

THE
CHRISTIAN HARP

AND
SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

The Social Religious Circle, Revivals,

AND THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Address all orders to either of the following—

RUEBUSH & KIEFFER, Singer's Glen, Rockingham Co., Va.

REV. J. W. HOWE,

SINGER'S GLEN,

ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.

JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS, PRINTERS.



THE
CHRISTIAN HARP

AND
SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

The Social Religious Circle, Revivals,

AND THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Address all orders to either of the following—

RUEBUSH & KIEFFER, Singer's Glen, Rockingham Co., Va.

REV. J. W. HOWE, “ “ “ “ “

SINGER'S GLEN,

ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.

JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS, PRINTERS.

PREFACE.

THE publishers of this little work would say to their brethren of the various denominations, and friends in general, that their sole object in framing the "CHRISTIAN HARP AND SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER," was the purpose of supplying a want—long felt by themselves and many others—of such a work.

When they first spoke of arranging and publishing a book of this kind, all who heard of it seemed much delighted, and many encouraged them to prosecute the work at once, declaring their hearty patronage.

They have, therefore, selected such melodies, and collected such ballads from far and near, as were thought best adapted to social worship—revivals, and Sabbath Schools, and tending to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion.

The large sale and increasing demand for this little work, have induced the publishers to issue an Eighth Edition. No changes have been made in this from the former edition, and it is now offered to the public in a permanent form.

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

Music is composed of tones produced by the human voice or musical instruments. These tones have three essential properties, namely:

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER,

Pitch regards a tone as *high* or *low*; length, as *long* or *short*; and power, as *loud* or *soft*.

At the foundation of high and low tones lies a series of eight notes called

THE DIATONIC SCALE.

Do	—	8
Si	—	7
La	—	6
Sol	—	5
Fa	—	4
Mi	—	3
Re	—	2
Do	—	1

To the first tone of the scale we apply the syllable Do, to the second Re, &c., as above.

Music is written upon a character called the **STAFF**. The staff is composed of five lines and four spaces. The notes are written on the lines and in the spaces. Each line and each space thus represents a degree of sound. When more than nine degrees of sound are wanted, the spaces below and above are used; and if still more degrees of sound are wanted, short lines are added below and above on which the notes are placed.

There are two staves in use. These staves are distinguished by characters called Clefs—the F Clef and the G Clef. The lines and spaces represent different tones. These tones are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the F clef is placed on the staff, the first line is called G, the first space A, &c., as in the following example; but when the G clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents E, the first space F, &c.

THE STAFF WITH CLEFS, LETTERS, AND NOTES.

The image shows two musical staves. The top staff is labeled 'G Clef.' and features a treble clef. The notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G are placed on the lines and spaces of the staff. The bottom staff is labeled 'F Clef.' and features a bass clef. The notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G are placed on the lines and spaces of the staff.

To represent the length of tones, characters are used called notes. These notes are of various lengths, as follows:

Whole note. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth.



One whole note is equal in time to two half notes,

or four quarters, or eight eighths, or sixteenths: and the same relative length must be allowed to each note. Thus if we sing the whole note in four seconds of time, the half-note must be sung in two seconds, the quarter-note in one second, the eighth-note in a half a second, and the sixteenth note in a quarter of a second. But if in any piece of music the whole note is sung in three seconds, the half note must be sung in a second and a half, &c.

The notes of a piece of music are divided into equal measures—each measure containing the same value of notes. For this purpose bars are used. There are three bars in common use, viz: the single bar, the broad bar, and the double bar.

The single bar divides the staff into equal time-measures; the broad bar marks the end of a line of poetry; and the double bar shows where a strain ends that is to be repeated, and is also used at the beginning of a chorus.

EXAMPLE,

Common Bar. Measure. Broad Bar. Measure. Double Bar.



Notes are subject to some modifications by the use of additional characters. A dot or point (.) placed after a note adds one-half to its length; thus, the pointed whole note is equal to three half notes; the pointed half-note to three quarters, &c. When the figure 3 is placed over a group of three notes, such three notes are to be performed in the

time of two notes of equal value without the figure 3. When a pause \frown is placed over a note it adds about one-third to its original length.

When four dots or points are placed across the staff the strain following is to be repeated.

When the initials p. c. are placed over the staff they indicate a repetition of the first strain again, and closing with that.

There are three kinds of TIME in music, namely, Common Time, Triple Time, and Compound Time. There are three varieties of Common Time; two of Triple, and two of Compound. The first measure of Common time is marked with the fraction 2-2, and contains two half-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains four quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The third measure is marked with the fraction 2-4, and contains two quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Triple time is marked with the fraction 3-2, and contains three half-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains three quarter-notes, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Compound time is marked with the fraction 6-4, and contains six quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure with the fraction 6-8, and contains six eighth-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

THE
CHRISTIAN HARP
AND
Sabbath School Songster.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.



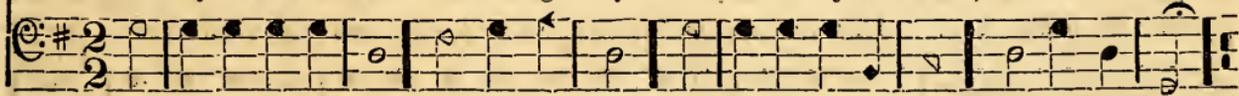
1 To-day the Sa-rior calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?



2 To-day the Sa-rior calls: O hear him now: With-in these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.



3 To-day the Sa-rior calls: For ref-uge fly! The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.



4 The Spir-it calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a-way; 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

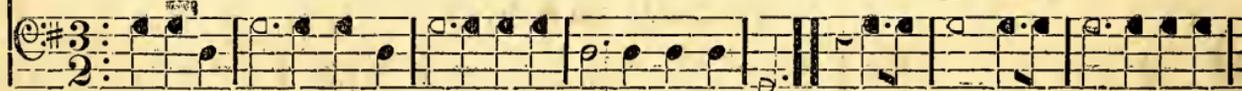
HAPPY DAY.



1 O happy day that fixed my choice, Oh thee, my Savior and my God ; } Happy day, happy day ! When Jesus
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } D. c. Happy day, &c.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows, To him who merits all my love ; } Happy day, happy day ! When Jesus
Let cheerful anthems fill his house While to that sacred shrine I move. } D. c. Happy day, &c.



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 his voice divine. }

FINE



washed my sins a - way ; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing eve-ry day ;



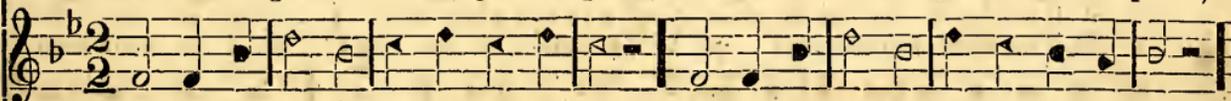
washed my sins a - way ; He taught me how to watch and pray, and live re-joic - ing eve-ry day ;



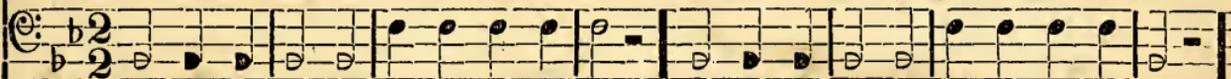
SOLDIER, GO HOME.



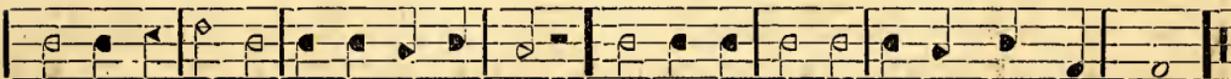
1 Go to the grave, in all thy glo-rious prime, In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and pow'r;



2 Go to the grave, at noon from la-bor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy har-vest work is done;



3 Go to the grave, for there the Sa-vior lay In death's em-bra-ces ere he rose on high,



A Christian can-not die be-fore his time, The Lord's ap-pointment is the ser-vant's hour.



Come from the heat of battle and of peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.



And all the ransom'd by that nar-row way, Pass to e-ter-nal life be-yond the sky.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?



1 Shall we sing in heav-en for-ev-er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in
 2 Shall we know each other ev - er? In that land? In that land? Shall we know each



heaven for - ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
 oth - er ev - er In that hap - py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that



land, that hap - py land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er, Far be - yond the
 land, that hap - py land, They that meet shall know each oth - er, Far be - yond the

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN—Continued.



3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land ?

Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land ?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land
Saints and angels sing forever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land!

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land ?

Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land ?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest forever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear lost children,
In that land ?

Shall we meet our dear lost children,
In that happy land ?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6 Shall we meet our Christian Parents
In that land ?

Shall we meet our Christian Parents
In that happy land ?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7 Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land ?

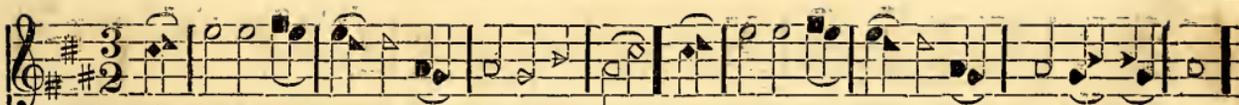
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land ?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

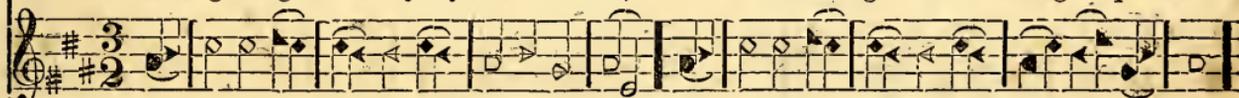
8 Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that land ?

Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that happy land ?

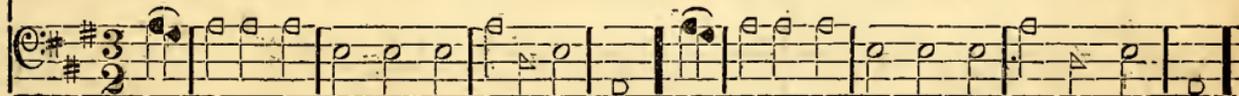
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Savior
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there forever,
In that happy land!



1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron by thy silver streams, Our Savior at midnight when moonlight's pale beams



2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!



3 O gar-den of Oli-vet, thou dear, honor'd spot! The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot:
4 Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet! Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;



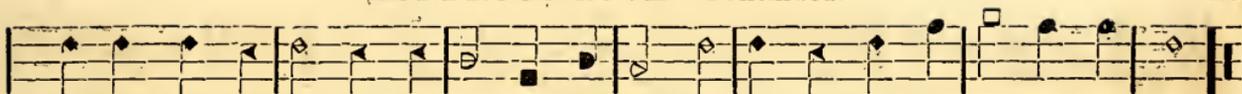
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.



The an-gels as-tonish'd grew sad at the sight, And follow'd their Master with sol-emn de - light.



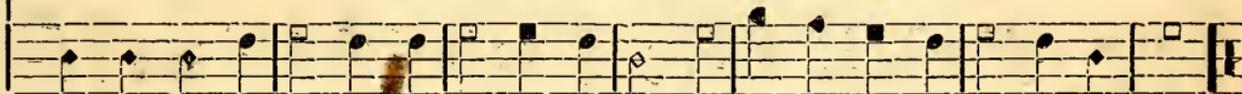
The theme most trans-port-ing to seraphs a-bove; The tri-umph of sorrow, the tri-umph of love.
Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.



bear the dead-ful curse for my soul for my soul ! To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.



laid a - side his crown for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul.



vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news.

- 4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise! join his praise!
 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise!
 Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise:
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise.
- 5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing:
 To God and to the Lamb who is the great I AM,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing.
- 6 And when from death I'm free, I am free, I am free
 And when from death I'm free, I am free;
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
 And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
 And through eternity I'll sing on.

NO PARTING THERE.

1 Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we meet on
 2 Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But there we shall with

3 Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we join the

Ca-naan's plain, There'll be no part-ing there, In that bright world a - bove, In
 Je - sus meet, There'll be no part-ing there, In that world world a - bove, In

heav'nly train, There'll be no part - ing there, In that, &c.

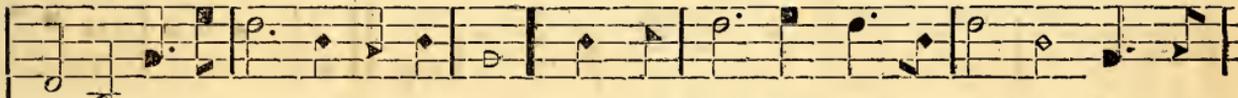
that bright world a - bove; Shout! shout the vic - t'ry, We're on our jour - ney home.



1 Ho-ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year thy hand hath
2 In the world will foes assail me Craft-ier stronger far than I: And the strife may nev - er



3 I would trust in thy pro-ject-ing, Whol-ly lean up - on thy arm; Fol-low whol-ly thy di -



brought me On thro' dan-gers oft unknown. When I wan - dered, thou hast found me; When I
fail me, Well I know be - fore I die, There-fore, Lord, I come be - liev - ing Thou canst



rect-ing, thou mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me



doubt-ed, sent me light, Still thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in thy sight.
give the power I need: Thro' the pray'r of faith re-ceiving Strength—the Spirit's strength, I need.



turn to thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, view-ing, Keep me ev - er at thy side.

joy-ful, joy-ful, joy - ful, Oh ! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more. To meet to part no
 joy-ful, joy-ful, joy - ful, Oh ! that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more. To meet to part no

more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ew-er-last-ing song, With those who've gone before.
 more, On Ca-naan's happy shore, And sing the ew-er-last-ing song, With those who've gone before.

