

LINDSEY HANP

Illustrated,

BY A COLLECTION OF POPULAR MELODIES

ADAPTED TO

USE IN SCHOOLS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, FOR
AND OTHER SCHOOLS; AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

A MANUAL OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION



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1868 & 1869

1800
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3. I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band;
Saints, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.
4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below,
I must be there

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

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

DEATH OF A TEACHER.

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

fresh and cool,
steps to school.

2. Our teacher kindly took my hand,
And sweetly on me smiled:
For O, she had not yet forgot
That she was once a child.*
3. She still look'd young and beautiful,
But to my fancy seem'd
That, even in her happiest moods,
Of brighter lands she dream'd.
4. She often spoke of some far shore,
Where all her treasure lay;
And said that soon her little bark
Would moor within its bay.
5. We thought she'd like the holidays,
That thither she might fly—
To that bright land, where tears, she
Are wiped from every eye. [said,
6. One morn we miss'd her from the
Day follow'd after day; [school;
Another teacher fill'd her place,
And still she stay'd away.
7. And still she stay'd, and ne'er re-
For unto her was given [turn'd,
A never-ending holiday
*In the bright land of heaven.

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

32 MAY NOT THE CHILDREN SING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE THE SAVIOUR.

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

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

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

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

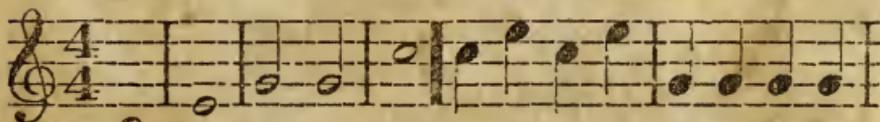
"O, THEY CANNOT SING TOO EARLY!"



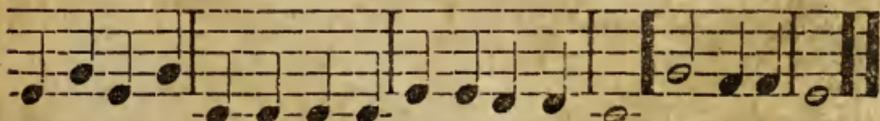
"SING, BROTHER, SING!"



"SING, SISTER, SING!"



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

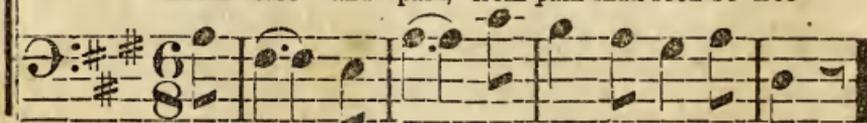


Mu-sic is a hap-py treasure; Brother, sister, sing, Sing, sis-ter, sing,

C. DINGLEY.



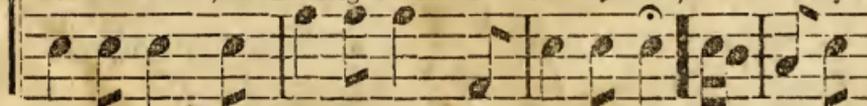
1. There is a home, a home fadeless and bright,
There is no dark, no dark and stormy night,
2. Then let the storm, the storm be wild and long;
And this shall be, shall be my dai-ly song:—
3. And then at home, at home I soon shall be,
From care and pain, from pain shall soon be free—



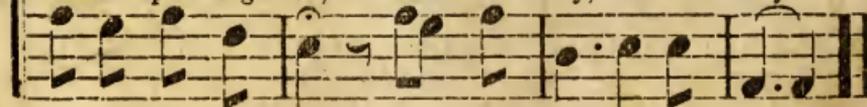
Far a - way, far a - way,	} For Je - sus said, I
Far a - way, far a - way.	
Je - sus loves, Je - sus loves,	
Je - sus loves, Je - sus loves,	
Far a - way, far a - way,	
Far a - way, far a - way.	He loves, He loves, I
	There tears of grief are



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



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



WHAT'S THE NEWS?

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

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

36 THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. P. M.

1st time.



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



2d time.



sea. But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'T is call'd the pearl of



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



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



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

2. The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me:
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 't will be,
O that's the crown for me, &c.
3. The road that many travel
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free,
O that's the road for me, &c.
4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me:
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free. [God,
But there's a hope which rests in
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee,
O that's the hope for me, &c.

THE CROSS.

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



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

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

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

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

3. O Linden tree! O Linden tree!
Why fade thy blooming flowers?
Is it to teach joy, life, and love
Fade as the Linden flowers?
4. The birds all love the Linden tree;
And sweetly there at even,
The heart that knows the source of
May raise itself to Heaven. [joy.

DROP WORDS AND SMILES.

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

ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.

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

THE STRAY LAMB.

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE STRAY LAMB.

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



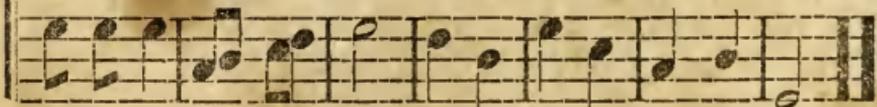
1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Jesus'
 2. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his
 3. Parents, teachers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the



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



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



THE SCHOOL-BOY.

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

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

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



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

TEMPERANCE CALL.

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

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

3. Where's the boy that would not
shrink

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

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

4. Who have misery, want and woe?
All who to the bottle go.
We resolve their road to shun,
And in temperance paths to run,
Cheerfully, manfully come along,
Sign our pledge, and sing our song.

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

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

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

§

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

FINE.

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

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

D. C. §

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

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

VENETIAN MELODY.

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

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

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

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

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

44 LOVE FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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Musical notation for the first system, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

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

Musical notation for the second system, bass clef, 4/4 time signature, key of D major. The accompaniment consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Musical notation for the third system, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

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

Musical notation for the fourth system, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes.

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

Musical notation for the fifth system, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody concludes with eighth and quarter notes.

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

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

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

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

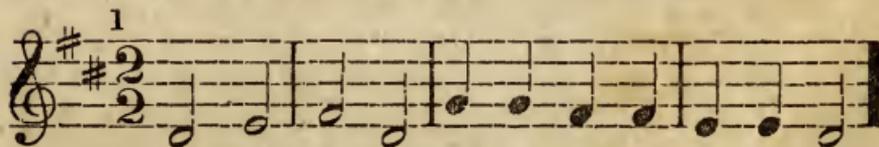
GO TO THY REST, MY CHILD.

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

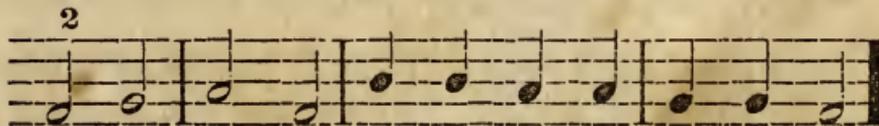
2. Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,—
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,—
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

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

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



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



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



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

46 ON SABBATH MORNING. 9s & 6s.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ITALIAN.



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



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

FINE.



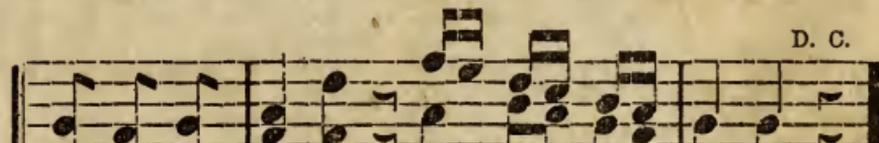
I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;
 I am long - ing, I am long - ing for the sight;
 My Re - deem - er, my Re deem - er is the light;



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



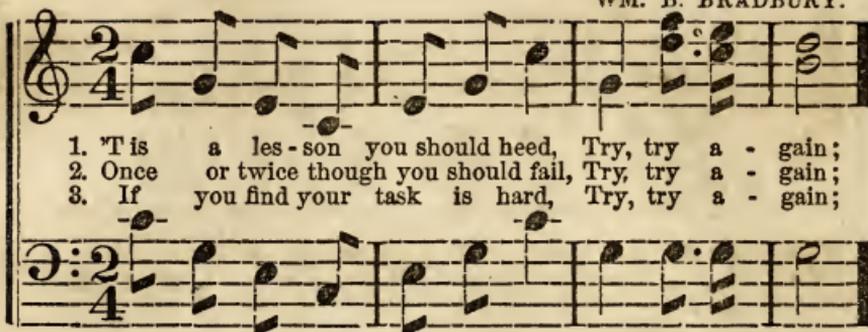
Do not re - tain me, for I am go - ing
 With - in a coun - try, unknown and drea - ry,
 There is no sor - row, nor a - ny sigh - ing

*D. C.*

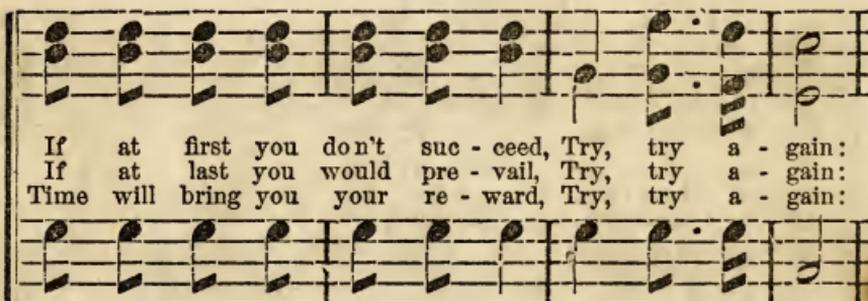
To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing:
 I have been wait - ing, for - lorn and wea - ry:
 Nor a - ny sin there, nor a - ny dy - ing:



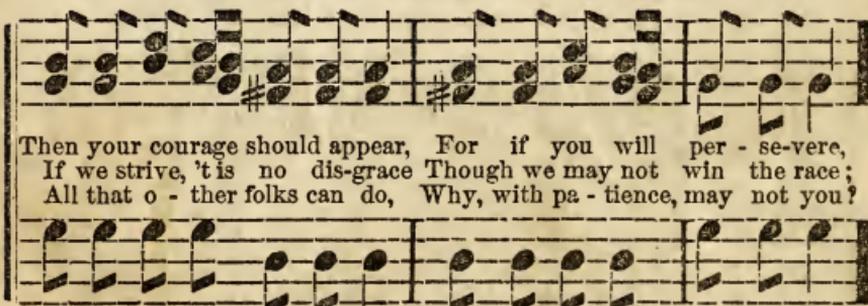
WM. B. BRADBURY.



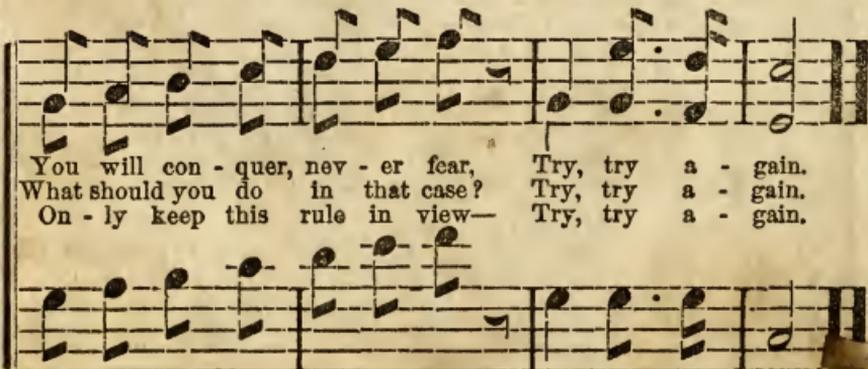
1. 'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try, try a - gain;
 2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain;
 3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain;



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



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



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

"I CAN'T."

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

1. Never say, "I can't," my dear;
Never say it:

When such words as those I hear
From the lips of boy or girl,
Oft they make me doubt and fear:
Never say it.

