

THE
UMBRELLA

A COLLECTION OF

Solos, Duets, and Choruses,

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN,

Author of "Revival Melodies," "The Melodeon," "Eolean Harp," &c.

BOSTON:

FOR SALE BY J. P. MAGEE, 5 CORNHILL.



32,624

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P R E F A C E .

The more the children sing the more they want to sing. No matter how many singing books are published, each one will have something new, something to inspire a new and increasing interest in the Sunday-school cause. We have issued the *TIMBREL*, believing it will contribute its full share of inspiration to the cause we all love.

Nearly every piece is arranged in full harmony, with the exception of now and then a Solo, or Duet. We have been careful to arrange the music within the compass of ordinary voices. This we think is a *desideratum*. We doubt whether any Sunday-school singing book can furnish a larger variety of *new* pieces than the *TIMBREL*. Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, "Mabelle," J. W. Stewart, W. Dexter Smith, Jr., Rev. L. Hartsough, and others have contributed some pieces of rare beauty.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Take the Sunday-school *TIMBREL*, and sing ye unto the Lord gloriously.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Rev. J. W. DADMUN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

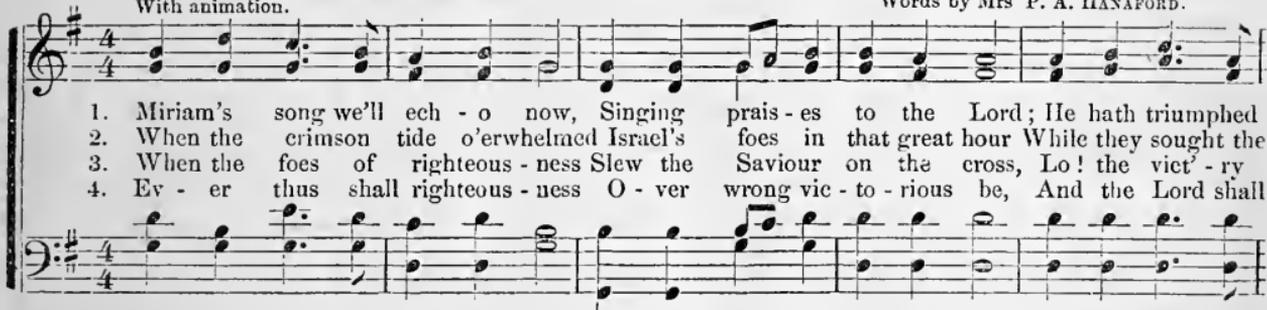
THE TIMBREL.

SOUND THE TIMBREL.

"And Miriam took a timbrel and said, sing ye unto the Lord," &c.—Ex. 15; 20.

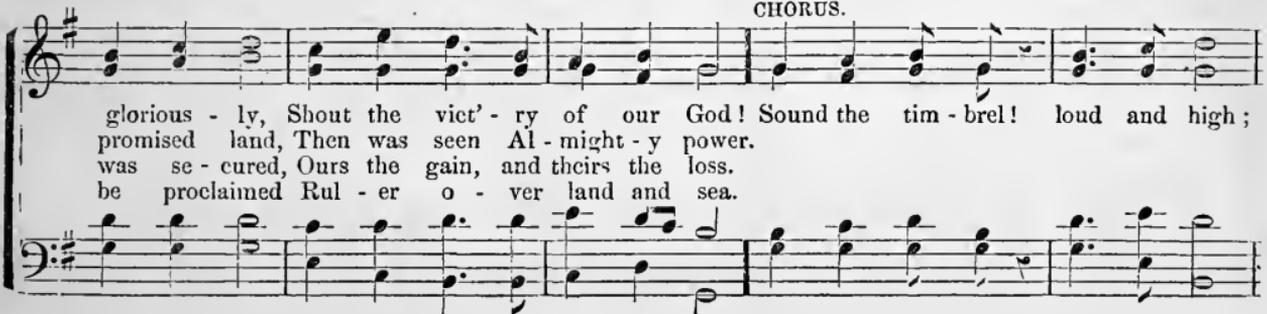
With animation.

Words by Mrs P. A. HANFORD.



1. Miriam's song we'll ech - o now, Singing prais - es to the Lord; He hath triumphed
2. When the crimson tide o'erwhelmed Israel's foes in that great hour While they sought the
3. When the foes of righteous - ness Slew the Saviour on the cross, Lo! the vict' - ry
4. Ev - er thus shall righteous - ness O - ver wrong vic - to - rious be, And the Lord shall

CHORUS.



glorious - ly, Shout the vict' - ry of our God! Sound the tim - brel! loud and high;
promised land, Then was seen Al - mighty power.
was se - cured, Ours the gain, and theirs the loss.
be proclaimed Rul - er o - ver land and sea.

Let the song of praise ascend! Sound the timbrel far and nigh! God is man's unchanging friend.

THERE'S NOTHING NOW BUT HEAVEN. *

Words by Rev. JAMES SPENCER.

1. Remove now from my fading sight Those lamps, for life's night given; Assembled angels now invite
2. These lamps shed faint and glimm'ring light, Compared with what is given To cheer my eyes. There is no night
3. All that be - fore was darkly seen, 'Mid earthly shadows given, Is brilliant now with heavenly sheen,
4. The ties that bound my spirit here, Have one by one been riven; Farewell to those I love so dear,

My eyes to gaze on purer light, " There's nothing now but heaven! There's nothing now but heaven! "

Around me now; God is my light, " There's nothing, &c.

There's not a cloud to in - tervene, " There's nothing, &c.

Ce - les - tial warbling greets-my ear, " There's nothing, &c.

* A short time before the late Rev. SAMUEL ROBINSON, of St. John, N. B., deceased, he said to those who were with him in the room; " Put out the lights; there is nothing now but heaven! "

WATCH, MOTHER.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

5

1. Mother, watch the lit - tle feet Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding thro' the busy street,
 2. Mother, watch the lit - tle hand Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand,
 3. Mother, watch the lit - tle tongue, Prating el - o - quent and wild ; What is said and what is sung

Ranging cellar, shed and hall. Never mind the moments lost ; Never mind the time it cost.
 Tossing up the fragrant hay. Never dare the question ask, 'Why to me the weary task ?'
 By the joyous, happy child. Catch the word while yet unspoken, Stop the vow be-fore 'tis broken ;

4. Mother, watch the little heart,
 Beating soft and warm for you ;
 Wholesome lessons now impart ;
 Keep, O keep that young heart true.
 5. Extricating every weed,
 Sowing good and precious seed,
 Harvest rich you then may see
 Ripen for eternity.

THE SONG I LOVE.

Words by LOUISA B. FLANDERS.

Moderato.

1. Dear Mary, sing for me the song I so de-light to hear; And when I die, let
 2. Dear Mary, didst thou ev-er deem It was an ech-o, come Floating on wings of
 3. Then, Mary, when I'm dy-ing, sing The song to me so dear; My soul will wait the

the refrain Lin-ger with-in mine ear. Methinks 'twould ease the pangs of death, And
 ser-a-phim, From their ce-les-tial home? Oh, oft-en when mine eyes are closed In
 sweet refrain, Its up-ward path to cheer. And wouldst thou sometimes lure me back, When

waft my soul a-bove, On lighter wings, if from thy lips Was breathed the song I love.
 slumber's hap-py spell, Have angels breathed the self-same song; I knew the numbers well.
 I have passed Death's door, Then sing that more than seraph-song, To charm mine ear once more.

FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tender care; In thy pleasant pastures
 2. We are thine; do thou befriend us; Be the guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin de-
 3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to re-

1st Division sing "Blessed Jesus," first time—2d Division repeat; or sing the repeat as an echo.

feed us; For our use thy folds pre-pare. Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Thou hast
 fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray. Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Hear young
 lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! Let us

bought us, thine we are; Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
 children when they pray, Hear young children when they pray.
 ear-ly turn to thee, Let us early turn to thee.

4.
 Early let us seek thy favor;
 Early let us do thy will;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy grace our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

SEEK THE SHEPHERD.

1. Seek the ten - der Shepherd, Lit - tle lamb, Lit - tle lamb; If you've not al -
 2. It will light your pathway, Wandering lamb, wandering lamb; Thro' dark wood and
 3. Now through pastures verdant, Trusting lamb, trusting lamb; While you watch the
 4. Per - se - vere, ne'er fal - ter, Faithful lamb, faithful lamb; Onward in the
 5. You will find the Shepherd, Happy lamb, happy lamb; Upward, till the

read - y found him, Seek the star whose rays have crowned him, Lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb.
 thorny bri - er, On - ward, up - ward, ev - er high - er, Wandering lamb, wandering lamb.
 star in - tent - ly, It will lead you, calm - ly, gen - tly, Trusting lamb, trusting lamb.
 path of du - ty Faith's pure star still beams in beau - ty, Faithful lamb, faithful lamb.
 light grows clearer. Fold and Shepherd - near - er, dear - er, Happy lamb, happy lamb.

CHORUS.

If you seek the Shepherd, You shall find him, Lit - tle lamb, Lit - tle lamb; If you've

SEEK THE SHEPHERD, Concluded.

not al - ready found him, Seek the star whose rays have crowned him, Little lamb, little lamb.

This musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a common time signature. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

LAKE ENON. S. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear;

This musical score is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It includes a first ending bracket over the final two measures of the piece.

My wants are well sup - plied.

This musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous block, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

MY HAPPY ANGEL HOME.

By permission of G. D. RUSSELL & Co.

H. S. THOMPSON

1. There's a place where the angels dwell! Home, home, happy angel home, Where the sweet notes ever swell,
 2. There's a place where the weary rest! Home, home, happy angel home, In the mansions of the blest,
 3. There's a place where the saints all meet! Home, home, happy angel home, And in love their Saviour greet,

In harmo - ny di - vine. To that happy, happy home, I am trav'ling along, And I
 A - round the heavenly throne. To that happy resting-place, I am trav'ling along, And I
 Where they shall nev - er part. To that happy, happy home, I am trav'ling along, And I

soon shall hear that ho - ly song, Will you go along with me, 'To the place where the angels dwell'
 soon shall join the angel - song, Will you go, &c.
 soon shall join that happy throng, Will you go, &c.

Home, home, happy an - gel home ; Where the sweet notes ev - er swell, In harmo - ny di - vine.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a 2/2 time signature. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

THE TOMB IS VOID. 6s.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeem - er lay ; Sing of our bonds destroyed,

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Our darkness turned to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more ; Friends, be of joyful cheer ; Our Star moves on before, Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He, who so patiently The crown of thorns did wear, He hath gone up on high ; Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is the truth revealed, His majesty and might ; The grave has been unsealed ; Christ is our life and light.

5 His vict'ry hath destroyed The shafts that once would slay ; Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeemer lay.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Furnished by Mrs. Rev. F. BOTTOME.

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

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

FINE. D. S. F.

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

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

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, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

1. Lo, the Gospel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore ; All who wish to sail for
 2. Thousands she has safe - ly landed, Far beyond this mortal shore, Thousands yet are sailing
 3. Richly la - den with pro - visions, Want her sailors nev - er know ; Gospel grace, and every
 4. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes, Swiftly waft the ship a - long ; All her compa - ny re-

CHORUS.

glo - ry, Come and welcome, rich and poor. Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah ;
 in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.
 blessing, From her no - ble Pi - lot flow.
 joicing— Glo - ry bursts from ev' - ry tongue.

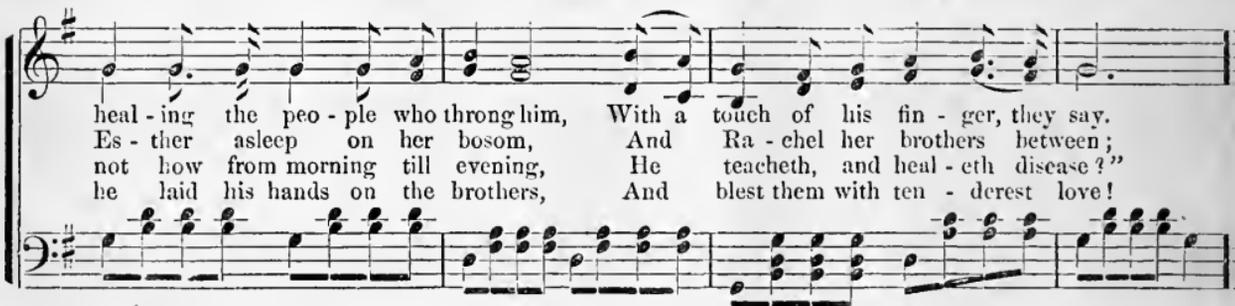
All the sailors loudly cry ; See the blissful ports of Glo - ry, Opening to each blissful eye.

THE MASTER HAS COME OVER JORDAN.

