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# WOODLY EARLS

FOR THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL

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R. SWENEY, M.B., and JOHN J. HOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN J. HOOD, 608 ARCH ST.

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# GOODLY PEARLS

FOR THE  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

New Songs, Duets, Choruses, Anthems, &c.,

*SUITABLE FOR ANNIVERSARIES,  
AND ALL THE ORDINARY OCCASIONS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL; TOGETHER WITH  
A SELECTION OF HYMNS FOR PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS.*

BY

JOHN R. SWENEY, M.B., *and* JOHN J. HOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY **JOHN J. HOOD,** 608 ARCH ST.

## PREFACE.

THE use of Sacred Song in the service of praise or prayer has ever been a delightful exercise of God's people, but until recently its great power as a means of bringing souls to Christ has scarcely been recognized. Numerous instances of conversion through the truths thus conveyed might be given, but as a sufficient proof of its efficacy, particularly in the Sunday-School, we would point to the growing demand for works of the class now before you. Christian workers, aware of the assistance these winning Song-messengers are fitted to render in laying hold of the careless mind, are ever ready to secure the best available instruments for their grand purpose.

The present work has received the utmost care in fitting it for the high end in view, that of being the humble instrument of God's grace in the salvation of souls. Each song has been written or selected with particular regard to its appropriateness and evangelical purity. In sending forth the result of our labors to the great harvest-field, we earnestly pray that many who, like the merchant of the parable, may be "seeking GOODLY PEARLS" will here find the "Pearl of Great Price."

THE EDITORS.

# GOODLY PEARLS.

## THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

*The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.—Matt. xiii. 45, 46.*

BIRDIE BELL.

J. STANLEY BIRD.

1. There is a gift of wondrous price, God has within his keeping; But we for-get this Goodly Pearl,

### Chorus.

While earthly treasures heaping. Oh, seek this pearl, this precious pearl, For it can nev - er per - ish ;

2. The gems of earth soon fail to charm,  
They satisfy no yearning,—  
Then let us prize this gift of God,  
Its value rare discerning. — *Chorus.*

The Word of God makes known its worth, And bids us own and cherish.

3. For having this, the Pearl of Price,  
Its pure delight possessing,  
Our souls enjoy an endless peace,  
And God's eternal blessing. — *Cho.*

## I LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

*Lively.*

1. I love to have the Sabbath come, For then I rise and quit my home, And haste to School with cheerful air, To

*Chorus.*

meet my dearest teachers there. I love, I love, I love the Sabbath school, 'Tis there I learn of

Jesus' love, 'Tis there I learn the way above, I love, I love, I love the Sabbath school.

- 2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray  
That God would bless me day by day ;  
And safely guard and guide me still,  
And help me to obey his will.
- 3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,  
Which brought him from his throne above,  
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,  
For sinful creatures, such as I.

- 4 From all the lessons I obtain,  
May I a store of knowledge gain ;  
And early seek my Saviour's face,  
And gain from him supplies of grace.
- 5 And then, through life's remaining days,  
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise ;  
And bless the kindness and the grace  
That brought me to this sacred place.

# THE SABBATH MORN.

5

R. G. STAPLES.

*Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you.—Ex. xxxi. 14.*

ASA HULL.

*Lively.*

1. A - wake, a - wake at ear-ly dawn, Behold the beauty of the lawn; See, Nature smiles her golden rays,

And balmy air bespeaks our praise. The things of earth, air, sea, and sky, All teach of God, who reigns on high.

*Chorus.*

A - wake, a - wake, a - wake at ear - ly dawn, And hail the glorious Sab - bath morn.

2. Awake, awake, be early found  
 Within his courts, 'tis hallowed ground,  
 Where'er the lofty spire ascends;  
 If there the Christian meekly bends  
 In prayer to God, He'll meet him there,  
 With blessings far beyond compare.—*Cho.*

3. Awake, awake, no time to sleep  
 Like those of old; awake and weep,  
 For Jesus wept, and died in shame,  
 That we might speak his precious name;  
 Weep, that so many still deride  
 The cross whereon our Saviour died.—*Cho.*



# BLESS ME, O THOU BLEEDING LAMB.

Rev. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thee, O Lamb of God! to thee I come, with all my fears; With all the sins that burden me,  
2. Thy open wounds supply the balm That heals the suff'ring heart; 'Tis only this, thou dying Lamb,

*Chorus.*

With broken cries and tears! Oh, re-ceive me, Lord, I pray, Weak and sinful tho' I am;  
Can life and health impart.

*Rit.*

Je-sus, wash my sins a-way; Bless me, O thou bleeding Lamb!

3.  
Be merciful, O Lamb of God,  
Hear thou my only plea,—  
That thou canst cleanse me by thy  
Have mercy, then, on me. [blood,
4.  
Thy saving blood, of greater worth  
Than aught the world hath given,  
Shall be my last blest song on earth,  
And first glad theme in heaven!

# WE COME TO THEE, DEAR SAVIOUR.

7

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—John, vi. 68.

J. J. Hood.

1. We come to thee, dear Saviour, Just because we need thee so, No other name can save us, Oh, what bliss that name to know!

*Chorus.*

O bountiful salvation! O life e - ternal won! O plenti-ful redemption, Through God's eternal Son.

2.  
We come to thee, dear Saviour,  
None will have us, Lord, but thee;  
And we want none but Jesus,  
And his grace that makes us free.  
O bountiful salvation! &c.

3.  
We come to thee, dear Saviour,  
It is love that makes us come;  
We are certain of our welcome,  
Of our Father's welcome home.  
O bountiful salvation! &c.

4.  
We come to thee, dear Saviour,  
For to whom, Lord, can we go,  
The words of life eternal  
From thy lips forever flow.  
O bountiful salvation! &c.

5.  
We come to thee, dear Saviour,  
And thou wilt not ask us why;  
We cannot live without thee,  
And still less without thee die.  
O bountiful salvation! &c.

## CALL TO BATTLE.

*Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.*

J. J. Hood.

1. Hark! the sound of the fight hath gone forth,                      And we must not tar-ry at home;  
2. We must on with our ban-ner un-furled;                      We must on, it is Je-sus who leads;

For our Lord, from the South and the North,                      Hath command-ed his sol-diers to come.  
We must hast-en to con-quer the world,                      With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds.

*Chorus.*

To arms, to arms! for God our King; Hark, hark how the sounds of battle ring! We come, and Zi-on's

CALL TO BATTLE.—Concluded.

9

Musical score for 'CALL TO BATTLE.—Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass clef staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'songs we sing; We come, our hearts and hands we bring: Our Captain leads to vic - to - ry!' The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

3.  
We must stand to our colors like men,  
For our Lord is a Leader to love;  
For the wounded he heals, and the slain  
He crowns in his city above.—*Cho.*

4.  
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb;  
Let us sing round our banner so brave;  
Let us sing of that dear, sacred blood,  
That was shed to redeem and to save.—*Cho.*

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.

Musical score for 'ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.' by Giardini. The score is in G major and 3/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef staff. The melody is in 6/8 and 4/4 time. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing;  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

1. A-bove the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright a-bode, The an-gel host on high Sing praises

to their God; Hal-le-lu-jah, They love to sing to God their King, Halle-lu-jah!

2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise;  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise:  
Hallelujah!  
We too will sing  
To God our King  
Hallelujah!

3 O blessed Lord, thy truth  
To us, Thy babes, impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.  
Hallelujah!  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King  
Hallelujah!

4 Oh, may thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around;  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound,  
Hallelujah!  
All then shall sing  
To God their King  
Hallelujah!

# GLORY, GLORY, PRAISES BRINGING!

11

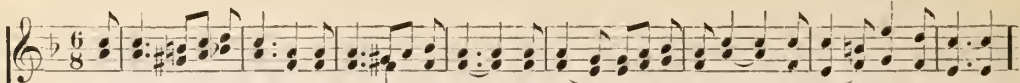
FLORA B. HARRIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

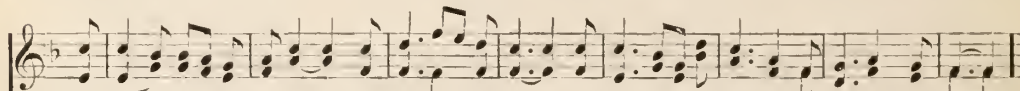
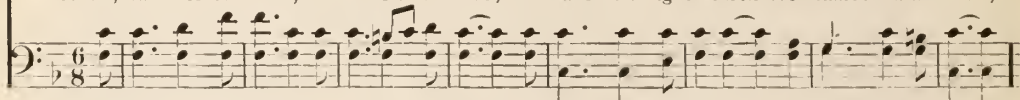
1. Glory, glo-ry, praises bringing! All my heart for joy is singing; Christ the Lamb, for sinners bleeding,  
 2. Lord of Lords, enthroned above us, Yet he leaned from heaven to love us, Bands of sin he breaks asunder,  
 3. Join the song, an-gel-ic voices; See, the desert waste rejoices, Healing flows from living fountains.  
 4. Rise, ye souls that sit in sorrow, Joy will crown your brows to-morrow, Jesus comes, the High and Holy,

*Chorus.*  
 Listens to my helpless pleading, Lifts the burden from my soul, Heals its wounds, and makes me whole. Glory, glory,  
 Till the earth looks up in wonder, At the mighty Prince of Peace, Who hath purchased her release.  
 Day is dawning on the mountains, 'Mid the shadows dark and drear, Morning-time is drawing near.  
 Jesus comes, the meek and lowly, Ev'ry heart and lip shall flame With the rapture of his name.

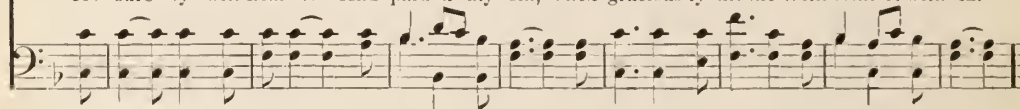
swell the horns, Jesus' love is smiling o'er us; King of Kings he rides before us, We are victors thro' his name.



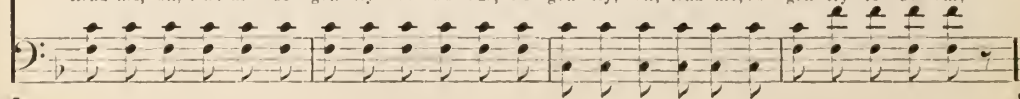
1. Oh, lead me to Jesus, I'm tired of my sin, And wea - ry with fighting Pol - lu - tion with - in ;  
 2. Oh, lead me to Jesus, I know he is love ; To save err - ing children He came from a - bove ;



In mer - cy now lead me Where I will find peace, And where all my sorrow Forev - er will cease.  
 He sure - ly will heal me And pardon my sin, Then gracious - ly fill me With comfort with - in.

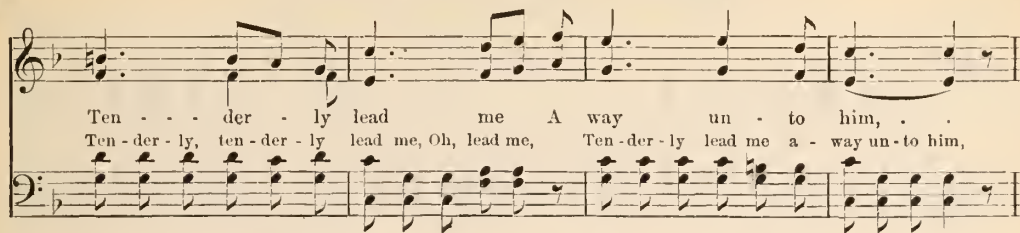
*Chorus.*

Oh, lead me so gen - tly, So gen - tly to Je - sus, . . .  
 Lead me, oh, lead me so gen - tly to Je - sus, So gen - tly, oh, lead me, so gen - tly to Je - sus.

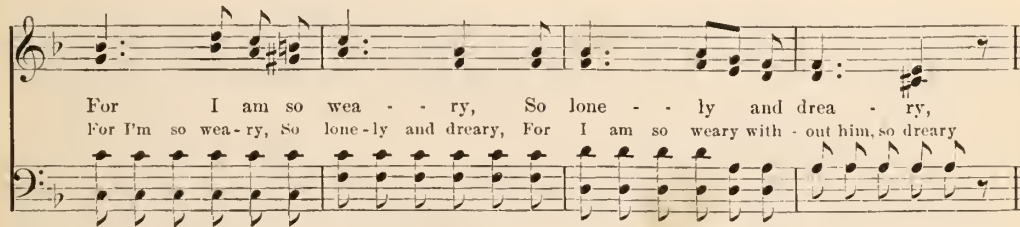


LEAD ME TO JESUS.—Concluded.

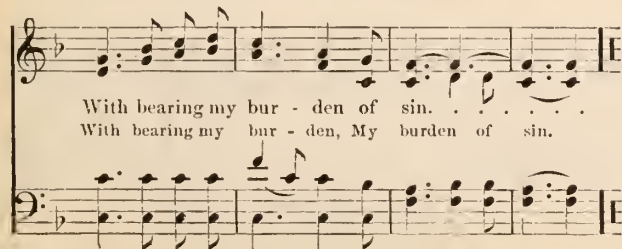
13



Ten - - - der - ly lead me A way un - to him, . .  
 Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly lead me, Oh, lead me, Ten - der - ly lead me a - way un - to him,



For I am so wea - - ry, So lone - - ly and drea - - ry,  
 For I'm so wea - ry, So lone - ly and dreary, For I am so weary with - out him, so dreary



With bearing my bur - den of sin. . . .  
 With bearing my bur - den, My burden of sin.

3.

Oh, lead me to Jesus;  
 Oh, show me the way;  
 My soul in its blindness  
 Has wandered astray.  
 Then take me to Jesus,  
 So precious to see,  
 The dear loving Saviour  
 Who suffered for me.

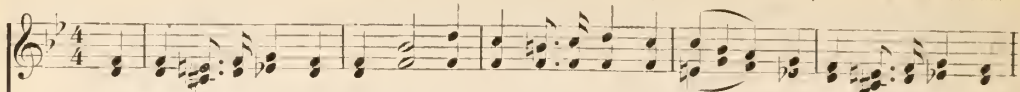


## WE NOW GIVE OUR HEARTS TO JESUS.

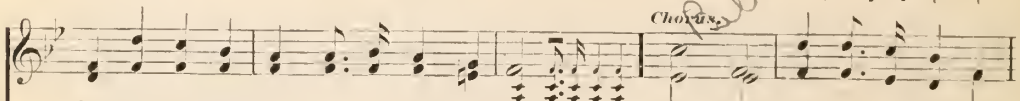
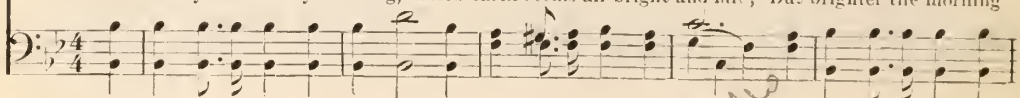
H. J. K.

*I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—Pr. viii. 17.*

FRED. B. SCHELL.

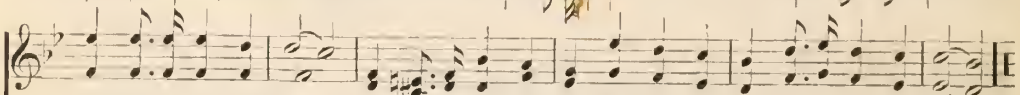
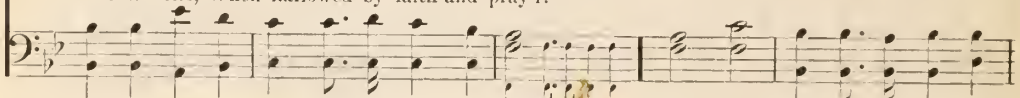


1. We now give our hearts to Je- sus, For youth, like a ten- der flow'r, Requires his pro- tect- ing  
2. How love- ly the dewy morning, When earth seems all bright and fair; But brighter the morning

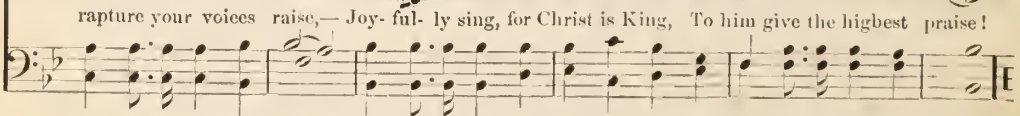


love and care, To shield in temp- ta- tion's hour.  
time of life, When hallowed by faith and pray'r.

Glo - ry, glo - ry to God! In



rapture your voices raise,— Joy- ful- ly sing, for Christ is King, To him give the highest praise!



- 3 The song-birds their praises warble  
In forest, on hill, and plain;  
But sweeter the songs of joy we raise,  
To Jesus, for sinners slain.—*Cho.*

- 4 Then praises to God we'll render;  
In songs let our voices swell!  
He gives to his children joy and peace,  
With them he delights to dwell.—*Cho.*

# LEARN TO SING.

15

EDGAR PAGE.

Sing unto him a new song.—Ps. xxxiii. 3.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Learn to sing while we are here, Learn, while passes swift the year, Learn to sing our Saviour's praise,  
2. Learn to pray when songs are sung, Learn to pray while we are young, For does not our Saviour say

*Chorus.*

While he gives us joy-ful days. Then when you and I are come To our blissful heaven home,  
That he loves to hear us pray.

Ready we can join the song Of the shining blood-wash'd throng.

3.  
Learn to work for Jesus too,  
There is much for all to do,  
And there will not cease to be  
Glorious work for you and me.—*Cho.*

4.  
If we sing, and work, and pray,  
And are faithful every day,  
Christ will lead us with his hand  
To our home in glory-land.—*Cho.*

## INTERCEDE FOR ME.

*For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.—1 Tim. ii. 5.*

1. O blessed feet of Je-sus, Weary with seeking me! Stand at God's bar of judgment, And intercede for me.  
2. O hands that were extended Upon that hallowed tree, Hold up those precious nail-prints, And intercede for me.

In-ter-cede for me, my Sa-viour, Oh, in-ter-cede for me; Stand at God's bar of judgment, And intercede for me.  
In-ter-cede for me, my Sa-viour, Oh, in-ter-cede for me; Hold up those precious nail-prints, Which intercede for me.

- 3 O side, from whence the spear-point  
Brought blood and water free,  
For healing and for cleansing!  
Still intercede for me,  
Intercede for me, my Saviour,  
Oh, intercede for me;  
For healing and for cleansing,  
Still intercede for me.
- 4 O holy, scarred, and wounded,  
My sacrifice to be,  
Present thy perfect off'ring,  
And intercede for me.

- Intercede for me, my Saviour,  
Oh, intercede for me;  
Present thy perfect off'ring,  
And intercede for me.
- 5 O loving, risen Saviour,  
From death and sorrow free!  
Enthroned in endless glory,  
Still intercede for me,  
Intercede for me, my Saviour,  
Oh, intercede for me;  
Enthroned in endless glory,  
Still intercede for me.

# YET THERE IS ROOM.

17

Dr. H. BONAR.  
*Slowly.*

*Yet there is room.*—Luke xiv. 22.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

beckons thee a - long: Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same treble and bass staff arrangement. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;<br/>The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> <p>3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;<br/>Pass in, pass in and be the Bridegroom's guest:<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> <p>4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!<br/>Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> <p>5 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,<br/>The gate of love; it is not yet too late:<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> | <p>6 Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee;<br/>That cup of everlasting love is free;<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> <p>7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;<br/>The angels beckon thee the prize to win:<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> <p>8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;<br/>Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:<br/>Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!</p> <p>9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;<br/>Then the last, low, long cry,—“No room, no room!”<br/>No room, no room; oh, woeful cry, “No room!”</p> |
|---|--|

## JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

MRS. SHARPLESS.

*We rejoice in hope of the glory of God.—Rom. v. 2.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, onward we go; We see not our path, but our Lead-er we know;  
 2. Tho' trials as-sail us, and dangers affright, And nearer, still nearer, comes death's awful night;  
 3. Then onward, still onward, thro' life's varied track, In hope we press on, nor look mournfully back;

And where'er he may guide us, thro' shadow or sun, Ever joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly fol-low we on.  
 Yet what shall dismay us, when close at our side, Stands he who can help us, our Saviour and Guide.  
 With our Saviour beside us to point out our way, We'll joy-ful-ly speed us through life's lit-tle day.

*Chorus.*

Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, for-ward we go, Joy-ful-ly leav-ing all sor-row be-low;

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.—Concluded.

19

Onward and upward, tho' Sa - tan as - sail; Joy - ful - ly on - ward, thro' Christ we'll pre - vail.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.—Tune, LAWRENCE. L.M.

*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*—Rev. xiv. 13.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A - sleep in Jesus! *blessed sleep, blessed sleep,* From which none ever wake to weep, *none wake to weep,*  
 2. A - sleep in Jesus! *peaceful rest, peaceful rest,* Whose waking is supremely blest, *supremely blest;*  
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me, *oh, for me* May such a blissful refuge be, *a refuge be;*

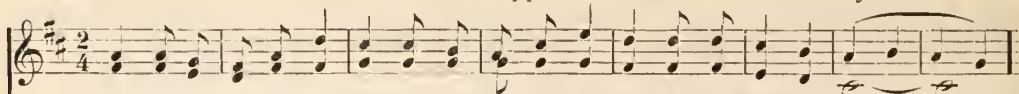
A ealm and undisturbed re - pose, *sweet repose,* Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, *joyful hour,* Which man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r,  
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, *safe - ly lie,* And wait the summons from ou high.

