kindness, One lit-tle look of love, Might add another jew - el To Je - sus' crown a-bove.

## CHORUS.



The dew - y, dew - y rose of Sha - ron, How sweet, how sweet it scents the  
 How ma - ny, ma - ny souls have wan - dered, With - out, with - out a help - ing



The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words split across lines.

air, A crown, a crown of matchless glo - ry Up - on its fore - head fair.  
hand; Their light, their light and beau - ty fad - ed, Their bark up - on the strand.

3. Oh! may we, may we, erring children,  
Though few, though few our talents be,  
A band, a band of young disciples,  
Our Saviour's footprints see;  
And may we humbly follow,  
Till life's uncertain close,  
And leave in death a fragrance  
Like Sharon's dewy rose.  
*Chorus.*—Oh! may we, &c.

### MY MOTHER DEAR!

TUNE—"The dewy Rose of Sharon."

1. My mother dear! my mother dear!  
How oft, how oft I think of thee,  
While weeks and months roll o'er me here  
Where duty bids me be.  
My mother dear—how sweet the name,  
When thinking o'er the past!  
A mother's love is e'er the same—  
It beats on till the last.  
*Chorus.* My mother dear! my mother, &c.

2. My mother dear, it grieves me now,  
To think, to think, how oft your son  
Hath grieved your aching heart and brow  
When in sin's paths he run.  
My mother dear, those days of youth,  
Now long since past and gone,  
Left many a seed of holy truth,  
Which since, we hope, have grown.  
*Chorus.* My mother dear, it grieves, &c.

3. My mother dear, my fervent prayer,  
Is that, is that you may be blest,  
With peace and joy while ling'ring here—  
Foretastes of future rest.  
And that we all may meet at last  
In yonder heavenly sphere,  
At Jesus' feet our crowns to cast—  
All saved, my mother dear.

*Chorus.* My mother dear, my fervent, &c.

1. The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes, The li - lies grow and thrive;  
 D. s. Which make the dead re - vive,  
 2. O that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound, A fruitful soil be - come :  
 D. s. And makes his people one :

*FINE.* *DAL S*

The lilies grow and thrive ; Re - freshing show'rs of grace divine From Jesus flow to ev' - ry vine,  
 Which make the dead revive.  
 A fruitful soil become: The desert blossoms as the rose, While Jesus conquers all his foes,  
 And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
 The gracious work is now begun,  
 My soul a witness is :  
 I taste and see the pardon free  
 For all mankind as well as me,  
 Who come to Christ may live.

4 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
 It issues from the sparkling throne,  
 From Jesus' throne on high :  
 It comes in floods we can't contain,  
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
 And yet we still are dry.

5 But when we come to dwell above,  
 And all surround the throne of love,  
 We'll drink a full supply ;  
 Jesus will lead his armies through,  
 To living fountains where they flow,  
 That never will run dry.

6 Amen. Amen, my soul replies,  
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
 And claim my mansion there :  
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
 To meet you in that heavenly land,  
 Where we shall part no more.

THE JUDGMENT HYMN. C. M.

113

Music by C.

Arranged by A. CULL.

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer, in that day, For ev - ery vain and

CHORUS.

i - dle tho't, And ev - ery word I say? The judgment day is rolling round, The judgment day is

roll - ing round, The judgment day is roll - ing round, Pre - pare to meet thy God.

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
 Shall shortly be made known,  
 And I receive my just desert  
 For all that I have done. **CHO.**
- 8 How careful, then, ought I to live:  
 With what religious fear;  
 Who such a strict account must give  
 For my behaviour here! **CHO.**

- 4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead,  
 The watchful power bestow;  
 So shall I to my ways take heed,  
 In all I speak or do. **CHO.**
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,  
 Oh, let me feel thee near,  
 And make my peace with thee, before  
 I at thy Bar appear. **CHO.**

## O THOU, IN WHOSE PRESENCE.

BELOVED. 11s &amp; 2s.

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af-flic-tion, I call;

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.

- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed in the pasture of love?  
For why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 5 Love sits in His eyelids, and scatters delight  
Through all the bright mansions on high!  
Their faces the cherubims veil in His sight,  
And tremble with fullness of joy.
- 6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 7 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow Thy call;  
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;  
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,  
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

# GLORY TO THE LAMB.

115

From "CHORAL ECHOES," By permission.

Music by B. W. G.

Arranged by A. CULL.

The image shows a musical score for 'Glory to the Lamb'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and features a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The score is divided into two measures by a double bar line. The first measure contains the main melody and accompaniment, and the second measure contains a continuation of the same. The notes are clearly marked with stems and flags, and the bass staff uses a similar notation style.

1. Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb: The world is overcome. By the blood of the Lamb.

2. Glory to the Lamb, &c.

My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb

3. Glory to the Lamb, &c.

The devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

4. Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I've wash'd my garments white in the blood of the Lamb.

5. Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I've lost the fear of death, thro' the blood of the Lamb.

6. Glory to the Lamb, &c.

The martyrs overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

7. Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I hope to gain the skies, thro' the blood of the Lamb.

## LORD, WE ARE YOUNG. L. M.

Tune—WARD.

1. Lord, we are young—thy help we need,

For various foes infest our way;

Be thou to us a friend indeed,

Nor let us from thy precepts stray.

2. From wayward paths our feet restore,

And keep our tongues from speaking guile;

And oh, preserve us evermore

From sin's seducing smile.

3. Our youthful hearts with grace inspire,

To thee our every power incline;

And may the pure celestial fire

Within our bosoms ever shine.

4. Oh, let the morning of our days

To thee, and thee alone, be given;

Increase our love, approve our ways,

And guide us safely into heaven.

## HEAR YE NOT A VOICE. 7s.

Tune—PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1. Hear ye not a voice from heaven

To the listening spirit given?

"Children come," it seems to say,

"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2. Sweet is a mother's love,

Tender as the heavenly Dove;

Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,

Thus it wins us to his arms.

3. Lord we will remember thee,

While from pains and sorrow free.

While our day is in its dew,

And the cares of life are few.

4. While to thee, O Lord, we come

In our morning's early bloom,

Breathe on us thy grace divine,

Take our hearts and make them thine.

Arranged by Mrs. PARAHURST. **YOUR MISSION.**

Composed by S. M. GRANDES.

By permission of S. BRAINARD & Co., Publishers, Cleveland, 'O.

1. If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing  
2. If you are too weak to journey up the mountain, steep and high; You can stand within the valley, While the

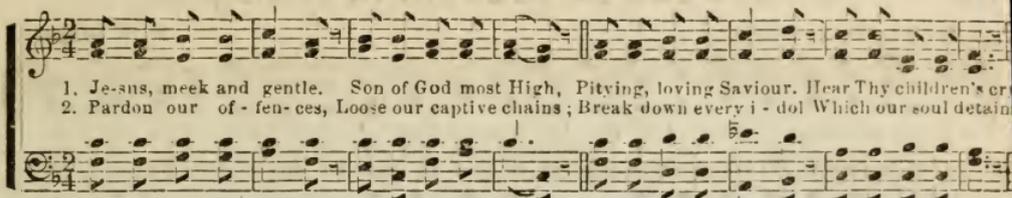
at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet with-in the bay,  
mul-ti-tudes go by; You can chant in hap-py measure, As they slow-ly pass a-long,

You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away. As they launch their boats away.  
Tho' they may for-get the singer, They will not 'orget the song, They will not for-get the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;  
If you cannot t'wards the needy,  
Reach an ever open hand  
You can visit the afflicted.  
O'er the erring you can weep  
You can be a true disciple,  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battlefield is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,  
For some greater work to do  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you,  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare.  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it any where.



