

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

From the "Musical Pioneer," by permission.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful ci - ty that I love, Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never tire,

Rit.

Beautiful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Calva - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.
 Beautiful harps through all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace;
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
 Haste to this heavenly home with me.

H. A. Grant

EXHIBIT OFFICE
JUL 7 321
THE OFFICIAL SEMINARY

THE
GOLIAN HARP



A COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND BAND OF HOPE MEETINGS

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN,
AUTHOR OF "REVIVAL MELODIES."

BOSTON:
FOR SALE BY J. P. MAGEE, NO. 5 CORNHILL.
1860.

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3262

P R E F A C E .

No one thing adds more to the interest of a Sunday School than *cheerful Sacred Music*. Prayer is important, very important; but what Christian would think of approaching the Great Benefactor of mankind without praise? "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men."

Let the *children* sing his praise, but do not confine them to Dundee, Mear, and Old Hundred; they want something that will make their young hearts dance for joy. Often mingle with these old tunes, Homeward Bound, The Eden Above, Shining Shore, and Sunny Side. Much of the singing in our Sunday Schools, and indeed our prayer meetings, would be better adapted to funeral occasions. Sing more frequently, There is Rest for the Weary, I'm going home to die no more, &c. Then the children will see and feel that Christianity is the sunny side of life, and they will know what it is to "serve the Lord with *gladness*."

It has been our aim, in this little work, to give to the Sunday Schools some of the most cheerful and popular religious songs of the day. Many of them are entirely new, and will be sought for with a good deal of interest. A new feature in this book is the addition of songs for Band of Hope Meetings. This want has been almost entirely overlooked by others in sending out Sunday School music books.

We are greatly indebted to Prof. E. R. BLANCHARD, of this city, for valuable aid in harmonizing the music.

J. W. DADMUN.

BOSTON, JAN. 2, 1860.

EOLIAN HARP.

COME AND WORSHIP. 8s & 7s.

Music by J. W. D.

END.

Teachers. Come, ye children, and adore him— Lord of all, he reigns a - bove ; }
Come and worship now before him— He hath called you by his love. } He will grant you every blessing
Come, with humble hearts expressing All your grat-i - tude and praise.

D.C.
Of his all - a - bounding grace ;

CHILDREN.

- 2 On this holy day of gladness
We will join in praises meet ;
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.
O to feel the love of Jesus !
O to know that, from above,
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love.

TEACHERS.

- 3 Dearest children, now adore him ;
Swell aloud the joyful strain :
Let the nations bow before him—
Echo back the notes again.
While he will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

- 4 Praise to thee, O Lord, forever !
Gladly now we all unite ;
Praise to thee, O God ! the giver,
Blessed Lord of life and light !
Ransomed nation, spread the story !
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er !
All his grace, and all his glory,
O proclaim forever more !

1. The labors of a - nother year Are sealed to us be-low, The seed we've sown in hope and
2. Let not our strength be spent in vain, Nor tares the word destroy; But they who sow the precious

far, And watered oft with many a tear, Heaven grant may fruitful grow, Heaven grant, &c.
grain, Be seen returning home again, Bringing their sheaves with joy, Bringing their, &c.

3 Our Father, guide this youthful band
In wisdom's pleasant ways;
Upheld by thy all-powerful hand,
Firmly for Jesus may they stand
Through all their coming days.

4 Their souls by grace divine renew,
Through Jesus freely given;
And when to earth they bid adieu,
Give them abundant entrance through
The pearly gate of heaven.

W. R. Bowen.

THE SCHOOL GATHERING. 8s.

5

From "Hymn and Tune Book for Prayer and Social Meetings." [By permission.]

1. We come! we come! with loud acclaim To sing the praise of Je - sus' name; And
And low - ly bend, to of - fer there, From youthful lips our humble prayer—To

FINE.

make the vaulted temples ring With loud hosannas to our King. With joyful heart and
him who slept on Mary's knee, A gentle child, as young as we.

D.C.

smiling face, We gather round the throne of grace.

2 We come! we come! the song to swell,
Of him who loved the world so well;
That stooping from his Father's throne,
He died to claim us as his own.
With joy we haste the aisles to fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
And still the angels fill their home
With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

FLOWER BUDS. 7s & 6s.

Words and music by W. R. BOWEN.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Flower Buds'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. We are lit - tle flower-buds, Of life's early spring ; And our lit - tle offerings, To our Father bring.
2. Though we very small may be, God hath called us his, Saying of such little ones, Heaven's great kingdom is.
3. We are taught the way to heaven In our Sunday school, And our actions here to guide By the golden rule.

