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Wisconsin Author.

SONGS

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES.

PART I.

EMBRACING A GREAT VARIETY OF
NEW HYMNS AND TUNES, ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF SABBATH SCHOOLS. &c.
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

By S. H. CARPENTER.



MADISON, Wis.

WM. J. PARK & CO., PUBLISHERS.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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Soldiers Officers Honor

SONGS

SABBATH SCHOOL

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S O N G S

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL:

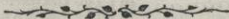
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PREFACE.

The music in this little book is all new, and is believed to be serviceable. The words do not inculcate error, but are in accordance with evangelical truth.

General Direction.—Sing the music at least one third faster than the same music would naturally be sung by grown people. Be sure and sing it fast enough, and then slacken the time to suit your taste. Children are animated, and music, to express the feelings of children, must be sprightly. Do not forget this.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1867, by S. H. CARPENTER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S. for the District of Wisconsin.

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SONGS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

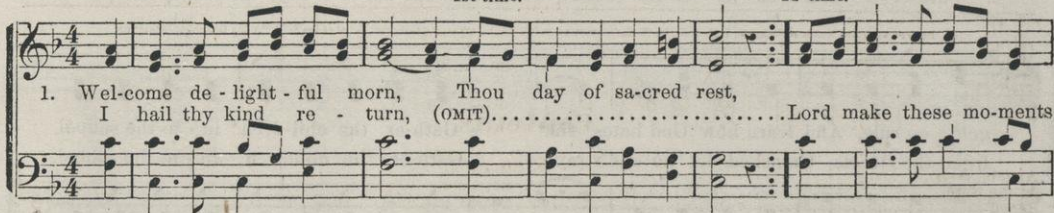


Sabbath Morning.

S. H. C.

1st time.

2d time.



1. Wel-come de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest,
I hail thy kind re-turn, (OMIT).....Lord make these mo-ments

2. De-scend ce-les-tial dove, With all thy quickening power,
Dis-close a Sav-ior's love, (OMIT).....And bless the sa-cred



blest. From low de-ights and mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

hour. Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor sab-baths be en-joyed in vain.

Gather the Children in.

Words and Music by S. H. C.

QUICK.

1. Gath-er the child-ren in - to the school, Gath-er the child-ren in, Where they may learn the
 2. Gath-er the chil-dren in - to the school, Gath-er the rude from play, Gath - er the i - dle

3. Gath-er the chil-dren in - to the school, Show them the nar-row way, Lest they de-spise God's

gold - en rule, And learn how God hates sin. Gath-er the chil-dren in - to the school,
 from the streets, Un-asked let no one stray. Gath-er the child-ren in - to the school,
 ho - ly law, Nor keep the Sab-bath day. Gath-er the chil-dren in - to the school,

Gather the old and young, Gather them in where truth is taught, And where sweet songs are sung.
 Those who have learned before, To welcome the sound of the Sabbath bell, As it calls them o'er and o'er.

Gather the children in, No one can tell the good you may do, In saving a soul from sin.

Gather the Children in.—Concluded.

5

CHORUS.

Gather the chil-dren in - to the school, On the ho - ly Sabbath day; Gath-er the children

Chorus by children.

in . to the school, To learn the heavenly way. We come, we come, we come, We

come to the Sab-bath school, We come we come we come, To learn the gold-en rule.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care; That
And
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear To
I'll

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share, Till
And
FINE

bids me at my Fath - er's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known;
oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare By thy re - turn sweet hour of prayer.
him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
cast on him my ev - ery care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

from mount Pis - gah's lof - ty height, I view my home and take my flight,
shout, while passing through the air, "Fare-well, fare - well sweet hour of prayer."
D. S.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word and trust his grace,

This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

God is Love.

S. H. C. 7

1. God is love; his mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove, Bliss he
 2. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, Will his change - less good - ness prove, From the

wakes and woe he light - ens, God is wis - dom, God is love; Chance and change are busy ev - er,
 gloom his bright - ness stream - eth, God is wisdom, God is love; He with earthly care en - twin - h,

Man de - cays and a - ges move, But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er, God is wis - dom God is love.
 Hope and com - fort from above, Every where his glo - ry shin - eth, God is wis - dom, God is love.

