THE

SABBATH SCHOOL HARP:

BEING A SELECTION OF TUNES AND HYMNS, ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF
SABBATH SCHOOLS, FAMILIES, AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

BY LOWELL MASON.

PREPARED FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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The principal design of this work is to furnish a sufficient variety, both of music and words, for all the common purposes of Sabbath schools.

The musical department will be found to contain most of the common and popular tunes now sung in Sabbath schools, and in social religious meetings; together with many new tunes, written in an easy and familiar style, so that they may be easily learned, sung, and remembered by children, and by those who have not had much opportunity for musical cultivation. The rules of music have been omitted, both because there was not room for them without considerably enlarging the book, and because the Sabbath school is not the proper place to teach the elementary principles of music. Where singing schools are established, or where the Sabbath school pupils are accustomed to meet on a week day for the purpose of learning music, "The Manual of the Boston Academy of Music" is recommended as the most suitable work. This contains a full explanation of the elementary principles according to the most approved method.

A sufficient variety of hymns will be found, not only for Sabbath schools, but also for families, teachers' meetings, and social religious meetings generally. Most of them have been selected from other hymn books, principally from "Church Psalmody," which work is now extensively used in the churches. The hymns from this work (with a single exception,) remain unaltered, so that the same hymn may often be sung in the Sabbath school and in the church. In addition to these, quite a number of new hymns will be found, some of which, are now for the first time published.

Some of the advantages which this work possesses over many other Sabbath school Hymn and Tune Books, are the following.

1. A sufficient variety, both of tunes and hymns, are brought together in a single small volume.
2. The tunes are easy, and appropriate to the circumstances of Sabbath schools.
3. The hymns are so short that they may be sung without fatigue.
4. They are divested of all childish expressions, which are always offensive even to young children. It is a great mistake to suppose that the language of a hymn must abound in childish expressions, in order to be understood by children, or to interest them. Some of our Sabbath school hymn books abound in such expressions, and in many cases, alterations have been made in hymns for the mere purpose of introducing them.

   Thus, 'To praise the Saviour's name
   Let little children try,' &c.

   And again, 'But how shall childhood's tongue express,' instead of
   'But how shall mortal tongue express.'

In the school, in the family, and in the social meeting, it is hoped that this little book may find acceptance and be pleasing and useful to those, who love the work of sacred praise.
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high,

To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne’er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.
1. Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we humbly bow;

Oh do not our suit disdain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
1. How blest are we, who always hear The weekly Sabbath-chime! How
hap - py, who are taught to love The hours of sacred time.

2
How blest are we, who constant go
Where teachers kindly meet;
Who sing and learn in Sabbath school,
That ever dear retreat.

3
How blest are we, while taught the path
That leads to joys above;
How truly blest are those who learn
The way of truth and love.

4
Oh! may we ever grateful view
The blessings of this day;
And while we read and learn of heaven,
With joy pursue the way.
1. Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day, Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:

Now, let our noblest passions rise With ardor to their native skies.

2
Come, Holy Spirit, all divine, With rays of light upon us shine; And let our waiting souls be blest, On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3
Then, when our Sabbaths 'here are o'er, And we arrive on Canaan's shore, With all the ransomed, we shall spend A Sabbath which shall never end.
1. Holy Lord, our hearts prepare For the solemn work of prayer; Grant that while we bend the knee, All our thoughts may turn to thee;

Let thy presence here be found, Breathing peace and joy around.

2. While we come around thy throne, Make thy power and glory known; As thy children may we call, On our Father, Lord of all; And with holy love and fear At thy footstool now appear.

Teach us, while we breathe our woes, On thy promise to repose; All thy tender love to trace In the Saviour's work of grace; Let us all in faith depend On a gracious God and friend.
1. Thee will I bless, O Lord, my God, To thee my voice I'll raise,

For ever spread thy fame abroad, And daily sing thy praise.

2. My soul shall glory in the Lord,
   His wondrous acts proclaim;
   Oh let us now his love record,
   And magnify his name.

3. Mine eyes beheld his heavenly light,
   When I implored his grace;
   I saw his glory with delight,
   And joy beamed o'er my face.

4. Oh taste and see the Lord is good,
   Ye, who on him rely;
   He shall your souls with heavenly food
   And strengthening aid supply.
1. Once more assembled on thy day, O Father, hear us when we pray:

And teach us thankfully to own The love that draws us near thy throne.

2

Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire
With brightest rays of heavenly fire;
And let our songs of praise arise
In grateful incense to the skies.

3

O may our faith on wings of love
Soar upward to the realms above;
And grant us fervency of prayer,
That we may find a blessing there.
1. Soon as the morning rays appear, I'll lift my eyes above;

My voice shall reach my Father's ear, And supplicate his love.

2. Within his house, my prayer shall rise
   Before the mercy seat;
   There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
   And worship at his feet.

