Price cents.

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by J. C. GARRIGUES & Co., 148 South 4th St.

WM. B. BRADBURY'S GOLD MEDAL PIANO-FORTES.

GOLD MEDAL.

TWO GOLD MEDALS,

ONE SILVER MEDAL,

AND

FOUR FIRST PREMIUM DIPLOMAS.

Making in all

SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS!

Bestowed upon Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY within the brief space of

FOUR WEEKS!

By the Officers of STATE FAIRS, and by the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York City,

"FOR THE BEST PIANO-FORTES."

These were as follows:

GOLD MEDALS

N. J. STATE FAIR, held at Paterson, 1863.
FAIR OF AM. INSTITUTE, Academy of Music, New York City, 1863.

SILVER MEDAL.

ILL. STATE FAIR, Decatur, 1863.

DIPLOMAS.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Utica, 1863.
OHIO STATE FAIR, Cleveland, 1863.
PENN. STATE FAIR, Norristown, 1863.
IND. STATE FAIR, Indianapolis, 1863.

JUDGES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1863.
I. M. GOTTSCHALK, A. W. BERG, CLARE W. BEAMES, FRANCIS H. BROWN.

This is unprecedented in the history of the Piano-Forte Trade.

GOLD MEDAL.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, 427 Broomo Street,
Corner of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, New York.

TESTIMONIALS FROM CELEBRATED PIANISTS,

To Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Piano-Fortes.

WILLIAM MASON.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—After *repeated tests* of your NEW SCALE Piano-Forte, in almost *every variety of musical composition and expression*, I find that they possess, in the highest degree, all the essentials of a PERFECT PIANO-FORTE.

"The GRANDNESS, purity, equality, and DURATION of tone are combined in a degree rarely to be met with, while the elasticity and perfection of the action gives the most rapid response to the touch. I consider them a VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENT, and as such they will command the highest commendation of the artiste, the critic, or amateur.—Yours, very truly,

"NEW YORK, July 25, 1863. "WM. MASON."

HARRY SANDERSON.

"After a thorough and careful examination of your New Scale Piano-Fortes, I take great pleasure in expressing my gratification at finding so perfect an instrument. Of the many qualifications so requisite in a good piano, I must say I have never met with any which, in every particular as to quality of tone, elasticity of touch, and beauty of workmanship, so happily combines them all as do your New Scale Pianos. I can most cheerfully recommend them to all interested in the progress of Musical Science.—Yours truly,

"September 16, 1863. "HARRY SANDERSON."

GEO. W. MORGAN,

ORGANIST OF GRACE CHURCH, N. Y.

"To WM. B. BRADBURY, ESQ.:—*Dear Sir*,—As you wish me to give my *candid opinion* of your NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTE—I can assure you that I admire them in the highest degree. The quality of tone is remarkably fine, and the action everything that can be desired, and I can only add—let the Pianos speak for themselves, and they will give every satisfaction, and I have never seen any instrument of the kind that has pleased me more.—Most faithfully yours,

"NEW YORK, May 2, 1861. "GEO. W. MORGAN."

J. N. PATTISON.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—Having thoroughly examined and tried your NEW SCALE Piano-Fortes, I take great pleasure in recommending them to those desiring a SUPERIOR INSTRUMENT. For duration, fullness, and singing quality of tone, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and perfect workmanship throughout, I consider them equal to any I have seen.

"NEW YORK, September 8, 1863. "J. N. PATTISON."

ROBERT HELLER.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—The little affair at your Piano-Forte Rooms the other day, when I chanced to meet Sanderson, Morgan and others was a musical treat. I enjoyed it immensely; not only on account of the excellent music made on the occasion, but also because it is always pleasant to have a good FIRST CLASS instrument to play upon; and when Harry Sanderson asked me to visit your Establishment, I was not prepared to find *such* Pianos. What more can be desired than the excellence of these instruments I don't know; for in every particular as to tone, touch, quality or power they were PERFECT.

"The duets played by Sanderson and myself proved the EQUALITY of the Pianos, for no matter which instrument we played upon, and I believe we tried eight or ten of them, the effect was always the same.—Truly yours,

"NEW YORK, June, 1863. "ROBERT HELLER."

DESCRIPTION OF STYLES

OF

BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

No. 1. 7 Octave, French round corners, plain.

No. 2. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, moulding on plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, mouldings on rim and plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4½. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, LARGE MOULDINGS on rim, mouldings on plinth, BEVELED TOP, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 5. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, BEVELED TOP, mouldings on rim and SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, Gothic or fluted legs, carved lyre and desk.

No. 6. 7 Octave, Same style as No. 5, with addition of CARVED LEGS.

No. 7. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on plinth, fluted or Gothic legs, fancy lyre and desk, Large Scale.

No. 8. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 9. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 10. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on rim, serpentine mouldings on plinth, extra carved legs and lyre.

No. 10½. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, extra mouldings on rim, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS on plinth, elegantly carved legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11. 7½ Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON RIM, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, ELEGANTLY CARVED legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11½. 7 Octave, same as No. 10½ with extra mouldings. *A very rich case.*

No. 12. 7½ Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, ELEGANTLY CARVED CASE, legs, and lyre, elegant mouldings.

No. 13. 7½ Octave, Agrasse; EXTRA CARVING on case, legs and lyre. AN ELEGANT INSTRUMENT IN ALL RESPECTS.

No. 14. Grands, according to style of case.

EXTRA. School Piano, 7 Octave, rich black walnut case, a superior instrument for Schools, made to order.

All the above Instruments are made with Bradbury's New Scale, full iron frame overstrung bass, and French Grand Action. Every Instrument fully warranted.

BRADBURY'S

GOLDEN SHOWER

OF

S. S. MELODIES:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

For the Sabbath School.

BY

WM. B. BRADBURY.

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN CHAIN;" "ORIOLA;" "THE CAROL;" AND VARIOUS OTHER MUSICAL WORKS

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 425 & 427 BROOME STREET.

IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., 48 & 50 WALKER STREET.

And for Sale by Booksellers generally.

Bought at Dr. J. F. Kocher's public sale July 9, 1927.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Wm. B. Bradbury, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of New Jersey.

PREFACE.

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

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

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

Most of the hymns have been written expressly for this work, by different authors, and neither pains nor expense have been spared in enriching its pages with the purest and best of their productions.

The music, as will be observed, is also mostly new. It has been composed for and to the hymns, and in attractiveness and popularity will, we think, be found fully "up to the standard" already set in former successful works. And may these melodies cheer and strengthen the heart of many a faithful Sunday School teacher, while the dear youth find their purest joys in attuning their voices to the Songs of Zion.

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

Warren, Music Stereotyper rear 42 Centre St.

NOTICE OF COPYRIGHT.

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

INDEX.

A bright Sabbath Morn 41
A faithful friend 29
A land without a storm 20
A Saviour ever near 26
A suffering Saviour 28
Away over Jordan 117
Beautiful Zion 86
Blessed is he that cometh. *Anth'm* 114
Braden. S. M. 98
Canaan's Happy Land 38
China. C. M. 81
Closing Hymn 99
Come unto me. *Chant* 101
Come unto me. *Anthem* 118
Come this way 108
Coronation. C. M. 53
Dennis. S. M. 99

Earth's shadowy years. C. M. .. 65
Even me 83
Forward 52
For God so loved. *Anthem* ... 113
Going Home 64
Good Tidings 36
Happy in the Lord 70
Heavenly Song 24
Heaven is my Home 91
Heber. C. M. 51

Hosanna. *Anthem* 114, 126
I ought to love my Saviour 16
If I were a sunbeam 40
In olden times 104
Jesus loves me 68
Jesus is King 76
Jesus our Shepherd 78
Joy for the sorrowful 110
Just as I am 56
Learning of Jesus 85
Looking Home 32
Lord I believe. C. M. 49
Manoah. L. M. 43
Meroe. L. M. 31
Not to condemn. *Anthem* 112
Now we lift our tuneful voices 80
Oberlin. L. M. 11
O give thanks. *Chant* 100
On a Sunday morning 6
On a Christmas morning 7
One day nearer home 21
Once more before we part 99
Our Angel Sister 79
Our own loved Sabbath School 12
Rest. L. M. 39
Responses to the Decalogue 46
Re-Union 84
Sabbath morning bells 94
Sabbath evening bells 95

Silver St. S. M. 89
Silverton. C. M. 55

Soldiers of the Cross 62
Stedfast. L. M. 37
St. Thomas. S. M. 98
Superiority of the Scriptures ... 98
Sweet rest in heaven 103
Take the cross 48
The Angels sing 34
The Angels there will teach us 92
The Beautiful Valley 14
The Beautiful Land 60
The best day of all the week ... 4
The Bluebird's Temperance song 57
The bright Hills of Glory 72
The Christian's Dear Home 66
The Christian Soldier 22
The Cross 18
The Crown of Glory 47
The Golden City 44
The Happy Song 42
The Heavenly Chorus 35
The Invitation 88
The Land of Pleasure 8
The Land of Beulah. C. M. 50
The Land of Peace 121
The Life Boat 96
The Lord's Prayer. *Chant* 99
The Lord is my shepherd. *Chant* 101
The Master is gone 60
The Mercy Seat. L. M. 10
The realms of the blest 82
The Sabbath Scholar's Request 87
The Sabbath Bells 54
The Shepherd of Souls 10
The Union Band 61
The Union Song 128
The Welcome Home. C. M. ... 38
The whole multitude 122
We are Pilgrims 102
We're nearer home 30
We have come rejoicing 74
What shall I do to be saved 90
Willow Dale. C. M. 65
Woodworth 13

THE BEST DAY OF ALL THE WEEK.

12--*One to each quarter note.* Words by KATE CANEROA

Moderato.

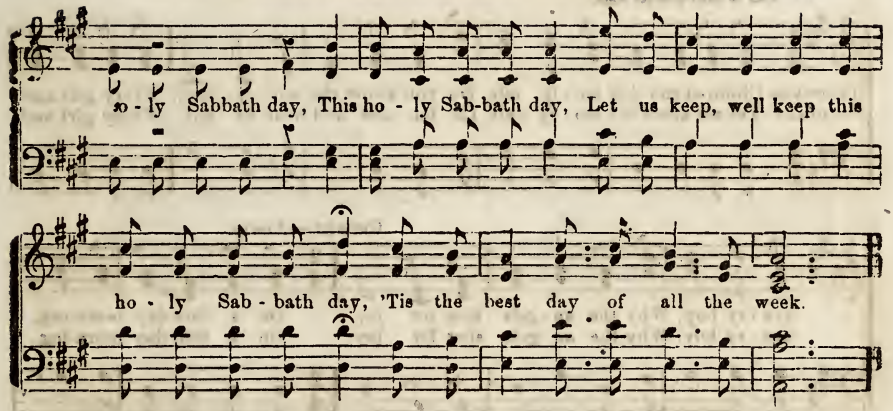
1 SEMI-CHO. } O what beauties a - dorn the bright Sabbath morn, The best day of all the
2 SEMI-CHO. } And how gladly we start with a light happy heart, As the house of the Lord we

1st. 2d

week, } { Humbly let us en - ter in, }
seek. } { Praying to be free from sin, } Pure without, and pure with-in,

FULL CHORUS.

On this Sabbath day. Let us keep, well keep this bless-ed Sabbath day, This



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

8 And our joy is full when the dear Sabbath school,
Throws open its friendly door;
For we're sure there to find our teachers so kind,
With riches of sacred lore
As our voices all we raise
In sweet songs of love and praise
May we tread in wisdom's ways,
On this Sabbath day. *Chorus.*

4 And when we go back to our week-day track
Our lessons, and work, and play;
Let us hold ever dear the counsels we hear,
On the holy Sabbath day,
And remember that God's eye
Ever watches from on high,
And each day he is as nigh,
As the Sabbath day. *Chorus*

ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

13—*One to each quarter note.*

TEACHERS. Children, can you tru - ly tell, Do you know the sto - ry well, Every girl and
SCHOLARS. Yes, we know the sto - ry well, Lis - ten now, and hear us tell, Every girl and

CHORUS.—*Lively.*

eve - ry boy, Why the an - gels sing for joy, On a Sun-day morn-ing,
eve - ry boy, Why the an - gels sing for joy, On a Sun day morn-ing

On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The an - gels sing for joy
On a Sunday morning, On a Sunday morning, The an - gels sing for joy.

copyright.

SCHOLARS 3.

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

ALL. 4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING. 2D HYMN.

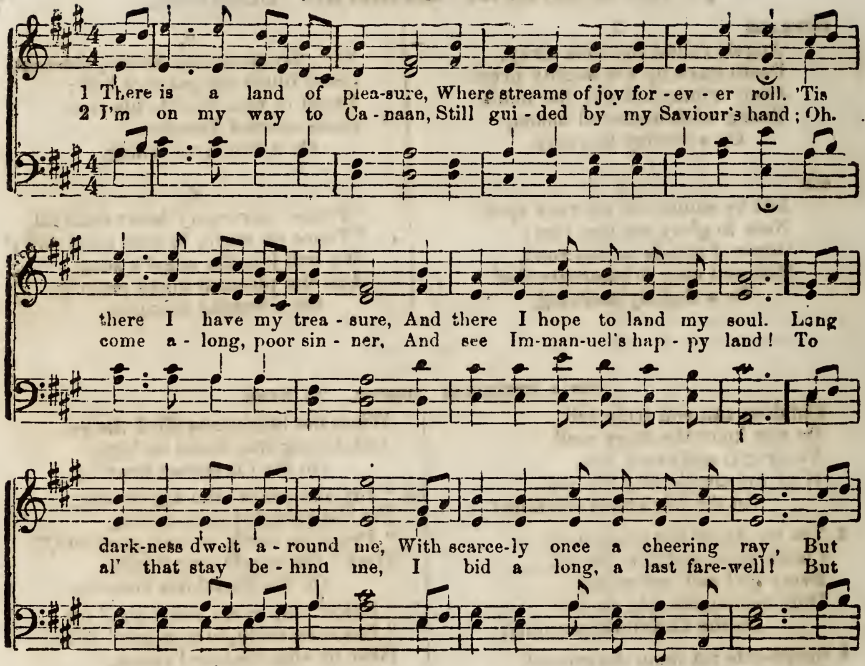
Children can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy,
On the Christmas morning?

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

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

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

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


1 There is a land of plea-sure, Where streams of joy for - ev - er roll. 'Tis
2 I'm on my way to Ca - naan, Still gui - ded by my Saviour's hand; Oh.
there I have my trea - sure, And there I hope to land my soul. Long
come a - long, poor sin - ner, And see Im-man-uel's hap - py land! To
dark-ness dwelt a - round me, With scarce-ly once a cheering ray, But
al' that stay be - hind me, I bid a long, a last fare-well! But

since my Sav-iour found me A light has shone a-long my way, But
come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ev-er dwell, But

since my Sav-iour found me, A light has shone a-long my way.
come, dear friends, go with me, And with the ransomed ev-er dwell.

3.

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

5.

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

THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M. with Chorus.

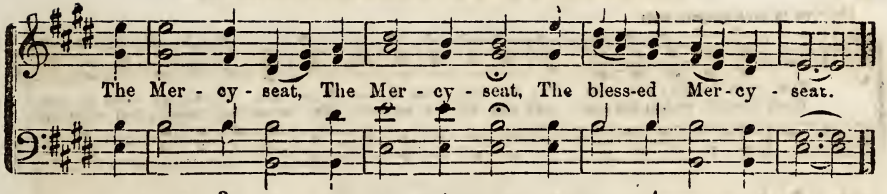
10—*Two to the measure.*

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

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

CHORUS.

The Mer-cy-seat, the Mer-cy-seat, the bless-ed Mer-cy-seat



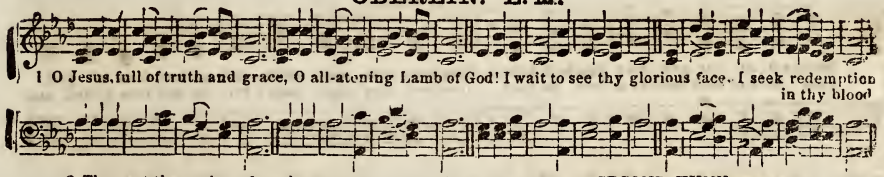
3.

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

4.

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

OBERLIN. L. M.



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

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

SECOND HYMN.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
All that has been amiss forgive,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
And let thy truth within us live.
2 As all the hours of life, now gone,
Have been with mercy richly crowned,
So let that mercy still flow on,
Forever sure as time rolls round.

OUR OWN LOVED SABBATH SCHOOL.

13—*One to each quarter note*

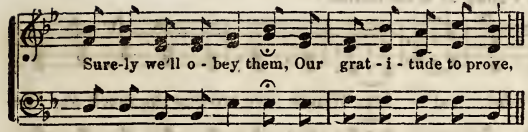
The days for play are past, The Sab-bath come at last. We've met a hap-py band in our
When thought recalls the past And sins are on us cast, We knew they quickly feel what our

own loved Sabbath school. With cheer-ful smiles we're seen, To greet with joy-ful mien, Our
ach-ing hearts would say. Although we may not speak, We'll ev-er, ev-er seek, The

CHORUS.

teach-ers at our own dear Sab-bath school. Teach-ers true and faith-ful we are sure to find.
guid-ance of such friends so true as they. Teachers, true and faith-ful we are sure to find, etc.

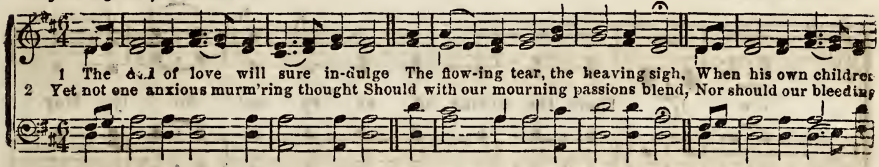
Ready here to greet us with, looks and words so kind, How can we repay them for their work of love.