1. Sab - bath ho - ly, to the low - ly, Still thou art a wel - come day, When thou
2. Wea - ry moth - er, toil - ing broth - er, Sis - ter, worn with anx - ious care, Grief-bowed

com - est, earth and o - cean, Shade and bright - ness, rest and mo - tion, Help the wea - ry heart to
sire that life - long di - est, Child that in thy sleep - ing sigh - est, Come ye to the house of

pray. Sab - bath ho - ly, to the low - ly, Paint with flowers thy glit - t'ring sod. For af -
prayer. Still God liv - eth, still he giv - eth What no man can take a - way; And, oh

Sabbath Holy.—Concluded.

flic-tion's sons and daughters, Bid thy mountains, woods and waters, Pray to God, our Father God.
Sab-bath! bring-ing glad-ness Un-to hearts of wea-ry sad-ness, Still thou art our ho-ly day.

Jubilee.

S. H. C.

1. Joy - ful be the hours to - day, Joy - ful let the sea - son be;
2. Should thy chil - dren si - lent be, Then the ve - ry stones would sing;

3. Joy - ful are we now to own, Rap - ture thrills us as we trace
4. Thine the name to sin - ners dear; Thine the name all names be - fore;

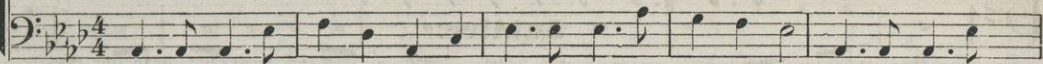
Let us sing, for well we may, Je - sus, we will sing of thee.
What a debt we owe to thee; Thee our Sav - ior, thee our King.

All the deeds thy love hath done, All the rich - es of thy grace.
Bless - ed here and ev - ery - where, Bless - ed now and ev - er - more.

One there is Above all Others.



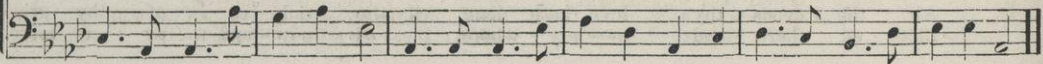
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of friend, His is love be -
 2. When he liv'ed on earth a - bas - ed Friend of sin - ners was his name, Now a - bove all



yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free and knows no end. Which of all our friends to save us,
 glo - ry rais - ed He re - joic - es in the same. O for grace our hearts to soft - en,



Could or would have shed his blood, But this Je - sus died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God.
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love, We, a - las, for - get too of - ten What a friend we have a - bove.



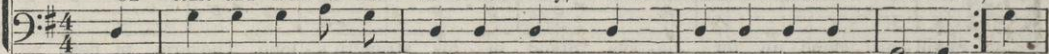
Come to the Sabbath School.

S. H. C. 11

CHORUS.



- | | |
|----|--|
| 1. | Come child - ren come to the Sab - bath school, The bell is loud - ly ring - ing, } Oh |
| | Your teach - ers kind are all wait - ing there, To join you in your sing - ing } |
| 2. | Oh come, then come on the Sab - bath day, The best of all the sev - en, } |
| | Oh come and learn of the nar - row way, That leads a - bove to hea - ven. } |



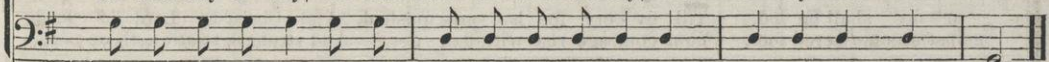
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|----|--|
| 3. | Oh come and learn how Je - sus died, Up - on the cross to save us, |
| | From end - less woe in the world to come And sins which here en - slave us. |
| 4. | Oh ear - ly give up your heart to him, Each sin - ful course dis - dain - ing. |
| | His cross is ea - sy, his bur - den light, His grace is all sus - tain - ing. |



come, then come to the Sab - bath School, Oh come to the Sab - bath School, Let



no one stay a - way, On this bless - ed Sab - bath day, Let ev - ery seat be full.



- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| 5. | Oh then obey his holy law,
Forsake each sinful pleasure,
And strive while here you live below
To lay up heavenly treasure. CHORUS. | 6. | And when in age your feeble steps,
Lead to the silent river,
His presence will support you well,
His grace crown you forever. CHORUS. |
|----|---|----|--|

Stand up for Jesus.

