The Sunlight of Song
THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG.
THE
Sunlight of Song
A COLLECTION OF SACRED AND MORAL POEMS.

With Original Music,
BY
THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH COMPOSERS.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS
BY THE
BROTHERS DALZIEL,
FROM DESIGNS BY OUR BEST ARTISTS.

London and New York:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.
NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.
1875.
PREFAE.

In putting forth this volume, the intention of the Publishers has been to offer to the Public, and especially to the younger portion of it, a collection of Songs, wherein words, music, and pictures should, jointly and severally, recommend themselves to favourable consideration. Accordingly, a selection of poems has been made, consisting mainly of such as have been familiar as household words in the mouths of various generations of children, while here and there some newer candidates for juvenile favour have been added.

For the character of the Music, the names of the eminent Composers who have undertaken the task of setting the Songs, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient guarantee.

The Illustrations to the Songs have been engraved, from Designs by our best Artists, by the Messrs. Dalziel, and are intended to complete the value of the volume as a Gift Book, and to fit it for the drawing-room table as well as for the music-desk.

It is the hope of the producers that the work may be admitted as a welcome guest into many a house, and may prove a means of shedding over many a company, alike in winter and summer, the genial sunlight of song.

London, July, 1875.
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THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG.
The Four Seasons.

Moderato.

Birds are in the woodland, birds are on the tree,

Merry Spring is coming, ope the pane and see,
Then come sportive breezes,

Fields with flow'rs are gay,
In the woods we're singing, through the Summer day,

In the woods we're singing, thro' the Summer day.
THE FOUR SEASONS.

Fruits are ripe in Autumn, leaves are sere and red, Then we glean the cornfields,

thanking God for bread, Then at last comes Winter, fields are cold and lorn,

But there's happy Christmas, when our Lord was born, Then there's happy Christmas,

when our Lord was born.
THE FOUR SEASONS.

Thus as years roll on-ward, merri-ly we sing, Thank-ful for the bless-ings,

all the seasons bring, Thus as years roll on-ward, merri-ly we sing,

Thank-ful for the bless-ings all the seasons bring, Thank-ful for the bless-ings

ritard.

all the seasons bring.

ritard. a tempo.
We've ploughed our land.

Andante moderato.

We've ploughed our land, and with even
hand The seed o'er the field we've sown;
But sunshine and
WE'VE PLOUGHED OUR LAND.

Rain, to ripen the grain, Can be given by God alone.

The seed that springs, and the bird that sings, And the

shining summer sun, The tiny

bee, and the mighty sea, God made them, every one.
WE'VE PLOUGHED OUR LAND.

Then thankful we'll be, for shall not He Who
gives to each bird a nest, To each bee a
flow'r, for its little hour, Give His children food and
rest? Give His children food and rest? . . .
The Great God.

Sir Julius Benedict.

1. The Great God, with a Father's eye

Looks down on all below;

He feeds the

\( ^\wedge \) This sign indicates where breath should be taken.

(9)
THE GREAT GOD.

ra - vens when they cry, And makes the sun to

glow: And e - ver hath in mer - cy smiled To bless a

hum - ble, pray - ing child, To bless a hum - ble, pray - ing child.

2. Be - hold the dai - sy where you tread, That
3. And will He not as sure - ly make A
THE GREAT GOD.

Little lowly thing, Be hold the
fee ble child His care? Yes! Je sus

in sects o ver head That play a bout in
died for children's sake, And loves the infant's

Spring: Tho' we may think them mean and small, Yet God takes prayer.
God made the stars and daisies too, And watches

Last time.

no tice of them all, Yet God takes no tice of them all.
o ver them and you, And watch es o ver them and you.
Oh Mother dear, good night.

Andante.

What are those beauteous music sounds? Dear mother, look, and see,
That at this silent midnight hour From slumber wake...
O MOTHER DEAR. GOOD NIGHT.

me. I cannot hear them, cannot see, O rest in

slumber mild, There's no one singing to thee now My poor and suffering

child. They are not music sounds of earth That make my

heart so light; The angels call me with their song, O mother

dear, O mother dear, . . . good night, ppp good night.
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Allegro moderato.