1. Je-sus, meek and gentle. Son of God most High, Pitying, loving Saviour. Hear Thy children's cry.  
 2. Pardon our of-fen-ces, Loose our captive chains; Break down every i-dol Which our soul detain

3 Give us holy freedom;  
 Fill our hearts with love;  
 Draw us, Holy Jesus,  
 To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
 Be Thyself the Way  
 Through terrestrial darkness  
 To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
 Son of God Most High,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 Hear thy children's cry.

OUR CALL. **TUNE.**—"OUR MISSION."

1 God, who gave us each a talent,  
 To employ it, gave command;  
 If we hide it in a napkin,  
 He will claim it at our hand.  
 Let us then be up and doing,  
 Keeping still this truth in view:  
 Though our path be e'er so humble,  
 We have all a work to do.

2 With the heralds of the Gospel,  
 If we cannot bear a part,  
 We can drop a word of kindness  
 That may reach some careless heart.  
 We may touch a chord of feeling  
 Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep;  
 To the blessed fold of Jesus  
 We may bring some wand'ring sheep.

3 If, among the older people,  
 We may not be apt to teach;  
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,  
 Place the food within their reach.  
 And it may be that the children  
 You have led with trembling hand,  
 Will be found among your jewels,  
 When you reach the better land.

4 Though no longer called to mingle  
 In the struggle for the right,  
 We can go among the freedmen,  
 With the Bible as our light.  
 We can lead them out of darkness  
 With a brother's helping hand;  
 We can preach the blessed Gospel  
 To the poorest in the land.

5 If our mission does not lead us  
 O'er the deep, to climes afar,  
 We perhaps may guide a seaman,  
 By the Christian's Polar Star.  
 We can make the burden lighter,  
 Which the weary long have borne;  
 We can smooth the dying pillow,  
 We can comfort those who mourn.

6 These are precious, golden moments,  
 Kindly lent us to improve;  
 Are we faithful to our calling,  
 Earnest in our work of love—  
 Ever at our post of duty  
 Where'er our call may be?  
 Let our lamp be trimmed and burning,  
 And the world their glory see.

## WE ALL CAN DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

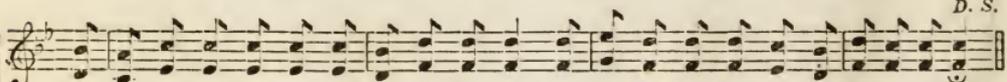
W. H. DOANE.



1. Our school is a vineyard, a gar - den of truth, Where all can do something for Je - sus ;  
 2. A word to the err - ing of kindness and love, May of - ten remind them of Je - sus ;  
 3. Oh ! sweeter, far sweeter than rich - es or fame, To feel we are working for Je - sus ;



- And though we are just in the morning of youth, We all can do something for Je - sus ;  
*D. S.* A les - son, dear children, for you and for me, We all can do something for Je - sus ;  
 A song of our beau - ti - ful mansion a - bove, May lead a poor wand'rer to Je - sus ;  
*D. S.* A les - son, dear children, for you and for me, We all can do something for Je - sus ;  
 The cup of cold wa - ter we give in his name, Will bring us the blessing of Je - sus ;  
*D. S.* No mat - ter how sim - ple the ef - fort may be, We all can do something for Je - sus ;



- D. S.*  
 The deep rolling riv - er that flows to the sea Is made of the brooklet that sparkles so free.  
 The a - corn, when planted, tho' small it may be. How quickly it grows to a wide-spreading tree.  
 The brook and the a - corn, the leaf and the tree Are teaching a les - son to you and to me.





## THE SILVERY CHRISTMAS BELLS. HENRY TUCKER.

By permission of the Author.

## CHORUS.

1. (The bells, the sil-very Christmas bells, How merri-ly on they ring;  
To wea-ry hearts a pulse of joy, A kind-li-er thought they . . . . . bring.)

## DUETT.

Their silvery tones o'er hill and dale Are swelling soft and clear, As wave on wave the tide of song Fl's

## CHORUS.

all the atmosphere. Oh! Bells, the silvery Christmas bells, How merrily on they ring, How

THE SILVERY CHRISTMAS BELLS. Concluded.

merri - ly on, how merri - ly on, how merri - ly on they ring; Sweet Christmas bells,

merrily on they ring,

The silvery Christmas bells

How

Sweet Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells.

Sweet Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells.

merrily on they ring, The silvery Christmas bells, Sweet Christmas bells.

merrily on they ring,

The silvery Christmas bells

2 The bells, the silvery Christmas bells,  
O'er many a mile they sound,  
And household tones are answering them  
In thousand homes around,  
Voices of children, blithe and shrill,  
With youth's strong accent blend,  
And manhood's deep and earnest tones  
With woman's praise ascend.  
*Chorus.*—Oh! Bells, &c.

3 The bells, the silvery Christmas bells,  
How merrily on they ring.  
As if they feel the joy they tell  
To every human thing.  
The rich man, in his mansion proud,  
The poor man in his cot,  
Hear the glad sound, and welcome it,  
Each thankful for his lot.  
*Chorus.*—Oh! Bells, &c.

## WE'LL THANK HIM. Words and Music by E. S. TAYLOR.

1. Come, children, let us gath - er, And sing a song of praise To our Al-migh-ty  
 2. We'll thank him for the spring-time, And all the sea - sons round, While willing voices  
 3. We'll thank him for the Sab - bath, The day of sa - ered rest; We'll thank him for the

Fa - ther, Whose goodness crowns our days. Our lives and ev - ery pleas - ure Are  
 bring him A song of grate - ful sound. We'll thank him for the flow - ers That  
 Bi - ble, The book of all the best. We'll thank him, that he taught us The

presents from his hand; His kindness knows no measure, Thro' all this hap - py land.  
 deck the smil - ing plain; We'll thank him for the show - ers, And for the gold - en grain.  
 precious Gold - en Rule; We'll thank him, that he brought us To love the Sabbath school.

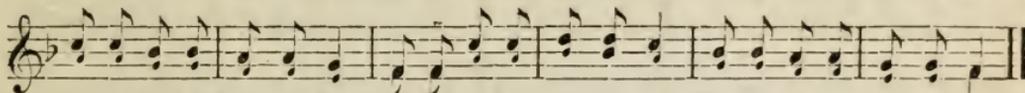
# TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

123

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER



1. Twinkle, twinkle, lit-tle star, How I wonder what you are, Up above the world so high,



Like a diamond in the sky, Twinkle, twinkle, lit-tle star, How I wonder what you are.

2. When the glorious sun is set,  
When the grass with dew is wet,  
There you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.  
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
3. In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often through my curtains peep  
For you never shut your eye  
Till the sun is in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
4. As you bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveler in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.  
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.

## "I MUST BE A LOVING CHILD."

1. I must be a loving child,  
Gentle, patient, meek, and mild;  
Must be honest, simple, true,  
In my words and actions, too;

- I must cheerfully obey,  
Giving up my will and way,
2. Must not always thinking be  
What is pleasantest to me,  
But must try kind things to do,  
And make others happy, too.  
And in all I do or say,  
In my lessons, or my play,
3. Must remember God can view  
All I think, and all I do;  
Glad that he can know I try,  
Glad that children such as I,  
In our feeble ways and small,  
Can serve him who loves us all.

