

THE

SWEET SINGER

& S. J. GOODENOUGH

By KARL REDEN

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CARLTON & PORTER,
200 Mulberry St.

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THE
SWEET SINGER:

A COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

TOGETHER WITH A VARIETY SUITABLE FOR
DAY-SCHOOLS, REVIVAL OCCASIONS, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY *Charles Crozat Converse*
KARL REDEN AND S. J. GOODENOUGH.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.
1863.

NOTICE.

IN preparing this book, the object has been to furnish Sunday-schools with the choicest collection of hymns and tunes ever published, comprising a great variety of pieces, including such as are especially adapted to ANNIVERSARIES, MISSIONARY MEETINGS, PRAYER-MEETINGS, etc. There will be found also many hymns and tunes adapted to day-schools and the social circle.

From the great number of original and carefully-selected tunes and hymns, we feel confident that the "SWEET SINGER" will be the standard book of our schools for many years to come.

The copyright of this book covers all the original tunes, as well as those which have been arranged expressly for this work, together with such hymns as are now published for the first time.

It is proper to say that the parties engaged in the preparation of this work have been for many years practical Sunday-school men, and from the experience thus acquired they have sought to adapt the book to popular use among children.

THE PUBLISHERS.

NOTE.—It will be seen, by referring to the index, that very many of the tunes are in meters which will admit of the use of a large proportion of the hymns found in Sunday-school hymn books.

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THE SWEET SINGER.

The Boys' and Girls' Delight.

WORDS BY S. J. GOODENOUGH.

Waltz Reden.

Cheerfully.



1. The birds on quivering wing, And thro' the ru - ral glade, Pour forth their notes of spring In
2. The an - gel choir a - bove, And hap - py saints in light, Sing of re - deeming love, And
3. Come, schoolmates, let us sing, The sweetest sounds prolong, We'll make the welkin ring When
4. So when we all u - nite, Ten thousand voi - ces blend, The boys and girls de-light Such



CHORUS.



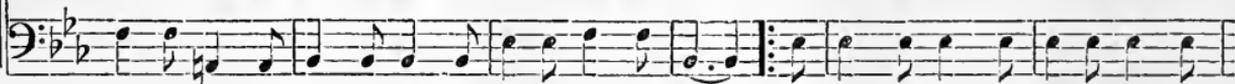
sunshine and in shade. They sing, sweet singers, ev - er sing, ev - er sing, ev - er sing, And
walk in spot-less white. They sing, sweet singers, ev - er sing, ev - er sing, ev - er sing, The
we all join the song. We'll sing SWEET SINGER'S sweetest song, sweetest song, sweetest song, While
hap - py hours to spend. We'll try sweet sing-ers here to be, here to be, here to be, And



The Boys' and Girls' Delight.—Concluded.



make the ver - y wel - kin ring, The ver - y wel - kin ring. They sing, sweet singers, ev - er sing, They
 prais - es of their heavenly King, The praises of their King. They sing, sweet singers, ev - er sing, They
 each and all the strains prolong, While all the strains prolong. We'll sing SWEET SINGER'S sweetest song, SWEET
 then thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. We'll try sweet sing - ers here to be, Sweet



sing, sweet singers, sing, And make the ver - y wel - kin ring, The ver - y wel - kin ring.
 sing, sweet singers, sing, The prais - es of their heavenly King, The praises of their King.
 SING - ER'S sweetest song, While each and all the strains prolong, While all the strains prolong.
 sing - ers here to be, And then thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



Cheerfully.

Grateful Praise.

Carl Peden.

5

1. Come, let our voi-ces raise A song of grate-ful praise, A song of grate-ful
2. The gos-pel's sa-cred page Re-veals to ev-'ry age, Re-veals to ev-'ry
3. Ac-cept our off'rings, Lord, To spread thy truth a-broad, To spread thy truth a-

CHORUS.

praise, And thank-ful love, And thank-ful love; Let each a trib-ute bring, Let
age, Sal-va-tion free, Sal-va-tion free. O send the joy-ful sound! And
broad, Our la-bors own! Our la-bors own! At length, at thy right hand May

all a-wake and sing, Praise to our heavenly King, Who dwells a-bove, Who dwells a-bove,
let it ech-o round, Till prais-es loud re-sound, O God, to thee! O God, to thee!
we to-geth-er stand, And with the an-gel-band Sur-round thy throne! Surround thy throne!

I love the Sunday-school.

Spiritedly.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.



1. I love the Sunday-school, And on that holy day My heart is oft-en full When I attempt to pray.
 2. With early steps I come To meet my teacher dear, Leaving my happy home To seek instruction here.



CHORUS.



I love, I love, I love the Sunday-school; I love the Sunday-school, I love the Sunday-school.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. I love the Sunday-school,
 The precious volume too,
 Which is the only rule
 To teach me what to do.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>4. Within it I behold
 The rays of gospel light,
 Richer than gems or gold,
 And most divinely bright.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> | <p>5. I love the Sunday-school,
 And wish that every child
 Would here his name enroll,
 No more be rude and wild.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>6. Wasting his precious time,
 Spending his idle breath
 In folly or in crime
 Along the road to death.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> |
|--|---|

The Jubilee.

E. C. Revons.

7

Cheerfully.

1. What heavenly mu - sic do I hear, Sal - va - tion sounding free! Ye souls in bond-age
 2. How sweet-ly do the tid-ings roll All round from sea to sea, From land to land, from
 3. The Gos - pel sounds a sweet re - lease To all in mis - e - ry, And bids them welcome
 4. Come, ye re-deemed, your tribute bring With songs of har - mo - ny; While on the road to

CHORUS.

lend an ear— This is the Ju - bi - lec. Good news, good news to A - dam's race; Let
 pole to pole, This is the Ju - bi - lec. Good news, &c.
 home to peace; This is the Ju - bi - lee. Good news, &c.
 Ca - naan sing, This is the Ju - bi - lee. Good news, &c.

Christians all a - gree To sing re - deem-ing love and grace, This is the Ju - bi - lee.

Spiritedly.

The Day-spring.

S. J. Goodenough.

1. Christian! see, the o-rient morning Breaks a-long the hea-then sky; Lo! th'expect-ed
2. Hea-then at the sight are sing-ing; Morning wakes the tune-ful lays; Pre-cious off'rings

CHORUS.

day is dawn-ing—Glo-rious day-spring from on high. Hal-le-lu-iah, Hal-le-lu-iah!
they are bring-ing, First-fruits of more per-feet praise. Hal-le-lu-iah, &c.

Hail the day-spring from on high! Hal-le-lu-iah, Hal-le-lu-iah, Je-sus reigns.

3. Zion's Sun! salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills.—*Chorus.*

4. Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shine on every soul.—*Chorus.*

Peaceful Shore.

Carl Roden.

9

Cheerfully.

1. O hap - py saints, who dwell in light, Dwell in light, dwell in light,
2. Safe land - ed on that peace - ful shore, Peace - ful shore, peace - ful shore,
3. There, gaz - ing on his beau - teous face, Beau - teous face, beau - teous face,
4. And while they sing with rap - ture sweet, Rap - ture sweet, rap - ture sweet,

CHORUS.

And walk with Je - sus, clothed in white, With Je - sus, clothed in white. There is my bless - ed
Where pilgrims meet to part no more, Where pilgrims part no more. There is my, &c.
They tell the won - ders of his grace, The won - ders of his grace. There is my, &c.
They bow, a - dor - ing at his feet, A - dor - ing at his feet. There is my, &c.

Sav - iour, Hith - er he bids me come ; Oh, make me, blessed Sav - iour, Meet for that hap - py home.

10 Why do you love the Sunday-School?

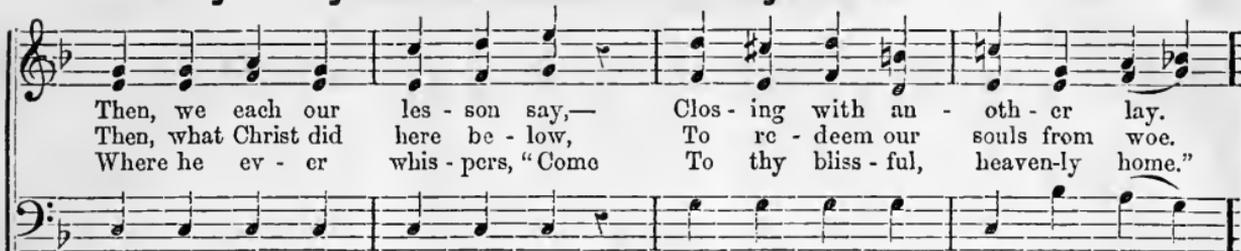
*Carl Reden.**With Animation.*

1. What do you do at the Sun - day - school? At the hap - py Sun - day - school?
 2. What do you learn at the Sun - day - school? At the hap - py Sun - day - school?
 3. Why do you love the... Sun - day - school? Love the hap - py Sun - day - school?

What do you do at the Sun - day - school? At the hap - py Sun - day - school?
 What do you learn at the Sun - day - school? At the hap - py Sun - day - school?
 Why do you love the... Sun - day - school? Love the hap - py Sun - day - school?

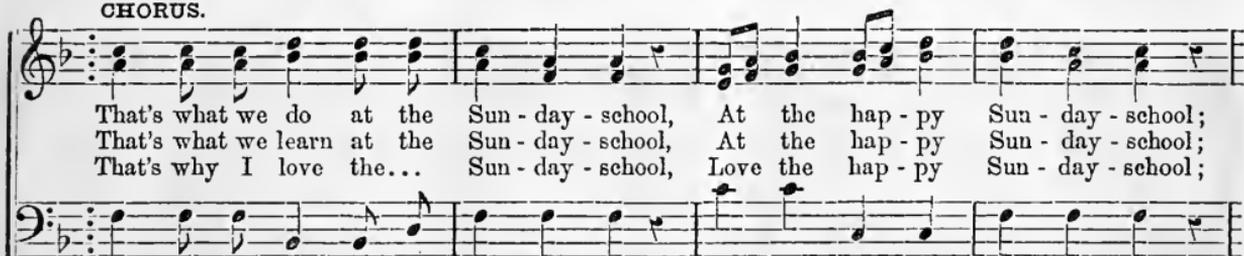
First, we sing a song of praise, Then, in prayer our voi - ces raise;
 First, we learn com - mand - ments, ten, — God's laws sent by Him to man;
 There I with my Sav - iour meet, At the blood - bought mer - cy - seat;

Why do you love the Sunday-School? Concluded. 11



Then, we each our les - son say,— Clos - ing with an - oth - er lay.
Then, what Christ did here be - low, To re - deem our souls from woe.
Where he ev - er whis - pers, "Come To thy bliss - ful, heaven-ly home."

CHORUS.



That's what we do at the Sun - day - school, At the hap - py Sun - day - school;
That's what we learn at the Sun - day - school, At the hap - py Sun - day - school;
That's why I love the... Sun - day - school, Love the hap - py Sun - day - school;



That's what we do at the Sun - day - school, At the hap - py Sun - day - school.
That's what we learn at the Sun - day - school, At the hap - py Sun - day - school.
That's why I love the... Sun - day - school, Love the hap - py Sun - day - school.

Morning School Song.

Carl Rodew.

Spiritedly.

1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, Ope and close the school-room door; Care - ful - ly,
 2. Cheer - ful - ly, cheer - ful - ly, Let us in our work en - gage, With a zeal,
 3. Now we sing, now we sing, Gay - ly as the birds of spring; As they hop,

CHORUS.

care - ful - ly. Walk up - on the floor Let us, let us strive to be
 with a zeal, Far be - yond our age. And if we should chance to find
 as they hop, On the high tree - top. Let us be as prompt as they,

From dis - or - der ev - er free; Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, Pass - ing time a - way.
 Les - sons that per - plex the mind, Per - se - vere, per - se - vere, Nev - er bor - row fear.
 In our work and in our play; Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, Pass - ing time a - way.

The Assembled School.

C. O. Nevers. 13

Moderato.



1. As - sem-bled in our school once more, O Lord, thy bless-ing we im-plore ; We meet to read, and



sing, and ; pray Be with us then thro' this thy day, Be with us then thro' this thy day.



2. Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3. When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

The Happy Spirit-Land.*

*Carl Reden.**Moderato.*

Girls.

1. I think I see it in the clouds That glow with gold-en light; Yon fair and hap-py
2. Those hap-py spir - its sometimes come To me in bliss - ful dreams; Their robes are spotless

Boys.

spir - it-land, Oh, vis - ion pure and bright! And, as I gaze in si - lent awe, Its wonders I be -
white, and lo! Each form in glo - ry beams: They seem to call me far a-way From earth and friends I

CHORUS.

hold: I see be - fore me gates of pearl, More beau - ti - ful than gold. It is the hap - py
love; To join them in their blest a - bode, Their heav'nly home a - bove. It is the, &c.

The Happy Spirit-Land.—Concluded.

15

spir-it-land, That bright and heavenly home, Where Je - sus waits with outstretched arms, And bids his children, "Come."

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Lofty Strains.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. In life's gay morn let chil - dren learn To love the sa - cred place of prayer ;
2. Let buoy - ant hearts har - mo - nious blend As youth - ful lips are tuned to sing ;

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

From sin - ful ways de - light to turn, And ear - ly pay their trib - ute there.
And loft - y strains of praise as - cend, To heaven's ex - alt - ed, glo - rious King.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

My Home beyond the Sky.*

Carl Roden.

