

The  
**POLYPHONIC;**  
OR  
**JUVENILE CHORALIST;**

CONTAINING

A GREAT VARIETY OF MUSIC AND HYMNS, BOTH NEW & OLD.

Designed for Schools and Youth Generally,

ALSO ADAPTED TO USE IN RELIGIOUS MEETINGS, AND IN THE  
HOME CIRCLE

**IN THREE PARTS.**

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BY A. D. & C. L. FILLMORE.

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CINCINNATI:  
PUBLISHED BY R. W. CARROLL & CO.,

117 West Fourth Street.

SCA  
1801-

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE different numbers of this little book contain a choice collection of tunes and hymns, both new and old, which will prove interesting and profitable to the youth of our land, wherever teachers and parents encourage the work.

We desire, here, to express our obligation to the friends to whom many contributions are credited, for generous assistance; and to those who will be found actively fulfilling their volunteer pledges of circulating the work extensively.

With an earnest wish that it may bless the hearts of multitudes, we commit the work to the people.

A. D. & C. L. FILLMORE.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three,

By A. D. FILLMORE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Ohio.

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Stereotyped at the Franklin Type Foundry, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# THE POLYPHONIC.

## PART I.

### ABINGDON. 8s & 7s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

*Lively.*

1. On this ho - ly Lord's-day morning, We again together meet, } Lord, may we possess a spir-it  
To unite our hearts and voices, And approach the mercy-seat, }

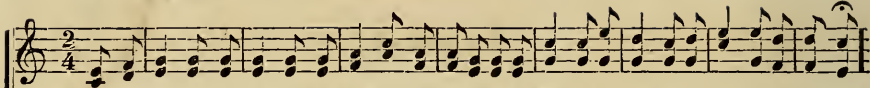
2. Here we come to search the Scriptures, Here our offerings, too, we bring, } That the many now in dark-  
That the wild-er-ness may blossom, And the desert places sing— } [ness

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is polyphonic, with the top two staves representing vocal parts and the bottom staff representing a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with brackets indicating the alignment of the words with the notes.

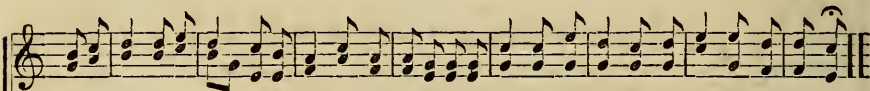
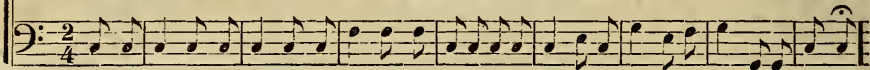
In accordance with thy word; Feeling, praying, acting, giving, That thy name be spread abroad.

May arise to light divine; And the Gospel in its brightness O'er the darkened earth may shine.

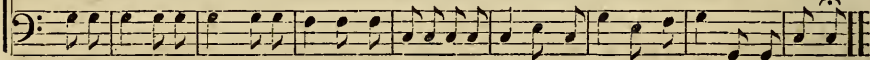
The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with brackets indicating the alignment of the words with the notes.



1. Through a dark world of woe We are painfully driven; But we cheerfully go, For we journey to heaven.
2. Though lonely the way, And the wilderness dreary, And though gloomy the way, Let us never grow weary.
3. Let us press for the prize, With true faith and devotion, Till the day-star arise On eternity's ocean.



And the realms of the blest Are the saints' destination, And the heavenly rest Their eternal salvation.  
 All who hope in the Lord, And who live in the Spirit, And who trust in his word, Shall the promise inherit.  
 The assurance of faith Leads to glory undying, Where shall be no more death, Neither sorrow nor crying.



### HEAVENLY REGION.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 There 's a region above,<br/>         Free from sin and temptatio n,<br/>         And a mansion of love<br/>         For each heir of salvation.<br/>         Then dismiss all thy fears,<br/>         Weary pilgrim of sorrow;<br/>         Though thy sun set in tears,<br/>         T will rise brighter to-mo row.</p> | <p>2 There our toils will be done,<br/>         And free grace be our story;<br/>         God himself be our sun,<br/>         And our unsetting glory.<br/>         In that world of delight,<br/>         Spring shall never be ended;<br/>         Nor shall shadows nor night<br/>         With its brightness be blended.</p> | <p>3 There shall friends no more part,<br/>         Nor shall farewells be spoken;<br/>         There 'll be balm for the heart<br/>         That with anguish was broken.<br/>         From affliction set free,<br/>         And from God ne'er to sever,<br/>         We his glory shall see,<br/>         And enjoy him forever.</p> |
|---|--|--|



## TUNE.—KANE. 6s &amp; 7s.

- 1 **SINNER**, say, will you go  
To the highlands of heaven?  
Where the storms never blow,  
And the long summer's given.  
Where the bright blooming flowers  
Are their odors emitting,  
And the leaves of the bowers  
In the breezes are flitting.
- 2 Where the saints, robed in white,  
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;  
Shining beauteous and bright,  
They inhabit the mountain.  
Where no sin nor dismay,  
Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
Will be felt for a day,  
Nor be feared for the morrow.
- 3 He's prepared thee a home,  
Sinner, will you believe it?  
And invites thee to come,  
Sinner, will you receive it?  
O, come! sinner, come!  
For the tide is receding;  
And the Savior will soon  
And forever cease pleading.

## ANSWER.

- 1 **I WILL** go, I will go  
To that bright home in heaven!  
Nor will tarry below,  
Where no true joy is given:  
I will follow the just,  
In the high way, and holy,  
Taking God for my trust,  
With the meek and the lowly.
- 2 I have wandered from light,  
I have wandered in sorrow;  
I have oft dreamed at night,  
Of the joys of to-morrow;

But the joys of the morn  
Are still mingled with sadness,  
And the evening's return  
Without comfort or gladness.

- 3 I will bid earth adieu,  
With its vain, empty pleasures,  
And my journey pursue  
To that land of bright treasures.  
I will sing of his love,  
I will trust in his merit,  
Who will call me above,  
Endless joys to inherit.
- 4 Blessed Savior on high,  
Ever help me to serve thee;  
If salvation is nigh,  
O, protect and preserve me!  
And if Satan assail,  
Or the wicked allure me,  
May thy strength still prevail,  
And thy spirit assure me.

## TUNE.—PURCELL. 7s.

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

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to

2. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I be-

thee, O, Lamb of God, I come! I come!

lieve, O, Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 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! I come!

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

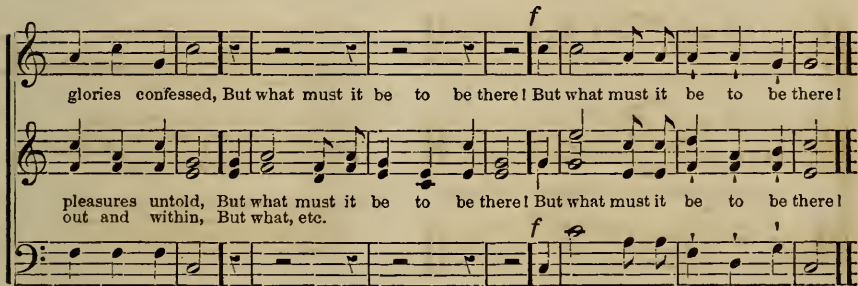
5 Just as I am, O, gracious Lord!  
I yield obedient to thy word,  
Now to be thine by grace restored,  
O, Lamb of God, I come! I come!

1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.



1. We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its  
 2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walks decked with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and  
 3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care; From tri - als with-



glories confessed, But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!  
 pleasures untold, But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!  
 out and within, But what, etc.

4 We speak of its service of love,  
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
 Of the church of the first-born above,  
 But what must it be to be there!

5 Dear Lord, amid sorrow and woe,  
 For heaven my spirit prepare,  
 And shortly I also may know,  
 And feel what it is to be there.

1. A - mid the splendors of the sun, Great God! thy love appears; In the soft radiance

2. Nature, through all her ample round, Thy boundless power proclaims, And in me - lo - dious

of the moon, A - mong a thousand stars.

accents speaks The goodness of thy name.

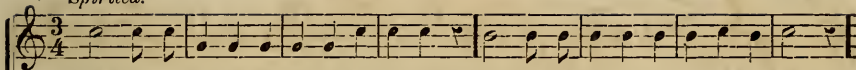
3 Thy justice, holiness and truth,  
Our solemn awe excite;  
But the sweet charms of sov'reign grace  
O'erpower us with delight.

4 In all thy doctrine and commands,  
Thy counsels and designs—  
In every work thy hands have framed,  
Thy love supremely shines.

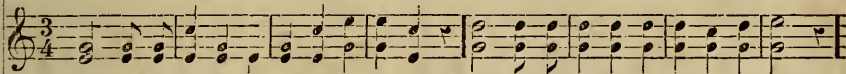
5 Angels and men, the news proclaim,  
Through earth and heaven above,  
The joyful, all-transpiring news,  
That God, the Lord, is love.

1 O, when shall the glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe and every soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound?

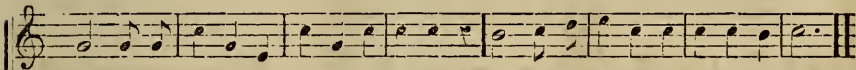
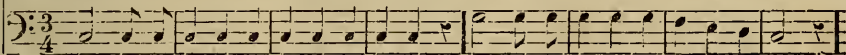
2 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the Gospel rays,  
And build on Jesus Christ, the rock,  
A temple to thy praise.

*Spirited.*

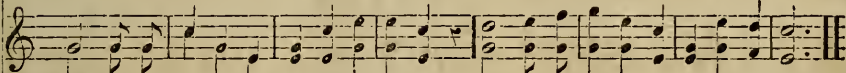
1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!  
 2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Is - rael foretold.



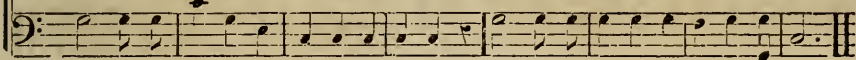
3. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Hail to the rising of Bethlehem's star!  
 4. Lo! in the des-ert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding a - long;  
 5. See the dead ris-en from land and from ocean, Praise to Je - ho - vah ascending on high;



- Hush'd be tho accents of sorrow and mourning! Zi - on in triumph begins her mild reign.  
 Hail to the millions from bondage return - ing! Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.



- Earth's gloomy regions with beauty a - doring, Nations a - dore thee and kings from afar.  
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in verdure and ningle in song.  
 Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are roning the skies.



1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and  
 2. O! the transporting, rapturous scene, That ri-ses to my sight; Sweet fields arrayed in  
 3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest? When shall I see my  
 4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Though Jordan's waves a-

*Chorus.*

hap-py land, Where my possessions lie. There'll be no more sorrow-ing there, There'll  
 liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light. There'll be, etc.  
 Father's face, And in his bosom rest? There'll be, etc.  
 round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way. There'll be, etc.

be no more sorrowing there; In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrowing there.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints in glory reign; E - ter - nal day ex -  
 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with'ring flowers; Death, like a nar - row

cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.  
 sea, divides This heav - en - ly land from ours.

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

4 When I ascend where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er;  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Can fright me from the shore.

## EMINENCE. C. M.

A. D. F.

1. Arise, ye people, and adore, Exulting strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Confess th'Almighty Lord.  
 2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, Th' ascending Lord proclaim; Angelic choirs respond the sound, And shake  
 3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown, In that triumphant hour; And God exalts his conqu'ring son To his right  
 [creation's frame.]  
 [hand of power.]

By permission.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

*Legato.*

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free; The

home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beauti - ful angels, too, are there.

*Chorus.*

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?



*Repeat pp.*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some melodic lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?

2 That beautiful land where all is light,  
It ne'er has known the shades of night;  
The glory of God, the light of day,  
Hath driven the darkness far away.  
Chor.—Will you go, etc.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,  
Its beautiful gates I do behold;

The river of life, the crystal sea,  
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.  
Chor.—Will you go, etc.

4 The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,  
In rapture range the plains of light;  
In one harmonious choir they praise  
Their glorious Savior's matchless grace.  
Chor.—Will you go, etc.

TUNE.—BURGESS. S. M.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

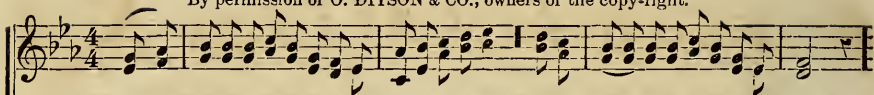
2 He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his works, and not our own—  
He formed us by his word.

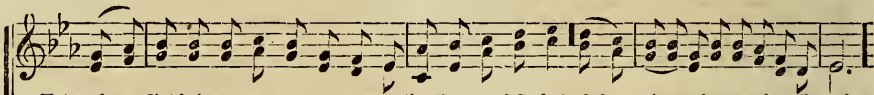
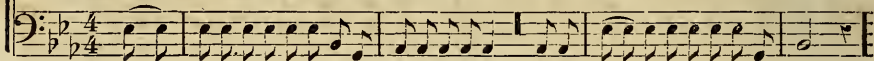
4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

## WEARY WAITING.

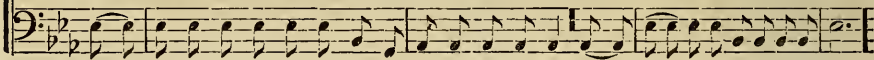
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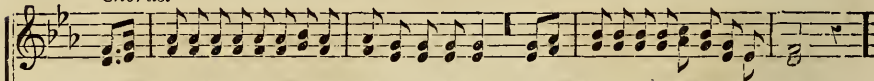
1. Long time I have been wandering along life's rugged road, And I've had many sorrows on the way;
2. Though troubles gather round my path, and dangers thick appear, Yet undaunted I will bid each trial come;
3. I'll not murmur at my trials, for this world is not my rest; Its afflictions refine but ne'er destroy:



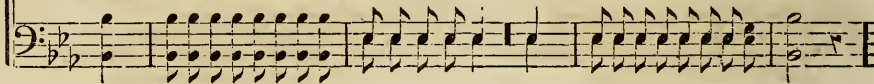
Yet each conflict brings me nearer, nearer to the throne of God, And the regions of joy and endless day.  
For my glory will be brighter when this weary life shall close, And there I shall be evermore at home.  
In that realm of light and glory all my wants shall be redress'd; In that mansion prepared for all the bless'd.



*Chorus.*



O, in that blessed mansion, where he's gone to make me room, I never shall have sorrow any more;



I am waiting, weary waiting, till the Lord shall call me home, Then with joy I will leave this weary shore.

4 This earthly house will soon dissolve,  
And mortal life be o'er,  
And my weary soul shall ever be at rest;  
Then cares and sore temptations  
Will afflict my heart no more,  
In that mansion prepared for all the bless'd.  
O in that blessed mansion, etc.

5 I will journey as a pilgrim here,  
And cheer my way with song,  
Boldly marching along life's rugged road;  
It may be rough and thorny,  
But will not be very long,  
And will end in the paradise of God.  
O in that blessed mansion, etc.

## PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day      Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
Salutes thy waking eyes;      To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound;  
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays

*Lively.*

1. We are going home, we've had visions bright Of that holy land, that world of light; }  
 Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn eter - nal dawns at last. }  
 D. C. Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss are flowing round.

*D. C.*

Where the wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap - py, peaceful home.

*D. C.*

*Chorus: Slow.*

Beau-ti - ful world! Beau-ti - ful world! Beau-ti - ful world! O, that beau-ti - ful world!

2 We are going home, and we soon shall be  
 Where the sky is clear, and all are free ;  
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,  
 And the seraphs' anthems blend with its strains ;  
 Where the sun pours down its brilliant flood,  
 And beams on a world that's fair and good ;  
 Where the stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,  
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom.  
 Beautiful world, etc.

3 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,  
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeonsness,  
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer,  
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;  
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,  
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;  
 Thro' the endless years we then shall prove  
 The riches of a Savior's love.  
 Beautiful world, etc.

## TUNE.—BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1 A home in heaven! what a joyful thought,  
 As the poor man toils in his weary lot ;  
 His heart oppressed, and with anguish riven,  
 From his home below to his home in heaven.  
 A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies  
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes  
 To that bright home, what a joy is given,  
 With the blessed thought of a home in heaven!  
 Sweet home in heaven! sweet home in heaven!  
 Sweet home in heaven! O that sweet home in heaven!

2 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled  
 To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead,  
 We wait in hope on the promise given,  
 We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.  
 Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!  
 And the Spirit joined to the Bride says "Come ;  
 Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,  
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven."  
 Sweet home in heaven, etc.

## TUNE.—BOWERS. C. M.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise—  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
 He sets the pris'n'er free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean—  
 His blood availed for me.