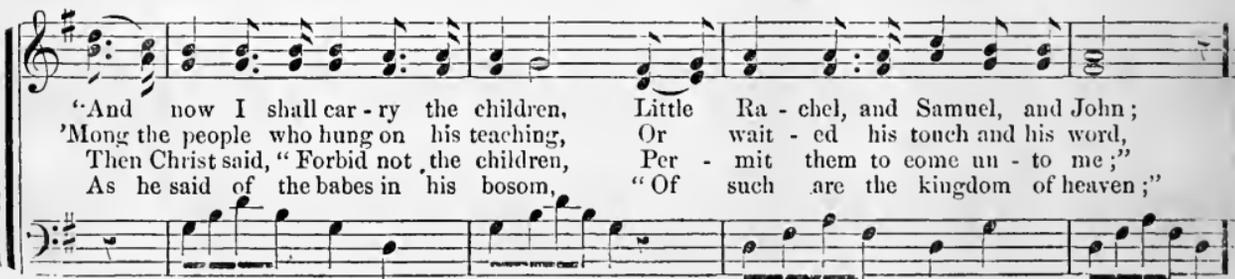
Joyfully.



1. "The Mas - ter has come o - ver Jordan," Said Hannah, the mother, one day; "Is
2. So o - ver the hills of Judah, A - long by the vine - rows green, With
3. "Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master," Said Pe - ter, "with children like these? Seest
4. And the heav - y heart of the mother, Was lift - ed all earth-care a - bove, As



heal - ing the peo - ple who throng him, With a touch of his fin - ger, they say.
Es - ther asleep on her bosom, And Ra - chel her brothers between;
not low from morning till evening, He teacheth, and heal - eth disease?"
he laid his hands on the brothers, And blest them with ten - derest love!



"And now I shall car - ry the children, Little Ra - chel, and Samuel, and John;
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching, Or wait - ed his touch and his word,
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children, Per - mit them to come un - to me;"
As he said of the babes in his bosom, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven;"

I shall car - ry the ba - by Esther, For the Lord to look up - on.
 Thro' the row of proud Phar - i - sees list'ning, She pressed to the feet of the Lord.
 For he took in his arms little Esther, And Rachel he sat on his knee;
 And strength for all du - ty and tri - al, That hour to her spir - it was given.

CHORUS. Sprightly.

"O, the Mas - ter has come o - ver Jordan," Said Hannah, the mother, one day;

"Is healing the peo - ple who throng him, With a touch of his fin - ger, they say."

1. Little acts of kindness, Trifling tho' they are, How they serve to brighten This dark world of care!
 2. Little acts of kindness, How they cheer the heart! What a world of gladness Will a smile im-part!

Little acts of kindness, O, how potent they, To dis - pel the shadows Of life's cloudy day.
 How a gentle ac-cent Calms the troubled soul, When the waves of passion O'er it wildly roll.

3 You may have around you
 Sunshine, if you will;
 Or a host of shadows,
 Gloomy, dreary, chill.
 If you want the sunshine,
 Smile, though sad at heart;
 To the poor and needy
 Kindly aid impart.

4 To the soul-despairing
 Breathe a hopeful word;
 From your lips be only
 Tones of kindness heard.
 Even give for anger,
 Love and tenderness;
 And in blessing others
 You yourself will bless.

5 Little acts of kindness,
 Nothing do they cost;
 Yet, when they are wanting
 Life's best charm is lost.
 Little acts of kindness,
 Richest gems of earth,
 Though they seem but trifles,
 Priceless is their worth.

GOOD WILL FROM HEAVEN.

Music by L. P. LINCOLN.

17

Spirited.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host re-joices,
Glory in the highest, glory,

FINE.

D. S.

Heavenly halle-lujahs rise. Listen to the wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory be to God on 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;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Children praise him.

1 Here we throng to praise the Saviour,
Cheerfully our voices raise;
He who suffer'd to redeem us,

Says he will accept our praise.
Hinder not the young from coming,
For of such, the Saviour said,
Is composed my heavenly kingdom—
'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.

2 Let us love him and adore him,
In our days of feeble youth;
May we ever walk before him
In the glorious paths of truth.
Let us never grieve the Saviour,
Who has died our souls to win;
Let us ever seek his favor,
Shunning all the paths of sin.

JOY OF THE YOUNG CONVERT.

1. O how happy are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove!
 2. 'Twas a heaven be - low My Redeem - er to know, And the angels could do nothing more
 3. O, the raptu - rous height Of that ho - ly delight Which I felt in the life - giving blood!

Tongue can nev - er express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sinners a - dore.
 Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfect - ly blest, As if filled with the fulness of God.

That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first found in the blood of the Lamb:
 Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song; Oh that all his sal - va - tion might see!

When my heart first believed, What a joy I received—What a heaven in Je - sus's name!
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died, To redeem ev - en reb - els like me.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for

every one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

Words by MABELLE.

From the "NEW MELODEON."

1. I am standing down by death's chilling stream, Where I hear its dark waters roar ;

But an un - seen hand is now holding mine, And will lead to the oth - er shore.
 d. s. They are watching now for my boat to launch, And their hands are out-stretched to me.

FINE.

- 2 They have come so near that I hear them sing,
 And they bid me be brave and strong,
 Tho' the water's cold, and the way seems dark,
 Yet the struggle will not be long.
- 3 I can hear them sing, and they know I come
 With no fear of the cold dark wave ;
 And my faith is strong that I yet shall shout,
 For where is thy sting, O grave ?
- 4 Full many times I have watched with pain,
 As the loved of my heart went away ;
 But I know they're safe in our Father's home,
 And are waiting for me to-day.
- 5 I am coming, dear ones ; my steps are slow,
 For the cross is so heavy to bear ;—
 Though my wings are spread, yet I cannot fly,
 Like the bird from the fowler's snare.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Whose banks are lined with an an - gel host, And their joy - ful look I can see,

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

L. MASON.

1. The way to heaven is narrow, And its blessed entrance strait; But how safe the lit - tle
 2. The sunbeams of the morning Make the narrow path so fair; And these ear - ly lit - tle
 3. They pass o'er rug - ged mountains, But they climb them with a song; For these ear - ly lit - tle

pil - grims Who get with - in the gate!
 pil - grims Find dew - y blessings there.
 pil - grims Have sandals new and strong.

- 4 They do not greatly tremble,
 When the shadows night foretell;
 For these early little pilgrims
 Have tried the path so well.
- 5 They know it leads to heaven,
 With its bright and open gates,
 Where for happy little pilgrims
 A Saviour's welcome waits.

DISOWNED BY MY MOTHER.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up"—Ps. xxvii. 10.

Words by ANTONIO ARRIGHI, who was disowned by his mother for embracing the Protestant faith.

1. Twilight shades are deep'ning, mother, Glist'ning sunbeams gladly flee; And the breeze is wafting,
2. Wand'ring now, I weep, my mother, Since I roam disown'd by thee; Yet I trust, though distant,

mother, Tender thoughts of Heav'n and thee. Oh, how longs my heart, my mother, With its
mother, Thou dost think of Heav'n and me. From the hearth-stone banished, mother, For the

kindred ones to be. In some vale of peace, dear mother, There to dream of Heav'n and thee.
Gospel full and free. Tho' thou wilt not own me, mother, Ev-er will I pray for thee.

3 Thou art growing old, my mother ;
 Let me take thee by the hand,
 Lead thee to the blest land, mother,
 Guide thee to its golden strand.
 No more sorrow, then, dear mother,
 Tears shall never dim thine eye ;
 Oh, I know thou'lt join me, mother,
 When life's storms are all blown by.

4 This the thought that cheers me, mother,
 When our life on earth is past,
 We may meet the cherished, mother,
 In the bright, sweet land of rest.
 In this land of strangers, mother,
 Far from Italy and thee,
 Stronger grows my heart, dear mother,
 While I bend to pray for thee.

NO PARTING THERE. S. M.

1. And may I still get there ? Still reach the heavenly shore ? The land for - ev - er bright and fair,
Cho. There'll be no parting there, There'll be no parting there ; In heaven a - lone no sorrow's known,

Where sor - row comes no more ?
 There'll be no part - ing there.

2 Hail, love divine and pure !
 Hail, mercy from the skies !
 My hopes are bright and now secure,
 Upborne by faith I rise. *Cho.*

3 I part with earth and sin,
 And shout the danger's past ;
 My Saviour takes me fully in,
 And I am his at last. *Cho.*

W. Hunter.

WHAT ARE THOSE SOUL-REVIVING STRAINS?

Very spirited.

E. W. KELLOGG. From "Morning Star," by permission.

1. What are those soul - re - viv - ing strains Which ech - o thus from Sa - lem's plains ?
 2. Lo ! 'tis an in - fant cho - rus sings, Ho - san - nas to the King of kings,
 3. Mes - si - ah's name shall joy im - part, A - like to Jew and Gen - tile heart ;
 4. Proclaim ho - san - nas, loud and clear ; See Da - vid's Son and Lord ap - pear !

What anthems loud and loud - er still So sweetly sound from Zi - on's hill.
 The Saviour comes ! and babes pro - claim Sal - va - tion sent in Je - sus' name:
 He bled for us, he bled for you, And we will sing ho - san - na too.
 All praise on earth to him be given, And glo - ry shout through high - est heaven.

FULL CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb of God !

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb of God!

This musical score is for the hymn 'Hal - le - lu - jah'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I LOVE THEE. P. M.

FINE.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Saviour; I love thee, my God;
D. S. But how much I love thee, I nev - er can show.

This musical score is for the hymn 'I LOVE THEE. P. M.'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a 4/3 time signature change. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;

D. S. 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

This musical score is for the hymn 'I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) instruction. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

SING PRAISES, GLAD PRAISES.

E. W. KELLOGG. From "Morning Star," by permission.

Lively.

1. In the ro - sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high ; From the lips of youth
 2. As he looked in love from the world above, Our distress - es filled his eye ; And, a world to save,
 3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled, To de - liv - er us from woe ; He endur'd the cross,

REFRAIN.
 to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful echoes fly. Sing praises, glad praises, Sing, children,
 his own Son he gave, On the bloody tree to die.
 the disgrace, the loss ; Let his praise for - ev - er flow.

sing ! Let your songs a - rise to the loft - y skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

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

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

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

Words by Mrs. P. A. HANAFORD.

1. This life is all a battle - field, And Right and Wrong are waging A mighty warfare
 2. Life hath its gulf-streams, and, too oft, Its maelstroms of tempta - tion; He's se - lone whose
 3. Then seek the guidance of that Star Which shines where strife's sus - pended; There, rest and joy the

CHORUS.

in the earth, In which we're all en - gag - ing. Then gird the Christian armor on, And
 pi - lot is The Captain of Sal - va - tion. And life is full of changeful scenes, While
 vic - tor wait, There 'ups and downs' are end - ed. Yes, gird the Christian armor on, And

bravely forth to strife; There's nothing like the Christian's hope For the 'ups and downs' of life.
 joy and sorrow pass Like waves of shadow, chasing swift, O'er long, green summer grass.
 bravely forth to strife; There's nothing like the Christian's hope For the 'ups and downs' of life.

O, GLADLY ON THIS SABBATH DAY.

Poetry by Mrs. G. C. GOODWIN.

Music by H. S. THOMPSON.

1. O, glad - ly on this Sabbath day, The day our Father blessed, We meet to praise his
2. We'll praise God for our Sabbath school, For teachers wise and kind, Who search with us the

CHORUS.

ho - ly name Who gave this day of rest. We'll raise our hearts to him in prayer, Who giveth all things
Book of books, God's precious truth to find. Who gently lead our wayward feet, Up to the blood-bought

bright and fair; We'll raise our hearts to him in prayer, Who giveth all things bright and fair.
mer - cy seat; Who gent - ly lead our wayward feet Up to the blood-bought mercy - seat.

3 We'll sing with happy hearts a song
Of praise, and joy, and love;
And angels will the strains prolong,
In the bright world above.
Let every voice help swell the lay,
And crown with joy our festal day.

4 How sweetly hallowed is this hour
To every contrite heart,
That loves our Christ, and seeks the grace
His spirit can impart.
Lord, keep these precious souls, we pray,
And guide them in the narrow way.

1. Soon will our suffering time be o'er, Then we'll be gathered home; And we shall weep and
 2. Je - sus himself shall guide our way, And we'll be gathered home, Till safe we rest in

CHORUS.

sigh no more; Then we'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And
 end - less day, We'll then be gathered home.

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

3 A few more rolling years at most,
 And we'll be gathered home;—
 He'll land us safe on Canaan's coast,
 We'll then be gathered home.

4 From sleeping clay and beds of dust,
 We'll all be gathered home;
 Our Jesus will call home the just;
 We'll then be gathered home.

With spirit.

1. The strife for freedom is gone by; The war-cry sounds no more; But the heroes come with
 2. The child may question of his sire, "How came that empty sleeve?" With look of pride, from
 3. In days to come, that sleeve shall be The good son's joy and pride, As he shall tell how
 4. This land, they saved, we hope shall know A peace serene, secure; And lib - er - ty and

emp - ty sleeves From out the bat - tle's roar. That emp - ty sleeve, it is a badge Of
 quiv'ring lips, An answer he'll re - ceive.
 bravely fought His sire on Freedom's side.
 righteousness Extend for - ev - er - more.

