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LINDEN HARP:

A RARE COLLECTION OF POPULAR MELODIES,

ADAPTED TO

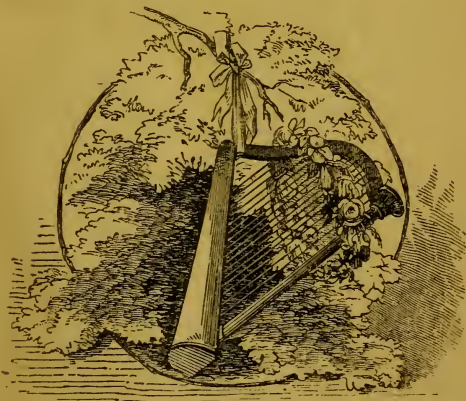
Sacred and Moral Songs, Original and Selected.

ILLUSTRATED.

ALSO,

A MANUAL OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

By LILLA LINDEN.



See page 38.

For Sale by

SANBORN & CARTER, PORTLAND, MAINE; J. P. MAGEE, BOSTON;
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NOTE.—By comparing the above Index with the Index of Songs, it will be observed that “innocent sounds,” “moving strains,” and “melting measures” are “retained in virtue's cause.”—See page 154.

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See page 38.

New-York:

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1855.

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PREFACE.

It may perhaps be said by some that the country is now flooded with musical works of every description. Admitting the truth of this, we still believe, that while the world stands there will be room for more; and the Scriptural assertion, "Of making many books, there is no end," will continue true. We, therefore, offer no apology for presenting a new work, or for the work itself; as we have done *our best* to make it what it was designed to be, viz., a good and desirable song-book for the youth of our country. We have not introduced anything but what we believed would add to interest or utility; and we sincerely hope, that the purchaser will enjoy in the use of the book at least a tithe of the pleasure which we have experienced in preparing it.

The following peculiar features of the present work will here be briefly noted:—

First. Instead of following the common method of spreading music, we have made use of musical signs, repeats, &c., in such a manner as to afford the most music for the least possible space: and we know of no work of the same size which contains such a large number and variety of tunes.

Second. We have consulted the tastes of youth generally; in the selection of melodies, in providing a liberal supply of chorus tunes, also in the introduction of pictures. The introduction of plates in a musical work is truly a novel feature, yet it is believed, that all who examine them will admit that they are of a character to add interest to the work, and deepen the impressions made by the music and poetry.

Third. The collection of dialogues in song has been prepared with care, and will doubtless be hailed by teachers and scholars as an important acquisition in their preparation for exhibitions, &c.



Fourth. Some of the music, and much of the poetry is original, and the greater part of the remainder has been arranged expressly for this work.

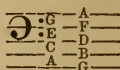
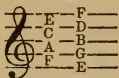
Fifth. In the writing and selection of songs no pains have been spared to introduce such sentiments as tend to elevate the morals, refine and purify the affections, win youth into the paths of knowledge, virtue, and piety; and at the same time render the composition of a lively and pleasing character.


There is sterling worth in the oft-quoted adage of an ancient philosopher, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws;" and it was with a vivid sense of the durability of impressions made by the songs of early childhood that the present work was prepared. The sentiment, "If we save the young we save all," is unquestionably true, and with this in view, we trust that the present work will be reckoned as a well-directed effort of an earnest lover of youth to persuade them to shun the paths of vice and folly, and walk in wisdom's ways.

We are rejoiced to know that the introduction of vocal music into schools of learning has been so long and successfully tried, and has proved such a valuable aid, in both government and instruction, that it can no longer be considered an experiment; and we hope the day is not far distant when there will be found in every school throughout our land a band of youthful choristers assiduously cultivating a musical taste, while in their hearts they cherish a hope of uniting in that universal song of praise which is heard only in "the land of the blest."

7. The pitch of musical sounds is regulated by a musical staff, consisting of five lines and four spaces. Each line and space is designated by one of the first seven letters of the alphabet. If more sounds are required, short lines, called Leger lines, are added.
8. There are two staves in use—the Treble and Bass—which are


distinguished by the G and F Clef. The  fixes G upon the second line of the Treble staff. The  fixes F upon the fourth line of the Bass staff.






 The following is a simple method of imprinting upon the minds of the pupils the position of the letters on the staff. Let them observe that the letters upon the spaces of the Treble staff form the word Face; they will then readily remember that the letters upon the lines follow those upon the spaces in alphabetical order. In like manner, let them read the word Aceg upon the spaces of the Bass staff, and trace out the letters upon the lines in connection with this word.



9. All music is divided into equal measures by perpendicular lines, called Bars. There may be different notes in the same measure, but the amount of time in each measure must be the same.
10. The figures at the beginning of a piece of music indicate the time. The upper figure denotes the number of counts or beats in each measure, and the lower shows the length of a note to each beat.
11. Double and triple measure are accented on the first part; quadruple, on the first and third; sextuple, on the first and fourth.
12. Two or more notes, united by hooks or a slur, are to be sung to one syllable.



13. A pause , shows that the note under it is to be prolonged.




14. A close  or  shows the end of a piece of music.

15. A repeat  shows that the strain before it is to be repeated.










16. D. C. signifies that you are to return to the beginning, and end at the word "Fine." D. C.  shows that you must return to  and end at "Fine."

17. The diatonic scale is formed by a succession of sounds which are represented by the syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do; also by the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

18. In the diatonic scale there are always five whole tones and two semi-tones. The half-tones fall between Mi and Fa, and between Si and Do.

19. In the natural key, Do always commences on C. A sharp  placed before a note, raises it half a tone; a flat  depresses a note half a tone; a natural  restores it to its original sound.

20. These characters are called accidentals when they occur in a piece of music, and only affect the notes on the same line and space in one measure; but when they are placed at the beginning of a piece of music, they indicate a new key, and are called the signature.

 As the scale always commences upon the key-note, it is important that pupils should be able to name the key, by glancing at the signature. We would suggest the following method of acquiring a facility for distinguishing different keys: When the signature is composed of sharps, the key-note is always next to the last sharp. If the sharp is on F, the key is G; if on F and C, the key is D, &c. The rule is different for flats: For the first , which falls on B, the key-note is F, the third note below; but every other key formed by flats, the key-note is placed on the next to the last ; B and  give the key of ; B, E, and , give the key of ; B, E, A, and , give the key of , &c.

Observe that the letters forming the word Bead, show the order in which the first four flats are arranged upon the staff as signatures.

As pupils can read music correctly, without a knowledge of the principles of transposition, we will omit an explanation, which is difficult for children to comprehend.

We have not deemed it necessary to introduce the technical terms and signs, which more properly belong to advanced pupils. Our purpose was to present an outline of a course of musical instructions, for teachers to amplify and explain upon the black-board.

If we could have allotted sufficient space, we should have been happy to have written in a more simple and diffuse style, with questions and answers suited to the capacities of children, and yet we do not deem it necessary for a "Teacher's Manual," as all teachers have a style of their own for imparting instruction.

We will now briefly recapitulate the previous explanations:—

Key of C. Key of G.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Key of D. Key of A.

Key of E. Key of F. D. C.

Key of B \flat . Key of E \flat . FINE.

D. C. Key of A \flat .

A SHORT LETTER TO THE CHILDREN, WHO SING THE SONGS IN LINDEN HARP.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I wish to say a few words to you, before you commence to sing. I love you all very much; and it is because I love you, that I have prepared this book for you, hoping that you will find some thoughts in it, which will lead you to the Saviour, who loves you more than I, more than your dear parents, more than any one on earth can love you. He loves you so well, that he died for you, that you might live forever with him in heaven.

I think you will enjoy singing these sweet songs, and I shall count every one of you, who use this book, as *my* friends.

I hope I shall have very many young friends, who will not only be friends of mine, but friends of Jesus.

I should like very much to be with you, and see your sparkling eyes, and smiling faces, while you are engaged in singing. I was just thinking if I were only a spirit, I could visit you as often as I wish; and whenever I heard your soft, mellow notes float through the air, I

could join you, and enjoy the sweet music of my Father's dear children. But I *expect* to be a spirit ere long—we shall *all* be spirits; and if we are good, and serve the Lord in this world, we shall be bright, happy spirits, in that

“Happy land, far, far away.”

Often, while I have been engaged in preparing this book, my heart has been uplifted in prayer, that I may be so happy as to meet *many*, nay, *all* of the dear children who sing these songs, in that “happy land” where we shall

“—sweetly sing
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Forevermore.”

Till then, adieu.

From your friend,

LILLA LINDEN.

INTRODUCTION.



AIR.—“*Will you come to the bower?*”—See page 16.

1. O, see this Linden Harp,
’T was just left at our door!
A prettier music-book,
I never saw before.

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
buy a Linden Harp?

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
buy a Linden Harp?

2. Here are the melodies
We like so much to sing;
The sound of these sweet notes
Will joyful memories bring.
Will you, &c.

3. It warns us not to sin,
To curse, or steal, or lie,

From every evil path
 With eager haste to fly.
 Will you, &c.

4. It teaches love to God,
 Love for our country too;
 And love for every one
 With whom we have to do.
 Will you, &c.

5. It prompts in us good will
 To foes, who from us turn;
 And when they treat us ill,
 Bids good to them return.
 Will you, &c.

6. It tells us to be kind
 To all which God has made,
 Nor crush the helpless worm
 Beneath the foot or spade.
 Will you, &c.

7. It speaks of Jesus' love,
 How he for us has died,
 That we with him above
 May enter and abide.
 Will you, &c.

8. It points us to the road
 Mark'd by his precious blood;

And shows how we must live
 To reach that blest abode.
 Will you, &c.

9. And then it is so cheap,
 I'm sure I cannot see
 How (with so much to please)
 The book and price agree.
 Will you, &c.

10. For here are all the rules
 To teach us how to sing,
 And then these dialogues
 Will still new pleasure bring.
 Will you, &c.

11. And see, dear father, see!
 What pretty pictures here;
 You'll surely buy some books
 For me, and brothers dear.
 Will you, &c.

* * * * *

12. *Of course*, papa says "yes,"
 For who can answer, "no,"
 When such a book as this
 Their children to them show?
 Will you, &c.

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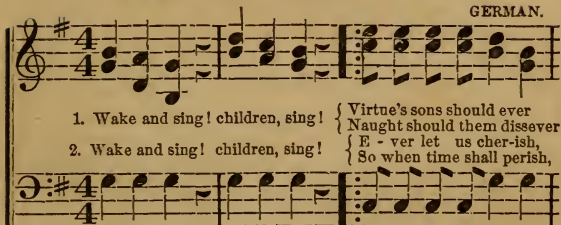


CHILDREN SINGING IN THE LINDEN HARP.

LINDEN HARP.

WAKE AND SING. P. M.

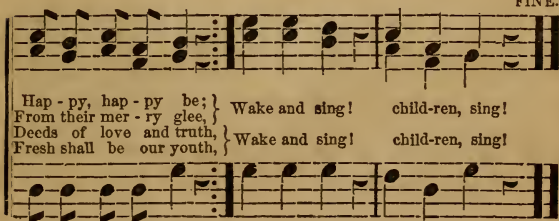
GERMAN.



1. Wake and sing! children, sing! { Virtue's sons should ever
Naught should them dissever

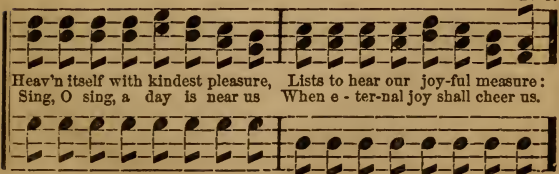
2. Wake and sing! children, sing! { E - ver let us cher-ish,
So when time shall perish,

FINE.




Hap - py, hap - py be; } Wake and sing! child-ren, sing!
From their mer - ry glee, }
Deeds of love and truth, } Wake and sing! child-ren, sing!
Fresh shall be our youth, }

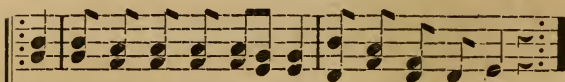
D. C.



Heav'n itself with kindest pleasure, Lists to hear our joy-ful measure:
Sing, O sing, a day is near us When e - ter-nal joy shall cheer us.

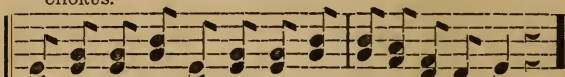


O, what a love-ly thing It is to learn to sing,




And chant our Sa-viour's praise, Our sweet en-joy-ment here }
Makes eve-ry mo-ment dear, While chanting these sweet lays. }

CHORUS.



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to sing-ing school?



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to sing-ing school?

SINGING SCHOOL.

1. O, what a lovely thing
It is to learn to sing,
And chant our Saviour's praise:
Our sweet enjoyment here
Makes every moment dear,
While chanting these sweet lays.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
come to singing school?
Will you, will you, will you, will you
come to singing school?

2. My heart doth here aspire,
With ardent, warm desire,
To be like saints above,
Where every heart and voice
In sweetest songs rejoice,
And praise a Saviour's love.
Will you, &c.

3. My soul within doth burn,
While I true virtue learn,
And tender feelings gain;
Then what a lovely thing
It is to learn to sing,
Where love and friendship reign.
Will you, &c.

PRAISE TO GOD.

1. Come, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise:
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise.
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory;
God is love,
Glory, glory, glory, Hallelujah;
God is love.

2. Now we are taught to read
The Book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine.
Glory, &c.

3. Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught.
Glory, &c.

4. For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts—
'Tis all that we can give.
Glory, &c.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

1. Joy, joy, through all the land,
For winter's reign is o'er;
Spring leads her lovely band
From hill to river shore.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-
come, welcome joyous spring.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-
come, welcome joyous spring.

2. Adieu, O wintry storm!
Blue are the sunny skies;
And in the sunshine warm,
A thousand blossoms rise.
Welcome, &c.

3. Blest be the happy land,
With snows or verdure strown,
Long mark'd by God's own hand,
As Freedom's chosen throne.
Welcome, &c.

4. And bless'd the God who sends
The changing seasons play;
And gives, when winter ends,
The merry hours of May.
Welcome, &c.

PARTING HYMN.

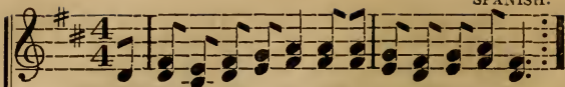
1. Come, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name—
Join every tongue and heart
To celebrate his fame.
Glory, glory, glory, Hallelujah to
the Lamb;
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory to
the Lamb.

2. Jesus, the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise him forever more.
Glory, &c.

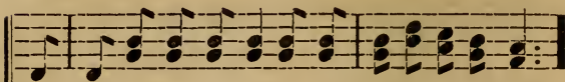
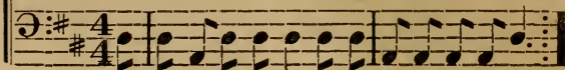
3. Lord, in thy grace we came—
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' name—
In Jesus' name we part.
Glory, &c.

4. If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Glory, &c.

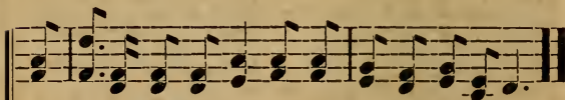
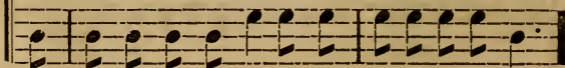
SPANISH.



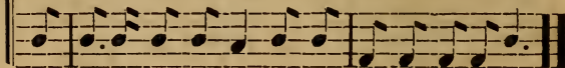
1. How precious is the sto-ry Of our Redeemer's birth, }
 Who left the realms of glo-ry, And came to dwell on earth: }



He saw our sad con-di-tion, Our guilt, and sin, and shame;



To save us from per-di-tion The bless-ed Je-sus came.



2. He came to earth from heaven,
 To weep, and bleed, and die,
 That we might be forgiven,
 And raised to God on high.
 His kindness and compassion
 To children then were shown;
 The heirs of his salvation,
 He claim'd them for his own.

3. O, may I love this Saviour,
 So good, so kind, so mild;
 And may I find his favor,
 A young, though sinful child!
 And in his blissful heaven
 May I at last appear,
 With all my sins forgiven,
 To know and praise him there!

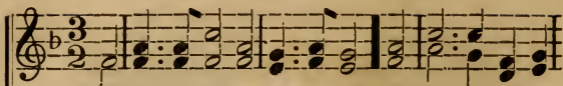
I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. I want to be an angel,
And with the angels 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.</p> <p>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 thousand
I'd praise him day and night.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> |
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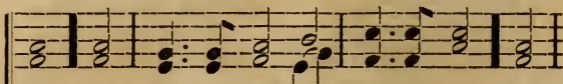
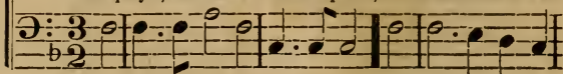
LITTLE THINGS. 6s & 5s.

1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand,
Make the mighty o - cean, And the beau - teous land.

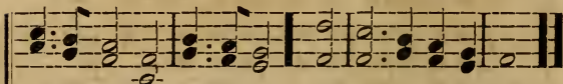
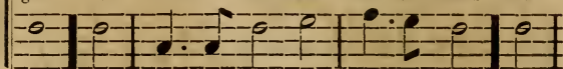
<p>2. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heaven above.</p> <p>3. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.</p>	<p>4. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of eternity.</p> <p>5. So our little errors Lead the soul away From the paths of virtue, Oft in sin to stray.</p>
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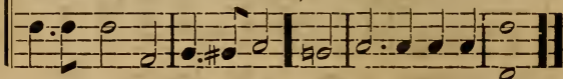
1. Her dimpled hands were clasp'd in prayer, Her blue eyes raised to
 2. She pray'd, that young and gentle child We deem'd so free from
 3. She pray'd, and tears like rain-drops fell, Her bosom swell'd with



heaven, A ho - ly light was on her brow, She
 sin, And meek - ly sought a ho - ly heart, That
 grief: Her child - ish sins she there con - fess'd. Then



seem'd almost an an - gel now, Yet pray'd to be for - given.
 she might act the Christian's part, A pu - ri - ty with - in.
 laid her head on Je - sus' breast, And found a sweet re - lief.



LEARN TO PRAY.

1.
 Wake, little child, the morn is gay,
 The air is fresh and cool;
 But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,
 Before you go to merry play,
 Before you go to school.

2.
 Kneel down and speak the holy words:
 God loves your simple prayer
 Above the sweet songs of the birds,
 The bleating of the gentle herds,
 The flowers that scent the air.

3.
 And when the quiet evenings come,
 And dew-drops wet the sod,
 When bats and owls begin to roam,
 And flocks and herds are driven home,
 Then kneel in prayer to God.

4.
 Because you need him, day and night,
 To shield you with his arm;
 To help you always to do right,
 To feed your soul and give it light,
 And keep you safe from harm.



THE LITTLE PENITENT.—*See page 20.*

Her dimpled hands were clasp'd in prayer,
 Her blue eyes raised to heaven;
 A holy light was on her brow—
 She seem'd almost an angel now—
 Yet pray'd to be forgiven.

THE LAND OF REST.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'ers given;
 There is a joy for souls distress'd,
 A balm for every wounded breast,—
 'T is found above—in heaven.
 2. There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven, [shoals,
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
 4. There fragrant flow'rs immortal
 bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom,
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

1. Home, home, can I for - get thee? Dear, dear,
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear

dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re - gret thee,
friends do not mourn! Home, home, once more re - ceive me,

S.

FINE.

D. C. S.

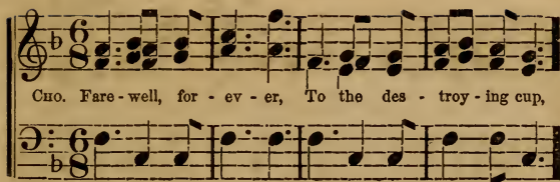
Though I may far from thee roam, Home, home, home, home,
Quick - ly to thee I'll re - turn, Home, home, home, home,

D. C.

Dear - est and hap - pi - est home.
Dear - est and hap - pi - est home.

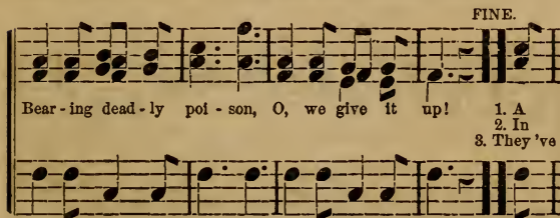
THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom,
There, there hast thou thy throne,
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
Am I not surely thine own?
O Lord, my God,
Am I not surely thine own. | Say but that thou wilt be mine,
Jesus, my Lord,
Say but that thou wilt be mine. |
| 2. Speak, Lord, speak, I implore thee,
Say, say, I shall be thine!
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, | 3. Faith, faith now has embraced thee,
Hope, hope pierces the skies:
Joy, joy now hath o'erwhelm'd me,
On wings of bright glory I rise
Glory, glory,
I am forever thine own. |

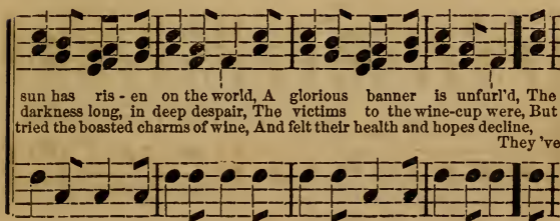


Cho. Fare - well, for - ev - er, To the des - troy - ing cup,

FINE.

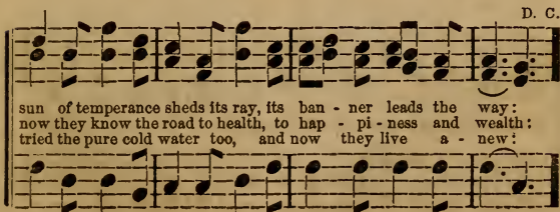


Bear - ing dead - ly poi - son, O, we give it up! 1. A
2. In
3. They 've



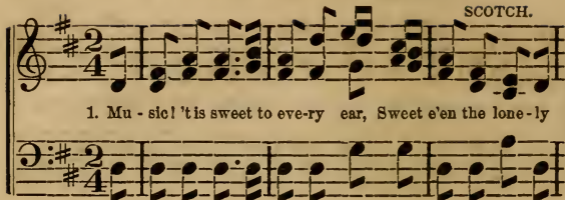
sun has ris - en on the world, A glorious banner is unfurl'd, The
darkness long, in deep despair, The victims to the wine-cup were, But
tried the boasted charms of wine, And felt their health and hopes decline,
They 've

D. C.

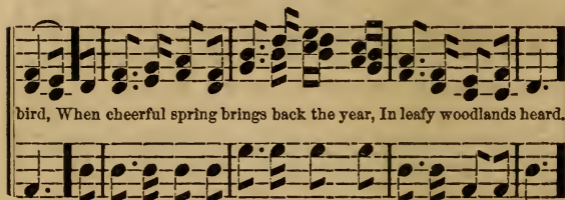


sun of temperance sheds its ray, its ban - ner leads the way:
now they know the road to health, to hap - pi - ness and wealth:
tried the pure cold water too, and now they live a - new:

SCOTCH.

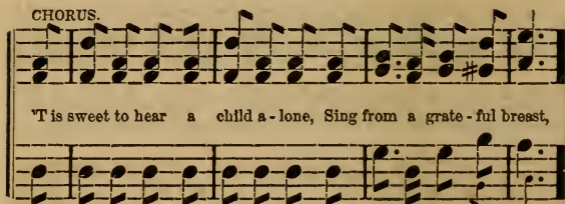


1. Mu - sic! 'tis sweet to eve-ry ear, Sweet e'en the lone-ly

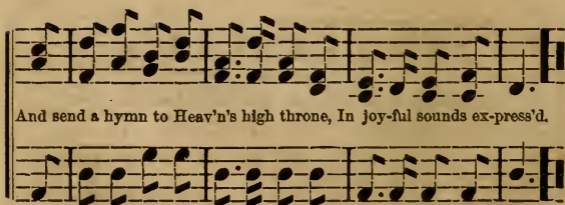


bird, When cheerful spring brings back the year, In leafy woodlands heard.

CHORUS.



'Tis sweet to hear a child a-lone, Sing from a grate-ful breast,



And send a hymn to Heav'n's high throne, In joy-ful sounds ex-press'd.

2. And sweeter, when in happy throngs
 Their tuneful voices meet:
 How pleasant are their simple songs,
 That music wild and sweet!
 'T is sweet, &c.

3. But sweeter still, when thousands
 Their praises to the sky, [bear
 And young and loving voices share
 In one great harmony.
 'T is sweet, &c.

4. Yes, this is sweet, this music now
 That we in gladness raise;—
 But could we see the throngs that
 In everlasting praise. [bow
 'T is sweet, &c.

5. Could we but hear the host that
 To golden harps on high, [sings
 How should we long for angels' wings,
 Those sweeter songs to try.
 'T is sweet, &c.

6. Well, we may join that heavenly
 If we but learn below, [choir,
 With humble heart, and true desire,
 In wisdom's ways to go.
 'T is sweet, &c.

7. 'T is sweet to hear a child alone,
 Sing from a grateful breast,
 And send a hymn to Heaven's high
 In joyful sounds express'd. [throne,
 'T is sweet, &c.

INDUSTRY.

1. How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour;
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flow'r.
 How skillfully she builds her cell,
 How neat she spreads the wax;
 And labors hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

2. In works of labor, or of skill,
 I would be busy too;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.
 In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past;
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

BE JOYFUL.

1. The flowers are blooming every-
 where,
 On every hill and dale;
 And O, how beautiful they are,
 How sweetly do they smell!
 The little brooks, they dance along,
 And look so glad and gay,
 I love to hear their pleasant song,
 And feel as glad as they.

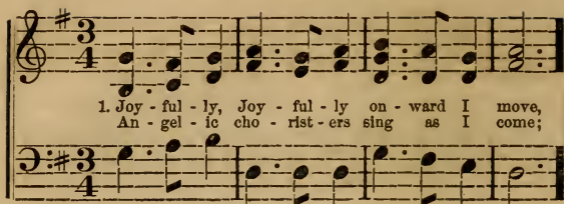
2. The young lambs bleat and frisk
 about,
 The bees hum round the hive,
 The butterflies are coming out;—
 'T's good to be alive.
 See yonder bird spread out his wings,
 And mount the clear blue skies,
 And hark! how merrily he sings,
 As far away he flies.

3. Then I'll go forth, and laugh, and
 play,
 And let my cheerful voice,
 With fields, and brooks, and merry
 May,
 Aloud, aloud rejoice.
 I would not check my bounding
 mirth,
 Nor feel the least alloy,
 For He who made the blooming earth,
 Delights to see our joy.

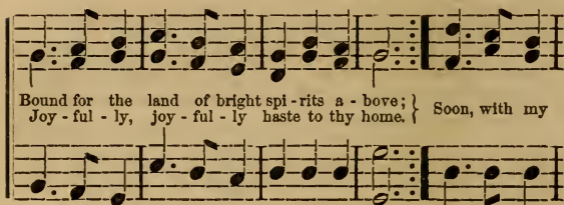
ABOUT MYSELF.

1. My hands, how nicely they are
 made
 To hold, and touch, and do;
 I'll try to learn some honest trade,
 That will be useful too.
 My eyes, how fit they are to read,
 And mind my work, and look!
 I ought to think of that, indeed,
 And use them at my book.

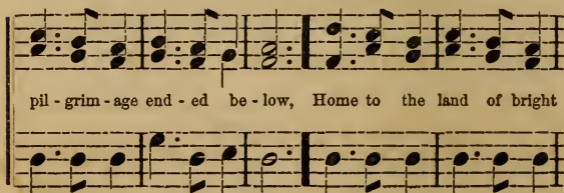
2. My tongue, 'twas surely never
 To quarrel, or to swear; [meant
 To speak the truth, my tongue was
 And also for my prayer. [sent,
 My thoughts, for what can they be
 given?
 For thinking, to be sure;
 That I might think of God, and
 heaven,
 And learn my faults to cure.



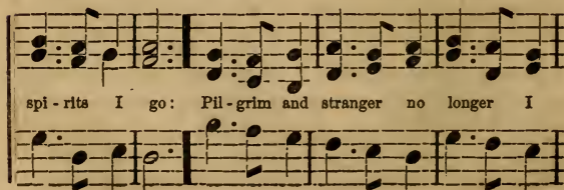
1. Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly on - ward I move,
An - gel - ic cho - rist - ers sing as I come;



Bound for the land of bright spi - rits a - bove; }
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home. } Soon, with my



pil - grim - age end - ed be - low, Home to the land of bright



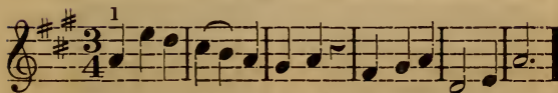
spi - rits I go: Pil - grim and stranger no longer I



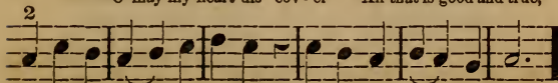
2. Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore,
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,—
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony 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 banish'd, his scepter be gone;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

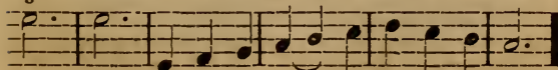
ROUND IN THREE PARTS.