4 Much we love our little school,
And our Teachers kind,
Who with earnest, patient zeal,
Guide each youthful mind.

5 Come and see our Sunday school,
On some Sabbath day,
And the scene presented you,
Richly will repay.

SING HIS PRAISE. 7s & 5s.

FINE.

D.C.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Sing His Praise'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. Would you be as angels are, Sing, sing, sing His praise ; } [of spring,
Would you banish every care, Sing, sing, sing His praise ; } Like the lark upon the wing, Like the warbling bird
Like the crystal spheres that ring—Sing, sing, sing His praise.

2 If the world upon you frown. Sing, &c.
If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c.
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too—Sing &c.

3 For His wondrous dying love, Sing, &c.
That He intercedes above—Sing, &c.
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel choirs on high,—Sing, &c.

THE EDEN ABOVE. 12s & 11s.

Arr. by J. W. D. 7

1. We're bound for the land of the poor and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the Eden above. }

CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove.

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove ;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move ;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished ;

O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

Rev. W. Hunter.

CHORAL SONG. P. M.

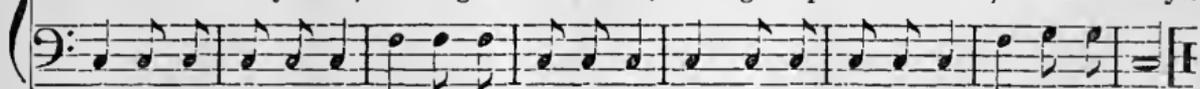
9



1. Come, let us all awake, Sing, every one; Let every voice partake, Join in our song;
2. Thanks to our God on high, Sing endless praise; Thanks for his watchful eye, Guiding our ways.



Our grateful notes of praise, O Lord, to thee we raise, Spirit of truth and grace, Lord, hear our song.
Thanks for his holy word, Pointing to Jesus' blood, Sealing our peace with God, To endless days.



3 Down from his Father's throne,
Glorious and bright,
He came, and bled, and died—
O wondrous sight!
Jesus, to thee we come,
In childhood's early bloom,
O, lead us safely home
To realms of light.

4 Then let us all awake,
Sing every one;
Let every voice partake,
Join in our song;
Children, his praise proclaim,
Teachers, prolong the strain,
Glory to Jesus' name!
Worthy the Lamb!

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The land for-ev - er bright and fair,
 Cho. There'll be no parting there, There'll be no parting there; In heaven alone no sorrow's known,

Where sor - row reigns no more.
 There'll be no part - ing there.

- 2 Shall I, unworthy I,
 To fear and doubting given,
 Mount up at last and happy fly.
 On angel's wings to heaven? There'll, &c.
- 3 Hail, love divine and pure!
 Hail, mercy from the skies!
 My hopes are bright and now secure,
 Upborne by faith I rise. There'll, &c.
- 4 I part with earth and sin,
 And shout the danger's past;
 My Saviour takes me fully in,
 And I am his at last. There'll, &c.

Rev. W. Hunter.

Death of a Teacher.

- 1 Weep, little children, weep,
 A teacher gone before;
 For those that loved to see his face,
 Shall see his face no more.
- 2 Yet all whom once he taught
 To sit at Jesns' feet,
 And seek the blessedness he sought,
 May him in glory meet.
- 3 Grieve, brother teachers, grieve:
 With you he bore the cross;
 And gladly, for a crown of life,
 Accounted all things loss.
- 4 His eye, his voice, his hand,
 Still marshal you along:
 A fearless, firm, united band—
 Quit you like men—be strong.
- 5 Strong in the Lord was he,
 And valiant for the truth;
 Go, train your little ones to be
 Christ's soldiers from their youth.

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

11

Arr. by G. W. BALLOU. By permission.

Moderato.

CHORUS. Quite fast.

1. Depth of mercy? can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me ? }
 Can my God his wrath for - bear ? Me, the chief of sinners, spare ? } God is love! I

know, I feel; Jesus weeps and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls;
 God is love, &c.

3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more;
 God is love, &c.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 God is love, &c.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
 God is love, &c.

OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.* S. M.

Air from "Sacred Melodies," by permission.

Harmonized by E. R. BLANCHARD.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature and the same key signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. When sickness, pain, and death Come o'er a god - ly child, How
 Chorus. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there, In
 sweetly then de - parts the breath! The dy - ing pang how mild!
 heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

- 2 It gently sinks to rest,
 As once it used to do
 Upon its mother's tender breast,
 And as securely too.
- 3 The spirit is not dead,
 Though low the body lies;

- But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
 To dwell beyond the skies.
- 4 That death is but a sleep
 Beneath a Saviour's care;
 And he will surely safely keep
 The body resting there.