3 Teachers we call our own
May vanish one by one.
The loved ones and the dear ones, they soon
must pass away.
But if we Jesus love,
We'll meet them soon above,
And join with them in songs of endless day
Cho. Teachers true, etc.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

Soft and gentle, but not too slow. DEATH. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2d HYMN.—JUST AS THOU ART.

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

2 Come leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty loss,
His grace repays all earthly loss,
Then needy sinner! come O come.

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

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

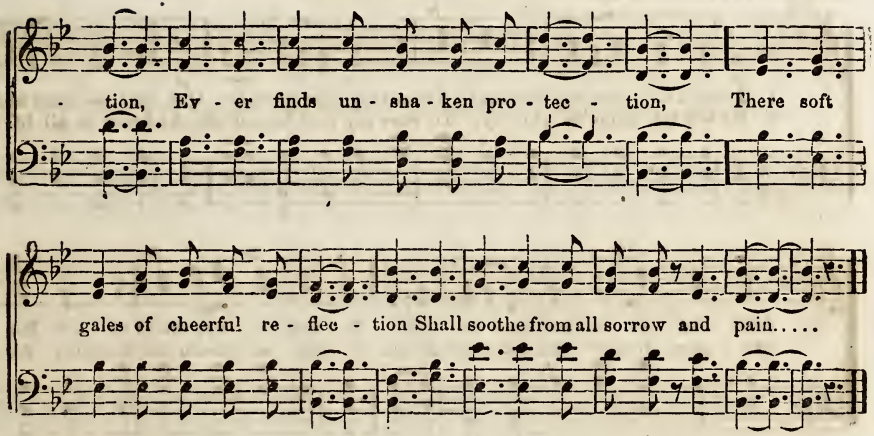
THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY

"The Valley of Humiliation."

1 Low down in the beau - ti - ful val - ley, Where love crowns the meek and the

low - ly, There the storms of en - vy and fol - ly, May

roll o'er their bil-lows in vain. . . . . There the soul un - der sub - jec -



2.

This low vale is free from contention,
Free from strife or warring dissention:
No dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out this region of peace.
Here the pure, the meek and the lowly,
Bathe in bliss all sacred and holy;
All is peace and joy in this valley,
This valley of goodness and love.

3.

Come, then, brothers, sisters, come hither
Where joys bloom and never shall wither,
Where faith binds all Christians together,
In love to the sovereign I Am;
There surrounded with heavenly glory,
Lord, we'll worship ever before thee,
Shouting still redemption's glad story,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

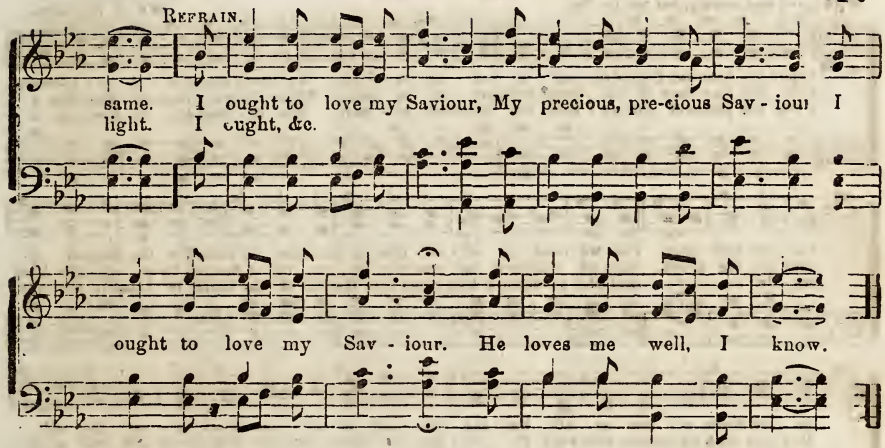
I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR.

30—*Two to each measure.*

1 I ought to love my Sav-iour! No earthly friend can be One half so kind and
2 He left his home in glo - ry, To save my soul from death: And now in all life's

faith - ful, As he has been to me. Be - fore my lips could ut - ter His
dan - gers, He still sus -tains my breath. I lay me down and slum-ber All

sweet and precious name, Un - til the present moment, His love has been the
thro' the hours of night; And wake a - gain in safe - ty To hail the morning



3.

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

4.

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

THE CROSS.

With spirit and energy, but not too fast.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Lo! the Sun-day School ar - my is out on re - view, And each school is a re - gi-ment,
2 In the May-days of old there were oft to be seen, Where the gar - land-ed May-pole a
3 On the plains of the na - tion are gathered to - day, The de - fend-ers of free-dom in

val - iant and true, Tho' we meet in di - vis - ions, in church or in hall, Yet the ban-ner of
- rose on the green, Mer - ry chil-dren as - sem-bled in ma - ny a throng, To en - cir - cle their
bat - tle ar - ray; And the watchword that rings thro' the din of the strife, Is the Un ion—far

Je - sus floats o - ver us all, Yet the ban - ner of Je - sus floats o - ver us all.
May-tree with dance and with song, To en - cir - cle their May-tree with dance and with song.
dear - er than trea - sure or life, Is the Un - ion—far dear - er than trea-sure or life

Girls only.

For the Cross is the ban-ner that gathers our band, And beneath it we march to the heaven-ly land.
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing. To the praise of our glo - ri-fied Saviour and King.
But the Cross is the word to whose mu-sic sub-lime, The steps of the Sunday-school ar-my keep time.

Full Chorus. ff

For the Cross is the ban-ner that gathers our band, And beneath it we march to the heav-en-ly land.
But the Cross is our May-tree, and round it we sing, To the praise of our glo - ri-fied Saviour and King
But the Cross is the word, to whose music sublime, The steps of the Sunday-school ar-my keep time

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

1 The Shepherd of souls, In his life-book unrolls The names of all the lambs of his flock The juvenile bands are en

graved on his hands, As if they were engraved on the rock.

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

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

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

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

Words by Kate Cameron. Wm. B. Bradbury.

25—*One to each quarter note.*

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Boys, or First Semi-Chorus. Girls, or

1 Traveller, whith-er art thou go - ing Heed-less of the clouds that form? Nought to

Second Semi-Chorus. Chorus.

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

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

2 *Boys.* Traveller, art thou here a stranger.
Not to fear the tempests power?
Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower. *Cho.*

3 *Boys* Traveller. now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho*

4 *Boys* Traveller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that Land without a storm. *Cho.*

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

36—*Two to the measure.*

From JOEL M. EVANS.

1 A crown of glo - ry bright, by faith's clear eyes I see In yon-der realms of

CHORUS.

light Pre-pared for me, I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to

day; Yes! near-er my home in heaven to day, Than ev-er I've been be - fore.

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

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

4 Be thou my shield and sur
My Saviour and my guard
And when my work is don
My great reward.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

20—*Two to the measure.*

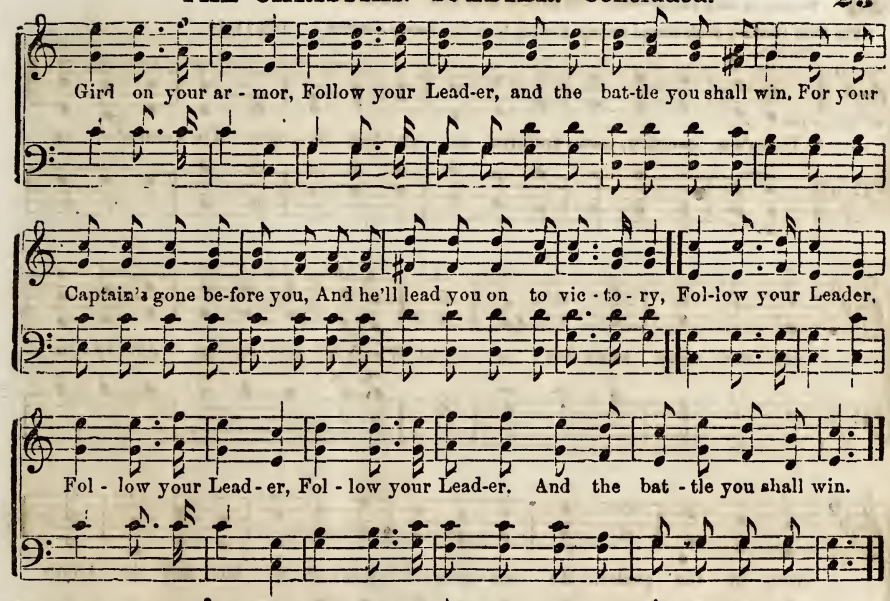
Words by KATE CAMERON.

1 Oh! when will be end-ed our war-fare with sin? The foe that as - sails us with-
2 Our lead - er is Je - sus, our Cap-tain and King; Who will all his ar - my to

- out and wich - in: Tho' fierce be the strug-gle, still let us en - dure, For
vic - to - ry bring. Tho' now he is ab - sent, we know not how near May

CHORUS, *f*

when it is o - ver, the con-quest is sure. Then gird on your ar - mor,
be the glad mo - ment when he shall ap - pear. Then gird on your ar - mor



3

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

4

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

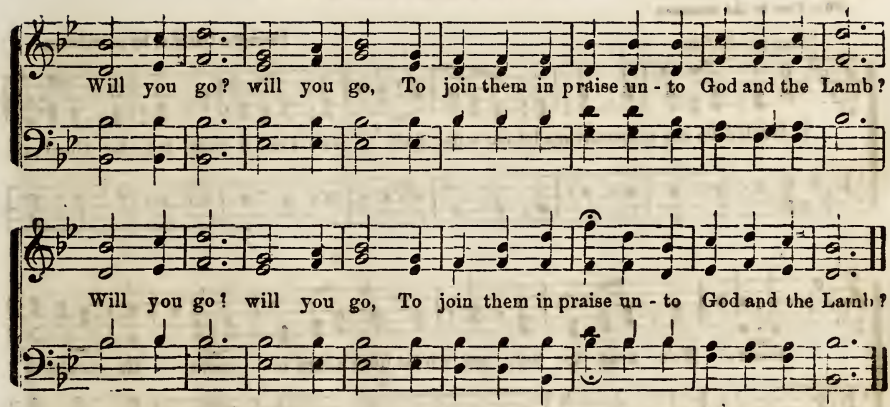
9—*One to each quarter note.* **HEAVENLY SONG.**

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." Heb. 11. 14.

Spirited

TEACHERS

1. There's a country, dear children of end-less de-light, Un-clou-ded by sor-row, ne'er sha-ded in night, Where the spir-its in glo-ry u-nite in the psalm, As-cri-bing all hon-or to God and the Lamb.



2. SCHOLARS.

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

3. TEACHERS.

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

4. ALL.

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

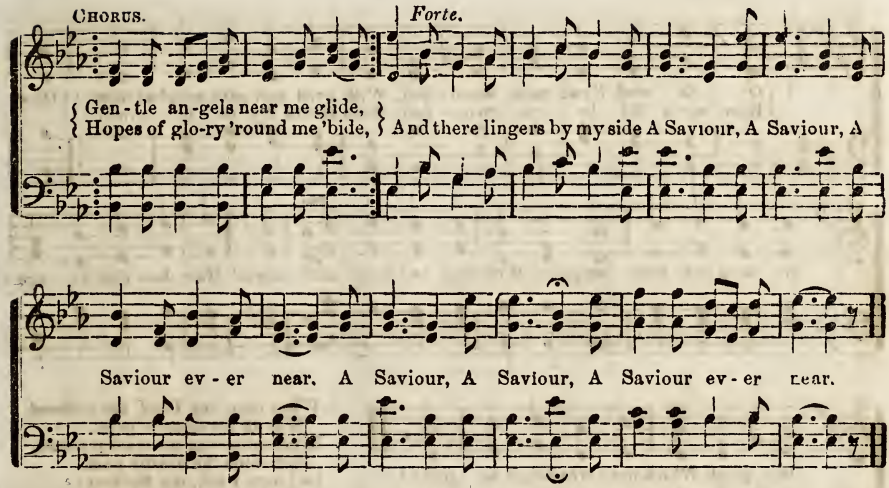
A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

26—*Two to the measure*

From the ORIOLA, by permission.

Gently—Softly.

1. Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares de - part, Je - sus is near me, to cheer my heart; He's near to help me whilst life's hours re - main, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain,



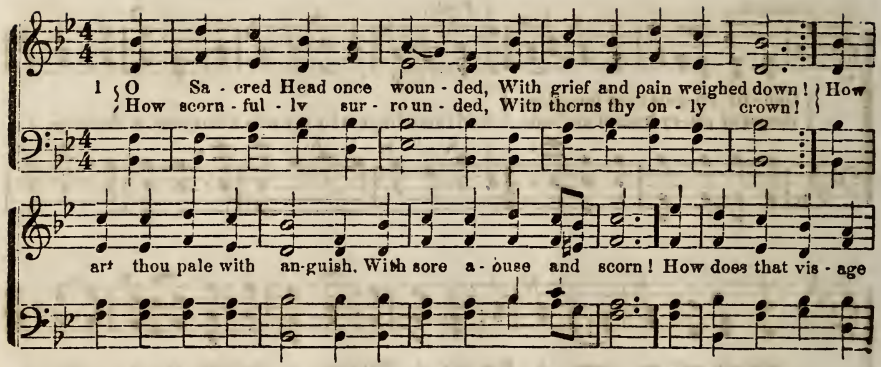
2.

Why should I languish—why should I fear?
In sorrow and anguish He's ever near;
Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain,
Chorus—Gentle angels. &c.

3.

Scenes that will vanish smile on me now.
Joys of a moment play round my brow,
But soon in heaven He'll meet me again.
There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my [pain
Chorus.—Gentle angels. &c.

A SUFFERING SAVIOUR.



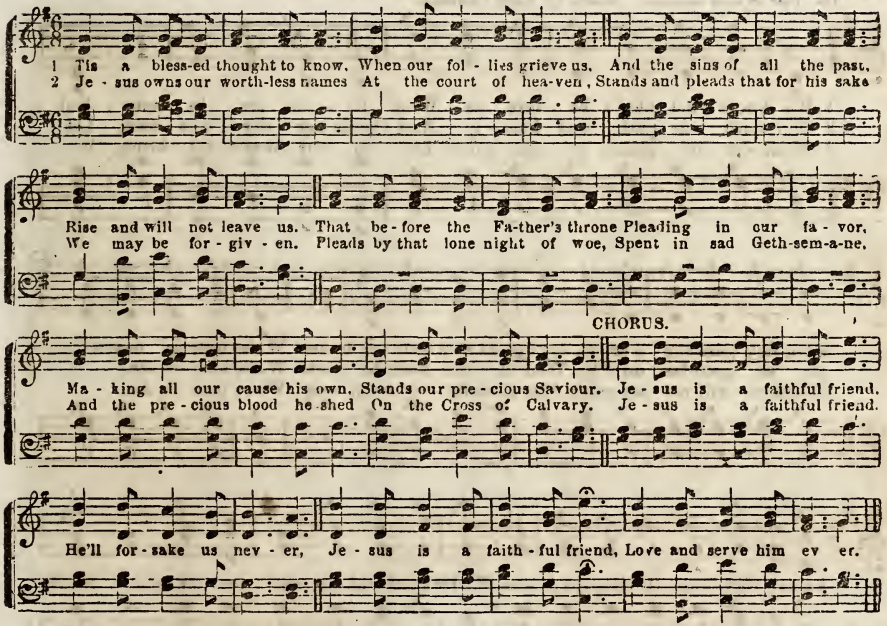
2. What thou, my Lord, has suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain,
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour;
'Tis I deserve thy place:
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

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

Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
Oh let me never, never
Abuse such dying love

Words by Miss JANE HAMILTON.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.



3 Though we long have turned aside
From his gentle warning,
Treated all his love with pride,
And his words with scorning
Still his love abides the same,
Faithful, true and tender;
Still he stands at God's right hand.
Ever our Defender.—CHORUS.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

16- -*Two to each measure.* Words by KATE CAMERON.

1 We know not what's be - fore us, What tri - als are to come: But
2 Tho' dark our path, and lone - ly, And clouds our sky o'er - cast, Let
3 What-e'er of gloom or an - guish Life to our hearts may bring, In

each day pass-ing o'er us, Brings us still near - er home. We're near-er, near-er
us re mem-ber on - ly, That it will soon be past, We're near-er, &c.
doubt we will not lan-guish, But cheerful - ly we'll sing We re near-er, &c.

home, Our bless-ed, hap-py home, Where grief and sin can nev - er come, We're

REFRAIN.

near - er, near - er nome. Near er home, Near - er home, Near - er to my

Repeat pp

hap - py bome, Near - er home, Near - er home, Our bless-ed, hap - py home.

MEROE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 1847

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

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

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

"LOOKING HOME."

Wm. B Bradbury.

1 Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings; For my Fa-ther's
2 Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bring-ing; Night will be ex-
3 Oh! to be at home a-gain, All for which we're sigh-ing, From all earth-ly

Refrain.

man-sions still Ear-nest-ly is long-ing, Look-ing home, Look-ing home.
changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing-ing Look-ing home, &c.
want and pain To be swift-ly fly-ing. Look-ing home, &c.

