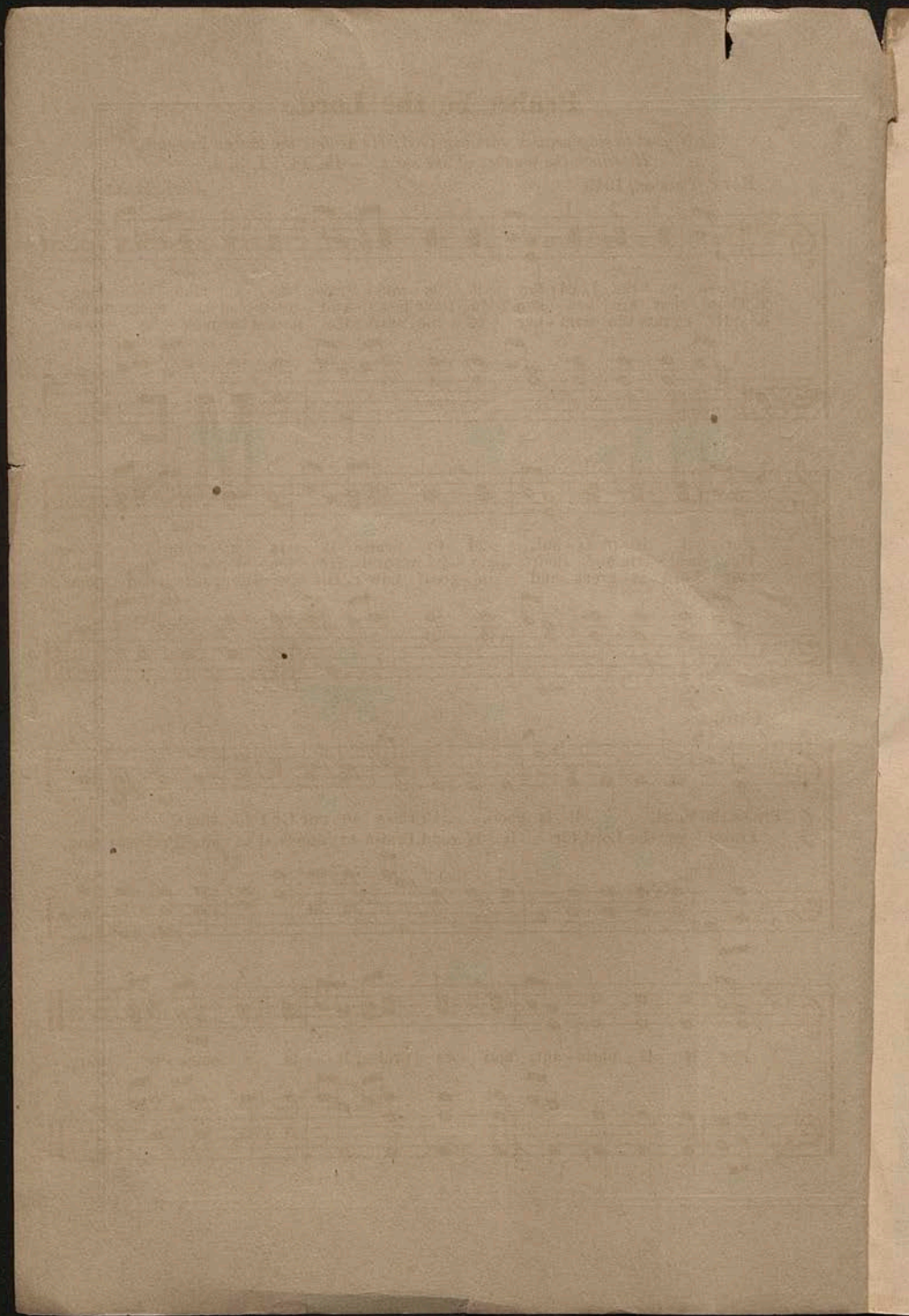


HALL'S
SONGS OF HOME

FOR
SABBATH SCHOOLS, Etc.

BY
J. H. HALL.

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HARRISONBURG, - - - VA.



Praise Ye the Lord.

1

*"It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart,**
He telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147: 1, 3, 4.*

Rous' Version, 1649.

J. H. HALL.

1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good, Praise to our God to sing:
2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them every one:

For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a comely thing.
He healeth, and their painful wounds, He tenderly up-binds.
Our Lord is great and of great pow'r, His wisdom search can none.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, it is good, Praise to our God to sing:
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, Praise to our God to sing, Praise to sing,

For it is pleasant, and to praise, It is a comely thing.

Beaufort.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daugh - ters
2. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree The Lord of glo - ry

weep a - round; A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies; A -
dies for men; But lo! what sud - den joys we see! Je -

sud - den tremb - ling shakes the ground: Come, saints, and drop a
sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain: The ris - ing God for -

- tear or two, For Him who groaned be - neath your load; He
sakes the tomb, Up to His Fa - ther's court He flies; Che -

shed a thou - sand drops for you, A thou - sand drops of rich - est blood.
- ru - ble le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

3

REV. W. W. WALFORD.

