No. 3.
BRADBURY'S
GOLDEN SHOWER
OF
S.S. MELODIES:
A NEW COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES
For the Sabbath School.

BY
WM. B. BRADBURY,
AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN CHAIN," "ORIANA," "THE CAROL," AND VARIOUS OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY IVISON, PHINNEY & CO., Nos. 48 and 50 WALKER STREET.
WM. B. BRADBURY, No. 421 Broome Street.

No. 3. GOLDEN SHOWER,
Entered according to act of Congress in A.D. 1863, by Wm. B. Bradbury, in the Clerk's office of the U.S. Dist. Court for the District of New Jersey.
THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—ITS PROMINENT FEATURES.

"The Golden Chain" differs from other books of its class in that both music and hymns are mostly new. It is not a republication of old and very familiar pieces, although the best of these are here found, but a compilation of the most popular melodies that have been for years accumulating in the author's repertoire. These melodies are in the popular vein, the refrains, (of which there are many) bold and vigorous, and easily caught, and the words for the most part, of that stirring, life-like character that the present times demand.

Alluding to Mr. Bradbury's facilities for making popular singing books, the editor of the N. Y. Independent, on his return from a short visit to the residence of the author, talks thus to his young readers:

"We wish we could give all Sabbath-school children a peep into a beautiful cottage in New Jersey, where, in a cozy study, heaped up with music books in every language, and hung round with sketches and mementoes of composers, Mr. Bradbury sits hour after hour, and sometimes far into the night, with his piano before him, pen and paper in hand, composing and testing those charming melodies which are to ring from the happy voices of children in all the Sabbath-schools of the land. His is a rare gift and a rare pleasure, in being able thus to minister to the training of the young in "the service of song." Much as he has accomplished in this line, never has he been more successful than in this new book of Sabbath-school melodies. We have heard several of them sung, and know how well they ring in the Sabbath-school."

Mr. Jeremiah Johnson, Jr., Superintendent of the Lee Avenue Sunday-School, Brooklyn, N. Y., (a school of fifteen hundred pupils,) in a letter to the author of The Golden Chain, says:

"My dear friend Mr. Bradbury: You are at liberty to use anything that I have said, or may say, about "The Golden Chain," for I do not think I can commend it too highly. We have introduced it into our school with great success. It improves with use. Yours is the only book used in our school, except "Lee Avenue Collection." It is very popular. It is, in my opinion, just what a Sabbath-school music book should be. It contains more gems for children than any other book (not excepting those of larger size) that has come under my observation. We have invariably a great number of visitors present at our school Sabbath mornings and evenings, and they all express themselves highly pleased with the music of "The Golden Chain." I always recommend it when my advice is asked (which is very often) as to which is the best book.

"It appears as if we had only commenced culling out the gems. I think that your book is destined to have a very happy effect in this particular; it will do away with the practice introduced into many Sabbath-schools of adopting sacred words to the low negro melodies so common in our streets. I am sure that a superintendent cannot be found, who, after hearing the beautiful pieces I have mentioned, will longer say there is any necessity for such a habit, which I for one have always condemned. The price of "The Golden Chain," brings it within reach of all, another great desideratum."

"Very truly yours in the good cause. Jeremiah Johnson, Jr."

The Golden Chain may be obtained in any quantity of IVYON, PHINNEY & Co., New York, or Wm. B. Bradbury, 421 Broome street, New York, and of booksellers generally throughout the country. Retail price, paper covers, 15 cents each; wholesale price, $12 per hundred; retail price in boards, 20 cents each,—in fine cloth, 30 cents:
A CARD.

"GOLDEN CHAIN" AND "GOLDEN SHOWER."

In consequence of the greatly increased cost of manufacture, caused principally by the recent advance in the prices of paper and all other book-material, the prices of "The Golden Chain" and "Golden Shower" will hereafter be as follows, viz.:

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W.M. B. BRADBURY, 427 Broome Street.
IVISON, PHINNEY & CO., 48 & 50 Walker St.

NEW YORK, NOV. 24th, 1862.

PILGRIMS' SONGS.

A Pocket Musical Companion, or Hymn and Tune Book, for Prayer and Social Meetings, containing the Author’s most popular Melodies and Hymns for Social Religious use. By W.M. B. BRADBURY. Price, bound in flexible cloth, 30 cents; or 25 dollars per hundred, net cash.

NOTICE.

W. BRADBURY'S MUSICAL CIRCULAR.—Any person inclosing 30 cents to the subscriber, in the new Postage Currency, will receive a copy of Pilgrims' Songs, together with The Circular, for one year from Dec. 1862. The object of The Circular is to announce the issue of new musical works, improvements in musical instruments—especially PIANO FORTEs—to give specimens of new music, suggestions and instructions on the legitimate use of music in the prayer meeting, the choir and congregation, Sabbath and day school, and to keep its readers posted on such musical subjects as are of general interest. It will be issued quarterly or oftener. Write the name, town, State, and county, in a legible hand.

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PUBLISHED BY IVISON, PHINNEY & CO., Nos. 48 AND 50 WALKER STREET
WM. B. BRADBURY. No. 421 Broome Street.
"WHAT! another new music book for Sunday Schools! We thought the GOLDEN CHAIN was so popular that no school since adopting it would soon lay it aside or allow another to take its place." So we, the editors of GOLDEN CHAIN and GOLDEN SHOWERS, thought, and still think, that friends, into whose hands we have placed the above exclamation because some there are, undoubtedly, who will think it, if they do not say it, please remember that many Sunday Schools sing a great deal. Singing, with them, is an exercise that they find beneficial in many respects: 1. As an attraction; it draws into the school many who would otherwise spend the sacred hours of the Sabbath in the street. 2. It is a most delightful and successful means of communicating Gospel truths. We may often sing the Gospel into hearts that would otherwise be closed to its teachings. Sweet music opens these hearts, and bearing upon its angel wings "Heavenly Breezes"—precious words of "Invitation"—thoughts of "The Cross" and the "The beautiful Land," which is "The Christian's dear Home," it awakens emotions of tenderness, love and contrition. 3. It is an exercise of devotion, of praise and prayer. Many of the hymns are prayers, others songs of praise; others songs of thanks for the blessed Sabbath day, "The best day of all the week," and for the dear "Sabbath School," etc., etc. And when our children can be interested in such pieces as "Just as I am," "Yes, Jesus loves me," "What shall I do to be saved?" "The Lord is my Shepherd," and "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," we cannot but believe that, if we are faithful, the Holy Spirit will open their hearts to receive and love that blessed Saviour, so that they shall mean what they say when they sing, "I ought to love my Saviour, He loves me well, I know." And may we not joyfully respond.

"Sing them, dear children, sing them still, These sweet and holy songs; Oh, let the psalms of Zion's hill Be heard from youthful tongues."

Many schools have thus adopted music as their right-hand companion and helper in the work of teaching, and, having introduced the GOLDEN CHAIN when it was first issued, and sung it through pretty thoroughly are now asking for additional new music and hymns. To such we offer THE GOLDEN SHOWERS, of new, sparkling, and, if we mistake not, refreshing melodies.

Most of the hymns have been written expressly for this work, by different authors, and neither pains nor expense have been spared in enriching its pages with the purest and best of their productions. The music, as will be observed, is also mostly new. It has been composed for and to the hymns, and in attractiveness and popularity will, we think, be found fully "up to the standard" already set in former successful works. And may these melodies cheer and strengthen the heart of many a faithful Sunday School teacher, while the dear young find their purest joys in attuning their voices to the Sons of Zion.

DIRECTORS FOR THE MOVEMENT.—It will be observed that directions, partly in figures, are given to the different places at their beginning, as "24—two to the measure," etc., the meaning of which is: Take a string and attach a light weight to one end of it, holding the other between the thumb and finger, at a distance of twenty-four inches from the weight, and at the string in motion, oscillating like the pendulum of a clock. Two of these vibrations mark the time of a measure of a piece of music. The explanation being in brief thus: "String 24 inches long—two vibrations to the measure." "20—one to each quarter note," means that the string should be held twenty inches from the weight, and then one vibration to each quarter note will indicate the exact movement of that piece. By this simple process, and without the necessity of a Metronome, the teacher can "time" the different pieces at home, so that in taking them up in his class he will not be under the necessity of guessing at the proper movement. The little pocket circular tape measure we have found very convenient for this purpose, the case serving for the weight.
## NOTICE OF COPYRIGHT

With the exception of four or five of the old familiar tunes, such as St. Thomas, Silver St., China, &c., the Music and Poetry of The Golden Shower have all been composed, written and arranged expressly for it, and having been "Entered according to Act of Congress" by the author, is his copyright property. Persons desirous of reprinting one or more pieces, from either words or music or both, MUST FIRST OBTAIN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR; as any reprint for any purpose whatever without having first obtained such permission would be an infringement upon the copyright, for which the person so trespassing is liable and will be held accountable.

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THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK.

Words by Kate Cameron.

12—One to each quarter note. Moderato.

1 SEMI-CHO. { O what beauties a - dorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the

2 SEMI-CHO. { And how gladly we start with a light happy heart. As the house of the Lord we

week, { Humbly let us en - ter in,

seek. { Praying to be free from sin, Pure without, and pure with-in,

FULL CHORUS.

On this Sabbath day. Let us keep, well keep this bless-ed Sabbath day, This
THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK. Concl. 

ho-ly Sabbath day, This ho-ly Sab-bath day, Let us keep, well keep this

ho-ly Sab-bath day, 'Tis the best day of all the week.

2 Be it ever our care in that place of prayer,
   Our spirits above to raise:
   Let us try to drive out each vain worldly
   thought,
   From God's holy courts of praise;
   Let no folly there intrude,
   Naught to mar our tranquil mood,
   Naught but what is true and good,
   On this Sabbath day. Chorus.