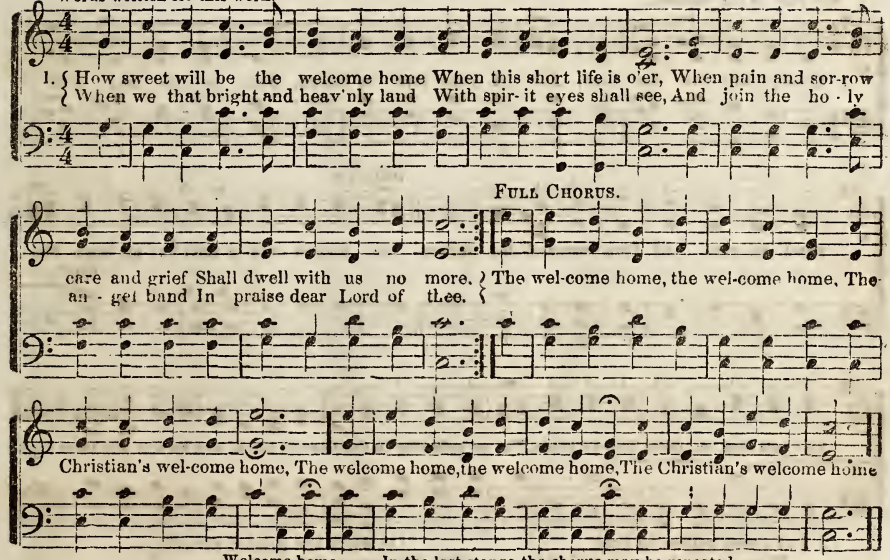
Towards the heavenly mansions Je-sus hath prepared for me, In his Father's kingdom.

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

5 Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
All for which we're sighing.
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.

16.—*One to each quarter note.* **THE WELCOME HOME.**

Words written for this work.



In the last stanza the chorus may be repeated. *pp*

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

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

THE ANGELS SING. S. M. with chorus.

30—*Two to the measure.*

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

CHORUS.

sweet ac - cord. And thus surround the throne. The an-gels sing in their hap-py home. The

an - gels sing in their hap-py home, The an-gels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the Heavenly king,
May speak their joys abroad.
Cho. The angels sing, etc.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before [illegible] the Heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Cho. The angels sing, etc.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high
Cho. The angels sing, etc

THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.

JOYFULLY.

1 We lift our voi - ces, In a strain of glad- ness, And the songs up -
2. Small streams that murmur, Round each hum- ble dwell- ing, While they flow so
3. If we with patience Run the race be - fore us, Soon our King will

- on our tongues, Banish all our sad-ness. Children and parents, Cor-dial- ly in
still and slow, Keep the tide-waves swelling. Thus we to- geth- er, With our small ob-
bid us sing In the heavenly cho- rus. Let us with meekness Seek his face and

- vi - ted, Praise the Lord with one ac - cord, Voi - ces al' u - nit- ed.
- la - tions, All u - nite, to send the light To the darkened nations.
fa - vor, And at last, when life is past, Meet the bless - ed Saviour.

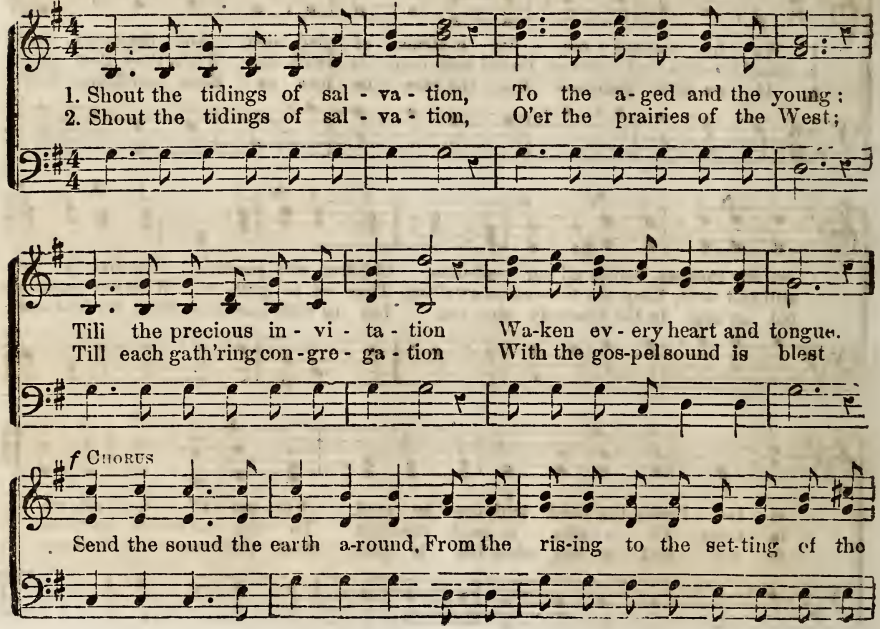
Words by Lucius Hart Esq.

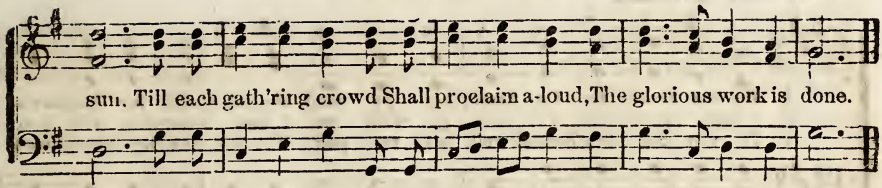
6—*One to each quarter note.*

GOOD TIDINGS.

From the Oriola, by permission.

Wm. B. Bradbury.





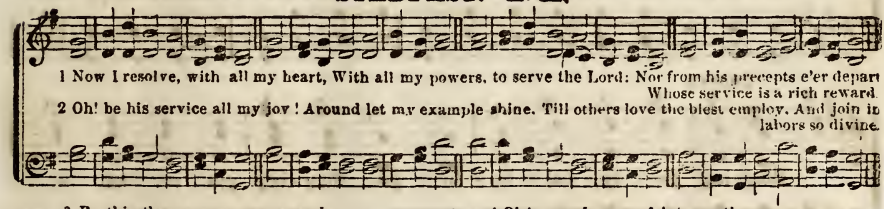
3.

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

4.

Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea:
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Chorus. Send the sound, etc.

STEDFAST. L. M.



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

4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

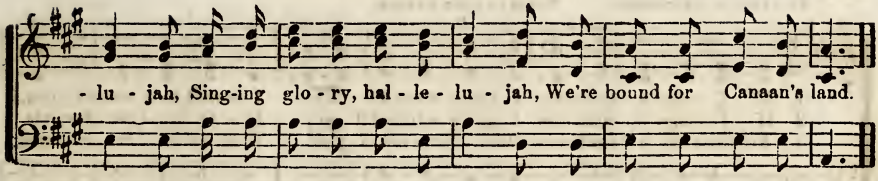
18—*One to each measure.*

1 We are bound for Ca - naan's hap - py land, We are bound for Canaan's
2 Say, com-rades, will you go with us. Say, comrades, will you
3 To our Sun - day School we'll all re - pair, To our Sun-day School we'll

hap-py land, We are bound for Canaan's hap - py land, Oh, will you meet us there?
go with us, Say, comrades, will you go with us To Canaan's hap-py land?
all re-pair, And we'll sing with one ac-cord while there Of Canaan's happy land!

CHORUS.

Sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le



4.

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

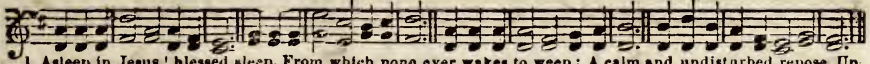
5.

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

REST. L. M.

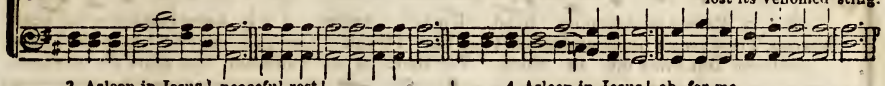
"ASLEEP IN JESUS."

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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

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



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

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high:

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

20—*Two to the measure.* Words by LUCY LARCOM.

1 If I were a sunbeam, I know what I'd do; I would seek white li-lies,
2 If I were a sunbeam, I know where I'd go; In - to low-liest hov-els.
3 Art thou not a sunbeam, Child, whose life is glad With an in - ner radiance

Roaming woodlands thro', I would steal among them, Softest light I'd shed; Until eve-ry
Dark with want and woe. Till sad hearts look'd upward, I would shine and shine! Then they'd think of
Sun-shine nev-er had? Oh, as God hath blessed thee, Scat-ter rays divine! For there is no

li - ly Raised its drooping head, Un - til eve-ry li - ly Raised its drooping head.
heaven, Their sweet home and mine, Then they'd think of heaven, Their sweet home and mine.
sunbeam But must die or shine, For there is no sunbeam But must die or shine.

Sprightly.

1 Forth we go on a bright Sabbath morn, While the dew is on the lawn, List to the
2 We will leave all world - ly care, And this hour we'll spend in pray'r, Hark, how the

END. 1st SEMI-CHORUS.

joy - ful notes that flow, On we go, we go. Come, fol - low, fol - low me.
heavenly an-thems flow, On they go, they go. Come, fol - low, fol - low me.

2d SEMI-CHORUS. 1st SEMI-CHORUS. 2d SEMI-CHORUS. *D. C.*

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

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

4 Let our songs of praise ascend,
And with angel music blend,
Until God in love shall say—
Come away, away!
Come follow, follow me!
We'll gladly follow, &c.

THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

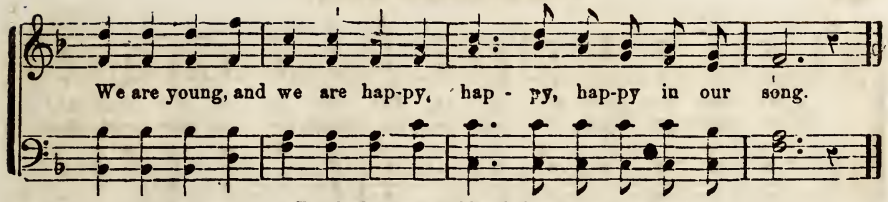
1 We are now in youths bright morning, Cher - ri - ly we're pass-ing on;
2 If the charms of earth are fleet - ing, And should quick-ly pass a - way,

Joys a-round us sweet-ly dawn-ing, Tell us joys may yet be won.
Still the Ho - ly Spir-its greeting, Shall not with those charms decay.

REFRAIN. *ff*

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

Composed for the Am. Baptist S. S. Union Anniversary, 1852.



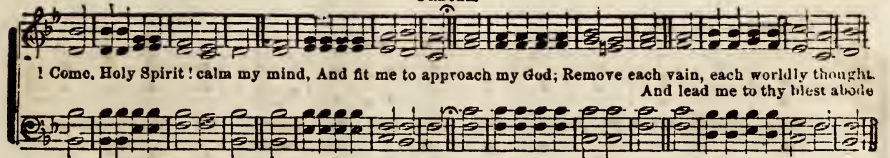
For the last stanza, this refrain may be repeated *pp*.

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

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

MANOAH. L. M.

PRAYER.



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

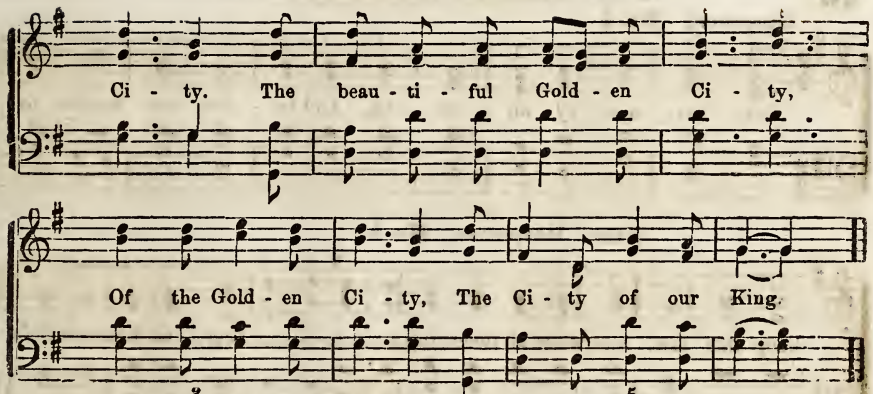
3 A brighter faith and hope impart.
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh ! soothe and cheer my burdened heart
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

1 We seek the gold - en ci - ty, The ci - ty of our King, And
2 Its walls are built of jas - per, Its streets are of pure gold; And

as we jour - ney thith - er, We joy - ful - ly will sing
count-less are the glo - ries, Which we shall there be - hold.

CHORUS.—*Joyfully.*

Come, friends, come, friends to - geth - er let us sing, Of the Gold-en



3

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

4

And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin;
For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in.
CHO. -Come, friends, come, &c.

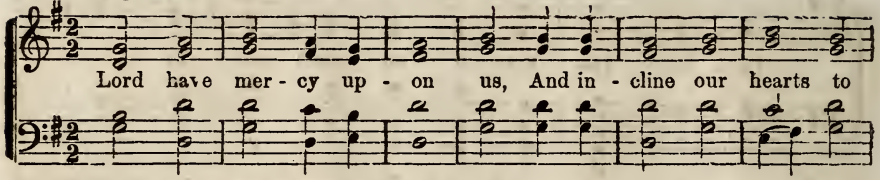
5

And there Life's crystal river
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Close by its waters grow.
CHO.—Come, friends, come, &c.

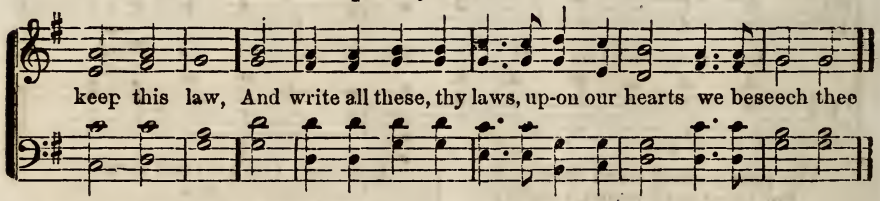
6

But through the Golden City
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest and King!
CHO.—Come friends come &c.

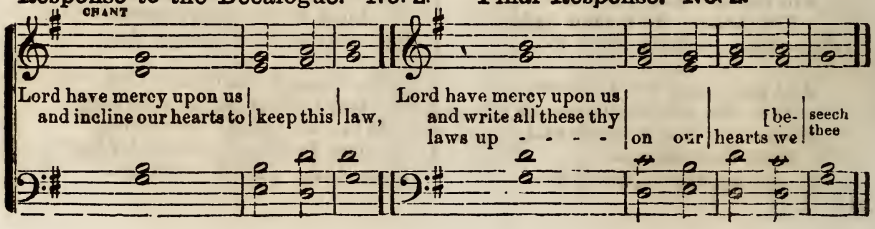
Response. No. 1.



Final Response, No. 1.



Response to the Decalogue. No. 2.



Final Response. No. 2.

Words by Mrs. E. M. Sangster.

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

1 Go forth! young soldier of the Cross, The bat-tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the armor on, And
2 Be watch-ful! ar - my of the Cross, The foe is lurk-ing nigh, A soul must be the mighty loss, If

CHORUS.

sworn to do or die. { Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound retreat, While Jesus leads us on, } There's a
but one soldier die. { We will not lay our weap-ons by Un - til we wear the crown. } There's a
{ Whene'er you dare the hos-tile ranks, For-get not that with - in
{ There hides a most ter - ri - fic foe. The wi - ly "inbred sin." }

crown of glo - ry for you, There's a crown of glo - ry for me, There's a crown for you, There's a

crown for me, Far a - way in the prom-ised land.

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

4 Rejoice! young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure.
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure.
Your weary feet shall walk the street,
All paved with gold on high,
And he who wore a crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky.—Chorus.

30—*Two to the measure.*

TAKE THE CROSS.

Words by K. C.

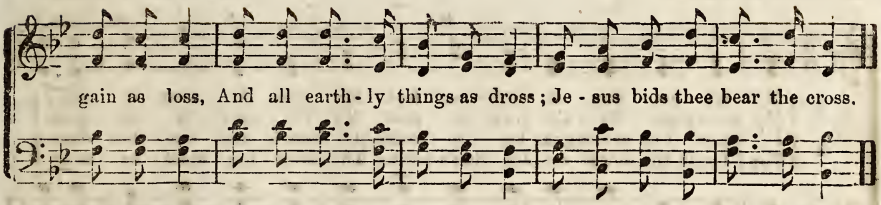
Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

Moderately quick.

1. "Take thy cross and fol-low me" Thus the Mas-ter speaks to thee. Though in sin thou dost a-bide, Je-sus calls thee to his side; Trust no mer-it of thine own

Full Chorus. *f*

Look to Him, and Him a-lone. Take the cross the precious cross! Count all worldly

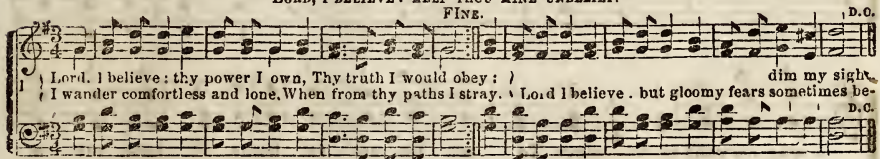


2. There's a cross for thee to bear;
Toil, and pain, and grief, and care,
Yet though heavy it may be
Jesus bore still more for thee!
Tis the thorny path alone
That can lead thee to His throne. *Cho*

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

LORD, I BELIEVE. C. M. Double.

"Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief."



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

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

Yes, I believe, and only thou
Canst give my soul relief.
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow
Help thou mine unbelief.

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

25—*Two to the measure.*

Words by Rev J. Haskell.