* The melody of this interesting and popular tune is here restored to the form in which it was originally sung. In this form it was performed to the words "Oh, sing to me of heaven," by the Court Street Sabbath School, Binghamton, N. Y., at the funeral of Miss Juliaette Clark, daughter of Rev. H. R. Clark; and also at the funeral of Miss E. S. Mattison, daughter of the compiler of Sacred Melodies, June 22d, 1854.

No Sorrow there. S. M.

- 1 Oh, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.
- 4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

[Mrs. Dana.]

Invitation to Christ. S. M.

- 1 Come, children, come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.
- Chorus.* I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.
- 2 Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.
I'm glad, &c.
 - 3 Say not ye will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call;
For fearful will their end be found
On whom his wrath shall fall.
I'm glad, &c.
 - 4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood:
Repent, believe, obey.
I'm glad, &c.

1. O, happy land! O, happy land! Where saints and angels dwell; We long to join that
2. Thou heav'nly Friend! thou heav'nly Friend! O, hear us when we pray; Now let thy pard'ning

glorious band, And all their anthems swell; But every voice in yonder throng, On
grace descend, And take our sins a - way; Be all our fresh, our youthful days, To

earth has breathed a prayer; No lips untaught may join that song, Or learn the mu - sic there.
Thy best service given; Then we shall meet to sing thy praise, A ransomed band in heaven.

WILLIE AND I.

S. E. BALL, By permission 15

1. We love to go to Sabbath school, Willie and I, Willie and I; And be the weather foul or fair, We
 2. Our Teacher we do dear-ly love—Willie and I, Willie and I; She comes and takes us by the hand, And

purpose to be always there, To listen to the opening prayer, Willie and I, Wil-lie and I.
 points us to the bet-ter land, And tries to make us understand— Willie and I, Wil-lie and I.

3 Our father—mother too, we love—
 Willie and I, Willie and I;
 While many boys and girls there, are
 Whose parents for them do not care,
 We of the good things richly share—
 Willie and I, Willie and I.

4 We ought to love the Saviour most—
 Willie and I, Willie and I;
 For if we love and serve him best,
 In his own bosom we shall rest,
 And be in heaven forever blest—
 Willie and I, Willie and I.

1. { Out on an o - cean all boundless, we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - lstial a - bode,

2.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel!
Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

Rev. W. F. Warren.

Stay, Brother, Stay.

1.

Stay, brother, stay! whither going so fast?

Danger is there! danger's there!

Ruin, which rides on the merciless blast,

Sweeps not so bare, not so bare.

Poison they give, which corrupts and degrades,

Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid,

Death and destruction to life is their trade,

O, then beware! O, beware!

2.

[homes;

Thousands you've heard of with once happy

Where are they now? are they now?

Millions you've heard of who rushed to the
tombs;

Weep, thinking how, thinking how.

Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,

Think of the heart-broken mother and child,

Think of the homes made distracted and wild;

Then take the vow, take the vow.

3.

Touch not the cup then, as long as you live;

Safety is there! safety's there! [give;

Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temperance can

Make her your care, her your care.

Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,

Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,

To happiness, pure friendship, and fame,

Come, brother dear, brother dear.

Heavenward Bound.

1.

In life's bright morning the tempest we brave,

We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound

Out on the dark and the storm broken wave,

We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound.

Earth's bright attractions grow dim in the light,

The far distant city reveals to our sight,

Toward which we're urging our unceasing flight,

We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound.

2.

Tossed though we be on a dark restless tide,

We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound

The old ship of Zion will dangers outride,

We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound

The voice of our Captain dispelleth our fear;

Hear him proclaiming, "An hundred fold here,"

With life eternal, when he shall appear,

To all heavenward bound, heavenward bound.

3.

Now to the youthful the voyage we commend,

Come, with us go, with us go;

Welcome! a welcome to all we extend,

Say, will you go, will you go?

Swiftly, O swiftly we'll fly to the ark!

Our ship now is passing,—make haste to em-
bark!

The night hastens quickly, all dreary and dark,

Haste! let us go, let us go!

Rev. E. Mason.

1. Sabbath schools must have their meeting, When th'appointed time comes round, Surely, 'tis a precious meeting,
 Children love their own dear meeting,

END. AL SEGNO.

For the children there are found, 'Tis not safe to pass it o - ver, For the rain or for the snow;
 Parents, why not let them go?

- 2 There they sing of Him who never
 Thrust aside their precious claims;
 But took children to his bosom,
 As a shepherd doth his lambs.
 Some there were who tried to keep them
 Waiting, till some other day;
 But the Lord, their zeal rebuking,
 Told them of a better way.
- 3 There, their hearts go up to heaven,
 On the fragrant breath of prayer;
 Who shall say it is too early
 For the children to be there?

