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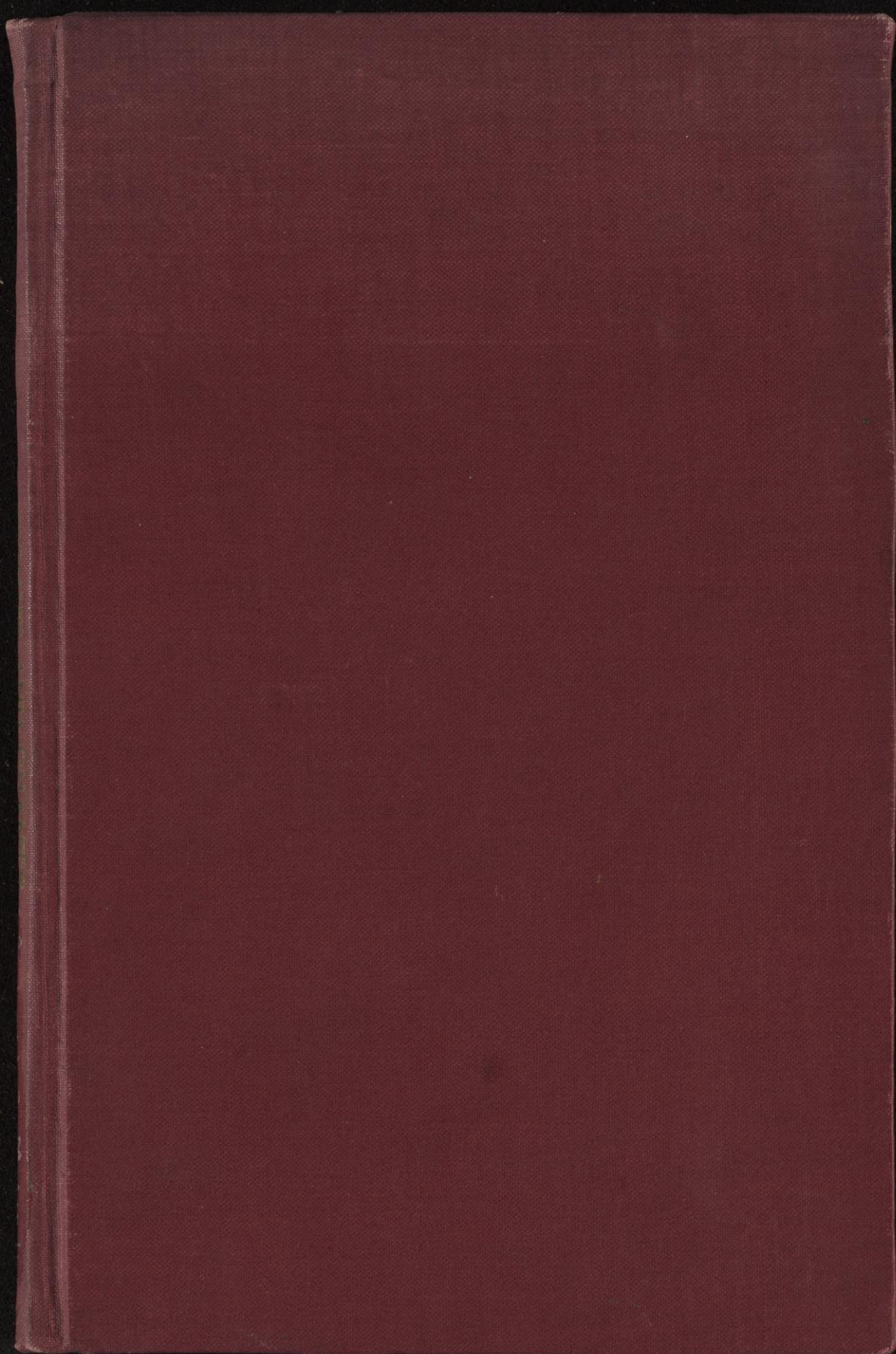
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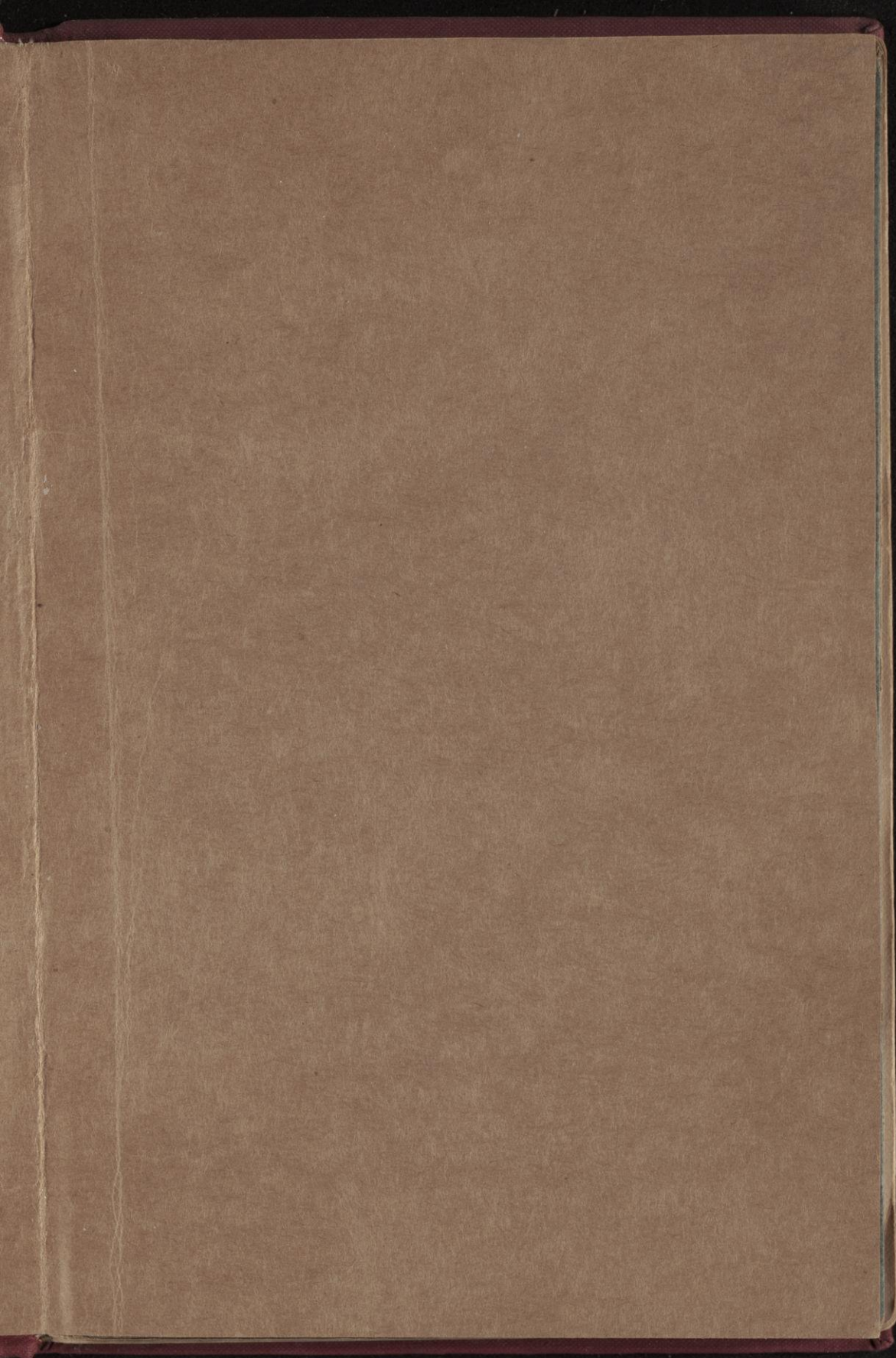
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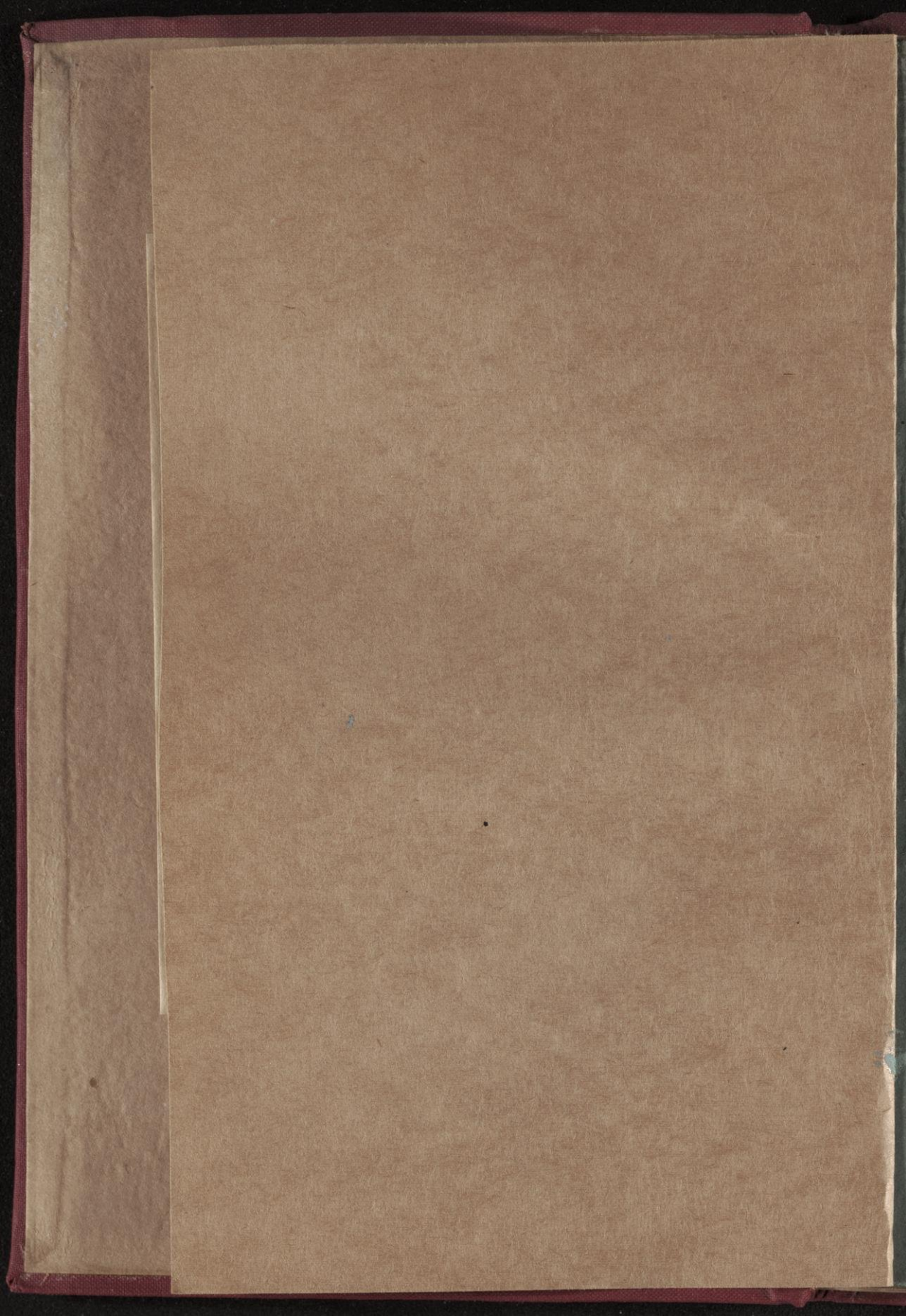




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HYMNS AND CHANTS,

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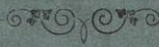
Mrs. K. J. BRAINARD and W. MALMÈNE,

Mus. Bac. Cantab.

TEACHERS AT THE

MARY INSTITUTE AND WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY,

ST. LOUIS, MO.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

PUBLISHED BY BALMER & WEBER, No. 206 NORTH FIFTH STREET.

Sole Agents for MASON & HAMLIN's Cabinet Organs.

1871.

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GENERAL INDEX.

HYMN-TUNES.

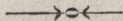
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THE TREASURE.



GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh,

Ru - ler of wind and wave, Do thou our coun - try save By thy great might.
Guarding with watch - ful eye, To thee a - - loud we cry, God save the State.

2

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

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

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

3

"THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN."
Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Join all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

REISSIGER. L. M. D.

My God!..... at morning's ra-diant hour To thee will I lift

up..... my heart; The shades..... of night o-bey... thy power, And
All, great..... Cre-a-tor... all..... is thine; The

at..... thy sun's bright beams de-part. Fa-ther and
heart, my nob-lest... of-fer-ing.