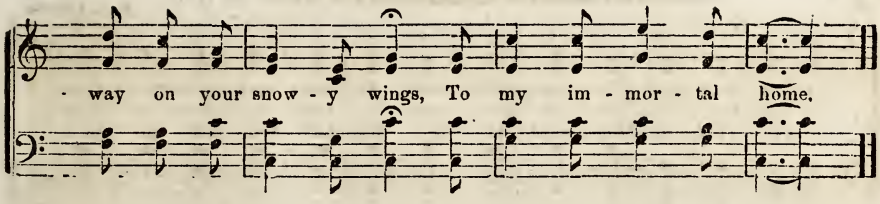
1 { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast. My race is near - ly run, }
{ My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }

2 { I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks, Of friends and kin - dred dear, }
{ For I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }

Refrain. *f*

O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O bear me a -

- way on your snow-y wings, To my im- mor - tal home, O bear me a -



3.

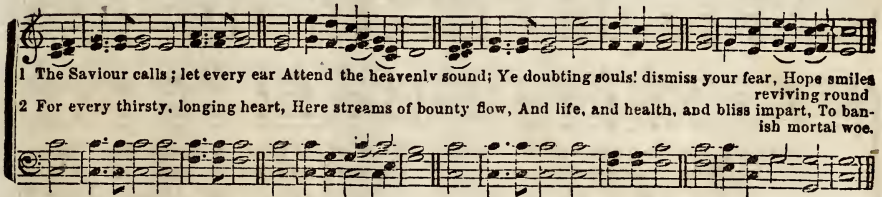
I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings
O come, angel band, &c.

4.

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

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY



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

4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss that love imparts.
And drink, and never die.

20—*Two to each measure.*

FORWARD. 7s & 6s.

"SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL THAT THEY GO FORWARD." EX. 14. 15.

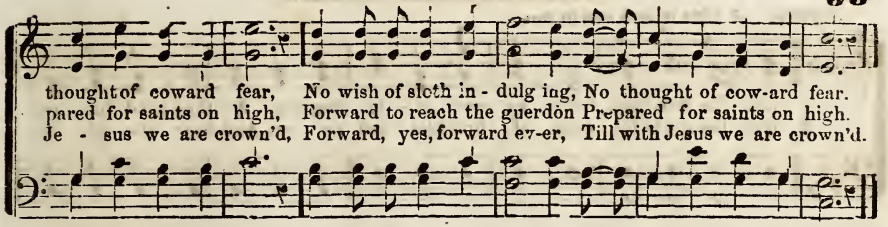
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1 For - ward shall be our watch - word, As weeks and months* re - volve,
2 For - ward in ho - ly like - ness, To him un - seen we love;
3 For - ward in God's great Ar - my, Em - bat - tled foes to meet;

For-ward in ear-nest pur-pose, And in each high resolve. No recreant glan-ces
For-ward in faith un - yield-ing, His faith-ful-ness to prove. Forward to meet our
For-ward with songs of vic-tory, Our conquering Lord to greet. Forward in cease-less

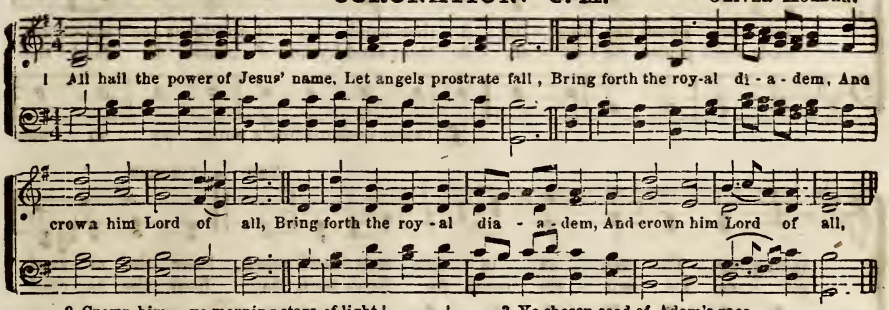
cast - ing On So - dom still so near, No wish of sloth in - dulg - ing, No
Mas-ter, Whose coming draweth nigh. For-ward to reach the guer - don Pre -
ef - fort For weal of all a - round, Forward, yes, forward ev - er, Till with

FORWARD. Concluded.



CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



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

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

THE SABBATH BELLS.

Joyfully. 7—*One to each quarter note.*

1 List the Sab-bath bells, so mer - ri - ly ring-ing, A thou-sand hap - py
2 Hear the grate-ful song of brooklet and riv - er, And hear the lit - tle

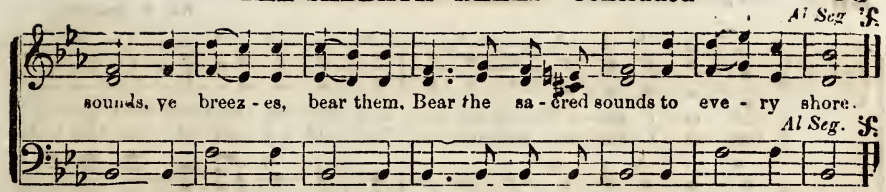
voi - ces sweet are sing - ing; A thou-sand ho - ly thoughts are up - ward
birds their praise de - liv - er, A thou-sand hymns of praise to God the

℟ Learn re-demption's song, ye na - tions,

END. CHORUS.

spring-ing, To ush - er in this Sab - bath morn, Bear the sa - cred
giv - er, Tis mu - sic meet for Sab - bath day. Bear the sa - cred

learn it, And sing that song for ev - er - more



3.

Hasten forth to join this glorious chorus,
For see the azure sky is bending o'er us,
And happiness divine is just before us,
If we improve the Sabbath day!
CHO.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

4.

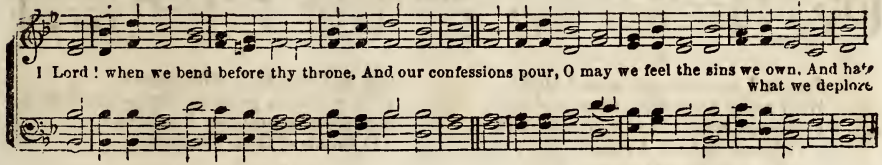
List the Sabbath bells so merrily ringing,
A thousand happy children now are singing
A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing,
To usher in the Sabbath day.
CHO.—Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

SILVERTON. C.M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

PRAYER.

From the 'JUBILEE, by permission



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

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

 40.—*Two to each quarter note.*

JUST AS I AM.

WM. B BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

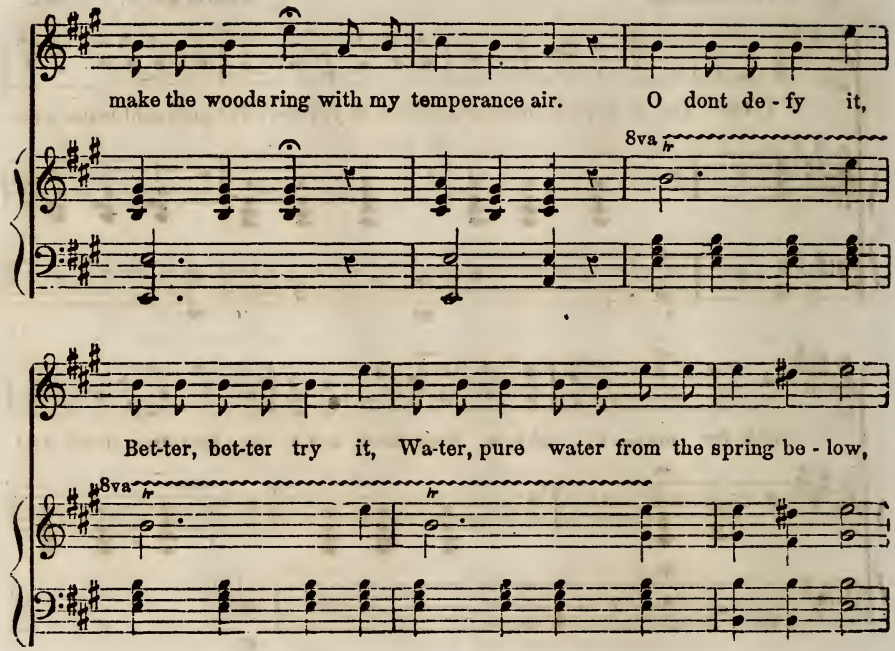
Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

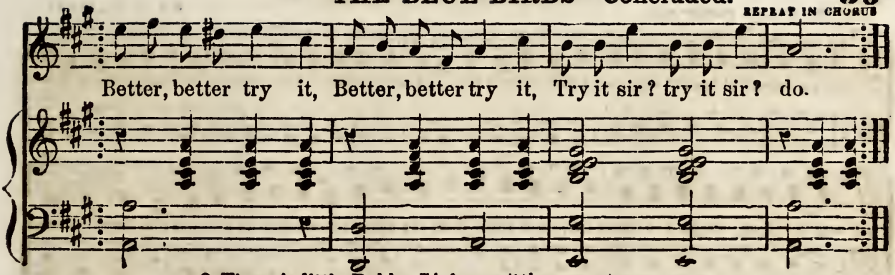
29 - *Two to the measure.*

Words by Mrs. N. A. Kidder.

1. Oh! I'm a hap-py blue bird, sober, as you see; For pure cold water's the

drink for me:— I take a drop here, and a - no - ther drop there And


make the woods ring with my temperance air. O dont de - fy it,
8va
hr
Bet-ter, bet-ter try it, Wa-ter, pure water from the spring be - low,
8va
hr
hr



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

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

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

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

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

13—*One to each quarter note.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

CHORUS.

Then come pretty angels, on lo/e's pinions come, With music, sweet music to welcome us home; With your bright crowns of glory, and your golden harps in hand, O! welcome the children to this beautiful land.

2

In the Beautiful Land, little children ne'er grow old;
On every little forehead is placed a crown of gold
A harp tuned by an angel, in every little hand,
And they sing God's praise forever, in the Beautiful Land. *Cho.*

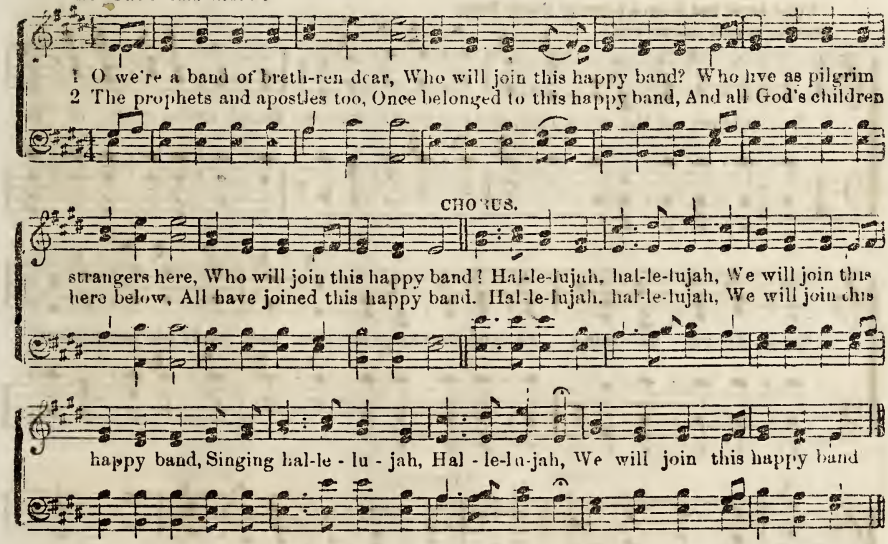
3

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

4

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

21—*Two to each measure.*



3 Let no contention e'er divide
Members of this happy band,
But firm, united, side by side,
Thro' this life together stand
Cho.—Halleiujah, &c.

4 And when death comes, as come it must,
To divide this happy band,
The links will not return to dust.
They will shine at God's right hand
Cho.—Halleluiah, &c.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

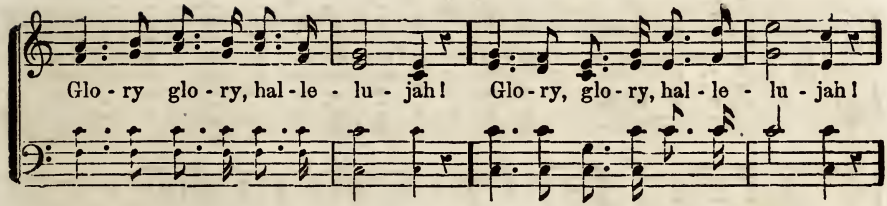
Tune arranged from a popular Camp Song.

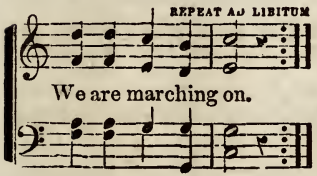
12—*One to each quarter note.*

1. Ye soldiers of the cross, rise, and put your armor on; March to the ci - ty of the New - Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus gives the or - der, and leads his peo-ple on 'Till vic - to - ry is won.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!





2.

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

3.

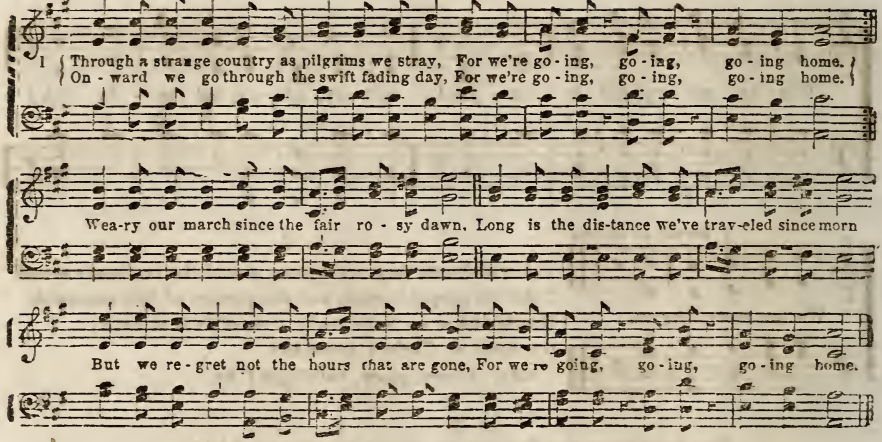
Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield,
March on in order 'till you win the glorious field,
Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful shore,
Where war shall be no more. *Cho.*

4.

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

GOING HOME.

Moderato. 22—One to each quarter note. WM: B. BRADBURY.



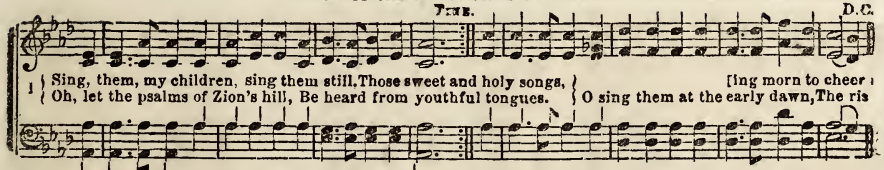
2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers
When we're going, going, going home:
Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers
For we're going, going, going home:
There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
And never strewing the path to the tomb;
For we're going, going, going home.

3 Hark! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pines
We are going, going, going home;
See the faint glimmering light that now shines
We are going, going, going home.
Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
Onward we still look, and never behind;
This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind
We're going, going, going home.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,
We are going, going, going home:
Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,
We are going, going, going home:
Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
Where we can never more suffer or die,
O! let our anthem of praise ring on high!
We are going, going, going home.

WILLOW DALE. C. M. Double

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion." Wm. B. Bradbury.



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

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

EARTH'S SHADOWY YEARS*

Second Hymn.

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

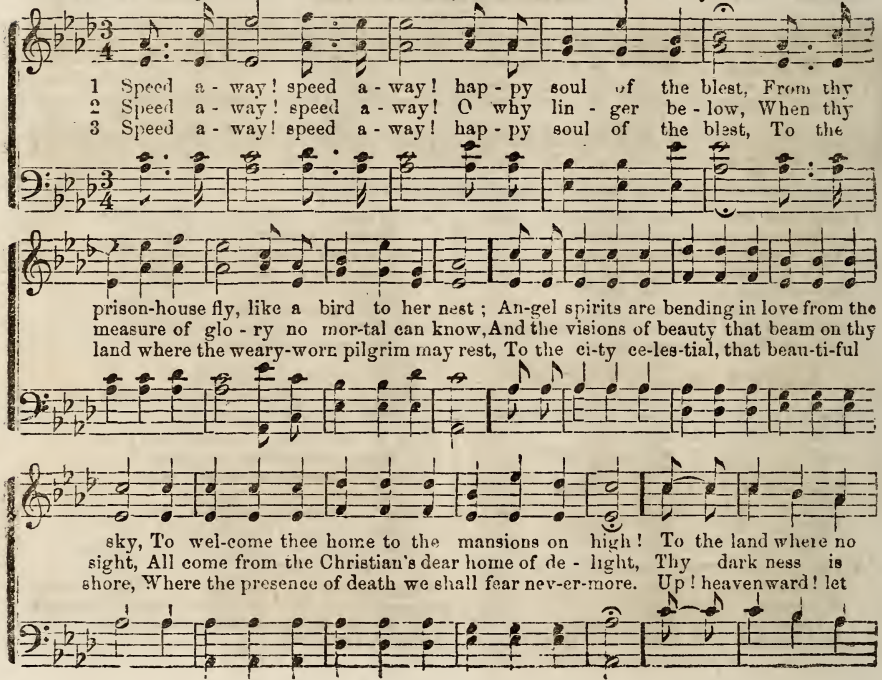
2 The precious jewels Jesus sent
To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent,
They're shining brighter there.
And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold;
Shall sing with them in angel's songs,
With harps of shining gold.

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

* Originally written with the tune "Willow Dale," and sung by the Choir of the Broadway Tabernacle on the occasion of a severe bereavement of their belov ed Pastor, Jan., 1852.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME.