2. Boys and girls that nimbly play,
Never say it:
They can jump and run away,
Skip, and toss, and play their
pranks;

Even dull ones, when they're gay,
Never say it.

3. Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it:

Find some one who knows, and ask,
Till you have your lessons learn'd;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

4. Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it:

He who lacks the strength he needs,
Tries his best, and gets it soon,
And at last he will succeed—
Never say it.

5. But when the evil tempts to wrong,
Always say it:
In your virtue firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight;
And when follies round you throng,
Ever say it.

6. When good actions call you near,
Never say it:
Drive away the rising fear,
Get your strength where good men
do;
Seek it from a higher sphere,
Never say it.



EXCELSIOR.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. What means that strange word on
that flag?
It signifies onward and up:
A motto like this will ne'er drag
From any the bright star of hope.</p> | <p>2. O, may every bright girl and boy
This motto adopt for their own;
'T will yield them on earth peace and
joy, [throne.
And lead them at last to God's</p> |
|--|---|

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

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

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. There sacred songs remind us of
The days when we were young;
When we, like them, at Sabbath
The praise of Jesus sung. [school,
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.</p> | <p>4. We'll ever love the Sabbath school,
Its toil we'll freely share;
That God will give it great increase,
Shall be our latest prayer.
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.</p> |
| <p>3. O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear; [tread
Where youthful steps are taught to
In paths of peace and prayer.
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.</p> | <p>5. And when our labors here shall end,
We hope in nobler strains
To sing again our Sabbath songs
Where endless Sabbath reigns.
Sweet Sabbath school, &c.</p> |

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

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

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

FOR AN INFANT CLASS.

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

COME TO THE MERCY-SEAT.

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

SCOTCH.

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

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

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

FINE.

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

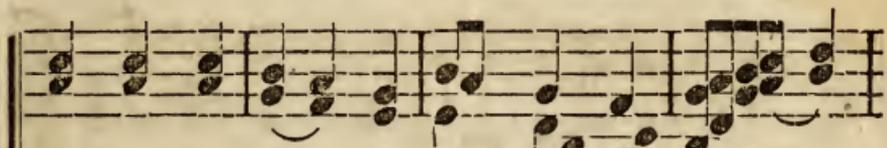
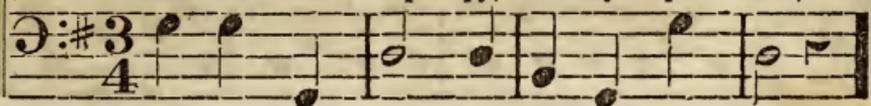
met, And e - vil o - ver - come with good.
own, And once loved friends be friends a - gain.

D. C.

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



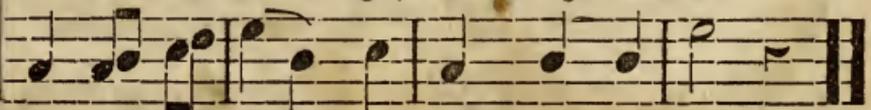
1. Join we in cho - rus, Free - dom to praise;
2. Ev - er u - ni - ted, We will be free;
3. Free from all false - hood, Free from all hate;
4. Cheer - ful and hap - py, Du - ty per - form;



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



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



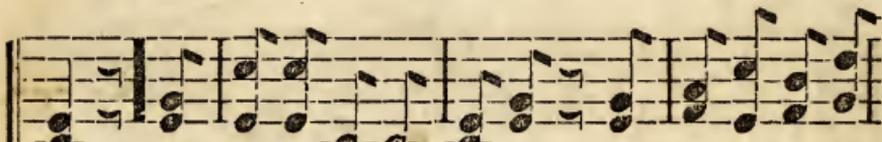
JOIN IN A CHORUS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Join in a chorus,
Joyfully ring,
Voices united,
Love let us sing. 2. Love with young roses,
Sweet as the morn,
Garlands and crowns us,
Hiding the thorn. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. Makes sandy deserts
Edens in bloom;
Sparkling in freshness,
Rich in perfume. 4. Love true and living,
Dim though it burns,
Coming from heaven,
To heav'n returns. |
|--|---|

54 COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



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

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

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

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

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

SABBATH-SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

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

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

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

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

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

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

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

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

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

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

INFANT PRAISE.

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

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

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

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



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



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



God is good.
God is good.

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

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

GOD IS LOVE.

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

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

1. O, children, come, and look at me, Was ev - er rain in
 2. And yet see how much work we've done, And then you'll say we're

FINE.

such a glee As I have been all day? Drop chas - ing
 not in fun, What'e'r you thought be - fore; We've driv'n the

D. C. You'd think we were in play.
 And tightly closed your doors.

D. C. §

drop most nim - bly, Jost - ling each other clum - si - ly,
 sun out of the sky, Made all the trees and bush - es cry,

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

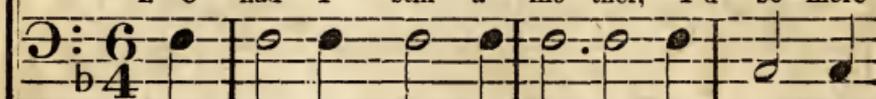
4. We've giv'n a shower bath to the cow;
 Where are the birds and chickens now?
 They're hiding, one and all.
 O dear, what will the farmers say?
 We've ruin'd all the new-mown hay
 By our unlucky fall.

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

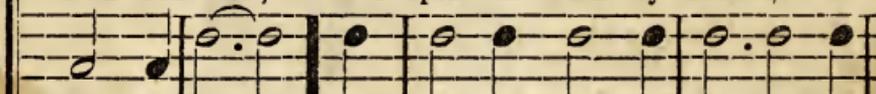
MOZART.



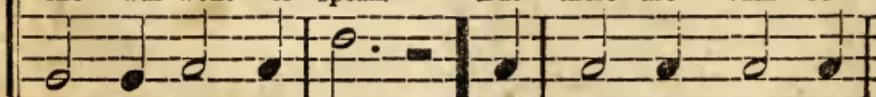
1. I had a faith - ful mo - ther, How oft in
 2. I had a pray - ing mo - ther, She led me
 3. I've now an an - gel mo - ther, For she hath
 4. O had I still a mo - ther, I'd be more



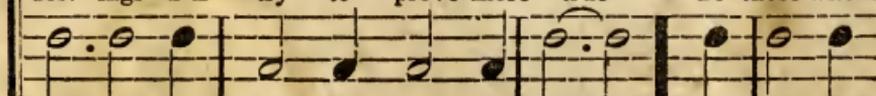

childhood's years She soothed my lit - tle troubles, And
 to the shrine, Whence draw - ing heav'n - ly wisdom, She
 left this land, And found a bet - ter country— A
 mild and meek; I'd speak in kind - ly accents, As




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




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



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

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

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

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

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

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

EVENING BELL. 4s & 3s.

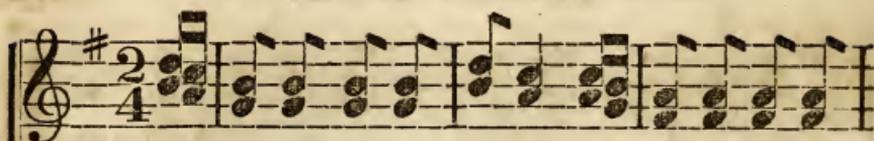
1. Hark, the peal-ing, Soft-ly steal-ing Eve-ning bell!

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

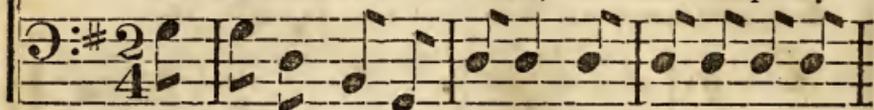
2. Day is sleeping,
 Flowers are weeping
 Tears of dew;
 Stars are peeping,
 Stars are peeping,
 Ever true.

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

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.



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



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



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



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



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

INDUSTRY.

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

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

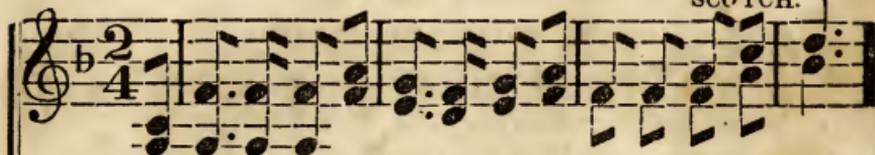
GOLDEN RULE.

LET EACH ONE LOVE THE OTHER.

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

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

SCOTCH.

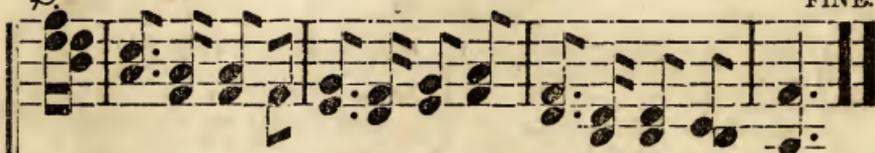


1. Shall e'er cold wa-ter be for-got When we set down to dine?
 2. To beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seems, 'T is not more strange than true!



S.

FINE.



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



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

CHORUS.

D. C. S.

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



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. The sturdy oak, full many a cup
 Doth hold up to the sky,
 To catch the rain: then drinks it up,
 And thus the oak gets high;
 'Tis thus the oak gets high, my
 friends,
 'Tis thus the oak gets high,
 By having water in its cup,
 Then why not you and I?</p> | <p>4. Then let cold water armies give
 Their banners to the air;
 So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
 The girls like tulips fair;
 The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
 The girls like tulips fair;
 The boys shall grow like sturdy
 oaks,
 The girls like tulips fair,</p> |
|--|--|

SONG OF THE DECANter.

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

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

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

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

THE MOTHER AT REST.

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

PRAISE TO GOD.

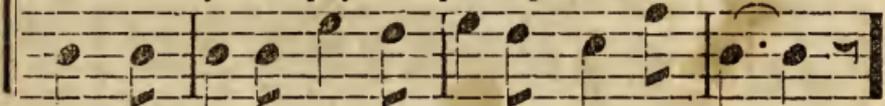
1. The praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learn'd so
 young
 To read his holy word.
2. That I am brought to know
 The danger I am in,
 By nature and by practice, too,
 A wretched slave to sin.
3. Dear Lord, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go
 For grace, to pardon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



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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





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



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



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



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



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

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

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

WHAT SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC.

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

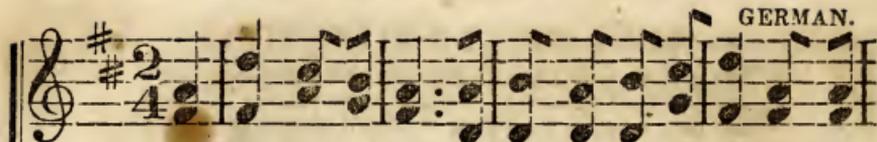
THE CHILD AND THE BEE.

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

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HIVING.

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

GERMAN.



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



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



joy - ful spi - rits, glad and free, With high e - motions raise to thee
 humble heart's devotion bring, Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
 Saviour, Prince, was cruci-fied; "T is finish'd," then he meek-ly cried,



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



GERMAN.


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



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



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



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

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

W. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

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

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

3. In class I meet,
 With friends I greet,
 At time of morning prayer;
 Our hearts we raise
 In hymns of praise,
 'Tis always pleasant there,
 At Sabbath school,
 At Sabbath school,
 Our own loved Sabbath school.

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

5. Father in heaven,
 To us 't is given
 To learn thy wondrous grace;
 Spirit of love,
 Bend from above,
 And may we seek thy face,
 In Sabbath school, &c.

A WATER SONG.

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

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

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

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

MORNING HYMN.

