


BIBLE SCHOOL HYMNS
AND
SACRED SONGS
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

BY C. H. BRUNK.

ELKHART, INDIANA.
MENNONITE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1883.



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P R E F A C E.

The kind of Music best suited to the wants of Sunday Schools is an important subject, and perhaps, generally, not so well considered, by those who prepare music for this purpose, as its importance demands.

Sunday Schools are composed mostly of children who have no musical training, and should be allowed to begin with something very simple, and for this reason should be supplied with the kind of music best suited to their needs, and which will not materially differ from the music used in church services.

Hence "BIBLE SCHOOL HYMNS" contain some selections from the grand old Chorals which have been sung for centuries, and will live while there are christian tongues to sing them and hearts to feel a Savior's love.

In addition to these there will be found music of a more modern type, among which a few new tunes are interspersed. Nothing, however, that is not regarded as strictly sacred has been admitted.

The Compiler herewith respectfully submits this little work to the singing public, in the hope that with the improved notation and the character of the music, many will be induced to praise God with their gift of song.

Many thanks to those who have kindly allowed the use of some of their compositions, as indicated with each tune so used.

C. H. BRUNK.

DALE ENTERPRISE, Virginia.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky. So let it be on earth dis - played,
2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below: Praise him above, ye heavenly host,

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Moderato.

Till thou art here as there o - beyed
Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wis - dom shines;
2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And night, and day, thy power confess;

But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
But the blest volume thou hast writ, Reveals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

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

WARE. L. M.

1. Thy presence, gracious God, afford, Pre - pare us to re - ceive thy word; Now let thy voice en - gage our ear,
2. Distracting thoughts and eares remove, And fix our hearts and hopes a - bove; With food di - vine may we be fed,

WARD. L. M.

And faith be mixed with what we hear.
And sat - is - fied with liv - ing bread.

1. Jesus, dear name! how sweet it sounds: Replete with balm for all our
2. He left the shining courts on high, Came to our world to bleed and

wounds! His word declares his grace is free, Come, needy sin - ner, "Come and see."
die; Je - sus the Lord hung on a tree; Come, thoughtless sinner, "Come and see"

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part,
His boundless love extends to thee;
Come, trembling sinner, "Come and see."

4 His blood can cleanse the fondest sinner,
Can make the vilest sinner clean;
This fountain open stands for thee;
Come, guilty sinner, "Come and see."

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wis - dom shows a nar - row path,
2. " De - ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross,

SESSIONS. L. M.

With here and there a trav - el - er.
If she would gain this heavenly land.

1. Come hither, all ye weary souls; Ye heavy laden sinners, come!
2. They shall find rest who learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind;

I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.
But passion rag - es like the sea And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

f. CHORUS.

1. { Preserved by thine al - migh - ty power, O Lord, our Mä ker, Sav - ior, King, } Hap - py day, Hap - py
 And bro't to see this hap - py hour, We come thy prais - es here to sing. }

FINE. *Al Segno f.*

day. Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou would'st take our sins away;

2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
 For life preserved, for mercies given;
 Oh, may we still those mercies share,
 And taste the joys of sins forgiven.—CHO.

3 We praise thee for the joyful news
 Of pardon through a Savior's blood:
 O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
 The road to happiness and God.—CHO.

4 And when on earth our days are done,
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
 Teachers and scholars round thy throne,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.—CHO.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

1. How pleasant, how di - vinely fair, O Lord of hosts thy temples are!
 2. My flesh would rest in thine abode; My paunting heart cries out for God;

GRATITUDE. Concluded.

With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th'assemblies of the saints.
My God! my King! why should I be, So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blessed are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4 Blessed are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. What var-ious hin-dran-ces we meet, In com-ing to the mercy seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
2. Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, Gives exercise to faith and love,
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright; And Satan trembles when he sees,

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

But wishes to be often there?
Brings every blessing from a-bove.
The weakest saint upon his knees.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

CHO.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his 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's hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

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!

RETREAT. L. M.

1. And is the Gos - pel peace and love ! Such let our con - ver - sation be : The serpent blended with the dove,
 2. Whene'er the an - gry pas - sions rise, And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife, To Jesus let us lift our eyes,

REST. L. M.

Wis - dom and meek simplic - i - ty.
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep ;
 2. Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!

A calm and undisturbed repose. Unbroken by the last of foes.
 With holy confidence to sing, That death has lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
 That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me,
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

UNSELD. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A - wake my soul in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise He justly claims a song from thee,
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with - stand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es tate,
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul a-long.

WELLS. L. M.

His loving kindness, Oh, how free!
His loving kindness, Oh, how great!
His loving kindness, Oh, how strong!

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of thee?
2. Ashamed of Jesus? sooner far. Let evening blush to owu a star;

Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
He sheds the beams of light divine, O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus? just as soon,
Let midnight be afraid of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning star, bids darkness flee.

4. Ashamed of Jesus? That dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my name,
That I no more revere his name.

5. Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no gool to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

AZMON. C. M.

1. Come, children, learn to fear the Lord: And, that your days be long, Let not a false or spite - ful word
 2. De - part from mischief. practice love, Pur - sue the works of peace; So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 3. His eyes a - wake to guard the just, His ears at - tend the cry; When broken spir - its dwell in dust,

BALERMA. C. M.

Be found up - on your tongue.
 And set your souls at ease.
 The God of grace is nigh.

1. O hap - py is the man who hears Religion's warn - ing voice,
 2. For she has treasures greater far, Than east or west un - fold;

And who ce - les - tial wisdom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
 More precious are her bright rewards, Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal happy days;
 Her left, imperishable wealth,
 And heavenly crowns displays.