- Jesus says: why should they linger,
 (Speaking from his throne above,)
 Till they are a little older,
 Since they're old enough to love?
- 4 O, then, let them have their meeting,
 Be the weather foul or fair;
 So that when the Saviour calls them,
 They may answer, "Here we are."
 Tell them they can't come too early,
 To their friend who reigns above;
 For, ere they can lisp his praises,
 They are old enough to love.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

19

From S. S. Bell.

1. Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Stored in the breast.
 2. Childhood can never die—Wrecks of the past, Float o'er the memo - ry, Bright to the last.
 3. Our souls can never die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapped in its gloom.

Rall. Tempo.

Like Childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Go thro' all years and climes The heart to cheer.
 Ma - ny a happy thing, Ma - ny a daisy spring Float o'er time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way.
 What though the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace away, Live through e - ter - nal day With Christ above.

CHORUS.

Kind words can never die, never die, never die, Kind words can never die, no, never die.
 Childhood can never die, never die, never die, Childhood can never die, no, never die.
 Our souls can never die, never die, never die, Our souls can never die, no, never die.

PILGRIM'S SONG.

HENRY WELLS.

BOYS

GIRLS.

1. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Each with staff in hand? We are going on a journey, At the king's command ;
 2. Fear ye not the way so lonely, You, a feeble band? No, for friends unseen are near us, Angels round us stand :

CHORUS.

Over plains, and hills, and valleys, We are going to his palace, We are going to his palace, In the better land.
 Christ our leader walks beside us, He will guard, and He will guide us, To the better land.
 He will guard, and He will guide us,

3. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for,
 In the better land ?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
 From a Saviour's hand ;
 We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 In the better land.

4. Will you let me travel with you,
 To the better land ?
 Come away, we bid you welcome,
 To our little band.
 Come, O come ! we cannot leave you,
 Christ is waiting to receive you,
 Christ is waiting to receive you,
 In the better land.

For sale by J. P. MAGEE, 5 Cornhill, Boston.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL. P. M.

21

1. I want to be an an-gel, And with the an-gels stand, }
 A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand. } There, right before my

Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest music, And praise him day and night.

- 2 I never should be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear;
 But blessed, pure, and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise him both day and night.
- 3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heaven to live.

Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 O, send a shining angel
 To bear me to the sky.

- 4 O, there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 And there before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviours gone before me,

CHORUS.

To ful - fil my soul's request; There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory:
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

End for Temperance Hymn

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you— On the other side of Jordan,

In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Temperance Hymn.

- 1 O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.

Chorus. There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

- 2 Thousands, long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;

See, from eastern coast to western,
Quickly fly the shades of night.

- 3 May the heart-reviving story,
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.

- 4 Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

1. Come, and sing with joy and gladness; El - e - vate your hearts in praise; Come, dismiss all
 2. Come, and sweetly tune your voices; Raise them to a lofty strain; Sing a - loud, while
 3. Yes, it was the Saviour's pleasure That they should not hold their peace; And his blessings

gloom and sadness; High your songs ex - ult-ing raise,—With the an - gel choirs u - nit - ing,
 heaven re - joi - ces; Shout! for Je - sus comes to reign: Glo - ry! hear the an - gels cry - ing,
 without measure, He bestowed on such as these: Then to heav - en high as - cend - ing

Sing of Jesus' wondrous love; 'Tis a subject so delighting, Thrilling all the harps above.
 Glo - ry to the Saviour's name; Shall not children, with them vieing, Here, on earth, his praise proclaim?
 Shall our anthems quickly rise; With angel - ic voices blending Far a - bove yon a - zure skies.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT. P. M.

25

From S. S. Bell.

1. { 'Tis religion that can give—In the light, in the light; Sweetest pleasure while we live—In the light of God. }
 { 'Tis religion must supply—In the light, in the light: Sol - id comfort when we die—In the light of God. }

2. { After death its joys shall be—In the light, in the light; Lasting as e - ter - ni - ty—In the light of God. }
 { Be the living God my Friend—In the light, in the light; Then my bliss shall never end—In the light of God. }

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, Walk in the light; Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell—
 In the light, in the light;
 Seeming much of joy to tell,
 In the light of God.
 But a music sweeter far—
 In the light, in the light:
 Breathes where angel-spirits are—
 In the light of God.
 Let us walk, &c.