3 And our joy is full when the dear Sabbath school,
   Throws open its friendly door;
   For we're sure there to find our teachers so kind,
   With riches of sacred lore.

   As our voices all we raise
   In sweet songs of love and praise,
   May we tread in wisdom's ways,
   On this Sabbath day. Chorus.

4 And when we go back to our week-day track,
   Our lessons, and work, and play;
   Let us hold ever dear the counsels we hear,
   On the holy Sabbath day.

   And remember that God's eye
   Ever watches from on high,
   And each day he is as nigh,
   As the Sabbath day. Chorus.
ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

13—One to each quarter note.

_Teachers, Children, can you truly tell, Do you know the story well, Every girl and_ Scholar.

_Yes, we know the story well, Listen now, and hear us tell, Every girl and_ boy.

_Choorus.—Lively._

_Why the angels sing for joy, On a Sunday morning, Why the angels sing for joy, On a Sunday morning._

_On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The angels sing for joy On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The angels sing for joy._
ON A SUNDAY MORNING. Concluded.

3.
Angels rolled the rock away,
Death gave up his mighty prey,
Jesus triumphed o'er the tomb,
Rising with immortal bloom,
On a Sunday morning.

4.
Lift ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road,
Mull and sing th'incarnate God,
On a Sunday morning.

5.
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Jesus burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Jesus opened Paradise
On a Sunday morning.

6.
"Peace" our every heart shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will;"
We will join the angel's song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On a Sunday morning.

ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING. 2d HYMN.

1 Children can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning?

2 Yes we know the story well,
Listen, now, and hear us tell
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning.

3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high
On the Christmas morning.

4 "Joy and peace" the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
"Peace on earth, to men good will;"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

5 "Peace" our every heart shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"
Hear us sing the angel's song,
And the pleasant notes prolong
On the Christmas morning.
THE LAND OF PLEASURE.

1 There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy forever roll, 'Tis
2 I'm on my way to Canaan, Still guided by my Saviour's hand; Oh,

there I have my treasure, And there I hope to land my soul. Long
come along, poor sinner, And see Immanuel's happy land! To

darkness dwelt around me, With scarcely once a cheering ray; But
all that stay behind me, I bid a long, a last farewell! But
THE LAND OF PLEASURE.—Concluded.

since my Saviour found me, A light has shone along my way, But

since my Saviour found me, A light has shone along my way,

come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ever dwell, But

come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ever dwell.

3.
Death's waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word hath calmed the ocean,
His lamp hath cheered the gloomy vale;
Oh, may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gates of death I sail!

5.
Soon, soon th'archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:
Then shall I see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransomed people home.
THE MERCY-SEAT. L M. with Chorus.

1 From ev'ry storm'y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2 There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the Mer-cy-seat:
A place than all be-sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought Mer-cy-seat.

CHORUS.

The Mer-cy-seat, the Mer-cy-seat, the bless-ed Mer-cy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
   Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
   Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
   Around one common Mercy-seat.
   Cho. — The Mercy-seat, &c.

4. There — there on eagle wings we soar,
   And sin and sense seem all no more,
   And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
   And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.
   Cho. — The Mercy-seat, &c.

OBERLIN. L. M.

1. O Jesus, full of truth and grace, O all-atoning Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face, I seek redemption in thy blood.

2. Thou art the anchor of my hope:
   The faithful promise I receive:
   Surely thy death shall raise me up,
   For thou hast died that I might live.

3. Satan, with all his arts, no more,
   Me from the gospel hope can move;
   I shall receive the gracious power,
   And find the pearl of perfect love.

SECOND HYMN.

1. Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
   All that has been amiss forgive;
   Help us to feed upon thy word,
   And let thy truth within us live.

2. As all the hours of life, now gone,
   Have been with mercy richly crowned,
   So let that mercy still flow on,
   Forever sure as time rolls round.
OUR OWN LOVED SABBATH SCHOOL.

13—One to each quarter note

The days for play are past, The Sabbath come at last, We've met a happy band in our
When thought recalls the past And sins are on us cast, We know they quickly feel what our

own loved Sabbath school. With cheerful smiles we're seen. To greet with joyful mien, Our
aching hearts would say. Although we may not speak, We'll ever, ever seek, The

CHORUS.

teachers at our own dear Sabbath school. Teachers true and faithful we are sure to find,
guidance of such friends so true as they. Teachers, true and faithful we are sure to find, etc.

Ready here to greet us with, looks and words so kind, How can we repay them for their work of love,
3 Teachers we call our own
May vanish one by one,
The loved ones and the dear ones, they soon
must pass away.
But if we Jesus love,
We'll meet them soon above,
And join with them in songs of endless day.
Cho. Teachers true, etc.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

Soft and gentle, but not too slow.

1 The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children
fall around, When tender friends and kindred die.

Death.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding
hearts forget Th'al-mighty ever living friend.

2d HYMN.—JUST AS THOU ART.

1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner come, O come.

3 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears,
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
Then trembling sinner, come, O come.

4 "The spirit and the bride say, come,
Rejoicing saints re-echo, come,
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
Thy Saviour calls thee—Come, O come.
THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

"The Valley of Humiliation."

1 Low down in the beautiful valley, Where love crowns the meek and the

lowly. There the storms of envy and folly, May

roll o'er their billows in vain. There the soul under sub-

...
THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY. Concluded.

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<td>This low vale is free from contention, Free from strife or warring dissension: No dark wiles of evil invention, Can find out this region of peace. Here the pure, the meek and the lowly, Bathe in bliss all sacred and holy; All is peace and joy in this valley, This valley of goodness and love.</td>
<td>Come, then, brothers, sisters, come hither, Where joys bloom and never shall wither, Where faith binds all Christians together, In love to the sovereign I Am; There surrounded with heavenly glory, Lord, we'll worship ever before thee, Shouting still redemption's glad story, The song of Moses and the Lamb.</td>
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I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR.

1 I ought to love my Saviour! No earthly friend can be One half so kind and
faithful, As he has been to me. Before my lips could utter His
sweet and precious name, Until the present moment, His love has been the

2 He left his home in glory, To save my soul from death: And now in all life's
dangers, He still sustains my breath. I lay me down and slumber All
thro' the hours of night; And wake again in safety To hail the morning
I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR. Concluded.

Refrain.

same. I ought to love my Saviour, My precious, precious Sav-iour, I
light. I ought, &c.

ought to love my Sav-iour, He loves me well, I know.

3.

It is but very little,
For him that I can do:
Then let me seek to serve him,
My earthly journey through;
And without sigh or murmur,
To do his holy will:
And in my daily duties,
His wise commands fulfill.

4.

And when I reach the mansion,
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see.
And 'mid the angel's music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear.
18

THE CROSS

With spirit and energy, but not too fast.


1 Lo! the Sunday School army is out on review, And each school is a regiment,
2 In the May-days of old there were oft to be seen, Where the garlanded May-pole a
3 On the plains of the nation are gathered today, The defenders of freedom in

valiant and true, Tho' we meet in divisions in church or in hall, Yet the banner of
rose on the green, Merry children assembled in many a throng, To encircle their
battle array; And the watchword that rings thro' the din of the strife, Is the Union-

Jesus floats o'er us all, Yet the banner of Jesus floats o'er us all,
May-tree with dance and with song, To encircle their May-tree with dance and with song,
dearer than treasure or life, Is the Union dearer than treasure or life.

Girls only,

For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band, And beneath it we march to the heavenly land,
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing, To the praise of our glorified Saviour and King.
But the Cross is the word to whose music sublime, The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.

Composed for and sung at the May Anniversary of the New York Sunday School Union, May 1862.
THE CROSS. Concluded.

For the Cross is the banner that gathers our band. And beneath it we march to the heavenly land.
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing. To the praise of our glorified Saviour and King.
But the Cross is the word, to whose music sublime. The steps of the Sunday-school army keep time.

THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS. Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter

The Shepherd of souls, In his life-book unrolls The names of all the lambs of his flock The juvenile bands are engraved on his bands. As if they were engraved on the rock.

1 He looks in his love
From his watch-tower above.
The flocks he bought with blood to survey.
And points with his rod,
To the pastures of God—
And guards them there from going astray.

2 The little ones share
In his tenderest care:
The lambs are his peculiar delight;
At noon they are laid
In the cool of the shade.
And nestle in his bosom at night.

4 Great Shepherd, be near.
To deliver from fear.
And shelter from the heat and the cold;
That, safe from alarms.
We may rest in thine arms.
And never more depart from thy fold.
20

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

W. B. JACOBSON.

25—One to each quarter note.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Boys, or First Semi-Chorus.

Girls, or

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

1 Traveller, whither art thou going Heedless of the clouds that form? Nought to

me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm. And I'm going, yes, I'm

going To that land that has no storms, And I'm going, yes I'm going To the land that has no storms.

2 Boys. Traveller, art thou here a stranger.

Not to fear the tempests power?

Girls. I have not a thought of danger,

Tho' the sky more darkly lower. Cho.

3 Boys. Traveller, now a moment finger,

Soon the darkness will be o'er.

Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,

Guiding to a far off shore. Cho.

4 Boys. Traveller, yonder narrow portal

Opens to receive thy form.

Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal

In that Land without a storm. C . A
ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

1 A crown of glory bright, by faith's clear eyes I see In yonder realms of light Prepared for me, I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to day; Yes! nearer my home in heaven to day, Than ever I've been before.

2 O may I faithful prove, And keep the crown in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pursue,

3 Jesus, be thou my guide, And all my steps attend, O keep me near thy side, Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun, My Saviour and my guard; And when my work is done, My great reward.
1 Oh! when will be ended our warfare with sin? The foe that assails us within:
2 Our leader is Jesus, our Captain and King; Who will all his army to

- out and within: Tho' fierce be the struggle, still let us endure, For victory bring. Tho' now he is absent, we know not how near May

CHORUS.

when it is over, the conquest is sure. Then gird on your armor,
be the glad moment when he shall appear. Then gird on your armor,
THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. Concluded.