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

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, Upon the Savior's brow ; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace
 2. No mortal can with him compare, Among the sons of men ; Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heaven-
 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re- lief ; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all

BELIEF. C. M.

o'er- flow. His lips with grace o'erflow.
 ly train. Who fill the heavenly train.
 my grief. And carried all my grief.

1. How sweet the name of Je sus sounds, In a believer's ear ; It
 2. It makes the wounded spirit whole. It calms the troubled breast ; 'Tis
 Cho.—I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus died for me ; And

soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.—CHO.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.—CHO.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.—CHO.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro.

1. O how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my medi - tations draw
 2. My wak - ing eyes pre - vent the day To med - i - tate thy word; My soul with longing melts a - way
 3. How doth thy word my heart en - gage! How well em - ploy my tongue! And in my tiresome pil - grim - age,

Di - vine ad - vice by night.
 To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.
 Yields me a heav - en - ly song!

Andantino.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. O! for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame;
 2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?

A light to shine upon the road, That leads me to the Lamb
 Where is the soul refreshing view Of Je - sus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet Messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The de - arest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

INVOCATION. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

From "Singing School Tribute," by per.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love
 2. Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go
 3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise, Hosannas languish on our tongues,

ARLINGTON. C. M.

In these cold hearts of ours.
 To reach im - mor - tal joys.
 And our de - vo - tion dies

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease,

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

MARLOW. C. M.

1. Blest be the dear u - niting love, That will not let us part ; Our bod - ies may far off re - move—
 2. Par - tak - ers of the Savior's grace, The same in mind and heart, Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 3. But let us hasten to the day, Which shall our flesh re - store ; When death shall all be done a - way,

We still are oue in heart.
 Nor life, nor death can part.
 And Christians part no more.

AVON. C. M.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree?

Would he de - vote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pity, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker died,
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I bide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of blood can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

BELMONT. C. M.

1. O Lord, another week is flown, And we a lowly band, Are met once more before thy throne,
 2. And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign, As we before thee pray; For thou didst bless the infant train,
 3. And wilt thou bend a listening ear, To praises low as ours? Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear,

To bless thy fostering hand.
 And we are less than they.
 The song which meekness pours.

SOLITUDE. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

From "Singing School Tribute," by per.

1. I love to steal a while away, From ev'ry cumb'ring care;
 2. I love to think on mercies past, And future aid implore;

And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful prayer.
 And all my cares and sorrows cast, On him whom I adore.

- 3 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear;
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray,
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

EVENING. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In mer - cy Lord, re - mem - ber me, Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra - cious - ly,
 2. With cheer - ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move, Oh! in the morn - ing let me rise,
 3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my tran - sient days; Oh! take me to thy prom - ised rest,

ATHENS. C. M. GIARDINA.

The safe - guard of thy might.
 Re - joic - ing in thy love.
 Where I may sing thy praise.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down. Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was,
 The liv - ing water: thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found

ATHENS. Concluded.

Wear - y and worn and sad; I found in him a res - ting place. And he has made me glad.
Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
In him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travel - ing days are done.

REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER

From "Temple Star," by per.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That foun - tain in his day; And there may I though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood, Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed sons of God, Are saved to sin no more.

CHORUS.

Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And then I hope to sing this love, In sweeter strains on high.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth receive her King; Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him room,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
And heav'n and nature sing

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and
grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

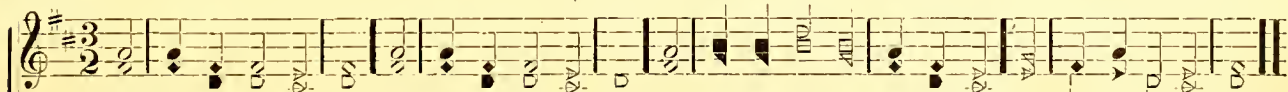


1. And are we yet a - live, And see each other's face? Glo-ry and praise to 'Je - sus give For his redeeming grace!
 2. Preserved by power divine To full sal-va-tion here, A - gain in Je - sus' praise we join And in his sight appear.



LOTTIE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

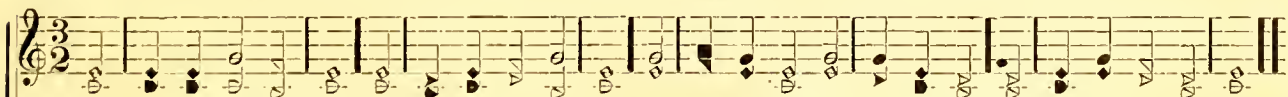


1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from every eye.
 2. The Son of God in tears The wondering angels see; Be thou astonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
 3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear: In heav'n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

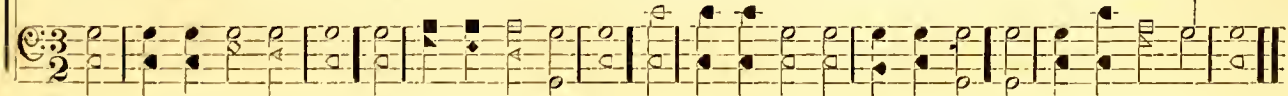


BURBER. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Go to thy rest, my child! Go to thy dream-less bed, While yet so gent-ly un-de-filed, With blessings on thy head.
 2. Shall love with weak embrace, Thy upward wing detain? No! gentle angel, seek thy place A mid the cher-ub train.
 3. Thy heav'nly Father's voice, Shall bid thee welcome home; Shall sooth, and bid thee still rejoice! With kindred spirits roam.



SWEET DAY. S. M.

B. C. UNSELD.

Soprano and Tenor may change parts.

Musical score for 'Sweet Day' in 2/2 time, key of D major. The score consists of two staves: a vocal line (Soprano and Tenor) and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line features a melody with various note values and rests, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

1. Once more before we part, Oh bless the Savior's name; Let every tongue and every heart Adore and praise the same.
2. Lord, in thy grace we came, That blessing still impart; We met in Je - sus' sa - cred name, In Je - sus' name we part.
3. Still on thy ho - ly word We'll live, and feed, and grow; And still go on to know the Lord, And practiee what we know.

