

MUSICAL **L**EAVES

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS,

COMPOSED OF

MUSICAL LEAVES Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4,

WITH AN ADDITION OF

ONE HUNDRED POPULAR HYMNS

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

NEWLY REVISED EDITION, ENLARGED.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, Author and Publisher,

37 UNION SQUARE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,

CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.

PREFACE.

THE MUSICAL LEAVES were first issued periodically, in Numbers, with a view of making each number a complete Book of itself. When several numbers had been issued, sufficient to form a complete standard Sunday-School Singing Book, they were bound together, and in this form were widely sold throughout the country. Indeed so many have been printed that it has become necessary to make new plates, and rather than give the public the same old pieces, I have revised the book by taking out such songs as have become worn out or uninteresting, and put in their places choice gems. It will be seen that this revision makes it almost an entirely new Book.

I have appended a special Department for Anniversaries and other occasions of interest in the Sunday-School work.

The book also contains a large collection of the most popular Sunday-School songs up to the present time.

I earnestly pray that these "Leaves," in the "revised" as in the original form, will gladden the hearts of many thousands in their journey to Zion.

Many thanks are due Messrs. T. C. O'Kane, S. J. Vail, Geo. F. Root, and Dr. Lowell Mason, and others for valuable and beautiful songs contributed.

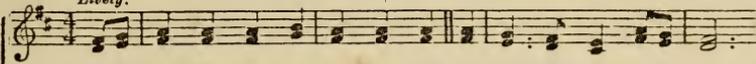
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

MUSICAL LEAVES.

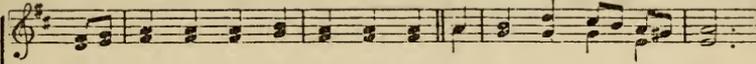
Hymn. No. 1. COME JOIN OUR BAND.

T. C. O'KANE.

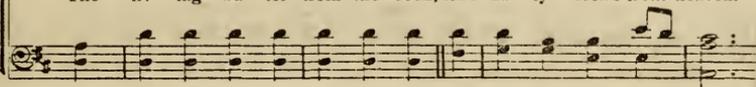
Lively.



1. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright;
2. The Sav - ior feeds his lit - tle flock, His grace is free - ly given;

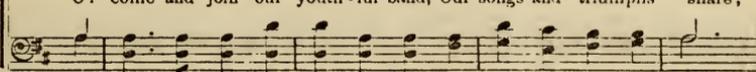
Come join our hap - py youth - ful band, And seek the plains of light.
The liv - ing wa - ter from the rock, And dai - ly bread from heaven.



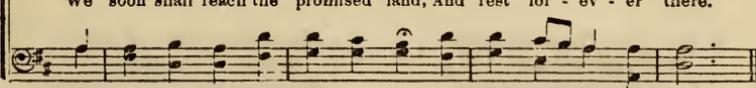
Chorus.



O! come and join our youth - ful band, Our songs and triumphs share;




We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for - ev - er there.



8 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there,
And happy, youthful voices join
In the angelic choir.
O! come and join, etc.

4 Our teachers kind point out the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
O! come and join, etc.

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "SONG GARDEN," by permission.

2

m

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

"THE BIBLE SAYS I MAY."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

3

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am a lit - tle sol - dier, And on - ly five years old;

I mean to fight for Je - sus, And wear a crown of gold;

I know he makes me hap - py. And loves me all the day,

I'll be his lit - tle sol - dier, "The Bi - ble says I may."

2. I love my Precious Saviour,
Because he died for me,
And if I did not serve him,
How sinfull I should be;
He gives me every comfort,
And hears me when I pray,
I want to live for Jesus,
"The Bible says I may."

3. I now can do but little,
Yet, when I grow a man,
I'll try and do for Jesus,
The greatest good I can;
God help and keep me faithful
In all I do and say;
I want to live a Christian,
"The Bible says I may."

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

4

S. J. VAIL.

1. The way is dark, my Father! | Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my | head, and loud the thunders..... |

roar a - bove me, | Yet see, I stand like one be- | wiltered! Father,..... | take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead |

safe - ly home, safe - ly home, Safe - ly home, Lead safe-ly home Thy child! |

2. The day declines, my Father! | and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. | Fears of a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!
3. The way is long, my Father! | and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; |
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!
4. The path is rough, my Father! | Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. | Y-et Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!
5. The throng is great, my Father! | Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about:
And foes op- | press me | sore. | I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child!
6. The cross is heavy, Father! | I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. | Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by MARIE MASON.

From "SONG-GARDEN," by permission.

1. Ring, mer - ry, mer - ry bells, The Christ - mas morn! Ring

out a joy - ous peal! The Sav - iour comes, The

Christ is born! He comes to save and heal; The

Sav - iour comes, The Christ is born! He comes to save and heal.

2. Ring, merry, merry bells,
O'er all the land,
By hall and cottage fires—
Let every home
And household band
Hear music from your spires.

3. Ring, merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous Truth, at last,
By ancient king
And kingly seer,
So longed for, ages past!

4. Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day—

In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way!

5. Ring, merry, merry bells!
Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing, down
For by His cross
We gain the road
To our eternal crown.

6. Ring, merry, merry bells!
Your carols pour.—
Nor let your gladness cease:
The Wonderful!
The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

Moderato.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surges cease to roll? Where, in all the

CHORUS.

bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? shall we meet?

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

2. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?—*Cho.*
3. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?

- Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?—*Cho.*
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?—*Cho.*

YES, WE'LL MEET.

ANSWER TO, OR CHORUS FOR, "SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?"

7

- 1 Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
When our conflicts all are o'er;
And we'll spend the best forever,
On that bright celestial shore.

CHORUS.—We shall meet! we shall meet!
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll!

- 2 Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease;
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crowned with perfect peace.—*Cho.*
- 3 Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.—*Cho.*
- 4 We shall meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heav'nly King.—*Cho.*
- 5 We shall meet, O weary brother,
When the burden we lay down;
We shall change our cross of anguish,
For a bright unfading crown.—*Cho.*

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BROTHER."

9

8

Dedicated to the Young Men's National Christian Association.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do? You have
 2. Will you honor His cause and kingdom, Wherever your path may be? And

thought of some useful labor, But what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
 stand as a bright example, That others your light may see? Are you willing to live for

boy-hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you tasted the sparkling water. That
 Je - sus? And read-y the cross to bear? Are you willing to meet reproaches? The

CHORUS.

flows from the fount of truth? Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping? Remember he died for
 frowns of the world to share? Your lot may perhaps be humble, But God has a work for

you! Then what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do?
 you; Then what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do?

3. O what are you going to do, brother?
 The morning of youth is past;
 The vigor and strength of manhood,
 My brother, are yours at last.
 You are rising in worldly prospects,
 And prospered in worldly things;—
 A duty to those less favored
 The smile of your fortune brings.
Cho.—Go, prove that your heart is grateful—
 The Lord has a work for you;
 Then what are you going to do, brother?
 Say, what are you going to do?
4. O what are you going to do, brother?
 Your sun at its noon is high;
 It shines in meridian splendor,
 And rides through a cloudless sky.
 You are holding a high position
 Of honor, of trust, and fame;—

- Are you willing to give the glory
 And praise to your Saviour's name?
Cho.—The regions that sit in darkness
 Are stretching their hands to you;
 Then what are you going to do, brother?
 Say, what are you going to do?
5. O what are you going to do, brother?
 The twilight approaches now;—
 Already your locks are silvered,
 And winter is on your brow.
 Your talents, your time, your riches,
 To Jesus, your Master, give;
 Then ask if the world around you
 Is better because you live.
Cho.—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
 But still there is work for you;
 Then what are you going to do, brother?
 Say, what are you going to do?

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

From the "ASAPH," by permission of DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it

be a cross, That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, &c.

3. There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given.
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, &c.

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, &c.

5. Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, &c.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.*

MATT. VI : 9.

(PITCH E.) OUR Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

A - men.

* Let the words be deliberately, distinctly, and reverently pronounced to the given pitch (say E) either by a single voice, or in unison by all the voices, adding the Amen in harmony parts, as written.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

10

Words by S. H. THAYER, Esq.

FROM "HAPPY VOICES," BY PERMISSION.

1. Oft as I rove, in thoughtless mood, A - long life's flow - ery, sun - ny
2. From day to day that voice I hear, And oft - enest when no friend is

road,..... Un - con - scious how the path may end..... Un -
near..... When, on some se - cret pur - pose bent,..... Or

- heed - ing where my footsteps tend, I hear a voice which seems to
on some pleas - ure too in - teat - A still small voice, which seems to

say, In a gen - tle whisper, "Come a - way, Come a - way!"
say, In a gen - tle whisper, &c.

Soft - ly it whispers, "Come a - way, Come a - way, Come a - way!"

MY HEAVENLY HOME IS SURE.

Words by Mrs M. A. KIDDER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

| *Semi-chorus. 1st time.* | *Semi-chorus. 2d time.*

1. Tho' clouds may fade before mine eyes, My heavenly home is sure;
Tho' stars should fall from out the skies, (Omit.) My heavenly home is sure.

If I but strive and watch and pray, And dai - ly cast my sins a - way, And

Ritard.

keep my conscience clean and pure, My heavenly home is sure, My heavenly home is sure.

2 Though loving friends should turn to foes,
My heavenly home is sure;
Though every earthly blessing goes,
My heavenly home is sure.
If I but seek Christ's pardoning grace,
And humbly bow before his face,
No matter what I may endure,
My heavenly home is sure.

3 Though earthquakes rend the solid ground,
My heavenly home is sure;
Though tempests roll destruction round,
My heavenly home is sure.
If I but seek the better part,
And give to God my contrite heart,
In spite of sin and worldly lure,
My heavenly home is sure.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

For the INFANT CLASS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus bids us shine With a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle
can - dle, Burn - ing in the night. In a world of dark - ness, So
we must shine— You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for him;
Well he sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim,
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine,
Then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound.
Sin and want and sorrow,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

THE MORNING LAND.

"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

13

T. C. O'KANE.

1. These many days 'mid storm and rain, We've sailed against the tide; But now the harbor
2. Wildly we've tossed upon the deep, Our hope a sin - gle ray; But see the star of

is in view, Where we may safe-ly ride. With anchor weighed, and canvas spread, A
morning beams, The harbin-ger of day. Soon we shall furl our tattered sail, And

weary, toiling band, We hail the breeze that speeds us on To the glorious morning land.
press the wished-for land; Our bark will moor beside thy shore, O! glorious morning land.

Chorus to each verse.

The morn'ng land, bright morning land, O, glorious morning land!

Soon we shall rest on thy beau-ti - ful shore, O, glorious morning land!

3 A heavenly calm shall soothe the waves,
And bid them hush to sleep;
Eternal sunbeams evermore
Shall rest upon the deep.
Our bark no more by tempest tossed,
Shall bear a weary band,
There's rest forever 'mid thy groves,
O, glorious morning land.

4 Earth's pilgrims joyful walk thy streets
In robes of shining white;
The city gates are built of pearl,
And God is all the light.
We've looked from far upon thy shores;
Our friends have reached the strand;
Soon we shall join the happy throng
In the glorious morning land.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

PHILIP PHILL PS.

14

1. Faint not, droop not, wea - ry pil - grims! In the faith of Je - sus stand; }
 He will guard thee, and will guide thee Safe - ly to the promised land. }
 D. C. Love and joy and peace for - ev - er, In the sweet and promised land.

Chorus. D. C.

No more care and no more sor - row, But a bright, e - ter - nal mor - row;

2 What though storms beset thy pathway,
 And the clouds are dark and drear,
 Sing aloud the songs of Zion,
 For the port of peace is near.—*Cho.*

3 Fear not, though the billows threaten,
 God will send his angels down;
 In their hands they'll bear thee upward,
 To receive the shining crown.—*Cho.*

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED?

15

S. J. VAIL.

Fine.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all man - kind, Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

Chorus. D. C. Chorus.

Je - sus died for you; Je - sus died for me;

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

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

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'T is all that I can do.—*Cho.*

Words by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. List - en to the promptings Of the Spir - it near, Call - ing to sal -

va - tion, And from sin and fear; By them you may gath - er

Light, and life, and power, Freedom from the lur - ings Of temp - ta - tion's hour.

CHORUS.

God is near thee night and day, God will hear thee, There - fore pray;

God is near thee, Night and day, God will hear thee, There - fore pray.

2. Listen to the pleadings
Of the Saviour's love;
Calling thee from sinning,
To His home above.
He will save from sorrow,
And the night of death;
And the dread hereafter,
Where is felt his wrath.—*Cho.*

3. He is fitting mansions
For His followers true;
There is room now waiting,
Waiting just for you.

- Will you taste the raptures
That His saints shall know?
Will you love the Saviour
And to glory go?—*Cho.*
4. Come, then, to the fountain,
Gushing from His side;
God and heaven invites you,
Plunge beneath the tide;
There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul,
Hallelujah, glory!
Jesus died for all.—*Cho.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BAND,

P. PHILLIPS.

ALTO.

1. Hark! the Sab-bath-school bell ring - ing, Calls us from our homes a - way;
 2. Come, O come, we dear - ly love you, Come and join our hap - py band;
 TRILL.

3. On our heads, a crown of glo - ry, With a harp of sweetest tone,
 4. Death no more can mar our pleasures, Nev - er take our friends a - way,
 BASS.

Haste, or we shall miss the singing In the Sab - bath-school to-day.
 You will nev - er once re - gret it, When a - round the throne we stand.

We will try and tell the story Of the Sav - ior's love a - lone.
 But with them we'll live for - ever, In the climes of ond - less day.

2d Chorus. Come and join our happy band, Hap - py band, Hap - py band,

2d Chorus. Then we'll be a happy band, Hap - py band, Hap - py band,

1st Chorus. For we are a hap - py band, Hap - py band, Hap - py band,

Repeat PP.

Come and join our hap - py band, In the Sab - bath - school.

Then we'll be a hap - py band, When we all get home.

For we are a hap - py band, In the Sab - bath - school.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

Melody by E. L. WHITE.

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the angels stand, A crown up - on my
 2. I know I'm weak and sin - ful, But Je - sus will for - give, For man - y lit - tle
 3. Oh, there I'll be an an - gel, And with the angels stand, A crown up - on my

fore - head, A harp with - in my hand; There, right be - fore my Sav - ior, So
 child - ren Have gone to heaven to live; Dear Sav - ior, when I lan - guish, And
 fore - head, A harp with - in my hand; And there, be - fore my Sav - ior, So

glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest music, And praise him day and night.
 lay me down to die, O! send a shining an - gel, And bear me to the skies.
 glorious and s - bright, I'll join the heavenly music, And praise him day and night.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR. 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.

Andante.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze;
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low;
 3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

Pleasant as the air of ev' - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 But 'tis God that has be - rest us, He can still our sor - row heal.
 Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

NOTE.—Use brother, or sister, as the occasion may require.

CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.

S. J. VAZ

Suf-fer the lit-tle children, Suf-fer the lit-tle children, Suf-fer the lit-tle

chil-dren to come un-to me, and for-bid them not, and for-bid them not.

Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren, Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren, Suf-fer the lit-tle

chil-dren to come un-to me, Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to

SOLO OR DUET.

me, Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me, for of such is the

kin-dom of heaven, for of such, of such, of such is the king-dom of

ad lib.

heaven, of such, of such is the king-dom of heaven. Suffer the lit-tle children.

CHILDREN'S ANTHEM. Concluded.

19

Suf-fer the lit-tle children, Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to

me, and for bid them not; for of such is the king-dom of heaven, for of

such is the king-dom of heaven. A-men, A-men, A-men.

BROTHER, THOU ART GONE TO REST.*

21

FROM "PSALTERY," BY PERMISSION OF DR. LOWELL MASON.

Affettuoso.

1. *Brother,** thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee;

m

For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir-it longed to be.

2. *Brother,* thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an earthly tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away,
Thy Saviour called thee home.

4. *Brother,* thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee,
To share the joys of heaven.

8. *Brother,* thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

5. *Brother,* thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer,
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we shall share.