Guardian! to... thy shrine The life..... thou shiel-dest will..... I bring;

4

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

My God! at morning's radiant hour
To thee will I lift up my heart;
The shades of night obey thy power,
And at thy sun's bright beams depart.

Father and Guardian! to thy shrine
The life thou shieldest will I bring;
All, great Creator, all is thine;
The heart, my noblest offering.

The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noon-day calm shall know my praise.
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to thee shall raise.

So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
My constant inspiration be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

5

PRAISE.

Great God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

REISSIGER. L. M. D.

My God!..... at morning's ra-diant hour To thee will I lift

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Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

AUTUMN. 8s. & 7s. M.

Gracious God, our Heavenly Father! Meet and bless our school, we pray,

As in hum-ble trust we ga-ther, Teachers, scholars, here... to-day.

Ev'-ry joy and ev'-ry bles-sing From thy bounteous hand we own;

May thy love, our souls possess-ing, Draw us near-er to thy throne.

12

INVOCATION.

Gracious God, our Heavenly Father!
 Meet and bless our school, we pray,
 As in humble trust we gather,—
 Teachers, scholars, here to-day.
 Every joy and every blessing
 From thy bounteous hand we own;
 May thy love, our souls possessing,
 Draw us nearer to thy throne.
 Week, imperfect, tempted, erring,
 From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
 Let thy spirit, from our wandering
 Bring us back to virtue's way.
 Humble, penitent, confiding,
 May we rest our hope in thee;
 In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
 In thy peace and purity.

13

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the paths, in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 He with earthly care entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

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 Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

14

ST. LOUIS. H. M.

Composed by W. Malmene.—M. B. Cantab.

1. O Zi - on, tune..... thy..... voice, And raise thy.....
2. He gilds thy mour - ning.... face With beams that.....

hands..... on... high; Tell all..... the... earth... thy... joys... And
can - - not.. fade; His all - - re - splen - dent grace.. He...

boast sal - va - - tion... nigh. Cheer-ful in God,... A-
pours a - - round thy... head. The na - tions.. round..... Thy

rise and... shine, While rays di - vine... Stream all..... a - broad.
form shall view, With lus - tre... new... Di - vine - ly... crowned.

15

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King:
O bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;

His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth.
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
O, let his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame.

BENEVENTO. 7s.

S. Webbe.

While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the for-mer year,
Ma-ny souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here;...
Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle none can know.

16

NEW YEAR.

While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

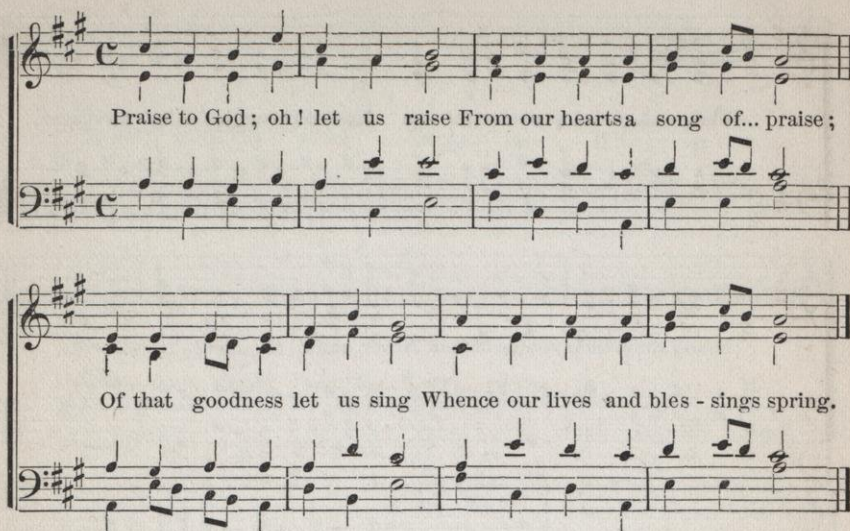
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MORNING HYMN.

Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day!
Drive the shades of sin away.
Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand and watch and pray

Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
When our work of life is past,
Oh receive us then at last!
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

NUREMBERG. 7s.



Praise to God; oh! let us raise From our hearts a song of... praise;
Of that goodness let us sing Whence our lives and blessings spring.

18

PRAISE.

Praise to God; oh! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise;
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to him who made the light,
Praise to him who gave us sight!
Praise to him who formed the ear!
He our humble praise will hear.

Praise him for our happy hours;
Praise him for our varied powers;
For these thoughts that soar above;
For these hearts he made for love.

Praise the mercy that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend;
Praise him every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

19

PRAISE FOR THE SEASONS.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,—
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.—

These to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These through all my happy days
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

Lord, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise,
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

20

PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GREATNESS
AND MERCY.

Glory be to God on high!
God, whose glory fills the sky.
Peace on earth to man forgiven!
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

Favored mortals raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong,
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise
Join the hymns your voices raise.

Mark the wonders of his hand:
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

Glorious being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

ST. JOHN. P. M.

W. Malmene.
M. B. Cantab.

Clo - ser, my child, to me, Clo - ser to me,

It is a fa-ther's hand That chast-ens thee..... From ev' - ry

dan - ger free My arms shall gath - er thee Clo - ser... to me,

21

CLOSER TO ME.

Closer, my child, to me,
Closer to me,
It is a father's hand
That chastens thee.
From every danger free
My arms shall gather thee
Closer to me.

Deepens the pain and strife
The anguish sore?
Wrestles the tired soul
With life no more?
Rest waiteth here for thee,
Cling weary one to me,
Closer to me.

Come, with thy great unrest,
Thy pain untold;
Come, with life's problems vexed,
And Truth behold;
Come through the golden sea
Of Christ's dear love for thee
Closer to me.

22

MRS A. F. GOFF, NASHVILLE, TENN.

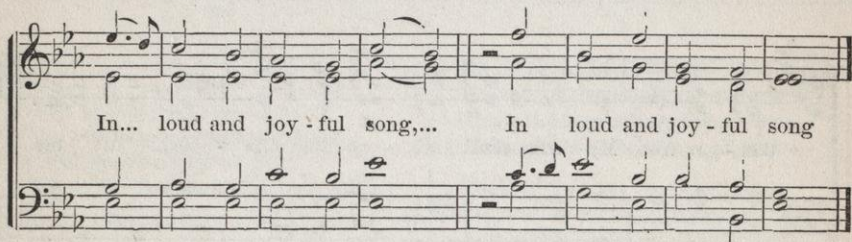
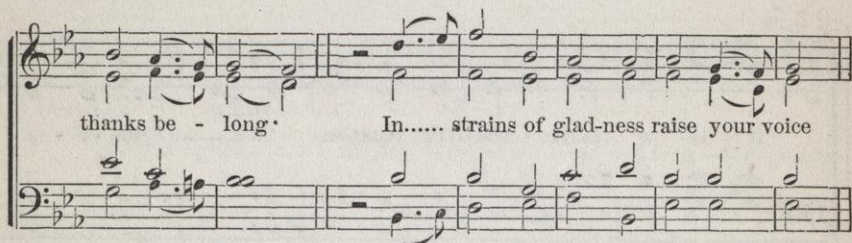
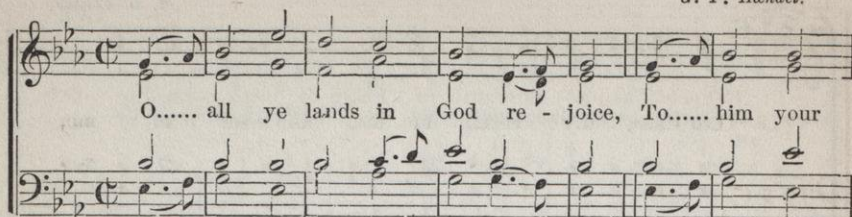
Father! our souls we lift
On trusting wings,
Far, far beyond the drift
Of mortal things.
Higher than earthly shrift
Soaring to ask the gift
Thy presence brings.

Savior, we call on thee!
Believing, bow,
And humbly bend the knee
To breathe a vow.
Gathered are two or three
Claiming thy promise free
Be with us now.

Give us thy peace on earth,
Let love transpose
All things to things of worth
Which God bestows.
Pardon our spirits' dearth
And grant eternal birth
When life shall close.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. Handel.



23

O, all ye lands in God rejoice,
To him your thanks belong;
In strains of gladness raise your voice
In loud and joyful song.

O enter ye his courts with praise;
His love to all proclaim;
To God the song of triumph raise,
And magnify his name.

For he is gracious, just, and good,
His mercy ever sure;
Through ages past has ever stood,
And ever shall endure.

24

THE CHIEF GRACE.

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

25

Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his power unknown;
O, let his praise be great!
I'll sing the honors of thy throne.
Thy works of peace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

26

BLUMENTHAL. 7s.

p

1. Feeble, helpless, how shall I Learn to live and learn to die?
 2. Thro' this world, un-cer - tain, dim, Let me ev - er learn of him;

Who, O God, my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy...child to thee?
 From his precepts wis - dom draw, Make his life my... so - lemn law.

mf

Bles - sed Father, gracious one, Thou hast sent thy... ho - ly Son;
 Learn to live in peace and love, Like the per - fect... ones a - bove;

pp

He will give the light I need, He my trembling steps will lead.
 Learn to die without a fear, Feeling thee, my Fa - ther, near

27

DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

Heavenly Father! to whose eye
 Future things unfolded lie.
 Through the desert when I stray
 Let thy counsels guide my way.
 Lord! uphold me day by day;
 Shed a light upon my way;
 Guide me through perplexing snares;
 Care for me in all my cares.

Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
 Trials long and sharp for me,
 Pain or sorrow, care or shame
 Father! glorify thy name.
 Let me neither faint nor fear,
 Feeling still that thou art near;
 In the course my Savior trod,
 Tending home to thee, my God.

28

CEPHAS. L. M. D.

1. My..... God! all na - ture owns thy sway; Thou giv'st the
2. As..... o'er thy work the sea - sons roll, And soothe with

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.

night, and thou the day; When... all thy loved cre - a - tion
change of bliss the soul, O,..... nev - er may their smil - ing

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

wakes, When morning, rich in lus - tre,..... breaks, And bathes in
train Pass o'er the hu - man sense.. in..... vain; But oft, as

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

dew the opening flower, To thee we owe her fragrant hour; And...
on their charms we gaze, Attune the wond'ring soul to praise; And...

Organ.

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. An organ icon is present below the staff.

when she pours her choral song, Her me - lo - dies..... to..... thee be - long.
be the joys that most we prize, Those joys that from..... thy... fa - vor rise.

The fifth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the notes.

STOCKWELL. 8s. & 7s.

D. E. Jones.

When the joy - ous day is dawning, And the hap - py light we see,

We who live in life's pure morning, Father, would re - mem - ber thee.

29

MORNING HYMN.

When the joyous day is dawning,
And the happy light we see,
We, who live in life's pure morning,
Father, would remember thee.

While in quiet we were sleeping,
Kindly, though we knew it not,
Thou a guardian watch wert keeping;
Never is thy child forgot.

Now another day is given,
With thy love may it be blest;
May we think of thee and heaven,
Of that purer, better rest.

30

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never,
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

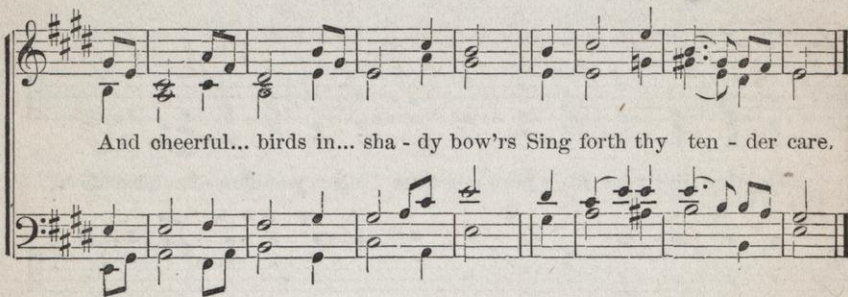
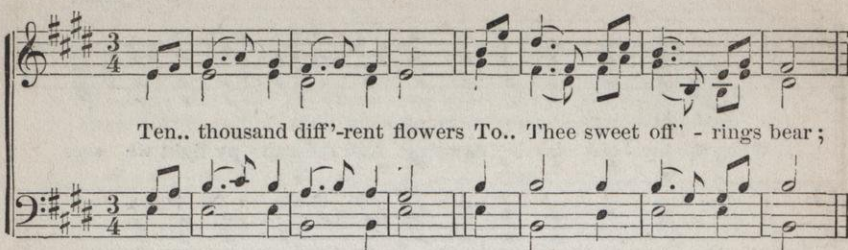
31

Father, take my hand and lead me,
Hold it ever close in thine!
Let thy tender care provide me
Fill my soul with peace divine

Thou art strong in loving-kindness,
I am weak as man may be;
All my knowledge is but blindness,—
Bright the light that shines in thee.