3 The children who have loved the Lord,
 Shall hail their teachers there ;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.

2 Ch. Harp.

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

THE INVITATION.



1 Sinner go, will you go, to the highlands of heaven, Where the storms never blow and the long summer's given?



2 Where the rich, golden fruit in bright clusters are pending, And the deep laden boughs of life's fair tree are bending,



3 Where the saints robed in white, cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,

Shining beauteous and bright, shall inhabit the mountain,

4 He's prepared thee a home, sinner canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come, sinner, wilt thou receive it!



Where the bright blooming flow'rs are their odors emitting, And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are fitting.



Where life's crys-tal stream is un-ceas-ing-ly flow-ing, And the ver-dure is green and e - ter - nal-ly grow-ing.



Where no sin, nor dis-may, neith-er trouble nor sorrow, Shall be felt for the day, nor be fear'd for the mor-row.

Oh! then come, sin-ner, come! for the tide is re-ced-ing, And the Savior will soon and for-ev-er cease pleading.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

19



1 I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home: Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home:



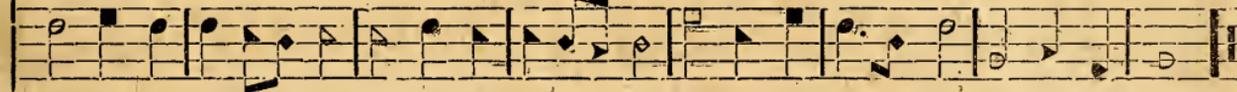
2 What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage; Heav'n is my home;



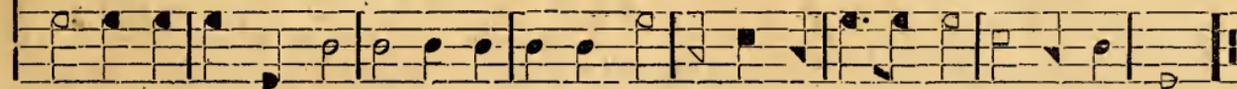
3 There at my Sa-rior's side, Heaven is my home: I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home;



Danger and sor-row stand Round me on every hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.



Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.



There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.



1 I would not live always, I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm rises dark o'er the way;



2 I would not live always: no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;

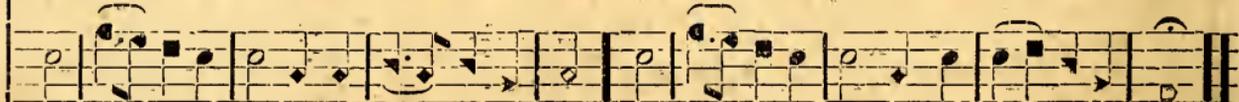


3 Who, who would live always away from his God! A way from yoh heaven, that bliss-ful a - bode!

4 Where saints of all a-ges in har-mo - ny meet, Their Sa-rior and brethren transported to greet;



The few lu-cid mornings that dawn on us here, Are fol-low'd by gloom or beclouded with care.



There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de-scend-ing the skies.



Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And noontide of glo-ry e - ter - nal-ly reigns.
While anthems of rap-ture un - ceas-ing - ly roll, The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

HOME—Continued.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home: Re - ceive me, dear Sa - vior, in glo - ry, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me, dear Sa - vior in glo - ry, my home.

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the chorus. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

THE FATHERLAND:

1 There is a place where my hopes are staid; My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms

2 There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peace-ful a - bode, The joys of that place no

3 There is a place where my friends are gone, Who worship'd and suffer'd with me—Exalted with Christ high

4 There is a place where I hope to live When life and its troubles are o'er, A place which the Lord to

The image shows three staves of musical notation for 'The Fatherland'. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

THE FATHERLAND—Continued.

CHORUS



nev-er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That blissful place is my Fa-ther-land, By



tongue can tell, For there is the palace of God. That blissful place is my Fa-ther-land, By



on his throne, The King in his beau - ty they see,
me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.



faith its delights I ex-plore; Come fa-vor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.



faith its de-light's I ex-plore; Come favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.





1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair : No pain nor death can enter there ; { I'm going home, I'm going home,
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine ; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }



2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky ; { I'm going home, I'm going home,
When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }



I'm going home to die no more ; To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



I'm going home to die no more ; To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth ; let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1 There is a world of perfect bliss A - bove the star-ry skies; }
 Op-press'd with sorrows and with sins, I thither lift mine eyes. } O that world, bright and fair!



2 'Tis there the wea-ry are at rest, And all is peace with-in; }
 The mind with guilt no more oppres's'd, Is tranquil and serene. } O that world, bright and fair!



3 Farewell to earth and earthly things: In vain they tempt my stay; }
 Come, angels, spread your joyful wings, And bear my soul a-way. } O that world, bright and fair!



How I long to be there, When we shall reach that world of light We'll all be hap-py there.



How I long to be there, When we shall reach that world of light We'll all be hap-py there.



1 I love thy king-dom Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our bless'd Re -
 2 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend: To her my toils and

3 Je - sus, thou Friend divine, Our Sa - vior and our King, Thy hand from eve - ry

deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood. I love thy Church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee
 cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly

snare and foe, Shall great de - liv'r - ance bring. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be

stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
 ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

giv'n, The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield. And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

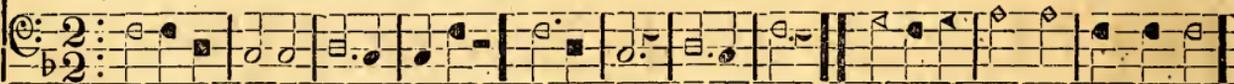
MERCY'S FREE.



1 By faith I view my Sa-vior dying, On the tree, On the tree : } He bids the guilty now draw near,
To eve-ry na-tion he is cry-ing, "Look to me, Look to me;" }



2 Did Christ when I was sin pursuing, Pit-y me, Pit-y me? } Oh! yes he did sal-va-tion bring—
And did he snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be? }



3 Je-sus, the mighty God hath spoken, Peace to me, Peace to me; } Soon as I in his name be-lieved,
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free; }



Repent, believe, dis-miss their fear, Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.



He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—And now my happy soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free.



The Ho-ly Spir - it I received, And Christ from death my soul retrieved, Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free.

REMEMBER ME.

1 A - las! and did my Sa-vior bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die? } Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy
 Would he de-vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I? }

2 Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree; } Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy
 A - maz-ing pit - y, grace un-known! And love beyond de-gree. }

dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.

3 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bathed in its own blood,
 While all exposed to wrath divine,
 The glorious Suff'rer stood.

dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.

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

HOMEWARD BOUND.



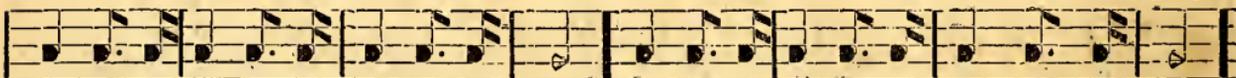
1 Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound : }
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound : }
 Prom-ise of which on us each he be - stows, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



2 Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound : }
 Look ! yon - der lie the bright heav - enly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound : }
 O how we fly 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



D C



Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode ;



Stead - y, O pi - lot ! stand firm at the wheel, Stead - y, we soon shall out - weath - er the gale !



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

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last, home at last:
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last, home at last:
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last, home at last.

WOODLAND. 8,6,8,8,6.



1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourn-ing wand'ers giv'n; There is a tear for
 2 There is a home for wear-y souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tem-



3 There faith lifts up the tear-less eye, To bright-er pros-pects giv'n, It views the temp-est



souls distress'd A balm for eve-ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n.
 pest-uous shoals, Where storms a-rise and o-cean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.



,pass-ing by, Sees eve-ning shad-ows quick-ly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.

CHORUS

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! let us sing!

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! let us sing!

Grate-ful hon-ors to our King! Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

Grate-ful hon-ors to our King! Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

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

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Savior I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say,—“Behold the way to God!”



1 I'm glad that I am born to die;—Our home is not be - low ; } Come, join our pilgrim
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly;—Our home is not be - low ; } Our home is not be -
 Bright an-gels shall convey me home;—Our home is not be - low ; } Come, join our pilgrim
 A - way to New Je - ru - sa - lem;—Our home is not be - low ; } Our home is not be -



band, And home to glo - ry go; We're trav'ling to that bet - ter land, Our home is not be - low.
 low, Our home is not be - low, We're trav'ling to that bet - ter land, Our home is not be - low.

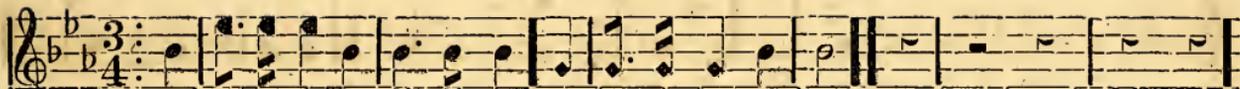


2 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
 I hope to praise him after death;
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell vain world I'm going home,
 My Savior smiles and bids me come;
 Sweet angels beckon me away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day.

4 I soon shall pass this vale of death,
 And in his arms I'll lose my breath;
 And then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 When to that blessed world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 This note above the rest shall swell
 My Jesus hath done all things well.



1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign ; } There everlasting spring abides,
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. }



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green ; } But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
So to the Jews old Canaan stood While Jordan roll'd between ; }



3 O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise ; } Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be - clouded eyes ! }



And nev - er with'ring flowers ; Death like a nar - row sea di - vides, This heav'n - ly land from ours.



To cross this narrow sea ! And linger shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a way.



And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

3 Ch. Harp.



1 Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing; } Ye are trav'ling home to God,
Sing your Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. }



2 Fear not, brethren! joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land; } Lord, submissive make us go,
Je-sus Christ, your Father's son, Bids you un-dismay'd go on. }



In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

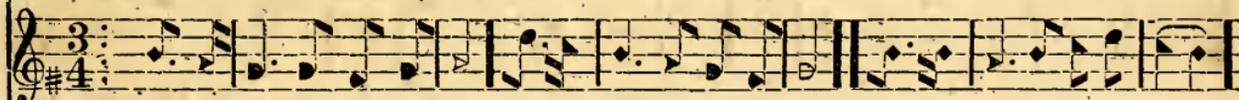


Glad-ly leav-ing all be - low; On - ly thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol - low thee.





1 Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world around, } Now to you my spirit turns,—
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no where found: }



2 Lone-ly I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; } Mine the God whom you adore;
 Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave: }



Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest; Breth-ren, where your altar burns, O, re-ceive me in - to rest,



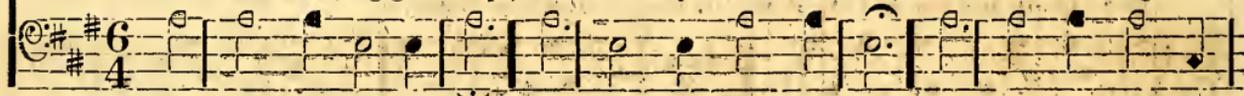
Your Re-deem-er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more! Eve-ry i - dol I re - sign.



THE CHRISTIAN CHARGE. S. M.



1 O sing to me of heav'n When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly
2 When cold and slug-gish drops, Roll off my mar-ble brow, Burst forth in songs of



3 When the last mo-ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se -
4 Then to my ray-ish'd ear, Let one sweet song be giv'n! Let mu - sic charm me



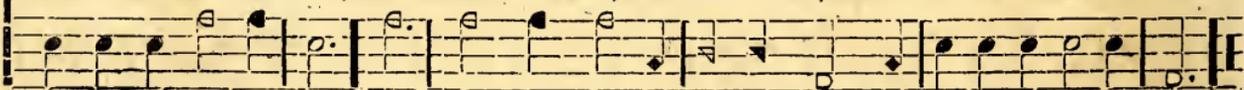
ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high. There'll be no more sor-row there, There'll
joy - ful - ness, — Let heav'n be - gin be - low.



raph - ic gleam Which on each fea-ture plays.
last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n,



be no more sor-row there, In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there.



WE'RE MARCHING TO GLORY. 8,7,8,7,

37



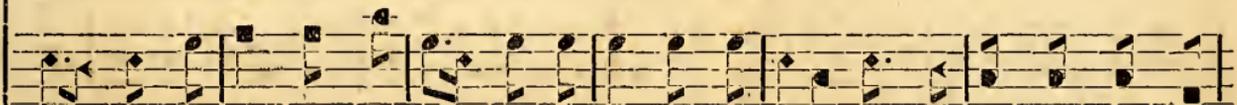
1 Our kindred dear to heaven have gone, We'll meet our friends in glory; } We're marching to
They landed safe—we'll follow on, To meet our friends in glo - ry:



2 Like us they had their cares and fears, We'll meet our friends in glory; } We're marching to
Like us they shed af-fec-tion's tears, We'll meet our friends in glory!



glo - ry, We're marching to glo - ry, We're marching to glo - ry, To meet our friends in



glo - ry, We're marching to glo - ry, We're marching to glo - ry, To meet our friends in



3 Now they are shining bright and fair, We'll meet, &c.
Victorious palms with joy they bear, We'll meet, &c.

4 Safe housed in their eternal home, We'll meet, &c.
They wait till we with songs shall come, We'll meet, &c.

MARCHING TO GLORY—Continued.

glo - ry; We're on our way to par - a - dise, To meet our friends in glo - ry.

glo - ry; We're on our way to par - a - dise, To meet our friends in glo - ry.