* *Sister, Teacher, or Schoolmate* can be used in place of *Brother*.

"WHAT VESSEL ARE YOU SAILING IN?"

22

PHILLIPS AND DOANE.

Fine.

Girls. 1. What ves-sel are you sail-ing in, While on the voy-age of life? }
Boys. Our ves-sel is the Ark of God, "The way, the truth, the life?" }
Boys. D. C. The port is New Je - ru - sa - lein, The realms of end - less day.

Girls. 2. Our compass is the "Word of God," Our anchor stead-fast hope; }
Boys. The love of God fills ev'-ry sail, And Faith's our an-chor rope. }
Boys. D. C. Ten thousand thousand hap-py souls, And room for all man - kind.

D. C.

Girls. And what's the port you're sail - ing for, What calm and peace-ful bay?

Girls. How man - y have you now on board That no - ble ship di - vine?

Chorus.

Then hoist the sails, Then hoist the sails, To catch the gale, Each sail - or

ply the oar; The night be-gins to wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore.

3 But are you not afraid some storm
 Your bark will overwhelm?
 We need not fear, for Christ is near,
 Our Father's at the helm.
 We've looked 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 the sails, etc.

4 O come on board, there's room for all!
 Whoever will may come;
 Obey the Savior's tender call,
 He'll guide us safely home.
 And when we all are landed safe
 On that celestial shore,
 Redeeming love shall be our song,
 To sing for evermore.
 Then hoist the sails, etc.

RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY ABOVE.

Words by A. W. LIVINGSTON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

23

1. There's many a poor lit - tle boy, Whose fa - ther and moth - er are dead,
 2. Go out in the hed - ges and find, (For Je - sus has giv - en the rule,)
 3. Go, bear - ing the en - sign of love, Its glo - ries for - ev - er unfurled,

Whose heart is a stranger to joy, No home save a hov - el or shed.
 The halt and the maimed and the blind, Go bring them all in - to the school.
 Re - cruit for the ar - my a - bove, Your war - rant em - bra - ces the world.

Chorus, faster.

We care not how poor or rich he may be, Go bring him

2d Cho. We care not how poor or rich they may be, Go bring them

in, sal - va - tion is free; His soul is a jew - el, whose

in sal - va - tion is free; Their souls are all jew - els, whose

light by - and - by, May shine in your crown, like a star in the sky.

light by - and - by, May shine in your crown, like the stars in the sky.

WHERE SHALL THE SOUL FIND REST?

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. { Tell me, ye wing- } round my pathway roar, { Do ye not know some } weep no more?
 ed winds, that { spot where mortals }

{ Some lone and pleasant } in the west, { Where, free from toil and } soul may rest?
 dell, some valley..... { pain, the weary..... }

{ Where, free from toil and pain, } soul may rest? { The loud wind dwin- } whisper low,
 the weary..... { dled to a..... }

And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No! No! No! No!"

2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows | round me | play,
 Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some island | far a- | way,
 Where weary man may find the bliss for | which he | sighs—
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship | never | dies?
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship | never | dies.
 The loud waves, rolling in per- | petual | flow,
 Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer, | "No!"

3. And thou, serenest moon, that | with such | holy | face,
 Dost look upon the earth asleep in | night's em- | brace,
 Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not | seen some | spot
 Where miserable man might find a | happier | lot?
 Where miserable man might find a | happier | lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon with- | drew in | woe,
 And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, | "No!"

4. Tell me, my secret soul—O | tell me, | Hope and | Faith,
 Is there no resting-place from sorrow, | sin, and | death?
 Is there no happy spot where mortals | may be | blest,
 Where grief may find a balm, and weari- | ness a | rest?
 Where grief may find a balm, and weari- | ness a | rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to | mortals | given—
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered, | "Yes! | — | yes, | in | heaven."

MISSIONARY HYMN. 26th P. M.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,

Where A - fric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palu - y plain,

They cail us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

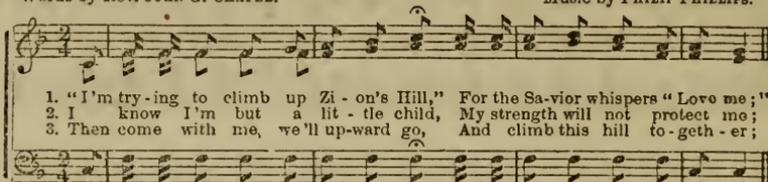
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

"CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL."

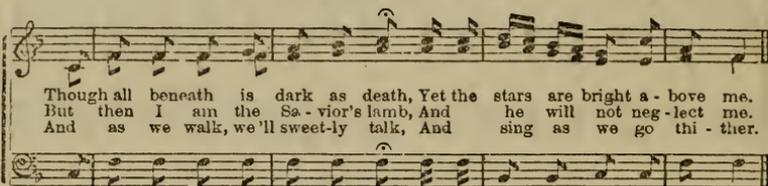
26 Little Artie Bain, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, uttered these words in the class-room.

Words by REV. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

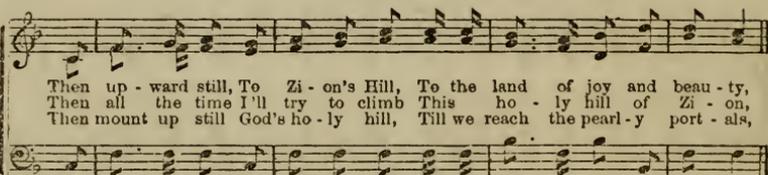
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



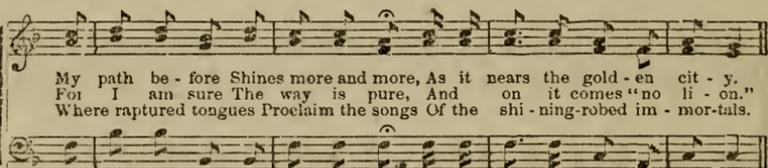
1. "I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's Hill," For the Sa - vior whispers "Love me;"
 2. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, My strength will not protect me;
 3. Then come with me, we'll up - ward go, And climb this hill to - geth - er;



Though all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a - bove me.
 But then I am the Sa - vior's lamb, And he will not neg - lect me.
 And as we walk, we'll sweet - ly talk, And sing as we go thi - ther.



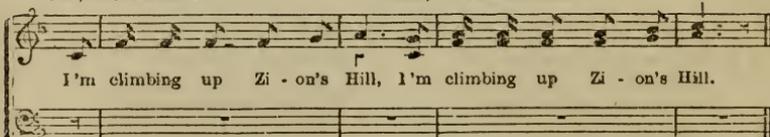
Then up - ward still, To Zi - on's Hill, To the land of joy and beau - ty,
 Then all the time I'll try to climb This ho - ly hill of Zi - on,
 Then mount up still God's ho - ly hill, Till we reach the pearl - y port - als,



My path be - fore Shines more and more, As it nears the gold - en cit - y.
 For I am sure The way is pure, And on it comes "no li - on."
 Where raptured tongues Proclaim the songs Of the shi - ning-robed im - mor - tals.

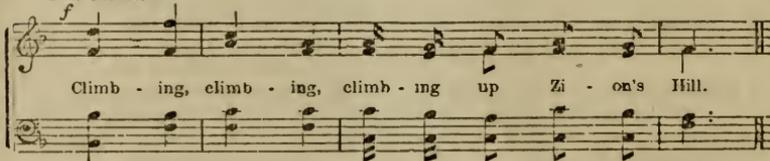
Solo, or Semi-chorus.

Duet, or 2d Semi-chorus.



I'm climbing up Zi - on's Hill, I'm climbing up Zi - on's Hill.

Full Chorus.



Climb - ing, climb - ing, climb - ing up Zi - on's Hill.

GUIDE US, SAVIOR.

"He will guide you into all truth."

27

Gently.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. God has said, "For-ev-er bless-ed Those who seek me in their youth,
2. Be our strength, for we are weak-ness; Be our wis-dom and our guide;

They shall find the path of wisdom, And the nar-row way of truth."
May we walk in love and meekness, Near-er to our Sa-vior's side.

Guide us Sa- vior, Guide us Sa- vior, In the nar- row way of truth. Guide us
Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us, While we thus in thee abide, Naught can

Repeat, *ad libitum*, *pp.*
Sa- vior, Guide us Sa- vior, In the nar- row way of truth.
harm us, Naught can harm us, While we thus in thee a- bide.

3 Thus when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;
Gently passing :|
To the happy land on high.

2 May thy watchful angels hover
Round us, when there's evil near;
May we hide beneath the cover
Of thy wings, in time of fear:
And in sorrow,
And in sorrow,
Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.

28 Lend us Thy Favor.

BY MISS ANNIE E. HOWE.

1 Guide us! O thou blessed Savior;
Thoughtless little ones are we;
Lend us e'er thy loving favor,
May we strive to follow thee.
From temptation, :|
Bid our careless footsteps be.

4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath his might,
May that blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
There forever,
There forever,
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Words and Theme by H. Q. WILSON.

Composed by HENRY TUCKER.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

From "CHORAL HARP."

TREBLE.
ALTO.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sa - vior, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
3. Though round me the storms of ad - ver - si - ty roll, And the waves of de-

INSTRUMENT.

fountain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that fountain which pardon be-
boun-ty, his love in my heart; So now I am joined with the conquer - ing
struction en-com-pass my soul, In vain this frail ves - sel the tempest shall

Chorus.

stows, And cleanses the foulest wher - ev - er it flows. For the Li - on of
band, Who are marching to glory at Je - sus' command. For the Li - on of
toss, My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross. For the Li - on of

Ju - dah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry a - gain and a - gain.

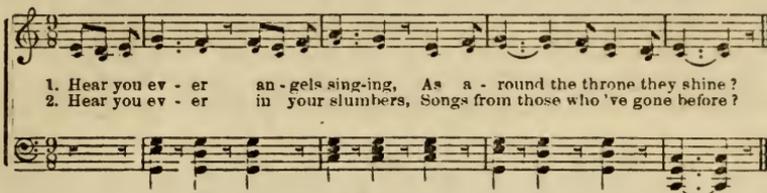
4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
For the Lion, etc.

5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross ever more.
For the Lion, etc.

JUST BEYOND.

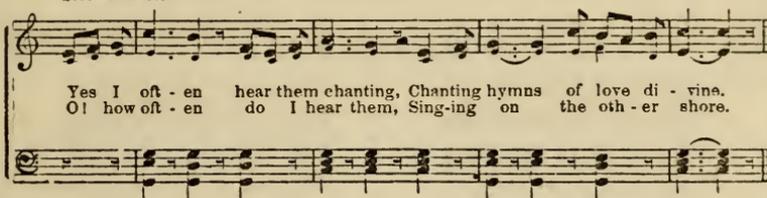
Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

First Voice.



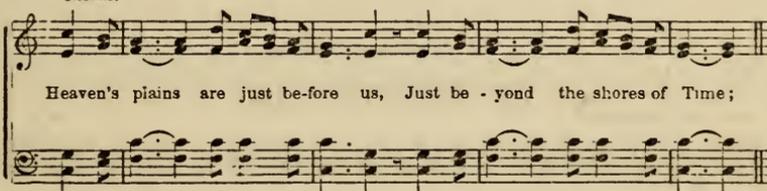
1. Hear you ev - er an - gels sing - ing, As a - round the throne they shine?
2. Hear you ev - er in your slumbers, Songs from those who've gone before?

Second Voice.

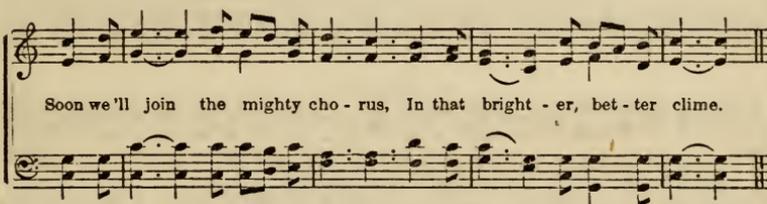


Yes I oft - en hear them chanting, Chanting hymns of love di - vina.
O! how oft - en do I hear them, Sing - ing on the oth - er shore.

Chorus.



Heaven's plains are just be - fore us, Just be - yond the shores of Time;



Soon we'll join the mighty cho - rus, In that bright - er, bet - ter clime.

3 Lo you ever feel like going
To that land so bright and fair?
O! how often would I gladly
Go and join the loved ones there.
Heaven's plains, etc.

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,
Glowing hopes of joys to come,
And when earth's ties we sever,
Meet in heav - en, our happy home.
Heaven's plains, etc.

REMARK.—The 1st, 2d and 3d stanzas should be sung by *Solo* voices, as marked, and the 4th stanza as a *Duett*, by the two voices.

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.

1. Come thou fount of ev'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove,
D. C.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

From "SEINING STAR."

T. E. P.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed,
2. That beautiful land, the city of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the
3. The heavenly throng, arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious

Chorus.
bright and fair, And beautiful angels, too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful
light of day, hath driven the darkness far away. Will you go? etc.
choir they praise Their glorious Savior's matchless grace, Will you go? etc.

Repeat Chorus p
land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me?

Published by the AMERICAN BAPTIST SOCIETY.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



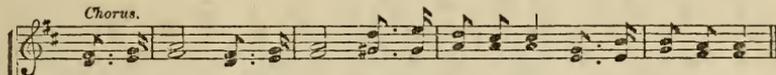
1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of
 2. Press-ing on! press-ing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of our
 3. Fight-ing on! fight-ing on! in the midst of the strife, At the call of our
 4. Sing-ing on! sing-ing on! from the bat-tle we come, Ev'-ry flag bears a



children from near and from far; Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our
 faith to the bat-tle we go; 'Mid the cheer-ing of an-gels, our
 Cap-tain, we draw ev'-ry sword; We are bat-tling for God, we are
 wreath, ev'ry sol-dier renow'n; Heav'nly an-gels are wait-ing to



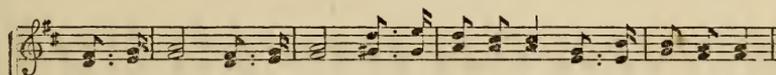
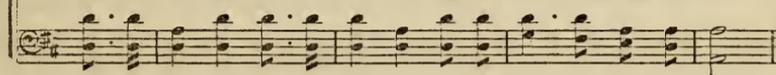
ban-ners we bring, Lit-tle sol-diers of Zi-on prepared for the war.
 ranks march a-way, With our flags point-ing ev-er right on t'wards the foe.
 struggling for life, Let us strike ev'-ry reb-el that fights 'gainst the Lord.
 wel-come us home, And the Sa-rior will give us a robe and a crown.

Chorus.

Marching on! marching on! sound the bat-tle cry! sound the bat-tle cry!



For the Sa-rior is be-fore us, and for Him we draw the sword.



Marching on! marching on! shout the vic-to-ry! shout the vic-to-ry!



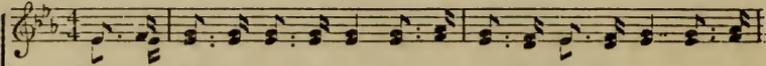
We will end the bat-tle sing-ing hal-le-lu-jahs to the Lord.



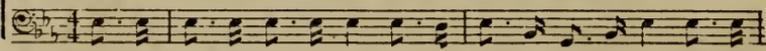
THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

Contributed to "MUSICAL LEAVES."

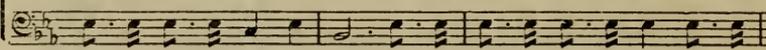
REV. R. LOWRY.