## "IN THE SUN, THE MOON, THE SKY:"

In the sun, the moon, the sky;  
On the mountains wild and high;  
In the thunder, in the rain,  
In the grove, the wood, the plain;  
In the little birds who sing—  
God is seen in every thing.

## SAVE, O JESUS SAVE!

Melody by S. C. FOSTER.

Arranged by Mrs. PARKHURST.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-

CHORUS.

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. Save, save O Je - sus save, Save a poor sinner while

crying, Save, save O Je - sus save, Save a poor sin - ner from dy - ing.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.  
Cho. Save, &c.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.  
Cho. Save, &c.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.  
Cho. Save, &c.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
While this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.  
Cho. Save, &c.

Melody by permission of Wm. A. POND, &amp; Co.

S. J. VAIL.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote the  
D.C. Yes, Jesus died for all mankind, Bless God, salvation's free.

CHORUS. D.C. in Chorus

sacred head For such a worm as I! Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree! CHO.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin. CHO.

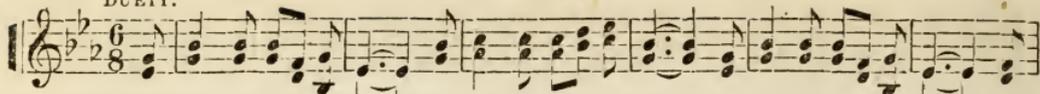
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears. CHO.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do. CHO.

## CHIME ON.

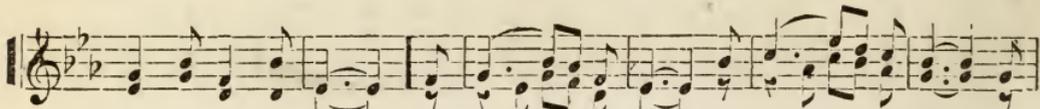
Words by AUSTRALIA.  
DUETT.

From S. S. BELL, No. 2.

Music by Rev R LOWAR.



1. We leave the world of care, To greet one day in seven; To join in praise and prayer, And

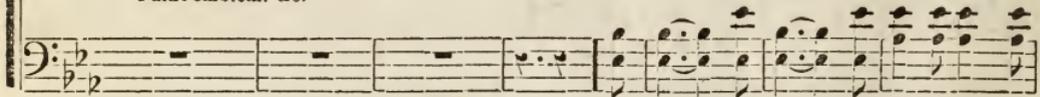


learn the way to heaven; The Sab - bath bells in vite... us all, Faint  
The Sabbath bells in-vite us all,

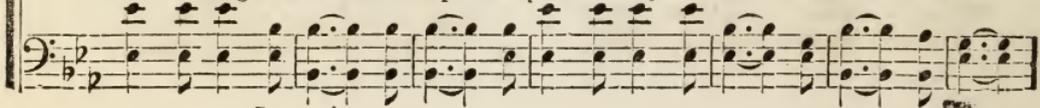
## CHORUS.



em - blem of God's ho - ly call. Chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, your  
Faint emblem, &c.



cheer-ful ring Shall tune our lips God's praise to sing. Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.



Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime

Chime on,..... chime on,.....

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line. The lyrics are: "Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime".

on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line from the first system, with lyrics: "on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.". The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the first system.

2 We leave all cares this day,  
 To read the "Book Divine;"  
 There we are taught the way  
 To joys that ne'er decline;  
 The music sweet of Sabbath bells,  
 How gently on the ear it swells!  
 CHO.—Chime on, &c.

3 We leave our earthly home,  
 To seek that blest abode,  
 Where loved companions come  
 To lift their hearts to God;  
 List to the sound, the sound that tells  
 The music of those Sabbath bells;  
 CHO.—Chime on, &c

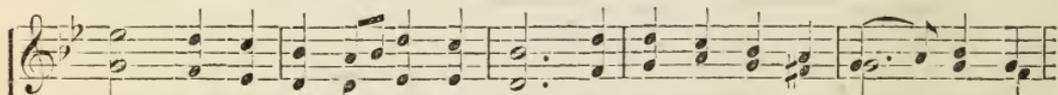
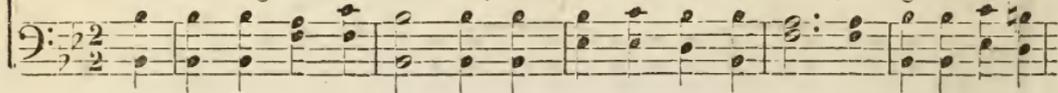
## OUR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND JOYOUS.\*

Words by Mrs. E. I. KNOWLES.

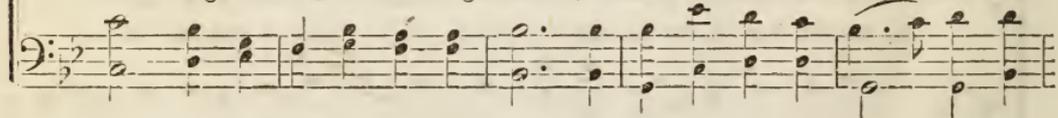
Music by S. J. VAIL.



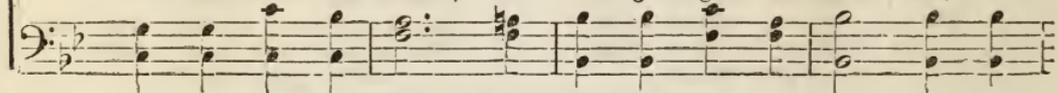
1. Our hearts are young and joy-ous, 'Tis spring-time with us now ; The dew of life's bright  
 2. The smil-ing sun of sum-mer, The blooming buds and flowers, The gentle rain de-



morn - ing Is fresh up - on each brow. The world to us seems pleas ant, We  
 - scend - ing In soft, re - freshing showers ; The love of those who love us The



love its joys to share ; God, in his ten - der kind ness, Hath  
 kind - ness of our friends, All those good gifts re - mind us, God's



\* FROM "SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE."

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and joyful, consisting of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

made it ver - y fair, God, in his ten - der kind - ness, Hath made it very fair.  
goodness nev - er ends, All these good gifts remind us God's goodness never ends.

3. O can we e'er forget him  
Who is so good and kind ;  
No ; rather would we love him  
With all our heart and mind.  
But we can never love him  
Until our hearts are clean ;  
The precious blood of Jesus  
Must wash them first from sin.
4. We know he died to save us,  
We know he lives above ;  
We know that every moment  
He watches us with love.  
We know that he has called us  
To early come to him ;  
We know that he is willing  
The youngest to redeem.
5. We know the harps of heaven  
Would sound a gladder strain :  
" There's joy among the angels "  
When one repents of sin.  
O help us, then, dear Saviour,  
To give our hearts to thee ;  
Let us, in youth's glad morning,  
Thy loved disciples be !
6. And when upon our foreheads  
The silver locks shall fall ;  
Or early comes the shadow,  
Which comes alike to all,

Still safe upon thy bosom  
Our spirits shall recline,  
And 'mid the joys of heaven  
We shall be ever thine !

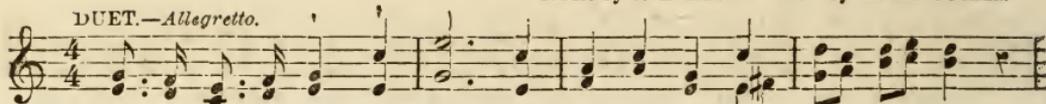
SISTER, THOU WAST MILD AND LOVELY.