* Suggested by the beautiful steel engraving entitled, "The Empty Sleeve," just issued by J. C. Buttre, of New York, and B. B. Russell & Co., of Boston. The picture represents a returned soldier, his right arm gone. He takes his little boy upon his knee; the little fellow, with natural curiosity and childish inquiry, takes the "empty sleeve," and looks wonderingly for the lost arm.

The music is arranged with piano accompaniment, and published by O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston.

bravery and of hon - or; It whispers of the dear old flag, And tells who saved our ban - ner.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

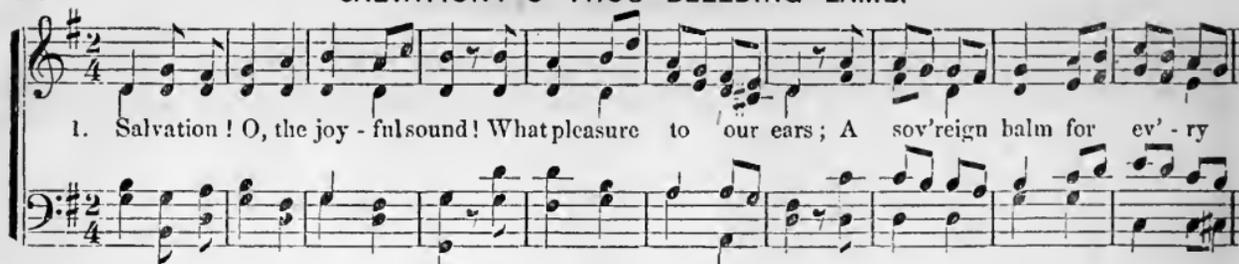
Three heart - y cheers for those who lost An arm in Freedom's fray,

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/2. The melody continues in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

And bear a - bont an emp - ty sleeve, But a pa - triot's heart to - day.

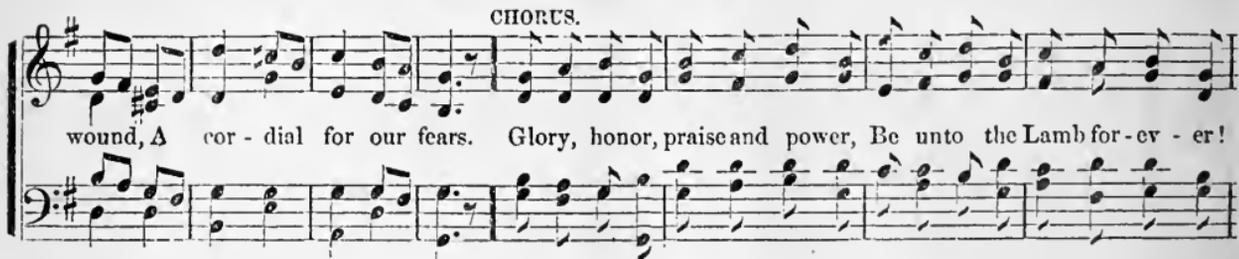
The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/2. The melody concludes in the upper staff, and the accompaniment concludes in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

SALVATION! O THOU BLEEDING LAMB.



1. Salvation! O, the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for ev' - ry

CHORUS.



wound, A cor - dial for our fears. Glory, honor, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb for - ev - er!



Je - sus Christ is our Redeem - er! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.



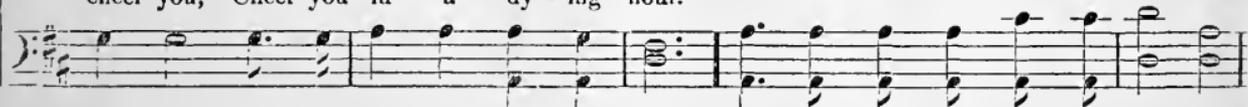
1. Little children, Je - sus calls you, With a kind and gentle voice ; Will you hearken to the
2. Little children, Je - sus loves you As no earthly friend can love ; Give, O give your hearts un-
3. Little children, life is dreary ; Many sorrows close a-round ; And the way is long and
4. Little children, death is near you, Coming with re - lentless power ; Trust in Jesus, He can



REFRAIN.



Sa - viour, Will you take him for your choice ? Je - sus cares for lit - tle children ;
 to him, And his lov - ing kindness prove.
 wea - ry, O'er the rough and rugged ground.
 cheer you, Cheer you in a dy - ing hour.



When on earth he loved them well ; Said that such were heirs of Heaven, Where the holy an - gels dwell.



ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

From the NEW MELODEON.

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on; Slowly drops the gentle
 2. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun, For his goal is one day
 3. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer To our Father's home on high; To the green fields and the

twilight, For a - nother day is gone; Gone for aye—its race is o - ver, Soon the
 nearer, And his journey nearer done. Thus we feel when o'er life's desert, Heart and
 mountains Of the land beyond the sky; For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us, And the

Ritard.

darker shade will come; Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven We are one day nearer home.
 sandal sore we roam, As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer home.
 lamps hang in the dome; And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

1. Though troubles as - sail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite,
 2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread;

Ritard.

Yet one thing secures us, whatev - er betide, The promise assures us—The Lord will provide.
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, So long as 'tis written—The Lord will provide.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)
 The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.</p> <p>4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
 This answers all questions—The Lord will provide.</p> | <p>5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
 The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.</p> <p>6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.</p> |
|---|---|

THAT BETTER LAND.

Words by Mrs. J. H. HANAFORD.

Moderato.

1. In that bet - ter land where the day dies not, And the flow'rets ne'er de - cay,

♩ REFRAIN for each verse.

FINE.

Where the an - gels pass on their errands bright, And the ransomed are glad al - way.

D. S. ♩

Then the lov - ing heart, and the ho - ly soul, Shall be free to act with but love's control.

2 Oh, the bonds of earth shall be sundered there,
And the soul shall freedom know,
And the music-tones of the heart sound forth
With no note of human woe ;
There the poor of earth with the crown'd shall stand,
And no pride be known in that better land.

3 There the dwellers are free from the power of sin,
And no tempter's wiles destroy ;
There the ransom'd dwell in that fold of love,
And rejoice in each other's joy ;
And the Lamb of God leads his happy band
In the verdant fields of that better land.

4 Oh, my heart throbs now with exultant thrill,
 As I muse on those joys in store
 For the soul that trusts in a Saviour's love,
 And will seek to sin no more ;
 And, by faith, I'll clasp my Father's hand,
 To be led by him toward that better land.

5 He may lead me down through the vales of grief,
 Or along joy's mountain side,
 Yet I'll sing His praise, and I'll do His will,
 And I'll trust in the Crucified,
 Till He bids me free from all sin to stand
 On the joyful heights of that better land.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED. C. M.

From "ATHENÆUM COLLECTION," by permission.

S. J. VAIL.

FINE.

1. A - las! and did my Sa- vour bleed? And did my So- vereign die? Would he de - vote that
 D.C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, he died for me.

CHORUS.

D. C. in Chorus.

sa - cred head for such a worm as I? Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

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

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

GIVE ALL TO JESUS.

Words by REV. JOHN G. CHAFEE.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "MUSICAL LEAVES," by permission.

Teacher's Message.

Response.

1. First your hearts to Je - sus give, Children dear, eve-rywhere; What delight it is to live,
 2. Children, you should work for God, An- y-where, eve - ry-where; 'Tis the path your Saviour trod,
 3. War hath made homes deso - late, Round us here, eve - rywhere; Widows sigh, and orphans weep,

Response.

Scholar's Reply.

With Christ near. Oh, what bliss his love imparts, When it dwells with-in our hearts! Saviour, here we
 Walk you there. Oh, this working for the right, Gives the soul such sweet delight! Gracious Saviour,
 Here and there. Children, will you soothe their grief, Will you give to them re - lief? Saviour, we will

Full Chorus.

are be - fore thee, On us with thy fa - vor shine; We will give thee all the glo - ry,
 come, and bless us, With thy ho - ly mind im-bue; Let thy spir - it now pos - sess us,
 help them glad - ly, With kind gifts and gen - tle words; Cheer their hearts that throb so sad - ly,

All that we pos - sess is thine !
Then we'll love, and praise, and do.
Bless them as our stock af - fords.

- 4 There are many heathen, too,
Far beyond the rolling deep ;
Dark, 'neath skies of purest blue,
Now they weep.
Darkness fills their souls with gloom,
Darkness like the very tomb.
We will send the Gospel to them,
Give our money with our prayers ;
With glad hearts and hands we'll show them,
That our blessings may be theirs.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

FINE.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee ; Let the wa - ter and the
D.C. Be of sin a double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

D. C.
blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor no,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HARK! TO THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Music by L. P. LINCOLN.

1. Hark! hark! to the merry Christmas bells, How pleasant - ly they chime! A
 2. They tell of the manger's low - ly bed, Where the ho - ly Babe was found, Where the

tone of joy their music swells, For the ho - ly, hal - lowed time; They tell of a bright and
 straw a - lone upheld his head From the cold and hoof-trod ground. Poor and humble was the

glorious day, When a Sa - viour sprang to birth, When Beth - le - hem's star of a
 shelter there, For our God's a - nointed Son; But bright as the re - gions of

silvery ray Lit the glad and shining earth.
upper air Was the glorious meed he won.

- 3 Descending to give a world of gloom
A radiance forever bright,
Then sank to the dark and shrouding tomb,
That all might live in light.
Then let every young and grateful voice,
In this Sabbath school arise;
And let every heart in his praise rejoice,
Till it reaches the vaulted skies.

CHRIST OUR PILOT. 8s & 7s. ♩

1. Sailor, en - ter not life's voyage, Without compass, star, or guide; For its quicksands all around thee,
D. S. He's the star of conso - la - tion,

Fine. CHORUS.D. S. ♩

Thick are strown on every side. Jesus calm'd the raging ocean; And, where'er the sailor roams,
And will guide him safely home.

2 Smooth, serenely flow its waters,
But the sunken rocks are near;
Many a gallant bark hath foundered;
How wilt thou the danger clear?

3 See its circling eddies darken,
Wave on wave of passion rise;
Earth hath here no hand to guide thee;
Seek thy Pilot from the skies.

4 He shall guide thee o'er the billow,
Thro' each changing wave of strife,
Till thy bark is safely anchored
On the "crystal sea of life."

1. In the far bet - ter land of glo - ry and light, The ran - somed are singing in
The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of re - demption, " The

CHORUS. May repeat at pleasure.

garments of white; }
Lamb that was slain. } O, sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, 'To the Lamb that was slain, O, sing

glory, glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb that was slain.

- 2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise,
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days;
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of "Glo-ry eternal to him that was slain." **CHORUS.**
- 3 Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint;
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,
With the song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain. **CHO.**
- 4 Now teachers, and children, and friends all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain." **CHO.**

THE INVITATION.

G. F. Root.

43

Moderato. SOLO.



1. Now we lift our tune - ful voic - es, in a new, me - lo - dious song;
 2. Ye who join our cel - e - bra - tion, Sweet - est mel - o - dies em - ploy;

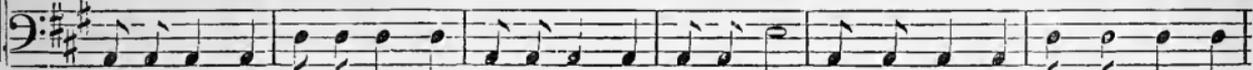


While each youth - ful heart re - joi - ces, To be - hold the gather - ing throng.
 Bow with us in a - do - ra - tion, Filled with ho - ly, heavenly joy.

CHORUS.



As we lift our waving ban - ners, To the breezes soft and mild, May the tide of glad ho - san - nas,



Flow from bo - soms un - de - fied.



3 Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
 All must honor and approve,
 Thanks for labor still unceasing,
 Heaven reward your works of love.

4 Thanks to God for every blessing
 Which his bounteous hand bestows;
 All on earth that's worth possessing
 From that hand incessant flows.

DYING SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. On the field of bat - tle, moth - er, All the night a - lone I lay, An - gels watch - ing
 2. He to whom you taught me, mother, On my in - fant knee to pray, Kept my heart from
 3. I must soon be go - ing, mother, Go - ing to the home of rest; Kiss me as

o'er me, mother, Till the break - ing of the day; I lay think - ing of you, mother,
 fainting, mother, When the vis - ion passed a - way; In the grey of morn - ing, mother,
 of old, mother, Press me near - er to your breast. Would I could re - pay you, mother,

And the lov - ing ones at home, Till to our dear cot - tage, mother, Boy a - gain I seem - ed to come.
 Com - rades bore me to the town; From my bosom ten - der fingers, Washed the blood that trick - led down.
 For your faith - ful love and care; God up - hold and bless you, mother, In the bit - ter woe you bear.

4 Kiss me for my little brother,
Kiss my sister, loved so well ;
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell ;
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

5 Leaning on the merits, mother,
Of the One who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother—
Hark, I hear the angels call.
Don't you hear them singing, mother ?
Listen to the music swell.
Now I leave you, loving mother ;
God be with you, fare you well.