Henry Leslie.

Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

From many an ancient fountain Roll down the golden sand,
From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though

(15)
FROM GREENLAND'S Icy MOUNTAINS.

ev'-ry prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile; In vain with la-vish

cen cen do. cen cen do.

kind-ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea-then in his

blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we whose souls are light-ed With
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry, And
wisdom from on high—Shall we to men be nighted
you, ye waters, roll, Till like a sea of glory
The lamp of light deny? Salvation! oh, salvation! The
Its spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The
joyful sound proclaim; Till each remotest nation Has
Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In
learnt Mes-si-ah's Name.
bliss returns to reign.
There sitteth a dove so
white and fair, All on a lily spray, And she
THE WHITE DOVE

lis't'neath when to our Saviour dear The little children pray...

Light-ly she spreads her friendly wings.

And to heav'n's gate hath sped,... And unto the Father in heav'n she bears The pray'rs that the children have...
THE WHITE DOVE.

said, ... The pray'rs that the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate, And brings that dove so mild, From the

Father in heav'n Who hears her speak A blessing for every
THE WHITE DOVE.

mf a tempo.

child. Then children lift up a pious pray'r, It

p a tempo.

hears what'er you say, . . . . . That heav'nly

dove so white and fair That sits on the lily

rail.

spray, . . . That sits on the lily spray. . . . . .
Industries

Moderate.

1. Gather roses while they bloom, Never lose a day,
   Nor in sloth one hour consume, Time doth

Dr. Garrett.
INDUSTRY.

2. Now you've opportunity,
Both for work and play;
Where may you tomorrow be?
Time doth pass away.

3. Men have mourned their whole life through
One good deed's decay;
Do at once what you've to do,
Time doth pass away.
The Land that no mortal may know.

E. J. Hopkins.

1. Though earth has many a beautiful spot, As a
THE LAND THAT NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

poet or painter might show; Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and

bright, To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight, Is the

land... that no mortal may know, Is the land that no mortal may

know.
THE LAND THAT NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

2. There the water of life, bursting forth from the

3. Oh, ... who but must pine in this dark vale of

dim.

thronce, Flows on ... and for ever will

tears, From its clouds ... and its shadows to

... Its waves, as they roll, are with melody

... To walk in the light of the glory aboue,

... Its waves, as they roll, are with melody

... To walk in the light of the glory above,

... Its waves, as they roll, are with melody

... To walk in the light of the glory above,

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... To walk in the light of the glory above,
THE LAND THAT NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

life, In the land... that no mortal may know.
love, Of the land... that no mortal may know.

2nd verse.

know, In the land... that no mortal may know.
know, Of the land... that no mortal may know.

Last verse.

know.
Patience.

E. H. Thorne.

Allegretto.

1. On silent wings, an

angel Through all the land is borne, Sent by the gracious
PATIENCE.

Father To comfort them that mourn. There's blessing in his
glances, Peace dwells wher'er he came, Oh! follow when he
calls thee, For Patience is his name.

2. Through

earthly care and sorrow He'll smooth the thorny way, And

(9)
PATIENCE.

speak, with hopeful courage, Of brighter, happier day; And

when thy weakness falters, His strength is firm and fast, He'll

help to bear thy burden, He'll lead thee home at last.

3. Thy tears He never chideth, When
4. He will not always answer Each
PATIENCE.

comfort He'd impart, Rebutting not, He quiets The
question that's addressed; He whispers soft "Endure thou, And

longings of thy heart. And when, in stormy sorrow, Thou,
after toil comes rest." Through life, if thou wilt love Him, Thus

murmuring, askest "Why?" He silent yet, but smiling, Points
by thy side He'll wend, Oft silent, ever hopeful, Still

upward to the sky.
looking to the end.
To the Rainbow.

Andantino grazioso.