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

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

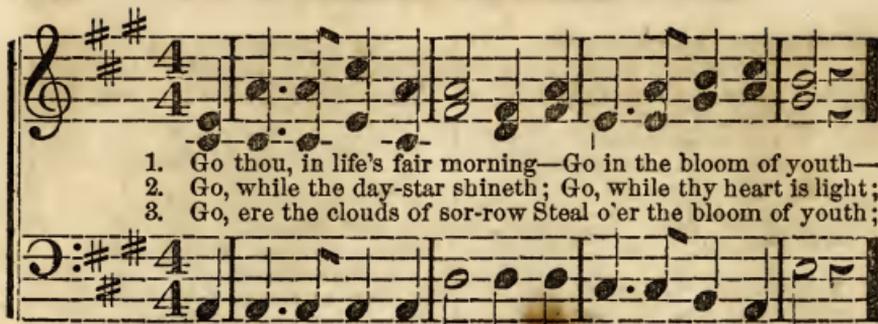
3. O make thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace;
 Make me like thee,
 Then shall I be
 Prepared to see thy face.
 Make me like thee, &c.

EVENING HYMN

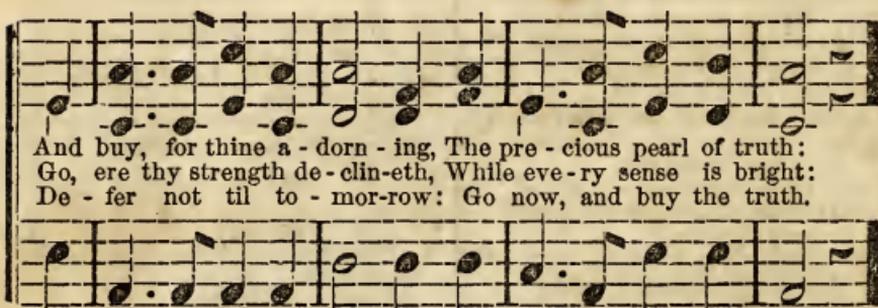
1. The daylight fades;
 The evening shades
 Are gath'ring round my head:
 Father above,
 I praise that love
 Which smooths and guards my bed.
 Father above, &c.

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

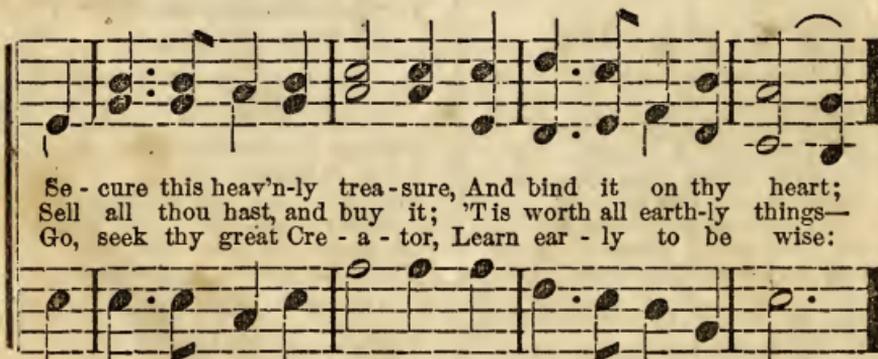
3. Pardon my sin,
 And enter in,
 And sanctify my heart:
 Spirit divine,
 O make me thine,
 And ne'er from me depart.
 Spirit divine, &c.



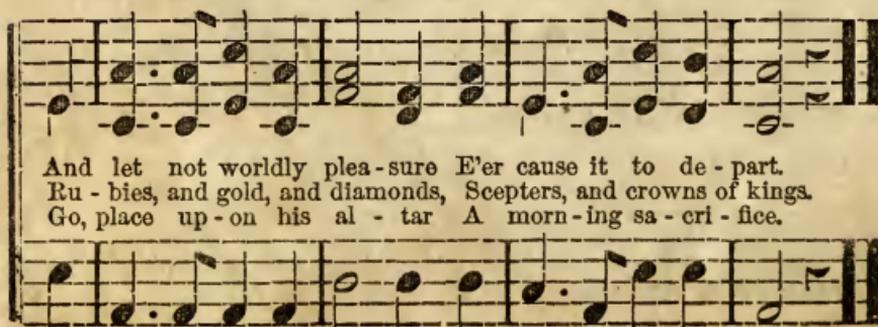
1. Go thou, in life's fair morning—Go in the bloom of youth—
2. Go, while the day-star shineth; Go, while thy heart is light;
3. Go, ere the clouds of sor-row Steal o'er the bloom of youth;



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



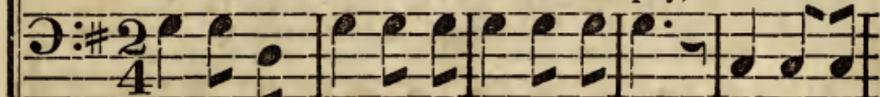
Se - cure this heav'n - ly trea - sure, And bind it on thy heart;
Sell all thou hast, and buy it; 'Tis worth all earth - ly things—
Go, seek thy great Cre - a - tor, Learn ear - ly to be wise:



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



1. Know ye the place where we gather each day, Ear-ly at
Go we a-broad in the wildwood to play, When we are



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



morn, ear-ly at morn? } { No, 'tis not there that we
gone, when we are gone? } { Leav-ing our homes, all our



gone, when we are gone.
D.C.



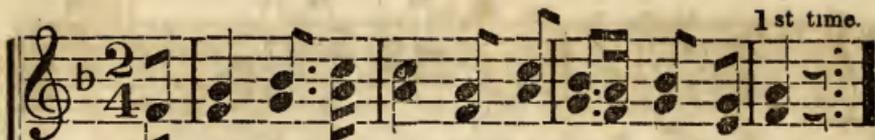
ga-ther each day, }
friends and our play, }

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

HERE IS NO REST.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
My heart doth leap, while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest! there, there is rest!
2. Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
Sweet is the promise I read in His word:
Bless'd are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been call'd to receive their reward,
There, there is rest! there, there is rest!

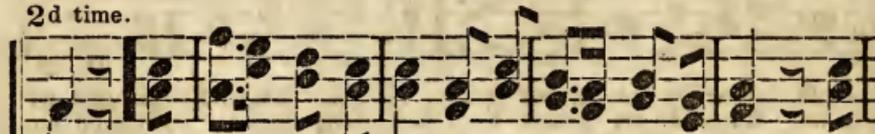
1st time.



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



2d time.



gun; O, give to us dai-ly Our por - tion of bread, It
 foe; Keep us from tempt-a-tion, From weak-ness and sin, And



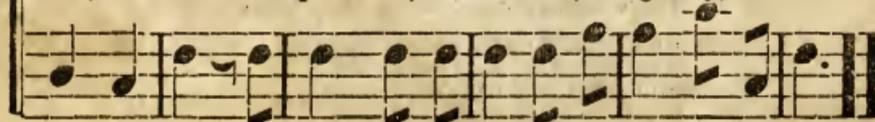
CHORUS.



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



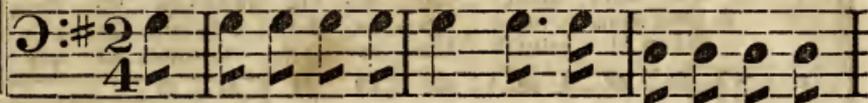
sweet, sweet home! Prepare us, dear Saviour, For glo - ry, our home.



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



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



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

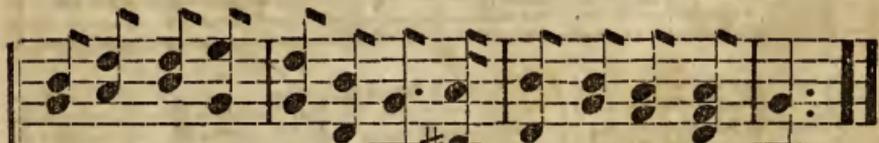
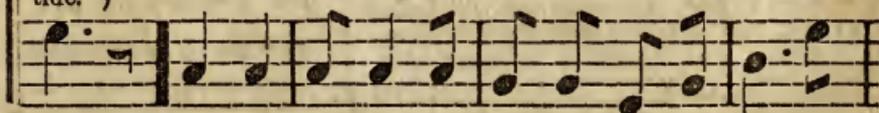


CHORUS.



youth.
 gain.
 tide.

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



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



* By permission of H Waters, Publisher.

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

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

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

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

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

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

hat - eth thee, be - friend him, As God be - friend - eth thee.
gain - est now a bro - ther, Who else were lost to thee.

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

ANGRY WORDS.*

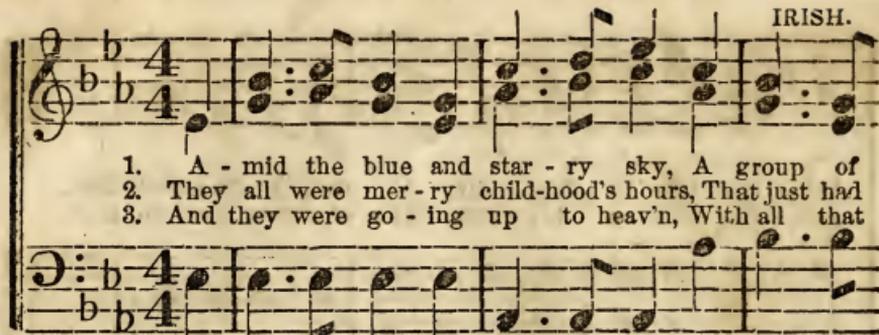
1. Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.
2. Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops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

MUTUAL LOVE.

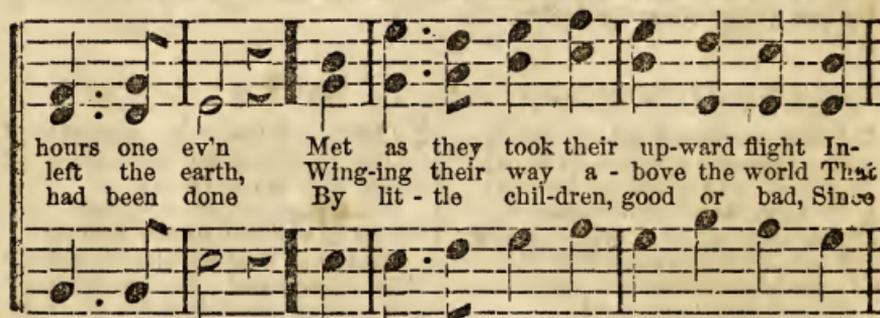
1. "Little children, love each other;"
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule:
Every little one is brother
To his play-fellows at school.
We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel? No: much rather
Would we dwell like him—in love.
2. He has placed us here together,
That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

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

IRISH.

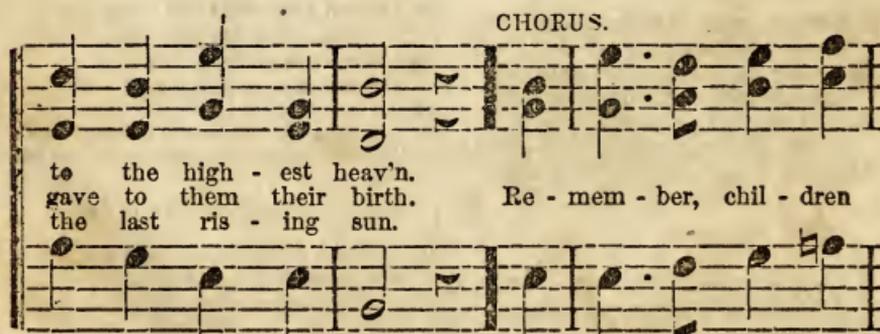


1. A - mid the blue and star - ry sky, A group of
 2. They all were mer - ry child - hood's hours, That just had
 3. And they were go - ing up to heav'n, With all that

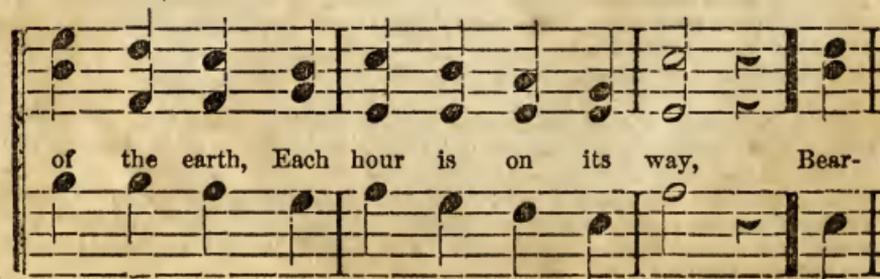


hours one ev'n Met as they took their up - ward flight In -
 left the earth, Wing - ing their way a - bove the world That
 had been done By lit - tle chil - dren, good or bad, Since

CHORUS.



