"Praise God in his Sanctuary."

THE

Church Singer.

A COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC.

BY

KARL REDEN AND S. J. GOODENOUGH.

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"O come, let us Sing unto the Lord."

In presenting to your notice this Collection of Sacred Music, which is **ESPECIALLY DESIGNED TO MEET THE WANTS OF THE CHURCH,** *we would direct your attention to the following prominent characteristics of the book:*

1. The hymns have been principally selected from the standard Hymn Book, so that this work may serve as a **COMPANION** *to it.*

2. The number of tunes is in proportion to the number of hymns in the different meters, so that each meter is properly represented, and a choice of tunes in each is allowed. Particularly is this the case in the Irregular Meters.

3. The musical tastes and wants of no single class of persons have been regarded exclusively; but the collection embraces the standard tunes in general use among all Evangelical Denominations.

4. The harmonies of the old tunes have been given without alteration.

5. The music comprises selections from the best German, Italian, English, Scotch, and American composers.

6. A set of **"HALLELUIAHS"** is given to be sung at the close of hymns, particularly when there is no corresponding Doxology.

7. The number of **ANTHEMS, CHANTS,** etc., is unusually large, and in this department may be found pieces suitable for every occasion of public worship.

8. The **ELEMENTS OF MUSIC** are presented in a brief but comprehensive manner.

9. The copyright protects both the **ORIGINAL** and **ARRANGED** music.

We tender our thanks to **Dr. LOWELL MASON, WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, Esq.,** and others, for permission to use their compositions; also to **F. J. HUNTINGTON, Esq.,** for the use of Mr. Woodbury's pieces.

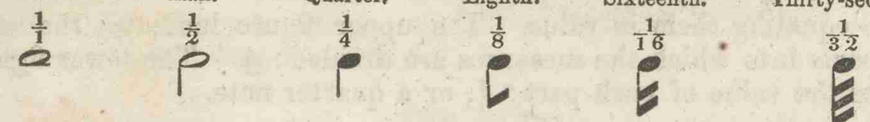
The Compilers.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

BY KARL REDEN.

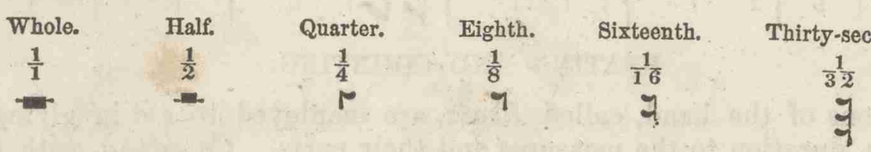
MUSICAL SOUNDS are represented by characters, called *Notes*. There are six kinds of notes in common use, which indicate, by their forms and names, the relative length of sounds.

NOTES.



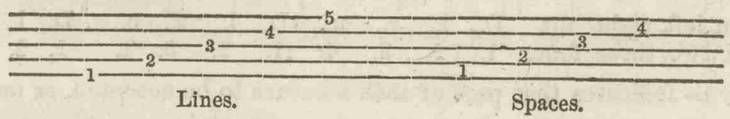
Characters, called *Rests*, which correspond in value to the notes, indicate pauses.

RESTS.



A character, called a *Staff*, is used to indicate the relative pitch of sounds.

THE STAFF.

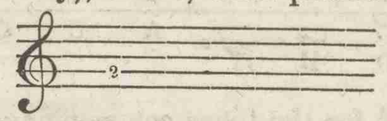


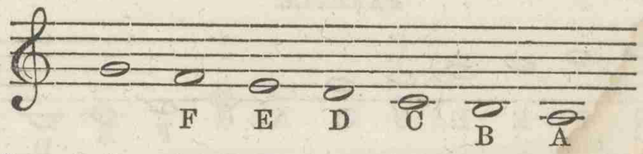
There are seven principal sounds or tones, called

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

THE CLEFS.

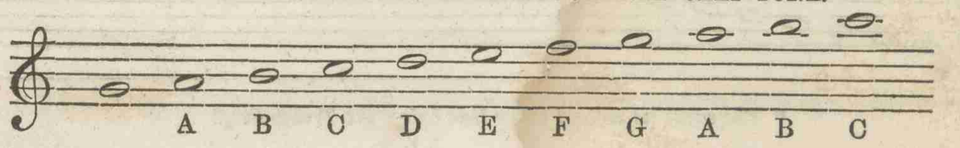
The position of the G-tone upon the staff serves as a key to the position of the other tones, which follow it consecutively; hence the character 𝄞 is called *G-Clef* (or key), which, when placed upon the staff, thus:



signifies that the position of the G tone is upon the second line. The staff is then called the *Treble Staff*. G being on the second line, F comes on the first space, E on the first line, and so on with the other tones; thus:

The short lines below the staff are called *Leger Lines*, and are necessary to show the order of the tones which descend from G.

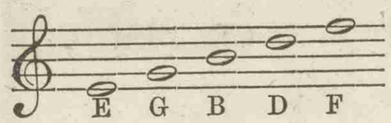
The first principal tone above G is A, it being the eighth principal tone (or *Octave*) above the A on the second leger line below the staff. There being but seven principal tones, they are repeated in regular order at each octave, and differ only in their pitch.

ORDER OF PRINCIPAL TONES ABOVE THE CLEF-TONE.

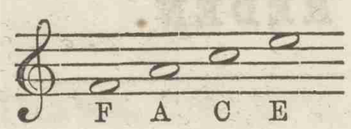


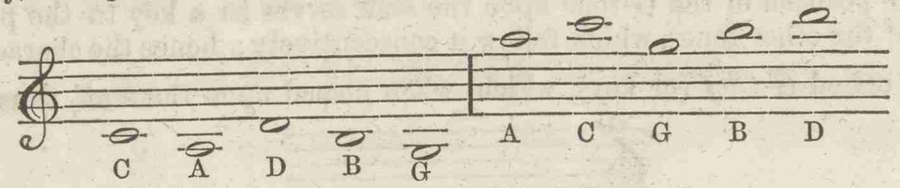
The leger lines above the staff show the order in which the tones ascend.

NOTE.—To facilitate the memorizing of the positions of the tones on the staff—first, study the lines of the staff; thus:

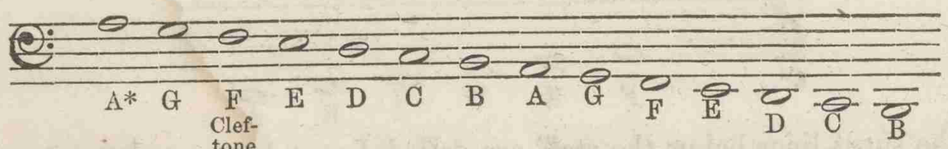


Secondly, the spaces; thus:

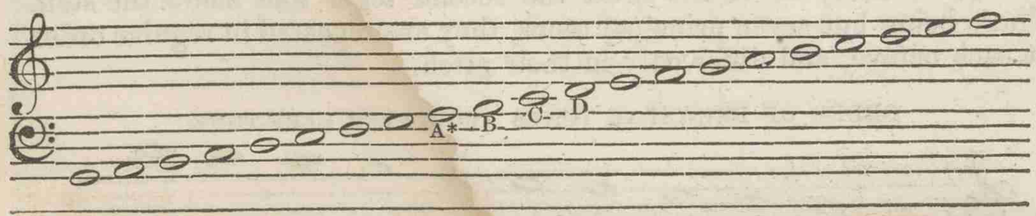


Lastly, the leger lines and spaces below and above the staff; thus:

A second staff is used for the tones commencing with, and descending from the A on the second leger line below the Treble staff, the Clef-tone of which is F. This staff is called the *Base Staff*.

EXAMPLE.

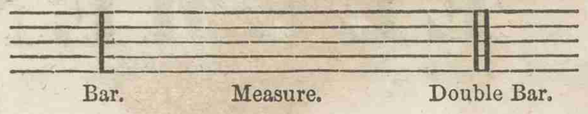


The following example shows the correspondence between the two staffs.



* *The same as second leger line below the Treble Staff.*

Bars across the staff, thus:



divide music into equal parts, called *Measures*. Measures are again divided into equal parts, which are indicated by the figures placed at the beginning of the staff. The figures also show the contents of the measures in their mathematical relation to the whole note, thus:

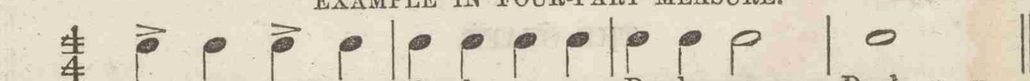
The fraction $\frac{4}{4}$ signifies that the measures contain four quarter notes, or notes equaling them in value. The upper figure indicates the number of parts into which the measures are divided: 4. The lower figure, indicates the value of each part: $\frac{1}{4}$, or a quarter note.

EXAMPLE.

BEATING AND COUNTING.

Motions of the hand, called *Beats*, are employed to aid in giving a uniform duration to the measures and their parts. *Counting* with the voice also serves the same purpose.

EXAMPLE IN FOUR-PART MEASURE.

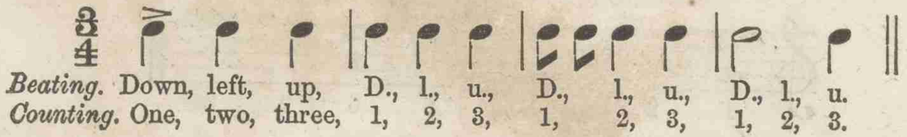


Beating. Down, left, right, up, D., l., r., u., D., l., r., u., D., l., r., u.
Counting. One, two, three, four, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4.

NOTE.—The > indicates that part of each measure to be accented, or made prominent.

* *Sometimes indicated by the letter* E.

EXAMPLE IN THREE-PART MEASURE.

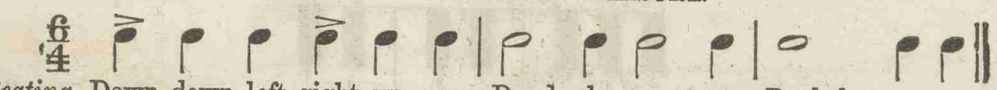


Beating. Down, left, up, D., l., u., D., l., u., D., l., u.
Counting. One, two, three, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3.

EXAMPLE IN TWO-PART MEASURE.

Beating. Down, up, D., u., D., u., D., u., D., u.
Counting. One, two, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2.

EXAMPLE IN SIX-PART MEASURE.

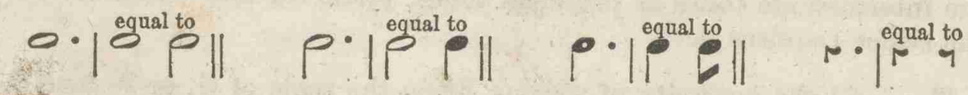


Beating. Down, down, left, right, up, up, D., d., l., r., u., u., D., d., l., r., u., u.
Counting. One, two, three, four, five, six, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

THE DOT.

The length of notes or rests may be increased one half by the use of a *Dot*, thus: 𝅝 · The whole note with the dot is equal to a whole note and a half.

EXAMPLES.

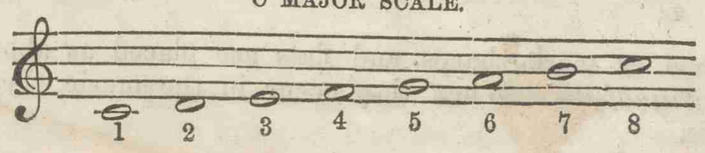


SCALES.

There are three kinds of *Scales: Diatonic Major, Diatonic Minor,* and *Chromatic.*

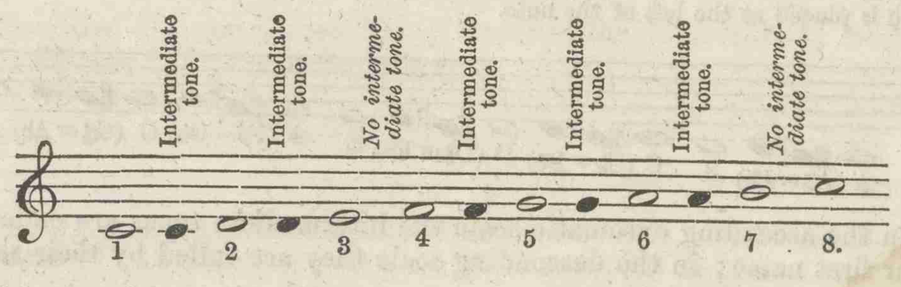
The Diatonic Major Scale is formed by starting at one of the principal tones, and proceeding as in the following example:

C MAJOR SCALE.

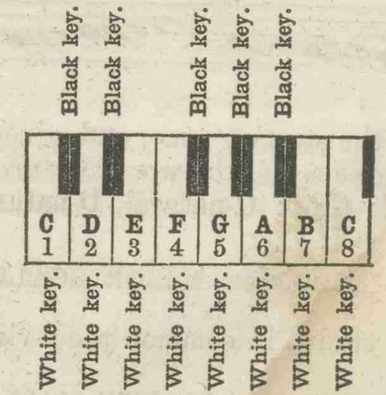


The scale takes its name from the tone at which it starts, which is called the *Key-Note.* The figures indicate the degrees of the scale, and show that the scale consists of eight degrees. The rule for forming the Diatonic Major Scale is: let there be an intermediate tone between the first and second, second and third, fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, and sixth and seventh degrees; but no intermediate tone between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth degrees.

EXAMPLE.



This may be readily illustrated by the aid of a Piano key-board, a view of a section of which, showing the C scale, is here presented.



The white keys show the *Degrees.* The black keys, the *Intermediate Tones.*

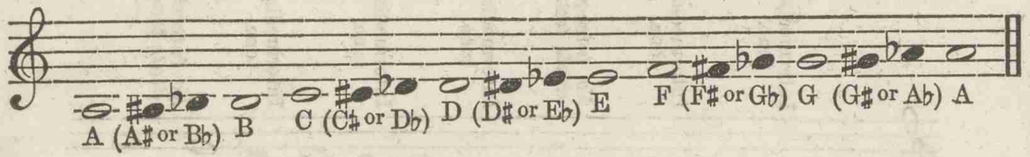
The C Major Scale serves as a pattern, by which to form other major scales.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

This scale is formed by taking, in regular succession, the seven principal sounds or tones—A, B, C, D, E, F, G—together with the five intermediate tones, called *A-sharp* (written thus: A♯) or *B-flat* (written thus: B♭); C♯ or D♭; D♯ or E♭; F♯ or G♭; G♯ or A♭.

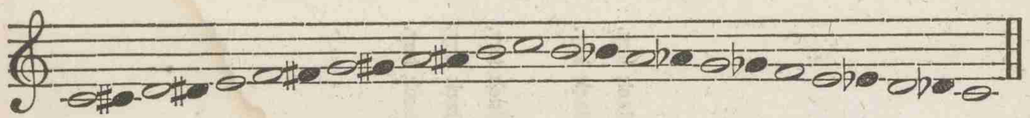
EXAMPLE.

NOTE.—Observe that the intermediate tones have each two names; also that the ♯ or ♭ is placed at the left of the note.



In the ascending chromatic scale the intermediate tones are called by their first name; in the descending scale they are called by their second name.

EXAMPLE.—C-CHROMATIC SCALE.

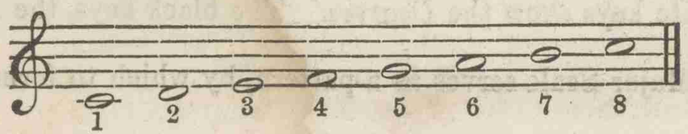


C is here taken as the starting tone, and gives its name to the scale. In reading the chromatic scale, the word *Natural* is added to the names of the principal tones; thus: C-natural, D-natural, and so on.

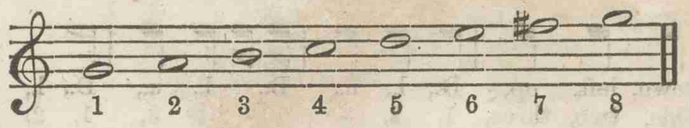
DIATONIC MAJOR SCALES.

Of these there are twelve in common use; viz.:

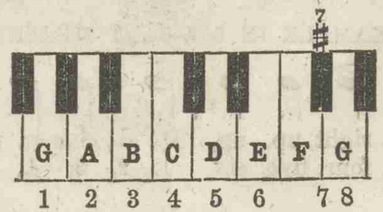
THE C, OR PATTERN SCALE.



THE G-SCALE.



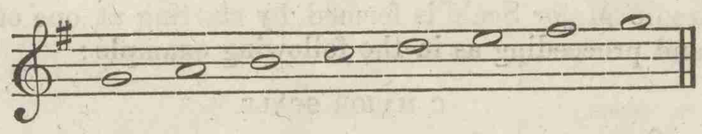
It is necessary, in forming the G-scale, to treat F♯ as a principal tone instead of F, in order to bring an intermediate tone between the sixth and seventh degrees, and that there may be no intermediate tone between the seventh and eighth degrees, according to the pattern scale.



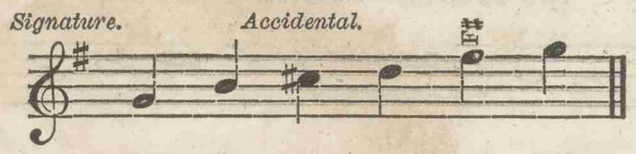
The above diagram shows that F becomes the intermediate tone between E and F♯ in the G-major Scale.

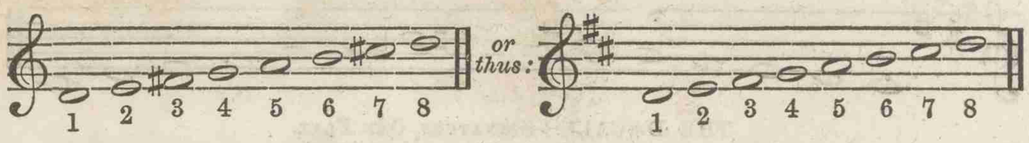
RULE.—The principal tones are treated as intermediate tones, and the intermediate tones as principal tones, whenever the construction of the scales requires it.

To avoid the necessity of writing F♯ in the scale of G, or in music in that scale, or (as it is usually termed) in the *Key of G*, a ♯ is placed upon the F-line at the beginning of the staff, which affects all the F's in the music that follows.

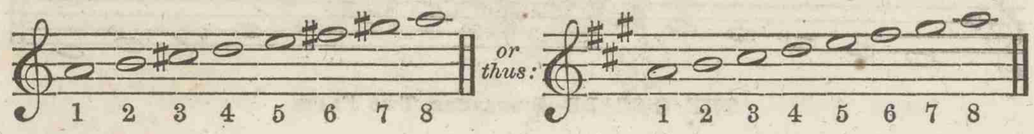


When one or more sharps and flats are placed as above, they are called the *Signature*. When they occur in the music, they are called *Accidentals*.

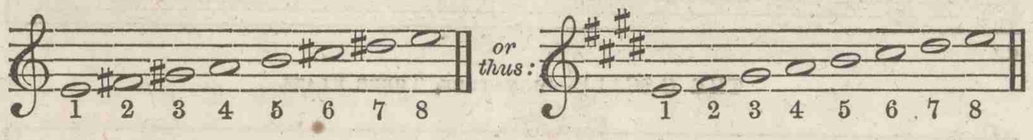
EXAMPLE.

THE D-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, TWO SHARPS.

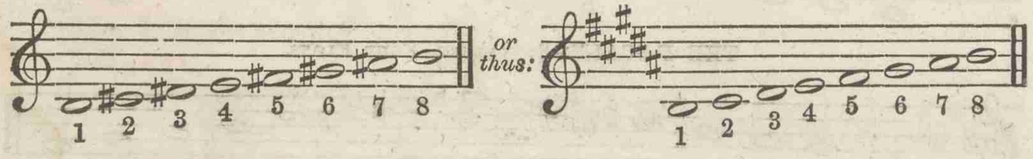


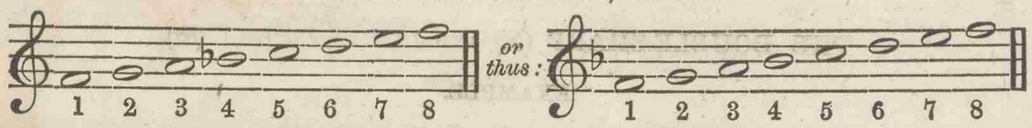
THE A-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, THREE SHARPS.



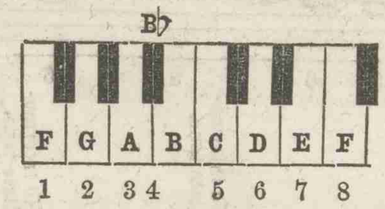
THE E-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, FOUR SHARPS.



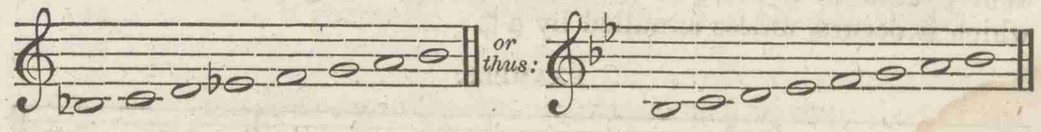
THE B-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, FIVE SHARPS.

THE F-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, ONE FLAT.



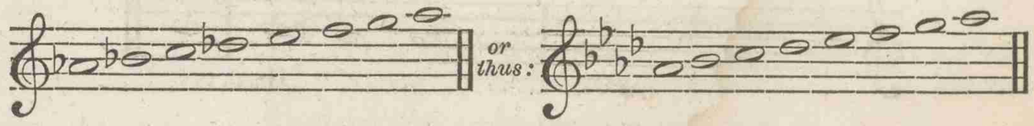
It is necessary, in forming the F-scale, to treat B♭ as a principal tone, instead of B, in order to bring an intermediate tone between the fourth and fifth degrees, and that there may be no intermediate tone between the third and fourth degrees, according to the pattern scale.



The above diagram shows that B becomes the intermediate tone between B♭ and C, in the F-major scale.

THE B♭-SCALE—SIGNATURE, TWO FLATS.

THE E♭-SCALE—SIGNATURE, THREE FLATS.

THE A♭-SCALE—SIGNATURE, FOUR FLATS.

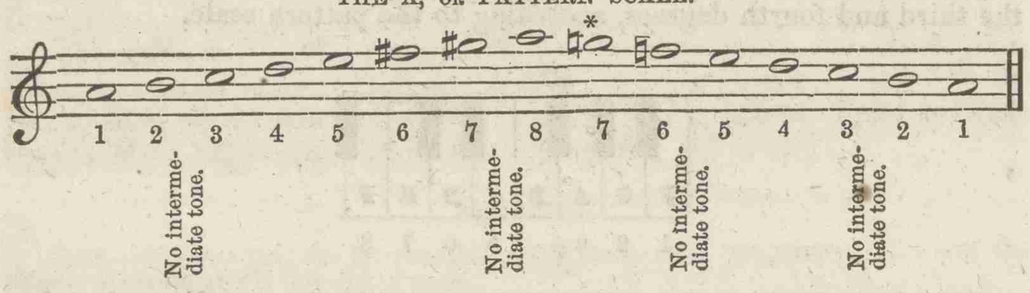


THE D♭-SCALE—SIGNATURE, FIVE FLATS.

THE DIATONIC MINOR SCALES.

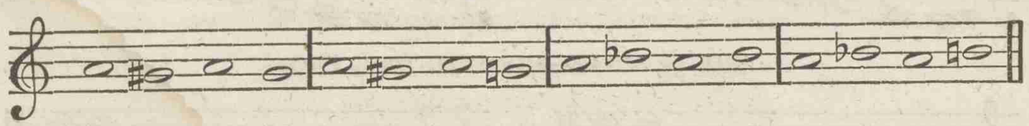
Of these there are nine in common use; viz.:

THE A, OR PATTERN SCALE.

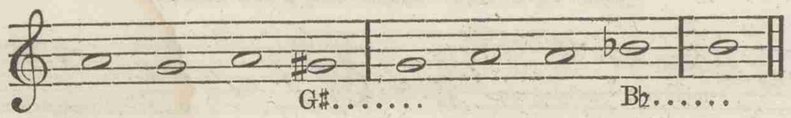


The ascending Minor Scale differs from the descending Minor Scale. This sign ♮ (*) is called a *Natural*, and is used to annul the effect of a preceding ♯ or ♭ in the signature. The effect of a ♯ or ♭, when accidently used in a piece of music, continues throughout the measure, in which it occurs, unless annulled by a ♮.

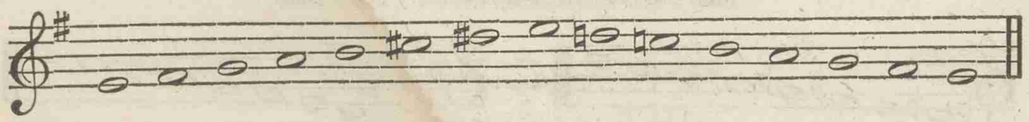
EXAMPLE.



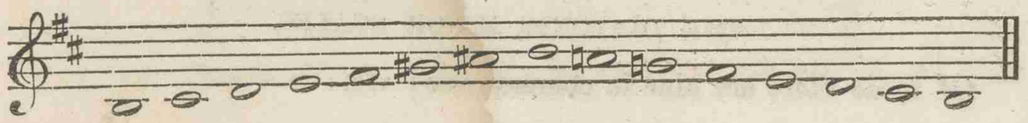
However, in cases where the accidental occurs at the close of a measure, and the next measure commences with the same tone, its effect continues in the next measure; thus:



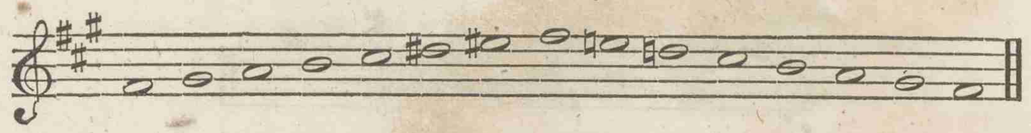
THE E-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, ONE SHARP.



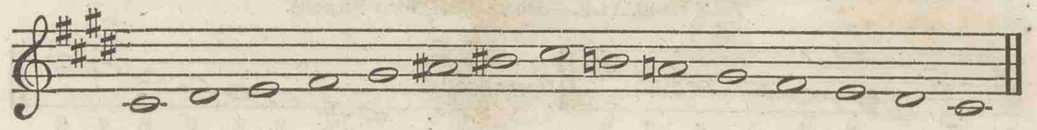
THE B-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, TWO SHARPS.



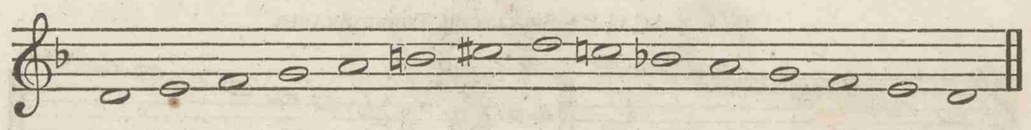
THE F♯-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, THREE SHARPS.



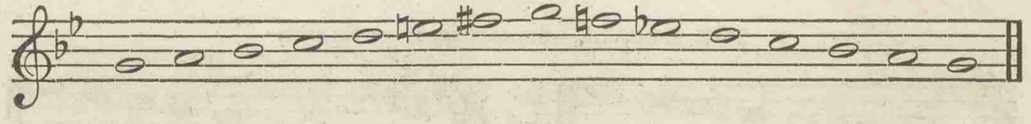
THE C♯-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, FOUR SHARPS.



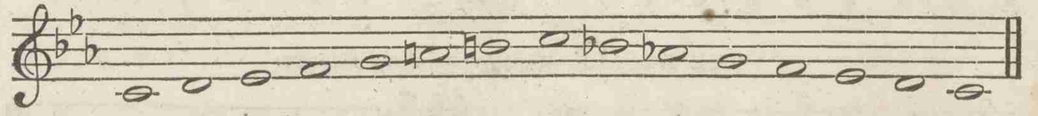
THE D-SCALE.—SIGNATURE, ONE FLAT.



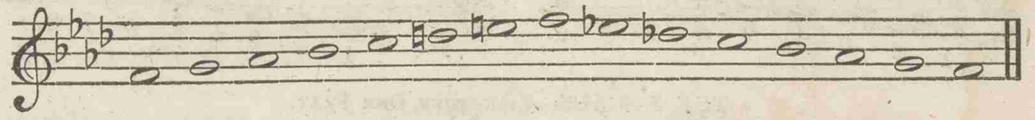
THE G-SCALE—SIGNATURE, TWO FLATS.



THE C-SCALE—SIGNATURE, THREE FLATS.

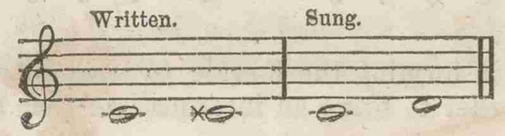


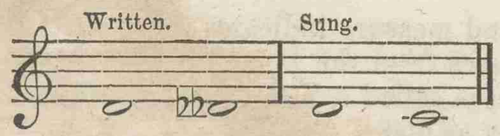
THE F-SCALE—SIGNATURE, FOUR FLATS.



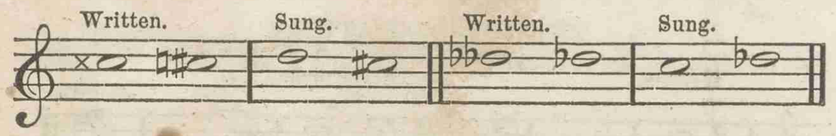
THE DOUBLE-SHARP (×) AND DOUBLE-FLAT (♭♭).

EXAMPLE.





THE NATURAL AND SHARP, AND NATURAL AND FLAT.

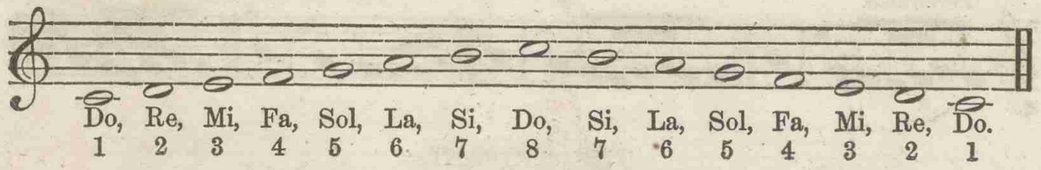


SYLLABLES.

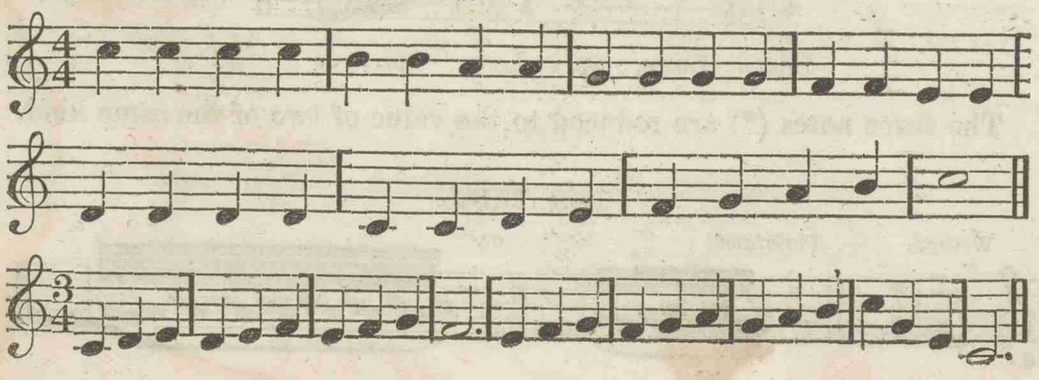
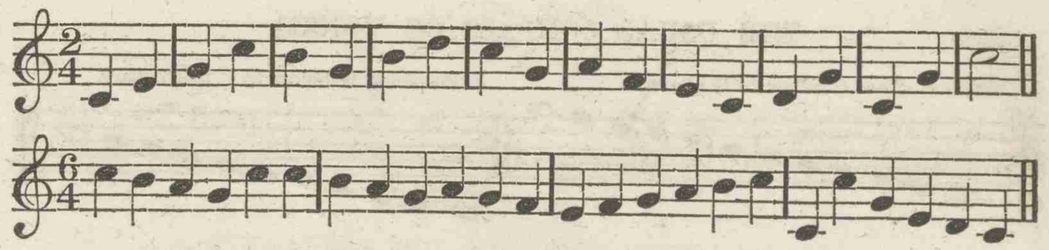
To facilitate the study of the scale, and to aid in fixing in the mind the relative pitch of the tones, *Syllables* are used. The following syllables are sung to the Diatonic Major Scale:

Written.	Do,	Re,	Me,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Pronounced.	Doe,	Ray,	Mee,	Fah,	Sole,	Lah,	See,	Doe.

EXAMPLE.

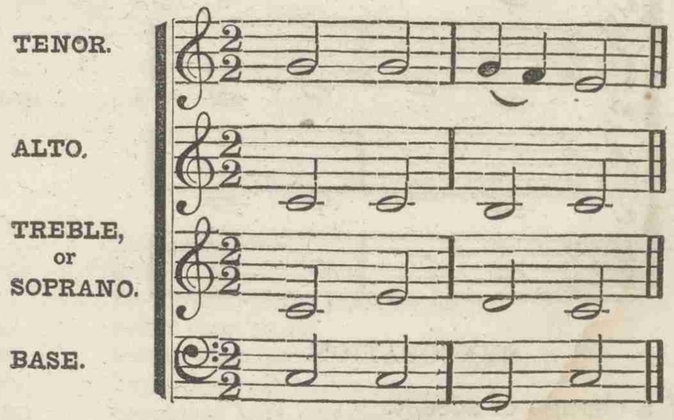


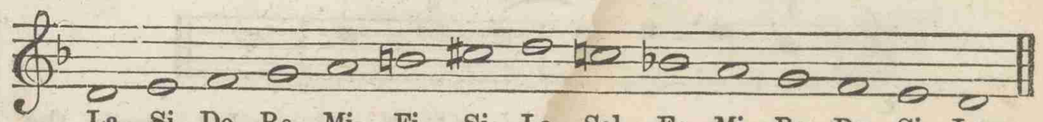
EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF C-MAJOR.

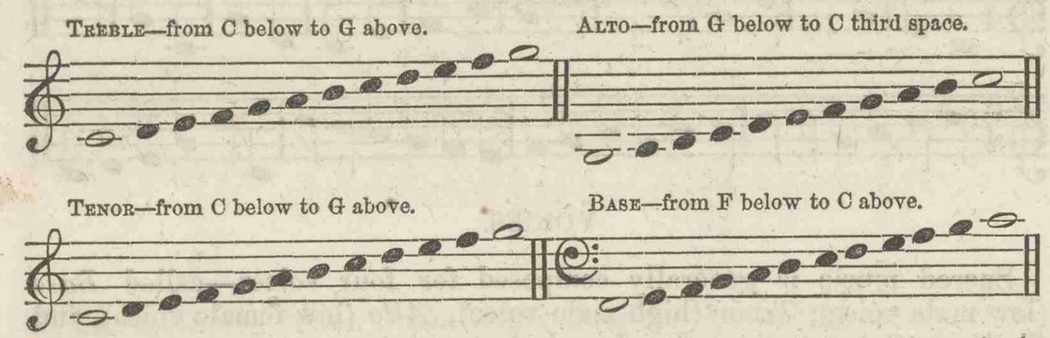
Observe the beats and accents.

VOICES.

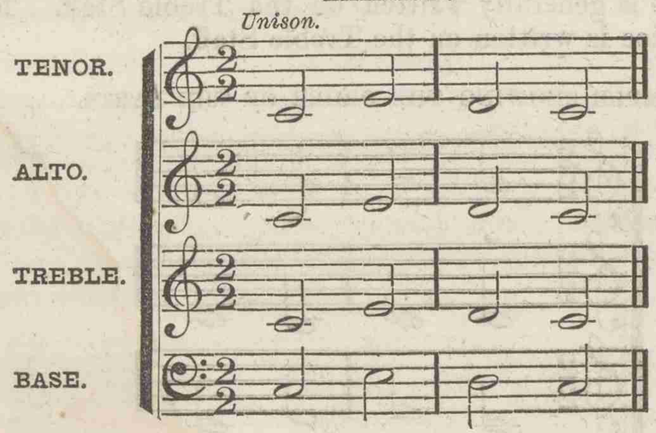
Sacred music is generally composed for four voices—called *Base* (low male voice), *Tenor* (high male voice), *Alto* (low female voice), and *Treble* or *Soprano* (high female voice).

The part for the Base voice is written on the Base Staff. The part for the Tenor voice is generally written on the Treble Staff. The part for the Alto voice is generally written on the Treble Staff. The part for the Treble voice is written on the Treble Staff.

EXAMPLE SHOWING THE ORDER OF THE PARTS.

SYLLABLES FOR THE MINOR SCALE.



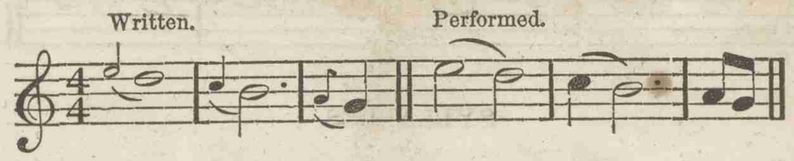
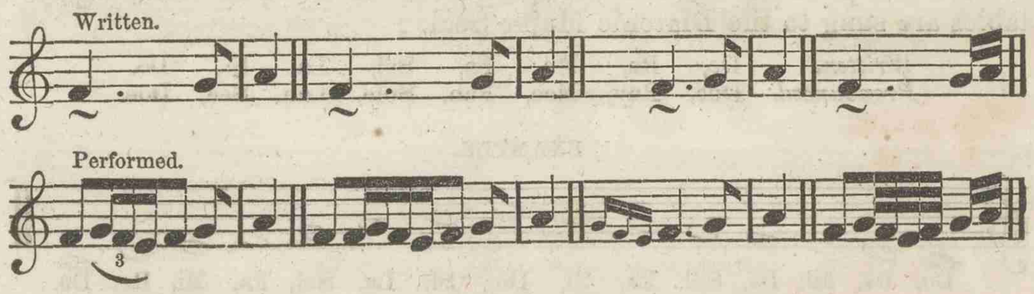
THE USUAL COMPASS OF VOICES.

When the voices sing together the same tones, or their octaves, it is called *Singing in Unison.*

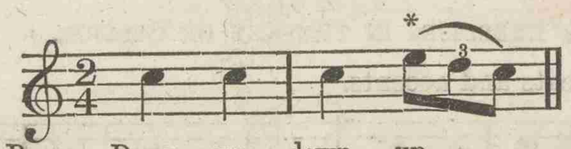
EXAMPLE.

SYNCOPATION.

This consists of a change of accent.

EXAMPLE.

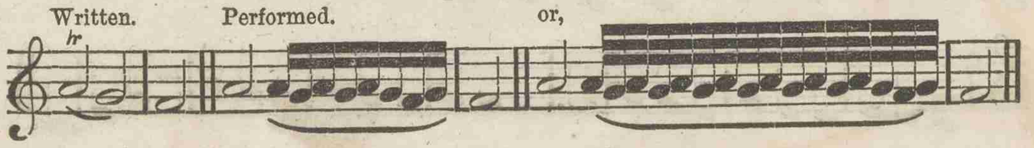
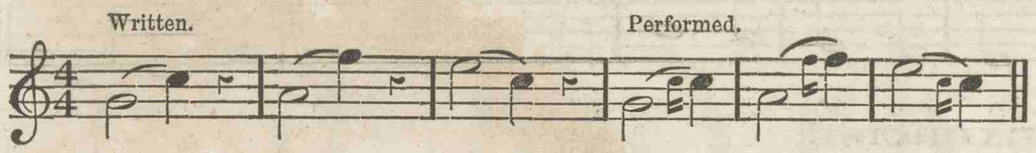
The stars (*) above the first measure indicate the regular accent; the star above the second measure indicates the *Syncopation.* The character, ⁀, which passes from the D in the first measure to the first D in the second measure, is called a *Tie*, or *Bind*, as it serves to connect the two so as to be sung as one.

THE APPOGGIATURA.

THE TURN.

THE TRIPLET.

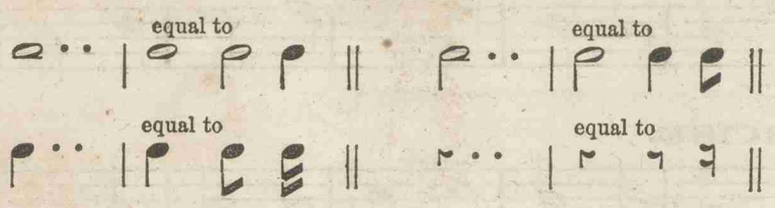


Beats. Down, up, down, up.....