O may my heart dis - cov - er All that is good and true,



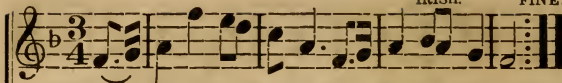
And may I be a lov - er Of vir - tue taught by you



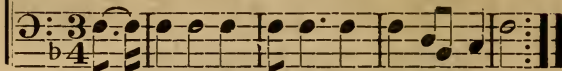
All, all, all that is taught, Is taught by you.

IRISH.

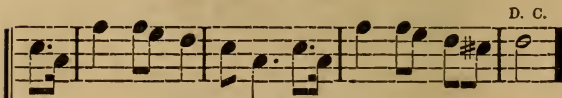
FINE.



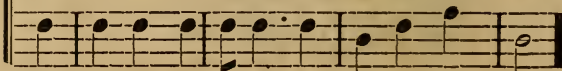
1. Let us love one an - o - ther, For life's gl - ding by, }
As the mist from the mountain, The cloud from the sky }



D. C. May soon with the an - gels Be hymn - ing their part.

*D. C.*

The voi - ces now fall - ing Like peace on the heart,



2. For the purest and loveliest
Pass soon from our view,
Like the leaves of the forest,
The time of the dew.
The voices now falling
Like peace on the heart,
May soon with the angels
Be hymning their part.

4. Let us bear for each other,
Life's cares and unrest,
And thus brighten the pathway
To the land of the blest.
The voices now falling
Like peace on the heart,
May soon with the angels
Be hymning their part.

3. Let's be kind to each other;
We know not how long
Those sweet tones we so cherish
Shall lighten our song.
The voices now falling
Like peace on the heart,
May soon with the angels
Be hymning their part.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flow'r of her kindred,
No loved one is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
And give sigh for sigh.

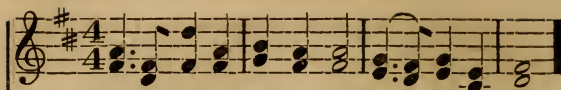
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

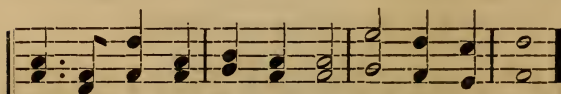


"TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

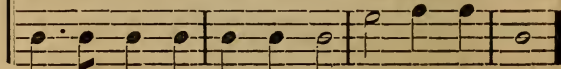
30 YONDER'S MY HOME, 7s & 4s.



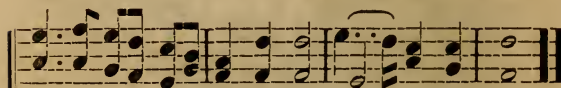
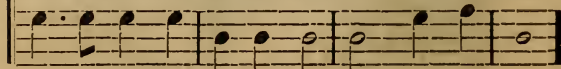
1. I'm a lone-ly trav-'ler here, Wea - ry, op-prest;
2. I'm a wear-y trav-'ler here, I must go on;



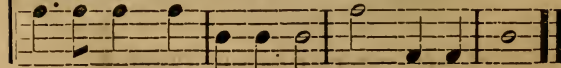
But my jour-ney's end is near, Soon I shall rest,
For my jour-ney's end is near, I must be gone.



Dark and drea - ry is the way, Toil - ing I've come;
Bright - er joys than earth can give, Win me a - way;



Ask me not with you to stay; Yon - der's my home.
Pleasures that for - ev - er live, I can - not stay.



3. I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band;
Saints, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.
4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below,
I must be there

Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

5. I'm a trav'ler, call me not;
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I roam;
Hail me not; in vain you call,
Yonder's my home.

DEATH OF A TEACHER.

1. It on - ly seems like yes - ter - day, The morn - ing
When first with satch-el on my arm, I bent my

fresh and cool,
steps to school.

2. Our teacher kindly took my hand,
And sweetly on me smiled:
For O, she had not yet forgot
That she was once a child.*

3. She still look'd young and beautiful,
But to my fancy seem'd
That, even in her happiest moods,
Of brighter lands she dream'd.

4. She often spoke of some far shore,
Where all her treasure lay;
And said that soon her little bark
Would moor within its bay.

5. We thought she'd like the holidays,
That thither she might fly—
To that bright land, where tears, she
Are wiped from every eye. [said,

6. One morn we miss'd her from the
Day follow'd after day; [school;
Another teacher fill'd her place,
And still she stay'd away.

7. And still she stay'd, and ne'er re-
For unto her was given [turn'd,
A never-ending holiday
In the bright land of heaven.

* It would be pleasant to know that all teachers have as faithful memories.

32 MAY NOT THE CHILDREN SING.

1. Who shall sing, if not the chil-dren? Did not Je - sus

die for them? May they not with o - ther jew - els

D. C. Why, un - less the song of hea - ven,
FINE.

Spar - kle in his di - a - dem? Why to them were
They be - gin to prac - tice here.

voi - ces giv - en? Bird - like voi - ces, sweet and clear—

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's
throne;
Angels cease, and waiting listen—
O, 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turn'd;
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learn'd?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
O, they cannot sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds sing while the day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not
they?

LOVE THE SAVIOUR.

1. Little children, love the Saviour;
Turn your wayward hearts to him;
He will guide you, he will lead you
Thro' life's pathway, dark and dim;
Lean on him when you are weary,
He'll support you with fond care,
He'll protect, and love, and bless you,
For like you his angels are.

2. Far away from mortal vision
Lies a land celestial bright;
Where a band of white-robed seraphs
Chase away the shades of night;
Where ne'er comes a thought of evil
To disturb the holy calm;
For God shields his precious children
From all fear of troubling harm.

3. Jesus died for you, dear children,—
Died that you might happy be;
That you might from sin and anguish
Be at last forever free.
Can you, will you slight his goodness,
Walk in sinful pleasure's ways,
And forget your daily duties,
Off'ring him your prayers and
praise?

4. O, there's joy in rightly doing,
Never found in vice and sin;
Then obey the risen Saviour,
If a home in heaven you'd win.
Read the Bible; it will point you
To bright scenes of bliss on high,
Where there's rest for all the weary,
And our loved ones never die.

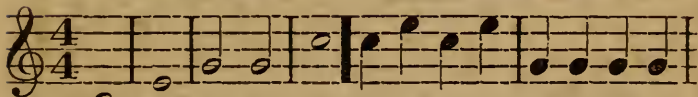
"O, THEY CANNOT SING TOO EARLY!"



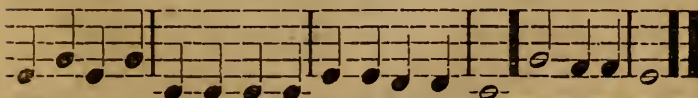
"SING, BROTHER, SING!"



"SING, SISTER, SING!"



Sing, sing, bro ther, sing, Join in songs of sweetest pleasure;



Mu-sic is a hap-py treasure; Brother, sister, sing, Sing, sis-ter, sing.

1. There is a home, a home fadeless and bright,
 There is no dark, no dark and stormy night,
 2. Then let the storm, the storm be wild and long;
 And this shall be, shall be my dai-ly song:—
 3. And then at home, at home I soon shall be,
 From care and pain, from pain shall soon be free—

Far a - way, far a - way, } For Je - sus said, I
 Far a - way, far a - way. } He loves, He loves, I
 Je - sus loves, Je - sus loves, } There tears of grief are
 Je - sus loves, Je - sus loves, }
 Far a - way, far a - way, }
 Far a - way, far a - way. }

will pre-pare The child of God a mansion fair; O may I
 know, I feel, Young as I am, He loves me still; O may I
 nev - er known, In that bright world I call my own; And swift-ly

have a dwell-ing there, Far a - way, far a - way.
 do his bless-ed will; Je - sus loves, Je - sus loves.
 I am pass-ing on, Far a - way, far a - way.

WHAT'S THE NEWS!

Written by a young man, insane on every subject but religion.

1. Whene'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?
O, I have got good news to tell!
My Saviour has done all things well,
And triumph'd over death and hell,—
That's the news! That's the news!
2. The Lamb was slain on Cavalry,—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,—
That's the news! That's the news!
'T was there his precious blood was shed,
But now he's risen from the dead,—
That's the news! That's the news!
3. His work's reviving all around,—
That's the news! That's the news!
And many have redemption found,
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosannah to his name;
And all around they spread his fame,—
That's the news! That's the news!
4. The Lord has pardon'd all my sin,—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within,—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news! That's the news!
5. And Christ the Lord can save me now,—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful hearts he can renew,—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news! That's the news!
6. And then if any one should say,—
What's the news? What's the news?
O tell them you've begun to pray,—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have join'd the conqu'ring band,
And now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news! That's the news!

36 THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. P. M.

1st time.

1. The pearl which worldlings covet Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly As sunshine on the

2d time.

sea But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis call'd the pearl of

greatest price, Though few its value see: O that's the pearl for

me, O that's the pearl for me, O that's the pearl for me.

NOTE.—For the second piece omit the ties marked *.

2. The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me:
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 't will be,
O that 's the crown for me, &c.

3. The road that many travel
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most pre-
cious blood,
The passage here is free,
O that 's the road for me, &c.

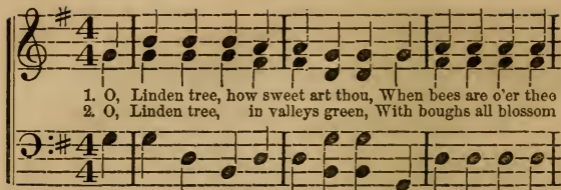
4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me:
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free. [God,
But there's a hope which rests in
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee,
O that 's the hope for me, &c.

THE CROSS.

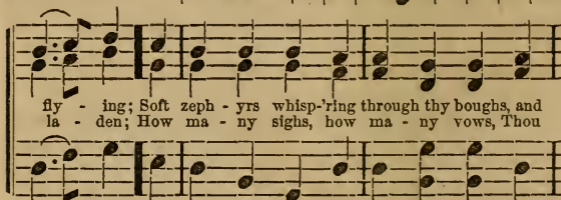
1. Shall Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the rest go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I
To me 't is pardon bringing: [see,
O that 's the cross for me, &c.
2. How faithful does the Saviour prove
To those who serve him here,
They now may taste his precious
And joy to hail him near. [love,
Yes, Jesus's love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear
Which round my heart is clinging:
O that 's the love for me, &c.
3. We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross set free,
And then go home to wear the crown:
O there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of a Saviour's love,
For me at his appearing:
O there's a crown for me, &c.



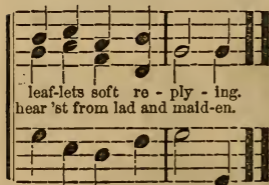
"O there's a road that leads to God."



1. O, Linden tree, how sweet art thou, When bees are o'er thee
2. O, Linden tree, in valleys green, With boughs all blossom



fly - ing; Soft zeph - yrs whisp'-ring through thy boughs, and
la - den; How ma - ny sighs, how ma - ny vows, Thou



leaf-lets soft re - ply - ing.
hear 'st from lad and mald-en.

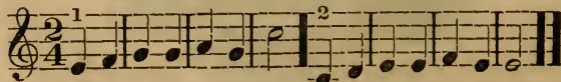
3. O Linden tree! O Linden tree!
Why fade thy blooming flowers?
Is it to teach joy, life, and love
Fade as the Linden flowers?

4. The birds all love the Linden tree;
And sweetly there at even,
The heart that knows the source of
May raise itself to Heaven. [joy,

DROP WORDS AND SMILES.

Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you passed along the streets? It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How! do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as you pass along. These are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost.

ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.



Gentle words should oft be heard In our pleasant, pleasant home.

THE STRAY LAMB.

1. A giddy lamb, one afternoon,
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd miss'd it soon,
And sought it broken hearted.

2. Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him;
Nor cloud of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

3. But night and day he went his way
In sorrow, till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasp'd his arms around it.

4. Then, safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it;
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

5. And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.

6. Blest while they live, and when they
When flesh and spirit sever— [die,
Conduct them to his throne on high,
To dwell with him forever.

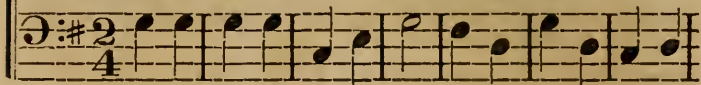


THE STRAY LAMB.

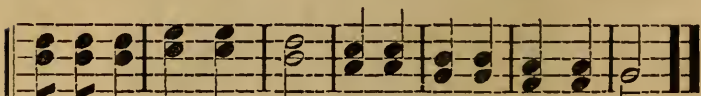
"Then, safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it;
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it."



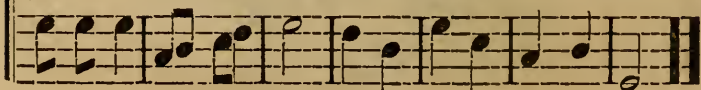
1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Jesus'
 2. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his
 3. Parents, teachers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the



name,	{	Children, too, of	mo - dern days	{	Cheer - ful - ly,
		Join to sing the	Saviour's praise		
word,	{	We are taught the	way to heaven,	{	Cheer - ful - ly,
		Praise for all to	God be given:		
song,	{	High - er and yet	high - er rise,	{	Cheer - ful - ly,
		Till Ho - san - nas	reach the skies.		



joy - ful - ly	we will	sing	Loud Ho - sannahs	to our King!
joy - ful - ly	we will	sing	Loud Ho - sannahs	to our King!
joy - ful - ly	we will	sing	Loud Ho - sannahs	to our King!



THE SCHOOL-BOY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay,
Many a time you've tardy been,
Many a lesson you've not seen;
Cheerfully, joyfully haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay. | 2. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Join no more the laggard's play;
Quickly speed your steps to school,
And there mind your teacher's rule;
Cheerfully, joyfully haste away,
Join no more the laggard's play. |
|--|--|

8. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Learn thy lessons well to-day;
Love the truth, and shun the wrong,
Then no day will seem too long;
Cheerfully, joyfully haste away,
Learn thy lessons well to-day.

4. Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay;
Seek the place with knowledge blest,
'T will thee guide to endless rest;
Cheerfully, joyfully haste away,
While thy youth is bright and gay.



"Haste thee, school-boy, haste away, Far too long has been thy stay."

TEMPERANCE CALL.

1. Children all, both great and small,
Answer to the temperance call.
Martha, Isa, Ann and Sue,
Alice, Jane, and Julia too,
Cheerily, heartily come along,
Sign our pledge, and sing our song.

2. No strong drink shall pass our lips,
He's in danger who but sips,
Come then, children, one and all,
Answer to the temperance call:
Cheerily, eagerly come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.

3. Where's the boy that would not shrink

From the bondage of strong drink?
Come then, Woodman, James and Tom,

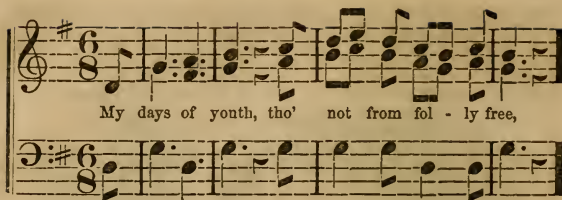
Edward, Willie, George and John,
Cheerfully, joyfully come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.

4. Who have misery, want and woe?
All who to the bottle go.

We resolve their road to shun,
And in temperance paths to run,
Cheerfully, manfully come along,
Sign our pledge, and sing our song.

5. Good cold water does for us,
Costs no money, makes none worse,
Gives no bruises, steals no brains,
Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains,
Readily, joyfully come along,
Sign our pledge, and sing our song.

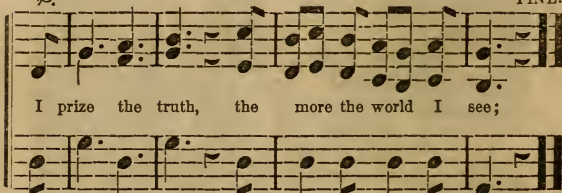
6. Who would life and health prolong,
Who'd be happy, wise and strong:
Let alone the drunkard's bane,
Half-way pledges are in vain.
Cheerfully, joyfully, you, and you,
Sign the pledge, and keep it too.



My days of youth, tho' not from fol - ly free,

S.

FINE.

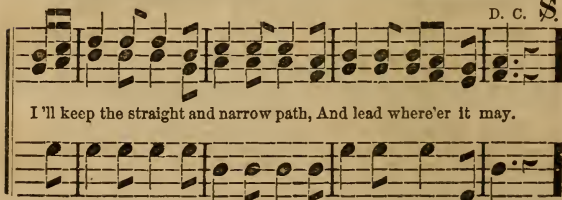


I prize the truth, the more the world I see;

D. C.

The voice of truth I'll fol - low and o - bey,

D. C. S.



I'll keep the straight and narrow path, And lead where'er it may.

2. My footsteps lead, O truth, and mold my will,
In word and deed, my duty to fulfill,
Dishonest acts and selfish aims
To truth can ne'er belong,
No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.

3. The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,
But strong is truth, and stronger every day;
Though falsehood seem a mighty power,
Which we in vain assail,
The power of truth will in the end prevail.

VENETIAN MELODY.

1. Es - caped from mortal an - guish, Lovely child ; }
In pain no more thou 'lt languish, Lovely child : }

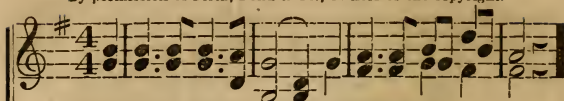
Thou 'rt now an an - gel fair, Hea - ven's light is bright a -

round thee, Heaven's beams with glory crown thee, So richly there.

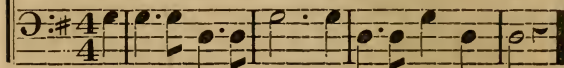
2. The blast too rudely blowing,
Lovely child ;
Thy tender form o'erthrowing,
Lovely child :
Full soon hath laid thee low,
In the narrow grave we laid thee,
Where the weeping willows shade
thee,
And sweet flowers grow.

3. The glorious light of Heaven,
Lovely child ;
Unto thy spirit given,
Lovely child :
To thee doth life restore,
Sickness that of late oppress thee,
Grievous pains that here distress
thee,
Return no more.

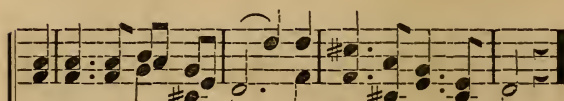
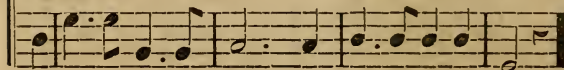
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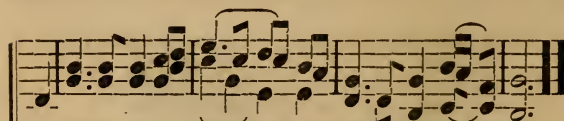
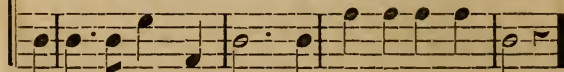
1. I love the Sun-day school, And on that ho - ly day



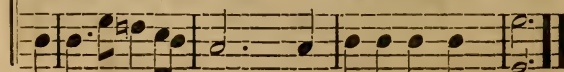
My heart is oft - en full, When I attempt to pray.



With ear - ly steps I come, to meet my teach - er dear, -



Leav - ing my hap - py home to seek in - struc - tion here.



2. I love the Sunday school,
The precious volume, too,
Which is the only rule
To teach me what to do:
Within it I behold
The rays of Gospel light,
Richer then gems of gold,
And more divinely bright.

3. I love the Sunday school,
And wish that every child
Would here his name enroll,
No more be rude and wild;
Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath
In folly or in crime
Along the road to death.

4. I love the Sunday school,
And wish that all the earth
Might know, from pole to pole,
Its influence and worth:
And may God give me grace
A Saviour's name to love;
To see his smiling face
In mansions blest above.

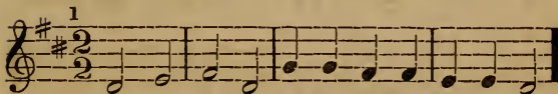
GO TO THY REST, MY CHILD.

1. Go to thy rest, my child—
Go to thy dreamless bed;
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head:
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

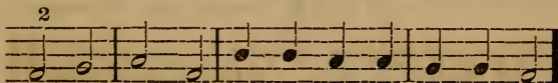
2. Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,—
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,—
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3. Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright, —
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight,—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

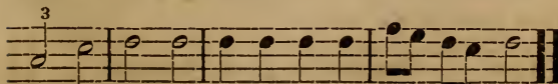
ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



I am hap - py; Hap - py wilt thou be with me.

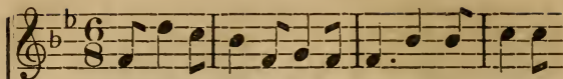


Thou art hap - py; Hap - py will I be with thee.

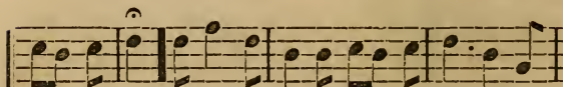
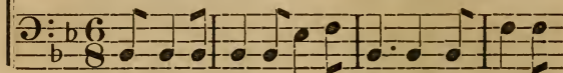


We are hap - py; Hap - py will we ev - er be.

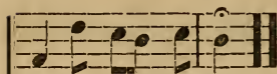
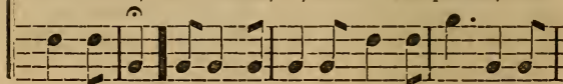
46 ON SABBATH MORNING. 9s & 6s.



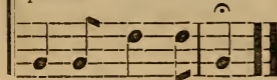
1. On Sabbath morning, O how pleasant To come to
2. For there we meet each gentle teacher Without a



Sabbath school, Where ev'ry hap-py child is pre-sent, And
frown or rod, And sometimes, too, our dear kind preacher, who



ev - 'ry seat is full.
speaks to us of God.



3. But, best of all, the lowly Saviour
Is where his children meet,
And show, by quiet, meek behavior,
They're sitting at his feet.

4. How sweet, when all are lowly
bending,
To ask his blessing there;
Or when in praise our voices blend-
ing,
Thank Him, who hears the prayer!

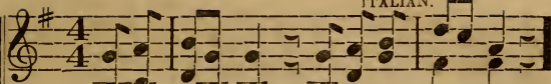
5. The blessed Bible then engages
Each youthful heart and eye,
To learn of God's own holy pages
The wisdom from on high.

6. And surely, He who feeds the
flowers
With heaven's own morning dew,
Will send on our young hearts the
showers
Of heavenly blessing too.

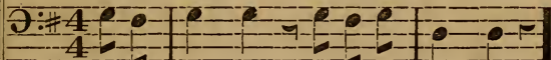
7. Then let us gladly gather round
Him,
And love Him while we may,
For they who seek have always found
E'en in their early day. [Him,

8. And when life's Sabbaths all are
ended,
We all may meet above,
Where He for us hath now ascended,
Our Father's house of love.

ITALIAN.

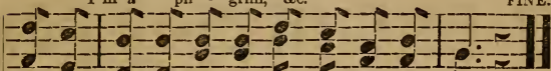


1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger,
 2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing,
 3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing,

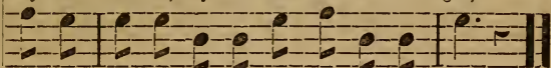


D. C. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger,
 I'm a pil - grim, &c.
 I'm a pil - grim, &c.

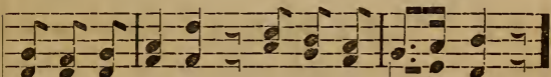
FINE.



I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;
 I am long - ing, I am long - ing for the sight;
 My Re - deem - er, my Re deem - er is the light;



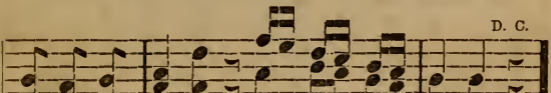
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.



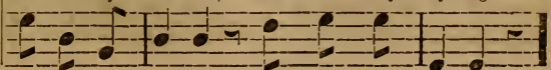
Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
 With - in a coun - try, unknown and drea - ry,
 There is no sor - row, nor a - ny sigh - ing



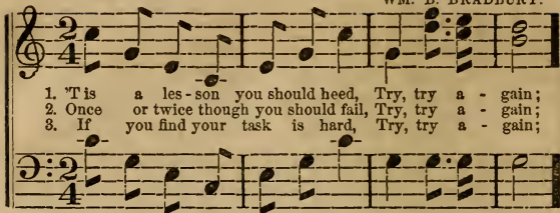
D. C.



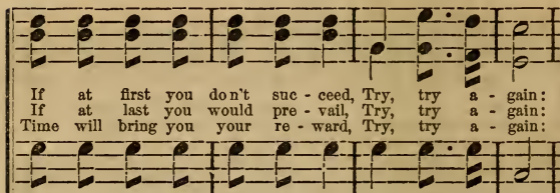
To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing:
 I have been wait - ing, for - lorn and wea - ry:
 Nor a - ny sin there, nor a - ny dy - ing:



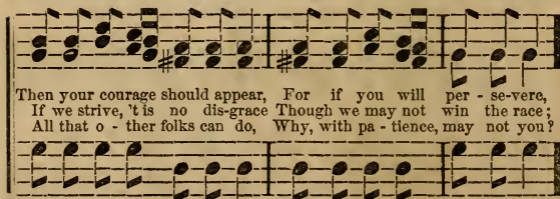
WM. B. BRADBURY.



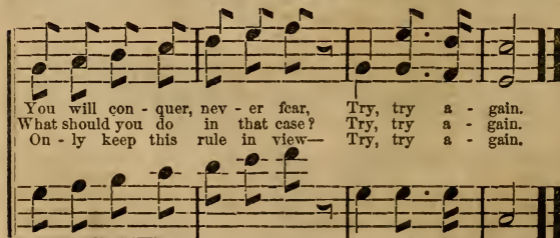
1. 'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try, try a - gain;
 2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain;
 3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain;



If at first you don't suc-ceed, Try, try a - gain:
 If at last you would pre-vail, Try, try a - gain:
 Time will bring you your re-ward, Try, try a - gain:



Then your courage should appear, For if you will per-severe,
 If we strive, 'tis no dis-grace Though we may not win the race;
 All that o - ther folks can do, Why, with pa-tience, may not you?



You will con-quer, nev-er fear, Try, try a - gain.
 What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.
 On-ly keep this rule in view— Try, try a - gain.

"I CAN'T."

[Repeat the first two lines of each verse to suit the music. Those who prefer can sing, "Never, never say it," by dividing the first and second note of the strain to which it is sung. The latter arrangement would, undoubtedly, be the most pleasing to the ear.]

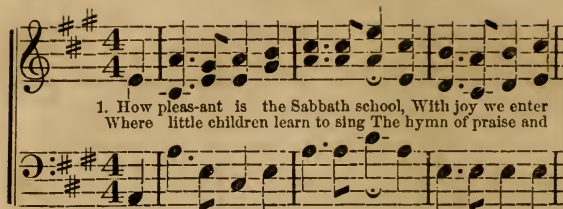
1. Never say, "I can't," my dear;
Never say it:
When such words as those I hear
From the lips of boy or girl,
Oft they make me doubt and fear:
Never say it.
2. Boys and girls that nimbly play,
Never say it:
They can jump and run away,
Skip, and toss, and play their
pranks;
Even dull ones, when they're gay,
Never say it.
3. Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it:
Find some one who knows, and ask,
Till you have your lessons learn'd;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

4. Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it:
He who lacks the strength he needs,
Tries his best, and gets it soon,
And at last he will succeed—
Never say it.
5. But when the evil tempts to wrong,
Always say it:
In your virtue firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight;
And when follies round you throng,
Ever say it.
6. When good actions call you near,
Never say it:
Drive away the rising fear,
Get your strength where good men
do;
Seek it from a higher sphere,
Never say it.

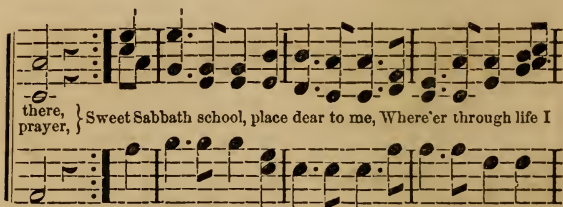


EXCELSIOR.

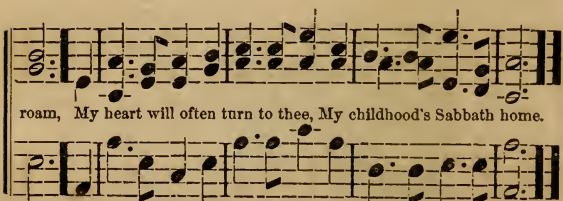
- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What means that strange word on
that flag?
It signifies onward and up:
A motto like this will ne'er drag
From any the bright star of hope. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. O, may every bright girl and boy
This motto adopt for their own;
'T will yield them on earth peace and
joy, [throne,
And lead them at last to God's |
|---|--|



1. How pleas-ant is the Sabbath school, With joy we enter
Where little children learn to sing The hymn of praise and



there, } Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me, Where'er through life I
prayer, }



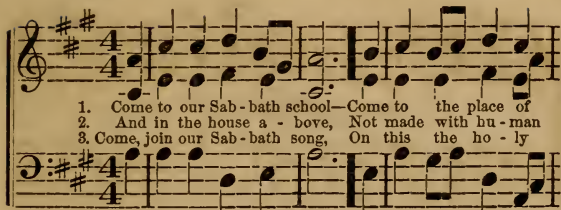
roam, My heart will often turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home.