Take my hand, and blessing, teaching,
Loving mercy to me show,
Then thy help and strength possessing
Where thou leadest I will go.

SERENE. S. M.



32

GOD'S WORKS PRAISE HIM.

Ten thousand different flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear ;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossoms of ten thousand flowers
Would please thee, Father, less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O, tune them all to sing thy praise,
In better songs on high.

33

EARLY PIETY.

From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared ;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline,

And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive ;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe

O let us never tread
The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

34

In God, the Lord, rejoice ;
To him your thanks belong ;
In strains of gladness raise your voice,
In loud and joyful song.

Enter his courts with praise ;
His love to all proclaim ;
To him the song of triumph raise
And magnify his name.

For he is just and good ;
His mercy ever sure
Through ages past has ever stood,
And ever shall endure.

METROPOLIS. C. M. 8 lines.

God.. of my life, my morning song To thee I cheer-ful raise ;...

Fine.

Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleasant... 'tis to praise.
Se - rene and safe from ev' - ry harm, To see the... morning light,

Dal Segno al Fine. Fine.

Pre - served by thy al - migh-ty... arm I passed the shades of night,

35

GRATITUDE AND SUPPLICATION.

God of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise ;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.
Preserved by thy almighty arm
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend :
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

36

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

Ye joyous ones ! upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread ;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years ;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life
Eternally serene.

HINTON. 11s.

The Lord..... is my Shep - herd, no want.... shall I know ;...

I feed..... in green pas - tures, safe fold - - ed I rest ;

He lea - - deth my soul..... where the still wa-ters flow ;

Re - stores.... me when wand' - ring, re - deems.... when oppressed.

37

GOD OUR SHEPHERD

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

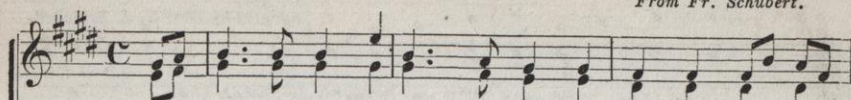
In the midst of afflictions my table is spread,
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou annointest my head ;
 O, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of thy sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

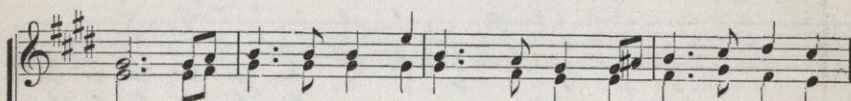
38

CRANBY. C. M. D.

From Fr. Schubert.



1. Once more the light of day I..... see ; Lord with it let... me...
2. In - struct me, then, to lift my... heart To thee in praise and..



raise My... heart and voice in song to thee Of... gra - ti - tude and
prayer ; And., love and gra - ti - tude im - part, For.. ev' - ry good I

Duett. *Chorus.*

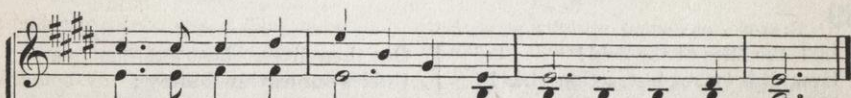


praise. The..... sky - lark... from its low - ly..... nest Hath
share. Thus.... let..... me.... Lord, con - fess..... the.... debt I

Duett. *Chorus.*



soar'd in - to the sky, And by... its... joy-ous notes.. ex - press'd Un-
owe thee day by day ; Nor.. e'er.. at... night or noon for - get To



conscious praise on high..... Un - conscious praise on high.
thee, O God ! I pray To thee, O God ! I pray.

LAGRIME. 7s.

*F. Abt.
Adapted by Mrs. K. J. Brainard.*

Lo! the li - lies of the field! How their leaves in - struction
 yield! Hark to na - ture's les - son given..... By the bles-sed birds in
 Heaven! Ev'-ry bush and tuft . - - ed tree..... Warbles trust and pi - e -
 Ev'ry bush and tufted tree
 ty; Children banish doubt and sorrow, God provideth for the morrow.

39

Lo! the lilies of the field!
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds in Heaven!
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles trust and piety;
 Children banish doubt and sorrow
 God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our earthly destiny;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps his children, lest they fall:
 Pass we, then, in love and praise,
 Trusting him through all our days,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;—
 God provideth for the morrow,

40

TANNHÄUSER. L. M. 6 lines.

Moderato

R. Wagner.
Adapted by W. M.

1. Thou art, al - migh - ty..... Lord... of all,... From ev - er -
2. What mor - tal hand shall... dare.... to paint A semblance

last - ing..... still... the.. same :... Be - fore.... thee dazzling se - raphs
of thy..... glo - - - ry,.. Lord?... The bright - est rain - bow - tints are

fall, And veil... their... fa - ces in..... a flame, To see such
faint; The bright - est..... stars... of heav'n... afford But dim ef -

bright perfec - tions glow - Such floods of glo - ry from..... thee flow.
fu - - sions of those rays Of light that round Je - ho - - - vah blaze.

41 THE VISIBLE WORLD A SHADOW OF
THE INVISIBLE.

I praised the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;

I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky,
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our years are told when we must fade."

O God, O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,—
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man,
How glorious must thy mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee.

BETAH. 8s. & 7s. M.

Moderato

C. M. vonWeber.

Know, my..... soul,... the... full..... sal - va - tion; Rise o'er
sin..... and..... fear and care;..... Joy..... to..... find..... in
ev' - - ry... sta - tion, Some-thing still..... to... do... or... bear.

42

FULL SALVATION.

Know, my soul, the full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall lead thee there.

43

MORNING SONG.

Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves they fly,
Or bright clouds each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.

Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Soon its visions will be mine;
Shall I covet wealth and glory?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine?

No, my God, one prayer I raise thee
From my young and happy heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee
Never from thy fear depart.

Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realms will rise before
me,—
There my treasure will be laid.

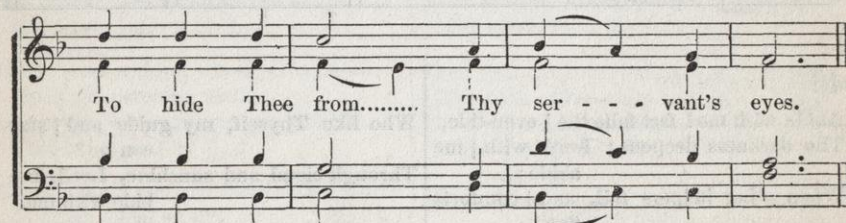
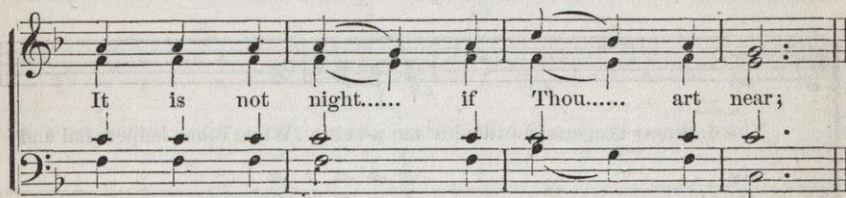
44

Savior, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

HURSLEY. L. M.



45

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

MARY.

Abide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide,

The darkness deepens; Lord with me a-bide; When other helpers fail and

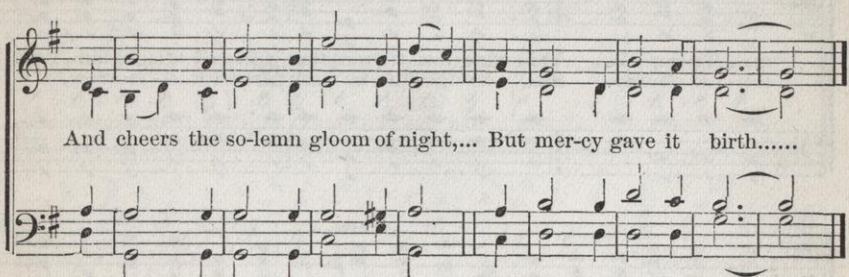
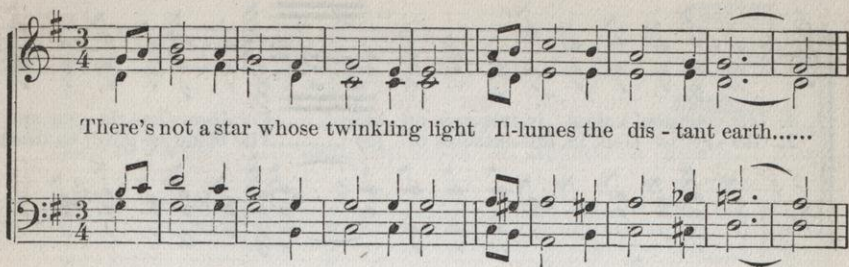
comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh! a - bide with me. A - men.

46

Abide with me! fast falls the | even-tide,
 The darkness deepens; Lord with | me
 abide;
 When other helpers fail, and | comforts
 flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh a- | bide with me.
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's | little
 day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories | pass
 away;
 Change and decay on all a- | round I see;
 O Thou who changest not, a- | bide with
 me.
 I need Thy presence every | passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the | temp-
 ter's power?

Who like Thyself, my guide and | stay
 can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, a- |
 bide with me.
 I fear no foe, with Thee at | hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no | bitter-
 ness.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave,
 thy | victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou a- | bide with me.
 Hold Thou Thy cross before my | closing
 eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me |
 to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain |
 shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, a- | bide with me.

MANOAH. C. M.



47

THE CREATOR'S WORKS.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.

There 's not a cloud whose dew's distill
 Upon the parching clod,
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.

There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
 For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above
 Wherever space extends,
 There heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

48

EARLY PIETY

In the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
 Its summons to the tomb.

Remember thy Creator, God;
 For him thy powers employ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth;
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

49

EARLY PIETY

When children give their hearts to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

It saves me from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
 May we our hearts resign;
 'T will please us to look back and see,
 That our whole lives were thine.

50

LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.

Avison.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,..... For Je-sus has ris - en and
 2. Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy ;..... The being he gave us death

man can-not die. Vain were the ter-rors that gathered around him, And
 can-not destroy. Sad were the life we must part with to - morrow, If

short the do-minion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of
 tears were our birthright and death were our end; But Jesus hath cheered the dark

darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry to live and to save...
 val - ley of sor-row, And bade us, im - mortal to heav-en as - cend.

Loud was the cho-rus of an - gels on high..... The Savior hath risen and
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high..... For Je-sus hath risen and

LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES. (Concluded.)

man can-not die. Loud was the cho-rus of an-gels on high..... The
man can-not die. Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high..... For

Savior hath risen, and man cannot die, and man cannot die, and man cannot die.
Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die, and man cannot die, and man cannot die.

51

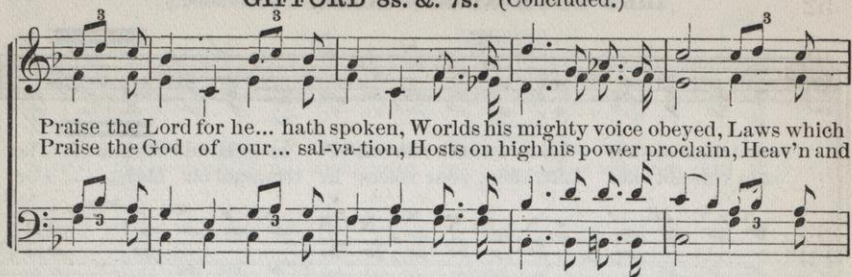
GIFFORD. 8s. & 7s.

Mrs. E. G. Cutler.

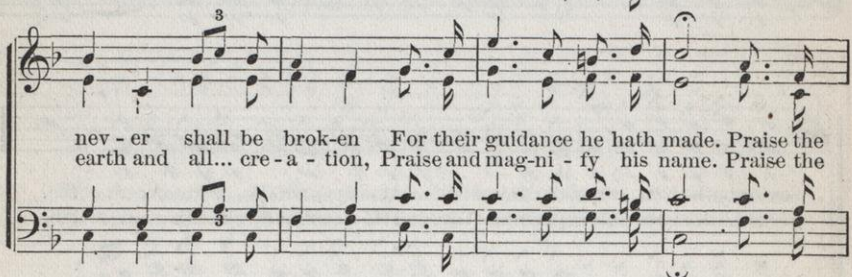
Praise the Lord; ye heavens a - dore him, Praise him an - gels in the
Praise the Lord, for he is glo-rious; Nev - er shall his promise

height, Sun and moon, rejoice be - fore him, Praise him all ye stars of light.
fail; God hath made his saints victor - ious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail.