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



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



4. And some had gold and purple wings,

Some droop'd like fading flowers ;
And sadly soar'd to tell the tale,
That they were misspent hours.
Remember, children, &c.

5. Some glow'd with rosy hopes and smiles,

And some had many a tear ;
Others had unkind words and acts
To carry upward there.
Remember, children, &c.

6. A shining hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed

Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.
Remember, children, &c.

7. And one was bearing up a prayer,
A little child had said ;

All full of penitence and love,
While kneeling by his bed.
Remember, children, &c.

8. And thus they glided on, and gave
Their records dark and bright,

To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.
Remember, children, &c.

GOD EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

1. None is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high ;

None is like God, whose name is love,
And who is always nigh.

He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see ;

And all our thoughts to him are
Wherever we may be. [known,

2. In all the earth, there is no spot
Excluded from his care ;

We cannot go where God is not,
For God is everywhere.

He sees us, &c.

3. He is our best and kindest friend,
And guards us night and day ;

To all our wants he will attend,
And answer when we pray.
He sees us, &c.

4. O, if we love him as we ought,
And on his grace rely,

We shall be joyful at the thought
That God is always nigh.
He sees us, &c.

LITTLE PREACHERS.

1. We have no words with which to
The truths that others teach ; [tell
And scarcely one would hearken well
Unto our childish speech.

Yet day by day, if we should try
To do the things we know,
The wisest that would pass us by,
Might wiser, holier grow.

2. Our Saviour, Christ, a lesson taught
From lilies in the grass ;

From little birds, that quick as
thought

Among the branches pass.
And day by day, &c.

3. A wise man, and a holy one,
God's blessed word should preach ;

But if by us his will be done,
Some truth may children teach.
And day by day, &c.

4. If, when our neighbor does us
wrong,

An answer kind we make ;
And bear it patiently and long,

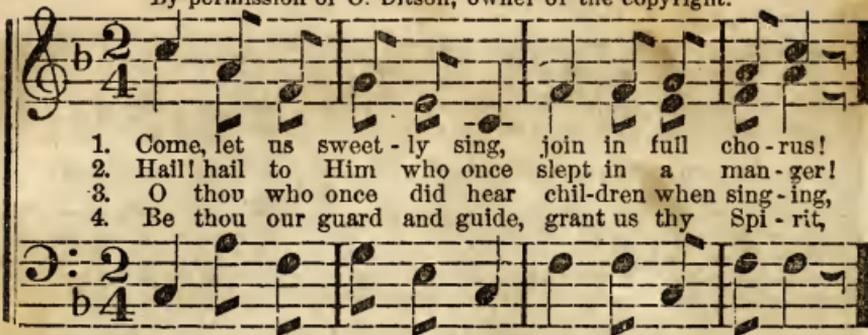
A lesson he may take.
And day by day, &c.

5. And sinner thus from sinner learns
Something that God has taught ;

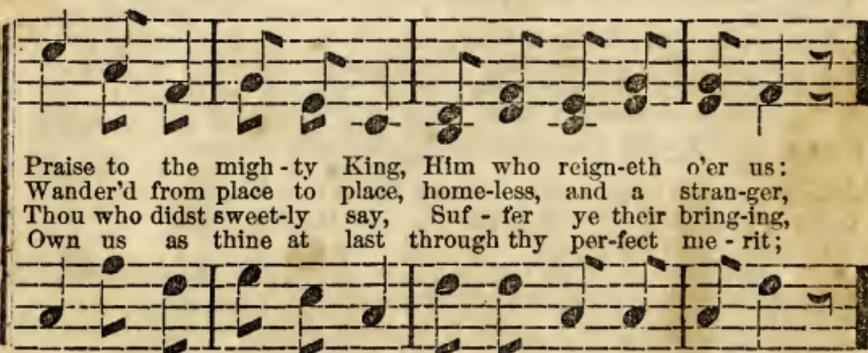
And, by a lamp that feebly burns,
To holier light is brought.

And day by day, &c.

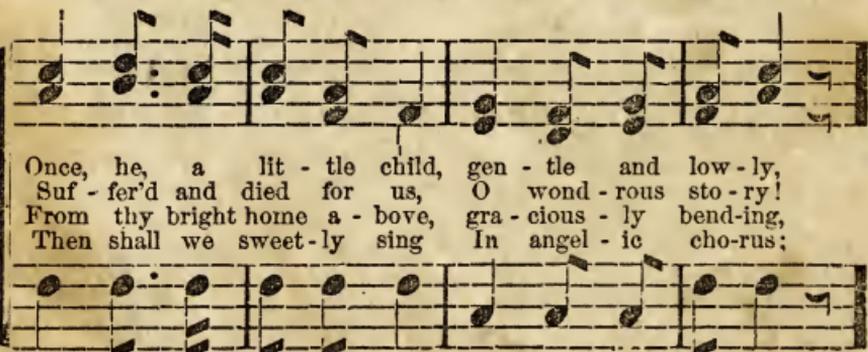
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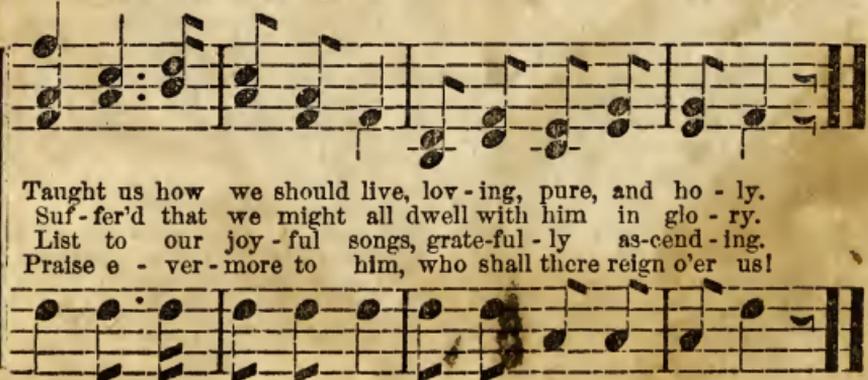
1. Come, let us sweet-ly sing, join in full cho-rus!
 2. Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a man-ger!
 3. O thou who once did hear chil-dren when sing-ing,
 4. Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spi-rit,



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



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



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



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



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

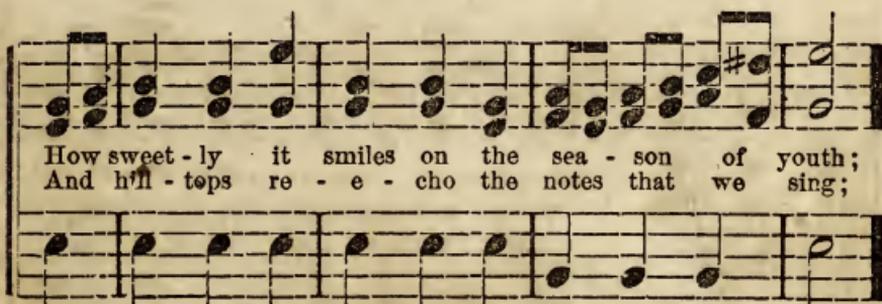
The hopes and the glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold;
Its truths and its glo - ries our tongues shall em - ploy;

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

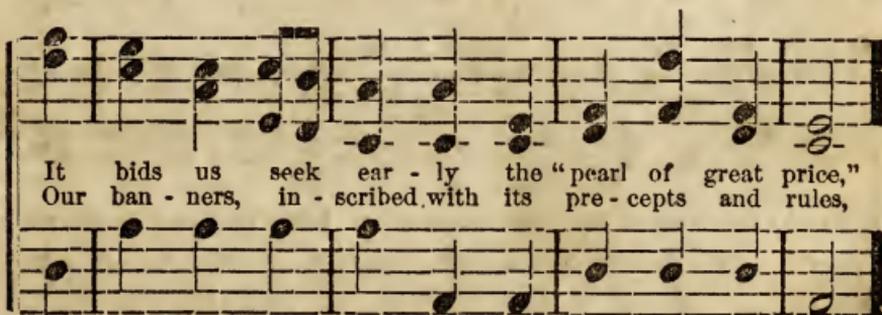
Its of - fers are free to the rich and the poor;
And send its glad ti - dings a - far o'er the earth:



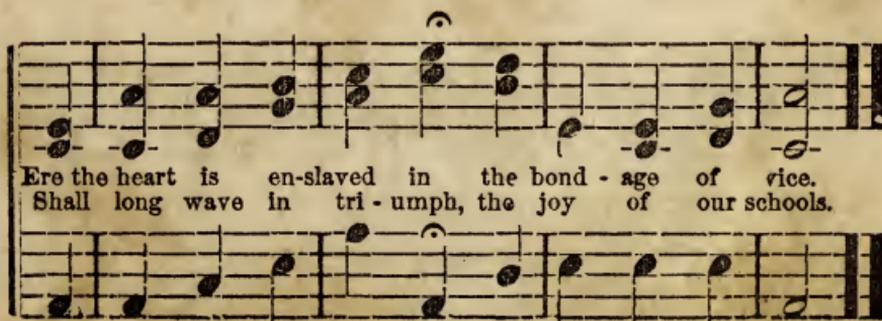
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth,
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! the val - leys shall ring,



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



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



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

84 CHILDREN AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

SWISS.

1. Lit - tle trav - lers, Zi - on - ward, Each one en - tring
In the king - dom of your Lord, In the man - sions

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
There to welcome, &c.</p> <p>3. "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."
There to welcome, &c.</p> | <p>4. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!"
There to welcome, &c.</p> <p>5. "Each the welcome 'COME' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
And let the children in.
There to welcome, &c.</p> |
|--|--|

ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.

1
Hap - py are the chil-dren whose God is the Lord,

2
Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py.

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

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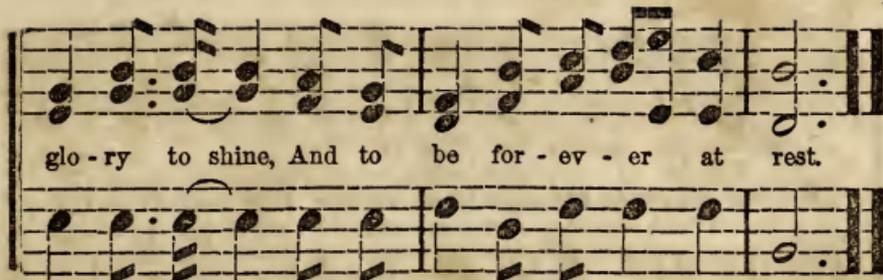
1. Our Sa-viour bids the chil-dren come; He bids us
 2. For - ev - er bless - ed be his name; No earth-ly
 3. There may we come at last, to sing In no - bler

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

CHORUS.

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

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



THE SAVIOUR.

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

LOVELY ZION.

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

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

HEAVEN.

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



1. Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny, }
 'Tis not on ap - ples, cakes, or playthings to spend it, }
 2. Their skins are quite black, for our God made them thus; }
 A soul, too, that nev - er will die has been giv - en, }



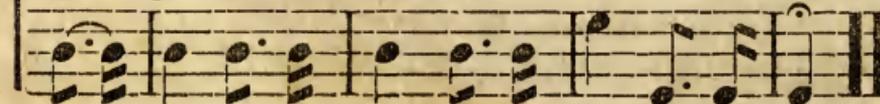
I will tell you a way that is bet - ter than any; }
 But away o'er the seas to the hea - then to send it. }
 But he made them with bod - ies and feel - ings like us: }
 And there's room for black chil - dren with Je - sus in heav'n. }



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



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



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

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

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

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD MORNING.