TUNE—" *Mount Vernon.*"

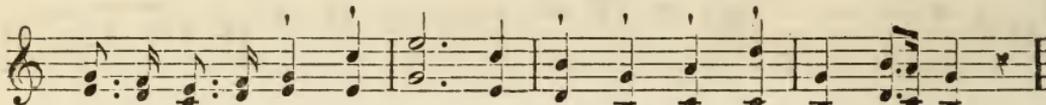
1. SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening  
When it floats among the trees,
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low ;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,  
Here thy loss we deeply feel,  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.
4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

## MERRILY THE TEMPERANCE HORN.

Music by J. H. HEWITT. Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

DUET.—*Allegretto.*

1. Mer - ri - ly the temp'rance horn Is sounding o'er the sil - ver lake,



Cheer - i - ly at ear - ly dawn Its swell - ing notes bid ech - o wake.

CHORUS.

Temp'rance, for thee, thee on - ly These sounds are ev - er sweet to

me, ... Each haunt of pleasure lone - ly Is found when 'tis un-blest by

*Slow* *tr*

thee..... Sound, sound, sound, sound the mer-ry, mer-ry temperance

horn..... At eve - ning's close and morn - ing's ro - sy dawn.

2.

Cheerfully my harp I bring,  
 And wake a wilder, sweeter strain,  
 Joyously my song I sing,  
 And bid th' inebriate smile again.  
*Chorus.*—Temperance, for thee, &c.

3.

Cheerily our footsteps stray,  
 Nor wait to think of danger near;  
 Merrily, at close of day,  
 We breathe the sweetest music here.  
*Chorus.*—Temperance, for thee, &c.

## AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. { The morning sun is bright and clear ; Away to Sabbath school ; } 'Tis there we learn his holy word, And  
 Let each one in his class appear ; Away to Sabbath school ; }  
 2. { In season let us all be there ; Away to Sabbath school ; }  
 That we may join the opening prayer ; Away, &c. } There we can raise our hearts to heaven, And

find 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, &c.

## SCHOLARS.

3. When each at night shall go to prayer,  
 We'll ask our God above  
 To extend o'er teachers his kind care,  
 And crown them with his love.  
 And when on earth our time is sped,  
 And we are numbered with the dead,  
 TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.  
 If faithful, we shall meet above ;  
 We all shall meet above.

4. Let us remember, while at prayer,  
 When at the Sabbath school,  
 Our teachers' kindness, and their care  
 Towards our Sabbath school.  
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,  
 And every rule and order mind  
 When we're at school, at Sabbath school.  
 When we're at Sabbath school.

## WANDERING STRANGER.

133

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. " Say, whith-er, wandering stranger, Ah! whither dost thou roam? O'er this wide world a  
 2. " But want and woe have driv - en The ro - ses from thy cheek; And garments rent and  
 3. " Come, then, be-nign in - quir - er, And join me on my way; I'm journeying to a

ran - ger, Hast thou no friend, no home?" "Yes, I've a Friend who nev - er Is  
 riv - en, Thy pov - er - ty be - speak;" "I've food with which the an - gels Would  
 coun - try Where beams an end - less day; Where saints and an - gels, fall - ing Be -

ab - sent from my side And I've a home wher-ev - er In peace I shall a - bid.  
 all de - light - ed be; And robes of dazzling brightness Are now a - wait - ing me.  
 fore the great, white throne, To you, to me are call - ing, Haste, pilgrim, hast - en home."

## SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

Lively. DUET.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young, Till the precious in - vi -
2. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prairies of the west, Till each gathering congre -
3. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Mingling with the ocean's roar, Till the ships of ev - ery

CHORUS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

- - ta - tion Wakens ev - ery heart and tongue. Shout the ti - dings, shout the ti - dings, Shout the  
 - - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest. Shout the ti - dings, &c. Till each gathering congre -  
 na - tion, Bear the news from shore to shore. Shout the ti - dings, &c.

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Shout the ti - dings, shout the ti - dings, Crown the Saviour Lord of all!

4. Shout the tidings of salvation  
O'er the islands of the sea,  
Till in humble adoration  
All to Christ shall bend the knee. *Chorus.*

5. Shout the tidings of salvation,  
Till the world shall hear the call,  
And with joyous acclamation  
Crown the Saviour Lord of all. *Chorus.*

## 'T IS WELL.

135

*Cheerful.*

Words and Music by Rev. ROBERT LOWEY.

DUET.

1 On ev-ery sun-ny mountain, In ev-ery gloomy dell—Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'T is  
 2. What words of ho-ly comfort! Their sweetness who can tell? With-in the vale, and o'er the flood, 'T is  
 3. Tho' dripping clouds may gather, And grief the bo-som swell, The trusting heart will ev-er sing—'T is  
 4. And when the strife is o-ver, And hushed the solenn knell, With-in the gates, around the throne 'T is

CHORUS.

with the right-ous well 'T is well, 't is well, 'T is with the right-ous well; In  
 with the right-ous well. 't is well, 't is well, &c.

1st time. 2d time. *Ritard.*  
 pleasure's light, and sorrow's night, 'T is with the righteous well. sorrow's night, 'T is with the righteous well

## THERE'S WORK ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Words and Music by R. S. TAYLOR.

1. { There's work e - nough, there's work e - nough, And work that should be done, }  
 { For lit - tle heads and lit - tle hands—E - nough for ev - ery one. }  
 2. { In ev - ery place are boys and girls, That nev - er go to school, }  
 { Who nev - er hear the Bi - ble read, Nor learn the Gold - en Rule. }

## CHORUS.

Then join our throng, and join our song; O - bey the Saviour's call; There's ea - sy work and

Boys. Girls.  
 pleas - ant work, And work e - nough for all. Work e - nough for all... Work

ALL

work e-nough for all. Here's ea-sy work and pleasant work, And work enough for all.

3. Those boys and girls we can seek out,  
And take them by the hand,  
And plead with them to come with us,  
To join our happy band.—*Chorus.*
4. Then let us all unite in this,  
And make it for a rule,  
That we will each do all we can,  
To help the Sabbath school.—*Chorus.*

WE'RE A BAND OF CHILDREN.

TUNE—"Old Granite State."

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. To our homes we now are going,<br/>And God's love our hearts o'erflowing,<br/>And to whom all favors owing,<br/>To the blest Sabbath school.<br/>We're a band of children,<br/>We're a band of children,<br/>We're a band of children,<br/>Of the blest Sabbath school.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2. There the truths of inspiration,<br/>Being read with admiration,<br/>And with souls of adoration,<br/>In our blest Sabbath school.<br/>We're a band, &amp;c.</li> <li>3. There the words of life are learning,<br/>And our youthful hearts are burning<br/>With Christ's love, to whom we're turning,<br/>In the blest Sabbath school.<br/>We're a band, &amp;c.</li> <li>4. Yes, the prospect is most cheering,<br/>And the children most endearing,<br/>When we see them heavenward steering,<br/>In the blest Sabbath school.<br/>With our band of teachers,<br/>With our band of teachers,<br/>With our band of teachers,<br/>And with parents at their side.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

## A WELCOME TO ALL.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALD.

1. The Sabbath School blessings we all may se - cure, For like the dear Saviour a - bove, The

child of the rich and the child of the poor, It folds in the arms of its love.

