"SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."

THE NEW

HARP OF ZION

BY

A. D. FILLMORE, AND J. H. FILLMORE.

PUBLISHED BY FILLMORE BROTHERS, CINCINNATI, O.

(Miss)
Annie Eliza Nichols
owner of this book
from
Oct. 5, 1855
Died
Jan. 18, 1933

PITTS
THEOLOGY
LIBRARY

Gift from
Raymond C. Hamrick
2005

EMORY UNIVERSITY
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30322

Annual Nickel Book October

Annual Nickel Book 5 The 1874

Think of me

LEBANON TEEN

— THE —

NEW HARP OF ZION:

A BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC.

CONTAINING ALSO

A Concise Course of Instruction for Schools and Private Learners,

— ON A —

MATHEMATICALLY CONSTRUCTED PLAN OF NOTATION.

— BY —

A. J. Fillmore and J. H. Fillmore.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY R. W. CARROLL & CO., 115 AND 117 WEST FOURTH STREET.

16. The relative value of notes, as to their duration of time, is as follows:

One Whole Note is equal to



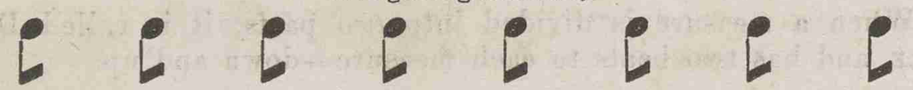
Two Half Notes,



Or Four Quarter Notes,
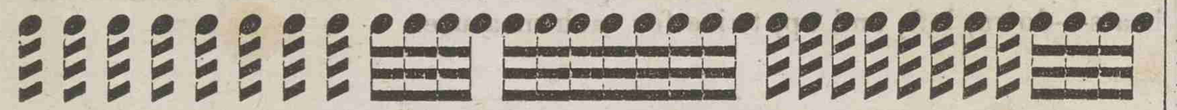


Or Eight Eighth Notes,



Or Sixteen Sixteenth Notes,

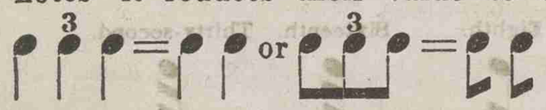


Or Thirty-two Thirty-second Notes.



17. When a DOT is placed after a note, thus,  , or  , it adds one-half to the original value of the note; and two dots after a note add three-fourths to its length.

18. When a small figure 2, or 3, is placed over or under any three notes it reduces their value to two of the same denomination; thus,



19. The length of a note may sometimes be prolonged at pleasure, without beating the time; it is then marked with a HOLD, or PROLONG, thus, 

20. In passages of music where silence is required, certain characters, called RESTS, indicate the time.

21. Each rest corresponds in length with the several notes after which they are named.

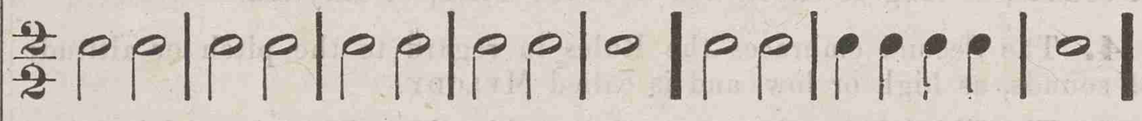
Whole Rest. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth. Thirty-second.



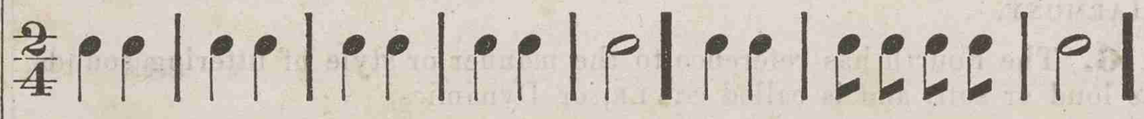
22. A dot after a Rest increases its length in the same manner that a dot adds to the length of a note.

23. At the beginning of a piece of music, two large figures, one above the other, indicate the kind of measure; the upper figure shows how many parts or beats for each measure, and the lower, what kind of a note makes the time of a beat.

EXERCISE 1. DOUBLE MEASURE.



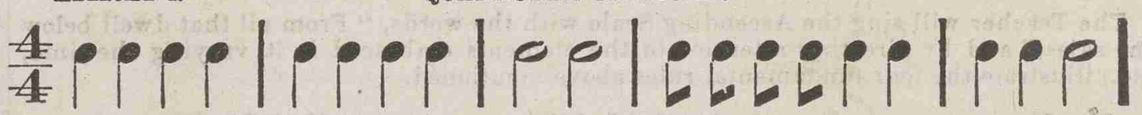
EXERCISE 2.



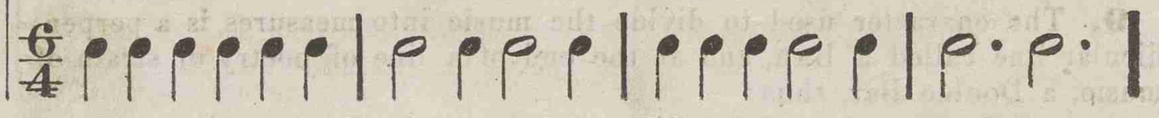
EXERCISE 3. TRIPLE MEASURE.



EXERCISE 4. QUADRUPLE MEASURE.



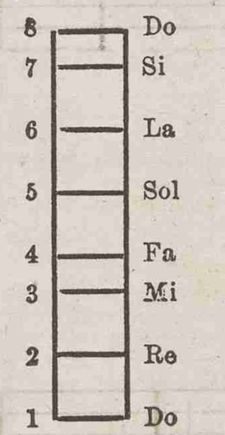
EXERCISE 5. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



CHAPTER III.

MELODY.

24. At the beginning of the study of melody, we find a series of eight musical tones, which may be represented as follows:



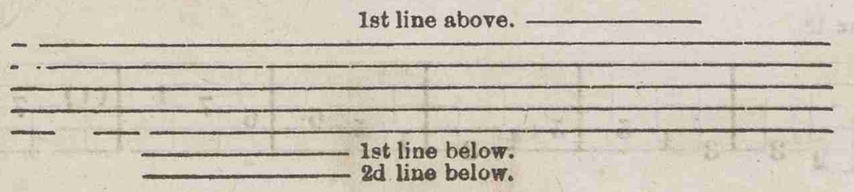
This is called the Natural Scale, or Octave, and should be sung carefully both by numbers and syllables, until all the steps can be given with ease and accuracy. Every pupil should be required to *step* from one tone to another, and not *slide.*

25. The step from one sound to another, or difference between two sounds, is called an interval.

26. The interval between 3 and 4, and between 7 and 8, is only half as great as the other steps of the scale.

27. The pitch of the tones of the scale is represented by placing notes on a staff, which consists of five lines and four spaces. Each line and space is called a degree.
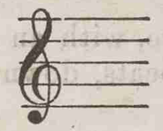
28. Where more degrees than the staff contains are wanted, short lines are added, above or below, called Ledger lines.



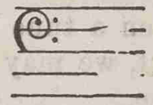
29. The degrees of the staff are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet.

30. The location of the letters is determined by a Clef, of which there are two, viz: the G, or Treble Clef, which fixes G on the second line, and F, or Base Clef, fixing the name F on the fourth line.

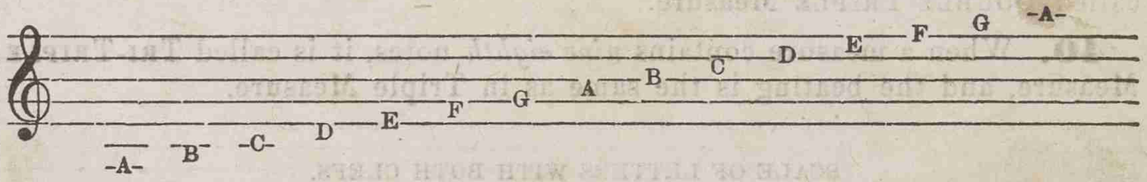
Treble Clef.



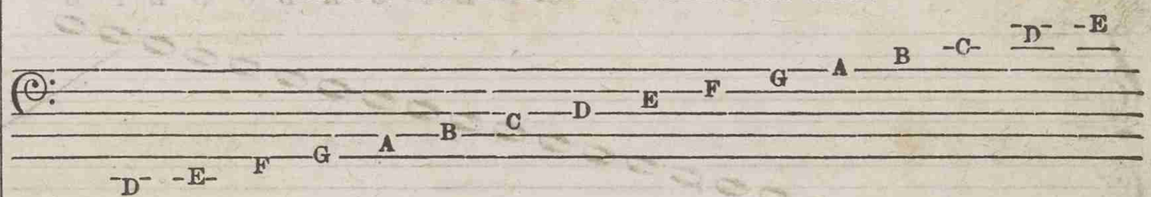
Base Clef.



LETTERS REPRESENTED BY THE TREBLE CLEF.



LETTERS REPRESENTED BY THE BASE CLEF.



31. The half intervals are fixed between E and F, and B and C.

CHAPTER IV.

STYLE, PRACTICAL EXERCISES, ETC.

32. In the fourth department of principles, called Style, we learn accent and proper manner of expression.

33. Accent is laying greater stress upon some tones than on others.

34. In Double Measure the accent is on the first part.

35. In Triple Measure the accent is on the first; and if there are two notes for the downward beat, the second part of the measure is accented also.

36. In Quadruple Measure the first and third parts are accented; but if one tone continues from the first to the third part of the measure, the note has but one accent.

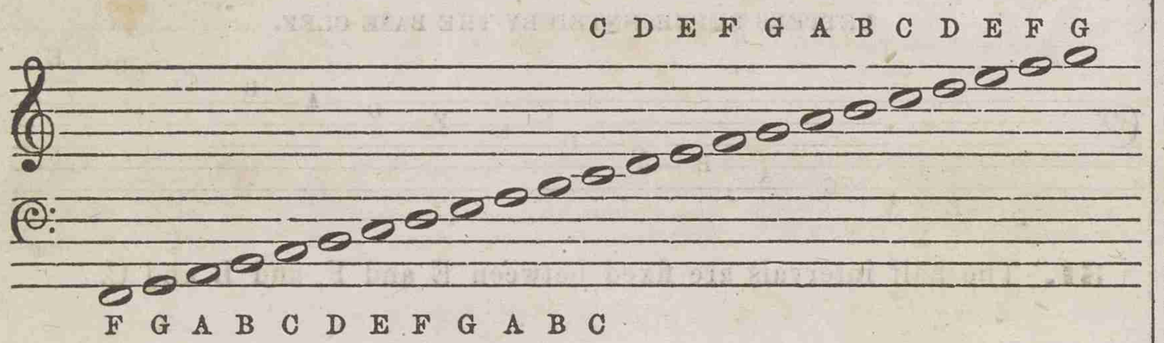
37. In Sextuple Measure the accent is on the first and fourth parts.

38. When a tune is written in Sextuple Measure, with an eighth note for each part, we may beat the time with but two beats, down and up, for each measure.

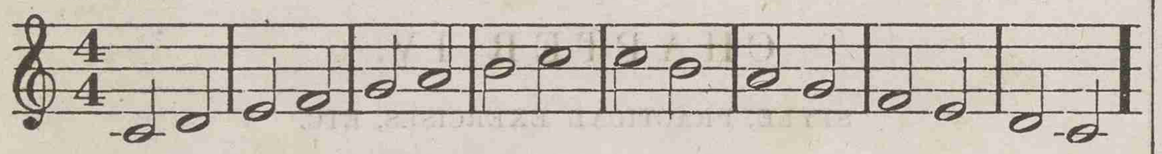
39. This is peculiarly appropriate in lively songs. In such case it is called DOUBLE-TRIPLE Measure.

40. When a measure contains *nine eighth* notes, it is called TRI-TRIPLE Measure, and the beating is the same as in Triple Measure.

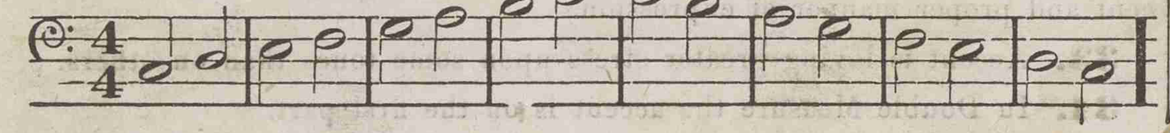
SCALE OF LETTERS WITH BOTH CLEFS.



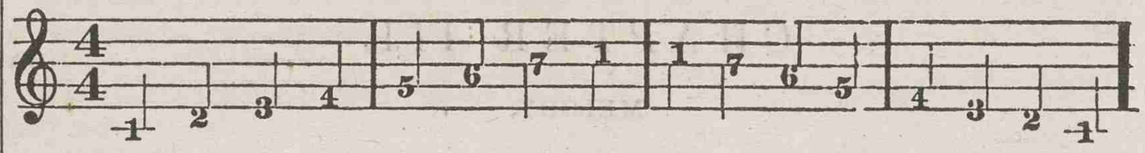
EXERCISE 6.



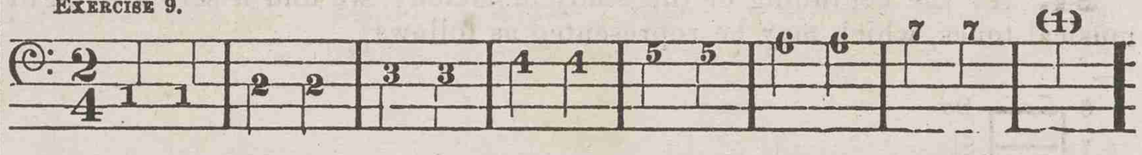
EXERCISE 7.



EXERCISE 8.



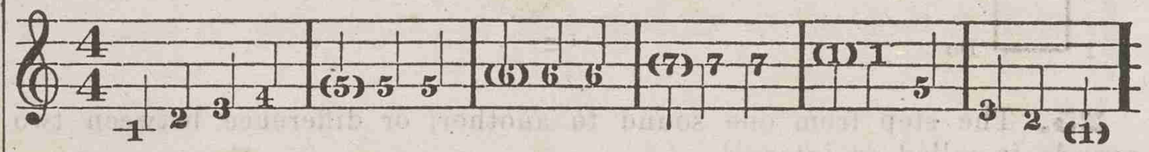
EXERCISE 9.
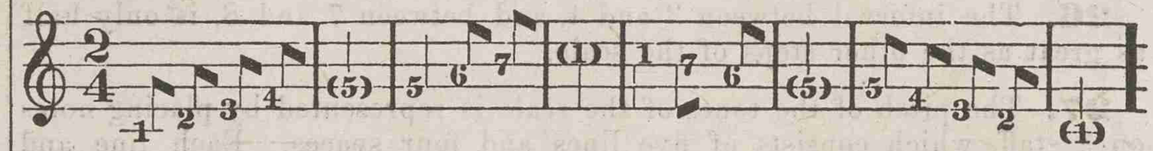


CHAPTER V.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES, ETC.

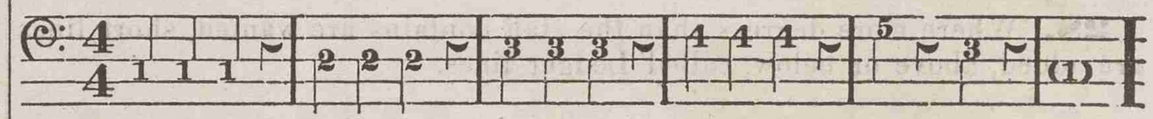
EXERCISE 10.
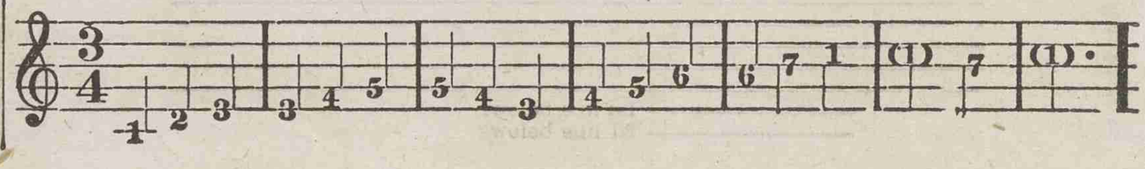


EXERCISE 11.



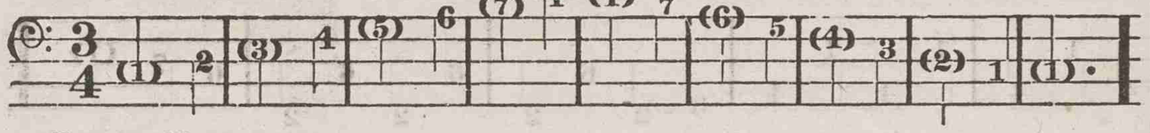
EXERCISE 12.
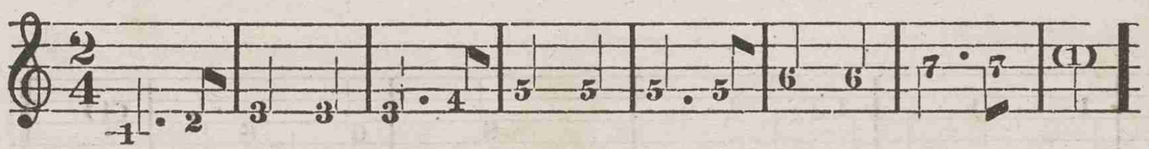


EXERCISE 13.



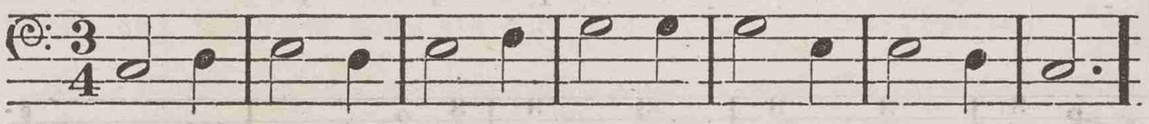
Exercise 14.
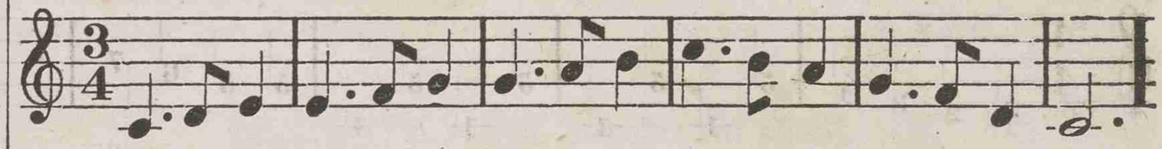


Exercise 15.



Exercise 16.



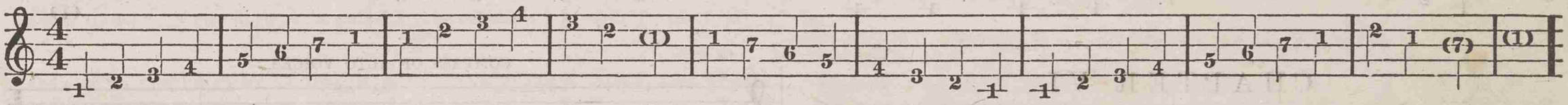
Exercise 17.
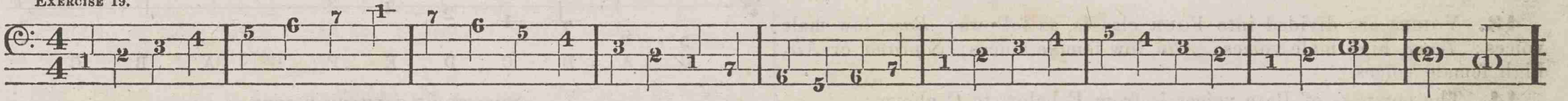


41. The scale consists of a series of octaves, so that when we ascend beyond seven, eight becomes one of a higher octave, and when we descend below one, it is really eight of a lower octave.

42. The distance from 1 to 3, including both notes, is called a Third; from 1 to 4, is called a Fourth; from 1 to 5, a Fifth, etc.

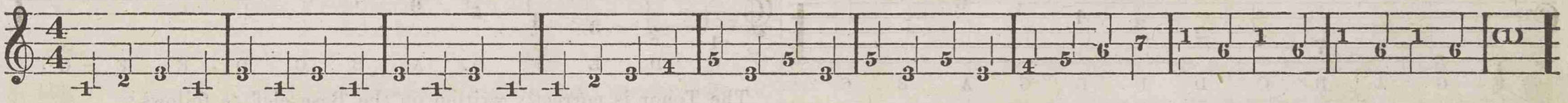
Exercise 18.



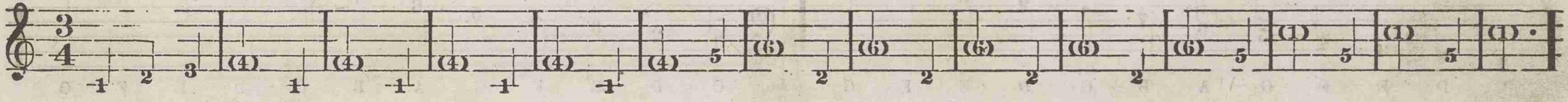
Exercise 19.



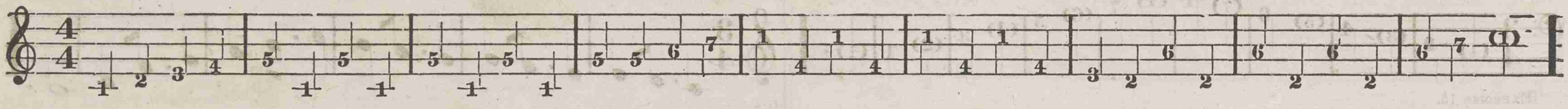
Exercise 20.



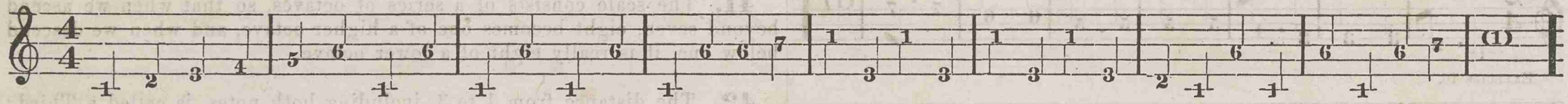
Exercise 21.



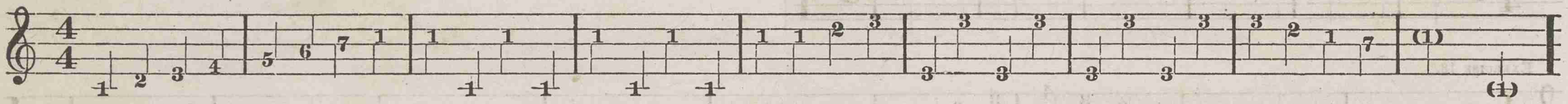
EXERCISE 22.



EXERCISE 23.



EXERCISE 24.



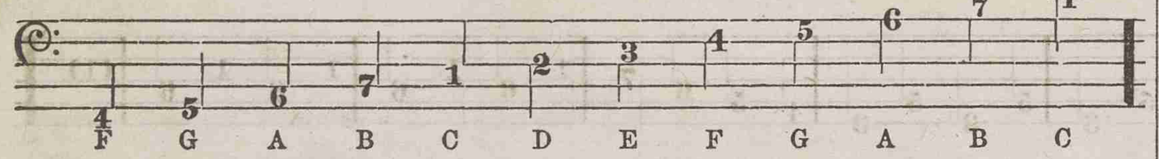
CHAPTER VI.

MELODY AND HARMONY.

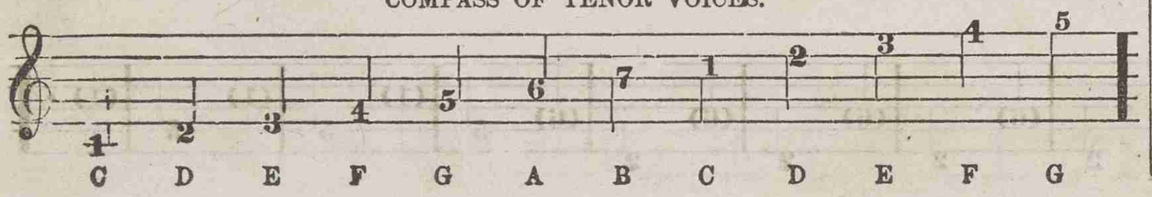
43. VOICES are divided into FOUR classes, as follows: *Base*, low male voices; *Tenor*, high male voices; *Alto*, low female voices; *Soprano*, or *Air*, high female voices.

44. The compass of Base voices is from F below to C above.

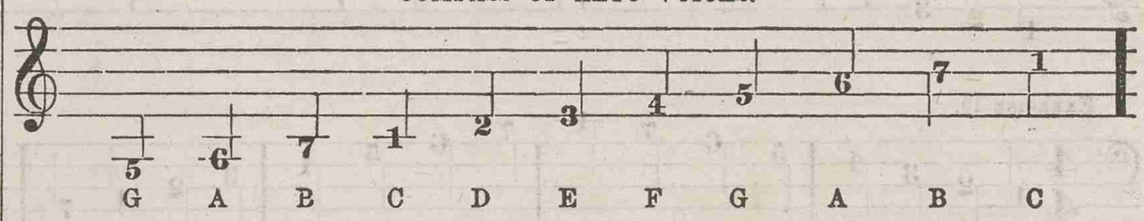
COMPASS OF BASE VOICES.



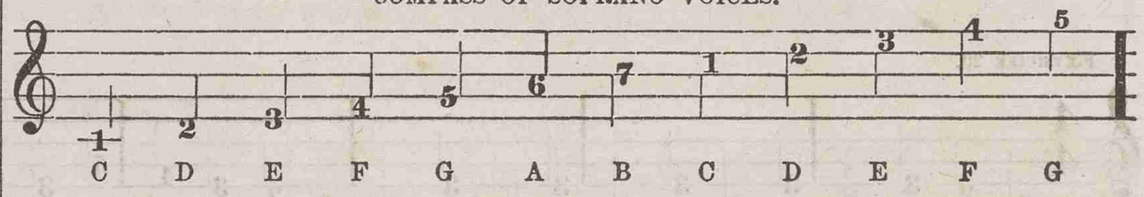
COMPASS OF TENOR VOICES.



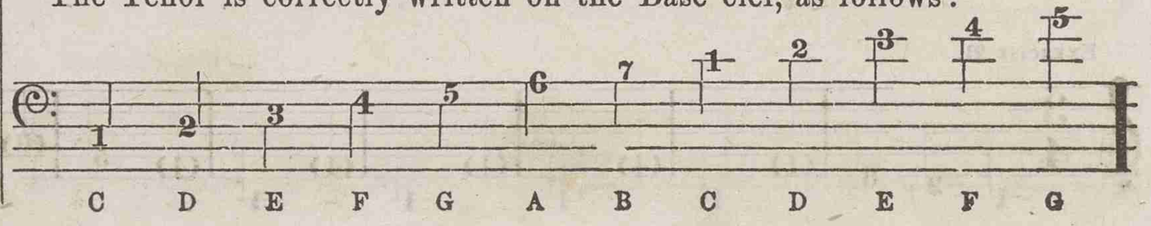
COMPASS OF ALTO VOICES.



COMPASS OF SOPRANO VOICES.



The Tenor is correctly written on the Base clef, as follows:



45. Female voices are really an octave higher than male voices, when they seemingly give the same sound.

46. Church music is usually written in four parts, adapted to the four classes of voice named.

47. The proper altitude of the different parts, from the lowest to the highest, is, 1. Base; 2. Tenor; 3. Alto; 4. Soprano.

48. When two parts are written on the Base clef, the lower notes are Base, and the upper notes Tenor; and when two parts are written on the Treble clef, the lower notes are Alto, and the upper notes Soprano.

49. When each part is written on a separate staff, the parts are usually in the following order, counting up from the lowest: Base, Soprano, Alto, Tenor.

50. Harmony consists of a correct succession of properly constructed chords.
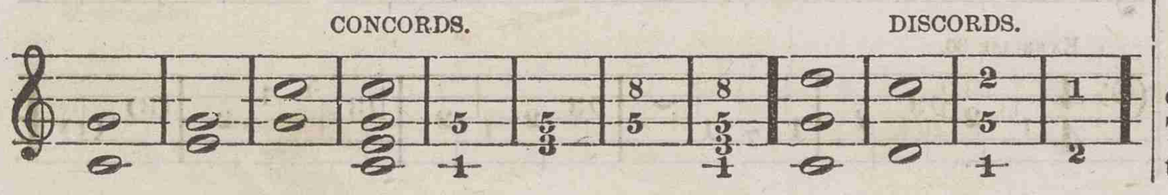
51. Any combination of two or more tones make a chord, and chords are divided into two classes—*Concord* and *Discord*.

52. The Concord is agreeable to the ear, and is formed by the union of any two or more tones which are an interval and a half or more than an interval and a half apart.

53. The Discord is disagreeable to the ear, and is formed by combining sounds which are less than an interval and a half apart.

54. The Common Concord consists of 1, 3, 5, to which 8 may be added. Any other sounds of the scale, which bear the same relation to each other, constitute the same chord.

55. The tones 5, 7, 2, and 4, combined, constitute the Common Discord.



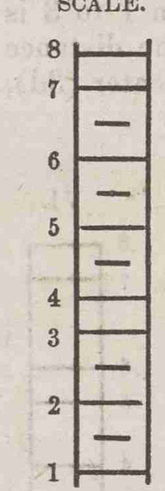
CHAPTER VII.

SHARPS AND FLATS, CHROMATIC SCALE, ETC.

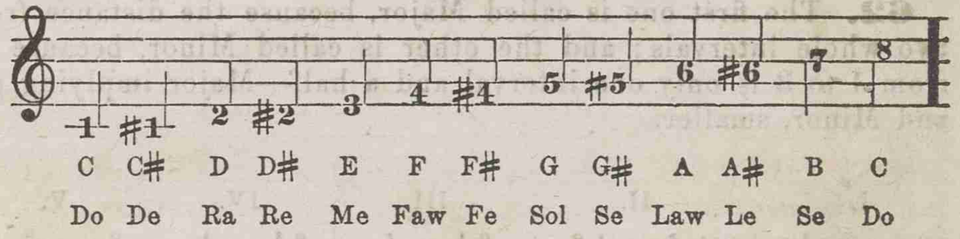
56. BETWEEN the tones of the scale wherever a whole interval occurs, an intermediate tone may be introduced. Thus in ascending from C to D, we may make a sound half an interval higher than C, which will be designated by a sharp, thus, C♯; and in descending from D to C, we may introduce a tone half an interval below D, which will be marked with a flat, thus, D♭.

57. In this way we make a scale, ascending and descending, consisting wholly of half interval steps, which is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.
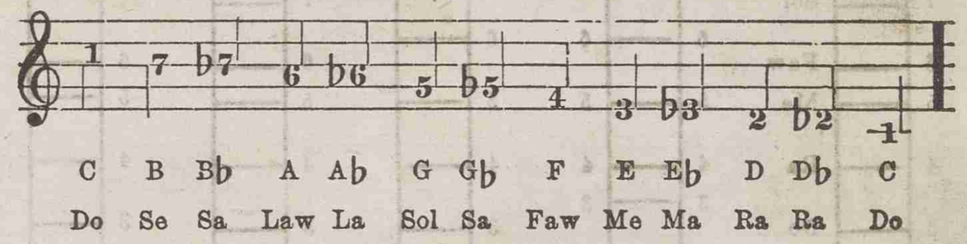
CHROMATIC SCALE.



EXERCISE 25. CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.

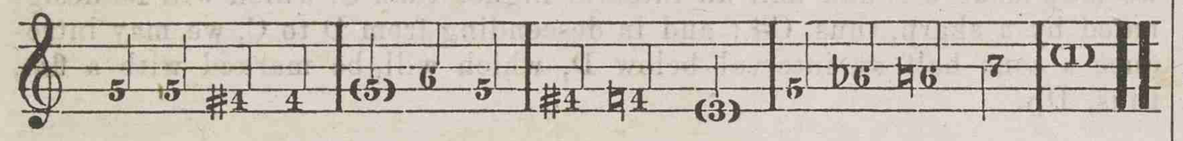


58. It will be seen from the above that the names of the syllables are changed when applied to notes sharped or flatted in the Chromatic Scale. This, however, does not apply to flats and sharps used as the signature of the key, as will be seen hereafter.

59. The Chromatic Scale consists of thirteen tones; the intermediate notes are named from those which precede, with the additional word *sharp* or *flat*.

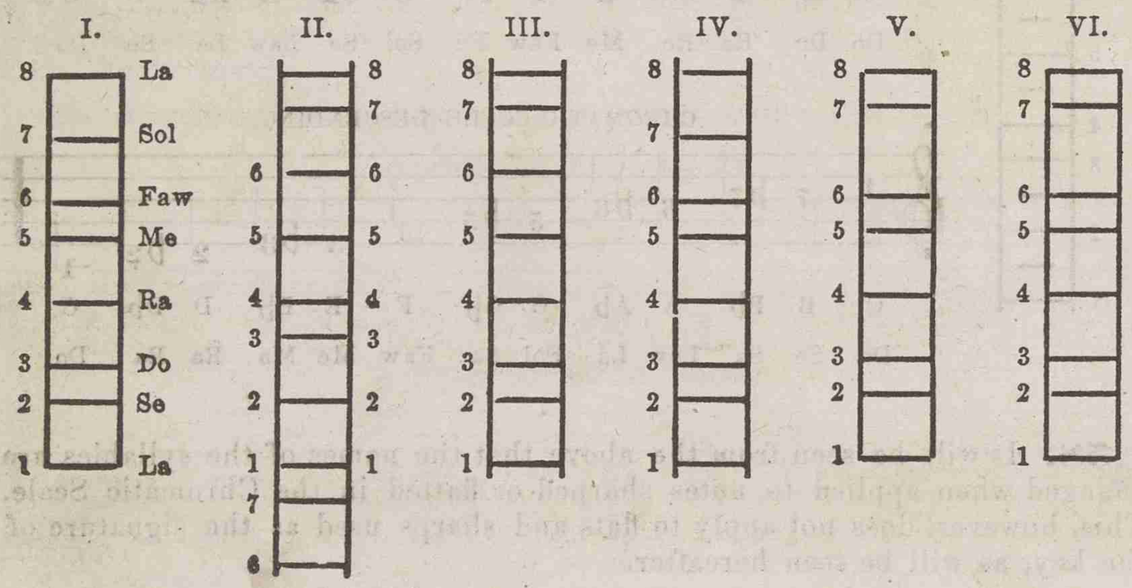
60. In chromatic passages, when a note is once sharped or flatted, all the notes following in the same measure upon the same degree are sharped or flatted also, unless canceled by a *natural*, marked thus, ♮.

EXERCISE 26.



61. The first scale presented in these lessons was the Natural Scale, with half intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8. It is called *Major* in contradistinction to another form, with half intervals between 2 and 3, and 5 and 6, called *Minor*.

62. The first one is called Major, because the distance from 1 to 3 is two whole intervals; and the other is called Minor, because the distance from 1 to 3 is only one interval and a half—Major implying greater (3d), and Minor, smaller.



63. No. I in the above illustration, represents the Minor scale, with half intervals between 2 and 3, and 5 and 6, with the syllables as usually applied in singing by note.

64. No. II represents the Minor scale as consisting of part of two octaves of the Major, from the sixth below to the sixth above the key note.
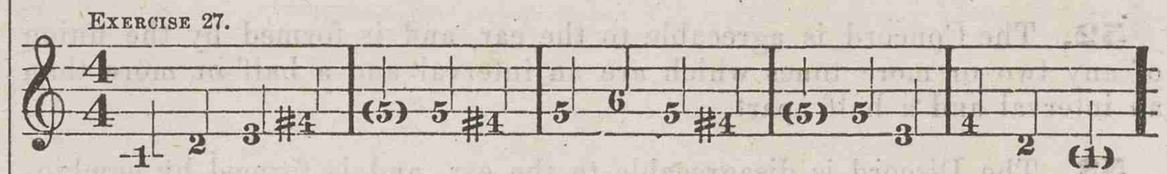
65. No. III represents the Minor as generally used ascending, and No. IV the usual form descending.

66. No. V represents a form sometimes used ascending, and No. VI descending, with half intervals between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8, and from 6 to 7 an interval and a half.

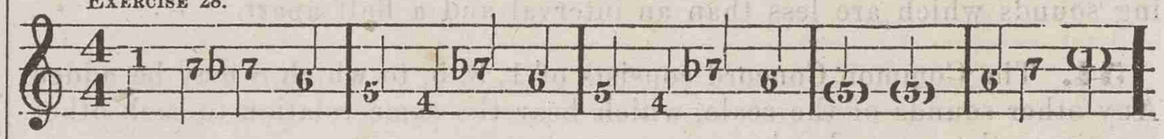
67. In the study of Melody and Harmony, the following names of intervals have been adopted: 1. Major Second, as from 1 to 2; Minor Second, as from 3 to 4. 2. Major Third, as from 1 to 3; Minor Third, as from 2 to 4. 3. Perfect Fourth, as from 1 to 4; Sharp Fourth, as from 4 to 7. 4. Perfect Fifth, as from 1 to 5; Flat Fifth, as from 7 to 4. 5. Major Sixth, as from 1 to 6; Minor Sixth, as from 3 to 8. 6. Major Seventh, as from 1 to 7; Minor Seventh, as from 2 to 8.

The pupil will do well to devote some time in writing out illustrations of the above-named intervals.

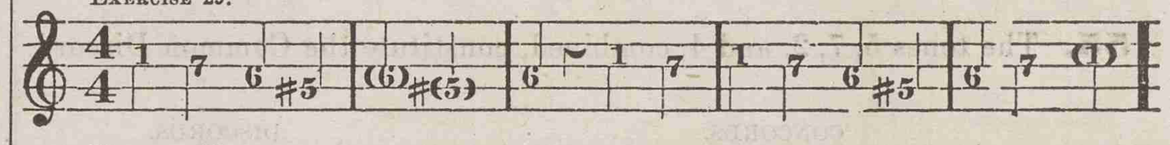
EXERCISE 27.



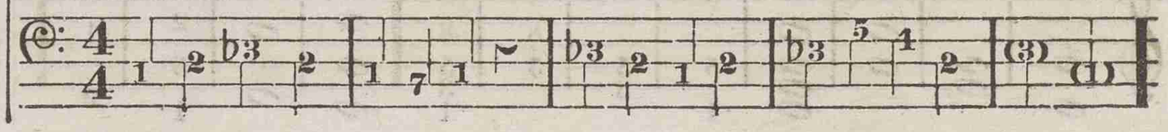
EXERCISE 28.



EXERCISE 29.



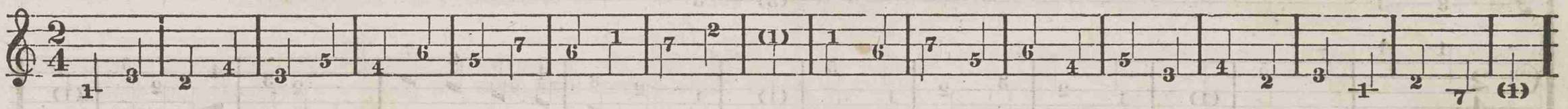
EXERCISE 30.
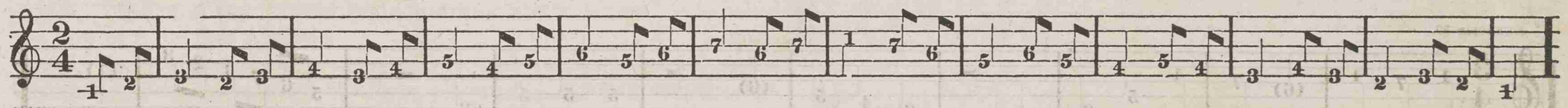


CHAPTER VIII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

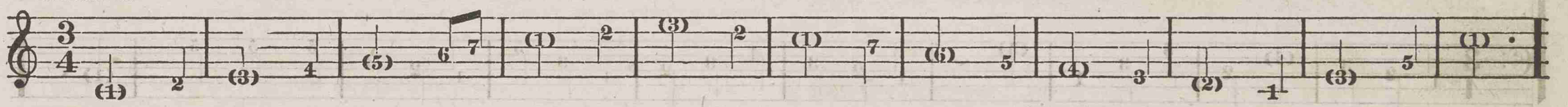
Exercise 31.



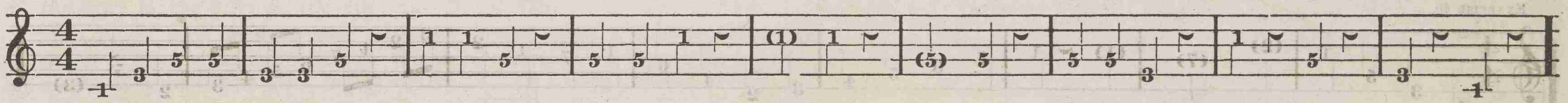
Exercise 32.



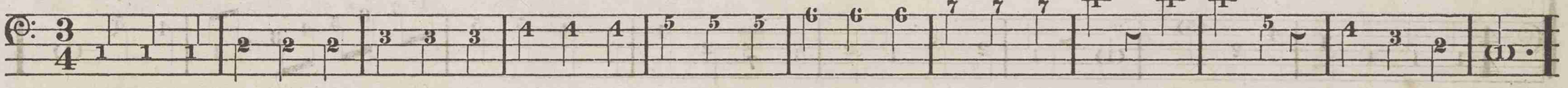
Exercise 33.
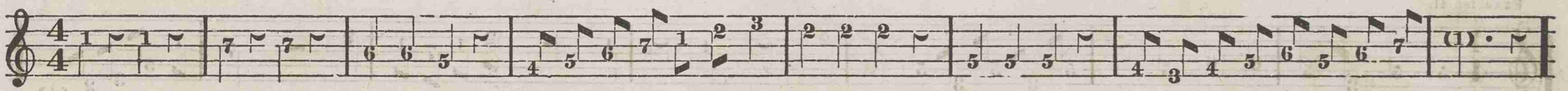


Exercise 34.
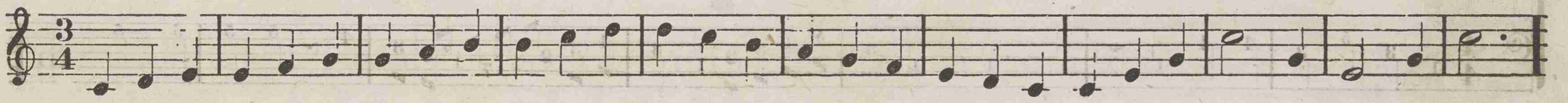


Exercise 35.
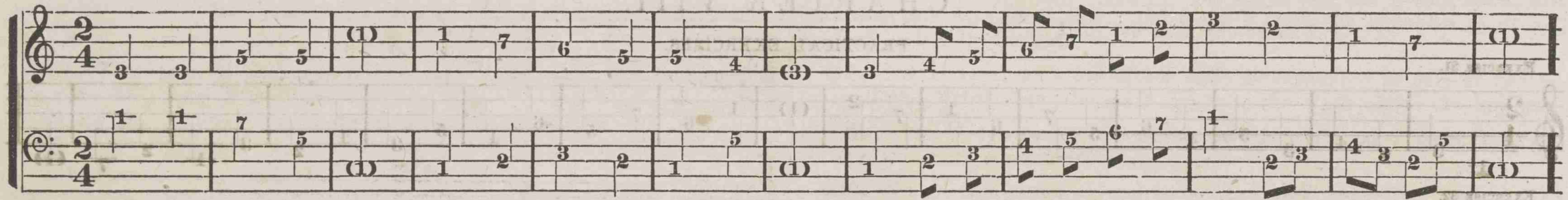


Exercise 36.



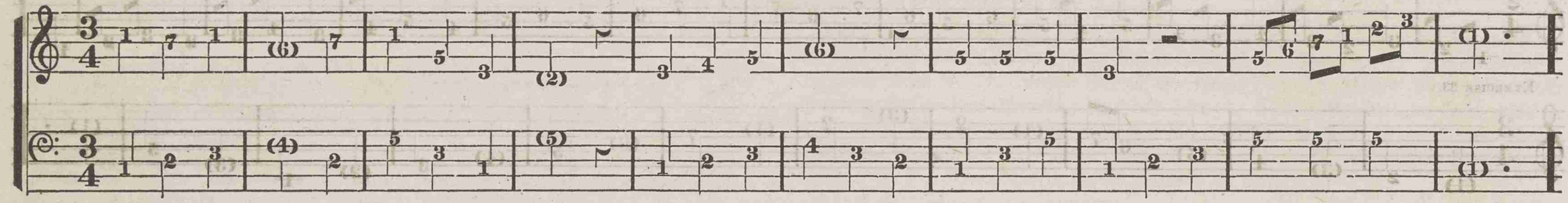
Exercise 37.
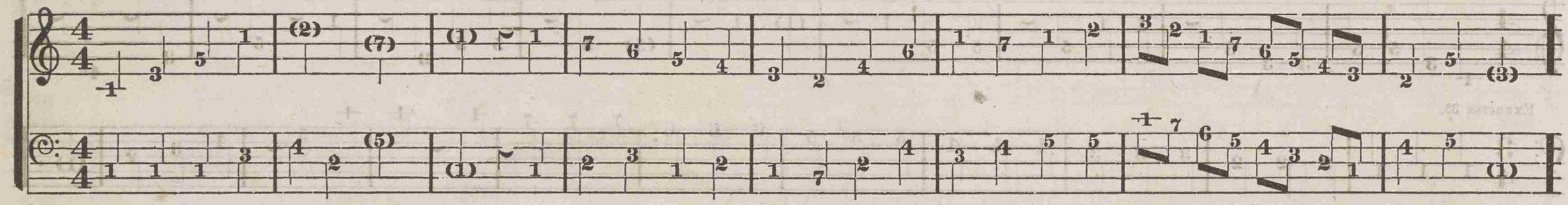


Exercise 38.
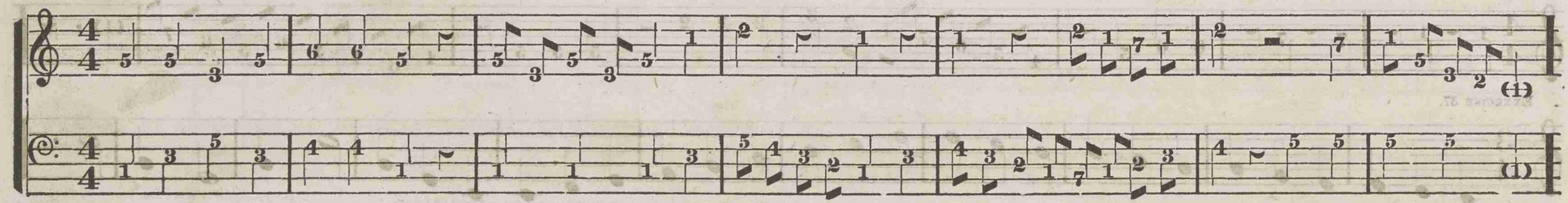


Exercise 39.



Exercise 40.



Exercise 41.



CHAPTER IX.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

68. PUPILS should give careful attention, so as to understand clearly the difference between the *Natural Scale*, which we always sing, and the *Written Scale of Letters*, represented by the Staff, according to which the keys of instruments are made.

69. When 1 of the Natural Scale is written on the letter C, it is called the *Key* of C, or first Altitude.

70. The pitch of the first sound of the scale in the Key of C is low and easily given, being about the same pitch as in common conversation, when a person speaks quietly to a single individual.

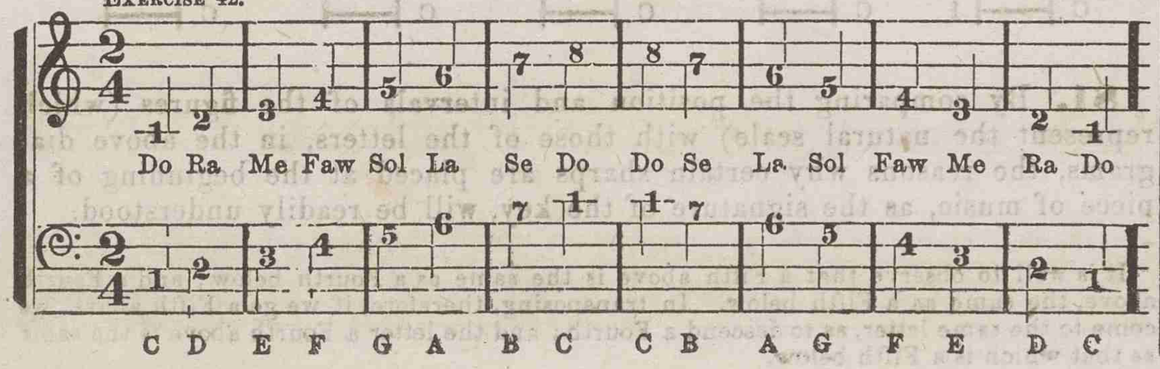
71. The first sound of the scale is called the Tonic, or Governing sound, because if the pitch of 1 be low, the whole scale will be low, and if we change the pitch of 1, and make it a given altitude higher, each other sound of the whole scale will be just as much higher.

72. The Key of C is called the 1st Altitude; D, the 2d; E, the 3d; F, the 4th; G, the 5th; A, the 6th; and B, the 7th.

73. There may be five other Altitudes, based upon a flat or sharp, wherever a whole interval occurs in the scale of letters: *e. g.*, a tune may be in the Key of C♯ or D♭; in D♯ or E♭; in F♯ or G♭; in G♯ or A♭; in A♯ or B♭.
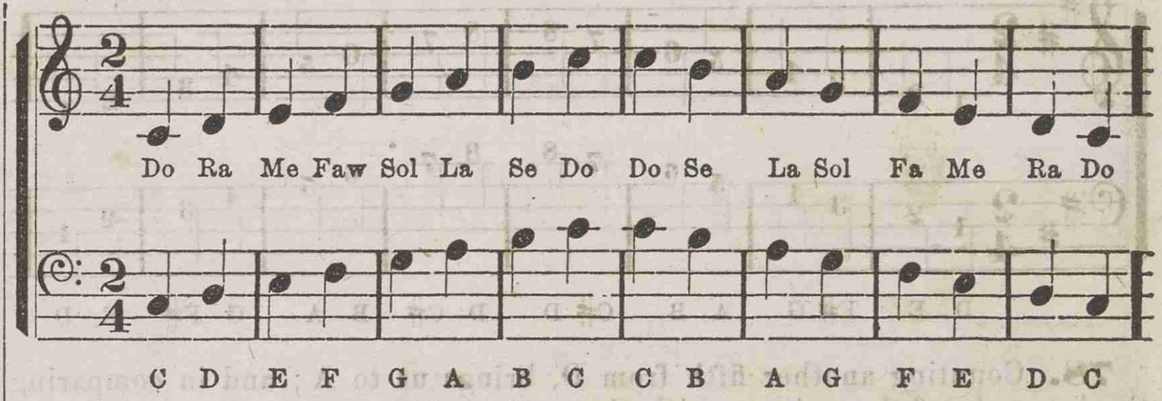
74. In the written scale the half intervals are placed between E and F, and B and C; therefore, when 1 of the natural scale is placed on C, the order of the whole and half intervals agree.

EXERCISE 42.



KEY OF C, FIRST ALTITUDE.

EXERCISE 43.
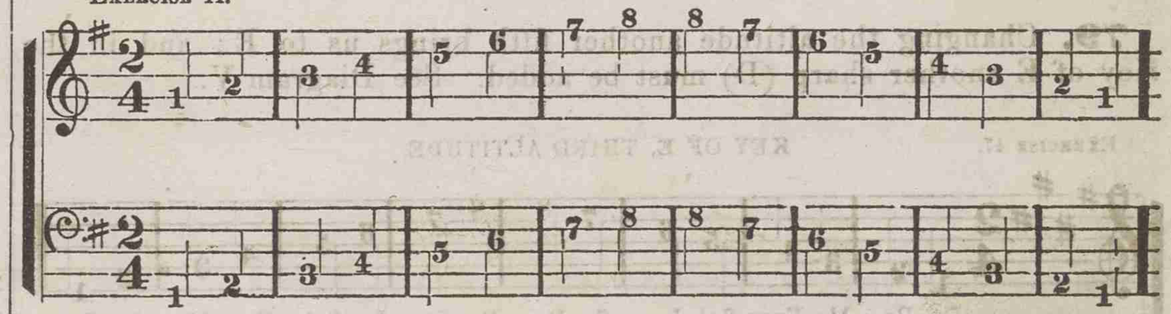


75. When we raise the altitude from C to G, that is a fifth, as in the following exercise, the letter F in the written scale does not agree with the seventh sound of the natural scale; it must be sharped so as to make half an interval as we sing it between 7 and 8. A Fifth is three intervals and a half.

76. The letter F thus necessarily sharped on an instrument when playing in the Key of G, is marked at the beginning of the tune; and thus F♯ is the signature of the Key of G. See Diagram II.

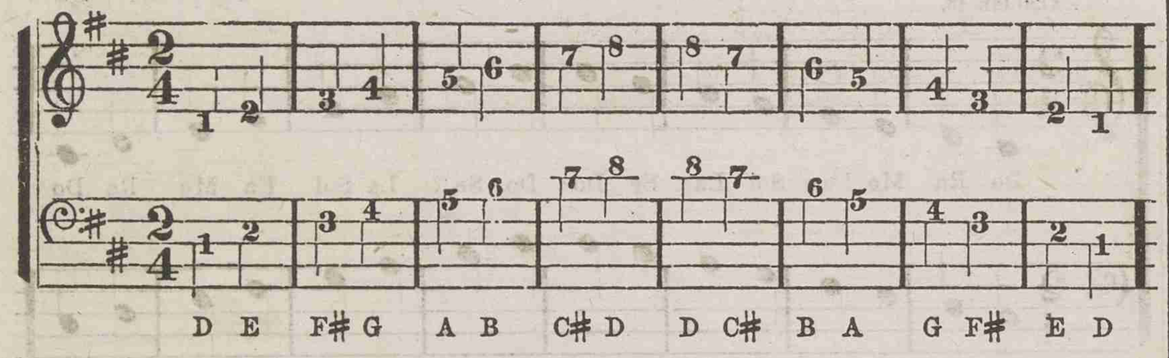
KEY OF G, FIFTH ALTITUDE.

EXERCISE 44.
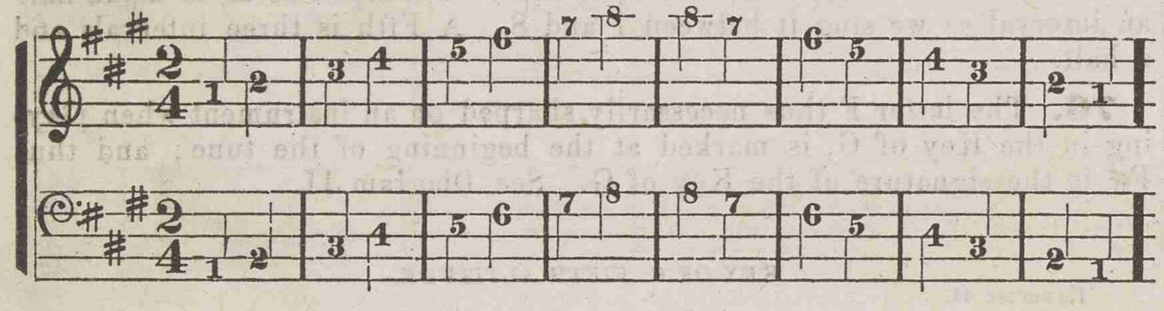


77. If we change the altitude another fifth from G, it brings us to D, in which key we find it necessary to use another sharp (C) besides F. Therefore, when 1 of the natural scale is on D, two sharps, F and C, are placed at the beginning, as the signature of the key. See Diagram III.

EXERCISE 45. KEY OF D, SECOND ALTITUDE.



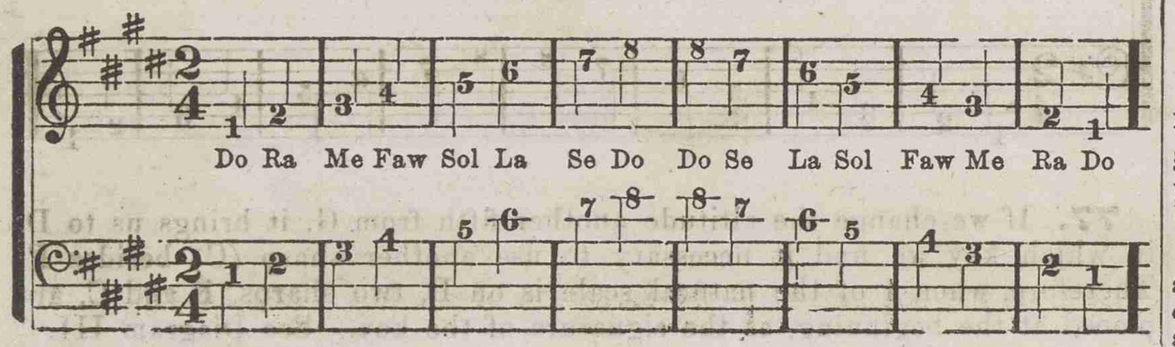
78. Counting another fifth from D, brings us to A; and in comparing the intervals of the written, with the natural scale, we find it requires not only F and C to be sharped, but G also. See Diagram IV.

EXERCISE 46. KEY OF A, SIXTH ALTITUDE.

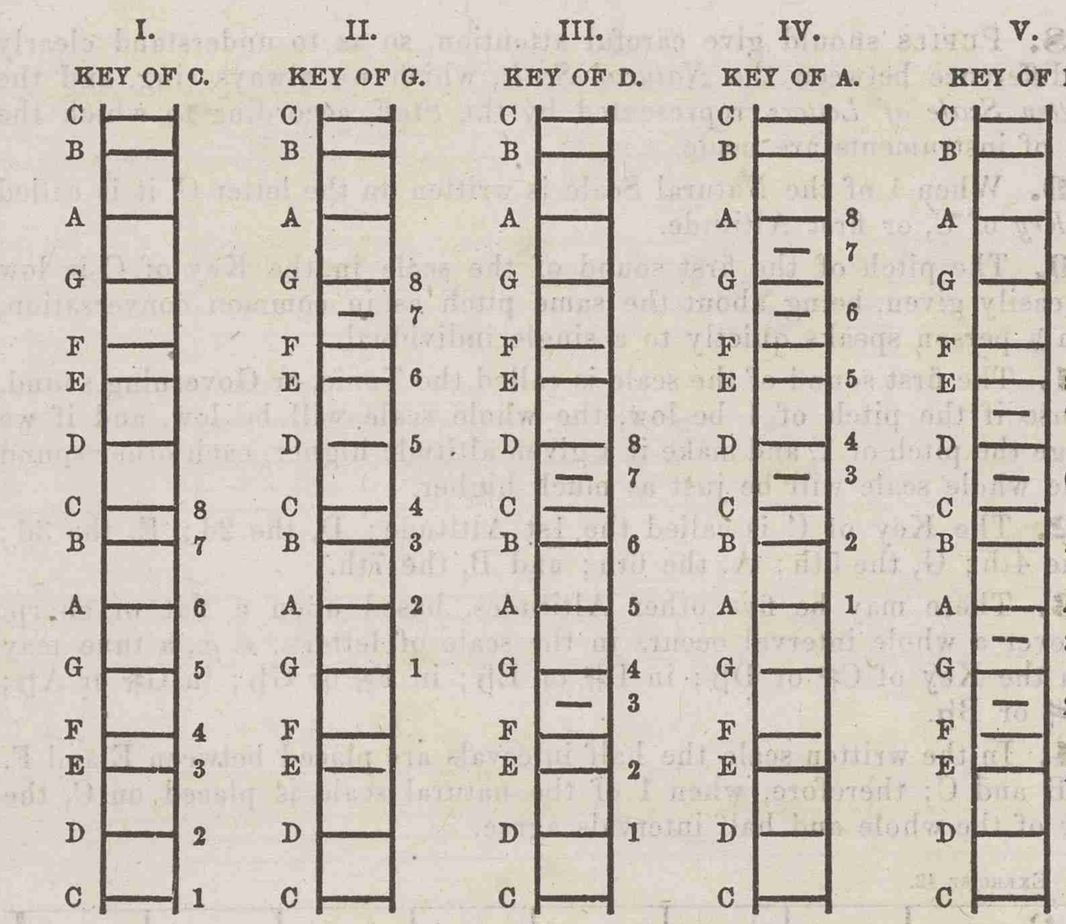


79. Changing the altitude another fifth brings us to E; and in the Key of E another sharp (D) must be added. See Diagram V.

EXERCISE 47. KEY OF E, THIRD ALTITUDE.



80. It will be observed, that every time we change the key ascending a fifth, a sharp is added, to agree with the seventh sound of the new key



81. By comparing the position and intervals of the figures (which represent the natural scale) with those of the letters, in the above diagrams, the reasons why certain sharps are placed at the beginning of a piece of music, as the signature of the key, will be readily understood.
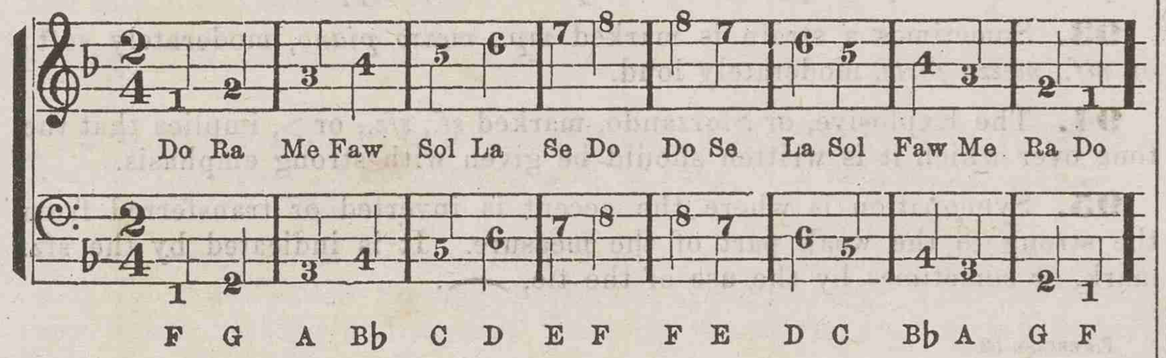
It is well to observe that a Fifth above is the same as a Fourth below; and a Fourth above, the same as a Fifth below. In transposing, therefore, if we go a Fifth above, we come to the same letter, as to descend a Fourth; and the letter a Fourth above is the same as that which is a Fifth below.

CHAPTER X.

TRANSPOSITION CONTINUED.
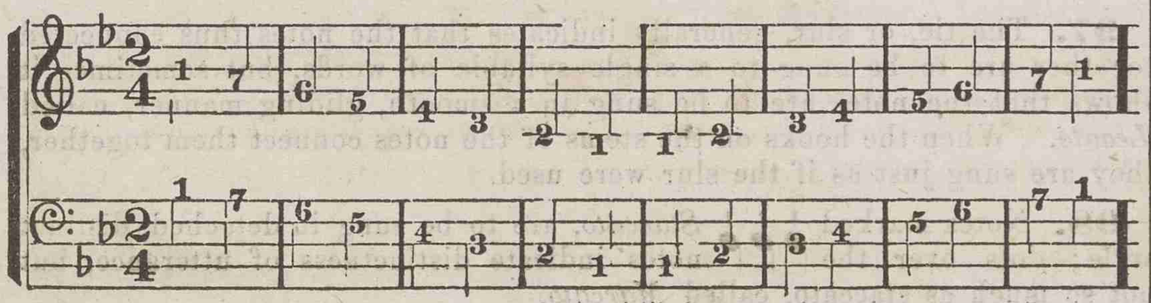
82. If we raise the altitude of the scale a fourth from C, it brings us to F; then, comparing the intervals of the natural scale with the letters, we find that B must be flatted to agree with the sound of 4 of the new altitude; and, therefore, one flat at the beginning of the piece, on B, is the signature of the Key of F. See Diagram VII.

EXERCISE 48. KEY OF F, FOURTH ALTITUDE.
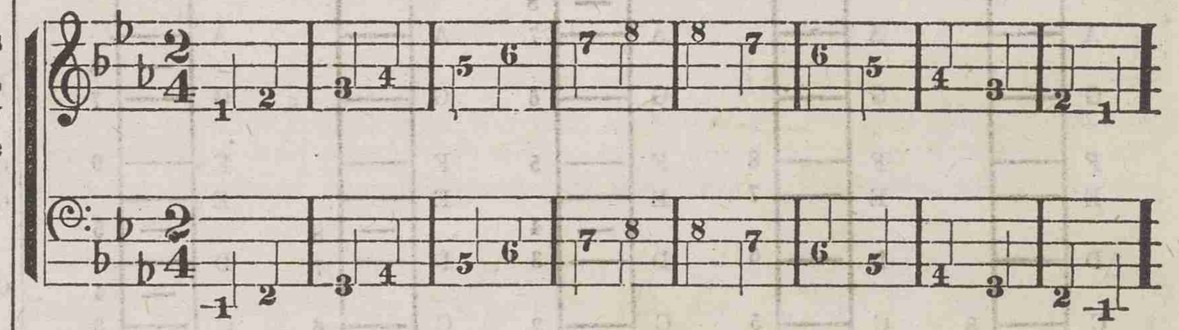


83. Raising the key note a fourth from F, (a fourth is two intervals and a half,) brings it to B♭; and taking B♭ as the key note, we find that E must be flatted to agree with the sound of 4. See Diagram VIII.

EXERCISE 49. KEY OF B♭, SEVENTH ALTITUDE FLAT.
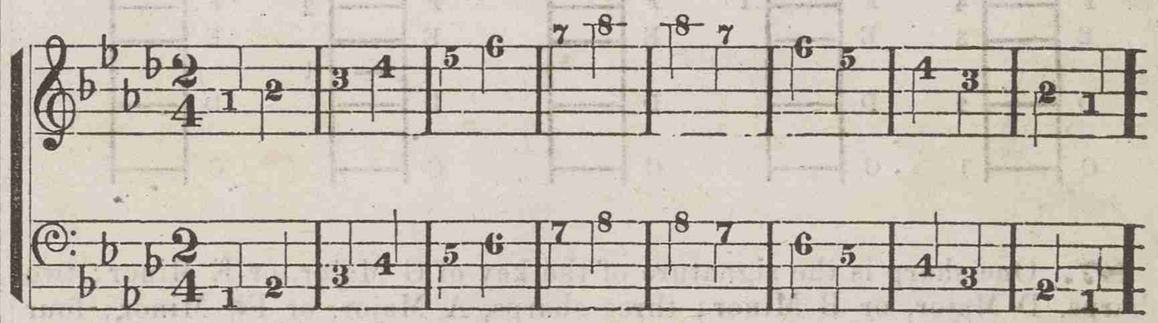


84. Changing the altitude another fourth brings us to E♭; the signature of the key will be B, E, and A flat. See Diagram IX.

EXERCISE 50. KEY OF E♭, THIRD ALTITUDE FLAT.



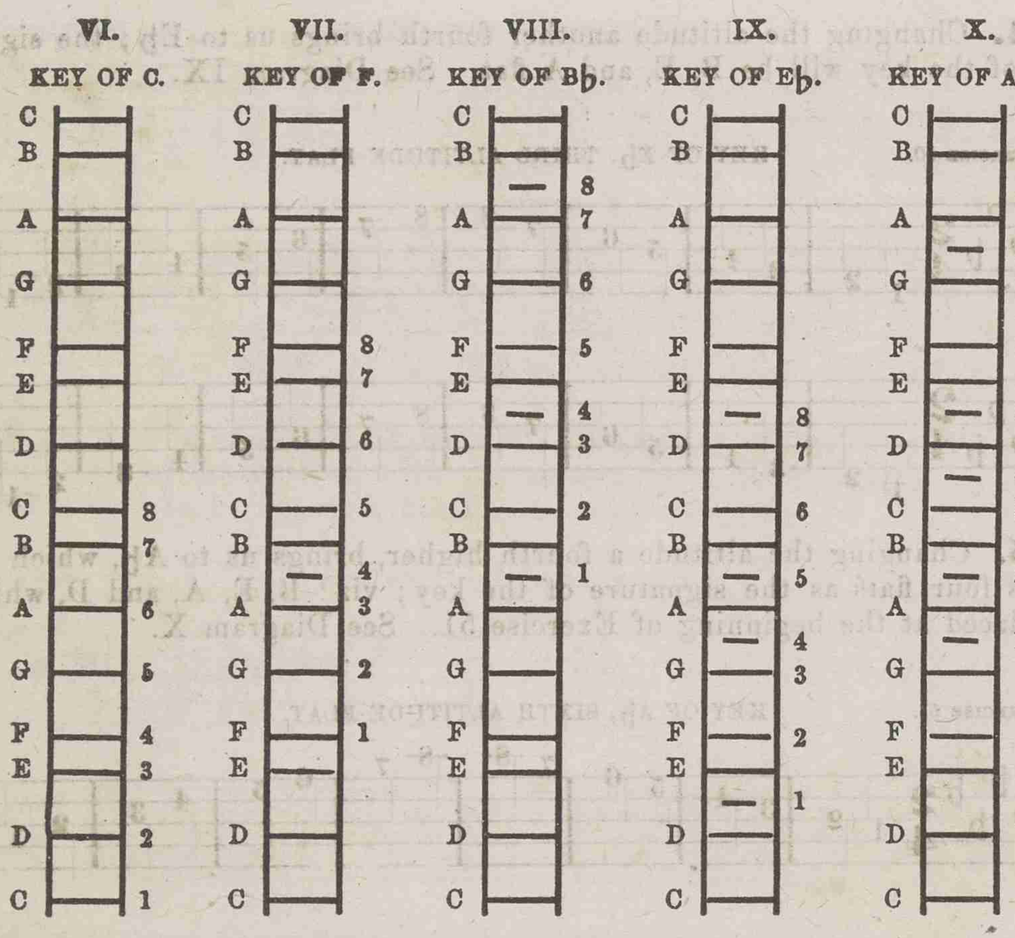
85. Changing the altitude a fourth higher, brings us to A♭, which requires four flats as the signature of the key; viz: B, E, A, and D, which are placed at the beginning of Exercise 51. See Diagram X.

EXERCISE 51. KEY OF A♭, SIXTH ALTITUDE FLAT.



86. All the above mentioned keys are called Major; and, corresponding with each, there may be one called its Relative Minor, based upon the letter a third below the Major, and having the same signature of the key.

Let it be borne in mind, that in Minor music, written in figure-faced notation, 6 is the key note; and therefore, the half intervals come between the numbers and syllables just the same as in the Major. It is not a well-settled point among musicians whether the Minor scale is natural or artificial, or whether it is an independent scale, or whether it is merely a part of two octaves of the Major scale, as represented in Diagram II, page 10. The altitude of a Minor is numbered the same as its relative Major.



87. One sharp is the signature of the key of G Major, or E Minor; two sharps, D Major, or B Minor; three sharps, A Major, or F♯ Minor; four sharps, E Major, or C♯ Minor.

88. One flat is the signature of the key of F Major, or D Minor; two flats, B♭ Major, or G Minor; three flats, E♭ Major, or C Minor; four flats, A♭ Major, or F Minor; five flats, D♭ Major, or B♭ Minor.

89. Sometimes sharps are the signature for a certain letter, and sometimes flats indicate the same letter as the key note; in such case, the number of flats or sharps taken together amount to *seven; e. g.*, three sharps or four flats show that the key note is on A; and with two flats or five sharps it would be on B

CHAPTER XI.

STYLE, ETC.

90. SOUNDS may be uttered with *Five* degrees of force, and the same principle may be applied to a whole strain.

91. When a tone, or a strain, is to be sung with an ordinary or medium degree of force, it is marked *Medium*, or *m.* If loud, it is marked *Forte*, or *f.* If very loud, *Fortissimo*, or *ff.*

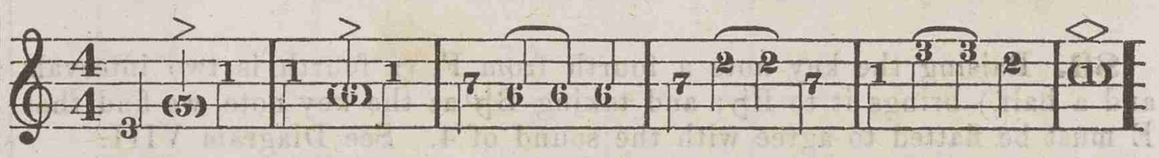
92. When a tone, or a strain, is to be sung softly, it is marked *piano*, or *p.* When very soft, it is marked *pianissimo*, or *pp.*

93. Sometimes a strain is marked *mp.*, *mezzo piano*, moderately soft; or *mf.*, *mezzo forte*, moderately loud.

94. The Explosive, or Sforzando, marked *sf.*, *sfz.*, or >, implies that the tone over which it is written should be given with strong emphasis.

95. Syncopation is where the accent is inverted or transferred from the strong to the weak part of the measure. It is indicated by the sfz. mark, or sometimes by the use of the tie, ⁀.

EXERCISE 52.



96. In the above exercise is an illustration of sfz. and syncopation, also the last note is marked with a *Swell.*

97. The tie, or slur, generally indicates that the notes thus connected together are to be sung to a single syllable of words, but sometimes it shows that the notes are to be sung in a smooth, gliding manner, called *Legato.* When the hooks on the stems of the notes connect them together, they are sung just as if the slur were used.

98. Notes marked  *Staccato*, are to be sung in detached, distinct style; dots over the notes indicate distinctness of utterance, but not so much as staccato, called *Marcato.*

99. A row of dots across the staff shows a repeat; D. C. means that the first strain is to be sung; and *Dal Seg.*, or D. S., signifies, repeat from the sign $\mathbb{S}$.

100. The word *Ritard*, or *Rit.*, signifies gradually slower; it is sometimes marked Rallentando, Lentando, or Slentando, or their abbreviations.

101. When a tone commences, continues, and ends, with an equal degree of force, it is called an Organ tone.

102. When a tone commences softly, and increases in force to the end, it is called an Increasing tone.

103. When a tone commences loud, and decreases in force to the end, it is called a Decreasing tone.

104. The union of the Increasing and Decreasing, make what is called a Swell.

105. When a strain is to be sung with increasing force, it is marked Cres., or Crescendo; and when it is to be sung with decreasing force, it is marked Dim., or Diminuendo.

106. Small notes are sometimes immediately before or after the large ones, which are called Passing Notes, or Appoggiatura. They are to be sung lightly, taking a little time from the essential notes, giving opportunity for the gliding style.

107. A rapid alternation of a tone with the next above it is called a Shake, or Trill.

108. A rapid alternation of a tone with the one both above and below it is called a Turn.

109. Where commas and other marks for pauses occur, they should be observed by taking a small amount of time from the tones. In chanting, pauses claim special attention.

110. Accent and emphasis should be carefully observed in singing, just as in reading or speaking.

111. In ending a line of poetry, and especially at the end of a verse, or chorus, the last word should be well spoken.

112. The next to the last word, or syllable, like all words without emphasis or accent, should be short and soft.

113. The Vowel sounds should be uttered in open, clear style, and occupy the whole time of the tone, except what is necessary to speak the Consonants distinctly.

114. Never try to *sing* the Consonant, or Atonic sounds in a word; they are to be *spoken*, and the Vowel, or Tonic sounds are to be sung.

115. Cultivation of the voice demands an exercise of Speaking and Singing, so as to know definitely how to articulate and enunciate each element, syllable, and word, and with a clear and easy style of utterance exhibit to the hearer the sentiment and intention of the piece, as understood by the singer.

116. The following tables exhibit the elementary sounds of our language: 1. The Musical; 2. The Semi-musical; 3. The Un-musical.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

1. A—Ale.
2. A—All.
3. A—Arm.
4. A—At.
5. E—Eve.
6. E—End.
7. E—Err.
8. I—Ice.
9. I—In.
10. O—Old.
11. O—On.
12. O—Move.
13. Oo—Book.
14. Ou—Our.
15. Oi—Oil.
16. U, W—Rue—Few.
17. U—Up.

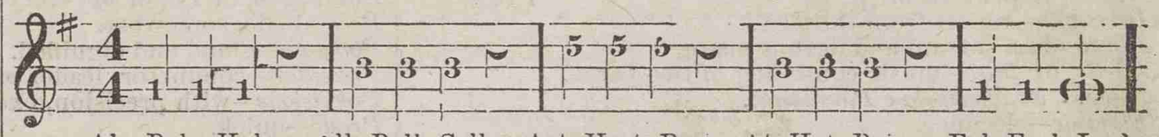
II. SUBTONIC ELEMENTS.

1. L—Lull.
2. M—Maim.
3. N—Nun.
4. R—Rear.
5. Ng—Sing.
6. B—Babe.
7. D—Did.
8. G—Gag.
9. V—Vive.
10. Z—Gaze.
11. Z—Azure.
12. Y—Yet.
13. W—Wait.
14. Th—This.

III. ATONIC ELEMENTS.

1. P—Pipe.
2. T—Tent.
3. K—Kick.
4. F—Fife.
5. C, S—Cease.
6. H—He.
7 Th—Thin.
8. Sh—Shall.

EXERCISE 53.



Ale, Bale, Hale, All, Ball, Call, Art, Hart, Part, At, Hat, Bat, Eel, Feel, Leel.

The ingenious teacher, who has advanced pupils, will train them on a great variety of exercises like the above, embracing all the sounds of the scale, to be sung with words which embrace all the elements of the language.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A—signifies in, for, at, to, by, with, &c.
Adagio—a slow movement.
Adagissimo—the superlative of *Adagio*, meaning very slow.
Ad libitum, or *Ad lib.*—at pleasure.
Affettuoso—expressing tenderness, affection, or deep emotion.
Agitato—with agitation.
Air—the leading part, or melody.
Allegro—brisk and sprightiy.
Allegretto—less quick than *Allegro.*
Allegrissimo—very quick.
Alto—counter, or high tenor, lowest female voice.
Andante—gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected as a mark of time it implies a medium between *Adagio* and *Allegro.*
Andantino—quicker than *Andante.*
Animato, or *con Anima*—with fervent, animated expression.
Ardito—with ardor and spirit.
Aria, or *Arietta*—a short air or melody.
Arioso—in a light, airy manner.
Assai—very, more or much, as *Allegro assai*, or *Adagio assai.*
A Tempo—in time.
A Tempo giusto—in strict and exact time.
Baritone—a voice between the base and tenor.
Base—the lowest part in harmony.
Bis—denotes a repetition of a passage in music.
Brillante—brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadence—closing strain, extemporaneous embellishment at the close of a song.
Calando—a diminution of time and sound.
Calcando—pressing on, hurrying.
Calmato—with calmness, tranquility, repose.
Cantabile—graceful singing style, a pleasing, flowing melody.
Chorus—a composition or passage designed for all the voices.
Chorals—old melodies, in notes chiefly of equal length.
Chromatic—a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda—the close of a composition, or an additional close.
Con—with.
Con Dolore, or *Con Duolo*—with mournful expression.
Con Spirito—with spirit, animation.
Contralto—the lowest female voice.
Coro—chorus.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*—close with the first strain.
D. S.—Repeat from 𝄋.
Del Segno—repeat from the sign.
Divoto—in a solemn and devout manner.
Duetto, or *Duet*—music consisting of two parts.
E—and, as *Moderato e Pianissimo.*
Elegante—elegance.
Espressivo—with expression.
Fermato—with firmness and decision.
Fieramento—bold, with vehemence.
Fine, *Fin*, or *Finale*—the end.
Forte, *For*, or *F*, or *f*—strong and full, loud.
Fortissimo, or *FF*, or *ff*—very loud.
Forzando, or *Forz*, or *fz*—with strong force, or emphasis.
Fugue, or *Fuga*—a piece in which one of the parts leads, and the rest follow in different intervals of time, and in the same, or similar melody.
Giusto—in equal, steady, just time.
Glissando, or *Glissato*—in a gliding manner.
Grave or *Gravemento*—slow and solemn.
Grazioso—smoothly, gracefully.
Grandioso, or *Gran Gusto*—in grand style.
Gusto, or *Gustoso*, or *Con Gusto*—with taste, elegantly.
Harmony—an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.
Impetuoso—with impetuosity.
Interlude—an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
Introit—a short set piece, to be sung at the opening of public worship.
Istesso—the same; as *Istesso Tempo*, the same time.
Largo—slow.
Larghetto—slow, but not so slow as *Largo.*
Legato—close, gliding, connected style.
Lentando, or *Lent*—gradually slower and softer.
Lento, or *Lentemento*—slow, smooth, and gliding.
Loco—as written.
Ma—but.
Maestoso—majestic, with grandeur of expression.
Marcato—strong and marked style.
Melody—an agreeable succession of sounds.
Meno—less.
Mezza voce—with a medium fullness of tone.
Mezzo—half, middle, mean.
Moderato—moderately, between *Andante* and *Allegro.*
Molto—very, much.
Molto Voce—with a full voice.
Moto—motion, as *Andante con Moto*, quicker than *Andante.*
Non—not, as *Non Troppo*—not too much.
Oratorio—a species of musical drama.
Orchestra—a band of instrumental performers, also the place occupied by the band.
Piano, or *Pia*, or *P*, or *p*—soft.
Pianissimo, or *PP*, or *pp*—very soft.
Poco—little, somewhat.
Pomposo—grand and dignified.
Precentor—conductor, leader of a choir.
Preccisione—with precision, exactness.
Presto—quick.
Prestissimo—very quick.
Primo—the first, the leading part.
Quartette—a piece of music in four parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading part.
Quasi—as if, as it were, in some measure.
Recitative—a style resembling speaking, musical declamation.
Ritard, or *Ritardando*—slackening the time.
Secondo—the second part.
Semi-Chorus—half the choir of voices.
Sempre—throughout, always; as *Sempre forte*, loud throughout.
Semplice—chaste, simple.
Senza—without; as *Senza organo*, without the organ.
Serio, or *Serioso*—serious, grave.
Siciliana—a movement of light, graceful character
Soave, or *Soavement*—sweet, agreeable, pleasing.
Solfeggio—a vocal exercise.
Soli—plural of *Solo.*
Solo—for a single voice or instrument.
Sopra—above.
Soprano—the treble, or higher voice part.
Sotto—under, below.
Sotto Voce—with subdued voice.
Sostenuto—sustained, sustaining the sounds to their utmost value.
Spiritoso—with spirit and animation.
Staccato—short, detached, distinct, the opposite to *Legato.*
Stentando, or *Stentato*—lingering, holding back.
Strepitoso, or *Con Strepito*—noisy, boisterous.
Subito—quick.
Symphony, or *Sym.*—a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent, also a species of musical composition.
Tasto Solo, or *T.S.*—without chords.
Tace, or *Tacit*—be silent.
Tempo—time.
Tempo a piacere—time at pleasure.
Ten, *Tenuto*—hold on, sustained after the style of *Legato.*
Tenor—a high male voice.
Treble—the highest female voice.
Trio—a composition for three voices.
Tutti—the whole, all together, full chorus.
Un—a; as *Un Poco*, a little.
Un poco Ritenuto—rather gentle and restrained.
Va—go on; as *Va Crescenda*, continue to increase.
Veloce—in rapid time.
Verse—one voice to a part.
Vigoroso—bold and energetic.
Vivace—quick and cheerful.
Vivacissimo—very lively.
Volti—turn over.
Volti Subito—turn over quickly.
Voce di Petto—the chest voice.
Voce di Tetto—the head voice.
Zeloso, *con Zelo*—zealous, earnest, engaged.

COME ALONG.

Words and Music by A. D. F.

1. Come, come a - long, u - nite in our song, With cheerful voices ringing; On this hap-py day We 're joy - ful and gay, Like birds in spring-time singing.

2. All keeping TIME while chanting the rhyme, And MEL-O-DY re - hearsing; With HAR-MO-NY sweet, and STYLE so complete, All gloomy cares dispersing.

3. Each hap-py heart may here share a part In rich and lasting treasure; Then come, come a-long, u - nite in our song, There 's joy in every measure.
4. Better than wealth, so good for your health, This merry recre - ation; Then do not de - lay, nor loi - ter to play, Come heed the in-vi - ta-tion.

NEVER LOOK SAD.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Nev-er look sad; there 's nothing so bad As getting familiar with sorrow; Treat him to-day in a cavalier way, He 'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

2. Do not then sigh, but e'er turn your eye To the bright side of every tri - al; Fortune, you 'll find, is often most kind, When chilling your hopes with denial.

3. Let the sad day then car - ry a - way Its own little burden of sor-row, Or you may miss full half of the bliss Which comes in the lap of to-morrow.

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Dis - turb not his slum - ber, let WASHINGTON sleep 'Neath the boughs of the wil - low that o - ver him weep;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds are still bright As the stars in the dark - vaulted heaven at night. O, wake not the he - ro, his battles are

2. A - wake not his slumbers, tread lightly a - round, 'T is the grave of a freeman—'t is lib - erty's mound;
Thy name is im - mor - tal, our freedom is won, Brave sire of Co - lum - bia, our own WASHINGTON. O, wake not the he - ro, his battles are

o'er, Let him rest undisturbed on Po - tomac's fair shore; On the river's green border, so flow - er - y drest, With the hearts he loved fondly, Let WASHINGTON rest.

o'er, Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore; While "the stars and the stripes" of our country shall wave O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

Words by G. SEEVERS. **OLD COLLEGE YEAR.** J. H. OVEROCKER

1. As pilgrims who plod to the land of sunset. And leave all behind them most sacred and dear, We plod to the future, yet ever re - gret To e'er leave behind us the Old College Year.
2. The friendships we formed in the year that 's gone by us, Will oft bid rejoice, if e'er saddened or drear; Tho' the heart should despond, And our courage deny us, 'T will cheer us to think of the Old College Year.
3. From friends we are leaving we part with reluctance, Each eye e'er so bright will be moist with a tear; Yet often we feel that a pleasant remembrance Will bring us again to the Old College Year.
4. Then let us march onward up life's rugged mountains, Our old Alma Mater will ever be dear; Ye courses of learning, we 've sipped at your fountains, And drank of your waters the Old College Year.
5. But we now bid adieu to these halls so endearing; Farewell to the classmates who oft bid us cheer; Farewell, Alma Mater, thy name is revering; And farewell forever to the Old College Year.

Words by GEO. D. PRENTICE. **O, GIVE ME MUSIC!** A. D. FILLMORE.

1. O, give me music! its sweet tones Will linger round my wea - ry heart; The on-ly love my soul now owns Is wakened by the minstrel's art.
2. O, give me music! let the song Be plaintive as the ring - dove's moan, For gloomy thoughts around me throng, Which must be borne, but borne a - lone.
3. O, give me music! it will bring All of the past I may not tell, And o'er my broken spirit fling Its ho - ly and mys - terious spell.
4. O, give me music! in my breast Those sweet and thrilling tones of thine Will make a hope of brighter rest, And ban - ish all those tears of mine.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. "Bel - shaz-zar is king! Bel - shaz-zar is lord!" And a thousand dark no-bles all bend at his board; Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
2. "Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold, Which my father tore down from the tem-ple of old! Bring forth, and we 'll drink, while the trumpet is blown,

Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood. Gay dancers are there, and a ri - ot of mirth, And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone; Bring forth," and before him the vessels all shine, And he bows unto Baal, and drinks the dark wine;

And the crowd all shout, till the vast roofs ring, All praise to Bel - shaz - zar, Bel - shazzar the king, Bel - shaz - zar the king!
While the trumpets bray, and the cym-bals ring, Praise, praise to Bel - shaz - zar, Bel - shazzar the king, Bel - shaz - zar the king!

3. Now what cometh? look! look! without menace or call, Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall? What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart,

What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart? "Chalde-ans, ma - gi-cians, the let - ters expound. They are read, and Belshazzar is dead on the ground.

But hark! the Persian's come on a conqueror's wing, And a Mede 's on the throne of Bel - shaz-zar the king, Bel - shaz - zar the king.

GOOD-NIGHT. *Round.*

A. D. F.

Good-night to you all, and sweet be your sleep; May an - gels a - round you their night vig - ils keep. Good-night, good-night, O, good-night!

Andante.

End.

D. C. 1. Come, come, come! Come to the sunset tree, The day is past and gone; The woodman's ax lies free, And the reaper's work is done.

2. Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleas-ant the heart's low sigh; The gleaming of the west, And the turf whereon we lie,

End.

3. Yes, tune-ful is the sound That dwells in whispering boughs; Welcome the freshness round, And the gale that fans our brows.
4. There shall no tempest blow, No scorching noontide heat; There shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wan-der-ing feet.

D. C.

The twi - light dew to heav - en, And the sum-mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft evening hours.

When the bur - den and the heart Of la - bor's task is o'er, And kind - ly voi - ces greet The tired one at the door.

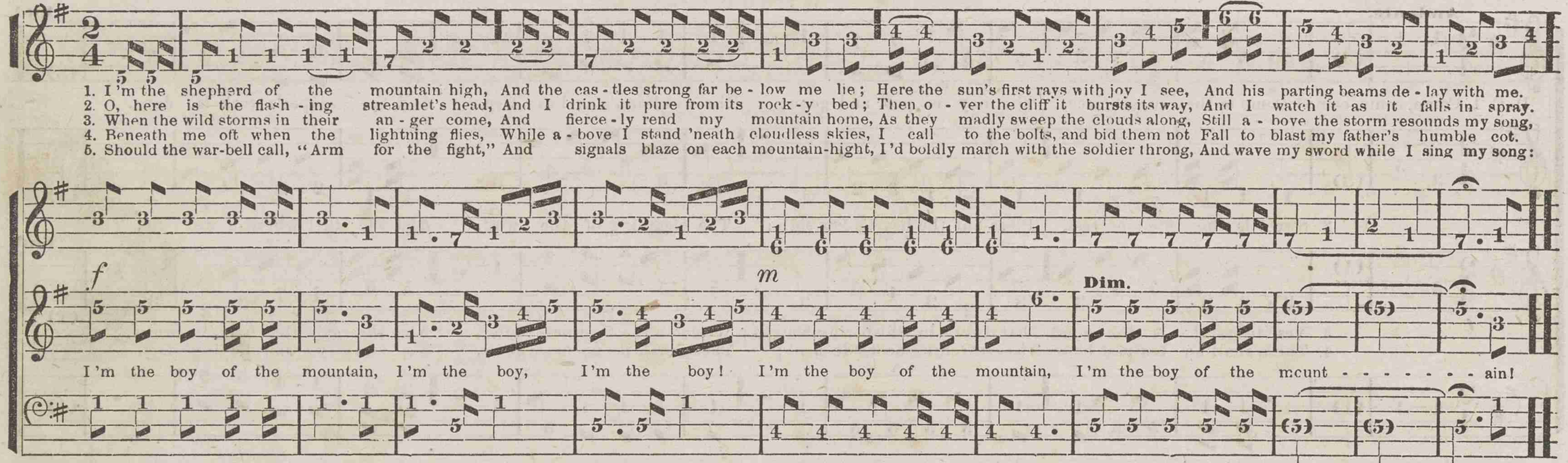
D. C.

But rest more sweet and still Than night-fall ev - er gave, O, long - ing hearts shall fill, In the world be-yond the grave!
And we lift our trust-ing eyes From the hills our fa-ther's trod, To the qui - et of the skies, To the Sab-bath of our God.

Words translated from the German, by Wm. Baxter.

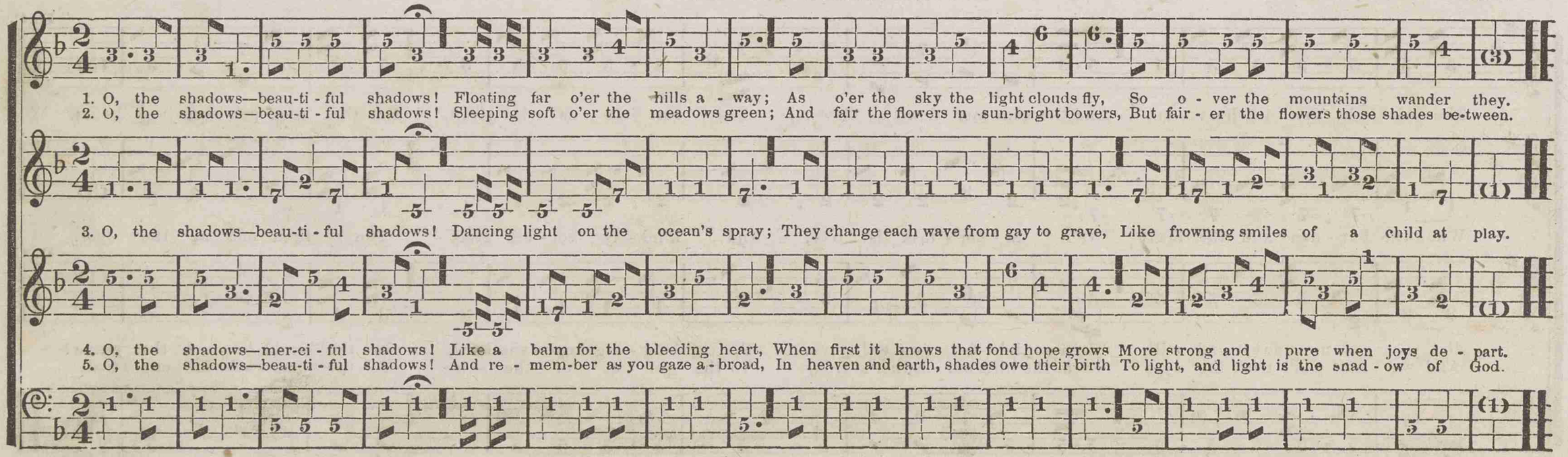
MOUNTAIN BOY.

A. D. Fillmore.



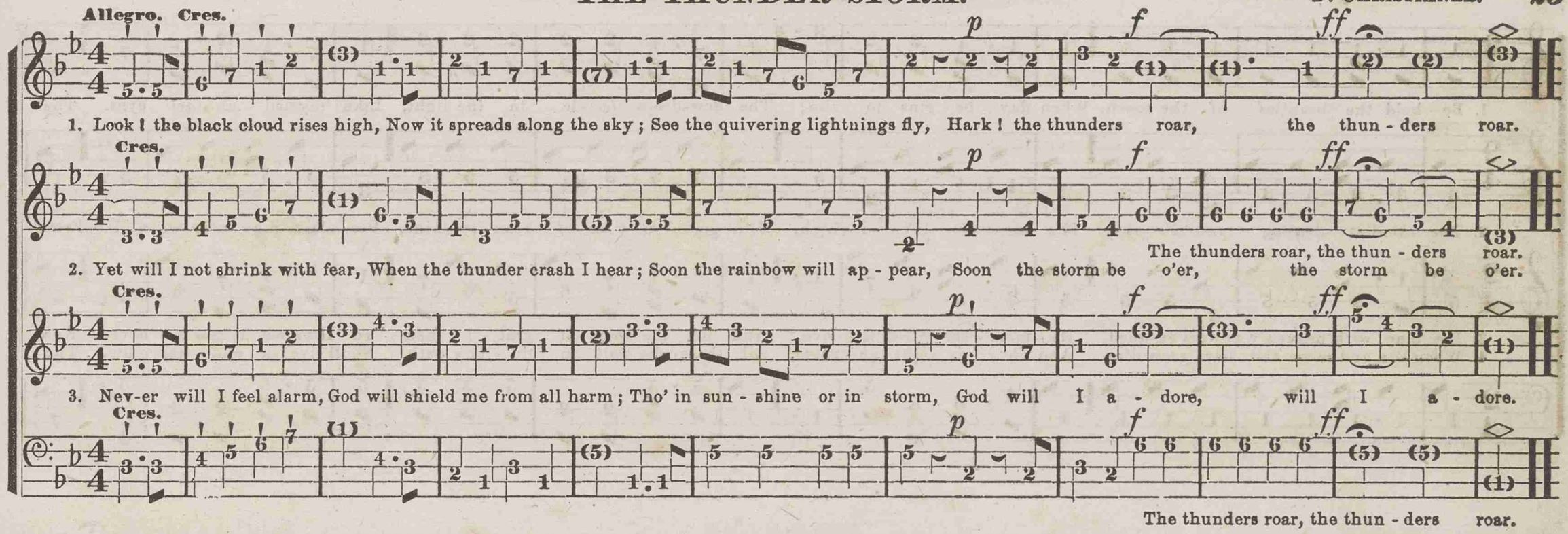
BEAUTIFUL SHADOWS.

A. D. Fillmore.



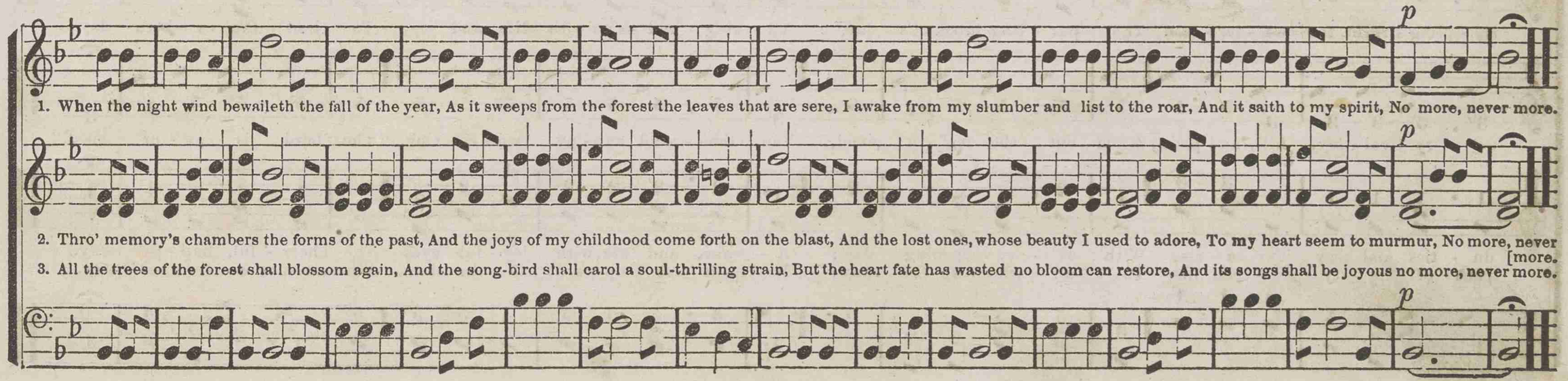
THE THUNDER STORM.

F. CHRISTIANER.



NIGHT-WIND.

A. D. FILLMORE.



Words by A. D. F.

MUSIC OF THE MORN.

1. Be - hold the beauties of the morn, When day be - gins to rise; The dew-drops sparkle in the light, Like myriad an - gel eyes. The

2. The cloudlet floating in the sky, The mountain lift - ed high, With gold - en tints of beau - ty shine, Pro - claim-ing morning nigh. From

3. Let man, with heavenly powers en-dued, Re - mem - ber "God is love," And lift the voice of grat - i - tude To Him who reigns a - bove. New
4. When sun and moon and stars grow dim, And clear - er light ap - pears, All those who walk in du - ty's path Shall live in end - less years. The

rip - pling stream, the wa - ter - fall, The pur - ling brooklet's lay, All sing and shine with life and joy, To hail the new-born day;

ev' - ry val - ley, hill, and plain, From out the leaf - y wood, Ten thou - sand hap - py voi - ces sing, "The Lord is ev - er good."

du - ties and new joys a - rise With ev' - ry opening day; A - wake, and see with joy - ful eyes The cheer - ful, hap - py way.
path of du - ty o - pen lies To all who love the way; It leads us up-ward to the skies, Where shines e - ter - nal day.

Chorus.

