EXPOSITOR

NEW AND

Complete Collection of Church Music,

IN FIVE PARTS, VIZ

PART FIRST.—PSALM AND HYMN TUNES OF EVERY METER.

PART SECOND.—ANTHEMS AND SET PIECES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

PART THIRD.—EASY AND POPULAR SINGING TUNES FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

PART FOURTH.—PIECES IN PARTS AND GLEES, (NOT TO BE USED BY REQUEST.)

PART FIFTH.—SONGS OF A SECULAR BUT MORAL CAST,

FOR THE SINGING SCHOOL AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED THE

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC MADE EASY.

BY I. B. WOODBURY.

AUTHOR OF THE MELODEON, &c. &c.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

1836.

Scene 1

Fat[illegible] Ma Babe must part.
And Each fond tie dissolve
[illegible] Thou Dwell in this heart
To the Truth I owe
Dear
Polly

91-049

SP-050568

HARP OF THE SOUTH

A NEW AND

Complete Collection of Church Music,

EMBRACING THE CHOICEST COMPOSITIONS OF

MASON, HASTINGS, BRADBURY, WOODBURY,

AND OTHER POPULAR AMERICAN & FOREIGN AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH THE

STANDARD OLD TUNES, AND A VARIETY OF NEW MUSIC,

BY I. B. WOODBURY.
EDITOR OF THE DULCIMER, ETC., ETC.

New York:
PUBLISHED BY MASON BROTHERS, 23 PARK ROW.
PHILADELPHIA: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. CINCINNATI: W B SMITH & Co.

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PREFACE.

Many Teachers, Choristers, and Ministers of the Gospel, have long been exceedingly desirous of a collection of Church Music that will combine both soul-stirring melodies and harmonies of a higher order than can be found in the singing books now in use. This work contains most, if not all of the popular tunes of the present day ; in it are very many of the best tunes from the *Carmina Sacra,* 300,000 copies of which have been sold in the course of a few years. The music from the *Dulcimer* has also been freely used, of which 125,000 copies have been sold in two years. In addition to all this most popular music, many new and rare tunes and Anthems, and Select pieces, have been prepared expressly for the work ; many of them were collected during a recent tour of the author in Europe.

The number of odd metres is particularly large and comprehensive, and it is confidently believed that there are but few odd metre Hymns that cannot be sung to music in this work.

The Elements will be found progressive, and, with study, every way capable of making correct singers. That the whole work may tend to elevate God's praise, and assist the pious mind, in this most delightful part of divine worship, is the sincere wish of the Author.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—Nearly all the music in the "Harp of the South" is copyright property, the right to use a large portion of it having been obtained at great expense. Any one who should republish any portion of it, would therefore subject himself to the heavy penalties for infringement of the copyright laws.

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ELEMENTS OF MUSIC MADE EASY.

THE elements of music may be classed under four heads, or distinctions.
Under the first head, sounds are *long* or *short*. (TIME.)
Under the second, they are *high* or *low*. (MELODY.)
Under the third, they are *loud* or *soft*. (EXPRESSION.)
Combination of sounds, or HARMONY, forms the fourth distinction.

REMARK.—These distinctions should be practised separately, until each is thoroughly understood, both theoretically and practically, by the beginner.

Perpendicular lines, with the spaces between them, are termed *bars* and *measures*, thus:

bar. | measure. | bar. | measure. | bar. | measure. | bar.

In order to give variety to the time in music, the measures are divided into parts usually denoted by figures, thus:*

2. Double measure.

3. Triple measure.

4. Quadruple measure.

6. Sextuple measure.

NOTE.—Let the teacher turn to different pieces of music, and request the pupils to name the kind of time of each piece, until ready answers are obtained.

* Some writers designate double measure by the C with a bar across, thus 𝄵; and quadruple by the letter C, thus C.

QUESTIONS.—1. Into how many distinctions do we divide the elements of music? 2. Name the first distinction; the second; the third; the fourth. 3. Name these perpendicular lines---pointing to them in the book or on the black board. 4. What are the spaces between the lines called? 5. How many varieties of measure have we? 6. What figure indicates the first variety? what the second? what the third? the fourth? 7. Give the name of each variety. 8. Into how many parts is double measure divided? triple, &c,? 9. How many bars and measures have we in each of these examples?

☞ Sing a few tunes by rote from the commencement of the class.

In order to perform music with accuracy, a motion of the hand is necessary, called beating time. Double measure has two beats in a measure, thus:

2. | Down, | Up. | Down, | Up. | Down, | Up.

Triple measure has three beats, thus:

3. | Down, | Left, | Up. | Down, | Left, | Up. | Down, | Left, | Up.

Quadruple measure has four beats, thus:

4. | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up. | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up. | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up.

Sextuple measure, six, thus:

6. | Down, | Down, | Down, | Up, | Up, | Up. | Down, | Down, | Down, | Up, | Up, | Up.

Or two, thus:

6. | Down, Up, | Down, Up.
   | 1 2 3, 4 5 6, | 1 2 3, 4 5 6.

when rapidity in execution is necessary.

NOTE.—The pupil should be careful to move the hand promptly in beating time, as this is indispensable to a correct performance. He should also, from the commencement, make it an *invariable* rule to *beat the time*, notwithstanding the effort which may be required to acquire this *most important* requisite to correct mechanical execution. Some beginners may find it necessary to omit singing for a while, in order to devote all their attention to the manner of beating time.

No teacher can expect to be successful, unless he insists upon the observance of the above instructions. Let the right hand of every pupil be made to move with accuracy and ease, the motion proceeding from the wrist, with the arm immovable, in all the varieties of measure, before attempting the voice.

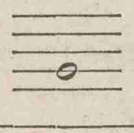
Exercises, something like the following, should now be practised, pronouncing one word or syllable to each beat.

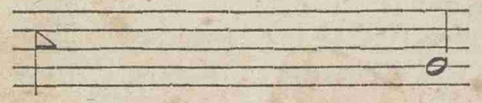
2. Down, up, | one, two, | loud, soft, | roam - ing, | flow - ing, &c.
3. Down, left, up, | one, two, three, | loud, soft, soft, | wil - ling - ly, &c.
4. Down, left, right, up, | one, two, three, four, | loud, soft, loud, soft, | gen-tle - man - ly, | rep - u - ta - bly. &c.
6. Down, down, down, up, up, up, | one, two, three, four, five, six, | loud, soft, loud, soft, loud, soft, | in - stru - men - tal - i - ty, &c.

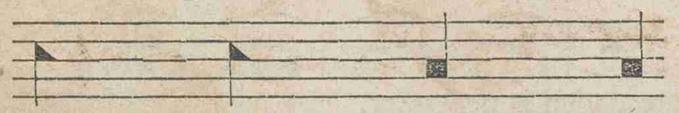
QUESTIONS. 1. What do we mean by "beating time?" 2. What is its use? 3. How many beats has double measure? how many triple? quadruple? sextuple? 4. What distinguishes the different varieties of measure? 5. Should the pupil find difficulty in singing and beating time together, what course should be pursued? 6. What should never be omitted, in order to execute music in time? 7. Which hand should be used in beating time? 8 Whence should the motion proceed? 9. A word of how many syllables represents double measure? triple? qnadruple? sextuple?

OF THE CHARACTERS USED TO DENOTE THE LENGTH OF SOUNDS.

Long and short sounds are represented by characters called notes, thus :

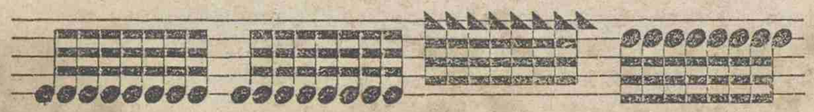
The whole note - - - - -  (Semibreve) represented by fig. 1,*

is equal to two halves,  (Minim) " 2,*

four quarters,  (Crotchet) 4,*

eight eighths,  (Quaver) 8,*

sixteen sixteenths,  (Semi-quaver) 16,*

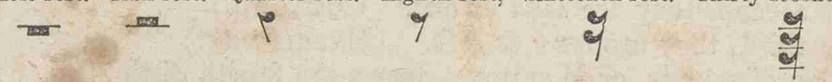
32 thirty-seconds,  (Demisemi-quaver) 32*

* The pupil will take notice that the lower figure, at the commencement of a piece of music, represents the kind of notes, or rather their value in a measure, and the upper. the kind of measure.

RESTS AND DOTTED NOTES.

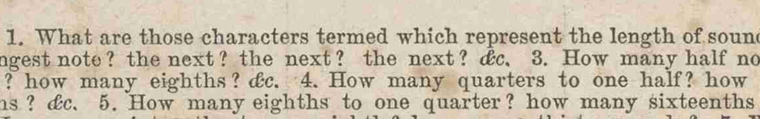
Characters indicating silence in music are termed rests, and each note has a corresponding rest, thus :

Whole rest. Half rest. Quarter rest. Eighth rest, Sixteenth rest. Thirty-second rest.



A dot after a note or rest adds one half to its value ; thus, 𝅝. a dotted whole note is equal to three halves 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥; a 𝅗𝅥. equal to three ♩ ♩ ♩; a dotted rest, thus, 𝄻., is equal to three half rests, thus, 𝄼 𝄼 𝄼; a 𝄼. equal to 𝄽 𝄽 𝄽, &c.

A second dot adds one half to the first dot thus :



OF ACCENT, OR LOUD AND SOFT SOUNDS. (*Expression.*)

In order to give more expression to music, certain sounds should be sung louder than others. This is usually termed *accent*, and corresponds to the accent of the words which are set to the music. The accent should be laid on the *first* beat in double and triple measures ; the first and third in quadruple ; and first and fourth in sextuple. All these rules are subject to exceptions, as will be shown hereafter.

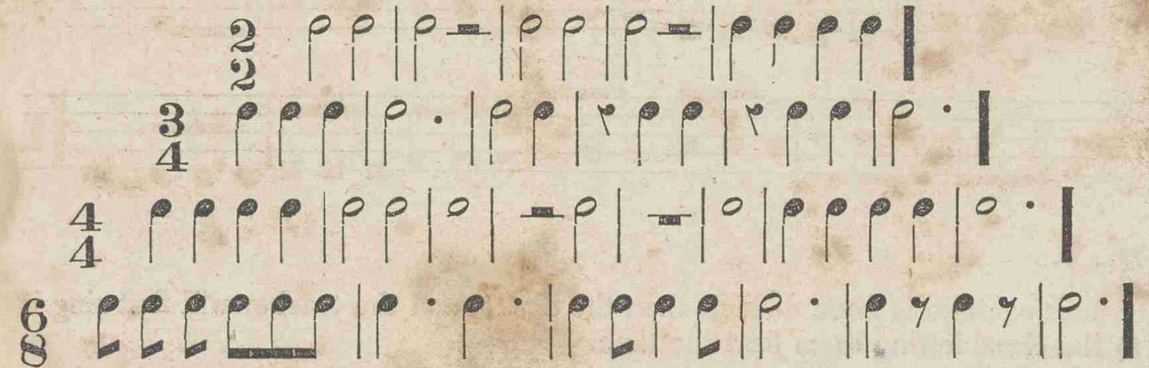
Let the pupil practise all the varieties of measure, using the word *loud* on the accented, and *soft* on the unaccented parts of the measure.

QUESTIONS. 1. What are those characters termed which represent the length of sound? 2. What name is given to the longest note? the next? the next? the next? &c. 3. How many half notes to a whole? how many quarters? how many eighths? &c. 4. How many quarters to one half? how many eighths? how many sixteenths? &c. 5. How many eighths to one quarter? how many sixteenths? how many thirty-seconds? 6. How many sixteenths to one eighth? how many thirty-seconds? 7. What are characters indicating silence called? 8. On which side of the line is the whole rest? half? &c. 9. Which way does the quarter rest turn? eighth? &c. 10. How much does a dot add to the value of a rest or note? 11. A dotted whole is equal to what three notes? a dotted half? quarter? &c. 12. What is accent? 13. Which beat is accented in double measure? triple? quadruple? sextuple?

NOTE—The ingenious and careful teacher will vary these, as well as other questions, in many ways, to afford variety and instruction.

EXERCISES IN LONG AND SHORT SOUNDS AND RESTS.

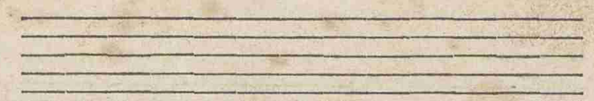
Sing one La to each note.



REMARK.—The stems of notes may turn up or down, and be connected thus,  and their value is not changed. A whole rest in a measure alone indicates that it is to be counted in silence; hence the whole rest is also called a whole measure rest.

SECOND DISTINCTION—HIGH AND LOW SOUNDS, OR MELODY.

A regular series of eight notes, all differing in pitch, is termed *the diatonic scale.* The numerals, one, two, three, &c., are used to designate these eight sounds. The first seven letters of the alphabet are also used; C being applied to one, D to two, E to three, F to four, G to five, A to six, B to seven, and C again to eight.

Five lines and four spaces, thus,  constitute what is called the staff, and it determines the pitch of sounds. Each line or space in the staff is called a degree, making nine in all; and as the compass of voices and instruments is much greater than the staff of five lines will allow, added lines above and below are used to any extent which may be necessary. The diatonic scale is placed on the staff thus:

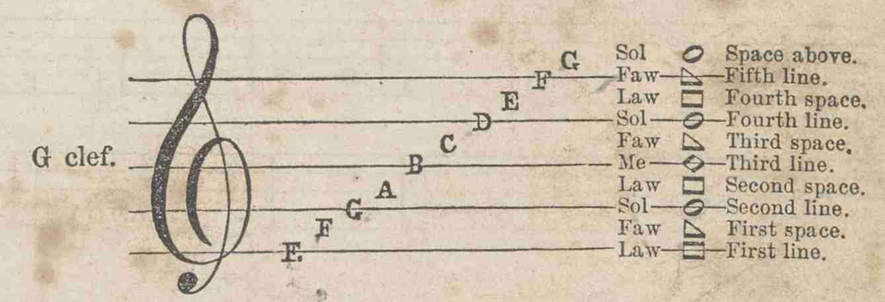


Characters called *clefs* are used to denote where **1** of the scale is written, thus,  with the G or treble clef, and with the base or F clef, thus, 

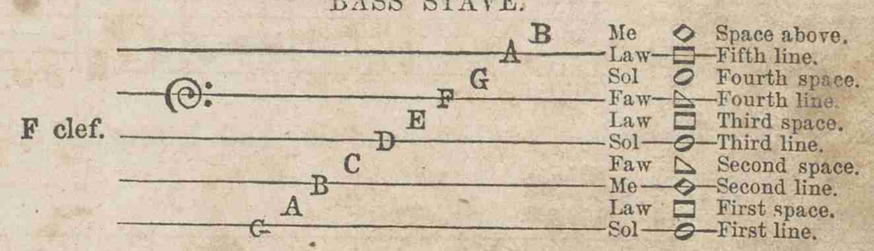
NOTE.—The order of intervals of the diatonic scale may be introduced here, or later, at the option of the teacher.

The scale with the G clef, with letters and syllables, is written thus:

TENOR, COUNTER, AND TREBLE STAVE.



BASS STAVE.



Sing the scale with the letters and syllables, in all the varieties of measure, being careful to accent correctly.

QUESTIONS. 1. What is the second distinction? 2. How many sounds have we in the diatonic scale? 3. What letters are used to designate the scale? what syllables? 4. How many lines and spaces has the scale? 5. What is the use of the staff? It determines the pitch of sounds. 6. How many degrees in the staff? 7. How are other ones acquired? 8. What characters are used to determine where *one* is written? 9. Where is *one* written with the G clef? with the base? 10. What letter to the first line, G clef? second line? &c. 11. What letter to the first line, base clef? first space? &c.

Question the pupils something like the following on the succeeding exercises, before singing them.*

What is the first character used? A clef. Which clef? The treble. What do the figures indicate? The kind of measure and notes. What kind of measure in No. 1? Double. No. 2? Triple, &c. What are the perpendicular lines called? Bars. The spaces between the bars? Measures. How many beats to a measure in No. 1? Two. No. 2? Three, &c. What one note comes to a beat in No. 1? A half. No. 2? A quarter, &c. What are the five lines and spaces called? A staff. What does the staff indicate? The pitch of sounds. What characters determine where 1 of the scale is written? The clefs. What is the last character to every piece of music? A close, thus:



No. 1.

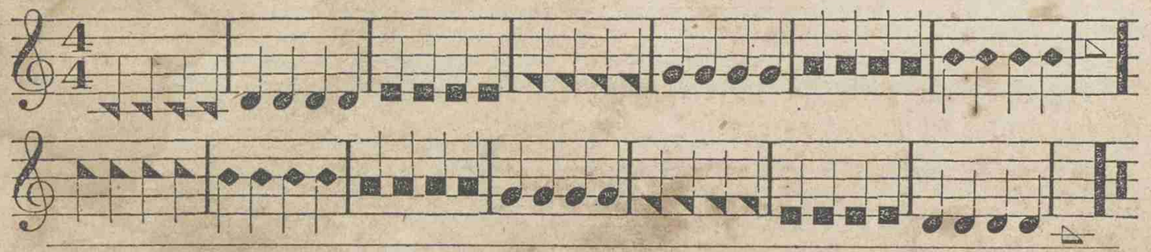


No. 2.



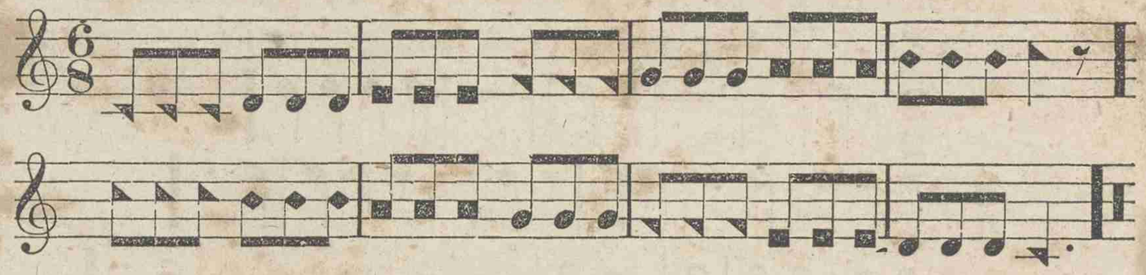
Question on all the exercises, as above, and sing both letters and syllables.

No. 3.



* In some classes, perhaps the majority, the two succeeding sections should be studied before singing these exercises.

No. 4.

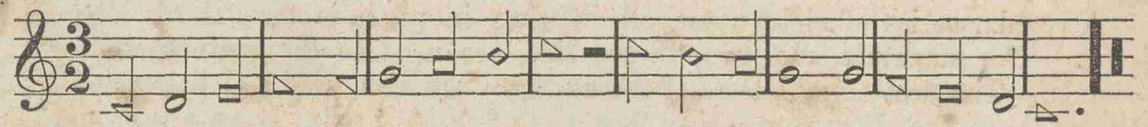


No. 5.

This exercise is more difficult than the above, and the teacher will first sing it to the class, letting them beat the time.



No. 6.



A piece of music may commence on any degree of the scale.

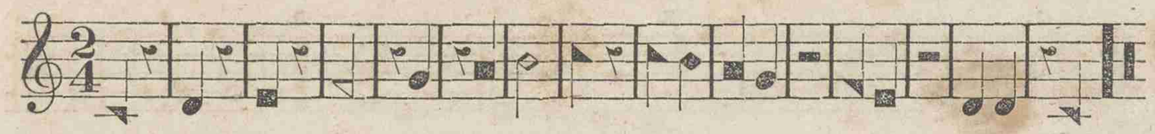
No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9. Exercise for Rests.



DIFFICULT EXERCISES IN LONG AND SHORT SOUNDS AND RESTS.

REMARK.—Every school or class can spend not merely one evening, but several, on such exercises as below, and the result will show itself most prominently in the future excellence of the pupils.

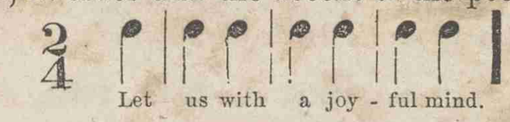


EXERCISES IN WHICH NOTES ARE SUNG TO HALF BEATS.

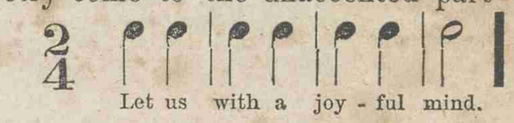
When a tie is drawn over two or more notes, thus,

it shows the sound is to be continued, even over the bar, thus:

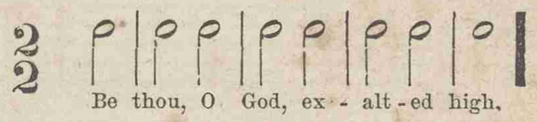
A piece of music may commence on any beat of the measure. This is peculiarly necessary in vocal music, in order that the accent of the poetry may agree with that of the music, thus:



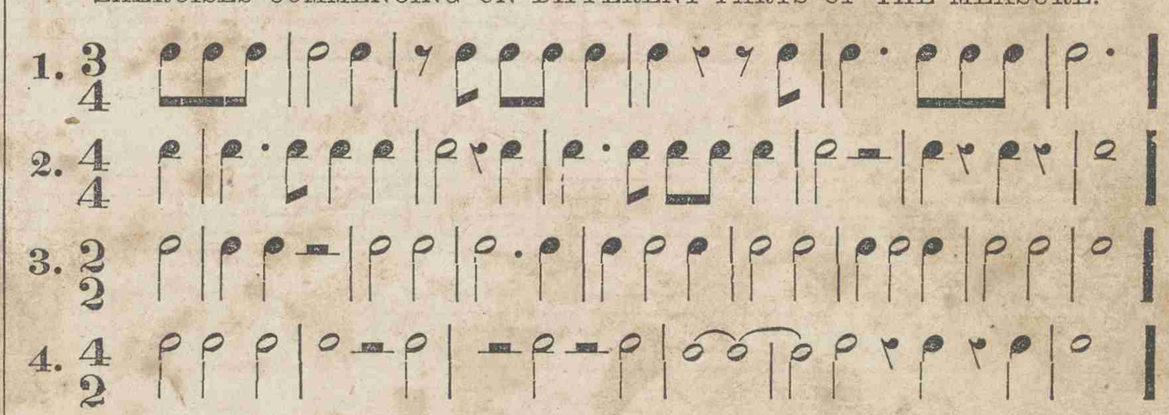
is wrong, as the accented words of the poetry come to the unaccented part of the measure; it should have been thus:



But in many metres the words commence with an unaccented word, thus:



EXERCISES COMMENCING ON DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE MEASURE.



THE DIATONIC SCALE.

In analyzing the diatonic scale, there are seven intervals; viz., five major and two minor seconds.

From one to two is a major, two to three major, three to four minor, four to five major, five to six major, six to seven major, seven to eight minor seconds. This order of intervals must be strictly enforced, or false intonation will arise. a habit that every singer should carefully avoid.

Remark.—The terms *whole* and *half tones* are deservedly discontinued by many of our best teachers, and the more correct terms of *major* and *minor seconds* substituted. A whole tone is a *sound*, and not an *interval* or *distance* from one sound to another. Besides the above-named intervals, we have thirds, fourths, fifths, &c.

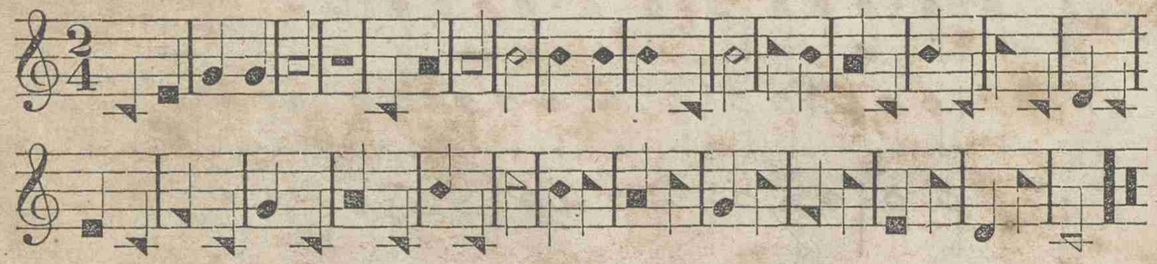
No. 1. **Intervals of the Third, Fifth, and Eighth.**



No. 2. **Intervals of the Fourth.**



No. 3. **Intervals of the Sixth, Seventh, and others.***

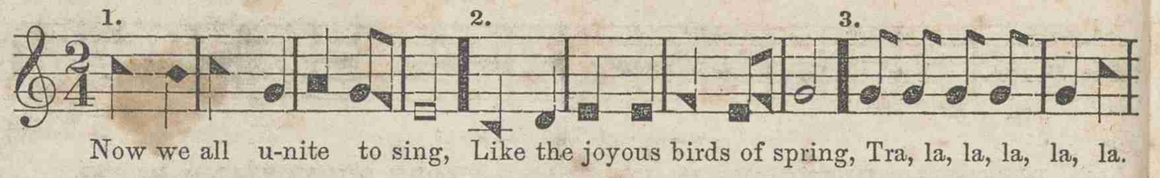


No. 4. **Round for two voices.**



* For more extended instructions on intervals, see "Woodbury's Self-Instructor" in musical composition, published by Mason & Law, No. 23 Park Row, New York.

No. 5. **Round for three voices.**



No. 6. **Round for four voices.**



Two or more sounds heard at the same time, form a Chord, and a succession of chords constitute Harmony.

Let the two sections of the school sing the following chords:

First section sing	1,			Second section sing	3,		
" " "	3,			" " "	5,		
" " "	3,			" " "	8,		
" " "	5,			" " "	3,		
" " "	8,			" " "	5,		
" " "	5,			" " "	3,		
" " "	3,			" " "	1.		

Note. Divide the school into three or four sections, and practise together the numerals, 1, 3, 5, 8.

This combination of sounds is called the Common Chord.

In harmony, the notes that are to be sung together are written over or under each other on separate staves, or on the same staff.

BASE CLEF.

As has been shown on page 5, we have an F or base clef which is used for male voices. **1** of the scale with this clef is written on the second space.

No. 1. **Round for two voices.**

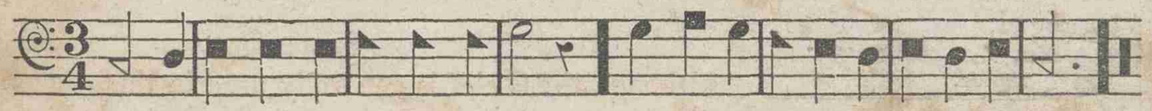


On what space is *one* with F clef? On the second space or fourth de-gree.

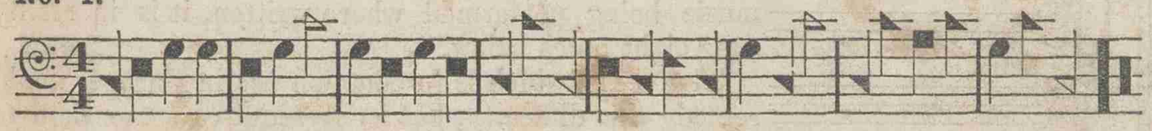
No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



Here we have an exercise in two parts; the male voices will sing the base, and the females the upper staff.

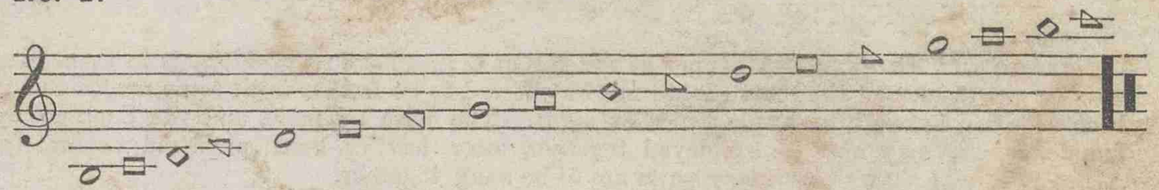
No. 5.



EXTENSION OF THE SCALE.

In addition to the scale of eight sounds, with which we are now acquainted, we can form other scales above and below, thus:

No. 1.



G A B C D E F G A B C D E F G A B C.
Sol la mi fa sol la fa sol la mi fa sol la fa sol la mi fa.

Or with the base clef, thus:

No. 2.



C D E F G A B C D E F G A B C D E.
Fa sol la fa sol la mi fa sol la fa sol la mi fa sol la.

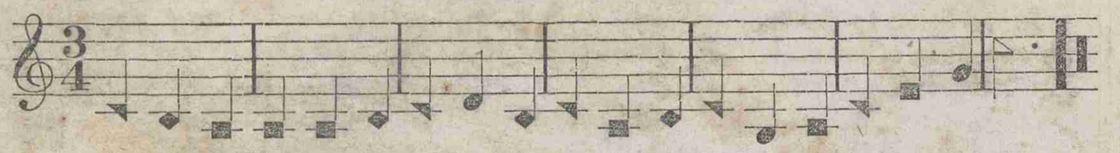
Remark.—Although the base clef is not used for female voices, yet a knowledge of it cannot but be beneficial to female as well as male singers.

These extended scales are but the repetition of the one we have been using, *i. e.*, the intervals are precisely the same, if we take *eight* of the old scale as **1** of the extended; and the letters and numerals are the same also.

No. 3. **Exercises for the Practice of the Extended Scales.**



No. 4. Extended below the Old Scale.



NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—All tunes in the key of C that have no accidentals in them may now be practised, and the class should not be allowed to go farther until some readiness has been acquired in reading simple tunes at sight. The Base by male, and the Soprano by female voices, may now be employed together, after having been practised separately. A Brace, thus, } shows how many parts are to be sung together.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

Although the male and female voices may be employed together, yet, strictly speaking, they are not in unison. The female voice is eight sounds, or an octave higher than the male voice. To prove this, the teacher should request the female portion of the class to sustain some given sound, while the teacher, commencing an octave lower, should sing up the scale (using the falsetto voice, if necessary), until he is strictly in unison with the female voices. The class will not fail to perceive the difference, a knowledge of which will be of great importance to them as singers and musicians. After this is thoroughly understood, the following scale should be practised, the male voices commencing it, and the females joining when they can reach the pitch, say about G, fourth space base clef.

No. 1.



...ame pitch.

The teacher will remark to the class that as the male and female voices differ in pitch, they cannot sing the same part, without creating what is termed false harmony and faulty progressions; *i. e.* consecutive octaves, &c. The female voices are divided into high and low, or Soprano and Alto. A good soprano will sing up to A above the staff, and an alto should be able to sing A below. A tenor voice (the highest male voice) should be able to sing F or G above the base clef, and the base voice should sing G, first line base clef. See the exercise above, in which the voices are illustrated, and about the compass of each is shown. Another rule, which will enable the pupil to decide which is the legitimate part for him or her, is this: if the high notes generally can be sung easier than the low, then tenor for male, and soprano for female voices, although they may not be able to reach G above. If, on the contrary, the low notes are sung with greater ease, then base for male and alto for female voices. A faithful teacher will also try each voice separately, and give suitable instructions as to quality of tone, and manner of producing it (for all voices differ in this respect). Also its formation on the high or low notes should be very particularly attended to. Here we have at one view, the manner in which the parts are usually arranged.

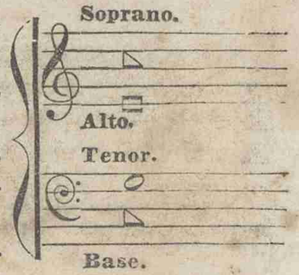
No. 2.



Although the G clef is generally used in this country for the tenor, yet it is not correct, for instead of the music being performed where written, it is in reality sung eight notes below.

The C clef which is in common use in Europe, would remedy this difficulty, but as it requires some time to acquire a knowledge of it, by common consent the G clef has been substituted for it in this country. Sometimes the soprano and alto are written on one staff, and the tenor and base on another, making but two staffs in a brace, instead of four as above. This way of writing music saves room, and other important advantages are derived from it.—Example: thus, ☞

No. 3.



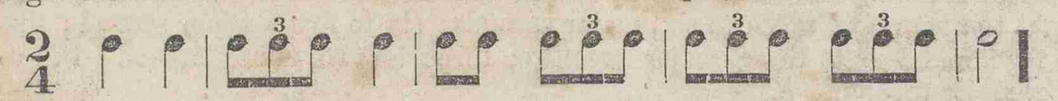
It will be perceived, by turning to any tune that is writ-

ten on two staffs, that the stems of the notes in the soprano turn up, while those in the alto turn down; the tenor notes turn up and the base down. The highest notes in the G clef are for the soprano, and the highest in the base for the tenor.

☞ Continue to practise tunes as variety and profit require.*

MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS IN MUSIC.

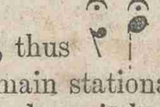
A figure **3** placed over three notes, thus  shows that they are to be sung in the time of two of the same kind—for example, thus:



A double bar, thus  denotes the end of a strain or line in poetry.

The figure **6**, thus  placed over six notes, shows that they are to be sung in the time of four of the same kind.

Dots placed in a piece of music, thus  denote that it is to be repeated, and they are called Repeats.

A pause or hold over a note or rest, thus  denotes a suspension of the time, during which the hand should remain stationary.

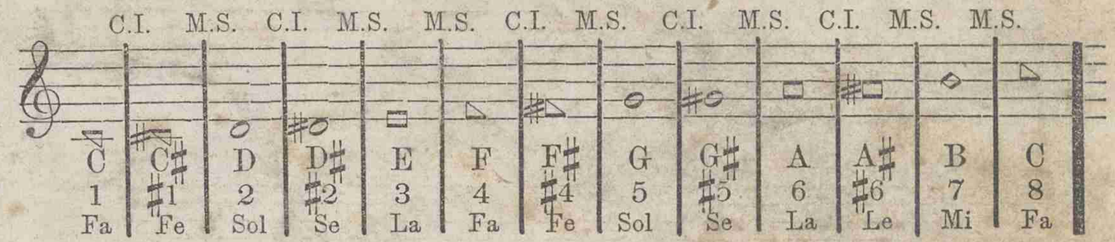
The pause is frequently placed over a bar; it has then the same effect as when placed over a rest.

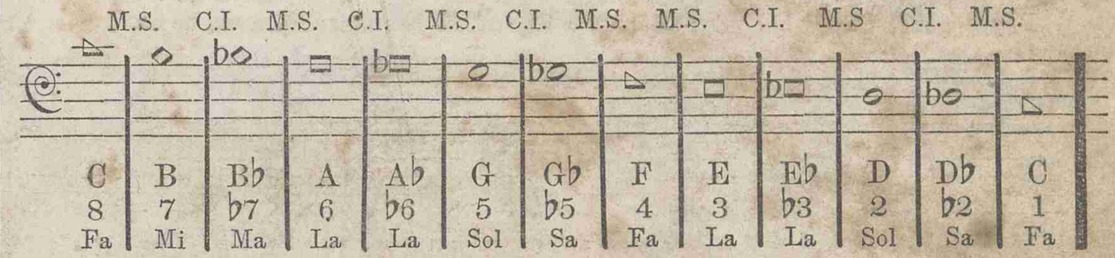
CHROMATIC SCALE.

Out of every major second of the diatonic scale, two intervals can be procured by the use of a sharp (♯) or flat (♭). The sharp elevates a sound, before which it is placed, a *chromatic* interval, and the flat depresses it a *chromatic* interval. A series of twelve intervals is called the *Chromatic* Scale, thus:

* The author thinks it unnecessary to introduce many tunes in the text-book, when there are so many in the body of the work adapted to every capacity.

The following Letters, Numerals and Syllables, are applied to the Chromatic Scale.





NOTE.—When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, say—sharp one, sharp two, flat six, flat seven, &c.; but when naming them by letters, C sharp, D flat, E flat, &c.

The pupil will observe, that from any letter to the same made flat or sharp, the interval is a chromatic one; and from any letter to the next above or below in the chromatic scale, the interval is a minor second. *Questions:* What is the interval from C to C♯ (sharp)? C♯ to D, &c.? C to B in descending? B to B♭ (flat)? B♭ to A? A to A♭, &c.? Commence the practice of the chromatic scale something in the following manner—the class sings one, after which the teacher sings sharp one, the class imitating him. Then two, sharp two, &c.

☞ For the future, the class should devote a short time, each lesson, to the practise of this scale.

The influence of a sharp extends from measure to measure, until a note intervenes which is on a different degree from that before which it is placed.

A NATURAL (♮) is used to contradict or take away the power of a flat or sharp.

No. 1. Example.



No. 2. Round in Four Parts.



Day is gone, Night is come; When the day of life has flown, Heaven be our home.

No. 3. Round in Two Parts.



And now to all, good night! Good night, good night, good night.

MINOR SCALE.

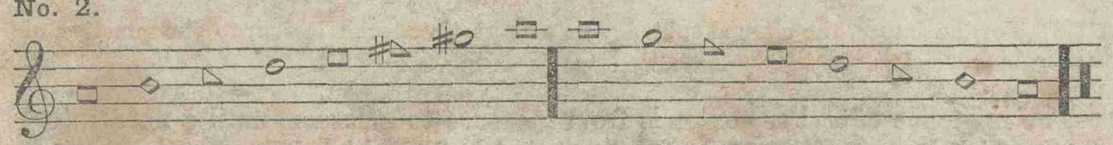
There is yet a third scale in music, called the *Minor* or *soft* mode. It consists of seven intervals, and has two forms or progressions; thus,

No. 1.



is called the *Harmonic form*, and thus,

No. 2.



* When a note succeeds one that has been made flat or sharp, *without a note intervening* on another degree of the staff, the effect of the accidental continues, although in another measure.

is termed the *Melodic form*. The seconds are as follows in the *Harmonic* form: from one to two a major second; from two to three, minor; three to four, and four to five, major seconds; five to six, minor second; six to seven an extended second, and seven to eight a minor second. The same progression is observed in descending.

In the *Melodic* form of the minor scale, the intervals occur as follows, viz.: from one to two a major second; two to three a minor second; three to four, four to five, five to six, and six to seven, all major seconds; and seven to eight a minor second. The descending scale in the melodic form differs, viz.; from eight to seven, and seven to six, major seconds; six to five a minor second; five to four, and four to three, major seconds; three to two, minor second; two to one, major second.

Question as follows on the harmonic form: How many major seconds has the harmonic form, and between which numerals do they occur? How many minors? Between which numerals does the extended second occur? Is the form the same descending as ascending, &c.?

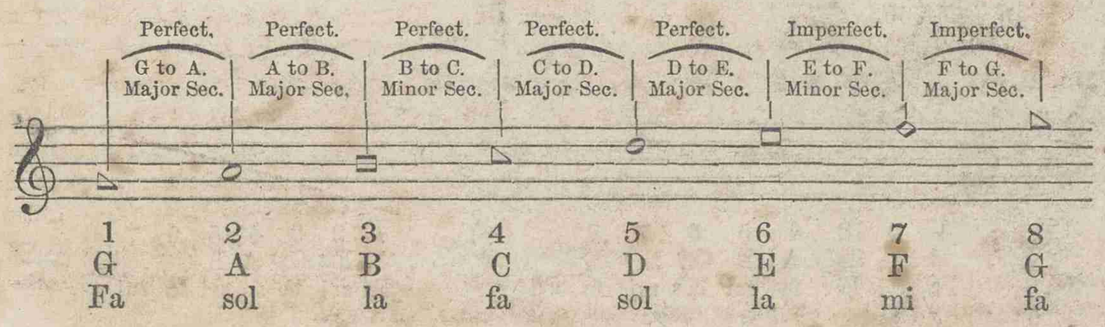
Question as follows in the melodic form: How many major and minor seconds has the melodic form of the minor scale ascending, and between which numerals do they occur? Name the seconds descending. In what respect does this form of the scale differ from the *Harmonic form*? How does it differ from the major scale, &c.? The scale of A minor has the same signature that C minor has, hence some guide is necessary in order to distinguish between the two. When the signature is natural, and any part commences on A, it is generally in the minor mode. When sharp five occurs often, the piece of music is generally in A minor. After hearing some minor music, the ear will enable one to decide whether it is in the major or minor mode. But as the key or mode is constantly varying in most pieces of music, it is impossible to decide with certainty in relation to the key, without some knowledge of modulation, &c.*

* For extended illustrations and instructions in Modulation, see Woodbury's "Self-Instructor in Musical Composition and Thorough Base."

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

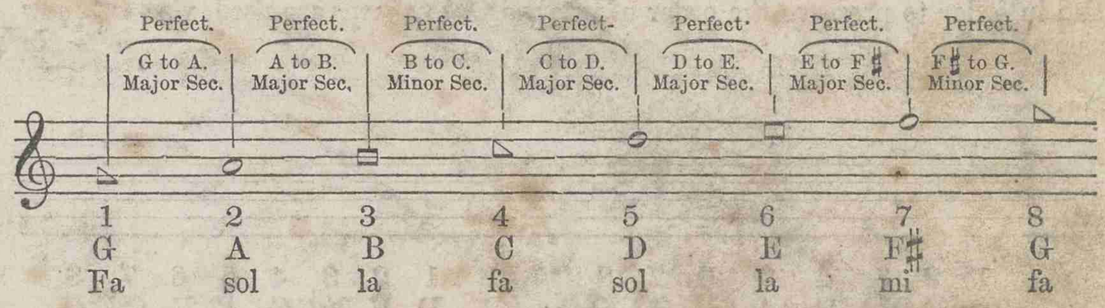
When a scale of eight sounds occurs, founded on any letter, the order of intervals being from one to two and two to three, major seconds; three to four, a minor: four to five, five to six, and six to seven, major seconds; and seven to eight, a minor second: it is named after the letter on which **1** is written. Thus, if one is written on C, it is called the scale of C; if on D, the scale of D; if on E, the scale of E, &c. When a piece of music commences in the key of C (although other keys may be introduced in the course of the piece by means of accidentals), the signature is said to be natural, or, in other words, there are no flats or sharps used at the commencement. But when a piece of music has flats or sharps placed at the commencement, it is said to be transposed. The signature (or number of flats or sharps) placed at the commencement of a piece of music will decide the key. The pupil will take notice in transposing the scale, that the same order of intervals as in the key of C must be preserved, *i. e.*, from three to four and seven to eight must be minor seconds, and all the rest major seconds. In the first regular transposition of the scale by fifths, G becomes **1** of the new scale, thus:

No. 1. **Scale in the Key of G Imperfect.**



The above example is not, strictly speaking, in the key of G, although we take G as **1**. When F sharp is introduced, then, *and then only*, the transposition takes place, thus:

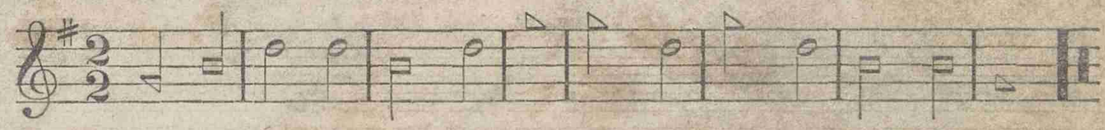
No. 2. **Scale in the Key of G Perfect.**



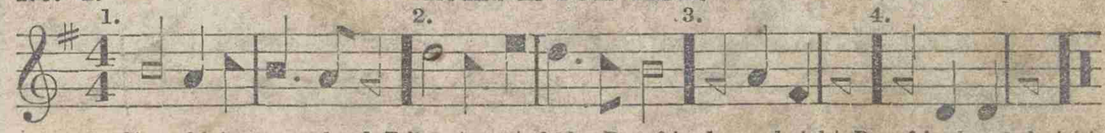
The same method is followed in all the transpositions by sharps, viz., the fifth above or fourth below is taken as **1** of a new key, in every succeeding transposition, and an additional sharp will be required also in every succeeding transposition.