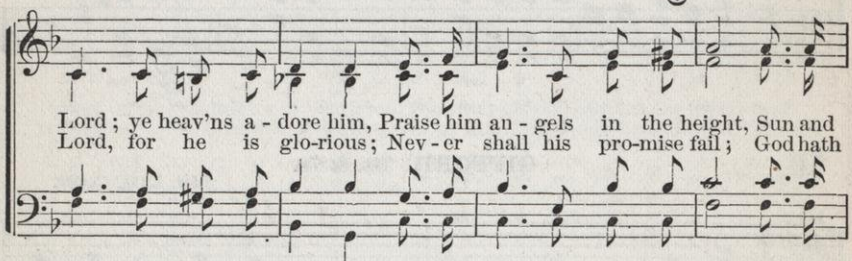
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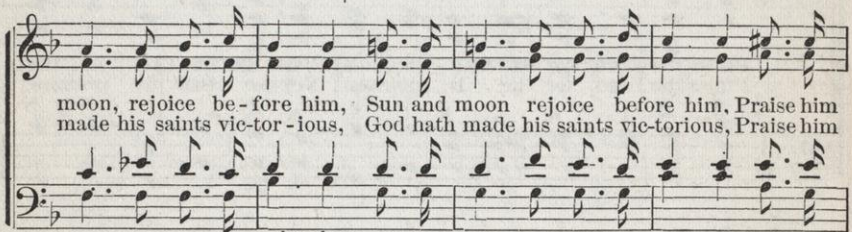
Praise the Lord for he... hath spoken, Worlds his mighty voice obeyed, Laws which
Praise the God of our... sal-va-tion, Hosts on high his power proclaim, Heav'n and



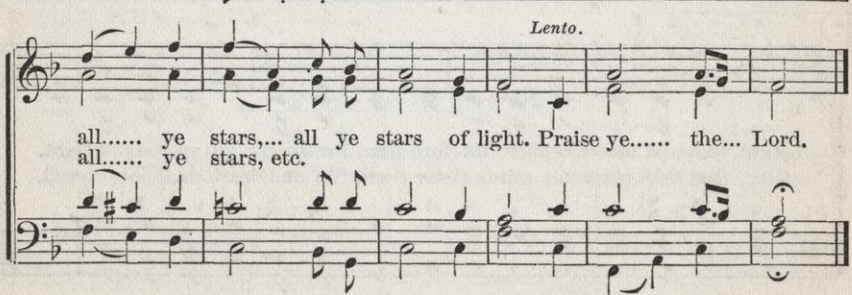
nev - er shall be brok-en For their guidance he hath made. Praise the
earth and all... cre-a - tion, Praise and mag-ni - fy his name. Praise the



Lord; ye heav'ns a - dore him, Praise him an - gels in the height, Sun and
Lord, for he is glo-rious; Nev - er shall his pro-mise fail; God hath



moon, rejoice be-fore him, Sun and moon rejoice before him, Praise him
made his saints vic-tor-i-ous, God hath made his saints vic-torious, Praise him



Lento.
all..... ye stars,... all ye stars of light. Praise ye..... the... Lord.
all..... ye stars, etc.

52

SPOHR. C. M.

Lento.

1. Oh, in the morn of life, when youth With vi - tal ar - dor
2. Ere yet the shades of sor - row cloud The sun-shine of thy
glows,..... And shines in all the fairest charms That beauty can.. dis-
days;..... And cares, and toils, an endless round, Encom-pass all... thy
close;.... Deep in thy soul, before its powers Are yet by vice... en-
ways..... True wis-dom, ear - ly sought and gained, In age will give.. thee
slaved, Be thy Crea-tor's glorious name And char-act - er en - graved...
rest;... O, then, improve the morn of life, To make its ev'-ning blest.....

53

ACKNOWLEDGING GOD'S HAND.

What secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky.
'T is thine, my God,—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

'T is thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with thy staff my lonely way,
And with thy rod defend.

WILMOT. 8s. & 7s.

C. M. von Weber.

Lo! the..... bright, the ro - - sy..... Morn - ing

Calls me forth to take..... the..... air; Cheer - ful Spring, with

smiles... re - - tur - ning, Ush - ers in the new-born year.

54

SPRING.

Lo! the bright, the rosy Morning
Calls me forth to take the air;
Cheerful Spring, with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year.

Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove;
Nature now, with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature!
Join the universal song!

55

THANKSGIVING.

Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew,
Praise him when revived creation
Beams with beauties fair and new.

Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers,

Praise, thou willow, by the brook side
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.

Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

56

Heavenly Father! grant thy blessing
On the teachings of this day;
May we all, thy love possessing,
Still press on in wisdom's way.

Every motive steadfast tending,
More and more to know and gain;
To a holy purpose blending
All the knowledge we attain.

On a sure foundation laying,
Structure that shall rise to Thee;
And our Master's will obeying—
Perfect, as Thou art, to be.

PRAISE. 6. 6. 4.

Vivace.

*W. Malmene.
M. B. Cantab.*

Praise ye Je-ho - vah's name; Praise through his courts pro - claim;

Rise and a - dore; High o'er the heav'ns a - bove Sound his great

acts... of.... love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast..... as his power.

57

PSALM 150.

Praise ye Jehovah's name
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;—
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!—
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose—
Praise ye the Lord.

58

CONSECRATION.

Glad hearts to thee we bring,
With joy thy name we sing,
Father above!
Creation praises thee,
||: On all around we see, :||
Tokens of love.

Giver of all our powers,
Now, in life's morning hours,
May they be thine!
Pure and from error free,
||: An offering worthy thee, :||
Father divine!

59

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Creation's sovereign Lord!
Be thy glad name adored
Through earth and sky!
Hear, as in youthful days
To thee we humbly raise
Songs of our grateful praise,
Holy and high.

Thanks, that on hearts like ours
Thy loving kindness showers
Knowledge divine;
O let its influence be
Fruitful in works for thee,
Causing in purity
Our lives to shine.

CREATION. L. M.

J. Haydn.

While na - ture welcomes in..... the day,,,,, My heart its ear - liest

vows would pay... To Him whose care has kind - ly... kept... My life... from

dan - ger while I slept. My life from dan - ger while... I slept.

60

MORNING HYMN.

While nature welcomes in the day,
My heart its earliest vows would pay
To Him whose care has kindly kept
My life from danger while I slept.

His genial rays the sun renews;
How bright the scene with glittering
 dews!

The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,

And breathe more rich their sweet per-
fume.

So may the sun of righteousness
With kindest beams my bosom bless,
Warm into life each heavenly seed,
To bud and bear some generous deed.

61

The flowery spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land :
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores ;

And winters, softend by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.

The changing seasons, months, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

62

MORNING HYMN.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and
shines.

O, like the sun may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep the heavenly way.

FAITH. 6s.

W. Malmene.
M. B. Cantab.

Fa - ther! thy chil - dren see; Give ear un - to our prayer;

Let our thanks rise to..... thee.... Up - on the morn - ing air.

63

MORNING PRAYER.

Father! thy children see;
Give ear unto our prayer;
Let our thanks rise to thee
Upon the morning air.

We come while yet the flower
Of life but half is blown,
To pray its opening hour
May bloom for thee alone.

The dew is on the leaf,
We lay it on the shrine;
Oh, may the fragrant breath
Of the sweet rose be thine.

Oh, guard it by thy care,
That, as the day draws on,
No spot or stain may mar
The purity of morn.

64

UNITY OF GOD.

The God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless Source of love
The great Creator know.

He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind;
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.

So taught his only Son,
Blessed messenger of grace!
The Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

65

I feel within a want
Forever burning there,
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou, who hearest prayer.

This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to thy son;
This would I rather have,
Than call the world my own.

Like him, now in my youth,
I long o God to be,
In tenderness and truth
In sweet humility.

'T is my most fervent prayer,
Be it more fervent still:
Be it my highest care;
Be it my settled will.

SEARS. 7s.

H. G. Nægeli.

Largo.

In the morning I... will... pray For God's blessing on the day;
What this... day shall be... my... lot, Light or darkness, know..... I... not.

66

MORNING HYMN.

In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day :
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,—
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, Oh shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, Oh God, from tears!
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend!

67

PSALM 55.

Cast thy burden on the Lord ;
Lean thou only on his word :
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid :
"It is I, be not afraid!"

Cast thy burden at his feet ;
Linger near his mercy-seat ;
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour ;
Lean, then, loving, on his word ;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

68

ACCESS TO GOD EVERYWHERE.

They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer,—
God is present everywhere.

Then my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

ST. PETERSBURG. 11s. & 10s.

*Russian Air, arranged and harmonized by W. Malmene,
M. B. Cantab.*

Now, when the dus-ky shades of night, re-treat-ing Be-fore..... the

sun's... red banner swiftly flee ;... Now when the terrors of the dark are

fleet-ing, Oh Lord!... we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

69

MORNING HYMN.

Now, when the dusky shades of night,	Look from the tower of heaven, and send
retreating	to cheer us
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly	Thy light and truth to guide us onward
flee ;	still ;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are	Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near
fleeing,	us,
Oh Lord ! we lift our thankful hearts to	And lead us safely to thy holy hill.
thee.—	
To thee, whose word, the fount of life	In vain, to labor, unless thou be with
unsealing,	him,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness	Man goeth forth through all the weary
lay,	day ;
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth	In vain his strife, in vain his toil un-
stealing,	ceasing,
And bade the eve and morn complete	Unless thy staff bring comfort on his
the day.	way.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

My God,..... how end - less is..... thy love! Thy gifts..... are

Duett.

ev' - - ry even - - ing new; And morn - ing mer - cies from.. a

Organ.

Chorus.

bove, Gent - ly..... dis - till..... like ear - - ly dew.

70

MORNING OR EVENING

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

71

MORNING HYMN.

With thankful hearts we hail the morn;
Our cheerful song to heaven we raise,
For all the mercies round us strewn,
For all the joy that crowns our days.

For health, for strength, for needful food,
To Him, who doth our lives prolong;
To heaven whence cometh every good,
We'll raise our voice in heartfelt song.

72

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite

HENDON. 7s.

Rev. Dr. Malan.

Oh give thanks... to..... him who made Morn - ing
Source and Giv - - er..... of all good, - Night - ly

Duett.

light..... and..... even - ing..... shade ! } Quick'-ner of our.....
sleep..... and..... dai - ly..... food !

Organ.

Chorus.

wea - ried powers,... Guard of our un - - con - - - scious

hours !..... Guard of our un - - - con - scious hours !

Guard of

73

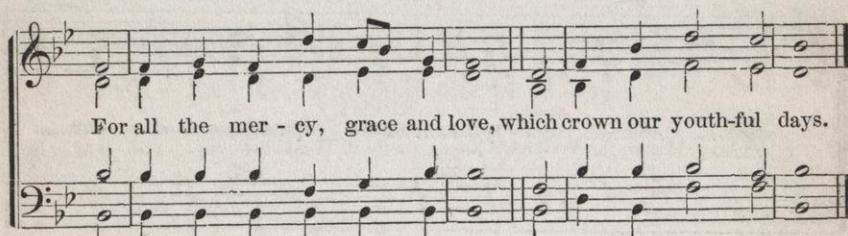
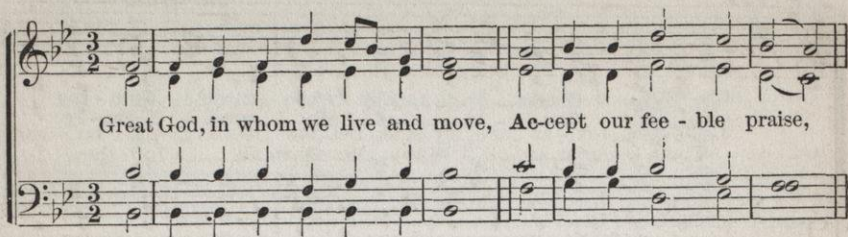
OH GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.

Oh give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade!
Source and Giver of all good,—
Nightly sleep and daily food!
Quickener of our wearied powers,
||: Guard of our unconscious hours !:||

Oh give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing!
His our warm and sentient frame;
His the minds immortal frame.
Oh how close the ties that bind
||: Spirits to the Eternal Mind !:||

BRAINARD. C. M.

D. E. Jones.



74.

Great God, in whom we live and move,
Accept our feeble praise,
For all the mercy, grace and love,
Which crown our youthful days.

For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord, what can we impart?
Thou didst require one gift alone,
The offering of the heart.

Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory face to face.

75.

PRAYER FOR NEEDED GRACE.

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

“Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.

“Let the sweet hope that we are thine,
Our life and death attend;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end.”

76.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart.

Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

AGATHE. 7s.

77.

F. Abt.
Harmonized by W. M.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to..... thy bo - som
Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I

fly; While the bil - lows near me roll; While the tem - pest still is
find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the

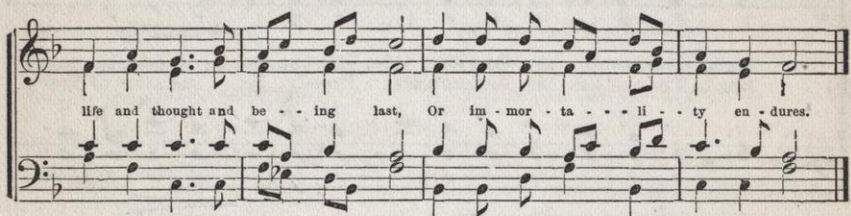
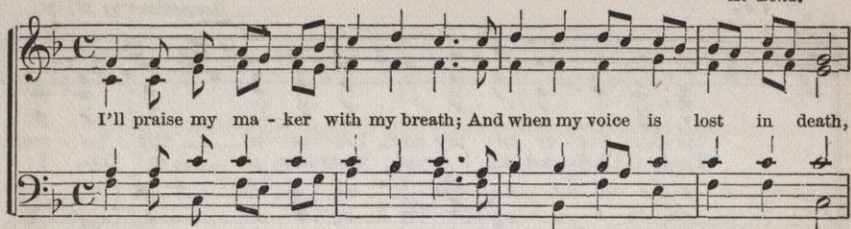
high. Hide me, o my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storms of life be past;
blind. Thou of life the fountain art; Free-ly let me take of thee;

p Safe in - to..... the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my
Spring thou up..... with-in..... my heart; Rise to all e-

soul at last! O..... re - ceive my soul..... at last!
ter - ni - ty! Rise..... to all e - ter - ni - ty!

NEW COURT.

H. Bond.



78.

GOODNESS AND TRUTH OF GOD.

I'll praise my maker with my breath :
And when my voice is lost in death,

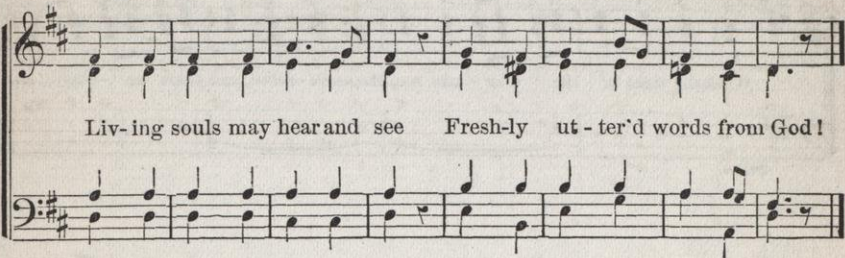
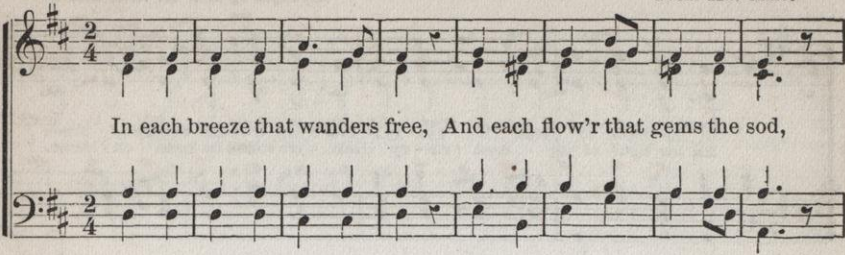
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

MOZART. 7s.

From 12th Mass.



79.

GOD IN NATURE,

In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see
Freshly uttered words from God!

Had we but a searching mind,
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find
Hidden in familiar things.

God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine
Every form that meets the eye.

If the mind would nature see,
Let her cherish virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key,
That unlocks her palace door.

80.

COMMENCING HYMN. *T. Gray, jr.*

Suppliant, lô! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now:
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, Almighty thou.

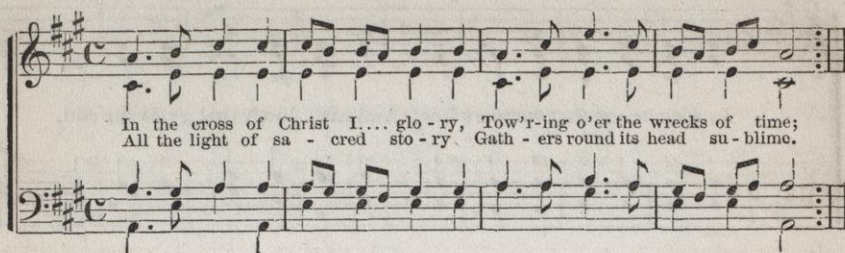
With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blest;
In our lives, and on our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above,
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
Errors pardon'd, sins forgiven;
Humble trust, obedience sure,
Love to man, and faith in heaven.

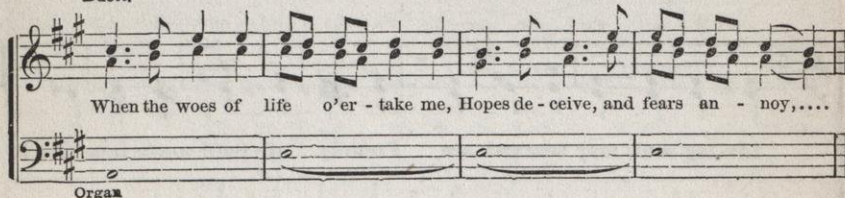
JOHNSON. 8s. & 7s.

Arranged by Mrs. K. J. Brainard.



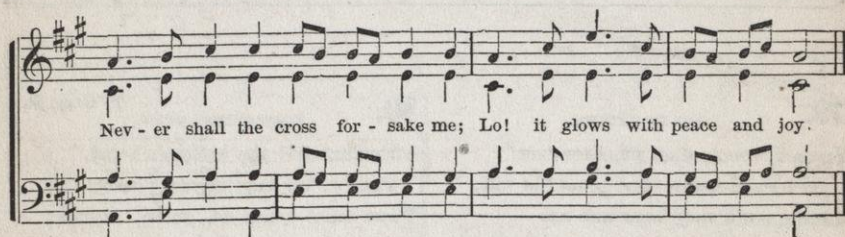
In the cross of Christ I... glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry. Gath - ers round its head su - blime.

Duett.



When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,...

Organ



Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

81.

THE CROSS

Bowring.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace there is that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

82.

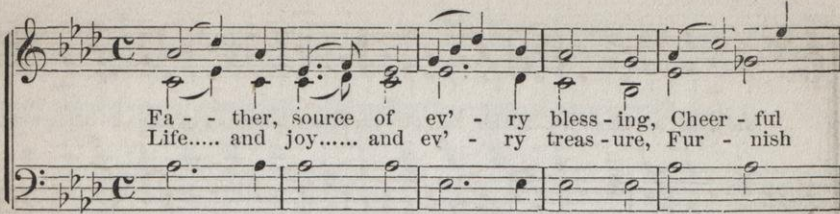
From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

God, my king, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.
Honor great our God befiteth,
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach

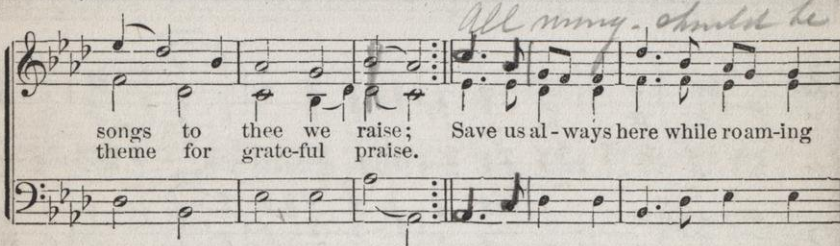
They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.
Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

ELIOT. 8s. & 7s.

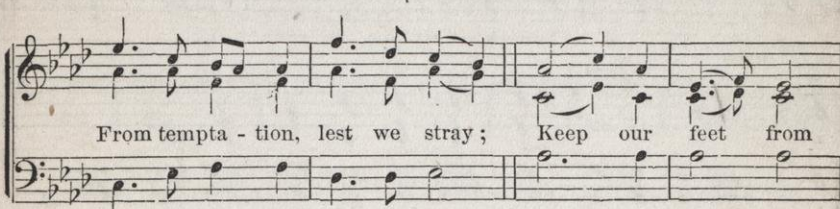
Mrs. E. G. Cutler.



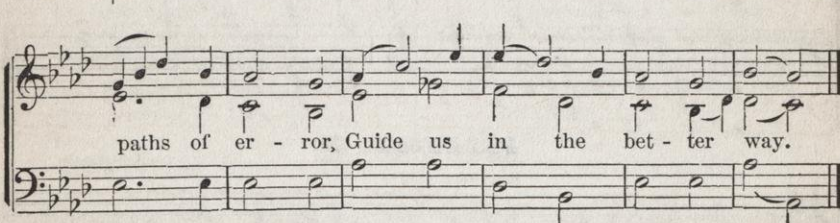
Fa - - ther, source of ev' - ry bless - ing, Cheer - ful
Life..... and joy..... and ev' - ry treas - ure, Fur - nish



songs to thee we raise; Save us al - ways here while roam - ing
theme for grate - ful praise.



From tempta - tion, lest we stray; Keep our feet from



paths of er - ror, Guide us in the bet - ter way.

83.

PRAISE.

Father, source of every blessing,
Cheerful songs to thee we raise;
Life and joy and every treasure
Furnish theme for grateful praise.
Save us always here while roaming
From temptation, lest we stray;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Guide us in the better way.

Every evening will we bless thee
For the tranquil, peaceful night;
Every morning we will praise thee
For the bright reviving light.
When the night of death is near us,
Do thou then our steps attend;
Safely through the darkness guide us,
Be our helper and our friend.

84.

Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the hand that rules the skies.
'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.
On the eternal arm reclining,
We, at length, shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining
Shall not take our crown away.

85.

PETERSBURG.

Russian Melody.

O Thou, whose power o'er mov - ing worlds presides, Whose voice cre - a - ted, and whose
'Tis thine a - lone to... calm the pi - ous breast With si - lent con - fi - dence and

wis - dom guides. On dark - ling man in pure ef - ful - - - - - gence shine,
ho - ly rest; From thee, great God we spring, to thee..... we tend,

And..... cheer..... the cloud - ed mind with light di - - vine,
Path,..... Mo - - tive, Guide, O - ri - gi - nal, and End.

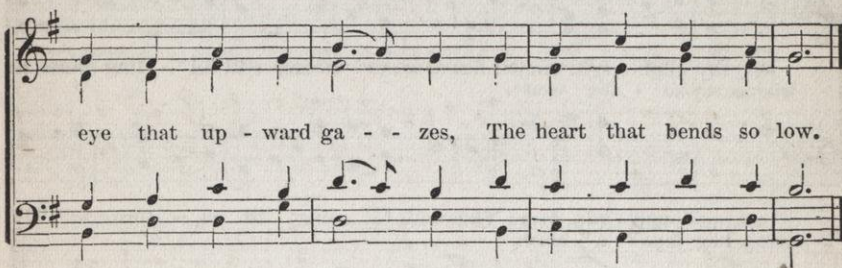
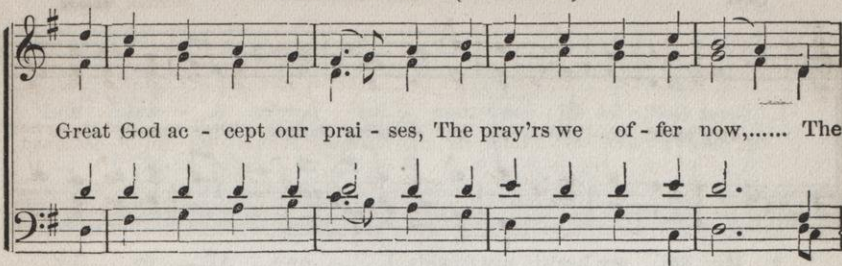
BRADFORD. 7s.

Joseph Haydn.

We come in life's fair mor - ning In deep hu - mi - li - ty,..... And

all il - lu - sions scorn - ing, Would tru - ly wor - ship, thee.

BRADFORD. (Concluded.)



86.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATION.

We come in life's fair morning
In deep humility,
And all illusions scorning,
Would truly worship thee.
Great God accept our praises,
The prayers we offer now,
The eye that upward gazes,
The heart that bends so low.

The rainbow after showers
Proclaims that thou art good,
And e'en the tiniest flowers
Bespeak our gratitude.
And as the planets nightly
O'er us in light appear,
So bending o'er us brightly
We feel thee ever near.