S. H. C.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey, Forth to the migh - ty

3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone, The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long, This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. From vict - 'ry un - to vict - 'ry, His
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day. "Ye are the men, now serve him" A -

fail you, Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall be led, Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst un - num - bered foes, Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

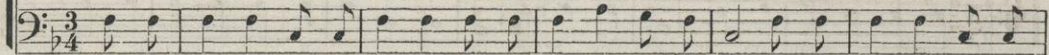
watch - ing un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calis, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be, He with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

The Invitation.

S. H. C. 13



1. Chil - dren, will you scorn the mes - sage, Sent in mer - cy from a - bove. Ev - ery sen - tence, oh how
2. Hear the her - alds of the gos - pel, News from Zi - on's King pro - claim, Par - don to each re - bel



3. Oh ye an - gels hover - ing round us, Wait - ing spir - its speed your way; Haste ye to the courts of



ten - der, Ev - ery line is full of love; Lis - ten to it! Eve - ry line is full of love.
sin - ner, Free for - give - ness in his name; How im - por - tant! Free for - give - ness in his name

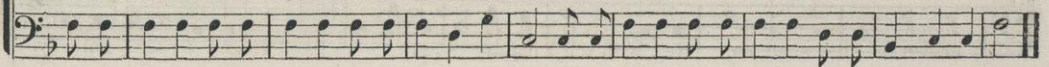


heav - en, Ti - dings bear with - out de - lay: Re - bel sin - ners Glad the mes - sage will o - bey.

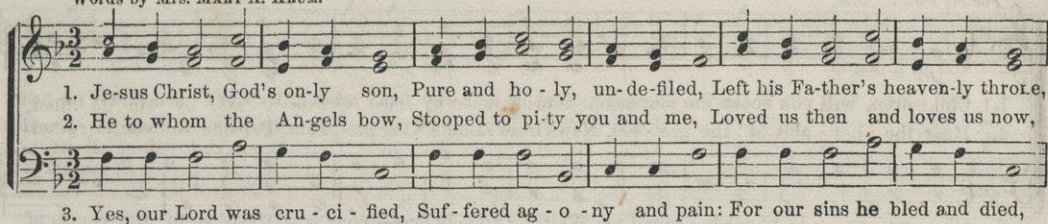
Refrain.



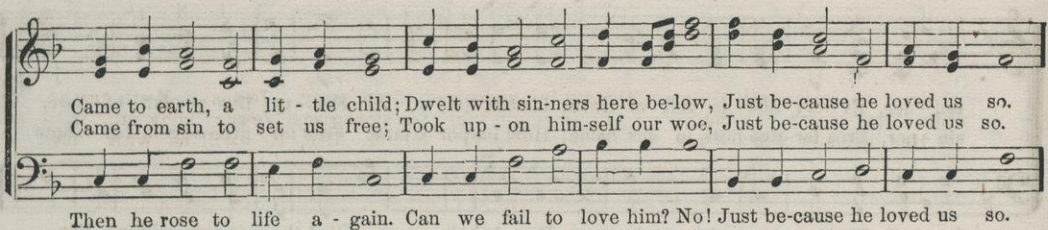
Come to Jesus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Jesus, Come now: Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, come now.



Words by Mrs. MARY A. KRUM.

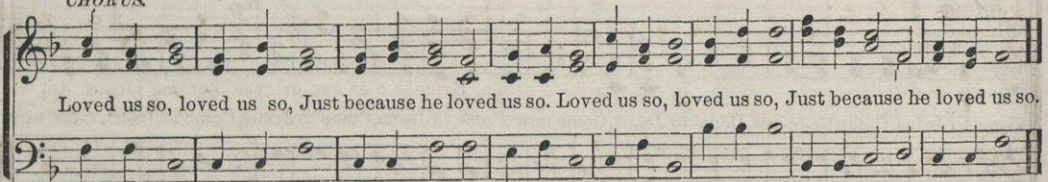


1. Je-sus Christ, God's on-ly son, Pure and ho-ly, un-de-fied, Left his Fa-ther's hea-ven-ly thro-
 2. He to whom the An-gels bow, Stooped to pi-ty you and me, Loved us then and loves us now,
 3. Yes, our Lord was cru-ci-fied, Suf-fered ag-o-ny and pain: For our sins he bled and died,



Came to earth, a lit-tle child; Dwelt with sin-ners here be-low, Just be-cause he loved us so.
 Came from sin to set us free; Took up-on him-self our woe, Just be-cause he loved us so.
 Then he rose to life a-gain. Can we fail to love him? No! Just be-cause he loved us so.