Gird on your armor, Follow your Leader, and the battle you shall win, For your

Captain's gone before you, And he'll lead you on to victory, Follow your Leader,

Follow your Leader, Follow your Leader, And the battle you shall win.

We look for his coming, and think night and day,
Of his parting order, to watch and to pray;
The sword and the spirit we'll grasp in our hand,
And like valiant soldiers, make desperate stand.

Then gird, etc.

He daily watches our souls to ensnare: (Prayer
No weapon will daunt him but Faith, Truth, and
With these we may conquer each foe that we meet
And lay down the trophies at our leader's feet.

Then gird, etc.
HEAVENLY SONG.

“For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.” Heb. 11, 14.

Spirited.

1. There’s a country, dear children of endless delight. Unclouded by sorrow, ne’er shaded in night, Where the spirits in glory unite in the psalm, Ascribing all honor to God and the Lamb.
Will you go? will you go, To join them in praise unto God and the Lamb?

Will you go? will you go, To join them in praise unto God and the Lamb?

2. _SCHOLARS._

And may all the children unite with that throng?
Shall they to the choir celestial belong?
Oh! say, may our voices with seraphim chime,
And join the redeemed in that music sublime?
May we go,
And join the redeemed in that music sublime?

3. _TEACHERS._

Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and pray
That early he'll help you to find the good way!
Oh! he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile of
And appoint you a place in the mansions above.
You may come,
He'll give you a place in the mansions above,

4. _ALL._

O Heaven! with joy from this world of distress,
Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress—
From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we roam
We look to that land where the soul has a home,
We will go,
Will go to that land where the soul has a home.
A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

26—Two to the measure.

Gently—Softly.

From the Oriola, by permission.

1. Hush’d be my murmuring, let cares depart, Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart; He’s near to help me whilst life’s hours remain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain,
A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR. Concluded.

Chorus.

{Gent-le an-gels near me glide,}
{Hopes of glo-ry 'round me 'bide,} And there lingers by my side A Saviour, A Saviour, A Saviour ev-er near.

Saviour ev-er near. A Saviour, A Saviour, A Saviour ev-er near.

Why should I languish—why should I fear? Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,
In sorrow and anguish He's ever near; Joys of a moment play round my brow,
Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain, But soon in heaven He'll meet me again,
Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain, There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my Chorus.—Gentle angels, &c.;

Chorus.—Gentle angels, &c.;
A SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

1. O Sacred Head once wounded, With grief and pain weighed down! How scornfully surrounded, With thorns thy only crown!

2. What thou, my Lord, has suffered,
   Was all for sinners' gain,
   Mine, mine was the transgression,
   But thine the deadly pain.
   Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
   'Tis I deserve thy place:
   Look on me with thy favor,
   Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

3. What language shall I borrow
   To praise thee, Heavenly Friend,
   For this thy dying sorrow,
   Thy pity without end.

   Lord, make me thine forever,
   Nor let me faithless prove;
   Oh let me never, never
   Abuse such dying love.
Words by Miss Jane Hamilton.  

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.  

1 Tis a blessed thought to know, When our follies grieve us, And the sins of all the past, 

2 Jesus owns our worthless names At the court of heaven; Stands and pleads that for his sake 

Rise and will not leave us. That before the Father's throne Pleading in our favor, 

We may be forgiven. Pleads by that lone night of woe, Spent in sad Gethsemane, 

CHORUS.  

Making all our cause his own. Stands our precious Saviour. Jesus is a faithful friend, 

And the precious blood he shed On the Cross of Calvary. Jesus is a faithful friend, 

He'll forsake us never, Jesus is a faithful friend, Love and serve him ever. 

3 Though we long have turned aside From his gentle warning, 

Treated all his love with pride, 

And his words with scornings; 

Still his love abides the same, 

Faithful, true and tender; 

Still he stands at God's right hand, 

Ever our Defender.—Chorus.
WE'RE NEARER HOME.

16—Two to each measure. Words by KATE CAMERON.

1 We know not what's before us, What trials are to come: But
2 Tho' dark our path, and lonely, And clouds our sky o'er-cast, Let
3 What-e'er of gloom or anguish Life to our hearts may bring, In

each day passing o'er us, Brings us still near-er home. We're nearer, near-er
us re-member on-ly, That it will soon be past. We're nearer, &c.
doubt we will not lan-guish, But cheerfully we'll sing. We're nearer, &c.

home, Our bless-ed, hap-py home, Where grief and sin can nev-er come, We're
WE'RE NEARER HOME. Concluded,

Refrain.

nearer, nearer home. Nearer home, Nearer home, Nearer to my

happy home, Nearer home, Nearer to my, Our bless-ed, happy home.

MEREOE. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury. 1847.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be—A mortal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend! On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No: when I blush, be this my shame, What I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save
"LOOKING HOME."

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings; For my Father's
2 Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bringing; Night will be ex-
3 Oh! to be at home again, All for which we're sighing, From all earthly

Refrain.

mansions still Earnestly is longing, Looking home, Looking home.
changed for morn, Sighs give place to singing, Looking home, &c.
want and pain To be swiftly flying. Looking home, &c.

Towards the heavenly mansions Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

4 With this load of sin and care,
   Then no longer bending,
   But with waiting angels there
   On our soul attending.

5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
   All for which we're sighing.
   Soon our Lord will bid us come
   To our Father's kingdom.
1. How sweet will be the welcome home
When this short life is o'er,
When pain and sorrow
When we that bright and heav'nly land
With spirit eyes shall see,
And join the holy

2. Lord grant my frail and wayward bark,
May anchor sure and fast,
Beside the shining gates of pearl,
Where I may rest at last?
When once within, my soul shall know
No hunger, thirst or pain
No sickness, sorrow, care or death
Shall visit me again! Chorus.

2. Oh may I live whilst here below,
In view of that blest day,
When God's bright angels shall come down
To bear my soul away!
When I shall walk the golden streets,
In garments white and pure;
And sing an endless song to him,
Who made my soul secure! Chorus.
THE ANGELS SING. S. M. with chorus.

1 Come ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in the song with

CHORUS.

sweet accord. And thus surround the throne, The angels sing in their happy home, The

angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

2 Let those refuse to sing

Who never knew our God,

But children of the Heavenly king,

May speak their joys abroad.

*Cho.* The angels sing, etc.

4 Then let our songs abound,

And every tear be dry,

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,

To fairer worlds on high

*Cho.* The angels sing, etc.

3 The hill of Zion yields

A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the Heavenly fields.

Or walk the golden streets.
THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.

1. We lift our voices, In a strain of gladness, And the songs up-

2. Small streams that murmur, Round each humble dwelling, While they flow so

3. If we with patience Run the race before us, Soon our King will

- on our tongues, Banish all our sadness. Children and parents, Cordially in still and slow, Keep the tide-waves swelling. Thus we together, With our small ob-

- bid us sing In the heavenly chorus. Let us with meekness Seek his face and

- vi - ted, Praise the Lord with one accord, Voices all united.

- la - tions, All unite, to send the light To the darkened nations. favor, And at last, when life is past, Meet the blessed Saviour.
GOOD TIDINGS.

1. Shout the tidings of salvation, To the aged and the young;
2. Shout the tidings of salvation, O'er the prairies of the West;

Till the precious invitation Wa-ken ev-ery heart and tongue.
Till each gath'ring con-gre-ga-tion With the gospel sound is blest.

Chorus

Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the setting of the
GOOD TIDINGS. Concluded.

3.
Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.

Chorus. Send the sound, etc.

4.
Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee,

Chorus. Send the sound, etc.

STEDFAST. L. M.

1 Now I resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord: Nor from his precepts e'er depart Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh! be his service all my joy! Around let my example shine, Till others love the blest employ. And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul, My solemn, my determined choice, To yield to his supreme control, And, in his kind commands, rejoice.

4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire, Nor wandering leave his sacred ways, Great God! accept my soul's desire, And give me strength to live thy praise.
1 We are bound for Canaan's happy land,
We are bound for Canaan's happy land,
Oh, will you meet us there?

2 Say, comrades, will you go with us,
Say, comrades, will you go with us,
To Canaan's happy land?

3 To our Sunday School we'll all repair,
To our Sunday School we'll all repair,
The will sing with one accord while there

Chorus.

Sing, Singing glory, hallelujah,
Singing glory, hallelujah,
CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND. Concluded.

4.  
Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
Our Saviour he will lead us on,  
To Canaan's happy land!  
Glory, &c.

5.  
Let us meet dear parents in that land,  
Let us meet dear teachers in that land,  
Let us meet dear schoolmates in that land,  
On Canaan's happy shore!  
Glory, &c.

REST. L. M.  
"ASLEEP IN JESUS."  
Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of tears.

2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost its venomous sting.

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

4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Words by LUCY LARCOM.

1. If I were a sunbeam, I know what I'd do; I would seek white lilies,
   Roaming woodlands thro'. I would steal among them, Softest light I'd shed; Until evey-
   Dark with want and woe Till sad hearts look'd upward, I would shine and shine! Then they'd think of
   Sun-shine nev'er had? Oh, as God hath blessed thee, Scat-ter rays divine! For there is no

2. If I were a sunbeam, I know where I'd go; In to low-liest bow-els,

3. Art thou not a sunbeam, Child, whose life is glad With an in-ner radiance
   lily Raised its drooping head. Un-til evey lily Raised its drooping head.
   heaven, Their sweet home and mine, Then they'd think of heaven, Their sweet home and mine,
   sunbeam But must die or shine, For there is no sunbeam But must die or shine.
1. Forth we go on a bright Sabbath morn, While the dew is on the lawn, List to the joy-ful notes that flow, On we go, we go. Come, fol-low, fol-low me.
2. We will leave all world-ly care. And this hour we'll spend in pray'r, Hark, how the heavenly ar-thems flow, On they go, they go. Come, fol-low, fol-low me.