CHORAL SONG. P. M.



1. Come, let us all a - wake, Sing, every one ; Let every voice partake, Join in our song ;
2. Thanks to our God on high, Sing endless praise ; Thanks for his watchful eye, Guiding our ways,
3. Down from his Father's throne. Glorious and bright, He came, and bled, and died—O wondrous sight !
4. Then let us all a - wake, Sing, every one ; Let every voice partake, Join in our song ;



our grateful notes of praise, O Lord, to thee we raise, Spirit of truth and grace, Lord, hear our song.
Thanks for his ho - ly word, Pointing to Je - sus' blood, Sealing our peace with God, To endless days.
Je - sus, to thee we come, In childhood's ear - ly bloom, O, lead us safe - ly home To realms of light.
Children, his praise proclaim, Teachers, prolong the strain, Glo - ry to Jesus' name ! Worthy the Lamb !



SITTING IN THE THRONE.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—REV. 3: 21.

1. I want to go where the Saviour reigns On the beau - ti - ful throne a - bove ;
 2. I want to sit by the liv - ing stream, As it flows from the gold - en throne ;
 3. I want to taste of am - bro - sial fruit, As it grows on the tree of life ;
 4. I want to walk on the gold - en streets, A - long with the blood - washed throng ;

And catch the strains of the heavenly choir, As they sing of his dy - ing love.
 And bathe my soul in its crys - tal flood, And dwell with the saints at home.
 And fea - t and live by the throne of God, Where the saints are all free from strife.
 And greet the friends who are gone be - fore, And u - nite in the new-made song.

CHORUS.

O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful throne, That beau - ti - ful, gold - en throne !

I want to go where the Saviour's gone, And sit in that beau - ti - ful throne.

DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, and shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief see;
 2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring an - gels see; Be thou as - tonished, O my soul;
 D.S. In heaven a - lone no sin is found,

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

Burst forth from every eye. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear;
 He shed those tears for thee.
 And there's no weeping there.

THE UNION OF HANDS AND OF HEARTS.

SOLO. Moderato. Words by W. DEXTER SMITH.

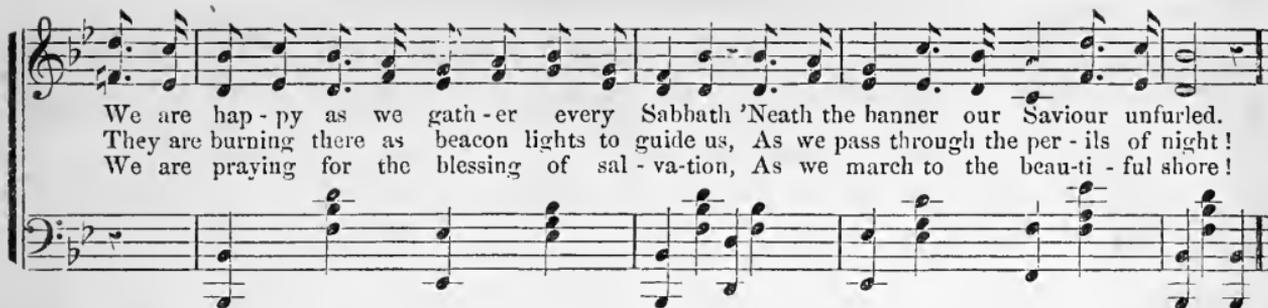
Music by EDWARD N. CATLIN.

1. We are marching to the music of the Union, Of the u - nion of hands and of hearts,
 2. We are marching to the music of the Union, As we join in the song of the free,
 3. We are marching to the music of the Union, While we yet have the ar - dor of youth,

We are following the lessons of the Bi - ble, And the precepts our teacher imparts;
 We are following the foot-prints of the righteous, Keeping faith in the glo - ry to be;
 We are seeking for the treasures of re - li - gion, As we gird on the ar - mor of truth;

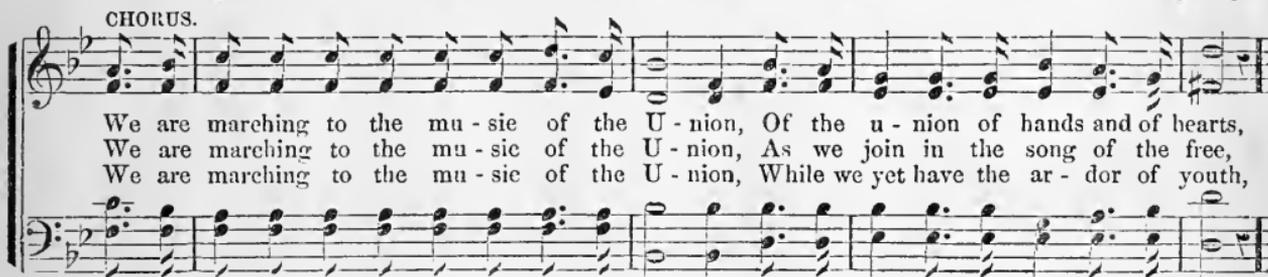
DUET.

We are arming for the bat - tle of re - li - gion, As it wars with the sins of this world,
 There are shining through the darkness of tempta - tion Heaven's stars beaming steady and bright,
 We are marching to a life that is e - ter - nal, To a home that is ours ev - er - more.

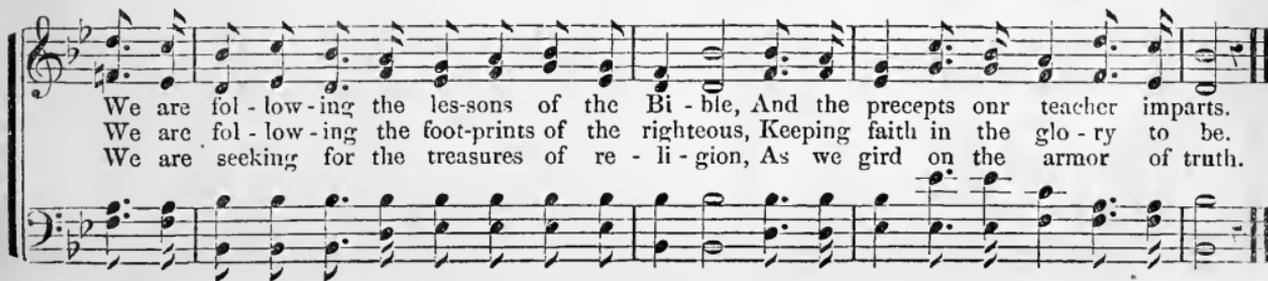


We are hap - py as we gath - er every Sabbath 'Neath the banner our Saviour unfurled.
They are burning there as beacon lights to guide us, As we pass through the per - ils of night!
We are praying for the blessing of sal - vation, As we march to the beau - ti - ful shore!

CHORUS.



We are marching to the mu - sic of the U - nion, Of the u - nion of hands and of hearts,
We are marching to the mu - sic of the U - nion, As we join in the song of the free,
We are marching to the mu - sic of the U - nion, While we yet have the ar - dor of youth,



We are fol - low - ing the les - sons of the Bi - ble, And the precepts our teacher imparts.
We are fol - low - ing the foot - prints of the righteous, Keeping faith in the glo - ry to be.
We are seeking for the treasures of re - li - gion, As we gird on the armor of truth.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Rev. R. LOWRY. From "Happy Voices," by permission.

1. Shall we gather at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod ; With its crystal tide for -
 2. On the margin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and wershup
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we every burden down ; Grace our spir - its will de -

CHORUS.

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God ? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The
 ev - er All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 liv - er, And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
 CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.
 CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

p

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

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

EMMONS. C. M.

FROM BURGMULLER.

1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy-ing Lamb! We love to hear of thee; No mu-sic's

The musical score for the first line is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef.

like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet to me, Nor half so sweet to me.

The musical score for the second line continues the melody and accompaniment from the first line, ending with a double bar line.

2 Our Jesus still shall be our theme,
While on this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

3 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

DUET.

1 In old - en times when boys were wild, On England's soil a - rose a child,
 2. As Rob - ert Raiks walked out one day, To see if children were at play,
 3. In seventeen hundred eight - y - one, A - cross the sea in Glouc' - ster town,

His name was Rob - ert, true and mild, So lov - ing, lov - ing, Hail! joy - ons day!
 Some boys were seen on Sab - bath day, A playing, playing; Sad, aw - ful day!
 The glorious Sun - day - school be - gun, Its coming, coming; Hail, hap - py day!

4 O, how this little fire has spread,
 And warmed to life the carnal dead,
 And brought them to our living Head—
 So loving, loving;
 Hail, blessed day!

We'll ga'her on the golden shore,
 Singing glory, glory;
 O, happy day!

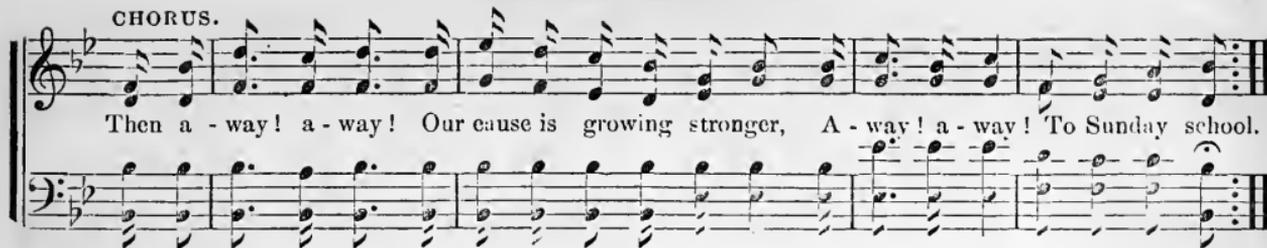
5 Come, parents, teachers, one and all;
 And never think the work too small;
 But listen to the heavenly call
 For workers, workers;
 Hail, welcome day!

7 Then what a glorious sight 'twill be,
 To see the millions of the free
 All happy in eternity,—
 So welcome, welcome!
 Hail, glorious day!

6 When storms are past, and work is o'er,
 And Sunday-schools shall be no more,

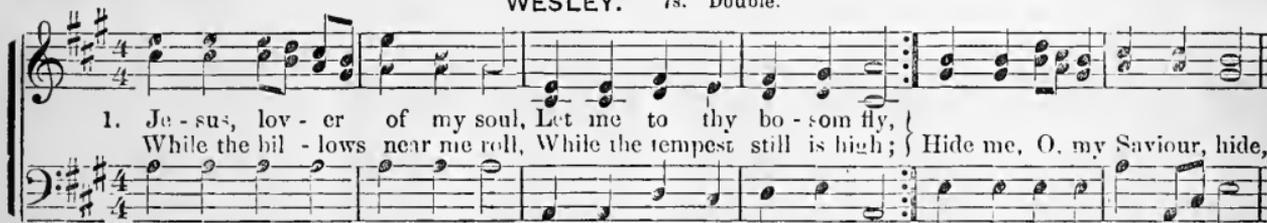
CHORUS.—Then away! away!
 We'll swell the chorus stronger;
 Amen! amen! all welcome home.

CHORUS.

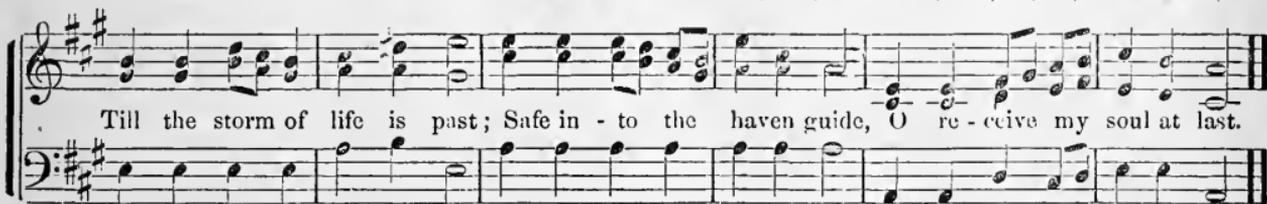


Then a - way! a - way! Our cause is growing stronger, A - way! a - way! To Sunday school.

WESLEY. 7s. Double.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,



Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Melody by J. A. HANDY.

Arranged by C. H. FAXON.

Moderato.

1. In heaven, bright Heaven, the Home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown, I am longing to rest ;

To gain its fair por - tals my efforts shall be, For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me,

To gain its fair portals my efforts shall be, For loved ones are waiting in Heaven for me.

2 To Heaven, sweet Heaven, I'm hoping to go,
When I have accomplished my mission below ;
The Bible forever my standard shall be,
For loved ones are waiting in Heaven for me.

3 For Heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er,
Till safely I stand on the glittering shore ;
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea,
With loved ones now waiting in Heaven for me.

Words by Mrs. P. A. HANAFORD. *

1. He's gone to that fair land of light, Where lit - tle children dwell, Where ho - ly bliss hath
 2. He rests with those who've run the race, And won the victor's crown, With Christ-like souls of

CHORUS.

no al - loy, And sin weaves no dark spell. Oh yes, we know our darling Has
 eve - ry age, Who've gained the saint's re - nown.

on - ly gone be - fore; He is singing with the au - gels, Up - on the radiant shore.