Question as follows.—What do you understand by the transposition of the scale? *Ans.* When any other letter besides C is taken as **1** of a new scale, and accidentals are introduced. When is the scale said to be in its natural position? What letter is used to designate the natural key? What is the signature to C? In transposing the scale what order of intervals should always be preserved? What is the first transposition? *Ans.* To G, the fifth of C. What is the signature to G? If F is not sharped, how many intervals would be wrong? What would be the interval from six to seven without the F sharp? What should it be, &c.?

No. 3.



No. 4. **Round in Four Parts.**



Stars shining o-ver head, Tell us to go to bed; Dear friends, good night, Dear friends, good night.

Second transposition by Sharps (Key of D. **1** is written on D, the fifth to G, and in order to preserve the order of intervals, two sharps are used, viz., C♯ (new sharp) and F♯, thus:

No. 5.



Questions.—In what key is this scale? *Ans.* D. How do you know it to be in the key of D? By the signature. What is the signature? Two sharps. What letters are sharp? F and C. Why do we sharp F and C? To preserve the order of intervals. What numerals of the new scale are sharped? Three and seven. In order to transpose a scale to its next affinity in sharps, what numeral of it must we sharp? The fourth. What was the fourth to C? F. By sharping F, into what key do we modulate, or transpose the scale? G. By sharping the fourth to G (which is C), into what key do we modulate? D, &c. Practise tunes in D.

Third transpositions by sharps (Key of A). **1** is written on A, the fifth to D, and in order to preserve the order of intervals, three sharps are found necessary, viz., G♯ (the new sharp), F♯ and C♯, thus:

No. 6.



Question as in the Key of D. Sing tunes in the Key of A, and exercises in the Keys of D and A.

No. 7. **Round in Three Parts.**



Follow me in this glee, Pleasant singing will be ringing, La la la, Tra la la la la la.

No. 8. **Round in Three Parts.**



O, may my heart dis-cover, All that is good and true, And may I be a lov-er Of virtue taught by you; All, all, all that is taught, is taught by you.

Fourth transposition by sharps (key of E, four sharps). **1** of this key is written on E, the fifth of A, and the new sharp is D♯, making four sharps, viz., F♯, C♯, G♯ and D♯. Thus,

No. 9.



Question as in the other keys, and practise tunes in the key of E.*

* For extended illustrations and instructions in Modulation, see Woodbury's "Self-Instructor in Musical Composition and Thorough Base."

No. 10. **Round in Four Parts.**



Morn-ing bells I love to hear, Ring-ing mer-ri - ly, loud and clear.

Fifth transposition of the scale by fourths. To transpose the scale by flats we take the fourth (instead of the fifth) of every new scale. F is the fourth of C, hence it is **1** of the new scale (key of F), thus:

No. 11. **Imperfect—Because B is not Flat.** **Perfect—Because B is Flat.**



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	F	G	A	B♭	C	D	E	F
Fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa	Fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa

The order of intervals must be the same in the flat keys as in the sharps. By analyzing the perfect example above, we find that from F to G is a major; G to A, a major; A to B♭ (three to four), a minor; B♭ to C, a major; C to D, a major; D to E, a major; E to F, a minor second.

Question something as follows:—What is the signature to the key of F? *Ans.* One flat. What letter is flat? B. Why do we flat? To regulate the order of intervals. Name the letters as they occur in this scale. The flat keys are transposed a fourth instead of a fifth, and flats are used instead of sharps to regulate the order of intervals—the fourth of each new scale being flatted instead of the seventh being sharped, as in the sharp keys, &c.

Second, third, and fourth transpositions by flats stand thus:

No. 12. **Key of B♭—Signature, two Flats.**



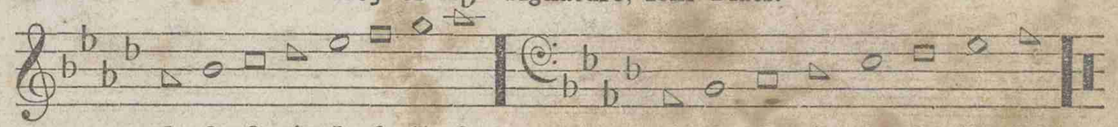
4	5	6	7	8
E♭	F	G	A	B♭
sol	la	mi	fa	

No. 13. **Key of E♭—Signature, three Flats.**



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
E♭	F	G	A♭	B♭	C	D	E♭	E♭	F	G	A♭	B♭	C	D	E♭
Fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa	Fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa

No. 14. **Key of A♭—Signature, four Flats.**



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A♭	B♭	C	D♭	E♭	F	G	A♭	A♭	B♭	C	D♭	E♭	F	G	A♭
Fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa	Fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa

It will be perceived that in each succeeding new scale, the fourth of the old scale is taken as **1** of the new, and that an additional flat is used to each.

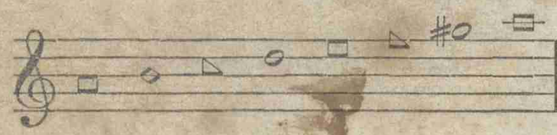
Other modulations may be procured by continuing to use additional flats, but as they would not be of any practical use, we omit them here. Questions should be proposed on all the scales, as in the key of F, and the practice of tunes should be introduced in all these keys, in the order of the transpositions as above.

CONTINUATION OF THE MINOR SCALE.

Every major has its relative minor scale, founded on the third letter below, *i. e.*, the relative minor to C is A; to D, B, &c. The order of intervals in the minor scale is the same, as shown on page 12, in all cases. Question the class as follows: What is the relative minor scale to G major? *Ans.* E. What is the signature of the relative minor to any major scale? The same as the major. What is the signature to E minor? One sharp. Is it necessary to introduce any accidentals in the minor scale? Yes; the seventh is always sharped both in ascending and descending in the Harmonic form (for example, see page 12); but

in the Melodic form only in ascending. Which form of the minor scale is now generally used? The Harmonic. Why? Because every note of the scale is susceptible of natural harmonies. What is the relative minor to A major? F sharp minor. To E major? C sharp minor. To F major? D minor. B flat major? G minor. E flat major? C minor. A flat major? F minor. Here we have all the minor scales at one view.

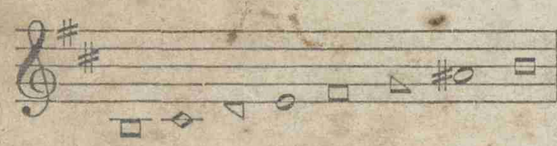
No. 15. A Minor, Relative to C Major.



E Minor, Relative to G Major.



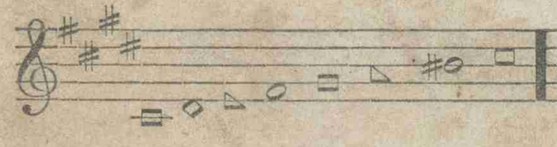
B Minor, Relative to D Major.



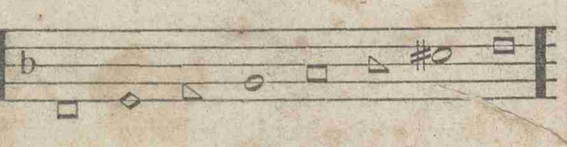
F Sharp Minor, Relative to A Major.



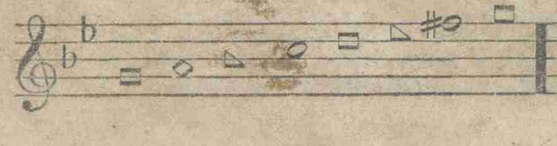
C Sharp Minor, Relative to E Major.



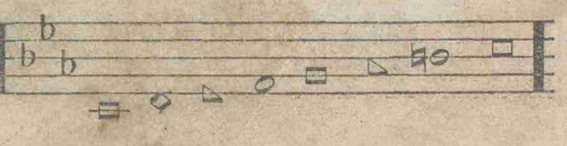
D Minor, Relative to F Major.



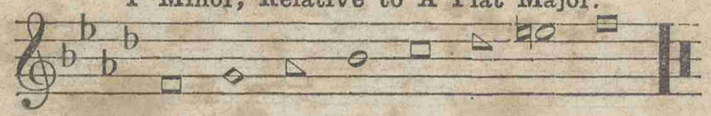
G Minor, Relative to B Flat Major.



C Minor, Relative to E Flat Major.



F Minor, Relative to A Flat Major.



Practise tunes in all the minor scales.

MELODIES, ROUNDS, etc., FOR CLASS PRACTICE.

No. 1. Round in Three Parts.



A boat! a boat to cross the fer - ry, And while we
float sing hey down der - ry, And we'll go o - ver and be mer - ry.

No. 2. Round in Three Parts.



Hap - py ones, come sing to - geth - er, Fa la la, la la la la la;
No cross fa - ces shall come hith - er
We will

No. 3. Round in Three Parts.

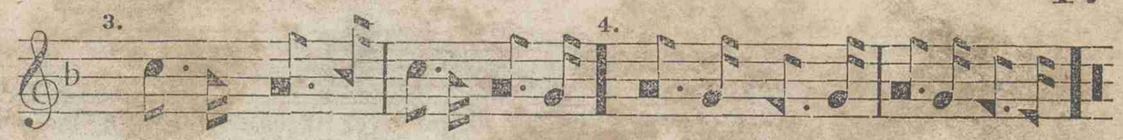


No. 4. Round in Three Parts.

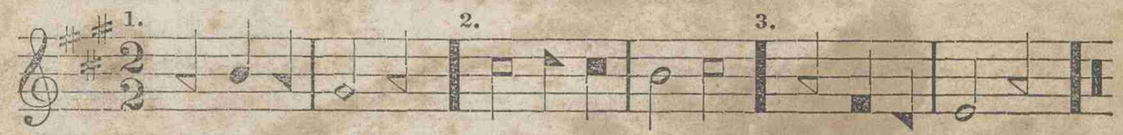


No. 5. Round in Four Parts.





No. 6. Round in Three Parts.



No. 7. Round in Four Parts.



No. 8. Round in Four Parts.



No. 9. Round in Three Parts.



RAILROAD CHORUS. "Singing through the forests."

I. B. WOODBURY.

RECITATIVE STYLE.

Solo, Tenor.

1. Singing through the forests, Rat-tling o - ver ridges, Shoot-ing un- der arch-es, Running o - ver bridges; Whizzing thro' the mountain, Buzzing o'er the vale—
2. Men of different "stations," In the eye of Fame, Here are ve - ry quick-ly Com-ing to the same: High and lowly people, Birds of every feather,
3. An - cient maiden la- dy Anx-ious- ly re - marks, That there must be per-il 'Mong so ma-ny sparks; Roguish looking fellow, Turning to a stranger,
4. Wo - man with her ba-by, Sit - ting vis - a - vis, Ba - by keeps a squalling, Wo-man looks at me, Asks about the distance, Says it's tiresome talking,

Accomp.

5. Mar-ket woman careful Of the precious casket, Knowing eggs are eggs, Tightly holds her basket, Finding that a smash, If it came would surely

Chorus to each verse.

Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail. Singing through the mountain, Buzzing o'er the vale, Bless me, this is pleasant, A rid-ing on a rail.
On a common level, A travel - ing to - gether
Says it's his o - pinion *She* is out of danger. Woo, woo, woo, woo, &c. . . . . Bless me, this is pleasant, A rid-ing on a rail.
Noises of the cars, Are ve - ry, ve - ry shocking.
Send her eggs to pot, Rath-er pre-ma-ture-ly. Woo, woo, woo, woo, &c. . . . . Bless me, this is pleasant, A rid-ing on a rail.

WITH EARNESTNESS.

1. O, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt, Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt, Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the

2. 'Twas not for its splendor that dwelling was dear, 'Twas not that the gay and the noble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine en-

3. But now the old house is no dwelling for me, The home of the stranger henceforth it must be; And ne'er shall I view it, or rove as a

page, Which if in-fan-cy lisps is the sol-ace of age: My heart, 'mid all changes, wher-ev-er I roam, Ne'er los-es its love for the

twined, And the sweet-scented jes-sa-mine waved in the wind; But dear-er to me than proud tur-ret or dome, Were the halls of my fa-thers

guest, O'er the ev-er-green fields which my fa-thers pos-sessed; Yet still, in my slumbers, sweet vis-ions will come, Of the days that I passed as that

f Rit.

old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart nev - er changes for the old house at home.

old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart nev - er changes for the old house at home.

f Rit.

old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart nev - er changes for the old house at home.

STUDENT'S SONG, or THE TRAVELER.

German.

LIVELY and SPIRITED.

1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, O'er mountain bare and meadows gay, Tra, la, la, la, la, la.
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, At eve - ry step to pause and sigh, Tra, la, la, la, la, la.
3. This is the mer - ry sing - er's way, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, His foot - path is with ros - es gay, Tra, la, la, la, la, la.
4. Foot - trav - el to the gay is sweet, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, But heav - y hearts make heav-y feet, Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

Cres.

And he who is not of my mind, An - oth - er traveling mate may find, He can - not go with me, He can - not go with me. Hurrah! hur -

No gloom - y man to scowl and groan, And o - ver oth - er's sins to moan, I'd ra - ther trudge a - lone, I'd ra - ther trudge a - lone. Hurrah! hur -

In eve - ry land where song is known, Where mu-sic meets an answering tone, That land his own must be, That land his own must be. Hurrah! hur -

Cres.

The man who loves the sunshine bright, And nev - er peeps be - hind for night, That is the man for me, That is the man for me. Hurrah! hur -

rah! Tra, la, la, la, la, hur-rah! hur-rah! Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

rah! Tra, la, la, la, la, hur-rah! hur-rah! Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

rah! Tra, la, la, la, la, hur-rah! hur-rah! Tra, la, la, la, la, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

QUARTETT. "The Melodies of many lands."

GENTLE.

1. The mel- o - dies of ma - ny lands Ere-while have charmed my ear, Yet there's but one a-mong them all, Which still my heart holds dear; I heard it first from

2. Its words, I well re - mem-ber now, Were fraught with precepts old, And eve -'ry line a max-im held, Of far more worth than gold; A lesson 'twas, though

3. It told me in the hour of need To seek a sol - ace there, Where on - ly stricken hearts could find Sweet answer to their prayer; Ah, much I owe that

lips I loved, My tears it then be - guiled, It was the song my mother sung, When I was but a child, It was the song my mother sung, When I was but a child.

sim-ply taught, That cannot pass away; It is my guid-ing star by night, My com-fort in the day, It is my guid-ing star by night, My comfort in the day.

gentle voice Whose words my tears beguiled, That song of songs my mother sung When I was but a child. That song of songs my mother sung When I was but a child.

GLEE. "Land of our Fathers."

LIVELY.

1. Land of our fathers! wheresoe'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and prosper-i-ty on thy sons at-tend, Down to pos-ter-i-ty their in-fluence des-cend.

2. Though other climes, may brighter hopes ful-fill. Land of our birth! we ever love thee still! Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band, Freedom and plen-ty ev-er crown our native land.

All then in-vit-ing, hearts and voices join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny, our na-tive land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land.

All then in-vit-ing. hearts and voices join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny, our na-tive land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land, our na-tive land.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A ; an Italian preposition, meaning to, in, by, at, &c.
Accelerando ; accelerating the time, gradually faster and faster.
Adagio, or Adasio ; slow.
Adagio Assai, or Molto ; very slow.
Ad Libitum ; at pleasure.
Affetuoso ; tender and affecting.
Agitato ; with agitation.
Alla Capella ; in church style.
Allegretto ; less quick than Allegro.
Allegro ; quick.
Allegro Assai ; very quick.
Allegro ma non troppo ; quick, but not too quick.
Amabile ; in a gentle and tender style.
Amateur ; a lover but not a professor of music.
Amoroso, or Con Amore ; affectionately, tenderly.
Andante ; gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected.
Andantino ; somewhat quicker than Andante.
Animato, or Con Anima ; with fervent animated expression.
Animo, or Con Animo ; with spirit, courage, and boldness.
Antiphone ; music sung in alternate parts.
Arioso ; in a light, airy, singing manner.
A Tempo ; in time.
A Tempo giusto ; in strict and exact time.
Ben Marcato ; in a pointed and well marked manner.
Bis ; twice.
Brillante ; brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadence ; closing strain; also a fanciful extemporaneous embellishment, at the close of song.
Cadenza ; same as the second use of Cadence. See Cadence.
Calando ; softer and slower.
Cantabile ; graceful singing style ; a pleasing, flowing melody.
Canto ; the treble part in a chorus.
Choir ; a company or band of singers ; also that part of a church appropriated to the singers.
Chorist, or Chorister ; a member of a choir of singers
Col, or Con ; with. Col Arco ; with the bow.
Comodo, or Commodo ; in an easy and unrestrained manner.
Con Affetto ; with expression.
Con Dolcessa ; with delicacy.
Con Dolore, or Con Duolo ; with mournful expression.
Conductor ; one who superintends a musical performance ; same as Music Director.
Con Energico ; with energy.
Con Espressione ; with expression.
Con Fuoco ; with ardor, fire.
Con Grazia ; with grace and elegance.
Con Impeto ; with force, energy.
Con Justo ; with chaste exactness.
Con Moto ; with emotion.
Con Spirito ; with spirit, animation.
Coro ; chorus.
Da ; for, from, of.
Duett ; for two voices or instruments.
Diminuendo ; gradually diminishing the sound.
Da Capo ; from the beginning.
Declamando ; in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo ; diminishing, decreasing.
Devozione ; devotional.
Dilettante ; a lover of the arts in general, or a lover of music.
Di Molto ; much or very.
Divoto ; devotedly, devoutly.
Dolce ; soft, sweet, tender, delicate.
Dolente, or Dolorosa ; mournful.
Doloroso ; in a plaintive, mournful style.
E ; and.
Elegante ; elegance.
Energico, or Con Energia ; with energy.
Espressivo ; expressive.
Fine, Fin, or Finale ; the end.
Forzando, forza, or fz. ; sudden increase of power.
Fugue, or Fuga ; a composition which repeats or sustains, in its several parts, throughout, the subject with which it commences, and which is often led off by some one of its parts.
Fugato ; in the fugue style.
Fughetto ; a short fugue.
Giusto ; in just and steady time.
Grazioso ; smoothly, gracefully.
Grave ; a slow and solemn movement.
Impressario ; the conductor of a concert.
Lacrimando, or Lacrimoso ; mournful and pathetic.
Lamentevole, Lamentando, Lamentabile ; mournfully.
Larghissimo ; extremely slow.
Larghetto ; slow, but not so slow as Largo.
Largo ; slow.
Legato ; close, gliding, connected style.
Lentando ; gradually slower and softer.
Lento, or Lentamente ; slow.
Ma ;
Maestoso ; majestic, majestically.
Maestro di Capella ; chapel master, or conductor of church music.
Marcato ; strong and marked style.
Messa di Voce ; moderate swell.
Moderato, or Moderatamente ; moderately, in moderate time.
Molto ; much or very.
Molto Voce ; with a full voice.
Morendo ; gradually dying away.
Mordente ; a beat or transient shake.
Mosso ; emotion.
Moto ; motion. Andante con Moto ; quicker than Andante.
Non ; not. Non troppo ; not too much.
Organo ; the organ.
Orchestra ; a company or band of instrumental performers.
Pastorale ; applied to graceful movements in sextuple time.
Piu ; more. Piu Mosso ; with more motion, faster.
Pizzicato ; snapping the violon string with the fingers.
Poco ; a little. Poco Adagio ; a little slow.
Poco a Poco ; by degrees, gradually.
Portamento ; the manner of sustaining and conducting the voice from one sound to another.
Precentor ; conductor, leader of a choir.
Presto ; quick.
Prestissimo ; very quick.
Rallentando, Allentando, or Slentando ; slower and softer by degrees.
Recitando ; a speaking manner of performance.
Recitante ; in the style of recitative.
Recitative ; musical declamation.
Rinforzando, Rinf., or Rinforzo ; suddenly increasing in power.
Ritardando ; slackening the time.
Semplice ; chaste, simple.
Sempre ; throughout, always, as Sempre forte, loud throughout.
Senza ; without ; as, Senza Organo ; without the Organ.
Sforzando, or Sforzato ; with strong force or emphasis, rapidly diminishing.
Siciliana ; a movement of light graceful character.
Smorendo, Smorzando ; dying away.
Soave, Soavement ; sweet, sweetly. See Dolce.
Solfeggio ; a vocal exercise.
Solo ; for a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto ; sustained.
Sotto ; under, below. Sotto Voce ; with subdued voice.
Spiritoso, Con Spirito ; with spirit and animation.
Staccato ; short, detached, distinct.
Subito ; quick.
Tace, or Tacet ; silent, or be silent.
Tardo ; slow.
Tasto Solo ; without chords.
Tempo ; time. Tempo a Piacere ; time at pleasure.
Tempo Giusto ; in exact time.
Ten, Tenuto ; hold on. See Sostenuto.
Tutti ; the whole, full chorus.
Un ; a ; as, Un Poco ; a little.
Va ; go on ; as, Va Crescendo ; continue to increase
Verse ; same as Solo.
Vigoroso ; bold, energetic.
Vivace ; quick and cheerful.
Virtuoso ; a proficient in art.
Voce Sola ; voice alone.
Volti Subito ; turn over quickly.

HARP OF THE SOUTH.

PART FIRST.

[All tunes in this Book are arranged as follows: Base, first or lowest staff; Treble, 2d staff; Alto, 3d staff; and Tenor, 4th staff.]

MORIAH. L. M.

L. MASON. From the Modern Psalmist.



MEMPHIS. L. M

VERY SPIRITED.

1. Poor, weak, and worthless, though I am, I have a rich, al - migh-ty Friend; Je - sus, the Sa-viour, is his name; He free-ly loves, and with - out end.

2. He ransomed me from hell with blood, And by his power my foes controlled; He found me wandering far from God, And brought me to his cho - sen fold.

3. He cheers my heart, my want supplies, And says that I shall shortly be En-throned with him a-bove the skies; O! what a friend is Christ to me!

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Thro' all the mill - ions of the skies, That song of tri-umph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be O - be - dient, migh - ty God, to thee! And o - ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3. O let that glo-rious anthem swell, Let host to host the tri - umph tell That not one re - bel heart remains, But o - ver all the Sa - viour reigns.

HENRIETTA. L. M.

CHANTING STYLE.

1. When Jesus for his people died, The ho - ly law was sat - is - fied: Its aw - ful pen - al - ties he bore, It can command, nor curse no more.

2. He hav - ing suffered in their stead, The law in cov'nant form is dead; He rules them with a gentle sway And they, with sweet delight, o - bey.

3. A - maz - ing Love! how rich, how free! That Christ should die for such as we! From hence the holiest duties flow, Of saints above, and saints be - low.

MARION. L. M.

f ALLEGRO.

1. A-rise! a-rise! with joy sur - vey The glo - ry of the lat-ter day: Al - rea - dy has the dawn be - gun Which marks at hand a rising run! Which marks at hand a rising sun!

2. Auspicious dawn! thy ri - sing ray With joy we view, and hail the day: Great sun of Righteousness! a - rise, And fill the world with glad surprise, And fill the world with glad surprise!

HINGHAM. L. M. Or 6 lines by repeating the first two lines.

Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1, Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night. And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast; Oh may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound, Like David's harp of sol-emn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word: Thy works of grace how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels, how di - vine! How deep thy counsels, how di-vine.

ALLABAHAD. L. M.

GRACEFULLY.

1. My rising soul with strong desires, To perfect hap - pi - ness aspires, With steady steps would tread the road That leads to heav'n, that leads to God.

2. I thirst to drink un - mingled love, From the pure fountain-head above, My dearest Lord, I long to be Empty'd of sin and full of thee.

3. For thee I pant, for thee I burn: Art thou withdrawn? again return, Nor let me be the first to say, Thou wilt not hear when sin - ners pray.

VIRGINIA. L. M.

VERY SPIRITED.

1. Welcome, thou well-be-lov'd of God, Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood; Welcome with us thy hand to join, As part - ner of our love di - vine.

2. With us the pilgrim's state embrace, We're trav'ling to a blissful place; The Ho - ly Ghost who knows the way, Conducts thee on from day to day.

3. Take up thy cross, and bear it on, It shall be light, and not be long; Soon shalt thou sit with Je - sus down, And wear an e - ver - lasting crown.

AMES. L. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

POCO ADAGIO.

1. God in his earthly tem - ple, lays Foun - dation for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zi - on loves to dwell.

2. His mer - cy vis - its ev' - ry house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delight - ful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3. What glo-ries were described of old! What wonders are of Zi - on told! Thou ci - ty of our God be - low, Thy fame shall all the na - tions know.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy pow'r con - fess; But that blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

3. Great Sun of Rhigteousness, a - rise! Oh bless the world with heavenly light! Thy gos - pel makes the sim-ple wise: Thy laws are pure, thy judg-ment right.

AIKEN. L. M.

NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Death and the grave are doleful themes For sin - ful mor - tal worms to sing, Ex - cept a Saviour's sweeter beams Dis - pel the gloom and touch the string.

2. But, dearest Lord, when view'd in thee, The monster los - es all his dread; There all his frightful horrors flee, And joy surrounds a dy - ing bed.

3. This makes the grave a favor'd spot; To saints its deep - est gloom is bless'd; For there the wicked trouble not, And there the wea-ry are at rest.

ADMAH. L. M.

MODERATO.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad; Let all the powers with - in me join,

4. Let every land his power con - fess, Let all the earth a - dore his grace; My heart and tongue with rap - ture join,

In work and worship so di - vine, Let all the powers with - in me join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

In work and worship so di - vine, My heart and tongue with rap - ture join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

CEPHAS. L. M. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. The spacious fir-mament on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky, And spangled heav'ns a shining frame Their great O-ri-gi-nal pro-claim.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly, to the listening earth, Repeats the sto-ry of her birth.

5. What! tho' in solemn silence all Move round this dark terres-trial ball; What! tho' nor re-al voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found—

Cres. *f*

2. Th'unweared sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's power display, And pub-lish-es to every land The work of an al-migh-ty hand.

4. While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets, in their turn, Con-firm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

6. In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glorious voice; For ev-er singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is Di-vine."

NEPONSET. L. M.

EARNESTLY.

1. Ascend thy throne, Almigh-ty King, And spread thy glo-ries all abroad; Let thine own arm sal - va - tion bring, And be thou known the gra - cious God.

2. Let millions bow be - fore thy seat, Let hum-ble mourners seek thy face; Bring daring re - bels to thy feet, Subdu'd by thy vic - to - rious grace.

3. O let the kingdoms of the world Be-come the kingdoms of the Lord; Let saints and an-gels praise thy name; Be thou through heav'n and earth a - dor'd.

RUSSIA. L. M.

Continental Tune. From the Dulcimer.

FIRM, but not boisterous.

How long, O Lord, shall I com - plain, Like one that seeks his God in vain, How long my soul thine absence mourn And still des - pair of thy return?

How long my soul thine ab - - sence mourn,

How long, O Lord, shall I com - plain, Like one that seeks his God in vain, How long my soul thine absence mourn, How long my soul thine absence mourn, And still despair of thy return?

How long my soul thine absence mourn, How long my soul thine ab - - sence mourn,

MACON. L. M.

EARNESTLY.

1. Sinners, a - way from Si - nai fly; To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair; Be - hold the King of glo - ry die, And read your peace and par - don there!

2. Search in - to ev' - ry o - pen wound, Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the spear, And full sal - va - tion will be found, In gol-den let-ters writ - ten there.

3. No works of man to raise the sum, Or pay the ransom, must be brought; Helpless and poor to Je - sus come, Nor strive to bring a per - fect thought.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.

MODERATO,

Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long: Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song, His wondrous name and power re - hearse, His honors shall en-rich your verse.

Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long: Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song, His wondrous name and power re - hearse, His honors shall en-rich your verse.

AE. L. M. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

SPIRITED.

1. Tri - umphant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and dark-ness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

3. No more shall foes unclean in-vade, And fill thy hal-lowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's in-sulting host Their vic-t'ry and thy sor - rows boast.

2. Put all thy beau-teous garments on, And let thy ex - cel-lence be known: Decked in the robes of righteous-ness, Thy glo-ries shall | the world con - fess. |

Sing small notes.

4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer, His hand thy ru - in shall re - pair: Nor will thy watch-ful monarch cease To guard thee in | e - ter - nal peace. |

P. Lentando.

TEMPLE. L. M. Double or 6 lines.

DECLAMATORY STYLE.

From the Dulcimer,

Commence with the Duett when there is an odd verse. D. C.

1. God in his earth-ly tem - ple lays Foun - da-tions for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Ja - cob well, But still in Zi - on loves to dwell. } His mer - cy vis - its ev - ery house That pay their night and morning vows;
D. C. But makes a more de - light - ful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray.

D. C.

1. When streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light salutes mine eyes, O Sun of Righteousness, di-vine, On me, with beams of mer-cy shine;
D. C. Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my darkness in - to day.

IMLAH. L. M.

DECLAMATORY STYLE.

Arranged from T. From the Dulcimer.

1. When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell, Where he is gone, they fain would know, That they might seek, and love him too.

2. My best Be - lov - ed keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds unknown; But he descends, and shows his face In the young gardens of his grace.

MERCER. L. M.

IN CHANTING STYLE.

1. Je - sus, thy blood and righteousness My beau-ty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds in these ar - ray'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.

2. When from the dust of death I rise, To take my mansion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my plea, "Je - sus hath liv'd and died for me."

3. Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? While through thy blood absolv'd I am, From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. From the Carmina Sacra.

DOLCE E PIANO.

See gentle pa - tience smile on pain, See dying hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sor - row's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

See gentle pa - tience smile on pain, See dying hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sor - row's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

OLIVET. L. M.

WITH GREAT GENTLENESS AND DELICACY.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

1. Soft be the gent-ly-breath-ing notes That sing the Sa - viour's dy - ing love; Soft as the evening ze - phyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.

2. Soft as the morning dews de - scend, While war - bling birds ex - ult - ing soar; So soft, to our al-migh-ty Friend, Be ev - ery sigh our bo - soms pour.

3. Pure as the sun's en-li - vening ray, That scat - ters life and joy a - broad; Pure as the lu - cid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Ma - ker, God.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

GENTLY.

W. B. B. From the Psalmodist, by permission,

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

RETREAT. L. M.

SLOW

From eve - ry stor - my wind that blows, From eve - ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.

From eve - ry stor - my wind that blows, From eve - ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.

CALHOUN. L. M.

DIGNIFIED.

1. Sov'reign of worlds display thy pow'r, Be this thy Zi - on's favor'd hour; Bid the bright morning star a - rise, And point the na - tions to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns, On A-fric's shore, on In-dia's plains; On wilds and con-tinents unknown, And claim the na - tions for thy own.

3. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice: Speak, and the des - ert shall re-joice: Scat-ter the shades of mor - al night, And put vain i - dols all to flight.

GOOD SHEPHERD. L. M. 6 lines.

IN CHANTING STYLE.

The Lord my pas - ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;

The Lord my pas - ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply And guard me with a watch-ful eye;

GRATITUDE. L. M. 6 lines.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours de-fend.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

ARDENT AND GLOWING.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise;

2. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail;

3. Then let me mount, and soar a - way, To the bright world of end-less day;

Soli. Chorus.

He just - ly claims a song from thee; His lov - ing kind - ness, O, how free! His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how free! His loving-kindness, O, how free!

O may my last ex - pir - ing breath, His lov - ing kind - ness sing in death, His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death, His loving-kindness sing in death.

Soli. Chorus.

And sing, with rap - ture and sur-prise, His lov - ing kind - ness in the skies, His lov - ing - kind - ness in the skies, His loving-kind-ness in the skies.

BEVERLY. L. M.

BOLD, and third line staccato.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

1. When Is-rael, freed from Pharaoh's hand, Left the proud ty - rant and his land, The tribes with cheerful homage own Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2. A-cross the deep their jour - ney lay; The deep di - vides to make them way; Jordan beheld their march, and fled With backward cur-rent to his head.

3. Let eve - ry mount-ain, eve - ry flood Re - tire, and know th' approach-ing God, The King of Israel; see him here; Tremble thou earth; adore and fear.

DESIRED GOODNESS. L. M

IN CHANTING STYLE.

1. Ascend thy throne, Almighty King, And spread thy glories all a - broad; Let thine own arm sal-va - tion bring, And be thou known the gra - cious God.

2. Let millions bow be - fore thy seat: Let humble mourners seek thy face; Bring daring reb - els to thy feet, Sub-dued by thy vic-to - - - rious grace.

3. O let the kingdoms of the world Become the kingdoms of the Lord; Let saints and angels praise thy name, Be thou through heaven and earth a-dored.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON. From Carmina Sacra.

SLOW AND SOFT.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days; And ev - ery evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.

3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head; While well-ap-point-ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta - tions round my bed.

DETROIT. L. M.

DECLAMATORY STYLE.

1. To - day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to Mount Zi - on go? Say, will you have this Christ or no?

2. Say, will you be for ev - er blest, And with this glo-rious Je - sus rest? Will you be saved from guilt and pain? Will you with Christ forev - er reign?

3. Make now your choice, and halt no more, For now he's wait- ing for the poor; Say now, poor souls, what will you do? Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

WARD. L. M.

Arranegd by L. MASON.

SLOW AND SOFT.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow, Sup-plies the cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our di - vine a - bode

2. That sa-cred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace thy promis - es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

A DREAM. L. M.

FAST.

1. Come in this cold de - cli - ning day, Dear friends, at-tend to what I say, And prove yourselves while I re - late, A dream which I have dream'd of late.

2. "I thought that a dear friend and I, Were standing, and lo! we did spy, A great and aw - ful sign ap - pear, Which somewhat did ex-cite my fear.

3. Then sa - ble darkness veil'd the sky, Which caus'd me sud-den-ly to cry, The day of judgment now is come; I soon shall know my fin - al doom.

WINDHAM. L. M.

D. READ. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there; But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a tra - vel - er.

2. "De - ny thy-self, and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

AMENIA. L. M. Double.

I. BAKER. From the Dulcimer.

IN CHANTING STYLE.

D. C.

1. How plea-sant, how di-vine- ly fair, O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are
With long de-sire my spir - it faints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints. 2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode; My pant - ing heart cries out for God;

D. C.

D. C. My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.

ALWAY. L. M.

The broken time may be omitted in the third line, Base, by singing small notes and noticing the ties.

ARDENT AND GLOWING.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!

ANVERN. L. M. Or 6 lines by repeating the first two lines.

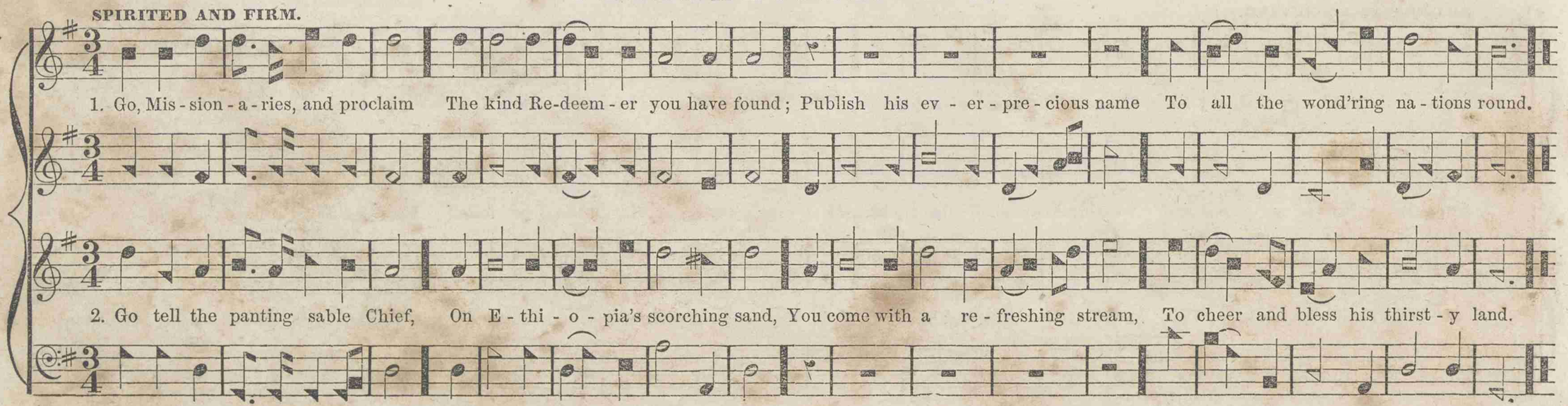
From the Carmina Sacra.

SLOW, and in steady time.



TALLAHASSEE. L. M.

SPIRITED AND FIRM.



ORLAND. L. M.

DR. ARNOLD. From the Dulcimer.

BOLD.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. Behold the na- tions with their kings; There Europe her best trib - ute brings; From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet.

3. There Persia, glo-rious to be-hold, And In - dia shines in east - ern gold; While western em-pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.

IN CHANTING STYLE.

1. O for a glance of heavenly day, To melt this stubborn stone a - way; And thaw, with beams of love di-vine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, The seas can roar, the mount-ains shake; Of feel-ing all things show some sign But this un-feel-ing heart of mine.

3. To hear the sor-rows thou hast felt, What but an ad - a - mant would melt? But I can read each mov-ing line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.

PTOLEMAIS. L. M.

CHANT.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a - rise: Let the Re-deemer's name be sung, Through every land, by eve - ry tongue.

2. E - ter - nal are thy mer-cies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

TUSCALOOSA. L. M.

SPIRITED.

1. Peace, by his cross, hath Je - sus made, The church's ev - er - lats - ing head, O'er hell and sin hath vict'ry won, And with a shout to glo - ry gone.

2. Then why, de - ject - ed saint, dost thou Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow? E - ter - nal truth de - clares to thee This glorious Man thy peace shall be.

3. When o'er thy head the bil - lows roll, And shades of sin obscure thy soul; When thou canst no de - liv'rance see, Yet still this Man thy peace shall be.

AERION. L. M. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

ANDANTE.

Mp. Cres. Dim.

1. Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love; When men of spite a-gainst me join, They are the sword, the hand is thine.

3. What sin-ners val-ue, I re-sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall be-hold thy bliss-ful face, And stand complete in righteous-ness.

Mp. Cres. Dim.

5. O glorious hour! O blest a-bode! I shall be near, and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of my soul.

p Cres. f

2. Their hope and portion lie be-low; 'Tis all the hap-pi-ness they know; 'Tis all they seek, they take their shares, And leave the rest a-mong their heirs.

4. This life's a dream, an empty show; But that bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sin-cere; When shall I wake and find me there.

p Cres. f

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy-ful sound: Then burst the chains, with glad sur-prise, And in my Sa-vior's im-age rise.

4

BELVILLE. L. M. Double or 6 lines.

From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.

2. When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs-ty mount-ains pant,
To fer-tile vales and dewy meads My wea-ry, wan-dering steps he leads;
Where peaceful riv-ers, soft and slow, A-mid the ver-dant landscape flow.

MOND. L. M. Double or 6 lines.

From the Carmina Sacra.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours de-fend.

Where peaceful riv-ers, soft and slow, A-mid the verdant landscape flow.

IN STEADY TIME.

1. Who shall ascend the ho-ly hill, Great God, which all thy glories fill?
Who, in thy temple's hallowed dome, Secure his ev-er-last-ing home?

2. This man the blessing shall receive, The blessing, which the Lord can give
Sal-vation from his God shall flow, And righteousness his hand bestow.

2. Whose hands are clean, whose heart sincere, Whose purpose pure, whose actions clear, Whose soul no van-i - ty al- lures, The truth his plight-ed vow se - cures;

4. These are the men, the cho-sen seed, Like Ja - cob, wrestling as they plead; They seek, O Lord, they seek thy face, And wait, and find the prom- ised grace.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. From the Carmina Sacra.

SLOW.

See the good Shepherd gent-ly leads His wand'ring flocks to ver-dant meads, Where winding riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the flow'ry land-scape flow.

See the good Shepherd gent-ly leads His wandering flocks to ver-dant meads, Where winding riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the flow'ry land-scape flow.

KEY WEST. L. M.

SPIRITED.

1. When in the cloud, with colors fair, I see the cov'nant bow appear, Its beauteous form and lovely rays, Awake my soul to love and praise.

2. It shows to me how firm the base, The oath, the promise, and the grace, Which God of old, ere time be-gun, To Zi - on sware in Christ his son.

3. De - ject - ed saint, dismiss thy fears, Still round the throne his bow appears, Pro-claim-ing peace and mercy free, And full sal - va - tion now to thee.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

German Choral.

MODERATO.

Be thou, O God! ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth dis-played, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Be thou, O God! ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth dis-played, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

MELITA. L. M. or 8's & 4's. Quartett.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

WITH GENTLENESS.

Second ending.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose, Than summer evening's lat-est sigh That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

3. Then, traveller in the vale of tears, To realms of everlast-ing light, Thro' time's dark wil-der-ness of years (Omit - - - - - - - - - -) Pursue thy flight.

AFRICA. L. M.

From the Dulcimer.

WITH ARDOR.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro-claim Sal-va-tion in Im-man-uel's name; To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the rose of Shar-on there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire— With ho-ly zeal your hearts in-spire; Bid ra-ging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the sav-age breast to peace.

3. And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je-sus—Lord of all.

STERLING. L. M.

From the Carmina Sacra.

1. O come loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - migh- ty King; For we our voices high, should raise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

2. Oh let us to his courts re - pair, And bow with a - - do - ra- tion there; Down on our knees,de-vout-ly, all, Be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker fall.

PENSACOLA. L. M.

LIVELY.

1. Come ye who know the Lord indeed, Who are from sin and bondage freed, Sub-mit to all the ways of God, And walk the nar - row, hap - - - - - py road.

2. Great trib - u - la-tion you shall meet, But soon shall walk the golden street; Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite, Yet Christ will save his heart's - - - - - de - light.

3. That aw-ful day will soon ap - pear, When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell, To call the na-tions great - - - - - and small.

ASSURANCE. L. M. Double.

Theme from HAYDN. From the Dulcimer.

WITH ARDOR, but not too fast.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives; He lives, He lives, who once was dead, He lives, my ev-er-liv-ing head. 2. He lives tri-

2. He lives to bless me with his love, He lives to plead for me a-bove; He lives my hungry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need. 4. He lives to

5. He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to stop and wipe my tears; He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives all blessings to im-part. 6. He lives my

(When it is desirable to sing all the words of the last line, use the small notes.)

umphant from the grave, He lives e-ter-nal-ly to save; He lives all glorious in the sky, He lives ex-alt-ed there on high, ex-alt-ed there on high.

grant me fresh supply, He lives to guide me with his eye; He lives to comfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint, to hear my soul's complaint.

kind, wise, heavenly Friend, He lives and loves me to the end; He lives, and while He lives I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER. Inserted by permission.

DECLAMANDO.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro - claim Sal - va-tion in Im - man - uel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire—With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire; Bid raging winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

ALL SAINTS L M

WM. KNAPP.

MP Cres. Dim. Cres. Cres.

1. Who shall as-cend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell be - fore thy face? The man who loves re - lig - ion now, And hum-bly walks with God be - low.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean, Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanders dwell up - on his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

Cres. Dim. Cres. Cres.

3. He loves his en - e - mies, and prays For those that curse him to his face; And does to all men still the same, That he could hope or wish from them.

RELIANCE. L. M.

