WATERS' CHORAL HARP
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG... AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE HARPERS HARPING WITH THEIR HARPS.

J. P. Kemp, 40 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
Elisa G. Fitzgerald.
Boston.
1863.
WATERS' CHORAL HARP

A NEW AND SUPERIOR COLLECTION OF CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES,
MOSTLY NEW,
Written and Composed for Sunday Schools, Missionary, Revival and Social Meetings,
AND FOR:
CHURCH WORSHIP!

EDITED BY HORACE WATERS,

Author of "S. S. Bell," Nos. 1 & 2; "D. S. Bell;" "Cantata of Ruth;" "Patriotic Song Book;" "Harp of Freedom;" and other musical works. Nearly One Million of S. S. Bell, Nos. 1 & 2 have been sold, which is the largest sale of any Sunday School book of their size in this country.

New York:
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1863.
PREFACE.

The Sabbath School Bells have chimed unceasingly for years, and have called many little ones to

"Leave their books and play,
To read that 'Book Divine';
Where they are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline"

Chime on, sweet Bells; and may your silvery tones be mingled in sweet concord with the music of the "Choral Harp," as it re-echoes throughout the land; and may its strings vibrate in sweetest harmony, awakening an answering chord in the hearts of all who come within the sound of its magic voice. This little work is pronounced by all who have examined it to be the best collection ever issued. The tunes are all exactly suited to the wants of the children, while the hymns abound in good sentiment. It has been compiled with the utmost care, and with especial reference to the cultivation of musical taste in the young. The pieces it contains are mostly new, and of a character calculated to awaken high and holy thoughts in the minds of the children, and also to impress upon them the importance of leading pure and upright lives here below, if they would hope to sing hereafter with the angels in heaven. The little child singing the sweet hymn—"Leave me with my mother," cannot fail to be inspired with new love and devotion; and it is the earnest prayer of the publisher that it may be the means of recalling many a wayward child to the path of duty. He sends it forth on a mission of love to the children, with a desire to amuse as well as to instruct—to gratify them, and at the same time to enrich their minds with lofty thoughts and noble purposes; and should it accomplish one half the good for which it is intended, he will feel that his efforts are sufficiently rewarded.

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LO! THE SEAL OF DEATH IS BREAKING.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Lo! the seal of death is breaking; Those who slept its sleep are waking, Heaven opes its portals fair! Heaven opes its portals fair! Hark! the harps of God are ringing. Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging, Music on immortal air, Music on immortal air.

2. There, no more at eve declining, 
Suns without a cloud declining 
O'er the land of life and love, 
There the founts of life are flowing, 
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing In that radiant scene above.

3. There no sign of memory swelleth; 
There no tear of misery welleth; 
Hearts will bleed or break no more; 
Past is all the cold world's scorning, 
Gone the night, and broke the morning, 
Over all the golden shore.

From 'Monthly Choir,' by permission.
"HE THAT GOETH FORTH."—Duet, Semi-chorus and Chorus

Duet. Words from the Lee Avenue Collection.

Music by Henry Tucker.

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing still the precious seed,
   Never tiring, never sleeping, All his ploy.

2. Sow thy seed, be never weary, Nor let fears thy mind em-
   Lowit TreM. the scene of verdure

Semi-chorus. 2. Lo the scene

1. Then will fall the rain of labor shall succeed.
   Reap the fruits of joy.

2. Lo the scene

*When the school sing but two parts the second treble may be used in the semi-chorus, omitting that marked "alto."
RAISE WE NOW A GLADSOME MEASURE.—Anniversary Hymn.

Written by Sara Hamilton, of Lee Av. Sunday School, Brooklyn. Tune—Call the Children Early, Mother.

1 Raise we now the gladsome measure.
To our Savior King,
While each bosom throbs with pleasure,
Loud his praises sing,
Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing till all the earth shall hear:

2 Tis his love has kindly spared us,
Through the passing year,
And his hand hath gently led us
All together here
| Of that love we would be telling,
| Loudly telling far and near.

3 Lord accept the gift we offer,
Now before the shrine,
Take the willing hearts we proffer,
Make them wholly thine,
Till in heaven we raise before thee,
Joyous anthems more divine.
1 A song, a song of gladness, For though we here may part, Breathe not a note of sadness, We're ever joined in heart, And long will we remember Where'er in life we stray. The hours we've passed together This happy Sabbath day.

2 Around the throne of glory, Those holy angels sing, And tell to all the story Of Christ the Savior King; 'Tis this that tunes our voices In many a joyous lay, While every heart rejoices, This happy Sabbath day.  

Be saved to sing thy love. Let this in hours of sadness Bring each a cheering ray. We'll spend in heav'n forever A happy Sabbath day

2 Now send a parting blessing, O Father, from above, May we, thy grace possessing.
ALL THE WEEK.

1 All the week we spend Full of childish bliss, Ev'ry changing scene Brings its happiness, Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath school, 

Chorus.

Yet, our joys would not be full had we not the Sabbath school.

2 Lovely is the dawn Of each rising day, Loveliest the morn Of the Sabbath-day: Then our infant hearts are full Of the precious Sabbath-school.

3 To our happy ears Precious news is brought, Tidings of the work Love divine has wrought, Gracious news and merciful, How we love the Sabbath-school!

By permission,
1 The Sunday school is my delight, O let us hasten there, O
2 When spring with many an opening flower And blossom decks the ground, And

let us hasten there, 'Tis there we learn the way that's right And hear the voice of blossom decks the ground, When summer's sun and gentle shower Spreads beauty all around.

Prayer And hear the voice of prayer, O I love the Sunday round Spreads beauty all around, O I love, &c.
Girls.

So do I, So do I, So do I,
So I love the Sun-day school,

Boys.

So do I, So do I, So do I,
So I love the Sun-day school.

Girls.

O I love, &c.

Cho.

O I love, &c.

3 And when the cold and chilly blast
   Shall steal away the flowers,
   Shall steal away the flowers,
   When winter's snow is falling fast
   This joy shall still be ours,
   This joy shall still be ours,

Cho.  O I love, &c.

4 Yes, if the sweetest flowers abound,
   Or earth is clothed in snow,
   Or earth is clothed in snow,
   In Sunday school we will be found
   For there we love to go,
   For there we love to go.

Cho.  O I love, &c.
HEAVENLY HOME.


1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Precious name to me; I love to think the time will
   come When I shall rest in thee. I've no abiding city here; I
   dim Thy ever-smiling skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet
   there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worthy be To

2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! There no clouds a rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights
   seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrimage be drear, I know there's rest at home.
   clouds will oft en come; And oh! I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home.
   dwell neath heaven's bright dome; But Christ, my Saviour, died for me, And now he calls me home.

3. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears disturb me

FINE.

By permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.
1. I have a home a-bove, From sin and sorrow free; A mansion which eternal love De-
2. My Father's gracious hand Has built this sweet abode; From everlasting it was planned, My

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CHORUS.

— signed and formed for me. We'll camp a-while in the wilderness, We'll camp a-while in the
dwelling-place with God. We'll camp a-while, &c.

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3. My Saviour's precious blood Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood To make my rest secure.—Chorus.

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4. Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where parting is unknown.—Chorus.
COME TO ME. Melody by Dr. Wm. Miller.

1 With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and stormy sea; Yet 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound. A heavenly whisper, "Come to me"

2 It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my soul may flee, Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me. &c.

3 When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, enjoy and see; Yet a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice utters, "Come to me. &c.

4 Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no resting place for thee, Heavenward direct thy weary eye.

5 O voice of mercy, voice of love, In conflict, grief, and agony, Support me, cheer me from above! I am thy portion, "Come to me." &c.

And gently whisper, "Come to me." &c.
1. The time of our watch-ing and wait-ing is o'er, And now thou art
2. The hand that has led us while thou wert a-way, Has guid-ed thee
3. And now with new vi-gor our hearts to sus-tain, We'll con-stant-ly

with us as ev-er be-fore; Our warm hearts may meet thee, Our
ev-er a-long on thy way; Now warm hearts may meet thee, And
seek thy ap-proval to gain; Our con-duct shall prove thee, How

glad voie-es greet thee, So hap-py to feel thou art with us once more.
glad voie-es greet thee, So hap-py are we, thou art with us to-day.
fond-ly we love thee, So hap-py are we, thou art with us a-gain,
1. Heavenly Father, may thy blessing Rest upon us through this night,

2. May thy love dispel the darkness, Which hath veiled our souls in night,

Wilt thou kindly guard from danger Till the dawning of morning light,
May thy Spirit guide our footsteps In the paths of peace and right.

We would thank thee, oh! our Father, For the blessings of this day;
May our faith be strong and fearless, May our hope be firm and sure;
And with deep, heart-felt contrition For forgiveness humbly pray.
May the blood of Christ, our Saviour, Cleanse our souls and make them pure.

CHRIST AS A LITTLE CHILD.

Tune.—Evening Hymn.

1. Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
   Once became a child like me:
   O that in my whole behavior
   He my pattern still might be,
   All my nature is unholy,
   Pride and passion dwell within;
   But the Lord was meek and lowly,
   And was never known to sin.

2. While I'm often vainly trying
   Some new pleasure to possess,
   He was always self-denying,
   Patient in his worst distress.
   Let me never be forgetful
   Of his precepts any more:
   Idle, passionate, and fretful,
   As I've often been before.
1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the
   earth and sky, Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou
   must die.

2. Sweet rose, in air whose odors wave Whose colors charm the
   gaz'er's eye, Thy root is ever in the grave, For thou
   too must die.

3. Sweet spring, of days and roses made, Whose cherished sweets in
   beauty vie, Thy days depart, thy roses fade, All, all,
   all must die.

CHORUS. Ad lib. pp

Thou must die.
Thou too must die.
All must die.
Words by R. H. PRUYN
"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in Heaven." Matthew, xviii: 10.

At the moment of my birth, A bright angel comes to earth;
Watches me with ceaseless care, Child of earth, yet Heaven's heir,

Spreads above me guardian wings, And my bird song sweetly sings,
Gently guides my wandering feet, To the blood bought mercy-seat.

By my side, is ever nigh,
Hears my penitential sigh,
Bears to Heaven my fervent prayer,
Guards me from the tempter's snare.

When my soul, beneath the flood,
Of a Saviour's precious blood,
Losing sin's deep crimson glow,
Shines as spotless as the snow.

Then to Heaven he wings his flight,
Telling hosts of angels bright.
In their presence joy is shown,
Crowns are cast before the throne.

When my soul, o'er death's dark wave,
Speeds its way to God who gave,
Then, my angel's work is done;
Jesus crowns the ransomed one.
THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT.

Words by HENRY TUCKER.
Allegro moderato.

Melody by J. STANLEY.

1 The sun shines bright and our hearts are light, As we haste to the school a-way,
2 When winter's drea-ry winds are here, Or smiles the sum-mer's sun,

3 The Sunday School, the Sunday School, The blessed heav'nly road,
| : We'll march along with prayer and song, 'Twill lead us up to God. |

4 In joyous lays of prayer and praise, We lift our hearts above,
| : As birds that wing the air, and sing His goodness and his love. |
THE YEAR OF JUBILEE IS COME.
Arranged by G C M.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly-solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds,

The year of jubilee is come. The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb; Redemption by his blood, Through all the lands proclaim. The year, &c.

3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live. The year, &c.

4. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of pardoning grace Ye happy souls, draw near, Behold your Saviour's face. The year, &c.

5. Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad The year, &c.
FADING, STILL FADING.

DUET. Andante.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the day, is declining.
2. Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;

Safety and innocence fly with the light; Temptation and danger walk forth with the
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might; In doubting and darkness thy love be our

night. From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, and save me from crime.
light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, And wake in thy arms when morning returns.

CHORUS.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.
Father, have mercy, &c.
THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOR EVER!

Partly Composed, and Arranged, by A. Cull.

Words by Geo. P. Morris.

SEMI-CHORUS MAESTOSO.

1. A song for our banner, the watch-word recall, Which gave the Republic her station, "United we stand, divided we fall," It made and preserved us a nation. The union of hearts, the union of hands, And the flag of our Union for ever.

2. What God in his wisdom and mercy designed, And armed with his weapons of thunder, Not all the earth's despots and factions combined, Have the power to conquer or sunder. The union of hearts, &c.


The union of lakes, the union of lands, The union of States none can sever.

FULL CHORUS.

Ever, ever, ever, And the flag of our Union for ever.
WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY.

Words and Music by Rev. G. S. Plumley.

1. Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, only there, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, and only there.

2. Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, only there, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, only there, Where Liberty dwells, is my country, There, and only there.

3. Where Liberty dwells, &c.
That star-spread flag once covered
Our Washington, the blest;
That eagle victorious has hovered
Long o'er our bravest and best.
Chorus. Where Liberty, &c.

And know there's one who never
Bids a good cause go down;
God reigns, and his favor is ever
With us, with our foes, his frown.
Chorus. Where Liberty dwells, &c.

5. Where Liberty dwells, &c.
Sing then, bid those who love us
Join in our song so free;
The heavens are smiling above us,
Success, Peace and Liberty.
Chorus. Where Liberty, &c.
1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right! In a noble cause contending, God speed the right! Be their zeal in heaven recorded, tho' defeated, God speed the right! Like the great and good in story, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right! God speed the right!

2. Be the prayer again repeated, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing, God speed the right! Be their zeal in heaven recorded, tho' defeated, God speed the right! Like the great and good in story, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right! If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right! God speed the right!
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. National Song.

Maestoso.

SONG OR DUET.

Arranged by Augustus Cull.

1. O... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
   Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight O'er the ramparts we watched were so

2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
   What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half con-

   twilight's last gleaming;
   gallantly streaming;
   silence рожен;
   scals, half dis-clos-es;
   Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full

   proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh say, does that star-spangled ban-
   glory reflect-ed now shines in the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it

   wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. Oh... say, does that
   wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. 'Tis the star-spa-ngled
ADDITIONS TO "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When our land is illumined by Liberty's smile,  
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,  
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile  
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!  
By the millions unchained when our birth was gained,  
We will keep her bright blazon for ever unstained!  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

BY MISS STEBBING, THE SCULPTOR.

When treason's dark cloud hovers black o'er the land,  
And traitors conspire to sully her glory,  
When that banner is torn by a fratricide band,  
Whose bright, starry folds shine illumined in story,  
United we stand for the dear native land,  
To the Union we pledge every heart, every hand!  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
FAREWELL TO OUR SUPERINTENDENT.

Words by Rev. Dr. Rogers. 
Music by S. H. Dyer.

Once more with joy and singing. To this bright scene we move, Our 
Yet while with grateful gladness, His praises we prolong, The 
glad-some voices ringing. In praise to him we love; His guardian care and 
deep-er notes of sadness, Must mingle in our song. For ties we loved to 
kindness, Have marked the passing year, And brought us on our journey, With 
cher-ish, We sun-der here with tears. And break with trembling fingers The
FAREWELL TO OUR SUPERINTENDENT, [Concluded.] 27

Oh! friend, and guide, and brother,
Beneath whose kindly rule,
So oft we've met together,
A happy Sabbath School;
We thank thee for thy labors,
Ever so freely given,
To tell us of our duty,
And lead the way to heaven.

scarce a falling tear.
pleasant bonds of years.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE,

Marcato. Words by a Teacher. Music by S. H. D.

1 in this day, when warlike ardor Glows in every manly heart.

2 'Tis a service where no martial Shout or clash of arms is heard;

And when free-men fear to falter Lest their liberties depart,
Yet the battle rages fiercely, Though their be no sound nor word;
THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. [Concluded.]

Though we may not swell the number Pressing forward peace to win,
There's an enemy to conquer—'Tis the heart—he reigns within—

There is yet a nobler service Which we here may enter in,
And we seek a better country And a glorious crown to win.

There is yet a nobler service Which we here may enter in,
And we seek a better country. And a glorious crown to win.

3 There's a great and glorious Captain
Who will lead us in the fight;
One whose eye is ever on us,
While He strengthens with His might.
Helmet, shield, and shining breast-plate—
These our armor for the fray;
And the Spirit's sword is given,
Mighty every foe to slay.

4 Thus equipped, and marshalled onward
'Neath a banner from on high,
Shall we shrink from fierce encounter
While the enemy is nigh?
Never! Christ Himself is with us:
See Him from the heaven's bend!
Thanks to Him, we'll gain the vict'ry,
Faithful fighting to the end.
Words by Wm. Moore.  THE BEST FRIEND. Music by M. F. H. Smith. 29

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Smoothly.

1. The thought is inspiring, the prospect is sweet. To know that when death I am

summon'd to meet, The friend who in life as my Saviour I knew Will

2. When Satan pursues me, when evil is nigh,
To Christ as my refuge, for safety I fly;
'Tis there I'm secure, and my hopes I renew.
While trusting the friend that is faithful and true

3. Lone seasons of grief and sadness I've seen,
But He my support and my comfort has been.
Around me the arms of His mercy He threw.
Thus proving a friend that was faithful and true.

4. When time with its changes the message shall bring,
That I must be going, still close will I cling
To Him, who in life as my Saviour I knew,
Since He is the friend that is faithful and true.
LORD GIVE US FAITH.

Poetry by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Andante con moto.

Music by F. R. Silcher, arr. by Prof. Cull.

1. Oh, have you seen the King of kings Array'd in robes of light? He, to the poor, salvation brings, And to the blind gives sight. A shepherd too, he leads his flock, In pastures fresh and
2.

Lord give us faith that we may view,
Thy sweet and heavenly face;
And all the life-long journey through,
Be strong to run the race.
Faith, Lord, like Peter, would we ask
To walk the restless tide,
Of sin and care, and toil and pain,
So we but reach thy side!

3.

By faith we see the fadeless hills,
By faith we see our home,—
While angel voices seem to say,
"Poor weary pilgrim come!"
Through glistening tears we see by faith,
Out stretched on yonder shore,
The beckoning hands of loving friends,
Oh, can we ask for more.
THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments."

Words by Wm. Moore.

Music by M. F. H. Smith.

Moderato.

1 The way to happiness obtain, Is not to live alone for gain,

2 A word, though small it may appear, If fitly spoken in the ear.

But to be doing good, To take the fainting by the hand, To cheer them when they may be a conquest won—A soul withheld from going down, To dwell 'neath Heaven's per-

doubting stand, And help them on to Canaan's land—As every Christian should.

pet-ual frown, A jewel bright to deck the crown Of God's eternal son.
THE WAY TO BE HAPPY. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Little quicker.*

O that's the way, O that's the way, O that's the way to be happy; To

live and do as Christ has taught, To love each other as we ought—O

that's the way, O that's the way, O that's the way to be happy.

3 Go to the homes where sorrow reigns,
Thro' highways, by-ways, streets and lanes,
And there the news make known,
That great and small, that halt and blind,

And outcasts, all of every kind.
In Christ, salvation free may find,
If they his power but own.
*Chorus.*—O that's the way, &c.
1. The soldiers are gathering from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, We'll turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song, With never will yield, The "sword of the spirit" both trusty and strong, We'll

2. The foe is before us in battle array, But let us not waver nor

3. We've listed for life and will camp on the field, With Christ as our captain we

CHORUS.

Gird on our armor, and be marching along. Marching along, we are courage and faith we are marching along. Marching along, &c.

Hold in our hands as we're marching along. Marching along, &c.
Marching along, gird on the armor and be marching along, the conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, then gird on the armor and be marching along.

4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

5 Then, let us press forward, and hope to the end,
While we battle for truth, we have always a Friend
If we triumph, we'll join in the Conqueror's song,
So, with joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along.

Marching along, marching along,
With joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along.
THE LION OF JUDAH.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.


ALTO.

1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a.
2. And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my instrument.

fountain for sinners like me; His blood is that fountain which pardon bountiful, his love in my heart; So now I am joined with the conquer ing.

CHORUS.

stows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows. For the Lion of band, Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command. For the Lion, &c.
37

THE LION OF JUDAH. (Concluded.)

Ju-dah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

3. Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
   And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
   In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss—
   My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

   Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
       And give us the vict'ry again and again.

4. And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
   And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
   Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
   I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

   Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
       And give us the vict'ry again and again.

5. And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
   From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
   I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
   And sing of the blood of the cross ever more.

   Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
       And give us the vict'ry again and again.
Jesus our dearest Lord and King.

Words and Music by E. N. Andrews.

1. Jesus our dearest Lord and King, We gather here thy praise to sing:

O look upon us from above, And grant each little child thy love.

2. Once thou didst suffer such to come,
When mothers brought to thee from home,
The children thou didst then caress:
Look upon us too, and each one bless.

3. Put thy dear hand upon our head,
Since thy own heart for us hath bled,

And say "Thy sins are all forgiven,"
Believe, and follow me to Heaven.

4. Yes, Jesus, we would come to thee,
Help me from every sin to flee;
And while we on thy name believe,
Do thou at last our souls receive.
CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE DEEP.

Ecclesiastes XI, 1 and 6.

Words and music by E. N. Andrews.

Cast your bread upon the deep And a blessing you shall reap Give to seven

and to eight, Tho' a little, 'twill be great. Every little deed of love

Will be noticed from above, For our heavenly Father knows, It shall blossom as the rose.

2 In the morning sow thy seed, Evening then shall bring no need, To the one who labors still, Earnestly to do God's will, While He gives us daily food Let our hands be doing good

For how many to us say: "We are not so poor as they." Making all our pathway bright, With a glorious, heavenly light, Praise the Savior for his love, Leading us to God above.

3 Sorrow comes to all on earth But in Jesus the New Birth Fills us with another life,
TWELVE MONTHS HAVE SWIFTLY ROLLED AROUND.


1. Twelve months have swiftly rolled around, Since in this place our festal lay, We sang to friends and teachers dear, On this our Anniversary day, Pleasant months, Pleasant months, May many more be ours,


2. We greet you now with songs of praise, In sweeter strains than ere before, And bless the Lord for his rich grace, Bestowed on us in days of yore, Joyful songs, joyful songs, We now do raise on high.

3. We love to meet in Sunday School, To study from God's holy word; Which tells us that so great is love, He for us shed his precious blood, Sunday School, Sunday School, 'Tis there we love to go.

4. To many who have met us now, The past has been a happy year, For they have found a hope in Christ, Above all other hopes most dear. Happy year, happy year, We know its been to them.

5. And may the twelve months yet to come, Be e'en more fruitful than the last; And may none who have met us here, In vain thy blessing on them ask. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, For all his mercies shown.
1. What says the clock? when it strikes... one, 
   Watch, says the clock, oh, 
   watch little one! What says the clock when it strikes... two?