How glorious is thy girdle, Cast o'er mountains, tow'r and...
TO THE RAINBOW.

town! Or mirror'd in the ocean vast, A

thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark, As

young... thy beauties seem, As when the eagle

(33)
TO THE RAINBOW.

From the ark, First sported in thy beam. For

Molto diminuendo.

faithful to its sacred page, Heaven still rebuilds thy

span;... Nor lets the type grow pale withage; That

first spoke peace to man; That first spoke

morendo al fine.

peace to man.
Some murmure when their sky is clear.

Andante con moto.

Some murmure when their sky is clear And wholly bright to

(35)
SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

view, If one small speck of dark appear In their great heav'n of blue, One speck in their great heav'n of blue; And some with thankful love are filled, If but one streak of light, One ray of God's good mercy gild The darkness of their night. Some
SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

murmur, some with love are filled, Some

murmur, some with love are filled, If but one ray of

mercy gild The darkness of their night.

Colla parte. pp tempo.
Angry Words.

WALTER MACPHERREN.

Andante espressivo.

Angry words are lightly spoken in a rash and thoughtless
Love is much too pure and holy, Friendship is too sacred
ANGRY WORDS.

hour, Brightest links of life are broken By their deep insidious
far, For a moment's reckless folly Thus to desolate and

power. Hearts inspired by warmest feeling Ne'er before by anger
mar. Angry words are lightly spoken, Bitt'rest thoughts are rashly

stirr'd, Oft are rent past human healing By a single angry
stirr'd; Bright-est links of life are broken By a single angry

word.

word.

(39)
THE RIVER.

Quasi Recit.

O tell me, pretty river! Whence do thy waters flow? And

whither art thou roaming, So pensive and so slow? a tempo.

“My birthplace was the

mountain, My nurse the April showers; My cradle was a

fountain, O'er-curtained by wild flow'rs.
THE RIVER.

One morn I ran away, A mad-cap, hoy-den rill— And many a prank that day I play'd a down the hill!

And then, mid meadowy banks I flirted with the flow'rs, That stoop'd with glowing lips, To woo me to their
THE RIVER.

bow'rs. But these bright scenes are

o'er, And dark - ly flows my wave, I hear the o - cean's

roar, And there must be my grave. But these bright scenes are

Slower.

o'er, And dark - ly flows my wave, I hear the o - cean's

roar, And there must be my grave!"
Father, what.e'er of earthly bliss.

Larghetto con moto.

Father, what.e'er of earthly bliss Thy sov.reign
FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS.

will denies, Accepted at Thy Throne of Grace, Let

this petition rise: . . . Give me a calm, a

thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free, The blessings

of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.

(45)
FATHER, WHATE’ER OF EARTHLY BLISS.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey’s end.

(45)
Brotherly Love.

J. W. Elliott.

"Lit-tle chil-dren, love each o-ther," 'Tis the bless-ed Sa-viour's

do-delce.

rule; Ev-ry lit-tle one is bro-ther To his play-fel-lows at

(47)
BROTHERLY LOVE.

school. We're all children of one Father, That great God who reigns above, Shall we quarrel? No, much rather Would we dwell like Him in love. Ev'ry little one is brother To his playfellows at school.

Who is stronger than the other? Let him be the weak one's
BROTHERLY LOVE.

friend; Who's more playthings than his brother? He should like to give or lend. All they have they share with others, With kind looks and gentle words, Thus they live ... like happy brothers, And are known to be the Lord's. Ev'ry little one is brother To his playfellows at school.
Safely through another week.

Andantino.

1. Safely through another week, . . God has
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, . . Through the
SAFELY THROUGHII ANOTHER WEEK.

brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing dear Redeemer's name, Shew' Thy re- conci-led

seek, On th' ap-proach-ing Sab-bath day— Day of face, Shine a-way our sin and shame. From our

all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal worldly cares set free May we meet this night with

rest... Day of all the week the best Em-blem Thee, From our worldly cares set free May we
of eternal rest. 
meet this night with Thee. 

viola. 

f a tempo. 