W. * *

ANDANTE.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days; And eve-ry evening shall make known, Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low of my head; While well - appointed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

JACKSON. L. M

1. E - ter - nal life! how sweet the sound, To sinners who deserve to die! Publish the bliss the world around, Ech - o the joys, ye worlds on high.

2. E - ter - nal life! how will it reign, When, mounting from his breathless clod, The soul discharg'd from sin and pain, Ascends t'en - joy its Fa - ther, God.

3. E - ter - nal life! how will it bloom In beauty on that bliss-ful day, When rescued from th'impris'ning tomb, Glo - ry in - vests our ris - ing clay!

GEORGIA. L. M.

WITH ARDOR.

1. How love-ly, how di - vine - ly sweet, O Lord, thy sa - cred courts ap-pear! Fain would my longing pas-sions meet The glo - ries of thy pres-ence there.

3. Hap-py the men, whom strength divine With ar - dent love and zeal in-spires; Whose steps to thy blest way in - cline, With wil - ling hearts and warm de - sires.

2. O blest the men, blest their employ, Whom thine in - dul - gent fa - vors raise To dwell in those a - bodes of joy, And sing thy nev - er - ceas - ing praise.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

AFFETTUOSO.

1. Sin-ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly!

2. Wilt thou des-pise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu-sive dreams? Madly at - tempt th' infernal gate, And force thy pas - - sage to the flames?

3. Stay, sinner, on the gos-pel plains; And hear the Lord of life un - fold The glo-ries of his dy-ing pains! For ev - er tell - - ing, yet un - told!

LINCOLN ST. L. M.

ANDANTE.

1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From every swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found before the mer - cy - seat.

2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads— A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy - seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holdsfellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around one common mer - cy - seat.

THE SAVIOR KNOCKING. L. M.

SPIRITED AND EARNEST.

1. Be-hold the Sa-vior at thy door, He gently knocks, has knock'd before; Has wait-ed long, is waiting still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2. Admit him; for the human breast Ne'er en - ter-tained so kind a guest, Admit him, or the hour's at hand, When at his door denied you'll stand.

3. Open my heart, Lord, enter in, Slay ev' - ry foe, and con-quer sin; I now to thee my all re-sign, My bo - dy, soul, shall all be thine.

COMING SINNER. L. M.

SPIRITED.

1. Hark! 'tis the Savior's voice I hear, Come, trembling soul, dis - pel thy fear; He saith, and who his word can doubt, He will in no wise cast you out.

2. Doth Sa - tan fill you with dismay, And tell you Christ will cast a - way? It is a truth, why should you doubt, He will in no wise cast you out.

3. Does sin appear be - fore your view, Of scarlet or of crimson hue! If black as hell, why should you doubt, He will in no wise cast you out.

HAMILTON. L. M.

ALLEGRO.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! Awake, my soul— awake, my tongue; Ho - sanna to th' e - ternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest image of his grace; God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme, My thoughts rejoice at Je - sus' name! Ye angels dwell up - on the sound, Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

PARK PLACE. L. M. Double.

WITH ENERGY.

1. Come, all ye cho-sen saints of God, Whose souls are washed in Jesus' blood; Hear what he says, his word is true, "My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.

3. "I know how numerous are your foes, I know the ways which they oppose; I know their cunning mal-ice too: My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.

5. "Do you want proof of this my love? Cal - v'ry survey; then heaven above; See how the ransomed millions bow! My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.

2. "I am your sure, Almigh-ty Friend, Who lov-ing, loves you to the end; I will be near you, and will show My grace suf - fi - cient is for you.

4. "Tho' Satan strives your souls t'ensnare, You're still the objects of my care; You're near my heart, I'll bring you through, My grace suf - fi - cient is for you.

6. "I'll guide you safe-ly in the way, Thro' life's dark night, to heaven's bright day; And there with wonder you shall view, My grace suf - fi - cient was for you."

QUITO. L. M.

SLOW.

Who is this stranger in dis - tress, That trav - els thro' the wil - der - ness? Oppressed with sor-row and with sin, On her be - lov - ed Lord she leans, On her be-lov-ed Lord she leans.

Who is this stranger in dis - tress, That trav - els thro' the wil - der - ness? Oppressed with sor-row and with sin, On her be - lov - ed Lord she leans, On her be-lov-ed Lord she leans.

BOLTON. L. M.

VERY SPIRITED.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwith-stan-ding all: He sav'd me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness, O how great!

3. Through num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His loving-kindness, O how strong!

MISSIONARY PROSPECT. L. M.

LIVELY.

1. Be - hold th'expected time draws near, The shades disperse, the dawn appear, The bar-ren wil- der - ness as-sume The beauteous tints of E - den's bloom.

2. E - vents, which prophecies con-spire To raise our faith, our zeal to fire: The ripening fields alread - y white, Pre-sent an har-vest to our sight.

4. From east-ern to the western skies, Sweet in-cense to his name shall rise; And Tyre and E - gypt, Greek and Jew, By sovereign grace be formed a - new.

LIMEHOUSE. L. M.

HUSBAND.

1. Come, saints, and view the Lamb of God, Dy - ing in ag - o - nies and blood; Be- hold his side, and ven - ture near, The well of end - less life is here!

2. "In memory of your dy - ing Friend, Do this," he said, "till time shall end; Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part - ed Lord.

REZIN. L. M. Double.

RATHER SLOW, and in exact time.

1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are; With long de-sire my spir-it faints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

3. Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne a-bove the sky; Thy brightest glo-ries shine a-bove, And all their work is praise and love.

5. Blest are the men, whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi-on's gate: God is their strength, and thro' the road They lean up-on their helper, God.

mf

2. My flesh would rest in thine a-bode; My pant-ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.

4. Blest are the souls, who find a place With-in the tem-ple of thy grace; There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

mf

6. Cheerful they walk with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at length; Till all be-fore thy face appear, And join in no-bler wor-ship there.

DESIRE. L. M.

WITH EARNESTNESS.

1. Lord, 'twas a time of wondrous love When thou didst first draw near my soul, And by thy Spi - rit from a - bove My ra-ging passions didst control!

2. Guil - ty and self - condemn'd I stood, Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near; But he my e - vil heart renew'd, And all his gra - ces planted there.

3. He will complete the work begun, By lea - ding me in all his ways;— To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Spi - rit e - qual praise.

MENDON. L. M.

SPIRITED.

Carmina Sacra.

Loud swell the pealing or - gan's notes, Breathe forth your soul in rapt - ures high; Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice, Join the full cho - rus of the sky.

YOUNG CONVERT. L. M.

1. When converts first be - gin to sing, Their happy souls are on the wing: Their theme is all re - deeming love, Fain would they be with Christ above.

2. With ad - mi - ration they be - hold, The love of Christ that can't be told: They view themselves up - on the shore, And think the battle is all o'er.

3. They feel themselves quite free from pain, And think their ene - mies are slain; They make no doubt but all is well, And Satan is cast down to hell.

WELLS. L. M.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return.

2. Life is the hour that God hath given, T' es-cape from hell, and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mortals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

WAYNE. L. M.

SPIRITED.

1. O all ye people clap your hands, And with tri - umphant voices, sing: No force the mighty power withstands, Of God, the u - ni - versal King, Of God, the u - ni - versal King.

4. Loud praises to Je - hovah sing, In hymns of joy his love proclaim; Sing praises to the heavenly King, A - dore and bless his sacred name, A - dore and bless his sacred name.

Loud.

EL-PARAN. L. M.

P. A. SCHULTZ. From the Modern Psalmist.

ANDANTE. DOLCE MA MARCATO.

Dim.

1. An - oth - er six days work is done, An - other Sabbath is begun: Re - turn my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the day thy God has blessed.

Dim.

2. Oh! that our thoughts aud thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heav'n that sweet repose Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

BROOKFIELD. L. M.

BILLINGS.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy par-d'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from eve-ry sin, And make my guil-ty con-science clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of-fen-ces pain my eyes.

HIDING PLACE. L. M.

Old Melody. From the Presbyterian Psalmodist.

1. Hail! sovereign love, that first be-gan The scheme to res-cue fall-en man; Hail! matchless, free, e-ter-nal grace, That gave my soul a hid--ing-place.

2. A-gainst the God that rules the sky, I fought with hands uplift-ed high; Des-pised the of-fers of his grace—To proud to seek a hid-ing-place.

3. Vin-dic-tive Just-ice stood in view, To Si-nai's fi-ery mount I flew; But Just-ice cried, with frowning face, "This mountain is no hid-ing-place."

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

Old English.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord for - give; Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live; Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The power and glory of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from eve - ry sin, And make my guil-ty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of - fen-ces pain my eyes.

THE PENITENT. L. M.

SLOW.

Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord for-give, Let a re-pent- ing reb - el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy par-d'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from eve - ry sin, And make my guilt- y con-science clean; Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain my eyes.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. Or L. M. 6 lines.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise; He just-ly claims a song from thee— His lov-ing-kind-ness,

2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es-tate— His lov-ing-kind-ness,

3. Tho' num-erous hosts of migh-ty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safe-ly leads my soul a-long— His lov-ing-kindness,

O how free! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!

O how great! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!

O how strong! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!

4.

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5.

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail,
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7.

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Who can describe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of pa - ra - dise. To see a prod-i - gal re - turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

2. With joy the Father doth ap - prove The fruit of his e - ter - nal love; The Son with joy looks down and sees The purchase of his ag - o - nies.

3. The Spirit takes de-light to view The ho - ly soul He formed anew; And saints and an-gels join to sing The growing em - pire of their King.

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. BURNEY.

SPIRITED.

Now to the Lord a noble song: A-wake, my soul; a - wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th'E - ter - nal Name, And all his bound-less love proclaim.

Now to the Lord a noble song: A-wake, my soul; a - wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th'E - ter - nal Name, And all his bound-less love proclaim.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged from HANDEL. From the Carmina Sacra.

ALLEGRETTO RISOLUTO.



Ending for 3d Stanza.



2.

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

3.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
{ Far as the curse is found.
{ *Second Ending.*

4.

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

PETERBORO'. C. M.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day, Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes: Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay, To him who rules the skies.

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats; The day re - news the sound; Wide as the heaven on which he sits To turn the seas - ons round.

3. 'Tis he sup - ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

SILOAM. C. M. May be sung as a Quartett.

From the Dulcimer.

WITH GENTLENESS. Cres. and Dim.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the li - ly grows; How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows; How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose.

DOWNS. C. M.

RATHER SLOW.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way My heart makes haste t'o-bey thy word, And suffers no de - lay.

2. Thy pre-cepts and thy heavenly grace, I set be - fore my eyes; Thence I de-rive my dai - ly strength, And there my com-fort lies.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Let eve-ry kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majes - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all, To him all majes - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.

3. Oh! that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; And join the ever - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all, And join the ever - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

SEYMOUR. C. M.

From the Sacred Choir.

WITH FERVOR.

1. Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove; And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love, And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love.

2. Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath, And shot devouring flame: Our God appear'd consuming fire, And vengeance was his name, Our God appeared consuming fire, And vengeance was his name.

3. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss Are open'd by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th'Almighty's throne, High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th'Almighty's throne.

TRANSPORT. C. M.

From the Dulcimer.
Second ending.

WITH GREAT SPIRIT.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and happy land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.

2. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ev - er blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bo - som rest?

AZMON. C. M.

SLOW AND SOFT.

Arranged from GLASER. From the Carmina Sacra.

Soli or Semi-Chorus.

CODA. Chorus.

Come, let us lift our joyful eyes Up to the courts above. And smile to see our Father there Up - on a throne of love. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Soli or Semi-Chorus.

CODA. Chorus.

Come, let us lift our joyful eyes Up to the courts above, And smile to see our Father there Up - on a throne of love. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

ELLA'S SONG. C. M.

LIVELY.

W. * *

1. Now may the Lord re - veal his face, And teach our stamm'ring tongues, To make his glorious reign of grace, The sub - ject of our songs.

2. No sweeter sub - ject can in - vite A sin-ner's heart to sing, Or more dis-play the sov'reign right, Of our ex - alt - ed King.

3. This sub - ject fills the star - ry plains, With wonder, joy, and love, And fur - nish-es the noblest strains, For all the harps a - bove.

CHARD. C. M.

H. B. O. From the Carmina Sacra.

RATHER SLOW.

1. Oh! for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame: A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?

HERMON. C. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

SLOW AND SOFT.

1. Oh praise the Lord, for he is good, In him we rest ob-tain; His mer-cy has through a-ges stood, And ev-er shall re-main.

2. Let all the peo-ple of the Lord His prais-es spread a-round; Let them his grace and love re-cord, Who have sal-va-tion found.

3. Now let the east in him re-joice, The west its trib--ute bring, The north and south lift up their voice In hon-or of their King.

TAPPAN. C. M. or 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.
From the Sacred Choir.

GLOWING.

As P. M. 1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone 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—'tis heaven.

As C. M. 3. Behold the love, the generous love, That holy Da - vid shows; Behold his kind compassion move, Behold his kind compassion move For his af-flict - ed foes.

OVERTON. C. M. Or Short Anthem.

Arranged from T. CLARK. From the Dulcimer.

WITH RESIGNATION AND JOY.

Sweet to re-joice in live - ly hope, That when my change shall come, And waft my spirit home.

Sweet to rejoice in live - ly hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover. Angels will hover round my bed, And waft . . my spir-it home.

Sweet to rejoice in live - ly hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover, Angels will hover, Angels will hover, round my bed, And waft . . . . . And waft my spirit home.

MOREH. C. M. Double.

L. Mason. From the Carmina Sacra.

STEADY AND EQUAL TIME.

1. We love thy ho - ly tem - ple, Lord, For there thou deign'st to dwell; And there the her - alds of thy word, Of all thy mer-cies tell.

3. A - round thine al-tar will we kneel, In pen - i - tence sin - cere, A Sa - vior's mer-cy deep - ly feel, And words of par - don hear;

Cres. f

2. There in thy pure and cleansing fount, Washed from each guil-ty stain, Our souls on wings of faith shall mount To heav'n's e - ter - nal fane.

Cres. f

4. Or, ming-ling with the chor - al throng, Our joy - ful voi - ces raise, And pour the full mel - o - dious song, In notes of grate-ful praise.

BRIDGTON. C. M.

WITH ARDOR.

LEACH.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades, if he ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun; He is my soul's bright morning star, And he my rising sun, And he my ris - ing sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine, With beams of sa - cred bliss; While Jesus shows his heart is mine, And whispers I am his, And whispers I am his.

MERTON. C. M.

IN DECLAMATORY STYLE.

H. K. OLIVER. From the Dulcimer.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven, fare - well, With all your fee - ble light; Fare - well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

2. And thou, re - ful-gent orb of day! In bright - er flames ar - rayed, My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, No more de-mands thine aid.

3. Ye stars are but the shin - ing dust Of my di - vine a - bode, The pave-ment of those heavenly courts Where I shall reign with God.

FREE GRACE. C. M.

VERY SPIRITED.

1. Hail, mighty Je - sus, how di - vine Is thy vic - to - rious sword! The stout-est re - bel must re - sign At thy com - mand - ing word.

2. Still gird thy sword up - on thy thigh, Ride with ma - jes - tic sway; Go forth, sweet prince, tri-umph - ant-ly, And make thy foes o - bey.

MELBOURN. C. M.

English Tune. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works record, From day to day thy works record, From day to day thy works record, And ever sing thy praise.

2. Thy wondrous acts, thy pow'r and might, My constant theme shall be; That song shall be my soul's delight, That song shall be my soul's delight. That song shall be, &c. Which breathes in praise to thee.

3. The Lord is bountiful and kind, His anger slow to move; All shall his tender mercy find, All shall his tender mercy find, All shall his tender mercy find, And all his goodness prove

ROBY. C. M.

WITH GENTLENESS.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

When an - y turn from Zi - on's way, (A - las, what num - bers do!) Me- thinks I hear my Sa - vior say "Wilt thou for - sake me too?"

When an - y turn from Zi - on's way, (A - las, what num - bers do!) Me- thinks I hear my Sa - vior say "Wilt thou for - sake me too?"

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

LIVELY.

J. INGALLS.

How long, dear Savior, O how long Shall this bright hour delay, Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the wel-come day.

How long, dear Savior, O how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the wel-come day,

How long, dear Savior, O how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day, And bring the welcome day.

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, Fly swifter round the wheel of time.

APHEKA. C. M. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

ALLEGRETTO A TEMPO GIUSTO.

1. To our Re - deemer's glorious name A - wake the sacred song! Oh, may his love, immortal flame! Tune every heart and tongue. 2. His love, what mortal thought can reach! What mor - tal tongue dis - play! Im - ag - in - a - tion's ut - most stretch In won - der dies a - way, In wonder dies a - way.

3. Dear Lord, while we a - dor - ing pay Our hum - ble thanks to thee, May ev - ery heart with rapture say, "The Savior died for me!" 4. Oh, may the sweet, the bliss - ful theme, Fill eve - ry heart and tongue, Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song, And join the sa - cred song.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

WITH DIGNITY.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sa-vior's brow, His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mor - tal can with him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train, Who fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

SHADY RILL. C. M.

GENTLE AND EXPRESSIVE.

From the Dulcimer.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay; The rose, that blooms beneath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way.

MARLOW. C. M.

From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev' - ry tongue; His new dis - covered grace demands A new and no - bler song.

2. Say to the na - tions—Je - sus reigns, God's own Al - mighty Son: His power the sink - ing world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let an un - u - sual joy sur - prise The is - lands of the sea,— Ye mountains sink, ye val - leys rise, Pre - pare the Lord his way.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANSUR, 1735.

MODERATO.

1. O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earthly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou, How glo - rious is thy name.

2. When heav'n, thy glorious work on high, Employs my wondering sight: The moon, that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of feebler light:

3. Lord, what is man! that thou should'st choose To keep him in thy mind! Or what his race, that thou should'st prove To them so wondrous kind?

BURLIN. C. M.

WITH FIRMNESS.

From the Dulcimer.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep-herd stand, With all en - ga - ging charms; Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

2. "Per - mit them to ap-proach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum-ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, by fer-vent prayer, And yield them up to thee; With hum - ble trust that we are thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

PHUVAH. C. M. Or 7's, 6's, & 8's.* Or 8's, 6's, & 4's.†

TENDERLY.

German Choral.

As C. M. 1. I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And pit - ied eve - ry groan; Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hast - en to his throne.

As 7's, 6's, & 8's. Brother, thou art gone to rest, We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir - it longed to be.

As 8's, 6's, & 4's. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well, A guide, a Com - fort - er be-queathed, With us to dwell

* By omitting the first note.

† By using ties in the last strain, as in the Soprano.

DALMATIA. C. M. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

RATHER SLOW, and in exact time.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights! 2. In darkest shades if thou ap-pear,

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Jesus shows his mercy mine, And whispers, I am his! 4. My soul would leave this heavy clay

Cres.

My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun.

Cres.

At that transporting word, And run with joy the shining way To meet my dearest Lord; And run with joy the shining way To meet my dear-est Lord.

REO. C. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

AFFETTUOSO.

1. With joy we med - i-tate the grace Of our High Priest a-bove: His heart is made of tenderness, His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

2. Touch'd with a sympa-thy with - in, He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

3. He, in the days of feeble flesh, Pour'd out his cries and tears, And in his measure feels a-fresh, And in his measure feels a-fresh What eve - ry member bears.

ON THE CROSS. C. M.

TENDERLY.

1. Be - hold the Sa - vior of man - kind, Nail'd to the shameful tree! How vast that love that him in - clin'd To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple - veil a - sun - der breaks, The so - lid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the pre-cious ran-som's paid, "Re-ceive my soul," he cries: See how he bows his sa - cred head: He bows his head and dies!

VICTORY. C. M.

DIGNIFIED.

1. I Sing my Savior's wond'rous death; He conquer'd when he fell; "'Tis fin-ish'd," said his dy - ing breath, And shook the gates, the gates of hell.

3. His cross a sure found-a - tion laid, For glo - ry and re - nown, When through the re-gions of the dead, He pass'd to reach, to reach the crown.

4. Ex - alt-ed at his Fa-ther's side, Sits our vic - to - rious Lord: To heav'n and hell his hands di-vide, The ven-geance or re - ward.

ZERAH. C. M.

ALLEGRO VIGOROSO.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n. Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace. For evermore adored, The Wonder - ful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord. The Wonder - ful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.

3. His power increasing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below. Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

NOT TOO FAST. L. MASON.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immauuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

PILGRIM'S CHURCH. C. M.

GENTLE, but with fervor. W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

1. Thou dear Redeem-er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No mu-sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. When we ap-pear in yon - der cloud, With all the fa - vored throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song.

HEATH. C. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

LEGATO.

1. The Lord him-self, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide: The Shepherd, by whose con-stant care My wants are all sup-plied.

2. In ten-der grass he makes me feed, And gent-ly there repose: Then leads me to cool shades, and where Re-freshing wa-ter flows.

3. Since God doth thus his wondrous love Through all my life extend, That life to him I will de-vote, And in his tem-ple spend.

MIGHTY GRACE. C. M.

EARNESTLY.

1. A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found,—Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-liev'd: How precious did that grace appear The hour I first be-liev'd.

3. Thro' ma-ny dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read-y come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

INCARNATION. C. M.

TENDERLY.

1. Earth has engross'd my love too long; 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Upward, dear Fa - ther, to thy throne, And to my na - tive skies.

2. There the blest man, my Sav - ior, sits; The God how bright he shines? And scatters in - fin - ite de - lights On all the hap - py minds.

3. Seraphs with el - e - vat - ed strains Cir - cle the throne a - round; And move and charm the star - ry plains With an im - mor - tal sound.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

ANDANTE. Sotto voce.

1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

NICHOLS. C. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing: Ye pilgrims now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.

2. His hand divine shall lead you on, Thro' all the blissful road: Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your gracious God, And see your gracious God.

3. Bright garlands of im - mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev'- ry head; While sorrow, sighing, and dis - tress, Like shadows all are fled, Like shadows all are fled.

TALLIS. C. M.

TH. TALLIS. 1560.

CHANT. First and second Tenor.

1. O all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue; In eve - ry language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

NOTE. *This tune may be performed with good effect, in a responsive manner; the first and third lines (Treble part) being sung by a single voice, male or female, and the second and fourth lines in chorus.*

2. His mer-cy reigns thro' eve - ry land, Proclaim his grace a - broad: For - ev - er firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faith - ful God.

DITSON. C. M.

TENDERLY.

From the Timbrel.

1. O for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3. What peace - ful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still! But now I find an ach-ing void, The world can nev - er fill.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

Dear Sa - vior, when my thoughts re - call The won - ders of thy grace, Low at thy feet, a-shamed, I fall, And hide this wretch-ed face.

Dear Sa - vior, when my thoughts re - call The won - ders of thy grace, Low at thy feet, a-shamed, I fall And hide this wretch-ed face.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. Sing to the Lord a new made song, Who wondrous things hath done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won. The conquest he has won.

2. Let all the peo - ple of the earth, Their cheerful voices raise: Let all, with u - ni - versal joy, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound their maker's praise.

GENEVA. C. M.

MODERATO.

JOHN COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys, Trans - ported with the view I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys, Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys, Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys, Trans - ported with the view I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise

BALERMA. C. M.

Oh! hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice; And who ce - lest - ial wis-dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

Oh! hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice; And who ce - lest - ial wis-dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER, Author of the Music of Nature.

MODERATO.

1. Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same, In bright-er worlds a - bove.

2. Great is the Lord, his power unknown, Oh let his grace be great; I'll sing the hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.

3. Thy grace shall dwell up - on my tongue; And while my lips re - joice, The men who hear my sa - cred song, Shall join their cheer-ful voice.

BRAY. C. M.

G. WILLIAMS.

DIGNIFIED.

1. A-wake, my heart; arise, my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God, the life of all my joys, Aloud will I re - joice. Aloud will I re-joice.

2. 'Tis he adorned my na - ked soul, And made salvation mine; Upon a poor pol - lu - ted worm He makes his graces shine. He makes his graces shine.

CONWAY. C. M.

English Tune.

LIVELY.

1. O 'tis de-light, without al-loy, Je-sus, to hear thy name! My spi - rit leaps with inward joy, My spi-rit leaps with inward joy, I feel the sacred flame.

2. My passions hold a pleasing reign, When love inspires my breast; Love, the di - vin - est of the train, Love the divinest of the train, The sov'reign of the rest.

3. This is the grace must live and sing, When faith and hope shall cease; Must sound from ev'ry joyful string, Must sound from ev'ry joyful string, Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

DOUGLAS. C. M.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; Thy goodness we adore; A spring, whose bles - sings nev - er fail, A sea with - out a shore!

2. Where'- er we turn our gaz - ing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine! Ten thou - sand plea - sing won - ders rise, And speak the hand di - vine.

WARWICK. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morning, thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee, lift up mine eye.

5. O may my spir - it guide my feet, In ways of right - eous - ness, Make eve - ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

CHESTER. C. M.

GENTLE.



HASTINGS.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



LITCHFIELD. C. M.

1. Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm, In smil - ing crowds, draw near: And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Savior's voice to hear.

2. We pray that you may ear - ly prove The Savior's quick'ning grace; Too young you can - not taste his love, Or seek his smiling face.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Let not de - spair, nor fell revenge, Be to my bo - som known; O give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.

2. Feed me, O Lord, with needful food, I ask not wealth or fame, But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

COVENTRY. C. M.

From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. Oh, could our tho'ts and wishes fly, A - bove these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades. Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2. There, joys un-seen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee - ble ray, In ev - er blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no de-cay. Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, A - men.

3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our up - ward aim! With one re - viv - ing look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, A - men.

Coda. Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

LANESBORO. C. M.

From the Carmina Sacra.

When the small notes are sung at the end of the second verse, let the time be retarded.

ALLEGRO.

1. Ear - ly, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face: My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, Without thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Be neath a burning sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r Thro' all thy temples shine; My God re - peat that heavenly hour, My God re - peat that heaven - ly hour, That vis - ion so di - vine.

CLIFFORD. C. M. or 8's & 6's.

SPIRITED.

8 & 6. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn - ing wan - derers given; There is a tear for souls dis-

C. M. To Zi-on's hill, I lift mine eyes, From thence is all my aid; From Zi - on's hill, and Zi - - on's

tressed, A balm for every wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - lone, in heaven. 'Tis found a - - lone in heaven.

God, From Zi - - on's hill and Zi - - on's God, Who heaven and earth hath made. Who heaven and earth hath made.

CALEDONIA. C. M. Double.

SCOTTISH. Inserted by request.

SLOW.

My God, what silk-en chords are thine! How soft, and yet how strong; Whilst power, and truth, and grace com-bine, To draw our souls a - long.

My God, what silk - en chords are thine! How soft, and yet how strong; Whilst power, and truth, and grace combine, To draw our souls a - long.

Tutti.

When crush'd beneath the hea - vy yoke Of fol - ly and of sin, Thy hand our i - ron bond - age broke, Our grate - ful hearts to win.

Soli.

Soli.

Tutti.

When crush'd be-neath the hea - vy yoke Of fol - ly and of sin, Thy hand our i - ron bond - age broke, Our grate - ful hearts to win.

HOWARD. C. M.

CONNECTED.

1. Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, Ac - cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

2. Thou, in the morn my voice shall hear, And with the dawning day, To thee, de - voutly I'll look up, To thee, de - vout - - ly pray.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.

VOGLAR.

LIVELY.

Lord, who a - mong the sons of men, May vis - it thine a - bode? He, who has hands from mischief clean, Whose heart is right with God.

Lord, who a - mong the sons of men, May vis - it thine a - bode? He, who has hands from mischief clean, Whose heart is right with God.

TURNER. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come shed abroad a Sa-vior's love, And

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come shed a-broad a

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come shed abroad a Savior's love, Come shed a-broad a

Come shed abroad a Sa - - - vior's love, And that shall kin - dle

that shall kin - - - dle ours, Come shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

Savior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, Come shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

Savior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, Come shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

ours, And that shall kin-dle ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys,
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

NORTH PROVIDENCE. C. M.

WM. BILLINGS.

MODERATO. Soli. Chorus.

Come let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ; Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

Soli. Chorus.

Come let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ; Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

OLD VICTORY. C. M.

D. READ.

ALLEGRO. Soli. Chorus.

Now shall my head be lift-ed high, Above my foes around ; And songs of joy, and vic - to-ry, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound.

Soli. Chorus.

Now shall my head be lift-ed high, Above my foes around ; And songs of joy, and vic - to-ry, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound.

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

WM. BILLINGS.

VIGOROSO.

Chorus.

The Lord de - scended from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of the sky.

Soli.

Chorus.

The Lord de - scended from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of the sky.

On cherubs, and on cherubim, Full royally he rode: And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.

On cherubs, and on cherubim, Full royally he rode: And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.

BANGOR. C. M.

DIGNIFIED. RAVENSCROFT.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-tend the cry; Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie.

2. Prin-ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.

3. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure? Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more!

MERIDEN. C. M.

SPIRITED. Th. CLARK.

1. O all ye lands, rejoice in God, Sing praises to his name; Let all the earth with one accord, His wondrous acts proclaim, His wondrous acts proclaim, His wondrous acts proclaim;

2. And let his faithful servants tell, How, by redeeming love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys above, To share the joys above, To share the joys above.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

SPIRITED.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal power; The sea grows calm at thy command, And tem - pests cease to roar.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal power; The sea grows calm at thy command, And tem - pests cease to roar.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

SMITH.

SLOW.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears at - tend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short - ly lie.

2. Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers, The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.

3. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se - cure! Still walking downwards to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more!

OCEAN. C. M. Double.

ALLEGRO.

SWAN.

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

Thy works of glo - ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt that dang'rous way. At thy command the

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

At thy command the

At thy command, the winds arise The men, astonish'd, mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, And swell the tow'ring waves;

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

winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves, ...

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place. The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . .

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa -

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . . . . with

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . . . . with shin-ing grace.

. . . . . with shin-ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

lem comes down, A - dorn'd . . . . . with shin - - ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

shin-ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin - ing grace.

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace.

WOODLAND. C. M.

LIVELY.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From eve - ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day, And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his promis - es to plead, And all his prom-is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past, And fu - ture good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast, And all my cares and sorrows cast, On him whom I a - dore.

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL.

1. A - las! what hour - ly dan - gers rise, What snares be - set my way! To heaven I fain would lift my eyes, And hour - ly watch and pray.

2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain, And melt in flow - ing tears! Striv - ing a - gainst my foes in vain, I sink a - mid my fears.

3. O gracious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid: Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Nor let me be dismayed.

RAKKON. C. M. Double.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. My shepherd will sup-ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

2. He brings my wandering spir - it back When I for - sake his ways, And leads me for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - - way.

4. The sure pro - vis - ions of my God At - tend me all my days: Oh may thy house be mine a - bode, And all my work be praise.

COLESHILL. C. M.

1. Lord, what is man, poor, fee - ble man, Born of the earth at first! His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hastening to the dust.

2. O what is fee - ble, dy - ing man, Or all his sin - ful race, That God should make it his con - cern To vis - it him with grace.

3. That God, who darts his lightnings down, Who shakes the worlds a - bove, What ter - rors wait his aw - ful frown! How wondrous is his love!

CORELLI. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

SLOW and GENTLE.

1. Frequent the day of God re - turns To shed its quick'ning beams, And yet how slow de - vo - tion burns— How languid are its flames!

2. Accept our faint attempts to love, Our frailties, Lord, for - give; We would be like thy saints a - bove, And praise thee while we live.

3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope, And fit us to as - cend, Where the as - sembly ne'er breaks up, The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

Western Melody.
From the Presbyterian Psalmodist.

1. How still and peaceful is the grave, Where, life's vain tumults past, Th' ap - pointed house, by heaven's decree, Re - ceives us all at last.

2. The wicked there from troubling cease, Their passions rage no more; And there the wea - ry pilgrim rests From all the toils he bore.

3. There servants, masters, poor and rich Par - take the same re - pose; And there, in peace, the ash - es mix Of those who once were foes.

OLD GEORGIA. C. M.

SLOW.

1. Re - turn, O God of love, re - turn— Earth is a tire - some place; How long shall we, thy children, mourn Our absence from thy face?

2. Let heaven succeed our pain - ful years, Let sin and sor - row cease: And, in pro - por - tion to our tears, So make our joys increase.

3. Thy wonders to thy servants show, Make thy own work complete: Then shall our souls thy glo - ry know, And own thy love was great.

PIETY. C. M. or C. P. M.

WITH SPIRIT. T. CARLE.

Chorus.

1. Happy is he who fears the Lord, And follows his com - mands, And follows his commands; Who lends the poor, without reward, Who lends the poor, without reward; Or gives with liberal hands.

Soli.

2. As pit - y dwells with-in his breast, To all the sons of need, To all the sons of need; So God shall answer his re - quest, So God shall answer his request With bles-sings on his seed.

Soli.

MILES LANE, or MARLBOROUGH. C. M.

SPIRITED. W. SHRUBSALL.

m *mf* *f* *ff*

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the ro-yal di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

m *mf* *f* *ff*

2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hail Him, who saves you by his grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

EDMESTON. C. M.

From the Dulcimer.

The second ending may be omitted.

WITH GENTLENESS AND PRECISION.

Dim. Rit.

1. When the worn spir-it wants re-pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, (OMIT - - - - - - - - -) That ends the wea - ry week.

Dim. Rit.

2. Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace, A Sab - bath o'er my soul, A Sabbath o'er my soul.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

From the Dulcimer.

Second ending.

SMOOTH AND CONNECTED.

Dim.

Be - hold the west-ern eve - ning light! It melts in deep'ning gloom; So calm - ly Christians sink a - way, De - scend-ing to the tomb.

Dim.

Be - hold the west-ern eve - ning light! It melts in deep'ning gloom; So calm - ly Christians sink a - way, De - scend-ing to the tomb.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.

FIRMLY.

1. The Sav - ior calls, let eve - ry ear At - tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

2. The Sav - ior calls, let eve - ry ear At - tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

GIVE. C. M.

J. GRIGGS. From the Dulcimer.

BOLD, AND NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God In ev - er - last - ing bands, And seize the blessings he be - stows With ea - ger hearts and hands.

2. Come, let us to his tem - ple haste, And seek his fa - vor there; Be - fore his footstool hum - bly bow, And of - fer fervent prayer.

3. Come, let us share with - out de - lay, The blessings of his grace; Nor shall the years of dis - tant life Their mem - 'ry e'er ef - face.

BETHA. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

AFFETUOSO.

1. There is a house not made with hands, Eternal, and on high; And here my spirit waiting, stands, And here my spirit, waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this prison of my clay Must be dissolved and fall; Then, O my soul, with joy obey, Then, O my soul with joy o - bey Thy heavenly Fa - ther's call.

3. 'Tis He, by his al-migh-ty grace, That forms thee fit for heaven; And, as an earnest of the place, And, as an earnest of the place, Has his own Spir - it given.

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. To thee, be - fore the dawn - ing light, My gra - cious God, I pray; I med - i - tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.

2. My spir - it faints to see thy grace, Thy prom - ise bears me up, And while sal - va - tion long de - lays, Thy word sup - ports my hope.

3. Seven times a day I lift my hands, And pay my thanks to thee; Thy right - eous prov - i - dence de - mands Re - peat - ed praise from me.

LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

Arranged from the Missouri Harmony.

SLOW.

1. Death! 'tis a mel - an - cho - ly day To those who have no God; When the poor soul is forced a - way To seek her last a - bode.

3. He is a God of sovereign love, Who promised heaven to me, And taught my thoughts to soar a - bove, Where hap - py spir - its be.

4. Pre - pare me, Lord, for thy right hand; Then come the joy - ful day; Come, death, and some ce - les - tial band, To bear my soul a - way.

TENNESSEE. C. M.

Southern Melody. From the Dulcimer.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Lord, at thy ta - ble we be - hold The won-ders of thy grace; But most of all ad - mire that we Should find a wel-come place.

2. We, who were all de - filed with sin, And re - bels to our God! We, who have cru - ci - fied thy Son, And tram-pled on his blood.

3. What strange, sur-pris - ing grace is this, That we, so lost, have room! Je - sus our wea - ry souls in - vites, And free - ly bids us come.

MELODY or CHELMSFORD. C. M.

Western Air. From the Presb. Psalm.

1. Oh! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i - ta-tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

2. My wa - king eyes pre - vent the day, To med - i - tate thy word; My soul with long - ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

3. Thy heavenly words my heart en - gage, And well employ my tongue, And in my tiresome pilgrim - age Yield me a heavenly song.

SUMPTER. C. M.

Arranged from "Missouri Harmony."

1. Thus saith the mer - cy of the Lord, "I'll be a God to thee! I'll bless thy numerous race, and they Shall be a seed for me."

2. A - br'am be - lieved the promised grace, And gave his son to God; But wa - ter seals the bles - sing now, That once was sealed with blood.

3. Thus Ly - dia sanc - ti - fied her house, When she re - ceived the word; Thus the be - liev - ing jai - lor gave His house-hold to the Lord.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

English Tune.

1. God, my sup-port-er and my hope, My help for-ev-er near, Thine arm of mer-cy held me up, When sink-ing in des-pair.

2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through life's dark wil-der-ness; Thine hand conduct me near thy seat, To dwell before thy face.

3. Were I in heaven with-out my God, 'Twould be no joy to me; And while this earth is my a-bode, I long for none but thee.

SUFFERING SAVIOR. C. M.

Popular Melody.

1. A-las! and did my Sa-vior bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When God, the migh-ty Ma-ker, died For man, the creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While his dear cross ap-pears, Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt my eyes to tears.

MEDES. S. M. By observing the ties to first line. Or C. M.

Old American Tune.
By request.

NOT TOO FAST.

As C M. 1. I pay this evening sac-ri-fice: And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope re - lies Up - on thy grace a - lone.

2. Thus with my tho'ts composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slum - bers keep.

As S. M. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap - pear; O may I well re - mem - ber now, The night of death draws near.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thy name, Al - might - y Lord, Shall sound thro' dis - tant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth for ev - er stands.

2. Far be thine hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure, Till morning light, and eve - ning shade, Shall be exchanged no more.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

4. His mer - cy, and his truth, The righteous Lord dis - plays, In bring - ing wandering sin - ners home, And teaching them his ways.

HARAS. S. M.

From the B. M. Ed. Soc. Coll.

ALLEGRO SPIRITOSO.

1. The Prince of peace is come! Ye nations, shout and sing; Let men and angels join their songs, To hail this glorious King, To hail this glo - rious King.

2. Light of the world, he comes! The blind receive their sight; The mind now feels his gladd'ning ray, And all with-in is light, And all with - in is light.

3. E - van - ge - list di - vine! He makes the gospel known; The poor the joy - ful ti-dings hear, And their great prophet own, And their great proph - et own.

CORELLIVILLE. S. M. Double.

ALLEGRO SPIRITOSO.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

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

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

Then let our songs a - bound, And every tear be dry.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

TENDERLY.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

2. Thy mer-cies and thy love, O Lord, re-call to mind; And gra-cious-ly con-tin-ue still, As thou wert ev-er, kind.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

BOLD & SPIRITED.

Second Ending.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it boldly eve-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.

ALLEGRO.

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

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

CODA. VIVACE.

f *ff* RALL.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah. Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

f *ff* RALL.

Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Behold the morn - ing sun, Be - gins his glo - rious way: His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con-vey.

2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light— It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

SILVERDALE. S. M.

SLOWLY and TENDERLY.

From the Boston Academy's Collection.

p Soli. Chorus. Interlude.

1. Where shall the man be found, That fears t'offend his God, That loves the gos-pel's joy-ful sound, And trem-bles at the rod. Hal - le - lu - jah!

p Soli. Chorus.

2. The Lord shall make him know The se - crets of his heart, The won-ders of his cov'nant show, And all his love im - part. Hal - le - lu - jah!

ARDENT.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found.

5. The watchmen join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des-erts learn the joy.

Coda.

2. How charming in their voice! How sweet their ti-dings are! "Zi - on, be-hold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here." Hal - le - lu - jah!

4. How bless-ed are your eyes, That see this heavenly light! Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without the sight. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Coda.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth a - broad! Let ev'- ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sa-vior and their God. Hal - le - lu - jah!

130 SLOW.

PAULOS. S. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

Semi-Chorus, or Soli.

1. How charming is the place Where my Re - deem - er God Unvails the glo-ries of his face, And sheds his love a - broad. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. Here, on the mer - cy seat, With radiant glo - ry crowned, Our joy-ful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all a - round. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Full Chorus.

3. To him their prayers and cries Each contrite soul pre - sents: And while he hears . . . . their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

MAZZAROTH. S. M.

Arranged from BLANGINI. From Car. Sac.

RATHER SLOW, and in exact time.

1. Be-hold the morning sun Be-gins his glorious way; His beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light con - vey, And life and light con-vey.

2. But where the gospel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light, It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight, And gives the blind their sight.

LORD'S DAY. S. M. Double.

ANDANTE.

VIVACE.

This is the glo - rious day That our Re - deem-er made; Let us re - joice . . . . and sing, and pray, Let all the church be glad.

This is the glo - rious day That our Re - deem-er made; Let us re-joice, and sing, and pray, Let all the church be glad.

This is the glo - rious day That our Re - deem-er made; Let us re - joice, and sing, and pray, Let all the church be glad.

Let us re - joice, ... and sing, and pray,

ANDANTE.

ALLEGRO. *mf*

ff

Ho-san-na to the King Of David's royal blood ; Bless him,ye saints,he comes to bring Salvation from your God,Bless him,ye saints,he comes to bring Salvation from your God.

mf

ff

Hosan-na to the King Of David's royal blood ; Bless him,ye saints, he comes to bring Salvation from your God,Bless him,ye saints,he comes to bringSalvation from your God.

ASBURY. S. M.

From the Boston Academy's Collection.

PASTORAL.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side.

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows; Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

From the Boston Academy's Collection.

GENTLE.

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

2. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song a-way.

ALLEGRO.

A - wake, my soul, a - wake, A - wake, look up and view The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new.

A - wake, my soul, a - wake, A - wake, look up and view The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new.

CODA.

The glorious sun, who has begun His daily task a - new, . . His dai-ly task a - new. . . . . His dai - ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has begun His dai - ly task a - new, The glorious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has begun, The glorious sun, who has begun, His dai - - - - - - - - ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has begun, The glorious snn, who has begun His dai - - ly, dai - - ly, dai - - - - - - - - - - ly task a - new.

ARDOR. S. M.

BOLD and SPIRITED.

N. W. From the Dulcimer.

1. Our Cap-tain leads us on; He beck-ons from the skies; He reach-es out a star - ry crown, And bids us take the prize, And bids us take the prize.

2. "Be faith-ful un - to death; Par - take my vic-to - ry; And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me."

3. 'Tis thus the righteous Lord To eve - ry sol-dier saith; E - ter - nal life is the re - ward Of all vic-to - rious faith, Of all vic - to - rious faith.

BELKNAP. S. M.

WITH TENDERNESS.

Cres.

Dim.

From the Dulcimer.

1. Where shall the man be found, Who fears t'of - fend his God, Who loves the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, And trem - - - bles at the rod?

Cres.

Dim.

2. The Lord will make him know The se - crets of his heart; The won-ders of his cove - nant show, And all his love im - part.

BARNES. S. M.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

STACCATO, and with great energy.

1. Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns, In glorious strength arrayed ; His kingdom over all maintains, His kingdom over all maintains, And bids the earth be glad, And bids the earth be glad.

2. Ye sons of men rejoice In Jesus' mighty love ; Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To him who rules above, To him who rules above.