2. Love God, little darling, for God loves you! And tell me, tell me softly
   what it whispers at three? It is; "Suffer little children to come unto me."

3. Then come gentle lambs, come and wander no more, 
   'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four. 
   And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive, 
   When it echoes so sweetly, God bless thee at five, 
   And remember at six, with the fading of day, 
   That your life is a vapor that passeth away! 
   What says the clock when it strikes seven? 
   Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven! 
   And what says the clock when it strikes eight? 
   Strive, strive to enter in at the Beautiful Gate! 
   And louder, still louder it calls us at nine, 
   And its song is, my Son, give me that heart of thing.

4. Then sweet be your voices responsive at ten—
   Hosanna in the highest, hosanna—Amen! 
   And loud let the chorus ring on till eleven—
   Praise, praise to the Father, the Father in Heaven. 
   While the deep stroke of midnight the watchword shall bring 
   Lo! these are my jewels, these, these saith the King.
Our God Is Marching On

Words from W. M.
Maestoso.

Music by D. C. Holmes, Esq. Arr. by Prof. Cull.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of. . . . the

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling

Lord, He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are camps; They have built Him an altar in the evening dews and

stored, He hath loosed the faithful lightning of his terrible swift
damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON. Concluded.

Music by H. W. CHORUS.

sword, Our God is marching on! Marching, marching
lamps: Our God, &c.
marching, marching, Our God is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
   "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
   Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel." Our God, &c.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
   He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,
   Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet! Our God, &c.

5 In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
   With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
   As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, Our God, &c.
THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Poetry by Mrs. O. S. Matteson. Music by Stephen. C. Foster.

Moderato, con Expression.

1. There's a beautiful shore where the lov'd ones are gone
   Mid the flow'rs decked in ever-green bloom. And we know they have crossed o'er the dark deathwave.

2. Oh that beautiful shore where the lov'd ones are gone, And the flow'rs and the ever-green trees,
   We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow, And the dwell in that bright angel home; They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept,
   breath faintly dies on the breeze; We shall meet the loved ones who have gone before,
And they join in the angel throng, And the soft melting notes of the
And have bloomed in the world of souls, When our spirits shall pass to that

CHORUS.

chorus above In beauty is born along. There's a beautiful
bright, happy shore, Our bodies, the tomb below. There's a beautiful

shore where the loved ones are gone A beautiful shore where the lov'd ones are gone.

3. To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone, We must bear the good part, must not shrink from
To the flowers and the evergreen glade, Till the pilot shall bear us o'er [toil,
We shall one day pass, like the brave of yore To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,
And bask in the beautiful shade, Where parting shall come no more. Cho,
There is a land of love. Where the pure and the holy rest,

Far in the realms above, In joy and gladness ever drest; A

1. There is a land of love. Where the pure and the holy rest.
2. There is a land of love, On the shores of the crystal sea;

Far in the realms above, In joy and gladness ever drest; A

There may the spirit rove, From earthly trials ever free; A

land of beauty and delight, Where the streets are paved with gold; Where cel-

land where tears are wiped away; Where the blind their God behold; Where the
THERE IS A LAND. Concluded.

Les - tial flowers are blooming fair and bright, And all is glorious to be - hold.
Lame may walk a - long the heavenly way. And the bondman ne'er again be sold!

Chorus.

Last verse repeat chorus pp.

There is a land of love, O - ver on Ca-naan's shore; There the soul in

Christ may sweetly rest, And nev - er, nev-er leave it more.

3 There is a land of love,
Where the soul of the ransomed sings
There may the weary dove,
From earthly wanderings fold her wings.

A land of truth and glory bright
Where the pangs of death ne'er come;
Where Christ himself will be the only light.
Oh! may I call that land my home! Cho.
1. When we hear the music, ringing
   In the bright celestial dome,
   When sweet

2. When the holy angels meet us,
   As we go to join their band;
   Shall we

   angel voices singing
   Gladly bid us welcome home,
   To the land of ancient

   know the friends that greet us,
   In the glorious spirit land!
   Shall we see the same eyes

   story, Where the spirit knows no care,
   In that land of light and glory,
   Shall we

   shining, On us, as in days of yore?
   Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly
SHALL WE KNOW. Concluded.

CHORUS. Repeat (Ad Lib.) pp

know each other there? Shall we know... each other? Shall we know... each round us, as before? Shall we, &c.

*We shall

We shall

We shall

We shall

We shall

We shall

3.
Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright:
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the lov'd of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.
Shall we know, &c,

*For last verse.

4.
Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"
We shall know, &c.
Oh! 'Tis Glorious!

Poetry by Rev. Edwin H. Nevin.

Music by S. C. Foster.

1. When our earthly sun is setting, And its glory fading fast; When our life's long looked for evening With its shadows comes at last— Oh! 'tis glorious, Oh! 'tis glorious, To enter in the sweet refrain, Oh! 'tis glorious, Oh! 'tis glorious, To know we'll meet again.

2. When the tear-drops fast are flowing, And our hearts are torn with grief; When for all our sorrows, vainly We attempt to find relief—Cho.

3. When the cold sweat of the dying Hangs in drops upon our face, And a secret voice assures us We have almost run our race—Cho.

4. When the friends we love are standing Round our lonely, dying bed, And we take our farewell parting Ere the spark of life has fled—Cho.
COME, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

From the "Melodeon," by permission.

1. Come, sing to me of heaven, When I'm about to die;
   Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there.
2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my marble brow,

Sing songs of holy constancy, To waft my soul on high.
In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.
Break forth in songs of joyfulness, Let heaven begin below.

3. When the last moments come,
   O, watch my dying face,
   To catch the bright seraphic gleam
   Which o'er my features play.—Cho.
4. Then to my raptured car,
   Let one sweet song be given;
   Let music charm me last on earth,
   And greet me first in heaven.—Cho.

5. Then close my sightless eyes,
   And lay me down to rest;
   And fold my pale and icy hands
   Upon my lifeless breast.—Cho.
6. Then round my senseless clay
   Assemble those I love;
   And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
   My glorious home above.—Cho.
LITTLE ELLA'S AN ANGEL.

Written and composed by Stephen C. Foster.

Solo.

Quartette or Semichorus.

1 Little Ella's an angel in the skies, Sing, merrily sing.

Solo.

Quartette or Semichorus.

Come brother and sister, cease your sighs, Sing, merrily sing.

Full Chorus: For last verse repeat chorus pp.

Sing, merrily sing, Let the chorus joyfully ring! Little
Never weep for the angel that's free from tears: Little Ella was truthful, good, and kind:
   Sing, merrily sing,
Never sigh for the blest that have left all:  Little Ella was blest in heart and mind:
   Sing, merrily sing. Cho.  [fears:
3. She has gone while her spirit from sin was Free:
   Little Ella has left us full of love:
   Sing, merrily sing.
To a region of love and melody:
   Let us follow her up to the realms above:
   Sing, merrily sing. Cho.

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HOME, HEAVENLY HOME!

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder,  
Tune.—Little Ella's An Angel.

1. Every day I am nearer Canaan's shore, Home, heavenly home!
   Home, heavenly home!
Where sorrow and sighing come no more, Home, heavenly home!
   Every forehead a pearly crown shall wear,
Cho. Home, heavenly home!  Home, heavenly home!
3. Never mourn, for the river of life is free, Home, heavenly home!
   With watching and waiting we soon shall see,
I can sing with the ransomed ever more, Home, heavenly home!
   Home, heavenly home!

---

2. Every bud that has perished is blooming here, Home, heavenly home!
   From thy joys I never shall roam, Home, heavenly home!
3. Never mourn, for the river of life is free, Home, heavenly home!
   With watching and waiting we soon shall see,
THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

Words by W. B. TAPPAN.  
WOODLAND. C.M.  
Music by N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning-wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found above—in heaven.

2. There is a soft a downy bed, 'Tis fair as breath of even; 
A couch for weary mortals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find repose—in heaven.

3. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heaven.

4. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given; 
And views the tempests passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene—in heaven.

5. There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given: 
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—Beyond the confines of the tomb 
Appears the dawn of heaven.
**GIVE ME THE WINGS. C. M.**

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
   Within the veil and see
   The saints above, how great their joys,
   How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
   And bathed their couch with tears;
   They wrestled hard, as we do now,
   With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
   They, with united breath,
   Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,
   Their triumph to his death.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
   For his own pattern given;
   While the long cloud of witnesses
   Shows the same path to heaven.

**HOW SWEET AND AWFUL. C. M.**

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
   With Christ within the doors,
   While everlasting Love displays
   The choicest of her stores!

2 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
   That sweetly drew us in;
   Else we had still refused to taste,
   And perished in our sin.

3 Pity the nations, O our God;
   Constrain the earth to come;
   Send thy victorious word abroad,
   And bring the strangers home.

4 We long to see thy churches full,
   That all the chosen race
   May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
   Sing thy redeeming grace.

**JESUS, I LOVE. C. M.**

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
   'Tis music to the ear;
   Fain would I sound it out so loud
   That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
   My transport and my trust:
   Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
   And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
   In thee doth richly meet;
   Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
   Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
   With my last, laboring breath,
   And, dying, clasp thee in my arm
   The antidote of death.
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

1 Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee: E'en though it be a cross

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

2 Though like a wanderer, 4 Then with my waking thought's,

Daylight all gone, Bright with thy praise,

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

God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear 5 Or, if on joyful wing,

Steps up to heaven; Cleaving the sky,

All that thou sendest me Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

In mercy given, Upward I fly,

Angels to beckon me Still, all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, etc. Nearer, my God, etc.

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
I'M A LONELY TRAVELLER. 6s & 4s.

1 I'm a lonely traveller here,
   Weary, oppress'd;
   But my journey's end is near,
   Soon I shall rest,
   Dark and dreary is the way,
   Toiling I've come;
   Ask me not with you to stay:
   Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a traveller, and I go
   Where all is fair;
   Farewell all I've loved below
   I must be there.
   Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
   All I resign;
   Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
   If heaven be mine.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP. 6s & 4s.

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 While life's dark maze I tread,
   And griefs around me spread,
   Be thou my Guide:
   Bid darkness turn to day,
   Wipe sorrow's tears away,
   Nor let me ever stray
   From thee aside.

4 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 ransom'd soul.

A CROWN OF GLORY. 6 & 4s.

1 A crown of glory bright,
   By faith, I see
   In yonder realms of light
   Prepared for me.
   Oh, may I faithful prove,
   And keep it in my view,
   And through the storms of life
   My way pursue.

2 Jesus, be thou my guide,
   My steps attend;
   Oh, keep me near thy side,
   Be thou my friend;
   Be thou my shield and sun,
   My Saviour and my guard;
   And, when my work is done,
   My great reward.
1. Thou who ordainest, for the land's salvation, Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation, Now unto Thee we lift our supplication—God save the Nation!

2. By the great sign, foretold, of thy Appearing, Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand fearing, Show us, amid this smoke of battle, clearing, Thy chariot nearing! God save, &c.

3. By the brave blood that floweth like a river, Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out thy quiver! Break Thou the strong gates! Every fetter shiver! Smite and deliver! God save, &c.

4. Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision! Till, through the blood red Valley of Decision, Peace on our fields shine, like a prophet's vision, Green and elysian! God save, &c.
A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter.*


1 A home in heav'n, what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot.
   His heart oppressed and with anguish driven From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heav'n, as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain and uplifts his eyes, To that bright home, what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven, when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid, And strength decays, and our health is riven, We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven, when the faint heart bleeds; By the spirit's stroke for its evil deeds, Oh then what bliss in that heart forgiven, Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 Our home in heaven, oh the glorious home, And the spirit joined with the bride says "come," Come seek his face, and your sin forgiven And rejoice in hope, of your home in heaven.

* By permission, from "Select Melodies," published by Perkinpine & Higgins, Philadelphia.
60 MY FATHER, BE THOU THE GUIDE OF MY YOUTH. 38 & 78.


1 Heavenly Father, I am threading Life's wild mazes, all alone;

In my childish weakness treading, Ways all shadowy and unknown;

DUET. 2d time Chorus

Paths on every hand diverging, Tempt me from the narrow way;

Paths on every hand diverging,
CHORUS.

Foes from out the shade e-merging, Fill my soul with dire dis-may.

2 Poisonous fruits and flowers are growing,
   Snares and pitfalls I descry;
   I am weary in my going.
   Lord, I falter, faint and die,
   Wilt thou be my guide, my Father,
   Wilt thou take my youthful hand?
   Bear me in thy bosom rather,
   Through this dangerous, unknown land.

3 Bring me into wisdom's pathway,
   Where is pleasantness and peace:
   To the King's most glorious highway,
   Crowned with holiness and grace;
   There my lips shall ever praise thee,
   There my feet shall sure abide;
   Never shall I wander from thee,
   O my blessed, heavenly Guide.

GOD IS LOVE. 8s & 7s.

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
   All the path in which we rove;
   Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
   God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
   Man decays, and ages move;
   But His mercy waxeth never;
   God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
   Will His changeless goodness prove;
   From the gloom His brightness streameth,
   God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
   Hope and comfort from above:
   Every where His glory shineth;
   God is wisdom, God is love.
Words by Mrs. H. E. Brown.

Full Chorus.

Music by J. L. Ensign.

1. Ring! ring! ring! ring! Sweetly, sweetly ring! Ring! ring! ring! Sweetly, sweetly ring!

2. Come! come! come! come! Children, children come! Scatter flowers with sweet perfume!

D.C.

fes-tal dawn! Carols wake the festal dawn!

Good will to men.

Blossom in a world of pain.

Cho. Come, &c.
CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

3 Far, far, far, far,  
    Shines, oh, shines a star!  
    Brightly gleaming through the air!  
    With glittering ray  
    It lights the way;  
    Guide to Christ and endless day.  

    Cho. Far, &c.

4 Hear! hear! hear! hear!  
    Angels, angels near,  
    Wonders of his birth declare.  
    "Born to redeem  
    "From sin and shame—  
    "Jesus thou shalt call his name."  

    Cho. Hear, &c.

SABBATH CAROL.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

1 Hail, hail, hail, hail!  
    Blessed Sabbath hail!  
    Leading us from worldly strife,  
    From brooding care—  
    From deserts bare—  
    Into pastures green and fair!  

    Cho. Hail, &c.

2 Now, now, now, now,  
    Let us humbly bow,  
    Grateful for sweet Sabbath’s rest,  
    Its crimson light  
    Dispels our night,  
    Angels wonder at the sight.  

    Cho. Now, &c.

3 Drink, drink, drink, drink,  
    From the flowing brink,  
    "Who so drinketh ne’er shall die;"  
    Sweet living well,  
    In shady dell,  
    Half thy pleasures none can tell!  

    Cho. Drink, &c.

4 Hail, hail, hail, hail!  
    Blessed Sabbath, hail,  
    Foretaste of eternal bliss,  
    Of heavenly songs—  
    Of shining throngs—  
    All that to the saint belongs.  

    Cho. Hail, &c.
TEARS BRING THoughts OF HEAVEN.

TEARS. 7s.  
Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Blame not those who weep and sigh When to sadness given;

Kindly view the tearful eye—Tears bring thoughts of Heaven.

2. When in death our friends depart, When our hopes are riven; 
Tears bring comfort to the heart—Tears bring thoughts of Heaven.

3. To the suffering child of earth Unto madness driven, 
Hallowed hours when tears have birth—Tears bring thoughts of Heaven.
'TIS MY HAPPINESS BELOW. 7s.

1 'Tis my happiness below,
   Not to live without the cross,
   But the Saviour's power to know,
   Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
   But, with humble faith to see
   Love inscribed upon them all—
   This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
   Of affliction, pain and toil;
   These spring up, and choke the weeds
   Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
   Trials give new life to prayer;
   Trials bring me to His feet—
   Lay me low, and keep me there.

   LORD, FOREVER. 7s.

   1 Lord, forever at thy side
      Let my place and portion be;
      Strip me of the robe of pride;
      Clothe me with humility.

   2 Meekly may my soul receive
      All thy spirit hath revealed;
      Thou hast spoken; I believe,
      Though the oracle be sealed.

   3 Humble as a little child,
      Weaned from the mother's breast,
      By no subleties beguiled,
      On thy faithful word I rest.

   4 Israel, now and evermore
      In the Lord Jehovah trust;
      Him, in all his ways adore,
      Wise, and powerful, and just.

JESUS, SAVE MY DYING SOUL. 7s.

1 Jesus, save my dying soul;
   Make the broken spirit whole;
   Humble in the dust I lie;
   Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
   Now reveal thy smiling face;
   Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
   Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
   Thou art righteous, thou alone.
   All my help is from thy cross;
   All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
   Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
   Helpless at thy feet I lie;
   Saviour, leave me not to die:
COLUMBIA'S KING FOREVER.

Words by Mrs. Jennie DeWitt.
Music by A. Cull.

Maestoso.

f 1 Lord of lords, and King of kings, Of our nation's life the Giver, Heart and hand to
2 Thine the olive, thine the rod, When we stray, with both restore us, Be thou ours, as

thee she brings Loy - al now and ev - er. Sealed to thee with mar - tyr-blood,
Is - rael's God, Fire and cloud be - fore us Drive from our be - loved land

Blood of patriot sires who bore us, Mountain-prairie-forest-flood. Swells the lofty chorus.
Open foe and secret traitor Scatter with thine own right hand All who waste and hate her.
COLUMBIA'S KING FOREVER. [Concluded.]

Chorus, Faster.

O thou Almighty King, To Thee our hope shall clinging, Thou empires shake and sever. Unto and keep us free, We own no Lord but Thee, Columbia's King forever!

3

God of Battles! be thou nigh
When the war-cloud breaks in thunder,
Let no storm that sweeps our sky,
Rend its stars asunder.

God of Peace! through lowering skies,
Burst in might and shine in splendor,
While thy sons united rise
Love and homage render.

We own no Lord but thee Columbia's King forever!

4

Great Jehovah! through all time
Here let Virtue make her dwelling
Holy aim and deed sublime,
Columbia's triumph swelling.

Let the mighty march of years,
Sing her fame, and tell her story
While the world our chorus hears,
Thine be all the glory. Chorus.
PLEASANT WORDS FOR ALL.
(DUET AND CHORUS.)

Words by Mary Roberts.
Music by James Roberts.

1. Pleasant words! the river's wave That ripples ev'ry minute,
   On the shore we love so well. Hath not such music in it.

2. And as honey is not found Where no flowers are blooming;
   Nor the song of breeze or truth are growing.

   So unless within our hearts All love and birds half so sweet as pleasant words, Half so sweet as
find Pleasant words sincere and kind, Pleasant words sin-
   No one on our lips will

   please-ant words, Pleasant words for all............

CHORUS.

Pleasant words, pleasant words, pleasant words for all;...

3. Let us, then, ask God to plant
   In us, flowers of beauty;
   Teach us to watch over them
   With humble, patient duty,
   Flowers that give the heart of youth,
   Meekness, gentleness, and truth,
   Meekness, gentleness, and truth,
   Pleasant words for all! Cho.

4. Pleasant words! oh, let us strive
   To use them very often;
   Other hearts they will delight,
   And our own will soften,
   Prove in every state and mood
   Happy way of doing good,
   Happy way of doing good,
   Pleasant words for all! Cho.

Published in sheet form by HORACE WATERS.
THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER,

Words by M. E. Williams.
Music by A. A. Allen. Arr. by A. Cull.

Maestoso Solo.

I Three cheers for our Banner, the stripes and the stars, The ensign of Liberty's glorious wars! Fling it out to the breezes, its colors display, Let our Standard float, boldly in face of the day, We will stand by this Banner, thro' fire and flood, We will guard and defend it, tho'

CHORUS.

crimson'd with blood. Then, three cheers for our Banner, in
THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER. Concluded.

peace and in wars, We will ever be true to the Stripes and the Stars.

2

Three cheers for our Union, the Land of our birth;
'Tis the fortress of Freedom, the hope of the Earth,
Arouse you ye sons of the East and the West,
To defend it, though blood flow from each gallant breast,
Remember a noble old poet has said,
'Tis sweet for our Country, to sleep with the dead. Chorus.

3

The noble young heroes who rescue her name,
Columbia will crown with the garland of fame;
If they fall, she will weep o'er their glorious scars,
And will lay them to rest 'neath her Banner of Stars.
We know that the Yankees will always be found,
In the van of the host, on the blood reddened ground. Chorus.

4

Three cheers for Columbia, the queen of the world,
To the winds every quarter, her flag be unfurled,
We have bowed at her feet in the day of her pride;
Shall we basely desert her, now she is defied?
No: millions of voices will quickly reply,
For freedom and Country we'll dare and we'll die. Chorus.
WILLIE'S GONE TO HEAVEN.

Written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Duet.  Semichorus  Semichorus

1 Little Willie's gone to heaven, Praise the Lord! All his sins have been forgiven, Praise the Lord!

Lively.  Full Chorus.

Joyful let your voices rise, Do not come with tearful eyes, Willie's dwelling in the skies, Willie's gone to heaven!

2.  
Little Willie murmured never,  
Praise the Lord!
Willie's soul will live forever,  
Praise the Lord!

Cho. Joyful let, &c.

3.  
In departing he was cheerful,  
Praise the Lord!

He was hopeful, never fearful,  
Praise the Lord!

Cho. Joyful let, &c.

4.  
All the light on him has broken,  
Praise the Lord!
That from Christ was kindly spoken,  
Praise the Lord!

Cho. Joyful let, &c.
SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

Words and music by S. C. Foster.

DUETT.—Asks the questions.

1. What did our Lord and Savior say When others wished to drive us away?

Instruments.

CHORUS. Answers them.

“Suffer little children to come unto me,—Of such is the kingdom of heav’n.”

2. What did he say who from above Came down to teach us kindness and love? Cho. Suffer little, etc.

3. What were the words of him who bled, Nailed to the cross with thorns on his head? Cho. Suffer little, etc.

4. What did he say whose spirit shed Hope to the living, life to the dead? Cho. Suffer little, etc.

5. If on his mercy we rely, What will his words be when we die? Cho. Suffer little, etc.
Far from mortal cares retiring, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires,
Here our will-ing foot-steps meeting, Ev-ery heart to heaven as-pires;
D. C, Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claiming Peace and par-don from the skies.

From the Fount of glo-ry beam-ing, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes.

Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none:
Race and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws;
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.
Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,  
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,  
Says a week has passed away.  
Let me think how time is passing:  
Soon the longest life departs;  
Nothing human is abiding  
Save the love of humble hearts.

Love to God, and to our neighbor,  
Makes our purest happiness;  
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,  
Earth's poor trifles to possess.  
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;  
Like the startled dove they fly,  
Or the clouds each other chasing,  
Over yonder quiet sky.

Father, now one prayer I raise thee;  
Give an humble grateful heart;  
Never let me cease to praise thee,  
Never from thy fear depart;  
Then, when years have gathered o'er me,  
And the world is sunk in shade,  
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;  
There my treasure will be laid.

COME YE SINNERS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Come ye sinners, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If you wait till you are better  
You will never come at all;  
Sinners only,  
Christ, the Saviour, came to call.

Let no sense of guilt prevent you,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him,  
There He groans, and bleeds, and dies,  
"It is finished,"—  
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

Lo! th'incarnate God ascending  
Pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him—venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good.

DOXOLOGY. 8s & 7s.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.
BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER.

DUETT OR QUARTETTE. COMODO

Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Lay me down where the grass is green, mother,
   Beneath the willow shade,

Where the murmuring winds will mourn, mother,
The wreck that death has made.

CHORUS

Bury me in the morning,
And mourn not at my loss,
For I'll
ETERNITY!  L. M.

1 Eternity is just at hand!
   And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
   And careless view departing day,
   And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!
   To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
   But, O, if Christ and heaven be mine,
   How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
   My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—
   An interest in the Saviour's blood,
   My pardon sealed, my peace with God.

4 Search, Lord, O, search my inmost heart,
   And light and hope, and joy impart:
   From guilt and error set me free,
   And guide me safe to heaven and thee.
COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise, D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of God's unchanging love,

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hither by Thine help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let that grace now, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love— Here's my heart—O take and seal it; Seal it from Thy courts above.
HEAR, O SINNER. 8s. 7s & 4.

1 Hear, O sinner! Mercy hails you; Now with sweetest voice she calls; Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls: Trust in Jesus; 'Tis the voice of Mercy calls,

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour, Seek his mercy while you may; Soon the day of grace is over; Soon your life will pass away: Haste to Jesus; You must perish if you stay.

LOVE DIVINE, 8s & 7s.

1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown: Jesus, thou art all compassion; Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy Holy Spirit Into every troubled breast; Let us all thy grace inherit; Let us find thy promised rest: Take away the love of sinning;

Take our load of guilt away; End the work of thy beginning; Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation; Pure and holy may we be; Let us see our whole salvation Perfectly secured by thee; Change from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

KNOW, MY SOUL. 8s & 7s.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in every station, Something still to do or bear: Think what spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think what Jesus did to win thee: Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith and winged by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there: Soon shall close thy earthly mission; Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
BEFORE ALL PLACES, EAST OR WEST.

Words by Minnie Waters.
Arr. from a German Air, by H. Tucker.

CHORUS.

1. Before all places, east or west, I love the Sunday-school far the best, With
2. Before all people, east or west, I love my teachers far the best; I

DUET.

all the bright eyes gleaming; Next to my home, it has a part, A precious place with-
love their earnest training; Next to my parents, kind and true, To them my fond-est

CHORUS.

--- in my heart, A thousand faults redeeming, A thousand faults redeem-ing.
love is due, A love that knows nowan-ing, A love that knows no wan-ing.
3. Before all children, east or west,
   I love my schoolmates far the best;
   The friends of life's sweet morning;
   Their youthful heart for learning burns,
   That they to good account may turn
   The mind's inward adorning.

4. Before all pleasures, east or west,
   I love my studies far the best;
   The task that's set before me;
   For well I know that wisdom sweet
   Will prove a lamp unto my feet,
   And shed a radiance o'er me.

COLD WATER SONG.
TUNE—"Before all places."

1. Before all causes, east or west,
   I love the temperance cause the best—
   I love its cheerful greetings;
   I love the tales the speakers tell,
   The songs we sing while echoes swell
   At our cold water meetings,

2. Before all laws, or east or west,
   I count the law of love the best—
   Its accents, mildly spoken,
   Will harmless make the poisoned bowl—
   Bind up the wounded, and control
   The heart that's almost broken,

Patriotic Song.
TUNE—"Before all places."

1. Before all lands, from east to west,
   I love my native land the best,
   With God's best gifts 'tis teeming;

   No gold nor jewels here are found,
   Yet men of noble souls abound,
   And eyes with joy are gleaming.

2. Before all tongues, in east or west,
   I love my native tongue the best;
   Though not so smoothly spoken,
   Nor woven with Italian art;
   Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
   The word is never broken.

3. Before all people, east or west,
   I love my countrymen the best,
   A race of noble spirit—
   A sober mind, a generous heart,
   To virtue trained, yet free from art,
   They from their sires inherit.

CLOSING SCHOOL.
TUNE—"Nuremberg."

1. For a season called to part,
   Let us now ourselves commend
   To the gracious eye and heart
   Of our ever-present Friend.

2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
   Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
   Let thy mercy and thy care,
   All our souls in safety keep.

3. What we each have now been taught,
   Let our memories retain;
   May we, if we live, be brought
   Here to meet in peace again.

4. Then, if thou instruction bless,
   Songs of praises shall be given,
   We'll our thankfulness express,
   Here on earth, and when in heaven.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGY: No. 2. L. M.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

DOXOLOGY. No. 3. L. M.
All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

DOXOLOGY. No. 4. L. M.
Praise to the Father with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

DOXOLOGY. No. 5. L. M.

1 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.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
JEHOVAH REIGNS. L. M.

1 Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At his rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace,

WITH ALL MY POWERS. L. M.

1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He bid my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

MY GOD, MY KING. L. M.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.
LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER.

SOLO

Words and music by S. C. Foster.

CHORUS

1 Leave me with my mother, for her voice is sweet, Sweetest, sweetest melody.

2 Leave me with my mother, for I love her more,
   Far more, far more than you know,
   Leave me with my mother, for her heart is pure,
   Purer, purer than the snow.

3 Leave me with my mother, and her prayers of love,
   Fervent, fervent prayers of love,
   Leave me with my mother, she is heard above,
   Kindly, kindly heard above.
He leadeth me! he leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me,

He leadeth me! he leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me,

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea——
Still 'tis God that leadeth me!

Cho. He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine——

Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis God that leadeth me.

Cho. He leadeth me! &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won:
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God, through Jordan, leadeth me,

Cho. He leadeth me! &c.
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Moderato

Music by Mrs. Parkhurst.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me D.C. And oft escaped the tempter’s snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter’s snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief.

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joy I feel, the bliss I share, Of those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desire for thy return. With such I hasten to the place, Where God my Saviour shows his face, To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D.C.
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. Concluded:

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer! Thy wing shall my petition bear To him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless, And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, ||: I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer. ||

FROM EVERY STORMY WIND. L. M.

1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat. There is a place, where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; ||: A place than all besides more sweet,— It is the blood-bought mercy-seat. ||

2 There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet, Around one common mercy-seat, There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; ||: And Heaven comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy-seat. ||

4. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share; Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my heaven, and at the sight, Put off this robe of flesh, and rise To seize the everlasting prize; ||: And shout while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. ||

PRAYER IS APPOINTED. L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey The blessings God designs to give: Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live, If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress; If cares distract, or fears dismay; ||: If guilt deject; if sin distress; In every case, still watch and pray. ||

2 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak, Though thought be broken, language lame, Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak; But pray with faith in Jesus' name. Depend on him; thou canst not fail; Make all thy wants and wishes known; ||: Fear not; his merits must prevail; Ask but in faith, it shall be done. ||
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

Written and composed by Stephen C. Foster.

Father of love, Father above, Send down thy blessing upon each head, Shield us from pride While we here abide, Give us this day our daily bread, Give us this day our daily bread.
GIVE US THIS DAY. Concluded.

2.

Humbly we pray,
Humbly we say,
Words that our Lord and Redeemer said.
Trustful and weak,
Humbly we speak,
Give us this day our daily bread.
Give us this day our daily bread.

3.

Make us resigned,
Patient of mind.
While to the throne of thy grace we're led
Make us content
With what is sent,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.

JESUS, OUR SHEPHERD.

1.

Shepherd, we stray—
Show us the way,
Safe thro' each valley and mountain steep;
Helpless we roam;
Gather us home;
Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!

2.

Why should we fear?
Thy voice we hear;
Calling us fondly thy path to keep—
Through pastures green,
Soft rills between,
Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!

3.

Keep us from sin;
Holy within;
Safe in thy bosom no more we'll weep,
Fill us with love,
Guide us above,
Jesus, our Shepherd, lead thy sheep!

4.

Sinful are we,
Thoughtless of thee,
While 'round our footsteps thy care is shed
Though we forget,
Watch o'er us yet,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.
1. A beautiful land by faith I see,
   A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair,
   And beautiful angels too are there.

**CHORUS**

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me?
THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me?

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

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
   Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
   Cho. Will you go, &c.

4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
   In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless praise.
   Cho. Will you go, &c.

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD. S. M.

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

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

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

4 To-day attend his voice,
   Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
MY DEAR REDEEMER. L. M.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
   I read my duty in thy word;
   But in thy life the law appears,
   Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
   Such deference to thy Father's will,
   Such love and meekness so divine,
   I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
   Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
   The desert thy temptations knew,
   Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me hear
   More of thy gracious image here;
   Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
   Among the followers of the Lamb.

WHY SHOULD WE START. L M.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
   What timorous worms we mortals are!
   Death is the gate of endless joy,
   And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
   Fright our approaching souls away;
   Still we shrink back again to life,
   Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
   My soul should stretch her wings in haste.
   Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
   Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
   Feel soft as downy pillows are,
   While on his breast I lean my head,
   And breathe my life out sweetly there.

JESUS OUR SOULS'. L. M.

1 Jesus, our souls' delightful choice,
   In thee believing, we rejoice,
   Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
   While Faith contends with Unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
   And keep our fainting hopes alive;
   But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
   And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O, let not sin and Satan boast.
   While saints lie mourning in the dust,
   Nor see that Faith to ruin brought,
   Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
   Reveal the glories of thy name.
   And put all anxious doubt to flight,
   As shades dispersed by opening light.
Let everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Savior and my Lord;
In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon;
Thy hands have brought salvation down, And stored the blessings in thy word.
With long despair the spirit breaks, Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.
GREAT WAS THE DAY. L. M.

1 Great was the day, the joy was great,  
   When the divine disciples met;  
   While on their heads the Spirit came,  
   And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave!  
   And power to heal, and power to save!  
   Furnished their tongues with wondrous words  
   Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,  
   From east to west, from south to north;  
   Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;  
   Go, spread the mystery of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,  
   Of what almighty force they are  
   To make our stubborn passions bow,  
   And lay the proudest rebel low!

PRAISE, EVERLASTING PRAISE. L. M.

1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid  
   To him who earth's foundations laid:  
   Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
   Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
   Who rules his people by his word;  
   And there, as strong as his decrees,  
   Reveals his kindest promises.

3 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
   To credit what th'Almighty saith!  
   T' embrace the message of his Son,  
   And call the joys of heaven our own.