3 He'll be among the shining host,
 To greet us when we land;
 Where many long departed friends
 Hath touched the glorious strand.

4 We'll clasp him to our breasts again;
 Our precious, angel boy!
 And bless the love that early took
 Him to that world of joy.

* "Respectfully inscribed to REV. MR. & MRS. DADMUN, on the departure of their little son, WILLIAM ELLSWORTH."

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Words by H. G. WILSON, from "Musical Leaves," by permission.

1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me;

His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest where-er it flows.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

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.

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 evermore.

CHORUS.

Ritard.

For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break every chain, And give us the vict'ry a-gain and a-gain.

O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

1. O sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die, Sing songs of ho-ly ce-sta-cy,
 CHO. There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there; In heaven a-bove where all is love,

To waft my soul on high.
 There'll be no sor-row there.

- 2 When the last moments come,
 O, watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright, seraphic gleam
 Which o'er my features plays.
- 3 Then to my raptured ear,
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.
- 4 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love;
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above. Mrs. DANA.

1. Come, join our cel - e - bra-tion, With hallowed songs of joy ; And on this bright oc-ca-sion, Your
Pa - rents and friends in - vit - ed, And teachers now are here, In purpose all u - nit - ed, Our

CHORUS.

sweetest notes employ. }
youthful hearts to cheer. } We will spread our flowing bau - ners, And lift our voices high ; Our

hymns and glad ho - san - nas re - sounding thro' the sky.

- 2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face ;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friend-hip unalloyed,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.

- 3 Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,

And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

- 4 May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,

And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer ;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow ;
And grace forever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

FESTAL DAY.

59

Words and Music by W. R. BOWEN.

1. Once a - gain in glad - ness meeting, Hail we now our fes - tal day; Friends and teachers
 2. God has sent us bless - ings many As the sands of o - cean shore; Nor with - hold - en
 3. Heavenly Father, still pro - tect us, Thro' this year as thro' the past; In our youth and

joy - ful greet - ing, Join us in our thank - ful lay, While our voices sweetly blending
 from us an - y That would make our pleasures more; Turned a - side the fa - tal ar - row;
 age di - rect us, While our years on earth shall last; Ne'er thy ho - ly law transgressing

Swell the anthem loud and clear, Like sweet incense heaven ascending. Greet our heavenly Father's ear.
 Saved us from the hidden snare; In the pathway straight and narrow, Kept our feet with watchful care.
 But thro' Jesus' precious blood, Each become, thy love pos - sess - ing, Temples of the liv - ing God.

1. All hail! hap - py day, When enrobed in our clay, The Re - deemer appeared up - on earth ;
2. Ye an - gels of God, Sound his praises abroad, And acknowledge Him Jah, the I Am ;

How can we refrain, To u - nite in the strain, And to hail our Im - man - u - el's birth ?
We al - so will join In a hymn so divine, Giv - ing glo - ry to God and the Lamb !

3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn,
Be forever remembered with joy ;
Sweet accents of praise,
All our voices shall raise ;
Hallelujah shall be our employ !

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song—
Hallelujahs again, and again ;
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

CHORUS.

Then shout, shout for joy! Lift your voices on high, Giving glory to God and the Lamb;

A Saviour was born, And the strain we'll prolong, Of Good-will and sal - va - tion to man.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.
D. C.

Ma - ry, to the Saviour's tomb Hastad at the ear - ly dawn; { For a while she lingering stood, { Spice she brought and sweet perfume. But the Lord she loved had gone: { Filled with sorrow and surprise; { Trembling while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

Words by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

Music by LESSUR.

1. Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide ; Hear now the
 2. There end-less springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green ; Mansions of

f 2d time CHORUS.

voices of your loved ones, What they sing on the other side,—Some of bright crowns of glo - ry are
 beauty are pro-vi - ded, And the King of the saints is seen. Soon my con - flict and toils will be

Cho.— O the prospect it is so trans-

singing, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore, For the fond heart must ev - er be clinging
 end - ed ; I shall join those who've passed on before ; For my loved ones, O how do I miss them !
 porting, And no danger I fear from the tide ; Let me go to the home of the Christian,

D. S.

To the faithful we love ev - er - more.
I must press on and meet them once more.

Let me stand robed in white by his side.

- 3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne ;
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
And he'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river
With the friends you have loved by your side ?
Would you join in the song of the angels ?
Then be ready to follow your guide.

LIVING IN THE BORDER LAND.

Words by MABELLE.

1. It is sweet to wait in the Border Land, Where the world is so hushed and still ; With a song of praise,
2. It is sweet to see the Refiner's face, As He purgeth the gold from dross ; And to hear his ten-

and a heart resigned To the All-wise Infinite will.
der and loving words, "I have borne for the world the cross."

- 3 It is sweet to go when the Master calls,
If your work has been all "well done ;"
It is sweet to rest at the close of day,
If that rest has been fairly won.
- 4 It is sweet to live for the dear ones here,
In each joy and all pain to share ;
It is sweet to think if you go away,
Very soon they will join you there.

1. One night as I lay musing, The Spirit said to me, Go, blow the Gospel trumpet,

Go, sound the ju - bi - lee; Go tell them I am ris - en, And death they need not fear; I've
 d.s.—Their blood will cry against you, If i - dle you should be; You

FINE.

turned the aw - ful summons To a sweet messenger. The harvest fields are ripening, The
 see the sword is coming, Then sound the ju - bi - lee.

2 Come, oh my Father's children;
 Redeemed for liberty!
 Why stand you here so idle,
 And wasting all the day?
 Remember some are teaching.
 While others preach the word:

Go labor in the vineyard,
 I'll give you a sure reward.
 Come brethren all, and sisters,
 Though but a little band,
 The vict'ry I'll ensure you,

Stand fast with sword in hand:
 Then wield the sword with pleasure,
 The battle goes aright;
 Thus Israel gained the vict'ry
 Against th' Amalekite.

la - bor - ers are few ; When Zi - on, she doth languish, O, watchman, where are you ?

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

THE PEOPLE CALLED CHRISTIANS.

- 1 The people called Christians, how many things they tell
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels dwell ;
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encloses them around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's happy ground.
Thousands have been impatient to find their passage through,
And with united wisdom have tried what they could do ;
But vessels built by human skill, have never sailed afar,
Till they're found, run aground, on some dreadful sandy bar.
- 2 The everlasting Gospel has launched the deep at last ;
Behold her sail suspended around her towering mast ;
Around her decks, in order, the joyful sailors stand,
Crying, " O ! here we go, to Immanuel's happy land !
To those who are spectators, what sorrow must ensue,
To have their old companions bid them a long adieu ;
The pleasures of a paradise no longer them invite ;
They may rail while we sail, but we'll soon be out of sight.
- 3 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid them all farewell,
But where we shall cast anchor, no mortal tongue can tell :
About our future happiness there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide, with our Captain and his Mate.
We're passengers united, with harmony and love !
The winds all in our favor, how joyfully we move ;
Though troubles may surround us, and raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep, till we land on Canann's shore.

THEN ROLL, ROLL AWAY.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

With spirit.

1. I'm looking for Je - sus, my Saviour and King, To change this vile body, and cause me to sing
2. I'm hoping in Je - sus that soon I shall see A world bathed in glo - ry, a soil that is free,

Where life's crystal riv - er e - ter - nal - ly glides, And ev - er - green verdure grows up by its side.
Where the toil-worn and weary forever will sing Loud anthems of praises to Je - sus, our King.

CHORUS.

Then roll, roll a - way! Old Time hasten thro', And bear me, dear Saviour, to joys ev - er new.

3 I'm waiting for Jesus, who soon will appear,
To waken my kindred that I love so dear;
And give us a home with the pure and the blessed,
In the realms of fair Canaan forever to rest.

4 I'm sighing for Jesus, old earth has grown drear,
And wait for the hour when he shall appear,
To make it his home ever beauteous and fair,
I long to behold it, I sigh to be there.

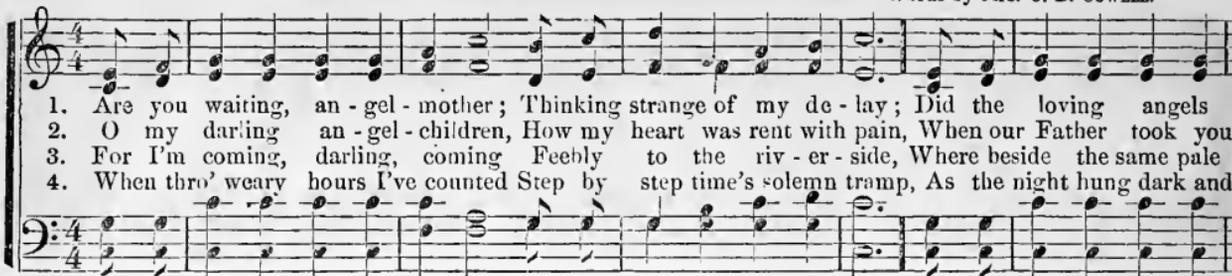
1. Nought of mer - it, or of price, Remains to Jus - tice due; Je - sus died, and paid it all—
 2. When he from his loft - y throne, Stooped down to do and die, Every thing was ful - ly done;
 3. Wear - y, working, plodding one, O, wherefore toil you so? Cease your "doing;" all was done,

CHORUS.

Yes, all the debt I owe. Jesus paid it all—Paid all the debt I owe, Je - sus died and
 "'Tis finished!" was his cry.
 Done a - ges long a - go.

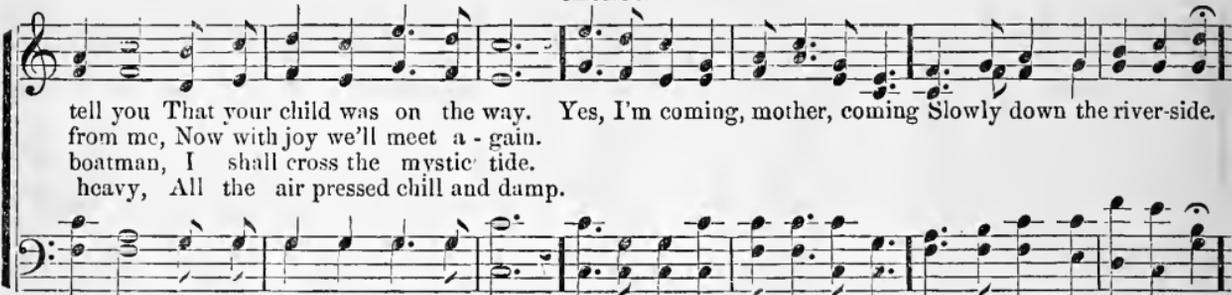
paid it all, Yes all the debt I owe.

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

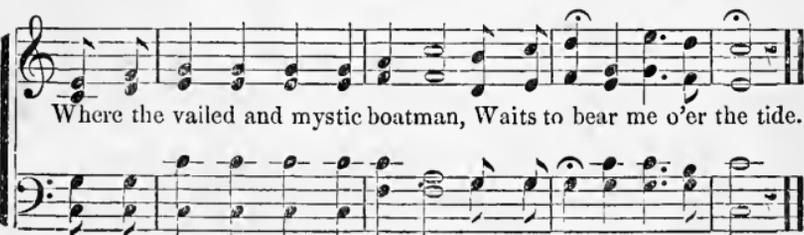


1. Are you waiting, an - gel - mother ; Thinking strange of my de - lay ; Did the loving angels
 2. O my darling an - gel - children, How my heart was rent with pain, When our Father took you
 3. For I'm coming, darling, coming Feebly to the riv - er - side, Where beside the same pale
 4. When thro' weary hours I've counted Step by step time's solemn tramp, As the night hung dark and

CHORUS.



tell you That your child was on the way. Yes, I'm coming, mother, coming Slowly down the river-side.
 from me, Now with joy we'll meet a - gain.
 boatman, I shall cross the mystic tide.
 heavy, All the air pressed chill and damp.



Where the veiled and mystic boatman, Waits to bear me o'er the tide.

- 5 Suddenly from o'er the river,
 Silvery chimes broke on my ear ;
 Infant voices seemed to whisper,
 Hasten to us, mother dear !
- 6 Yes, my darlings ; only waiting
 'Till our Father bids me come,
 Sitting by the bright, glad river,
 Waiting to be carried home.

Tenderly.

1. There's a beautiful home for thee, mother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss, where
 2. There's a beautiful rest * for thee, mother, A rest, a rest for thee; In that home above, where

CHORUS.

pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee. A beau-ti-ful home for thee, A
 all is love, There, mother's, a rest for thee.

beautiful home for thee; In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, mother,
 A beautiful crown for thee;
 When the battle's fought, the victory won,
 Our Saviour will give it thee.