## TUNE.—IOWA. 8s.

- 1 From whence does this union arise,  
 That hatred is conquered by love ?  
 It fastens our souls with such ties,  
 That distance nor time can remove.
- 2 It can not in Eden be found,  
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;  
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
 And Jesus' life's blood it has cost.
- 3 My friends so endeared unto me,  
 Our souls so united in love,  
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
 In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 And then we shall see that bright day,  
 And join with the angels above ;  
 Set free from our prisons of clay,  
 United in Jesus' kind love.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end,  
 2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious to behold; Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens My study long have been; Such sparkling gems by human sight

*Chorus.*

Thy joys when shall I see? We're going home, we're going home, We're going home to live forever.  
 Thy streets are paved with gold. We're going home, etc.  
 Have never yet been seen. We're going home, etc.

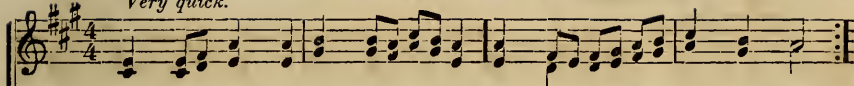
4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
 Why should I stay from thence?  
 What folly 'tis that I should dread  
 To die and go from hence!

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
 Bright shining as the sun,  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
 Than when we first begun.

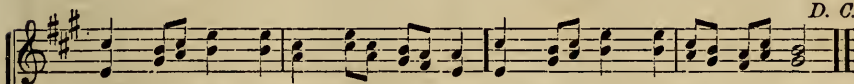
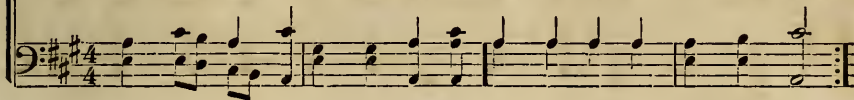
## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LUTHER.

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

*Very quick.*

1 In the name of God ad - vanc-ing, Sow thy seed at morn - ing light; }  
 Cheer - i - ly the fur - rows turn-ing, La - bor on with all thy might; }  
 D. C. Sow thou must be - fore thou reap-est; Rest at last is la - bor's prize.



Look not to the far - off fu - ture; Do the work which near - est lies;



2 Standing still is dangerous ever,  
 Toil is meant for Christians now;  
 Let there be, when evening cometh,  
 Honest sweat upon thy brow.  
 And the Master shall come smiling,  
 When work stops at set of sun,  
 Saying, as he pays the wages,  
 "Good and faithful one, well done."

1 Praise the Lord of all creation;  
 Praise the Father's boundless love.  
 Praise the Lamb—our expiation—  
 Priest and King, enthroned above.  
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
 Him by whom our spirits live;  
 Undivided adoration  
 To the one Jehovah give.

From the N. Y. MUS. PIONEER.

S. J. VAIL.

*Solo or Duet.*

1. { Come a - way, come a - way, life is too sad for thee;  
Earth is too rude for thee; heaven shall be glad of thee;

2. { Come a - way, come a - way, earth is not meant for thee;  
Friends who have lost thee shall mourn and la - ment for thee;

*Inst. Pia.*

1st Time. 2nd Time.

Chill are its winds on thy del - i - cate breast;  
Come a - way, love - ly one, come to thy rest!  
Beau - ti - ful spi - rit, mount up to the sky;  
Thou shalt re - joice in thy glo - ry on high.



*Chorus.*

Low in thy nar - row bed, Lay down thy gentle head, Give back to mother Earth all she can crave;  
Spread thy bright wings, and soar Spotless for evermore, Sin-stained no longer, but white and forgiven;

All thy mor-tal - i - ty, doomed to final - i - ty, Leave it behind, in the dust of the grave;  
Heir of in - fin - i - ty, Rob'd in di - vin - i - ty, Come away, hap - py one! come up to heaven!

Leave it be-hind, in the dust of the grave!  
Come a - way, hap - py one, come up to heaven!

1. The morning light is break - ing, The darkness dis - ap - pears;      The sons of earth are  
 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower;      And brighter scenes be -  
 3. See heathen na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,      And thousand hearts as -

wak - ing      To pen - i - ten - tial tears;      Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings  
 fore us      Are opening ev' - ry hour;      Each cry to heaven go - ing, A -  
 cend - ing      In grat - i - tude a - bove;      While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The

ti - dings from a - far,      Of na - tions in commo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.  
 bundant an - swer brings,      And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.  
 gos - pel's call o - bey,      And seek a Savior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.

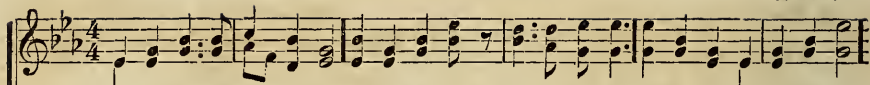
- 4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim the Lord is come.

TUNE.—WEBB. 7s & 6s.

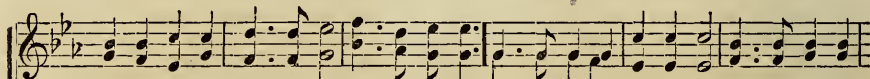
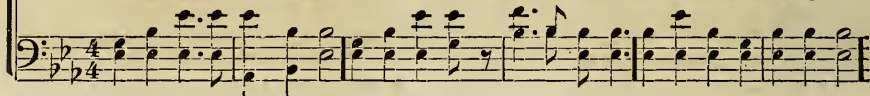
- 1 To thee, O blessed Savior,  
Our grateful songs we raise;  
O tune our hearts and voices,  
Thy holy name to praise.  
'T is by thy sovereign mercy  
We're here allowed to meet,  
To join with friends and teachers,  
Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,  
Who labor for our good;  
And may the Holy Scriptures  
By us be understood;  
O may our hearts be given  
To thee, our glorious King;  
That we may meet in heaven,  
Thy praises there to sing.
- 3 And may the precious Gospel  
Be published all abroad,  
Till poor, benighted heathen  
Shall know and serve the Lord;  
Till o'er the wide creation  
The rays of truth shall shine,  
And nations now in darkness  
Arise to light divine.

TUNE.—FULTON. 7s & 6s.

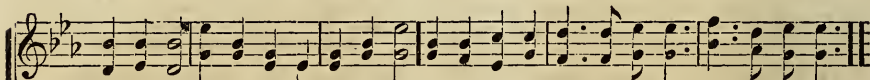
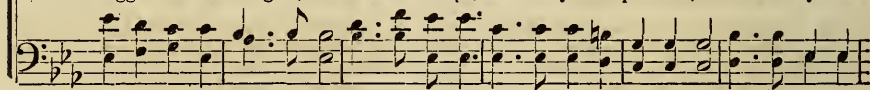
- 1 Come, let us tune our voices,  
And in a joyful lay  
Unite, as each rejoices,  
To hail this festal day.  
Still life and light surrounding,  
Demand anew our praise,  
And this, our bosoms bounding,  
In highest transports raise.
- 2 The star that guides to glory  
Still lures our youthful eyes,  
And love's redeeming story  
Still urges to the skies.  
The young are still invited  
To come where all are blessed,  
And even babes, unslighted,  
To Jesus' heart are pressed.
- 3 And still he stands, inviting:  
Yet some, alas! from choice,  
The blessed Savior 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;  
'T is 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.



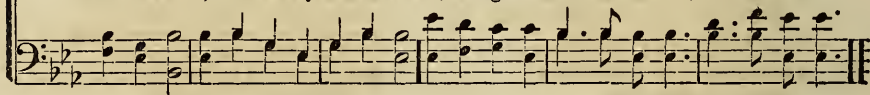
1. Ev - er constant, ev - er true, Let the word be, No surren-der! Boldly dare and greatly do!  
 2. Constant and courageous still, Mind, the word is, No surren-der! Battle, though it be up hill,



This shall bring us bravely through, No surrender! And tho' future's smiles be few, Hope is always  
 Stagger not at seeming ill; No surrender! Hope, and thus your hope fulfill; There's a way where



springing new, Still inspiring me and you, With a magic—No surren-der, No surren-der.  
 there's a will; And the way all cares to kill, Is to give them No surren-der, No surren-der!



*End.*

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing.

2 There the glory is ever shining!  
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.  
Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.

3 Father, mother, and sister, brother!  
If you will not journey with me I must go!  
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,  
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.

4 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,  
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!  
He who has formed thee will soon restore thee!  
And then thy dread curse shall never more be:  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

## MESSIAH'S CONQUEST.

1. The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright way;

In the lands that have boldly his laws seen deriding, Acknowledge his righteous and merciful sway.  
D. S. His banners unfolding his own true religion, That shall ban - ish forever the errors of time.

*End.*

Even through the most ruined and desolate region The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;

*D. S.*

A. D.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo - rious home, Name ev - er dear to me,  
 2. 'N-re hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor sin - nor sor - row know,  
 3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel, at death, dismay?  
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee,

*Repeat with Chorus.*

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace and thee?  
 Blest seats, through rude and storm-y scenes, I on - ward press to you.  
 I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.  
 Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

CHORUS.—Home, home, sweet home, my hap - py home, My home with Christ in heaven.


## MESSIAH'S CONQUEST.—CONTINUED.

2 Behold a bright angel, from heaven descending,  
 Lifts high his loud trumpet, hosannahs to raise,  
 "Hail, Son of the Highest! let every knee, hending,  
 Adore thee with offerings of joy and of praise.  
 Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver  
 The poor and the needy from every dread foe,  
 And in mightiest conquest, thy bow and thy quiver  
 The prince and the legions o' darkness o'erthrow."


3 Ride in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior,  
 Lot thousands on thousands submit to thy reign,  
 Acknowledge thy goodness, rejoice in thy favor,  
 And faithfully follow thy glorious train.  
 Ride on, till the compass of thy vast dominion  
 The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,  
 And mankind, all embracing one faith and opinion,  
 Shall form a delightful, harmonious whole.




1. We are on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;  
 2. Mil - lions now are safe - ly land - ed O - ver on the gold - en shore;  
 3. Come on board, O ship for glo - ry; Be in haste, make up your mind,



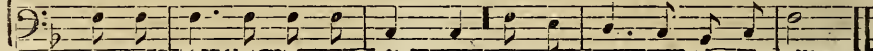
4. You have kin - dred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and rap - py shore;  
 5. Spread your sails, while heavenly bree - zes Gent - ly waft our ves - sel on;  
 6. When we all are safe - ly land - ed, We will shout our tri - als o'er;

We are on the o - cean sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.  
 Mil - lions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for mil - lions more.  
 For our ves - sel's weigh - ing an - chor, You will soon be left be - hind.



By and by we'll swell the num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.  
 All on board are sweetly sing - ing; Free sal - va - tion is their song.  
 We will walk a - bout the cit - y, And we'll sing for ev - er - more.





All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor:  
Final Chorus.—All the storms of life are o - ver, Land - ed in the port of glo - ry;

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home beyond the tide.  
Now no more on the o - cean sail - ing, Safe at home beyond the tide.

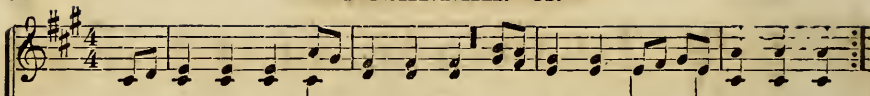
## GRATITUDE. L. M.

Bost.

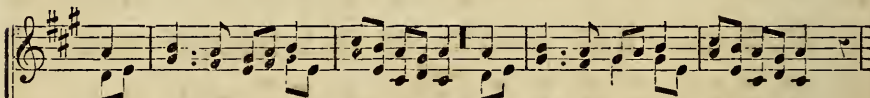
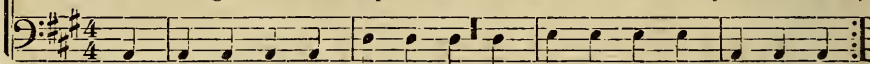
1. My God I how endless is thy love! And morning mercies from above  
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new; Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thon spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

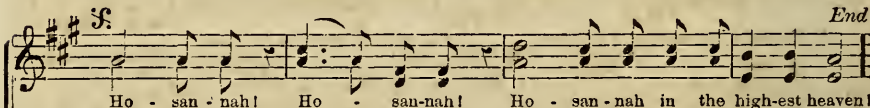
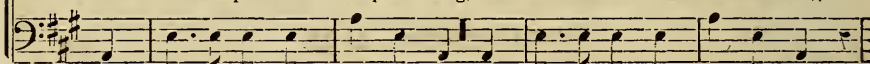
3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days:  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.



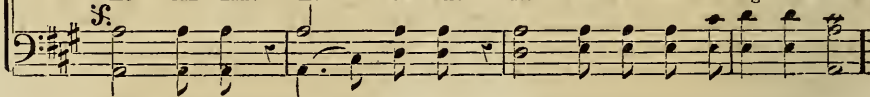
1. Ar - rayed in clouds of gold-en light, More bright than heaven's resplendent bow, }  
 Je - ho - vah's an - gel came by night, To bless the sleep-ing world be - low; }  
 2. Good will henceforth to man be given, The light of glo - ry beams on earth; }  
 Let an - gels tune the harps of heaven, And saints be - low re - joice with mirth; }



1. How soft the mu - sic of his tongue, How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!  
 2. On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing, And Ju - dah's chil-dren hail their king!



Ho - san - nah! Ho - san - nah! Ho - san - nah in the high - est heaven!



*End*

### HOSANNAH.—Concluded.

31

D. S.

Peace, good will to man is given, Glo - ry to our God in heaven!

D. S.

### PURCELL. 7s.

A. D. F.

1. Songs of praise awoke the morn   Songs of praise arose when he  
   When the Prince of Peace was born;   Captive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

2. Heaven and earth must pass away,   God will make new heavens and earth.  
   Songs of praise shall crown the day;         Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3. And will man alone be dumb,   No; the church delights to raise  
   Till that glorious kingdom come?         Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

4. Saints below, with heart and voice,   Learning here by faith and love,  
   Still in songs of praise rejoice;   Songs of praise to sing above.

5. Borne upon the latest breath,   Then amid eternal joy,  
   Songs of praise shall conquer death;         Songs of praise their powers employ.

1. On the mountain-top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands; } Mourning captive, mourning captive,

2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning, Cease  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } [thy mourning.

God himself shall loose thy bands. Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lujah! praise the Lord.

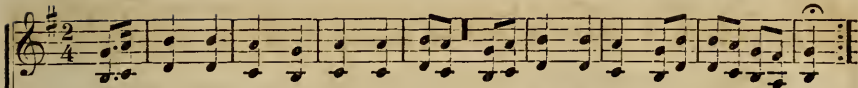
Zi - on still is well beloved. Hal-le-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord.

3 God thy Lord will now restore thee;  
He, himself, appears thy friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
Great deliverance, great deliverance,  
Zion's king will surely bring.  
Hallelujah, etc.

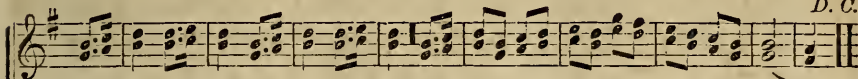
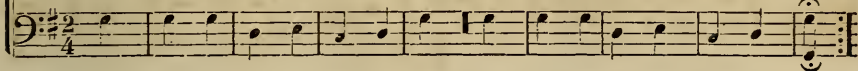
4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,  
All thy warfare now be past;  
God thy Savior will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last.  
All thy conflicts, all thy conflicts,  
End in everlasting rest.  
Hallelujah, etc.

# THANKFULNESS. D. L. M.

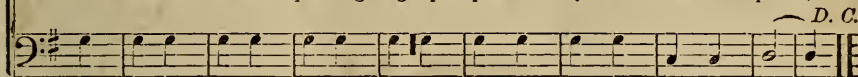
FROM HARRISON'S SACRED MELODIBOX.



1. There seems a voice in ev' - ry gale, A tongue in ev' - ry opening flower, }  
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale, Of thy in - dul - gence, love, and power. }  
 D. C. And all the mingling sounds of spring, To thee a gen' - ral pe - an raise.



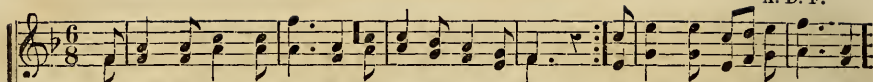
The birds that rise on quivering wing Ap - pear to hymn their Ma - ker's praise;



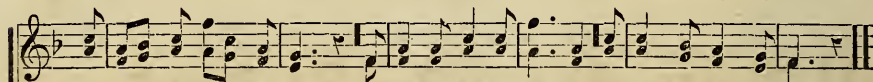
2 And shall my voice, great God, alone  
 Be mute 'mid nature's loud acclaim?  
 No; let my heart with answering tone,  
 Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.  
 And nature's debt is small to mine,  
 Thou bad'st her being bounded be,  
 But—matchless proof of love divine—  
 Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

3 The Savior left his heavenly throne,  
 A ransom for my soul to give;  
 Man's suffering state he made his own,  
 And deigned to die that I might live.  
 But thanks and praise for love so great  
 No mortal tongue can e'er express;  
 Then let me, bowed before thy feet,  
 In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

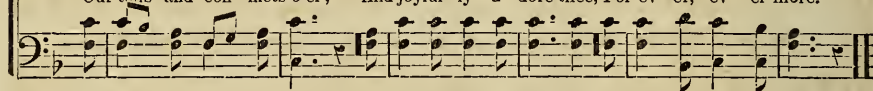
A. D. F.