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

THE ROCK.

1 In seasons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed in sorrow and care ;

2 When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To divert my poor soul from the fountain of good,

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here, In my Savior's pure righteousness let me ap-pear :

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,



From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry— “Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!



I will pray to my Sa- vior who kind - ly did die— “Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!



From the swellings of Jor-dan to thee will I cry— “Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
With the mil-lions I'll join far a - bove yon-der sky, To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!



Higher than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!



High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!



LAND OF REST. C. M.



1 Sweet land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When I shall lay my
 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a wil - der-



3 To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam, But fly for suc - cor

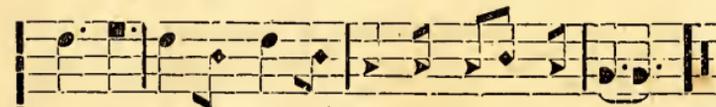


CHORUS

ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.
 ness of woe, This world is not my home



to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.



4 When by affliction sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb;
 Although I dread Death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sigh for home.

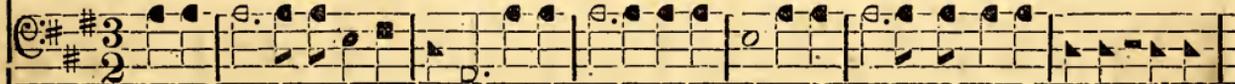
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.



5 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.



1 We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide ; We are out on the ocean sailing To a
 2 Mil-lions now are safe-ly landed Over on the golden shore ; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's



3 Come on board and ship for glory, Be in haste make up your mind ! For our vessel's weighing anchor, You will
 4 You have kindred over yonder, On that bright and happy shore ; By and by we'll swell the number, When the

CHORUS



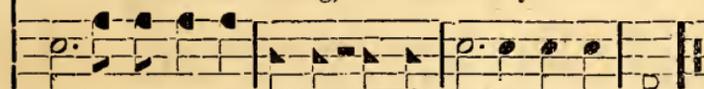
home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll anchor in the harbor ; We are
 room for millions more.



soon be left be - hind.
 toils of life are o'er.



out on the o-ccean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide.



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

6 When we all are safely anchored
 Over on the shining shore,
 We will walk about the city,
 And will sing forevermore.

REST. L. M.



1 A - sleep in Je - sus! bles-sed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep; A calm and



2 A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest! Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest; No fear, no



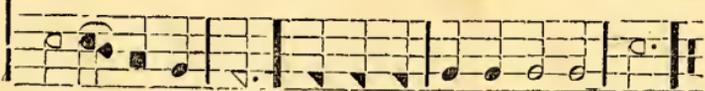
3 A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref - uge be! Se - cure - ly



undisturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.



we shall dim that hour, That manifests the Savior's power.



shall my ash-es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er!
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

1, How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens

2 His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre -

3 Why should this anxious load,
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.



1 If the hope that we cherish may quell our many fears, We must still taste sorrow's bitter store: }
 On the path-way we trav-el Will fall un-bid-den tears, O, dark clouds quick-ly gath-er o'er. }



2 Scarce a day of my so-journ With-in this drea-ry vale, May pass but a shadow's cast be-fore; }
 Our hearts may grow weary, Our courage almost fail,—O, dark clouds sometimes gather o'er. }



CHORUS

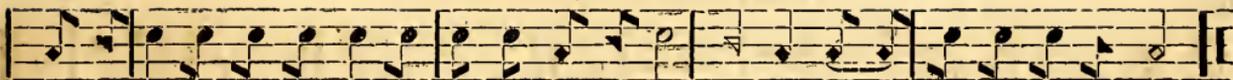


But I hear the voice of my Sa-rior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu - cid air:

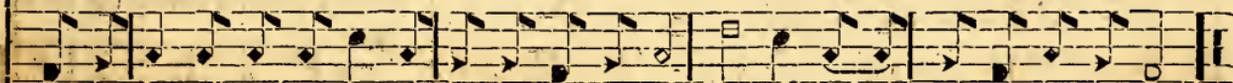


But I hear the voice of my Sa-rior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu - cid air:





"I will send for you short-ly my Fa-ther's house to share,"—O, dark clouds can never enter there.



"I will send for you short-ly my Fa-ther's house to share,"—O, dark clouds can nev-er en-ter there.



3 Dire enemies surround us
At morning noon and night,
As the lion crouches for his prey;
And when we look to Jesus,
Big tears bedim our sight,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er the way.

4 If the bliss of Christian union
Revives the fainting heart,
While loved ones to comfort tarry near,
In vain do we linger,
The dearest friends must part,—
O, dark clouds could separate us here.

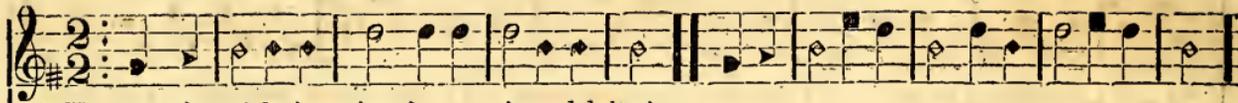
5 This life's a tiresome journey
As still from stage to stage,
We go on to future good or ill;

From the early hours of childhood
Even down to trembling age,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather o'er.

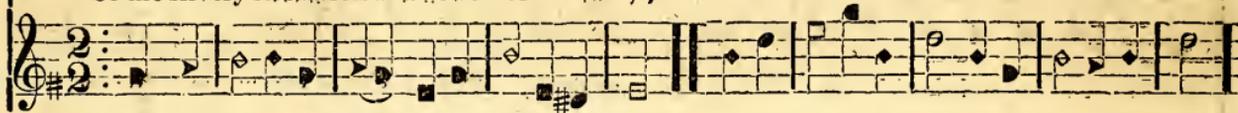
6 As the sun, bright of a morning
May hide behind a cloud,
And bright buds of promise strew the ground,—
So in place of bridal garment,
May come the snowy shroud,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather round.

7 If the fond doting mother
Commends her infant's charms,
Too soon her rapture turns to gloom;
Like a sweet drooping flower,
It withers in her arms,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er its tomb.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.



1 You may sing of the beauties of mountain and dale, } But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;



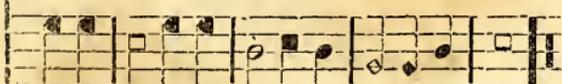
2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn, } But there's no other season or time can compare,
Of the sky's soft'ning graces when day is just gone:



Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.



With the hour of devotion—the season of pray'r.



3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame and of wealth,
Of the hopes which so flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail! blessed temple, abode of my Lord,
I will turn to thee often and learn from his word:
I will walk to thy altars with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.



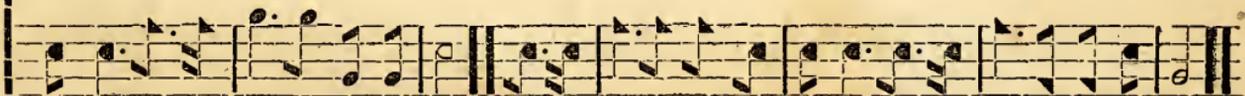
1 Let me go where saints are going, To the man-sions of the blest: Let me go where my Re -
I would join the friends that



2 Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe: Let me go and bathe my
And the vic-tor's song tri-



deemer Has prepared his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forevermore,
wait me O - ver on the other shore.



spir - it In the raptures angels know. Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal, Lures my soul a-way, a-way.
umph-ant Thrills my heart, I can-not stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?

What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares, and toils, and sorrows?
What but death, and pain, and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie;
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing,

Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory,
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—l'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

1 Sin-ner, oh why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap

2 Wilt thou de-spise e-ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's de-lu-sive dreams? Mad-ly at the

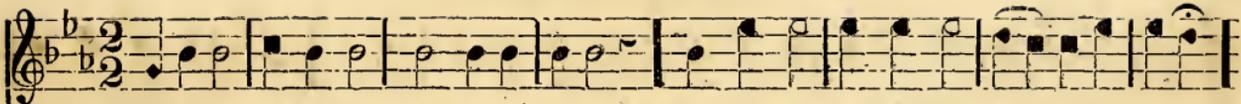
3 Stay, sin-ner, on the gos-pel plains! And hear the Lord of life un-fold The glo-ries of

to worlds unknown! Heedless against thy God to fly.

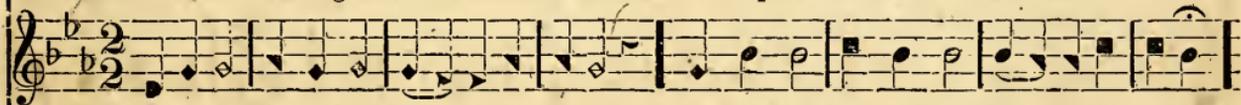
in-fer-nal gate, And force thy pas-sage to the flames?

his dy-ing pains!—For-ev-er tell-ing, yet un-told.

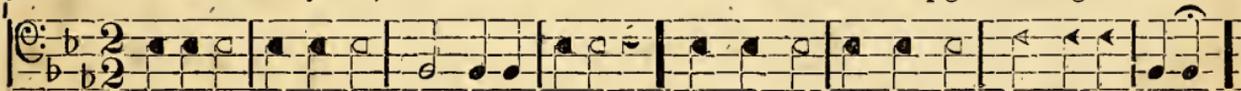
- 1 Come, weary souls with sins distrest;
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!



1 When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever?

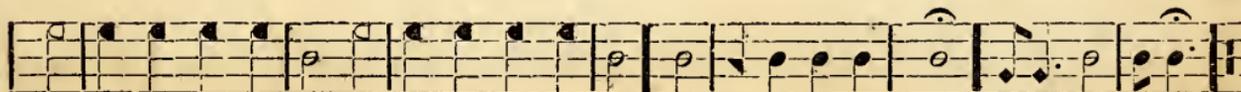


2 When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river! When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?



3 Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa-rior: May we all there u-nite, Hap-py for-ev-er!

4 Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us forever!



Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!



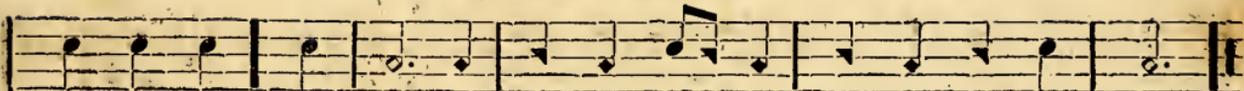
Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never!



Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis-pel Never, no, nev-er!

Our hearts will then repose, Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no, never!

4 Ch. Harp.



Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.



Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.



Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

5 While here a stranger far from home,
We'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves around me foam,
We'll be gathered home,
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.

8 Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home;
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow,
We'll be gathered home.
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.

6 I envy not the rich and great,
We'll be gathered home;
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state,
We'll be gathered home.

9 Be mine the happier lot to own,
We'll be gathered home;
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We'll be gathered home.

7 My Father is a richer King,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion still I sing,
We'll be gathered home.

10 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
We'll be gathered home;
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
We'll be gathered home.

HALTING PILGRIM.

1 Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste away ! haste away ! Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste, haste, away !

2 Tho' the way seem dark and lone, Look above, look above : Tho' the way seem, &c, Look, look above !

3 Pilgrim ! God thy guide will be, Him obey, Him obey ! Pilgrim ! God thy guide will be, Him, Him obey !
 4 Hark ! a voice of melody ! " Pilgrim, come ! pilgrim come ! " Hark ! a voice, &c, " Pilgrim, come home ! "

E'en the path where thou dost stand, Endeth in a better land, Far a - way, far a - way, Far, far a - way.

All is light around the throne—Sorrow's sighs are there unknown, All is love, all is love, All, all is love.

Trust him tho' thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that leadeth thee, All the way, all the way, All, all the way.
 'Tis thy Father calleth thee, Onward press and soon thou'lt be, Safe at home, safe at home, Safe, safe at home.

THE PRODIGAL'S RESOLVE.

Arr. by ALDINE. 53

1 Return, O wanderer—now return, And seek thy Father's face! Those new desires which in thee burn, Were

CHORUS.

kind-led by his grace. Oh I'll not die here; No, I'll not die here in a foreign land, When at home there's e-

nough and to spare, I'll a-rise and go to my Fa-ther's house, For I know there is mer - cy there.

- 2 Return, O wanderer—now return ;
 He hears thy humble sigh :
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.
 3 Return, O wanderer—now return ;
 Thy Savior bids thee live ;

- Go to his feet and grateful learn
 How freely he'll forgive.
 4 Return, O wanderer—now return
 And wipe the falling-tear :
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
 'Tis love invites thee near.

BILLOW.



1 Star of peace, to wand'ers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's



2 Star of hope, gleam on the bil-low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee! Bless the sail - or's



3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking, All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the
4 Star di - vine, O safely guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore temp - ta - tions



vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea.



lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea, Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.



bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea, Save him on the bil-lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea.
long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Sore temp - ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

REST IN HEAVEN.

Arr. by Poe.