2. There sacred songs remind us of
The days when we were young;
When we, like them, at Sabbath
The praise of Jesus sung. [school,
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.

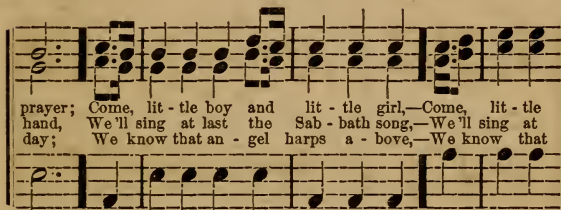
4. We'll ever love the Sabbath school,
Its toil we'll freely share;
That God will give it great increase,
Shall be our latest prayer.
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.

3. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear; [tread
Where youthful steps are taught to
In paths of peace and prayer.
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.

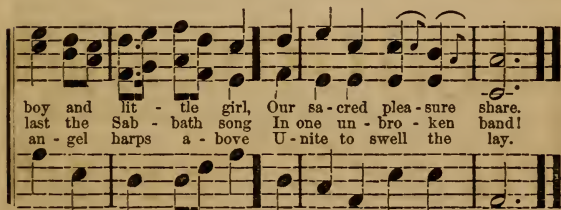
5. And when our labors here shall end,
We hope in nobler strains
To sing again our Sabbath songs
Where endless Sabbath reigns.
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.



1. Come to our Sab-bath school—Come to the place of
 2. And in the house a - bove, Not made with hu - man
 3. Come, join our Sab-bath song, On this the ho - ly



prayer; Come, lit - tle boy and lit - tle girl,—Come, lit - tle
 hand, We'll sing at last the Sab - bath song,—We'll sing at
 day; We know that an - gel harps a - bove,—We know that



boy and lit - tle girl, Our sa - cred plea - sure share.
 last the Sab - bath song In one un - bro - ken band!
 an - gel harps a - bove U - nite to swell the lay.

FOR AN INFANT CLASS.

1. Saviour, do thou appear,
 Our Sabbath school to bless,
 Give to our youthful hearts thy fear,
 And perfect righteousness.
2. Thy boundless grace reveal.
 And all our fears remove;
 And let our youthful spirits feel
 The kindlings of thy love.
3. Subdue our hearts to thee,
 And may our infant tongues
 From all offense and guile be free,
 And full of cheerful songs.

COME TO THE MERCY-SEAT.

1. Come to the mercy-seat,—
 Come to the place of prayer,
 Come, little children, to His feet,
 In whom ye live and are!
2. Come to your God in prayer—
 Come to your Saviour now—
 While youthful skies are bright and
 And health is on your brow. [fair,
3. Come in the name of Him
 Who all your sorrows bore—
 Who ever lives to pardon sin,
 And will be sought by prayer.

SCOTCH.

1. In peace with all the world we'll live, Nor let our
2. It is not pride, it is not strife, Nor bit - ter

an - gry pas - sions burn; But when we suf - fer we'll for-
thoughts, nor an - gry deeds, Which gild with joy the days of

D. C. Un - kindness shall with love be
Our foes subdued, its pow'r shall


FINE.

give, And good for e - vil will re - turn. And
life, Re - sent - ment still to sor - row leads. Then

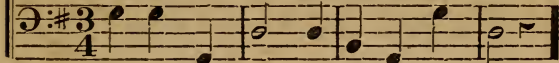
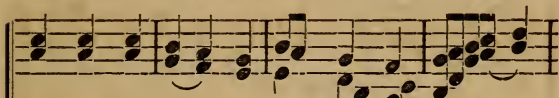
met, And e - vil o - ver - come with good.
own, And once loved friends be friends a - gain.

D. C.


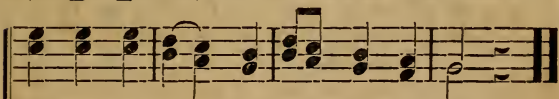
we'll for - give and we'll for - get, And conquer eve - ry sul - len word;
love shall triumph, love a - lone, With - in our hearts shall ev - er reign;



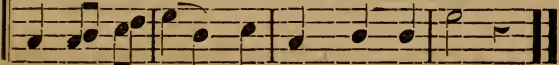
1. Join we in cho - rus, Free - dom to praise;
 2. Ev - er u - ni - ted, We will be free;
 3. Free from all false - hood, Free from all hate;
 4. Cheer - ful and hap - py, Du - ty per - form;

Let us our voi - ces Joy - ful - ly raise,—
 Pledge me your pro - mise, Take mine from me,—
 Free from all mal - ice, Free from de - ceit,—
 Faith - ful in dan - ger, Bra - ving the storm,—

Let us our voi - ces Joy - ful - ly raise.
 Pledge me your pro - mise, Take mine from me.
 Free from all mal - ice, Free from de - ceit.
 Faith - ful in dan - ger, Bra - ving the storm.



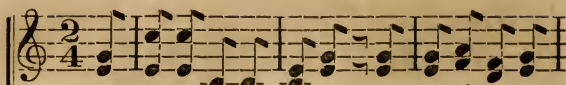
JOIN IN A CHORUS.

1. Join in a chorus,
 Joyfully ring,
 Voices united,
 Love let us sing.

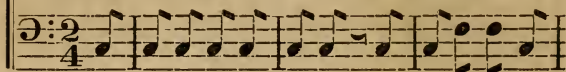
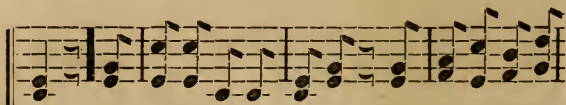
2. Love with young roses,
 Sweet as the morn,
 Garlands and crowns us,
 Hiding the thorn.

3. Makes sandy deserts
 Edens in bloom;
 Sparkling in freshness,
 Rich in perfume.


4. Love true and living,
 Dim though it burns,
 Coming from heaven,
 To heav'n returns.



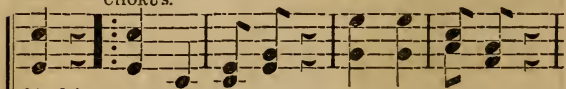
1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and accents
 2. His ho - ly soul re - joi - ces A - mid the choirs a -
 3. We love to sing of Je - sus Who wept our path a -

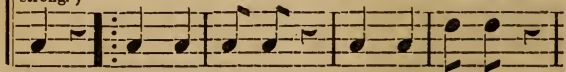
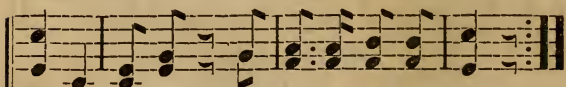
blend; Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The on - ly sinner's
 bove, To hear our youthful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in his
 long; We love to sing of Je - sus, The tempted and the



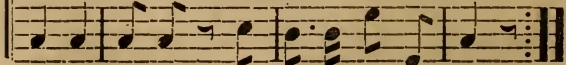
CHORUS.



friend. }
 love. } We love Je - sus, We love Je - sus,
 strong. }

We love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved us.



4. None who besought his healing,
He pass'd unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.
We love Jesus, &c.

5. We love to sing of Jesus
Who died our souls to save,
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave.
We love Jesus, &c.

6. And in our hour of danger
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.
We love Jesus, &c.

7. Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day.
We love Jesus, &c.

8. For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess,
And faithful ones that bless him,
He will forever bless.
We love Jesus, &c.

SABBATH-SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise,
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise!
We love Jesus, &c.

2. 'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allow'd to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessings to entreat.
We love Jesus, &c.

3. Lord, guide and bless our teachers
Who labor for our good;
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood.
We love Jesus, &c.

4. O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King,
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.
We love Jesus, &c.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

1. We bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
We love Jesus, &c.

2. Children, thy favors sharing
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.
We love Jesus, &c.

3. The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given
To guide our steps in youth.
We love Jesus, &c.

4. Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
O teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way!
We love Jesus, &c.

5. Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling
Forever praise thy name.
We love Jesus, &c.

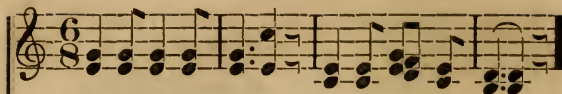
INFANT PRAISE.

1. Though sinful, weak and erring,
The God who dwells in light
Will hear a child preferring
His praises, with delight.
I love Jesus, &c.

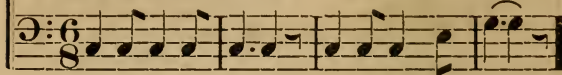
2. Will stoop from heaven to listen
When children to him cry,
And mark the tears that glisten
In every weeping eye.
I love Jesus, &c.

3. The Saviour has invited
The youngest to his love,
And deigns to smile delighted
Upon them from above.
I love Jesus, &c.

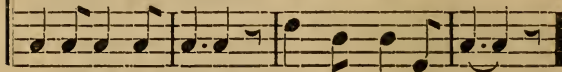
4. Thus may I in life's morning,
Dear Saviour, come to thee;
And heed the solemn warning,
From sin and wrath to flee.
I love Jesus, &c.



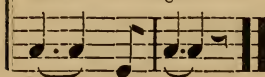
1. Morn a - mid the mountains— Love-ly sol - i - tude—
 2. Now the glad sun breaking, Pours a gold - en flood;



- Gushing streams and fountains— Mur - mur, God is good,
 Deepest vales a - wa-king, E - cho, God is good,



God is good.
 God is good.



3. Round yon pine-clad mountain,
 Flows a golden flood;
 Hear the sparkling fountain
 Whisper, God is good.

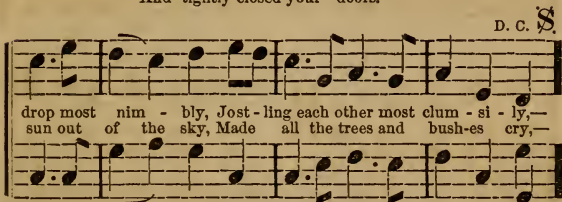
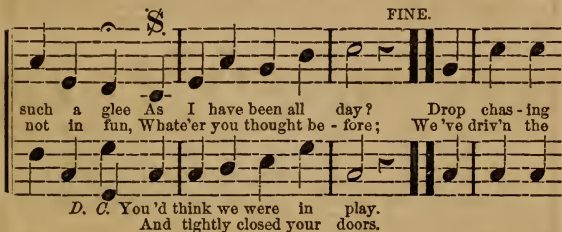
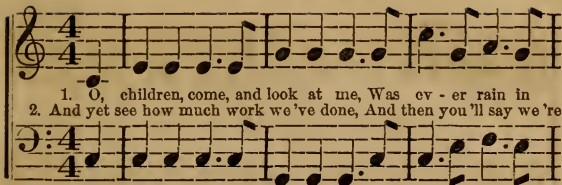
4. See the streamlet, bounding
 Through the vale and wood;
 Hear its ripples sounding,
 Tell that God is good.

GOD IS LOVE.

1. Lo! the heavens are breaking,
 Pure and bright above;
 Life and light awaking,
 Murmur, God is love.
 2. Music now is ringing
 Through the leafy grove;

Songsters, sweetly singing,
 Warble, God is love.

3. Wake, my heart! and, springing,
 Spread thy wings above;
 Soaring still, and singing,—
 Singing, God is love.

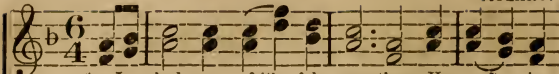


3. We've turn'd the dry and dusty street,
 That yesterday was parch'd with heat,
 Into a flowing river;
 We've made the flow'rs all hang their heads
 So low upon their rain soak'd beds,
 I fear they can't recover.

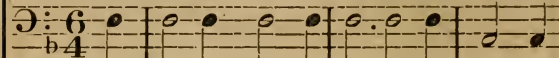
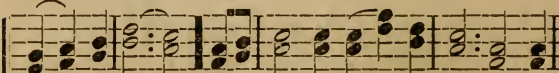
4. We've giv'n a shower bath to the cow;
 Where are the birds and chickens now?
 They're hiding, one and all.
 O dear, what will the farmers say?
 We've ruin'd all the new-mown hay
 By our unlucky fall.

5. O sweet, refreshing rain, you say;
 Ah, soon too soon you'll pass away,
 Pray, come to us again.
 "When I am sent," the rain replies,
 "I come from God, the good and wise;
 O, bless him for the rain!"

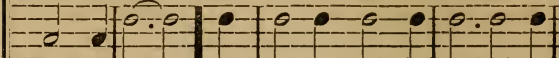

MOZART.




1. I had a faith - ful mo - ther, How oft in
 2. I had a pray - ing mo - ther, She led me
 3. I've now an an - gel mo - ther, For she hath
 4. O had I still a mo - ther, I'd be more

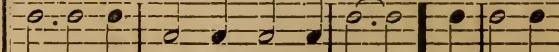
childhood's years She soothed my lit - tle troubles, And
 to the shrine, Whence draw - ing heav'n - ly wisdom, She
 left this land, And found a bet - ter country— A
 mild and meek; I'd speak in kind - ly accents, As

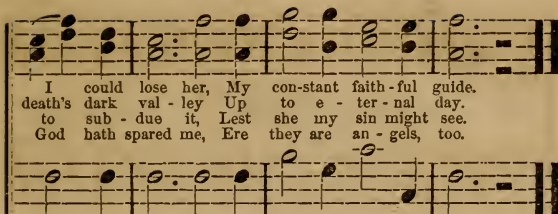



kiss'd a - way my tears! With eve - ry wish I
 taught me things di - vine; Her lamp was trimm'd and
 home at God's right hand. Could she now see my
 she was wont to speak. But these are vain re-

hasten'd, In - stinct - ive to her side, Nor dream'd that
 burn - ing, Il - lum - ing all the way, That leads thro'
 sor - row, I know she'd pi - ty me; God, help me
 solv - ings— I'll try to prove more true To those whom





I could lose her, My con-stant faith-ful guide.
 death's dark val-ley Up to e-ter-nal day.
 to sub-due it, Lest she my sin might see.
 God hath spared me, Ere they are an-gels, too.

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

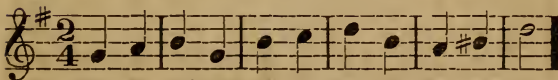
1. O loving and forgiving,
 Ye angel words of earth,
 Years were not worth the living,
 If ye, too, had not birth.
 O loving and forbearing,
 How sweet your missions here!
 The grief that ye are sharing,
 Hath blessings in its tear.

2. O stern and unforgiving,
 Ye evil words of strife,
 That mock the means of living
 With never-ending strife.

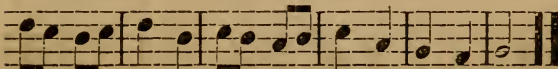
O harsh and unrelenting!
 How would ye meet the grave,
 If heaven as unrepenting
 Forbore not nor forgave!

3. O loving and forgiving,
 Ye angel words of earth,
 Years were not worth the living,
 If ye, too, had not birth:
 Still breathe your influence o'er us,
 When'er by passion cross'd,
 And, angel-like, restore us,
 The paradise we lost.

EVENING BELL. 4s & 3s.



1. Hark, the peal-ing, Soft-ly steal-ing Eve-ning bell!

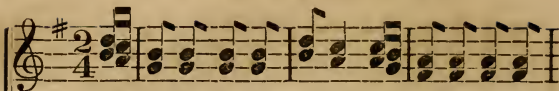


Sweet - ly e - choed, Sweet - ly e - choed Down the dell.

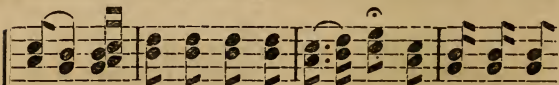
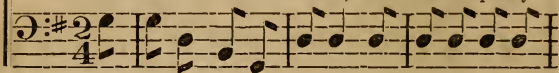
2. Day is sleeping,
 Flowers are weeping
 Tears of dew;
 Stars are peeping,
 Stars are peeping,
 Ever true.

3. Happy hour,
 May thy power
 Fill my breast;
 Each wild passion,
 Each wild passion
 Soothe to rest.

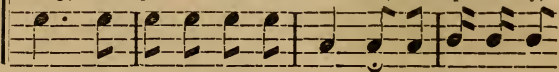
AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.



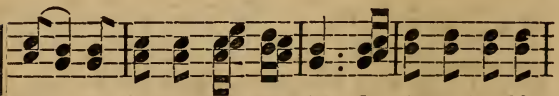
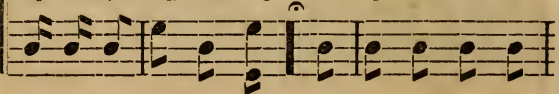
1. Shall we oppress'd with sadness, Strike mel-an-chol-y's
2. In sweet har-mo-nious measures We'll praise cre-a-tion's
3. The God of con-so-la-tion, Re-lief will quickly



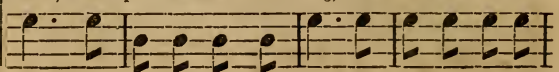
string? O no, we'll tune to glad-ness, And mer-ri-ly,
 King; The au-thor of our plea-sures, Will grate-ful-ly,
 bring; He pro-mi-ses sal-va-tion, So hope-ful-ly,

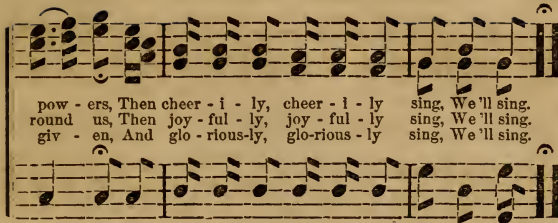


mer-ri-ly sing,—We'll sing. Bright val-leys crown'd with
 grate-ful-ly sing,—We'll sing. Al-though some grief may
 hope-ful-ly sing,—We'll sing. We hope to meet in



flowers, Gay birds on soar-ing wing, In-cite our tune-ful
 wound us With a-go-ni-zing sting, Yet blessings still sur-
 heav'n, Where prai-ses cease-less ring, When we shall be for-





pow - ers, Then cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing, We'll sing.
 round us, Then joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly sing, We'll sing.
 giv - en, And glo - rious - ly, glo - rious - ly sing, We'll sing.

INDUSTRY.

1. Improve the passing hours,
 For time is on the wing;
 Sip honey from the flowers,
 And merrily, merrily sing,—
 O, sing.
 All folly ends in sadness,
 And trouble it will bring;
 But wisdom leads to gladness,
 And merrily, merrily sing,—
 O, sing.

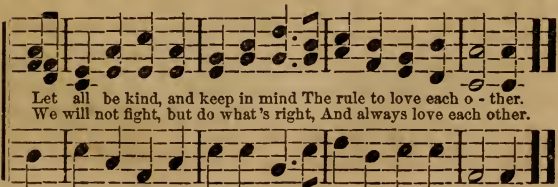
2. Repine not, if from labor
 Your health and comfort spring;
 Work hard, and help your neighbor,
 And merrily, merrily sing,—
 O, sing.
 Store not your minds with fable,
 To truth your homage bring;
 Do all the good you are able,
 And merrily, merrily sing,—
 O, sing.

GOLDEN RULE.

LET EACH ONE LOVE THE OTHER.

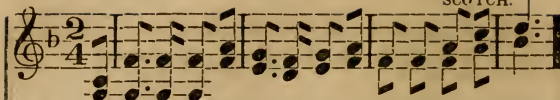


1. Let each one love the o - ther, Let each one love the o - ther;
 2. We all love one an - o - ther, We all love one an - o - ther;

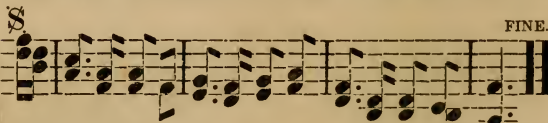
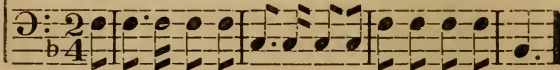


Let all be kind, and keep in mind The rule to love each o - ther.
 We will not fight, but do what's right, And always love each other.

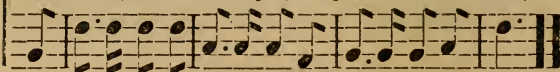
SCOTCH.



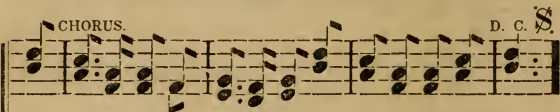
1. Shall e'er cold wa-ter be for-got When we set down to dine?
2. To beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seems, 'Tis not more strange than true!



O, no, my friends, for is it not Pour'd out by hands di-vine?
Cold wa-ter, tho' it - self so pale, Im - parts the ro-slest hue;



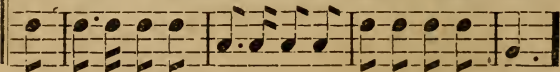
D. C. From springs and wells it gushes forth, Pour'd out by hands divine,
Yes, Beau-ty in a wa-ter-pail, Im - parts the ro-slest hue.



CHORUS.

D. C. §

Pour'd out by hands di-vine, my friends, Pour'd out by hands divine.
Im - parts the ro - slest hue, my friends, Imparts the ro-slest hue,—



3. The sturdy oak, full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain: then drinks it up,
And thus the oak gets high;
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high,
By having water in its cup,
Then why not you and I?

4. Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair,

SONG OF THE DECANter.

[Sing "and the," in the ninth line, as one syllable.]

THERE was an old decan-
ter, and its mouth was
gaping wide; the
rosy wine had
ebb'd away,
and left
its crys-
tal side;
and the wind
went humming—
humming
up and
down; the
wind it flew;
and through the
reed-like,
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains to
me. "They tell me—puny conquerors! the
Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred
thousands of the very best of men; but I"—'t was
thus the Bottle spoke—"but I have conquer'd
more than all your famous conquerors, so
fear'd and famed of yore. Then come, ye
youths and maidens all, come, drink from
out my cup the beverage that dulls the
brain, and burns the spirits up; that puts
to shame your conquerors that slay their
scores below; for this has deluged mil-
lions with the lava tide of woe. Though
in the path of battle dark streams of
blood may roll; yet while I kill'd
the body, I have damn'd the ve-
ry soul. The cholera, the plague,
the sword, such ruin never wro't
as I, in mirth or malice, on the
innocent have brought. And
still I breathe upon them,
and they shrink before
my breath, and year by year my
thousands tread the dusty way of death."

[THE song of the decanter is so truthful, we do not fear to trust our young friends with its invitation, assured that they will prefer the beverage that makes them "strong," and "fair," before that which "dulls the brain, and burns the spirits up,"]

64 THE MOTHER AT REST. S. M.

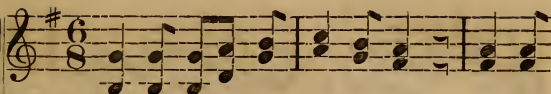
She sleeps—a wea-ry one—Rash boy, arouse her not; Her
slumbers will be past full soon, For toll-some is her lot.

THE MOTHER AT REST.

1. She sleeps—a weary one—
Rash boy, arouse her not;
Her slumbers will be past full soon,
For toilsome is her lot.
2. She sleeps—be quiet, now,
Thou young and thoughtless child,
Look on thy mother's placid brow,
Thy words be low and mild.
3. Through many a silent night
She's watch'd with thee alone;
And found no joy with morning light,
When joy from thee was gone.
4. When sickness laid thee low,
She sat beside thy bed;
When fever burn'd upon thy brow,
Her cool hand there was laid.
5. Then softly, gently tread,
And speak in accents low;
How soon she'll sleep as sleep the
dead,
O child, thou canst not know.

PRAISE TO GOD.

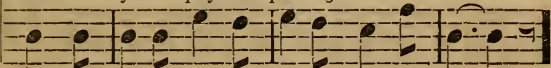
1. The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd so
young
To read his holy word.
2. That I am brought to know
The danger I am in,
By nature and by practice, too,
A wretched slave to sin.
3. Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace, to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy, too.
4. Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern:
Our ransom cost his blood.
5. Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learn'd in vain.



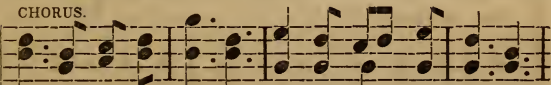
- | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|-----------|--------|-----------|
| 1. Here we | suf - fer | grief and | pain, | Here we |
| 2. All who | love the | Lord be - | low, | When they |
| 3. Ho - ly | chil - dren | will be | there, | Who have |
| 4. Teach - ers, | too, shall | meet a - | bove, | And our |
| 5. O how | hap - py | we shall | be, | For our |
| 6. There we | all shall | sing with | joy, | And e - |



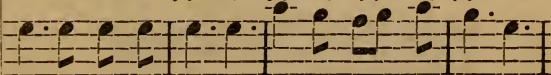
meet to part a - gain; In heaven we part no more.
 die to heaven will go, And sing with saints a - bove.
 sought the Lord by prayer, From eve - ry Sun - day school.
 pas - tors, whom we love, Shall meet to part no more.
 Sa - viour we shall see Ex - alt - ed on his throne!
 ter - ni - ty em - ploy In prais - ing Christ the Lord.



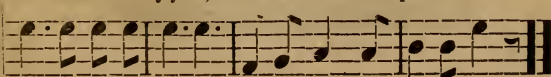
CHORUS.



O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - full!

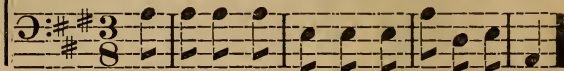


O that will be joy - ful, When we meet to part no more.

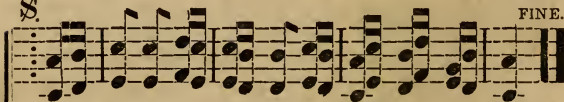




1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,

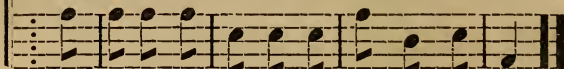


S.

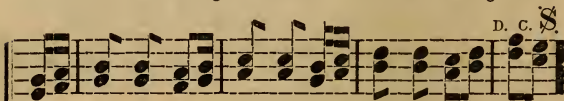


FINE.

The day of the week which I ought to love best—

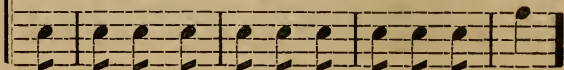


D.C. And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom.



D. C. *S.*

The morning the Sa - viour a - rose from the tomb,



2. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere;
In the school while I learn may I listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

3. Instruct me, my Saviour, for thine would I be,
Nor am I too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

4. O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

WHAT SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC.

1. What seraph-like music falls sweet on my ear,
In strains so delightful? O list that ye hear—
Those rich flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
Breathe rapture untold from some heavenly sphere.
2. 'Tis the sweet-flowing music that steals o'er the wave,
Of Jordan's lone river, as its billows I brave,
'Tis the music of angels, who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.
3. A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light;
Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be there.

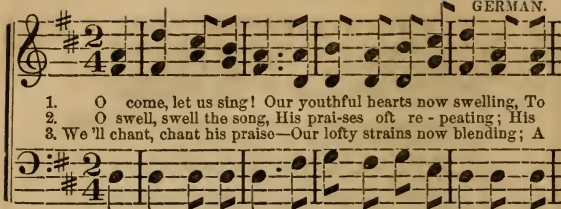
THE CHILD AND THE BEE.

1. "Stay awhile, little bee, in this blossom so gay,
I am sure you must tire working thus all the day;
What beautiful things in this garden we see,—
Sweet flowers, and ripe fruits,—stay awhile, little bee."
2. "Little lady, I only can happiness know
When what is my duty I cheerfully do;
Except I seek honey when flowers are in bloom,
What food shall I have when the winter is come?"
3. How wise is the bee! What a lesson it gives
To the child who in folly or idleness lives;
Who passes in sin and vain pleasure his days,
And seeks not the knowledge of God and his ways.
4. Henceforth like the bee may he lay up a store,
To serve him when youth's sunny time is no more;
For youth is the season which Mercy has given
To prepare for old age, and to fit us for heaven.

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HIVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter B subject to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful and true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in all things, B sure to shun crime,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, always
B ready for prayer, and B joyful in praise;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, yet humble, for thou art but dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent on Christ, and of heaven B sure.

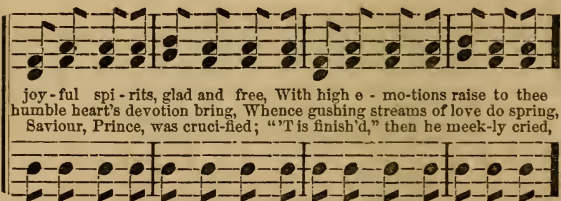
GERMAN.