1. Soon as the morn with ro - ses Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun re - po - ses Up-on the ocean's breast, } Our voice in sup-pli - ca - tion,  
 2. By thee through life supported, We pass the dangerous road,  
 By heavenly hosts es - cort - ed Up to the bright abode; } There cast our crowns before thee,

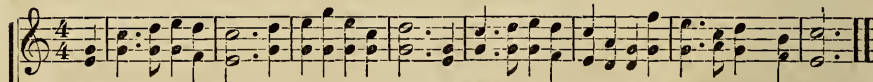


Je - ho - vah, thou shalt hear; O grant us thy sal - va - tion, And be thou ev - er near.  
 Our toils and con - flicts o'er; And joyful - ly a - dore thee, For - ev - er, ev - er - more.

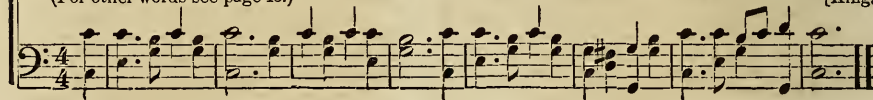


## ARCHER. S. M.

A. D. F.



Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal  
 (For other words see page 13.) [King.]



## TUNE.—ILLINOIS. C. M.

- 1 The Sabbath breezes fan my brow,  
Warmed by the summer sun;  
Accept my gratitude, O thou  
Who art the peerless One.
- 2 Within the sacred house of God,  
How great should be our fear,  
Lest we should scorn this blest abode,  
By thoughtlessness while here.
- 3 We come to drink from purest streams,  
Where "healing waters flow,"  
And not to think of idle dreams,  
Of fading things below.
- 4 Weak is my sin-polluted heart;  
Set it from bondage free;  
O wilt thou bid the stain depart,  
And make it pure for thee?

MARY BOULWARE.

## TUNE.—PURCELL. 7s.

- 1 Gentle spirit, come again,  
With your soft and soothing strain,  
Quelling every earthly pain—  
Gentle spirit, come to me!
- 2 Gentle spirit, come to me,  
On the wings of memory,  
Set my soul from anguish free—  
Gentle spirit, come to me.
- 3 Gentle spirit, come again,  
Purify me from the stain,  
Which of sin doth yet remain—  
Gentle spirit, come to me.
- 4 Gentle spirit, hover still,  
And thy mission yet fulfill,  
Resignation to instill—  
Gentle spirit, come to me.

MARY BOULWARE.

## TUNE.—HOSANNAH. 8s.

- 1 Invited by a Savior's love,  
We meet to praise his sacred name:  
The Church below, the Church above,  
Unite his glory to proclaim;  
And youthful voices join to swell  
The chorus to Immanuel.  
Hosannah! hosannah!  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God!  
Glory, glory, let us sing  
Grateful praises to our King!  
Hosannah! hosannah!  
Hosannah to the Lamb of God.
- 2 Do any ask why children sing,  
And why approach the 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.  
Hosannah, etc.
- 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.  
Hosannah, etc.

## TUNE.—PURCELL. 7s.

- 1 Little rain-drops feed the rill,  
Rills to meet the brooklet glide;  
Brooks the broader rivers fill,  
Rivers swell the ocean's tide.
- 2 So the dew-drops gathered here,  
Mites from willing childhood's hand,  
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,  
Carrying truth to every land.

## FAIRVIEW. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. O thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise; Streams of mercy never ceasing,

*Chorus.*

Call for songs of loudest praise. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! God is love!

## OREGON. C. M.

A. D. F.

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial  
[for our fears.

2. Salvation! Let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky Conspire to  
[raise the sound.

3. O happy period! glorious day! When heaven and earth shall raise, With all their powers, the raptured  
[lay, To celebrate thy praise.



2 Teach me ever to adore thee,  
 May I still thy goodness prove;  
 While the hope of endless glory  
 Fills my heart with joy and love.

8 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;  
 Hither by thy help I've come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Did redeem me by his blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be;  
 Let thy goodness like a fetter  
 Bind me closer still to thee.

6 Never let me wander from thee,  
 Never leave thee whom I love;  
 By thy word and spirit guide me,  
 Till I reach thy courts above.

TUNE.—FAIRVIEW. 8s & 7s.

1 "Neath the clouds the sun is shining,"  
 Where the golden streets are laid,  
 And for me bright hope is twining  
 Shining wreaths that never fade.

2 Would this thought could ever cheer me,  
 "Through this lonely vale of tears,"  
 When the fiend Despair is near me,  
 With his dark, foreboding fears.

3 Though with grief the heart-strings quiver,  
 As we journey here below,  
 Yet we'll walk beside the river,  
 Where eternal waters flow.

4 Here though rudest notes are singing,  
 With a music drear and lone,  
 There the golden harps are ringing,  
 Luring us impatient on.

5 Though we oft forget to trust thee,  
 Gracious Lord, and thou so near,  
 Yet thy love is ever ready  
 To remove the falling tear.

MRS. M. BOULWARE.

TUNE.—ARCHER. S. M.

1 O God, ten thousand flowers  
 To thee sweet offering bear,  
 And cheerful birds in shady bowers  
 Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,  
 The trees on every hill,  
 The glorious sun, the rolling tide,  
 Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,  
 Still praise a God unknown;  
 For gratitude and love can rise  
 From living hearts alone.

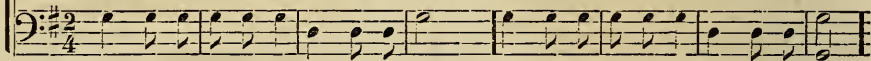
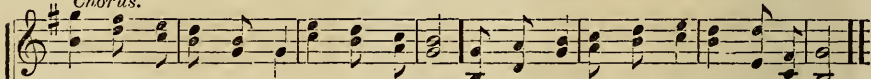
4 These living hearts of ours  
 Thy holy name would bless;  
 The blossom of ten thousand flowers  
 Would please the Savior less.

5 While earth itself decays,  
 Our souls can never die;  
 O, tune them all to sing thy praise  
 In better songs on high.

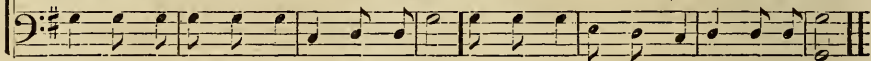
Words by T. HARRISON,



1. How beauteous is the earth! how bright the sky! How wisely plann'd by him who reigns on high!
2. By day he makes the sun to pour forth light; The moon and starry host to shine by night.
3. He waters hill and dale with dews and showers, And crowns their varied soils with fruits and flowers.
4. He sent his only Son to save the world, When from its Eden bowers fallen man was hurled.
5. His face hath smiled on us above all lands; Our thousand splendid gifts are from his hands.

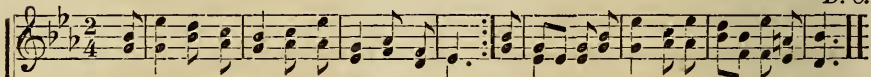
*Chorus.*

His love is rich and free—a boundless store! Praise the Lord! praise the Lord for evermore.



## SCOTLAND. 11s.

D. C.



1. O thou who hast led us so safe-ly a-long, } To thee, O our God, would we tune the glad  
 And bourne with our weakness, and banished our fears, } [song,  
 D. C. Whose mercies have filled up our circle of years. D. C.



1 The winter's keen frosts, and the spring's blooming  
flowers,

The summer that ripens the autumn's rich store ;  
The seed-time and harvest, the sunshine and  
showers,

Thy promise fulfill, and thy love we adore.

3 O Father, still guide us through life's troubled way,  
Throw round us the shield of thine infinite love,  
And bring us at last to the regions of day—  
The regions of glory and rapture above.

TUNE.—SCOTLAND. 12s.

1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,  
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale,  
But the place most delightful this earth can afford  
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early  
dawn,  
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just  
gone ;  
But there's no other season or time can compare  
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

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

4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of  
wealth,  
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health ;  
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss !  
Take away every other, and give me but this.

Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord,  
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his Word ;  
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,  
And delight in the prospect revealed from above.

WM. HUNTER.

TUNE.—BOWERS. C. M.

1 There is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray ;  
Narrow and difficult the road,  
But Christians love the way.

2 It leads through this dark world of sin,  
Where many snares are cast ;  
But upright souls that walk therein  
Will come to heaven at last.

3 Lord, condescend to be my guide  
O, let me never stray ;  
Uphold my footsteps lest I slide,  
Or wander from the way.

4 Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust his word of old ;  
The lambs he'll gather with his arm,  
And lead them to the fold.

TUNE.—ARCHER. S. M.

1 Our evil actions spring  
From small and hidden seeds ;  
At first we think some wicked thing,  
Then practice sinful deeds.

2 Wherever sin begins,  
It tends to death and woe ;  
And he who heeds not little sins,  
A sinner's doom shall know.

3 O, for a holy fear  
Of every evil way,  
That we may never venture near  
The path that leads astray.

1. There 's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time, }  
 Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold, And where life is a treasure sublime; }  
 2. Here our gaze can not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our visions have told of its bliss, }  
 And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the deserts of this; }  
 4. O the stars never tread the blue heavens by night, But we think where the ransomed have trod, }  
 And the day never smiles from his palace of light, But we feel the bright smiles of our God. }

'Tis the land of our God—'tis the home of the soul, Where the ages of splendor e-ter-nal-ly roll;  
 And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose, When our spirits were torn with temptation and woes,  
 We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom, To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom;

Where the way-weary trav-el-er reaches his goal, On the ev-er-green mountains of life.  
 And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows From the ever-green mountains of life.  
 And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the ever-green mountains of life.

## TUNE.—BOWERS. C. M.

- 1 Youth, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes;  
A flower, though offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'T is easier, far, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes;  
For sinners who grow old in sin  
Are hardened by their crimes.
- 3 'T will save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our childhood we resign;  
'T will please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ our youngest breath;  
Thus we're prepared for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

## TUNE.—PURCELL. 7s.

- 1 'T is religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'T is religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death, its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity!  
Be the living God my friend  
Then my bliss shall never end.

## TUNE.—ILLINOIS. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join with one accord  
In hymns around the throne;  
This is the day our risen Lord  
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blessed,  
The brightest of the seven;  
Type of that everlasting rest  
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,  
And hasten to that day  
When our Redeemer shall come down,  
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below  
Let us in hymns employ;  
And in our Lord rejoicing go  
To his eternal joy.

## TUNE.—EMINENCE. C. M.

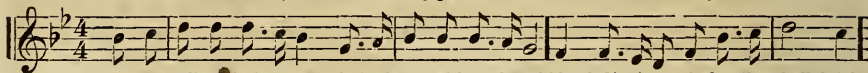
- 1 And now another hour is past  
Of kind instruction given;  
And this, perhaps, may be the last  
On this side hell or heaven.
- 2 And is it so? How dread the thought,  
And yet, indeed, how true!  
If I could feel it as I ought,  
This day, what should I do?
- 3 O surely prize it more and more,  
And pray that God would give  
A death of gain, if life be o'er,  
And blessing if I live.

## SHOUT HOSANNAH.

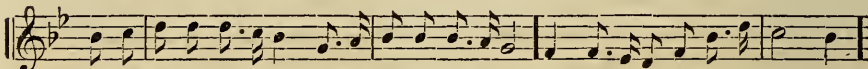
Words by C. L. F.

G. F. Root.

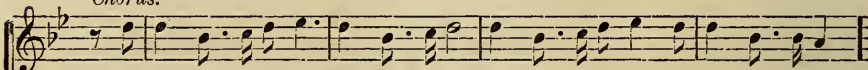
AIR.—“Battle-cry of Freedom,” by permission of ROOT &amp; Cady, Chicago.



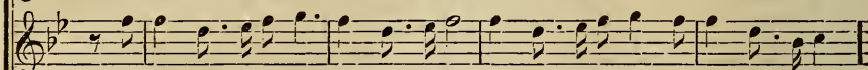
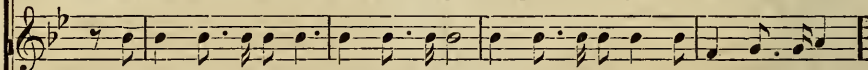
1. We've en-list-ed in a war, but 't is not with flesh and blood, Singing and shouting, hallelujah!
2. The weapons of our warfare are Faith, and Hope, and Love, Singing and shouting, hallelujah!
3. Our foes are fierce and strong, but our strength is in the Lord, Singing and shouting, hallelujah!
4. Then with patience we will run all along the Christian race, Singing and shouting, hallelu - jah!



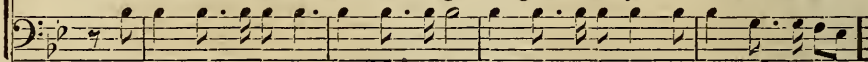
We are fighting for a crown in the kingdom of our God, Singing and shouting, halle - lu - jah!  
 The wisdom of the serpent is blended with the dove, Singing and shouting, halle - lu - jah!  
 And the vic - to - ry we'll win, trusting ev - er in his word, Singing and shouting, halle - lu - jah!  
 Till our Savior, Christ, appears, and we see him face to face, Singing and shouting, hallelu - jah!

*Chorus.*

Then shout, shout hosannah! shout, shout again; Sing hal - lelu - jah to God and the Lamb;



Then shout, shout hosannah! shout, shout again; Sing hal - lelu - jah to God and the Lamb;



Under Prince Immanuel's banner, we'll march to Canaan's land, Singing and shouting, hallelujah!

Under Prince Immanuel's banner, we'll march to Canaan's land, Singing and shouting, hallelujah!

## ALICE. 8, 8, 7.

Words and Music by WALTER GODFRIE.

1. Ho - ly Father, blest Creator, Source of light, of life the giv-er, Hearken to our songs of praise.

2. Here, while in our waking hours, Bless us, Lord, with heavenly powers, While we chant our songs of praise.

3. While we lift our voices heavenward, Savior of the world, draw nearer; Aid us in our songs of praise.

4. Thanks we give for every blessing Of this life; and love redeeming, Which brings forth our songs of praise.

5. When from earth we're called to sever, May we live with thee forever, Sounding forth our songs of praise.

6. Unto God, our Heavenly Father, Unto Christ, our blest Redeemer, Sing unceasing songs of praise.

Words by M. BOULWARE.

A. D. F.

1. No gen - tle flow - ret blooms in vain, Tho' hid a - far from mor - tal sight,  
2. He has not lived in vain who lends A gen - tle in - flu - ence a - round;

Be - side the wild - ly surg - ing main, Or on the mountain's loft - y height.  
Mild - ness with res - ig - na - tion blends, And makes con - tent - ment to a - bound.

- 3 He has not lived in vain who feels  
A kindred for another's woe,  
With Christlike fondness gently heals  
The wound, and bids the sorrow go.
- 4 He has not lived in vain who leads  
Others along the path of love;  
And oft, in secret, strongly pleads  
For them with One who dwells above.
- 5 He has not lived in vain who bears  
With patience all the ills of life,  
And ever on his visage wears  
Sunbeams to calm another's strife.

- 1 I am a very little child,  
With roving thoughts and fancies wild;  
Lord, make me more a child of thine,  
Help me to watch this heart of mine.
- 2 When from the path of life I stray,  
Lord, guide me back into the way;  
Teach all my thoughts round thee to twine,  
Help me to watch this heart of mine.
- 3 O, when temptation's wiles beset,  
And I almost my God forget,  
Give me the mighty help of thine,  
To save this sinful heart of mine.



## TUNE.—SPURGEON. L. M.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'T is found beneath the mercy-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 sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## TUNE.—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

- 1 O Lord, our Shepherd, deign to keep  
Thy little lambs, thy feeble sheep;  
And when our feet would go astray,  
Restrain and guide us in thy way.
- 2 When faint and trembling with alarms,  
O gather us within thine arms;  
Kind Shepherd, on thy gracious breast  
The weakest lamb may safely rest.