## CHORUS.

A wel - come to all, a welcome to all, A welcome to all that will come: Let

coldness be banished let love bind us all, And reign in the dear Sabbath home.

2 It makes no distinction in station or birth,  
In outward adornment and dress;  
The soul far exceeding the riches of earth,  
It loves, and it labors to bless.—*Cho.*

3 Then empty, dear children, the heart of its pride;  
Has want never engerea your door?  
Don't look with disdain on the child at your side,  
Because 'tis a child of the poor.—*Cho.*

4 Don't wound the young heart when 'tis aching to  
A balm for its sorrow and pain; (find  
By words, and by ways that are tender and kind,  
The children of poverty gain —*Cho.*

5 Then treat not with coldness the lowly of birth,  
Whom want and misfortune appall;  
For he who despises the poor of the earth,  
Reproaches the Maker of all.—*Cho.*

THE LABORERS.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Would you be a blessing here? Work while 'tis day; Fast the night of death draws near, Do not delay,

Many doors are open thrown, Fields are ready to be sown; Vict'ries waiting to be won, Cast sloth away.

2 Little hearts may firmly cling,  
To what is good;  
And the little tongues may sing,  
Of Jesus' blood:  
And the little hands may move,  
In the work of truth and love,  
Gently guiding those who rove,  
Thoughtless and rude.

3 Never be the one who lives  
For self alone;  
Nothing does, and nothing gives,  
But for his own:  
He who lives a life of ease,  
Never studies how to please,  
Wants and wees regardless sees,  
Is loved by none.

4 When by sorrow's child address'd  
Turn not away;  
Dry the tear and calm the breast,  
Filled with dismay,  
Never think you toil in vain,  
Nor of weariness complain,  
When the heavenly rest you gain,  
God will repay.

## A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From "ORIOLA," by permission.

*Moderato.* DUET.CHORUS. *Cres.*

GIRLS. { We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; }  
 BOYS. { We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide. } All the storms will  
 GIRLS. { Millions now are safe-ly land-ed O-ver on the gold-en shore; }  
 BOYS. { Millions now are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more. } All the storms, &c.

soon be o-ver, Then we'll anchor in the har-bor; We are out on the o-cean sail-ing,

To a home beyond the tide; We are out on the o-cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

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

*Cho.*—All the storms, &c.

4. You have kindred over yonder,  
O! that bright and happy shore,  
By-and-by we'll swell the number,  
When the toils of life are o'er.

*Cho.*—All the storms, &c.

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

*Cho.*—All the storms, &c.

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

*Cho.*—All the storms, &c.

#### DEAR JESUS, LET THY PITYING EYE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me,"

*TUNE*—*Balerna.*

1. DEAR JESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Look kindly down on me:  
A sinful, weak, and helpless child,  
I come thy child to be.
2. O blessed Saviour, take my heart,  
This sinful heart of mine,  
And wash it clean in every part;  
Make me a child of thine.
3. My sins, though great, thou canst forgive,  
For thou hast died for me;  
Amazing love! Help me, O God,  
Thine own dear child to be.

4. For thou hast said, "Forbid them not:  
Let children come to me!"  
I hear thy voice, and now, dear Lord,  
I come thy child to be.

LEILA LEE

#### WE MEET AGAIN.

*TUNE*—"The morning light is breaking."

1. We meet again in gladness,  
And thankful voices raise;  
To God, our heavenly Father,  
We'll tune our grateful praise:  
'Tis his kind hand that kept us  
Through all the changing year;  
His love it is that brings us  
Again to worship here.
2. We'll thank him for the Sabbath,  
This day of holy rest;  
And for the blessed Bible,  
The book that we love best;  
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,  
To us so kindly given,  
To guide us in the pathway  
That leads to joy in heaven.
3. We'll thank him for our country,  
The land our fathers trod;  
For liberty of conscience,  
And right to worship God.  
O Lord! our heavenly Father,  
Accept the praise we bring,  
And tune our hearts and voices  
Thy glorious name to sing.
4. Soon may thy gracious sceptre  
Extend to every land,  
And all as willing subjects  
Submit to thy command.  
Send forth the gospel tidings,  
And hasten on the day  
When every isle and nation  
Shall own Messiah's swar.

## ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Prepared expressly for the Anniversary exercises of the first Baptist Sabbath-School, Cin. O., Feb. 13, 1868, and used by the Calvary Baptist Sabbath-School, Warwick. N. Y., Feb. 20, 1868.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Spirited.*

1. An - oth - er hap - py, golden year Has brightly smiled and passed away; With pastor, friends, and

## CHORUS.

teachers dear, We hail our an-ni-versary day! Our wel - come an - ni - ver - sary day, Our

joyful an - ni-versary day, With pastor, friends, and teachers dear, We hail our an-ni-versary day!

- 2 With grateful hearts to God above,  
We gladly join our festive lay;  
We thank him for the tender love  
That crowns our anniversary day. *Cho.*
- 3 Our growing numbers still we view,  
With every week that glides away,  
While blessings fall like pearly dew,  
On this our anniversary day. *Cho.*

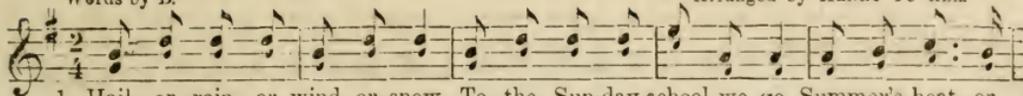
- 4 Though some who once were with us here  
Have gone to fairer climes away,  
Perhaps their spirits, hovering near,  
Behold our anniversary day. *Cho.*
- 5 And when these mortal scenes are past,  
When one by one they fade away,  
O! may we meet in heaven at last,  
To spend a long eternal day. *Cho.*

# THE WINDS MAY BLOW. Infant Song.

143

Words by B.

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.

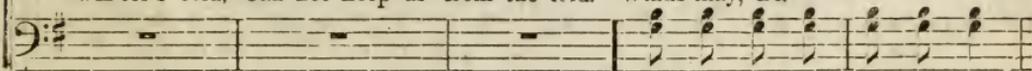


1. Hail, or rain, or wind, or snow, To the Sun-day school we go, Summer's heat, or
2. When the bell rings off we start, Quick of step, and light of heart, Hap-py, too, as
3. How the minutes grow to hours, When these joy-ful hearts of ours Beat the tune the
4. In the bless-ed Sun-day school We are taught the golden rule, Here we sing, and
5. Hail, or rain, or wind, or snow, To the Sun-day school we go, Summer's heat, or

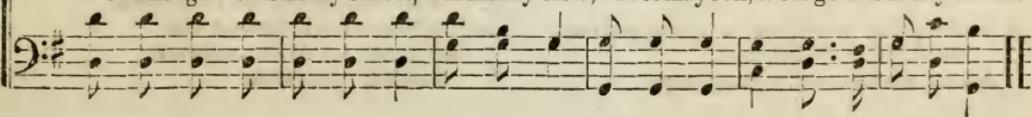
## CHORUS.



win-ter's cold, Can not keep us from the fold. Winds may blow, and waves may roll,  
 birds can be, No fair-weather chil-dren we. Winds may, &c.  
 teach-er sings, Like young birds that try their wings. Winds may, &c.  
 read, and pray, Ev - ery ho - ly Sab-bath day. Winds may, &c.  
 win-ter's cold, Can not keep us from the fold. Winds may, &c.



We will go to Sunday school, Winds may blow, waves may roll, We'll go to Sunday school.