18—*One to each quarter note.* Words by Mrs. M A. Kidder. Music by Wm B. Bradbury.



night is, no tears, no de - cay! Speed a - way, speed a - way, hap - py
turned in - to in - fi - nite day! Speed a - way, speed a - way, hap - py
noth - ing thy jour-ney de - lay! Speed a - way, speed a - way, hap - py

Speed a - way..... *

Alto full and clear—Soprano light.

Ritard ad lib.

soul of the blest, Speed a - way, speed a - way, to the land of thy rest.

Speed a - way.....

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

JESUS LOVES ME.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so.
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide;

CHORUS.

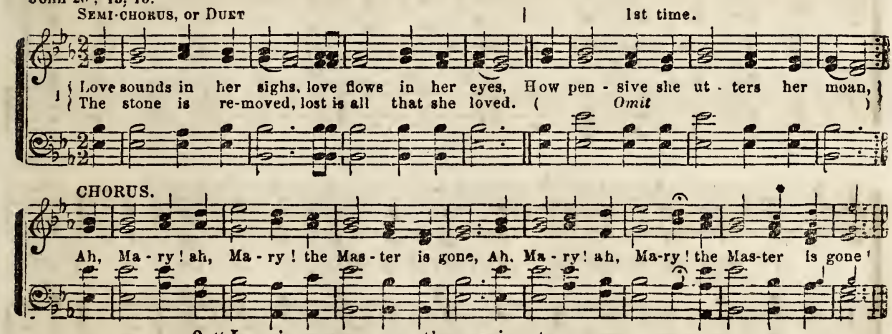
Lit - tle ones to him be-long, They are weak but He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me,
He will wash a - way my sin, Let his lit - tle child come in.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

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

4 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me, all the way
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

"Jesus saith unto her, 'Woman why weepest thou? She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, 'Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.'
"Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary.' She turned herself, and saith unto him 'Raboni;' which is to say 'Master.'"—John 20; 15, 16.



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

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

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

✱ *Small notes for last stanza only.*

HAPPY IN THE LORD.

17—*Two to the measure.*

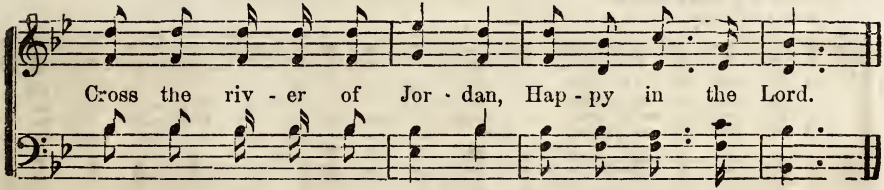
1 A pil - grim and a stran-ger here, hap - py, hap py, hap - py.

CHORUS.

I seek the home to pilgrims dear, Hap - py in the Lord. We'll

cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap-py,

NOTE.—The first and third lines may be sung as Solos with good effect—the Chorus commencing at the words "Happy," *&c.*



2.

I leave this world of sin behind, happy, happy, happy,
That better home in heaven to find, happy in the Lord;
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, happy, happy,
But fairer is my home up there, happy in the Lord.
Chorus.—We'll cross the river of Jordan, &c

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

With spirit and animation, but not too fast.

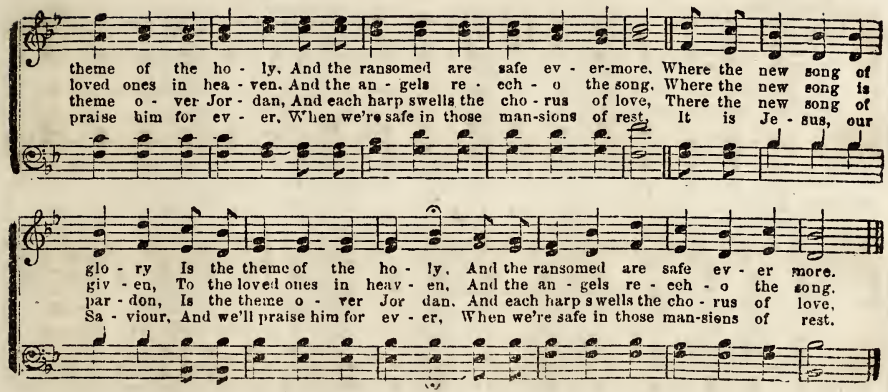
1 Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glo - ry— A home when life's
2 Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the riv - er, Es - cort - ed by
3 There sweet-ly we'll rest in those man - sions for ev - er And bask in the
4 Oh, who has pre - pared this ban - quet of pleasures, in hea ven's sweet

sor - rows are o'er, Where joys that a wait the meek and the low - ly Will
an - gels a - long; And with them a - dore the Boun - te - ous Giv - er, Whose
ful - ness of love, Where fields are all bright with flow - rets that nev - er Shall
bow - er of rest? And bids us par - take of all its rich trea - sures And

Full Chorus *f*

more than lost E - den re - store. Where the new song of glo - ry is the
love is re - hearsed by the throng, Where the new song is giv - en, To the
with - er in E - den a bove. There the new song of par - don, is the
waits now to wel - come each guest? It is Je - sus, our Sa - viour, And we'll

Composed for the Baptist S S Union Anniversary, 1862.



2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers,
When we're going, going, going home:
Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers
For we're going, going, going home:
There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
And never strewing the path to the tomb;
For we're going, going, going home.

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

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

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,
We are going, going, going home:
Bidding our spirits forever rejoice.
We are going, going, going home:
Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
Where we can never more suffer or die.
O! let our anthem of praise ring on high,
We are going, going, going home.

WE HAVE COME REJOICING.

18 —One to each quarter note. Suggested in part by a melody of BELLINI.

Sprightly.

1 We have come re-joic - ing on this hap-py day, In our Sunday School we
2 Thro'the week*he's kept us, and his smiling face Still is beaming on us

CHO. D.C. *We have come re-joic-ing on this hap-py day, In our Sunday School we*

dear-ly love to stay, And with voi - ces blending in a sa-cred song,
in this hap - py place; And the gracious Spir - it from his ho - ly throne.

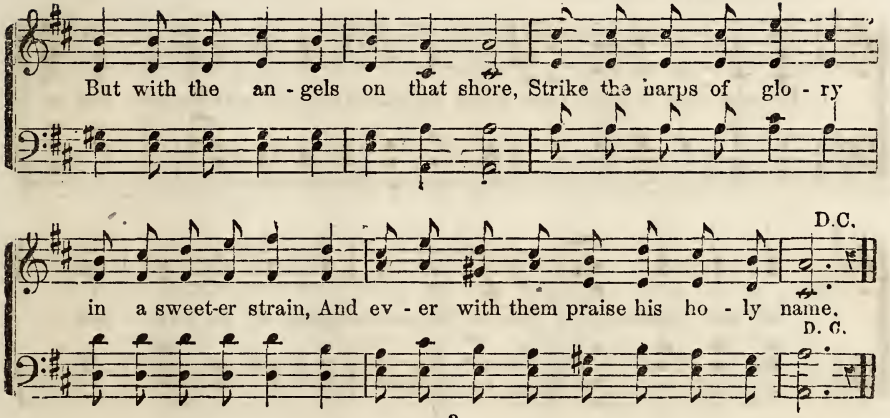
dear-ly love to stay, And with voi - ces blend-ing in a sa-cred song,

END. CHORUS.

We the Saviour's praise prolong. There we shall nev-er grieve him more,
Tells us of a bet - ter home. There we shall nev-er grieve him more.

We the Saviour's praise prolong.

* Or "year," if for anniversary.



3.

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

Cho.—There we shall, &c.

4.

And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove;
Where the waving flowerets of immortal bloom,
Shed around their sweet perfume.

Cho.—There we shall. &c.

JESUS IS KING.

Words furnished by L. HART, Esq

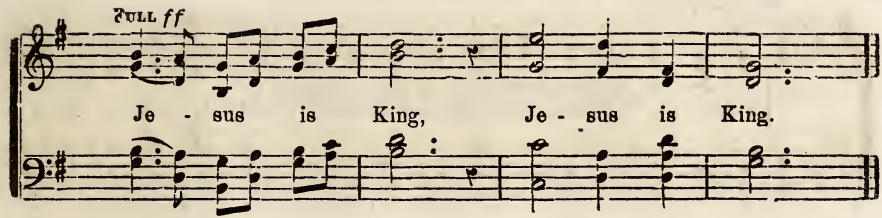
1 He who once to earth came down, Toiled and suffered here be-low, Sits up -

- on his heaven-ly throne, Wears the crown of glo - ry now;

CHORUS.

While an - gels join to sing, And loud the sweet words ring—

While an - - gels join to sing, And loud the sweet words ring—



2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

JESUS OUR SHEPHERD.

31—*One to each quarter note.* "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT."

Slow and gentle.

1 { Je - sus is our Shepherd, wiping eve-ry tear; Fold-ed in his bo-som, what have we to fear? } On - ly let us fol- low

whither he doth lead, To the thirst-y des - ert, or the dew - y mead.

2.

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

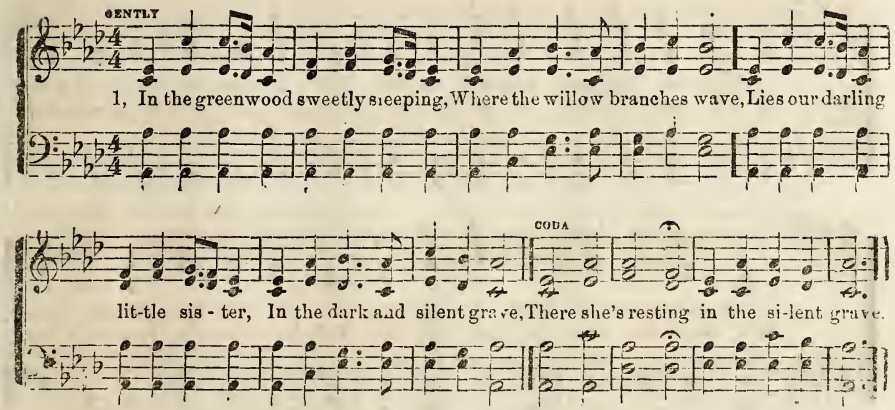
3.

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

4.

Jesus is our Shepherd, guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm,
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

18--*One to each quarter note.* R. S. T



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

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

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

5. And they bore her to her Saviour,
Far away from pain and care:
And that we in heaven may meet her,
Ever is our fervent prayer,
CODA.—While she's resting, &c

NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

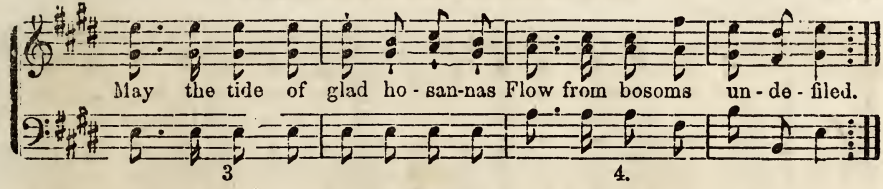
11 *Two to the measure.* For S. S. Celebration.* From ORIOLA by permission

1. Now we lift our tune-ful voi-ces, In a new me - lo-dious song:
2. Ye who join our ce - le - bra-tion, Sweetest me - lo - dies em-ploy;

While each youthful heart re - joi - ces, To be-hold the gath'ring throng,
Bow with us in a - dor - a - tion, Filled with ho - ly, heavenly joy.

FULL CHORUS.

As we lift our waving banners To the breezes soft and mild

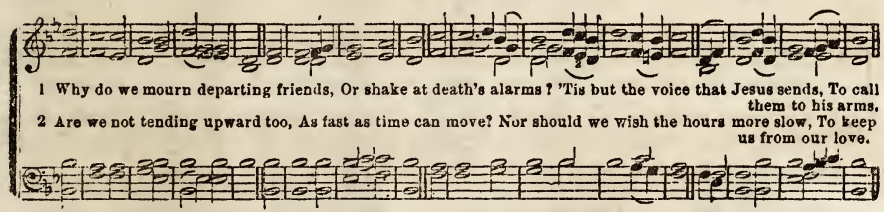


Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
All must honor and approve;
Thanks for labor still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.
Chorus. As we lift, etc.

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

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN. Arranged



2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There, the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

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

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Slow and gentle.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that coun-try so bright and so
2 We speak f the pathways of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jew-els so

fair, And oft are its glo ries con-fessed: But what must it be to be
rare. Of its won-ders and pleasures un - told: But what must it be to be

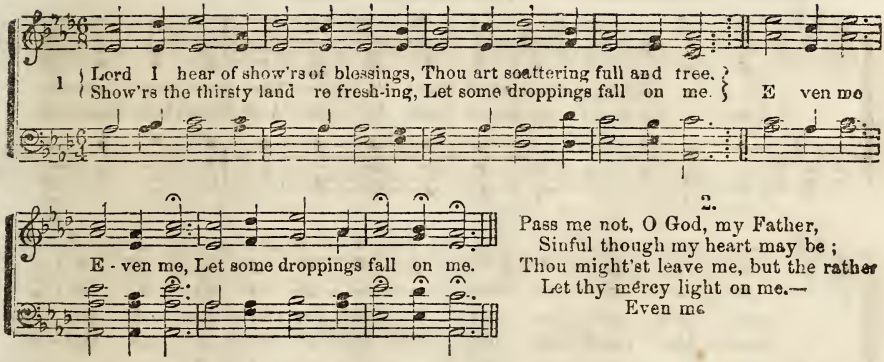
there, To be there, To be there, But what must it be to be there

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

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

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

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



2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6.

Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
Even me.

RE-UNION.

8—*One to each quarter note.* "I SHALL GO TO HIM." *David.*

1 Meet a - gain! yes, we shall meet a - gain, Tho' now we part in pain! His peo - ple all To - geth - er Christ shal' call, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

2 Soon the days of ab-sence shall be o'er, And thou shalt weep no more; Our meet - ing day Shall wipe all tears a - way. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

3.

Now I go with gladness to our home,
With gladness thou shalt come;
There I will wait
To meet thee at Heaven's gate.
Hallelujah!

4.

Dearest! what delight again to share
Our sweet communion there!
To walk among
The holy ransomed throng.
Hallelujah!

5.

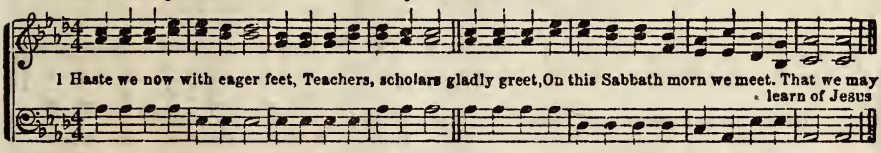
Not to mortal sight can it be given
To know the bliss of Heaven;
But thou shalt be
Soon there, and sing with me,
Hallelujah!

6.

Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain!
Together all
His people Christ shall call.
Hallelujah!

LEARNING OF JESUS.

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



2 Help us, Lord, throughout this day,
While we sing and while we pray,
Let thy Spirit with us stay,
While here we learn of Jesus.

3 Lord our hearts are full of sin.
Let thy Spirit enter in,
Make them pure, all white and clean.
And full of love to Jesus

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

24 - *Three to each measure.*

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*

1 Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beauti-ful ci - ty that I love,
2 Beau-ti-ful heaven, where all is light, Beauti-ful an-gels, clothed in white,

Beau - ti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beau ti - ful tem - ple—God its light,
Beau - ti - ful strains, that nev-er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir,

Beau - ti - ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti - ful tem - ple—God its light.
Beau - ti - ful strains, that nev-er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir

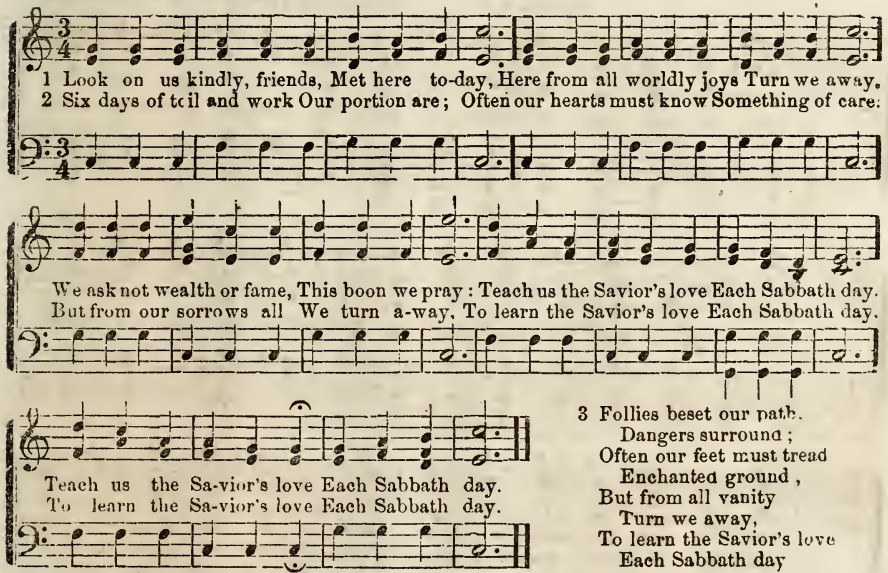
3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there

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

* From "ORIOLA," by permission.

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S REQUEST.

Sprightly. 7—*One to each quarter note.*



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

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

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

THE INVITATION.

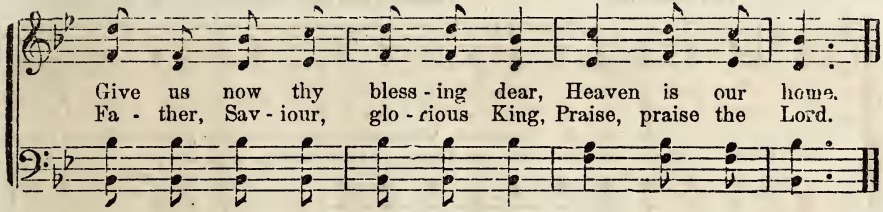
Words by K. C. Arranged from a melody of the "CONTRABANDS."