## TUNE.—FULTON. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand:  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

1. When little Samuel woke, And heard his Maker's voice, At every word he spoke, How much he did re-

joyce, O blessed, happy child, to find The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend,  
How happy would I be!  
O, how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear  
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?  
O yes! for in his word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God whom Samuel heard.  
In almost every page I see  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care,  
May safely rest my head;  
I know that God is there,  
To guard my humble bed;  
And every sin I well may fear,  
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,  
Whene'er I read his word,  
"Speak, Lord! I would obey  
The voice which Samuel heard;"  
And when I in thy nouse appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

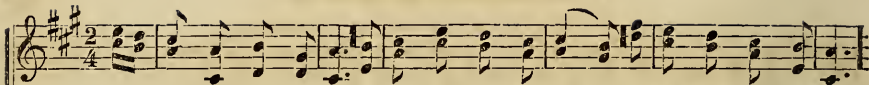
From the "JUVENILE SINGER," by T. HARRISON.

1. Beautiful, sublime, and glorious, Wild, ma-jes - tic, foaming, free,  
O - ver time it - self vic -

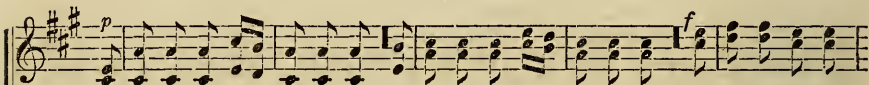
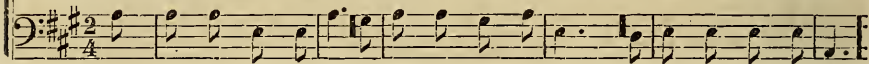
O - ver time it-self vic-torious, Im-age of e - ter - ni - ty, Im - age of e - ter - ni - ty.  
to - - - - - rious,

- 2 Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,  
See thy surface ebb and flow;  
Yet attempt not to explore thee,  
In thy soundless depths below,  
In thy soundless depths below.
- 3 Whether morning splendors steep thee  
With the rainbow's glowing grace,  
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,  
'Tis but for a moment's space,  
'Tis but for a moment's space.

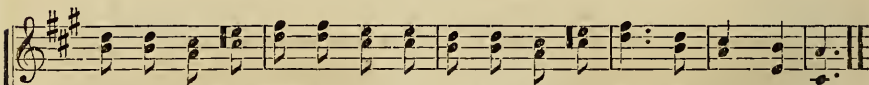
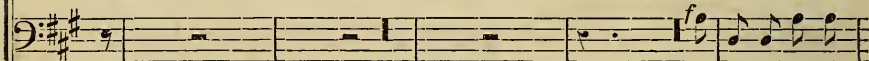
- 4 Earth, her valleys and her mountains,  
Mortal man's behests obey;  
Thy unfathomable fountains  
Scoff his search and scorn his sway,  
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.
- 5 Such art thou, stupendous ocean!  
And if overwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think without emotion  
What must thy Creator be?  
What must thy Creator be?



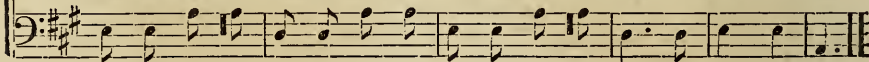
1. Lord of all power and might! Our heart's deep praise is thine, Our heart's deep praise is thine!
2. Though sin an entrance found, And marr'd our Eden's bloom, And marr'd our Eden's bloom;
3. Yet, O, by faith's bright eye, A hap - pier clime we see, A hap - pier clime we see!



We hail thee with the morning light, And magni- fy thy name by night; We hail thee with the  
The year is still with goodness crowned, And glorious fruits and flowers abound; The year is still with  
Where never chill of fear is nigh, Nor breath of sorrow dims the sky; Where never chill of



morning light, And mag - ni - fy thy name by night, In an - thems all di - vine.  
goodness crowned, And glorious fruits and flowers abound, Which yield a rich per - fume.  
fear is nigh, Nor breath of sor - row dims the sky, Nor blight of guilt can be.



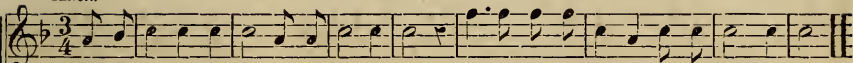
# THE POLYPHONIC.

## PART II.

JONES. 6s & 5s.

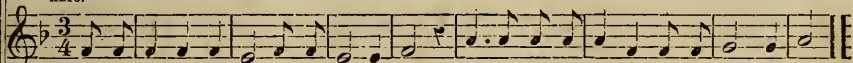
Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

TENOR.



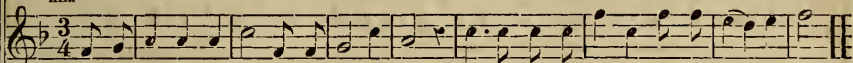
1. When the Savior appears With the heavenly throng, Then we'll join with rapture Heaven's immortal song.

ALTO.



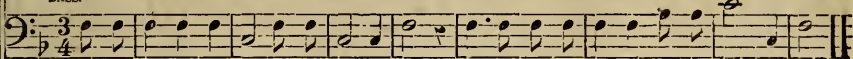
2. While on earth we remain In this pris'n of clay, Longing for deliv'rance, We a - wait that day—

AIR.



3. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead arise, May we then behold thee, From the upper skies.

BASS.



4 In thy kingdom on high,  
Where we ne'er shall part,  
May we, in thy glory,  
See thee as thou art.

5 With unceasing delight  
Thy great name we'll sing,  
Praising thee forever,  
Heaven's eternal King.

*Largo.*

1. O the shadows—beau - ti - ful shadows! Floating far o'er the hills a - way;

2. O the shadows—beau - ti - ful shadows! Sleeping soft o'er the mead - ows green:

3. O the shadows—beau - ti - ful shadows! Dancing light on the o - cean's spray;

As o'er the sky the light clouds fly, So o - ver the mount - ains wan - der they.

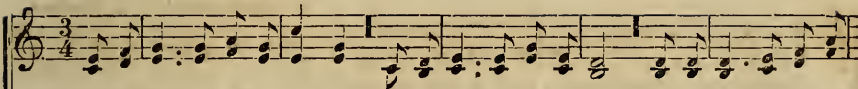
Fair are the flowers in sun - bright bowers, But fair - er the flowers those shades be - tween.  
They change each wave from gay to grave, Like frowning smiles of a child at play.

4 O the shadows—merciful shadows!  
Like a balm for the bleeding heart,  
When first it knows that love's flame glows  
More strong and pure when joys depart.

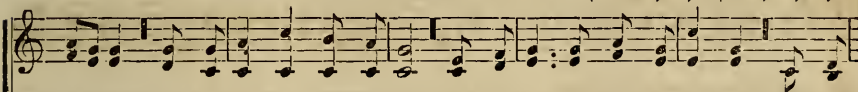
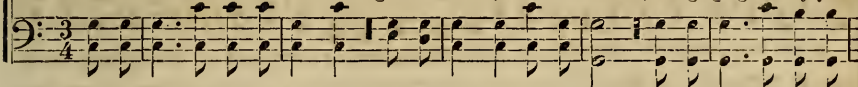
5 Bless the shadows—beautiful shadows!  
And remember, as you gaze abroad,  
In heaven and earth, shades owe their birth  
To light, and light is the shadow of God.

From the "Excelsior," by permission.

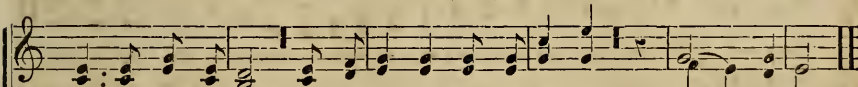
J. W. SUFFERN.



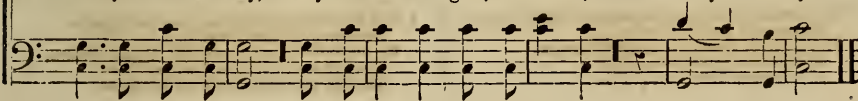
1. In the leaf - y, budding spring-time, Long a - go, my sister died; Friends had gathered round her
2. When my heart with grief is saddened, When the world a desert seems, Then my little an - gel
3. Blessed words that come with healing To the heart, so lone and drear; Bringing light and joy and



bedside; I knelt close-ly by her side. While we were with tears bemoan-ing That she  
 sis - ter Comes to me in blissful dreams; And her voice is like sweet music, Joy is  
 gladness, Where 't was darkest night before. When our toil on earth is end - ed, Far a -



should so ear - ly die, Sis - ter whispered, pointing upward, "By and by."  
 beam-ing in her eye, And she whispers, pointing upward, "By and by."  
 bove yon vaulted sky, May we meet a - gain, dear sister, "By and by."



Words and Music by C. L. FILLMORE.

1. She hath gone to the Christian's land of rest, To heaven for - ev - er to reign, With holy and

2. She hath gone to the land of spirits bright, Where pleasures unceasingly roll, Where Christ, the Re-

glorified spirits blest, She conquered thro' Him that was slain, She conquered thro' Him that was slain.

deem - er, is the light, And God is the joy of the soul, And God is the joy of the soul.

3 She hath gone to a house not made with hands,  
Secure and eternal above;  
To join with the bright, angelic bands  
In strains of redeeming love,  
In strains of redeeming love.

4 It is not without hope we weep and mourn  
For one so beloved and dear;  
We are bruised and bereaved, yet not forlorn,  
Though we never shall see her here,  
Though we never shall see her here.



1. O sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die!  
 2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,  
 3. When the last mo - ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face!

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.  
 Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gin be - low.  
 And catch the bright, ser - aph - ic gleam Which o'er each fea - ture plays.

4 Then to my raptured ears  
 Let one sweet song be given;  
 Let music cheer me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then round my lifeless clay  
 Assemble those I love,  
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
 My glorious home above.

1. 'Tis twi - light, and a - down the west The sun is sink - ing to his rest,  
 2. With gen - tle breath the ori - ent breeze Just stirs the foli - age of the trees:  
 3. Up - on the soft and balm - y air Peal forth the bells for even - ing prayer;

And o'er the east - ern hills a - far Is ris - ing sum - mer's even - ing star.  
 And as its whisperings low I hear, Me - thinks that an - gels lin - ger near.  
 And as its ech - oes gent - ly roll, A ho - ly awe per - vades my soul.

## DOXOLOGY. I.

*Slow.*

Blessed, blessed be Je - ho - vah, Israel's God, to all e - ter - ni - ty! Let all the people say, Amen!

Words by E. R. MARTIN.

A. D. F.

1. While we thro' this valley Of sorrow are seeking, 'Mid pleasures and pastimes, A balm for each wound,

O, would that, like Mary, When Jesus was speaking, We might at the feet Of our Savior be found.

2 We may glide as in dreaming,  
 Adown life's swift river,  
 Where rise fairest islands,  
 Our vision to greet;  
 Yet peace, love, and pardon  
 Elude us forever,  
 Till, humbly, like Mary,  
 We sit at his feet.

3 O who would not labor  
 To reach that bright glory  
 The ransomed shall gain  
 In yon heavenly clime;

Where angels are shouting  
 The wonderful story,  
 "Lost man is reclaimed  
 By affection divine."

4 We'll dwell with the angels,  
 Where sorrows are ended,  
 With Jesus who wept  
 That we sinners might weep:  
 All hail! Prince Immanuel!  
 Who sinners befriended,  
 And saved from the storm  
 That swept over the deep

1. Je - sus my Lord to glo - ry's gone, Him will I go and see; And' all my breth-ren  
 2. There we shall meet and no more part, All heaven shall ring with praise, While Jesus' love in  
 3. Mill-ions of years around may roll, Our song shall still abound, While raptures burst from

*Chorus.*

here be - low, Will soon come af - ter me. On the oth - er side of  
 ev' - ry heart, Shall tune the song, "Free grace." On the other, etc.  
 ev' - ry soul, In sweet, me - lo - dious sounds. On the other, etc.

Jor-dan, Hal-le-lu - jah! We'll be free from sorrow, pain, and trouble, Hal-le-lu - jah!

## 83 TUNE—PETERBORO. C. M.

- 1 O that the Lord would teach my tongue  
The heavenly song to raise;  
O that the Lord my heart would fill  
With love and joy and praise!
- 2 O that the Lord my steps would guide  
In paths of righteousness;  
O that the Lord my lips would teach  
His ways and works to bless.
- 3 O that the Lord would make me know  
The riches of his grace;  
Then should I love and please him, too,  
And, dying, see his face.

## TUNE—TRENTON. D. C. M.

- 1 Dear Lord, who in thy love so great,  
Didst frame this world of ours,  
And its fair robe of green create,  
All bright with blooming flowers;  
By thy sweet will, o'er hill and dale,  
Each plant and leafy tree,  
Are teachers of a welcome tale,  
That speaks to us of thee.
- 2 As day by day the budding rose  
Unveils its blushing hue,  
So doth thy tender love disclose  
A beauty ever new;  
And e'en the violet in the dell,  
Has its own word of thee,  
Delighting evermore to tell  
Of thy humility.

- 3 Thus, not a plant that scents the gale,  
Or blossoms on the tree,  
But tells its own instructive tale,  
O loving Lord, of thee.  
Nor these alone, but all we see,  
Around us and above,  
Extol thy grace and majesty,  
And speak thy boundless love.

## TUNE—EXULTATION. 8s.

- 1 O Jesus, delight of my soul,  
My Savior, my shepherd divine,  
I yield to thy blessed control,  
My body and spirit are thine.  
Thy love I can never deserve,  
That bids me be happy in thee;  
My God and my King I will serve,  
Whose favor is heaven to me.
- 2 How can I thy goodness repay,  
By nature so weak and defiled?  
Myself I will yield to thy sway,  
O call me thine own blessed child;  
And art thou my father above?  
Will Jesus abide in my heart?  
O bind me so fast with thy love,  
That I never from thee shall depart.

## TUNE—ARCHER. S. M.

- 1 Once more, before we part,  
We'll bless the Savior's name,  
Record his mercies, every heart,  
Sing every tongue his fame.
- 2 May we receive his Word,  
And feed thereon, and grow,  
Go seek the knowledge of the Lord,  
And practice what we know.

*Lively.*

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents blend; Come, let us sing of  
2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long, We love to sing of

D. C. Then come and sing of Je - sus, The sin-ner's on - ly friend; He loves to hear our

*Fine.*

Je - sus, The sin-ner's on - ly friend. His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A -  
Je - sus, The tempted and the strong. None who besought his heal - ing, He

*Fine.*

voic - es, In joy - ful ac - cents blend.

*D. C.*

mid the choirs above, To hear our youthful voic - es, Ex - ult - ing in his love.  
passed unheeded by; And still re-tains his feel - ing For us a - bove the sky.

*D. C.*

- 3 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save ;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave :  
And in the hour of danger,  
We'll trust his love alone,  
Who once slept in a manger,  
And now sits on the throne.  
Then come and sing, etc.
- 4 Then let us sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus,  
Throughout eternal day.  
For those who here confess him,  
He'll in heaven confess ;  
And faithful hearts that bless him,  
He will forever bless.  
Then come and sing, etc.

## TUNE—THANKFULNESS. D. L. M.

- 1 The ransomed spirit to her home,  
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies ;  
No more on stormy seas to roam,  
She hails her heaven in the skies ;  
But cheerless are these heavenly fields,  
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,  
There is no bliss in bowers above,  
If thou art absent, Holy Love !
- 2 The cherub near the viewless throne  
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,  
And one, with incense-fire, hath flown  
To touch with flame the angel hand ;  
But tuneless is the quivering string,  
No melody can Gabriel bring,

Mute are its arches, when above,  
The harps of heaven wake not love.

- 3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,  
In harmony that soothes the soul ;  
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake ;  
And when, on thunders thunders roll,  
That voice is heard, and tumults cease—  
It whispers to the bosom—Peace.  
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,  
And cheer our hearts, celestial love.

## TUNE—PETERBORO. C. M.

- 1 Attend, young friends, while I relate  
The dangers you are in,  
The evils that around you wait,  
While subject unto sin.
- 2 Although you flourish like the rose,  
While in its branches green ;  
Your sparkling eyes in death will close,  
No more now to be seen.
- 3 In vain you'll mourn your days are past,  
Alas ! those days are gone ;  
And you will leave your friends at last,  
Here, never to return.
- 4 In silent shades you will lie down,  
Long in your graves to dwell ;  
Your friends will then stand weeping round,  
And bid a long farewell.
- 5 O come this moment, and begin  
While life's sweet moments last,  
Turn to the Lord, forsake your sins,  
And he'll forgive the past.

1. When the night-wind bewaileth the fall of the year, As it sweeps from the forest the leaves that are sere,  
 2. Thro' memory's chambers, the forms of the past, And the joys of my childhood come forth on the blast;  
 3. All the trees of the forest shall blossom again, And the song-bird shall carol a soul-thrilling strain;

I awake from my slumbers, and list to the roar, And it saith to my spirit, No more. . . .  
 Evermore.

And the lost ones whose beauty I used to adore, To my heart seems to murmur, No more. . . .  
 But the heart fate has wasted no bloom shall restore, And its songs shall be joyous No more. . . .