Hark, the mu - sic of the morn! Mu - sic sweet and clear; All na - ture sings in har-mo - ny—Come, lend a list'ning ear.
Hark, the mu - sic of the morn! Hear its thrilling song; Come, join the hap-py cho-rus now, The (Omit.) - - - joy - ful notes pro-long.

Hark, the mu - sic of the morn! Mu - sic sweet and clear; All na - ture sings in har-mo - ny— Come, lend a list'ning ear.
Hark, the mu - sic of the morn! Hear its thrilling song; Come, join the hap-py cho-rus now, The (Omit.) - - - joy - ful notes pro-long.

Words by HOGG. ***SKYLARK.*** A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Bird of the wilderness, Blithesome and cumberless, Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea! Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling-place; O, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee.

2. Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the downy cloud; Love gives it energy, love gave it birth. Where, on the dewy wing, Where art thou journeying? Singing in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain-sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red streamer that heralds the day; Over the cloudlet dim, Over the rainbow's rim, Musical cherub, soar singing away.
4. Then, when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather-blooms, Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be! Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling-place. O, to abide in the desert with thee.

Words by F. WALDEN.

*HEAVENLY NAME.**

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. When the Ju - bal trump has sound - ed, Wak - ing all our sleep-ing dust, And be - fore the throne of Je - - sus
2. When the an - gel hosts in - vite me To ex - plore the realms of heaven, Walk - ing o'er the gold-en pave - ment,
3. When the friends who once have known me, See me in the throng a - bove, Clothed in robes of snow-y white - ness,
4. No! that name is linked with sor - row, Sin, and pain, and bit - ter tears; These, in heav'n, will be for - got - ten,

Stand the guilt-y and the just, If the Lord shall bid me wel-come, Freed from sin and guilt and shame; When he speaks the name he 'll give me,
View-ing all the Lord has given, Feast-ing on the joys e - tern - al, Shout-ing, "We are safe at home;" As they speak their an-gel language,
Sing - ing of the Sav-iors love; What shall be the name they 'll call me Through the endless years to come? Will the name that mortals gave me,
Ban-ished with our guilt and fears; But the name the Lord will give me, Will re-mind me of the Lamb, Who was slain, from sin to save me,

* Inserted by request.

H. 140, 541

1. Hark! from the world on high Glo - ry to God!
Now swells a-long the sky (*Omit.*)

Glo - ry to God!

} Songs, like sweet notes of praise,
} Pour forth in rapturous lays,

} As all the voices raise Glo - ry to God;

1st time. *2d time.*

2. Hear how the angels sing Glo - ry to God!
Through all the heavens ring (*Omit.*)

Glo - ry to God!

} Now, let each heart on earth
} Sing of the Savior's birth,

} Tell - ing his matchless worth, Glo - ry to God!

HEAVENLY NAME. Concluded.

What shall be that heavenly name? When he speaks the name he 'll give me, What shall be that heavenly name?

What shall be my heavenly name? As they speak their an - gel lan - guage, What shall be my heavenly name?

Will that be my heavenly name? Will the name that mor-tals gave me, Will that be my heavenly name?
Such shall be my heavenly name! Who was slain, from sin to save me, Such shall be my heavenly name!

Words by Wm. Hunter.

EVERGREEN SHORE.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. We are joyous-ly voyaging over the main, Bound for the evergreen shore, Whose in-hab-itants never of sickness complain, And never see death any more.
2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Under our Savior's command; And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave, For Jesus will bring us to land.
3. Both the waves and the winds our Commander controls: Nothing can baffle his skill; And his voice, when the thundering hurricane rolls, Can make the loud tempest be still.
4. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave, Fearfully overhead break; There is one by our side that can comfort and save, There 's one that will never forsake.
5. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal, Sink to be seen nevermore; He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul, Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.

D. S. We will weather the blast, and we 'll anchor at last, Safe on the evergreen shore.

Chorus.

Then let the hur - ri-cane roar, - - - - - It will the sooner be o'er; - - - - - - -

Then let the hur - ri-cane roar, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - It will the sooner be o'er; - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Then let the hur - ri-cane roar, - - - - - It will the sooner be o'er; - - - - - - -

D. S.

1. I have roamed o - ver mountain, I've crossed o - ver flood, And I've traversed the wave - roll - ing sand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the

2. I have climbed o'er the An-des, and gazed from the Alps, And be - held man - y pic - tures called "grand;" But in rich for-est shade, or on

3. Then hail, dear Co - lum-bia, the land that we love, Where flour - ish - es Lib - er - ty's tree; 'T is the birthplace of Freedom, our

Chorus.

moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own native land. No, etc. no, no, None so lovely as my own native land.

wide - spreading plain, I have sighed for my own native land. Yes, etc. no, no, None so lovely as my own native land.

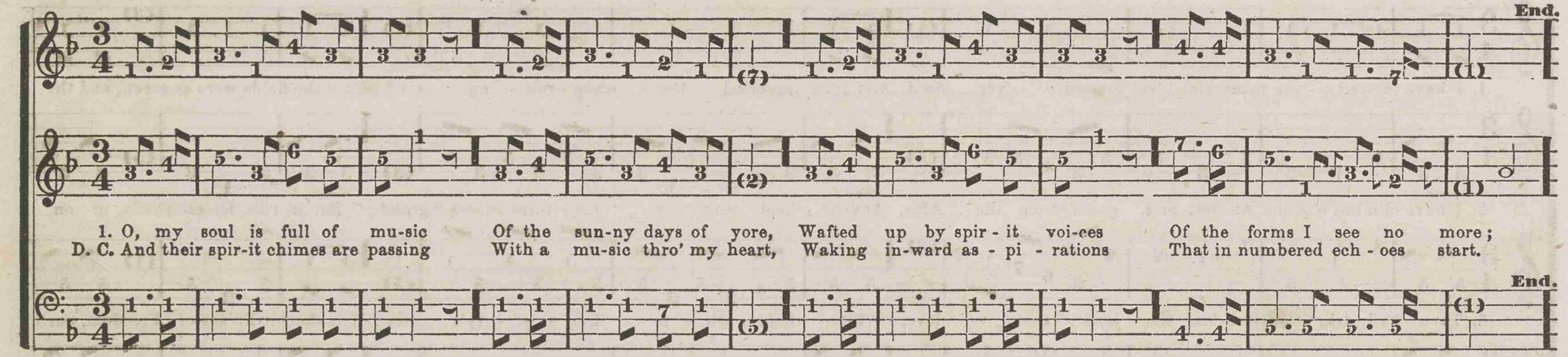
own na - tive home, 'T is the land, 't is the land of the free. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, None so love - ly as my own native land.

Yes, yes.

Words by H. DURHAM.

SOUL MUSIC.

A. D. FILLMORE.



2. O, my soul is full of music, Wafted up from childhood's years,
And I wander, in my dreaming, Where our cottage home appears;
And I see the vines o'ercreeping, Where they bloomed in days gone by,
While the dew-drops on the roses Fresh in sparkling beauty lie;
And adown the paths I wander, Where I lightly trod of yore,
Smiling over childhood's visions, As they greet my sight once more.

3. O, my soul is full of music—Music of the sunny bowers,
Where the birds are sweetly singing Thro' the swiftly fleeting hours;
And the wild bee's hum commingles In the universal chime,
Winning my too restless spirit To a reverie sublime.
And I think of the fair valleys, Where a sweeter music flows,
Where the weary ones who leave us May eternally repose.

HARP OF ZION.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. List to the dreamy tone that dwells In rippling wave, or sighing tree; Go hearken to the old church-bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee: Interpret right, and
2. The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds To gain the al - tar of his sires; The hermit pores above his beads With zeal that never wanes nor tires; But holiest rite, or
3. Or nature, or the Bible read, Those precious words you 'll find there still; We trace them in the flowering mead, We hear them in the flowing rill. One chorus hails the

you will find 'T is power and glory they proclaim; The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind, All echo, "Hallowed be thy name! Father, hallowed be thy name!"

longest prayer That art can yield or wisdom frame, What better import can it bear Than, "Father, hallowed be thy name! Father, hallowed be thy name!"
Great Supreme, Each varied breathing tells the same; The strains may differ, but the theme Is, "Father, hallowed be thy name! Father, hallowed be thy name!"

WINCHESTER. L. M.

Slow and solemn.

1. Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone, By fleeting time, or conquering death; Your morning sun may set at noon, And close at once your mortal breath.

2. Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheek Must wither like the blast - ed rose; The coffin, earth, and winding sheet Will soon your active limbs inclose.

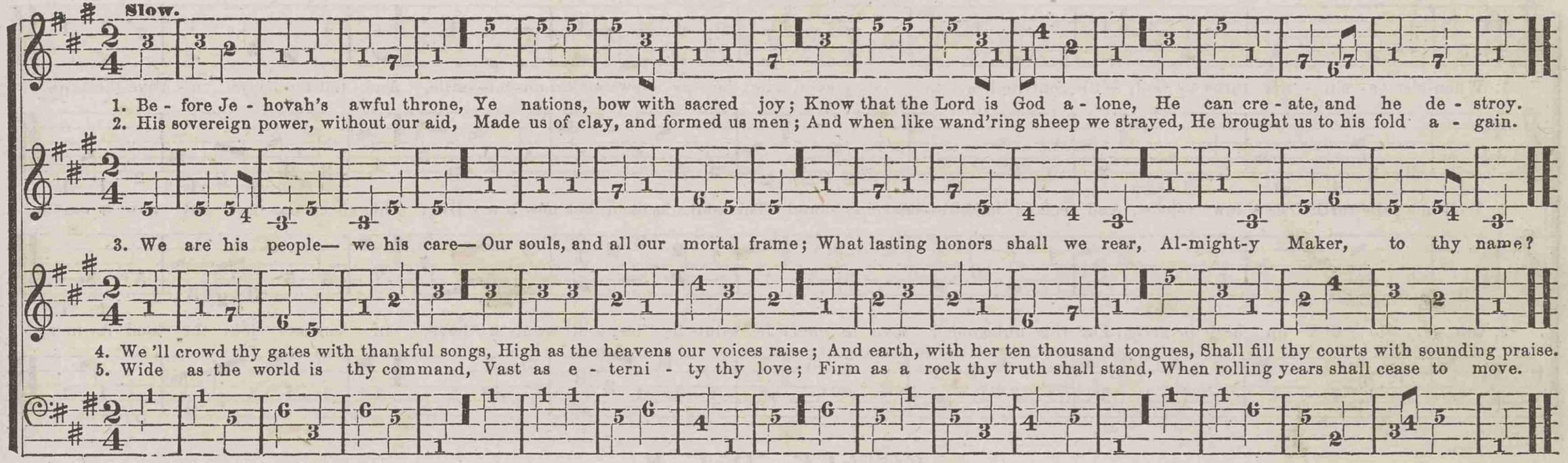
3. And now with trembling sense I view Huge billows roll be - neath your feet; For death e - ternal waits for you Who slight the force of Gospel truth.
4. Come, lay your carnal weapons by; No longer fight a - gainst your Lord; But with my message now com - ply, And heaven shall be your great re-ward.

RIVES. L. M.

1. Now let our souls, on wings sublime, Rise from the van-i-ties of time; Draw back the parting vales, and see The glories of e-tern - i - ty.

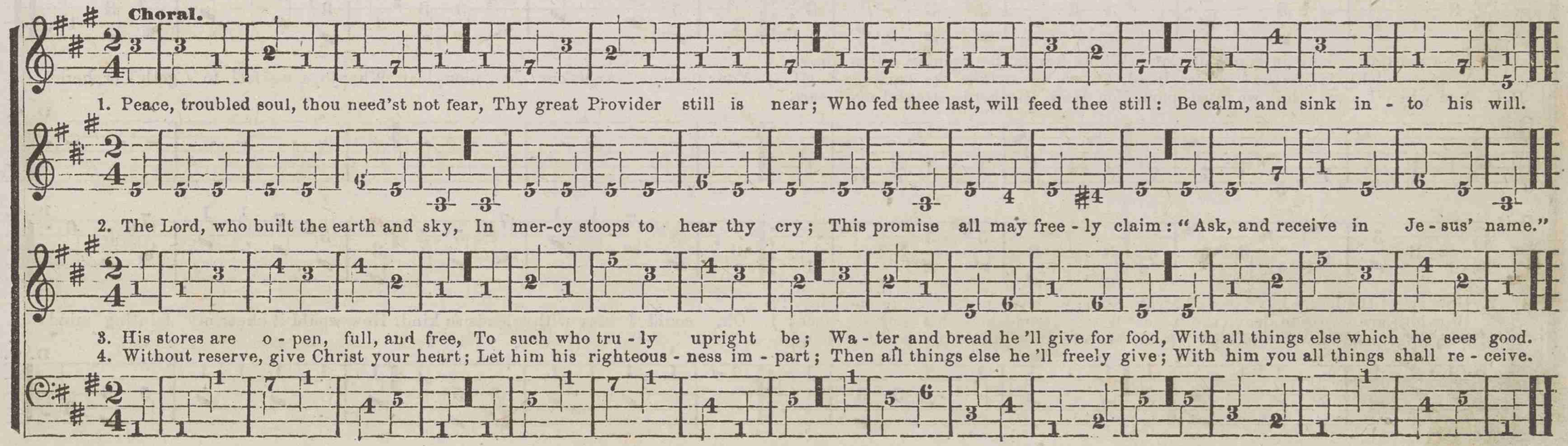
2. Born by a new ce-les-tial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth? Why grasp at trans - i - tory toys— So near to heaven's eter - nal joys?

3. Should aught beguile us on the road When we are journeying back to God? For pilgrims through the earth we roam, And dying is but go - ing home.
4. To dwell with God, to feel his love— Is the full heaven enjoyed a - bove, And the blest ex - pect-a-tion now Is the young dawn of heaven be - low.
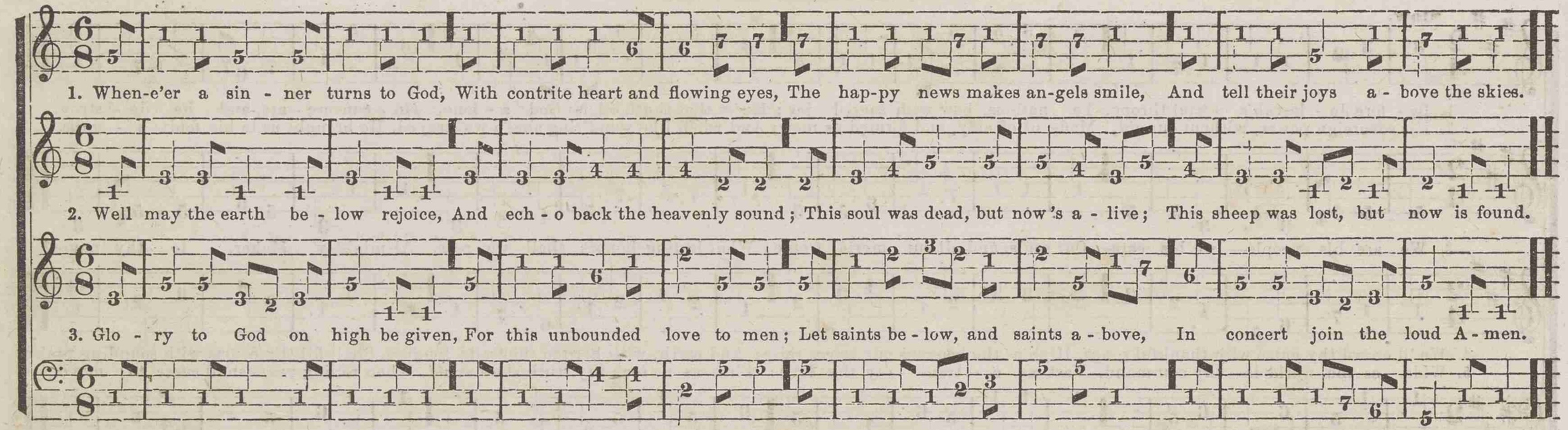


GREEN'S HUNDREDTH. L. M.

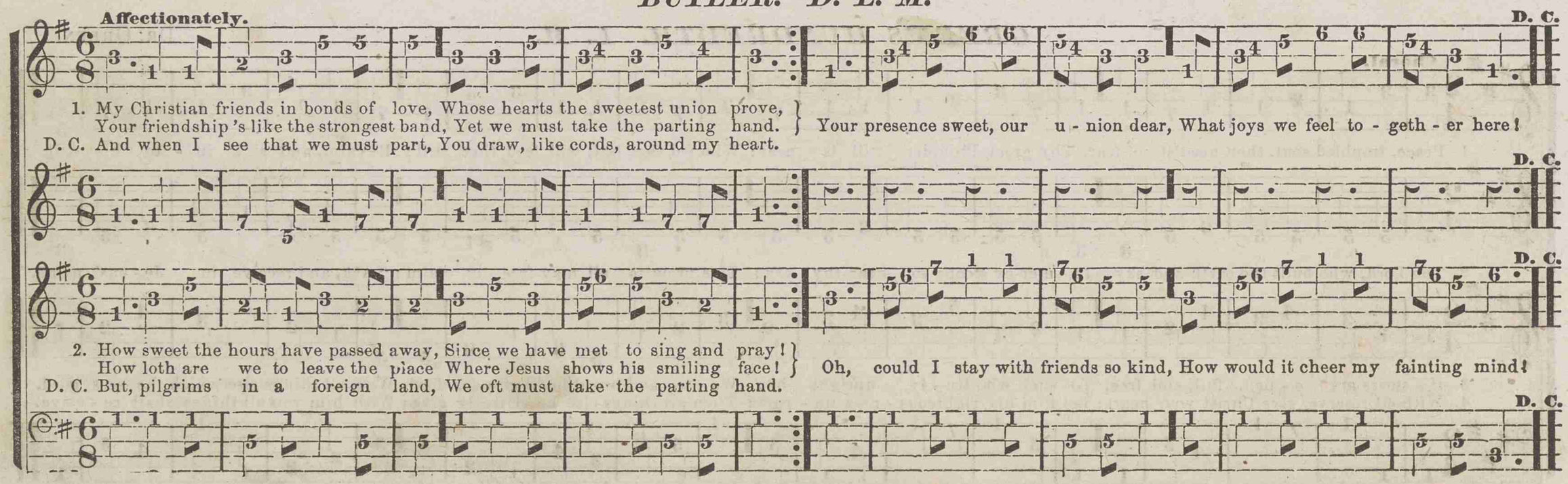
DR. GREEN.



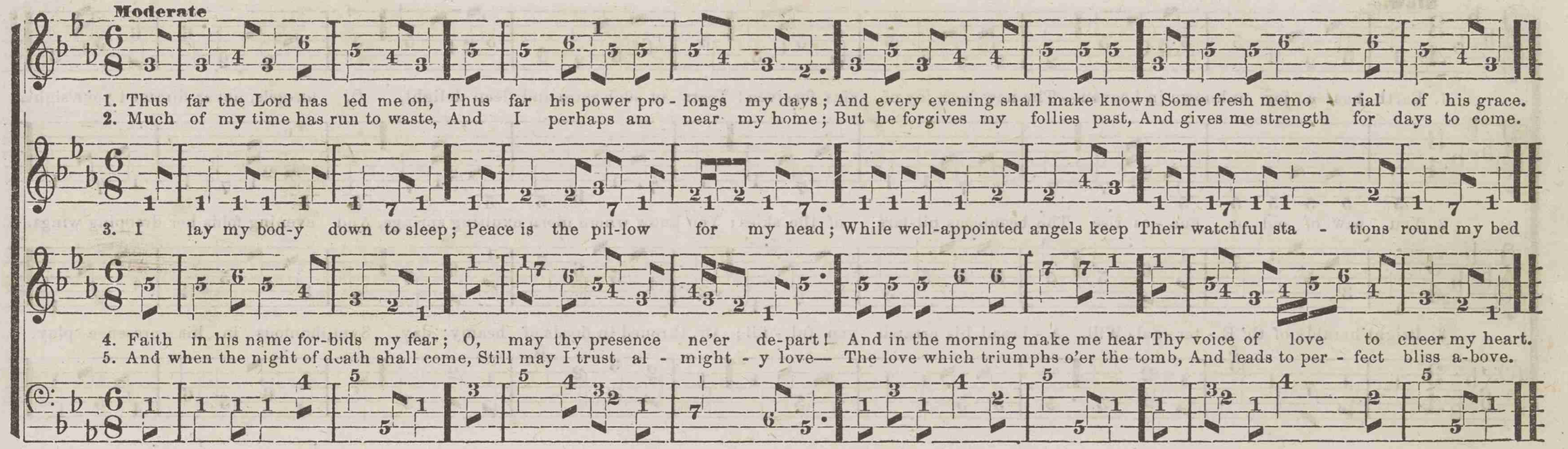
ANGELINE. L. M.



BUTLER. D. L. M.

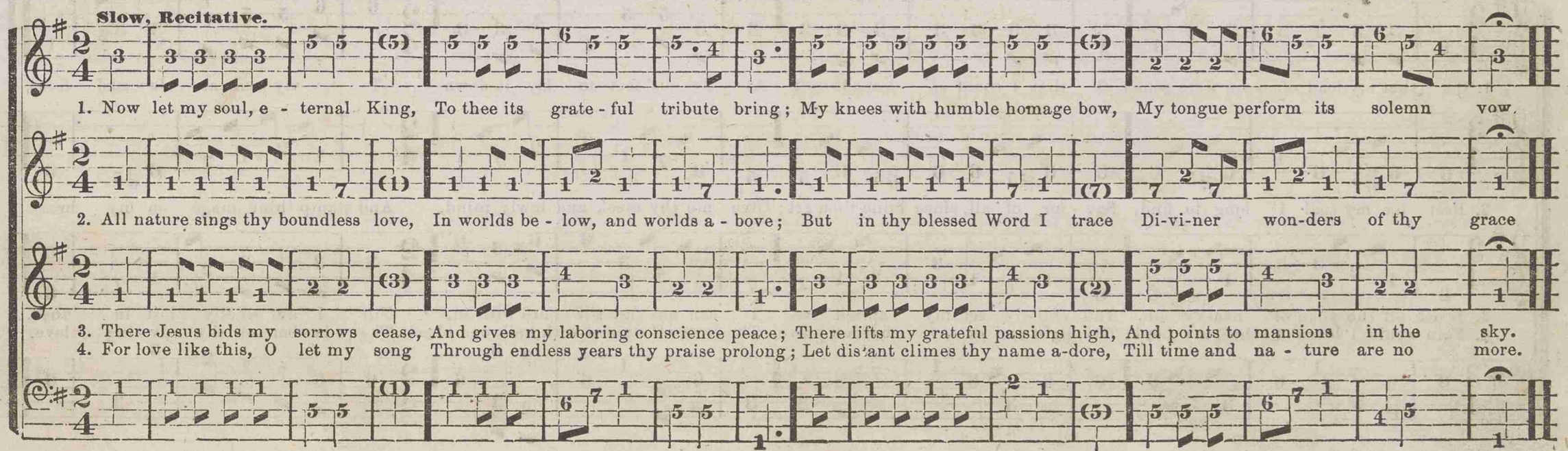


LUTON. L. M.



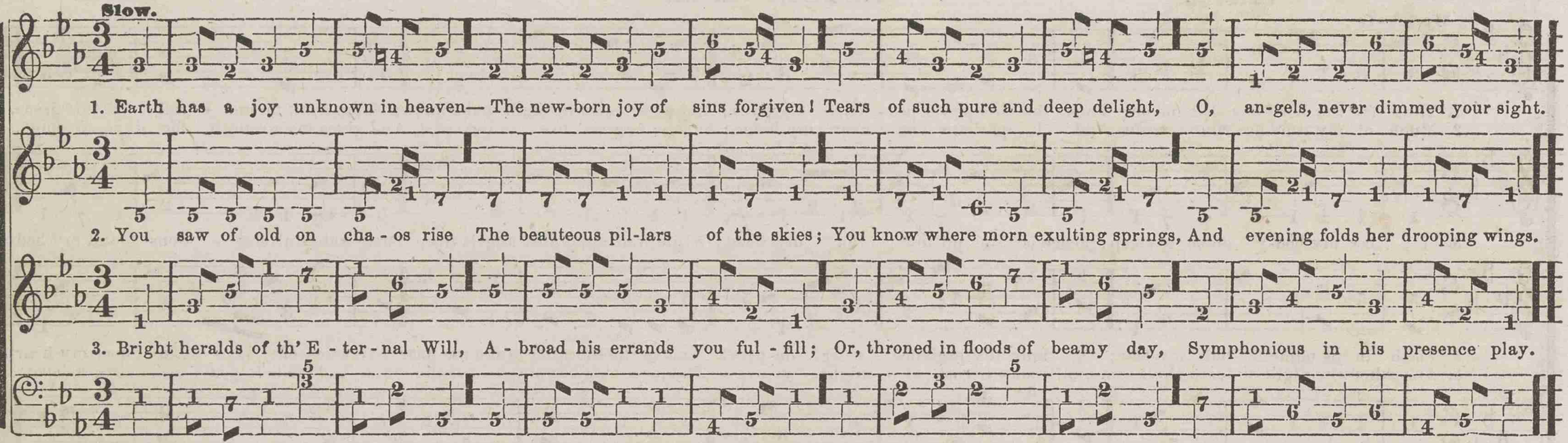
STERLING. L. M.

HARRISON.



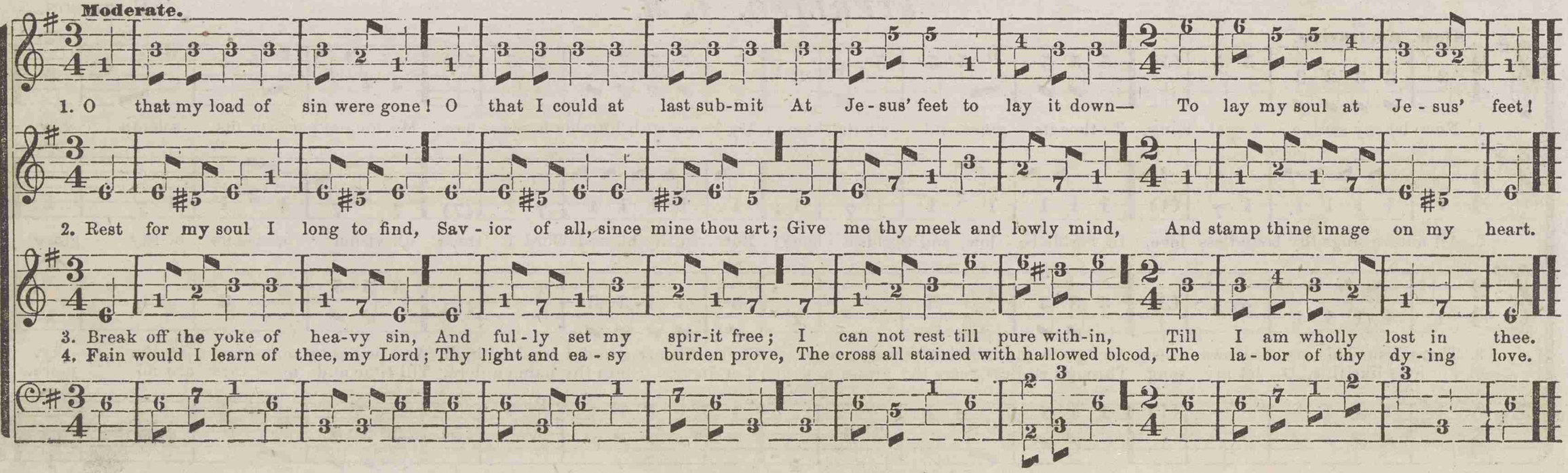
WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.



WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.



BRAINERD. L. M.

1. 'T is darkness here, but Je - sus smiles; His pres - ence ev'ry pain be - guiles; He has the wine that cheers the soul, The oil that makes the wounded whole.

2. Though fast our feet within these stocks, Our hands secured with num' - rous locks, No iron chains our thoughts can bind, There are no fet-ters for the mind.

3. Though we are bound, the word is free; The truth can not im - pris - oned be; The word shall visit ev' - ry land, Though kings and people all with - stand.
4. The word of life which Je - sus sent, Jails, chains, and swords can not pre - vent; Man can not keep the world in night, For God has said, "Let there be light."

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Je - ho-vah reigns, his throne is high; His robes are light and ma - jes - ty; His glory shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.

2. His terrors keep the world in awe; His justice guards his ho - ly law; His love reveals a smiling face; His truth and promise seal the grace.

3. Through all his works his wisdom shines, And baffles Sa-tan's deep designs; His power is sovereign to ful - fill The no - blest counsels of his will.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines.

HAYDN.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers;
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train;
3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports the faint - ing mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace.
4. I'll praise him while he gives me breath; And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be - ing last, And im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th' op - pressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his prom-ise vain.
He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, The wid - ow and the fa-ther - less, And grants the pris' - ner sweet re - lease.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be-ing last, And im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

1. And is the Gospel peace and love? Such let our conver - sation be; The ser-pent blended with the dove— Wisdom and meek sim - plic-i - ty.

2. Whene'er the angry passions rise, And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife, To Jesus let us lift our eyes, Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3. O, how be-ne-vo - lent and kind! How mild, how ready to forgive! Be this the temper of our mind, And these the rules by which we live.

4. To do his heavenly Fa - ther's will Was his employment and delight; Hu - mil - i - ty and love and zeal Shone through his life di - vinely bright.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

THORLEY.

Slow.

5. Dis - pensing good where - e'er he came, The labors of his life were love; O! if we love the Sav - ior's name,
Let his di - vine ex - am - ple move.

D. C.

6. But, ah, how blind, how weak we are! How frail, how apt to turn a - side! Lord, we de - pend up - on thy care;
O, may thy Spir - it be our guide!

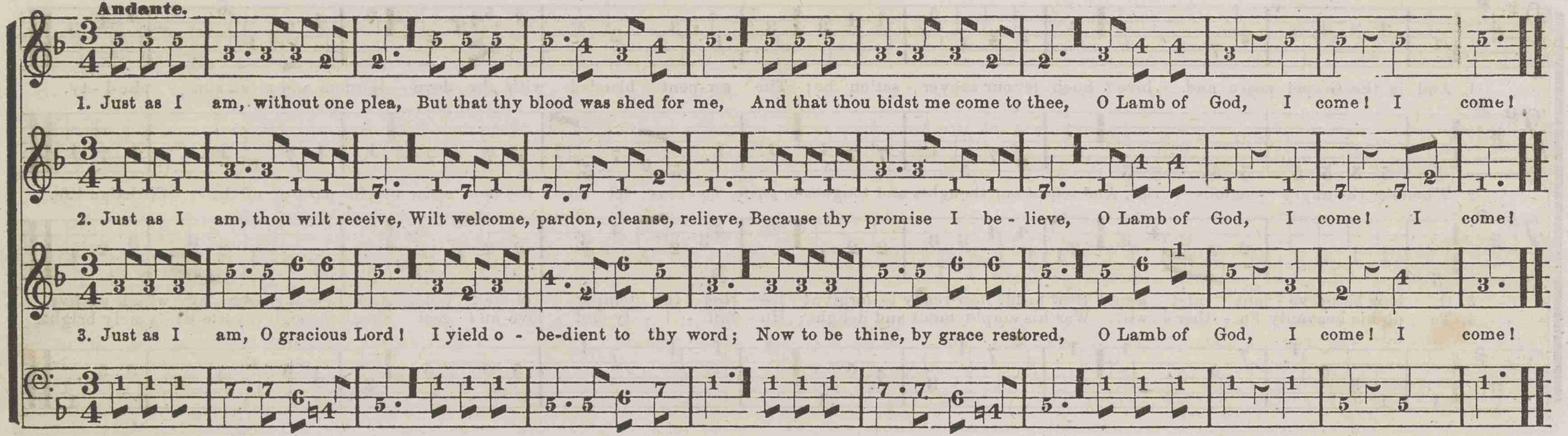
D. C.

7. Thy fair ex - am - ple may we trace, To teach us what we ought to be; Make us, by thy trans - form - ing grace,
Lord, Je-sus, dai - ly more like thee.
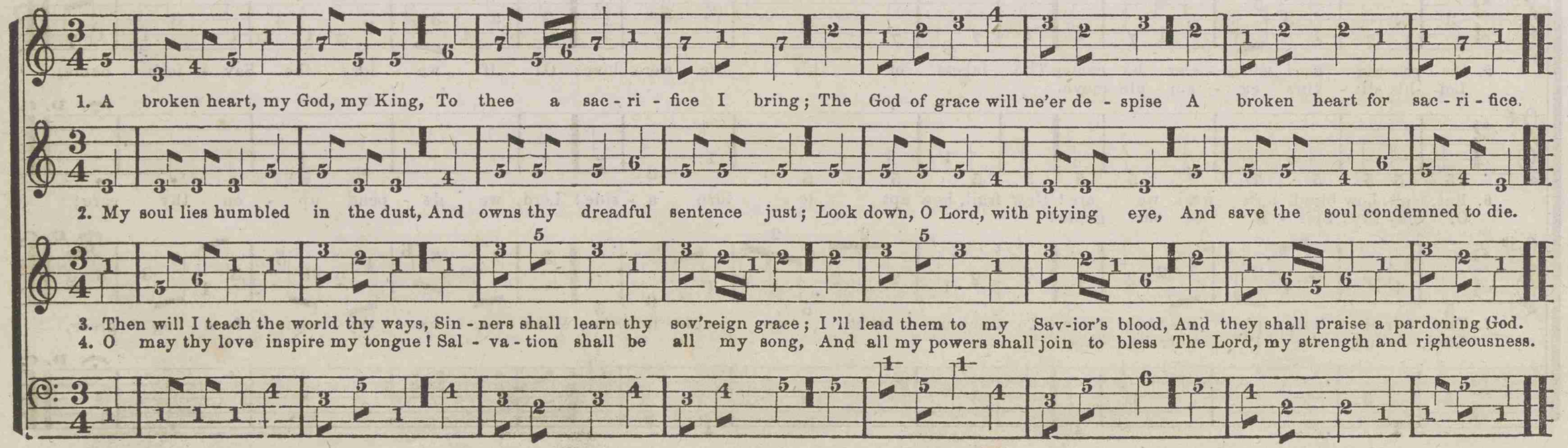
D. C.

HENRY. L. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.



ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



DUANE STREET. D. L. M.

1. A poor, way-far-ing man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly for re-lief That I could nev-er answer, nay.
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He entered; not a word he spake; Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock: his strength was gone; The heedless water mocked his thirst; He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
4. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned To meet a traitor's doom at morn; The tide of lying tongues I stemmed, And honored him mid shame and scorn.
5. Then in a moment to my view The stranger started from disguise; The tokens in his hands I knew—My Savior stood be-fore my eyes!

I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.
And ate, but gave me part a-gain: Mine was an angel's portion then; And, while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was man-na to my taste.
I ran, and raised the sufferer up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped, and returned it running o'er: I drank, and nev-er thirsted more.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die: The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill, But the free spir-it cried, "I will!"
He spake, and my poor name he named: "Of me thou hast not been ashamed; These deeds shall thy me-mo-rial be: Fear not; thou didst it un-to me.

BY PERMISSION.

DRUMMOND. D. L. M.

J. W. SUFFERN.

1. The mu-sic of his step was sought; His time had come, but he came not; His little ones were wont to greet The sound of his re-turn-ing feet:
2. He was a faithful man of God, And in his Sav - ior's footsteps trod; Stern duty bade him oft-en stray From those who near his bosom lay,
3. But, ah! those ears no more shall hear That voice to wife and children dear; Those eyes of love shall nev-er more Look on that face with joy spread o'er;
4. Yet still they look with glistening eye, Till, lo! a ner - ald hastens nigh: He comes, the tale of woe to tell; How he, their prop and glo - ry, fell;

They waited long, were waiting still, To see him hasting o'er the hill, Across the brook, and to the door, His man-ly face with joy spread o'er.

But when from anxious toils returned, Kind hearts with strong affection burned, The husband's and the father's voice, In every ear poured richest joys.

Shall never see their loved one come To cheer their hearth and bless their home! Low lies his form beneath the sod, High lives his spir-it with his God.
How died he in a stranger's room, How strangers laid him in the tomb, How spoke he with his latest breath, And loved and blessed them in his death.

1. The purple tints of morn appear, And glow across the blushing east; The brilliant orb of day is near, To dis - sipate the lingering mist; And while his mantling

2. Cre - a-tion smiles thro' all her tears, Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew; His head the lofty mountain rears, To meet the earliest sunbeam true: So shall I smile, a-

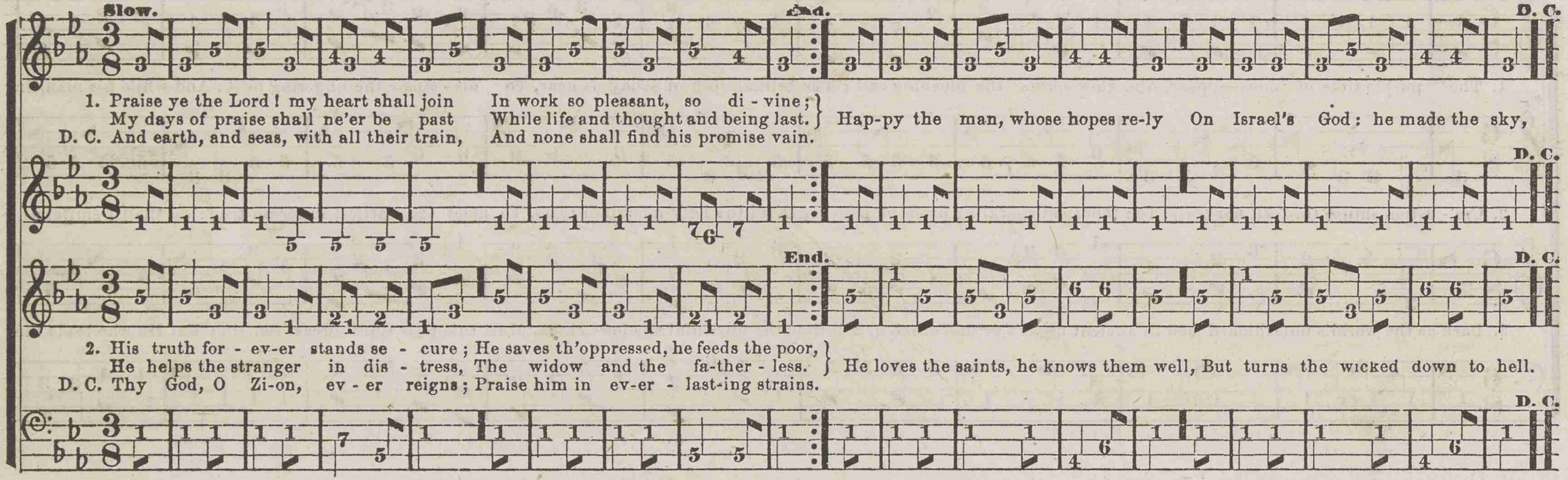
3. Dark as the world's unfashioned face In ancient night's primeval reign, Till thou the mournful shadows chase, Must this poor sinful breast remain; But He who leads the

splendors dart Their radiance o'er the kindling skies, To chase the darkness of my heart, Arise, O God of light, a - rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!

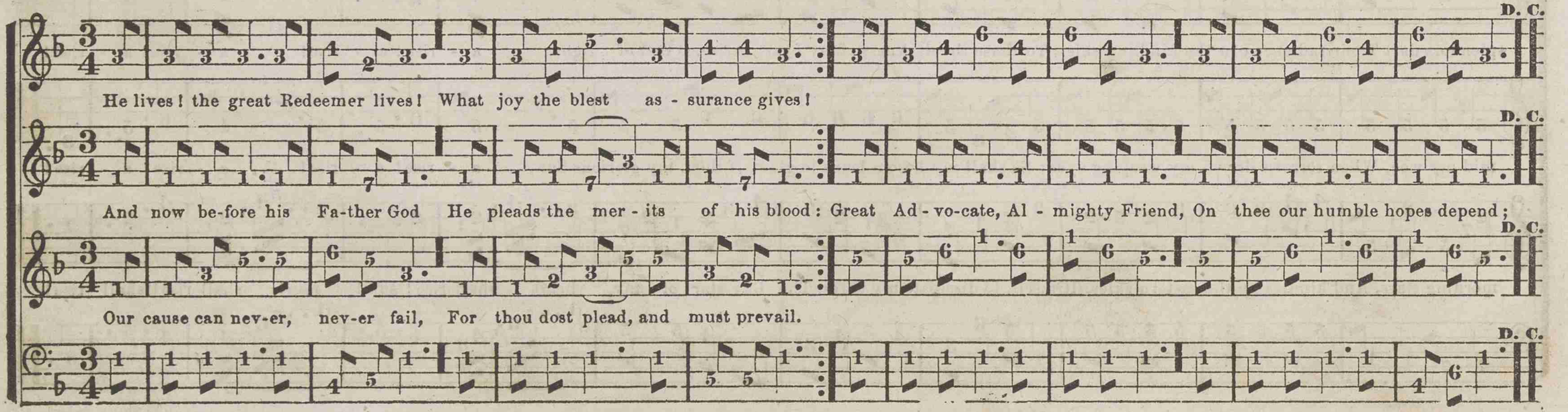
mid my woe, When sorrows drown my weeping eyes; So shall my bosom learn to glow, If thou, my glorious Sun, a - rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!

morning stars, And kindles up the eastern skies, Himself, to dissipate my cares, The Day-star of my heart shall rise! shall rise! shall rise! shall rise!

LYSTER. D. L. M.



YOUNG. D. L. M. *



TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

1. Ye nations round the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your Sovereign King; Serve him with cheer - ful heart and voice, With all your
2. The Lord is God; 't is he a - lone Doth life and breath and be-ing give; We are his works, and not our own, The sheep that
3. En-ter his gates with songs of joy; With praises to his courts re - pair; And make it your di - vine em - ploy, To pay your
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mer-cy sure; And all the race of man shall find His truth from

tongues his glo - ry sing, With all your tongues his glory sing.
on his pas-ture live, The sheep that on his pasture live.
thanks and hon-ors there, To pay your thanks and honors there.
age to age en - dure, His truth from age to age en - dure.

NEWMAN. L. M.

With dignity.

1. Lord, bless thy saints assembled here, In solemn cov'nant now to join;
   U - nite them in thy ho-ly fear, And in thy love their hearts combine.
2. O give this church a large increase Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
   Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace, And clothe them with thy righteousness.
3. Make here a garden walled with grace, A temple built for God be - low;
   Where thy blest saints may see thy face, And fruits of thy blest Spir-it grow.

MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

1. From ev'-ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'T is found beneath the Mercy-seat.
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought Mercy-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.
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed, Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suffering souls no Mercy-seat?
5. There, there on ea-gle 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.
6. O! let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still, This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for-get the Mercy-seat.

LANCASTER. L. M.

1. Heaven is a place of rest from sin, But all who hope to enter there Must here that ho-ly course be-gin Which shall their souls for rest pre-pare.
2. In Jesus' footsteps may we tread, Learn ev'ry les-son of his love, And be from grace to glo-ry led, From heaven below to heaven a-bove.

BIRMINGHAM. L. M.

Not too fast.

1. With Israel's God who can compare? Or who like Is - rael hap-py are? O people saved by the Lord, He is our shield, our great re - ward.

2. Upheld by ev - er - last - ing arms, We are se - cure from foes and harms; In vain their plots, and false their boasts, Our ref - uge is the Lord of hosts.

MONTROSE. L. M.

BARTHELMON.

1. Lord, let thy goodness lead our land, Still saved by thy al - mighty hand, The tribute of its love to bring To thee, our Savior and our King.

2. Let ev'ry pub - lic temple raise Triumphant songs of holy praise; Let ev'ry peaceful, private home, A temple, Lord, to thee be - come.

3. Still be it our su-preme de - light To walk as in thy glorious sight; Still in thy pre-cepts, and thy fear, Till life's last hour to per-se - vere.

D

WALNUT STREET. L. M.

B. SKENE.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns, he dwells in light, Ar-rayed with ma-jes - ty and might; The world, cre-a - ted by his hands, Still on its firm foun - da - tion stands.

2. But ere this precious world was made, Or had its first foun - da - tion laid, His throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Him-self the ev - er - liv - ing God.

3. For - ev - er shall his throne en-dure; His promise stands for - ev - er sure; And ev - er-last - ing ho - li - ness Becomes the dwelling of his grace,

EATON. L. M. 6 lines.

WYVILL.

Still on its firm foun - da-tion stands.

Himself the ev - er - liv - ing God.

Becomes the dwelling of his grace.

1. What e-qual hon-ors shall we bring To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb, When all the notes that

2. Wor - thy is he that once was slain, The Prince of life that groaned and died; Wor-thy to rise and

3. Hon - or im-mor-tal must be paid, In - stead of scandal and of scorn; While glo-ry shines a-

4. Bless - ings for ev - er on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretched man! Let an-gels sound his

an - gels sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy name? When all the notes that an-gels sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy name?

live and reign At his Al-mighty Father's side; Wor - thy to rise and live and reign At his Al-mighty Father's side.

round his head, He wears a crown with-out a thorn; While glo - ry shines a-round his head, He wears a crown without a thorn.
sa - cred name, And ev'-ry creature say "A - men!" Let an-gels sound his sa-cred name, And ev' - ry creature say "A-men!"

BALMORAL. L. M.

PRINCE ALBERT.

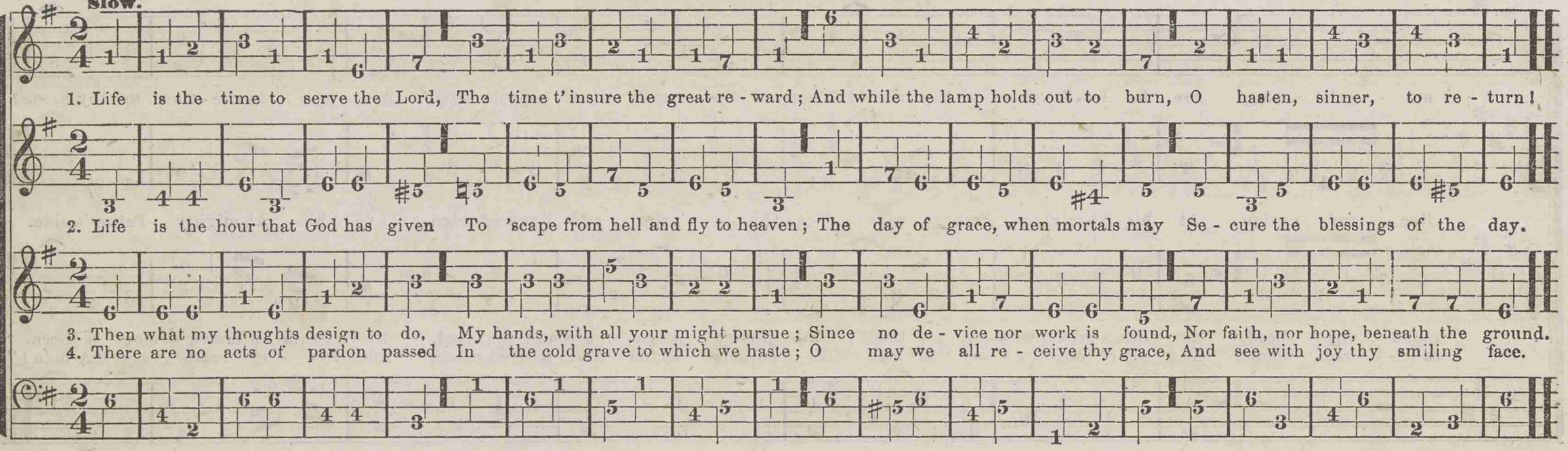
Slow.

1. God, in the gospel of his Son, Makes his e - ternal counsels known; 'T is here his richest mercy shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.

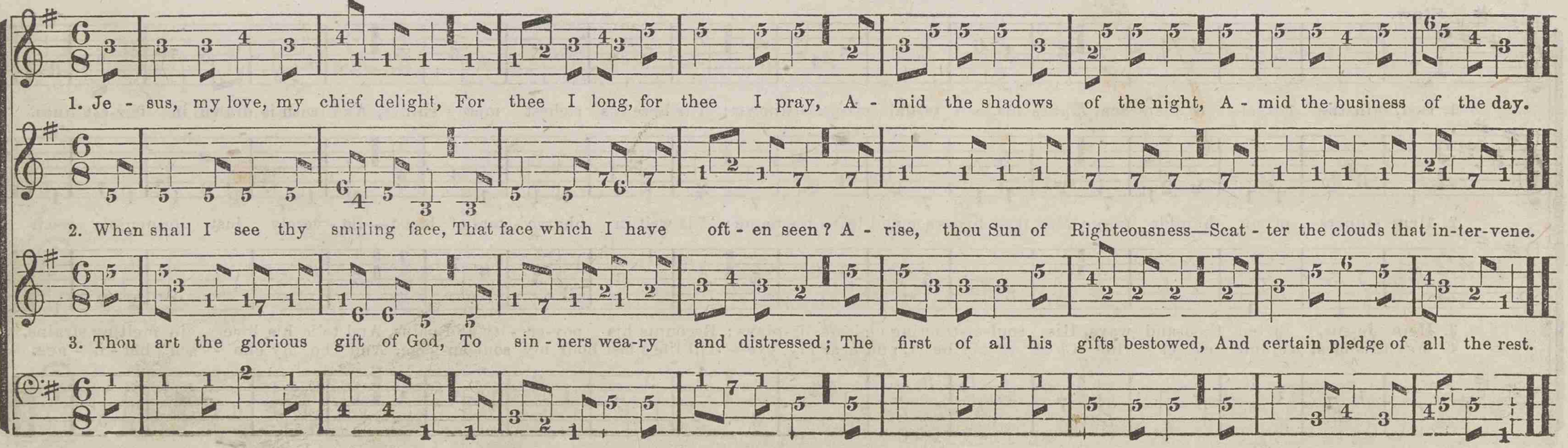
2. Here sinners of an humble frame May taste his grace and learn his name; 'T is writ in charac - ters of blood— Se - verely just, immensely good.

3. Here Je-sus, in ten thousand ways, His soul-at-tracting charms dis-plays; Recounts his pov-er - ty and pains, And tells his love in melting strains.
4. May this blest volume ev - er lie Close to my heart, and near my eye— Till life's last hour my soul en-gage, And be my cho - sen her - it - age.

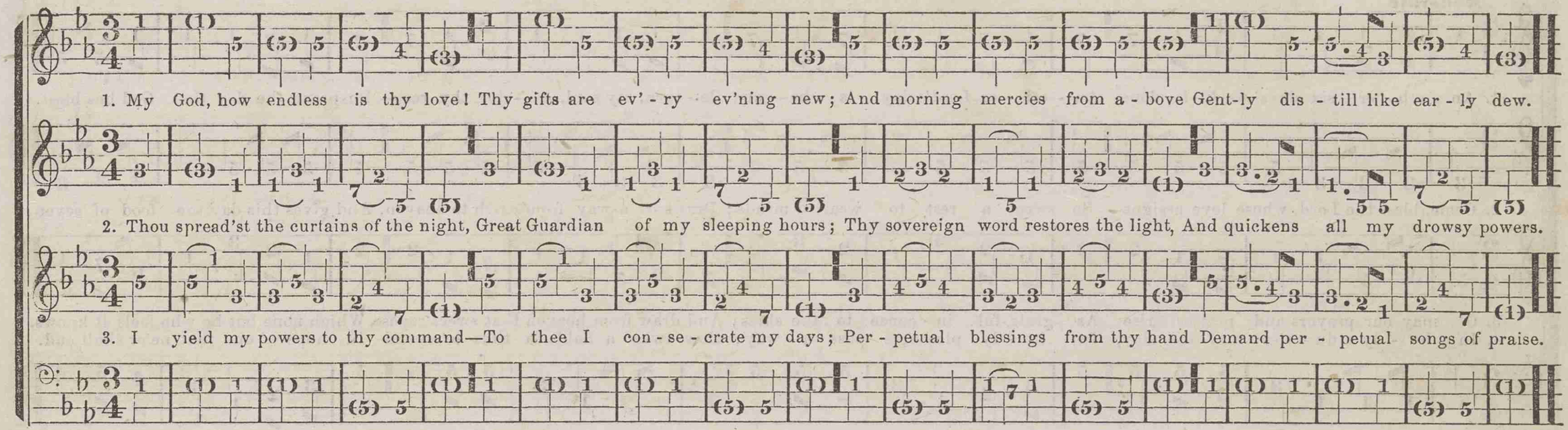
OLD SAXONY. L. M.



PEACE. L. M.

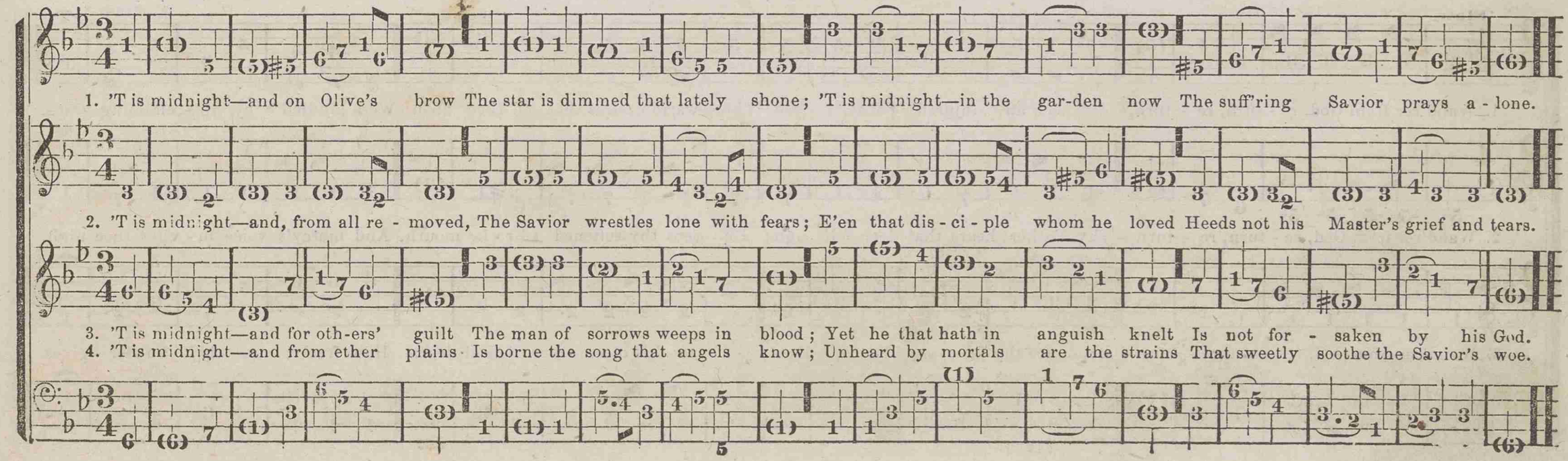


GRATITUDE. L. M.
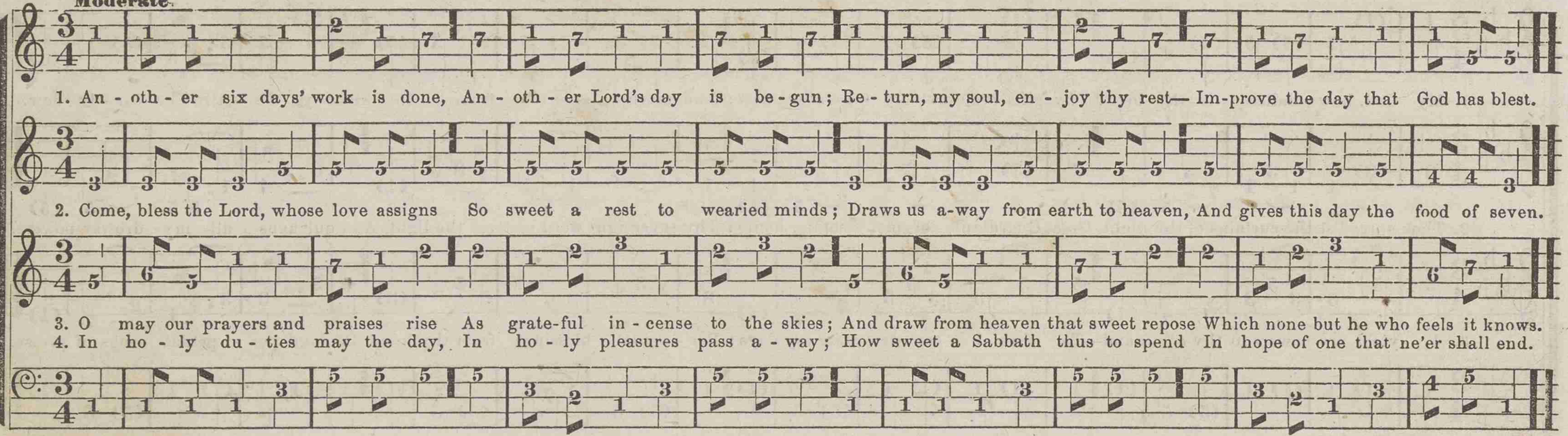


EVENING HYMN. L. M.

JER. CLARK.
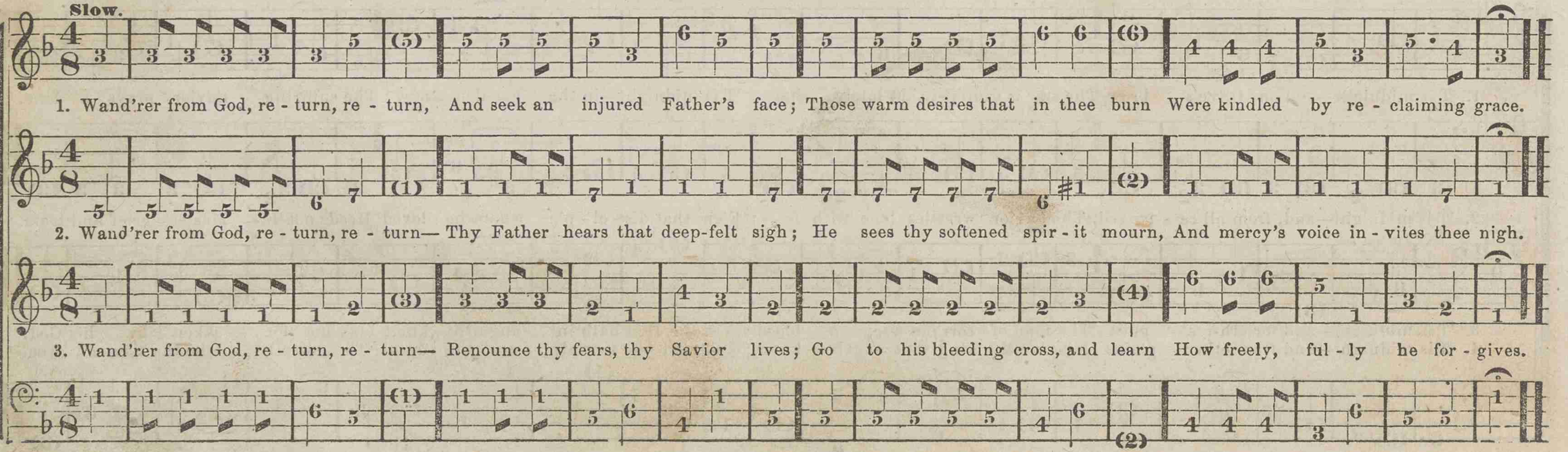


SPURGEON. L. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.



MELROSE. L. M. Chant 1.



1. "Land a - head," its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fad-less green; And the liv - ing waters lav-ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

2. On-ward, bark! the cape I 'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands. Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor - tal bands.

3. There, let go the anchor, riding On this calm and silvery bay; Seaward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
4. Now we 're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past; Praise the rock of our sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms we 'll fear no more, When on that e - ternal shore; Drop the anchor, Furl the sail, We are safe within the vail.

Rocks and storms we 'll fear no more, When on that e - ternal shore; Drop the anchor, Furl the sail, We are safe within the vail.

FELICITY. L. M., with Chorus.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. I hear a voice at dawn of day, And to my heart it seems to say, When sorrow dims hope's brightest ray, "There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."

2. I hear it at the e - ventide, When fitful shadows round me glide, Still whisp'ring gently at my side, "There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven.

Chorus.

There is rest, sweet rest in heaven.

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

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

3 At busy hour of noon I hear
The same sweet words accost my ear,
With power to stay the rising tear:
"There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
There is sweet rest, etc.

4 Blest words, which tell of naught but joy,
Of endless rest without alloy!
Well may they oft our thoughts employ;
"There 's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
There is sweet rest, etc.

5 Spirit of life and love divine,
Subdue my heart and make it thine,
That I may dwell upon, as mine,
"That rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
There is sweet rest, etc.

BLENDON. L. M.

1. King Jesus reign for - ev - er - more, Un - ri - valed in thy courts a - bove; While we, with all thy saints, a - dore The wonders of re - deem-ing love.
2. No oth-er Lord but thee we 'll know, No oth-er power but thine con-fess; We 'll spread thine honors while below, And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
3. We 'll sing along the heavenly road That leads us to thy blest a - bode, Till with the vast un-numbered throng We join in heaven's tri-umphant song,—
4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet, And sing of ev - er - last-ing love, In nev - er end - ing strains a - bove.

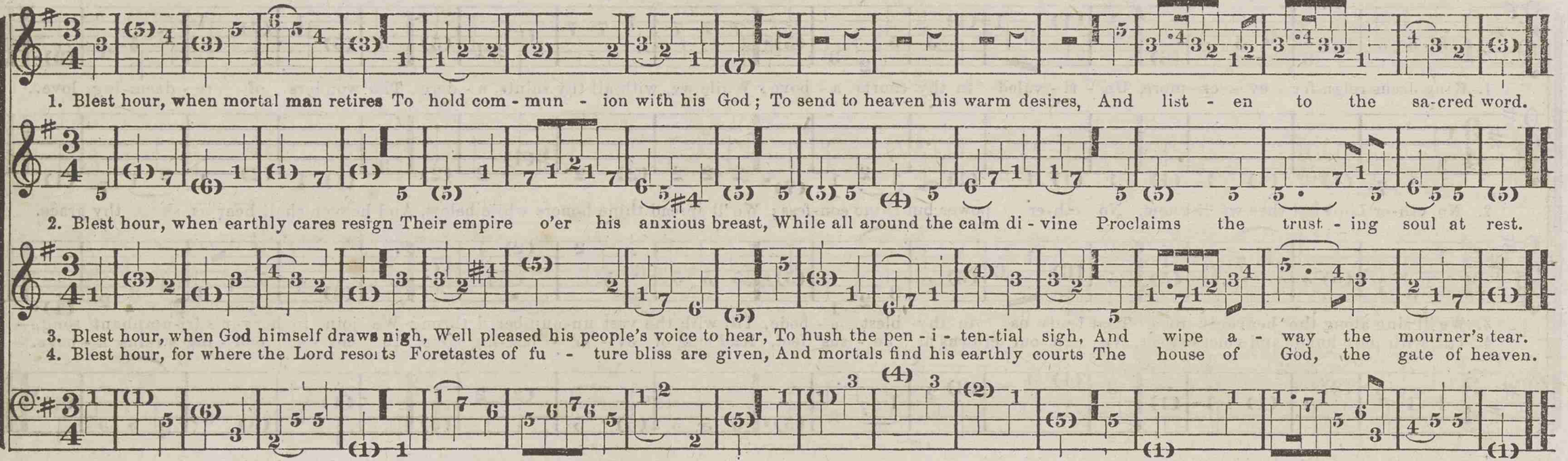
BAXTER. L. M.

Slow. Tenderly.

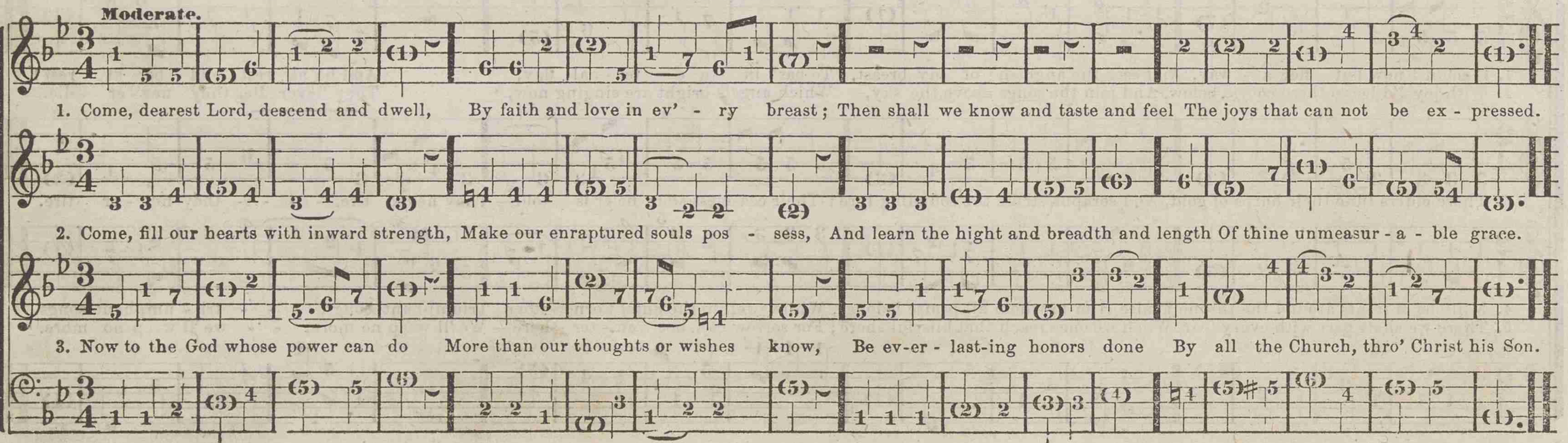
1. O could I now but flee a - way, And ease the anguish of my breast, To bask in an e - ter - nal day, And be at rest! and be at rest!
2. With joy I'd leave these courts below, And join the songs above the sky, Which angels bright are singing now, They never die, they nev - er die.
3. There elders tune their harps of gold, And seraphs strike the sounding lyre; Their ceaseless story ne'er is told— They never tire, - - - - they nev - er tire.
4. Millions of saints around the throne Praise Him to whom all praise belongs, While swell to the chief Corner-stone Triumphant songs, - - - tri - umphant songs.
5. There we shall part with every tear, When we once reach that blissful shore; For sorrow can not en - ter there— We 'll weep no more, - - we 'll weep no more.

ST. PETER'S. L. M.

HARWOOD.

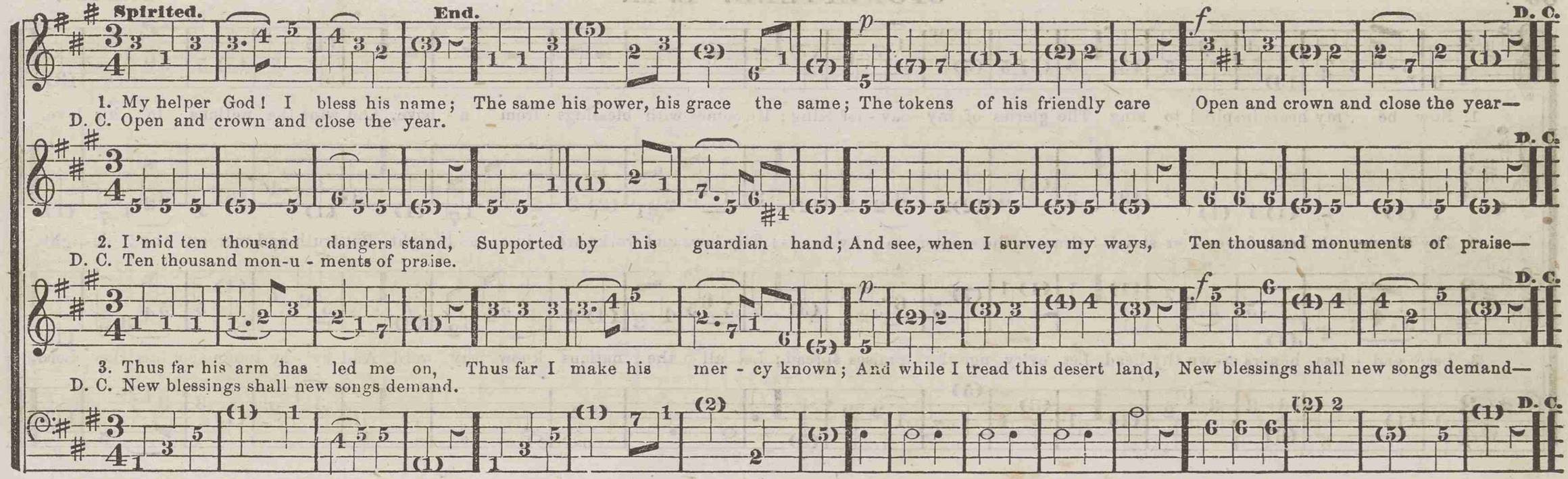


DOUGLAS. L. M.



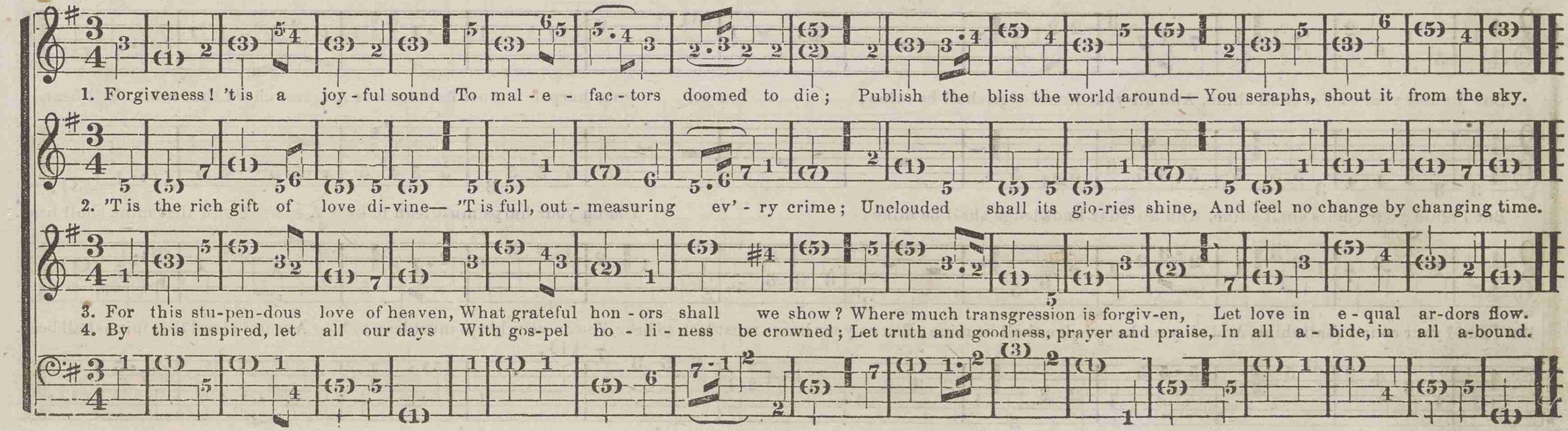
PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



PILESGROVE. L. M.

MITCHELL.



STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

1. Now be my heart inspired to sing The glories of my Sav - ior King; He comes with blessings from a - bove, And wins the nations to his love.

2. Thy throne, O Lord, for-ev - er stands! Grace is the scepter in thy hands; Thy laws and works are just and right, But truth and mer-cy thy de-light.

3. Let end - less honors crown thy head, Let ev'ry age thy praises spread; Let all the nations know thy word, And ev' - ry tongue confess thee Lord.

ECSTASY. L. M.

D. REED.

But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine; You on your harps must lean to hear A secret chord that mine shall bear.

But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine; You on your harps must lean to hear A secret chord that mine shall bear.

But I amid your courts shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine; You on your harps must lean to hear, You on your harps must lean to hear A secret chord that mine shall bear.

ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

1. Prayer is ap - point-ed to con-vey The blessings God de - signs to give; Long as they live should Christians pray, For on - ly while they pray they live.

2. If pain af - flict or wrongs oppress; If cares dis-tract or fears dis - may; If guilt de - ject, if sin dis - tress— ev' - ry case, still watch and pray.

AMBOY. D. L. M.

D. C.

1. Have mercy on me, O my God; In lov - ing kindness hear my prayer;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod; Lord, in thy ten-der mer-cy spare. } A per-fect heart in me cre - ate, Re - new my soul in in-no-cence;
D. C. Cast not the suppliant from thy gate, Nor take thy ho - ly Spir-it hence.

D. C.

2. Thy con-so - la - tions, as of old, Now to my troubled mind restore;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold, And guide my steps to fall no more. } The broken heart in sac - ri - fice Alone may thine ac-cept-ance meet;
D. C My heart, O God, do not despise, Bro-ken and con-trite at thy feet!

D. C.

CARLISLE. L. M.

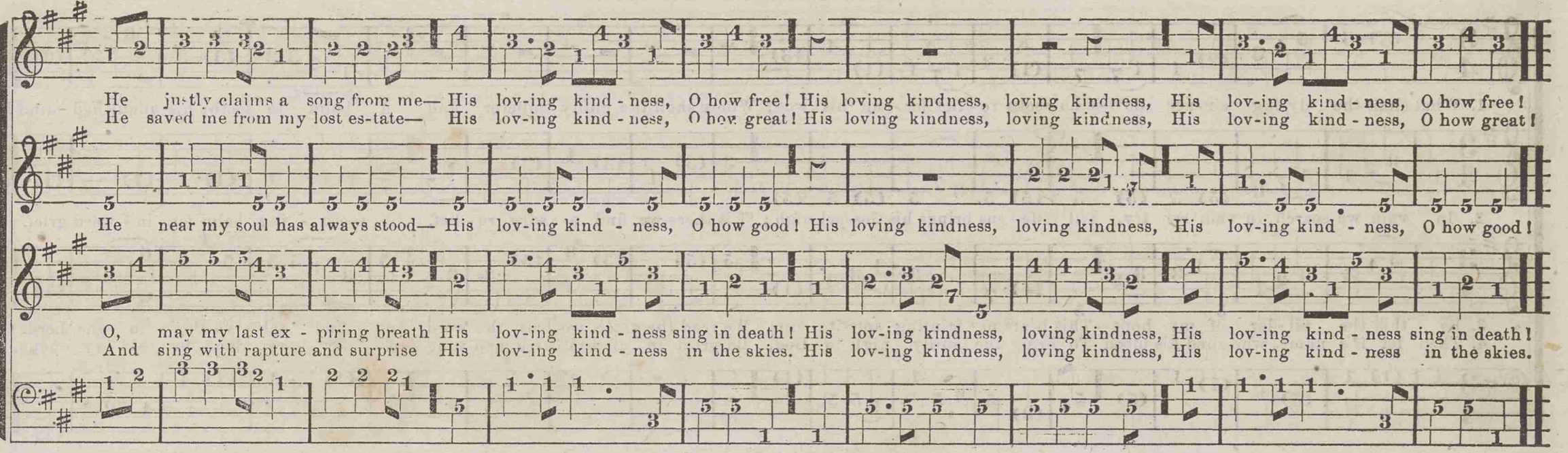
MRS. L. J. HARRISON.

1. There is a glo - rious home on high, Re - splen - dent with e - ter - nal day; Faith views the bliss - ful prospect nigh,
2. There shall the serv - ants of the Lord With nev - er - fad - ing lus - ter shine; Sur - pris - ing hon - or! vast re - ward!
3. Res - cued from that de - struct-ive way, Where err - ing fol - ly thought - less roves; The heaven - ly vir - tue they dis-play,
4. The shin - ing firm - a - ment shall fade, And spark - ling stars re - sign their light; But these shall know no change nor shade—
5. On wings of faith and strong de - sire, O, may our spir - its dai - ly rise! And reach at last the shin-ing choir

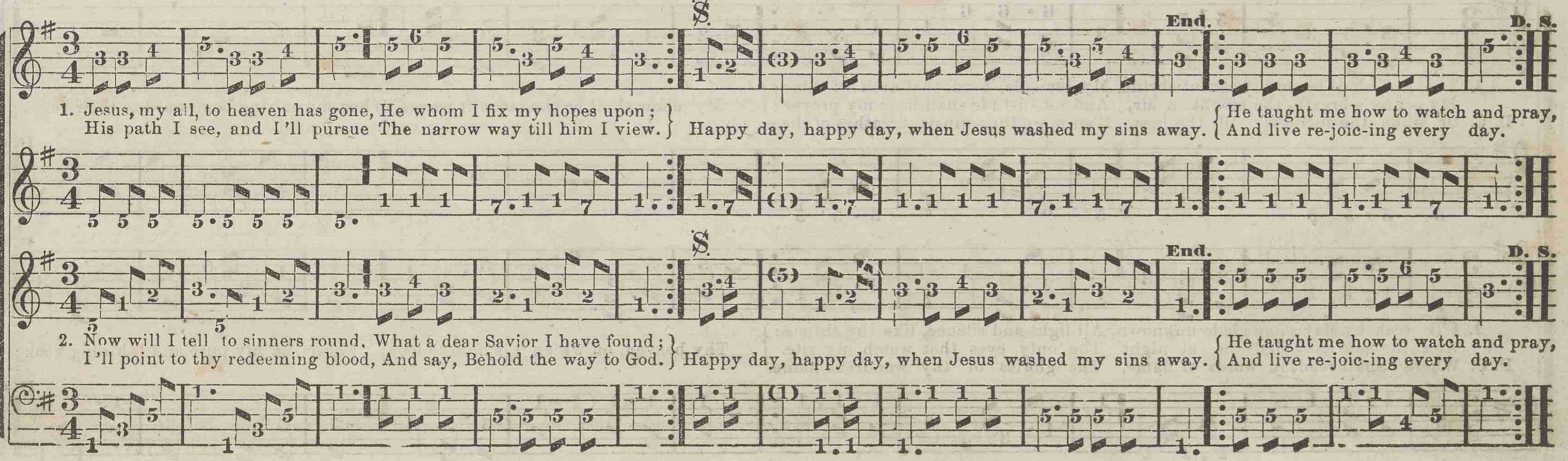
While God's own Word re - veals the way.
Con - ferred on men by love di - vine.
Which Je - sus taught and God ap - proves.
For - ev - er fair, for - ev - er bright.
In the bright man - sions of the skies.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re-deemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all;
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mor - tal powers shall fail;
5. Then let me mount and soar a - way To the bright world of endless day,


He justly claims a song from me— His lov-ing kind - ness, O how free! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate— His lov-ing kind - ness, O how great! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how great!
He near my soul has always stood— His lov-ing kind - ness, O how good! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how good!
O, may my last ex - piring breath His lov-ing kind - ness sing in death! His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness sing in death!
And sing with rapture and surprise His lov-ing kind - ness in the skies. His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness in the skies.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.


1. Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His path I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.
Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing every day.
2. Now will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, Behold the way to God.
Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing every day.
End.
D. S.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

1. What shall the dy-ing sin-ner do Who seeks re - lief for all his woe? Where shall the guilty sufferer find A balm to soothe his anguished mind?

2. In vain we search, in vain we try, Till Je - sus brings his Gos-pel nigh; 'T is there we find a sure re - lief, A sooth - ing balm for in - ward grief.

3. Be this the pil - lar of my hope—This bears my fainting spir-it up; We read the grace, we trust the word, And find sal - va-tion in the Lord.

4. Then let His name, who shed his blood To bring the guilty nigh to God, Be great in all the earth, and sung In ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.

VANCHURCH. D. L. M. *

Moderate.

1. The turf shall be my fragrant shrine, My tem-ple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's breath, the mountain air, And sol - i-tude shall hear my prayer;
D. C. Or when the stillness of the sea, E'en more than music, breathes of thee.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves, When murm'ring homeward to their caves;

2. I 'll seek by day some glade unknown, All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be at night The only eyes that watch my rite.
D. C. Where I shall read, in words of flame, The glories of thy wondrous name.

Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look, Shall be my pure and shining book;

SONNET. L. M., with Chorus. *

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear,
   And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise,
   My soul for joy then spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly

2. With cheerful hopes her eyes ex - plore Each landmark on the distant shore—
   The trees of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream;
   A - gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly

3. When nearer still she draws to land, More ea-ger all her powers expand;
   With steady helm and free-bent sail, Her anchor drops with-in the vail;
   Oh, then with joy she folds her wings, And her ce - les - tial

Ritard.

son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu! vain world, a - dieu! And loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu!

son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu! vain world, a - dieu! And loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu!

son - net sings, On Canaan's shore! on Ca - naan's shore! And her ce - les - tial son - net sings, On Ca - naan's shore!

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

SMITH.

1. While we the emp - ty tomb sur - vey, We sing the tri - umphs of this day; The Savior rose! he broke Death's chain,
2. The bar - ren grave, on this blest morn, Brought forth our Sav - ior, her first - born; Soon shall she feel a sec - ond throe,
3. The life which wrought in Christ our head, Se - cures our ris - ing from the dead; This faith does all our fears con - trol,
4. Our ris - en Lord all things o - bey— E'en death and hell must own his sway; While saints with one ac - cord pro - claim

And all our hell - ish foes are slain.
And bring forth all his breth - ren too.
This gives a Sab - bath to the soul.
The glo - ry of his end - less fame.

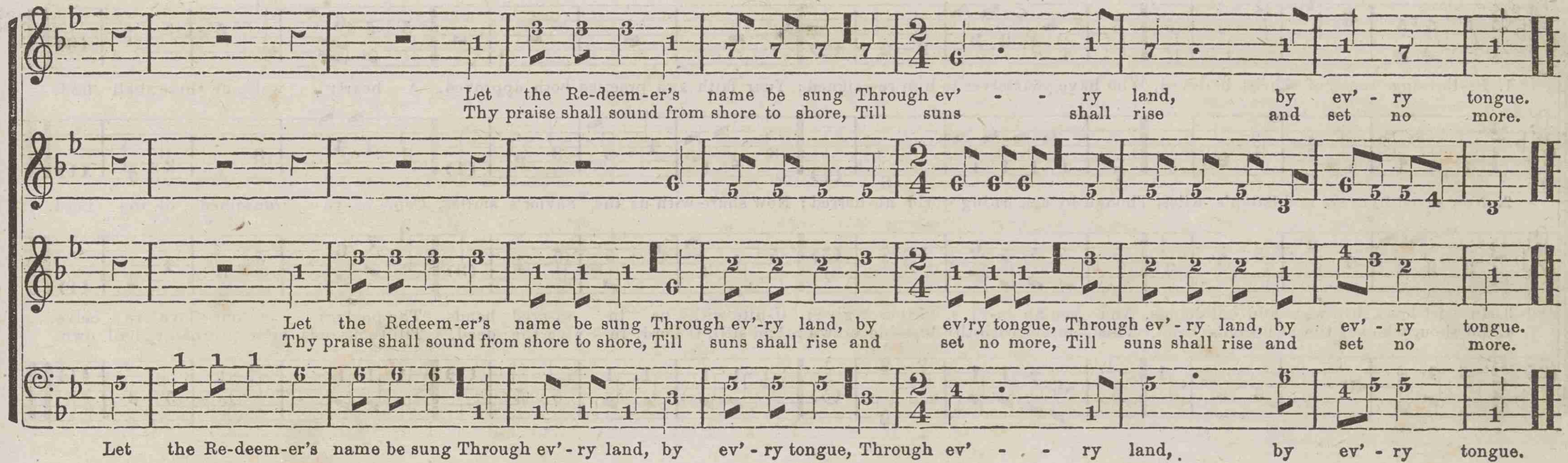
BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.

Deliberately.
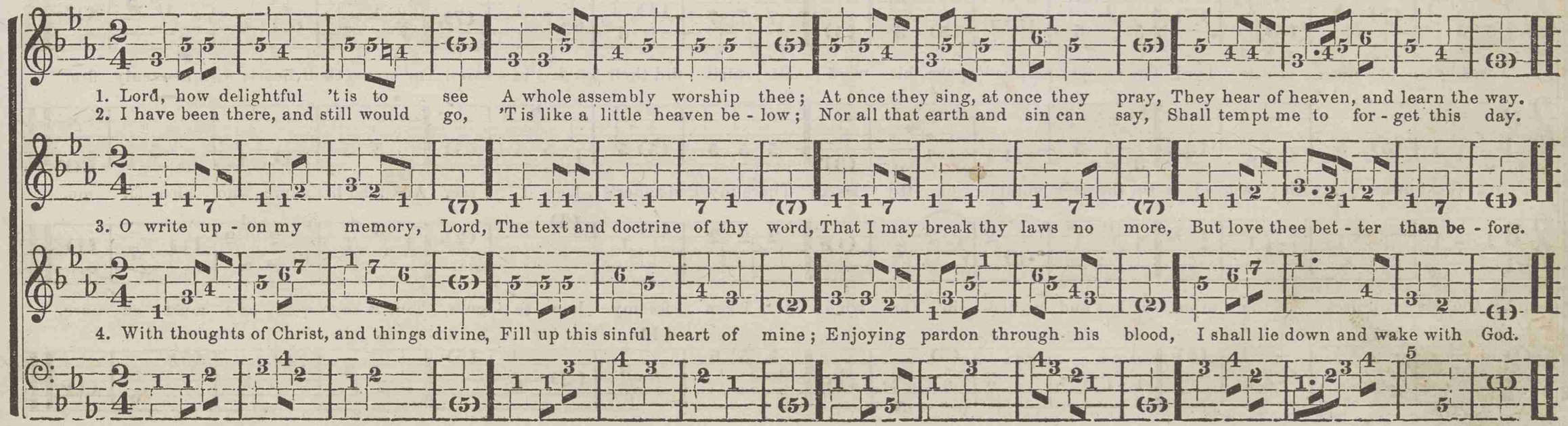
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord—E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord—E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;
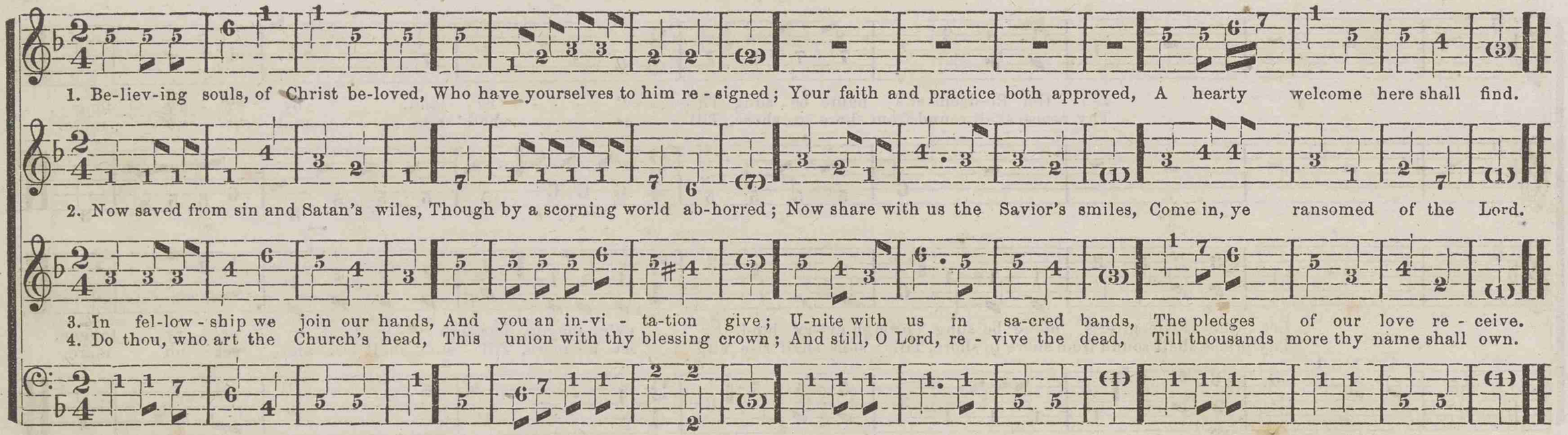


NEWRY. L. M.

HATTON.

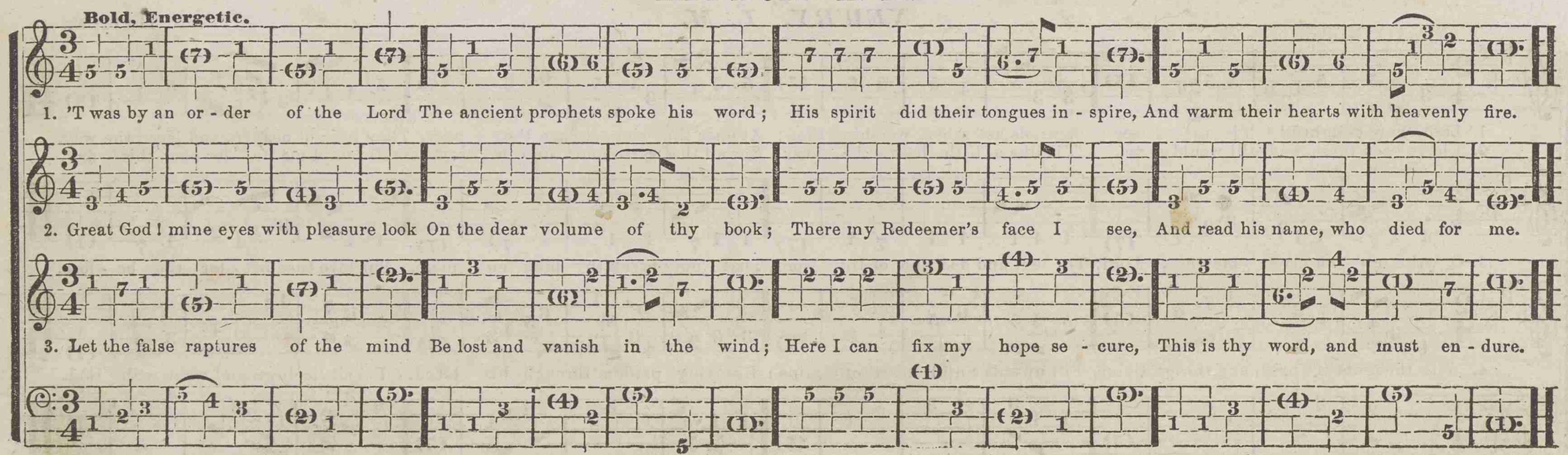


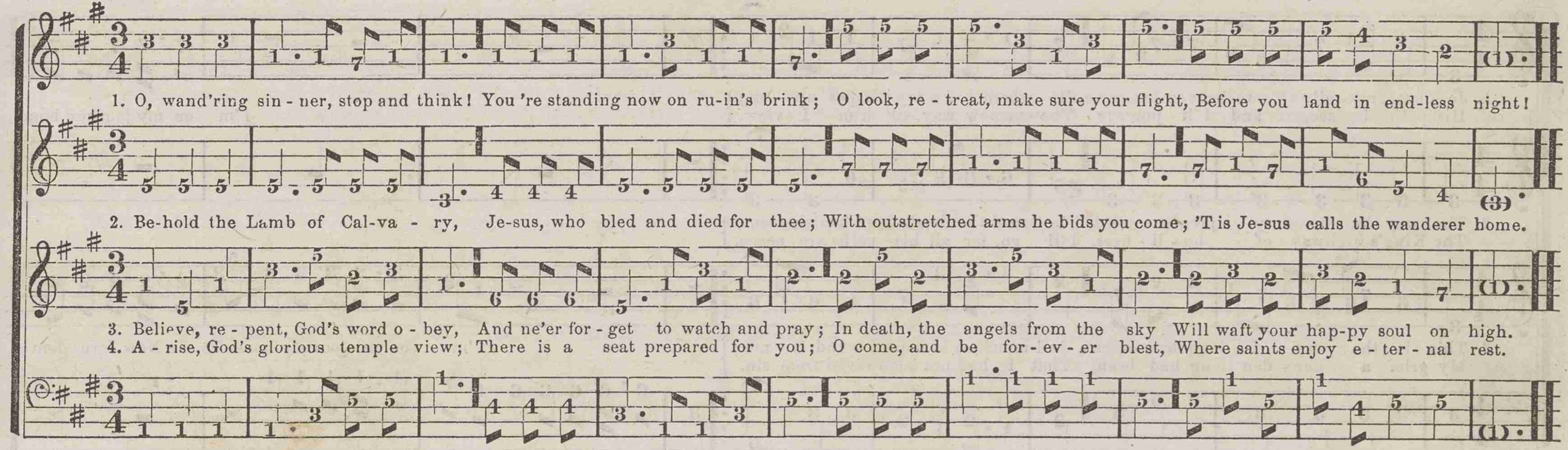
FILLMORE. L. M.

A. B. Irving.

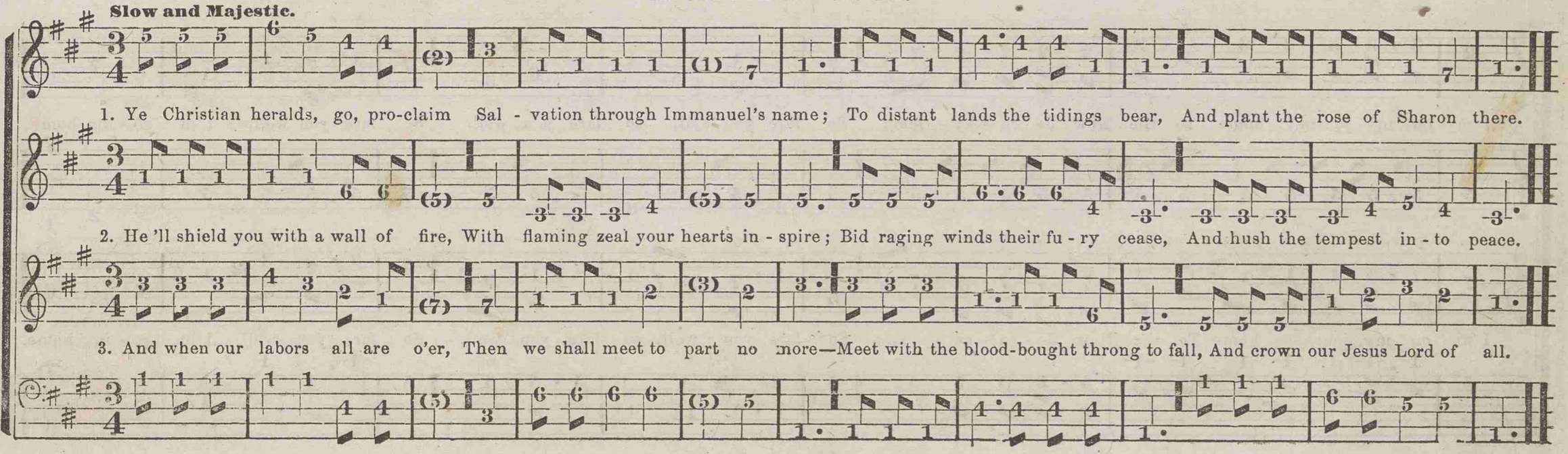


MENDON. L. M.




1. O, wand'ring sin - ner, stop and think! You 're standing now on ru-in's brink; O look, re - treat, make sure your flight, Before you land in end-less night!
2. Be-hold the Lamb of Cal-va - ry, Je-sus, who bled and died for thee; With outstretched arms he bids you come; 'T is Je-sus calls the wanderer home.
3. Believe, re - pent, God's word o - bey, And ne'er for - get to watch and pray; In death, the angels from the sky Will waft your hap-py soul on high.
4. A - rise, God's glorious temple view; There is a seat prepared for you; O come, and be for - ev - er blest, Where saints enjoy e - ter - nal rest.

MULLINS. L. M.


Slow and Majestic.
1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro-claim Sal - vation through Immanuel's name; To distant lands the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.
2. He 'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in - spire; Bid raging winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more—Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

PILGRIMAGE. L. M., with Chorus.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven has gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
   His path I see, and I'll pur-sue The narrow way, till him I view.

   I'm on my journey home,

2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banish-ment,
   The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long had sought, And mourned because I found it not;
   My grief a bur - den long had been, That I had not been saved from sin.

   I'm on my journey home To the New Jerusalem;

4. The more I strove a - gainst its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more;
   Till late I heard my Sav-ior say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

   I'm on my journey home To the New Jerusalem;

I'm on my journey home To the New Je - ru - sa - lem; So fare you well, so fare you well, So fare you well, I'm go - ing home.

I'm on my journey home To the New Je - ru - sa - lem; So fare you well, so fare you well, So fare you well, I'm go - ing home.

EUPHRATES. L. M.

Slow.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd, And Zion was our mourn-ful theme.
2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings neglected hung On willow - trees that wither'd there.
3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skilful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God our King Be sung by slaves in fo - reign lands?
4. O Salem, once our hap - py seat, When I of thee for - get - ful prove, Let then the trembling hand for - get The tuneful strings with art to move.

PALMER. L. M.

From Day & Beall's Psalmist.

1. Oh for a sight, a pleas-ing sight, Of our Al - might - y Father's throne! There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light, Clothed with a body like our own.
2. A - dor-ing saints a-round him stand, And thrones and powers before him fall; The God shines gracious through the man, And sheds bright glories on them all.
3. Oh, what a - maz-ing joys they feel, While to their gold-en harps they sing, And e - cho from each heavenly hill The glorious triumphs of their King!
4. When shall the day, O Lord, ap - pear That I shall mount to dwell a - bove, With joy to bow a-mong them there, And view thy face, and sing thy love?

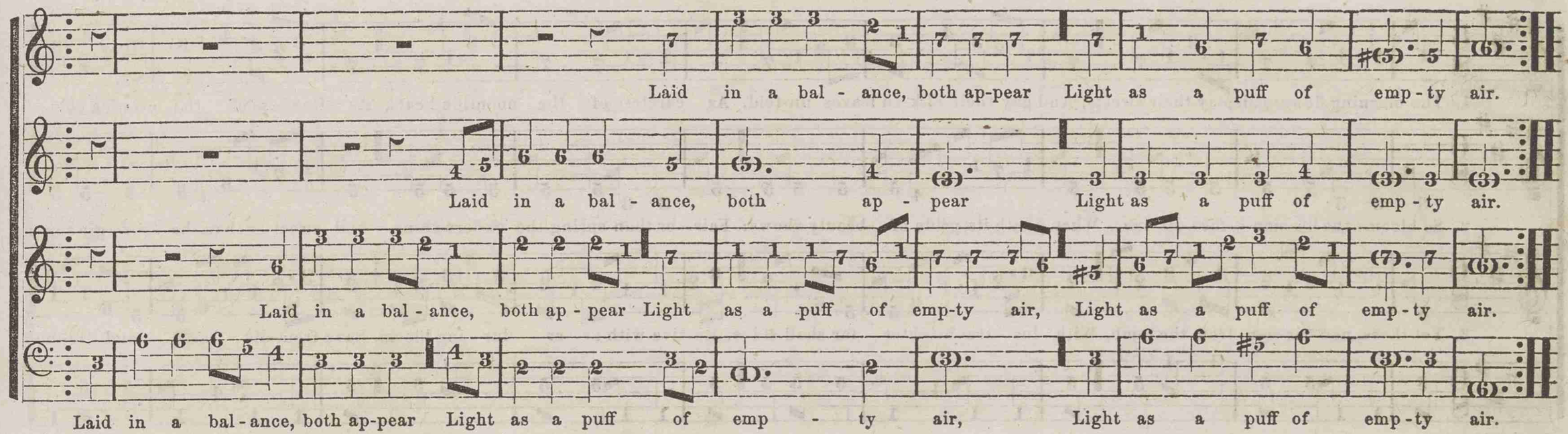
DORCHESTER. L. M.