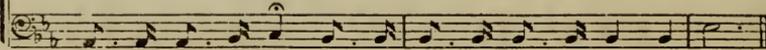
1. When life's la - bor-song is sung, And the e - bon arch is sprung, O'er the
 2. Dark the shadows in the vale, Pierce the howling of the gale, But the
 3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years, Min - gle



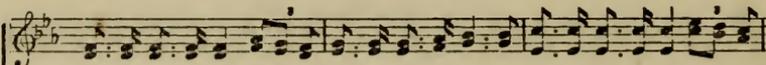
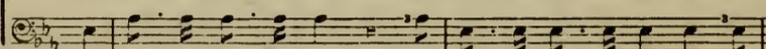
sha - ded couch of death so still; Then the Lord will light the scene With the
 shi - ning ones are near our door; With our robes as bright as they, We will
 want and woe to - geth - er here; But the Lord will lift the cloud, That en -



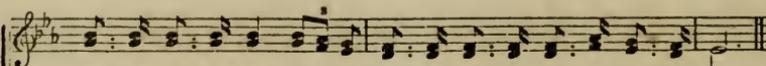
an - gels' star - ry sheen, As they wel - come us to Zi - on's hill.
 tread the star - ry way, With the sha - dow and the storm no more.
 wraps the shi - ning crowd, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

*Chorus. Steady time.*

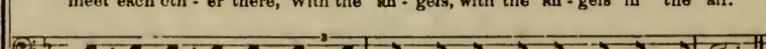
We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there, With the



angels in the air, Yes! we'll meet each other there; We'll meet each other there, Yes! we'll



meet each oth - er there, With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air.



CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

Words by Dr. E. G. SUMNER.

(MATT. v.)

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Come un - to Je - sus, ye that mourn, Our bless - ed Sa - vior said;
 2. Ye poor in spi - rit, un - to you How great the bless - ings given;
 3. The meek, and they for Je - sus' sake, Who per - se - cu - tions bear;
 4. Be mer - ci - ful, for un - to such He spares his chast'ning rod;

His prom - is - es how *sure* they are, "Ye shall be com - fort - ed."
 His choi - cest prom - is - es are yours, "Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n."
 He prom - is - es a heavenly home, A crown of glo - ry there.
 Be pure in heart, our Sa - vior says, The pure shall dwell with God.

Chorus.

This pro - mise, on that sa - cred mount, Was giv - en by our Lord;

"Re - joice, and be ex - ceed - ing glad, For great is your re - ward."

"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;

2. Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

A - men.

THERE, THERE IS REST.

"His rest shall be glorious."—Isaiah.

37

T. C. O'KANE.

Here o'er the earth as a stran-ger I roam, Here is no rest,

here is no rest; Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone,

Yet I am blest, Yet I am blest, For I look for-ward to

that glo-rious day When sin and sor-row shall van-ish a-way;

My heart doth leap as I hear Je-sus say, There, there is rest, There, there is rest.

2 Here are afflictions and trials severe,

Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest.

Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest, There, there is rest.

3 This world of cares is a wilderness state,

Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest.

Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean on my dear Savior's breast,
There, there is rest, There, there is rest.

HEBRON. L. M.

38

Words by COWPER.

Music by DR. L. MASON, by permission.

1. Je - sus, where'er thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold thy mer-cy-sent;

Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev-ery place is hallow'd ground.

2. For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3. Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former merc'ies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

39

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Words by NEWTON.

Music by DR. L. MASON.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace; The prom - ise calls us near;

There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer.

2. Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

3. Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to thine

4. If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

Words by P. PHILLIPS.

Music by T. E. FERRINS.

Solo. *Chorus.*

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord!
 2. Un - der our Cap - tain, Je - sus Christ, Battling for the Lord!
 3. We'll fight a - gainst the powers of sin, Battling for the Lord!

Solo. *Chorus.*

E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, Battling for the Lord!
 We've list - ed for this mortal life, Battling for the Lord!
 In fa - vor of our heavenly King, Battling for the Lord!

Full Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
 Battling for the Lord!
 This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We'll work, etc.

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
 On the heavenly shore!
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
 On the heavenly shore!
 We'll work, etc.

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

41

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With-

in my heart there beat A tem - pest, loud and wild. A

fear oppressed my soul, That I might be too late; And oh! I trem-bled

sore, And prayed, out-side the gate, And prayed, outside the gate.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
 "I will," a voice replied;
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And carried all my sin;
 She eased my burdened soul,
 Then Jesus took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
 The Saviour long abused;
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.
 Oh! what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin!
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in!

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. P.

42

Earnestly.

1. Soft - ly on the breath of ev'ning Comes the ten - der
2. Pearl-y dews like tears are fall - ing, Gent - ly on the

sigh of day; Lone - ly heart, by sor - row la - den,
sleep - ing flowers; Stars like an - gel eyes are beam - ing

Chorus.

'Tis the time to pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,
From ce - les - tial bowers.

cease thy mourn - ing; Wea - ry pil - grim,

Repeat Chorus

cease thy mourn - ing; Rest be - yond for - ev - er.

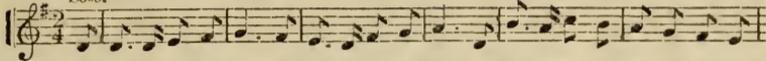
3 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, etc.

4 Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, etc.

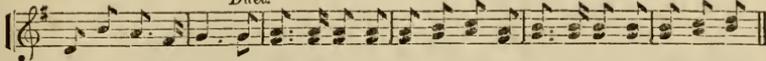
I DREAMED A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

Solo.

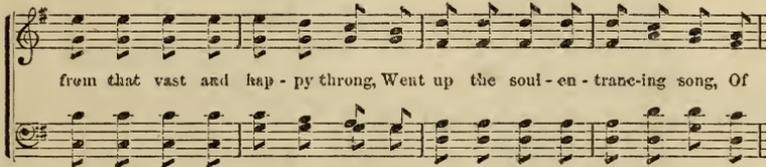
1. I dreamed a dream of heaven So beautiful and bright, Where angels clad in spotless robes Walked
2. I dreamed a dream of heaven, A land beyond the tomb, Where tears are wiped from every eye, And

Duet.

forth in dazzling light; And from that vast and happy throng, Went up the soul-entrancing song,
flowers immortal bloom; My soul caught up with glad surprise, The glorious anthem of the skies,

Chorus.

Of glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est; And



from that vast and hap - py throng, Went up the soul - en - tranc - ing song, Of



glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est.

3. I dreamed a dream of heaven,
And bade adieu to woe,
But, ah! my Saviour sent me back
To earthly scenes below;
How then my weary soul did long
To hear again that heavenly song,
Cho.—Of glory to God, &c.

4. Oh, may I reach that heaven,
When worldly cares are o'er,
Yes, reach those sweet eternal scenes
On Canaan's happy shore;
Then will I join the song above
Of saving grace and dying love,
Cho.—Of glory to God, &c.

DENNIS.

FROM NAGELLI.

44

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Re - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our arms are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

45 HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home;
 Dangers and sorrows stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and win't'ry blast
 Soon will be overpast,
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Savior's side,
 Heaven is my home,
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

46

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

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

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

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

47

MARCHING ALONG.

- 1 THE children are gath'ring from near and
 from far,
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
 The conflict is raging, 't will be fearful and
 long,
 We'll gird on our armor, and be marching
 along.
 Marching along, we are marching along,
 Gird on the armor, and be marching along.
- 2 We've listed for life, and will camp on the
 field;
 With Christ as our Captain, we never will
 yield;
 The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and
 strong,
 We'll hold in our hands as we're marching
 along. Marching along, etc.
- 3 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we
 must win,
 For here we contend 'gainst temptation and
 sin;
 But one thing assures us, we can not go
 wrong,
 If trusting our Sav'or, while marching along.
 Marching along, etc.

COME TO JESUS!

Words by Dr. GHO. B. PROCK, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to run - som thee
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee.

4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee,
 5. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to shel - ter thee,
 6. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to car - ry thee.

O Wand'rer! ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Slave! e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Burdened! gra - cious - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

O Blind! a vi - sion free; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Wea - ry! bless - ed - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 O Lamb! so lov - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

Words by a BLIND POETESS.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior! hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
 2. Lone - ly in a stran - ger land, Cast me not a - way from thee;
 3. Thou hast died the lost to save, Died to set the cap - tive free;

4. Fill me with thy love di - vine, Con - se - crate my life to thee;
 5. When the shades of death prevail, Fa - ther, let me cling to thee;
 6. Then, oh, then, my rip - tured soul Heaven's e - ter - nal rest shall see;

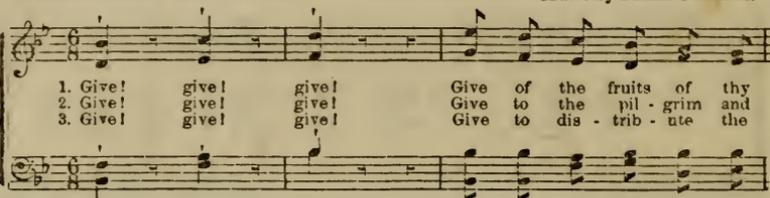
Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.
 Lead me by thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.
 Thou didst tri - umph o'er the grave, Lord, a - bide with me.

Bend my stub - born will to thine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 When I pass the gloom - y vale, Lord, a - bide with me.
 There, while end - less a - ges roll, Live and reign with thee.

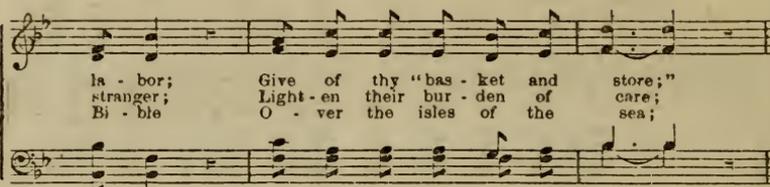
GOD LOVETH THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

Written for the "MUSICAL LEAVES."

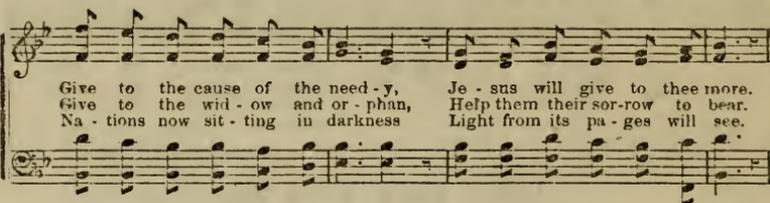
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Give! give! give! Give of the fruits of thy
2. Give! give! give! Give to the pil - grim and
3. Give! give! give! Give to dis - trib - ute the

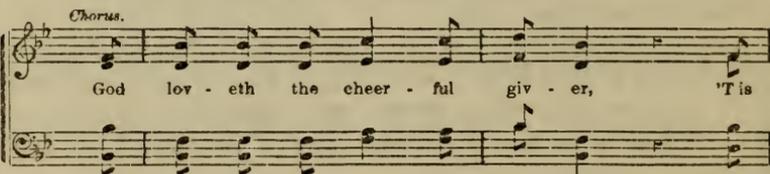


la - bor; Give of thy "bas - ket and store;"
stranger; Light - en their bur - den of care;
Bi - ble O - ver the isles of the sea;

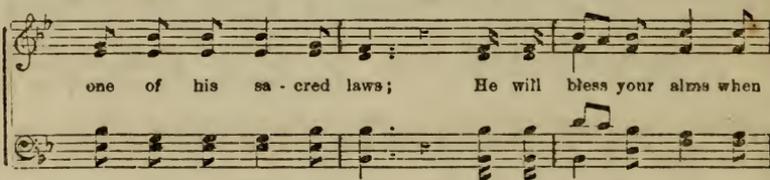


Give to the cause of the need - y, Je - sus will give to thee more.
Give to the wid - ow and or - phan, Help them their sor - row to bear.
Na - tions now sit - ting in darkness Light from its pa - ges will see.

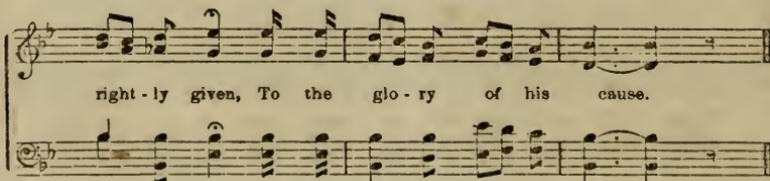
Chorus.



God lov - eth the cheer - ful giv - er, 'Tis



one of his sa - cred laws; He will bless your alms when



right - ly given, To the glo - ry of his cause.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

51

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
To spread through all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of thy name;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of - - his grace!
To spread through all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of - - thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

GUIDE. 7s.

52

M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
D. C. Whis - pering soft - ly, wand - rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

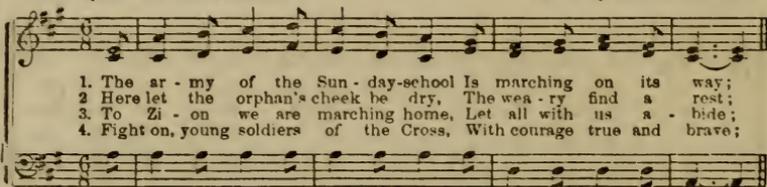
2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

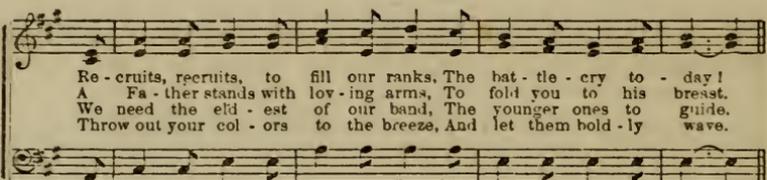
RECRUIT FOR JESUS.

Words by MISS FANNY CROSSBY.

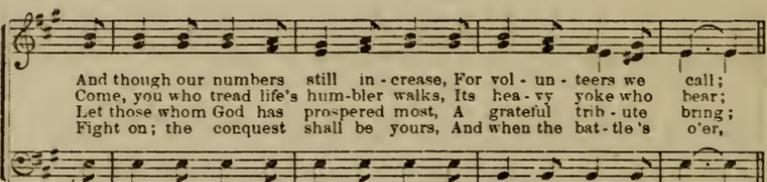
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



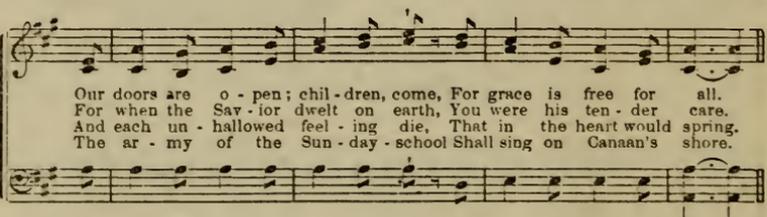
1. The ar - my of the Sun - day - school Is marching on its way;
 2 Here let the orphan's cheek be dry, The wea - ry find a rest;
 3. To Zi - on we are marching home, Let all with us a - bide;
 4. Fight on, young soldiers of the Cross, With courage true and brave;



Re - cruits, recruits, to fill our ranks, The bat - tle - cry to - day!
 A Fa - ther stands with lov - ing arms, To fold you to his breast.
 We need the eld - est of our band, The younger ones to guide.
 Throw out your col - ors to the breeze, And let them bold - ly wave.

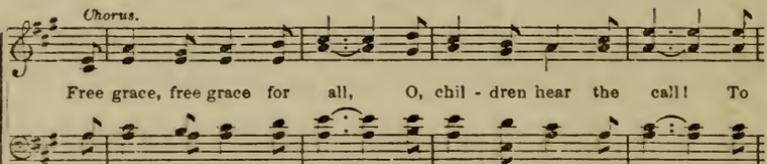


And though our numbers still in - crease, For vol - un - teers we call;
 Come, you who tread life's hum - bler walks, Its hea - vy yoke who bear;
 Let those whom God has prospered most, A grateful trib - ute bring;
 Fight on; the conquest shall be yours, And when the bat - tle's o'er,

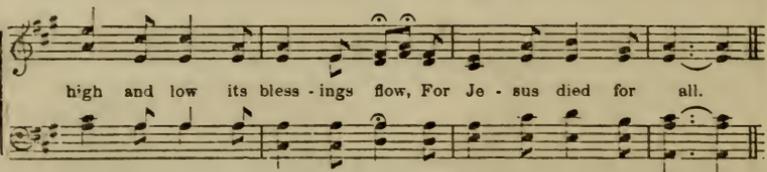


Our doors are o - pen; chil - dren, come, For grace is free for all.
 For when the Sav - ior dwelt on earth, You were his ten - der care.
 And each un - hallowed feel - ing die, That in the heart would spring.
 The ar - my of the Sun - day - school Shall sing on Canaan's shore.