## REPLY TO "NO MORE."

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Yes, again in the regions of heavenly bliss,<br/>         Far away from the sorrows and trials of this;<br/>         Aye, the heart, with its luster, undimm'd as of yore,<br/>         Then shall bloom in its freshness once more.<br/>         Evermore.</p> | <p>2 Yes, where angels' sweet converse, and God's own<br/>         true love<br/>         Shall surround us unceasing in "Eden above,"<br/>         There the spirits of lost ones, departed before,<br/>         Shall delight us with rapture once more. Evermore</p> |
|--|---|



3 Yes, in that blessed region of rarest delight,  
Where the once weary pilgrims are clothed in pure  
white;  
O the joys that we've tasted our Lord shall restore,  
And the heart fate once wasted shall sing evermore.

4 Yes; away, far away, where the bright angels dwell,  
And the joy is far deeper than tongue e'er can tell,  
There the billows and tempests of time will he  
o'er,  
And the heart free from sighing once more. Ever-  
more.

5 Let us go to that region, thence never to roam,  
Far from all that can give the sad soul a sweet  
home;  
Where the winds' raptured powers in melody soar,  
And we'll dwell in Elysian once more. Evermore.  
MARY BOULWARE.

## TUNE—SCOTLAND. 11s.

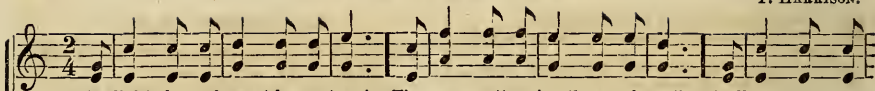
- 1 How sweet to my heart is the morning of rest,  
The day of the week which I surely love best;  
The morning my Savior arose from the tomb,  
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 O let me be prayerful and thoughtful to-day,  
And not spend one minute in trifling or play;  
Remembering these seasons were graciously given  
To teach me to seek and prepare me for heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,  
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;  
In the school what I learn, may I do all with care,  
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Savior, a child though I be,  
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;  
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,  
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee  
the praise.

## TUNE—OREGON. C. M.

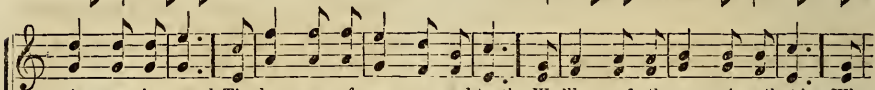
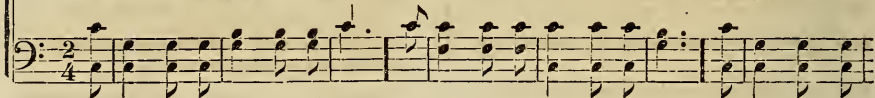
- 1 There's not a star whose twinkling ray  
Illumes the distant earth,  
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,  
But goodness gave it birth.
- 2 There's not a cloud whose dew distill  
Upon the parching sod,  
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,  
That is not sent from God.
- 3 There's not a place in earth's vast round;  
In ocean's depths, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found;  
For God is everywhere.
- 4 Around, below, beneath, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There heaven displays its boundless love,  
And power with goodness blends.

## TUNE—BURGESS. S. M.

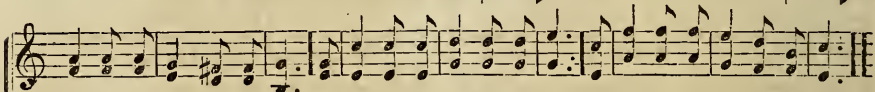
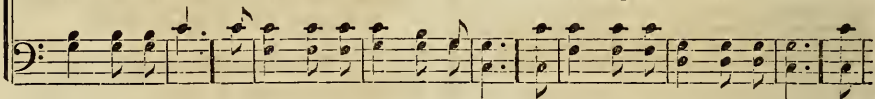
- 1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,  
Thy glorious name to sing;  
To praise and pray, to hear thy Word;  
And grateful offering bring.
- 2 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.
- 3 To songs of praise and joy,  
Be every Lord's-day given,  
That such may be our blest employ,  
Eternally in heaven.



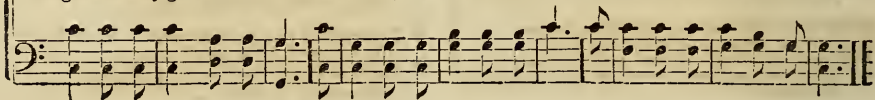
1. As light-ly and sweet-ly we tread The rose-scattered pathway of youth, We'll triumph that  
 2. We know that his kindness and care All parts of cre-a-tion embrace, That we shall ea-  
 3. His love he revealed in his Son, Whose mercy no bounds ev-er knew, We'll praise him for



o'er us is spread The ban-ner of mer-cy and truth; We'll pour forth our praises that he Who  
 pe-cial-ly share The gifts of his in-fi-nite grace; To him our thanksgivings ascend, His  
 all he has done, And all he has promised to do; In feel-ing, in deed, and in word, Be



liv-eth and reign-eth a-bove, For-ev-er our guardian will be, That God, our Crea-tor, is love.  
 blessings unlim-it-ed prove, That he is our Father and friend, That God, our Preserver, is love.  
 governed by grace from above, And always rejoice in the Lord, For God, our Redeemer, is love.



## TUNE—EXULTATION. 8s.

- 1 Away with our sorrow and fear,  
We soon shall recover our home;  
The city of saints shall appear—  
The day of eternity come;  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode;  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving Word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;  
The city, so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air;  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystals her buildings are clear;  
Inmovably founded in grace,  
She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.

## TUNE—ILLINOIS. C. M.

- 1 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,  
This hallowed, much-loved place;  
Tho' friends and scenes around us change,  
And time flies on apace.
- 2 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,  
Where hopes of sin forgiven,  
Through him above, who came to die,  
Allure our souls to heaven.

- 3 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,  
Which taught us to beware  
Of Satan's foul, deceitful arts,  
Our youthful souls t' ensnare.
- 4 We'll not forget the Sunday-school,  
Nor friends that here we found,  
Who strove to lead us home to God;  
To them our hearts are bound.
- 5 We'll follow in their footsteps here,  
And teach and sing and love;  
O keep us, Savior, in thy fear,  
Till we shall meet above.

## TUNE—BOWERS. C. M.

- 1 Lost in the mazes dark of sin,  
Without a guide, I stray;  
How shall I find the path to God?  
Christ says, "I am the way."
- 2 Blinded by error's fitful glare,  
O, what must I believe?  
"I am the truth," the Savior says,  
"Do thou my Word receive."
- 3 By nature frail, with death I wage  
A most unequal strife!  
But Jesus speaks, O blessed words,  
He says, "I am the life!"
- 4 The way, in thee, O may I walk,  
The truth, on thee, believe,  
The life, O may I ever strive.  
Blest Lord, in thee to live.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Lo! the gospel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore, All who wish to sail for

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

*Chorus.*

glo - ry, Come and wel - come, rich and poor. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, All her

The chorus begins with the word 'Chorus.' written above the treble staff. The melody continues with a mix of quarter and eighth notes, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

sail - ors loud - ly cry; While the blissful port of glo - ry, O - pens to each faithful eye.

The final system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The melody in the treble staff ends with a quarter note, and the bass staff provides a final accompaniment.

*Tenderly.*

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of  
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our

evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.  
 number, Thou no more our songs shalt hear.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,  
 Here thy loss we deeply feel:  
 But 't is God who hath bereft us;  
 He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
 When the day of life is fled;  
 Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

## SAILING FOR GLORY.—CONTINUED.

- 2 Thousands she has safely landed,  
 Far beyond this mortal shore;  
 Thousands still are sailing in her,  
 Yet there 's room for thousands more
- 3 Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,  
 Swiftly waft the ship along,  
 All her company rejoicing;  
 "Glory!" bursts from every tongue

- 4 Do not fear the ship will founder,  
 Though the foaming billows roar;  
 Jesus Christ will safely guide her,  
 To her destined, happy shore.
- 5 Come, poor sinners, be converted;  
 Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;  
 And with us you will be happy —  
 Happy in eternity.

*Cheerful.*

Arranged and partly composed by T. C. O'K.

1. Morn a - mid the mountains, Love - ly sol - i - tude, Gush - ing streams and  
 2. Now the glad sun, breaking, Pours a gold-en flood; Deep - est vales a -

*Chorus.*

fount - ains, Mur - mur, God is good. Praise Him, men and an - gels,  
 wak - ing, Ech - o, God is good.

Praise Him, children, too; Praise Him, all cre - a - tion, God is good to you.

- 3 Hymns of praise are ringing,  
Through the leafy wood;  
Songsters, sweetly singing,  
Warble—God is good.
- 4 Wake and join the chorus,  
Man with soul endued;  
He, whose smile is o'er us,  
God, our God, is good.

## TUNE—GRATITUDE. L. M.

- 1 Why should I say, " 'T is yet too soon  
To seek for heaven, or think of death !"  
A flower may fade before 't is noon,  
And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine  
Despise the gracious call of heaven,  
I may be hardened in my sin,  
And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if Jehovah's anger burn,  
While I refuse his offered grace,  
And all his love to fury turn,  
And strike me dead upon the place ?
- 4 'T is dangerous to offend a God  
Whose mighty power none e'er can tell;  
One stroke of his Almighty rod,  
Would send young sinners quick to hell.
- 5 Then 't would forever be in vain  
To cry for pardon and for grace,  
To wish I had my time again,  
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

## TUNE—WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 Not Greenland's icy mountains,  
Nor India's coral strand;  
No dark, or sunny fountains,  
In any pagan land,  
Calls louder to deliver  
Their souls from Error's chains,  
Than here, by sea and river,  
In all our streets and lanes.
- 2 What though our Christian altars  
Are raised in costly style,  
If Christian courage falters,  
Nor strives to save the vile ?  
In vain has God in kindness,  
His blessings on us strown,  
If here, in heathen blindness,  
Men live unblessed, unknown.
- 3 Was Priest or Levite lighted,  
With wisdom from ~~an~~ high,  
Who turned aside, and slighted  
A fallen brother's cry ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
To sinners here proclaim,  
The poor of every nation,  
Must learn Messiah's name.
- 4 Then waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole,  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

1. I love the Sun-day school, And on that ho-ly day,  
With ear-ly steps I come, To meet my teach-er dear,

My heart is oft-en full, When I at-tempt to pray.  
Leav-ing my hap-py home, To seek in-struc-tion here.

*Chorus.* REPEAT AD LIBITUM.

Dear Sunday school,  
Dear Sunday school, - - May I ev-er, ev-er love the Sun-day school.

Dear Sunday school,



2 I love the Sunday-school—  
 The precious volume, too,  
 Which is the only rule  
 To teach me what to do ;  
 Within it I behold  
 The rays of Gospel light,  
 Richer than gems or gold,  
 And more divinely bright.

3 I love the Sunday-school—  
 And wish that every child  
 Would here his name enroll  
 No more be rude and wild ;  
 Wasting his precious time,  
 Spending his idle breath  
 In folly or in crime,  
 Along the road to death.

4 I love the Sunday-school—  
 And wish that all the earth  
 Might know, from pole to pole,  
 Its influence and worth ;  
 And may God give me grace  
 A Savior's name to love ;  
 To see his smiling face  
 In mansions blessed, above.

TUNE—PETERBORO. C. M.

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

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

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

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine,  
 Perfect and right and pure and good—  
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy presence, gracious Lord, impart,  
 Direct me from above ;  
 May thy dear name be near my heart,  
 That dear, best name is Love.

TUNE—BOWERS. C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,  
 By inspiration given ;  
 Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,  
 To guide our souls to heaven

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
 In this dark vale of tears ;  
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
 Of life, shall guide our way,  
 Till we behold the clearer light  
 Of an eternal day.

Words by A. D. F.

C. E. PAX.

1. Come, come, come to the Savior, Rich, rich mer - cy receive; Here, here you will find pardon,  
 2. Come, come, laden and weary, Christ, Christ calls thee to come; Leave, leave paths dark and dreary,  
 3. Come, come, seek his salvation, Now, now hear and obey; Hark! hark! th' sweet invitation,  
 4. Hark! hark! angels are singing, Love, love, love is their theme; Peace, peace, joyfully bringing,

Je - sus from sin will relieve. Come, come, come, come, Come to the Savior and live.  
 Cease from the Savior to roam. Come, come, come, come, Jesus will guide thee safe home.  
 An - gels in-vite you a - way. Come, come, come, come, Sin-ner, believe and o - bey.  
 Mercy from God, the Supreme. Come, come, come, come, Je - sus is rich to re - deem.

## SANCTUS. I.

NAGELI.

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Lord God of hosts! Let all the peo - ple praise thy ho-ly name.

## TUNE—PAXAN. 7s, 6s &amp; 4.

- 1 Heaven, heaven is a blest region,  
Bright, bright, glorious and fair !  
Rich, rich is its resplendence,  
Darkness o'erspreads not its air.  
Light, light, light, light,  
Pure and immortal is there.
- 2 Heaven, heaven is a blest region,  
All, all unity share ;  
Sweet, sweet are their endearments,  
Hatred their hearts never bear.  
Love, love, love, love,  
Pure and immortal is there.
- 3 Heaven, heaven is a blest region,  
Free, free from earth-born care ;  
Full, full are their enjoyments,  
Anguish no bosom can tear.  
Joy, joy, joy, joy,  
Pure and immortal is there.

## TUNE—SPURGEON. L. M.

- 1 I must not sin as many do,  
Lest I lie down in sorrow too ;  
For God is angry every day  
With wicked ones who go astray.
- 2 From sinful words I must refrain ;  
I must not take God's name in vain ;  
I must not work, I must not play  
Upon the Lord's most holy day.
- 3 And if my parents speak the word,  
I must obey them in the Lord ;  
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days  
In idle tales and foolish plays.

## TUNE—TRENTON. D. C. M.

- 1 Speak gently—it is better far  
To rule by love than fear ;  
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.  
Speak gently to the little child ;  
Its love be sure to gain ;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild,  
From evil to refrain.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'T is full of anxious care.  
Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart ;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart.
- 3 Speak gently—he who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce with strife,  
Said to them, " Peace, be still !"  
Speak gently—'t is a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;  
The good, the joy which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## TUNE—LEMERT. H. M.

- 1 On what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;  
The power is thine alone  
To make it spring and grow ;  
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

1. Re - turn, O wander - er, now return, And seek thy Fa - ther's face; }  
Those new desires which in thee burn, Were kindled by his grace. } We are pass - ing a - way,

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way, To the great judg - ment day.

## VERSAILLES. 7s.

1. While, with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted through the former year, } Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state,  
Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here; } They have done with all below,  
*D. C.* We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know. *D. C.*

## PASSING AWAY.—CONTINUED.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
He hears thy humble sigh !  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.  
We are passing away, etc.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
Thy Savior bids thee live :  
Go to his feet, and, grateful, learn  
How freely he'll forgive.  
We are passing away, etc.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
And wipe the falling tear ;  
Thy Father calls ; no longer mourn ;  
'T is love invites thee near.  
We are passing away, etc.

## VERSAILLES.—CONTINUED.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies,  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
Swiftly thus, our fleeting days,  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise—  
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Savior's love,  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

## TUNE—GRATITUDE. L. M.

- 1 When morning pours her golden rays  
O'er hill and dale and ocean bright,  
Awake and sing your Maker's praise,  
For he restores the morning light.
- 2 When night steals darkly from the skies,  
And draws his sable curtain round,  
And you in slumbers close your eyes,  
Then let your trust in God be found.
- 3 When loud winds roar or zephyrs sigh,  
'T is but Jehovah's voice you hear ;  
The clouds, his wings that veil the sky—  
Him only need the righteous fear.
- 4 Let tempests rage and veil the sky,  
Or sunbeams smile or darkness reign,  
Let joy or sorrow dim the eye,  
Our trust in God shall be the same.

## TUNE—SPURGEON. L. M.

- 1 This day belongs to God alone ;  
This day he chooses for his own ;  
And we must neither work nor play,  
Because it is God's holy day.
- 2 'T is well to have one day in seven,  
That we may learn the way to heaven ;  
Then let us spend it as we should,  
In serving God and doing good.
- 3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek  
What we may think of all the week ;  
And be the better every day,  
For what we hear our teachers say.

1. I hear the voice of sing-ing, Among the wav-ing trees; Its ech-oes still are ring-ing,  
 2. The brooks, with murmuring voices, Pour forth their noisy lays, And every thing re-joic-es,  
 3. The summer's cloud, unfold-ing Its mist-y scarf of air, Which mountain hands are holding,

In ev'-ry play-ful breeze: The bud, its leaves ex-tend-ing, The dew-drop in its cell,  
 To sing Je-ho-vah's praise; On every cloud it lin-gers, And thunders back in fire,  
 To veil the sun-set fair; Where golden rays as-cend-ing, Gleam up the west-ern sky,

4 Then let each heart with gladness  
 Employ the circling year,  
 To banish every sadness,  
 And drooping hearts to cheer;  
 And when our years are ended,  
 And silent are our lays,  
 Then may our notes be blended,  
 In everlasting praise.