1. Lord, when thou didst as-cend on high, Ten thousand an-gels fill'd the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
2. Not Si-nai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious when the Lord was there, While he pronounced his ho - ly law,
3. How bright the triumphs none can tell, When all the reb - el powers of hell, That thousand souls had cap-tive made,
4. Raised by the Fa-ther to the throne, He sent his promised Spi - rit down With gifts and grace for reb - el men,

Like cha - riots that at - tend thy state.
And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.
Were all in chains like cap-tives led.
That God might dwell on earth a - gain.

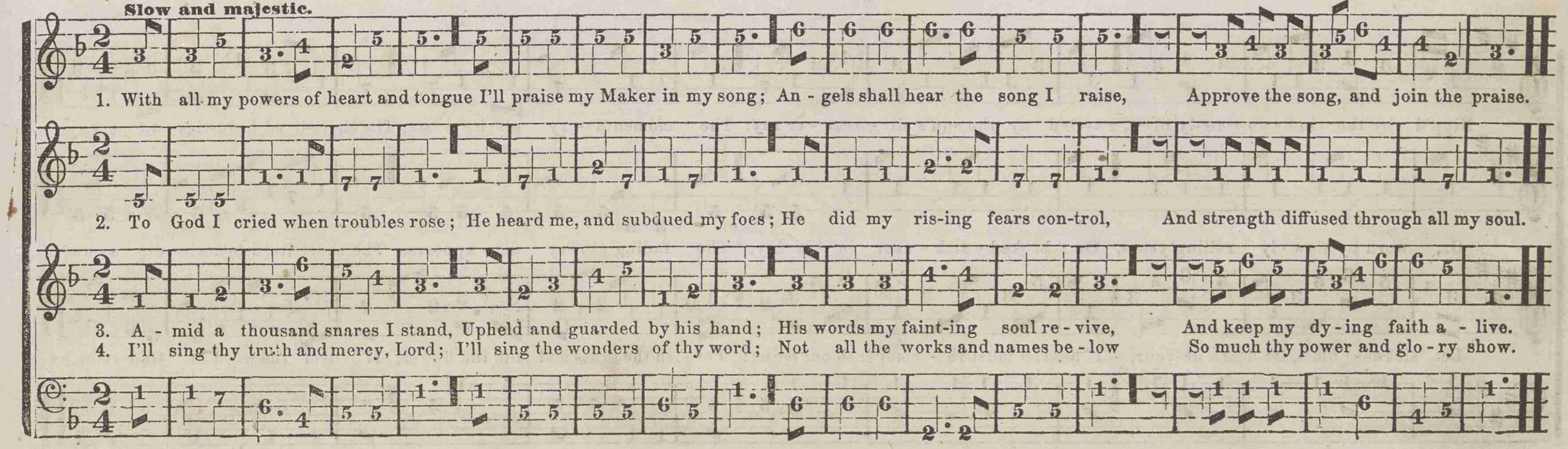
RUSSIA. L. M.

1. False are the men of high de - gree, The ba - ser sort are van - i - ty;
1. False are the men of high de - gree, The ba - ser sort are van - i - ty;



COLUMBUS CITY. L. M.

T. R. WALKER.



CALEDONIA. D. L. M.

1. The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silk-en leaves un-fold, As careless of the noontide heats, As fear-less of the evening cold:

2. So blooms the hu-man face di-vine, When youth its pride of beauty shows: Fair - er than spring the co-lors shine, And sweet-er than the vir - gin rose;

3. Yet these, new-ris-ing from the tomb, With lus - tre brighter far shall shine, Re-vive with ev - er - dur - ing bloom, Save from dis - eases and decline.

Nipp'd by the wind's un-time-ly blast, Parch'd by the sun's di - rect - er ray, The momenta - ry glories waste, The short-lived beau-ties die a-way.

Or, worn by slow - ly rolling years, Or broke by sick - ness in a day, The fading glo - ry dis - appears, The short-lived beauties die a - way.

Let sickness blast, let death de-vour, If heaven must re - compense our pains: Per - ish the grass and fade the flower, If firm the word of God remains.

SIMEON. L. M.

1. My God, my heart with love in - flame, That I may in thy ho - ly name A - loud in songs of praise re - joice, While I have breath to raise my voice.
2. No more let my un-grate-ful heart One mo - ment from thy praise de - part; But live and sing in sweet ac - cord The glo - ries of my sovereign Lord.
3. Je - sus, thou hope of glo - ry, come, And make my heart thy constant home; Through all the rem - nant of my days, Oh, let me speak and live thy praise.
4. In thine em - brace I then would die, And rise to worlds of end-less joy, When Christ the Lord in clouds shall come, And Mi - chael's trump shall rend my tomb.

LUTHER'S HYMN. L. M.

LUTHER.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride,
   And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to thy blood,
   I sa - cri - fice them to thy blood.
3. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pre - sent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.
   De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

SHOEL. L. M.

1. Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light, Be - hold the fields al - read - y white; The glo - rious har - vest now is

2. Moved by the gos - pel's win - ning voice, They make, with saints, a hap - py choice; Their for - mer sins and fol - lies

3. Im - prove the har - vest flee - ing fast, Ere yet the shin - ing sea - son's past, When all the work of life shall

come, See ran - som'd sin - ners flocking home.

mourn; They bow, and to their God re - turn.

end, And the dark night of death de-scend.

INVITATION. L. M.

KIMBALL.

1. Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay,

1. Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay,

Fly, like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi - ces grow. Fly, like a

Fly, like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi - ces grow.

Fly, like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi - ces grow. Fly, like a youthful hart or

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the

youthful hart or roe, O - - - - - - ver the hills where spi-ces grow, O-ver the hills where spi - - ces grow.

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe, O - - - - - - ver the hills where spi-ces grow, O-ver the hills where spi - - ces grow.

roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, Fly, like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - - - ver the hills where spi - - ces grow.

hills where spi - - - ces grow, Fly, like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - - ver the hills where spi - - ces grow.

HOSANNAH. L. M. 6 lines & chorus.

1. Thy worthiness is all our song, O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain:
And by thy blood brought us to God, Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue; } To God hast made us kings and priests, And we shall reign up-on the earth.

2. Sal - va-tion to our God, who shines In face of Je - sus, on the throne!
The on - ly just and mer-ci-ful! Sal - va - tion to the worth-y Lamb! } With loud voice all the Church ascribes: A-men! say an-gels round the throne.

3. To Him who loved us, and has wash'd Us from our sins in his own blood,
And who has made us kings and priests To his own Fa - ther and his God, } The glo - ry and do - minion be To him e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

D. S.

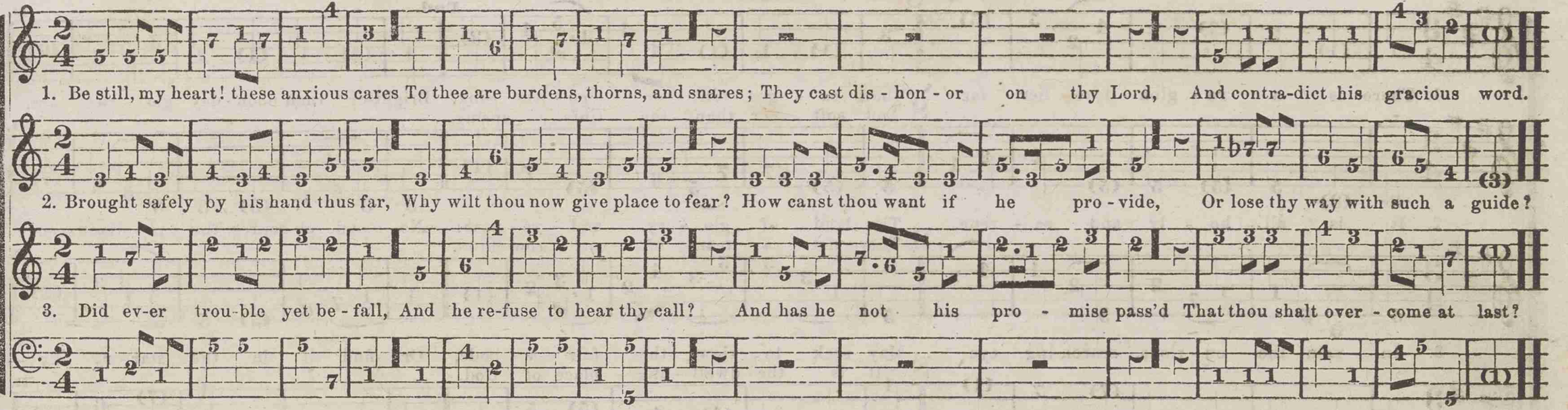
End.

Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah! Ho - san-nah to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry! Glo-ry! let us sing Grateful praises to our King!

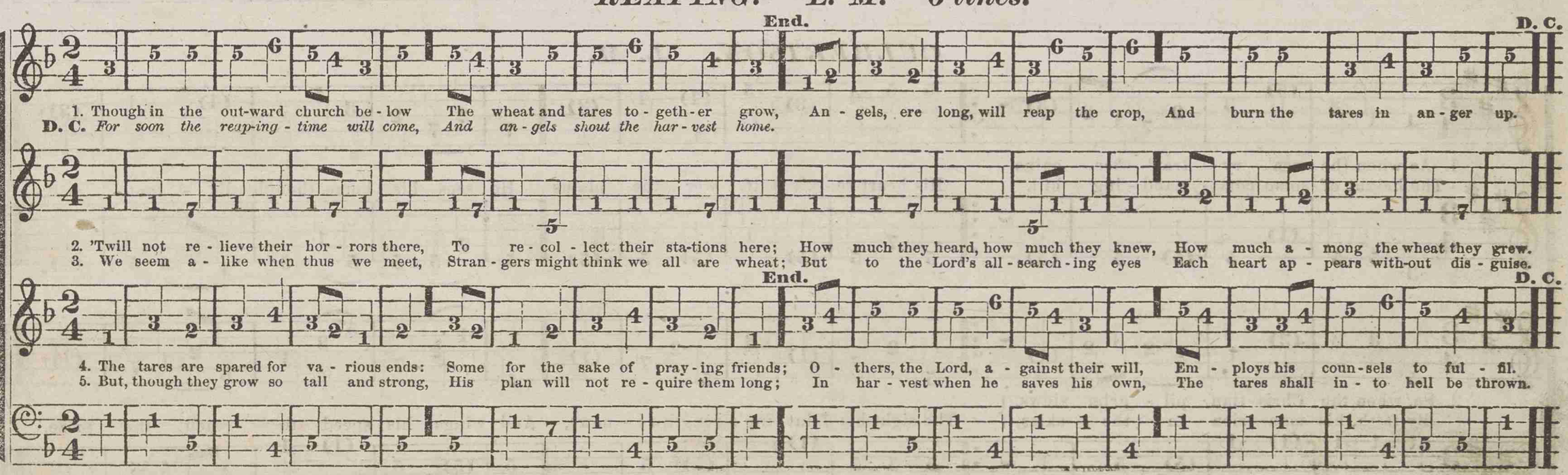
D. S.

End.

Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry! Glo-ry! let us sing Grateful praises to our King!



REAPING. L. M. 6 lines.



RICE. L. M.

1. There is a re - gion love - lier far — Than sa - ges tell or po - ets sing, Bright-er than noon-day glo - ries are,
2. It is all ho - ly and se - rene, — The land of glo - ry and re - pose: No cloud ob-scures the ra - diant scene;
3. In vain the cu - rious, search-ing eye — May seek to view the fair a - bode, Or find it in the star - ry sky:—

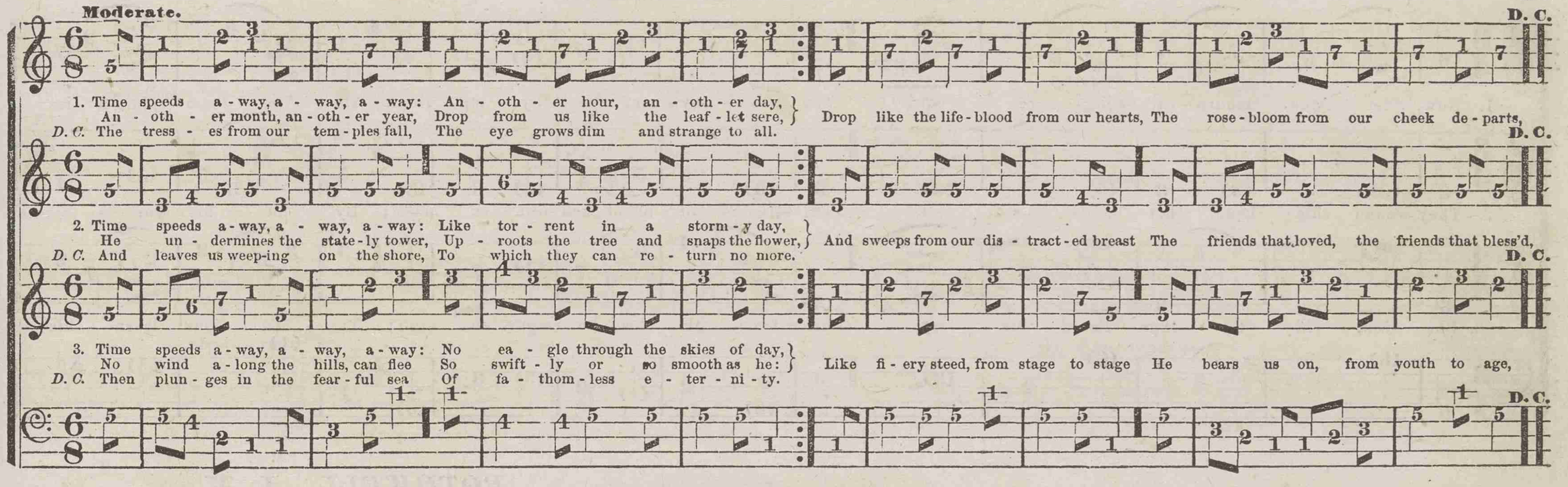
And soft - er than the tints of spring.
There not a tear of sor - row flows.
It is the dwell - ing - place of God.

CULBERTSON. L. M.

1. As when the wea - ry trav' - ler gains
The height of some com - mand - ing hill, — His heart re - vives if o'er the plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still,—
2. So, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views,
By faith, his man - sion in the skies, — The sight his faint - ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

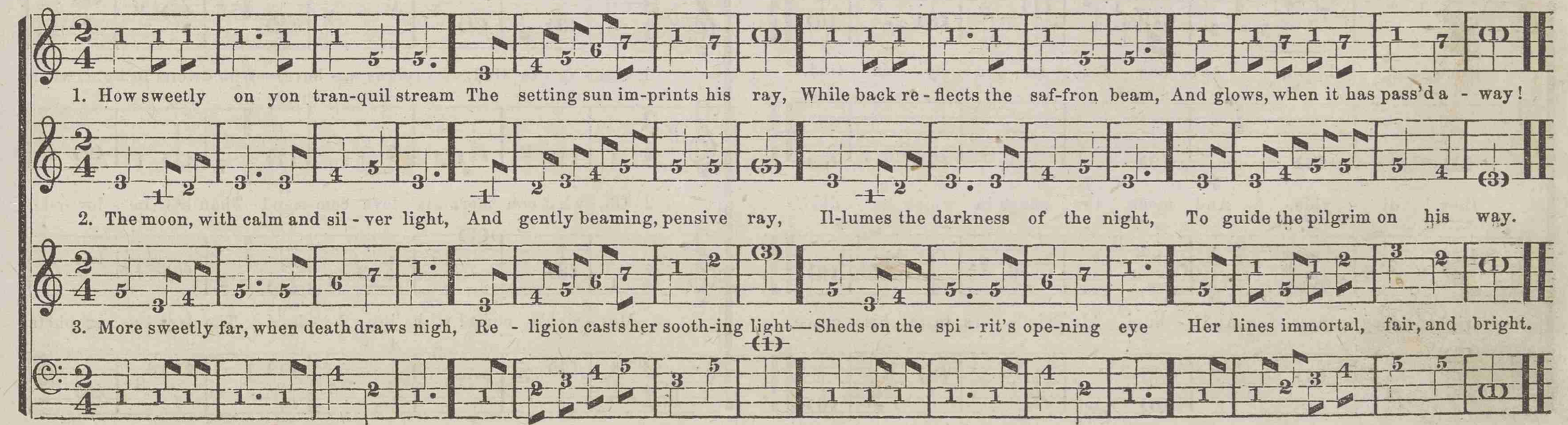
LEAVENWORTH. D. L. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.



NEVADA. L. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.



F

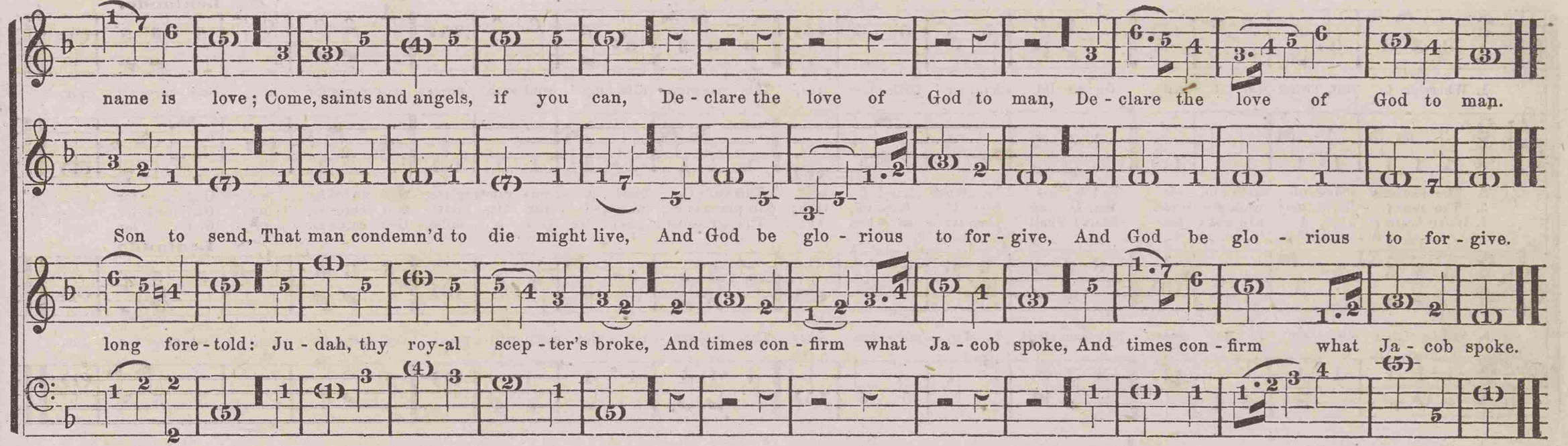
KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

1. Now, let our mourn - ful songs re - cord The sor - rows of our dy - ing Lord, When he com - plain'd in
2. They wound his head, his hands, his feet, Till streams of blood each oth - er meet; By lot his gar - ments
3. But God, his Fa - ther, heard his cry: Raised from the dead, he reigns on high; The na - tions learn his
tears and blood, As one for - sa - ken by his God.
they di - vide, And mock the pangs in which he died.
right - eous - ness, And hum - ble sin - ners taste his grace.

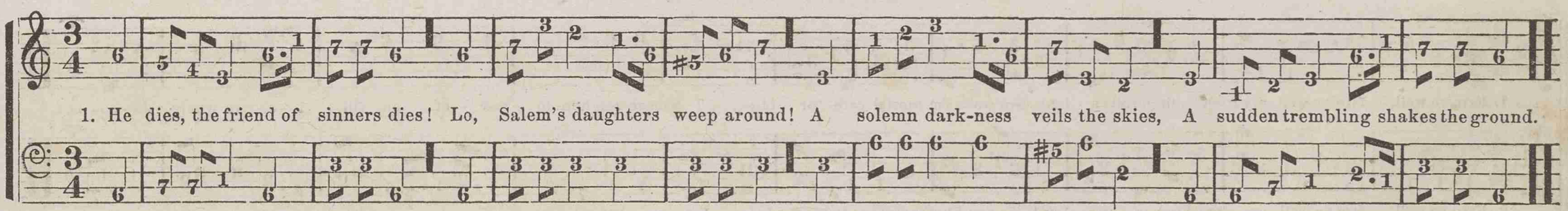
ROTHWELL. L. M.

1. Glo - ry to God, who reigns a - bove, Who dwells in light, where
2. Oh, what can more his love com-mend Than his be - lov -ed
3. Mes - siah's come! with joy be - hold The days by prophets

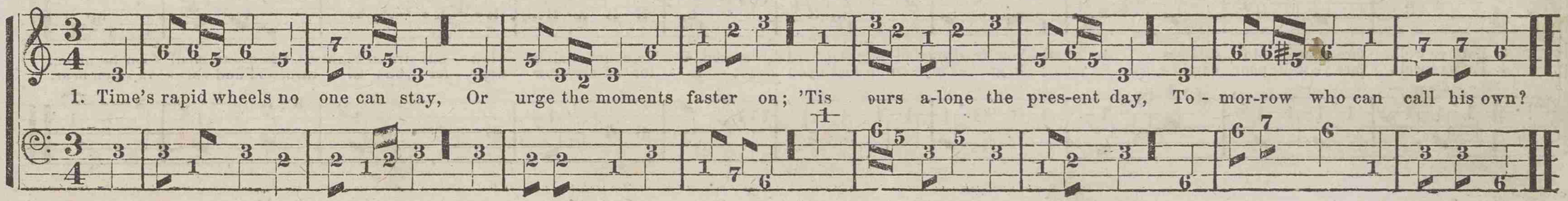
ROTHWELL. Concluded.



SALEM. L. M.



SEASONS. L. M.



Words by Wm. Baxter.

GRAHAM. L. M.

A. D. Fillmore.

Lentando.

1. Where'er I rest, wher-e'er I rove, On so-lid earth, or faith-less sea, This pro-mise fills my soul with peace: God cares for me, God cares for me.

2. The va-rious tribes of earth and air Fed by his bounteous hand I see; This care the blest as-su-rance gives, God cares for me, God cares for me.
3. The pes-ti-lence may walk a-broad, Yet, O my God, I trust in thee; The plague may waste, I fear it not; God cares for me, God cares for me.
4. When death is nigh, I will not fear That I shall then for-sa-ken be; The gracious pro-mise still is mine, God cares for me, God cares for me.

Lentando.

5. And though I slum-ber in the grave, Not then shall I for-got-ten be: The re-sur-rec-tion morn will prove God cares for me, God cares for me.

H. 507.

FAREWELL. L. M., with Chorus.

1. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my friends, time rolls a-long, Nor waits for mortal care or bliss; I leave you here to trav-el on, Till I ar-rive where Je-sus is.

2. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my brethren in the Lord, To you I'm bound in cords of love; Yet we believe his gra-cious word, That we shall soon all meet a-bove.

3. Fare ye well, fare ye well, old soldiers of the cross; You've struggled long and hard for heaven, You've counted all be-low but dross, Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
4. Fare ye well, fare ye well, poor careless sin-ner, too; It grieves my soul to leave you here; E-ter-nal sor-row waits for you; O, turn, and find sal-va-tion near.

ST. LOUIS. L. M.

Maestoso.

1. On Zi - on's glorious sum - mit stood A num'rous host, re-deem'd by blood: They hymn'd their King in strains divine; I heard the song, and strove to join,
2. Here all who suffer'd sword or flame, For truth or Je - sus' love - ly name, Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb, And bow be-fore the great I AM,
3. O what a sweet, ex - alt - ed song, When ev' - ry tribe and ev' - ry tongue, Redeem'd by blood, with Christ ap - pear, And join in one full cho - rus there,
4. My soul an - ti - ci - pates the day, Would stretch her wings and soar a-way, To aid the song, the palm to bear, And praise my great Re - deem - er there,

SANCTUS TO St. Louis.

Lent.

I heard the song, and strove to join.

And bow before the great I AM.

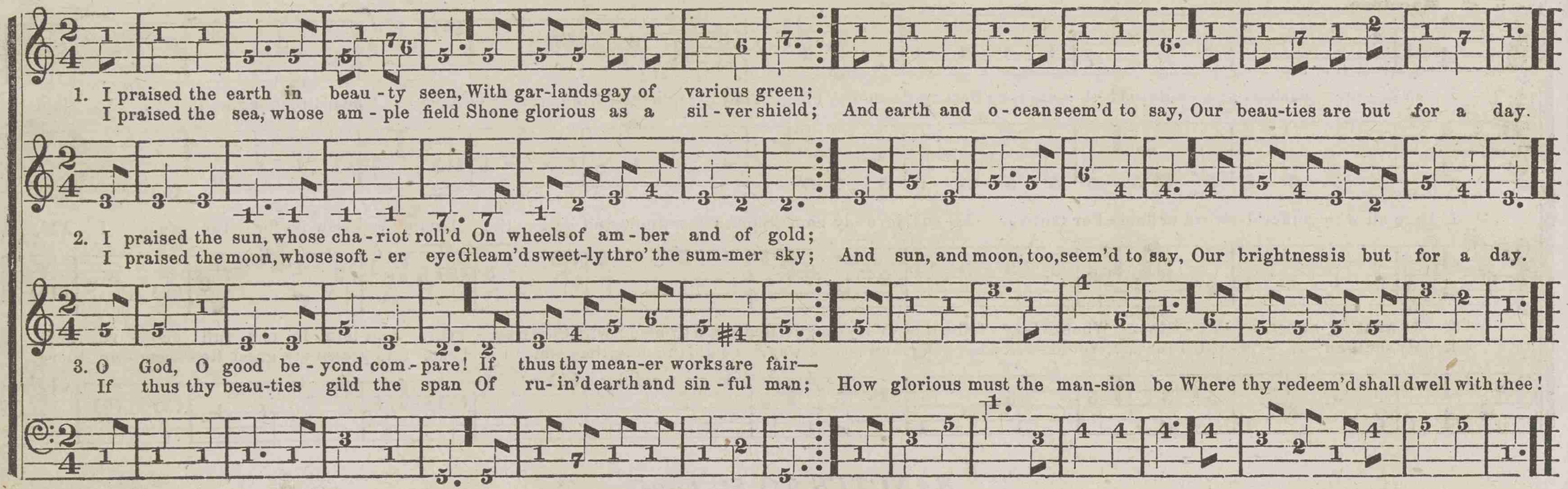
And join in one full cho - rus there!
And praise my great Redeemer there.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, on high adored! Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, on high adored! Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
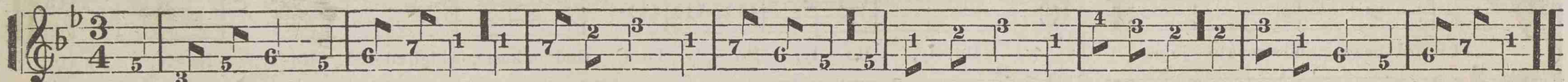
ARKANSAS. L. M. 6 lines.

A. D. Fillmore.

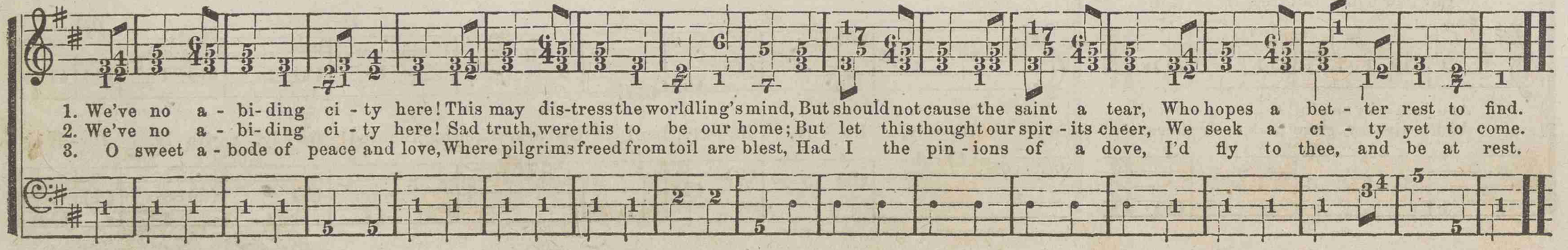


HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. Mason.



ORFORD. L. M.



1. I long to behold him ar-rayed, With glo-ry and light from a-bove; The king in his beauty displayed, His beau-ty of ho-li-est love.

2. I langush and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fixed his a-bode; O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!

3. With him I on Zi-on shall stand, For Je-sus hath spoken the word; The breadth of Im-man-u-el's land Survey by the light of my Lord.
4. And when, on thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see; My full-ness of rapture I find, My heaven of heavens in thee.

CHORUS.

When the storms all are o'er, "in the sweet by-and-by," I shall see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by, see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by.

When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by.

When the storms all are o'er, I shall see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, see him on that beau-ti-ful shore.
When the storms all are o'er, "in the sweet by-and-by," I shall see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by, see him on that beau-ti-ful shore, by-and-by.

FREEDOM. C. M.

No more be - neath th' oppress-ive hand Of ty - ran - ny we groan; Be-

Be - hold the smi - ling

No more be-neath th' op - press - ive hand of ty - ran - ny we groan; Be - hold the smi - ling, hap - py land; Be-

Be - hold the smi - ling, hap - py land, Which Freedom calls her

hold the smi-ling, hap-py land; Be - hold the smi - ling, hap - py land, Which Freedom calls her own— Which Freedom calls her own.

hap - py land, Which Freedom calls her own; Be-hold the smi - ling, hap - py land, Which Free - dom calls her own.

hold the smi - ling hap - py land, Which Freedom calls her own— Which Free - dom calls her own.

own; Be - hold the smi-ling, hap - py land, - - - - - - - - - Which Free - dom calls her own.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall re - cord, Who tempt that dang'rous way.

At thy command the

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall re - cord, Who tempt that dang'rous way. At

At thy command the

At thy command the winds arise, And swell - - - the tow'ring waves; The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, And swell the tow'ring waves; The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

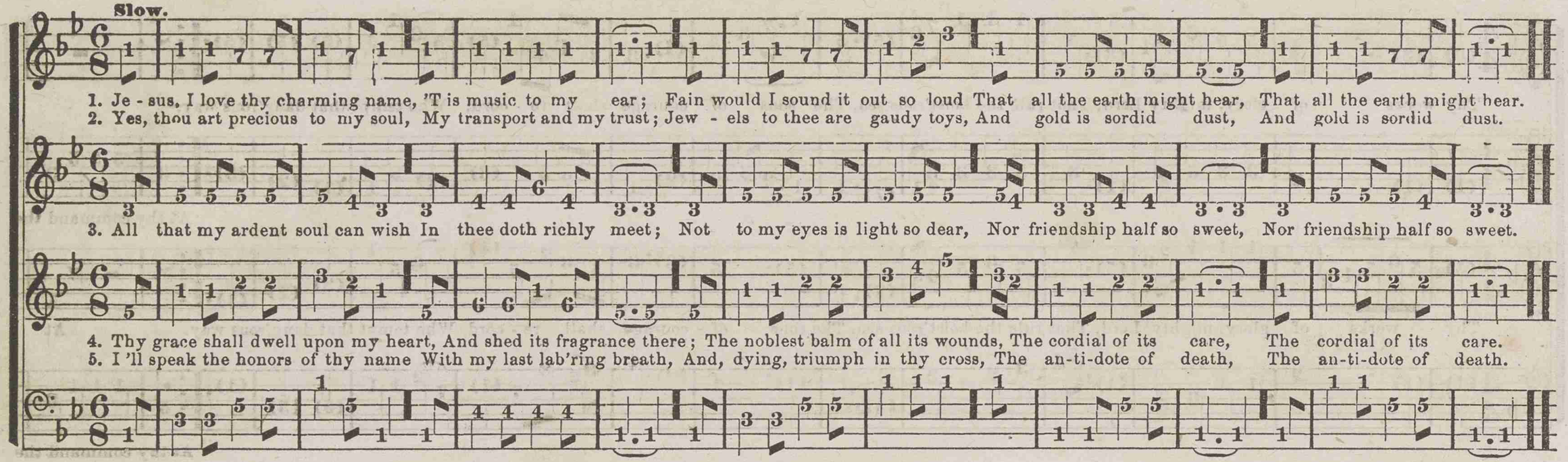
thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves; The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves; - - - - - - - - - - The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

BY PERMISSION.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

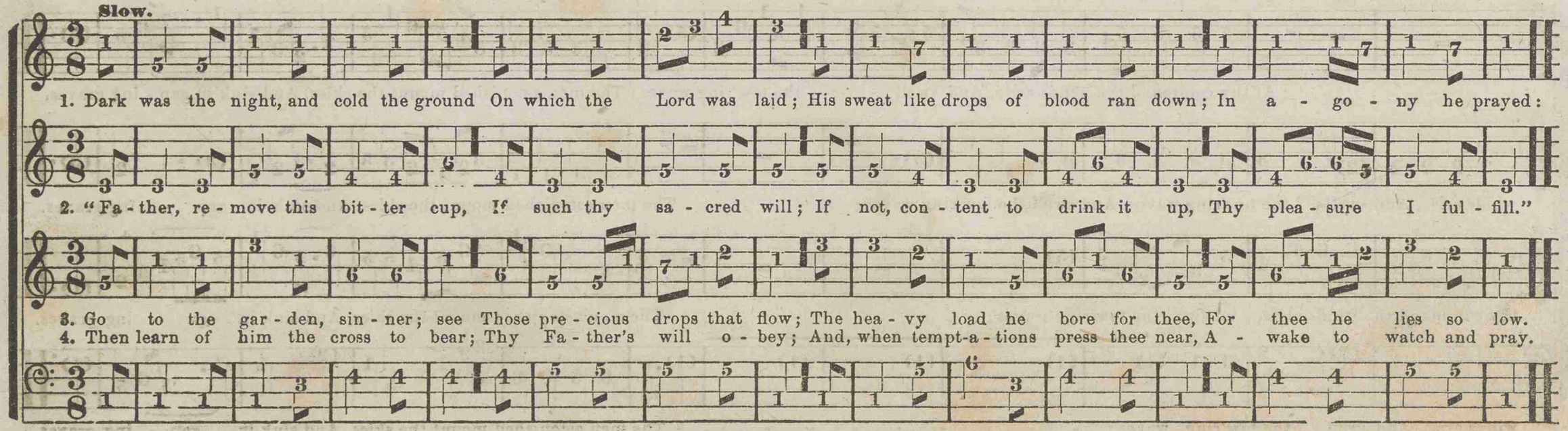
T. HASTINGS.



BY PERMISSION.

ADULLAM. C. M.

P. H. DAYHOFF.



Slow.

1. O God! our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

2. Be-neath the shad-ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is thy arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.

3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth received her frame, From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.
4. A thousand a - ges in thy sight Are like an even-ing gone; Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

BALERMA. C. M.

Slow.
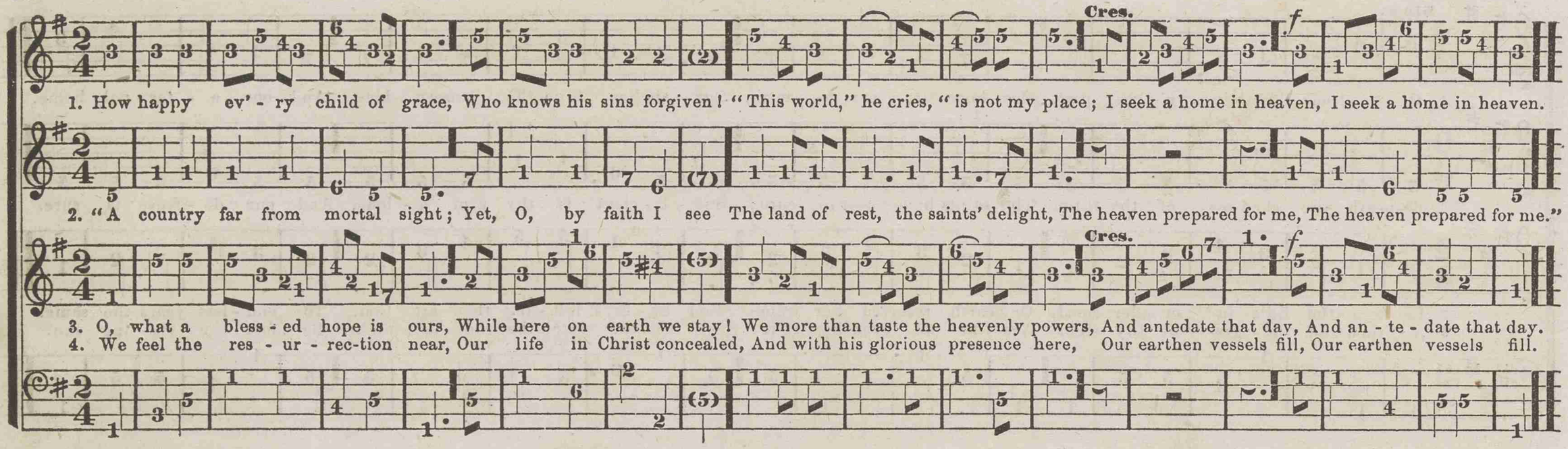
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Poured from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, though vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.

3. O Lamb of God! thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power, Till all the ransomed sons of God Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
5. And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave, Then, in a no - bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save.

ENERGY. C. M.

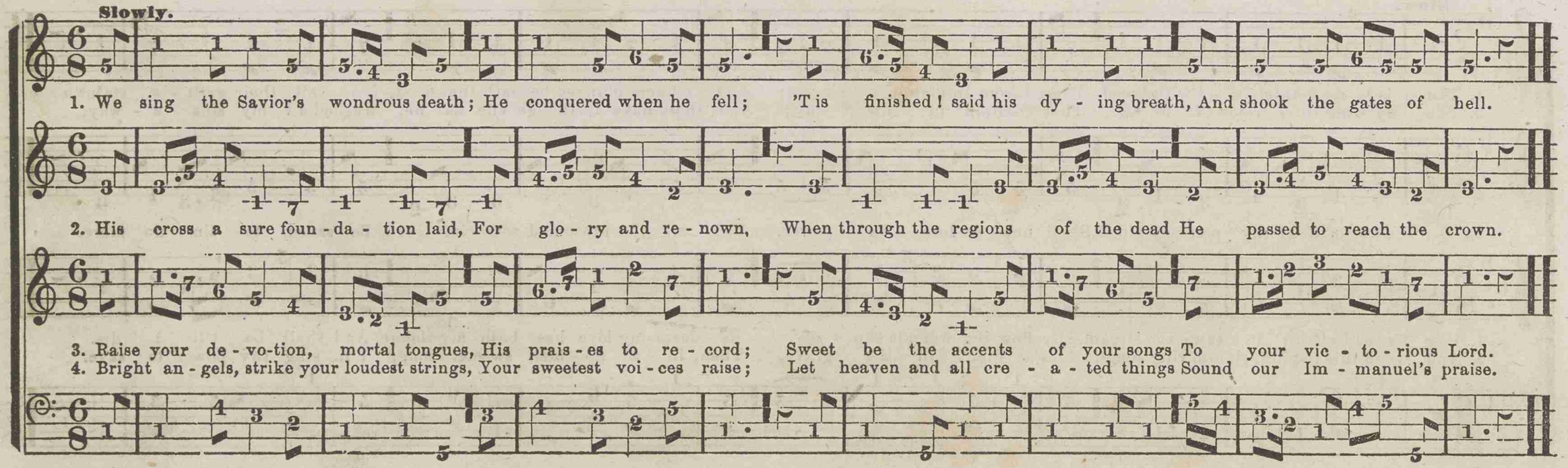
CLARK.



1. How happy ev'-ry child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven! "This world," he cries, "is not my place; I seek a home in heaven, I seek a home in heaven.
2. "A country far from mortal sight; Yet, O, by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me, The heaven prepared for me."
3. O, what a bless-ed hope is ours, While here on earth we stay! We more than taste the heavenly powers, And antedate that day, And an-te-date that day.
4. We feel the res-ur-rec-tion near, Our life in Christ concealed, And with his glorious presence here, Our earthen vessels fill, Our earthen vessels fill.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.



1. We sing the Savior's wondrous death; He conquered when he fell; 'T is finished! said his dy-ing breath, And shook the gates of hell.
2. His cross a sure foun-da-tion laid, For glo-ry and re-nown, When through the regions of the dead He passed to reach the crown.
3. Raise your de-vo-tion, mortal tongues, His prais-es to re-cord; Sweet be the accents of your songs To your vic-to-rious Lord.
4. Bright an-gels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweetest voi-ces raise; Let heaven and all cre-a-ted things Sound our Im-manuel's praise.

1. Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age; It shall my noblest powers re - joice, My warm - est thoughts en - gage.

2. I'll read the his - tory of thy love, And keep thy law in sight; While thro' the prom - is - es I rove With ev - er fresh de - light.

3. 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown, Where springs of life a - rise; Seeds of im - mor - tal bliss are sown, And hid - den glo - ry lies.
4. The best re - lief that mourners have, It makes our sor-rows blest; Our fair - est hope be-yond the grave, And our e - ter - nal rest.

DUNDEE. C. M.
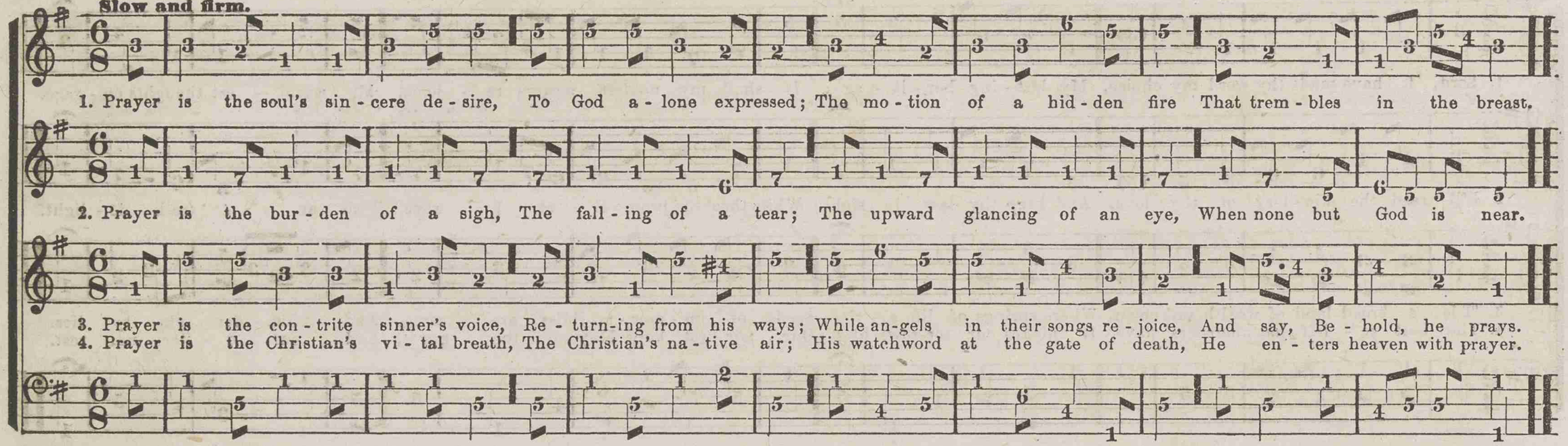
Slow.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer, And hum-bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.
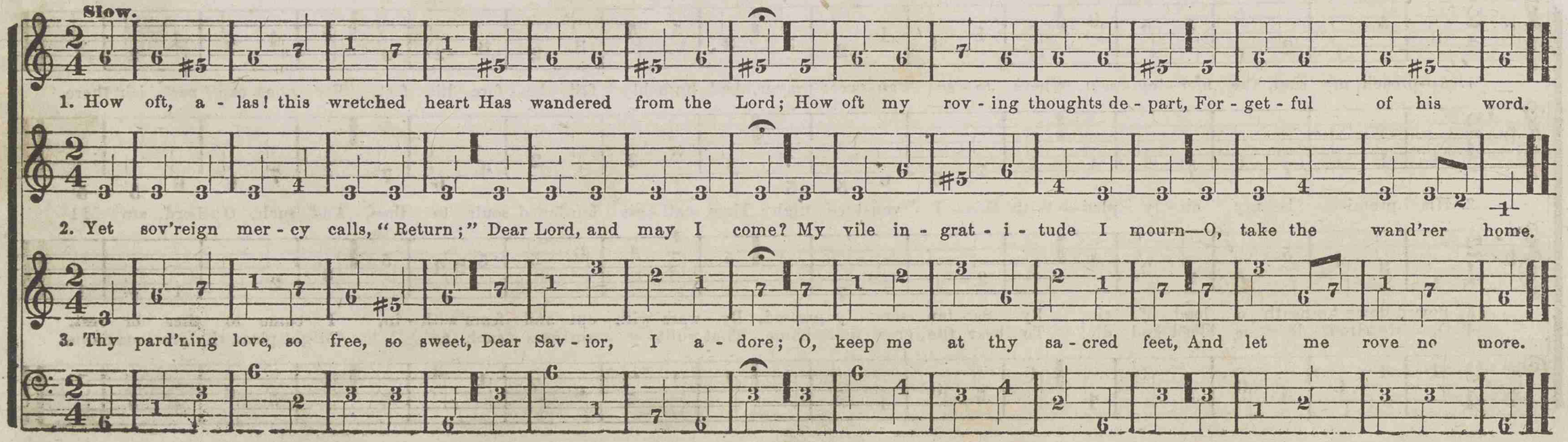
2. His promise is my on - ly plea— With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou call - est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I!

3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By wars with - out and fears with - in, I come to thee for rest.
4. O, wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilt - y sin-ners such as I Might plead thy gracious name.

MEAR. C. M.



GRAFTON. C. M.



AVON. C. M.

Slow.

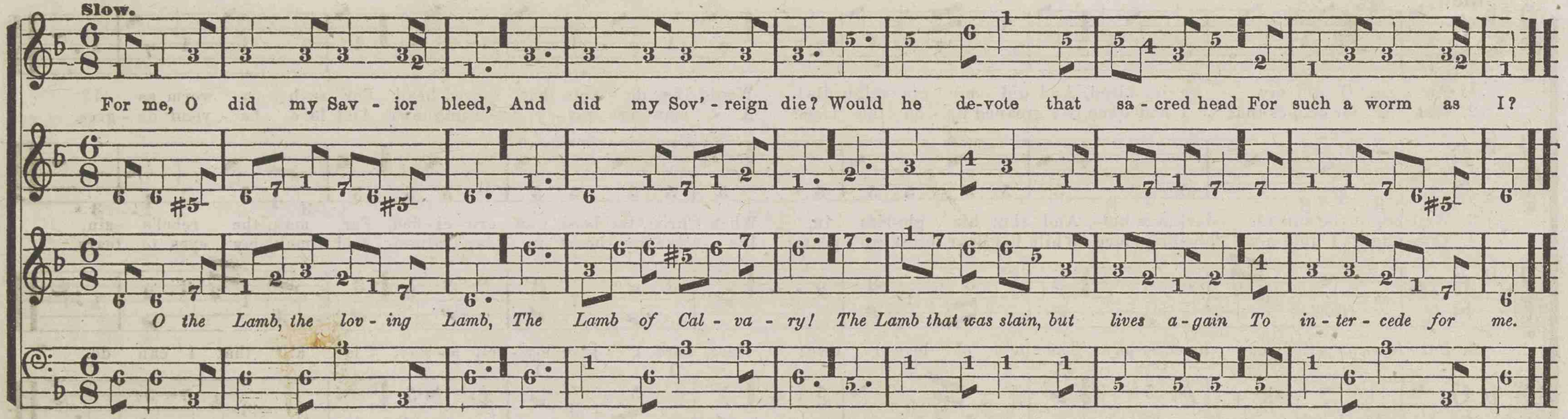
1. For me, O did my Savior bleed, And did my Sovereign die! Would he de - vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree.
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When Christ, the Lord, was cru - ci - fied, For man, the rebel's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross ap - pears; Dis - solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes to tears.
5. But tears of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'T is all that I can do.

LINCOLN. C. M.

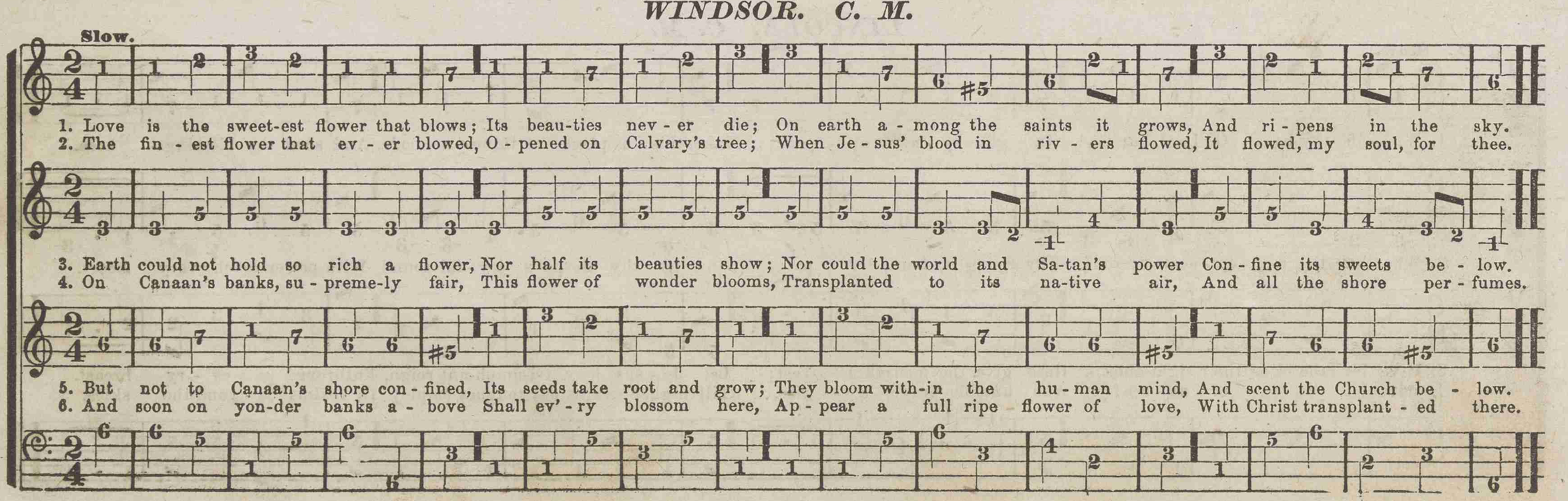
Slow.

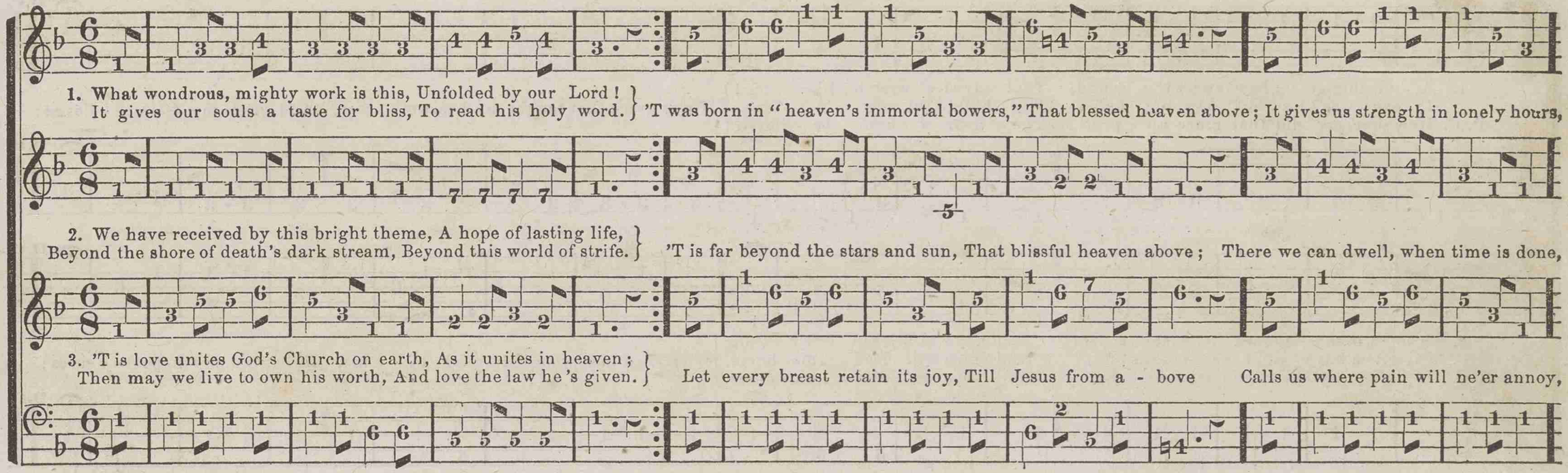
1. With - in thy house, O Lord, our God, In glo - ry now ap - pear; Make this a place of thine a - bode, And shed thy blessings here.
2. When we thy mer - cy - seat surround, Thy Spir - it, Lord, im - part; And let thy Gospel's joy - ful sound With power reach every heart.
3. Here let the blind their sight obtain, Here give the mourners rest; Let Je - sus here tri-umph-ant reign, Enthroned in ev' - ry breast.
4. Here let the voice of sa - cred joy And humble prayer a - rise, Till higher strains our tongues employ In realms be - yond the skies.

FULLERTON. C. M., with Chorus.

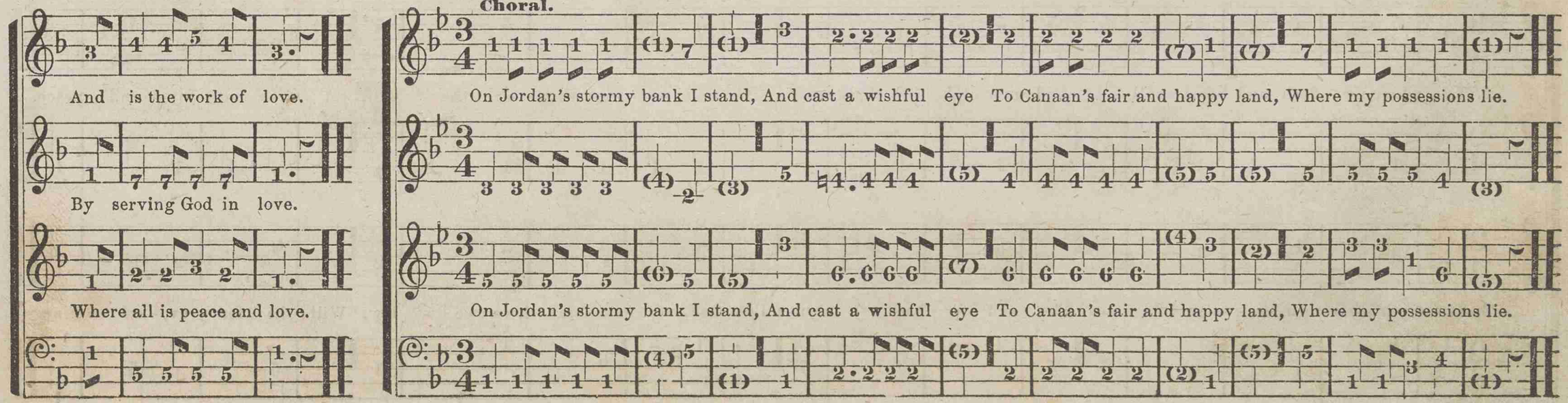


WINDSOR. C. M.




1. What wondrous, mighty work is this, Unfolded by our Lord!
It gives our souls a taste for bliss, To read his holy word.
'T was born in "heaven's immortal bowers," That blessed heaven above; It gives us strength in lonely hours,
2. We have received by this bright theme, A hope of lasting life,
Beyond the shore of death's dark stream, Beyond this world of strife.
'T is far beyond the stars and sun, That blissful heaven above; There we can dwell, when time is done,
3. 'T is love unites God's Church on earth, As it unites in heaven;
Then may we live to own his worth, And love the law he 's given.
Let every breast retain its joy, Till Jesus from a - bove Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy,

HANNAH. C. M.


Choral.
On Jordan's stormy bank I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
And is the work of love.
By serving God in love.
Where all is peace and love.
On Jordan's stormy bank I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

G

NOYES. D. C. M.

1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found— Was blind, but now I see.
D. C. How precious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;

2. Through many dangers, toils, and snares I have al - read - y come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
D. C. He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en - dures.

The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

Slow.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - sess, with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine; But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

PASSING AWAY. C. M., with Chorus.

1. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, And seek thy Father's face;
   Those new de - sires which in thee burn We're kindled by his grace.
   We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
   We are pass - ing a - way To the great judgment day.

2. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, He hears thy hum-ble sigh!
   He sees thy softened spir - it mourn, When no one else is nigh.
   We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
   We are pass - ing a - way To the great judgment day.

3. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, Thy Sav - ior bids thee live;
   Go to his feet, and grate - ful learn How free - ly he'll for - give.
   We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
   We are pass - ing a - way To the great judgment day.

WOLFE. C. M.

1. Be - hold the mountain of the Lord In lat - ter days shall rise On mountain-tops a - bove the hills, And draw the wondering eyes.

2. To this, the joy - ful nations round, All tribes and tongues shall flow; Up to the hill of God they 'll say, And to his house we 'll go.

3. The beam that shines from Zi - on's hill Il - lume shall ev' - ry land! The King who reigns in Salem's towers Shall all the world com-mand.
4. A - mong the na - tions he shall judge, His judgments truth shall guide; His scepter shall pro - tect the just, And quell the sin-ner's pride.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

Moderate.

1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways, My journey I'll pur - sue; Hin - der me not, you much-loved saints, For I must go with you.

2. Through floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll follow where he goes; Hin - der me not, shall be my cry, Though earth and hell op - pose.

3. Through tri - als and through sufferings too, I'll go at his command; Hin - der me not, for I am bound To my Im-manuel's land.

4. And when my Savior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be: Hin - der me not; come, welcome, death, I'll glad - ly go with thee.

LEANDER. D. C. M.

Lord, in thy presence here we meet, May we in thee be found; O, make the place di - vine - ly sweet! O, let thy grace a - bound!

To - day the or - der of thy house We would in peace maintain; We would re - new our sol - emn vows, And heavenly strength re-gain.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur - veys! Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
2. Thy prov - i - dence my life sustained, And all my wants re-dressed, When in a state of help-less - ness I hung up - on thy breast.

3. Un-num-bered comforts on my soul Thy ten-der care be - stowed, Be - fore my in-fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

4. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, Thy goodness cleared my way, And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.
5. Through every period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pur - sue; And af - ter death, in distant worlds The pleas - ing theme re-new.

O, how can words with e-qual warmth The grat - i - tude de - clare That glows with-in my ravished heart? But thou canst read it there.
To all my weak complaints and cries Thy mer - cy lent an ear, Ere yet my fee - ble thoughts had learned To form them - selves in prayer.

When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm, un - seen, conveyed me save, And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My dai - ly thanks em-ploy; Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through all e - tern - i - ty to thee A joy - ful song I'll raise; But O, e - tern - i - ty's too short To ut - ter all thy praise.

HOUSTON. C. M., with Chorus.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my posses - sions lie.
2. O, the trans-port - ing, rapt - 'rous scene That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields, arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

3. There gen'-rous fruits that nev - er fail On trees immor - tal grow; There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales With milk and hon - ey flow.
4. All o'er these wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e-ter - nal day; There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.

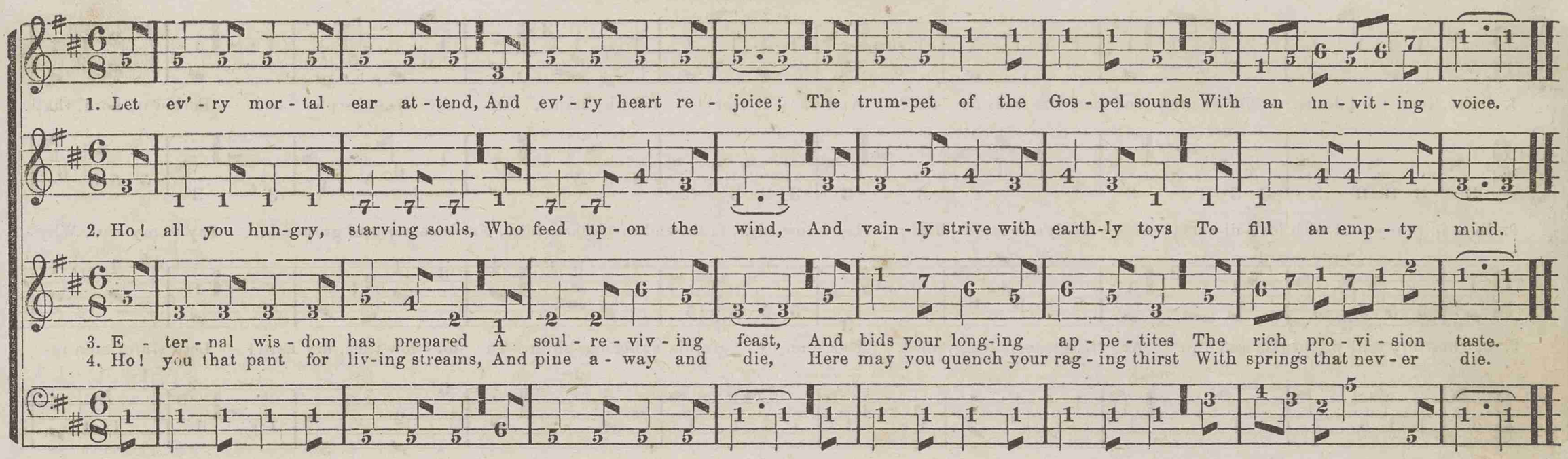
5. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bos - om rest?
6. Filled with de - light, my raptured soul Would here no long - er stay; Though Jordan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I 'd launch a - way.

p **Chorus.** *f*

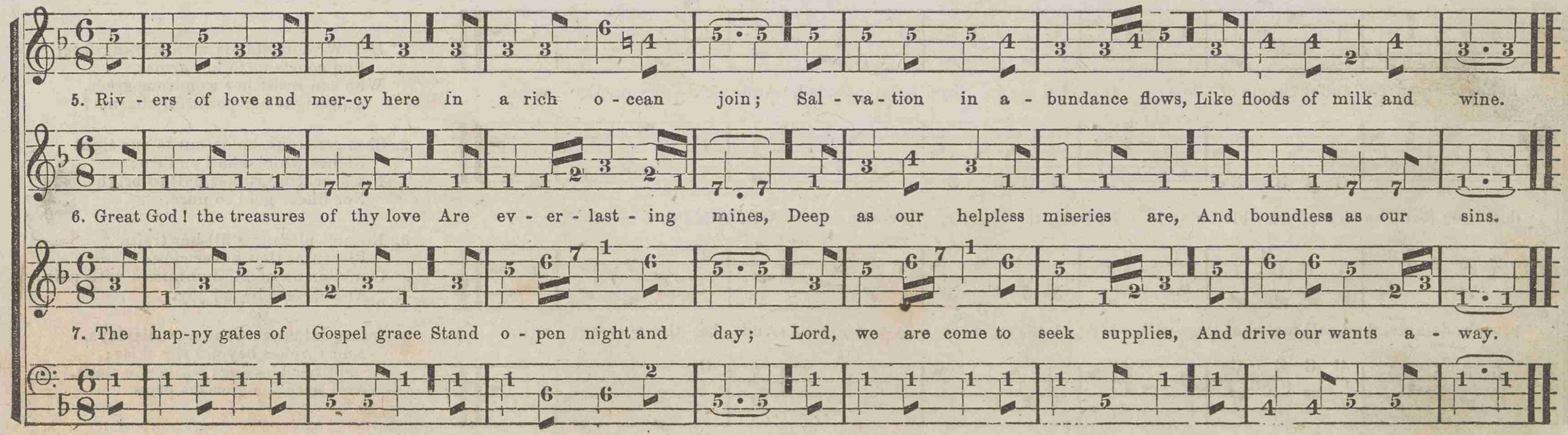
There 'll be no more sor-row-ing there, There 'll be no more sor-row-ing there; In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There 'll be no more sorrow-ing there.

p *f*
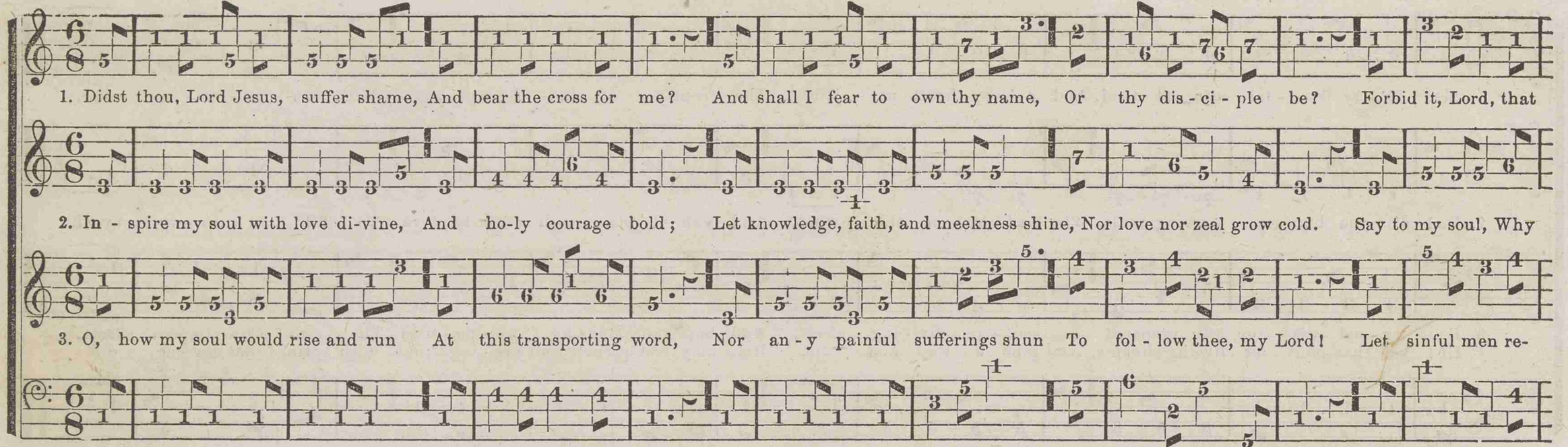
There 'll be no more sor-row-ing there, There 'll be no more sor-row-ing there; In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There 'll be no more sorrow-ing there



TROWBRIDGE. C. M.



HAWLEY. D. C. M.
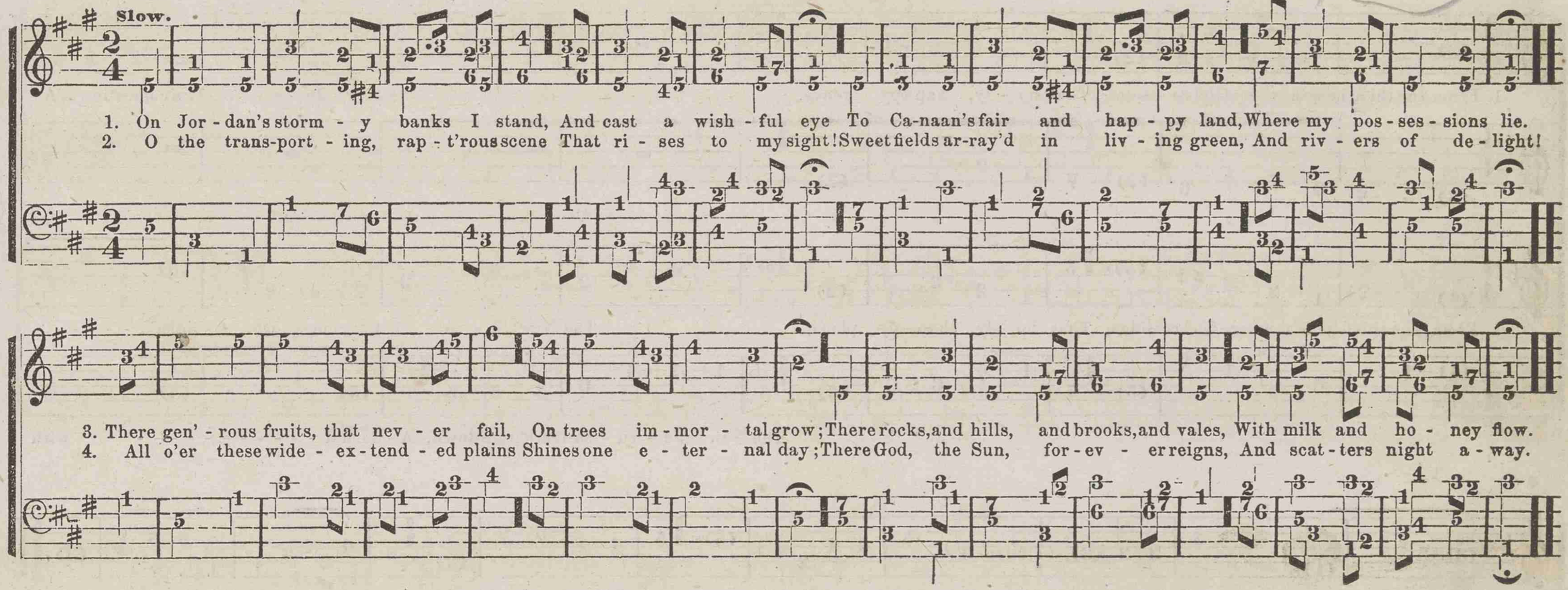


1. Lo! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist her wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms?

2. She, generous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.
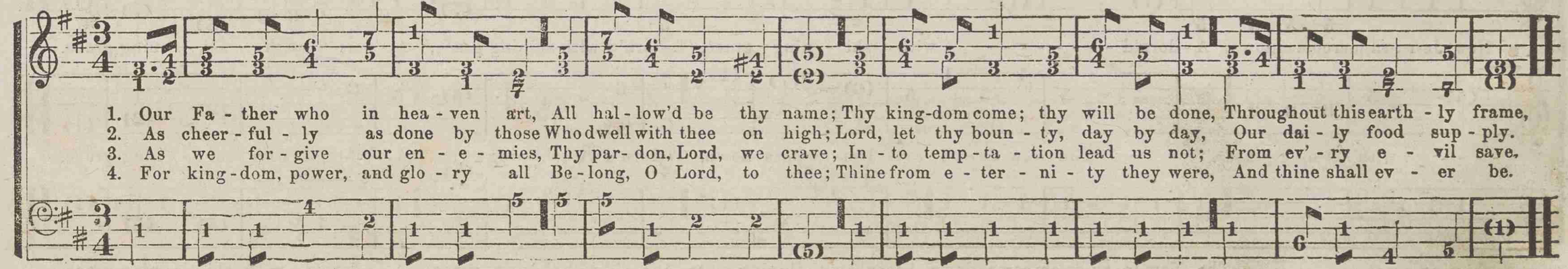
3. Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy;
Come, drink of bliss unmixed with pain,
And taste celestial joy.

4. Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

JORDAN. D. C. M.



PETITION. C. M.



729

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

INGALLS.

1. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides, That ho - ly, hap - py place, The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A -

1. From the third heav'n, where God re-sides, That ho - ly, hap - py place, The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd - - - - - -

The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd - - - - - - - - - - with

dorn'd - - - - - - - - - with shining grace, The New Je - ru-sa-lem comes down, A-dorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shi - ning grace.

New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, A - dorn'd - - - - - - - - with shi - ning grace, A-dorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shi - ning grace.

- - - - with shi-ning grace, The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A-dorn'd with shi-ning grace, A - dorn'd with shi - ning grace.

shi-ning grace, The New Je - ru-salem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shi - ning grace.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

H. 428

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,
E - ternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between;
But timorous mortals start and shink To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the [brink,

3. O! Could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love, With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's stream [nor death's cold flood

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

This heavenly land from ours.

And fear to launch a - way.

Should fright us from the shore.

1. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to wel-come thee, O, wand'rer, ea-ger - ly, Come, come to Je-sus.

2. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to ran - som thee, O, slave! e - tern-al-ly, Come, come to Je-sus.

3. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to light - en thee, O bur-den-ed! graciously, Come, come to Je-sus.
4. Come, come to Je-sus! He waits to give to thee, O, blind! a vis-ion free, Come, come to Je-sus.

TURNER. C. M.

MAXIM.

1. To our Re - deem - er's glorious name A - wake the sa - cred song: O may his love im -

O

1. To our Re - deem - er's glo-rious name A - wake the sa - cred song: O may his love im - mor - tal flame, O

O may his love im - mor - tal flame, Tune

mor - tal flame, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue! O may his love im - mor - tal flame, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue!

may his love im - mor - tal flame, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue!

may his love im - mor-tal flame, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue! O may his love im - mortal flame, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue!

ev' - ry heart and tongue, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue! O may his love im - mortal flame, Tune ev' - ry heart and tongue!

End. D. C.

1. How bright these glorious spir-its shine! Whence all their bright ar - ray?
How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?
D. C. And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes which shine so bright.

Lo! these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light,

End. D. C.

2. Now with tri-umphant palms they stand Be - fore the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst The glo - ries of the sky.
D. C. By day, by night, the sa - cred courts With glad ho - san - nas ring.

His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes ev' - ry mouth to sing;
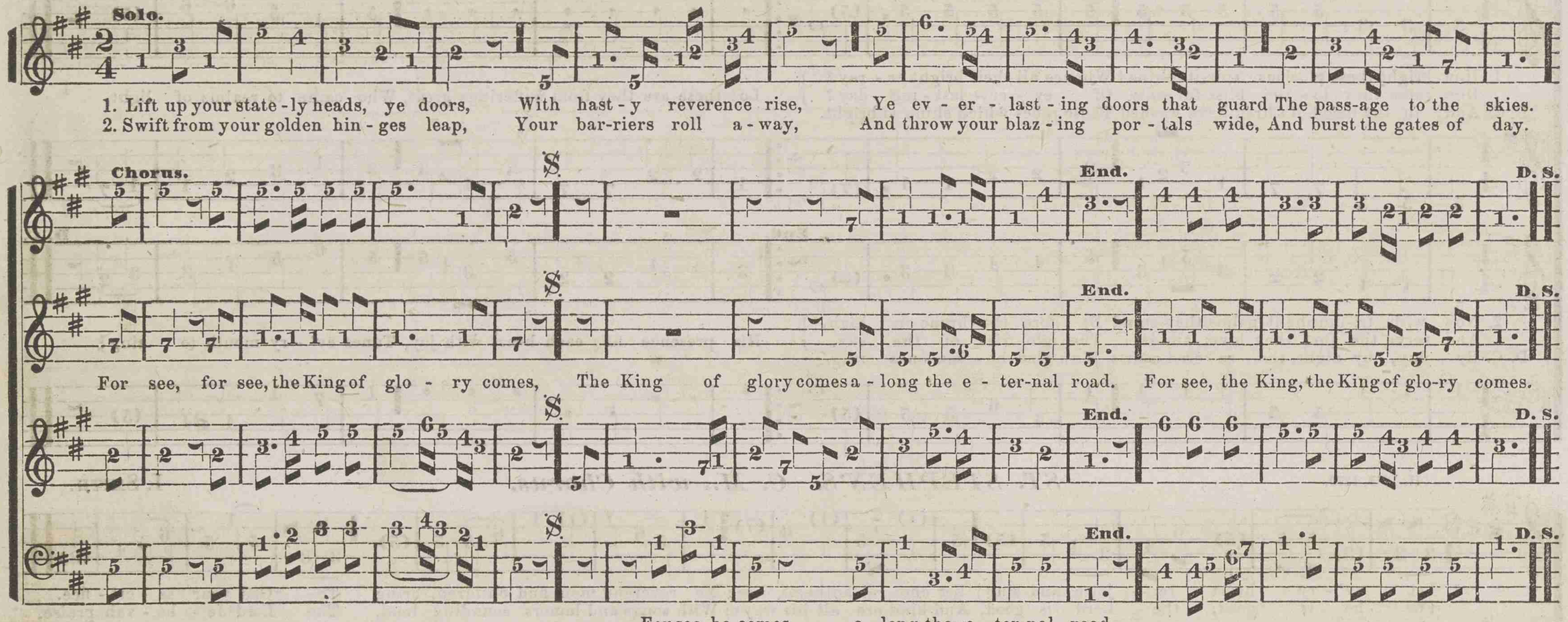
H. 1248, 1279. ST. STEPHEN'S. C. M., with Chorus. I. SMITH.

1. Let ev' - ry heart re - joice and sing; Let cho - ral anthems rise; Ye reverend men, and children, bring To God your sa - cri - fice.
For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.
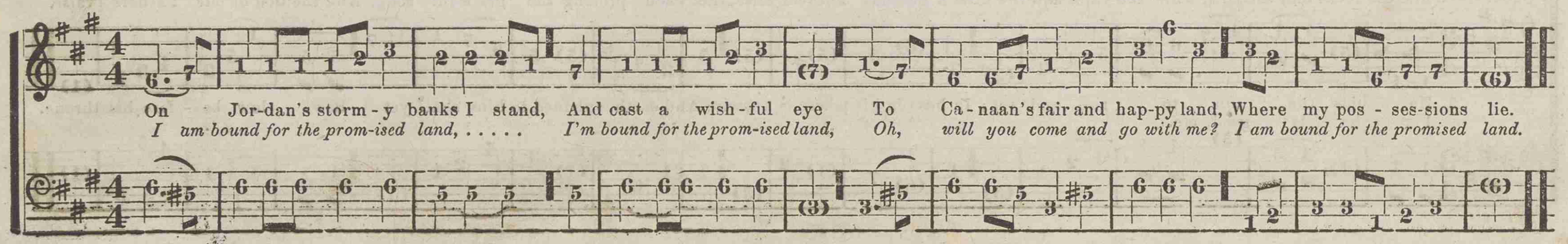
CHORUS.—While the rocks and the rills, while the vales and the hills A glorious anthem raise, Let each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our Fathers praise.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heaven his power is known; And earth, subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne.
For he is good, etc.

ALLEN. C. M., with chorus.



PROMISED LAND. C. M., with chorus.



Cantabile.

1. Mer - cy a - lone can meet my case, For mercy, Lord, I cry; Je - sus, Redeem - er, show thy face In mer - cy, or I die.

2. I per - ish, and my doom were just; But wilt thou leave me? No! I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust; I will not let thee go.

3. To thee, thee only will I cleave; Thy word is all my plea; That word is truth, and I be - lieve — Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

H. 1130. WAGONER. C. M. 5 lines. G. W. SIMS.

Slow.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'T is found above, in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riven; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.

LANESBORO. C. M.

Tenderly.

1. Be-hold the Saviour of man-kind Up - on the shameful tree; How great the love that him in - clined, How great the love that him in - clined
2. "My God," he cries; all nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The gate of death in sun-der breaks, The gate of death in sun - der breaks,
3. "'Tis finish'd: now the ransom's paid: Re-ceive my soul," he cries: Be-hold, he bows his sa - cred head, Be - hold, he bows his sa - cred head,
4. But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain, And in full glo-ry shine: O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain,

DOXOLOGY to Lanesboro.

A. D. Fillmore.

To bleed and die for me!
The so - lid mar-bles rend.
He bows his head, and dies!
Was ev - er love, like thine?

Hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! O praise the Lord for-ev - er - more!
Hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord! O praise the Lord for-ev - er - more!

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Moderate.

1. O for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That
2. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And
3. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame; And heavenly light shall mark the road That
leads me to the Lamb.
wor - ship on - ly thee.
leads me to the Lamb.

H

AZMON. C. M.

Slow and Soft.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, With-out one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. With pitying eye the Prince of Peace Be - held our helpless grief; He saw, and—O, a - mazing love! He ran to our re - lief.
3. Down from his shining throne above, With joy-ful haste, he fled, Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.
4. O for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.
5. An - gels, assist our mighty joys; Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

FILLINGER. D. C. M.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by many a foe; That will not trem-ble on the brink Of pov - er-ty or woe;

2. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out; That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt;

3. A faith that keeps the nar - row way, By truth restrain'd and led, And with a pure and heavenly ray Lights up a dy - ing bed:

That will not murmur nor com-plain Be - neath the chastening rod, But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean up-on its God;

That bears un-moved the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scornful smile; That sin's wild o - cean can-not drown, Nor its soft arts be - guile;

O may I have a faith like this! And then, whate'er may come, I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

H. 262

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;

2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee! Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me:

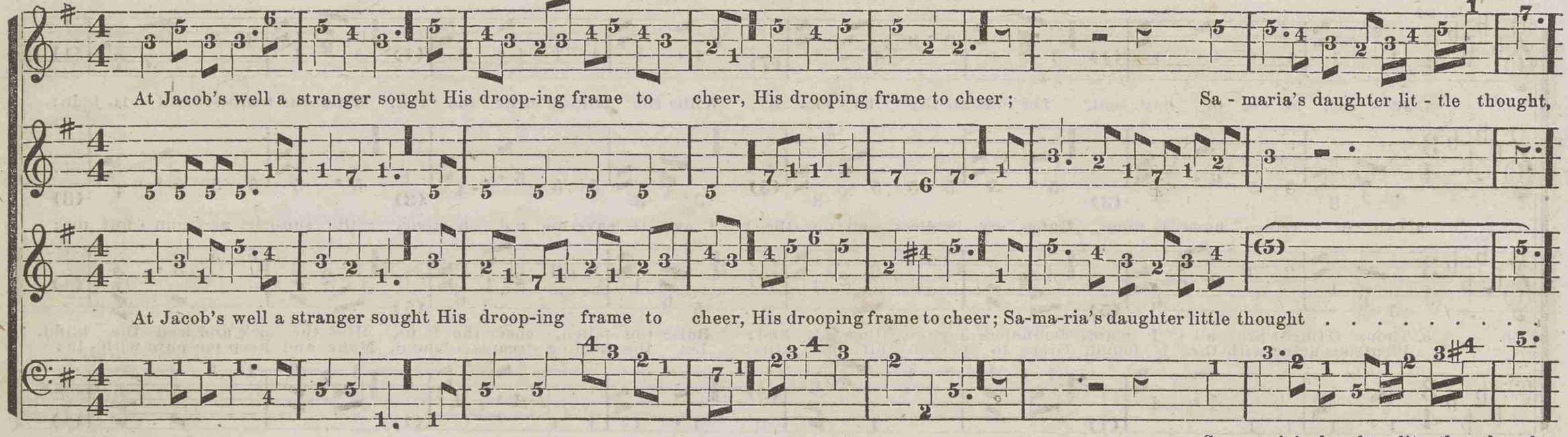
5. Thou, O Christ art all I want, Boundless love in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sins; Let the healing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in:

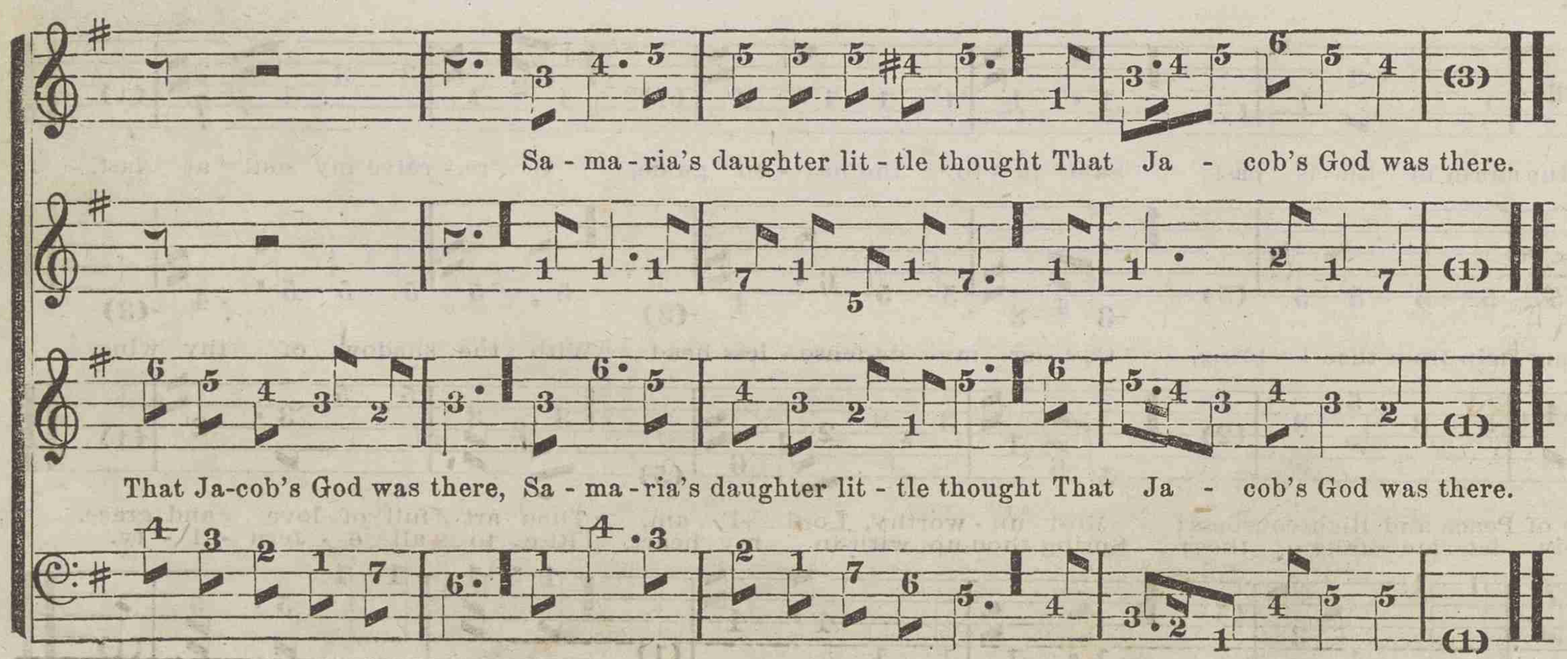
Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring, Cov - er my de-fense - less head With the shadow of thy wing.

Just and ho - ly is thy name, Prince of Peace and Righteousness; Most un - worthy, Lord I am, Thou art full of love and grace.
Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee; Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - tern - i - ty.

KNARESBORO. C. M.



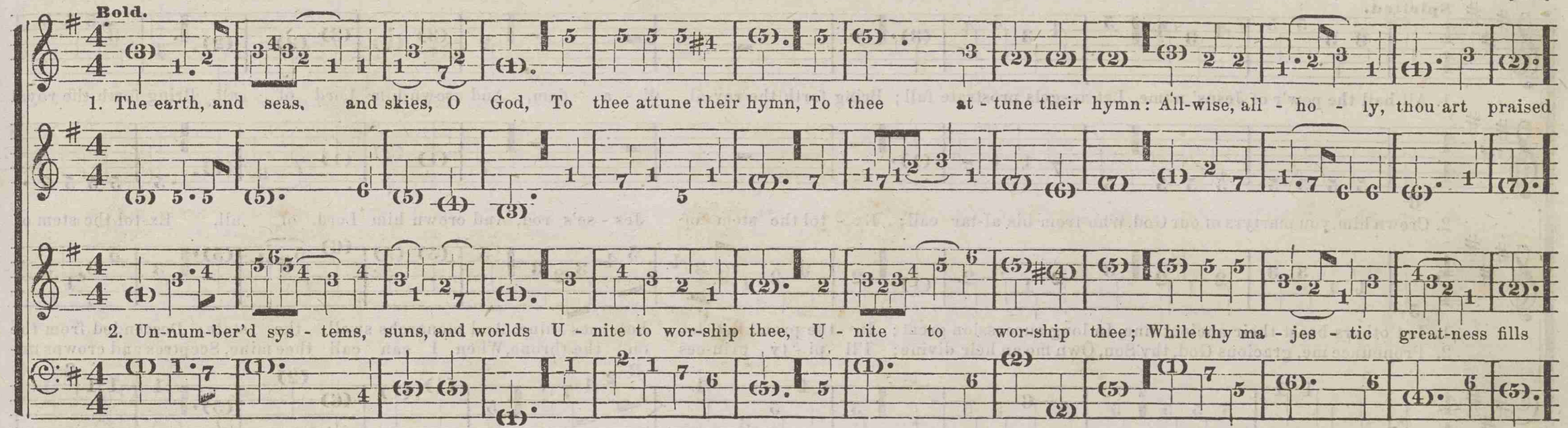


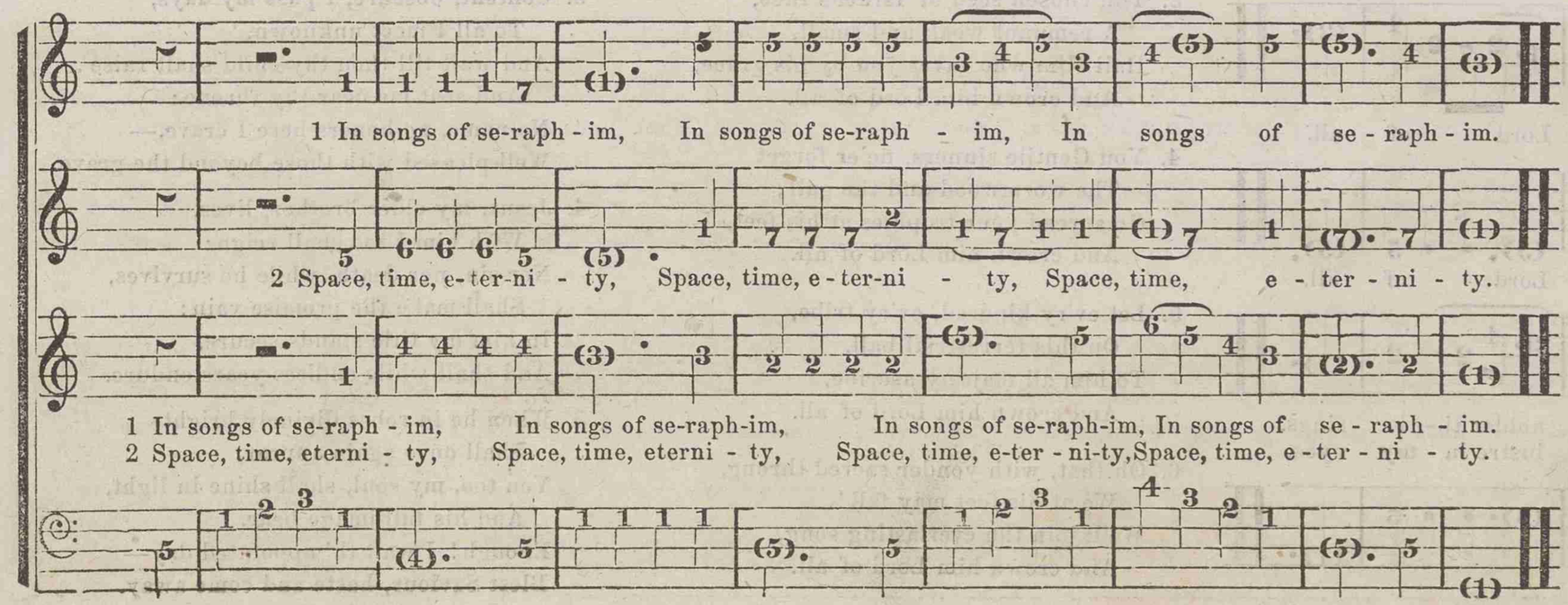
1. At Jacob's well a stranger sought
   His drooping frame to cheer;
   Samaria's daughter little thought
   That Jacob's God was there.

2. This had she known, her fainting mind
   For richer draughts had sigh'd!
   Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
   Those richer draughts denied.

3. This ancient well, no glass so true,
   Our nature's image shows;
   Here Christ presents himself to view,
   But who the stranger knows?

4. Yet sinners must the Saviour know,
   Or soon their loss deplore:
   Come, see the living waters flow,
   Come, drink, and thirst no more.





3. Nature—a temple worthy thee!
That beams with light and love, :‖:
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above. :‖:

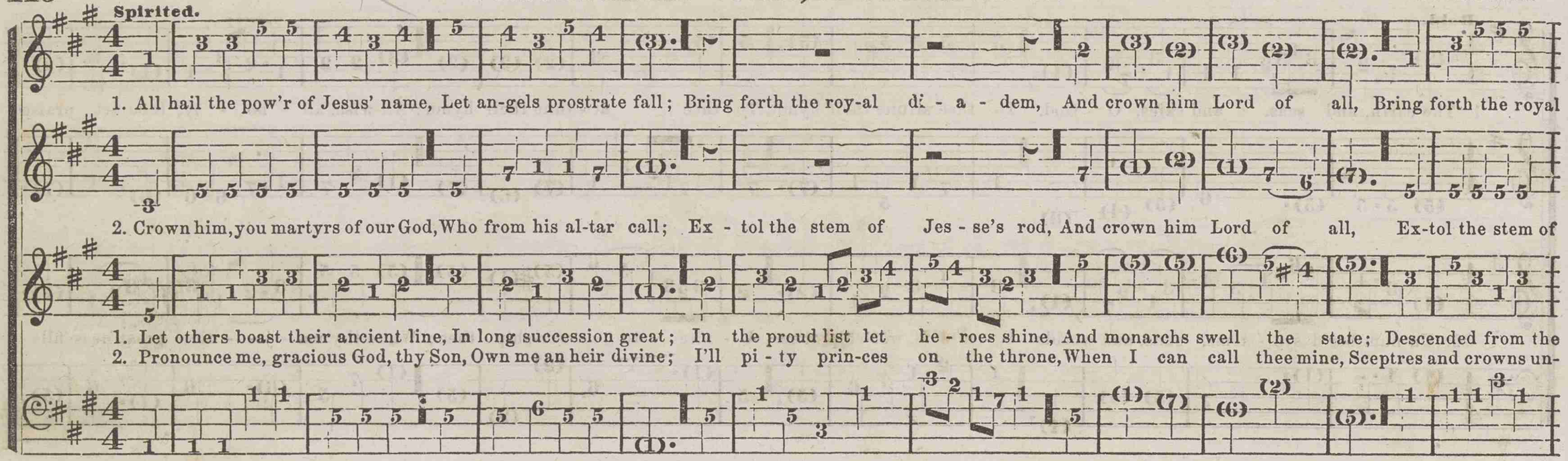
4. Whose altars are the mountain cliffs,
That rise along the shore, :‖:
Whose anthems the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean's roar. :‖:

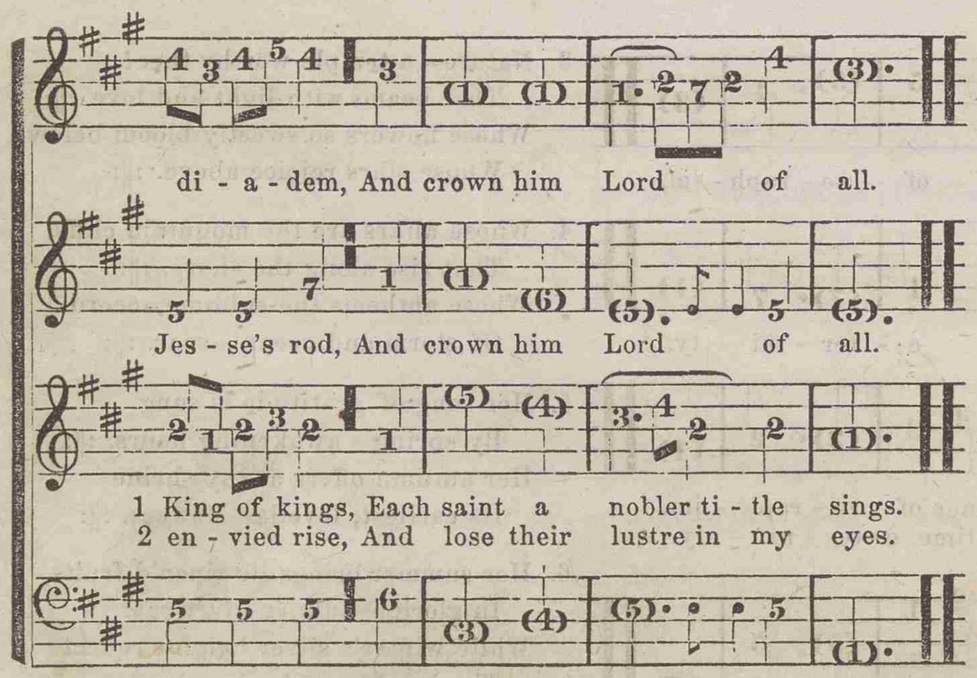
5. Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours, :‖:
Her autumn offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers. :‖:

6. Her summer brings its ripen'd fruits,
In glorious luxury given; :‖:
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven. :‖:

CORONATION. C. M., or C. M. & two 8s.

O. HOLDEN.





3. You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors here I crave,—
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4. Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

5. When he in robes divinely bright
Shall once again appear,
You too, my soul, shall shine in light,
And his full image bear.
Enough! I wait th' appointed day—
Blest Saviour, haste and come away.

1. There is an hour of hal - low'd peace For those with care op-press'd, } We are march-ing through Im - ma - nuel's ground, We soon shall hear the
When sighs and sor-rowing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest. }

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an - noy; } We are march-ing through Im - ma - nuel's ground, We soon shall hear the
Then they that oft have sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy. }

3. There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; } We are march-ing through Im - ma - nuel's ground, We soon shall hear the
The stream of end-less plea - sure flows On that ce - les-tial shore. }

trum-pet sound, And then we shall each oth - er greet, And never, ne-ver part a - gain. What! never part again? ne-ver part a-gain.

End. D. S.

trum - pet sound, And then we shall each oth - er greet, And ne - ver, never part a - gain. What! never part again? No, never part a-gain.

HASKELL. D. C. M.

1. And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint and die,
   My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high,
   Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long-sought rest. The

2. In hope of that im - mor - tal crown I now the cross sus - tain,
   And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain;
   I suf - fer on my three - score years, Till my De - liv' - rer come, And

3. Oh, what are all my suffer-ings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet
   With that en - raptured host t'ap - pear And wor - ship at thy feet!
   Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way, But

1 on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re - deem - er's breast.

2 wipe a - way his ser - vant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

3 give me life and friends a - gain In that e - ter - nal day.

By permission.

DOMINION. C. M.

T. HARRISON.

1. Ho - san - nah to the Prince of light, Who clothed him -
2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im -
3. See how the Con - queror mounts a - loft, And to his
4. There our ex - alt - ed Sa - viour reigns, And scat - ters

DOMINION. C. M. Concluded.

1 self in clay, En-ter'd the i-ron gates of death, And tore the bars a-way, - - - - - Enter'd the i-ron gates of death, And tore the bars a-way.

2 man-uel rose: He took the painful sting away, And spoil'd our hellish foes, - - - - - He took the painful sting a-way, And spoil'd our hell-ish foes.

3 Fa-ther flies, With scars of honor in his flesh, And triumph in his eyes, - - - - - With scars of honor in his flesh, And tri-umph in his eyes.

4 bless-ings down: Our Je-sus with his Father sits On the ce-les-tial throne, - - - - Our Je-sus with his Fa-ther sits On the ce-les-tial throne.

BARBY. C. M.

TANSUR.

1. When grief and an-guish press me down, And hope and com-fort flee, I cling, O Fa-ther, to thy throne, And stay my heart on thee.