# JESUS, WE COME TO THEE.

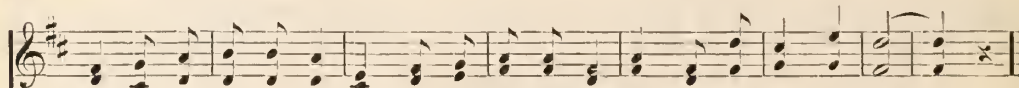
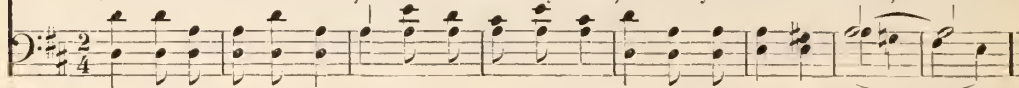
Miss H. M. BIRD.

*He shall direct thy paths.—Prov. iii. 6.*

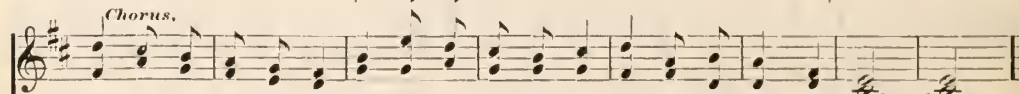
JNO. R. SWENEY.



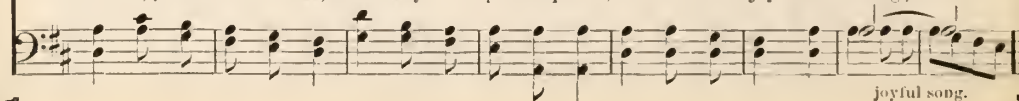
1. Je - sus, we come to thee, Wilt thou our leader be? Wilt thou our courage cheer?  
 2. Je - sus, our strength renew, Let ev'ry aim be true, So shall we win the day;  
 3. Then when the battle's done, Then when the vict'ry's won, We'll lay our armor down;



Foes are on ev'ry side, On - ly with thee to guide, Have we no cause to fear.  
 Sa-tan no more shall boast, Sa - tan, with all his host, Vanquish'd shall flee a - way.  
 And Christ, our risen Lord, Each Soldier shall reward With an im - mor - tal crown.

*Chorus,*

Comrades, your banners raise, Shout to your Captain's praise, Shout in a joy - ful song;



joyful song.

JESUS, WE COME TO THEE.—Concluded.

21

Je-sus would have you sing, Loud let your voices ring, Roll . . . the chorus a - long.

The image shows a musical score for a two-part setting. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

*Prayer is the key to unlock the day, and the bolt to shut in the night.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours ; See the in-cense  
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night, But the daybreak  
3. Take the golden key in your hand, and see, As the night-tide drifts a-way, How its blessed

The image shows the first three verses of the hymn. The musical notation is in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the first hymn, with some triplets and longer note values. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

rise To the star - ry skies, Like per - fume from the flow'rs.  
song Will the joy pro-long, And some dark-ness turn to light.  
hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the wea - ry hours of day.

The image shows the continuation of the musical notation for the fourth and fifth verses. The notation continues in the same key and time signature as the previous block. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

4 When the shadows fall,  
And the vesper call  
Is sobbing its low refrain,  
'Tis a garland sweet  
To the toil-dent feet,  
And an antidote for pain.  
5 Soon the year's dark door  
Shall be shut no more ;  
Life's tears shall be wiped away.  
As the pearl gates swing,  
And the gold harps ring,  
And the sun unsheath for aye.

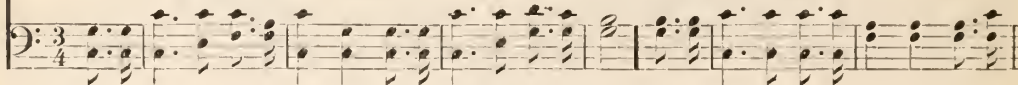


## SABBATH MORNING.

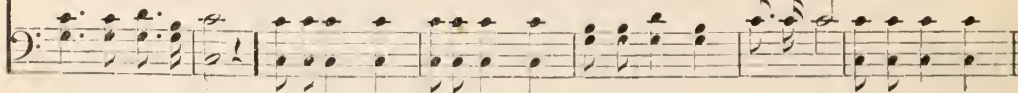
And call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable.—Is. lviii. 13. J. H. KURZENKNABE \*



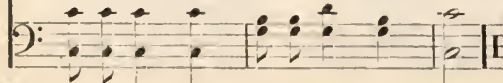
1. Oh, how sweet the Sabbath morning! Oh, how dear this sacred place! When with those we love around us, We ap-  
 2. Every Christian heart re-joices, Joyful anthems fill the air; Smiling faces, cheerful voices, Meet with-



proach the throne of grace. Bells are ringing, Children singing, Joy - ously we come, we come, To the Lord our  
 in the house of prayer. Bells are ringing, Children singing, Joyously we come, we come, To the Lord our



off - rings bringing, In our Sabbath home.  
 off rings bring - ing, In our sab - bath home.



- 3 Here we read, in sacred story,  
 Tidings of Immanuel's land,  
 And of him who, high in glory,  
 Pleads our cause at God's right hand.—*Cho.*

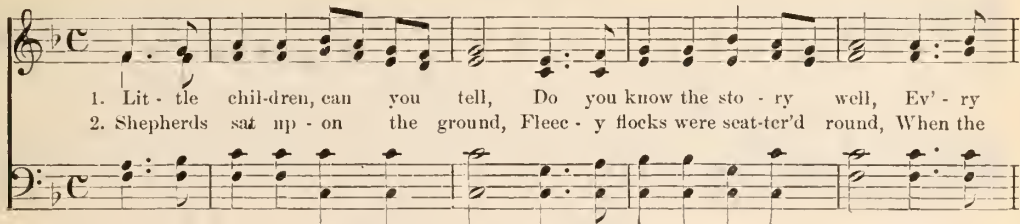
- 4 Angel bands, that hover o'er us,  
 Praises give to God on high;  
 We will also join the chorus,  
 In the Sabbath of the sky.—*Cho.*

# ON THE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

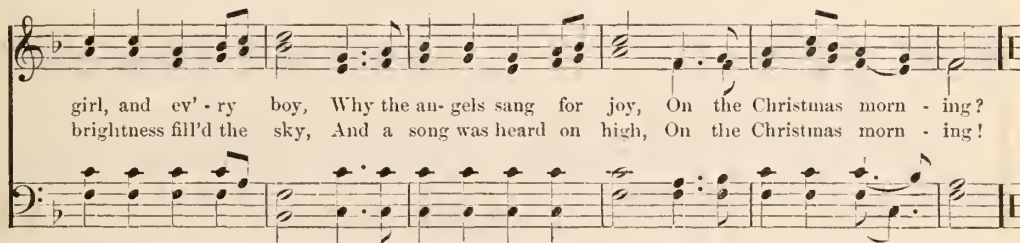
(Infant Class.)

23

J. J. Hood.



1. Lit - tle chil-dren, can you tell, Do you know the sto - ry well, Ev' - ry  
2. Shepherds sat up - on the ground, Fleec - y flocks were scat-ter'd round, When the



girl, and ev' - ry boy, Why the an - gels sang for joy, On the Christmas morn - ing?  
brightness fill'd the sky, And a song was heard on high, On the Christmas morn - ing!

3 "Joy and peace," the angels sang,  
Far the pleasant echoes rang,  
"Peace on earth, to men good-will!"  
Hark! the angels sing it still  
On the Christmas morning.

4 For a little babe that day,  
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay,  
Born on earth our Lord to be:  
This the wondering angels see  
On the Christmas morning.

5 Let us sing the angels' song,  
And the pleasant sounds prolong:  
"This fair babe of Bethlehem  
Children loves, and blesses them  
On the Christmas morning.

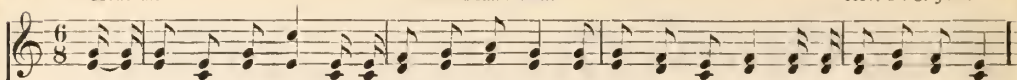
6 "Peace" our little hearts shall fill,  
"Peace on earth, to men good-will!"  
Hear us sing the angels' song,  
And the pleasant notes prolong,  
On the Christmas morning.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

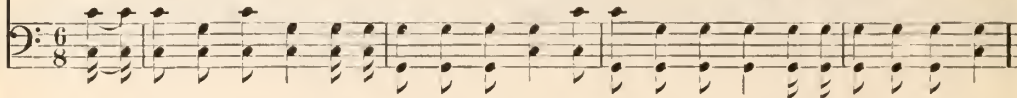
*Moderato.*

Psalm xxiii.

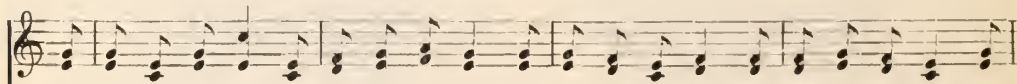
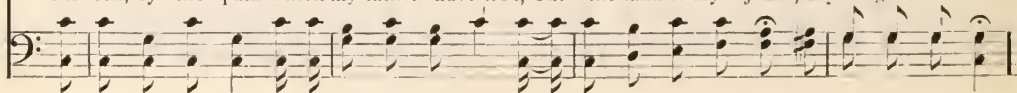
Rev. D. C. JOHN.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest,  
 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no e-vil I fear;  
 3. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still follow my steps, till I meet thee a-bove;



He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.  
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay, No harm can be-fall me when Je-sus is near.  
 I'll seek, by the path which my fathers have trod, Thro' the land of my sojourn, thy kingdom of love.



The Shepherd who leads so kindly his sheep, The lambs of the flock In safe-ty will keep, Then



come with us, come, Oh, come with us, come, Oh, come, for the Shepherd will welcome us home.  
Come with us, come, come with us,

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*—Luke ii. 10.

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above; With them the joyful tidings first begun Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfil'd his promis'd word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord"

3 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole arch with hallelujahs rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

## GLADLY WILL WE SING FOR JESUS.

REV. A. FLAMMAN.

*Serve the Lord with gladness.—Ps. c. 2.*

J. J. HOOD.

1. Gladly will we sing for Je - sus, Sing our hap - py songs; Praises will we give to Je - sus,  
2. Gladly will we live for Je - sus, All our earth - ly days; Give ourselves entirely to him,

With our youth - ful tongues: Our ho - sannas loud shall eeh - o O - ver sea and land;  
Learn his ho - ly ways: Ev - en from our early ehild - hood Till our life here ends,

*Chorus.*

Je - sus is the Friend of Children,—Leads them by his hand. Ev - er will we own our Saviour,  
Will we try to love and serve him, Foll'wing his eommands.

GLADLY WILL WE SING FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

27

And walk in all his ways; Ev - er will we own our Saviour, And sing our songs of praise.

3 Gladly will we die in Jesus,  
Leaning on his breast,  
With his loving arms around us,  
Sweet will be our rest:

Then we'll ever be with Jesus,  
With that happy throng,  
Mingling in the heav'nly chorus  
Our triumphant song.—*Chorus.*

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

*In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust—Ps. lxxi. 1.*

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am coming to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind; I'm counting all but dross; I shall full salvation find.  
*Cho.* I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;  
Long has evil reigned within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
I will cleanse you from all sin.  
I am trusting, &c.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—  
Friends, and time, and earthly store;  
Soul and body thine to be,  
Wholly thine, for evermore.  
I am trusting, &c.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

MATTIE W. TORREY.

*And he shewed me a pure river of water of life.—Rev. xxii. 1.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O won - der-ful riv - er! O life - giving river! That flows thro' the streets of the city above,

The trees on thy margin, that blossom and quiver, Bring forth for the nations a fruitage of love.

Won - der-ful riv - er! Won - der-ful riv - er! Glad - 'ning the  
Wonderful, wonderful riv-er of life! Wonderful, wonderful river of life! Glad'ning the plains where the

THE RIVER OF LIFE.—Concluded.

29

plains where the ran - som'd a - bide; Flow on-ward for - ev - er,  
ransom'd a-bide, where the ransom'd in glory a - bide;

Wonderful, wonderful riv - er! Pure as thy source, which no darkness can hide!  
Pure as thy source, which no darkness can hide,

2 O throne of the Lamb, with its glory unspoken!  
O trees he hath planted for healing and rest!  
Shine on in our vision, and give us a token  
To comfort the heart that is sore and oppressed.

3 We pine in the bondage that sin has thrown o'er us,  
We long for the joy and the freedom of home,—  
To join in the swell of the glorified chorus,  
To drink of the river that flows from the throne.

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.—Tune, WEBB, Key B $\flat$ .

1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening ev'ry hour;  
Each cry to heathen going,  
Abundant answer brings,  
And heav'nly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way,  
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphantly reach their home;  
Stay not, till all the holy  
Proclaim, The Lord is come!



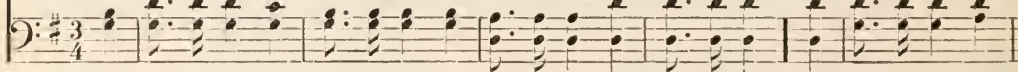
EDGAR PAGE.

*Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*

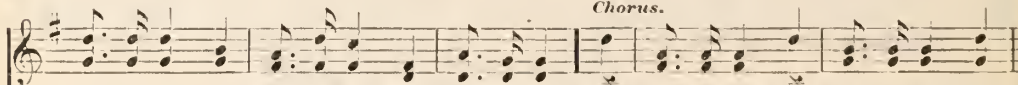
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine; Here shines undimm'd one
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er vernal trees, And flowers that never -
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy, As angels, with the

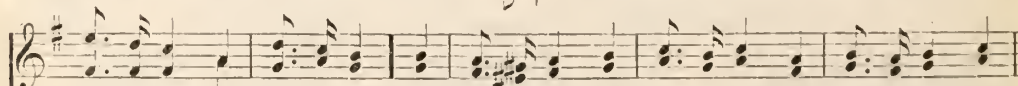
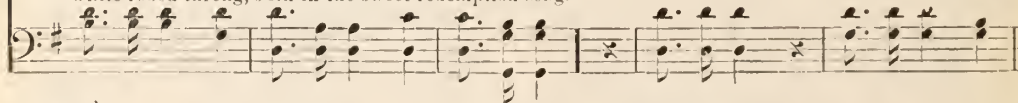


## Chorus.

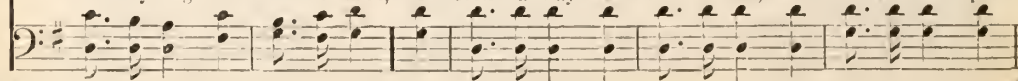


bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.  
with his hand, For this is heaven's border land.  
fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As



on thy highest mount I stand, I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre -



BEULAH LAND.—Concluded.

31

pared for me, And view the shining glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more !

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

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Duet.*

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross ;  
 2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain ;  
 3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb ;

Sweet after bit - ter, Song after sigh, Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af - ter cry.  
 Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest af - ter wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.  
 Af - ter long a - go - ny, Rapture of bliss, Right was the path - way Leading to this.

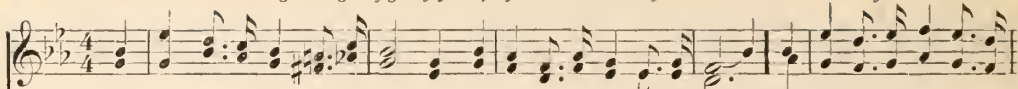
The musical score is a duet in 3/8 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It features two vocal parts (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are arranged in three lines, each corresponding to a different verse of the hymn.

## HAIL, SOLDIER!

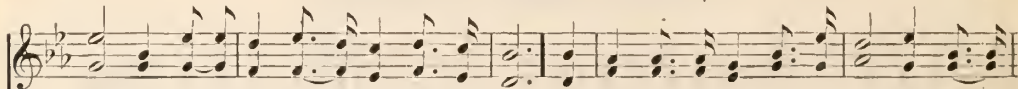
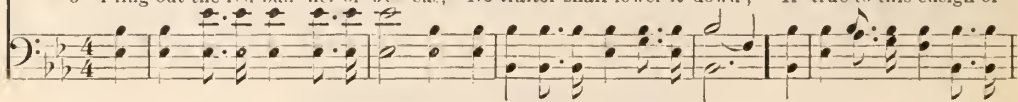
EDGAR PAGE.

*Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.—1 Tim. iv. 12.*

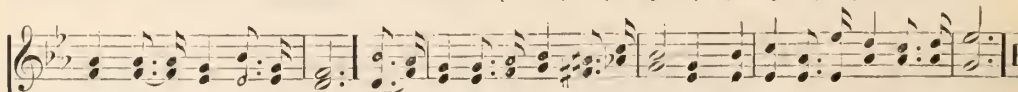
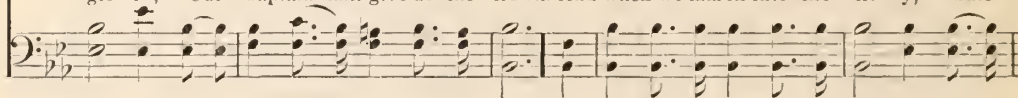
JNO. R. SWENEY.



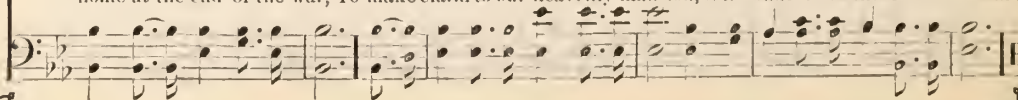
1. Hail, soldier! what news from the army? How goeth the fight and the war? Prevaileth the banner of
2. The crown is laid up for the steadfast, If they to the end shall endure; Are you clad in love's perfect
3. Fling out the red ban-ner of Je-sus, No traitor shall lower it down; If true to this ensign of



darkness, Or the cross that gleameth a - far? We see by the mark on your forehead, And the  
ar - mor, Is your sword well tem-per'd and sure: It will not be simply a skirmish, A  
glo - ry, Our Captain shall give us the crown. And when we march into the cit - y, Safe



light that beams from your eye, You're one of the Legion of Honor, And marching to mansions on high.  
bat - tle to last but a day. For Satan hath many a fortress, That li-eth di-rect in your way.  
home at the end of the war, To make claim to our heavenly mansion, Who wants to be there with no scar!



# OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

33

*I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*—2 Sam. xii. 23.

H. SANDERS, By per.

1. Is it wrong to wish to see them, Who were dear to us on earth? Who have gone to heav'ly mansions,

Who sur-round a bright-er hearth? Is it wrong to mourn their absence From the part-ed

household band? Should we check the sigh of sadness, Tho' they're in a bet-ter land.

2 Is it wrong to hope to meet them  
 Yet, upon the blessed shore?  
 And with songs of joy to greet them,  
 When this life of toil is o'er?  
 Is it wrong to think them dearer  
 Than the many of the blest?  
 Who to us on earth were strangers,  
 Must we love them like the rest?

3 I've a mother up in heaven,  
 And, oh, tell me, if ye will,  
 Will that mother know her children,  
 Will she recollect them still?  
 Can she look down from those windows  
 To this dark and distant shore?  
 Will she know when I am coming,  
 Will she meet me at the door?

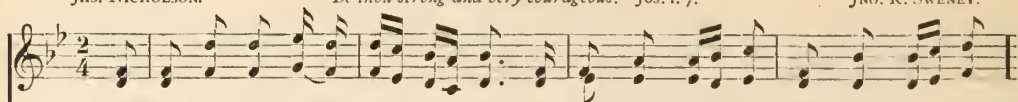
4 And thou loved one, who didst leave us,  
 In the morning of thy bloom;  
 Dearest sister, shall I meet thee,  
 When I go beyond the tomb?  
 Shall I see thy loved features,  
 Shall I hear thy pleasant words?  
 Sounding o'er my spirit's heart-strings,  
 Like the melody of birds?

## HEAVENLY SOLDIER.

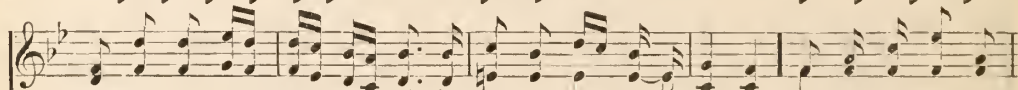
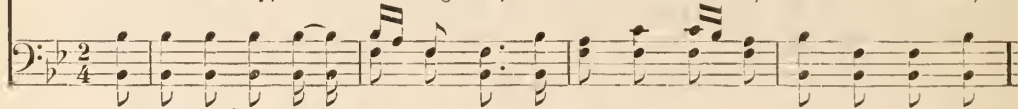
JAS. NICHOLSON.

*Be thou strong and very courageous.—Jos. i. 7.*

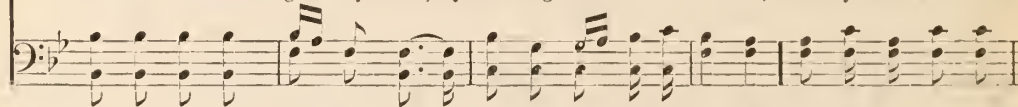
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. How happy we all ap - pear to - day, The young, the old - er, Each a sol - dier,  
 2. Each Sabbath-day, with will - ing feet, And hearts de - lighted, All u - nit - ed,



Bound for hea - ven, come what may, Marching shoulder to shoulder, And by our teachers  
 In our school we glad - ly meet, By lov - ing friends in - vit - ed; Sweetly the time doth



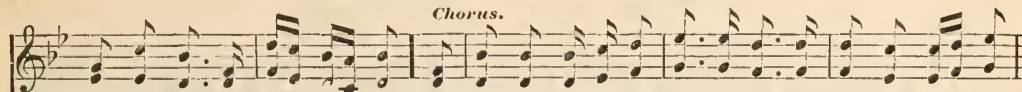
we will stand, U - nit - ed firmly, heart and hand, Tho' foes surround us To con - found us,  
 pass a - way, While hearing what our teachers say, Our minds in - prov - ing, On - ward mov - ing



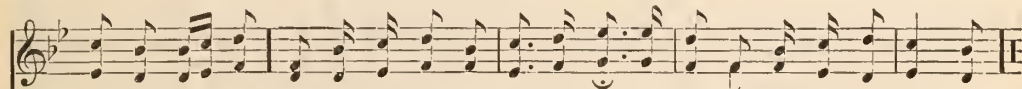
HEAVENLY SOLDIER.—Concluded.