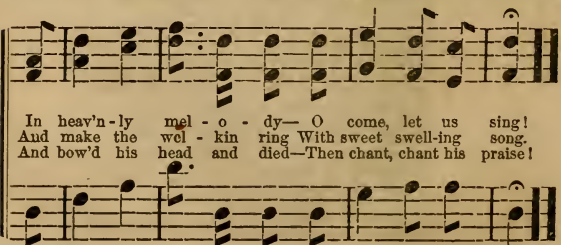
1. O come, let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling, To
 2. O swell, swell the song, His prai-ses oft re - peating; His
 3. We'll chant, chant his praise—Our lofty strains now blending; A



God a - bove, a God of love—O come, let us sing! Our
 Son he gave, our souls to save—O swell, swell the song! The
 tribute bring to Christ, our King, And chant, chant his praise. Our



joy - ful spi - rits, glad and free, With high e - mo-tions raise to thee
 humble heart's devotion bring, Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
 Saviour, Prince, was cruci-fied; "Tis finish'd," then he meek-ly cried,

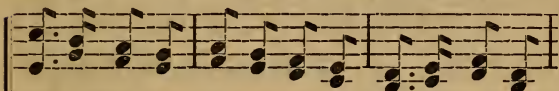
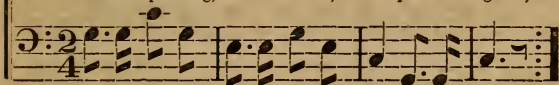


In heav'n-ly mel - o - dy—O come, let us sing!
 And make the wel - kin ring With sweet swell-ing song.
 And bow'd his head and died—Then chant, chant his praise!

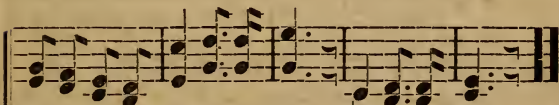
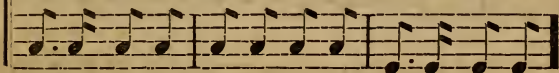
GERMAN.



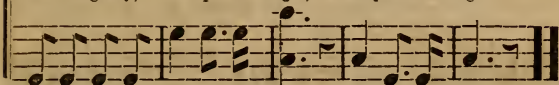
- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1. Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, | God speed the right; } |
| In a no - ble cause contending, | God speed the right. } |
| 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peated, | God speed the right; } |
| Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feated, | God speed the right. } |



Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we



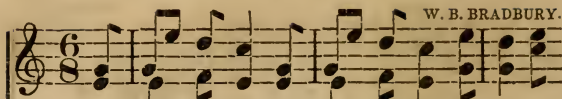
earth reward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
fail in glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.



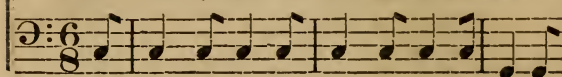

3. Patient, firm and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding,
God speed the right.

4. Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

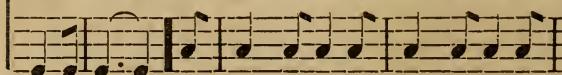
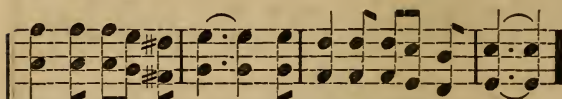
W. B. BRADBURY.



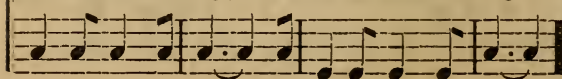
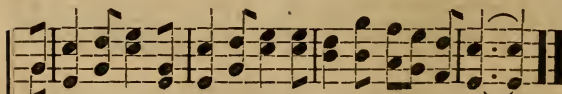
1. O wel-come light That ri-ses bright U-pon the
2. On fros-ty dawn Of win-ter's morn, When earth is

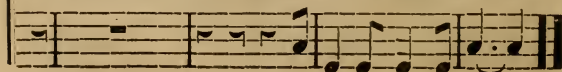
Sab-bath day! I hall thy gleam, Thy gold-en beam Shall
wrapp'd in snow; Or sum-mer breeze Plays round the trees: To

guide my cheer-ful way, Shall guide my cheer-ful way—
Sab-bath school I'll go, To Sab-bath school I'll go—

To Sabbath school, To Sabbath school: My own loved Sabbath school!



8. In class I meet,
 With friends I greet,
 At time of morning prayer;
 Our hearts we raise
 In hymns of praise,
 'T is always pleasant there,
 At Sabbath school,
 At Sabbath school,
 Our own loved Sabbath school.

4. May dews of grace
 Fill this dear place,
 And sunshine never fail;
 While each sweet rose
 Which memory knows,
 Shall sweet perfume exhale,
 In Sabbath school,
 In Sabbath school,
 Our own loved Sabbath school.

5. Father in heaven,
 To us 'tis given
 To learn thy wondrous grace;
 Spirit of love,
 Bend from above,
 And may we seek thy face,
 In Sabbath school, &c.

A WATER SONG.

1. Each flower holds up
 A dainty cup,
 To catch the rain and dew;
 The drink of flowers,
 That falls in showers,
 Is just the drink for you;
 The drink of flowers,
 That falls in showers,
 Is just the drink for you.

2. The stars so bright,
 That gem the night,
 In the round heaven of blue,
 Fling down their beams
 Upon the streams
 Which flow with drink for you:
 Fling down their beams
 Upon the streams
 Which flow with drink for you.

3. That nightingale
 Which charms the vale,
 From yonder fountain flew;
 The song-bird's drink
 Should be, I think,
 The drink for birds like you :

The song-bird's drink
 Should be, I think,
 The drink for birds like you.

MORNING HYMN.

1. The morning bright,
 With rosy light,
 Has waked me up from sleep:
 Father, I own
 Thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.
 Father, I own, &c.

2. All through the day
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide!
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Blest Jesus, near thy side.
 My sins forgive, &c.

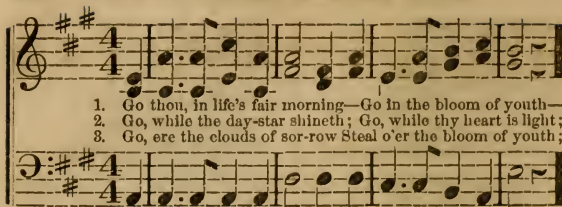
3. O make thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace;
 Make me like thee,
 Then shall I be
 Prepared to see thy face.
 Make me like thee, &c.

EVENING HYMN.

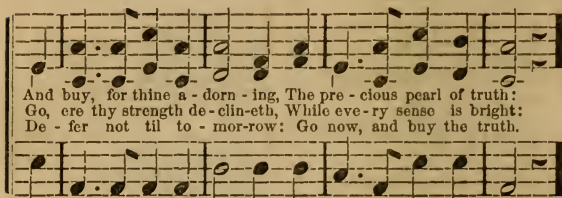
1. The daylight fades;
 The evening shades
 Are gath'ring round my head:
 Father above,
 I praise that love
 Which smooths and guards my bed.
 Father above, &c.

2. While thou art near
 I need not fear
 The gloom of midnight hour:
 Blest Jesus, still
 From every ill
 Defend me with thy power.
 Blest Jesus, still, &c.

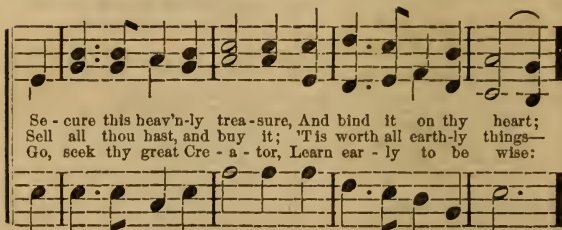
3. Pardon my sin,
 And enter in,
 And sanctify my heart:
 Spirit divine,
 O make me thine,
 And ne'er from me depart.
 Spirit divine, &c.



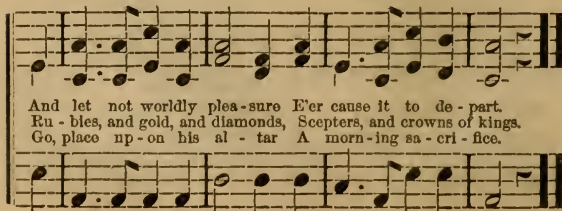
1. Go thou, in life's fair morning—Go in the bloom of youth—
2. Go, while the day-star shineth; Go, while thy heart is light;
3. Go, ere the clouds of sor-row Steal o'er the bloom of youth;



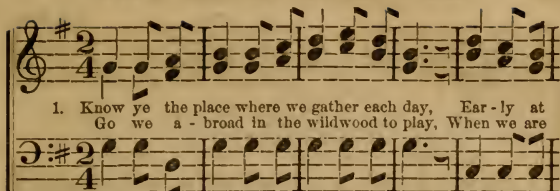
And buy, for thine a - dorn - ing, The pre - cious pearl of truth:
Go, ere thy strength de - clin - eth, While eve - ry sense is bright:
De - fer not til to - mor - row: Go now, and buy the truth.



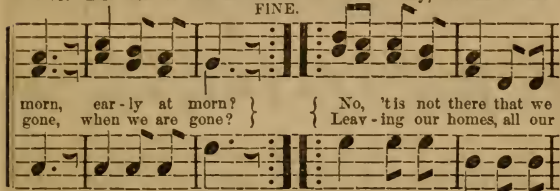
Se - cure this heav'n - ly trea - sure, And bind it on thy heart;
Sell all thou hast, and buy it; 'Tis worth all earth - ly things—
Go, seek thy great Cre - a - tor, Learn ear - ly to be wise:



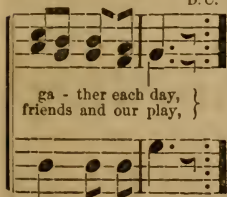
And let not worldly plea - sure E'er cause it to de - part.
Ru - bies, and gold, and diamonds, Scepters, and crowns of kings.
Go, place up - on his al - tar A morn - ing sa - cri - fice.



D.C. But 'tis to school that we hie us a-way, When we are
FINE.



gone, when we are gone.
D.C.



2. Come to our school through the white
winter snows,
Cold is the air, cold is the air!
Come when the loud wind a wild tempest
blows,
We shall be there, we shall be there!
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring
ray,
Come to our school, you'll not find us away,
We shall be there, we shall be there!

HERE IS NO REST.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
My heart doth leap, while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest! there, there is rest!

2. Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
Sweet is the promise I read in His word:
Bless'd are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been call'd to receive their reward,
There, there is rest! there, there is rest!

1st time.

1. Our Fa-ther in hea-ven, We hal-low thy name;
May thy king-dom ho-ly On earth be be-
2. For-give our trans-gress-ions, And teach us to know,
That hum-ble com-pass-ion That par-dons each

2d time.

gun; O, give to us dai-ly Our por- tion of bread, It
foe; Keep us from tempta-tion, From weakness and sin, And

CHORUS.

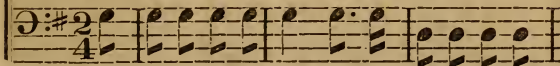
is from thy boun-ty That all must be fed. } Home, home,
thine be the glo-ry, For-ev-er, A-men.

sweet, sweet home! Prepare us, dear Saviour, For glo-ry, our home.

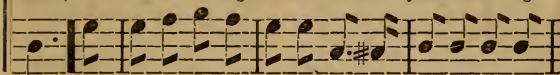
NOTE.—This piece can be sung with or without the Chorus, according to the singer's taste.



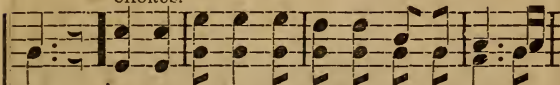
1. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's ho - ly book of
2. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, For pleasure or for
3. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, But spread it far and



truth; The blessed staff of hoar - y age, The guide of ear - ly
pain; We'll buy the truth, and sell it not, For all that we might
wide; Un - til its sav - ing truth be heard Be - yond the roll - ing

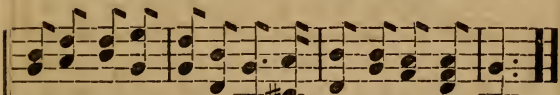
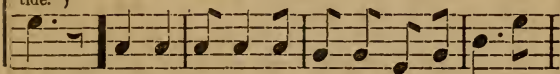


CHORUS.

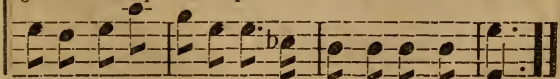


youth.
gain.
tide. }

O, my Bi - ble! Sweet book of Je - sus' love, The

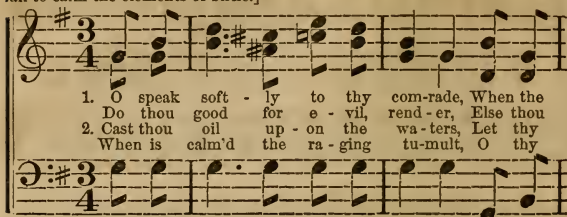


light that shines up - on the path That leads us home to God.



76 A SOFT ANSWER. P. M. or 8s & 7s.

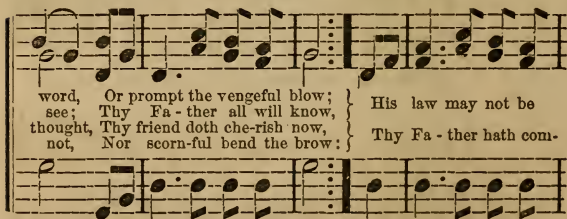
[This is a very sweet melody; and one which, with the accompanying words, if sung, when children are indulging angry feelings, would scarcely fail to calm the elements of strife.]



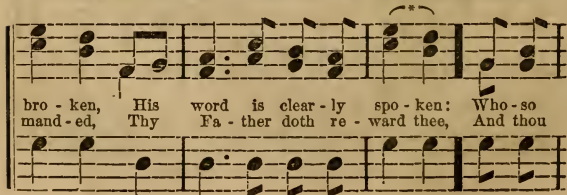
1. O speak soft - ly to thy com-rade, When the
Do thou good for e - vil, rend - er, Else thou
2. Cast thou oil up - on the wa - ters, Let thy
When is calm'd the ra - ging tu-mult, O thy



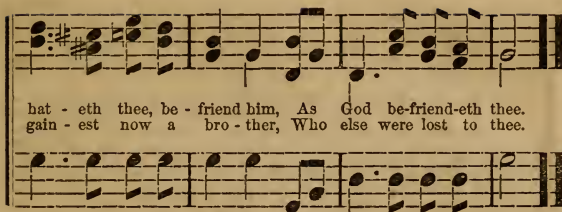
waves of passion mad - ly Roll forth in an - gry
shalt re - mem-ber sad - ly, That heaven the strife will
voice like Da - vid's mu - sic Drive forth the e - vil
voice he'll not re - fuse it, So see thou harm him



word, Or prompt the vengeful blow; } His law may not be
see; Thy Fa - ther all will know, }
thought, Thy friend doth che-rish now, } Thy Fa - ther hath com-
not, Nor scorn-ful bend the brow: }



bro - ken, His word is clear - ly spo - ken: Who - so
mand - ed, Thy Fa - ther doth re - ward thee, And thou



NOTE.—Omit the slurs marked thus * for P. M. For 8s & 7s, omit all the ties except those marked *.

ANGRY WORDS.*

1. Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.
2. Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! O let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the
lip!
3. Love is much too poor and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly,
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitt'rest thoughts are rashly stirr'd;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

MUTUAL LOVE.

1. "Little children, love each other;"
"Tis the blessed Saviour's rule:
Every little one is brother
To his play-fellows at school.
We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel? No: much rather
Would we dwell like him—in love.
2. He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind,
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.
Who is stronger than the other?
Let him be the weak one's friend;
Who's more playthings than his brother,
He should like to give or lend.
3. All *good* children love each other,
Keeping thus the Saviour's rule;
Each one proves himself a brother
To his dear playmates at school.
All they have they share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words:
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

* A clergyman, whose family was noted for their uncommon amiability and mutual affection, was asked the secret of his successful training: "I call," said he, "the influence of music to my aid. If I see any of my family indulging angry emotions, I say: Sing, children, sing! And before a single strain is ended, every unpleasant feeling disappears, and the sweetest harmony again prevails." May it not be well for parents and teachers to profit by this hint?

IRISH.

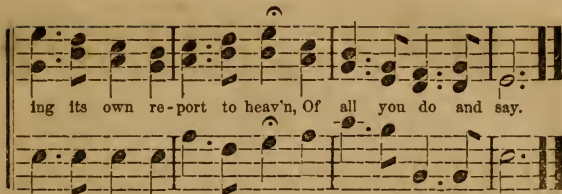
1. A - mid the blue and star - ry sky, A group of
 2. They all were mer - ry child-hood's hours, That just had
 3. And they were go - ing up to heav'n, With all that

hours one ev'n Met as they took their up-ward flight In-
 left the earth, Wing-ing their way a - bove the world That
 had been done By lit - tle chil-dren, good or bad, Since

CHORUS.

to the high - est heav'n.
 gave to them their birth. Re - mem - ber, chil - dren
 the last ris - ing sun.

of the earth, Each hour is on its way, Bear-



4. And some had gold and purple wings,
Some droop'd like fading flowers;
And sadly soar'd to tell the tale,
That they were misspent hours.
Remember, children, &c.

5. Some glow'd with rosy hopes and smiles,
And some had many a tear;
Others had unkind words and acts
To carry upward there.
Remember, children, &c.

6. A shining hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.
Remember, children, &c.

7. And one was bearing up a prayer,
A little child had said;
All full of penitence and love,
While kneeling by his bed.
Remember, children, &c.

8. And thus they glided on, and gave
Their records dark and bright,
To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.
Remember, children, &c.

GOD EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

1. None is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high;
None is like God, whose name is love,
And who is always nigh.
He sees us when we are alone.
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are
Wherever we may be. [known,

2. In all the earth, there is no spot
Excluded from his care;
We cannot go where God is not,
For God is everywhere.
He sees us, &c.

3. He is our best and kindest friend,
And guards us night and day;
To all our wants he will attend,
And answer when we pray.
He sees us, &c.

4. O, if we love him as we ought,
And on his grace rely,
We shall be joyful at the thought
That God is always nigh.
He sees us, &c.

LITTLE PREACHERS.

1. We have no words with which to
The truths that others teach; [tell
And scarcely one would hearken well
Unto our childish speech.
Yet day by day, if we should try
To do the things we know,
The wisest that would pass us by,
Might wiser, holier grow.

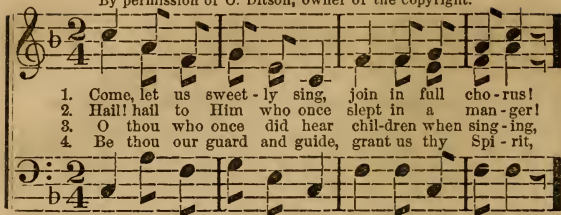
2. Our Saviour, Christ, a lesson taught
From lilies in the grass;
From little birds, that quick as
thought
Among the branches pass.
And day by day, &c.

3. A wise man, and a holy one,
God's blessed word should preach;
But if by us his will be done,
Some truth may children teach.
And day by day, &c.

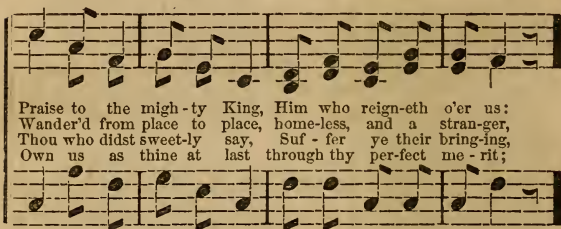
4. If, when our neighbor does us
wrong,
An answer kind we make;
And bear it patiently and long,
A lesson he may take.
And day by day, &c.

5. And sinner thus from sinner learns
Something that God has taught;
And, by a lamp that feebly burns,
To holier light is brought.
And day by day, &c.

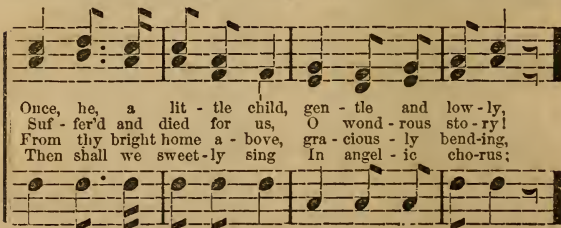
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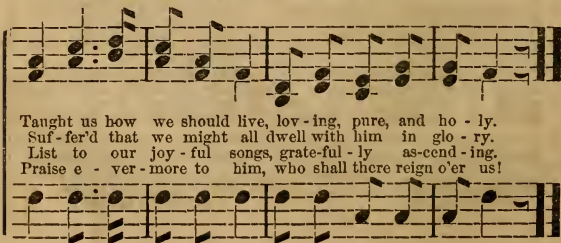
1. Come, let us sweet-ly sing, join in full cho-rus!
 2. Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a man-ger!
 3. O thou who once did hear chil-dren when sing-ing,
 4. Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spi-rit,



Praise to the migh-ty King, Him who reign-eth o'er us:
 Wander'd from place to place, home-less, and a stran-ger,
 Thou who didst sweet-ly say, Suf-fer ye their bring-ing,
 Own us as thine at last through thy per-fect me-rit;



Once, he, a lit-tle child, gen-tle and low-ly,
 Suf-fer'd and died for us, O wond-rous sto-ry!
 From thy bright home a-bove, gra-cious-ly bend-ing,
 Then shall we sweet-ly sing In angel-ic cho-rus;



Taught us how we should live, lov-ing, pure, and ho-ly.
 Suf-fer'd that we might all dwell with him in glo-ry.
 List to our joy-ful songs, grate-ful-ly as-cend-ing.
 Praise e-ver-more to him, who shall there reign o'er us!

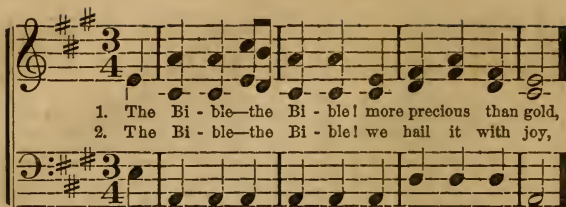
1. Pre-served by thine Al-migh - ty power, O Lord our
And brought to see this hap - py hour, We come thy
2. We praise thee for thy con - stant care, For life pre-
O may we still those mer - cies share, And taste the
3. We praise thee for the joy - ful news Of par - don
O Lord, in - cline our hearts to choose The road to
4. And when on earth our days are done, Grant, Lord, that
Teach - ers and schol - ars round thy throne, The song of

CHORUS.

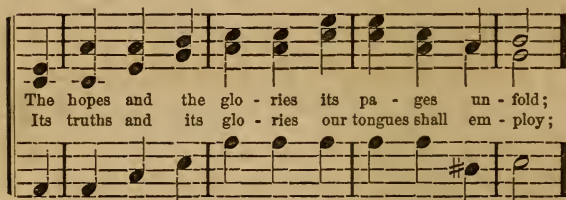
Ma-ker, Sav-iour, King! } Hap-py day, hap - py day! Here in thy
prai-ses here to sing! } Hap-py day, hap - py day! Here in thy
served, for mer-cies given; } Hap-py day, hap - py day! Here in thy
joys of sins for-given; } Hap-py day, hap - py day! Here in thy
thro' a Sa-viour's blood; } Hap-py day, hap - py day! Here in thy
hap-pi-ness and God. } Hap-py day, hap - py day! Here in thy
we at length may join,
Mo - ses and the Lamb.

courts we'll glad-ly stay, { And at thy foot-stool hum-bly pray, }
That thou wouldst take our sins a-way: }

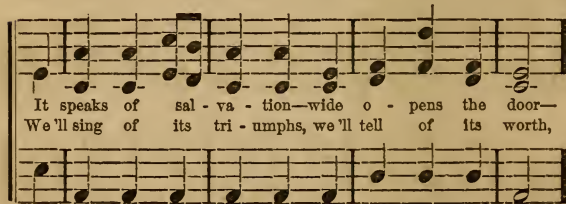
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way!



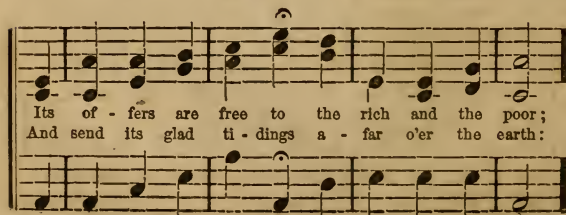
1. The Bi - ble—the Bi - ble! more precious than gold,
2. The Bi - ble—the Bi - ble! we hail it with joy,



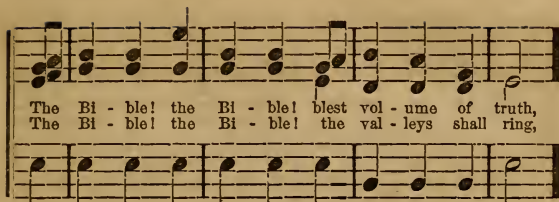
The hopes and the glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold;
Its truths and its glo - ries our tongues shall em - ploy;



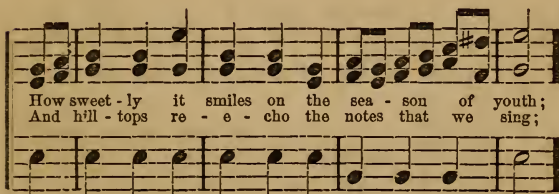
It speaks of sal - va - tion—wide o - pens the door—
We'll sing of its tri - umphs, we'll tell of its worth,



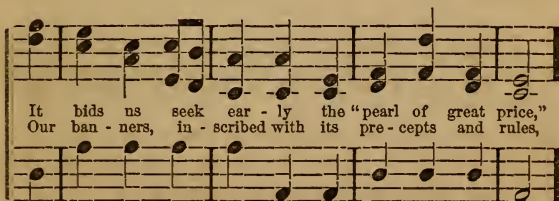
Its of - fers are free to the rich and the poor;
And send its glad ti - dings a - far o'er the earth:



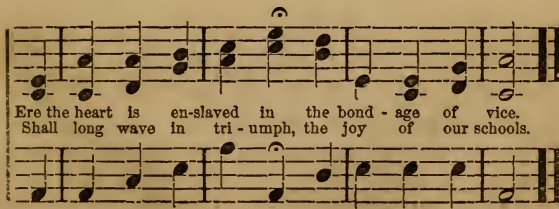
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth,
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! the val - leys shall ring,



How sweet - ly it smiles on the sea - son of youth;
And h'll - tops re - e - cho the notes that we sing;



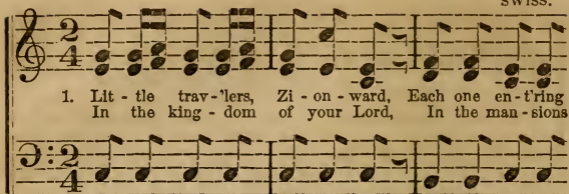
It bids us seek ear - ly the "pearl of great price,"
Our ban - ners, in - scribed with its pre - cepts and rules,



Ere the heart is en-slaved in the bond - age of vice.
Shall long wave in tri - umph, the joy of our schools.

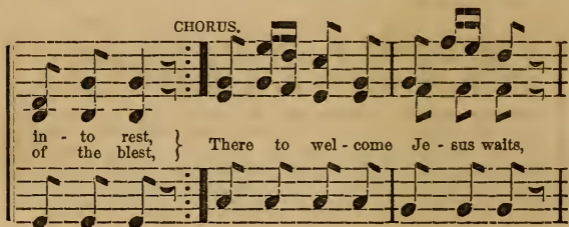
84 CHILDREN AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

SWISS.

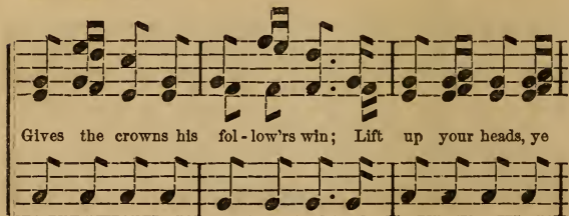


1. Lit - tle trav-'lers, Zi - on - ward, Each one en-t'ring
In the king - dom of your Lord, In the man - sions

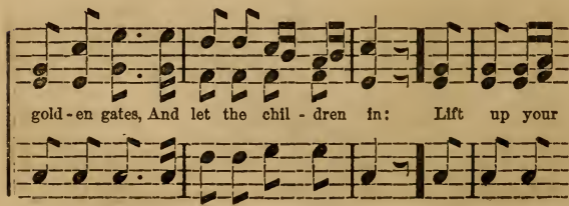
CHORUS.



in - to rest, } There to wel - come Je - sus waits,
of the blest,



Gives the crowns his fol - low'rs win; Lift up your heads, ye



gold - en gates, And let the chil - dren in: Lift up your

heads, ye gold-en gates, ye gold-en gates, ye gold-en gates: Lift

up your heads, ye gold-en gates, and let the chil-dren in.

2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
There to welcome, &c.

3. "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."
There to welcome, &c.

4. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!"
There to welcome, &c.

5. "Each the welcome 'COME' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
And let the children in.
There to welcome, &c.

ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.

1

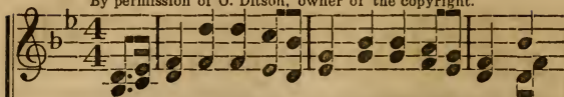
Hap - py are the chil-dren whose God is the Lord,

2

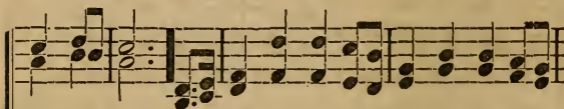
Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py.