3. Before thy throne, great God, I'll fall,
   To thee my wants I'll bring;
   On thee alone for help I'll call,
   My Saviour, God and King.
1. On this holy Sabbath morning, We again together meet
To unite our hearts and voices, And approach the mercy seat.

2
Lord, may we possess a spirit,
In accordance with thy word;
Feeling, praying, acting, giving,
That thy name be spread abroad.

3
Here we come to search the Scriptures,
Here our offerings too, we bring,
That the wilderness may blossom,
And the desert places sing.

4
That the many now in darkness,
May arise to light divine;
And the gospel in its brightness,
O'er the western valley shine.
1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are: To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

2. O happy souls, who pray, Where God appoints to hear; O happy men, who pay Their constant service there!
They praise thee still! Who love the way And happy they, To Zion's hill.

3. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, Shall thither bring When God our king Our willing feet
1. When we draw nigh to thee Within thy house of prayer,
   Grant, gracious Lord, that we may see Thy presence shining there.

2
   Stir up our hearts to feel
   The sins that we deplore;
   Confirm our hope, inflame our zeal,
   And make us love thee more.

3
   Let the refreshing view
   Of mercy cheer our eyes;
   And faith, with steadier aim, pursue
   Her progress to the skies.

4
   Oh, may we still delight
   To worship at thy feet,
   Till heaven be opened to our sight
   And make our joy complete.
1. Jehovah, Lord of power and might, How glorious is thy name!

The blaze of day, the pomp of night, Thy majesty proclaim.

2
Lord, what is man—weak, sinful man—
That he thy care should prove;
That thou for him shouldst deign to plan
Such mighty acts of love!

3
Made in thine image at his birth,
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-formed earth,
Each privilege he lost.

4
Then did the pitying Saviour leave
The glories of the sky,—
Oh! love too wondrous to conceive!
For sinful man to die,—

5
To die, that we, by grace restored,
Might life and glory claim—
O great Creator, Saviour, Lord,
How excellent thy name!
1. Great God, before thine awful throne A youthful band would humbly bend;

Thy face we seek, thy name we own, And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2. Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,  
   That he may teach us how to pray;  
   Make us sincere, and let each heart  
   Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

3. Oh let thy grace our souls renew,  
   And seal a sense of pardon there;  
   Teach us thy will to know and do,  
   And let us all thine image bear.
1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang,

When Jehovah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done.

2

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3

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

4

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above
1. Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great;

He makes the churches his abode, His most delightful seat.

2. In Zion, God is known,
   A refuge in distress;
   How bright—has his salvation shone!
   How fair his heavenly grace!

3. When kings against her joined,
   And saw the Lord was there;
   In wild confusion of the mind,
   They fled with hasty fear.

4. Oft have our fathers told,
   Our eyes have often seen,
   How well our God secures the fold
   Where his own flock has been.

5. In every new distress
   We'll to his house repair,
   Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
   And seek deliverance there.
1. Now let our voices join To form a sacred song;

Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways, With music pass a-long.

2
There flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3
There Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.

4
All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day.
1. Let every creature join To bless Jehovah’s name, And every power unite To swell th’ exalted theme: Let nature raise, From every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.

2. But, oh! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow; And every thankful heart With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, Above the rest Thy grace can raise And tune my song
Ye highly blest, Declare his praise. My heart and tongue, To lively praise.

3. Assist me, gracious God; My heart, my voice inspire; Then shall I humbly join The universal choir:
Your voices raise, Above the rest Thy grace can raise And tune my song
Ye highly blest, Declare his praise. My heart and tongue, To lively praise.
1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

2. His power subdues our sins,
   And his forgiving love,
   Far as the east is from the west,
   Doth all our guilt remove.

3. High as the heavens are raised
   Above the ground we tread,
   So far the riches of his grace
   Our highest thoughts exceed.
1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo. th'angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hal-le-lujahs rise.

2

Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

3

Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!
1. How glorious is our heavenly King, Who reigns above the sky;

Oh, how shall we presume to sing His dreadful majesty.

2 How great his power, none can tell,  
   Nor think how large his grace;  
   Nor men below, nor saints that dwell  
   On high, before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord  
   Can search his secret will;  
   But they perform his holy word,  
   And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this heavenly train,  
   My humble offerings bring;  
   The God of grace will not disdain  
   To hear the songs I sing.
1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest, The day of the week which I ought to love best; The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2
Then let us be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
Nor carelessly trifle this season away;
Remembering that Sabbaths were graciously given
To teach us to seek, and prepare us for heaven
1. Come, happy souls—approach your God With new, melodious songs;

Come, render to Almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.

2

So strange—so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God.

4

But all was mercy—all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5

Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour’s name,
And you shall never die.
1. Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays Dispel the shades of night;

Diffusing o'er the mental world, The healing beams of light.

2. Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
   Restores our wandering feet;
   Converts the sorrows of the mind
   To joys divinely sweet.