4 We'll seek that beautiful home, mother,
 That home, that home above;
 In that land of light, where all is bright,
 That mansion where all is love.

* Substitute REST in the chorus.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Words by Rev. W. F. WARREN. As originally published in "Revival Melodies."

FINE.

1. Out on an o - cean 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 ; }
Promise of which on us each he bestowed— We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Far from the safe qui - et harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial abode, D. C.

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
We're homeward bound ;
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel ;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale :
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail—
We're homeward bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound ;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
We're homeward bound.

- Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, oh, come, and be blest ;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heaven we glide—
We're home at last ;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—
We're home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
"Glory to God !" we will shout evermore ;
We're home at last.

THE SWEETEST WORD.

Words by HERBERT NEWBURY.

Cheerfully.

1. One sweet word of ho - ly meaning Cometh to me o'er and o'er, And the echoes of its mu - sic
 2. Clouds of thickest blackness gathered O'er my soul's dark sea of sin, And the port of heav'n was guarded
 3. *Trust*—O Saviour give its fullness To me at thy feet in prayer; Grant my dying lips to breathe it,

Linger ev - er—ev - ermore; *Trust*—no other word we ut - ter Can so sweet and precious be,
 From my guilty entering in; Then came Jesus walking to me, O'er the surging waves of sin,
 Leave its lingering sweetness there; Sweetness there to stay the breaking Of the hearts which love me so,

Tuning all life's jarring discords In - to heavenly har - mo - ny.
 Calling, clear above the tempest "He that trusteth heav'n shall win!"
 Whispering from my silent coffin, "Trust the hand which lays me low."

Loved ones as ye rear the marble
 Pure above my waiting dust,
 Grave no other word upon it
 But the holiest, sweetest—*Trust* :
 For this password know the angels,
 Guarding o'er the pearly door,
 Password to His blessed presence
 Whom I trust forevermore.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

Spirited.

1. Beyond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears, There is a region fair ;
 2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin ; Nought that defiles can enter in To mar its beauty rare ;
 3. No drooping form, no tearful eye, No hoary head, no weary sigh, No pain, no grief, no care ;

It knows no change and no decay, No night, but one un - ending day. Oh say will you be there ?
 Up - on that bright, e - ter - nal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more. Oh say will you be there ?
 But joys which mortals may not know, Like a calm riv - er ev - er flow. Oh say, will you be there ?

CHORUS. Ad lib.

Yes, we'll be there ! yes, we'll be there ! In that beautiful world of light.

4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled,
 There many crowns doth wear ;
 While thousands thousands swell
 the strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain !
 Oh say, will you be there ?

5 Who shall be there? The lowly here:
 All those who serve the Lord in fear,
 The world's proud mockery dare;
 Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
 Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
 'These, these shall all be there!

6 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
 Who did that place prepare.
 Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
 I am the way—I'll lead you home—
 With me you shall be there!"

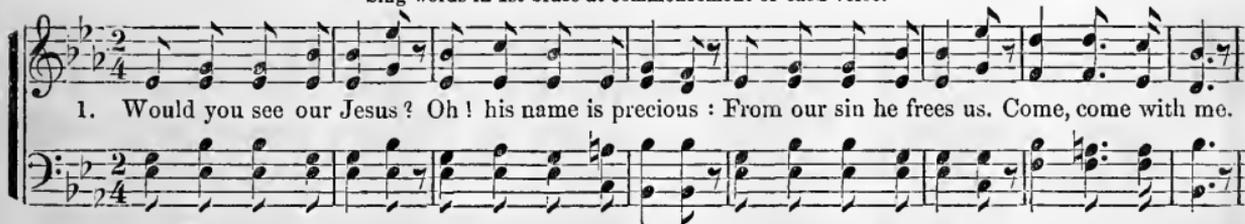
. WOULD SEE JESUS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

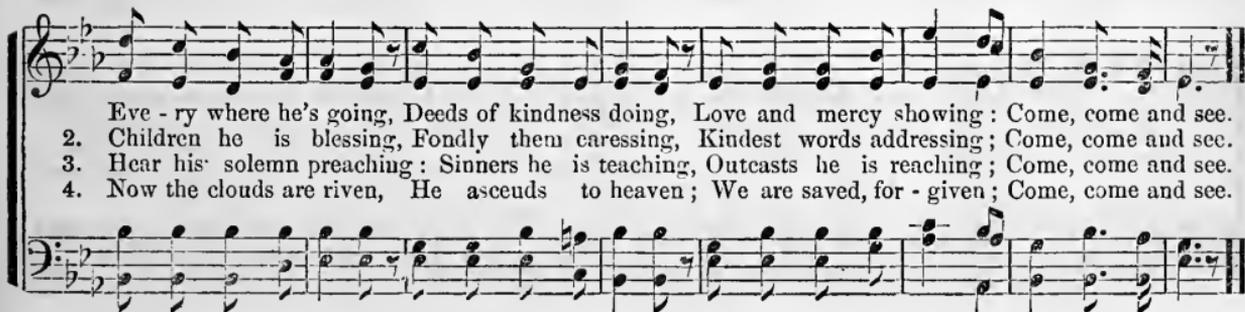
From "The Child at Home."

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.

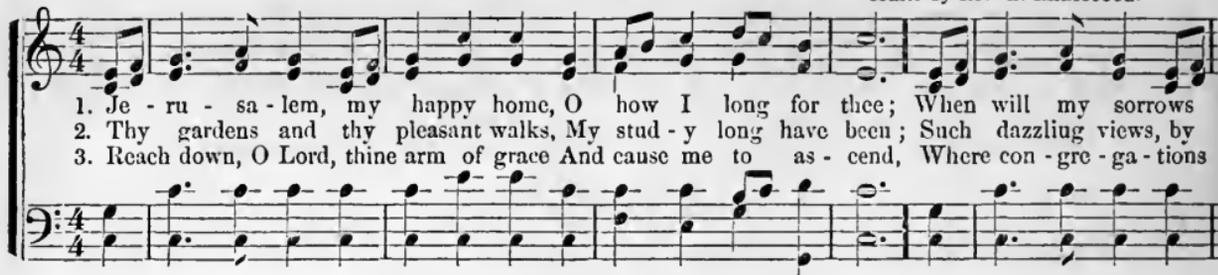
Sing words in 1st brace at commencement of each verse.



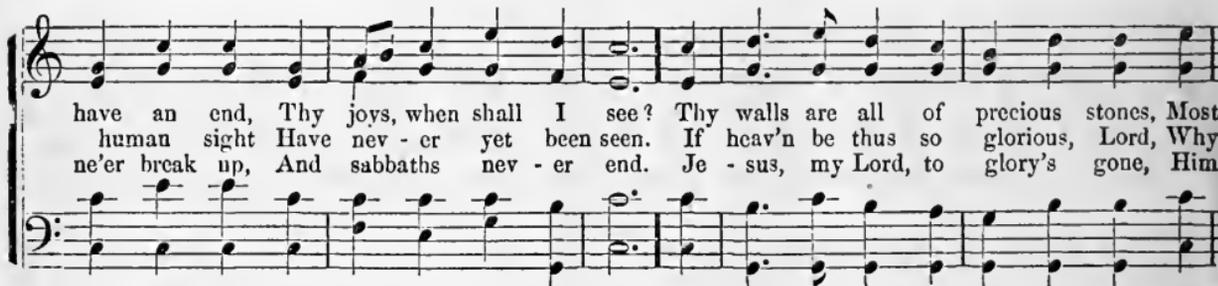
1. Would you see our Jesus? Oh! his name is precious: From our sin he frees us. Come, come with me.



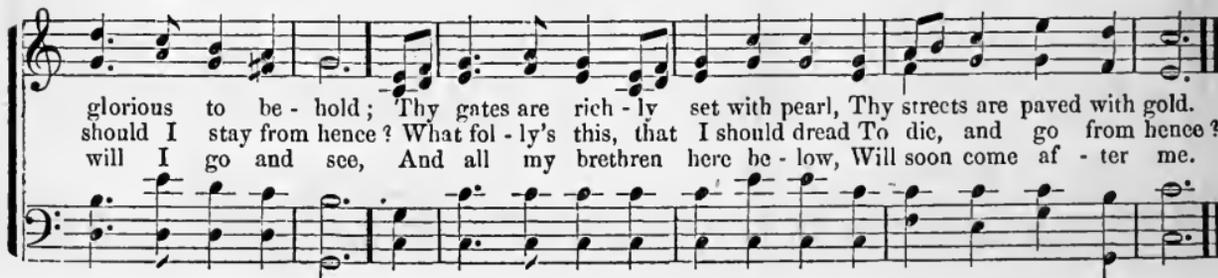
2. Children he is blessing, Fondly them caressing, Kindest words addressing; Come, come and see.
 3. Hear his solemn preaching: Sinners he is teaching, Outcasts he is reaching; Come, come and see.
 4. Now the clouds are riven, He ascends to heaven; We are saved, for-given; Come, come and see.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I long for thee; When will my sorrows
 2. Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks, My stud - y long have been; Such dazling views, by
 3. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace And cause me to as - cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions



have an end, Thy joys, when shall I see? Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most
 human sight Have nev - er yet been seen. If heav'n be thus so glorious, Lord, Why
 ne'er break up, And sabbaths nev - er end. Je - sus, my Lord, to glory's gone, Him



glorious to be - hold; Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
 should I stay from hence? What fol - ly's this, that I should dread To die, and go from hence?
 will I go and see, And all my brethren here be - low, Will soon come af - ter me.

CHORUS.

1. We are watching by the riv - er, We are waiting on the shore ;
 On - ly waiting for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er. } On that bright celestial city !

We have caught such radiant gleams Of its tow'rs, like dazzling sunlight, With its sweet and peaceful streams.

2 He has called for many a loved one,
 We have seen them leave our side ;
 With our Saviour we shall mee them,
 Where we too have crossed the tide.

3 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar,
 Yet we hear the song of angels,
 Wafted from the other shore.

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

5 So we're marching by the river,
 We are watching on the shore,
 Only waiting for the boatman,
 Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

"The year of release is at hand."—Deur. xv. 9.

1. O, a - ged be - liev - er! whose feet On the shores of e - ter - ni - ty stand, Bear calmly the
 2. Long, long, tho' fatigued and oppressed, You have toiled at your Master's command; But soon you shall
 3. How fair are those mansions a - bove! The scenes that a - wait you, how grand! How thrilling the

CHORUS.

tri - als you meet, For the year of re - lease is at hand. The year of release, the
 en - ter his rest, For the year of re - lease is at hand.
 welcome of love! And the year of re - lease is at hand.

year of release! For the year of release is at hand: Bear calmly the tri - als you

meet, For the year of release is at hand.

4 No storms of temptation or care
Sweep over that beautiful land ;
But joys never-fading are there,
And the year of release is at hand.

5 Earth's pleasures are taking their flight,
But the glories celestial expand ;
And faith almost changes to sight,
For the year of release is at hand.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER. By permission.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va - tion in Im - manuel's name ;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more ;

To dis - tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid raging winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surges ne'er shall roll, Where in all the bright for-
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voy'ge is o'er? Shall we meet and cast our
 3. Shall we meet in yonder ci - ty, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine, Where the walls are all of

ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?
 anchor, By the fair, ce - les - tial shore? Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?
 jas - per, Built by workmanship di - vine? Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?

CHORUS AND ANSWER

Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, When our conflicts all are o'er; And we'll spend the blest for-
 Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions, Where our wand'rings all shall cease, There we'll meet our dear com-
 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss immor - tal Sweeter far than rest can be; And be - fore the throne e -

ev - er, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.
panions, And be crown'd with per - fect praise.
ter - nal, All our earth - ly triumphs see.

- 4 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.
Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

- 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 | tres..pass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

1. Listen to the whisp'rings Of the Spir - it near, Calling to sal - va - tion, And from sin and
 2. Listen to the pleadings Of the Saviour's love; Calling thee from sinning, To His home a -
 3. He is fitting mansions For his followers true; There is room now waiting, Waiting just for

fear; By them you may gather Light, and life and power, Freedom from the luring's of temptation's
 bove. He will save from sorrow, And the night of death; And the dread here - after, Where is felt his
 you. Will you taste the raptures, That His saints shall know? Will you love the Saviour, And to glory

hour. God is near thee night and day; God will hear thee, therefore pray,
 wrath. God is near thee night and day; God will hear thee, therefore pray.
 go²

1st. 2d.

4 Come then to the fountain,
Gushing from his side;
God and Heaven invite you,
Plunge beneath the tide;

There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul,
Hallelujah, glory!
Jesus died for all.

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS. From "Shining Star," by permission.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break every tender tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting - place, Je - sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, 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 blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

Music by R. Lowry.

DUET.

CHORUS.

DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! No win - ter there, nor chill of night,
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er free, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of lib - er - ty,
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er dear, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! Thy pearly gates almost appear,

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth in endless day,
 beau - ti - ful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will never know,
 beau - ti - ful land of rest! And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll sing the song we've sung before.

CHORUS.