3. When the 

morn shall bid us rise. May we feel Thy Presence 

near, May Thy Glory meet our eyes. When we 

(52)
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

in Thy house appear. There afford us, Lord, a

taste. Of our everlasting feast, There afford us, Lord, a taste. Of our everlasting feast.

feast.
I thank the goodness and the grace.

Moderato.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

I thank the goodness

...and the grace Which on my birth have smiled, And made me in these
I THANK THE GOODNESS AND THE GRACE.

Christian days A happy English child. I was not born as thousands are, Where God was never known; And taught to pray a useless prayer To blocks of wood and stone, To blocks of wood and stone. I was not born a little slave Beneath aburing
I THANK THE GOODNESS AND THE GRACE.

sun,  To wish I were but in the grave, And all my labour

done.  My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned a better lot for

me;  And placed me in this happy land, Where I may hear of

Thee.  Where I may hear of Thee.
Dews that nourish, fairest flowers,
Fall unheard in stillest hours;

Dews that nourish.

E. J. Hopkins.
DEWS THAT NOURISH FAIREST FLOWERS.

Streams which keep the meadows green, Of- ten flow them-selves un-seen.

Vio-lets hidden on the ground,

Throw their bal-my o-dours round; View-less in the vault-ed sky,

Larks pour forth their me-lo-dy, Larks pour forth their me-lo-dy, pour
DEWS THAT NOURISH FAIREST FLOWERS.

forth their melody. Emblems these, which well express

Virtue's modest loveliness; Unobtrusive and unknown,

Felt but in its fruits alone. Felt but in its fruits alone.
A Tree stood on a Mountain.

Dr. Garrett.

Andante espressivo.

1. A

2. And

tree stood on a mountain, And golden fruit it
yet the fruit decreased not Upon its lofty
A TREE STOOD ON A MOUNTAIN.

bore; Grew broad and tall to be seen by all, From shore to distant crown,
As on the ground and on all a-round, The golden show'r fell shore. And men would come to seek it, Nor ever came in
down. For the fruit was giv'n by God in heav'n, In love and mercy

vain; For the golden fruit a round its root fell thick like Autumn
tree, That great and small it might comfort all, And "the Bible" is that

rain, . . Fell thick like Autumn rain.
tree, . . "The Bible" is that tree.
The Lesson of Love.

Andante sostenuto. \( \frac{1}{2} \) 80.

1. In that book so old and holy I would
2. How, good Shepherd, He did cherish All the

read and read again, How our Lord was once so lowly,
flock He came to save, Watch ing that not one might perish

J. Barnby.
THE LESSON OF LOVE.

Yet without a spot or stain,
Of the lambs His Father gave,

How the little children found Him,
Let us gladly kneel and often Round His feet that

...and caressed, How He called them all a-round Him, Took them to His
loved us best, Then each stub-born heart He'll sof-ten, And in Him shall

...gentle breast, Took them to His gentle, gentle breast. all be blessed, And in Him, in Him. shall all be blessed.
The Lily of the Valley.

With tenderness and not too slow.

B. Tours.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
Yet we love the lily well

From a little flower to learn—
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

See the lily on the bed, Hanging down its modest head;
And would rather call it ours, Than many gayer flowers.

A little slower.

While it scarcely can be seen, Folded in its
Pretty lilies seem to be Emblems of humility.

'Tis not beauty that we prize:
Like a summer flower it dies.
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past:
And the Saviour from above
Views a humble child with love.

(65)
Gentle Jesus.

S. Wesley.

Andante.

1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
   Look up on a little child,
   Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
   Look up on a little child,

2. Fain I would to Thee be brought,
   Dearest Lord, forbid it not,
   Fain I would to Thee be brought,
   Dearest Lord, forbid it not,
GENTLE JESUS.

child; Pi-ty my sim-pli-ci-ty, Suf-fer me to
not; In the king-dom of Thy grace, Grant a lit-tle

come to Thee. Gen-tle Je-sus, meek and mild, Look,
child a place. Fain I would to Thee be brought, Ah,

look up-on a lit-tle child, Pi-ty, pi-ty my sim-pli-ci-ty,
dear-est Lord, for-bid it not, Fain I would, I would to Thee be brought,

Suf-fer me, suf-fer me to come... to Thee.
Dear-est Lord, dear-est Lord, for-bid... it not.