3. Oh! send thy light and truth abroad
   In all their radiant blaze;
   And bid th'admiring world adore
   The glories of thy grace.
Olmutz.  S. M.
Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied;
   Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place,
   Where heavenly pasture grows;
   Where living waters gently pass,
   And full salvation flows.

3. Amid surrounding foes
   Thou dost my table spread;
   My cup with blessings overflows,
   And joy exalts my head.

4. The bounties of thy love
   Shall crown my future days;
   Nor from thy house will I remove,
   Nor cease to speak thy praise.
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1. Glory to God on high! Let heaven and earth reply, "Praise ye his name!"

Angels, his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Saints, sing for evermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

Ye, who surround the throne, Cheerfully join in one, Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood Sealing your peace with God, Sound through the earth abroad, "Worthy the Lamb!"

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

Soon must we change our place, Yet will we never cease Praising his name:
Still will we tribute bring; Hail him our gracious King: And through all ages sing "Worthy the Lamb!"
1. Behold the morning sun begins his glorious way;

His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

2. But where the gospel comes,
   It spreads diviner light,
   It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
   And gives the blind their sight.

3. How perfect is thy word!
   And all thy judgments just!
   Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
   And we securely trust.

4. My gracious God, how plain
   Are thy directions given!
   Oh! may I never read in vain,
   But find the path to heaven.
Rather slow, and in exact time.

1. The Sabbath bell, how sweet to me, The day the Saviour rose; The
day when we may seek his face, And in his arms repose.

To day he calls us all to come,
He bids us all draw near;
He offers heaven for our home,
And wipes away each tear.

2
He offers pardon for our sin,
To save from every snare;
To lead our souls in ways of truth,
And show his tenderest care.

3
And shall I, can I now refuse
To yield to him my heart;
Forbid it, Lord, and make me choose
This day, the better part.
1. Let songs of endless praise From every nation rise;

Let all the lands their tribute raise, To God, who rules the skies.

2

His mercy and his love Are boundless as his name;
And all eternity shall prove His truth remains the same.

HYMN.

1

Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace— and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.
1. Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast, A thousand thoughts revolve: Come, with thy guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve:

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin, Hath like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.

3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess; I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone Without his sovereign grace.

4. Perhaps he will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer; But, if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.

5. I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try! For if I stay away, I know I must forever die.

3. Repeat the latter part of the tune for the 5th stanza.
1. My heart has been too long ensnared In folly's hurtful ways;

   Oh, may I be at length prepared, To hear what wisdom says!

2. 'Tis Jesus from his mercy-seat
   Invites me to his rest;
He calls us sinners to his feet,
   To make us truly blest.

3. Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
   Approach without delay;
No one who watches there, and waits,
   Shall e'er be turned away.

4. He will not let one seek in vain;
   For all who trust his word,
'Shall everlasting life obtain,
   And favor from the Lord.
1. Convinced of sin, Oh now begin To call upon the Lord:

Relent, and pray, And mourn the day, In which you scorned his word.

2. While converts sing
   And bless their King,
   And praise th'incarnate word;
   Oh now submit
   At Jesus' feet,
   And own the sovereign Lord.

3. Now is the time
   To come to him,
   Who died that you might live:
   Resist no more
   The Spirit's power;
   No more yourselves deceive.

4. O sovereign Lord,
   Now speak the word,
   And pierce each stubborn soul:
   Yet as they bleed,
   Let love succeed,
   And make the wounded whole
1. O Thou! who hast, at thy command, The hearts of all men in thy hand! Our wayward, erring hearts, in cline To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control; Mould every purpose of the soul; O'er all, may grace victorious be, That stand between ourselves and thee.

2

3

May we, though feeble, weak, and frail, Against our mightiest foes prevail; Be thou our safety from alarm; Our strength, thine everlasting arm.
1. Great God, in whom we live and move, Accept our feeble praise;

For all the mercy, grace and love, Which crown our youthful days.

2
For countless mercies, love unknown,
   Lord, what can we impart?
Thou dost require one gift alone,
   The offering of the heart.

3
Incline us, Lord, to give it thee,
   And guide us by thy love,
Till death shall bring us all to see
   Thy glorious face above.
1. The Saviour calls—let every ear Attend the heavenly sound;

Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear; Hope smiles reviving round.

2
For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow; 
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3
Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice; 
That gracious voice obey; 
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

4
Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts; 
To thee let sinners fly, 
And take the bliss thy love imparts, 
And drink—and never die.
While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found—and peace is given—

But soon—ah soon! approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites—how blest the day! 
How sweet the gospel's charming sound! 
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away, 
While yet a pardoning God is found.

HYMN.

1 O Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry, 
Though all my crimes before thee lie, 
Behold them not with angry look, 
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within, 
And form my soul averse to sin: 
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart, 
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light, 
Cast out and banished from thy sight; 
Thine holy joys, my God, restore, 
And guard me, that I fall no more.
1. The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name,
   Is such as tender parents feel—He knows our feeble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust
   Scattered with every breath;
   His anger, like a rising wind,
   Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass,
   Or like the morning flower!
   When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
   It withers in an hour.