## TUNE—BATAVIA. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth,  
Go, when the noon is bright,  
Go, when the eve declineth,  
Go, in the hush of night;  
Go, with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And, in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition,  
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 

- 1 Go thou, in life's fair morning,  
Go, in the bloom of youth,  
And bring, for thine adorning,  
The precious pearl of truth.  
Secure this heavenly treasure,  
And bind it on thy heart,  
And let no worldly pleasure  
E'er cause it to depart.
- 2 Go, while the day-star shineth,  
Go, while the heart is light,  
Go, ere thy strength declineth,  
While every sense is bright;  
Sell all thou hast and buy it;  
'Tis worth all earthly things—  
Rubies and gold and diamonds,  
Scepters and crowns and kings.
- 3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow  
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:  
Defer not till to-morrow—  
Go now, and buy the truth.

Go, seek thy great Creator,  
Learn early to be wise—  
Go, place upon the altar  
A morning sacrifice.

## TUNE—ARCHER. S. M.

- 1 Love is the strongest tie  
That can our hearts unite;  
Love makes our service liberty,  
And every burden light.
- 2 Our Heavenly Father's will  
We cheerfully obey,  
And run, with joy, the Christian race,  
When love directs the way.
- 3 May love forever reign,  
And banish wrath and strife;  
So shall we witness here below  
The joys of Eden life.
- 4 And when we reach our home,  
And see the Savior's face,  
Love will to full perfection rise,  
And fill the blissful place.

## TUNE—THE OCEAN. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 Christians, see the orient morning  
Breaks along the heathen sky;  
Lo! the expected day is dawning—  
Glorious day-spring from on high.
- 2 Soon the valleys and the mountains,  
Breaking forth in joy shall sing;  
And the living, crystal fountains  
From the thirsty ground shall spring.
- 3 Light shall burst on every nation,  
Truth shall spread from pole to pole,  
And the anthem of salvation  
Round the Universe shall roll.

## REMEMBER ME. C. M.

DR. HAWES.

1. O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 2. When, on my aching, burdened heart, My sins lie heavily, Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,  
 3. When trials, too, obstruct my way, And ills I can not flee; O, let my strength be as my day,  
 4. When worn with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble frame may be, Grant patience, rest and kind relief,  
 5. When, in the solemn hour of death, I wait thy just decree, Be this the prayer of my last breath,

*Chorus.*

Good Lord, remember me, remember me, remember me, Good Lord, re - mem - ber me.

## BYRON. 11s &amp; 12s.

D. C.

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, } And the sheen of their spears was like stars on  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold, } [the sea,  
 D. C. When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

D. C.



## BYRON—CONTINUED.

- 2 Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
- 3 For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still.
- 4 And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.
- 5 And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.
- 6 And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow, in the glance of the Lord.

## TUNE—BYRON. 11s.

- 1 The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide ;  
Whatever we want he will kindly provide ;  
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,  
His care and protection his flock will surround.
- 2 The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear ?  
What danger can move us while Jesus is near ?  
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.
- 3 Though afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,  
Thy rod and thy staff, be our comfort and stay ;  
We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,  
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
- 5 The Lord has become our salvation and song,  
His blessings have followed us all our life long,  
His name we will praise while he gives us our breath—  
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

## TUNE—PALMALORA. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 Children, hear the melting story,  
Of the Lamb that once was slain ;  
'Tis the Lord of life and glory,  
Shall he plead with you in vain ?  
O receive him, O receive him,  
And salvation now obtain.  
Hallelujah, etc.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,  
So displeasing in his sight ;  
Jesus loves the pure and holy,  
They alone are his delight ;  
Seek his favor, seek his favor,  
And your hearts to him unite.
- 3 All your sins to him confessing,  
Who is ready to forgive ;  
Seek the Savior's richest blessing—  
On his precious name believe ;  
He is waiting, he is waiting,  
Will you not his grace receive ?

## TUNE—SPURGEON. L. M.

- 1 When I look up to yonder sky,  
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,  
I think of one I can not see,  
But one who sees and cares for me.
- 2 His name is God ! he gave me birth ;  
And every living thing on earth ;  
And every tree and plant that grows,  
To the same hand its being owes.
- 3 'Tis he my daily food provides,  
And all that I require besides ;  
And when I close my slumbering eye,  
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.
- 4 Then, surely, I should ever love  
This gracious God, who reigns above ;  
For very kind indeed is he,  
To love a little child like me.

## TRENTON. D. C. M.

1. Now condescend, Almighty King, To bless this youthful throng; } We come to own the power di-  
 And kindly lis - ten, while we sing Our grateful morning song. }  
 2. We come to learn thy Ho - ly Word, And ask thy ten - der care; } May we in safe - ty pass this  
 Before thy throne, Almighty Lord, We bend in humi - ble prayer. }

vine, That watches o'er our days; For this our cheerful voices join, In hymns of grateful praise.  
 day, From sin and danger free; And ever tread the narrow way Which leads to heaven and thee.

## PRIMROSE. C. M.

CHAPIN.

1. I love to see the glowing sun, As thro' the pleasant fie'ds I run,  
 Light up the deep blue sky, And hear the brooks flow by.

- 2 How fresh and green the trees appear ;  
 What blooming flowers I find !  
 O, surely God has sent them here,  
 To tell us he is kind.
- 3 The beasts that on the herbage feed,  
 Thank him in different ways ;  
 And little birds upon the boughs,  
 Sing sweetly to his praise.
- 4 Shall I alone forget to thank  
 The God who made us all ?  
 O, no, I'll humbly kneel to him,  
 And on my Maker call.
- 5 Though I am but a little child,  
 Yet I to God belong ;  
 His works declare him good and mild,  
 And he will hear my song.

## TUNE—ABINGDON. 8s &amp; 7s.

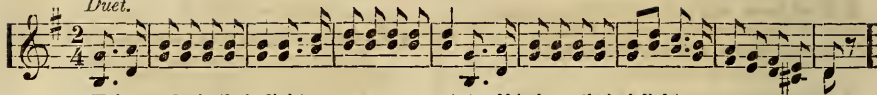
- 1 What a mercy, what a treasure  
 We possess in God's own Word,  
 Where we read, with sacred pleasure,  
 Of the love of Christ our Lord.  
 That blest Word reveals the Savior  
 Whom our souls so deeply need ;  
 O what mercy, love, and favor,  
 That for sinners Christ should bleed.
- 2 While each wretched, heathen nation  
 Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee,  
 In this happy land, salvation  
 Clearly is revealed to me ;  
 O, the blessedness of knowing  
 Christ, our Savior's precious love,  
 Freely on us all bestowing  
 Grace and mercy from above.

## TUNE—OREGON. C. M.

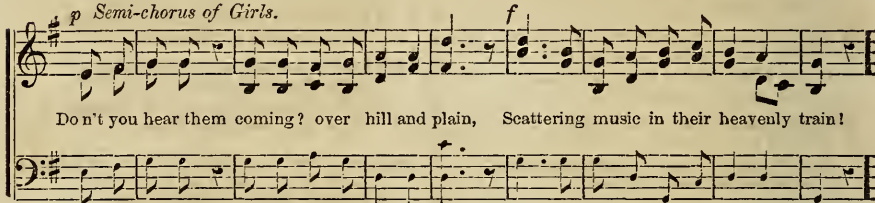
- 1 There is a hope, a blessed hope,  
 More precious and more bright,  
 Than all the joyous mockery  
 The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star, a lovely star,  
 That lights the darkest gloom,  
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
 The prospect of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,  
 That lifts the soul above—  
 Dispels distrustful, anxious doubt,  
 And whispers, God is love.
- 4 That voice is heard from Calv'ry's height,  
 And speaks the soul forgiven ;  
 That Star is revelation's light,  
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

## TUNE—BURGESS. S. M.

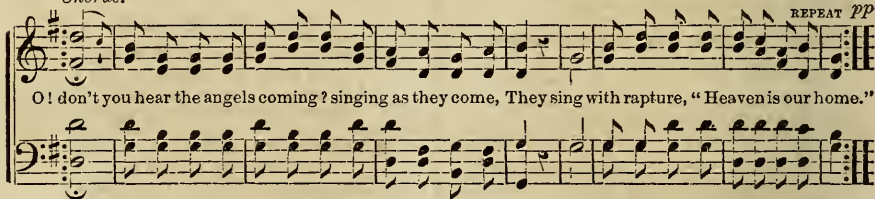
- 1 Did Christ o'er sinner's weep,  
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
 Let tears of penitential grief  
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
 The wondering angels see ;  
 Be thou astonished, O my soul ;  
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;  
 Each sin demands a tear ;  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
 And there's no weeping there.

*Duet.*

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

*p Semi-chorus of Girls.*

Don't you hear them coming? over hill and plain, Scattering music in their heavenly train!

*Chorus.*

O! don't you hear the angels coming? singing as they come, They sing with rapture, "Heaven is our home."

2 Tho' their forms we can not see,  
 They attend and guard our way,  
 Till we join their company,  
 In the fields of heavenly day.  
 O! don't you hear, etc.

3 Had we but an angel's wing,  
 And an angel's heart of flame,  
 O, how sweetly would we ring  
 Thro' the world the Savior's name.  
 O! don't you hear, etc.

4 Yet methinks if I should die,  
 And become an angel too,  
 I, perhaps, like them might fly,  
 And the Savior's bidding do.  
 O! don't you hear, etc.

# THE POLYPHONIC.

## PART III.

### ARKANSAS. 6 lines 8s.

*Moderato.*

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. I praised the earth, in beau - ty seen, With gar - lands gay of va - rious green ;  
I praised the sea, whose am - ple field Shone glorious as a sil - ver shield ;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics, with chords and single notes corresponding to the words.

And earth and o - cean seemed to say, Our beau-ties are but for a day.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time.

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;  
And sun and moon, too, seemed to say,  
Our brightness is but for a day.

3 O God ! O good beyond compare !  
If thus thy meaneer works are fair—  
If thus thy beauties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be,  
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee.

Words by WILLIAM BAXTER.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. U - pon a couch of pain, A dy - ing moth - er lay, While friends a - round with  
2. She knew that death was near, Yet dreaded not to die; But wished her well be -

an - guish saw Her life fast ebb a - way; She looked up - on that tear - ful throng, The  
lov - ed son Might meet her dy - ing eye; That she might lay her hand once more Up -

a - ged, young, and fair, But looked in vain for one dear face—A face that was not there.  
on that son's bright hair, And breathe for him, ere death should come, An earnest, fervent prayer.

1. Hum-ble prais - es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voic - es raise to thee;  
 2. Bless - ed Sa - vior, thou hast bid - den Babes like us to come to thee;  
 3. Thanks to thee, who free - ly gave us Thy ex - al - ted Son to die;

In thy arms, O Lord, re - ceive us, Suf - fer us thy lambs to be.  
 Once, by thy dis - ci - ples chid - den, Thou didst bless such ones as we.  
 From e - ter - nai death to save us, Glo - ry be to God on high.

## MEET ME THERE.—CONTINUED.

3 Her pulse grew fainter still,  
 And dimmer grew her eye,  
 And keener grew the anguish of  
 The loved ones standing by;  
 Then flashed her eye, as if she saw  
 The pearly gates appear;  
 And pointing up, "Tell him," she said,  
 "Tell him to meet me there."

4 She calmly fell asleep,  
 Her earthly course was done,  
 But never from his heart hath passed  
 That message to her son.  
 And when his final hour shall come,  
 He hopes to breathe this prayer,  
 "Receive me to thyself, O God;"  
 And meet his mother there.

*p*

1. Sa - vior, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;  
 2. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can not hide from thee;

Sin and woe we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.  
 Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.

*Chorus.*  
*f. mf*

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



*p*

Though de - struction walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows near us fly,  
Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

*D. S.*

An - gel guards from thee sur - round us, We are safe, if thou art nigh.  
May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

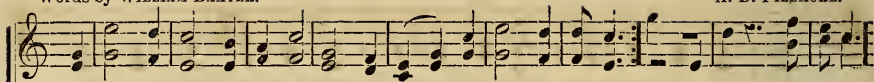
*D. S.*

1 One there is above all others,  
 Whom all men  
 Well deserves the name of friend;  
 Whose love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, etc.  
 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But 'twas the Savior died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, etc.

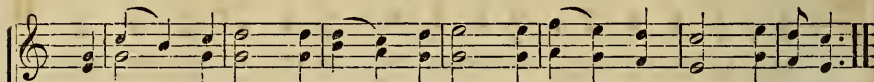
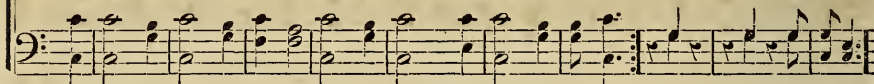
2 When he lived on earth, abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, etc.  
 O for grace, our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, thy name to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often,  
 What a friend we have above.  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, etc.

Words by WILLIAM BAXTER.

A. D. FILLMORE.



1. Why sigh at pain and sor-row here, While on the earth we wander? } Joy, joy, joy, up yonder;  
 Our journey will be end-ed soon, And there is joy up yon-der: }  
 2. Our path may dark and dreary be, O'er that let us not ponder; } Light, light, light up yonder;  
 Though dark, the dawn will come at last, For there is light up yonder: }



All sor - row will for - got - ten be, When we ar - rive up yonder.  
 The gloom will all for - got - ten be, When we ar - rive up yonder.



3 Let us not faint nor weary be,  
 But on the thought oft ponder,  
 That those who toil for Christ on earth  
 Shall have a rest up yonder:  
 Rest, rest up yonder!  
 Our toil will all forgotten be,  
 When we arrive up yonder.

4 Our work well done, why dread to die?  
 Why of this life grow fonder;  
 When all who die in Christ shall have  
 A better life up yonder?  
 Life, life, up yonder!  
 When Christ to all his saints will give  
 Eternal life up yonder.

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

fa - thers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's holy 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."

*Chorus. Spirited.*

1. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com-ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the

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 6/8 time signature. It contains a vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a piano accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

*Fine.*

Prince of Peace shall reign; And Zi - on's chil-dren then shall sing, The deserts all are

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment. The section concludes with a final cadence.

*Chorus.*

bles-som-ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is com-ing, Re - joice, re-

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment, mirroring the style of the first chorus.

rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign. The gospel banner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph

o'er the world, And every creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee.

*D. C.*

*D. C.*

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;  
 From Zion shall the law go forth,  
 And all shall hear, from south to north:  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign:  
 And truth shall sit on every hill,  
 And blessings flow in every rill,  
 And praise shall every heart employ,  
 And every voice shall shout with joy;  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;  
 And lambs shall with the leopard play,  
 For nought shall harm in Zion's way:  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;  
 The sword and spear, of needless worth,  
 Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,  
 And peace shall smile from shore to shore,  
 And nations learn to war no more;  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

Words by WILLIAM BAXTER.

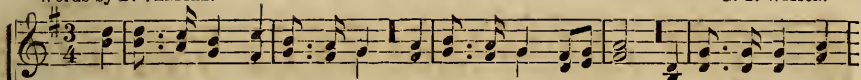
1. A storm a - rose on Gal - i - lee, And fierce-ly howled the gale, Wild ter - ror filled the  
 2. He rose, and o'er the an - gry sea He looked, with placid brow; "O faith-less ones," he  
 3. When sailing o'er life's troubled sea, The gathering storm is dark; Be with me, Lord, in

hearts on board That lit - tle bark so frail. A wea - ry man was sleeping when A -  
 said, "why fear, Can ye not trust me now?" He spoke; the waves all sank to rest, O -  
 that dread hour, To save my trembling bark. Then, though the waves of sorrow rise, I

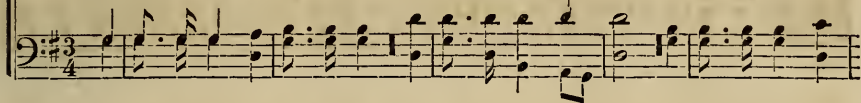
rose the fearful cry; "Save, Master, from the raging storm, O save us, or we die."  
 be - dient to his will, The howling winds were silent, for 'T was Christ said "Peace, be still."  
 shall not fearful be: No storm can wreck me while the Lord Sails in the bark with me.

Words by D. VANDIKE.

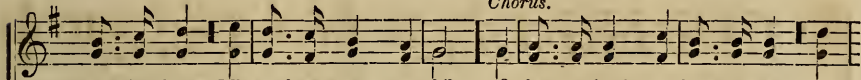
G. T. WILSON.