Chorus.



Free grace, free grace for all, O, chil - dren hear the call! To



high and low its bless - ings flow, For Je - sus died for all.

LET IT PASS; Or, It is Better to be Wronged than Wrong,

43

54

S. J. VAIL, by permission.

Chor.

1. Be not swift to take of - fense; Let it pass, Let it pass.
 2. Strife corrodes the pu - rest mind; Let it pass, Let it pass.
 3. Ech - o not an an - gry word; Let it pass, Let it pass.
 4. If for good you've tak - en ill; Let it pass, Let it pass.

Chor.

An - ger is a foe to sense; Let it pass.
 As the un - re - gard - ed wind, Let it pass.
 Think how oft - en you have erred; Let it pass.
 O be kind and gen - tle still; Let it pass.

Brood not dark - ly o'er a wrong Which will dis - ap - pear ere long,
 All the vul - gar souls that live May con - demn with - out re - prieve;
 Since our joys must pass a - way Like the dew - drops and the spray,
 'Tis time at last makes all things straight; Let us not re - sent, but wait,

Ra - ther sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass.
 'Tis the no - ble who for - give; Let it pass.
 Where - fore should our sor - rows stay? Let it pass.
 And our tri - umph shall be great; Let it pass.

Chorus.

Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly sing this song; Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly

sing this song, Bet - ter to be wronged than wrong; Let it pass.

THE ROCK OF CHRIST.

Music by DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Thus said the Lord who had bestowed In - struction from the mountain's side,

Where truth like liv - ing wa - ter flowed, For ev - ery land a heal - ing tide.

CHORUS. *f*

If God is our ref - nge, if Christ is our Rock, And

shel - ter for all his o - be - di - ent flock; The house we are build - ing is

firm and se - cure, Its glo - rious foun - da - tion shall ev - er en - dure.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. They who my words have deeply felt,
And love t' obey, like all my flock,
Shall stand like him who wisely built
His house upon the solid rock.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3. The rain descended like a flood,
Mid fearful winds: he knew it all,
Yet firm his habitation stood:
Its base so sure, it could not fall.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4. Alas for those who've heard and known,
But turn away from my commands,</p> | <p>They all are like the foolish one,
Who built upon the drifting sands.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5. On came the clouds, the wind, the rain,
He saw his danger all too late:
He labored for the house in vain:
It fell, and oh, its fall was great.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>6. Impressive lesson, from the past!
Is Christ the Rock on which we stand,
Secure against the stormy blast?
Or are we building on the sand?—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

56

Music by R. LOWRY.

Duet. *Chorus.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er free, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er dear, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

Duet. *Chorus.*

No win - ter there, nor chill of night, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
 The soul's sweet home of Lib - er - ty, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!
 Thy pearly gates almost ap - pear, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

The dripping cloud is chased a way, The sun breaks forth in end - less day,
 The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will nev - er know,
 And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We'll sing the song we've sung be - fore,

f

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest!
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest!
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest!

Chorus.

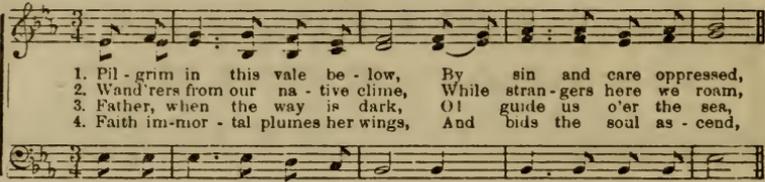
Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest!

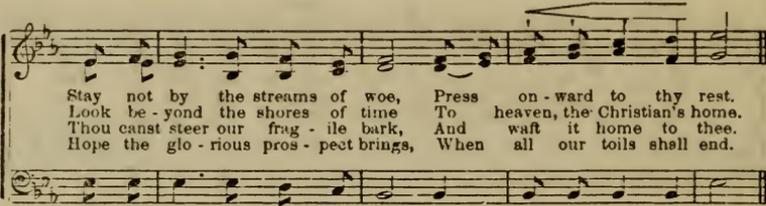
OUR JOY WILL BE COMPLETE.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

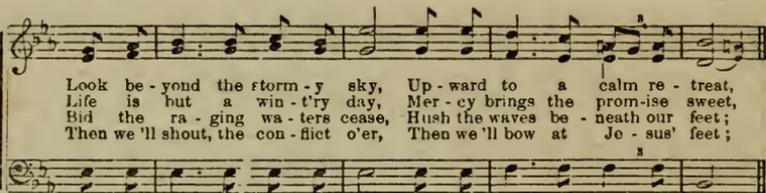
Music by T. C. O'KANE.



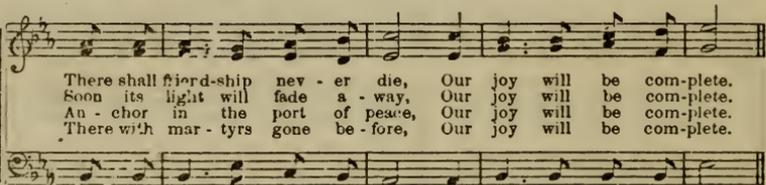
1. Pil - grim in this vale be - low, By sin and care oppressed,
 2. Wand'ers from our na - tive clime, While stran - gers here we roam,
 3. Father, when the way is dark, O! guide us o'er the sea,
 4. Faith im - mor - tal plumes her wings, And bids the soul as - cend,



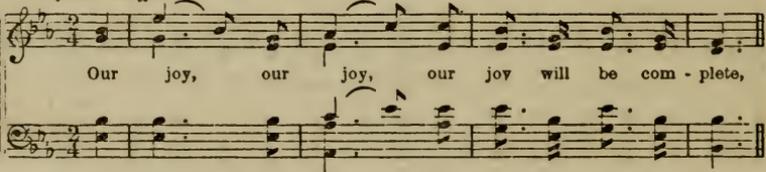
Stay not by the streams of woe, Press on - ward to thy rest.
 Look be - yond the shores of time, To heaven, the Christian's home.
 Thou canst steer our frag - ile bark, And waft it home to thee.
 Hope the glo - rious pros - pect brings, When all our toils shall end.



Look be - yond the storm - y sky, Up - ward to a calm re - treat,
 Life is but a win - try day, Mer - cy brings the prom - ise sweet,
 Bid the ra - ging wa - ters cease, Hush the waves be - neath our feet;
 Then we'll shout, the con - flict o'er, Then we'll bow at Jo - sus' feet;



There shall fiord - ship nev - er die, Our joy will be com - plete.
 Soon its light will fade a - way, Our joy will be com - plete.
 An - chor in the port of peace, Our joy will be com - plete.
 There with mar - tyrs gone be - fore, Our joy will be com - plete.

Refrain. Joyful.


Our joy, our joy, our joy will be com - plete,



Our joy, our joy, our joy will be com - plete.

"RALLY ROUND THE CROSS."

58

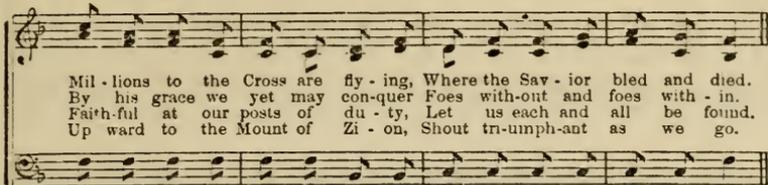
"Let me glory in the Cross."

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

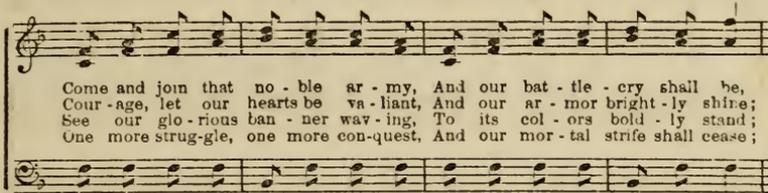
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



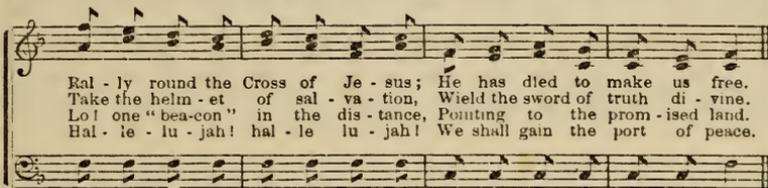
1. Hark the Gos-pel trum-pet sound-ing, Hear its ech-o far and wide;
 2 Through his all-a-ton-ing mer-it, We no more are slaves to sin;
 3 See our glo-ri-ous ban-ner wav-ing O'er the Chris-tian's bat-tle-ground;
 4. We are on the banks of Jor-dan, Dark-ly though its wa-ters flow,



Mil-lions to the Cross are fly-ing, Where the Sav-ior bled and died.
 By his grace we yet may con-quer Foes with-out and foes with-in.
 Faith-ful at our posts of du-ty, Let us each and all be found.
 Up ward to the Mount of Zi-on, Shout tri-umph-ant as we go.

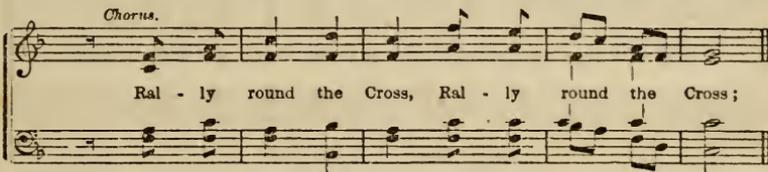


Come and join that no-ble ar-my, And our bat-tle-cry shall be,
 Cour-age, let our hearts be va-liant, And our ar-mor bright-ly shine;
 See our glo-ri-ous ban-ner wav-ing, To its col-ors bold-ly stand;
 One more strug-gle, one more con-quest, And our mor-tal strife shall cease;

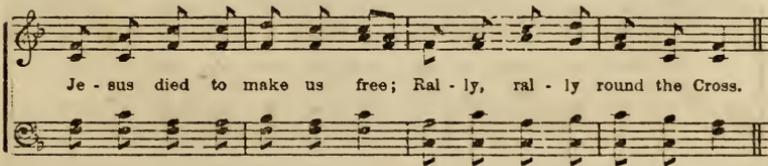


Ral-ly round the Cross of Je-sus; He has died to make us free.
 Take the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Wield the sword of truth di-vine.
 Lo! one "bea-con" in the dis-tance, Pointing to the prom-ised land.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! We shall gain the port of peace.

Chorus.



Ral-ly round the Cross, Ral-ly round the Cross;



Je-sus died to make us free; Ral-ly, ral-ly round the Cross.

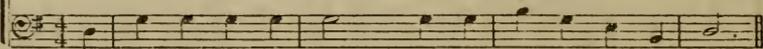
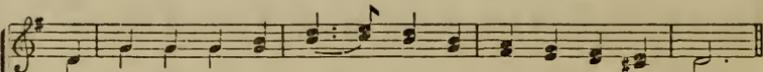
THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

T. E. P

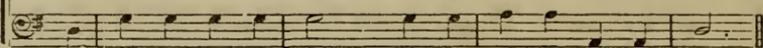
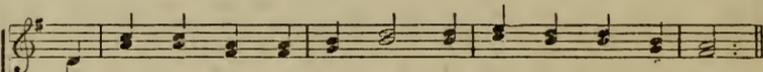
59



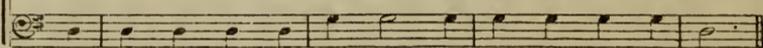
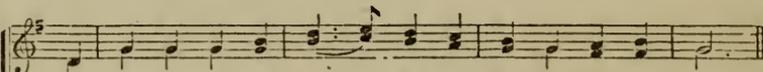
1. We have no home but heav - en, A pil - grim garb we wear;
 2. We have no home but heav - en! Then wherefore seek one here?
 3. We have no home but heav - en! How cheering is the thought,

Our path is marked by chan - ges, And strewed with many a care;
 Why mur - mur at pri - va - tions, Or grieve when trouble's near?
 How bright the ex - pect - a - tions Which God's own word has taught.

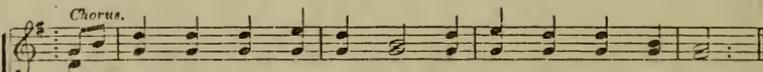
Sur - round - ed by tempt - a - tion, By va - ried ills oppressed,
 It is but for a sea - son, That we as stran - gers roam,
 With ea - ger hearts we hast - en, The promised bliss to share;

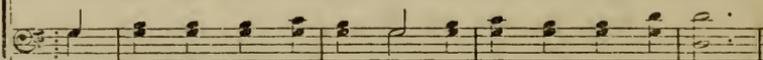
Each day's ex - pe - ri - ence warns us That this is not our rest.
 And stran - gers must not look for The com - forts of a home.
 We have no home but heav - en! O, would that we were there!



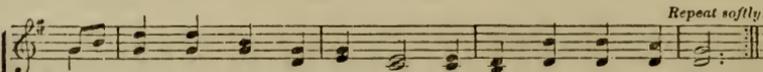
Chorus.



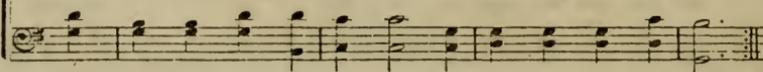
We have no home but heav - en! We want no home be - side;



Repeat softly.



O God! our Friend and Fa - ther! Our foot - steps thith - er guide!



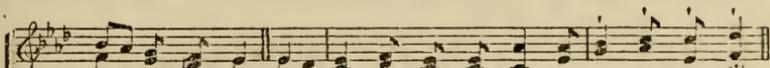
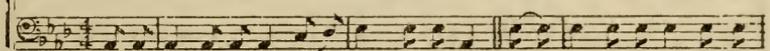
"THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN"

60

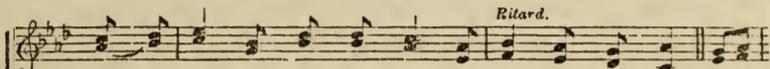
T. C. O'KANE.



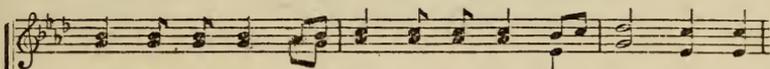
1. In the far better land of glo - ry and light, The ransomed are singing in
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise, Round the star-circled crown of the



garments of white; The harpers are harping, and all the bright train
Ancient of Days; And thrones and do - minions re - ech - o the strain



Sing the song of re - demp - tion, "The Lamb that was slain." The
Of "Glo - ry e - ter - nal to Him that was slain." To



Lamb that was slain, The Lamb that was slain, The Lamb that was
Him that was slain, To Him that was slain, To Him that was



slain, Sing the song of re - demp - tion, "The Lamb that was slain."
slain, Of "Glo - ry e - ter - nal to Him that was slain."



3 Dear Savior, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will join them, thine ear we will gain
With the song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain."
The Lamb that was slain, etc.

4 Now, teachers and children and friends, all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
We'll sing to our Savior the soul-stirring strain,
The song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain."
The Lamb that was slain, etc.

THE RANSOMED BAND.

61

T. C. O'KANE.

Cheerful.

1. Oh hap - py land! Oh hap - py land! Where saints and an - gels dwell;
2. But ev - ry voice in yon - der throng, On earth has breathed a prayer;

We long to join that glorious band, And all their anthems swell.
No lips untaught may join that song, Or learn the mu - sic there.

Chorus.

Oh heav'n - ly home Of the good and the best!

Oh wel - come the day, When we shall a - way, And

Rit.

be for - ev - er at rest, And be for - ev - er at rest!

3. Thou heav'nly Friend, thou heav'nly Friend, Oh hear us when we pray!
Now let thy part'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Oh heav'nly home, etc.
4. Be all our fresh and youthful days
To thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.
Oh heav'nly home, etc.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

Words by Miss ANNIE E. HOWE.