35

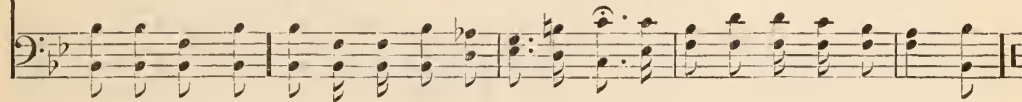
*Chorus.*



We'll move on, a hap - py band. Then on, on, joyful - ly march a-way ; Our voices rais - ing,  
In the right and ho - ly way.



Je - sus prais - ing, Who will en - list with us to - day, And be a heav - en - ly sol - dier !



THE BIBLE.—Tune, Portuguese Hymn.

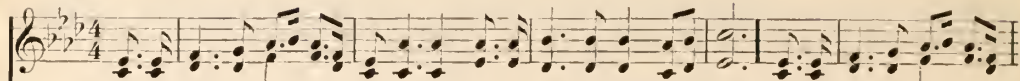
- 1 The Bible, the Bible! more preeious than gold  
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold ;  
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love ;  
It shows us the way to the mansions above.
- 2 The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth,  
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth ;  
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,  
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

- 3 The Bible, the Bible! we hail it with joy ;  
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ,  
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,  
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
- 4 The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring,  
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing ;  
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,  
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

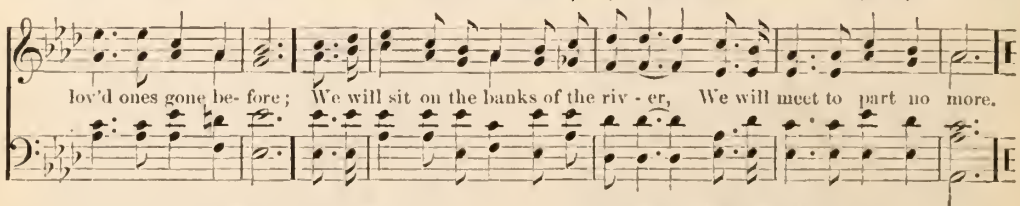
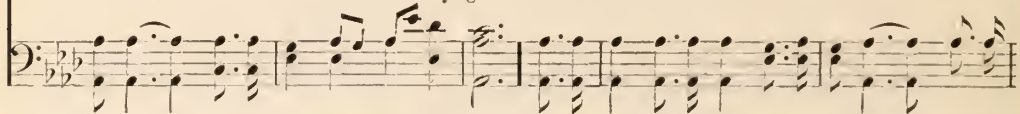
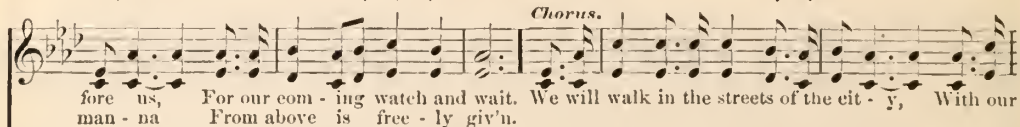
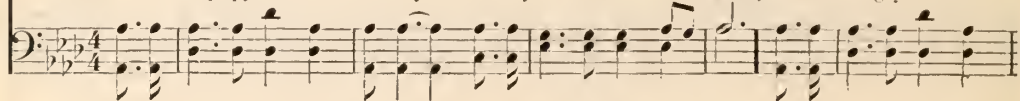
Rev. Mr. FLAMMIN.

*They shall walk with me in white.—Rev. iii. 4.*

Dr. T. H. PEACOCK.



1. When we reach the gold - en - eit - y, When we pass the pearly gate, Where our friends, who went be -  
 2. Here our hap - py hearts al - read - y Taste by faith the bliss of heav'n; To our hungry souls the



- 3 But how great will be our pleasure,  
 When we, free from sin and pain,  
 On the other side of Jordan,  
 See each other there again.—*Cho.*

- 4 Then we'll gladly wait a little,  
 Gladly still our burdens bear;  
 Soon we'll get a crown of glory,  
 Soon we'll Jesus' "welcome" hear.—*Cho.*

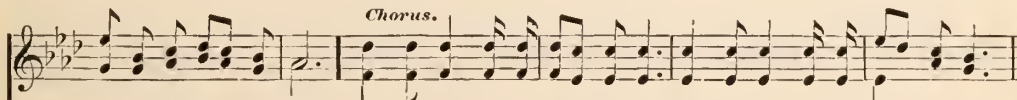
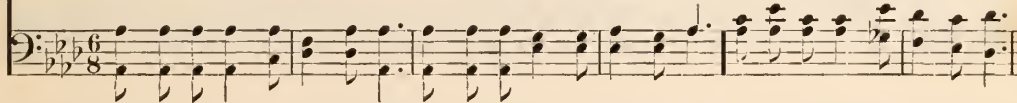
# THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

37

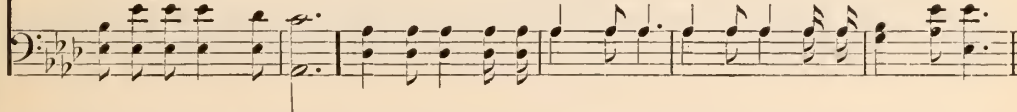
Rev. H. L. HASTINGS. *An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.*—1 Pe. i. 4. Rev. D. C. JOHN.



1. Perishing splendors, pass a-way; Vanish, ye glories that decay; Onward I haste, and cannot stay;  
2. Fade from my sight, each earthly gem; Perish, each glittering diadem; Pleasure no more I find in them;

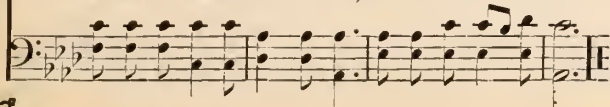


Mine is the rest to come. Not for me are these fading joys, Not for me are these earthly toys;  
Jesus was crown'd with thorns.



Mine be the tears at Jesus' feet, Mine the eternal home.

3 Mine be the tears that pilgrims know;  
Mine be the care, the toil, and woe;  
Mine be their comforts here below;  
Mine be the cross they bear.—*Chorus.*



4 What though my life be one of fears,  
Sorrow may fill my weary years;  
Mine be the hope, when Christ appears,  
I shall his glory see.—*Chorus.*



## BEAUTIFUL BOW.

*I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant.*—Gen. ix. 13.

J. J. HOOD.

*Lively.*

1. Beautiful bow! in mer - cy giv'n, A token of love to earth from heav'n; When thou art beaming  
2. Beautiful bow!—a brighter one is shining a - round th' eternal throne; And when life's fitful

bright and fair, May we ev - er behold the promise there. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,  
storm is o'er, May we gaze on that bow for ev - er - more.

beauti - ful, beauti - ful bow, Sweet token of God's mercy and love to all be - low.

# A LITTLE WHILE.

39

H. BONAR.

*A little while, and ye shall see me.*—John xvi. 16.

J. J. HOOD.

1. A lit - tle while we live be - low, In this dark world of ill; A little while, with falt'ring steps,

*Chorus.*

We climb life's wea - ry hill. A lit - tle, lit - tle while, Then all our ills shall cease,

In the e - ter - nal while of heav'n - ly peace.

2.  
A little while,—then let us seek  
The crown of life to win;  
A little while,—these erring feet  
O keep from earthly sin.—*Cho.*

3.  
A little while,—beneath thy wing,  
O Father, we abide;  
A little while,—our wayward course,  
O Father, turn, and guide.—*Cho.*

## SHINE ON ME.

1. Light of life, so softly shining From the blood be-sprinkled tree; Ray of hope, with no de-clin-ing,  
2. Light of life, so sweetly gleaming Down up -on our troubled sea, With the love of Je- sus beaming,

3.  
Light of life, in childhood's gladness,  
To thy radiance we would flee;  
Be our strength in days of sadness,  
Shine, shine on me.

4.  
Light of life, all health bestowing,  
Lift we up our eyes to thee,  
From the cross of Jesus flowing,  
Shine, shine on me.

Shine, shine on me, Ray of hope, with no declining, Shine, shine on me.  
Shine, shine on me, With the love of Jesus beaming, Shine, shine on me.

## HE GOETH BY YOUR SIDE.

J. L. H.

*The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.*—Ps. cxxi. 5.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Ye faithful pilgrim soldiers, Who seek the better land, Be cheerful as you journey, For Jesus is at hand;

Your going out he knoweth; No e-vil shall be-tide; Press on, tho' foes surround you, He goeth by your side.

Press on, press on, Press on, whate'er be - tide: Press on, tho' foes surround you, He go- eth by your side.

2 The clouds that gather o'er you  
 Can never break to harm,  
 Whilst he is near to succor,  
 With strong preserving arm.  
 Be brave, ye loyal soldiers,  
 Fight on, and never cease,  
 Till Jesus gives the victory,  
 And crowns you with his peace.  
 Fight on, fight on,  
 Fight on, and never cease,  
 Till Jesus gives the victory,  
 And crowns you with his peace.

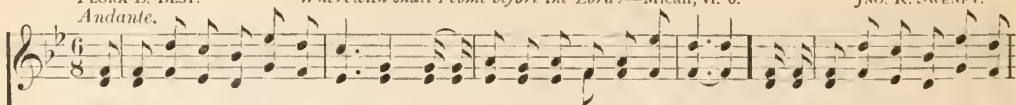
3 The path is rough and thorny;  
 It will not be for long;  
 Hark, hark! across the river  
 Is borne a joyous song!  
 Uplift the banner; onward,  
 To Jesus, home, and bliss;  
 Oh, what are years of hardship  
 For such reward as this!  
 Then on, press on,  
 To Jesus, home, and bliss;  
 Oh, what are years of hardship  
 For such reward as this!

## I'VE NOTHING TO BRING.

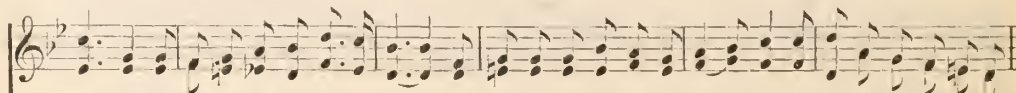
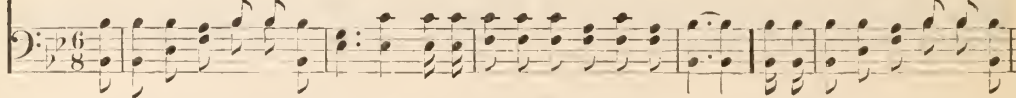
FLORA L. BEST.  
Andante.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?—Micah, vi. 6.

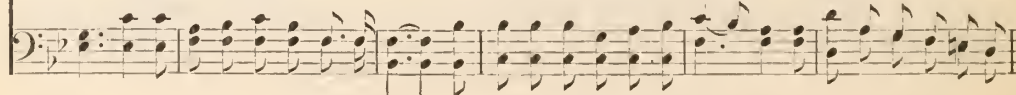
JNO. R. SWENFY.



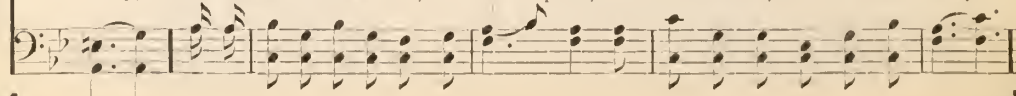
1. I've nothing to bring to thee, Jesus, But a heart that is sinful and sore, And a life that is weary and  
2. I've wander'd afar in the desert, Thro' paths that were thorny and wild, The tempests have beaten up-



wasted, Yet trembling I knock at the door; I hear the sweet song of the reapers, Away on the great harvest  
on me, A homeless and sorrowful child; But 'mid the bewildering mazes, Thro' clouds that o'ershadow'd the



plain; I've nothing to bring to thee, Je - sus, Not ev - en a sheaf of the grain.  
day, There came a sweet voice, and it whis - per'd, "O wan - der - er, I am the Way."



I'VE NOTHING TO BRING.—Concluded.

43

*Chorus.*

bring to thee,  
Nothing to bring to thee,      still I im-plore,      All my hopes cling to thee,  
nothing to bring,      I im-plore,      hopes cling to thee,

O - pen the door,      O - pen the door to me,      O - - pen the door.  
to me, O - pen, now o - pen the door to me.

3.

My Saviour, I come at thy bidding ;  
I plead by the thorns on thy brow ;  
By the cross, with its burden of sorrow,  
Oh, open the door to me now ;  
Perchance, then, when reapers are bearing  
Their sheaves to the harvest above,  
I may bring, 'mid the least of the toilers,  
Some blossoms of faith or of love.

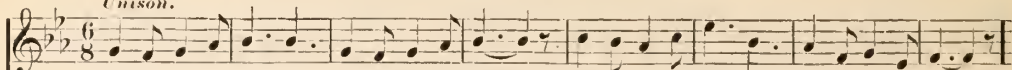
4.

Oh, joy! like a star among shadows,  
A glimmer of brightness I see,  
For One, with a crown on his forehead,  
Doth open the door unto me ;  
His arms are out-reached to enfold me ;  
He pillows my head on his breast,  
He bears me from "glory to glory,"  
My soul is eternally blest.

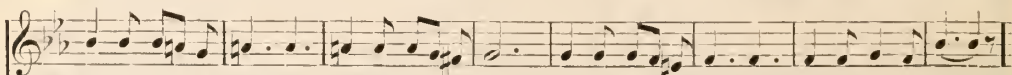
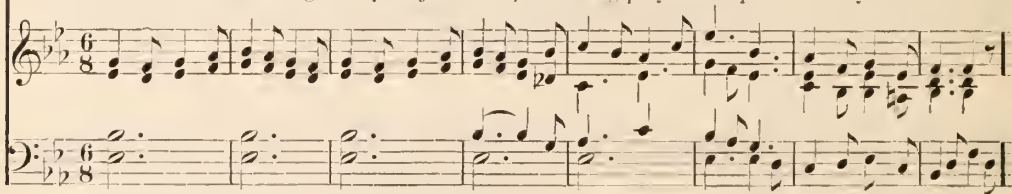
## BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

*Lead me into the land of uprightness.—Ps. cxliii. 10.*

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*Unison.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, | Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!  |
| 2. Jesus, Lord and Master, At thy sacred feet,      | Here, with hearts rejoicing, See thy children meet. |
| 3. All our days direct us In the way we go;         | Crown us still victorious Ov- er ev'ry foe:         |
| 4. Then with saints and angels May we join above,   | Offering prayers and praises At thy throne of love. |



Marching thro' the desert, Gladly thus we pray, Still with hearts unit - ed, Singing on our way.  
 Often have we left thee, Often gone a-stray; Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.  
 Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon thou and save us In the last dread hour.  
 When the march is over, Then come rest and peace, Jesus in his beauty! Songs that never cease!



# BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.—Concluded.

45

Chorus.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky; Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!

Ped.

## CALL TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

To sing this ROUND the School should be divided into three parts; when No. 1 has sung to the word "warning," let No. 2 commence at the beginning, when No. 2 has reached the same word, let No. 3 begin; repeat, until signalled to cease.

1. { A - wake, for the day - light is breaking fast, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful Sab - bath morning; }  
 { De - lay not, I pray you, or you'll be last, The church bells are giving us warni - og. }

2. { We'll joy - ful - ly join in the soog Of praise to our heaven - ly King; }  
 { Let earth the glad ech - o pro - long, All nature with ec - sta - cy sing. }

3. { Haste! haste! quickly, For we long to u - nite in the hymn, }  
 { Haste! haste! quickly, For we long to u - nite in the hymn. }



## WE ARE COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

*I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.*

WM. W. BENTLEY.

1. We are coming to the fountain, We are kneeling at its brink; From its pure and living waters,

*Chorus.*

Je- sus says we too may drink. We are coming, yes, we're coming, For we know there yet is room,

Room for ev'-ry one that thirsteth, And the Saviour bids us come.

2. We are coming to the fountain,  
Flowing fresh, and clear and free,  
We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
Bringing all we have to thee.

3. *Chorus.*  
We are coming straight to Jesus,  
We have nowhere else to go,  
And we know he will receive us,  
For he's sweetly told us so.—*Cho.*

# REVIVAL.

47

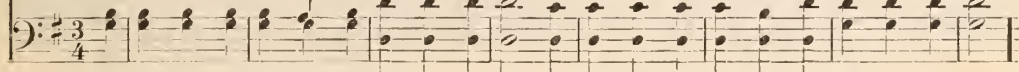
J. J. H.

*O Lord, revive thy work.*—Hab. iii. 2.

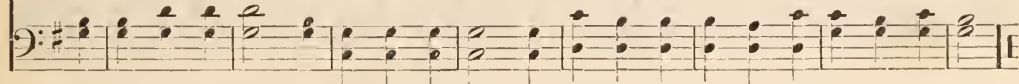
J. J. Hood.



1, O Je - sus, our Saviour, All praise to thy name ; More love we would give thee, Re - vive us a - gain.  
2 We need thy refresh - ing, Oh, send blessed rain ; Re - vive us, O Saviour, Re - vive us a - gain.



Re - vive us a - gain, Re - vive us a - gain, More love we would give thee, Re - vive us a - gain.  
Re - vive us a - gain, Re - vive us a - gain, Re - vive us, O Saviour, Re - vive us a - gain.



3 Our souls have been sleeping,  
Our zeal has been tame,  
:||: O life-giving Spirit,  
Re - vive us again. :||:

4 Without thy rich blessing  
Our efforts are vain,  
:||: Oh, come then to cheer us,  
Re - vive us again. :||:

5 To souls that are dying  
Thy riches proclaim,  
:||: Send speedy conviction,  
Re - vive us again. :||:

6 O Spirit of blessing,  
Descend and remain ;  
:||: In mercy revive us,  
Re - vive us again. :||:

## NEW YEAR'S CHIME.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM.

*He changeth the times and the seasons.—Dan. ii. 21.*

J. J. HOOD.

1. When Jesus to the temple came, With songs the children bless'd his name; As then he smil'd upon their praise,

So now he loves the notes we raise. Then let our hearts break forth in song, Praise God in accents sweet and strong,

*Chorus.*  
Sing in the year with cheerful voice, And in his mercy all re-joice. We hail the glad new year,  
we hail

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the top staff.

We hail the glad new year, With songs of joy and words of cheer We hail, we hail the glad new year.

2 Praise him who gives the spring its power  
To open leaf and blossom flower;  
Who sends the summers glowing days,  
The autumn's fruit and purple haze;  
Who gives the winter, warmed with snow;  
And by each season makes us know  
The blessings of that mighty hand  
By which supported all things stand.

3 And as the time goes fleeting by,  
And Christ's glad jubilee draws nigh,  
Oh, may we wait in holy fear,  
To welcome in that blissful year;  
Then in such strains as angels sang  
When Bethlehem's plains with music rang,  
Through endless years we'll live, and sing  
The praises of our Saviour King.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

Old melody.

The musical notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the staff.

1. My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer,  
2. I love thee because thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon, being nailed to the tree; I love thee for

deemer, my Saviour art thou, if ever I lov'd thee, if ever I lov'd thee, if ever I lov'd thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.  
wearing the thorns on thy brow, If ever, &c.

3.

I've loved thee in life, may I love thee in death,  
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;  
And sing, when the death-sweat doth sit on my brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4.

In mansions of glory, in heavenly delight,  
I'll ever adore thee in regions of light;  
And sing with a glittering crown on my brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

1. Christmas bells are ringing, ringing, O'er the land triumphantly ; Children's voices singing, singing,  
 2. Soft the world lay dreaming, dreaming, On the morning of his birth ; Its pure snow-veil gleaming, gleaming,  
 3. Angel hymns are pealing, pealing, Thro' the depths of yonder sky ! Ransom'd saints are kneeling, kneeling,

Sound a joy - ous ju - bi - lee. 'Tis the day the wondrous sign Broke the wise men's calm repose,  
 When the Christ-child came on earth. He's the precious pearl we hail, Sent us from a Father's hand ;  
 Kneeling at the throne on high. With grateful voices come we now, Come both heart and hand to lift ;

*Chorus.*  
 Newly robed in rays di - vine, The Star of Bethlehem rose. Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,  
 A Fount of life that shall not fail, A Rock in a weary land.  
 Lord of Life, to thee we bow, And thank thee for thy gift.

O'er the land triumphantly; Children's voices singing, singing, Sound a joy-ous ju-bi-lee.

MRS. E. M. HALL.

## JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.  
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy faith, and thine alone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.

*Chorus.*

Je-sus paid it all, All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim,—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all,"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

## GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*—Ps. cxix. 105. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, for I need its liv - ing Promise and precept for my wants each day ;  
 2. Give me the Bi - ble, for I need it dy - ing, Tell me that Je - sus came the lost to save ;  
 3. Give me the Bi - ble, tho' forlorn and friendless, God's holy Word my comfort shall sup - ply ;

Tell me of Je - sus, ten - der and for - giv - ing, Give me the lamp that lights the nar - row way.  
 Whisper his promise, o - ver sor - row's sigh - ing, Hold up faith's lamp a - cross the op - en grave.  
 Soon fades earth's grief away in glo - ry end - less, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sa - viour nigh.

*Chorus.*

Give me the Bi - ble, precious Bi - ble, Give me God's ho - ly book, the Bi - ble.

# THE PLEADING VOICE.

53

J. L. L.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden—Matt. xi. 28.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Weary, wand'ring child of grief, Hear the Saviour's pleading voice, If you only come to him, He will  
2. Tho' your soul be foul with sin, He can make you white as snow; Do you sigh for peace within? To the

*Chorus.*

make your heart rejoice. O, re-ceive him, O, believe him; Christ in mercy bids you come; He'll re-  
living fountain go.

ceive you, He'll relieve you, And prepare you for his home.