CHORUS



Loved us so, loved us so, Just because he loved us so. Loved us so, loved us so, Just because he loved us so.

Jesus Loveth Me.

Words and Music by S. H. C.

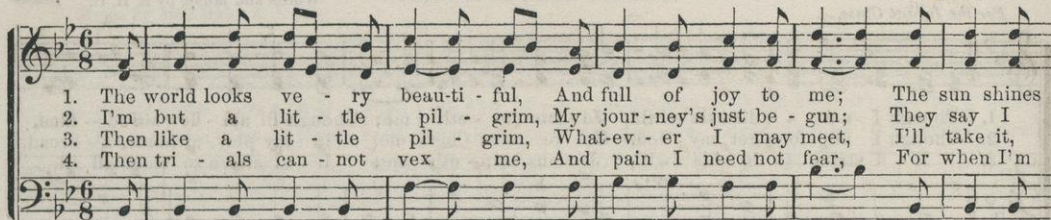
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For the Infant Class.

1. Though I am a lit-tle child, Je-sus lov-eth me; Though I am by sin de-filed,
2. Though I oft for-get my God, He re-mem-bers me; In my play, at home, a-broad,
3. If I strive to do his will; Je-sus help-eth me; If I strive to shun all ill,

Je-sus cleans-eth me. Though I thought-less of-ten stray, Je-sus call-eth me,
Je-sus seeth me. If my sin-ful pas-sions rise, Je-sus know-eth it,
He as-sist-eth me. If I die or if I live, He will be with me.


He will keep me in the way, Je-sus guid-eth me, Guid-eth me, Guid-eth me, Je-sus guid-eth me.
Though he dwells above the skies, Je-sus grieves o'er me, Grieves o'er me, grieves o'er me, Jesus, &c.
He for me his life did give, Once on Cal-va-ry, Died for me, Died for me, Once on Cal-va-ry.



1. The world looks ve - ry beau - ti - ful, And full of joy to me; The sun shines
 2. I'm but a lit - tle pil - grim, My jour - ney's just be - gun; They say I
 3. Then like a lit - tle pil - grim, What - ev - er I may meet, I'll take it,
 4. Then tri - als can - not vex me, And pain I need not fear, For when I'm



out in glo - ry, On ev - ery thing I see; I know I shall be hap - py, While
 shall meet sor - row, Be - fore my jour - ney's done; The world is full of sor - row, And
 joy or sor - row, And lay at Je - sus' feet, He'll com - fort me in trou - ble, He'll
 close by Je - sus, Grief can - not come too near; Not ev - en Death can harm me, When



in the world I stay, For I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 suf - fer - ing they say, But I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 wipe my tears a - way, With joy I'll fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 death I meet one day, To heaven I'll fol - low Je - sus All the way.

Follow Jesus.—Concluded.

17

Refrain.

Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus All the way: For I will fol - low Je - sus,

All the way, For I will fol - low Je - sus all the way.

Hesperus. C. M.

S. H. C.

When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close That ends the weary week.

1. Noth - ing ei - ther great or small, Re - mains for me to do, Je - sus died and paid it
 2. When he from his lof - ty throne, Stooped down to do and die, Ev - ery thing was ful - ly
 3. Wea - ry work - ing, plod - ding one, Oh, where - fore toil you so? Cease your "do - ing," all was
 4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling, A - lone by sim - ple faith, "Do - ing" is a dead - ly
 5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down, Down all at Je - sus' feet, Stand in him, in him a -

CHORUS.

all, Yes, all the debt I owe. Je - sus died and paid it all, Je - sus
 done, Yes, "fin - ished" was his cry. Je - sus died &c.
 done, Yes, a - ges long a - go. Je - sus died &c.
 thing, All "do - ing" ends in death. Je - sus died &c.
 lone, All glo - rious and com - plete. Je - sus died &c.

died and paid it all, Je - sus died and paid it all— Yes all the debt I owe.

The Shepherd.

S. H. C. 19

Quick.

1. While my Re - deem - er's near My Shep - herd and my guide I bid fare-well to
2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dance grows, His gra - cious hand in -
3. Dear shep-herd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store, And guide me with thy

Refrain.

ev - ery fear, My wants are all sup - plied. What can I want be - side, If
dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.
watch - ful eye, And let me rove no more.

mine is Je - sus' love, For ev - ery want he will pro - vide And bring me safe a - bove.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me;
 2. Though like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps up to heaven; All that thou send-est me, In mer - cy given;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er my God to thee; Nearer to thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'll be, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er my God to thee; Nearer to thee!
 An - gels to beck-on me, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er my God to thee; Nearer to thee!