Then send thy choicest blessings
To crown this happy place;
When thy rich word possessing
We seek thy promised grace.
And be it our endeavor,
To triumph over sin,
And through thy Son, our Saviour,
The crown of life to win.

87.

THANKFULNESS.

We come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Thy mercies from above.

Health, peace and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father! thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here:
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

Here, then, in childhood's morning
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth, forever,
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'd never,
O never! turn aside.

88.

CREATION. L. M.

Haydn.

1. Great God, let all my tune - ful pow'rs A - wake and
Thy hand re - volves my cir - cling hours, - Thy hand, from

2. My life, my health, my frieuds, I..... owe... All..... to..... thy
Ten thou - sand pre - cious gifts be - low,..... And hope of
sing thy migh - ty... name; Sea - sons and moons still rol - ling round In
whence my be - ing came.
vast, un - bound - ed... love; Thus will I..... sing till na - ture cease, Till
no - bler joys a - bove.

beau - teous or - der, speak... thy praise; And years, with smi - ling
sense and lan - guage are..... no more; And af - ter death thy

mer - cy crowned, To thee..... suc - ces - sive hon - ors raise.
boundless grace, Through ev - er - last - ing years a - dore.

89.

MORNING.

Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way
To usher in the glorious day!
Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart!

Come, join the angels in the sky:
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

EASTER. 7s.

f All ye na - tions, praise the Lord; All ye Lands, your

Organ.

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

voi - ces raise; Heaven and earth..... with loud ac - cord,

Organ.

Chorus.

Heaven and earth with loud ac - cord, Praise the Lord,..... for-ev - er, praise.

Organ.

90.

Montgomery.
PRAISE FROM ALL NATIONS.

All ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

91.

PRAISE.

Merrick.

Lift your voice and joyful sing
Praises to our heavenly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
Honor pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record;

Through the various realms of earth
Praise him all of human birth.

To the great eternal King
Raise your voice and joyful sing;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

92.

INVOCATION. NEW YEAR. *Newton.*

Bless, O Lord, each opening year
To the souls assembling here;
Clothe thy word with power divine.
Make us willing to be thine.

Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

SIDWELL. L. M.

Arranged from Beethoven.

There's not a leaf with - in the bowers, There's

not a bird up - on the tree; There's not a... dew - drop

on the flowers, But bears the im - press, Lord, of thee.

93.

GOD IN CREATION.

There's not a leaf within the bowers,
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop on the flowers,
But bears the impress, Lord, of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird the thrilling tone;
Thy power the dew-drop tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dew-drops, leaves, trees, birds and all,
The smallest, like the greatest things, —
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim thee, King of kings.

94.

BEING OF GOD.

Mrs. Steele.

There is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When first the beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the weak attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

STILL EVENING. L. M.

Adagio.

Arranged from a German Air.

God, thou art good! each per - fumed flower, The

smil - ing fields, the dark green wood, The in - sect flutt'-ring

The smiling fields, the The insect

for an hour,—All things pro - claim that God is good.

95.

Mrs. Follen.
GOODNESS OF GOD.

God, thou art good. each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with changing colors lined,
Are all repeating, God is good.

And countless are the blazing stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good; and we, endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that God is good.

96.

Henry Wotton.
A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
To crave for less, and more obey,
Nor dare with Heaven's high will contend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

GIARDINI. 6s. & 4s.

Italian Hymn.

Come, thou Al-migh - ty King! Help us thy name..... to sing;

Help us to praise! Fa-ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us An - cient of Days!

97.

SOLEMN INVOCATION.

Madan.

Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored.
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend!

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart
Hence evermore!
Thy sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

98.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Pratt's Coll.

Come, all ye sons of God!
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Hence, gloomy doubts and fears.
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Hark! how the choirs above,
Fitted with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

99.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise,
E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word:

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

100.

From the C. Psalm of David.

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed

For he 's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

CHANTS

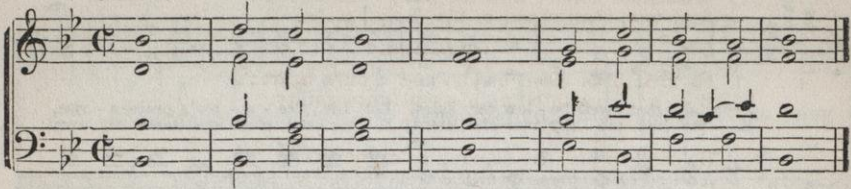
GLORIA PATRI.

W. Hawkes.

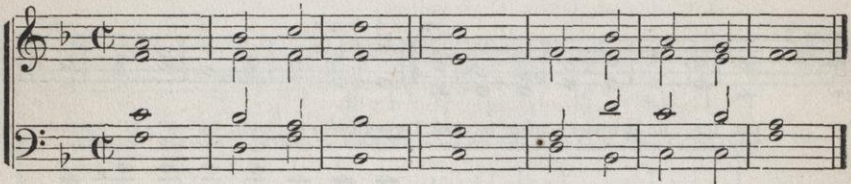
Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost; |
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, | world |
without | end. A - men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

Chant A.



Chant B.



I.

Praise the Lord, | O my | soul ; | and all
that is within me | praise his | holy |
Name.

Praise the Lord, | O my | soul ; | and for-
get not | all his | benefits ;

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, | and | hea-
leth all | thine in- | firmities ;

Who saveth thy | life from de- | struc-
tion ; | and crowneth thee with | mercy,
and | loving | kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye
that ex- | cel in | strength ; | ye that fulfill
his commandment, and hearken unto the |
voice of | his— | word.

O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts ; |
ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

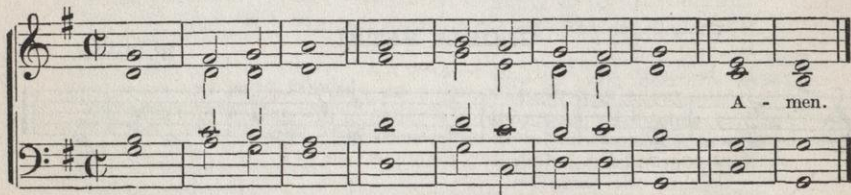
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works
of his, in all places of | his do- | minion ; |
praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the |
Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever | shall be, | world | without | end.

A - men.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.



II.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof ;
The world, and they that | dwell there- | in ;

For he hath founded it upon the seas.
And es- | tablished... it up- | on the | floods.

SOLO.

{ Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
{ And who shall stand in his | holy | place?

CHORUS.

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor | sworn | de- — | ceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of | his sal | vation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That | seek thy | face O | Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory | shall come | in.

Solo. Who is this King of Glory?

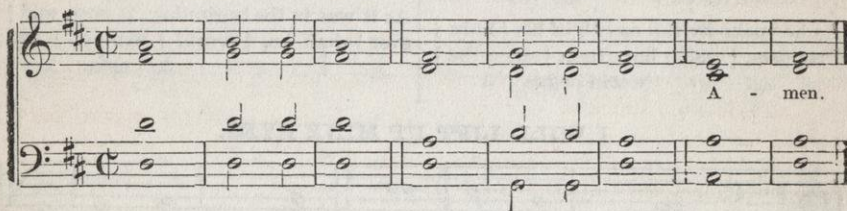
Chorus. The Lord, strong and mighty;
The | Lord— | mighty...in | battle

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory | shall come | in.

Solo. Who is this King of Glory?

Cho. The Lord of hosts. | He... is the | King of | Glory. Amen

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.



III.

The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures

He leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me

In the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake;

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

Thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort me

Thou preparest a table before me

In the presence of mine enemies;

Thou annointest my head with oil;

My | cup... runneth | over.

Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me

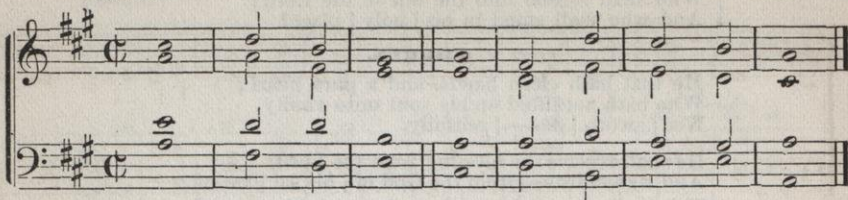
All the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. A- | men

BENEDICTUS.

Chant A.

Nares.



Chant B.

Lee.



IV.

Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel ;
for he hath visited, | and re- | deemed his
people ;

And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation |
for us, | in the house | of his | servant |
David ;

As he spake by the mouth of his | holy |
Prophets, | which have been | since the |
world began ;

That we should be saved | from our |
enemies | and from the | hand of | all
that | hate us.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the |
Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever | shall be, | world | without | end,
A- | men.

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.



V.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh my | help.

My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made | heaven and | earth.

He will not suffer thy feet to be moved ;
He that keepeth thee | will not | slum-
ber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither | slumber nor | sleep,

The Lord is thy keeper :
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right |
hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the | moon by | night.

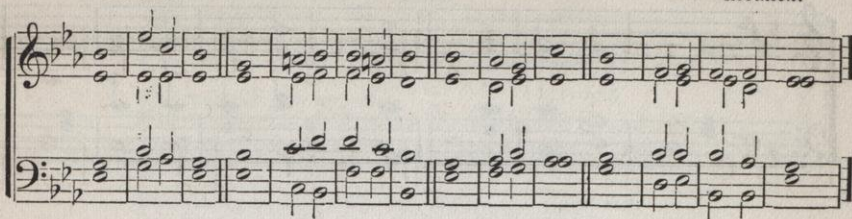
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ;
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even forever
more. | A- | men.

JUBILATE DEO.

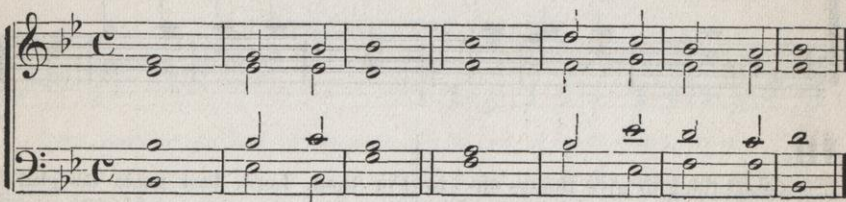
Chant A.

Robinson.



Chant B.

Dr. Woodward.



Chant C.

G. Elvey, Mus. D.



VI.

O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands ; |
serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before his | presence | with a | song.

Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God ; |
it is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves ; we are his people, | and the |
sheep of his | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanks-
giving, and into his | courts with | praise ; |
be thankful unto him, and | speak good |
of his | name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is |
ever- | lasting ; | and his truth endureth
from generation to | gener- | ation.

Psalm 100.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the |
Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever | shall be , | world | without | end.

A- | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

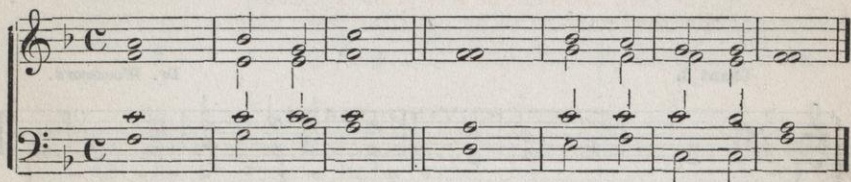
Chant A.

Farrant.



Chant B.

Russell.



VII.

It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to
the | Lord, | and to sing praises unto thy |
Name, O | Most— | Highest ;

To tell of thy loving kindness early | in
the | morning, | and of thy | truth, in the |
night— | season ;

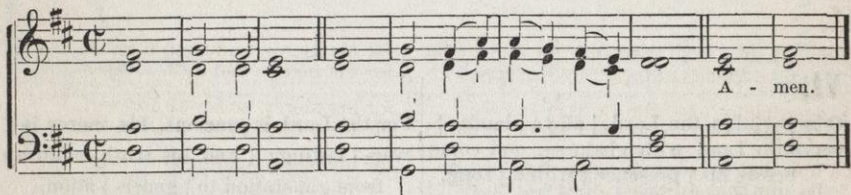
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and
up- | on the | lute ; | upon a loud instru-
ment, | and up- | on the | harp.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad |
through thy | works : | and I will rejoice
in giving praise for the ope- | rations | of
thy | hands,

Glory be to the Father, | and to the |
Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever | shall be, | world | without | end
A - men.

BLESSED IS THY NAME.



VIII.