3.  
Wand'rer, then, retrace thy course,  
Trust thy soul to his dear love,  
Now the Saviour pleads for thee,  
In the courts of heav'n above.—*Chorus.*

4.  
When life's weary race is run,  
And thy conflicts all are past,  
Heav'n in vlew, the vict'ry won,  
God will crown you his at last.—*Chorus.*



## THE TIDE OF SALVATION.

J. J. H.

*And he shew'd me a pure river of water of life.— Rev. xxii. 1.*

J. J. Hood.

1. Our Saviour came down from his home in the skies, And made for our sins a complete sac - ri - fice ;  
2. Our souls are by na - ture pol - lut - ed with sin, God's wrath is up - on us, no peace is with - in ;

He open'd a fountain of water and blood,—O, wash and be cleansed in its life - giving flood.  
But pure and accepted we'll stand in his sight, When wash'd in his blood ev'ry stain is made white.

*Chorus.*

The tide of sal - va - tion is flow - ing a - long ;  
The tide of sal - va - tion is flowing a - long, The tide of sal - va - tion is flowing a - long,

# THE TIDE OF SALVATION.—Concluded.

55

All cleans - ing from sin to its wa - - ters be - long.  
The tide of sal - va - tion is flow - ing a - long; All cleansing from sin to its wa - ters be - long.

3 This fountain of healing will never be dry,  
It flows from the throne of Jehovah on high;  
Its waters are deep, and the channel is wide,  
All nations may bathe in its copious tide.  
The tide of salvation is flowing along, &c.

4 No merciless whirlpool, nor treacherous sand,  
In the river of life; but a heavenly hand  
Will bear us all through when we enter its wave,—  
Our Guide is the Spirit, almighty to save.  
The tide of salvation is flowing along, &c.

## O, HOW HE LOVES!

*Fine.*

*D.C.*

1. { One is kind a -bove all others, O, how he loves! } grieve us;  
D.C. His is love be -yond a brother's, O, how he loves! } Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day sothe, the next day  
D.C. But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, O, how he loves!

2.  
'Tis eternal life to know him,  
O, how he loves!  
Think, O think how much we owe him,  
O, how he loves!  
With his precious blood he bought us,  
In the wilderness he sought us,  
To his fold he safely brought us,  
O, how he loves!

3.  
Blessed Jesus! would you know  
O, how he loves! [him?  
Give yourself entirely to him,  
O, how he loves!  
Think no longer of to-morrow,  
Take his easy yoke and follow,  
Jesus carries all your sorrow,  
O, how he loves!

4.  
Through his name we are forgiven,  
O, how he loves!  
Backward shall our foes be driven,  
O, how he loves!  
Best of blessings he'll provide us,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,  
Safe to glory he will guide us,  
O, how he loves!

## RISE FOR JESUS!

E. C.

*Why stand ye here all the day idle?—Matt. xx. 6.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Rise! dear children, rise for Jesus, Let the air ring sweet with song, Tell the needy of a Saviour,  
2. Work, dear children, work for Jesus! Every one should work, and try To bring some one out of darkness,

*Chorus.*

Who can cleanse from ev'-ry wrong. Rise! dear children, the time is flying, Sinners all a-round are dy- ing,  
To a home be- yond the sky.

Rise, children, rise! Rise, children, rise! Rise, rise, for Je - sus!

3.  
Sing! dear children, sing for Jesus!  
Sound your voices far and wide,  
Sing of heaven, his home in glory:  
Show the world his bleeding side.

4.  
Rise! dear children, rise for Jesus,  
Help to draw the world along, —  
All may love and praise forever,  
All may join the blood-washed  
through!—Rise! &c.

# WORK FOR JESUS.

57

W. E. NICOLE.  
*Con affetto.*

*I must work the works of him that sent me.—John ix. 4.*

W. H. RELVEA. By per.

1. Work for Jesus, time is fly-ing, Tho' the labor's self-de-ny-ing, Yet, while souls around are dying,  
2. Work for Jesus, teach his teaching, To the things before you reaching, To the poor the gospel preaching;

Work, oh, work, for Je - sus work. Work for Jesus, and pur-su-ing What you find to  
Work, oh, work, for Je - sus work. Work for Jesus, and depend-ing On his strength, be

do, be do-ing With your might, and oft re-new-ing; Work, oh, work, for Je - sus work.  
ev - er tending To the life that's never end-ing; Work, oh, work, for Je - sus work.

3 Work for Jesus, nor be dreaming,  
While life's tide is onward streaming,  
But the precious hours redeeming;  
Work, oh, work, for Jesus work.

Work for Jesus, all investing,  
Thus by works your faith attesting,  
Heaven is the place for resting;  
Work, oh, work, for Jesus work.

## ARISE AND SHINE.

J. J. HOOD.

1st. 2d

1. { Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night;  
 Out of midnight in - to day OMIT. Je - sus bids us come a - way.

*Chorus.*

A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine; A - rise, a rise thy light is come;  
 A - rise, a - rise, arise and shine; A - rise, a - rise, thy light is come;

A - rise and shine, thy light is come, The glo - ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on our gloom.  
 Arise and shine, thy light is come,

2 From this world's alluring snares,  
 From its perils and its cares,  
 From its vanity and strife,  
 Jesus beckons us to life.—*Chorus.*

3 From the vanities of youth,  
 Into rest, and love, and truth,  
 Into joy that never palls,  
 Jesus in his mercy calls.—*Chorus.*

MRS. M. STOCKTON.

# WONDROUS LOVE.

WM. G. FISCHER.

59

*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii. 16.*

1. God lov'd the world of sinners lost, And ruined by the fall; Salva-tion full, at high-est cost,  
2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The risen Son of God; Re-demption by his death I find,  
3. Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to his saints makes known The blessed rest from inbred sin,

## Chorus.

He of-fers free to all. O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;  
And cleansing through his blood. Through faith in Christ a-lone.

It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calva-ry.

4.  
Believing souls, rejoicing go,  
There shall to you be given  
A glorions foretaste here below,  
Of endless life in heaven.—*Cho.*

5.  
Of victory now o'er Satan's power,  
Let all the ransomed sing;  
And triumph in the dying hour,  
Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.—*Cho.*

## THE NINETY AND NINE.

*Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost.*

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was  
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for thee?" But the Shepherd made

out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold. A - way on the mountains  
an - swer, "This of mine Has wander'd a - way from me; And al - though the road is

wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.  
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransom'd ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed; [through,  
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost,  
Out in the desert he heard its ery,—  
'Twas helpless, and sick, and ready to die.

4 Then up through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

NEARER TO THEE.—Tune, THOMAS. 6, 4.

61

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God to thee, Nearer to thee.

2 Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.	3 There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n : All that thou sendest me In mercy giv'n : Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.	4 Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise ; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.	5 Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly,— Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
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JESUS IS MINE.—Tune, THOMAS.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine! Break, ev'ry tender tie, Jesus is mine! Dark is the wilderness; Earth has no resting-place; Jesus alone can bless; Jesus is mine!	2 Tempt not my soul away; Jesus is mine! Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine! Perishing things of clay. Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away; Jesus is mine!	3 Farewell, ye dreams of night; Jesus is mine! Lost in this dawning light; Jesus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but an aching void; Jesus has satisfied; Jesus is mine!
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## I'VE FOUND A SWEET SPOT.

1. I've found a sweet spot in this wilderness waste, Where I dwell in repose, 'mid the storms wildest roar.  
 2. No thirst can o'ercome me while here I a-bide, So close to the fountain of mercy and grace;  
 3. The monarch may boast of his kingdom and crown, The conqueror rise to the worlds highest seat;

*f* 'Tis here, when I hunger, my spir-it may feast On the manna that falls from the heaven-ly store.  
 When faint, I may drink from the heavenly tide, Which waters for-ev-er this bean-ti-ful place.  
 The great and the mighty may have their renown, But give me a place at Im-man-u-el's feet.

*D.S.* Till thou shalt ex-alt me on high to a seat, And clothe me in ves-ture made whiter than snow.

*Chorus.* *D.S. f*

O, Je-sus, my Saviour, I'll dwell at thy feet; No oth-er a-bode will I covet or know,

# EVEN ME.

63

*Show me a token for good.—Ps. lxxxvi. 17.*

E. O. LYTE.\*

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art seatt'ring full and free—Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;  
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather

Let some droppings fall on me, E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.  
Let thy mercy fall on me, E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy mer-ey fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to thee;  
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me,—  
Even me, even me,  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see:  
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,—  
Even me, even me,  
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me,—  
Even me, even me,  
Magnify it all in me.—

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
Whilst the streams of love are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me,  
Even me, even me,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

## JESUS RECEIVED THEM.

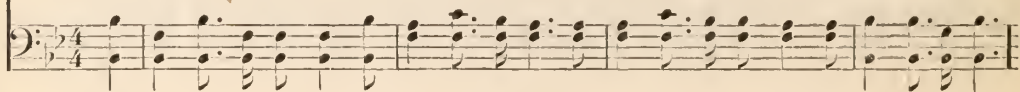
EDGAR PAGE.

*And he received them, . . . and healed them that had need of healing.—Luke ix. 11.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.



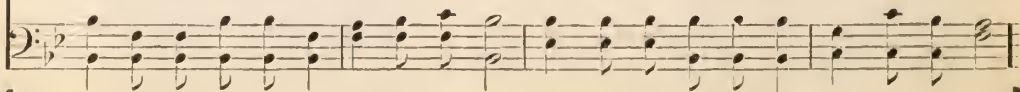
1. They brought unto Je - sus the halt and the blind, And Jesus received them, for Je - sus is kind ;  
 2. They linger'd to hear him till hungry for bread, And freely from garner of heav'n they were fed ;



No matter how sin - ful, no matter how poor, Our Je - sus receiv'd them, and wrought them a cure.  
 The loaves and the fishes for - ev - er are sure To those who will trust him, though ever so poor.

*Chorus.*

Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, tender of mind ; Je - sus is pit - i - ful, Je - sus is kind ;



JESUS RECEIVED THEM.—Concluded.

65

Why should we tar - ry, then, why stay a - way, Je - sus is calling us day af - ter day.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

3 Our Saviour can feel all our burden of care,  
And ever is ready our trouble to share;  
Is ready to give, when we seek his dear face,  
The smiles of his love, and his riches of grace.

4 Oh, take me, dear Saviour, my body and soul,  
Oh, take me, and keep me, while ages shall roll;  
Here, safe from the surge of eternity's tide,  
Lord, here be my anchorage, close to thy side.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.—Tune, OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh, let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,—  
A ransomed soul!

P. J. OWENS.

JNO. R. SWENFY.

*March time.*

1. God is love, God is love, God is love! Heav'n and earth proclaim the tidings true;      Glory fills the skies!  
 2. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Join with saints his holy name to praise,      For the vic'try won,

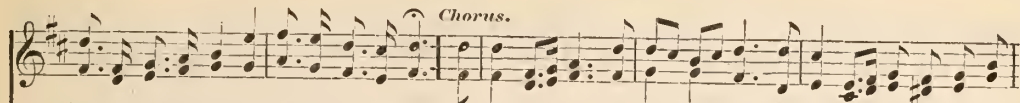
Soft-ly earth re-plies, May not we his children love and serve him too; Let us join in a joyful, joy-ful cho-rus,  
 By his glorious Son, For the precious, endless love that crowns our days: In his name we go onward, Still confid-ing

For his loving-kindness watches ev-er o'er us, And while youth and vigor still in brightness rise be-fore us,  
 In his boundless mercy, thro' each danger guiding; Walking still in wisdom's ways, in love and truth a-bid-ing,

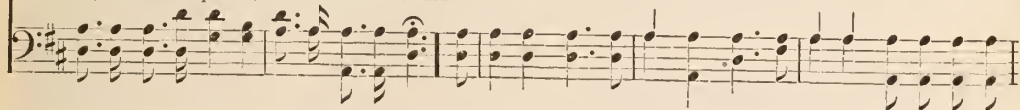
GOD IS LOVE.—Concluded.

67

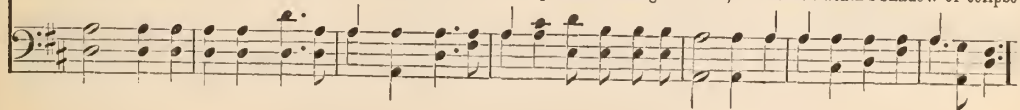
*Chorus.*



Give our earnest hearts to serve the Lord above, While life for us is fresh and sweet, Our hearts with youthful feelings  
Joy will be our portion, heav'n our blest reward.



ten - der, We'll lay our tribute at his feet, To him our grateful homage render; And when death's shadow of eclipse



The ' sunshine of this world has riven, We'll keep his name up-on our lips, And praise him more in heav-en.



## JESUS DID IT ALL.

*What must I do to be saved? . Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*

J. J. HOOD.

1. Nothing, either great or small, Nothing, sinner, no; Je - sus did it, did it all, Long, long a - go.  
 2. When he from his lofty throne Stoop'd to do and die, Ev'rything was fully done, Hearken to his cry :  
 3. Weary, working, burden'd one, Why toil you so? Cease *your* doing, all was done, Long, long a - go :  
 4. Cast your deadly doing down, Down at Jesus' feet; Stand in him, in him a - lone, Gloriously complete!

### Chorus.

"It is finished," yes, indeed, Finished ev'ry jot; Sinner, this is all you need; Tell me, is it not?

E. HERITAGE.

## OVER TO CANAAN I'M GOING.

J. HERITAGE. Arr.

1. O - ver to Canaan I'm go - ing, To join with the seraphim band; Over the cold rugged mountains,

OVER TO CANAAN I'M GOING—Concluded.

69

To dwell in the heavenly land. My Saviour's prepared me a mansion, Its beauties to me he'll unfold ;

Yes, over to Canaan I'm go- ing, To share in the blessings untold. The saints are there to welcome me,

*Chorus.*

With lyres and harps of gold; Yes, o- ver to Canaan I'm go - ing, To share in the blessings un- told.

2 Over to Canaan I'm going,  
Where saints are eternally blest ;  
Dear ones are waiting to greet me,  
In mansions of heavenly rest.  
Earth's pleasures no longer have power  
In bondage my spirit to hold,  
For over to Canaan I'm going,  
To share in the blessings untold.—*Cho.*

3 Over to Canaan I'm going,  
Tho' dangers stand thick all around ;  
Why should I longer be doubting,  
Since Jesus, my Saviour, I've found ?  
I fear not the roar of the lions  
That stand in my pathway so bold,  
For over to Canaan I'm going,  
To share in the blessings untold.—*Cho.*



## HOW SHOULD WE SPEND OUR TIME?

MAGGIE METCALF.

*Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.—Eph. v. 16.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

How should we spend our time? In folly and in sin? Nay, rather let us seek while here Some souls for Christ to win.

*Chorus.*

Then, up and be doing, Go, work while you may; Life swiftly is fleeting; Why longer de-lay?

Press onward to bat-tle; Be strong in the Lord; He'll bear you up bravely; Go, trusting his word.

2 How should we spend our time?  
In heaping worldly gains?  
Oh, no, we'll lay our treasure up  
In heaven, where Jesus reigns.  
Then, up and be doing, &c.

3 How should we spend our time?  
To gain th' applause of man;  
No, no, we'll work, and always seek  
To praise the Great I AM.  
Then, up and be doing, &c.

4 Then let us treasure time,  
And live in doing good,  
Rememb'ring that to God we owe  
Our lasting gratitude.  
Then, up and be doing, &c.

# HOSANNA!

May be used as a Doxology.

71

Dr. YOUNG.

*f* *p*

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Blessed is he that came in the name of the Lord;

The first system of musical notation for 'HOSANNA!'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Blessed is he that came in the name of the Lord;'.

*f*

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Blessed is he that came in the name of the Lord;

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Blessed is he that came in the name of the Lord;'.

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - sanna, ho - san - na to our King!

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are: 'Ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - sanna, ho - san - na to our King!'.

## WATCHING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

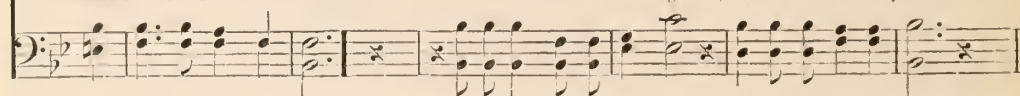
JS. NICHOLSON. *Watch therefore; for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.* JNO. R. SWENEY.



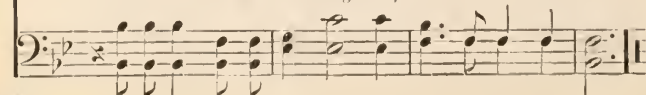
1. Our Je- sus says that he will come To gather home his own, And at the supper of the Lamb,  
2. That this may be our happy lot, Let us be ou our guard, Or else he'll say, "I know you not,"

*Chorus.*

We shall with him sit down. Then we'll watch for the Bridegroom, watch, watch, watch, Then we'll  
When once the door is barr'd. Then we'll watch for the Bridegroom, watch while our lamps we trim;



watch for the Bridegroom, And with him enter in.  
Then we'll watch for the Bridegroom,



- 3 The foolish ones, with lamps gone out,  
Too late their oil would buy,  
For, lo, at midnight comes the shout,  
Behold! the Bridegroom's nigh.
- 4 Oh, when we hear the Bridegroom's cry,  
At morning or at night,  
May all our hopes on Christ be stayed,  
And all our lamps be bright.
- 5 And when we join the blood-wash'd  
And sing the song divine, [through  
This strain shall burst from every tongue,  
The glory, Lord, be thine.

# CHARITY.

73

*And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.* GLOVER.

1. Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the blessed three; Turning sadness in - to gladness,

Fine.

Heav'n-born art thou, Chari - ty. Pi - ty dwelleth in thy bo - som, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;

*Repeat first four lines as Chorus.*

Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.

2.

Hoping ever, failing never,  
 Tho' deceived, believing still;  
 Long abiding, all-confiding  
 To thy heav'nly Father's will;  
 Never weary of well-doing,  
 Never fearful of the end;  
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,  
 Thou dost all alike befriend.  
*Cho.*—Meek and lowly, &c.

## HYMN OF PRAISE.

J. D. V.

*Sing unto the Lord, all the earth—Ps. xcvi. 1.*

J. STANLEY BIRD.

1. Come, all ye nations, join to sing The honors of our heav'nly King, Before whose throne archangels bow,  
2. Consider all his mercies past, His matchless goodness still how vast! Life, health and comfort—all he gives,

In ad-o-ra-tion, even now; His works so vast his wisdom show, Thro' ev'ry land his blessings flow,  
Without his aid no creature lives, No days return, no nights appear, No changing seasons crown the year,

*Chorus.*

His works so vast his wisdom show, Thro' ev'ry land his blessings flow. O, sound his praise with loud acclaim,  
No days return, no nights appear, No changing seasons crown the year.

Forever bless his glorious name; With grateful hearts his goodness sing, Rejoice in God, your Saviour King!

*Rit.*

COME, LET US SWEETLY SING.

1. Come, let us sweetly sing, join in full chorus, Praise to the mighty King, Him who reigneth o'er us!  
 2. Hail! hail to him who once slept in a manger, Wander'd from place to place, homeless, and a stranger;

Once he, a little child, gentle and lowly, Suffer'd and died for us,—oh, wondrous story!  
 Taught us how we should live, loving, pure, and holy, Suffer'd, that we might all dwell with him in glory.

3 O Thou who once did hear children when singing,  
 Thou who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their bringing;  
 From thy bright home above graciously bending,  
 List to our joyful songs, gratefully ascending.

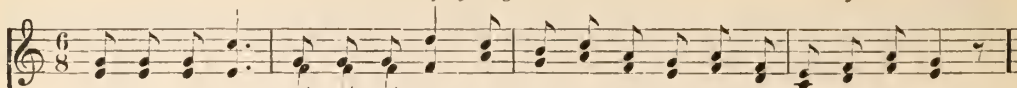
4 Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,  
 Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect merit:  
 Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorus,  
 Praise evermore to him who shall there reign o'er us.

## JOYOUSLY SING!

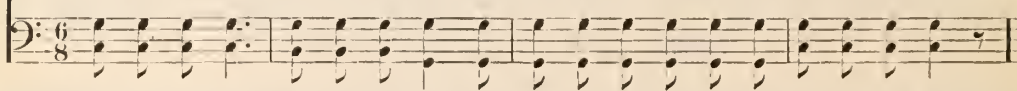
MISS HATTIE M. BIRD.

*Always rejoicing.*—1 Cor. vi. 10.

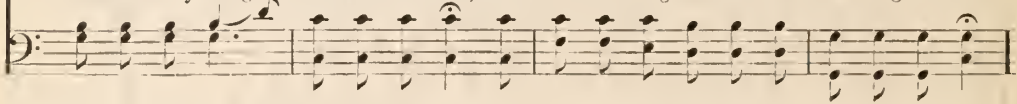
J. STANLEY BIRD.



1. Joy - ous - ly sing, joy - ous - ly sing The praises of Je - sus, our heaven - ly King!
2. Kneel at his cross, joy - ous - ly roll The burden, so heavy, of guilt, from thy soul;
3. Trusting in Christ, joy - ous - ly tread The pathway of du - ty, where Jesus hath led;



Let ev' - ry voice sing of his love, Till hea - ven shall e - cho the chorus a - bove!  
 Doubt not his love, doubt not his grace, His blood, freely shed, all thy sins can ef - face.  
 Je - sus thy King soon shalt thou see, On E - den's bright shore he is wait - ing for thee.



Oh, sing of his mer - cy, so bound - less and free, His mer - cy, which pardons a sin - ner like me.



JOYOUSLY SING!—Concluded.

77

*Chorus.*

Joy - ous - ly sing, joy - ous - ly sing The praises of Je - sus, our heaven - ly King!

Sing of his good - ness, sing of his love, Till hea - ven shall e - cho the chorus a - bove!