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

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

Oh, could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

S.H.C. 21

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav-ior shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel
 Of sin and wrath di-vine— I'd sing his glo-rious right-eousness, In which all per-fect
 Ex-alt-ed on his throne. In loftiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-
 And I shall see his face. There with my Savior, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-

while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heaven-ly dress, I shall for-ev-er shine, I shall for-ev-er shine.
 last-ing days Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo-ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in his grace, Tri-umph-ant in his grace.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with
 2. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A few more toils, a
 3. A few more Sab-baths here, Shall cheer us on our way, And we shall reach the
 4. 'Tis but a lit-tle while, And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might

those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb; Then oh my Lord pre- pare My
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more. Then oh my Lord pre- pare My
 end- less rest, The eter- nal Sab- bath day. Then oh my Lord pre- pare My
 live, And lives, That we with him may reign. Then oh my Lord pre- pare My

soul for that great day, Oh wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way.
 soul for that blest day, Oh wash &c.,
 soul for that sweet day, Oh wash &c.,
 soul for that glad day, Oh wash &c.,

Missionary Hymn.

S. H. C. 23

1. On-ward, Onward men of heaven; Bear the gospel ban-ner high; Rest not till its light is
 2. Where the Artic ocean thunders, Where the tropics fiercely glow, Broadly spread its page of
 3. Rude in speech or wild in fea-ture, Dark in spirit though they be, Show that light to ev-ery

giv - en, Star of ev - ery pa - gan sky; Send it where the pil - grim stran-ger faints be-
 wonders, Bright-ly bid its ra-diance flow: In-dia marks its lus - ter steal - ing, Shivering
 crea-ture, Prince or vas - sal, bond or free; Lol they haste to ev - ery na-tion; Host on

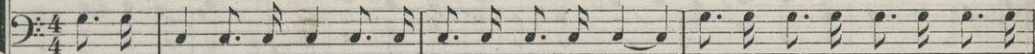
neath the tor - rid ray; Bid the har - dy for - est ran - ger, Hail it ere he fades a - way.
 Greenland loves its rays; Af - ric 'mid her des-erts kneeling, Lifts the un-taught strain of praise.
 host the ranks sup - ply; Onward! Christ is your sal - va - tion, And your death is vic-to-ry.

Marching On.

Words and Music by S. H. C.



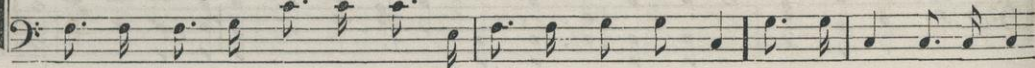
1. March-ing on, march-ing on in the ar-my of the Lord, Trust-ing to the prom-ise of his
2. March-ing on, march-ing on 'gainst the ma-ny foes that rise, To turn us from the nar-row path that
3. March-ing on, march-ing on, oft with sad-dened hearts and sore, As we strug-gle on the path-way to the
4. March-ing on, march-ing on, to the nar-row stream of death, Where we'll win the fi-nal vic-to-ry e'en



own in-spired word; In our Lead-er's strength a-lone, we strike each stir-dy blow Till leads us to the skies; Fight-ing with the sin-ful pas-sions, that of-ten rise with-in, dis-tant shin-ing shore; Sing-ing on, sing-ing on, in many a rap-turous song, As we with our part-ing breath, Till we reach the bless-ed hea-ven, And lay our ar-mor down, And



he gives us the vic-to-ry o'er eve-ry wi-ly foe. March-ing on, march-ing on Fight-ing with temp-ta-tions sore that lure us on to sin. hast-en on our jour-ney to join the ran-somed throng. with the an-gel's wel-come re-ceive the vic-tor's crown.



Marching On.—Concluded.

25

in the ar - my of the Lord, March-ing on, march-ing on, 'neath the ban-ner of his word.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

March - ing on, march-ing on, As we tread the tempt - er down

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It features similar rhythmic patterns and chordal structures as the first system.