ADAPTED TO THE TUNE OF "THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF."

Moderato.

1. When the world is still and sleep-ing, Nest - ling in se - cure re - pose, 'Tis a time for

CHORUS.

thought and weep-ing— Tears will some-times light-en woes. When the mid - night stars are burn-ing

Brightly o'er this world of ours, Up-ward then my fleet thoughts turning, Wan-der 'mid the stel-lar bowers.

2. Then I see, from faith's high station,
 Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend;
 Then I know the soul's salvation,
 Blending joys that never end.
 White-robed seraphs sweet are singing
 Songs of praise to Him they love;
 Infant voices, too, are ringing
 Through those heavenly groves above.

3. By still waters some are straying,
 'Mid the flowers that never die;
 Some their golden harps are playing
 In that home beyond the sky.
 Pure and happy all are seeming;
 Would that I could join them now!
 Ended then would be this dreaming,
 Hope and joy would crown my brow.

Jesus loves me.

17

WORDS BY S. J. GOODENOUGH.
Gently.

Carl Roden.

1. Je - sus loves me, for me has died; His pierced hands, and feet, and side, Speak par - don

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, Bb3, and C4.

for my sins, and I, Thro' his a - tonement, may not die, Thro' his a - tonement, may not die.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It ends with a double bar line. The treble staff has a final note of G4, and the bass staff has a final note of G3.

2. Come, then, Jesus, and take my heart,
And may I choose that better part;
Which none shall take away from me,
Now, nor through all eternity.

3. Precious Saviour, I do believe
That my poor soul thou wilt receive;
And take me to thine arms, at last,
When all the storms of life are past.

4. Thus, believing, my faith and love
Abide, though heaven and earth remove;
And storms of sorrow cannot drown
My soul, thus anchored to the throne.

5. Then shall I rise to worlds of light,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,—
And prayer in endless praise to thee,
Who bought my pardon on the tree.

Joyous Chorus.

Spiritedly.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. I want to join the ran - somed, And with the ran-somed stand, And
 2. An - gels look on in won - der, They can - not join that song, They

with the ransomed stand; A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my
 can - not join that song; But list in si - lent rap - ture, While saints the notes pro -

CHORUS.

hand. I want to join their cho - rus, My voice I want to raise; And
 long. Make me a saint in glo - ry; O, let me see thy face, Like

Joyous Chorus.—Concluded.

19

swell the song so joy - ous To my Re-deem-er's praise. I want to join their cho - rus, My
those who, now be - fore thee, Re - peat thy wondrous grace. Make me a saint in glo - ry; O,

voice I want to raise, And swell the song so joy - ous, To my Re - deem - er's praise.
let me see thy face, Like those who, now be - fore thee, Re - peat thy won - drous grace.

3. They cast their crowns before thee,
They hail thee, Saviour, King;
And while they thus adore thee,
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.

4. I would not be an angel—
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ the crucified.
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At his right hand he'll place me
In our eternal home.

Just as thou art.

*Carl Reuden.**Moderato.*

1. Just as thou art— without one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace, Or
2. Thy sins I bore on Cal - vary's tree; The stripes, thy due, were laid on me, That

meet - ness for the heav - en - ly place, O guilt - y sin - ner, come, O come!
peace and par - don might be free— O wretched sin - ner, come, O come!

3. Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
O weary sinner, come, O come!

4. Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come, O come!

5. Come hither; bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O trembling sinner, come, O come!

6. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
The Saviour bids thee "come, O come!"

Just as I am.

Carl Peden.

21

Moderato.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And

that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am: thy love as shown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HYMN—"Just as thou art," &c.

The Heavenly Choir.

*Carl Peden.**Cheerfully.*

1. How sweet-ly sound the lyres a - bove When an - gels touch the quivering string, And
 2. And sweet, on earth, the cho - ral swell, From mor - tal tongues, of glad-some lays; When

CHORUS.

wake, to chant the Father's love, Such strains as an - gel lips can sing. O, sweetly they touch their
 pardoned souls their raptures tell, And, grateful, hymn the Saviour's praise. O, sweetly they touch, &c.

harps of gold As they swell the glad cho - rus of praise; O, sweet-ly they touch their

harps of gold As they swell the glad cho-rus of praise; The cho-rus of joy and praise.

The image shows a musical score for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The melody is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the notes.

3. Great God, thy name we now adore;
 We own the bond that makes us thine:
 And earthly joys that charmed before,
 For Christ, our Saviour, we resign.

4. In thee we trust, on thee rely;
 Though we are feeble, thou art strong:
 O, keep us till our spirits fly
 To join the bright, immortal throng.

Trust in God.

E. O. Nevers.

Moderato.

1. I will not be a-fraid at night When all a-lone I lie, And darkness takes the place of light; For God is nigh.
 2. His shelt'ring arm supports my head, And loving-ly he keeps A constant watch around my bed; God nev-er sleeps.

The image shows a musical score for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The melody is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the notes.

*Cheerfully.***Summer Days.***Karl Peden.*

1. How beau-ti-ful the morning, When summer days are long, When merry birds are sing-ing Their
 2. "Up in the morning ear-ly, 'Tis nature's gay-est hour;" And seek the tints so pearl-y On
 3. The dew-y grass all wav-ing Be-neath a ver-nal sky; The flowers their tribute bringing, Pro-

CHORUS.

light and blithesome song. Then in the morning ear-ly A-wake to nature's voice; O
 ev-'ry op'ning flower; And gather, like the hum-ble bee, Fresh sweets from ev'ry bower; Then
 claim that God is nigh. And na-ture smiles on ev'ry thing With-out one cheerless sigh. Then

take delight, with thy heart a-right, For the blessings of the morn, For the blessings of the morn.
 take delight, with thy heart a-right, For the blessings of the day, For the blessings of the day.
 take delight, with thy heart a-right, For the blessings of the day, For the blessings of the day.

Zion's Nursery.

Carl Roden. 25

With Animation.

1. Thou, who didst with love and blessing Gather Zion's babes to thee, Still a Saviour's love ex-pressing,

Musical notation for the first verse, consisting of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

CHORUS.

Now the babes of Zi - on see. Bless the la - bors, Bless the la - bors That would bring... them

Musical notation for the first line of the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps.

up for thee. Bless the la - bors, Bless the la - bors That would bring them up for thee.

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of three sharps.

2. Smile upon our weak endeavor—
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Let them rise, to live forever!
Train, O train them for the sky!
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3. Lord, with humble fervor bending,
We thy blessing would entreat;
Let thy Spirit, now descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet:
Straight to Zion
Guide the young inquirer's feet.

This World so Fair.

Moderato.

MUSIC FROM "SPRING HOLIDAY."*

1. 'Twas God who made this world so fair, The shin - ing sun, the sky, the air ; 'Twas God who made the

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

sea, the ground, And all the things I see a - round, And all the things I see a - round.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2.

When he began the world to make,
 These were the mighty words he spake :
 " Let there be light," his voice was heard,
 And the obedient light appeared.

3.

The angels saw the light arise,
 And with their praises filled the skies :
 " How great our God ; how wise, how strong !"
 Such is their never-ending song.

Heavenward Bound.

Carl Roden.

27

Cheerfully.



1. We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, To a land where all is light; Where are flowing, flowing, flowing,
2. We are sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, As we joy - ful pass a-long; Hear the ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing,
3. We are praying, praying, praying, For the sin-ners all around; Who are straying, straying, straying,



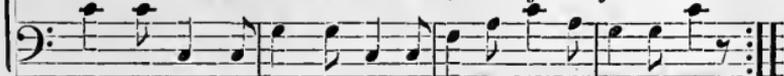
CHORUS.



Liv-ing wa-ters, pure and bright; Here we learn redemption's story, Here we seek our Saviour's grace,
Of our glad, triumphant song; Hap - pi-ness our hearts is swelling, As we ev - er upward tend,
In a mis - er - y profound; We are long-ing to behold them Tread with us the heavenly road;



There we shall behold his glory, Worshiping before his face.
And we cannot cease from telling Of our precious heavenly Friend.
In our arms we would enfold them, As we journey home to God.



4.

Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
Pace we on with prayer and song;
Hasting to the meeting, meeting
Of the blood-washed, ransom'd throng.
Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
Help us faithful still to prove;
Then, at home with thee for ever,
May we gathered be above.

While yet 'tis Time.*

Carl Riedel.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, he mourned for us While here be - low; Je - sus, he died for us While here be - low.
 2. Je - sus, he lov - eth us Vile tho' we be; Je - sus, he pleads for us Vile tho' we be.

CHORUS.

Come, let us haste to him While yet 'tis time; Come, give your hearts to him While yet 'tis time.

3. Jesus, he calls for us,
 Calls for us now;
 Jesus, he waits for us,
 Waits for us now.—*Chorus.*

4. Jesus, he has a place
 For such as we;
 A happy dwelling-place
 For such as we.—*Chorus.*

Lida.

Carl Roden.

29

Gently.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice :
 2. Hith - er come, for here is found - Balm for ev - ry bleed - ing wound,

I will guide you to your home— Wea - ry pil - grim! hith - er come.
 Peace which ev - er shall en - dure— Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure!

1. DEPTH of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
4. Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

Christ in the Vessel.

*Carl Roden.**With Animation.*

1. Be - gone, un - be - lief, My Sav - iour is near, And for my re - lief Will

sure - ly ap - pear: By prayer let me wres - tle And he will per - form; With

CHORUS.

Christ in the ves - sel I smile at the storm. By prayer let me wres - tle And

he will per - form; With Christ in the ves - sel I smile at the storm.

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the top staff, aligned with the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2. Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide.
 His way was much rougher
 And darker than mine;
 Did Jesus thus suffer,
 And shall I reprove?—*Chorus.*

3. So anxious to save,
 He watched o'er my path
 When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death.
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me
 To put me to shame?—*Chorus.*

4. Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less.
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow the Lord.—*Chorus.*

5. His love in time past
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink.
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant
 The conqueror's song.—*Chorus.*

The Mourner's Tear.

Gently.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when de-ceived and

wound-ed here, If, when de-ceived and wound-ed here, We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

3. But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4. O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5. Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Martha.

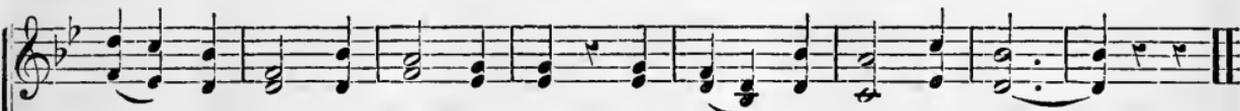
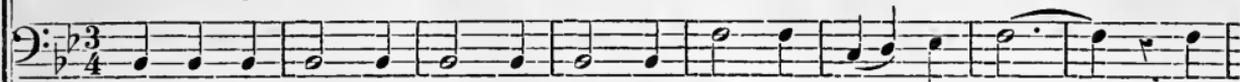
Carl Roden.

33

Gently.



1. *She* is not here, with whom so oft We sought this sa - cred fane,..... *Her*
 2. *She* is not here, who wise - ly strove The pearl of price to find,..... And



- seat is emp - ty,—*her* light step Re - turn - eth not a - gain.....
 stored *her* faith - ful teach - er's word Safe in a low - ly mind.....



3. And since no more to earthly scenes
 Our *sister* can return,
 O, may we side by side with *her* ·
 An angel's lessons learn ;

4. Where sin and death can never come,
 To mar our peaceful rest,
 We'll mingle with *her* tuneful voice
 In anthems of the blest.

Cheerfully. *Fine.*

1. Help us to praise thy name While we are young ; Let us thy truth proclaim With heart and tongue.
2. Keep us in peace and joy Thro' childhood's days ; Keep ev'-ry girl and boy In wisdom's ways :

D. C.

Bright an-gels from the skies Look down with gladsome eyes When thy sweet praises rise By children sung.
So shall we all be free From sin and mis-er-y, And heaven our home shall be ; Thine all the praise.

The Saviour's Betrayal.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. When Je - sus on the earth a - bode Some friends he had, tho' few ; Their love, a - las ! too

The Saviour's Betrayal.—Concluded.

35

faint-ly flowed, Yet 'twas sin-cere and true. But one there was whose heart was cold Who

did not love his Lord, But sought of sil-ver and of gold To make a plenteous hoard.

2. His wicked thoughts he hid from all,
And piously would speak;
The Saviour "Lord and Master" call,
And even kiss his cheek.
Though none besides the sin perceived,
So closely veiled by art,
Yet *He* could never be deceived
Who searches every heart.
3. He saw him in the depth of night,
To gain a base reward,
Promise the Jews to please their spite,
And to betray his Lord.

- Thus Judas gold and silver chose
Instead of joys above,
And plunged his soul in endless woes,
And lost his Master's love.
4. And such will be my wretched end,
Whatever I appear,
If God I care not to offend,
And man alone I fear.
If I, like Judas, talk and pray,
And yet in secret steal,
I shall be punished in that day
When God shall all reveal.

Good Tidings.

Carl Roden.

With Animation.

1. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young; Till the pre - cious
 2. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion O'er the prai-ries of the West; Till each gathering
 3. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Mingling with the o - cean's roar; Till the ships of
 4. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion O'er the islands of the sea; Till, in hum-ble
 5. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Till the world shall hear the call; And with joy - ous

CHORUS.

in - vi - ta - tion Wa - ken ev - 'ry heart and tongue. Send the sound The earth a - round,
 con - gre - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest. Send the sound The earth a - round, &c.
 ev - 'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore. Send the sound The earth a - round, &c.
 ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee. Send the sound The earth a - round, &c.
 ac - cla - ma - tion, Crown the Saviour Lord of all. Send the sound The earth a - round, &c.

Send the sound The earth a - round, Send the sound, Send the sound The earth a - round.

Spread thy Wings.

37

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE SCOTCH EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. What is life? 'Tis but a va - por; Soon it van - ish - es a - way: Life is
2. See that glo - ry, how re - splendent! Bright-er far than fan - cy - paints; There, in

CHORUS.
but a dy - ing ta - per; O my soul, why wish to stay? Spread thy wings, spread thy wings,
ma - jes - ty tran - scendent, Je - sus reigns, the King of saints. Spread thy wings, spread, &c.

spread thy wings, my soul, and fly; Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings and fly.

3. Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.—*Chorus.*

4. Go, and share his people's glory;
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.—*Chorus.*

Do any ask why Children sing?

*E. O. Nevers.**Cheerfully.*

1. In - vit - ed by a Saviour's love, We meet to praise his sacred name; The church below, the

CHORUS.

church a - bove, U - nite his glo - ry to proclaim; And in - fant voi - ces join to swell The

cho - rus to Im - man - u - el; And in - fant voi - ces join to swell The cho - rus to Im - man - u - el.

2. Do any ask why children sing,
 And why approach thy heavenly seat?
 It is that we, O Lord, may bring
 And lay our tribute at thy feet.
 Since thou for children too wast slain,
 Thou wilt not deem their praises vain.

3. Lord, with thy love each bosom fill,
 And bid each heart aspire to thee;
 Make us desire to do thy will,
 From sin and folly set us free.
 Did Jesus die that we might live?
 To Jesus then our souls we give.

Come, join our Sabbath Song. *Wail Reden.* 39

Cheerfully.

1. Come, join our Sab-bath song On this the ho - ly day; We know that an - gel

CHORUS.

harps a - bove U - nite to swell the lay. Come, join our hap - py Sab-bath song,

Sabbath song, our Sabbath song; Come, join our happy Sabbath song, U - nite to swell the lay.

2. Come to our Sabbath-school—
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, every boy and every girl,
Our sacred pleasure share.—*Chorus.*

3. And in the house above,
Not made with human hand,
We'll sing at last the Sabbath song
In one unbroken band.—*Chorus.*

Jordan's Shore.

Cheerfully.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM GORIA EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. When the ho - ly day has come, And the Sabbath - breakers roam, I de - light to
 2. In the book of ho - ly truth, Full of coun-sel and re-proof, We be - hold the

leave my home For the Sun-day-school. For 'tis there we all a-gree, All with hap-py
 guide of youth At the Sun-day-school. When we bow to him in prayer, And his gracious

CHORUS.

hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the Sun-day - school. When we min-gle
 blessing share, We are free from ev - 'ry care At the Sun-day - school. When we, &c.

Jordan's Shore.—Concluded.

41

here no more, But have met on Jordan's shore, We will talk of moments o'er At the Sunday-school.

The Morning of Life.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. The morn of life, how fair and gay, How cheering and how new! What hopes illumine the
2. But slipp'ry is the path we tread; In pleasure's dangerous way A thousand snares are

open - ing day, And bright - en ev - 'ry view.
round us spread, And oft our feet be - tray.

3. How shall we, then, our course pursue
Through life's uncertain road?
What friendly hand will point our view
To duty and to God?
4. In God's own Word the way is sure,
And plain to every eye;
It leads us, in a path secure,
To brighter worlds on high.

God speed the Right!

Carl Roden.

1. Broth - ers, sing with voice u - nit - ed, "God speed the right!" Sis - ters, join with
 2. Be ye firm and be en - dur - ing, "God speed the right!" Al - ways in the
 3. When life's con - flicts all are o - ver, "God speed the right!" May we ne'er prove

hearts de - light - ed, "God speed the right!" Lo! the winds in si - lence bear - ing,
 right pur - su - ing, "God speed the right!" When all ob - sta - cles im - pede thee,
 faith - less, nev - er, "God speed the right!" When all earth - ly ties are sun - dered,

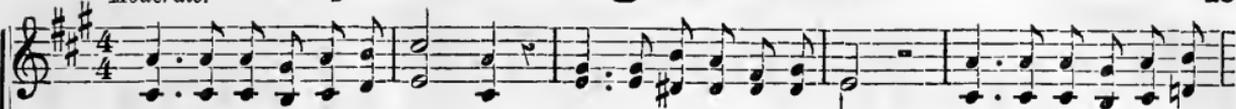
Lo! all na - ture's voice pro - claim - ing, "God speed the right!" God speed the right!"
 Trust in heaven for strength to aid thee: "God speed the right!" God speed the right!"
 When our days on earth are numbered, "God speed the right!" God speed the right!"

Moderato.

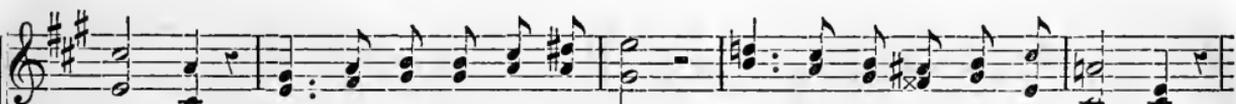
If you wish to go to Heaven.

C. O. Nevers.

43



1. If you wish to go to heav - en, And are anxious to be good; If you long for heavenly
2. There is nothing you can tell him That he will not un-der-stand; He will lead you as a
3. If your precious soul shall perish You will have yourself to blame; For the Lord will gladly



wis - dom, As the hungry long for food; You should tell your heavenly Fa - ther,
moth - er Leads her in - fant by the hand; With the Bi - ble laid be - fore you,
save you If you call up - on his name. He has charged us all to fol - low



You should ask him to impart Such a blessing from his Spir - it As will sanc - ti - fy your heart.
And his Spirit for your guide, You may learn to know and love him Thro' the Lord, the Cruci - fied.
In the footsteps which he trod; That, by looking at the Saviour, We may learn the mind of God.



Thy Will be done. C. M.

*E. O. News.**Gently.*

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God, the Ho - ly One; With fil - ial love and trust to
 2. We in these sacred words can find A cure for ev - 'ry ill; They calm and soothe the troubled

say, "Fa - ther, thy will be done."
 mind, And bid all care be still.

3. O let that will, which gave me breath
 And an immortal soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.
4. O could my heart thus ever pray,
 Thus imitate thy Son!
 Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Gently.

Mary's Tears.

Karl Roden.

1. And why is Ma - ry full of fears? Her eye—why so bedimmed with tears? Ah, why is Ma - ry

Mary's Tears.—Concluded.

45

CHORUS.

full of fears While gaz-ing on that grave? She can-not find the bod-y there Of

One who lives, who's standing near, Of One who lives, who's standing near, Whose arm from death can save.

2. "Why weepest thou?" the Saviour cries;
"I've lost my Lord," she quick replies,
She thinks not it is he.
He speaks again; his voice she knows,
And now her heart with joy o'erflows,
Her dearest Lord she sees.
3. And is he not forever near,
Although his voice we cannot hear,
Nor see his glorious face?

- Yes; over us his wings are spread,
And blessings still are gently shed,
For he fills every place.
4. The day shall come when, in the skies,
We shall behold *Him* with our eyes,
Will know as we are known;
But while we wait for that glad day
We'll wipe our bitter tears away,
Since we are not alone.

The Ascension.

With Animation.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Bless-ed Lord, I see thee pray-ing, While thy friends a-round thee stand: Clouds I see thy
2. Art thou, Lord, for me pre-par-ing In thy Fa-ther's house a place? And thy prayers I

CHORUS.

form con-vey-ing To thy Fa-ther's own right hand. An-gels now thy friends are cheering
would be shar-ing, Lest I should for-sake thy ways. Sav-iour, O, when shall I see thee

With bright hopes of thy re-turn: Looking for thy last appearing, Why should they thine absence mourn?
On the clouds in glo-ry ride, From all sorrow come to free me, And to place me by thy side.

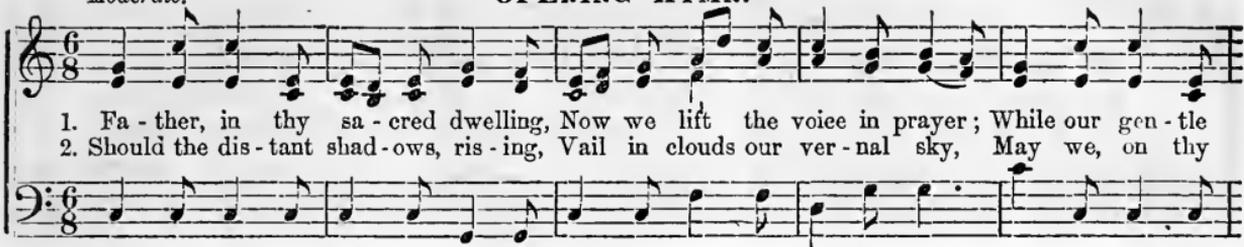
HYMN—"Come, thou Fount of every blessing."

Life's Voyage.

Karl Beden. 47

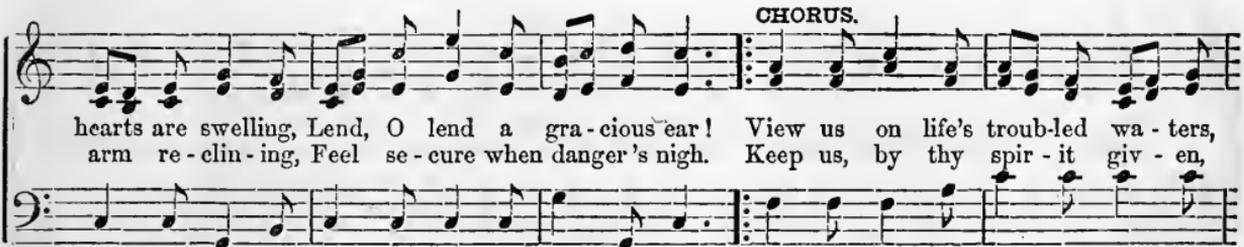
Moderato.

OPENING HYMN.

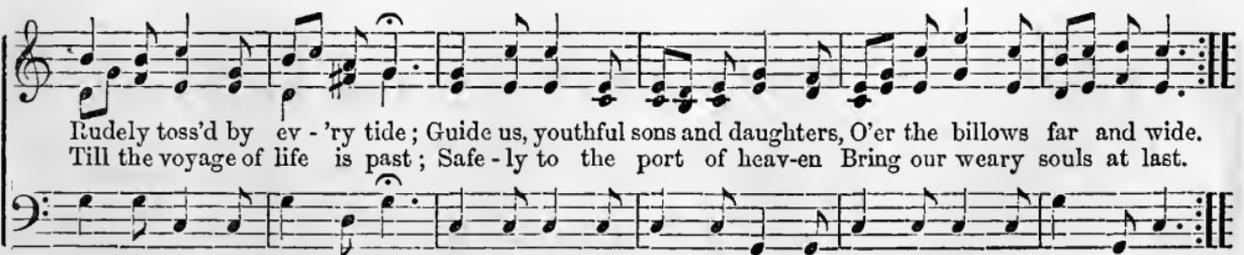


1. Fa - ther, in thy sa - cred dwelling, Now we lift the voice in prayer; While our gen - tle
2. Should the dis - tant shad - ows, ris - ing, Vail in clouds our ver - nal sky, May we, on thy

CHORUS.



hearts are swelling, Lend, O lend a gra - cious ear! View us on life's troub - led wa - ters,
arm re - clin - ing, Feel se - cure when danger's nigh. Keep us, by thy spir - it giv - en,



Rudely toss'd by ev - 'ry tide; Guide us, youthful sons and daughters, O'er the billows far and wide.
Till the voyage of life is past; Safe - ly to the port of heav - en Bring our weary souls at last.

HYMN—"Saviour, while my heart is tender," &c.

The Blessed Bible.

Carl Roden.

Spiritedly.

1. We wont give up the Bi-ble, God's ho-ly book of truth, The bless-ed staff of
 2. We wont give up the Bi-ble, For it a-lone can tell The way to save our

hoar-y age, The guide of ear-ly youth,—The lamp which sheds a glorious light O'er ev-'ry dreary
 ruined souls From be-ing sent to hell. And it a-lone can tell us how We can have hopes of

CHORUS.

road,—The voice which speaks a Saviour's love, And leads us home to God. We wont give up the
 heaven—That thro' the Saviour's precious blood Our sins may be forgiven. We wont give up the

The Blessed Bible.—Concluded.

49



Bi-ble, God's ho - ly book of truth; We wont give up the Bi-ble, The guide of ear - ly youth.
Bi-ble, God's ho - ly book of truth; We wont give up the Bi-ble, The guide of ear - ly youth.



3. We wont give up the Bible;

But if ye force away

What is as our own life-blood dear,

We still with joy could say:

"The words that we have learned while young

Shall follow all our days;

For they're engraven on our own hearts,

And you cannot erase."

We wont give up the Bible, &c.

4. We wont give up the Bible,—

We'll shout it far and wide,

Until the echo shall be heard

Beyond the rolling tide.