1. "Let lit - tle child_en come to me" The Lord the Saviour said,

For - bid them not, for such shall be, The saints in glo - ry made.

CHORUS.

Joy - ful are the words we hear, Saviour to thy arms we come
Hal - le - lu - jah we will sing Praise for - ev - er to the Lord.



2.

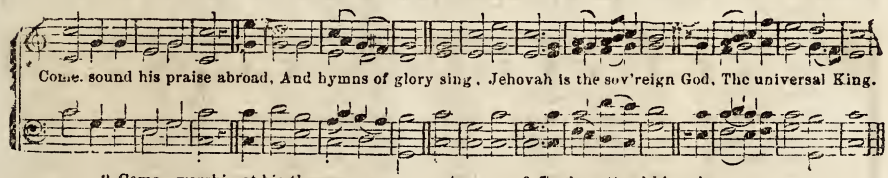
Why should we wait for life to fade
And earthly joys grow dim?
When they the happiest are made.
Who early go by him,
Blessed are the words we hear,
Saviour to thy arms we come,
Keep our souls from doubt and fear,
Heaven is our home. Halellujah, &c

3.

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

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith



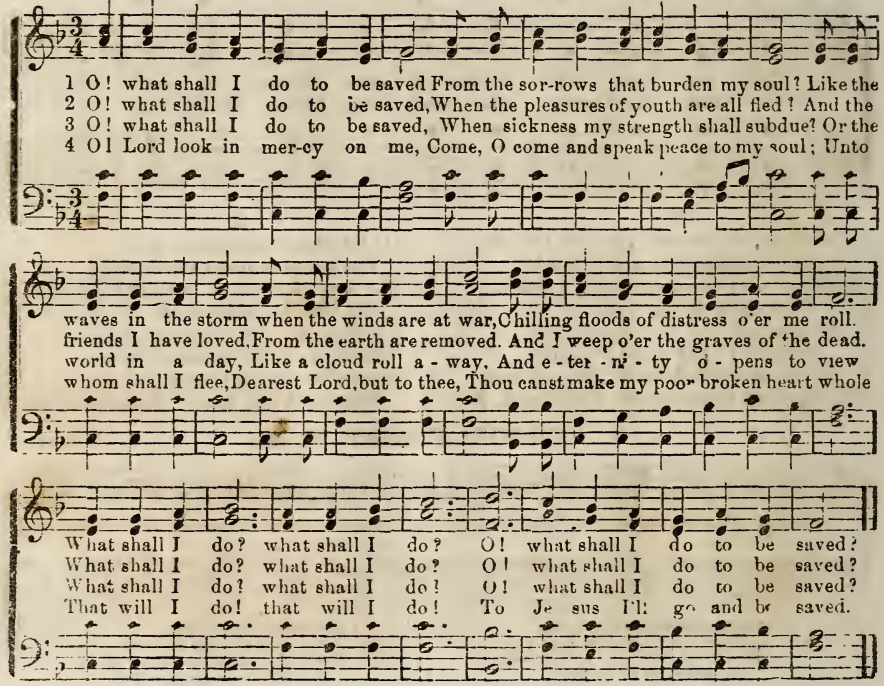
2 Come—worship at his throne,
Come—bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice.
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come—like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

10 —*One to each quarter note.*

Words in part from "Revival Melodies," by permission.



18—*Two to the measure.* WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { I'm but a stranger here: Heaven is my home; }
{ Earth is a des- ert drear: Heaven is my home; } Dangers and sor-rows stand

Round me on ev - ery hand, Heaven is my Fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.

2

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

3.

Therefore I murmur not:
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my Father-land—
Heaven is my home

THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

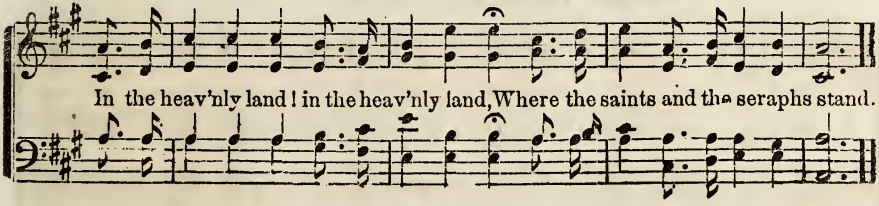
"THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER"

10—*One to each quarter note.*

1. { To the heavenly land; to the heavenly land, Where the
{ We are on our way; we are on our way, A u-

saints and the seraphs stand; }
- ni - ted and hap-py band, } For the an - gels there will teach us, How to

sing a sweeter song! And no sorrow'll ev - er reach us, In that happy, happy throng



2.

Tho, we often tire : tho' we often tire,
Where the pathway is steep and strait,
We will still press on : we will still press on,
Till we pass through the Golden Gate :
Cho. For the angels there will teach us , &c.

3.

But we need not fear : but we need not fear,
For we've Jesus to be our guide :
And with him so near : aye with him so near
Naught of evil can e'er betide,
Cho. For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4.

Will you go with us! will you go with us!
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless day,
Is illumed by our Father's love,
Cho. For the angels there shall teach us. &c.

SABBATH MORNING BELLS.

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

Gently, softly.

1 Ho - ly Sabbath, hap - py morning, Joy-ful - ly the bells we hear, Sweetly call - ing,
2 Ho - ly Sabbath, glad young voi-ces Welcome you with joyous song, While the a - ged
3 Basking in the ho - ly radiance Of this blessed Sabbath morn, May the bless-ed

gent - ly call - ing Us to praise and prayer. Sweetly sounding thro' each street, And
heart re - joic - es With the youthful throng. May the light of this blest morn-ing,
an - gels keep us, Till an - oth - er dawn And when earth's best, pur - est love-light,

float - ing on the qui - et air, Comes the dear familiar greeting, Call-ing us to prayer,
Eve - ry youthful heart il-lume, With a cheerful sacred presence That shall banish gloom
Fa - deth from our sight a - way, May our ris-en Saviour take us To his endless day.

* Instrument. in imitation of the Bells.

SABBATH EVENING BELLS.

35—*Two to the measure.* R. S. T.—Arranged.

1 The shadows of night are creep - ing fast A - cross the hill and dell, And
2 As si - lent - ly sinks the wea - ried sun, Far down the west-ern steep, So

soft - ly the zephyr's waft the tones, Of the Sab-bath even-ing bell.
peace-ful - ly at the eve of life, May I lay me down to sleep.

CHORUS. *p cres* *p cres* *dim* *cres.*

Oh Sab-bath even-ing bells! Oh Sabbath even-ing bells! What words of love, and

p *dim*

joy and rest Thy qui - et mu-sic tells.

3.

And may the sweet hope be granted then,
Each doubt and fear t'allay,
That soon will the gloom of night be lost
In the dawn of endless day.

CHO.—Oh Sabbath evening bells, &c.

THE LIFE-BOAT

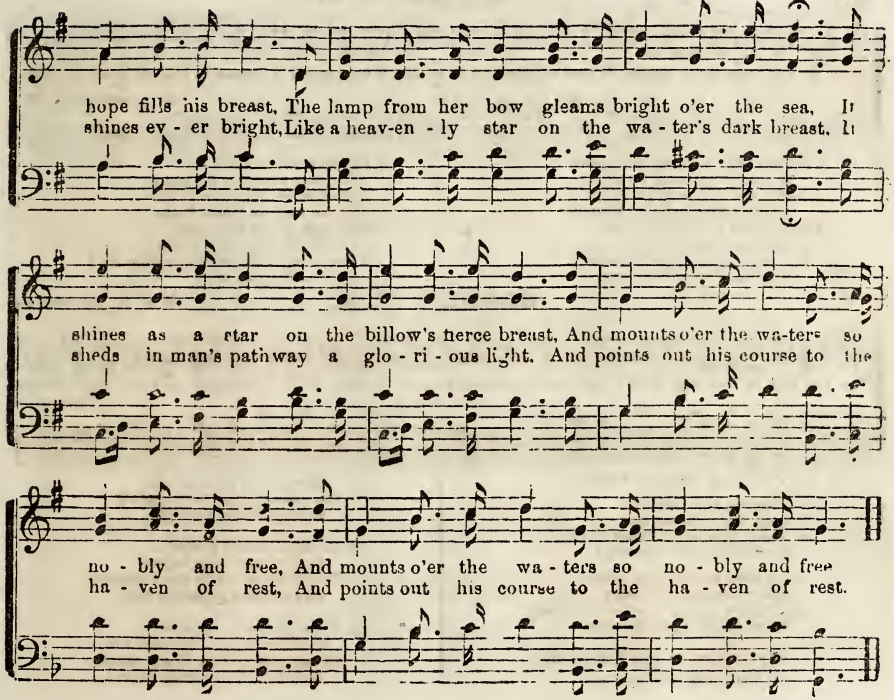
8—*Four to each measure.*

Spirited—in march movement.

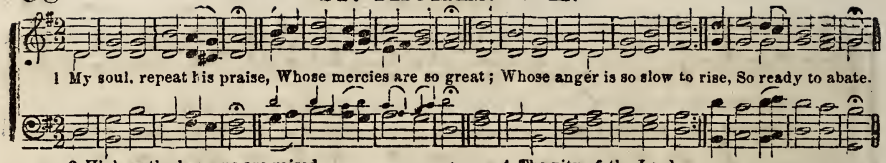
1 The life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she rides The darkened and storm-y, and
2 The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! o'er life's storm-y wave, Is the life-boat to res - cue all

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

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


hope fills his breast, The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the sea, It
shines ev - er bright, Like a heav-en - ly star on the wa - ter's dark breast, It
shines as a star on the billow's fierce breast, And mounts o'er the wa-ters so
sheds in man's pathway a glo - ri - ous light. And points out his course to the
no - bly and free, And mounts o'er the wa - ters so no - bly and free
ha - ven of rest, And points out his course to the ha - ven of rest.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



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

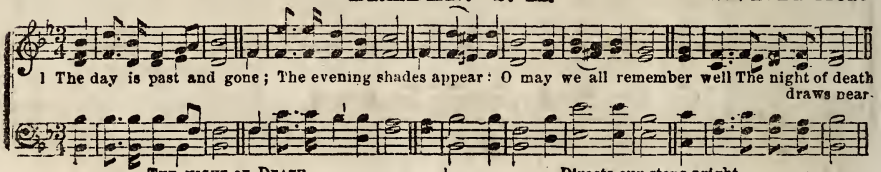
3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

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

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

BRADEN. S. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury



The night of Death.

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

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

Superiority of the Scriptures.

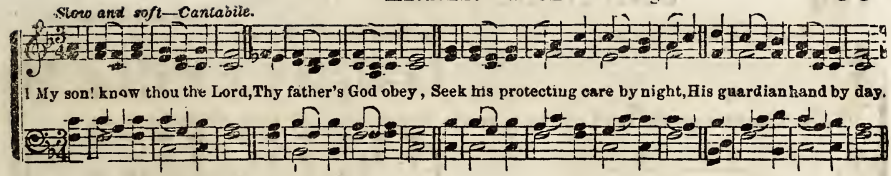
O Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit and delight.

2 Celestial beams it sheds
To cheer this vale below:
To distant lands its glory spreads
And streams of mercy flow

3 True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear:
Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there!

DENNIS. S M. Arranged from NAGELI.

Slow and soft—Cantabile.



2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him in fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

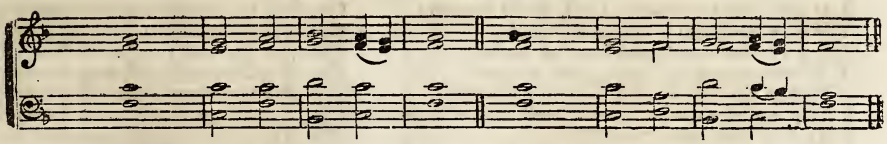
CLOSING HYMN.

1 Once more before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

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

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

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant. GREGORIAN.



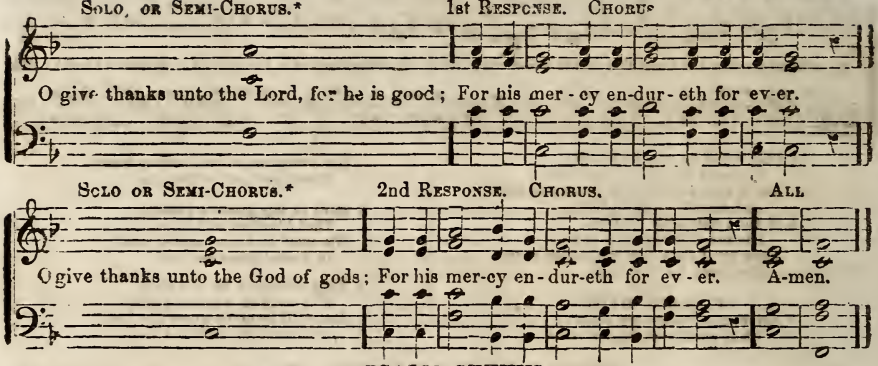
1 { Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, - as it | is in | heaven;

2 { Give us this | day our | daily | bread,
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres - pass 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. A- | men

GIVE THANKS. -Chant. Antiphonal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



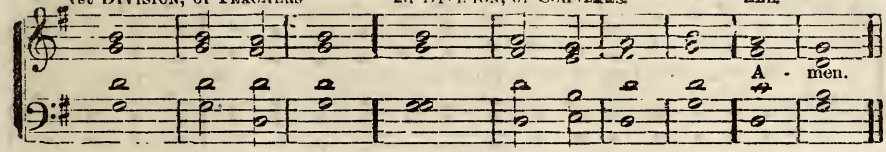
PSALM CXXXVI.

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

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

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant. Antiphonal.

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

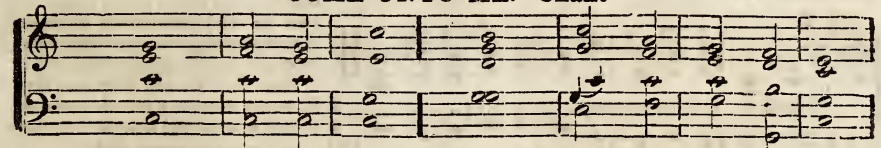


PSALM XXIII.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be-side the still — waters.
1 He re-storeth my soul.
2 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's — sake.
1 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil:
2 For thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.
1 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.
2 Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.
1 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life
2 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for-ever. A-men.

COME UNTO ME. Chant

Wm. B. Bradbury



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

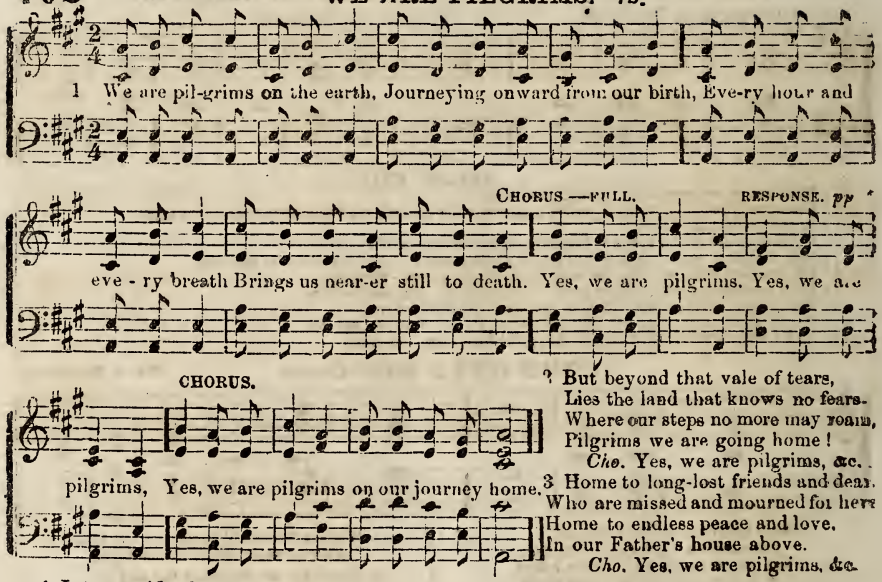
2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee.
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me.

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

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

5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and ago-ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, Come to me.

102 16—Two to each measure. **WE ARE PILGRIMS.** 7s.



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

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

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

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

* Either by the infant class, or any portion of the school.

1 Come schoolmates, don't grow weary, But let us jour-ney on, The moments will not tar - ry. This life will soon be gone. There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven. There is swee' rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

IN OLDEN TIMES.

6—time to each quarter note

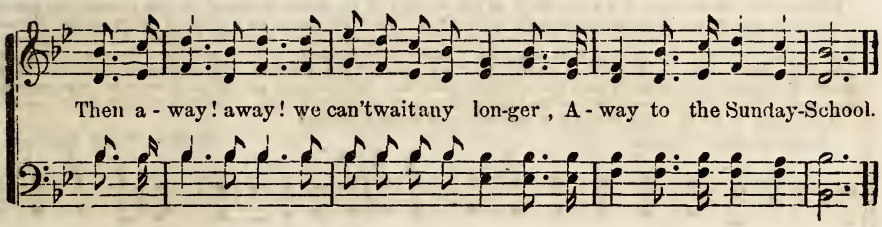
Words written for this work by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

1. In old - en times when boys were wild On English soil a - rose a child,

His name was Ro - bert, true and mild So lov-ing, lov - ing and good.

FULL CHORUS.