4 Then, should the earth's foundations shake,  
   And all the wheels of nature break,  
   Our steady souls shall fear no more  
   Than solid rocks when billows roar.
There is a holy city, a happy world above, Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love; An everlasting temple, And saints array’d in white, There serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light.
2.
Is this the Man of sorrow,
Who stood at Pilate's bar.
Condemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe!

3.
The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

4.
And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below.
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

IN TIME OF TRIBULATION. 79 & 69.

1.
In time of tribulation Hear,
Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble suplication
To Thee my spirit flies:

2.
My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain:
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking
Still watch and weep in vain.

3.
The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanished bliss to view:
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew.

4.
Remembered sons of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.
1 Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirsty spirit faints a way, My thirsty spirit faints a way, Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power Through all thy temple shine: My God, repeat that heavenly hour, That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.
THERE IS A PATH.  C. M.

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 straight through this world of sin,
   And dangers must be passed;
   But those who boldly walk therein
   Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go
   Lies near, and opens fair;
   And many turn aside, I know,
   To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
   Or wander from the way,
   Lord, condescend to be my guide,
   That I may never stray.

WHY SHOULD WE?  C. M.

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 and are past:
   They yield us but a moment's 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, in our youthful days,
   Attend to wisdom's voice;
   And make these holy, happy ways,
   Our own delightful choice!

LORD! IN THE MORNING.  C. M.

1 Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear
   My voice ascending high;
   To thee will I direct my prayer,
   To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
   To plead for all his saints,
   Presenting at his Father's throne
   Our songs and our complaints.

3 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.

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

5 Oh! may thy spirit guide my feet,
   In ways of righteousness;
   Make every path of duty straight,
   And plain before my face.
SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

Moderato

SHEPHERD. 6s, 7s & 4s. Music by Mrs. Parkhurst.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; In thy pleasant 
pastures feed us. For our use thy folds prepare. Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast 
sin defend us. Seek us when we go a-stray. Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young 
bought us. Thine we are; Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are, 
children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.
SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. Concluded.

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,
   Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
   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.

HEAR THE HERALDS.

1 Hear the heralds of the gospel
   News from Zion's king proclaim:
   "To each rebel sinner pardon;
   Free forgiveness in his name:
   Oh. what mercy!
   "Free forgiveness in his name."

2 Sinners, will you scorn the message
   Sent in mercy from above!
   Every sentence, O how tender
   Every line is full of love:
   Listen to it;
   Every line is full of love.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
   Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
   And with news of consolation
   Chase away the falling tears;
   Tender heralds—
   Chase away the falling tears.

4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
   Waiting spirits, speed your way.
   Hasten to the court of heaven;
   Tidings bear without delay;
   Rebel sinners
   Glad the message will obey.

HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
   Sounds aloud from Calvary;
   See! it rends the rocks asunder,
   Shakes the earth, and veils the sky
   "It is finished!"
   Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
   Do these charming words afford,
   Heavenly blessings, without measure,
   Flow to us, through Christ the Lord
   "It is finished!"
   Saints! the dying words record,

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
   Join to sing the pleasing theme;
   All in earth and heaven, uniting,
   Join to praise Immanuel's name:
   Hallelujah!
   Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
SHALL WE SEE OUR SAVIOUR THERE?

TUNE, 46th page.

M. A. Kidder.

1 When the scenes of earth have faded,
   And we tarry here no more;
   When we catch sweet shining glimpses,
   Of the fair celestial shore;
   Of the land that knows no sorrow,
   Neither darkness nor despair,
   Shall we see him in his glory,
   Shall we see our Saviour there?
   Cho. Shall we see our Saviour?
   Shall we see our Saviour?
   Shall we see our Saviour?
   Shall we see our Saviour there?

2 When the friends we love shall fail us,
   As we brave death's chilling tide;
   When the olive plants forsake us,
   That have grown up by our side,
   And no living thing we cherished,
   Will avail us on that day,
   As we near the hills of glory,
   Shall we see him on our way?
   Cho. Shall we see, &c.

3 When the dreams of youth have vanished,
   And the hopes of riper years;
   All our joys, and all our sorrows;
   All our ills, and all our tears;
   In that land of golden promise,
   Where the flowers are blooming fair,
   Shall we see him in his glory,
   Shall we see our Saviour there?
   Cho. Shall we see, &c.

4 Yes, we'll see Him in his glory,
   Where the soul can never die;
   For sweet promises are written,
   In his word for you and I.
   How among the blessed angels,
   We some humble place may share,
   We shall see him in his glory,
   We shall see our Saviour there.
   Cho. We shall see, &c.

5 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us;
   Bless thy little lambs to night;
   Through the darkness be thou near us;
   Keep us safe till morning light,
   May our sins be all forgiven;
   Bless the friends we love so well;
   Take us, when we die, to heaven,
   Happy there with thee to dwell,
   Cho. Then we'll know each other,
   Then we'll know each other,
   Then we'll know each other,
   Then we'll know each other there.
LORD. WE ARE YOUNG.  L. M.
Tune.  WARD, page 120.

1 Lord, we are young—thy help we need,
For various foes infest our way;
Be thou to us a friend indeed,
Nor let us from thy precepts stray.

2 From wayward paths our feet restore,
And keep our tongues from speaking guile;
And oh, preserve us evermore
From sin’s seducing, luring smile.

3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire;
To thee our every power incline;
And may the pure celestial fire
Within our bosoms ever shine.

4 Oh, let the morning of our days
To thee, and thee alone, be given;
Increase our love, approve our ways,
And guide us safely into heaven.

HEAR YE NOT A VOICE.  7s.
Tune.  PLEYEL’S HYMN, page 132.

1 Hear ye not a voice from heaven
To the listening spirit given?
"Children come," it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove;
Thus it speaks a Saviour’s charms,
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord, we will remember thee
While from pains and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the cares of life are few.

4 While to thee, O Lord, we come
In our morning's early bloom,
Breathe on us thy grace divine,
Take our hearts and make them thine.
10 land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,

When shall I lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,

We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes,
WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. Concluded.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
   No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home,
Cho. We'll wait, &c.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
   He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
Cho. We'll wait, &c.

4 I'll seek at once my Savior's side,
   No more my steps shall roam;
Alone I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And dwell with Christ at home.
Cho. We'll wait, &c.

COME LET US JOIN. C. M.

1 Come let us join our friends above,
   That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise. We'll wait, &c.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
   With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
   In earth and heaven are one,
Cho. We'll wait, &c.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
   One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
   The narrow stream, of death.
Cho. We'll wait, &c.

4 One army of the living God,
   To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
   And part are crossing now.
Cho. We'll wait, &c.

5 His militant embodied host,
   With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
   And reach the heavenly land.
Cho. We'll wait, &c.
DUETT, with accompaniment.

1. Who has our Redeemer heard, Whose voice was good and kind?

Thus he spoke in holy word: Seek and ye shall find.

CHORUS.

Ask and it shall be given, Seek and ye shall find, Every prayer is
SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND. Concluded.

2 Come with gentle, contrite heart,
    And seek the Savior's grace,
Come, that when from earth we part,
    We'll meet him face to face.

    Cho. Ask and it shall be, &c.

3 Every prayer is heard above,
    That we sincerely feel,
Every sigh received with love,
    When we repenting kneel.

    Cho. Ask and it shall be, &c.

4 Life to all, our Lord has shown,
    Then be to Hope resigned,
When around you, doubts are thrown
    "Seek and ye shall find."

    Cho. Ask and it shall be, &c.

I WOULD A YOUTHFUL. L. M.

1 I would a youthful pilgrim be,
    Resolved alone to follow thee.
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
    Up to thine everlasting throne.

2 I would my heart to thee resign;
    Oh, come and make it wholly thine;
Set up thy kingdom, Lord, within,
    And cast out every thought of sin.

3 Be it my chief desire to prove
    How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
    And meekly bear it for thy sake.

4 Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
    And I can serve thee here no more,
Within thy temple, God of love,
    I'll serve thee day and night above.
FAIR CANAAN'S LAND.

HOPE. C. M.

Music by G.

1 Fair Canaan's land is just before, Sweet spring is coming on,
2 Methinks I now begin to see The borders of that land;

A few more beating winds and rains, And winter will be gone...
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit, In beauteous order stand,

3. O what a glorious sight appears To my believing eyes; Methinks I see Jerusalem, A city in the skies:

4. Bright angels whispering me away— "O come, my brother, come!" And I am willing to be gone To my eternal home.
THERE IS A PLACE. C. M.

1 There is a place of sacred rest,
   Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
   And pleasure never dies.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
   With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
   And foams the angry tide—

3 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom
   Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father’s house,
   To cheer the soul forlorn.

4 The vision of that heavenly home,
   Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o’er it mounting to the skies
   A tide of rapture roll.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
   For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
   Shows the same path to heaven.

GIVE ME THE WINGS. C. M.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
   Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
   How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
   And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
   With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
   They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
   Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
   His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
   Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
   For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
   Shows the same path to heaven.

THERE IS A HOUSE. C. M.

1 There is a house not made with hands,
   Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
   Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
   Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
   Thy heavenly Father’s call.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come;
   Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
   We’re absent from the Lord.

4 ’Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
   But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
   And present, Lord, with thee.
COME TO THY REST.

From the N. Y. Mus. Pioneer. (Angel's call to the dying.)

Solo or Duett.

1. Come away, come away, life is too sad for thee,
   Earth is too rude for thee; heaven shall be glad of thee;

2. Friends who have lost thee shall mourn and lament for thee;

Inst. Pia.

1st time.                                             2nd time.

Chill are its winds on thy delicate breast;
Come away lovely one, come to thy rest!
Beautiiful spirit, mount up to the sky;
Thou shalt rejoice in thy glory on high.
COME TO THY REST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Low in thy narrow bed, Lay down thy gentle head; Give back to mother earth all she can crave.

Spread thy bright wings, and soar Spotless for evermore, Sin-stained no longer, but white and forgiven:

All thy mortality, Doomed to finality, Leave it behind, in the dust of the grave,

Heir of infinity, Rob'd in divinity, Come away, happy one! come up to heaven!

Leave it behind, in the dust of the grave!
Come away, happy one! come up to heaven!
1 We'll all meet our Saviour, if we keep his sacred word, 'Tis the promise of the Lord, the promise of the Lord, We'll all meet our Saviour, if we keep his sacred word, 'Tis the promise of the Lord. Amen.
2.
Then we'll live with the angels where no sin can ever come,
In a fair and happy home, a fair and happy home;
And we'll sing heavenly praises where no sin can ever come,
In a fair and happy home. Amen.

3.
He has gone from among us with a halo round him bright,
To a land of love and light, a land of love and light,
He has gone and he calls us with a halo round him bright
To a land of love and light. Amen.

4.
He is called our Redeemer for he suffered for us all,
That no penitent should fall, no penitent should fall;
He is called our Redeemer for he suffered for us all.
And we'll hearken to his call. Amen.

FRIENDS OF THE POOR. C. M.

1 Friends of the poor, the young, the weak,
   Regard our humble train;
Compassion at your hands we seek;
   Shall children plead in vain?

2 Were you not children once? Renew
   The time when young as we:
Think of the friends that nourished you,
   And hearken to our plea.

3 Are there not feelings from above,
   In every heart that reigns?
The pulse, the voice, the look of love;
   Shall nature plead in vain?

4 Have you no dear ones round your hearth
   As weak and young as we?
Think if like ours had been their birth
   Could you resist their plea?

5 Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
   For man's redemption slain?
Behold the Saviour in our place;
   Shall Jesus plead in vain?