1 Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves Over a wasted life, O'er sins indulg'd w<sup>th</sup> conscience slept O'er

vows and promises unkept, And reap from years of strife—Nothing but leaves. Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves,  
Of life's fair ripening grain;  
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,  
Words, *idle* words for earnest deeds,  
We reap with toil and pain,—  
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves;  
No vail to hide the past,  
And as we trace our weary way,

Counting each lost and misspent day  
Sadly we find at last—  
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
Bearing but withered leaves?  
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment seat  
Lay down, for golden sheaves  
Nothing but leaves.

# WHEN THE ROSY MORNING DAWNEETH.

145

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Scotch Melody. Arr. by A. CULL.

ALLEGRETTO. DUET.

1. When the ro - y morn - ing dawns, Each blessed Sab - bath day, We hail the gen - tle  
 2. 'Tis there we meet our teachers, So earnest and so kind, Who feel that lit - tle  
 3. 'Tis there our hearts are softened, 'Tis there we're taught to pray, And walk with hum - ble  
 4. Then come when morning dawns, Each blessed Sab - bath day, We'll hail the gen - tle

ACCOMP.

CHORUS.

summons That bids us haste a - way To our plea - sant Sun - day School, Where  
 children, A Sa - viour's love may find, In our pleasant, &c.  
 footsteps, The straight and nar - row way, In our pleasant, &c.  
 summons, And haste with joy a - way, To our pleasant, &c.

all is peace and love, Where we learn the truth in Je - sus, And the way to heaven a - bove.

## A DAY IN THE WOODS.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. How welcome the day that reveals to the sight, The Sun-day School pic-nic, the children's delight ; As  
 2. The goodness of God, and his wisdom, and power, We read in the wildwood, the field and the flower; The  
 3. We pity the young, who would happiness win, Where revelry reigns in the temples of sin; Who

CHORUS.

free as the air, or the bird on the wing, We lift up our banner and merri - ly sing. A day in the  
 charms that surround us, the glories above, Declare his compassion, forbearance, and love.  
 pleasure pursue, at the banquet, or ball, But turn from the works of the Maker of all.

woods for me. A day in the woods for me, Where flow'rets are blushing, and streamlets are gushing, A

day in the woods for me.

- 4 The pleasures of sin will defile and destroy,  
 The pleasures we seek never injure nor cloy;  
 They lighten the heart when by sorrow oppressed,  
 And leave not the sting of remorse in their breast. — *Cho*
- 5 Then march to the woods where the banquet is spread,  
 A beautiful banner waves over your head;  
 The Sunday-School army's recruiting to-day,  
 Then fall in the ranks—for we're marching away. — *Cho*

# OUR SABBATH HOME.

147

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRALEY

1. We sing of the Home where we all love to come. The home of the girls and the boys ;  
 2. Yes, here is the place, full of beau - ty and grace, For au - gels refuse not to come ;

## CHORUS.

O that is a spot that is nev - er forgot, By those who have tasted its joys. Sing, sing,  
 They pause in their flight to the regions of light, And smile on our dear Sabbath Home.

sing. The praise of our dear Sabbath Home ; If wisdom and worth you would find upon earth,

O come to our dear Sabbath Home.

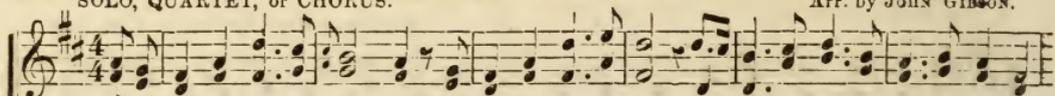
3 'Tis here in our youth, that the lessons of truth,  
 Are written on memory's page ;  
 And stored in the soul, they will sweetly control,  
 Our childhood, our manhood and age. *Cho.*

4 While others may roam from our dear Sabbath  
 Home,  
 I'll love it though others despise ;  
 I'll pray for it still, and I'll work for its weal,  
 Till called to my Home in the skies. *Cho.*

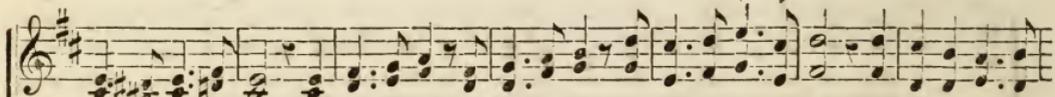
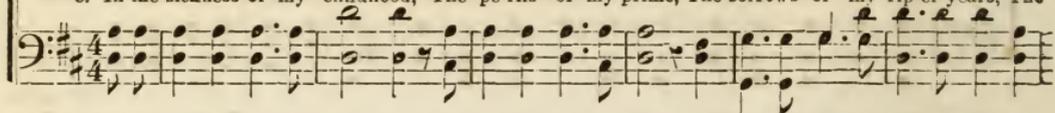
## THERE WAS A PLACE IN CHILDHOOD.

SOLO, QUARTET, or CHORUS.

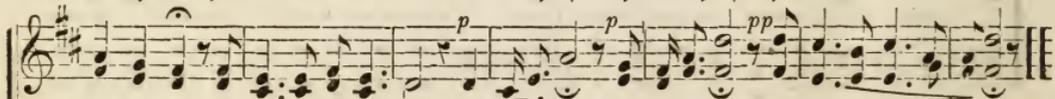
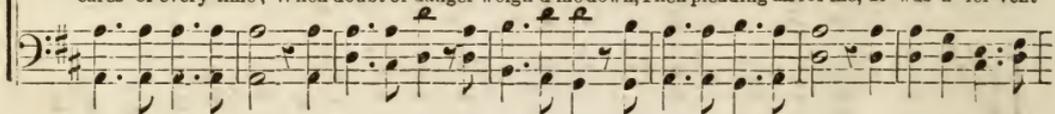
Arr. by JOHN GIBSON.



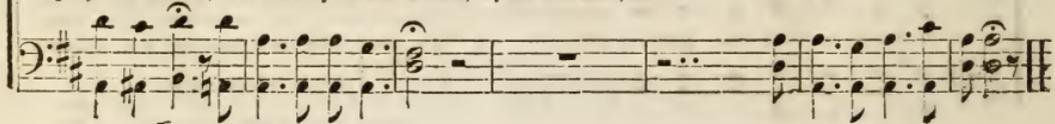
1. There was a place in childhood, That I re-member well; And there a voice of sweetest tone, Bright
2. When fai-ry tales were end-ed, "Good night," she softly said, And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep, With-
3. In the sickness of my childhood, The pe-riils of my prime, The sorrows of my rip-er years, The



fai-ry tales did tell; And gentle words, and fond embrace, Were giv'n with joy to me, When I was in that  
in my ti-ny bed; And holy words she taught me there, Methinks I yet can see Her angel eyes, as  
cares of every time; When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, Then pleading all for me, It was a fer-vent



hap-py place, Up-on my mother's knee, My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle mother  
close I knelt, Beside my mother's knee, My mother dear, &c.  
prayer to heav'n, That bent my mother's knee, My mother dear, &c.



# HOSANNA! BE OUR CHEERFUL SONG. Arr. by CULL. 149

*Allegretto.*—QUARTETTE, or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Ho-san - na! be our cheerful song, To Christ, our Saviour-king; His praise, to whom we  
 2. Ho-san - na! here, in joy-ful bands, Let old and young proclaim; And hail, with voi-ces,  
 3. Ho-san - na! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain, While louder, sweeter,  
 4. Ho-san - na! on the wings of light, O'er earth and o-cean, fly,— Till morn to eve, and

## FULL CHORUS.

all be - long, Let all u - nite, and sing. Sing, sing, and praise the Lord, To  
 hearts, and hands, The Son of Da - vid's name. Sing, sing, &c.  
 clear - er still, Woods echo to the strain. Sing, sing, &c.  
 noon to night, And heav'n to earth, re - ply. Sing, sing, &c.