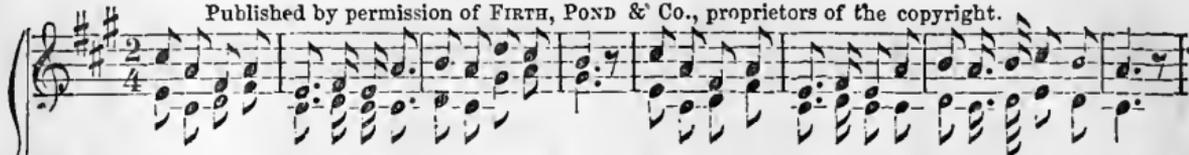
2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
 Where immortal praises swell?
 And can children ever go
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
 Let us walk, &c.

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be;
 All the good shall Jesus see:
 For the good a rest remains,
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
 Let us walk, &c.

CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY,

HENRY TUCKER.

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1. Call the children early, mother, While the birds do sing; Which by the hill-side spring
While the dew is on the flowers,
2. Call the children early, father, While the dew is on ; Great the work* that must be done Before the morning's gone.



Oft repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord, Oft repeat the waking word, Till they rise, &c.
Call them round the altar bright, On which burns devotion's light, Calls them round the altar bright, On which, &c.



- 3 Call the children early, teacher,
To their wond'ring eyes,
Ev'ry Sabbath day, set forth
The pearl of richest price.
Call them early to the Lord,
Thou shalt reap a rich reward.
Call them &c.

- 4 Call the children early, shepherd,
Give the lambs thy care;
See that they are folded safe
Within the house of prayer.
Call them at the dawn of day,
Lead them in the narrow way.
Call them, &c.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

27

1. I'm but a traveler here, Heaven is my home, Earth is a desert drear,
 2. What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home, Short is my pilgrim - age,

Heaven is my home; Danger and sor - row stand, Round me on ev' - ry hand;
 Heaven is my home; Time's cold and win - try blast, Soon will be o - ver - past;

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

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there ; Where verdure and blossoms

The musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the top line and a bass clef on the bottom line. The time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first line of music ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

never fade, And fields are e - ter - nal-ly fair. That blissful place is my fa - ther-land, By

The musical notation for the chorus continues on a second grand staff. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The chorus begins with the word 'CHORUS.' and continues with the lyrics 'never fade, And fields are e - ter - nal-ly fair. That blissful place is my fa - ther-land, By'. The music ends with a double bar line.

- 2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode ;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.
- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me ;

- Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er ;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

Rev. W. Hunter.

MY FATHERLAND, Concluded.

29

faith its delights I explore, Come, favor my fight, an-gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a brace on the left. The melody is written in the Treble clef and the accompaniment in the Bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

E. R. B.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music is primarily composed of whole notes and rests, with some half notes. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | namo; | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
on | earth..as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | daily | bread; | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those that |
trespass...a- | gainst us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; | For thine is the kingdom, and the
power, and the | glory,..for- | ever,..A- | men.

THE SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

G. F. Root. From "Sabbath Bell," by permission.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de - tain them
 2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home dis - cerning; Our ab - sent Lord has
 3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That per - fect rest naught
 4. Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says come, and

CHORUS.

as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger. For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our
 left us word, Let every lamp be burning— For oh, &c.
 can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.
 there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for - ev - er!

friends are passing o - ver, And just before the shining shore We may almost dis - cover.

HAPPY DAY.

31

♩ CHORUS.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God. } Happy day, happy day, when Jesus
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy day, &c.

FINE.

AL SEGNO.

washed my sins a - way. He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joicing every day,

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Con Espressione.

1. The night comes stealing on, mother, With gentle, lov - ing tone, And here beside thy
2. My heart is sad to-night, mother, E'en sadder than be - fore, For memory wanders

grave I stand, Sweet mother, all a - lone. Ah! many an eve has passed away, Bright
far, far back To happy scenes of yore. To golden, halcyon, dreaming days, When

3 And then around my brow, mother,
Those garlands you would twine,
And murmur, may life's fairest flowers,
My darling, e'er be thine.
Then let me, let me weep to-night
O'er life's now withered flowers,
Whose fragrance filled my youthful breast
In earlier, happier hours.

4 I'm kneeling by thy grave, mother,
To wait thy blessing given,
And list the whispered words of love
Borne from thy home in Heaven.
And now I leave thy resting-place,
To come again no more,
Till autumn's plaintive moan is heard
From summer's leafy shore.

Leta Lyndon.

suns have rose and set, Fair moons have come and gone again, Since last, since last we met.
oft - en at thy feet I sat me down to weave fair flowers, In garlands fresh and sweet.

OH COME, LET US SIGN.

TUNE—"Oh come, come away."

1.