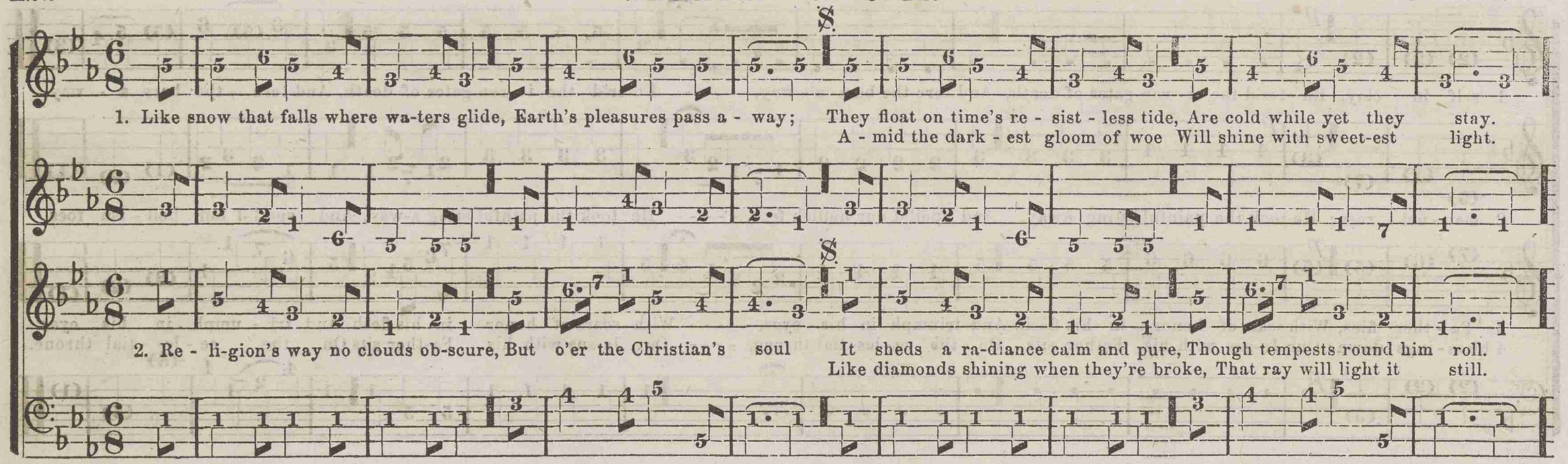
2. When clouds of dark temp-ta-tion rise, And pour their wrath on me, To thee for aid I turn my eyes, And fix my trust on thee.

3. When death in-vades my peace-ful home, The sunder'd ties shall be A clo-ser bond, in time to come, To bind my heart to thee.
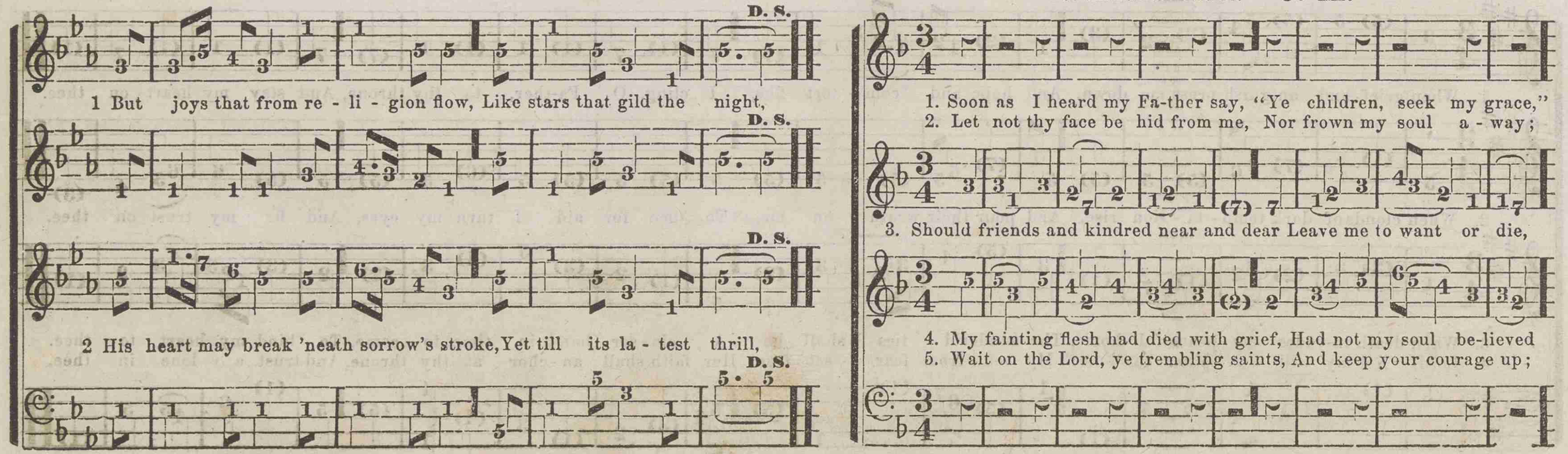
4. Lord, "Not my will, but thine, be done:" My soul, from fear set free, Her faith shall an-chor at thy throne, And trust a-lone in thee.

ATHENS. D. C. M.

GIARDINI.



WAREHAM. C. M.



My heart re - plied, with - out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa - ther's face," My heart re - plied, with - out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa - ther's face."
God of my life, I fly to thee In a dis - tress - ing day, God of my life, I fly to thee In a dis - tress-ing day.

My God will make my life his care, And all my need sup - ply, My God will make my life his care, And all my need sup - ply.

To see thy grace pro - vide re - lief, Nor was my hope de - ceived, To see thy grace pro - vide re - lief, Nor was my hope de - ceived.
He'll raise your spi - rit lest it faints, And far ex - ceed your hope, He'll raise your spi - rit lest it faints, And far ex - ceed your hope.

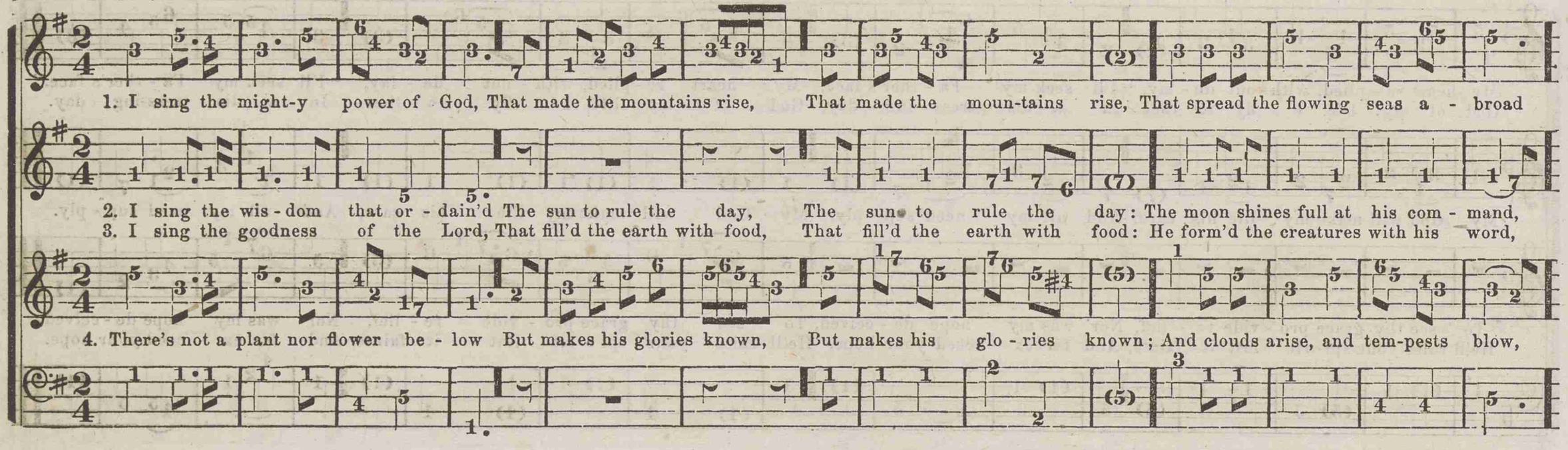
ARUNDEL. C. M.

1. At-tend, you chil-dren of your God; You heirs of glo - ry, hear; For accents so di - vine as these Might charm the dull - est ear.
2. Baptized in - to your Sa-viour's death, Your souls to sin must die; With Christ your Lord you live a-new, With Christ as - cend on high.
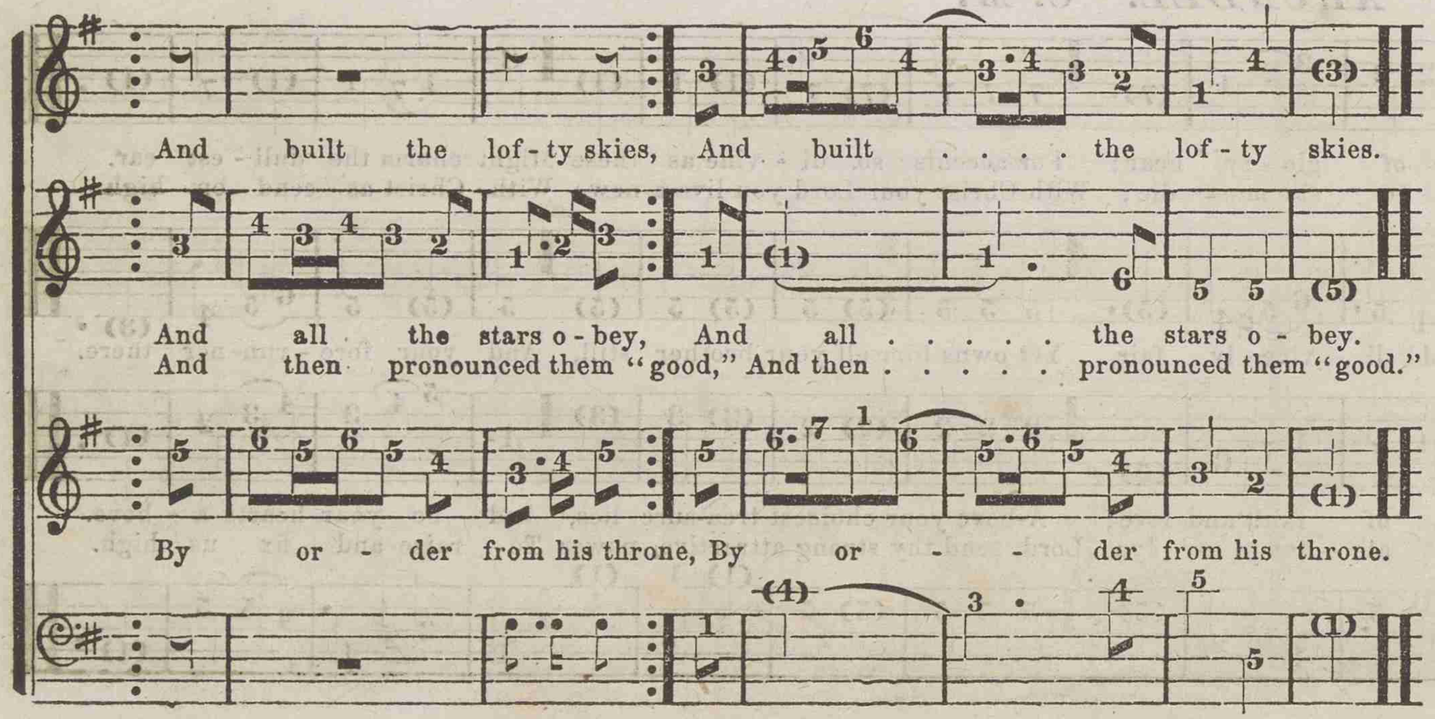
3. There by his Fa - ther's side he sits, En - throned di - vine - ly fair, Yet owns himself your brother still, And your fore - run - ner there.
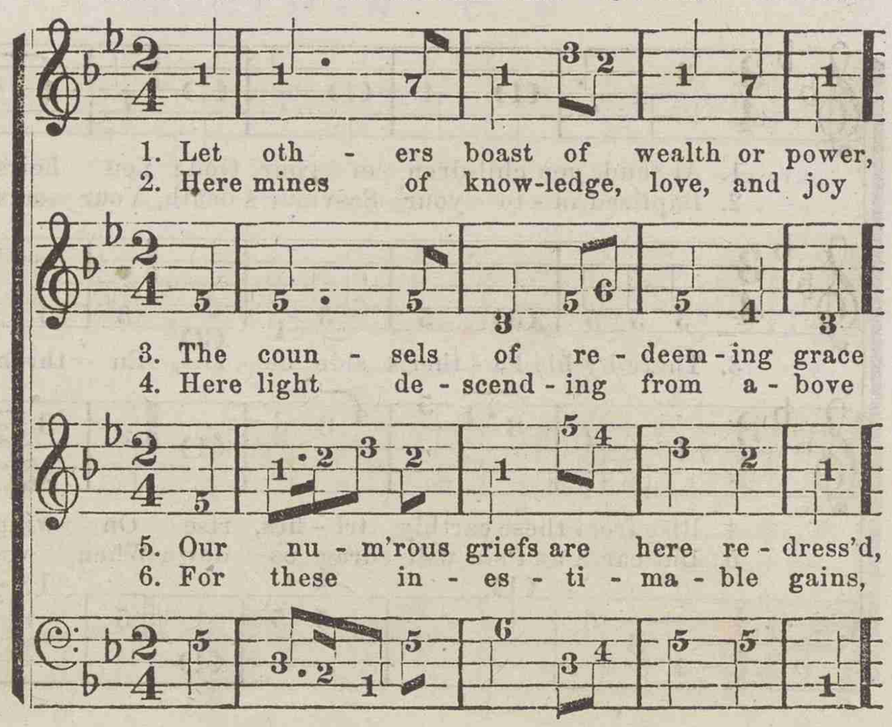
4. Rise from these earthly tri - fles, rise On wings of faith and love; A-bove your choicest trea-sure lies, And be your hearts a - bove.
5. But earth and sin will drag us down When we at - tempt to fly; Lord, send thy strong attractive power To raise and fix us high.

CINCINNATI. C. M.



MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M. LEACH.





And glo - ry in their pride; Thy word, O God, we va - lue more Than all the world be-side, Than all the world be - side.
Are o - pen to our sight; The pu - rest gold, with - out al - loy, And gems di-vine-ly bright, And gems di - vine - ly bright.

These sa - cred leaves un - fold, And here the Sa - viour's love - ly face Our raptured eyes be-hold, Our rap-tured eyes be - hold.
Di - rects our doubt - ful feet; Here pro - mi - ses of heav'n-ly love Our ar-dent wishes meet, Our ar - dent wish - es meet.

And all our wants sup-plied; Naught we can ask to make us blest Is in this book de-nied, Is in this book de - nied.
That so en - rich the mind, Oh, may we search with ea - ger pains, As-sured that we shall find, As-sured that we shall find.

OLDHAM. C. M.

LEACH.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me, So free-ly shed for me!
2. A heart re-sign'd, sub-missive, meek, My great Re-deemer's throne, Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone, Where Jesus reigns alone.

3. Oh for a low - ly, contrite heart, Con-fiding, true, and clean, Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells within, From him that dwells within!

4. A heart in ev' - ry thought renew'd, And full of love di - vine, Per-fect and right, and pure and good, A co-py, Lord, of thine, A co - py, Lord, of thine.
5. Thy pre-sence, gra-cious Lord, impart, Di - rect me from a - bove; May thy dear name be near my heart! That dearest name is Love, That dearest name is Love.

DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.
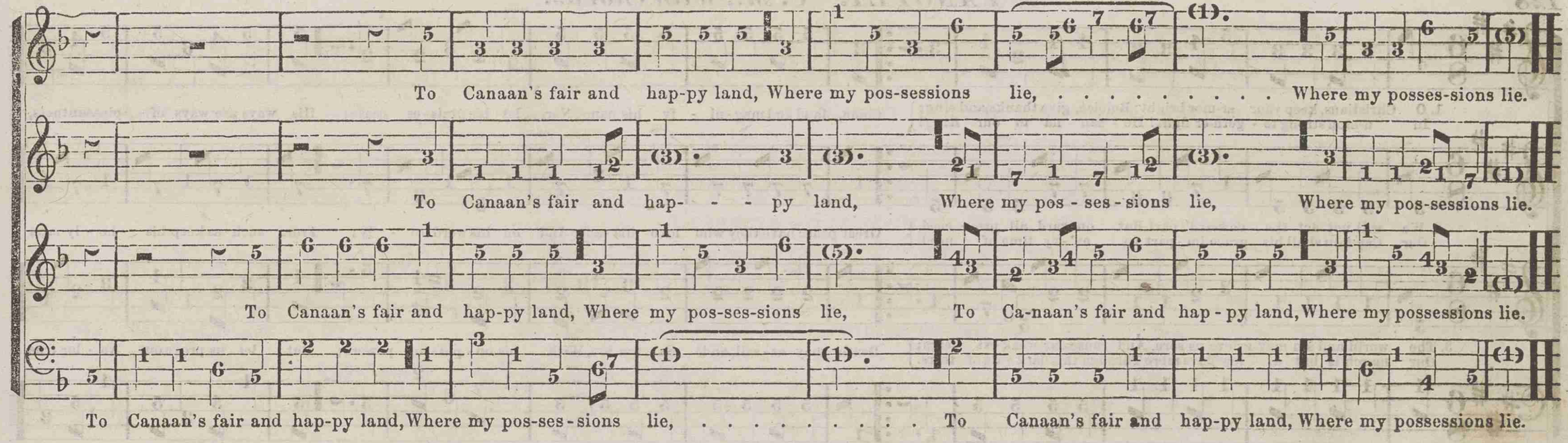
1. Blest be the dear u - ni - ting love That will not let us part; Our bodies may far off re - move, ... We still are one in heart,
2. Join'd in one spir-it to our Head, Where he ap-points we'll go, And still in Je-sus' foot-steps tread, ... And show his praise be - low,
3. Par - ta-kers of the Sa-viour's grace, The same in mind and heart; Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place, ... Nor life, nor death, can - part,
4. But let us has-ten to that day Which shall our flesh re - store, When death shall all be done a - way, ... And Chris-tians part no more,

EXHORTATION. C. M.

1 We still are one in heart.
2 And show his praise be - low.
3 Nor life, nor death, can part.
4 And Chris-tians part no more.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye

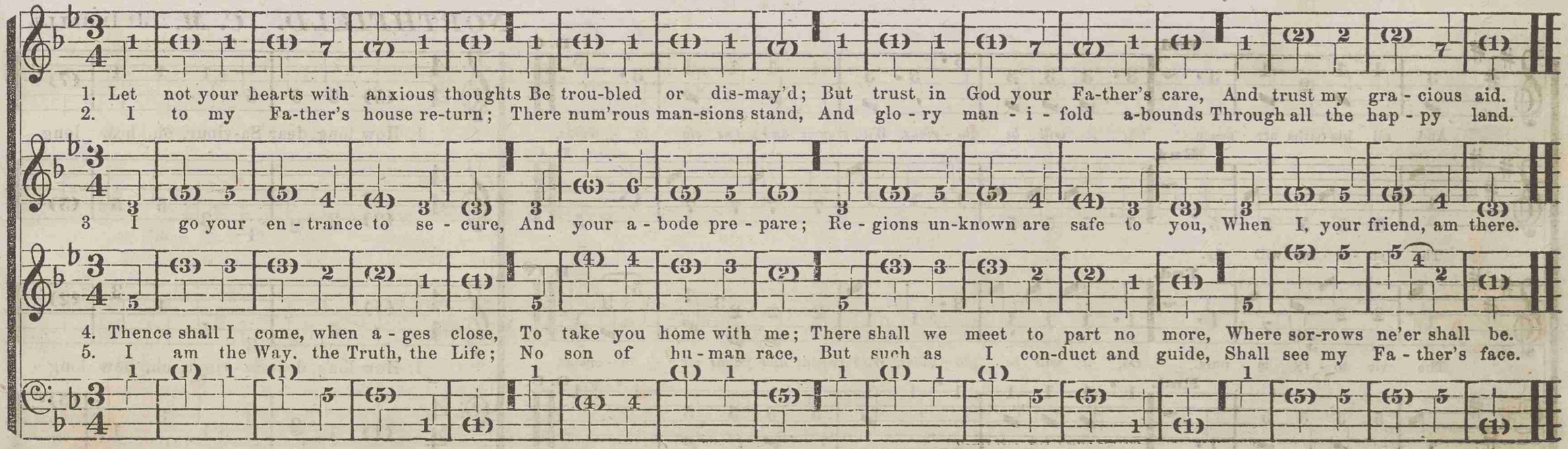
1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye



By permission.

FRAGRANCE. C. M.

T. Harrison.



PANOPLY. C. M., with chorus.

1. O Christians, keep your ar-mor bright; Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
In u-nion strong to - geth-er fight! Ho - san - na to our King!
Come, laud and mag-ni - fy his name, Nor let his prais-es cease; His ways are ways of pleasantness,

2. We will not act the cow-ard's part, But on-ward all pro - ceed.
Our Cap-tain shall his grace im-part In ev'-ry time of need.
Great peace have they who love his cause And on his word re - ly; From such as keep his ho - ly laws

3. The world and sin may grieve us sore, And rouse our weak-est fears;
Our march is but a few days more Through this dark vale of tears.
Death may as-sail, and Sa-tan too, With his op-pos-ing powers; But let us prove our va - lor true,

And Je - sus reigning o - ver us, When our sad war-fare's o'er, When our sad warfare's o'er, When our sad warfare's o'er. And Je - sus reign-ing o - ver us,

End. D. C.

And all his paths are peace. *Oh, it will be glo - rious, With crowns and palms vic - to - rious,*

End. D. C.

The en - e - my will fly.

End. D. C.

The vic - to - ry is ours. *Oh, it will be glo - rious, With crowns and palms vic - to - rious,*

End. D. C.

When our sad war-fare's o'er

NORTHFIELD. C. M. J. Ingalls.

1. How long, dear Sa-viour, oh, how long

1. How long, dear Sa-viour, oh, how long

Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swift - ly round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day.

Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day.

Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day, And bring the wel - come day.

Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

Slow—Devotionally.

1. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, Our great High-Priest is there; Come venture to that ho - ly place, Be - neath his guard - ian care.
2. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, Where Je - sus kind - ly pleads; Ours can-not be a des-perate case, While Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
3. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, The cen - tre of his love, Where sweet at - trac - tions nev - er cease To draw our hearts a - bove.
4. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, And all our tri - als name; In ev' - ry point our Lord will trace That he en - dured the same.
5. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, With all our wants and fears; The Saviour's hand shall kind - ly chase A - way the bit - terest tears.
6. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace; There shall our spi - rits soar; There we will pray, and nev - er cease, Till time shall be no more.

ILLINOIS. C. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints in glo-ry reign; E - ter- nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban- ish pain.
2. There ev - er - last-ing spring a - bides, And nev-er - with'ring flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di - vides This heaven-ly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be tween.
4. When I as - cend where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Can fright me from the shore.

KINGSLEY. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. O Lord, an - oth - er day has flown, And we, a grateful band, Are met once more be - fore thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand.
2. And wilt thou lend a lis - t'ning ear To prais-es low as ours? Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.
3. And, Je - sus, thou thy smiles wilt deign, As we be - fore thee pray; For thou didst bless the in - fant train; And are we less than they?

BOWERS. C. M.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. Shine forth, e-ter - nal Source of light, And make thy glo-ries known; Fill our enlarged, a - dor - ing sight With lus - tre all thine own.

2. To know the Author of our frame Is our sub - li - mest skill; True science is to learn his name, True life to do his will.

3. For this we long, for this we pray; This let us still pur - sue, Till vi-sions of e - ter - nal day Fix and complete our view.

JUDEA. C. M.

W. O. Perkins.

Legato.

1. Calm on the listening ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver - mantled plains.

2. The answering hills of Pa - les-tine Send back the glad re - ply; And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The Day-spring from on high.

3. "Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring; "Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's E - ter - nal King!"

HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

1. Be - hold th' a - ma-zing gift of love The Fa-ther has be - stow'd On us, the sons of sin - ful men, To call us sons of God.
2. Con - ceal'd as yet his ho - nor lies, By this dark world un-known,—A world that knew not when he came, E'en God's be - lov - ed Son.
3. High is the rank we now pos - sess, But high-er we shall rise; Though what we shall here-af - ter be Is hid from mor - tal eyes.
4. We know we all when he ap-pears, Shall bear his im - age bright, And all his glo - ry full dis - closed Shall o - pen to our sight.
5. A hope so great and so di - vine May tri - als well en - dure, And pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ him - self is pure.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER.

1. Je - sus, in thy trans - port-ing name What glo-ries meet our eyes! Thou art the se-raph's lof - ty theme, The won - der of the skies.
2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as thine: No thought of an-gels ev - er knew Com-pas - sion so di - vine.
3. And didst thou, Sa-viour, leave the sky To sink be-neath our woes? Didst thou de-scend to bleed and die For thy re - bel - lious foes?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway, Glad cap - tives of thy match-less grace, Thy right-eous rule o - bey.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

Slow.

1. Mis - tak - en souls, that dream of heaven, And make their emp - ty boast Of in - ward joys and sins forgiven, While they are slaves to lust.
2. How vain are all our fan - cy's flights, If faith be cold and dead! None but a liv - ing power u - nites To Christ, the liv - ing head.
3. 'Tis faith that pu - ri - fies the heart; 'Tis faith that works by love, That bids all sin - ful joys de-part, And lifts the thoughts a - bove.
4. This faith shall ev' - ry fear con - trol By its ce - les - tial power; With ho - ly tri - umph fill the soul In death's approaching hour.

MARLOW. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Slow.

1. Re - li - gion is the chief concern Of mor- tals here be - low: May I its great im - portance learn, Its sovereign vir- tues know!
2. More need-ful this than glitt'ring wealth, Or aught the world be - stows: Nor rep - u - ta - tion, food, nor health, Can give us such re - pose.
3. Re - li - gion should our thoughts engage A - mid our youth - ful bloom: 'Twill fit us for de - clin - ing age, And for the lone - ly tomb.
4. O may my heart, by grace re-new'd, Be my Re-deem - er's throne, And be my stub - born will sub-dued His gov - ern-ment to own!

Words by G. P. Morris.

MOTHER'S BIBLE. D. C. M.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. This book is all that's left me now; Tears will un - bid - den start; With fal-tering lip and throb-bing brow I press it to my heart:

2. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To bro-thers, sis - ters dear: How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear!

3. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried: When all were false, I found thee true, My coun - sel-lor and guide.

For ma - ny gen - e - ra - tions past, Here is our fam' - ly tree: My mo-ther's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.

Her an - gel face—I see it yet: What thronging mem'ries come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home.

The mines of earth no treasure give That could this volume buy: In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And hell - ish darts be hurl'd, Then I would smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come And storms of sor - row fall, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

f CHORUS.

We'll wait, with joy - ful songs of praise, till Je - sus come, We'll wait, with joy - ful songs of praise, till Je - sus come, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

We'll wait, we'll wait, till Je - sus come, We'll wait, we'll wait, till Je - sus come, And we'll be gather'd home.

We'll wait, with joy - ful songs of praise, till Je - sus come, We'll wait, with joy - ful songs of praise, till Je - sus come, And we'll be gath-er'd home.

MICHIGAN. C. M.

A. B. IRVING.

Slow.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the earth a - broad, The honors of thy name.
3. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of reigning sin, He sets the pris'-ner free; His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a - vail'd for me.

SCARBORO. C. M.

SHRUBSOLE.

Animated.

Slow.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
2. Let ev' - ry kin-dred, ev' - ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball To him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
3. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

PARIS. C. M.

GIDEON KING.

1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And groan'd, and bled, and died, He look'd with pi - ty on a wretch That languish'd by his side.

2. The dy - ing thief in Je - sus saw A ma - jes - ty di-vine, While scoffing Jews around him stood, And ask'd him for a sign.

3. "The kingdom Lord, is thine," he said: "'Tis thine o'er men to reign: Thy wondrous works thy Lordship prove: These pains thy love proclaim."

RHODES. C. M.

D. DOWNS.

1. Twas God who fix'd the rolling spheres, And stretch'd the bound - less skies, Who form'd the plan of end - less years, And bade the a - ges rise.

2. From ev - er - last - ing is his might, Immense and un - con - fined; He pierces through the realms of light, And rides up - on the wind.

3. He speaks; all na-ture's wheels stand still, And leave their wont - ed round; The mountains melt; each trem-bling hill For - sakes its an-cient bound.

4. Ye worlds, and ev' - ry liv - ing thing, Ful - fil his high com - mand: Pay grate - ful hom - age to your King, And own his ru - ling hand.

GIVE. C. M.

J. GRIGGS.

Slow. H. 619

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

2. To - day he rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints his triumphs spread, And all his won - ders tell.

3. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sa - ges of grace; Who comes in God, his Father's name, To save our sin - ful race.
4. Ho - san - na in the high - est strains, The church on earth can raise; The high-est heavens in which he reigns Shall give him no - bler praise.

By Permission.

COME. 6s.

J. P. POWELL.

H. 319

1. Sinner, come 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing; Trembling now, contrite bow, Take the offer'd blessing.

2. Sinner, come, while there 's room—While the feast is waiting; While the Lord, by his word, Kindly is inviting.

3. Sinner, come, ere thy doom Shall be sealed forever; Now return, grieve and mourn, Flee to Christ, the Savior.
4. Sinner, come to thy home, High in heaven gleaming; To the sky lift thine eye, With true sorrow streaming.

PISGAH. C. M.

H. 865.

1. I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord,

2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name,

3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
4. Then will he own my worthless name

Slow. H. 692

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad-dress thy throne.

2. A - mong the saints that fill thy house My of - 'rings shall be paid; There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.

3. How hap - py all thy serv-ants are, How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee.
4. Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re - cord; Wit - ness, ye saints who hear me now, If I for - sake the Lord.

PISGAH. Concluded.

Nor to de-fend his cause, Main - tain the hon - ors of his word, The glo - ry of his cross, The glo - ry of his cross, etc.

S. His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame. Nor let my hope be lost, Nor let my hope be lost, etc.

And he can well se - cure What I've com-mit-ted to his hands Till the de - cis - ive hour, Till the de - cis - ive hour, etc.
Be - fore his Father's face, And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point for me a place, Ap-point for me a place, etc.

BENTON. C. M.

CHAS. F. LOCKWOOD.

1. Mor-tals, a-wake, with an-gels join, And chant the cheer-ful lay; Love, joy, and grat-i-tude com-bine To hail th'aus-pi-cious day.
2. In heaven the rap-turous song be-gan And sweet se-raph-ic fire Through all the shin-ing le-gions ran, And swept the sound-ing lyre.
3. The theme, the song, the joy, was new To each an-gel-ic tongue: Swift through the realms of light it flew, And loud the e-cho rung.
4. Down through the por-tals of the sky The peal-ing an-them ran, And an-gels flew, with ea-ger joy, To bear the news to man.
5. Hark! the cher-u-bic armies shout, And glo-ry leads the song; Peace and sal-va-tion swell the note Of all the heaven-ly throng.

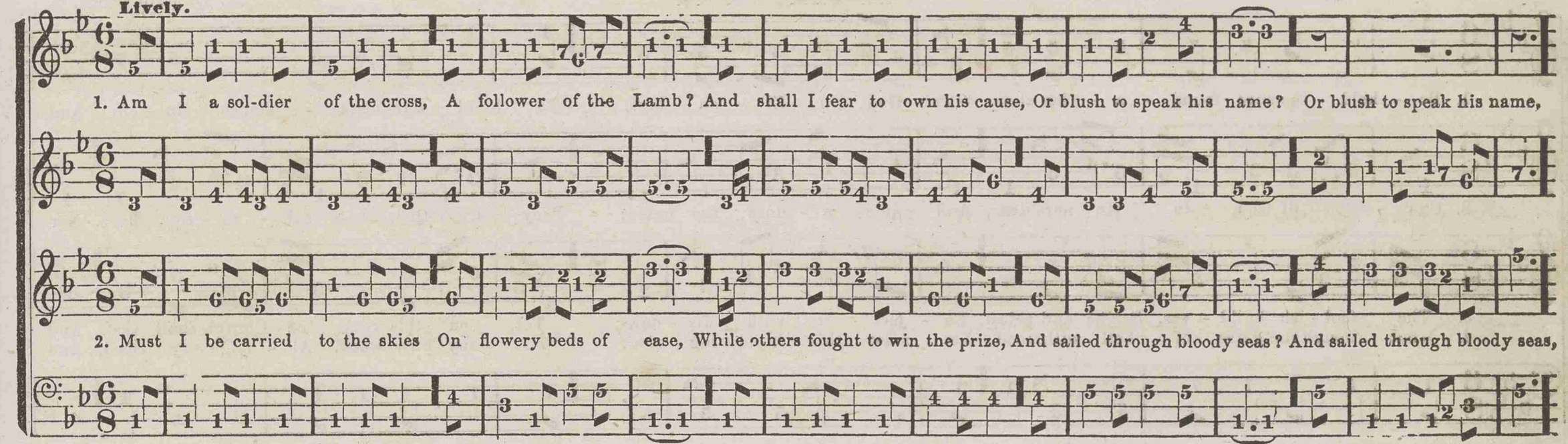
OWEN. C. M., with chorus.

A. D. F.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem, my glo-rious home, Name ev-er dear to me! When will my la-bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

CHORUS. *Home, home, sweet home, my hap-py home, My home with Christ in heaven.*

3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death dis-may? I've Ca-naan's goodly land in view, And realms of end-less day.



3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

IDAHO. C. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Be - hold the sure found - a - tion stone Which God in Zi - on lays, To build our heavenly hopes up - on, And
2. Cho - sen of God, to sin - ners dear, And saints a - dore the name: They trust their whole sal - va - tion here, Nor
3. The fool - ish build - ers, Scribe and priest, Re - ject it with dis - dain; Yet on this rock the Church shall rest, And
4. What though the gates of hell withstood, Yet must this build - ing rise: 'Tis thy own work, Al - migh - ty God, And

his e - ter - nal praise, And his e - ter - nal praise.
shall they suf - fer shame, Nor shall they suf - fer shame.
en - vy rage in vain, And en - vy rage in vain.
won-drous in our eyes, And won-drous in our eyes.

MERIDEN. C. M.

T. CLARK.

1. Come, you that love the Saviour's name And joy to make it known, The
2. Be-hold your King, your Saviour, crown'd With glories all di - vine; And
3. In - fi - nite power and boundless grace In him u - nite their rays; You

MERIDEN. Concluded.

Sove - reign of your hearts pro - claim, And bow be - fore his throne, ... And bow be - fore his throne

tell the wond'ring na - tions round How bright these glories shine, ... How bright these glo - ries shine.

that have seen his love - ly face, Can you for - bear his praise, ... Can you for - bear his praise?

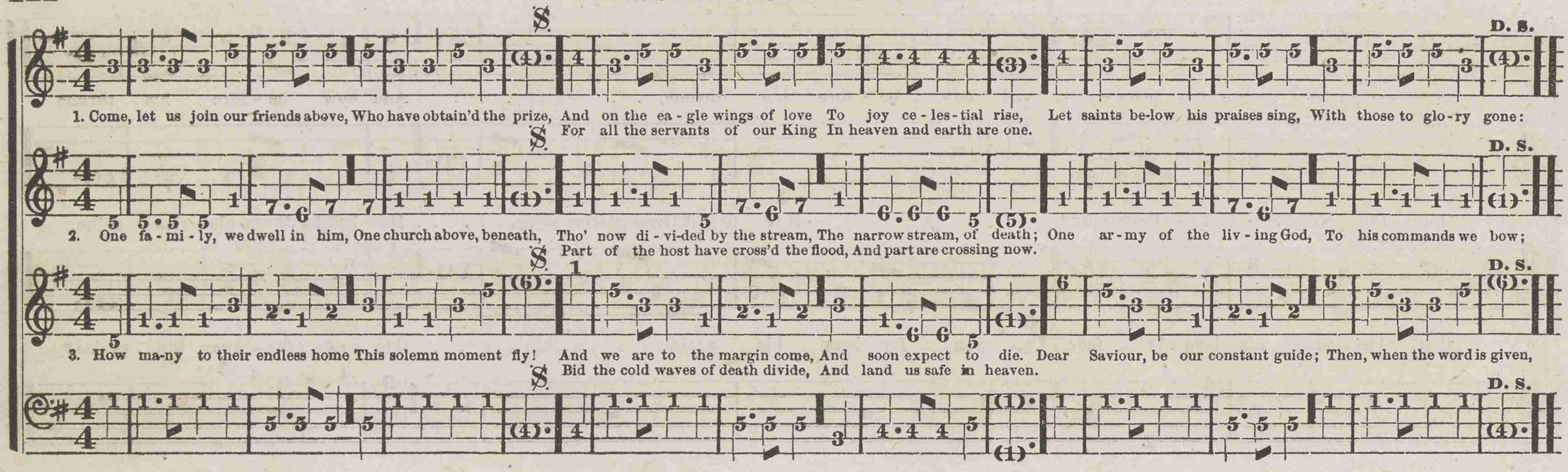
EMINENCE. C. M.

A. D. Fillmore.

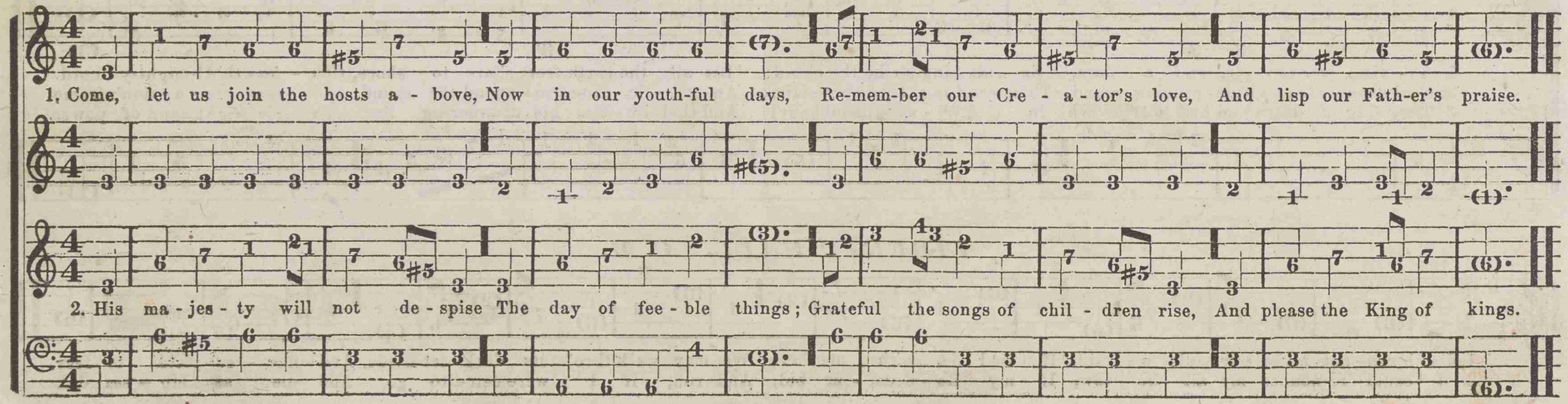
1. A - rise, ye peo - ple, and a - dore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th' Al-might-y Lord.
2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, Th' as-cend-ing Lord pro-claim; An - gel - ic choirs re - spond the sound, And shake cre - a - tion's frame.
3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown In that tri - um - phant hour; And God ex - alts his conquering Son To his right hand of power.

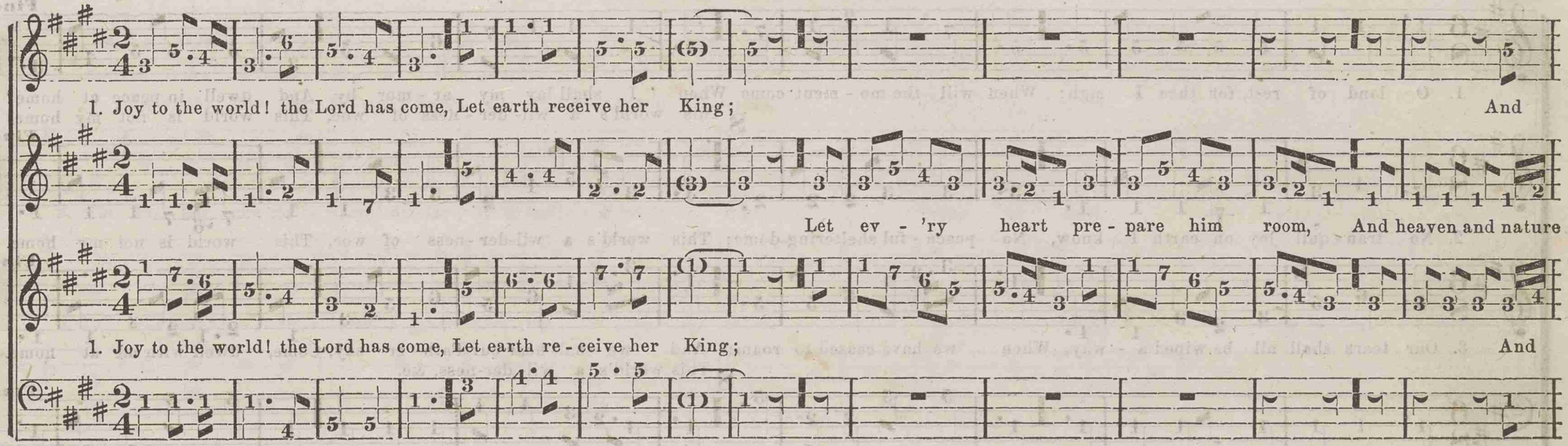
LIBERTY HALL. C. M.
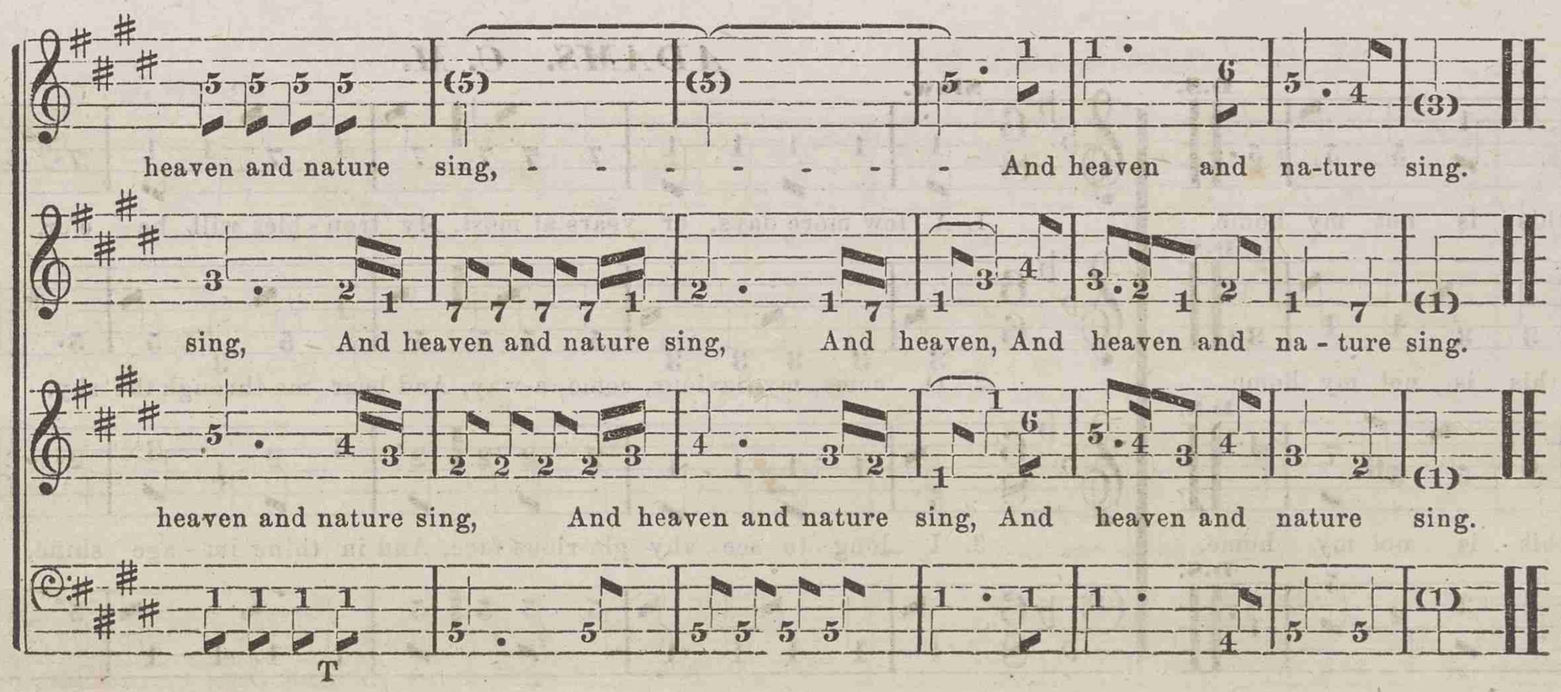
1. Death can - not make our souls a - fraid, If God be with us there; We may walk thro' its dark - est shade, And nev - er yield to fear.
2. I could re-nounce my all be - low, If my Re - deem - er bid, And run, if I were call'd to go, And die as Mo - ses did.


1. Come, let us join our friends above, Who have obtain'd the prize, And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise, Let saints be-low his praises sing, With those to glo-ry gone:
For all the servants of our King In heaven and earth are one.
2. One fa - mi - ly, we dwell in him, One church above, beneath, Tho' now di - vi-ded by the stream, The narrow stream, of death; One ar-my of the liv - ing God, To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now.
3. How ma-ny to their endless home This solemn moment fly! And we are to the margin come, And soon expect to die. Dear Saviour, be our constant guide; Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide, And land us safe in heaven.
D. S.

INFANCY. C. M.


1, Come, let us join the hosts a - bove, Now in our youth-ful days, Re-mem-ber our Cre - a - tor's love, And lisp our Fath-er's praise.
2. His ma - jes - ty will not de - spise The day of fee - ble things; Grateful the songs of chil - dren rise, And please the King of kings.





2. Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

POTTINGER. C. M., with chorus.

LANE.

Fine.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home?

This world's a wil- der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.

Fine.

2. No tran - quil joy on earth I know, No peace - ful sheltering dome; This world's a wil-der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.

Fine.

3. Our tears shall all be wiped a - way, When we have ceased to roam; And we shall hear our Fath - er say, Come, dwell with me at home.

This world's a wil- der-ness, &c.

Fine.

p Cres. D.S.

O, this is not my home, O, this is not my home.

p Cres. D.S.

O, this is not my home, O, this is not my home.

p Cres. D.S.

O, this is not my home, O, this is not my home.

p Cres. D.S.

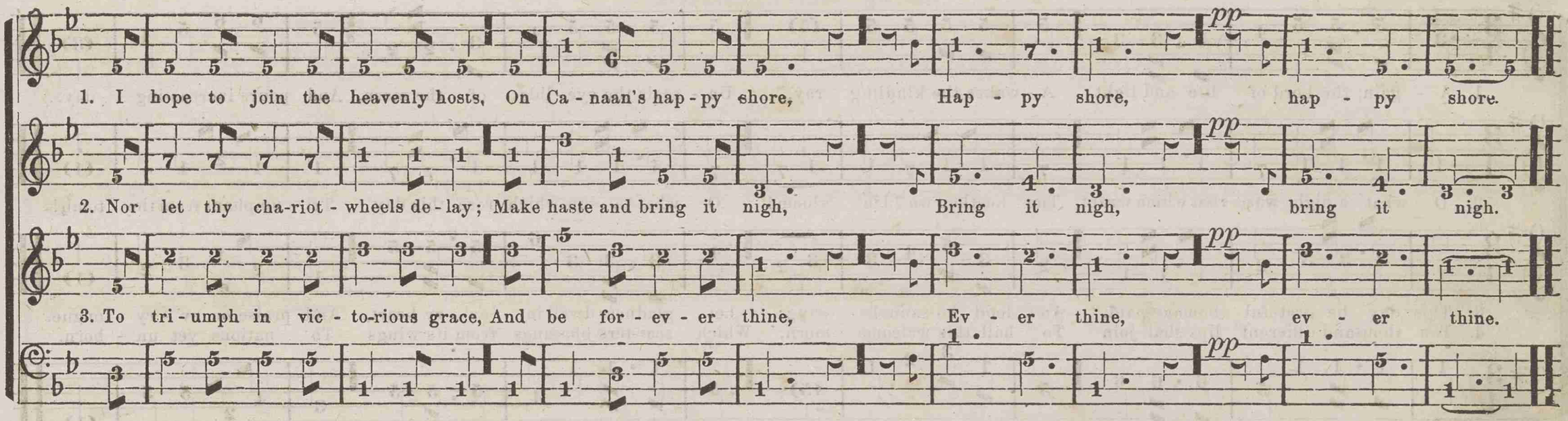
ADAMS. C. M.

Slow.

1. A few more days, or years at most, My trou - bles will be o'er,

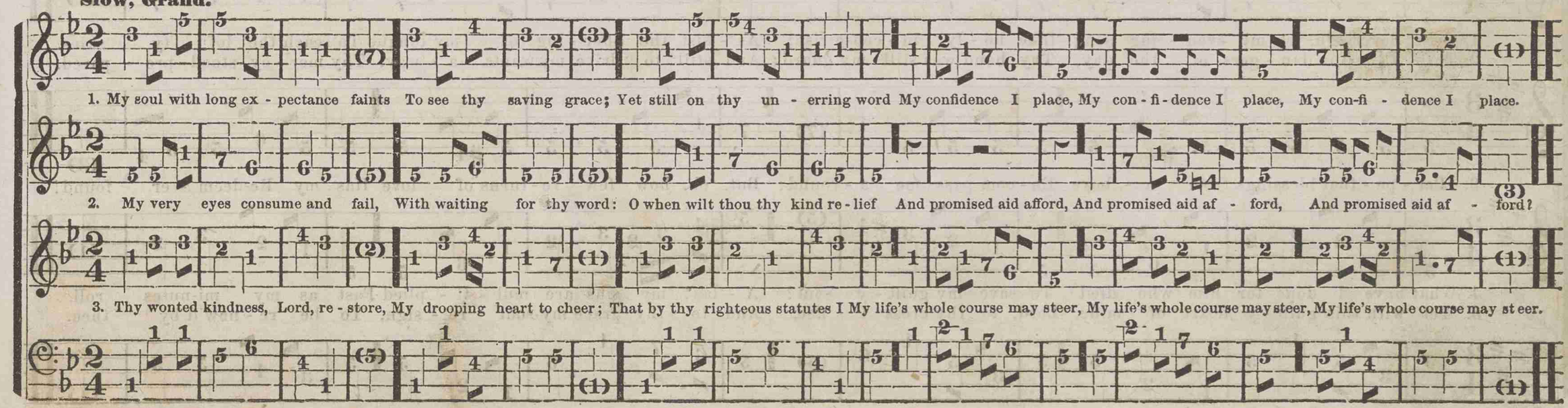
2. O come, my Saviour, come a-way, And bear me through the sky,

3. I long to see thy glo-rious face, And in thine im - age shine,



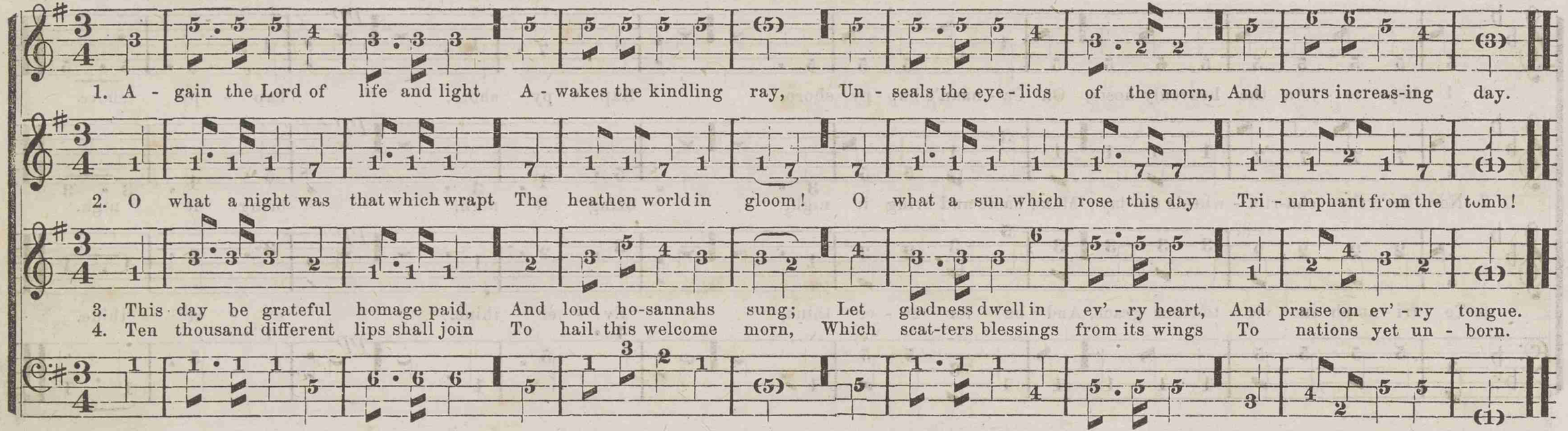
CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

RANDALL.



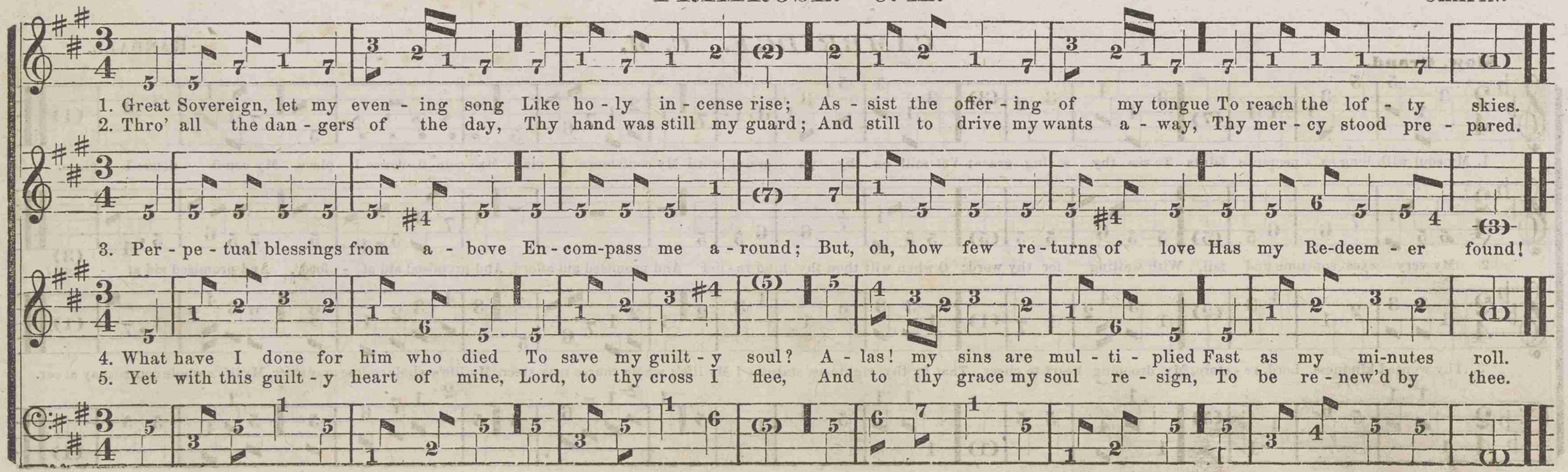
ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.



PRIMROSE. C. M.

CHAPIN.



BRIGHTON. C. M.

1. Hail! sa - cred truth, whose pierc - ing rays Dis - pel the shades of night; Dif - fus-ing o'er the men - tal world

3. O, send thy light and truth a - broad, In all their ra - diant blaze, And bid th' ad-mir - ing world a - dore

1. The hea - - - - - - ling beams of light; Dif - fusing o'er the mental world, Diffusing o'er the mental world The heal - ing beams of light.
3. The glo - - - - - - ries of thy grace; And bid th' admiring world adore, And bid th' admiring world adore The glo - ries of thy grace.

1. Dif - fusing o'er the mental world The healing beams of light; Dif - fusing o'er the mental world, Diffusing o'er the mental world The heal - ing beams of light,
3. And bid th' admiring world adore The glories of thy grace; And bid th' admiring world adore, And bid th' admiring world adore The glo-ries of thy grace.

1. The hea - - - - - - ling beams of light; Dif - fusing o'er the mental world, Diffusing o'er the mental world The heal - ing beams of light.
3. The glo - - - - - - ries of thy grace; And bid th' admiring world adore, And bid th' admiring world adore The glo - ries of thy grace.

1. Dif - fusing o'er the mental world The healing beams of light; Dif - fusing o'er the mental world, Diffusing o'er the mental world The heal - ing beams of light.
3. And bid th' admiring world adore The glories of thy grace, etc.

WEEPING. C. M.

1. Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We will not weep for thee ; } And thus shall faith's consoling power The tears of love restrain ; O who that saw thy parting hour Could wish thee
One thought shall check the starting tear, It is, that thou art free. } [here again ?

2. Triumphant in thy closing eyes The hope of glory shone ; } Thy passing spirit gently fled, Sustained by grace divine ; O may such grace on us be shed, And make our end
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh, To think the race was run. } [like thine.

ASPIRATION. C. M.

Slow.

1. Since I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies, I 'll bid farewell to every fear, I 'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I would smile at Satan's rage, Then I would smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll, And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

With bold energy.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown,

2. 'T is God's all an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'T is his own hand presents the prize, To mine as - piring eye,

3. A cloud of witness - es a - round, Holds thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way,

4. Blest Savior, in-tro - duced by thee, Have we our race be - gun; And crowned with victory at thy feet, We 'll lay our honors down,

OREGON. C. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.

And an im - mortal crown.

To mine as - piring eye.

And onward urge thy way.
We 'll lay our honors down.

1. Come, let us lift our voices high, High as our joys a - rise; And join the songs above the sky, Where pleasure never dies.

2. Jesus, the Lord, who fought and bled, And conquered when he fell; Who rose, and at his chariot wheels Dragg'd all the powers of hell.

3. Je-sus, our Lord, invites us here, To this triumphal feast, And brings abundant blessings down For each obedient guest.

152 Words by D. VANDYKE. **MANCHESTER. C. M., with chorus.** G. T. WILSON.

1. By faith we look, for joys to come, When we shall pass the vale, To yon bright land, the spir - it's home, Where pleasures nev - er fail.

2. The land we see is bright and free, And streams pe - ren - nial flow, O'ershadow'd by life's blooming tree, Whose leaves to heal - ing grow.

3. The light that shines up - on that shore Shall nev - er fade nor die; For God is light, and ev - er - more He bids the dark - ness fly.

4. There joy, and life, and light, and love, And rap-turous songs of bliss, Are call - ing to that world a - bove, From such a world as this.

CHORUS.

O hap - py land! we long to stand On thy fair shore, and sing, With all that throng, a joy - ful song Of praise to God our King.

O hap - py land! we long to stand On thy fair shore, and sing, With all that throng, a joy - ful song Of praise to God our King.

CREATH. C. M., *with chorus.*

1. Je - sus my Lord to glo - ry's gone; Him will I go and see; And all my brethren here be - low Will soon come af - ter me.
2. There we shall meet, and no more part; All heaven shall ring with praise, While Je - sus' love in ev' - ry heart Shall tune the song "Free grace."
3. Mil-lions of years a - round may roll, Our song shall still a-bound, While rap-tures burst from ev' - ry soul, In sweet, me - lo - dious sound.

CHORUS.

On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah! We'll be free from sor - row, pain, and trou - ble, Hal - le - lu - jah!

MYRA. C. M.

C. L. Fillmore.

Moderate.

1. The glorious re - sur - rec-tion morn Now beams up - on our sight,— The day on which new hope was born, Whence dawns im-mor - tal light.
2. This day God's grace and power were proved, In rais-ing up his Son; The sting of death is now removed, Sal - va-tion's work is done.
3. Now, Lord of lords, and King of kings, Our Saviour reigns su-preme; All heaven with hal - le - lu - jah rings, While saints a-dore his name.

1. There's mu - sic in the up - per heaven; The cho - ral notes that swell Are sweet - er, full - er, rich - er far Than hu - man lips can tell, When rings the gush of
2. The gli - ding rush of count-less wings, Borne on the swell - ing breeze, That wafts the rus- tling mu - sic by A - mid em - bower'd trees; The e - cho of the
3. The mu - sic of the pear - ly gates, When back by an - gels flung, Ad - mit - ting there a ran-som'd soul Their sin - less bands a mong; The sil - very sound that's
4. And then the tide of mel - o - dy That swells and bursts when rings The New Song in that far - off world, That thrilling rap - ture brings; But, awed, we may not

1 gold - en harps, And heavenly lutes are swept, To tell the quenchless love of Him Who o'er a lost world wept, To tell the quenchless love of Him Who o'er a lost world wept.
2 my - riad feet That fall on pavements fair, Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams In un-told brightness there, Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams In un-told brightness there.
3 swell - ing up, When flows the stream of life; The rus - tle of the em'-rald leaf, With heal-ing virtues rife, The rus - tle of the em'-rald leaf, With healing vir - tues rife.
4 note its power, Its depths we may not sound: Un - fathom'd, fa - thom - less, it rolls In glorious might a - round, Un - fathom'd, fa - thom - less, it rolls In glorious might a - round.

GOING HOME. C. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.

H. 820

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, O, how I long for thee! When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glo-rious to be - hold! Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

CHORUS.

We 're go - ing home, we 're go - ing home, We 're go - ing home to live for ev - er.

We 're go - ing home, we 're go - ing home, We 're go- ing home to live for ev - er.

3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems, by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.
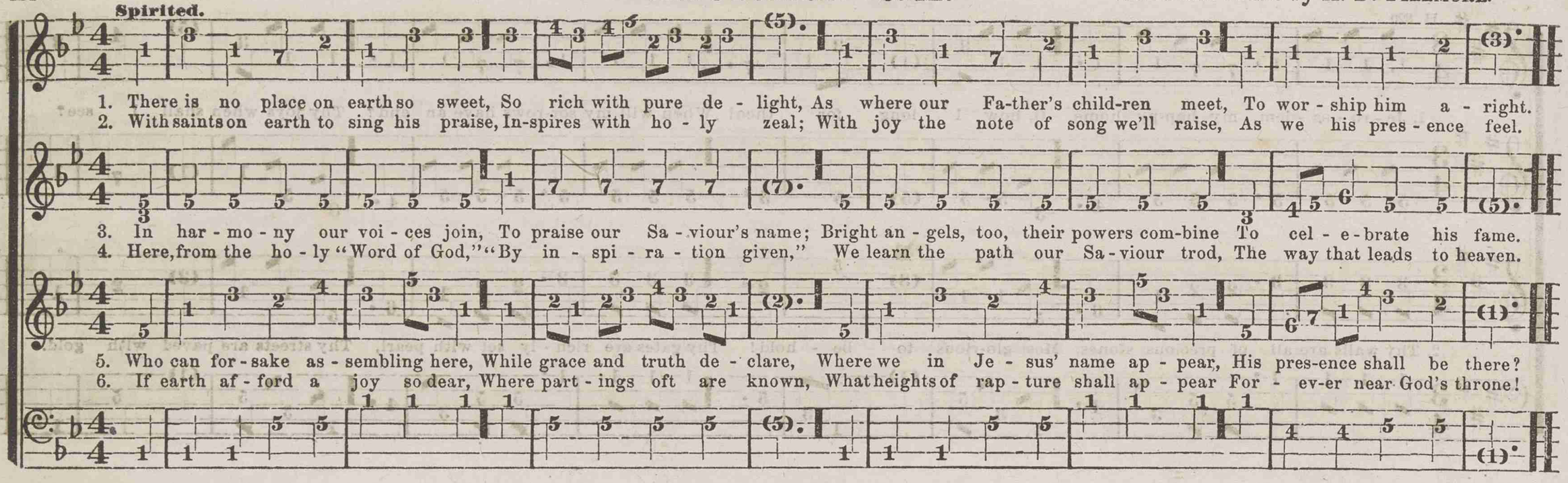
4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die, and go from hence?

5. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my love, to glory 's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

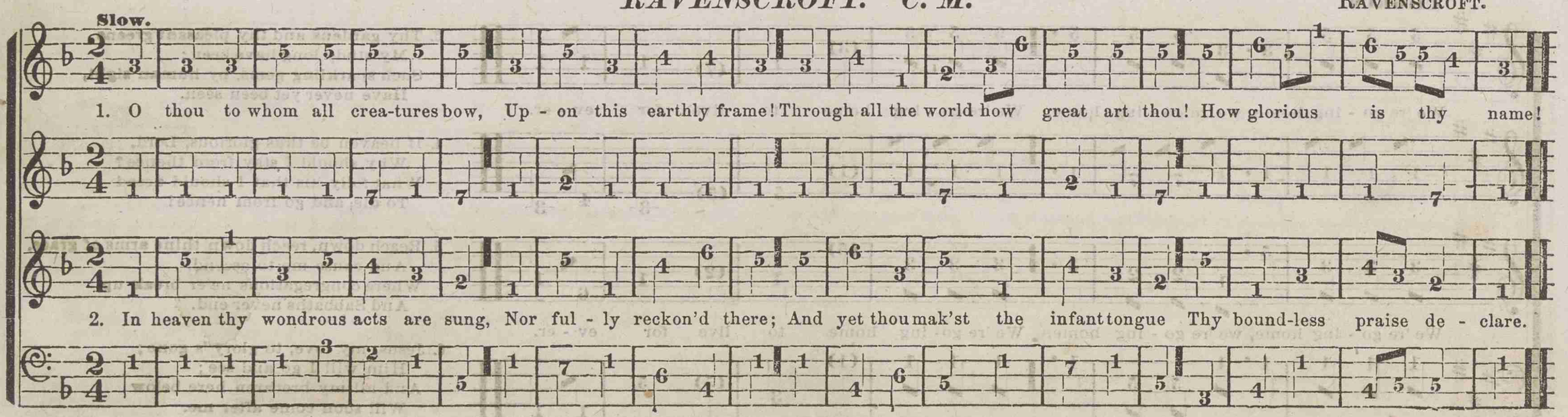
SANCTUARY. C. M.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.



RAVENSCROFT. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.



Slow.

1. With will - ing hearts we tread The path the Saviour trod; We love th' exam - ple of our Head, The glo - rious Lamb of God.

2. On thee, on thee a - lone Our faith and hope re - ly, O thou who didst for sin a - tone, Who didst for sin - ners die.

3. We trust thy sac - ri - fice, To thy dear cross we flee: O may we die to sin, and rise To life, and bliss, and thee!

CAITHNESS. S. M.

T. NORRIS.

1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait, With joy o - bey his heaven - ly word, And watch be - fore his gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame, Gird up your loins as in his sight; For aw - ful is his name.

3. Watch! 'tis the Lord's command; And, while we speak, he's near; Mark the first sig - nal of his hand, And rea - dy all ap - pear.

4. O hap - py ser - vant he, In such a pos - ture found! He shall his Lord with rap - ture see, And be with hon - or crown'd.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELI.

1. Shall we go on to sin, Be - cause thy grace a - bounds? Or cru - ci - fy the Lord a - gain, And o - pen all his wounds?

2. For - bid it, might - y God, Nor let it e'er be said That we, whose sins are cru - ci - fied, Should raise them from the dead.

3. We will be slaves no more, Since Christ has made us free; We'll serve him all our days on earth Who bought our lib - er - ty.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in prayer!

2. The breez - es waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their hum - ble sighs, And sends his blessings down.

3. So Je - sus rose to pray, Be - fore the morn - ing light,—Once on the chill - ing mount did stay And wres - tle all the night.

BEETHOVEN. S. M.

1. Be - hold, the lof - ty sky De-clares its Ma-ker, God; And all the star - ry works on high Pro-claim his power a - broad.

2. The dark - ness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day, and day to night, Di - vine - ly teach his name.

3. In ev' - ry dif - ferent land Their general voice is known; They show the wonders of his hand And or - ders of his throne.

LISBON. S. M.

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes!

2. The King him - self comes near And feasts his saints to - day: Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day a - mid the place Where Christ my Lord is seen Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of plea-sure and of sin.

4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till called to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

UNITY. S. M.

C. L. FILLMORE.

1. Let Christians all a - gree, And peace a - mong them spread: Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their head.

2. A - mong the saints on earth Let fer - vent love be found; Heirs of the same in - her - it - ance, With com - mon bless - ings crown'd.

3. Let en - vy (child of hell) Be ban - ish'd far a - way: Those should in strict - est friendship dwell Who the same Lord o - bey.
4. Thus will the church be - low Re - sem - ble that a - bove, Where streams of end - less plea - sure flow And ev' - ry heart is love

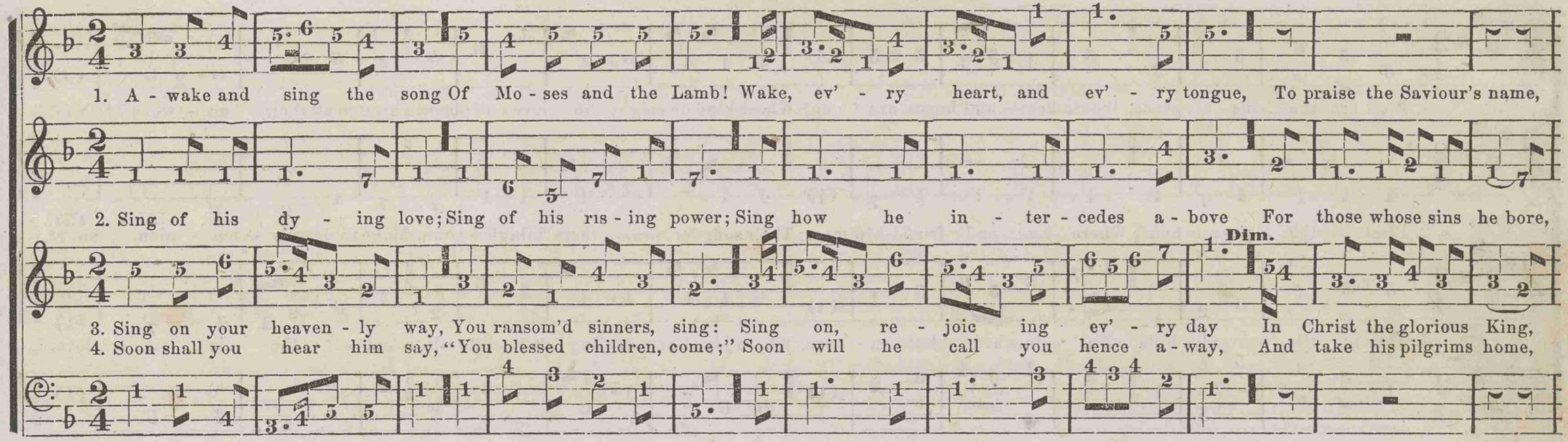
WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH or READ.
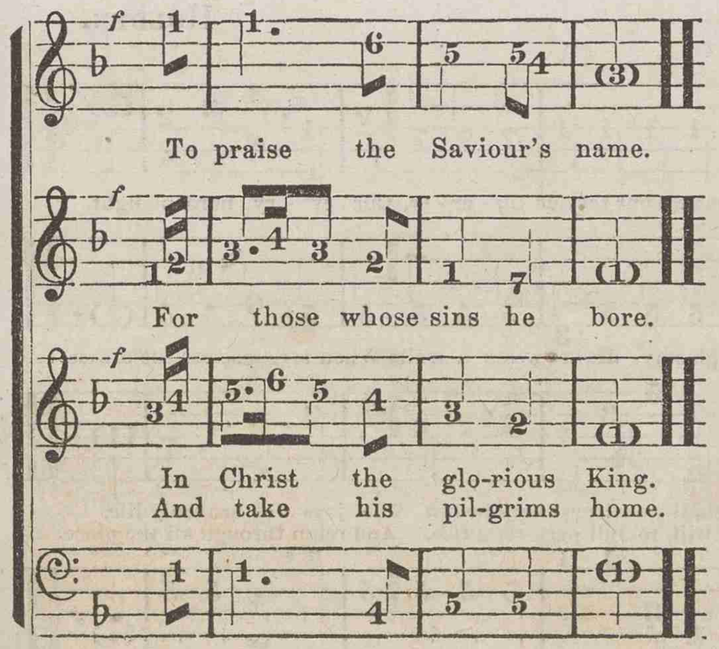
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save And fit it for the sky.

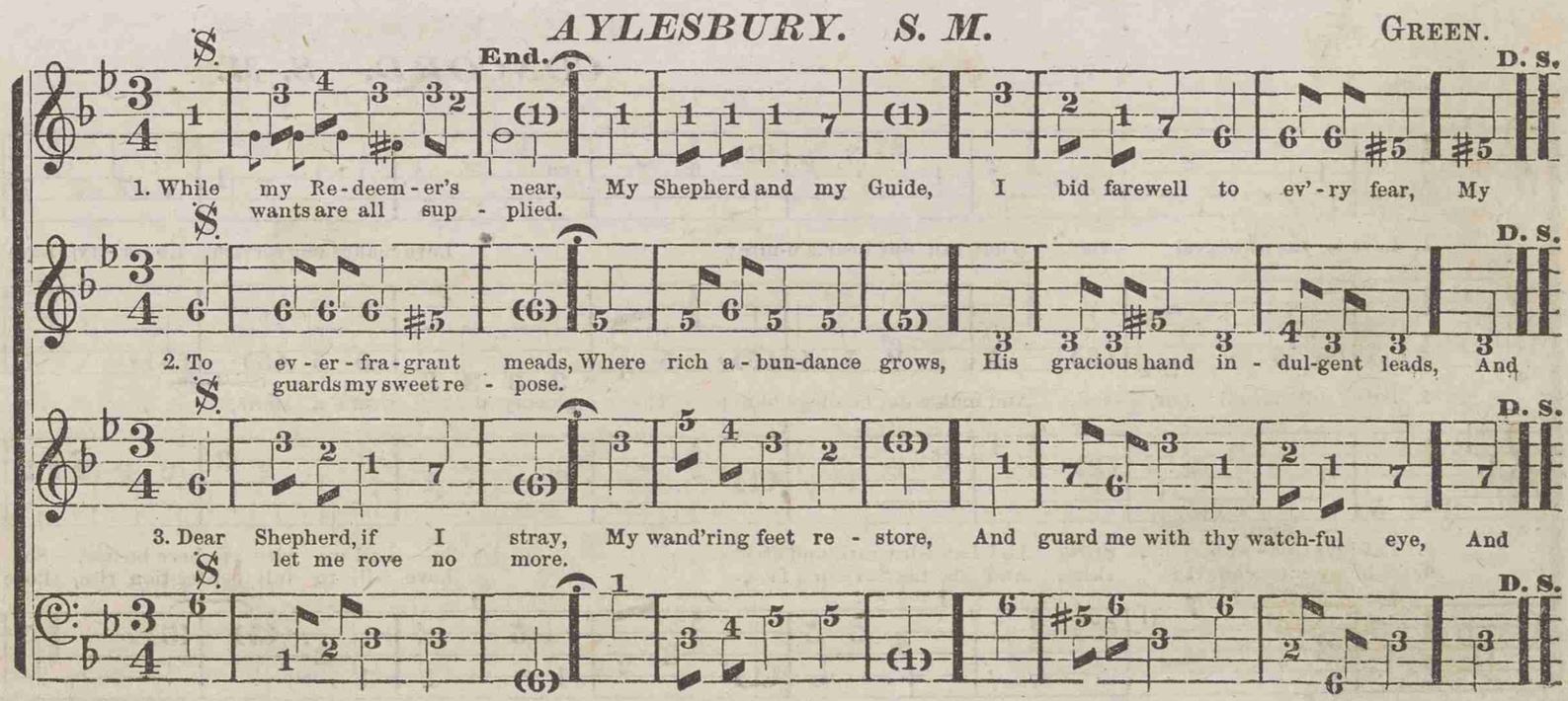
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil, Oh, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas-ter's will!

3. Arm me with jea - lous care As in thy sight to live; And thy poor ser - vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac - count to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray And on thy - self re - ly, As - sured if I my trust be - tray I shall for - ev - er die.
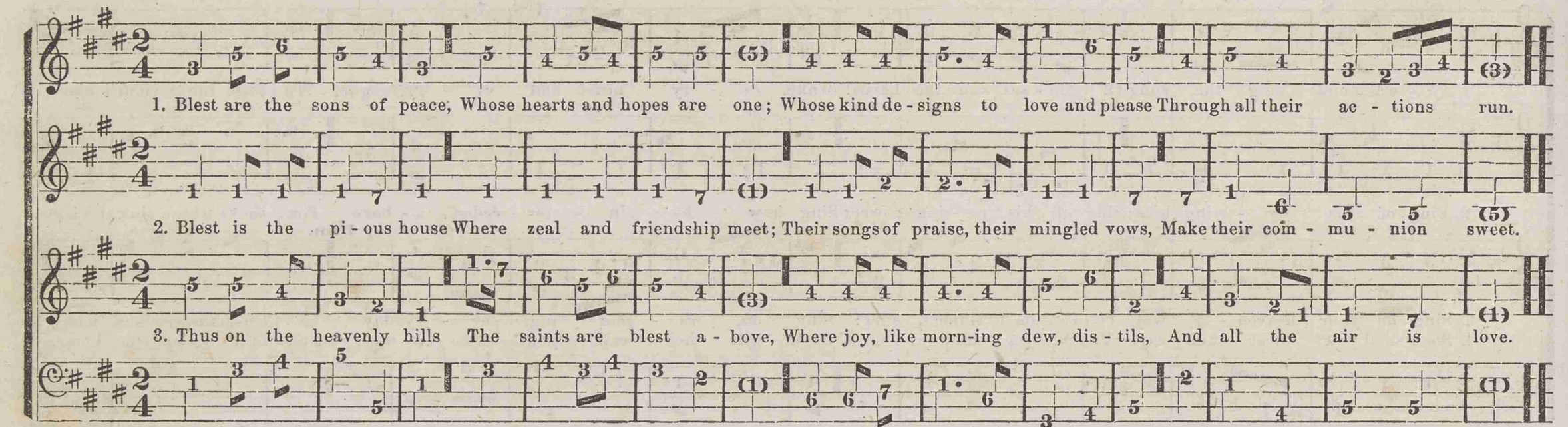


AYLESBURY. S. M. GREEN.





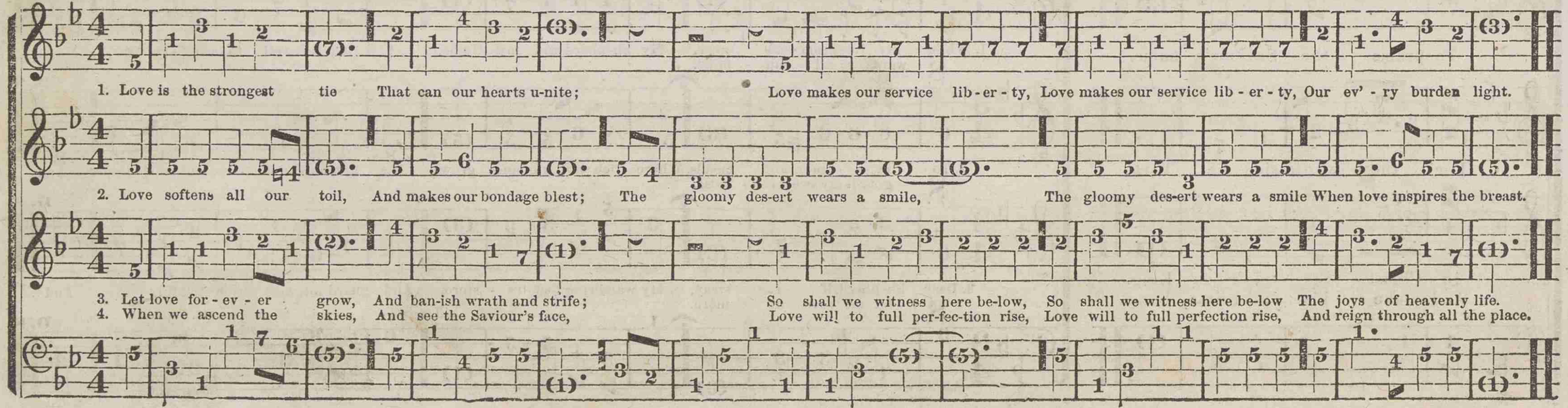
MORNINGTON. S. M.

MORNINGTON.



CONCORD. S. M.

HOLDEN.



1. See what a liv - ing stone The build - ers did re - fuse; Yet God hath built his Church there-on, In spite of en-vious Jews.
2. The scribe and an - gry priest Re - ject God's on - ly Son; Yet on this rock shall Zi - on rest As the chief cor - ner - stone.

3. The work, O Lord, is thine, And won - drous in our eyes; This day de-clares it all di - vine; This day did Je - sus rise.
4. This is the glorious day That our Re - deem - er made; Let us re-joice, and sing, and pray, Let all the Church be glad.

5. Ho - san - na to the King, Of Da - vid's roy - al blood; Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring Sal - va - tion from your God.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

Slow.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his Churches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va - tion shone Through all her pal - a - ces!

3. When kings a - gainst her join'd, And saw the Lord was there, In wild con - fu - sion of the mind, They fled with has - ty fear.
4. Oft have our fa - thers told, Our eyes have oft - en seen, How well our God se - cures the fold Where his own sheep have been.

5. In ev' - ry new dis - tress, We'll to his house re - pair, We'll call to mind his won-drous grace, And seek de - liv' - rance there.

BURGESS. S. M.

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die! Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy To waft my soul on high.
2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness; Let heav'n be - gin be - low.
3. When the last mo - ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se - raph - ic gleam Which o'er each fea - ture plays.
4. Then to my rap - tured ears Let one sweet song be given; Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth And greet me first in heav'n.
5. Then round my life - less clay As - sem - ble those I love, And sing of heav'n, de - light-ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a - bove!

IRVIN. S. M.

STANLEY.

Moderate.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - ry eye.
2. The Son of God in tears, The won-d'ring an - gels see; Be thou as - ton - ish'd, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear: In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

HERALD. S. M.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring sal-va - tion on their tongues, And words of grace reveal, And words of grace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are! "Zi - on, behold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How hap-py are our ears, That hear the joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found, And sought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes, That see the heav'nly light! Pro - phets and priests desired it long, But died without the sight, But died without the sight.
5. You watchmen, join your voice, And tuneful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - salem, break forth in songs; Ye deserts, learn the joy, Ye de - serts, learn the joy.
6. O Lord, make bare thy arm Through all the earth a - broad! Let ev' - ry na - tion now behold Their Saviour and their God, Their Saviour and their God.

DOVER. S. M.

Slowly.

1. How swift the tor - rent rolls That hastens to the sea! How strong the tide that bears our souls On to e - ter - ni - ty!
2. Our fa - thers, where are they, With all they call'd their own? Their joy and grief, and hope and fear, And wealth and hon - or gone!
3. There, where our fa - thers lie, Must all the chil - dren dwell, Nor oth - er her - i - tage possess Than such a gloom - y cell.
4. God of our fa - thers, hear, Thou ev - er - last - ing Friend! While we on life's ex - tre - mest verge Our souls to thee com - mend.
5. Of all the pi - ous dead May we the foot - steps trace, Till with them, in the land of light, We dwell be - fore thy face!

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.
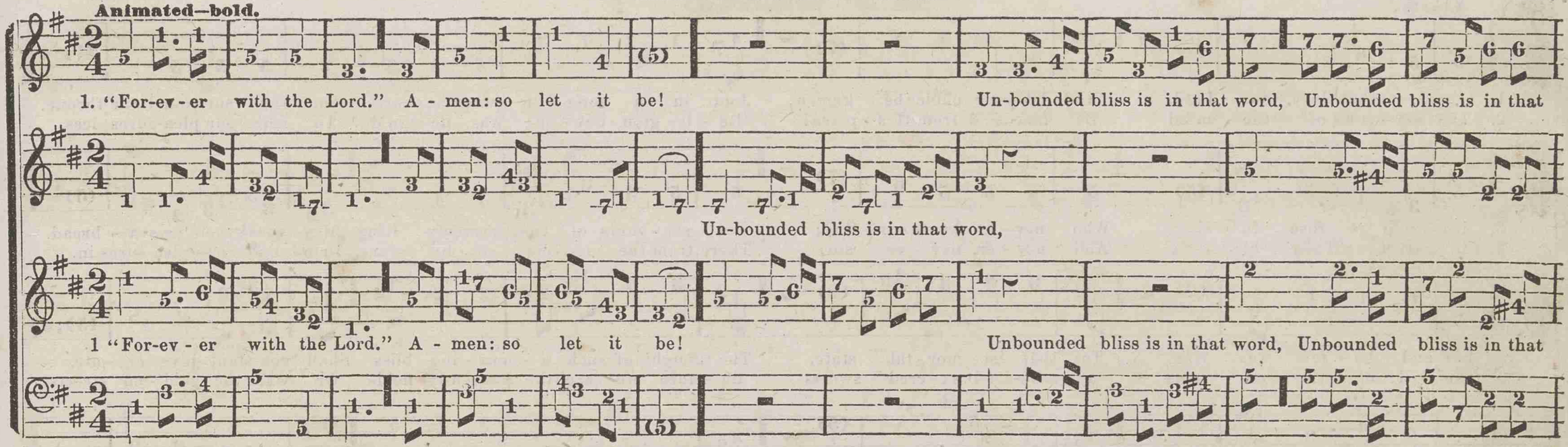
1. Raise your tri - um-phant songs To tell of vic - t'ry won; Let the wide earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.
2. Sing how E - ter - nal Love His Chief Be - lov - ed chose, And bade him raise our wretch - ed race From their a - byss of woes.

3. His hand no thun-der bears, No ter - ror clothes his brow, No bolts to drive our guilt - y souls To fierc - er flames be - low.
4. He shows his Fa-ther's love To raise our souls on high; He came with par - dons from a - bove For reb - els doom'd to die.

5. Now, sin - ners, dry your tears, Let hope-less sor - row cease; Bow to the scep - tre of his love, And take the of - fer'd peace.
6. Lord, we o - bey thy call: We lay an hum - ble claim To the sal - va - tion thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.



2. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord."

3. The trump of final doom
Will speak the selfsame word,
And heaven's voice thunder, through the tomb,
"Forever with the Lord."

4. The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
"Forever with the Lord."

5. Then, while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory:
"Forever with the Lord!"

AIN, or LONSDALE. S. M.

Lively.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your choice be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
2. The sor-rows of the mind Be ban-ish'd from this place! Re-li-gion nev-er was de-sign'd To make our plea-sures less.
3. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But ser-vants of the heavenly King May speak their joys a-broad.
4. In heaven we'll see his face, And nev-er, nev-er sin; There, from the riv-ers of his grace, Drink end-less plea-sures in.
5. Yes, and be-fore we rise To that im-mor-tal state, The thoughts of such a-maz-ing bliss Shall con-stant joys cre-ate.
6. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets Be-fore we reach the heaven-ly fields Or walk the gold-en streets.

CHORUS.

Then let our songs a-bound, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'-ry tear be dry:

Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'-ry tear be dry: We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed:" He lives, to die no more; He lives, the sin - ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.
2. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed:" The grave has lost its prey; With him is ris'n the ran-som'd seed, To reign in end - less day.
3. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed:" At - tend - ing an - gels, hear; Up to the courts of heaven with speed The joy - ful tid - ings bear.
4. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheer-ful chord; Join, all ye bright ce - les - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Slow—Glidingly.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
3. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
4. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
5. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free, And per - fect love and friend - ship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

Moderate.

1. Bear precious seed, and go Forth to thy work of toil, Wher - e'er th'un - err - ing Mas - ter's hand Shall de - sig - nate the soil.
2. Perchance in na - tive clime, Per-chance be - yond the sea; Wher - e'er his wis - dom marks the field, That is the place for thee.
3. Though weeping marks the path, And grief thy heart as - sail, Go fear - less forth, and trust in Him Whose pro - mise can - not fail.
4. Sow precious seed, in hope Its bless-ed fruits to see In God's own good ap - point-ed time: That is the time for thee.

FAIRFIELD. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

Slow, Majestic.

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of his choice; Stand up and bless the Lord your God With heart and soul and voice.
2. Though high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who would not fear his ho - ly name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?
3. O for the liv - ing flame, From his own al - tar brought, To touch our lips, our hearts in - spire, And wing to heaven our thought!
4. There, with be - nign re - gard, Our hymns he deigns to hear; Though un - re - veal'd to mor - tal sense, The spi - rit feels him near.
5. God is our strength and song, And his sal - va - tion ours; Then be his love in Christ pro-claim'd With all our ran-som'd powers

*BLESSED HOPE.**

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Blessed Hope, with her an-chor of safe - ty, Points up-ward with in - dex of love, Say-ing chil-dren of sor-row and sad-ness,

2. When we 're pin-ing in sick - ness and an - guish, And the sweet ties of friendship are riven, Hope is whis-p'ring in ac - cents of glad-ness:

3. Tho' the cross may be heav - y to car - ry, Tho' se-vere be the chas - ten - ing rod, Hope is tell - ing of rest for the wea - ry,
4. Blessed Hope be our con - stant com - pan - ion, Ever shield from the chill of de - spair, Point-ing up - ward to man - sions of glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Seek a home with the blessed a - bove. Blessed Hope, Sure and steadfast, An-chor of the soul, Guid-ing thro' the vail, To the heavenly goal.

"Seek a home with the blessed in heav'n." Blessed Hope, Sure and steadfast, An-chor of the soul, Guid-ing thro' the vail, To the heavenly goal.

And a home with the blessed of God. Blessed Hope, Sure and steadfast, An-chor of the soul, Guid-ing thro' the vail, To the heavenly goal.
Which the Sa-vior has gone to pre - pare. Blessed Hope, etc.

* A good effect may be produced by singing the first part as a Soprano and Alto duett.

EVENING SHADE. S. M.

SWAN.

1. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap-pear: O may we all re-mem-ber well,

O may we all re-mem-ber well,

2. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap-pear: O may we all re-mem-ber well, . . .

O may we all re-mem-ber well, ...

O may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near.

O may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near.

O may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near.

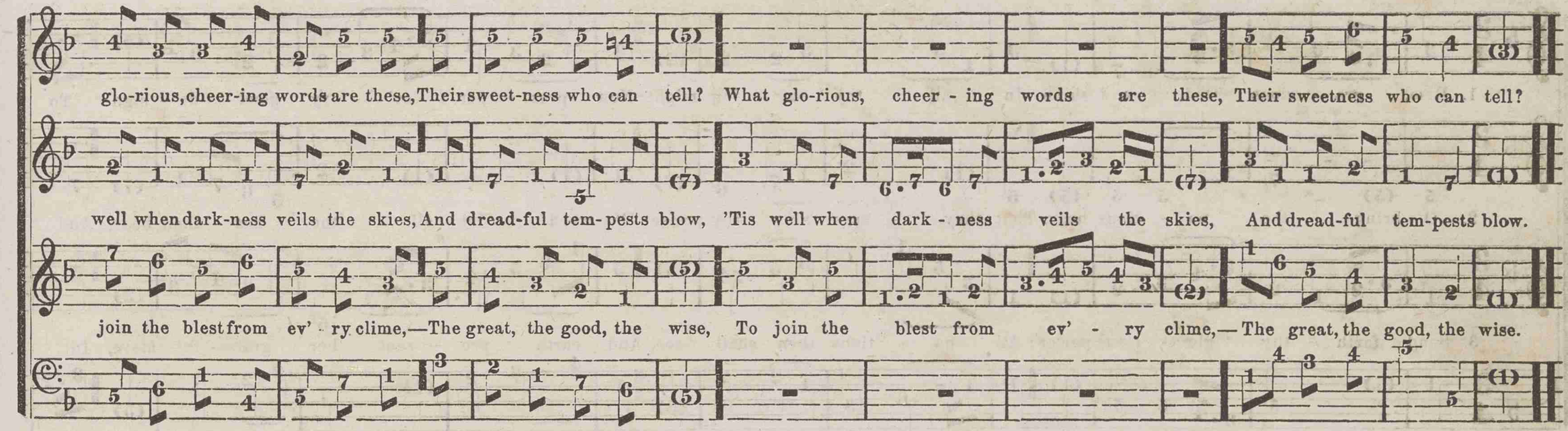
HOPE. S. M.

Slow.

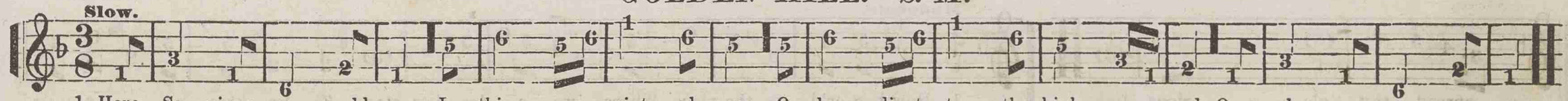
1. E-ter-nal Truth hath said, 'Tis with the righteous well: What

2. 'Tis well when joys a-rise; 'Tis well when sor-rows flow; 'Tis

3. 'Tis well when Je-sus calls Their spi-rits to the skies, To

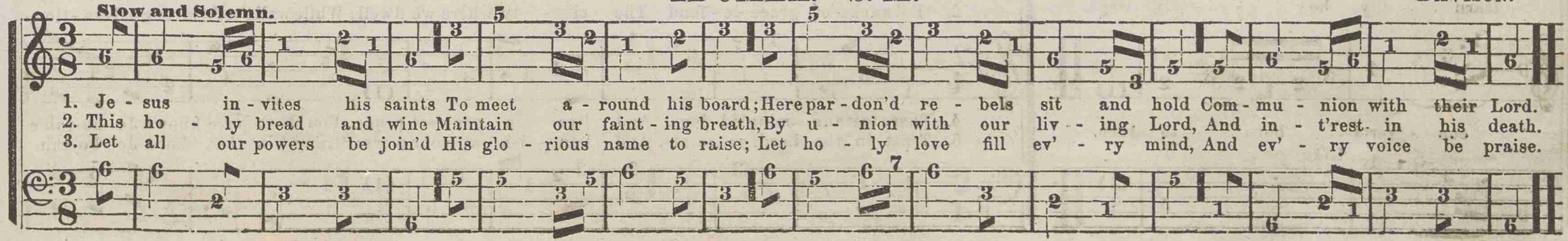


GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



IDUMEA. S. M.

DAVISON.



IPSWICH. S. M.

1. Rise, gra - cious God, and shine In all thy sav - ing might: Now pros - per ev' - ry good de - sign To
2. O bring the na - tions near, That they may sing thy praise; Thy word let all the hea - then hear, And
3. Send forth thy glo - rious power: All na - tions then shall see, And earth pre - sent her grate - ful store, In
spread thy glo - rious light.
learn thy ho - ly ways.
con - verts born to thee.

SHARON. S. M.

LEACH.

Moderate.

1. How hon-or'd is the place Where we a - dor - ing stand, Zi - on, the glo - ry of the
2. Bulwarks of grace de - fend The ci - ty where we dwell; While walls of strong sal - va - tion
4. There taste un - mingled joys, And live in per - fect peace, You that have known Je - ho-vah's
5. Trust in the Lord, ye saints, And ban - ish all your fears; Strength in the Lord Je - ho-vah

SHARON. Concluded.

1 earth, Zi - on, the glo - ry of the earth, And beau - ty of the land, And beau - ty of the land.

2 made, While walls of strong sal - va - tion made De - fy th' as-saults of hell, De - fy th' as - saults of hell.

3 name, You that have known Je - ho - vah's name And ven - tured on his grace, And ven - tured on his grace.
4 dwells, Strength in the Lord Je - ho - vah dwells, E - ter - nal as his years, E - ter - nal as his years.

ARCHER. S. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sove-reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He form'd the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound; The wat - 'ry worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He form'd us by his word.
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

 By Permission.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

I. B. Woodbury.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, 'T is im-mor-tal-i-ty. Here in the bod-y pent, Ab-

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times, to faith's as-pir-ing eye, Thy golden gates ap-pear. Ah, then my spir-it faints, To

3. Yet doubts still in-ter-vene, And all my comfort flies; Like Noah's dove, I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies. A-non the clouds de-part, The

sent from him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home, Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

reach the land I love—The bright in-her-it-ance of saints, Je-ru-sa-lem a-bove. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise God for ev-er-more.

winds and waters cease; While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart Expands the bow of peace. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise God for ev-er-more.

TARRY WITH ME.

H. 1203

1. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sav - ior! For the day is pass - ing by; See, the shades of ev'n - ing gather, And the night is draw-ing nigh.

2. Man - y friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed a - bove them, And I lin - ger here at last.

3. Deep-er, deep-er grow the shadows; Paler now the glow-ing west; Swift the night of death ad - vances; Shall it be the night of rest?
4. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sav - ior! Lay my head up - on thy breast Till the morning; then a - wake me—Morning of e - tern - al rest.

CHORUS.
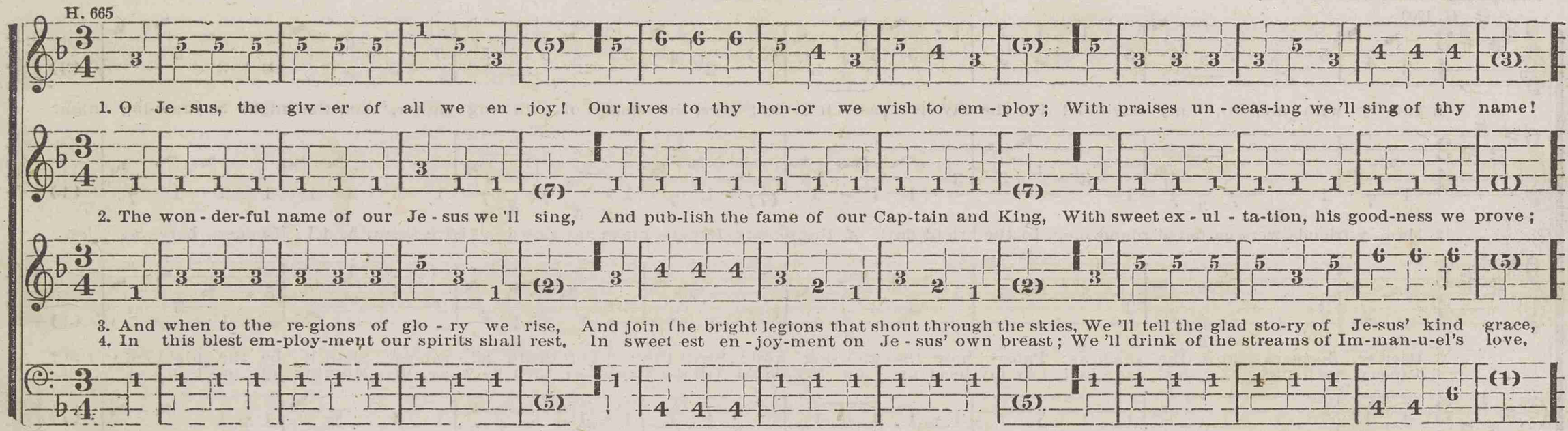
Tar-ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not till morning light; For I 'm lone-ly here with - out thee, Tar-ry with me through the night.

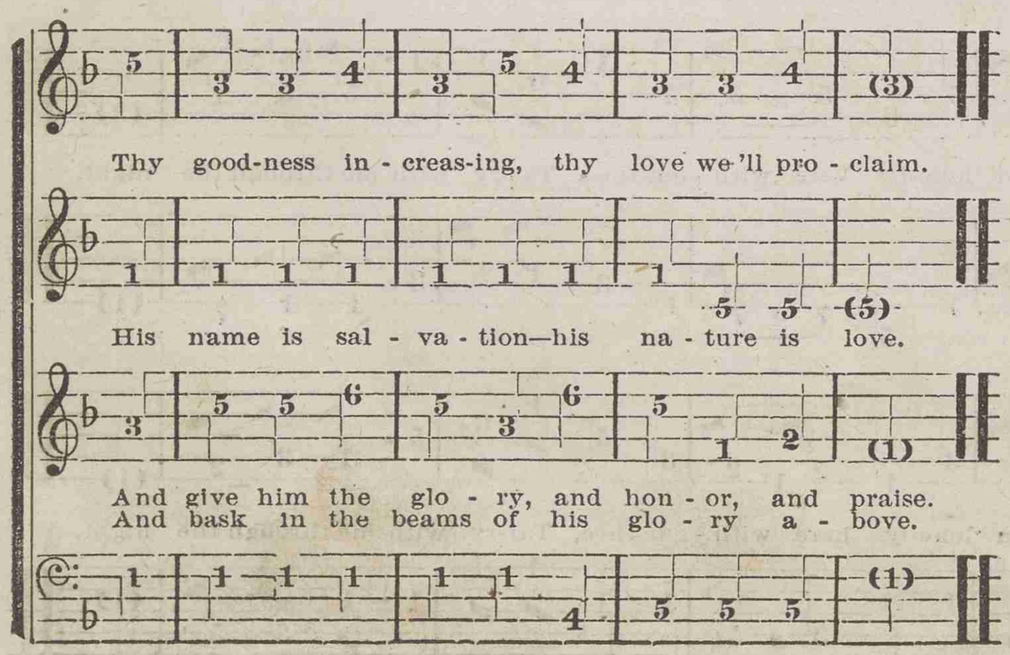
Tar-ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not till morning light; For I 'm lone-ly here with - out thee, Tar-ry with me through the night.

