JUVENILE MUSIC;

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL VISITER.

PUBLISHED BY

LOWELL MASON,

FOUNDER OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

No. 1.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,

No. 13 Cornhill.
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839,
BY CHRISTOPHER C. DEAN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.
Soprano.

1. Children, listen to the Lord, And obey his gracious word; Seek his face with heart & mind: Early seek & you shall find.

Tenore.

Basso.

2

Sorrowful, your sins confess,
Plead his perfect righteousness,
See the Saviour's bleeding side:
Come—you will not be denied.

3

For his worship now prepare:
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart,
Never from his ways depart.
4

THE RAINBOW.

Come see how fast the weather clears, The sun is shining now; And

on the last dark cloud appears A beauteous colored bow.

2

'Tis God who makes the storm to cease,
And sun to shine again:
The rainbow is the sign of peace,
Between himself and men.

3

This lovely bow he stretches forth,
And bends from shore to shore;
His own fair token to the earth,
He'll bring a flood no more.

4

Just such a bow shines brightly round
The throne of God in heaven,
Which shows his mercy has no bound,
And speaks of sins forgiven.
THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Not too fast.

1. Oh! see how bright and sweetly there, Our village church is gleaming;

Encircled by the radiant gold, And crimson dyes of eveing.

Serenely it looks, and calm and fair As Eden, ere the curse was there.

2

And when the Organ peals within
At Sabbath-day's returning,
How glows the humble, joyful heart,
With holy fervor burning;
When songs of praise in chorus swell,
Oh! who the Christian's joy can tell.

3

There stands the herald of the skies,
Of Heaven's glories telling,
Inviting to the offered prize,
And sinful passions quelling;
He shows the path—he points the way
To joys that never fade away.
"Father in Heaven!"

1. Father in heaven! before thee now, This youthful band appear with humble reverence we would bow, O hear our parting prayer.

2. We praise thy name, for all that care, And now, ere we asunder part, That has sustained our breath, In mercy, Lord, draw near, And kept us, while united here, And fill each warm and youthful heart, Safe from the shafts of death. With holy love and fear.

3. That if we here must bid farewell And part to meet no more, We all may meet, and ever dwell On Canaan's peaceful shore.
'On this holy Sabbath morning.'  

Sicily.

Hymn written for the Visiter. To be sung on the Sabbath when collections are taken up for 'the West.'

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.
THOU GOD OF THE SKY.

1. Thou God of the sky, Who rulest on high, Yet grantest thine Only-be-gotten to die! Our ransom and peace, Our surety he is, And never on earth was there sorrow like his.

2. Thon, Lord, in the day Of vengeance didst lay Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away: He died to atone For sins not his own; The work of salvation, our Saviour hath done.

3. With joy we approve The plan of his love; A wonder below, and a wonder above! When time is no more, We still shall adore That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.
We bid thee welcome, Sabbath morn, Help us, O God, to raise Car
grateful hearts in holy song. And sing the day of days. The
birds in early chorus join, And angels stoop to hear, O
Lord of angels, while we sing Lend thou a listening ear.

2.—While children in the heathen’s land,
No Sabbath morning greet,
Nor teachers take them by the hand,
To seek the mercy seat;
Thou, Lord, hast given us here to dwell,
Where shines the gospel light,
And every Sabbath will we praise
Thy name with new delight.

Words written for the Visitor, by S. D.
HYMN.

'Great God! and wilt thou condescend.'

1
Great God! and wilt thou condescend,
To be my Father and my Friend?
Wilt thou accept the songs of praise
That 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.
SABBATH.

Andante.

Hail, ye hours of calm devotion—Hail, thou consecrated day;
Banished be each vain emotion, Let us join to praise and pray; While the

tuneful voice is swelling, In Jehovah's earthly dwelling,

Let the Spirit look above, Let the Lord descend in love.

2

Now the song of adoration,
Like the angels, let us sing;
And the heart's unfeigned oblation
Unto him that loved us bring;
While the Sabbath hours are glowing,
Let our thoughts in calmness flowing,
Whisper in the peaceful breast,
'Tis the day of holy rest.
HYMN.

'Shepherd, while thy flock is feeding.'

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.

3
Shepherd, every grace combining,
Keep these lambs in thine arms,
On thy breast reclining.

_Spiritual Songs_
I'll awake at dawn.

I'll awake at dawn, on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away; With my lesson learn'd this shall be my rule, Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
None are tardy there, when the woods do ring:
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then:
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

Words written for the Visiter by S. D.
How sweet to be allowed to pray.

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind
And bid all care be still.

Oh! could my heart thus ever pray
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me. O God, in truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

2

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind
And bid all care be still.

3

Oh may that will, that gave me birth
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4

Oh! could my heart thus ever pray
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me. O God, in truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
15

'The Sabbath day is come again.'