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.  
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home, my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

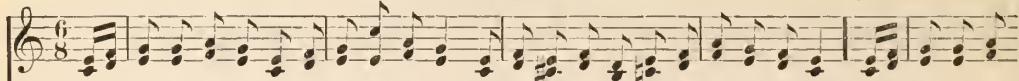


## THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY!

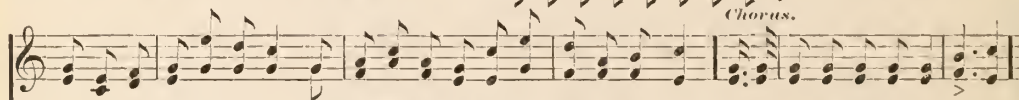
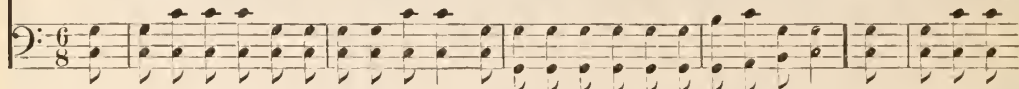
Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

*He is altogether lovely.*—Song of Sol. v. 16.

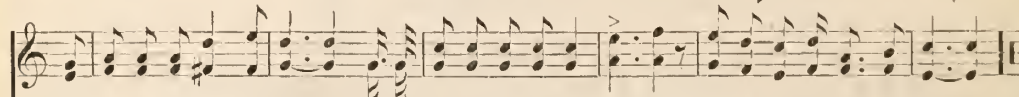
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



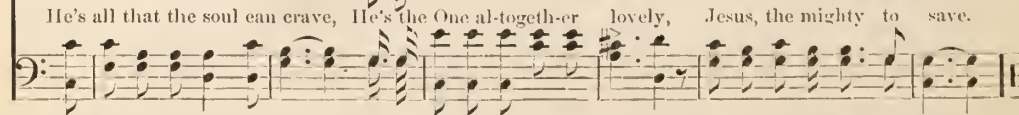
1. How lovely is Jesus, the Lamb that was slain, To win a world's pardon by sorrow and pain; How lovely that  
2. Oh, lovely, surpassing all loveliness! he, Who died with the thief for a lost world and me, That I might be



crow on his once bleeding brow, And lovely his love which o'ershadows me now. He's the One altogether lovely,  
perfected here by his love, And meet him with white robes in heaven above.



He's all that the soul can crave, He's the One al-togeth-er lovely, Jesus, the mighty to save.



- 3 How lovely that life, doing good everywhere!  
How lovely that death, with its merciful prayer!  
And lovely that blood which on Calvary flowed,  
When washing the stain'd heart, and light'ning its load.

- 4 How lovely is Jesus, when close to his side,  
From doubt and temptation securely we hide!  
And lovely his presence,—when loving him best  
He comes to our hearts with the blessing of rest.

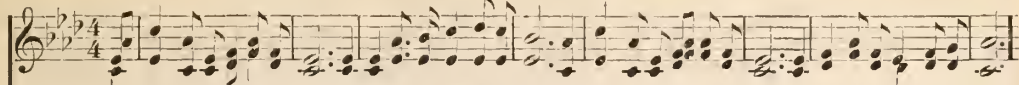
# THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

79

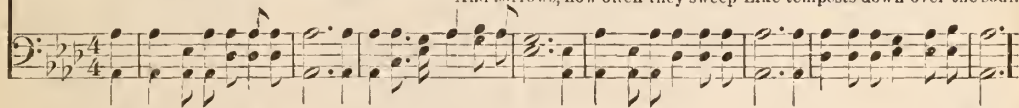
E. JOHNSON.

*Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—Psa. lxi. 2.*

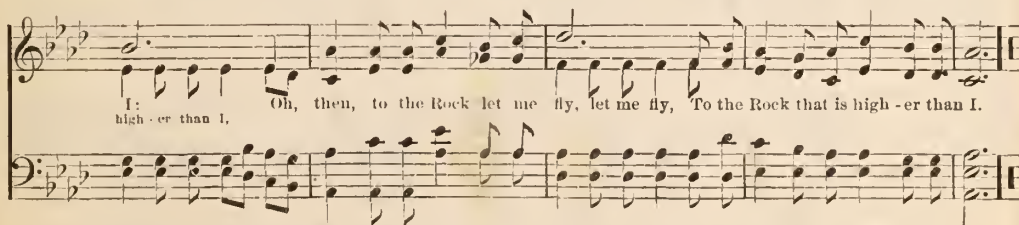
WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,  
And sorrows, how often they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.

*Chorus.*

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than



I:  
high - er than I, Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,  
And sometimes how weary my feet;  
But toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!  
Oh, then to the Rock.—&c.

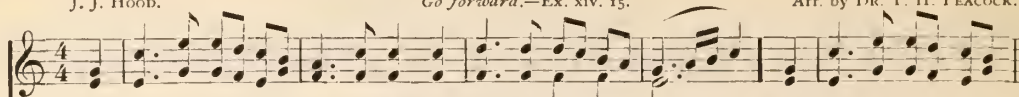
3. Oh, near the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;  
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vale.  
Oh, then to the Rock.—&c.

## WE'RE MARCHING ON TO GLORY LAND.

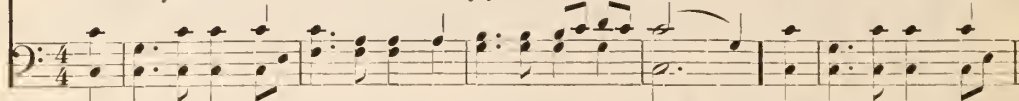
J. J. Hood.

Go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

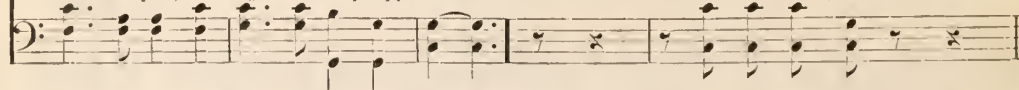
Arr. by DR. T. H. PEACOCK.



1. We're marching on to glo - ry land, To realms forev - er bright, Where not a sor - row  
 2. We'll see our Sav - our face to face, O - joy of joys su - preme, We'll see the mul - ti -  
 3. O will you come and share with us The joys of that bright land? A wel - come al - so



ev - er comes, To mar the saints' de - light. We're marching on, we're marching  
 tude of saints, All by his blood re - deem'd.  
 waits for you, Come, join our hap - py band.



on, we're marching on, With cheerful song we're marching on; We're marching  
 we're marching on, With cheerful song we're marching on;



WE'RE MARCHING ON TO GLORY LAND.—Concluded.

81

on, We're marching on, we're marching on; We are bound for the glo - ry land!

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

O, PRAISE THE LORD.

Arranged.

1. O, praise the Lord, Come, join our hap-py voi-es In sweet ac-cord,  
2. O, sing his praise, Who gave to us a Saviour, Sweet an-thems raise  
3. For ev-er-more, O, tell the blessed sto-ry, And still a-dore

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

While ev'-ry heart re-joice-s; O, praise the Lord, O, praise the Lord.  
For such a wondrous fa-vor, O, sing his praise, O, sing his praise.  
The Lord of life and glo-ry, For ev-er-more, For ev-er-more.

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

## LOOK UP WITH TEARLESS EYE.

FANNY CROSBY.

*For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Phil. i. 21.*

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Why should our hearts re-pine When dear ones pass a-way? They are not lost, but gone be-fore,  
 2. Why should we think of death With sad foreboding fear? To those who love a Saviour's name

*Refrain.*

To realms of endless day. Look up with tear-less eye, Look up, there's joy be-yond,  
 He comes with words of cheer.

3.  
 Why should we dread the grave,  
 If faith in Christ be bright?  
 'Tis but the door through which we  
 To regions fair and bright. [pass  
 4.  
 No triumph hath the grave,  
 The sting of death is o'er;  
 And they who reach the better land  
 Shall live to die no more.

# WILL THAT NOT JOYFUL BE!

83

*Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.*—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Arranged.

1. Will that not joy - ful be, When we walk by faith no more, When the Lord we lov'd be -  
2. Will that not joy - ful be, When the foes we dread to meet, Ev' - ry one, beneath our

fore As brother man we see; When he welcomes us a -bove, When we share his smile of love;  
feet We tread tri - umph - ant - ly; When we never more can know Slightest touch of pain or woe;

Will that not joy - ful be, Will that not joy - ful be!  
Will that not joy - ful be, Will that not joy - ful be!

3.

Will that not joyful he,  
When we hear what none can tell,  
And the ringing chorus swell  
Of angels' melody;  
When we join their hymn of praise,  
Hallelujahs with them raise,  
Will that not joyful be,  
Will that not joyful be!

## SWEETLY I'M RESTING IN JESUS.

By per.

*This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest.—Is. xxviii. 12.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus, Trusting my Sa-viour and Lord; Cast-ing my soul on his mer- cy,

Leaning up-on his word; Bearing the cross through toil and pain, Counting as loss all earth-ly gain;

Know-ing the faith-ful a crown shall ob - tain, Sweet-ly I'm rest-ing in Je - sus.

*Chorus.*

Sweet - ly rest - ing, Firm - ly trust - ing his word;  
Sweetly I'm rest - ing in Je - sus, my Lord, Firmly I'm trusting, be - lieving his word;

Bless - ed as - sur - ance, his name be a - dored, Sweet - ly I'm rest - ing in Je - sus.

- 2 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,  
Plunged in the life-giving flood,  
Bathed in the sea of redemption,  
Washed in the cleansing flood;  
Passively lying at his feet,  
Learning the bliss of love complete;  
Waiting his pleasure, whatever is meet,  
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus;  
Glory-light beams on my way,  
Bright'ning my path thro' the darkness,  
Chasing the clouds away,

- Feeding in pastures green and fair,  
Drinking from fountains flowing there,  
Tenderly guarded by his loving care,  
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,  
Safe on his bosom reclined;  
Tokens of perfect salvation,  
Fulness of joy I find,  
Purer and clearer all the way,  
Shineth the light of perfect day,  
Holy the rapture, triumphant the lay,  
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—*Chorus.*



## SING WITH A TUNEFUL SPIRIT.

*Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. v. 19.*

1. Sing with a tuneful spir - it, Sing with a cheerful lay, Praise to thy great Cre - a - tor,  
2. Sing when the heart is troubled, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm-cloud gathers,

While on the pil - grim way. Sing when the birds are waking, Sing with the morning light,  
Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is darkest, Sing when the thunders roll;

Sing in the noontide's golden beam, Sing in the hush of night.  
Sing of a land where rest remains, Rest for the weary soul.

3.  
Sing in the vale of shadows,  
Sing in the hour of death,  
And when the hours are closing,  
Sing with the latest breath.  
Sing till the heart's deep longings  
Cease on the other shore; [there,  
Then, with the countless numbers  
Sing on for evermore!

# JESUS' LOVE.

87

J. J. H.

Greater love hath no man than this.—John xv. 13.

J. J. Hood.

1. Je-sus long his love has offer'd, Fain would dwell within thy heart, At the door he craves an entrance, Can you  
 2. Nev-er friend lov'd more sincerely, Could he more than shed his blood? Richest streams of mercy pouring, In that

*Chorus.*

bid him thence depart? Now your waiting Lord receive, Now his gracious word believe; Give your soul unto his keeping  
 all- a - toning flood.

Who can cleanse from ev'ry sin, From all dan-gers he will guard you, Till in heav'n you dwell with him.

3 Naught on earth is half so precious  
 As the gift he offers thee;  
 Human merit ne'er can buy it,—  
 Wondrous love! 'tis offer'd free.—*Cho.*

4 Why then, sinner, do you linger?  
 Now is the accepted time;  
 God is waiting to be gracious,  
 Now obey the call divine.—*Cho.*

## MERCIES FREE.

Rev. J. ALEXANDER.

*To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness.—Dan. ix. 9.*

J. J. HOOD

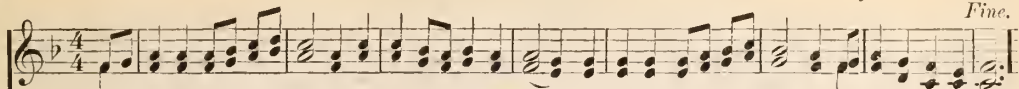
1. Oh, hear the voice of Jesus on the awful tree,—His voice of love and mercy, crying, "Look to me!  
2. Blest Jesus, I'm a feeble child, known to thee, Yet o'er my darkness thou hast smil'd tenderly.  
3. And oh, if I that mercy share, Lord, from thee, May parents, teachers, too be there, there with me;

Poor sinner, come, to me draw near; Forsake your sins, dismiss your fear: Behold, the Friend of Sinners here  
Now I'll obey thy gracious voice, In thy redemption I'll rejoice, And seek, as my first youthful choice,  
May all within thy presence now, There brightly shine with crowned brow, And shout, whilst at thy feet we bow,

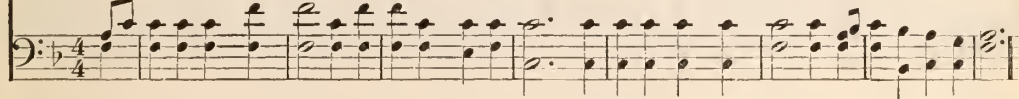
speaks to thee, Speaks to thee, speaks to thee, Behold, the Friend of Sinners here speaks to thee."  
mer - eies free, Mercies free, mercies free, And seek, as my first youthful choice, mercies free.  
mer - eies free, Mercies free, mercies free, And shout, whilst at thy feet we bow, Mercies free.

# O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

J. R. S. 89  
*Fine.*

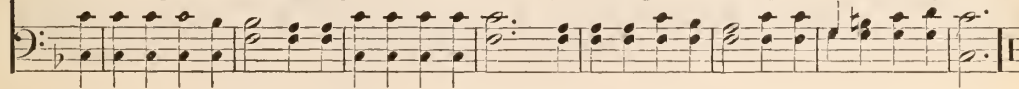


1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;  
 2. On thee at the creation the light first had its birth, On thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 3. To-day on weary nations the heav'nly manna falls; To holy evocations The silver trumpet calls,  
 CHORUS. *O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright.*



*D.C.*

On thee the high and lowly, Bending before the throne, Sing, "Holy, holy, holy! To the great Three in One.  
 On thee our Lord victorious The Spirit sent from heav'n; And thus on thee most glorious A triple light was giv'n.  
 Where gospel light is glowing, With pure and radiant beams, And living water flowing In soul refreshing streams.



*COME, LET US ALL UNITE TO SING.—Tune on opposite page.*

1 Come, let us all unite to sing,—God is love!  
 Let heaven and earth their praises bring,— God is love!  
 Let ev'ry soul from sin awake, [love!  
 Each in his heart sweet music make,  
 And sing with us, for Jesus sake,—God is love!  
 2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound—God is love!  
 In Christ we have redemption found,—God is love!  
 His blood has washed our sins away,  
 His Spirit turned our night to day;  
 And now we can rejoice to say, God is love!

3 How happy is our portion here,—God is love!  
 His promises our spirits cheer,—God is love!  
 He is our sun and shield by day,  
 Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;  
 He will be with us all the way,— God is love!  
 4 In Zion we shall sing again, God is love!  
 Yes, this shall be our highest strain, God is love!  
 Whilst endless ages roll along,  
 In concert with the heavenly throng,  
 This shall be still our sweetest song, God is love!

## MESSIAH IS KING.

*Thy God reigneth!—Is. lii. 7.*

MOZART, Arr.

1. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing! Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Messi - ah is King.  
2. Shont the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing! Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Messi - ah is King.

Zi - on, the mar - vellous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!  
Tell how he cometh, from na - tion to na - tion, The heart - cheering news let the earth echo round!

The brightest archan - gel in glo - ry ex - celling—He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth;  
How free to the faithful he offers sal - vation, His peo - ple with joy ex - claving are crown'd;

MESSIAH IS KING.—Concluded.

91

He stoops to re - deem, He stoops to re - deem, He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns upon earth,  
His peo - ple with joy, His peo - ple with joy, His peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd,

*f* *D.C. Chorus.*  
He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns upon earth. *First time soft, second time loud.*  
His peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd. Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je -

ru - sa - lem triumphs, Messi - ah is King, Messi - ah is King, Messi - ah is King, Messi - ah is King!

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mortal ev - er heard ; Oh, how it made my heart rejoice,

And ev'ry feeling stirr'd, Oh, how it made my heart rejoice, And ev'ry feeling stirr'd ! 'Twas Jesus spoke to

me so mild, He call'd me to his side, And said, although with heart defiled, I might in him confide.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2 I saw his face, the fairest face<br/>That mortal ever saw ;<br/>: : I long'd the Saviour to embrace,<br/>From him new life to draw. : :<br/>"Come unto me," he kindly said,<br/>"And I will give thee rest,<br/>The ransom-price I fully paid—<br/>Repent, believe, he blest !"</p> | <p>3 I felt his love, the strongest love<br/>That mortal ever felt ;<br/>: : Oh, how it drew my soul above,<br/>And made my hard heart melt ! : :<br/>My burden at his feet I laid,<br/>And knew the joy of heaven,<br/>As in my willing ear he said<br/>The blessed word, "Forgiven !"</p> | <p>4 Dear Saviour, let me ever sing<br/>Thy praise, while I have breath,<br/>: : Each night and morn my tribute<br/>: : Until I sleep in death ; : : [bring,<br/>And then my soul, beyond the sky,<br/>Shall join, with sweet acclaim,<br/>With all the ransom'd throng on<br/>To praise Messiah's name. [high</p> |
|--|---|--|

Words and Melody by  
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

## COME UNTO ME FOR REST.

93

*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.*—Matt. xi. 28.

1. Take my yoke up - on you, says Je-sus, You shall find rest, You shall find rest; I am meek and

*Chorus.*

low-ly, says Je-sus, Come un-to me, and you shall find rest. Then come to Je-sus, Come now to Je - sus,

Come to Jesus for rest; All ye that labor, and are heavy laden, You may come to Jesus for rest.

2 For my yoke is easy, says Jesus,  
You shall find rest, you shall find rest;  
And my burden is light, says Jesus,  
Come unto me and you shall find rest.

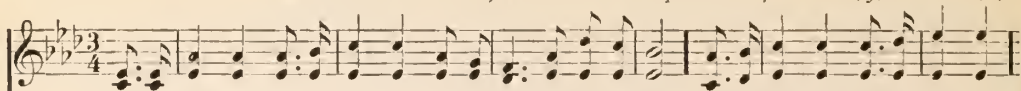
3 I have died to save you, says Jesus,  
You shall find rest, you shall find rest;  
Weary, heavy laden, says Jesus,  
Come unto me and you shall find rest.



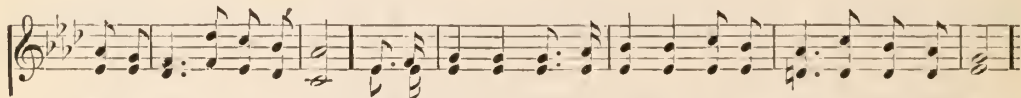
## SOWING AND REAPING.

*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi. 7*

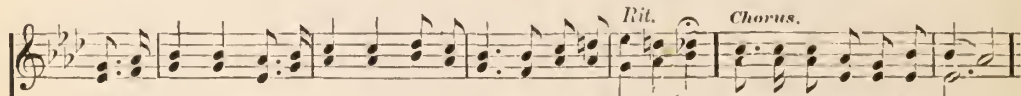
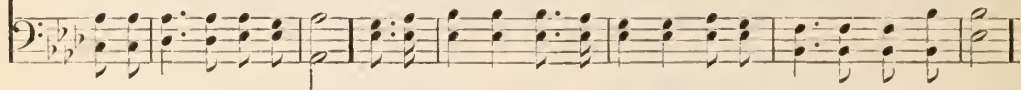
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



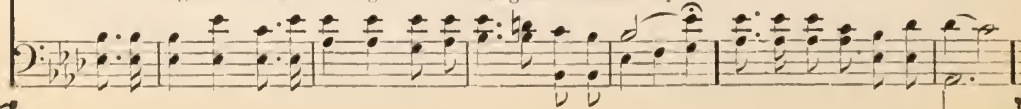
1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long; Are we sowing seeds of discord?  
 2. We can never be too careful What the seed our hands shall sow,—Love from love is sure to ripen,



They shall rip-en in - to wrong; Are we sow-ing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain;  
 Hate from hate as sure to grow; Seeds of good or ill we seatter, As we pass a - long the way,



Are we sow-ing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bitter pain. Whatsoe'er our sowing be,  
 And we'll gather of the fruitage In the last great harvest day.



Reaping, we its fruit shall see, Whatsoe'er our sowing be, Reaping, we its fruit shall see.

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

600 years old.

GOOD COUNSEL.

W. J. K.

1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong, Let no e - vil word pass o'er it;  
 2. Guard, my child, thine eyes, Prying is not wise; Let them look on what is right,  
 3. Guard, my child, thine ear, Wicked words will sear; Let no e - vil words come in,  
 4. Ear, and eye, and tongue, Guard while thou art young; For, a - las! these bus - y three

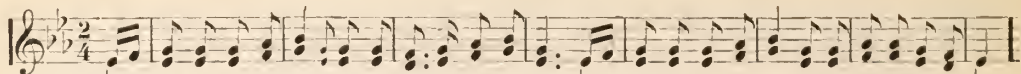
Set the watch of truth be - fore it; That it do no wrong, Guard, my child, thy tongue.  
 From all e - vil turn their sight; Prying is not wise, Guard, my child, thine eyes.  
 That may cause the soul to sin; Wicked words will sear, Guard, my child, thine ear  
 Can un - ru - ly mem - bers be; Guard while thou art young, Ears and eyes and tongue.

The musical score for 'Good Counsel' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features four verses of lyrics. The melody is written on a single treble clef staff, with a bass clef staff below it providing harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the melody.

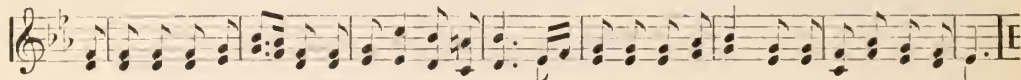
## I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

INFANT CLASS.