(67)
The Immensity of God.

WALTER MACFARREN.

Andante non lento.

Who, who can, on the sea shore, Count the
THE IMMENSITY OF GOD.

grains of sand? Or the leaves in Autumn,

Whirling o'er the land? Or the Winter snowflakes

Driving fierce and free? Or the drops of water In the

bri-ny sea?
THE IMMENSITY OF GOD.

Who, who can measure ocean Where it

deepest flows? Or the rays the sun darts When it brightest

glows? Who, than swiftest lightning, Faster yet can flee? Name that

wondrous Being, Greater none than He!
THE IMMENSITY OF GOD.

God, God is the un-

num-ber'd, Who no bound can know; Suns and stars, be-

fore Him, Are as flakes of snow. God is called the Bound-less,

Fa-thom-less is He; Swift-er than the light-ning, Deep-er

than the sea!

( 71 )
The Quiet Mind.

Henry Smart.

Andante con moto.

Poco ritard.
THE QUIET MIND.

My conscience is my crown, . . . Contented thoughts my rest; My heart is happy in itself, My bliss is in my breast. My wishes are but few, . . . And easy to fulfil; I make the limits of my pow'r The bounds un-to my
THE QUIET MIND.

will, The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care of gold, Well-doing is my wealth; My mind to me an empire is, While grace afford-eth health. No change of fortune's
THE QUIET MIND.

calm... Can cast my comforts down; When Fortune smiles, I

smile to think How quickly she will frown. And when in forward

mood... She prov'd an angry foe, Small gain I found to

let her come, Less to let her go, Less loss, less loss to let her

a tempo.
When the wintry wind is blowing.

Moderato. $\frac{d}{2} = 88.$

When the wintry wind is blowing,

Oliver A. King.
WHEN THE WINTRY WIND IS BLOWING.

year's bright days have fled, When the pretty flow'rs are

rall. 

fa - ded, And the gay green leaves lie dead; "With the

rall. 

Spring," we say, still ho - ping, "Will re - turn the

cres. 

dim. e rall. 

flow'rs that fled." When the son from his fa - ther's
WHEN THE WINTRY WIND IS BLOWING.

dwelling Forth to foreign lands is led, When by

now deserted fireside Many bitter tears are

shed, "He'll come back," we say, "and with him Will re-

- turn the joy that's fled." When on graves where all in
WHEN THE WINTERY WIND IS BLOWING.

silence Sleep the un-for-got-ten dead, Bright the

qui-et stars look down-wards, Then they smile as though they

said, "They shall live a-gain and with them All the

joy that with them fled."
Against Idleness and Mischief.

Allegretto Moderato.

How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining
In works of labour, or of skill, I would be busy
AGAInst IDLEnESS AnD MIsCHeIF.

hour, And ga-ther ho-ney all the day From ev'-ry open-ing

too; For Sa-tan finds some mis-chief still For i-dle hands to

flower! How skil-ful-ly she builds her cell! How neat she spreads the
do. In books, or work, or health-ful play, Let my first years be

wax! And labours hard to store it well With the sweet food she makes.
past; That I may give for e-v'ry day Some good account at last.
I Cobert from the Storm.

Andantino.

2nd Voice. *ad lib.*

1. Jesus, refuge of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the raging billows roll, While the
A COVERT FROM THE STORM.

1. Tempest still is high: Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide,
   Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide;
   Then receive my soul at last.
   
2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on
   Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to pardon all my
A COVERT FROM THE STORM.

Thee, Leave, oh, leave me not. alone, Still support and sin, Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me com-fort me;— All my trust on Thee is laid, All my pure within; Thou of life the foun-tain art, Freely help from Thee I bring; Co-ver my de-fence-less head let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, With the sha-dow of Thy wing. Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.
Humility.