T. O. O'KANE.

62

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, We shall meet, we shall meet;
2. We shall meet who've long been part - ed, We shall meet, we shall meet;

Where the flowers are bloom - ing ev - er, We shall meet a - gain.
All the sad and wea - ry - heart - ed, We shall meet a - gain.

Where the tree of life is grow - ing, And the fragrant breezes blow - ing,
There no gloomy cloud of sor - row Shall dis - turb the bright to - mor - row,

Ritard.
Where the heavenly light is glow - ing, We shall meet a - gain.
But sweet peace we e'er shall bor - row, We shall meet a - gain.

3 Little children in white raiment,
We shall meet, we shall meet;
On that shining golden pavement,
We shall meet again.
No rude hand there us shall sever,
There we'll dwell and sing forever,
By that crystal flowing river,
We shall meet again.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

"And they went and told Jesus."

63

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul; He'll

ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He

on - ly can for - give; Be - lieve on Him, and thou shalt sure - ly live.

Chorus.

{ Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give; } Go and tell Je - sus,
Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to him and live! }

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes,
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have. *Chorus.*

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears.
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and forever rest. *Chorus.*

YOUNG SOLDIERS.

T. C. O KANE.

64

Moderato.

1. The Sun - day - school ar - my has gath - ered once more, Its
2. We fight a - gainst e - vil, and bat - tle with wrong, Our

numbers are greater than ev - er be - fore, Its banners are spread, and shall
sword is the Bi - ble, both trusty and strong; Our watchword is Prayer, and

nev - er be furled, Till the Prince of Sal - va - tion has conquered the world.
Faith is our shield, And nev - er, no nev - er, to foes will we yield.

Chorus. Lively.

Sing! sing! for the ar - my is on its bright way,

To the homes of the blest, and the man - sions of day

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

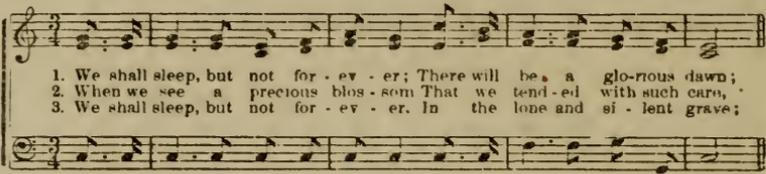
4 To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we raise,
And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers we'll be,
Till we lay down our armor and death sets us free.

WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

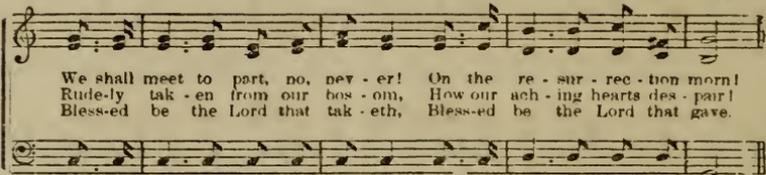
G5

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

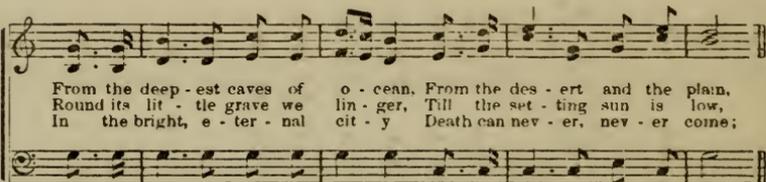
S. J. VAIL, by permission.



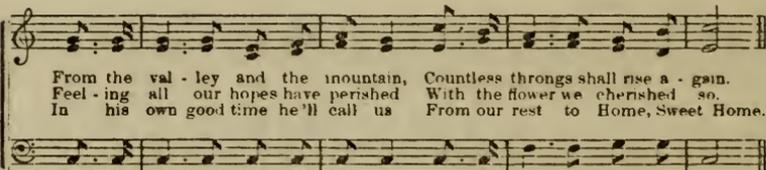
1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;
 2. When we see a precious blos - som That we tend - ed with such care,
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er. In the lone and si - lent grave;



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn!
 Rude - ly tak - en from our bos - om, How our ach - ing hearts des - pair!
 Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.

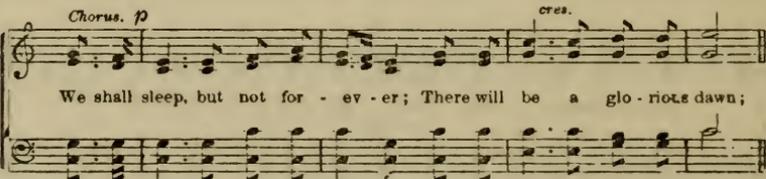


From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
 Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
 In the bright, e - ter - nal cit - y Death can nev - er, nev - er come;

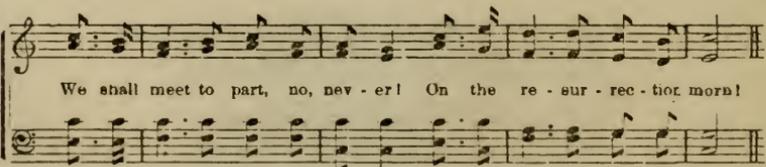


From the val - ley and the inountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
 Feel - ing all our hopes have perished, With the flower we cherished so.
 In his own good time he'll call us From our rest to Home, Sweet Home.

Chorus. p *cres.*



We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;



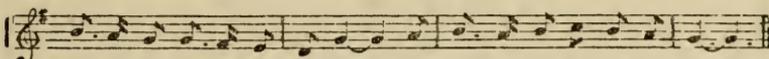
We shall meet to part, no, nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn!

Words by MINNIE WATERS.

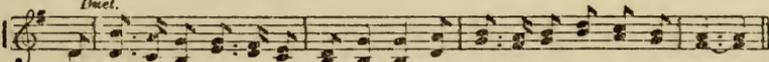
S. J. VAIL, by permission.

Solo.

1. Where do you journey, my bro - ther, O where do you journey, I pray?
 2. What is your mission, my sis - ter, What is your mission be go?
 3. O! yes, you will meet us, my bro - ther, God helping our weakness and sin;



Where do you journey, my sis - ter? For stormy and dark is the way.
 What is your mission, my sis - ter, As journey - ing onward you go?
 Bearing the cross, we, my sis - ter, The crown will endeavor to win.

Duet.

We're journeying onward to Ca - naan, Through suff'ring, and trial, and care,
 Our mission is prac-tic-ing mer - cy, Sweet char - i - ty, patience, and love,
 We'll walk through the vale and the shadow, Through suff'ring, and trials, and care,



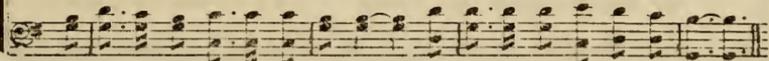
And when we get safely to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?
 And following the footsteps of Je - sus, That lead to the mansions a - bore.
 And when you get safely to glo - ry, You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!

Chorus.

O say, shall we meet you all there? O say, shall we meet you all there?



And when we get safe-ly to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?



1 Over the river I'm going,
 Beyond where the pearly gates stand,
 Over the cold icy billows,
 To live in a fair, sunny land.
 My Father has built me a mansion,
 And filled it with treasures of gold,
 Yes, over the river I'm going,
 To where there are pleasures untold.
 Chor.—To where there are pleasures untold,
 To where there are pleasures untold;
 Yes, over the river I'm going,
 To where there are pleasures untold.

2 Over the river I'm going;
 O, seek not to draw me aside!
 See, for the boatman is waiting
 To ferry me over the tide.
 My Savior is there to receive me,
 And shield me from suffering and cold;
 Yes, over the river I'm going,
 To where there are pleasures untold.
 Chor.—To where there are pleasures untold,
 To where there are pleasures untold;
 Yes, over the river I'm going,
 To where there are pleasures untold.

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by BONAR

T. E. PERKINS.

68

From "SHINING STAR," by permission.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine!

Break ev' - ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing - place,
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,

Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and best,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

THE POLAR STAR.

Words by MISS FANNY CROSSBY.

From "SHINING STAR." T. E. P.

By permission of the publisher, F. J. HUNTINGTON, New York.

1. Weary wand'ero'er the main, Seeking for thy home again, Through the gath'ring
 2. Stranger, on a rocky strand, Longing for thy father-land, Through the gath'ring
 3. Lonely watcher, pale with grief, Thou shalt find a sweet relief, Though thy tears un-

mists that rise, Vailing thy natal skies; Look beyond, there's light for thee, Streaming o'er the
 clouds that rise, Vailing thy natal skies; Look beyond, there's hope for thee, Dawning o'er the
 heeded fall, Jesus will count them all; Look beyond, there's joy for thee, Breaking o'er a

tur-bid sea; Softly it smiles, though distant far, The beautiful po-lar star.
 tranquil sea, Softly it smiles, etc.
 troubled sea, Softly it smiles, etc.

AMERICA. National Hymn.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Maestoso.

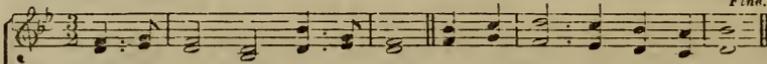
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our father's God, to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

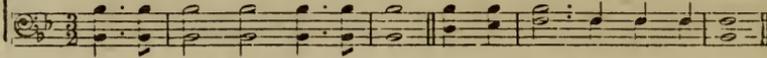
ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

71

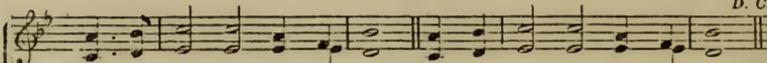
DR. HASTINGS.

Fine.

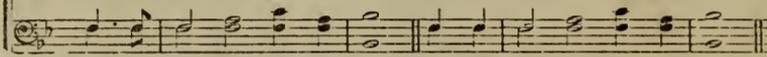
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
 D. C. Be of sin a dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 D. C. In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.



3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
 D. C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

*D. C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
 This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone;

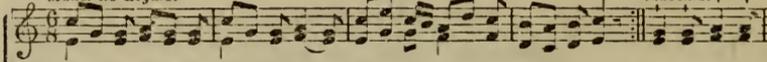


When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

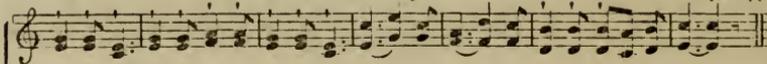
GOD IS LOVE! I KNOW, I FEEL.

72

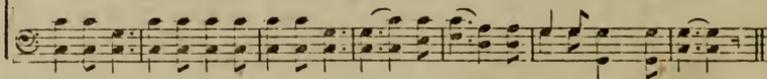
W. H. ROBERTS.

*Chorus, faster.**Staccato.**Moderato Legato.*

1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? } God is love! I
 2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; }
 Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls. } God is love, etc

*Smoothly.**Repeat pp.*

know, I feel; Jesus weeps and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still



- 3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
 God is love, etc.

- 4 There for me the Savior stands;
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
 God is love, etc.

WELCOME TO OUR CONCERT.

59

73

SONG FOR UNION SABBATH-SCHOOL MEETINGS.

Words by Rev. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, M. A.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Wel-come to our con-cert meeting, Friends and strangers, old and young!
 2. Wel-come, friendly schools and teachers, Thronging all our ais-les to-day,
 3. Not as ri-vals here we gath-er, En-vious of each oth-er's fame;

Pa-rents, teach-ers, scholars, greeting, Ev'-ry hand, and eye, and tongue,
 Superin-tendents, pas-tors, preach-ers, Guides a-long the heavenward way;
 But as friends and partners, ra-ther, All our toils and hopes the same;

All our hearts, and all our voi-ces, All our Sun-day-school re-joice-ces;
 Ev'-ry name to-day is "Brother;" All our creed is—"Love each oth-er;"
 Je-sus' love our on-ly sto-ry, Je-sus' conquests all our glo-ry;

All our hearts, and all our voi-ces, All our Sun-day-school re-joice-ces,
 Ev'-ry name to-day is "Brother;" All our creed is—"Love each oth-er."
 Je-sus' love our on-ly sto-ry, Je-sus' conquests all our glo-ry.

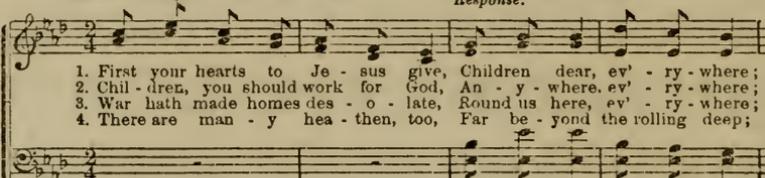
4 These we tell, we chant his praises,
 Hear his wonders, learn his laws;
 Every tale his triumph raises,
 Every effort aids his cause.
 All our prayers and strains ascending,
 Round his throne as incense blending,

5 Welcome, then, to join our singing,
 Till we meet with songs above;
 At His feet our homage flinging,
 Who has bought us with his love.
 There we'll cast our crowns before him,
 And in endless bliss adore him.

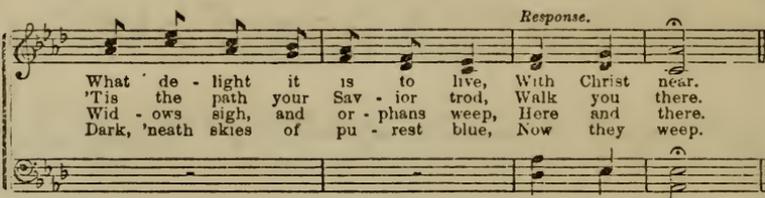
GIVE ALL TO JESUS.

Words by Rev. JOHN G. CHAFFE.

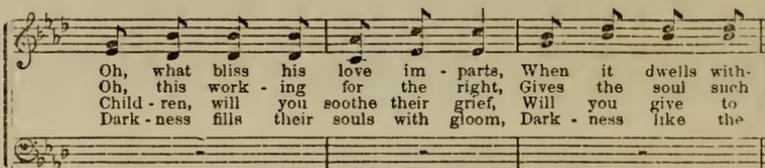
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

*Teacher's Message.**Response.*


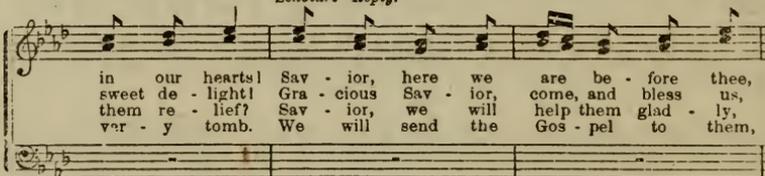
1. First your hearts to Je - sus give, Children dear, ev' - ry - where ;
 2. Chil - dren, you should work for God, An - y - where, ev' - ry - where ;
 3. War hath made homes des - o - late, Round us here, ev' - ry - where ;
 4. There are man - y hea - then, too, Far be - yond the rolling deep ;



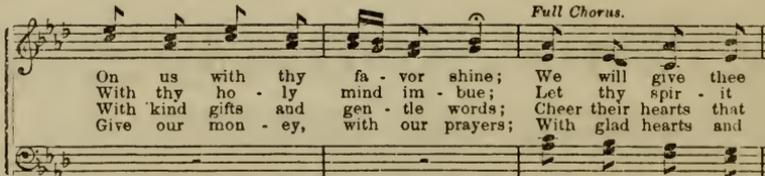
Response.
 What de - light it is to live, With Christ near.
 'Tis the path your Sav - ior trod, Walk you there.
 Wid - ows sigh, and or - phans weep, Here and there.
 Dark, 'neath skies of pu - rest blue, Now they weep.