55



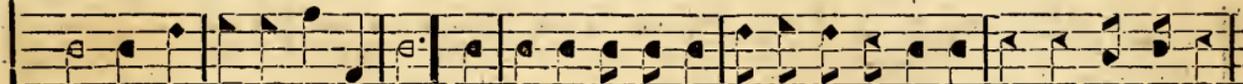
1 How oft - en I am wea - ry, How oft - en sad and drea-ry, What then but this can
2 What then, of trib-u - la - tion, What then of sore temp-tation, Be this my con - so -



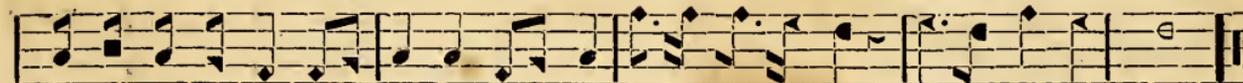
3 Then, welcome death and mourning, I see the day ap-proach-ing; Joy com - eth in the



cheer me, I soon shall rest in heav'n. When this poor body lies slumbering in the grave, And soft winds gently sigh
la - tion, I soon shall rest in heav'n.



morning, The day of rest in heav'n.



o'er its qui - et home, And strange, sweet flowers in beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest in heav'n.



BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.



1 Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, — Beautiful land of rest, No winter there, nor chill of night, —



3 Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er free, Beautiful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of Liberty, —



3 Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er dear, — Beau - ti - ful land of rest! Thy pearl - y gates al - most ap - pear, —



Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The drip - ping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth in



Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ran - som'd there will



Beau - ti - ful land of rest! And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We'll sing the song we've

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST—Continued.

CHORUS

end - less day,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,
 nev - er know,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,
 sung be - fore,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,

Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest, Beau - ti - ful land, Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest.
 Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beautiful land of rest.



1 What ves-sel are you sailing in, Pray tell to me its name? } Then hoist every sail to catch the gale, Each
Our vessel is the ark of God, And Christ our Captain's name. }



2 And what's the port your sailing for, Pray tell to me straightway! } Then hoist every sail, to catch the gale, Each
The New Jerusalem's the port, And realms of endless day. }



sail-or ply his oar, The night begins to wear away, We soon shall reach the shore; We soon shall reach the shore.



3 Our compass is the Sacred Word,
Our anchor blooming Hope,
The love of God our maintop sail,
And Faith our cable rope.
Then hoist, &c.

5 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier,
Then hoist, &c.

4 We've look'd astern and many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now, ahead, and lo!
The land appears in view,
Then hoist, &c.

6 And when we all are landed safe,
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain."
Then hoist, &c.



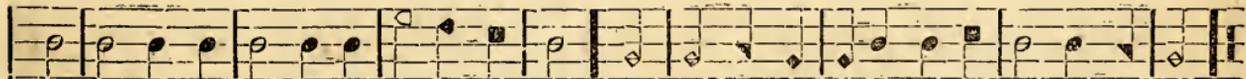
1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?



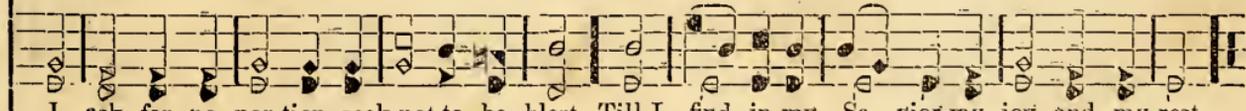
2 The thorn and the this-tle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon ro-ses be-low ;



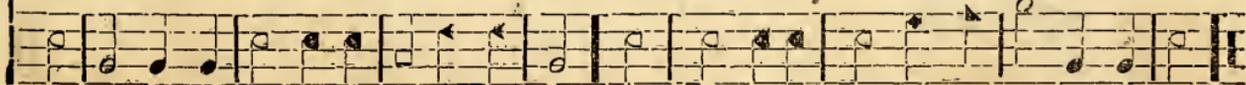
3 Af-flic-tions may grieve me but cannot destroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;
4 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;



Be hushed my dark spir-it, the worst that can come, But short-ens my jour-ney and has-tenis me home.



I ask for no por-tion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Sa-vior my joy and my rest.



And bit-ter-est tears if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sun-shine, grow diamond and gem.
The road may be rough but it cannot be long ; I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song,

1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the cross, Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the

2 And shall I fear to own his cause, own his cause, And shall I fear to own his cause, own his

3 Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the skies, Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the

4 While others fought to win the prize, win the prize; While others fought to win the prize, win the

cross, Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?

cause, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

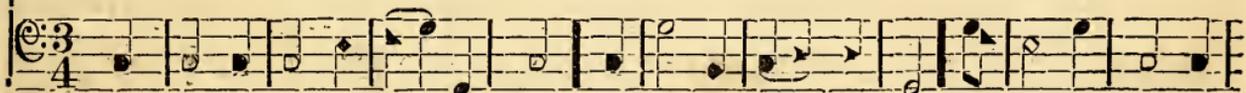
skies, Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow-ery beds of ease?
 prize, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood-y seas.



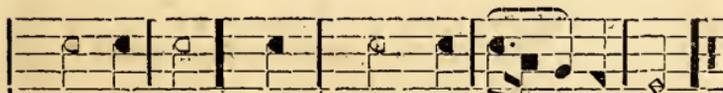
1 Ye wretched, hungry, starv-ing poor, Be-hold a roy-al feast, Where mercy spreads her



2 See Je-sus stands with o-pen arms, He calls, he bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and



3 Room in the Sa-vior's bleed-ing heart, There love and pit-y meet; Nor will he bid the



boun-teous store, For eve-ry hum-ble guest.

4 O come, and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast;
Of nobler joys above.



fear a-larms; But see, there yet is room.

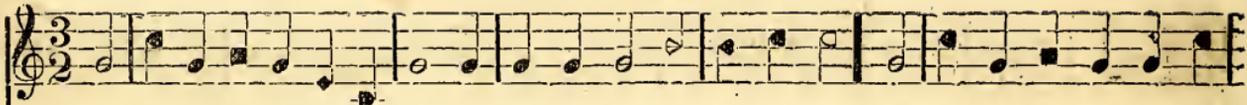
5 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.



soul de-part That trem-bles at his feet.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

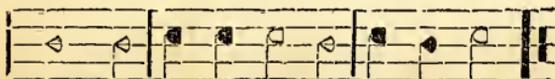
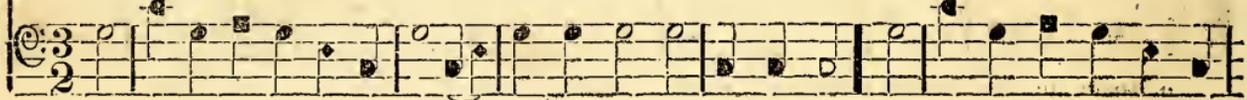
ZELEK. L. M.



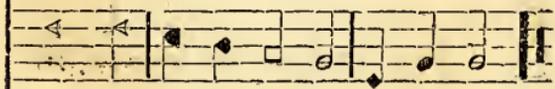
1 When thickly beat the storms of life, And heavy is the chast'ning rod, The soul beyond the waves of



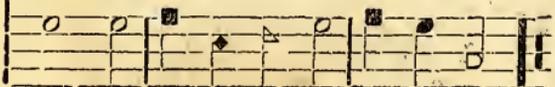
2 When hope dispels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock, Faith thro' the vista of the



strife, Views the e-ter-nal Rock, her God.



tomb, Points to the ev - er - last - ing Rock.



3 Is there a man who cannot see
That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chast'ning love.

4 Hope, Grace and Truth with gentle hand,
Shall lead a bleeding Savior's flock,
And show them in the promised land,
The shelter of th' Eternal Rock.

PART II.

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM BAND.

Words and Music by ALDINE.



1 We're a little pilgrim band, Roaming thro' a stranger land, Soon on Canaan's shore to stand, No more to roam.



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

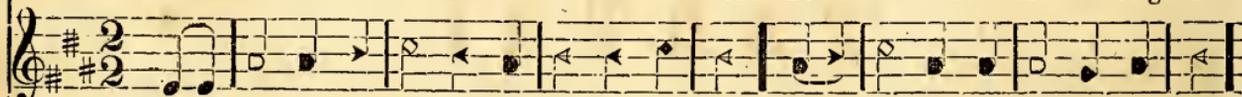


3 Soon that better land to gain, Free from sorrow, grief and pain, Sing the angel's happy strain—No more to roam.
There with Christ we'll live and reign, Nevermore to part again; Sing the Lamb that once was slain, No more to roam.

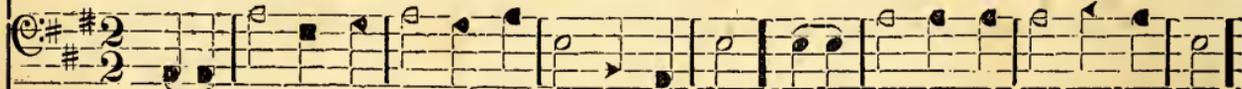
♩ Ch. Harp.



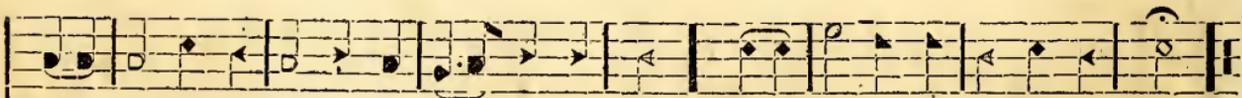
1 Let the cares of the week all be ban-ished far hence: To de-votion now let us be giv'n:



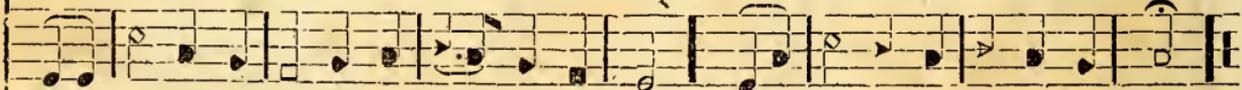
2 Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found To hin-der the growth of the seed:



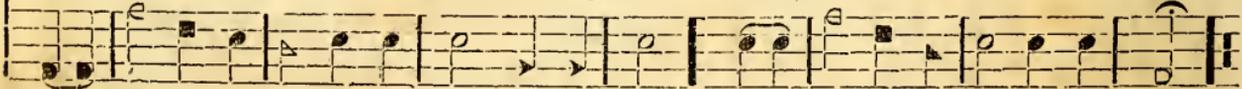
3 And oh, that a dew from the Lord may de-scend, To rest in a-bun-dance on all;
4 And may the Re-deem-er his pres-ence be - stow, De-light-ing each heart with his love;



May our Sab-bath-school duties this morning commence, And our souls be pre-paring for heav'n.

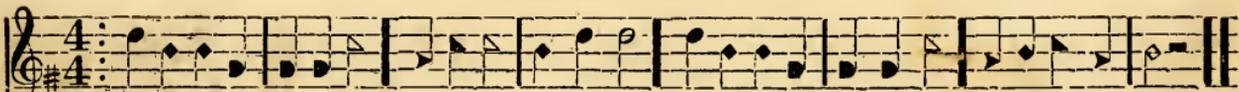


And earn-est-ly pray God would clear from the ground, Each rank and in - ju - ri - ous weed.

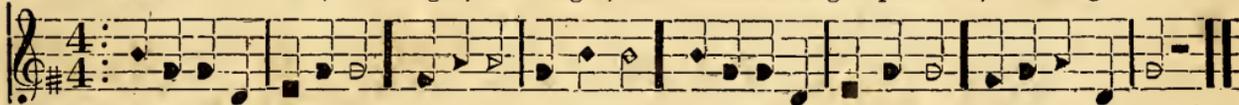


For without it no bless-ing the word will at - tend, Though preached by A-pol-los or Paul.
And give us to taste, in his dwell - ing be - low, The joys of his tem-ple a - bove.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.



1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell In the light, In the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God : }
But a sweeter music far, In the light, In the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God. }



2 Shall we ever rise to dwell, In the light, In the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God ? }
And can children ever go, In the light, In the light, Where eternal Sabbaths glow, In the light of God ? }

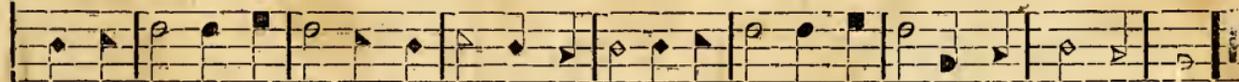


3 Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, In the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God : }
For the good a rest remains, In the light, In the light, Where the glorious Savior reigns, In the light of God. }

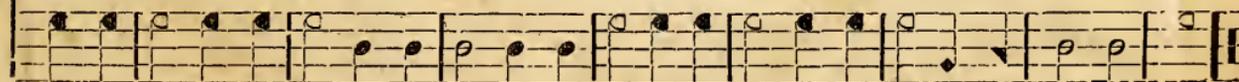
CHORUS



Let us walk in the light, In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.



Let us walk in the light, In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.



CHILDREN'S SONG.

CHORUS



1 A-round the throne of God in heaven, Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all thro' Christ forgiv'n, A ho-ly, hap - py band; } Sing-ing glo-ry,



2 What brought them to that world above, That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there? } Sing-ing glo-ry,



3 Be-cause the Sa-rior shed his blood To wash a-way their sin;
Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood, Behold them white and clean. } Sing-ing glo-ry,



1 The Sunday-school, that blessed place, Oh ! I would rather stay With - in its walls a

2 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sinners, such as I: O what has all the
3 And wel-come then the Sun-day-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the

CHORUS

child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.— The Sun - day-school, the Sun-day-school, Oh !

world beside, That I should prize so high.
gol - den rule, And nev - er from it stray.