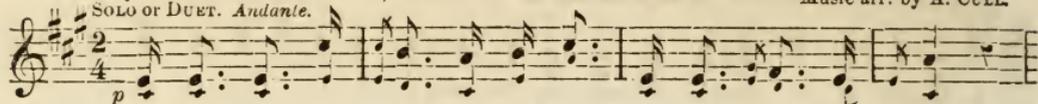
him our praise be - longs; Sing, sing, and praise our God, He loves to hear our songs.

## THOUGH I'M BUT A LITTLE MAIDEN;

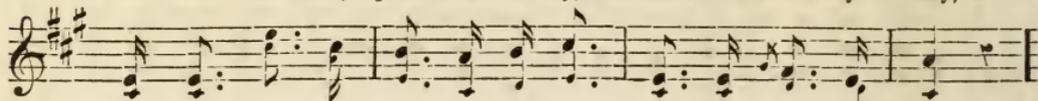
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

or, GOD'S SO GOOD TO ME.\*

Music arr. by A. CULL.

SOLO or DUET. *Andante.*

1. Though I'm but a lit - tle maid - en, Not so big as you,  
2. All this wis - dom, pure and ho - ly, Shines a - bout my way,



Though sad care my heart's ne'er lad - en, Yet that heart is true;  
From the wild flower, sweet and low - ly, To the glo - rious day—

1ST TIME SOLO, REPEAT FOR CHORUS.

When I see the bright stars glist - en In the si - lent sky; And  
When I see the the rose - tree blos - som, Hear the wind's soft sigh, And

feel that God's so good to me,— Oh! none so glad as I.  
feel that God's so good to me,— Oh! none so glad as I.

\* As sung by little Master Davies.

3. I have watched the dark blue ocean,  
Restless in its pride,  
And have felt my soul's devotion  
Leaping with the tide;  
When I hear the brook's low music,  
Sweetly murmuring by,  
And feel that God's so good to me—  
Oh! none so glad as I.
4. Loving friends are ever near me,  
Shielding me from wrong;  
Gentle strangers press to hear me  
Sing my simple song;  
When I know such care surrounds me,  
Love that can not die,  
And feel that God's so good to me—  
Oh! none so glad as I

TEMPERANCE CALL.

*Tune*—page 123.

1. CHILDREN all, both great and small,  
Answer to the temp'rance call;  
Mary, Marg'ret, Jane, and Sue,  
Charlotte, Ann, and Fanny too.  
*Chorus*—Cheerily, heartily, come along,  
Sign our pledge, and sing our song.
2. No strong drink shall pass our lips,  
He's in danger who but sips.  
Come, then, children, one and all,  
Answer to the temp'rance call.  
*Chor.* Cheerily, &c.
3. Where's the boy that would not shrink  
From the bondage of strong drink?  
Come, then, Joseph, Charles, and Tom,  
Henry, Samuel, James, and John.  
*Chor.* Cheerily, &c.
4. Who have misery, want and wo?  
And who to the bottle go?  
We resolve their road to shun.  
And in temp'rance paths to run.  
*Chor.* Cheerfully, &c.

5. Good cold water does for us;  
Costs no money, makes none worse,  
Gives no bruises; steals no brains;  
Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.  
*Chor.* Readily, &c.
6. Who would life and health prolong?  
Who'd be happy, wise, and strong?  
Let alone the drunkard's bane,  
Half-way pledges are in vain.  
*Chor.* Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you,  
Sign the pledge, and keep it too.

LITTLE SCHOOLMATES, CAN YOU TELL.

*Tune*—S. BELL, No. 1, p. 57.

FIRST CLASS.

1. LITTLE schoolmates, can you tell  
Who has kept us safe and well  
Through the watches of the night,  
Brought us safe to see the light?

SECOND CLASS.

2. Yes; it is our God doth keep  
Little children while they sleep;  
He has kept us safe from harm,  
Sheltered by his powerful arm.

FIRST CLASS.

3. Can you tell who gives us food,  
Clothes, and home, and parents good,  
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,  
Useful books, and active mind?

SECOND CLASS.

4. Yes; our heavenly Father's care  
Gives us all we eat and wear;  
All our books, and all our friends,  
God, in kindness, to us sends.

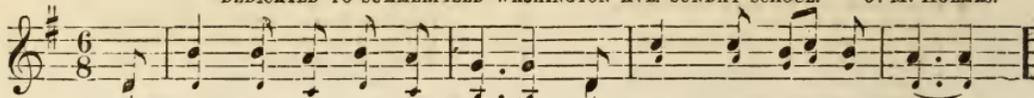
CHORUS.

5. Oh, then, let us thankful be,  
For his mercies large and free;  
Every morning let us raise  
Our young voices in his praise.

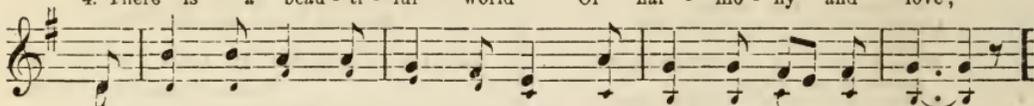
## THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

DEDICATED TO SUMMERFELD WASHINGTON AVE. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. M. HOLMES.



1. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing;  
 2. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where sor-row nev-er comes;  
 3. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Un-seen to mor-tal sight,  
 4. There is a beau-ti-ful world Of har-mo-ny and love;



A world where peace and plea-sure reigns, And heav-en-ly prais-es ring.  
 A world where tears shall nev-er fall, In sigh-ing for our home.  
 And dark-ness nev-er en-ters there— That home is fair and bright.  
 Oh! may we safe-ly en-ter there, And dwell with God a-bove.

## CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

We'll be there, be there; Oh! yes, we'll be there. Palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry,

We all shall wear; We shall wear glo-ri-ous crowns In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

# SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

153

Words by Mrs. S. B. DANA.

Music arranged by H. WATERS.

1. Spark - ling and bright in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es;

'T will give you health, 't will give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - - es.

## CHORUS.

Oh, then re - sign, your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh - ter,

There's nothing so good for the youth - ful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.

2. Better than gold is the water cold,  
From the crystal fountain flowing;  
A calm delight, both day and night,  
To happy homes bestowing.

*Chorus—Oh, then resign, &c.*

3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled—  
Of the weeping wife and mother,  
They'd given up the poisoned cup,  
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

*Chorus—Oh, then resign, &c.*

## A LITTLE WORD IN KINDNESS SAID.

Arranged by H. WATERS.

1. A lit - tle word in kind - ness said, A mo - tion or a tear, Has

oft - en healed the heart that 's sad. And made a friend sincere, Has oft - en healed the

heart that's sad, And made a friend sincere.