Oh come, let us sign,
The pledge will make us stronger,
Bind great and small each one to all,—

Oh come, let us sign;
We'll lift our banner towards the sky,
And rally round our standard high,
And nobly "do or die,"

Oh come, let us sign.

2.

Oh come, let us haste,
The pledge will make us better,
One duty done is good begun,—

Oh come, let us haste;

'Tis good to labor heart and hand
With those who toil to bless the land,
The great teetotal band,—
Oh come, let us haste.

3.

Oh come, let us sign,
The pledge will make us happy,
Nor will it bring at length a sting,
Oh come, let us sign;
And rear our Temperance standard high,
And rally around it till we die,

And bear it loftily,
Oh come, let us sign.

1. Sal - vation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign balm for
 Chorus. I do believe, I now believe, I can hold out no more; I sink by dying

every wound, A cordial for our fears.
 love compelled, And own thee conqueror.

- 2 Salvation! 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.

An Infant's Hymn.

- 1 I'm not too young to love the Lord,
 Who does so much for me;
 My blessings come alone from God—
 How thankful I should be!
- 2 I'm not too young a prayer to raise
 To God who dwells on high;
 He'll listen to my song of praise,
 And hear my feeble cry.
- 3 I'm not too young for Christ to save;
 He even died for me;
 Yes! he his life for children gave,
 And will their Saviour be.
- 4 I'm not too young to die and go
 To Jesus Christ in heaven;
 But ere I reach that place I know
 My sins must be forgiven.
- 5 O Saviour, listen to my prayer,
 And change this heart of mine;
 O! take an infant to thy care,
 And make me wholly thine.

OUR SHEPHERD.

35

WM. L. WOODCOCK.

1. Our Shepherd's watchful care His flock shall safely keep; To living pastures, green and fair,

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

His hand shall guide his sheep. To living pastures, green and fair, His hand shall guide his sheep.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features the same treble and bass staves and key signature. The melody concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

2 His gentle voice they know;
They follow where he leads,
Through vales where life's bright waters flow,
And over verdant meads.

3 But vie earth's rude alarms,
And sin's alluring snares;
Safe folded in His loving arms
The tender lambs he bears.

4 He keeps them by His side;
Their souls to Him are dear;
He is their Father, Friend, and Guide,
While they are wandering here.

5 And when life's day is o'er,
And rest and peace are given,
Bright angels on death's farther shore
Shall welcome them to Heaven.

Miss N. A. Priest.

I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

1. Happy the children who are gone To live with Je - sus Christ in peace! }
Who stand a - round his glorious throne, Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace. }

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more; }
To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }

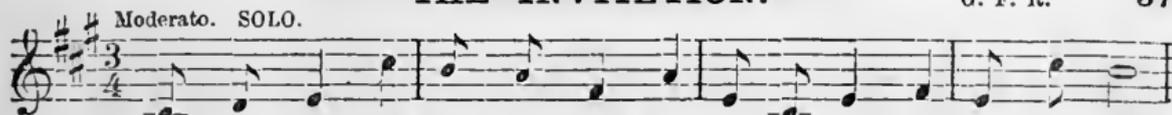
- 2 The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow there they know,
But bask in one eternal day.
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 Now to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join the songs,

- Hosanna to th' immortal King,
To whom immortal praise belongs!
I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Most gracious Lord! O may we be
All brought with them in bliss to join:
Thy sacred countenance to see,
And sing thy mercies all divine!
I'm going home &c.

THE INVITATION.

G. F. R.

37

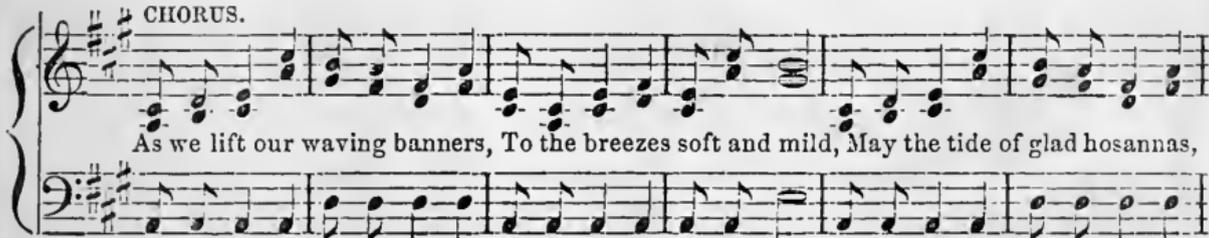


1. Now we lift our tune - ful voi - ces, In a new, me - lo - dious song;
 2. Ye who join our cel - e - bra - tion, Sweetest mel - o - dies employ;

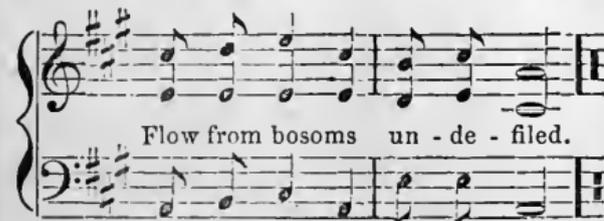


While each youthful heart re - joi - ces, To behold the gathering throng.
 Bow with us in ad - o - ra - tion, Filled with ho - ly, heavenly joy.