2d SEMI-CORUS. 1st SEMI-CORUS. 2d SEMI-CORUS. D. C.

We'll glad-ly fol-low thee, From sin-ful thoughts set free. We'll follow, follow thee. We'll glad-ly fol-low thee, From sin-ful thoughts set free. We'll follow, follow thee.

3. Blessed art thou, Sabbath joys, Free from toil and care and noise; Well we love in thy courts to stay, Happy day, happy day. Come follow, follow me!

We'll gladly follow, &c.

4. Let our songs of praise ascend, And with angel music blend, Until God in love shall say— Come away, away!

Come follow, follow me!

We'll gladly follow, &c.
THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

Allegro. 1st time semichorus. 2nd time full chorus.

1. We are now in youth's bright morning, Cheri-ri-ly we're passing on;
   Joys a-round us sweet-ly dawning, Tell us joys may yet be won.

2. If the charms of earth are fleet-ing, And should quickly pass a-way;
   Still the Ho-ly Spir-its-greeting, Shall not with those charms decay.

Refrain.

We are young, and we are hay-py, We are hay-py, hay-py in our song.
We are young, and we are hay-py, We are hay-py, &c.

Composed for the Am. Baptist S. S. Union Anniversary, 1862.
THE HAPPY SONG. Concluded.

We are young, and we are happy, happy, happy in our song.

For the last stanza, this refrain may be repeated pp.

3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
   To the feast of Jesus' love,
   And a foretaste here delights us,
   On our way to realms above
   We are young, &c.

4 When we cross the shining Portal
   On the banks of yonder shore,
   And are clothed in robes immortal,
   We'll be happy ever more.
   We are young, &c.

MANOAH. L. M.

PRAYER.

1 Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
   A living spark of holy fire?
   Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
   Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
   And let me now my Saviour see;
   Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
   And bid my spirit rest in thee.
1. We seek the golden city, The city of our King, And
2. Its walls are built of jasper, Its streets are of pure gold; And

as we journey thither, We joyfully will sing,
countless are the glories, Which we shall there behold.

Chorus. — Joyfully.

Come, friends, come, friends, together let us sing, Of the Golden-
THE GOLDEN CITY. Concluded.

The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle,
The Lamb—He is their light.

Chō.—Come, friends, come, &c.

4 And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin;
For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in.

Chō.—Come, friends, come, &c.

And there Life’s crystal river
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Close by, its waters grow.

Chō.—Come, friends, come, &c.

6 But through the Golden City
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest and King!

Chō.—Come friends, come &c.
RESPONSES TO THE DECALOGUE.

Response. No. 1.

Lord have mercy upon us, And incline our hearts to

Final Response, No. 1.

keep this law, And write all these, thy laws, upon our hearts we beseech thee.


Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law, Lord have mercy upon us and write all these thy laws upon our hearts we beseech thee.
THE CROWN OF GLORY.

1 Go forth! young soldier of the Cross, The battle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on. And
2 Be watchful! army of the Cross, The foe is lurking nigh, A soul must be the mighty loss, In

sworn to do or die, Our bugle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Jesus leads us on. There's a
but one soldier die. We will not lay our weapons by Until we wear the crown. There's a

There's a most-ter-ri-ble foe. The wily "inbred sin." There's a

Of you, There's a crown of glory for me, There's a crown for you. There's a

3 On guard, young soldier of the Cross, Thro' all the weary night, With praise and prayer, relieve your ears, And keep your armor bright.
And your Jesus once "without the lamp." Bought liberty for you Then bravely fight for truth and right, And keep your crown in view. —Chorus

Your weary feet shall walk the street, All paved with gold on high.

4 Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross, The victory is sure. The harp, the palm, are waiting all Who to the end endure.

Your weary feet shall walk the street, All paved with gold on high.
And he who wore a crown of thorns, Will crown you in the sky. —Chorus.
1. "Take thy cross and follow me" Thus the Master speaks to thee: Though in sin thou

dost abide, Jesus calls thee to his side; Trust no merit of thine own.

FULL CHORUS.

Look to Him, and Him alone. Take the cross the precious cross! Count all worldly
TAKE THE CROSS. Concluded.

2. There's a cross for thee to bear;
Toil, and pain, and grief, and care,
Yet though heavy it may be
Jesus bore still more for thee!
'Tis the thorny path alone
That can lead thee to His throne. Cho.

3. Soon, life's work will all be done,
Soon, thy mortal course be run:
Then, if thou hast faithfully been,
And hast triumphed over sin,
Then thy cross thou layest down,
Christ shall give the promised crown. Cho.

LORD, I BELIEVE. C. M. Double.

"LORD, I BELIEVE: HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

D.C. I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

2 Lord I believe: but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Ply my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes. I believe, and only thou
Canst give my soul relief.
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou mine unbelief.
THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. Haskell.

My latest sun is sinking fast. My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks, Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.

Refrain:
O come, angel band, come and around me stand, O bear me a-
way on your snowy wings, To my immortal home, O bear me a-
THE LAND OF BEULAH. Concluded.

way on your snowy wings, To my immortal home.

3.
I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.
O come, angel band, &c.

4.
O, hear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.
O come, angel band, &c.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. The Saviour calls; let every ear attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear, Hope smiles, reviving round.

2. For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.

3. Ye sinners! come; 'tis mercy's voice; The gracious call obey; Mercy invites to heavenly joys,— And can you yet delay?

4. Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts; To thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss that love imparts, And drink, and never die.
"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Ex. 14. 15.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

1 Forward shall be our watch-word, As weeks and months revolve,
2 Forward in holy likeness, To him unseen we love;
3 Forward in God's great Army, Embattled foes to meet;

Forward in earnest purpose, And in each high resolve, No recreant glances
Forward in faith unyielding, His faithfulness to prove. Forward to meet our
Forward with songs of victory, Our conquering Lord to greet. Forward in ceaseless

casting On Sodom still so near. No wish of sloth indulging, No
Master, Whose coming draweth nigh. Forward to reach the gerton Pre
effort For weal of all around. Forward, yes, forward ever, Till with
FORWARD. Concluded.

thought of coward fear, No wish of sloth indulging, No thought of coward fear.

pared for saints on high, Forward to reach the guerdon Prepared for saints on high.

Jesus we are crown'd. Forward, yes, forward ever, Till with Jesus we are crown'd.

CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name. Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And
crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all,

2 Crown him,—ye morning stars of light! Who formed this floating ball—
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him—Lord of all,

3 Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,—
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him—Lord of all.
THE SABBATH BELLS.

Joyfully. 7—One to each quarter note.

1 List the Sabbath bells, so merrily ringing, A thousand happy
2 Hear the grateful song of brooklet and river, And hear the little

voices sweet are singing; A thousand holy thoughts are upward
birds their praise deliver, A thousand hymns of praise to God the

3 Learn redemption's song, ye nations,

End. Chorus.

springing, To usher in this Sabbath morn. Bear the sacred
giver, Tis music meet for Sabbath day. Bear the sacred

learn it, And sing that song for evermore
THE SABBATH BELLS. Concluded.

3. Hasten forth to join this glorious chorus, List the Sabbath bells so merrily ringing,  
For see the azure sky is bending o'er us, A thousand happy children now are singing,  
And happiness divine is just before us, A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing,  
If we improve the Sabbath day!  
Cuo.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

To usher in the Sabbath day.  
Cuo.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

SILVERTON. C.M.  

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

Prayer.  

From the 'Jubilee,' by permission

1. Lord! when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour, O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

2. Our contrite spirits pitying see: True penitence impart:  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.

3. When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
O let our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.
1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am, thou wilt relieve,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!
THE BLUE BIRD'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

1. Oh! I'm a happy blue bird, sober, as you see; For pure cold water's the drink for me:—I take a drop here, and another drop there And
make the woods ring with my temperance air.
O don't defy it.

Better, better try it. Water, pure water from the spring below.
Better, better try it, Better, better try it, Try it sir? try it sir? do.

2 There is little Bobby-Linkum sitting on a tree.
He's singing a temperance song as you see,
'Tis "Bobolink, take a drink, take a drink today,
And Mister Bobolink, not a cent to pay!"
Cho. Oh! don't defy it, better, &c.

3 As down among the lilies every day I go,
To take my bath in the lake below,
If I chance to meet a drunkard all so pale and thin,
I say sir, "How d'ye do?" and sir, "Pray walk in!"
Cho. Oh! don't defy it, better try it, &c.

4 Come rise up with the songsters, early in the morn,
See the thirsty grass and the waving corn—
How their emerald faces brighten in the dazzling sun,
While catching the dew drops one by one.
Cho. Oh! don't defy it, better try it, &c.

5 All up above the mountains all below the sea,
Will with my temperance song agree—
That for man in his toil, or the bird upon her nest,
Cold water, cold water, the purest and best!
Cho. Oh! don't defy it, better try it, &c.
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

W. B. BRADBURY.

There's a beautiful land Where sweet flowers ever bloom, A land all filled with odors of richest perfume. When life's journey is ended, All good children there will stand With the white-robed saints in glory in that beautiful land.

CHORUS.

Then come pretty angels, en love's pinions come, With music, sweet music to welcome us home: With your bright crowns of glory, and your feasting on the fruit of that beautiful land.

In the Beautiful Land, little children ne'er grow old; golden harps in hand, O! welcome the children to this beautiful land. A harp tuned by an angel, in every little hand; And they sing God's praise forever, in the Beautiful Land. Croboty.

In the Beautiful Land, our dear Saviour we shall see. We shall hear his words of welcome, "Little children come to me." Then around His throne in glory, with our crowns and harps we'll stand, And we'll praise the Lamb forever in that Beautiful Land. Croboty.

But the Beautiful Land is not for little ones alone. There is room enough for every one, around the Father's throne. Then join us friends and parents, take the children by the hand. And we'll journey on together, to the Beautiful Land. Croboty.
THE UNION BAND.