3. Extol his kingly power, Adore th'exalted Son, Who died, but lives, to die no more, Who died, but lives, to die no more, High on his Father's throne, High on his Father's throne.

LYNSEN. S. M.

From the Dulcimer.

SMOOTH and CONNECTED, and not too Slow.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied ; Since he is mine, and I . . . am his, What can I want be - side.

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv - ing wa - - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3. The bounties of thy love Shall crown my following days : Nor from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

* For some of the verses these two notes will have to be omitted, and the small notes sung.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

T. CLARK.

SPIRITED.

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heaven with the e - cho shall re - sound,

Grace, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heaven with the e - cho shall re-

Grace, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heaven with the e - cho shall re - sound,

Heaven with the e - cho shall re-

Heaven with the e - cho shall re - sound And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

sound, Heaven with the e-cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all . . the earth shall hear.

Heaven with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth . . shall hear.

sound, Heaven with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

ORMAN. L. M.

From the Dulcimer.

IN EXACT TIME.

1. We sing the Sa-vior's love, Who pit - ied wretch-ed man; De - light - ing in the thought of peace, Ere time and worlds be - gan.

2. We see its smil-ing beams Forth shin - ing at his birth; And trace its lus - tre day by day, While he so - journed on earth.

3. But, in his clos - ing hour, How in - fi - nite his grace, When, bowed be - neath the curse, he died To save the cho - sen race.

HEZRON. S. M.

W. * * From the Dulcimer.

SMOOTH and GENTLE.

1. I lan-guish for a sight Of Him who reigns on high— Je - sus, my soul's su - preme de - light; For him a - lone I sigh.

2. O that I knew the place Where I might find my God, And make the arms of his em - brace, My soul's se - cure a - bode.

3. Near to his mer - cy - seat, Where grace tri - umphant reigns, I'd come and wor - ship at his feet, And tell him all my pains.

OZREM. S. M.

WITH TENDERNESS.

From the Dulcimer.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His boun - ty will pro - vide! His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears cre-a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down this wea - ry mind? O seek your heavenly Fa-ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

VIENNA. S. M. Or P. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN. From the Dulcimer.

S. M. 1. While my Re-deem - er's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er - fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bund-ance grows, His gra - cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

P. M. The God of A-braham praise Who reigns en-throned a - bove; An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love.

1. Let songs of end - less praise, From ev - ery na - tion rise, Let all the lands their tribute raise, To God, who rules the skies.

2. His mer - cy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all e - ter - ni - ty shall prove His truth remains the same.

INVERNESS. S. M.

1. O cease my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door! Oh! haste to gain that dear - a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied With full sal - va - tion blest.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



OLNEY. S. M.



OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.
Second Ending.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, [OMIT. - - - - - - - - -] Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And near-er to our house above, We every moment come.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an-ger . is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate,

3. High as the heavens are raised, A - bove the ground we tread; So far the rich - es of his grace, Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.

WORCESTER. S. M. Double. Or Short Anthem.

WOOD.

LIVELY.

Soli. Chorus. *mf* *f*

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And

Soli. Chorus. *mf* *f*

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And

words of peace re - veal, How charming, charming, is their voice! How sweet their ti-dings are!

words of peace re - veal, How charming, charming, is their voice! How sweet their ti-dings are! Zi - on be -

words of peace re - veal, How charming, charming, is their voice! How sweet their ti-dings are! Zi - on be-hold thy Sa - vior

Zi - on be-hold thy Sa - vior King, He reigns and

Zi - on behold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on behold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here.

hold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on behold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here.

King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on behold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi - on behold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and triumphs here.

triumphs here, Zi - on behold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns

FOUNDER'S HALL. S. M.

T. WALKER. From the the Presb. Psalmodist.

1. O, bless the Lord, my soul, Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are di - vine, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

2. O, bless the Lord my soul, Nor let his mercies lie For-got-ten in un - thankful - ness, And without praises die, And without prais - es die.

3. 'Tis He forgives thy sins, 'Tis He relieves thy pain, 'Tis He that heals thy sickness - es, And makes thee young a-gain, And makes thee young a-gain.

HANTS. S. M.

English Tune.

1· Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run, Thro' all their actions run,

1. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet, Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus, when on Aaron's head They poured the rich per-fume, The oil down to his raiment spread, And pleasure filled the room, And pleasure filled the room.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Western Air. From the Presbyterian Psalmodist.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

2. The God that rules on high, And thun - ders when He please, That rides up - on the storm - y sky, And man - a - ges the seas:

3. This aw - ful God is ours, Our Fa - ther and our love; He shall send down his heaven - ly powers To car - ry us a - bove.

BEDAN. S. M.

L. MASON. From the Modern Psalmist.

MODERATO.

1. Oh, cease! my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o-pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear a-bode, Oh! haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more,

3. There, safe thou shalt a-bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And eve-ry long-ing sat-is-fied, And eve-ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With full salva-tion blest.

MAGDALA. S. M.

L. MASON. From the Modern Psalmist.

LARGHETTO E DOLCE.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to eve-ry fear; I bid farewell to eve-ry fear; My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev-er fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, His gracious hand indul-gent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

LANDAFF. S. M.

From the Presbyterian Psalmodist.

SLOW.

1. Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

2. My thoughts ad-dress his throne, When morning brings the light; I seek his bless-ing eve - ry noon, And pay my vows at night.

ATHOL, or CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

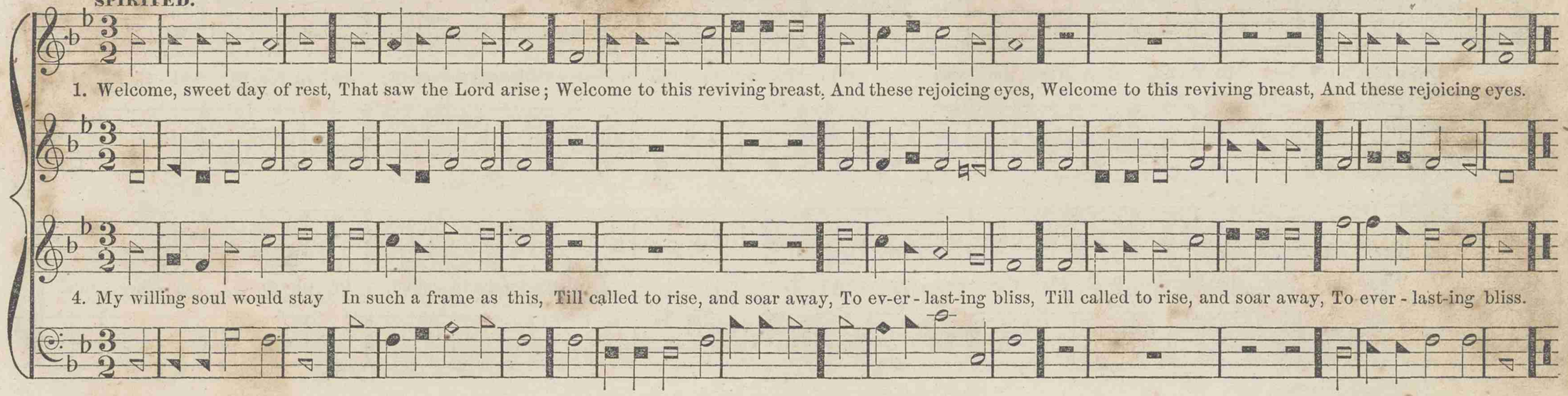
1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord, We are his works, and not our own: He formed us by his word.

LISBON. S. M.

SPIRITED.

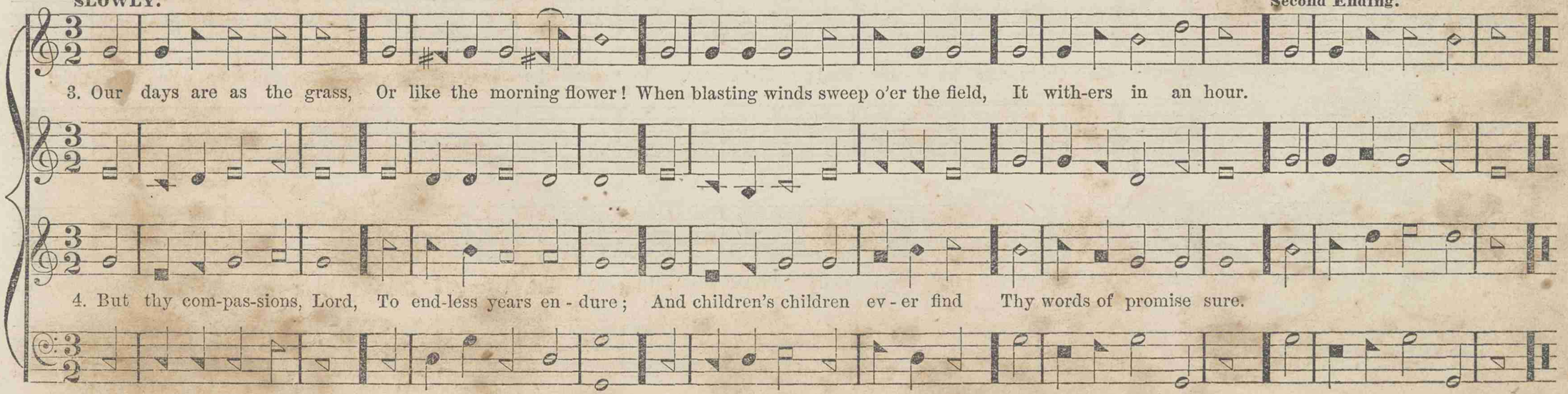


BOYLSTON. S. M.

SLOWLY.

L. MASON.

Second Ending.



UTICA. S. M

Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

LEACH.

Now liv - ing wa - ters flow, To cheer the hum - ble soul; From sea to sea the riv - ers go, And spread from pole to pole.

Now liv - ing wa - ters flow, To cheer the hum - ble soul; From sea to sea the riv - ers go, And spread from pole to pole.

FISKE. S. M.

From the Dulcimer.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Our heavenly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now; Thy name be hal-lowed far and near, To thee all na - tions bow.

2. Thy king-dom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and ser - a - phim ful - fill Thy per - fect law a - bove.

3. Our dai - ly bread sup - ply, While by thy word we live; The guilt of our in - i - qui - ty, For-give, as we for - give.

POWER. S. M.

From the Dulcimer.

SPIRITED.

1. Who can for - bear to sing, Who can re - fuse to praise, When Zi - on's high, ce - les - tial King His sav - ing power dis-plays?

2. When sin - ners at his feet By mer - cy con-quered, fall? When grace, and truth, and just - ice meet, And peace u - nites them all?

ST. HELEN'S. L. P. M.

JENNINGS.

1. Let all the earth their voi-ces raise, To sing a psalm of lof - ty praise, To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name; His glory let the hea-then know, His wonders

2. Oh! haste the day, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his sa-ving power, And barbarous nations fear his name: Then shall the race of man con - fess The bea-uty

to the na - tions show, And all his sa-ving works proclaim.

of his ho - li - ness, And in his courts his praise proclaim.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

H. BOND. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

2. How blest the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God, he made the sky,

3. I'll praise him, while he lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my no-bler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en-dures.

And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for ev - er stands se-cure; He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

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, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en-dures.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

From a Gregorian Chant. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. I love the vol-ume of thy word, What light and joy those leaves afford To souls be - night - ed and distressed; { Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, / Thy fear for - bids my heart to stray, } Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis thy blessed gos-pel Lord { That makes my guilty conscience clean, / Con-verts my soul, sub - dues my sin, } And gives a free and large re - ward.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

RATHER SLOW, and in exact time.

Cres. *f*

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior shine, I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings.

2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all perfect, heavenly dress

mp Cres. *f*

3. I'd sing the charac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alted on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise I would to ever-lasting days

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

HARWOOD.

In notes almost di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev- - - er shine,

Make all his glories known, Make all his glo - ries known.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth,

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dreadful guilt,

3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,

Which in my Sa - vior shine, I'd soar and touch the heaven - ly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings In notes al - most di - vine.

Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing his glo - rious right - eous-ness, In which all per - fect, heavenly dress, My soul shall ev - er shine.

Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known.

PETERS. S. P. M.

ALLEGRO.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

mp *f*

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, " Come, let us seek our God to-day !" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Here David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne : He sits for grace and judgment here, He bids the saints be glad, He makes the sinners sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear.

mp *f*

3. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of ev'ry guest; The man who seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

MODERATO.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

1. When thou my righteous Judge shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I / Who sometimes am afraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet thy people now, Before thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all; { But can I hear the piercing thought? / What if my name should be left out, } When thou for them shalt call?

AITHLONE. C. P. M.

MODERATO.

1st time. 2d time.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

{1. O thou that hears, the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it-self on thee: / I have no ref-uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, (OMIT . . . . . .) And suf-fered once for me.

{2. Slain in the guil-ty sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-eous-ness I plead, And his a-vail-ing blood: / That righteousness my robe shall be, That mer-it shall a-tone for me, (OMIT . . . . . .) And bring me near to God.

HANFORD. S. P. M. Or 6's & 10's.

BOLD.

S. P. M. The Lord Jeho-vah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with aw - ful glo-ries crowned ; Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of ma - - jes - ty a - round.

6's & 10's. No war nor battle sound Was heard the earth around, No hos - tile chiefs to furious combat ran ; But peaceful was the night In which the Prince of Light His reign of peace upon the earth began.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

ALLEGRO MODERATO. A. WILLIAMS.

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glories crowned ; Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.

2. Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands, And skies and stars obey thy word ; Thy throne was fixed on high Ere stars adorned the sky ; Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3. Let floods and nations rage, And all their power engage ; Let swelling tides assault the sky: The terrors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down ; Thy throne for ever stands on high.

AMITY. C. L. M. or S. H. M. or H. M.

From the Dulcimer.

WITH GENTLENESS.

C. L. M. How calm and beautiful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom?
O weep no more the Sa-vior slain The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.

S. H. M. This place is ho - ly ground; World, with its cares, a - way;
A ho - ly, sol - emn stillness round This lifeless, mouldering clay
Nor pain, nor grief, nor an-xious fear, Can reach the peaceful sleep - er here.

H. M. How beau - ti - ful the sight Of brethren who a - gree
In friendship to u - nite, And bonds of char - i - ty!
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed O'er all his robes, from Aa - ron's head.

DARWELL. H. M.

Rev. W. DARWELL.

BOLD.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's name; His praise your songs employ A - bove the star - ry frame; Your voic - es raise, Ye che-ru-bim And se-ra-phim, To sing his praise.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's name; His praise your songs employ A - bove the star - ry frame; Your voic - es raise, Ye che-ru-bim And se-ra-phim, To sing his praise.

Mc ELRATH. C. H. M., or S. H. M., or C. L. M., or H. M.

From the Dulcimer.

(To end soft, let the tenor and alto sing the small notes.)

C. H. M. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod, And bless his spar-ing power, A joy springs up a - mid dis-tress, A foun - tain in the wil - der - ness.

S. H. M. One smile, one gracious smile, Up - on this droop-ing heart,
Can every weary thought beguile, And bid my gloom de - part; One smile of heaven up - on my soul, Can eve - ry strug - gling fear con - trol.

WARSAW. H. M.

T. CLARK. From the Dulcimer.

SPIRITED.

Join all the glorious names Of wis-dom, love and power, That ev - er mortals knew, Or an - gels ev-er bore; All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Savior forth.

Join all the glorious names Of wis-dom, love and power, That ev - er mortals knew, Or an - gels ev-er bore; All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Savior forth.

RIALLSIDE. H. M.

WITH PRECISION.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

Bright suns arise, . . The mild wind blows, . . And beauty glows, . . Thro' earth and skies.

{How pleasing is the voice Of God our heavenly King
{Who bids the frosts retire, [OMIT - - - - -] And wakes the lovely spring!

Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows, And beauty glows, Thro' earth and skies.

HADDAM. H. M.

FIRM.

English.

{The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns; His throne is built on high;
{The garments he assumes [OMIT - - - - - - -] Are light and majes-ty; His glo-ries shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

{The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns; His throne is built on high;
{The garments he assumes [OMIT - - - - - - -] Are light and majes-ty; His glo-ries shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

LENOX. H. M.

LIVELY.

Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Savior left the dead ; And o'er our hellish foes, High raised his conq'ring head. In wild dismay The guard around Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

In wild dismay The guard around Fall to the ground, And sink away.

Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Savior left the dead ; And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conq'ring head ; In wild dismay The guards around, In wild dismay The guards around, Fall to the ground And sink away.

TRIUMPH. H. M.

English.

JOYOUS and BOLD.

Awake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band ; The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand ; Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail In songs of praise.

Awake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band ; The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand ; Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail In songs of praise.

STOW. H. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Savior left the dead, And o'er his hellish foes High rais'd his conq'ring head; In wild dismay The guards around, | Fall to the ground, And sink away.

Small notes. Dim.

2. Behold th' angelic bands In full assembly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joyful they come, And wing their way From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.

3. Then back to heaven they fly The joyful news to bear, Hark! as they soar on high, What music fills the air, Their anthems say, 'Jesus, who bled, Hath left the dead, He rose to-day!'

VALLUM. H. M.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

1. Where is my Savior now, Whose smiles I once possessed? Till he return, I bow, By heaviest grief oppressed: My days of hap-pi-ness are gone, And I am left to weep a-lone.

2. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah! who can soothe his woe, And give him sweet relief? Earth cannot heal the wounded breast, Or give the troubled sinner rest.

3. Je-sus, thy smiles impart, My dearest Lord, re-turn, And ease my wounded heart, And bid me cease to mourn; Then shall this night of sorrow flee, And peace and heaven be found in thee.

1. Welcome, de - lightful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn, Lord, make these moments blest. From low delights and mortal toys, I soar to meet im - mortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face, Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Disclose a Savior's love, And bless these sacred hours; Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

HUTCHINSON. H. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

ANDANTE.

1. Hark! what ce - lestial sounds, What music fills the air! Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravish'd ear; Now all is still, now wild it flows In tuneful notes, loud, sweet, and shrill.

2. Th' an - gel - ic hosts descend, With harmo - ny di - vine See how from heaven they bend, And in full chorus join: Fear not, say they, great joy we bring, Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

3. He comes, your souls to save From death's eternal gloom; To realms of endless light He lifts you from the tomb: Your voices raise, with sons of light; Your songs unite, of endless praise.

BENEVEN'TO. 7's. Double.

FIRM, and ACCENT STRONG.

S. WEBBE.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year, Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year, Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here;

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

NUREMBURG. 7's.

MODERATO.

1. Praise to God!—im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days! Bounteous Source of eve-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy.

2. All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land, All that libe-ral Au-tumn pours From her rich o'er-flow-ing stores,—

3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweet-est com-forts flow; These, through all my hap-py days, Claim my cheer-ful songs of praise.

ROSEFIELD. 7's. 6 lines.

RATHER SLOW.

Subject from MALAN. From the Carmina Sacra.

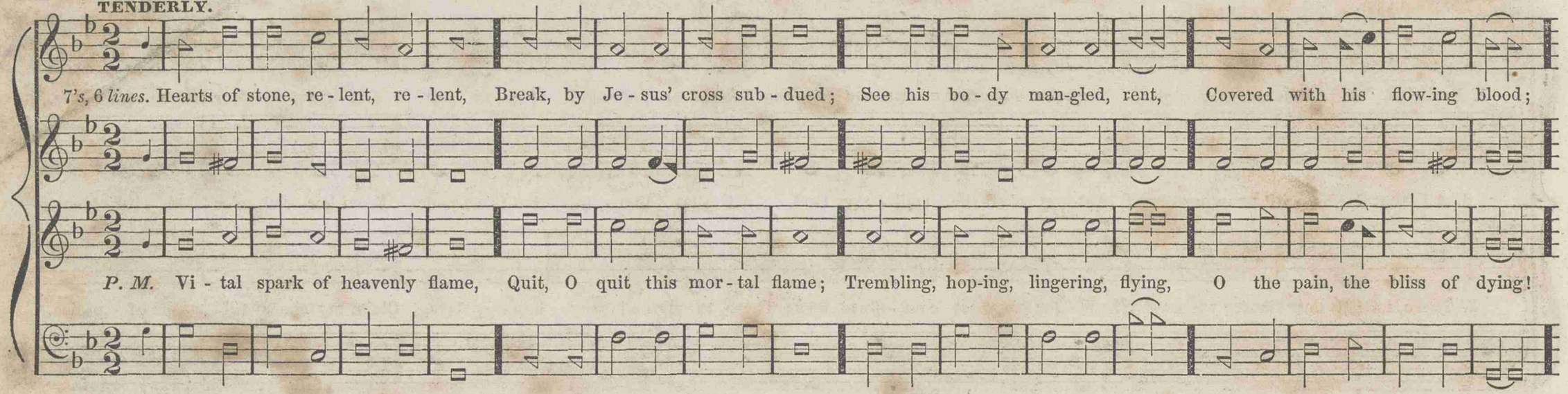
1. From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Sa-vior deigns to die,
What me-lo-dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the rav-ished ear,
"Love's re-deem-ing work is done: Come and wel-come, sin-ner, come!

2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be-neath thy bur-dens groan?
On my wound-ed bod-y laid, Just-ice owns the ran-som paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son: Come and wel-come, sin-ner, come!"

MOUNT CALVARY. 7's, 6 lines. Or P. M. by omitting ties.

From the Dulcimer.

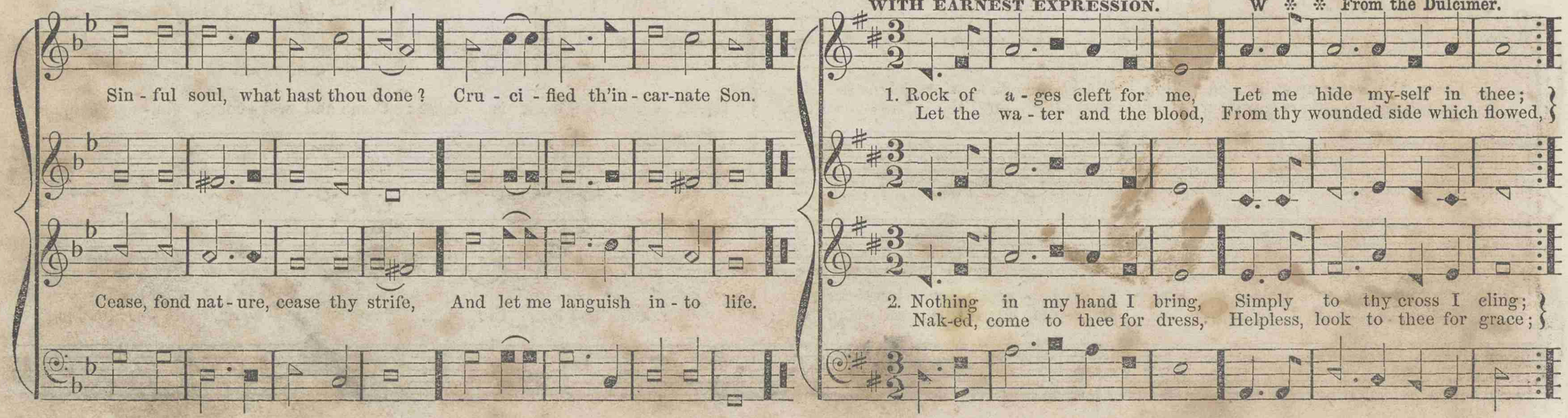
TENDERLY.



ROCK OF AGES. 7's, 6 lines. Or 7's. Double.

WITH EARNEST EXPRESSION.

W ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.



Chorus to each verse.

Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

Chorus to each verse.

Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav-ior, or I die. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

EVE. 7's. May be sung as a Quartett.

WITH GENTLENESS and DELICACY. Cres. Dim. W * * From the Dulcimer. Dim.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sabbath day; Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

Cres. Dim.

2. Night her sol-emn man-tle spreads O'er the earth, as day-light fades; All things tell of calm re-pose, At the ho-ly Sab-bath close.

ELTHAM. 7's. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

SLOW.

1. Hast - en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When be-neath Mes-si - ah's sway,
Ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
D. C. Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2. Mightiest kings his pow-er shall own, Hea-then tribes his name a-dore;

3. Then shall wars and tu - mults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain;
Righteous - ness, and joy and peace, Un - disturbed shall ev-er reign.
D.C. All his might - y acts re - cord, All his wondrous love pro - claim.

4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ev - er praise his glorious name,

D.C.

D.C.

SOUTHAMPTON. 7's. Double.

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

BOLD and ENERGETIC.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day, Sons of men, and an - gels say! Raise your songs of tri - umph high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re - ply.

2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won! Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er— Lo! he sets in blood no more.

ROCKLAND. 7's. Double.

Theme from WEBBE. From the Dulcimer.

GENTLY.

Fine. D. C.

1. Ma-ry to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, (OMIT, - - - -) But the Lord she loved had gone. 2. For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise;

Fine. D. C.

D. C. Trembling while the crystal flood, (OMIT. - - - - -) Issued from her weeping eyes.

ST. LOUIS. 7's. Or 7's & 5's, by slurs.

From the Dulcimer.

WITH EARNESTNESS.

7's. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest man-sions soar? Who, an ev - er - wel - come guest, In thy holy place shall rest?

7's & 5's. Mark the vir-tuous man and see Peace and joy his steps at -tend; All his path is pu - ri - ty, Hap - py is his end.

WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7's. Solo and Chorus.

LARGHETTO. L. MASON.

Solo. Soprano. Solo. Tenor.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are. Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam-ing star!
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star ascends, Traveller, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends!
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the mor - ning seems to dawn. Traveller, darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn!

Solo. Soprano. Solo. Tenor.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day: Promised day of Is - ra - el!
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home. Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace—Lo, the Son of God is come!

Chorus for 1st and 2d verses. Chorus for 3d verse.

1. Traveller, yes; it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el!
2. Traveller, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace—Lo, the Son of God is come, Lo, the Son of God is come!

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's. Or L. M. by omitting ties.

FLOWING.

7's. To thy pas-tures fair and large, Heaven-ly Shep-herd, lead thy charge; And my couch, with tenderest care, 'Midst the spring-ing grass pre-pare.

L. M. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong, Crown him, ye na-tions, in your song; His wondrous name and power rehearse; His honors shall en-rich your verse.

HENDON. 7's.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.

1. Come, my soul! thy suit prepare, Je sus loves to an-swer prayer; He himself has bid thee pray, Rise and ask without de-lay, Rise and ask without de-lay.

2. Humble, ho-ly, all re-signed To thy will: thy will be done; Give me, Lord, the perfect mind Of thy well-be-lov-ed Son, Of thy well-be-lov-ed Son.

3. Counting gain and glo-ry loss, May I tread the path he trod; Die with Je-sus on the cross—Rise with him to thee, my God, Rise with him to thee, my God.

GRANBY. 7's.

Keep me, Savior, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Nev-er let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

Keep me, Savior, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Nev-er let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

CLARK. 7's.

SPIRITED.

T. CLARK.

Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heaven with halle-lu-jahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's work begun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heaven with halle-lu-jahs rang When Je-ho-vah's work be-gun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.

SABBATH. 7's. Double.

L. MASON.

LARGHETTO.

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to day;

2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show thy rec-on-cil-ing face, Take a-way our sin and shame:

3. Here we're come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap-pear.

Second ending.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee: From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Second ending.

Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-lasting feast; Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-lasting feast.

ROGERS. 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY

SPIRITOSO.

1. Sons of men be - hold him far! Hail the long ex - pect - ed star! Ja - cob's star, that gilds the night, Guides be - wildered na - ture right.

2. Fear not hence that ill should flow, Wars or pes - ti - lence be - low; Wars it bids, and tumults cease, Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.

3. Mild it shines, o'er all be - neath, Piercing thro' the shades of death; Scattering er - ror's wide-spread night, Kindling darkness in - to light.

HAWKES. 7s.

CLARK.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with halle - lujahs rang, When Je - hovah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done, When he spake, and it was done.

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose when he Captive led cap - tiv - i - ty, Captive led cap-tiv - i - ty.

3. Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice, Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.

HOLLEY. 7's.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way: Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

MARTYN. 7's. Double.*

S. B. MARSH.

Fine. D. C.

1. { Child of man, whose seed be-low Must ful - fill their race of wo; / Heir of want, and doubt, and pain, Does thy faint-ing heart com-plain? } O! in thought, one night re - call, The night of grief in Herod's hall;

Fine. D. C.

D. C. There I bore the vengeance due, Free-ly bore it all for you.

* For the occasional line of 8s. which occurs in this hymn, omit the crochet rest and supply a crochet, on the same pitch with the previous note.

EDES. 7's, or 8's & 7's.

ANDANTE. MOZART.

1. "Strick-en, smit-ten, and af-flict-ed," Lo, he dies up-on the tree: 'Tis the Christ by man re-ject-ed; Yes, be-liev-ers, yes, 'tis he.

2. 'Tis the long-ex-pect-ed Sa-vior, Da-vid's Son and Da-vid's Lord, Sac-ri-ficed to bring us fa-vor; 'Tis a true and faith-ful word.

1. For a sea-son called to part, Let us now our-selves com-mend To the gra-cious eye and heart Of our ev-er-pres-ent 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.

ESSEX STREET. 7's. Double.

Arranged from a Spanish Melody.

ANDANTE. Fine. D. C.

1. Sa-vior, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee;
When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes. O, by all the pains and woe Suf-fered once for man be-low—

D. C. Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn Lit-a-ny.

NORWICH. 7's.

1. Gent - ly glides the stream of life, Oft a - long the flowery vale; Or im - petuous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storms as - sail.

2. 'Tis an ev - er va - ried flood, Al - ways roll - ing to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to e - ter - ni - ty.

DALLAS. 7's.

SLOW.

Subject from CHERUBINI.

Second ending.

Keep me, Sav-ior, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

Second ending.

Keep me, Sa-vior, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

SAXTON'S RIVER. 8's & 7's, or 8's & 7's, 6 lines.

Arranged from A. P.

ANDANTE.

1. Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scending, Once for fa - vored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the tri - umphs of his train:
Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus comes, he comes to reign.

2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dreadful ma-jes - ty;
Those who set at naught and sold him, Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.

RUSSIAN. 8's & 7's. Double.

ANDANTE.

Fine.

D. C.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend,
Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore the cross to lie;

Fine.

D. C.

D. C. While I see di - vine com-pas - sion Beaming in his gra - cious eye.

SHEPHERD. 8's & 7's. Or 8's, 7's & 4's.



SICILY. 8's. & 7's Or 8's, 7's & 4's.



WILMOT. 8's & 7's, or 7's.*

Arranged from WEBER. From the Bost. Acad. Coll.

Second ending.

1. Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv-eth! He's my rock, I bless his name; He, my God, sal - va - tion giv-eth; All ye lands, ex - alt his fame. *p. Slow.*

2. God, Mes - si - ah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne ex - tend; O'er the world the Sa - vior reign-ing, Earth shall at his footstool bend. *p. Slow.*

* 7's, by omitting the small note at the end of the 1st and 3d lines.

MOUNT VERNON. 8's & 7's.*

L. MASON. From the Bost. Acad. Coll.

The Tenor or the Tenor and Base may be omitted.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleas-ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.

2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slum-ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel; But, 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - row heal.

4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

* Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston.

GREENVILLE. 8's, 7's & 4; or 9's & 7's, or 8's & 7's. Double.



STOCKWELL. 8's & 7's.

D. E. JONES.



LOWELL. 8's & 7's. Or 7's, by using the ties.

I. N. METCALF. From the Dulcimer.

GENTLY.

Savior, who thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs thy bosom share, While the lambs thy bosom share.

Savior, who thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs thy bosom share, While the lambs thy bosom share.

MADRID. 8's & 7's. Double.

From the Spanish of MARECHIO.

BOLD and GLOWING.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Savior, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to graceful lays;
   { Streams of mercy, never ceasing, [OMIT - - - - -] Call for ceaseless songs of praise. 2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above.

Fine.

D. C.

D. C. Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love, While I sing redeeming love.

TALMAR. 8's & 7's, or 7's by ties.

Words and music by W**. From the Dulcimer.

WITH GENTLENESS and SIMPLICITY.

1. List - en to the gen - tle promptings Of the Spir - it's warning voice; Will ye heed his sol - emn warnings? Can ye slight his wondrous love.

2. Sweetly call - ing on the erring, Par-dons of - fered with - out price; Come, and round the al - tar kneeling, O receive the of - fered grace.

3. Joy and hope the troubled conscience Will al - lay with sooth-ing peace; Press ye then to realms of glo-ry, Run with joy the of - fered race.

OTTO. 8's & 7's. Double.

H. B. O. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend; }
{ Life, and health, and peace possess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend, } Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion Low be - fore his cross to lie.

Fine.

D. C.

D. C. While I see di - vine com - passion Beaming in his gracious eye.

HARWELL. 8's & 7's. Double.

ANIMATED. L. MASON. D. C.

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose:

Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake our sure re-pose;

D. C.

D. C. With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose;

ZION. 8's, 7's & 4.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on, long in hos-tile lands;
Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall, &c.

2. Lo! thy sun is risen in glo - ry, God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here their boasted triumphs end;
Great deliverance Zion's king vouchsafes to send, Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this bar-ren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2. O-pen now the crystal fountain, Where the healing streams do flow; Let the fie-ry cloudy pil-lar Lead me all my journey through.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side: Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Soli. Tutti.

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heaven, Feed me, till I want no more, Feed me, till I want no more.

Strong De - liv-erer, Strong De - liv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Soli. Tutti.

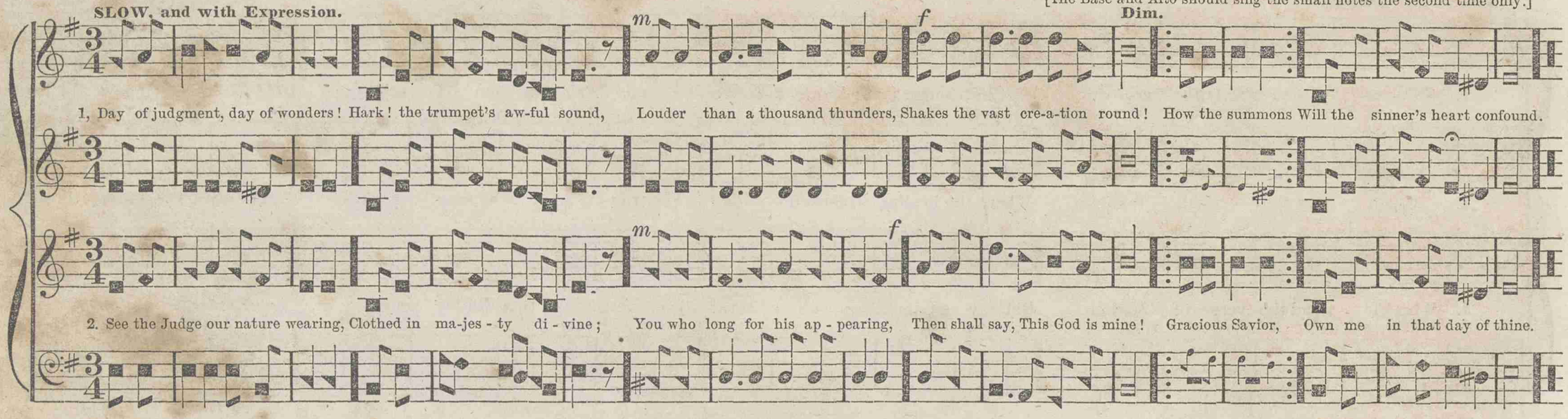
Songs of prais-es, Songs of praises, I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

Soli.

HERMES. 8's & 7's, 6 lines. Or 8's, 7's & 4's.

From the Dulcimer.

[The Base and Alto should sing the small notes the second time only.]



THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 8's, 7's & 4's. Or 8's & 7's, 6 lines.

W. From the Dulcimer.



AMI. 8's, 7's & 4.

M. S. From the Dulcimer.

BOLD and SPIRITED.

1. Look ye, saints: the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows, now;
From the fight returned victorious, Every knee to him shall bow; } Crown him, Crown him; Crowns become the Victor's brow; Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2. Crown the Savior, angels, crown him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him, While the heavenly concave rings; } Crown him, Crown him; Crown the Savior King of kings, Crown the Savior King of kings.

BREST. 8's, 7's & 4.

VERY SLOW.

p m f p Len.

1. Day of judgment, day of wonders, Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Loud - er than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast crea - tion round! How the summons will the sinner's heart confound.

2. See the Judge, our nature wearing, Cloth'd in majes - ty di - vine; You who long for his appearing, Then shall say 'This God is mine!' Gracious Savior, own me in that day for thine.

p m f p Len.

3. At his call the dead a - waken, Rise to life from earth and sea; All the powers of nature shaken, By his looks prepare to flee, Careless sinner, what will then be-come of thee.

MERCY. Hymn. 8's, 7's & 4's.

From the Dulcimer.

WITH PRECISION.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds aloud from Cal - va - ry: See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the

2. It is fin-ished! O what pleas - ure Do these dy - ing words af - ford! Heavenly blessings with-out meas - ure Flowed to us through Christ the

f

pp *f*

sky; It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! Dim Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry. A - - - men.

It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry. . . . . A - - - men.
Saints the dy - ing words re - cord. . . . . A - - - men.

pp *f* *p* Dim.

Lord; It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! Saints the dy - ing words re - cord. A - - - men.

NETTLETON. 8's & 7's. Double.



HAPPINESS. 6's & 7's.



DE FLEURY. 8's.



IVES. 8's.

From the B. M. Ed. Soc. Coll.

SPIRITOSO.

1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart, For clos-er com-munion I pine, I long to re-side where thou art.

2. The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o - bey Are fed, on thy bo-som re-clined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

3. Ah! show me that hap-pi - est place, The place of thy people's a - bode; Where saints in an ecs - ta - sy gaze And hang on a cru - ci - fied God.

AIKMAN. 8's.

VERY SLOW.

The win-ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles a - way.

The win-ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles a - way.

HARVEST HYMN. 6's & 4's.

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

BOLD and SPIRITED.

The God of har - vest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice; { The valleys smile and sing, / Forests and mountains ring, } The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

The God of har - vest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice; { The valleys smile and sing, / Forests and mountains ring, } The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

AMERICA. 6's & 4's. National Hymn.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

BOLD and FIRM.

2. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

1. Our Fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

DORT. 6's & 4's.

1. Praise ye Jehovah's name, Praise thro' his courts proclaim, Rise and adore ; High o'er the heavens above, Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his power.

2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of triumphant praise, Wide as his fame ; There let the harp be found ; Organs, with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with his name.

3. While his high praise ye sing, Shake every sounding string ; Sweet the accord ! He vital breath bestows ; Let every breath that flows His noblest fame disclose ; Praise ye the Lord.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6's & 4's.

GIARDINI.

Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise ; Father all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic- to - ri-ous, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise ; Father all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic- to - ri-ous, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

mf *mp* Dim.

1. From Greenland's ic - y mountains, From In - dia's cho - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though eve - ry pro-spect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?

mf

3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed, By wis - dom from on high, Shall we to man be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?

f Dim.

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown; The hea-then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's name.

ROMAINE. 7's. & 6's.

BANISTER.

When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val-ley ring - ing With one tri-umph-ant song, Proclaim the contest end - ed,

When shall the voice of sing-ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val-ley ring-ing With one tri - umph - ant song, Proc-laim the con-test end - ed,

And Him, who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, A - gain to earth de-scend-ed A-gain to earth de-scend-ed In right-eous-ness to reign.

And Him, who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, A - gain to earth de-scend-ed A - gain to earth de-scend-ed, In right-eous-ness to reign.

AMSTERDAM. 7's & 6's Peculiar. Or 7's, 8's & 6's.*

BOLD.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from all terrestrial things, Towards heaven, thy native place. } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay: Time shall soon this earth remove: Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

PIERCE. 8's. Or 8's & 9's.*

W * * From the Dulcimer.

LIVELY.

1. The win - ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The tur - tle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles a - way.

2. Shall ev - e - ry creature a - round Their voices in concert u - nite— And I, the most favored, be found, In praising to take less de-light?

3. A - wake, then, my harp and my lute! Sweet or - gans your notes softly swell! No long - er my lips shall be mute, The Savior's high prais - es to tell.

UNION. 7's & 6's. For Sabbath Schools.

From the Dulcimer.

LIVELY.

D. C.

We bring no glittering treas-ures, No gems from earth's deep mine,
We come with sim-ple meas-ures, To chant thy love di-vine; } Child-ren, thy fa-vors shar-ing, Their voice of thanks would raise;

D. C.

D. C. Fa-ther, ac-cept our of-fering, Our song of grate-ful praise.

ATTLEBURY. 7's & 6's.

L. MASON.

ANDANTE.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; } From many an an-cient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de-liver Their land from error's chain,

2. What though the spicy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile? } In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.

MODERATO.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle show'r, And brighter scenes before us, Are opening every hour; Each cry to heaven going, Abundant answers

far. Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

brings, And heavenly winds are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

EVENING DEVOTION. 8's, 3's & 6's.

GENTLY.

Ere I sleep for every fa-vor
This day show'd By my God, I do bless my Sav-ior, I do bless my Sav-ior.

WATCH NIGHT. 10's & 11's. Or 5's & 6's.



MARTYR'S DEATH SONG. 11's.



ORFORD. 12's, 11's & 8's, or 11's.

SPIRITOSO.

1. The Prince of sal - va - tion in triumph is riding, And glo - ry attends him a-long his bright way; The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are

2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior; Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign, Ac-knowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy

11's, 1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid mornings that dawn on us here, Are followed by

owning, are owning his sway.

glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous train.

gloom or be - clouded with fear.

FUNERAL BELL. 4's, 3 & 7.

ADAGIO.

1. Hark! the peal - ing Soft - ly steal - ing, Fu - neral bell Sad - ly speaks a soul's fare - well.

3. Wel - come, wel - come Is thy mu - sic, Sil - very bell; Thou hast tolled a saint's fare - well.

3. Sweet - ly sleep - ing, Friends, why weep - ing? "All is well," Tolls the sol - emn fu - neral bell.

LYONS. 10's & 11's.

HAYDN.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices u - nited, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices u-nited the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.

SAVANNAH. 10's.

SLOW.

PLEYEL.