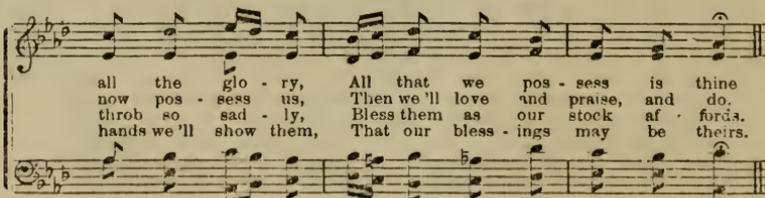
Oh, what bliss his love im - parts, When it dwells with -
 Oh, this work - ing for the right, Gives the soul such
 Child - ren, will you soothe their grief, Will you give to
 Dark - ness fills their souls with gloom, Dark - ness like the

Scholars' Reply.


in our hearts! Sav - ior, here we are be - fore thee,
 sweet de - light! Gra - cious Sav - ior, come, and bless us,
 them re - lief? Sav - ior, we will help them glad - ly,
 ver - y tomb. We will send the Gos - pel to them,

Full Chorus.


On us with thy fa - vor shine; We will give thee
 With thy ho - ly mind im - bue; Let thy spir - it
 With kind gifts and gen - tle words; Cheer their hearts that
 Give our mon - ey, with our prayers; With glad hearts and



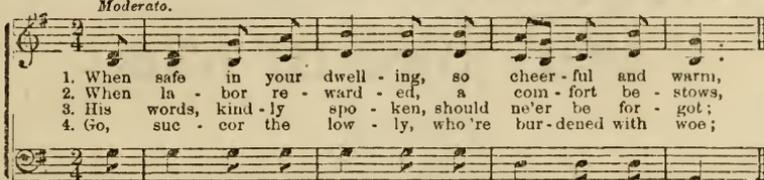
all the glo - ry, All that we pos - sess is thine
 now pos - sess us, Then we'll love and praise, and do.
 thro' so sad - ly, Bless them as our stock af - fords.
 hands we'll show them, That our bless - ings may be theirs.

REMEMBER THE POOR!

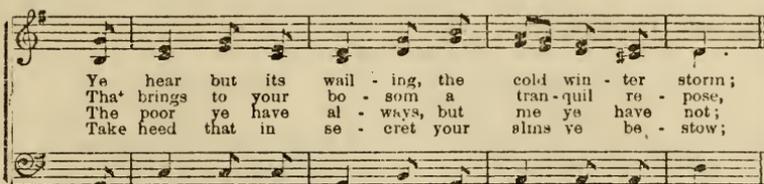
75

Moderato.

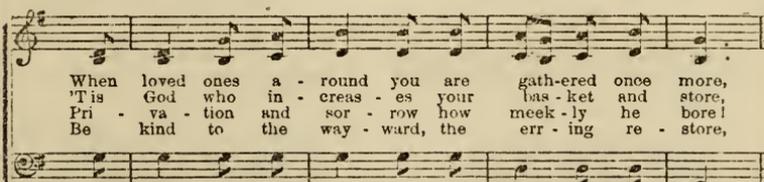
Music contributed to the "MUSICAL LEAVES," by GEO. F. ROOT.



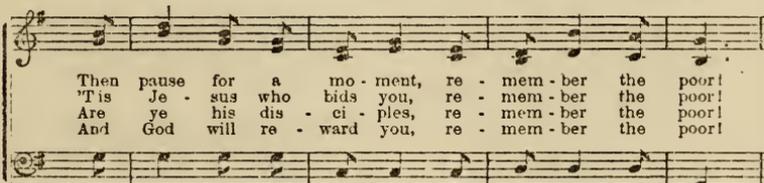
1. When safe in your dwell - ing, so cheer - ful and warm,
 2. When la - bor re - ward - ed, a com - fort be - stows,
 3. His words, kind - ly spo - ken, should ne'er be for - got;
 4. Go, suc - cor the low - ly, who're bur - dened with woe;



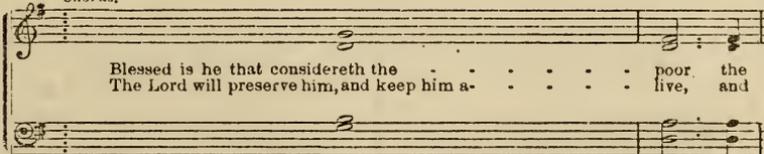
Ye hear but its wail - ing, the cold win - ter storm;
 That brings to your bo - som a tran - quil re - pose,
 The poor ye have al - ways, but me ye have not;
 Take heed that in se - cret your sins ye be - stow;



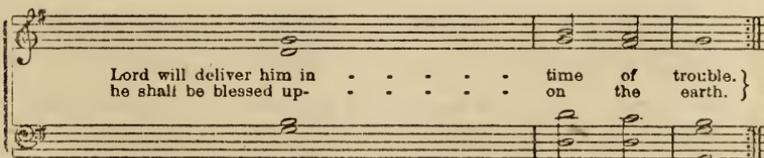
When loved ones a - round you are gath - ered once more,
 'Tis God who in - creas - es your bas - ket and store,
 Pri - va - tion and sor - row how meek - ly he bore!
 Be kind to the way - ward, the err - ing re - store,



Then pause for a mo - ment, re - mem - ber the poor!
 'Tis Je - sus who bids you, re - mem - ber the poor!
 Are ye his dis - ci - ples, re - mem - ber the poor!
 And God will re - ward you, re - mem - ber the poor!

Chorus.


Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the
 The Lord will preserve him, and keep him a - live, and



Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. }
 he shall be blessed up - on the earth. }

80 I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

TUNE—"Watcher." Key D. 7s & 6s.

- 1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."
- 5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O, gentle Savior! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

81

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

TUNE—"Manor." Key E \flat . 8s & 7s.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise!
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"
- 2 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

82

THE EARTH SHALL BE FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD.

TUNE—"Webb." Key B \flat . 7s & 6s.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blessed river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—the Lord is come.

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD.

83

C. M.

- 1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he caresses the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care,
While folded in the Savior's arms
We're safe from every snare.

84

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

TUNE—"Duke Street." Key E \flat . L. M.

- 1 We are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.
- 2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The Gospel news, the heavenly Word;
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.
- 3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place!
- 4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
Oh, lead us in the path of truth!
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

85 CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

TUNE—"Autumn." Key A. 8s & 7s.

1 HOLY FATHER, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers of unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

86 HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TUNE—"Happy Greeting to all." Key E. 11s.

1 COME, children, and join in our festival song,
The New Year has come, and the old year
has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of
praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened
our days.

CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to
all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy
New Year to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Savior, we
pray,
That from thy best precepts we never may
stray.
Happy New Year, etc.

3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a
close,
Some loved one among us in death shall
repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may
dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be
well.
Happy-New Year, etc.

4 Kind teachers, we children would thank you
this day,
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the
way

How we may escape from the world's sinful
charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Savior's loved
arms.
Happy New Year, etc.

5 Dear Pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than
gold;
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of
truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our
youth."
Happy New Year, etc.

6 And now, as we enter another New Year,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here;
May many "bright jewels" be your blest
reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the
Lord."
Happy New Year, etc.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

87 Key F.

1 TO-DAY the Savior calls!
Ye wand'ring come;
Oh, ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'T is mercy's hour.

88

INSTRUCTION FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

C. M.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book will guide our youth,
And well support our age.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

89 SOWING THE SEED.

TUNE—"Boylston." Key C. S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it round the land.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by spots 't is found;
Go forth, then, every-where.
- 3 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 5 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

90

1 WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

TUNE—"Frederick." 11s & 12s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
'ts cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the
tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Oh, who would live alway, away from his
God—
Away from von heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul!

91 COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi, 28.

CHANT. Key C.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to |
me!"
- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."

92

MARY TO THE SAVIOR'S TOMB.

TUNE—"Martyn." Key F. 7s. Double.

- 1 MARY to the Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ has risen from the dead,
Now he bid her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye, who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your weeping eyes.

93

PRAISE.

TUNE—"Cranbrook." S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And every ransom'd, "ow'r shall join
In wonder, love, and praise

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

94

- 1 I remember how I loved her,
 When a little guiltless child,
 I saw her in the cradle
 As she looked on me and smil'd.
 My cup of happiness was full,
 My joy words cannot tell;
 And I blessed the glorious Giver,
 "Who doeth all things well"
 And I blessed the glorious Giver,
 Who doeth all things well.
- 2 Months pass'd; that bud of promise
 Was unfolding ev'ry hour,
 I thought that earth had never smil'd
 Upon a fairer flow'r,
 So beautiful it well might grace
 The bow'rs where angels dwell
 And waft its fragrance to His throne
 "Who doeth all things well,"
 And waft its fragrance to His throne
 "Who doeth all things well."
- 3 Years fled; that little sister
 That was dear as life to me,
 And woke in my unconscious heart,
 A wild idolatry;
 I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine,
 Lured by some magic spell,
 Forgetful of the praise of Him,
 "Who doeth all things well,"
 Forgetful of the praise of Him,
 "Who doeth all things well."
- 4 She was the lovely star,
 Whose light around my pathway shone,
 Amid this darksome vale of tears,
 Through which I journey on,
 Its radiance had obscured the light,
 Which round His throne doth dwell,
 And I wandered far away from Him,
 "Who doeth all things well,"
 And I wandered far away from Him,
 "Who doeth all things well."
- 5 That star went down in beauty,
 Yet it shineth sweetly now,
 In the bright and dazzling coronet,
 That decks the Saviour's brow.
 She bow'd to the destroyer,
 Whose shafts none may repel,
 But we know, for God hath told us,
 "He doeth all things well,"
 But we know, for God hath told us,
 "He doeth all things well."
- 6 I remember well my sorrow,
 As I stood beside her bed,
 And my deep and heart-felt anguish when
 They told me she was dead;
 And oh! that cup of bitterness
 Let not my heart rebel,
 God gave, He took, He will restore,
 "He doeth all things well,"
 God gave, He took, He will restore,
 "He doeth all things well."

ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

95

OLD TUNE. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,—
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.
- 5 When I've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 I've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when I first begun.

HOLY FORTITUDE.

96

TUNE—"Arlington." Key G. C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Shall I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.

TEMPERANCE VERSE.

97

TUNE—Your Mission.

- There's a field already open;
 You can lend a helping hand
 To reclaim the many drunkards,
 Who are scattered o'er the land;
 You can help us try to banish
 From each home the cursed bowl;
 You may gain a crown of glory,
 If you save a human soul.

MY CHILDHOOD.

18

- 1 As I rummag'd thro' the attic,
Lis'ning to the falling rain,
As it patter'd on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread;
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.
- 2 So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."
- 3 As I listen'd, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wander'd back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.
- 4 Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O, Father!
Father! Thou who art in heaven."
- 5 This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild
That my mother asked "Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"
- 6 Years have pass'd, and that dear mother,
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight,
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

99

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn." 5th P. M.

- 1 Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

100 TUNE—"Fountain." C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

101

PILGRIMAGE HEAVENWARD.

TUNE—"Harwell." Key G. 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

MARCHING ALONG.

102

1 Let us lift our hearts with gladness,
Let us sing for joy to-night;
Lo! the Church of God is rising
In her glory, strength, and might!
She is marching on triumphant,
With her banner wide unfurled;
She is sending forth her heralds
With salvation to the world!

CHORUS.

Marching along! we are marching along!
Rising as a people while we're marching along!
The conflict is raging 'tween the right and the
wrong;

We'll trust in the Lord while we're marching
along.

2 Let us turn our eyes a moment,
While we take a passing view
Of the time the Church was planted,
And her numbers were but few.
Then our preachers had their circuits
Of a hundred miles to ride,
O'er the mountain, through the forest,
On the western prairie wide.

3 But their hearts were bold and fearless,
And their faith was firm and strong;
For their Captain was before them,
And they praised him in their song.
And they saw the work progressing,
Ere the vale of death they passed;
They are singing hallelujah!
In the promised land, at last!

4 Lo! the Church of God is rising!
And the Gospel's joyful sound,
With a trumpet tongue proclaiming
To the earth's remotest bound!
There's a shout among the nations
Far across the ocean's foam;
And she reaps a golden harvest
From her mission field at home.

103 THE YOUNG CONVERT.

TUNE—"Abiding Rest," from the "Shawm."
Key 7 C. 8s & 7s P. M. Double.

1 I now have found abiding rest,
For which I long was sighing;
Now on my Savior's faithful breast
My weary head is lying.
This is the place where sin no more,
Nor death and hell alarm me;
I now am safe, by Jesus' power,
From all that else would harm me.

2 He whispers me, I'm wholly thine,
And thou art mine forever;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,
Confiding in thy favor.

Thy every want shall find supply
From thy exhaustless treasure;
I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
The pledge of endless pleasure.

LITTLE BAND OF LOVING ONES.

104

Key B \flat .

1 We all should love one another,
We all should love one another,
We all should love one another,
And keep the golden rule.

CHORUS.

Sing on, love on, ye little band of loving ones;
Sing on, love on, ye little band of loving ones,

2 We all should love our parents,
We all should love our parents,
We all should love our parents,
As children ought to do.
Sing on, love on, etc.

3 We all should love our sisters,
We all should love our sisters,
We all should love our sisters,
And love our brothers too.
Sing on, love on, etc.

4 We all should love the Bible,
We all should love the Bible,
We all should love the Bible,
Which tells us what to do.
Sing on, love on, etc.

5 We all should love the Savior,
We all should love the Savior,
We all should love the Savior,
Who shed for us his blood.
Sing on, love on, etc.

6 We hope to go to heaven,
We hope to go to heaven,
We hope to go to heaven,
And sing the songs of love.
Sing on, love on, etc.

SWEET STORY.

105

Key D.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and near him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to re-
pare,
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

106 HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

TUNE—"Penitence." Key B \flat . 12th P. M.

1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Wou'd fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart.
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow.
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

107

Key A \flat .

1 THERE'S a light in the window for thee,
brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm,
brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Savior has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, etc.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea!
Though afflictions assail you, and storms
beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, etc.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the
stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, etc.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

108

Key G.

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

CHORUS.

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

2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light;
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light;
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.
Let us walk, etc.

THE SABBATH BELL.

109

Key G.

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 music sweeter far—
In the light, in the light;
Breathes where angel-spirits are—
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.

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 Sabbath's glow—
In the light of God?
Let us walk, etc.

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.
Let us walk, etc.

110 HEAVENLY UNION.

TUNE—"Wirth." Key A \flat C. M.

- 1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

SONG OF THE INFANTS.

111

Key C.

- 1 Some call us infants,
Our life just begin;
Some call us "the fathers,"
They must be in sin;
Some wish we were many,
Yet others we guess,
When we're in a frolic,
Most wish we were less.
- 2 Some say, while they call us
Such wee bits of things,
We're what men are made of,
The priests and the kings;
Whatever we may be,
We're sure of one thing;
That you are our Shepherd,
And we're here to sing.
- 3 We bring the bright pennies,
They're little, we know;
But, love going with them,
To dollars they'll grow;
As much as this, surely,
We children can see:
If there were no pennies,
No dollars there'd be.

112 WANDERER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"Retreat." Key C.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return!
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return!
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

WONDER.

113

Key G.

- 1 O! 't is a glorious mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
That I should ever saved be,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
Why God should save my soul from hell,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
- 2 Great mystery that Christ should please,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
His love on any of Adam's race.
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
But there 's a greater mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
That he bestowed his love on me,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
- 3 Great mystery I do behold,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
That God should ever save a soul,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
But here 's a greater mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
That he bestowed his love on me,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
- 4 Why was I not still left behind,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
With thousand others of mankind,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
To run the dangerous, sinful race,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
And die and never taste his grace,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
- 5 No mortal can a reason find,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
'T is mercy free, and grace divine,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
O! 't is a glorious mystery,
'T is a wonder, a wonder;
And will be to eternity,
'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

114

PENITENCE.

TUNE—"Autumn." Key A. 8s & 7s. Double.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.
- 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to heaven.

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

115 Key C.

1 YE VA' ant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy, praying band,
Though in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

CHORUS.

Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of
the world,

For we've all got the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to
shine,

When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view;
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Let us never, etc.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home!
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Let us never, etc.

118 A BLESSING SOUGHT.

TUNE—"Autumn." Key A. 8s & 7s. Double.

1 HEAVENLY FATHER, grant thy blessing,
While once more thy praise we sing:
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.

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

HAST THOU STILL A FATHER.