E. H. Thorne.

Andantino.

bird that soars on high-est wing Builds on the ground her low-ly nest; And
HUMILITY.

2. When Mary chose the better part, She mock-ly sat at

3. The saint that wears heav’n’s brightest crown, In deep-est ad-

she that doth most sweet-ly sing, Sings in the shade when all things rest: In lark and night-in-gale we see, What hon-our hath hu-mi-li-ty.

(86)
HUMILITY.

To one, set; And dina's gently o-pen'd heart Was made for God's own

The temple meet. Fair'est and best a-dorned is she Whose soul ascends. Near'est the throne itself must be

The cloth-ing is hu-mi-ly-ty. Foot-stool of hu-mi-ly-ty.

Una corda.
How glorious is our Heavenly King.

Andante semplice.  

G. A. Macfarren.

How glorious is our heav'n-ly King, Who
HOW GLORIOUS IS OUR HEAVENLY KING.

reigns above the sky! How shall a child presume to sing His dreadful majesty. Not angels that stand round the Lord, . . . Can search His secret will; But they perform His heav'nly word, And

(89)
HOW GLORIOUS IS OUR HEAVENLY KING.

sing His praises still.

colla parte. a tempo.

Then let me join this holy train, And

my first offerings bring; The eternal God will

cres.

not disdain To hear an infant sing. My
HOW GLORIOUS IS OUR HEAVENLY KING.

heart resolves, my tongue obeys, For angels still re-

-joice To hear their mighty Maker's praise

Sound from a feeble voice.

colla parte. a tempo.
The Spring Journey.

1. Oh! green was the corn as I rode on my way, And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May, And dark was the sycamore's dripping and chill, I felt a new pleasure as

2. The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill, And yet, though it left me all
THE SPRING JOURNEY

shade to behold, And the oak's tender leaf was of

onward I sped, To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd

emerald and gold. The thrush from his holly, the

broad over head. Oh! such be life's journey, and

lark from his cloud, Their chorus of rapture sang,

such be our skill, To lose in its blessings the
THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Jo - vial and loud; From the soft ver - nal sky, to the
sense of its ill; Through sun - shine and show - er may our

soft grassy ground, There was beau - ty a - bove me, be -
pro - gress be e - ven, And our tears add a charm to the
cres.

-neath, and a-round.

pro - spect of Heaven.
colla voce.
a tempo.
cres.
A Morning Song.

Moderato.

1. My God, Who makes the sun to know His proper hour to rise,
   And, to give light to all below, Doth send him round the skies.

J. W. Elliott.
2. When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3. So, like the sun, would I fulfill
The business of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'ly way.

4. Give me, O Lord, Thine early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.
The Blind Children's Song.

WALTER MACFARREN.

Andante.

1. Ye see the glorious sun The varied landscape light,
THE BLIND CHILDREN'S SONG.

moon with all her star - ry train Il - lume the arch of night, illume the

arch of night: Bright tree, and bird, and flower, That

dock your joy - ous way, The face of kin-dred and of friend, More

fair, more dear than they, The face of kin-dred and of friend, More
THE BLIND CHILDREN'S SONG.

a tempo.

fair, more dear than they.

2. For us there glows no sun, No green and flow'ry lawn; Our
3. We have a lamp within That knowledge fain would light, And

ray-less darkness hath no moon, Our mid-night knows no dawn; Our mid-night
pure Re-li-gion's radiance touch With beams for e-ver bright, With beams for

knows no dawn; The pa-rent's pi-tying eye, To
e-ver bright; Say, shall it rise to share Such
THE BLIND CHILDREN'S SONG.

all our sorrows true; The brother's brow, the sister's smile, Have
radiance full and free? And will ye keep a Saviour's charge, And

never met our view, The brother's brow, the sister's smile, Have
cause the blind to see? And will ye keep a Saviour's charge, And

never met our view.
cause the blind to see?
a tempo.

(101)
The Excellency of the Bible.