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

VESPER HYMN.



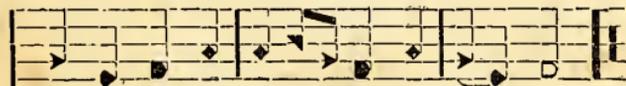
1 Now we raise our in-fant voic-es, We would too the strain prolong— { Hal - le - lu - jah!
While both heaven and earth rejoices; Hal-le-lu-jah is our song!



2 Lo ! the heavens above are bending—Je-sus hears the voice of praise, { Hal - le - lu - jah!
From our infant choirs as-cend-ing, Higher now our songs we raise;



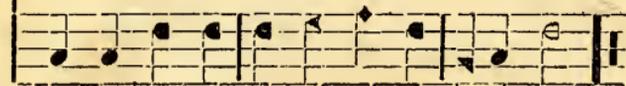
3 Once did in-fants prove thy fa-vor, And were in thy arms en-twined; { Hal - le - lu - jah!
Oh, thou kind, in-dul-gent Sa-rior ! Great Re-deem-er of mankind.



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



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



4 We unto thy arms are pressing—
We in thy embrace would rest :
Now pronounce on us thy blessing—
Bless us and we shall be blest :

5 On we tread life's pathway, fearless,
If thou but our steps attend ;
How can life to us be cheerless,
Jesus, if thou art our friend ?



1 There is a hap - py land, Far, far a-way ; Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day ;



2 Come to that happy land, Come, come away ! Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay ?



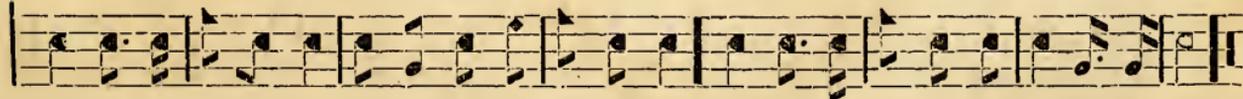
3 Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye ; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand Love can-not die ;



Oh how they sweetly sing, " Worthy is our Savior King !" Loud let his prais-es ring For ev-er THERE.

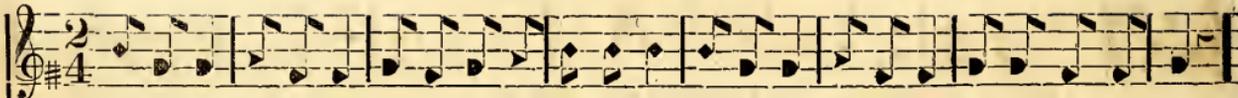


Oh we shall happy be When from sin and sorrow free ! Lord, we shall live with thee, For ever THERE.

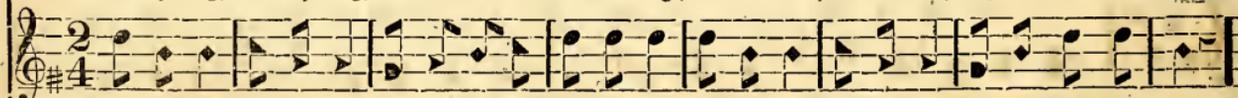


Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home ; And bright above the sun Reïgn EVERMORE.

SWEETLY SING.



1 Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our God and King ; Let us raise, let us raise, High our notes of praise ;



2 Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In melodious lays,



3 Far a - way, Far a-way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay : Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Blessed be his name.
4 Now we know, now we know, We from earth must shortly go ; Soon the call, soon the call, Comes to one and all !



Praise to him whose name is Love, Praise to him who reigns above ;||: Raise your songs, :|| Now with thankful tongues.



But from that bright happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, || "Redeeming love," || Brought us here above.



He redeemed us by his grace, Then prepared in heaven a place, To receive, to receive, All who will be - lieve.
Savior, when our time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home ; There we'll raise notes of praise, Thro' unending days

1 Would you be as angels are,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
Would you banish every care,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,

Like the lark upon the wing,
Like the warbling birds of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

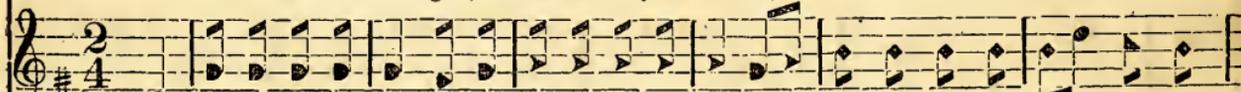
2 If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If you're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

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

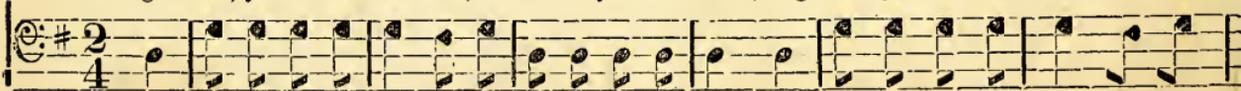
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.



1 O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Je-sus is your friend, O do not be dis - cour - aged, For



2 Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, the battle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit - tle sol - diers, The



3 And when the conflict's o-ver, Be-fore him you shall stand, And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be -



Je - sus is your friend; He will give you grace to conquer: He will give you grace to conquer, And



bat - tle you shall win; For the Sa - vior is your Cap-tain, For the Sa - vior is your Cap-tain, And



fore him you shall stand; You shall sing his praise for-ev-er, You shall sing his praise for-ev-er, In

FINE CHORUS

keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this
 he hath van-quish'd sin. I am glad I'm in this ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this

Ca-naan's hap-py land.

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

REPEAT FROM *Da* TO FINE



1 Now the Sabbath morning dawns, Bright and fair, bright and fair, Let us to the Sab-bath-school,
While our voice hymn in love



2 God of mer-cy, God of love, Let thy smile, let thÿ smile, Rest on us who praise thy name,
Grant that we a - gain may swell



FINE

REPEAT FROM \$ TO FINE.



Now with haste re - pair :
Notes of praise and prayer.

For no thought of care or sad-ness, Mingles with our songs of gladness,



Gent - ly all the while.
Notes of praise in heaven.

And when Sabbath days have ended, And our hearts with dust have blended,



1 Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might-y o - cean,
 2 And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble though they be, Make the might-y a - ges

And the beau - teous land, The beau - teous land.
 Of e - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty.

3 So our little errors,
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue,
 Oft in sin to stray, In sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heav'n above, The, &c.

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

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1 Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod ; With its crystal waters

2 Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we eye-ry bur-den down ; Grace our spir-its will de-

3 On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship
4 Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Then our pilgrimage will cease ; Then our happy hearts will

CHORUS

ev - er Flow-ing from the throne of God? Yes, we will gath - er at the riv - er, The

liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown. Yes, we will gath - er at the riv - er, The

ev - er, All the hap - py gol - den day. Yes, we will, &c.
quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er—Gather with the saints at the river, That flows from the throne of God.

beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er—Gather with the saints at the river, That flows from the throne of God.

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The first two staves have lyrics underneath them. The third staff is empty. The music is in a common time signature and features a melody with various note values and rests.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL. 7s.

1 All things beautiful and fàir, Sunny fields and shady grove
Earth and sky and balmy air, Gently whisper, "God is love."

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The first staff has lyrics underneath it. The second staff is empty. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and features a melody with various note values and rests.

- 2 Every tree and flower we pass, 3 Little streams that glide along, 4 He who dwelleth high in heav'n
Every turf of waving grass, Verdant, mossy banks among, Unto us all things hath giv'n,—
Every leaf and opening bud, Shadowing forth the clouds above, Let us as through life we move,
Seem to tell us "God is good." Softly murmur, "God is love." Ever fell that "God is love."

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



1 I want to be an an-gel, And with the an-gels stand, } There, right before my
A crown up-on my fore-head, A harp with-in my hand; }



2 I nev-er would be wea-ry, Nor ev-er shed a tear, } But bless-ed, pure and
Nor ev-er know a sor-row Nor ev-er feel a fear; }



Sa-vior, So glo-rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest mu-sic, And praise him day and night.



ho-ly, I'd dwell in Je-sus' sight, And with ten thousand thousands Praise him both day and night.

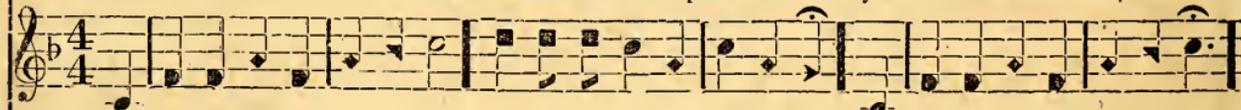
3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

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

OH, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?



1 Who came from heaven to ransom me? Jesus who died upon the tree. Why did he come from heaven above?



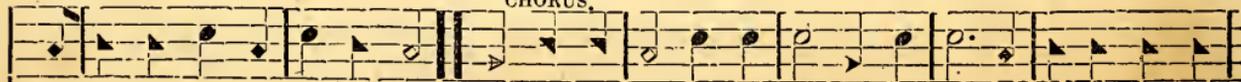
2 And did he die—the son of God? Yes, on the cross he shed his blood. Why did my Lord and Savior bleed?



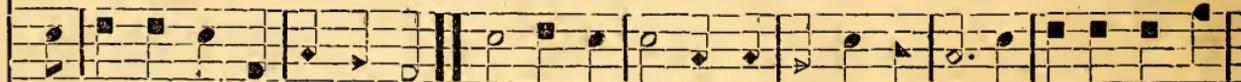
3 When he had died, what happened then? On the third day he rose a-gain. Where did he go when he had risen?

4 Where is he now? Is he still there? Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer. What does he pray for, and for whom?

CHORUS.



He came because his name was Love. O who's like Je-sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He



That we from e - vil might be freed. O who's like Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He



He went to God's right hand in heaven.
He prays that we to Him might come.

died for me, He died to set poor sin-ners free, O, who's like Je-sus, who died up - on the tree?

died for me, He died to set poor sin-ners free, O, who's like Jesus, who died up - on the tree?

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1 There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, an - gels hov'ring round.

2 To car-ry the tidings home, To car-ry the tidings home, To car - ry, car - ry ti - dings home.

3 To the New Je-ru-sa-lem, To the New Je-ru-sa-lem, To the New, the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sin-ners, poor sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come. And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.

6 There's glo-ry all a-round, There's glo-ry all a - round; There's glo - ry, glo - ry all a - round.

WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.



Sab - bath school; I'll a - way! a - way? I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way to Sab-bath school!

Sab - bath school: I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way! a - way! I'll a - way to Sab-bath school!

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
 At the time of morning prayer;
 And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
 For 'tis always pleasant there:
 In the Book of Holy Truth,
 Full of counsel and reproof,
 We behold the guide of youth,
 At the Sabbath School:
 I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
 I'll away to Sabbath School!

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
 And the sunshine never fail,
 While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
 Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
 When we mingle here no more,
 But have met on Jordan's shore,
 We will talk of moments o'er,
 At the Sabbath School:
 I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
 I'll away to Sabbath School.

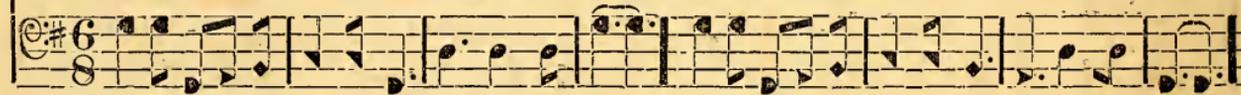
LONELY TRAVELER.



1 I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Wea-ry, oppressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!



2 I'm a wea-ry traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.



3 I'm a travel-er to a land Where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.

4 I'm a travel-er—call me not—Upward my way; Yonder is my rest and lot; I can-not stay.



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



Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away; Pleasures that for-ev-er live—I can-not stay.



Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad: Where the glo-ry is for all, And all are glad.
Farewell, earth-ly pleasures, all, Pilgrim I'll roam; Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

SING TO THE SAVIOR.

1 Come, come, sing to the Sa-vior, Love, love, beams from his eye ; Haste, then, share in his favor ?

2 Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom: Where, death, where is thy sadness ?

3 Rise, rise, free from thy mourning, Light, light spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawning,
4 Hail, hail, children, adore him, Here, here anthems should ring, There, there, dwelling before him,

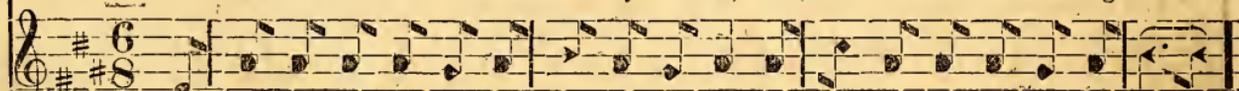
Wor-ship the Sa-vior on high, Praise, praise, praise, praise, Worship the Sa-vior on high.

Je - sus re- turns from the tomb, See, see, see, see, Je - sus returns from the tomb.

Je - sus is ris - en on high ; See, see, see, see, Je - sus is ris - en on high.
Loud - est ho - san - nas we'll sing : Hail, hail, hail, hail, Loud - est ho - san - nas we'll sing.