6 No! by his early griefs and tears
   When poor and young as we:
By all His woes in after years,
   Accept your Saviour's plea.
WE'LL STILL KEEP MARCHING ON.

Words by Mrs M. A. Kidder.

Music by S. C. Foster.

No matter what temptations Assail us on our way,
We'll still keep traveling onward Along the heav'ly way;
We'll practice good to

others While living here below, And daily pray, to God each day, As

CHORUS.

marching on we go, We'll still keep marching on, marching on, marching
WE'LL STILL KEEP MARCHING ON. Concluded. 115

on, We'll still keep marching on, marching on to the end.

2.
If enemies revile us,
We'll not revile again;
For Jesus' our example,
Once dwelt with sinful men;
He, patient was, and lowly,
To friend as well as foe,
Then let us strive like him to live
As marching on we go!
We'll still, &c.

3.
We'll study well the Bible
The holy word of God,
'Twill prove a lamp to guide us
Along the toilsome road,
We'll sing the songs of Zion
When in the valleys low—
Bethlehem's star, will shine afar
As marching on we go!
We'll still, &c.

IDLE WORDS. 7s.
For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Matt. xii,36

1 Words are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God’s right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.

4 O how often ours has been
Idle words, and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free;
Love to speak and sing of thee;
Till in heaven, we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.
THE ANGELS ARE SINGING UNTO ME.

Written and composed by Stephen C. Foster.

1 When my mother's hands are o'er me, spread, As I kneel, humbly praying by her knee; When her gentle voice is birds gaily singing in the tree, Then I feel that God still round me shed, Then the angels are singing unto me. reigns above, And the angels are singing unto me.

CHORUS.

Music from above! Strains of joy and love, When my soul is fill'd with
THE ANGELS ARE SINGING. Concluded.

When the stars are in the placid sky,
And soft winds are roving on the lea,
Then I feel that God still dwells on high,
And the angels are singing unto me.

Cho. Music from above, &c.

3. When the stars are in the placid sky,
And soft winds are roving on the lea,
Then I feel that God still dwells on high,
And the angels are singing unto me.

Cho. Music from above, &c.

ON THE BANKS OF LIFE'S FAIR RIVER.

Tune.—"Annie Lisle."

1 On the banks of life's fair river,
Lo! a youthful band,
And they're marching, marching ever,
For the better land;
But the way is full of peril,
And, alas! within

2 Earthly things are full of danger—
Thorns among the flowers—
And the devil still is lurking,
As in Eden's bowers.
Sometimes like a roaring lion,
Roams he forth to slay;
Sometimes like a hissing serpent,

3 But we have a glorious leader,
Jesus, Lord of all,
Who is stronger than the Tempter.
Christ, on thee we call!
Lead us onward, dear Redeemer;
Ride thou on before,
And we shall be more than victors
In this holy war. Cho. Strike, &c.
1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, O., could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings

In notes almost divine,
In notes almost divine.
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Savior, brother, friend,
A bliss eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

---

O THOU THAT HEAR'ST. C. P. M.

1 O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me nearer to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Uncloaked by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount. I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

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DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.
GOD IS THE REFUGE OF HIS SAINTS.

From Carmina Sacra, by permission. WARD. L. M. DR. L. MASON

1. God is the refuge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade;

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and buried there, Convulsions shake the solid world— Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace, our souls abide; While every nation, every shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God, Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

5. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Of grief allays, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
THINE EARTHLY SABBATHS. L. M.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
   But there's a nobler rest above;
   To that our longing souls aspire.
   With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
   Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
   No groans shall mingle with the songs
   Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
   No cares to break the long repose,
   No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
   But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
   But there's a nobler rest above;
   To that our longing souls aspire,
   With cheerful hope and strong desire.

JESUS, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE. L. M.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
   There they behold thy mercy seat;
   Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
   And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
   Inhabitest the humble mind;
   Such ever bring thee where they come,
   And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
   Thy former mercies here renew;
   Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
   The sweetness of thy saving name.

ANOTHER SIX DAY'S WORK. L. M.

1 Another six day's work is done;
   Another Sabbath is begun.
   Return my soul, enjoy the rest;
   Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
   So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
   Provides an antepast of heaven,
   And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
   As grateful incense to the skies;
   And draw from heaven that sweet repose
   Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
   Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
   Which for the church of God remains,
   The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day
   In holy pleasures pass away,
   How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
   In hope of one that ne'er shall end.
DID CHRIST O’ER SINNERS WEEP.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

From the Carmina Sacra, by permission.

DR. L. MASON.

1 Did Christ o’er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen-i-tent-tial grief Burst forth from eve-ry eye,

2. The Son of God in tears
   The wondering angels see;
   Be thou astonished, O my soul;
   He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there’s no weeping there.
THE PITY OF THE LORD. S. M.

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.

LORD HELP ME TO RESIGN. S M.

1 Lord help me to resign
   My doubting heart to thee,
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
   Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this,—
   Thy purpose to fulfill,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
   And do thy holy will.

4 So will I firmly trust
   That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
   That leads to Zion's hill.

3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
   Keeps watch with sleepless care,
Thy great compassion never fails:
   Thou hearest my humble prayer.

O WHERE SHALL REST. S. M.

1 O where shall rest be found—
   Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
   Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
   The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
   Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
   There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
   And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
   Outlasts the fleeting breath
O what eternal horrors hang
   Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
   Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
   And evermore undone.
1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are,

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

2. Beneath his watchful eye
   His saints securely dwell;
   That hand which bears all nature up,
   Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
   Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
   And sweet refreshment find.

4. His goodness stands approved,
   Through each succeeding day;
   I'll drop my burden at his feet,
   And bear a song away.
ANOTHER DAY IS PAST. S. M.

1 Another day is past,
      The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
      To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
      My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
      For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
      On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
      Nor be in death dismayed.

COME AT THE MORNING HOUR. S. M.

1 Come at the morning hour,
      Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
      To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
      Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
      In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening in thy home,
      Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
      With heaven then close the day.

4 And when I early rise,
      To view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
      And after glory run—

5 That when my days are past,
      And I from time remove,
Oh, may I in thy bosom rest,
      The bosom of thy love

THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE. S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
      The evening shades appear;
O may I ever keep in mind,
      The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
      Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
      And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
      Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me when I sleep,
      Till morning light appears.
MORTALS, AWAKE. WITH ANGELS JOIN.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Air, from Handel.

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay; Joy, love, and

gratitude, combine To hail th'auspicious day.

To

hail th'auspicious day,

day,

day,

To hail, to hail th'auspicious day.

To hail th'auspicious day. To hail,
MORTALS, AWAKE. Concluded.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
   And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
   And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
   And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
   'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
   Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
   To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
   And glory leads the song;
'Good-will and peace are heard throughout
   Th' harmonious angel throng.

6 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
   Redeemer, brother friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
   Thy praise shall never end.

SING TO THE LORD. C. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
   Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
   A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
   God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
   And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let new seraphic joy surprise
   The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink; ye valleys rise;
   Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
   The nations as their God,
To show the world his righteousness
   And send his truth abroad.

HARK! THE GLAD SOUND. C. M.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
   The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne.
   And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
   In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
   The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
   The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
   Enrich the humble poor.
ONCE MORE MY SOUL.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

1. Once more my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him... that rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats, My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
The day renews the sound, And yet his wrath delays.
Wide as the heaven on which he sits, 4.
To turn the seasons round. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Tis he supports my mortal frame; While I enjoy the light;
My tongue shall speak his praise; Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And yet his wrath delays. And bring a pleasant night.

3. Tis he supports my mortal frame; Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
My tongue shall speak his praise; And bring a pleasant night.
HOSANNA. C. M.

1 Hosanna, with a cheerful sound,
   To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
   And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
   That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
   We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure
   That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
   To hurry us away.

4 God is our sun, whose daily light
   Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
   Beneath his shady wings.

NOW THAT THE SUN. C. M.

1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
   Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated light,
   May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
   Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
   And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
   O Christ, securely fence
   Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
   The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
   Our daily toil may tend;
   That we begin it at thy word,
   And in thy favor end.

JESUS, IMMORTAL KING! C. M.

1 Jesus, immortal King! arise;
   Rise and assert thy sway;
   Till earth subdued, its tribute bring;
   And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
   Till all thy foes submit;
   And all the powers of hell resign
   Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
   This spacious earth around;
   Till every soul beneath the sun
   Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
   May Jesus be adored;
   And earth, with all her millions shout
   Hosannas to the Lord.
1 To thy pastures, fair and large. Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

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,

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.

Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shall attend;
And shall bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.
GREATER LOVE. 7s.

1 Greater love than this there's none,  
   When the Father gives the Son;  
   When the Son forsakes the skies,  
   For his foes a sacrifice.

2 There, my soul, behold the Lord!  
   He receives thy sins' reward;  
   Hanging on the dreadful tree,  
   As a substitute for thee.

3 Thine the stripes that Jesus bears;  
   Thine the crown of thorns he wears;  
   Thine the heart that him denied;  
   Thine the guilt that pierced his side.

4 Thine the sin that weighed him down,  
   When he felt the Father's frown;  
   When he sent to heaven the cry,  
   Why God left him thus to die!

5 Thus for thee, my soul, he died!  
   Thus for thee was crucified;  
   Hast thou then no cross to bear,  
   For thy Jesus hanging there?

SAVIOUR BLESS THY WORD. 7s.

1 Saviour, bless thy word to all;  
   Quick and powerful let it prove  
   O, may sinners hear thy call;  
   Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless:  
   Follow it with power divine;  
   Give the gospel great success;  
   Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;  
   Send, O, send thy truth abroad;  
   Let the nations hear thy voice,—  
   Hear it, and return to God.

TO THY TEMPLE. 7s.

1 To thy temple we repair;  
   Lord, we love to worship there;  
   There, within the veil, we meet  
   Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
   Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;  
   Then our joyful souls shall bless  
   Christ the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
   Let thine ear in love attend;  
   Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;  
   Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From thy house when we return,  
   Let our hearts within us burn;  
   Then at evening, we may say,  
   "We have walked with God to-day."

5 Thus for thee, my soul, he died!  
   Thus for thee was crucified;  
   Hast thou then no cross to bear,  
   For thy Jesus hanging there?
1. When thy mortal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
   When is finished thy career, Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2. When the world has passed away,
   When draws near the judgment-day,
   When the awful trump shall sound,
   Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3. When the Judge descends in light,
   Clothed in majesty and might,
   When the wicked quail with fear,
   Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4. What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
   When the saints and thou must part?
   When the good with joy are crowned,
   Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5. While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
   Quickly to the Saviour fly;
   Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
   Then in heaven shalt thou appear.
SOVEREIGN RULER.  7s.

1 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all,
    Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry;
    Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
    Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face,
    Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
    Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
    Blast me in eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
    Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
    Saviour, leave me not to die.

SINNERS, TURN.  7s.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
    God, the Spirit, asks you why—
Often with you has he strove.
    Wooed you to embrace his love.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
    God, your Saviour, asks you why
Will ye not in him believe?
    He has died that ye might live.

COME, SAITH JESUS.  7s.

1 Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
    Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
    Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found
    Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
    Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

WEEPING SINNERS.  7s.

1 Weeping sinners, dry your tears;
    Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balm'ry wing,
    Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
    Peace he speaks with every breath; Can you slight such heavenly charms?
    Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.
1 Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we humbly bow;

O 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, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope,

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.
JESUS SAVE MY DYING SOUL. 7a.