1. O we’re a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band? Who live as pilgrim

strangers here, Who will join this happy band! Hal-le-lujah, hal-le-lujah, We will join this

2. The prophets and apostles too, Once belonged to this happy band, And all God’s children

here below, All have joined this happy band. Hal-le-lujah, hal-le-lujah, We will join this

happy band, Singing hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, We will join this happy band.

3. Let no contention e’er divide
Members of this happy band;
But firm, united, side by side,
Thro’ this life together stand
Cho.—Hal-le-lujah, &c.

4. And when death comes, as come it must,
To divide this happy band,
The links will not return to dust,
They will shine at God’s right hand
Cho.—Hal-le-lujah, &c.
SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Tune arranged from a popular Camp Song.

1. Ye soldiers of the cross, rise, and put your armor on; March to the city of the
   New Jerusalem; Jesus gives the order, and leads his people on

CHORUS.

Till victory is won. Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glo-ry glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

The watchmen they are crying, attend the trumpet's sound,
Take the gospel banner, and the powers of hell surround,
Hearts and arms make ready, the battle is at hand;
Go forth at Christ's command.


We are marching on.

3.
Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield,
March on in order 'till you win the glorious field,
Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful shore,
Where, war shall be no more. Cho.

Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down,
March on in duty, 'till you gain the starry crown,
When the war is o'er and the battle you have won,
Jesus will say, "well done." Cho.
GOING HOME.

Moderato. 22.—One to each quarter note.

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Through a strange country as pilgrims we stray, For we're going, going, going home;
   Onward we go through the swift fading day, For we're going, going, going home.

Wear-y, our march since the fair rosy dawn, Long is the distance we've traveled since morn,

But we regret not the hours that are gone, For we're going, going, going home.

2. Why should we gather earth's withering flowers,
   When we're going, going, going home:
   Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers
   For we're going, going, going home;

   There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
   Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
   And never strewing the path to the tomb;
   For we're going, going, going home.

   Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
   Onward we still look, and never behind:
   This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind,
   We're going, going, going home.

3. Hark! 'tis the storm crashing through the pines,
   We are going, going, going home;
   See the faint glimmering light that now shines
   We are going, going, going home.

   Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,
   We are going, going, going home:
   Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
   We are going, going, going home:

   Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
   Where we can never more suffer or die.
   O! let our anthem of praise ring on high
   We are going, going, going home.
WILLOW DALE. C. M. Double.

"SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION."

FINE.

1. Sing them, my children, sing them still. Those sweet and holy songs,
   Oh, let the psalms of Zion's hill, Be heard from youthful tongues. O sing them at the early dawn, The rising morn to cheer.

D.C.—And sing them round the evening hearth, When fires are blazing near.

2. Sing them when Sabbath Schools are met,
   And your young voices raise,
   Your Sabbath evening melodies
   To their Redeemer's praise.
   So shall each unforgotten word,
   When distant far you roam,
   Call back your heart which once it stirred,
   To childhood's blessed home.

EARTH'S SHADOWY YEARS*

SECOND HYMN.

1. Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er—
   Heaven's blissful morn arise,
   And sorrow's night will then no more
   O'erclo'ed our weeping eyes.
   Then will the Lord of life and love
   Unveil his beaming face;
   And never from our sight remove
   The bright celestial rays.

2. The precious jewels Jesus sent
   To be our solace here,
   Were only for a season lent,
   They're shining brighter there.
   And we shall soon their lovely forms
   In glorious robes behold;
   Shall sing with them in angel's songs,
   With harps of shining gold.

3. Sing them, dear children, many a saint
   These holy strains have sung.
   These walls of ours have echoed them
   From many a pilgrim's tongue.
   Oh sing them in a land like this,
   Where pilgrim's steps have roved;
   Oh children sing these melodies—
   The songs our fathers loved.

In that blest place no loved ones part.
   No mourning there, no sighs;
   For God himself will gently wipe
   All sorrow from their eyes.
   There everlasting peace and joy,
   And transport shall be thine;
   Praise shall our utmost powers employ.
   In melody divine.

* Originally written with the tune "WILLOW DALE" and sung by the Choir of the BROADWAY TABERNACL on the occasion of a severe bereavement of their bel ed Pastor. Jan., 1832.
THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME.


1. Speed a-way! speed a-way! happy soul of the blest, From thy
   prison-house fly, like a bird to her nest: Angel spirits are bending in love from the
   measure of glory no mortal can know. And the visions of beauty that beam on thy
   sky, To welcome thee home to the mansions on high! To the land where no
   sight, All come from the Christian's dear home of delight. Thy darkness is
   shore, Where the presence of death we shall fear nevermore. Up! heavenward! let

2. Speed a-way! speed a-way! O why linger below, When thy

3. Speed a-way! speed a-way! happy soul of the blest, To the
THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME. Concluded.

night is, no tears, no decay! Speed away, speed away, happy
turned into infinite day! Speed away, speed away, happy
nothing thy journey delay! Speed away, speed away, happy

If designed for a concert, the above piece may be sung with good effect as a Song and Chorus, playing the
harmony parts only as an accompaniment. The Chorus should commence with the unison passage, "To the land
where no night is," &c. If three pure and well-balanced voices can be located in an adjoining room, or at a suffi-
cient distance (out of sight) from the choir and audience to represent "Music in the air," and take up the Trio,
"Speed away," at the close of the unison passage, singing it quite through as a Trio, the effect will be much in-
creased. In such an arrangement the Chorus bass may stop at the 5th measure, upper brace, indicated by a star.
This latter part may then be repeated by the choir as written.
Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so,

Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gates to open wide;

Little ones to him belong, They are weak but He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me,
He will wash away my sin, Let his little child come in.

Yes, Jesus loves me. Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me, all the way
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.
"Jesus saith unto her, 'Woman why weepest thou?' She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him,
'Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.'
'Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary.' She turned herself, and saith unto him 'Raboni;' which is to say 'Master.' "—
John 20: 15, 16.

Semi-Chorus, or Duet,

1st time.

Love sounds in her sighs, love flows in her eyes. How pensive she utters her moan.
The stone is removed, lost is all that she loved. (Omit

CHORUS.

Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone. Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone!

2. "In vain was my care those spices to prepare,
   To embalm my dear Saviour alone;
   Taken home from my view, what alas shall I do."
   ||: Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone!:||

3. "I seek but in vain to relieve my heart's pain,
   From bosoms as callous as stone;
   No one here can calm by sweet sympathy's balm;"
   A heart full of sighs for the Master she loves.
   Ah, Mary! ah, Mary! the Master is gone.

4. "Hallelujahs arise: assist me ye skies,
   And rejoice with a mortal who mourned!
   Hence sorrow, hence care; to the winds with despair,
   Raboni, Raboni, the Master's returned.";||

* Small notes for last stanza only.
HAPPY IN THE LORD.

17—Two to the measure.

1 A pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy,

Chorus.

I seek the home to pilgrims dear, Happy in the Lord. We'll

cross the river of Jordan, Happy, happy, happy, happy,

Note.—The first and third lines may be sung as Solos with good effect—the Chorus commencing at the words "Happy," &c.
HAPPY IN THE LORD. Concluded.

Cross the river of Jordan, Happy in the Lord.

2.
I leave this world of sin behind, happy, happy, happy,
That better home in heaven to find, happy in the Lord;
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, happy, happy,
But fairer is my home up there, happy in the Lord.

Chorus.—We'll cross the river of Jordan, &c.

3.
In that fair clime of endless day, happy, happy, happy,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in the Lord:
To living fountains, through verdant meads, happy, happy, happy,
The Lamb his ransomed followers leads, happy in the Lord.—Chorus.

4.
The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, happy, happy,
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in the Lord;
No death shall visit them again, happy, happy, happy,
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in the Lord.—Chorus

5.
Farewell! Vain world, I'm going home, happy, happy, happy,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in the Lord;
No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, happy, happy,
But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in the Lord.—Chorus.
THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

With spirit and animation, but not too fast.

1 Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory—A home when life's sorrows are o'er. Where joys that a-wait the meek and the lowly, Will more than lost Eden restore. Where the new song of glory is the love is rehearsed by the throng, Where the new song is given, To the

2 Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river, Escort'd by angels along; And with them adore the Bounteous Giver, Whose

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions for ever, And bask in the fullness of love. Where fields are all bright with flow'rets that never Shalt

4 Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures, In heaven's sweet bower of rest? And bids us partake of all its rich treasures. And

Full Chorus.

more than lost Eden restore. Where the new song of glory is the love is rehearsed by the throng, Where the new song is given, To the

Composed for the Baptist S. S. Union Anniversary, 1862.
THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY. Concluded.

Theme of the holy, And the ransomed are safe ev-er-more. Where the new song of loved ones in heav-en, And the an-gels re-ech-o the song. Where the new song is theme o-ver Jor-dan, And each harp swells the cho-rus of love, There the new song of praise him for ev-er, When we're safe in those man-sions of rest. It is Je-sus, our

glo-ry is the theme of the holy, And the ransomed are safe ev-er more, given. To the loved ones in heav-en, And the an-gels re-ech-o the song, pard-on. Is the theme o-ver Jor-dan, And each harp swells the cho-rus of love, Sa-viour, And we'll praise him for ev-er, When we're safe in those man-sions of rest.

HELENA. C. Lt. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. When waves of sorrow round me swell, My soul is not dismayed; I hear a voice I know full well, "Tis I, be not afraid."

2. When black the threat'ning clouds appear, And storms my path invade, That voice shall tranquilize each fear, "Tis I, be not afraid."

3. There is a gulf that must be crossed— Saviour! be near to aid: Whisper when my frail bark is tossed, "Tis I, be not afraid,"

4. There is a dark and fearful vale. Death hides within its shade: Oh! say, when flesh and hearts shall fall, "Tis I, be not afraid."
WE HAVE COME REJOICING.