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

Beautiful land of rest! Beauti - ful land, beauti - ful land, Beauti - ful land of rest!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

Maestoso.

AMERICA.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

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

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features three verses of lyrics. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The melody is a well-known patriotic tune.

fa - thers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From eve - ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.

The musical score continues from the previous block, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature. It includes the final lines of the lyrics and the corresponding musical notation for both staves.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Words by W. M.

Music by Rev. R. Lowry.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
 2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band;
 3. Yes, my earthworn soul re - joic - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light,
 4. Oh! ye wea - ry, sad and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way;

When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us welcome home,
 Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land?
 For the thrilling an - ger voi - ces, And the an - gel fa - ces bright:
 Ye shall join the loved and blest ones In the land of per - fect day!

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
 Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us, as in days of yore?
 That shall wel - come us in hea - ven, Are the loved of long a - go,
 Harp-strings touched by an - gel fin - gers, Murmured in my raptured ear,

In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
 Sha'l we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?
 And to them 'tis kind - ly giv - en, 'Thus their mor - tal friends to know.
 Ev - er - more their sweet song lin - gers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"

CHORUS Repeat ad lib.

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?
 * We shall We shall

We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er

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

We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there.

* For last verse.

THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

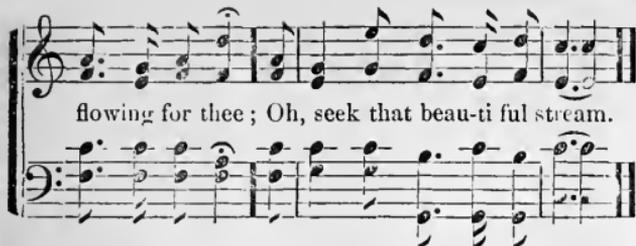
1. O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land ?
 2. With ma - mur - ing sound doth it wan - der a - long, Thro' fields of e - ter - nal green ;
 3. Its fountains are deep, and its wa - ters are pure, And sweet to the wea - ry soul ;

Its wa - ters gleam bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
 Where songs of the blest, in their heav - en of rest, Float soft on the air 'se - rene.
 It flows from the throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone, Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

CHORUS.

Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream ; Its wa - ters so free are

THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM. Concluded.



flowing for thee; Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life!
It flows for all nations, free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found!
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

5 Oh, will ye not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more.

SAVIOUR, AT THY FOOTSTOOL BENDING.

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM the "Oriola," by permission.

Slow and gentle.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Saviour, at thy footstool bending'. It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef. There are first and second endings marked above the final measures of the system.

1. Saviour, at thy footstool bending, We, a youthful band appear; }
May our grateful songs ascending, Reach and please thy gracious } ear; Thus to praise thee, Thus to

Musical notation for the second system of 'Saviour, at thy footstool bending'. It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef. The system concludes with a double bar line.

praise thee, Make and keep our hearts sincere; Thus to praise thee, thus to praise thee, Make and keep our hearts sincere.

2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thy invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In thy arms of mercy bear;
Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there.

1. When gentle night bedews the earth, And shepherds watch on Bethlehem's plain, An angel comes to tell the
 2. "To you," he says, "who, patient, watch The lowly offspring of the fold, Whose ceaseless cares thro' noonday
 3. To show that kings and chiefs must bow With meanest manhood, at that throne Whose sway supreme both high and
 4. Then hail we gladly Him divine, Yet human like ourselves. We hail The Monarch high, of David's

CHORUS.

birth, And glo - ry of a Monarch's reign. Say, why to them, an humble crew, Of poor and
 reach, And midnight vig - ils du - ty hold; To you, the humblest of the race, To you I
 low, In common loy - al - ty, must own. To you a Saviour born, to all A Saviour
 line, The King whose throne can never fail. And glad - ly do we sing as when The an - gels

ig - no - rant, He comes? Why does he not his flight pur - sue, To tell his tale in roy - al home?
 tell a Saviour's birth, Because He comes, whose matchless grace Can reach the lowest of the earth.
 e - qual - ly must prove; For gifts that to the lowest fall, Best show a u - ni - ver - sal love.
 sang on Bethlem's plain, "On earth be peace; good-will to men." Be Children's, as 'tis seraphs' strain.

WELCOME TO OUR CONCERT.

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

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Welcome to our con - cert meeting, Friends and strangers, old and young ! Parents, teachers,
 2. Welcome, friendly schools and teachers, Thronging all our ailes to - day, Superintendents,
 3. Not as ri - vals here we gath - er, En - vious of each other's fame ; But as friends and
 4. Welcome, then, to join our singing. Till we meet with songs a - bove ; At His feet our

scholars, greeting, Every hand, and eye, and tongue, All our hearts, and all our voi - ces, All our
 pastors, preachers, Guides along the heavenward way ; Every name to - day is "Brother," All our
 partners, rather, All our toils and hopes the same ; Je - sus' love our on - ly sto - ry, Je - sus'
 homage flinging, Who has bought us with his love. There we'll cast our crowns be - fore him, And in

Sunday-school re - joi - ces ; All our hearts, and all our voices, All our Sunday-school re - joi - ces.
 creed is, "Love each other," Every name to - day is "Brother," All our creed is, "Love each other."
 conquers all our glory. Jesus' love our on - ly sto - ry, Je - sus' conquers all our glory.
 end - less bliss adore him. There we'll cast our crowns before him, And in endless bliss adore him,

1. Fare - well, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you,
 2. Fare - well, dear friends, time rolls a - long, Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss,
 3. Fare - well, old sol - diers of the cross, You've struggled hard and long for heav'n,

I'll take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.
 I'll leave you here, and trav - el on, Till we ar - rive where Je - sus is.
 You've counted all things here but loss; Fight on, the crown will soon be given.

CHORUS.

I'll march To Canaan's land, I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's

shore, Where pleasures nev - er end, Where pleasures nev - er end; Where

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "shore, Where pleasures nev - er end, Where pleasures nev - er end; Where".

CODA to be used at pleasure, or last verse.

trouble comes no more; Farewell, farewell, My lov - ing friends, farewell.

The CODA section consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics for this section are: "trouble comes no more; Farewell, farewell, My lov - ing friends, farewell." The section ends with a double bar line.

4 Farewell, ye youth, beloved and strong,
And firm the hallowed cross sustain,
In Jesus' service earthly loss
Will but increase your heavenly gain.

5 Farewell, my friends, we soon shall rise,
And join th' angelic host on high;
I gaze on heaven with wishful eyes,
And long with angel-wings to rise.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and angels sing, A world where peace and
 2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sorrow nev - er comes; A wor'd where tears shall
 3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Unseen to mor - tal sight; And darkness nev - er
 4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mo - ny and love; O, may we safe - ly

CHORUS.

pleasure reigns, And heavenly prais - es ring. We'll be there, we'll be there. Palms of
 nev - er fall, In sighing for our home.
 en - ters there: That home is fair and bright.
 en - ter there, And dwell with God a - bove.

vict' - ry, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

LOOSE THE CABLE, LET ME GO.

Words by CHILSON.

93

1. No more working in the vineyard, No more struggling in the fight; Stand I here with loins all
 2. Ho - ly an - gels round me hov - er, Their light forms I almost see; Golden harp and crown im -
 3. When so near the Ho - ly Ci - ty, Ev - en at its pearly gate, While its songs are wafted

gird - ed, Ready for my upward flight; Sweetly o'er my fainting spir - it Peace from
 mor - tal they are holding out to me; Endless joys, e - ter - nal pleasures, Soon on
 to me, would you have me longer wait? O, the joy that fills this moment, O, the

heaven seems to flow; Seek no longer to de - tain me, Loose the ca - ble, let me go.
 me they - will be - stow; From their presence do not keep me, Loose the ca - ble, let me go.
 hap - pi - ness I know! Seek no longer to de - tain me, Loose the ca - ble, let me go.

WE ARE COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "MUSICAL LEAVES," by permission.

1. Why forbid them? Jesus said; Let the children come to me; Why forbid them? for of such
 2. Keep us in thy sacred fold, Teach us how to watch and pray; Lead us by thy gentle hand,
 3. May we go to yonder clime, Where the ho - ly angels are; Safely pillowed on thy breast,

shall my heavenly kingdom be. We have heard thy voice divine, Sinful though our hearts may be;
 Thou, the life, the truth, the way. Saviour, thou wert once a child, Weak and helpless then as we;
 Sin can nev - er reach us there. O, how wondrous is thy love! Thou hast died for such as we;

CHORUS, by BRADBURY.
Lively.

Saviour thou canst make them pure; We are coming, Lord, to thee! We are coming, we are coming,
 O, how ten - der is thy call! We are coming, Lord, to thee!
 Help us on thy love to rest; We are coming, Lord, to thee!

We are coming, blessed Saviour ; We are coming, we are coming, We are coming, Lord, to thee !

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Arr. for this work.

1. A glorious day is breaking Upon our sinful earth ; Our land to life is waking, With shouts of joy and mirth ;
 2. We meet to-day in gladness, As moves our host along ; No note of painful sadness Is mingled with our song.
 3. Our cause, our cause is gaining New laurels every day ; The youthful mind we're training To walk in virtue's way ;

The musical score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note rhythm.

Our army is prepar - ing To meet the rising sun, On all its banners bearing The name of Washington.
 This day, renowned in story, The day of freedom's birth, We hail in all its glory ; We highly prize its worth.
 Old age, and sturdy manhood, Are with us heart and hand ; Then let us, all united, In one firm phalanx stand.

The musical score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

1. Do to others as un - to you Ye would that others should do ; So
 2. Truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, No matter what foes as - sail, For
 3. The af - fec - tions of the soul, Love and kind - ness will con - trol ; If

CHORUS.

act and move, in all things prove The beauty of the golden rule. O yes! O yes!
 right is might, and with de-light, We're governed by the golden rule.
 you would be hap - py and free, Be governed by the golden rule.

O yes, yes! O yes, yes!

Ev - er let your motto be, Loving and kind to all that you find, And happy then are we.

DUET.



1. How swiftly o'er life's o - cean Our fly - ing bark sweeps on! With steady, ceaseless motion A -
2. We're ev - er forward go - ing, Year roll - ing af - ter year! Each wave is onward flowing, The
3. And now as we're be - ginning A - noth - er fleeting year, Let us our sails be trimming, As

CHORUS. Not too fast.

nother year has gone. Happy new year to all! Happy new year to all! Happy new year,
haven draweth near.
on our course we steer.

happy new year, Happy new year to all.

- 4 We'll spread our chart before us,
Our Father's word, our guide,
And though rude storms sweep o'er us,
We'll safely stem the tide.
- 5 And when our barks are stranded
Upon the distant shore,
May we in heaven be landed,
To dwell there evermore.

1. To yonder glorious land of light, Each child of God shall soar, When laid a - side the
 2. There shall our weary spirits rest, Our feet no more shall stray, And joy un - measured
 3. There angel hands shall welcome us, And we shall clasp the hand Of many a true and

CHORUS.

robe of flesh, And all earth's toils are o'er. Oh, yes, to yon bright heaven Each child of God shall go,
 shall be ours, In that e - ter - nal day.
 cherished friend Long in that hap - py land.

We shall find a blissful mansion, The Master told us so.

4 There shall we see our Saviour-Friend,
 The dearest and the best,
 The friend of friends, the sinner's hope,
 Our anchor and our rest.

5 Then gird thine armor on, my soul,
 And faint not by the way,
 Fast do the days of trial go,
 Fast comes the welcome day.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving, On the hills of fadeless green; And the liv-ing

wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen. Eden's breezes o'er it sigh,

Billows kiss its strand and die: Eden's breezes o'er it sigh, Billows kiss its strand and die.

2 Onward, bark! "The cape I'm rounding,"
 See the blessed wave their hands!
 Hear the harps of God resounding
 From the bright immortal bands,
 Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
 When on that inviting shore.

3 "Let the anchor go,"—I'm riding
 On this calm and silvery bay;
 Seaward fast, the tide is gliding,
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.
 Strike the colors, furl the sail!
 I am safe within the veil!

Moderato.

1. O! have you heard of that beau-ti-ful shore, O-ver the riv-er so deep, Where we shall
 2. O! would you go to the beau-ti-ful shore, Give the dear Saviour your love, There the dark

sorrow and suf-fer no more Af-ter we pass thro' death's sleep; There, where the angels are
 riv-er He'll car-ry you o'er, To the bright mansions a-bove; There, where is hap-pi-ness,

chanting his praise, There, where no darkness shall shorten the days, There, on the beautiful, beautiful shore.
 joy, ev-er-more. There, on the bright and ever-green shore, There, on the beautiful, beautiful shore.

THERE, THERE IS REST.

REV. G. D. BROWNE.

101

Allegretto.