4. Now Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless thy name; Let every tongue and eve - ry heart' A - dore and praise the same.

LABAN. S. M.

Musical score for 'Laban' in 4/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line has a more active melody than the previous piece, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly eve - ry day, And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down; The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy parting breath, Up to his blest abode.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solcmn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

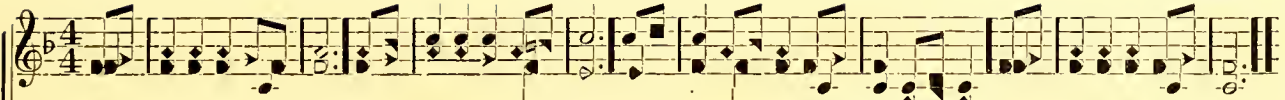
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus
reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down;
Learing my cross of heavy
grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

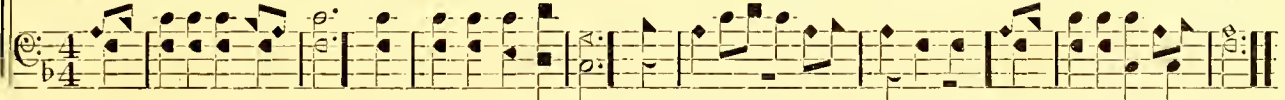
Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

HAMILTON. S. M.

E. HAMILTON.



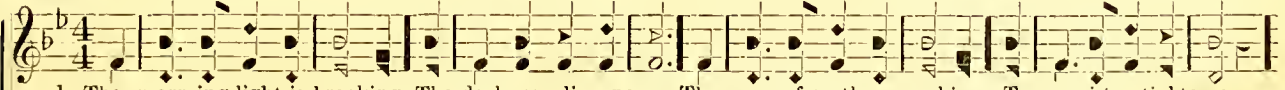
- 1. With humble heart and tongue, Great God, to thee we pray; Oh, may we learn while we are young, To walk in wisdom's way.
- 2. Now, in our ear-ly days, Teach us thy-self to know; O God thy sanc-ti-fy-ing grace Be-times on us be-stow.
- 3. Make our de-fense-less youth The ob-jects of thy care; Help us to choose the way of truth, And flee from every snare.



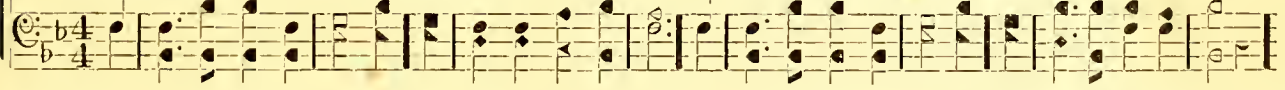
WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEO. J. WEBB.

Moderato.



- 1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness disappears, The sons of earth are waking, To pen-i-ten-tial tears.
- 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle show'r, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour.
- 3. See heath-en na-tions bending, Be-fore the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In grat-i-tude a-bove:



Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from afar, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion. Prepared for Zion's war.
 Each cry to heav-en go-ing, Abundant answer brings; And heavenly winds are blowing, With peace upon their wings.
 While sinners now confessing The gospel call o bey, And seek the Sav-ior's blessing — A na-tion in a day.



FINE.



1. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; }
 Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. } We are trav'ling home to God.
 D. C. They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.



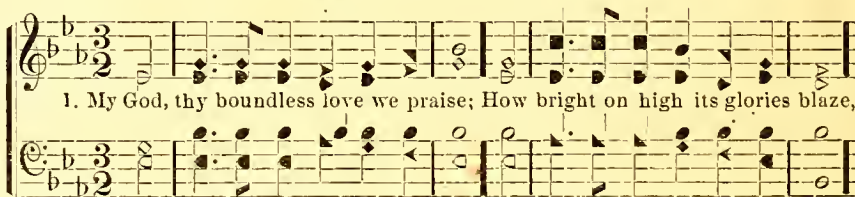
2. Ho - ly Spir - it faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side; }
 Gent - ly lead us by the hand. Pil - grims in a des - ert land. } Wea - ry souls, for e'er re - joice,
 D. C. Whisper - ing soft - ly, wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



In the way our fathers trod ;

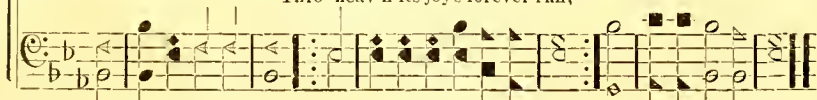


1. My God, thy boundless love we praise; How bright on high its glories blaze,

While they hear that sweetest voice,



How sweet thy bloom below; It streams from thy eternal throne, And o'er the earth they flow.
 Thro' heav'n its joys forever run,



2. 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray,
 Adorns the flow'ry robe of May;
 Perfumes the breathing gale;
 'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain,
 With blushing fruit and golden grain,
 And smiles o'er every vale.

3. But in thy gospel it appears
 In sweeter, fairer characters,
 And charms the ravished breast;
 There love immortal leaves the skies,
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eyes,
 And gives the weary rest.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home: Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home:

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on eve - ry hand; Heaven is my fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast.
 I shall reach home at last;
 Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Savior's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

NEARER TO THEE.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee;
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness he over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

3. There let the way appear
 Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

5. Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di - vine; Now hear me while I pray,
 2. May thy rich grace in - part Strength to my faint - ing heart; My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day;

MINSHALL. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.