PLEASANT RIDGE. 11s.

W. R. FITZWATER.
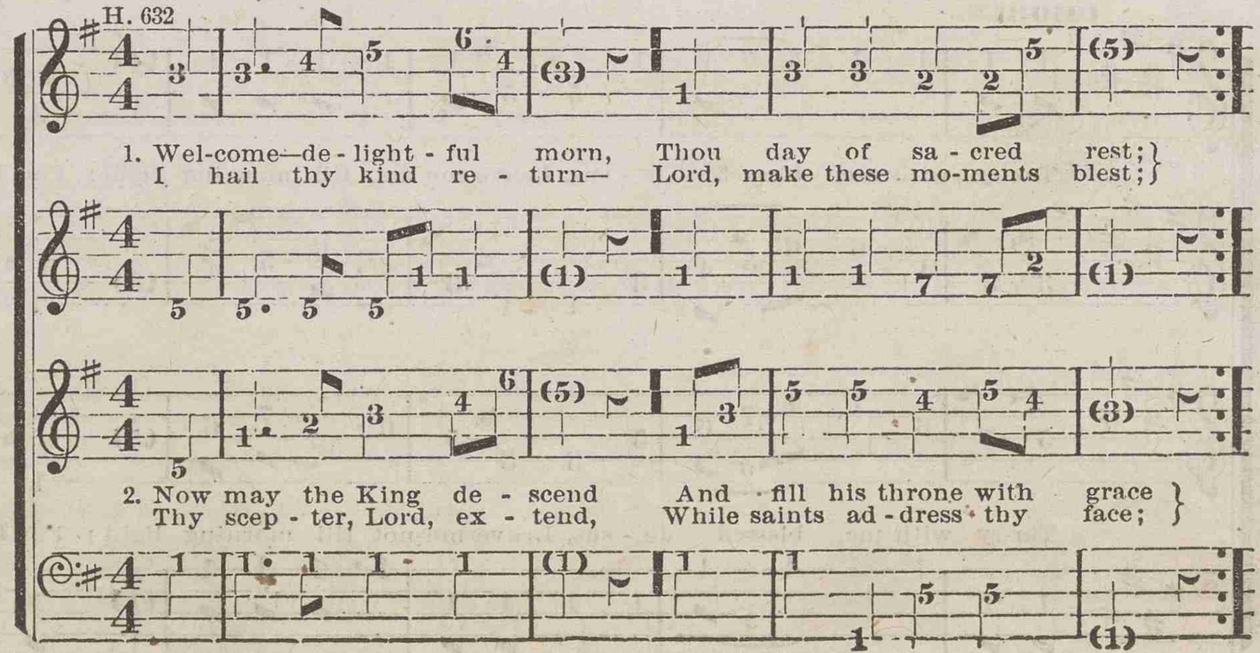
H. 665





LISCHER. H. M.

H. 632



Slow. H. 581

1. My God! is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to ev'n-ing star, As that which calls me to thy feet—The hour of prayer.

2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that hour of sol - emn eve, When, on the wings of prayer up-borne, The world I leave.
3. Then is my strength by thee re - newed; Then are my sins by thee for-given; Then dost thou cheer my solitude With hopes of heaven.

4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief There for my ev-ery want I find; What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
5. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - ery fear; My spir-it seems in heaven to stay; And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.

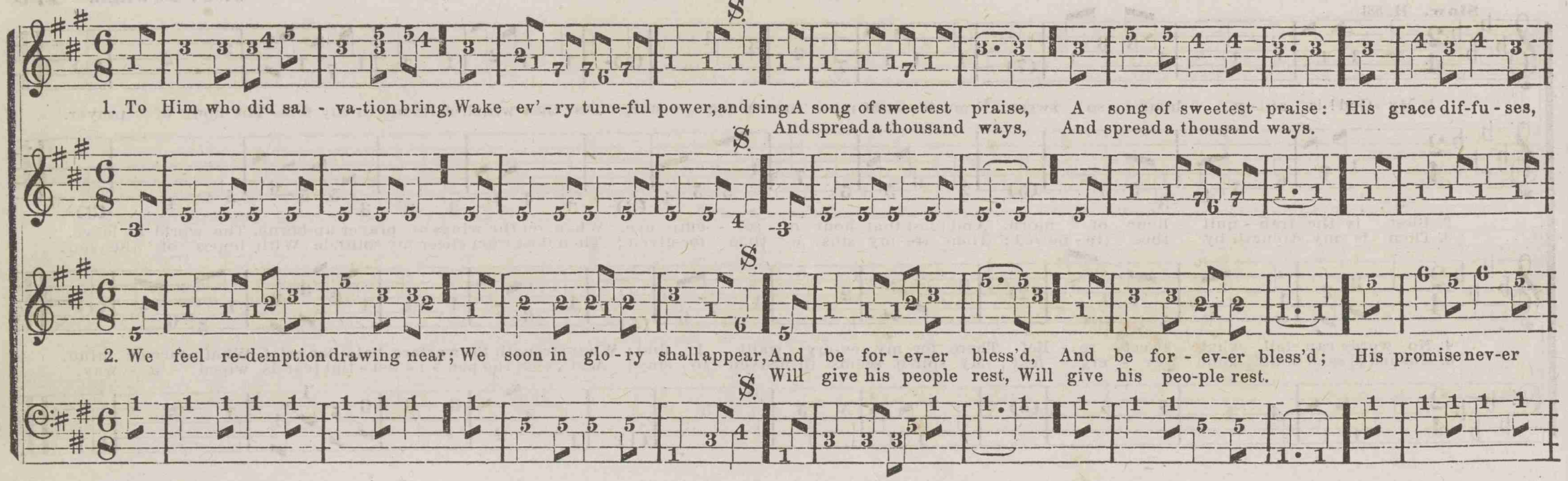
LISCHER. Concluded.

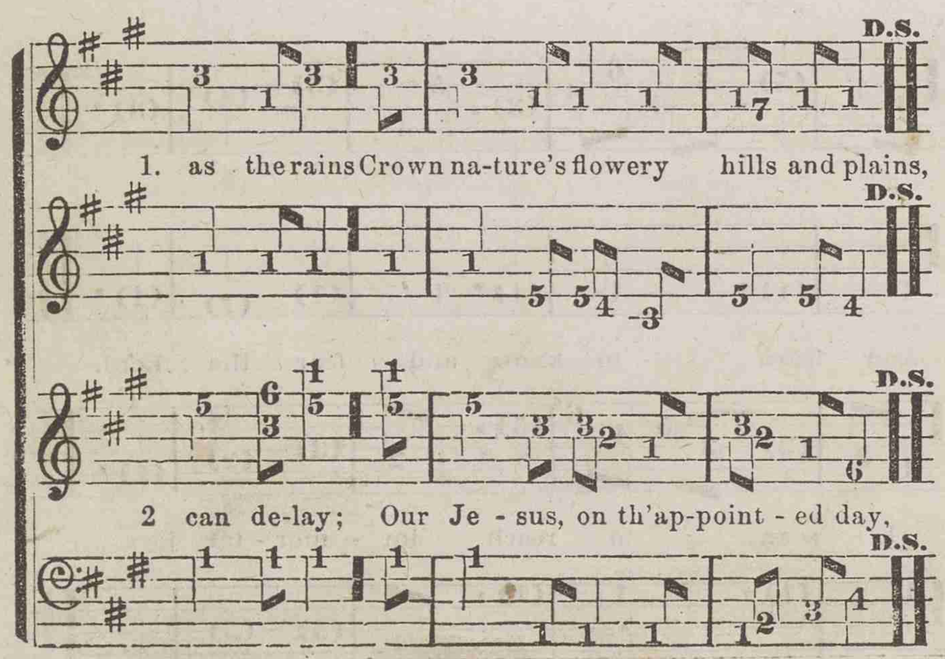
1. From the low train of mor - tal toys, etc.

2. Let sin-ners feel thy quick'n - ing word, And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

1. From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

GOODWIN. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.





3.

By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hovering all around;
He smiles upon his saints:
He cries aloud, in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains
And end your sore complaints.

4.

The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory! glory to our King!
The Grand Assize is come:
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The Church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

5.

In all the heavens there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown:
From heaven to heaven we sound the bliss;
Oh, what a blest abode is this,
Forever round the throne!

6.

The joys of heaven will never end;
All glory to the sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night

2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev' - ry tear For your de - part - ed Lord— Be - hold the place—he is not there, The tomb is all un-

1. gloom! O weep no more the Sa - viour slain— The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.

2. barred; The gates of death were barred in vain: The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend.
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain:
The Lord is risen,—he lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again!

1. When the King of kings comes, When the Lord of lords comes, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:

2. When the trump of God calls, When the last of foes falls, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:

3. When the foe's dis - tress comes, When the church's rest comes, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:

4. When the world's course is run, When the judg - ment is be - gun, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:

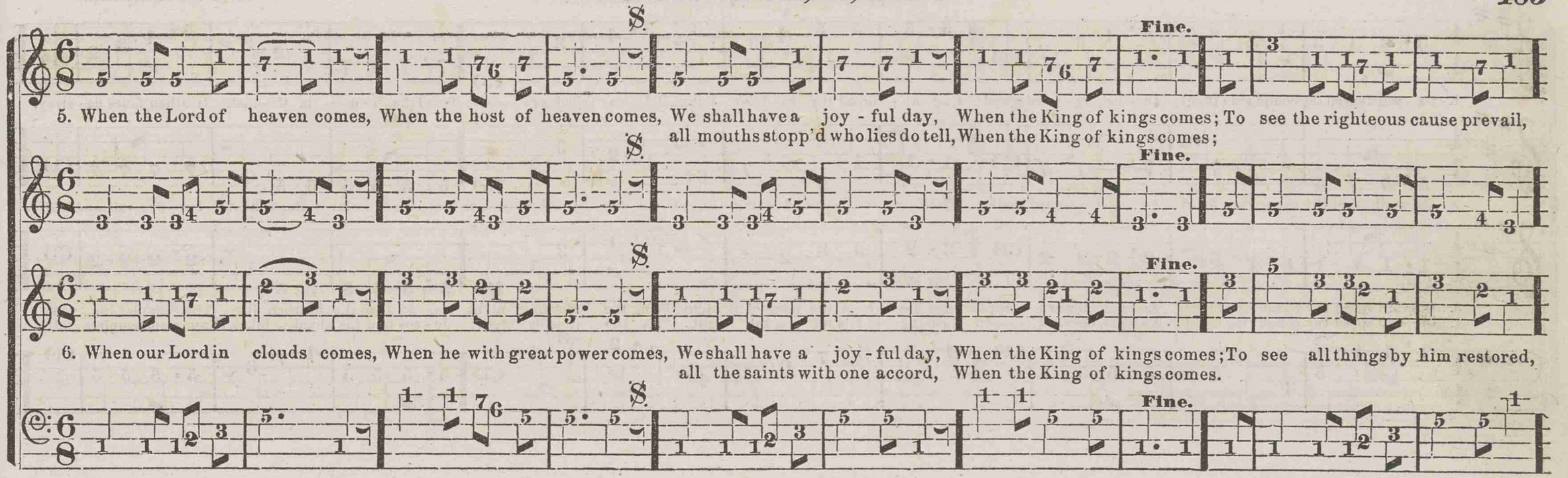
1 To see the na - tions bro - ken down, And king-doms once of great re- nown, And saints now suff'-ring wear the crown, When the King of kings comes.

2 To see the saints raised from the dead, And all to - geth - er ga - ther-ed, And made like to their glo-rious Head, When the King of kings comes.

3 To see the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Its ful - ness and its match-less frame, Sur - pass- ing all re - port and fame, When the King of kings comes.

4 To see the sons of God well known, All spot - less to their Fath - er shown, And Je - sus all his breth-ren own, When the King of kings comes.

HALEY. 6s, 7s, & 8s.

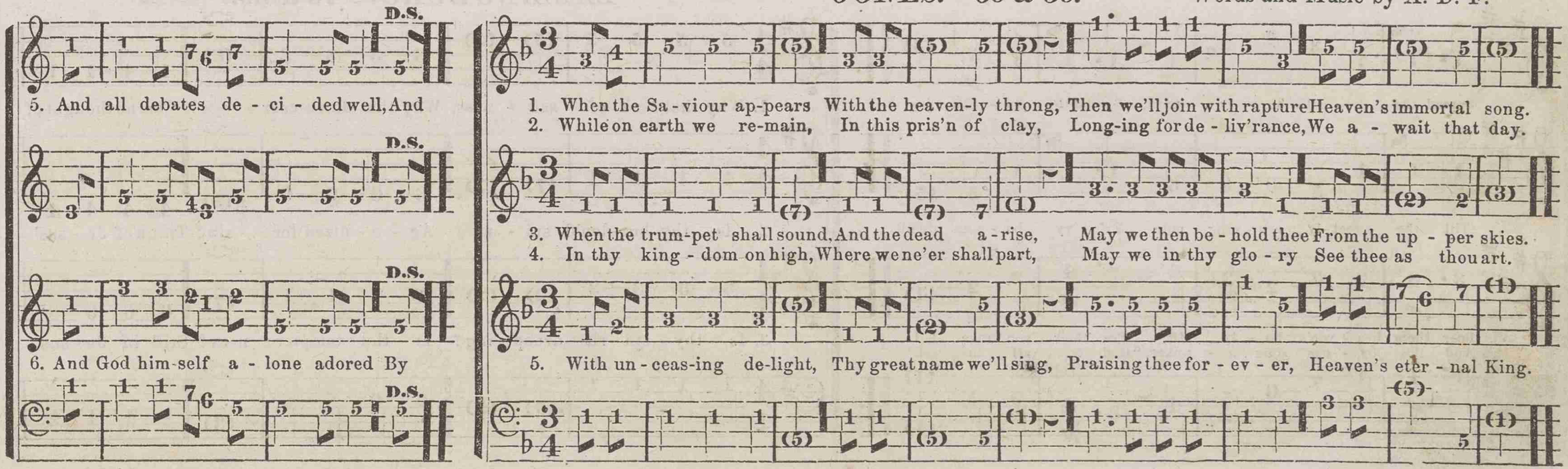


5. When the Lord of heaven comes, When the host of heaven comes, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes; To see the righteous cause prevail,
all mouths stopp'd who lies do tell, When the King of kings comes;

6. When our Lord in clouds comes, When he with great power comes, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes; To see all things by him restored,
all the saints with one accord, When the King of kings comes.

JONES. 6s & 5s.

Words and Music by A. D. F.



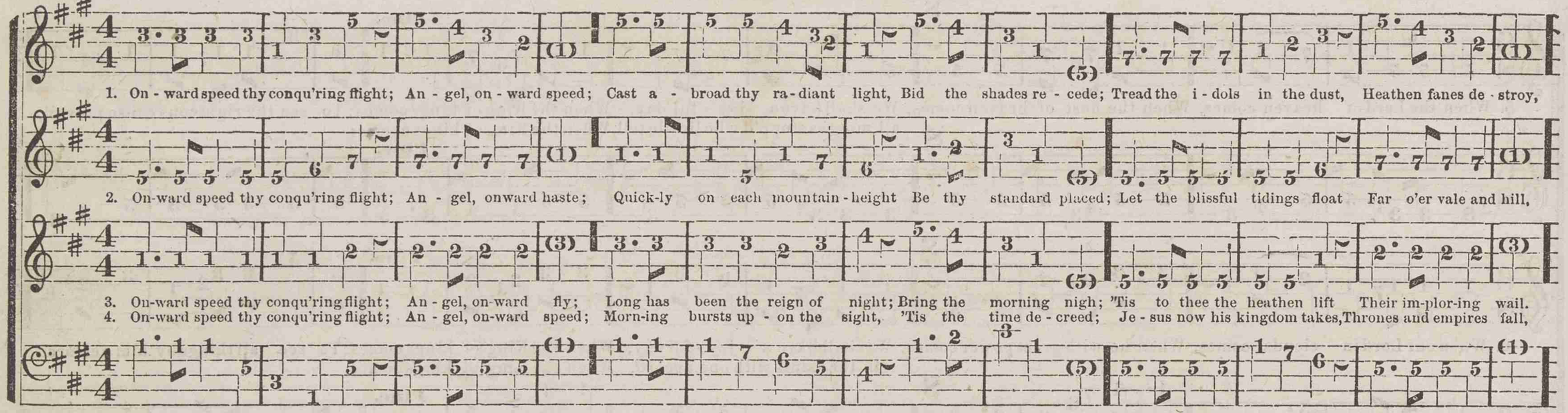
5. And all debates de - ci - ded well, And

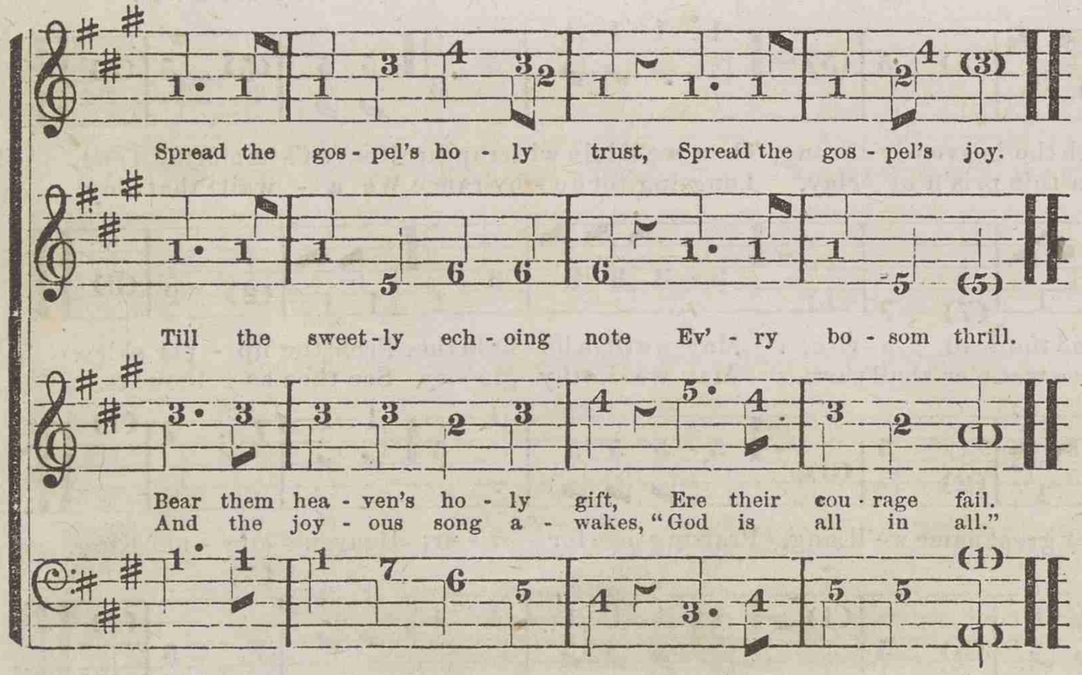
6. And God him-self a - lone adored By

1. When the Sa - viour ap-pears With the heaven-ly throng, Then we'll join with rapture Heaven's immortal song.
2. While on earth we re-main, In this pris'n of clay, Long-ing for de - liv'rance, We a - wait that day.
3. When the trum-pet shall sound, And the dead a - rise, May we then be - hold thee From the up - per skies.
4. In thy king - dom on high, Where we ne'er shall part, May we in thy glo - ry See thee as thou art.
5. With un - ceas-ing de-light, Thy great name we'll sing, Praising thee for - ev - er, Heaven's eter - nal King.

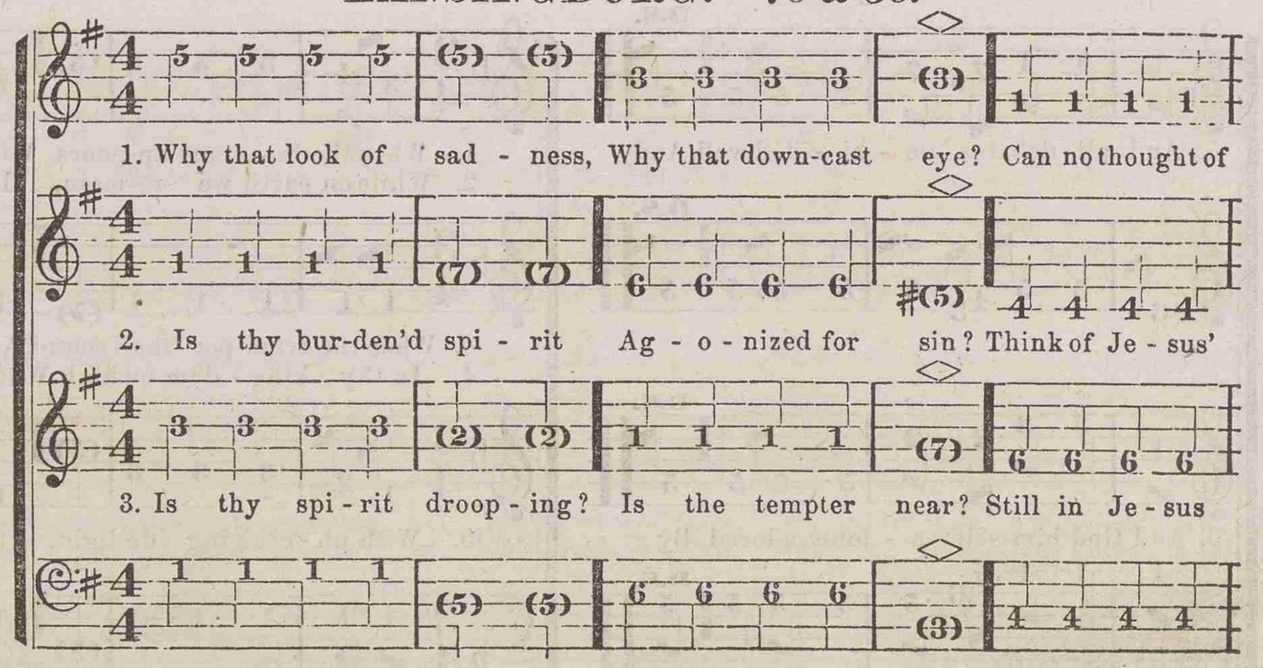
BEARDSLEE. 7s & 5s.

A. D. FILLMORE.





LANSINGBURG. 7s & 5s.



glad - ness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of hea - ven, Think of Je - sus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.

mer - it, He can make thee clean: Think of Cal-v'ry's moun - tain, Where his blood was spilt; In that heal - ing foun - tain Wash a - way thy guilt.

hop - ing, What hast thou to fear? Set the prize be - fore thee, Gird thy ar - mor on: Heir of grace and glo - ry, Strug - gle for the crown.

Words by M. BOULWARE.

OCEAN. 8s & 7s.

1. 'Neath the clouds the sun is shi - ning, Where the gold - en streets are laid; And for me bright hope is twining Shining wreaths that nev - er fade.
2. Would that this could ev - er cheer me, Through this lone - ly vale of tears, When the fiend Des-pair is near me, With his dark fore-bod - ing fears.
3. Tho' with grief the heart-strings quiver, As we journey here be - low, Yet we'll walk be - side the riv - er Where e - ter - nal wa - ters flow.
4. Here tho' rudest notes are sing - ing With a mu - sic drear and lone, There the gold - en harps are ring - ing, Lur - ing us im - pa - tient on.
5. Tho' we oft for - get to trust thee, Gracious Lord, and thou so near, Yet thy love is ev - er read - y To re - move the fall - ing tear.

HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.

1. An-gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy migh - ty prey: See, he ri - ses from the tomb, Ri - ses with im - mor - tal bloom, Ri - ses with im - mor - tal bloom.
2. 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise Your tri - um - phant shouts of praise: Let the earth's re - motest bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound, Hear the joy - in - spiring sound.
3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see him rise; Hosts of an - gels on the road Hail and sing th'in-car - nate God, Hail and sing th'in - carnate God.
4. Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs, Praise him with your gold - en lyres; Praise him in your no-blest songs, Praise him from ten thousand tongues, Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

HAYDN.

Slow.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa - viour deigns to die,
   What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the ravish'd ear! "Love's redeem - ing work is done: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy bur - den groan?
   On my pierc - ed bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran-som paid. Bow the knee, em - brace the Son: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come."

NARCISSUS. 7s.

1. To thy tem-ple we re-pair, And we love to wor-ship there; While to thee our prayers as-cend, Let thine ear in love at-tend,

2. While thy glo-rious name is sung, Tune each lip, in-spire each tongue; Then our joy-ful souls shall bless Christ the Lord our right-eous-ness,

3. While thy word is heard with awe, While we trem-ble at thy law, Let thy gos-pel's won-drous love Ev'-ry doubt and fear re-move,

Let thine ear in love at-tend.

Christ the Lord our right-eous-ness.

Ev'-ry doubt and fear re-move.

CONTRITION. 7s.

MISS L. J. NEELY.

Slow.

1. For a sea-son call'd to part, Let us now our-selves com-mend To the gra-cious eye and heart
Of our ev-er-pre-sent Friend.

2. Je-sus, hear our hum-ble prayer, Ten-der Shep-herd of thy sheep; Let thy mer-cy and thy care
All our souls in safe-ty keep.

D. S.

MIDDLETOWN. 7s. 6 lines.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Moderate.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
   Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a healing flood, Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.

1. Safe-ly through an-other week, God has brought us on our way;
   Let us now a blessing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Re - deemer's name,
   Show thy re-con - ci-ling face, Take a - way our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee!

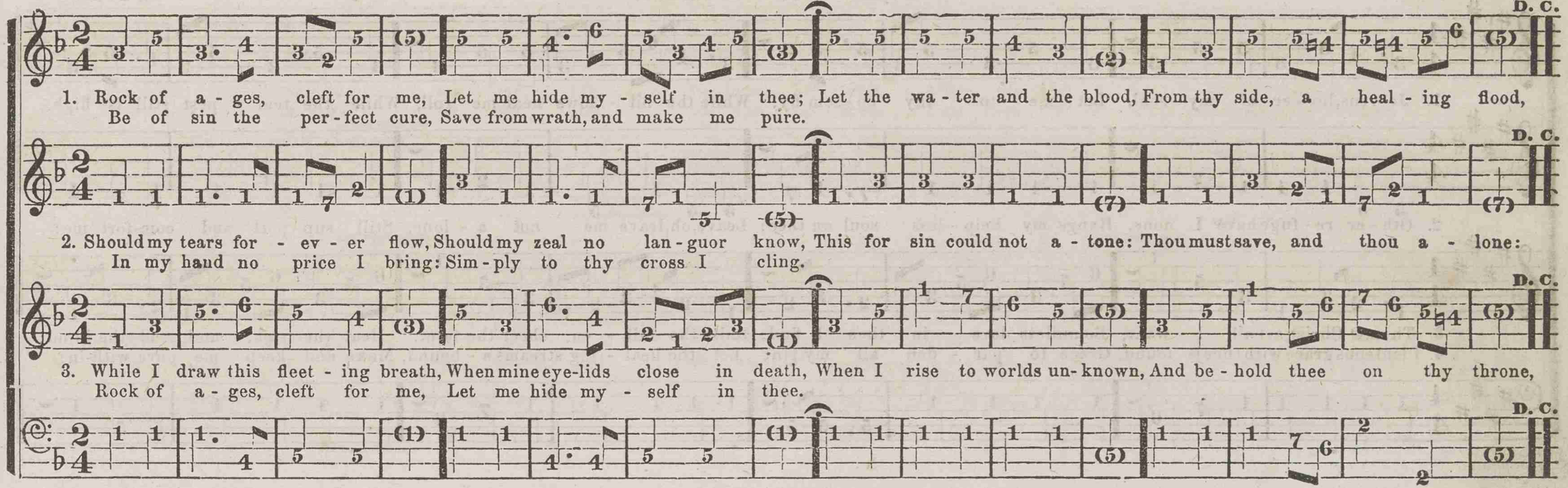
WILMOT. 7s.

1. Who is this that comes from far, Clad in gar-ments dipp'd in blood, Strong, tri-umphant tra - vel - ler? Is he man, or is he God?

2. "I that speak in right - eous-ness, Son of God and man I am, Might - y to re - deem your race: Je - sus is your Sa-viour's name."

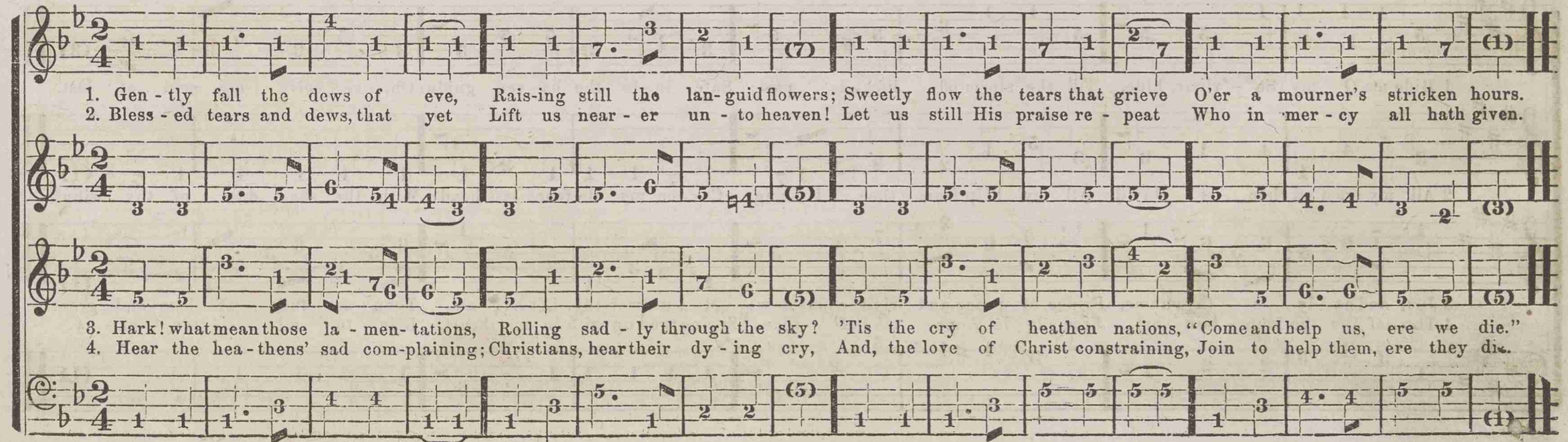
3. Wherefore are thy gar - ments red, Dyed as in a crim-son sea? They that in a wine-vat tread Are not stain'd so much as thee.
4. "I, the Fa - ther's fa - vorite Son, Have the dread-ful wine-press trod, Borne the venge-ful rod a - lone, All the fiercest wrath of God."

ROCK OF AGES. *7s, 6 lines.*



GRANNIS. *7s, or 8s & 7s.*

W. O. Perkins.



IVES. 7s. Double.

E. IVES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Boundless love in thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in:

1 Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
2 All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring: Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.
3 Just and ho - ly is thy name, Prince of peace and right - eous - ness; Most un - wor - thy, Lord, I am, Thou art full of love and grace.
4 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee; Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

1. Go, ye mes - sen-gers . . . . . of God, Like . . . the beams of morn - ing fly,
Take the won - der-work - - - - ing rod, Lift . . . . the ban - ner - cross . . . on high.
Go . . . . . to many a trop - ic isle

2. O'er the pa - gan's night . . . of care Pour . . . the liv - ing light . . . of heaven;
Chase a - way his wild . . . de - spair, Bid . . . . him hope to be . . . . for - given.
Where . . . the gold - en gates . . of day

1 In . . . . . the bo - som of . . . . . the deep, Where the skies for - ev - - - - - er smile And . . . . th' op-press'd for - ev - - - - er weep.

2 O - - - - - pen on the palm - - - - y East, High the bleed - ing cross . . . dis - play, Spread . . the gos-pel's rich - est feast.

ANTICIPATION. 7s.

1. Who are these array'd in white, Brighter than the noonday sun, Fore - most of the sons of light, Near - est the e - ter - nal throne?
2. These are they that bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas-ter stood, Suf - f'rers in his right - eous cause, Fol - lowers of the dy - ing Lord
3. Out of great distress they came, Wash'd their robes by faith be - low In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Blood that wash - es white as snow.
4. Therefore are they next the throne, Serve their Maker day and night; God re - sides a - mong his own, God doth in his saints de - light.

SICILY. 7s.

MOZART.

5. More than con - querors at last, Here they find their tri - als o'er; They have all their sufferings pass'd, Hun-ger now and thirst no more.
6. No ex - cess - ive heat they feel From the sun's di - rect - er ray; In a milder clime they dwell,— Re - gion of e - ter - nal day.
7. He that on the throne doth reign, Them the Lamb shall always feed, With the tree of life sus - tain, To the liv - ing fountains lead
8. He shall all their sorrows chase, All their wants at once re-move, Wipe the tears from ev' - ry face, Fill up ev' - ry soul with love.

COOKHAM. 7s.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give Sweet-est plea - sure while we live; 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply So - lid com-fort when we die.

2. Af - ter death its joys will be Last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty: Be the liv - ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall nev - er end.

MERDIN. 7s. Double.

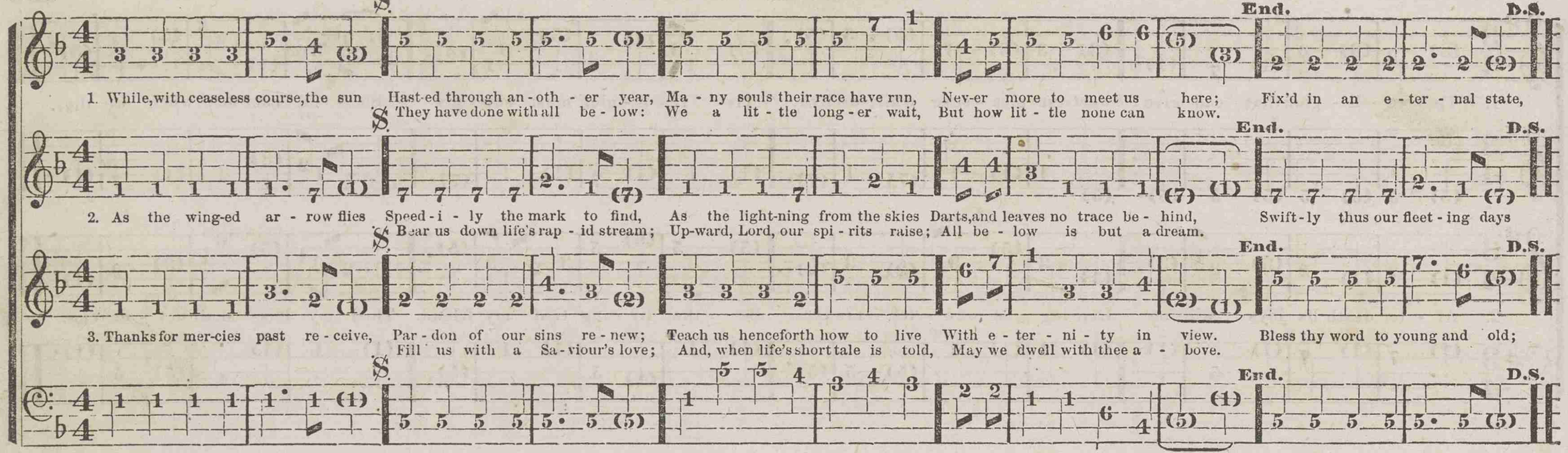
D.C.

1. What could your Re-deem - er do More than he has done for you? Af ter all this flow of love, All his drawings from a - bove,
To pro - cure your peace with God, Could he more than shed his blood?
D. C. Why will you your Lord de - ny? Why will you re-solve to die?

2. Turn, he cries, O sin - ner, turn! By his love your God makes known If your death were his de-light, Would he thus to life in - vite?
He would have you turn and live, He would all the world re - ceive.
D. C. Would he ask, be-seech, and cry, Why will you re - solve to die?

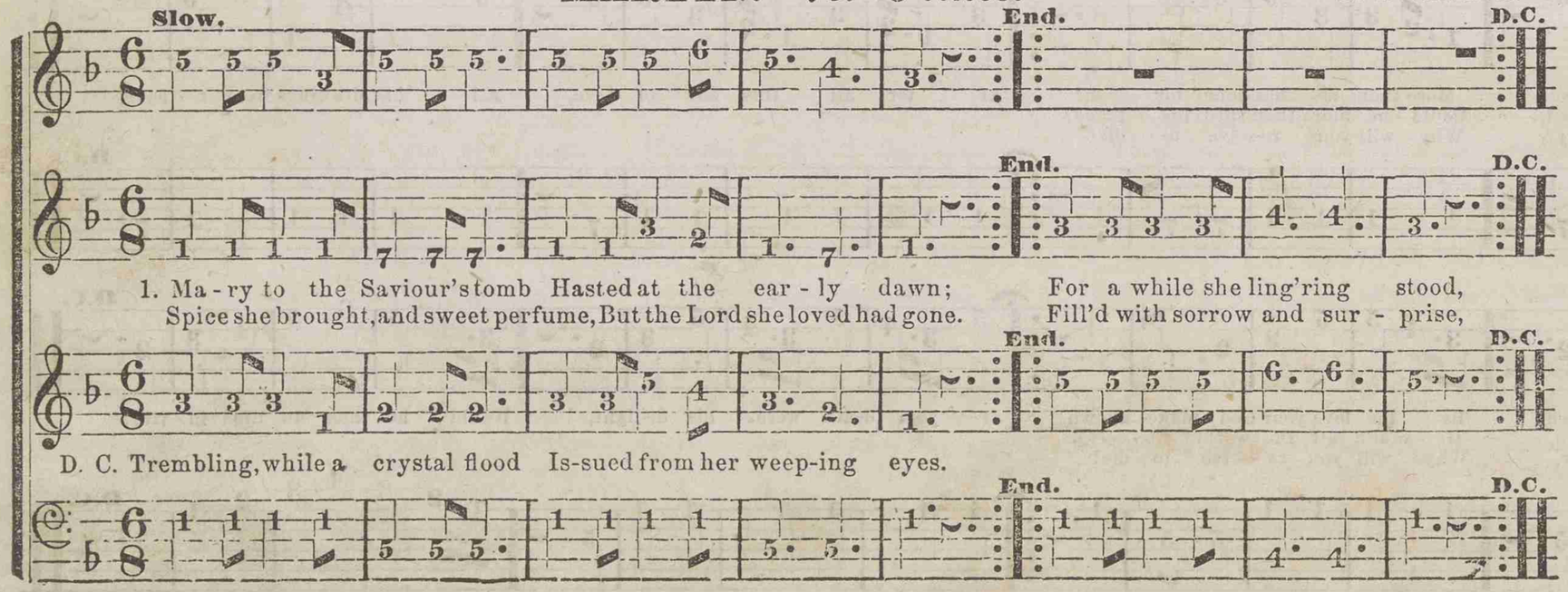
BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines.

WEBBE.



MARTYN. 7s. 8 lines.

S. B. MARSH.



2. But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd.
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

THE CHARIOT. 12s.

1. The char - iot! the char - iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire: Lo, self - mov - ing, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a - round him are pour'd! Mighty hosts of the an - gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo - ri - fied saints and the mar-tyrs are there,

3. The trum - pet! the trum - pet, the dead have all heard: Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd! From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,

4. The judg - ment! the judg - ment the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white-vested eld - ers are met! There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
5. O mer - cy! O mer - cy! look down from a - bove, Great Cre - a - tor, on us, thy poor children, with love! When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,

GERMANY. 7s.

PLEYEL.

And the heavens with the glo - ry of God - head are bow'd.
And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic - to - ry wear.
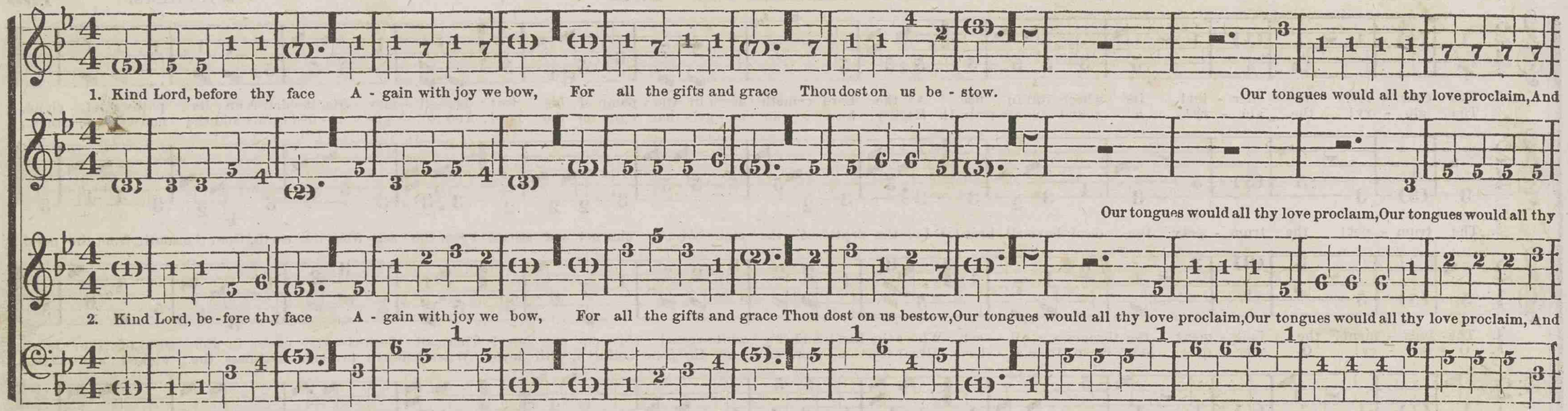
All the vast gen - e - ra - tions of men are come forth.

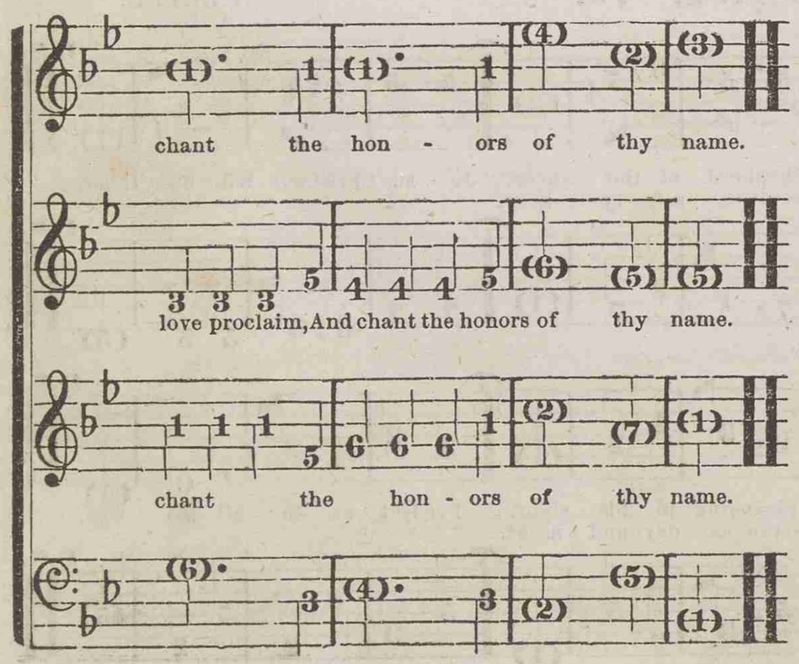
And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on his word.
May our jus - ti - fied souls find a wel - come in heaven.

1. Now may He who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Je - sus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safe - ty keep.

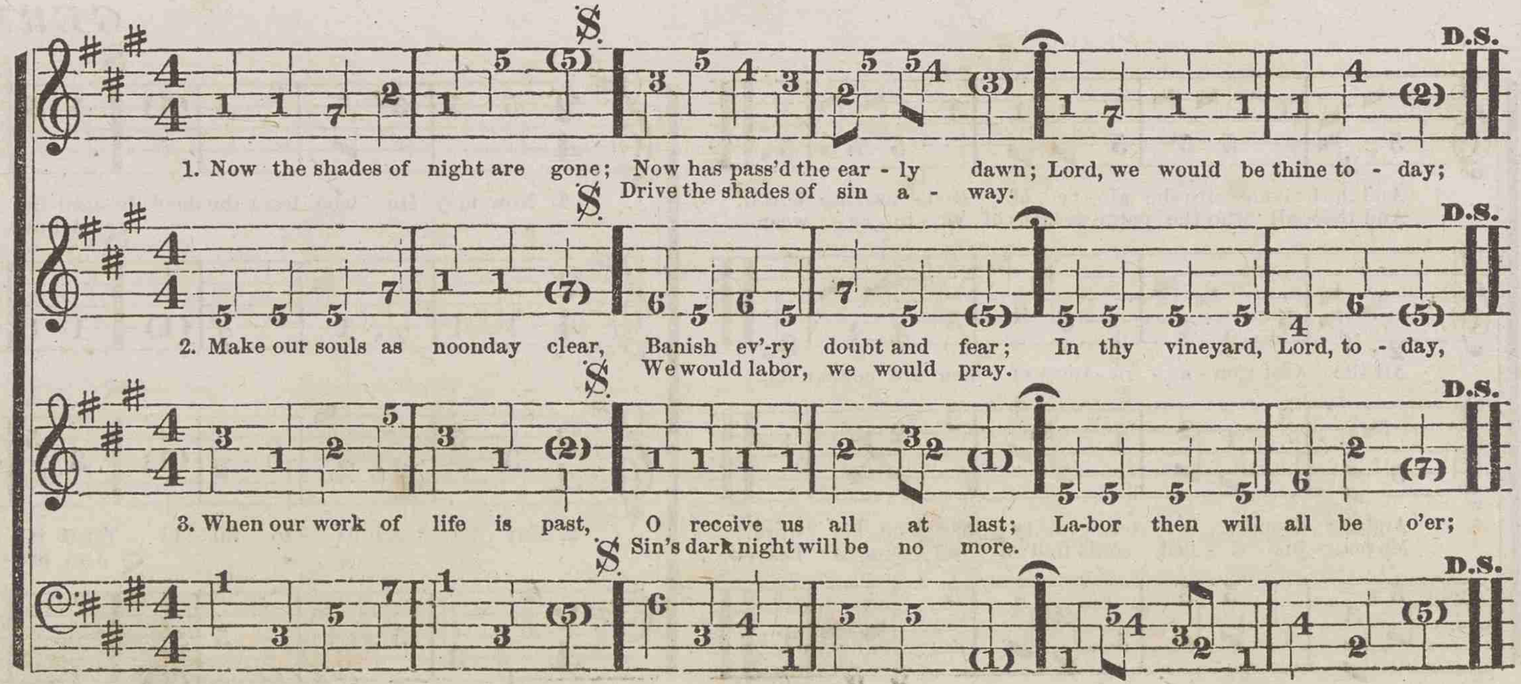
2. May he teach us to ful - fil What is pleas - ing in his sight, Per-fect us in all his will,
And pre - serve us day and night.
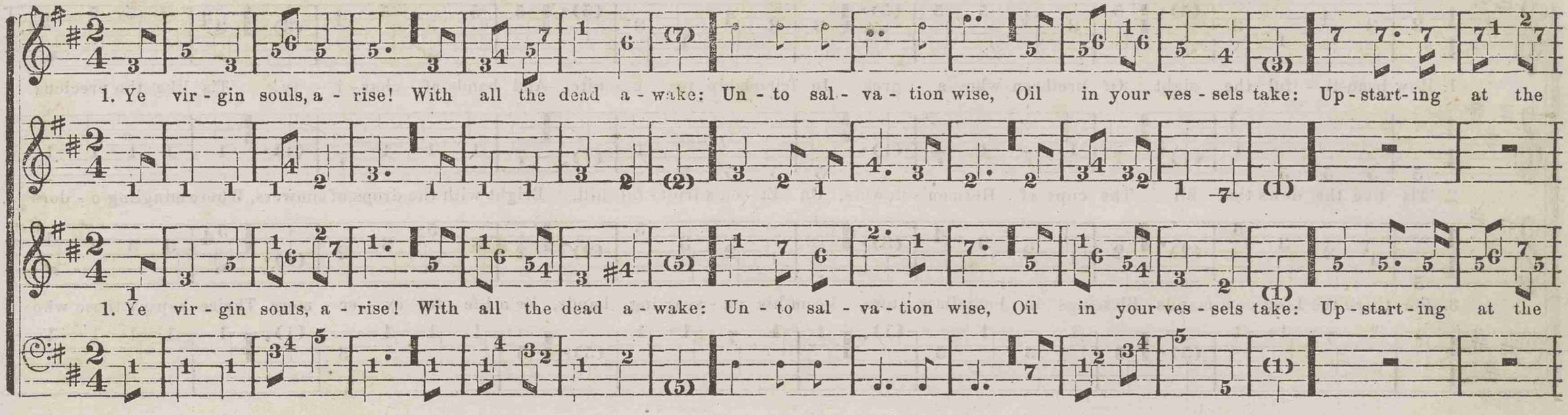
LENOX. H. M.

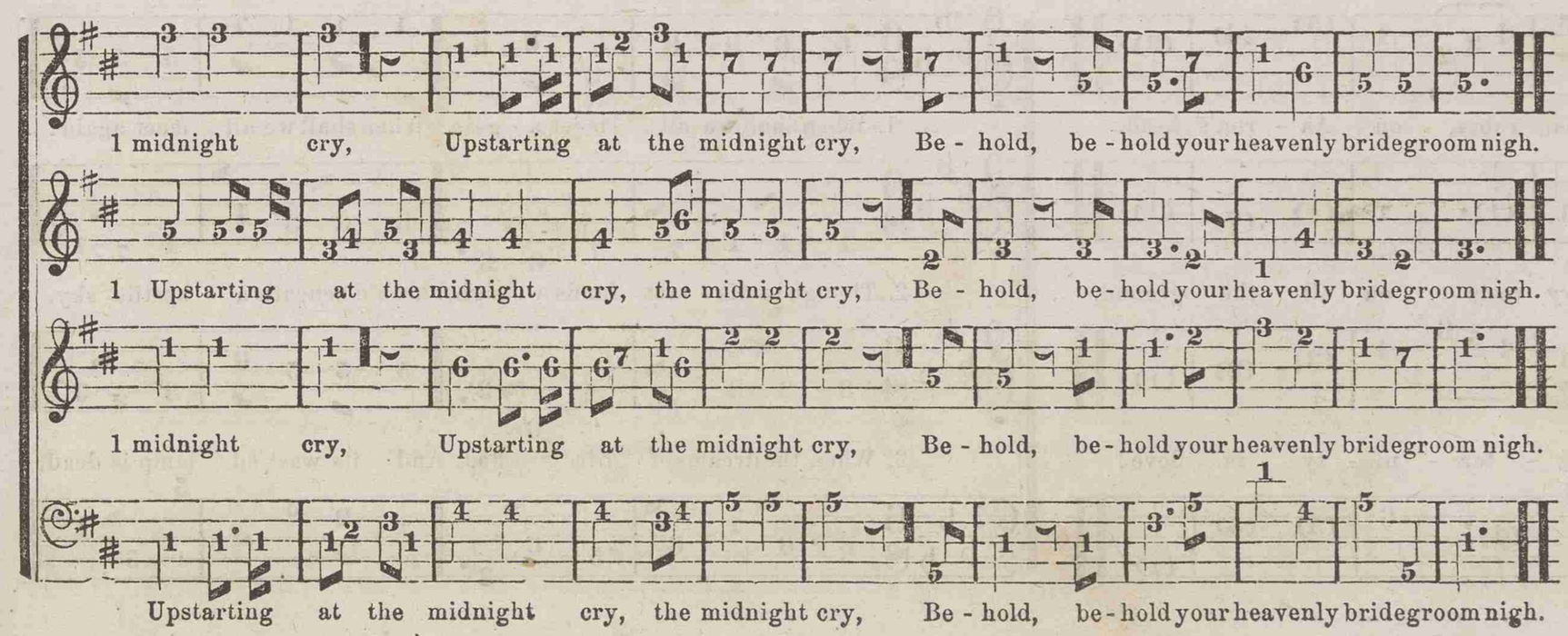




NUREMBURG. 7s.







2.
He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are.
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3.
Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4.
Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the Bride shall ever shine.

LEMERT. H. M.

C. L. FILLMORE.

1. How beau-ti - ful the sight Of brethren who a - gree In friendship to u - nite, And bands of char - i - ty! 'Tis like the precious

2. 'Tis like the dews that fill The cups of Hermon's flowers, On Zi - on's fruit - ful hill, Bright with the drops of showers, Where mingling o - dors

3. For there the Lord com-mands Blessings in boundless store, From his un - spar-ing hands, Ev'n life for ev - er - more. Thrice hap-py those who

ointment shed, O'er all his robes, on Aa - ron's head.

breathe around, And glo - ry rests on all the ground.

meet a - bove, To spend e - ter - ni - ty in love!

NEBRASKA. 7s.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet again?

2. Though in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,

3. When the dreams of life are fled, And its wast-ed lamp is dead,

Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wearied love re - tire, Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

Though the deep be - tween us rolls, Friendship shall u - nite our souls, And in Fan-cy's wide do - main Oft shall we all meet a - gain.

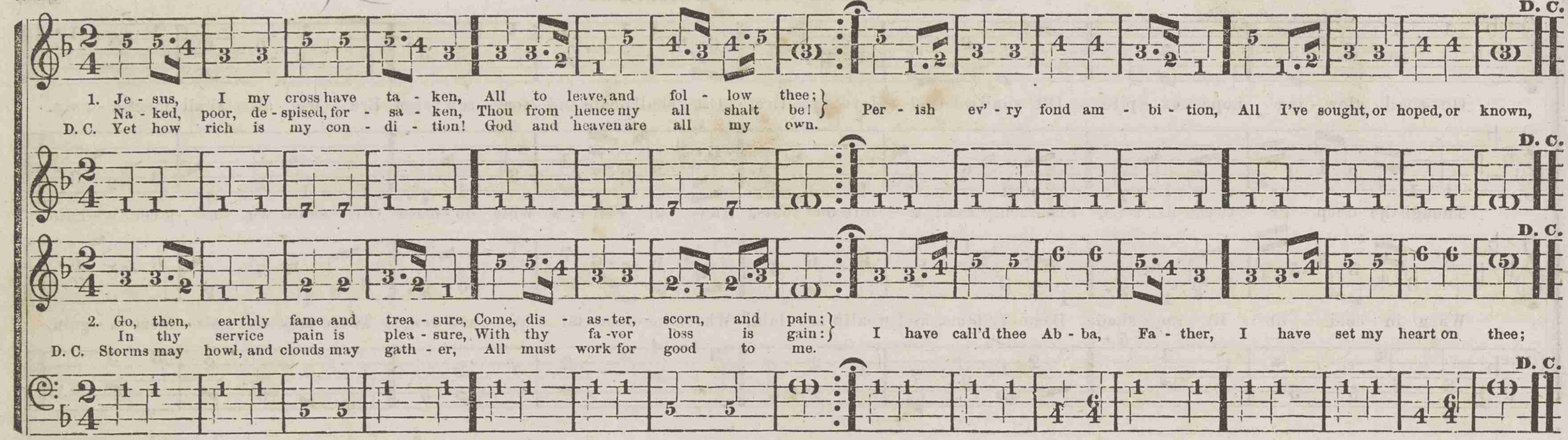
When in cold ob - liv - ion's shade Beau - ty, fame, and wealth are laid, Where im - mor - tal spi - rits reign, There may we all meet a - gain.

MARBLE. 10s.

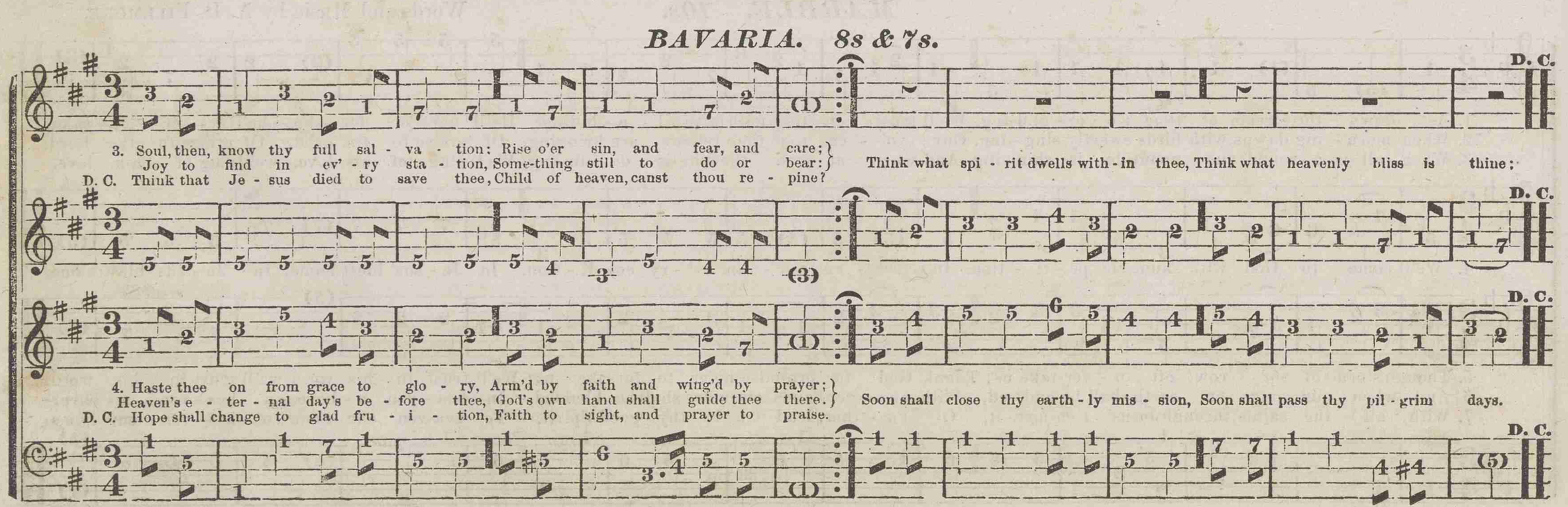
Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. As down the stream of time we are glid-ing, We'll trust in God with faith all a - biding; He'll nev - er for-sake, he'll nev - er for - sake.
2. When morn - ing dawns, with birds sweetly sing - ing, Our voi - ces too their tribute are bringing, Of praise to the Lord, Of praise to the Lord.
3. When all a - round us noontide is shin - ing, And when at eve the sun is de - clin-ing, We'll sing of his love, we'll sing of his love.
4. We'll come to God with hum-ble pe - ti - tion, In ev' - ry sea - son, ev' - ry con-di - tion, In Je - sus' blest name, in Je - sus' blest name.
5. Though storms of sor - row oft o - ver-take us; Thank God for pro-mise ne'er to forsake us; We'll trust in his word, we'll trust in his word.
6. And when our songs on earth shall be end - ed, With an - gel bands our notes shall be blended, In hea - ven a - bove, in hea - ven a - bove.
7. With all the saints, through Jesus' rich mer - it, O Fa - ther, lead us, by thy good Spirit, To hea-ven our home, to hea - ven our home

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.



BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.
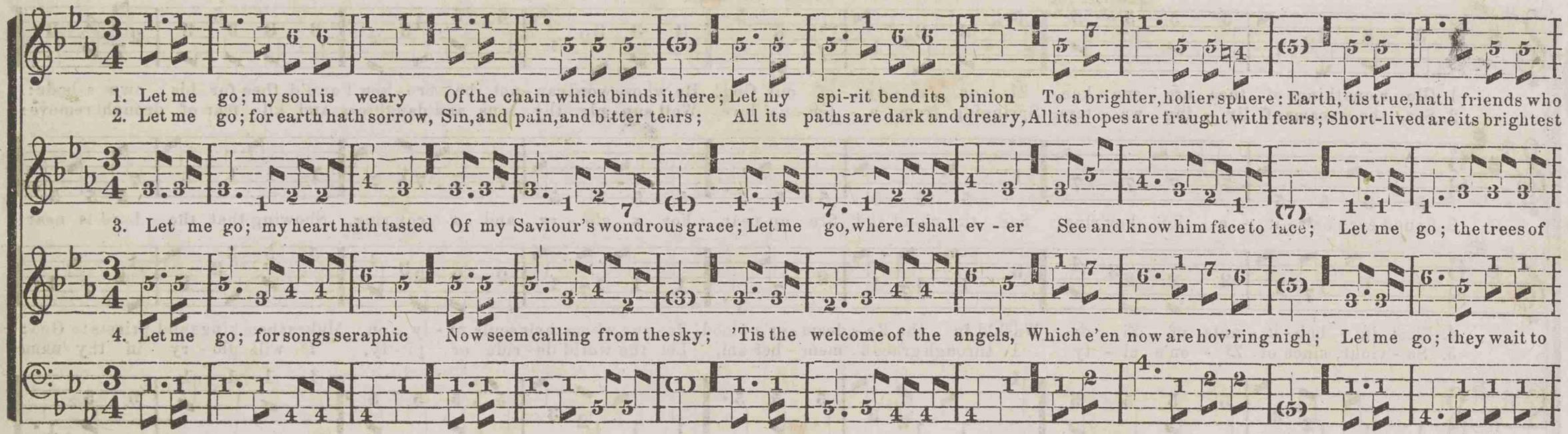


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode:
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of drought remove:
3. Round each hab - it - a - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear, For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near:
4. Blest in - hab - it - ants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood! Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God:
5. Sa - viour, since of Zi - on's ci - ty I through grace a mem - ber am, Let the world de - ride or pi - ty, I will glo - ry in thy name:
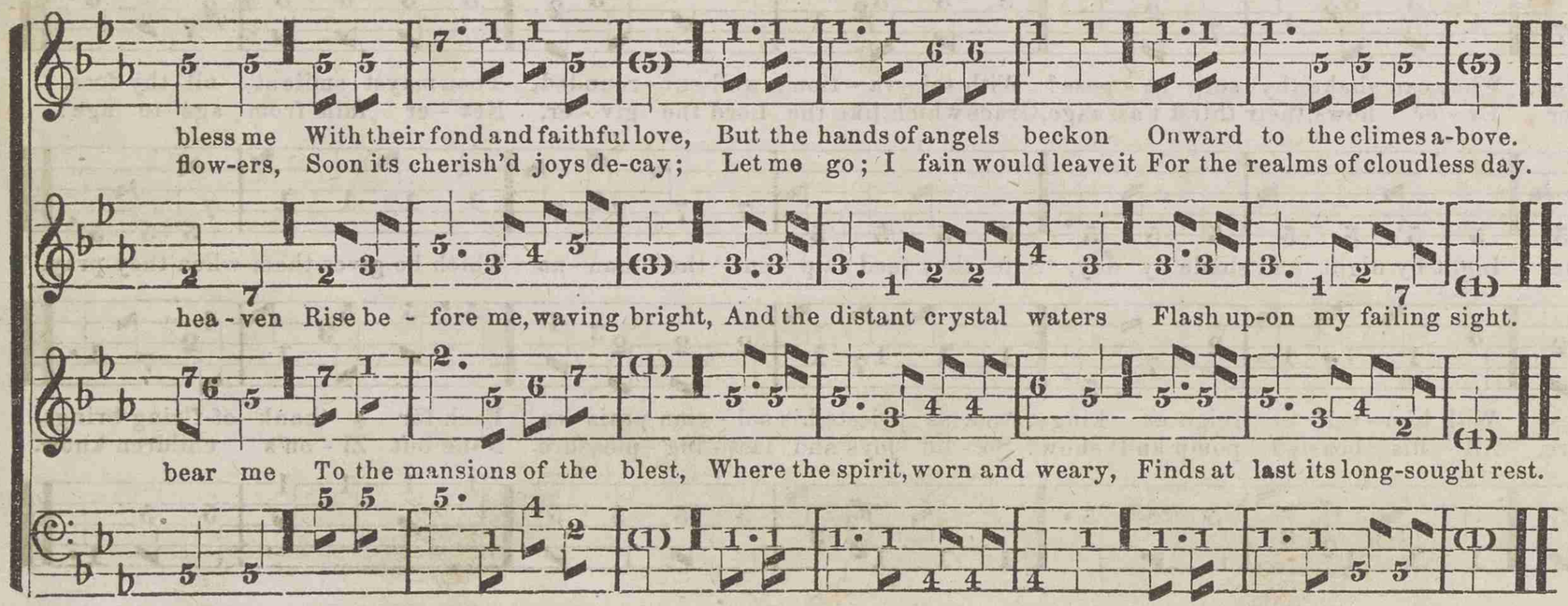
1 On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's wall sur - rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
2 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows, their thirst t'assuage, Grace which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
3 Thus, de - ri - ving from their ban-ner Light by night and shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.
4 'Tis his love his peo - ple rais - es With him - self to reign as kings; And, as priests, his sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of-f'ring brings.
5 Fa-ding is the worldling's treasure, All his boasted pomp and show! So - lid joys and last - ing pleasure None but Zi - on's children know.

Words by Wm. Baxter.

LET ME GO. 8s & 7s.

A. D. Fillmore.





ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

1. Christian, in the hour of sickness,
When the fever'd pulse was high,
Did the "angel of his presence"
Pass before thy languid eye?
Were his arms then laid beneath thee,
Yielding pure and tranquil rest?
Was thine aching head then pillow'd
On the dear Redeemer's breast?

2. Christian, when the waves of Jordan,
Rolling from the further shore,
Fiercely surge and dash about thee,
And thou tremblest at their roar,
Then, oh, then, amid the darkness,
One will linger at thy side,
Yea, the "angel of his presence"
Then will bear thee o'er the tide.

1. Gen-tly, Lord, oh, gen-tly lead us Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears, Thro' the chan-ges thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change appears:

2. In the night of pain and an-guish, When the night of death draws near, Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear;

1 When temp-ta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray, Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us; Lead us in thy per-fect way.

2 And, when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us on thy bo-som rest, Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.

SECOND ADVENT. 8s & 7s, with chorus.

1. Je - sus comes, his con-flicts o - ver, Comes to claim his great re - ward; An-gels sounding vic - tory ev - er, Crowding to be - hold their Lord.
2. Yon-der throne, for him e - rect - ed, Now be - comes the vic - tor's seat: Lo, the man on earth re - ject-ed! An-gels wor - ship at his feet.
3. Day and night they cry be - fore him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" All the powers of heaven a - dore him; All o - bey his sovereign word.

CHORUS.

Hark! ten thousand voices cry, "Victo - ry! vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! vic-tory!" through the sky: Swiftly flies the welcome sound, Spreading rapturous joy around.

Hark! ten thousand voices cry, "Vic-to - ry! vic-to - ry! vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!" through the sky: Swiftly flies the welcome sound, Spreading rapturous joy around.

WILEY. 8s & 7s.

D.C.

2. Worlds of light and crowns of glo - ry, Far a - bove yon a - zure sky!
Though by faith I now ex - plore ye, I'll en - joy you soon on high. Soon I'll gain a full pos - ses - sion; Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease;
D. C. Lost in love's un-bound - ed o - cean, Joy for-ev - er shall in - crease.

D.C.

HEADLEY. 8s & 7s.

D.C.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pi-ty, love, and power;
D.C. He is a-ble, he is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.

He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.

D.C.

3. Come, you wea-ry, hea-vy la-den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will ne-ver come at all:
D.C. Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call.

Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call.

ABINGDON. 8s & 7s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Lively.

D.C.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him, Praise him, an-gels in the height;
Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore him, Praise him, all ye stars of light:
D.C. Laws which ne-ver can be bro-ken, For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spo-ken, Worlds his might-y voice o-bey'd:
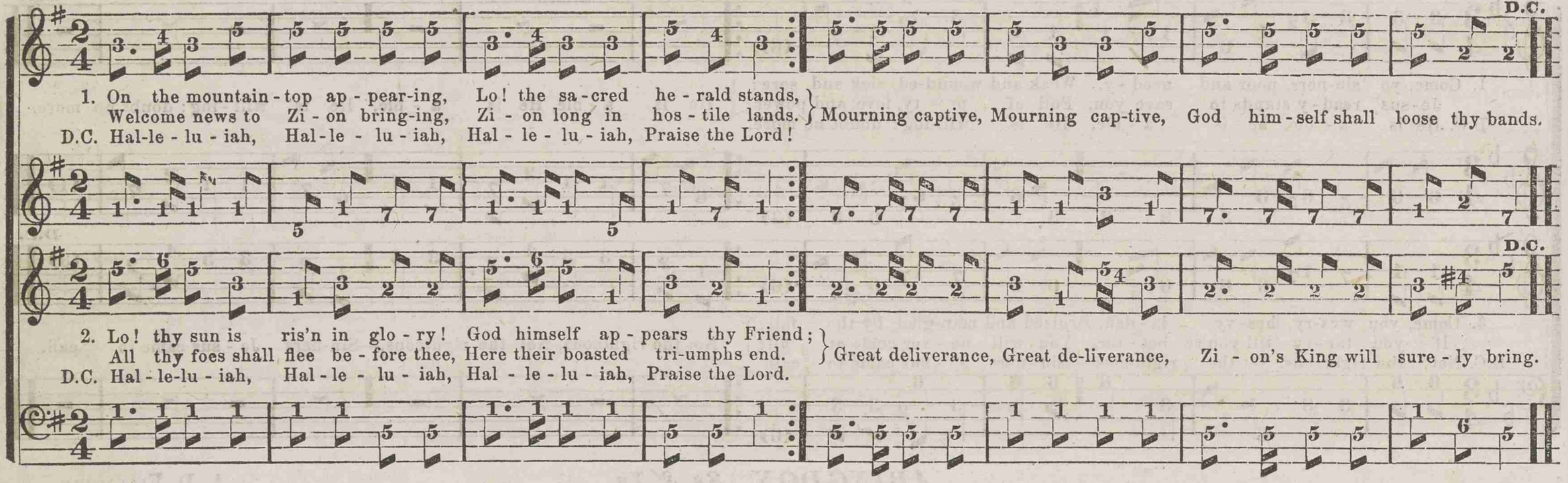
D.C.

2. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Ne-ver shall his pro-mise fail;
God doth make his saints vic-to-rious; Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
D.C. Heaven and earth, and all cre-a-tion, Praise and mag-ni-fy his name.

Praise the God of our sal-va-tion; Hosts on high his pow'r pro-claim:
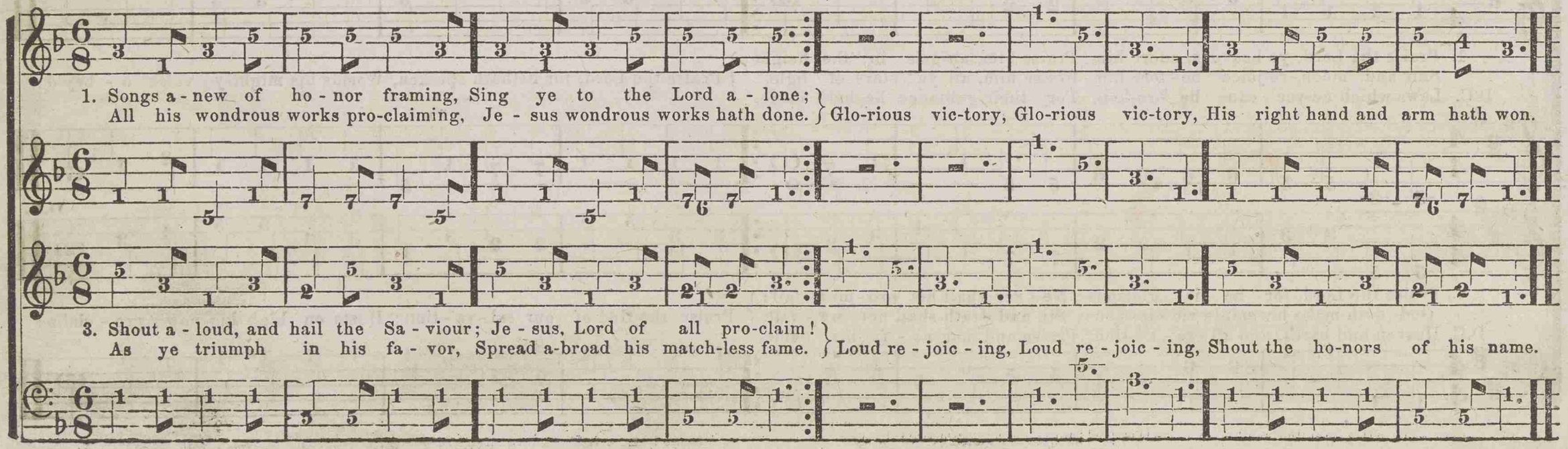
PALMALORA. *8s & 7s.*

A. B. Irving



WAYNESVILLE. *8s, 7s, & 4.*

T. Hastings.



BERRY. *8s, 7s, & 4s.*

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land: Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.
I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy powerful hand;

2. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side: Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ev - er give to thee.
Bear me through the swelling torrent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;

CAMDEN. *8s & 7s.*

Quick. D.C.

1. In the name of God ad - van-cing, Sow thy seed at morn - ing light; Look not to the far - off fu - ture; Do the work which nearest lies;
Cheer-i - ly the fur-rows turn-ing, La-bor on with all thy might:
D. C. Sow thou must be-fore thou reapest; Rest at last is la-bor's prize.

2. Stand-ing still is dangerous ev - er; Toil is meant for Christians now; And the Mas-ter shall come smiling, When work stops, at set of sun,
Let there be, when evening com - eth, Hon - est sweat up - on thy brow;
D. C. Say - ing, as he pays the wa - ges, "Good and faith-ful one, well done."

CALVARY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

STANLEY.

Tenderly.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry! See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

2. "It is finish'd!" oh, what pleasure Do these pre-cious words af - ford! Heavenly pleasures without measure Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

3. Finish'd all the types and shadows Of the once un - finish'd law! Finish'd all that God had promised; Death and hell no more shall awe:

4. Tune your harps a - new, ye seraphs, Join to sing the pleasing theme; All on earth and all in heaven, Join to praise Im - ma-nuel's name:

CLIO. 6s & 4s.

HASTINGS.

1 "It is finish'd!" "It is finish'd!" Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry.

2 "It is finish'd!" "It is finish'd!" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.

3 "It is finish'd!" "It is finish'd!" Saints, from this your comfort draw.

4 "Hal - le - lu - jah!" "Hal-le - lu-jah!" Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!

Slow. D. C.

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to - morrow; Yield thee to- day: } Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room:

D. C. Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o - bey.

D. C.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high: } Grieve not the love Which from a - bove,

D. C. Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.

1. Praise to God, the great Cre - a - tor, Praise to God from ev' - ry tongue: Join, my soul, with ev' - ry crea - ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

2. Father, source of all compassion! Pure, unbounded grace is thine: Hail the God of our sal - va - tion; Praise him for his love di - vine: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

3. For ten thousand blessings giv-en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, Heirs of end - less bliss in heaven, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heaven our songs we raise; Then en-rap - tured fall be-fore him, Lost in won - der, love, and praise: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due.

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due.

Bound-less praise to God is due, Boundless, &c.

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due, Bound - less praise to God is due, ... Boundless praise to God is due.

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due.

0

MAGNER. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. We are on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound, we sweetly glide; We are on the o - cean sail - ing To a home beyond the tide.
2. Mil - lions now are safe - ly land - ed O - ver on the gold - en shore; Millions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there 's room for millions more.

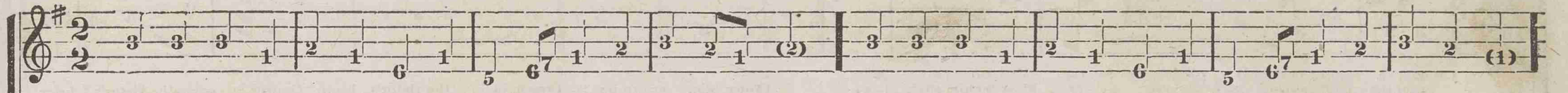
3. Come on board, O ship for glo - ry! Be in haste, make up your mind, For our ves-sel 's weighing an - chor— You will soon be left be - hind.
4. You have kindred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap - py shore; By and by we 'll swell the num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.

5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breez - es Gent-ly waft our ves - sel on; All on board are sweetly sing - ing, Free sal - va - tion is the song.
6. When we all are safe - ly land - ed, We will shout our tri - als o'er; We will walk a-bout the cit - y, And we 'll shout for ev - er - more.

Chorus.

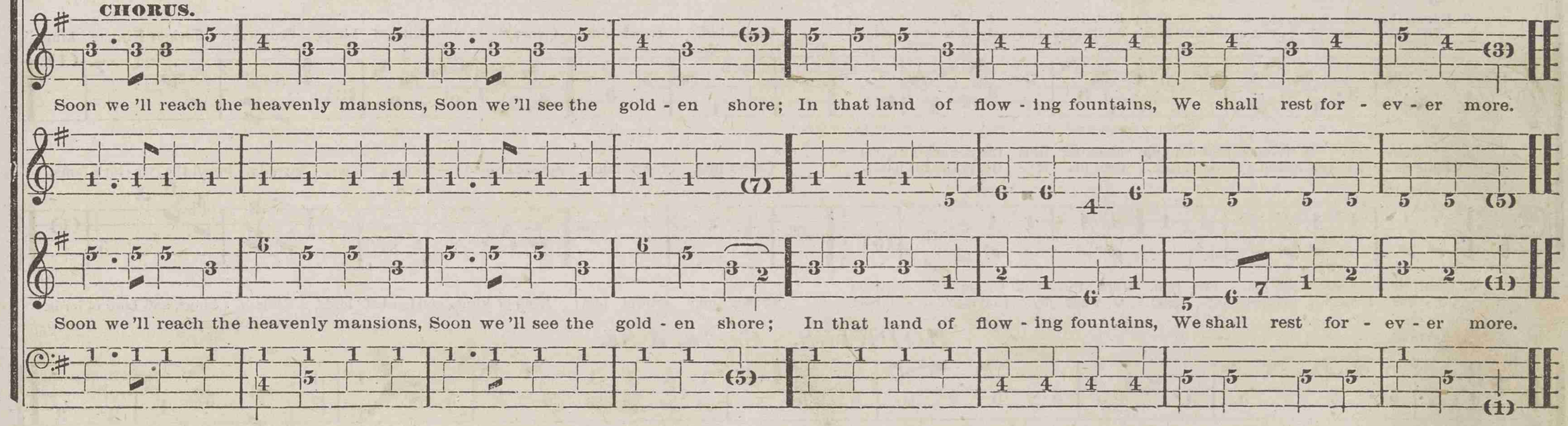
All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we 'll an - chor in the harbor; We are out on the o-cean sail - ing To a home beyond the tide.

6. All the storms of life are o - ver, Landed in the port of glo - ry; Now no more on the o - cean sail - ing— Safe at home beyond the tide.



1. We are trav'ling o'er earth's mountains, Weighed with pain, with toil and care, To a land of flow-ing fountains, Where the plains are bright and fair.
2. We are trav'ling o'er earth's deserts, Where the sands are parched and dry, But a land of ge - nial climate, We shall en - ter by and by.
3. We are trav'ling o'er earth's valleys, Oft we meet a scoff and frown. But beyond these narrow bound'ries, We shall wear a star-ry crown.
4. We are trav'ling o'er earth's wa-ters, Meeting tempests dark and high, But we are God's sons and daughters, And we shall with an - gels vie.

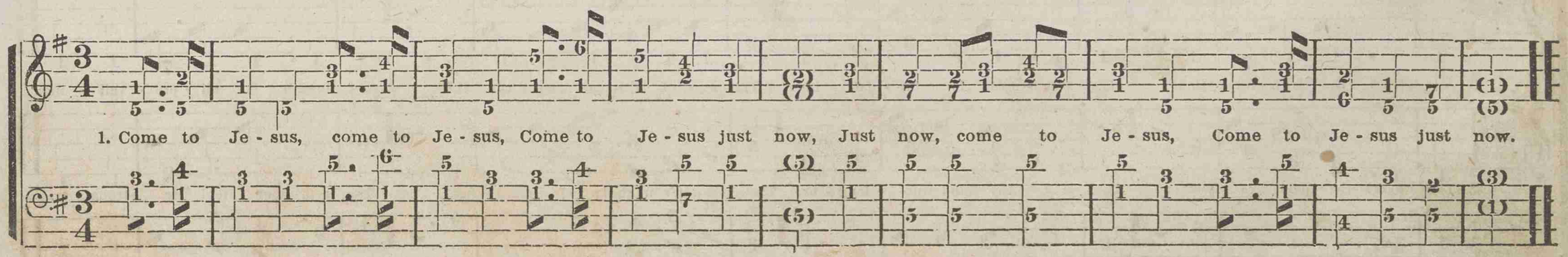
CHORUS.



Soon we 'll reach the heavenly mansions, Soon we 'll see the gold - en shore; In that land of flow - ing fountains, We shall rest for - ev - er more.

Soon we 'll reach the heavenly mansions, Soon we 'll see the gold - en shore; In that land of flow - ing fountains, We shall rest for - ev - er more.

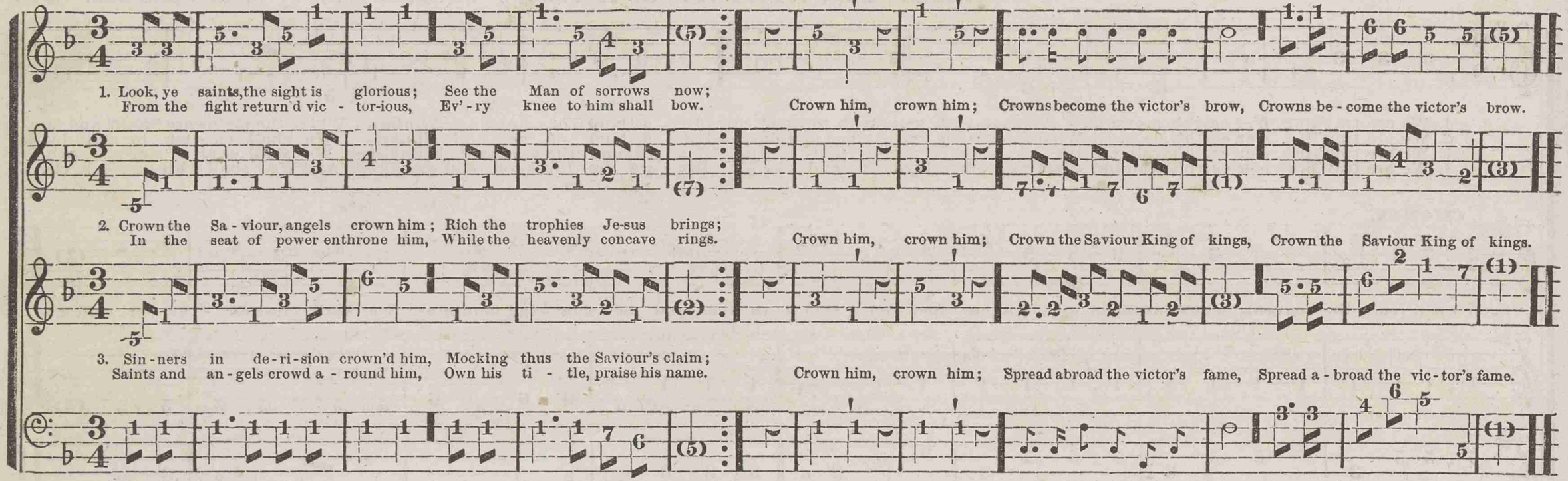
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.



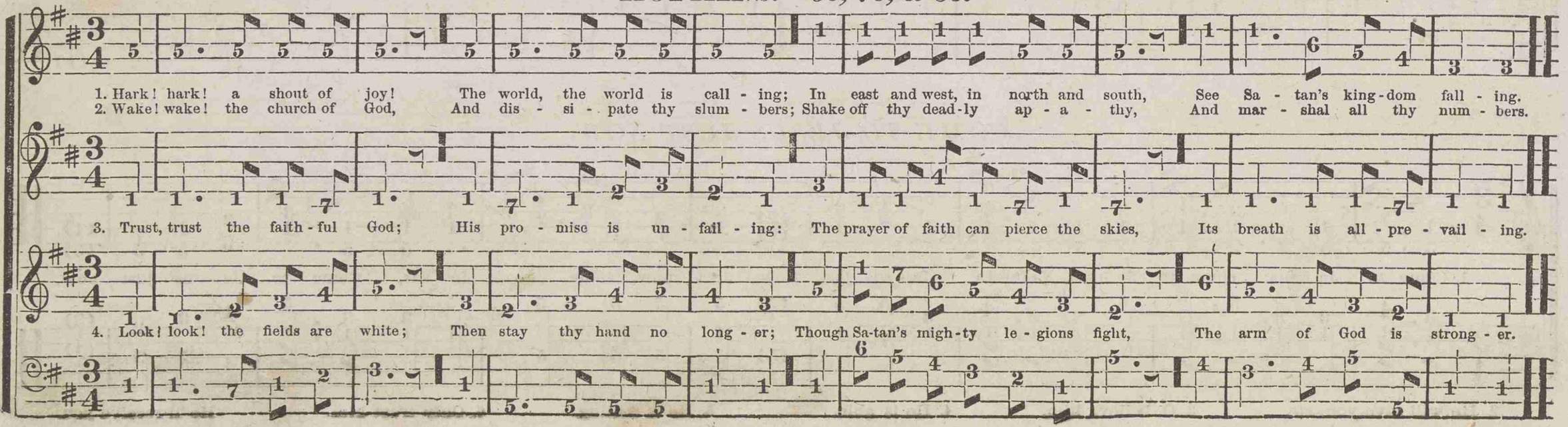
1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now, Just now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you, etc. 3. O, believe him. 4. He is able. 5. He is willing. 6. Only trust him. He 'll receive you.

CORONAL. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



HOPKINS. 6s, 7s, & 8s.



Hal le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men! Hal - le- lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,

1. Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing O'er the waters, soft and clear; Nearer yet and nearer pealing, Now it bursts up - on the ear: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,
2. Now, like moonlight waves retreating, To the shore it dies along; Now, like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men!

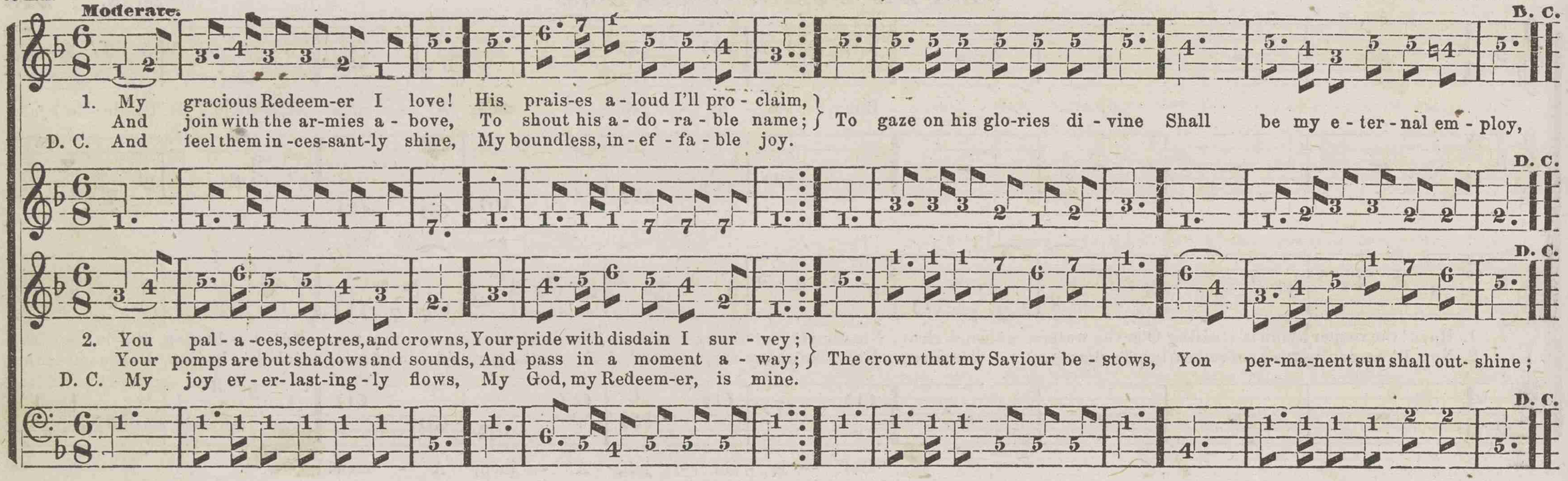
Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men!

Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men! Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades up - on this ear. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hush! again, like waves retreating, To the shore it dies a-long. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men!

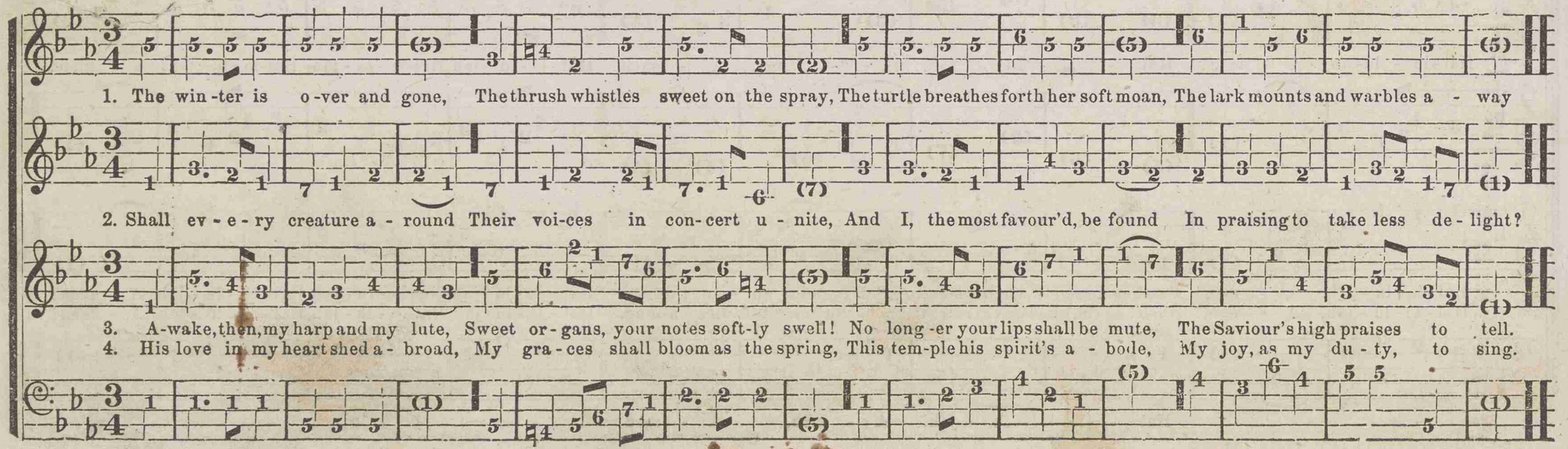
PRESERVATION. 8s, 8 lines.

A. D. FILLMORE.



SWEETNESS. 8s.

CLARK.



GREENFIELD. 8s.

End. D. C.

1. How te - dious and taste-less the hours Be - fore the blest Sa - viour I knew!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, No com-fort from all these I drew. The mid - sum - mer sun seem'd but dim, The fields strove in vain to look gay:
D. C. But, now I am hap - py in him, De - cem-ber's as plea-sant as May.

D. C.

2. His name yields the rich-est per - fume, And sweet-er than mu - sic his voice;
His pre - sence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
D. C. No mor - tal so hap - py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.

D. C.

3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing his face, My all to his pleasure re - sign'd,
No changes of sea - son or place Would make a - ny change in my mind: While blest with a sense of his love, A pa - lace a toy would ap - pear,
D. C. And pri - sons would pa - la - ces prove If Je - sus would dwell with me there.

D. C.

UNION HYMN. 8s.

1. From whence does this u - nion a - rise, That ha - tred is conquer'd by love? It fast - ens our souls with such ties That dis - tance nor time can re - move.
2. It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet in a Pa - ra - dise lost; It grows on Im - man - u - el's ground, And Je - sus' life's - blood it has cost.

3. My friends so en - dear'd un - to me, Our souls so u - nit - ed in love, Where Je - sus is gone we shall be, In yon - der blest man-sions a - bove.
4. Why, then, so un - will - ing to part, Since there we shall soon meet a - gain? En - graved on Im - man - u - el's heart, At dis - tance we can - not re - main.

5. And then we shall see that bright day, And join with the an - gels a - bove, Set free from our pri - sons of clay, U - ni - ted in Je - sus' kind love
6. With Je - sus we ev - er shall reign, And all his bright glo - ry shall see: Then sing hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! A - men! E - ven so let it be!

By permission.

EXULTATION. 8s. Double.

T. HARRISON.

1. As light-ly and sweet-ly we tread The rose-scatter'd path-way of youth, We'll tri-umph that o'er us is spread The ban-ner of mer-cy and truth:

2. We know that his kindness and care All parts of cre - a - tion em-brace, That we shall es - pe-cial-ly share The gifts of his in-fin-ite grace:

3. His love he re-veal'd in his Son, Whose mer-cy no bounds ev-er knew: We'll praise him for all he has done And all he has prom-ised to do,—
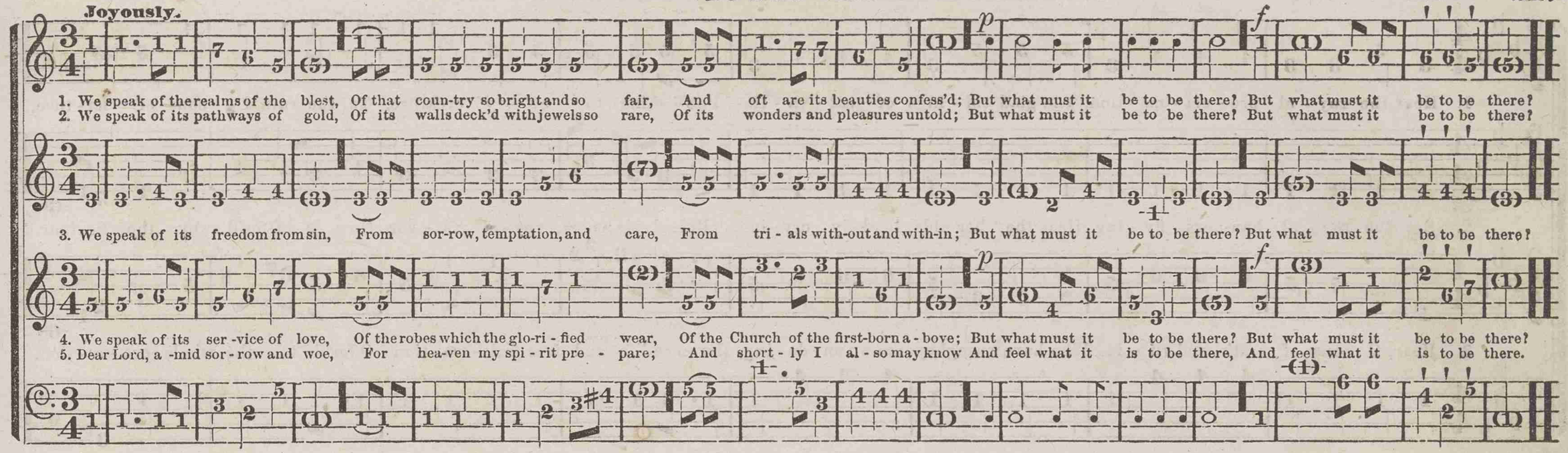
1 We'll pour forth our prais-es, that He Who liv-eth and reigneth a-bove For-ev-er our guardian will be, That God, our Cre-a-tor, is love.

2 To him our thanksgivings as-cend: His bless-ings un-li-mit-ed prove That he is our Fa-ther and friend, That God, our Pre-ser-ver, is love.
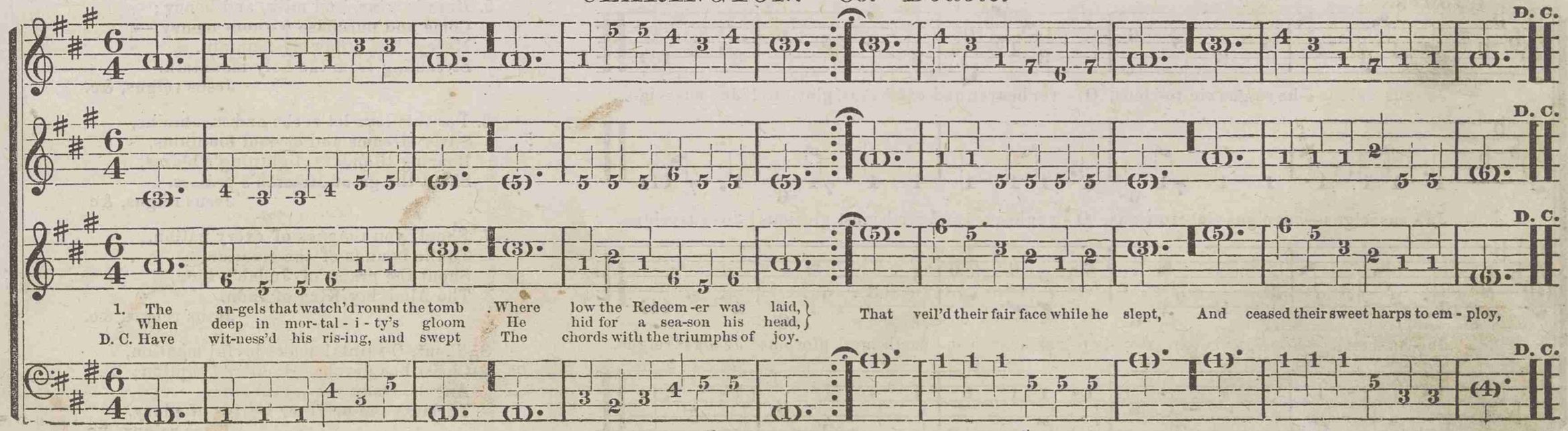
3 In feel-ing, in deed, and in word, Be govern'd by grace from a-bove, And al-ways re-joice in the Lord, For God, our Re-deem-er, is love.

IOWA. 8s.