March - ing on, march - ing on, Till we wear the star - ry crown.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It ends with a double bar line. The melody and accompaniment maintain the same style as the previous systems.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew the Lord, But chil-dren of the
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
 4. Then let our songs a-bound And eve-ry tear be dry, We're march-ing thro' In-

Refrain.

sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne. Sing-ing on our pil-grim-age, Sing-ing on our
 •heaven-ly king, May speak their joys a-broad.
 •heaven-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
 man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

pil-grim-age, Sing-ing on our pil-grim age, To fair-er worlds on high.

Children of the Heavenly King.

S. H. C.

27

1. Chil-dren * of the heaven-ly king, As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing, Sing your Sa - viors'
 2. Ye are travel-ing home to God, In the 'way the fa-thers trod, They are hap - py
 3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest, Who your hopes on Je - sus rest, He your man - sion
 4. Lord sub-mis-sive make us go, Glad-ly bear-ing all be - low, On - ly Thou our

Refrain.

wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways. Sing, then, as ye jour-ney on, Sing then as ye
 now, and ye Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see.
 has pre-pared, In his king-dom your re-ward.
 lead-er be, May we on - ly fol - low thee.

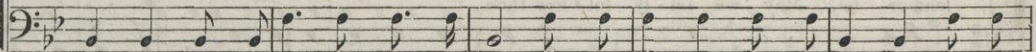
jour - ney on, Sing then as ye jour - ney on, To the land of rest a - bove.



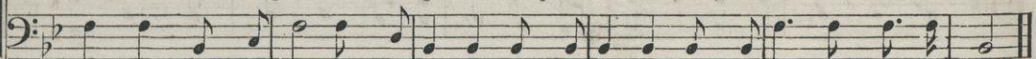
1. Chil - dren hear the melt - ing sto - ry Of a Sa - vior's won - drous love, How he left his home in
2. Thought - less one come hear the sto - ry, Of the Sa - vior's love for thee, Je - sus Christ the Lord of
3. Sin - ner, can you live un - heed - ing Je - sus' migh - ty love for thee, On the husks of fol - ly
4. Soon will end this life's pro - ba - tion, Soon be - fore the judge we'll stand. Where, oh where will be our



glo - ry, At his Fa - ther's side a - bove; How in Beth - le - hem's hum - ble man - ger Je - sus
glo - ry, Cru - ci - fied on Cal - va - ry; See the Sa - vior hang - ing bleed - ing, Bear - ing
feed - ing, While the bread of life is free? Turn, oh turn un - to the Sa - vior, It is
sta - tion, At his right, or his left hand? Shall we dwell in bliss for - ev - er Where can



made his low - ly bed, How he dwelt on earth a stran - ger, With - out where to lay his head.
hu - man guilt and woe, Hear his ten - der in - ter - ced - ing, Par - don them for what they do.
on - ly look and live, On - ly ask in faith the fa - vor, He will peace and par - don give.
come no sin nor grief? Shall we go where hope can nev - er Bring the lost the least re - lief?



At the Gate.

S. H. C. 29

1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, a-wea-ry faint and sore, Wait-ing for the dawning for the opening of the door—
 2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, 'mid darkness storm and strife, Bearing many a burden ever struggling for my life, But
 3. Me-thinks I hear the voi-ces of the bless-ed as they stand, Sing-ing in the sunshine of the sin-less heavenly land, Oh
 4. The friends who started with me, have entered long ago, One by one they left me as I struggled with the foe, Their
 5. With them the blessed an-gels who know no grief nor sin, I see them by the portals there prepared to let me in, Oh

Wait-ing till the mas-ter shall bid me rise and come, To the glo-ry of his pres-ence, to the glad-ness of his home.
 now the morn is break-ing, my toll will soon be o'er, I'm kneel-ing at the threshold, my hand is on the door.
 would that I were with them a-mid their shin-ing throng, Assist-ing in their wor-ship and joining in their song.
 pil-grim-age was short-er their tri-umph soon-er won, How lov-ing-ly they'll hail me when all my toil is done.
 Lord I wait thy pleas-ure thy time and way are best, But I'm wea-ry worn and wast-ed—oh Father bid me rest.

Refrain.

Wait-ing at the threshold of the heav-en-ly door, Wait-ing for the an-gels, From the shin-ing shore.

Shall we Meet around the Throne.

Words and Music by S. H. C.