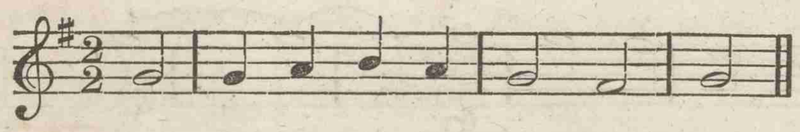
The three notes (*) are reduced to the value of two of the same kind.

THE TRILL.

PORTAMENTO.

The length of notes and rests may be increased three-fourths by the use of two dots.

EXAMPLES.

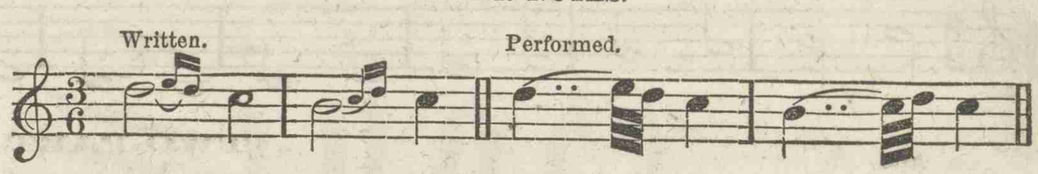


Music is frequently commenced with an incomplete measure, in order to secure the proper accent.

EXAMPLE.

The character (𝄐) called a *Hold*, when placed over a note, indicates that the tone is to be prolonged according to the discretion of the performer.

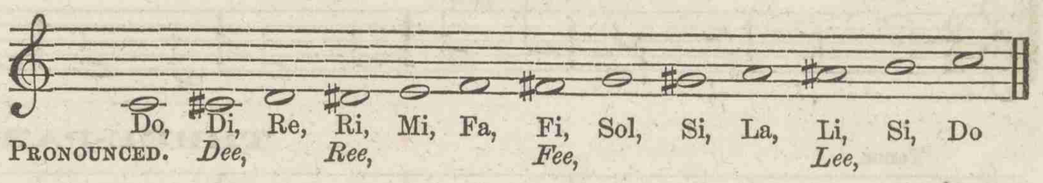
EXAMPLE.

AFTER-NOTES.

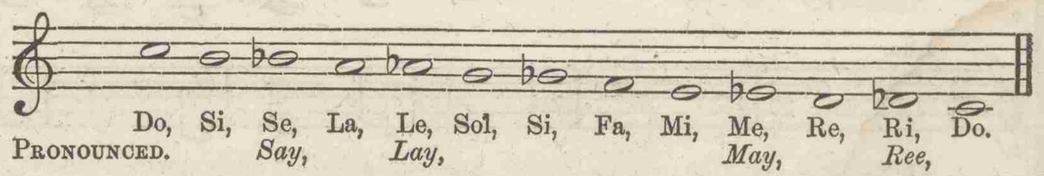


SYLLABLES FOR THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

ASCENDING.



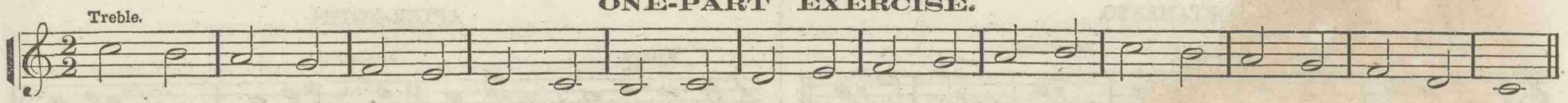
DESCENDING.

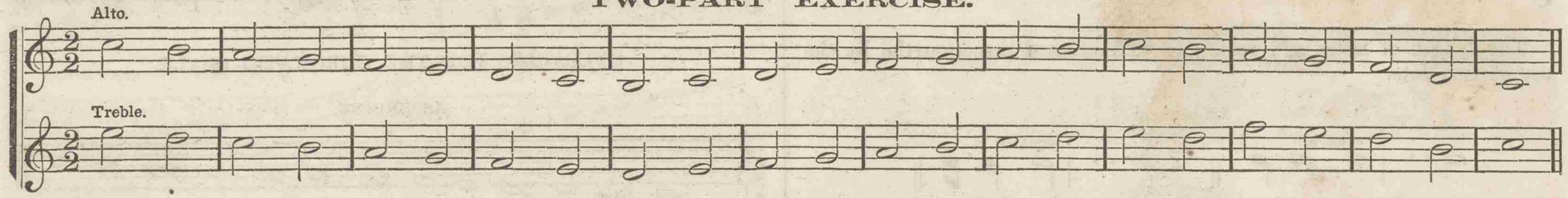


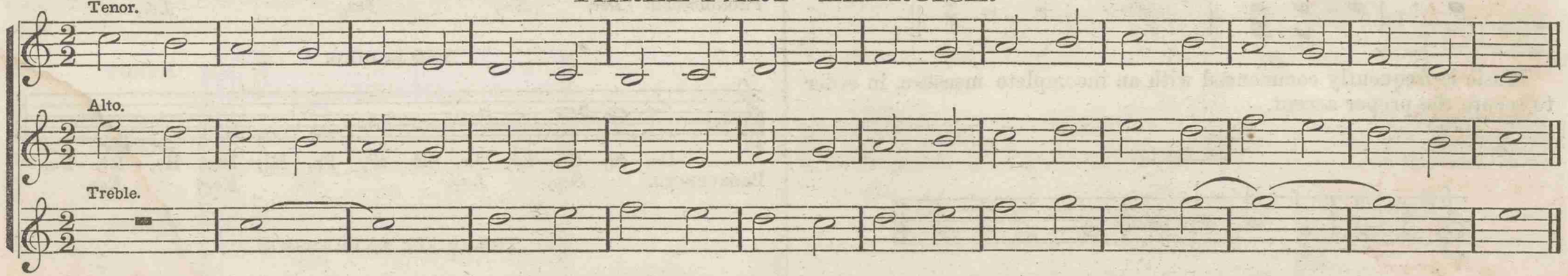
TERMS OF FXPRESSION.

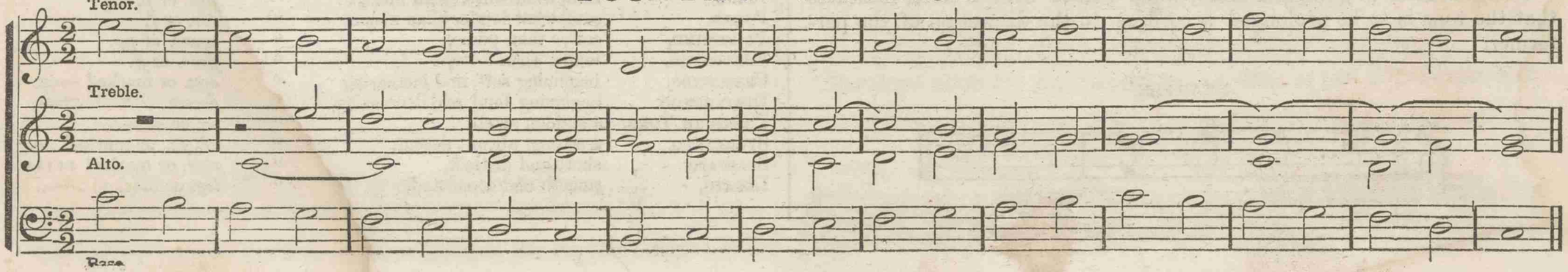
MEZZO,	medium power,	abbreviated, *mez.* or *m.*
PIANO,	somewhat softer than mezzo,	" *pia.* or *p.*
FORTE,	somewhat louder than mezzo,	" *for.* or *f.*
PIANISSIMO,	softer than piano,	" *ppmo.* or *pp.*
FORTISSIMO,	louder than forte,	" *ffmo.* or *ff.*
CRESCENDO,	beginning soft, and increasing	" *cres.* or marked <
DIMINUENDO.	beginning loud, and decreasing,	" *decres.* " >
PRESSURE TONE,	a sudden swell,	" < or <>.
SFORZANDO,	a strong, abrupt accent,	" *sf.*, *fz.*, or marked >.
STACCATO,	short and distinct,	" *stac.* or marked ! ! ! !.
LEGATO,	smooth and connected,	" *leg.* or marked ⁀.

ONE-PART EXERCISE.



TWO-PART EXERCISE.

THREE-PART EXERCISE.



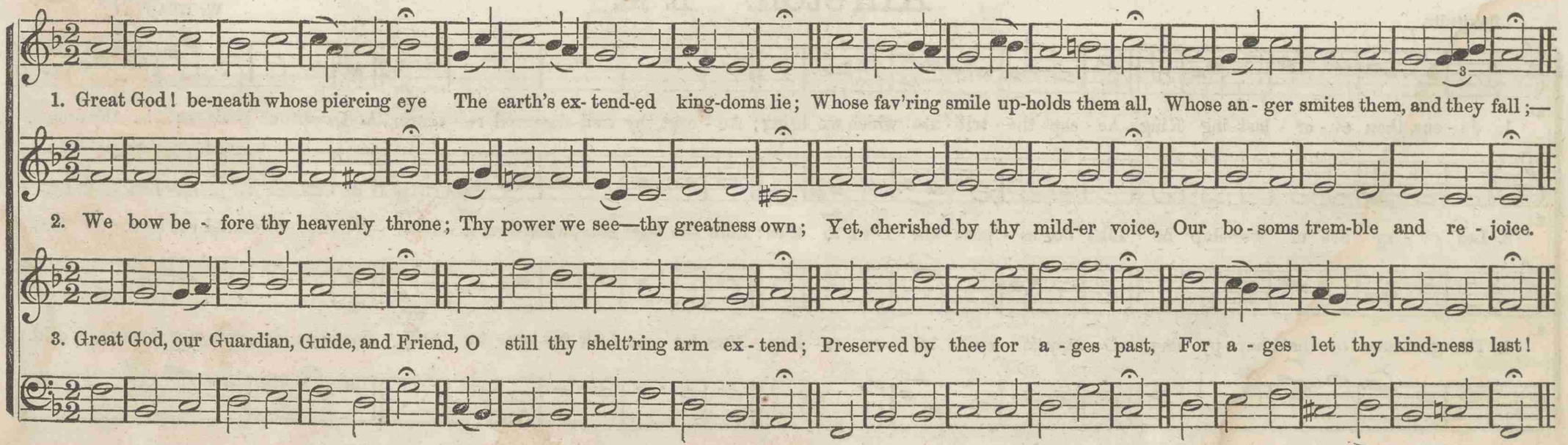
FOUR-PART EXERCISE.

THE

Church Singer.

God with Us. L. M.

C. C. Converse.

Moderato.

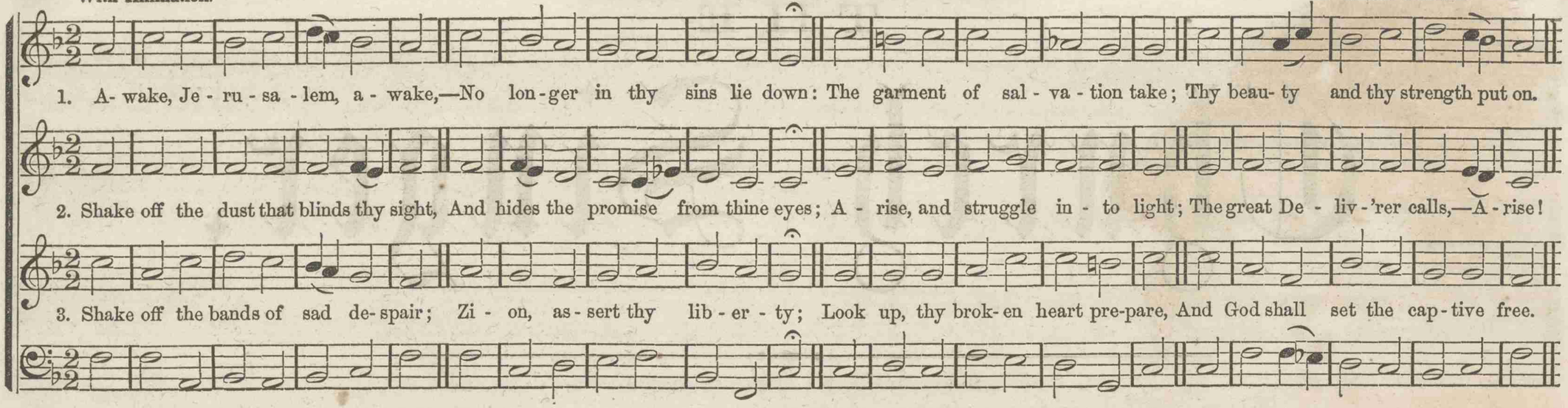


2

Jerusalem, Awake. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

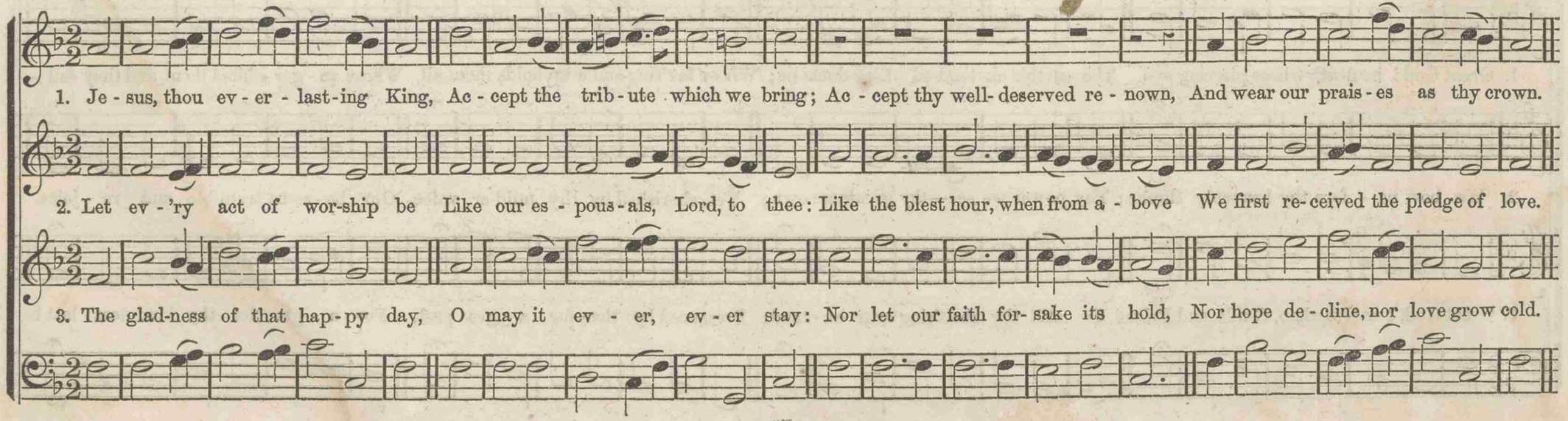
With Animation.



Alfreton. L. M.

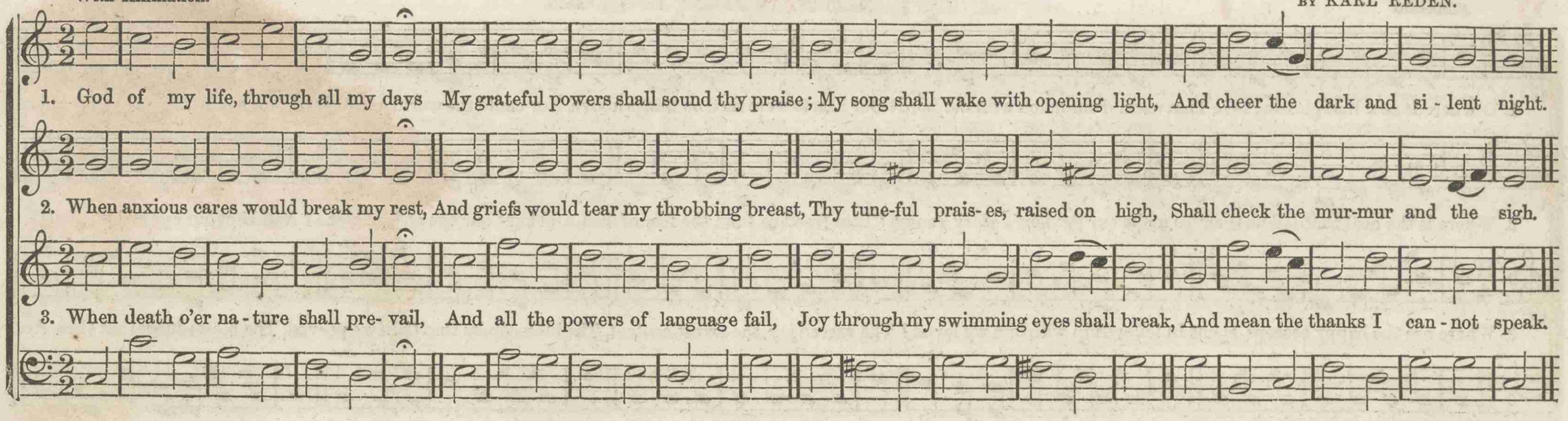
W. BEASTALL.

Spiritedly.



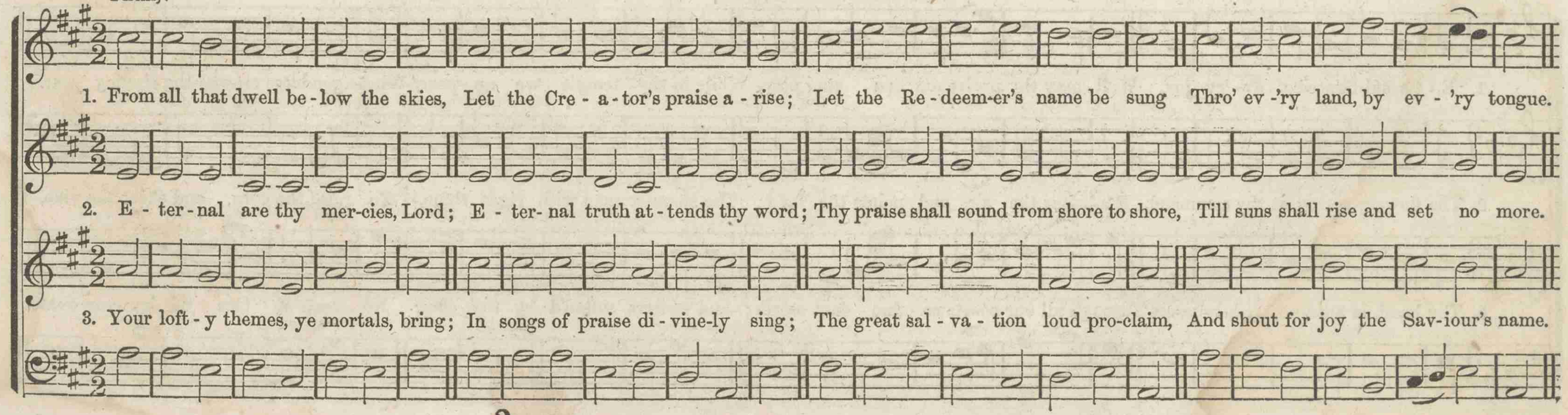
Grateful Powers. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

With Animation.

Old Hundred. L. M.

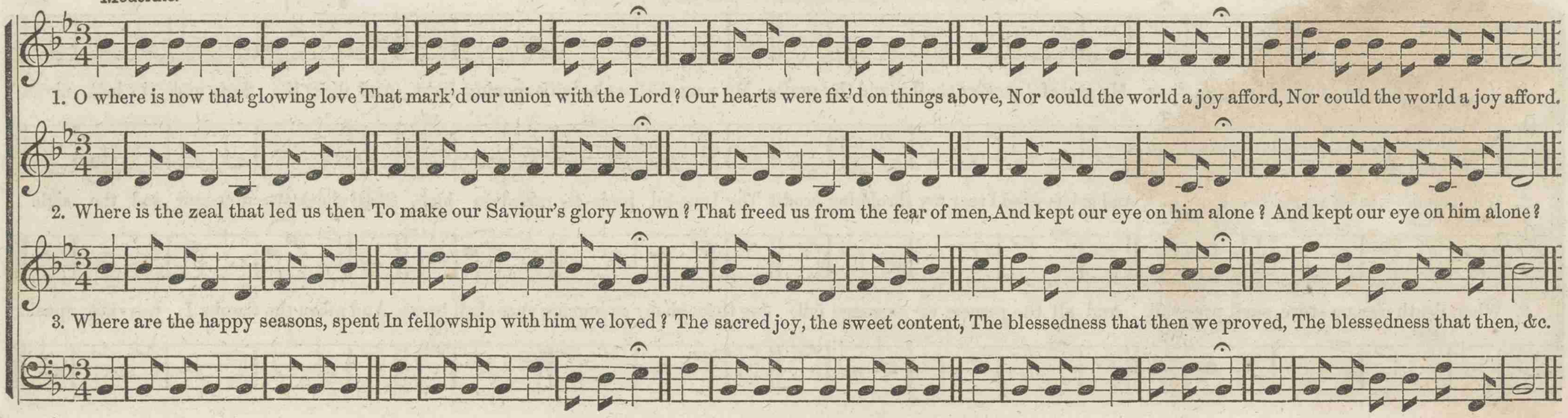
Firmly.

LUTHER.



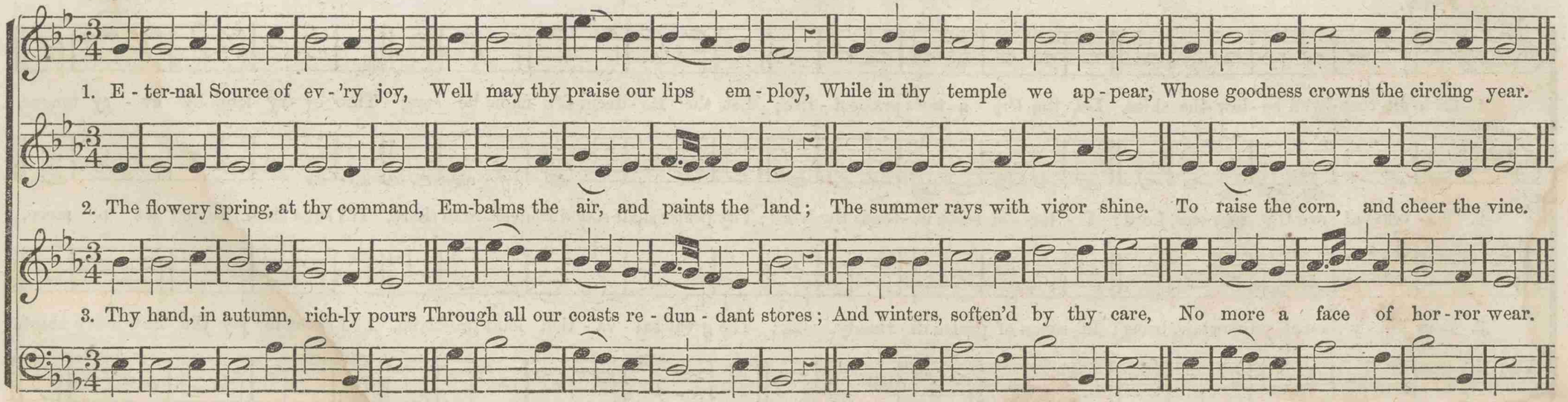
Peace Departed. L. M.

C. C. Nevers.

Moderato.

Luton. L. M.

BURDER.

Spiritedly.



Latter-Day Glory. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Be- hold, the hea- then waits to know The joy the Gos- pel will be - stow; The ex - iled cap - tive to re - ceive The freedom Je - sus has to give.

2. Come, let us, with a grateful heart, In this blest la - bor share a part; Our prayers and off'rings glad-ly bring To aid the triumphs of our King.

3. Our hearts ex - ult, in songs of praise, That we have seen these latter days, When our Re-deem - er shall be known Where Satan long hath held his throne.

Stonefield. L. M.

Firmly.

1. Je - sus, whose glo-ry's streaming rays, Tho' duteous to thy high command, Not ser - aphs view with o - pen face, But vail'd be- fore thy presence stand:—

2. How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down With sin, and dim with er-ror's night, Dare to be - hold thy aw - ful throne, Or view thy un - ap - proach- ed light?

3. Thy gold - en scepter from a-bove Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow; Say to my soul, Thou art my love! My chos - en 'midst ten thou - sand, thou.

Parting Hour. L. M.

Karl Reden.

Gentry.

1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peaceful and se - rene, And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lus - ter o'er the scene!

2. Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peaceful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3. Mark but that ra-diance of his eye, That smile up-on his wast-ed cheek; They tell us of his glo - ry nigh, In language that no tongue can speak.

Effingham. L. M.

ENGLISH

Firmly.

1. Not heaven's wide range of hallowed space Je - ho-vah's presence can con-fine; Nor an - gels' claims re - strain his grace, Whose glo-ries through cre-a - tion shine.

2. It beamed on E - den's guilt-y days, And traced redemption's wondrous plan; From Calva - ry, in brightest rays, It glowed to guide be-night - ed man.

3. Its sa - cred shrine it fix - es there, Where two or three are met to raise Their ho - ly hands in hum-ble prayer, Or tune their hearts to grate - ful praise.

Stella. L. M.

S. J. Vaudenaugh.

Gently.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat—'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

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

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend. Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer-cy - seat.

Duke Street. L. M.

ENGLISH.

Cheerfully.

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing. A - rise, ye need - y,— he'll re - lieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y,—he'll for-give.

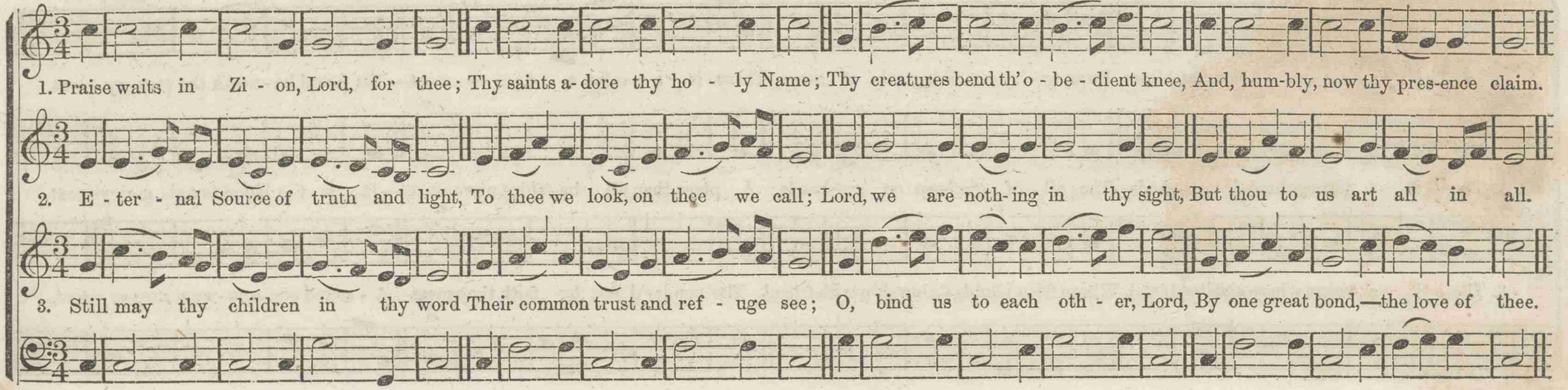
2. Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given; Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, Je-sus, thy balm will make it whole.

3. To shame our sins he blush'd in blood; He closed his eyes to show us God. Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.

Adoration. L. M.

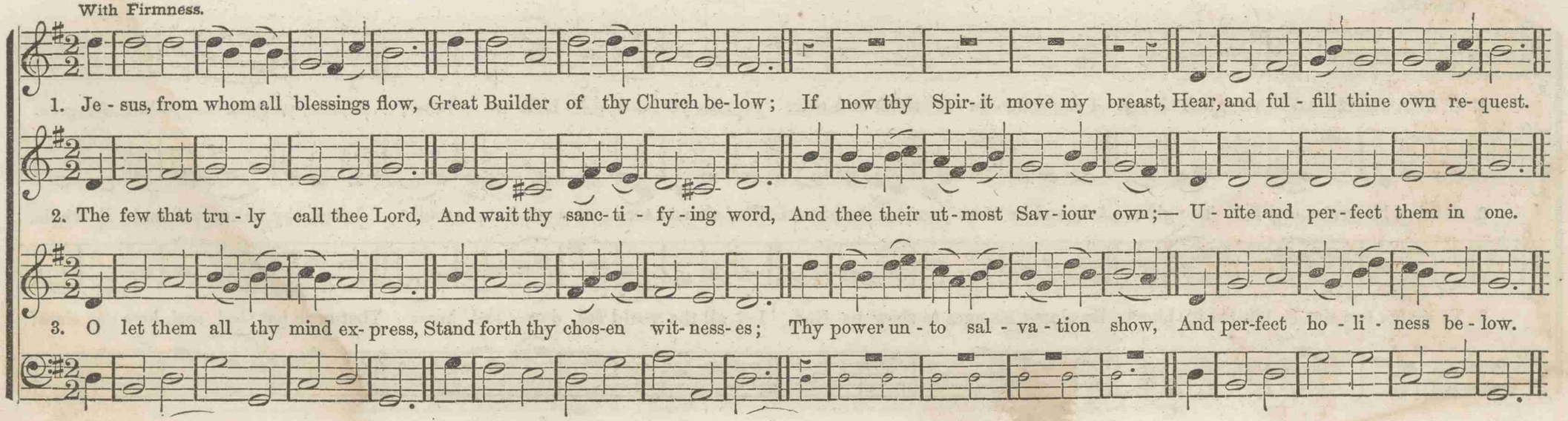
ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN
BY KARL REDEN.

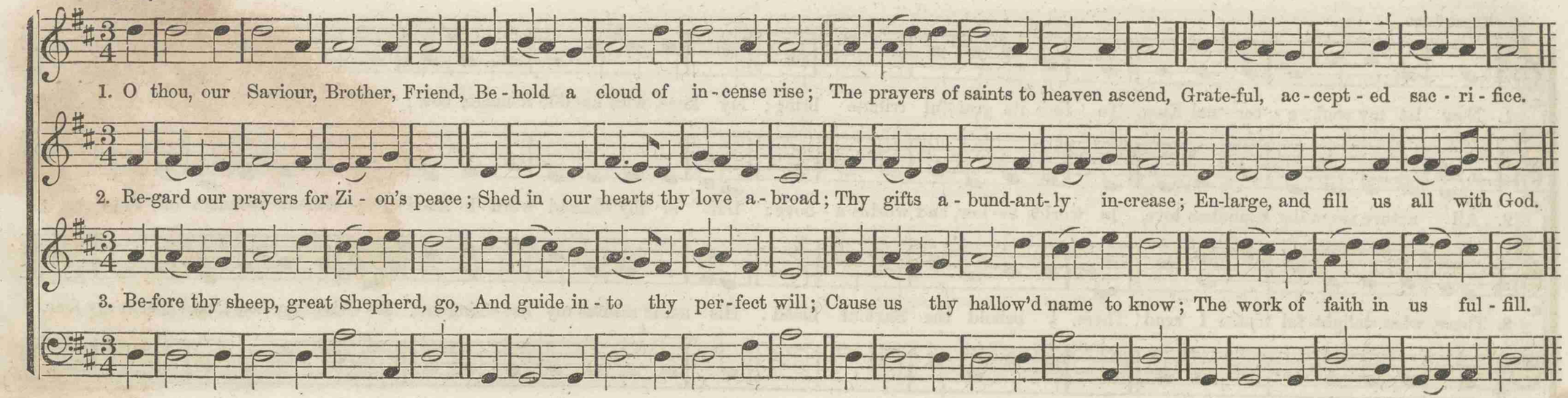
Cheerfully.



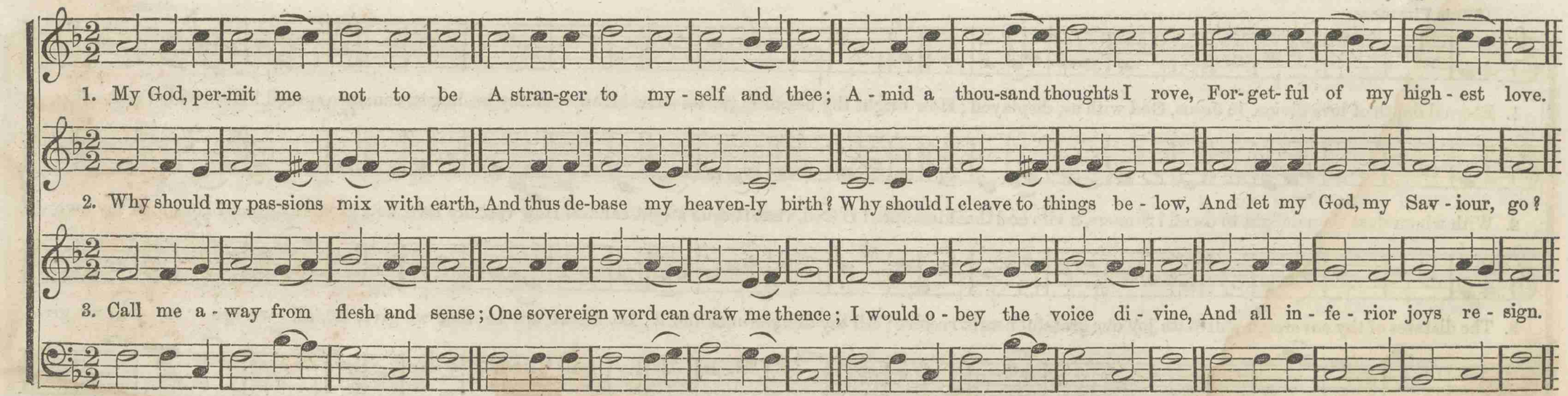
Portugal. L. M.

T. THORLEY.

With Firmness.

Affection. L. M.

Gently.

Hamburg. L. M.

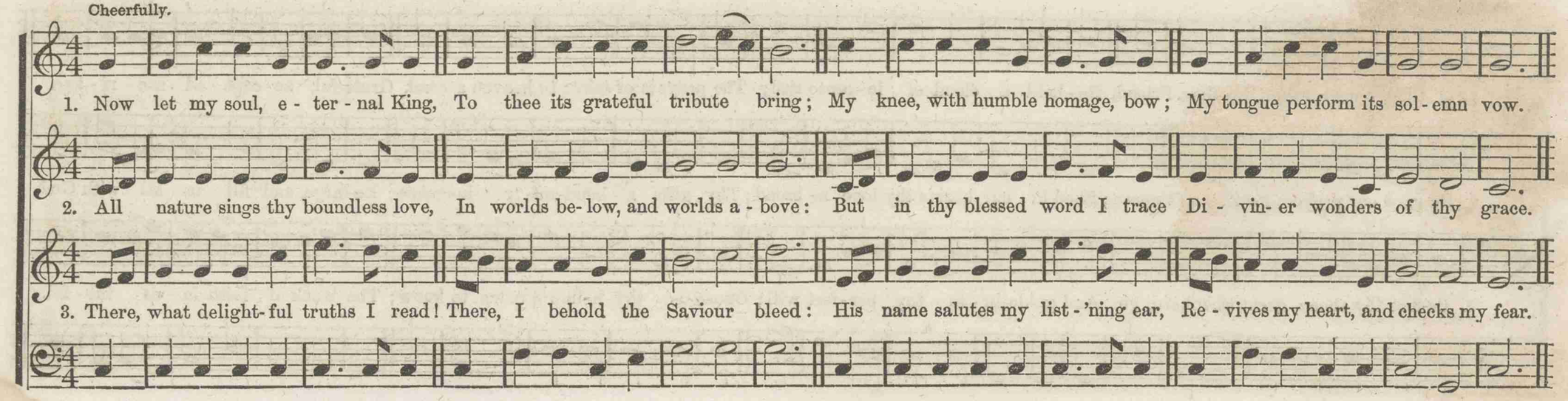
From a Gregorian Chant by
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



Grateful Tribute. L. M.

E. C. Revans.

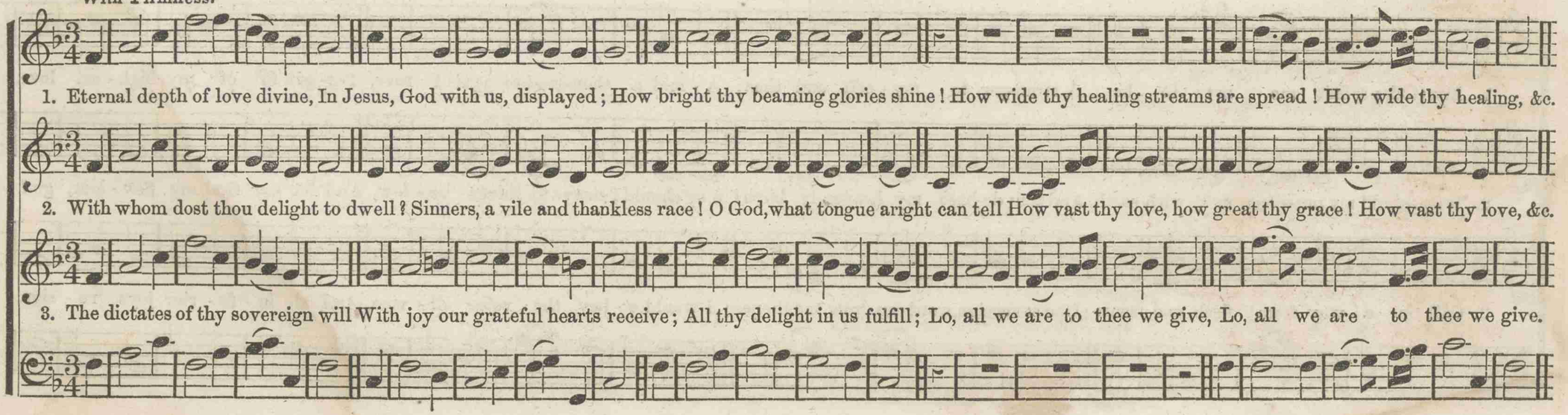
Cheerfully.



Rothwell. L. M.

ENGLISH.

With Firmness.



Mourner's Plea. L. M.

Gently.

1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at thy feet I fall; When the great water-floods pre-vail, Leave not my trem-bling heart to fail.

2. Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep complaint? Where but with thee, whose open door In-vites the help-less and the poor?

3. Did ev-er mourner plead with thee, And thou re-fuse that mourner's plea? Does not the promise still re-main, That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Evening Hymn. L. M.

Moderato. TALLIS.

1. Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath the shad-ow of thy wings.

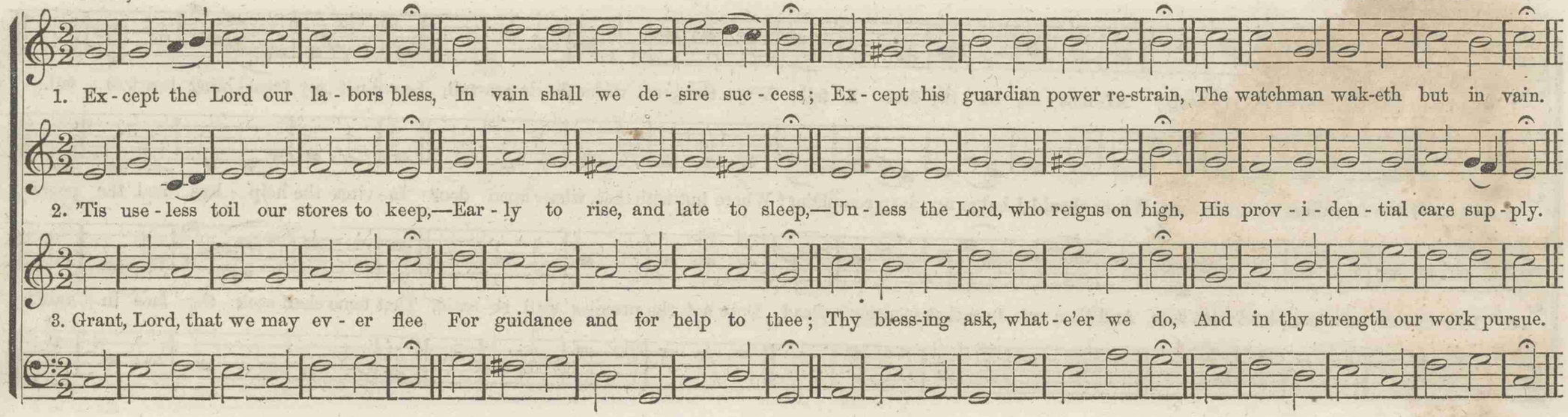
2. For-give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the judgment-day

Guardian. L. M.

Arranged from the German
by KARL REDEN.