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, Un - to Je - sus our King, In the praise of his won - der - ful love; To the Lamb that was slain,

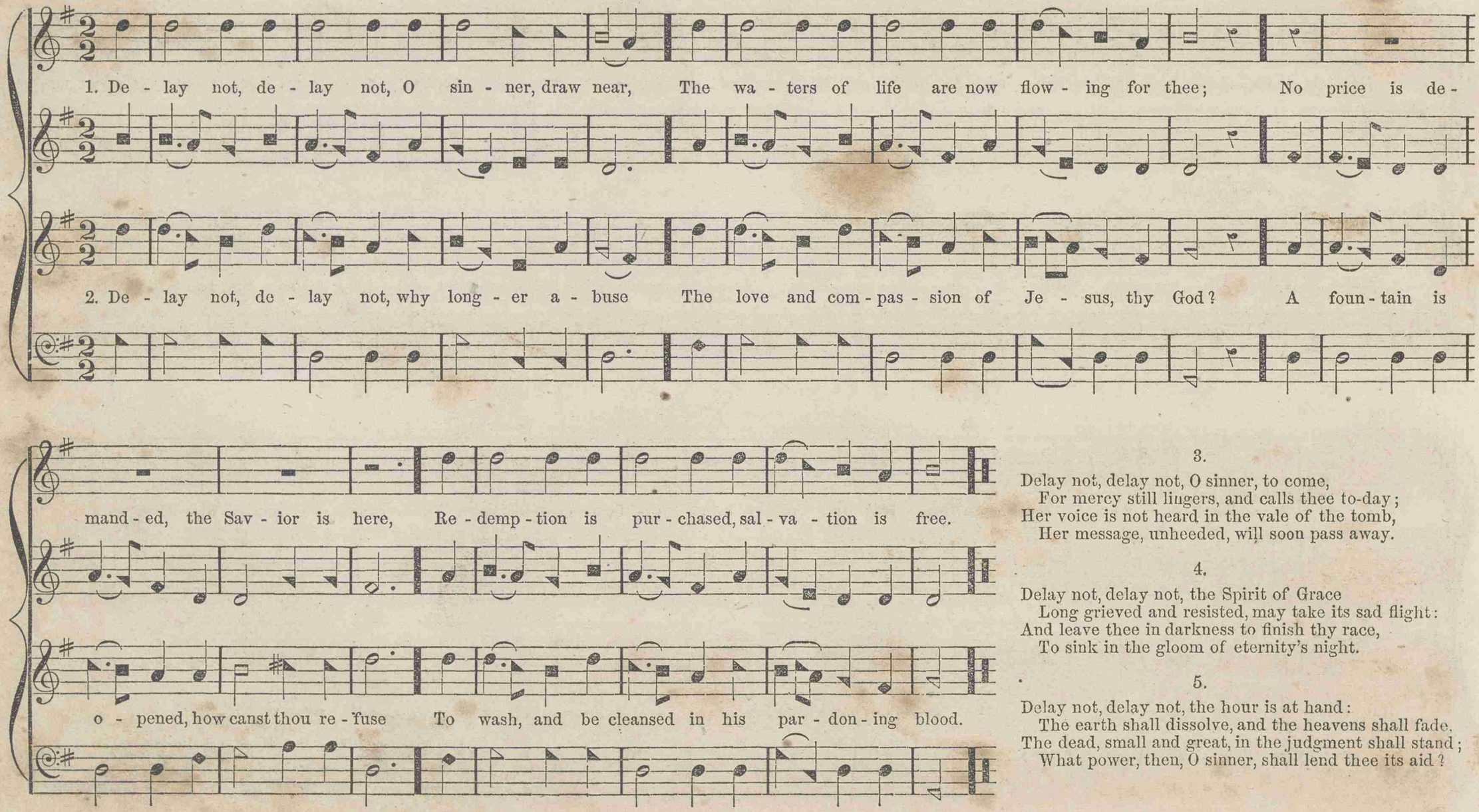
Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, Un - to Je - sus our King, In the praise of his won - der - ful love; To the Lamb that was slain,

Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove— Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove— Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove.

GOSHEN, or HINTON. 11's.

Old German. Words by HASTINGS.



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, may take its sad flight:
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

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?

KEENE 9's & 8's. Or L. M., by use of ties.

W. From the Dulcimer.

NOT TOO FAST.

As 9's & 8's. 1. Bread of the world, in mercy broken; Wine of the soul, in mercy shed! By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead.

As L. M. 2. Come, gracious Lord. descend and dwell, By faith and love in eve-ry breast; Then shall we know, and taste, and feel, The joys that cannot be ex - pressed.

DIRGE. Quartett or Chorus. 6's & 5's. Peculiar. Or 6's & 4's

W **. From the Dulcimer

(Sing small notes first time.)

6's & 5's. 1. Hark to the solemn bell, Mournfully peal - ing! What do its wailings tell, On the ear steal-ing? Seem they not thus to say, Loved ones have passed away? Ashes with ashes lay, List to its peal - ing.

As 6's & 4's. 2. When shall I see the day, That ends my woes? When shall I vic-t'ry gain O'er all my foes? When will the trumpet sound, That calls the exile home? The grand sabbatic year, When will it come?

* As 6's & 4's, omit the notes with stars over them

CONDER. 12's, 11's & 8's. Or 11's. Or 10's & 11's.

From the Dulcimer.

BOLD.

The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright way; The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning, are owning his sway.

11's. Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet; Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise; O give him the glory and praise that are meet, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

10's & 11's. Begone, unbelief, my Savior is near, And for my relief will surely appear; By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform; With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

BETHLEHEM. 5's & 8's. Or 8's, 6's, 4's & 5's, by using the slurs.

Dr. MADAN.

BOLD.

6's & 8's. Behold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From conquest to conquest proceeds! From conquest, &c. How happy are they Who live in this day, And witness his wonderful deeds, And witness his wonderful deeds.

8's, 6's & 4's. Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Sa-lute the hap-py morn, Sa-lute the hap - py morn; Each heavenly power Proclaims the glad hour; Lo, Jesus the Savior is born, Lo, Jesus the Sav - ior is born

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Ad - am's lost race Christ hath o - pened a fountain; { From sin and un-clean-ness and / Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not de - plore thee: Tho' sor- rows and dark-ness en - com- pass the tomb, The Sav - ior has passed thro' its

eve - ry trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - va - tion.
bought us a par - don; We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

204 "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY." (FREDERICK.) 11's. G. KINGSLEY. By permission.

WITH STRONG EXPRESSION.

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid mornings that dawn on us here,

2. Who, who would live alway a - way from his God, A - way from yon heaven, that bliss-ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of pleas-ure flow bright o'er the plains,

Are fol-lowed by gloom or be - cloud-ed with fear.

And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.

FOLSOM. 11's & 10's.

Arranged from MOZART.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shi - ning, Low lies his

D H Hackler Book with 10 vv

dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - cli - ning, Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Sav - ior of all.

HAGUE. 12's & 11's.

W. ✻ ✻ From the Dulcimer.

WITH EARNESTNESS, and rather ad lib.

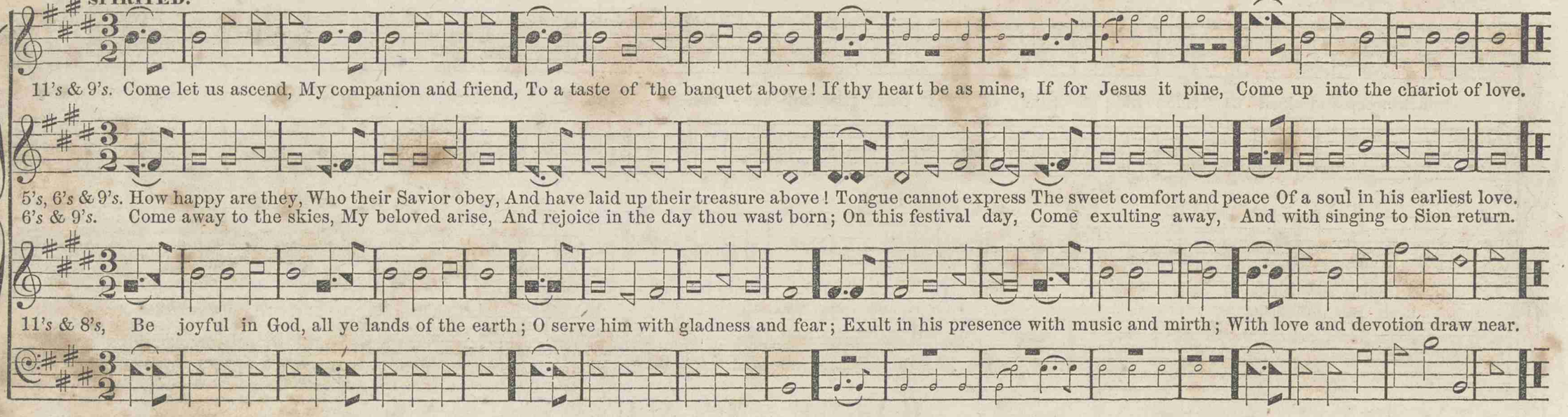
1. Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee, And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee, (OMIT . . . . .) "The harvest is pass - ing, the sum - mer will end."

2. How oft of thy dan-ger and guilt he hath told thee! How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee! (OMIT . . . . .) "The harvest is pass - ing, the sum - mer will end."

WESLEY. 11's & 9's; or 11's & 8's; or 6's & 9's; or 5's, 6's & 9's.

From the Choral.

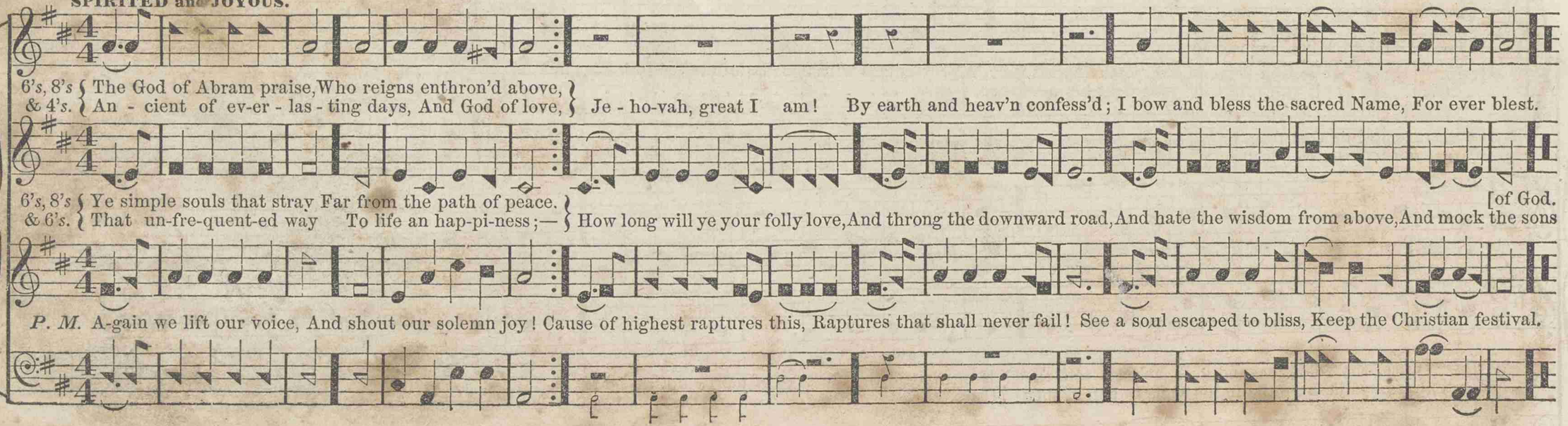
SPIRITED.



HOMEVILLE. 6's, 8's & 4's; or 6's, 8's 6's; or 7's, 8's 7's; or P. M.

From the Dulcimer.

SPIRITED and JOYOUS.



HYMN. "The Lord is great."

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.



HYMN. "There is an hour of peaceful rest."

Words by W. B. TAPPAN.
Music arranged from J. A. NAUMANN.



BURLINGTON. 12's, 11 & 8.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

1. The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright way; The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning his sway.

2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior, Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign; Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glorious train.

3. Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation, The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise; And heaven shall re-echo the song of salvation, In rich and melodious lays.

ZION'S PILGRIM. 11's & 8's. 8 lines.

WITH ENERGY.

Old Melody.

Fine.

D. C.

1. In songs of sublime ad-o - ration and praise, Ye pilgrims, for Zi - on who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days, His rich and distinguishing grace.

2. His love from e-ter - ni- ty fixed up-on you, Broke forth, and discovered its flame,

D. C. When each with the cords of his kindness he drew, And brought you to love his great name.

DELL LAKE. P. M.

Composed for this work.

PLAINTIVE.

1. The son of man they did be-tray, Think, O my soul the dreadful day, When he was bound and led a-way, To mourning Cal-va-ry:
Be-hold him lamb-like led a-long, Sur-round-ed by a wick-ed throng, { Ac-cus-ed by each ly-ing tongue, / And thus the Lamb of God they hung, } Up-on the shameful tree.

2. And thus the glorious sufferer stood, With hands and feet nail'd to the wood: From eve-ry wound a stream of blood Came trickling down a-main.
His bit-ter groans all nature shook, And at his voice the rocks were broke, { While sleeping saints their graves forsook, / The spite-ful Jews a-round did mock, } And laughed at his pain.

* Repeat for the three last lines but one in each verse

HOPE. 7's & 6's.

Written for this work.

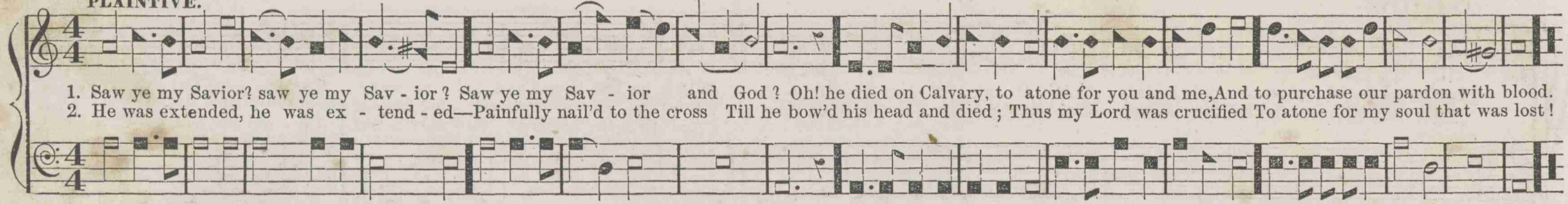
ARDENT.

1. Vain, delusive world, adieu! With all of creature good: }
On-ly Jesus I pursue, Who bought me with his blood, { All thy pleasures I forego, I trample on thy wealth and pride; Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucifiy'd.

2. Other knowledge I disdain, 'Tis all but van-i-ty: }
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, He tasted death for me. { Me to save from endless woe, The sin-atoning victim died: On-ly Jesus will I know, And Jesus cru-cify'd.

ASCENSION. P. M.

PLAINTIVE.



3. Jesus hung bleeding; Jesus hung bleeding—
Three dreadful hours in pain!
While the sun refus'd to shine, when the Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain!

4. Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land!
O the solid rocks were rent, thro' creations vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man!

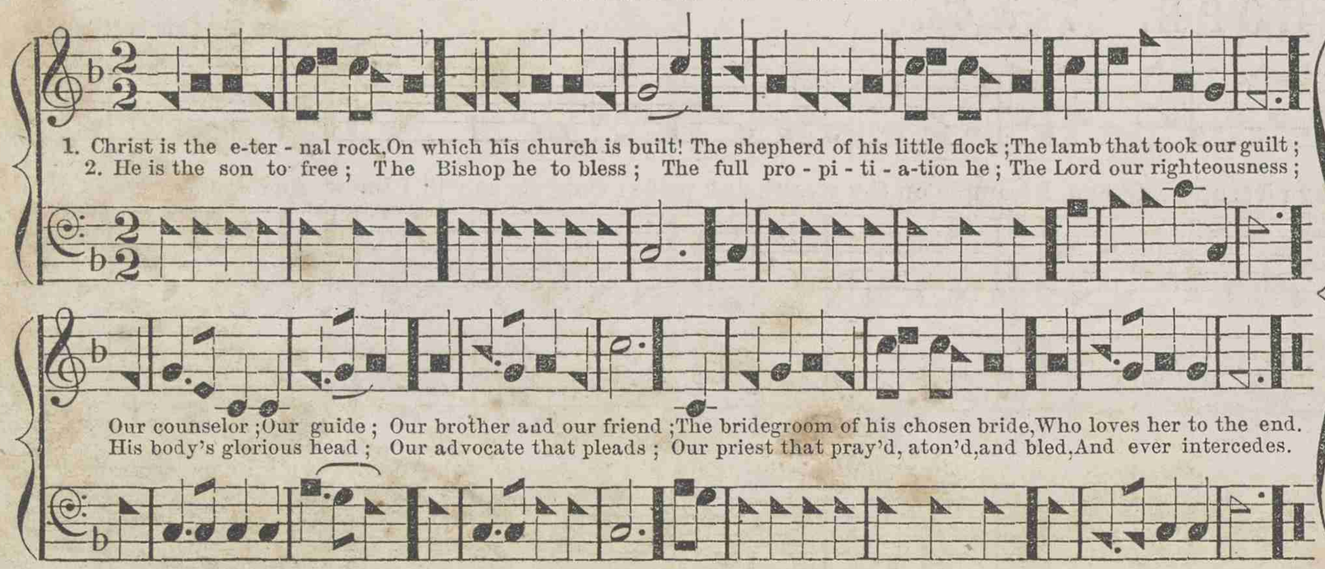
5. When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made.
He was taken by the great, and embalmed in spices sweet,
With the rich in the grave softly laid.

6. Hail mighty Savior! Hail mighty Savior!
Prince and the author of peace:
Bursting all the bars of death, Triumphing o'er the hell and earth,
Thou ascendest to mansions of bliss.

7. There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live:
Saying Father, I have died, (Oh! Behold my hands and side)
"To redeem them, I pray then forgive."

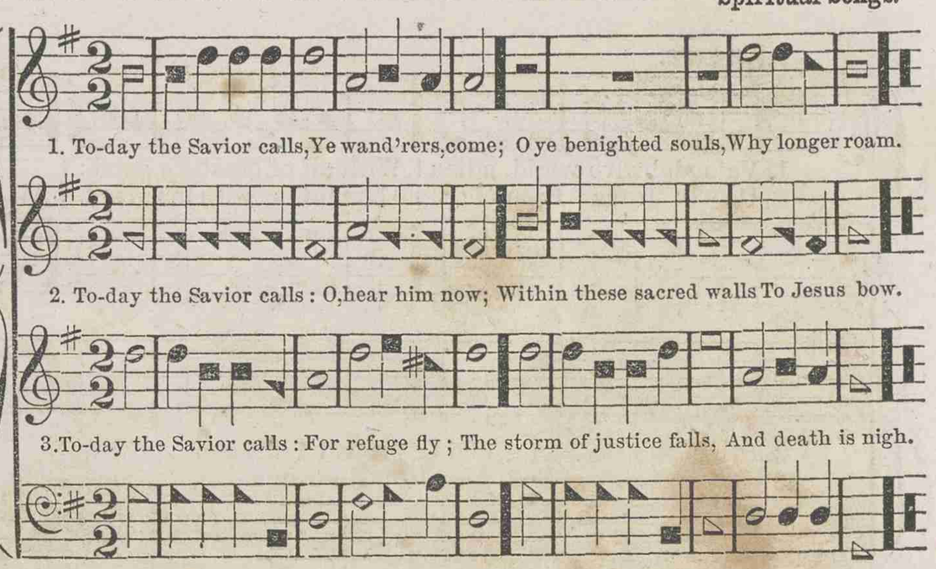
8. "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,"
Says the kind Father to thee;
"Let them now return to thee, and be reconciled to me,
"And eternally saved they shall be."

ROCK OF CHRIST. P. M.



"TO DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS."

Spiritual Songs.



FORREST. P. M.

SLOWLY. Fine. Chorus. D.C.

1. See the fountain open'd wide, That from pollution frees us, Flowing from the precious side, Of our Immanuel Jesus. Ho every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters,
   Freely drink and quench your thirst, With Zion's sons and daughters.
2. Sinners, hear your Savior's call, Consider what you're doing, Jesus Christ can cleanse you all, Will you not come unto him? Ho every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters.
   Freely drink and quench your thirst, With Zion's sons and daughters.

BISHOP. 11's. Double.

Sir H. R. BISHOP.

LIVELY. Fine. D.C.

1. Come friends and relations, let's join hand in hand, The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; Let's all walk to-gether, and follow the sound, And march to the place where redemption is found.
2. The place it is hid-den by reason of sin; You cannot dis-cover the state you are in; You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain, O how shall such rebels redemption obtain?
3. The place is obscured from the wisest of men, Nor can mortals know it until 'tis made plain: The place is in Je-sus, to him let us go, We'll there find redemption from sorrow and woe.

MORNING. P. M.

M. S.

1. While angels strike their tuneful strings, And veil their faces with their wings; Each saint on earth his Jesus sings. And joins to praise the King of kings, Who sav'd his soul from ruin.
2. But sinners, fond of earthly joys, Mock and deride while saints rejoice, They shut their ears at Jesus' voice, And make this world and sin their choice. And force their way to ruin.
3. The preachers warn them night and day, For them the Christians weep and pray, But sinners laugh and turn away, And join the wicked, lewd, and gay, And throng the road to ruin.

SENTENCE. "Cast thy burden on the Lord."

W. B. BRADBURY. From the Choralist.

May be sung as a Quartett or Semi-chorus.

SOFT and SLOW.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, ... Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And He will sus - tain thee, and

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And He will sus - tain thee, and

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And He will sus - tain thee, and

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord,

f *m* **Dim.** *m* *p*

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee.

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee.

f *m* **Dim.** *m* *p*

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee.

Second time PP.

m

Cres. Dim.

Repeat PP.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Cres. Dim.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Repeat PP.

"HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS." 11's & 10's.

L. MASON.

PRESTO.

p f

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 be-gins her mild reign.

2. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding a - long; Loud from the mountaintop echoes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in verdure, and min - gle in song.

p f

3. See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean, Praise to Je - ho-vah as - cending on high; Fall'n are the engines of war and com-motion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rending the sky.

TAYLOR. P. M.

SPIRITED.

1. Hail, sacred Savior ! Prince of Light, With joy we hail thy humble flight, Down through the portals of the sky, We view thee in a manger : The eastern sages there appear,
2. But see him soon rise like the noon, Surrounded by a mixed throng ; His friends delighted with his charms, But enemies confounded : To mark the path of duty, he
3. On Jordan's banks, methinks I see, My Jesus kneel and pray for me : For this I would his name adore, And sing with pleasing rapture : Come on, ye blooming sons of God,
4. With joy thy footsteps here we trace, In hopes to see thy smiling face, Not as in sad Geth-sem - a-ne, But as thou reign'st in glory ; Come animate our hearts to sing,

Di - rect - ed by a blazing star. Come saints draw nigh, See him lie, Join the cry, "Born to die." Behold the darling Son of God, Now in the world a stranger.
Did march on foot from Ga - li - lee : O hear him say, "I'm the Way," While you may, Don't delay—Behold him leave the wat'ry tomb, With dazzling light surrounded.
And fol-low Jesus through the flood : Through ice and snow You must go ; As you know 'Twill be so, Wherever Jesus leads his friends, The world and sin to capture.
While willing converts here we bring : Behold them come, To thy tomb, Make them room, Guide them home, When all together we shall meet, And tell the pleasing story.

IDES. P. M. or 9's & 7's, or 9's, 8's, & 9's by small notes.

LIVELY.

Repeat for Chorus

1. The glorious plan of man's Redemption By the Son of God was wrought ; To save the lost and ru - in'd na - tion, So t' heaven we might be brought.
2. 'Twas Je-sus Christ the bless-ed Sav - ior, Full of love and power too, Who came from heaven to re-deem us, Slain a-mong a wick - ed crew.

Chokus. Glo - ry, hon-or and sal - va - tion, To the Lamb, who once was slain ; Sound his praise through every nation, May it nev-er cease a - gain !

MAFFITT. 10's & 11's.

I. B. WOODBURY.

O, tell me no more of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er; A coun-try I've found where true joys abound;

O, tell me no more of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er; A coun-try I've found where true joys abound;

DODGE. 10's.

I. B. WOODBURY.

To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground.

To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground.

Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa. - lem, rise!

Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise!

Ex - alt thy tower - ing head, and lift thine eyes! See heaven its sparkling por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

Ex - alt thy tower - ing head, and lift thine eyes! See heaven its sparkling por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

ELO. 5's & 7's.

FIRM.

Forgive my fol-ly, O Lord most ho - ly; Cleanse me from ev-e-ry stain; For thee I lan-guish: Pit-y my an-guish, Nor let my life be in vain.

Forgive my fol-ly, O Lord most ho - ly; Cleanse me from ev-e-ry stain; For thee I lan-guish: Pit-y my an-guish, Nor let my life be in vain.

To prayer! to prayer! for the morn - ing breaks, And Earth in her Ma - ker's smiles a - wakes: His light is on all, be - low and a - bove.

To prayer! to prayer! for the morn - ing breaks, And Earth in her Ma - ker's smiles a - wakes: His light is on all, be - low and a - bove.

The light of glad - ness, life, and love. O, then, on the breath of this ear - ly air, Send upward the in - cense of grate - ful prayer.

The light of glad - ness, life, and love. O, then, on the breath of this ear - ly air, Send upward the in - cense of grate - ful prayer.

MILLMAN. P. M. or Short Anthem.

I. B. WOODBURY.

SLOW.

Brother, thou art gone be - fore us, And thy saint-ly soul has flown Where tears are wip'd from eve-ry eye, And sorrow is un - known.

Brother, thou art gone be - fore us, And thy saint-ly soul has flown Where tears are wip'd from eve-ry eye, And sorrow is un - known.

Dim. *p*

From the bur - den of the flesh, And from care and fear re-leased, Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

Dim. *p*

From the bur - den of the flesh, And from care and fear re-leased, Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

PART SECOND.

ANTHEMS FOR ALL PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.

SOLO AND CHORUS. "Strike the Cymbal."

PUCITTA.

SPIRITED.

Chorus.

1. Strike the cymbal, roll the timbrel, Let the trump of tri - umph sound, Powerful slinging, Headlong bringing Proud Go-li - ath to the ground.

Tenor or Soprano. SOLO.

2. From the river, re - ject - ing quiver, Judah's he - - ro takes the stone. Spread your banners, shout ho-sannas, Battle is the Lord's alone.
3. God of thunder. rend a - sunder All the power Phil - is - tia boasts. What are nations? what their stations? Israel's God is Lord of Hosts.

Accomp.

Chorus.

220

THE LAST BEAM IS SHINING.

Portuguese.

DOLCE.

1. Fading, still fading, The last beam is shining, Father in heaven, the day is declining, Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night,

2. Father in heaven, O hear when we call, Hear for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all; Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might, In doubting and darkness thy love be our light

1. From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father, &c., thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

2. Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, Wake in thy arms when morning returns, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father, &c., thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

THE CHRISTIAN ON EARTH.

Italian air.

NOT TOO FAST.

Fine.

D. C.

2. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ever flowing;

2. There the sun-beams are ever shining, I am longing, I am longing for the sight! Within a country, unknown and drea-ry, I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary;

Fine.

D. C.

2. Of the country to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deemer, my Redeemer is the light. There is no sorrow, or any sigh-ing, Or any sinning, or any dying;

DOXOLOGY.

Handel and Haydn Soc. Coll.; by permission.

Praise God from whom all bles - sings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here be - low, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God from whom all bles - sings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him all crea - tnres here be - low;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him above ye heavenly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye

Praise him a - bove. Praise him a - bove, Praise him above, ye heavenly host.

heavenly host, Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Father, Son. and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

heavenly host, Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Soli.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

Soli.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

Chorus.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Chorus.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men

THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON. (At St. Helena, Sept., 1845.)

Poetry by H. S. WASHBURN.
Music by L. HEATH.

AFFETUOSO.

1. Mournful-ly, ten-der-ly, Bear on the dead, Where the warrior has lain, Let the Chris-tian be laid; No place more be-fit-ting—O Rock of the sea!

2. Mournful-ly, ten-der-ly, Sol - emn and slow, Tears are be - dewing The path as ye go; Kin - dred and strangers Are mourners to-day

3. Mournful-ly, ten-der-ly, Gaze on that brow, Beau - ti - ful is it In qui - et - ude now; One look! and then settle The loved to her rest,

Nev - er such treas-ure Was hid - den in thee, Nev - er such treasure Was hid - den in thee.

Gent - ly, so gent - ly, O bear her a - way, Gent - ly, so gent - ly, O bear her a - way.

The o - cean be-neath her, The turf on her breast, The o - cean beneath her, The turf on her breast.

4.

So have ye buried her—
Up and depart,
To life and to duty
With undismayed heart;
Fear not, for the love
Of the stranger will keep
The casket that lies
In the Rock of the deep.

5.

Peace to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading,
Before thou hast trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the sea!

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VESPER HYMN.

Russian Air.

SLOW.

Soli.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal-ing, O'er the wa - ters soft and clear; Nearer yet, and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear.

SOLO.

Soli.

2. Now, like moonlight waves re - treating, To the shore it dies a - long; Now, like an - gry surg - es meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

Chorus. *f*

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Soli. *pp*

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

1. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.

Chorus. *f*

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Soli. *pp*

2. Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treating, To the shore it dies a - long.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

HYMN. "Hark! the Song of Jubilee."

L. MASON.

mp ALLEGRO SPIRITOSO. *ff*

Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar; Or the full-ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

mp

Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar; Or the full-ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

mp Ad lib. *p* *f* Tempo primo.

See Je - ho - vah's ban-ners furled! Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done! Now the kingdoms of the world Are the kingdoms of his Son -

mp Ad lib. *f* Tempo primo.

See Je - ho - vah's ban-ners furled! Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done! Now the kingdoms of the world Are the kingdoms of his Son -

- - - - Are the kingdoms of his Son. He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme unbounded sway: He shall reign, when like a scroll, Yonder heavens have pass'd away.

- - - - Are the kingdoms of his Son. He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme unbounded sway: He shall reign, when like a scroll, Yonder heavens have pass'd away.

p **Lento.** **Tempo primo.** *f*

He shall reign when like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed a - way! have passed a - way! have passed a - way! Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord

p **Lento.** **Tempo primo.** *f*

He shall reign when like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed a - way! have passed a - way! have passed a - way! Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord

God om - ni - po - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main, the earth and main.

God om - ni - po - tent shall reign, Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main, the earth and main.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o, Ech - o, Ech - o round the

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o, Ech - o, Ech - o round the

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o, Ech - o, Ech - o round the

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

earth and main, round the earth and main, round the earth and main. . . . . .

earth and main, round the earth and main, round the earth and main. . . . . .

earth and main, Echo, Echo round the earth and main. . . . . Sym.

earth and main, round the earth and main, round the earth and main.

ANTHEM. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Ps. 24.

L. MASON. From the Bost. Acad. Coll.

m ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.—In chanting style. Cres. *f* *m* Slow.

1. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; The world and they that dwell therein. 2. For he hath founded it up - on the seas, And established it up - on the floods.

m Cres. *f* *m* Slow.

1. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; The world and they that dwell therein. 2. For he hath founded it up - on the seas, And established it up - on the floods.

TENOR. Tempo Primo.

3. Who shall as - cend in - to the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho - - - - ly place?

BASE.

TREBLE.

4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; Who hath not lift - ed up his soul un - to van - - - - i - ty.

ALTO.

m Cres. *f* *m* Dim. *p*

5. He shall receive the bless-ing from the LORD, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion— And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion.

m Cres. *f* *m* Dim. *p*

5. He shall receive the bless-ing from the LORD, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion— And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion.

f Dim. Slow. *p* Tempo Primo. *f*

6. This is the gen-e - ration of them that seek him, That seek thy face, O God of Ja - cob. 7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye ev-er -

f Dim. Slow. *p* Tempo Primo.

6. This is the gen-e - ration of them that seek him, That seek thy face, O God of Ja - cob 7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye ev.er -

ff

- - last - ing doors, And the King of Glo - ry shall come in— the King of Glo - ry shall come in—The King of Glo - ry shall come in. 8. Who is this King of Glo - ry!

ff

- - last - ing doors, And the King of Glo - ry shall come in— the King of Glo - ry shall come in—The King of Glo - ry shall come in. 8. Who is this King of Glo - ry?

ff

Who is this King of Glo - ry? The Lord— the Lord, strong and mighty, The Lord, The Lord, might - y in bat - tle.

ff

Who is this King of Glo - ry? The Lord— the Lord, strong and mighty, The Lord, The Lord, might - y in bat - tle.

f *ff*

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; Even lift them up, ye ev-er - last - ing doors, And the King of Glo - ry shall come in— the King of Glo - ry shall come in— The

f *ff*

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; Even lift them up, ye ev-er - last - ing doors, And the King of Glo - ry shall come in— the King of Glo - ry shall come in— The

m *ff*

King of Glo - ry shall come in. 10. Who is this King of Glory? Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts— The Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glo - ry—

ff

King of Glo - ry shall come in. 10. Who is this King of Glory? Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts— The Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glo - ry—

he is the King of Glory— he is the King—the King of Glory— he is the King—the King of Glo - ry— he is the King of glo - ry.

he is the King of Glory-- he is the King—the King of Glory— he is the King—the King of Glo - ry— he is the King of glo - ry.

SENTENCE. "The Lord will comfort Zion."

W. * *

ANDANTE.

And make her like Eden, and make her like Eden, Like the garden of the Lord.

Solo Voices ad lib.

The Lord will comfort Zi - on, He'll comfort her waste places, and make her like Eden, and make her like Eden, like the garden of the Lord.

ALLEGRO SPIRITOSO.

Chorus. *f* *ff* Dim. *p*

Joy and gladness, Joy and gladness shall be found therein, shall be found therein, shall be found therein, shall be found there- in, shall be found there - in.

Chorus. *f* *ff* Dim. *p*

Joy and gladness, Joy and gladness, shall be found therein, shall be found therein, shall be found therein, shall be found there- in, shall be found there - in.

THANKSGIVING HYMN. "Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the Earth."

L. MASON.
From the Bost. Acad. Coll.

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near. 2. The Lord he is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone. Cre-a-tor and ruler o'er all; And we are his people, his sceptre we own: His sheep, and we follow his call, We follow his call, We follow his call.

3. Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise with melodious accordance prolong, And bless his adorable name. 4. For good is the Lord, in-ex-pressibly good, And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand, To eternity stand, To eternity stand.

ANTHEM. "O praise God in his holiness." Ps. 150.

L. MASON.

O praise God in his holiness, Praise him in the fir-ma-ment—in the firmament of his power; Praise him in his noble acts—Praise him in his noble acts—

O praise God in his holiness, Praise him in the fir-ma-ment—in the firmament of his power; Praise him in his noble acts—Praise him in his noble acts—

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute and harp;

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute—upon the lute and harp;

Praise him upon the lute and harp;

Praise him in the cymbals—in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes— Let every thing that hath breath—Let

Praise him in the cymbals—in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes—Let every thing that hath breath—Let every thing that hath breath- -

Let

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord—that hath breath praise the Lord.

every thing that hath breath— PRAISE THE LORD— PRAISE THE LORD.

- - - - - - - that hath breath praise the Lord—that hath breath praise the Lord.

every thing that hath breath—

HYMN. "Come, ye disconsolate." 11's & 10's.

S. WEBBE.

Duet—ALTO.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish; Come, at the mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-for-ter, ten - der - ly saying.

Solo.

11's & 10's. Come, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Sav - ior, Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side; Kneel at his mer-cy-seat, sue for his fa - vor,

Accomp.

Chorus.

1. Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not heal.
2. Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure; Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der - ly saying, Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not cure.

11's & 10's. Lambs of his bosom, for whom He hath died; Kneel at his mer-cy-seat, sue for his fa - vor, Lambs of his bosom, for whom He hath died.

ANTHEM. "This is my rest forever." (For Dedication or Opening Service.)

IN CHANTING STYLE, and Cres. to the end.

Cres.

The Lord hath chosen Zi - on; He hath de-sired it He hath desired it for his hab - i - ta-tion.

The Lord hath chosen Zi - on; He hath de-sired it, He hath desired it for his hab - i - ta-tion.

This is my rest for - ev - er, saith the Lord:
Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord,

m

Cres.

m

The Lord hath chosen Zi - on; He hath de-sired it, He hath desired it for his hab - i - ta-tion.

Cres. Bis. *mf* *f* Bis. *ff*

Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord.

Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord.

Cres. Bis. *mf* *f* Bis. *ff*

Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, saith the Lord.

QUARTETT. "The Orphan's Prayer."

W. ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

WITH TENDERNESS and FEELING.

1. I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twink-ling peeps, Through that bending wil-low which lone - ly
2. I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my dai - ly care, And breathe to my Sav - ior my eve - ning
3. I still re - mem - ber how oft she led, And knelt me by her, as with God she plead, That I might be His when the clod was
4. I love to think how 'neath the ground, She slumbers in death as a cap-tive bound, She'll slumber no more when the trump shall

weeps, O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend-ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.
prayer, O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend-ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.
spread, O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-e'rs grave. Through that bend-ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.
sound, O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend-ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.

PILGRIM'S HYMN. S. M. Double. Or 6's, 8's & 4's.

Poetry by Mrs. HEMANS.
Music by Miss BROWNE.



3.

Amidst 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!
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?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

QUARTETT. My Mother's Bible. Or. C. M.

SLOW and with TENDERNESS.

Poetry by GEO. P. MORRIS. Music from the DULCIMER.

1. This book is all that's left me now!—Tears will un - bid - den start—With falt - 'ring lip and throb-bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close Af - ter the eve-ning prayer, And
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To bro-thers, sisters dear; How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear. Her
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried; Where all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The

Cres. Cres. Dim.

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.
speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill; Though they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
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.
mines of earth no treasures give That could this vol - ume buy; In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM. "O be joyful in the Lord."

Theme from BEETHOVEN. From the Dulcimer.

WITH GREAT SPIRIT and ENERGY.

f Cres. *f*

O be joy - ful, be joy- ful in the Lord; O be joy - ful, be joyful, all ye lands; Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence, and come before his

O be joy - ful, be joy- ful in the Lord; O be joy - ful, be joyful, all ye lands; Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence, and come before his

f Cres. *f*

O be joy - ful, be joy- ful in the Lord; O be joy - ful, be joyful, all ye lands, Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence, and come before his

m Cres. *m* A little slower.

presence with a song. Be ye sure, be ye sure, be ye sure that the Lord he is God, It is he that hath made us,

presence with a song. Be ye sure, be ye sure, be ye sure that the Lord he is God, It is he that hath made us,

m Cres, *m* A little slower.

presence with a song. Be ye sure, be ye sure, be ye sure that the Lord he is God, It is he that hath made us, it is he that hath made us, and

Key of F. Accelerate,

and not we our-selves. We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pasture, We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture. O go your

not we ourselves, and not we our-selves, We are his people, and the sheep of his pas-ture, We are his peo - ple, and the sheep of his pasture. O go your

Key of F.

not we ourselves, and not we our-selves, We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pasture, We are his peo - ple, and the sheep of his pasture. O go your

way in - to his gates with thanksgiving, O go your way in-to his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his courts with praise, and in - to his courts with praise.

way in - to his gates with thanksgiving, O go your way in-to his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his courts with praise, and in - to his courts with praise.

way in - to his gates with thanksgiving, O go your way in-to his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his courts with praise, and in - to his courts with praise.

f Cres. *ff* Slow.

O be joy - ful, be joy-ful in the Lord; O be joy - ful, be joy-ful, all ye lands; be joy - ful in the Lord, be joy - ful in the Lord.

O be joy - ful, be joy- ful in the Lord; O be joy - ful, be joy-ful, all ye lands; be joy - ful in the Lord, be joy - ful in the Lord.

f Cres. *ff* Slow.

O be joy - ful, be joy- ful in the Lord; O be joy - ful, be joy-ful, all ye lands, be joy - ful in the Lord, be joy - ful in the Lord.

ANTHEM. "Peace on Earth; a Savior's born. (For Christmas, or similar occasions.)

W ✲ ✲ From the Dulcimer.

p RATHER SLOW. Cres. FASTER and SPIRITED. *mf*

Peace on earth, Peace on earth; a Sav - ior's born, a Sav - ior's born, Come saints, and a - dore him, Come, bow at his feet, O give him the

Peace on earth; a Sav - ior's born, a Sav - ior's born,

p Cres.

Peace on earth, ... a Sav- ior's born, a Sav - ior's born, Come, saints, and a - dore him, Come, bow at his feet, O give him the

mf

glo - ry, the joy that is meet; Swell the ho - san - nas that glad-den the skies, And let the full cho - rus un - ceas - ing a - rise, ...

Swell the ho - san - nas that glad - den the skies, And let the full cho - rus un - ceas - ing a - rise, And let the full

glo - ry, the joy that is meet; Swell the ho - san - nas that glad-den the skies, And let the full cho - rus un - ceas - ing a - rise.

. . . . . And let the full cho - rus un - ceas - ing a - rise, That gladdens, that gladdens, that glad-dens the skies, ...

cho - rus un - ceas- ing a - rise, And let the full cho - rus un - ceas - ing a - rise, That gladdens, that gladdens, that glad-dens the skies, Let joyful ho-

And let the full cho - rus un - ceas - ing a - rise, That gladdens, that gladdens, that glad-dens the skies. Let joy-ful ho-

f Dim. Cres. *f*

. . . . . And join the full cho-rus that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies . . . . . un - ceas-ing a-

san - nas un - ceas-ing a - rise, And join the full cho-rus that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies, Let joyful ho - san-nas un - ceas-ing a-

f Dim. Cres. *f*

san - nas un - ceas-ing a - rise, And join the full cho-rus that gladdens the skies, that gladdeus the skies, that gladdens the skies, ... un - ceas-ing a-

f *ff*

rise, And join the ful- cho - rus that glad-dens the skies, A - men, A - men, A - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - men. . . . . .

rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad-dens the skies, A - men, A - men, A - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - men. . . . . .

f *ff*

rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad-dens the skies, A - men, A - men, A - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - men. . . . . .

DUETT AND CHORUS. The Church's Welcome.*

Words by Rev. T. DOWLING.

DUETT. Two Tenors, or Tenor and Base,
MODERATO.

1. Chil - dren of Zi - on! what harp - notes are steal - ing, So soft o'er our sens - es, so sooth - ing - ly sweet?
2. Chil - dren of Zi - on! no long - er in sad - ness, Re - frain from the feast that your Sav - ior has given;
3. Chil - dren of Zi - on! we joy - ful - ly hail you, Who en - tered the sheep - fold through Je - sus, the door;

DUETT. Alto and Soprano.

'Tis the mu - sic of an - gels, their rap - tures re - veal - ing, That you have been brought to the Ho - ly One's feet.
Come and taste of the cup of sal - va - tion with glad - ness, And think of the ban - quet still sweet - er in heaven.
While poor pil . grims on earth, though the foe may as - sail you, Press for - ward, and soon will the con - flict be o'er.

Chorus. *p* **Cres.** **Dim. Rit.**

1. Children of Zi - on! we join in their welcome; 'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed re - treat, 'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed re - treat.
2. Children of Zi - on! our hearts bid you welcome To the church of the ransom'd, the kingdom of heaven, To the church of the ransom'd, the kingdom of heaven.
3. Children of Zi - on! O welcome! thrice welcome! Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more, Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more.

* This pleasing composition, by the lamented O. Shaw, Esq., of Providence, R. I., is inserted by permission of his lady, who holds the copyright. The arrangement for the piano-forte can be procured in sheet form, at the music stores.

QUARTETT. Christ stilling the Tempest.

Theme from NELSON. From the Dulcimer.

SLOW, and with Expression.

Cres. Dim. Cres. *f* *m*

1. Fear was with - in the toss - ing bark, When stormy winds grew loud, And waves came roll - ing high and dark, And the tall mast was bow'd; And

2. And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word Pass'd through the gloomy sky; The troubled bil - lows knew their Lord, And they sank 'neath his eye; And

Cres. Dim. Cres. *f* *m*

3. Thou that didst rule the an - gry hour, And tame the tempest's mood, O send thy spir - it forth in pow'r, O'er our dark souls to brood; Thou

p Cres. *m* Dim. *p* *pp*

men stood breathless in their dread, And baf - fled in their skill; But One was there, who rose and said, "Peace— be still, Peace— be still."

slum - ber set - tled on the deep, And si - lence on the - blast, As when the righteous fall a - sleep; Peaceful sleep, Peace - ful sleep.

p Cres. *m* Dim. *p* *pp*

that didst bow the billow's pride, Thy man - dates to ful - fill, So speak to passion's rag - ing tide, Peace— be still, Peace— be still.

250 **SENTENCE.** "May Grace and Truth." (Suitable for Peace Anniversaries.)