1. Come, poor pilgrim, sad and weary, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming this wide world so dreary,
 2. There is rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest; Listen to the joy-ful sto-ry,
 3. There are those who've gone before us, All who are blest; Singing now the happy cho-rus,
 4. There the golden harps are ringing, Harps of the blest; And the an-gel bands are singing,

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

Sighing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from
 There, there is rest.
 There, there is rest.
 There, there is rest.

troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

- 5 And while we on earth are praying,
 Jesus, the blest,
 Unto us is sweetly saying,
 There, there is rest.
- 6 We shall meet where parting never
 Comes to the blest;
 And we'll safely dwell forever,
 In heavenly rest.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

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

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

To ful - fill my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand, -
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

End for Temperance Hymn.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. On the oth - er side of Jordan,

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

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

- 1 O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.
- CHORUS.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.
- 2 Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light ;

- See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.
- 3 May the heart-reviving story
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.
- 4 Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse ! ye freemen ! why delay ?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

1. I'm ver - y near my Father's house, Its jasper walls I see; The pearly gates are o - pen wide,
 2. I see a bright and starry crown, Which one is holding now; As if her heavenly mission was,
 3. I see a robe of glorious form, On which no stain is seen; And all God's children now are cloth'd

But can it be for me? I see the blest an - gel - ic throng, But yet they seem to wait, For
 To crown some saintly brow. I see a harp with strings all tuned, I wait to catch its sound; But
 In such a saintly sheen. I see it there in saintly hands, With crown and harp of gold; The

leave to spread their folded wings, And pass beyond the gate.
 in the Ci - ty of our God, No empty hand is found.
 waiting soul is still on earth, To pass death's waters cold.

4.
 I see the Saviour's crown of thorns,
 Which once he wore for me;
 And now, my earnest cry, is Lord,
 What can I do for Thee?
 More than to take my heavy cross,
 And wait thy will to know; —
 For till I'm needed in thy courts,
 I would not want to go!

I LONG TO BE THERE.

105

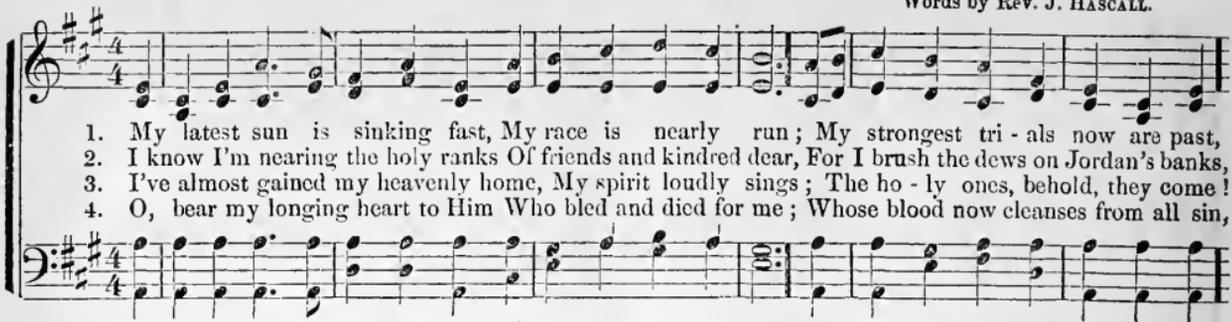
G. D. BROWNE.

1. When I think of that ci - ty of light, And of crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear;
 2. It is not that I'm wea - ry of pain, Or im - pa - tient, in tri - als and cares,
 3. To that ci - ty my Saviour has gone, Rich mansions and crowns to pre - pare;

And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.
 But I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.
 For the hosts that are fol - low - ing on, And I long, O I long to be there.

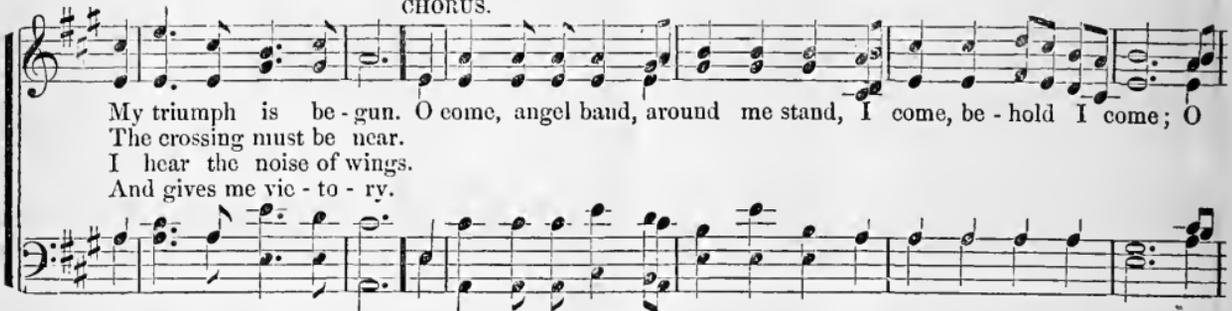
CHORUS.

O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the gar - ments in white,
 And in songs with the an - gels u - nite, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

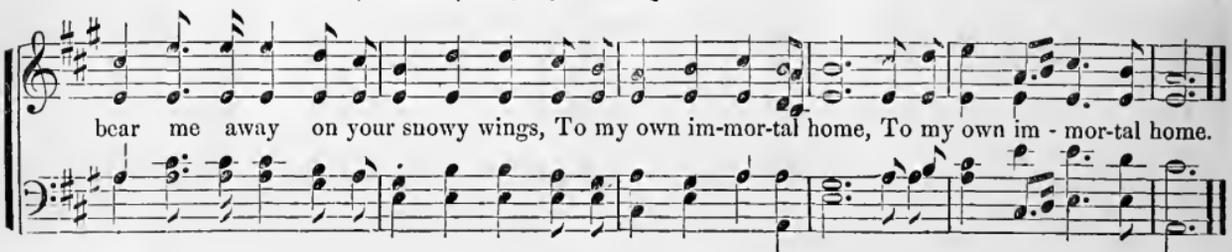


1. My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run; My strongest tri - als now are past,
 2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear, For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
 3. I've almost gained my heavenly home, My spirit loudly sings; The ho - ly ones, behold, they come!
 4. O, bear my longing heart to Him Who bled and died for me; Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,

CHORUS.



My triumph is be - gun. O come, angel band, around me stand, I come, be - hold I come; O
 The crossing must be near.
 I hear the noise of wings.
 And gives me vic - to - ry.



bear me away on your snowy wings, To my own im - mor - tal home, To my own im - mor - tal home.

THE NATION'S PRAYER.

107

Words by WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Music by WM. HENRY BURR.

Solo or Semi-chorus. Full Chorus.

1. God of our fathers, hear our earnest cry! Thou art our hope, our refuge is in Thee!
 2. Nerve with new strength the patriot's soldier's arm! Fill with new zeal the he - ro - souls that stand

Solo or Semi-chorus. Full Chorus.

Confound our foes, and make their legions fly! Strengthen our hosts and give them vic - to -
 Pil - lars of fire, to save from deadliest harm Their children's birthright in this good - ly

ry! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Oh, God of ar - mies! Give us vic - to - ry!
 land! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, God of our he - roes! Give us vic - to - ry!

3 For the sad millions of the groaning earth,
 Helpless and crushed beneath oppression's rod,
 For every hope that hallows home and hearth,
 For heaven-born Liberty, the Child of God,
 Victory, victory,
 God of the nations! give us victory!

4 From war's red hell, involved in smoke and flame,
 From up-piled altars of our noblest dead,
 We cry to Thee! Oh, for thy glorious name,
 Make bare Thine arm and smite our foes with dread!
 Victory, victory,
 Oh, God of battles! give us victory!

"WE'RE GOING HOME."

From "Pilgrim's Songs," by permission of W. B. B.

Moderato.

1. Thro' a strange country as pilgrims we stray, For we're go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home. }
 Onward we go thro' the swift - fading day, For we're go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home. }

2. Soon shall we hear the glad wel - com - ing voice, We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home. }
 Bidding our spirits for - ev - er rejoice, We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home. }

Weary our march since the fair ro - sy dawn, Long is the distance we've travelled since morn -
 Home to our mansion prepared in the sky, Where we can nev - er more suf - fer or die.

But we re - gret not the hours that are gone, For we're go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home.
 O! let our anthem of praise ring on high! We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing home.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

109

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22; 5.

1. No night shall be in heaven! no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape ev - er - come ;
 2. No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power ;
 3. No night shall be in heaven! no sorrow's reign, No se - cret anguish, no cor - po - real pain ;

No tear shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers, That breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers.
 A - cross those skies no envious cloud shall roll, To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.
 No shivering limbs, no burning fe - ver there; No soul's eclipse, no win - ter of de - spair.

4 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon ;
 No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon ;
 But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
 'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

5 No night shall be in heaven—no darkened room,
 No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb ;
 But, breezes ever fresh with love and truth,
 Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

6 No night shall be in heaven! but night is here,
 The night of sorrow, and the night of fear ;
 I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
 And shrink from others that may yet impend.

7 No night shall be in heaven! O, had I faith
 To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
 That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
 And leave no night, henceforth, on earth, to me.



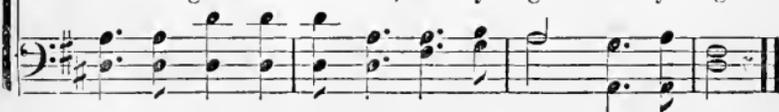
1. We're journeying home to heaven, Will you go? will you go? Where sins are all for - given, Will you
2. The loved and blest are waiting, Will you go? will you go? Our sorrows con - templating, Will you
3. O, soon will be that meeting, Will you go? will you go? And blest will be that greeting, Will you



- go? will you go? There Je - sus waits to welcome us, And crowns of life be - stow, And a
 go? will you go? They tell us all is peaceful there, And tears no longer flow, And the
 go? will you go? There parting nev - er more is known, Like farewells here be - low, Where our



- home among the angels; Will you go? will you go?
 songs are nev - er ending; Will you go? will you go?
 God a - gain u - nites us; Will you go? will you go?



- 4 Then let us join in singing,
 Will you go? will you go?
 While homeward we are winging;
 Will you go? will you go?
 The dove of old returned no more,
 When ceased the water's flow,
 From her home beyond the mountains,
 Will you go? will you go?

A beautiful home for thee.....	69	I long to be there.....	105
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	37	I would see Jesus.....	73
All hail happy day.....	60	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	53
America.....	83	Jesus paid it all.....	67
Angels bear me away.....	106	Jesus is mine.....	81
Are you waiting, angel-mother?.....	68	Jerusalem, my happy home.....	74
A glorious day is breaking.....	95	Journeying home to heaven.....	110
Beautiful land of rest.....	82	Joy of the young convert.....	18
Beautiful river.....	50	Lake Eron.....	9
Choral song.....	45	Let go the anchor.....	99
Christ our pilot.....	41	Little children, Jesus calls you.....	33
Christmas Day.....	60	Little acts of kindness.....	16
Christmas song.....	88	Living in the border land.....	63
Cleansing fountain.....	12	Love of Jesus.....	33
Come all ye saints to Pisgah.....	62	Loose the cable, let me go.....	93
Cross and crown.....	19	Missionary Chant.....	77
Dear Mary, sing for me the song.....	6	Mother, watch the little feet.....	5
Disowned by my mother.....	22	Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	19
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?.....	47	My happy angel home.....	10
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Emmons.....	51	No night in heaven.....	109
Fear not, little flock.....	7	Now we lift our tuneful.....	43
Festal day.....	59	No parting there.....	23
Give all to Jesus.....	38	O! gladly on this Sabbath day.....	28
God is near thee.....	80	O how happy are they.....	18
Good will from heaven.....	17	One day nearer home.....	34
Happy new year.....	97	One night as I lay musing.....	64
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Hark! what means those holy voices?.....	17	On the field of battle, mother.....	44
Heaven's not far away.....	104	O, sing to me of heaven.....	57
Here we throng to praise.....	17	Our celebration.....	58
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I am standing down by.....	20	Rest for the weary.....	102
I love Thee.....	25	Robert Raiks.....	52

Rock of ages.....	39	Thou dear Redeemer	51
Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb.....	32	There is a fountain.....	12
Saviour, at thy footstool	87	There's nothing now but heaven	4
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Seek the Shepherd.....	8	Though troubles assail.....	36
Shall we gather at the river	50	'Twas Jesus, my Saviour.....	56
Shall we know each other there	84	Ups and downs of life	27
Shall we meet?	78	Waiting for the boatman	75
Sing praises, glad praises.....	26	Watch, mother	5
Sing praise, the tomb is void.....	11	Welcome to our concert.....	89
Sitting in the throne.....	46	We'll wait till Jesus comes.....	29
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The better land.....	36	What are those soul-reviving.....	24
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The Master told us so.....	98	Willie's gone before	55
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The year of release.....	75		
The Lord's prayer.....	79		
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The empty sleeve	80	Hark to the Christmas bells.....	40
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The Lion of Judah.....	56		
The people called Christians.....	65	PATRIOTIC HYMNS.	
They are waiting for me.....	68	America	83
There, there is rest	101	Dying soldier to his mother.....	44
Then roll, roll away	66	The nation's prayer.....	107
		The empty sleeve.....	30







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