Sprightly.

1. We have come rejoicing on this happy day, In our Sunday School we
dearly love to stay, And with voices blending in a sacred song,
We the Saviour's praise prolong, There we shall never grieve him more,

2. Thro' the week he's kept us, and his smiling face
Still is beaming on us
dearly love to stay, And with voices blending in a sacred song,
Tells us of a better home. There we shall never grieve him more,

Chro. D.C. We have come rejoicing on this happy day, In our Sunday School we
dearly love to stay, And with voices blending in a sacred song,

* Or "year," if for anniversary.
But, with the angels on that shore, Strike the harps of glory,
in a sweeter strain, And ever with them praise his holy name.

3. Jesus there is smiling, on his Father's throne,
Saying, "Come in welcome, come, for here is room,
In these shining mansions, I have still a place,
Children hasten to my face."
Cho.—There we shall, &c.

4. And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove:
Where the waving flowerets of immortal bloom,
Shed around their sweet perfume.
Cho.—There we shall, &c.
JESUS IS KING.

Words furnished by L. HART, Esq.

1. He who once to earth came down, Toiled and suffered here below, Sits upon his heavenly throne, Wears the crown of glory now;

CHORUS.

While angels join to sing, And loud the sweet words ring—

While angels join to sing, And loud the sweet words ring—
2.

Many little ones are there,
Gathered in that shining throng;
Listen! through the Sabbath air
You may hear their joyful song.
Cho.—Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring—
Jesus is King.

3.

Yes, our loved and lost are there,
They have reached the happy land,
Now white robes and crowns they wear,
They have joined the angel band.
Cho.—They strike each golden string,
And loud the sweet words ring—
Jesus is King.

4.

Christians in the song unite,
Gladly swell the notes of praise,
And, with saints and angels bright,
Still the grateful anthem raise.
Cho.—Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring—
Jesus is King.

5.

Surely we that song may share,
Jesus bids the children come;
Gives the lambs his tender care,
Guides them to his heavenly home.
Cho.—Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring—
Jesus is King.
JESUS OUR SHEPHERD.

31—One to each quarter note. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Slow and gentle.

1. Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear;
   Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?
   Only let us follow
   Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

2. Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know his voice;
   How its gentlest whisper make our heart rejoice:
   Even when it chideth, tender is its tone;
   None but he shall guide us, we are his alone.

3. Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep he bled;
   Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed;
   Then on each he setteth his own secret sign;
   They that have my Spirit, these (saith he) are mine.

4. Jesus is our Shepherd, guided by his arm,
   Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
   When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom;
   We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.
1. In the greenwood sweetly sleeping, Where the willow branches wave, Lies our darling little sister, In the dark and silent grave. There she’s resting in the silent grave.

2. There she lies and knows no sorrow, In that silent lonely spot; While around her grave are blooming, Roses and Forget-me-not.
CODA.—There she’s resting, &c.

3. There the Robin sweetly warbles; There the wild Bee gaily hums; There the streamlet gently murmurs; There the water-lily blooms.
CODA.—There she’s resting, &c.

4. When our sister was a mortal Well she loved the Saviour’s name; E’er she entered heaven’s portals Angel spirits for her came.
CODA.—And she’s resting, &c.

5. And they bore her to her Saviour, Far away from pain and care; And that we in heaven may meet her, Ever is our fervent prayer,
CODA.—While she’s resting, &c.
NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

11—Two to the measure. For S. S. Celebration.* From ORIOLA by permission.

1. Now we lift our tune-ful voices, In a new me-lo-dious song:

2. Ye who join our ce-le-bra-tion, Sweetest me-lo-dies em-ploy:

While each youthful heart re-joic-es, To be-hold the gath-’ring throng,
Bow with us in ad-or-a-tion, Filled with ho-ly, heavenly joy.

5. Full Chorus.

As we lift our waving banners To the breezes soft and mild
CHINA. C. M.

Swan. Arranged.

1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

3. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground! Ye saints! ascend the skies.

1. Teachers kind, whose care unceasing, All must honor and approve; Thanks for labor still unceasing, Heaven reward your works of love.

Chorus. As we lift, etc.

2. May the tide of glad hosannas Flow from bosoms undefiled.

3. Thanks to God for every blessing, Which his bounteous hand bestows; All on earth that's worth possessing, From that hand incessant flows.

Chorus. As we lift, etc.
THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,
   Of that country so bright and so fair.
   And oft are its glories confessed:
   But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of the pathways of gold,
   Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare.
   Of its wonders and pleasures untold:
   But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
   From sorrow, temptation and care,—
   From trials without and within:
   But what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its service of love,
   Of the robes which the glorified wear,
   Of the church of the first-born above:
   But what must it be to be there?

5. O Lord, midst our gladness or woe,
   Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
   And shortly we also shall know,
   And feel, what it is to be there.

6. Then anthems of praise we will sing
   When safe in that heavenly rest,
   To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
   Who reigns in those realms of the blest.
"EVEN ME."

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free.
   Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me,—E'en me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
   Sinful though my heart may be;
   Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
   Let thy mercy light on me,—E'en me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
   Let me live and cling to thee;
   Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
   Whilst thou're calling, call for me—E'en me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
   Thou canst make the blind to see.
   Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
   Speak the word of power to me—E'en me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless;
   Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
   Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
   Magnify it all in me,—E'en me.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
   Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
   Whilst the streams of life are springing
   Blessing others, oh, bless me,—E'en me.
RE-UNION.

1 Meet a-gain! yes, we shall meet a-gain, Tho' now we part in

2 Soon the days of ab-sence shall be o'er, And thou shalt weep no

pain! His peo-ple all To-geth-er Christ shall call. Hal-le-

more; Our meet-ing day Shall wipe all tears a-way. Hal-le-

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord.

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord.
RE-UNION. Concluded.

3. Now I go with gladness to our home, 5. Not to mortal sight can it be given
With gladness thou shalt come; To know the bliss of Heaven;
There I will wait But thou shalt be
To meet thee at Heaven’s gate. Soon there, and sing with me,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

4. Dearest! what delight again to share 6. Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
Our sweet communion there! Though now we part in pain!
To walk among Together all
The holy ransomed throng. His people Christ shall call.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

LEARNING OF JESUS.

4—One to each quarter note. Words by Miss H. MEKEE.

1 Haste we now with eager feet, Teachers, scholars gladly greet, On this Sabbath morn we meet, That we may learn of Jesus

2 Help us, Lord, throughout this day, 3 Lord our hearts are full of sin,
While we sing and while we pray, Let thy Spirit enter in,
Let thy Spirit with us stay, Make them pure, all white and clean,
While here we learn of Jesus. And full of love to Jesus.

4 As we learn thy righteous will, 5 Help us, Holy Father, still,
Help us, Holy Father, still. Each commandment to fulfill,
Each commandment to fulfill, And give the praise to Jesus.
Beautiful Zion.

1 Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love,

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white,

Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light,
Beautiful strains, that never tire. Beautiful harps thro' all the choir,

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there

3 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

* From "Oriola," by permission.
THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S REQUEST.

Sprightly. 7—One to each quarter note.

1 Look on us kindly, friends. Met here today. Here from all worldly joys Turn we away.
2 Six days of toil and work Our portion are; Often our hearts must know something of care.

We ask not wealth or fame, This boon we pray: Teach us the Savior's love Each Sabbath day.
But from our sorrows all We turn away. To learn the Savior's love Each Sabbath day.

Teach us the Savior's love Each Sabbath day.
To learn the Savior's love Each Sabbath day.

3 Follies beset our path,
Dangers surround;
Often our feet must tread
Enchanted ground;
But from all vanity
Turn we away.
To learn the Savior's love
Each Sabbath day.

4 Look on us kindly, friends;
Watch us with care;
Aid us with counsels good,
Help us by prayer.

Guide back our wandering feet,
Where'er we stray;
Teach us the Savior's love
Each Sabbath day.
THE INVITATION.

17—Two to the measure.  
Words by K. C.  
Arranged from a melody of the "Contrabands."

1. "Let little children come to me" The Lord the Saviour said,

Forbid them not, for such shall be, The saints in glory made,

Chorus.

Joyful are the words we hear, Saviour to thy arms we come,
Hallelujah we will sing Praise forever to the Lord,
Give us now thy blessing dear, Heaven is our home.
Father, Saviour, glorious King, Praise, praise the Lord.

Why should we wait for life to fade
  And earthly joys grow dim?
When they the happiest are made.
  Who early go by him,
Blessed are the words we hear,
  Saviour to thy arms we come,
Keep our souls from doubt and fear,
  Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

O! let us not a moment wait,
  But haste to meet our friend;
The way is narrow—straight the gate
  But blissful is the end.
Precious are the words we hear,
  Saviour, to thy arms we come,
Loving thee with hearts sincere,
  Heaven is our home. Hallelujah, &c.

SILVER STREET. S. M.
I. SMITH

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

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

3. To-day attend his voice,
  Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come—like the people of his choice,
  And own your gracious God.
1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul! Like the
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled! And the
3. O! what shall I do to be saved When sickness my strength shall subdue! Or the
4. O! Lord look in mercy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul; Unto

waves in the storm when the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll friends I have loved, From the earth are removed, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead, world in a day, Like a cloud roll away, And e-t-e-r-n-i-t-y o-opens to view whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to thee, Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.

What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? what shall I do! O! what shall I do to be saved?
That will I do! that will I do! To J-e-sus I'll go and be saved.
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1. I'm but a stranger here: Heaven is my home;
   Earth is a desert drear: Heaven is my home;
   Dangers and sorrows stand
   Round me on ev'ry hand, Heaven is my Father-land, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempests rage,
   Heaven is my home;
   Short is my pilgrimage:
   Heaven is my home;
   And time's wild, wintry blast
   Soon will be over past,
   I shall reach home at last—
   Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not:
   Heaven is my home;
   Whate'er my earthly lot,
   Heaven is my home;
   And I shall surely stand
   There at my Lord's right hand:
   Heaven is my Father-land—
   Heaven is my home.
THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

10-One to each quarter note.