Take all my guilt a - way; O, let me from this day, Be wholly thine.
 O may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
 Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

1. Hail, my ev - er bless - ed Jesus,
 2. Oh, what mercy flows from heaven,
 3. Once with A - dam's race in ru - in,

On - ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Oh what joy and hap - pi - ness! Love I much?—I've much for - giv - en — I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
 Un - con - cerned in sin I lay; Swift de - struc - tion still pur - su - ing, Till my Sav - iour passed that way.

DIVINE COMPASSION. 8s & 7s.

FINE.

D. C.

Musical score for 'Divine Compassion' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low thee; }
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be; } Perish, every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 D. C. Yethow rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me—They have left my Savior too,— }
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them untrue; } And whilst thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
 D. C. Foes may hate and friends disown me—Show thy face and all is bright.

NELSON. 8s & 7s.

CHORUS.

Musical score for 'Nelson' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. This world is not my home, I know, For sin and sor-row wound me; }
 But mer-cy tem-pers eve-ry blow, And good-ness smiles a-round me. } Then let my lot be what it may,

2. The tears may fall, the heart may bleed, And all look dark and drea-ry; }
 But love di-vine sup-plies my need, And cheers the spir-it wea-ry. } Cho.

Musical score for the chorus of 'Nelson' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Come glad-ness or come sor-row; I'm near-er to my home to-day, And may be there to-mor-row.

1. Hail! thou on - ce de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail! thou Gal - i - le - an King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us;
 2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on thee were laid: By al - might - y love a - noint - ed,
 3. Je - sus hail! en - throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bid - e! All the heav - en - ly hosts a - dore thee,

Thou did'st free sal - va - tion bring: Hail! thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
 Thou hast full a - tone - ment made. All thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Through the vir - tue of thy blood;
 Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side: There for sin - ners thou art plead - ing; There thou dost our place pre - pare;

By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is given through thy name.
 Opened is the gate of heaven; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

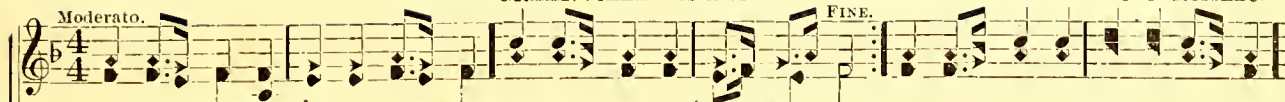
4. Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give;
 Help, ye bright anglic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
 Help to sing our Savior's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

J. J. ROSSEAU.

Moderato.

FINE.



1. God is love, his mer-cy bright - ens All the path in which we move; }
 Bliss he forms, and woe he light - ens; God is light, and God is love. } Chance and change are busy ev - er;
 D. C. But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is light, and God is love.



2. E'en the hour that dark-est seem - eth Will his change-less good-ness prove; }
 From the mist his bright-ness stream-eth; God is light, and God is love. } He with earth - ly cares en-twin-eth,
 D. C. Eve-ry-where his glo - ry shin - eth: God is light, and God is love.

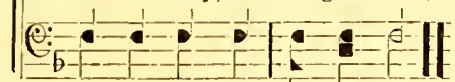
D. C.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

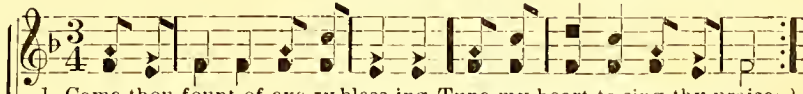
FINE.



Worlds de-cay, and a - ges move;



Hope and com - fort from a - bove;



1. Come thou fount of eve-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise; }
 Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise: }
 D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.



D. C.



Teach me some mel-o-dious son - net, Sung by flam ing tongues above;



2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood!

HARWELL 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Sav - ior, I do feel thy mer - it, Sprinkled with re - deem - ing blood; }
And my wea - ry troub - led spir - it, Now finds rest with thee, my God; } I am safe, and I am

2. Now I'll sing a Sav - ior's mer - it, Tell the world of his dear name; }
That if a - ny want his Spir - it, He is still the ver - y same; } He that ask - eth soon re -

hap - py, While in thy dear arms I lie, Sin and Sa - tan can - not hurt me, While my Sav - ior is so nigh.

ceiv - eth, He that seeks is sure to find; Whom - so - e'er on him be - liev - eth, He will nev - er east be - hind.

WATCHMAN. 8s & 7s

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, be thou with us, Pilgrims, still, and strangers here. }
In this life so e - qual bal - anced, Now a smile and then a tear. } Walk with us through scenes of glad - ness,

2. Ho - ly an - gels are a - bout us, But the sweetest truth to know, }
Is that Je - sus go - eth with us, While we jour - ney here be - low. } Shall we then be o - ver - troub - led,

WATCHMAN. Concluded.

Pre-cious sun - light of our way; Clos - er drawn in times of sad - ness, When the thiek mists hide the day.

What - so - ev - er things be - tide? Shall we cher - ish one mis - giv - ing, When the Sav - ior is he - side?

SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from eve - ry tongue! Join my soul with eve - ry creat - ure,
 2. Fa - ther, source of all eom - pas - sion! Pure un bound - ed graee is thine; Hail the God of our sal - va - tion!
 3. For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy; Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,

Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
 Praise him for his love di - vine.
 Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to hear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

ANTICIPATION. 8s & 7s.

REV. J. W. DADMUN, 1860.



1. In the Christian's home of glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's gone before me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
 2. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
 3. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Eve-ry trace of sin's sad sto-ry, All the curse hath passed away.



4. There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us, By the stream of life a-long; On the fresh-est past-ures feeds us, Turns our sigh-ing in-to song.



- There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
 D. S. On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.



IONIA. 8s & 7s.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Chil-dren, hear the melt - ing sto - ry, Of the Lamb that once was slain; 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry,
 2. Yield no more to sin and fol - ly, So dis - pleas - ing in his sight; Je - sus loves the pure and ho - ly,
 3. All your sins to him con - fess - ing, Who is read - y to for - give; Seek the Sav-ior's rich - est bless-ing,



IONIA. Concluded.