4. But thy compassions, Lord,
   To endless years endure;
   And children's children ever find
   Thy words of promise sure
1. What though we now are weak and young, The Lord will hear us when we pray;

No, he will aid the humble prayer,
And grant the fervent pure request;
He tells us, if we trust his care,
He'll make us ever, truly blest.

2. For never from the youthful tongue, Did Jesus turn his ear away.

3. Lord, may thy love renew our hearts;
Thy Spirit guide in all our ways,
And when our life from earth departs,
In heaven above we'll sing thy praise.
1. Thou great Instructor, lest I stray, Oh teach my erring feet thy way! Thy truth, with ever fresh delight, Shall guide my doubtful steps a-right.

2
How oft my heart's affections yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field! My roving passions, Lord, reclaim; Unite them all to fear thy name.

3
Then, to my God, my heart and tongue, With all their powers, shall raise the song: On earth thy glories I'll declare, Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.
1. Ho! every one that thirsts—draw nigh; 'Tis God invites the fallen race; Mercy and free salvation buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2. Come to the living waters—come! Sinners, obey your Maker's call! Return, ye weary wanderers, home, And find his grace is free to all.
1. The praises of my tongue I offer to the Lord,
That I am taught, while now so young, To read his holy word.

2. O Lord, this word of thine
Directs me where to go
For grace, to pardon every sin,
And make me holy too.

3. O may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths thy faithful servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4. Then shall I praise the Lord,
In humble, cheerful strain,
That I was taught his holy word,
And have not learnt in vain.
1. My shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is his name;

In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

2. He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

4. The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
1. In vain I trace creation o'er, In search of solid rest;

The whole creation is too poor, To make me truly blest.

2

Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3

Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
Oh! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.
1. There is a path that leads to God, All others go astray;
   Narrow, but pleasant is the road, And christians love the way.

2. It leads us through this world of sin,
   And dangers must be past:
   But all who boldly walk therein,
   Will come to heaven at last.

3. How shall a youthful pilgrim dare,
   This dangerous path to tread?
   Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
   To be securely led?

4. Be thou, O Lord, my guard, my guide,
   Nor let me from thee stray;
   Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide
   Or wander from thy way.
1. Thou art my portion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word, And suffers no delay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,
   And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
   Could make me so rejoice.

3. Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
   I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
   And there my comfort lies.

4. If once I wander from thy path,
   I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
   And trust thy pardoning grace.

5. Now I am thine—forever thine—
   O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield—my hiding place—
   My hope is in thy word.
1. The man is ever blest, Who shuns the sinner's ways;

2. But makes the law of God,
   His study and delight,
   Amidst the labors of the day,
   And watches of the night.

3. He, like a tree, shall thrive,
   With waters near the root;
   Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
   His works are heavenly fruit.

4. Not so th' ungodly race;
   They no such blessings find:
   Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
   Before the driving wind.
1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still!

2. Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine

4. Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.
1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are!

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2
His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3
Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4
His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.
1. If we will turn away from sin
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make us pure within,
And take our guilt away.

2. He'll lead us in the pleasant way
   Of holiness and peace;
   And guide us thus to endless day,
   Where sin and sorrow cease.

3. Oh, stay not on the road to death,
   But to the Saviour come;
   Then, when we lose life's fleeting breath,
   He'll send and take us home.
1. Lord, how delightful 'tis to see A whole assembly worship thee!

2. I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3. Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4. With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.
1. The Spirit, in our hearts, Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'

2. Let him that heareth say
   To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3. Yes, whosoever will,
   Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
   Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!
1. Why should we spend our youthful days In folly and in sin?

When wisdom shows her pleasant ways, And bids us walk therein.

2
Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter, then are past;
They yield a moment's fleeting joy,
And end in death at last.

3
But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4
Oh! may we now, in youthful days,
Attend to wisdom’s voice;
And make her holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice.
1. Lord, Teach me how to pray, Thy saving grace impart;

And grant thy Holy Spirit may Renew and cleanse my heart.

2. Unholy was I born,
And from my birth I strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn,
Without thy saving aid.

3. But those who seek thy face,
Shall taste thy wond’rous love;
And thou wilt guide them by thy grace,
To dwell with thee above.

4. To thee, O Lord, we come,
And on thy promise stay:
Oh! may we find in thee our home,
Nor wander from thy way.
1. Haste, O Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway,

Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call obey.

2

Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where

Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They

call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

MISSIONARY HYMN.
HYMN.

1
From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3
Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4
Waft—Waft, ye winds, his story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.
1. When shall thy name be known, Great God, in every land;

And nations bow before thy throne, And bless thy fostering hand?

2. When will the day arise
On our benighted race,
To shed on all below the skies,
The beams of saving grace?

The promise has been made
That all shall know thy name;
O grant us then thy needful aid,
Thy wandering flock reclaim.