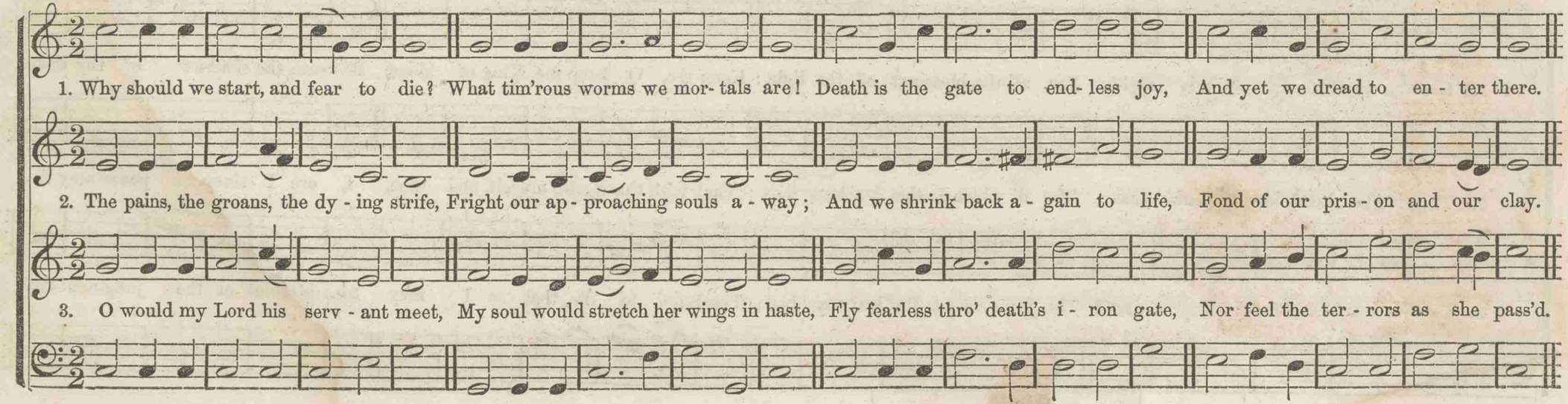
Firmly.



Zephyr. L. M.

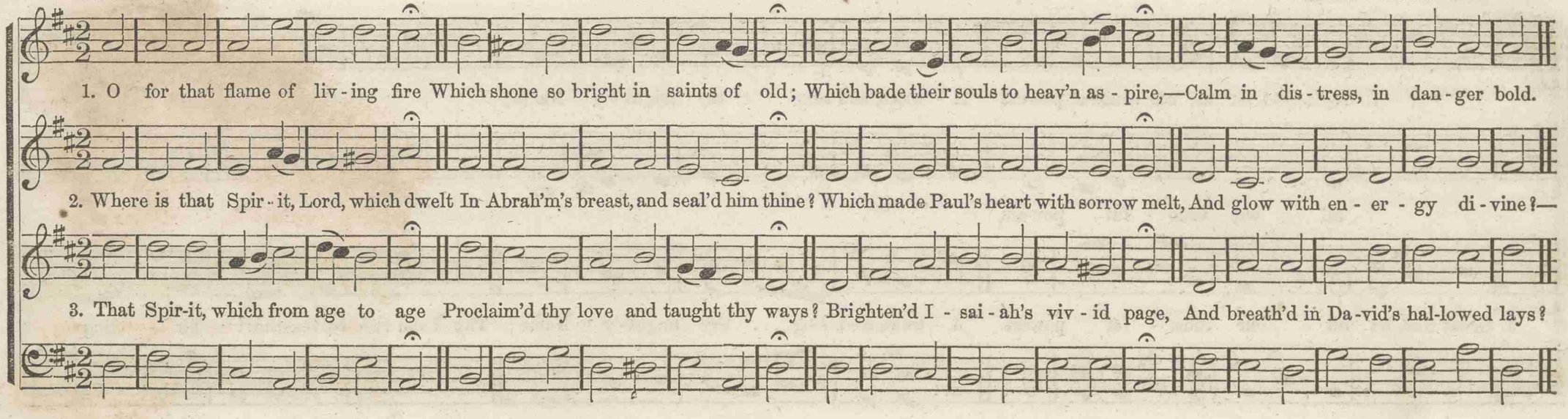
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "The Jubilee," *by permission.*

Gently.



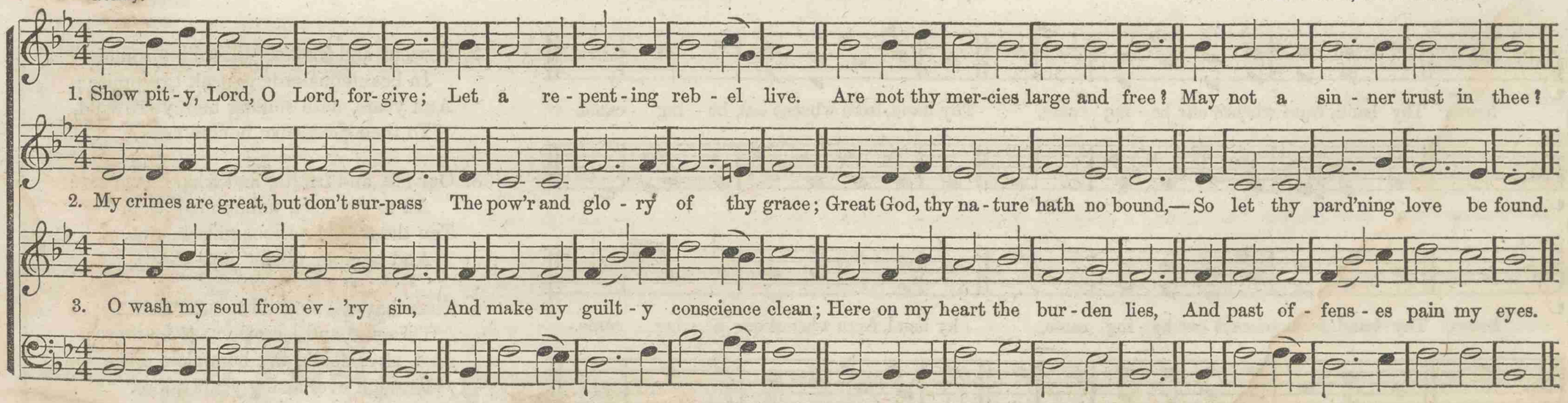
Supplication. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Ward. L. M.

Gently.

FROM A SCOTCH TUNE, BY L. MASON.

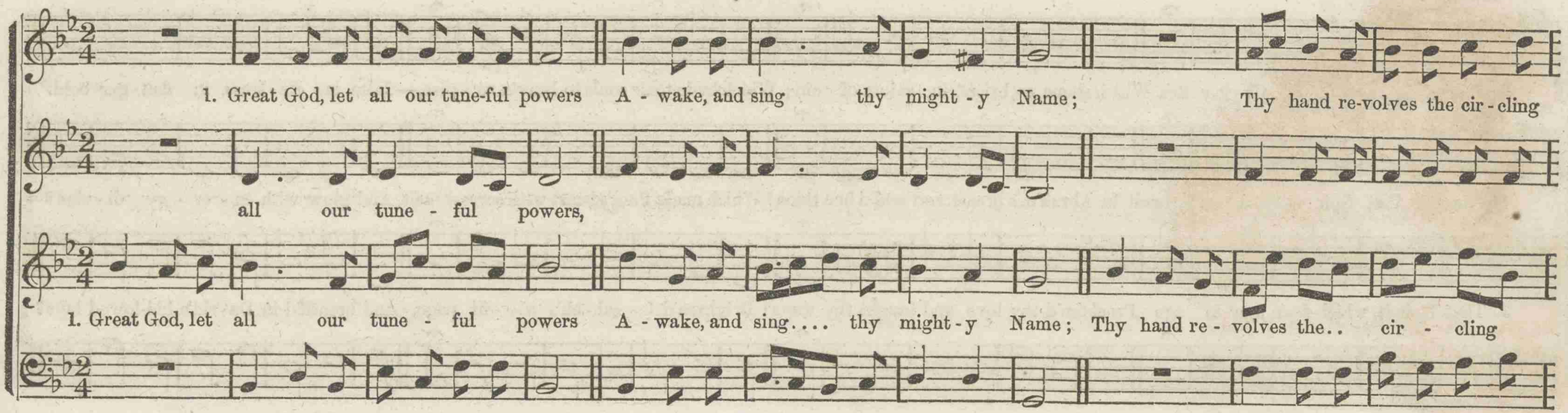
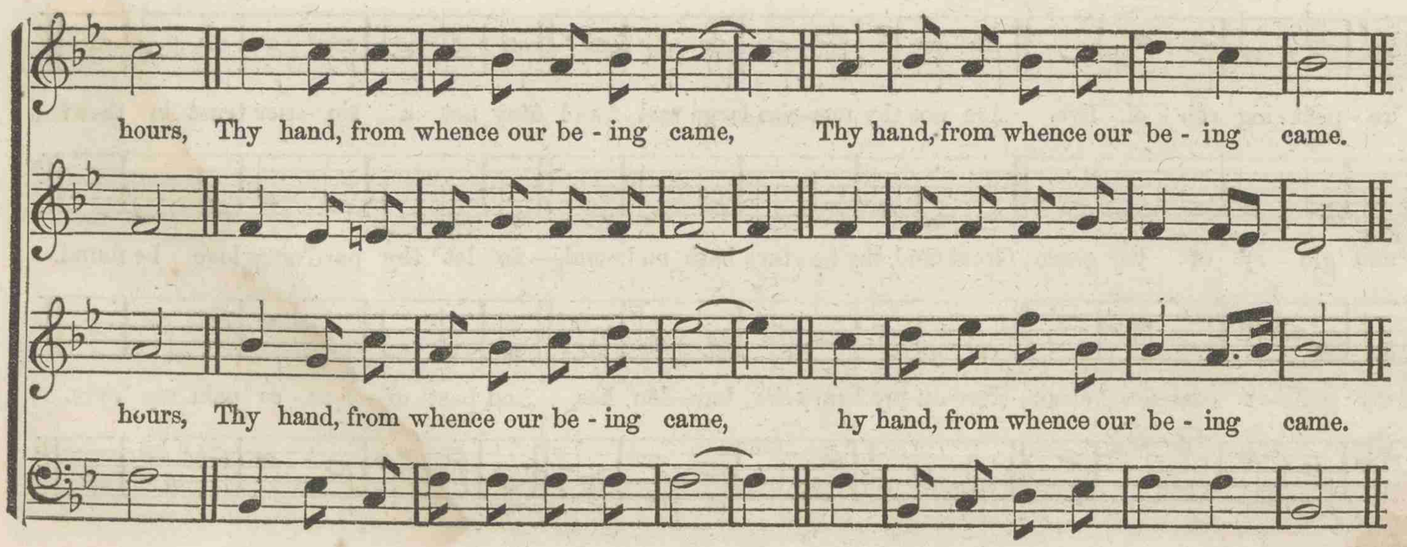


14

Smiling Mercy. L. M.

ARRANGED BY Karl Reden.

Cheerfully.

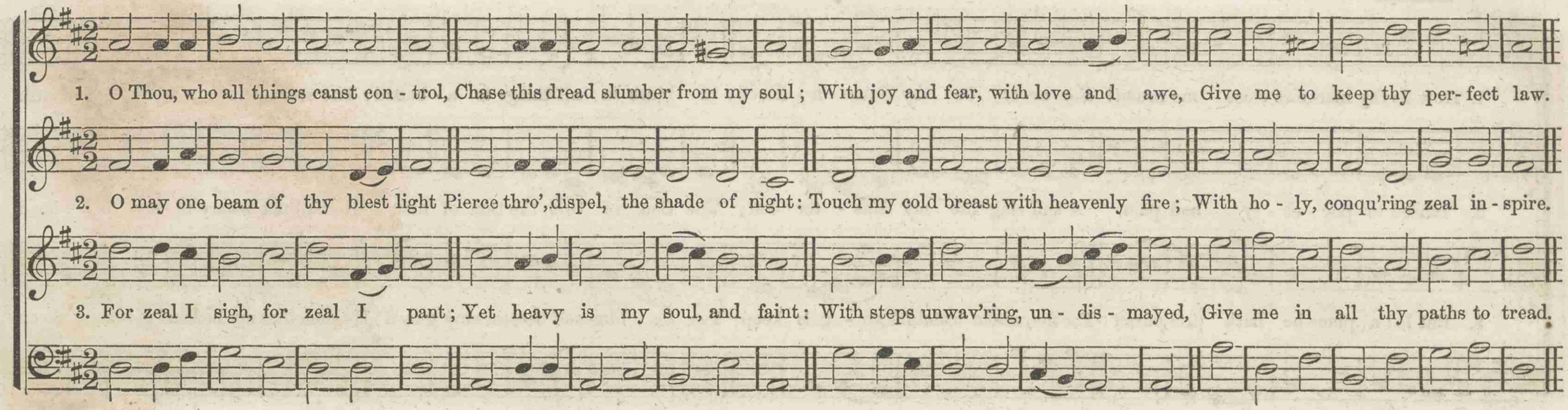


2. Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honors raise.

3. Our life, and health, and friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

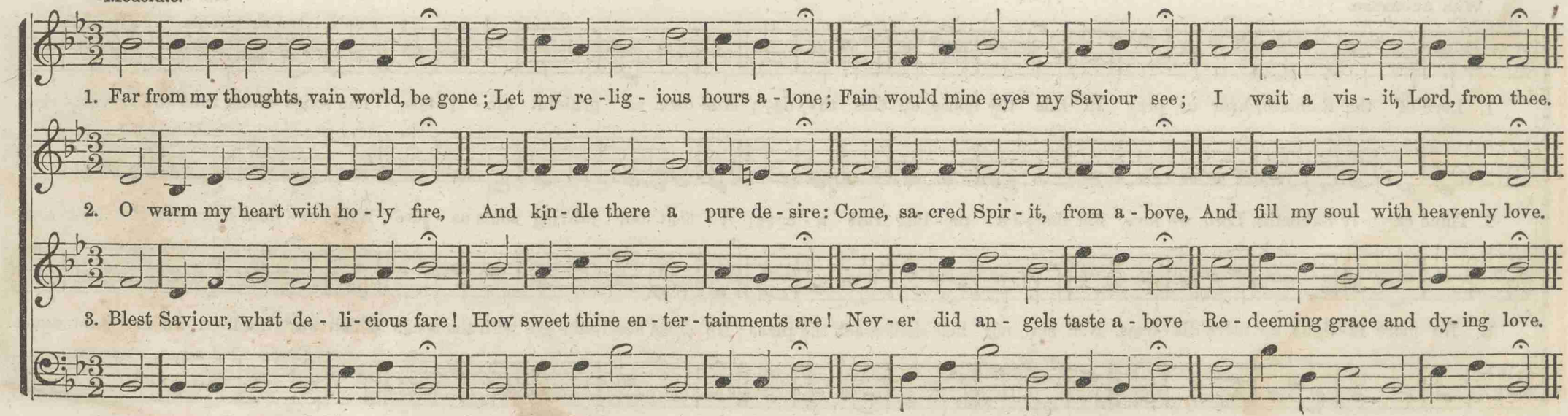
4. Thus may we sing till nature cease,—
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

Heavenly Paths. L. M.

Moderato.

Hebron. L. M.

Moderato.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



Bowen. L. M.

Moderato. HAYDN.

1. How do thy mer- cies close me round! For ev- er be thy Name a - dored; I blush in all things to a - bound; The servant is a - bove his Lord.

2. Inured to pov - er - ty and pain, A suff'ring life my Mas - ter led; The Son of God, the Son of man, He had not where to lay his head.

3. But lo! a place he hath pre- pared For me, whom watchful an - gels keep; Yea, he him- self becomes my guard; He smoothes my bed and gives me sleep.

Blair. L. M.

With Animation. SIR W. KNAPP.

1. Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray In this thy house, on this thy day; And own, as grateful sac - ri - fice, The songs which from thy servants rise.

2. Thine earth- ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our lab'ring souls as - pire With ar - dent hope and strong de- sire.

3. No more fa - tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; No sighs shall min- gle with the songs Which war - ble from im- mor- tal tongues.

Balm in Gilead. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sin-ner find a cure? In vain, a - las! is na - ture's aid; The work exceeds her ut - most power

2. But can no sov'reign balm be found, And is no kind phy - si - cian nigh, To ease the pain, and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for ev - er fly?

3. There is a great Phy-si - cian near; Look up, O faint-ing soul, and live; See, in his heavenly smiles, ap-pear Such help as na- ture can - not give.

St. George's. L. M.

Firmly.

R. HARRISON.

1. Lord, with a grieved and aching heart, To thee I look, to thee I cry; Supply my wants; thy grace im-part: O hear an hum - ble pris - 'ner's sigh!

2. On my sad heart the burden lies; No hu-man power can ease the load; My num'rous sins a - gainst me rise, And far re - move me from my God.

3. Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains And set the struggling cap - tive free; Re-deem from ev- er- last - ing pains, And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

Forgiving Love. L. M.

Karl Reden.

With Animation.

1. My soul, with humble fer - vor raise To God the voice of grate-ful praise, And all my ransom'd powers com-bine, To bless his at - tri - butes di-vine.

2. Deep on my heart let mem-'ry trace His acts of mer - cy and of grace; Who, with a Fa-ther's ten - der care, Saved me when sinking in de-spair;

3. Gave my re - pent-ant soul to prove The joy of his for - giv - ing love; Pour'd balm in - to my bleed - ing breast, And led my wea - ry feet to rest.

Bonn. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Moderato.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise: But O, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2. Enthroned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round him shine.

3. In all our Maker's grand de - signs, Om - nip - o - tence, with wis - dom, shines; His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, De-clare the glo - ry of his Name.

Heritage. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. High on.. his ev - er - last - - ing throne, The King.. of saints his work sur - veys; Marks the dear souls.... he

2. He rests, well pleased their toils... to see; Be - neath.. his ea - sy yoke they move: With all.. their heart and

3. See where the serv - ants of the Lord, A bus - - - y mul - ti - tude, ap - - pear: For Je - sus day.... and

calls his own, Marks the dear souls he calls his own, Marks the dear souls he calls his own, And smiles on the pe - cul - - iar race.

strength a - gree, With all their heart and strength a-gree, With all their heart and strength a - gree In the sweet la - bor of.... his love.

night employ'd, For Je - sus day and night employ'd, For Je - sus day and night em-ploy'd, His her - - it - age they toil... to clear.

Litchfield. L. M.

AMERICAN TUNE.

Cheerfully.

1. Re- turn, my soul, en- joy thy rest; Im- prove the day thy God hath blessed: An-oth - er six days' work is done; An- oth - er Sabbath is be - gun.

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grate- ful in - cense to the skies; And draw from Christ that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

3. This heavenly calm within the breast Is the dear pledge of glo - rious rest Which for the Church of God re - mains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

Blendon. L. M.

GIARDINI.

Firmly.

1. Saviour of men, thy searching eye Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry; Doth aught on earth my wish - es raise, Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2. The love of Christ doth me con- strain To seek the wand'ring souls of men; With cries, en- treat-ies, tears, to save,—To snatch them from the gap - ing grave.

3. For this let men re - vile my name; No cross I shun, I fear no shame: All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain; On - ly thy ter - rors, Lord, restrain.

Jesus Loves Me. L. M.

Gently.

1. Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled; He bore our sins upon the tree; Beneath our curse he bow'd his head; 'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me, 'Tis finish'd! he hath died for me.

2. See, where before the throne he stands And pours the all-prevailing prayer; Points to his side, and lifts his hands, And shows that I am graven there, And shows that I, &c.

3. He ever lives for me to pray; He prays that I with him may reign: Amen to what my Lord doth say; Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain, Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

Olive Mount. L. M.

WHITTAKER.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Gently.

1. Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear; Thy great Pro-vid- er still is near; Who fed thee last will feed thee still. Be calm, and sink in - to his will.

2. The Lord, who built the earth and sky, In mer- cy stoops to hear thy cry; His promise all may free- ly claim: Ask and re- ceive in Je - sus' name.

3. With- out reserve give Christ your heart; Let him his righteousness im- part; Then all things else he'll freely give; With him you all things shall re- ceive.

Reliance. L. M.

C. C. Converse.

p Moderato.

1. God of my strength, in thee a - lone A ref-uge from dis - tress I see; O why hast thou thine aid withdrawn? Why hast thou, Lord, for - sak - en me?

2. O let thy light my footsteps guide; Thy love and truth my spir- it fill; That in thy house I may re - side, And worship at thy ho - ly hill.

p

3. Then will I at thine al - tar bend; My harp its soft - est notes shall raise, And from my lips to heaven as - cend The song of thank-ful - ness and praise.

Truro. L. M.

Dr. CHAS. BURNEY.

Spiritedly.

1. Hap- py the man who finds the grace, The bless-ing of God's chos-en race; The wisdom com - ing from a - bove, The faith that sweet-ly works by love.

2. Hap- py, be- yond descrip-tion, he Who knows the Sav - iour died for me! The gift un - speak-a - ble ob - tains, And heavenly un - der - stand- ing gains.

3. Wisdom di- vine! who tells the price Of wis-dom's cost - ly mer-chan-dise? Wis-dom to sil - ver we pre - fer, And gold is dross compared to her.

Rest for my Soul. L. M.

S. J. Vaadenaugh.

Gently.

1. O that my load of sin were gone; O that I could at last sub- mit At Je- sus' feet to lay it down— To lay my soul at Je- sus' feet.

2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Sav- iour of all, if mine thou art, Give me thy meek and low - ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of in - bred sin, And ful - ly set my spir - it free; I can- not rest till pure with - in,— Till I am whol- ly lost in thee.

Ridley. L. M.

D. READ, 1786.

Spiritedly.

Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise: His nature and his works invite To make this duty, make this duty our de-light.

Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise: His nature and his works invite To make this duty our de- light.

Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise: His nature and his works invite To make this duty our delight, To make this duty our delight.

His nature and his works invite To make this duty our delight, To make, &c.

Surrey. L. M.

With Firmness.

COSTELLOW.

1. Arm of.... the Lord, a - wake, a - wake! Thine own im - mor - tal strength put on! With ter - ror clothed, hell's king - dom shake, And cast thy foes..... with fu - - ry down, And cast..... thy foes with fu - - ry down.

2. As in.... the an - cient days ap - pear! (The sa - cred an - nals speak thy fame;) Be now om - nip - o - tent - ly near, To end - - less a - - ges still the same, To end - - less a - ges still the same.

3. By death and hell pur - sued in vain, To thee the ran - som'd seed shall come; Shout - ing, their heaven - ly Zi - on gain, And pass..... thro' death..... tri - umph - ant home, And pass..... thro' death tri - umph - ant home.

Security. L. M.

Cheerfully.

1. While thou art in - ti - mate - ly nigh, Who, who shall vi - o - late my rest? Sin, earth, and hell I now de - fy: I lean up - on my Saviour's breast.

2. I rest be-neath th'Al - might - y's shade, My griefs expire, my troubles cease; Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd, Wilt keep me still in per - fect peace.

3. Me for thine own thou lov'st to take, In time and in e - ter - ni - ty; Thou never, nev - er wilt for - sake... A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

Forest. L. M.

Moderato. CHAPIN.

1. My soul be - fore thee prostrate lies; To thee, her Source, my spir-it flies; My wants I mourn, my chains I see; O let thy presence set me free.

2. Je - sus, vouchsafe my heart and will With thy meek low - li - ness to fill; No more her power let na-ture boast, But in thy will may mine be lost.

3. Al - read - y springing hope I feel,— God will de-stroy the power of hell, And, from a land of wars and pain, Lead me where peace and safe-ty reign.

Heavenly Bliss. L. M.

Karl Reden.

With Animation.

1. A- rise, my soul, on wings sub - lime A - bove the van - i - ties.... of time; Let faith now pierce the vail, and see The glo-ries of e - ter - ni - ty.

2. Born by a new, ce- les - tial birth, Why should I grov- el here on earth? Why grasp at vain and fleet- ing toys, So near to heaven's e - ter - nal joys?

3. Shall aught beguile me on the road,— The narrow road that leads... to God? Or can I love this earth so well As not to long.. with God... to dwell?

Sabbath. L. M.

F. MARSHALL.

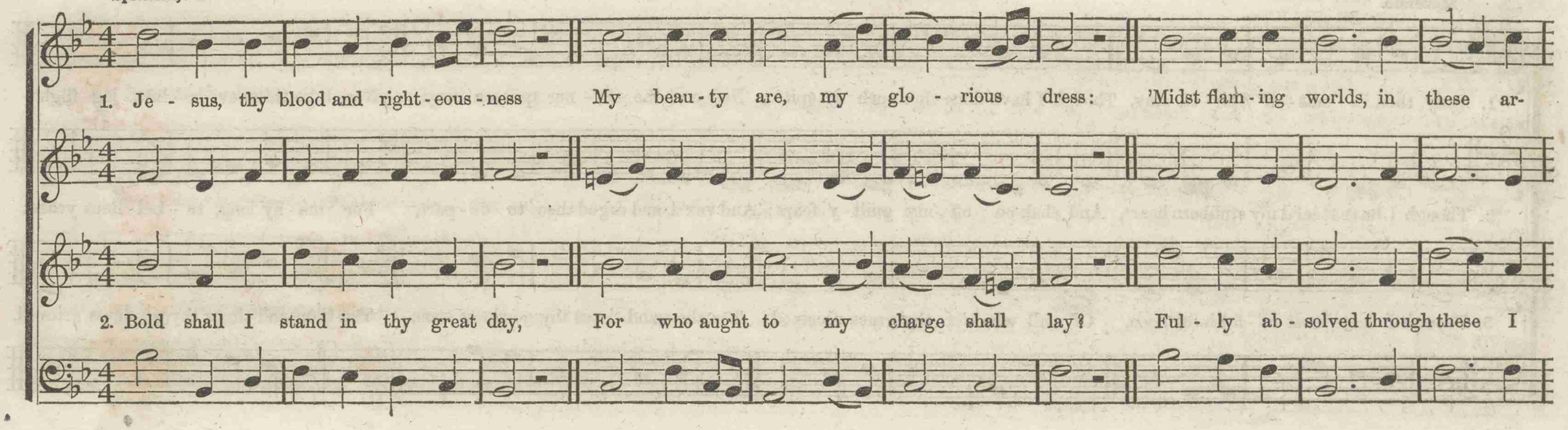
Moderato.

1. Thy presence, gracious God, af- ford; Prepare us to re - ceive thy word: Now let thy voice en - gage our ear, And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove, And fix our hearts and hopes a - bove; With food di - vine may we be fed, And sat - is - fied with liv- ing bread.

3. To us the sa- cred word ap- ply With sov'reign power and en - er - gy; And may we, in thy faith and fear, Re - duce to prac - tice what we hear.

Darley. L. M.

Spiritedly.

3. The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me, t' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4. Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul was shed.

5. Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

Windham. L. M.

Moderato.

READ, 1785.

1. Stay, thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

2. Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And shak-en off my guilt - y fears; And vex'd, and urged thee to de - part, For ma - ny long, re - bel - lious years:

3. Though I have most un - faith-ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace received; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

Quito. L. M.

Moderato.

SIR WM. HORSLEY.

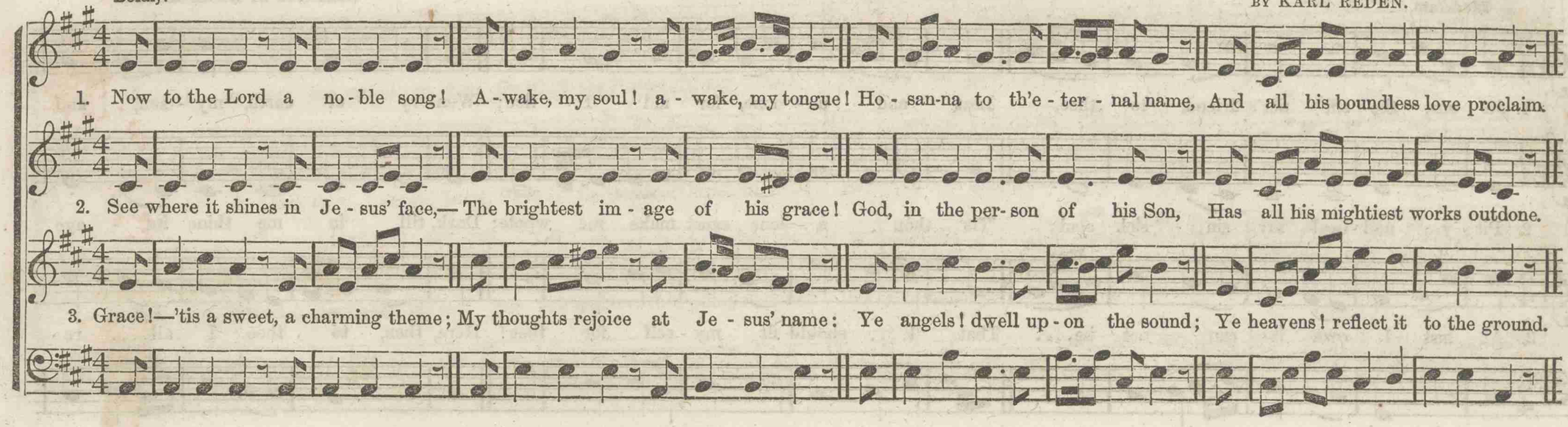
1. Thy loving Spirit, Lord, a - lone, Can lead me forth and make me free; The bondage break in which I groan, And set my heart at liber - ty, And set my heart at liber - ty.

2. Now let thy Spirit bring me in, And give thy servant to pos - sess The land of rest from in-bred sin,—The land of perfect ho - li-ness, The land of perfect ho-li - ness.

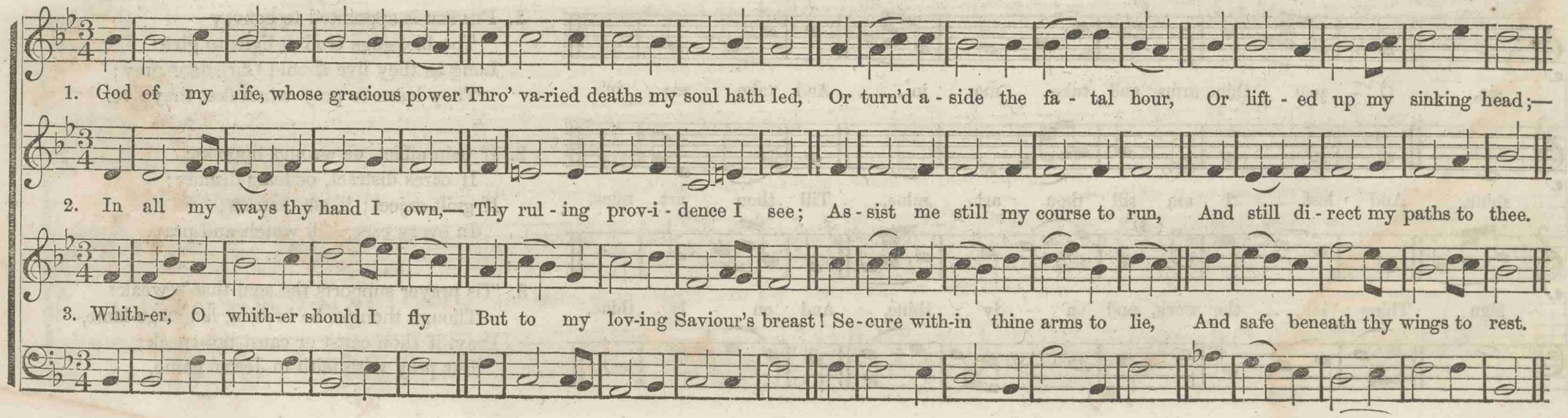
3. Lord, I believe thy pow'r the same; The same thy truth and grace endure; And in thy blessed hands I am, And trust thee for a perfect cure, And trust thee for a perfect cure.

Hosanna. L. M.

MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN, BY KARL REDEN.

Boldly.

Beveridge. L. M.

Moderato.

MOZART.

30

Islington. L. M.

ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend, to thee, Lost and un - done, for aid I flee; Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and

2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis thou a - lone canst make me whole; Dark, till in me thine im - age

3. At last I own it can - not be.... That I.... should fit my - self for thee: Here, then, to thee I all.... re -

sin, O - pen thine arms and take me in,..... And take me in.

shine, And lost I am till thou art mine, Till thou art mine.

- sign; Thine is..... the work, and on - ly thine, And on - ly thine.

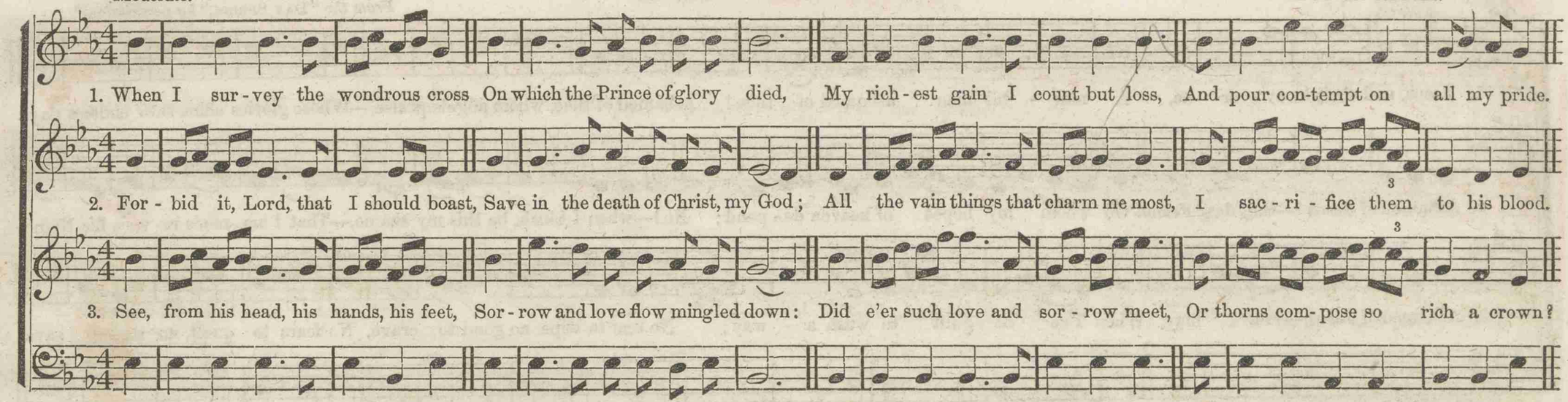
1. PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2. If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

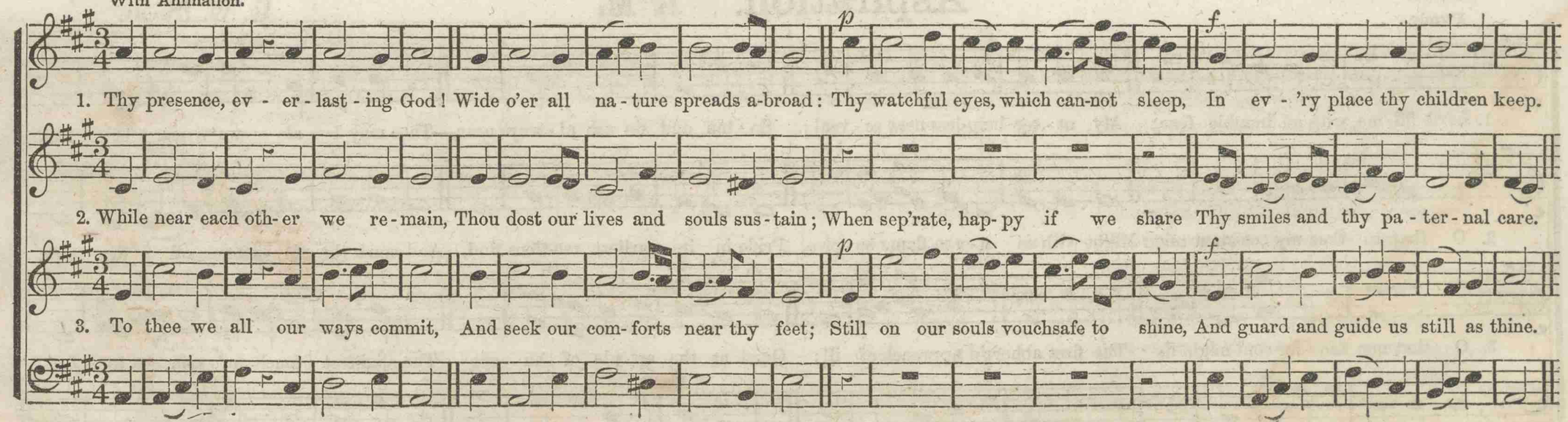
3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that 's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

Wondrous Cross. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Seasons. L. M.

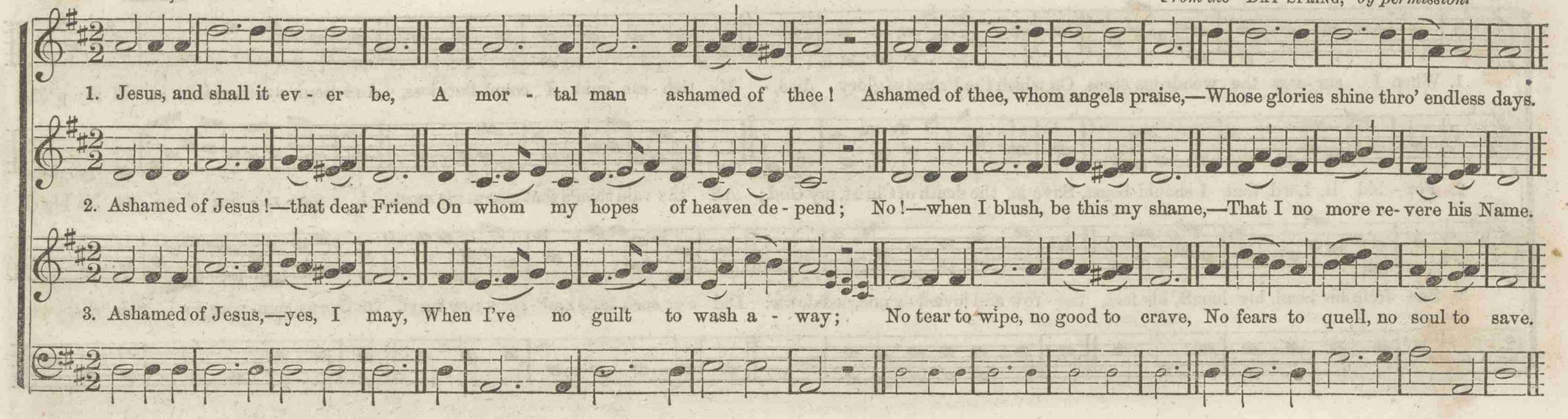
PLEYEL.

With Animation.

Olivet. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

From the "Day Spring," by permission.

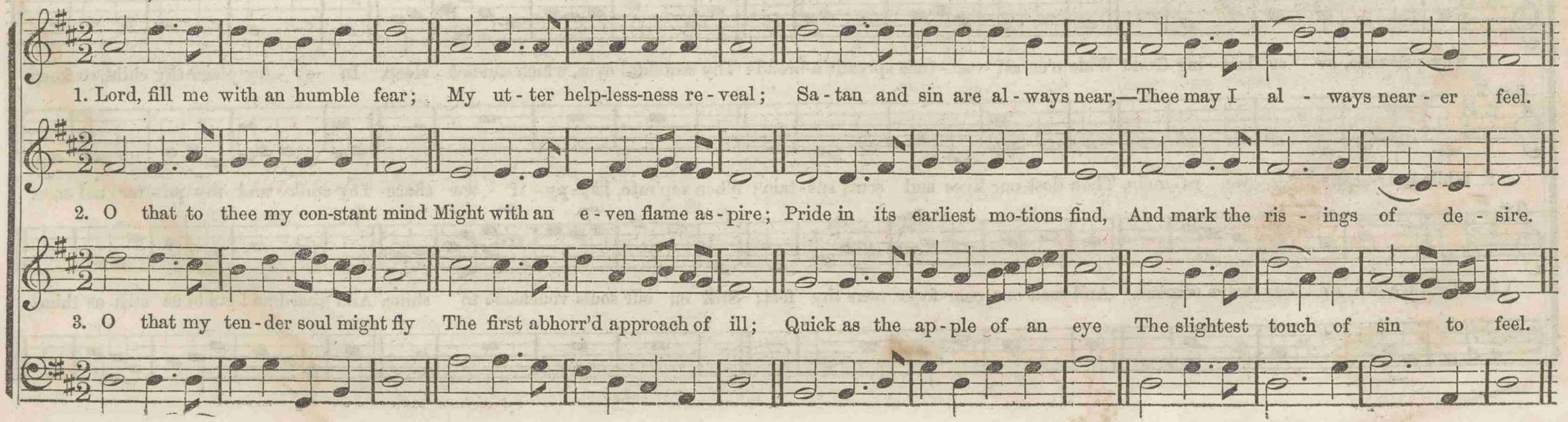
Gently.