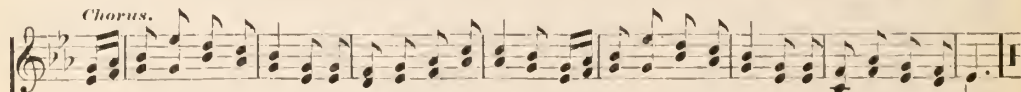
J. H. TENNEY.



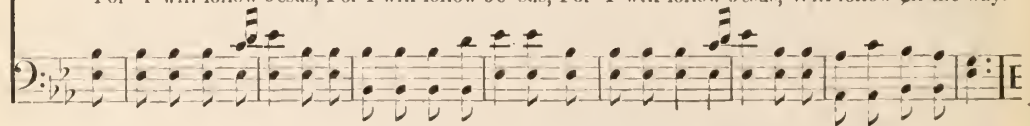
1. The world is very beautiful, and full of joy to me; The sun shines out in glory, On ev'rything I see;
2. I'm but a little pilgrim, My journey's just begun; They say I shall meet sorrow Before my journey's done.



I know I shall be happy While in the world I stay, For I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.  
The world is full of sorrow And sutfering, they say, But I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.

*Chorus.*

For I will follow Jesus, For I will follow Je- sus, For I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.



3.  
Then, like a little pilgrim,  
Whatever I may meet,  
I'll take it,—joy or sorrow,—  
And lay at Jesus' feet;  
He'll comfort me in trouble,  
He'll wipe my tears away,  
With joy I'll follow Jesus,  
Will follow all the way.

For I will follow Jesus, &c.

4.  
Then trials cannot vex me,  
And pain I need not fear;  
For when I'm close by Jesus  
Grief cannot come too near.  
Not even death can harm me,  
When death I meet one day,  
To heav'n I'll follow Jesus,  
Will follow all the way.  
For I will follow Jesus, &c.

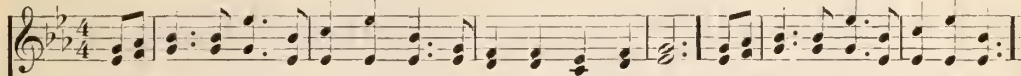
# THE BLOOD-STAINED CROSS.

97

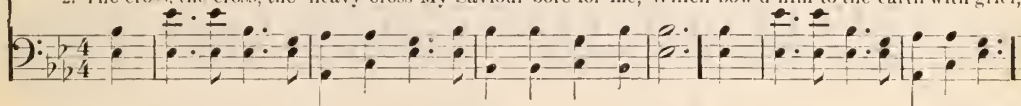
By per.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin—1 John i. 7.

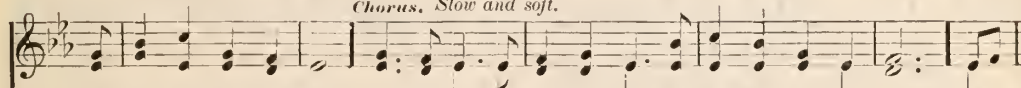
[Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.]



1. The cross, the cross, the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see! Reminding me of precious blood  
 2. The cross, the cross, the heavy cross My Saviour bore for me, Which bow'd him to the earth with grief,



*Chorus, Slow and soft.*



That once was shed for me. O the blood, the precious blood That Jesus shed for me Up -  
 On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.



*Rit.*



on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.



G

3.  
 How light! how light! this precious cross,  
 Presented to my view;  
 And while with care I take it up,  
 Behold the crown my due.—*Cho.*

4.  
 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow  
 For love, unbounded love,  
 Which guides me through this world of woe,  
 And points to joys above.—*Cho.*

## LAND AHEAD!

*Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off—Is. xxxiii. 17.*

1. Land a-head! its fruits are waving, O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv- ing waters  
2. Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See, the blessed wave their hands; Hear the gold- en harps re-

*Chorus.*

lav- ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on  
sounding From the bright in- mortal bands

that e- ternal shore; Drop the anchor, Furl the sail, I am safe within the vale.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding  
On this calm and silv'ry bay;  
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,  
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,  
All the storms of life are past;  
Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
We are safe at home at last.—*Cho.*

# ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?

99

*There was no room for him in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.*

J. E. GOULD.

1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus? When we gather shall we say, That the fol - l'wers of the Master  
2. Oh, my brothers, are we wis - er, Are we better now than they? Have we any room for Jesus

have no time for pray'r to - day? He was era - dled in a man - ger, His own an - gels sang the hymn  
In the life we live to - day? Room for pleasure, doors wide open; And for business; but for him,

Of re - joicing at his coming, Yet there was no room for him.  
On - ly here and there a manger, Like to that at Beth - lehem.

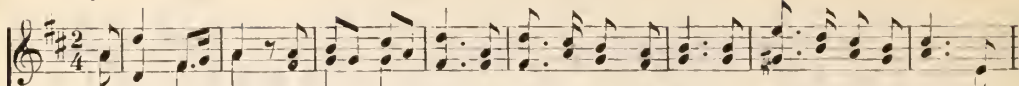
3.  
Have you any time for Jesus?  
Oh, my brothers, you and I,  
When a few more days are ended,  
Must have room and time to die.  
Room for Jesus,—King of Glory!  
Time for him all times obey;  
Love for him who came to save us,—  
Let us ask these things to - day.

## ALL HAIL, THE GLORIOUS MORN.

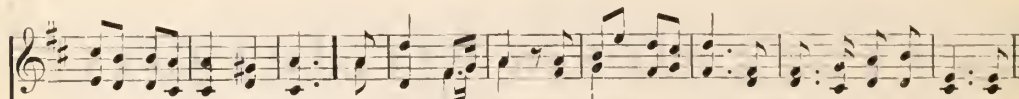
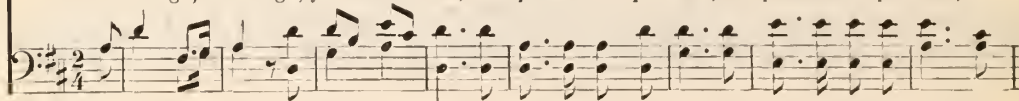
JOHN HODGSON.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

JOHN R. SWENNY.



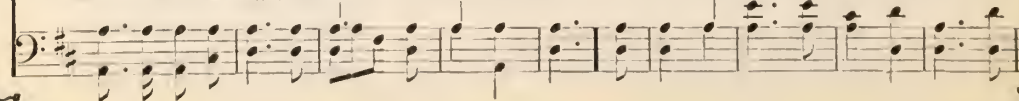
1. All hail, all hail, the glorious morn, Swell high the notes of song, Swell high the notes of song, Swell  
 2. Swell high, swell high, your voices raise, In praises loud proclaim, In praises loud proclaim, In



high the notes of song; Let earth re-joice, a Saviour born, Let saints the strains prolong, Let  
 praise - es loud pro-claim The ad-vent of the King of kings, Who came on earth to reign, Who

*Chorus.*

saints the strains prolong, Let saints the strains prolong, 'Tis Christmas day, 'tis Christmas day, The  
 came on earth to reign, Who came on earth to reign.



ALL HAIL, THE GLORIOUS MORN.—Concluded.

101

heav'nly arch-es ring, 'Tis Christmas day, 'Tis Christ-mas day, With hap-py hearts we sing.

3.  
Ring out, ring out, from east to west,  
:||: The wondrous deed of love, :||:  
Now all the world may find a rest,  
:||: With heavenly hosts above. :||:  
'Tis Christmas day, &c.

4.  
Let trumpets sound, let organs swell,  
:||: Let anthems reach the skies, :||:  
Let harp and lute the story tell,  
:||: Of love that never dies. :||:  
'Tis Christmas day, &c.

TOPLADY. 7s, 6 lines.

Fine. D. C.

1.  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.  
Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,—  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

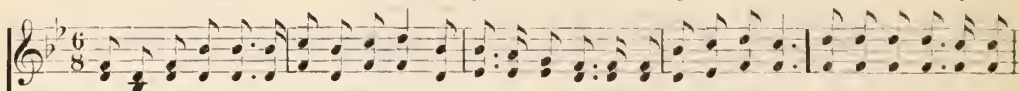
3.  
While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.



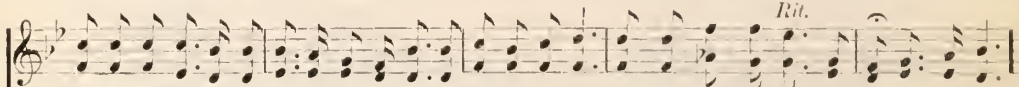
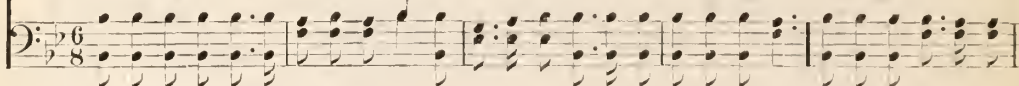
H. BONAR.

*Their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv. 13.*

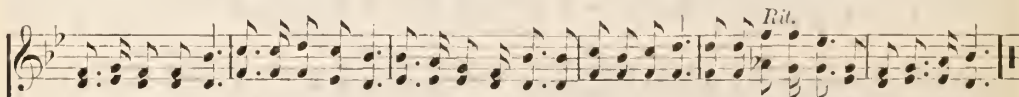
REV. D. C. JOHN.



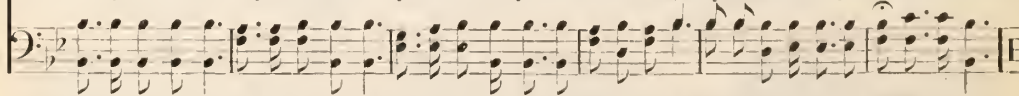
1. Up and away, like the dew of the morn-ing, Soaring a-bove to a home in the sun; So let me pass away,



gently and loving - ly, On-ly remember'd by what I have done, On - ly re- member'd by what I have done :



On-ly remember'd, only remember'd, only remember'd by what I have done, Only remember'd by what I have done.



2 Up and away, like the odors of sunset,  
Sweet'ning the twilight as darkness comes on ;  
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
Only remember'd by what I have done.

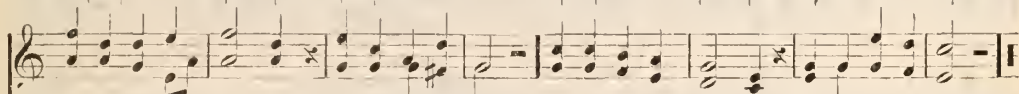
3 I'll not be missed when another succeeds me,  
Reaping those fields which in spring I have sown ;  
Names perish speedily, deeds live eternally,  
I'll be remember'd by what I have done.

# JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

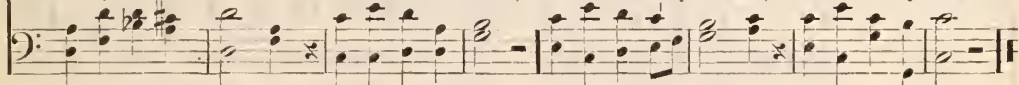
103



1. Je-sus is our Shepherd, Wiping ev'ry tear;    Folded in his bo - som,    What have we to fear?



On-ly let us fol - low    Whither he doth lead, — Thro' the thirsty des-ert,    Or the dewy mead.



- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
 May we know his voice;  
 How his gentle whisper  
 Makes our heart rejoice;  
 Even when he chideth,  
 Tender is his tone;  
 None but he shall guide us,  
 We are his alone.

- 1 If life's pleasures charm thee,  
 Give them not thy heart;  
 Lest the gift ensnare thee  
 From thy God to part.  
 If distress befall thee,  
 Painful tho' it be,  
 Let not grief appal thee,  
 To thy Saviour flee.

*Second Hymn.*

- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
 For the sheep he bled;  
 Ev'ry lamb is sprinkled  
 With the blood he shed;  
 Then on each he setteth  
 His own secret sign;  
 "They that have my Spirit,"  
 "These," saith he, "are mine."

- 2 When earth's prospects fail thee,  
 Let it not distress;  
 Better comforts wait thee,  
 Christ will freely bless.  
 Let not death alarm thee,  
 Shrink not from his blow;  
 For the conflict arm thee,  
 Triumph o'er the foe.

# JESUS IS THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

*Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John xv. 14.*

1. Children, do you want a friend, Ex - er faith - ful, ev - er true; One whose kindness has no  
 2. None who sought his love's embrace Has he ev - er turned a - way, You may see his smiling

*Chorus.*

end, One whose love can shelter you? Je - sus is the Friend you need, Friend you need,  
 face, Gaze up - on his charms to-day.

Friend you need, Je - sus is, Yes, he is, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

# I'M A PILGRIM.

105

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;  
 2. There the glo-ry is ev-er shi-ning! Oh, my long-ing heart, my long-ing heart is there;  
 3. There's the cit-y to which I jour-ney; My Re-deemer, my Re-deemer is its light!

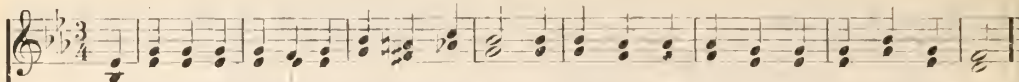
Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.  
 Here in this coun-try, so dark and dreary, I long have wan-der'd, for-lorn and wea-ry.  
 There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing!

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

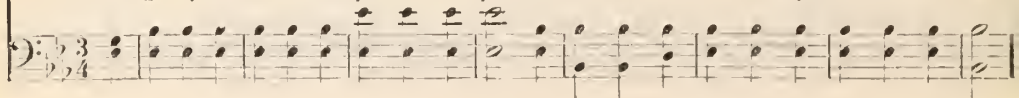
## HOW LOVING IS JESUS.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.—1 John, iii. 16.

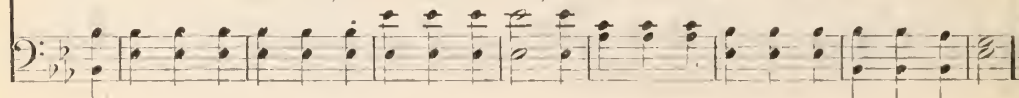
S. J. R.



1. How loving is Je-sus, who came from the sky, In ten-der-est pi-ty, for sin-ners to die!  
 2. How gladly does Jesus free pardon im-part To all who re-ceive him by faith in their heart!



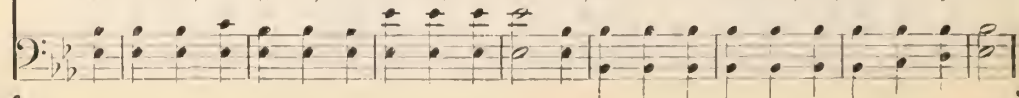
His hands and his feet, they were nail'd to the tree, And all this he suf-fer'd for sinners like me!  
 No e-vil be-falls them, their home is a-bove, And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love!



*Chorus.*



O ar Je-sus, how gentle, how loving thou art! Oh, teach me to love thee, to give thee my heart;



## HOW LOVING IS JESUS.—Concluded.

107

Then happy and joy-ful I ev-er will be, When Je-sus I love, and Je-sus loves me!

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe!  
And out of his fulness what grace they receive!  
When weak he supports them, when erring he guides,  
And everything needful he kindly provides.—*Chorus.*

4 Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days;  
They only are blessed who walk in his ways;  
In life and in death he will still be your Friend,  
For those whom he loves he will love to the end.—

## JESUS WE LOVE TO MEET.

SPANISH CHANT. *Att.*  
*D.C.*

*Fine.*

1. { Je - sus we love to meet, On this thy holy day - } Thou tender, heav'nly Friend,  
{ We worship round thy seat, On this thy holy day; } To thee our pray'rs ascend;  
*D.C.* O'er our young spirits bend, On this thy holy day.

2 We must not trifle now,  
On this thy holy day;  
In silent awe we bow,  
On this thy holy day;  
Cheek ev'ry wand'ring thought,  
And let us all be taught  
To serve thee as we ought,  
Ou this thy holy day.

3 We listen to thy Word,  
On this thy holy day;  
Bless all that we have heard,  
On this thy holy day;  
Go with us when we part,  
And to each youthful heart  
Thy saving grace impart,  
On this thy holy day.

## SAVIOUR, COME IN.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.*

J. E. GOULD.

1. { My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door; Has knocked, and is knocking a - gain; }  
 { I hear his kind voice, I'll re - ject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain. }  
 2. { O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life, and the Truth, and the Way, }  
 { On thy precious mer - it a - lone I depend; Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray. }

In in - fi - nite mer - cy he came from a - bove, To ran - som, to cleanse me from sin;  
 Thy goodness hath o - pen'd the door of my heart, 'Tis o - pen in - welcome to thee;

*Chorus.*

I'll yield to the voice of his merciful love, And let my dear Saviour come in. Saviour, come in, cleanse me from  
 Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart; Come in, with thy mercy, to me. sin,

Jesus, my Saviour, come in! Enter the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

**HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!**

HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-mighty! Early in life's morning our song shall rise to thee:  
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, holy! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea:

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! mer-ci-ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trini-ty.  
Cheru-bin and Ser-a-phin fall-ing down be-fore thee, Who wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,  
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty,  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky,  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty; [and sea;  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

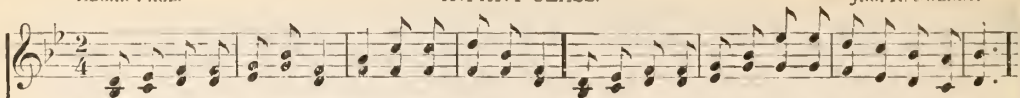


## I WANT TO BE THINE OWN CHILD.

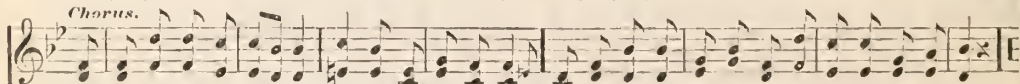
EDGAR PAGE.

INFANT CLASS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Jesus, though I'm very small, I want to come to thee ; For I know that thou dost call Such little ones as me.
2. Guide me by thy gentle hand, For I am weak, I know ; Saviour, lead me to thy land, The way that I should go.
3. Help me all the time I live, and when I come to die, Thou a crown of life wilt give, And take me up on high.

*Chorus.*

I want to be thine own child ; Oh, lead me ev'ry day ; Make me good, and kind, and mild, And teach me how to pray.

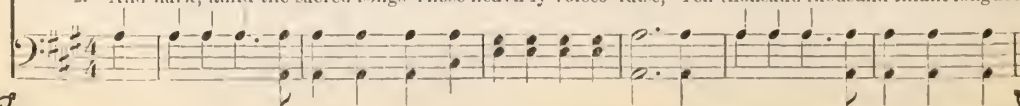


## BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF LIGHT.

S. B. ELLENBERGER. By per.



1. There is a glorious world of light, A-bove the starry sky, Where saints departed, cloth'd in white,
2. And hark, amid the sacred songs Those heav'nly voices raise, Ten thousand thousand infant tongues



# BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF LIGHT.—Concluded.

*Chorus.*

A - dore the Lord most high. O, that beau - ti - ful world of light,  
 U - nite in per - fect praise. beautiful, beautiful, world of light, world of light,

Where saints and angels dwell; In that beau - ti - ful world of  
 and an - gels dwell, angels dwell; In that beautiful, beautiful world of

*Rit.*

light, There you and I may dwell.  
 light, world of light, There you and I may dwell, we may dwell.

3.

Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
 If Jesus we obey;  
 That is the place where we shall go,  
 If found in wisdom's way.—*Chorus.*

4.

Soon will our earthly race be run,  
 Our mortal frame decay;  
 Children and parents, one by one,  
 Must die and pass away.—*Chorus.*

*Moderato. f*

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-bent shore;

How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

*Chorus.* An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - MEN.

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"  
 And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Chorus.*

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Cho.*

4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Cho.*

5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 'Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

# WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN?

113

From "Child's World."

J. R. JAMES.

1. Who shall sing, if not the children, Did not Je - sus die for them? May they not, with oth - er

jew - els, Spar - kle in his di - a - dem? Why to them were voi - ces giv - en, Bird - like

voi - ces, sweet and clear? Why, un - less the song of hea - ven They be - gin to prac - tise here?

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

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

## MY OWN COUNTRY.

Words arr. by J. J. H.

*I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner.—Ps. xxxix. 12.*

Scotch Air.

1. I am far from my home, and with longing heart I sigh For my Father's wel- come smiles,  
I will never feel content, till my eyes with gladness see The golden gates of heaven,

*D.C.* But these pleasant sights and sounds will as nothing be to me, When I hear the angels sing- ing

*1st.* and the mansions of the sky. } and my own coun - try. The earth is deck'd with flowers man- y-  
*OMIT.*

*2d.* in my own coun - try. *Fine.*

*D.C.*  
tint - ed, fresh, and fair; The song-birds war - ble sweetly, for my Father's love they share;

# NEARER MY HOME.

115

Words arranged.

*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*—Rom. xlii. 11.

J. J. HOOD.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,— Nearer am I to my  
2. Nearer my Fa - ther's house, Where many man - sions be; Nearer the great white

home to-day Than I ev - er have been be - fore.  
throne on high, And nearer the crys - tal sea.

3.  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we our burdens lay down;  
Nearer to leaving my toilsome cross,  
And nearer obtaining my crown.

4.  
Jesus, increase my trust;  
Strengthen my falt'ring faith:  
Oh, be thou near, when I helpless stand  
On the bank of the river of death,

*Concluded from opposite page.*

2.  
I've his sure word of promise that some gladsome day  
the King  
To his own royal palace all his loyal ones will bring;  
Then, with joy our hearts o'erflowing, all radiant we  
shall see  
The King in his beauty, and our own country.  
My sins have been many, and my sorrows have been sore,  
But there they will not vex me, never be remember'd  
more;  
His blood doth make me white; all my tears he'll wipe  
[away,  
When he brings me home at last to my own country.