86 COME TO THE SAVIOUR. C. M. or P. M.

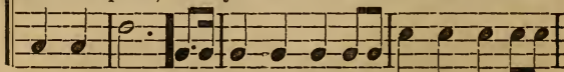
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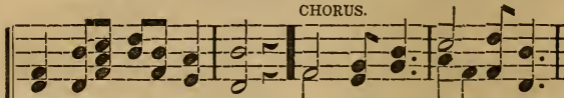
1. Our Sa-viour bids the chil-dren come; He bids us
2. For - ev - er bless - ed be his name; No earth-ly
3. There may we come at last, to sing In no - bler



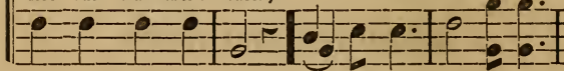
come to him; And, as in o - ther days, he spreads His
love like his; O may it draw our hearts to him, And
strains his praise; And join the lit - tle ones who stand Be-



CHORUS.

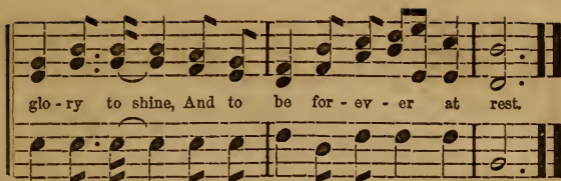


arms to take us in. } O Sa-viour! dear Sa-viour!
to the world of bliss.
fore our Fa - ther's face.



O joy of the blest! How I long to be thine, In bright





THE SAVIOUR.

1. See the kind Shepherd, Jesus,
stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.
O Saviour, dear Saviour!
O joy of the blest;
How I long to be thine, in bright
glory to shine,
And to be forever at rest.
2. He'll lead us to the heav'nly
streams,
Where living waters flow:
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
O Saviour, &c.
3. When, wand'ring from the fold, we
leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.
O Saviour, &c.
4. The feeblest lamb amid the flock,
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.
O Saviour, &c.

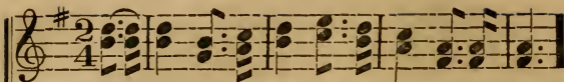
LOVELY ZION.

1. Zion! bright and fair, strong thy
bulwarks are,
And thy towers majestic stand!
City of our God, now our blest abode
In this free and happy land.
O Zion, dear Zion!
Lovely and fair;
Now arise and shine, for thy light
has come:
In thy beautiful robes appear.
2. Now the isles of the sea look im-
ploring to thee,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;

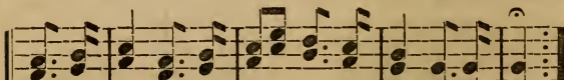
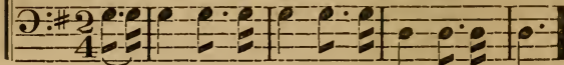
- And from heathen lands millions
stretch their hands
For the word which you have found.
O Zion, &c.
3. Let the word go forth, to the south
and north,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the east and west with the rays
are bless'd,
Of the bright and morning star.
O Zion, &c.
 4. Then the heav'nly strain shall be
heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran;
And all nations join in the song di-
vine—
Peace on earth, good will to man.
O Zion, &c.

HEAVEN.

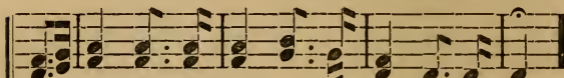
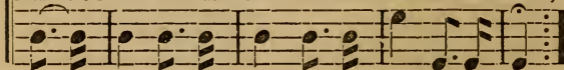
1. O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
O Heaven, sweet Heaven!
O home of the blest;
How I long to be there, all its glory
to share,
And to lean on my Saviour's breast!
2. But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
O Heaven, &c.
3. Thou heav'nly Friend! thou hea-
venly Friend!
O hear us when we pray;
Now let thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
O Heaven, &c.
4. Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,
A ransom'd band in heaven.
O Heaven, &c.



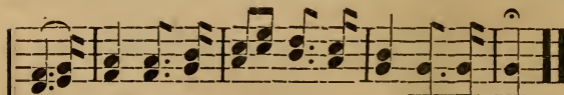
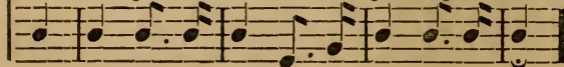
1. Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny, }
 'Tis not on ap - ples, cakes, or playthings to spend it, }
 2. Their skins are quite black, for our God made them thus; }
 But he made them with bod - ies and feel - ings like us: }



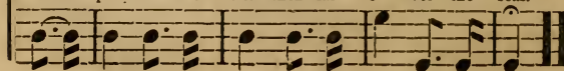
I will tell you a way that is bet - ter than any; }
 But away o'er the seas to the hea - then to send it. }
 A soul, too, that nev - er will die has been giv - en, }
 And there's room for black chil - dren with Je - sus in heav'n. }



Come, lis - ten to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
 But few go to tell of such good things as these



Of some poor lit - tle hea - then far o - ver the seas.
 To the poor lit - tle hea - then far o - ver the seas.



3. In this country poor children are well off indeed;
They have schools every day, where they sing, sew, and read;
Their church, too, on Sunday, and pastor to teach
How the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach.
Yet, sad to remember, there's so few of these,
For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

4. No schools have the Pagans for reading and singing;
No Sunday for them, with its cheerful bells ringing;
And most little blacks have no Bibles to read;
Ah! poor little children, you're ill off indeed!
But a penny each week would procure books with ease,
For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

5. O think, then, of this, when a penny is given,
"I can help a poor child on his way home to heaven;"
Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve,
Nor scorn e'en a mite, if 't is offer'd in love.
And, O! when in prayer you to him bend your knees,
Remember the heathen far over the seas.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD MORNING.

1. "O! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle-bed;
"T is morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa,
O, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only look, just now, at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet 'Good morning to Mary.'

2. "The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes,
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun—for you rise
So early, to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be!"
"Happy you may be, my dear little girl!"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—

3. "Happy you can be—but think of the One
Who waken'd, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little one turn'd her bright eye with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say, then, 'Good morning,' to God?"
"O yes, little darling, surely you may—
Now kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

4. Then Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up with sweet earnestness into the skies;
Her two little hands that were folded together,
So softly she laid on the lap of her mother:
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said;
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;

5. "For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light!
O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."
An angel look'd down in the sunshine, and smiled;
But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child!

TYROLIAN.

1. I'll a - way, I'll a - way like a plea - sant boy, For my
I'll not stay, come a - way, it shall be my joy To my

D. C. Then a - way, then a - way like a plea - sant boy, I will

FINE.

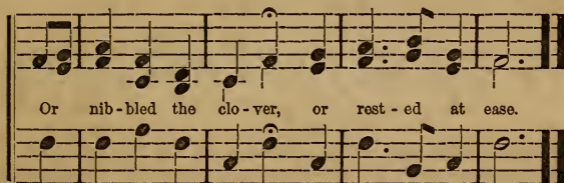
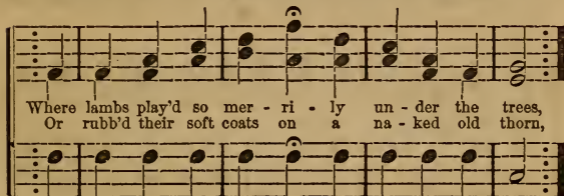
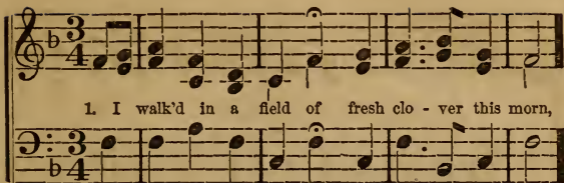
task I so quick-ly can learn: } The hour is up, the
school with good will to re - turn.

play and will stu - dy in turn.

D. C.

time is past, When th' heart is glad time flies so fast.

2. Who's afraid, who's afraid of a little toll,
Or to work in the rain or the sun;
Study hard, study hard, 'tis but for a while,
And your work will the sooner be done.
When the heart's content, the mind is clear,
When the sun shines out, the scene 't will cheer:
Come away, come away, like a merry boy
With a tug, and a pull, and a smile!



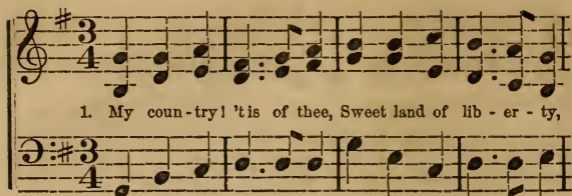
2. And under the hedge ran a clear water brook,
To drink from when thirsty, or weary with play,
And so gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all day.

3. And when I remember the beautiful psalm
That tells about Christ, and his pastures so green,
I know he is willing to make me his lamb,
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

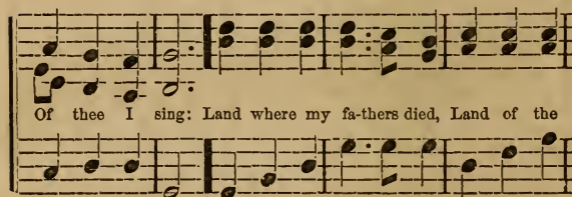
4. If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in his field, I forever shall live,
If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfill,
A place in his sheepfold to me he will give.

5. The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play;
The long summer's day in contentment they spend;
But happier I, if in God's holy way
I try to walk always with Christ for my friend.

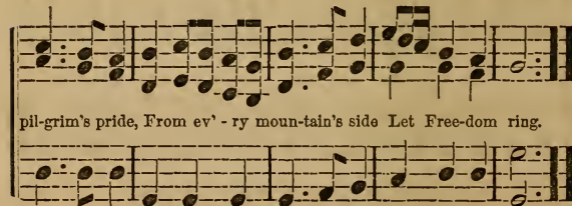
92 MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE. P. M.



1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the



pil-grim's pride, From ev' - ry moun-tain's side Let Free-dom ring.

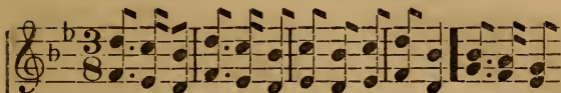
2. My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love!
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

8. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:

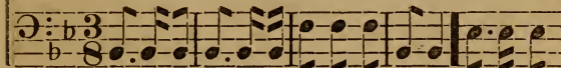
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

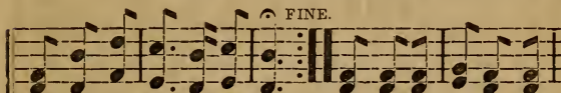
COME, HASTE TO THE SAVIOUR. 93



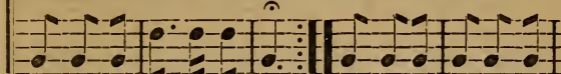
1. Come, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour, Come, ye young
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his fa-vor, Lambs of his



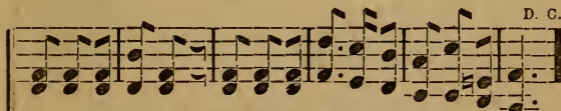
D. C. How fair is grace, the young bosom adorning! What robe so



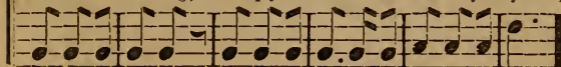
wan-der-ers, cling to his side; } Come to his tem-ple gate,
bo-som, for whom he hath died. }



pure as the rai-ment of truth?

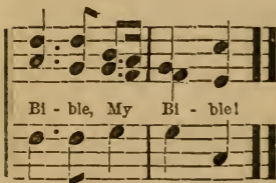
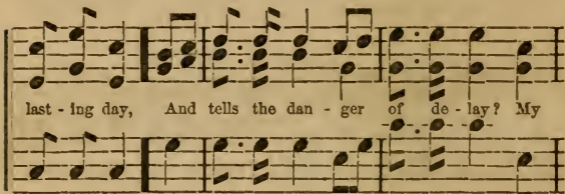
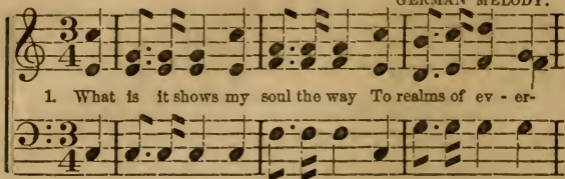


come in life's morning; Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth;



2. Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wand'ring from God?
Sorrow and shame wait the vot'ries of folly,
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.
Has he not died for you? gaze on his passion:
There see the tokens of sorrow and love;
Lives he not now for you? Jesus, the Saviour,
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

GERMAN MELODY.



2. What teaches me I'm bound to
love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
My Bible!

3. What is it gives my spirit rest,
When with the cares of earth oppress,
And points to regions of the blest?
My Bible!

MY FATHER.

1. Who took me from my mother's
arms,
And smiling at her soft alarms,
Show'd me the world and nature's
charms? My father.

2. Who made me feel, and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, through all, the Maker's
hand? My father.

3. Who climb'd with me the moun-
tain's height,
And watch'd my look of dread de-
light,
While rose the glorious orb of light?
My father.

4. Who from each flower, and verdant
stalk,
Gather'd a subject for our talk,
To fill the long delightful walk?
My father.

5. Who taught my early mind to
know
The God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Creator of all things below?
My father.

6. Soon, and before the mercy-seat,
Spirits made perfect, we shall meet,
Then, with what transports I shall
greet
My father.

MY MOTHER.

1. Who fed me from her gentle
breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

2. Who sat and watch'd my infant
head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

3. Who taught my infant heart to
pray,
To look to God, both night and day,
And strive to walk in wisdom's way?
My mother.

4. And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My mother.

5. Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

6. And when I see thee hang thy head,
'T will be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

MY BROTHER.

1. Who often with me kindly play'd,
And all my little playthings made?
Who sought for me the cooling shade?
My brother.

2. Who to school my books would
bear,
And lead me o'er the bridge with care,
And lessons find for me, when there?
My brother.

3. Who gather'd apples from the tree,
Chestnuts, and walnuts, too, for me?
Who, cheerful, did all this? 't was
thea. My brother.

4. And when a present he had got,
O! who was it that ne'er forgot
To share with me his happy lot?
My brother.

5. These joyful days must have an
end,
But O, to me thy kindness lend,
And still remain my dearest friend,
My brother.

6. And may I ever grateful be,
For all thy kindness shown to me,
And ne'er withdraw my love from
thee, My brother.

MY SISTER.

1. Who was it, when we both were
young,
Oft praised me with her artless
tongue,
And on my neck delighted hung?
My sister.

2. Who ran about with me all day,
And when at hide and seek we'd
play,
Who came to find me where I lay?
My sister.

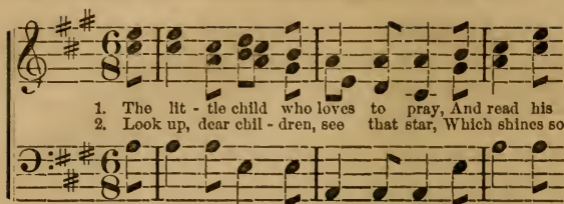
3. And when to school I went to
stay,
To seek for knowledge, day by day,
Who grieved to see me go away?
My sister.

4. Who was it ever with delight,
Ran forth to meet me, noon and
night,
So free from envy, wrath, or spite?
My sister.

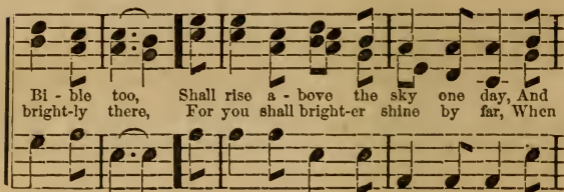
5. O, may it be our constant care,
Each other's griefs and pains to share,
And thus our mutual burdens bear,
My sister.

6. And may that heav'nly power
above
Still fill our hearts with mutual
love,
And all our virtuous ways approve,
My sister.

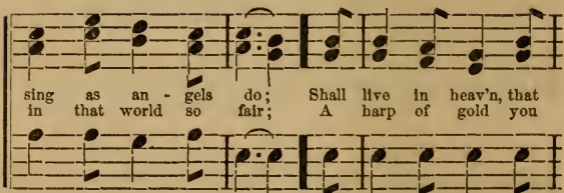
96 THE CHILD IN HEAVEN. C. L. M.



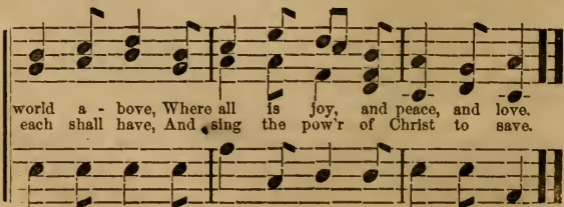
1. The lit - tle child who loves to pray, And read his
2. Look up, dear chil - dren, see that star, Which shines so



Bi - ble too, Shall rise a - bove the sky one day, And
bright - ly there, For you shall bright - er shine by far, When



sing as an - gels do; Shall live in heav'n, that
in that world so fair; A harp of gold you



world a - bove, Where all is joy, and peace, and love.
each shall have, And, sing the pow'r of Christ to save.

THE BOY'S PENNY.

1. "I've got a penny, dear mamma!"
So cried a little boy;
"And fivepence which I've in my box,
Makes sixpence for a toy;
I never was so rich before;
I've sixpence; when shall I have
more?"

2. "But, Henry, love," the mother
said,

"If you will list to me,
I'll tell you how that sixpence, dear,
Much better spent may be!"
And then she took the prattler up,
And placed him gently on her knee.

3. "My child, there's many a boy and
girl,
Living across the sea,
To whom the Church her missions
sends,

That they may Christians be;
And, through their Saviour, find the
road
That leads to the right hand of God."

4. The child sat silent for a while,
And then look'd up, and said,
"Toys soon do break, don't they,
mamma?"

We'll help Christ's word instead."
And jumping off his mother's knee,
He fetch'd his sixpence cheerfully.

5. "But will it help the work, mam-
ma,

So small a sum?" he cried;
"I would it were a dollar more,"
And then he deeply sigh'd.

"But I shall soon a man become,
And then can give a greater sum."

6. Reader, that little boy henceforth
His pence and half pence saved,
And never, from that time, I hear,
Has he for trifles craved.

Like him, who'll save their half-
pence, too,
For heathen souls?—My dear, will
you?

POVERTY.

1. We were so poor when baby died,
And mother stitch'd the shroud,
The others in their hunger cried,
With sorrow wild and loud;
We were so poor, we could not pay
The man to carry him away.

2. I see it still before my eyes—
It lies upon the bed:
And mother whispers through her
sighs,

"The little babe is dead!"
A little box of common pine
His coffin was—and may be mine.

3. They laid our little brother out,
And wrapp'd his form in white,
And, as they turn'd his head about,
We saw the solemn sight;
And wept as little children weep,
And kiss'd the dead one in his sleep.

4. We look'd our last upon his face,
And said our last "good-by,"
While mother laid him in the place,
Where those are laid who die:
The sexton shoved the box away,
Because we were too poor to pay.

5. We were too poor to hire a hearse,
And couldn't get a pall,
And when we drove him to the
grave,
A wagon held us all:
'T was I who drove the horse, and I
Who told my mother not to cry.

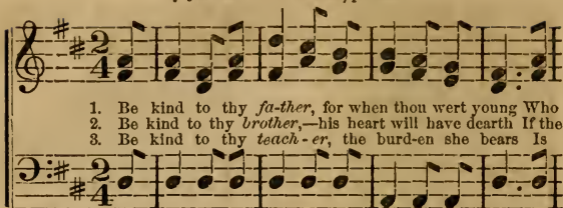
6. We rode along the crowded town,
And felt so lone and drear,
And oft our tears came trickling
down,
Because no friends were near:
The folks were strangers, selfish men,
Who hadn't lost a baby then.

7. We reach'd the grave, and laid him
there,
With all the dead around;
There was no priest to say a prayer,
And bless the holy ground;
So home we went with grief and
pain,
But home was never home again!

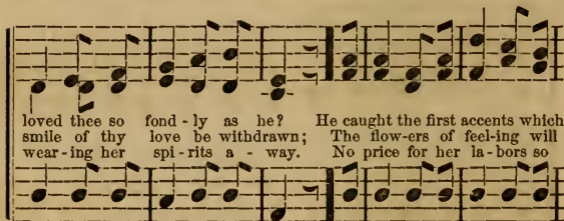
8. And there he sleeps, without a
stone

To mark the sacred spot;
But though, to all the world un-
known,
By us 't is not forgot.
We mean to raise a stone some
day,
But now we are too poor to pay!

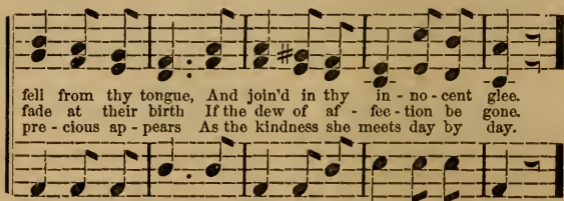
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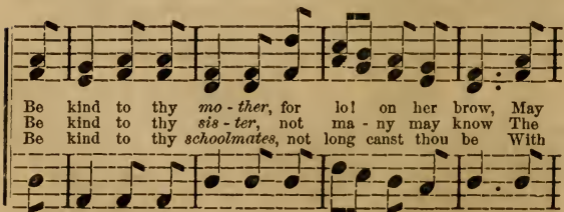
1. Be kind to thy *fa-ther*, for when thou wert young Who
 2. Be kind to thy *brother*,—his heart will have dearth If the
 3. Be kind to thy *teach-er*, the burd-en she bears Is



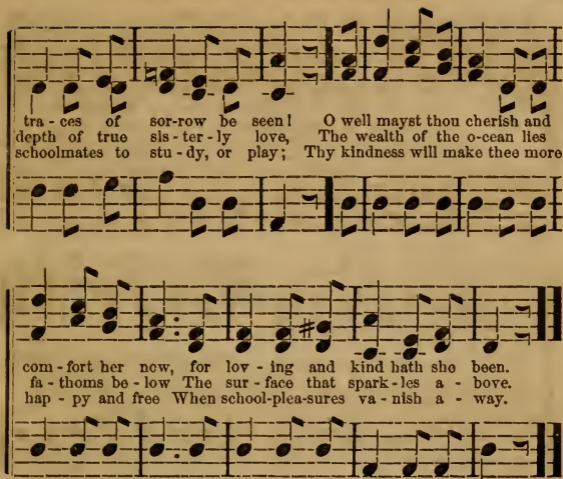
loved thee so fond-ly as he? He caught the first accents which
 smile of thy love be withdrawn; The flow-ers of feel-ing will
 wear-ing her spi-rits a-way. No price for her la-bors so



fell from thy tongue, And join'd in thy in-no-cent glee.
 fade at their birth If the dew of af-fec-tion be gone.
 pre-cious ap-pears As the kindness she meets day by day.



Be kind to thy *mo-ther*, for lo! on her brow, May
 Be kind to thy *sis-ter*, not ma-n-y may know The
 Be kind to thy *schoolmates*, not long canst thou be With



tra - ces of sor-row be seen! O well mayst thou cherish and
 depth of true sls - ter - ly love, The wealth of the o - cean lies
 schoolmates to stu - dy, or play; Thy kindness will make thee more

com - fort her now, for lov - ing and kind hath she been.
 fa - thoms be - low The sur - face that spark - les a - bove.
 hap - py and free When school-plea-sures va - nish a - way.

"BE GOOD."

1. "Be good, little children," your mother will say,
 She will whisper it soft in your ear,
 And oft times repeat it, by night and by day,
 That you may not forget it, my dear.
 The ant at its work, and the flower-loving bee,
 And the sweet little bird in the wood,
 As it warbles its song from its nest in the tree,
 Seem to say, "Little children, be good."

2. "Be good," says the Bible, that volume of love,
 Which the wisest delight to obey,
 And the truths which it teaches will lead you above,
 When death calls the spirit away.
 As sure as the brook to the river doth run,
 And the river to ocean's broad wave,
 This rule, if well learn'd, in the cradle, my dears,
 Will prove your best wealth in the grave.

1. How plea-sant thus to dwell be-low In fel-low-ship of
And though we part, 't is bliss to know The good will meet a-
2. Yes, happy thought! When we are free From earthly grief and
In heaven we shall each o-ther see, And nev-er part a-

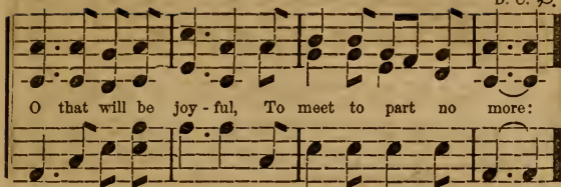
love;
bove: } The good shall meet a-bove, The good shall meet a-bove;
pain,
gain, } And nev-er part a-gain, And nev-er part a-gain;
D. C. To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore,

FINE.
And tho' we part 't is bliss to know, The good shall meet a-bove.
In heaven we shall each other see, And nev-er part a-gain.
And sing the ev-er-last-ing song With those who've gone be-fore.

CHORUS.

O that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful,

D. C. §



8. The children who have loved the Lord,
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4. Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may
In never-ending praise! [join
O that will be joyful, &c.

THE PROMISED LAND.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O that will be joyful, &c.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
O that will be joyful, &c.

8. There generous fruits that never
On trees immortal grow; [fail,
There rock, and hill, and brook, and
With milk and honey flow. [vale
O that will be joyful, &c.

4. O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
O, that will be joyful, &c.

5. No chilling winds, or pois'nous
breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.
O that will be joyful, &c.

6. When shall I reach that happy
And be forever blest? [place,

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
O that will be joyful, &c.

7. Fill'd with delight, my raptured
Would here no longer stay: [soul
Though Jordan's waves around me
Fearless I'd launch away. [roll,
O that will be joyful, &c.

HEAVEN.

1. O glorious rest! There joys sublime
Shall fill the immortal soul;
There holy saints in vernal prime
On harps sweet music roll.
O that will be joyful, &c.

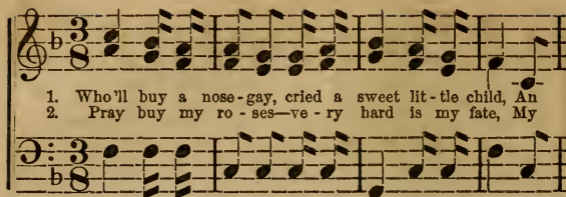
2. There fields of amaranthine flowers,
And trees of life are found;
There God's own love like gentle
Sheds gladness all around. [showers
O that will be joyful, &c.

3. There crystal streams meander
through—
And round the Almighty's throne,
Pure holiness distills like dew,
And sin is all unknown.
O that will be joyful, &c.

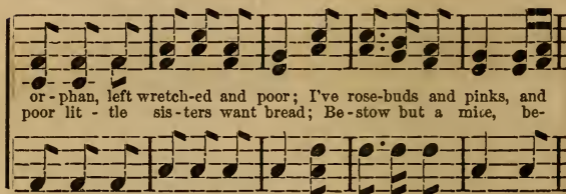
4. There grief and pain will never
Nor shall the starting tear [come,
E'er blight the luster and the bloom
Of heaven's eternal year.
O that will be joyful, &c.

5. And there—what most of all I
My Saviour I shall see; [prize—
Shall gaze with unclouded eyes
On him who died for me.
O that will be joyful, &c.

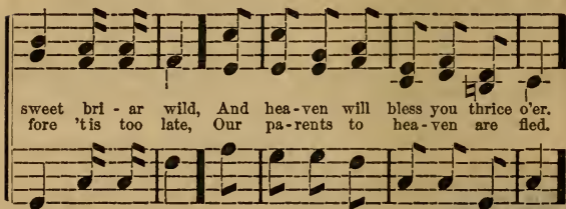
6. There I shall slake my burning
With infinite delight;— [thirst
O, when shall this glad moment
On my enraptured sight? [burst
O that will be joyful, &c.



1. Who'll buy a nose-gay, cried a sweet lit-tle child, An
 2. Pray buy my ro-ses—ve-ry hard is my fate, My

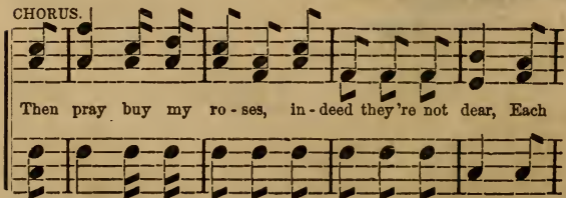


or-phan, left wretch-ed and poor; I've rose-buds and pinks, and
 poor lit-tle sis-ters want bread; Be-stow but a mite, be-

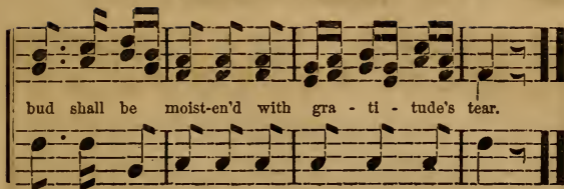


sweet bri-ar wild, And hea-ven will bless you thrice o'er.
 fore 'tis too late, Our pa-rents to hea-ven are fled.

CHORUS.

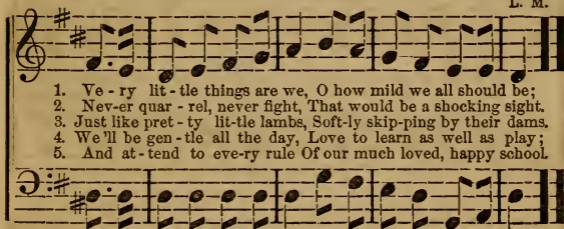


Then pray buy my ro-ses, in-deed they're not dear, Each



VERY LITTLE THINGS. 7s.

