

**THE ARK OF PRAISE:
CONTAINING SACRED SONGS
AND HYMNS FOR THE SABBATH-
SCHOOL, PRAYER MEETING, ETC.**

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The Ark of Praise: Containing Sacred Songs and Hymns for the Sabbath-School, Prayer Meeting, Etc. by Jno. R. Sweney & Wm. J. Kirk

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JNO. R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRK

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ARK OF PRAISE:

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SACRED SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR THE

Sabbath - School, Prayer Meeting, &c.

EDITED BY

JNO. R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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PREFACE.

THIS being a companion work to our former efforts, THE GARNER and THE QUIVER, is of a similar character. Like care as before has been exercised in the selection of such pieces only as are likely to prove valuable in the Sabbath-School or Prayer Meeting. For two reasons we have avoided as much as possible the use of hymns already found in the above mentioned works, first, our friends who expect from us a new music book each year do not wish to invest in the purchase of pieces with which they are already supplied and are familiar; second, it is the publisher's intention to bind the three works in one volume, and we wished to avoid duplicates in that form of issue.

The entire contents of The Ark may not, strictly speaking, come under the division of Praise hymns; yet, as the presentation of evangelical truths, in whatever relation, is to the glory of God, so all hymns relating to our salvation may be used in praise. Such pieces occupy a large space in our collection.

Having completed the labors of another year, we now dedicate them to the use of Sabbath-schools and churches everywhere, with the prayer that the ARK OF PRAISE may prove an Ark of Blessing to all with whom it may find a lodging place.

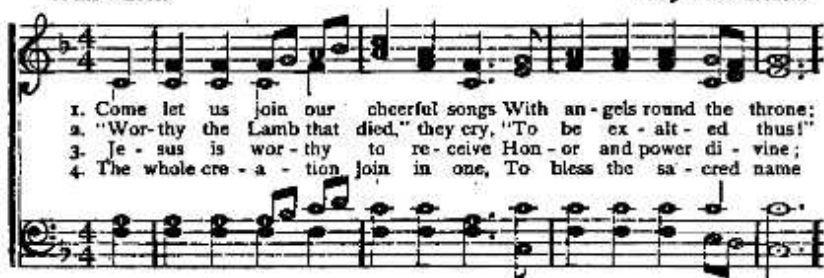
JOHN R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

THE ARK OF PRAISE.


Glory to the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Come let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!"
3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and power di-vine;
4. The whole cre-a-tion join in one, To bless the sa-cred name



Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts re-ply, "For he was slain for us."
And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.
Of him that sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!



Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!

Speed to the Life-boat.

F. J. C.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the deep, on a star-less deep, In the midst of the billow's roar,
 2. Out on the deep, on a treacherous deep, And alone, with no hand to guide,
 3. Turn from your course to the beams of hope, As they shine from the light-house tow'r,
 4. Haste, while the time and your strength remain, You can trust to your barque no more,

Out on the deep, in a slender barque, That will sink e'er you reach the shore.
 Out on the deep, and a storm is nigh That will break o'er the rolling tide.
 Turn to the arm of re-deeming love, And be saved by its gentle power.
 See how its sails by the winds are torn, It will sink ere you gain the shore.

CHORUS.

Speed to the life-boat! quick, to the life-boat! List, while warning voices call;
 List, oh, list, while warning voices call;

Speed to the life-boat! quick, to the life-boat! Come, there is room for all.

He Saved My Soul.

Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

1. You ask me, brethren, how I know that Je - sus is di - vine;
 2. A wand'rer from my Father's house, he took me by the hand;
 3. He saved me! saved me from my-self, and saved me from my sins,

The rath - er ask me how I know that yonder sun doth shine; The
 A mar - in - er on rag - ing seas, he guid - ed me to land; A
 And here, just in that precious truth, my par - a - dise be - gins; I

rath - er bid me tell you how I know that bil - lows roll, Or winds sweep on from
 weary, storm-toss'd man, he came, and made me like a child, As hungry to re-
 know that Christ the blessed One is Man, and is Di - vine, I know because—oh!

CHORUS.

north to south! Why, friends, "He saved my soul," Glo - ry, glo - ry to Je - sus,
 ceive the truth, as gen - tle and as mild,—
 brethren, hear! "He saved a soul like mine."—Glo - ry, glo - ry to Je - sus,

Let the chorus roll! Glo - ry, glory to Je - sus, Because "He saved my soul."
 Let the chorus roll!

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Everlasting Love.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Jer. xxxi. 3.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in blessing! Deep-er than th' unfathomed sea;
2. Down to low-est depths it reach-es—The all-lov-ing Father's arm,
3. Wea-ry spir-its—sad with toil-ing, 'Mid the sor-rows of life's way—

Broad-er than its world of wa-ters, Boundless, in-fi-nite and free:
T'ward his re-bel children yearning, Drawing them with ma-gic charm;
Feel their heav-y bur-dens lightened, As they journey day by day.

High-er than the heavens a-bove, Is that ev-er-last-ing love;
Till the yield-ing spir-its move, Touch'd by ev-er-last-ing love;
How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by ev-er-last-ing love;

High-er than the heavens a-bove, Is that ev-er-last-ing love.
Till the yield-ing spir-its move, Touch'd by ev-er-last-ing love.
How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by ev-er-last-ing love.

4 I have set thee as a signet,
Graven on my hands thy name;
Lo, I still am with thee always,
Evermore thy Friend—the same;
:] Never changing—thou wilt prove
Mind is everlasting love.:]

5 In my house of many mansions
I've prepared a place for thee,
Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
Where I am, there thou shalt be—
:] All the untold bliss to prove,
Of my everlasting love.:]

What hast Thou for Me?

7

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O servant that, knowing thy Master's command, Still with-holdeth from
 2. The dews of his mercy have dropped like the rain, He has crowned thee with
 3. Re - member the fig-tree that fruitless was found, And they said, cut it
 4. While others are reaping and binding the sheaves Wilt thou bring as thy

la - bor thy heart and thy hand, He is calling this moment and saying to
 blessings a - gain and a - gain, But, a - las! dis - ap - pointed, he saith un - to
 down, for it cumbereth the ground; But the Lord of the vineyard, how patient with
 off'r-ing a bun-dle of leaves? Still thy kind, loving Master is saying to

REFRAIN,

thee, — For thy fruit I have waited, — what hast thou for me? What hast thou for me?
 thee, — For thy fruit I have waited, — what hast thou for me?
 thee! For thy fruit I have waited, — what hast thou for me?
 thee, — For thy fruit I have waited, — what hast thou for me?

poco rit.

what hast thou for me? For thy fruit I have waited, — what hast thou for me?