Arranged by L. MARSHALL.

WITH EXPRESSION. A tempo.

p *pp*

and truth, sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, sweet peace, sweet peace.

May grace and truth, sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, and rest, dwell in each breast, sweet peace, sweat peace, sweet peace.

A tempo. *pp*

May grace and truth, sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace.

sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, sweet peace,

p

ANTHEM. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls." (For Installation or Ordination.)

W**. From the Dulcimer.

FAST, and in chanting style.

m *mp* Cres.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Go through the gates, prepare ye the way, pre-

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa-lem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night.

m *mp*

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Je - ru - sa-lem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Go through the gates, prepare ye the way, pre-

m Cres. *f*

pare ye the way of the people, Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gather out the stones. Lift up a standard, lift up a standard a-

m Cres. *f*

pare ye the way of the people, Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gather out the stones. Lift up a standard, Lift up a standard, Lift up a standard a-

p *m* Cres. *f* *ff*

mong the people. Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, Amen! Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men, A - men.

p *m* *ff*

mong the people. Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, Amen! Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men, A - men.

Cres.

CHORUS. For the Opening and Close of Music Teacher's Classes.

[The first two verses with chorus are intended for the opening of the class, and the last two verses with chorus for the close of the class.]

W. * *
From the Dulcimer.

FAST and SPIRITED.

m *f* *ff*

Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful be our numbers, Bursting forth the soul-en-liv-ening lay,
Swell the strain to mu-sic's sweetest mur-murs, Eve-ry heart now hail the fes-tal day.

Burst - ing forth the soul - en-liv'- ning lay, Hail, O

Fine. *f* Cres. Rit. D. C. to each Verse.

1. From the hill and val - ley far a - way, We come with mer - ry greet - ings in our lay.
hail this fes - tal day. 2. Year - ly as our fes - tal day rolls round, We hail it ev - er with har - mo - nious sound.

3. Gold - en hours have fleet - ed like a spell, And now we're called to part and bid fare - well.
*4. Give the hand of friend - ship ere we part, May heav - en now em - balm it in each heart.

* Rise and clasp hands, as this concluding chorus is sung.

ANTHEM. "Salvation, O, the joyful sound."

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

ALLEGRO. *f*

Sal - va-tion ! sal - va-tion ! oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears; A sove-reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

Sal - va-tion ! sal - va-tion ! oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears; A sove-reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

Sal - va-tion ! sal - va-tion ! oh, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears; A sove-reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

p Cres. Cres. *f* Dim. *f*

Bu - ried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di-vine, To see a heaven-ly day. Sal - vation, sal-vation,

Bu - ried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di-vine, To see a heaven-ly day. Sal - vation, sal-vation,

p Cres. Cres. *f* Dim. *f*

Bu - ried in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di-vine, To see a heaven-ly day. Sal - vation, sal-vation,

let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky, Con - spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky, Con - spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky, Con - spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN. "When, as returns this solemn day."

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

p Cres. *mf*

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 1. From mar-ble domes and

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From mar-ble domes and

p Cres. *mf*

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From mar-ble domes and

gild-ed spires Shall clouds of incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost - ly sac - ri-fice? 3. Vain sin - ful man! Vain sin - ful man! cre -

gild-ed spires Shall clouds of incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost - ly sac - ri-fice? 3. Vain sin - ful man! Vain sin - ful man! cre -

- - - a - - tion's Lord Thy offerings well may spare; But give thy heart, But give thy heart, and thou shalt find, Thy God will hear thy prayer.

- - - a - - tion's Lord Thy offerings well may spare; But give thy heart, But give thy heart, and thou shalt find, Thy God will hear thy prayer.

SENTENCE. "And ye shall seek me." Jer. xxix. 13.

L. MASON.
From the Carmina Sacra.

mp Cres. *f*

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall

mp Cres. *f*

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall

f

search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

f

search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

HYMN. "Jerusalem, my glorious home."

L. MASON. From the Carmina Sacra.

MODERATO.

Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Name ev - er dear to me! When, When shall my la - bors have an end,

Soli.

Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Name ev - er dear to me! When, When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy . . .

Soli.

Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Name ev - er dear to me! When, When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy . . .

Chorus.

In joy . . . . and peace in thee.

In joy . . . In joy . . . . . and peace in thee. O when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre-

Chorus.

Soli.

In joy . . . In joy . . . . . and peace in thee. O when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre-

Chorus.

Blest seats!

ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end? There hap-pier bowers than E - den's, bloom, No sin nor sor - row know; Blest

Chorus.

ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end? There hap-pier bowers than E - den's, bloom, No sin nor sor - row know; Blest seats! Blest

f

through rude and stor-my scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, to you, to you. Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa-lem!

seats! through rude and stor-my scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, to you, to you. Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa-lem!

f

seats! through rude and stor-my scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, to you, to you. Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa-lem!

f Soli.

Name ev - er dear to me! . . Why should I shrink at pain and wo? Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's

Name ev - er dear to me! . .

Name ev - er dear to me! . . Why should I shrink at pain and wo? Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's

f Soli.

Cres. *f*

good - ly land in view, And realms of end - - less day, Je - ru - sa-lem, my glo-rious home, My soul still pants for thee;

Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo-rious home, My soul still pants for thee;

Do not hurry the time. Ritard a little. Chorus.

good - ly land in view, And realms of end - - less day, Je - ru - sa-lem, my glo-rious home, My soul still pants for thee;

Cres. *f*

Then, then shall my la - bors have an end, Chorus. When I . . . . . thy joys shall see. When

Then, then shall my la - bors have an end, Soli. When I . . . . thy joys . . Chorus. When I . . . . . thy joys shall see, When

Then, then shall my la - bors have an end, Soli. When I . . . . thy joys, . . Chorus. When I . . . . thy joys shall see, When

I thy joys shall see! Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! Name ev-er dear to me. Je-ru - salem!

I thy joys shall see, Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me. Je- ru - sa-lem!

I thy joys shall see, Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! Name ev-er dear to me. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru-salem!

I. B. WOODBURY. From the Liber Musicus.

NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Safely, safely, through another year, Though unworthy, God hath kept us here; Holy Father, hear us in our song, Guide, O guide to our eter - nal home.

2. Keep us, keep us through the coming year, Heavenly Father, be thou ever near; Safely, safely guide us on our way, Till we meet in heaven's eternal day, Safely, safely, to

3. Safely, safely, through the future lead Help, O help us in our times of need! Hear us, Hear us, lead us on our way, To a home in heaven's eternal day, Safely, safely,

Safely, safely, to an e - ternal day, Safely to heaven's eternal day, Safely, safely, O safely to heaven's eternal day, Safely, safely, O safely to heaven's eternal day.

heaven's, to heaven's eternal day, Safely to heaven's eternal day, ... to heaven's eternal day, Safely, safely, O safely to heaven's eter - nal day.

Safely, safely, to heaven's eter - nal day, Safely to heaven's eternal day, Safely, safely, O safely to heaven's eternal day, ... to heaven's eter - nal day.

SENTENCE. "Mark the perfect man." (For Funerals, &c.)

I. B. WOODBURY. From Liber Musicus.

SLOW and EXPRESSIVE.

and be-hold, be-hold the upright! peace, peace, peace, for the

mark the perfect man, and be-hold, be-hold the upright! for the end of that man, of that man is peace; peace, peace, peace,

Mark the perfect man, mark the perfect man, and be-hold, be-hold the upright! for the end of that man, of that man is peace; peace, peace, peace,

and be-hold, be-hold the upright! peace, peace, peace, for the

end of that man is peace, ... is peace; and be-hold the up-right! A-men! A-men! A-men!

. . . . . is peace, for the end of that man is peace; Mark the perfect man, and be-hold the up-right! A-men! A-men! A-men!

end of that man is peace, ... is peace; . . . . . and be-hold the up-right! A-men! A-men! A-men!

SENTENCE. "How beautiful, O Zion." (For opening and close of Service, Dedications, &c.)

I. B. WOODBURY. From Liber Musicus.

m ARDENT. f

O how beau-ti-ful, how beau-ti-ful thy garments, O Zi-on! O Zi- - - on! how beau-ti-ful, O Zi-on!

O how beau-ti-ful, how beau-ti-ful thy garments, O Zi-on! how beautiful, how beauti-ful, how beau-ti-ful, O Zi-on!

m f Dim.

O how beau-ti-ful, how beau-ti-ful thy garments, O Zi-on! O Zi-on! how beautiful! how beau-ti-ful, O Zi-on!

Cres.

Cres. p Rit. ff a tempo.

They shall prosper that love thee, They shall pros-per that love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

They shall prosper that love thee, They shall pros-per that love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

Cres. p Rit. ff a tempo.

They shall prosper that love thee, They shall pros-per that love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

SENTENCE. "O pray for the peace." (For Ordination, Opening Service, &c.*)

W. * *
From Liber Musicus.

m EARNESTLY. Cres. f

O pray for the peace of Je - ru-salem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, they shall prosper that love thee, that love thee, . . .

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, O

m Cres. m

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, ... of Je - ru - sa - lem, they shall prosper that love thee, that love thee, . . .

f

ff ff

. . . . . of Je - ru - sa - lem, Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee.

pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, Joy . . . . . shall dwell, shall dwell in thee.

ff ff

. . . . . of Je - ru - sa - lem; Joy and peace shall dwell shall dwell in thee, thee . . . . . Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee.

* This piece may be used as a continuation of the one on the preceding page; viz., "How beautiful."

QUARTETT or CHORUS. "I long, I long for the land of the blest."

I. B. WOODBURY.

From the Liber Musicus.

GENTLE and CONNECTED.

m Dim.

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the weary are at rest, at rest; There the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. I

m Dim. m

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the weary are at rest, at rest; There the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. I

m Dim. Cres Dim.

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry are at rest, are at rest.

m Dim. Cres. Dim.

long. I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry are at rest, are at rest.

QUARTETT or CHORUS. "The Lord is my Shepherd."

I. B. WOODBURY. From Liber Musicus.

WITH GRACE and CONFIDENCE.

The Lord is my shep - herd, I shall not want; he ma-keth me to lie down in green pas - tures, He leadeth me, he leadeth me, he

The Lord is my shep - herd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pas - tures, he leadeth me, he leadeth me, he

Dim. Cres. *f* Dim. Cres. *f*

leadeth me, he leadeth me be-side the still wa-ters, he re - storeth, re - stor - eth my soul, he leadeth me, he leadeth me in the paths of

Dim. Cres. *f* Dim. Cres. *f*

leadeth me, he leadeth me be - side the still wa-ters, he re - storeth, re - stor-eth my soul, ... he leadeth me in the paths of

Dim. Cres. Dim. m

righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk, though I walk through the val - ley, the val - ley of the shadow of death, of death, I will

Dim. m Cres. Dim.

righteousness, for his name's sake, Yea, though I walk, though I walk through the val - ley, the val - ley of the shadow of death, of death, I will

Cres. f Dim. m Cres. p Dim. ppp

fear, will fear no e - vil, for thy rod, and thy staff they comfort me, they comfort me, they comfort me, they comfort, com - fort me. . . . .

Cres. f Dim. m Cres. p Dim. ppp

fear, will fear no e - vil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me, they comfort me, they comfort me, they comfort, com - fort me. . . . .

ANTHEM. "He hath not dealt so." (For Thanksgiving, Dedication, &c.)

I. B. W.
From the Liber Musicus.

DECLAMATORY STYLE.

Cres. *f*

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanks - giving un - to our God, unto our God, with thanksgiving un -

Cres. *f*

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanks - giving un - to our God, unto our God, with thanksgiving un -

Fine. Duett. Soli.

to our God, with thanksgiving, and praise, with thanksgiving and praise, with thanksgiv-ing and praise. He hath not dealt so with

to our God, with thanksgiving and praise, with thanks - giv - ing and praise, with thanksgiving and praise.

Fine. Duett. Soli.

to our God, with thanksgiving and praise, with thanks - giv - ing and praise, with thanksgiving and praise

to our God, with thanksgiving, and praise, with thanksgiving and praise, with thanksgiv-ing and praise. He hath not dealt so with

Dim.

a - ny na - tion, we have not known them. Praise the Lord, Jeru - sa-lem, Praise the Lord,

and as for his judg - ments, we have not known them Then praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Jeru - salem,

Dim.

a - ny na - tion, we have not known them. Praise the Lord, Jeru - sa-lem,

Duett. Soli.

D. C. al Fine.

praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem. He hath not dealt so with a - ny na - tion, He hath not dealt so with a - ny nation.

praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem.

D. C. al Fine.

praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem. He hath not dealt so with a - ny na - tion, He hath not dealt so with a - ny nation.

Duett. Soli.

ANTHEM. "I was glad when they said unto me." (For Dedications, Opening Service, &c.)

SPIRITED and LIVELY. Duett—Soprano and Alto.

I. B. WOODBURY. From Liber Musicus.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said un - to me;

Duett—Base and Tenor.

We will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house . . of the Lord.

Chorus. *m* Cres. *f* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces; . . . . .

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy palaces; Peace be within thy walls, and pros-

Chorus. *m* Cres. *f* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity, pros-per - i - ty pal - a - ces; . . . . . with - in thy palaces; Peace be within thy walls, and pros-

m **Soli.** *f* **Chorus.** **Soli.** *f* **Chorus.**

per - i - ty, with - in thy pal - a - ces; peace be within thy walls, thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

per - i - ty, with - in thy pal - a-ces; Peace be within thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, peace be within thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

m **Soli.** *f* **Chorus.** **Soli.** **Cres.** *f* **Chorus.**

per - i - ty, with - in thy pal - a - ces; peace be within thy walls, thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

Cres. *ff*

per - i - ty, pros - per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a-ces, with - in thy pal - a-ces, pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - - - - - a - ces.

per - i - ty, pros - per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a-ces, with - in thy pal - a-ces, pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - - - - - a - cés.

Cres. *ff*

per - i - ty, pros - per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a-ces, with - in thy pal - a-ces, pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - - - - - a - ces.

EASTER ODE OR ANTHEM. "From heaven the loud."

I. B. WOODBURY.
From Liber Musicus.

BRILLIANT. Duett, Base and Tenor.

From heaven the loud, an - gel - ic song be - gan, It shook the skies, and reached astonished man; By man re - ech-oed, it shall mount a - gain, shall

Solo. Soprano or Tenor voice.

mount, shall mount, it shall mount a - gain, While fra - grant o - dors fill the blissful plain, By man re - ech - oed, it shall mount a - gain.

f **Cres.** *ff* **Piu Lento.**

Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb of boundless, boundless sway, In earth or heaven the Lord of all, the Lord of all. the

Wor-thy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb of boundless, boundless sway, In earth or heaven the Lord of all, the Lord of all. The deed was done,

f **Cres.** *ff* **Piu Lento.**

Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb of boundless, boundless sway, In earth or heaven the Lord of all, the Lord of all, the

p *f* **A Tempo. Very Spirited.** *ff* *f* **Cres.**

Lamb was slain, The groaning earth the burden bore ; He rose,he rose,he rose,he lives to reign, Nor time shall shake his endless power. Higher, still higher, swell the strain.

p *f* *ff* **Cres.**

Lamb was slain,The groaning earth the burden bore ; He rose,he rose, he rose, he lives to reign,Nor time shall shake his endless power. Higher, still higher, swell the strain.

ff *ff*

Higher the voice and note prolong { The Lamb shall ever, ever reign, / Let hal-lelujahs crown the song ; } Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le- lu-jah, A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

Higher the voice and note prolong { The Lamb shall ever, ever reign, / Let hal-lelujahs crown the song ; } Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le- lu-jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

ff *ff*

Higher the voice and note prolong { The Lamb shall ever, ever reign, / Let hal-lelujahs crown the song ; } Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le- lu-jah, A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

HYMN ANTHEM FOR SPRING. "How sweetly along the gay Mead."

A. B. WOODBURY.
From the Liber Musicus.

LIVELY.

1. How sweetly, a - long the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen! The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Re - joice in the beau-ti - ful green. 2. The vines that en -

3. Shall man, the great master of all, The on-ly in - sen - sible prove? For-bid it, fair grat - i - tude's call— For-bid it de - votion and love. 4. The Lord who such

- cir - cle the bowers, The herbage that springs from the sod— Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flowers, All rise to the praise of my God:

wonders can raise, And still can destroy with a nod; My lips shall in - cessant - ly praise— My soul shall re - joice in my God.

DUETT AND SOLO. "Bury me in the Garden."

I. B. WOODBURY. From Liber Musicus.

"Its soul was on its lips as it whispered again, 'Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the——' and a slight quiver came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still."

GENTLY.

1 Day was in splen - dor clos - ing, A beauteous summer day; Up - on a bed of suf-fer - ing A dy - ing in - fant lay;
* Bu - ry her in the gar - den, A - mong the flowers she loved; Oft shall her spir - it wander there, From her bright home a - bove.

FINE.

Accomp.

SOLO. 1st Voice.

A mother clasped her fran - tic - ly, With grief and an - guish wild,

SOLO. 2d Voice.

And thus in - to the mother's ear, Whis - pered the dy - ing child: "O,

D. C.†

2.

"Bury me in the garden,
Where my sister oft will bring
The flowers we loved to gather,
The first sweet flowers of Spring—
Where the early violets blossom,
Where blooms the fragrant rose,
Where the lily bends its stately head
And the leafy myrtle grows.

3.

"Bury me in the garden,
Where the pale primroses bloom;
The place I loved so dearly,
There make my early tomb.
Beneath the mountain's shady ash,
There let my grave be made;
With its clustering fruit o'erhanging
The spot where I am laid.

4.

"Bury me in the garden,
Among the flowers I love,
Oft shall my spirit wander there,
From its bright home above—"
With this last dying, earnest wish
Has her happy spirit flown;
Her grave is in the garden,
But Heaven has claimed its own.

* D. C. for the last verse only, each verse coming in without an intervening symphony.

† For last time only.

QUARTETT. The Mother and Dead Child.

I. B. WOODBURY. From Liber Musicus.

SLOW and GENTLE.

1. She wrapped him in a lit - le shroud, Her first born and her last; Her soul with heav - y grief was bowed, Her tears were fall - ing fast. And
2. His in - fant toys a - long the floor, Lay scat-tered far and wide, Just as he left them there, be - fore He laid him down and died; The
3. Be - low, deep in the flow-ery sod, A lit - tle grave was made; Its ver - y turf his feet had trod, For there he oft had played; How
4. Her hand was firm, her cheek was pale, But blanched not with des-pair; And sor - row on - ly winged the wail That rent the troub-led air; For
5. She scat - tered rose-buds on the spot, And lil - ies pure as snow, Then turned and sought his child-less cot, But spake not of her wo; "In

Ad lib. Dim. *pp*

ev - er and a - non she prest The i - cy bur - den to her breast; Then murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried, "The mother meets her seraph child."
moth-er raised them, one by one, The treasures of her lit - tle son: Then
felt that moth-er as she gave, His play-ground for her darling's grave! Then murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried, "The mother meets her seraph child."

Ad lib. Dim. *pp*

'twas but dust she gave the sod. The gem she cherished was with God. Then murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried, "The mother meets her seraph child!"
heaven," she cried, and sweetly smiled. "The mother meets her ser-aph child." Then

QUARTETTE. "Speak gently to the erring."

Music by W. * *
Poetry by F. C. LEE.

EARNESTLY, with strong accent.

1. Speak gent - ly to the err - ing— Ye know not all the power With which the dark tempt - a - tion came, In some un - guard - ed hour:

2. Speak gent - ly of the err - ing— O, do not thou for - get How-ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is thy broth - er yet.

3. Speak kind - ly to the err - ing— For is it not e - nough That in - no - cence and peace are gone, With - out thy cen - sure rough?
4. Speak kind - ly to the err - ing— Thou yet may'st lead him back, With ho - ly words and tears of love, From mis-ery's thor - ny track.

Ye may not know how ear - nest-ly They strug - gled, or how well; Un - til the hour of weak-ness came, And sad - ly thus they fell.

Heir of the self - same her - it - age, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stum - bled in the path Thou hast in weak-ness trod.

It sure - ly is a wea - ry lot, That sin-crushed heart to bear; And they who share a hap-pier fate Their chid-ings well may spare.
For - get not thou hast oft - en sinned, And sin - ful yet may be; Deal gent - ly with the err - ing one, As God hath dealt with thee.

QUARTETT AND CHORUS. The Temperance Call.

From Liber Musicus.

SLOWLY.—Quartett.

1. Flo-wers with fragrance fill the balmy air, As night descends in silence to re - pose; The lake is still, the sky is bright and clear,

2. Come, then, rejoice my dear companions, come! 'Neath temp'rance skies till morn is bright above; And the sweet cho - rus of the mountain wild

3. Come, fa - ther, bro-ther, comrade dear, O come, Ac-cept the pledge, the pledge we of-fer now; Re-joice, re - joice, but trust in Prov - i - dence,

Dim.

And now the day in glo - ry seems to close.

Return these notes of Tem-per-ance and love.

Heav'n keep you safe, thro' all earth's toil and woe.

Chorus.

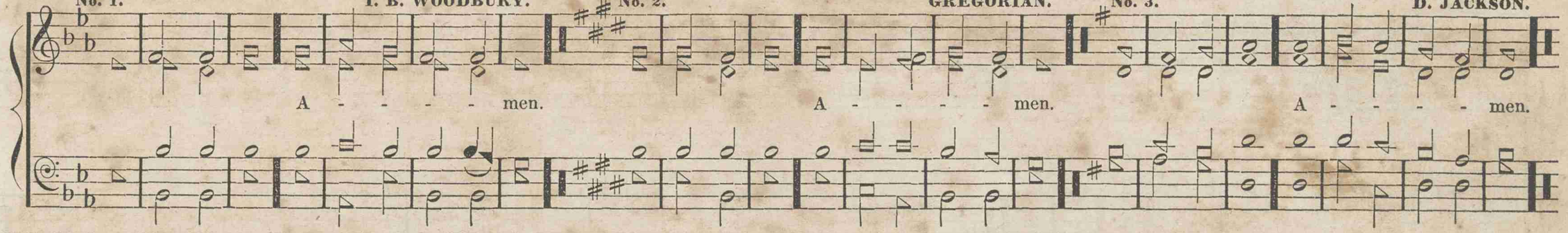
Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.

Swell, swell the theme, Swell, swell the song, Swell the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.

Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.

2d time.

No. 1. I. B. WOODBURY. No. 2. GREGORIAN. No. 3. D. JACKSON.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be thy | name :‖ Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on | earth ·· as it | is in | heaven:
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread :‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass ·· a- | gainst us:
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver ·· us from | evil :‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power | and the | glory ·· for- | ever. Amen.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit, our humble prayer ascends, O | Father, | hear it;‖ Borne on the trembling wings of fear and | meekness; ·· for- | give its | weakness.
2. We know—we feel, how mean, and how unworthy the lowly sacrifice we | pour be- | fore thee;‖ What can we offer thee, O thou most | holy! ·· but | sin and | folly?
3. We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us; we hear thy voice—it | counsels, ·· and it | courts us;‖ And then we turn away! yet still thy | kindness ·· for- | gives our | blindness.
4. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing to every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?‖ O, who can hear the accents of thy | mercy, ·· and | never | love thee?
5. Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom the | seeds of | holiness.‖ And let them blossom in fragrance, and in beauty bright and | vernal, ·· and | spring e- | ternal.
6. Then place them in those everlasting gardens where angels walk, and | seraphs ·· are the | wardens;‖ Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark | portal, ·· be- | comes im- | mortal. Amen.

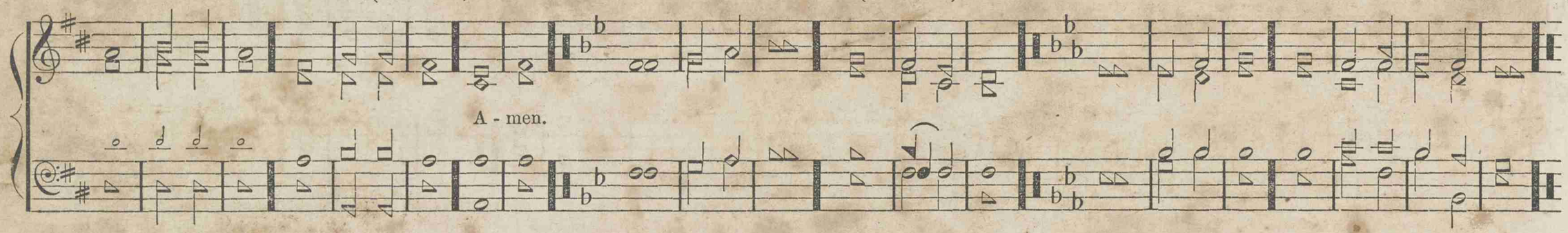
1. Thou dost visit the | earth, and | water it;
   Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of | God, ·· which is | full of | water.
2. Thou pre- | parest ·· them | corn,
   When thou hast | so pro- | vided | for it.
3. Thou waterest the ridges there- | of a- | bundantly;
   Thou | settlest ·· the | furrows ·· there- | of.
4. Thou makest it | soft with | showers;
   Thou | blessest ·· the | springing ·· there- | of.
5. Thou crownest the | year ·· with thy | goodness,
   And thy | footsteps | do drop | fatness.
6. They drop upon the pastures | of the | wilderness,
   And the little hills re- | joice on | every side.
7. The pastures are | clothed with | flocks,
   The valleys also are | covered | over ·· with | corn.
8. They | shout for | joy.
   Yea, | they do | also | sing. Amen.

1. Wherewithal shall a young man | cleanse his | way?
   By taking heed thereto ac- | cording | to thy | word.
2. With my whole | heart have ·· I | sought thee:
   O let me not | wander ·· from | thy com- | mandments.
3. Thy word have I | hid in ·· mine | heart.
   That I | might not | sin a- | gainst thee.
4. Blessed art | thou, O | Lord:
   O | teach | me thy | statutes.
5. With my lips have I declared all the judgments | of thy | mouth.
   I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as | much as | in all | riches.
6. I will meditate | in thy | precepts,
   And have re- | spect un- | to thy | ways.
7. I will delight myself | in thy | statutes;
   I will | not for- | get thy | word. Amen.

1. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
   And all that is within me | bless his | holy | name.
2. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
   And for- | get not | all his | benefits.
3. Who forgiveth | all ·· thine in- | iquities,
   Who | healeth | all ·· thy dis- | eases;
4. Who redeemeth thy | life ·· from de- | struction;
   Who crowneth thee with loving | kindness ·· and | tender | mercies;
5. Who satisfieth thy | mouth ·· with good | things,
   So that thy | youth ·· is re- | newed ·· like the | eagle's.
6. The Lord executeth | righteousness ·· and | judgment
   For | all that | are op- | pressed.
7. He made known his | ways ·· unto | Moses,
   His acts | unto ·· the | children ·· of | Israel. Amen.

1. God be merciful unto | us and | bless us,
   And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci- ·· ful | unto | us.
2. That thy way may be | known ·· upon | earth,
   Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3. Let the people | praise thee · O | God;
   Yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
4. O let the nations re- | joice ·· and be | glad;
   For thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5. Let the people | praise thee ·· O | God;
   Yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
6. Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase;
   And God, even our own | God, shall | give us ·· his | blessing.
7. God shall | *bless* | us,
   And all the | ends ·· of the | world shall | fear him. Amen.

No. 4. SINGLE CHANT. (PECULIAR.)



No. 5. SINGLE CHANT. (PECULIAR.)

No. 6. SINGLE CHANT.

PSALM 23.

1. The Lord is my shepherd;
   I | shall not | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
   He leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
   In the path of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
   I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
   Thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
   Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup··runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
   And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for- | ev- — | er. || A- | men.

L. M. HYMN.

1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower, frail, smiling solace | of an | hour; || So soon our transient comforts fly, and pleasure | only | blooms to | die.
2. Is there no kind, no healing art, to soothe the anguish | of the | heart? || Spirit of grace, be ever nigh: thy comforts | are not | made to | die.
3. Let gentle patience smile on pain, till dying hope re- | vives a- | gain, || Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, and faith points | upward | to the | sky. Amen.

PSALM 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
   From whence | cometh··my | help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord,
   Which made | heaven··and | earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
   He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel,
   Shall not | slumber··nor | sleep,
5. The Lord is thy keeper;
   The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day,
   Nor the | moon by | night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
   He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
   From this time forth, and even forevermore. | A- | men.

7's HYMN.

1. Deathless spirit, now arise; soar, thou native | of the | skies;|| Pearl of price by Jesus bought, to this | glorious | likeness | wrought.
2. Go to shine before the throne; deck the Medi- | ator's | crown; || Go, his triumphs to adorn; made for | God, to | God re- | turn. Amen.

PSALM 130.

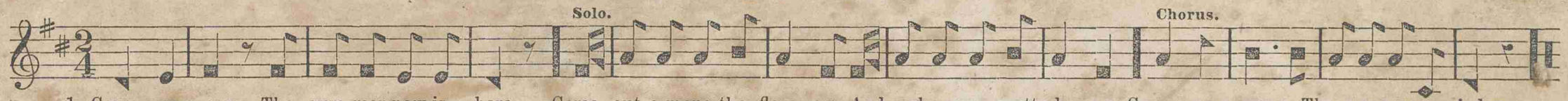
1. Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord.
2. Lord, hear my voice;
   Let thine ears be attentive to the | voice of··my suppli- | cations.
3. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities,
   O Lord, | who shall | stand.
4. But there is forgiveness with thee,
   That | thou — | mayest··be | feared.
5. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
   And in his | word··do I | hope.
6. My soul waiteth for the Lord
   More than they that watch for the morning,
   I say, | more than··they that | watch··for the | morning.
7. Let Israel hope in the Lord:
   For with the Lord there is mercy,
   And with him is | plenteous··re- | demption.
8. And he shall redeem Israel from | all— | his in- | iquities.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks | unto··the Lord,
   And to sing praises unto thy | *name*, | O most | Highest.
2. To tell of thy loving kindness early | in the morning,
   And of thy | truth··in the | *night* | season;
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the lute;
   Upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp;
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works
   And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | rations | of thy | hands. Amen.

PART THIRD.

EASY AND PLEASING TUNES FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

SUMMER SONG.



1. Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come out a-mong the flow - ers, And make some pretty bowers, Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
2. Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come cull the sweetest po - sies, The vi - o - lets and ro - ses, Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
3. Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come ram-ble in the bush - es, And hear the merry thrush- es, Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
4. Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; We'll sing a song to - geth - er, This warm and pleasant weather, Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
5. Come, come, come, The sum-mer now is here; Come out a-mong the flow - ers, And make some pretty bowers, Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

CHORUS. Invitation to Singing School.



1. Come, young friends, come one, come all, Come within this spacious hall, Come and sing a roundelay, Hearts so light and gay. Come, and let the voice ring out, Thro' the hall and
2. Come for pleasure, come for health, Come for love or come for wealth; Come and learn to sing the scale, Come, and music hail. Sing now low, and sing now high, Sing, and rival
3. Joys we here shall feel and know, Ere from hence away we go, Are more valued, more divine Than the golden mine. To our Maker let us bow, And up-on his



round about; Come, and at this happy hour, Let not sadness lower.
birds that fly; Sing, O sing, with sweetest tone, Ere you part for home.
footstool low, Shout and sing his goodness long, In our grateful song.

HYMN. "O who hath blessed."

Poetry by J. E. A. SMITH.



1. O, who hath blessed our youthful days With parents, home, and friends? Our heavenly Father,
2. O, who hath taught our youthful hearts The way of truth and peace? Our Heavenly Father,
3. O, who hath shed upon our world A Savior's precious grace? Our Father, God, who

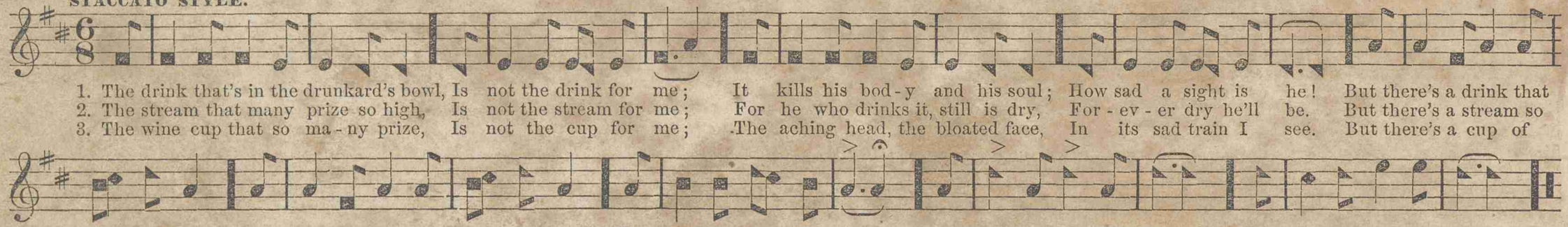


from whose throne Each gift of good descends. Then praise him with heart and voice, To whom all praise belongs; O praise him! in him rejoice, With swelling, grateful songs.
from whose hand The blessings never cease. Then praise him with heart and voice, To whom all praise belongs; O praise him! in him rejoice, Wiih swelling, grateful songs.
sent his Son. To raise our fallen race. Then praise him with heart and voice, To whom all praise belongs; O praise him! in him rejoice, With swelling, grateful songs.

O, THAT'S THE DRINK FOR ME. 8's & 6's.

STACCATO STYLE.

Old Melody.



1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is not the drink for me; It kills his bod-y and his soul; How sad a sight is he! But there's a drink that
2. The stream that many prize so high, Is not the stream for me; For he who drinks it, still is dry, For-ev-er dry he'll be. But there's a stream so
3. The wine cup that so ma-ny prize, Is not the cup for me; The aching head, the bloated face, In its sad train I see. But there's a cup of

God has given, Dis-till-ing in the showers of heaven, In measures large and free; O, that's the drink for me, O, that's the drink for me.
cool and clear, The thirs-ty traveller ling-ers near, Refreshed and glad is he; O, that's the drink for me, O, that's the drink for me.
wa-ter pure, And he who drinks it, may be sure Of health and length of days; O, that's the cup for me, O, that's the cup for me.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Words and music from the Sunday School Advocate.



1. There is a hap-py land, far, far a-way, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing. Worthy is our Savior King. Loud let his praises ring, For-ev-er-more,
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de-lay? Oh, ye shall hap-py be, When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest evermore.
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams every eye; Kept by a father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright above the sun, Reign ev-er-more.

COME AND WELCOME. 7's, or 8's & 7's. 6 lines.



1. From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Savior deigns to die, { What melodious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the ravished ear! } "Love's redeeming work is done; Come and welcome, sinner, come.
2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? { On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid; } Bow the knee, embrace the Son; Come and welcome, sinner, come.
3. "Spread for thee the festal board, See with richest dainties stored; { To thy Father's bosom pressed, Yet a-gain a child confessed, } Never from his house to roam, Come and welcome, sinner, come.
4. "Soon the day's of life shall end; Lo, I come, your Savior, Friend, { Safe your spir-its to con-vey To the realms of endless day, } Up to my e-ter-nal home, Come and welcome, sinner, come.

DISMISSION. *Tune—Come and welcome.*

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Travelling through thy wilderness.

2.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3.

Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey,—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

"O COME, LET US SING."

1. O come, let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swell-ing, To God a-bove, a God of love, O come, let us sing!
2. O swell, swell the song. His prais-es oft re peat-ing: His Son he gave our souls to save—O swell, swell the song.
3. All full cho-rus join, To Je-sus con-de-scend-ing, To bless our race with heav'nly grace, All full chor-us join!

Our joy-ful spir-its glad and free, With high e-mo-tions rise to thee In heavenly me-lo-dy! O come, let us sing!
The hum-ble heart's de-vo-tion bring Whence gush-ing streams of love do spring, And make the wel-kin ring With sweet swelling song.
To God whose mer-cy on us smiled, And Ho-ly Spir-its re-con-ciled By Christ, the meek and mild, All full chor-us join.

CELEBRATION. 7's & 6's.

S. B. MARSH.

1. Come join our ce-le-bra-tion, With hallowed songs of joy, And on this bright oc-ca-sion, Your sweetest notes em-ploy.
2. Thanks to the God of hea-ven, Kind guardian of our race! For all the fa-vors gi-ven, Be-neath his smil-ing face;
3. Thanks for the kind pro-tec-tion God's arm has thrown a-round, And for that sweet af-fec-tion, He caus-es to a-bound
4. May God, with many a bless-ing, Re-ward their toil and care, And hear them while ad-dress-ing His throne in fer-vent prayer;

D. C.

Pa-rents and friends in-vit-ed, And teach-ers now are here; In pur-pose all u-nit-ed, Our youthful heart to cheer.
For health, and strength, and rea-son, And friend-ship un-al-loyed, And ev-ery plea-sant sea-son In Sun-day Schools en-joyed.
In those who're watching o'er us, With many an anxious sigh, And seeking to re-store us To peace and heavenly joy.
And may his love con-strain-ing, Our youth-ful spir-its bow, And grace for-ev-er reign-ing, Our in-most souls en-dow.

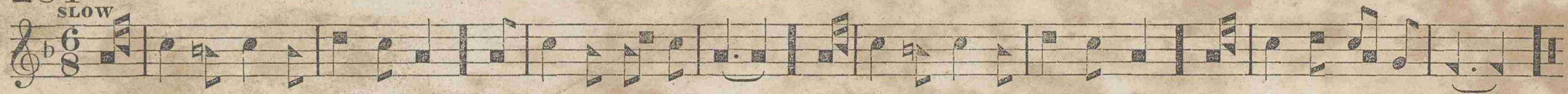
SCHOOL HOUR. 8's & 7's.

SLOWLY.

1. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing! Let us haste with-out de-lay; Prayers of thousands now are winging Up to heaven their si-lent way.
2. 'Tis an hour of happy meeting. We have met for praise and prayer But the hour is short and fleeting; Let us, then, be ear-ly there.
3. Do not keep our Teachers waiting, While you tar-ry by the way; Nor dis-turb the school recit-ing; 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
4. Chil-dren, haste; the bells are ringing, And the morning's bright and fair; Thou-sands now are joined in singing; Thousands, too in solemn prayer.

284 SEEK THE LORD IN YOUTH. C. M.

SLOW

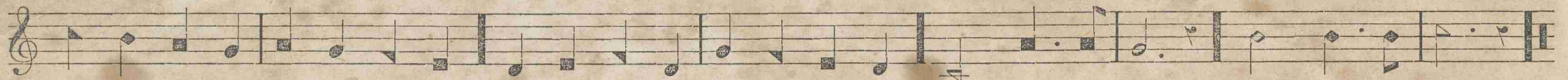


1. Ye hearts with youthful vig - or warm, In smil - ing crowds draw near; And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Sa-vior's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to con-verse with you; He lays his ra - diant glo - ries by, Your friend-ship to pur - sue.
3. The soul that longs to see his face, Is sure his love to gain; And those who ear-ly seek his grace, Shall nev - er seek in vain.
4. Then come, with youthful vig - or warm; To Je - sus now draw near; And turn from eve-ry mor - tal charm, A Sav-ior's voice to hear.

"GOD SPEED THE RIGHT."



1. Now to heaven our prayers as - cend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble cause con-tend - ing, God speed the right.
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; Ne'er des - pair - ing, though de-feat - ed, God speed the right.
3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th'e - vent nor dan - ger fear-ing, God speed the right.
4. Still their on - ward course pur - su - ing, God speed the right; Eve - ry foe at length sub-du - ing, God speed the right.



Be their zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If they fail, they fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right. -
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heaven's own time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Truth, thy cause, what- e'er de - lay it, There's no power on earth can stay it, God speed the right, God speed the right.

"BLISS IS HOVERING."

J. F. REICHARDT.



1. Bliss is hov-ering, smiling eve - ry - where; Hover-ing o'er the verdant mountain, Smiling in the glas - sy fountain; Bliss is hovering, smiling eve-ry - where.
2. In - nocence un-seen is ev - er near: In the tall tree - top it lingers, In the nest of feath-ered singers, In-no-cence un-seen is ev - er near.
3. Pleasure ech-oes, ech-oes ev - er near: From the green bank decked with flowers, Sunny hills and pleasant bowers, Pleasure echoes, echoes ev- er near.
4. Up, and weave us now a flow-ery crown; See the blossoms all un-fold-ing, Each its beauteous sta-tion hold-ing, Up, and weave us now a flow-ery crown.
5. Go ye forth and join the May-day throng; Sings the cuck-oo by the riv-er, In the breeze the young leaves quiver. Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.

SCHOOL FAREWELL. TUNE, "*Bliss is Hovering.*"

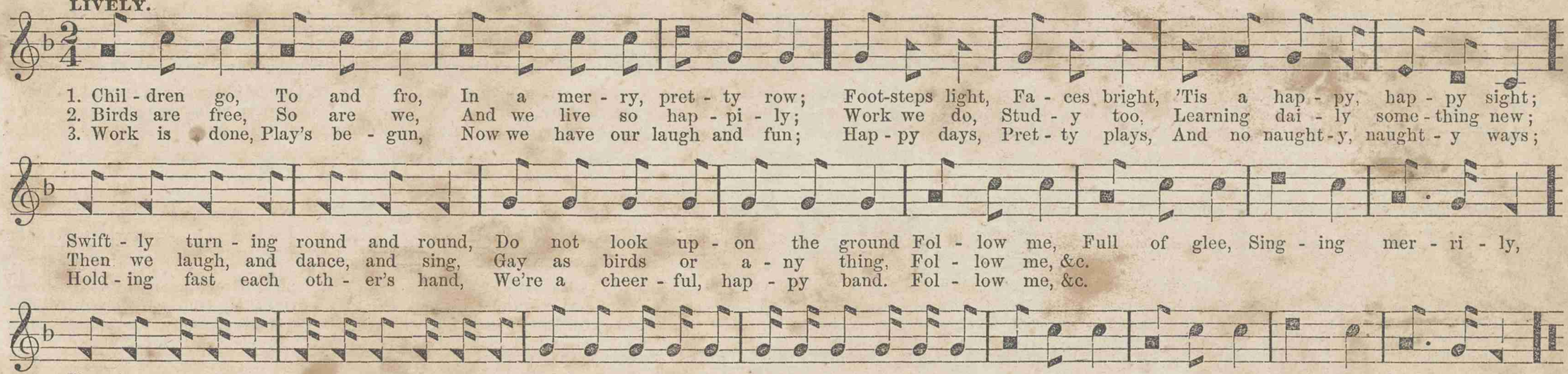
1. Fare thee well! and blessings with thee go!
   Every joy and every blessing,
   Every treasure worth possessing,
   Every higher bliss be thine to know.

2. Fare thee well! but O, when thou art gone,
   Who shall fill thy place deserted?
   Who so true and constant-hearted,
   Who thy place shall fill when thou art gone?

3. Fare thee well! and O, whate'er thy lot,
   Thy dear form forgotten never,
   Shall be here in spirit ever, :
   Fare thee well! and O, forget me not.

SONG. "Children go, to and fro."

LIVELY.