1 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone,
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

MUCH IN SORROW. 7a.

1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not; much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians,—will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.

4 But when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

BLEEDING HEARTS. 7s.

1 Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Fainting souls in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high
NOW LET THE GOSPEL BANNER.

By permission.  

MISSIONARY HYMN. 78 & 68.  

DR. L. MASON.

1 Now be the gospel banner In every land unfurl'd; And be the shout ho-
2 Yes, thou shalt reign for-ev-er, O Je-sus, King of kings! Thy light, thy love, thy

san-na Re-ech-oed through the world: Till ev-ery isle and na-tion, Till
fa-vor, Each ransomed cap-tive sings: The isles for thee are wait-ing, The

ev-ery tribe and tongue. Receive the great salva-tion, And join the hap-py throng.
deserts learn thy praise, The hills and valleys greeting, The song re-spon-sive raise.
OUR COUNTRY'S VOICE. 7s & 6s.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvests whitening,
Invite the reapers toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking,
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illumining,
With light that ever glows;
To each lone forest-ranger
The Word of Life unseal;
To every exile stranger
Its saving truths reveal.

4 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west;
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

WHEN SHALL THE VOICE. 7s & 6s.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.
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HE LIVES! THE GREAT REDEEMER LIVES!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest assurance gives!

And now, before his Father, God, He pleads the merits of his blood.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3. Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4. Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.
GREAT GOD, ATTEND. L. M.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
   The joy that from thy presence springs,
   To spend one day with thee on earth
   Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
   Within thy house, O God of grace,
   Not tents of ease nor thrones of power,
   Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
   God is our shield—he guards our way.
   From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
   From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
   And crown that grace with glory too;
   He gives us all things, and withholds
   No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
   The glorious host of heaven obey,
   Display thy grace, exert thy power,
   Till all on earth thy name adore.

STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT. L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
   Though I have done thee such despite,
   Cast not a sinner quite away,
   Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
   Of all who e'er thy grace received,
   Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
   Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
   In honor of my great High Priest;
   Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
   I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
   Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
   O guide me into perfect peace,
   And bring me to the promised land.

LIGHT OF THE SOUL. L. M

1 Light of the soul! O, Saviour, blest!
   Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
   Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
   And all its sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!
   How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
   Come in thy hidden majesty;
   Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
   But evermore to babes revealed,
   Through him, unto the Father be
   Glory and praise eternally.
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

SABBATH. 7s.  

DR. L. MASON.

1 Safely thro' an- other week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter- nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter- nal rest.
2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
Till we rest in thee above.

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE, 7a.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptations power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray,

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

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LIGHT OF LIFE. 7s

1 Light of life, seraphic fire;
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.
RISE MY SOUL.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
   Rise, from transitory things, Toward heaven, thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise my soul and haste away To seats prepared above.
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

SAVIOUR, I THY WORD. 7s & 6s.

1 Saviour, I thy word believe;
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art.
Now thy gracious word fulfil;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, O, deign to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
O, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

TIME IS WINGING US AWAY. 7s & 6s.

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 shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging as away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the saints shall soon enjoy,
Life—immortal life above.
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.
Let vain pursuits and vain desires Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast, And light and life impart.

He knew how frail our nature is, Our souls how apt to stray; How much we need his gracious help To keep us in the way!

These faithful pledges of his love His mercy did ordain, To bring refreshment to our souls, And faith and hope sustain.

Since such his condescending grace, Let us with hearts sincere, Obedient to his holy will, His table now draw near.

And while we join to celebrate The sufferings of our Lord, May we receive new grace and power T'obey his holy word.
Lo! What a Glorious Sight. C. M.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
   To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
   And fled the rolling skies.

2 From highest heaven, where God resides,
   That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
   Adorned with shining grace.

3 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
   From every weeping eye;
   And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
   And death itself, shall die."

4 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
   Shall this bright hour delay?
   Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
   And bring the welcome day.

When Verdure Clothes. C. M.

1 When verdure clothes the fertile vale,
   And blossoms deck the spray,
   And fragrance breathes in every gale,
   How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing,
   'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
   Soft music hails the lovely spring,
   And woods and fields rejoice.

Let Zion and Her Sons. C. M.

1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice;
   Behold the promised hour;
   Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
   And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
   Are precious in his eyes;
   These ruins shall be built again
   And all that dust shall rise.

3 He frees the soul condemned to death;
   Nor, when his saints complain,
   Shall it be said that praying breath
   Was ever spent in vain.

4 This shall be known when we are dead
   And left on long record,
   That ages yet unborn may read,
   And praise and trust the Lord.
1 From the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
    D. C. "Love's redeeming work is done; Come and welcome sinner come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
    Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
    Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
    Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Soon the days of life shall end;
    Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
    To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
    Come and welcome, sinner, come."
HASTE, O SINNER. 7s.

1 Haste, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

COME! SAID JESUS'. 7s.

1 Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home:
Weary wanderer, hither come.

2 Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HEARTS OF STONE. 7s.

1 Hearts of stone! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
Crucified God's only Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the dead,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with the bloody spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice—
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain—
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part,
Break, oh! break, my bleeding heart!
How I long to be there, where my spirit may rest, In the
Where my Saviour en-folds in the arms of his love, All the

D.C. Oh, when weary and sad, and o'er-bur-dened with care, From the
mansions above, in the home of the blest, How I
blossoms of earth now transplanted, above. How I

depths of my soul how I long to be there.
long for one look at that Inf-inite face, One
2.

How I long to be there in my heavenly home,
Where with angelic hosts, on bright wings I may roam,
Where the trees never fade and the flowers ever bloom,
And where glory divine lights the way from the tomb;
How I long to bow down to my God and my King,
My offering of love with the ransom'd to bring Blessed, thrice blessed shore, ever peaceful and fair,
When'er tempted and tried, how I long to be there.

DON'T FORGET. MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

1.
Don't forget to do good! like the stream to the sea,
So the good that we do shall flow on full & free
Thro' the changes of time, thro' eternity's round,

Every action of love in God's record is found,
Every kind word we speak, like a seed that is sown,
Still nurtured in love, soon a flower will have grown,
Tho' it blossoms on earth, in the sun and the rain,
Its sweet fragrance ascends to its author again!

2.

Don't forget to do good, 'tis made up of small things.
Every atom of love, what a blessing it brings; The sweet thanks of a child can a pleasure impart,
Or the faint beaming smile from a sorrowing heart.
Our dear Saviour on earth went about doing good,
The sick he gave health—to the poor he gave food,
And though homeless himself and o'er burdened with woe,
Yet he never forgot to do good here below.
1. A-rouse! A traitor band isarming, Their pirater banner taints the air; Our country
2. From East and West the tides are meeting, The North rolls down its giant wave; All partisan
3. O glorious day in Freedom's story, Her spirit lives unsullied still; In every

calls, each one alarming— To Freedom's standard all repair, To Freedom's
—zans as brothers greeting, As on they come to die or save, As on they
—heart, the young, the hoary, 'Tis bounding with a rapturous thrill, 'Tis bounding

DUET.

standard all repair. Lo! spirits from the field so gory, Where fought and
come to die or save. And who can stand this dread uprising? Not traitors
with a rapturous thrill. And shall we fear, when thus united, We battle
bled our noble sires,
A new each patriot bosom fires,
As marshalled for the field of
base to Freedom's cause,
False to their vows, false to its laws,
And whom the world is now de-
for our native land
A against a false and traitor band?
Bo hold! e'en now they stand af-

FULL CHORUS. \textit{A tempo.}

The stripes and stars unfurl! The stripes and stars unfurl! \\
Unsheath the battle-blade! Strike

home! strike home! till Freedom's foes,
Shall low..... in dust be laid.
TO FAR HEATHEN LANDS.

A MISSIONARY HYMN, written and composed for, and sung at the Anniversary of the SANDS' ST. METHODIST EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, Brooklyn.

Words by JULIA C. BREWSTER. Music by C. E. KIMBALL.

1. To far heathen lands, the tidings we'll send

That Jesus now reigneth their Saviour and friend, 'Till

millions in worship their voices shall raise,
TO FAR HEATHEN LANDS. Concluded.

And own him a Saviour most worthy of praise.

2.
Oh, while we have life let us work for the Lord,
And hasten his kingdom by spreading his word,
Dispelling the darkness by sending the light,
And crushing the wrong by the strength of the right.

3.
Co-workers with God, our object and aim
To sound through the world his glorious name,
The dear name of Jesus, who died to redeem,
An angel can wish for no loftier theme.

4.
And when life is ended we'll die without fear,
As odors on breezes tell flowers are near,
To Christian's departing a foretaste is given
By angel-wings laden with fragrance of heaven.
With spirit and energy.

1. Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness! Awake! for the foes shall oppress thee no more;— Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness, Awake! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions, was mightier far; They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them:— Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Daughter of Zion! awake, &c.

3. Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee, Exalt'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;— Shout for the foe is destroyed that enslav'd thee, Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free, Daughter of Zion! awake, &c.
Coda for last stanza. DAUGHTER OF ZION. Concluded.

Coda, for last stanza.

shall oppress thee no more, shall oppress thee no more.

is the way without thee, is the way without thee.

and lend us thine aid, and lend us thine aid.

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR. 11a. M. A. KIDDER.

1 Jesus my Saviour, oh! keep me and guide me!
   For dark and beset is the way without thee!
   When I pass over, oh, walk thou beside me,
   Thy rod and thy staff still my comfort shall be!
   Jesus, my Saviour, etc.

2 Waiting, I stand on the brink of the river,
   Alone, for the lov'd ones have gone from my side,
   Waiting to join them where death cannot sever,
   Where angels are singing far over the tide!
   Jesus, my Saviour, etc.

3 Visions of beauty, of rapture and glory!
   Shine forth, as I gaze on that beautiful shore,
   Spirits celestial are hymning the story,
   How Christ all the sins of a fallen race bore!
   Jesus, my Saviour, etc.

4 Waiting and longing, for pleasures immortal,
   How long must I tarry in sorrow and sin?
   Forms that I cherished stand just at the portal
   Of glory, and lovingly beckon me in!
   Jesus my Saviour, etc.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 11a.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
   Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
   Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
   Brightest and best, etc.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
   Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
   Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
   Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.
   Brightest and best, etc.

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

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
   Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
   Richer by far is the hearts adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
   Brightest and best, etc.
LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

NATIONAL GRATITUDE. From "Carmina Sacra," by permission.

1. Let ev'ry heart re-joice and sing; Let choral anthems rise;
   Ye rev'rend men and children bring To God your sacrifice;

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known;
   And earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow low before his throne;

   For he is good; The Lord is good, And kind are all his ways;
   With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah praise,
   While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious anthem raise:
   Let each prolong the grateful song, And the
LET EVERY HEART REJOICE. Concluded.

God of our father's praise, And the God of our father's praise.

A LITTLE WHILE.

D. G. Holmes.

The first part, legato; after the pause con animo, and somewhat staccato, except concluding strain which requires a legato movement.

A little while to toil along this weary winding way, And

we shall join the ransom'd throng, And we shall sing love's cho-ral song. In yon-der land of

A little while for doubt and gloom
And feeble trust in God,
And faith shall spread her eagle plume,
The soul her palm and crown assume,
||: Forever with the Lord.||
1. Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage a-

where; Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

all: Home, &c.
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