Till all shall know that we, though young,

Withstand each treach'rous art:

And that from God's own sacred word

We'll never, never part!

We wont give up the Bible, &c.

Happy Children.

Hail Peden.

Cheerfully.



1. What happy children we! What pleasant times we see! In the Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, What happy children we!

2. Our dearest teachers meet, And smiling children greet. In the Sunday-school, &c.



Jesus in the Sepulchre.

Gently.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. In the cold grave the Saviour's sleeping, While an - gels bright are watching near; At home his

lov - ing friends are weeping, For they have lost their Master dear, For they have lost their Master dear.

2. His painful sufferings now are ended;
 His wounded body is at rest;
 His soul, from every ill defended,
 Reposes on his Father's breast,
 Reposes on his Father's breast.

3. Then when to die the Lord shall call me,
 O why should I the cold grave fear?
 For how should any ill befall me
 Since my dear Saviour once laid there?
 Since my dear Saviour once laid there?

Welcome, Sweet Morn.

Carl Roden. 51

Cheerfully.



1. We hail, sweet morn, we greet with joy, Thy ho - ly light, thy blest employ; And come, a lit - tle
2. An offering to our heavenly King Of glad ho - san - nas now we bring; And hope at last in



CHORUS.

favored band, One sa - cred hour with Christ to spend. Our youthful hearts would humbly pray That
his em - brace, Se - cure from sin, to find a place. O it shall be our constant prayer, That



he will bless our school to - day; To him our joy - ful notes of praise With one u - nit - ed voice we raise.
we may here his blessings share; Then go and live at Christ's right hand, A joyful, hap - py, favored band.



This Morning, Lord, attend.

E. C. Revons.

Moderato.

1. This morn - ing, Lord, at - tend, While we are bowed in prayer; And from thy glo - rious
2. Make this thy dwell - ing - place, While we as - sem - bled stay; In - spire each youthful

throne de - scend, And in our midst ap - pear.
soul with grace, And wash our sins a - way.

3. O let this morning be
Devoted to thy ways;
And consecrate our school to thee,
And fill each heart with praise.
4. To child and teacher, Lord,
Be thy best favors given;
And may we all, with one accord,
Make sure our way to heaven.

Cheerfully.

The Shepherd Boy.

E. C. Revons.

1. Good David, whose psalms have so oft - en been sung, At first was not no - ble or grand, But

on - ly a shepherd boy, when he was young, Though af - ter - ward king of the land.

CHORUS.

He tend - ed his flocks on the pastures by day, And kept them in safe - ty by night; And

though a poor shepherd, he did not de - lay To do what was ho - ly and right.

2. For while he sat watching his sheep in the fold,
To guard them from danger abroad,
It then was his greatest delight, we are told,
To think on the works of the Lord.
3. Thus seeking so early for knowledge and truth,
His childhood in wisdom began,

- And therefore the Lord was the guide of his youth,
And made him so mighty a man.
4. So he soon was made king, for the prophet foretold
That God meant to honor him thus;
And if we will serve him like David of old,
The Lord will be mindful of us.

Cheerfully.

1. Sweet Sab-bath-school, place dear to me,.. Wher-e'er thro' life I roam, Wher-

CHORUS.

e'er thro' life I roam, My heart will oft-en turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath

home. My heart will oft-en turn to thee, My child-hood's Sab-bath home.

2. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

3. When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

Mercy's Voice.

Walt Peden. 55

Moderato.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Father's face ; Those warm desires that

CHORUS.
in thee burn Were kindled by re - claim - ing grace. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And

wipe a - way the falling tear ; 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn," 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

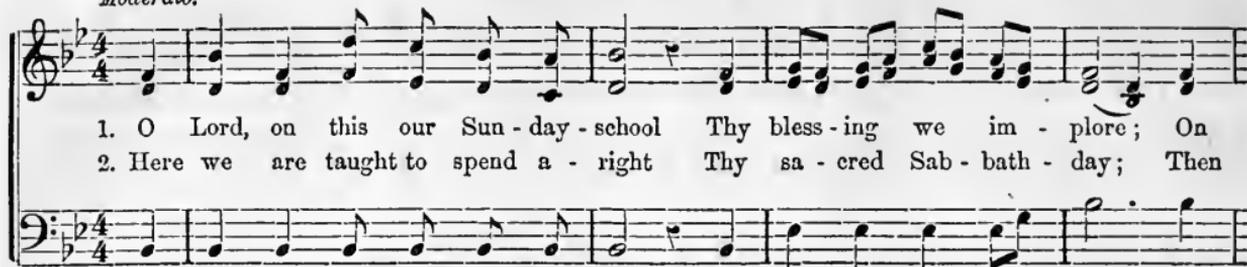
2. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

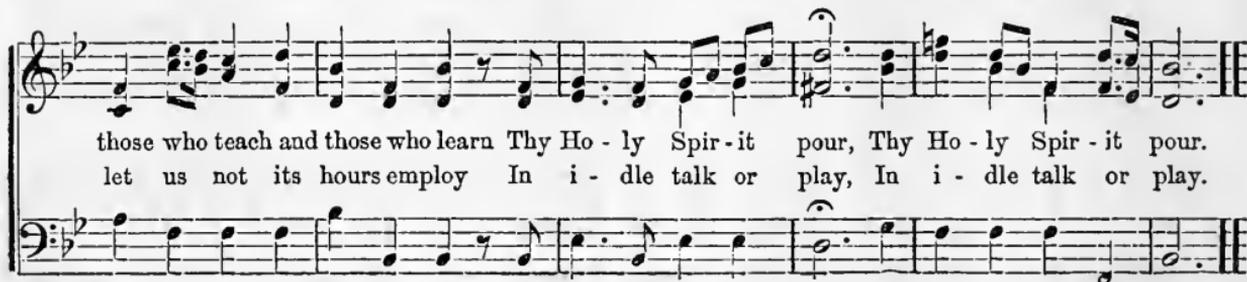
Blessings Implored.

*E. O. News.**Moderato.*

OPENING HYMN.



1. O Lord, on this our Sun-day-school Thy bless-ing we im-plore; On
2. Here we are taught to spend a-right Thy sa-cred Sab-bath-day; Then



those who teach and those who learn Thy Ho-ly Spir-it pour, Thy Ho-ly Spir-it pour.
let us not its hours employ In i-dle talk or play, In i-dle talk or play.

3. Here too we learn with thankful joy
To seek thy house of prayer;
Then let us hear, and praise and pray
In truth and spirit there.

4. And here we read thy blessed word,
The message of thy will;
May we indeed its truths believe,
Its righteous laws fulfill.

Doubting Thomas.

Carl Roden.

57

Moderato.

1. "And can the Lord be ris - en?" The doubting Thomas said; "And has he broke the
2. "Come, feel those wounded plac - es," Je - sus to Thomas said; "Come, see the cer - tain

CHORUS.

pris - on Where late - ly he was laid? Un - less I feel, un - less I see, I
trac - es Of blood that I have shed. Be - hold, I stand be - fore your eye, O,

nev - er can be - lieve 'tis he, be - lieve 'tis he."
do you now be - lieve 'tis I? be - lieve 'tis I?"

3.

My Lord, thou art still living,
And clothed in white array,
The Holy Spirit giving
To all who humbly pray;
And though I neither feel nor see,
I still believe that thou art he.

Humility of Jesus.

*Carl Peders.**Slowly.*

1. When the sad hour was al-most come That Je - sus must de - part, He gathered in an

up - per room Those near - est to his heart.

HYMN—"There is a fountain filled with blood."

2. Ah, great was their astonishment
When, rising from his seat,
Upon the floor he lowly bent
To wash his servants' feet.
3. "O, let the love that I have shown
By you remembered be;
And by *your* love let it be known
That you belong to me."

Gently.

Passing Away.

E. O. Nevers.

1. The gold - en orbs that gem the sky With ev - 'ry beam - ing ray, Pro - claim, as on their
2. Im - min - gled with my par - ent dust, As though I ne'er had birth, Life's sweetest ties and

Passing Away.—Concluded.

59

course they fly, "Thou soon must pass a - way." The lit - tle flowers that lift their head, And
pleasures must For ev - er cease on earth. But hope fore-tells a hap - pier land, A

in the zephyrs wave, Be - fore the cir - cing year has sped May blossom o'er my grave.
more ex - alt - ed sphere, Where we shall meet the saint - ed band We loved and lost while here.

3. Faith's piercing eye, beyond the tomb,
Discerns that distant shore,
Where clustering joys immortal bloom
To fade and die no more.
Where friendship's bonds, with charms divine,
In permanence endure;
And souls rejoined in glory shine,
Of endless bliss secure.

4. No withering change that region knows,
No tears of woe are found;
No storms to blast the heavenly rose
That grows on Eden's ground.
Then seek, my soul, that holy way
Believers ever trod;
By faith thy Saviour's words obey,
And thou shalt rest with God.

My Heavenly Home.

*Carl Reden.**With Spirit.*

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there: Its glitt'ring towers the
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky: When from this earth-ly

sun out-shine; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine, That man-sion shall be mine.
pris-on free, That heavenly man-sion mine shall be, That man-sion mine shall be.

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

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

Flight of the Hours.

61

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

Moderato.

1. The hours are viewless an - gels, And still go glid-ing by, And bear each moment's record up To
2. And as we spend each min-ute, That God to us hath given, The deeds are known before his throne—The



- Him who sits on high, And bear each mo-ment's re-cord up To Him who sits on high.
tale is told in Heaven, The deeds are known be-fore his throne—The tale is told in Heaven.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hov'ring
Forever round our hearts.</p> <p>4. Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel-hours.</p> | <p>5. And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
This mission-flight, by day or night,
No magic flower can stay.</p> <p>6. So teach me, heavenly Father,
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison-flower.</p> |
|---|--|

The Little Straying Lamb.

*Carl Roden.**With Animation.*

1. And is it true what I am told, That there are lambs with-in the fold Of God's be-lov-ed Son? That

Jesus Christ, with tender care, Will in his arms most gently bear The helpless "little one?" The helpless "little one?"

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
 Though goodness I have none ;
May now be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
 And be his "little one."</p> <p>3. And he can do all this for me,
Because, in sorrow on the tree
 He once for sinners hung ;
And having washed their sins away,
He now is waiting, day by day,
 To cleanse the "little one."</p> | <p>4. Others there are who love me, too,
But who, with all their love can do
 What Jesus Christ hath done ?
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
 Lord, bless thy "little one."</p> <p>5. Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
 Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His
 Who loves the "little one."</p> |
|--|--|

Linger Not.

C. O. Nevers.

63

With Animation.

1. Lin - ger not, lin - ger not; earth is not thy rest; Thy home is a - bove, 'mid the

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

ransom'd and blest; Toil on till thy work of pro - ba - tion is done; The crown is not

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

thine till the vic - to - ry is won.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

2. Linger not, linger not; pause not for this world;
The hosts of the Lord bear a banner unfurl'd;
Its sign is the Cross, and its motto must be,
We bear this, O Saviour, in following thee.
3. Linger not, linger not; seek thy God in prayer;
Go kneel at his feet—he will meet with thee there;
Go ask, for his sake, that thy sins be forgiven;
Go seek for his merit—thy title to heaven.

The Shepherd's Rest.

E. O. News.

DEATH OF A TEACHER.

Gently.

1. What tho' the arm of conq'ring death Does now our peace in - vade ; What tho' our teach - er
2. Tho' earth - ly shepherds sink to rest, No more to guide the young ; The watchful eye in

and our friend Is num - ber'd with the dead ; -
dark - ness closed, And dumb th' in - structive tongue ; -

3. The heavenly Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart :
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.
4. Thy spirit, dearest teacher, fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
O, may such grace on us be shed
To make our end like thine.

Jesus comes to Reign.

E. O. News.

With Animation.

1. Come, and sing with joy and gladness ; El - evate your hearts in praise ; Come, dismiss all gloom and

Jesus comes to Reign.—Concluded.

65

CHORUS.

sad - ness; High your songs ex - ult - ing raise. Come, and sweet - ly tune your voi - ces;

Raise them to a loft-y strain; Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices; Shout! for Jesus comes to reign.

2. With the angel choirs uniting,
Sing of Jesus' wondrous love;
'Tis a subject so delighting,
Thrilling all the harps above.—*Chorus.*
3. Glory! hear the angels crying,
Glory to the Saviour's name!
Shall not children, with them vieing,
Here, on earth, his praise proclaim?—*Cho.*

4. Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure
That they should not hold their peace;
And his blessings, without measure,
He bestow'd on such as these.—*Chorus.*
5. Then to heaven high ascending
Shall our anthems quickly rise;
With angelic voices blending
Far above yon azure skies.—*Chorus.*

Siloam's Shady Rill.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.</p> <p>3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.</p> | <p>4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.</p> <p>5. O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.</p> |
|--|---|

Can you yet Delay?

E. O. Nevels.

67

With Animation.

1. The Sav-iour calls—let ev - 'ry ear At - tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubt-ing souls, dis-
 2. For ev - 'ry thirst - y, long-ing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And life and health and

CHORUS.

miss your fear; Hope smiles reviving round. Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice; That gracious voice o-
 bliss impart, To ban-ish mor - tal woe. Ye sinners, &c.

bey; Mer - cy in-vites to heavenly joys, And can you yet de - lay? And can you yet de-lay?