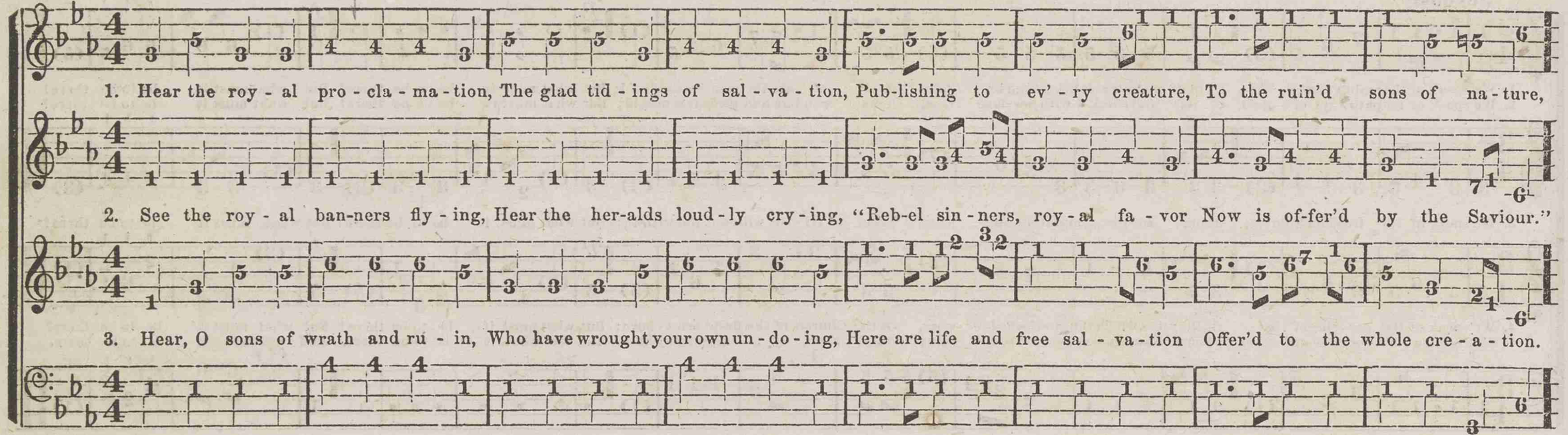
A. D. FILLMORE.
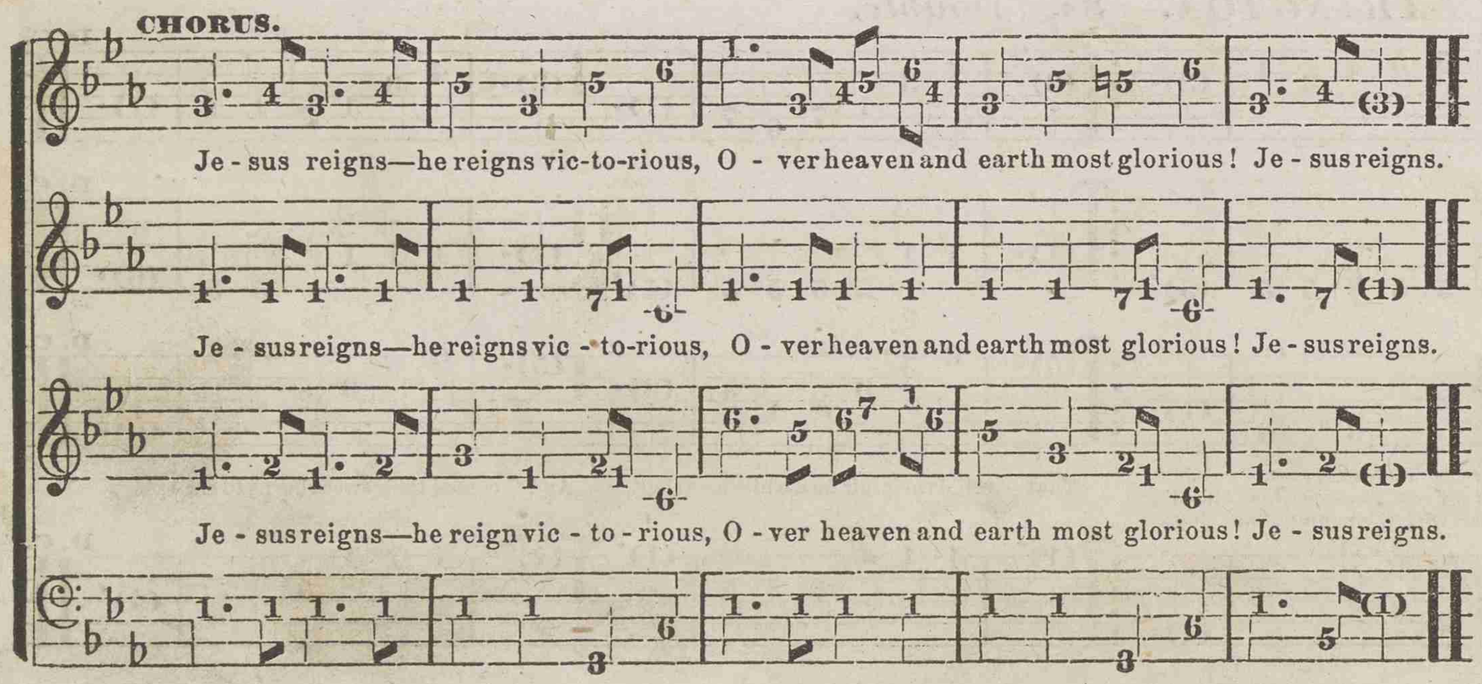


CLARINGTON. 8s. Double.



ROYAL PROCLAMATION. *8s, with chorus.*





5. Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come and purchase without money,—
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

6. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Silver streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reigns, &c

7. Shout, you tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.

8. Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

1. A-mong the mountain trees The winds were whispering low, And night's ten thousand har-mo-nies Were har-mo-nies of woe: A voice of grief was on the gale;
2. It was the Saviour's prayer That on the si-lence broke, Im-plor-ing strength from Heaven to bear The sin-a-veng-ing stroke, As in Geth-se-ma-ne he knelt,

3. The fit-ful star-light shone In dim and mist-y gleams; Deep was his ag-o-niz-ing groan, And large the vi-tal streams That trickled to the dew-y sod

4. The cho-sen three that stay'd Their nightly watch to keep, Left him through sorrows deep to wade, And gave themselves to sleep: Meek-ly and sad he pray'd a-lone,
5. A-long the streamlet's bank The reckless trai-tor came, And heav-y on his bo-som sank The load of guilt and shame: Yet un-to them that waited nigh

1 It came from Kedron's gloom-y vale.
2 And pangs unknown his bo-som felt.

3 While Je-sus raised his voice to God.

4 Strangely for-got-ten by his own.
5 He gave the Lamb of God to die.

DOXOLOGY. I.

Slow.

Blessed, blessed be Je-ho-vah, Israel's God, to all e-ter-ni-ty! Let all the peo-ple say, A-men!

Blessed, blessed be Je-ho-vah, Israel's God, to all e-ter-ni-ty! Let all the peo-ple say, A-men!

THE AGONY. 6, 5, 6, 5, 7, 6, 6, 5.

Words and Music by L. H. JAMESON.

1. Night, with e - bon pin - ion, Brood - ed o'er the vale, All a - round was si - lent, Save the night wind's wail, When

2. Smit - ten for of - fen - ses Which were not his own He for our trans - gres - sions Had to weep a - lone; No

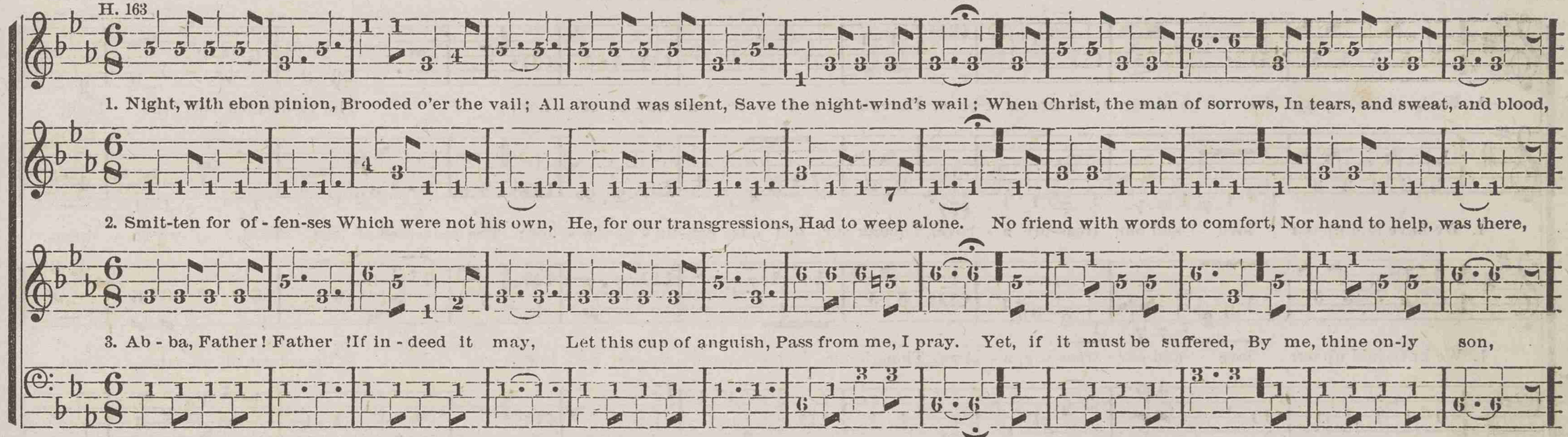
3. Ab - ba, Fa - ther! Fa - ther! If in - deed it may, Let this cup of an - guish Pass from me a - way; Yet

Christ, the man of sor - rows, In sweat, and tears, and blood, Pros - trate in the gar - den, Raised his voice to God.

friend, with words of com - fort Or hand to help, was there, When the meek and low - ly Bowed him - self in prayer.

if it must be suf - fered By me, thine on - ly son, Ab - ba, Fa - ther! Fa - ther! Let thy will be done.
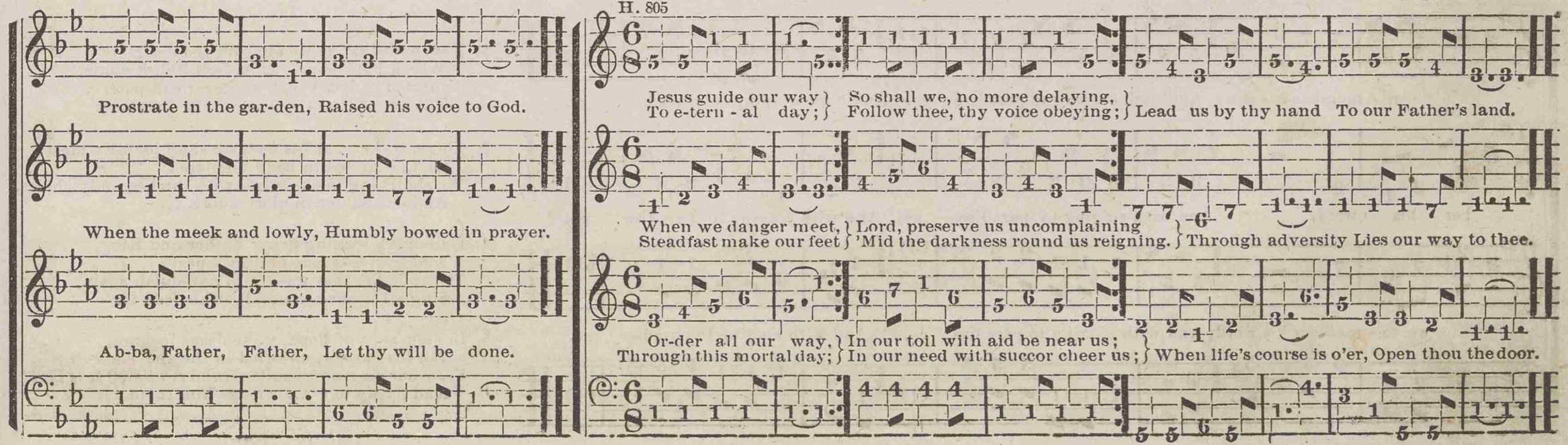
H. 163



McCHESNEY. P. M.

T. J. Cook, by permission.

H. 805



1. We have laid up our love and our treas-ure a - bove, Though our bod - ies con - tin - ue be - low; The re-deemed of the Lord,

1. We have laid up our love and our treas-ure a - bove, Though our bod - ies con-tin - ue be - low; The redeemed of the Lord, we re - mem-

1. We have laid up our love and our treas-ure a - bove, Though our bod - ies con - tin-ue be - low; The redeemed of the Lord,

we re - member his word, And with singing to paradise go, And with singing to paradise go.

ber his word, And with singing to paradise go, And with singing to paradise go.

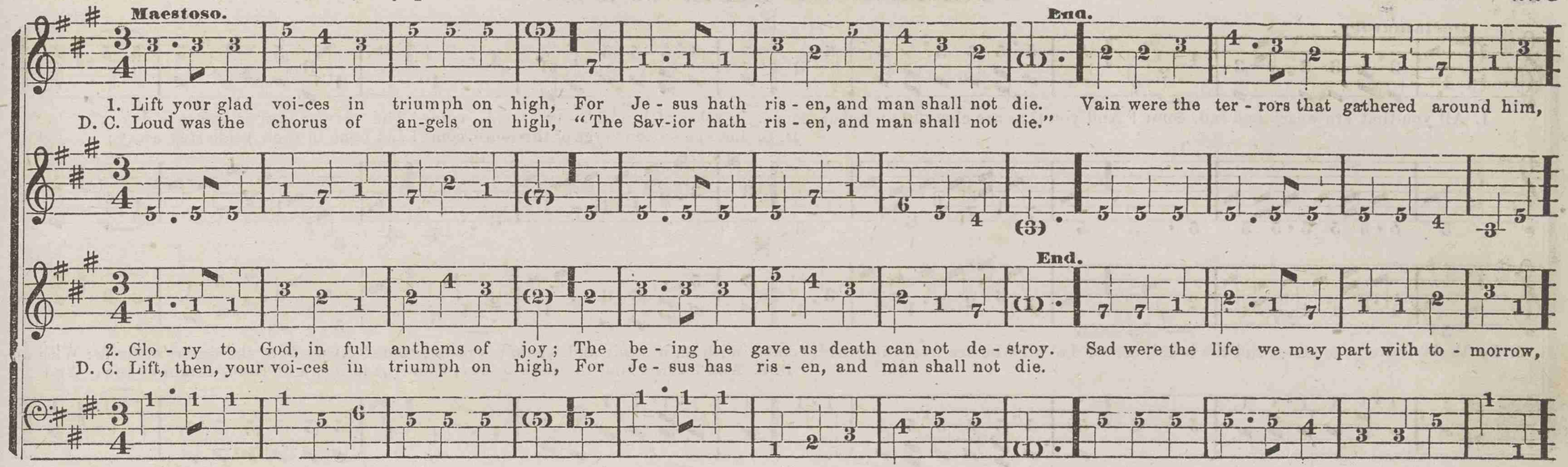
we re - member his word, And with singing to paradise go, And with singing to paradise go.

2. Now with thanks we approve the design of his love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus' blest name,
So united in heart that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb. :‖:

3. There, O there, at his feet, we shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore. :‖:

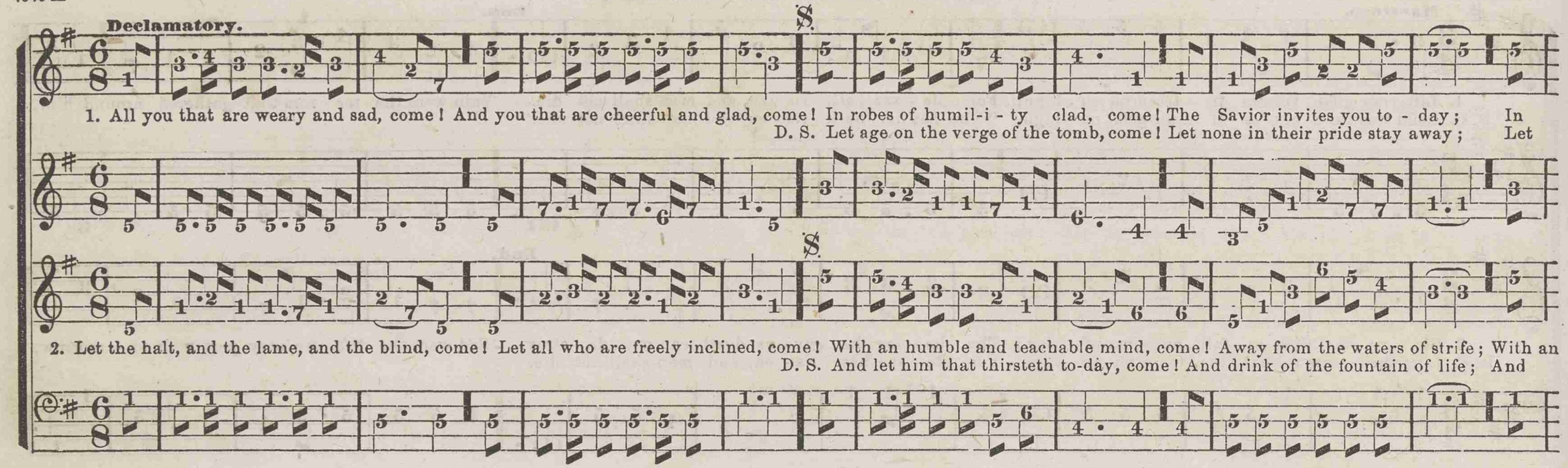
4. Hallelujah we sing to our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet. :‖:

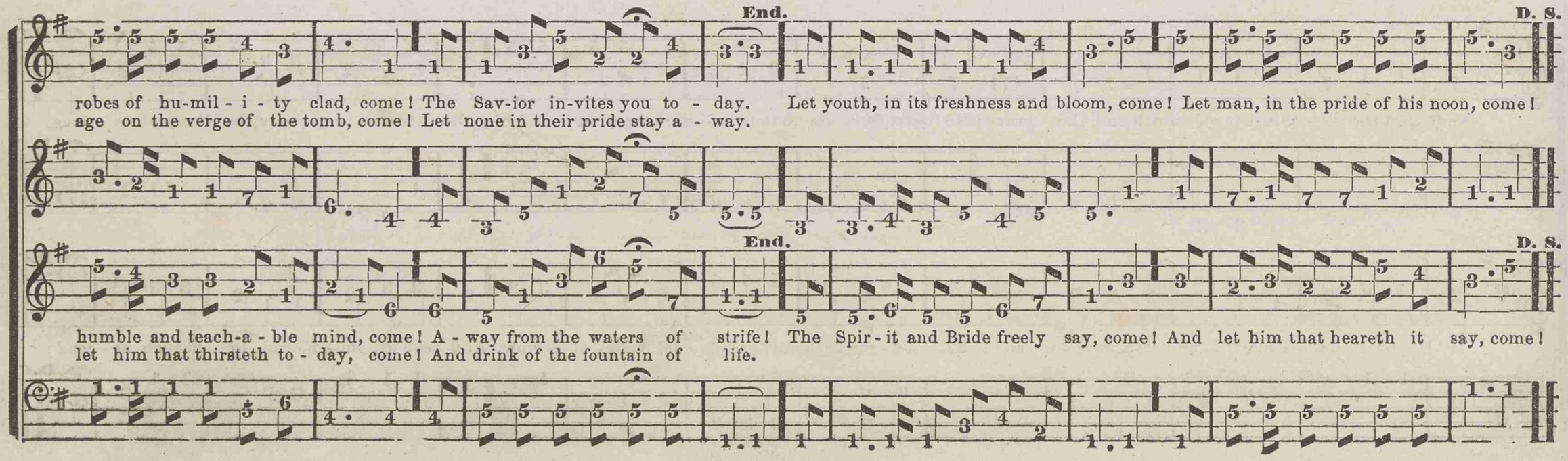
5. In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till his banner, unfurled in the air,
From our graves we shall see, and cry out, "It is Ho!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there. :‖:


Maestoso.
End.
1. Lift your glad voi-ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gathered around him,
D. C. Loud was the chorus of an-gels on high, "The Sav-ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die."
End.
2. Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death can not de - stroy. Sad were the life we may part with to - morrow,
D. C. Lift, then, your voi-ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus has ris - en, and man shall not die.
D.C.
And short the do - min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry, to live and to save.
D.C.
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow, And bade us, im - mortal, to heaven as - cend;
D.C.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. 9s & 8s.

Declamatory.





MEET ME THERE.

1. Up - on a couch of pain A dy - ing moth - er lay, While friends around with an-guish saw Her life fast ebb a - way.

2. She knew that death was near, Yet dread - ed not to die, But wished her well - be - lov - ed son Might meet her dy - ing eye.

3. Her pulse grew faint-er still, And dim - mer grew her eye, And keen - er grew the anguish of The loved ones stand - ing by.
4. She calm - ly fell a - sleep, Her earth - ly course was done, But nev - er from his heart hath passed That mes - sage to her son.

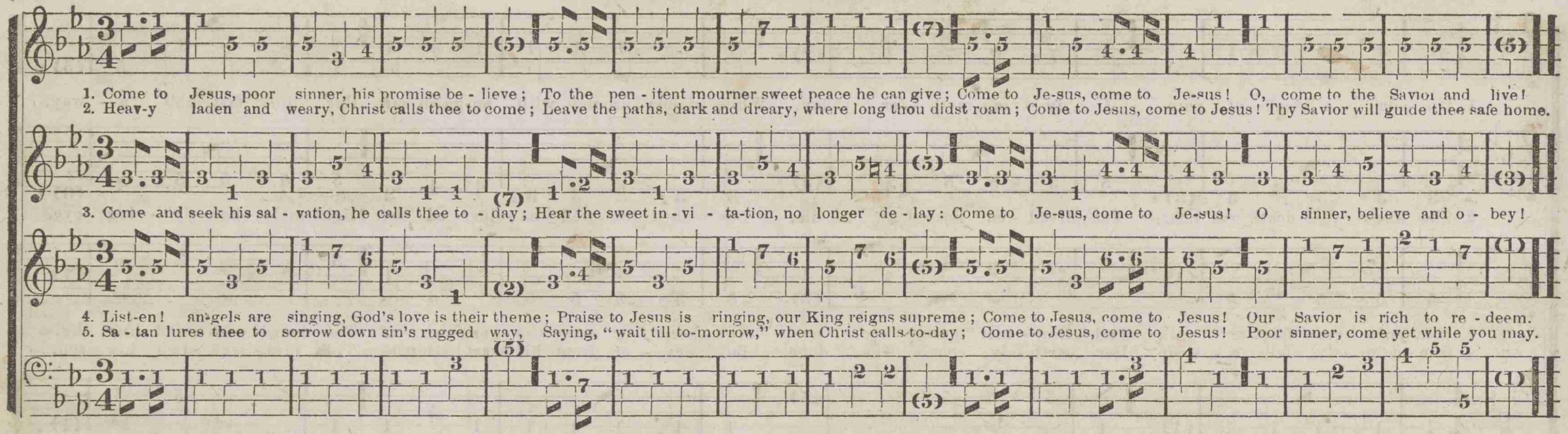
She looked up - on that tear - ful throng, The a - ged, young, and fair, But looked in vain for one dear face, A face that was not there.

That she might lay her hands once more Up - on her son's bright hair, And breathe for him, ere death should come, An ear - nest, fer - vent prayer.

Then flashed her eye as if she saw The pearl - y gates ap - pear, And pointing up, "Tell him," she said, "Tell him to meet me there."
And when his fi - nal hour shall come, He hopes to breathe this prayer, "Re-ceive me to thy - self, O God!" And meet his moth - er there.

GILTNER. 12s & 8s.

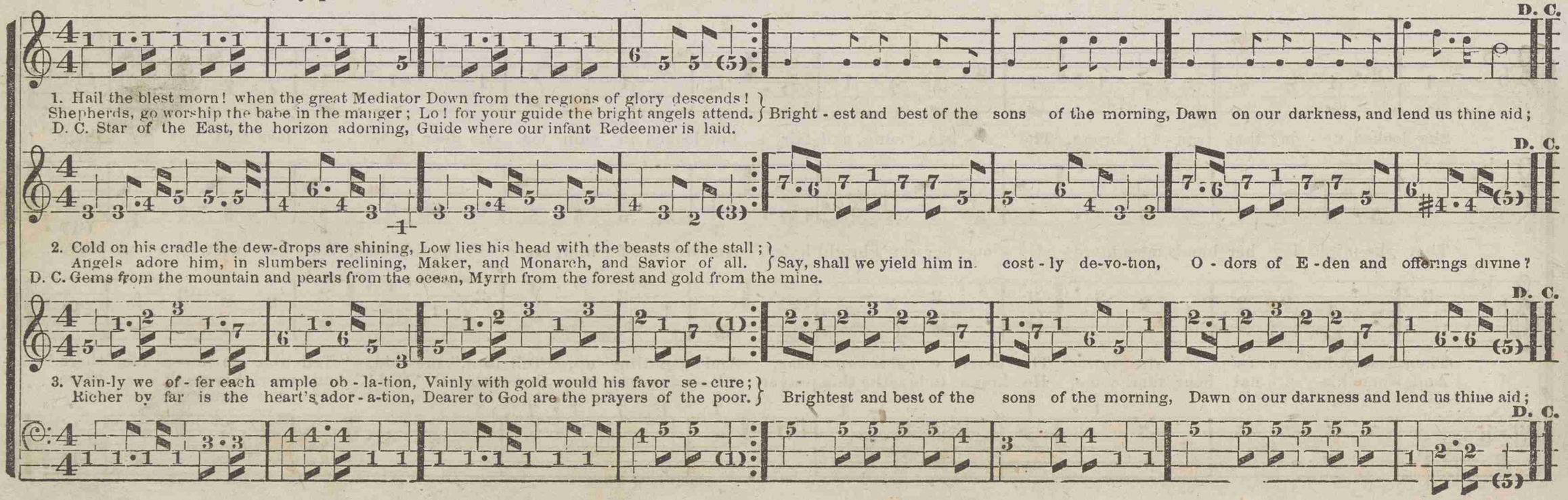
Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

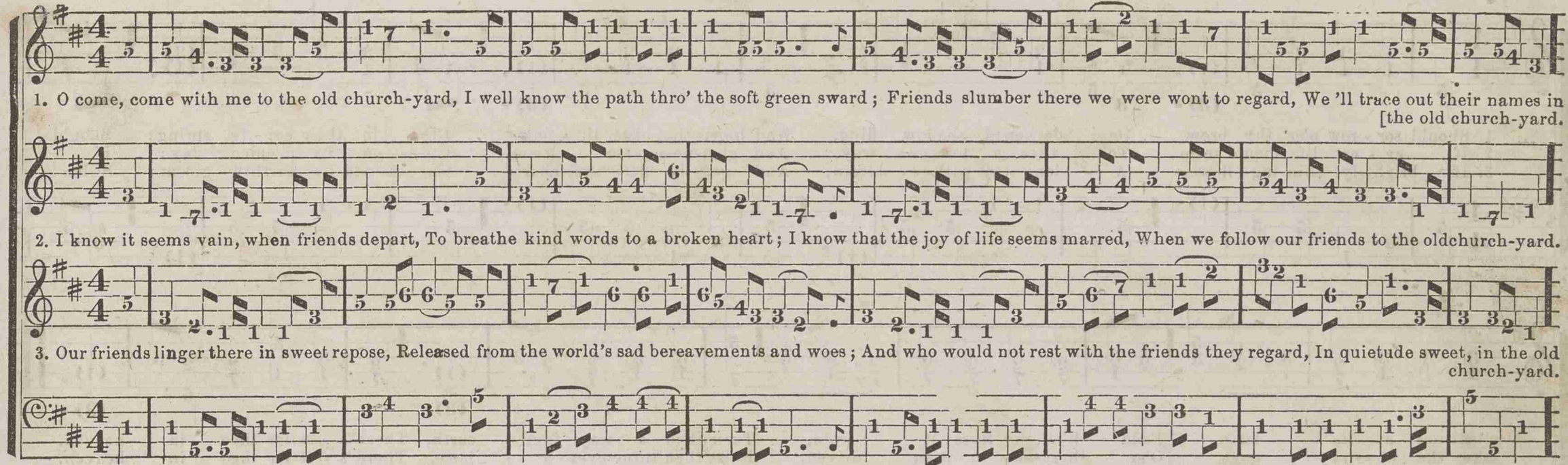


From the CYTHARA, by permission of Publishers.

FENNOR. 11s & 10s.

I. B. WOODBURY.




1. O come, come with me to the old church-yard, I well know the path thro' the soft green sward; Friends slumber there we were wont to regard, We 'll trace out their names in the old church-yard.
2. I know it seems vain, when friends depart, To breathe kind words to a broken heart; I know that the joy of life seems marred, When we follow our friends to the oldchurch-yard.
3. Our friends linger there in sweet repose, Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes; And who would not rest with the friends they regard, In quietude sweet, in the old church-yard.
O, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er; Weep not for them, they weep no more; For deep is their sleep, tho' cold and hard Their pillow may be in the old church-yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree, Why should you weep, dear friends, for me? I 'm way-worn and sad, O why then retard The rest that I seek in the old church-yard?
We 'll rest in the hope of that bright day When beauty shall spring from the pris'n of clay; When Gabriel's voice and the trump of the Lord Shall awaken the dead in the old church-yard.

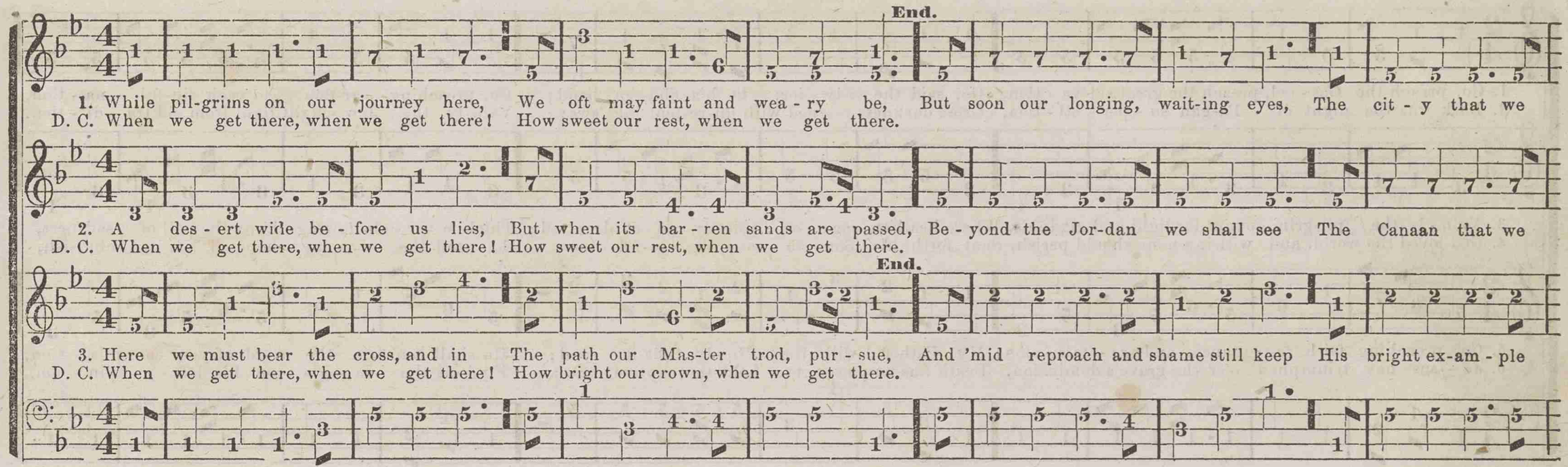
Words by R. G. PAIGE. From "GEMS OF SONG." ***REST. 6s. 8 lines.*** Arranged from the GERMAN
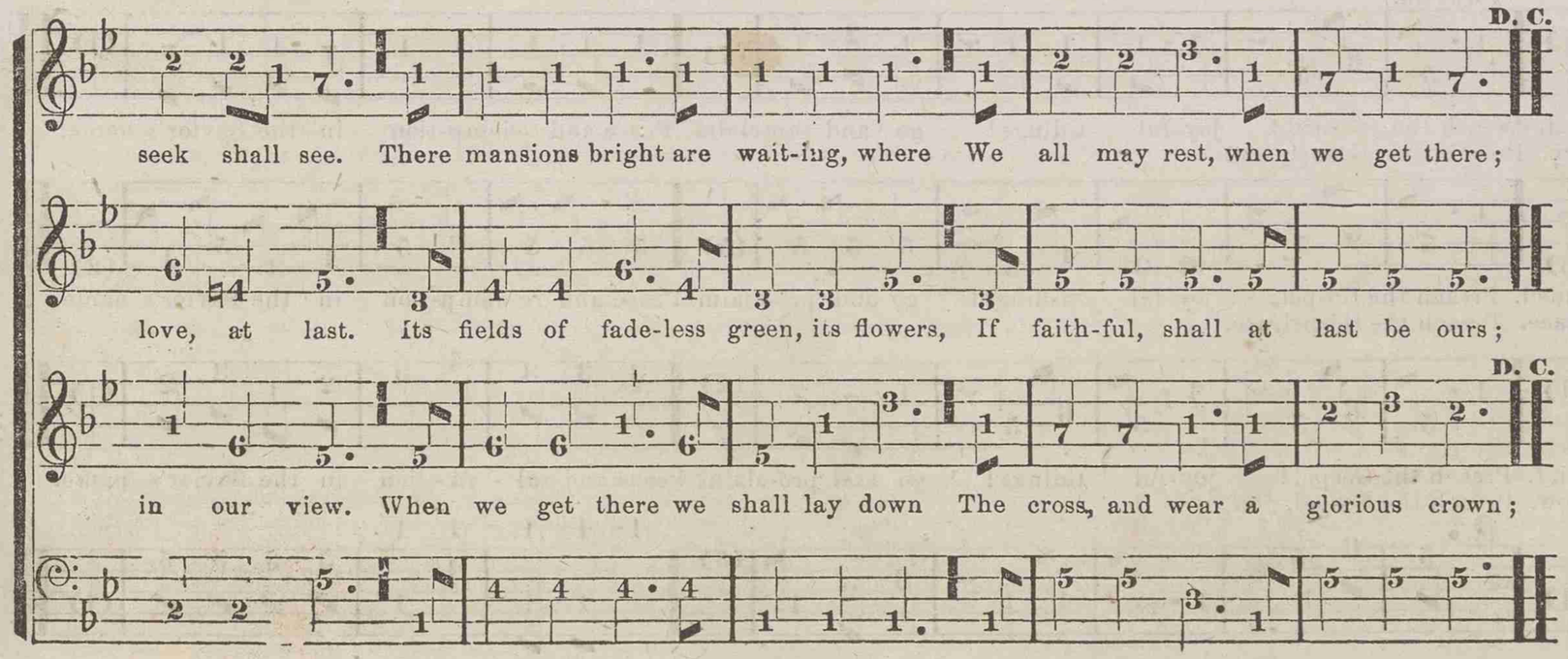
1. Should sor - row o'er thy brow Its darkened shadow fling, And hopes that cheer thee now Die in their ear - ly spring; Should
2. If ev - er life should seem To thee a toilsome way, And glad-ness cease to beam Up - on its clouded day; If,
3. If bright-ly shin-ing flowers A - long thy pathway bloom, And gai - ly fleet the hours, Un - stained by earthly gloom; Still,

pleas-ure at its birth Fade like the hues of even, Turn then a - way from earth, There's rest for thee in heaven.
like the wea - ry dove, O'er shore-less o - cean driven, Raise then thine eyes a - bove, There's rest for thee in heaven.
let not ev' - ry thought To this poor world be given, And nev - er be for - got, There's rest for thee in heaven.

From "GEMS OF SONG," by permission. ***COVINGTON. 8s, 6s & 4s.*** D. M. BOWMAR.

1. Finish thy work, the time is short, The sun is in the West; The night is com-ing on—till then Think not of rest. Finish thy work, Think not of rest.
2. Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow, Ungird thee from thy toil; Take breath, and from each weary limb Shake off the soil. Finish thy work, Think not of rest.
3. Finish thy work, then sit thee down On some ce-les - tial hill, And of its strength-re - viv-ing air Take thou thy fill. Finish thy work, Think not of rest.
4. Finish thy work, then go in peace, Life's battle fought and won; Hear from the throne the Master's voice, "Well done, well done!" Life's work is o'er, Take now thy rest.





1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
It calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
With those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

MOUNT OLIVET. 11s & 10s.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Go, preach the Gos - pel, preach the great sal-va - tion, Go, said the Sav - ior, to his cho-sen band; Go, preaching par-don to each sin-ful na - tion,
2. Dark was the night of Pa-gan su - per - sti - tion, Gross darkness reigned with un-re-lent-ing sway; Vain-ly the Jew sought light from old tra - di - tion,
3. Vain - ly the pil-grim sought for light and gladness, Where heathen sage or priestly po - et dreamed; Thick o-ver - shadowing hung the pall of sad-ness,
4. God loved the world, and will-ing none should perish, Sent forth his Son to save the sin-ful race; Go, tell the dy - ing, hope of life to cher-ish,
5. Go, preaching faith, re-pentance, and re - mis - sion; My Father will the Ho - ly Spir-it send; He shall con-firm the word of your com-mis - sion,
6. Je - sus has triumphed o'er the grave's domin-ion, Death has no power to hold the captive now; Fly, as the ea - gle on his loft - y pin - ion,

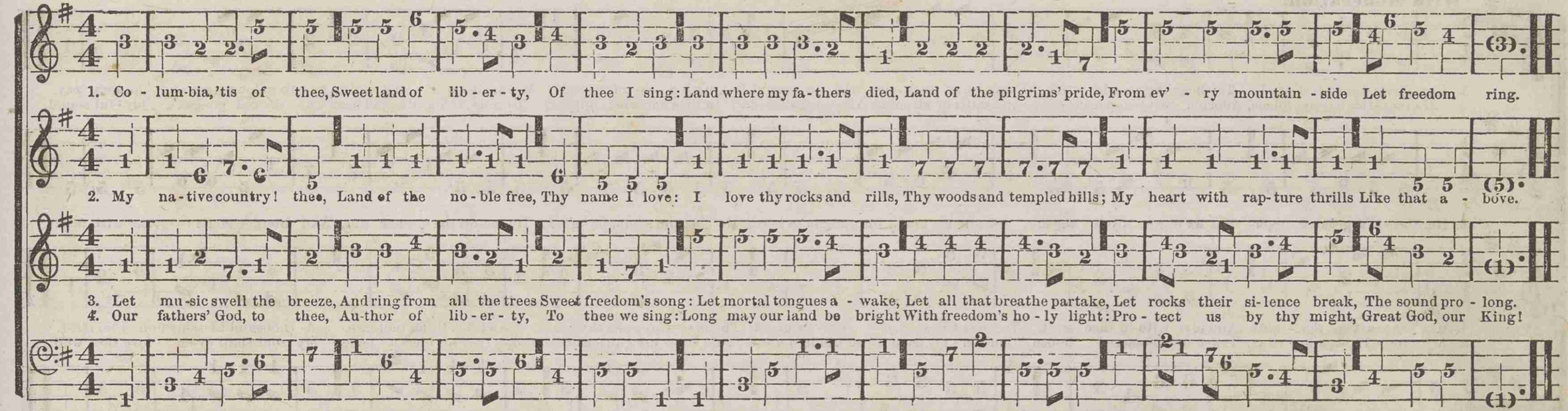
Chorus.

Heralds of light, il - lum-ine ev'-ry land. Preach the Gospel! joy-ful tidings! go and pro-claim Peace and redemp-tion in the Savior's name.
Ere Gospel tidings cheered the rising day. Preach the Gospel, etc.

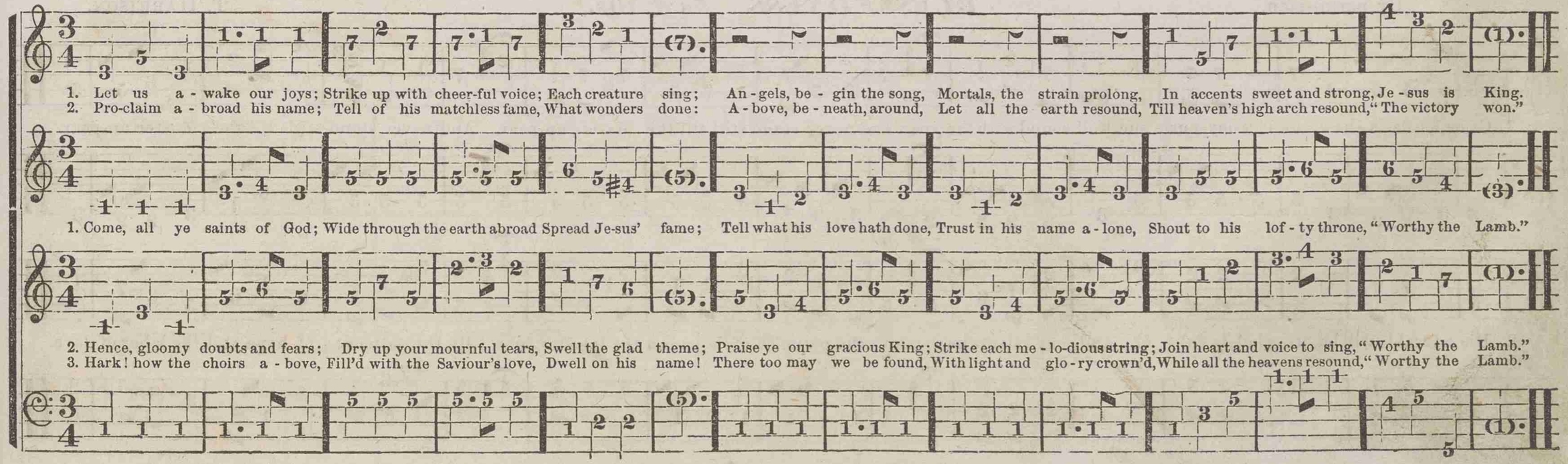
Vain-ly the struggling light of nature gleamed. Preach the Gospel, joy-ful ti-dings! go and pro-claim Peace and re-demp-tion in the Savior's name.
All who be - lieve may share his wondrous grace. Preach the Gospel, etc.

Lo! I am with you till the world shall end. Preach the Gospel! joy-ful tidings! go and pro-claim Peace and sal - va - tion in the Savior's name.
Say ev'-ry knee to Zion's King shall bow. Preach the Gospel, etc.

COLUMBIA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.



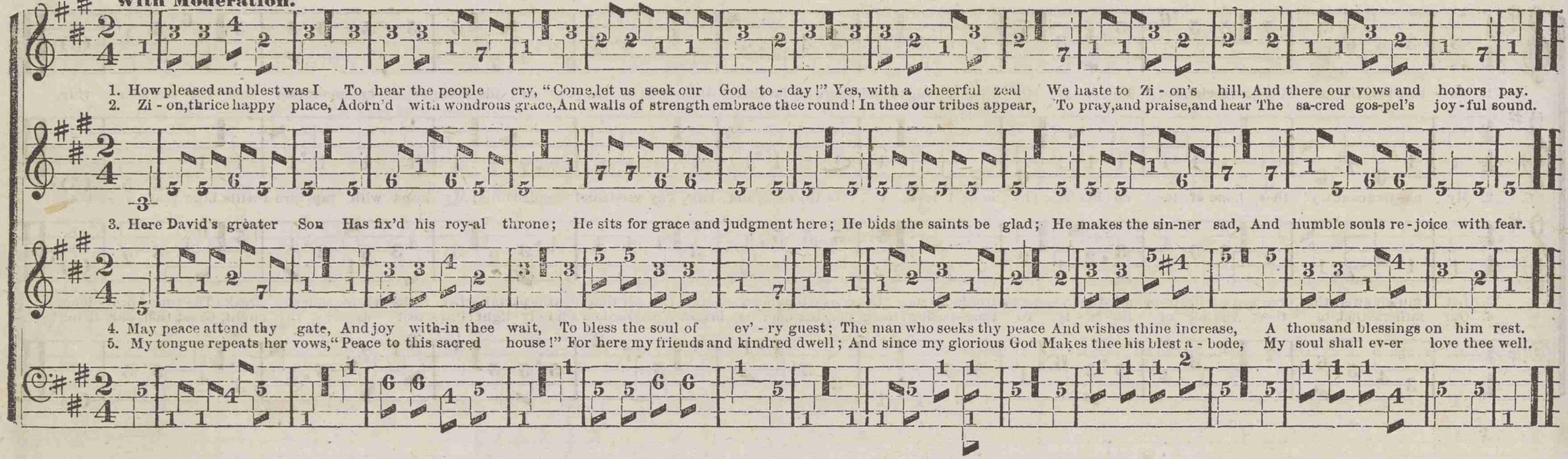
DORT. 6s & 4s.



DALSTON. 6s & 8s

WILLIAMS.

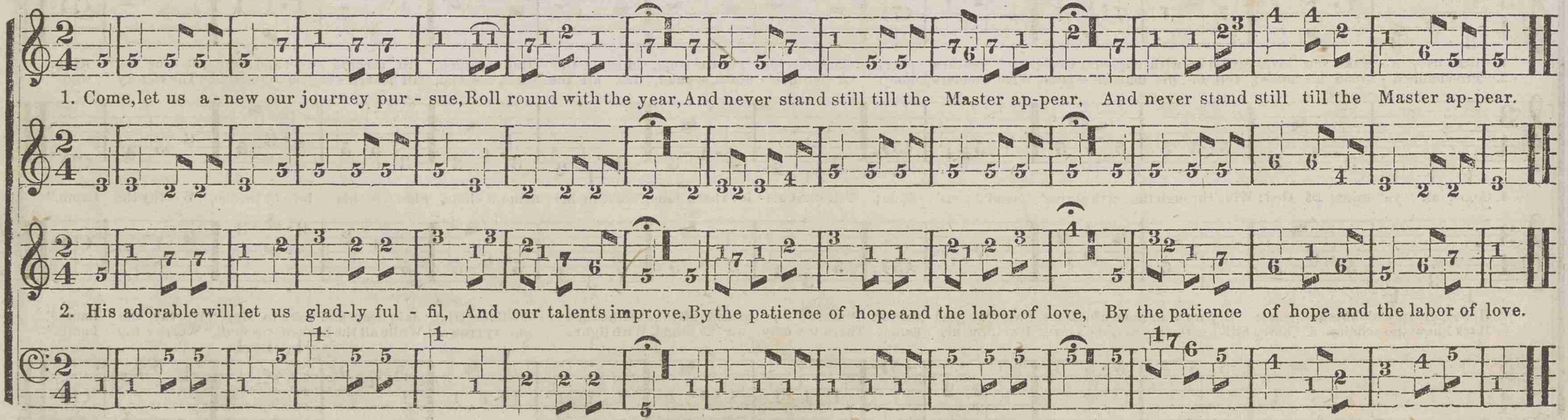
With Moderation.



By permission.

BLESSEDNESS. 5s & 10s.

T. HARRISON.



LOVELY MORN. 6s & 5s, with chorus.

D. C.

1. The last love - ly morn - ing, All bloom - ing and fair,
   Is fast on - ward fleet - ing, And soon will ap - pear!
   D. C. O let us be rea - dy To hail the glad day.

While the migh - ty, migh - ty, migh - ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a - way!"

D. C.

2. And when that bright morn - ing In splen - dor shall dawn,
   Our tears will be end - ed, Our sor - rows all gone.

While the migh - ty, migh - ty, migh - ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a - way!"

D. C.

3. The graves will be o - pen'd, The dead will a - rise;
   And, with the Re - deem - er, Mount up to the skies.

While the migh - ty, migh - ty, migh - ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a - way!"

D. C.

4. The saints then im - mor - tal In glo - ry shall reign!
   The Bride with the Bride - groom For - ev - er re - main.

While the migh - ty, migh - ty, migh - ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a - way!"

DOXOLOGY. II. 7s.

T. C. O'Kane.

Sing we to our God a - bove, Praise e - ter - nal as his love; Praise him, all ye heaven - ly host, Praise him, saints who owe him most.

Sing we to our God a - bove, Praise e - ter - nal as his love; Praise him, all ye heaven - ly host, Praise him, saints who owe him most.

ASHLAND. 7s & 6s.

Arranged from the GERMAN.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains; From India's co - ral strand,
Where Afric's sun - ny fount - ains, Roll down their gold - en sand;
D. C. They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's Isle;
Tho' ev' - ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile.
D. C. The heathen, in their blind - ness, Bow down to wood and stone.

In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;

FULTON. 7s & 6s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis-dom from on high,
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
D. C. Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion, Has learnt Mes-si - ah's name.

Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro-claim,

4. Waft, waft, you winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
D. C. Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

Till, o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

1. We are go-ing home, we've had visions bright Of that ho-ly land, that world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past, And the morn e-ter-nal dawns at last; Where the weary saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap-py, peace-ful home.

2. We are go-ing home, and we soon shall be Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the vic-tor's song floats o'er the plains, And the seraph's an-thems blend with its strains; Where the sun pours down its bril-liant flood, And beams on a world that's fair and good.

3. Mid the ransom'd throng, mid the sea of bliss, Mid the ho-ly ci-ty's gor-geous-ness;
Mid the ver-dant plains, mid the an-gels' cheer, Mid the saints that round the throne ap-pear; Where the con-quer-or's song, as it sounds afar, Is wafted on the am-bro-sial air;

Slow.

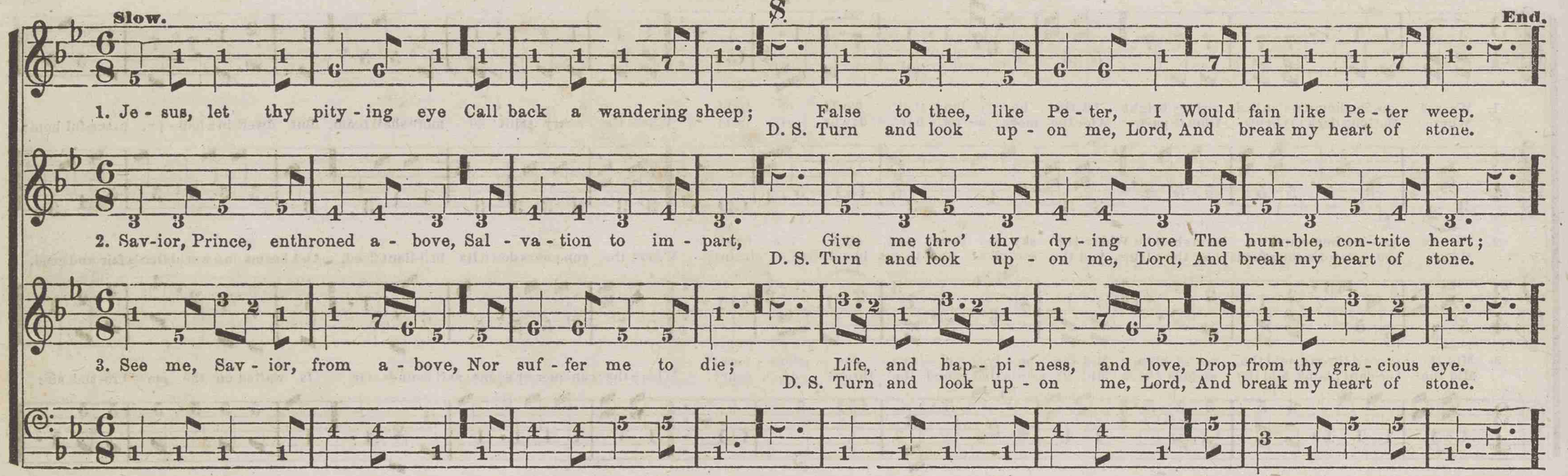
1 Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd, And the waves of bliss are flow-ing round. Beau-ti-ful world! Beauti-ful world! Beauti-ful world! O that beauti-ful world!

2 Where the stars once dimm'd, at nature's doom, Will ev-er shine o'er the new earth's bloom. Beau-ti-ful world! Beauti-ful world! Beauti-ful world! O that beau-ti-ful world!

3 Thro' the end-less years we then shall prove The rich es of a Sa-viour's love. Beau-ti-ful world! Beautiful world! Beauti-ful world! O that beau-ti-ful world!

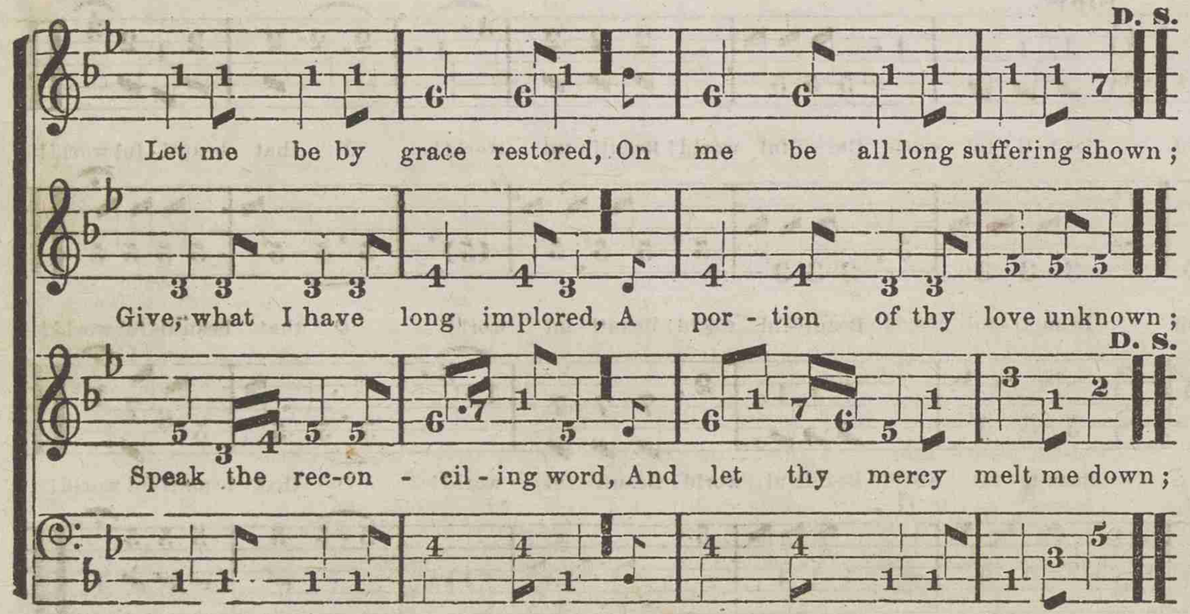
PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8, or 7s & 6s.
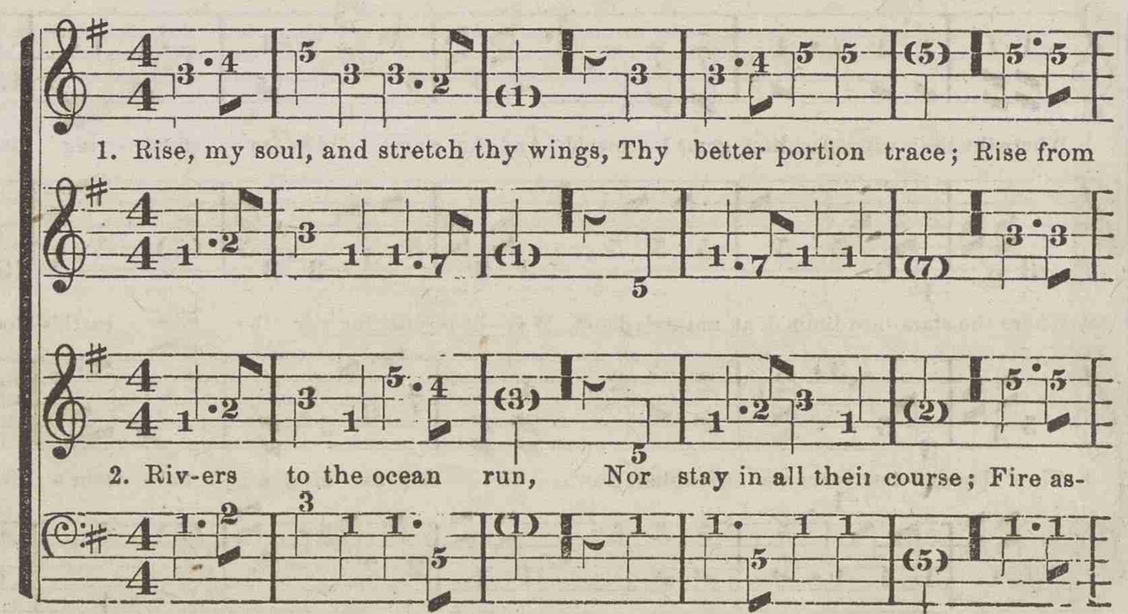
J. H. Oakley.



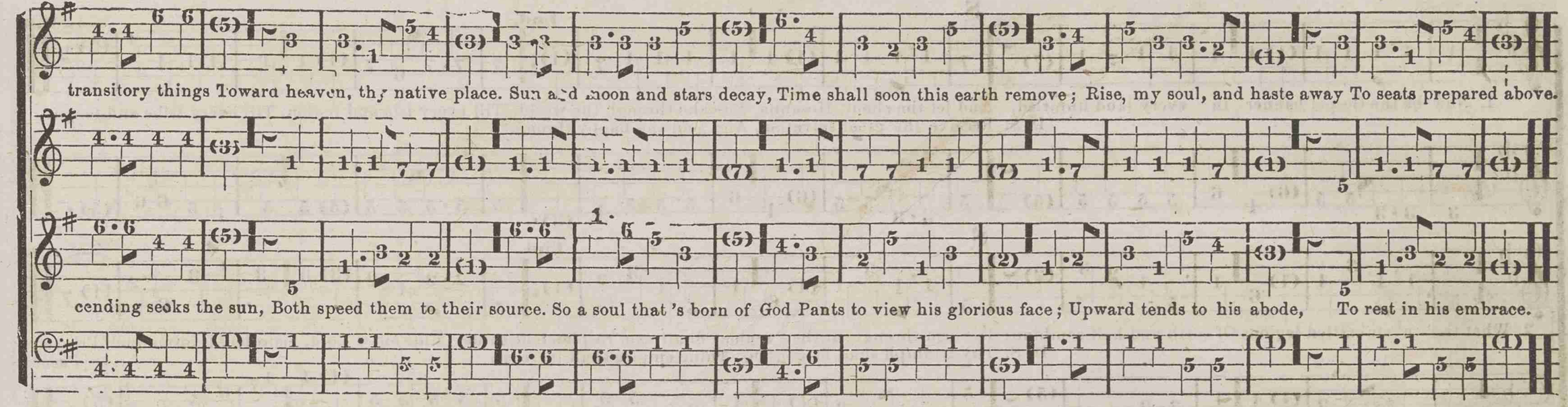
PINKERTON. 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

J. H. D. Tomson.



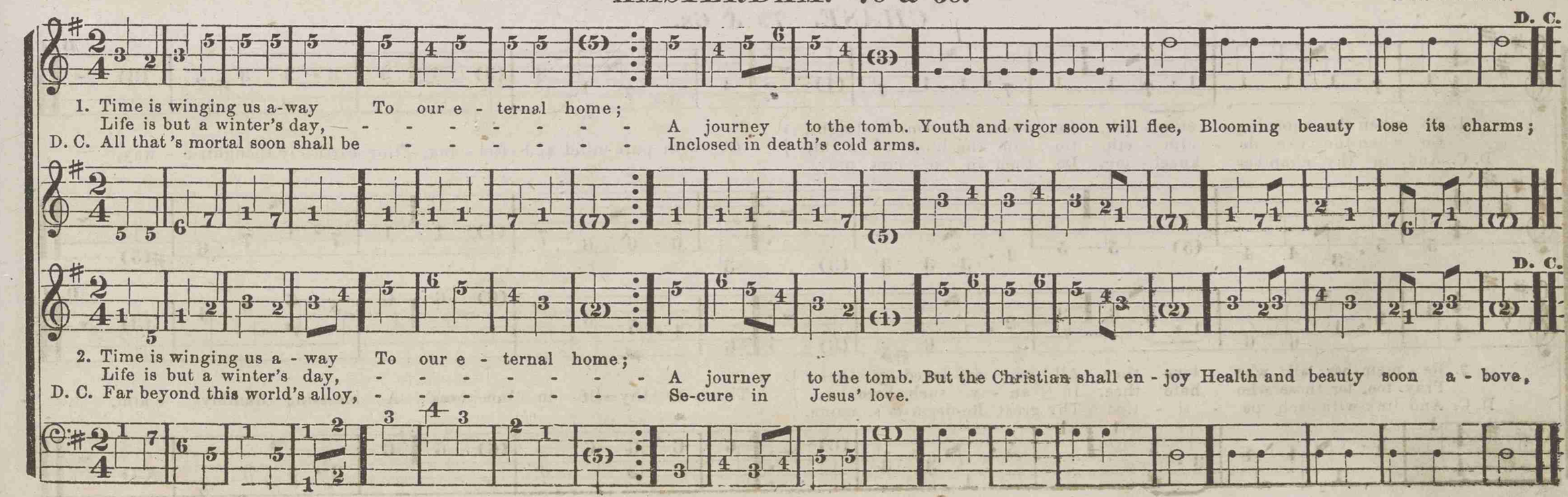


PINKERTON. 7s & 6s. Trochaic. Concluded.



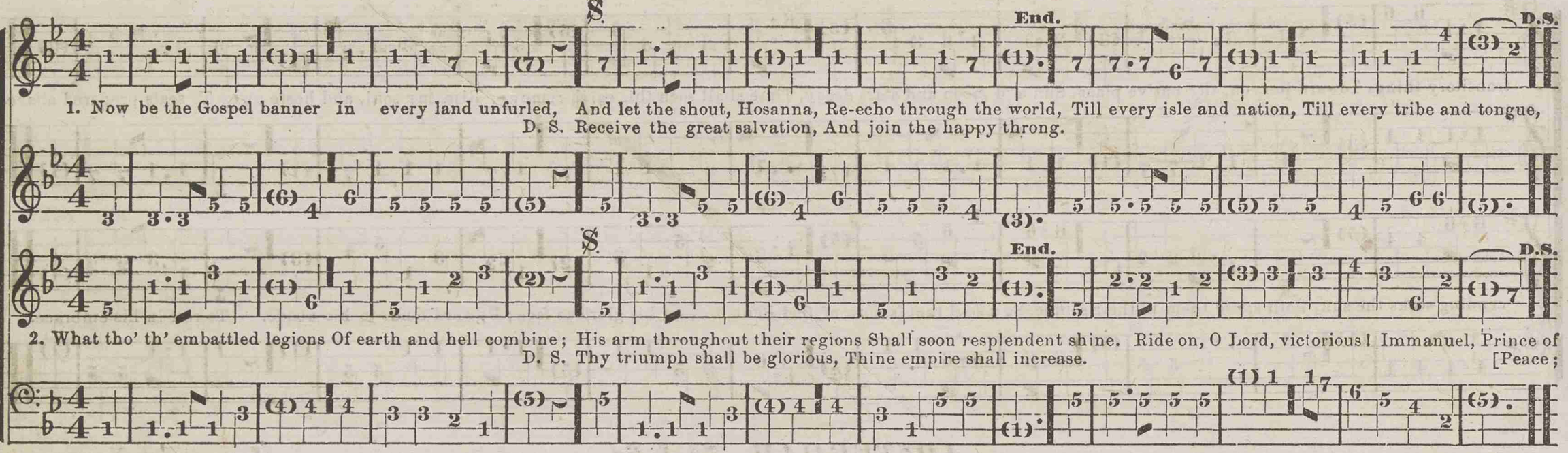
AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

DR. NARES.

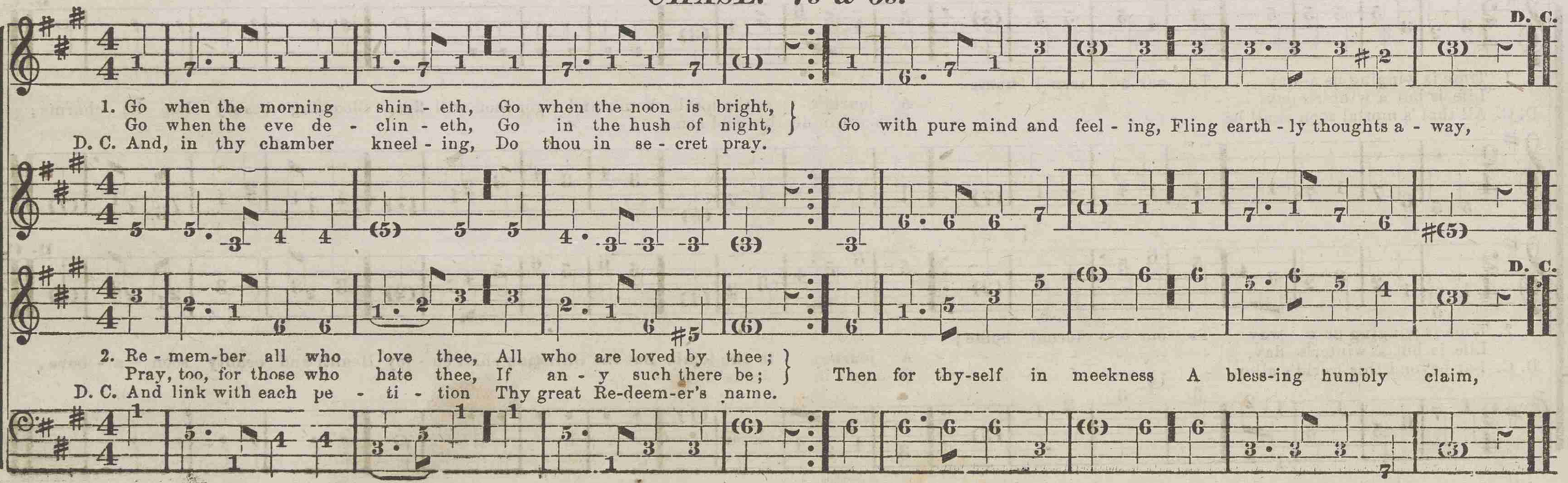


WEBB. 7s & 6s.

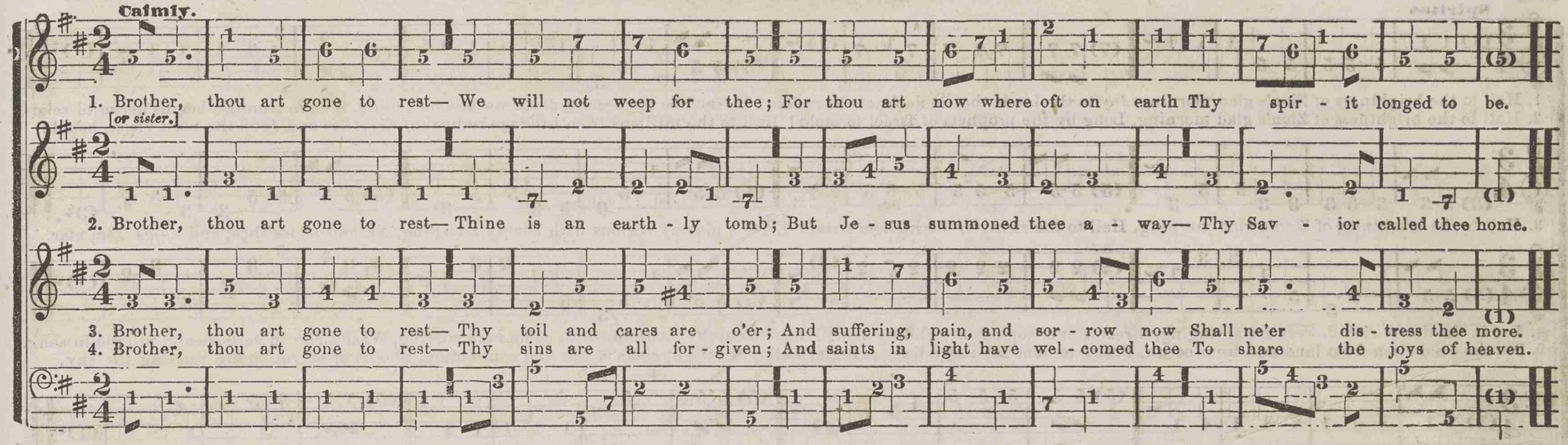
G. J. Webb.



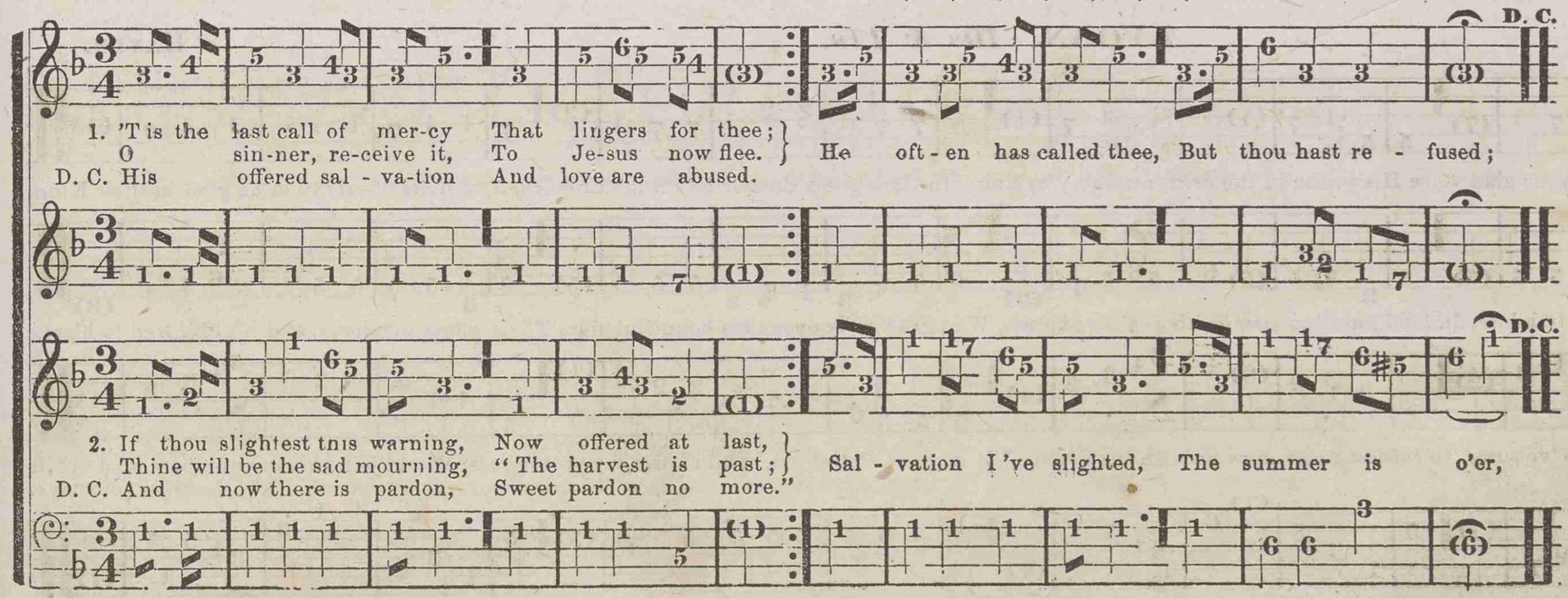
CHASE. 7s & 6s.



DOWNS. 7s, 6s. 8s, 6s.



PARK. 7, 5, 7, 5, 6, 5, 7, 5.



3. 'T is the last call of mercy,
O, turn not away!
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance-day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, Come!
O, come to life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam.
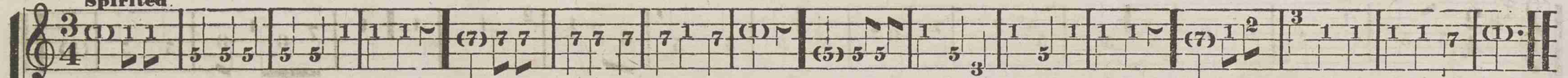
4. 'T is the last call of mercy,
O, steel not thy heart!
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart.
The bride is now calling—
"You thirsty souls, come."
O, come with the ransomed,
In heaven there 's room.

5. 'T is the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee;
Break away from thy bondage,
O sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
"The harvest is past;
The summer is ended"
And perish at last.
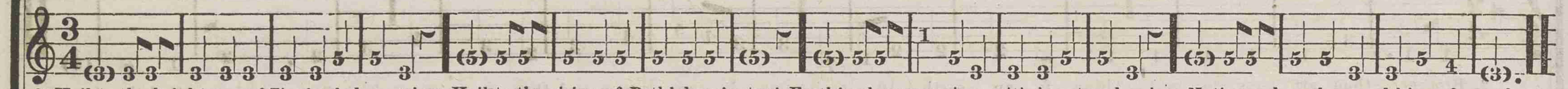
EUREKA. 11s & 10s.

A. D. FILLMORE.
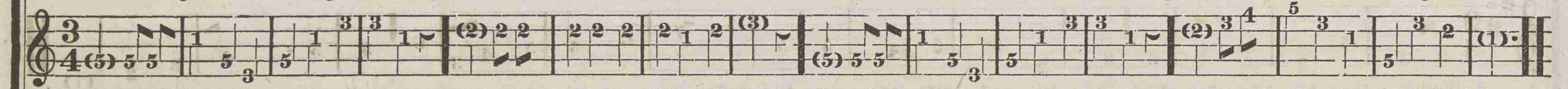
Spirited.
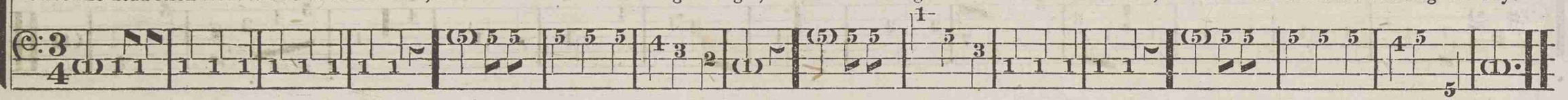


1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold! Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.



3. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Hail to the rising of Bethlehem's star! Earth's gloomy regions with beauty adorning, Nations adore thee, and kings from afar.



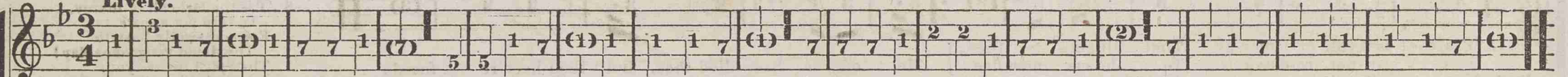
4. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
5. See the dead risen from land and from ocean, Praise to Jehovah ascending on high; Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion, Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
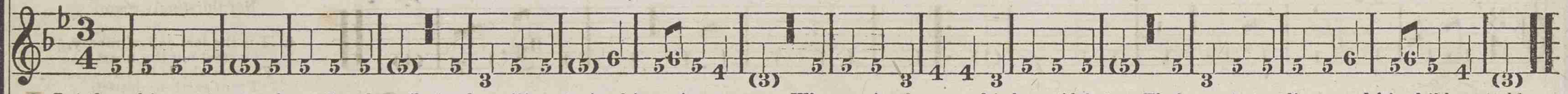


LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

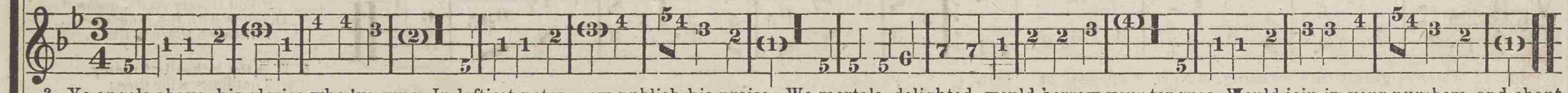
Lively.
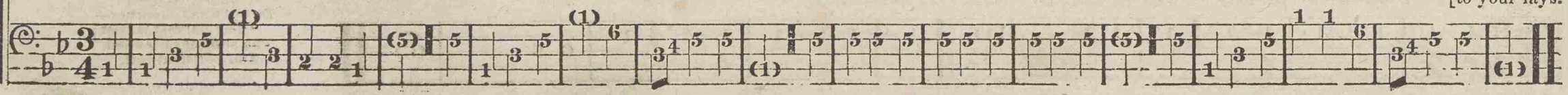


1. O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
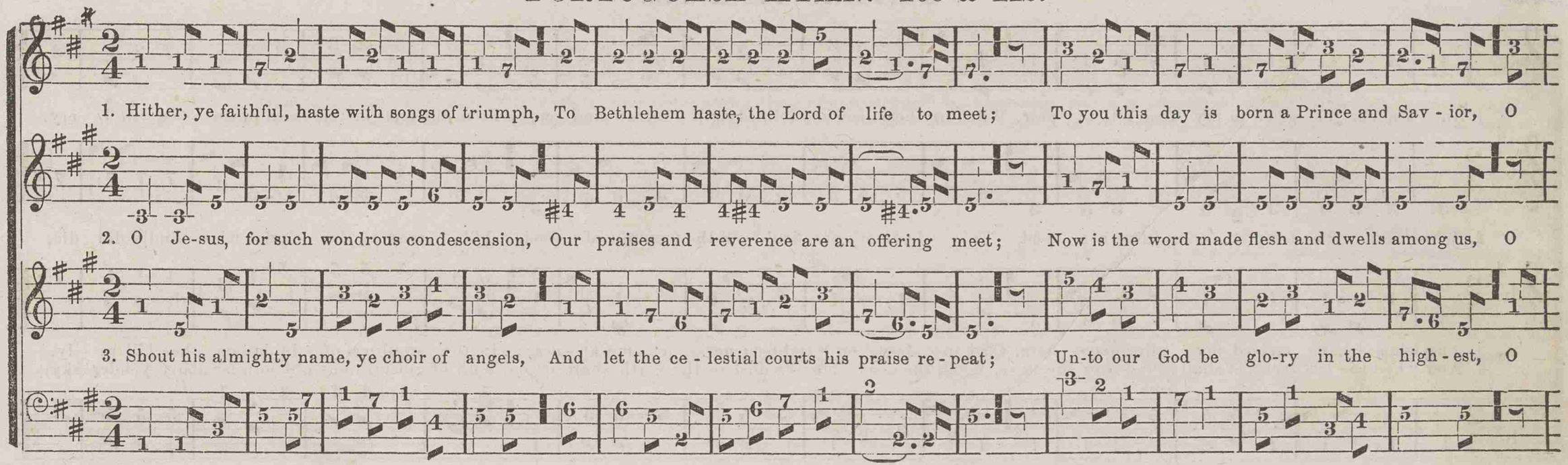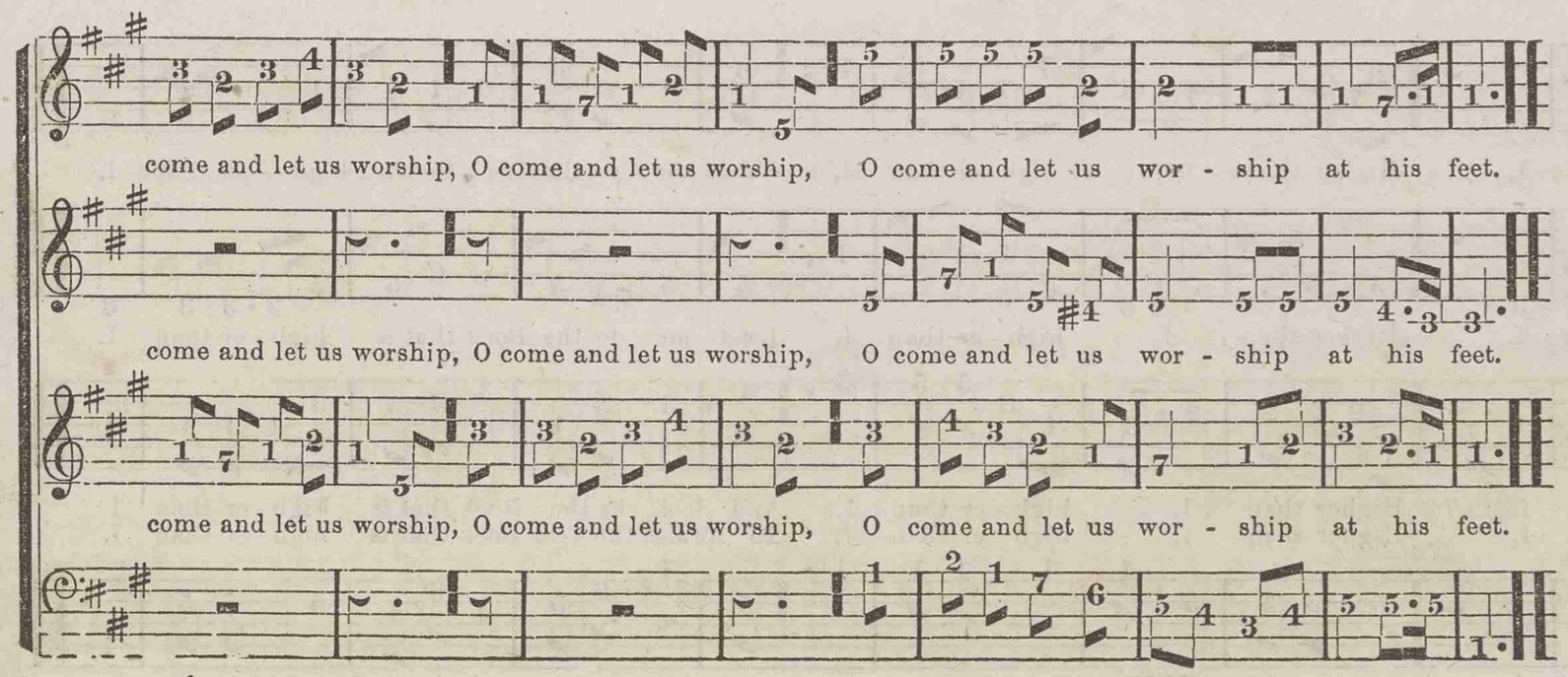


2. Let them his great name devoutly adore, In loud swelling strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his bountiful store Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.



3. Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung, In loftiest notes, now publish his praise; We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues, Would join in your numbers, and chant [to your lays.







1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide,
   Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
   To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
   His care and protection his flock will surround.

2. The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear?
   What danger can move us while Jesus is near?
   Not when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale
   Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3. Tho' afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,
   Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
   We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,
   To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4. The Lord has become our salvation and song,
   His blessings have followed us all our life long;
   His name we will praise while he lends us our breath.
   Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care; From the ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry,

2. When Satan, the tempter, comes in with a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,

3. And when I have end-ed my pilgrimage here, Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness, let me ap - pear; In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll re - ly,
4. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise, With bright millions I'll join far above yonder sky,

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, Higher than I, high - er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, Higher than I, high - er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

And look to the Rock that is high - er than I, Higher than I, high - er than I, And look to the Rock that is high - er than I.
To praise the dear Rock that is high - er than I, Higher than I, high - er than I, To praise the dear Rock that is high - er than I.

1. I met a child, his feet were bare, His weak frame shivered with the cold; His youthful brow was knit with care, His flashing eye his sor-row told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?" "My parents both are dead," he said; "I have not where to lay my head; O, I am lone and friendless now!"

2. I saw a gen-tle mother weep, As to her throbbing heart she pressed An in-fant, seeming-ly asleep On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more." Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope I now am called to render up—My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."

3. Poor traveler o'er life's troubled wave, Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care, There is an arm a-bove can save, Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look a-bove! What though the thunders echo loud! The sun shines bright beyond the cloud; Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.

Not friendless, child, a Friend on high For you his precious blood has given; Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry, There are no tears in heaven, There are no tears, no tears in heaven.

Dear mother, yield no more to grief, Nor be by passion's tempest driven, But find in these sweet words relief, There are no tears in heaven, There are no tears, no tears in heaven.

Where'er thy lot in life be cast, Whate'er of toil or woe be given, Be firm—remember to the last There are no tears in heaven, There are no tears, no tears in heaven.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

GERMAN.

H. 1278

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right! } Be our zeal in heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded. God speed the right! God speed the right!
In a no - ble cause ex-tend-ing, God speed the right! }

Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right! } Like the good and great in story, If we fail, we fail with glory; God speed the right! God speed the right!
Ne'er desapiring, though defeated, God speed the right! }

3. Still their onward course pursuing, God speed the right! } Truth, thy cause, what e 'er delay it, There 's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the right! God speed, etc.
Every foe at length subduing, God speed the right! }

SILENT NIGHT.

TYROLESE MELODY.

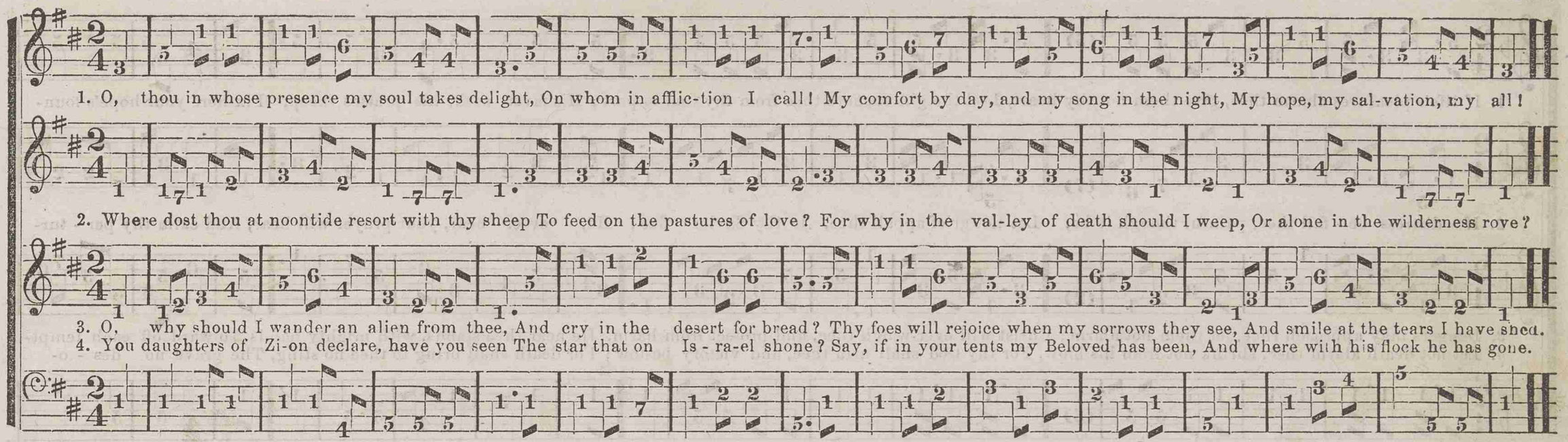
H. 431

1. Si - lent night! hallowed night! Land and deep, silent sleep; { Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star. } Where the Savior was born, Where the Savior was born.
{ Beck'ning Israel's eye from afar }

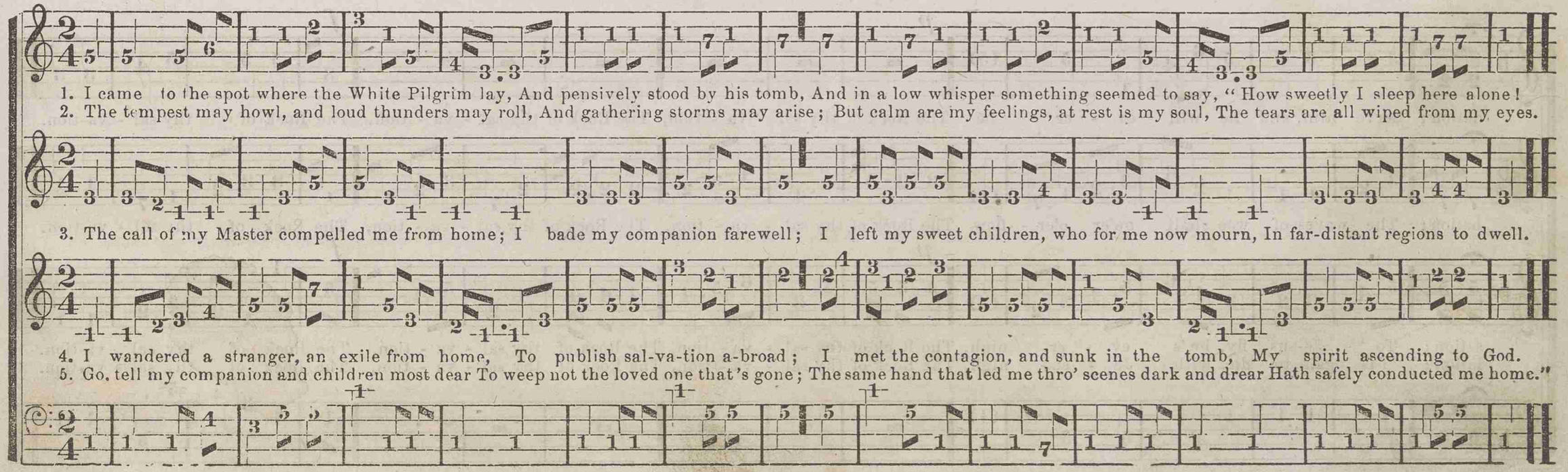
2. Si - lent night! hallowed night! On the plain wakes the strain, { Sung by heavenly harbingers bright, } Christ, the Savior has come, Christ. the Savior has come.
{ Fraught with tidings of boundless delight: }

3. Si - lent night! hallowed night! Earth, awake, silence break, { High your anthems of melody raise, } Peace for ever shall reign, Peace for ever shall reign,
{ Heav'n and earth in full chorus of praise, }

VALLE. 11s & 8s.



WHITE PILGRIM. 11s & 8s.



1. If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee from thy God to part; His favor seek, his praises keep, Fix here your hope's foun-

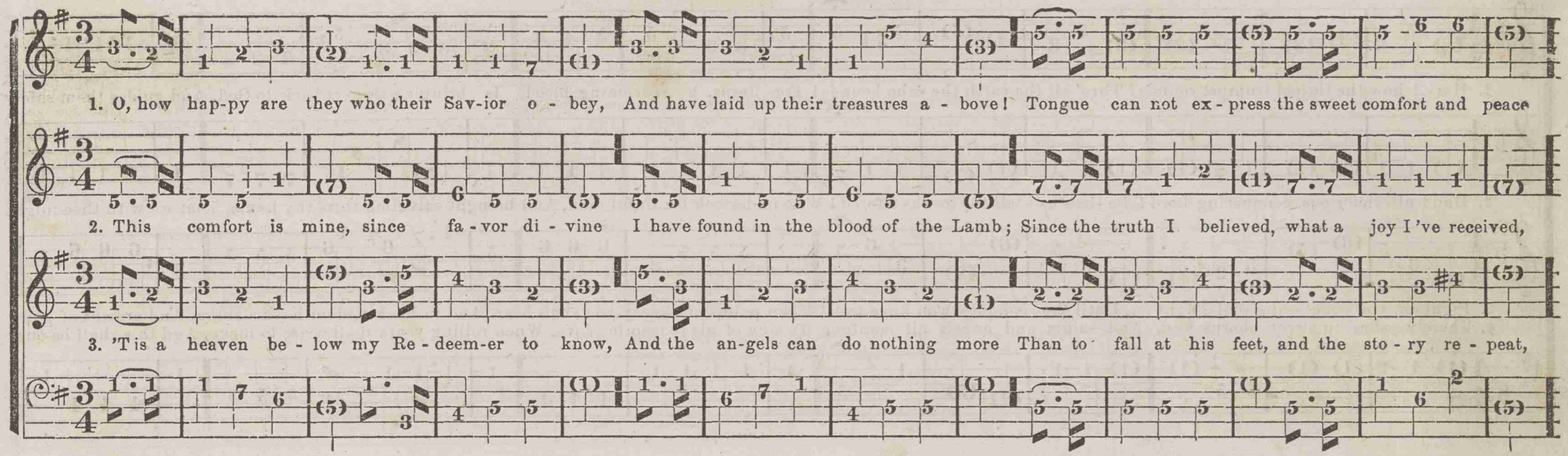
2. If distress be - fall thee, painful though it be, Let not grief appall thee, to thy Savior flee; He, ev-er near, your prayer will hear, And calm thy per - tur-
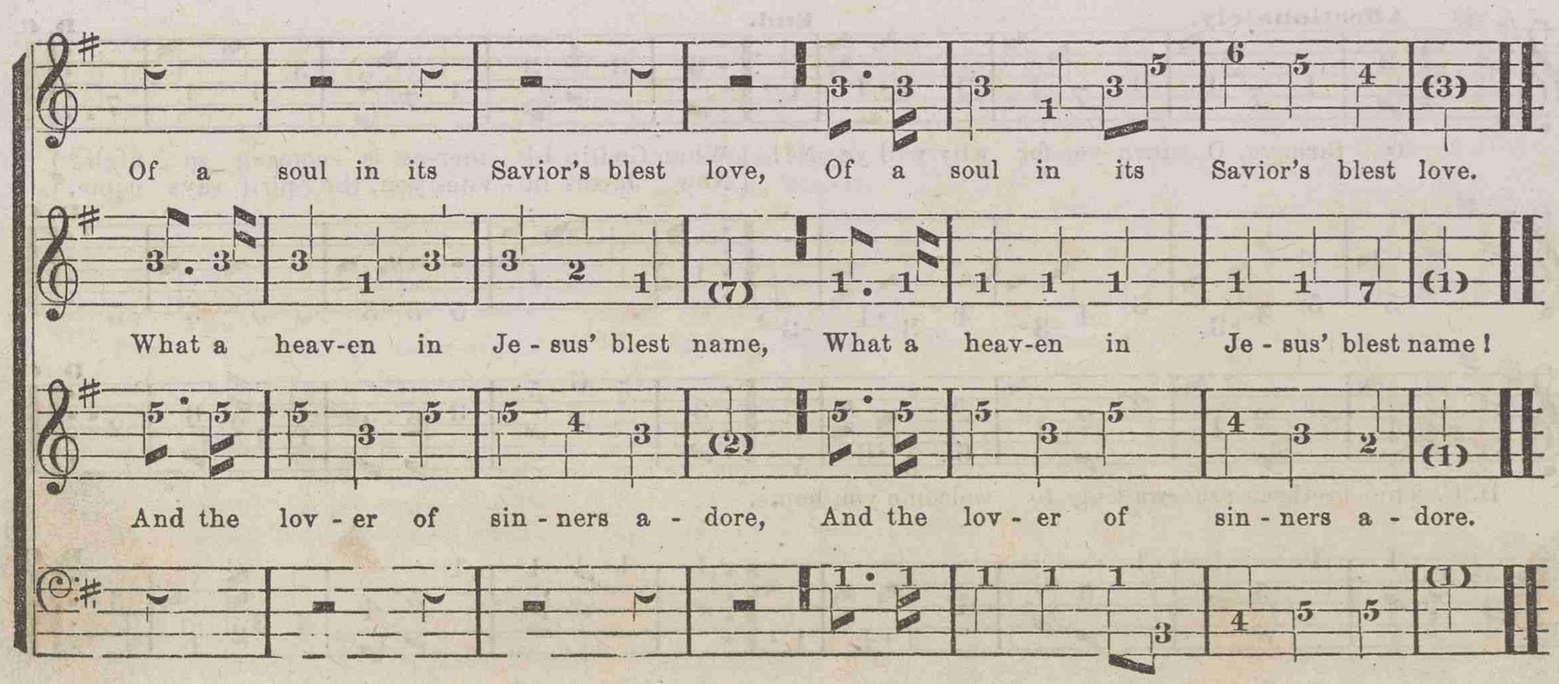
3. Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm; Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm. He near thee stands, with mighty hands To ward off each tempt-
4. Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow, For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow; For death shall bring to thee no sting, The grave no des - o-

dation; Serve him, and he will ev - er be The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va-tion.

bation; The waves of woe shall ne'er o'er - flow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va-tion.

a-tion; To Je-sus fly, he's ev - er nigh, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va-tion.
lation; 'Tis gain to die, with Je - sus nigh, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va-tion.





5. On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain;
O, why should I grieve while on him I believe?
O, why should I sorrow again?

6. O, the rapturous hight of that holy delight
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

7. Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
Who has died me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are his due,
They shall all be devoted to him.

8. What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

EBERT. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4.

1. Hark! how the Gospel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the earth the echo bounds! For Jesus, by redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God, And guides them safely
2. Hail! all-victorious, conquering Lord! Be thou by all thy works adored! Who undertook for sinful men, And brought salvation thro' thy name, That we with thee might
3. Fight on, you conquering souls, fight on, Until the conquest you have won! Then palms of victory you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share, And crowns of glory
4. There we shall in sweet chorus join, And saints and angels all combine To sing of his redeeming love, When rolling years shall cease to move, And this shall be our

PEARMAN. 11s.

Affectionately.

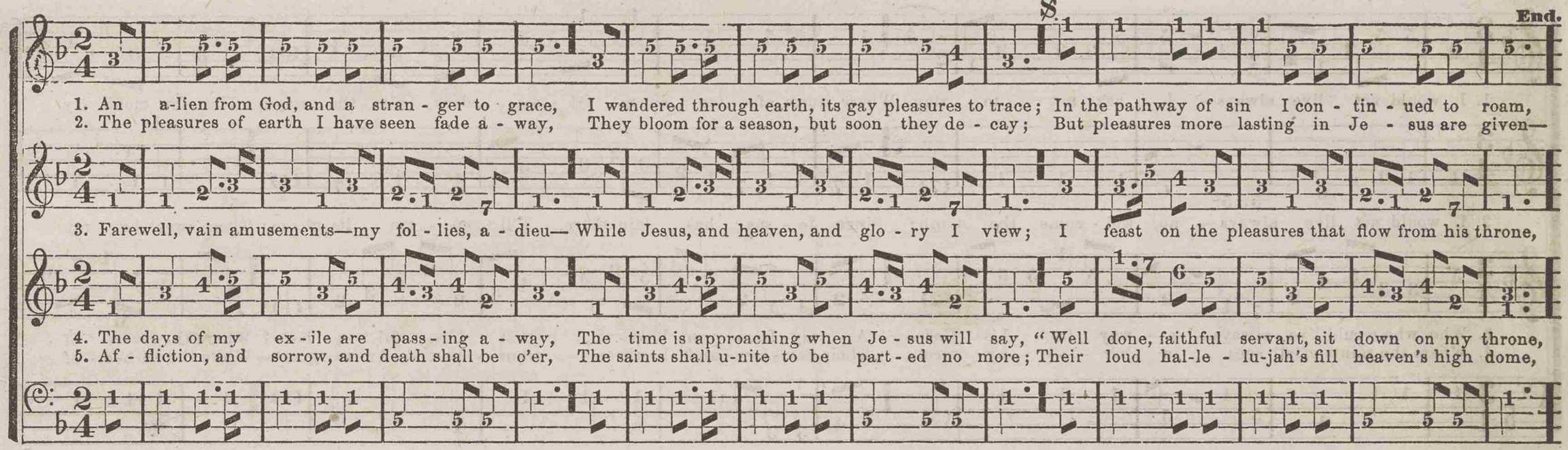
by his word To end - less day.
ev-er reign, In end - less day.
you shall wear, In end - less day.
theme a-bove, In end - less day.