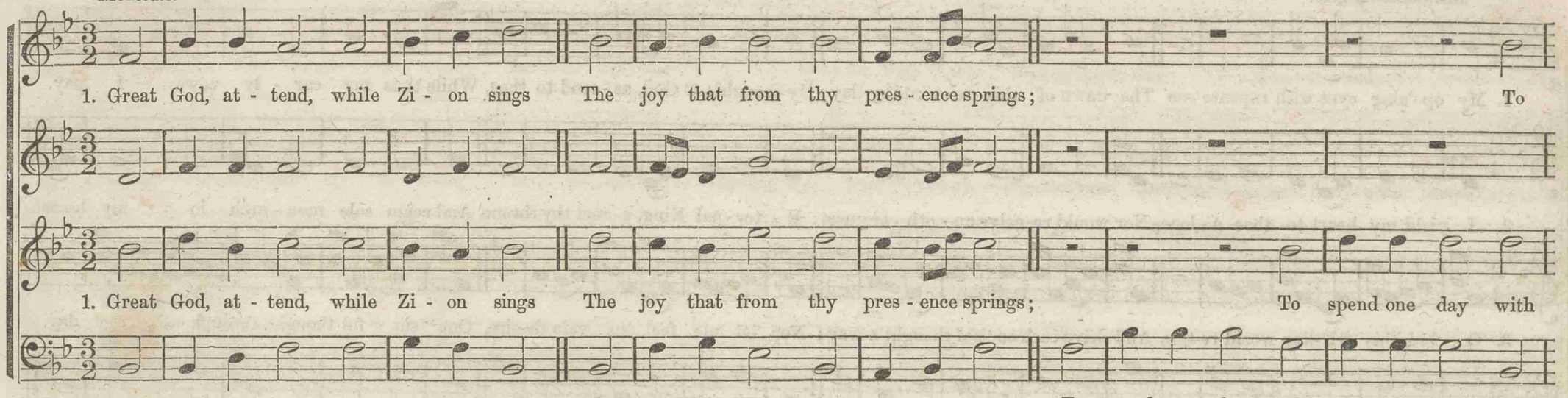
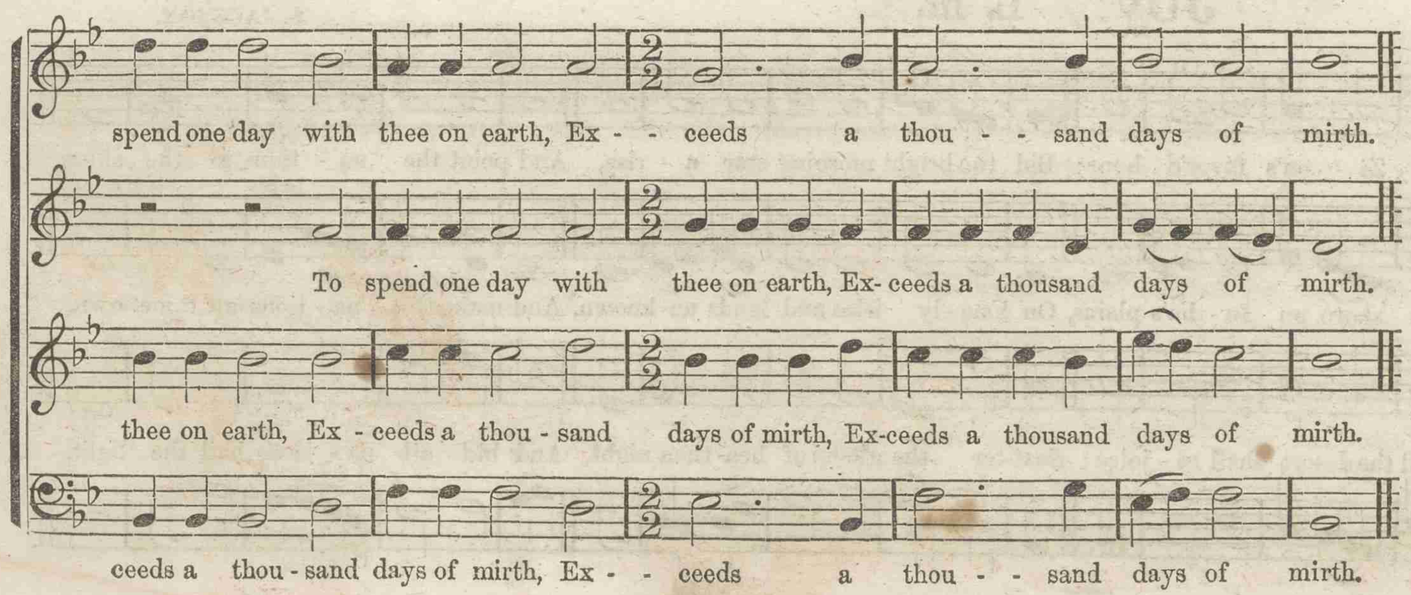
Aspiration. L. M.

C. O. Nevers.

Firmly.



Bridgewater. L. M.

Moderato.



2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin—
From foes without, and foes within.

4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Wilson. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY,
From "THE JUBILEE," *by permission.*

Affettuoso.—Legato.

1. My op-'ning eyes with rapture see The dawn of this re-turn-ing day; My thoughts, O God, as-cend to thee, While thus my ear-ly vows I pay.

2. I yield my heart to thee a-lone, Nor would re-ceive an-oth-er guest: E-ter-nal King, e-rect thy throne, And reign sole mon-arch in my breast.

3. O bid this trif-ling world re-tire, And drive each car-nal thought a-way; Nor let me feel one vain de-sire, One sin-ful thought, through all the day.

Joy. L. M.

S. JACKSON.

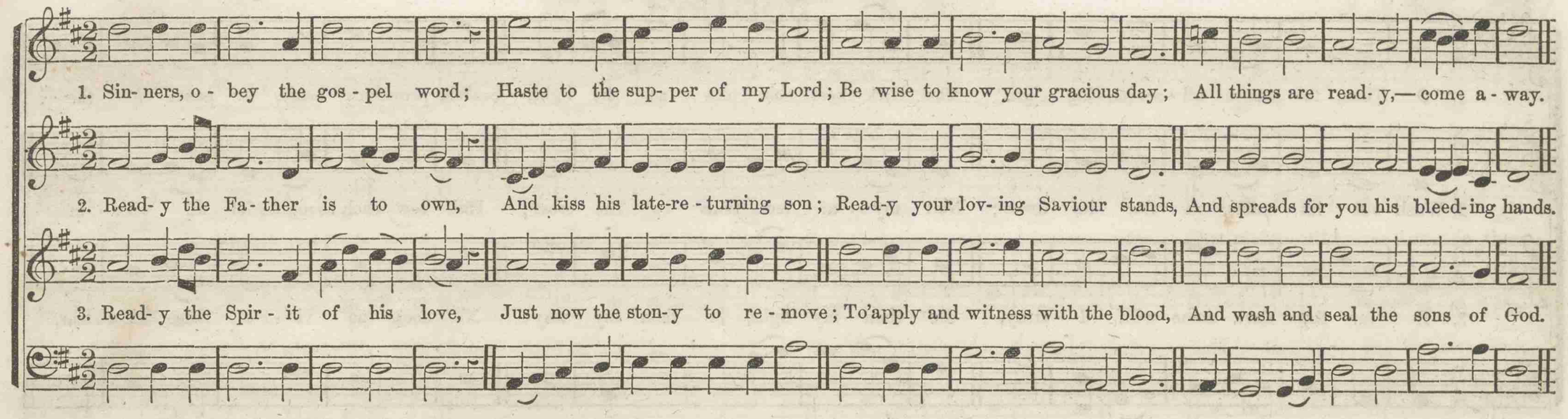
Spiritedly.

1. Sov'reign of worlds! display thy power; 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 Af-ric's shore, on In-dia's plains, On lone-ly isles and lands un-known, And make the na-tions all thine own.

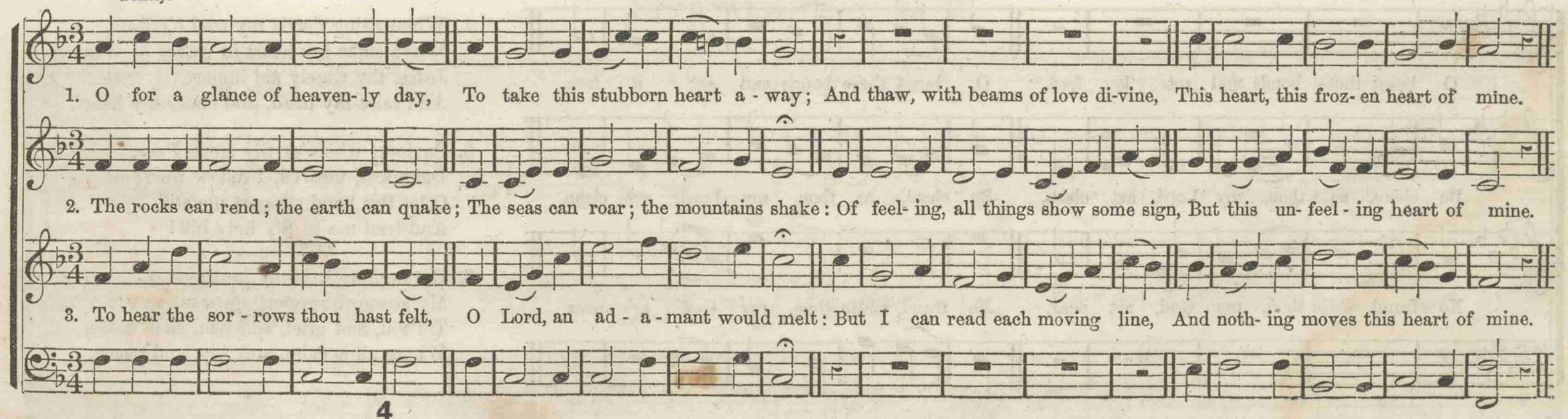
3. Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice; Speak! and the desert shall re-joice; Scat-ter the gloom of hea-then night, And bid all na-tions hail the light.

Gracious Day. L. M.

With Firmness.

Confession. L. M.

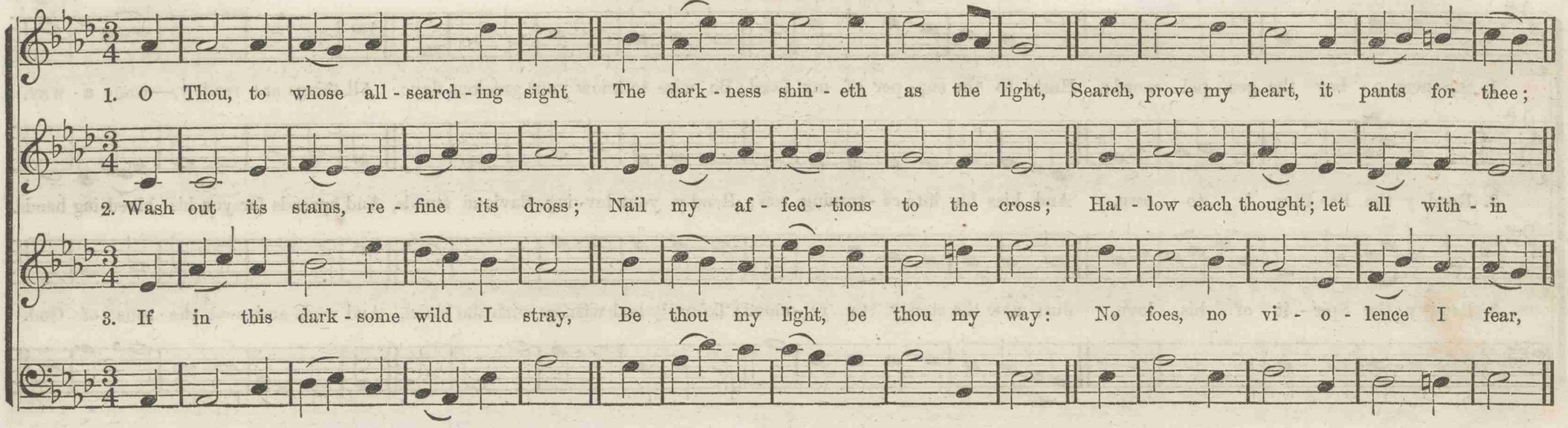
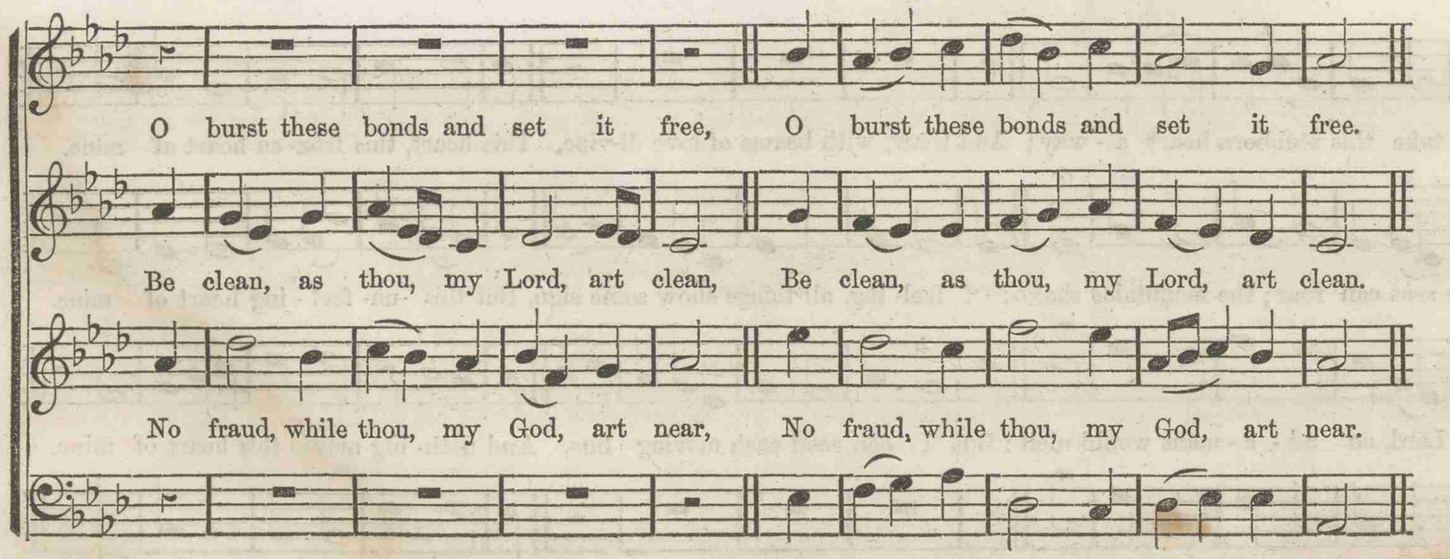
Karl Reden.

Gently.



Protection. L. M.

S. J. Gaadenaugh.

Gently.

4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6. If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day:
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Petition. L. M.

Moderato.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood; To dwell with-in thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For-ev-er closed to all but thee: Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there.

3. How blest are they who still a - bide Close shelter'd in thy bleed-ing side; Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.

Gratitude. L. M.

Gently.

T. HASTINGS.

1. When, gracious Lord, when shall it be That I shall find my all in thee? The full - ness of thy prom-ise prove, The seal of thine e - ter - nal love?

2. A poor, blind child I wander here, If hap - ly I may feel thee near: O dark! dark! dark! I still must say, A - midst the blaze of gos - pel day.

3. Thee, on - ly thee, I fain would find, And cast the world and flesh be - hind; Thou, on - ly thou, to me be given, Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

Sacred Stream. L. M.

E. E. Rexford.

Moderato.

1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God: Life, love, and joy still glid- ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

2. That sa- cred stream, God's ho- ly Word, Sup- ports our faith, our fear con - trols: Sweet peace its promis - es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

Mendon. L. M.

GERMAN.

With Ardor.

1. Come, let us tune our loft- iest song, And raise to Christ our joy - ful strain; Worship and thanks to Him be- long, Who reigns, and shall for - ev - er reign.

2. His sov'reign power our bod - ies made; Our souls are his im- mor - tal breath; And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled, To save us from e - ter- nal death.

3. Burn ev- 'ry breast with Je - sus' love; Bound ev- 'ry heart with rapt'rous joy; And saints on earth, with saints above, Your voi - ces in his praise em-ploy.

Lamentation. L. M.

Moderato.

1. A-waked from sin's de-lu-sive sleep, My heav-y guilt I feel, and weep: Be-neath a weight of woes op-press'd, I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2. Now, from thy throne of grace a-bove, Look down up-on my soul in love;—That smile shall sweeten all my pain, And make my soul re-joice a-gain.

3. By thy di-vine, transforming power, My ru-in'd na-ture now re-store; And let my life and tem-per shine, In blest re-semblance, Lord, to thine.

New Sabbath. L. M.

Firmly.

I. SMITH.

1. Je-sus, my Ad-vo-cate a-bove, My Friend be-fore the throne of love, If now for me pre-vails thy prayer, If now I find thee pleading there,—

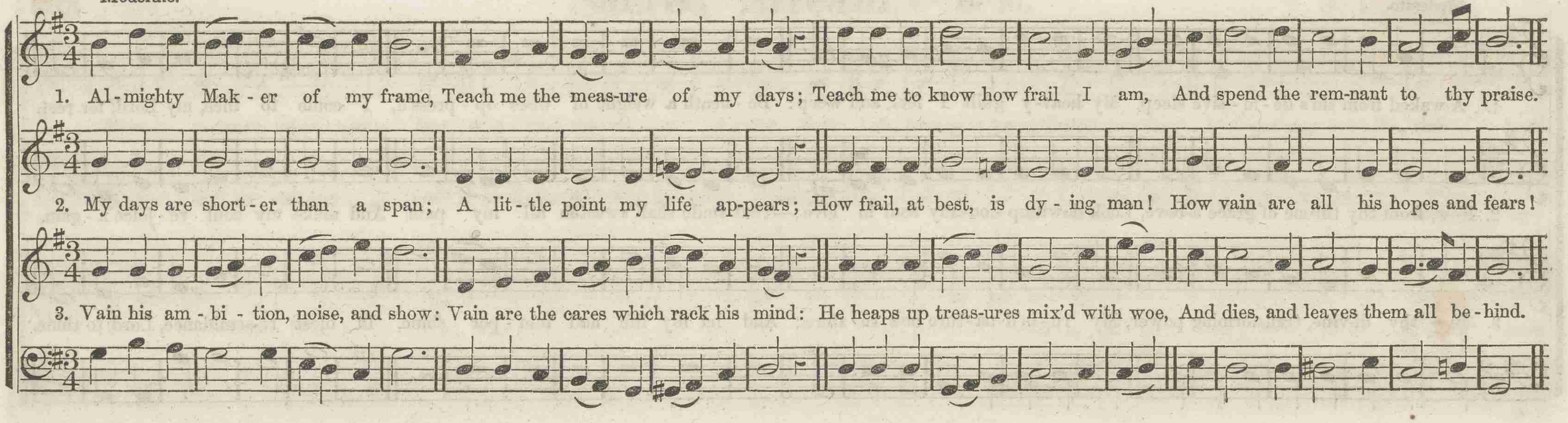
2. If thou the se-cret wish con-vey, And sweet-ly prompt my heart to pray,—Hear, and my weak pe-ti-tions join, Al-might-y Ad-vo-cate, to thine.

3. Je-sus, my heart's de-sire ob-tain; My earn-est suit pre-sent, and gain: My full-ness of cor-rup-tion show; The know-ledge of my-self be-stow.

Brevity of Life. L. M.

Karl Reden.

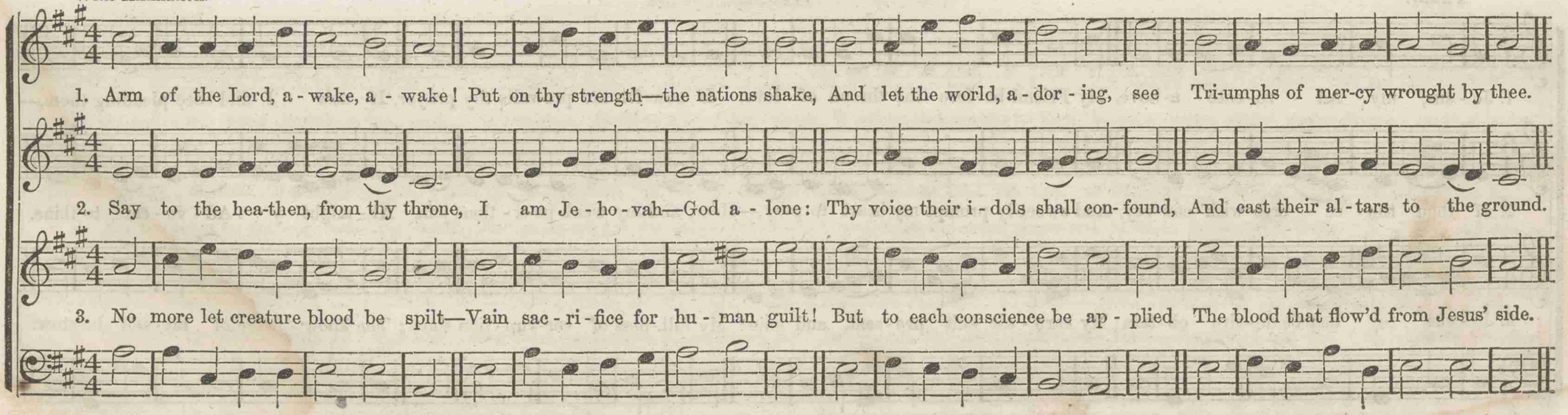
Moderato.



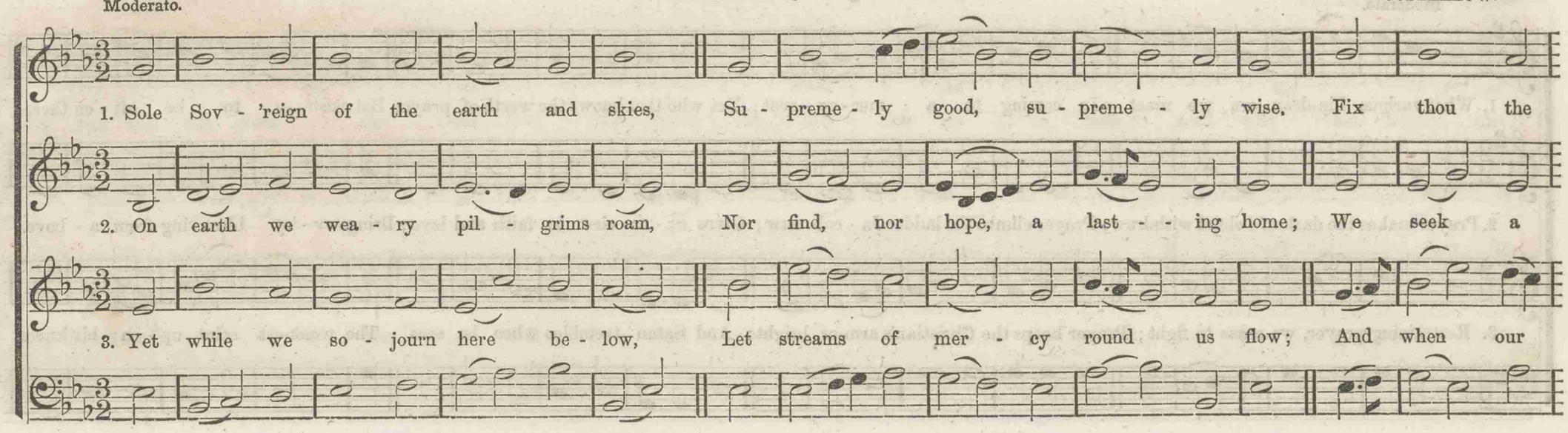
Upton. L. M.

With Animation.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



Morning Hymn. L. M.



1. Great Source of being and of love!
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2. A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3. Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

Mercy-Seat. L. M.

E. C. Revans.

Moderato.

1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet In coming to a mer-cy-seat; Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wish-es to be oft-en there?

2. Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Ja-cob saw; Gives ex-er-cise to faith and love; Brings ev-'ry bless-ing from a-bove.

3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer keeps the Christian's arm-or bright: And Satan trembles when he sees The weak-est saint up-on his knees.

My Hope. L. M.

Karl Reden.

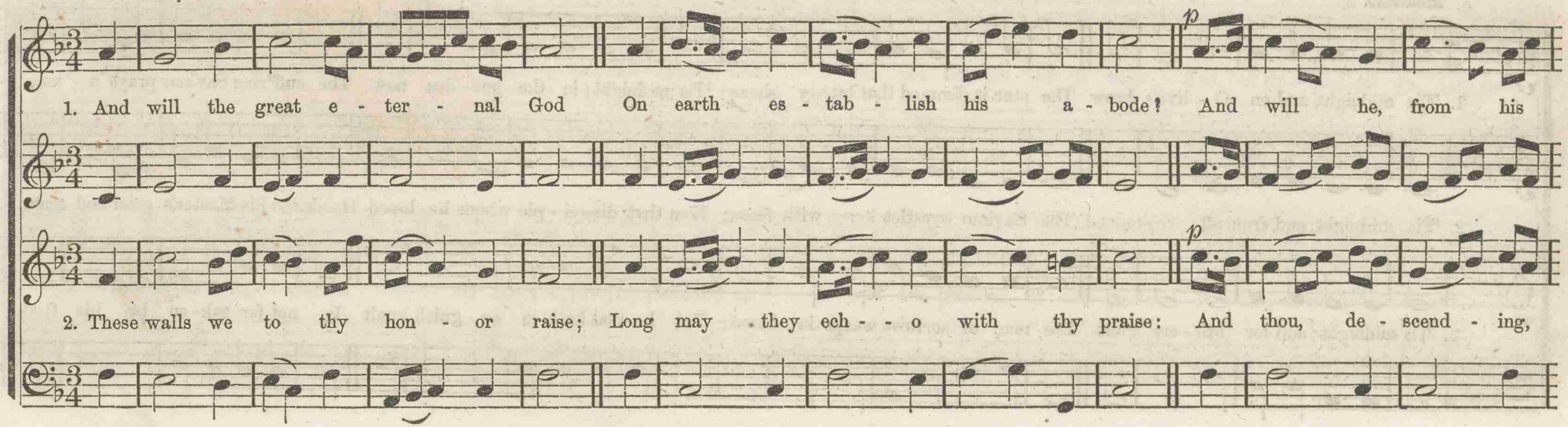
Moderato.

1. My hope, my all, my Sav-iour thou; To thee, lo! now my soul I bow; I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,— I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2. Be thou my strength,—be thou my way; Pro-tect me thro' my life's short day: In all my acts may wisdom guide, And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3. In fierce tempta-tion's dark-est hour, Save me from sin and Sa-tan's power; Tear ev-'ry i-dol from thy throne, And reign, my Saviour, reign a-lone.

Dedication. L. M.

Cheerfully.

3. Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4. And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Olive's Brow. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY,
From "THE JUBILEE," *by permission.*

Moderato.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on O - live's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all re - moved, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.

Consecration. L. M.

E. G. Revons.

Moderato.

1. God of my life, what just re - turn Can sin - ful dust and ash - es give? I on - ly live my sin to mourn: To love my God I on - ly live.

2. To thee, be - nign and sav - ing Power, I con - se - crate my lengthen'd days; While, mark'd with blessings ev-'ry hour Shall speak thy co - ex - tend - ed praise.

3. Be all my add - ed life em-ploy'd Thine im - age in my soul to see: Fill with thy-self the might - y void; En-large my heart to com - pass thee.

Father, Forgive. L. M. Double.

E. E. Revans.

Moderato.

1. Lord, I despair my-self to heal; I see my sin, but can-not feel; I can-not till thy Spir-it blow, And bid th' o-be-dient wa-ters flow.

2. With sim-ple faith, on thee I call,— My light, my life, my Lord, my all; I wait the mov-ing of the pool; I wait the word that makes me whole.

'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give; Thy gifts I on-ly can re-ceive; Here, then, to thee I all re-sign; To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.

Speak, gracious Lord,—my sickness cure,—Make my in-fect-ed na-ture pure: Peace, righteous-ness, and joy im-part, And pour thy-self in-to my heart.

Abiding Witness. L. M.

Karl Reden.

Gently.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin; Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of in - no-cence and love; And soft and si- lent as the shades, Their night-ly min - utes gen - tly move.

3. Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on, But fly not half so swift a - way: Their souls are ev - er bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.

Angel's Hymn. L. M.

TANSUR.

With Firmness.

1. E - ter-nal Power, whose high a- bode Be- comes the gran- deur of a God: In - fin - ite lengths, be- yond the bounds Where stars re-volve their lit - tle rounds:

2. Thee while the first archan - gel sings, He hides his face be - hind his wings: And ranks of shin - ing thrones a - round Fall wor - ship - ing, and spread the ground.

3. Lord, what shall earth and ash- es do? We would a - dore our Mak - er too; From sin and dust to thee we cry, The Great, the Ho - ly, and the High.

My Home. L. M. Double.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. As when the wea - ry trav'ler gains The height of some command - ing hill, His heart re - vives if, o'er the plain, He sees his home, tho' dis - tant still;

2. The hope of heav'n his spir - it cheers, No more he grieves for troub-les past, Nor an - y fu - ture tri - al fears, So he may safe ar - rive at last.

So, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views, By faith, his man-sion in the skies, The sight his faint - ing strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

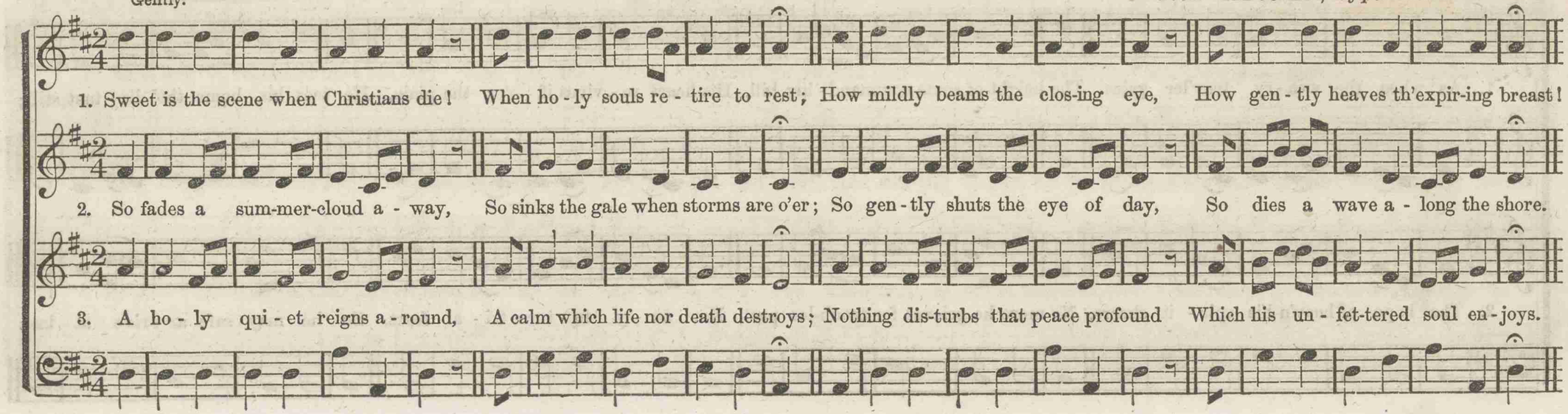
"'Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell, With Je - sus, in the realms of day; Then I shall bid my cares fare-well, And he shall wipe my tears a - way."

Captivity. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

From "The Jubilee," by permission.

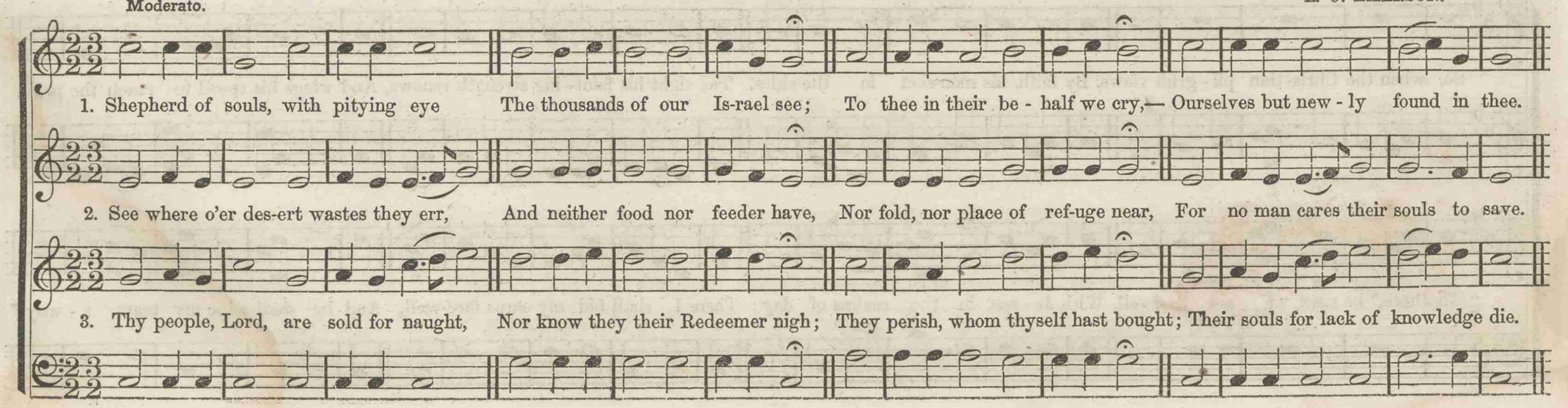
Gently.



Sessions. L. M.

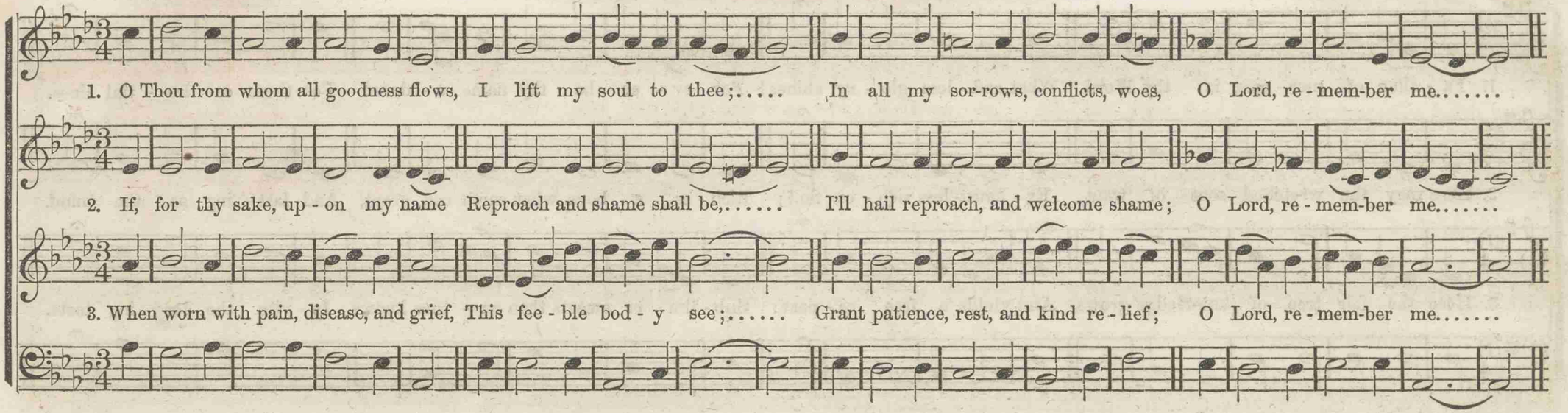
L. O. EMERSON.

Moderato.



Remember Me. C. M.

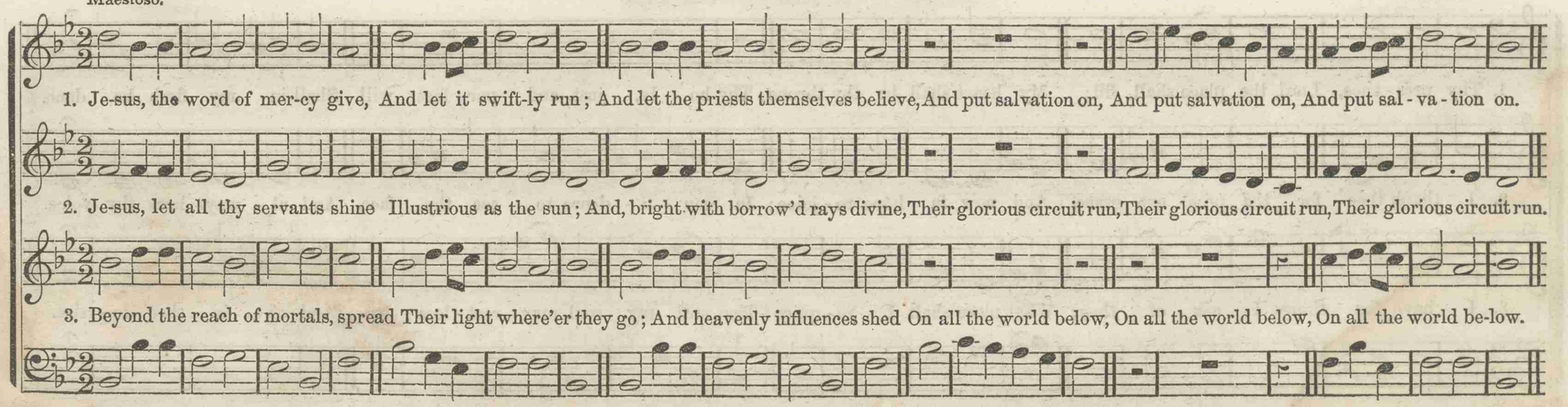
Gently.



Cambridge. C. M.

Maestoso.

CLARKE.



Celestial Lines. C. M.

E. C. Revans.

Cheerfully.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines! For ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

2. Here may the wretched sons of want Ex - haust - less rich - es find; Rich - es a - bove what earth can grant, And last - ing as the mind.

3. Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free re - past: Sub - lim - er sweets than na - ture knows In - vite the long - ing taste.

Kent. C. M.

Moderato.

LORD MORNINGTON.

1. Thy pres - ence, Lord, the place shall fill; My heart shall be thy throne; Thy ho - ly, just, and per - fect will Shall in my flesh be done.

2. I thank thee for the pres - ent grace, And now in hope re - joice; In con - fi - dence to see thy face, And al - ways hear thy voice.

3. I have the things I ask of thee; What more shall I re - quire? That still my soul may rest - less be, And on - ly thee de - sire.

Kingdom of Grace. C. M.

With Animation.

GEORGE HOLLINS.

1. Hap - py the souls to Je - sus join'd, And saved by grace a - lone; Walk-ing in all his ways, they find Their heaven on earth be-gun.

2. The church tri - umphant in thy love, Their might - y joys we know: They sing the Lamb in hymns a - bove, And we in hymns be - low.

3. Thee in thy glo - rious realm they praise, And bow be - fore thy throne; We in the king - dom of thy grace: The king-doms are but one.

Ortonville. C. M.

Cheerfully.

T. HASTINGS.

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

2. I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear, And chased my grief a-way: O let my heart no more despair While I have breath to pray, While I have breath to pray.

3. The Lord be-held me sore distress'd: He bade my pains re-move: Return, my soul, to God thy rest, For thou hast known his love, For thou hast known his love.

52

Evening Solitude. C. M.

E. C. Revons.

Gently.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

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

3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore,— And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

Peterboro'. C. M.

With Animation.

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re - mains To all thy peo - ple known; A rest where pure enjoy - ment reigns, And thou art loved a - lone:

2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fix'd on things a - bove; Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.

3. O that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve, and en - ter in: Now, Saviour, now the power be - stow, And let me cease from sin.

Stephens. C. M.

Moderato.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side; This all my hope and all my plea,— For me the Sav - iour died.

2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fount - ain for guilt and sin, Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet a - lone,— My hands, my head, my heart.

Thaxted. C. M.

Gently.

BEETHOVEN.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine; O, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine.

3. I sigh to think of hap - pier days, When thou, O Lord, wast nigh; When ev - 'ry heart was tuned to praise, And none more blest than I.

54

Fellowship. C. M.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Our God is love; and all his saints His im - age bear be - low: The heart with love to God in - spired, With love to man will glow.

2. None who are tru - ly born of God Can live in en - mi - ty; Then may we love each oth - er, Lord, As we are loved by thee.

3. Heirs of the same im - mor - tal bliss, Our hopes and fears the same, With bonds of love our hearts u - nite, With mu - tual love in - flame.

Orwell. C. M.

A. DOTY. 1820.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus! Re - deem - er, Sav-iour, Lord, The wea - ry sin - ner's Friend; Come to my help, pronounce the word, And bid my troubles end.

2. De - liv' - rance to my soul pro-claim, And life and lib - er - ty; Shed forth the vir - tue of thy Name, And Je - sus prove to me.

3. Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have, For thou that faith hast given; Thou canst, thou wilt, the sin - ner save, And make me meet for heaven.

Jordan. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS.

With Animation.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im- mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor- dan roll'd be- tween.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev- er - with'ring flowers: Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jor- dan' stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Transport. C. M

Cheerfully.

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL,
BY KARL REDEN.

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

2. O how can words with e - qual warmth The grat - i - tude de - clare, That glows with - in my ravish'd heart?—But thou canst read it there.

3. To all my weak com - plaints and cries, Thy mer - cy lent an ear, Ere yet my fee - ble thoughts had learn'd To form themselves in prayer.

Warwick. C. M.

With Animation.

SAM'L STANLEY.

1. Now, Lord, ful - fill thy faith - ful word,—Thy serv - ants' la - bors bless; Now let the prayer of faith be heard, And grant them full suc - cess.

2. Long have they in thy vine-yard wrought, And with un - wear - ied toil; A - las! they spend their strength for naught, Up - on a ster - ile soil.

3. A - rise, O God, ex - ert thy power; Thy peo - ple's hopes sus - tain; And rich - ly on thy vine-yard shower The first and lat - ter rain.

Quebec Chapel. C. M.

Cheerfully. J. PADDON.

1. Mor-tals, a-wake, with an-gels join, And chant the sol-emn lay; Joy, love, and grat-i-tude com-bine To hail th' auspi-cious day.

2. In heaven the rapt-'rous song be-gan, And sweet, se-raph-ic fire Thro' all the shin-ing le-gions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.

3. Swift thro' the vast ex-panse it flew, And loud the ech-o roll'd; The theme, the song, the joy was new,—'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

Chelsea. C. M.

Moderato. THOMAS ATTWOOD.

1. Lord! when we bend be-fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour, O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore.

2. Our con-trite spir-its pity-ing see; True pen-i-tence im-part; And let a heal-ing ray from thee Beam peace in-to each heart.

3. When we dis-close our wants in prayer, O let our wills re-sign; And not a thought our bo-soms share Which is not whol-ly thine.

Manoah. C. M.

Moderato.

1. When Je - sus left his Fa-ther's throne, He chose an hum-ble birth; And, all un - hon- or'd and un-known, He came to dwell on earth.

2. Like him, may we be found be - low In wisdom's paths of peace; Like him, in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in-crease.

3. Sweet were his words and kind his look, When mothers round him press'd; Their in - fants in his arms he took, And on his bo - som bless'd.

Siloam. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

From the "Day Spring," by permission.

Moderato.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!

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

Cheerful Service. C. M. Double.

With Animation.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

1. Be - hold! I come with joy to do The Mas - ter's bless - ed will; My Lord in out - ward works pur - sue, And serve his pleas - ure still.

2. Though care-ful, with - out care I am, Nor feel my hap - py toil,— Pre-served in peace by Je - sus' Name, Sup-port - ed by his smile:

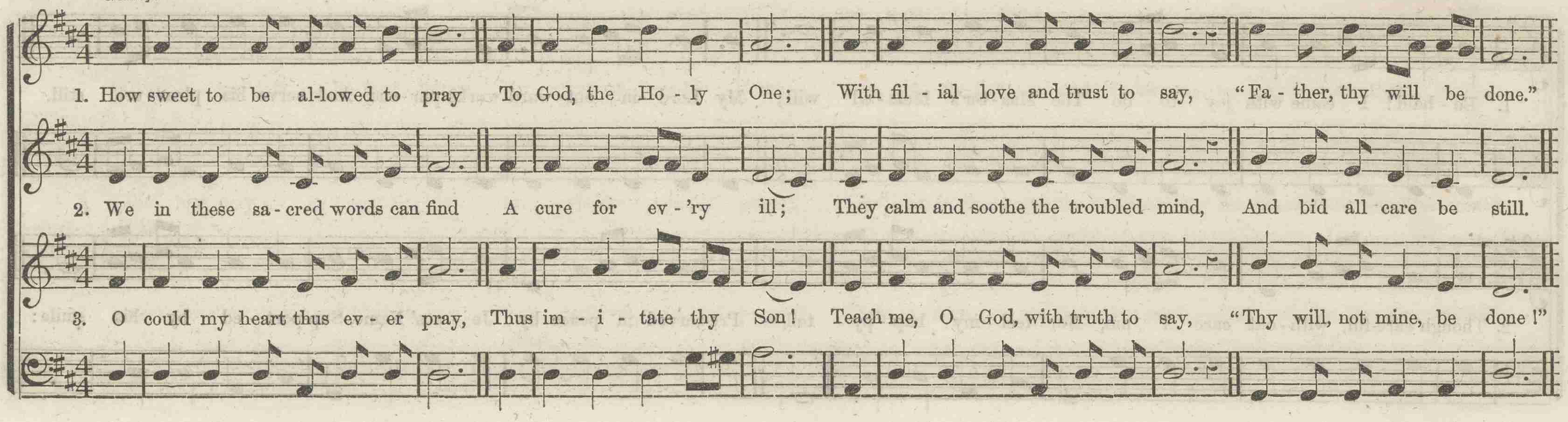
Thus faith - ful to my Lord's commands, I choose the bet - ter part, And serve with care - ful Mar-tha's hands, But lov - ing Ma - ry's heart.

Re - joic - ing thus my faith to show, His serv - ice my re - ward; While ev - 'ry work I do be - low I do it to the Lord.

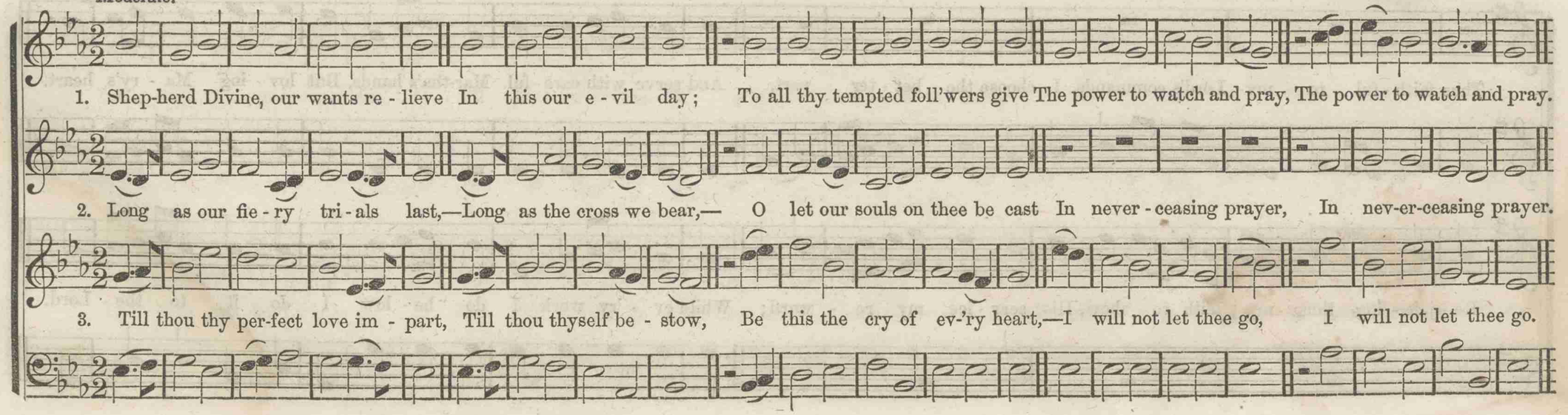
60

Thy Will be Done. C. M.

C. O. Nevers.

Gently.

Christmas. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

Moderato.

Arundel. C. M.

With Firmness.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;— A heart that al- ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me:—

2. A heart re - sign'd, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak,—Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.

3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean; Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.

Kendall. C. M.

Moderato.

CLARK.

1. Lord, all I am is known to thee; In vain my soul would try To shun thy pres- ence, or to flee The no- tice of thine eye.

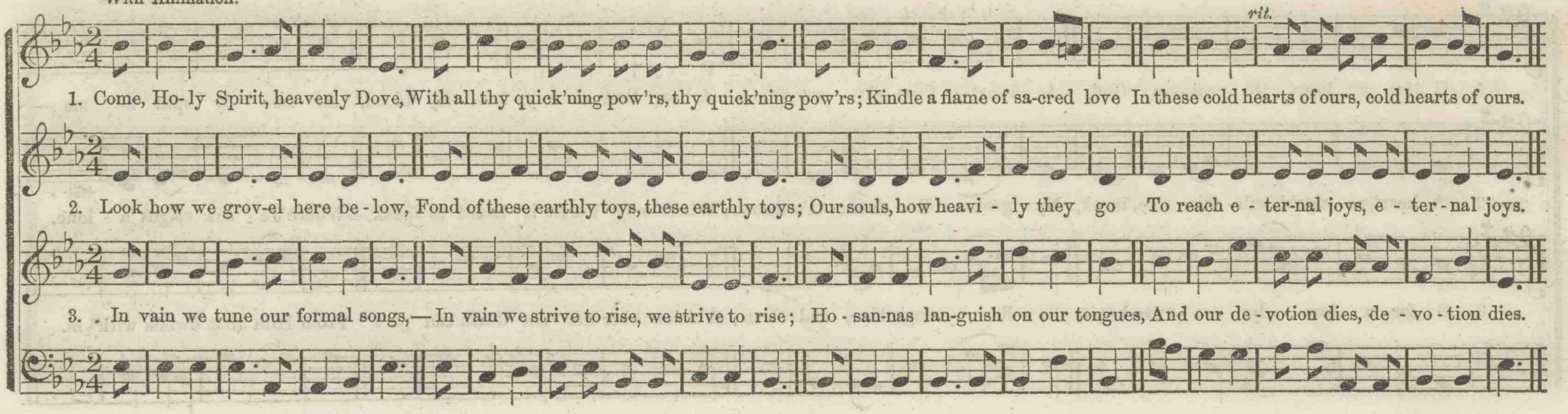
2. Thy all - sur - rounding sight sur - veys My ris - ing and my rest, My pub - lic walks, my pri - vate ways, The se- cret of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie o - pen to thee, Lord, Be - fore they're form'd with-in, And ere my lips pronounce the word, Thou know'st the sense I mean.

Sacred Love. C. M.

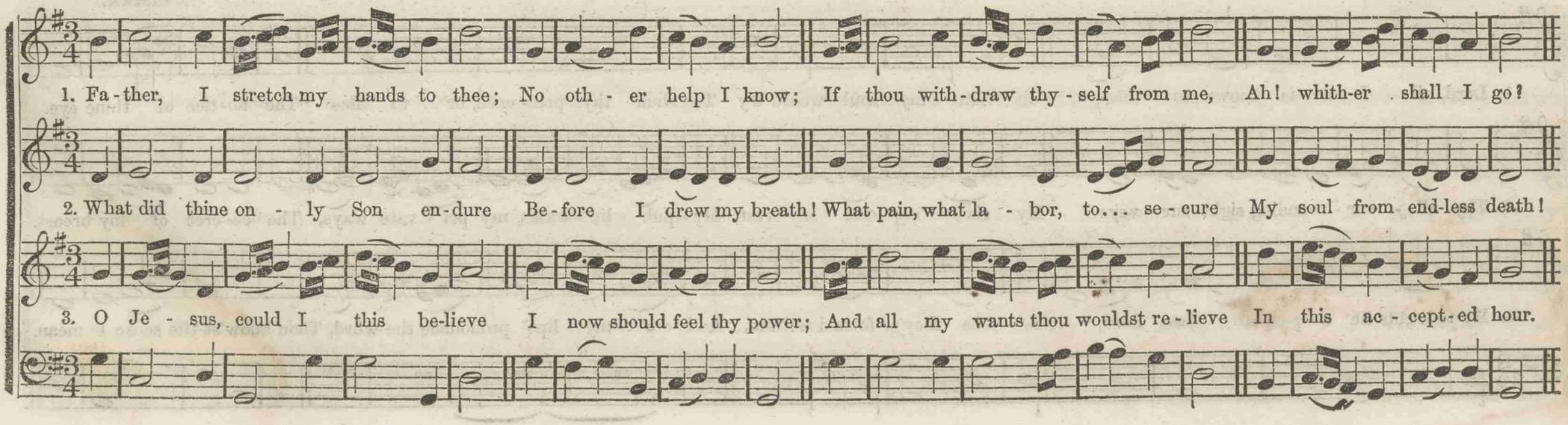
Karl Reden.

With Animation.

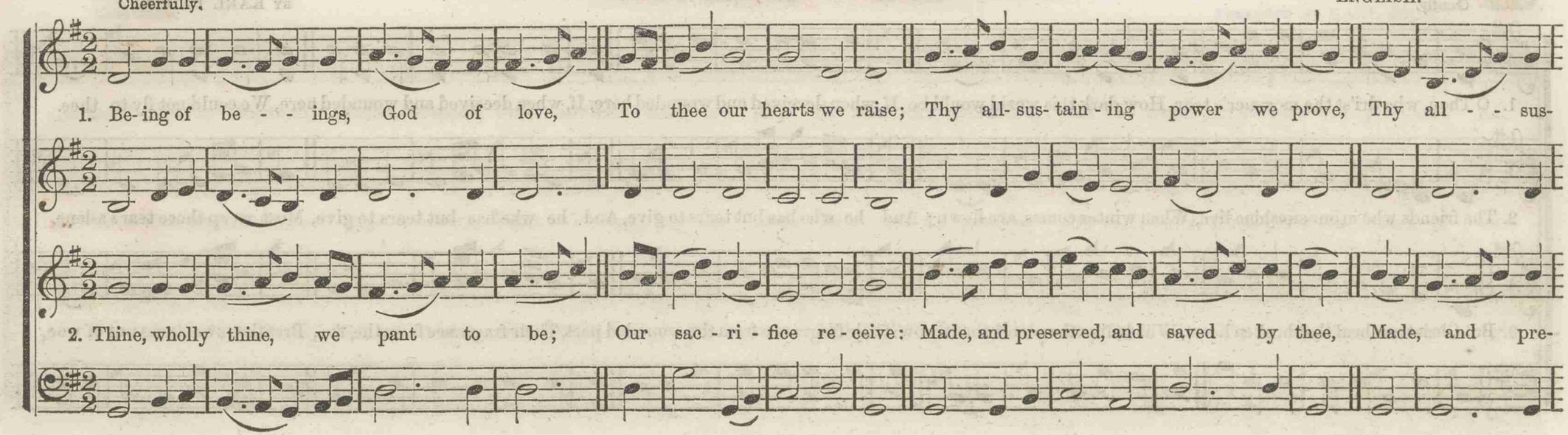
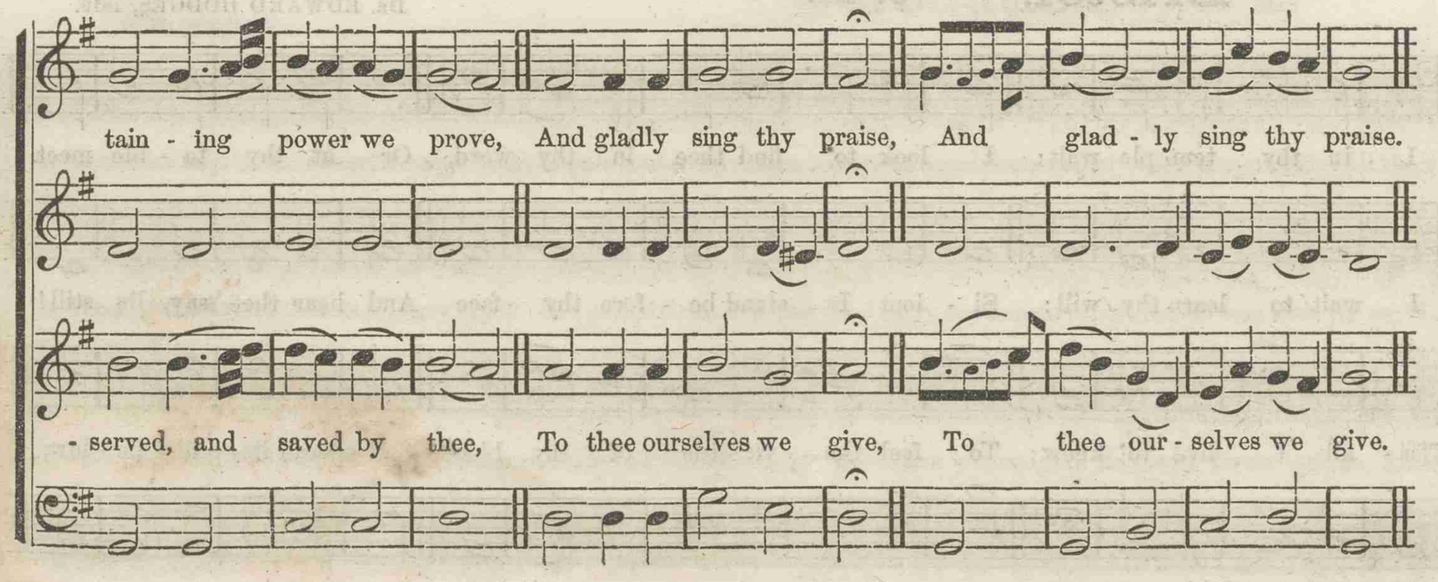


St. Martin's. C. M.

TANSUR.

Moderato.

Clifford. C. M.

ENGLISH.

Cheerfully.

3. Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4. For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad:
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

64

The Mourner's Tear. C. M.

Gently.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

1. O Thou, who dri'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be If, when deceived and wounded here, If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give, And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a-lone.

3. But Christ can heal that broken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part, Their fragrance from the, &c., Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Bristol. C. M.

Moderato.

DR. EDWARD HODGES, 1819.

1. Still for thy lov - ing - kind-ness, Lord, I in thy tem- ple wait: I look to find thee in thy word, Or at thy ta - ble meet.

2. Here, in thine own ap - point- ed ways, I wait to learn thy will: Si - lent I stand be - fore thy face And hear thee say, Be still!

3. Be still! and know that I am God:—'Tis all I live to know; To feel the vir - tue of thy blood And spread its praise be - low.

Goodness. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

1. Let ev - 'ry tongue thy good-ness speak, Thou sov'-reign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning hands up- hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

2. When sor - rows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue lies dis - tress'd, Be - neath the proud op - pres-sor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn - er rest.

3. Thou know'st the pains thy serv - ants feel, Thou hear'st thy children's cry; And their best wish- es to ful - fill, Thy grace is ev - er nigh.

Coronation. C. M.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

With Animation.

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

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,To be exalted thus: Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us ;Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings more than we can give Be, Lord, for ever thine; And blessings more than we can give Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Passing Away. C. M. Double.

C. O. Rexers.

Gently.

1. The gold - en orbs that gem the sky With ev - 'ry beam-ing ray, Pro-claim, as on their course they fly, "Thou soon must pass a - way."

2. Im - min - gled with my par - ent dust, As though I ne'er had birth, Life's sweet-est ties and pleasures must For - ev - er cease on earth.

3. Faith's piercing eye, be- yond the tomb, Dis - cerns that dis - tant shore, Where clust'ring joys im - mor - tal bloom To fade and die no more.

4. No with'ring change that re - gion knows, No tears of woe are found; No storms to blast the heavenly rose That grows on E - den's ground.

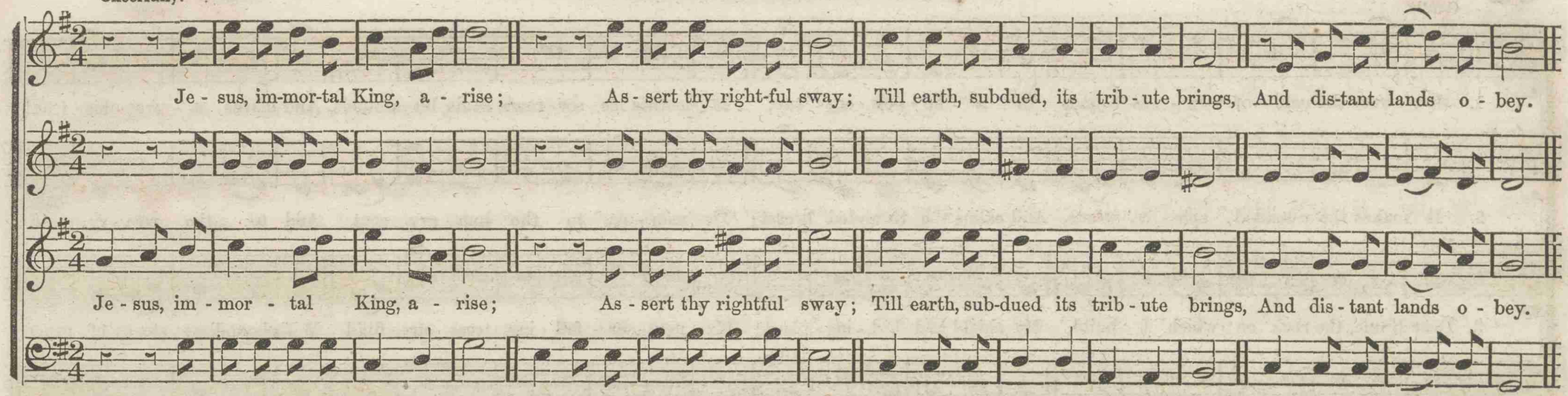
The lit - tle flowers that lift their head, And in the zeph - yrs wave, Be - fore the cir - cling year has sped May blos - som o'er my grave.

But hope fore - tells a hap - pier land, A more ex - alt - ed sphere, Where we shall meet the saint - ed band We loved and lost while here.

Where friendship's bonds, with charms di-vine, In per - ma - nence en - dure; And souls re-joined in glo - ry shine, Of end - less bliss se - cure.

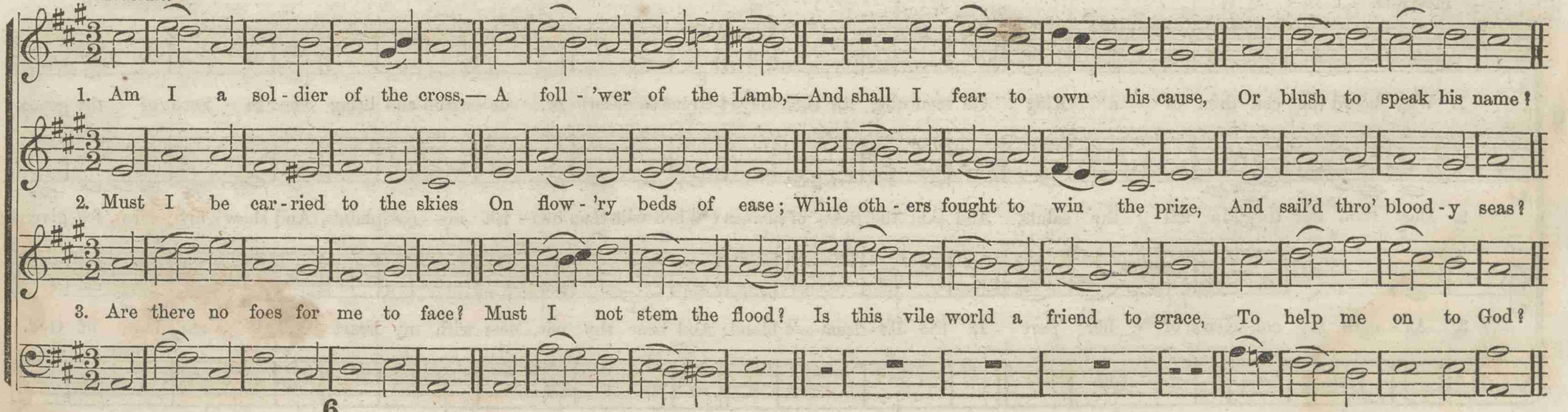
Then seek, my soul, that ho - ly way Be - liev - ers ev - er trod; By faith thy Sav-iour's words o - bey, And thou shalt rest with God.

Victorious Conqueror C. M.

Cheerfully.

Comfort. C. M.

Moderato.

S. JACKSON.



Consolation. C. M.

Karl Reden.

Gently.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear; It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear!

2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place; My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.

St. John's. C. M.

S. JACKSON.

Moderato.

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days? Great Com-fort - er, de - scend and bring The to - kens of thy grace.

2. Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt thou ban - ish my complaints, And show my sins for- given?

3. As - sure my con-science of her part In the Re - deem-er's blood; And bear thy wit ness with my heart That I am born of God.

Bellini. C. M. Double.

Gently.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit the mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on high:

2. In hope of that im - mor - tal crown I now the cross sus - tain, And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain:

3. O what hath Je - sus bought for me! Be - fore my ravished eyes Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of Par - a - dise:

Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long - sought rest,— That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re-deem - er's breast.

I suf - fer on my threescore years, Till my De - liv - 'rer come, And wipe a - way his servant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

I see a world of spir - its bright, Who taste the pleas-ures there; They all are robed in spot - less white, And conqu'ring palms they bear.

Blessings Implored. C. M.

C. C. Nevers.

Moderato.

1. Our Father, God, who art in heaven, All hallow'd be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done In heaven and earth the same, In heaven and earth the same.

2. Give us this day our daily bread; And as we those for - give Who sin a - gainst us, so may we For - giving grace re - ceive, For- giving grace re - ceive.

3. In - to tempta- tion lead us not; From e - vil set us free; And thine the kingdom, thine the power, And glory, ev - er be, And glo- ry, ev- er be.

Dedham. C. M.

Moderato.

GARDNER.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far; From scenes where Sa- tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

2. The calm re - treat, the si - lent shade. With prayer and praise a - gree; And seem by thy sweet boun - ty made For those who fol - low thee.

3. There, if thy Spir - it touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode, O with what peace, and joy, and love Does she com- mune with God!

Celestial Day. C. M.

Rev. J. LAWSON.
Arranged by KARL REDEN.

Spiritedly.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes! The Sav-iour, prom-is'd long; The Sav - iour, prom-is'd long; Let ev - 'ry
2. He comes, the pris - 'ner to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held; In Sa - tan's bond - age held; The gates of
3. He comes, from thick - est films of vice To clear the men - tal ray, To clear the men - tal ray, And on the
heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song, And ev - 'ry voice a song, And ev - - 'ry voice a song.
brass be - fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield, The i - ron fet - ters yield, The i - - - ron fet - ters yield.
eyes op - press'd with night To pour ce - les - tial day, To pour ce - les - tial day, To pour ce - les - tial day.

Glad Tidings. C. M.

J. S. BACH.

Cheerfully.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, The an- gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2. Fear not, said he (for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind), Glad tidings of great joy I bring, Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.

3. To you, in David's town, this day Is born, of David's line, The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign.

Douglas. C. M.

With Animation.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me: A to - ken of his love he gives,—A pledge of lib - er - ty.

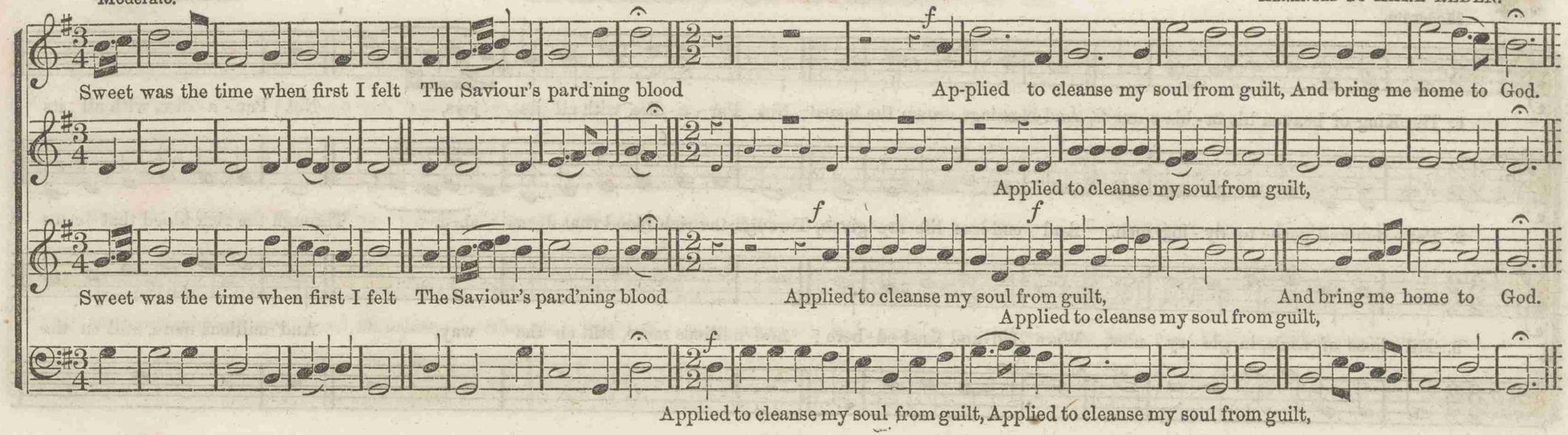
2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal-va - tion near; His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap-pear.

3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can withstand his will? The coun - sel of his grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.

Departed Joys. C. M.

DR. HAYES.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

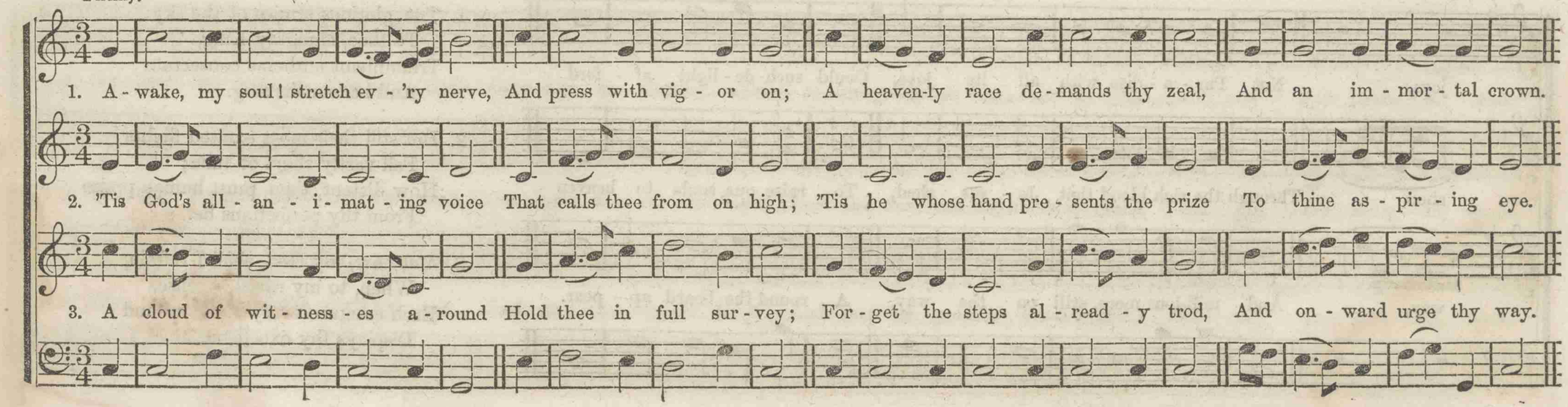
Moderato.



Colchester. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

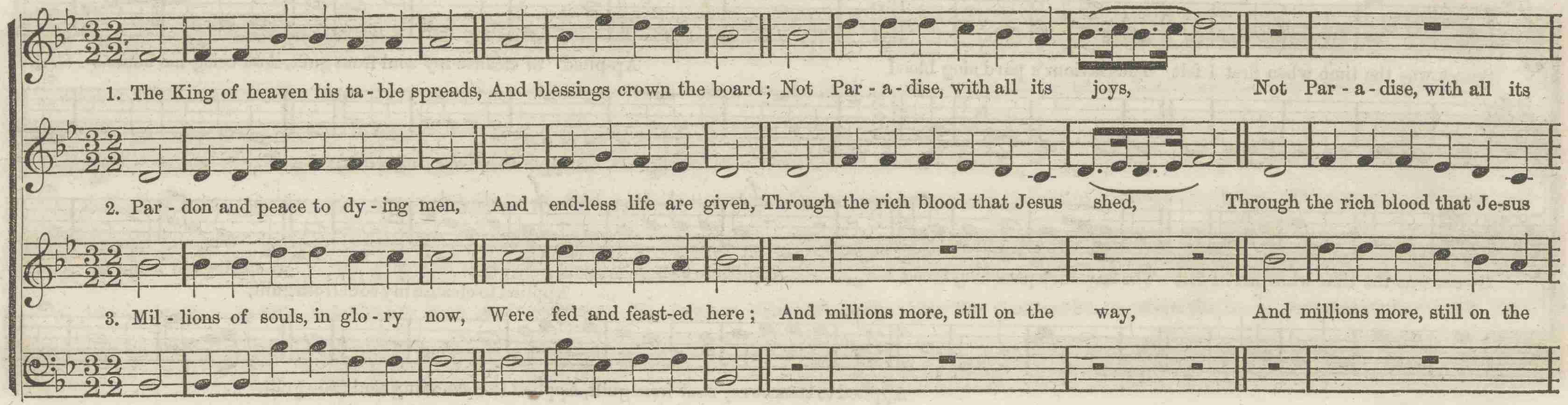
Firmly.

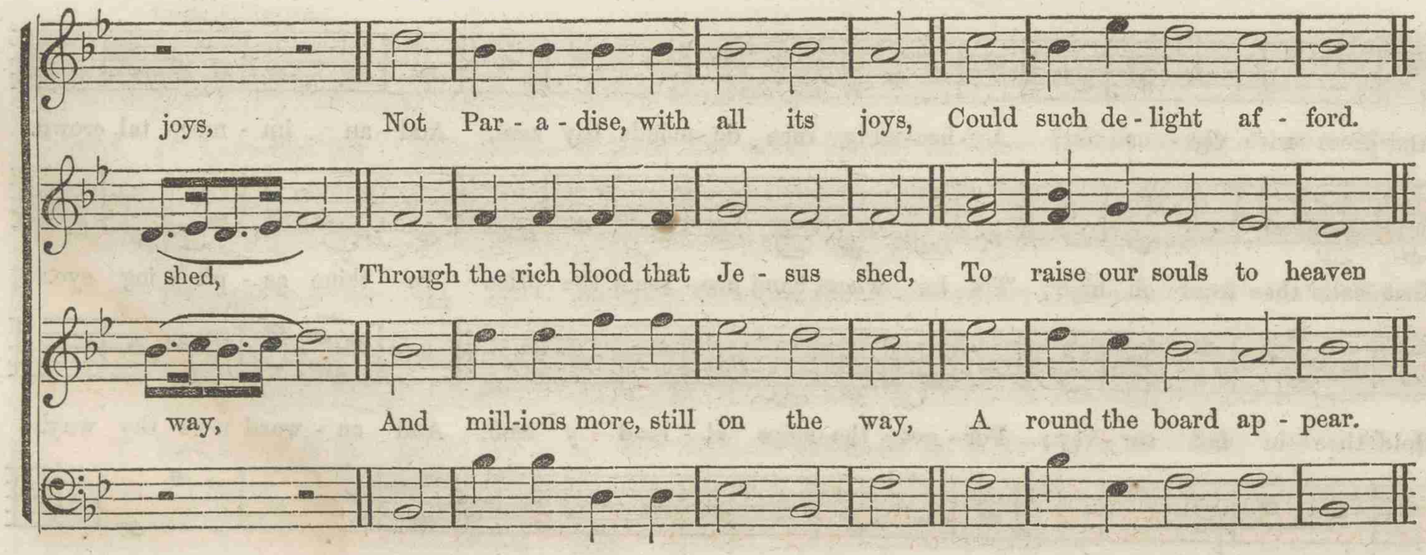


Melbourn. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

Moderato.





1. The glorious armies of the sky
   To thee, almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate
   And halleluiahs sing.

2. But still their most exalted flights
   Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant, then, must human praise
   From thy perfections be.

3. Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
   When, to my ravish'd sense,
Each creature everywhere around
   Displays thy excellence?

Humility of Jesus. C. M.

Slowly.

1. And did the Ho - ly and the Just,— The Sov'-reign of the skies,— Stoop down to wretch-ed - ness and dust That guilt - y man might rise?

2. Yes, the Re-deem - er left his throne, His ra - diant throne on high— Sur - pris - ing mer - cy! love unknown!—To suf - fer, bleed, and die.

3. To dwell with mis' - ry here be - low, The Sav - iour left the skies, And sunk to wretch-ed - ness and woe, That worthless man might rise.

Mear. C. M.

With Firmness.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God; Once more his blessing ask: O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship prove a task.

2. Fa - ther, thy quick'ning Spir - it send From heaven, in Je - sus' name, And bid our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.

3. May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart; And keep the precious treasure there, And nev - er with it part.

Geer. C. M.

From "Greatorex Coll." By permission.

Moderato.

1. Lord, I ap - proach the mer - cy - seat, Where thou dost an - swer prayer; There humbly fall be - fore thy feet,— For none can per - ish there.

2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea; With this I ven - ture nigh; Thou call est bur - den'd souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. O, won-drous love!—to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilt - y sin - ners, such as I, Might plead thy gra - cious name.

Azmon. C. M.

GLASER.

Moderato.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov' - reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.

Gracious Hand. C. M.

JAMES ANDERSON.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

His gra - cious hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye; And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,

His gra - cious hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye; And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,

f *cres.* *mf* *rit.*

And death it - self, shall die; And pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death it - self, shall die.

f *mf*

And death it - self, shall die; And pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death it - self, shall die.

Geneva. C. M.

Moderato.

JOHN COLE.

1. Lord, I be - lieve thy ev - 'ry word, Thy ev - 'ry prom - ise true; And

1. Lord, I.... be - lieve thy ev - - 'ry... word, Thy ev - 'ry prom - ise true; And lo!..... I....

1. Lord, I.... be - lieve thy ev - - - - - 'ry word, Thy ev - 'ry prom - ise true; And lo!..... I....

1. Lord, I be - lieve thy ev - 'ry word, And

1. Lord, I be - lieve thy ev - 'ry word,

lo! I wait on thee, my Lord, Till I..... my strength re - new.

wait on thee, my Lord, Till I my strength re - new.

wait..... on thee, my Lord, Till I my strength re - new.

lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,

2. If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3. If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4. Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Martha. C. M.

Gently.

1. With trouble la - den, grief oppress'd, Wings had I like a dove,... I'd fly a - way, and be at rest, With - in a world a - bove....

2. A world where an-gels, pure as fair, Swell Je - sus' glo - rious train;.. Nor sin may make in - tru - sion there, Nor death an entrance gain;...

3. Where God's own hand shall wipe away The tears from ev - 'ry face;... And Je - sus to his saints dis-play His mys - ter - ies of grace...

Morning of Life. C. M.

Arranged from the German by Karl Reden.

Cheerfully.

1. De - light - ful work! young souls to win, And turn the ris - ing race From the de - ceit - ful paths of sin, To seek re - deem-ing grace.

2. Children our kind pro - tec - tion claim; And God will well ap - prove When in - fants learn to lisp his name, And their Re - deem er love.

3. Be ours the bliss, in wis-dom's way To guide un - tu - tor'd youth, And show the mind which went a - stray The Way, the Life, the Truth.

80

Frailty of Life. C. M.

DR. HOWARD.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Firmly.

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name! And hum-bly own to thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame—What dy - ing worms are we!

2. Our wast - ing lives grow short-er still As days and months in - crease; And ev - 'ry beat - ing pulse we tell Leaves but the num - ber less.

3. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave: What - e'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

Northfield. C. M.

J. INGALLS.

Spiritedly.

O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

The glories of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The tri - umphs of his grace.

The glories of my God and King, The glories of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

Majesty. C. M. Double.

WM. BILLINGS. 1778.

Spiritedly.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Ye

2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all. Let

chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord, &c.

ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all, To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

82

Refuge. C. M.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. Now to the ha - ven of thy breast, O Son of man, I fly; Be thou my ref - uge and my rest, For O! the storm is high.

2. Pro - tect me from the furi - ous blast; My shield and shel - ter be: Hide me, my Sav - iour, till o'er - past The storm of sin I see.

3. As welcome as the wa - ter - spring Is to a bar - ren place, Je - sus, de - scend on me, and bring Thy sweet, re - freshing grace.

Heber. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, to thy dear wounds we flee; We shel-ter in thy side; As - sured that all who trust in thee Shall ev - er - more a - bide.

2. Then let the thun-d'ring trum-pet sound; The lat - est light - nings glare; The mountains melt; the sol - id ground Dis - solve as liq - uid air;

3. The huge ce - les - tial bod - ies roll A - midst the gen - 'ral fire; And shriv - el as a parchment scroll, And all in smoke ex - pire.

Sure Foundation. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Be - hold the sure Foun - da - tion-stone Which God in Zi - on lays, To build our heaven-ly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.

2. Chos - en of God, to sin - ners dear, We now a - dore thy Name; We trust our whole sal - va - tion here, Nor can we suf - fer shame.