2. A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
 Full many a budding flower,  
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
 Would bless life's darkest hour. :|
3. Then deem it not an idle thing,  
 A pleasant word to speak :  
 The life you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
 May heart may heal or break. :|

FROM GOLDEN TRIO BY PERMISSION. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Weep-ing soul, no long-er mourn, Je-sus all thy griefs hath borne; }  
View him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee; }

There thy ev-'ry sin he bore, Weep-ing soul la-ment no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid  
See upon his blameless head  
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,  
Due to my offense and yours ;  
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,  
Find him mighty to redeem ;  
At his feet thy burden lay  
Look thy doubts and fears away ;  
Now by faith the Son embrace,  
Plead his promise, trust his grace.  
Lord thy arm must be revealed,  
Are I can by faith be healed ;

Since I scarce can look to thee,  
Cast a gracious eye on me ;  
At thy feet myself I lay,  
Shine, oh, shine my sins away.

FALSE CONFIDENCE

1.  
ONCE I thought my mountain strong,  
Firmly fixed no more to move,  
Then my Saviour was my song,  
Then my soul was filled with love;  
Those were happy, golden days.  
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2.  
Little, then, myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power ;  
Now I feel my sins renew,  
Now I feel the stormy hour :  
Sin has put my joys to flight—  
Sin has turned my day to night.

3.  
Saviour ! shine, and cheer my soul,  
Bid my dying hopes revive ;  
Make my wounded spirit whole ;  
Far away the tempter drive,  
Speak the word, and set me free—  
Let me live alone to Thee.

## MY BROTHER, I WISH YOU WELL!



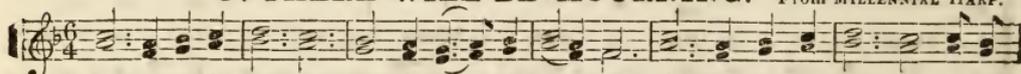
D. C.

1. My brother, I wish you well! My brother, I wish you well! When my Lord calls I trust I shall be mentioned in the promised land.
- CHO. Be mentioned in the promised land, Be mentioned in the promised land, When my Lord calls I trust I shall be mentioned in the promised land.

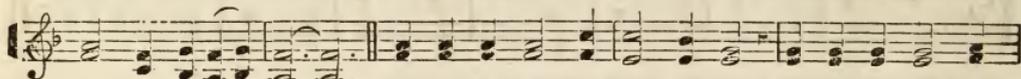
- 2 My sister, I wish you well!  
My sister, I wish you well! etc.
- 3 My father, I wish you well!  
My father, I wish you well! etc.
- 4 My mother, I wish you well!  
My mother, I wish you well! etc.
- 5 My neighbors, I wish you well!

- My neighbors, I wish you well! etc.
- 6 My pastor, I wish you well!  
My pastor, I wish you well! etc.
- 7 Young converts, I wish you well!  
Young converts, I wish you well! etc.
- 8 Poor sinner, I wish you well!  
Poor sinner, I wish you well! etc.

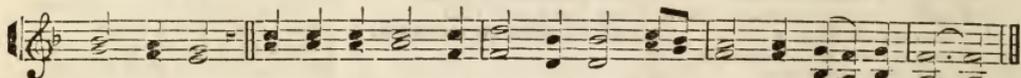
## O! THERE WILL BE MOURNING. FROM MILLENNIAL HARP.



1. O! there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, O! there will be mourning, At the



judgment-seat of Christ. Parents and children there will part, Parents and children



there will part, Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.

2. O! there will be mourning, &c. ||: Wives and husbands there will part, :|| Will part to meet no more.
3. O! there will be mourning, &c. ||: Brothers and sisters there will part, :|| Will part to meet no more.
4. O! there will be mourning, &c. ||: Friends and neighbors there will part: || Will part to meet no more.
5. O! there will be mourning, &c. ||: Pastors and people there will part, :|| Will part to meet no more.
6. O! there will be mourning, &c. ||: Teachers and children there will part, :|| Will part to meet no more.
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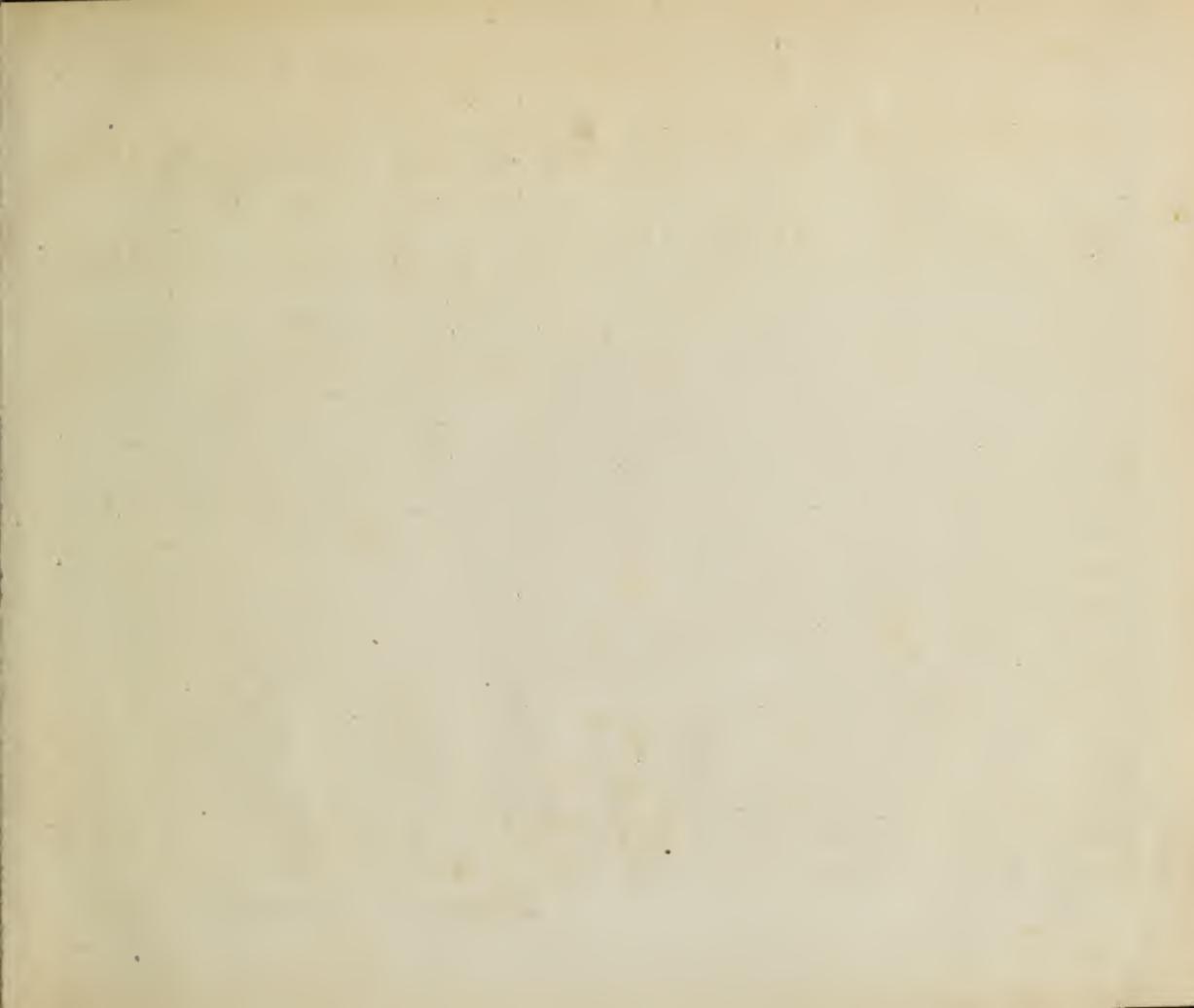
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