L. M.



THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

1. How should children spend the
Early rise and early pray; [day?
2. Then to breakfast, then away
To labor, or their lesson say;
3. Then to dinner, then to play;
To school again then hie away,
4. Unless it be a holiday;
And when sinks the evening ray,
5. Again to God their duty pay,
And close with prayer the Christian
day.

MORNING PRAYER.

1. Jesus, Lord, to thee I pray:
Guide and guard me through this
day,
2. As the shepherd tends the sheep,
Lord! me safe from evil keep.

3. Keep my feet from every snare,
Keep me with thy watchful care:

4. All my little wants supply,
If I live, or if I die.

5. And when life, O Lord, is past,
Take me to thyself at last.

EVENING PRAYER.

1. Lord! this night I come to own
All my sins before thy throne:

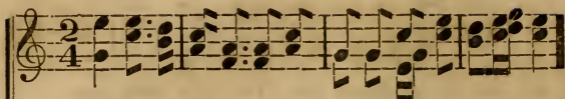
2. All the ill I've done this day,
In thy blood, O, wash away.

3. Put on me, O Lord, this night,
Put on me a robe of white:

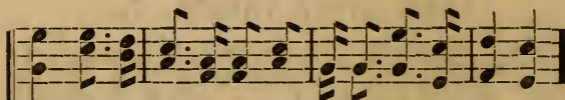
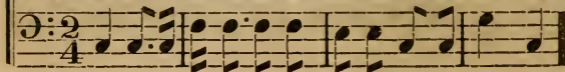
4. Say to me, with voice from heaven,
"Little child, thy sin's forgiven!"

5. Joyful then my rest I'll take,
Jesus! all for thy dear sake.

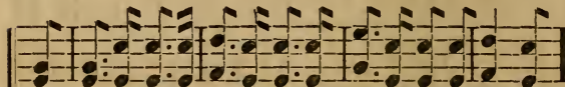
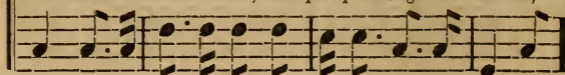
104 OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT. P. M.



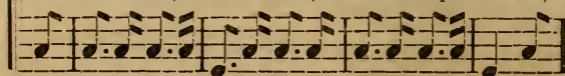
1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends from me now riv - en,



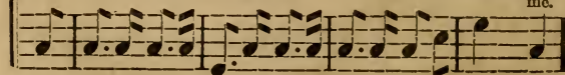
Sweet faith brings up the light Of heav'n-ly joys a - round me;
I've seen a - round me fall, With pros-pects bright for hea-ven,—

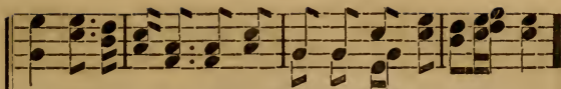


The love and peace that doth increase Throughout e-ter-nal a - ges;
I feel like one, *nev-er* a - lone, With bless-ed spirits near me,

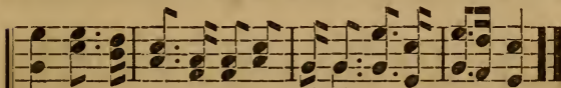
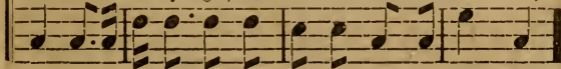


The harps of gold, the bliss untold Which all the blest en-ga - ges:
Whose hope is bright, who finds delight In thoughts of heaven which cheer
me.

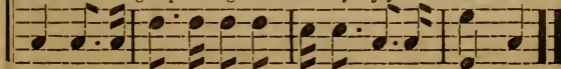




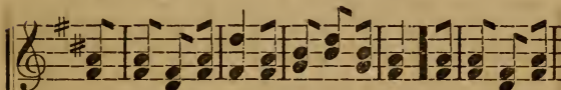
Thus in the stil-ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain hath bound me,
Thus in the stil-ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain hath bound me,



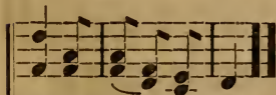
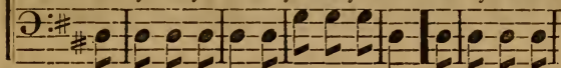
Sweet faith brings up the light Of heav'n-ly joys a - round me.
Sweet faith brings up the light Of heav'n-ly joys a - round me.



LIKE MISTS ON THE MOUNT. 5s.



1. Like mists on the mount, Like ships on the sea, So swift-ly the
2. In the grave of our sires, How soon we shall lie, Dear children, to-
3. How sweet are the flow'rs In A-pril and May! But oft the frost
4. Like flow'rs you may fade—Are you ready to die? While “yet there is



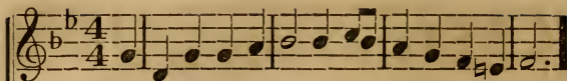
years Of our short lives flee.
day To a Sa - viour fly.
makes Them with-er a - way.
room,” To a Sa - viour fly.



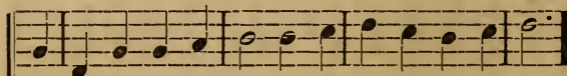
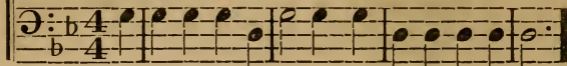
5. When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
He slept in his smile,
And rejoic'd in his word.

6. So most of Christ's flock
Are early brought nigh:
O seek him in youth,
To a Saviour fly.

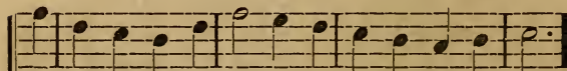
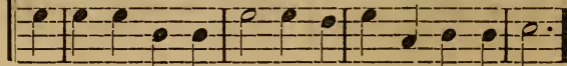
106 SWEAR NOT IN THY PLAYING.



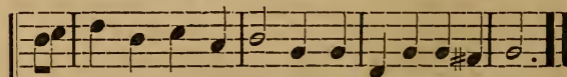
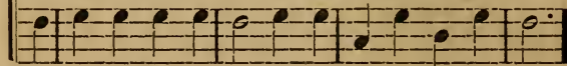
1. When joy thy heart is swelling, When thou art wild with glee,
2. When angry thoughts invade thee, And prompt unkind desire,—
3. When sportive tongues invite thee To wor-dy con-tests vile,



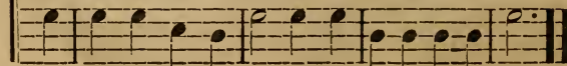
When laugh-ter-shouts are tell-ing Of school-boys' re-vel-ry,—
If pet-ty wrongs have made thee Speak out thy burn-ing ire;
Still striv-ing to de-light thee By oaths and ming-led smile,—

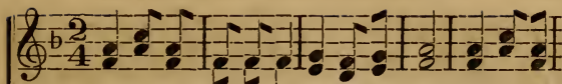


O *swear not* in thy play-ing, *Swear not* thy WIT to show!
O *swear not* in thy play-ing, *Swear not* thy WRATH to show!
O *swear not* in thy play-ing, *Swear not* thy SKILL to show!

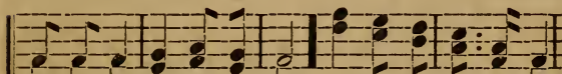
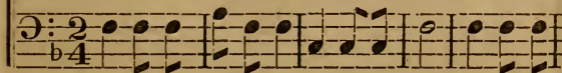


The NAME we use in pray-ing, Canst thou profane it so?
The NAME we use in pray-ing, Canst thou profane it so?
The NAME we use in pray-ing, Do not profane it so!

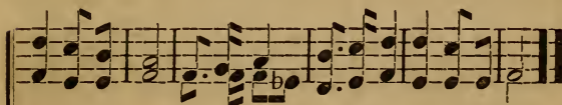
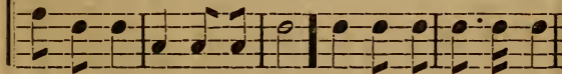




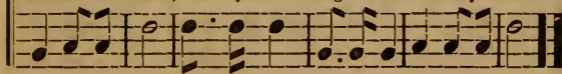
1. Sweet-ly the Sabbath bell steals on the air: That in the
2. Oft as the Sabbath chimes summon to pray, May we their



house of God Bids us ap - pear. "Children of God," it seems
ho - ly call Glad - ly o - bey, That, when the last sad knell



Soft-ly to say, "Haste to your Father's house, hasten to pray."
For us shall sound, Rea - dy our Judge to meet we may be found.

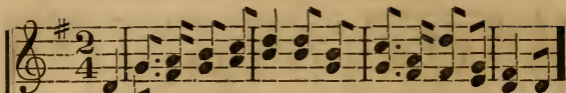


SHUN ANGER.

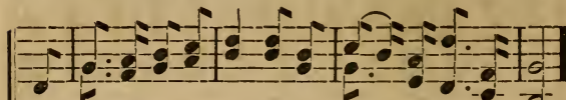
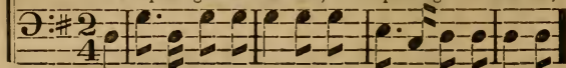
I must not be angry, nor snatch rudely away
The playthings from sister, when we are at play.
I must not be angry when things do not suit,
Or be peevish and cry, or sulky and mute.

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools. Eccl. vii, 9.

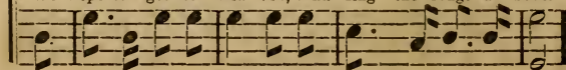
He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city. Prov. xvi, 32.



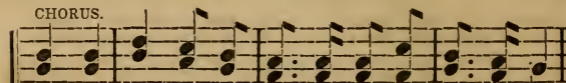
1. We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er,
2. We al - ways love our pa - rents, We al - ways love our pa - rents,
3. We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our lit - tle sis - ters,
4. We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble,
5. We try to love the Sa - viour, We try to love the Sa - viour,
6. We hope to get to hea - ven, We hope to get to hea - ven,



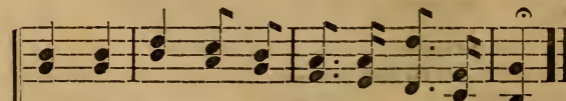
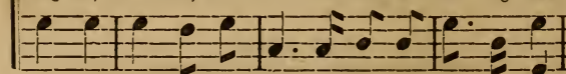
We all love one an - oth - er, And keep the gold - en rule.
 We al - ways love our pa - rents, As chil - dren ought to do.
 We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our bro - thers, too.
 We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Which tells us what to do.
 We try to love the Sa - viour, Who shed for us his blood.
 We hope to get to hea - ven, And sing the songs a - bove.



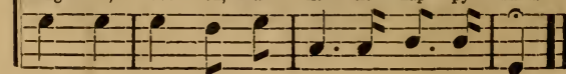
CHORUS.

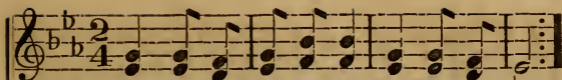


Sing on, love on, a lit - tle band of lov - ing ones:

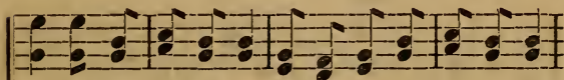
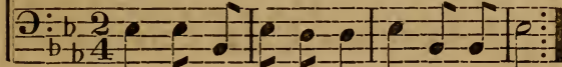


Sing on, love on, a lit - tle hap - py band.

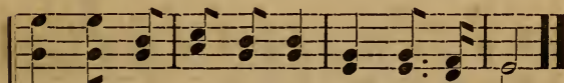
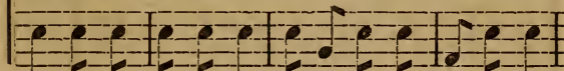




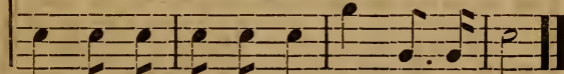
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, }
 Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; }
 2. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev'-ry eye; }
 Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die. }



O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King,
 O, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and king-dom won;



Loud let his prai-ses ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 And bright a-bove the sun Reign e-ver-more.



INFANT PRAISE AND PRAYER.

1. Help me to praise thy name
 While I am young;
 Let me thy truth proclaim
 With my infant tongue:
 Angels from the skies
 Will look down with gladsome eyes,
 When thy praises rise,
 By infants sung.

2. Keep us in peace and joy
 Through childhood's days;
 Help each little girl and boy
 To walk in thy ways:

So shall we be free
 From the thorns of misery;
 Heaven our home shall be,
 Thine all the praise.

SCHOLARS' PLEDGE.

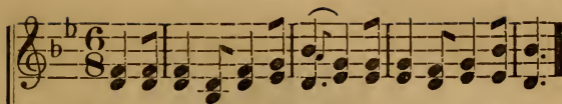
Never the *drunkard's* drink
 Our lips shall stain,
 Ne'er shall the *swearer's* words
 Our tongues profane!
 Ever our breath shall be
 From *tobacco's* poison free,
 Wars we will shun, you see,
 Peace here shall reign.

1. Get up ear-ly! time is precious—Waste it not in
 2. Get up ear-ly! it is sin-ful To be wast-ing

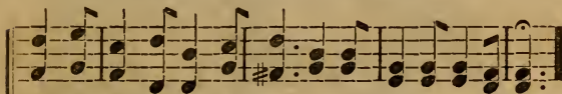
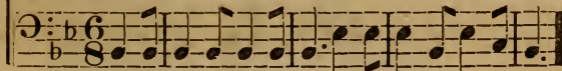
bed; Get up ear-ly! while the dew-drops O'er the fields are spread;
 time; Get up early! while the dear birds Sing their morning chime;

Get up ear-ly! when the red sun First be-gins to rise;
 Get up ear-ly! while the flow-ers Blush up-on the sod;

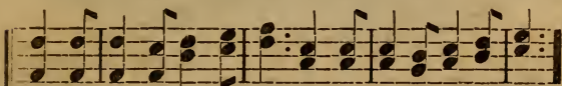
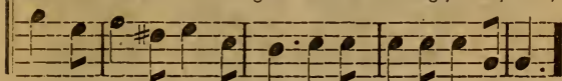
Get up ear-ly! when the darkness Fades from earth and skies.
 Get up ear-ly! while all na-ture Bless-es na-ture's God.



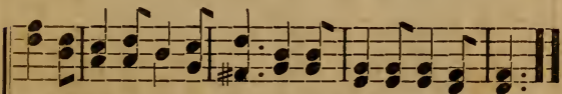
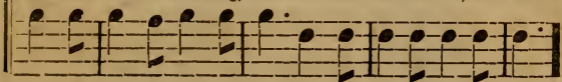
1. In the school-room while we stay, There is work enough to do,
2. Here, then, let us early sow, While we're in our opening youth,



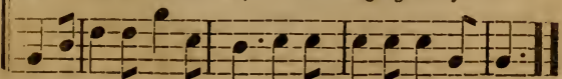
Stu - dy, stu - dy through the day—Keep our les-sons all in view.
Seed that will take root and grow—Seed of knowledge, virtue, truth;



There's no time to waste or lose, Eve-ry mo-ment we should use
For the time is com-ing, when Wo-men we shall be, and men.



For the hours are glid-ing fast, Soon our school day will be past.
Then, O then we'll need it all, In dis-charg-ing du-ty's call.

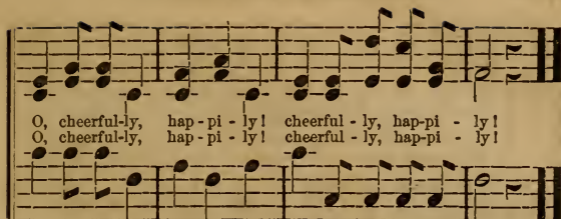




TYROLEAN MELODY.

1. Wil - lie said, "Now will I learn to read and spell,
 2. Soon he fails, and o - ther schol - ars take the lead,

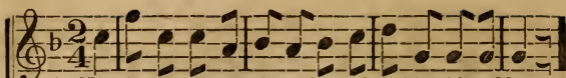
Cheer - ful, hap - py! I will try to learn my les - son well,
 Cheer - ful, hap - py! Yet he says, "I'll try a - gain to read,"



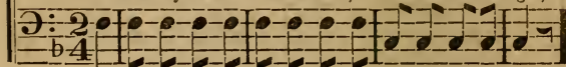
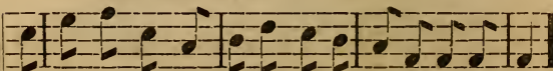
3. Though I fail'd at first, yet I've begun to learn,
 Cheerful, happy!
 When I fail, I'll take another turn,
 O, cheerfully, happily! cheerfully, happily!
4. Often failing, often bravely he returns,
 Cheerful, happy!
 Till he reads quite well, and finely learns,
 O, cheerfully, happily! cheerfully, happily!
5. Now let's something learn, from Willie's reading song,
 Cheerful, happy!
 Never get discouraged your life long,
 O, cheerfully, happily! cheerfully, happily!
6. First beginnings oft are hard—yea, very hard,
 Cheerful, happy!
 Never mind it, on! there's your reward,
 O, cheerfully, happily! cheerfully, happily!



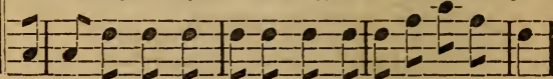
"Light let us trip along, soon we'll be there!"




1. Now is it not a pi-ty that such pret-ty girls and boys
2. I'm sure they can-not re-al-ize what a plea-sure 'tis to learn,
3. I wish I could per-suade them all, now in their youthful days,
4. But if they will not come with me, I will not go with them,
5. I'll make my res-o-lu-tions now, to do what-e'er is right,

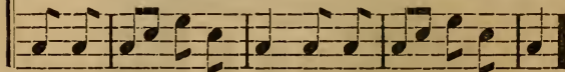
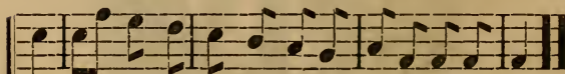
Should spend their time in i-dle-ness, or sport-ing with their toys?
 Or ne-ver will-ing-ly would they from school and study turn.
 To turn a-way from fool-ish-ness, and walk in wisdom's ways.
 Lest ming-ling with bad com-pa-ny, I lose truth's di-a-dem.
 E'er shun-ning eve-ry sin-ful way, and walk-ing in the right.



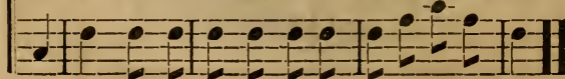
CHORUS.

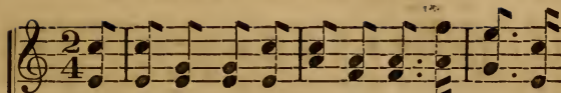


But I won't stay from school, no, I won't stay from school;

I'm so-fond of learn-ing that I will not stay from school.



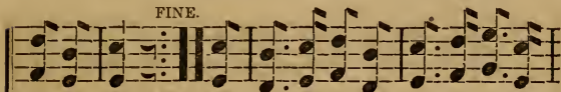


1. Our youthful hearts for learn-ing burn, A - way, a -
 To sci - ence now our steps we turn, A - way, a -
 2. Be - hold! a hap - py band ap - pears, A - way, a -
 The shout of joy now fills our ears, A - way, a -

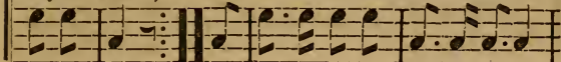


D. C. A - way to school, a - way to school, A - way, a -

FINE.

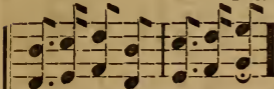


way to school; } Fare - well to home, and all its charms, We
 way to school. }
 way to school; } The voi - ces ring, the hands they wave, Each
 way to school. }



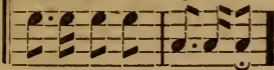
way to school.

D. C.

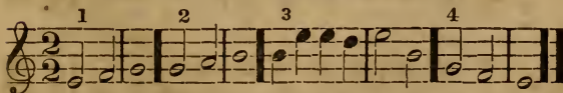


break from love's pa-ter-nal arms.
 heart rebounds with vig - or brave.

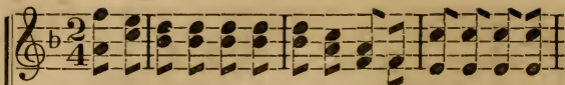
3. No more we walk, no more we play,
 Away, away to school;
 In study now we spend the day,
 Away, away to school.
 United in a peaceful band,
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in
 hand;
 Away to school, away to school,
 Away, away to school.



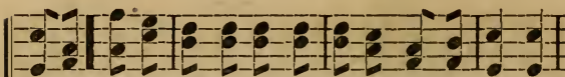
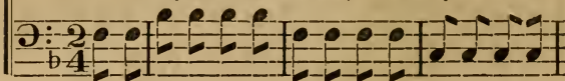
ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



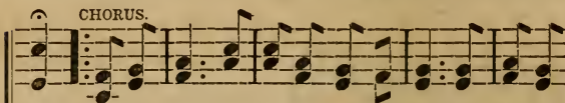
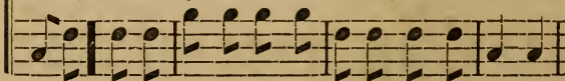
O, may truth Guide our youth, Never let a false word Here be heard.



1. Don't you hear the school-bell ringing? Don't you hear the school-bell
2. We will mind our dearest teachers, We will mind our dearest
3. We must try to learn our les-sons, We must try to learn our



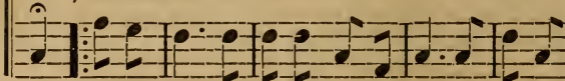
ring-ing? Don't you hear the school-bell ring-ing? Calling us to teachers, We will mind our dear-est teach-ers, And do as they les-sons, We must try to learn our les-sons, We will learn them



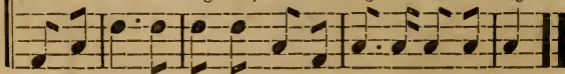
CHORUS.

school!
wish.
well.

We're a band of sing-ers, We're a band of sing-ers,



We're a band of sing-ers, And we'll sing our cheer-ful songs.



4. We'll take pains with our reading,
We'll take pains with our reading,
We'll take pains with our reading,
We will do our best.
We're a band, &c.

5. Try again, shall be our motto,
Try again, shall be our motto,
Try again, shall be our motto,
And we shall succeed.
We're a band, &c.

6. We will never say, I cannot,
We will never say, I cannot,
We will never say, I cannot.
Though the task be hard.
We're a band, &c.

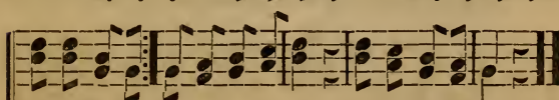
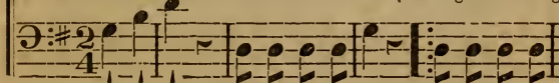
7. We will always say, I cannot,
We will always say, I cannot,
We will always say, I cannot,
When tempted to sin.
We're a band, &c.

SING, SING, SING. P. M.

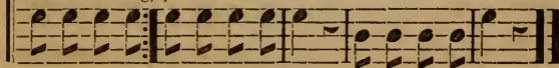
GERMAN MELODY.



1. Sing, sing, sing! Sing, dear children, sing! { Roll the notes forth
Through the echoing



clear and bounding, { Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing! Sing, dear children, sing!
halls re-sounding,




2. Watch, watch, watch!
Watch, dear children, watch!
That no sin may e'er defile you,
Or the tempting foe beguile you;
Watch, watch, watch, watch, watch!
Watch, dear children, watch!

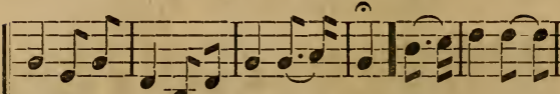
3. Pray, pray, pray!
Pray, dear children, pray!
That in endless joy before you,
You may join the songs of glory;
Pray, pray, pray, pray, pray!
Pray, dear children, pray!

4. Joy, joy, joy!
Nothing shall annoy,
For in heaven no foe can harm you,
Naught disturb you, or alarm you;
Joy, joy, joy, joy, joy!
Nothing shall annoy.

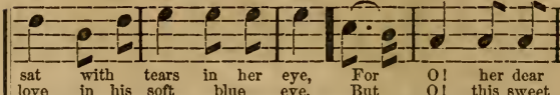
5. Shout, shout, shout!
Shout, dear children, shout!
For your Saviour will be near you,
With his presence he will cheer you,
Shout, shout, shout, shout, shout!
Shout, dear children, shout!



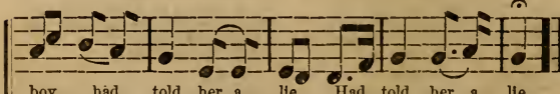
1. The mo-ther look'd pale, and her face was sad, She
 2. He was a plea-sant, af-fec-tion-ate child, His
 3. He stood by the win-dow a-lone with-in, And he
 4. Then he came and lean'd by his mo-ther's side, And



seem'd to have no-thing to make her glad, She si-lent-ly
 ways they were winning, his tem-per was mild, There was joy and
 felt that his soul was stain'd with sin; And his mother could
 ask'd for a kiss, which she de-nied; And he told her with



sat with tears in her eye, For O! her dear
 love in his soft blue eye, But O! this sweet
 hear him sob and cry, Be-cause he had
 ma-n-y a pen-i-tent sigh, That he nev-er would



boy had told her a lie, Had told her a lie.
 boy had told her a lie, Had told her a lie.
 told her that wick-ed lie, That wick-ed lie.
 tell her an-oth-er lie, An-oth-er lie.

5. Then she took his small hands within her own,
 And bade him before her kneel gently down;
 And she kiss'd his cheek while he look'd on high,
 And pray'd to be pardon'd for telling a lie!



Go to my mother, And tell her I love her, And now if she wishes it I will
 come to her.

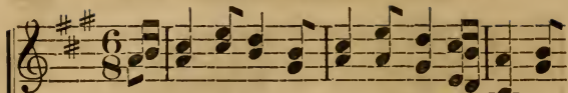
ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

1 2

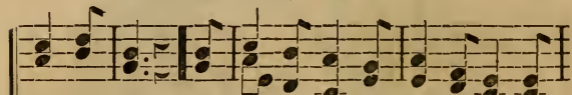
Go to my mo-ther, And tell her, I love her, And

3 4

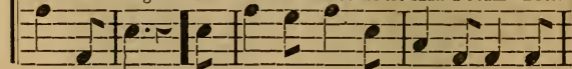
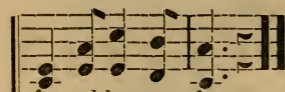
now if she wish - es it, I will come to her.



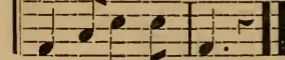
1. A lit - tle Rob - in built a nest With - in a
 2. The old tree in a play-ground grew, The school-house
 3. A - way they ran to search the tree, And soon the
 4. And, O! that pret - ty lit - tle nest Of down, and
 5. Poor lit - tle bird! with - out a home! How sad was



hol - low tree, Where it might lay its eggs, and rest, From
 stood hard by; And once, when Rob-in from it flew, Some
 nest they found; The lit - tle eggs—there were but three—They
 moss, and hay, Which took poor Rob - in weeks to make, They
 now his song! "What have I done? where shall I roam From

fear and dan - ger free.
 chil-dren saw it fly.
 broke up - on the ground.
 tore and threw a - way.
 cru - el - ty and wrong?



6. "If children, taught God's holy word—

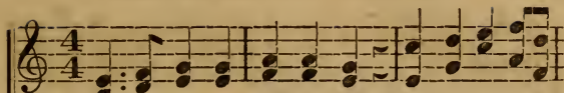
To love what God has made—
 Are cruel to a little bird,
 Well may I be afraid!

7. "I nestled where they play'd and learn'd,
 And sung sweet songs all day;
 But all my notes of love they've spurn'd,
 And driven me away."

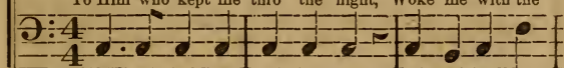
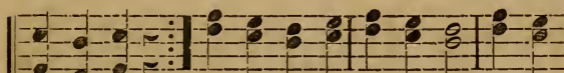
BE NOT CRUEL.