3. The fool - ish build - ers, scribe and priest, Re - ject it with dis - dain; Yet on this Rock the church shall rest, And en - vy rage in vain.

Coventry. C. M.

OLD TUNE.

Cheerfully.

1. Why should our tears in sor - row flow When God re - calls his own, And bids them leave a world of wo, For an im - mor - tal crown?

2. Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was given? Glad - ly to earth their eyes they close, To o - pen them in heaven.

3. Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest; They fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won, And en - ter'd in - to rest.

84

Heavenly Guest. C. M.

COOMBS.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

With Animation.

1. Come, let us who in Christ be - lieve, Our com - mon Sav - iour praise: To him, with joy - ful voi - ces, give The glo - ry of his grace.

2. He now stands knock - ing at.... the door Of ev - 'ry sin - ner's heart: The worst need keep him out no more, Or force him to.. de - part.

3. Thro' grace we heark - en to.... thy voice, Yield to be saved from sin; In sure and cer - tain hope re - joice, That thou wilt en - ter in.

Messiah. C. M.

ADAPTED FROM HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

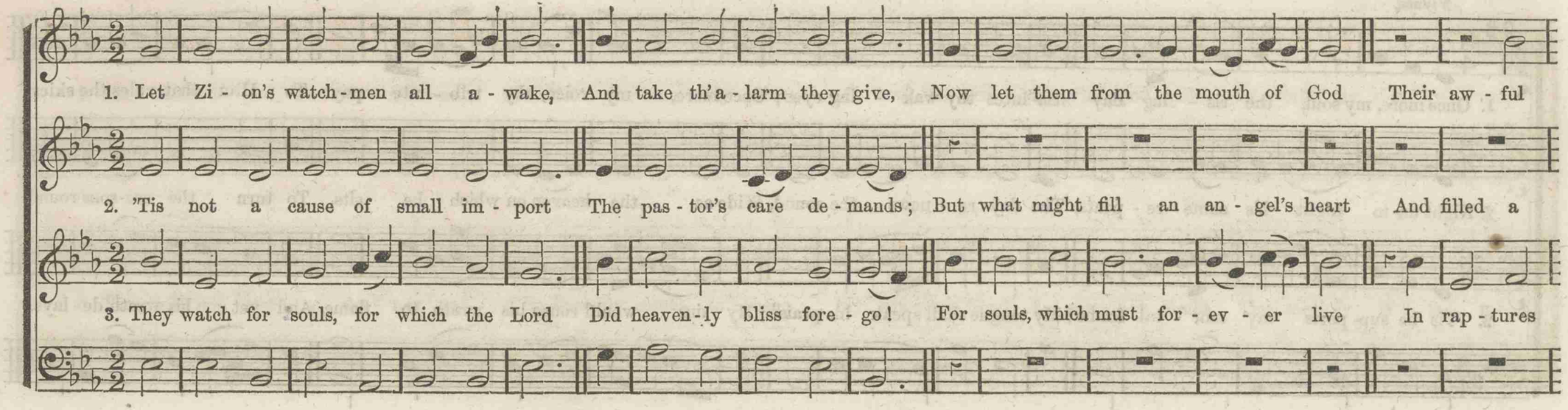
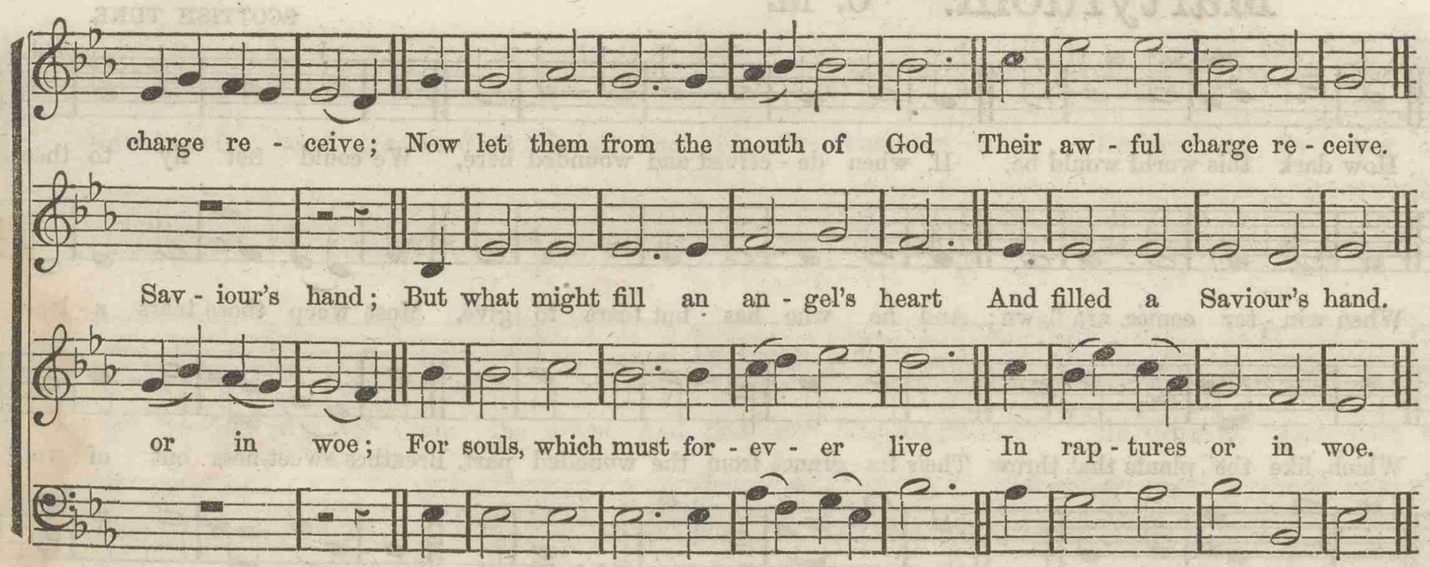
Cheerfully.

1. Je - ho - vah, God, thy gra - cious power On ev - 'ry hand we see; O may the bless-ings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2. If on the wings of morn we speed To earth's re - mot - est bound, Thy hand will there our jour-ney lead, Thine arm our path sur-round.

3. Thy power is in the o - cean deeps, And reach-es to the skies; Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy good-ness nev - er dies.

Arabia. C. M.

Cheerfully.

1. The counsels of redeeming grace
   The sacred leaves unfold;
   And here the Saviour's lovely face
   Our raptured eyes behold.

2. Here light descending from above
   Directs our doubtful feet;
   Here promises of heavenly love
   Our ardent wishes meet.

3. Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
   And all our wants supplied:
   Naught we can ask to make us blest
   Is in this book denied.

Braintree. C. M.

ENGLISH.

Vivace.

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 that 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 sea-sons round.

2. '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.

Martyrdom. C. M.

SCOTTISH TUNE.

Moderato.

1. O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when de - ceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sun - shine live, When win - ter comes, are flown; And he who has - but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.

3. But Christ can heal that brok - en heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fra - grance from the wounded part, Breathes sweet-ness out of wo.

Confidence. C. M. Double.

Gently.

1. Thou Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain, To thee I hum - bly pray; O heal me of my grief and pain, And take my sins a - way.

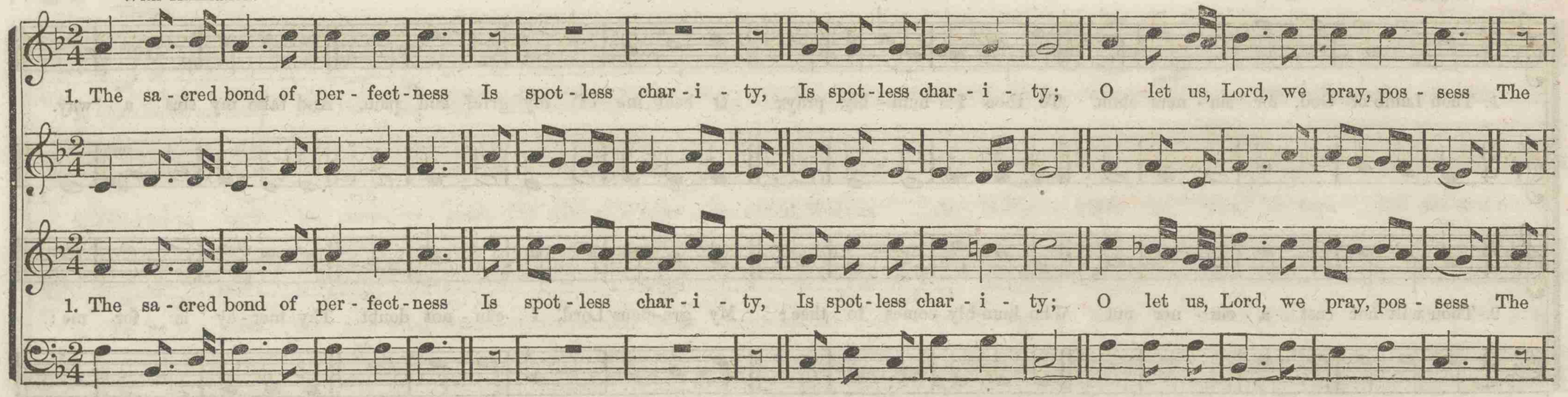
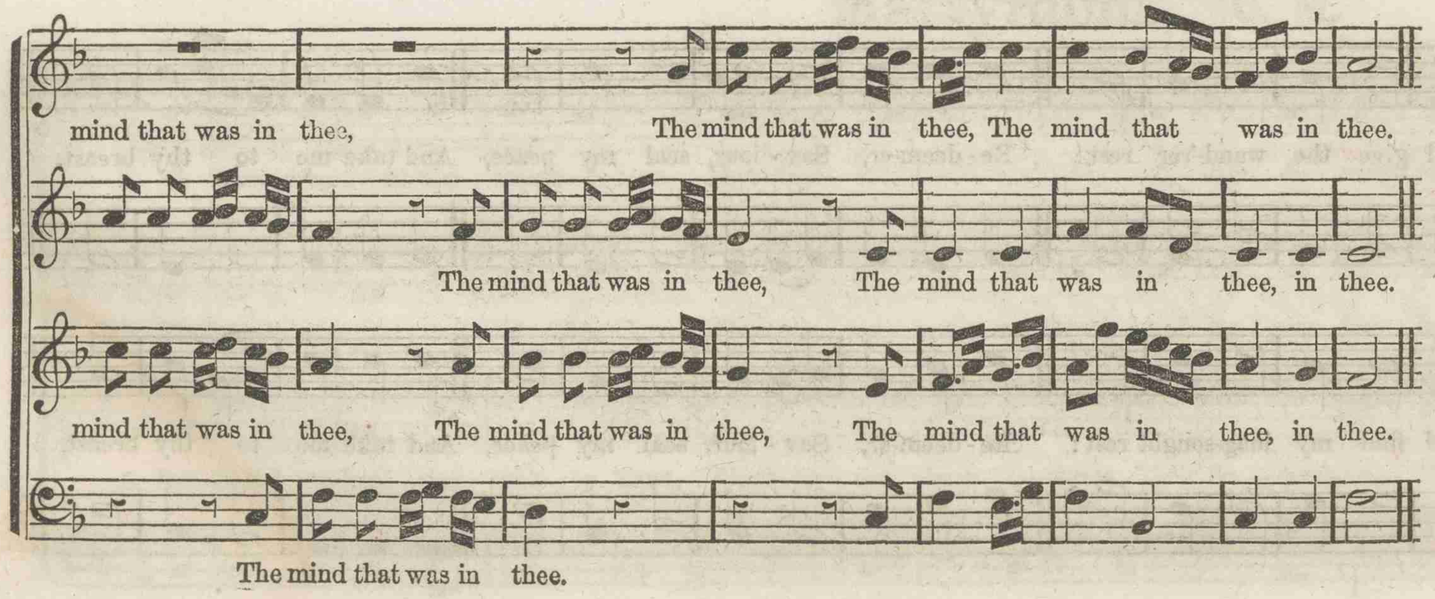
2. Thou wilt not cast a sin - ner out Who hum-bly comes to thee; My gra-cious Lord, I can - not doubt Thy mer - cy is for me:

Now from this bond - age, Lord, re - lease, And give the wand-'rer rest: Re - deem-er, Sav - iour, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.

O let me now ob - tain the grace, And find my long-sought rest: Re - deem-er, Sav - iour, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.

Sacred Bond. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH
BY KARL REDEN.

With Animation.

2. Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

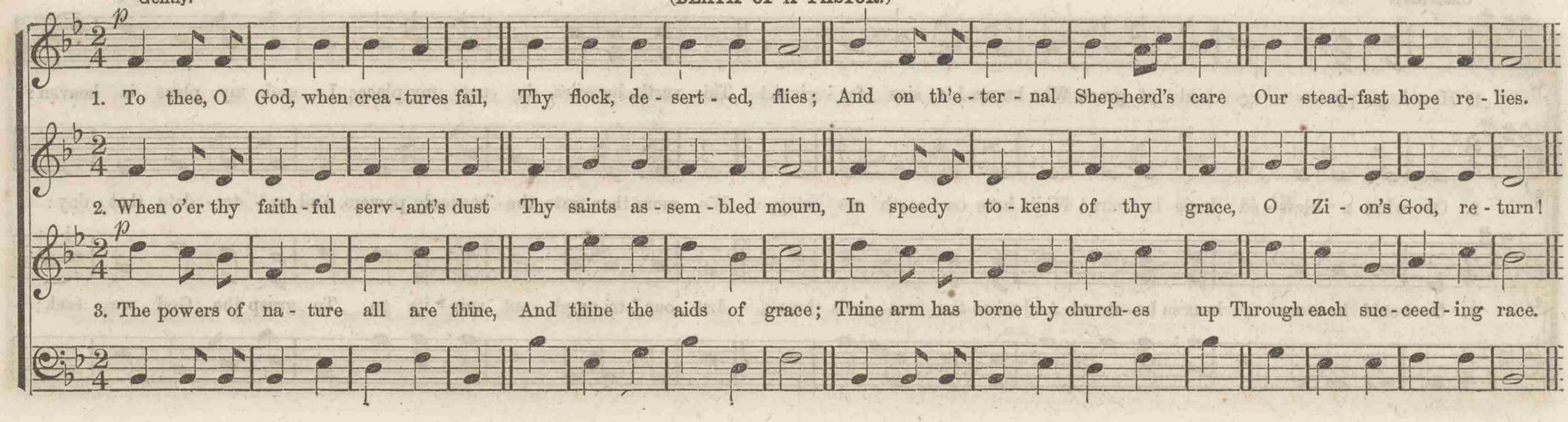
3. With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.

4. Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

The Shepherd's Rest. C. M.

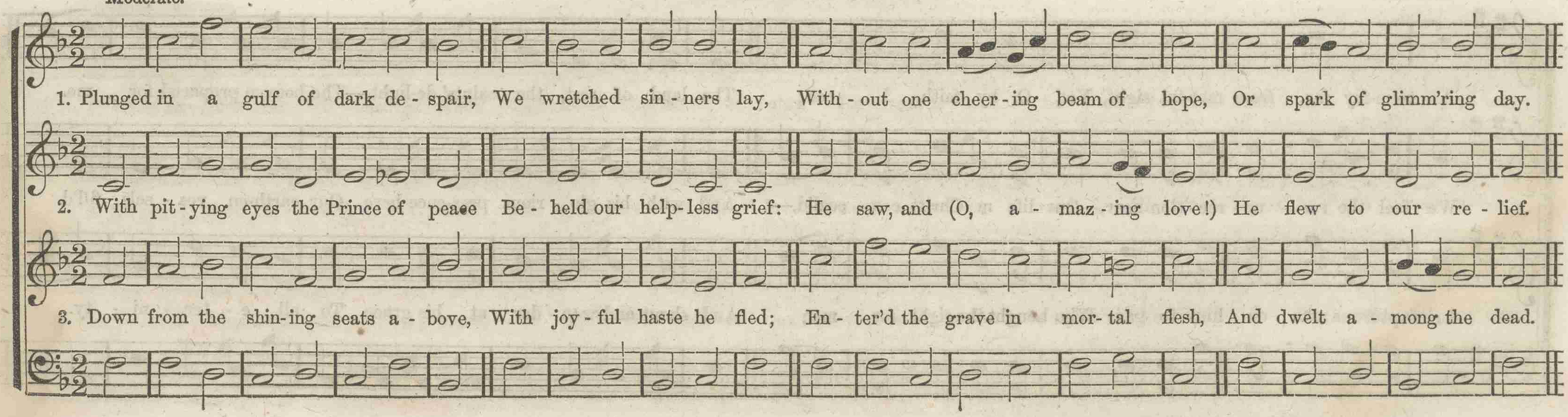
(DEATH OF A PASTOR.)

Gently.



Dundee. C. M.

Moderato.



90

Blessed Hope. C. M. Double.

Arranged from the German by Karl Reden.

Cheerfully.

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace Who knows his sins for - given! This earth, he cries, is not my place; I seek my place in heaven:

2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, We more than taste the heavenly powers, And an - te - date that day:

3. O would he more of heaven be - stow! And when the ves - sels break, Let our tri-umph - ant spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

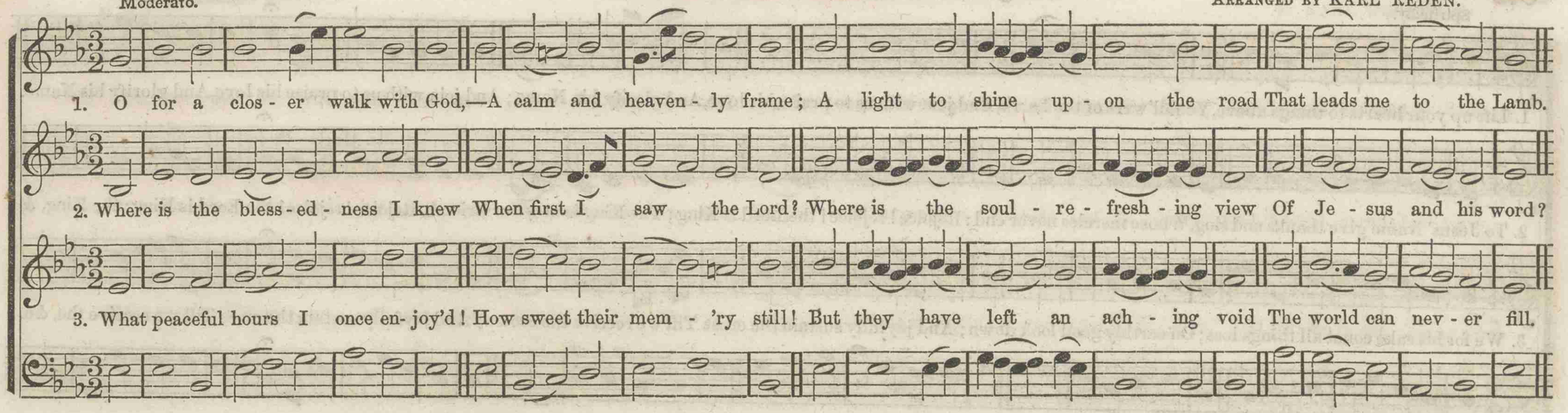
A coun-try far from mor-tal sight, Yet, O, by faith I see; The land of rest, the saints' de-light,—The heaven prepared for me.

We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near,—Our life in Christ con - ceal'd,— And with his glo - rious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves - sels fill'd.

In rapturous awe on him to gaze Who bought the sight for me; And shout and won - der at his grace To all e - ter - ni - ty.

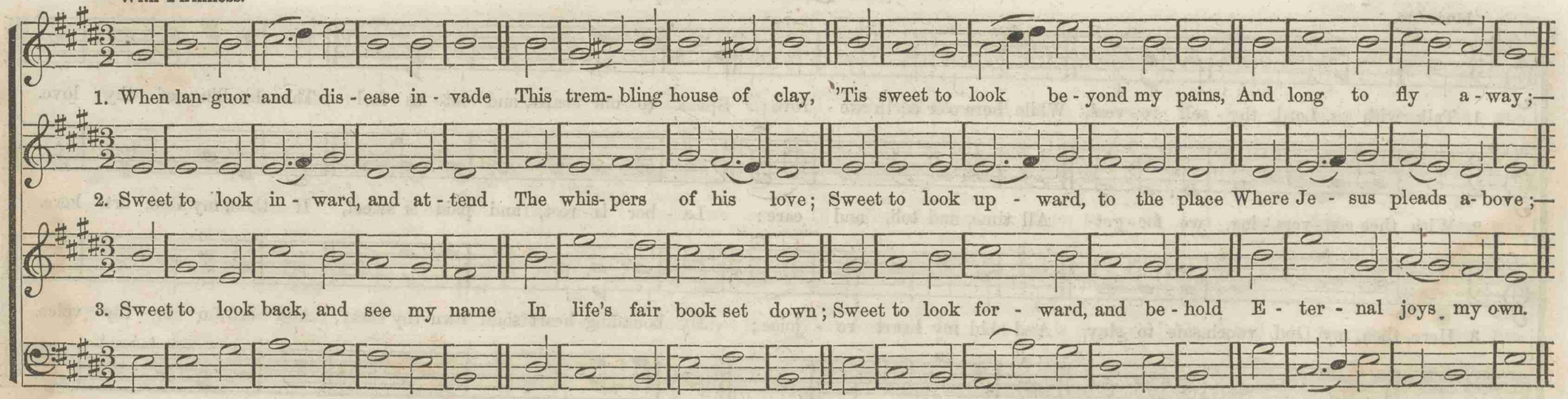
Aching Void. C. M.

CLARE.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Bedford. C. M.

WHEALL.

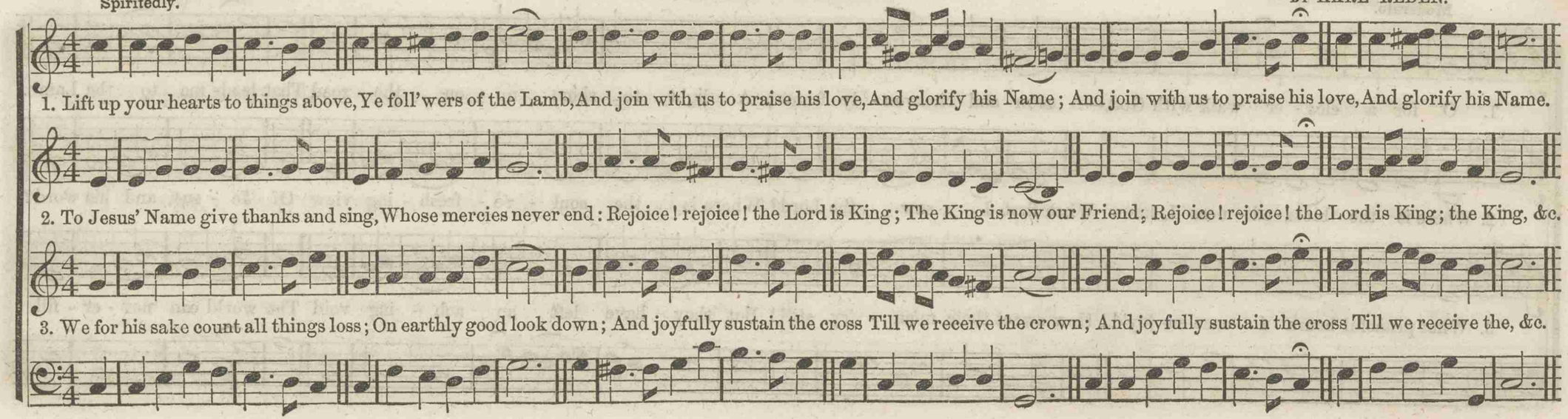
With Firmness.



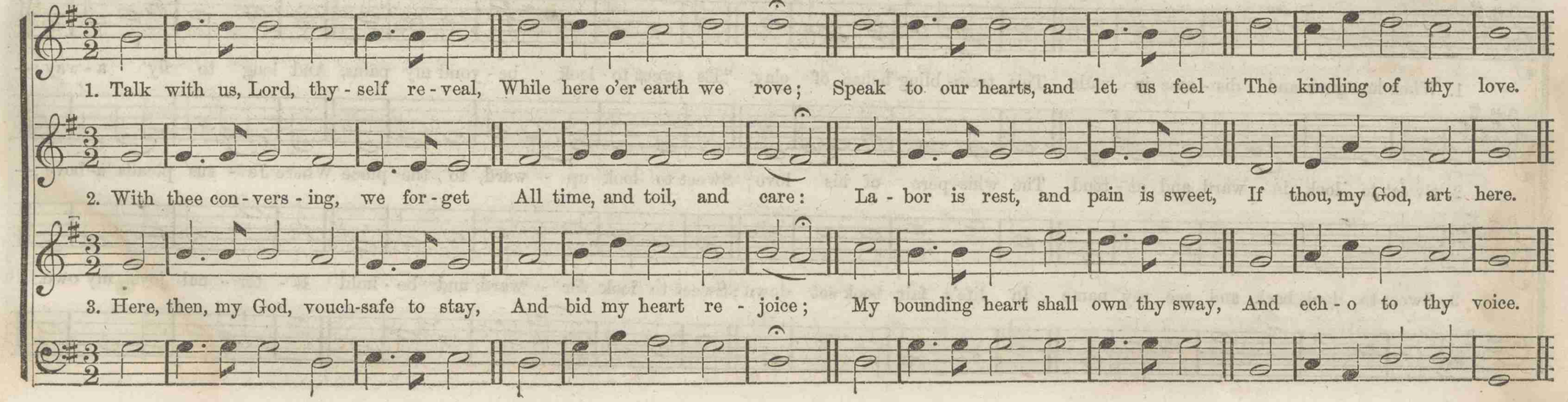
92

Rejoicing in Hope. C. M.

Arranged from Gippert, by Karl Reden.

Spiritedly.

Arlington. C. M.

Dr. Arne.

Moderato.

Endless Charms. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

With Firmness.

1. The gos - pel! O what end - less charms Dwell in that bliss - ful sound; Its influence ev - 'ry fear dis - arms, And spreads delight a - round.

2. Here par - don, life, and joy di - vine, In rich ef - fu - sion flow, For guilt - y reb - els, lost in sin, And doom'd to end - less woe.

3. Th'almight - y Form - er of the skies Stoops to our vile a - bode; While an - gels view with wond'ring eyes, And hail th' in-car - nate God.

Howard. C. M.

Moderato.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

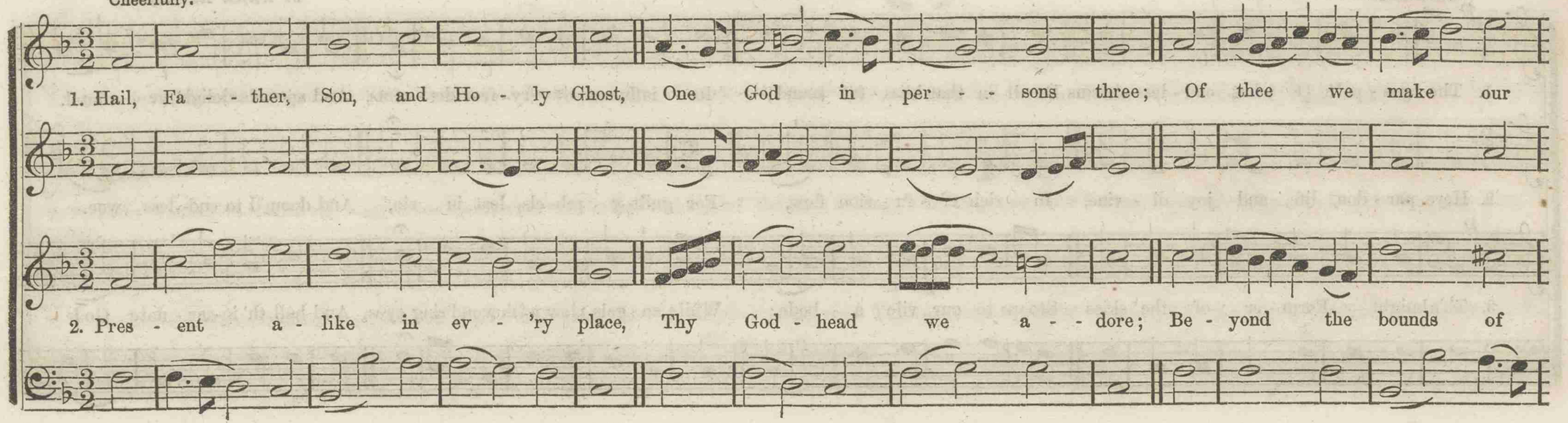
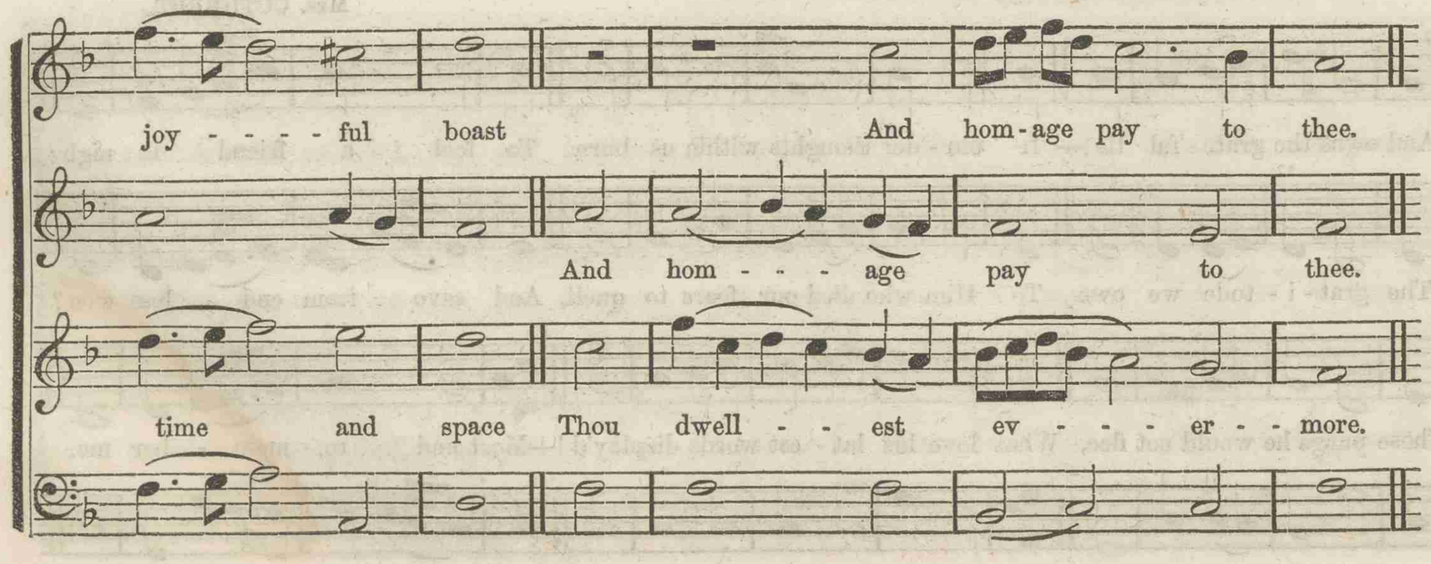
1. If hu - man kind - ness meets re - turn, And owns the grate - ful tie;— In ten - der thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh;

2. O shall not warmer ac - cents tell The grat - i - tude we owe To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from end - less woe?

3. While yet in an - guish he sur - vey'd Those pangs he would not flee, What love his lat - est words display'd!—Meet and re - mem - ber me.

Homage. C. M.

J. LEACH.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

3. In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

4. Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.

5. Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,—
The hearts of all mankind.

Sympathy. C. M.

Moderato.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

2. Touch'd with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows what sore tempt-a - tions mean, For he hath felt the same.

3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Pour'd out strong cries and tears, And in his measure feels a - fresh What ev - 'ry mem - ber bears.

Dunlap's Creek. C. M.

Moderato.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve:—

2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Like mountains round me close; I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore his throne, And there my guilt con - fess; I'll tell him, I'm a wretch un - done With - out his sov'reign grace.

Brattle Street. C. M. Double.

Moderato.

PLEYEL.

1. My span of life will soon be done, The pass - ing mo - ments say; As length-en shad-ows o'er the mead Pro - claim the close of day.

2. Cour - age, my soul, thy bit - ter cross, In ev - 'ry tri - al here, Shall bear thee to thy heaven a - bove, But shall not en - ter there.

3. Soon will the toil-some strife be o'er Of sub - lu - na - ry care, And life's dull van - i - ties no more This anx - ious breast en - snare.

O that my heart might dwell a - loof, From all cre - at - ed things, And learn that wis - dom from a - bove, Whence true con - tent-ment springs!

The sigh - ing ones that hum - bly seek In sor-rowing paths be - low, Shall in e - ter - ni - ty re - joice, Where end - less com - forts flow.

Cour-age, my soul, on God re - ly, De - liv - 'rance soon will come; A thou - sand ways has Prov - i - dence To bring be - liev - ers home.

Consider the Lilies. C. M.

Moderato.

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

2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod— Whose se - cret heart, with influence 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.

St. Ann's. C. M.

With Animation.

Dr. CROFT.

1. God moves in a mys- te - rious way, His wonders to per - form; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He treasures up his bright de- signs, And works his sov'reign will.

3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take: The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mer- cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.

Providential Care. C. M. Double.

With Animation.

Arranged from Gippert, by Karl Reden.

1. Je - ho - vah, God the Father, bless, And thine own work defend; With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace, And keep us to the end. Pre - serve the creatures

2. Je - ho - vah, God the Son, re-veal The brightness of thy face; And all thy pardon'd people fill With plen - i - tude of grace. Shine forth with all the

of thy love By prov - i - den - tial care: Con - duct - ed to the realms a - bove To sing thy good-ness there, To sing thy good-ness there.

De - i - ty, Which dwells in thee a - lone; And lift us up thy face to see On thy e - ter - nal throne, On thy e - ter - nal throne.

The Guiding Lamp. C. M.

With Animation.

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given; Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our droop-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears; And life, and light, and joy im-parts, And ban-ish-es our fears.

3. This lamp, thro' all the te-dious night Of life, shall guide our way; Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day.

Balerma. C. M.

Moderato.

SCOTCH MELODY.

1. O that I could my Lord re-ceive, Who did the world re-deem; Who gave his life that I might live A life con-ceal'd in him.

2. O that I could the bless-ing prove,— My heart's ex-treme de-sire; Live hap-py in my Sav-iour's love, And in his arms ex-pire.

3. Mer-cy I ask to seal my peace, That, kept by mer-cy's power, I may from ev-'ry e-vil cease, And nev-er grieve thee more.

100

Earnest Pleading. C. M.

Karl Reden.

Gently.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream In earn - est plead-ing flows; De - vo - tion dwells up - on the theme, And warm and warm-er glows.

2. Faith grasps the bless-ing she de - sires; Hope points the up - ward gaze; And Love, ce - les - tial Love, in - spires The el - o - quence of praise.

3. But sweeter far the still small voice, Un - heard by hu - man ear, When God has made the heart re - joice, And dried the bit - ter tear.

Barby. C. M.

WM. TANSUR. 1760.

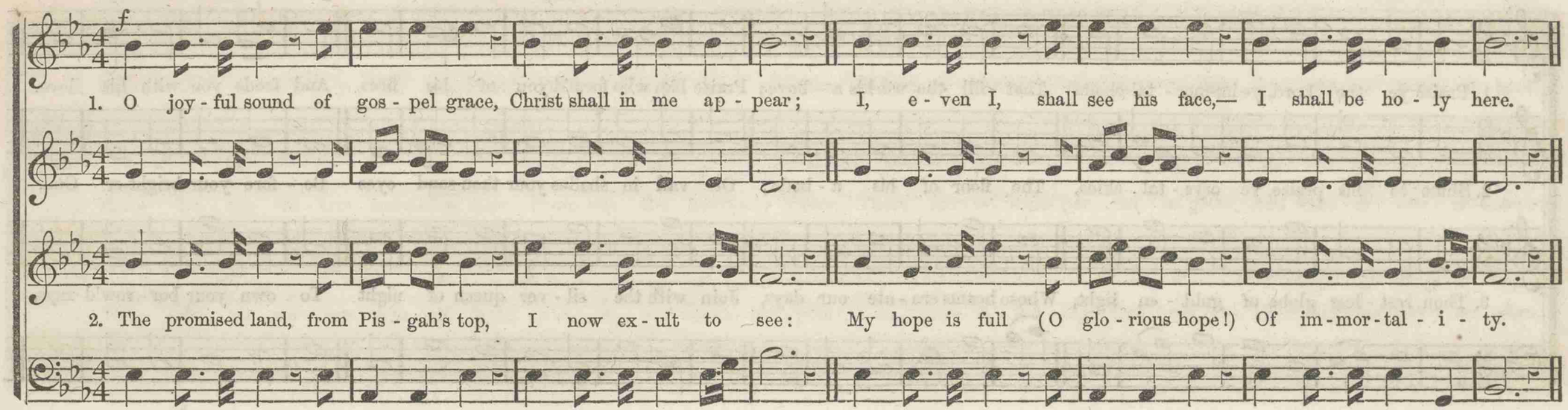
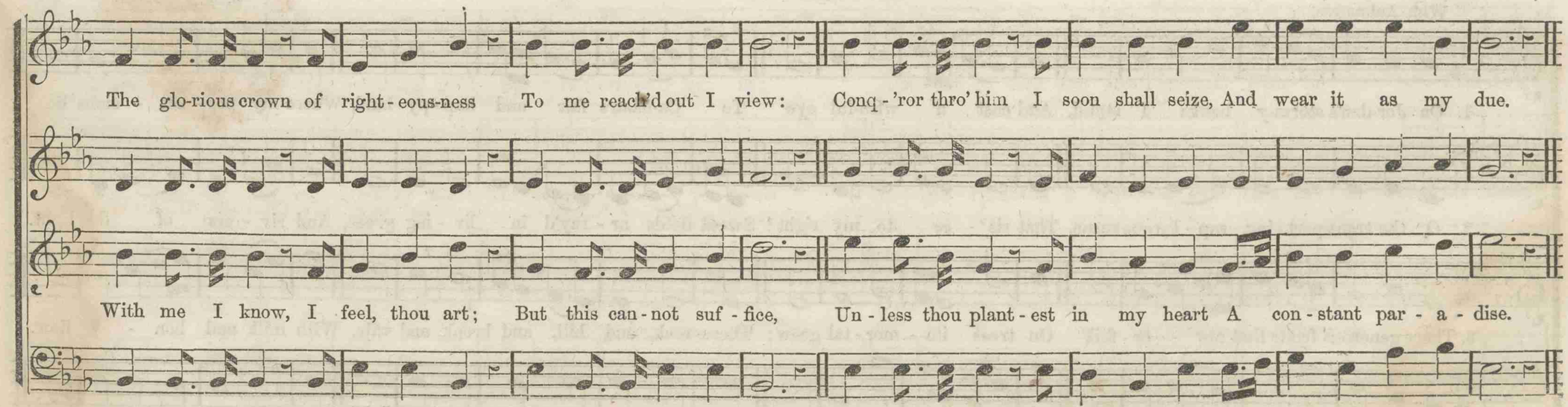
With Firmness.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the vail, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their viet-'ry came: They, with u - nit - - ed breath, As - cribe their conquest to the Lamb,—Their tri-umph to his death.

Gospel Grace. C. M. Double.

With Animation.

102

New London. C. M.

Moderato.

DR. CROFT.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

1. Praise ye the Lord, ye im-mor - tal choirs That fill the worlds a - bove; Praise him who form'd you of his fires, And feeds you with his love.

2. Shine to his praise, ye crys - tal skies, The floor of his a - bode; Or vail in shades your thou-sand eyes Be - fore your bright-er God.

3. Thou rest - less globe of gold - en light, Whose beams cre - ate our days, Join with the sil - ver queen of night To own your bor - row'd rays.

Relief. C. M.

With Animation.

J. M. PELTON.

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

2. O the trans-port - ing, rap - turous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

3. There generous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale, With milk and hon - ey flow.

Jasper. C. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON. *By permission.*

Allegretto.

mp *Dim.* *mp* *Dim.*

1. There is a cit - y fair and bright, That eye hath nev - er seen, Where ev - er dwell-eth pure de-light, And heavenly peace se - rene.

2. There liv - ing wa - ters cease-less flow From out the heaven-ly throne; There fair-est fruits per - en - ial grow, And want is nev - er known;

3. Nor sin nor sor - row com - eth there, Nor ev - en death nor pain; In love a - bid - ing. free from care, Their saints for - ev - er reign.

mf *mp* *f*

High walls of pre-cious gems and gold Se - cure from ev - 'ry ill; Un-heard of bliss and joys un-told With - in its bor - ders dwell:

Nor sun by day, nor moon by night, This heaven-ly cit - y needs; But glo - ry sheds a crys - tal light That nev - er wanes nor fades:

A - mong the ma - ny man-sions there, O, is there one for me? Dear Lord, an hum - ble place pre-pare, That I may dwell with thee.