3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain;
 Immortal fountain! full supplies!
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.—*Chorus.*

4. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
 To thee let sinners fly;
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.—*Chorus.*

Haste to Jesus.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Hear, O sin-ner! mer-cy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls; Bids you haste to
 2. Haste, O sin-ner! to the Saviour; Seek his mer-cy while you may; Soon the day of

CHORUS.

seek the Saviour Ere the hand of jus-tice falls. Trust in Je-sus, Trust in Je-sus; 'Tis the
 grace is o-ver; Soon your life will pass a-way! Haste to Je-sus, Haste to Je-sus; You must

voice of mer-cy calls. Trust in Je-sus, Trust in Je-sus; 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls.
 per-ish if you stay. Haste to Je-sus, Haste to Je-sus; You must per-ish if you stay.

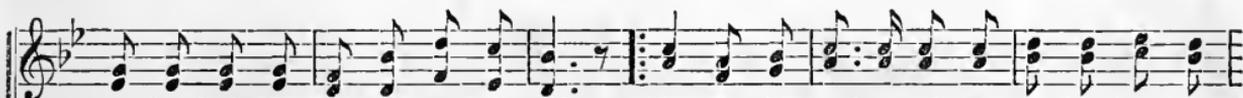
He makes his Mother Sad.

E. O. News. 69

Boldly.

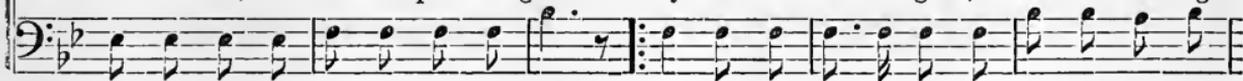


1. He makes his moth - er sad, The proud, un - rul - y child, Who will not brook Her
2. He makes his moth - er sad, Who turns from wisdom's way; Whose stubborn will, Re -
3. O! who so sad as he Who, o'er a parent's grave, Too late repents, Too

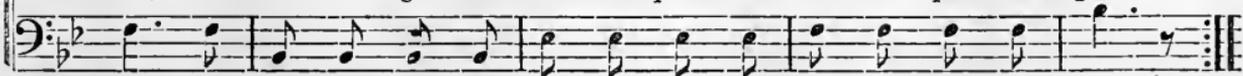


warning look, Nor hear her counsels mild.
bel - ling still, Re - fus - es to o - bey.
late laments, The bit - ter pain he gave?

He makes his mother sad, Who, in his thoughtless
He makes his mother sad, And sad his lot must
May we ne'er know such grief, Nor cause one feeling



mirth, Can e'er for - get His might - y debt To her who gave him birth.
prove; A moth - er's fears, A moth - er's tears, Are marked by God a - bove.
sad; Let our de - light Be to re - quite, And make our par - ents glad.



Sister, thou wast mild and lovely. *S. F. Goodenough.*

Gently.

1. *Sis - ter*, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the sum-mer breeze, Pleasant as the
 2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slumber, Peace-ful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt

air of eve-ning When it floats a - mong the trees.
 join our num-ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dearest *sister*, thou hast left us!
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
 He can all our sorrow heal.
4. Yet again we hope to meet thee
 When the day of life is fled;
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

Spiritedly.

Festal Day.

E. O. Nevers.

1. Come, let us tune our voi - ces, And in a joy - ful lay... U - nite as each re-
 2. The star that guides to glo - ry Still lures our youth-ful eyes, And Love's re-dee-ning

Festal Day.—Concluded.

71

CHORUS.

joic - es To hail this fes - tal day. Still life and light sur - round - ing De -
sto - ry Still urg - es to the skies. The young are still in - vit - ed To

mand a - new our praise, And this our bo - soms bounding In high - est transports raise.
come where all are blest, And ev - en babes un - slight - ed To Je - sus' heart are press'd.

3. And still he stands inviting ;
Yet some, alas! from choice
The blessed Saviour slighting,
Refuse to hear his voice.
O! while he stands beseeching,
Shall we dare disobey.
His Holy Spirit's teaching,
Which bids us come to-day?

4. We come! the strain is sounding ;
'Tis heard in realms of light ;
And seraph hearts are bounding
To witness such a sight.
The waiting heavens are bending
To take the flames that rise,
From youthful hearts ascending,
As incense to the skies.

Temptation.

Moderato,

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Full oft does Sa-tan try To draw my steps a - side ; Now bids me tell a lie My

faults from all to hide ; And tempts me soon to sin a - gain That I new pleasures may obtain.

2. Whenever I consent
 To walk in Satan's ways,
 It is as though I bent
 My knee before his face.
 And what reward will Satan give ?
 In his own place with him to live.

3. How shall my feeble heart
 Be kept from Satan's power ?
 O Lord, thy strength impart
 In every tempted hour.
 That I may sinful joys refuse,
 And with delight thy service choose.

Sacred Stream.

E. C. Revons.

73

Moderato.

1. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God:
 2. That sa - cred stream, God's ho - ly Word, Sup - ports our faith, our fear con - trols:

Life, love, and joy still glid - ing through, And wa - t'ring our di - vine a - bode.
 Sweet peace its prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

Good Temper.

E. O. Nevols.

With Animation.

CHORUS.

1. { There is one thing quite sure to make A happy heart at home,
 That all the pain - ful sting will take From troubles as they come. } Good temper, good temper, Will make a happy home.
 2. { Good temper! sunshine of the heart; Home's solace and de - light;
 Whose constant tone and look impart True joy, serene and bright. } Good temper, good temper, Will make a happy home.

Come unto me.

*Walt Reden.**Gently.*

1. To the wand'ring and the wea-ry, Ev-'ry-where, on land and sea, Je-sus calls in

Rall.
tones of mer-cy, Je-sus calls in tones of mer-cy, "Come un-to me, Come, come un-to me."

2. From our home, our household altar,
Where our father bends the knee,
Oft we hear a voice inviting,
"Come unto me."
3. When, at night, upon our pillow,
We have prayed our prayer to thee,
Then we feel the word, unspoken,
"Come unto me."

4. Oft we hear it when our teachers
Talk to us of Calvary;
In our hearts the call re-echoes,
"Come unto me."
5. When we pass death's troubled river,
Calm and peaceful it will be
If we hear our Saviour calling,
"Come unto me."

Brother, Rest.

Carl Riedem.

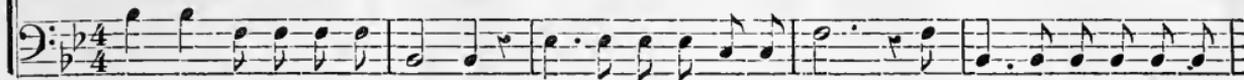
75

Moderato.

FUNERAL HYMN.



1. *Brother*, rest from sin and sorrow ; Death is o'er, and life is won ; Up - on thy slumber dawns no



CHORUS.



mor - row : Rest ; thine earthly race is run. Rest, *brother*, rest. Rest, *brother*, rest.



2. *Brother*, wake ! the night is waning ;
Endless day is round thee poured ;
Then enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

Chorus—Rest, *brother*, rest.

3. Fare thee well ; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Then triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

Chorus—Rest, *brother*, rest.

Be Good.

Carl Peden.

With Animation.

1. Be good, be good, my bright-eyed boy, Roaming the fields in thy child-ish joy; Laugh,
 d. c. Be good to all, to bird and bee, E - ven as God has been good to thee, Be
 2. Be good, my lit - tle girl, be good: Do not be self - ish, nor vain, nor rude; And
 d. c. "Be good to all," let your mot - to be, E - ven as God has been good to thee; "Be

shout, as you bound o - ver meadow and wood— Be mer - ry as you will, but O, be good!
 good to.... all, to.... bird and bee, Re - member - ing that God is good to thee.
 ne'er from your lips let a cross word fall; Be pa - tient, and be humble, and kind to all.
 good to... all," let your mot - to.... be, Re - member - ing that God is good to thee.

Rob not the nest that your quick eyes see Perched on the boughs of yon chest - nut tree;
 Ne'er let that brow with a frown be dark; Be bright and blithe as the war - bling lark;

Be Good.—Concluded.

77

D. G.

Bruise not the but-ter-fly's ten-der wing; Harm not e-ven the small-est thing.
 E-ver be gen-tle and like the dove, Words and ae-tions full of love.

Every Bird can Build her Nest.

Heart Reden.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

1. Ev-'ry bird can build her nest, Fox-es have their place of rest; He, by whom the worlds were
 2. He who is the Lord most high, Then was poor-er far than I, That I might here-aft-er

made, Had not where to lay his head; He, by whom the worlds were made, Had not where to lay his head.
 be Rich to all e-ter-ni-ty; That I might hereaft-er be Rich to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Youthful Consecration.

Cheerfully.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Sav-our, while my heart is ten-der, I would yield that heart to thee; All my powers to
 2. Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me, On-ly do thou guide the way; May thy grace through
 3. May this so-lemn ded-i-ca-tion Nev-er once for-got-ten lie; Let it know no

CHORUS.

thee sur-ren-der, Thine, and on-ly thine, to be. Take me now, Lord Je-sus! take me,
 life at-tend me, Glad-ly then shall I o-bey. Let me do thy will, or bear it,
 rev-o-ca-tion, Pub-lished and con-firmed on high. Thine I am, O Lord, for-ev-er,

Let my youthful heart be thine; Thy de-vot-ed serv-ant make me; Fill my soul with love di-vine.
 I would know no will but thine; Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it, I that life to thee re-sign.
 To thy serv-ice set a-part; Suf-fer me to leave thee nev-er; Seal thine im-age on my heart.

Peter's Denial.

E. C. Revons. 79

Moderato.

1. When Pe - ter sat with-in the hall, To see what should his Lord befall, He said he nev - er
 2. His sorrowing Master turned his head, And by his looks he sweetly said, "Does Pe-ter say he

knew the man, And e'en to curse and swear began.
 knows me not? Has Pe - ter then my love for-got?"

3. Soon Peter wept most bitterly
 That he had dared his Lord deny :
 His Lord is mine ! I love him too,
 O may I prove to him more true.
4. But if I sin, O grant that I
 May weep and mourn most bitterly ;
 And may it pierce me like a sword
 To think I've grieved my dearest Lord.

Never Put Off.

E. C. Revons.

With Animation.

CHORUS.

1. { Whene'er a duty waits for thee, With sober judgment view it, }
 2. { And nev-er idly wish it done; Be-gin at once and do it. } Begin at once, begin at once, Begin at once and do it.
 { But bravely try, and strength will come, For God will help you do it. } Begin at once, &c.

The Universal Chorus.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

Boldly.

1. Hal - le - lu - iah! Praise the Lord In the heights of glo - ry; Hosts of heaven, with
 2. Praise him with the trum-pet's tongue, Far and wide re - sound-ing; Praise him with the
 3. Praise him with the vi - ol's strings, Wak - ing joy - ous feel - ing; While the vault of

CHORUS.

one ac-cord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry; Praise him for his mighty deeds, Praise ye him whose
 harp well-strung, While your hearts are bounding; Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre; Let his praise the
 glo - ry rings With the or - gan's peal-ing: Let the eym-bals ring his praise, Wake the cla-ri-on's

grace ex - ceeds All that heaven in songs con - cedes; Worlds re - cord his glo - ry.
 lute in - spire; Praise him in a might-y choir;— Shout his praise and glo - ry.
 grand - est lays, Praise the Lord thro' end - less days:— Sing his praise and glo - ry.

Moderato.

Forbid them not.

C. O. Nevers.

81

1. Young children once to Je - sus came, His blessing to en - treat; And I may hum - bly

CHORUS.

do the same Be - fore his mer - cy - seat. For when their fee - ble hands were spread, And

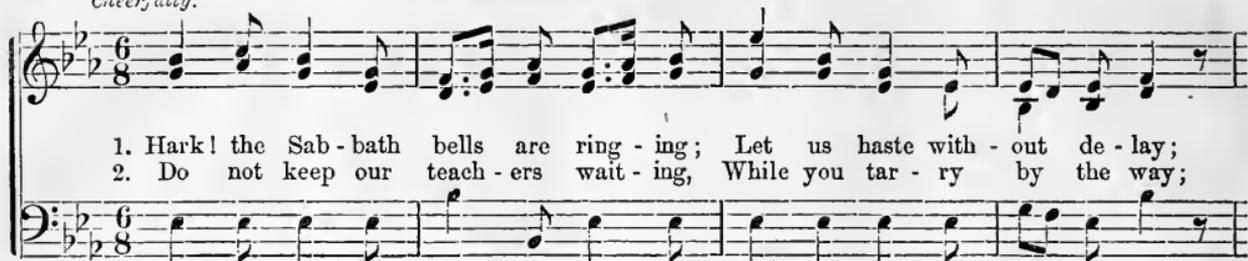
bent each in - fant knee, "For - bid them not," the Saviour said; And so he says for me.