117 Key G.

1 HAST thou still a father,
Or a mother dear?
Hast thou yet a brother,
Or a sister here?

2 O then love them freely,
Cherish every tie!
All we prize most dearly,
All on earth must die.

3 Still, be not forgetful
Of the Friend above;
He can never perish,
And his name is love.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY BELL.

118 TUNE—"Siloam." Key D.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, by influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 And soon, too soon, the wistful hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

4 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

119 A PERFECT HEART.

TUNE—"Roscoe." Key B \flat Minor. C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name, of Love.

THE GLORIOUS TIME.

120 TUNE—"Harwell." Key G.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey!
 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

MERCY SEAT.

121 TUNE—"Retreat." Key C.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all on earth more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

NEVER LATE.

122 Key D.

- 1 I'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away;
With my lessons learned, this shall be my
rule—
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 2 Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing;
None are tardy there, when the woods do
ring;
So, when Sunday comes, this shall be my
rule—
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers
again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

123

THE REPENTING SINNER RETURNING.

TUNE—"Salvation." Key G minor. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 " 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

124 PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

TUNE—"Greenville." Key E. 8s & 7s.

- 1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

125 LORD'S PROTECTION,

TUNE—"Hebron." Key B \flat . L. M.

- 1 TRUS for the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste;
And I, perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

GOOD-NIGHT!

126

Key D.

- 1 How sweet the happy evenings close,
'T is the hour of sweet repose—
Good-night!
The summer winds have sunk to rest,
The moon, serenely bright,
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray,
Softly now she seems to say—
Good-night!
- 2 These tranquil hours of social mirth,
For the dearest link of earth—
Good-night!
And, while each hand is kindly pressed,
O, may our prayers to heaven
With humble fervor be addressed,
For thy blessings on our rest—
Good-night!
- 3 O, how each gentle thought is stirred,
As we breathe the parting word—
Good-night!
O, could we ever feel as now,
Our hearts with love upraised,
And while our warm affections flow,
Hear, in murmurs soft and low—
Good-night!

127 THE LAMBS OF JESUS.

TUNE—"Woodworth." Key E \flat . L. M.

- 1 THE lambs of Jesus! who are they
But children that believe and pray?
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place!
- 2 The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.
- 3 The lambs of Jesus! oh, that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord, take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

128 THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

TUNE—"Windham." Key G minor. L. M.

- 1 Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.
- 2 Come, holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

129 THE LOVE OF JESUS.

TUNE—"Woodworth." Key E \flat . L. M.

- 1 I know 't is Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.
- 2 How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'T was for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
- 3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong;
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
- 4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CONDEMNED, BUT PLEADING THE
130 PROMISES.

TUNE—"Windham." Key G minor. L. M.

- 1 Snow pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound!
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.
- 4 O save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

I'M A PILGRIM.

131

Key G.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

132 PEACEFUL REST.

TUNE—"Rest." Key D. L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

133 VISITATION OF DEATH.

TUNE—"Galena." Key B \flat . C. M.

- 1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we he died.
- 2 Not long ago he filled his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.
- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.
- 4 We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first; oh, may we all
Prepare to meet our God!
- 5 All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply,
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

134

Key A.

- 1 I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven, that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For all the ties that bind me,
For all the tasks assigned me,
For bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I may do.

- 2 I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
And, wiser from conviction,
Help on each grand design.
- 3 I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
Where men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH TO ME.

135 OLD TUNE. Key G. 8s.

- 1 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Savior arose!
'T is heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again.
- 2 This day he invites me to come;
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear.
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.
- 3 I can not, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all of my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'T is heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

LORD, TEACH A SINFUL CHILD TO PRAY.

136

C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say
For thou art every-where.
- 2 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And may it be my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.
- 3 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY! ONWARD WE
137 MOVE.

TUNE—"Joyfully! Joyfully!" Key G.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Savior, in mercy says come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven
- 2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come
- 3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Savior, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

138 Key C.

- 1 We love to sing together,
We love to sing together,
Our hearts and voices one;
To praise our Heavenly Father,
To praise our Heavenly Father,
And his eternal Son.
We love, we love, we love, we love,
We love to sing together;
We love, we love, we love, we love,
We love to sing together.
- 2 We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, etc.
- 3 We love to read together
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, etc.
- 4 We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, etc.

WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

139 Key A.

- 1 When the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school;
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school.
I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath-school.
- 2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-school.
I'll away, etc.
- 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, etc.
- 4 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed 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, etc.

140 USE OF THE BIBLE.

TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn." 7s.

- 1 HOLY BIBLE! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless,
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

141 TUNE—"Pleyel's Hymn." 7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ by highest heaven adored!
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

142 HOMEWARD BOUND.

TUNE—"Homeward Bound." Key A.

- 1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far, from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O, pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Joyful, O, comrades! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea?
"Welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed are ye."
Can it the greeting of paradise be?
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,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

THE PROMISED LAND.

143 OLD TUNE. Key E \flat .

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

CHORUS.

- I'll away, I'll away to the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
- 2 I have a Savior in the promised land,
I have a Savior in the promised land;
My Savior calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.
- 3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land;
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.
- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, etc.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

144 Key A. C. M.

- 1 THE Sunday-school, that blessed place,
Oh! I would rather stay
Within its walls a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.

CHORUS.

- The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love;
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.
- 2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high.
The Sunday-school, etc.
- 3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday-school, etc.
- 4 And welcome, then, the Sunday-school,
We'll read and sing and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, etc.

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

145

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee; -
Now in the fullness of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.
Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.
I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed;
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

146 TUNE—"Unity." Key E_b.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never! no, never!
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never! no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior!
May we all there unite
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never! no, never!
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never! no, never!

147 THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

TUNE—"Happy Land." Key E.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then, to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

THE SNOW STORM.

148

- 1 The cold wind swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And amid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifted snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.
- 2 And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was
"O God!" she cried in accents wild, [gone.
"If I must perish, save my child,"
"If I must perish, save my child."
- 3 She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm;
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.
- 4 At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled,
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

149 INVITATION TO YOUTH.

TUNE—"Missionary Hymn." Key E. 7s & 6s.

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

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

150 I LOVE THE CHURCH.

TUNE—"St. Thomas." Key G. S. M.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God I
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

151 LOVING KINDNESS.

TUNE—"Loving Kindness." Key A. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His loving kindness, etc.

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!
His loving kindness, etc.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
His loving kindness, etc.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!
His loving kindness, etc.

6 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.
His loving kindness, etc.

CENTENARY SONG.

152

1 On the mountain of vision what a glory we
belold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth
with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the
prophets long foretold—
The years are marching on.—CHORUS.

2 The jubilee is sounding, and a million voices
roll,
While earth repeats the chorus, as it spreads
from pole to pole;
For Jesus is our Captain, and glory is our
goal:
Jesus is marching on.—CHORUS.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the
vaulted city dome,
From the dark and busy ocean, where our
sailor-brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy
harvest-home,
The song is rolling on.—CHORUS.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred
years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will
not be long,
When He shall claim the heathen, and over-
throw the wrong,—
The time is marching on.—CHORUS.

5 And when our toils are over, on the heights
of Evermore,
With the saints of all the ages, we will shout
the battle over;
And in the Golden City we will join the
Conqueror,
Forever marching on.—CHORUS.

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

153

Key A.

- 1 We are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth;
Every hour and every breath
Brings us nearer still to death.

CHORUS.

Yes, we are pilgrims; yes, we are pilgrims;
Yes, we are pilgrims, on our journey home.

- 2 But beyond this vale of tears
Lies the land that knows no fears,
Where our steps no more may roam;
Pilgrims, we are going home!
We are pilgrims, etc.
- 3 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Who are missed and mourned for here;
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above.
We are pilgrims, etc.
- 4 Let not trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and strait,
Leading to the golden gate.
We are pilgrims, etc.
- 5 No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too;
From his track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.
We are pilgrims, etc.

154

JUST AS I AM.

TUNE—"Woodworth." Key E \flat .

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

155

Key A. C. M.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, etc.
- 3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all its peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?
Singing glory, etc.
- 4 Because the Savior shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, etc.
- 5 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing glory, etc.

MORNING BELLS.

156

Key A. 8s & 7s.

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

CHORUS.

Come, children, come, the bells are ringing,
To the Sabbath-school repair;
Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in solemn prayer.

- 2 'T is an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet to praise and pray;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Come, children, come, etc.
- 3 Do not keep your teacher waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'T is the holy Sabbath day.
Come, children, come, etc.
- 4 Children, haste, the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Come, children, come, etc.

ANNIVERSARY DEPARTMENT;

CONSISTING OF

SOLOS, DUETS, TRIOS, AND QUARTETTES,

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR

ANNIVERSARIES, MISSIONARY OCCASIONS, SUNDAY SCHOOL
CONCERTS, TEMPERANCE MEETINGS, ETC., ETC.

*This part of the book is NOT ADAPTED FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK PROPER,
but more for religious entertainment and profit.*

I am almost daily receiving inquiries asking, "Where can I obtain the songs you sung at _____," and to accommodate such who desire the songs (as I sing them), I have *revised* the "MUSICAL LEAVES," taking out such pieces as have become worn out and uninteresting, and giving *choice gems* in their place. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

157 *Allegretto.*

From "EARLY BLOSSOMS," by GEO. F. ROOT.

FIRST.

1. Mu - sic in the val - ley, Mu - sic on the hill, Mu - sic in the
2. Mu - sic by the fire - side, Mu - sic in the hall, Mu - sic in the
3. Sing with joy - ful voi - ces, Friends and loved ones dear; Let dis - cord and

THIRD.

wood - land, Mu - sic in the rill; Mu - sic on the mount - ain,
school - room, Mu - sic for us all; Mu - sic in our sor - row,
tron - ble Nev - er en - ter here; Join the hap - py cho - rus

Mu - sic in the air, Mu - sic in the true heart, Mu - sic ev - 'ry - where.
Mu - sic in our care, Mu - sic in our glad - ness, Mu - sic ev - 'ry - where.
Of all na - ture fair, Swell the glo - rious an - them, Mu - sic's ev - 'ry - where.

SAVE THE FALLEN.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. Lord, be - fore thy ho - ly al - tar, Now thy blessing we im - plore,

Grant, we may not faint or fal - ter, Till our glorious work is o'er.

Sav - iour! help us; we are try - ing Souls im - mor - tal to re - claim,

Thro' intemprance they are dy - ing, Snatch them from its burning flame.

CHORUS.

Save the fall - en, make them so - ber; May they feel their sins for - given,

When this transient life is o - ver, Give them, Lord, a place in heaven.

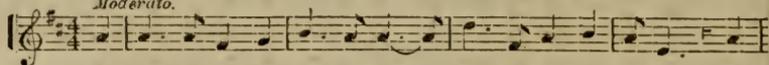
2. Lo, the tempter, now assailing
Hoary age and smiling youth,
Shall his cruel arts prevailing
Stop the springs of hallowed truth?
Lord, forbid it! hear us pleading,
Jesus, thou hast died to save,
Let thy mercy interceding
Keep them from a drunkard's grave.—*Cho.*

3. O'er the hearts that pine with anguish,
Pour thy healing balm divine,
O'er the wasted forms that languish
Let the beams of comfort shine;
In thy strength if still united
We the erring may restore,
Then intemperance, crushed and blighted,
We will banish from our shore.—*Cho.*

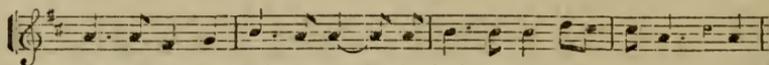
RIGHT OVER WRONG.

The HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Moderato.

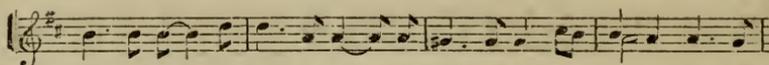
1. Be - hold the Day of Prom - ise comes, full of in spir - a - tion! The
2. Al - rea - dy in the gold - en east the glo - rious light is dawning, And



bles - ed day, by proph - ets sung, for the heal - ing of the na - tions. Old
watchmen, from the moun - tain - tops, can see the bless - ed morning: O'er

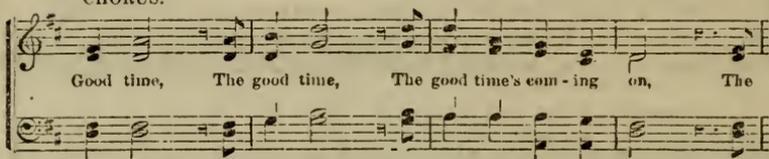


mid - night er - rors flee a - way—they soon will all be gone; While
all the land their voic - es ring, while yet the world is nap - ping, 'Till

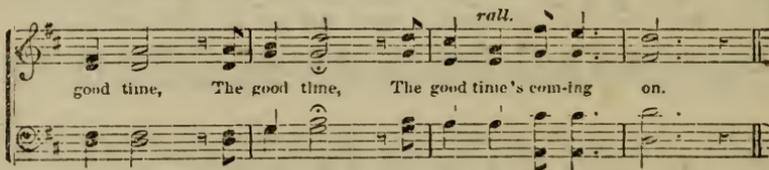


heaven - ly an - gels seem to say, "the good time's" coming on. Oh, the
e'en the sluggards be - gin to spring, as they hear the spir - it's "rapping." Oh, the

CHORUS.



Good time, The good time, The good time's com - ing on, The



good time, The good time, The good time's com - ing on.

3. The captive now begins to rise—his chains are rent asunder;
While politicians stand aghast, in anxious fear and wonder:
No longer shall the bondman sigh beneath the galling fetters—
He sees the light of freedom's day, and reads the golden letters,
Oh, the good time, &c.
4. And all the old distilleries shall perish and burn together—
The brandy, rum, and gin, and beer, and all such whatsoever:
The world begins to feel the fire; and e'en the poor besotter,
To save himself from burning up, jumps in the cooling water.
Oh, the good time, &c.

Composed by HENRY RUSSELL.

Robin Ruff. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green! If I
had but a thou - sand a year! What a man would I be, And what
sights would I see, If I had but a thou - sand a
year, Gaf - fer Green! It I had but a thou - sand a year!

Gaffer Green. The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff,
Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;
But be honest and true,
And say what would you do,
If you had but a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
If you had but a thousand a year?

Robin Ruff. I'd do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,
I'd go, faith! I hardly know where,
I'd scatter the chink
And leave others to think,
If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green!
If I had but a thousand a year!

Gaffer Green. But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
And the day of your death it draws near,
Say, what with your pains
Would you do with your gains,
If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
If you then had a thousand a year?

Robin Ruff. I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are always so queer,
But as other folks die,
I suppose so must I—

Gaffer Green. What! and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
And give up your thousand a year?

There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there.

Where the poor man's as great,
What, though he hath no estate?

Robin Ruff.

Gaffer Green. Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,

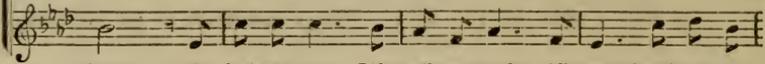
Gaffer Green. } Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year.
Robin Ruff. }

LIFE'S RAILWAY.

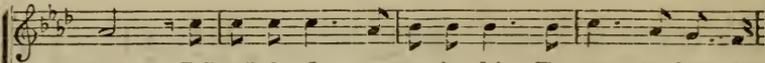
Music by H. M. HIGGINS.



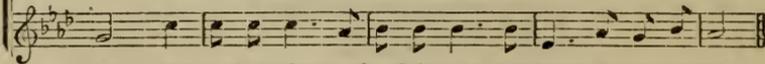
1. I'm think-ing, John, of that sweet time, When you and I were
 2. And look-ing for - ward ea - ger - ly, To the hap - py mo - ments,
 3. And when, dear John, the time shall come, That age creeps on a -



boys, A - look-ing up Life's rail-way track, All spanned with ros - y
 when We'd reached the sta - tion Twen - ty - one— No long - er boys, but
 - pace, And sil - ver threads are thick-ly strewn On wrin - kled brow and



joys; Full well do I re - mem - ber, John, The morn - ing long a -
 men; We reach'd it long a - go, dear John, The brake - man did not
 face, When from the faith - less glass of Time Life's sands are near - ly



- go, We found ourselves on board the train, And thought the time was slow.
 call; No bell was rung, or whistle blown—There was no place at all.
 run, And slackened speed a - long the track, Tell our jour - ney's al - most done.