Then a - way! away! our cause is growing stronger. Away! away! to the Sunday-School



2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

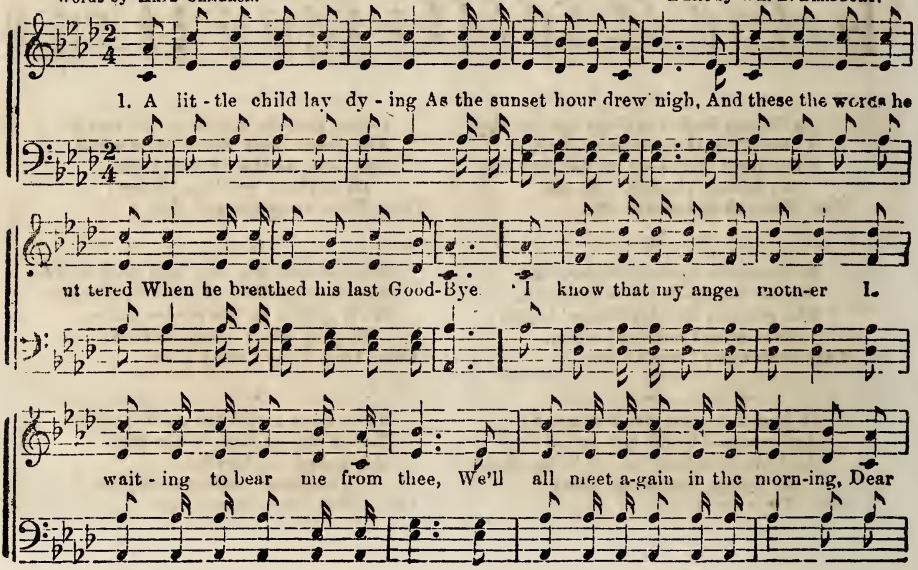
Then what a glorious sight 'twill be,
To see the millions of the free
All happy in eternity,—
So welcome, welcome the day!
Cho. Then away! away! &c.

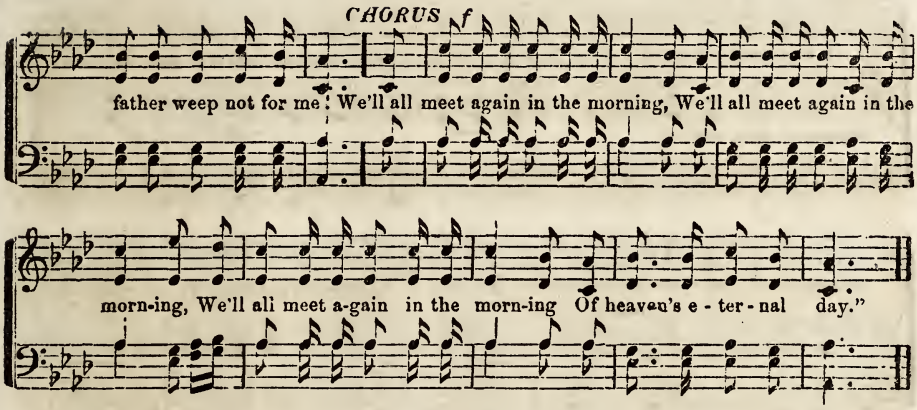
"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement. "Good bye, good bye! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry papa, *we'll all meet again in the morning!*" It was as if an angel had spoken to that father; and his heart grew lighter under his burden; for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this, "We'll all meet again in the morning!" It rouses up the fainting soul, and frightens away fear. Clouds may gather upon our path; disappointments may come: but all this cannot destroy the hope within us, if we can say truly, "All will be right in the morning!"

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

Words by Kate Cameron. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.



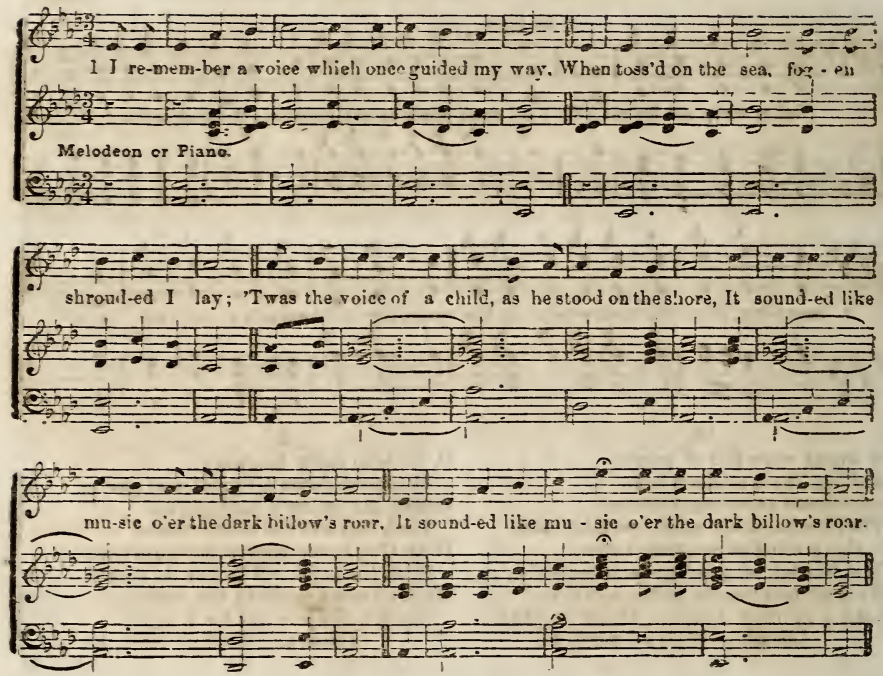


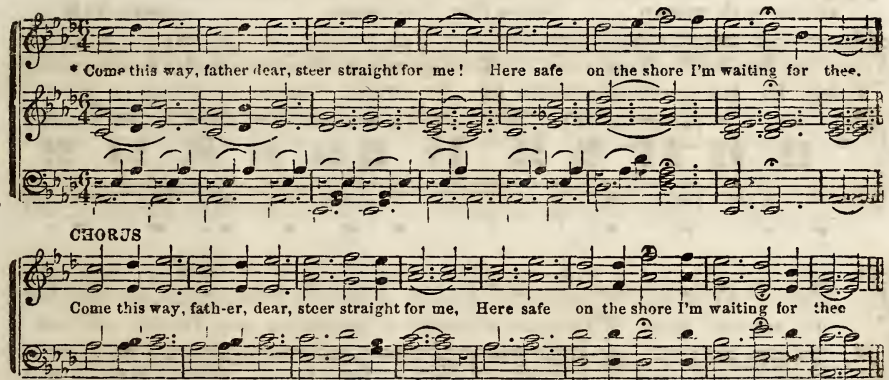
2.

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

3.

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


1 I re-mem-ber a voice which once guided my way, When toss'd on the sea, fog - gy
Melodeon or Piano.
shroud-ed I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore, It sound-ed like
mu-sic o'er the dark billow's roar, It sound-ed like mu - sic o'er the dark billow's roar.



2 I remember that voice as it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and thro' breakers, and high dashing spray:
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billow's roar—
CHO. Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

3 I remember my joy when I held to my breast,
The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child whispered soft on my ear;
I called you father dear, and I knew you would hear.
CHO.—Come this way, father dear, o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

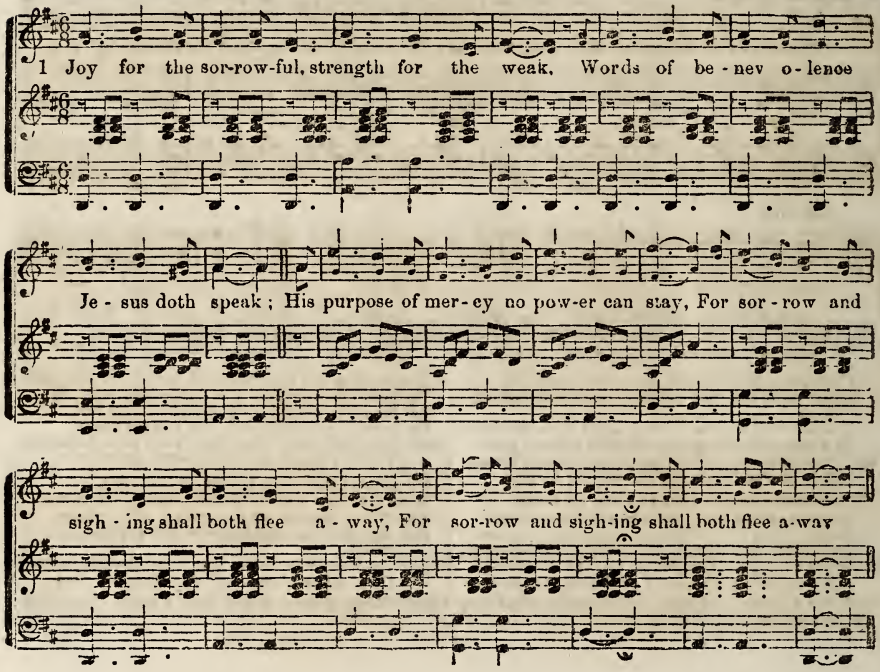
4 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my way
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay.
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
I'm calling you, father, Oh! can you not hear?
CHO.—Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee!

5 I remember that voice in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power;
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled waves,
And sounds from loved lips now lying silent in graves.
CHO.—Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me
Here. safely in heaven I am waiting for thee.

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

JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL.

46—*Two to the measure.* SOLO OR DUET, WITH CHORUS. Isaiah, 35 : 10



FULL CHORUS.

1 His pur-pose of mer-cy no pow-er can stay, For sor-row and sighing shall
2 The lame leap-ing high, these are signs of the day When sor-row and sighing shall
3 All look-ing for rest at the end of the way, When sor-row and sighing shall
4 Oh strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray, Till sor-row and sighing shall

both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.
both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.
both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.
both flee a-way, Till sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Joy for the sorrowful! Spirit of God,
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
O, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

"NOT TO CONDEMN THE WORLD."

SCRIPTURE SENTENCE, OR SHORT ANTHEM. John, III: 16.

CHORUS OR SEMICHORUS.

"For God sent not his Son in-to the world to con-demn the world, But

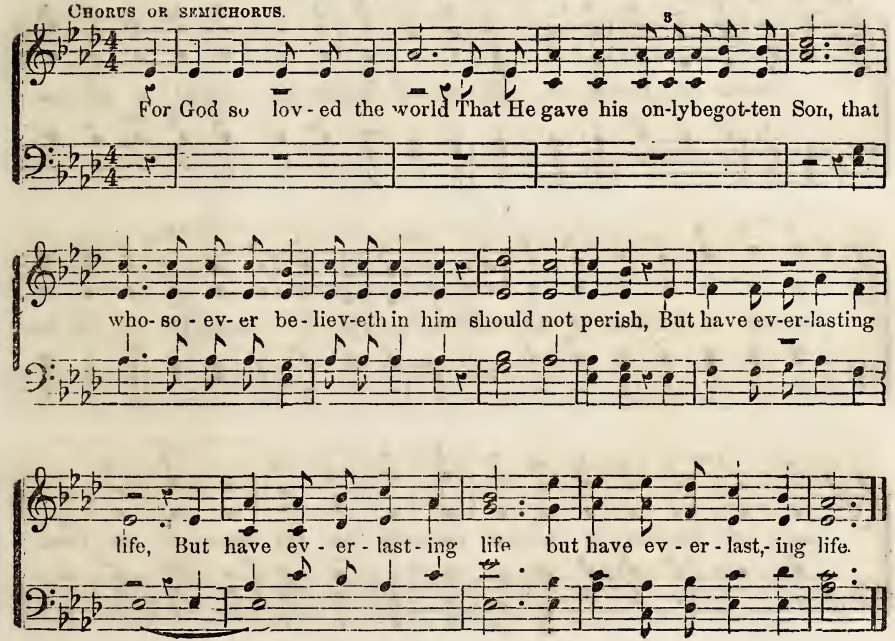
FULL CHORUS.

that the world through him might be saved!" Glo-ry be to God,

Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God in the high-est, high-est.

SCRIPTURE SENTENCE OR SHORT ANTHEM.

CHORUS OR SEMICHORUS.



For Chorus see previous page.—"Glory be to God."

114 HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh."—Anthem.

18—*Two to the measure.*

pp—as at a distance.

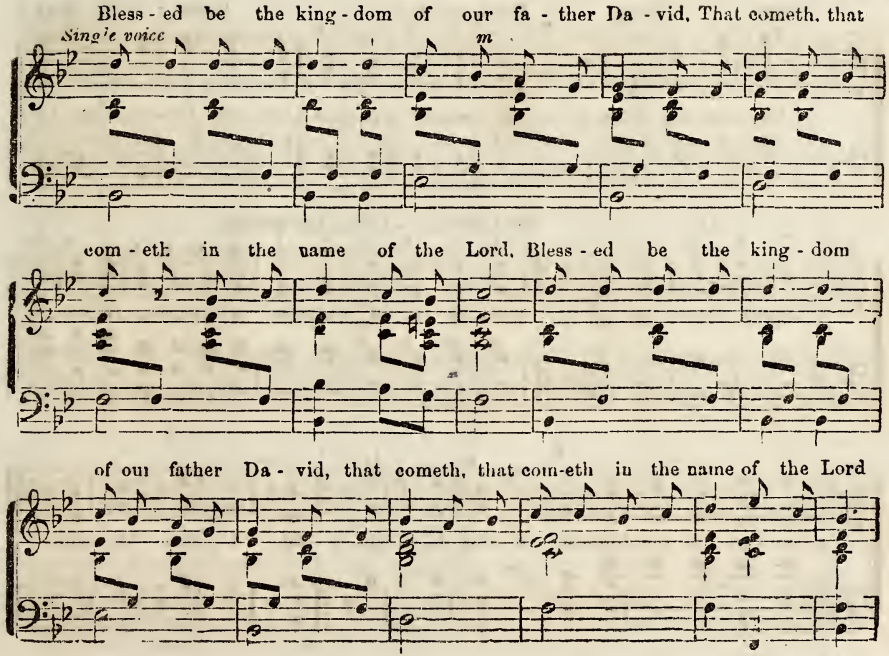
Ho-san na, Ho-san - na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san - na, Bless-ed is he that

mp *Cres*

com-eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, Ho - sanna, Ho - san - na, Ho-

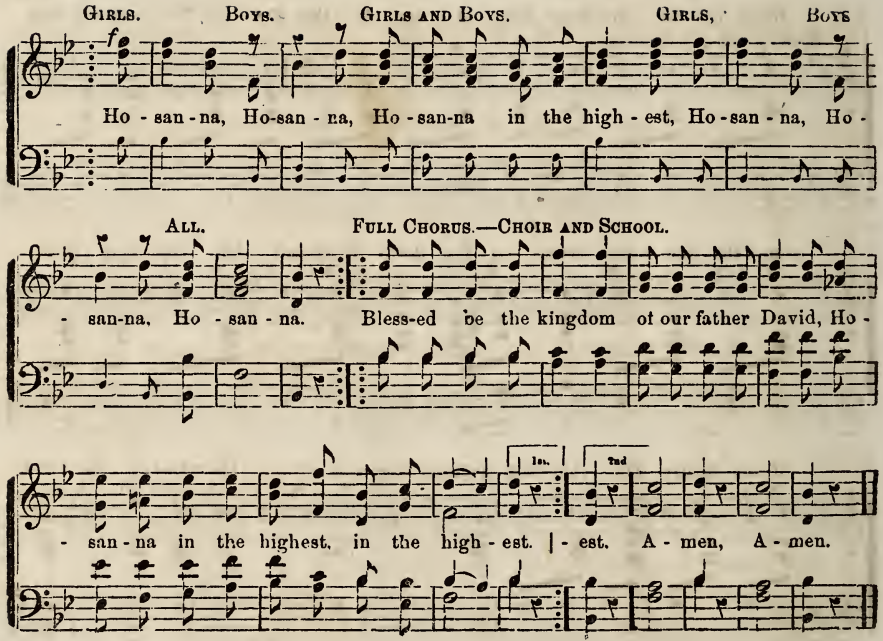
Cres

san - na, Bless-ed is he that com - eth in th' name of the Lord.


Bless - ed be the king - dom of our fa - ther Da - vid, That cometh, that
Single voice
m
com - eth in the name of the Lord, Bless - ed be the king - dom
of our father Da - vid, that cometh, that com-eth in the name of the Lord

☞ Over.

HOSANNA. Concluded.



Spirited

1 Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, *View the land, view the land,* He whom I fix my
2 His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, *View the land, view the land,* The narrow way till

REFRAIN

hopes up on, *View the promised land.* Away, a-way over Jordan, We'll view the land,
him I view, *View the promised land.* Away, a-way over Jordan, We'll view the land

View the land, A way, a - way o - ver Jor - dan, We'll view the promised land.

3 The way the holy prophets went, *View, &c.*
The road that leads from banisment, *View, &c*
Cho.—Away, away, &c.

4 The king's highway of holiness, *View, &c.*
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, *View, &c*
Cho.—Away, away, &c.

22.—*One to each quarter note.* **"COME UNTO ME." Anthem.**

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

mp SOFT AND GENTLE TONES, BUT EARNEST AND DEVOUT.