1. To the heavenly land; to the heavenly land, Where the
   saints and the seraphs stand; For the angels there will teach us, How to
   sing a sweeter song! And no sorrow'll ever reach us, In that happy, happy throng!

   We are on our way; we are on our way, A
   niated and happy band, For the angels there will teach us, How to
THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US. Concluded. 93

In the heav'nly land! in the heav'nly land, Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

2.
Tho', we often tire; tho' we often tire,
Where the pathway is steep and strait,
We will still press on; we will still press on,
Till we pass through the Golden Gate:

Cho. For the angels there will teach us, &c.

3.
But we need not fear: but we need not fear.
For we've Jesus to be our guide:
And with him so near: aye with him so near
Naught of evil can e'er betide,

Cho. For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4.
Will you go with us! will you go with us!
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless day,
Is illumèd by our Father's love,

Cho. For the angels there shall teach us, &c.
SABBATH MORNING BELLS

10.—Tie to each quarter note. Words by Mrs. C. G. Goodwin.

Gently, softly.

1 Holy Sabbath, happy morning, joyfully the bells we hear, sweetly calling,
   *Instrument, in imitation of the Bells.

2 Holy Sabbath, glad young voices welcome you with jovous song, while the aged

3 Basking in the holy radiance of this blessed Sabbath morn, may the blessed

   gently calling us to praise and prayer, sweetly sounding thro' each street, and
   heart rejoices with the youthful throng, may the light of this blest morn-ing,
   angels keep us, till another dawn and when earth's best, purest love-light,

   floating on the quiet air, comes the dear familiar greeting, calling us to prayer,
   every youthful heart illumine, with a cheerful sacred presence that shall banish gloom.
   *Death from our sight away, may our risen Saviour take us to his endless day.
SABBATH EVENING BELLS.

35—Two to the measure.

R. S. T. Arranged.

1. The shadows of night are creeping fast Across the hill and dell, And

2. As silently sinks the weary sun, Far down the western steep, So

softly the zephyr's waft the tones, Of the Sabbath evening bell,

peacefully at the eve of life, May I lay me down to sleep.

Chorus. p cres p cres dim cres.

Oh Sabbath evening bells! Oh Sabbath evening bells! What words of love, and

joy and rest Thy quiet music tells.

3. And may the sweet hope be granted then, Each doubt and fear't'allay,

That soon will the gloom of night be lost In the dawn of endless day.

Cho.—Oh Sabbath evening bells, &c.
1. The life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she rides The darkened and storm-y, and
2. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! o'er life's storm-y wave, Is the life-boat to rescue all

treach-er-ous main, The wild moaning tem-pest, the fierce roll-ing tide, U-tem-pest toss'd souls, It ever is ready from dan-ger to save; 'Tis

nite their dark powers to o'erwhelm her in vain. The ma-ri-ner sees her, and safe on the o-cean, tho' fierce-ly it rolls. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! it
THE LIFE-BOAT. Concluded.

hope fills his breast. The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the sea, It
shines ev-er bright. Like a heav-en-ly star on the wa-ter's dark breast, It

shines as a star on the billow's fierce breast. And mounts o'er the wa-
sheds in man's pathway a glo-ri-ous light. And points out his course to

no-bly and free, And mounts o'er the wa-ters so no-bly and free.
ha-ven of rest, And points out his course to the ha-ven of rest.
1 My soul, repeat his praise; Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins, And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west, DOTH all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

BRADEN. S. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death shall soon disrobe us all Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

Supremacy of the Scriptures.
1 O Lord, thy perfect word

DIRECTS our steps aright, Nor can all other books afford Such profit and delight.

2 CELESTIAL beams it sheds To cheer this vale below; To distant lands its glory spreads, And streams of mercy flow.

3 TRUE wisdom it imparts; Commands our hope and fear; Oh, may we hide it in our hearts, And feel its influence there!
Dennis. S M. Arranged from Nageli.

My son! know thou the Lord, Thy father's God obey, Seek his protecting care by night. His guardian hand by day.

Let every tongue and every heart, Adore and praise the same.

Lord in thy grace we came, That blessing still impart; We meet in Jesus' sacred name, In Jesus' name we part.

Thus nurtured by thy word, May each in wisdom grow, And still go on to know the Lord, And practice what we know.

CLOSING HYMN.

Once more before we part. Oh bless the Saviour's name.


Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;
Give us this day our daily bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.
GIVE THANKS.—Chant. Antiphonal.

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.*

1st Response. Chorus.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy endureth for ever.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.*

2nd Response. Chorus.

O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mercy endureth for ever.

All.

A-men.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
2. O give thanks unto the God of gods;
3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
4. To him who alone doeth great wonders;
5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;
7. To him that made great lights;
8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;
9. Who remembered us in our low estate;
10. And hath remembered us from our enemies;
11. Who giveth food to all flesh;
12. O give thanks unto the God of heaven,

*By teacher or teachers.—The responses by the scholars.

1st Division, or Teachers.  
2d Division, or Scholars.  

ALL.

PSALM XXIII.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul.
4. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
5. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil;
6. For thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
7. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.
8. Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over.
9. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.
10. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen.

COME UNTO ME. Chant

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

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

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

4. Come, for all else must fail and die,
   Earth is no resting place for thee:
   Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
   I am thy portion, Come to me.

5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
   In conflict, grief, and agony,
   Support me, cheer me from above!
   And gently whisper, Come to me.
1 We are pilgrims on the earth, Journeying onward from our birth, Every hour and every breath Brings us nearer still to death. Yes, we are pilgrims. Yes, we are pilgrims.

2 But beyond that vale of tears Lies the land that knows no tears Where our steps no more may roam Pilgrims we are going home!
Cho. Yes, we are pilgrims, &c.

3 Home to long-lost friends and dear Who are missed and mourned for here Home to endless peace and love In our Father's house above.
Cho. Yes, we are pilgrims, &c.

4 Let not trifles by the way Tempt our hearts or steps to stray, From that narrow path and strait Leading to the golden gate.
Cho. For we are pilgrims, &c.

5 No, our faith hath One in view Who was once a pilgrim too; From his track we will not roam For to Christ we're going home
Cho. Yes, we are pilgrims, &c.

* Either by the infant class, or any portion of the school.
SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

1. Come, schoolmates, don't grow weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not

CHORUS.

tarry, This life will soon be gone. There is sweet rest in heaven There is

sweet rest in heaven. There is sweet rest in heaven. There is sweet rest in heaven.

2. We've listed for the army,
   We've listed for the war;
   We'll fight until we conquer,
   By faith and humble prayer,
   Cho. There is sweet rest, &c.

3. Our Captain's gone before us,
   He bids us all to come;
   High up in endless glory,
   He's fitted up our home.
   Cho. There is sweet rest, &c.

4. And Jesus will be with us,
   Even to our journey's end;
   In every sore affliction
   His "present help" to lend.
   Cho. There is sweet rest, &c.

5. Then glory be to Jesus,
   Who bought us with his blood;
   And glory be to Jesus.
   Who gives us every good.
   Cho. There is sweet rest, &c.
IN OLDEN TIMES.

6—One to each quarter note.  "Our cause is growing stronger."  Wor is written for this work by Rev. J. W. Damxn.

1. In olden times when boys were wild On English soil arose a child,

His name was Robert, true and mild So loving, loving and good.

FULL CHORUS.

Then away! away! our cause is grow stronger Away! away! to the Sunday-School
IN OLDEN TIMES. Concluded.

Then away! away! we can't wait any longer, Away to the Sunday-School.

2.
As Robert Raikes walked out one day,
To see if children were at play,
Some boys were seen on Sabbath day,
A playing, playing—Ah me.
Cho. Then away! away! &c.

3.
In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
Across the sea in Gloucester town,
The glorious Sunday School begun,
Its coming! coming! along,
Cho. Then away! away! &c.

4.
O, how this little fire has spread,
And warmed to life the carnal dead,
And brought them to our living Head,
So loving, loving and good;
Cho. Then away! away! &c.

5.
Come, parents, teachers, one and all,
And never think the work is small
But listen to the heavenly call
Be workers, workers to day;
Cho. Then away! away! &c.

6.
When storms are past, and work is o'er
And Sunday Schools shall be no more.
We'll gather on the golden shore,
Singing glory, glory to God;
Cho. Then away! away! &c.

7.
Then what a glorious sight 'twill be,
To see the millions of the free
All happy in eternity,—
So welcome, welcome the day!
Cho. Then away! away! &c.
"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement. "Good bye, good bye! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry papa, we'll all meet again in the morning!"

It was as if an angel had spoken to that father: and his heart grew lighter under his burden; for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this, "We'll all meet again in the morning." It raises up the fainting soul, and lightens away fear. Clouds may gather upon our path; disappointments may come; but all this cannot destroy the hope within us, if we can say truly, "All will be right in the morning!"

If you were to die to-night, would it be well with you in the morning?

Words by Kate Cameron.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A little child lay dying As the sunset hour drew nigh, And these the words he uttered When he breathed his last Good-Bye.

I know that my angel mother is waiting to bear me from thee, We'll all meet again in the morning, Dear
WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN. Concluded.

CHORUS

father weep not for me! We'll all meet again in the morning, We'll all meet again in the

morning, We'll all meet again in the morning Of heaven's eternal day."

2.
The words were full of solace,
Falling like a healing balm
On the heart so sorely stricken,
That the mourner might well be calm.
The sharp sting of anguish taken,
The burden of grief grew more light;
We'll all meet again in the morning.
Like a rainbow spanned Death's night.
CHORUS.—We'll all meet, &c.