4. Let earth's remotest bound
The joyful tidings hear,
That a Redeemer hath been found
To bring salvation near.

5. O let thy grace complete
The work it has begun,
And put all foes beneath the feet
Of thy victorious Son.
1. On thy church, O Power divine, Cause thy glorious face to shine
   Till the nations from afar Hail her as their guiding star.

On thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star.

2
Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.
1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace!

Oh refresh us, Oh refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
   For the 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. Then, whene'er the signal's given,
   Us from earth to call away,
   Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
   Glad the summons to obe-
   May we ever
   Reign with Christ in endless day!
1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land—by every tongue.

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

2
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
I love to have the Sabbath come,
I love to rise and quit my home,
And haste to school with cheerful air
To meet my friends and teachers there.

'Tis here I'm always taught to pray,
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And ever help to do his will.

'Tis here I sing a Saviour's love
That brought him from his throne above;
'Tis here I seek my Father's face,
'Tis here I learn the Christian race.

This day be given to God alone,
He claims the Sabbath as his own;
Oh, may we all the time improve,
To grow in wisdom and in love.
Child of sin and sorrow.

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, Wait not for to-
morrow; Yield thee to-day. Heaven bids thee come,

While yet there's room, Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

2

Child of sin and sorrow
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.
1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion triumphant, begins her mild reign.

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold: Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour behold.

3. Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing, Vallies in verdure unite in the song.

4. See from the nations—the isles of the ocean—Praise to Jehovah ascending on high; Fallen are the engines of war and commotion, Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
1. Shepherd, while thy flock is feeding, Take these lambs in thine arms, Now for shelter pleading.

2
While the storm of life is low'ring,
Night and day,
Beasts of prey
Are lurking and devouring.
Small notes,

3
Shepherd, every grace combining,
Keep these lambs
In thine arms,
On thy breast reclining.
1. Great God! and wilt thou condescend, To be my Father and my Friend?

Wilt thou accept the songs of praise Which such a feeble one can raise?

2

Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And ever strive to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4

Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To join the heavenly choir above
1. Time is winging us away, To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms: All that's mortal soon will be Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.
1. Come let us anew, Our journey pursue, Roll
2. His adorable will Let us gladly fulfill, And our
3. Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream Glides

round with the year, And never stand still Till the Master ap-
talents improve, By the patience of hope, And the labor of swiftly away! And the fugitive moment Re-fuses to

pear—And never stand still Till the Master appear.

love—By the patience of hope, And the labor of love.
stay—And the fugitive moment Re-fuses to stay.

4
5
6

The arrow is flown; Oh that each in the day Oh that each from the Lord
The moment is gone; Of his coming may say, May receive the glad word
The millennial year I have fought my way through, "Well and faithfully done!
Rushes on to our view, I have finished the work Enter into my joy;
And eternity's here. Thou didst give me to do. And sit down on my throne.'

* The teacher can easily determine, by the words, whether these, and the other tied notes, must be united and sung to one syllable, or whether they must be separated and sung to different syllables.
'While the Sabbath-light is beaming.'

1. While the Sabbath-light is beaming, And the earth is brightly gleaming; Let us seek the Saviour's face—

Humbly ask—him for his grace.

2. Leave us, now, each earthly feeling, May devotion, o'er us stealing, Take each sinful thought away— Let us serve our God to-day.

3. Soon the Sabbath will be fading, Night will come, its glories shading; Sabbath-duties all be o'er— We can hear and learn no more.

4. Oh! when wearied life is fading; May we, heaven's glories hailing, Rise to dwell, where angels be, God our Saviour's face to see.
1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is calling! "Come! oh Weary ones—where'er you wander, "Hither, come!"

2. Louder now and deeper pealing,

3. On the heart that voice is stealing, "Come—nor longer roam—Come—nor longer roam."

Now again its tones are pealing, "Come! Oh come!"
In the sacred temple kneeling, "Seek thy home!"
Come, and round the altar bending,
Love the place where God, descending,
Calls the spirit home.

Still the echoed voice is ringing, "Come! Oh come!"
Every heart pure incense bringing "Hither, come!"
Father, round thy footstool bending,
May our souls, to heaven ascending,
Find in thee their home.
HYMN. 'Great is the Lord.'

1. Great is the Lord! the heav'n and heav'n of heav'ns Is his abiding place!

His chariot is the rolling thunder cloud, And light'nings are his steeds

2
Praise him th' omnipotent! the merciful!
Ye worlds! creation all!
And thou, the lord of earth, O man, bow down—
And worship heaven's high King.

3
High over all creation he hath blessed
And given a mind to thee,
Which through the universe may roam and lea
Of all his wondrous ways.

4
Praise him th' Omnipotent! the merciful!
Ye worlds! creation all!
And thou, the lord of earth, O man, bow down
And worship heaven's high King.
1. There is a fountain fill'd 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. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,
   Till all the ransomed church of God
   Are saved, to sin no more.

4. Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
   Thy flowing wounds supply,
   Redeeming love has been my theme,
   And shall be, till I die.

5. And when this feeble, stammering tongue
   Lies silent in the grave—
   Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
   I'll sing thy power to save.
'Soon will set the Sabbath sun.'

1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun; Soon the sacred day be done;

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

2
Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
Borne upon the breeze sublime;
Kind our teachers are to day;—
In the school we love to stay.

3
But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains—
Where the rest of God remains.

4
Shall we ever rise to dwell,
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5
Yes: — that rest our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see—
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
   Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
   Star of the east, the morn ri-azon adorning,

2. Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
   Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid,
   Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
   Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
   Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
   Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
   Vainly with gifts would his favors secure!
   Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;

2. He, whose heart thy love has warmed;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He, whose words and thoughts are one.

3. He, who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned
Treads the path by thee ordained;

4. He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done:
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.
1. Great God! the dawn of opening life Has proved thy guardian care;

2. Now may we give ourselves to thee, And in thy name confide;

Oh! may we through all future years, Thy grace and goodness share.

And wilt thou, Lord, forever be Our Father, Friend and Guide.

**Hymn.**

1. Great God, is not thy promise pledged
   To thine exalted Son,
   That through the nations of the earth,
   Thy word of life shall run?

2. "Ask—and I give the heathen lands
   For thine inheritance;
   And to the world's remotest shores,
   Thine empire shall advance."

3. From east to west, from north to south,
   Then be his name adored;
   Let earth with all its millions, shout
   Hosanna to the Lord!
'The Good Shepherd.'

WORDS, BY J. A. P.

1. The flock he loves to trace With ever watchful eye: So
   Christ our Shepherd, full of grace, To us is ever nigh.

2. The sheep his kindness know
   When timid fear alarms:
   So we affrighted, safely go
   To our Redeemer's arms.

3. The lambs he gently leads
   To pastures green and fair:
   And so the Saviour kindly feeds
   The children of his care.

4. When stormy tempests blow,
   He shields them from the cold:
   So to escape from sin and wo,
   We enter Jesus' fold

5. Thy voice to hear we love,
   Dear Shepherd! be our guide;
   That we within thy fold above
   Forever may abide.
Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Humble prayer to God ascend,
God our Father and our Friend.

2
Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Gladly hear his holy word,
Gladly learn the way to God.

3
Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Day of joy and day of rest;
Precious day to mortals given,
Emblem of the rest of heaven.
Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amid the place
Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

Forgive our sins—our follies hide—
Subdue our hearts thy name to love;
On earth our wandering footsteps guide,
And bring us to thy courts above.

Once more we keep the sacred day,
That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our joyful song,
To him who rules the skies.

Oh, may the God, who gave our lives,
And thus far led us on;
Be pleased to train our youthful minds
To know and love his Son.

Teach us thy way while here we learn
To read thy heavenly word;
Bless all the kind instructions given,
And make us thine, O Lord.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best
And in thy name rejoice.
To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

We come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel’s tongue,
“This day is Jesus born!”

What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—“The Saviour’s born!”

Gracious Lord, do thou go with us
To thy sacred house of prayer;
Condescend to own and bless us
In the means appointed there:
Truth delivered
May we treasure up with care.

Let the joys of thy salvation
Daily dwell upon our mind;
Make us thankful in each station,
To thy holy will resigned:
In thy worship
May we always pleasure find.

Great God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;

But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

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

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

Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

Here the Redeemer’s welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!
Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

**C. M.**

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

2. ’Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
   That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
   A lamp to lead our way.

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

4. Thy word is everlasting truth,
   How pure is every page!—
That holy book shall guide our youth,
   And well support our age.

**S. M.**

1. Come let us bless the Lord,
   And serve him all our days;
Hear and obey his holy word,
   And sing his glorious praise.

2. For he is good and great,
   And boundless is his love;
Then bow before his mercy seat,
   His heavenly grace to prove.

3. The Lord will condescend
   To hear us from on high;
His mercy ever will attend
   Our humble, fervent cry.

**L. M.**

1. What equal honors shall we bring
   To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
   Are far inferior to thy name!

2. Worthy is he that once was slain,
   The Prince of Peace, who groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign [died,
   At his almighty Father’s side.
Blessings forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men:  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say—Amen.

Constant, to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

92 8s, & 7s double.

1
One there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly—free—and knows no end.  
Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could, or would have shed his blood?—  
But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

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

93 7s.

1
To thy pastures, fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;  
And my couch with tenderest care,  
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2
When I faint—with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams, that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3
Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread;  
With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard—and that my guide.
Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
The holy one from heaven;
The comforter, beloved, adored!
To man in mercy given.

Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
He will not always strive;
Go, tremble, sinner, at his word,
Awake, repent, and live.

Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Behold he now is near,
Oh be his aid in faith implored,—
His sacred presence here.

Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Ye children of his grace;
With grateful hearts his love reward.
Whose presence fills the place.

Forbid it, Lord, that we,
Who from thy hand receive
The spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that spirit grieve.

Oh keep our faith alive,
Help us to watch and pray;
Lest, by our carelessness, we drive
The sacred guest away.

Lord, make us wholly thine,
And in our hearts of stone,
Let grace, with purer lustre, shine.
And mark us for thine own

Hear, oh! hear the melting story,
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?

Oh! receive him—
Free salvation now obtain.

Yield no more to sin and folly
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They, alone, are his delight:
Seek his favor,
Now your hearts to him unite.

All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek, oh seek the Saviour's blessing
On his precious name believe:—
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?
My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

Call, while he may be found,
Oh seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
He lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And those who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

Then come, with youthful vigor warm;
To Jesus now draw near,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;—

2
Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy portion, and thy joy.

3
He shall defend and guide thy course,
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

105 S. M.

1
From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2
To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life,
Command thy light to shine.

3
While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

4
Oh! let us never tread
The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

106 S. M.

1
With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
Oh! bring me now, while I am young
To thee, the living way.

2
Make an unguarded youth,
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3
My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine
Unite it to thyself alone.
And make me wholly tame.

4
Oh! let thy word of grace,
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5
To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined,
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

107 S. M.

1
Sure there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

2
His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

3
How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
Oh never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

108 C. M.

1
Sinner, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his gracious word,  
From sin's destructive way.

Like raging waves, that never rest,  
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,  
Deprive your souls of ease.

Why will you in the crooked ways  
Of sin and folly go?  
In pain and sorrow spend your days,  
To reap eternal wo!

O sinner, now the voice regard,  
Of him who speaks to-day;  
To-day he calls you by his word;  
Then why will you delay.

109  C. M.

How happy he who loves to hear  
Instruction's warning voice;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

She guides the young with innocence,  
In pleasant paths to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows,  
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

110  C. M.

Great God, the power of sin control,  
And kindly set us free;  
Oh let thy grace renew the soul,  
And form it all for thee.

111  C. M.

1 Almighty God, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night;  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
There's not a word we say,  
But in thy holy book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done,  
Be read and published there?  
Be all exposed before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet condemned I lie,  
Upward I dare not look;  
Forgive my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains,  
That my Redeemer felt;  
Oh! let his blood wash out my stains  
And answer for my guilt.
112  S. M.

1
According to thy word,
Let me thy mercy prove;
Blot out my past transgressions, Lord,
And save me by thy love.

2
Wash me from every stain
Which vice and guilt impart;
Let me, O Lord, thy love regain,
And cleanse my sinful heart.

113  C. M.

1
Oh for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2
Oh for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long suspended blow!

3
Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin, the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace!—

4
Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

114  S. M.

1
Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2
To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3
Turn—turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh! [stone,
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh

4
Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

115  L. M.

1
Lord, be thy service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join themselves to thee and thine.

2
Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to thy supreme control,
And in thy holy will rejoice.

3
Oh may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave thy sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

116  S. M.

1
How many, Lord, inquire,
Forgetful of their God,
'Who will supply one vain desire,
Or show us any good?'

2
Yet worldly joys elude
Their labor and their care;
Or if they serve the fancied good,
They find vexation there.

3

From earth withdraw our love,
Set our affections right;
Bid us aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

117  C. M.

1
Thou great Redeemer! set me free,
From my old state of sin;
Oh make my soul alive to thee;
Create new powers within.

2
Renew mine eyes—and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3
Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In that new world thy grace hath made,
I would forever dwell.

118  C. M.

1
Oh may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.

2
Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

3
Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days;
And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

119  C. M.

1
Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me!

2
Oh for a heart submissive, meek.
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3
Oh for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life, nor death, can part,
From him that dwells within.

4
Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Oh write thy name upon my heart—
Thy name, O God, is love.

120  S. M.

1
Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2
Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3
Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
   And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,
   And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
   And find my heaven in thee.

121 C. M.

1 Almighty Father, heavenly king!
   Who rul' st the world above;
Accept the tribute which we bring,
   Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning when we rise,
   Our early vows we pay;
And e'er the night hath closed our eyes,
   We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
   To us his word hath given;
That sinners, such as we, may find
   The path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,
   To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land,
   Where dwells eternal truth.

122 S. M.

1 Thou source of every good,
   Preserve and keep me still;
Do thou direct my heart and hand
   To execute thy will.

2 From every earthly charm,
   Oh set my spirit free;
May I my time and strength devote,
   My life, my all, to thee.

3 In wisdom's pleasant ways,
   Help me to persevere,
Till I shall reach the world of bliss
   And serve thee better there.

123 L. M.

1 O Lord, my Saviour and my king,
   Of all I have or hope, the spring!
Send down thy Spirit from above,
   To warm my heart with holy love.