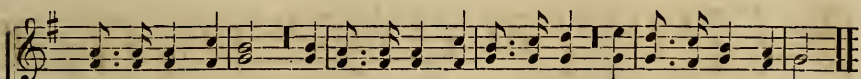
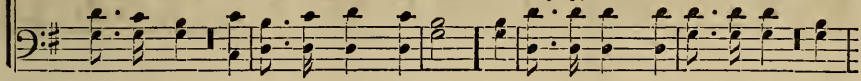
1. By faith we look for joys to come, When we shall pass the vale, To yon bright land, the
2. The land we see is bright and free, And streams perennial flow, O'ershadowed by life's
3. The light that shines upon that shore Shall never fade nor die; For God is light, and
4. There joy and life and light and love, And rapturous songs of bliss, Are calling to that



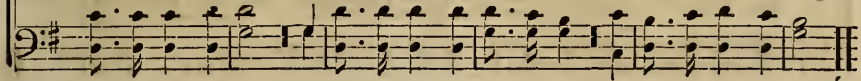
*Chorus.*



spir-it's home, Where pleasures nev - er fail.	O hap - py land, we long to stand, On
blooming tree, Whose leaves for heal - ing grow.	O hap - py land, etc.
ev - er - more, He bids the dark - ness fly.	O hap - py land, etc.
world a - bove, From such a world as this.	O hap - py land, etc.



thy fair shore, and sing, With all that throng, a joy - ful song Of praise to God our King.



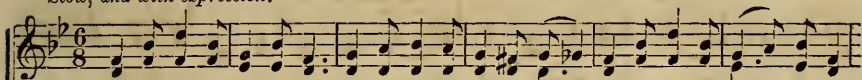
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on! ei - ty of our God! He, whose word can not be  
 2. See the streams of living wa-ters, Springing from E - ter-nal Love, Well supply thy sons and

bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode; On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can  
 daughters, And all fear of drought remove; Who can faint while such a riv - er, Ev - er

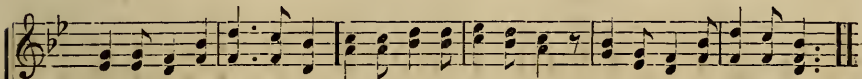
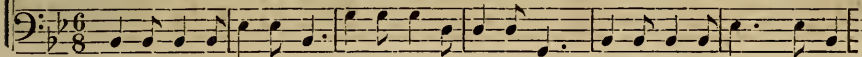
shake thy sure repose? With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.  
 flows their thirst t' assuage? Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.



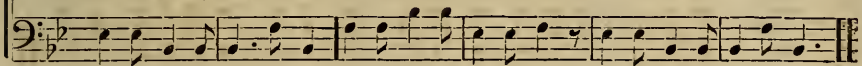
From "EARLY BLOSSOMS," by permission of P. PHILLIPS.

*Slow, and with expression.*

1. Is it true that I must lie In the graveyard by and by, And with others gone before,  
 2. Is it true, as many say, Life is but a passing day, And that heaven is lost or won,  
 3. Is it true, that on the cross, Jesus bled and died for us, And, while hanging on the tree,  
 4. Is it true, that all death's slain, Will arise and live a - gain, And to fi - nal judg - ment go,



Sleep till time shall be no more? Is it true, O, is it true? Is it true, O, is it true?  
 Ere this fleeting day has flown?  
 Upward sent a prayer for me?  
 Some for bliss, and some for woe?



## GLORIOUS THINGS.—CONTINUED.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood?  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God:  
 'Tis his love his people raises,  
 With himself, to reign as kings;  
 And as priests, his solemn praises,  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Savior, when of Zion's city,  
 I, through grace, a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name:  
 Fading is the worldling's treasure,  
 And his boasted pomp and show,  
 Solid joys and lasting pleasures,  
 None but Zion's children know.

Words by A. D.

Air from the German.

1. As down the stream of time we are glid - ing, We'll trust in  
 2. When morn - ing dawns, with birds sweet - ly sing - ing, Our voic - es  
 3. When all a - round us noon - tide is shin - ing, And when at

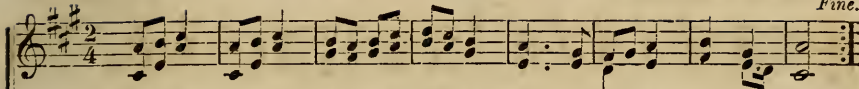
God with faith all con - fid - ing; He'll nev - er for - sake, He'll nev - er for - sake.  
 too, their trib - ute bring - ing, Sing praise to the Lord, Sing praise to the Lord.  
 eve the sun is de - clin - ing, We'll sing of his love, We'll sing of his love.

4 We'll come to God with humble petition,  
 In every season, every condition,  
 In Jesus' blest name,  
 In Jesus' blest name.

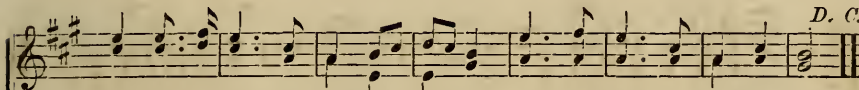
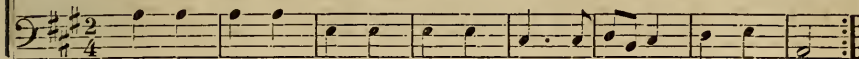
5 Though storms of sorrow oft o'ertake us;  
 Thank God for promise ne'er to forsake us—  
 We'll trust in his word,  
 We'll trust in his word.

6 And when our songs on earth shall be ended,  
 With angel bands our notes shall be blended,  
 In heaven above,  
 In heaven above.

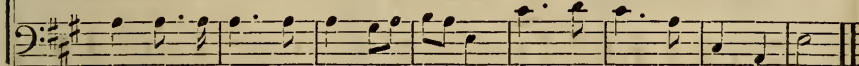
7 With all the saints, through Jesus' rich merit,  
 O Father lead us, by thy good Spirit,  
 To heaven, our home,  
 To heaven, our home.

*Fine.*

1. Hark! the morning bells are ringing, Chil - dren haste, with-out de - lay; }  
 Prayers of thousands now are winging Up to heaven their si - lent way. }  
*D. C.* Let us all u - nite in singing, All u - nite in sol - emn prayer.



*D. C.*  
 Come, children, come, The bells are ringing, To the Sab - bath school re - pair;



2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,  
 Children meet to praise and prayer;  
 But the hour is short and fleeting,  
 Let us, then, be early there.  
 CHORUS—Come, children, etc.

3 Do not keep your teacher waiting,  
 While you tarry by the way;  
 Nor disturb the school reciting,  
 'Tis the holy Sabbath-day.  
 CHORUS—Come, children, etc.

4 Children, haste, the bells are ringing,  
 And the morning's bright and fair;  
 Thousands now unite in singing,  
 Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.  
 CHORUS—Come, children, etc.

1. Wea - ry of sin - a heav - y load, Ah, whith - er shall I flee }  
To find re - lief? The Sa - vior cries: "Poor sin - ner, come to me;" }

Wear-y and heavy la - den, come, And rest with me, in heaven, my home.

2 My mind is dark; the way to God  
I strive in vain to see;  
The Savior speaks, and all is light!  
He says, "Come unto me;"  
Weary and heavy laden, etc.

3 Temptations sore beset my path,  
I struggle to be free;  
But all in vain, till Jesus speaks;  
He says, "Come unto me."  
Weary and heavy laden, etc.

4 The river flashing near the throne,  
The fruit on life's fair tree,  
Off distant seem; but they are nigh  
When Christ says, "Come to me."  
Weary and heavy laden, etc.

5 I have no home on earth; I long  
Where Jesus dwells to be;  
Where I for evermore shall rest;  
For Christ says, "Come to me."  
Weary and heavy laden, etc.

*Moderato.*

1. When - e'er I take my walks abroad, How ma - ny poor I see! What shall I ren - der  
2. Not more than others I deserve, Yet God has given me more; For I have food while

to my God, For all his gifts to me, For all his gifts to me.  
oth - ers starve, Or beg from door to door, Or beg from door to door.

- 3 How many children in the street,  
Half naked I behold;  
While I am clothed from head to feet,  
And covered from the cold,  
And covered from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell  
Where they may lay their head,  
I have a home wherein to dwell,  
And rest upon my bed,  
And rest upon my bed.

- 5 While others early learn to swear,  
And curse and lie and steal;  
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,  
And do thy holy will,  
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favors, day by day,  
To me above the rest?  
Then let me love thee more than they,  
And try to serve thee best,  
And try to serve thee best.

1. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble; more pre - cious than gold, The hopes and the  
 2. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble; blest vol - ume of truth, How sweet-ly it  
 3. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble; the val - leys shall ring, And hill - tops re-

glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold; It speaks of sal - va - tion, wide o - pens the  
 smiles on the sea - son of youth; It bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great  
 ech - o the notes that we sing; Our ban - ners, inscribed with its pre - cepts and

door; Its of - fers are free to the rich and the poor.  
 price, Ere the heart is en - slaved in the bond - age of vice.  
 rules, Shall long wave in tri - umph, the joy of our schools.

## TUNE—PURCELL. 7s.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing,  
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
  - 2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
  - 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad ;  
Christ our Advocate is made :  
Us to save our flesh assumes—  
Brother to our souls becomes.
  - 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land ;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.
  - 5 Lord I obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.
- TUNE—SPURGEON. L. M.
- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on—  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shal' make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
  - 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home :  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

## TUNE—BURGESS. S. M.

- 1 The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So, Death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
To view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 Lord, when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

*Fine.*

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

*Fine.*

*D. C.*

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

*D. C.*

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

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



## TUNE—ARCHER. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
O, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured if I my trust betray  
I shall forever die.

## TUNE—WATTS. C. M.

- 1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,  
But God has placed it there.
- 2 There's not of grass a single blade,  
Or leaf of loveliest green,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 At early dawn there's not a gale  
Across the landscape driven,  
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,  
That is not sent by heaven.

- 4 There's not a tempest, dark and dread,  
Or storm that rends the air,  
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,  
But God's own voice is there.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There God displays his boundless love,  
And power with mercy blends.

## TUNE—ABINGDON. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 Hark! what mean those lamentations  
Rolling sadly thro' the sky?  
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
"Come and help us, or we die!"
- 2 Hear the heathens' sad complaining—  
Christians, hear their dying cry,  
And the love of Christ constraining,  
Join to help them, ere they die.

## TUNE—COLUMBIA. 6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 Great God in heaven above,  
We offer up in love  
This hymn of praise;  
Help us, O Lord, to be  
True worshipers of Thee,  
And keep us ever free  
From evil ways.
- 2 May all our teachers feel  
A pure and holy zeal  
To serve Thee well—  
And may they, hand in hand,  
A blest and happy band,  
Lead children to that land  
Where angels dwell.

1. Dear Father, ere we part, Now let thy grace descend, }  
 And fill our youthful heart With peace from Christ our Friend. } May show'rs of blessing from above, De-

2. May we, in af-ter years, With gratitude re - view }  
 The service of this day, The work we now pur-sue ; } And speed our way to worlds above, With

scend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.

Descend and fill  
 our hearts with love.

hearts all fired with ho - ly love, With hearts all fired with ho - ly love.

With hearts all fired  
 with ho - ly love.

3 We know that soon on earth  
 The fondest ties must end,  
 Our own most cherished hopes  
 To death's cold hand must bend.  
 The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,  
 Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4 Then, when our spirits leave  
 These tenements of clay,  
 May they to God who gave,  
 Ascend, in endless day.  
 And sing, with parents, teachers, friends,  
 That anthem sweet, which never ends.

## TUNE—PARTING SONG. H. M.

- 1 How beautiful the sight  
Of brethren who agree,  
In friendship to unite,  
And bands of charity:  
'T is like the precious ointment shed,  
O'er all his robes, on Aaron's head.
- 2 'T is like the dews that fall  
The cups of Hermon's flowers;  
Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
Bright with drops of showers;  
Where mingling odors breathe around,  
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands  
Blessings in boundless store,  
From his unsparing hands—  
E'en life for evermore.  
Thrice happy those who meet above,  
To spend eternity in love.

## TUNE—IOWA. 8s.

- 1 How beauteous the morning appears;  
The woodlands their songs have begun,  
The dew-drops, like penitent tears,  
Are bright in the beams of the sun.
- 2 The landscape is verdant and gay,  
The meadows in richness are clad,  
The flocks and the herds are at play,  
The heart of the peasant is glad.
- 3 How gently the waterfall pours!  
How softly the breezes arise!  
How fragrant the beautiful flowers  
Which spring in her bounty supplies!
- 4 All nature is smiling in peace,  
The goodness of God she displays;  
As mercies around us increase,  
Let us join in the anthems of praise.

## TUNE—BURGESS. S. M.

- 1 Whenever two or three  
May meet in Jesus' name,  
In true humility,  
This promise they may claim;  
He will be there, In tender love,  
His grace to prove, To answer prayer.
- 2 O, then we need not fear;  
Th' assurance is fulfilled;  
The Lord himself is here,  
And every little child  
May seek his face, With humble heart,  
And bear a part, In prayer and praise.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time—  
Now is the day of grace—  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time—  
The Savior calls to day;  
Pardon and peace he freely gives;  
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time—  
The Gospel bids you come,  
And every promise in his Word  
Declares there "yet is room."

1. A morn-ing song to thee we raise,  
2. And, most of all, we praise thy name

O ev - er - last - ing God;  
For thy re - deem-ing love;

*Fine.*

*D. S.* And may our fee - ble notes of praise Ascend to thy a - bode.  
For all the bless-ings that we share, In such a land as this.  
We praise thee that a Sa - vior came, To bid our guilt re-move.  
*D. S.* For this we'll cel - e - brate his praise, With ev' - ry fleet - ing breath.

*Fine.*

*D. S.*

We praise thee for thy guardian care,  
He died to save our ru - ined race

For ev' - ry earthly bliss,  
From ev - er - last - ing death;

*D. S.*

## TUNE—PRIMROSE. C. M.

- 1 When daily I kneel down to pray,  
As I am taught to do,  
God does not care for what I say,  
Unless I *feel* it too.
- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,  
And when I pray or sing,  
I'm often thinking all the while  
About some other thing.
- 3 Some idle play or childish toy  
Can send my thoughts abroad;  
Tho' this should be my greatest joy,  
To love and seek the Lord.
- 4 O let me never, never dare  
To act the trifler's part; -  
Or think that God will hear a prayer  
That comes not from the heart.
- 5 But if I make his ways my choice,  
As holy children do,  
Then, while I seek him with my voice,  
My heart will love him too.

## TUNE—MORNING BELLS. 8s &amp; 7s.

May the grace of Christ our Savior,  
And the Father's boundless love;  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above;  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other, and the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth can not afford.

## TUNE—GRATITUDE. L. M.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's day is begun;  
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day that God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Draws us away from earth to heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O, may our prayers and praises rise  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 In holy duties may the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

## TUNE—TRENTON. D. C. M.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy Word the choicest rule imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.  
When once it enters in the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light  
That guides us all the day;  
And thro' the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.  
Thy Word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And will support our age.

1. Sabbath schools must have their concert When th' appointed time comes round ; Surely 't is a precious  
Children love their own dear

meeting, For the children there are found. 'Tis not safe to pass it over, For the rain or for the snow ;  
meeting ; Parents, why not let them go?

- 2 There, they sing of him who never  
Thrust aside their precious claims ;  
But took children to his bosom,  
8 As a shepherd doth his lambs.  
Some there were who tried to keep them  
Waiting, till some other day ;  
Yet the Lord, their zeal rebuking,  
Told them of a better way.
- 3 There, their hearts go up to heaven,  
On the fragrant breath of prayer ;  
Who shall say it is too early  
For the children to be there ?

- Jesus says, " Why should they linger,"  
(Speaking from his throne above,)  
"Till they are a little older,  
Since they're old enough to love?"
- 4 O, then, let them have their concert,  
Be the weather foul or fair :  
So that when the Savior calls them,  
They may answer, " Here we are."  
Tell them they can't come too early  
To their Friend who reigns above ;  
For, ere they can lisp his praises,  
They are old enough to love.

## TUNE—SPURGEON. L. M.

- 1 This is a precious Book indeed ;  
Happy the child that loves to read ;  
'Tis God's own Word, which he has given,  
To show our souls the way to heaven.
- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;  
And how good men the Lord obeyed ;  
And his commands are in it, too,  
To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die ;  
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,  
And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But what is more than all beside,  
The Bible tells us Jesus died ;  
This is its first, its chief intent,  
To lead poor sinners to repent.
- 5 Let us be thankful that we may  
Read this good Bible every day ;  
And learn the way that God has given,  
To lead our souls to peace and heaven.