Great God, with wonder and with praise On all Thy works I
The fields pro- vide me food, and show The goodness of the

But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace, Shine brightest in Thy Book. The
But fruits of life and glo - ry grow In Thy most ho-ly Word. Here
THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

stars that in their courses roll Have much instruction given; But
are my choicest treasures hid, Here my best comfort lies, Here

Thy good Word informs my soul How I may climb to heaven; But
my desires are satisfied, And hence my hopes arise. Here

Thy good Word informs my soul How I may climb to heaven.
my desires are satisfied, And hence my hopes arise.
I sing the Almighty Pow'rf of God.

HENRY SMART.
SACRED SONG.

I sing the al-migh-ty

pow'r of God, That made the moun-tains rise; ... That

spread the flow-ing seas a-broad; And built the lofty

skies. I sing the wis-dom that or-dain'd The
SACRED SONG.

sun to rule the day, . . . . The moon shines full at

His command, And all the stars obey, . . . . And

all the stars obey. I sing the almighty

cres.
pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise, . . . . That

cres.

(108)
SACRED SONG.

spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies,...

And built the lofty skies...

I sing the goodness

of the Lord That fill'd the earth with food, ... That

(105)
SACRED SONG.

form’d the creatures with His word, And then pronounced them

good. Lord, how Thy wonders are display’d Wher-

e’er I turn mine eye, . . . If I survey the

ground I tread, Or gaze up-on the sky, . . . Or
SACRED SONG.

Gaze upon the sky! There's not a plant or

flower below, But makes Thy glories known; And

clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from Thy

throne, By order from Thy throne.
Who taught the bird to build her nest.

G. A. MACPHERSON.

1. Who taught the bird to build her nest Of
2. Who taught the busy bee to fly A-
3. Who taught the little ants the way Their

wool, and hay, and moss? Who taught her how to
among the sweetest flowers, And lay her store of
narrow holes to bore, And through the pleasant

(112)
WHO TAUGHT THE BIRD TO BUILD HER NEST.

weave it best, And lay the twigs across?
ho - ney by, To eat in winter hours?
sum - mer's day To ga - ther up their stores?

'Twas God who taught them
all the way, And gave their lit - tle skill.
And teach - es chil - dren,
when they pray, To do His ho - ly will.
My God! all nature owns Thy sway.

Sir Julius Benedict.

My God! all nature owns Thy sway, Thou giv'st the night, and

Thou the day! When all Thy lovd creation wakes, When morning, rich in

^ This sign indicates where breath should be taken.
MY GOD! ALL NATURE OWNS THY SWAY.

Lustre, breaks, And bathes in dew the opening flow'r, To

Thee we owe her fragrant hour; And when she pours her

cho-ral song Her me-lo-dies to Thee be-long. Or

when, in pa-ler tints array'd, The ev'ning slowly spreads her shade; That
MY GOD! ALL NATURE OWNS THY SWAY.

Soothing shade, that grateful gloom, Can more than day's evening bloom, Still ev'ry fond and vain desire, And calmer, purer thoughts in strife; From earth she pen'd a spirit free, And lead the soften'd heart to Thee. Amen.
The Sunday School.

Poco Allegretto.

Was not our Lord a little child, Taught by degrees to pray; By

father dear, and mother mild, Instructed day by day.

(117)
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

day? And lovd He not of heav'n to talk, With

children in His sight; To meet them in His

cres.
daily walk, And to His arms invite What

though around His throne of fire The everlasting
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

chant

Be waft - ed from the se - raph-choir In

poco rit. dim. a tempo.

glo - ry ju - bi - lant! E'en now each lit - tle

Sostenuto.

voice in turn Some glo - rious truth pro - claims,

cres.

What

ritard. ad lib.

sa - ges would have died to learn, Now taught by cot - tage dames.

(119)
The Star in the East.

HENRY LESLIE.

Allegretto.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His

dark-ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-
head with the beasts of the stall: An-gels a-dore Him, in slum-ber re-

(120)
THE STAR IN THE EAST.