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

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

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

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

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

TYROLIAN.

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

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

FINE.

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

play and will stu-dy in turn.

D. C.

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

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

1. I walk'd in a field of fresh clo - ver this morn,

Where lambs play'd so mer - ri - ly un - der the trees,
Or rubb'd their soft coats on a na - ked old thorn,

Or nib - bled the clo - ver, or rest - ed at ease.

2. And under the hedge ran a clear water brook,
To drink from when thirsty, or weary with play,
And so gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all day.
3. And when I remember the beautiful psalm
That tells about Christ, and his pastures so green,
I know he is willing to make me his lamb,
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.
4. If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in his field, I forever shall live,
If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfill,
A place in his sheepfold to me he will give.
5. The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play;
The long summer's day in contentment they spend;
But happier I, if in God's holy way
I try to walk always with Christ for my friend.

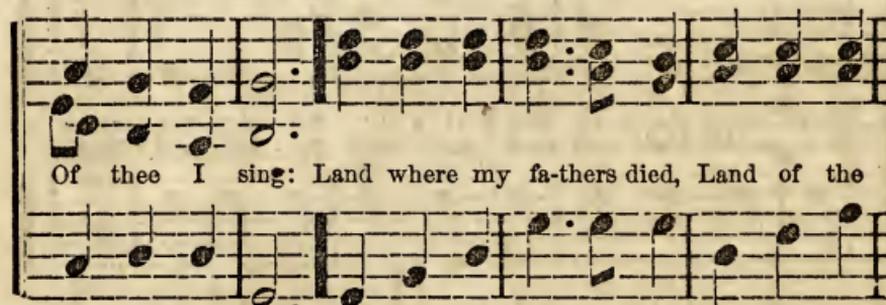
MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE. P. M.



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



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



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



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

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

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

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

COME, HASTE TO THE SAVIOUR. 93



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



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



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



pure as the ral-ment of truth?



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



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

GERMAN MELODY.

1. What is it shows my soul the way To realms of ev - er -

last - ing day, And tells the dan - ger of de - lay? My

Bi - ble, My Bi - ble!

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

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

MY FATHER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY MOTHER.

1. Who fed me from her gentle breast,

And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

2. Who sat and watch'd my infant head,

When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

3. Who taught my infant heart to pray,

To look to God, both night and day,
And strive to walk in wisdom's way?
My mother.

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

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

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

MY BROTHER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY SISTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BOY'S PENNY.

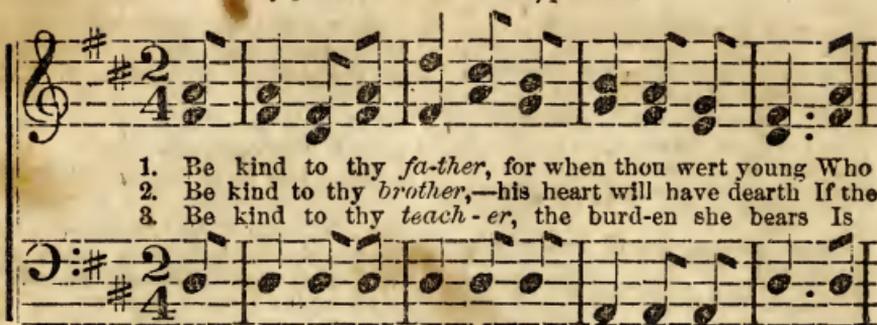
1. "I've got a penny, dear mamma!"
So cried a little boy;
"And fivepence which I've in my box,
Makes sixpence for a toy;
I never was so rich before;
I've sixpence; when shall I have
more?"
2. "But, Henry, love," the mother
said,
"If you will list to me,
I'll tell you how that sixpence, dear,
Much better spent may be!"
And then she took the prattler up,
And placed him gently on her knee.
3. "My child, there 's many a boy and
girl,
Living across the sea,
To whom the Church her missions
sends,
That they may Christians be;
And, through their Saviour, find the
road
That leads to the right hand of God."
4. The child sat silent for a while,
And then look'd up, and said,
"Toys soon do break, don't they,
mamma?
We 'll help Christ's word instead."
And jumping off his mother's knee,
He fetch'd his sixpence cheerfully.
5. "But will it help the work, mam-
ma,
So small a sum?" he cried;
"I would it were a dollar more,"
And then he deeply sigh'd.
"But I shall soon a man become.
And then can give a greater sum."
6. Reader, that little boy henceforth
His pence and half pence saved,
And never, from that time, I hear,
Has he for trifles craved.
Like him, who'll save their half-
pence, too,
For heathen souls?—My dear, will
you?

POVERTY.

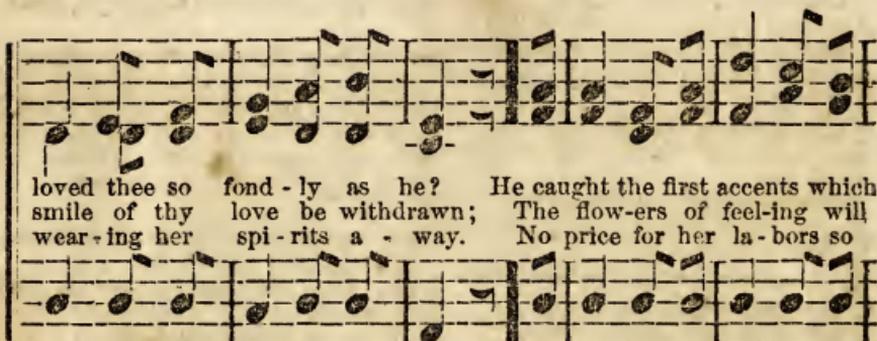
1. We were so poor when baby died,
And mother stitch'd the shroud,
The others in their hunger cried,
With sorrow wild and loud;
We were so poor, we could not pay
The man to carry him away.

2. I see it still before my eyes—
It lies upon the bed:
And mother whispers through her
sighs,
"The little babe is dead!"
A little box of common pine
His coffin was—and may be mine.
3. They laid our little brother out,
And wrapp'd his form in white,
And, as they turn'd his head about,
We saw the solemn sight;
And wept as little children weep,
And kiss'd the dead one in his sleep.
4. We look'd our last upon his face,
And said our last "good-by,"
While mother laid him in the place,
Where those are laid who die:
The sexton shoved the box away,
Because we were too poor to pay.
5. We were too poor to hire a hearse,
And couldn't get a pall,
And when we drove him to the
grave,
A wagon held us all:
'T was I who drove the horse, and I
Who told my mother not to cry.
6. We rode along the crowded town,
And felt so lone and drear,
And oft our tears came trickling
down,
Because no friends were near:
The folks were strangers, selfish men,
Who hadn't lost a baby then.
7. We reach'd the grave, and laid him
there,
With all the dead around;
There was no priest to say a prayer,
And bless the holy ground;
So home we went with grief and
pain,
But home was never home again!
8. And there he sleeps, without a
stone
To mark the sacred spot;
But though, to all the world un-
known,
By us 't is not forgot.
We mean to raise a stone some
day,
But now we are too poor to pay!

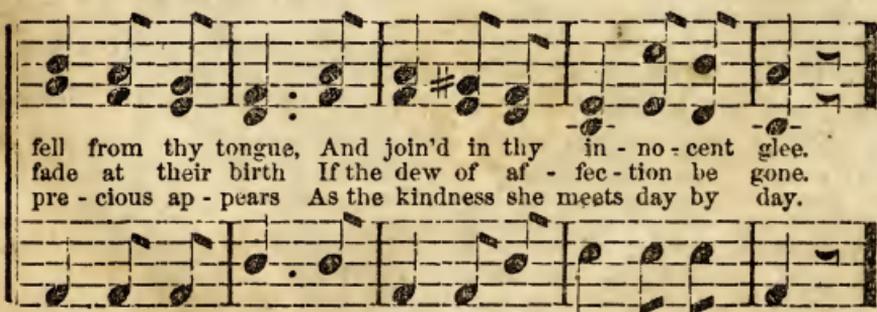
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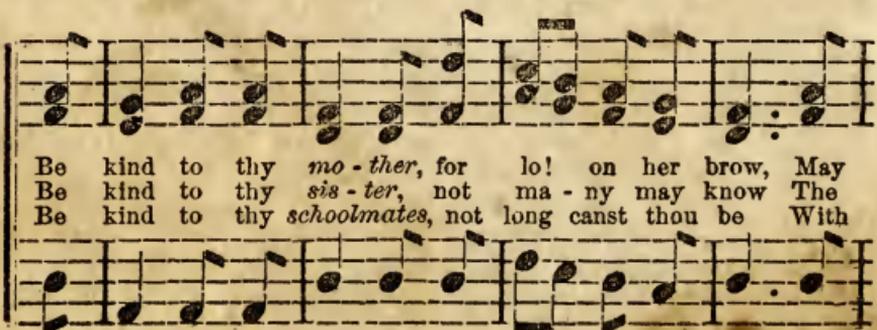
1. Be kind to thy *fa-ther*, for when thou wert young Who
 2. Be kind to thy *brother*,—his heart will have dearth If the
 3. Be kind to thy *teach-er*, the burd-en she bears Is



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



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



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

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

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

"BE GOOD."

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

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

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

love; } The good shall meet a-bove, The good shall meet a-bove;
bove: }
pain, } And nev-er part a-gain, And nev-er part a-gain;
gain, }

D. C. To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore,

FINE.

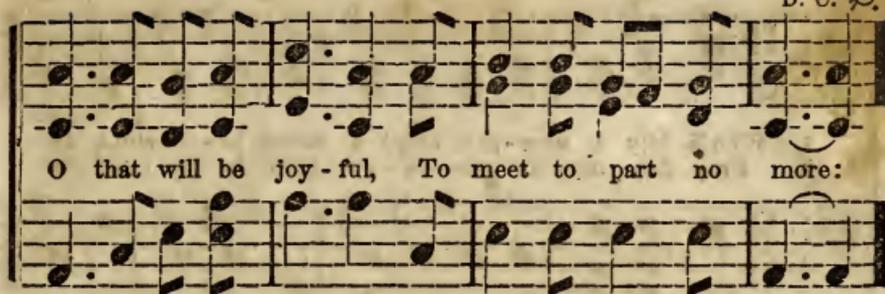
And tho' we part 't is bliss to know, The good shall meet a-bove.
In heaven we shall each other see, And nev-er part a-gain.

And sing the ev-er-last-ing song With those who've gone be-fore.

CHORUS.

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

D. C. §



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

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

THE PROMISED LAND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H E A V E N .

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

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

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

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

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

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

102 THE NOSEGAY GIRL. P. M.



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



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



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



CHORUS.



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



bud shall be moist-en'd with gra - ti - tude's tear.

VERY LITTLE THINGS. 7s.

L. M.

1. Ve - ry lit - tle things are we, O how mild we all should be;
 2. Nev - er quar - rel, never fight, That would be a shocking sight.
 3. Just like pret - ty lit - tle lambs, Soft - ly skip - ping by their dams.
 4. We'll be gen - tle all the day, Love to learn as well as play;
 5. And at - tend to eve - ry rule Of our much loved, happy school.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

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

MORNING PRAYER.

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

3. Keep my feet from every snare,
Keep me with thy watchful care:
4. All my little wants supply,
If I live, or if I die.
5. And when life, O Lord, is past,
Take me to thyself at last.

EVENING PRAYER.