CHORUS.



As we lift our waving banners, To the breezes soft and mild, May the tide of glad hosannas,



Flow from bosoms un - de - filed.

3 Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
 All must honor and approve,
 Thanks for labor still unceasing,
 Heaven reward your works of love.
 4 Thanks to God for every blessing
 Which his bounteous hand bestows;
 All on earth that's worth possessing
 From that hand incessant flows.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

Words by H. REED, ESQ.

Music for this work by E. R. BLANCHARD.

1. We're the lambs of the flock, And no danger we fear, When the voice and the call of our Shepherd we hear.
2. We are tiny and weak, But our Shepherd is strong; From the wolves he defendeth us all the day long.

Then we follow, then we follow, then we follow, then we follow, In the steps of the flock, When the Shepherd ^{[hear.}
If we follow, if we follow, if we follow, if we follow, In the track of his chosen ones all the day long.

- 3 The pastures are green, and the flowers bloom around;
By the side of still waters he lets us lie down,
Then we follow, then we follow, then we follow, then we follow,
Then we follow his call, when the flowers bloom around.
- 4 O that all the dear lambs had a voice to reply,
When the great Shepherd calls from his mansions on high,
We will follow, we will follow, we will follow we will follow,
We will follow the Lamb to his fold in the skies.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Plymouth Coll.

39

1. The Lord at - tends when children pray; A whisper he can hear;

He knows not on - ly what we say, But what we wish or fear.

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

3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
 And words of prayer to say;

The heart must with the lips agree,
 Or else we do not pray.

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

1. Joy - fully, Joy - fully onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove; }
An - gelic choris - ters sing as I come, "Joy - fully, joy - fully haste to thy home. }

Soon, with my pilgrimage end - ed be - low, Home to that land of de - light will I go;

2.

Friends fondly cherished have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

3.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his docm;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

W. HUNTER.

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - fully, joy - fully resting at home.

LITTLE THINGS.

From Mason's "Little Songs for Little Children."

1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

AROUSE, NEW ENGLAND SONS, AROUSE!

Arr. by J. W. D.

1. With banner and with badge we come, An army true and strong ; To fight against the hosts of rum, And
2. "Cold Water Army" is our name, O, may we faithful be ; And so in truth and justice claim The

CHORUS.

this shall be our song : We love the clear cold water springs, Supplied by gentle showers ; To feel the strength cold blessings of the free. We love, &c.

water brings, The vic - to - ry is ours.

- 3 Though others love their rum and wine,
And drink till they are mad ;
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad.
- 4 I pledge to thee this hand of mine,
In faith and friendship strong ;
And, fellow soldiers, we will join
The chorus of our song.

Song of Freedom. C. M:

- 1 Arouse! New England sons, arouse!
Wake from your coward sleep!
The tyrants hand is on your neck,
And shall his fetters keep,
- 2 In bondage! Men whom freedom nursed
In her own chosen home!
Where patriots' blood was freely poured
In holy martyrdom?
- 3 Arouse! New England sons, arouse!
A clinging curse on thee,
If here supinely ye will sleep,
Dreaming that ye are free.
- 4 Arouse, and see how false the name
Which ye so fondly claim!
Free are ye, while ye bear about
The tyrant's galling chain?
- 5 Free, while the halls ye rear are burned!
Free, while your sons are driven
By slavery's mobs, because they dare
To speak for truth and heaven!
- 6 Free, while the very homes you've made
Beside your fathers' graves
Are pillaged, if ye dare to aid
The panting, flying slave!
- 7 Arouse! New England sons, arouse!
And lay oppression low;
And strike for freedom and for God
An earnest, manly blow.
- 8 Nail up your banner to the walls!
In God's name let it wave,

Until beneath its ample folds
Shall crouch no wretched slave.

Whittier.

Oh! Water, bright Water.