1. The Sabbath day is come again, The best of all the seven;

And we are met, a happy train, To hear of God and heaven.

2

Lord, send thy grace into our hearts,
   And through the day be near us,
And make us all fulfil our parts,
   With Thee to help and cheer us.

3

Keep down each vain and sinful thought,
   Correct our whole behavior:
Oh! make us thankful to be taught,
   And lead us to the Savior.
'Lord, teach me how to pray.'

\[ \text{Slow.} \]

Lord, teach me how to pray, Thy saving grace impart;

Oh! 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 wondrous 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.
The Little Child's Evening Hymn.

1. O Lord, a little child appears, Before thy blessed face, To tell thee all its wants and fears, And seek thy love and grace.

My heart is very full of sin, There's nothing in it good; Give me a heart wash'd white and clean In thy most precious blood.

Let me within thy tender arms Lie down and take my sleep; And, Lord, from dangers, fears, and harms, Thy feeble creature keep.

Dear Savior, lay thy gentle hand Upon my little head: And bless me as I humbly stand, Before I go to bed.
"How blest are we."

Not too fast.

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 joys of Sabbath-day;
And while we read and learn of heaven,
With joy pursue the way.
HYMN. 'Hear us, Shepherd, Heavenly King.'
Treble and Alto.

Hear us, Shepherd, heavenly King, While in humble strains we sing;

Tenor and Base.

While with grateful hearts we praise, All the love that crowns our days.

2
Thanks! for this sweet fold of grace
Planted in the wilderness;
Watered by the streams of love
Gushing from thy throne above.

3
Wide and green thy pastures are;
May we never wander far!
Ever let thy presence guide,
Where the living waters glide!

4
Cruel foes may not intrude
On this peaceful solitude;
Safe we rest from all alarm,
Guarded by thy potent arm.

5
When a few short days are past,
May we reach Thy Home at last!
There in purer strains to praise
Thee, for this sweet fold of grace.
The world their fancied pearl may crave.

20

Rather slow.

1. The world their fancied pearl may crave. 'Tis not the pearl for me. 'Twill dim its lustre in the grave. 'Twill moulder in the sea.

But there's a pearl of price un-told, Which never can be bought with gold; The sinking soul 'twill save. Oh! that's the pearl, that's the pearl for me.

The miser knocks at mammon's gate—
'Tis not the gate for me;
From early morn 'till evening late
At his bolted door is he:
But there's a gate that leads to bliss,
And he who knocks by faith at this,
Will ne'er be called to wait—
Oh! that's the gate for me.

Let pleasure chant her siren song—
'Tis not the song for me.
To weeping it will turn, ere long,
For this is heaven's decree.
But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue—
Oh! that's the song for me.

* Words written for the Visitor by S. D.
Ye Youthful Ones.

Music by Nageli.

1. Ye youthful ones, who view life's scenes so lightly, While morning’s sun is beaming warm and brightly, O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

2. To God above,
Oh, bring your grateful praises;
And eheerful join
The music heaven raises,
To praise the Lord. :||:

3. Our days we'll spend,
With love our pathway sowing,
Till life shall end,
In virtue ever growing;
Then praise the Lord. :||:
Seek thy God to-day.

The Sabbath calls the thoughts from earth away;
It bids the sinner seek his soul's salvation,
"To Jesus give thy heart—the best oblation—
Oh, seek thy God to-day":||.

O come, and now the word of God obey;
Come, while the lamp of life its light is spending;
Come, for thy means of grace will soon be ending,
And seek thy God to-day."||.
‘Hear, oh! hear the melting story.’

Not too fast.

Pia.

For.

2
Yield no more to sin and folly
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They, alone, are his delight:
Seek his favor.
Now your hearts to him unite.

3
All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek, oh seek the Savior’s blessing,
On his precious name believe:—
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?
Sabbath School Hymn.

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour, Our grateful songs we raise; Oh! tune our hearts and voices Thy holy name to praise; ’Tis of thy sovereign mercy, We’re here allowed to meet. To joio with friends and teachers, Thy blessing to co - treat.

2 Lord, bless those faithful teachers, Who labor for our good, And may the holy scriptures, ’By us be understood; Oh! may our hearts be given To thee our glorious King, That we may meet in heaven Thy praises there to sing

3 And may the precious gospel Be published all abroad, Till the benighted heathen Shall know and serve the Lord, Till o’er the wide creation, The rays of truth shall shine, And nations now in darkness, Arise to light again.
The good Shepherd.
WORDS WRITTEN FOR THE VISITER, BY J. A. P.

1. The flock he loves to trace With ever watchful eye: So

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 reside.
"O thou blessed Saviour."

HYMN WRITTEN FOR THE VISITER.