3.  
Like a child to its mother, or a bird to its nest,  
I fain would hasten now to my Saviour's loving  
breast;  
For he gathers in his arms helpless lambs like me,  
And bears them safely home to his own country.  
He is faithful who hath promised, he will surely come  
again,  
He'll keep his last appointment in an hour I know not  
when;  
But he bids me still to wait, and in readiness to be  
To go at any moment to my own country.

## TOO LATE!

*Five of them were wise, and five were foolish.*—Matt. xxv. 2.

Arr. by J. J. H.

*Semi-chorus.*

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but we can en-ter still;  
 2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light;  
 3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? Oh, let us in, that we may kiss his feet!

*Chorus.**Semi-chorus.*

Too late! *p* too late! Ye cannot en-ter now! Late, late, so late! But we can en-ter still,  
 Oh, let us in, that we may find the light,  
 Oh, let us in, that we may kiss his feet,

*Chorus.*

Late, late, so late! but we can en-ter still. Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now!  
 Oh, let us in! that we may find the light. *p*  
 Oh, let us in! that we may kiss his feet!

# HE COMES. 7s, 6s.

Arranged. 117

1. All hearts be fill'd with gladness, All voices raised in praise, Nor let a note of sadness be mingled with our lays;

All hail the King of Glory! On earth he comes to reign; Ye nations, hear the story, Nor let him come in vain.

2 He comes, where tears have started  
From sorrows of mankind,  
To bind the broken-hearted,  
And raise the sinking mind:  
He comes to break oppression;  
To set the captive free;  
Throughout sin's vast possession  
Proclaiming liberty.

3 Our hearts shall hail his coming,  
Our songs his love repeat;  
And all our honors summing  
We'll offer at his feet.  
All hail the King of Glory!  
Hosannas greet his birth!  
Proclaim aloud the story,  
He comes to reign on earth!

## NOW BE THE GOSPEL BANNER. 7s, 6s.

1 Now be the gospel banner  
In ev'ry land unfurl'd,  
And be the shout hosanna  
Re-echoed through the world:  
Till ev'ry isle and nation,  
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings,  
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,  
Each ransomed captive sings:  
The isles for thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn thy praise,  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song responsive raise.



## LET THEM COME TO ME.

Mrs. A. H. ADAMS.

INFANT CLASS

W. W. BENTLEY. By per.

Musical score for 'Let Them Come to Me'. The score is in 2/4 time, G major, and consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment for the refrain.

1. Hear the gentle Shepherd, Calling lambs like me, In his sweetest accents, Let them come to me.
2. He will bid us enter; When our tired feet Reach the golden cit - y, He'll be there to greet.
3. Thanks, dear, blessed Saviour, For thy words of love, Bidding children enter Thy bright courts above.

*Refrain.**Rit.*

Musical score for the Refrain of 'Let Them Come to Me'. The score is in 2/4 time, G major, and consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment for the refrain.

Let them come to me, Let them come to me, Hear him sweetly say- ing, Let them come to me.

## NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

H. LAHER.

Musical score for 'Nature's Beauties'. The score is in 6/8 time, B-flat major, and consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment for the first line of the lyrics.

1. Beau - ti - ful ground on which we tread, Beau - ti - ful heav'n a - bove our head;

NATURE'S BEAUTIES.—Concluded.

119

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

Beau - ti - ful flow'rs, and beau - ti - ful trees, Beau - ti - ful land, and beau - ti - ful seas ;

Beau - ti - ful sun that shines so bright, Beau - ti - ful stars with 'glit - t'ring light ;

Beau - ti - ful sum - mer, beau - ti - ful spring, Beau - ti - ful birds that mer - ri - ly sing.

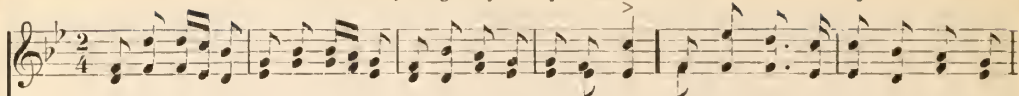
2 Beautiful ev'ry thing around,  
Beautiful grass to deck the ground ;  
Beautiful fields and woods so green,  
Beautiful buds and blossoms seen ;

Beautiful flower and beautiful leaf,  
Beautiful world, tho' full of grief ;  
Beautiful ev'ry tiny blade,  
Beautiful all the Lord hath made !

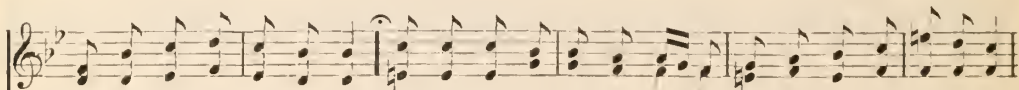
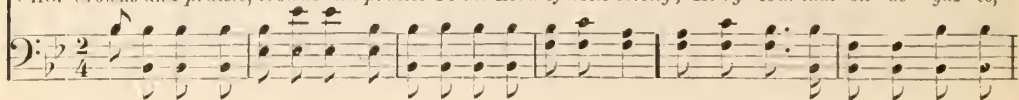
## CROWNS AND PRAISES!

*Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.—Ps. xlviii. 1.*

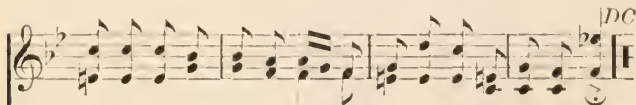
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Crowns and praises! crowns and praises To the Lord of hosts belong; Ev'ry soul that on us gaz-es  
 (Ho. *Crowns and praises, crowns and praises To the Lord of hosts belong; Ev'ry soul that on us gaz-es,*



Come and join the glo-ri-ous song, We are few to count his mercies, Mean to raise his honors high;  
*Come and join the glorious song.*



Come and join our humble praises, Ev'ry soul that passes by.



2 If each people, tribe and nation,  
 Here could glad hosanna sing;  
 If the mighty, vast creation  
 Every timely voice could bring,  
 Yet how poor would be the sounding  
 Of the songs they all would raise!  
 Lord, thy mercies, more abounding,  
 Rise above our highest praise.

# VALLEY OF BLESSING.

121

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

There they blessed the Lord.—1 Chr. xx. 26.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I have enter'd the valley of blessing so sweet, And Jesus abides with me there; And his Spirit and  
2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet, And plenty the land doth impart; And there's rest for the

*Chorus.*

blood make my cleansing complete, And his perfect love casteth out fear. Oh, come to this valley of blessing,  
weary-worn traveler's feet, And joy for the sorrowing heart. so sweet,

Where Jesus will fullness bestow,—And believe, and receive and confess him, That all his salvation may know.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel;  
When heaven comes down redeem'd spirits to greet,  
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—*Cho.*

1 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet  
That angels would fain join the strain,  
As, with rapturous voices, we bow at his feet,  
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

## SWEET WILL BE THE REST.

AMELIA COTNELL.

*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*

WM. W. BENTLEY. By per.

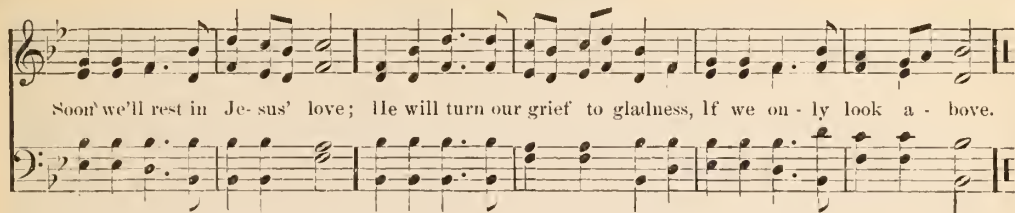
1. Sweet will be the rest in heaven, When our toils and cares are o'er; Sweet will be the welcome given,  
2. Sweet to hear the mu - sic ringing, Thro' the bright celestial dome; Sweet to hear the angels singing,

*Duet.*

On that peaceful, happy shore. Sweet will be the songs that greet us, Bright the crowns we there shall wear;  
Welcome, pilgrims, welcome home. Sweet to know no care, no sorrow, In that home of perfect rest;

*Chorus.*

Sweet to meet with those we love most, In that happy land so fair. Let us then be working ev - er,  
Sweet to think not of the morrow, But in Christ be wholly blest.

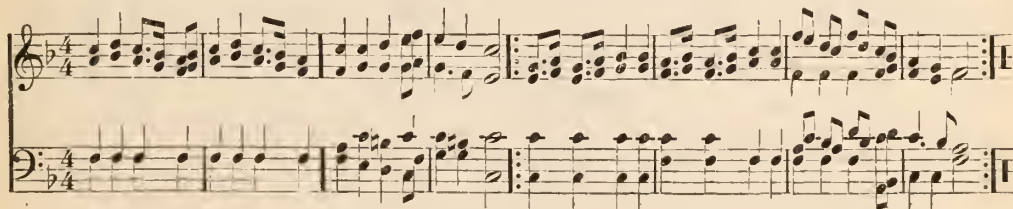


Soon we'll rest in Je-sus' love; He will turn our grief to gladness, If we on-ly look a-bove.

3 Sweet to rest where night comes never,  
Where 'tis one unending day;  
Where no death will ever sever,  
Where all tears will pass away.

Sweet to wear a robe of brightness,  
And to walk the streets of gold;  
Sweet to rest, 'mid all this brightness,  
Safe within the Shepherd's fold.—*Cho.*

DISMISSION.—Tune, SICILIAN HYMN.



1.  
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
||: Oh, refresh us, ||:  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2.  
Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
||: May thy presence ||:  
With us evermore be found.

3.  
So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
||: May we ever ||:  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

## NEVER, OH, NO!

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the ways of true temp'rance see children de-light-ing, So joy-ful and happy where-  
2. The pledge we have tak-en must nev-er be bro-ken, Al-though the poor drunkard may

ev-er we go; If firm to the pur-pose in which we're u-nit-ing, We shall never be  
an-gry grow; We must always re-mem-ber the words we have spoken, And nev-er be

**Chorus.**  
drunkards, oh, nev-er, oh, no. Oh, nev-er, oh, no! Oh, nev-er, oh, no!  
drunkards, oh, nev-er, oh, no. Oh, nev-er, etc.

- 3 The first little drop of strong drink that is taken  
Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know;  
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,  
We shall never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no!
- 4 Then, free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,  
We'll stand by our temperance wherever we go;  
And if bad men should tempt, we'll resist their persua-  
And never be drunkards,—oh, never, oh, no! [sion,

# TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

J. N. R. SWENEY. By per. 125

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; Man- y I know who have

quaffed from the bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not; Lit- tle they thought that the demon was there; Blindly they

drank and were caught in the snare; Then of that death-dealing bowl, O beware! Touch not the cup, touch it not.

2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright ;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;  
 Though like the ruby it shines in the light ;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not :  
 Th' fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,  
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,  
 Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control ;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3 Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop ;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;  
 All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop ;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 Stop, for the friends that to thee are so near ;  
 Stop, for the home that to thee is so dear ;  
 Stop, for thy country, the God that you fear ;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.



## JESUS REIGNS.

FLORA B. HARRIS.

*The kingdom is the Lord's.—Ps. xxii. 28.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O bells, ring clear, From sphere to sphere The glad news onward speeding; Shine near and far, O morning star, The  
2. O weeping earth, Celestial birth Hath made thy sons im - mor-tal! This clay of thine, Thro' life divine, Climbs

*Chorus.*

tri-umph-chor-al leading. For Je-sus reigns, for Je-sus reigns, His kingdom aye en-dur-eth; His  
to the heavenly por-tal.

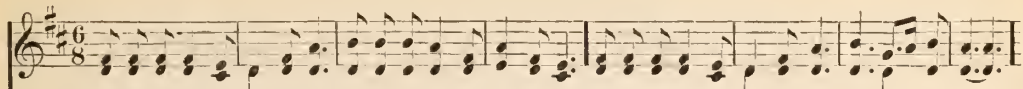
throne shall stand tho' moons shall wane, Its glory bursts o'er sea and plain, Our roy-al Je - sus reign - eth!  
Our Jesus reigns, our Jesus reigns, our Jesus reigneth!

# LULLABY.

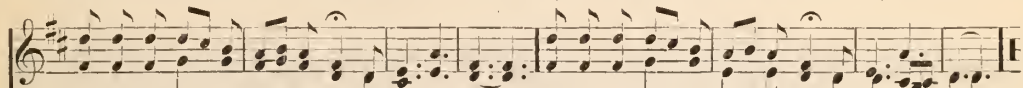
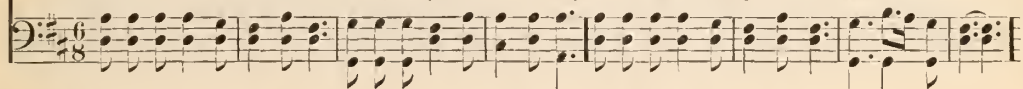
127

*He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.—Isa. xl. 11.*

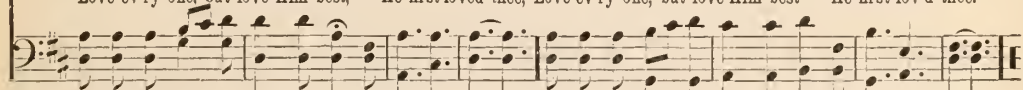
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O little child! lie still and sleep; Jesus is near, Thou need'st not fear; No one need fear whom God doth keep, By day or night,  
2. O little child! be still and rest,—He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps,—And in the morning wake so blest, His child to be;



Then lay thee down in slumber deep, Till morning light, Then lay thee down in slumber deep, Till morn-ing light.  
Love ev'ry one, but love Him best,— He first loved thee, Love ev'ry one, but love Him best— He first lov'd thee.



3 O little child, when thou must die,  
Fear nothing then,  
But say, "Amen,"  
To God's command, and quiet lie  
In his kind hand,  
Till he shall say, "Dear child, come, fly  
To heav'n's bright land."

4 Then, with thine angel-wings quick-grown,  
Thou shalt ascend  
To meet thy Friend;  
Jesus the little child will own,  
Safe at his side;  
And thou shalt live before the throne,  
Because he died.

*Concluded from opposite page.*

3 Be swift to praise  
The King of Days,  
A balm of Gilead bringing  
For brows that ache  
And hearts that break,  
Doth set the captive singing.

4 The lonely isle  
Gives back his smile,  
And as his dew reposes  
On thirsty sands  
Of desert lands,  
They crown him King with roses.

5 The sacred word  
That prophets heard,  
And martyr'd saints and sages,  
Caught up in song  
By angel throng,  
Makes music through the ages!

## THE MANSIONS OF GLORY.

*The city of the living God.—Heb. xii. 22.*

DR. J. D. VINTON

1. We read of a beau - ti - ful land, A - way where the righteous are dwell - ing,  
 2. We know it's a beau - ti - ful home, Pre - pared for the shin - ing im - mor - tals ;

And in that blest place, from its glo - ri - fied band, Sweet songs of redemp - tion are swell - ing ;  
 For those who have ceased thro' this val - ley to roam, And, singing, have en - tered its por - tals ;

They gath - er a - round the bright throne, And talk of the won - der - ful sto - ry  
 Oh, shall we all meet in that land, To bathe in its foun - tains of glo - ry,

THE MANSIONS OF GLORY.—Concluded.

129

Of Je - sus, who loved them, and brought them at last, Through death, to a mansion in glo - ry.  
And through the long a - ges, at Je - sus' right hand, Rehearse to the an - gels his sto - ry?

*Chorus.*

Oh, sweet, sweet home! a - way in the man - sions of glo - ry! I long, I

long for my home in the mansions of glo - ry!

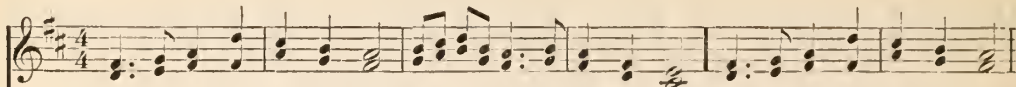
- 3 We'll sing of that beautiful home,  
That home where the righteous are going,  
Where Jesus invites all his people to come,  
Where rivers of pleasure are flowing;  
In pastures eternally green,  
We'll drink from that life-giving river,  
And sing, when we dwell in the city of God,  
Our songs of thanksgiving for ever.  
Oh, sweet, sweet home! &c.

## WE MEET YOU ONCE AGAIN.

DR. T. G. CHATTLE.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

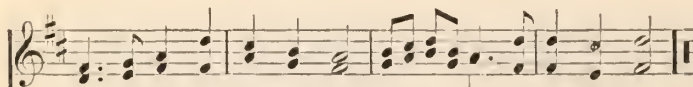
WM. W. BENTLEY.



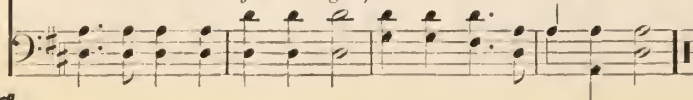
1. Friends, we meet you once again, Here to sing our greeting strain; Months have rolled their course along  
 2. Moments glide so si - lent by, Scarce we heed them as they fly, And the weight of years is shed



Since our former greeting song, And so swift have pass'd a-way, That it seems but yes - ter - day,  
 All so gent - ly o'er each head, That we think life just be - gun, When its course is al - most run,



And so swift have pass'd a - way, That it seems but yes - ter - day.  
 That we think life just be - gun, When its course is almost run.



3.

Thus as each succeeding year  
 You behold us gathered here,  
 We are, by time's ceaseless wave,  
 Thus much nearer to the grave,  
 When the flight of time shall be  
 Lost in an eternity,  
 When the flight of time shall be  
 Lost in an eternity.

1. Re-joyce, re-joyce, the promised time is coming, Re-joyce, re-joyce, *the wil-der-ness shall bloom.*

1st time. D.C. 2d time.

And Zion's children then shall sing, 'The deserts are all blossoming.' The gospel banner, wide unfur'd, Shall *Re-joyce, etc.*

D.C.

wave in triumph o'er the world ; And ev'ry creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorions ju- bi - lee.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
 Rejoice, rejoice, *Jerusalem shall sing ;*  
 From Zion shall the law go forth,  
 And all shall hear, from south to north : *Rejoice, etc.*  
 And truth shall sit on ev'ry hill,  
 And blessings flow in ev'ry rill,  
 And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,  
 And ev'ry voice shall shout with joy : *Rejoice, etc.*

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

## IF WE KNEW, WHEN WALKING THOUGHTLESS.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

*Be kindly affectioned one to another.—Rom. xii. 10.*

REV. D. C. JOHN.

1. If we knew, when walking tho'tless Thro' the crowded, noisy way, That some pearl of wondrous whiteness

Close beside our pathway lay, We would pause, when now we hasten, We would often look a-round,

*Omit 2d time.*  
Lest our careless feet should trample [Some rare jewel in the ground,] Some rare jewel in the ground.

2 If we knew, when friends around us  
 Closely press to say good-bye,  
 Which among the lips that kiss us  
 First should 'neath the daisies lie,  
 We would clasp our arms around them,  
 Looking on them through our tears,  
 :: Tender words of love eternal  
 We would whisper in their ears. ::

3 If we knew what livè's were darken'd  
 By some thoughtless word of ours,  
 Which had ever lain upon them,  
 Like the frost upon the flowers,  
 Oh, with what sincere repentings,  
 With what anguish of regret,  
 :: While our eyes were overflowing,  
 We would cry, "Forgive, forget." ::

# THERE ARE LONELY HEARTS TO CHERISH.

133

*A word spoken in due season, how good is it!*—Pr. xv. 23.

J. E. GOULD. By per.

1. { There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish  
If a smile we can re - new, As our journey we pursue, Oh, the good we all may do

*Chorus.*

While the days are going by; } Up, then trusty hearts and true, Tho' the day comes,  
While the days are going by. } night comes too; Oh, the good we

all may do While the days are going by

2.  
There's no time for idle scorning  
While the days are going by;  
Let our face be like the morning  
While the days are going by;  
Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes,  
Help your fallen brothers rise  
While the days are going by.  
Up, then, trusty hearts, &c.

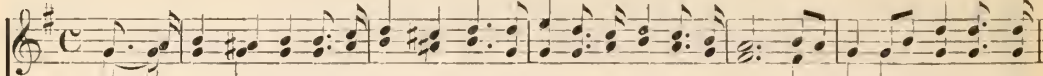
3.  
All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by.  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.  
Up, then, trusty hearts, &c.



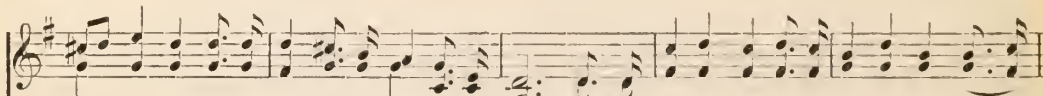
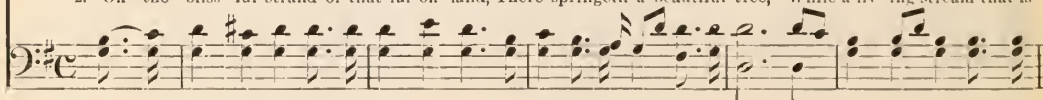
FLORA L. BEST.

*Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.*

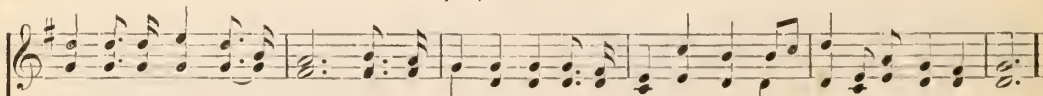
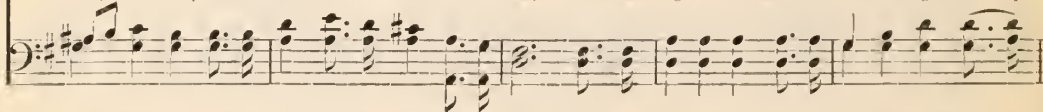
JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



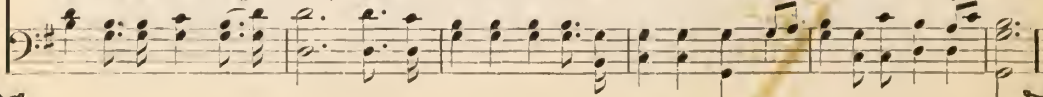
1. Though clouds may rise in the dis-tant skies And cov-er the light of the day, Tho' seas may rage, and the  
 2. On the bliss-ful strand of that far-off land, There springeth a beautiful tree, While a liv-ing stream that is



loud winds moan As the mar-i-ner speeds on his way, Yet his voice rings clear in a song of cheer, While he  
 crys-tal clear, From the throne of our God flows free; O those fragrant leaves on the heart that grieves Drops



sweeps thro' the gath-'ring gloom, For he sees be-yond all the wild wave's strife The land with its hills of bloom.  
 ev-er their heal-ing balm, And the sun-lit wave of its fount of life Laves the soul in its lim-pid calm.



# ANCHORED.—Concluded.

135

*Chorus.*

An - chored, An - chored, Anchored, though the storms may roar, When the  
to the shore, to the shore, Storms may roar,

skies grow dim we will sing to him Who hath an - chored our bark to the shore.

3.

In the long bright years all our human tears  
Shall fade as the dew 'neath the sun,  
For our Captain and King is Lord evermore,  
And we'll sing o'er the vic'tries won;  
While the angel-lyre, with its notes of fire,  
Shall eeho the jubilant strain,  
Till the joy shall float from the heav'nly hill  
To the reach of the farthest plain.—*Cho.*

4.

We shall gain our home o'er the billow's foam,  
When the sunset flames o'er the sea,  
And our hearts shall hail in the crimson west,  
The tokens of glory to be;  
And as softly the day is drifting away,  
From the moorings that held her fast,  
We shall greet the light of the fadeless morn,  
On the shore where our anchor is cast.—*Cho.*

# WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

By permission of  
BIGLOW & MAIN.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. xxii. 17.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. Who-so-ever heareth, shout the joyful sound, Thro' the darkness, night and gloom! Send the blessed tidings

all the world around, Whoso-ev - er will may come. *Chorus.* Who - so - ev - er will may come,  
Wheresoe'er it soundeth, Whoso-ev - er heareth,

Welcome, welcome, welcome to Je - sus; Hark, he calls the wand'ers home, "Whosoever will may come."  
Let him come, and welcome, Let him come, and welcome, List the invitation, calling wand'ers home, *Repeat Chorus pp.*

2 Whosoever cometh, haste without delay,  
Enter while there yet is room;  
Jesus is the only true and living Way,  
Whosoever will may come.

3 Whosoever heedeth shall the prize secure  
Of a bright eternal home;  
Hear the glorious promise, Life for evermore,  
Whosoever will may come.

# COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW.

By permission of  
BIGLOW & MAIN. 137

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now, Just now come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now.

The musical score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes.

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

1. Come to Jesus, just now.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts xvi. 31.

2. He will save you, just now.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii. 16.

3. Oh, believe him, just now.

He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us.—Heb. vii. 25.

4. He is able, just now.

The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.—2 Pet. iii. 9.

5. He is willing, just now.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—John, vi. 37.

6. He'll receive you, just now.

Flee from the wrath to come.—Matt. iii. 7.

7. Flee to Jesus, just now.

Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Acts. ii. 21.

8. Call unto him, just now.

And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.—Mark, x. 52.

9. He will hear you, just now.

Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.—Mark, x. 47.

10. He'll have mercy, just now.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John, i. 9.

11. He'll forgive you, just now.

The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John, i. 7.

12. He will cleanse you, just now.

If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—2 Cor. v. 17

12. He'll renew you, just now.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.—Rev. iii. 5.

14. He will clothe you, just now.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends.—John, xv. 13.

15. Jesus loves you, just now.

*The passages of Scripture may be recited by the Superintendent.*

R. C. FRAM.

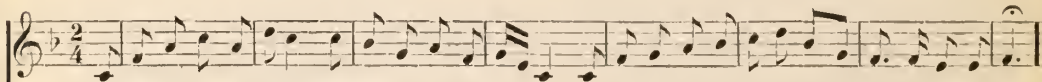
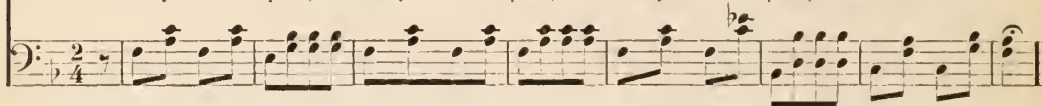
FOR CONCERTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

To be performed by ten girls, each bearing a card or banner having the following letters, one on each card, *OUR JUBILEE*. Stand before the audience, arranged in the order these letters are here given, showing the backs of the cards. After each verse is sung the letter indicated below is to be shown by turning the card. The letters will then be in confusion, but when all join in chorus each girl moves to her proper position, when the motto will read, *OUR JUBILEE*. When performed with spirit, the lines taken up quickly as indicated by the figures, this forms a very interesting exercise, and is well adapted for an opening exercise at Sunday School concerts, etc.



- O. 1. Just listen with attention, Just list - en with at-tention, Just list - en with attention Till you our chorus hear,  
 U. 3. As each unfolds a letter, As each unfolds a letter, As each unfolds a letter, Please watch it with great care,  
 B. 5. We take great care in spelling, We take great care in spelling, We take great care in spelling, As you may plainly see;  
 I. 7. And if you watch us closely, And if you watch us closely, And if you watch us closely, Most surely you will see  
 L. 9. We always know our place, We always know our place, We always know our place, And that's the reason we



- R. 2. You then will see the object, You then will see the object, You then will see the object, For which we all ap - pear.  
 J. 4. And see what is our motto, And see what is our motto, And see what is our motto, When all our signs appear.  
 U. 6. As we unfold our letters, As we unfold our letters, As we unfold our letters It very plain will be.  
 E. 8. That we are not deficient, That we are not de - fi - cient, That we are not de - ficient In our orthography.  
 E. 10. Can spell our words correctly, Can spell our words correctly, Can spell our words correctly, And sing in harmony.



*Chorus.*

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Our ju - bi - lee, our ju - bi - lee, Our motto now you see, And whilst you read our mot - to, We sing our ju - bi -  
 lee, Our ju - bi - lee, our ju - bi - lee, Our motto now you see, And whilst you read our motto, We sing our jubilee, hurrah.

*MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.—Tune, AMERICA, Key F.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My country, 'tis of thee,<br/>           Sweet land of liberty,<br/>           Of thee I sing;<br/>           Land where my fathers died,<br/>           Land of the pilgrims pride,<br/>           From ev'ry mountain side<br/>           Let freedom ring.</p>       | <p>3 Let music swell the breeze,<br/>           And ring from all the trees<br/>           Sweet freedom's song!<br/>           Let mortal tongues awake,<br/>           Let all that breathe partake,<br/>           Let rocks their silence break,<br/>           The sound prolong!</p> |
| <p>2 My native country! thee,<br/>           Land of the noble free,<br/>           Thy name I love;<br/>           I love thy rocks and rills,<br/>           Thy woods and templed hills;<br/>           My heart with rapture thrills<br/>           Like that above.</p> | <p>4 Our father's God! to thee,<br/>           Author of liberty,<br/>           To thee we sing:<br/>           Long may our land be bright<br/>           With freedom's holy light;<br/>           Protect us by thy might,<br/>           Great God, our King.</p>                     |

## HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isa. vi. 8. H. SANDERS. By per.

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, and harvests

wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich - re

ward he of - fers free; Who will an - swer, gladly say - ing, Here am I, send me, send me.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite,  
And the least you give to Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say, "He died for all."  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master enlls for you.  
Take the task he gives you gladly,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

# COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

141

*Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with thanksgiving.—Ps. c. 2.*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system contains the first two staves (treble and bass clef) with the lyrics: "Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with". The second system contains the next two staves with the lyrics: "sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne." The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (Bb).

2. Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The God of heaven is ours,  
Our Father, and our love;  
He shall send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
4. There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

5. Children of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
6. The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
7. Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.



MRS. SHARPLESS.

*And he went in to tarry with them.—Luke xxiv. 29.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.\*

1. Tar-ry with me, O, my Sav-iour, Thro' the noonday's burning heat, Smile, O, smile ap-prov-al on me, As I  
2. When the darkness of mis-for-tune, Hides the heavens from my eye, While the earth wears hues of sorrow, Let me

urge my wea-ry feet; And as aye the shadows lengthen, While the night steals slowly on; Tar-ry with me, tar-ry  
feel that thou art nigh; Then, oh, then, whate'er befalls me, Pray'r-fully I'll struggle on; Tar-ry with me, tar-ry

*f* *Chorus.* with me, For I can - not walk a - lone. Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, Thro' the darkness and the  
with me, Leave, O, leave me not a - lone. *p* *m*

TARRY WITH ME.—Concluded.

143

light; Ev - er near me, stay to cheer me, Then my hours shall all be bright.

*f* *p* *mf* *rit.*

I LOVE JESUS.

Arranged.

1. { They are bless'd, and bless'd for ever, Who in childhood's early day } I love Je - sus, I love Je - sus.  
 { Seek the care of him who never Turns the seeking soul a - way. }

*Chorus.*

I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do! I love Je - sus, he's my Sav - iour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 They, the world's temptations scorning, Follow after Christ the Lord,  
 Who, in youth's delightful morning,  
 Give themselves unto the Lord.—*Cho.*

3 He, their Shepherd and their Saviour,  
 Will with eyes of love behold,  
 And regard with kindest favor  
 Ev'ry lamb within his fold.—*Cho.*

4 He will in his bosom cherish  
 Those who follow his commands;  
 They shall never, never perish,  
 None shall pluck them from his hands.

## JESUS BLESSES CHILDREN STILL.

MISS P. J. OWENS.

*I am the Lord, I change not.*—Mal. iii. 6.

J. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Does Je - sus bless the children now, As when they gather'd round him? The victor's wreath is on his brow, Long

since the an - gels crown'd him; And does he keep that lov - ing voice, Up - on his throne of power, Which

*Chorus.*  
made each mother's heart rejoice To come, In that blest hour? Je - sus loves children for - ev - er,

JESUS BLESSES CHILDREN STILL.—Concluded.

145

His good - nesa changes nev - er; O, precious, glorious Saviour, We praise thee ev - er - more.

2 Yes, Jesus blesses children still,  
A faithful friend abiding;  
The young may learn his holy will,  
And feel his Spirit guiding.  
He lifts them to his home above,  
Each bright immortal flower;  
Around them wraps his arms of love,  
To shield till life's last hour.—*Cho.*

3 Will Jesus bless the young to-day?  
O come, and gather round him;  
Come, seek his grace, and you may say,  
"Rejoice, for we have found him."  
To-day obey his gracious voice;  
Come, trust his love and power;  
His service be your happy choice,  
To bless in every hour.—*Cho.*

L. M. DOXOLOGY.—Tune, OLD HUNDRED.

FIRST.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SECOND.

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.

*Andante.*

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto-ry; More won-derful it seems, Than all the golden fan-cies, Of  
 3. I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Tis pleasant to re-peat, What seems, each time I tell it, More

Chorus.

Je-sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know it's true; It  
 all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry; It did so much for mel And  
 won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry; For some have never heard The

Chorus. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glory To

sat-is-ies my longings, As nothing else would do.  
 that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.  
 mes-sage of sal-va-tion; From God's own ho-ly word.

4. I love to tell the story;  
 For those who know it best  
 Seem hungering and thirsting  
 To hear it like the rest.  
 And when in scenes of glory,  
 I sing the *New, New Song*,  
 'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*  
 That I have love so long!

*Cho.*

tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je-sus and his love.

1. Oh, come with us, We're going home, To be for - ev - er bless'd, Where sin and sorrow  
 2. Oh, why de - lay your journey now? 'Tis Je - sus bids you come; And an-gels bright will  
 3. Our hap - pi - ness will be complete; From sin we will be free; And we will sing our

can - not come, And all is love and rest. Oh, come, yes, come; oh, come with us, Where we'll  
 welcome you To that ce - les - tial home.  
 Master's praise Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

meet to part no more; As an - gels bright, array'd in white, We'll sing for - ev - er - more.

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Terrible as an army with banners.—S. of Sol. vi. 4.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore:  
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the Saints have trod:

Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe: Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.  
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

*Chorus.*

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

3 What the saints established,  
That we hold for true:  
What the saints believed,  
That believe we too,  
Long as earth endureth,  
Men that Faith will hold—  
Kingdoms, nations, empires,  
In destruction rolled—*Cho.*

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain.  
Gate of hell can never  
Gainst the Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*

5 Onward, then, ye faithful,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices,  
In the triumph-song:  
Glory, land, and honour,  
Unto Christ the King:  
This, through countless ages,  
Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

# WHITER THAN SNOW.

149

J. S. NICHOLSON.

*Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Ps. li. 7.*

J. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;  
2. Dear Je - sus, let no - thing un - ho - ly remain; Ap - ply thine own blood, and extract ev' - ry stain;

Break down ev' - ry idol, cast out ev' - ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
To get this blest washing, I all things forego; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## Chorus.

Whit - er than snow; yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

3. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow, etc.

4. Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;  
Come now, and withiu me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

5. Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

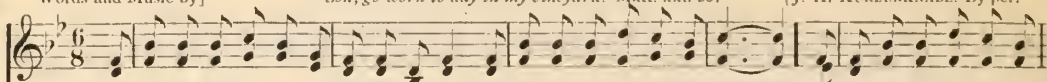
6. The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;  
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;  
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know  
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,  
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.



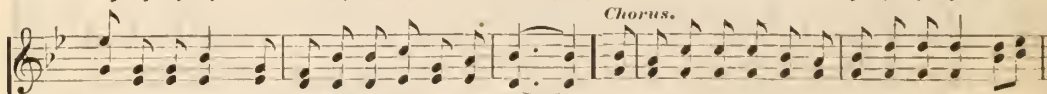
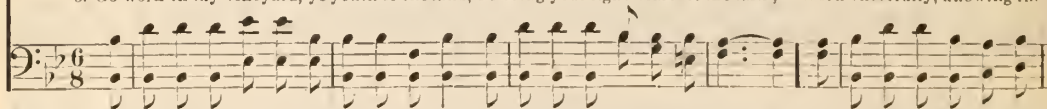
Words and Music by]

*Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.*—Matt. xxi. 28.

[J. H. KÜRZENKNABE. By per.

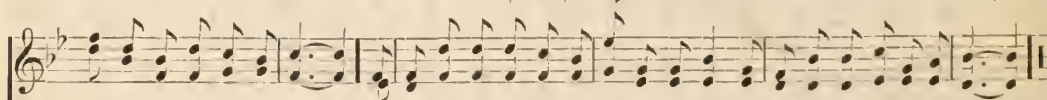


1. Go work in my vineyard, the lab'ers are few, Why will you in i - dleness stand? There's something for all, even  
 2. Go work in my vineyard, each dear little child Can find some slight errand of love; Some deed done in kindness, some  
 3. Go work in my vineyard, ye youth of the land, Go bring your light hearts to the task; Work cheerfully, knowing the

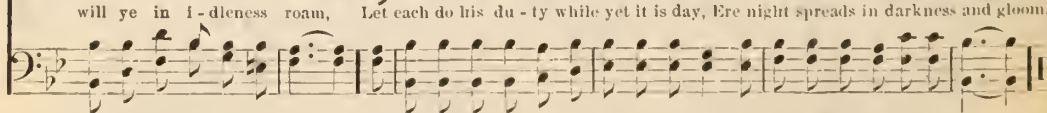


## Chorus.

children to do, Employment for each lit - tle hand. Then on, take your station, no longer de - lay, Why  
 word spoken nild, May guide to the mansions a - bove.  
 Lord will attend, And pay you e'en more than you ask.



will ye in i - dleness roam, Let each do his du - ty while yet it is day, Ere night spreads in darkness and gloom.



- 4 Go work in my vineyard in the prime of thy life,  
 The tenderest vine needs thy care;  
 Go bare thy strong arm for the brunt of the strife,  
 A liberal reward thou wilt share.  
 Then on, take your station, &c.

- 5 Go work in my vineyard, ye aged and sad,  
 There's something remaining for you,  
 'Mid tear-drops, while tolling, the Lord makes you glad,  
 Yes, soon will your wages come due.  
 Then on, take your station, &c.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shining beam Across from yonder shore, Across from yonder shore;

While visions of a holy throng, And sound of harp and seraph song Seem gently wafted o'er, Seem gently wafted o'er.

*Chorus.*

O Zi-on, cit-y fair! O Zi-on, cit-y fair! The other side, the other side, When shall we meet our lov'd ones there.

2 The other side! ah, there's the place  
Where saints in joy past times retrace,  
And think of trials gone;  
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see  
That all on earth had need to be,  
To bring them safely home.

3 The other side! oh, charming sight!  
Upon its banks, array'd in white,  
For me a loved one waits;  
Over the stream he calls to me,  
Fear not, I am thy guide to be  
Up to the pearly gates.

4 The other side! the other side!  
Who would not brave the swelling tide  
Of earthly toil and care,  
To wake one day, when life is past  
Over the stream, at home at last,  
With all the bless'd ones there!

## GOOD SHEPHERD, GRANT THY BLESSING.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Good Shepherd, grant thy bless- ing Up- on thy lambs to- day; Let thy kind hand, ca-

ress- ing, On each head soft- ly lay. With praise we come be- fore thee, Our

hearts all full of love; On earth we would a- dore thee, As an- gels do a- bove.

2 They call us "Lambs of Jesus,"  
 And such we wish to be;  
 Oh how that name would please us  
 If heard pronounced by thee!  
 "Lambs of the flock!" dear Saviour,  
 We follow in thy way,  
 Look on us each with favour,  
 And never let us stray.

3 With heavenly pasture feed us,  
 In meadows green and fair;  
 By the still waters lead us,  
 And make us all thy care.  
 Safe through each vale of sorrow  
 Lead thou the gloomy way,  
 Until we see the morrow  
 Of an eternal day.

*So*

Musical notation for the first system, vocal line. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are G4, A4, and B4.

Tl

Musical notation for the first system, bass line. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are G3, A3, and B3.

*H*

Musical notation for the second system, vocal line. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are G4, A4, and B4.

H

Musical notation for the second system, bass line. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are G3, A3, and B3.

*Duc*

Musical notation for the third system, vocal line. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are G4, A4, and B4.

N>w

Musical notation for the third system, bass line. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are G3, A3, and B3.

## GOOD SHEPHERD, GRANT THY BLESSING.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Good Shepherd, grant thy blessing Up - on thy lambs to - day; Let thy kind hand, ca -

ress - ing, On each head soft - ly lay. With praise we come be - fore thee, Our

hearts all full of love; On earth we would a - dore thee, As an - gels do a - bove.

2 They call us "Lambs of Jesus,"  
 And such we wish to be;  
 Oh how that name would please us  
 If heard pronounced by thee!  
 "Lambs of the flock!" dear Saviour,  
 We follow in thy way,  
 Look on us each with favour,  
 And never let us stray.

3 With heavenly pasture feed us,  
 In meadows green and fair;  
 By the still waters lead us,  
 And make us all thy care.  
 Safe through each vale of sorrow  
 Lead thou the gloomy way,  
 Until we see the morrow  
 Of an eternal day.



*So*

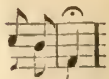
TI

H

*Dua*

Now





ye dead :



f death,



iss'd the



THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.—Concluded.

155

pearl-y gates of light, And seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im - mor - tal, hail; Hail, Heav'n, all

*Chorus.*

lavish of strange gifts to man. Thine all the glo-ry, thine all the glo-ry, thine all the glo-ry, Man's the boundless bliss,

Halle-lu - jah, hal-lé-lu - jah, *ff*

Thine all the glo - ry, Man's the boundless bliss, the boundless bliss, the boundless bliss. A - men.



All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisp'ing stam'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

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

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

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,  
Much we need thy tend'rest care,  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use thy folds prepare.  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way;  
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray,  
Blessed Jesus,  
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;  
Blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to thee.

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

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above,  
Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it—  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be;  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my waud'ring heart to thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take, and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,—  
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too,—  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like them untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

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

4 Just as I am,—thy love unknown  
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound;  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Hath full atonement made;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mournful souls be glad:  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all-atoning Lamb;  
 Redemption by his blood  
 Throughout the world proclaim:  
 The year of jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

From Greenlands 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 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! Oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

3 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.

I stood outside the gate,  
 A poor wayfaring child;  
 Within my heart there beat  
 A tempest loud, and wild.  
 A fear oppressed my soul,  
 That I might be too late;  
 And, oh! I trembled sore,  
 And pray'd outside the gate.

2 "Mercy," I loudly cried;  
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"  
 "I will," a voice replied;  
 And Mercy let me in.  
 She bound my bleeding wounds;  
 She soothed my aching head;  
 She eased my burden'd soul,  
 And bore the load instead.

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

Am I a soldier of the cross,—  
 A follower of the Lamb,—  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
 Increase my courage, Lord;  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy Word.

There's a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we may see it afar,  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.  
 Choro. In the sweet by and by  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 To our bountiful Father above,  
 We will offer our tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of his love,  
 And the blessings that hallow our days.  
 Choro. In the sweet by and by  
 We shall sing on that beautiful shore.

3 We will sing on that beautiful shore  
 The melodious songs of the blest,  
 And our spirits will sorrow no more,  
 Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.  
 Choro. In the sweet by and by  
 We shall sing on that beautiful shore.

What means this eager, anxious throng,  
 Which moves with busy haste along—  
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
 What means this strange commotion, say?  
 In accents hush'd the throng reply,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should he  
 The city move so mightily?  
 A passing stranger, has he skill  
 To move the multitude at will?  
 Again the stirring tones reply,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus! 'tis he who once below  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe:  
 And burden'd ones, where'er he came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore!

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