104

Tabernacle. C. M.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. Grant me with-in thy courts a place, A-mong thy saints a seat, For ev-er to be-hold thy face, And wor-ship at thy feet:—

2. In thy pa-vil-ion to a-bide, When storms of troub-le blow, And in thy tab-er-na-cle hide, Se-cure from ev-'ry foe.

3. Seek ye my face;—without de-lay, When thus I hear thee speak, My heart would leap for joy, and say,— Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Abridge. C. M.

I. SMITH.

Moderato.

1. Why, O my soul, O why de-press'd, And whence thine anxious fears? Let for-mer mer-cies fix thy trust, And check thy ris-ing tears.

2. Af-flic-tion is a storm-y deep, Where wave succeeds to wave; Tho' o'er my head the bil-lows sweep, I know the Lord can save.

3. His grace and mer-cy trust, my soul, Nor mur-mur at his rod: In vain the waves of troub-le roll While he is still thy God.

Esteem. C. M.

With Firmness.

R. MUNSON.

1. Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines, How high thy won - ders rise! Known through the earth by thousand signs, By thousands through the skies.

2. Those mighty orbs pro - claim thy power; Their motions speak thy skill: And on the wings of ev - 'ry hour We read thy pa - tience still.

3. Part of thy Name di - vine - ly stands, On all thy creat-ures writ; They show the la - bor of thy hands, Or im - press of thy feet.

China. C. M.

With Solemnity.

T. SWAN. 1800.

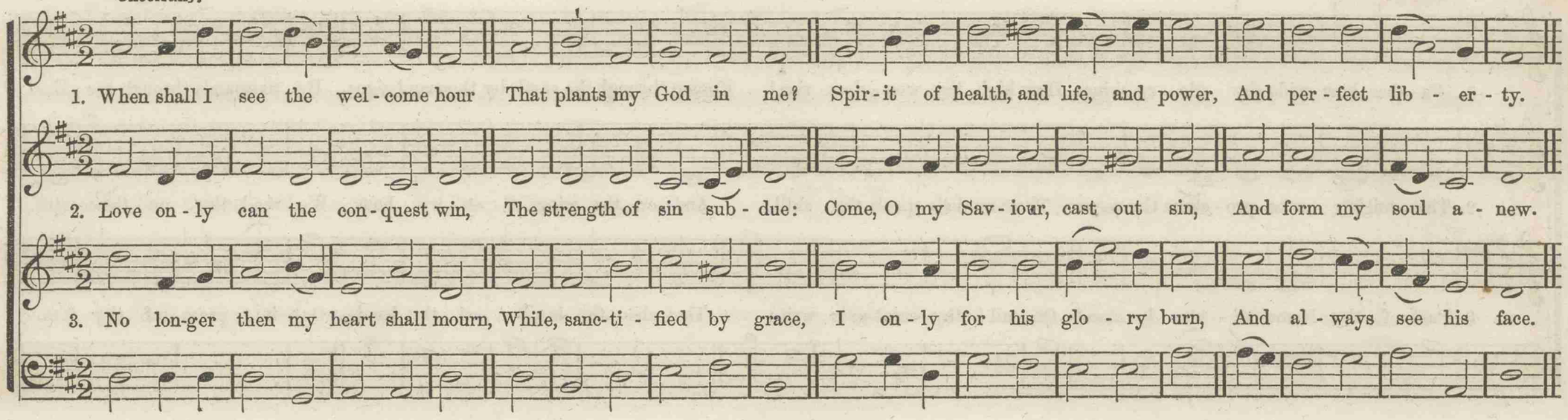
1. Why do we mourn for dy - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tend- ing up - ward too As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

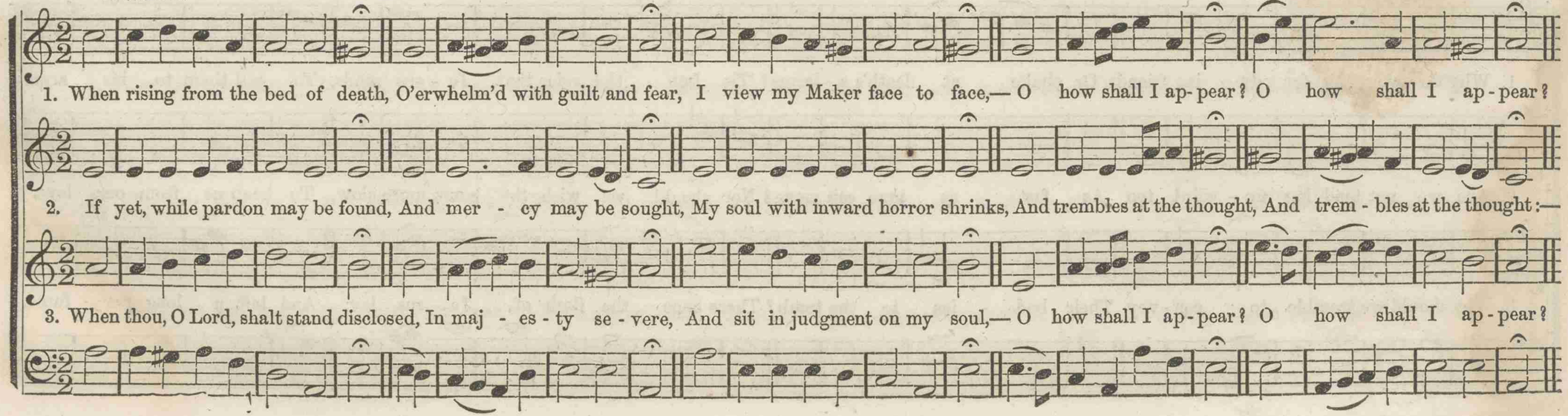
3. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb? There once the flesh of... Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

Conquest. C. M.

Karl Reden.

Cheerfully.

St. Olaves. C. M.

J. HUSBAND.

Moderato.

Windsor. C. M.

With Firmness. KIRBY.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'ap-point-ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

2. Je - sus, thou source of all my joys, Thou rul - er of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pro-nounce the word,—De-part!

3. The thun - der of that aw - ful word Would so tor - ment my ear, 'Twould tear my soul a - sun - der, Lord, With most tor - ment-ing fear.

Antwerp. C. M.

With Firmness. V. NOVELLO.

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And an - swer in that day For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev - 'ry word I say?

2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short - ly be made known, And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.

3. How care - ful, then, ought I to live; With what re - lig - ious fear; Who such a strict ac - count must give For my be hav - ior here.

Walsal. C. M.

Moderato. H. PURCELL.

1. Woe to the men on earth who dwell, Nor dread th'Al-mighty's frown, When God doth all his wrath re - veal, And shower his judgments down.

2. Sin - ners, ex - pect those heav-iest showers: To meet your God, pre - pare; For, lo! the sev - enth an - gel pours His vi - al on the air.

3. Lo! from their seats the mountains leap; The mountains are not found; Transport-ed far in - to the deep, And in the o - cean drown'd.

Bangor. C. M.

Moderato. RAVENSCROFT.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound; My 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, Shall lie as low as ours.

3. Great God! is this our cer - tain doom, And are we still se - cure? Still walk-ing down-ward to the tomb, And yet pre - pared no more?

Coleshill. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Be - neath our feet, and o'er our head, Is e - qual warn - ing given; Be - neath us lie the countless dead,— A - bove us is the heaven.

2. Death rides on ev - 'ry pass - ing breeze, And lurks in ev - 'ry flower; Each sea - son has its own dis - ease,— Its per - il ev - 'ry hour.

3. Our eyes have seen the ro - sy light Of youth's soft cheek de - cay, And fate de - scend in sud - den night On manhood's mid - dle day.

Malden. C. M.

Moderato.

TANSUR.

1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits for - bear; Re - pent, thine end is nigh; Death, at the far - thest, can't be far, O think be - fore thou die.

2. Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount! What are thy hopes be - yond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?

3. Death en - ters, and there's no de - fense; His time there's none can tell; He'll in a mo - ment call thee hence, To heaven, or down to hell.

110

Earnest Desire. S. M.

C. C. Converse.

With Emotion.

1. O 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.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

Kentucky. S. M.

WESTERN.

Gently.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.

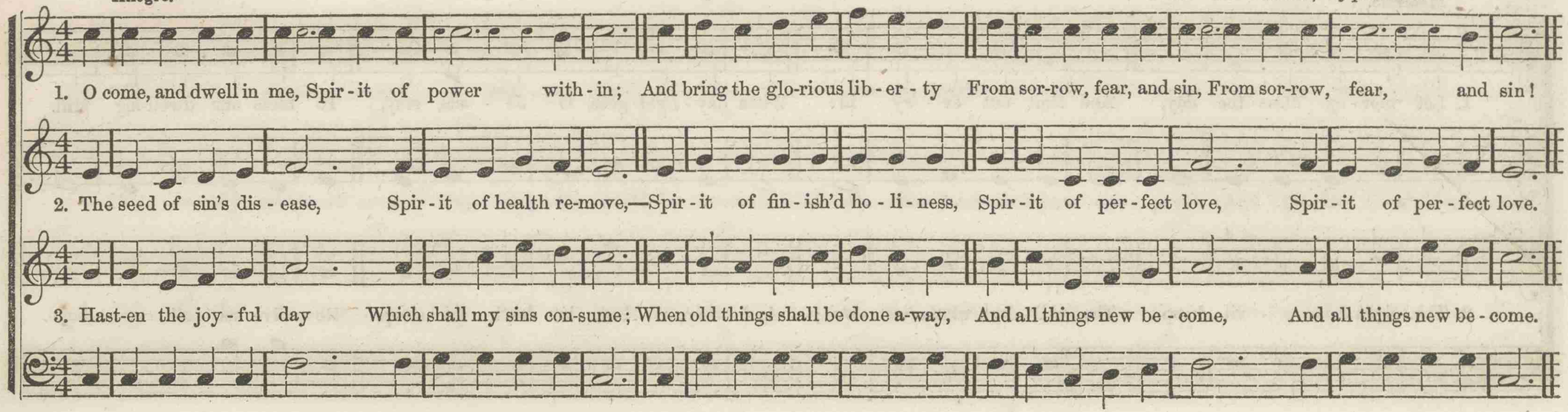
2. The Son of God in tears The wond-'ring an - gels see; Be thou as - tonish'd, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear: In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

Converse. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM ANTON GERSBACH.
From "THE JUBILEE," by permission.

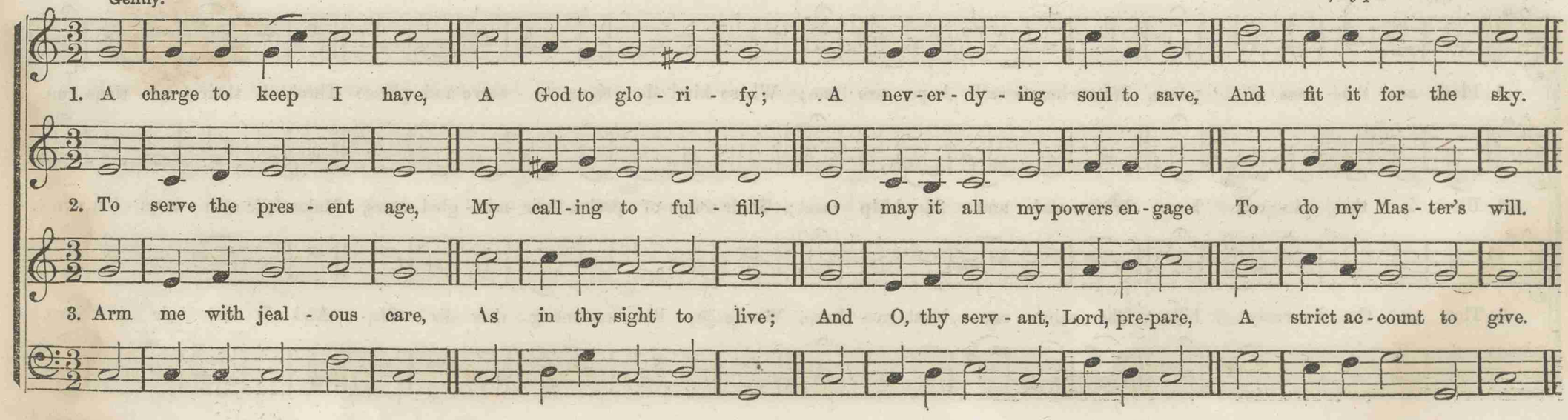
Allegro.



Boylston. S. M.

DR. MASON, *by permission.*

Gently.



112

Close of Day. S. M.

C. O. Nevers.

Moderato.

1. Let mer - cy close the day, And shut out ev - 'ry ill: When day - light goes, O Je - sus, stay, To bless our dwell-ing still.

2. This night from e - vil keep The chil - dren whom we love; And when, at last, in death we sleep, Re - ceive us all a - boye.

St. Thomas. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Boldly.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.

3. Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy like morn-ing dew dis - tills, And all the air is love.

Prague. S. M.

GERMAN CHORAL.

Moderato.

1. To bless thy chos- en race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine;—

2. That so thy wondrous way May through the world be known; While dis - tant lands their hom - age pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.

3. Let all the na - tions join To cel - e - brate thy fame; And all the world, O Lord, com - bine To praise thy glo - rious Name.

Dennis. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

Gently.

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 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 your wea - ry mind; O, seek your heaven-ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

Release. S. M. Double.

C. C. Revers.

Boldly.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, at - tend Thy fee - ble crea-ture's cry; And show thy - self the sin - ner's Friend, And set me up on high.

2. Thy blood and right - eous-ness I make my on - ly plea; My pres - ent and e - ter - nal peace Are both de - rived from thee.

From hell's op - press - ive power My struggling soul re - lease; And to thy Fa - ther's grace re - store; And to thy per - fect peace.

Riv - ers of life di - vine From thee, their fount - ain, flow; And all who know that love of thine, The joy of an - gels know.

Safe Retreat. S. M.

Gently.

1. O Thou, whose mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand, in - dulg - ent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;—

2. See, at thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'-rer mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said,—Re - turn?

3. Shall guilt - y fears pre - vail To drive me from thy feet? O let not this last ref - uge fail,— This on - ly safe re - treat.

Thatcher. S. M.

Moderato.

HANDEL.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call: I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell: 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smil - ings of thy face, How a - mia - ble they are! 'Tis heaven to rest in thine em - brace, And no - where else but there.

Covenant. S. M.

Cheerfully.

ENGLISH.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive In Zi - on's gloom-y hour, And let our dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.

2. O let thy chos - en few A - wake to earn - est prayer; Their cov - e - nant a - gain re - new, And walk in fil - ial fear.

3. Thy Spir - it then will speak Through lips of hum - ble clay, Till hearts of ad - a - mant shall break,— Till reb - els shall o - bey.

Shirland. S. M.

With Animation.

S. STANLEY.

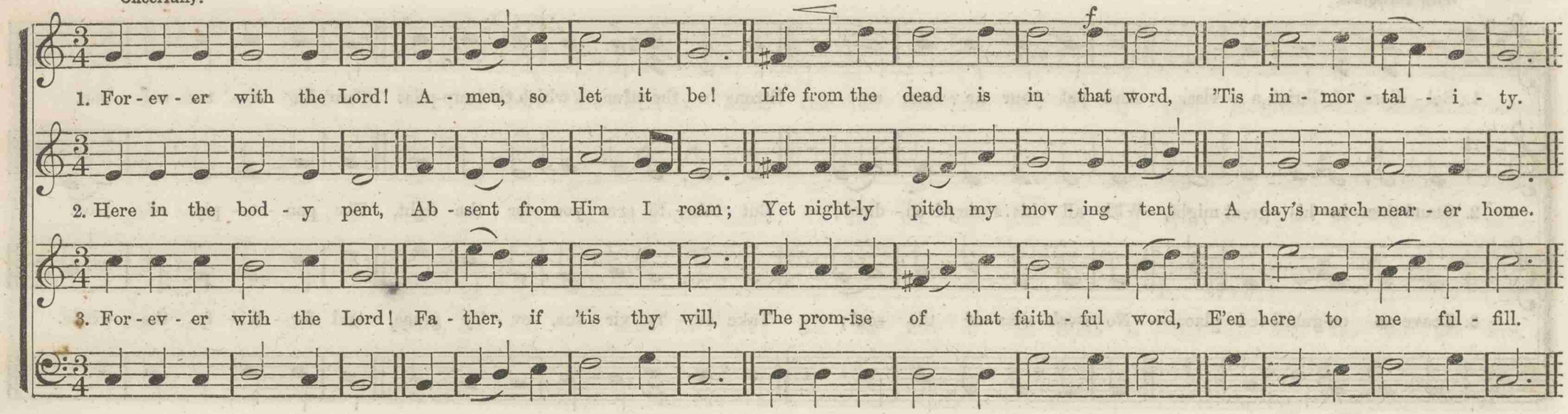
1. Je - sus, my truth, my way, My sure, un - err - ing light, On thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which thou wilt guide a - right.

2. My wis - dom and my guide, My coun - sel - or thou art; O nev - er let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths de - part.

3. I lift mine eyes to thee, Thou gra-cious, bleed - ing Lamb, That I may now en - light - en'd be, And nev - er put to shame.

Nearer Home. S. M.

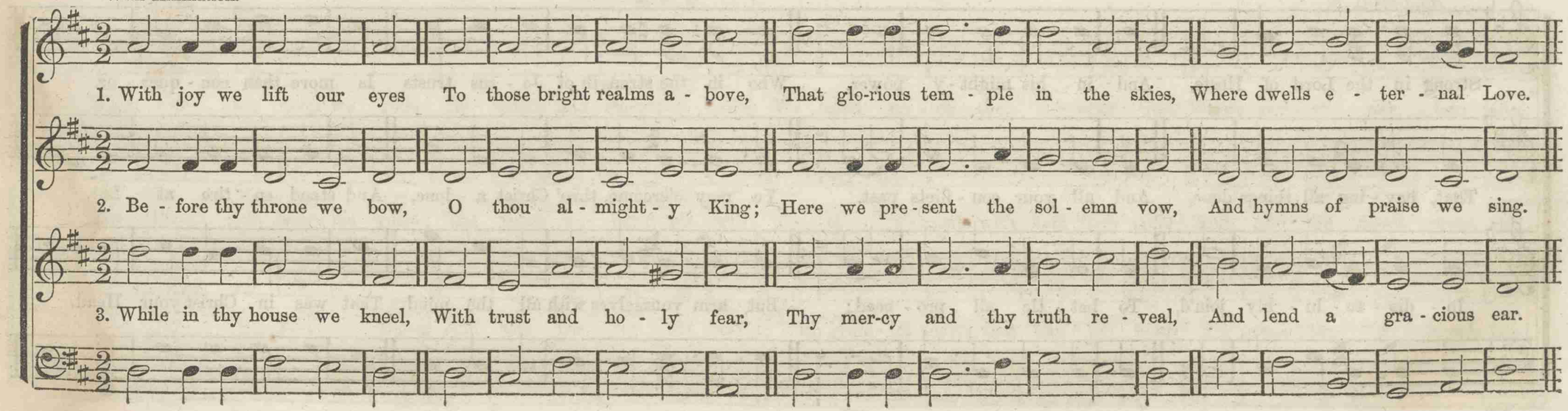
Cheerfully.



Westminster. S. M.

With Animation.

BOYCE.



118 **Christian Armor.** S. M. Double. Karl Reden.

With Firmness.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son.

2. Stand then in his great might, With all his strength en - dued; But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.

3. Leave no un-guard - ed place,— No weak - ness of the soul; Take ev - 'ry vir - tue, ev - 'ry grace, And for - ti - fy the whole.

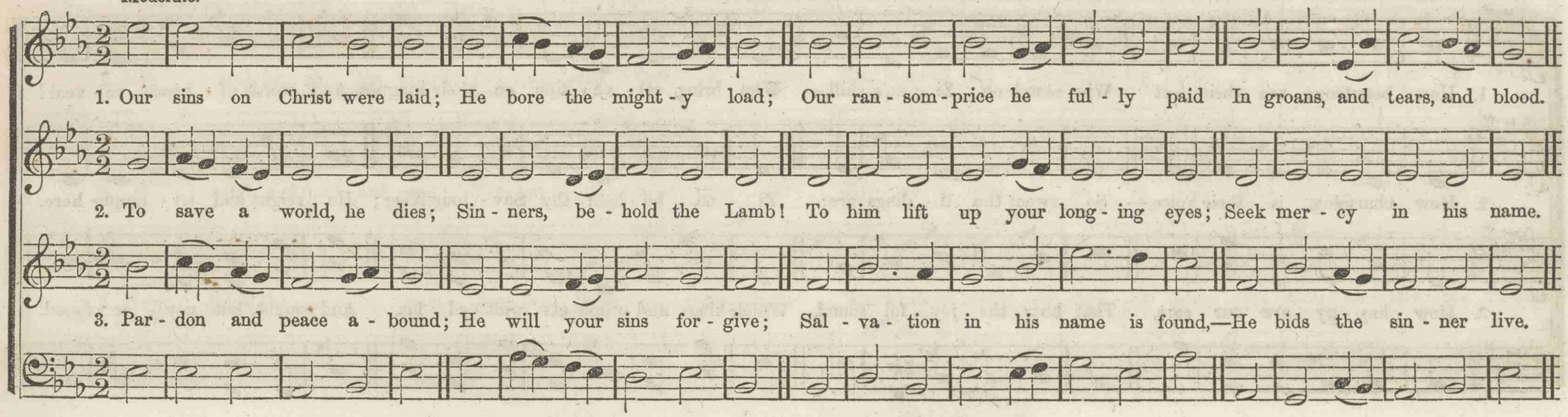
Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his might - y power, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.

That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past, Ye may o'ercome, thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

In - dis - so - lu - bly join'd, To bat - tle all pro - ceed; But arm yourselves with all the mind That was in Christ your Head.

Ransom. S. M.

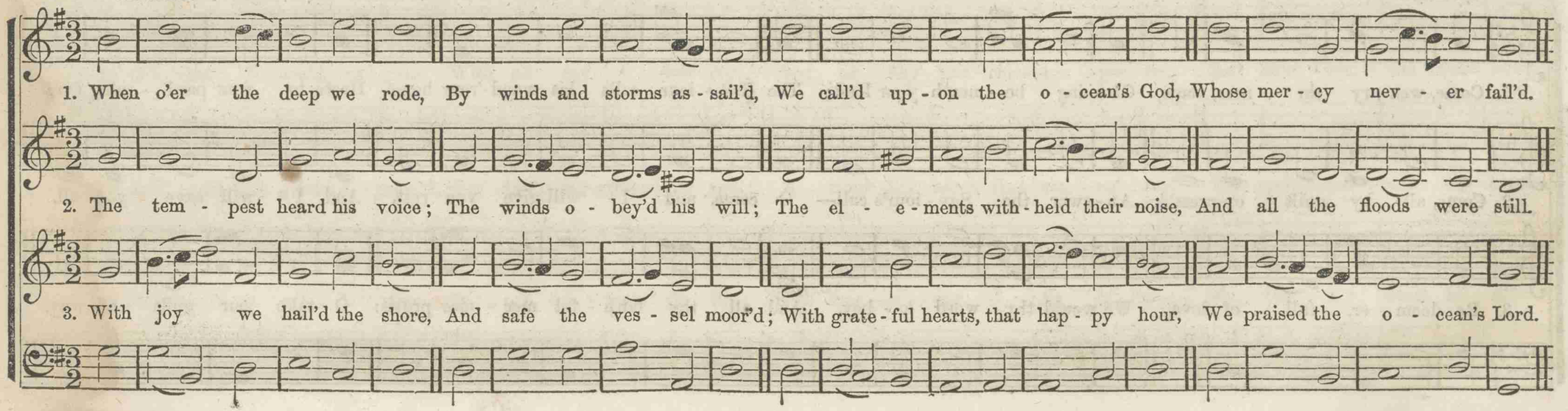
Moderato.



Happy Hour. S. M.

Moderato.

W. HORSLEY.



120

Charming Voice. S. M.

E. C. Revans.

With Animation.

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!

2. How charming is their voice,— So sweet the ti - dings are; Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour King; He reigns and tri - umphs here.

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

Golden Hill. S. M.

WESTERN TUNE.

Moderato.

1. Come, wea - ry sin - ners, come, Groaning be - neath your load; The Sav - iour calls his wand-'rers home, Haste to your pard' - ning God.

2. Come, all by guilt op-press'd, An - swer the Sav - iour's call— O come, and I will give you rest, And I will save you all.

3. Re - deem - er, full of love, We would thy word o - bey, And all thy faith - ful mer - cies prove: O take our guilt a - way.

Perseverance. S. M.

Moderato.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3. Ne'er think the vict-'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down: The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob-tain the crown.

Sincerity. S. M.

MENDELSSOHN.

Moderato.

1. O that I could re-pent, With all my i-dols part, And to thy gra-cious eye pre-sent An hum-ble, con-trite heart.

2. A heart with grief op-press'd, For hav-ing grieved my God; A troub-led heart, that can-not rest Till sprink-led with thy blood.

3. Je-sus, on me be-stow The pen-i-tent de-sire; With true sin-cer-i-ty of woe My ach-ing breast in-spire.

122

Majesty Divine. S. M.

E. C. Revons.

Moderato.

1. Thou, Lord, art God a - lone: Those countless worlds of thine, Those heavens and heavenly spir - its, own Thy maj - es - ty di - vine.

2. Earth is thy footstool made, Great u - ni - vers - al Lord; And all things are in be - ing stay'd By thy pre - serv - ing word.

3. At thy com - mand we rise, Thy gra - cious Name to bless; And thee, the Lord of earth and skies, We joy - ful - ly con - fess.

Elmswood. S. M. Double.

I. B. WOODBURY.

From "New Lute of Zion," by permission.

With Firmness.

FINE. *D. C.*

1. { Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care; }
   { With hum-ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer. } Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do;
D. C. On thee,— al - might-y to cre - ate, Al - might - y to re - new.

2. { I want a so - ber mind, A self - re - nouncing will, }
   { That tramples down, and casts behind, The baits of pleas-ing ill: } A soul in - ured to pain, To hard - ship, grief, and loss;
D. C. Bold to take up, firm to sustain, The con - se - crat - ed cross.

Resurrection. S. M. Double.

Cheerfully.

1. The Lord is risen in - deed; The grave hath lost its prey; With him shall rise the ran - somed seed, To reign in end - less day. The

2. The Lord is risen in - deed; At - tend - ing an - gels hear; Up to the courts of heaven with speed The joy - ful ti - dings bear, Then

Lord is risen in - deed: He lives to die no more; He lives his people's cause to plead Whose curse and shame he bore, Whose curse and shame he bore.

take your golden lyres, And strike each cheerful chord; Join all the bright, ce - les - tial choirs, To sing, To sing our ris - en Lord.

1. Whose curse, whose curse and shame he bore.

To sing our ris - en Lord, To sing our ris - en Lord.

124

Restoring Word. S. M.

E. C. Revans.

With Animation.

O speak that word a - gain; It cheers my drooping heart: How sweetly doth it soothe my pain, And bid my fears de - part.

How sweetly doth it soothe my pain, And bid my fears de - part.

O speak that word a - gain; It cheers my drooping heart: How sweetly doth it soothe my pain, And bid my fears de - part.

Silver Street. S. M.

SMITH.

Cheerfully.

1. 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.

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

A Father's Love. S. M.

Moderato. V. HORSLEY.

1. How ten - der is thy hand O thou most gra - cious Lord! Af - flic - tions came at thy com-mand, And left us at thy word.

2. How gen - tle was the rod That chast - en'd us for sin! How soon we found a smil - ing God Where deep dis - tress had been!

3. A Fa - ther's hand we felt, A Fa - ther's love we knew; 'Mid tears of pen - i - tence we knelt, And found his prom - ise true.

Hants. S. M.

Cheerfully. ENGLISH TUNE.

1. A - way, my need-less fears, And doubts, no lon - ger mine; A ray of heav'nly light ap- pears,— A messenger di - vine, A messen-ger di - vine.

2. Thrice comfort-a - ble hope, That calms my troubled breast; My Father's hand prepares the cup, And what he wills is best, And what he wills is best.

3. If what I wish is good, And suits the will di - vine,— By earth and hell in vain withstood, I know it shall be mine, I know it shall be mine.

Day-Star. S. M.

E. C. Revans.

Moderato.

1. We lift our hearts to thee, O Day-star from on high! The sun it-self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2. O let thy ris-ing beams The night of sin dis-perse,— The mists of er-ror and of vice, Which shade the u-ni-verse.

3. How beauteous na-ture now; How dark and sad be-fore; With joy we view the pleas-ing change, And na-ture's God a-dore.

Mornington. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

Boldly.

1. When shall thy love con-strain, And force me to thy breast? When shall my soul re-turn a-gain To her e-ter-nal rest?

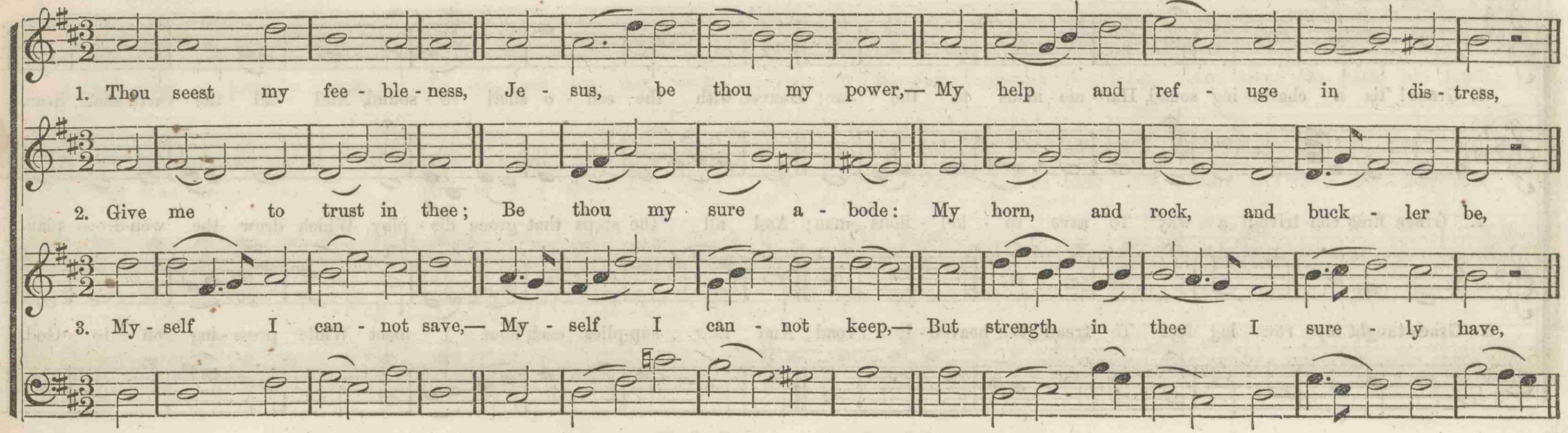
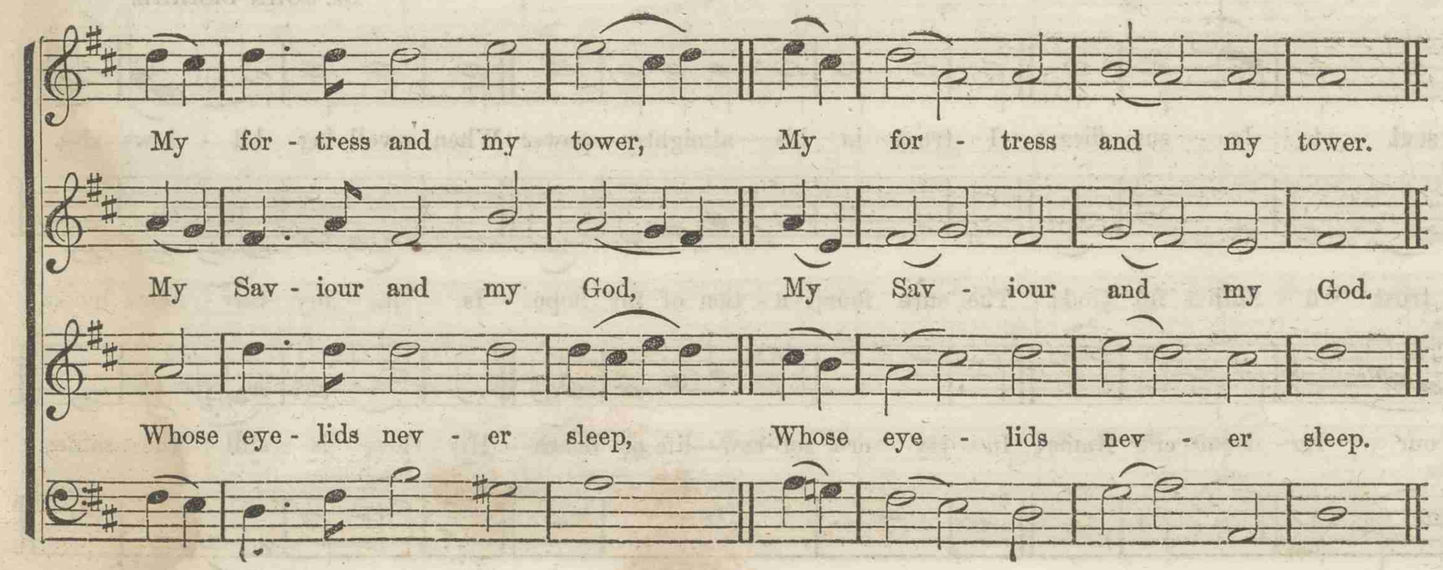
2. Ah! what a-vail my strife,— My wand'-ring to and fro? Thou hast the words of end-less life: Ah! whith-er should I go?

3. Thy con-de-scend-ing grace To me did free-ly move; It calls me still to seek thy face, And stoops to ask my love.

Fortress. S. M.

S. STANLEY.

Moderato.



1. Lord! I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2. When nature's streams are dried
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name.

3. Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

128

Watchman. S. M.

With Animation.

JAMES LEACH.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first con-trived a way To save re-bel-lious man; And all the steps that grace dis-play, Which drew the won-drous plan.

3. Grace taught my rov-ing feet To tread the heaven-ly road; And new sup-plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.

Clarke. S. M.

With Firmness.

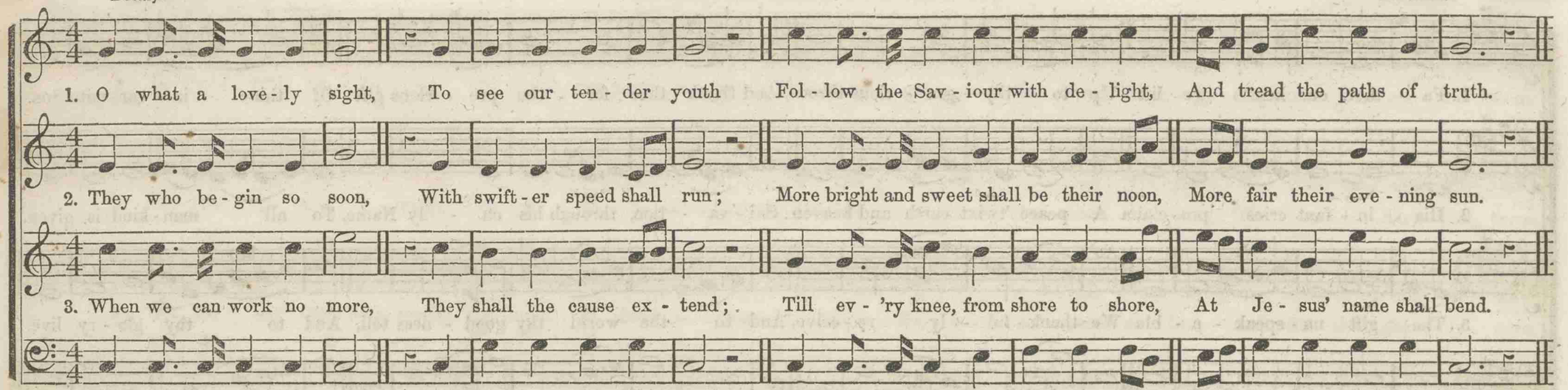
Dr. JOHN CLARKE.

1. In ev-'ry try-ing hour My soul to Je-sus flies; I trust in his almight-y power When swell-ing bil-lows rise.

2. His com-forts bear me up; I trust a faith-ful God; The sure found-a-tion of my hope Is in my Sav-iour's blood.

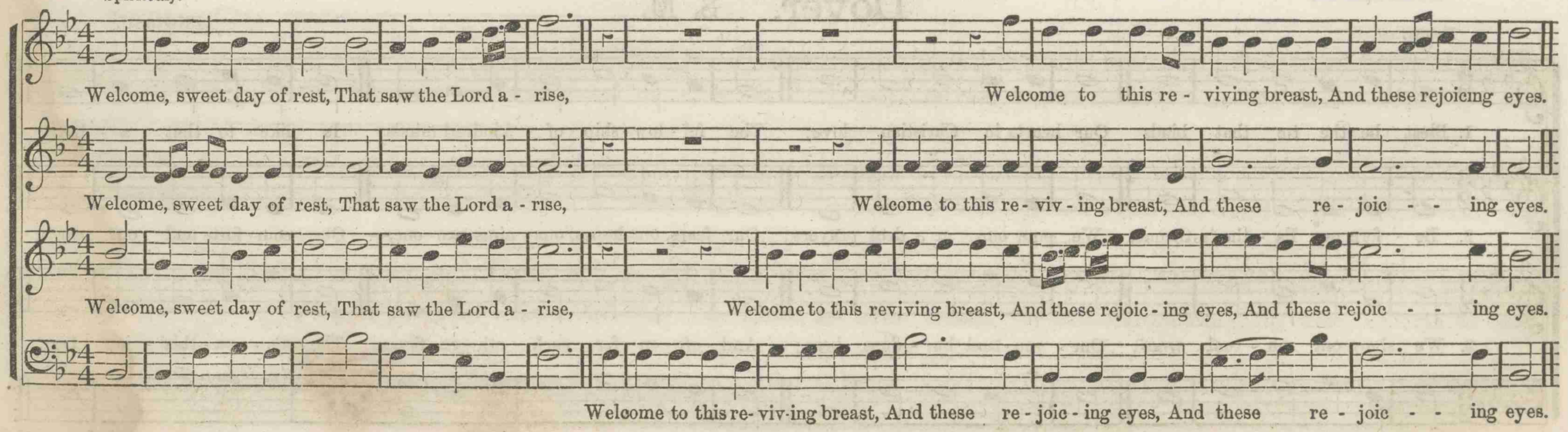
3. Loud hal-le-lu-iahs sing To our Re-deem-er's Name; In joy or sor-row—life or death— His love is still the same.

Lovely Sight. S. M.

Boldly.

Lisbon. S. M.

Spiritedly.

DANL. READ.



Mount Ephraim. S. M.

MILGROVE.

Moderato.

1. Fa - ther, our hearts we lift Up to thy gra - cious throne, And thank thee for the pre - cious gift Of thine in - car - nate Son.

2. His in - fant cries pro - claim A peace 'twixt earth and heaven: Sal - va - tion, through his on - ly Name, To all man - kind is given.

3. The gift un - speak - a - ble We thank - ful - ly re - ceive, And to the world thy good - ness tell, And to thy glo - ry live.

Dover. S. M.

ENGLISH.

Boldly.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

Ahira. S. M.

GREATOREX.

Moderato.

1. Be - hold! with aw - ful pomp The Judge pre-pares to come; Th'arch-an - gel sounds the dread - ful trump, And wakes the gen - 'ral doom.

2. Na - ture in wild a - maze, Her dis - so - lu - tion mourns; Blush-es of blood the moon de - face; The sun to dark - ness turns.

3. The liv - ing look with dread; The fright - ed dead a - rise, Start from the mon - u - ment - al bed, And lift their ghast - ly eyes.

Luther. S. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

Moderato.

1. How perfect is thy word, Thy judgments all are just; And ev - er in thy prom - ise, Lord, May man securely trust, May man se-cure - ly trust.

2. I hear thy word in love;—In faith thy word obey; O send thy Spir - it from a - bove, To teach me, Lord, thy way, To teach me, Lord, thy way.