1. O thou blessed Saviour, Grant us all thy favor

While thy praise we sing; May our songs be given,

With the songs of heaven, Unto Thee, our King.

2. We will tell the story
How from realms of glory,
Thou didst come to bring
Pardon and salvation;
Unto every nation
Freely offering.

3. Now, our song we're raising,
We would still be praising
God, our Saviour's name;
And with cheerful voices
Sing, while heaven rejoices,
"Worthy is the Lamb."
"See the leaves around us falling." (The emblem of death.)

BYMN BY BISHOP BORNE.

1. See the leaves around us falling,
   Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
   Hear the lesson we are reading,

2. Dry and withered to the ground;
   In a sad and solemn sound,
   Mark the awful truth they tell.

3. Once in Eden, Where, like us, he blighted fell. Hear, &c.

"Youth on length of days presuming, "Yearly in our course returning,
Who the paths of pleasure tread, Messengers of shortest day,
View us, late in beauty blooming, Thus we preach this truth concerning
Numbered now among the dead. Heaven and earth shall pass away;
What though yet no losses grieve you, On the tree of life eternal,
Gay with health and many a grace, Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
Let not cloudless skies deceive you; This alone, for ever vernal,
Summer gives to Autumn place. Bears a leaf that shall not fade.
‘To Him who changeth never.’

Andante.

1. To him who changeth never Come sung the hallowed lay! Oh trust in him forever, Whom highest worlds obey!

forest leaves may wither. And suns go out in gloom. New spring shall deck the


When wintry tempests lower, And cold the north-wind blows, He o’er the field and flower His snowy mantle throws. And so each blade and blossom Beneath the sheltering heap, As in a mother’s bosom, Lies locked in silent sleep.

When frost and snow retire, And Spring comes round again, A tuneful feathered choir Burst forth from hill and plain: A thousand notes are ringing From every glen and grove, A thousand voices singing To him whose name is Love.
"Come let us anew." GROTON.

(FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

Come let us anew, Our journey pursue, Roll
round with the year, And never stand still Till the Master ap-

ear—And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will Our life is a dream, The arrow is flown;
Let us gladly fulfil Our time as a stream The moment is gone;
And our talents improve, Glides swiftly away! The millenial year
By the patience of hope, And the fugitive moment Rushes on to our view
And the labor of love. Refuses to stay. And eternity's here.

Oh that each in the day Oh that each from the Lord
Of his coming may say, May receive the glad word—
I have fought my way through, "Well and faithfully done!
I have finished the work Enter into my joy,
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.
Sabbath Morning Prayer.

Slowly.

While the Sabbath-light is beaming, And the earth is brightly

gleam-ing; Let us seek the Saviour's face—

Humbly ask him for his grace.

2

Leave us, now, each earthly feeling, Soon the Sabbath will be fading,
May devotion, o'er us stealing, Night will come, its glories shading;
Take each sinful thought away— Sabbath-duties all be o'er—
Let us serve our God to-day. We can hear and learn no more—

3

Oh! when wearied life is failing,
May we, heaven's glories hailing,
Rise to dwell, where angels be,
God our Saviour's face to see
When shall thy name be known.

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?

3. 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.
Praise ye the Lord!

Look, how the heavens are telling Wonderful things of the Lord.

Thanks for his love!
See how the heavens are bending,
Angels in mercy descending,
Laden with gifts from above.

Praise ye the Lord!
Oh! let your praises go ringing
Go, where the angels are singing
Glory to heaven's high Lord.
Close of Sabbath School.
(TUNE, GREENVILLE.)

Now is done the time of teaching, Ended is the hour we love;
Precious Sabbath! Precious Sabbath! Swiftly, Oh! they swiftly move.

Still the voice of friends beseeching, Us to seek for joys above. D.C

2
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.

3
Soon our Sabbath’s 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.

4
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.
'The Sabbath is come!' Moderato.

1. The Sabbath is come! The Sabbath is come! The Sabbath so peacefully flowing,
   While silence is throwing Its veil o'er the earth; On man now is
   stealing Each reverent feeling Of heavenly birth—Of heavenly birth.

2. The Sabbath is come! :|
   The church bell for worship is ringing,
   Delightfully bringing,
   The thoughts to repose;
   Come holy emotion,
   Let all be devotion,
   Till worship shall close.
Song of Praise.

Music by Weber.

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 heaven’s 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
Call of the Bell.

Rather slow.

Hark! the deep toned bell is calling! "Come! oh weary ones—where'er you wander, "Hither, come!" "Come!" Louder now and deeper pealing.

On the heart that voice is stealing, "Come—nor longer roam—Come—nor longer roam.
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OF THE
Mass. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY.
DEPOSITORY No. 13 CORNHILL
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