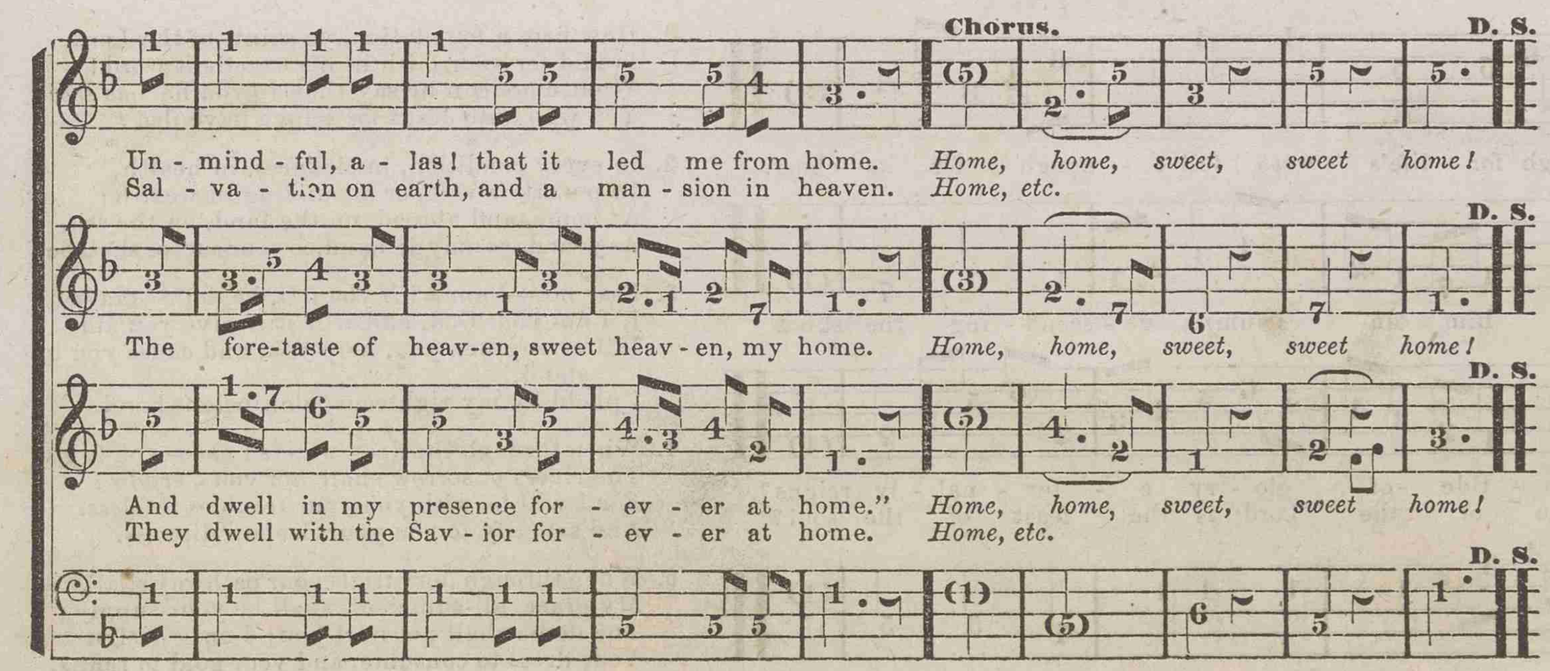
End.

D. C.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die! { When God in his mer-cy is coming so nigh? / Now Je-sus in - vites you, the Spirit says come, }

D. C. The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.





1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints—
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
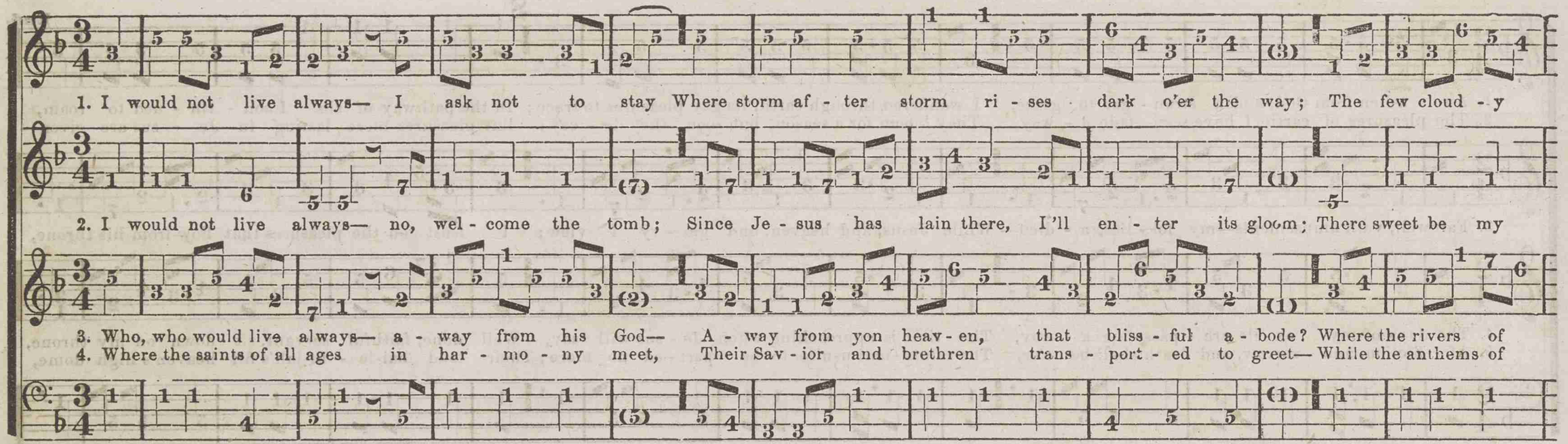
3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations, like billows, may foam,
All, all will be peace when I 'm with thee at home.
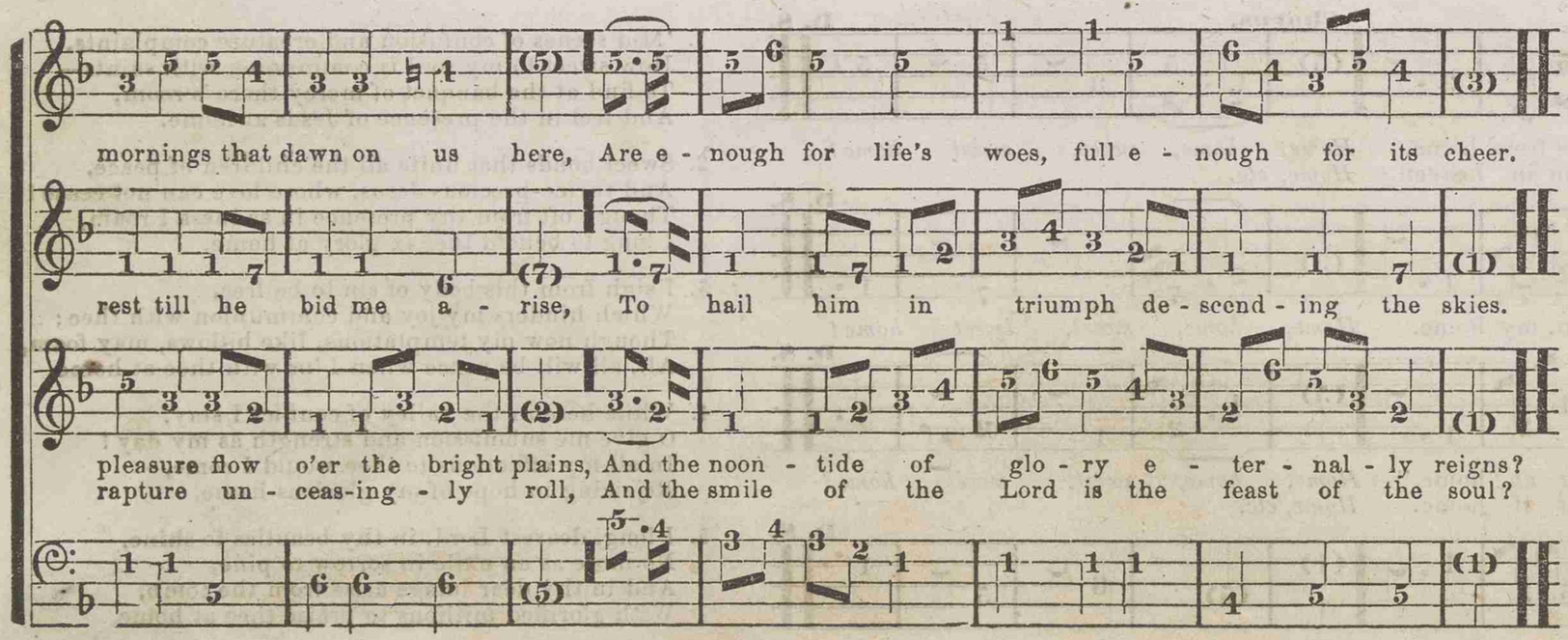
4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day!
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

PRESCOTT. 11s.

G. OATES.





1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

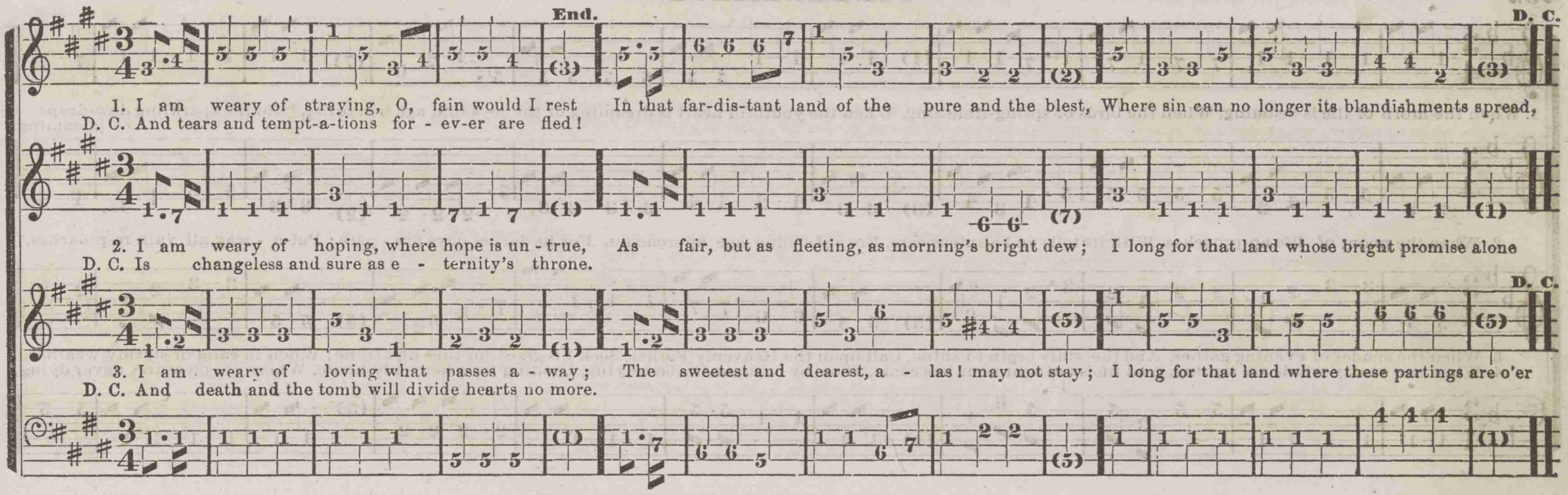
2. In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3. Fear not—I am with you; O, be not dismayed!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid:
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
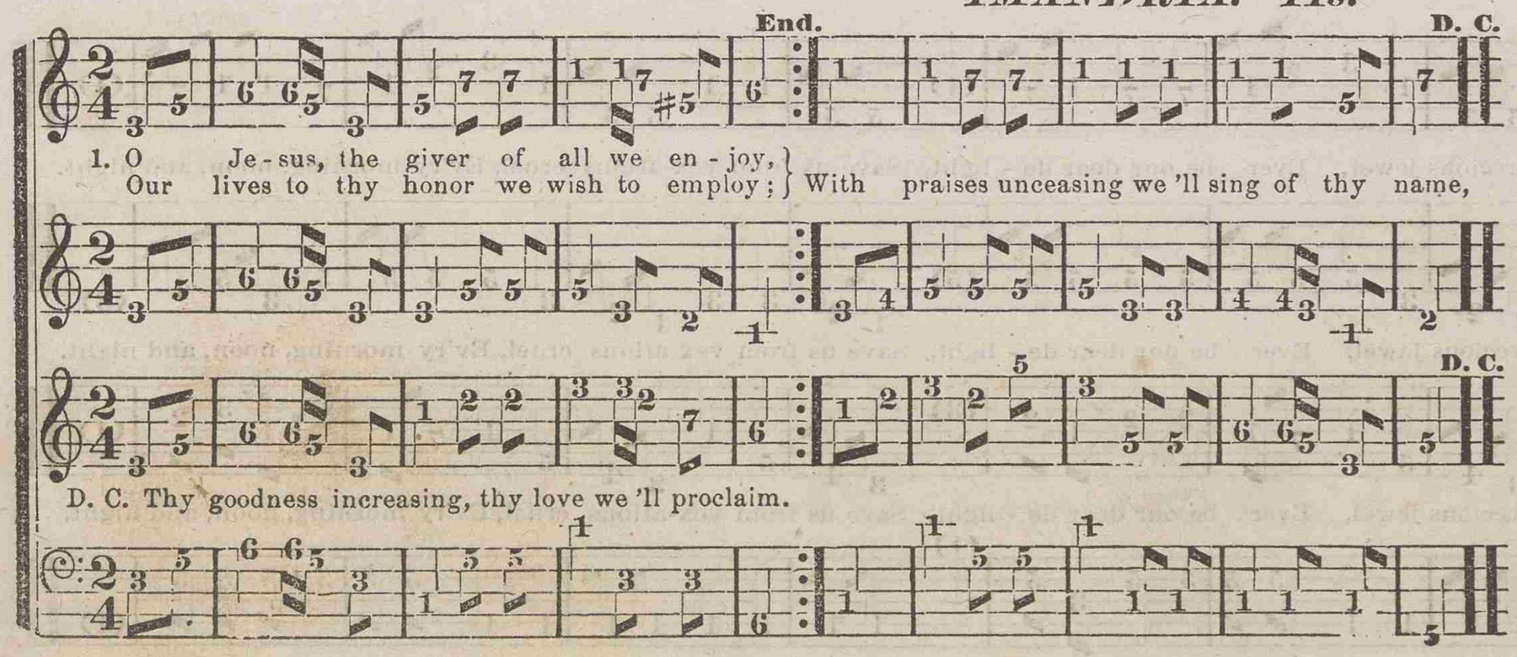
4. When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow:
For I will be with you your troubles to bless.
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5. When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

KIMMEL. 12s.



IMANDRIA. 11s.



2. With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When, cold as December, in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witnessed salvation to flow from the skies.

3. The wonderful name of our Jesus we 'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name is Salvation—his nature is Love.

4. We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

5. And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We 'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

6. In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment, on Jesus' own breast;
We 'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

CONTENTMENT.*

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

1. When the morn of life is beaming, When the birds of spring-time sing, When the youthful heart is dreaming of the joys that age will bring, 'Mid the sparkling dew-drops [gleaming,

2. When the noon of life ap-proaches, With its toils and anxious care, Ere enfeebling age approaches, For its darker days pre - pare; Put a - way all vain re-proaches,

3. When the shades of evening gather, And the stars begin to shine, Call upon the Heavenly Father, Seek his grace for thee and thine; When in calm or stormy weather,

4. When the wintry winds are sighing, And life's twilight hour has come, Then, by faith, on Christ relying, Looking for a heavenly home, Where are pleasures never dying,

CHORUS.

Then be hap - py, be con - tent. O, contentment, precious jewel, Ever be our dear de - light, Save us from vex-ations cruel, Ev'ry morning, noon, and night.

Then be hap - py, be con - tent. O, contentment, precious jewel, Ever be our dear de - light, Save us from vex-ations cruel, Ev'ry morning, noon, and night.

Then be hap - py, be con - tent. O, contentment, precious jewel, Ever be our dear de - light, Save us from vex-ations cruel, Ev'ry morning, noon, and night.

* A good Solo and Chorus.

1. The Bible reveals a glorious land, Where angels and purified spirits dwell, Where pleasures ne'er end, at God's right hand, And anthems of praises forev-er swell.
2. Outgushing beneath the throne of God, And of the blest Lamb at his right hand, Thence runneth the crystal stream of life, A fountain of joy in that Glorious Land.
3. In the midst of the street, on either side, The tree of life arching the way o'ershades, With health-giving foliage, far and wide—No sickness this Glorious Land invades.
4. Twelve manner of fruit hang pendant there, And all who partake shall never die; With Jesus they dwell, and ever share The joys of that Glorious Land on high.
5. The afflictions of life are brief and light, While faith looks beyond the dark Jordan's strand, Where goldenly shine the mansions bright, Which Jesus prepares in that Glorious Land.
6. Then come, my dear brethren, let us haste To finish our work with unfaltering hand, And soon the sweet joys of heaven we 'll taste, With all the redeemed in that Glorious Land.

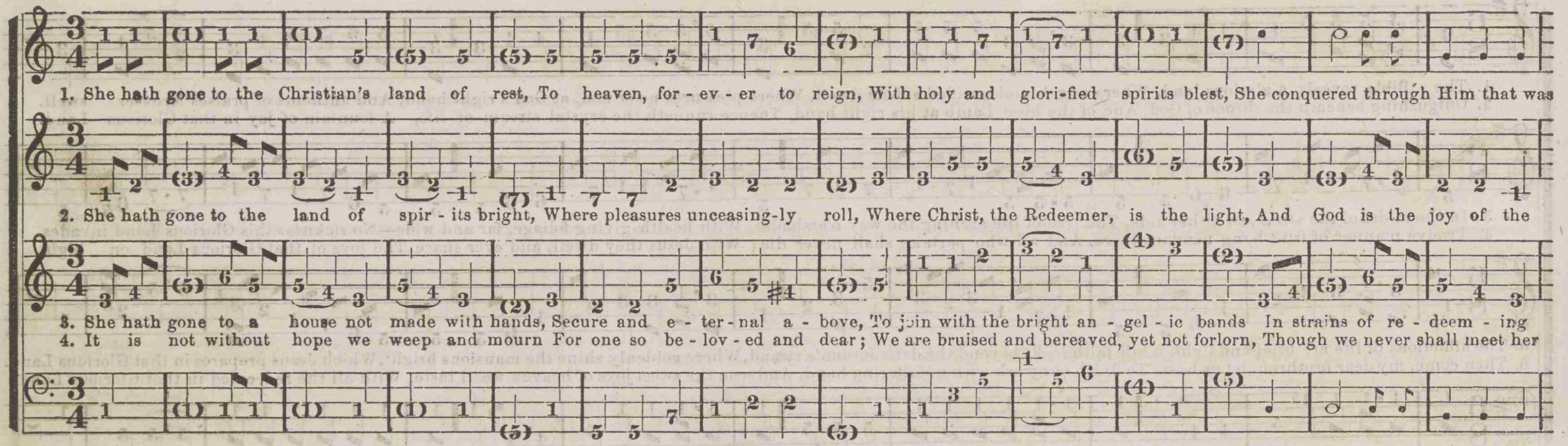
Chorus.

In that Glorious Land, what a hap - py band! Ere long we shall stand, and sing with them In the cit - y of God— Je - ru - sa - lem.

In that Glorious Land, what a hap - py band! Ere long we shall stand, and sing with them In the cit - y of God— Je - ru - sa - 'em.

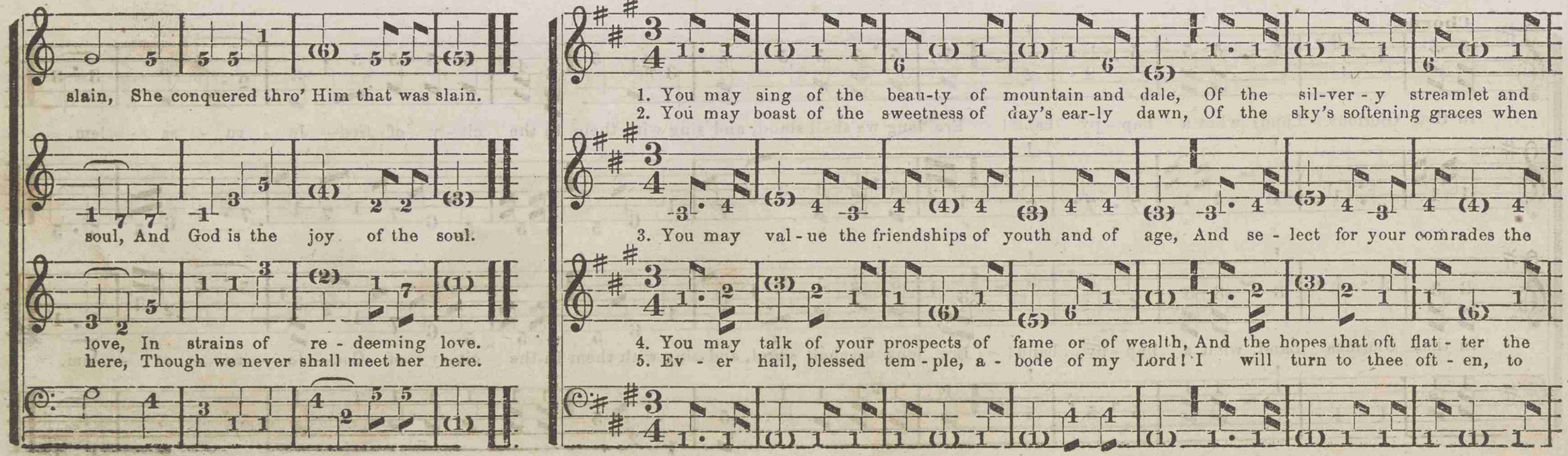
CHRISTIAN'S REST. 10s & 8s.

Words and Music by C. L. FILLMORE.



HOBBS. 12s.

Words by WM. HUNTER.



HOBBS. 12s. Concluded.

flow'rs of the vale; But the place most de - light - ful this earth can af - ford Is the place of de - vo - tion— the house of the Lord.
day is just gone; But there 's no oth - er sea - son or time can com-pare With the hour of de - vo - tion— the sea - son of prayer.

no - ble and sage; But the friends that most cheer me on life's rug - ged road, Are the friends of my Mas - ter— the chil - dren of God.

fav' - rites of health; But the hope of bright glo - ry, of heav - en - ly bliss— Take a - way ev' - ry oth - er, and give me but this!
hear from his word; I will walk to the al - tar with those that I love, And de - light in the pros - pect re - vealed from a - bove.

MINERVA. 8s & 7s.

FILLMORE.

Tenderly.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening When it floats a - mong the trees.

2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dearest sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel; But 't is God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - rows heal.
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, There in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

WENONA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

Arranged by J. Q. A. Houston.

1. How oft - en I am wea - ry! How oft - en sad and drea-ry! What, then, but this can cheer me— "I soon shall rest in heaven?" Tho' this poor body will

2. What, then, of tribu - la - tion? What, then, of sore tempt - a - tion? Be this my con-so - la - tion—"I soon shall rest in heaven." Tho' this poor, etc.

3. Then welcome death and mourning! I see the night approaching; Joy cometh in the morning, A-mong the saints in heaven. Tho' this poor bod-y will
4. O brothers, will you meet me? O sis-ters, will you greet me! O sinners, shall I see you A-mong the saints in heaven? Tho' this poor, etc.

mol - der in the tomb, And soft winds gent-ly murmur o'er its qui - et home, And strange sweet flowers in beauty there will bloom, Yet I'll rest in heaven.

mol - der in the tomb, And soft winds gently murmur o'er its qui - et home, And strange sweet flowers in beauty there will bloom, Yet I'll rest in heaven.

1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the shades re - cede; Tread the idols in the dust, Heathen fanes de - stroy,

2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain hight Be thy standard placed; Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill,

3. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward fly; Long has been the reign of night, Bring the morning nigh; 'T is to thee the heathen lift Their implor - ing wail,

4. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward speed; Morning bursts up - on the sight, 'T is the time de - creed; Je - sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall,

GLORY TO GOD. *Chorus.*

B. SKENE.

Spread the gospel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos - pel's joy.

Till the sweetly echoing note Every bo - som thrill.

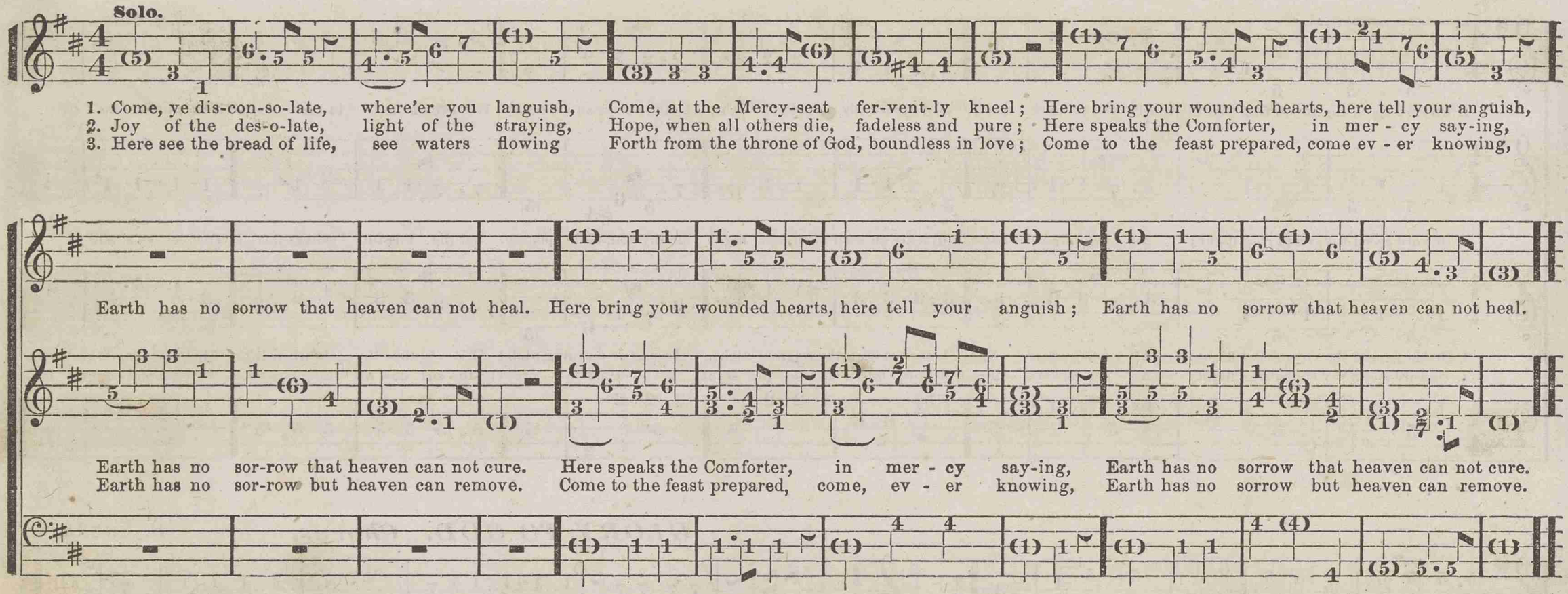
Bear them heaven's ho - ly gift, Ere their cour - age fail.
And the joyous song awakes, "God is all in all."

Glory to God! Glory to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! A-men, A-men, A - men!

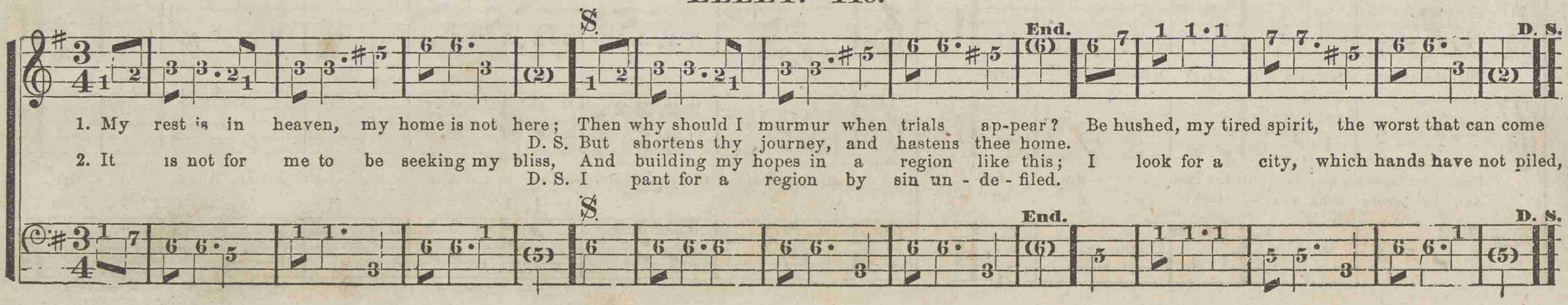
Glory to God! Glory to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! A-men, Amen, A - men!
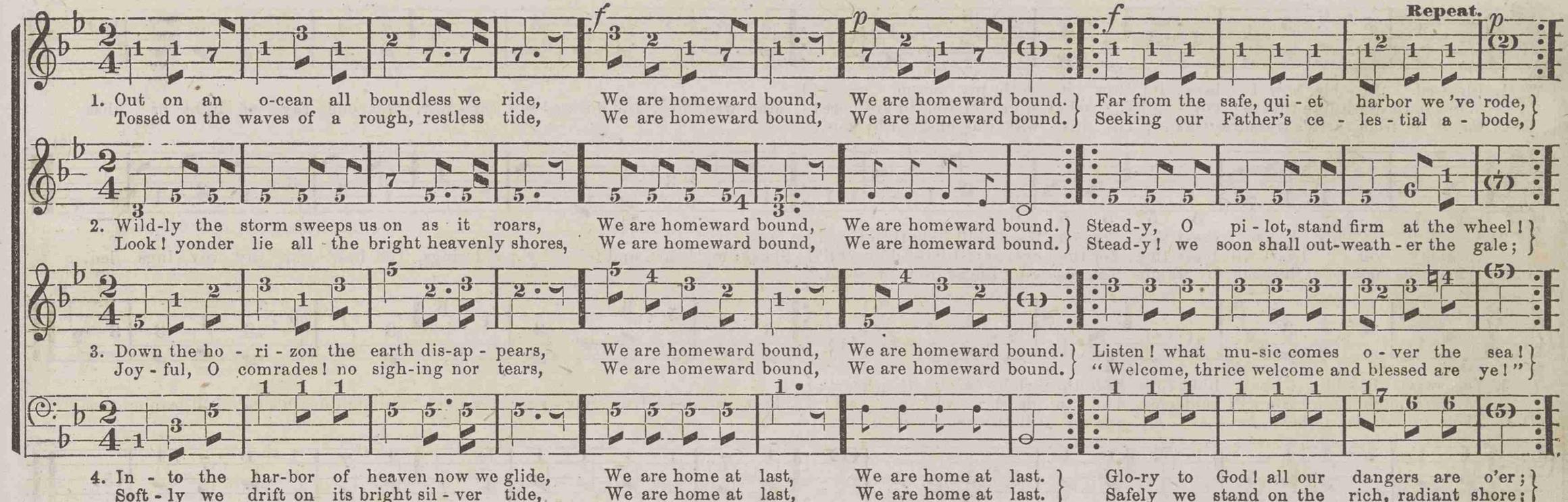
COME YE. 11s & 10s.

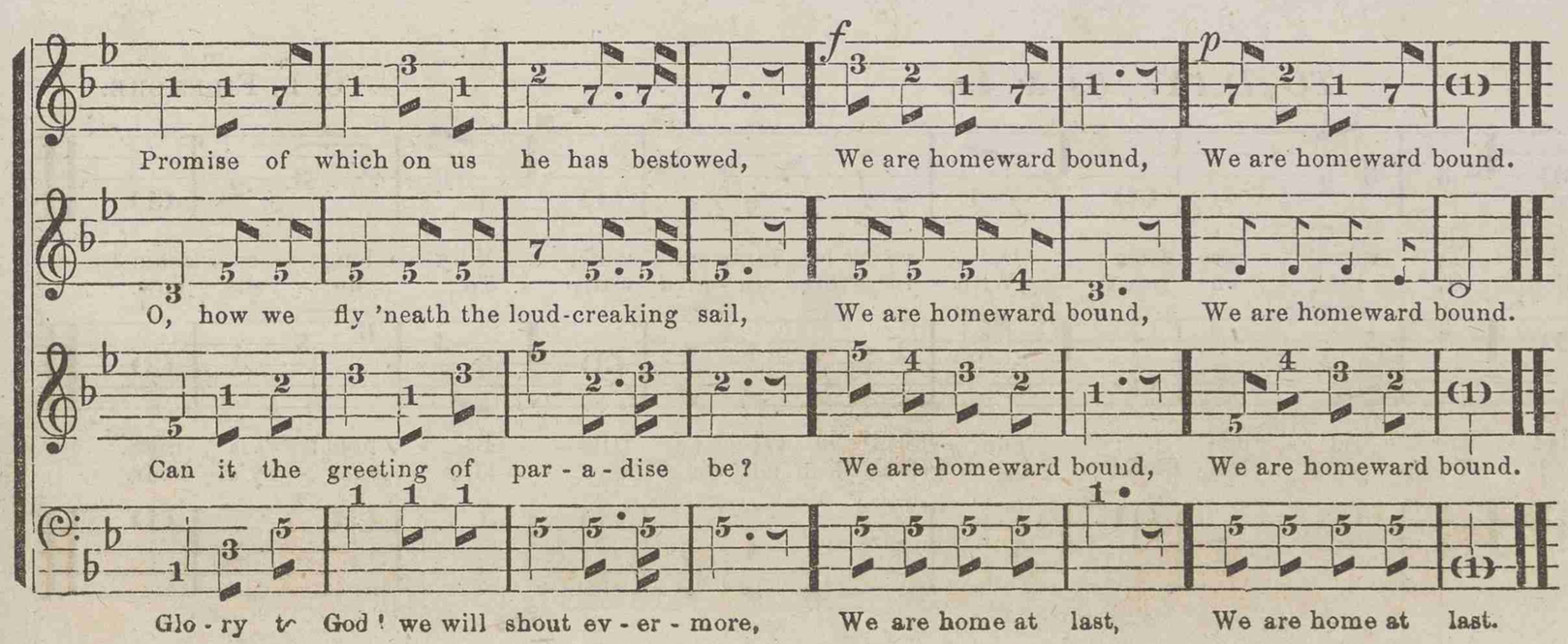
WEBBE.



ELLEY. 11s.







1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave,
Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have,
Think who has died His beloved to save,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

2. Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I 'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
Look up on high, and believe I am there,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bosom cheer!
   What hath earth like this to cov - et! O, what stores of wealth are here!
   D. C. Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.

Man was lost, and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss

2. Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee, Precious Word, I'll hide thee here!
   Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
   D. C. When this book brought back thy wanderings, Speaking life as from the dead.

Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings, Tell how far thy rov - ings led,

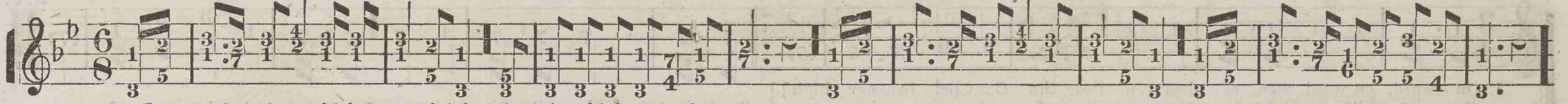
3. Yes, sweet Bi - ble, I will hide thee, Hide thee rich - ly in this heart;
   Thou, through all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part!
   D. C. Then in worlds a - bove, for - ev - er, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

Part in death! no, nev - er, nev - er! Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
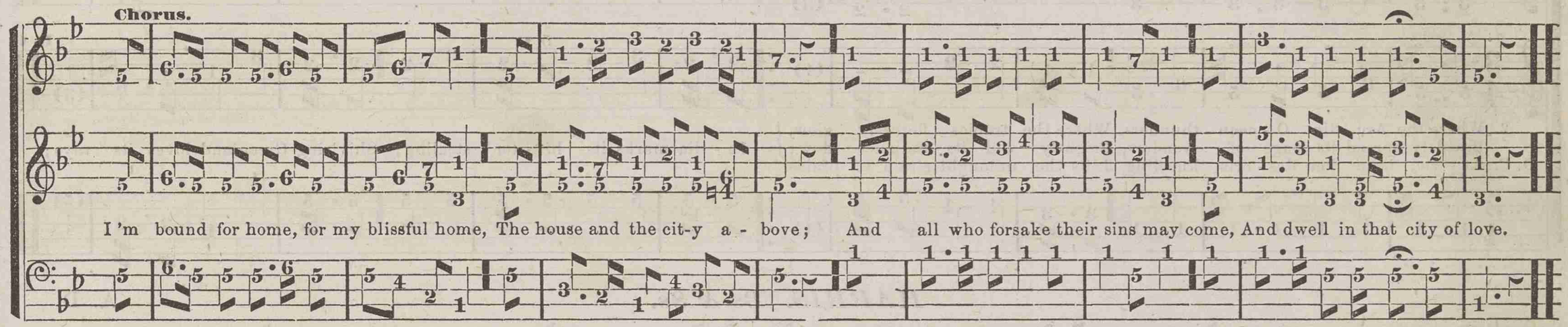
TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

C. L. FILLMORE.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls! Ye wand' - rers come; O, ye be - night-ed souls, Why long - er roam?
2. To - day the Sav - ior calls! O, list - en now! With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav - ior calls! For ref - uge fly; The storm of vengeance falls— Be - hold! 'tis nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day! Yield to his power; O, grieve him not a - way, 'T is mer - cy's hour.

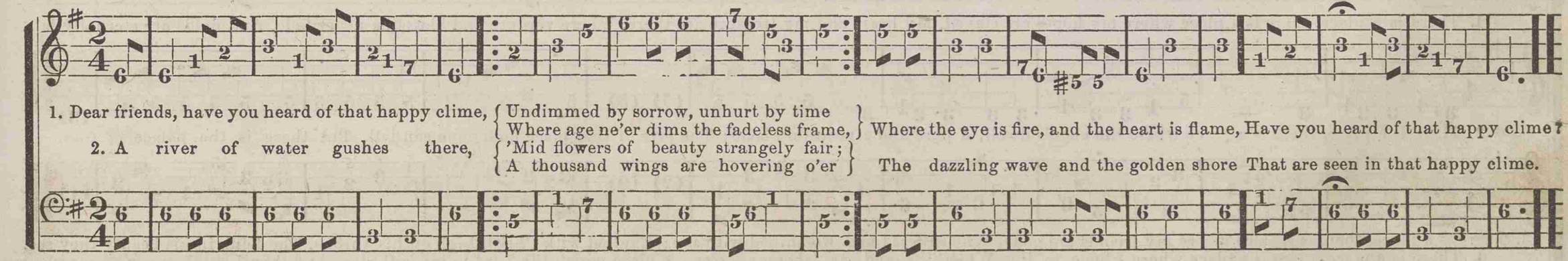


1. I seek a place which is out of sight—A cit-y high up in the skies; There, there is my home, all pure and bright, And homeward my spirit still hies.
2. I seek a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade, Where never is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my beloved, is dead!"
3. I seek a place where they sin no more, Where Satan, my foe, can not lure; And O, when I reach that blessed shore, My soul is for-ev-er se - cure.
4. I seek a place where the patriarchs shine, Apostles, and martyrs, and seers, En - circled in robes of light divine, Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.
5. I seek a place where the Savior reigns, That Jesus once nailed to the tree; He purchased that place with blood and pains, And went to prepare it for me.



I 'm bound for home, for my blissful home, The house and the cit-y a - bove; And all who forsake their sins may come, And dwell in that city of love.

HAPPY CLIME.



1. Dear friends, have you heard of that happy clime, { Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time / Where age ne'er dims the fadeless frame, } Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame, Have you heard of that happy clime?
2. A river of water gushes there, { 'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair; / A thousand wings are hovering o'er } The dazzling wave and the golden shore That are seen in that happy clime.

3. Millions of forms all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers
That bloom in that happy clime.

4. Ear hath not heard and eye hath not seen
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled,
O'er jasper walls and its gates of pearl,
Which are fixed in that happy clime.

5. But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where amid all things that 's fair is given
The home of the just, and its name is heaven
The name of that happy clime.

HELEN. 8s & 7s.

D. C.

1. On - ward, on-ward, men of heav-en, Bear the Gos - pel ban-ner high;
Rest not till its light is giv - en— Star of ev' - ry pa - gan sky.
D. C. Bid the har - dy for - est ran - ger Hail it, ere he fades a - way.

Send it where the pil-grim stranger Faints be-neath the tor - rid ray;

D. C.

2. Where the Arc - tic O - cean thunders, Where the tropics fierce-ly glow,
Broad-ly spread its page of wonders, Brightly bid its radiance flow;
D. C. Af - ric, 'mid her des - erts kneeling, Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

In - dia marks its lus - ter stealing; Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;

HARRIS. 9s & 8s.

A. D.

1. There is a place, there is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there, Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.

2. There is a place, there is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.

3. There is a place, there is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me; Exalted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.

4. There is a place, there is a place where I hope to live When life and its labors are o'er—A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

1. There 's a land far a - way, 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters wander through val-leys of gold, And where life is a treasure sublime;
'T is the land of our God—'t is the home of the soul,

2. Here our gaze can not soar to that beau-ti - ful land, But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its ho - ly re-pose,

3. O the stars nev - er tread the blue heavens by night, But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day nev - er smiles from his palace of light, But we feel the bright smiles of our God.
We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom,

Where the a - ges of splen - dor e - ter - nal-ly roll; Where the way-wea-ry trav - el - er reaches his goal, On the ev - er-green mountains of life.

When our spirits were torn with temptation and woes, And we 've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er-green mountains of life.

To a kingdom where pleasures un-chang-ing-ly bloom, And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the ev - er - green mountains of life.

Moderate.

1. How painfully pleas - ing the fond re-col - lec - tion Of youthful con-nec - tions and in-no-cent joy,
When blest with parent - al ad - vice and af - fec - tion, Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high. I still view the chairs of my fa - ther and

2. That Bible, the vol-ume of God's in-spi - ra - tion, At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet in-vo - ca - tion, For mercy by day, and for safety thro' night. Our hymn of thanksgiving with har - mony

3. Ye scenes of tran - quil - li - ty, long have we part - ed, My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sad-ness I live bro-ken - heart - ed, And wander un-known on a far distant shore. Yet how can I doubt a dear Sav-ior's pro-

moth - er, The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand, And that richest of books, which excelled every oth - er, The Fam-i-ly Bi - ble that

swell - ing, All warm from the heart of the fam - i - ly band, Has raised us from earth to that rap - tur-ous dwell - ing Described in the Bi - ble that

tec - tion, For - get-ful of gifts from his boun - ti-ful hand! O, let me with patience re - ceive his cor - rec - tion, And think of the Bi - ble that

Chorus.

lay on the stand; The old fashioned Bi - ble, the dear, bless - ed Bi - ble, The Fam - i - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

lay on the stand; The old fashioned, etc.

lay on the stand; The old fashioned Bi - ble, the dear, bless - ed Bi - ble, The Fam - i - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

PENDLETON. 9s, 8s & 4.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Yes, our Shepherd leads with gentle hand, Thro' the dark pilgrim-land, His flock so dear-ly bought, So long and fond-ly sought: Hal-le - lu - jah!

2. When in clouds and mists the weak ones stray, He shows a - gain the way, And points to them a - far, A bright and guiding star: Hal-le - lu - jah!

3. Tenderly he watches from on high, With an un - wearied eye; He comforts and sus-tains, In all their fears and pains: Hal-le - lu - jah!
4. Yes, his little flock is ne'er for - - got, His mer-cy changes not; Our home is safe a - bove, Within his arms of love: Hal-le - lu - jah!

 By Permission.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

REV. R. LOWRY.

H. 1151

1. When we hear the music ring - ing In the bright celestial dome, When sweet angel voices, sing - ing, Gladly bid us wel - come home

2. When the ho-ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that greet us In that glo - rious spir - it land?

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re-joi - ces, And my weary heart grows light, For the sweet and cheerful voi - ces, And the forms so pure and bright.
4. O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join the loved and just ones In the land of per - fect day.

To the land of ancient sto - ry, Where the spirit knows no care, In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each other there?

Shall we see the same eyes shin-ing On us as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining, Fond-ly round us as be - fore?

That shall welcome us in heav - en, Are the loved of long a - go; And to them 't is kindly giv - en, Thus their mor - tal friends to know.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers, Murmured in my raptured ear— Evermore their sweet song lin - gers— We shall know each oth - er there.

H. 99

1. Yes, for me, for me he careth With a brother's tender care; Yes, with me, with me he shareth Every burden, ev - ery fear.
2. Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth, night and day, Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatcheth From the per - ils of the way.

3. Yes, for me he standeth pleading, At the mer-cy - seat a - bove; Ev-er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Constant in un - tir - ing love.
4. Yes, in me a-broad he sheddeth Joys un - earthly, love and light; And to cov - er me he spreadeth His pa - ter - nal wing of might.

5. Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth; I in him, and he in me! And my empty soul he fill - eth, Here, and through e - tern - i - ty.
6. Thus, I wait for his re - turn - ing, Singing all the way to heaven; Such the joy-ful song of morning, Such the tran - quil song of even.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other there?

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

We shall know, etc., for the last stanza.

DUREN. 12s.

1. From regions of love, lo! an angel de-scended, And told the strange news how the babe was attended; Go, shepherds, and vis-it the wonderful stranger; See

2. Glad tidings I bring un-to you and each nation! Glad tidings of joy! now behold your sal - vation; Then sudden-ly multitudes raise their glad voices In

3. Now glory to God in the highest be given; All glory to God is re - echoed from heaven; Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story, And

Chorus.

yonder bright star! there 's your Lord in a manger. Hal-le - lu-jah to the Lamb who has bled for our pardon! We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

praise to the Lord, while all heaven re - joi-ces! Hal-le - lu-jah, etc.

sing of his love, his sal - va - tion and glory. Hal-le - lu-jah to the Lamb who has bled for our pardon, We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 6s.

D. C.

1. We 're traveling home to heaven above, Will you go, will you go?
To sing the Savior's dy - ing love, Will you go, will you go?
D. C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go, will you go?

Mil - lions have reached that blest abode, A - noint - ed priests and kings to God;

D. C.

2. We 're going to join the heavenly choir, Will you go, will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you go, will you go?
D. C. And make the heavenly arches ring, Will you go, will you go?

There saints and an - gels glad-ly sing Ho - san - nahs to their God and King,

STAR OF PEACE. 8, 7, 8, 4.

1. Star of peace, to wand'rers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vi-sion drea-ry, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's lone-ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
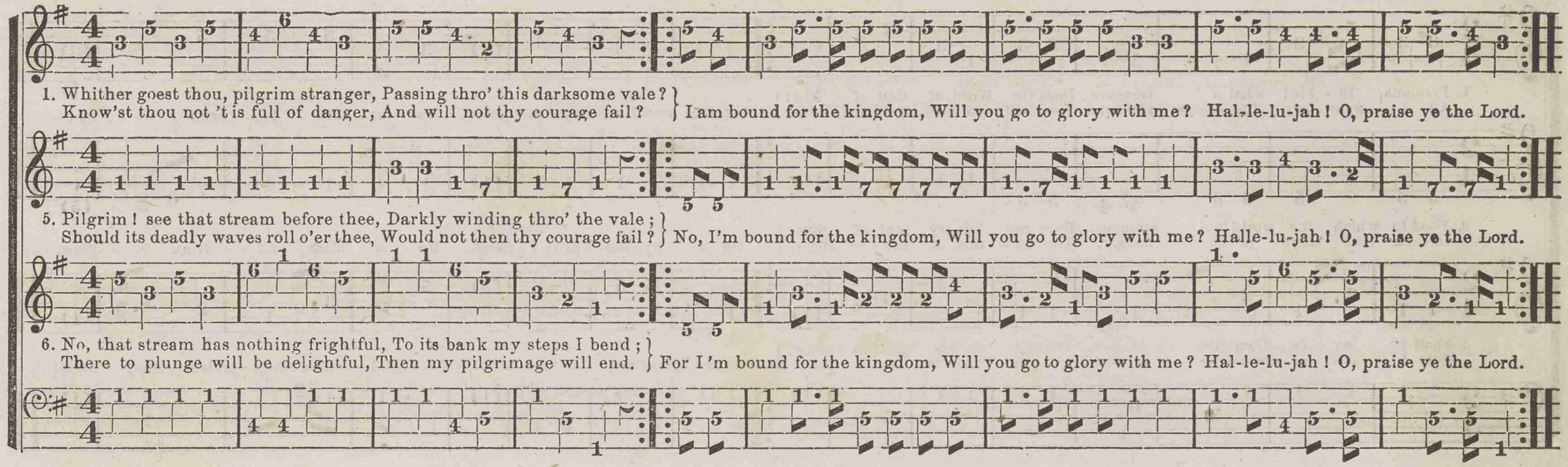
3. Star divine, O safe-ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer back to thee! Sore tempta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain! Thou who art wea - ry of sin; Go to the clear-flowing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean.

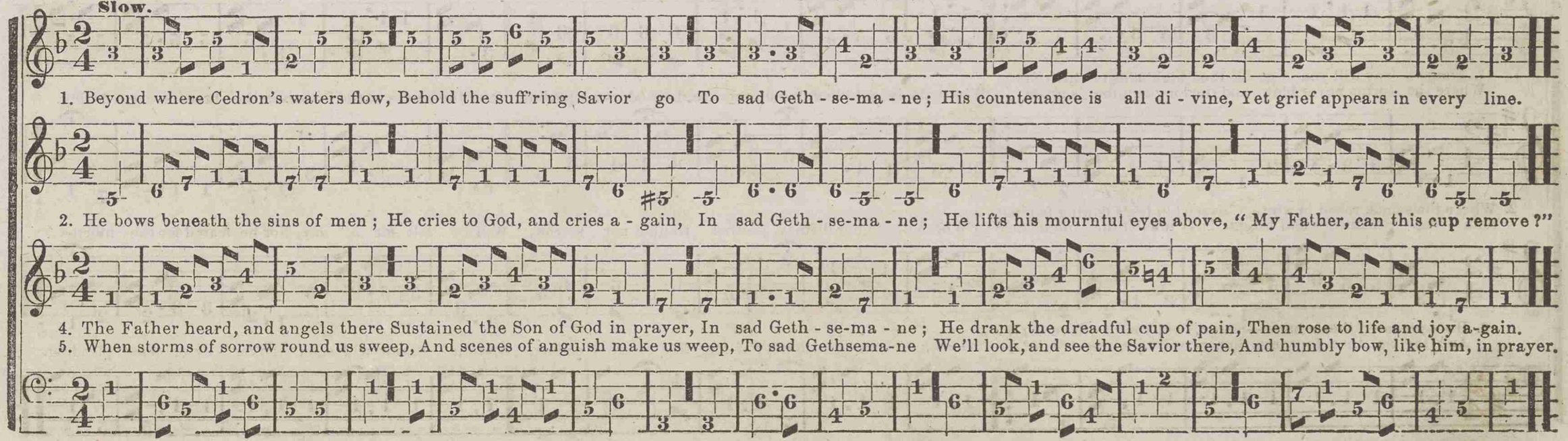
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - er - y fall-ing tear; He will forsake thee, O, nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly there.

Fly, for th' avenger is near thee; Call, and the Savior will hear thee; He, on his bos - om will bear thee, O, thou who art wea - ry of sin.

Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Sav - ior will wipe every tear.



H. 164. *CEDRON. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8.* LUTHER.



PRECIOUS BIBLE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1. Precious Bi - ble! what a treasure Does the Word of God af - ford!
All I want for life or pleasure, Food and med'cine, shield and sword;
Let the world ac - count me poor, Hav - ing this, I need no more.

2. Food to which the world's a stranger, Here my hungry soul en - joys;
Of ex - cess there is no danger, Though it fills, it nev - er cloys;
On a dy - ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in - deed.

3. Shall I en - vy then the mi - ser, Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am or should be wi - ser, I am rich, 't is he is poor;
Jesus gives me, in his Word, Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
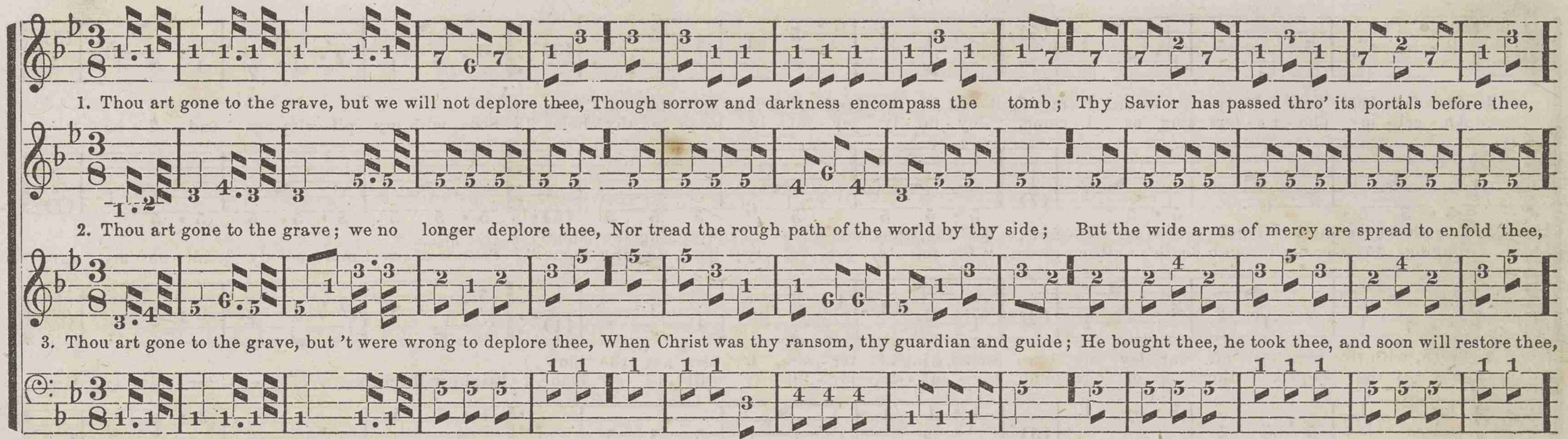
ETIVNI. 6s & 7s.
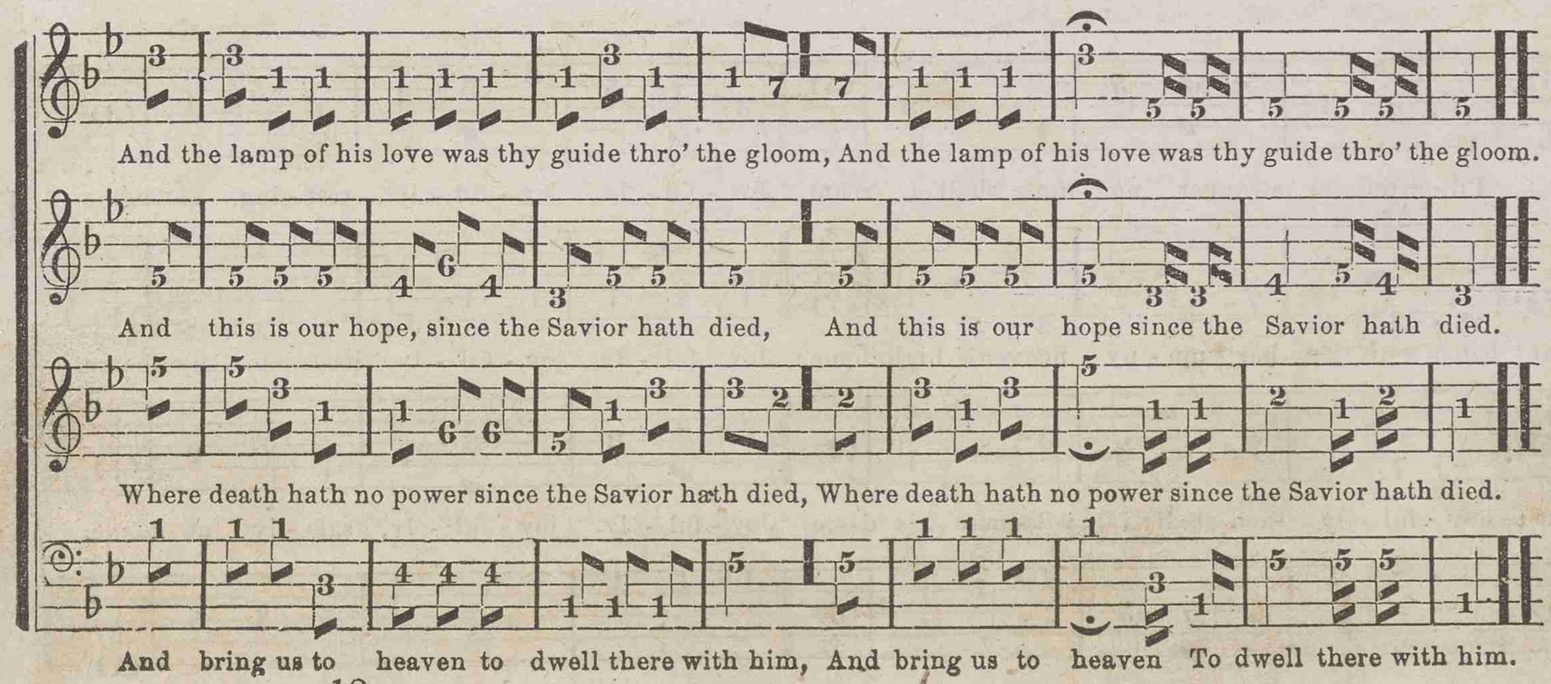
1. Sinners, say will you go To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow, And the long summer 's given:
Where the bright blooming flowers are their odors e - mitting, And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are flitting.

2. Where the saints, robed in white, Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shin - ing beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin nor dismay, Neither trouble nor sorrow, Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He 's prepared thee a home—Sinner, will you be - lieve it?
And invites thee to come, Sinner, wilt thou re-ceive it?
O come, sinner, come, For the tide is re - ceding, And the Savior will soon And for - ev-er cease pleading.

DEPARTURE. 12s & 11s, or 11s.





2. Not angels in glory, nor seraphs above,
Can fathom the ocean of infinite love;
Their wisdom can 't reach it; they can not tell why
The Sovereign of angels for sinners should die.

3. In regions of darkness, death, sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

4. O, why should we linger in regions below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow?
So sweetly they glide through the regions above,
And stream ever fresh from the fountain of love.

5. Come, then, my dear brethren, count all things but loss;
Your treasure's in heaven—don't shrink from the cross.
Ye favorites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though demons surround you, be faithful and bold.

6. Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What snares and temptations in this evil day;
All this you must suffer, and patient endure.
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.

Words by WM. HUNTER. H. 793.

JOYFULLY. 10s.

A. D. MERRILL.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move; Bound for the land of bright spir - its a - bove;
An - gel - ic cho - ris - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."
Soon, with my pil-grim-age end - ed be - low,

2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on be - fore; Waiting, they watch me ap - proaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, "Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear;

3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low; Strike, king of ter - rors, I fear not the blow;
Je - sus has bro - ken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly will I go home.
Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,

Home to the land of bright spirits I'll go; Pil - grim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home

Harps of the bless-ed, your voi - ces I hear! Rings with the har - mo - ny heaven's high dome: Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

Death shall be vanquished, his scep-ter be gone; Joy - ful - ly then shall I wit - ness his doom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

KANE. 6s & 7s.

1. Through a dark world of woe we are painfully driven; But we cheerfully go, For we journey to heaven; And the realms of the blest Are the saints' desti-na-tion,
D. S. And the heaven-ly rest Their e-ter-nal sal - va-tion.

2. Though lonely the way, and the wilderness dreary, And though gloomy the day, Let us never grow weary. All who hope in the Lord, And who live in the Spirit,
D. S. And who trust in his Word, Shall the promise inherit.

3. Let us press for the prize With true faith and devotion, Till the Day-star a-rise On e - ter-ni-ty's ocean. The as-sur- ance of faith Leads to glo-ry un - dy-ing,
D. S. Where shall be no more death, Neither sorrow nor crying.

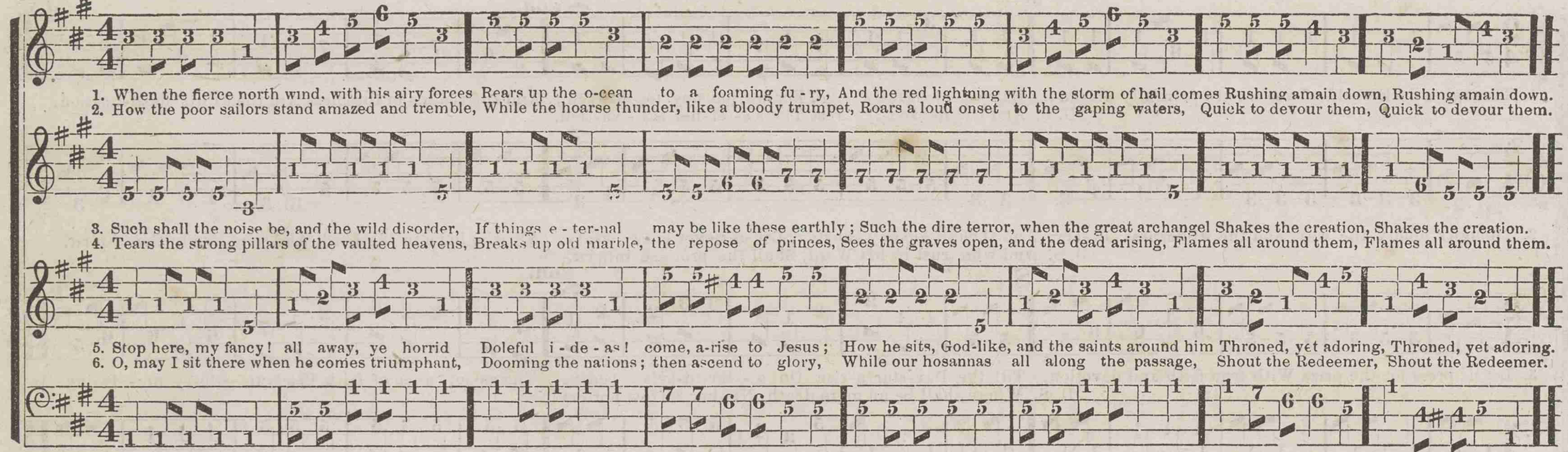
H. 1114.

HEDDING. 8s & 6s.

1. Be it my on - ly wisdom here To serve the Lord with fi - lial fear And lov - ing grat - i - tude; Su - pe - rior sense may I dis-play,
D. S. By shunning every e - vil way, And walk - ing in the good.

2. O may I still from sin depart; A wise and un-der - standing heart, Je - sus, to me be given; And let me thro' thy spir - it know
D. S. To glo - ri - fy my God be - low, And find my way to heaven.
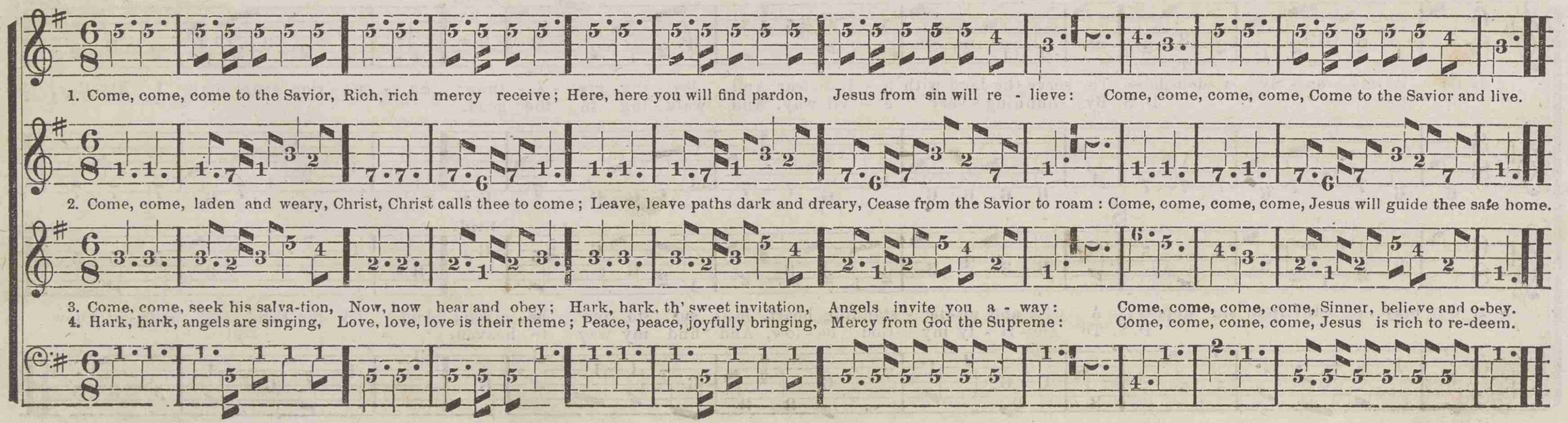
CLERMONT. 11s & 5s.



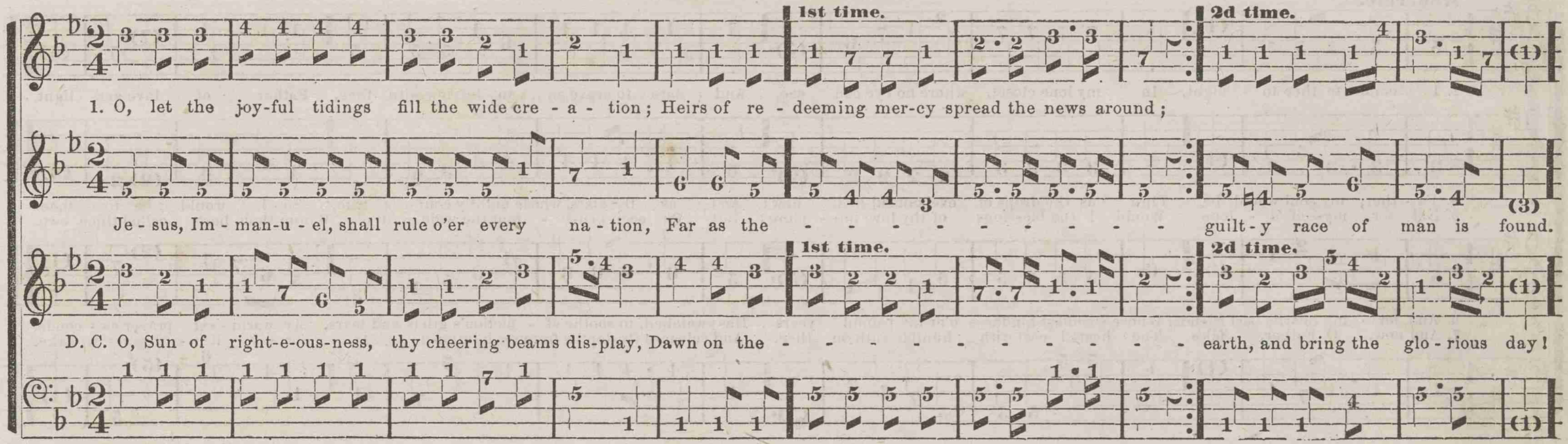
Words by A. D. F.

PAXAN. 7s, 6s & 4s.

C. E. Pax.



JOYFUL TIDINGS.



2. O Father, let thy blessing with thy saints abounding,
Fill every breast with zeal, the Gospel to proclaim;
O sing Jerusalem, thy gates with joy surrounding,
While distant isles rejoice in Jesus' name.
Watchmen of Zion, sound aloud the note of warning,
Till earth's benighted nations hail the glorious morning;
O, Sun of righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

3. Deep is the desolation of the race benighted,
Fast bound in ignorance, o'erwhelmed with guilt and fear;
Folly and superstition every hope have blighted,
Save where the rays of truth divine appear.
Haste, haste, ye messengers, reveal the wondrous story,
Tell of the cross, and of the coming tide of glory;
Then, Sun of righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

H. 1317.

TAYLOR. 6, 10, 10 & 6.

A. D. FILLMORE

Moderate.

1. I come to thee to - night, In my lone closet, where no eye can see, And dare to crave an in - terview with thee, Father of love and light.

4. Fa - ther, my soul would be Pure as the drops of eve's unsul-lied dew; And as the stars, whose nightly course is true, So I would be to thee.
5. Not for my-self a - lone Would I the blessings of thy love im - plore; But for each pen-i - tent the wide earth o'er, Whom thou hast called thine own.

6. And for my heart's best friends, Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years Has watched, to soothe af - fliction's griefs and tears, My warm - est prayer as - cends.
7. And now, O Father, take The heart I cast with humble faith on thee, And cleanse its depths from each impu-ri - ty, For my Re - deemer's sake.

H. 1098.

MOFFETT. 11s & 12s. Peculiar

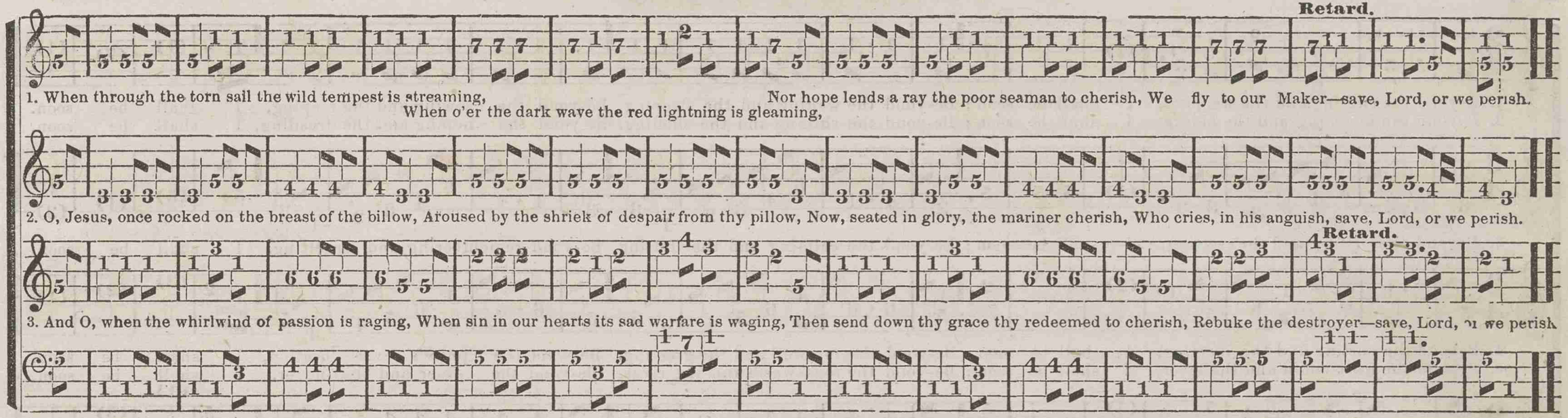
SPANISH.

Slow.

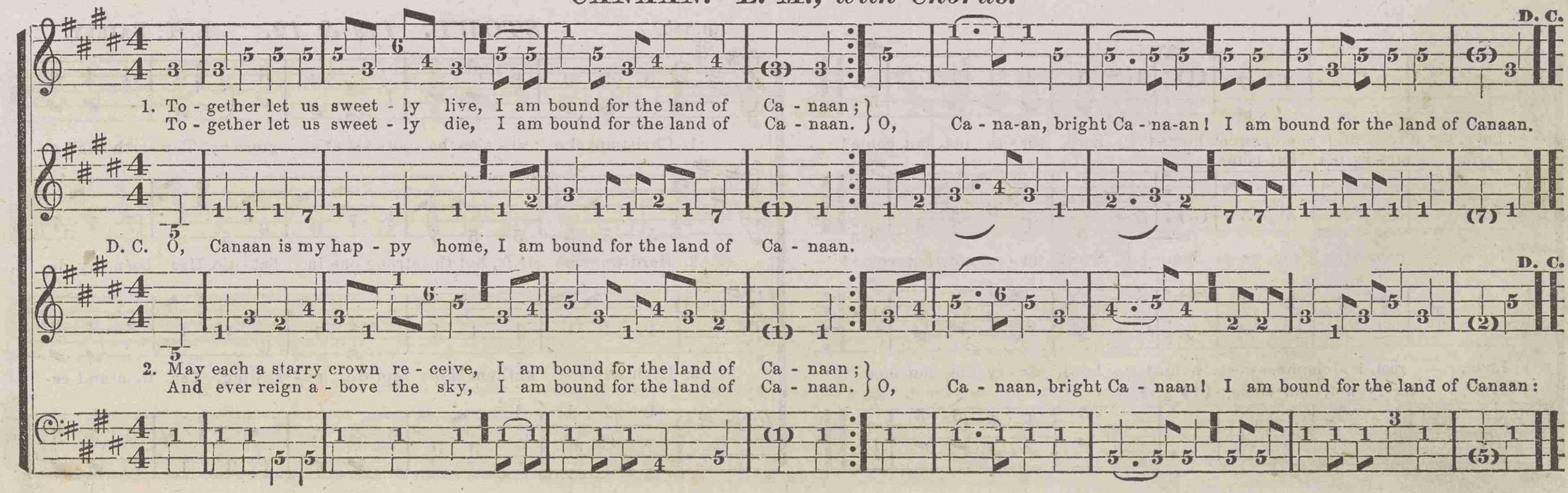
1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, on the winds steal - ing,
List to the tolling bell, mourn - ful - ly peal - ing;
Hark, hark, it seems to say, as melt those sounds away, So earth-ly joys de-cay while new their feel - ing.

2. Now through the charmed air, on the winds steal - ing,
List to the mourner's prayer, sol - emn-ly bend - ing;
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys a-way, To those which ne'er decay, for life is end - ing.

3. So when our mortal ties death shall dis - sev - er,
Lord, may we reach the skies, where care comes nev - er;
And in e - ter - nal day, joining the angel's lay, To our Cre - a - tor pay ho - mage for - ev - er.



CANAAN. L. M., with Chorus.



H. 840.

ADALINE. 9s, 4s & 6s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Be-yond the waking and the sleeping, Be-yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Be-yond the shining and the shading, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.
3. Beyond the rising and the setting, I shall be soon; Be-yond the calming and the fretting, Be-yond remembering and forgetting, I shall be soon.
4. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Be-yond the farewell and the greeting, Be-yond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon.
5. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Be-yond the rock-waste and the river, Be-yond the ev-er and the never, I shall be soon.

H. 1097.

STOWE. 11s & 12.

L. Y. BAILEY.

Love, rest, and home, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come!
Lord, tar-ry not, but come.
Love, rest, and home, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come!
Love, rest, and home, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come!
Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

1. Christian, the vi-sion be-fore thee is glorious, The earth shall al-
2. Hard was the strife, but the strong one in bat-tle Has been thy de-
3. High was the anthem those raptures re-vealing, Ten thousand ce-

lure thy tried spirit no more; Thou wast in the day of thy tri-al vic - torious, Secure now at last, thy temptations are o'er, Tempt - a - tions are o'er.

fender, and vanquished thy foes; And heaven stood by thee to help thee in trouble, And joyed when the sound of thy triumph arose, Thy tri - umph a - rose.

lestials the chorus pro - long; But louder the strains of the ransomed are pealing, And glory is swelling the conqueror's song, The con - queror's song.

H. 323.

DRACH. 6s & 4s.

DR. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wand'rers come; O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam, Why long - er roam?

2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; O, hear him now! With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow, To Je - sus bow.

3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of vengeance falls, And death is nigh, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his power; O, grieve him not a - way, 'T is mer-cy's hour, 'T is mer-cy's hour.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

1. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness, Arise, for the night of thy

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them, How vain were their steeds, and their

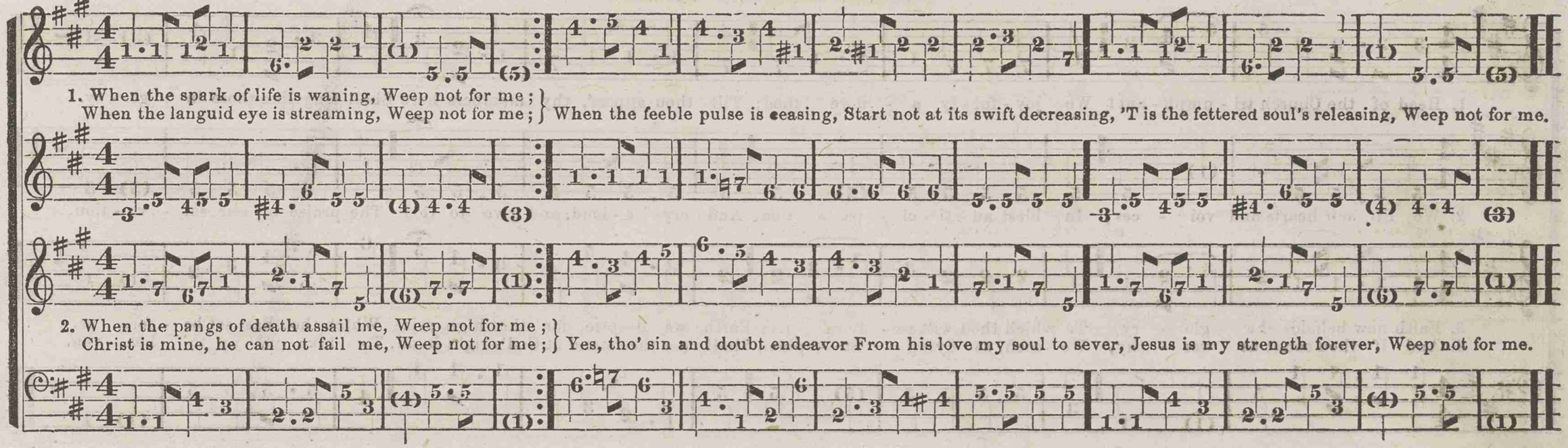
3. Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee, Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be; Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee, Th' oppressor is van- [quished, and

Chorus.
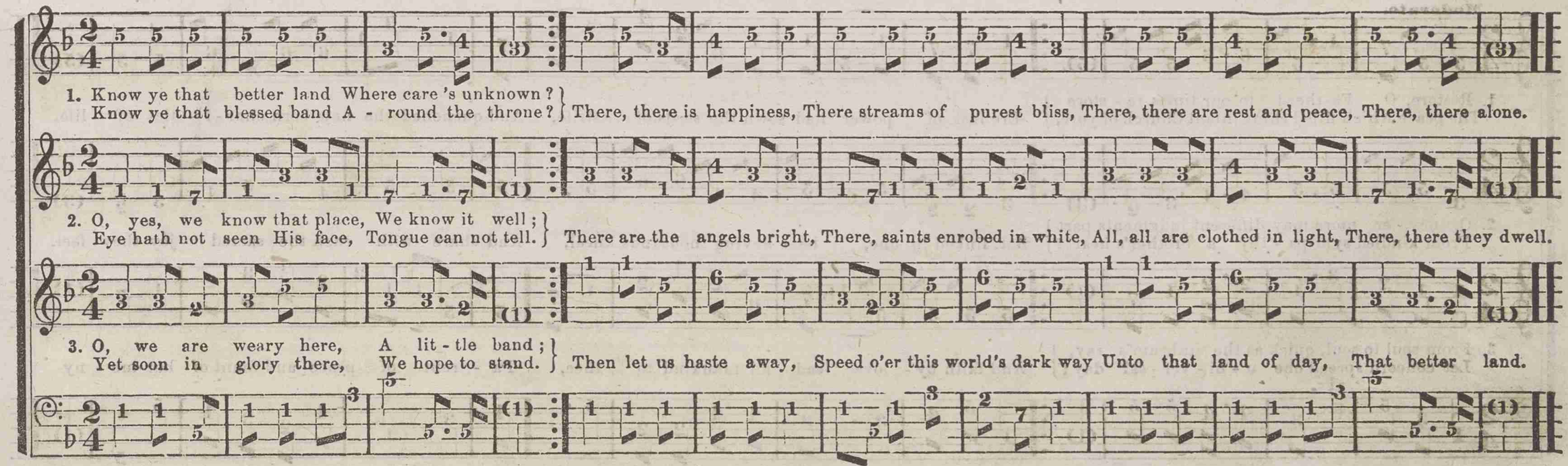
sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more, Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

chariots of war. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more, Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

Zi - on is free. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more, Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.



H. 140, 440, 541, 1136, 1146. *AMBIA. 6s & 4s.* HINDOSTAN AIR.



CARPENTER. 7, 7, 8, 7.

1. Head of the Church tri - umph - ant! We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glo - ry.

2. We lift our hearts and voi - ces In blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

3. Faith now beholds the glo - ry To which thou wilt re - store us; Earth we despise for that high prize Which thou hast set be - fore us.

4. And if thou count us wor - thy, We each, as dying Ste - phen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to hea - ven.

H. 461, 544, 843.

PARANA. 10s.

Moderate.

1. Restore, O Fa-ther! to our times re - store
The peace which filled thine infant Church of yore,
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife, And quenched the new-born char - i - ties of life.

2. O, nev - er more may different judgments part
From kindled sym-pa - thy a brother's heart!
But, linked in one, be - lieving thousands kneel, And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3. From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one u - ni - ver - sal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee, Pa - rent of peace and fount of har-mo - ny

1. Draw near, ye weary, bowed, and broken-hearted, Ye onward travelers to a peaceful bourne; Ye, from whose path the light hath all departed; Ye, who are left in
2. The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory, Wept o'er the woes of those he came to save; And angels wondered when they heard the story, That he who conquered
3. But with the friends he loved whose hope had perished, The Savior stood, while thro' his bosom rushed A tide of sympathy for those he cherished, And from his eyes the
4. Lo Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken, And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye! Look up, ye mourners, hear what he hath spoken: "He that believes on

sol-i-tude to mourn; Tho' o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept, - - - - Sa - cred are sorrow's tears, since "Je - sus wept, Je-sus wept."

death, wept o'er the grave, For 't was not when his lonely watch he kept, - - - - - In sad Geth - se-ma - ne, that "Je - sus wept, Je-sus wept."

burning tear-drops gushed; And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept, - - - - In a - go - ny of soul, then "Je - sus wept, Je-sus wept."
me shall never die." Thro' faith and love your spirits shall be kept: - - - - - Hope brighter grew on earth when "Je - sus wept, Je-sus wept."

H. 892, 889.

MELBOURNE. 7s, 6s & 8s, or 8s, 6s & 7.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. The sun a-bove us gleam - ing, Is not the sun for me;
Tho' joy - ful be his beam - ing, And beau-ti - ful to see.
D. C. All co - pious on me stream-ing, O! that 's the sun for me.

There is a Sun of righteousness, Who cheers and saves me by his grace,

5. This land of sin and sor - row Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I bor - row From dy-ing com - pa - ny;
D. C. That day may be to - mor - row— O! that 's the land for me.

Th' im - mor-tal land is far a - way, I 'll en - ter it on some bright day,

H. 537, 317.

EARL. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

1. Lamb of God! whose bleeding love We now re - call to mind,
Send thy bless-ing from a bove, And let us mer - cy find;
D. C. O, re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

Think on us, who think on thee, And ev' - ry burdened soul re - lease;

2. By thine a - go - niz - ing pain And blood - y sweat we pray;
By thy dy - ing love to man, Take all our sins a - way;
D. C. O, re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

By thy pas - sion on the tree, Now let our griefs and troubles cease;

Air.

Air and Alto.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shin - ing; Fath-er in heav-en, the day is de - clin - ing; Safe - ty and in - no-cence
2. Fath - er in heav - en! O, hear when we call; Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sav - ior of all! Fee - ble and faint-ing, we

Alto.

fly with the light; Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the morn-ing bells chime, Shield us from
trust in thy might; In doubt-ing and darkness thy love be our light! Let us sleep on thy breast while the night - ta - per burns, Wake in thy

1. danger and keep us from crime. Fath-er, have mer-cy, Fath-er, have mer-cy, Fa-ther, have mercy, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

2. arms when the morning re - turns. Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

By Permission.

SHEPARD. 6s & 5s.

SOLON WILDER.

H. 797

1. Star of morn and ev - en, Sun of Heav-en's heav-en, Sav-ior high and dear T'ward us turn thine ear; Thro' what e'er may come,

2. Though the gloom be griev - ous, Those we leant on leave us, Though the coward heart Quit its prop - er part, Though the tempter come,

3. Sav - ior pure and ho - ly, Lov - er of the low - ly, Sign us with thy sign, Take our hands in thine; Take our hands and come,

4. Star of morn and ev - en, Shine on us from heav - en; From thy glo - ry-throne Hear thy ver - y own! Lord and Sav - ior come,

Thou canst lead us home, Home, home, Thou canst lead us home.

Thou wilt lead us home, Home, home, Thou wilt lead us home.

Lead thy children home, Home, home, Lead thy children home.
Lead us to our home, Home, home, Lead us to our home.

By Permission.

OAKLAND. 7s & 6s.

SOLON WILDER.

H. 1188

1. Je-sus, Sun of Righteousness, Brightest beam of love di - vine,

2. Like the sun's re-viv-ing ray, May thy love, with ten-der glow

3. Thou our on-ly Life and Guide! Nev-er leave us nor for - sake,

Slow. H. 656

1. Sav - ior! thy gen-tle voice Glad-ly we hear;
Au - thor of all our joys, Be ev - er near;
Our souls would cling to thee, Let us thy fullness see, Let us thy full-ness see Our lives to cheer.

2. Fountain of life di-vine! Thee we a - dore;
We would be whol-ly thine For ev - er more;
Free-ly for-give our sin, Grant heavenly peace within, Grant heavenly peace within, Thy light re-store.

3. Though to our faith u nseen, While darkness reigns,
On thee a - lone we lean While life re-mains;
By thy free grace restored, Our souls shall bless the Lord, Our souls shall bless the Lord In joy-ful strains.

OAKLAND. Concluded.

With the ear - ly morning rays Do thou on our darkness shine, And dis - pel with purest light All our night, all our night

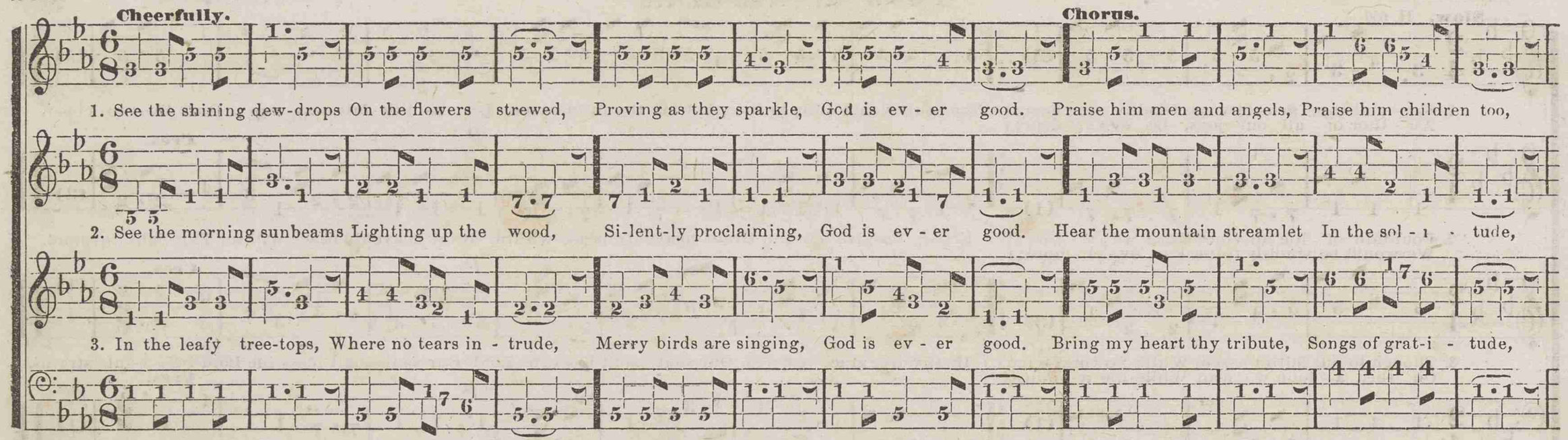
All our cold-ness melt a - way, Warm and cheer us forth to go, Gladly serve thee and o - bey, All the day, all the day.
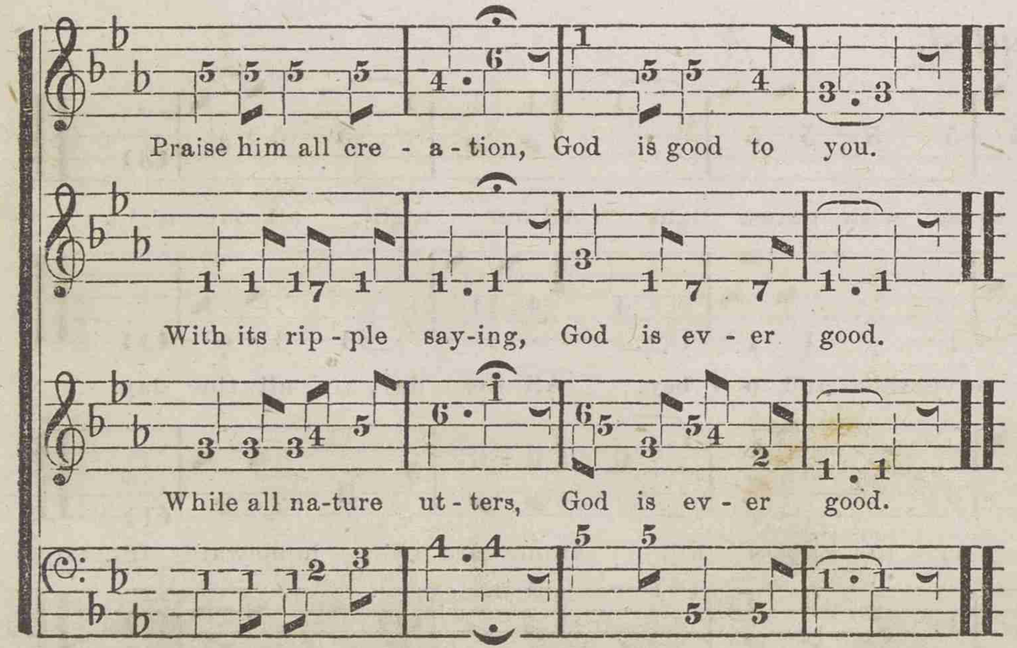
In thy light may we a - bide Till th' e - tern - al morning break, Mov-ing on to Zi-on's hill Homeward still, homeward still.

H. 669, 835, 897.

GOD IS GOOD. 6s & 5s.

T. C. O'KANE.

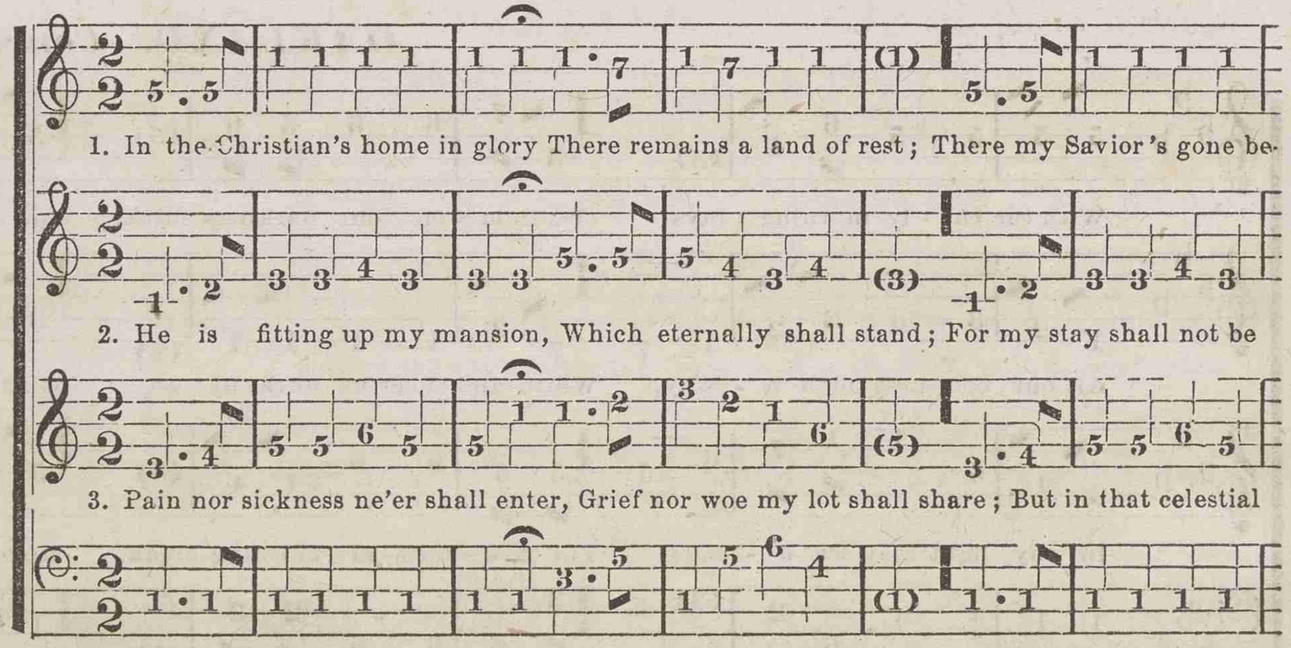




H. 1149, 1152.

REPOSE. 8s & 7s.

J. W. DADMUN.



Chorus.

fore me, To ful - fill my soul's request. { There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you. / On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

transient, In that holy, happy land, There is rest for the weary, etc.

cen-ter I a crown of life shall wear. { There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you. / On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

glory, Here remains for us a home. (For Chorus to this 2d hymn, see below.)

HAPPY HOME. Chorus.

A. D. F.

Moderate.
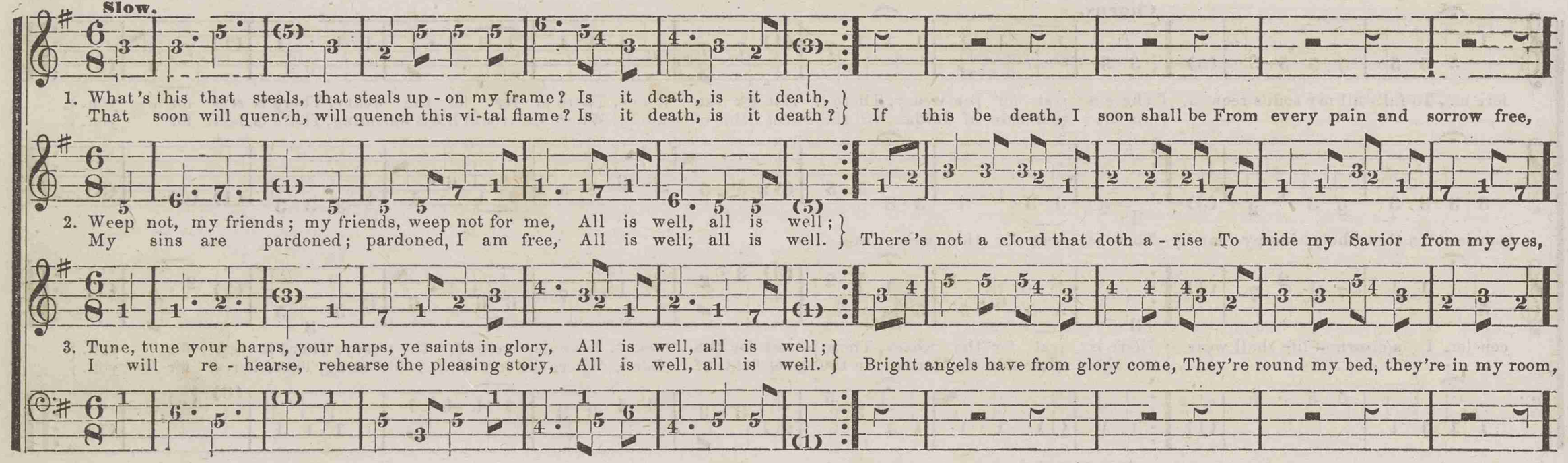
Happy home, Je-sus bids his followers come To that land of bliss and glo - ry, Our hap - py, hap - py home, Our hap - py home.

Happy home, Je-sus bids his followers come To that land of bliss and glo - ry, Our happy, happy, happy, happy home, Our hap - py home.

Hap-py home, Jesus bids his followers come To that land of bliss and glo - ry, Our hap - py, hap - py home, Our hap - py home.
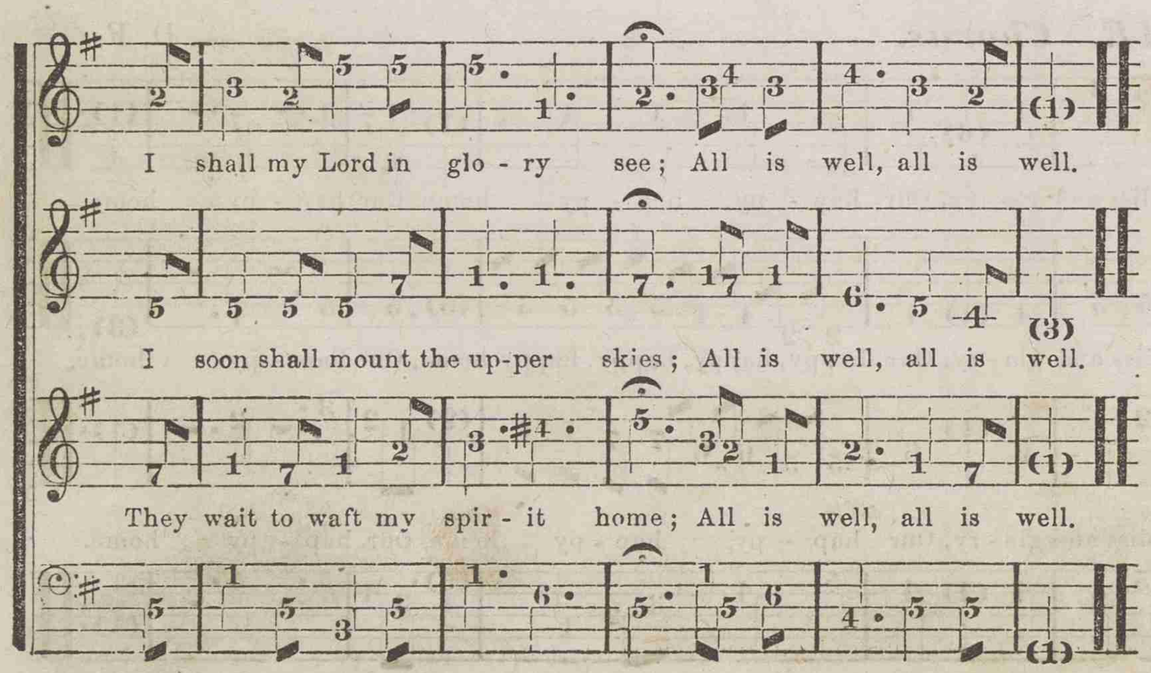
H. 1084.

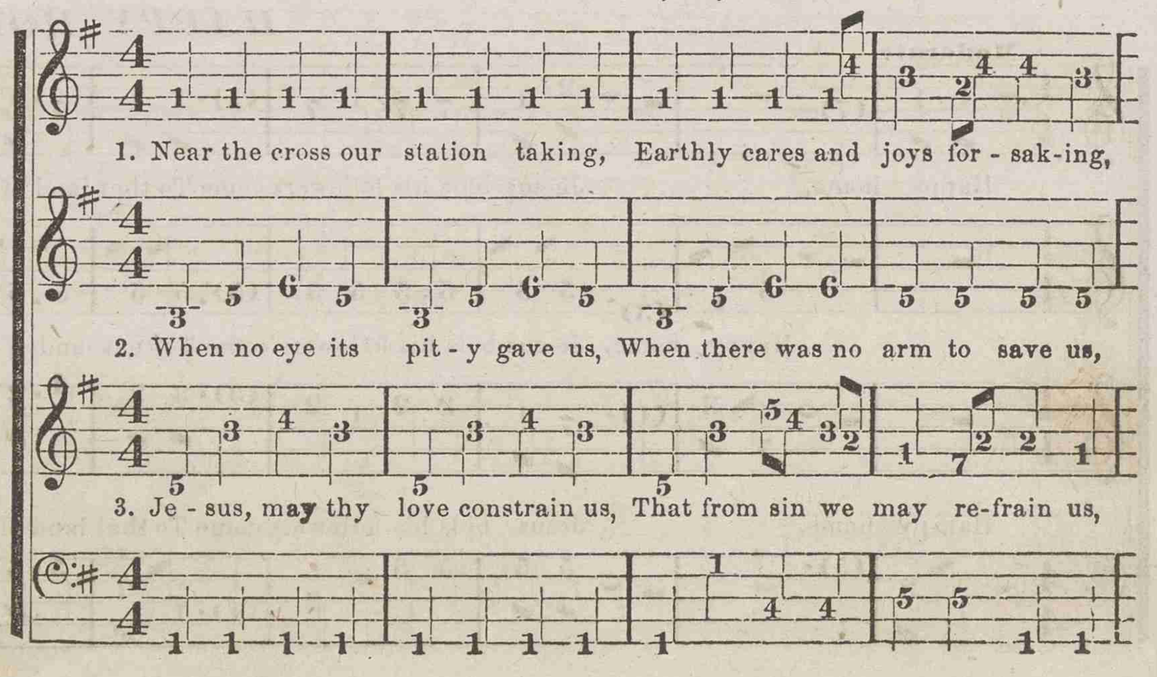
ALL IS WELL. 8s & 3s.