2. If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He surely will not let me go
Without a blessing too.—*Chorus.*

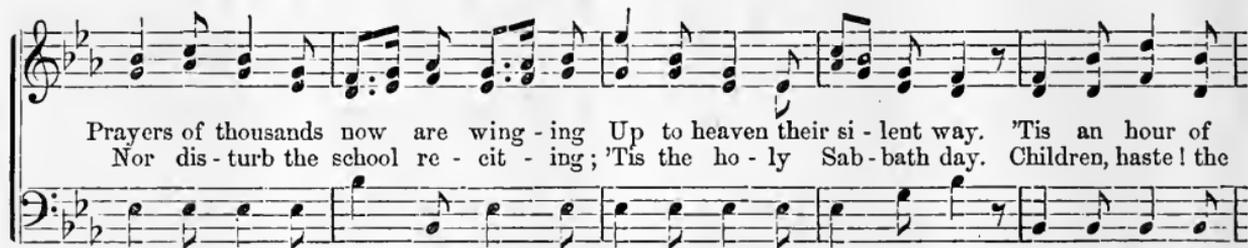
3. Then, while this favor to implore
My little hands are spread;
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.—*Chorus.*

Happy Meeting.

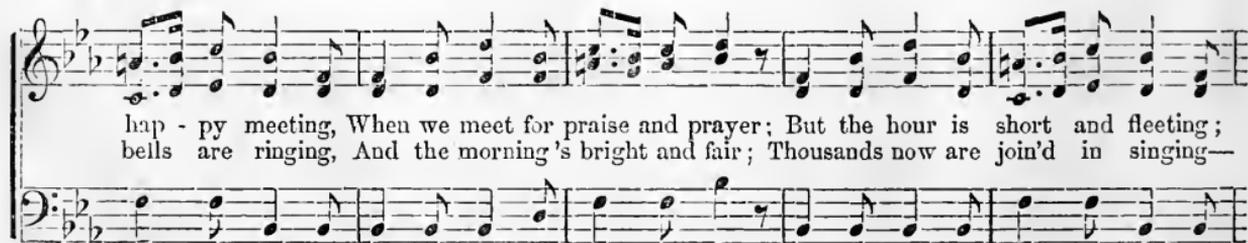
E. C. Revons.

Cheerfully.


1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing; Let us haste with-out de-lay;
2. Do not keep our teach-ers wait-ing, While you tar-ry by the way;



Prayers of thousands now are wing-ing Up to heaven their si-lent way. 'Tis an hour of
Nor dis-turb the school re-cit-ing; 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day. Children, haste! the



hap-py meeting, When we meet for praise and prayer; But the hour is short and fleeting;
bells are ringing, And the morning's bright and fair; Thousands now are join'd in singing—

Happy Meeting.—Concluded.

83

CHORUS.

Let us, then, be ear - ly there. Hap - py meeting, Hap - py meet - ing, When we meet for
Thousands, too, in sol - emn prayer. Hap - py meeting, &c.

praise and prayer. Hap - py meet - ing, Hap - py meet - ing, When we meet for praise and prayer.

God's Jewels.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. When thou shalt make thy jewels up, And set thy starry crown; When all thy gems, O Lord, shall shine, Proclaim'd by thee thine
2. May we, a little band of love, Poor sinners, saved by grace, From glory unto glory changed, Behold thee face to face.

Story of the Cross.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Once Je - sus with his friends withdrew, A se - cret to im - part: And can the mournful
 2. Thus Pe - ter would the Lord persuade To live on earth at ease; But Je - sus has a
 3. And shall I fool - ish - ly ex - pect Nev - er to suf - fer pain? O, let me ev - er

CHORUS.

words be true? They grieve each lov - ing heart. "And shall our dear - est Lord be slain?" The
 promise made, And seeks his God to please. He came to bring lost man re - lief, And
 rec - ol - lect The blessed Lord was slain. Full soon my griefs shall all be past, Since

ten - der Pe - ter cries; "And shall He suf - fer shame and pain Who rules o'er earth and skies?"
 suf - fer in his place; And bit - ter pain, and shame, and grief, Must mar his love - ly face.
 Christ has died for me; And brightest joys, that ev - er last, My hap - py soul shall see.

Stella. L. M.

S. J. Goodenough.

85

Gently.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat—'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Ah ! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
5. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

My Native Land.

E. O. Neveré.

With Animation.

1. My na - tive land, my na - tive land, O, 'tis a love - ly land to me; I

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

CHORUS.

bless my God that I was born Where man is free, where man is free. Our land, it is a

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a time signature of 6/8. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff. The word "CHORUS." is written above the upper staff.

glo - rious land, And wide it spreads from sea to sea; And sis - ter states in un - ion join, And

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a time signature of 6/8. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

My Native Land.—Concluded.

87

all are free, and all are free, And all are free, And all are *free.*

2. And equal laws we all obey,
 To kings we never bend the knee;
 Here we may own no Lord but God,
 Where all are free, where all are *free*
 We've lofty hills and sunny vales,
 And streams that roll to either sea;
 And through this large and varied land
 Alike we're free, alike we're *free.*—*Chorus.*
3. You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
 And youth's gay shout and childhood's glee;
 And every one in safety dwells,
 And all are free, and all are *free.*

- We're brothers all from south to north,
 One bond will draw us to agree;
 We love this country of our birth,
 We love the free, we love the *free.*—*Chorus.*
4. We love the name of Washington,
 I lisped it on my father's knee;
 And we shall ne'er forget the *name*
 While all are free, while all are *free.*
 My land, my own dear native land,
 Thou art a lovely land to me;
 I bless my God that I was born
 Where man is free, where man is *free.*—*Chorus.*

The Close of Day.

E. O. Nevers.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

1. Let mercy close the day, And shut out ev-'ry ill: When daylight goes, O Je-sus, stay, To bless our dwelling still.
 2. This night from e-vil keep The children whom we love; And when, at last, in death we sleep, Receive us all a-b-ove.

HYMN—"Blest be the tie that binds," &c.

Come, Weary Souls.

*Karl Peden.**Gently.*

1. Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye heav-y - lad - en sinners, come; I'll give you rest from
2. They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; But pas-sion ra - ges

CHORUS.
all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home. Come, ye wea-ry souls, hither,
like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind. Come, ye wea-ry souls, &c.

Come, ye weary souls, come hither. Come, ye wea-ry souls, hither, Come, ye wea-ry souls.

3. Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My cross, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.—*Chorus.*

4. To Thee we come, at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.—*Chorus.*

Moderato.

Come, Little Children.

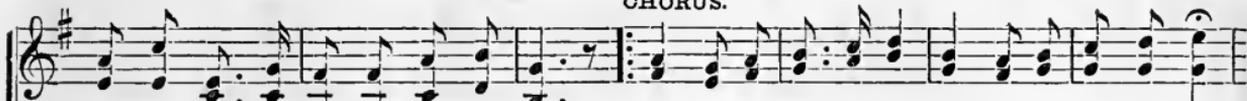
C. O. Nevens. 89



1. Come, lit - tle children, come, Seek ye your Sav - iour's face; In all your ways ac -
2. He'll hearken to your prayer If you in earn - est cry; He list - ens to the
3. An - gels a - round the throne For - ev - er sing his praise; Yet will he not de -



CHORUS.



knowledge him, And ask him for his grace.
feeblest child, Tho' dwelling in the sky.
spise the song That lit - tle children raise.

Come, little children, come; Come, little children, come;
Come, little children, &c.
Come, little children, &c.



Come, lit - tle children, come; Lit - tle children, come.



4. When Jesus was on earth,
And sinners did him wrong,
The children in the temple praised,
And he approved the song.—*Chorus.*
5. Then, little children, come,
Call ye upon his name;
Give Jesus praise in cheerful songs,
And he'll accept the same.—*Chorus.*

WORDS BY REV. D. WISE, D.D.

Boldly.

1. Hark! hark! the hoarse murmur rolls on from a-far; From reb - els in arms come the

fierce cries of war; Rise! rise! Christians, rise! se-cure from that storm; Rise! rise! Christians, rise! se -

CHORUS.

cure from that storm. Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools,

* The cry of war led an English writer to write a song calling the friends of Sunday-schools to new efforts in the moral battle-field. That song not being adapted to our circumstances this side the Atlantic, I have altered it, parodied it, in fact, and here it is for the benefit of my readers. I should like to hear it sung by the seven hundred thousand Sunday-school children of our Church.—W.

Sunday-schools, Form.—Concluded.

91

Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools,

Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, form! Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

2.

Form, teachers! form, children! form, parents! form, friends!

Form firmly in love, which the Saviour commends!
What though we are shaken by war's fearful storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

3.

Form! form! Sin like Moloch has mounted his car,
The tramp of his steeds brings ruin and war;
Our hills and our prairies all quake at the storm;
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

4.

Form schools on the prairies, form schools on the coast;

Leave none unenrolled in the Sunday-school host.
If God be our refuge from sin's fearful storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

5.

Form solid! stand firmly for God and his truth!
To fight with all sin train American youth.
If nations you'd save from sin's fatal storm,
Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, Sunday-schools, form!

When I look up.

*Carl Riden.**Moderato.*

1. When I look up to yon - der sky, yon - der sky, yon - der sky, So
 2. 'Tis he my dai - ly food pro - vides, food pro - vides, food pro - vides, And
 3. Then sure - ly I should ev - er love, ev - er love, ev - er love, This

CHORUS.

pure, so bright, so won - drous high, won - drous high, I think of One I
 all that I re - quire be - sides, all be - sides; And when I close my
 gra - cious God who reigns a - bove, reigns a - bove; For ver - y kind in -

can - not see, But One who sees and cares for me, who cares for me.
 slumbering eye, I sleep in peace, for he is nigh, for he is nigh.
 deed is he, To love a lit - tle child like me, a child like me.

The Praise of Jesus.

Carl Peden.

93

Cheerfully.



1. To - day, with songs of glad - ness, Our Saviour's name we praise; A - way with fear and
2. Wor - thy the Lamb who bought us With his own pre - cious blood; Wor - thy the Lamb who



CHORUS.

sad - ness, While we pour forth our lays. Our glo - rious King is Je - sus, We
sought us, To bring us home to God. Now let the whole cre - a - tion Join



come to sound his name, And with glad voi - ces sing - ing, To cel - e - brate his fame.
to ex - tol his name, To sing the great sal - va - tion, And cel - e - brate his fame.



HYMN—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Hosanna.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

Boldly.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A-wake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosan-na to th'e -
 2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face,—The brightest im - age of his grace! God, in the per - son

ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
 of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4. O! may I reach that happy place
 Where he unveils his lovely face;
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

The Angel Choir.

*E. C. Revons.**Spiritedly.*

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'an-gel - ic

The Angel Choir.—Concluded.

95

CHORUS.

host re - joi-ces ; Heavenly hal - le - lu - iahs rise. Hear them tell their wondrous sto - ry, Hear them
chant their hymns of joy ; Glo - ry in the high - est - glo - ry ! Glo - ry 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.
Chorus.—Hear them tell, &c.

3.

Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing !
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Chorus.—Hear them tell, &c.

4.

Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God on high !
Chorus.—Hear them tell, &c.

5.

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.
Chorus.—Hear them tell, &c.

Come to Jesus, Little One.

*Karl Roden.**Cheerfully.*

1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his
2. Seek his face with - out de - lay; Give Him now your heart; Tar - ry not, but,

gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow. At his feet con - fess your sin;
while you may, Choose the bet - ter part. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one,

Seek for - give - ness there; For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.
Come to Je - sus now; Hum - bly at his gracious throne In sub - mission bow.

The Storm at Sea.

E. O. Novels. 97

Moderato.

1. The dis - ci - ples, with Je - sus their Lord, On the sea in a ves - sel were

tossed; As the wind fierce - ly blew, and waves roar'd, Much they fear'd that they all should be lost.

2.

Soon the water rushed into the ship;
For the Master all eagerly look:
On a pillow they find him asleep—
Had the Lord his dear children forsook?

3.

While the Saviour was sleeping, he thought
Of their danger and bitter distress;
For his merciful eye slumbers not,
But is watching his children to bless.

4.

To their prayers Jesus' ear was inclined;
To the wind and the waters he spake:
"Peace, be still;" and soon hushed is the wind,
And the waters their roaring forsake.

5.

Ah, how ready is Jesus to save,
And how strong is his arm to protect;
Then his mercy we ever will crave,
And an answer will ever expect.

Speak Gently.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Speak gen - tly,—it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear; Speak

gently,—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here, The good we may do here.

2. Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
3. Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4. Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!
5. Speak gently,—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

The Heavenly Sabbath.

Carl Roden.

99

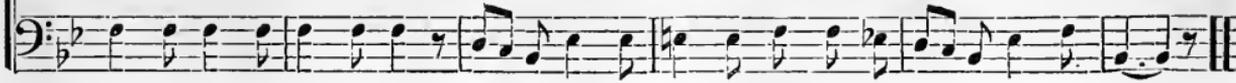
Moderato.



1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun, Soon the sa-cred day be gone ; But a sweeter rest remains,



Where the glorious Saviour reigns ; But a sweeter rest remains, Where the glorious Saviour reigns.



2. Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell ;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.
3. But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are ;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4. Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell ?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow ?
5. Yes :—that rest our own may be ;
All the good shall Jesus see ;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

Say, Brothers, will you meet us?

Boldly.

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK.

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-iah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-iah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-

meet us On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?
lu-iah! For ev-er, ev-er-more!

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more. Glory, &c.

3. Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore. Glory, &c.