Shall he plead with you in vain? O re - ceive him, O re - ceive him, And sal - va - tion now ob - tain.
They a - lone are his de - light; Seek his glo - ry, seek his fa - vor, And your hearts to him u - nite.
On his pre - eious name be - lieve; He is wait - ing, He is wait - ing, Will you not his graee re - ceive?

PHYSICIAN. 8s & 7s.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Jesus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
2. The children too, both great and small, Who love the name of Jesus, May now accept the gracious call, To work and live for Je-sus.
3. Come, brethren, help to sing his praise, Oh praise the name of Jesus; Come, sisters, all your voices raise, Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus; Oh, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.
5. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Jesus, We'll sing around the throne of love His name, the name of Jesus.

CHORUS.

—Sweet - est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mortal tongue, Sweet-est ear - ol - ev - er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Musical score for 'DORRANCE' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 3/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
 2. Here I'll sit forever viewing, Mercy's streams in streams of blood; Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 3. Truly bless-ed is the sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie, While I see di-vine compassion Floating in his languid eye.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. Double.

HASTINGS.

D. C.

Musical score for 'ROCK OF AGES' in D major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music is in 3/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. A 'FINE.' marking is present above the vocal line.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me bide myself in thee: Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd
 D. C. Be of sin a double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can fulfill the law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow,
 D. C. All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone.
 3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 D. C. Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav-ior, Or I die! [ment throne]
 4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judg-
 D. C. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee

INVITATION.

1. From the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Savior deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear
 Bursting on the ravished ear:
 "Love's redeeming work is done;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On thy pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid:
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
3. "Soon the days of life shall end;
 Lo, I come, your Savior, Friend,
 Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day—
 Up to my eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

PRAISE. 7s.

1. Let the Sabbath day be blest, Day of joy and day of rest; Songs of praise ascend on high,
 2. Let the Sabbath day &c. Hum - ble prayer to God as - end,
 3. Let the Sabbath day &c. Glad - ly may we hear his word,

Hal - le - lu - jahs fill the sky.
 God our Father and our Friend,
 Glad - ly learn the way to God.

REFUGE. 7s. Double. WYATT MINSHALL. FINE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly;
 While the near - er waters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me;
 D. C. Cov - er my de - fence - less head, With the shadow of thy wing.

Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring,

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All in all in thee I find!
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH

D. C.

FINE.



1. Ma - ry to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the ear ly dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone, } For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise,
D. C. Trembling, while a crystal flood, Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead, Now he bids her heart rejoice; } What a change his word can make, Turning darkness into day;
D. C. Ye who weep for Jesus' sake, He will wipe your tears away.

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME. 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Do they pray for me at home, Do they ever pray for me, When I ride the dark sea foam, When I cross the stormy sea?
2. Do they pray for me at home, When the summer birds appear; Do they pray for me the while, That my path may be less drear?
3. Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of winter blow; Do they pray for me with love, As they watch the winter's snow?



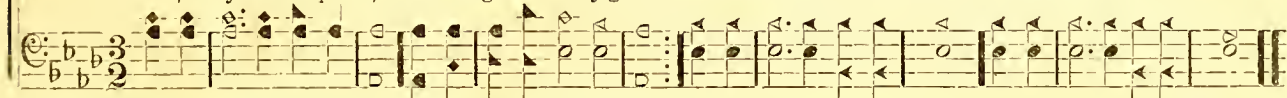
Oh, how oft in foreign lands, As I see the bended knee, Comes the thought at twilight hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?
At the home of ear - ly youth, Do they place the vacant chair, Where my heart so oft returns, Tho' the loved ones gathered there?
In the season's chilly cold, Are their hearts for me still warm? Am I cherished still of old, Thro' the beating of the storm?

Ritard. p

VIOLA. 7s. Double.



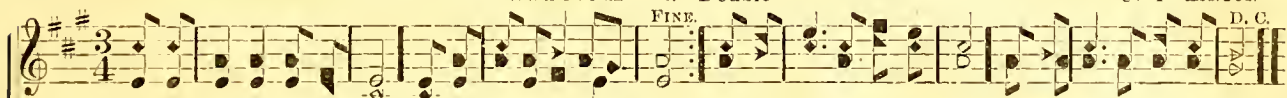
1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a lit-tle child; }
 Pit - y my sim - ple - i - ty, Suffer me to come to thee. } Fain I would to thee be brought, Gracious God, forbid it not;
 D. C. Give me, O my God, a place, In the kingdom of thy grace.



2. Fain I would be as thou art, Give me an obedient heart; }
 Thou art pitiful and kind, Let me have thy loving mind. } Help me Sav-ior, to ful-fill God my heavenly Father's will,
 D. C. Never his good Spirit grieve, On - ly to his glo - ry live.

WELCOME. 7s. Double.

G. T. LINTON.



1. Wel-come, wel-come day of rest, To the world in kindness given; }
 Welcome to this care worn breast, As the beaming light from heaven; } Day of soft and sweet re-pose, Gent-ly now thy mo-ments run;
 D. C. As the peace - ful stream-let flows, Ra-diant with a sum-mer's sun.




2. Day of tid - ings from the skies, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer, }
 Day to make the sim - ple wise, O how great thy bless - ings are. } Wel-come, wel-come day of rest, With thy in-flu-ence di-vine;
 D. C. May thy hal - lowed hours be blest, To this fee - ble heart of mine.