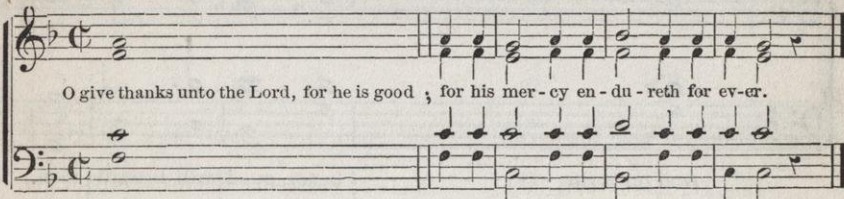
Blessed is the man
That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the | seat... of the | scornful ;
But his delight is in the law of the Lord,
And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.

And he shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit... in his | season.
His leaf shall not wither;
And whatso- | ever... he | doeth... shall | prosper.

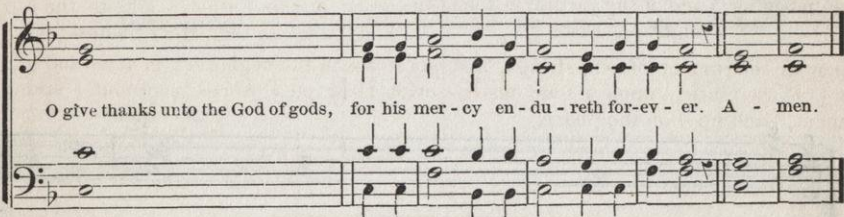
The ungodly are not so ;
But are like the chaff which the wind | driveth... a- | way.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre- | ga-tion | of the | righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the way of the un- | godly... shall | perish.
The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the | way... of th'un- | godly... shall | perish. | A- | men.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.



O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ; for his mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er.



O give thanks unto the God of gods, for his mer - cy en - du - reth for ev - er. A - men.

IX.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ; | for his mercy endureth forever.
O give thanks unto the God of gods : |for his mercy endureth forever

O give thanks unto the Lord of Lords, |for his mercy endureth forever.
To him who alone doeth great wonders ; | for his mercy endureth forever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens | ...for his mercy endureth forever.
To him that stretched out the earth above
the waters ;—.....for his mercy endureth forever.

To him that made great lights, |for his mercy endureth forever.
The sun to rule by day, and the moon and
stars to rule by night ; |for his mercy endureth forever.

Who remembered us in our low estate, |for his mercy endureth forever.
And hath redeemed us from our enemies ; | for his mercy endureth forever.

Who giveth food to all flesh, | for his mercy endureth forever.
O give thanks unto the God of heaven ; | for his mercy endureth forever.

Amen.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of four measures. The first measure has a whole note in the treble and a whole note in the bass. The second measure has a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The third measure has a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The fourth measure has a whole note in the treble and a whole note in the bass.

1. Glory be to - - - - - | God on high,
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we wor - - - ship thee,

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two voices, Soprano and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Bass part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and consists of a few notes. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the Bass staff. The score is a single system with a repeat sign at the end.

And on earth - - - - - | peace, good | will toward | men.
We glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for thy great | glory.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and consists of a few notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Handwritten Musical Score:

Staff 1 (Treble):

- Measure 1: G4 (quarter note)
- Measure 2: A4 (quarter note)
- Measure 3: B4 (quarter note)
- Measure 4: C5 (quarter note)

Staff 2 (Bass):

- Measure 1: G2 (quarter note)
- Measure 2: A2 (quarter note)
- Measure 3: B2 (quarter note)
- Measure 4: C3 (quarter note)

Lyrics:

The Rose Tree
The Rose Tree
The Rose Tree
The Rose Tree

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------|
| 3. O Lord God, - - - - - | heaven - - - ly | King, |
| 4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je - - - - sus | Christ; |

A handwritten musical score consisting of two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including whole notes and half notes. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It also contains several measures of music, including whole notes and half notes. The handwriting is clear and legible.

God the	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fa	-	ther	Al.	-	-	mighty.
O Lord God,	Lamb	of	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	God,	Son	of	the	Father		

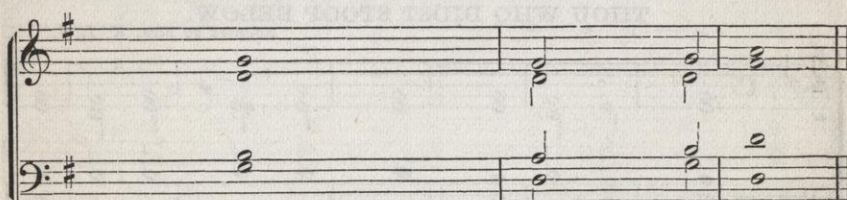
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. (Concluded.)



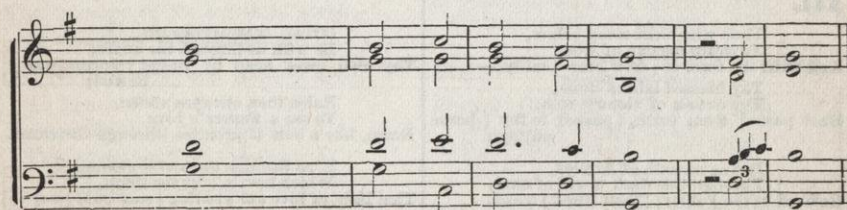
5. That takest away the - - - - - sins of the world,
 6. Thou that takest away the - - - - - sins of the world,
 7. Thou that takest away the - - - - - sins of the world,
 8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father



- Have mercy - - - - - up - - - on us.
 Have mercy - - - - - up - - - on us
 Re - - - - - ceive our prayer.
 Have mercy - - - - - up - - - on us.



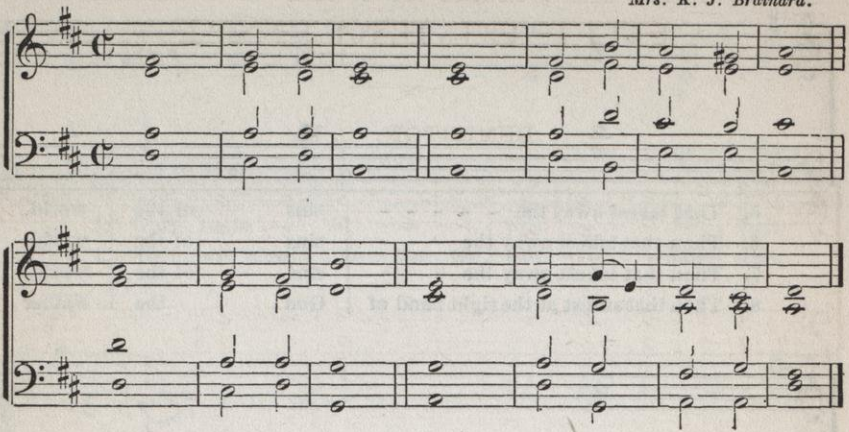
9. For thou only - - - - - art ho- ly;
 10. Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - - - - ly Ghost,



- Thou - - - - - on - ly art the Lord; A - men.
 Art most high in the glory of God the Father.

COME UNTO ME.

Mrs. K. J. Brainard.



XI.

Come unto me when shadows | darkly | gather,
When the sad heart is | weary | and dis- | tressed,
Seeking for comfort from your | heavenly | Father ;
Come unto me, and | I will | give you | rest !

Ye who have mourned when the | spring flowers
were | taken.
When the ripe fruit fell | richly | to the | ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter | homes to | waken,
Where their pale brows with | spirit- | wreaths
are | crowned.

Large are the mansions in thy | Father's | dwelling,
Glad are the homes that | sorrows | never | dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy | music | swelling,
Soft are the tones which | raise the | heavenly |
hymn.

There, like an Eden | blossoming in | gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the | earth too | rudely |
pressed;

Come unto me, all ye who | droop in | sadness,
Come unto me and | I will | give you | rest!

THOU WHO DIDST STOOP BELOW.

Adapted by Mrs. K. J. B.



XII.

Thou who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of | frail mor- | tality,—
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, | passed to thy | home
on | high.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father; | thou didst | tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and | darkness are a- | round it |
spread ?

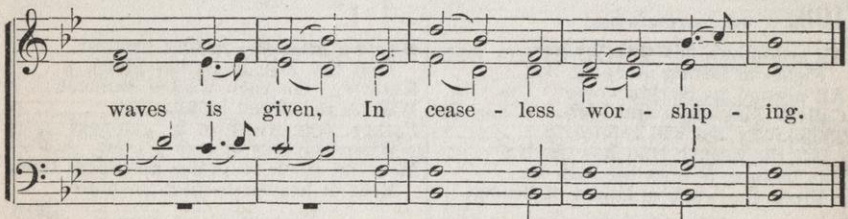
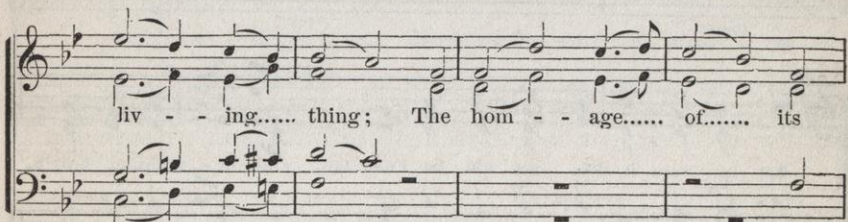
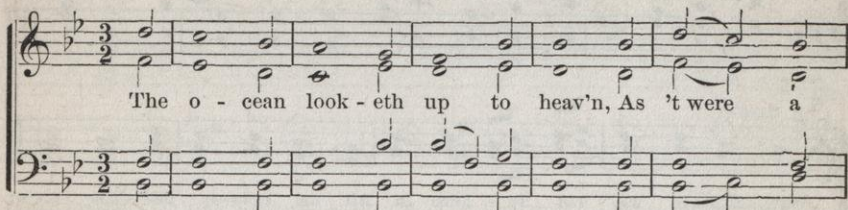
O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy own meek head by rudest | storms was |
bowed;

Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of | promise, | through the | cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding | star shall | be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, | Saviour, which doth | lead
to | thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

BEMERTON, C. M.



101.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

Whittier.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The sky is as a temple's arch
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

102.

GRACE BESOUGHT.

Cowper.

Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

YATES. 8s. & 7s.

All a - round us, fair with flow - ers, Fields of beau - ty sleep - ing lie ;
All a - round us cla - rion voi - ces Call to du - ty, stern and high.

Duett.

Thank - ful - ly we will re - joice in All the beau - ty God has giv'n ;

Organ.

But be - ware it does not win us From the work or - dained of heav'n.

103.

LIFE'S WORK.

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.
Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware, it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us, in life's earnest labor,
Still be sure to do our part.
Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

104.

DISMISSION HYMN.

Like the incense of the morning,
Stealing from the summer flowers,
Riseth now our glad thanksgiving
For the past week's blessed hours.
Father, thou hast gently led us
O'er life's bright and sunny way,
Where the beams of truth and knowledge
Guide unto the perfect day.

May we prize the lasting treasure
That thy love to us has given,
Knowing that each wasted moment
Will be registered in heaven.
Father, may we meet in gladness
When the day of rest is o'er,
Meet on earth to praise and bless thee,
Meet in heaven to part no more.

105.

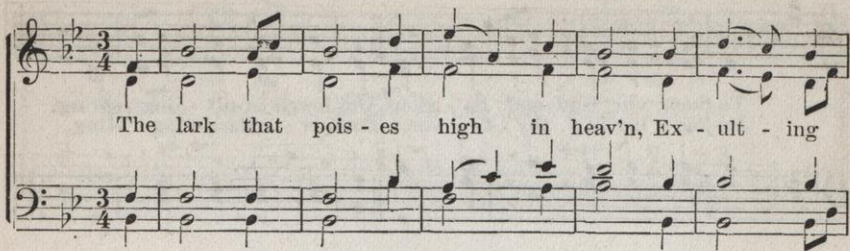
"I WOULD LOVE THEE."

I would love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.
I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.
I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

MAY. C. M.

Mrs. K. J. Brainard.



106. GOD'S LOVE UNCHANGING.

The lark that poises high in heav'n,
Exulting in its flight,
Reserves its purest, clearest lays,
Till bathed in golden light.

The sparrow, nestling near the ground
With twitter, low and sweet,
Such rare expression never found,
Nor offered praise so meet.

But brooding quiet on her nest,
Her heart sings all the day,
And little cares for all the rest,
If but the sunshine stay.

On hill and plain God's dew descends
To freshen and to bless,
On high and low his love he spends,
Like tenderest caress.

107. HEAVEN DESIRED.

The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To urge my course to thee.

NEWTON.

Abner Jones.

To thee, our God and Sa - viour, Our hearts ex-ult - ing spring,
Re-joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Thou ev - er-last - ing King.

We'll cel - e - brate thy glo - - ry With all the saints a - bove,

And tell the won-drous sto - - ry Of thy re - deem-ing love

108.

EXULTATION.