J. H. HALL.

With expression.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con-so-la-tion share,

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight:

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief;
And since he bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;

And oit es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

Ever will I pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to thee I pray;
 2. At the bu - sy noon - tide, Press'd with work and care,
 3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light,
 4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day,

Un - to thee

Let thy lov - ing kind - ness Keep me through this day.
 Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
 Fa - ther, then I'll pray thee Bless thy child to - night.
 In its shad - ovy eve - iug, Ev - er will I pray.

Keep me through

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will... I pray.
 I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray.

Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning Un - to thee I'll pray.
 Un - to thee I'll pray.

Lord I am Coming.

5

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

J. H. HALL.

Hymn used by permission of R. M. McIntosh.

1. Sav - iour, thou has bid me come, Come to thee, come to thee;
2. Lov - ing shep - herd of the sheep, Save a lamb, save a lamb;
3. Sav - iour, give me strength to come, At thy call, at thy call;

From my sins, Lord, set me free! Smile on me! smile on me!
Take me, Je - sus, as I am: For to save Je - sus came.
Lord, be - fore thy cross I fall: Be my life! Be my all!

REFRAIN.

Lord, I am com - ing, Lord, I am com - ing,
com - ing, com - ing,

Lord, I am com - ing; To thee I'm com - ing now.
com - ing;

What a Friend We have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

REV. H. BONAR.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Used by permission.

Gathered Home.

7

Words arranged.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shores of the bright,crystal sea?
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, And from sor-row for-ev-er be free?
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, Our bless-ed Redeem-er to see?

With the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a meet-ing indeed it will be.
Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed, What a meet-ing indeed it will be.
Shall we know and be known by our loved ones, What a meet-ing indeed it will be.

CHORUS.

Gather'd home, Gather'd home, On the shores of the bright,crystal sea,
Gather'd home.gather'd home,Gather'd home,gather'd home, crystal sea,

Gather'd home,..... Gather'd home,..... With our lov'd ones forev-er to be.
Gather'd home, gather'd home,Gather'd home,gather'd home,

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Twilight is Stealing.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

B. C. UNSELD.

1. Twi-light is steal - ing O - ver the sea, Shadows are fall - ing Dark on the lea;
 2. Voi - ces of lov'd ones! Songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me, While life shall last
 3. Come in the twi - light, Come, come to me! Bring - ing some message, O - ver the sea;

Borne on the night winds, Voi - ces of yore, Come from the far - off shore.
 Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
 Cheer - ing my path - way While here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

CHORUS.

Far a - way beyond the star - lit skies, Where the love - light nev - er, nev - er dies

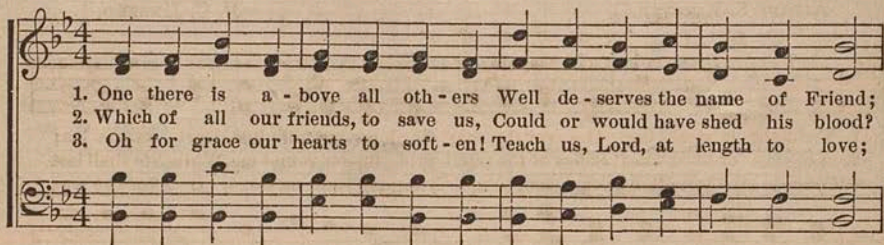
Gleam - eth a man - sion filled with de - light, Sweet hap - py home so bright.

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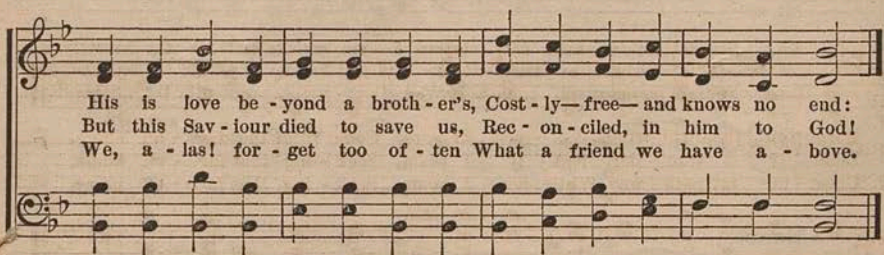
Jesus our Friend.