H. 536, 1112, 533.

FOSTER. 8, 8, 7.





FOSTER. Concluded.

Meet it is for us to mourn; 'Twas for us he came from heaven, 'Twas for us his heart was riv - en; All his griefs for us were borne.

He his love and power displayed; By his stripes our help and heal - ing, By his death our life re - veal - ing, He for us the ran-som paid.

In thy griefs may deep - ly grieve; Thee our best af - fec-tions giv - ing, To thy praise and hon - or liv - ing, May we in thy glo - ry live.

H. 843. 932, 950, 975, 1082, 1169, 1227.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.

Slow.

1. My feet are worn and wea-ry with the march O'er the rough road, and up the steep hill - side; O, cit - y of our God! I fain would see
D. S. Thy pas-tures green, where peaceful wa-ters glide.

2. Love thou the path of sor-row Je - sus trod; Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest; O, cit - y of our God! we soon shall see
D. S. Thy glo-rious walls—home of the loved and blest.

 By Permission.

THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.

T. J. Cook.

H. 331

1. We 're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The home of the happy, the king-dom of love, Ye wand'rers from God, in the broad road of fol-ly,

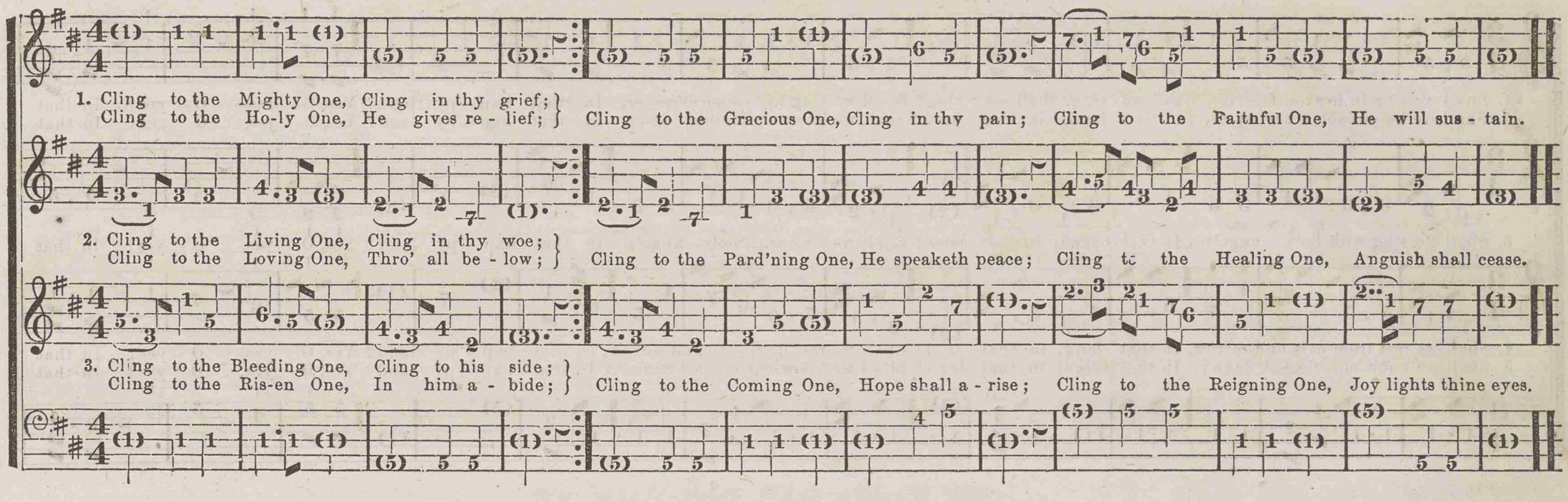
2. Not fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression, Can in - jure the dwellers in that ho-ly grove; No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
3. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished, Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move; Its gates and its towers with glo - ry are burnished;

4. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is be-fore you, And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove; Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
5. And yet, guilty sin-ner, we would not forsake thee, We halt yet a moment as on-ward we move; O, come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,

1. O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? will you go? O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

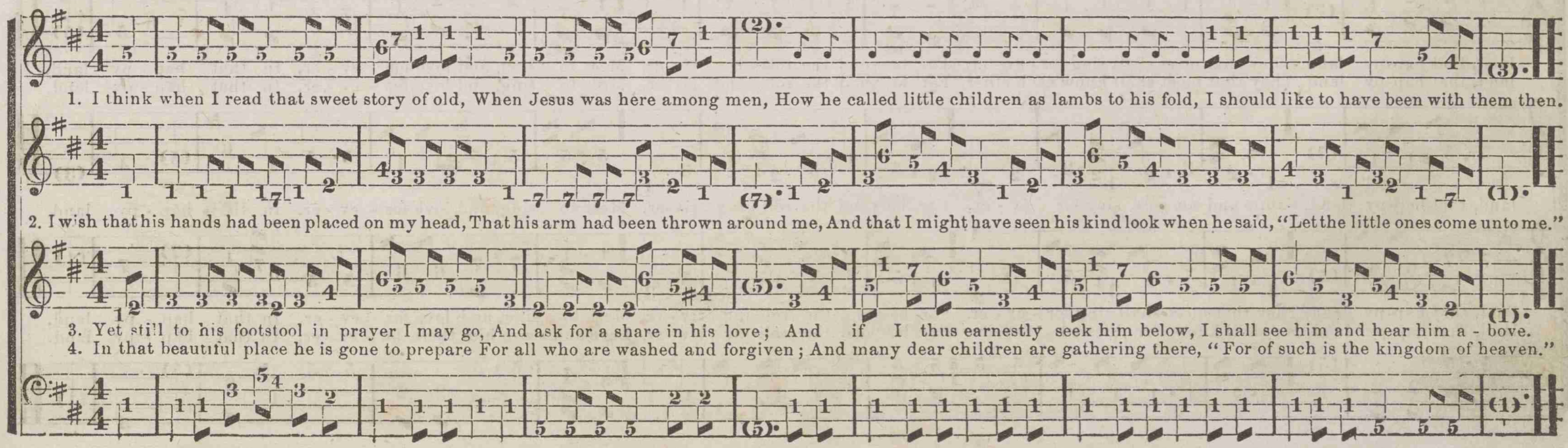
2. 3. O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove? Will you go? will you go? O say, will you go to the E'- den a - bove?

4. And drink the pure joys of the E - den a - bove. Will you go? will you go? O yes, we will go to the E - den a - bove?
5. And bear thee a - long to the E - den a - bove. Will you go? will you go? O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?



H. 1220.

SWEET STORY. 11s & 8s.



SHALL WE SING.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Shall we sing in heaven forev-er, Shall we sing, shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven forev-er, In that hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that
2. Shall we know each other ev-er, In that land, in that land? Shall we know each other ev-er, In that hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that

3. Shall we sing with holy angels, In that land, in that land? Shall we sing with holy angels, In that hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow, In that land, in that land? Shall we rest from care and sorrow, In that hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that
5. Shall we know our blessed Savior, In that land, in that land? Shall we know our blessed Savior, In that hap - py land? Yes, O yes, O yes! In that

land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er, Far be-yond the roll - ing riv-er, Meet to sing, and love for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.
land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall know each other, Far be-yond the roll - ing riv-er, Meet to sing, and love for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.

land, that hap-py land, Saints and an-gels sing for - ev - er, Far be-yond the roll - ing riv-er, Meet to sing, and love for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.

land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall sing for - ev - er, Far be-yond the roll-ing riv - er, Meet to sing, and love for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.
land, that hap-py land, We shall know our blessed Sav-ior, Far be-yond the roll-ing riv - er, Love and serve him there for - ev - er, In that hap - py land.

H. 637

1. My gracious Redeemer I love! His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies above To shout his a-dor-a-ble name.

2. To gaze on his glories di-vine, Shall be my eternal em-ploy, And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, in-eff-a-ble joy.

3. You palaces, scepters, and crowns, Your pride with disdain I survey, Your pomps are but shadows and sounds. And pass in a moment a way.
4. The crown that my Savior bestows, Yon permanent sun shall outshine; My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows, My God, my Redeemer is mine.

WE ARE TOO FAR FROM THEE.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

H. 804

* 1. We are too far from thee, our Savior, Too far from thee. Before our eyes Dark mists arise, And vail the glories from the skies. We are too far from thee.
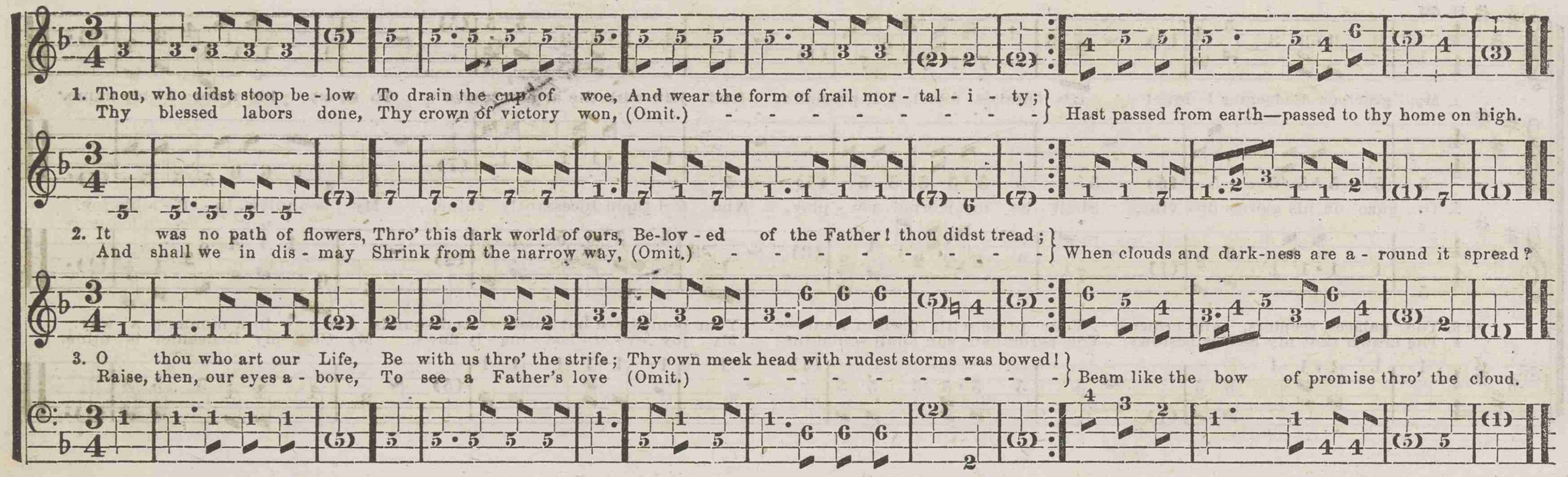
2. We are too far from thee, our Savior, Too far from thee. Fierce pains oppress, Dark cares distress, Made darker by our loneliness. We are too far from thee.

3. We are too far from thee, our Savior, Too far from thee. Dark waters roll A-bove the soul, Striving to reach the heavenly goal. We are too far from thee.
4. We are too far from thee, our Savior, Too far from thee. A-lone, a-fraid, Our path is laid In darkness; send thy heavenly aid. We are too far from thee.

* Alto and tenor may change parts excepting last strain.

H. 200.

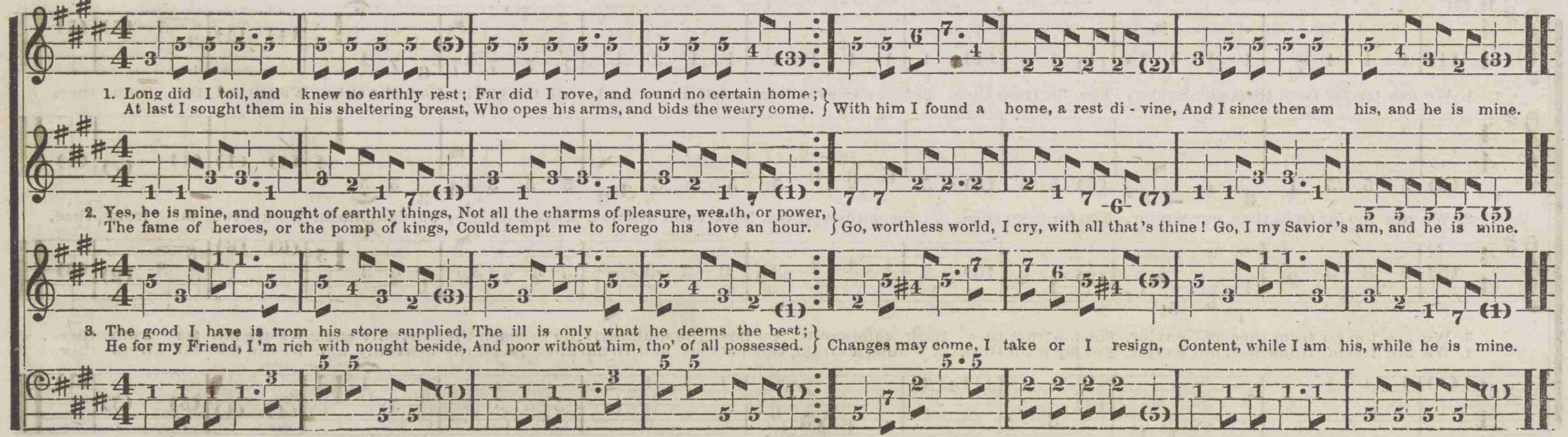
PANOLA. 6, 6, 10, 6, 6, 10.



H. 791.

SKELTON. 10s. 6 lines.

MOZART.



Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God! He, whose word can not be broken, Formed thee for his own abode.

Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zion, cit - y of our God! He, whose word can not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a-bode.

Glorious things, etc. He whose word, etc.

Glorious things, etc. He whose word, etc.

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With sal - va - tion's wall sur - rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's wall sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's wall sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

With salvation's wall, etc.

1. Shout the glad tidings! ex - ult-ing - ly sing! - - - Je - ru - salem triumphs! Mes - si - ah is King! Zi - on, the mar-vel-ous sto - ry be tell-ing, The

2. Shout the glad tidings! ex - ult-ing - ly sing! - - - Je - ru - salem triumphs! Mes - si - ah is King! Tell how he cometh from nation to nation; The

3. Shout the glad tidings! ex - ult-ing - ly sing! - - - Je - ru - salem triumphs! Mes - si - ah is King! Mortals, your homage be grate-ful-ly bringing, And

Son of the Highest, how low-ly his birth! The brightest of an - gels in glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up - on earth!

heart-cheering news let the earth echo round, How free to the sin - ner he of - fers sal - va - tion, How his people with joy ev-er - last - ing are crowned.

sweet let the gladsome ho - san-na a - rise; You an - gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be sing-ing, One cho-rus resound thro' the earth and the skies.

1. Shout the glad tidings! ex - ult-ing - ly sing! - - - Je - ru - salem triumphs! Mes - si - ah is King! Mes - si - ah is King! Mes - si - ah is King!

2. Shout the glad tidings! ex - ult-ing - ly sing! - - - Je - ru - salem triumphs! Mes - si - ah is King! Mes - si - ah is King! Mes - si - ah is King!

3. Shout the glad tidings! ex - ult-ing - ly sing! - - - Je - ru - salem triumphs! Mes - si - ah is King! Mes - si - ah is King! Mes - si - ah is King!

H. 824.

ROSECRANS. 7s, with Chorus.

1. 'T is my hap - pi - ness be - low Not to live with - out the cross, But the Sav - ior's power to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing ev' - ry loss.
Cho.—*We with Je - sus soon shall be Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty; By our Fa - ther's side sit down, They that con - quer shall wear the crown.*

2. Tri - als must and will be - fall; But for hum - ble faith to see Love in - scribed up - on them all, This is hap - pi - ness to me.

3. Tri - als make the prom-ise sweet; Tri - als give new life to prayer; Tri - als bring me to his feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.

H. 533, 1112

SHILOH. 8, 8, 7.

1. Lo! the seal of death is breaking, Those who slept its sleep are waking, Heaven opes its portals fair! Hark, the harps of God are ringing!

2. There no more at eve de - clining, Suns with-out a cloud are shining O'er the land of life and love; There the founts of life are flowing,

3. There no sigh of memory swelleth, There no tear of sor-row welleth, Hearts will bleed or break no more; Past is all the cold world's scorning,

Hark, the seraph's hymn is flinging Music on im - mortal air.

Flowers unknown to time are blowing, In that rad - iant scene a - bove.

Gone the night and broke the morning, O-ver all the golden shore.

H. 319.

EMO. 6s.

A. D.

1. Sinner, come 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing;
Trembling now, contrite bow, (Omit.) - - - Take the offered blessing.

2. Sinner, come while there's room, While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord by his word, (Omit.) - - - Kindly is in - viting.

1. Here I sink be - fore thee lowly, Filled with glad-ness deep and holy, As with trembling awe and wonder, On thy might - y work I ponder.
On this ban - quet's mys-te - ry, On the depths we can not see; Far beyond all mor - tal sight Lie the se - crets of thy might.

3. Je - sus, Bread of Life from heaven, Nev-er be thou vain-ly given, Nor I to my hurt in - vi - ted; Be thy love with love re - quited.
Let me learn its depths in - deed, While on thee my soul doth feed; Let me here, so rich - ly blest, Be here - af - ter, too, thy guest.

H. 276, 1125. PARSONS. L. M., with Chorus. NAGELI.

1. Haste, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shining hour is gone; The storm is gath'ring in the west, And thou art far from home and rest;
Haste, trav'ler, haste!

2. A - wake, awake! pur - sue thy way With steady course, while yet 't is day; While thou art sleeping on the ground, Danger and darkness gather round.

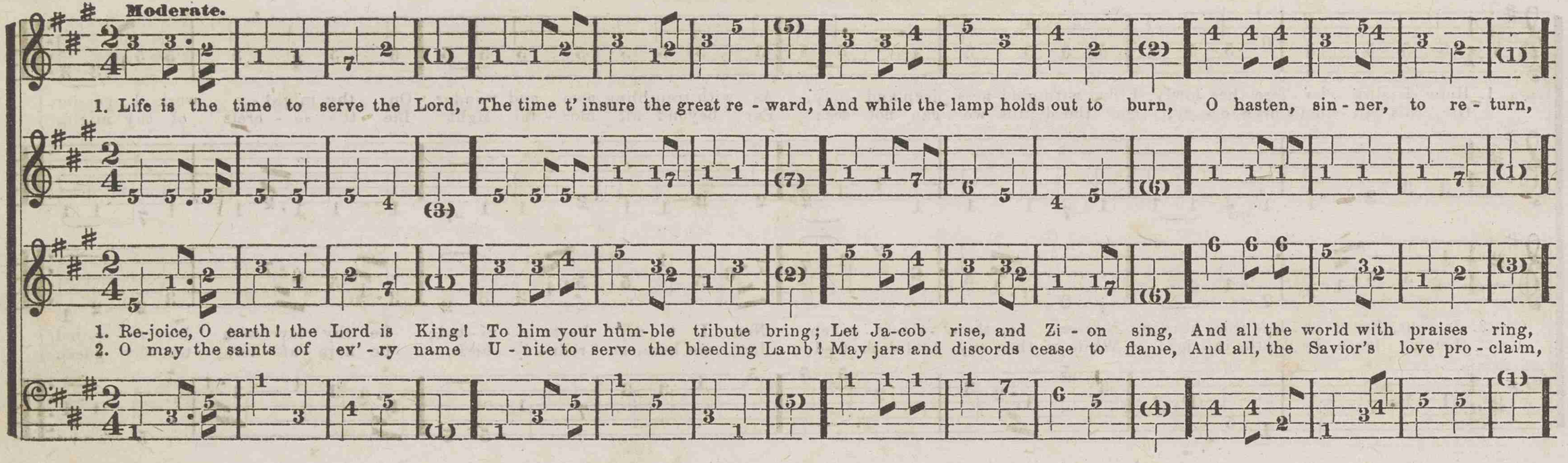
1. There is a re - gion lovelier far Than sa-ges tell, or po - ets sing—Brighter than summer's beauties are, And softer than the tints of spring.

CHORUS.—I 'm go - ing home, I 'm going home, I'm go-ing home to die no more; I 'm go - ing home, I 'm going home, I 'm going home to die no more.

H. 640, 284.

CHESTNUT STREET. L. M. or L. M. & 7.

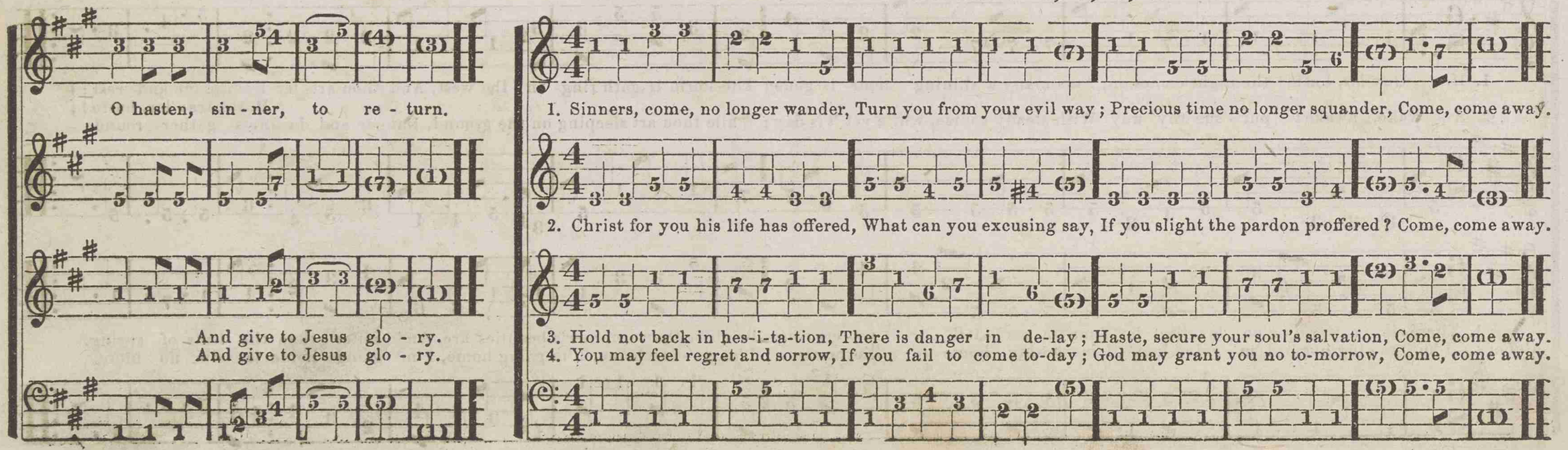
M. C. RAMSEY.



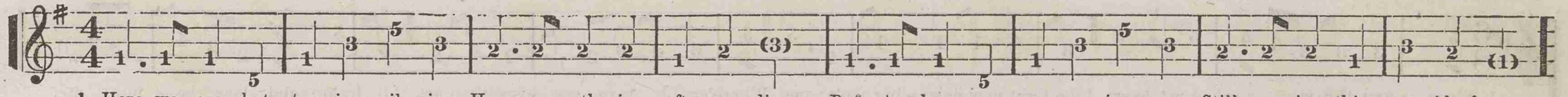
H. 335.

ADAN. 8, 7, 8, 4.

A. D. F.



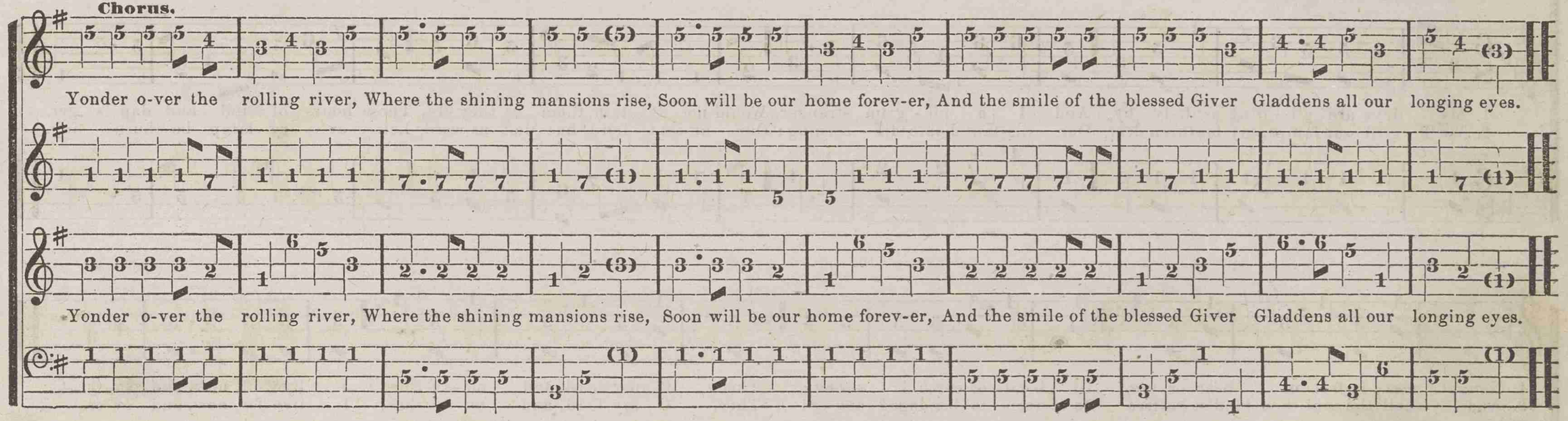
 Words by I. N. CARMAN. ***HERE AND YONDER. 8s & 7s.*** W. O. PERKINS. By permission.



1. Here we are but stray-ing pil-grims, Here our path is oft - en dim; But to cheer us on our jour-ney, Still we sing this way-side hymn:
2. Here our feet are oft - en wea - ry, On the hills that throng our way; Here the tem - pest dark - ly gath-ers, But our hearts with - in us say,
3. Here our souls are oft - en fear - ful Of the pil-grim's lurk - ing foe; But the Lord is our de - fend-er, And he tells us we may know—
4. Here our shadowed homes are transient, And we meet the stranger's frown; So we'll sing with joy while go - ing, E'en to death's dark bil - low down,

1. Shout the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young; Till the pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion, Wak-en ev' - ry heart and tongue.

Chorus.
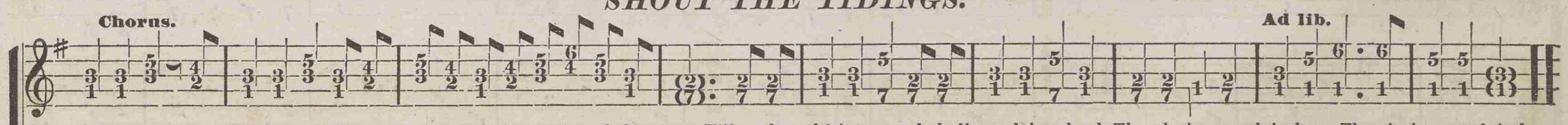


Yonder o-ver the rolling river, Where the shining mansions rise, Soon will be our home forev-er, And the smile of the blessed Giver Gladdens all our longing eyes.

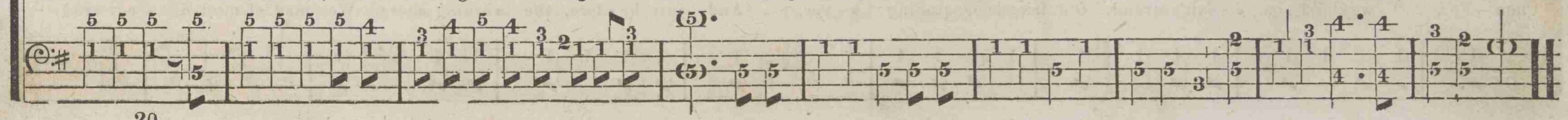
Yonder o-ver the rolling river, Where the shining mansions rise, Soon will be our home forev-er, And the smile of the blessed Giver Gladdens all our longing eyes.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

Chorus. **Ad lib.**



Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the setting of the sun, Till each gath'ring crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done, The glorious work is done.



STEWART. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Since first thy word awaked my heart Like light new dawn - ing o'er me, Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art All light and love be - fore me.
2. Like him whose fet - ters dropped away When light shone o'er his pris-on, My soul now touched by mercy's ray, Hath from its chain a - ris - en.

1. My days are gli - ding swift-ly by, And I a pil - grim stranger, Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
2. We 'll gird our lamps, my brethren dear, Our dis-tant home dis - cerning; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev' - ry lamp be burn - ing.

1. Naught else I feel or bear or see, All bonds of earth I sev-er; Thee, O my Lord, and on - ly thee, I live for, now, and ev-er.
2. And shall the soul thou bidd'st be free Re - turn to bondage? nev-er! Thee, O my Lord, and on - ly thee, I live for, now, and ev-er.

CHOR.—For, O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just be - fore, the shining shore, We may al-most dis - cov-er.

1. I hear thee speak of the better land, Thou callest its children a happy band; Mother, O where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it and
2. Is it where the feathery palm trees rise, And the date grows ripe under sunny skies? Or midst the green islands of glittering seas, Where fragrant forests per-
3. Is it far a-way in some region old, Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold, And the burning rays of the rubies shine, And the diamond lights up the
4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy; Ear hath not heard its song of joy! Dreams can not picture a world so fair; Sorrow and death may not

weep no more? Is it where the flower of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs? Not there, not there, not there, not there, not there, not there.
fume the breeze, And strange bright birds on their starry wings, Bear the rich hues of all glorious things? Not there, etc.
secret mine, And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand? Is it there, sweet mother, that better land? Not there, etc.
enter there; Time may not breathe on it fadeless bloom. Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb, 'Tis there, 'tis there, 'tis there, 'tis there, 'tis there, 'tis there.

H. 285.

BEREA. L. M., with Chorus.

1. Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast; O do no longer stay away! Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus' guest; O do no lon-ger stay a - way!

CHORUS.—O do no lon-ger stay a - way, For now your Savior calls, And the Gospel sounds the ju - bi - lee, O do no lon-ger stay a - way!

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

(For other words, see next page.)

1. Far a - way, in the land of the pure and bright, Is the cit - y of God, with its gold - en light! O, there is our home, and we ever shall stand, Mid the

2. That beau-ti - ful land we are near-ing now, Where a crown of bright glory encircles each brow, Where the tree of life grows on that beautiful shore, Where

D. S. O, I long to be there, and forev - er to stand 'Mid the

End. CHORUS.

shin-ing ones of the bet - ter land. O, beauti-ful, beautiful home! beauti-ful home! Where beauti - ful saints sur - round the throne.

D. S.

flowers shall freshen to fade no more. O, beauti-ful, beautiful home! O beauti-ful home! Where beauti - ful saints sur - round the throne.
shin-ing ones of the bet - ter land.

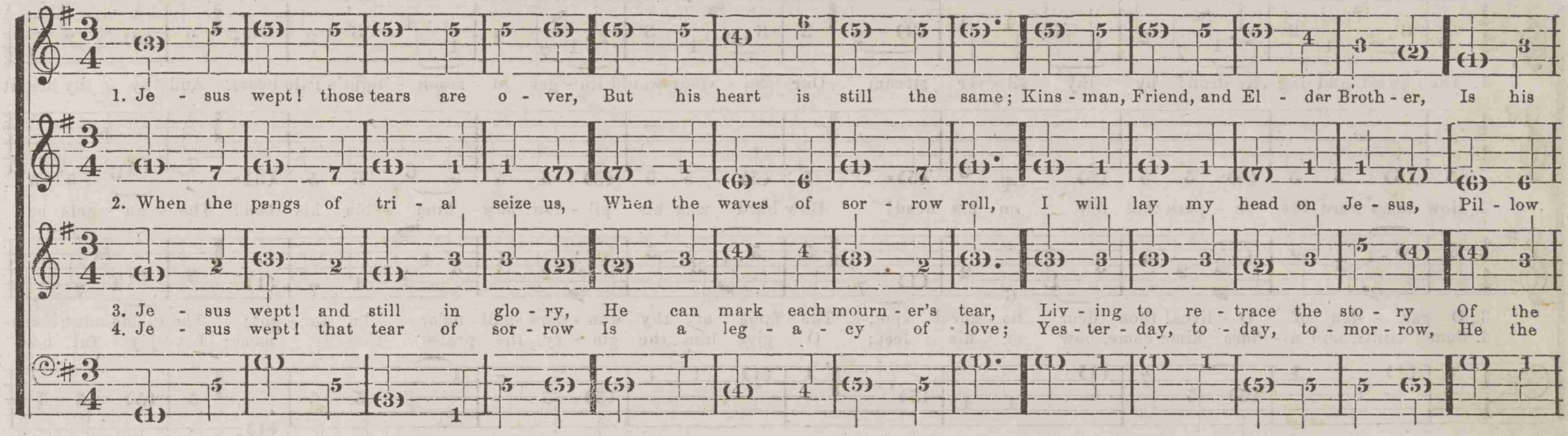
D. S.

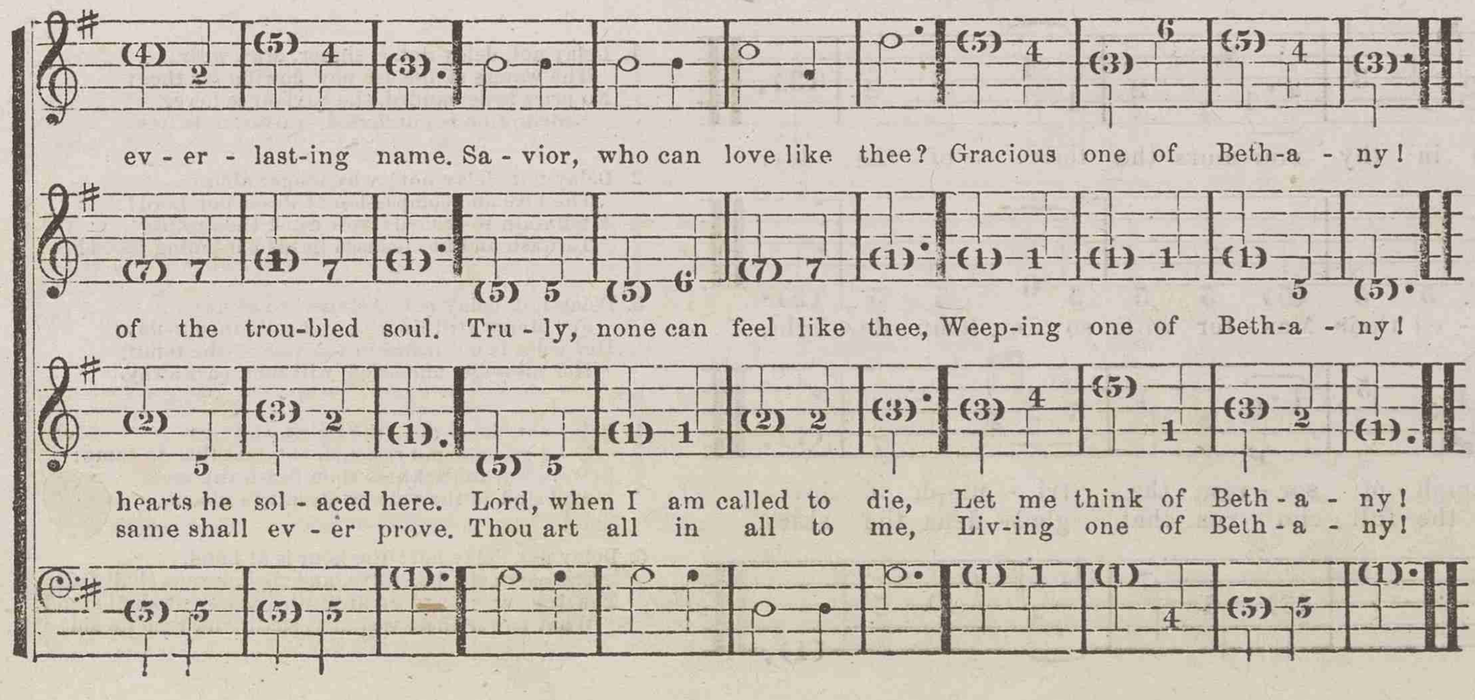
H. 260.

GOODLOE. 8s & 5s.

A. D. F.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er! Who or what from him can sev - er Those he makes his own.
3. Through the desert Jes - us leads them, With the bread of heaven he feeds them, And through all their way he speeds them, To their home a - bove.





BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

3 With palms and bright crowns and our robes of light,
We shall roam the fair fields with eternal delight,
And join in the songs of the purified band,
'Mid the shining ones of the better land.
O, beautiful home, etc.

4 O, how cheering the thought, that when life here is o'er,
We may meet one another on yonder bright shore,
Where sin and temptation we never shall know,
Where the river of life shall eternally flow.
O, beautiful home, etc.

5 Then come, brother pilgrims, let love freely flow,
As on to our beautiful home we shall go,
For Jesus has said we must go hand in hand,
If ever we enter that beautiful land.
O, beautiful home, etc.

6 O, my soul is now weary of toiling below;
To the home of the shining-robed saints would I go,
With Jesus, my Savior, forever to stand,
'Mid the shining throng of the better land.
O, beautiful home, etc.

HINTON. 11s. or C. M.*

1. Thou sweet-glid-ing Ke-dron! by thy sil - ver stream Our Sa - viour would lin - ger in moon - light's pale beam. And by thy bright
2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil - low, how hum - ble his bed! The an - gels be-
3. O gar - den of O - lives! thou dear ho - nor'd spot, The fame of thy won - ders shall ne'er be for - got; The theme most trans-
4. Come, saints, and a - dore him: come, bow at his feet; O give him the glo - ry, the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho-

wa - ters till mid - night would stay, And lose in thy mur-murs the toils of the day.
hold - ing, a - mazed at the sight, At - tend - ed their Mas - ter with so - lemn de - light.
port - ing to ser - aphs a - bove,— The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love!
san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies.

* C. M. There is a land of pure delight, etc. (leaving off the ties).

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased—salvation is free.

2. Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come;
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware lest in darkness thou finish thy race
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

5. Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

TENNESSEE. 11s & 5.

Arr. from MOZART.

End. D. C.

1. O, where can the soul find re - lief from its foes? A shelter of safety, a home of re-pose? { Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
D. C. No, no, there 's no home! no, no, there 's no home! There 's no home on earth, the soul has no home! { Give a refuge, nor sorrow, nor sin can assail? }

2. Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky, And seek for a home in the mansions on high? { In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
D. C. Yes, yes, there 's a home! yes, yes, there 's a home! A home in high heaven—the soul has a home. { And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven? }

End. D. C.

3. O, ho - ly and sweet its rest shall be there! Free forever from sin and from sorrow and care; { And the loud halle-lu-jahs of angels shall rise,
D. C. Home, home of the soul! home, home of the soul! The bosom of God is the home of the soul! { To welcome the soul to its home in the skies! }

H. 895.

VIRGINIA. 10s & 11s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest; Onward and upward still be thine endeavor; The rest that remaineth en-dur-eth for - ev-er.

2. Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee; He who hath promised it, faltereth never; O, trust in the love that en - dureth for - ev-er.

3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth; Raise the heart, Christian, ere it re - poseth; Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever; Mount, when the work is done—praise God forever.

MT. BLANC. 7s & 6s.

H. 1141

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ, our Lord, is gone; We shall meet a-round his throne, When he makes his peo - ple one

2. We can see that dis - tant home, Though clouds rise dark be - tween; Faith views the radient dome, And a lust - er flashes keen
3. O, glo - ry shin-ing far From the nev - er - set - ting sun! O, trembling morning star! Our journey 's al-most done

4. O ho - ly! heavenly home! O, rest e - tern - al there! When shall the ex - iles come, Where they cease from earthly care,
5. Our hearts are break-ing now Those man - sions fair to see. O Lord! thy heav-ens bow, And raise us up with thee

PEREZ. 8s & 7s.

1254

1. In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

2. From the new Je - - ru - - sa - lem.

To the new, To the new Je - - ru - - sa - lem.
To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him! Praise him angels in the hight;

2. Praise the Lord—for he hath spok-en. Worlds his mighty voice o-beyed;

3. Praise the Lord—for he is glorious; Nev - er shall his prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal-va - tion, Hosts on high his power proclaim;

H. 976

1. Every day hath toil and trouble, Every heart hath care;
Meekly bear thine own full measure, ... And thy brother's share. Fear not, shrink not, though the burden Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness. . . . . And thy heart with love.

2. Patient-ly en-dur-ing, ev-er Let thy spir - it be
Bound, by links that can not sever. . . . . To hu - man - i - ty. Labor, wait! thy master labored Till his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments— . . . . . Life hath but be - gun.

3. Labor! wait! though midnight shadows Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee low'ring . . . . . Fill thy heart with fear— Wait in hope! the morning dawneth When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee . . . . . When thy work is done.

PEREZ. Concluded.

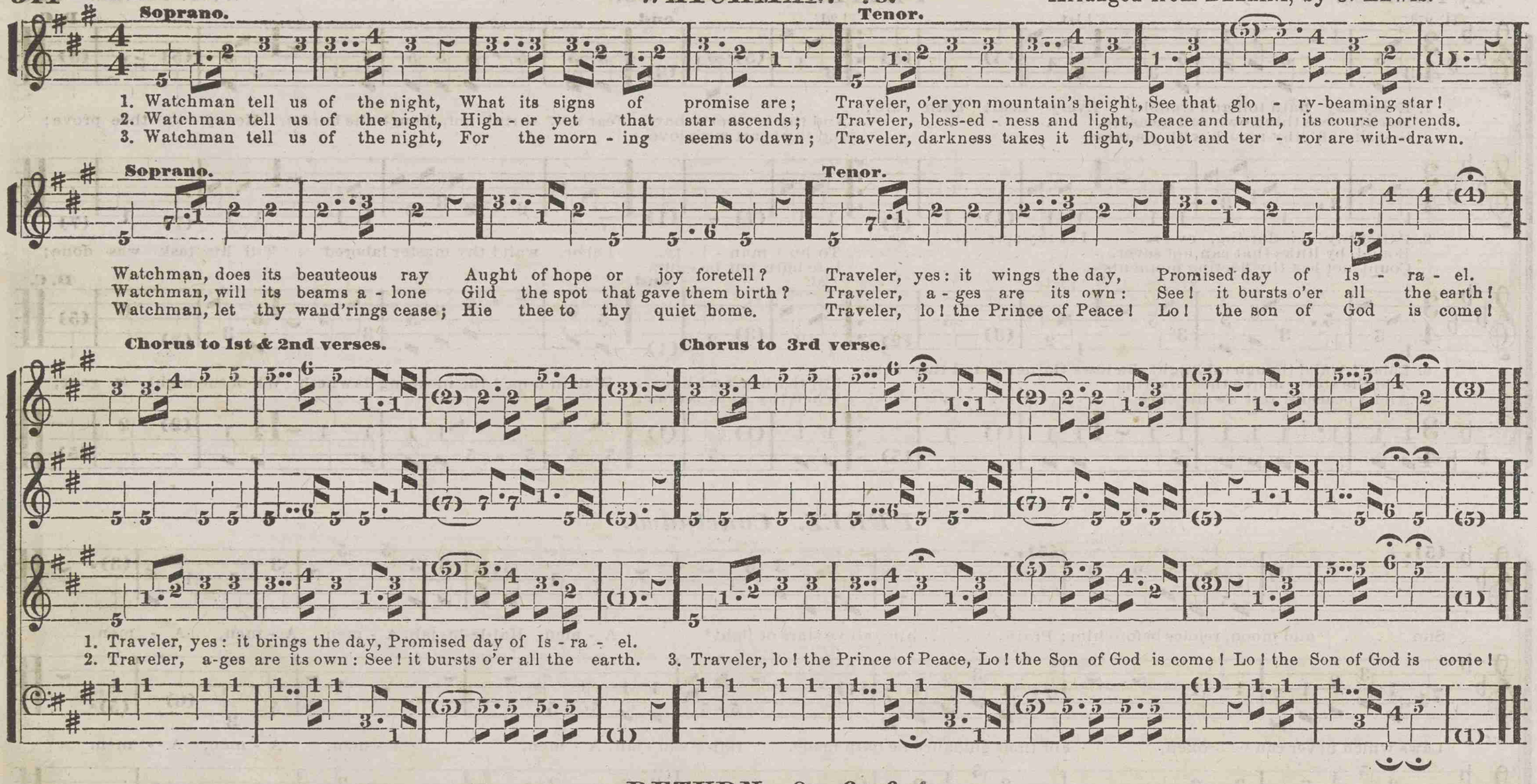
Sun . . and moon, rejoice before him; Praise . . him, all ye stars of light! A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Laws which never can be broken, For their guidance he hath made. Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

God hath made his saints victorious, Sin and death shall not prevail. Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, A - men, A - - men.
Heaven . . and earth, and all creation, Laud . . and magnify his name! A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

WATCHMAN. 7s.

Arranged from BELLINI, by C. LEWIS.



H. 296.

RETURN. 8s, 6s & 4.

1. The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches toss'd : And the heavy night hung dark

2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true-hearted came, Not with the roll of stirring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame ; Not as the flying come,

1. My Shepherd's mighty aid, His dear redeeming love, His all-protecting power displayed, I joy - - - to prove. Led onward by my Guide,

The hills and waters o'er, When a band of exiles moored their bark On a wild New England shore.

In si-lence and in fear— They shook the depths of the desert's gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.

I tread the beauteous scene, Where tranquil waters gently glide Through pas - tures green.

3. Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
And the ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

4. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
Thy sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

H. 134. Words by W. T. MOORE. **CHORUS OF THE ANGELS. 8s & 7s.** A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Hark! what joyful notes are swell - ing On the qui - et midnight air; 'T is the voice of angels tell - ing Je - sus comes our sins to bear.

2. See all darkness dis - ap - pear - ing, As the star be-gins to rise; Sin and death stand trembling, fearing, As the light falls on their eyes.

3. Rise and shine, Star of sal - va - tion! Spread thy beams o'er all the earth, Till each distant land and na - tion Owns and speaks thy matchless worth.
4. When our days on earth are end - ed, And we rise to worlds a - bove, Then our songs shall all be blend-ed In one song of pard'ning love.

Now the music, in its glad - ness, Breaks and swells and glides a - long; Now earth, waking from her sad - ness, Joins the cho - rus of the song.

Now, again, the earth re - joic - es, Satan's power - ful kingdom shakes, As from all the heavenly voi - ces, Louder still, the chorus breaks!

Till all tongues, thy praises sing - ing, Shall thy might - y wonders tell, Till all heaven with joy is ring - ing, As our hearts the chorus swell:—
Then we 'll tell the wondrous sto - ry, And our bless - ed Lord a - dore! In our home of bliss and glo - ry, We shall sing for ev - er - more,—

CHORUS OF THE ANGELS. Concluded.

Chorus.

Glory in the highest heaven! Peace on earth, good will to man!

Let all praise to God be given, For Redemption's glorious plan!

Ad lib.

Peace on earth, good will to man, Let all praise to God be given, For Redemption's glo- [rious plan!

Glo-ry in the highest heaven!

Glory in the high - est heaven! Peace on earth, good will to man!

Let all praise to God be given! For Redemption's glo - rious plan!

Peace on earth, good will to man! Let all praise to God be given, For Redemption's [glorious plan!

Chorus for 4th Verse.—Glory in the highest heaven! Sound aloud the joyful strain! Glory to the Lamb be given, Who for sinners once was slain.

H. 1283.

MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

E. A. Perkins.

1. E - ter - nal Lord, whose power Can calm the heav-ing o - cean, Ex - alt - ed thou, yet gracious bow, Ac - cept our warm de - vo-tion.

2. For thee our all we leave, Nor drop a tear of sad - ness; As on we glide, Be thou our guide, And fill our hearts with gladness.

3. We go 'mid pa - gan gloom To spread the truth vic - to - rious; Thy bless-ing send, Thy word at - tend, And make its triumph glorious.

4. And when our toils are done, Smoothe thou the dy - ing pil - low; O bring us blest To end - less rest, Safe o'er death's troubled bil-low.

CHARITY THINKETH NO EVIL.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. O, be not the first to dis - cov - er A flaw in the fame of a friend; A fault in the faith of a broth-er, Whose heart may be true to the end;

2. How of - ten the sigh of de - jec - tion Is heard from the hypocrite's breast, To par - o - dy, truth and af-fec - tion, Or lull a sus - pi - cion to rest;
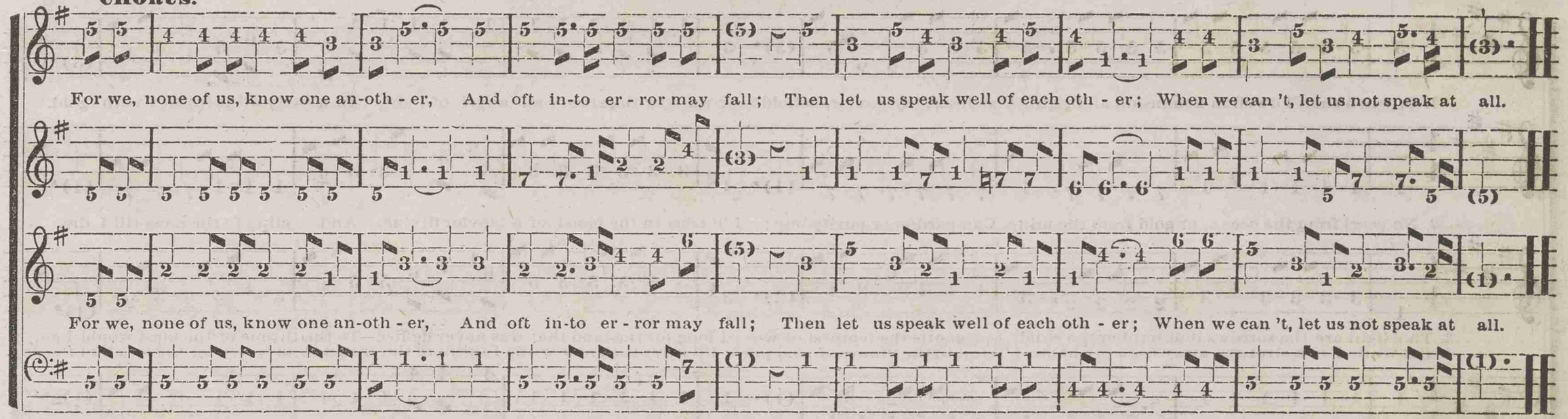
3. Leave base minds to harbor sus-pi - cion, And low ones to trace out de - fects; Be ours a no - bler am - bi - tion, For base is the mind that sus-pects.

A hint or a nod may a-wak - en Sus - pi - cion most false and undue; And thus our belief may be shak - en In those who are hon-est and true.

And of - ten the light smile of gladness Is worn by the friends that we meet, To cov - er a soul full of sad - ness, To proud to acknowledge de - feat.

For of - ten the friends we hold dearest, Their no - blest emotions con - ceal; For bo - soms the purest, sin - cer - est, Have thoughts they can never re - veal.

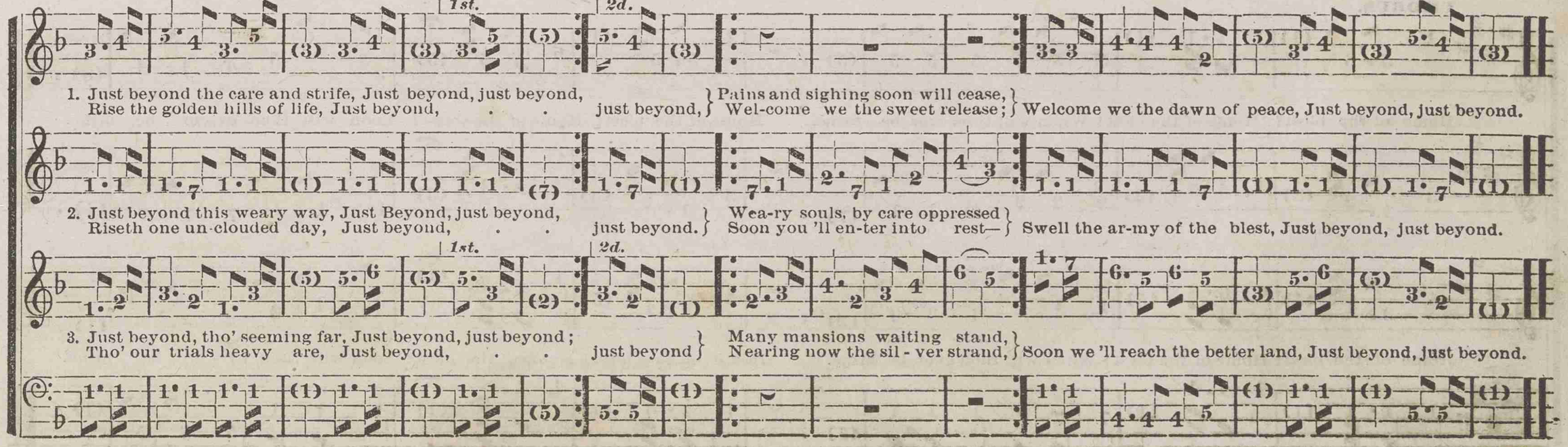
CHORUS.



Words by Mrs. M. J. Bittle.

JUST BEYOND.

From Sparkling Jewels for S. Schools, by Knowles Shaw.



HOME OF THE BLEST.

A. S. Hayden, in Christian Monitor.

1. O, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus, my Savior, behold? Or walk by the side of an angel of light, In a city all garnished with gold.

2. No pearl from the ocean, or gold from the mine, Can pardon or purity buy; I 'll trust in the blood of a Savior divine, And cling to the cross till I die.

3. Tho' light are the sorrows that burden the child, And gentle the tempest of woe; I long for the land that was never defiled—To the throne of the blest would I go.

4. But while I 'm a stranger, away from my home, I 'll toil in the vineyard, and pray; I'll carry the cross, while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.

CHORUS.

Home of the blest! Home of the blest! When wilt thou ever be mine. Home of the blest! Home of the blest! Soon wilt thou ev - er be mine.

Home of the blest! Home of the blest! When wilt thou ever be mine. Home of the blest! Home of the blest! Soon wilt thou ev - er be mine.

1. O, think of a home over there, By the side of the river of light, over there, Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.

2. O, think of the friends over there, Who, before us, the journey have trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home, in the palace of God, over there.
3. My Savior is now over there, My kindred and friends are at rest, Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4. I 'll soon be at home, over there, For the end of my journey I see; Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.
5. We 'll all meet again, over there When the trials of life all are o'er, over there, With the ransomed eternally share The bliss on that beautiful shore, over there.

REFRAIN.

1. Over there, over there, O, think of a home over there, Over there, over there, over there, O, think of a home over there.
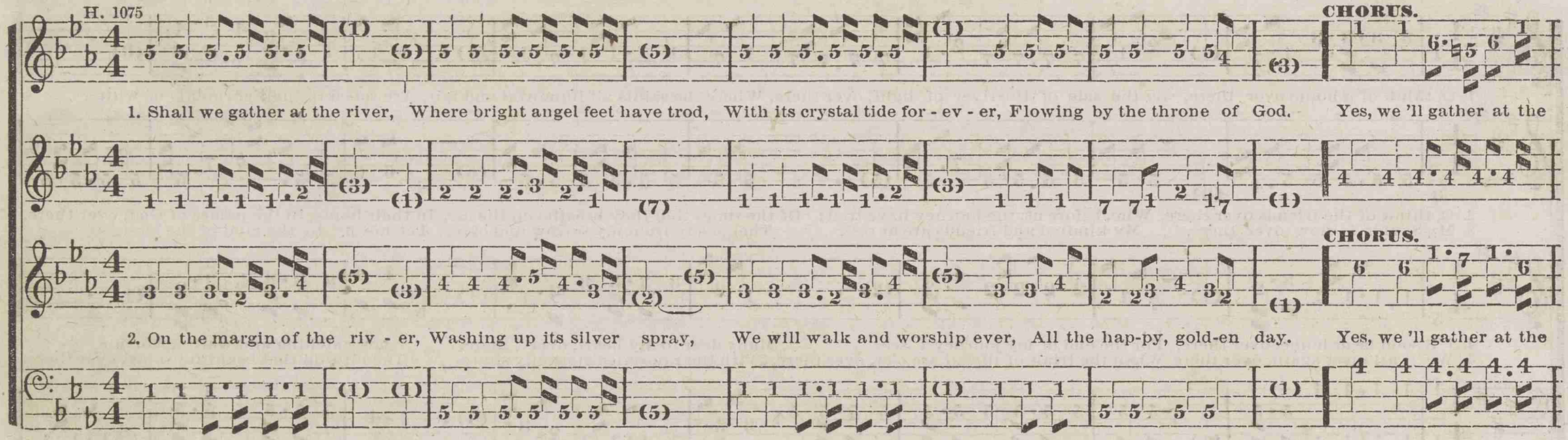
2. Over there, over there, O, think of the friends over there, over there; Over there. over there, O, think of the friends over there.
3. Over there, My Savior is now over there, etc.

4. Over there, over there, I 'll soon be at home, over there, Over there, over there, over there, I 'll soon be at home, over there.
5. Over there, over there, We 'll all meet again over there, over there, Over there, over there, We 'll all meet again over there.

 By Permission.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Rev. Robt. Lowry.

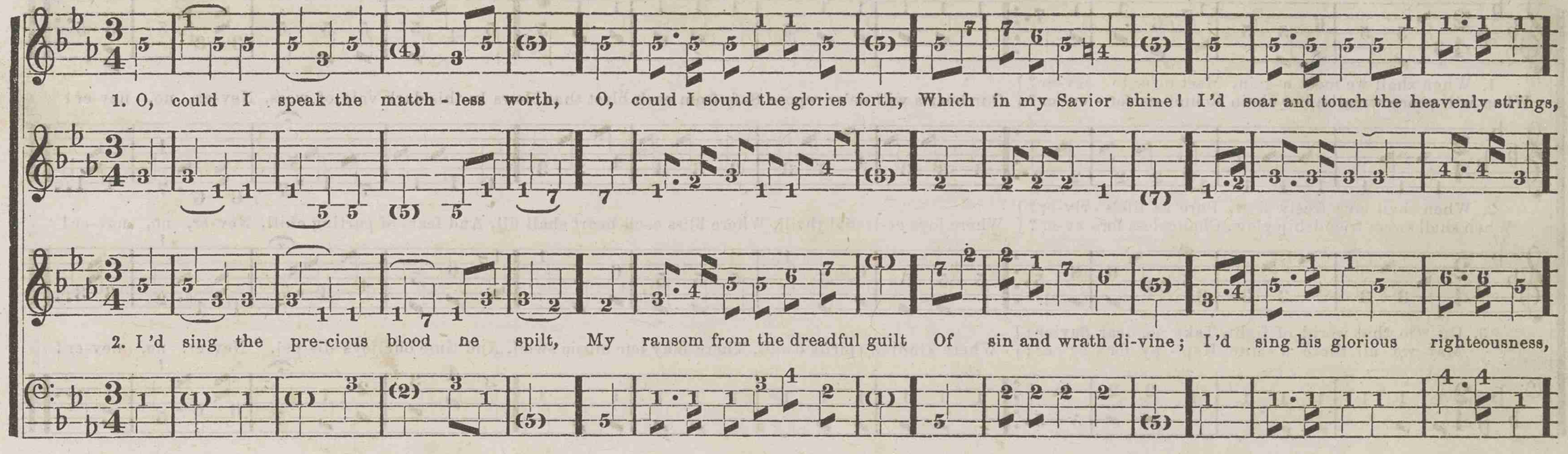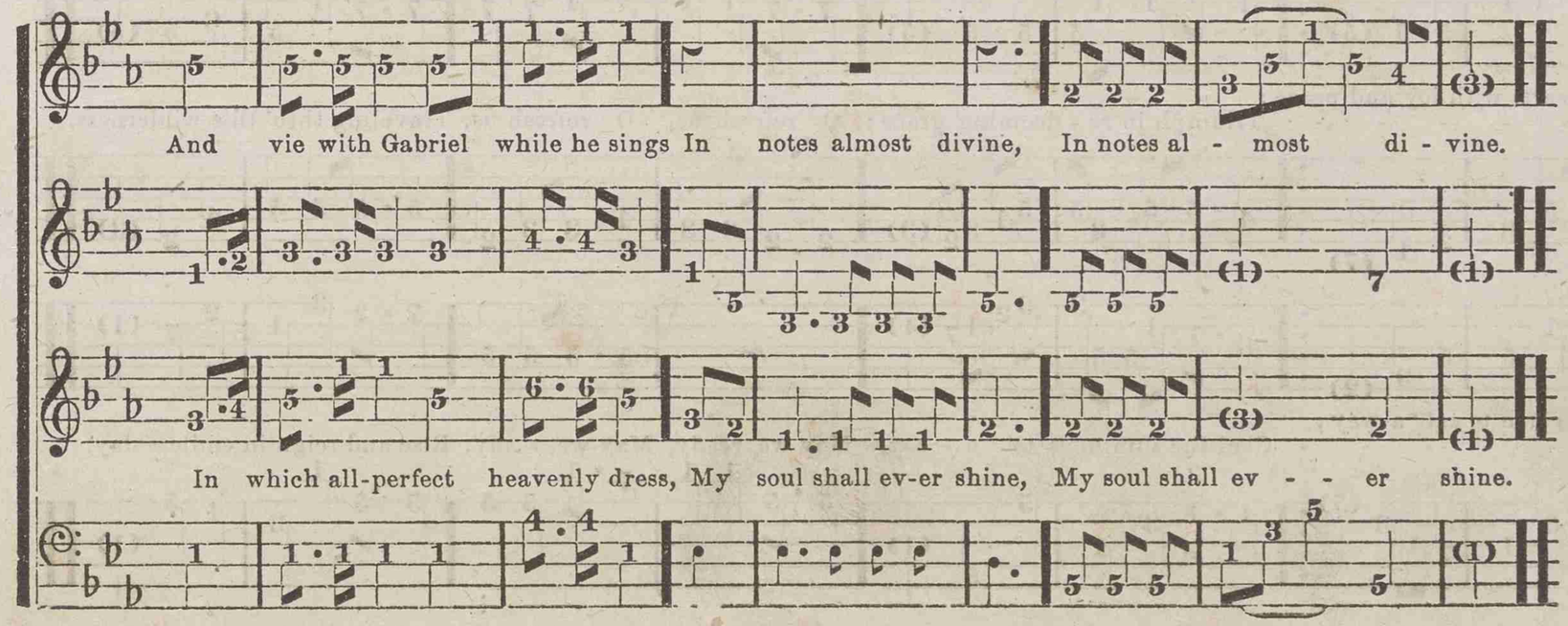


3. On the bosom of the river,
Where the Savior-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

4. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

5. At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.

6. Soon we 'll reach the shining river
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we 'll gather, etc.





3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest song of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4. Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

H 504.

MEET AGAIN. 6s & 5s.

Dim. Ad lib.

1. When shall we meet a-gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er?
When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev-er? } Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!

2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's riv-er?
When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for - ev-er? } Where joys ce-lestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev-er, no, nev-er!

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er; } Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis-pel, Nev-er, no, nev-er!

H. 754.

DISMISSION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

S. B. Pond.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing, (Omit.) - - - - - - Triumph in re - deeming grace; O refresh us, O refresh us, Traveling thro' this wilderness.

3. So, whene'er the signal's given Us from earth to call a-way;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven (Omit.) - - - - - - Glad the summons to o - bey, May we, ready, May we, ready, Rise and reign in endless day.

Slowly.

1. There is a bet - ter world they say, O, so bright, O, so bright.
Where sin and woe are done a - - way, O, so bright, O, so bright.
And harps of gold and man - sions fair, O, so bright, O, so bright.
There music fills the balmy air, And angels with bright wings are there;

2. No clouds e'er pass a - long its sky, Hap - py land, hap - - py land.
No tear - drop glistens in the eye. Hap - py land, hap - - py land.
Where brightness fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land, hap - - py land.
They drink the gushing streams of grace, And gaze upon the Savior's face,
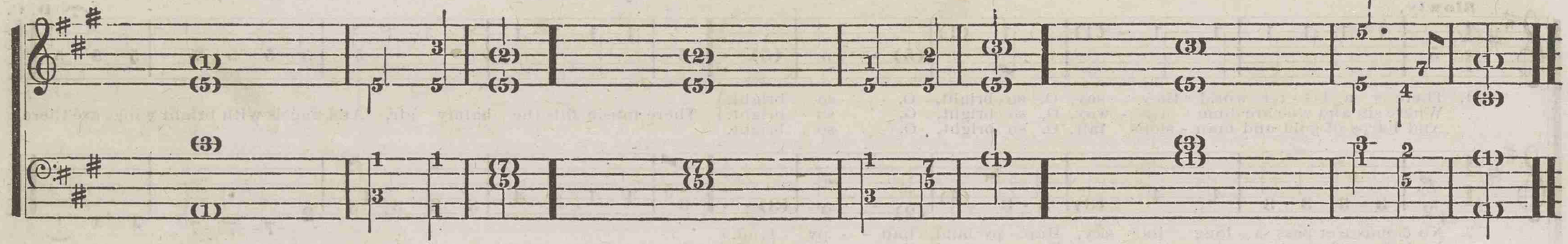
3. Then, parents, brothers sis - ters, come, Come a - way, come a - way.
We long to reach our Fath-er's home, Come a - way, come a - way.
Our time will surely come at last; Come a - way, come a - way.
O, come, the time is fleeting past, And men and things are fading fast.

EVENING.

Jas. H. Fillmore.

1st time. | 2d time.

God that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given, (*Omit.*) . . . For rest, the night.
May thine angel guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy mercy send us;
Ho-ly dreams and hopes attend us (*Omit.*) . . This live-long night.



HYMN 1080. 7s & 4.

1. When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this | mortal | clay, ‖
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
Light me thro' the | gloomy | way; ‖
Break the shadows, usher in e- | ternal | day.

2. Upward from this dying state,
Bid my waiting | soul as- | pire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise at- | tune my | lyre;
Then, triumphant, I will join th' im- | mortal | choir.

HYMN 1092. 7s & 6s.

1. No, no, it is not dying to go un- | to our | God, ‖
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey | homeward | taking, ‖
Along the | starry | road.

2. No, no, it is not dying heaven's citi- | zen to | be,
A crown immortal wearing,
A rest un- | broken | sharing,
From care and | conflict | free.

3 No, no, it is not dying the Shepherd's | voice to | know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful | flock he | feedeth,
Where living | pastures | flow.

4. No, no, it is not dying to wear a | heavenly | crown,
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious | triumph | swelling,
Of Him whose | sway we | own.

HYMN 1148. 9s.

1. No shadows yonder—all | light and | song!
Each day I wonder and | say, "How | long
Shall time me sunder from | that dear | throng?"

2. No weeping yonder—all | fled a- | way!
While here I wander each | weary | day,
And sighing I ponder my | long, long | stay.

3. No parting yonder— | time and space | never
Again shall sunder—hearts | can not | sever—
Dearer and fonder hands | clasped for- | ever.

4. None wanting yonder—bought | by the | Lamb,
All gathered under the | evergreen | palm,
Loud as night's thunder sounds the | holy | psalm.

HYMN 1154. 6s & 10.

1. I am a stranger here;
No home, no | rest I | see;
Not all earth's courts most dear
Can win a | sigh from | me. ‖ I'm | going | home.

2. Jesus, thy home is mine,
And I thy | Father's | child;
With hopes and joys divine,
The world's a | dreary | wild. ‖ I'm | going | home.

3. Home, O how soft and sweet
It thrills up- | on the heart!
Home, where the brethren meet,
And never | never | part. ‖ I'm | going | home.

4. Home, where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase | of his | love;
Home, where the Father waits
To welcome | saints a- | bove. ‖ I'm | going | home.

HYMN 1188. 7s & 10.

1. Jesus, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of | love di- | vine, ‖
With the early morning rays
Do thou on our | darkness | shine, ‖
And dispel with purest light | all our | night.

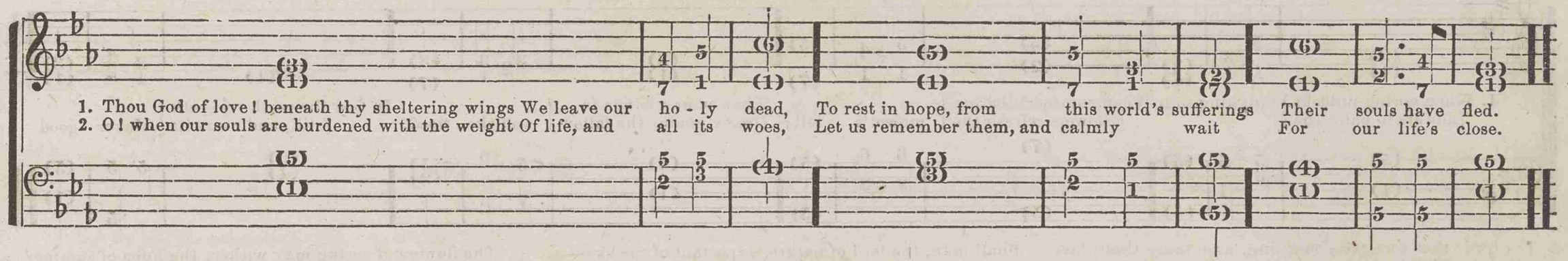
2. Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love with | tender | glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us | forth to | go,
Gladly serve thee and obey, | all the | day.

3. Thou our only Life and Guide,
Never leave us, | nor for- | sake;
In thy light may we abide
Till th' eternal | morning | break,
Moving on to Zion's hill, | homeward | still.

HYMN 1157. 8s.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city | that I | love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple— | God its | light!
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly | gates to | me.

2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels | clothed in | white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through | all the | choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the | Savior's | feet.



HYMN 797. 10s.

1. Star of morn and even, Sun of | Heaven's | heaven, ‖
Savior high and dear, Toward us | turn thine | ear; ‖
Through whate'er may come, thou canst | lead us | home.

2. Star of morn and even, shine on | us from | heaven;
From thy glory-throne hear thy | very | own!
Lord and Savior, come, lead us | to our | home.

HYMN 804. P. M.

1. We are too far from thee, our Savior,
Too | far from | thee. ‖
Before our eyes, dark mists arise,
And veil the glories | from the | skies; ‖
We are too | far from | thee.

2. We are too far from thee, our Savior,
Too | far from | thee.
Fierce pains oppress, dark cares distress,
Made darker by our | loneli- | ness;
We are too | far from | thee.

3. We are too far from thee, our Savior,
Too | far from | thee.
Dark waters roll above the soul;
Striving to reach the | heavenly | goal,
We are too | far from | thee.

4. Draw us more close to thee, our Savior,
More | close to | thee.
Let come what will of good or ill,
'T is one to us, well | knowing | still
Thou drawest | us to | thee.

HYMN 1089. 8s & 4.

1. Alas! how poor and | little | worth ‖
Are all the glittering | toys of | earth ‖
That | lure us | here. ‖
Dreams of a sleep that | death must | break; ‖
Alas! before it | bids us | wake, ‖
They | dis-ap- | pear.

2. Where is the strength that | spurned de- | cay,
The step that rolled so | light and | gay,
The | heart's blithe | tone?
The strength is gone, the | step is | slow,
And joy grows weari- | ness and | woe,
When | age comes | on.

HYMN 1168. P. M.

1. Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal | sorrow | stand: ‖
What realms lie forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys | hushed in | sleep, ‖
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of |
Ever- | more.

2. Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our | sensual | dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild wind's roar:
Yet does the turbulent surge,
Howl on its | very | verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the |
Ever- | more.

HYMN 1209. 10s & 4s.

1. Father supreme! thou high and holy One!
To | thee we | bow; ‖
Now, when the burden of the | day is | gone, ‖
De- | voutly | now.

2. From age to age unchanging, still the same
All | good thou | art;
Hallowed forever be thy | reverend | name,
In | every | heart.

3. When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy | smile was | there;
Now, as the darkness gathers | over | head,
We | feel thy | care.

6. Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With | eye of | love;
And thou wilt wake us when the | sunbeams | leap
The | hills a- | bove.

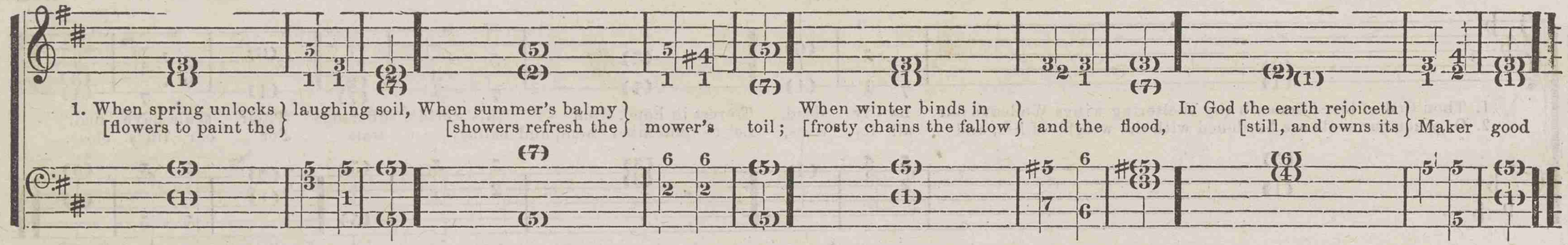
7. O, may each heart its gratitude express
As | life ex- | pands,
And find the triumph of its | happi- | ness
In | thy com- | mands.

HYMN 1238. 13s & 14s.

1. When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the | laughing soil, ‖
When summer's | balmy | showers ‖ refresh the | mower's toil; ‖
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow | and the flood,
In God the earth re- | joiceth | still, ‖ and owns his | Maker | good.

CHANT XVI.

E. A. PERKINS.



1. When spring unlocks { laughing soil, When summer's balmy } When winter binds in { In God the earth rejoiceth }
[flowers to paint the } [showers refresh the } mower's toil; [frosty chains the fallow } and the flood, [still, and owns its } Maker good

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that | love
the | shade; [glade;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the | drowsy
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth | on his |
way, [dis- | play.
The moon and stars their maker's name in silent | pomp

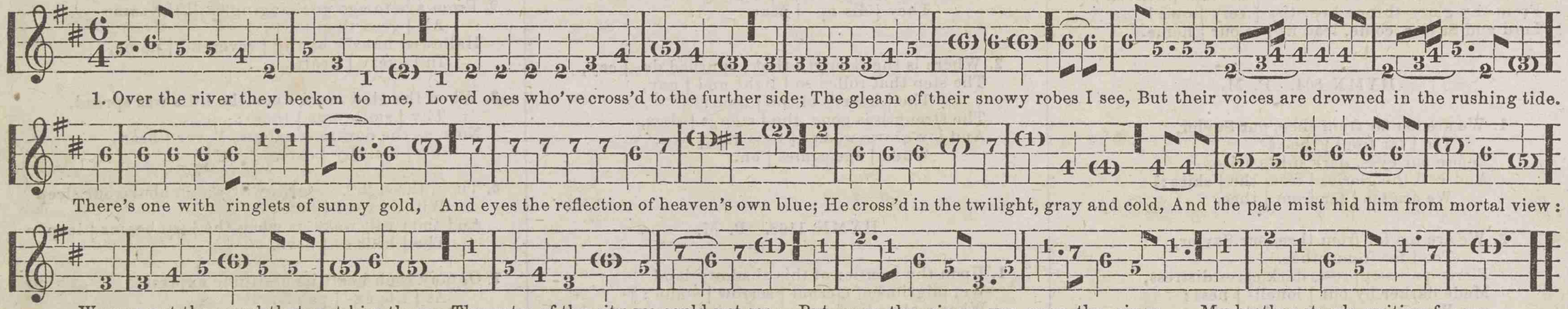
Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny!
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator! honor
thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer
fade; [shade;
The autumn droop in winter, the bird forsake the
The winds be lulled—the sun and moon forget their
old decree; [thee!
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to

OVER THE RIVER.

Words by NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

A. D. FILLMORE.



1. Over the river they beckon to me, Loved ones who've cross'd to the further side; The gleam of their snowy robes I see, But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold, And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue; He cross'd in the twilight, gray and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mortal view:

We saw not the angel that met him there; The gates of the city we could not see; But over the river, yes, over the river, My brother stands waiting for me.

2. Over the river the boatman so pale,
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see, yes, I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver strand,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the redeemed and angels shall be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
The loved one is waiting for me.

3. None can return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman so cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know this, that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere I know, on the unseen shore,
They 're waiting with welcome for me.

4. Waiting I think where the sunset's gold
Is flushing the river and hill and shore;
I soon shall stand by the waters cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I 'll watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I 'll hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the Spirit land.
We shall know the loved who've gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the turbulent river,
The glorified throng we shall see.

1. One by one we cross the riv-er, One by one we 're passing o'er; One by one the crowns are given On the bright and happy shore. Youth and childhood oft are passing

2. One by one we come to Je - sus, As we heed his gen-tle voice; One by one his vineyard en - ter, There to la-bor and re - joice. One by one sweet flow'rs we gather

3. One by one the heavy - lad - en Sink beneath the noontide sun; And the aged pilgrim wel - comes Evening shadows as they come. One by one, with sins for-giv - en,

O'er the dark and rolling tide, And the blessed ho-ly Spir - it Is the dying Christian's guide; And the loving, gentle Spir-it Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

In the glorious work of love— Garlands for the blessed Savior, Garlands for the realms above; And the loving, gentle Spir-it Bears them to our home of love.

May we stand upon the shore, Waiting till the blessed Spir-it Takes our hand and guides us o'er; And the loving, gentle Spir-it Leads us to the shining shore.

BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

H. 453

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord— The house of thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved with his own pre - cious blood.

2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

3. Je - sus, thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - ior and our King! Thy hand from ev - ery snare and foe Shall great de - liv - 'rance bring.

I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.

Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

H. 58

1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, We hal - low thy name— May thy king-dom, ho - ly, On earth be the same.

2. For - give our trans - gres - sions, And teach us to know That hum-ble com - pas - sion That par - dons each foe.

O give to us dai - - ly Our por - tion of bread: It is from thy boun - ty, That all must be fed.

Keep us from tempt - a - - tion, From weak-ness and sin, And thine be the glo - ry for ev - er— A - men.

 From "Chapel Melodies" by per.

THE FUTURE REST.

SILAS J. VAIL.

H. 503
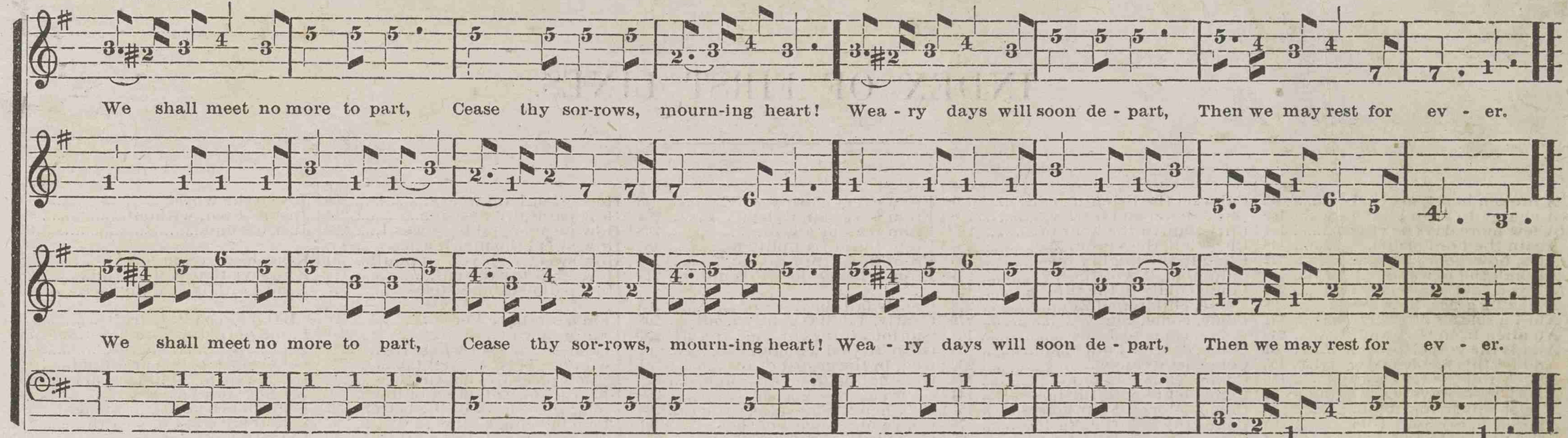
1. We shall meet no more to part; Cease thy sor-rows, mourning heart! Wea-ry days will soon de-part— Then we may rest for ev - er!

2. In the house of peace and bliss, In the world where Je - sus is, When we bid a - dieu to this, Then we may love for ev - er!

When the work of life is done, When the vic-tor's crown is won, Then, im-mor - tal life be - gun, We no more shall sev - er.

Pu - ri - fied from ev - ery stain, Thro' the Lamb that once was slain, Breth - ren, we shall meet a - gain, And be part - ed nev - er.

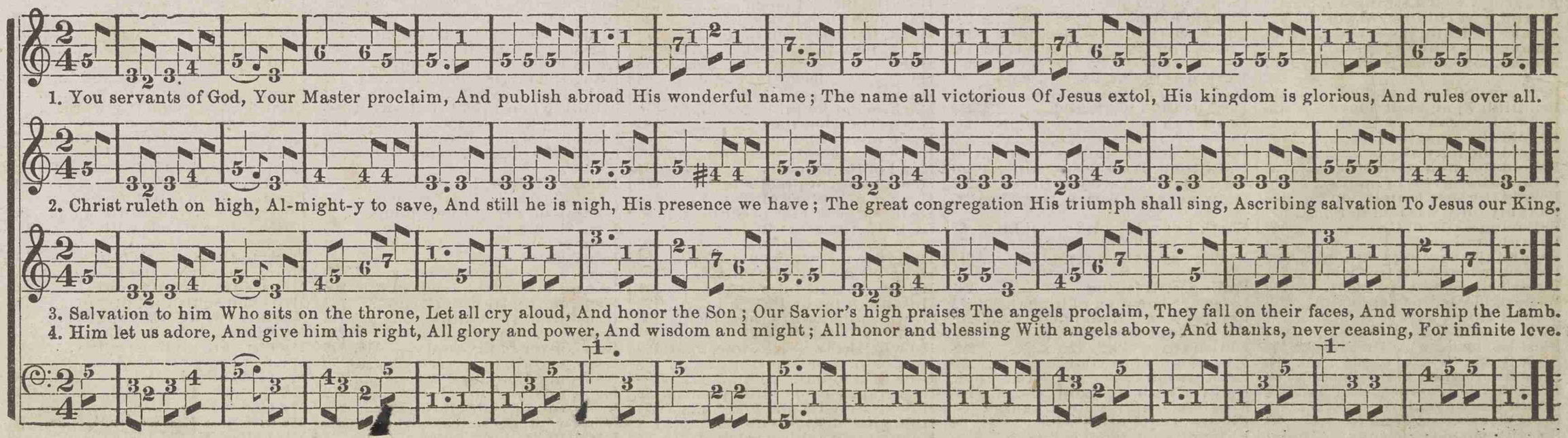
Chorus.



P. 474 580

SKENE. 5s & 6s, or 6s & 5s.

A. D. FILLMORE.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A broken heart, my God	42
A charge to keep I have	160
A few more days or years	146
Again the Lord of life	148
Alas, how poor	327
All hail the power of...118,	136
All you that are weary and	224
Amazing grace, how sweet	98
Am I a soldier of the cross	141
An alien from God and	249
And is the gospel peace	41
And let this feeble body...120,	155
Angels roll the rock away	186
Another six days' work is done	54
A poor wayfaring man	43
Approach, my soul, the	93
Arise ye people and adore	143
As down the stream of life	199
As lightly and sweetly we	216
As on the cross the Savior hung	137
As when the weary traveler	80
At Jacob's well a stranger	116
Attend, you children of your	123
Awake and sing the song	161
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	62
Awake, my soul, stretch every	151
Bear precious seed, and go	170
Beautiful Zion, built above	326
Before Jehovah's awful throne	35
Behold the amazing gift	132
Behold the lofty sky	159
Behold the mountain of the	99
Behold the Savior of man	112
Behold the sure foundation	142
Be it my only wisdom here	275
Believing souls, of Christ	68
Be still, my heart	79
Beyond the smiling and the	280
Beyond where Cedron's waters	271
Blessed Bible, how I love it	260
Blessed, blessed be Jehovah	219
Blessed Hope, with her	171
Blest are the sons of peace	162
Blest be the dear uniting love	126
Blest be the tie that binds	169
Blest hour, when mortal man	58
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	196
Breast the wave, Christian	311
Brother, thou art gone to rest	239
By faith we look for joys	152
Calm on the listening ear	131
Child of sin and sorrow	208
Christian, in the hour of	202
Christian, the vision	280
Cling to the mighty one	295
Columbia, 't is of thee	231
Come boldly to the throne	129
Come, children of Zion	273
Come, come, come	276
Come, come to Jesus	107
Come, dearest Lord	58
Come, let us anew	232
Come, let us join our	144
Come, let us join the hosts	144
Come, let us lift our voices	151
Come, my beloved, haste	76
Come, sinners, to the gospel	307
Come, sound his praise abroad	175
Come to Jesus, poor sinner	226
Come to Jesus	211
Come unto me	308
Come, ye disconsolate	258
Come, ye sinners, poor	205
Come, ye that love the Lord	168
Come, you that love the Savior	142
Dark was the night, and cold	90
Daughter of Zion, awake	282
Dear as thou wert, and	150
Death can not make our souls	143
Delay not, delay not	318
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	164
Didst thou, Lord Jesus, suffer	104
Dear friends, have you heard,	261
Draw near, ye weary bowed	295
Earth has a joy unknown in	38
Eternal truth hath said	172
Every day hath toil and	318
Fading, still fading	287
False are the men of high	72
Far, far o'er hill and dell	278
Father supreme, thou	327
Finish thy work	228
Flee as a bird to your	270
For a season called to part	187
Forever with the Lord	167
Forgiveness, 't is a joyful sound	50
For me, O did my Savior...95,	96
From all that dwell below	66
From every stormy wind	48
From Greenland's icy	234
From regions above	268
From the cross uplifted	186
From the third heaven	106
From whence does this union	215
Gently fall the dews of	189
Gently, Lord, O gently lead	203
Glorious things of thee are..271,	201
Glory to God who reigns	82
God, in the gospel of his	51
God that madest earth and	325
Go preach the gospel	230
Go when the morning shineth	238
Go, ye messengers of God	191
Great is the Lord our God	163
Guide me, O thou great	207
Great Sovereign let my evening	148
Hail, sacred truth	149
Hail the blessed morn	226
Hail to the brightness	240
Hark, hark, a shout of joy	212
Hark, how the gospel	248
Hark, the vesper hymn	213
Hark, the voice of love and	208
Hark, what mean those	189
Hark, what joyful notes	316
Haste, traveler, haste	303
Have mercy on me, O	61
Have you heard, have you	261
Head of the church	284
Hear the royal proclamation	218
Heaven is a place of rest	48
He dies, the friend of sinners	83
He lives, the great Redeemer	46
Here I sink beneath	303
Here, Savior, we would	173
Here, we are but straying	305
Hither, ye faithful, haste	241
Hosannah to the Prince	120
How beauteous are their feet	165
How beautiful the sight	198
How bright these glorious	109
How calm and beautiful	181
How firm a foundation	250
How happy every child of	92
How honored is the place	174
How long, dear Savior	128
How oft, alas, this wretched	94
How often I am weary	256
How painfully pleasing	264
How pleased and blest was I	232
How sweet the melting	158
How sweetly on yon tranquil	81
How swift the torrent	165
How tedious and tasteless	215
I am a stranger here	326
I am weary of straying	251
I came to the spot where the	245
I come to Thee, to-night	278
If life's pleasures charm thee	246
I hear a voice at dawn of day	56
I hear thee speak of the better	307
I long to behold him	87
I 'll praise my Maker while	40
I love thy kingdom, Lord	330
I met a child, his feet were bare	243
I 'm not ashamed to	138
In all my Lord's appointed	100
In that world of ancient story	291
In the Christian's home of glory	290
In the name of God advancing	207
I praised the earth	86
I seek a place which is out	261
I sing the mighty power	124
Is it a long way off	325
I think when I read that sweet	295
I will not let thee go	322
I would not live always	250
In seasons of grief, to my God	242
Jehovah reigns, he dwells	50
Jehovah reigns, his throne is	39
Jerusalem, my glorious home	140
Jerusalem, my happy home	155
Jesus comes, his conflict over	204
Jesus, guide our way	221
Jesus, I love thy charming	90
Jesus, I my cross have taken	200
Jesus, in thy transporting	132
Jesus invites his saints	173
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	236
Jesus, lover of my soul...115,	119
Jesus, my all, to heaven...63,	70
Jesus, my Lord, to glory	153
Jesus, my love, my chief	52
Jesus, son of righteousness	288
Jesus wept, those tears are	309
Joyfully, joyfully onward	274
Joy to the world	145
Just as I am, without	42
Just beyond	319
King Jesus, reign forever	57
Know ye that better land	283
Kind Lord, before thy face	190
"Land ahead," its fruits	55
Lamb of God, whose bleeding	286
Let Christians all agree	160
Let every mortal ear attend	103
Let me go, my soul is weary	202
Let not your hearts	127
Let others boast their ancient	118
Let others boast of wealth	124
Let us awake our joys	231
Life is the time to serve...52,	304
Like snow that falls	122
Lift up your stately heads	110
Lift up your eyes, ye sons	76
Lift your glad voices in	223
List to the dreamy tone	33
Look, ye saints, the sight	212
Long did I toil	298
Lord, bless thy saints	47
Lord, dismiss us	324
Lord, how delightful 't is	67
Lord, I have made thy word	93
Lord, in thy presence here	100
Lord, let thy goodness lead	49
Lord, now we part in thy	55
Lord, when thou didst ascend	72
Lo! the seal of death	302
Love is the sweetest flower	96
Love is the strongest tie	162
Lo! wisdom stands with	104
Mary to the Savior's tomb	194
Mercy alone can meet my case	111
Mid scenes of confusion	249
Mistaken souls that dream	133
Mortals awake with angels	140
My Christian friends in	36
My days are gliding swiftly	306
My feet are worn and	293
My God, how endless is	53
My God, my heart with	75
My God is my	179
My gracious Redeemer, I...297,	214
My helper, God, I bless	59

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A broken heart, my God	42
A charge to keep I have	160
A few more days or years	146
Again the Lord of life	148
Alas, how poor	327
All hail the power of...118,	136
All you that are weary and	224
Amazing grace, how sweet	98
Am I a soldier of the cross	141
An alien from God and	249
And is the gospel peace	41
And let this feeble body...120,	155
Angels roll the rock away	186
Another six days' work is done	54
A poor wayfaring man	43
Approach, my soul, the	93
Arise ye people and adore	143
As down the stream of life	199
As lightly and sweetly we	216
As on the cross the Savior hung	137
As when the weary traveler	80
At Jacob's well a stranger	116
Attend, you children of your	123
Awake and sing the song.	161
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.	62
Awake, my soul, stretch every.	151
Bear precious seed, and go	170
Beautiful Zion, built above	326
Before Jehovah's awful throne	35
Behold the amazing gift	132
Behold the lofty sky	159
Behold the mountain of the	99
Behold the Savior of man	112
Behold the sure foundation	142
Be it my only wisdom here	275
Believing souls, of Christ	68
Be still, my heart	79
Beyond the smiling and the	280
Beyond where Cedron's waters.	271
Blessed Bible, how I love it	260
Blessed, blessed be Jehovah	219
Blessed Hope, with her	171
Blest are the sons of peace	162
Blest be the dear uniting love	126
Blest be the tie that binds	169
Blest hour, when mortal man	58
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	196
Breast the wave, Christian	311
Brother, thou art gone to rest	239
By faith we look for joys	152

	PAGE
Calm on the listening ear	131
Child of sin and sorrow	208
Christian, in the hour of	202
Christian, the vision	280
Cling to the mighty one	295
Columbia, 'tis of thee	231
Come boldly to the throne	129
Come, children of Zion	273
Come, come, come	276
Come, come to Jesus	107
Come, dearest Lord	58
Come, let us anew	232
Come, let us join our	144
Come, let us join the hosts	144
Come, let us lift our voices	151
Come, my beloved, haste	76
Come, sinners, to the gospel	307
Come, sound his praise abroad.	175
Come to Jesus, poor sinner	226
Come to Jesus	211
Come unto me	308
Come, ye disconsolate	258
Come, ye sinners, poor	205
Come, ye that love the Lord	168
Come, you that love the Savior	142
Dark was the night, and cold	90
Daughter of Zion, awake	282
Dear as thou wert, and	150
Death can not make our souls	143
Delay not, delay not.	318
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	164
Didst thou, Lord Jesus, suffer	104
Dear friends, have you heard,	261
Draw near, ye weary bowed	295
Earth has a joy unknown in	38
Eternal truth hath said	172
Every day hath toil and	318
Fading, still fading	287
False are the men of high	72
Far, far o'er hill and dell	278
Father supreme, thou	327
Finish thy work	228
Flee as a bird to your	270
For a season called to part	187
Forever with the Lord	167
Forgiveness, 't is a joyful sound	50
For me, O did my Savior.....95,	96
From all that dwell below	66

	PAGE
From every stormy wind	48
From Greenland's icy	234
From regions above	268
From the cross uplifted	186
From the third heaven	106
From whence does this union	215
Gently fall the dews of	189
Gently, Lord, O gently lead	203
Glorious things of thee are..271,	201
Glory to God who reigns	82
God, in the gospel of his	51
God that madest earth and	325
Go preach the gospel	230
Go when the morning shineth	238
Go, ye messengers of God	191
Great is the Lord our God	163
Guide me, O thou great	207
Great Sovereign let my evening	148
Hail, sacred truth	149
Hail the blessed morn	226
Hail to the brightness	240
Hark, hark, a shout of joy	212
Hark, how the gospel	248
Hark, the vesper hymn	213
Hark, the voice of love and	208
Hark, what mean those	189
Hark, what joyful notes	316
Haste, traveler, haste	303
Have mercy on me, O	61
Have you heard, have you	261
Head of the church	284
Hear the royal proclamation	218
Heaven is a place of rest	48
He dies, the friend of sinners	83
He lives, the great Redeemer	46
Here I sink beneath	303
Here, Savior, we would	173
Here, we are but straying	305
Hither, ye faithful, haste	241
Hosannah to the Prince	120
How beauteous are their feet	165
How beautiful the sight	198
How bright these glorious	109
How calm and beautiful	181
How firm a foundation	250
How happy every child of	92
How honored is the place	174
How long, dear Savior	128
How oft, alas, this wretched	94

	PAGE
How often I am weary	256
How painfully pleasing	264
How pleased and blest was I	232
How sweet the melting	158
How sweetly on yon tranquil	81
How swift the torrent	165
How tedious and tasteless	215
I am a stranger here	326
I am weary of straying	251
I came to the spot where the	245
I come to Thee, to-night	278
If life's pleasures charm thee	246
I hear a voice at dawn of day	56
I hear thee speak of the better	307
I long to behold him	87
I'll praise my Maker while	40
I love thy kingdom, Lord	330
I met a child, his feet were bare	243
I'm not ashamed to	138
In all my Lord's appointed	100
In that world of ancient story	291
In the Christian's home of glory	290
In the name of God advancing.	207
I praised the earth	86
I seek a place which is out	261
I sing the mighty power	124
Is it a long way off	325
I think when I read that sweet	295
I will not let thee go	322
I would not live always	250
In seasons of grief, to my God	242
Jehovah reigns, he dwells	50
Jehovah reigns, his throne is	39
Jerusalem, my glorious home	140
Jerusalem, my happy home	155
Jesus comes, his conflict over	204
Jesus, guide our way	221
Jesus, I love thy charming	90
Jesus, I my cross have taken	200
Jesus, in thy transporting	132
Jesus invites his saints	173
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	236
Jesus, lover of my soul.....115,	119
Jesus, my all, to heaven.....63,	70
Jesus, my Lord, to glory	153
Jesus, my love, my chief	52
Jesus, son of righteousness	288
Jesus wept, those tears are	309
Joyfully, joyfully onward	274

	PAGE
Joy to the world	145
Just as I am, without	42
Just beyond	319
King Jesus, reign forever	57
Know ye that better land	283
Kind Lord, before thy face	190
"Land ahead," its fruits	55
Lamb of God, whose bleeding	286
Let Christians all agree	160
Let every mortal ear attend	103
Let me go, my soul is weary	202
Let not your hearts	127
Let others boast their ancient	118
Let others boast of wealth	124
Let us awake our joys	231
Life is the time to serve.....52,	304
Like snow that falls	122
Lift up your stately heads	110
Lift up your eyes, ye sons	76
Lift your glad voices in	223
List to the dreamy tone	33
Look, ye saints, the sight	212
Long did I toil	298
Lord, bless thy saints	47
Lord, dismiss us	324
Lord, how delightful 't is	67
Lord, I have made thy word	93
Lord, in thy presence here	100
Lord, let thy goodness lead	49
Lord, now we part in thy	55
Lord, when thou didst ascend	72
Lo! the seal of death	302
Love is the sweetest flower	96
Love is the strongest tie	162
Lo! wisdom stands with	104
Mary to the Savior's tomb	194
Mercy alone can meet my case.	111
Mid scenes of confusion	249
Mistaken souls that dream	133
Mortals awake with angels	140
My Christian friends in	36
My days are gliding swiftly	306
My feet are worn and	293
My God, how endless is	53
My God, my heart with	75
My God is my	179
My gracious Redeemer, I...297,	214
My helper, God, I bless	59

1 —— Do
2 —— Re
3 —— Mi
4 —— Fa
5 —— Sol
6 —— La
7 —— Si
8 —— do

Do B B B B B B
8 4 6 4 4 4 5

Music Books Published by Fillmore Bros.

NEW HARP OF ZION.—Fifty pages of the newest and most popular songs have been added to this book, making it, as many music teachers testify, the best book for Churches and Singing Schools ever published. Printed in neat style. Figure-faced notation on the Staff. Price per copy, $1.25; per dozen, $12.00.

SONGS OF GLORY.—The latest book. Printed on an improved plan of notation, combining round and figure-faced notes. Musicians pronounce it the best patent notation ever invented, it being advantageous to all singers. The songs are new and beautiful, and may be used in the singing school. Price 35 cents per copy; $3.60 per dozen.

LITTLE MINSTREL.—A popular Sunday-school book, written on the same plan of notation as the "HARP OF ZION."

All these books contain lessons of instruction for the singing class or private learners. Price 30 cents per copy; $3.00 per dozen.

Books sent by mail, prepaid, at the retail price. Money at the risk of sender, except when sent by Express or Post-office Money Order.

Correspondence solicited for conducting musical conventions and teaching singing classes.

Address **FILLMORE BROTHERS, Publishers, Cincinnati, O.**

R. W. CARROLL & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 213 West Fourth Street, - - CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Publish FILLMORE'S MUSIC BOOKS, and many other Valuable works by Christian Authors, etc.
Send for Catalogue. Books sent by mail, postage-paid, on receipt of price.

DEALERS AND TEACHERS SUPPLIED.