1. Lord! this night I come to own
All my sins before thy throne:
2. All the ill I've done this day,
In thy blood, O, wash away.
3. Put on me, O Lord, this night,
Put on me a robe of white:
4. Say to me, with voice from heaven,
"Little child, thy sin's forgiven!"
5. Joyful then my rest I'll take,
Jesus! all for thy dear sake.

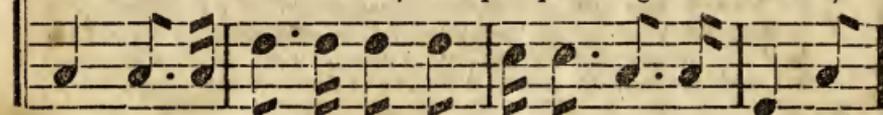
104 OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT. P. M.



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



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



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



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





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



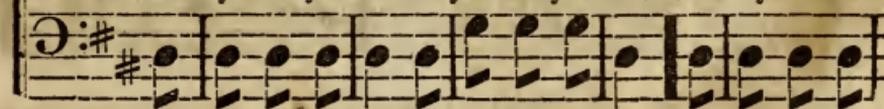
Sweet faith brings up the light Of heav'n-ly joys a - round me.
Sweet faith brings up the light Of heav'n-ly joys a - round me.



LIKE MISTS ON THE MOUNT. 5s.



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



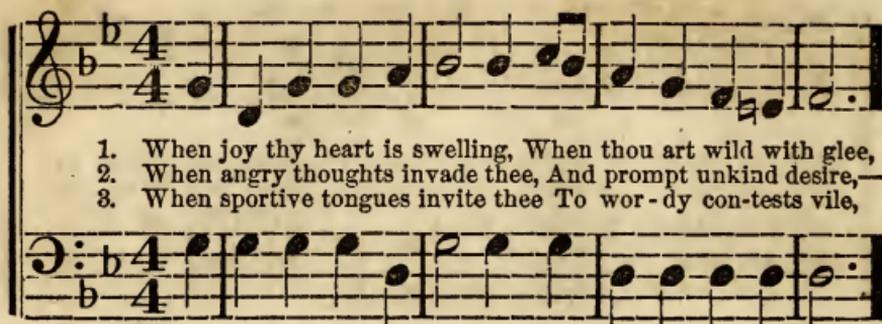
years Of our short lives flee.
day To a Sa - vour fly.
makes Them with-er a - way.
room," To a Sa - vour fly.



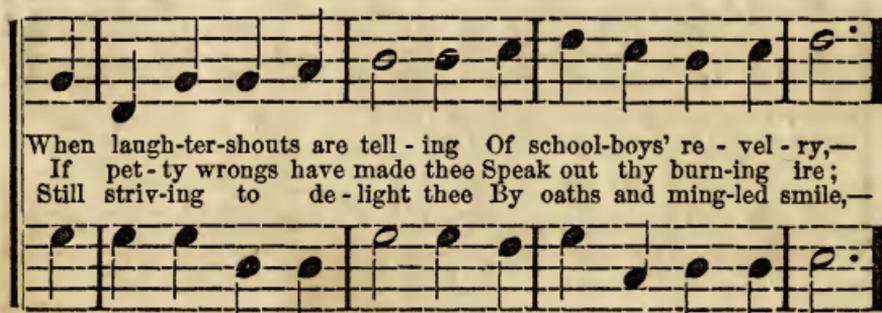
5. When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
He slept in his smile,
And rejoic'd in his word.

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

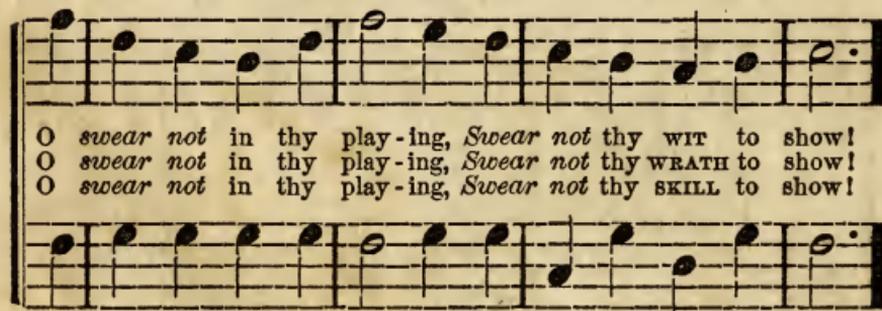
106 SWEAR NOT IN THY PLAYING.



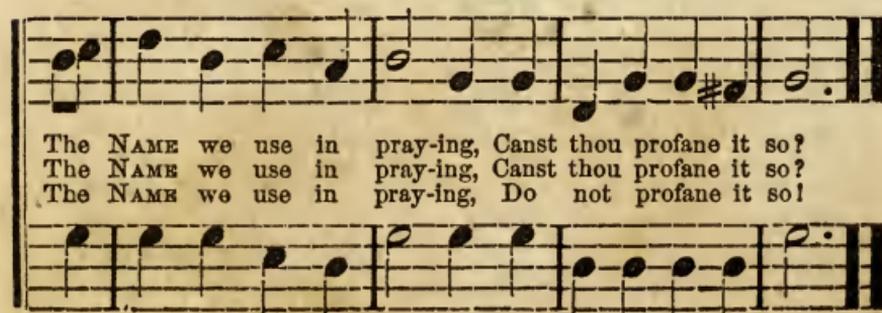
1. When joy thy heart is swelling, When thou art wild with glee,
 2. When angry thoughts invade thee, And prompt unkind desire,—
 3. When sportive tongues invite thee To wor-dy con-tests vile,



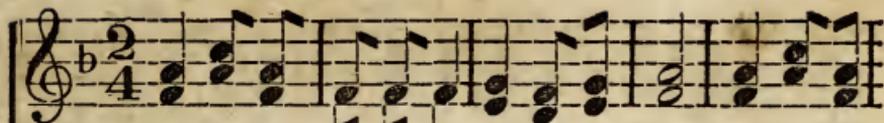
When laugh-ter-shouts are tell-ing Of school-boys' re-vel-ry,—
 If pet-ty wrongs have made thee Speak out thy burn-ing ire;
 Still striv-ing to de-light thee By oaths and ming-led smile,—



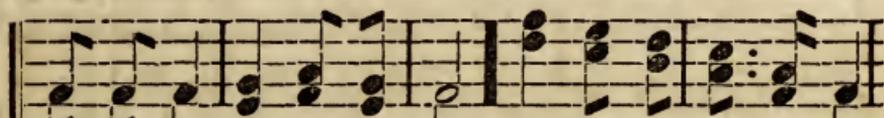
O *swear not* in thy play-ing, *Swear not* thy WIT to show!
 O *swear not* in thy play-ing, *Swear not* thy WRATH to show!
 O *swear not* in thy play-ing, *Swear not* thy SKILL to show!



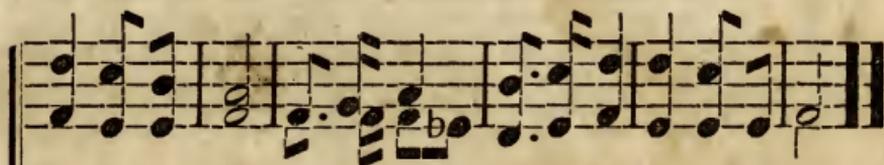
The NAME we use in pray-ing, Canst thou profane it so?
 The NAME we use in pray-ing, Canst thou profane it so?
 The NAME we use in pray-ing, Do not profane it so!



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



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



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

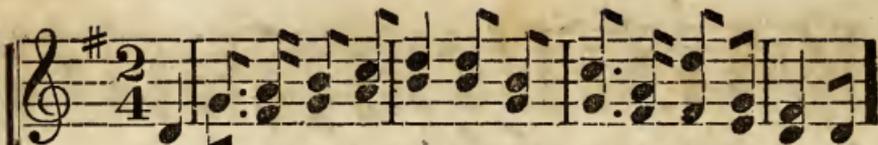


SHUN ANGER.

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

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

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



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



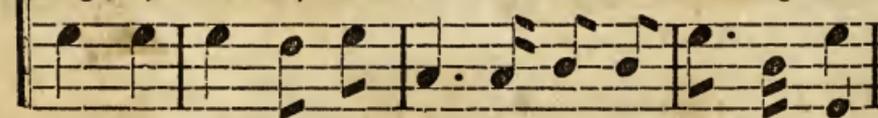
We all love one an - oth - er, And keep the gold - en rule.
 We al - ways love our pa - rents, As chil - dren ought to do.
 We love our lit - tle sis - ters, We love our bro - thers, too.
 We love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Which tells us what to do.
 We try to love the Sa - viour, Who shed for us his blood.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



CHORUS.



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



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





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



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



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



INFANT PRAISE AND PRAYER.

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

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

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

SCHOLARS' PLEDGE.

Never the *drunkard's* drink
 Our lips shall stain,
 Ne'er shall the *swearer's*
 Our tongues profane,
 Ever our breath
 From *tobacco*
 Wars we will
 Peace

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

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

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

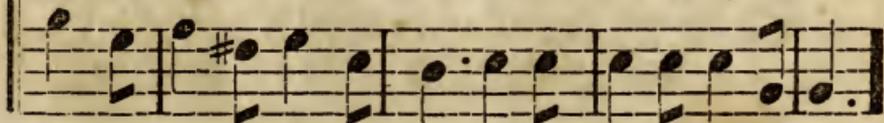
Get up ear-ly! when the darkness Fades from earth and skies.
Get up ear-ly! while all na-ture Bless-es na-ture's God.



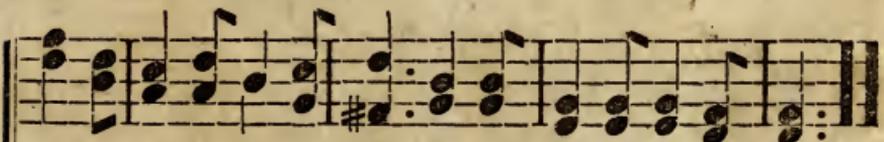
1. In the school-room while we stay, There is work enough to do,
2. Here, then, let us early sow, While we're in our opening youth,



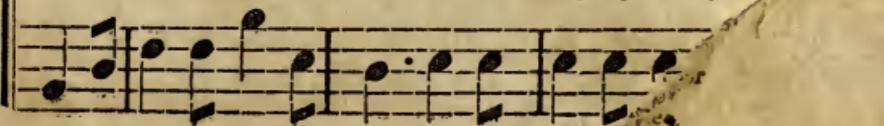
Stu - dy, stu - dy through the day—Keep our les - sons all in view.
Seed that will take root and grow—Seed of knowledge, virtue, truth;



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



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





TYROLEAN MELODY.

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

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



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



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



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




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



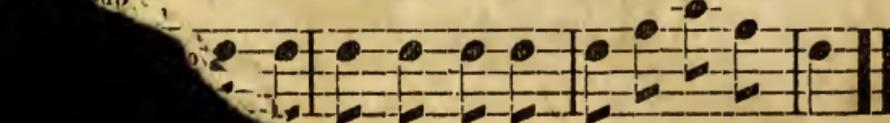
CHORUS.



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




Get up to fond of learn - ing that I will not stay from school.



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

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

FINE.

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

way to school.

D. C.

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

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

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

O, may truth Guide our youth, Never let a fal-



1. Don't you hear the school-bell ringing? Don't you hear the school-bell

2. We will mind our dearest teachers, We will mind our dearest

3. We must try to learn our les-sons, We must try to learn our



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



CHORUS.



school! }
wish. }
well. }

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



Get

up

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



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

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

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

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

SING, SING, SING. P. M.

GERMAN MELODY.