1. Shall we meet a-round the throne of Je-sus crowned a-bove, To hymn e - ter - nal prai-ses there?
Shall we join the ram-somed sing-ing of re-deem-ing love, (OMIT)
2. We must tread the narrow road the saints and martyrs trod, As they marched along life's pilgrim way;
We must shun the world's allurements tempting us from God, (OMIT)



- d.c. Shall we in the bless-ed hea-ven, round our ris-en King, (OMIT)
- d.c. We must go where duty calls, through raging flood or flame, (OMIT)



While the sin-less hush their harps to hear? Shall we join the song the angels nevermore can sing, The
In the sin-ner's dangerous path to stray. We must fight the hosts of sin in Je-sus' sacred name, Clad



Spend an end-less life of joy a - bove.
Till our trust-ing faith is changed to sight.



Song of Je - sus dy - ing love?
in the gospel armor bright.



3. We must bear the heavy cross, ere we wear the golden crown;
Earthly toil before the heavenly rest ;
We must fight the battle through, ere we lay our armor down
In the peaceful mansions of the blessed.
Then when Jesus calls us home, we'll dwell with him above,
To hymn his endless praises there ;
Then we'll join the ransomed singing of redeeming love,
While the sinless hush their harps to hear.

Our Father.

S. H. C. 31

Our Fa-ther who art in heaven, Hal-lowed be thy name, Thy king-dom come thy will be done, On

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Earth as it is in heaven, Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

tress-pass a - gainst us, And lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion, But de - liv - er us from e - vil, For

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

thine is the kingdom and the pow-er and the glo-ry for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men, a - men, a - men.

The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis-ions of en-raptured thought, So bright that all which
 2. A land up - on whose blissful shore, There rests no shadow, falls no stain, There those who meet shall
 3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With vary-ing hues of shade and light, It hath no need of
 4. There sweeps no des - o - la - ting wind, A-cross that calm serene a - bode, The wanderer there a

Refrain.

spreads between, Is with its radiant glo-ry fraught. Oh, hap-py land! Oh, heavenly land! Oh,
 part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain. Oh happy, &c.
 suns to rise, To dis - si - pate the gloom of night. Oh happy, &c.
 home may find, With-in the par - a - dise of God. Oh happy &c.

hap-py land, Oh heavenly land, Oh hap-py land, Where Je-sus stands, Stands to wel-come me.

The Undiscovered Country.

S. H. C. 33

1. Could we but know The land where ends our dark uncertain travel, Where lie those heavenly hills and meadows low—
2. Might we but hear The hovering angels' high imagined chorus, Or catch be - times with wakeful eyes and clear,
3. Were we quite sure To find the peerless friend who left us lonely, Or there by some celestial stream as pure,

Ah, if be-yond the spir-it's in-most cav-il, Aught of that coun-try could we surely know—Who would not go?
One radiant vis-ta of the land be - fore us, With one rapt mo-ment giv'n to see and hear—Ah! who would fear?
To gaze in eyes that here were love-lit on-ly, This wea-ry mor - tal coil, were we quite sure—Who could endure?

The Answer.

1. "Who would not go"
With buoyant steps to gain that blessed portal,
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe,
In resting so?
2. "Ah who would fear?"
Since sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul anear,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer
3. "Who would endure?"
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure,
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever living,
Promises mansions evermore secure,
By waters pure.

What the Hours are Telling.

Rev. Wm. C. Wright.

1. Up in the blue and star-ry sky, A group of hours, one even, Met, as they took their
 2. And some had gold and pur-ple wings, Some drooped like faded flowers, And sad-ly went to
 3. And thus they glid-ed on, and gave Their tidings dark and bright, To Him who marks each

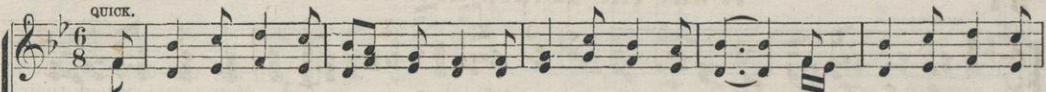
up-ward flight In - to the high-est heaven. And they were go - ing there to tell Of
 tell the tale That they were mis-spent hours. Some glowed with ro - sy hopes and smiles, And
 pass-ing hour Of child-hood's day and night. Re - mem - ber, child-ren of the earth, Each

all that had been done By lit - tle child-ren, good or bad, Since the last ri - sing sun.
 some shed many a tear; Oth-ers had some kind words and acts To car - ry up-ward there.
 hour is on its way, Bear-ing its own re - port to heaven, Of all you do and say.