-

-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid!
-

-clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

-

Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dours of
-

Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with
-

E-dom and of-frings di-vine; Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the
-

gold would His fa-vour se-cure; Rich-er by far is the heart's a-do-
-
-
-o-cen, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
-

-ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.
I think, when I read that sweet story of old.

G. A. Macfarren.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus dwelt here among
I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

men, ... And call'd lit- tle child- dren as lambs to His fold, I should

like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been

put on my head, And that I had been placed on His knee, And that

I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let ... the lit-
ttle ones

(123)
I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

Yet still to my Saviour in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above, In that beautiful place He is
I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

gone to prepare, For all that are wash’d and for-given, And

many dear children are ga-ther-ing there. “For of such is the

king-dom of heaven.”
A Song of Peace.

Henry Smart.

\[ \text{Andante lento.} \]

Peacefully wanders star on star,

\[ \text{Up in the deep blue heaven,} \]

Far from tumult and far from war,

(126)
A SONG OF PEACE.

Yonder, where rest is given, Yonder, where rest is given.

Peacefully flows the silver brook, Here thro' the fresh green meadows; And the bright stars like diamonds look, Mirror'd amid its shadows, Mirror'd amid its shadows.
A SONG OF PEACE.

Peacefully, then, should

And then dwell: Each one should love his brother, Always ready all

Sing to quell... And to forgive each other, And to forgive each

Then will our life, a stream of love...
A SONG OF PEACE.

Glide like a quiet river, Till we find, o'er the stars above,

Peace that endures for ever, Peace endures for ever.
From the Heven above us.

Slow.

From the heav'n above us, 'Mid the angels mild, Looks a bounteous

Father Down on ev'ry child, Faithfully He listens,

(130)
FROM THE HEAVEN ABOVE US.

When He hears it pray; Tenderly He guards it On its little way.

Bounteously He gives it Food and raiment still; Graciously He

keeps it From each threat'ning ill. Of this bounteous Father

All the children tell, He will not forsake them, He doth love them well.

(131)
The Primrose.

Allegretto moderato.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn Are waving o'er the pool,
THE PRIMROSE.

 Mov'd by the wind that breathes a long, So sweetly and so cool. The

 haw-thorn clusters bloom above, The primrose hides below, And on the lowly

 pass-by A modest glancedoth throw!

 The stars are sweet at even-tide, But

 (133)
THE PRIMROSE.

cold, and far away; The clouds are soft in summer time, But

all unstable they: The rose is rich—but pride of place Is

far too high for me; God's simple common things I love, My

primrose, my prim-rose, my prim-rose, such as thee!

(134)
Stars, that on your wondrous way.

Rather quickly.

Stars, that on your wondrous way, travel through the evening sky.

(135)
STARS, THAT ON YOUR WONDROUS WAY.

Is there no-thing you can say to such a lit-tle child as I?

Tell me, tell me, for I long to know... Tell me

who has made you spar-kle so? Yes, methinks I hear you say...

"Child of mor-tal race at-tend... While we run our won-drous way..."
STARS, THAT ON YOUR WONDROUS WAY.

Listen to the voice we send, Teaching you that Name Divine...

By whose mighty word we shine, By whose mighty word we shine.
To a Violet with evening dew.

Andante.

J. STAINER.

When the last golden beams of day... Were
TO A VIOLET WITH EVENING DEW.

lost in ev'ning's gloomy shade, As a violet drooping
lay... I asked "Why doth thy beauty fade, thy beauty

fade? Can there be tears, can there be tears,

In you who smiled so sweetly in the morn's first ray?
TO A VIOLET WITH EVENING DEW.

Dost thou weep for joys now gone?... The sun's bright light and warmth so dear? Yet be not for this forlorn,... Thou dost not weep alone, thou dost not weep alone. Well might we

(140)
TO A VIOLET WITH EVENING DEW.

all... well might we all... a heart-born tear, for

quick-ly fleet-ing joys, let fall, a heart-born

tear... a heart-born tear... for fleet-ing

joys, let fall, let fall."
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