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



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



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

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

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

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

1. The mother look'd pale, and her face was sad, She
 2. He was a pleasant, affectionate child, His
 3. He stood by the window alone within, And he
 4. Then he came and lean'd by his mother's side, And

seem'd to have nothing to make her glad, She silently
 ways they were winning, his temper was mild, There was joy and
 felt that his soul was stain'd with sin; And his mother could
 ask'd for a kiss, which she denied; And he told her with

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

Get

up

had told her a lie, Had told her a lie.
 had told her a lie, Had told her a lie.
 hat wick - ed lie, That wick - ed lie.
 - oth - er lie, An - oth - er lie.

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



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

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

1 2

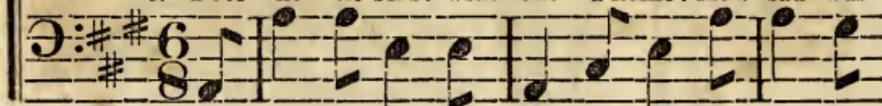
Go to my mo-ther, And tell her, I love

3 4

now if she wish - es it, I will c



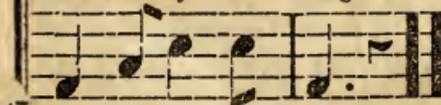
1. A lit - tle Rob - in built a nest With - in a
2. The old tree in a play-ground grew, The school-house
3. A - way they ran to search the tree, And soon the
4. And, O! that pret - ty lit - tle nest Of down, and
5. Poor lit - tle bird! with - out a home! How sad was



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



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



6. "If children, taught God's holy
word—
To love what God has made—
Are cruel to a little bird,
Well may I be afraid!
7. "I nestled where they play'd and
learn'd,
And sung sweet songs all day;
But all my notes of love they've
spurn'd,
And driven me away."

BE NOT CRUEL.

Get up thy little foot aside,
beneath its tread
creature of the earth
God for bread,
not dare, in wanton

all to mar,
ous life
sh'd there.
verse
love

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

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

sweet they sing!
saw her fly. } Hap - py birds, I'm hap - py too, I will
get to pray } Gives me life, and health, and food, Fills my
morn-ing light;

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

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

3. Lord, may every mornin'
See a better life begun!
May I love and serve
Than I ever did before
In my work and in my
Be thou with me
In my work and in my
Be thou with me
sing



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

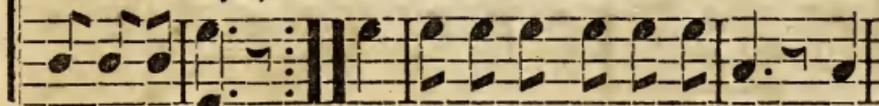


D. C. And we, his dear children, be found, In prai-ses to

FINE.



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



take less de-light?

D. C.



voi-ces in concert u - nite,



LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

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

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

my mother, I know,
for kindness repay,
as older I grow,
your commands to

Get and
I could tell
tenderly smiled,
it so well,
ful child.

sh,
ve
love

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

SPANISH MELODY.

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

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

D. C.

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

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

D. C.

SILENTLY, SILENTLY.

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

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

And if we should chance to fir
Lessons that perplex the mi
Persevere! persevere
Never borrow fear.

3. Now we sing,
Gaily as the birds of
As they hop, as
On the high t
Let us be as pro
In our work o
Happily
Passing

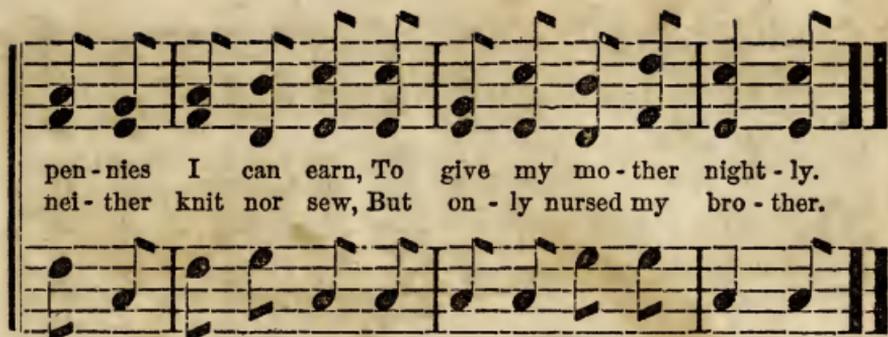
124 THE STRAW-PLAITER'S SONG.

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

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

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

Get up 'Tis no - thing ve - ry spright - ly, But yet some
 I had a sick - ly mo - ther, And I could



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

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

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

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

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

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

2. Friendship oft would lon-
 And quarrels be preven'
 If little words were let g
 Forgiven, not resente'
 Foolish things are fro
 For angry thought'
 Rather drown the
 Than let anot'

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

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

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

FINE.

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

D. C.

Get up
should not steal, or use The small - est thing I see;
need - less they may need, I'll do, what - e'er it be;

ALL FOR THE BEST. C. M. 127



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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





Translated from the French.

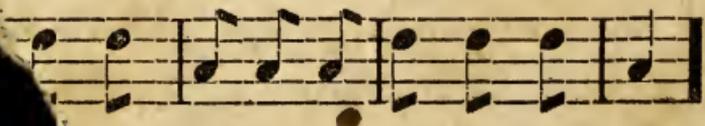
GERMAN MELODY.

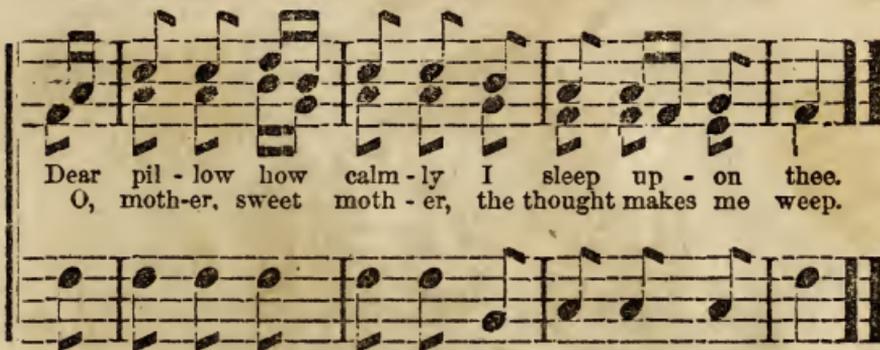


1. My dear lit - tle pil - low, so nice, soft and warm, }
 So full of fine down made on pur - pose for me, }
 2. How ma - ny poor in - fants are houseless and cold, }
 And have no soft pil - low where - on they can sleep, }



Get - up, the sa - vage wolves howl, and loud blows the storm,
 and the parent's dear face do they have to be - hold,





3. When to God I have breathed my humble prayer
For all those who ne'er on a pillow recline,
I cling to my own in my pretty bed there,
I bless thee, dear mother, it is close to thine.
4. I shall not awake till morning's bright dawn
Sheds over the fair earth its warm, cheering light;
But hush! let me pray for the orphan forlorn,
And then one more kiss, mother, good-night, good-night,

LITTLE EVA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

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

1. Good-night, little birds! I am going to bed,
To lay on nice pillow my tired little head;
And you, pretty warblers, have flown to your nest,
To fold your sweet wings, and then quietly rest.
So we'll both shut our eyes, till again it is light,
Kindly wishing each other a very "good-night."
2. Good-night to you too, my dear, pretty young lambs,
That all the day long have skipp'd by your dams;
For you, I am sure, must be wearied with play,
Then close to your mothers your little heads lay;
See—the beautiful sun gives no longer its light,
So is it not time to say, kindly, "Good-night?"
3. Good-night, pretty pussy, 't is too late for play,
For I have not, like you, been sleeping all day;
'T is no use to look as if asking for fun—
No, no! perhaps to-morrow we'll have a run;

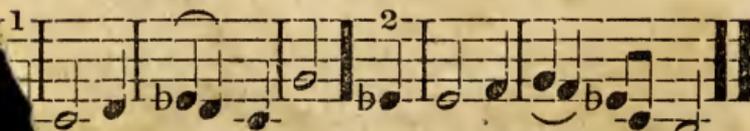
But now, little pussy, I'm tired outright,
So I'll stroke your smooth coat, and say, kindly, "Good-night."



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

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

ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



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



ELIZA.

5. O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?
O where, tell me where, has my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

A rose's short, bright life of joy was only to him given,
And thou must play alone, my child, thy brother is in heaven.

ELIZA.

6. Alone! all alone! O I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone! O I cannot play alone!
And has he left his birds and flowers, and my we
And through the long long summer hours, in

7. Alone! all alone! O I cannot play.
Alone! all alone! O I cannot play a
And by the brook and in the glad
O while my brother with me p

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EVA AND OTHERS.

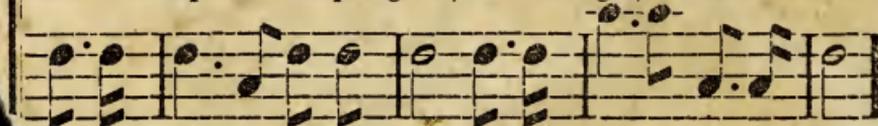


QUESTIONS.

1. School-mates, can you tell me, why An-gel-light il-lumed the sky,
2. School-mates, could you feel her grief, When lone Mary sought relief,
3. School-mates, come, your Lord adore, High he lives, to die no more;



Whe up - on the fear - ful night Mer - cy smiled in hea - ven's light?
 Would you not with her de - light Still to watch the tar - dy night?
 Once he slept in Jo - seph's grave, Now he reigns, a Prince to save.



ANSWERS.

Yes, that glo - rious hour Saw the Sa - viour's wond'rous power,
 Yes, perfumes we'd strew, Tears would mingle with the dew;
 Yes, with glo - ry's throng We will chant re - demp - tion's song;



gloom, Rose in triumph from the tomb.
 In gloom, Jesus ris - ing from the tomb.
 Reigns he now "the morning star."



DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARTHA AND ISA.

ISA.

1. Who are they in heaven who stand
Clothed in white at God's right hand?
In their robes so fair and bright
They are shining like the light.
Harps of gold and palms they bear,
All are good and happy there;
Much I wonder what their name,
Who they are, and whence they came.

MARTHA.

2. They who now are praising God,
Once the path of sorrow trod;
Now by Christ their Saviour led,
Crowns of joy are on their heads.

They shall never weep again,
Never know a grief or pain;
All is bright and shining day,
God has wiped their tears away.

ISA.

3. May I with them also stand,
Robed in white at God's right hand,
And with joy forever sing
Praises to my God and King!

MARTHA.

Yes, dear girl, if, till you die,
You will serve the Lord on high,
You shall reign with him in heaven,
Where eternal joys are given.



"LITTLE SCHOOLMATES, CAN YOU TELL"

QUESTION.

1. Little schoolmates, can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well
Through the watches of the night,
Brought us safe to see the light?

ANSWER.

Yes, it is our God who does keep
Little children while they sleep;
He has kept us safe from harm,
Let us sleep so sweet and calm.

QUESTION.

2. Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes, and home, and parents good,
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,
Useful books, and active mind?

ANSWER.

Yes, our heavenly Father
Gives us all we need,
All our books and
God, in kindness

ALL.

3. O, the
For his
Ever

DIALOGUE BETWEEN GERTRUDE AND HERBERT.

German Melody.



GERTRUDE.

1. O, what is heav'n? I want to know: And what is passing

HERBERT.

2. Yes, there are flow'rs which never fade, And streams that never



there?
dry;

Do gen - tle riv - ers bright - ly flow, And
And there is known no eve - ning shade, To



per-fume the air?
the glo - rious sky.

GERTRUDE.

3. O, what is heav'n? I want to know,
Are children playing there?
And do they thirst and hunger now,
And feel a parent's care?

HERBERT.

4. No, never do they hunger there,
Nor precious moments waste;
But beauteous as the angels are,
With Christ's own image graced.



n? O, is it far
read?
r,
y red?

7. 'T is in his word that we are told
Of bliss beyond the sky,
And how to obtain a crown of gold,
All glorious, when we die.

GERTRUDE.

8. Dear Jesus, may I now be thine,
And have my sins forgiv'n:
Along with saints and angels shine
With thee—for that is heav'n.