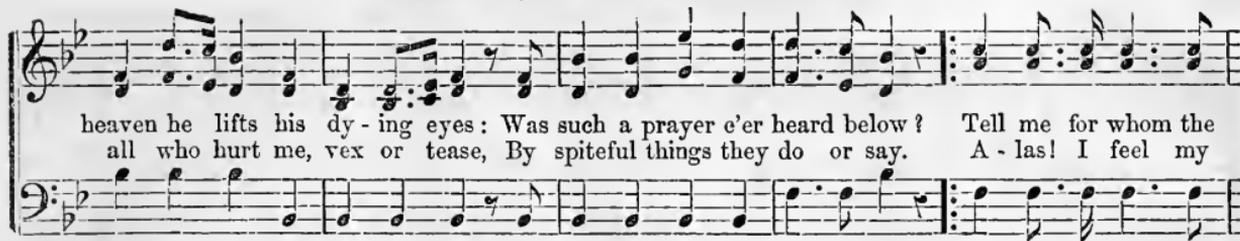
Father, Forgive.

*E. C. Revons.**Moderato.*

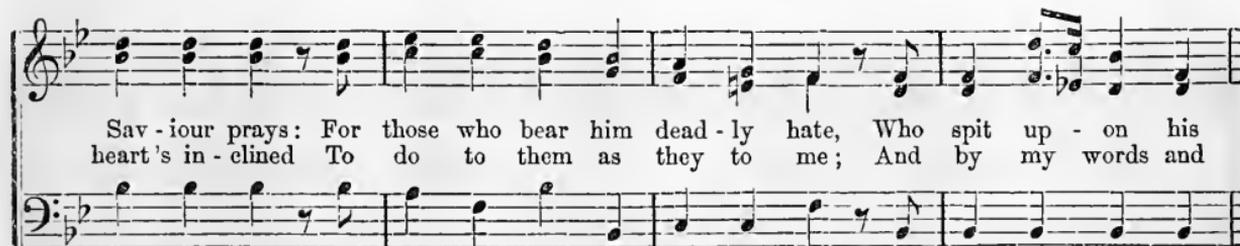
1. "Fa-ther, for-give," the suf-f'r'er cries, "Be-cause they know not what they do." To
2. And does the Sav-iour pray for these? Ah! then I see that I should pray For

Father, Forgive.—Concluded.

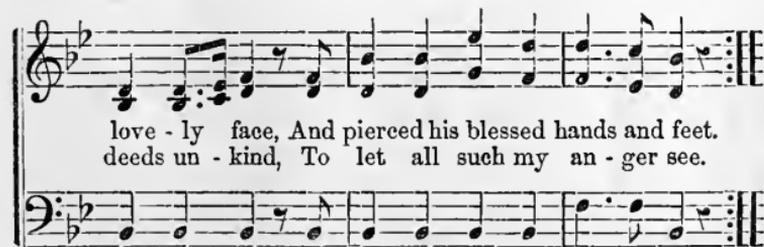
101



heaven he lifts his dy - ing eyes: Was such a prayer e'er heard below? Tell me for whom the
all who hurt me, vex or tease, By spiteful things they do or say. A - las! I feel my



Sav - iour prays: For those who bear him dead - ly hate, Who spit up - on his
heart's in - clined To do to them as they do to me; And by my words and



love - ly face, And pierced his blessed hands and feet.
deeds un - kind, To let all such my an - ger see.

3.

Yet *I* have sinned against my God,
And disobeyed ten thousand times:
Am I prepared to feel his rod
Avenging my repeated crimes?
And thus he says he'll deal with me
If I'm unwilling to forgive;
For only those *like* Christ shall see
The glorious place where angels live.

Jesus, Lead the Way.*

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Je - sus, lead the way, So we shall not stray From the path while here a - bid - ing,
2. Should our fare be hard, Be thou our re - ward; Should our days be ver - y drear - y,

But shall fol - low thy safe guid - ing: Lead us by the hand To the happy land.
And our bur - dens ver - y wea - ry, Lead us by the hand To the happy land.

3. Should the tempter's dart
Vex and wound our heart,
Then in our woe and weakness
Grant us patience, grant us meekness;
Lead us by the hand
To the happy land.

4. Lord, thy guidance lend
Through life to the end;
Should the way be smooth or trying,
Still will we to thee be crying:
Lead us by the hand
To the happy land.

* Words altered from the German by Rev. D. Wise, D.D.

Blessed Children.

C. O. News. 103

Cheerfully.



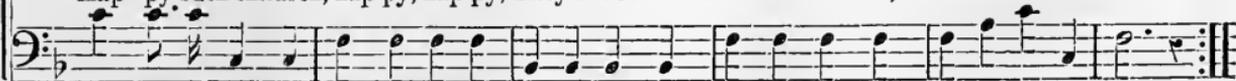
1. Hap-py the chil-dren who be - times Have learned to know the Lord; Who, thro' his grace, es-
2. Should they be car-ly hence re - moved, He will their souls re - ceive; For they whom Je-sus



cape the crimes For - bid - den in his word. Hap - py such children, hap-py, hap - py,
here hath loved With him shall ev - er live. Hap - py such children, hap-py, &c.



Hap - py such children, hap-py, hap-py, They have learned to love the Lord, have learned to love the Lord.



The Children's Friend.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM RICHTER EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Thou Guardian of our youthful days, To thee our prayers as - cend; To thee we'll tune our

songs of praise To thee, the Children's Friend; To thee we'll tune our songs of praise, To thee, the Children's Friend.

2. From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
O, save our souls from sin and woe—
Thou art the Children's Friend.

3. Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.

4. O may we feel a Saviour's love,
To him our souls commend;
Who left his glorious throne above
To be the Children's Friend.

5. Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
And, when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the Children's Friend.

Beware of Peter's Word.

Carl Fieden. 105

With Animation.

1. Be-ware of Pe-ter's word, Nor con-fi-dent-ly say, "I nev-er will de-ny the Lord," But,
2. Man's wisdom is to seek His strength in God a-lone, And e'en an an-gel would be weak, Who

CHORUS.

"Grant I nev-er may." But, "Grant I nev-er may," But, "Grant I nev-er may," "I
trust-ed in his own. Who trust-ed in his own, Who trust-ed in his own, And

nev-er will de-ny the Lord," But, "Grant I nev-er may."
e'en an an-gel would be weak, Who trust-ed in his own.

3. Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all his works beside.
4. In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

Consider the Lilies.

*E. O. Nevers.**Moderato.*

1. I love to look up - on a flower, I love its pleas - ant smell; It tells me much of

Him whose power Made it and all things well.

HYMN—"See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands."

2. It seems to say, How good is God,
Who made it bright and fair,
To please the eye, and cast abroad
Sweet fragrance on the air.
3. I love to look upon a flower;
It tells me God is wise;
To comprehend his love and power,
My spirit vainly tries.

Pleasant Pathways.

Cheerfully.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. We meet a - gain in glad - ness, And thankful voi - ces raise; To God, our heavenly
2. We'll thank him for the Sab - bath, This day of ho - ly rest; And for the bless-ed

Fa - ther, We'll tune our grate - ful praise: 'Twas his kind hand that kept us Thro'
Bi - ble, The book that we love best— For Sab - bath schools and teach - ers, To

all the changing year; His love it is that brings us A - gain to worship here.
us so kind - ly given, To guide us in the path - way That leads to joys in heaven.

3. We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod—
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God,
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4. Soon may thy gracious scepter
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

Early Seek, and you shall Find.

Cheerfully.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. Chil-dren! list - en to the Lord, And o - bey his gra - cious word; Seek his face with
 2. Sor - row - ful your sins con - fess; Plead his per - fect right - eous - ness; See the Sav - iour's
 3. For his wor - ship now pre - pare; Kneel to him in fer - vent prayer; Serve him with a

CHORUS.

heart and mind; Ear - ly seek, and you shall find. Seek his face with heart and mind; Ear - ly
 bleed - ing side;—Come! you will not be de - nied. See the Sav - iour's bleed - ing side;—Come! you
 per - fect heart; Nev - er from his ways de - part. Serve him with a per - fect heart; Nev - er

seek, and you shall find. Seek his face with heart and mind; Ear - ly seek, and you shall find.
 will not be de - nied. See the Saviour's bleed - ing side;—Come! you will not be de - nied.
 from his ways de - part. Serve him with a per - fect heart; Nev - er from his ways de - part.

Glowing Anthem.

Carl Roden. 109

Spiritedly.

1. To - day we come with sing - ing, And glad - ness in our breast, Our blooming off' rings
 2. We come with ex - ult - a - tion, A joy - ful, hap - py band, Pro - claiming free sal -
 3. Our souls be fill'd with gladness! Let rap - ture swell the breast! Ten thou - sand hearts are

CHORUS.

bring - ing, For God has great - ly blest. We spread our flow - ing ban - ners, And
 va - tion To chil - dren of our land. Loud ring the glow - ing an - them: O
 beat - ing For chil - dren in the West. Shout, shout, ye saints, in tri - umph! The

lift our voi - ces high; Our hymns and glad ho - san - nas Re - sound - ing thro' the sky.
 shout, "A Sav - iour slain!" And let the mountains ech - o The glo - ries of his name.
 conq'ror comes to reign! Let earth ex - alt her Sav - iour, And . bless Em - man - uel's name.

Christian Children. C. M. *E. O. News.*

Moderato.

1. Happy the child whose ten-der years Re-ceive in - struc - tion well; Who hates the sin-ner's
2. 'Twill save us from a thou-sand snares To seek re - lig - ion young; Grace will pre-serve our

path, and fears The road that leads to hell.
following years, And make our vir - tue strong.

3. To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
4. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

Moderato.

The Wondrous Story. *E. O. News.*

1. Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain Pour'd thy precious blood for me, Wash me in its flow - ing
2. I have sinned, but O! re-store me; For un-less thou smile on me, Dark is all the world be -

The Wondrous Story.—Concluded.

111



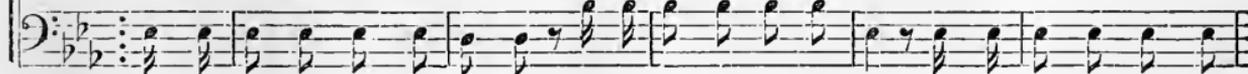
fountain, That my soul may spotless be. Wash me in its flowing fountain, That my soul may spotless be.
fore me, Darker yet e - ter - ni - ty. Dark is all the world before me, Darker yet e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Come and welcome, 'tis my pleasure Little children to re-ceive; Those who seek me find a



treasure, Which this world can nev - er give.



3. In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come, and I will give you rest;
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.—*Chorus.*
4. Grant, O grant thy Spirit's teaching;
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.—*Chorus.*

Desire.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. My Fa - ther, when I come to thee, I would not on - ly bend the knee, But
2. I plead the name of thy dear Son, All he has said—all he has done; O,

with my spir - it seek thy face—With my whole heart de - sire thy grace. But with my spir - it
may I feel his love for me, Who died from sin to set me free. O, may I feel his

seek thy face—With my whole heart de - sire thy grace.
love for me, Who died from sin to set me free.

3. My Saviour, guide me with thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favor crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.
4. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart:
May I obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

Little Rain-drops.

Carl Reber. 113

Moderato.



1. Lit - tle rain - drops feed the rill, Rills to meet the brook-let glide; Brooks the broader



riv - ers fill, Riv - ers swell the o - cean's tide, Riv - ers swell the o - cean's tide.



2. So the dew-drops gathered here,
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the land.

3. With that sea of love shall blend
Which the gospel's grace doth pour;
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

The Try Company.

Walt Peden.

WORDS BY REV. DR. WISE.

Spiritedly.

1. We have joined the ranks of Cor - po - ral Try, Would you like to know the
 2. 'Tis the Giant "I Can't" we seek.... to slay, He's.... ruin - ing chil - dren

rea - son why? There's a tough old gi - ant we wish to kill, That's
 ev - 'ry day; Nor.... will he spare us if we fail to fight In the

CHORUS. *f*

why we're un - der the cor - po - ral's drill. They nev - er say can't, they
 cor - poral's ranks with all.... our might. They nev - er say can't, they

The Try Company.—Concluded.

115

nev - er say die, Who fight in the ranks of Cor - po - ral Try. They
 nev - er say die, Who fight in the ranks of Cor - po - ral Try. They

nev - er say can't, they nev - er say die, Who fight in the ranks of Cor - po - ral Try.
 nev - er say can't, they nev - er say die, Who fight in the ranks of Cor - po - ral Try.

3.

We can all do right if we choose to try ;
 We can all be saved if to God we cry ;
 We can all hate sin, we can all love truth,
 We can all serve Christ, and be noble youth.
Chorus—We never say can't, we never say die,
 Who fight in the ranks of Corporal Try.

4.

Would you join the ranks of Corporal Try ?
 You must not say can't, you must not say die,
 Must stand up for Jesus with voice and might,
 You must fight all sin, must die for the right.
Chorus—They never say can't, they never say fly !
 Who fight in the ranks with Corporal Try.

116 When Friend from Friend is Parting. *Carl Roden.*

Gently.

1. When friend from friend is part - ing, And in each speak - ing eye... The

si - lent tear is start - ing, To tell what words de - ny;... How could we bear the

heav - y load Of such heart - ag - o - ny;... Could we not cast it all, our God, Our

When Friend from Friend is Parting.—Concluded. 117

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system of music covers the lyrics: "gra-cious God, on thee? And feel that thou kind watch wilt keep When we are far a-". The second system of music covers the lyrics: "way; That thou wilt soothe us when we weep, And hear us when we pray." The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

gra-cious God, on thee? And feel that thou kind watch wilt keep When we are far a-

way; That thou wilt soothe us when we weep, And hear us when we pray.