3.
O, ye who sadly languish.
Weighed down by grief and gloom,
Beside the grave's dark portal,
Look beyond the silent tomb!
With God leave your precious treasures,
Said He not in all things do right?
We'll all meet again in the morning.
Death's sleep is but for a night.
CHORUS.—We'll all meet, &c.
COME THIS WAY, FATHER, DEAR.

I remember a voice which once guided my way, When toss'd on the sea, for a

Melodeon or Piano.

shrouded I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore, It sounded like

music o'er the dark billow's roar, It sounded like music o'er the dark billow's roar.
COME THIS WAY, FATHER DEAR. Concluded.

*Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me! Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee.

CHORUS

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me, Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee.

2 I remember that voice as it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and thro' breakers, and high dashing spray:
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billow's roar—

Chorus—Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

3 I remember my joy when I held to my breast,
The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child whispered soft on my ear;
I called you father dear, and I knew you would hear.

Chorus—Come this way, father dear, o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

* For a public performance this melody might very appropriately be sung by one with a sweet, pure voice out of sight of the audience.

4 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my way
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay,
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
I'm calling you, father. Oh! can you not hear?

Chorus—Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me.
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee!

5 I remember that voice in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power;
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled waves,
And sounds from loved lips now lying silent in graves.

Chorus—Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me!
Here, safely in heaven I am waiting for thee.
1 Joy for the sorrowful, strength for the weak, Words of benevolence

Jesus doth speak; His purpose of mercy no power can stay, For sorrow and

sighing shall both flee away, For sorrow and sighing shall both flee away
JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL. Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

1. His purpose of mercy no power can stay, For sorrow and sighing shall
2. The lame leaping high, these are signs of the day. When sorrow and sighing shall
3. All looking for rest at the end of the way. When sorrow and sighing shall
4. Oh strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray. Till sorrow and sighing shall

both flee a-way. For sorrow and sighing shall both flee a-way.
both flee a-way. For sorrow and sighing shall both flee a-way.
both flee a-way. For sorrow and sighing shall both flee a-way.
both flee a-way. Till sorrow and sighing shall both flee a-way.

Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
Among the redeemed who journey along,
All looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Joy for the sorrowful! Spirit of God,
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
O, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.
“NOT TO CONDEMN THE WORLD.”

Scripture sentence, or short anthem. John, III 16.

Chorus or Semichorus.

“For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, But

that the world through him might be saved!” Glory be to God,

Glory be to God, Glory be to God in the highest, highest.
FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

Scripture Sentence or Short Anthem.

Chorus or Semicorusc

For God so loved the world That He gave His onlybegotten Son, that

who-so-ever believeth in Him should not perish, But have everlasting

life, But have everlasting life but have everlasting life.

For Chorus see previous page—"Glory be to God."
114 HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh."—Anthem.

18—Two to the measure.

pp—as at a distance.

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Blessed is he that

cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-

san-na, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord.
HOSANNA. Concluded.


Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna.

All.

Full Chorus—Choir and School.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, Hosanna, Hosanna.

Hosanna in the highest, in the highest, Amen, Amen.
AWAY OVER JORDAN

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, View the land, view the land, He whom I fix my hopes upon, View the promised land, Away, away over Jordan, We'll view the land, him I view, View the promised land, Away, away over Jordan, We'll view the land,

2 His track I see, and I'll pursue, View the land, view the land, The narrow way till View the land, Away, away over Jordan, We'll view the land,

3 The way the holy prophets went, View, &c. The king's highway of holiness, View, &c. The road that leads from banishment, View, &c. I'll go, for all his paths are peace, View, &c.

Cho.—Away, away, &c.

Cho.—Away, away, &c.
We hope no one will regret the absence of inner harmony parts in the first movement of this little Anthem. Surely no earthly harmonies can add to the sweetness of this heavenly language. Let it come home to the heart and be appropriately expressed and the soul will be filled with richer and more heavenly harmonies than earth can produce.

HUIE OR SEMIQUORUS.

SOFT AND GENTLE TONES, BUT EARNEST AND DEVOUT.

I. "Come unto me all ye that labor And are heavy laden, And

I will give you rest Take my yoke upon you And learn of me for

I am meek and lowly of heart, And ye shall find rest unto your souls,
"COME UNTO ME." Continued.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light, My yoke is easy and my

First time SEMICHRUS, Second time FULL CHORUS.

burden is light." O precious invitation Help us O Lord to

Quicker & spirited

come with a broken heart, and a contrite spirit, We praise thee we
COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

bless thee O Jesus for thy love, We bless thee for the precious words that

thou hast giv'n to us. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the high-est in the high-est, in the high-est.

hosanna in the high-est, in the high-est.
THE LAND OF PEACE.

Words by Kate Cameron.

1st Semi. Cho. On earth are wars and tumults,
And danger, fear and strife,
While unseen powers conjoining
Assail our fleeting life.

2nd Semi. Cho. But there is never conflict,
Nor danger, nor alarm;
The land of peace is guarded
By an Almighty arm.

Chorus. The land of peace, etc.

1st Semi. Cho. How blissful to look forward
When all these storms shall cease
And see that happy country,
The holy land of peace.

2nd Semi. Cho. We will not mind life's struggles,
Which soon must have an end,
But place our trust in Jesus,
Our everlasting friend.

Chorus. The land of peace, etc.
And when he was come nigh, even to the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude began to rejoice, and to praise God with a loud voice, and to say:}

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!"

---

**FULL CHORUS**

24——One to each quarter note.
all the mighty works that they had seen. Saying, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. Peace on earth, and glory in the highest. Blessed be the King, blessed be the King, blessed be the King.
Blessed be the King, who cometh in the name of the King.

Blessed be the King, the King.

Lord! Blessed be the King, who cometh in the name of the Lord.

A little faster. 16—Two to the measure.

Glory, glory, glory in the highest, Peace in heav’n and glory in the highest.

* If this note can be sung clearly without straining the voices, or screaming, let it be done; if not let D be taken instead.
Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna in the highest, Hosanna in the highest.
HOSANNA ANTHEM.

30-One in each quarter note. A concerted piece for public performances.

SCHOLARS.

Ho-san-na in the highest, in the high-est, Ho-san-na in the

1 What are those soul-re-vi-vi-ng strains Which echo

high-est, in the high-est Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest.

thus from Sa-lem's plains: What sa-thems loud, and loud-er still,

Semi-chorus of Girls. Softly

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest.

BASE SOLO.

So sweet-ly sound from Zi-on's hill. 2 Lo! 'tis an in-fant cho-rus

sann-na in the highest, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-

sings. Ho-san-na to the King of kings. The Saviour comes, and babes pro

* The children should sing their Hosanna through once before the teachers and congregation commence—the
the two units.
HOSANNA ANTHEM. Concluded.

San-na in the high-est, in the highest, Hos-san-na in the highest, in the highest, in the

sal-vation sent in Je-sus' name,

Solo voices in an adjoining room, or at a distance from the Chorus. Let the tones be clear and well sustained.

A little faster. About 20.—One to each quarter note.

San-na in the high-est, Hos-san-na in the high-est, Hos-san-na in the high-est, in the high-est

San-na in the high-est, in the high-est

bled for us, he bled for you, And we will sing hos-an nas too, And we will sing hos-an nas too

Proclaim Hosannas—By congregation and choir to the melody of "Old Hundred," the children singing again the "Hosanna" attached to it.

All praise on earth to him be given.

Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear; And glory shout through highest heaven.—Cho.

See David's Son and Lord appear;
THE UNION SONG.

12—Two to each measure,
With spirit and energy.

Words by Wm. Oland Bourne.

1 Boys and girls are all for Union, North and South, and East and West: All the States in lov’d communion.

2 We will love our land for ev’ry, Dearest land beneath the sun; Foesmen’s steel shall not dissever,

CHORUS. Strong.

Heart and hand with free-dom blest. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the Youth-ful hearts that now are one. Then join in a loud hurrah! Hurrah for the land of the

free! For Union and peace, for order and law! Hur rah for the land of the free.

3 We are all a band of brothers,
All the States are sisters too,
So in time there will be others
Till at shall happy vows renew.—Cho.

4 Let the hopeful words be spoken,
on the wings of promise borne;
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn,—Cho.

5 Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
shall our glorious Union fall.—Cho.
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SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.
NEARER HOME.
HAPPY IN THE LORD.
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.
WE’LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING, &c., &c.

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LOOKING HOME.
THE SWEETEST NAME.
REST FOR THE WEARY.
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3. THE MENDELSON COLLECTION,*
4. PSALMISTA,*
5. THE SHAWM,†
6. THE JUBILÉE,†
7. THE ECLECTIC TUNE BOOK,†

GLEE AND CHORUS BOOKS.
1. THE SOCIAL SINGING BOOK,*
2. THE ALPINE GLEE SINGER,*
3. THE METROPOLITAN GLEE BOOK,*
4. NEW YORK GLEE AND CHORUS BOOK,†
5. FESTIVAL GLEE BOOK,†

COLLECTION OF ANTHEMS—1. BRADBURY'S ANTHEM BOOK,†
* Published by IVISON, PHINNEY & Co., New York.
† Published by Mason Brothers, New York.
‡ Published by F. J. HUNTINGTON, New York.
§ Published by Moore, WILSTUCK, Keys & Co., Cincinnati.
¡ Published by Wm. B. Bradbury and IVISON, PHINNEY & Co., New York.
"DIE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Full Chorus

Die on the field of battle,
Valiant band, Dauntless, brave and true.

Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle.

Once our father's breast was open
There to die, the battle won.

Christ our Captain's cause we boast,
Victory or death beside.

There to fall the warrior's song, Glories the Marching Host.

But with Jesus on our side,
Glory brighter than the sun, Fail we then, right at his post.

Death and victory, too.

That our promised due, Ora. Fall as Christians do. Ora.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1862 by Wm. B. Bradbury in the Clerk's office of the U.S. Dist. Court for the Southern Dist. of New York.