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



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



3 Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of his love,
4 But thousands of thousands who wander and fall, Never heard of that heav-en - ly home,—



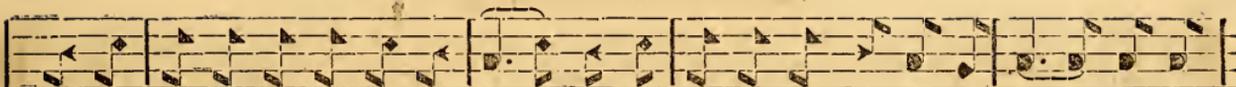
How he called lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.



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



And if I now ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.



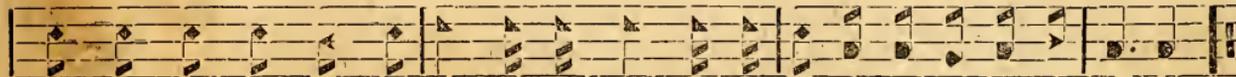
I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then, How he



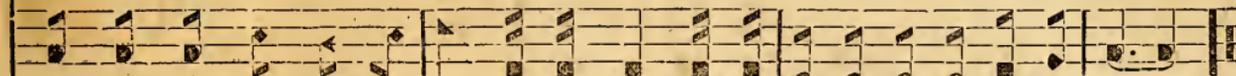
“Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me,” “Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me,” And that



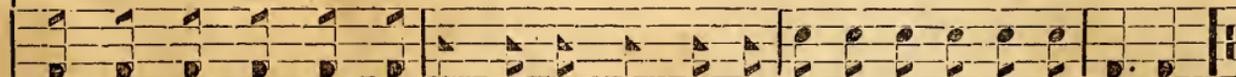
I shall see him and hear him a - bove, I shall see him and hear him a - bove, And
And that Je - sus has bid them to come, And that Je - sus has bid them to come, I should



call'd lit - tle chil - dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.



I might have seen his kind look when he said, “Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me.”



if I now earn - est - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN?

2 Who shall sing if not the chil - dren? Did not Je - sus die for them? {
 May they not, with oth - er jew - els, Spar - kle in his di - a - dem? }
 D. C. Why, un-less the song of heav - en They be - gin to prac - tice here?

Why to them were voic - es giv - en— Bird - like voic - es, sweet and clear?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed round the Savior's throne,
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own;
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned:
 Is not this the same perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned.

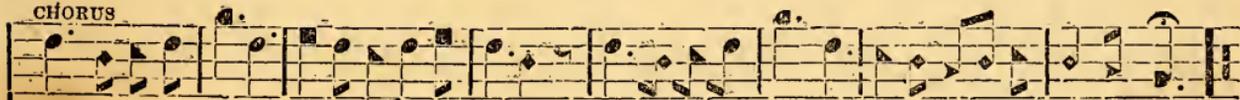
3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love,
 And will he to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh! they cannot sing too early;
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not they?



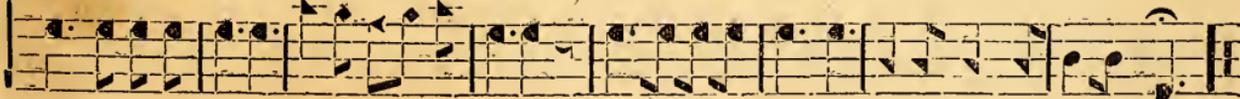
1 Here we suf - fer grief and pain, Here we meet to part a - gain, In heav'n we part no more.
 2 All who love the Lord be-low, When they die to heav'n will go, And sing with saints a-bove.



CHORUS



O, that will be joyful! joyful! joyful! joyful! O, that will be joyful! When we meet to part no more.



3 Little children will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord in prayer,
 From every Sunday school:
 O, that will be joyful! &c.

4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
 And our pastors whom we love
 Shall meet to part no more.
 O, that will be joyful! &c.

5 O! how happy shall we be!
 For our Savior we shall see,
 Exalted on his throne,
 O, that will be joyful! &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ,
 In praising Christ the Lord,
 O, that will be joyful! &c.



1 We are home-ward bound to a land of light and love; With a swelling sail we onward sweep:



2 Though the billows rise they shall never o-ver-whelm, Though the breakers roar upon the lee;



3 Though for ages past she has plowed the stormy main, She's the stout ship Zi-on as of yore:
4 We are homeward bound: wont you join our happy crew? Come aboard, poor sinners, while you may,



Though the rude winds blow, there is One who rules a-bove, Who will guard the sailor on the deep.



'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Je - sus at the helm, And he'll steer the good ship o'er the sea.



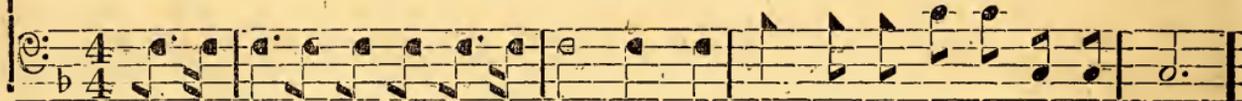
Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fear-ful hur-ri-cane, She's has thousands brought to Canaan's shore.
To the eye of faith there's a bet-ter land in view; 'Tis the land of nev-er-end-ing day.

We're Marching to Canaan's Happy Land.

Words by ALDINE,



1 We're a band of lit - tle pil - grim stran - gers, We're march - ing to Ca - naan's hap - py land ;



2 We are hast'ning on from sin and sor - row, We're fly - ing from grief, and pain and woe ;



Wont you fly from sin's al - lur - ing dan - gers, And join in our lit - tle pil - grim band, —



And we know there is a home of glo - ry, For all those who now with us will go, —



Join in our Sab - bath de - vo - tions, Join in our sweet hour of prayer ; And you'll



Come, then, and join in our num - ber, Come, don't de - lay for an hour, For the



ev - er feel those sweet e - mo - tions Which make the heart beat hap - py eve - ry where.



night of sin may make you slum-ber, And Death and Sa - tan bind you in their power.

CHORUS



Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,



Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,



Where day nev - er fa - deth, Where night nev - er shadeth, The pilgrim's, the pilgrim's sweet home.



Where day nev - er fa - deth, Where night never shadeth, The pilgrim's, the pil-grim's sweet home.

THE LOVELY LAND.

CHORUS



1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; } Oh the land, the lovely land, The
 In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }



2 There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs ; } Oh the land, the lovely land, The
 Death like a narrow sea divides This heavenly land from ours. }



3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green ; }
 So to the Jews, old Canaan stood While Jordan roll'd between. }



land o-ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the gold-en strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.



land o-ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the gold-en strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.





1 Sa-vior like a shep-herd lead' us, Much we need thy tend'rst care; } Blessed Jesus, Blessed
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare.



2 We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way! } Blessed Jesus, Blessed
 Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.



3 Thou has promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sinful though we be; } Blessed Jesus, Blessed
 Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.



Jésus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are! Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.



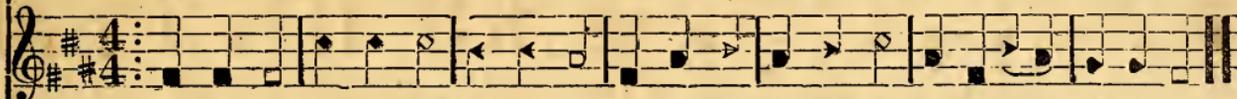
Jesus, Hear young children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.



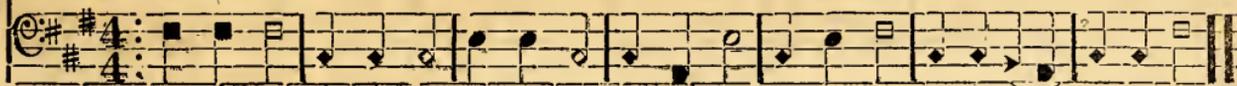
Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to thee, Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to thee.



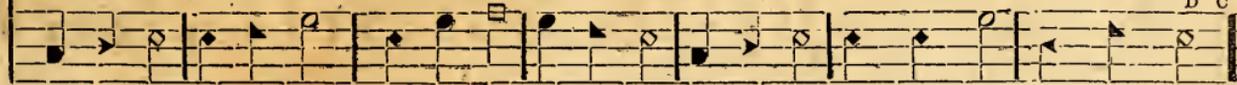
1 Come a - way to the skies—My be-lov-ed! a-rise And re-joice in the day thou wast born ;
 On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex-ult-ing a - way, And with sing-ing to Zi - on re - turn. }
 The re-deemed of the Lord—We re-mem-ber his word, And with singing to Par-a-dise go.



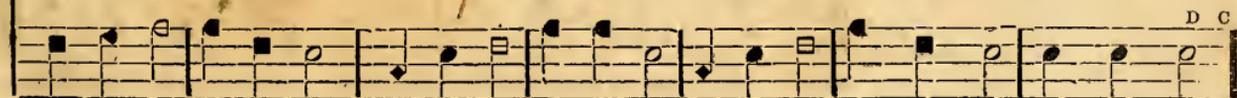
2 For thy glo-ry we were First cre - a - ted to share Both thy na-ture and kingdom di-vine ;
 Now cre - a - ted a - gain, That our souls may remain, Both in time and e-ter - ni - ty thine. }
 So u - ni - ted in heart That we never can part—We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.



We have laid up our love, With our treas-ures a - bove, Though our bodies con-tin - ue be - low ;

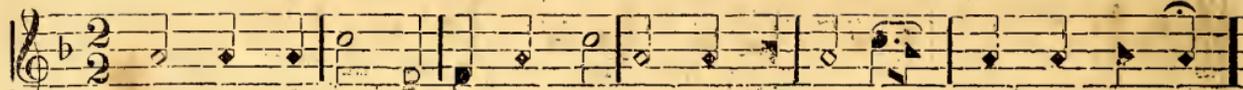


With thanks we ap-prove The de-sign of thy love, Which hath join'd us in Christ's precious name ;

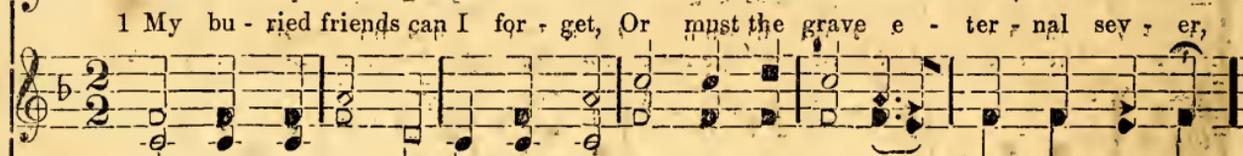


MY BURIED FRIENDS.

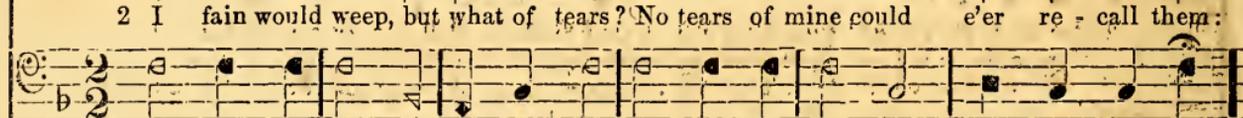
Arr. from HAUSER. M. D.



1 My bu - ried friends can I for - get, Or must the grave e - ter - nal sey - er,



2 I fain would weep, but what of tears? No tears of mine could e'er re - call them:



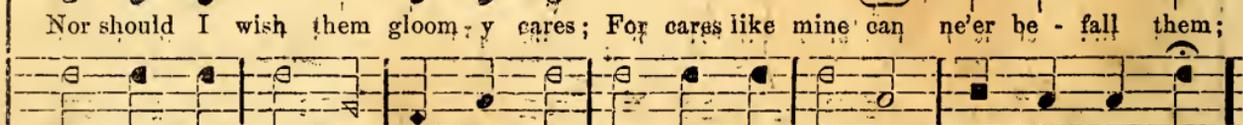
3 I heard them bid the world a - dieu, I saw them on the roll - ing bil - low,
4 Oh, how I'd love to join their wing, And rage the fields of bloom - ing flow - ers!



They lin - ger in my mem - 'ry yet, And in my heart they'll live for - ev - er;



Nor should I wish them gloom - y cares; For cares like mine can ne'er be - fall them;



Their far off homes ap - peared in view, While yet they pressed a dy - ing pil - low, -
Come, ho - ly watch - er, come and bring A mem - oir from your bliss - ful bow - ers!

They loved me oncē; with love sin - cere, And nev - er did their love de - ceive me;

They rest in realms of light and love They dwell up - on the mount of glo - ry :

I heard the part - ing pil - grim tell— (While cross - ing Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er:)
 I'd speed with rap - ture on my way, Nor would I pause at Jor - dan's riv - er:

But oft - times, in my éon - fiots here, They've ral - lied quick - ly to re - lieve me.

They bask in beams of end - less day, And shout to tell the hap - py sto - ry.

"A - dieu to earth! for all is well, Now all is well with me for ev - er."
 With songs I'd en - ter end - less day, And live with my loved friends for ev - er!

GENTLE SHEPHERD.



1 Far from the fold of Je - sus, I a way - ward child, Like a stray - ing Lamb had wandered In - to deserts wild ;
But the Gentle Shepherd sought me, Won me by his charms ; Safe away from danger brought me, In his lov - ing arms.



CHORUS



Praise Je - sus, Gen - tle Shep - herd, Sa - vior, lov - ing, mild ; Je - sus' name is sweet - est mu - sic To the Chris - tian - child.