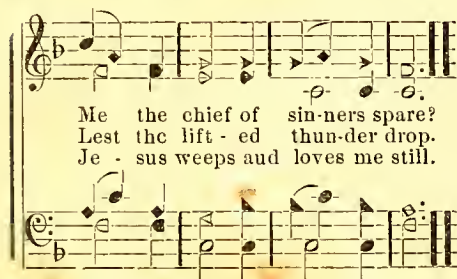
Lord, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh! do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich graec,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
 Send some message from thy word,
 That may peace and joy afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

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.
 Grant that all may seek and find,
 Thee a gracious God and kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

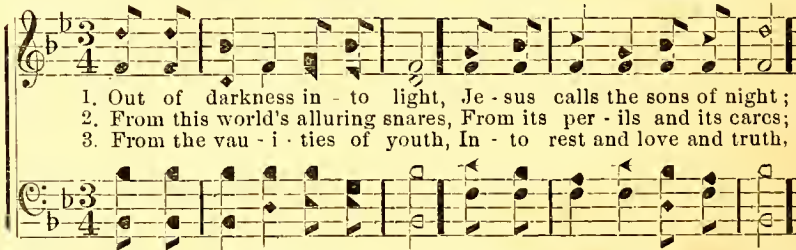


1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be, Mer - cy still re - served for me; Can any God his wrath forbear.
 2. Kin-dled his re - lent - ings are— Me he now de - lights to spare; Cries 'How shall I give thee up?'
 3. There for me the Sav - ior stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands: God is love! I know, I feel—

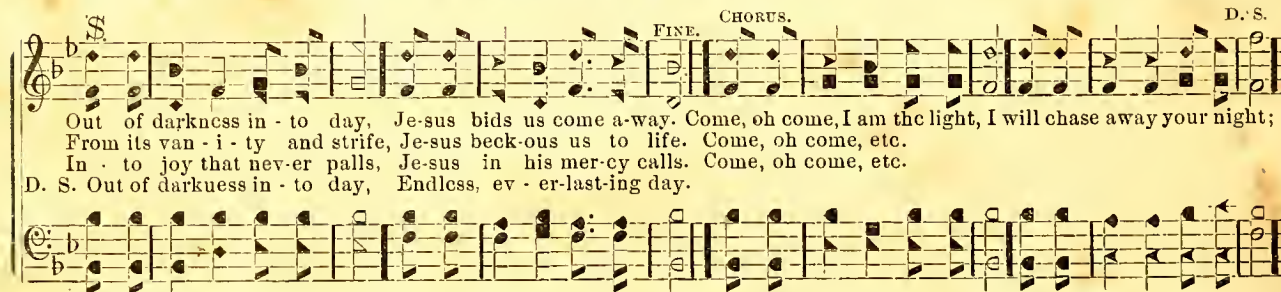


Me the chief of sin - ners spare?
 Lest the lift - ed thun - der drop.
 Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO DAY. WM. B. BLAKE, by per.



1. Out of darkness in - to light, Je - sus calls the sons of night;
 2. From this world's alluring snares, From its per - ils and its cares;
 3. From the vau - i - ties of youth, In - to rest and love and truth,



FINE. CHORUS. **D. S.**

Out of darkness in - to day, Je - sus bids us come a-way. Come, oh come, I am the light, I will chase away your night;
 From its van - i - ty and strife, Je - sus beck - ous us to life. Come, oh come, etc.
 In - to joy that nev - er palls, Je - sus in his mer - cy calls. Come, oh come, etc.
D. S. Out of darkness in - to day, Endless, ev - er - last - ing day.

Larghetto.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek,
 2. While we seek sup - plies of graec, Through the dear Re deem - er's name, Show thy ree - on - eil - ing face,
 3. Here we're come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy pres - ence near; May thy glo - ry meet our eyes,

Wait - ing in his courts to - day — Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - ual rest,
 Take a - way our sin and shame—From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee,
 While we in thy house ap - pear; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last - iug feast,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

4. May the gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of graec abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above,
 Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

EURIE.

C. H. BRUNK.

Lively.

1. Pre - cious prom - ise God hath giv - en, To the wea - ry one, In the way from earth to heav - en,
 2. When temp - ta - tions al - most win thee, All thy watch - ers gone. Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee,
 3. Though thy se - cret hopes have per - ished, As the years have flown, Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished,

Refrain.

"I will guide thee on." I will guide thee, I will guide thee, Never from my sight to roam; Hear the trusty Pilot calling,
 "I will guide thee on." I will etc.,
 "I will guide thee on." I will etc.,

SABBATH. 10s.

REV. E. S. WIDDEMAN.

"I will guide thee home."

1. A - gain the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which when He made the
 2. Let us de - vote this con - se - crat - ed day, To learn his will, and
 3. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide, Whose power defends us,

SABBATH. Concluded.

world Je - ho - vah blest; When like his own he bids our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.
all we learn o - bey; So shall we hear when fer - vent ly we raise Our sup - pli - ca - tion, and our songs of praise.
and whose pre - cepts guide; In life our guardian, and in death our Friend; Glo - ry supreme be thine—till time shall end.

GREENWOOD. 8s 7s & 4s.

1. Sav - ior, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain, All will come to des - o - la - tion,
Cho. Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us,
2. Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high, Lest for want of thy as - sist - ance,

Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
All our help must come from thee.
Eve - ry plant should droop and die.

3. Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen.
Lord, revive us, etc.

4. But a drouth has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, revive us, etc.

5. Where are those we counted leaders?
Filled with zeal, and love and truth;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.
Lord, revive us, etc.

6. Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarcely a single leaf they show.
Lord, revive us, etc.

7. Dearest Savior, hasten hither.
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!
Lord, revive us, etc.

8. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares
Lord, revive us, etc.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a-way, } Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Savior King;" Loud let his
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day. }

2. Come to that happy land, Come, come a-way, }
Why will you doubting stand, Why yet delay? } O we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free; Lord, we shall

prais - es ring. For-ev - er there.

live with thee, For-ev - er there.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. BY PER.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sacred herald stands; }
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hostile lands. }

2. Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful prov'd? }
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmov'd? }

Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God &c.

Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well hcloved, Cease thy mourning, Zion still &c.

3. God, thy God, will now restore
[thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs
[end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

ARRANGED.



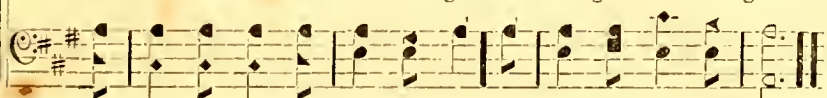
1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and Friend,
 2. Then, O my soul, despond no more; The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore
 3. My soul an-tie-i-pates the day, I'll joy-fully the call o-bey, Which comes to summon me a-way



And praise his name on high: No more to sigh nor shed a tear. No more to suf-fer pain or fear;
 Of ev-er-lasting rest. Oh happy day! Oh joy-ful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r,
 To seats prepared a-bove. There shall I see my Savior's face, And dwell in his be-loved em-brace,



But God and Christ and heaven appear Un-to the rap-tured eye.
 Be-yond the reach of Sa-tan's pow'r, To be for-ev-er blest.
 And taste the full-ness of his grace. And sing re-deem-ing love.



4. Though dire afflictions press me sore,
 And death's dark billows roll before,
 Yet still by faith I see the shore,
 Beyond the rolling flood.
 The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
 Before my raptured eyes appear;
 It makes me think I'm almost there
 In yonder bright abode.

LENOX.



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be-half ap-pears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - eede, His all re-deem-ing love, His precious blood to plead;
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal - va - ry; They pour effectual prayers, They strong-ly speak for me;



4. My God is ree - on - ciled, His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for his child, I can no lon - ger fear:



Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, Oh for-give, they cry, Nor let the ran-somed sin-ner die, Nor let the ran-somed sin - ner die.



With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba Fa - ther, ery, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba Fa - ther, cry.

AROUND THE THRONE.



1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, Thou-sands of chil - dren stand; Chil-dren whose sins are all forgiven,
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white See eve - ry one ar - rayed; Dwell-ing in ev - er - last - ing light,
3. What brought them to that world a - bove—That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace and joy and love?



AROUND THE THRONE. Continued.

A ho - ly hap - py band, Sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
 And joys that nev - er fade, Sing - ing, Glo - ry, etc.
 How came those chil - dren there? Sing - ing, Glo - ry, etc.

BY AND BY.

SELECTED.

1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; }
 In that hap - py land so sweet, By and by, by and by: } We shall gather on the shore, With our kindred gone before,

2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by; }
 We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by: } With the ransomed we shall stand, There a holy happy band,

And the Sav - ior's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.
 Crowned with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.

3. We shall join the heavenly choir,
 By and by, by and by;
 We shall strike the golden lyre,
 By and by, by and by:
 In our home so bright and fair,
 Where the happy angels are,
 We shall praise forever there,
 By and by, by and by.

FLEURY. 8s.

1. How sweet is the Sab - bath to me, The day when the Sav - ior a - rose; 'Tis heav - en his beauties to see,
But if he will make me his child,

2. This day he in - vites me to come, How kind - ly he bids me draw near; He of - fers me heav - en for home,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,

FINE.

And in his soft arms to re - pose. He knows I am weak and de - filed, My life is bnt emp - ty and vain;
I'll nev - er for - sake him a - gain.

And wipes off the pen - i - tent tear. He of - fers to par - don my sin, And keep me from ev - er - y snare;
And show me his ten - der - est care.

D. S.

JUST AS I AM. 8s.

ARRANGED.

1. Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee,
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,

JUST AS I AM. Concluded.

*(For every verse.)*

O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me.
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



3. Just as I am—though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come !
5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

PARTING.

WM. B. BLAKE.

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by per.

1. Christian brethren, ere we part, Ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart Join, and to our Savior raise Hymns of love, hymns of praise.
 2. From thy house, when we return. Let our hearts within us burn; That this evening we may say, We have met Thee to-day.
 3. Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore, There, released from toil and pain, We may all meet again.



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. S. M.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me, in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

PATHWAY OF LIFE.

C. H. BRUNK.

Come in the brightness of morning, Come while God's mercy to you is dawning; Study his word—Study aright—

Ask Him for light; Make it the path-way of life. friend, On it e - t - e - r - n - i - t - y with you de - pends.

JOYFUL SOUND. C. M.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.
 2. Sal - va - tion! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
 3. Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

NEAR THE CROSS.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain | 2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul;
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me. | 3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. |
|--|--|--|

THE LOVELY LAND. C. M.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-
 2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'-ring flowers: Death, like a nar-row
 3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old

4. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And view the Ca-naan
 5. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-seape o'er, Not Jor-dan's stream nor

CHORUS.

eludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. Oh the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's
 sea, di-vides This heavenly laud from ours. Oh the land, etc.
 Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. Oh the land, etc.

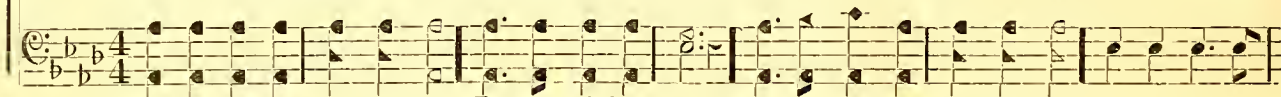
that we love With un-be-eloud-ed eyes. Oh the land, etc.
 death's eold flood, should fright us from the shore. Oh the land, etc.

foam; On the gold-en strand wait the hap-py, hap-py band, To wel-come the ransomed home.

LOVE AT HOME.