## TUNE—EMINENCE. C. M.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,  
And set the pris'ners free ;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

## TUNE—BETHLEHEM. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,  
Welcome is this holy day,  
Now the sacred morn returning,  
Says a week has passed away.  
Let me think how time is passing ;  
Soon the longest life departs !  
Nothing human is abiding,  
But the love of humble hearts.
- 2 Father, now one prayer I raise thee—  
Give an humble grateful heart ;  
Never let me cease to praise thee,  
Never from thy fear depart :  
Then, when years are gathered o'er me,  
And the world is sunk in shade,  
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me ;  
There my treasure will be laid.

## TUNE—BATAVIA. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 Remember thy Creator,  
While youth's fair spring is bright ;  
Before thy cares are greater,  
Before comes age's night ;  
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
Ere night's dark pall is near ;  
While life is all before thee,  
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 Remember thy Creator,  
Ere life resigns its trust,  
Ere sinks dissolving nature,  
And dust returns to dust :  
Before with God, who gave it,  
Thy spirit shall appear ;  
He cries, who died to save it,  
" Thy great Creator fear."

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, } We'll wait, we'll wait till  
I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }

We'll wait, with joyful songs of praise, till

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

Je-sus come, We'll wait, with joyful songs of praise, till Jesus come,

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll,  
Across my peaceful breast.

5 Then let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die,  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale  
And soar to worlds on high.



## TUNE—WE'LL WAIT. C. M.

- 1 Thou art our Shepherd, gracious Lord;  
Thy little flock behold;  
And guide us, by thy staff and rod,  
As children of thy fold.
- 2 We praise thy name, that we are brought  
To this delightful place,  
Where we are watch'd and warn'd and taught,  
As children of thy grace.
- 3 O may our teachers, toiling here,  
Meet us at last, above;  
And they and we in heaven appear,  
As children of thy love.

## TUNE—IOWA. 8s.

- 1 This God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose counsels will guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

## TUNE—ABINGDON. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 When the orb of morn enlightens  
Hill and mountain, mead and dell;  
When the dim horizon brightens,  
And the serried clouds dispel;  
And the sunflower, eastward bending,  
Its fidelity to prove;  
Be thy gratitude ascending,  
Unto Him whose name is Love.

- 2 When the vesper star is beaming  
In the coronet of even,  
And the lake and river gleaming  
With the ruddy hue of heaven;  
When a thousand notes are blending,  
In the forest and the grove,  
Be thy gratitude ascending  
Unto Him whose name is Love.
- 3 When the stars appear in millions,  
In the portals of the west,  
Bright bespangling the pavilions  
Where the blessed are at rest;  
When the milky-way is glowing  
In the cope of heaven above,  
Let thy gratitude be flowing,  
Unto Him whose name is Love.

## TUNE—THANKFULNESS. D. L. M.

- 1 Soft be the gently breathing notes,  
That sing the Savior's dying love;  
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,  
Soft as the tuneful lyres above;  
Soft as the morning dews descend,  
While the sweet lark exulting soars,  
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,  
Be every sigh your bosom pours.
- 2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,  
That scatters life and joy abroad,  
Pure as the lucid car of day,  
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.  
True as the magnet to the pole,  
So true let your contrition be,  
So true let all your sorrows roll  
To Him who bled upon the tree.

Words by WILLIAM HUNTER.

A. D. FILMORE.

1. We are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - er - green  
 2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Sa - vior's com -

shore, Whose inhab-it-ants nev-er of sickness complain, And never see death a-ny more.  
 mand; And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave, For Jesus will bring us to land.

*Chorus.*

Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, . . . . . It  
 Then let the hur - ri - cane roar,

will the soon - er, be o'er; - - - - - We will

It will the soon - er be o'er;

weath-er the blast, and will land at last, Safe on the ev - er - green shore.

3 Both the waves and the winds our commander controls;

Nothing can baffle his skill;  
And his voice, when the thundering hurricane rolls,  
Can make the loud tempest be still.  
Then let the hurricane roar,  
It will the sooner be o'er, etc.

4 In the thick, murky night, when the stars and the moon,

Send not a glimmering ray,  
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,  
Will drive all our terror away.  
Then let the hurricane roar,  
It will the sooner be o'er, etc.

5 Let the high-heaving billow and mountainous wave

Fearfully overhead break;  
There is one by our side that can comfort and save,  
There is one who will never forsake.  
Then let the hurricane roar,  
It will the sooner be o'er, etc.

6 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal,

Sink to be seen never more;  
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,  
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.  
Then let the hurricane roar,  
It will the sooner be o'er, etc.

Words by WILLIAM BAXTER.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Christ loved lit - tle chil - dren, While on earth be - low; And I of - ten won - der,

If he loves them now. Yes, he loves them well, I know, For my Bi - ble tells me so.

2 Men, to be converted,  
 Jesus says must be  
 As the little children  
 In humility.  
 And he loves them still, I know,  
 For my Bible tells me so.

3 Children praised the Savior,  
 When on earth he stood;  
 They shall sing his praises,

Round the throne of God.  
 He will own them there, I know,  
 For my Bible tells me so.

4 If the little children  
 Strive to do his will,  
 Christ, the Lord, will ever  
 Love and bless them still.  
 Love them ever, this I know,  
 For my Bible tells me so.

1. Welcome, de-light - ful morn, Sweet day of sa - cred rest, I hail thy kind re - turn;

*Chorus.*

Lord, make these moments blest. Welcome! welcome! welcome! de - light-ful morn.

2 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside.

3 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defense:  
With gifts his hands are filled;  
We draw our blessings thence.

4 The Lord his people loves;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those his heart approves—  
From pure and upright souls.

1 STRIVE, for the way is straight,  
In which the Savior trod,  
And narrow is the gate,  
That leadeth up to God.

2 Cut off th' ensnaring hand,  
Pluck out th' ensnaring eye;  
Turn ye at God's command;  
Sinners, why will ye die?

3 Strive! for there are but few  
Who find the living way;  
Children, alas! will you  
Still blindly go astray?

4 O shun the crowded gate,  
Though wide it seem, and fair,  
'T will bring you, soon or late,  
To anguish and despair.

5 Strive! e'er life's setting sun  
Shall sink in thickest gloom:  
Strive! night is coming on;  
Ye hasten to the tomb.

6 Ask, mercy shall be given;  
Seek as for hidden gold;  
Knock, and the Lord of heaven  
The gates will wide unfold.

Words and Music by D. B. WATKINS.

1. To Sab-bath-school we love to go, To sing his praise and read the sto - ry }  
Of him who suf - fered here be - low, That we might reign with him in glo - ry. }

*Chorus.*

Our Friend a - bove we dear - ly love, His watchful eye for - ev - er sees us;

O! who can fear while he is near—Our heavenly friend, his name is Je - sus.

2 We love the friends who meet us here,  
We love our fathers and our mothers;  
But there's a Friend to us more dear,  
Whose love is greater than all others.  
Our Friend above, etc.

3 We love the Holy Book divine,  
Which God to man has kindly given;  
The lamp of life, which ever shines  
Upon the road that leads to heaven.  
Our Friend above, etc.

1. To him who did sal - va - tion bring, Wake eve - ry tune - ful power and sing  
 2. The joys of heaven will nev - er end, All glo - ry to the sin - ner's Friend!

*D. S.* A song of sweet - est praise, A song of sweet - est praise.  
 And spread a thou - sand ways, And spread a thou - sand ways.  
 Roll on you hap - py scenes, Roll on you hap - py scenes.  
*D. S.* Our Je - sus ev - er reigns, Our Je - sus ev - er reigns.

*D. S.*  
 His grace dif - fu - ses as the rain Crowns na - ture's flow' - ry hills and plains,  
 You winged seraphs help us praise The Au - thor of e - ter - nal joys!

## WALK IN THE LIGHT.

A. D. F.

1. If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, We have fellowship, fellowship, one with another;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

And the blood of Je - sus Christ his Son, Cleanseth us, cleanseth us from all sin.

The musical score continues with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

## LITTLE THINGS. 6s &amp; 5s.

A. D. F.

1. Lit-tle drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the beauteous land.  
 2. And the lit-tle moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul away From the paths of virtue, Oft in sin to stray.  
 4. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heaven above.  
 5. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor).



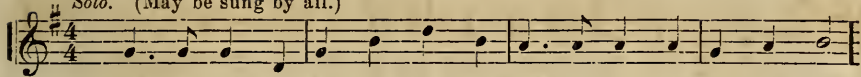
# HERE AND YONDER.

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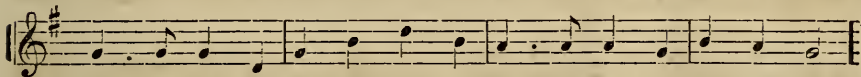
Words by I. N. CARMAN.

By permission. W. O. PERKINS.

*Solo.* (May be sung by all.)

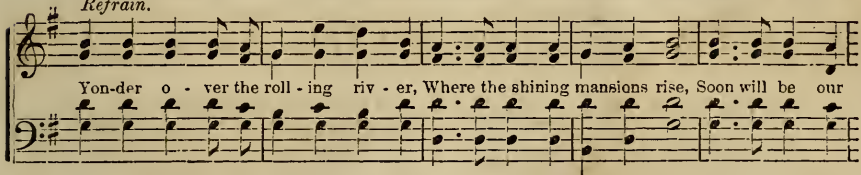


1. Here, we are but stray - ing pil - grims, Here, our path is of - ten dim,
2. Here, our feet are of - ten wea - ry, On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here, our souls are of - ten fear - ful, Of the pil - grim's lurk - ing foe;
4. Here, our shad-owed homes are tran - sient, And we meet the stran - ger's frown;

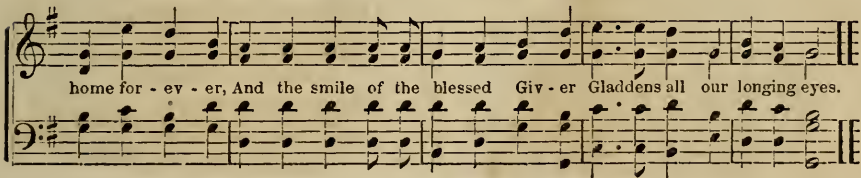


But to cheer us on our jour - ney, Still we sing this way - side hymn.  
 Here, the tem - pest dark - ly gath - ers, But our hearts with - in us say—  
 But the Lord is our de - fen - der, And he tells us we may know,  
 So we'll sing with joy while go - ing, E'en to death's dark bil - low down—

*Refrain.*



Yon - der o - ver the roll - ing riv - er, Where the shining mansions rise, Soon will be our



home for - ev - er, And the smile of the blessed Giv - er Gladdens all our longing eyes.

1. Chil - dren lift your voice high, For Je - sus is the children's Friend; }  
 Now he dwells in yon - der sky, For Je - sus is the children's Friend. }  
 D. C. Such shall in my kingdom be; For Je - sus is the children's Friend.

Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come, said he, And to my words at - tend, *D. C.*

2 Jesus died our souls to save,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend;  
 Rose triumphant from the grave,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.  
 Suffer little children to come, said he,  
 And to my words attend,  
 Such shall in my kingdom be;  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.

3 Jesus here has lambs to feed,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend;  
 He'll supply whate'er we need,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.  
 Suffer little children to come, said he,  
 And to my words attend,  
 Such shall in my kingdom be;  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.

4 Jesus lends a listening ear,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend;  
 Children's songs and prayers to hear,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.  
 Suffer little children, etc.

5 Let us seek to know the truth,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend;  
 While in early days of youth,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.  
 Suffer little children, etc.

6 May we ever walk in love,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend;  
 Till we join with saints above,  
 For Jesus is the children's Friend.  
 Suffer little children, etc.

Words by A. CRIBFIELD.

A. D. FILLMORE

*Slow.*

1. When morning reviveth her beams, And earth is yet pearly with dew,  
And mercy's delectable streams Their equable courses renew, } Come, then, to the altar of prayer

And bow to the ancient of days, Your sacrifice offer, and there Peal high the pure anthem of praise.

- 2 The God of the seasons adore,  
When spring breathes her earliest breeze,  
When winter, reluctant, is o'er,  
And smile all the rivers and trees;  
When summer, in showers and gales,  
Her merciful mission fulfills;  
When plenty matures in the vales,  
And joy speaks aloud from the hills.
- 3 When autumn is sober and sere,  
And pours out her plentiful store,  
O then, as declineth the year,  
The God of abundance adore;

- When winter obscureth the sky,  
And vapory turbulence blows,  
Forbid that devotion should die,  
Or freeze with the frosts and the snows.
- 4 At home, with thy kindred and friends,  
Alone, or with strangers abroad,  
Whatever kind Providence sends,  
Then call on the name of thy God;  
When sickness, at last, is thy lot,  
And death hastens on in the gloom,  
The monarch of terrors fear not,  
For Jesus has conquered the tomb.

*Moderato.*

1. Safe - ly through another week, God has brought us on our way ; Let us each a blessing seek,  
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the blest Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciling face,

Wait-ing in his courts to-day ; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest.  
Take away our sin and shame ; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,

Let us feel thy presence near ;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear ;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste,  
Of our everlasting rest.

4 Glory be to God on high—

God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
Glory to the Lamb be given—  
Glory in the highest heaven ;  
Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,  
Be to God forevermore.

1 Did the Prince of Glory die

For a little child like me ?  
Leave his mansion in the sky,  
Bleed and suffer on the tree ?  
And shall I, a worm, complain,  
When I feel the slightest pain ?

2 Lord, forbid it ! Let me prove

Patient, unrevenged, mild ;  
Poor in spirit, rich in love.  
And in heart a little child ;  
Let thy bright example shine  
In each word and deed of mine.

## TUNE—MIDDLETOWN. 7s.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee;  
 Let the water and the blood  
 From thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the perfect cure;  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 This for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne—  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

## TUNE—ARKANSAS. 6 lines 8s.

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from thee;  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and good are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
 Among the opening clouds at even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into heaven,  
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of stormy gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with a thousand dyes;  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes,  
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye;  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

## TUNE—IOWA. 8s.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love  
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above,  
 To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine,  
 Shall be my eternal employ,  
 And feel them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 You palaces, scepters, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass, in a moment, away.

4 The crown that my Savior bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
 My joy everlastingly flows—  
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

Words in part by HATTIE M. BOLMAN.

By permission. W. O. PERKINS.

1. In that world of ancient sto - ry, Where no storms can ev - er come,  
 2. There with - in the heavenly man - sions, Where life's riv - er flows so clear,  
 3. There with ho - ly an - gels dwell - ing, Where the ransomed wander free,  
 4. There a - mid the shining num - bers. All our toils and la - bors o'er.

Where the Sa - vior dwells in glo - ry, There re - mains for us a home.  
 We shall see our blessed Sa - vior, If we love and serve him here.  
 Je - sus' prais - es ev - er tell - ing, Sing we through e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Where the Guardian nev - er stum - bers, We shall dwell for ev - er - more.

*Chorus.* (Repeat this, and other Choruses at pleasure.)

Happy home, Happy home, Je - sus bids his fol' - wers come, To that

# HAPPY HOME.—Concluded.

123

*Repeat pp*

land of bliss and glo - ry, Our hap - py, hap - py home.

*pp*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second part of the song 'Happy Home'. It features a treble and bass staff in a 2/2 time signature with a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and homophonic. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# HOOR OF PRAYER. L. M.

J. WRIGHT.

1. When morning dawns with glo - rious light, And sunbeams make my chamber bright;  
 2. When the bright sun has sunk to rest, Be - neath the o - cean's heav - ing breast,  
 3. And still shall prayer be my de - light, At morn - ing, noon, and dark - some night,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'Hour of Prayer'. It features a treble and bass staff in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of two flats. The melody is more active than the first piece. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Ritard.*

All things a - round look calm and fair, For 'tis the ho - ly hour of prayer.  
 I love the shades that then ap - pear, For 'tis the ho - ly hour of prayer.  
 Till death shall end my hap - py days, And prayer be lost in end - less praise.

Detailed description: This block contains the continuation of the musical notation for 'Hour of Prayer'. It features a treble and bass staff in a 2/2 time signature with a key signature of two flats. The tempo is marked 'Ritard.' (Ritardando). The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## LORD DISMISS US.

T. C. O'KANE.

*Moderato.*

Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us now de - part in peace;

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal line begins with a quarter note on G4, followed by eighth notes for 'dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us now de - part in peace;'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Still on heav'nly man - na feed - ing, Let our faith and love in - crease.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter note on G4 for 'Still on heav'nly man - na feed - ing, Let our faith and love in - crease.'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns.

Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee our hearts we raise;

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a quarter note on G4 for 'Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee our hearts we raise;'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the last note.



# LORD DISMISS US. Concluded.

125

When we reach that bliss-ful sta - tion,

When we reach that bliss-ful sta - tion, When we reach that blissful station,

When we reach that blissful station,

Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Amen! A - - men!

## DOXOLOGY. 7s. II.

T. C. O'KANE.

sing we to our God above, Praise eternal as his love, Praise him all ye heav'nly host, Praise him saints who owe him most.

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