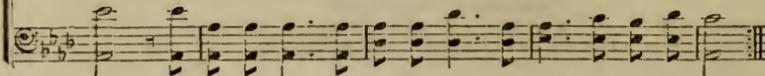
CHORUS.



We've reach'd the sum - mit lev - el, John, And now go down the
 And man - y who came out with us In the morn - ing long a -
 We'll see the Gold - en Cit - y, then, And loved ones gone be -

Repeat *pp.*

grade, With shorten'd stroke, and swifter speed Than an - y we have made.
 - go, Have chang'd, and took the lightning line, And reach'd the Great De - pot.
 - fore; We'll walk with them the rounds of joy, Where part - ing comes no more.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

162

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the coming of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel, "As ye

tramping on the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev' - ning dews and damps; I have
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the

loosed the fate - ful lightning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His truth is marching on.
 read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on.
 He - ro, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
 O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet:
 Our God is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

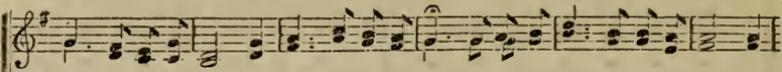
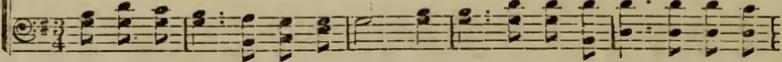
163

A DREAM.

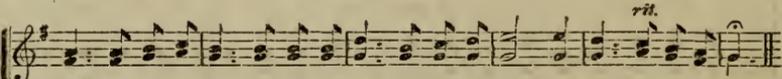
By PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I dreamed, and lo! 'twas Sab-bath eve;—With-in a church I stood, Se-clud-ed
2. My heart was full; I wept for joy; They had not sung in vain; For God was
3. The scene was chang'd; and as I passed A-long the sea of time, The church of
4. Then swift-er than the lightning wing, In air I seemed to rise, And in my



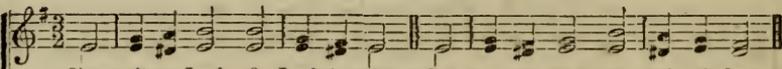
from the bu-sy world, And shel-ter'd by a wood; Its altar filled with mourning souls, The
 in that ho-ly place, And souls were born agun. The congre-gation, deep-ly moved, Their
 God, with one concert, From earth's remotest clime, U-nit-ed at the the self-same hour In
 dream a voice I heard, That fill'd me with surprise, " 'Tis done!" he cried: from heav'n and earth One



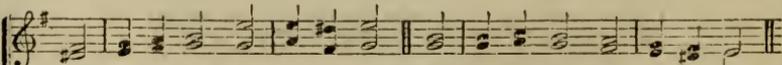
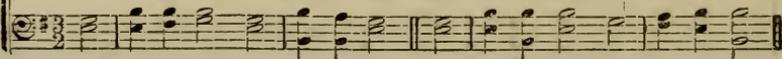
young and old were there, And one and all to-geth-er sang This old fa-mil-iar prayer,
 earnest prayer renewed, An-oth-er hymn of old-en times They sang in tones subdued,
 lof-ty strains to raise One loud, ecstat-ic burst of joy, One glorious hymn of praise,
 raptured chorus broke; And with that u-ni-ver-sal shout I from my dream awoke.



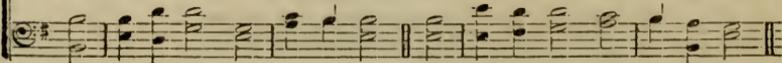
Sing after first verse WINDHAM, L. M.



Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live.



Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?



Sing after second verse ARLINGTON, C. M.

Am I a sol - dier of the cross, — A fol - l'wer of the Lamb, —

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

Sing after third verse CORONATION, C. M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King,

The triumphs of his grace; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

Sing after fourth verse THE HEAVENLY SHORE.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

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

BY-GONE DAYS.

1. I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree Upon the school-house
2. The grass is just as green, dear Tom; bare-footed boys at play Were sporting there as
3. That old schoolhouse has altered some; The benches are replaced By new ones ver-y

play-ground, which shelter'd you and me; But none were there to greet me, Tom, and
we did then, with spir - its just as gay; But the master sleeps up - on the hill, which
like the ones our pen-knives have defaced; The same old bricks are in the wall, the

few were left to know, That play'd with us upon the grass, some twenty years a - go.
coated o'er with snow, Af - ford - ed us a sliding - place, just twenty years a - go.
bell swings to and fro, The music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years a - go.

4. The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom; the stream appears less wide;
The grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweet-hearts—pretty girls!—just twenty years ago.
5. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach;—
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so!
To find that I had changed so much since twenty years ago!
6. The boys were playing the same old game, beneath the same old tree—
(I do forget the name just now,) you've played the same with me
On that same spot;—'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;—
The leader had a task to do, there, twenty years ago.
7. Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,—and you did mine the same;—
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,—'twas dying, sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut died, twenty years ago.
8. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes—
I thought of those we loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.
9. Some are in the chnrch-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;—
But few are left of our old class excepting you and me:
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

CELESTIAL CITY.—Continued.

Ritard.

sorrow, nor sighing, no sickness, all blest, Where the faithful and weary are ever at rest. I

take me, O Lord! to thy city above, To sing with the ransomed the songs of thy love. I

sorrow, nor sighing, no sickness, all blest, Where the faithful and weary are ever at rest. I

take me, O Lord! to thy city above, To sing with the ransomed the songs of thy love. I

pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beau - - ti-ful cit - y, thy

pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beau - - ti-ful cit - y, thy

pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beau-ti-ful, beautiful cit - y, thy

pray and I long for that cit - y so fair; O beau-ti-ful, beautiful cit - y, thy

joys - - may I share! O beau - - ti-ful cit - y, thy joys may I share!

joys - - may I share! O beautiful, beautiful cit - y, thy joys may I share! - - -

joys, thy joys may I share! O beautiful, beautiful cit - y, thy joys may I share! - - -

joys, thy joys may I share! O beautiful, beautiful cit - y, thy joys may I share!

CELESTIAL CITY.—Concluded.

Beau - - - ti - ful cit - y! cit - - - - y of God,

Beau - - - ti - ful cit - y! cit - - - - y of God,

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful cit - y! thou cit - y, thou cit - y of God, O

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful cit - y! thou cit - y, thou cit - y of God. O

Beau - - ti - ful cit - y! thou cit - - - y of God, Beau - - ti - ful cit - y!

Beau - - ti - ful cit y! thou city - - - y of God, Beau - - ti - ful cit - y!

beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou cit - y, thou city of God, Beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou

beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou city, thou cit - y of God, Beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou

Ad lib.
Beau - - ti - ful cit - y! Beau - - ti - ful cit - y! thou city of God.

Beau - - ti - ful cit - y! Beau - - ti - ful cit - y! thou city of God.

cit - y, thou city of God, O beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou city of God.

cit - y, thou city of God, O beautiful, beautiful cit - y! thou city of God.

THE RESCUE.

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"The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. A ship was on the mighty deep, With all her sails unfurl'd, Tho' scarce a breath, that calm still
 2. Her deck was throng'd with precious souls, The young and old were there, And some with furrow'd brows that
 3. All drank the cup that Pleasure held, But gave no tho't to Him, Their heav'nly guide, whose bounteous

morn, The crest-ed billow curl'd. For many an hour upon the wave, That state - ly ves-sel
 woke Full man-y a trace of care. They glided on, — a week had passed, The sky was still so
 hand Had filled it to the brim. But see far off, where yonder sun Is fad - ing to his

lay. Then spread her canvass to the breeze, And proudly sail'd away,
 rene As if a storm could never change The beauty of the scene. 4. Now peal on peal loud thunders
 rest. That bank of clouds portentous rise A long the gol-den west!

roll, And vivid lightnings flash! And now against the ves-sel's side The an - gry billows dash!

THE RESCUE. Continued.

Wildblows the wind! thought is dark! Huge, massive rocks are near! They stand aghast, that lonely

rit.
through, And cheeks are blanch'd with fear. 5. Quick! quick! let ev'ry sail be fur'l'd! - But ere the word is

giv'n, The helm is gone! the shroud's on fire! The mast in splinters riven! One burst of anguish, long and

deep, One cry of keen des-pair, From hearts that fatal hour had taught Their on-ly hope was prayer.

6. A light, a voice from yonder tow'r Comes sweeping o'er the wave; Cling to the spar! there's help at

THE RESCUE. Concluded.

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hand! The life-boat, The life-boat comes to save! The life-boat, The life-boat comes to save!

O, sin-ner, on the voyage of life Thy back awhile may glide, As tranquil as that no ble

ship, A - long the ocean's tide. 7. But far from God, what canst thou hope! Or where for refuge

fly When o'er thy frail and shatter'd bark The storm is raging high! The storm is raging high!

Close with the tune NAOMI, to the following words:

O give thy heart to Jesus now,
 Whose precious word is given;
 The Life-boat and the Lamp divine,
 To guide thy soul to heaven.

WON'T IT BE A LAND OF GLORY?

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Scherzando

1. If we but sow the gos - pel seed, The Lord will give us rain; And,

In his own most bless - ed time, We'll reap the gold - en grain! That

Ho - ly time shall sure - ly come, That sweet mil - len - ial day, When

Through the broad and spa - cious earth Our Christ shall hold his sway.

WON'T IT BE A LAND OF GLORY?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

With Je - sus for our Mas - ter, We'll keep that day in

view, And la - bor in His vine - yard, Where la - bor - ers are few.

Alle con Spirito.

Shout aloud, shout aloud, praise the Lord! Shout aloud, shout aloud, praise the Lord!

Shout aloud, shout aloud, praise the Lord! Won't it be a land of glory? Praise the Lord!

2 Oh! what are these few days of care,
 These moments fraught with pain,
 Compared with all the heavenly bliss
 Our ransomed souls shall gain
 When, from each hill and mountain-top,
 Salvation's tide shall flow,
 And every woman, man, and child
 The grace of God shall know?
 With Jesus, etc.

3 Then, brethren, let us labor on
 Against the hosts of sin;
 If we but save a single soul,
 We'll bring our offering in.
 The gospel trumpet sounds afar
 The nations hear the cry:
 Glory to God, good-will to men,
 The end of sin is nigh!
 With Jesus, etc.

COME JOIN OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

170

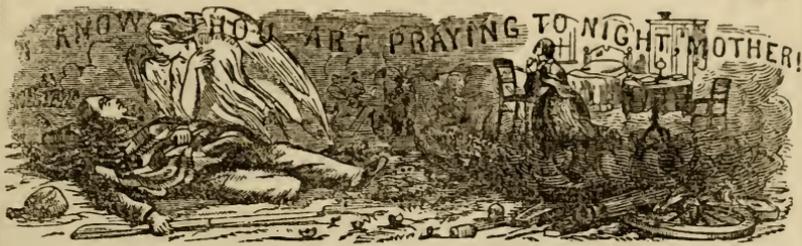
1. Come, join our no - ble temperance band, Battling for the right;
2. The sol - diers in our glo - rious field, Battling for the right;

Come, fill our ranks, like he - roes stand, Bat - tling for the right.
Must hold their ground, and nev - er yield, Bat - tling for the right.

The cup of sin no lon - ger drain Of ev - ry joy, the cru - el bane,
Our foes on ev - ry side we meet, Our cause they nev - er shall de - feat,

'Tis yours to break the ty - rant's chain, Bat - tling for the right.
The temperance ar - my scorns re - treat, Bat - tling for the right.

3 We're marching on with courage bold,
Battling for the right;
And like our veteran sires of old,
Battling for the right.
Our flag shall wave on every gale,
Against our foes we must prevail,
For truth and justice can not fail,
Battling for the right.



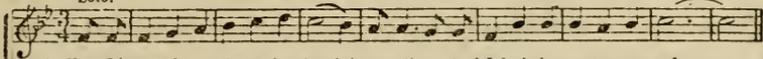
Words by MISS FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS.

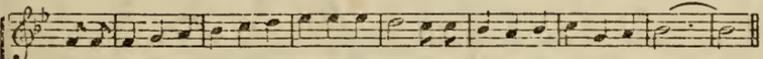
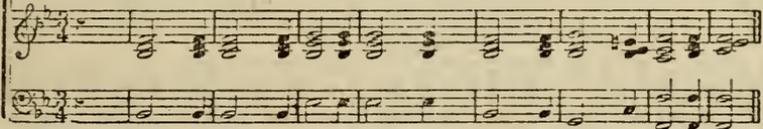
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Solo.

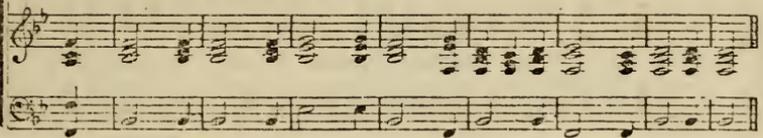
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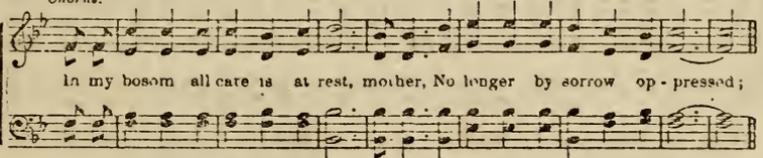
1. Yes, I know thou art praying to-night, mother, And I feel thou art praying for me;
2. I have fought for the Union and right, mother; I have stood by the flag of the free;
3. There's a chill on my forehead, to-night, mother; I am dying far distant from thee;
4. I am going to Jesus above, mother, With the pure and the blest I shall be;



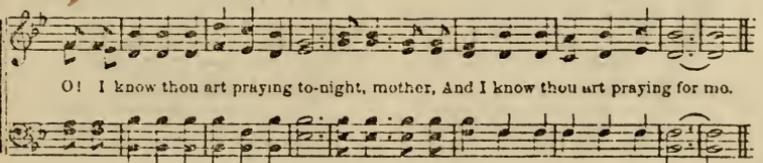
For it comes o'er my soul like a vision of light, And I know thou art praying for me.
That Banner so fair, with its colors so bright, 'T was the pride of our nation and thee.
But the star of my faith is unclouded and bright, For I know thou art praying for me.
But my spirit will guard thee in love, dear mother, Till wafted by angels to me.



Chorus.



In my bosom all care is at rest, mother, No longer by sorrow op-pressed;



O! I know thou art praying to-night, mother, And I know thou art praying for me.

GOD WITH US.

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Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Lo! our fa - thers' God is with us! We can trace his might-y hand In our

churches, vast in number, Wide extending o'er our land; Let our full u-nit - ed cho-rus Ev - er

ritard.

on - ward roll a - long, And the year of time be vo - cal With our loud, ec - stat - ic song.

CHORUS, by W. M. B. BRADBURY. *Full and loud.*

Marching a-long, we are marching along; Rising and progressing, we are marching along; Our

hearts are united, and this be our song, Our fathers' God is with us, while we're marching along.

2. Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
Lost in wonder, we adore
Him who brought them safely hither
With the Gospel to our shore.
Fired with zeal, and armed with courage,
Strong in faith and love divine,
Thro' the darkest cloud that gathered
They could see his glory shine—*Cho.*
3. Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
They have laid their armor down,
They have passed the vale of shadow,
Left the cross to wear the crown:

We must bear their glorious standard,
Wield our veteran fathers' sword,
In the army of the faithful
We are battling for the Lord.—*Cho.*

4. Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
Sing aloud with heart and voice,
Still increasing and progressing,
Brethren, let us all rejoice!
Hallelujah! what a meeting,
When we reach the shining shore,
There with Saints who've gone before us,
Shout *Free Grace* for evermore.—*Cho.*

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