2 To his bosom close he pressed me,
Pardoned all my sin,
Led me by the stillest waters,
Into pastures green.
Now all day I'm glad and joyful,
Happy in his love ;
All the night my rest is peaceful,
Guarded from above.

3 Evermore I'll trust in Jesus,
He shall be my Guide ;
No allurements shall entice me
From my Shepherd's side.
By and by from earth's temptations,
He will give me rest,
And in heaven's greener pastures,
Make me ever blest.



1 There's a land of light and love far a-way, Where the long severed friends meet a - gain; }
 Where the long dark night and toil-wearing day, Nev-er tar-nish the bright gol-den plain; }
 Where the soul is freed from sor-row and death, And the tear nev-er-more dims the eye.



2 To that golden shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them a-gain, }
 When that glorious morn in luster shall dawn, And we stand on the bright golden plain; }
 And with angels bright through time's ceaseless flight, We shall sing of a dear Savior's love.



Where the rude winter blasts never chill with their breath, Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky; }
 D C



By the riv - er of Life, in the Cit - y of Light, We shall roam with lov'd ones a - bove; }
 D C



WHITHER PILGRIMS?



1 Whith-er pil-grims are you go-ing, Each with staff in hand? We are go-ing

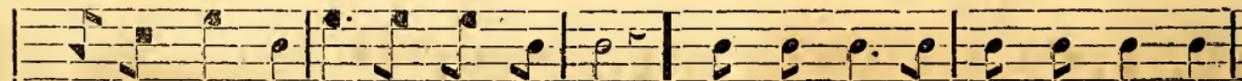


2 Fear ye not the way so lone-ly, You a lit-tle band? No, for friends un-

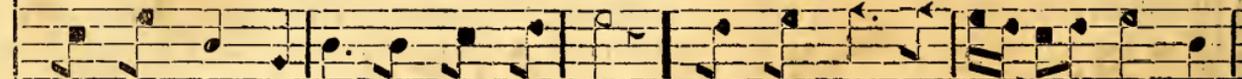


3 Tell me pil-grims, what you hope for In the bet-ter land? Spot-less robes and

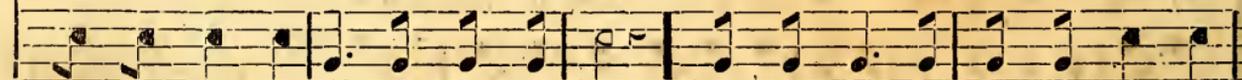
4 Will you let me trav-el with you, To the bet-ter land? Come a-long, we



on a jour-ney, At the King's com-mand. O-ver plains, and hills, and val-leys,



seen are near us, An-gels round us stand. Christ our lead-er walks be-side us,



crowns of glo-ry, From a Sa-vior's hand. We shall drink, of life's pure riv-er,
bid you wel-come, To our lit-tle band. Come, oh! come, we can-not leave you,

We are go-ing to his pal-ace, We are go-ing to his pal-ace, In the bet-ter land.
 He will guard and he will guide us, He will guard and he will guide us To that bet-ter land.

We shall dwell with God for-ev-er, We shall dwell with God for-ev-er, In that bet-ter land.
 Christ is wait-ing to re-ceive you, Christ is wait-ing to re-ceive you, In that bet-ter land.

ANGEL FEET ARE WALKING WITH THEE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Dark and thorn-y is the des-ert Thro' which pil-grims make their way; But be-yond this
 2 O young sol-diers, are you wea-ry Of the trou-bles of the way; Does your strength be-
 3 Je-sus, Je-sus will go with you—He will lead you to his throne, He who dyed his

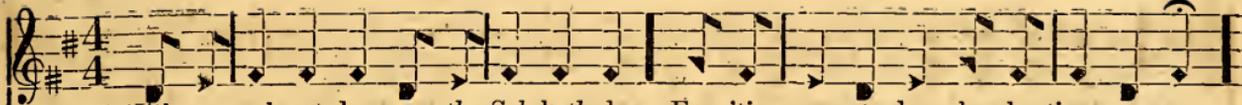
4 Round him are ten thousand an-gels, Read-y to o-bey com-mand: They are al-ways

ANGEL FEET ARE WALKING WITH THEE—Continued.

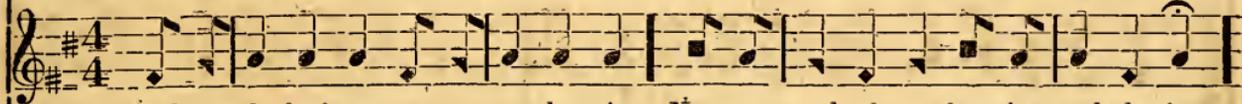
CHORUS

vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day. Cheer thee, pil-grim! don't be wea-ry,
 gin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay? Cheer thee, pil-grim! don't be wea-ry,
 gar-ments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone.
 hov'r-ing round you, Till you reach the heavenly land.

Though the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ever fair.
 Though the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ever fair.



1 I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly time a - way;



2 Birds a-wake betimes: every morn they sing; None are tar-dy there when the woods do ring:



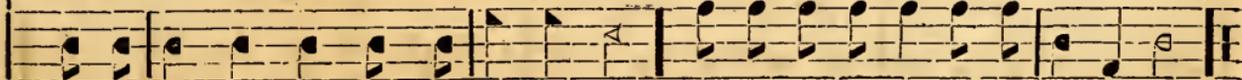
3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the call o - bey—none are tar-dy then;
4 But these Sab-bath days will soon be o'er, And these hap-py hours shall re-tur-n no more;



With my les - sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.



So when Sun-day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.



Nor will I for - get that it was my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
Then I'll ne'er re - gret that it was my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.



1 Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau-ti-ful and bright, Joy-ful-ly we hail its gol-den light,



2 All the days of la-bor end-ed one by one, Glad are we the six day's work is done;



3 Let us spend the mo-ments of this ho-ly day, So that when they all have passed a-way,



All the gloom-y shad-ows chas-ing far a-way, Bring-ing us the pleas-ant day.



Glad to have a day of sweet and ho-ly rest: 'Tis the day that God has blest.



Sweet 'twill be to think, this qui-et Sab-bath even, Brings us one day near-er heaven.



1 When we hear the music ringing, Thro' a bright celestial dome; When sweet angel voices singing, Glad-ly



2 When the ho-ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the friends that greet us In the

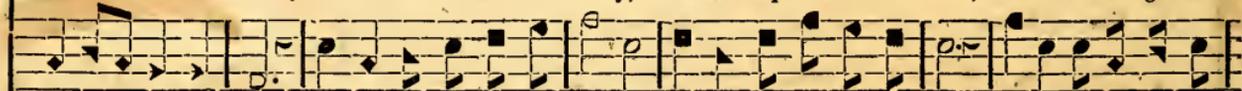


3 Yes, my earth-born soul re-joic-es, And my weary heart grows light; For the blessed angel voices, And the

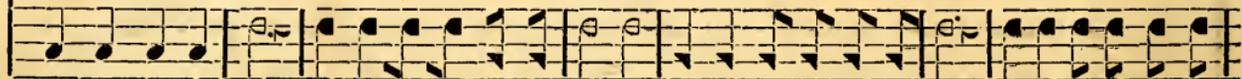
4 Oh, ye weary ones, and tost ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join your lov'd and lost ones In the



bid us welcome home, To the land of an-cient sto-ry, Where the spirit knows no care, In the land of light and



glo - rious spir-it land; Shall we see their dark eyes shin-ing, On us as in days of yore, Shall we feel their dear arms



an-gel fa-ces bright, That shall welcome us in glory, Are the loved of long ago—And to them 'tis kindly land of perfect day, Harpstrings touch'd by angel fingers, Murmur in my raptur'd ear; Evermore the sweet tone

glo-ry, Shall we know each oth-er there? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
 twin-ing, Fond-ly round us as be - fore? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each

giv - en, Thus their mor-tal friends to know, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
 lin - gers—We shall know each oth-er there, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each

oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
 oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?

oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
 oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there.



1 There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home.



2 In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home.



3 Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home: All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.

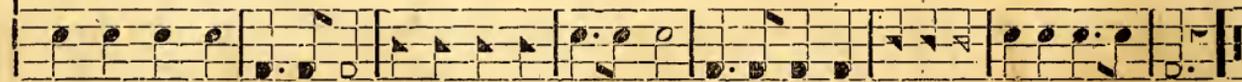
4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper, I am thine, Then there's love at home.



Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there's love at home.



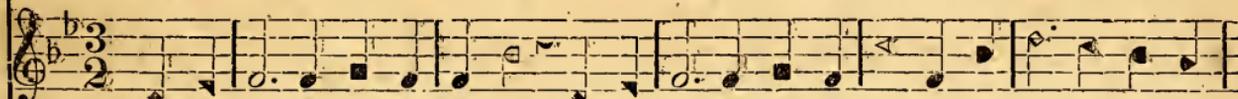
Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.



Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love, &c.
Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the sun so bright—Can dispel the gloom of night; Then there's love, &c.



1 Oh! how happy are the chil-dren Of the high and ho-ly One; They may sing His praise for-
 CHO.—Blessed are the pure in spir - it; Children of the holy One! They shall wear a crown of



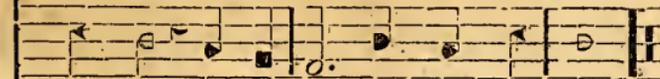
2 And their souls are filled with manna, While they sojourn here below: And they sing his loud ho-



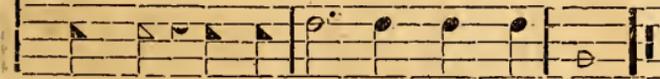
3 Here they have both joy and blessing, As they're trav'ling on their way; Faith is too, their footsteps



ew - er, Which on earth they have be - gun.
 glo - ry When their race on earth is done.



san - nas; While their hearts with love o'er-flow.



press - ing, To the realms of end - less day.

S Ch. Harp.

4 When they reach that blissful station,

Then their toils of life are o'er;

Hope is changed to glad fruition,

And they shout for evermore,

CHO.—Blessed are the pure, &c.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



1 In the Christian's home of glory There remains a land of rest, There my Savior's gone before me,



2 He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient



3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share ; But in that celestial cen-tre,

CHORUS



To ful - fill my soul's re - quest. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,



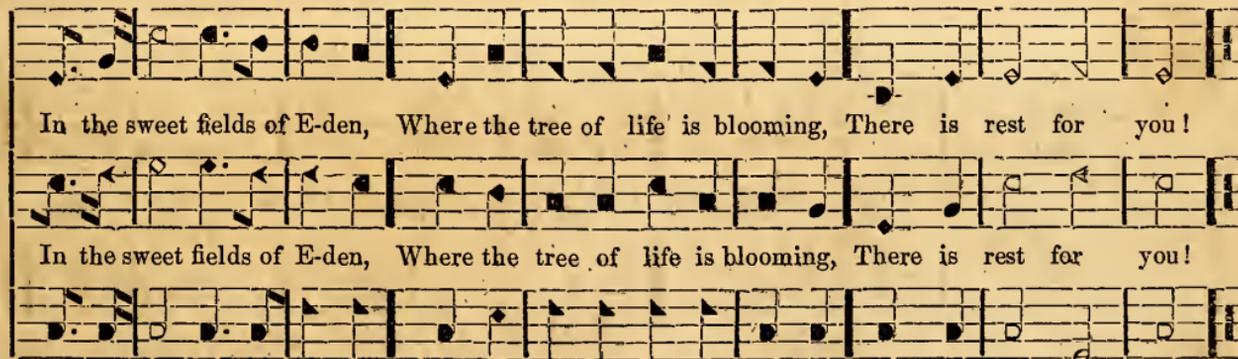
In that ho - ly, hap - py land. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,



I a crown of life shall wear. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you— On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,
 There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you— On the oth - er side of Jor-dan,



In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!
 In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!

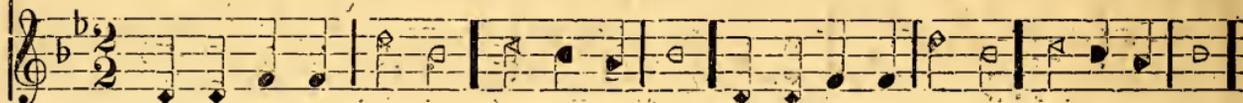
4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed !
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory !
 Shout your triumph as you go :
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.



1 Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day;



2 Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst't borrow Help from on high:



Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.



Grieve not that love, Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.





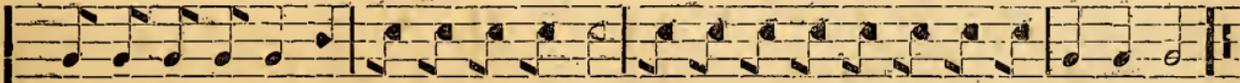
1 Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?



2 Is thy burdened spir - it Ag - o-nized for sin? Think of Jesus' mer-it; He can make thee clean:



3 Is thy spir - it drooping? Is the tempter near? Still in Je-sus hop-ing, What hast thou to fear?



O thou heir of heav-en, Think of Jesus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.



Think of Cal-v'ry's mountain, Where his blood was spilt: In that precious fountain, Wash away thy guilt.



Set the prize be-fore thee, Gird thy ar-mor on; Child of grace and glory, Struggle for the crown.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS!

1 A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he de - vote that

2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y!