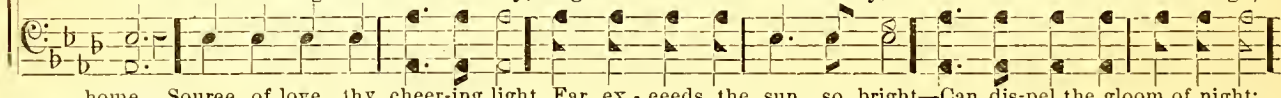
1. There is beauty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at
3. Kind-ly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at



4. Je - sus, show thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper, I am thine; Then there's love at



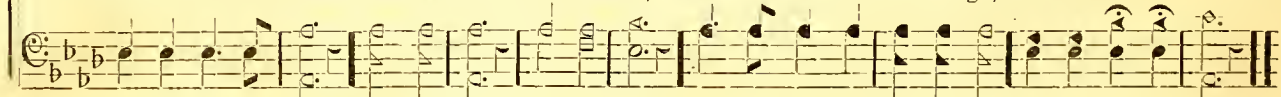
- home. Peace and plen - ty here a-bide, Smil - ing sweet on eve - ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweetly glide,
home. Ros - es blos - som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Mak - ing life a bliss complete,
home. Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Bright - er beams the az - ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,



- home. Source of love, thy cheer - ing light Far ex - ceeds the sun so bright—Can dis - pel the gloom of night;



- When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Oh there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.



- Then there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Can dis - pel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home.

HARTWELL.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest. That saw the Lord a-rise! Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast,
 2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit and see him here,
 3. One day a - midst the place, Where my dear God hath been, Is sweeter than ten thou - sand days

And these re - joic - ing eyes.
 And love, and praise and pray.
 Of plea - sure and of sin.

PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tar - ry but
 2. There the sunbeams are ever shining, I am waiting, I am waiting for
 3. Of that country, to which I'm going, My Redeemer, my Redeemer is

D. C. I'm a pilgrim, etc.

FINE.

D. C.

a while. Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing. To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing;
 the sight. Within a coun - try, unknown and drear - y, I have been wand'ring, for - lorn and wear - y;
 the light. There are no sor - rows, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y sin there, nor an - y dy - ing;

GATHERING SEED. 10s.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.



1. Out on the high - ways wher - ev - er we go, Seed we must gath - er and seed we must sow;
 Ev - en the ti - ni - est seed has a power, Be it a this - tle, or be it a flower.
 2. Out of each mo - ment some good we ob - tain, Some - thing to win - now and seat - ter a - gain;
 All that we list - en to, all that we read, All that we think of is gath - er - ing seed.



3. Gath - er - ing seed we must seat - ter as well, God will watch o - ver the place where it fell;
 On - ly the grain of the har - vest is ours, Shall we plant net - tles, or shall we plant flowers?



That which we gath - er is that which we sow, Seed time and har - vest al - ter - nate - ly flow;
 That which we gath - er &c.



That which we gath - er &c.



When we have fin - ished with time 'twill be known, How we have gath - ered, and how we have sown.



TRUMPET. 11s.

FINE.

1. Lift up your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en and man shall not die;
D. C. He burst from the fet - ters of darkness and gloom; Re-splen-dent in glo - ry to live and to save.

1. Sing glo - ry to God in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death can-not de-stroy;
D. C. But Je - sus hath cheered the dark valley of sin, And bade us im - mor-tal to heav-en as-cend.

D. C.

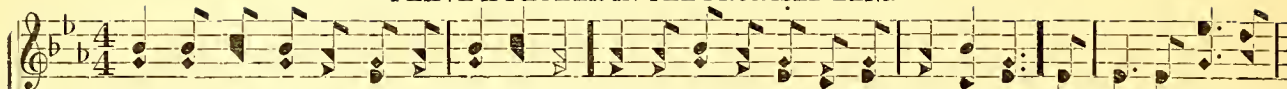
Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a-round him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave;
Sad were the life we may part with to - mor - row, If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;

BARR. C. M.

Words and music by J. S. COFFMAN.

1. O, wear-y wan-der-er, come home, Thy Savior bids thee come; Thou long in sin hast loved to roam, But still he loves thee—come.
2. Think of thy Father's house to-day, Think of its plenteous store, Think of thy sinful, wandering way, Then come, and roam no more.
3. Poor prodigal, come home and rest, Come and be reconciled; Thy Father'll clasp thee to his breast—He loves his wandering child.

I HAVE A FATHER IN THE PROMISED LAND.



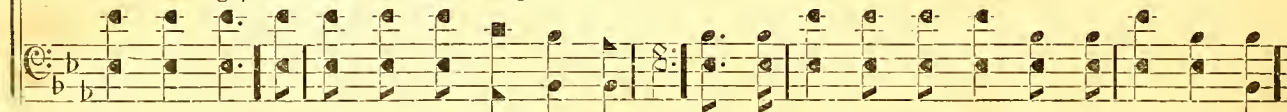
1. I have a Fa - ther in the prom - ised land, I have a Fa - ther in the prom - ised land; My Fa - ther calls me,
 2. I have a Sav - ior in the prom - ised land, I have a Sav - ior in the prom - ised land; My Sav - ior calls me,
 3. I have a crown in the prom - ised land, I have a crown in the promised land; When Jesus calls me,



4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the promised land; At Je - sus' feet, a



- I must go, To meet him in the prom - ised land. I'll a - way, I'll a - way, to the prom - ised land,
 I must go, To meet him in the prom - ised land.
 I must go, To wear it in the prom - ised land.



- joy - ous band, We'll praise him in the prom - ised land. We'll a - way, etc.



- I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promised land.



I NEED THEE.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>1. I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like Thine,
Can peace afford.</p> <p>REF.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee:
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee.</p> | <p>2. I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thon near by;
Temptations lose their power,
When Thou art nigh.</p> <p>3. I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.</p> | <p>4. I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.</p> <p>5. I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thon blessed Son.</p> |
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