1. Chil - dren go, To and fro, In a mer - ry, pret - ty row; Foot-steps light, Fa - ces bright, 'Tis a hap - py, hap - py sight;
2. Birds are free, So are we, And we live so hap - pi - ly; Work we do, Stud - y too, Learning dai - ly some - thing new;
3. Work is done, Play's be - gun, Now we have our laugh and fun; Hap - py days, Pret - ty plays, And no naught - y, naught - y ways;

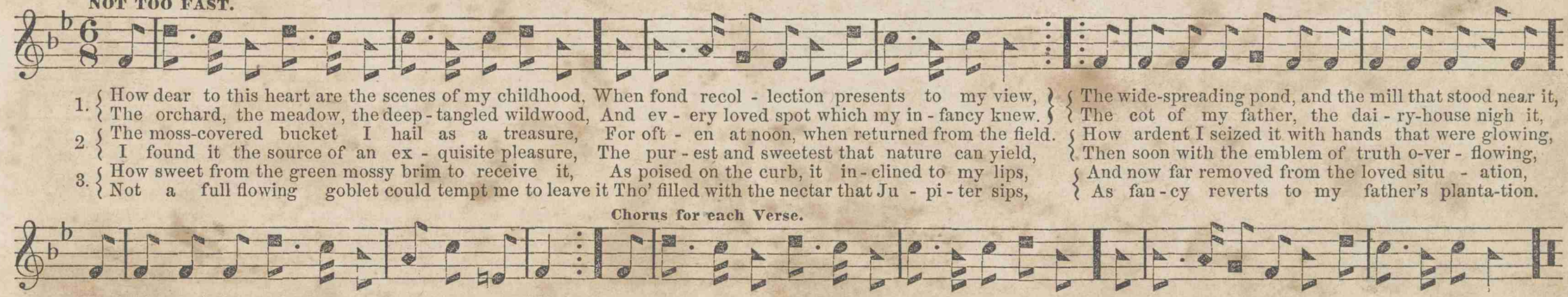
Swift - ly turn - ing round and round, Do not look up - on the ground Fol - low me, Full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly,
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or a - ny thing, Fol - low me, &c.
Hold - ing fast each oth - er's hand, We're a cheer - ful, hap - py band. Fol - low me, &c.

Sing - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Sing-ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Fol - low me, Full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Sir HENRY BISHOP.

NOT TOO FAST.



1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recol - lection presents to my view, The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood near it,
   The orchard, the meadow, the deep - tangled wildwood, And ev - ery loved spot which my in - fancy knew. The cot of my father, the dai - ry-house nigh it,
2. The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure, For oft - en at noon, when returned from the field. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
   I found it the source of an ex - quisite pleasure, The pur - est and sweetest that nature can yield, Then soon with the emblem of truth o-ver - flowing,
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As poised on the curb, it in - clined to my lips, And now far removed from the loved situ - ation,
   Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it Tho' filled with the nectar that Ju - pi - ter sips, As fan - cy reverts to my father's planta-tion.

Chorus for each Verse.

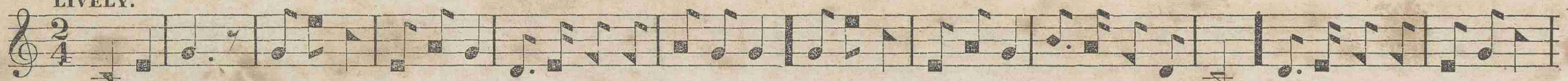
The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell,
And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well,
And quick to the white - pebbled bottom it fell,
And dropping with coolness it rose from the well,
The tear of re - gret will in - trusive - ly swell,
And sighs for the buck - et which hung in the well,

The old oak - en bucket, the i - ron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

COMMENCEMENT CHORUS. "Come, come, come."

German.

LIVELY.



1. Come, come, come, Come from toil, come from play, Sorrow leave and joy to-day, State-ly hall, low-ly cot, Circling sweetly here. Sciences' charms, are spread to eye,
2. Come, come, come, Youth with man stays not long, Passing by like fair-y song, Seize the hours ere they fly, Nev-er to re-turn. Would ye shine like stars on earth,
3. Here and there Man will go, man will go, Seeking hap-pi-ness be-low, Dreaming not pur-er bliss, Dwells in wisdom's sound. Oh! the mind's a diamond bright,



Hung her laurels fair and high, Sparkling gems, flowers rare, All may win and wear.
Tho' of high as low-ly birth, Wealth has wings, seek it not, Early wisdom learn.
Fol-ly hides it from the light, Wash the dross in the fount, That may here be found.

THE WILD SWAN.

GRACEFULLY.



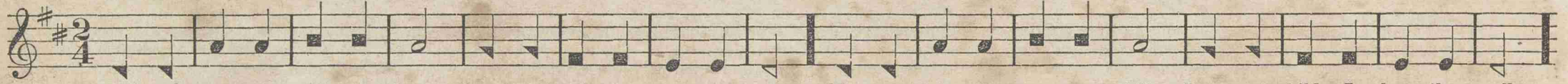
1. Fair flows the riv-er, Smoothly gliding on; Green grow the bulrushes
2. Low bend the branches In the water bright, Up comes the swan sailing
3. Thick grow the flowers, 'Neath the chestnut shade; Green grow the bulrushes



Round the state-ly swan. What an isle of beau-ty The no-ble bird hath found, Green trees and state-li-est Grow all the isle a-round.
Plu-my all and white. Like a ship at an-chor, Now, now he lies at rest, Lit-tle waves seem daintily To play a-bout his breast.
Where thy nest is made: Love-ly ye, and lov-ing The moth-er bird and thee, Watch o'er your lit-tle brood Be-neath the riv-er tree.

SONG. "Hark! my mother's voice I hear."

French air.



1. Hark! my mother's voice I hear, Sweet that voice is to my ear. Ev-er soft it seems to tell, Dear-est child, I love thee well.
2. Love me, moth-er? yes, I know, None can love as well as thou; Was it not up-on thy breast, I was taught in sleep to rest?
3. Didst not thou in hours of pain, Lull this head to ease a-gain; With the mu-sic of thy voice, Bid my lit-tle heart re-joice:
4. Ev-er gen-tle, meek and mild, Didst thou nurse thy fro-ward child, Taught these lit-tle feet the road, Lead-ing on to heaven and God.
5. What re-turn then can I make? This fond heart, dear moth-er, take; Thine it is in word or thought, Thine by con-stant kind-ness bought.



Ev-er soft it seems to tell, Dear-est child, I love thee well. Hark! my mother's voice I hear, Sweet that voice is to my ear.
Was it not up-on thy breast, I was taught in sleep to rest? Hark, etc.
With the mu-sic of thy voice Bid my lit-tle heart re-joice: Hark, etc.
Taught these lit-tle feet the road, Lead-ing on to heaven and God. Hark, etc.
Thine it is in word or thought, Thine by con-stant kindness bought. Hark, etc.

COME INTO THE AUTUMN FIELDS.

LIVELY.



Chorus to each Verse.

1. Come in - to the harvest fields, This au - tumn morn with me; For in the pleasant autumn fields, There's much to hear and see. Come where the harvest is,
2. On the yellow slopes of corn, The au - tumn sun shines clearly: 'Tis joy to walk on days like this A - mong the bearded barley.
3. Bright o'er golden fields of corn Doth shine the autumn sky; So let's be merry while we may, For time goes hurrying by.
4. Come, then, to the harvest fields, The rob - in sings his song; The corn stands yellow on the hills, And au - tumn stays not long.



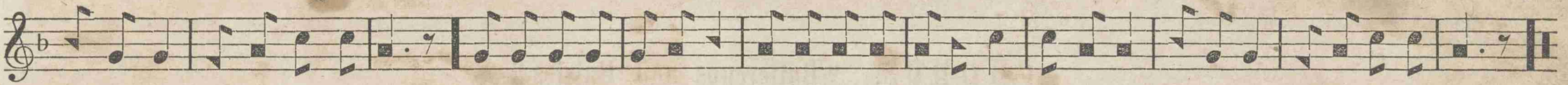
Come, come a - way, Come a - way, come a - way, come, come a - way.

STUDY LOW.

LIVELY.



1. Study low, study low, Ladies don't disturb me so, Whis - per not,
2. Busy now, busy now, Every one should be I trow; I'd be one,
3. Listen close, listen close, Lest our teacher's voice we lose, Fail must thought,



whisper not, In this pleasant spot; In this school-room you are bound To suppress the slightest sound, Silence reigns, silence reigns, In these fair domains.
I'd be one, Do not hin - der me; On - ly those who study love, And who will their minds improve, Welcome are, welcome are, In our joys to share.
Fail must tho't, If he guide it not; If we learn thus day by day, When our youth has passed away, Joys we'll find, Joy's we'll find, Bless the gifted mind.

CHORUS. "Merrily every Bosom boundeth."

LIVELY.



Fine.

D. C.

1. Merri - ly eve - ry bo - som boundeth, Merri - ly oh! Merrily oh! } Where the parent's smile hath more brightness, There the youthful heart hath more lightness.
Where the song of home re - boundeth, Merri - ly oh! &c. }
D. C. Eve - ry joy the home sur - roundeth, Merri - ly oh! &c.
2. Weari - ly eve - ry bo - som pin - eth, Weari - ly oh! weari - ly oh! } There the parent's smile yields to sadness, There the youthful heart hath no gladness,
Where the sad re - membrance twineth, Weari - ly oh! &c. }
D. C. Eve - ry flower of life de - clineth, Weari - ly oh! &c.
3. Cheeri - ly then a - wake the chorus, Cheeri - ly oh! Cheeri - ly oh! } Now the parent's smile beams the clearest, Now the parent's hopes are the dearest.
Our dear home will peace re - store us, Cheeri - ly oh! &c. }
D. C. Eve - ry joy is now be - fore us, Cheeri - ly oh! &c.

MORNING SONG. "The Stars are fading."



1. The stars are fad - ing from the sky, The mists before the morn - ing fly ; The east is glow-ing with a smile, And na - ture laughing, all the while ;
2. The cock has crowed with all his might,The birds are singing with de - light, The hum of busi - ness meets the ear,And face to face with kind - ly cheer,
3. The bell is ring - ing, haste a-way ! The school is o - pen, leave off play. The sun of knowledge there we find, A - ris - ing on the youth-ful mind;



Says, "clear the way ! the world is waking, Clear the way ! the way ! the world is wak - ing, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Night is gone and day is breaking.
Says, "clear the way ! &c.
Says, "clear the way ! &c.

CHORUS. "Buttercups and Daisies."



1. Butter - cups and dai - sies— Oh ! the pret-ty flow'rs! Com-ing here in spring time, To tell of sun - ny hours.
2. Ere the snowdrop peep - eth, Ere the crocus bold. Ere the ear - ly prim - rose Opes its pa - ly gold—
3. What to them is wea - ther ! What are stormy showers ! Butter - cups and dai - sies Are these hu - man flowers !
4. Welcome, yellow buttercups ! Welcome daisies white ! Ye are in my spir - it, Vis - ion - ed, a de - light !



While the trees are leaf - less, While the fields are bare, But - ter - cups and dai - sies, Spring up here and there.
Somewhere on a sunny bank But - ter - cups are bright, Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass Peeps the dai - sy white.
He who gave them hard - ship, And a life of care, Gave them likewise hardy strength, And patient hearts to bear.
Com - ing ere the spring time, Sun - ny hours to tell— Speaking to our hearts of him Who doeth all things well.

PART FOURTH.

REVIVAL HYMNS AND MUSIC.*

THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

Semi-chorus.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion, and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the banquet of mer - cy there's room,
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Though oft from thy presence in sad - ness I roam.
3. I sigh from this bod - y of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com - mun - ion with thee; Though now my temp-tation like billows may foam,

4. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, Oh! give me sub-mis-sion and strength as my day. In all my af - flictions to thee would I come,—
5. What-e'er thou de - ni - est, O give me thy grace, The Spir - it's sure witness, and smiles of thy face; In - dulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
6. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beau - ties to shine; No more as an ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in thy dear im - age a - rise from the tomb,

Base. GENTLY, SOFTLY.

Chorus for each verse.

And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus, at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.
I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home.
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.
And find, e - ven now, a sweet fore - taste of home.
With glo - ri - fied mil - lions to praise thee at home.

* Inserted by particular request.

AFTON. 11's. "I would not live alway."

SPIRITED.

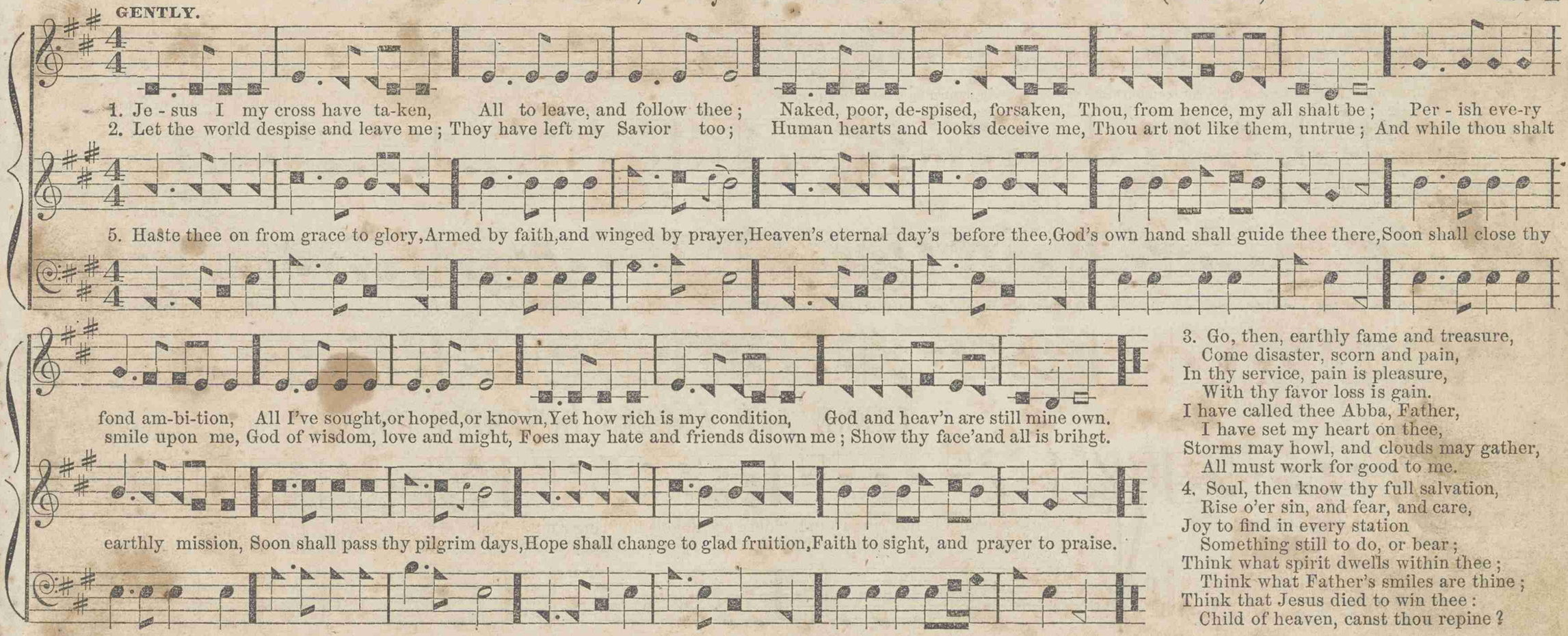
1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes; full enough for its cheer.

2. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God, A-way from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleas-ure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory eternal - ly reigns.

I would not llve al-way—no, wel-come the tomb, Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

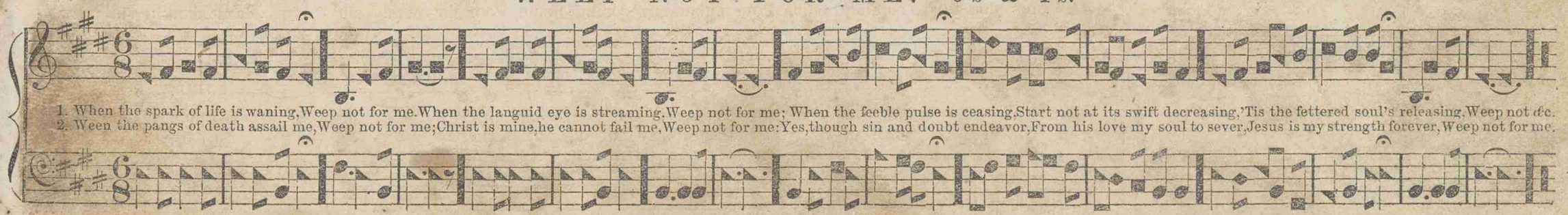
Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sav - ior and brethren transport-ed to greet; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

DISCIPLE. "Jesus, I my cross have taken." 8's & 7's. (Double.)



3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
   Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
   With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
   I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
   All must work for good to me.
4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,
   Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
   Something still to do, or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
   Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
   Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

WEEP NOT FOR ME. 8's & 4's.



AT THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, O there will be mourning at the Judgment seat of Christ, Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part, Parents and children

2. O there will be mourning, etc. Brothers and sisters, etc. Friends and neighbors, etc.
3. O there will be mourning, etc. Friends and neighbors, etc. Brothers and sisters, etc.

4. O there will be glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O there will be glo-ry at the Judgment seat of Christ, Saints and angels there will meet, Saints and angels there will meet, Saints and angels

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

HUSBAND.

there will part, Will part to meet no more.

there will meet, Will meet to part no more.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.
2. To car - ry the tid-ings home, To car - ry the tidings home, To car - ry the tid - ings, the tidings home.

3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
4. Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sin - ners, sin - ners are com-ing home.

5. And Je-sus bids them come, And Je-sus bids them come, And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.
6. There's glo - ry all a-round, There's glo - ry all a-round, There's glo - ry, glo - ry all a - round.

THE PILGRIM STRANGER.

1 2 Chorus.

1. Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wandering thro' this lonely vale,
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger? And will not thy courage fail?
"No—I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Halle-lu-jah, O hal - le - lu - jah,

1 2 Chorus.

2. "Pilgrim, thou hast justly called me, Passing thro' a waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me, While I'm blest with such a guide."
"No—I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Halle-lu-jah, O hal - le - lu - jah,

I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, O praise ye the Lord."

I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, O praise ye the Lord."

3.

Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by moral eyes.
'O I'm bound, etc.

4.

'Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
'I am bound, etc.

5.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through its vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
'No—I'm bound, etc.

6.

'No that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,'
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.'
'I am bound, etc.

7.

While I gazed with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
O she's gone to, etc.

8.

Cease my heart this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
O I'm bound, etc.

THE OLD CHURCH YARD.

1. When the Lord of glory cometh, When the Lord of glory cometh, When the Lord of glory cometh, Then the old church yards, Hear the band of music, Hear the band of music, Hear the band of music Which is sound-
[ing thro' the air.

2. He'll awake all the nations, *&c.*, From the old church yards, While the band, *&c.*. Shall be sounding thro' the air.
3. You will see the saints arising, *&c.*, From the old church yard, While the band, &c. Shall be sounding thro' the air.

4 We'll go up into the city, *&c.* From the old church yard, While the band, *&c.* Shall be sounding thro' the air.
5. Then we'll shout our sufferings over, *&c.* From the old church yard, While the band, *&c.* Shall be sounding thro' the air

"WILL YOU GO?"

Fine. D. C.

1. We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go? will you go? }
To sing the Savior's dying love, Will you go? will you go? } Mill-ions have reached that blest abode, Anointed priests and kings to God;
D. C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

Fine. D. C.

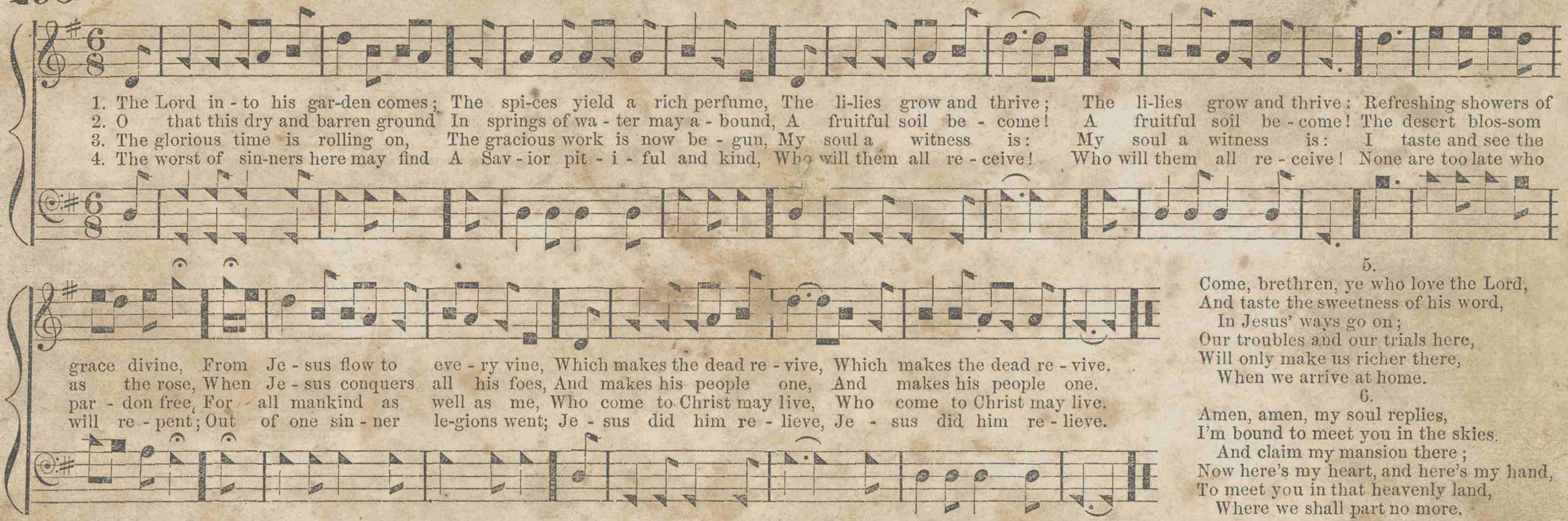
2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? will you go? }
In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you go? will you go? } The crown of life we soon shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear;
D. C. And all the joys of heaven we'll share, Will you go? will you go?

3. The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now with saints for glory start.

4. The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Savior cries aloud to thee
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see."

5. O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
I will go! I will go!

THE GARDEN HYMN. C. P. M.



5.

Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6.

Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies.
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

WHEN WE PASS OVER JORDAN. 8's & 7's.



THE YOUNG CONVERT. L. M.

S. HILL.

LIVELY.

1. When converts first begin to sing, Their happy souls are on the wing, } Wonder, wonder, wonder, Glory, hal - le - lu - jah. } Their theme is all redeeming love—Glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Fain would they be with Christ above. Sing glory, hal - le - lu - jah!

2. They wonder why old saints don't sing, And make God's earthly tem - ples ring, } Wonder, wonder, wonder; Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! } They view themselves upon the shore—Glory halle-lu-jah; And think the battle all is o'er, Sing, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

3. The Bi-ble now appears so plain, They wonder they should read in vain, } Won-der, wonder, wonder, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah. } The air is all perfumed with love, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, And earth appears like heaven above, Sing, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

CANAAN. L. M.

1. Together let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan; } Together let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan: }

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of C

2. The way the holy prophets went, I am bound for the land of Canaan; } The road that leads from banishment, I am bound for the land of Canaan. }

WHAT SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC. 11's.

Music by DE PINNA.
Poetry by Mrs. PLUMMER.

1. What ser - aph-like mu - sic falls sweet on the ear, In strains so de - lightful? Oh! list that ye hear— Those rich flow-ing numbers, so liquid and clear,
D. C. Breathe rapture untold from some heaven - ly sphere.

2. 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave, Of Jor - dan's lone riv - er as its billows I brave; 'Tis the mu - sic of an - gels who hasten to bear
D. C. My soul o'er the wa - ters to that blessed shore.

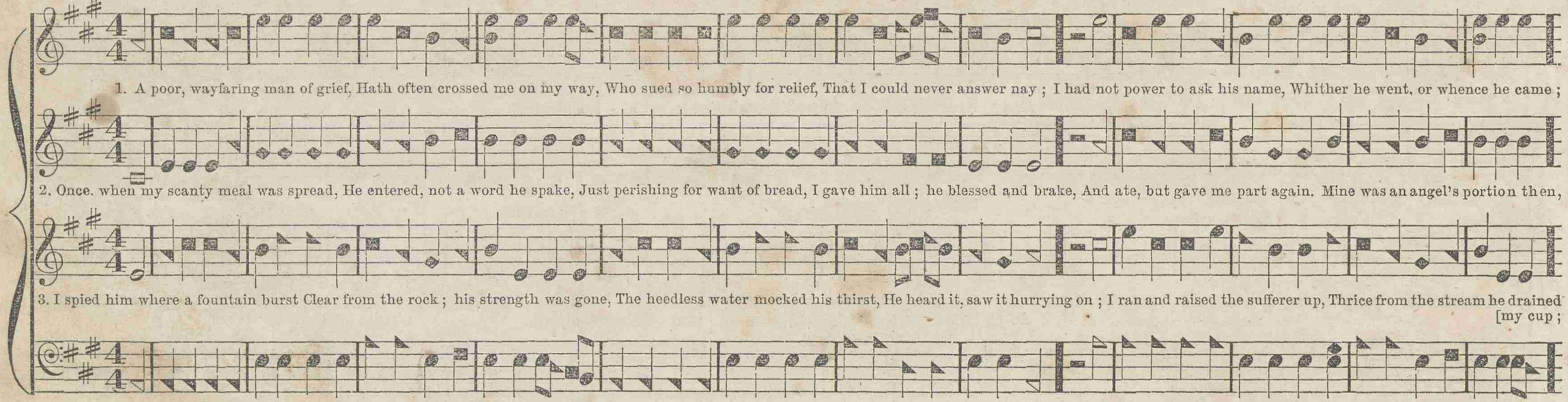
"O TURN YE." 11s.

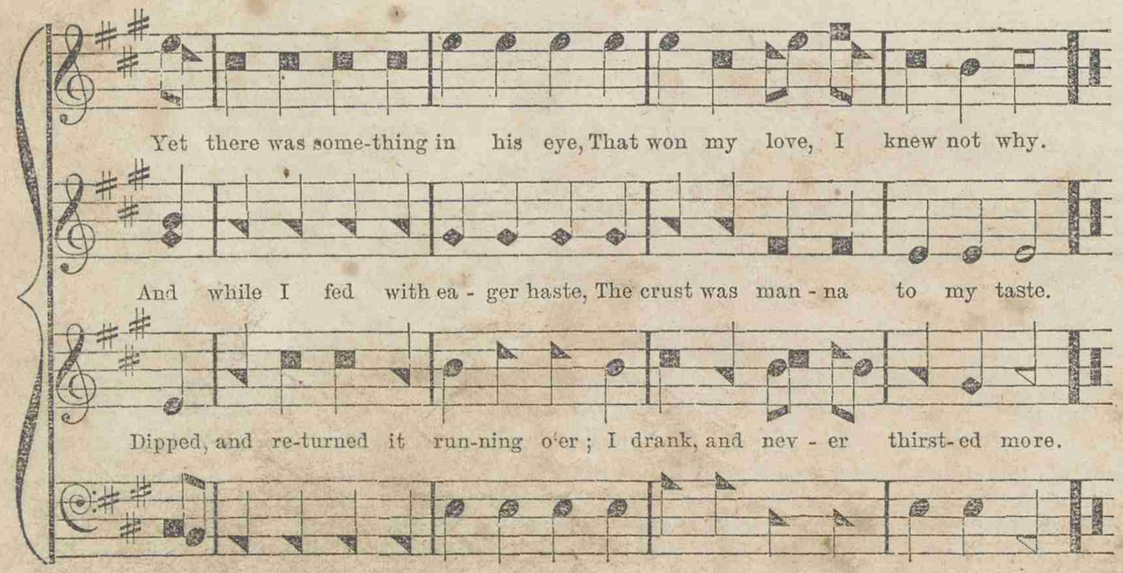
1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? { When God, in great mer - cy, is com-ing so nigh, / Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says come. } And an - gels are wait - ing to welcome you home?

2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay, { Your hearts may grow better by stay - ing a - way; / Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, } While streams of sal - va - tion are flowing so free.

THE POOR WAYFARING MAN. L. M. Double.

Rev. G. COLES.





4.

'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof,
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed and clothed, and cheered my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath.
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6.

In prison 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.
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 spirit cried, "I will."

7.

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named :
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

"I HAVE NO FATHER THERE." C. M.

1. I saw a wide and well-spread board, And children, young and fair, Came one by one, the eldest first, And took their stations there, All neatly clad, and beau-ti - ful, And with fa - mil-iar tread,

2. Beside the board the fa- ther sat, A smile his fea-tures wore, As on the lit - tle group he gazed, And told their portions o'er. A mea-gre form, arrayed in rags, A-near the threshold stood,

3. Said one, "Why standest here, my dear? See, there's a vacant seat A - mid the children—and enough For them and thee to eat." "A - las for me!" the child replied, In tones of deep despair;

4. O hour of fate! when from the skies With notes of deepest dread The far-resounding trump of God Shall summon forth the dead What countless hosts shall stand without The heavenly threshold fair.

They gathered round with joy to feast On meats and snow-white bread.

A half-starved child had wandered there To beg a lit . tle food.

"No right have I a - mid your group, I have no fa - ther there.
And, gazing on the blest, ex-claim "I have no fa - ther there."

EVENING PRAYER. 8's & 7's.

Fine. D.C.

Savior, breathe an evening blessing Ere re-pose our spirits seal,
Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. } Sin and want we come confessing,

Fine. D.C.

D.C. Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

Scottish air.

1. When marshalled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky; One star alone of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd, and rude - ly blowed The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore - bod-ing cease; And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

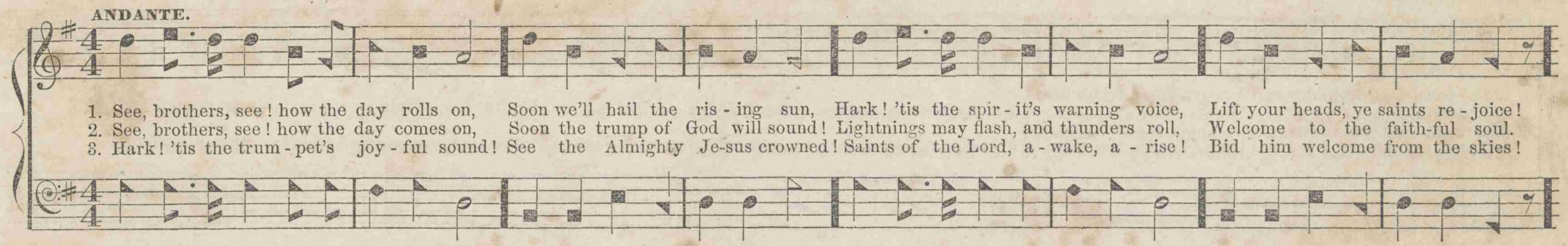
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From eve - ry host, from eve-ry gem; But one alone the Sav - ior speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le-hem.

Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sudden-ly a Star a - rose, It was the Star of Beth - le-hem.

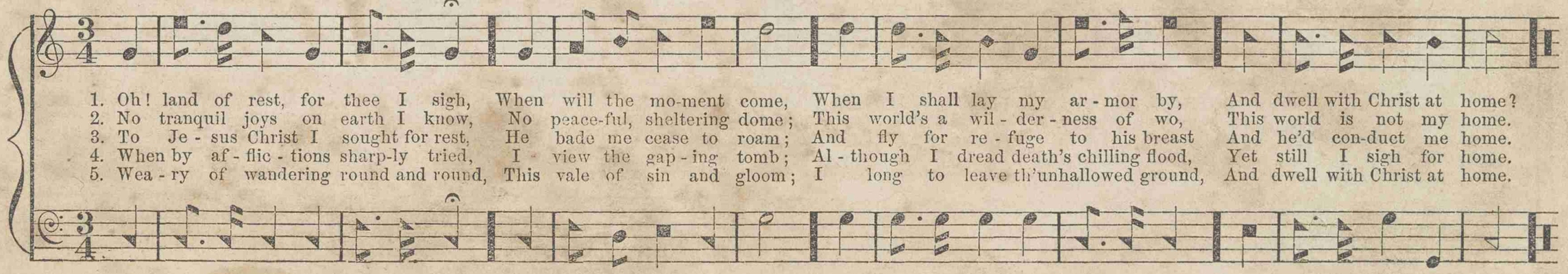
Now safely moored—my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a-dem, For ev - er and for ev - er - more, The Star! the Star of Beth - le-hem.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WELCOME HOME. 9's, 8's & 11's.

DEVEREAUX.

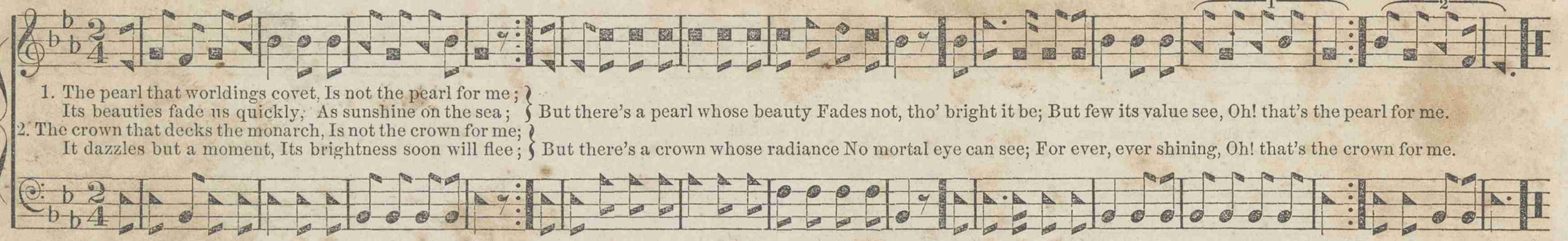


O LAND OF REST. C. M.



THE PEARL. 7's & 6's.

Dr. LARDNER. From Musical Gems.



1. The pearl that worldings covet, Is not the pearl for me;
   Its beauties fade us quickly, As sunshine on the sea; } But there's a pearl whose beauty Fades not, tho' bright it be; But few its value see, Oh! that's the pearl for me.
2. The crown that decks the monarch, Is not the crown for me;
   It dazzles but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee; } But there's a crown whose radiance No mortal eye can see; For ever, ever shining, Oh! that's the crown for me.

HERE IS NO REST. 10's, 8's & 7's.

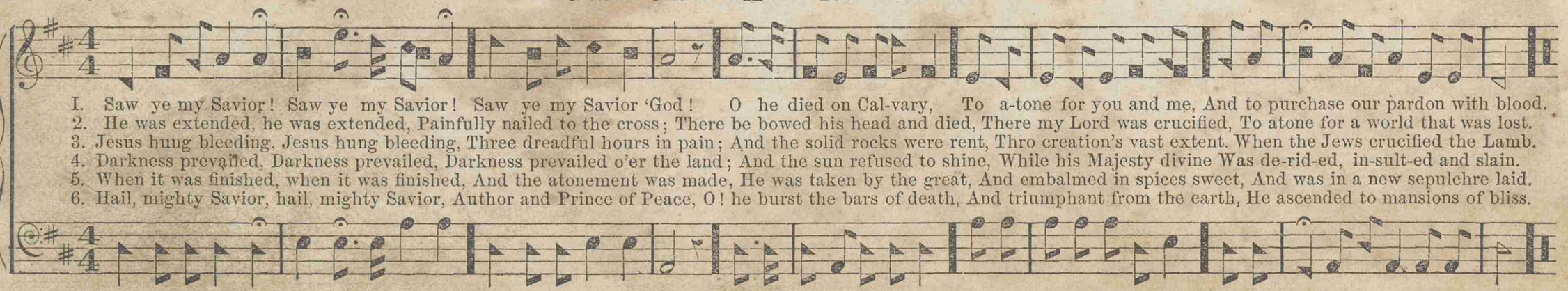
D. C.



1. Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here as a pilgrim, I wander a-lone, Yet I am blest, I am blest;
   D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest, there is rest.
2. Here fierce temptations be-set me around, Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here I am grieved while my foes me surround, Yet I am blest, yet I am blest;
   D. C. I will go forward, for this is my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest.

{ For I look forward to that glorious day,
{ When sin and sorrow shall van-ish a-way.
{ Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
{ Laugh at my weeping, en-deav-or to shame.

CRUCIFIXION. P. M.



I. Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior 'God! O he died on Cal-vary, To a-tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.
2. He was extended, he was extended, Painfully nailed to the cross; There be bowed his head and died, There my Lord was crucified, To atone for a world that was lost.
3. Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding, Three dreadful hours in pain; And the solid rocks were rent, Thro creation's vast extent. When the Jews crucified the Lamb.
4. Darkness prevailed, Darkness prevailed, Darkness prevailed o'er the land; And the sun refused to shine, While his Majesty divine Was de-rid-ed, in-sult-ed and slain.
5. When it was finished, when it was finished, And the atonement was made, He was taken by the great, And embalmed in spices sweet, And was in a new sepulchre laid.
6. Hail, mighty Savior, hail, mighty Savior, Author and Prince of Peace, O! he burst the bars of death, And triumphant from the earth, He ascended to mansions of bliss.

COMING HOME. C. M.

1. The day has come, the joy - ful day, At length the day has come, When saints and an - gels joy dis - play, O'er sin - ners com-ing home.
2. How beau - ti - ful on mountains' top, The her - ald's feet ap - pear; While tid - ings, bless-ed tid - ings drop, The bro - ken heart to cheer.
3. The saints of God fresh courage take, Are strong in conquering prayer; The hosts of hell with ter - ror shake, While God dis-plays his power,
4. Pleased with the news, the saints be - low, In songs their tongues em-ploy, Be - yond the skies the tid - ings go, And heaven is filled with joy;

For each verse.

They're com-ing home, they're com-ing home, Be - hold them com - ing home, And saints and an - gels joy dis - play, O'er sin - ners com - ing home.

LONG TIME AGO. 8's & 4's.

SLOW.

1. Je - sus died on Cal - vary's mountain, Long time a - go, And sal - va - tion's roll - ing foun-tain, Now free - ly flows!
2. Once his voice in tones of pit - y, Melt - ed in wo, And he wept o'er Ju - dah's cit - y, Long time a - go.

3.
On his head the dews of midnight
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.

4.
Jesus died—yet lives forever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, Blessed Savior,
Now reigns on high!

5.
Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.

6.
Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand.

7.
Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.

8.
When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

LOVE FEAST. 7's.

FINE

1. Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine! } Hands and hearts and voices raise; }
Give we all with with one accord, Glory to our common Lord; } Sing as in the ancient days; } An-te-date the joys a-bove, Cel-e-brate the feast of love.
2. Sing we then in Je - sus' name, Now as yes-ter - day the same; } We for Christ our Master stand, }
One in eve - ry time and place, Full for all of truth and grace; } Lights in a be - night - ed land: } We our dying Lord confess, We are Je - sus' wit-nes-ses.

THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

1. O what ship is this that comes sailing by, O glory, hal-le—hal-le - lu-jah! 'Tis the old Ship of Zi - on, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old Ship of Zi-on—Halle - lu-jah!
2. And will this ship be able to carry us safe thro' O glory, halle—hal-le - lu-jah! Yes, Je - sus is her captain, Hal-le - lu - jah! Yes, Je - sus is her captain—Halle-lu-jah!
3. All her passengers will land on the bright eternal shore, O glory, halle—hallelujah! And they'll shout their sufferings over, Hallelujah! And they'll shout their sufferings over, &c.
4. She has landed many thousands and will land as many more, O glory halle—hallelujah! She will land them over Jordan, Hallelujah, She will land them over Jordan—&c.

THE CAPTIVE'S LAMENT.

ANDANTE.

1. Oh no, we can-not sing the song, Made for Jehovah's praise; }
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings. To Zion's gladsome strains. } They bid us be in mirthful mood And dry these tears so sad; But Ju-dah's hearths are desolate, And how can we be glad?
2. Silent our harps o'er Babel's streams Are hung on willows wet; }
And Zion we no more shall see; But we can ne'er for - get. } Je - ru - sa - lem, thy banished ones, Prove anguish and regret; But heaven's own curse shall rest on them, If thee they e'er for-get.

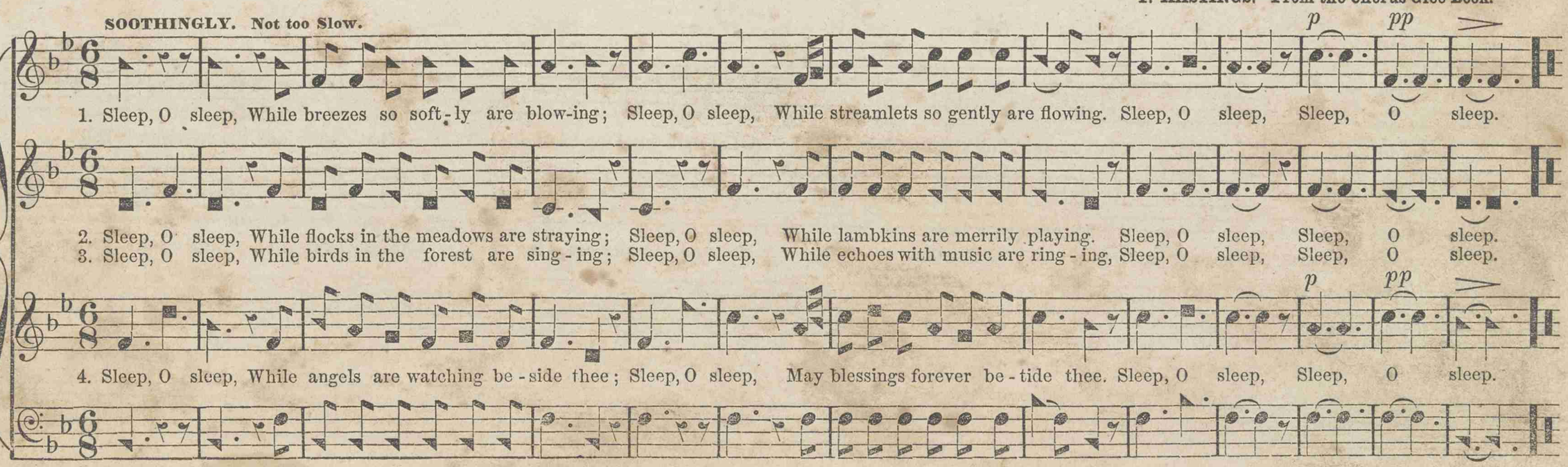
PART FIFTH.

THE SINGING MASTER'S ASSISTANT;

FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE, AND SINGING SCHOOL, BEING MUSIC OF A MORAL CAST, BUT NOT ADAPTED TO THE CHURCH.

THE LULLABY.

T. HASTINGS. From the Chorus Glee Book.



CHORUS. Nature's Song.

Words by BARRY CORNWALL. Music by GEO J. WEBB

ALLEGRO.

1. What song doth the crick-et sing? What news doth the swallow bring? What doth laughing boyhood tell? What calls out the mariage bell? What

2. Mark the morn when first she springs Upwards on her golden wings; Hark un - to the soar-ing lark, And the ech - oing for-ests; hark! Mark the

3. With the leaves the apples wres-tle, In the grass the dai-sies nestle, And the sun smiles on the wall: Tell us what's the cause of all? With the

Ritard. a tempo.

Ritard.

song doth the crick-et sing? What news doth the swallow bring? What doth laughing boyhood tell? What calls out the marriage bell?

morn when first she springs Upwards on her gold - en wings; Hark un - to the soar - ing lark, And the ech - oing for - ests: hark!

leaves the apples wres - tle, In the grass the dai-sies nestle, And the sun smiles on the wall, Tell us what's the cause of all?

Ritard.

Ritard.

mp **A tempo.** **Repeat forte.**

What say all? Love and Mirth, In the air and on the earth: Ve-ry, ver - y, ver - y soft and mer - ry, Is the na - tive song of earth.