3 Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When God's own Son was
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross ap-pears, Dis-solve my heart in

CHORUS

sa - cred head For such a worm as I? O, how I love Je - sus,
grace un - known? And love be - yond de - gree! O, how I love Je - sus,
eru - ci - fied For man the crea - ture's sin.
thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.



O, how I love Je - sus, O, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.



O, how I love Je - sus, O, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.



AN ADDITIONAL HYMN.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place:
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

WE ARE GOING.



1 We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, To a land where all is light, Where are



2 We are sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, As we joy - ful pass a - long, Hear the



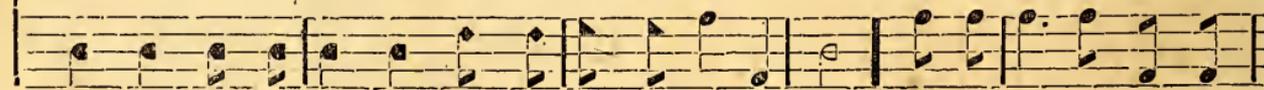
3 We are pray - ing, pray - ing, pray - ing, For the sin - ners all a - round, Who are



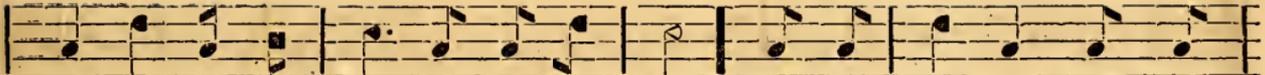
flow - ing, flow - ing, flow - ing, Liv - ing wa - ters, pure and bright. Here we learn re - demp - tion's



ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Of our glad, tri - umph - ant song, Hap - pi - ness our heart is



stray - ing, stray - ing, stray - ing, In a mis - er - y pro - found. We are long - ing to be -



sto - ry, Here we seek our Sa - vior's grace, There we shall be - hold his
 swell - ing, As we ev - er up - ward tend, And we can - not cease from
 hold them Tread with us the heav'n - ly road, In our arms we would en -



glo - ry, Wor - ship - ing be - fore his face.



tell - ing, Of our pre - cious heavenly Friend.



fold them, As we jour - ney home to God.

- 4 We are striving, striving, striving,
 Manfully to fight with sin,
 While the days are flying, flying,
 We would grow more pure within.
 For the meek ones and the lowly,
 God will as his chosen own;
 Nought polluted or unholy
 Shall behold his spotless throne.
- 5 Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
 Pace we on with prayer and song,
 Hasten to the meeting, meeting,
 Of the blood-washed ransom'd throng.
 Jesus, Savior, leave us never,
 Help us faithful still to prove;
 Then at home with thee forever,
 May we gathered be above.

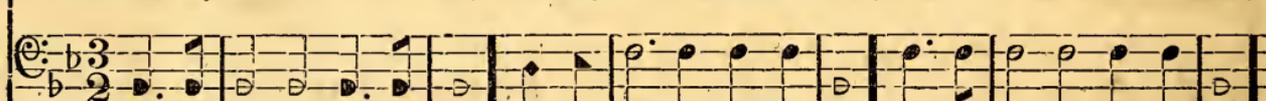
ROCK OF AGES.



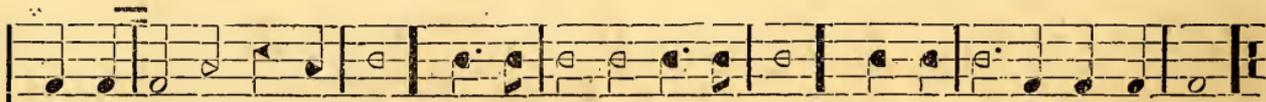
1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,



2 Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone,



3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,



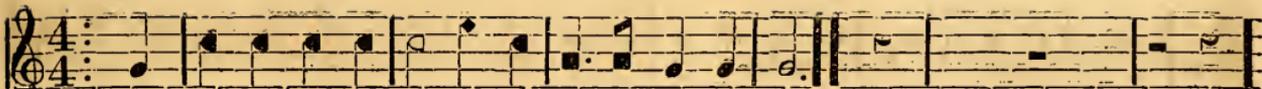
From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.



And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.



1 As flows the rap - id riv - er, With channel broad and free, } So life is 'on - ward flow - ing,
Its wa - ters rippling ev - er, And hasten - ing to the sea : }



2 As moons are ev - er wan - ing, As hastes the sun a - way, } So fast the night comes o'er us—
As stormy winds com - plain - ing, Bring on the wint'ry day ; }



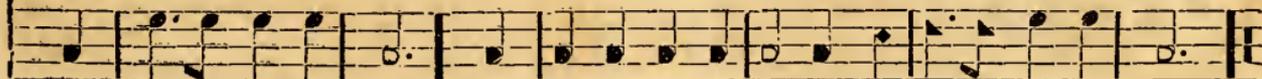
3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure, Laid up in worlds a - bove ? } Beware ! lest death's dark riv - er,
And is it all thy pleas - ure, Thy God to serve and love ? }



And days of of - fered peace ; And man is swift - ly go - ing, Where calls of mer - cy cease.



The dark - ness of the grave ; And death is just be - fore us—God takes the life he gave.



Its bil - lows o'er thee roll, And thou la - ment for - ev - er, The ru - in of thy soul.

WE ALL SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN:

1 Hail! sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one; Hail, sa-cred hope; that

2 What though the northern wintry blast Shall howl around thy cot— What though beneath an

3 From Burmah's shores, from Af-ric's strand, From India's burning plain, From Eu-rope, from Co-
 4 No ling'ring hope, no part-ing sigh Our fu-ture meet-ing knows; The friendship beams from

tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di - vine; It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Je-sus' grace has

east-ern sun, Be cast our dis-tant lot: Yet still we share the blissful hope Which Jesus grace has

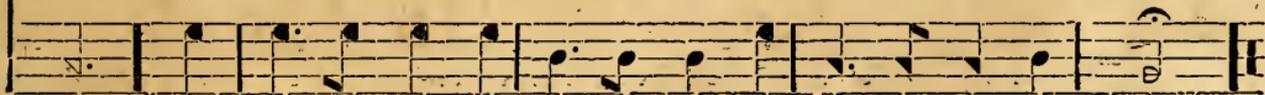
lum-bia's land, We hope to meet a - gain; It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Jesus' grace has
 ev - ry eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows: Oh sacred hope! Oh blissful hope Which Jesus' grace has



giv'n; The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.



giv'n; The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.



giv'n; The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

SECOND HYMN.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,

My race is almost run;

My strongest trials now are past,

My triumph is begun,

CHO.—O come, and bear me, angel band,

To my immortal home,

Come, bear me on your snowy wings

To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm near the holy ranks,

Of friends and kindred dear,

For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,

The crossing must be near.

CHO.—O come, &c.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home.

My spirit loudly sings:

The holy ones, behold, they come!

I hear the noise of wings.

CHO.—O come, &c.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him

Who bled and died for me;

Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,

And gives me victory.

CHO.—O come, and bear me, angel band,

To my immortal home,

Come, bear me on your snowy wings

To my immortal home.

SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN.

1 Our bon - dage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bon - dage it shall

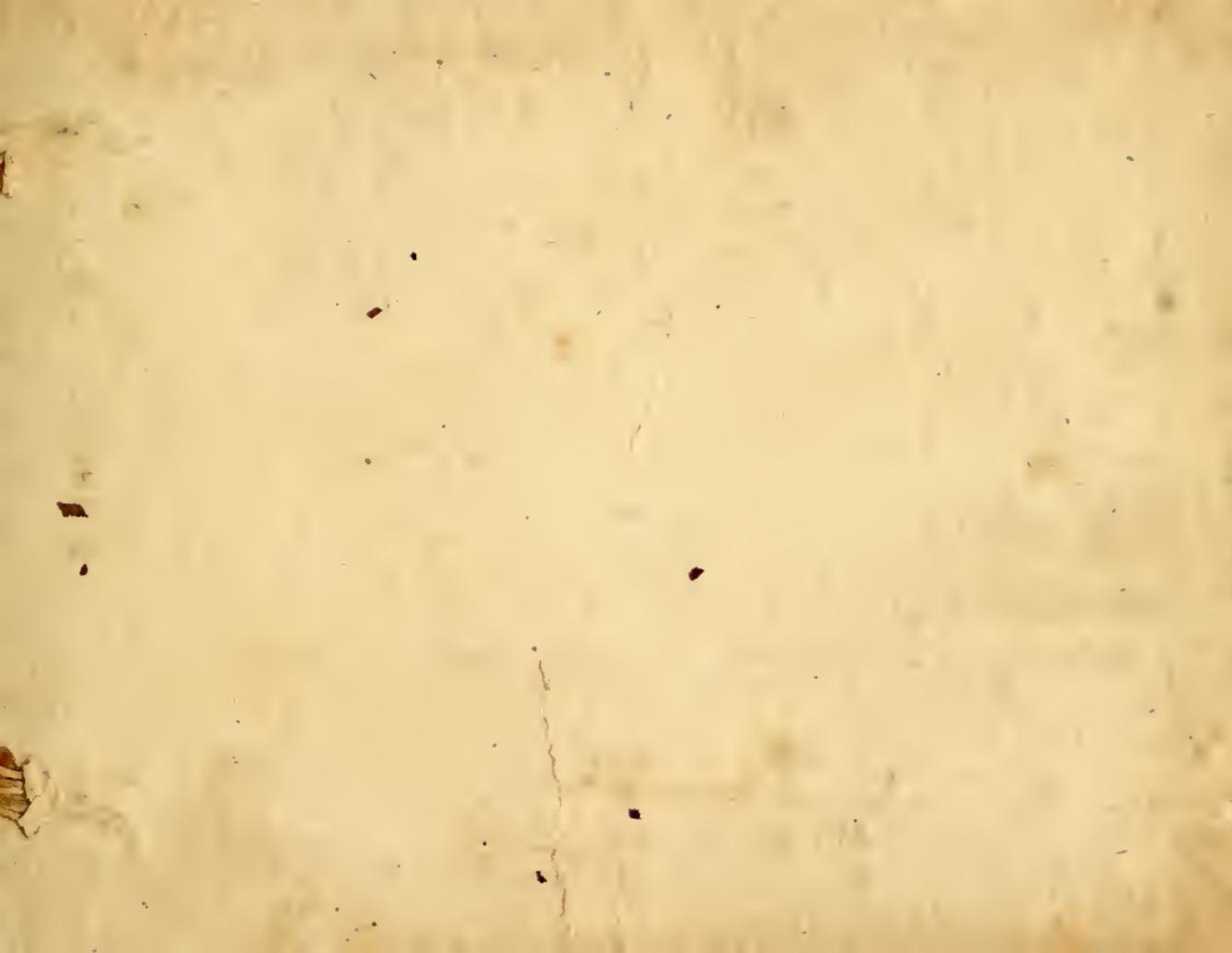
2 Tho' our en - e - mies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our en - e - mies are

3 Though bit - ter Ma - rah's streams, we'll go on, we'll go on; Though bit - ter Ma - rah's
4 And when to Jor - dan's flood we are come, we are come, And when to Jor-dan's

end by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free, Hail the glo-rious Ju - bi - lee, And to

strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dis-solve with fear, Lo! Si - nai's God is near, While the

streams, we'll go on; Though Bo - ca's vale be dry, And the land yield no sup-ply, To a
flood we are come, Je - ho - vah rules the tide, And the wa - ters he'll di-vide, And the



PATENT NOTE MUSIC BOOKS FOR THE MILLION.

THE GOLDEN CITY SONGSTER. THE CHRISTIAN HARP AND THE SONG CROWNED
S. S. SONGSTER. NEW EDITION.

NEW MUSIC AND HYMNS.

Price 10 Cents per Copy, or \$1.00 per dozen. Sent post paid on receipt of price.

Address—RUEBUSH & KIEFFER, Singer's Glen, Rockingham Co., Va.

TERMS:—Paper covers \$3.00 per doz. or 35c per single copy, Boards \$3.50 per doz. or 40c a single copy. Address all orders to

RUEBUSH & KIEFFER, SINGER'S GLEN, Rockingham Co., Va.

Specimen copies 25 cents.

160 pages. Bound in Boards. 60 cents per copy; \$5.00 per doz. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price. Character notes. Contains a Happy Home department full of the sweet songs of home. Address—

RUEBUSH & KIEFFER, SINGER'S GLEN, VA.

THE **HARMONIA SACRA,**
A COMPILATION OF
CHURCH MUSIC.

Great care has been taken in the arrangement of this work, so as to fully meet the wants of the Church, the Private Religious Circle, and the Singing School, comprising a great variety of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Set Pieces, and Anthems. Price \$12.00 per doz. per express. \$14.50 per doz. per rail, or \$1.40 per single copy at publishers' expense for postage.

Address—**JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS,**
Singer's Glen, Rockingham Co., Va.

GLAD HOSANNAS,
A NEW BOOK
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

NEW MUSIC. 300 PAGES.

PRICE,—in paper cover, . . . 30 cents,
“ “ per doz. . . . \$2.75.
in boards, 37 cents.
“ “ per doz. . . . \$3.50

Address—**RUEBUSH & KIEFFER.**

“THE MUSICAL MILLION AND FIRESIDE FRIEND,”

A Monthly Journal, devoted to Music and Literature. Price 50 cents a year. Send for a specimen copy. Address—**PATENT NOTE PUBLISHING CO., SINGER'S GLEN, VA.**