1. O, turn thy little foot aside,
 Nor crush beneath its tread
 The humblest creature of the earth
 That looks to God for bread.
 2. Thou should'st not dare, in wanton sport,
 Such wondrous skill to mar,
 To stop that tide of joyous life
 Which God has nourish'd there.
 3. If he who made the universe
 Stoops down in kindest love

To make an insect of the earth,
 From his high throne above,
 4. O! who should dare that insect's life
 In wantonness destroy,
 Or give a pang to anything
 That he has made for joy?
 5. My child, begin in little things
 To act a gentle part,
 For God will turn his love away
 From the cold and cruel heart,

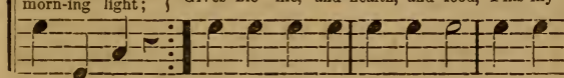
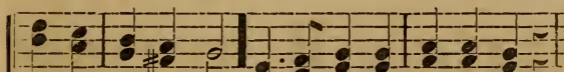


1. Hap - py birds are on the wing; Hark! how loud and
See that speck up - on the sky; 'Tis a lark—I
2. But, be - fore I run to play, Let me not for-
To Him who kept me thro' the night, Woke me with the

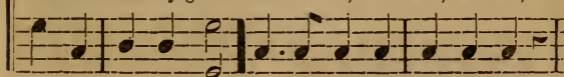
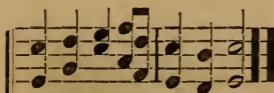



sweet they sing!
saw her fly.
get to pray
morn-ing light;

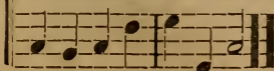
Hap - py birds, I'm hap - py too, I will
Gives me life, and health, and food, Fills my

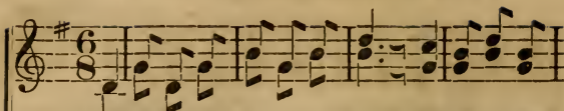
skip and sing with you! Hap - py birds, I'm hap - py too,
soul with eve - ry good. Gives me life, and health, and food,

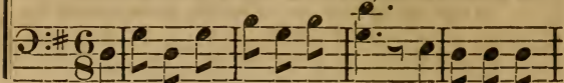
I will skip and sing with you!
Fills my soul with every good.



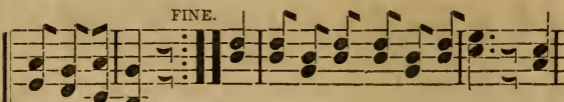
3. Lord, may every morning sun
See a better life begun!
May I love and serve thee more
Than I ever did before!
In my work and in my play
Be thou with me, Lord, to-day!
In my work and in my play
Be thou with me, Lord, to-day!



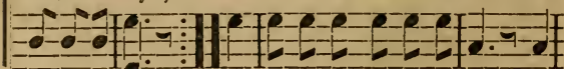
1. The win-ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles
The dove echoes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and



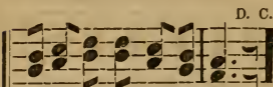
D. C. And we, his dear children, be found, In prai-ses to



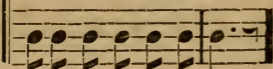
sweet on the spray; } Shall ev - e - ry crea-ture a-round Their
warbles a - way. }



take less de-light?



vol-ces in concert u - nite,



LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1. O, make me a very good child,
My Father in heaven, I ask;
Ne'er let me be careless or wild,
Or consider my lessons a task.
I'll do what my teachers direct—
My gratitude show for their care,
By treating their rules with respect,
And walking each day in thy fear.

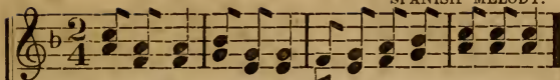
GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

1. My father, my mother, I know,
I cannot your kindness repay,
But I hope that as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to
obey.

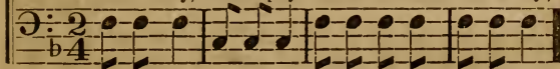
You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled,
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a most dutiful child.

2. I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty and give you a pain;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.
But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whenever I'm saying my prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

SPANISH MELODY.

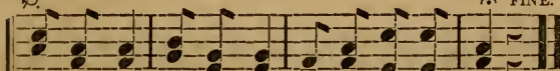


1. Smil-ing May comes in play, Mak-ing all things fresh and gay ;
 2. As we stray, breez-es play Thro' the mea-dow's rich ar-ray ;

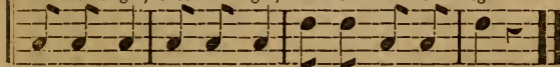


S

FINE.



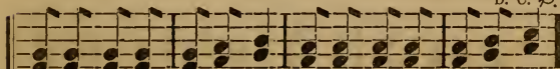
From the hall come ye all! Thus the flow-ers call.
 All is bright, cheer-ful sight, Af-ter win-ter's night.



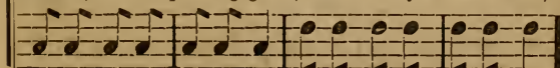
D. C.

Mu-sic floats cheer-ing notes, Mu-sic sweet-ly floats.
 In-sects bright sail in light, Cheer-ful, hap-py sight.

D. C. S



Fra-grant is the flow-ry vale, Sparkles now the dewy dale;
 Shadows, now in quiv-ring glance, On the silvery foun-tain dance;



SILENTLY, SILENTLY.

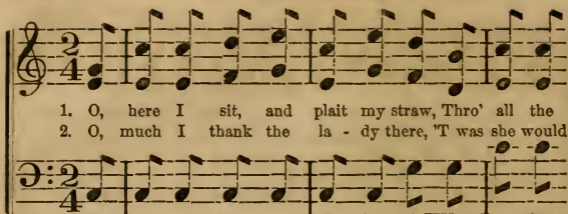
1. Silently, silently
 Ope and close the school-room door;
 Carefully, carefully
 Walk upon the floor.
 Let us, let us strive to be
 From disorder ever free,
 Happily, happily
 Passing time away.

2. Cheerfully, cheerfully
 Let us in our work engage;
 With a zeal, with a zeal
 Far beyond our age!

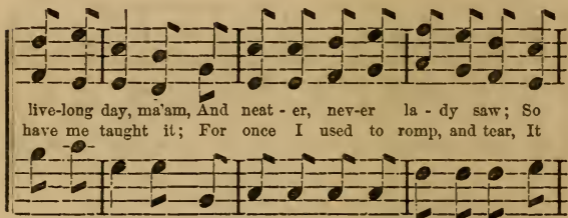
And if we should chance to find
 Lessons that perplex the mind,
 Persevere! persevere!
 Never borrow fear.

3. Now we sing, now we sing
 Gaily as the birds of spring;
 As they hop, as they hop
 On the high tree top.
 Let us be as prompt as they
 In our work or in our play;
 Happily, happily
 Passing time away.

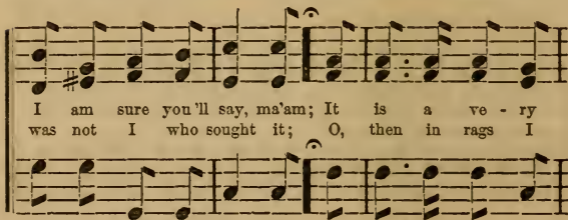
124 THE STRAW-PLAITER'S SONG.



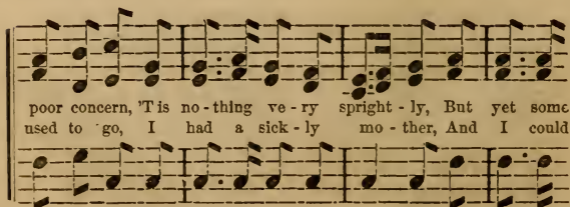
1. O, here I sit, and plait my straw, Thro' all the
2. O, much I thank the la - dy there, 'T was she would



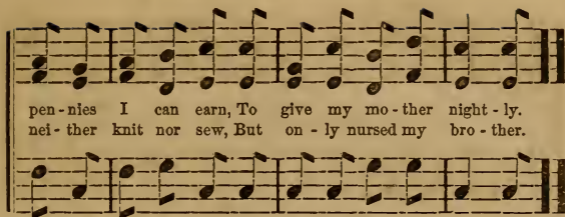
live-long day, ma'am, And neat - er, nev - er la - dy saw; So
have me taught it; For once I used to romp, and tear, It



I am sure you'll say, ma'am; It is a ve - ry
was not I who sought it; O, then in rags I



poor concern, 'Tis no - thing ve - ry spright - ly, But yet some
used to go, I had a sick - ly mo - ther, And I could



3. But now my brother runs alone,
He's able just to totter—
Full long my mother had to groan,
Until her meals I got her.
O, how it cheer'd her languid eye
When first my gains I brought her,
Now oft I hear her sigh and cry—
“God bless thee, my dear daughter.”

4. And oft I wish that each poor one
Were taught to do like me, ma'am :
For I am sure, from sun to sun,
Much happiness they'd see, ma'am.
With industry I pass my day—
At night I rest most sweetly,
I'm very glad I know the way
Of plaiting straw so neatly.

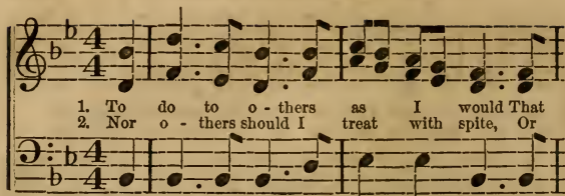
A gentleman passing by a cottage saw a little girl busily plaiting straw, and singing, at the same time, the above sweet song. From her mother he learned that she had formerly been an idle, disobedient child, till a kind lady had taken her to Sunday school; and had also taught her at home to sing, and plait straw. Since then, she had been an industrious, happy child, making her mother and all about her happy. As the gentleman passed on, with the sweet notes still ringing in his ear, he too was happy, in thinking how much good had been effected by one kind Sunday-school teacher.

And do not the same thoughts make you happy, dear children, as you sing the straw-plaiter's song?

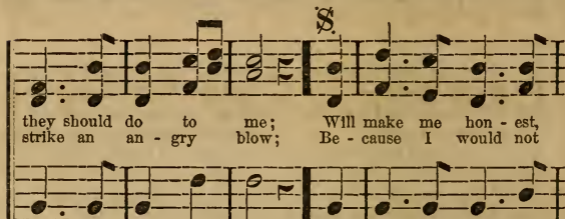
LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

1. Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood
If spoken but in kindness.
Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood mutter'd,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have utter'd.

2. Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
Forgiven, not resented.
Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.



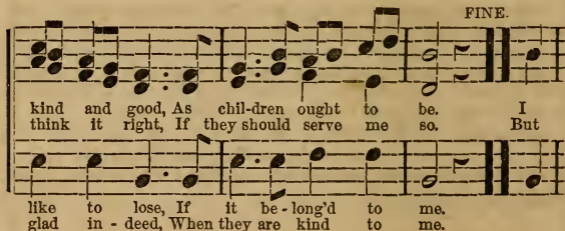
1. To do to o - thers as I would That
2. Nor o - thers should I treat with spite, Or



they should do to me; Will make me hon - est,
strike an an - gry blow; Be - cause I would not

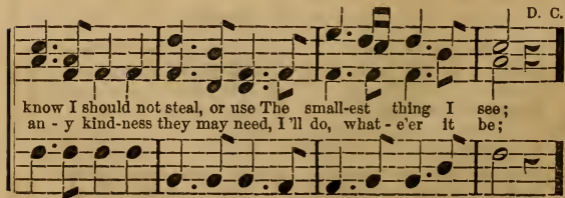
D. C. Which I should nev - er
As I am ve - ry

FINE.

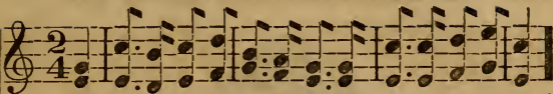


kind and good, As chil-dren ought to be. I
think it right, If they should serve me so. But
like to lose, If it be - long'd to me.
glad in - deed, When they are kind to me.

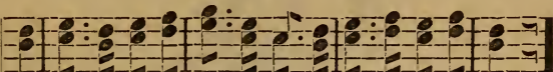
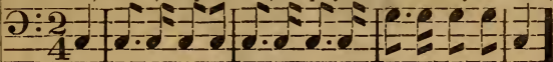
D. C.



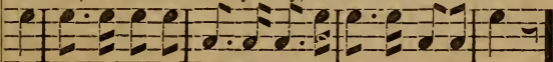
know I should not steal, or use The small-est thing I see;
an - y kind-ness they may need, I'll do, what - e'er it be;



1. Say, mother, why do people weep, With grief and sorrow prest?
2. While thou, my mother, art so kind, O - bey - ing God's be-hest,
3. Yet e'en tho' thou should'st leave the world, Like father, and the rest,
4. Tho' trou-bles should as-sail us hard, And all our pa-tience test:
5. Yes, o - ver all our Fa-ther sees, He's present, east and west;
6. Then, mother, weep no more, but pray For faith to fill your breast;



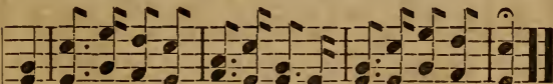
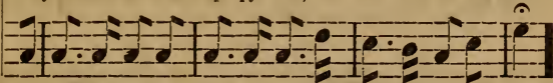
Do they not know that God will keep, And rule all for the best?
 And he so kind to leave me thee, I'll trust all's for the best.
 The Lord will take me up and show That all is for the best.
 Yet af - ter - wards we see they were Di - rect - ed for the best.
 He guides our steps, protects our ways, And al - ways for the best.
 To think, as I have heard you say, God ru - leth for the best.



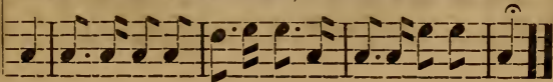
CHORUS.



Why are we not all hap - py then, And feel that we are blest?



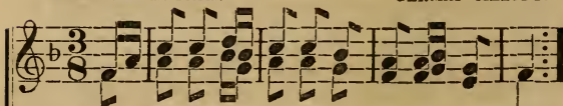
We know we have a Fa - ther God, Who does all for the best.



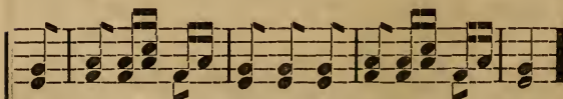


Translated from the French.

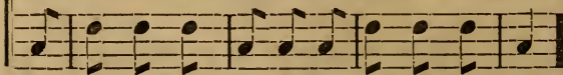
GERMAN MELODY.

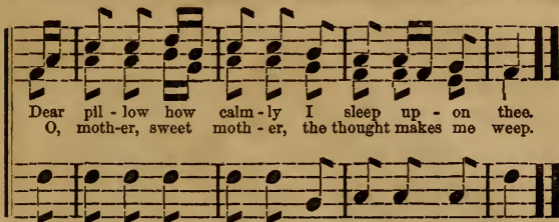


1. My dear lit - tle pil - low, so nice, soft and warm, }
 So full of fine down made on pur - pose for me, }
 2. How ma - ny poor in - fants are houseless and cold, }
 And have no soft pil - low where - on they can sleep, }



When the sa - vage wolves howl, and loud blows the storm,
 No pa - rent's dear face do they have to be - hold,





3. When to God I have breathed my humble prayer

For all those who ne'er on a pillow recline,

I cling to my own in my pretty bed there,

I bless thee, dear mother, it is close to thine.

4. I shall not awake till morning's bright dawn

Sheds over the fair earth its warm, cheering light;

But hush! let me pray for the orphan forlorn,

And then one more kiss, mother, good-night, good-night,

LITTLE EVA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

[Repeat the last two strains of the tune to suit this piece.]

1. Good-night, little birds! I am going to bed,
To lay on nice pillow my tired little head;
And you, pretty warblers, have flown to your nest,
To fold your sweet wings, and then quietly rest.
So we'll both shut our eyes, till again it is light,
Kindly wishing each other a very "good-night."

2. Good-night to you too, my dear, pretty young lambs,
That all the day long have skipp'd by your dams;
For you, I am sure, must be wearied with play,
Then close to your mothers your little heads lay;
See—the beautiful sun gives no longer its light,
So is it not time to say, kindly, "Good-night?"

3. Good-night, pretty pussy, 't is too late for play,
For I have not, like you, been sleeping all day;
'T is no use to look as if asking for fun—
No, no! perhaps to-morrow we'll have a run;

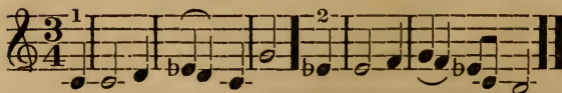
But now, little pussy, I'm tired outright,
So I'll stroke your smooth coat, and say, kindly, "Good-night."



4. Good-night, dearest papa, and you, mamma, too,
See how wet are the daisies with evening dew;
The dark clouds of night soon like curtains will close
Round the beds where God's children in quiet repose—
So kindly he draws them to hide the bright light,
That we all may enjoy a peaceful "good-night."

5. Good-night, then, to God, may I venture to say—
To him who has loved me and kept me all day?
Mamma, is it wrong, ere I sink to repose,
And these eyelids in sleep so heavily close—
To thank him who made all that's good and that's bright,
And with baby-lips say, "God, I wish thee good-night?"

ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



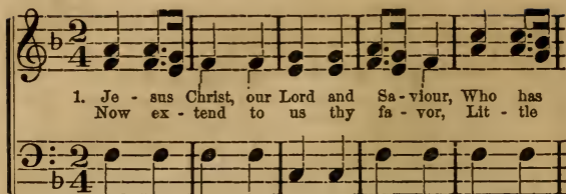
And now to all good-night, Good-night, good-night, good-night.

1. It was a bless - ed sum - mer day, The
 2. In plea - sant thought I wan - der'd on, Be -
 3. Just at an a - ged birch tree's foot, A
 4. "Dear Ma - ry," said the poor blind boy, "That
 5. "Yes, Ed - ward, yes," re - plied the maid, "I

flow - 'rets bloom'd, the air was mild, The lit - tle birds pour'd
 neath the deep wood's am - ple shade, Till sud - den - ly I
 lit - tle girl and boy re - clined, His hands in hers she
 lit - tle bird sings ve - ry long; Say, do you see him
 see the bird on yon - der tree:" The poor boy sigh'd and

forth their lay, And eve - ry thing in na - ture smiled.
 came up - on Two chil - dren that had bith - er stray'd,
 kind - ly put, And then I saw the boy was blind!
 in his joy, And is he pret - ty as his song?"
 gent - ly said,—"Sis - ter, I wish that I could see!"

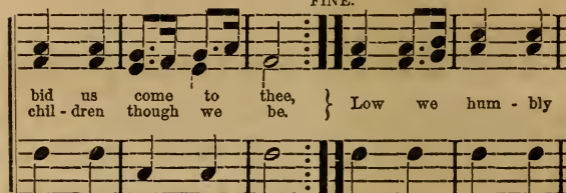
6. "The flowers, you say, are very fair,
 And bright green leaves are on the
 trees,
 And pretty birds are singing there—
 How beautiful for one who sees!
7. "Yet I the fragrant flower can
 smell,
 And can feel the green leaf's shade,
 And I can hear the notes that swell
 From these dear birds that God has
 made.
8. "So, sister, God is kind to me,
 Though sight, alas! he has not
 given;
 But tell me, are there any blind
 Among the children up in heav -
 en?"
9. "No, dearest Edward, these all
 see!
 But wherefore ask a thing so odd?"
 "O Mary, he's so good to me,
 I thought I'd like to look at God."



1. Je - sus Christ, our Lord and Sa - viour, Who has
Now ex - tend to us thy fa - vor, Lit - tle

D. C. Lord of life, and light, and glo - ry, Hear us

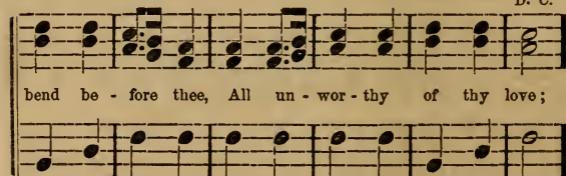
FINE.



bid us come to thee, } Low we hum - bly
chil - dren though we be.

from thy throne a - bove.

D. C.



bend be - fore thee, All un - wor - thy of thy love;

2. Thou who holdest high dominion

Over air, and earth, and sea,
Yet didst bless the little children
That of old were brought to thee.
Lord, this day we ask thy blessing,
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
May we all, our sins confessing,
Thee, our Lord and Saviour, own!

3. So when death this frame shall sever,

(For we know that all must die,)
May our souls, O Lord, forever
Live and reign with thee on high.
O that we, to whom 't is given,
Here to join in praise and prayer,
May, around thy throne in heaven,
Meet, and none be wanting there!

Save the young, and we save all.

CHILDREN PRAISING JESUS.

1. Here we throng to praise the Saviour,
Cheerfully our voices raise:
He who died for our behavior,
Says he will accept our praise.
Hinder not the young from coming,
For of such, the Saviour said,
Is composed my heavenly kingdom,
'T is a rapturous thought, indeed.
2. Let us love him and adore him,
In our days of feeble youth;
May we ever walk before him,
In the glorious paths of truth.
Let us never grieve the Saviour,
Who has died our souls to win;
Let us ever seek his favor,
Shunning all the paths of sin.
3. If our sins are all forgiven,
We may read our titles clear:
To eternal joy in heaven,
Far beyond this earthly sphere,
In that blest abode of glory,
We may join the angel throng;
Jesus' love shall be the story
Of our never-ending song.

EVENING HYMN.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near
me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there, with thee to dwell.
2. Through this day thy hand has led
me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed and
fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

COME TO JESUS.

[Repeat the last two lines to each verse.]

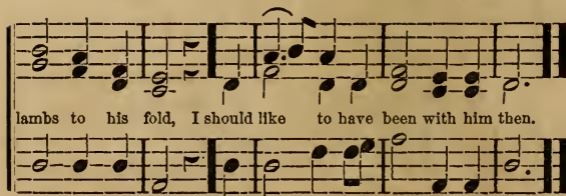
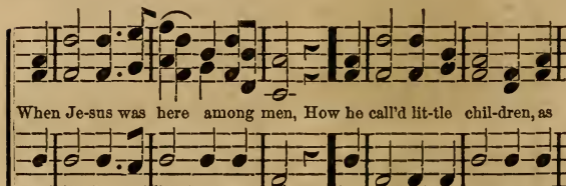
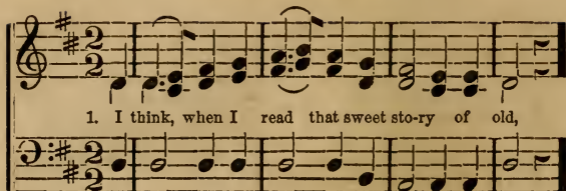
1. Let the children come unto me,
Once on earth the Saviour said,
Then upon them, with a blessing,
Hands divine were gently laid.
Come to Jesus, little children,
Youthful pilgrims, come to-day.
2. Still that voice of gentle kindness
Calls away from earth, to sin,
Let the children early seeking,
Serve him now—to-day begin;
Come to Jesus, little children,
Youthful pilgrims, come to-day.
3. Suffer them and not forbid them,
They my Father's blessing share!
Thus he speaks,—“Theirs too the
kingdom,”
Train them with a pious care;
Come to Jesus, little children,
Youthful pilgrims, come to-day.

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

[Repeat the last two lines to each verse.]

1. Saviour, once fond parents brought
thee
Infants smiling in their arms,
For thy blessing they besought thee,
When they saw thy gracious
charms,
Friend of children, friend of children
How he clasp'd them in his arms.
2. Now he sits in yonder heaven,
Kindly bidding us to come,
If our hearts to him are given,
There we'll sing a sweeter song:
We will praise him, we will praise
him,
When we join the happy throng.
3. May we meet each faithful teacher
On that bright and flowery plain,
With our parents and kind preacher,
There in bliss for aye to reign;
And the glory, and the glory,
We'll ascribe to Jesus' name,

134 "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."



2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

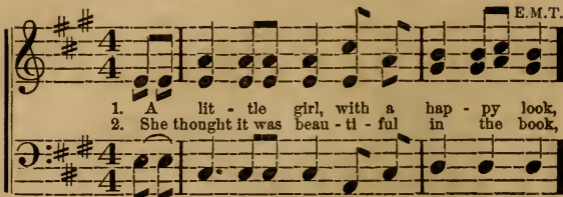
4. In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me—for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

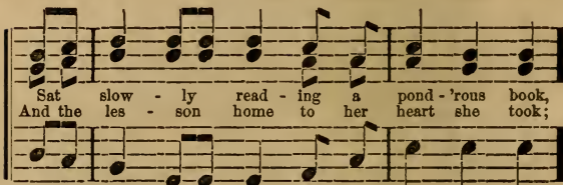


136 CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

E.M.T.

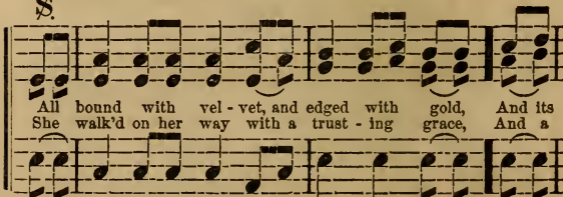


1. A lit - tle girl, with a hap - py look,
2. She thought it was beau - ti - ful in the book,



Sat slow - ly read - ing a pond - 'rous book,
And the les - son home to her heart she took;

§

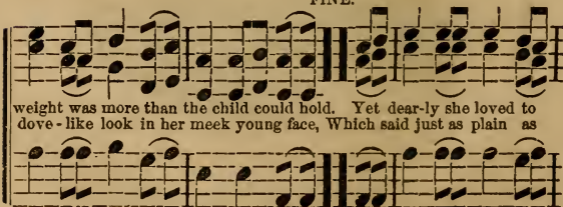


All bound with vel - vet, and edged with gold, And its
She walk'd on her way with a trust - ing grace, And a

D. C.

For it said—and she look'd at her smil - ing mother, It
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my dar - ling brother, For

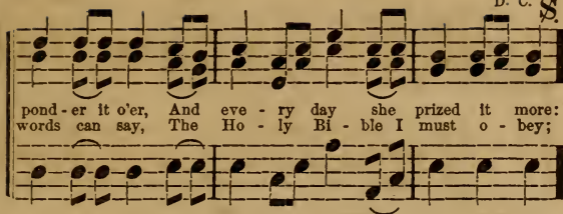
FINE.



weight was more than the child could hold. Yet dear-ly she loved to
dove-like look in her meek young face, Which said just as plain as

said, "Little children, love one an-other."
"Lit - tle children must love each other."

D. C. §



3. I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play,
 But I'll love him still, for I think the way
 To make him gentle and kind to me,
 And loving, as children ought to be,
 Will be to do what I think is right;
 And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night,
 I will clasp my arms around my brother,
 And say, "Little children, love one another."

4. The little girl did as her Bible taught,
 And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought,
 For the boy look'd up in glad surprise
 To meet the light of her loving eyes:
 His heart was full—he could not speak—
 But he press'd a kiss on his sister's cheek;
 And God look'd down on the happy mother,
 Whose "little children loved one another."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EDWARD AND HIS MOTHER.

[Repeat the last line to each verse.]

1.

EDWARD. I hear thee speak of a better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother! O where is that radiant shore,—
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
 MOTHER. O no, no; not there, not there, my child.

2.

EDWARD. Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
 Or mid the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
 MOTHER. O no, no; not there, not there, my child!

3.

EDWARD. Is it far away in some region old
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

MOTHER. O no, no; not there, not there, my child!

4.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
There, yes, there is that better land, my child!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THOMAS AND HIS MOTHER.

THOMAS.

MOTHER.

1. What is that, mother? The lark, my child.
The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark, to thy Maker's praise.

THOMAS.

MOTHER.

2. What is that, mother? The dove, my son,
And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest.
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

THOMAS.

MOTHER.

3. What is that, mother? The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying:
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

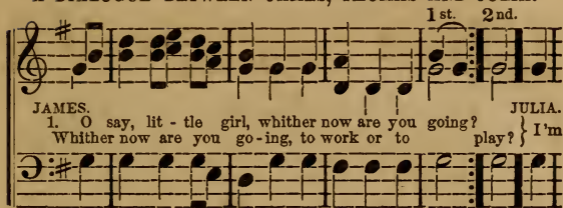
THOMAS.

MOTHER.

4. What is that, mother? The swan, my love,
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest note is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

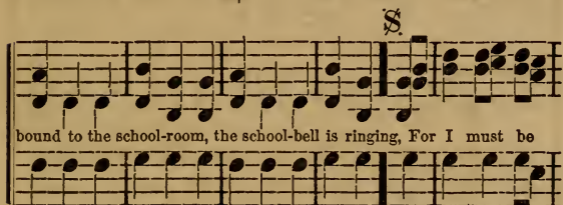
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JAMES, THOMAS AND JULIA.

1st. 2nd.



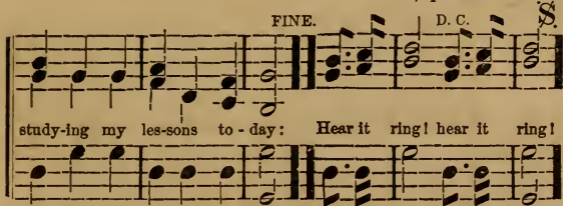
JAMES. 1. O say, lit - tle girl, whither now are you going? JULIA. I'm
Whither now are you go - ing, to work or to play?

bound to the school-room, the school-bell is ringing, For I must be



D. C. So, quick as a

FINE. *D. C.*



study-ing my les-sons to - day: Hear it ring! hear it ring!

thought, I'll be bound-ing a - way.

2.

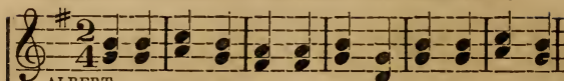
JAMES. O say, little boy, whither now are you running?
I wish this fine morning with me you would stay,—
THOMAS. I am bound to the school-house, my teacher is waiting,
The bell it is ringing, I must not delay!
Hear it ring! hear it ring!
And I have no time now to loiter and play.

3.

ALL. So we all must hasten, our bright faces bringing,
Engaged in our sport we no longer must stay,—
Much better our sweet songs at school to be singing
Than wasting in play the best part of the day,
While the bell, while the bell
Calls all with sweet music to hasten away.