What say they? Love and Mirth, In the air and on the earth: Ver-y, ver - y, ver - y soft and mer - ry, Is the na - tive song of earth.

mp **A tempo.** **Repeat forte.**

Mirth and Love! Love and Mirth, In the air and on the earth: Ver-y, ver - y, ver - y soft and mer - ry, Is the na - tive song of earth.

"O, THE MERRY HARVEST TIME."

GEO. J. WEBB. From the American Glee Book.

ALLEGRO. *f*

1. O, the mer-ry harvest-time! The mer-ry, matchless harvest-time! O, the mer-ry harvest-time! The mer-ry, matchless harvest-time! What can vie, Be -

2. Now's the happy harvest-time! The happy, hon-ored harvest-time! Now's the happy harvest-time! The hap-py, hon-ored harvest-time! E'er the earth Doth

f

3. Praise, then, all the harvest-time! Ye children of the harvest-time! Praise, then, all the harvest-time! Ye children of the harvest-time! Girls and boys, Who

mf *f* *mf* *p*

- - neath the sky, With the mer - ry har - vest time? What can vie, Be - neath the sky, With the mer - ry har - vest time? What tho' summer birds have fled,

mix in mirth, with her sons at har - vest time. E'er the earth Doth mix in mirth, with her sons at har - vest time. Not a storm doth vex her brow,

mf *f* *mf*

know the joys Of the fruit - ful har - vest time. Girls and boys who know the joys Of the fruit - ful har - vest time. Leave to spring the love-sweet flowers;

p *p*

Sing - ing to some oth - er clime; We have tongues that mu - sic shed, And a song for har - vest time, Come, come, come, come,

ff

Flood-ing rain or frost - y time, But the sun - ny dis - tance now, Laugheth out "'Tis har - vest time," Come, come, come, come,

p *ff*

Win - ter too its song and rhyme; Sum - mer all her balm - y hours, We've our dance at har - vest time. Come, come, come, come.

Cres.

come! Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing; Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing;

Cres.

come! Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing; Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing;

Cres

Now's the time; Now's the time, The mer - ry, mer - ry har - vest time; Now's the time; Now's the time; The merry, mer - ry har - - - - - - vest time.

Cres.

Now's the time; Now's the time, The mer - ry, mer - ry har - vest time; Now's the time; Now's the time; The merry, mer - ry har - - - - - - vest time.

QUARTETTE. "John Anderson, my Jo."

From the Glee Hive.

1. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, when na - ture first be - gan To try her can - ny hand, John, Her mas - ter-work was man; And you a- mang them
2. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit; I think no shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear and late. They say ye're turn - ing
3. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, when we were first ac - quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is
4. John An - der - son, my Jo, John, we clamb the hill the-gither, And mony a can - ty day, John, we've had wi' ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter

Second ending.

a', John, so trig from top to toe, She proved to be nae jour - ney work, John An - der - son my Jo, An - der - son, my Jo.
auld, John, and what though it be so, Ye're aye the same kind man to me, John An - der - son, my Jo. An - der - son, my Jo.

Second ending.

bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my Jo. An - der - son, my Jo.
down, John, but hand in hand we'll go And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my Jo.

CHORUS. Freedom's Land.

C. F. ZELTER. From Fireside Harmony.

1. I'll sing thy glo-ry, freedom's land, Thou home of all that's dear! With joy I hail thy ris-ing strength, Thy sky of hope so clear; In thee shall spring those

2. Thy walls are built in truth and right, Thy shield is jus-tice's cause: Thy guar-dian is the God of hosts, Thy guides are e - qual laws; Nor o - ver thee does

3. Thou art of earth the brightest hope, For freedom's ho - ly reign, A thousand eyes to thee are turn'd, To see thee wax or wane. O still may shine thy

gems of good, Which once was sown by freedom's blood. Long live sweet freedom's land! Long live sweet free - dom's land! Long live sweet freedom's land!

sov'reign pride, Bear on its foul de - struc - tive tide. Long live sweet freedom's land! Long live sweet free - dom's land! Long live sweet free-dom's land!

glory's sun, And all thy promised good be won. Long live sweet freedom's land! Long live sweet free-dom's land! Long live sweet free-dom's land!

TEMPERANCE SONG AND CHORUS. "Clear cold water."

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.
Words by C. M. CADY.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Let oth - ers pine For ru - by wine, And its bril - liant deeds re - count; I'll with joy look up, As I fill my cup From the
2. The flower-et's bloom Steals sweet per-fume From the dew of sha - dy nooks; And the birds that sing In the joy - ous spring, Quaff
3. Sweet fruits and flowers Are born of showers That wa-ter the laugh - ing plain; And the rain - bow's light, With its col - ors bright Is

wa - ter's pur - er fount. The Bac - chan song, though loud and long, Bears sor - row on its wing; But there's ne'er a tear In his
glee from tune - ful brooks. The flash - ing rills, From a thou - sand hills, Trill on to the roll - ing sea; And the pearls sent down From the
child of sun and rain. Earth, sea, and air Draw beau - ties rare, From stream - let pass - ing by, And al - ways drink At its

eye so clear, Who joins the song I sing; But there's ne'er a tear In his eye so clear, Who joins the song I sing.
" cloud-king's crown," All join this song with me; And the pearls sent down From the cloud-king's crown, All join this song with me.
moss - y brink; Then why not you or I? And al - ways drink At its moss - y brink, Then why not you and I?

Then sing we the praise of cold water, The clear, sweet cup of cold water; His eye is bright, And his heart is light, Who sings to the praise of cold water; His eye is bright, And his

Then sing we the praise of cold water, The clear, sweet cup of cold water; Each pure, bright thing Ne'er fails to bring A song to the clear cold water, Each pure, bright thing Ne'er

Then here's to the praise of cold water, The clear, sweet cup of cold water; With Nature drink At the streamlet's brink, And sing to the clear cold water; With Nature drink At the

heart is light, Who sings to the clear cold wa-ter, Who sings, Who sings, Who sings to the clear cold wa-ter, Who sings, Who sings, Who sings to the clear cold water.

fails to bring A song to the clear cold wa - ter, A song, A song, A song to the clear cold wa-ter, A song, A song, A song to the clear cold water.

streamlet's brink, And sing to the clear cold water, And sing, And sing, And sing to the clear cold water, And sing, And sing, And sing to the clear cold water.

Who sings, Who sings,

SONG. "Long, long ago."

Fine. D.C.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long ago, Long, long a - go.
   Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, (Omit . . . . . .) Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D. C. Let me believe that you love as you loved (Omit . . . . . .) Long, long a - go, long a - go.

2. Do you remember the path where we met, Long, long ago. Long, long a - go.
   Ah. yes, you told me, you ne'er would forget, (Omit . . . . . .) Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D. C. Still my heart treasures the praises I heard (Omit . . . . . .) Long, long a - go, long a - go.

3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long ago, Long, long ago.
   You, by more eloquent lips have been praised, (Omit . . . . . .) Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D. C. Blest as I was when I sat by your side, (Omit . . . . . .) Long, long a - go, long a - go.

{ Now you are come, all my grief is removed, }
{ Let me for-get that so long you have roved, }

{ Then to all oth-ers my smile you pre-ferred, }
{ Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word, }

{ But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, }
{ Still to your ac-cents I lis-tened with pride, }

Fine. D, C.

SONG FOR THE SEA. "Pull all together."

I. B. WOODBURY. From the Chorus Glee Book.

FAST and LIVELY.

1. Now hearts and hands their strength and zeal uniting, Braving again the stormy winds, Fresh courage still new obstacles ex-cit-ing, For what's im-pos - si-ble to willing

2. When du-ty calls, whate'er the toil or dan-ger, We'll at our post and firmly stand; On board, ashore, or on the coast a stranger, We'll to our bro-ther lend a helping

3. And when ere time the youthful vigor ceas-ing, Age creeping on proclaims toil o'er, With honest gains by frugal care in-creasing, We'll build a cot upon our native

minds; Then mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly row a - way, row a - way, row a - way, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way Over the bright blue sea.

hand; Then mer - ri - ly, merri - ly row a - way, row a - way, row a - way, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way Over the bright blue sea.

shore; Then merrily, merrily row away, row a - way row a - way, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way Over the bright blue sea.

ALLEGRETTO.

1st Tenor or Alto.

1. O, I am a mer - ry sail - or lad, With heart both light and free; I high-ly prize my gal- lant ship, I love the deep blue sea. Hur - rah! hur-

2d Tenor.

2. Where bound-ing bil - low rears its head To play with tempest cloud; Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main In murmurs hoarse and loud. Hurrah! hur-

1st Base.

3. I love to tread the ves - sel's deck, A - mid the howl- ing gale, And lis - ten to the sea-gull's scream, And to the thunder's rail, Hur - rah! hur-
4. O see the viv - id light-ning play, A - round me bold and free; Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an ocean life for me. Hur - rah! &c.

2d Base.

Cres. Rit.

rah! hur - rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

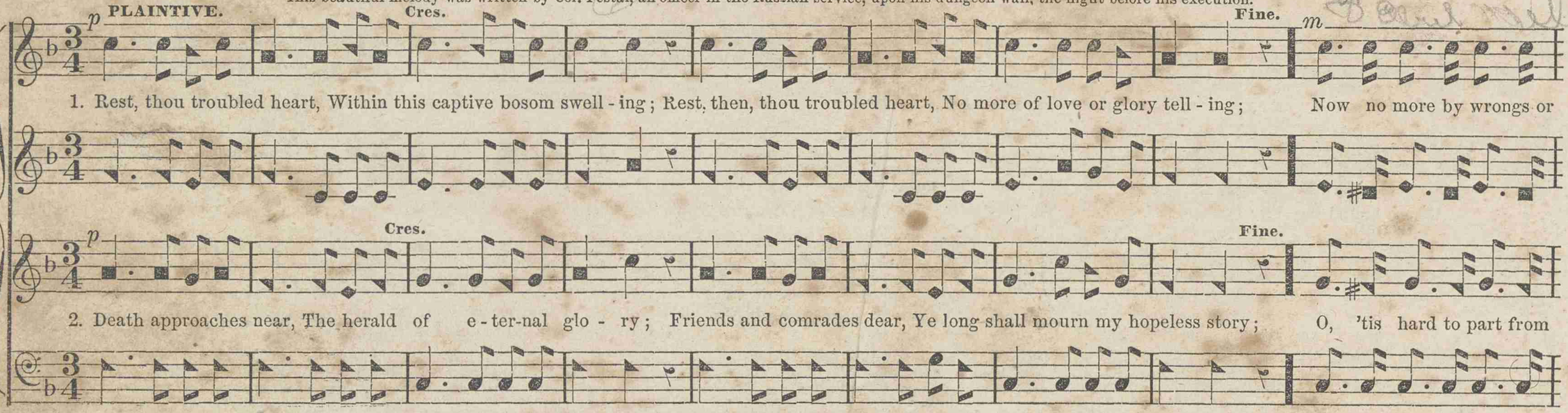
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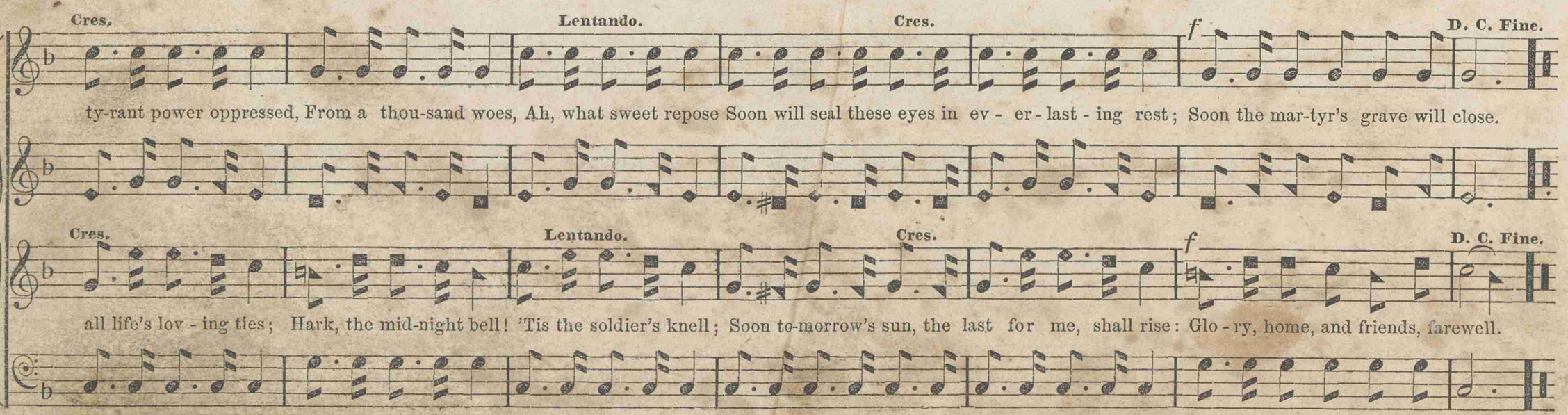
Cres. Rit.

rah! hur - rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blne sea, I love, I love I love the dark blue sea.

CHORUS or QUARTETT. "Rest, troubled heart."

This beautiful melody was written by Col. Pestal, an officer in the Russian service, upon his dungeon wall, the night before his execution.





Admah..... 31
A Dream..... 44
Ae..... 35
Aerion..... 49
Africa..... 53
Afton 290
Ahava..... 129
Aiken 30
Aikman 188
Aithlone..... 154
Allabahad..... 28
Alway..... 45
All Saints..... 56
Amenia 45
America..... 189
Ames..... 29
Ami 185
Amity..... 156
Amsterdam..... 193
Antioch 72
Anvern..... 46
Apheka 83
Ardor..... 134
Ariel..... 152
Arlington..... 99
Asbury..... 132
Ascension 210
Assurance 55
Athol..... 146
Attlebury 194
Aurora..... 133
Azmon 76

Balerma 96
Bangor..... 108
Barnes 135
Bedan 145
Belknap 134
Belleville..... 50
Benevento 162
Betha 119
Bethlehem 202
Beverly..... 41
Bishop 211
Black 217
Bolton..... 62
Bowdoin Square.... 104
Boylston..... 147
Bray..... 97
Brest..... 185
Bridgeton..... 80
Brookfield..... 68
Burford..... 112
Burlin..... 86
Burlington..... 208

Caledonia..... 103
Calhoun..... 39
Cambridge (C. M.).. 95
Cambridge (S. M.).. 146
Canaan..... 296
Celebration 283
Cephas 32
Chard 77
Chelmsford..... 121
Chester..... 99
China..... 94
Clark..... 170
Clifford..... 102
Coleshill..... 114
Coming Home..... 303
Come and Welcome. 282
Coming Sinner..... 60
Conder..... 202
Conway 97
Corelli..... 114
Corelliville..... 125
Coronation..... 74
Coventry 101
Cranbrook 136
Crucifixion 302

Dallas 175
Dalmatia..... 87
Dalston..... 155
Darwell..... 156
Dedham 96
De Fleury..... 187
Dell Lake..... 209
Desire 65
Desired Goodness... 42
Dirge 201
Detroit..... 43
Disciple 291
Ditson..... 94
Dodge..... 215
Dort 196
Douglas 98
Downs..... 74
Dundee..... 100
Dunlap's Creek..... 115

Edes 174
Edmeston..... 117
Ella's Song 76
Elo 216
El-paran..... 67
Eltham 166
Essex Street..... 174
Eve 165
Evening Devotion.. 195
Evening Prayer..... 209

Federal Street..... 37
Fiske..... 149
Folsom 204
Forrest 211
Founder's Hall 143
Fountain 90
Frederick..... 204
Free Grace..... 81
Funeral Bell..... 197
Funeral Thought... 109

Geneva..... 95
Georgia 58
Give..... 118
Golden Hill..... 140
Good Shepherd..... 40
Goshen 200
Gospel Light..... 195
Granby..... 170
Gratitude..... 40
Greenville 179

Haddam..... 158
Hague..... 205
Hail to the brightness 213
Hamburg..... 34
Hamilton..... 60
Hanford 155
Hants..... 144
Happiness 187
Haras..... 124
Hark, my Mother's.. 286
Harmony Grove.... 51
Harwell 182
Harvest Hymn..... 182
Haverhill 139
Hawks..... 172
Heath..... 91
Heber..... 118
Hebron..... 42
Hendon..... 169
Henrietta..... 27
Henry..... 109
Here is no rest..... 302
Hermes..... 184
Hermon..... 77
Hezron..... 137
Hiding Place..... 68
Hingham..... 28
Hinton 200
Holley..... 172
Homeville 206
Hope..... 209
Howard 104
Hutchinson..... 161

Ides 214
I have no Father ... 299
Imlah..... 36
Inverness 139
Incarnation..... 92
Italian Hymn..... 190
Ives..... 188

Jackson 57
Jazer..... 119

Keene..... 201
Key West..... 52
Kentucky..... 144
Kingsbridge 60

Laban..... 126
Landaff..... 146
Lanesboro'..... 101
Lenox..... 159
Liberty Hall 120
Limehouse..... 63
Lincoln Street..... 59
Lisbon..... 147
Litchfield..... 100
Little Marlboro'..... 126
Long time ago..... 303
Lord's Day..... 131
Love Feast..... 304
Loving Kindness... 70
Lowell..... 180
Lynsen..... 135
Lyons..... 198

Macon..... 34
Madrid 180
Maffitt..... 215
Magdala 145
Majesty..... 107
Marion..... 27
Marlborough 116
Marlow..... 85
Martyn 173
Martyr's Death Song 196
Mazzaroth 130
McElrath 157
Medes 123
Melita 53
Melbourne 81
Melody 121
Memphis..... 26
Mendon 65
Mercy..... 186
Mercer 37
Meriden..... 108
Meribah..... 154
Merton 80
Migdol..... 26
Mighty Grace 91
Miles Lane..... 116
Milman..... 218
Missionary Chant... 56
Missionary Hymn.. 191
Missionary Prospect. 63
Missionary's Farewell 184
Mond..... 50
Moreh..... 79
Moriah..... 25
Morning 211
Mount Calvary..... 164
Mount Vernon..... 178
Murray..... 161

Naomi..... 92
Nashville 151
Neponset 33
Nettleton 187
Newcourt..... 150
New Jerusalem..... 111
North Providence... 106
Nichols..... 93
Norwich..... 175
Northfield 82
Nuremburg..... 163

Ocean..... 110
O land of rest..... 301
Old Georgia..... 115
Old Beverly..... 139
Old Hundred..... 52
Oliphant 183
Old Victory..... 106
Olmutz..... 141
Olivet..... 38
Olney..... 140
On the Cross..... 88
Orford..... 197
Orland 47
Orman..... 137
Ortonville..... 84
Otto..... 181
O turn ye..... 297
Overton 78
Ozrem..... 138

Park Place..... 61
Paulos..... 130
Pensacola..... 54
Peterboro'..... 73
Peters..... 153
Phillips..... 117
Phuvah..... 86
Piety..... 116
Pilgrim's Church... 90
Pilgrim's Hymn.... 241
Pleyel's Hymn..... 169
Power..... 149
Ptolemais..... 48

Quito..... 62

Rakkon..... 113
Rapture..... 152
Reliance..... 57
Reo..... 88
Retreat..... 39
Rezin..... 64
Riallside..... 158
Roby..... 82
Rochester..... 122
Rock of Christ..... 210
Rockingham..... 71
Rockland..... 167
Rock of Ages..... 164
Rogers 172
Romaine..... 192
Rosefield..... 162
Rowley..... 199
Russia..... 33
Russian..... 176

Sabbath..... 171
Saxton's River..... 176
Savannah..... 198
School Hour..... 283
Scotland..... 203
Sessions..... 58
Seek the Lord..... 284
Seymour..... 75
Shawmut..... 123
Shady Rill..... 84
Shirland..... 128
Sicily 177
Siloam..... 73
Silverdale..... 128
Silverstreet 127
Southampton..... 166
Sterling..... 54
Stockwell..... 179
St. Helen's..... 150
St. Louis..... 167
St. Martin's..... 85
St. Thomas..... 141
Stow 160
Suffering Savior.... 122
Sumpter..... 121

Tallahassee..... 46
Talmar..... 181
Tallis..... 93
Tappan..... 78
Taylor..... 214
Temple..... 36
Tennessee..... 120
Thatcher..... 124
The Garden Hymn.. 295
The Lord is great... 207
The Pearl..... 302
The Penitent..... 69
The Poor Wayfaring 298
ThePilgrim stranger 293
The old oaken Bucket285
The Savior Knocking..... 59
The Star of Bethl'm 300
The Young Convert. 296
There is an hour... 207
To-daythe Savior calls210
Transport..... 75
Triumph..... 159
Truro 71
Turner 105
Tuscaloosa 48

Utica..... 148
Uxbridge..... 30
Union..... 194

Vallum 160
Victory..... 89
Vienna 138
Virginia 29

Ward 43
Ware 47
Warsaw 157
Warwick 98
Watchman..... 148
Watchman tell us... 168
Watch-night..... 196
Wayne..... 87
Wells..... 66
Wesley..... 206
Weep not for me... 291
What seraph like music 297
When we pass over 295
Wilmot..... 178
Windham..... 44
Woodland..... 112
Worcester..... 142

Young Convert..... 66

Zephyr 38
Zerah 89
Zion 182
Zion's Pilgrim..... 208

L. M.

Admah 31
A Dream 44
Ae 35
Aerion 49
Africa 53
Aiken 30
Allabahad 28
Alway 45
All Saints 56
Amenia 45
Ames 29
Anvern 46
Assurance 55
Belleville 50
Beverly 41
Bolton 62
Brookfield 68
Calhoun 39
Canaan 296
Cephas 32
Coming Sinner 60
Desired Goodness 42
Desire 65
Detroit 43
El-paran 67
Federal Street 37
Georgia 58
Good Shepherd 40
Gratitude 40
Hamburg 34
Hamilton 60
Harmony Grove 51
Hebron 42
Henrietta 27
Hiding Place 68
Hingham 28
Imlah 36
Jackson 57
Key West 52
Kingsbridge 69
Keene 201
Limehouse 63
Lincoln Street 59
Loving Kindness 70
Macon 34
Marion 27
Memphis 26
Mendon 65
Melita 53
Mercer 37
Migdol 26
Missionary Chant 56
Missionary Prospect. 63
Mond 50
Moriah 25
Neponset 33
Old Hundred 52
Olivet 38
Orland 47
Park Place 61
Pensacola 54
Pleyel's Hymn 169
Ptolemais 48
Quito 62
Reliance 57
Retreat 39
Rezin 64
Rockingham 71
Russia 33
Sessions 58
Sterling 54
Tallahassee 46
Temple 36
The Penitent 69
The Poor Wayfaring 298
The Young Convert. 296
The Savior Knocking 59
Truro 71
Tuscaloosa 48
Uxbridge 30
Virginia 29
Ward 43
Ware 47
Wayne 67
Wells 66
Windham 44
Young Convert 66
Zephyr 38

L. M. Double.

Ae 35
Aerion 49
Amenia 45
Assurance 55
Belleville 50
Cephas 32
Mond 50
Park Place 61
Rezin 64
Temple 36
The Poor Wayfaring 298

L. M. 6 lines.

Admah 31
Anvern 46
Bellevile 50
Good Shepherd 40
Gratitude 40
Hingham 28
Loving Kindness 70
Mond 50
Temple 36

C. M.

Antioch 72
Apheka 83
Arlington 99
Azmon 76
Balerma 96
Bangor 108
Betha 119
Bowdoin Square 104
Bray 97
Bridgeton 80
Burford 112
Burlin 86
Caledonia 103
Cambridge 95
Chard 77
Chelmsford 121
Chester 99
China 94
Clifford 102
Coleshill 114
Coming Home 303
Conway 97
Corelli 114
Coronation 74
Coventry 101
Dalmatia 87
Dedham 96
Ditson 94
Douglas 98
Downs 74
Dundee 100
Dunlap's Creek 115
Edmeston 117
Ella's Song 76
Fountain 90
Free Grace 81
Funeral Thought 109
Geneva 95
Give 118
Heath 91
Heber 118
Henry 109
Hermon 77
Howard 104
Incarnation 92
I have no Father 299
Jazer 119
Lanesboro' 101
Liberty Hall 120
Litchfield 100
Majesty 107
Marlow 85
Marlborough 116
Medes 123
Melbourne 81
Melody 121
Meriden 108
Merton 80
Mighty Grace 91
Miles Lane 116
Moreh 79
Naomi 92
New Jerusalem 111
North Providence 106
Nichols 93
Northfield 82
Ocean 110
O land of rest 301
Old Georgia 115
Old Victory 106
On the Cross 88
Ortonville 84
Overton 78
Peterboro' 73
Phillips 117
Phuvah 86
Piety 116
Pilgrim's Church 90
Rakkon 113
Reo 88
Roby 82
Rochester 122
Seek the Lord 284
Seymour 75
Shady Rill 84
Siloam 73
St. Martin's 85
Suffering Savior 122
Sumpter 121
Tallis 93
Tappan 78
Tennessee 120
The Star of Bethl'm 300
The Young Convert. 296
Transport 75
Turner 105
Victory 89
Warwick 98
Woodland 112
Zerah 89

C. M. Double.

Apheka 83
Caledonia 103
Dalmatia 87
Majesty 107
Moreh 79
Ocean 110
Rakkon 113
The Star of Bethl'm. 300

C. M. 6 lines.

Coronation 74
Seymour 75

S. M.

Ahava 129
Ardor 134
Asbury 132
Athol 146
Aurora 133
Barnes 135
Bedan 145
Belknap 134
Boylston 147
Cambridge 146
Corelliville 125
Cranbrook 136
Fiske 149
Founder's Hall 143
Golden Hill 140
Hants 144
Haras 124
Haverhill 132
Hezron 137
Inverness 139
Kentucky 144
Laban 126
Landaff 146
Lisbon 147
Little Marlboro' 126
Lord's Day 131
Lynsen 135
Magdala 145
Mazzaroth 130
Medes 123
Old Beverly 139
Olmutz 141
Olney 140
Orman 137
Ozrem 138
Paulos 130
Pilgrim's Hymn 241
Power 149
Shawmut 123
Shirland 128
Silverdale 128
Silverstreet 127
St. Thomas 141
Thatcher 124
Utica 148
Vienna 138
Watchman 148
Worcester 142

S. M. Double.

Ahava 129
Corelliville 125
Lord's Day 131
Pilgrim's Hymn 241
Worcester 142

L. P. M.

Nashville 151
Newcourt 150
St. Helen's 150

C. L. M.

Amity 156
McElrath 157

C. P. M.

Ariel 152
Aithlone 154
Meribah 154
Piety 116
Rapture 152
The Garden Hymn 295

S. P. M.

Dalston 155
Hanford 155
Peters 153

C. H. M.

McElrath 157

S. H. M.

Amity 156
McElrath 157

H. M.

Amity 156
Darwell 156
Haddam 158
Hutchinson 161
Lenox 159
McElrath 157
Murray 161
Riallside 158
Stow 160
Triumph 159
Vallum 160
Warsaw 157

7s.

Benevento 162
Clark 170
Come and Welcome. 282
Dallas 175
Edes 174
Eltham 166
Essex Street 174
Eve 165
Granby 170
Hark, my Mother's 286
Hawks 172
Hendon 169
Holley 172
Love Feast 304
Lowell 180
Martyn 173
Mount Calvary 164
Nuremburg 163
Norwich 175
Pleyel's Hymn 169
Rockland 167
Rock of Ages 164
Rogers 172
Rosefield 162
Sabbath 171
Southampton 166
St. Louis 167
Talmar 181
Watchman tell us 168
Wilmot 178

7s Double.

Benevento 162
Eltham 166
Essex Street 174
Hark, my Mother's 286
Love Feast 304
Martyn 173
Rockland 167
Rock of Ages 197
Sabbath 171
Southampton 166
Watchman tell us 168

7s, 6 lines.

Come and welcome 282
Mount Calvary 164
Rock of Ages 164
Rosefield 163

8s & 7s.

Come and Welcome. 282
Dallas 175
Disciple 291
Edes 174
Evening Prayer 299
Greenville 179
Harwell 182
Lowell 180
Madrid 180
Missionary's Farewell 184
Mount Vernon 178
Nettleton 187
Otto 181
Russia 176
Saxton's River 176
School Hour 283
Shepherd 177
Sicily 177
Stockwell 179
Talmar 181
The Pigrim stranger 293
Wilmot 178
Whenwe pass over 295

8s & 7s Double.

Disciple 291
Greenville 179
Harwell 182
Madrid 180
Nettleton 187
Otto 181
Russian 176

8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Come and Welcome. 282
Greenville 179
Harwell 182
Hermes 184
Missionary's Farewell 184
Saxton's River 176
Sicily 177

8s, 7s & 4s.

Ami 185
Brest 185
Greenville 179
Hermes 184
Mercy 186
Oliphant 183
Shepherd 177
Sicily 177
Zion 182

P. M.

Ascension 210
Black 217
Crucifixion 302
Dell Lake 209
Taylor 214

Forrest..... 211
Homeville..... 206
Ides..... 214
Milman..... 218
Morning..... 211
Mt-Calvary..... 164
Rock of Christ..... 210
Taylor..... 214
Vienna..... 138

4s, 3s & 7s.

Funeral Bell..... 197

5s & 6s.

Watch-night..... 196

5s, 6s & 9s.

Wesley..... 206

5s & 8s.

Bethlehem..... 202

5s & 7s.

Elo..... 216

6s & 4s. Peculiar.

Dirge..... 201
To-daythe Savior calls210

6s & 7s.

Happiness..... 187

6s, 8s & 4s.

Homeville..... 206

6s, 8s & 6s.

Homeville..... 206

6s & 4s.

America..... 189
Dort..... 190
Dirge..... 201
Harvest Hymn..... 189
Italian Hymn..... 190

6s, 4s & 5s.

Bethlehem..... 202

6s & 5s.

Dirge..... 201

6s, 8s & 4s.

Pilgrim's Hymn..... 241

6s & 9s.

Wesley..... 206
Rowley..... 199

6s & 10s.

Hanford..... 155

7s, 8s & 6s.

Amsterdam..... 193

7s, 8s & 7s.

Homeville..... 206

7s & 6s,

Attlebury..... 194
Celebration..... 283
Gospel Light..... 195
Hope..... 209
Missionary Hymn.. 191
Romaine..... 192
The Pearl..... 302
Union..... 194

7s & 6s. Peculiar.

Amsterdam..... 193

7s & 5s.

St. Louis..... 167

7s, 8s & 7s.

Homeville..... 206

7s, 6s & 8s.

Phuvah..... 86

8s & 4s.

Long time ago..... 303
Melita..... 53
Weep not for me... 291

8s, 6s, 4s & 5s.

Bethlehem..... 202

8s, 3s & 6s.

Evening Devotion.. 195

8s.

Aikman..... 188
De Fleury..... 187
Ives..... 188
Pierce..... 193

8s & 9s.

Pierce..... 193

8s & 6s.

Clifford..... 102
Japan..... 78
Lanesboro'..... 101
Reo..... 88
There is an hour... 207

8s, 6s & 4s.

Phuvah..... 86

8s & 4s.

Long time ago..... 303

9s & 7s.

Ides..... 214
Greenville..... 179

9s & 8s.

Ides..... 214
Keene..... 201

10s.

Dodge..... 215
Savannah..... 198

10s, 8s & 7s.

Here is no rest..... 302

10s & 11s.

Conder..... 202
Lyons..... 198
Maffitt..... 215
Watch-night..... 195

11s & 8s.

The Lord is great... 207
Wesley..... 206
Zion's Pilgrim..... 208

11s & 9s.

Wesley..... 206

11 & 10.

Folsom..... 204
Hail to the brightness 213

11s.

Afton..... 290
Bishop..... 211
Conder..... 202
Frederick..... 204
Goshen..... 200
Hinton..... 200
Martyr's Death Song 196
Orford..... 197
O turn ye..... 297
What seraph like music..... 297

12s.

Scotland..... 203

12s & 11s.

Hague..... 205
Martyr's Death Song 196
The old oaken Bucket285

12s, 11s & 8s.

Burlington..... 208
Conder..... 202
Orford..... 197

INDEX TO ANTHEMS, QUARTETS, CHORUSES, CHANTS, SET PIECES, ETC.

And ye shall seek me..... 206
Bury me in the garden..... 275
Be joyful in God..... 235
Cast thy burden on the Lord..... 242
Christ stilling the tempest..... 269
Come, ye disconsolate..... 238
Doxology..... 221
Easter Ode..... 272
For the opening and close of music teachers' classes..... 252
From Heaven the loud..... 272
Hark, the song of jubilee..... 226
How beautiful, O Zion..... 263
He hath not dealt so with any.... 268
How sweetly along the gay mead.. 274
I have set watchmen..... 250
I long for the land of the blest.... 265
I was glad..... 270
Jerusalem, my glorious home..... 257
My mother's bible..... 242
May grace and truth..... 250
Mark the perfect man..... 262
O praise God in his holiness..... 236
O be joyful in the Lord..... 243
O pray for the peace..... 264
Pilgrim's hymn..... 241
Peace on earth..... 245
Speak gently to the erring..... 277
Safely through another year..... 261
Salvation, O the joyful sound..... 253
Strike the cymbal..... 219
Temperance call..... 278
The Lord is my shepherd..... 266
The last beam is shining..... 220
The earth is the Lord's..... 229
The Lord will comfort Zion..... 234
The orphan's paayer..... 240
This is my rest forever..... 239
The Church's welcome..... 248
The mother and dead child..... 276
The Christian on earth..... 221
The burial of Mrs. Judson..... 224
Vesper hymn..... 225
When, as returns this solemn day. 254

Chants.

Bless the Lord, O my soul..... 279
Deathless spirit now arise..... 280
From the recesses of a lowly spirit. 279
God be merciful unto us..... 279
I will lift up mine eyes..... 280
It is a good thing to give thanks.. 280
Our Father who art in Heaven.... 279
Out of the depths I have cried unto 280
So fades the lovely blooming flower 280
The Lord is my shepherd..... 280
Thou dost visit the earth..... 279
Wherewith shall a young man..... 279

Sabbath School Songs.

Bliss is hovering..... 284
Buttercups and daisies..... 288
Celebration..... 283
Children go to and fro..... 285
Come and welcome..... 282
Come, come..... 285
Come into the autumn fields..... 287
God speed the right..... 284
Happy land..... 282
Hark my mother's voice I hear... 286
Invitation to singing school..... 281
Merrily every bosom boundeth.... 287
O come let us sing..... 283
O who has blessed..... 281
School hours..... 283
Seek the Lord in youth..... 284
Study low..... 287
Summer song..... 281
That's the drink for me..... 282
The old oaken bucket..... 285
The wild swan..... 286
The stars are fading..... 288

Revival Hymns and Music.

Afton..... 290
At the judgment seat..... 292
Canaan..... 296
Coming home..... 303
Crucifixion..... 302
Disciple..... 291
Evening prayer..... 299
Here is no rest..... 302
I have no father there..... 299
Long time ago..... 303
Love feast..... 304
O land of rest..... 301
O turn ye..... 297
The captive's lament..... 304
The Christian's welcome home.... 301
The garden hymn..... 295
The old churchyard..... 294
The old ship of Zion..... 304
The pearl..... 302
The pilgrim stranger..... 293
The poor wayfaring man..... 298
There are angels hovering round.. 292
The star of Bethlehem..... 300
The young convert..... 296
Weep not for me..... 291
Will you go..... 294
What seraph-like music..... 297
When we pass over Jordan..... 295

Rounds and Secular Quartets, for Class Practice.

A boat, a boat—Round..... 16
And now to all good night—Round 12
Brooks are flowing—Round..... 8
Clear cold water—Temperance song 312
Come, follow, follow me—Round.. 17
Day is gone—Round..... 12
Follow me in this glee—Round.... 14
Freedom's Land..... 311
Gentle words should oft be—Round 8
Happy ones, come sing—Round... 16
John Anderson my joe—Quartet.. 310
Land of our fathers—Quartet..... 23
Long, long ago—Song..... 313
Melodies of many lands—Glee..... 22
Nature's Song—Chorus..... 306
Now we all unite to sing—Round.. 8
O may truth—Round..... 17
O, I am a merry sailor lad—Glee for male voices..... 17
O, may my heart discover..... 17
On what space is 1—Rou..... 17
O the merry harvest time..... 17
Pull all together—Song f..... 17
Rest, thou troubled hear..... 17

Singing through the forests—Glee. 18
Sound the strain again—Round... 17
Stars shining overhead—Round... 12
Student's song—Glee..... 20
The bell doth tell—Round..... 17
The lullaby—Quartet..... 305
The merry harvest time—Glee.... 307
The old house at home—Quartet... 19
'Tis now the time to go—Round... 17
Those who wish to sing—Round... 17

CHORISTER'S INDEX---Being the first lines of Odd Metres, with references to suitable music.

(The letter A denotes the first time on a page, B the second, C the third, &c.)

As near to Calvary I pass—Meribah, Ariel, C. P. M.
A story most lovely I tell.....188
All thanks be to God.....196
All praise to the Lamb..211, 198
And am I only born to die. Meribah, C. P. M.
All praise to the Lord.....196
Appointed by thee we meet..198
Arise, my soul, arise. Lenox, H. M.
Author of faith, to thee I cry. Meribah, C. P. M.
Awake, awake, arise. Stow, Lenox, H. M.
Awakened Sinner awful sound. Ariel, Meribah, C. P. M.
wordling spent..161, & Lenox. H. M.
Begin, my soul. Ariel, C. P. M.
Blow ye the trumpet. Stow, Lenox.
Brightest and best of the.....264B
Cast on the fidelity.—Amsterdam.
Come all who fear the Lord—Meribah, repeat three times, last strain but one.
Come all ye poor sinners. 200,211B
Come all ye needy.....192, 194
Come all ye skilful.....212
Christ is the eternal rock.....210
Come away to the skies.....206
Come, every pious heart—Murray and Hutchinson.
friends and relations 211,200
our voices join—Stow.
new.....196
scend.....206
, and let us try.193
Come, saints and sinners.....211
Come sinners attend.....198A
Come on, my partners—Ariel, C. P. M.
Come, thou almighty King...190
Come, ye disconsolate.....238
Come, and as a sinner.....200
Daughter of Zion, awake....204B
Dear Jesus, here comes.....198
Encompassed with clouds of distress 187C, 188
Except the Lord conduct the plan —Meribah, C. P. M.
Fare well, dear friends.....211
Morning, repeat last strain.
Father, glorify thy Son.....193
First and last in me—Amsterdam.
Friend after friend departs—Amity.
From realms where the day200,204
From whence this fear?—Ariel, Meribah, C. P. M.
Forgive my folly—Elo.
Give me the enlarged desire—Amsterdam.
God of all consolation 132, 194,195
God of my salvation hear....193A
God of thine Israel true.....161
God of unexampled grace....193
Great God of wonders—Good Shepherd.
Great is our redeeming Lord..193
Hail co essential Three—Amity, C. P. M.
Hail, sacred Savior.....214
Hark, the voice of love and mercy.....186
Head of the church triumphant194
Help, Lord, to whom for help—Meribah, C. P. M.
How blest is every child of grace 212.
How firm a foundation...200, 211
How happy are they.....206
How happy, gracious Lord—Ariel, C. P. M.
How happy is the pilgrim's lot—Ariel, Meribah, C. P. M.
How lost was my condition..195, 194A.
How tedious and tasteless the hours 187C, 188
Hosanna to God.....196
Hosanna to Jesus.....211
I give immortal praise—Stow, Amity, H. M.
I'll praise my Maker—Nashville, St. Helen's. L. P. M.
I'm tired of visits—Meribah. Repeat last strain but one three times.
In Jesus we live.....198
Indulgent Lord, how kind...161B and Lenox. H. M.
In sin's howling waste.....206A
In songs of sublime adoration.208, 199.
In the house of King David...200
Israel in ancient days—Lenox 161 H. M.
Is this my Jesus?—Ariel. C. P. M.
I would not live always.....204
Jesus, accept the praise.161, H.M.
Jesus drinks the bitter cup....193
Jesus, faithful to his word....193
Jesus, friend of sinners, hear..193
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....193
Jesus, my great High priest..161 H. M.
Jesus, take all the glory..194, 195
Join all the glorious names...161 H. M.
Lamb of God, whose dying love193
Let earth and heaven agree—Lenox, 161. H. M.
Let the world their.....193A
Let songs of praises fill the sky—Amity.
Let us awake our joys....189, 190
Lo, I come with joy..Amsterdam.
Lord, didst thou ordain.....196
Lord of the worlds above..Lenox. H. M.
Lord of earth and air.....193
Lord, thou hast now....Meribah, Ariel. C. P. M.
Mark the soft falling snow....161 H. M.
Meet and right it is to sing..193A
Mixture of joy and sorrow191, 192
Must I, my brethren, weep?...161 H. M.
My God I am thine.....211, 198
My heart and my tongue.211, 200
My Lord, my Savior died.191, 192
My soul forever—any L. M. tune.
None is like Jeshurun's God..193
Now, een now I yield.....195
Now for a hymn..Ariel. C. P. M.
Oft in my heart have said..Amst.
O glorious hope..Ariel. C. P. M.
O God of pure affection...194, 195
O tell me no more.....198, 215
O thou in whose presence...206A
O worship the king.....198
Praise to the Lord on high, Lenox. H. M.
Ransomed sinners.....179
Rejoice, the Lord is King...Stow, Lenox. H. M.
Savior, on me the want bestow. Rapture. C. P. M.
Savior, we know thou art..Stow. H. M.
Savior, whom our hearts.....193
Saw ye my Savior?.....210A
See, see in the east.....206A
See the fountain opened wide.211
See where our great High priest. Stow. H. M.
Stand the omnipotent decree.193
Still, Lord, I longing see, Meribah. C. P. M.
Stop, poor sinner—any C. M., omit first note 1st & 3d lines.
Sweet singers of Israel...211, 200
The Bible is justly esteemed..188
The fountain of Christ.....198A
The glorious plan.....214
The God of Abraham praise..206
The Lord is my protection191, 192
The Lord Jehovah reigns. Stow, Lenox. H. M.
The son of man they did betray.. 209A.
The wonderous love.....194 195
The table spread..Ariel, Meribah. C. P. M.
The Lord of earth..Stow. H. M.
'Tis finished, 'tis done.....198
Thee, Jesus, thee, the sinners friend....Rapture. C. P. M.
Thou great mysterious..Rapture. C. P. M.
Thou art gone to the grave...202
Though troubles assail.....198
Thou who hast.....193
Thy faithfulness, Lord.....197A
Thy mercy my God.....200
To the heaven of thy rest. Amsterd.
To the hills I lift.....Amsterdam.
Upward I lift.....189
Vain, delusive world adieu..193A, 209B.
Welcome, delightful morn....161 H. M.
What contradictions meet..Stow, Lenox. H. M..
When ocean's rivers...Meribah & Ariel. C. P. M.
When the wounded spirit hears.. 193a.
While angels strike.....211
When thro' the torn sail.....202
With gladness dear brethren.211, 200.
Wretched, helpless and distressed 193.
Ye boundless realms of joy..Stow, Lenox. H. M.
Ye children of God.....198A
Ye children of Zion...211 Bishop.
Ye pris'ners of hope.....198A
Ye people who wander...211, 200
Ye ransomed sinners come. Lenox, H. M.
Yes, the Redeemer rose....Stow. H. M.
Ye neighbours and friends...198A
Ye simple souls who stray...206B
Ye scarlet sinners. Meribah, Ariel.
You captives restored.....200
Young men and maidens...Stow, Lenox. H. M.
Ye sin-sick souls....Stow, Lenox. H. M.

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