9

J. T. HALL.

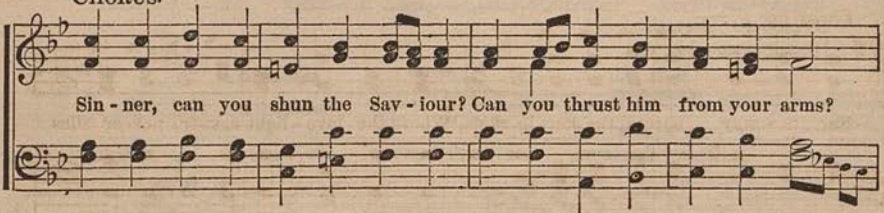


1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well de - serves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
3. Oh for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

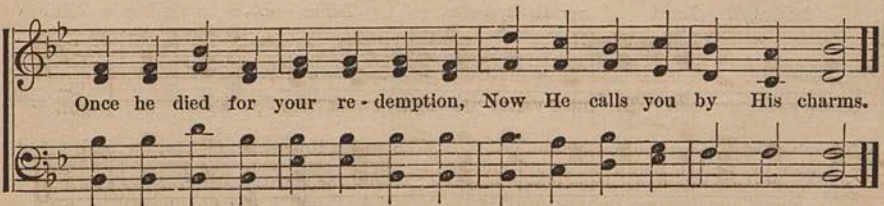


His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly - free - and knows no end:
But this Sav - iour died to save us, Rec - on - ciled, in him to God!
We, a - las! for - get too of - ten What a friend we have a - bove.

CHORUS.



Sin - ner, can you shun the Sav - iour? Can you thrust him from your arms?



Once he died for your re - demption, Now He calls you by His charms.

The Treasures of Heaven.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a Crown in heav'n for the striving soul, Which the bless-ed Je - sus him-self will place
2. There's a Rest in heav'n for the wea-ry soul, 'Tis for all by care and by sin oppressed ;
3. There's a Joy in heav'n for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the earth - ly night ;

On the head of each who shall faith-ful prove, E - ven un - to death, in the heavenly race.
To the sons of God it re - main - eth sure, And the Proph-et says, 'tis a "glorious rest."
Yet the clouds of sad-ness will break a - way, And re - joice-ing come with the morning light.

CHORUS.

Oh, may that Crown, in heav'n be mine, And I a - mong the angels shine ;
Oh, may that Rest, &c.,
Oh, may that Joy, &c.,

Oh, may that crown, in heav'n be mine, And I among the angels shine ;

Be thou, O Lord! my dai - ly guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a - bide.
Be thou, O Lord! my dai - ly guide,

- 4 There's a Peace in heaven for the troubled soul, | 5 There's a Home in heaven for the faithful soul,
Where the wicked shall from their troubling | In the many mansions prepared above,
And to all the saints like a river flow, [cease, | Where the glorified shall forever sing,
Through the endless ages the stream of peace. | Of a Saviour's free and unbounded love.

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Sacred Stream.

11

J. H. HALL.

1. O flood of liv - ing wa - ters, And might - y crim - son tide,
 2. Thy wa - ters drown all sor - rows, Ex - tin - guish ev - 'ry grief,
 3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the lep - er whole,

Blest foun - tain of sal - va - tion, From Je - sus pierc - ed side;
 And blot - ting out trans - gres - sions, Brings to the soul re - lief,
 Lo! thou hast healed the sick - ness, Which wast - ened in my soul.

CHORUS.

Flow on, Flow on, O sa - cred stream flow on,
 flow on, flow on, flow on,

Flow on, flow on, O sa - cred stream flow on, flow on.
 flow on, flow on, flow on.

Jesus Saves.

Words and Music by L. S. HALL.

Andante.

1. Sav - iour in thy name we meet, Meet to breathe our hum - ble pray'r,
 2. Hear, O hear our ar - dent pray'r; To thy throne our wants we bring,
 3. Lord, re - vive thy work we pray, Make our hearts thy con - stant home;

Bow - ing at thy mer - cy seat, Let us now thy bless - ing share.
 Cast on Thee our ev - 'ry care, To thy blood-stained cross we cling.
 Lead us by thy grace each day; Let us nev - er from thee roam.

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry care, As be - fore his throne we bow,

He for us the cross did bear, Je - sus saves, he saves us now.

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Mighty to Save.

13

"I, that speak in Righteousness, mighty to save."—Isaiah, 63: 1.

REV. R. W. TODD.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. O! who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed?
 2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the winepress red?
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine own arm bro't,

O tell me now thy name! I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran - som gave;
 O why this blood-y tide? I the wine press trod a-lone, 'Neath dark - ning skies;
 Sal - va-tion in my name; I the blood-y fight have won, Conquered the grave;

CHORUS.

I that speak in right-eous-ness, Mighty to save. *mf* Migh-ty to save, Migh-ty to save,
 Of the peo - ple there was none, Mighty to save. Mighty to save,
 Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save.

f *cres.* *ff*
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

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ANTHEM. "O, How Lovely is Zion."

J. H. HALL.

Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is
Oh, how love - ly,

Zi - on, How love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on ci - ty of our God,

Oh, how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on
Beauti - ful

ci - ty of our God Oh, Oh how love - ly, Oh, how
Oh, how love - ly, Oh, how love - ly,

"O, How Lovely is Zion."

love - ly is Zi - on, Joy and peace shall dwell in
is Zi - on,

thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall

dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

Evening Song.

J. H. HALL.

Not too fast.

1. Sav - iour breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from thee;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Thou art He who nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.

Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' tho ar - rows past us fly,
Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And command us to the tomb,

m An - gel guards from thee surround us; *f* We are safe, if thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright e - ter - nal bloom.

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