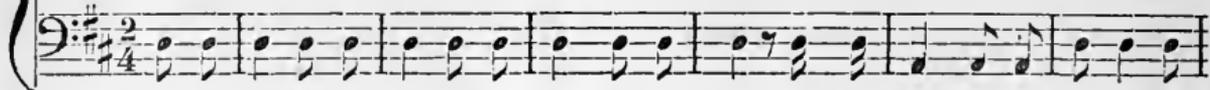
TUNE—"Lily Dale."

- 1 Some love to drink from the foamy brink,
Where the wine drop's dance they see;
But the water bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.
O, water, bright water! pure, precious, free;
Yes, 'tis water bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.
- 2 O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow;
There's health in the tide, and there's music be-
In the brooklet's bounding flow. [side,
O, water, &c.
- 3 As pure as Heaven is the water given;
'Tis forever fresh and new;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,
In the shower and the gentle dew.
O, water, &c.
- 4 Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll
For the worn rock owns its sway; [seek,
And we're borne swift along by its wings so
When it rises to fly away. [strong,
O, water, &c.
- 5 There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud, stormy wind doth blow;
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below.
O, water, &c.

WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING?



1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light, Where the birds carol sweetly, the
 2. Then the cup runneth o'er with the pur-est of drink, And as sweet as the roses that



sunset is bright? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? Will you, will you
 bend from the brink. Will you, &c.



will you, will you come to the spring?

3 Let it flow, lovely stream, it will surely impart,
 Both a new glow to beauty and peace to the heart; Will, &c.

4 When the gay flowerets droop in the noon-summer's heat,
 Or the bright dew descending restores every sweet; Will, &c.



5 With new blessings of life it forever o'erflows,
 It refreshes all nature wherever it goes. Will you, &c.

Come to the Fount.

TUNE—"Come, come, come."

1.

Come, come, come, to the fount clear and sweet,
 Gliding gently at our feet,
 Soft and bright, ripples meet,
 Mark the crystal spray;
 Here the weary traveller rests,
 When the sun sinks in the west,
 Fair green couch, water blest,
 Nature bright and gay.

2.

Hark! hark! hark! lo, a sound greets our ears;
 'Tis the word, "to arms," we hear,
 Watchman bold, never fear!
 Hail this glorious morn.
 Weeping mother, see your child,
 Once for guilt and crime reviled,
 Yours again reconciled,
 Newly, newly born.

3.

On! on! on! to the strife, firmly go;
 Watchman on, and strike the blow;
 God our shield, face the foe,
 Victory is our's.
 Plant the laurel and the rose,
 Where the sparkling fountain flows,
 Bending vines, fragrant boughs,
 Deck our peaceful bowers.

Crystal Fount.

TUNE—"America."

1.

Let the still air rejoice,
 Be every youthful voice
 Blended in one,
 While we renew our strain,
 To Him with joy again,
 Who sends the evening rain
 And morning sun.

2.

His hand in beauty gives
 Each flower and plant that lives,
 Each sunny rill;
 Springs which our footsteps meet,
 Fountains! our lips to greet,
 Waters! whose taste is sweet,
 On rock and hill.

3.

So let each thoughtful child
 Drink of this fountain mild,
 From early youth;
 Then shall the song we raise
 Be heard in future days,
 Ours be the pleasant ways
 Of peace and truth.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

1. March to the battle field, The foe is now be - fore us! Love is our sword and shield,
2. Who, for his country, brave, Joins not against th' invad - er, Who doth her sons enslave,

FINE.

And heaven is smiling o'er us. The woes and pains, the galling chains, Of rum, that kept us
And ruin and degrade her? Our hallowed cause, By kindness' laws, 'Gainst tyrant rum sus-

D.C.

un - der, In deep disdain we've broke in twain, And torn each link a - sun - der.
taining, We'll wear the crown of true renown, And die the right main - tain - ing.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

47

Arr. for this work.

1. A glorious day is breaking Upon our sinful earth ; Our land to life is waking, With shouts of joy and mirth ;

Our ar - my is preparing To meet the rising sun, On all its banners bearing The name of WASHINGTON.

- 2 We meet to-day in gladness,
 As moves our host along ;
 No note of painful sadness
 Is mingled with our song.
 This day, renowned in story,—
 The day of Freedom's birth,—
 We hail in all its glory ;
 We highly prize its worth.
- 3 The temperance flag is waving,
 O'er valley, hill, and plain,
 Where ocean's sons are braving
 The dangers of the main ;

- The pledge, the pledge is given
 To float on every breeze ;
 Waft it, propitious Heaven !
 O'er all the earth and seas.
- 4 Our cause, our cause is gaining
 New laurels every day ;
 The youthful mind we're training
 To walk in virtue's way ;
 Old age, and sturdy manhood,
 Are with us heart and hand ;
 Then let us, all united,
 In one firm phalanx stand.