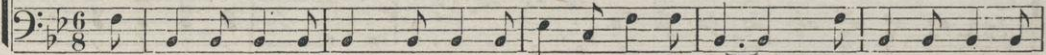
The Land Above.

S. H. C. 35

QUICK.



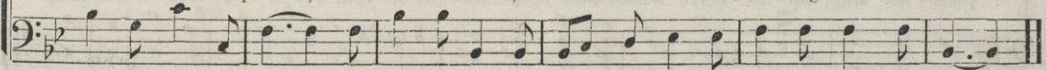
1. There is a land of pure de light, Where saints immortal reign, E - ter - nal day ex -
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in living green, So to the Jews old
3. Oh could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan



cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. There ev - er - last-ing spring a - bides, And
 Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink, To
 that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And



nev - er fad - ing flowers, Death like a narrow sea di - vides, This heavenly land from ours.
 cross this nar - row sea, And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 view the land - scape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Could fright us from the shore.



1. Hark what mean those ho - ly voices, Sweetly sound-ing through the skies, Lo 'th an-gel - ic
2. Peace on earth, good will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found, Souls redeemed, and

host rejoices, Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise ; Hear them tell the won'drous story, Hear them chant in
sins forgiven, Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is born, the great anointed, Heaven and earth his

hymns of joy, Glory in the high - est, glo-ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.
prais - es sing, Oh re - ceive whom God ap-pointed For your Proph - et, Priest, and King.

Cometh a Blessing Down.

37

1. Not to the man of dol-lars, Not to the man of deeds, Not to the man of
 2. Not to the land's ex-pan-sion, Not to the mi-ser's chest, Not to the princely
 3. Not to the fol-ly blind-ed, Not to the steeped in shame, Not to the car-nal
 4. But to the one whose spir-it, Yearns for the great and good, Un-to the one whose

cun-ning, Not to the man of creeds, Not to the one whose pas-sion
 man-sion. Not to the blaz-oned crest, Not to the sor-did world-ling,
 mind-ed, Not to un-ho-ly fame, Not in neg-lect of du-ty,
 storehouse Yield-eth the hung-ry food, Un-to the one who la-bors

Is for the world's re-nown, Not in the form of fash-ion Com-eth a bles-sing down.
 Not to the knav-ish clown, Not to the haugh-ty ty-rant Com-eth a bles-sing down.
 Not in the monarch's crown, Not at the smile of beau-ty Com-eth a bles-sing down.
 Fear-less of foe or frown, Un-to the kind-ly heart-ed Com-eth a bles-sing down.

1. My home is in heaven, My rest is not here, Then why should I mur - mur when trials are near ;
 2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss, And building my hopes in a re - gion like this,
 3. Afflic - tions may press me, they can - not de - stroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy,
 4. Let trial and dan - ger my pro - gress op - pose, They on - ly make heaven more sweet at its close,

Be hushed my dark spirit the worst that can come, But shortens my journey and hastens me home.
 I look for a ci - ty that hands have not piled, I pant for a coun - try by sin un - de - filed.
 And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.
 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may be - fall, An hour with my Sa - vior will make up for all.

Refrain.

My heav - en - ly home! My heav - en - ly home, Where an - gels are wait - ing to welcome me home.

Heavenly Home.—Concluded.

39

My heav-en-ly home, My heav - en - ly home, Where Je-sus is wait - ing to welcome me home.

The musical score for "Heavenly Home" consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style with a clear harmonic accompaniment.

Pilkington. S. M.

S. H. C.

If on a quiet sea, Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God to thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

The musical score for "Pilkington" consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style with a clear harmonic accompaniment.

Benedict. S. M.

S. H. C.

The Savior kindly calls Our children to his breast, He folds them in his gracious arms, Himself declares them blest.

The musical score for "Benedict" consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style with a clear harmonic accompaniment.

1 Lis - ten to me, O my Fa - ther, Tho' thou art in heaven a - bove; Thou canst hear each word I
2. Ma - ny times I try to serve thee, Ma - ny times, dear Lord, I fail; E - vil thoughts and sin ful

ut - ter, Thou canst speak to me in love, By thy word and by thy spir - it, Oft thy
actions, Rise a - gainst me to pre - vail. In the hour of my temp - ta - tion, Near, O

mes - sage comes to me; Teach me, Fa - ther, to re - ceive it, And to love and fol - low thee.
Fa - ther, be to me; Make me ey - er to re - mem - ber That my strength is all in thee.