1. "Come un - to me all ye that la bor And are hea-vy la - den. And

I will give you rest Take my yoke up - on you And learn of me for

I am meek and low-ly of heart, And ye shall find rest un - to your souls,

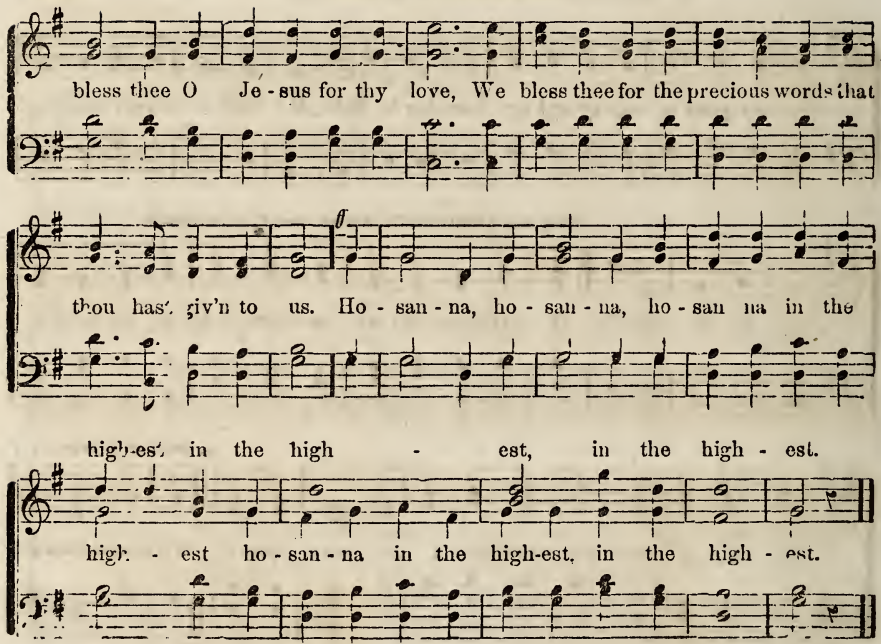
For my yoke is ea - sy and my bur - den is light, My yoke is ea - sy and my

First time SEMICHORUS, Second time FULL CHORUS.

bur - den is light." O precious in - vi - ta - tion Help us O Lord to

Quicker & spirited. f

come with a bro - ken heart, and a con - trite spir - it, We praise thee we


bless thee O Je - sus for thy love, We bless thee for the precious words that
thou has' giv'n to us. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san na in the
high-est in the high - est, in the high - est.
high - est ho - san - na in the high-est, in the high - est.

THE LAND OF PEACE.

Words by KATE CAMERON. WM: B BRADBURY

1 *sem. cho.* The storms of earth will van - ish, And all its tur - moils cease, Be - fore we reach that
2 *sem. cho.* There clouds will never gath - er, Rude winds will ne - ver blow, And there will be that

Full Chorus.

coun - try, The bless-ed land of peace.
qui - et We can - not find be - low.
The land of peace, the land of peace, Oh! there will all our

troub-les cease, And all our hap - pi - ness in crease In heaven, the land of peace.

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

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

CHORUS. The land of peace. etc.

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

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

CHORUS. The land of peace. etc.

THE WHOLE MULTITUDE. Anthem.

Recitando

And when he was come nigh, even to the de-scent of the Mount of Ol-ives, the whole

24—Two to the measure.

Mul - ti - tude of the dis - ci - ples be - gan to re - joice, And to

FULL CHORUS. *f* 24—One to each quarter note.

praise God with a loud voice, And to praise God with a loud voice, For

f

24—Two to the measure.

all the migh - ty works that they had seen, Saying, "Blessed be the King that

com - eth in the name of the Lord. Peace on earth, and glo - ry in the

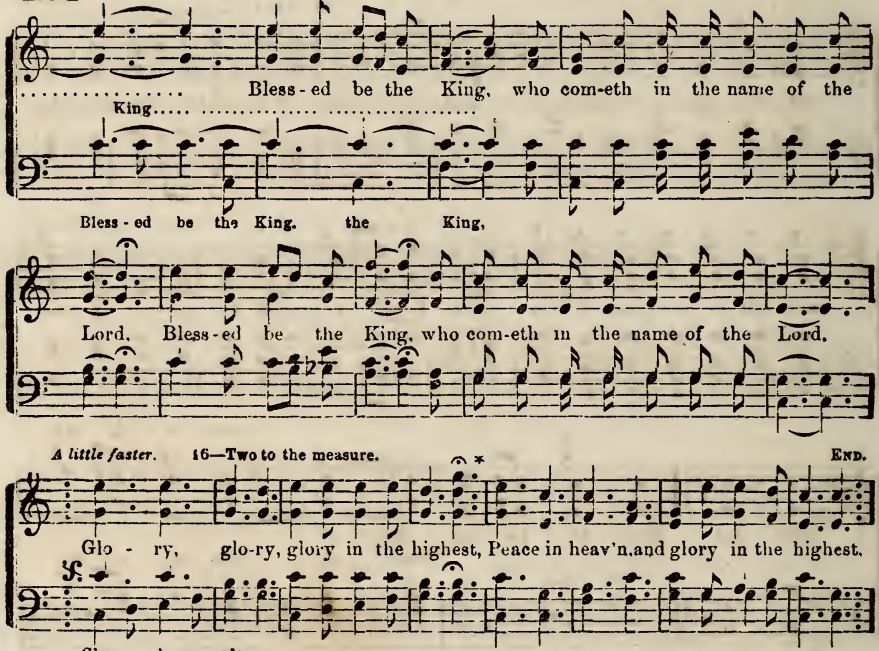
high - est. Bless - ed be the King

Bless - ed be the

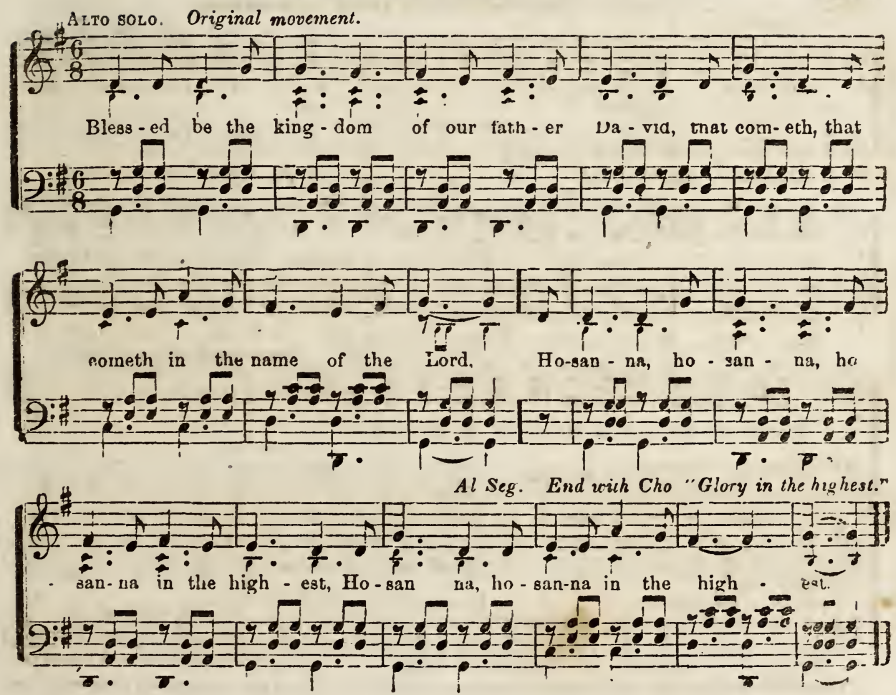
Bless - - ed, bless - ed be the

Bless-ed be the King bless - ed

THE WHOLE MULTITUDE. Continued.



* If this note can be sung clearly without straining the voices, or screaming, let it be done; if not let D be taken instead.


ALTO SOLO. Original movement.
Bless - ed be the king - dom of our fath - er Da - vid, that com- eth, that
cometh in the name of the Lord. Ho-san - na, ho - san - na, ho
Al Seg. End with Cho "Glory in the highest."
- san- na in the high - est, Ho - san na, ho - san-na in the high - est.

HOSANNA ANTHEM.

30—*One to each quarter note.* **A Concerted piece for public performances.**

SCHOLARS.*

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

TEACHERS AND CONGREGATION.*

1 What are those soul - re - - vi - ving strains Which ech - o

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

thus from Sa-lem's plains; What an - thems loud, and loud - er still,

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS. *Softly*

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

BASE SOLO.

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

Cres *p*

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

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

* The children should sing their HOSANNA through once before the teachers and congregation commence—then the two unite.

Cres.

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

- claim..... sal - vation sent in Je - sus' name, Ho

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

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

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL & CHOIR.

f

high - - est, in the highest. 3 Mes-siah's name shall joy impart, Alike to Jew and Gentile heart, He

sanna in the highest, in the highest,

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

bled for us, he bled for you, And we will sing ho - sannas too, And we will sing ho - sannas too

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

4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given.
And glory shout through highest heaven —*Cho.*

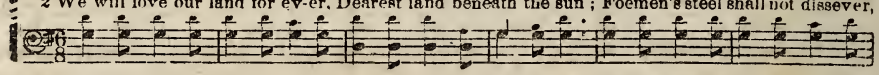
THE UNION SONG.

12--*Two to each measure, With spirit and energy.*

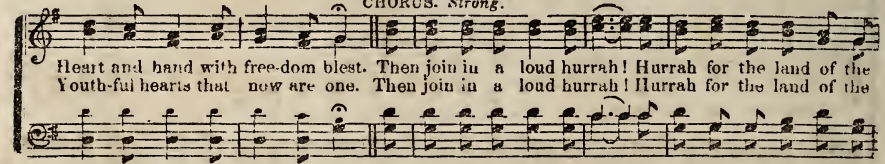
Words by Wm. Oland Bourne.

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

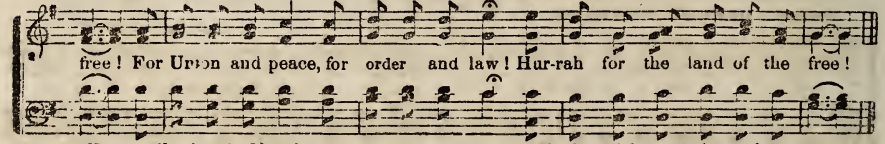
2 We will love our land for ev-er, Dearest land beneath the sun; Foemen's steel shall not dissever,



CHORUS. *Strong.*



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



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

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

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

5 Union now and Union ever!
Boys and girls for Union all!
We will keep it safe, and never
Shall our glorious Union fall.—Cho

FROM THE EVENING POST AND NEW YORK TIMES.

"One of the interesting musical events of the season is the competition in instruments, and the success that has attended the exhibition of Bradbury's piano-fortes at the several fairs recently held. This success is more remarkable from the fact that a new competitor for public favor has always to contend with the prejudices of those who are interested in keeping their old favorites in the front rank, and it is only when the intrinsic merits of a new instrument are so apparent as to render opposition to it hazardous to their professional reputation that it can get a fair start.

"This has been the opening year for Bradbury's instruments, and thus far with the following result:

I. First prize at the New Jersey State Fair at Patterson·

II. First prize at the New York State Fair at Utica;

III. First prize at the Ohio State Fair at Cleveland·

IV. And now, at the Fair of the American Institute, in this city, it has also been awarded the first prize*.

"There was a large number of fine pianos in this exhibition, and the managers of it devoted to them the largest and most prominent space in the main hall in the Academy building. Among these the beautiful square piano contributed by the manufacturer, WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, maintained a first place, being remarkable for power, brilliancy, richness, purity and equality of tone, combined with delicacy of touch, strength of frame, and general excellence of mechanical manipulation. This piano has Mr. Bradbury's new and improved scale, which is now receiving the highest commendations from first-class musical authority, as well as the public generally.

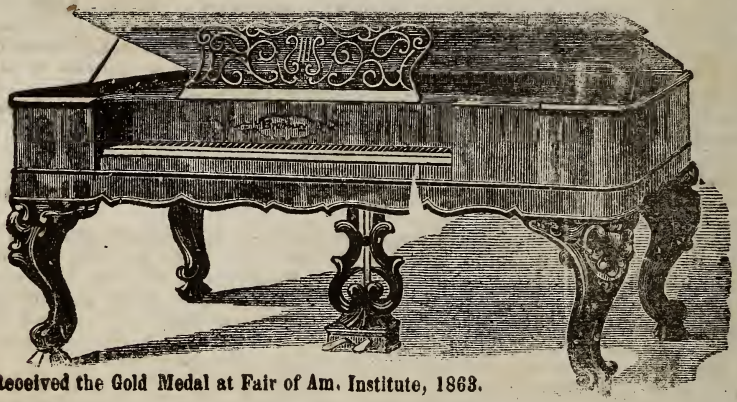
"This piano has an iron frame, overstrung base, and every real modern improvement; it is constructed of the best thorough seasoned materials, and its outward finish is second to none. We are informed by the managers that Mr. Bradbury did not manufacture this instrument especially for exhibition, but that it was taken promiscuously from his general stock.

"The public are already indebted to Mr. Bradbury for his labors as a composer of church and Sabbath-school music; but it would seem that his success in that department is to be eclipsed by the honors thrust on him in his new sphere."

* P.S.—Since the above was written, I have received the following additional First Premiums, viz.: Pennsylvania State Fair, Illinois State Fair, and Indiana State Fair. W. B. B.

WM. B. BRADBURY'S SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES,

427 BROOME ST., cor. of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, NEW YORK.



Received the Gold Medal at Fair of Am. Institute, 1863.

The subscriber has now so enlarged and increased his manufacturing facilities as he believes will enable him to meet the unprecedented demand for his beautiful instruments. His factory is twice its former size.

BRADBURY'S PIANOS are made of the BEST THOROUGHLY SEASONED material. He employs the BEST MECHANICAL SKILL and talent of the city.

BRADBURY'S "NEW SCALE," drawn and prepared expressly for his new instruments, is in advance of other improvements in POWER, BRILLIANCY, RICHNESS, PURITY, and EQUALITY OF TONE, combined with DELICACY OF TOUCH and STRENGTH OF FRAME. He invites the closest criticism of the best unbiassed judges. Every department of the business is conducted under Mr. BRADBURY'S own personal supervision. Every instrument fully warranted.

THE MUSICAL PROFESSION OF NEW YORK TO WM. B. BRADBURY.

STRONG INDORSEMENT OF

WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

The most eminent of the musical profession of New York City, after frequent and thorough trials of my NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, have given me the most emphatic and unqualified Testimonials. The following is a specimen of the voluntary testimony I am constantly receiving from gentlemen entirely disinterested, and, as all will acknowledge, most thoroughly qualified to judge of the merits of a Piano-Forte.

"We have examined, *with much care*, Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, and it is our opinion that, in power, purity, richness, equality of tone, and THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, Mr. BRADBURY'S instruments EXCEL.

"We find GREAT BRILLIANCY and a BEAUTIFUL SINGING QUALITY of tone most happily blended. We have RARELY SEEN a square Piano-Forte combining so many of these qualities essential to a PERFECT INSTRUMENT."

S. B. Mills.
Harry Sanderson.
Charles Fradel.
Robert Heller.
Charles Wels.
A. Bagioli.
H. C. Timm.

William Mason.
Max Maretzek.
W. Berge. [Review."
Theo. Hagen, Ed. N. Y. "Mus.
Carl Anschutz.
Gustav R. Eckhard.
John Zundell, Organist at H. W. Beecher's Church.

Geo. W. Morgan.
John N. Pattison.
Charles Grobe.
John H. Ickler.
H. E. Matthews.
F. L. Ritter.
T. E. Perkins.

Theodore Thomas.
Clare W. Beames.
Robert Stoepel.
Strakosch.
Theo. Moelling.
F. H. Nash.
C. M. Carrington, Pres. N. Y. Harmonic Society.

GOTTSCHALK,

The renowned Pianist and Composer, AFTER A CAREFUL AND THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, says:

"I have examined with GREAT CARE, Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Piano-Fortes, and it is my opinion that they are VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

"I have especially remarked their THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, and the power, purity, richness, and EQUALITY of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success.

"L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

"NEW YORK, July 12, 1863."

[ESTABLISHED IN 1859.]

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES,

Published every week at $1.50 a year, in advance.

JOHN S. HART, LL. D.,
I. NEWTON BAKER, A. M., } Editors.

This journal is now the recognized leading organ of the Sabbath-School cause in our country, circulating throughout all of the states and territories, and growing in favor year by year among the thousands of superintendents and teachers who are its constant readers. Being unsectarian, and connected with no Institution, or Society, it advocates and exemplifies the spirit and principle of UNION in the Sabbath-School, and in every other Christian work; draws its encouragement and information from all denominations, and endeavors to note the progress and to speak the truth candidly and lovingly of all.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES is a live, wide-awake, practical paper, one that no superintendent or teacher, who wishes to be helped to improvement and success in his labor of love, can well afford to be without. The publishers are gratified to be able to announce that they have secured as regular and occasional contributors an able corps of writers, including some of the leading Sunday-School spirits of the land.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., Rev. John Todd, D.D., Rev. J. T. Crane, D.D., Rev. Joseph Alden, D.D., Rev. Morris C. Sutphen, Rev. J. Heyl Vincent, Rev. Henry C. McCook, Rev. Alfred Taylor, Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, Ralph Wells, and R. G. Pardee. ALSO, **Mrs. J. E. McConaughy, Miss Caroline F. Kelly, Miss Catherine M. Trowbridge, Mrs. Ellen Huntington Gates,** and many others whose names we need not mention—who under modest *nom de plumes* contribute to the enjoyment and edification of our readers.

No effort and care will be spared to make the TIMES increasingly worthy, by calling to our aid every appliance that is calculated to help the teacher to improvement in his arduous and blessed work. Let every superintendent examine this journal, and if satisfied that it is what it claims to be, aid in extending its circulation.

PROF. LANGE'S GREAT COMMENTARY

ON ST. MATTHEW.--Large Octavo, 568 pages,--Price, $5.00.

The Commentary will be given by us on the following terms:

For 10 NEW Subscribers to ***THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES,*** or for 5 NEW Subscribers and $2.50 in Cash.
Where the premium is to be sent by mail, 48 cents should be enclosed to prepay postage.
Sample copies of THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES sent *free* to any address on application.

J. C. GARRIGUES & CO., Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 148 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Penna.