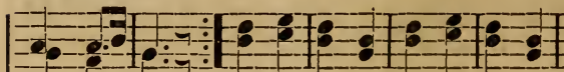
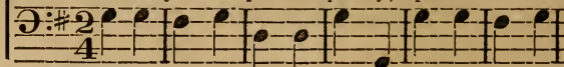
140 THE SABBATH DAY. 8s & 7s.

IALOGUE BETWEEN ALBERT AND BENJAMIN.



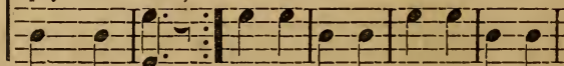
ALBERT.

1. While the Sun-day bells are ring-ing, Let us wan-der
While the flow'rs a-round are springing, Come and play a-
2. Yes! but who would mourn and sorrow When he might some
Perhaps there may be rain to-morrow: Come to-day, and
3. While our frames are strong and hear-ty, Let's be hap-py;
Let us join a plea-sant par-ty; Spare an hour to

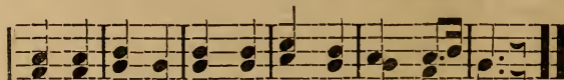
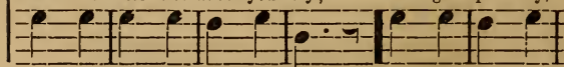


BENJAMIN.

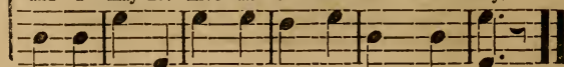
wild and free;	} What! and mock the God who made us,
long with me.	
plea-sure see;	
play with me.	
come, a-gree;	} The Gos-pel is the great-est trea-sure,
play with me.	
	} Du-ty loud-ly bids me stay not;



Scorn what his com-mand-ments say?	God is migh-ty,
Shall I cast it all a-way?	Not for eve-ry
Bids me hear not what you say;	Life goes quick-ly,



and he bade us Ho-ly keep the Sab-bath day.
world-ly plea-sure Will I break the Sab-bath day.
and I may not Live an-o-ther Sab-bath day.



ALBERT.

4. Sure you have not lost your reason,
Why should children churlish be?
Only for a little season,
For one moment play with me.

BENJAMIN.

Not a moment; grace is stronger
Than the snares the wicked lay;
Sin it is to linger longer;
I will keep the Sabbath day.

ALBERT.

5. Serious thoughts will do to-morrow,
I will spend a merry day;
Children need not dwell in sorrow,
They should now be brisk and gay.

BENJAMIN.

Boast not, here there's no abiding,
I would seek the Lord to-day;
And in Christ alone confiding,
Spend aright the Sabbath day.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIAM AND CLARA.

[Adapted to tune on page 146.]

WILLIAM.

1. I wish I were a mountain lark,
I'd rise at early day,
And fly through every wood and park,
Warbling my cheerful lay.

CLARA.

2. And I would be a peacock gay,
And walk about the green;
I'd spread my feathers all the day,
To have their beauty seen.

WILLIAM.

3. But then you would be cross and
And of but little use; [proud,

Your cry would be so shrill and loud,
Your hearers you'd confuse.

CLARA.

4. And if you were a lark, you know,
You'd dress in russet brown;
While I should my rich colors show,
And thus get great renown.

WILLIAM.

5. If I were plain, yet all would love
To hear my morning songs;
Pour'd forth with joy to God above,
To whom all praise belongs.

WILLIE AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

[Adapted to tune on page 88.]

1. Little Willie stood under an apple-tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he long'd for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one, it would n't be right.

2. Said he, "I do n't see why my father should say,
'Do n't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day;'
I should n't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I ask'd for just one, he should answer me 'no.'"

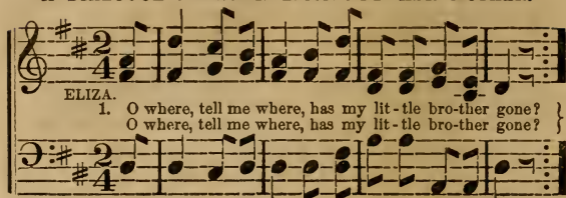
3. "He would never find out, if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun,
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he would n't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

4. He stretch'd forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently play'd.

5. And she sung, "Little Willie, beware, O! beware,
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple one day.'"

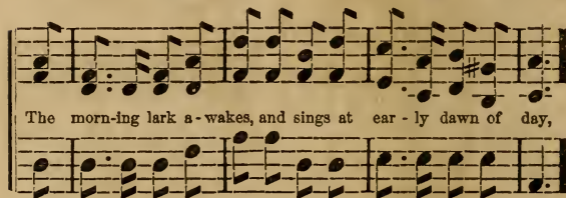
6. Then Willie turn'd round, and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber, he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple one day."

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ELIZA AND HER MOTHER.

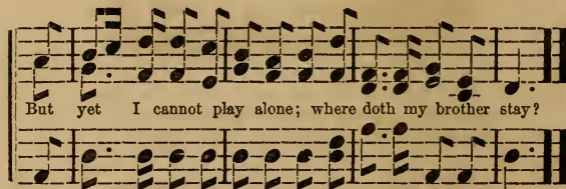


ELIZA.

1. O where, tell me where, has my lit-tle bro-ther gone? }
O where, tell me where, has my lit-tle bro-ther gone? }



The morn-ing lark a-wakes, and sings at ear-ly dawn of day,



But yet I cannot play alone; where doth my brother stay?

2. O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright across the sunbeam's track
Yet now no more I chase its flight, call my brother back?

3. O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
The flowers are blooming sweetly that we sow'd around the tree,
And pretty clusters load the vine, O call him back to me!

4. O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

He cannot hear thy voice, my child, he cannot come to thee,
And that sweet face that oft hath smiled, no more on earth thou l't see.



ELIZA.

5. O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

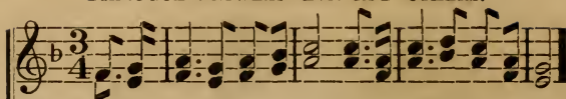
A rose's short, bright life of joy was only to him given,
And thou must play alone, my child, thy brother is in heaven.

ELIZA.

6. Alone! all alone! O I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone! O I cannot play alone!
And has he left his birds and flowers, and must I call in vain,
And through the long long summer hours will he ne'er come again?

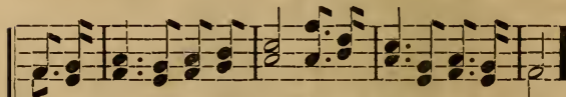
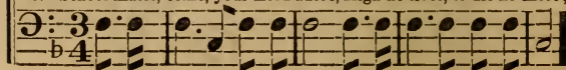
7. Alone! all alone! O I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone! O I cannot play alone!
And by the brook and in the glade are all our wand'rings o'er!
O while my brother with me play'd, would I had loved him more.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EVA AND OTHERS.

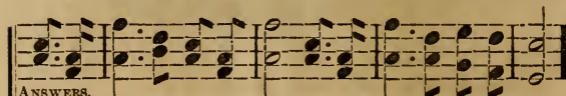
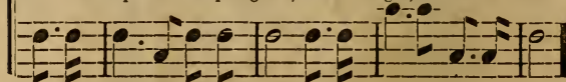


QUESTIONS.

1. School-mates, can you tell me, why An-gel-light il-lumed the sky,
2. School-mates, could you feel her grief, When lone Mary sought relief,
3. School-mates, come, your Lord adore, High he lives, to die no more;

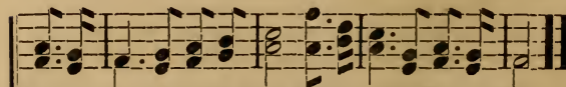
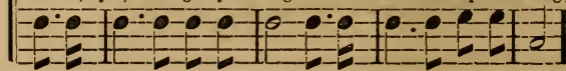


When up - on the fear - ful night Mer - cy smiled in hea - ven's light?
 Would you not with her de - light Still to watch the tar - dy night?
 Once he slept in Jo - seph's grave, Now he reigns, a Prince to save.

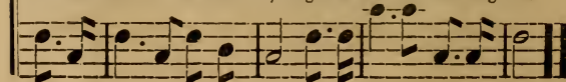


ANSWERS.

E - va, yes, that glo - rious hour Saw the Sa - viour's wond'rous power,
 E - va, yes, perfumes we'd strew, Tears would mingle with the dew;
 E - va, yes, with glo - ry's throng We will chant re - demp - tion's song;



When he ban - ish'd Salem's gloom, Rose in triumph from the tomb.
 Glad - ness then should chase our gloom, Jesus ris - ing from the tomb.
 He hath dri - ven death a - far, Reigns he now "the morning star."



DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARTHA AND ISA.

ISA.

1. Who are they in heaven who stand
Clothed in white at God's right hand?
In their robes so fair and bright
They are shining like the light.
Harps of gold and palms they bear,
All are good and happy there;
Much I wonder what their name,
Who they are, and whence they came.

MARTHA.

2. They who now are praising God,
Once the path of sorrow trod;
Now by Christ their Saviour led,
Crowns of joy are on their heads.

They shall never weep again,
Never know a grief or pain;
All is bright and shining day,
God has wiped their tears away.

ISA.

3. May I with them also stand,
Robed in white at God's right hand,
And with joy forever sing
Praises to my God and King!

MARTHA.

Yes, dear girl, if, till you die,
You will serve the Lord on high,
You shall reign with him in heaven,
Where eternal joys are given.



“LITTLE SCHOOLMATES, CAN YOU TELL.”

QUESTION.

1. Little schoolmates, can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well
Through the watches of the night,
Brought us safe to see the light?

ANSWER.

Yes, it is our God does keep
Little children while they sleep;
He has kept us safe from harm,
Let us sleep so sweet and calm.

QUESTION.

2. Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes, and home, and parents good,
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,
Useful books, and active mind?

ANSWER.

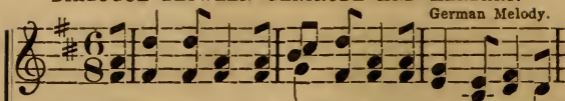
Yes, our heavenly Father's care
Gives us all we eat and wear;
All our books, and all our friends,
God, in kindness, to us sends.

ALL.

3. O, then, let us thankful be
For his mercies large and free;
Every morning let us raise
Our young voices in his praise.
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honor'd and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN GERTRUDE AND HERBERT.

German Melody.

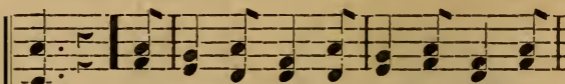
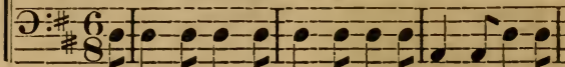
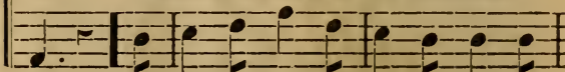


GERTRUDE.

1. O, what is heav'n? I want to know: And what is passing

HERBERT.

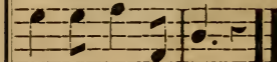
2. Yes, there are flow'rs which never fade, And streams that never

there?
dry;Do gen - tle riv - ers bright - ly flow, And
And there is known no eve - ning shade, Toflow'rs per-fume the air?
dim the glo - rious sky.

GERTRUDE.

8. O, what is heav'n? I want to know,
Are children playing there?
And do they thirst and hunger now,
And feel a parent's care?

HERBERT.

4. No, never do they hunger there,
Nor precious moments waste;
But beauteous as the angels are,
With Christ's own image graced.

GERTRUDE.

5. But where is heaven? O, is it far
Above the ground I tread?
Or is it fix'd in yonder star,
Whose beams shine mildly red?

HERBERT.

6. No: 't is the Saviour's smiling face,
That makes the heaven above;
And would we reach that happy place,
We here his name must love.7. 'T is in his word that we are told
Of bliss beyond the sky,
And how to obtain a crown of gold,
All glorious, when we die.

GERTRUDE.

8. Dear Jesus, may I now be thine,
And have my sins forgiv'n:
Along with saints and angels shine
With thee—for that is heav'n.

WHAT IS DEATH?

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ELIZA AND HER MOTHER.

ELIZA.

1. "Mother, how still the baby lies,
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.
2. "My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed;
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hush'd me—He is dead!
3. "They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies,
O, mother, tell me how."

MOTHER.

4. "Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought
And laid upon the casement here?
A wither'd worm you thought.
5. "I told you, that almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.
6. "Look at that chrysalis, my love;
An empty shell it lies: [above
Now raise your wond'ring glance
To where yon insect flies."



ELIZA.

7. "O, yes, mamma, how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away,
Beyond my gentle hold.
8. "O, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,

And draw it from this broken shell,
On golden wings to range;

9. "How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heav'nly things."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

French Melody.

WILLIE.
1. Dear mo-ther, I ask for my fa - ther in vain;

Has he sought some far coun-try his health to re - gain?

D. C. For some warm sunny land, where the soft bree - zes blow?

Has he left our cold cli - mate of frost and of snow,

MOTHER. 2. "Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved father has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
His spirit is strengthen'd, his frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace in the land of the blest."

WILLIE. 3. "Is that land, my dear mother, more lovely than ours,
Are the rivers more clear, more blooming the flowers,
Does summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheer'd by the glad sounds of music and song?"

MOTHER. 4. "Yes, the flow'rs are despoil'd not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are address'd
To the Lord who reigns over the land of the blest."

WILLIE. 5. "How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss—
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind mother, the journey depends,
Let us go to my father, his kindred and friends."

- MOTHER. 6. "Not on me, love; I trust that I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the land of the blest.
7. "Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy;
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a father's kind counsels, a father's fond prayers.
8. "Yet fear not—the God, whose direction you crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save,
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy father, the land of the blest.

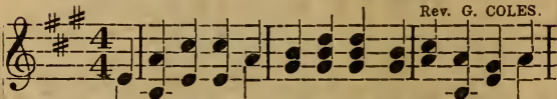


"Dear mother, I ask for my father in vain!"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARTHA AND ALICE.



Rev. G. COLES.



MARTHA.

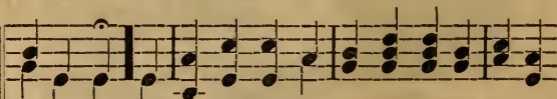
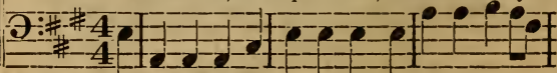
ALICE.

1. Dear lit - tle sis - ter, how d'ye do? I'm well, I thank you;

ALICE.

MARTHA.

2. Who clothes us? God, and keeps us warm, Guards us both day and



MARTHA.

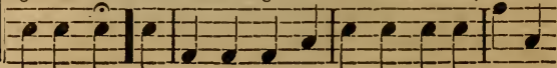
ALICE.

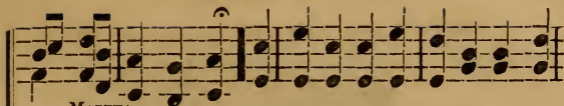
how are you? I'm well; but 'tis not you I thank. Are you so

ALICE.

MARTHA.

night from harm. And does God give us what we eat? Yes, bread and





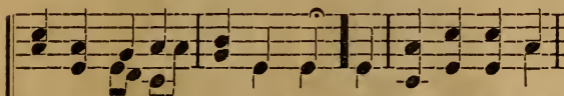
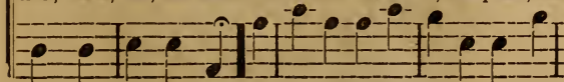
MARTHA.

rude? No! on-ly frank. Thank you for ask-ing, not for health, That

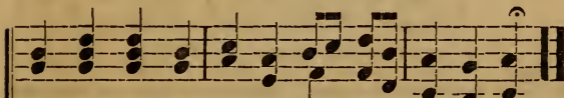
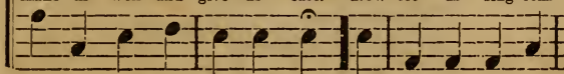
ALICE.

MARTHA.

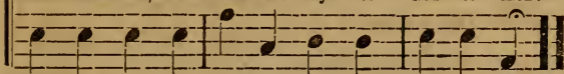
fruit, herbs, fish, and meat. But if we're sick? God, if he please, Can



you can't give, no more than wealth: 'Tis God that gives us
make us well and give us ease. Now let us sing com-



health and breath, And he can save our souls from death.
mand-ments ten, Which teach the ways of God to men:—



BOTH.

3. Have thou no other God than me,
Before no idol bow thy knee;
Take not the name of God in vain,
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
Give both thy parents honor due,
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds un-
clean,
Nor steal, though thou art poor and
mean;

4. Nor tell a willful lie, nor love it;
What is thy neighbor's, dare not
covet.
These let us keep in word and deed,
And God will bless in time of need;
Then shall we walk in wisdom's
ways,
And in God's service spend our days,
Forever keeping in the road
That leads to glory and to God.



"I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with dew,
And covers them with snow."

WE ONLY SEEM TO DIE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARY AND ELIZA.

[Adapted to tune on page 146.]

ELIZA. 1.
My pretty flowers have come again,
See how the violets grow;
And all the plants which late have
been,
All cover'd o'er with snow.

2.
I felt quite sure the leaves would peep
Again above the ground,
Although the roots were buried deep,
And not a stem was found.

MARY. 3.
Mamma says when the grave shall
O'er you, dear sis, and I, [close
We, like our sweet fading rose,
Shall only seem to die.

4.
I know, my mother tells me true,
I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with
dew,
And covers them with snow.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

[Adapted to tune on page 142.]

WILLIE.

1. O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
O where; tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
I miss his kind approving voice, his gentle words of love,
I miss the pleasant walks I took
With him in yonder grove.

2. O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
 O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
 I miss the sweet tones of his voice, when we are bow'd in prayer,
 I gaze, where oft he used to kneel, but O, he is not there.

3. O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
 O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?

MOTHER.

Thy father is at rest, my child, at home with God above;
 Yet from his blest abode in heaven, still looks on us in love.

WILLIE.

4. O when, tell me when, shall I see his face again,
 And how, tell me how, shall I reach that blessed plain?

MOTHER.

When all your work on earth is done, and you are call'd to die,
 If you have served your father's God, you'll meet him then on high.

WILLIE.

5. O then, surely then, we shall have a joyful time,
 And we will stay, ever stay, in that bright and glorious clime,
 For you'll be there, and sister dear, with all the friends we love;
 But best of all, the Saviour too, dwells in that home above.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALICE AND JULIA.

[Adapted to tune on page 150.]

JULIA. Who came from heaven to bleed and die?

ALICE. Jesus, the Son of God Most High.

JULIA. But why did Jesus suffer thus?

ALICE. He suffer'd, bled and died for us.

JULIA. Were our sins then on Jesus laid?

ALICE. They were; he bore them in our stead.

JULIA. Will God forgive what we have done?

ALICE. Yes, if we ask through Christ, his Son.

JULIA. But will he hear what children say?

ALICE. He will, if with our hearts we pray.

JULIA. Will Jesus help us if we try?

ALICE. He'll send the Spirit from on high.

JULIA. What will the holy Spirit do?

ALICE. Teach us to pray—our hearts renew.

JULIA. Is Jesus still the children's friend?

ALICE. His love to children knows no end.

JULIA. Does Jesus still the children bless?

ALICE. He does, with truest happiness.

JULIA. And may we all to Jesus come?

ALICE. Yes, in his heart there yet is room.

JULIA. O should we not this Saviour love?

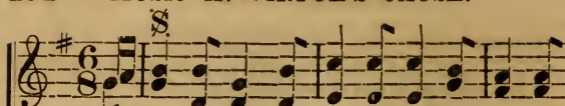
ALICE. All other friends far, far above.

JULIA. And surely we should praise him too.

ALICE. Yes, and I'll gladly join with you;
 He loves to hear our youthful tongues
 Pour forth in praise our grateful songs.
 How pleasant now for us to sing
 The love and goodness of our King.

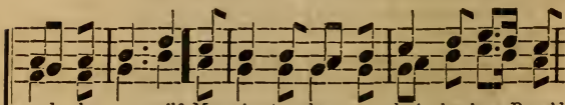
BOTH. Jesus, the Lord, let us adore,
 And love and praise him evermore.
 Glory to Jesus Christ be given,
 By all on earth, by all in heaven.

§

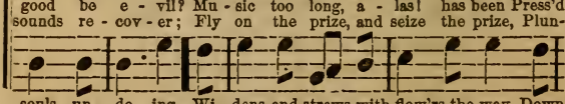


1. En - list - ed in the cause of sin, Why should a
2. Who on the part of God will rise, In - no - cent

D. C. en, or lewd, or light the ray, Flows to the
him of eve - ry mov - ing strain, Of eve - ry

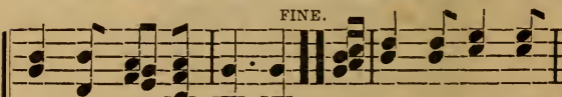


good be e - vil? Mu - sic too long, a - las! has been Press'd
sounds re - cov - er; Fly on the prize, and seize the prize, Plun -

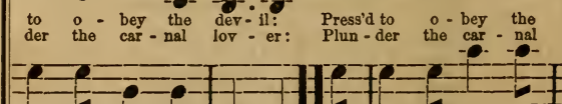


souls un - do - ing, Wi - dens and strews with flow'rs the way, Down
melt - ing mea - sure; Mu - sic in vir - tue's cause re - tain, Res -

FINE.

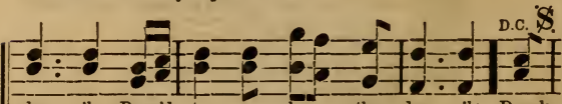


to o - bey the dev - il: Press'd to o - bey the
der the car - nal lov - er: Plun - der the car - nal

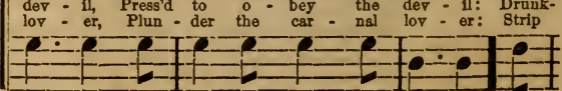


to our ut - ter ru - in.
cue the ho - ly plea - sure.

D. C. §



dev - il, Press'd to o - bey the dev - il: Drunk -
lov - er, Plun - der the car - nal lov - er: Strip



8. Come, let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us.
Try, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus' name is sweeter.

4. Jesus, the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus' name is life, and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

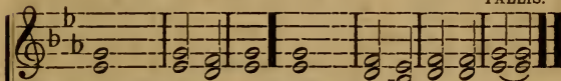
5. Who has a right like us to sing?
Us, whom his mercy raises;
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful we'll sing his praises.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6. Then, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship, and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

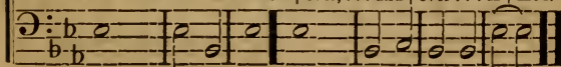
NOTE.—This poem was an impromptu, by a clergyman, when called upon by a party of gay worldlings for a song. It is not inserted here as being peculiarly appropriate for children; but because the sentiments were so much in unison with those which prompted the preparation of this work.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Chant.

TALLIS.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed . . . be thy | name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, . . . as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread:
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive |
those that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver . . . us from | evil:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for- | ever, . . . and | ever . . . A | men.



I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

[Adapted to tune on page 62.]

1. "I'll never use tobacco, no!
It is a nasty weed!
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reid."
"O, no! I'll never smoke nor chew,
"Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad
Said little Robert Reid." [breath,
2. "Why, there was idle Jerry James,
As dirty as a pig;
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.
O no, I'll never," &c.
3. "He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame;
He'd sit beside the tavern door,
And there he'd do the same.
O no, I'll never," &c.
4. "He spent his time, and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She fear'd a worthless man would
come
From such a worthless lad.
O no, I'll never," &c.

By permission of H. Waters, Publisher.

1. With joy we meet, With smiles we greet Our schoolmates
 2. 'Tis freedom's sound, That rings a-round, And bright-ens
 3. While thunder breaks, And mu-sic wakes Its pa-tri-

bright and gay; Be dry each tear Of sor-row here, 'Tis
 eve-ry ray; Our ban-ner floats With trum-pet notes, On
 ot-ic lay; At tem-ple gate Our feet shall wait On

D. C. Be dry each tear Of sor-row here, 'Tis
 Our ban-ner floats With trum-pet notes, On
 At tem-ple gate Our feet shall wait On

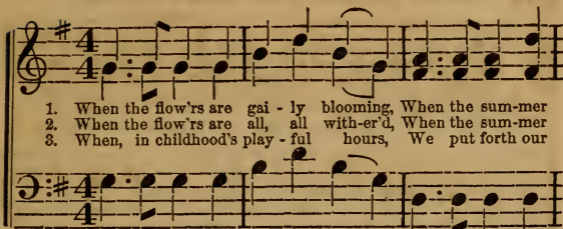
In-de-pend-ence day, 'Tis In-de-pend-ence day.
 In-de-pend-ence day, On In-de-pend-ence day.
 In-de-pend-ence day, On In-de-pend-ence day.

In-de-pend-ence day.
 In-de-pend-ence day.
 In-de-pend-ence day.

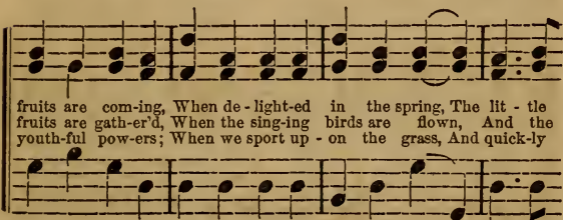
4. O who from home
 Would fail to come,
 And join the children's lay,
 When praise we bring
 To God our King,
 On Independence day?

5. For liberty,
 Great God, to thee
 Our grateful thanks we pay:
 For thanks, we know,
 To thee we owe,
 On Independence day.

WHEN THE FLOWERS. 8s & 7s. 157

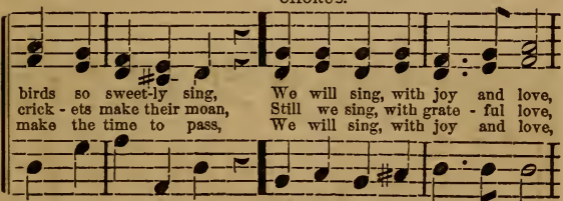


1. When the flow'rs are gai - ly blooming, When the sum-mer
 2. When the flow'rs are all, all with-er'd, When the sum-mer
 3. When, in childhood's play - ful hours, We put forth our

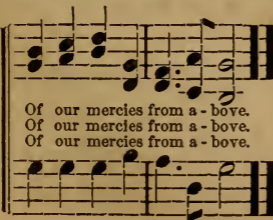


fruits are com-ing, When de-light-ed in the spring, The lit - tle
 fruits are gath-er'd, When the sing-ing birds are flown, And the
 youth-ful pow-ers; When we sport up - on the grass, And quick-ly

CHORUS.



birds so sweet-ly sing, We will sing, with joy and love,
 crick - ets make their moan, Still we sing, with grate - ful love,
 make the time to pass, We will sing, with joy and love,



Of our mercies from a - bove.
 Of our mercies from a - bove.
 Of our mercies from a - bove.

4. When in youth benign employ-
 ments,

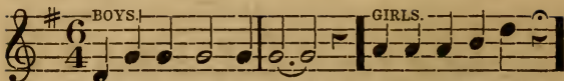
Every hour brings new enjoyments,
 Hands are strong and eyes are bright,

And all is pleasant to the sight,

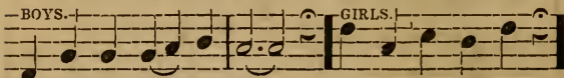
We will sing, with joy and love,

Of our mercies from above.

158 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

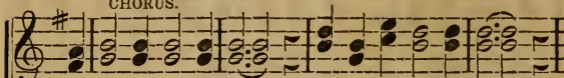


- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. When shall we meet a - gain? | Meet ne'er to sev - er? |
| 2. When shall love free - ly flow, | Pure as life's riv - er? |
| 3. Up to that world of light, | Take us, dear Saviour; |

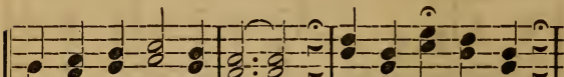
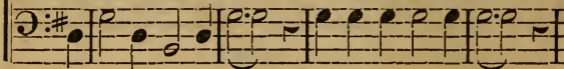


When will peace wreath her chain	Round us for - ev - er?
When shall sweet friend-ship glow,	Changeless for - ev - er?
May we all there u - nite,	Hap - py for - ev - er;

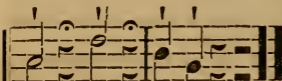
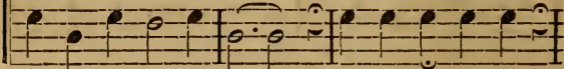
CHORUS.



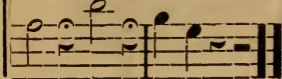
Our hearts will ne'er repose,	Safe from each blast that blows,
Where joys ce - les-tial thrill,	Where bliss each heart shall fill,
Where kindred spirits dwell,	There may our music swell,



In this dark vale of woes,	Nev - er, no, nev - er;
And fears of part - ing chill,	Nev - er, no, nev - er;
And time our joys dis - pel,	Nev - er, no, nev - er;



no,	no,	nev - er.
no,	no,	nev - er.
no,	no,	nev - er.



4. Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever.
 Our hearts will then repose
 Safe from all worldly woes,
 Our days of praise shall close,
 Never, no, never.

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