2 May I from every act abstain,
   That hurts, or gives another pain:
Still may I feel my heart inclined
   To be the friend of all mankind.

3 Let love through all my conduct shine,
   An image fair, though faint, of thine:
Father of men, great Lord of love,
   Let me thy humble follower prove.

124 S. M.

1 And dost thou, Saviour, speak
   To heedless souls again?
Dost thou our hearts, our homage seek,
   That we may life obtain?

2 Lord, may we all be thine,
   The purchase of thy blood;
And sanctified by grace divine,
   Give up ourselves to God!

3 The service thou dost claim,
   Be ever, Lord, thine own!
O may we glorify thy name,
   And live to thee alone!
The Lord will hear his children pray,
A whisper he can hear;
He knows, not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.

Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

And shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move;
And can they be denied?

Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer:
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

O Lord, thy work revive;
Be this the favored hour,
When Zion shall arise and shine,
By thine almighty power.

And may thy people all
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their holy vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

Then will thy Spirit speak
Through lips of humble clay;
The hardest hearts shall be subdued,
And rebels shall obey.

O Lord, thy work revive;
Be this the favored hour,
When Zion shall arise and shine,
By thine almighty power.

O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise!

Rise, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might:
Now prosper every good design,
To spread thy glorious light.

Oh bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise:
Thy word let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

Put forth thy glorious power!
All nations then will see;
And earth present her grateful store,
In converts born to thee.
130  C. M.  

1  
Blest work! the youthful mind to win,
   And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
   To seek redeeming grace.

2  
Children our kind protection claim;
   And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
   And their Redeemer love.

3  
Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
   To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray,
   The way, the life, the truth!

4  
Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
   And bless this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread;
   Be all the glory thine.

131  C. M.  

1  
Come, blessed Saviour, from above,
   O'er all our hearts to reign;
Come, plant the kingdom of thy love,
   In every heart of man.

2  
All sin and sorrow then shall cease;—
   Thy Holy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace,
   Shall turn our earth to heaven!

132  C. M.  

1  
Let others boast how strong they be,
   Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
   What feeble things we are.

133  S. M.  

1  
Oh for the death of those
   Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
   Like theirs my last reward.

2  
Their bodies, in the ground,
   In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
   Shall call them to the sky.

3  
Their ransomed spirits soar
   On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
   And reign with him above.

4  
With us their names shall live
   Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
   Our praises and our tears.

5  
Oh for the death of those
   Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
   Like theirs my last reward.

134  S. M.  

1  
And will the Judge descend?
   And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel’s cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Awake, my soul—with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes?—how sure? how
What is thy great concern?

Behold, another year begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend.

With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Through another year conducted,
Unto thee our song we raise;
For thy wide unbounded kindness,
Thee, we humbly join to praise.

Lord, assist us
Still to walk in wisdom’s ways!

While again we bow before thee,
Using here the means of grace;
While in worship we adore thee,
In this oft frequented place,
Oh! permit us
To behold the Saviour’s face!

While the word of life is taught us
May thy Spirit, Lord, descend;
Thus enlivened, thus distinguished
May this year in mercy end;
And Jehovah
Be our everlasting Friend.

Now gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Make us the Saviour’s presence feel,
And melt these hearts of stone.

From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more:
That sinners too, may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home;
May glowing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

138 C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away,
   From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
   In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
   The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
   When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
   And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast,
   On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
   Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
   While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life’s toilsome day is o’er,
   May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive ray,
   And lead to endless day.

139 S. M.

1 While my Redeemer’s near,
   My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
   My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
   Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
   And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
   My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
   And let me rove no more.

140 S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
   Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
   Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
   Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows
   Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs,
   Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
   Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
   The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew,
   Distils, and all the air is love.

141 S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
   Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
   Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father’s throne,
   We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
   Our comforts and our cares.
We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

When we are called to part,  
It gives us mutual pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
From sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

Lord, thy truth may we receive,  
And, through grace, thy way pursue;  
Teach us day by day to live,  
With eternal things in view.

Bless thy word to old and young,  
Fill our hearts with peace and love;  
Then, when life's short race is run,  
Take us to thy courts above.

Now is done the time of teaching,  
Ended is the hour we love;  
Still the voice of friends beseeching  
Us to seek for joys above.

Precious Sabbaths!  
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.  

Wake, then, every tender feeling!  
Ere from school we go away;  
Saviour come, thy grace revealing,  
Every troubled thought allay—  
Make us holy,  
On the sacred Sabbath-day.

Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,  
All our Sabbath schools be past;  
Like the leaf, to earth descended,  
Withered in the autumn blast;  
Life is passing,  
We must see the grave at last.

Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,  
With its sunny glories bright,  
And with millions saved before us,  
May we join in worlds of light,  
Praising Jesus,  
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

Now may he who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Through the grace of Christ our Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
Till we join the saints in light.

Oh, for hearts his name to praise,  
Who the Covenant sealed with blood.  
While with all our powers we raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.
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