To thee, our God and Saviour,
Our hearts exulting spring,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Thou everlasting King.
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all the saints above,
And tell the wondrous story
Of thy redeeming love.

Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
Or when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
Our voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt hear;
Oh grant us thy salvation,
And be thou ever near!

109.

THE RISING SUN.

The eastern hills are glowing
With morning's purple ray;
Arrayed in light, he's coming,
The glorious orb of day!
All hail! thou constant emblem
Of him who dwells above,—
Of him so great and glorious,
And yet so full of love!

How nature now rejoices
With life and beauty new!
On every grass-blade twinkles
The pearly drop of dew.
How good is He who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day!
With grateful hearts we'll praise Him,
In morning's earliest ray.

110.

SCHUBERT. 8s. & 7s.

Arranged from Schubert.

Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev' - ry tongue!

Join, my soul, with ev' - ry crea - ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.

For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of

fu - ture joy, Sound his praise through earth and heaven, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high!

111. SONG OF THE ANGELS AT BETHLEHEM.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise;
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
'Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

'Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

112.

YOUTH.

Mrs. K. J. Brainard.

'Tis strange, the wond'rous sto - ry We gain from Ger-man song, A,
E'en so God moves in gran-deur 'Neath our frail, hu - man life. We,

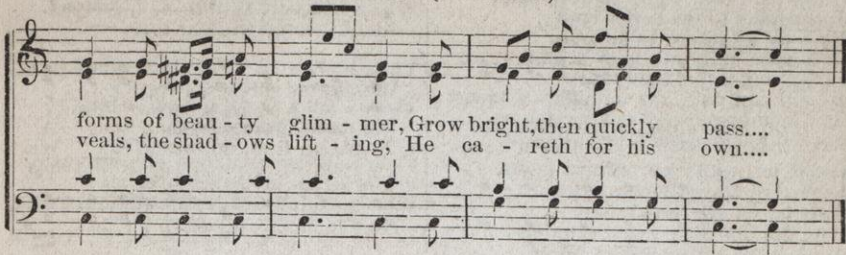
ci - ty bath'd in glo - ry, But van - ished a - ges long...
stand-ing mute in won - der, 'Mid days with sor - row rife...

A - bove blue wa - ters ly - ing, Con - ceal its walls of gold,...
We ques - tion, gaze and lin - ger, To learn the yet To be...

Be - neath, all sight de - fy - - ing, The shad - ows it... en - fold,...
God writes with si - lent fin - ger: "Be pa - tient! thou shalt see."

Yet oft, as sun-beams shim - mer A - cross a lake of glass..... Rare
Then sud - den sun-light drift - ing The mists from off His Throne, Re-

YOUTH. (Continued.)



113. WATCHING PRAYER. *Kyle's Coll. S. M.*

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, Oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

114. JESUS. *SS. M. Gregor.*

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

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;—
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save

Till then,—nor is my boast in vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O may this my glory be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

115. PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY. *Wreford. C. M.*

Lord, while for all mankind we pray
Of every clime and coast,
Oh hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

Oh guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion pure and mild
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

116. WISDOM. *C. M.*

Why should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways
And bids us walk therein?

Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

But if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

117. PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE. 7S. M.

Guide us, Lord, while hand in hand
Journeying to the better land ;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast ;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

Guide us, while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined ;
That, when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,
With the strength which thou hast given,
We may rise to thee and heaven.

God of mercy ! on thee all
Humbly for thy guidance call ;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from thee.
God of grace ! on thee we rest ;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

118. DEATH OF A PUPIL. 8S. & 7S. M. *Waterston.*

One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One familiar voice is fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear school-mate now is dead.

But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now ;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

Lord, may angels watch about us,
Keep us all from error free ;
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to thee.

119. GOODNESS OF GOD. C. M.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth ;
There's not a cloud, if dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth. —

Then wake my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

120. TURN TO THY MAKER. C. M.

Turn to thy Maker, child of earth,
While life is in its spring ;—
To thy Maker, while thine heart
Can purest tribute bring !
Thine eye with youthful hope is bright ;
Oh lift its light to heaven,
Ere thou hast tears to dim its glance,
For sins not yet forgiven !

Turn to thy Maker, child of joy ;
For though thy path be fair,
Full fast upon thy footstep treads
The iron heel of care.

The gorgeous visions of thy breast
Shall pass, returning never ;
For they are like the meteor-fires,
That flash and fade forever.

121. GONE BEFORE. C. M. *Whittier.*

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled,
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

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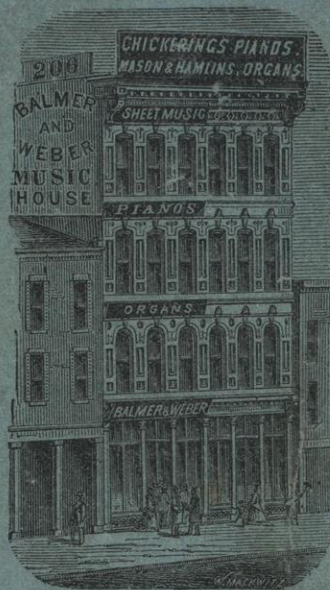
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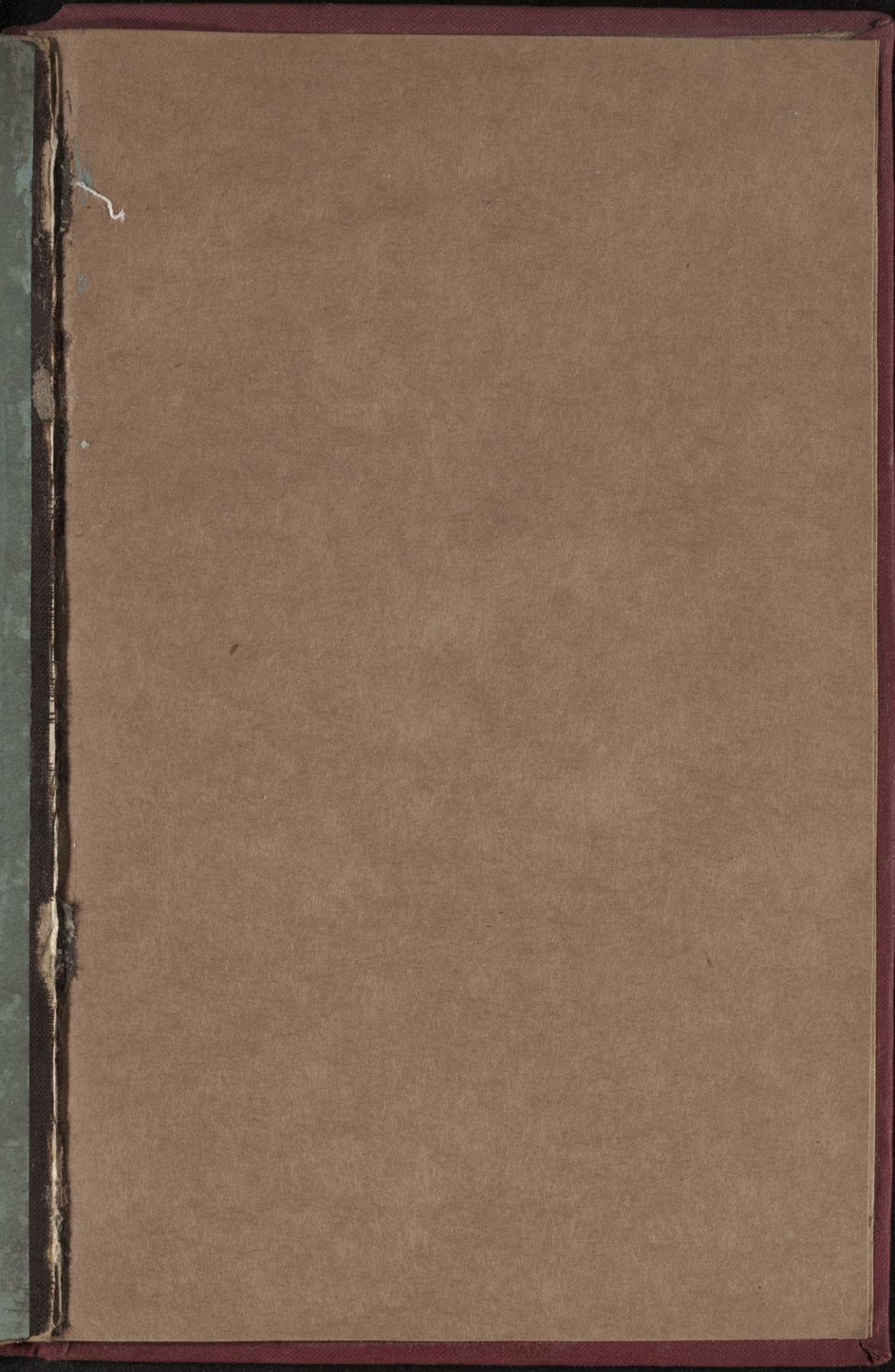
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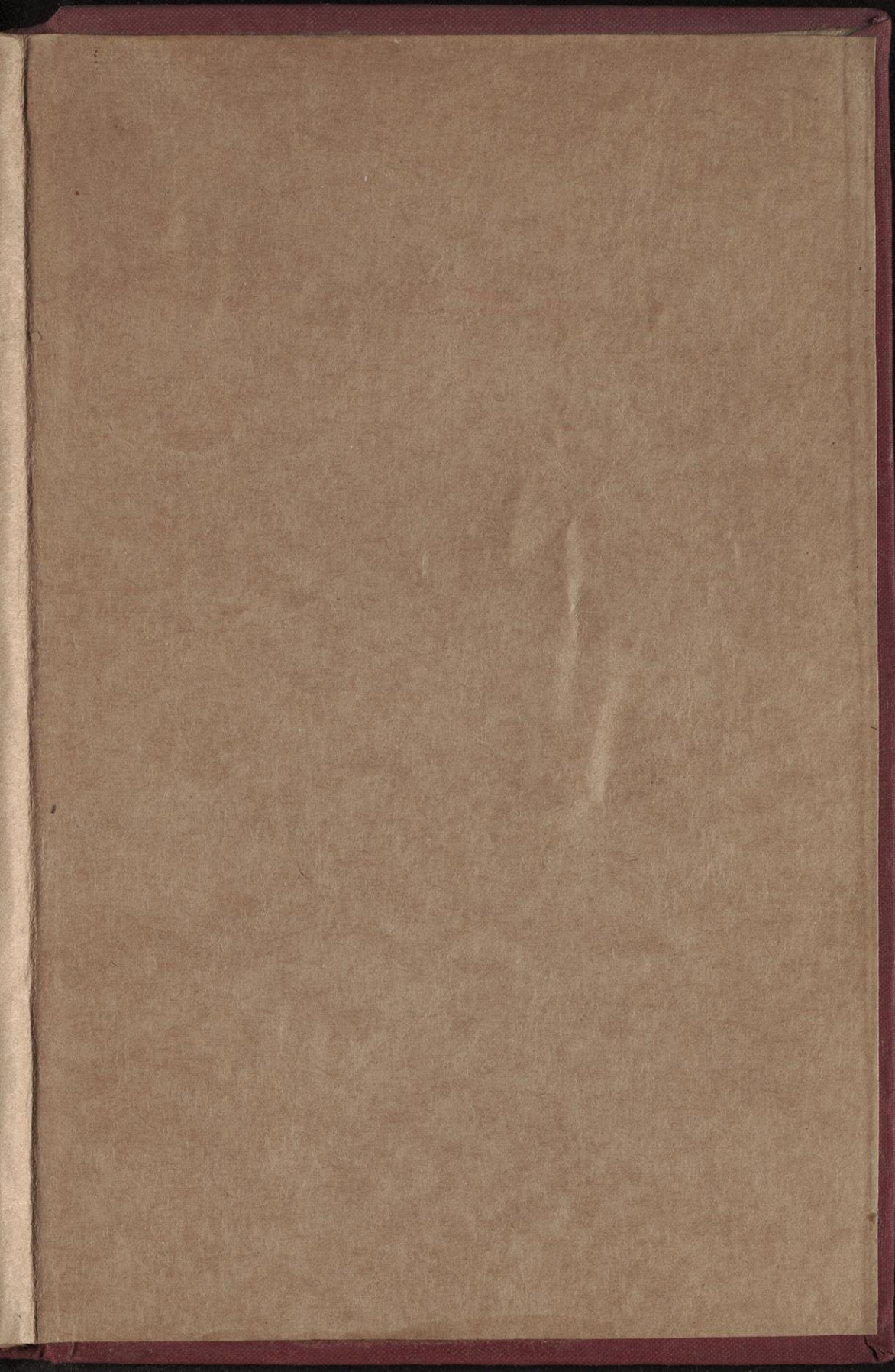
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