WHAT IS DEATH?

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ELIZA AND HER MOTHER.

ELIZA.

1. "Mother, how still the baby lies,
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.
2. "My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed;
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hush'd me—He is dead!
3. "They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies,
O, mother, tell me how."

MOTHER.

4. "Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought
And laid upon the casement here?
A wither'd worm you thought.
5. "I told you, that almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.
6. "Look at that chrysalis, my love;
An empty shell it lies: [above
Now raise your wond'ring glance
To where yon insect flies."



ELIZA.

7. "O, yes, mamma, how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away,
Beyond my gentle hold.
8. "O, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,

And draw
On gold

9. "I

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

French Melody.

WILLIE.
1. Dear mo-ther, I ask for my fa - ther in vain;

Has he sought some far coun-try his health to re - gain?

D. C. For some warm sunny land, where the soft bree - zes blow?

Has he left our cold cli - mate of frost and of snow,

Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved father has gone
to a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
his spirit is strengthen'd, his frame is at rest,
and his health, there is peace in the land of the blest."

And, my dear mother, more lovely than ours,
the air is more clear, more blooming the flowers,
the sun shines over it all the year long,
and the glad sounds of music and song?"

These things are despoil'd not by winter or night,
the flowers are exhaustless and bright,
and the sweet hymns are address'd
to the land of the blest."

of such meetings of bliss—
are more happy than this;
the journey depends,
on the land and friends."

- MOTHER.** 6. "Not on me, love; I trust that I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the land of the blest.
7. "Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy;
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a father's kind counsels, a father's fond prayers.
8. "Yet fear not—the God, whose direction you crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save,
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy father, the land of the blest.



"Dear mother, I

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARTHA AND ALICE.



Rev. G. COLES.



MARTHA.

ALICE.

1 Dear lit - tle sis - ter, how d'ye do? I'm well, I thank you;

MARTHA.

2 Who clothes us? God, and keeps us warm, Guards us both day and



ALICE.

3 but 'tis not you I thank. Are you so

MARTHA.

4 and give us what we eat? Yes, bread and



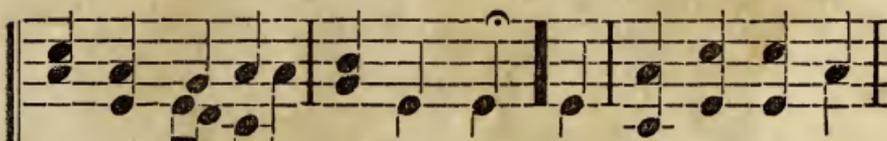


MARTHA.

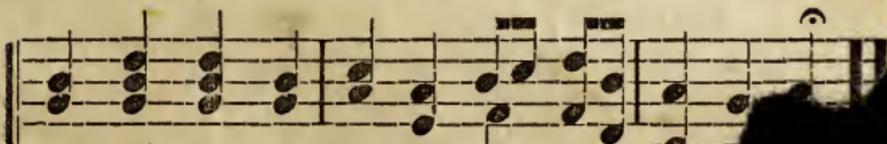
rude? No! on-ly frank. Thank you for ask-ing, not for health, That
fruit, herba, fish, and meat. But if we're sick? God, if he please, Can

ALICE.

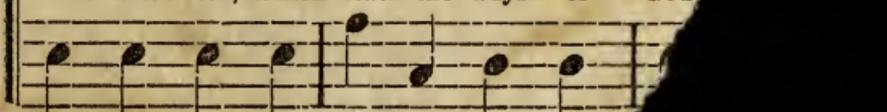
MARTHA.



you can't give, no more than wealth: 'Tis God that gives us
make us well and give us ease. Now let us sing com-



health and breath, And he can save our souls from
mand-ments ten, Which teach the ways of God



BOTH.

3. Have thou no other God than me,
Before no idol bow thy knee;
Take not the name of God in vain,
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
Give both thy parents honor due,
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds un-
clean,
Nor steal, though thou art poor and
mean;

4. Nor tell
What is
covet
These
And
The



“I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with dew,
And covers them with snow.”

WE ONLY SEEM TO DIE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARY AND ELIZA.

[Adapted to tune on page 146.]

1.
Flowers have come again,
violets grow:
Plants which late have
died
with snow.

Leaves would peep
and,
buried deep,
and.

MARY. 3.
Mamma says when the grave shall
O'er you, dear sis, and I, [close
We, like our sweet fading rose,
Shall only seem to die.

4.
I know, my mother tells me true,
I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with
dew,
And covers them with snow.

BETWEEN WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

[Adapted to tune on page 142.]

My dearest father gone?
My dearest father gone?
His gentle words of love,

2. O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
 O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
 I miss the sweet tones of his voice, when we are bow'd in prayer,
 I gaze, where oft he used to kneel, but O, he is not there.

3. O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?
 O where, tell me where, has my dearest father gone?

MOTHER.

Thy father is at rest, my child, at home with God above;
 Yet from his blest abode in heaven, still looks on us in love.

WILLIE.

4. O when, tell me when, shall I see his face again,
 And how, tell me how, shall I reach that blessed plain?

MOTHER.

When all your work on earth is done, and you are call'd to die,
 If you have served your father's God, you'll meet him then on high.

WILLIE.

5. O then, surely then, we shall have a joyful time,
 And we will stay, ever stay, in that bright and glorious clime,
 For you'll be there, and sister dear, with all the friends we love;
 But best of all, the Saviour too, dwells in that home above.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALICE AND JULIA.

[Adapted to tune on page 150.]

JULIA. Who came from heaven to bleed and die?

ALICE. Jesus, the Son of God Most High.

JULIA. But why did Jesus suffer thus?

ALICE. He suffer'd, bled and died for us.

JULIA. Were our sins then on Jesus laid?

ALICE. They were; he bore them in our stead.

JULIA. Will God forgive what we have done?

ALICE. Yes, if we ask through Christ, his Son.

JULIA. But will he hear what children say?

ALICE. He will, if with our hearts we pray.

JULIA. Will Jesus help us if we try?

ALICE. He'll send the Spirit from on high.

JULIA. What will the holy Spirit do?

ALICE. Teach us to pray—our hearts renew.

JULIA. Is Jesus still the children's friend?

ALICE. His love to children knows no end.

JULIA. Does Jesus still the children bless?

ALICE. He does, with truest happiness.

JULIA. And may we all to Jesus come?

ALICE. Yes, in his heart there yet is room.

JULIA. O should we not this Saviour love?

ALICE. All other friends far, far above.

JULIA. And surely we should praise him too.

ALICE. Yes, and I'll gladly join with you;
 He loves to hear our youthful tongues

Pour forth in praise our grateful songs.

How pleasant now for us to sing

The love and goodness of our King.

BOTH. Jesus, the Lord, let us adore,

And love and praise him evermore.

Glory to Jesus Christ be given,

By all on earth, by all in heaven.

§

1. En - list - ed in the cause of sin, Why should a
2. Who on the part of God will rise, In - no - cent

D. C. en, or lewd, or light the ray, Flows to the
him of eve - ry mov - ing strain, Of eve - ry

good be e - vil? Mu - sic too long, a - las! has been Press'd
sounds re - cov - er; Fly on the prize, and seize the prey Plun -

souls un - do - ing, Wi - dens and strews with flow'rs the way, Down
melt - ing mea - sure; Mu - sic in vir - tue's cause re - tain, Res -

FINE.

to o - bey the dev - il: Press'd to o - bey the
der the car - nal lov - er: Plun - der the car - nal

to our ut - ter ru - in.
cue the ho - ly plea - sure.

D. C. §

dev - il, Press'd to o - bey the dev - il: Drunk -
lov - er, Plun - der the car - nal lov - er: Strip

8. Come, let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us.
Try, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus' name is sweeter.
4. Jesus, the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus' name is life, and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

5. Who has a right like us to sing?
Us, whom his mercy raises;
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful we'll sing his praises.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.
6. Then, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship, and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

NOTE.—This poem was an impromptu, by a clergyman, when called upon by a party of gay worldlings for a song. It is not inserted here as being peculiarly appropriate for children; but because the sentiments were so much in unison with those which prompted the preparation of this work.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Chant.

TALLIS.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed . . . be thy | name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, . . as it | is in | heaven.

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

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

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

[Adapted to tune on page 62.]

1. "I'll never use tobacco, no!
It is a nasty weed!
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reid."
"O, no! I'll never smoke nor chew,
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad
Said little Robert Reid." [breath,
2. "Why, there was idle Jerry James,
As dirty as a pig;
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.
O no, I'll never" &c.
3. "He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame;
He'd sit beside the tavern door,
And there he'd do the same.
O no, I'll never," &c.
4. "He spent his time, and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She fear'd a worthless man would
come
From such a worthless lad.
O no, I'll never," &c.

156 INDEPENDENCE DAY. C. M.

By permission of H. Waters, Publisher.

1. With joy we meet, With smiles we greet Our schoolmates
 2. 'Tis freedom's sound, That rings a-round, And bright-ens
 3. While thunder breaks, And mu - sic wakes Its pa - tri-

bright and gay; Be dry each tear Of sor-row here, 'Tis
 eve - ry ray; Our ban - ner floats With trum-pet notes, On
 ot - ic lay; At tem - ple gate Our feet shall wait On

D. C. Be dry each tear Of sor-row here, 'Tis
 Our ban - ner floats With trum-pet notes, On
 At tem - ple gate Our feet shall wait On

FINE.

D. C.

In - de - pend - ence day, 'Tis In - de - pend - ence day.
 In - de - pend - ence day, On In - de - pend - ence day.
 In - de - pend - ence day, On In - de - pend - ence day.

In - de - pend - ence day.
 In - de - pend - ence day.
 In - de - pend - ence day.

4. O who from home
 Would fail to come,
 And join the children's lay,
 When praise we bring
 To God our King,
 On Independence day?

5. For liberty,
 Great God, to thee
 Our grateful thanks we pay:
 For thanks, we know,
 To thee we owe,
 On Independence day.

1. When the flow'rs are gal - ly blooming, When the sum-mer
 2. When the flow'rs are all, all with-er'd, When the sum-mer
 3. When, in childhood's play - ful hours, We put forth our

fruits are com-ing, When de-light-ed in the spring, The lit - tle
 fruits are gath-er'd, When the sing-ing birds are flown, And the
 youth-ful pow-ers; When we sport up - on the grass, And quick-ly

CHORUS.

birds so sweet-ly sing, We will sing, with joy and love,
 crick - ets make their moan, Still we sing, with grate - ful love,
 make the time to pass, We will sing, with joy and love,

Of our mercies from a - bove.
 Of our mercies from a - bove.
 Of our mercies from a - bove.

4. When in youth benign employ-
 ments,
 Every hour brings new enjoyments,
 Hands are strong and eyes are bright,
 And all is pleasant to the sight,
 We will sing, with joy and love,
 Of our mercies from above.

158 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

BOYS. | GIRLS.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. When shall we meet a - gain? | Meet ne'er to sev - er? |
| 2. When shall love free - ly flow, | Pure as life's riv - er? |
| 3. Up to that world of light, | Take us, dear Saviour; |

BOYS. | GIRLS.

When will peace wreath her chain	Round us for - ev - er?
When shall sweet friend-ship glow,	Changeless for - ev - er?
May we all there u - nite,	Hap - py for - ev - er;

CHORUS.

Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Where joys ce - les - tial thrill,
Where kindred spirits dwell,

Safe from each blast that blows,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
There may our music swell,

In this dark vale of woes,
And fears of part - ing chill,
And time our joys dis - pel,

Nev - er, no, nev - er;
Nev - er, no, nev - er;
Nev - er, no, nev - er;

no, no, nev - er.
no, no, nev - er.
no, no, nev - er.

4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever.
Our hearts will then repose
Safe from all worldly woes,
Our days of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

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