2. Yet oft these hearts will whisper,
 That better 'twould betide
 If we were near the friends we love,
 And watching by their side;
 But sure thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,
 For trusting thee alone;
 And sure thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
 The further we are gone.
 Then why be sad? since thou wilt keep
 Watch o'er them day by day;
 Since thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
 And hear *us* when we pray.

3. O for that bright and happy land,
 Where, saved amid the blest,
 "The wicked cease from troubling, and
 The weary are at rest."
 Where friends are never parted
 Once met around thy throne;
 And none are broken-hearted,
 Since all, with thee, are one!
 Yet O, till then, watch o'er us keep
 While far from home we stray;
 And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
 And hear us when we pray.

Seraphs Bright.

Spiritedly.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. The seraphs bright are hov - 'ring A - round the throne a - bove; Their harps are ev - er
 2. From earth is dai - ly ris - ing A rich, har - mo - nious song; From sun - ny per - fumed

CHORUS.

tun - ing To thrill - ing strains of love. Then sing, then sing, then sing The
 flow - ers By breez - es borne a - long. Then sing, then sing, then sing, &c.

song of love and praise. Then sing, then sing, then sing The song of love and praise

HYMN—"Go thou in life's fair morning," &c.

Geraldine.

S. J. Goodenough. 119

CHILDREN.

1. Come, let our voi - ces join In one glad song of praise: To God, the God of love, Our

CHOIR.

grate - ful hearts we raise: To God a - lone your praise belongs: His love demands your earliest songs.

2.

Children. Now we are taught to read
The Book of Life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:

Choir. To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his Word to us and you.

3.

Children. Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

Choir. To God alone your off'rings bring:
Here in his Church his praises sing.

Children. For blessings such as these
Our gratitude receive:
Lord, here accept our hearts—
'Tis all that we can give:

Choir. Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

5.

Both. Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:

Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

Celestial Lines.

E. C. Revoon.

Cheerfully.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be thy
 2. Here may the wretched sons of want Ex - haust - less rich - es find; Rich - es a - bove what
 3. Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free re - past: Sub - lim - er sweets than

name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
 earth can grant, And last - ing as the mind.
 na - ture knows In - vite the long - ing taste.

4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
5. O may these heavenly pages be
 Our ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.

Moderato.

Lord, is it I?

E. C. Revoon.

1. One night the Saviour said, "My hours to live are few; I soon shall be betrayed, My

Lord, is it I?—Concluded.

121

CHORUS.

friends, by one of you, My friends, by one of you." "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?" They

all, they all do cry. "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?" They all, they all do cry.

2. Beloved above the rest,
 John leaned his gentle head
 Upon the Saviour's breast
 And softly whispering, said,
 "Lord, tell me who
 This thing shall do."

3. "One of this little band,"
 The Saviour, answering, said,
 "Will hither reach his hand,
 And dip with me his bread.
 Who dips with me,
 The same is he."

4. Dear Lord, how could it be
 That one who lived all day
 And ate his bread with thee
 Should thy dear life betray!
 Ah! how could he
 Thus deal with thee!

5. Not so would I reward
 Thy tender love to me;
 I would, my dearest Lord,
 Thy faithful servant be.
 For thou art he
 Who died for me.

No Parting There.

Cheerfully.

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK

1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain; But when we meet on
 2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain; But when a seat in
 3. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But there we shall with
 4. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain; But when we join the

Ca-naan's plain There'll be no part-ing there In that bright world a - bove,.... In
 heaven we gain, There'll be no part-ing there In that bright world a - bove,.... In, &c.
 Je - sus reign; There'll be no part-ing there In that bright world a - bove,.... In, &c.
 heavenly train There'll be no part-ing there In that bright world a - bove,.... In, &c.

CHORUS.

that bright world a - bove. Shout! shout the vic - to - ry, We're on our jour-ney home.

My Shepherd.

E. C. Revons. 123

Spiritedly.

1. To thy pas-tures green and fair, Sav - iour, let a child re - pair; I will nev - er

CHORUS.
stray from thee, But thy fold my home shall be. I will nev - er stray from thee,

But thy fold my home shall be. I will never, never stray from thee, But thy fold my home shall be.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 2. Like a gentle lamb, I'll stay
In the meadows fresh and gay;
Peaceful and contented there,
Guarded by my Shepherd's care. | 3. By the waters still and clear
I shall wander without fear;
Happy by my Shepherd's side,
All my wants shall be supplied. | 4. Lord, wilt thou my Shepherd be?
Help me then to follow thee;
At thy feet myself I cast,
Thee to serve while life shall last. |
|--|---|--|

Morning Dew.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev - 'ry earth-ly bliss! How slen-der
 2. The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fad-ing flower, Of earth-ly

all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this! How slen-der all the fondest
 hopes are emblems true—The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour. Of earth-ly hopes are emblems

ties That bind us to a world like this!
 true—The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour.

3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
4. Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

Going Home.

S. J. Goodenough. 125

Moderato.



1. Let world-ly minds the world pur-sue, It has no charms for me: Once I ad-mired its
2. Its pleasures can no lon-ger please, Nor hap-pi-ness af-ford; Far from my heart be
3. As by the light of op-'ning day The stars are all con-cealed, So earth-ly pleasures
4. Creatures no more di-vide my choice; I bid them all de-part; His name, his love, his



CHORUS.



tri - fles too,	But grace hath set me free.	Go - ing home,	Go - ing home to
joys like these,	Now I have seen the Lord.	Go - ing home,	Go - ing home, &c.
fade a - way,	When Je - sus is re - vealed.	Go - ing home,	Go - ing home, &c.
gra - cious voice,	Have fixed my rov - ing heart.	Go - ing home,	Go - ing home, &c.



dwell where Je-sus is; Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go-ing home to die no more.



Parting Song.

Moderato.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain? Oft shall glowing hope ex -

pire, Oft shall wearied love re - tire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet a-gain.

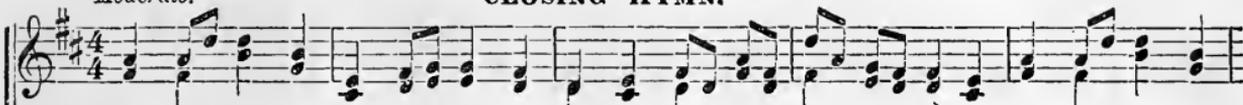
2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the hostile sky;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls;
 And in fancy's wide domain
 There shall we all meet again.

3. When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

Heavenly Father, grant thy Blessing. *Heart Reden.* 127

Moderato.

CLOSING HYMN.



1. Heavenly Fa-ther, grant thy bless-ing On th'in-struc-tions of this day; That our hearts, thy
2. We have learned that Christ, the Saviour, Lived to teach us what is good; Died to gain for



CHORUS.



fear pos-sess-ing, May from sin be turned a - way. We have wandered; O for - give us,
us thy fa - vor, And re - deem us by his blood. For his sake, O Lord, for - give us,



We have wished from truth to rove: Turn, O turn us, and receive us, And incline our hearts to love.
Guide us to that hap - py home, Where the Saviour will receive us, And where sin can never come.



Cross and Crown.

WESTERN MELODY.

Moderato.

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

ev - 'ry 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.

Wandering Sheep.

*Waltz Reden.**Moderato.*

1. I was a wand'ring sheep; I did not love the fold; I did not love my
2. The Shep-herd sought his sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child; They fol-lowed me o'er

Wandering Sheep.—Concluded.

129

CHORUS.

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd. I was a way-ward child; I
vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild: They found me nigh to death, Fam-

did not love my home; I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
ished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand'ring one.

3. They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed;
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

4. Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;

'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

5. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controll'd;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam:
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

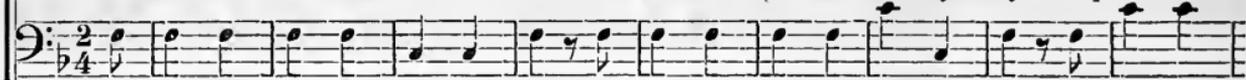
Never Turn Aside.

Spiritedly.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WEEK.



1. In life's young morn of ris - ing youth, O Lord, be thou our God and guide; Di - rect us
 2. In manhood's noon be with us still, Di - rect - or of our ev - 'ry way; Keep us de -



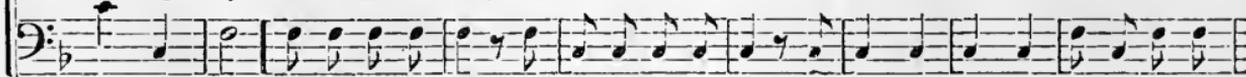
in the way of truth, And may we nev - er turn a - side, And may we nev - er
 vot - ed to thy will, Stead-fast thro' life's ad - vanc - ing day, Stead-fast thro' life's ad -



CHORUS.



turn a - side. Never turn a - side, O never turn a - side; O, may we nev - er, never turn a -
 vanc - ing day. Never turn a - side, &c.



Never Turn Aside.—Concluded.

131

side. Never turn a - side, O never turn a - side; O, may we never turn a - side....

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

3. And in the chilly eve of age,
Midst failing strength and drooping power,
Still may thy love our hearts engage,
And sanctify life's closing hour.—*Chorus.*

4. And when we come to yield our breath,
Prepared for that last mortal strife,
May we be faithful unto death,
And then receive a crown of life.—*Chorus.*

O what a Lovely Sight.

E. C. Revons.

Boldly.

1. O what a lovely sight, To see our ten-der youth Fol-low the Saviour with delight, And tread the paths of truth.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

2. They who begin so soon,
With swifter speed shall run;
More bright and sweet shall be their noon,
More fair their evening sun.

3. When we can work no more,
They shall the cause extend;
Till every knee, from shore to shore
At Jesus' name shall bend.

Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

Spiritedly. *Fine.*

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee : }
 { Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. }

d. c. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion—God and heaven are still my own!

D. C.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion—All I've sought, or hoped, or known

2. Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour too :
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.

And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

Fourth of July.

E. O. Nevers. 133

With Animation.

1. To Thee, the lit - tle chil - dren's friend, Their hymn to - day shall rise ;

O from the heaven - ly courts de - scend, And bless the sac - ri - fice.

2. While through our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee,
Our accents shall the notes prolong ;
We children, too, are free !
3. The past with blessings from thy hand
Was richly scattered o'er ;
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.

4. O may the future be as bright !
Nor be thy favors less
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.
5. On earth prepare us for the skies,
And when our life is o'er
Let us to purer mansions rise,
And praise thee evermore.

The Star-spangled Banner.



1. O... say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread



twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
 si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it



CHORUS.



ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming, And the rock-et's red glare, bombs
 fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the



The Star-spangled Banner.—Concluded.

135

FULL CHORUS. *f*

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there: O... say, does that morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled

star-spangled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave? ban - ner; O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Hail, Columbia.

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK.

f

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your
Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sacred lies Of toil and blood the

p *f* *p*

val - or won. Let in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost, Ev - er grate-ful
well-earn'd prize. While off'ring peace sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a manly trust, That truth and justice

Hail, Columbia.—Concluded.

137

CHORUS

for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies. Firm, u-nit-ed, let us be, Ral-ly-ing round our
will pre-vail, And ev-'ry scheme of bondage fail. Firm, u-nit-ed, let us be, Ral-ly-ing, &c.

lib - er - ty: As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

3. Sound, sound the trump of Fame ;
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
[: Ring through the world with loud applause. :]
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.—*Chorus.*

4. Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
[: The rock on which the storm will beat. :]
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or LIBERTY.—*Chorus.*

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And sing from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake: Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light: Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God our King!

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

2. Join, all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless,
 Praise ye his name.
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

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

Old Hundred. L. M.

139

Be thou, O God, exalted high; So let it be on earth displayed.
And as thy glory fills the sky, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Old Hundred'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words aligned under specific notes.

Illinois. L. M.

WESTERN TUNE.

We are but young, yet we may sing He made the earth, the sea, the sky.
The praises of our heavenly King: And all the starry worlds on high.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Illinois'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words aligned under specific notes.

Dundee. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This all my hope and all my plea,—For me the Saviour died.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Dundee'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words aligned under specific notes.

What is there, Lord, a youth can do That feels with guilt oppress'd? Sins that I never mourn'd before I find witbin my breast.

The musical score for 'St. Ann's' is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef and provides harmonic support for the vocal melody.

Mornington. S. M.

Mornington.

Come, children, come to God; Cast all your sins a-way; Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood; Repent, be-lieve, o - bey.

The musical score for 'Mornington' is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a common time signature, with the lyrics written below. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

Golden Hill. S. M.

WESTERN TUNE.

O cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

The musical score for 'Golden Hill' is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

St. Thomas. S. M.

A. Williams. 141

Lord, teach me how to pray; Thy sav-ing grace impart; Grant that thy Holy Spir-it may Renew and cleanse my heart.

Martyn. 7s. Double.

Marsh.

Fine. *D. C.*

{ Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast-ed at the ear-ly dawn; } { For a while she, ling'ring, stood, }
 { Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone: } { Filled with sorrow and sur-prise; }
 d. c. Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weep-ing eyes.

Easton. 6s & 5s. Peculiar.

{ Through thy protecting care, Kept till the dawning, } { O Thou great One in Three, }
 { Taught to draw near in pray'r, Heed we the warning; } { Gladly our souls would be } Evermore praising thee, God of the morning.

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