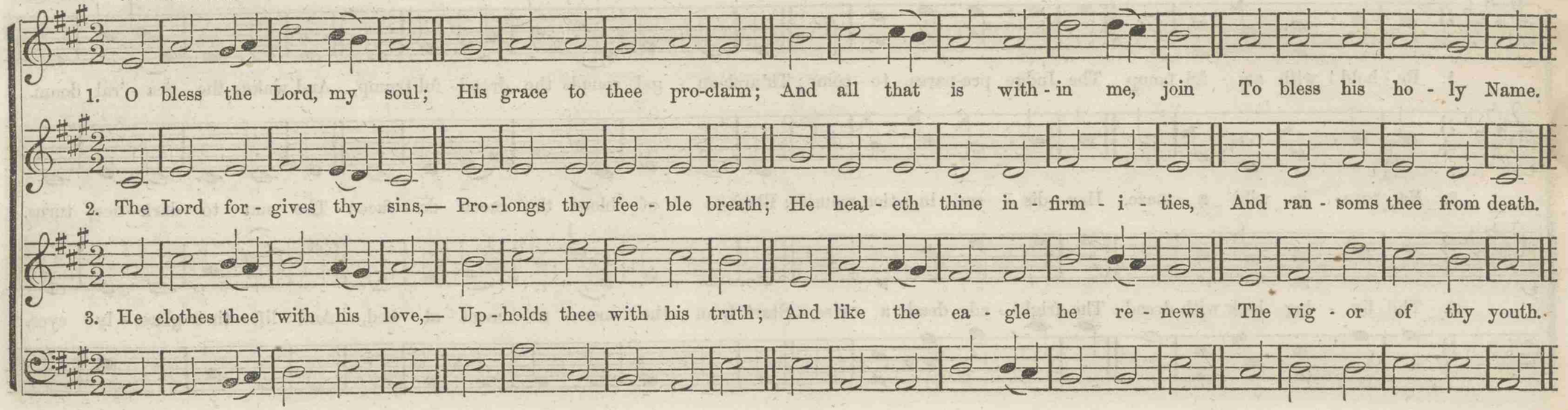
3. Thy counsels all are plain, Thy precepts all are pure; And long as heaven and earth re-main, Thy truth shall still endure, Thy truth shall still en - dure.

132

Athol. S. M.

With Firmness.

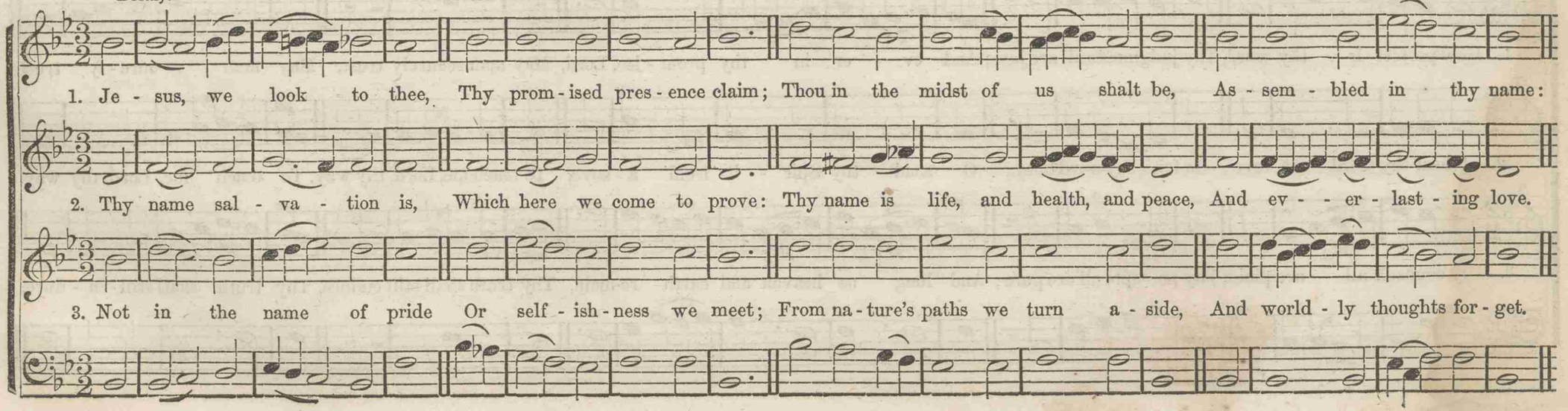
R. HARRISON.



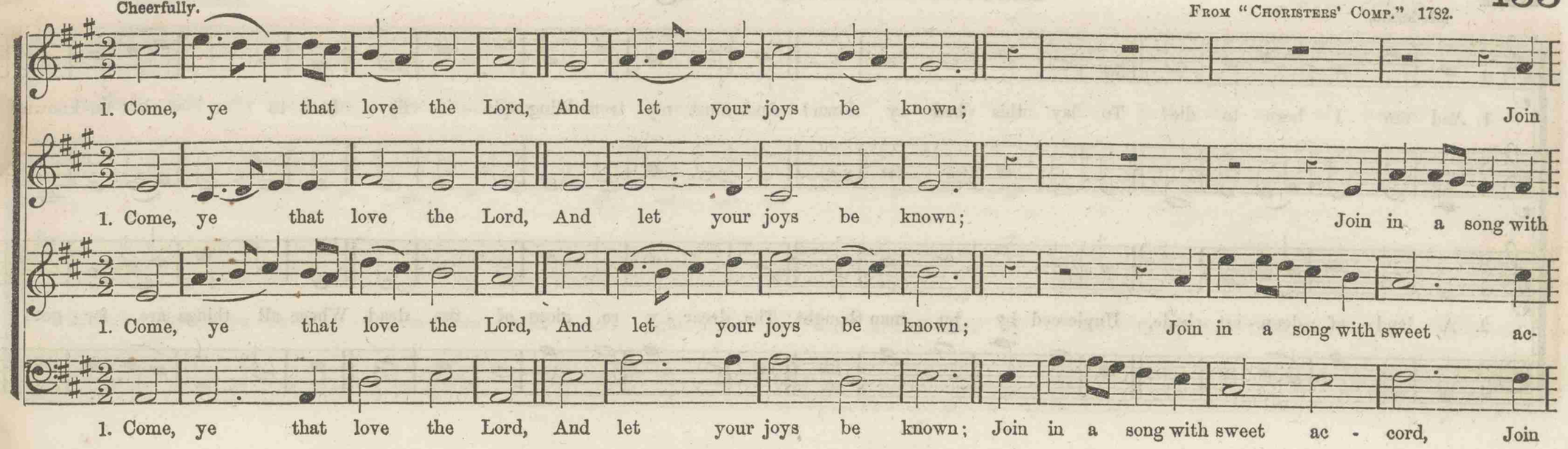
Sarah. S. M.

Boldly.

W. ARNOLD.



Stafford. S. M.

D. READ.
FROM "CHORISTERS' COMP." 1782.

2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3. The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

134

Little Marlborough. S. M.

Moderato.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And must my trem- bling spir - it fly In - to a world un- known?

2. A land of deep - est shade, Unpierced by hu - man thought; The drear - y re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!

Aylesbury. S. M.

Dr. GREEN.

Moderato.

1. Lord, let me know mine end; My days, how brief their date; That I may time - ly com - pre - hend How frail my best es - tate.

2. My life is but a span; Mine age is naught with thee; And, in his high - est hon - or, man Is dust and van - i - ty.

3. At thy re - buke the bloom Of earth - ly beau - ty flies; And grief shall like a moth con - sume All that de - lights our eyes.

Shining Light. (1st P. M.) 6 lines 8s.

With Animation.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

1. Ex - pand thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, And, brood - ing o'er our na - ture's night, Call forth the ray of heaven - ly love,

2. Let there be light, a - gain com - mand, And light there in our hearts shall be; We then, thro' faith, shall un - der - stand

And let there in our souls be light; Il - lu - min - ate the dark a - byss With glo - rious beams of end - less bliss.

Thy great mys - te - rious maj - es - ty; And, by the shin - ing of thy grace, Be - hold in Christ thy glo - rious face

136 (1st P. M.)

Brighton. 6 lines 8s.

ENGLISH.

Moderato.

1. O love di - vine, what hast thou done! Th' in - car - nate God hath died for me! The Fa - ther's co - e - ter - nal Son,

2. Be - hold him, all ye that pass by,— The bleed - ing Prince of life and peace! Come see, ye worms, your Sav - iour die,

3. Is cru - ci - fied for me and you, To bring us reb - els back to God: Be - lieve, be - lieve the rec - ord true,—

Bore all my sins up - on the tree! The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love is cru - ci - fied.

And say, was ev - er grief like his? Come, feel with me his blood ap - plied: My Lord, my Love is cru - ci - fied.

Ye all are bought with Je - sus' blood: Par - don for all flows from his side: My Lord, my Love is cru - ci - fied.

(1st P. M.)

Desire. 6 lines 8s.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. When shall I hear the in - ward voice, Which on - ly faith - ful souls can hear? Par - don, and peace, and heaven - ly joys,

2. O that the Com - fort - er would come, Nor vis - it as a tran - sient guest; But fix in me his con - stant home,

3. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, my heart in - spire; At - test that I am born a - gain; Come, and bap - tize me now with fire,

At - tend the prom - ised Com - fort - er; O come, and right - eous - ness di - vine, And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

And keep pos - ses - sion of my breast; And make my soul his loved a - bode, The tem - ple of in - dwell - ing God.

Nor let thy for - mer gifts be vain: I can - not rest in sins for - given; Where is the earn - est of my heaven?

138 (1st P. M.)

Exultation. 6 lines 8s.

Music arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. I thank thee, un - cre - at - ed Sun, That thy bright beams on me have shined; I thank thee, who hast ov - er - thrown

2. Up - hold me in the doubt - ful race, Nor suf - fer me a - gain to stray; Strengthen my feet, with stead - y pace

3. Give to mine eyes re - fresh - ing tears; Give to my heart chaste, hal - low'd fires; Give to my soul, with fil - ial fears,

My foes, and heal'd my wound-ed mind; I thank thee, whose en - liv - 'ning voice Bids my freed heart in thee re - joice.

Still to press for - ward in thy way; My soul and flesh, O Lord of might, Fill, sa - tiate, with thy heaven-ly light.

The love that all heaven's host in - spires, That all my powers, with all their might, In thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

Luther's Hymn.* 6 lines 8s.

Moderato.

1. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs he then on yon - der tree? What means that strange ex-pir - ing cry? (Sin - ners, he prays for

2. Je - sus de-scend - ed from a - bove Our loss of E - den to re-trieve. Great God of u - ni - ver - sal love, If all the world thro'

you and me;) For - give them, Fa - ther, O for - give! They know not that by me they live, They know not that by me they live.

thee may live, In us a quick'ning spir - it be, And wit - ness thou hast died for me, And wit - ness thou hast died for me.

* *When the words,* "Great God, what do I see and hear!" *are used to this tune, the whole of the measures marked* * *must be slurred.*

140 (1st P. M.) **Broken Vessel.** 6 lines 8s.

PLEYEL.

Moderato.

1. O Thou, whose wise, pa - ter - nal love Hath brought my act - ive vig - or down, Thy choice I thank - ful - ly ap - prove;

2. Cast as a bro - ken ves - sel by, Thy work I can no lon - ger do; Yet while a dai - ly death I die,

And, pros - trate at thy gra - cious throne, I of - fer up my life's re - mains,— I choose the state my God or - dains.

Thy power I may in weak - ness show: My pa - tience may thy glo - ry raise,— My speech-less woe pro - claim thy praise.

Belville. 6 lines 8s.

Moderato.

1. O God, what off'-ring shall I give To thee, the Lord of earth and skies? My spir-it, soul, and flesh re-ceive,

2. Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul: No lon-ger mine, but thine I am: Guard thou thine own, pos-sess it whole;

3. Thou hast my flesh, thy hal-low'd shrine, De-vot-ed sole-ly to thy will: Here let thy light for-ev-er shine;

A ho-ly, liv-ing sac-ri-fice: Small as it is, 'tis all my store; More shouldst thou have if I had more.

Cheer it with hope, with love in-flame. Thou hast my spir-it; there dis-play Thy glo-ry to the per-fect day.

This house still let thy pres-ence fill. O Source of life! live, dwell, and move In me, till all my life be love.

142 (1st P. M.) **Salisbury.** 6 lines 8s.

HAYDN.

Moderato.

1. Fa - ther of lights, from whom pro - ceeds What - e'er thy ev - 'ry crea - ture needs; Whose good - ness, prov - i - dent - ly nigh,

2. Since by thy light my - self I see Na - ked, and poor, and void of thee. Thine eyes must all my thoughts sur - vey,

3. Fain would I know, as known by thee, And feel the in - di - gence I see; Fain would I all my vile - ness own,

Feeds the young rav - ens when they cry; To thee I look; my heart pre - pare; Sug - gest, and heark - en to my prayer.

Pre - vent - ing what my lips would say: Thou seest my wants; for help they call; And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

And deep be - neath the bur - den groan; Ab - hor the pride that lurks with - in, De - test and loathe my - self and sin.

Pastoral. 6 lines 8s.

Moderato.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaint-ive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, sup- press thy groan,

2. Come, free-ly come, by sin op - pressed; Un - bur - - den here thy weight - y load; Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest,

And let thy tears for - get to flow: Be - hold, the pre - cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

And trust the mer - cy of thy God: Thy God's thy Sav - iour—glo - rious word! For - ev - - - er - love and praise the Lord!

144 (1st P. M.)

Haydn. 6 lines 8s.

Moderato.

M. HAYDN.

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,

2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirst - y mount - ain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,

3. Though in a bare and rug - ged way, Through de - vious, lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile,

And guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

My wea - ry, wand - 'ring steps he leads, Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.

The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den greens and herb - age crown'd, And streams shall mur - mur all a - round.

Plymouth Dock. 6 lines 8s.

Moderato.

ENGLISH.

1. Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread - ful is this place; Let all with - in us feel his power,

2. Lo! God is here! him day and night U - nit - - ed choirs of an - gels sing: To him en - throned a - bove all height,

3. Be - ing of be - ings! may our praise Thy courts with grate - ful fra - grance fill; Still may we stand be - fore thy face,

And si - lent bow be - fore his face; Who know his power, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with rev - 'rence love.

Heaven's host their no - blest prais - es bring: Dis - dain not, Lord, our mean - er song, Who praise thee with a stamm - 'ring tongue.

Still hear and do thy sov'reign will; To thee may all our thoughts a - - rise, Cease - less, ac - cept - ed sac - ri - fice.

146 (1st P. M.) **Eaton.** 6 lines 8s.

With Animation. WYVILL.

1. This slum - ber from my spir - it shake; Warn'd by the Spir - it's in - ward call, Let me to right - eous-ness a - wake,

2. O wouldst thou, Lord, thy serv - ant guard 'Gainst ev - 'ry known or se - cret foe; A mind for all as-saults pre - pared,

3. O nev - er suf - fer me to sleep Se - cure with - in the verge of hell; But still my watch - ful spir - it keep

And pray that I may nev - er fall; Or give to sin or Sa - tan place, But walk in all thy righteous ways.

A so - ber vig - i - lance be - stow; Ev - er ap - prized of dan - ger nigh, And when to fight and when to fly.

In low - ly awe and lov - ing zeal; And bless me with a god - ly fear, And plant that guard - ian an - gel here.

Creation. 6 lines 8s. (1st P. M.)

With Animation.

FROM HAYDN'S "CREATION."

1. Lead - er of faith - ful souls, and guide Of all that trav - el to the sky, Come, and with us, e'en us, a - bide,

2. Stran - gers and pil - grims here be - low, This earth, we know, is not our place; But hast - en through the vale of woe,

3. We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, But seek a cit - y out of sight; Thith - er our stead - y course we steer,

Who would on thee a - lone re - ly; On thee a - lone our spir - its stay, While held in life's un - e - ven way.

And, rest - less to be - hold thy face, Swift to our heaven - ly coun - try move, Our ev - er - last - ing home a - bove.

As - pir - ing to the plains of light,— Je - ru - sa - lem, the saints' a - bode, Whose found - er is the liv - ing God.

148 (1st P. M.) **Sacred Discipline.** 6 lines 8s. C. O. Nevers.

Cheerfully.

1. Come, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom we for our children cry, The good desired, and wanted most, Out of thy rich - est grace sup - ply;

2. Er - ror and ig - no - rance remove; Their blindness, both of heart and mind: Give them the wisdom from a - bove,— Spot - less, and peace - a - ble, and kind:

3. Learning's re - dundant part and vain Be here cut off, and cast a - side: But let them, Lord, the substance gain: In ev - 'ry sol - id truth a - bide;

The sa - cred dis - ci - pline be given, To train and bring them up for heaven; The sa - cred dis - ci - pline be given, To train and bring them up for heaven.

In knowledge pure their minds re - new, And store with thoughts divine - ly true; In knowledge pure their minds renew, And store with thoughts divine - ly true.

Swift - ly ac - quire, and ne'er fore - go The knowledge fit for man to know; Swift - ly ac - quire, and ne'er forego The knowledge fit for man to know.

Brentford. 6 lines 8s.

Moderato.

1. Thou hid - den Source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love di - vine, My help and ref - uge from my foes,

2. Thy might - y name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my hap - py soul a - bove: Com - fort it brings, and power, and peace,

3. Je - sus, my all in all thou art; My rest in toil, my ease in pain; The med' - cine of my bro - ken heart;

Se - cure I am while thou art mine: And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in thy name.

And joy, and ev - er - last - ing love: To me, with thy great name, are given Par - don, and ho - li - ness, and heaven.

In war, my peace; in loss, my gain: My smile be - neath the ty - - rant's frown; In shame, my glo - ry and my crown.

150 (2d P. M.) # Unceasing Praise. 6 lines 8s, or L. P. M.

Arranged by KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers;

I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

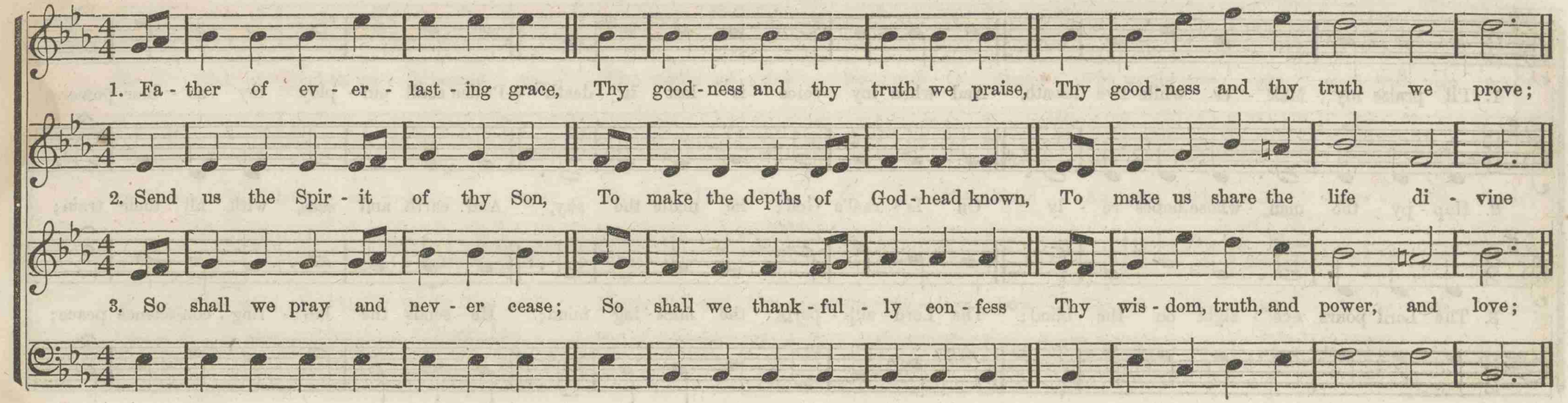
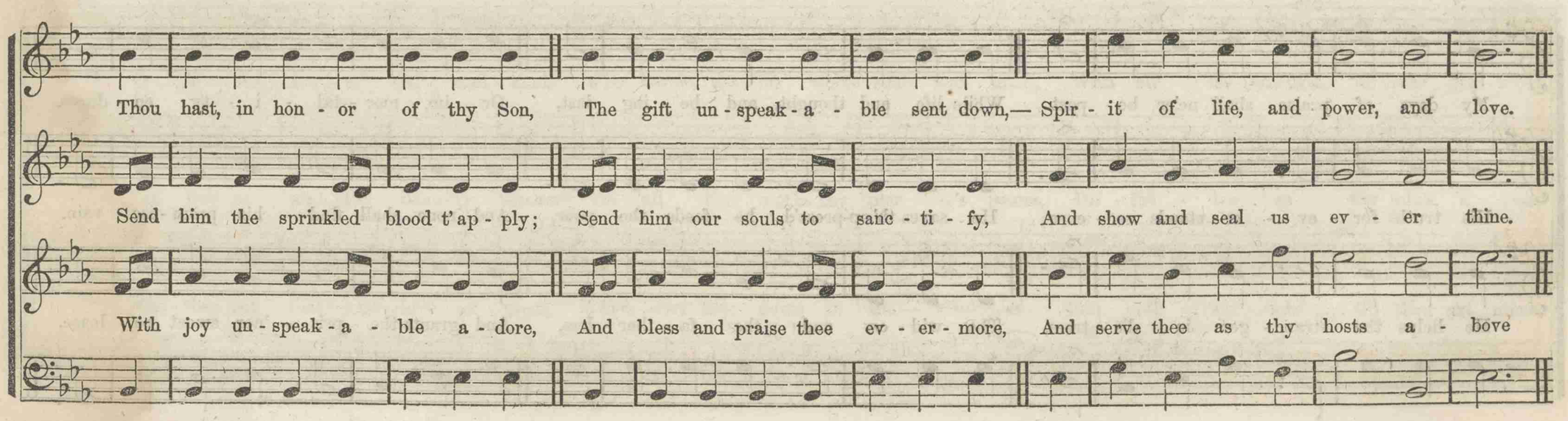
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - - - - - i - ty en - dures.

While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

(2d P. M.) Jefferson Street. 6 lines 8s, or L. P. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

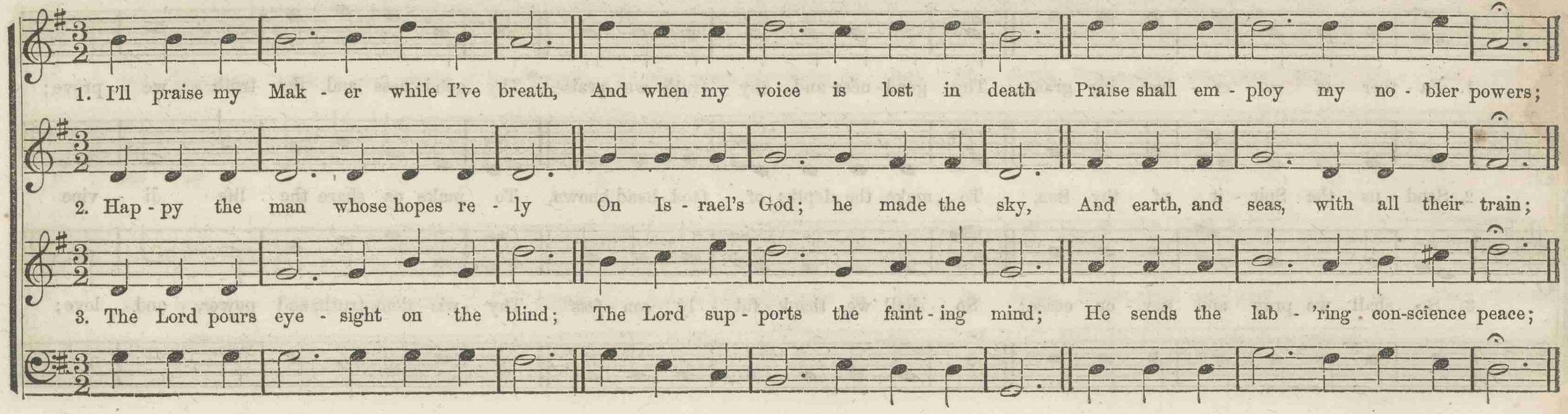
From the "Day Spring," by permission.

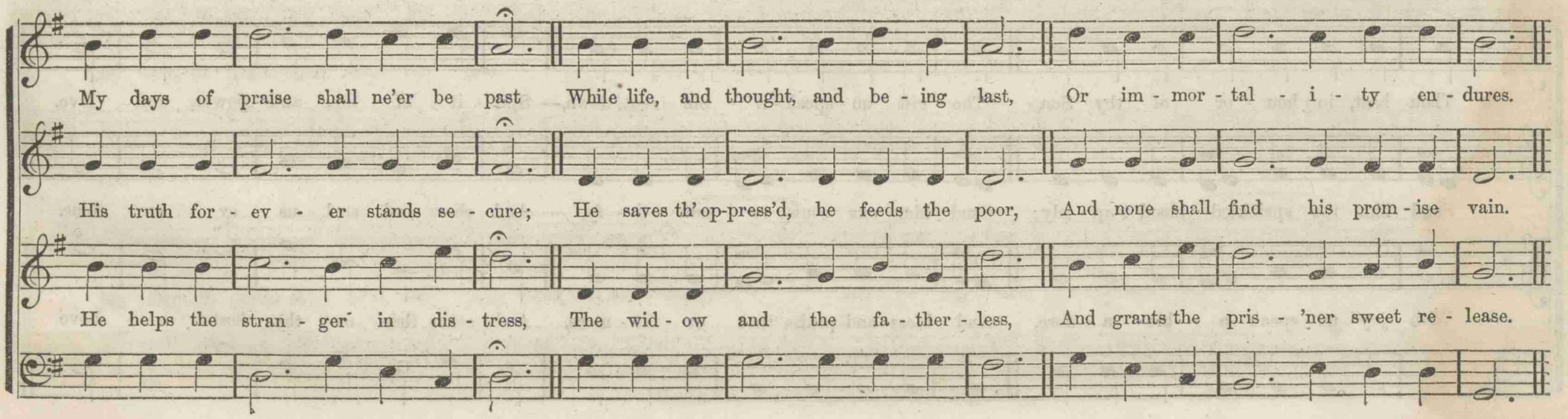
Cheerfully.



152 (2d P. M.) **Immortality.** 6 lines 8s, or L. P. M.

With Animation.

WM. HORTON.





Monmouth. 6 lines 8s, or L. P. M.

(2d P. M.)

G. DAVIS.

Moderato.

1. O God, of good th' un - fathomed sea, Who would not give his heart to thee! Who would not love thee with his might!

2. Thou shin'st with ev - er - last - ing rays; Be - fore th' in - suf - fer - a - ble blaze An - gels with both wings vail their eyes;

3. As - ton - ish'd at thy frown - ing brow, Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pil - lars bow Ter - ri - ble maj - es - ty is thine!

O Je - sus, lov - er of man - kind, Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength, to thee u - nite!

Yet free as air thy boun - ty streams; On all thy works thy mer - cy's beams, Dif - fus - ive as thy sun's, a - rise.

Who then can that vast love ex - press, Which bows thee down to me,— who less Than noth - ing am, till thou art mine!

154 (2d P. M.) **Newcourt.** 6 lines 8s, or L. P. M.

HUGH BOND.

Moderato.

1. Hum - ble, and teach - a - ble, and mild, O may I, as a lit - tle child, My low - ly Mas - ter's steps pur - sue!

2. Let earth no more my heart di - vide; With Christ may I be cru - ci - fied; To thee with my whole heart as - pire:

. My will be swal - low'd up in thee; Light in thy light still may I see, Be hold - ing thee with o - pen face;

Be an - ger to my soul un - known; Hate, en - vy, jeal - ous - y, be gone; In love cre - ate thou all things new.

ead to the world and all its toys, Its i - dle pomp, and fad - ing joys, Be thou a - lone my one de - sire.

Call'd the full power of faith to prove, Let all my hal - low'd heart be love, And all my spot - less life be praise.

(2d P. M.) Martin's Lane. 6 lines 8s, or L. P. M.

R. ARNE.

Moderato.

1. Lord o - ver all, sent to ful - fill Thy gra - cious Fa - ther's sov - 'reign will, To thy dread scep- ter will I bow

2. The world, sin, death, op - pose in vain; Thou, by thy dy - ing, death hast slain, My great De - liv' - rer, and my God!

3. Re - new thine im - age, Lord, in me; ow - ly and gen - tle may I be; No charms but these to thee are dear;

With du - teous rev - 'rence at thy feet, Like hum - ble Ma - ry, lo! I sit; Speak, Lord, thy serv - ant hear - eth now

In vain does the old drag - on rage; In vain all hell its powers en - gage; None can with - stand thy con - qu'ring blood.

No an - ger may'st thou ev - er find, No pride in my un - ruf - fled mind, But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

156 (3d P. M.) **Jubilee Trumpet.** 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M. Karl Reden.

With Animation.

f

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad-ly - sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi -

2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tonement made: Ye wea - ry spir-its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi -

3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God,— The all - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re - demp-tion in his blood Throughout the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi -

mf *p* *dim.* *f*

lee is come, is come, Re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

lee is come, is come, Re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

mf *mf* *p* *dim.* *f*

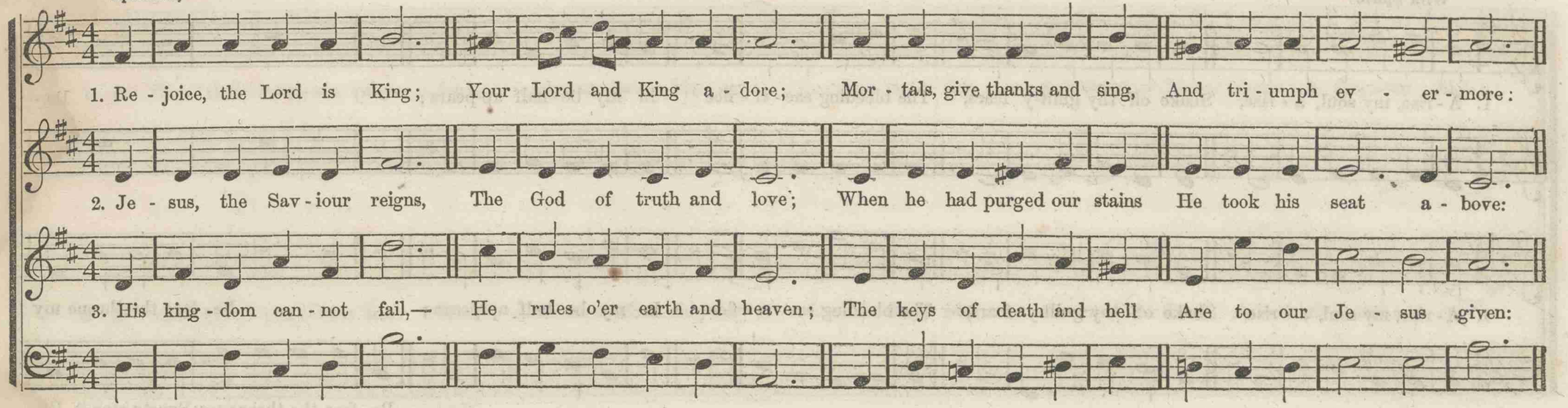
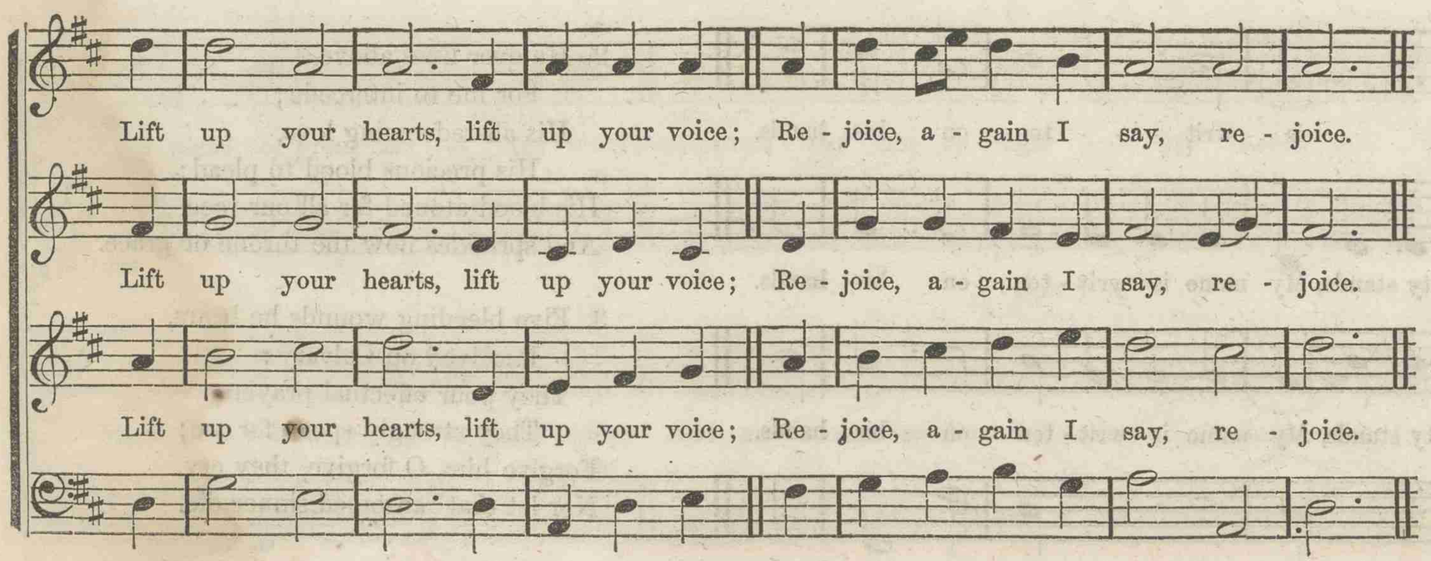
lee is come, is come, Re - turn, ye ran-som'd sin- ners, home, re - turn, Re - turn, re - turn, re - turn, Re- turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

p *f*

(3d P. M.)

Darwell. 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

REV. DR. DARWELL.

Spiritedly.



4. He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5. He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

158 (3d P. M.) **Lenox.** 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

With Spirit.

EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears, The bleeding sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be -

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears, The bleeding sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, Be -

fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - - - ten on his hands.

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - - - ten on his hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

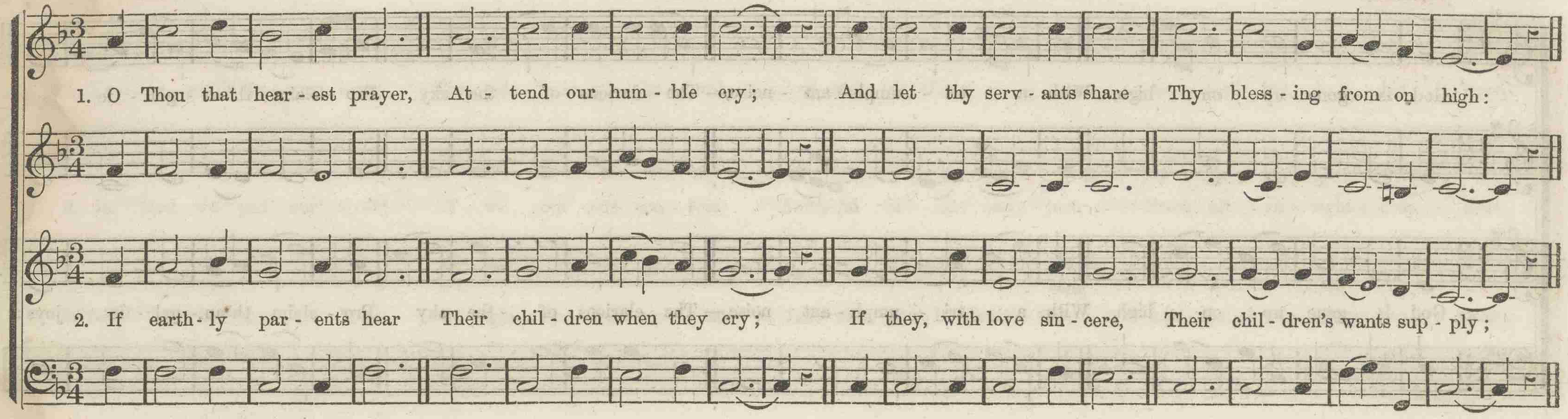
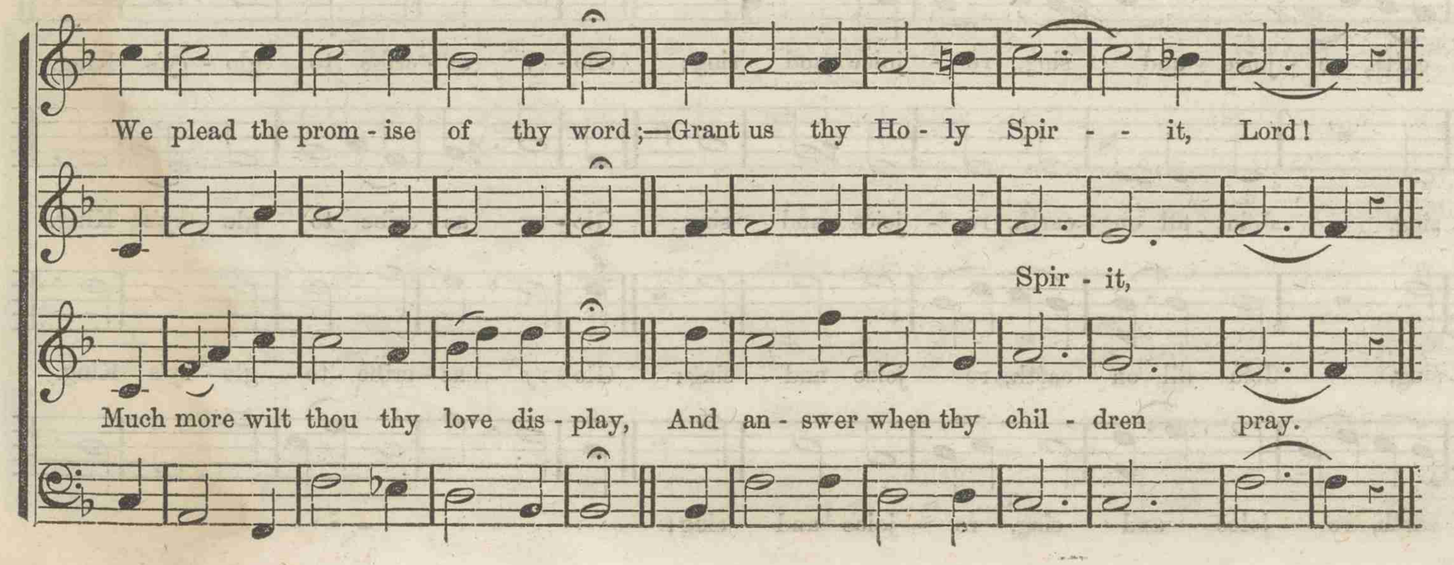
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

(3d P. M.)

Promise. 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

Gently.



3. Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

160 (3d P. M.) **Burnham.** 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

THOMAS CLARK.

Spiritedly.

God is gone up on high, With a tri - umph - ant noise,— The clarions of the sky Pro - claim th'an - gel - ic joys:

God is gone up on high, With a tri - umph - ant noise,— The clarions of the sky Pro - claim th'an - gel - ic joys:

p

Join all on earth, re - joice and sing, re - joice and sing;

f

Glo - ry as - cribe to glo - ry's King.

Join all on earth, re - joice and sing, Join all on earth, re - joice and sing;

Glo - ry as - cribe to glo - ry's King.

p

Join all on earth, re - joice and sing, Join all on earth, re - joice and sing;

f

Glo - ry as - cribe to glo - ry's King.

Join all on earth, re - joice and sing, re - joice and sing;

(3d P. M.) # Ransomed Sinners. 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

With Animation.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

1. Ye ran - som'd sin - ners, hear, The pris - 'ners of the Lord; And wait till Christ ap - pear, Ac - cord - ing to his word:

2. In God we put our trust; If we our sins con - fess, Faith-ful is he and just, From all un - right - eous - ness

3. Sure - ly in us the hope Of glo - ry shall ap - pear; Sin - ners, your heads lift up, And see re - demp - tion near:

Re - joice in hope, re - joice with me, We shall from all our sins be free, We shall from all our sins be free.

To cleanse us all, both you and me: We shall from all our sins be free, We shall from all our sins be free.

A - gain I say, Re - joice with me, We shall from all our sins be free, We shall from all our sins be free.

162 (3d P. M.) **Haddam.** 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

Firmly. ENGLISH.

1. See where our great High Priest Be - fore the Lord ap - pears, And on his lov - ing breast The tribes of

2. With him, the Cor - ner - stone, The liv - ing stones con - join; Christ and his Church are one,— One bod - y

3. The path of Christ our Head The mem - bers all pur - sue, By his good Spir - it led To act and

Is - rael bears; Nev - - er with - out his peo - ple seen, The Head of all be - liev - ing men.

and one vine; For us he us - es all his powers, And all he has, or is, is ours.

suf - fer too: Like him, the toil, the cross, sus - tain, Till, glo - rious all, like him we reign.

Wisdom. 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

Firmly.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The gar - ments he as - sumes Are light and maj - es - ty:

2. The thun - ders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; His wrath and just - ice stand To guard his ho - ly law;

His glo - ries shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

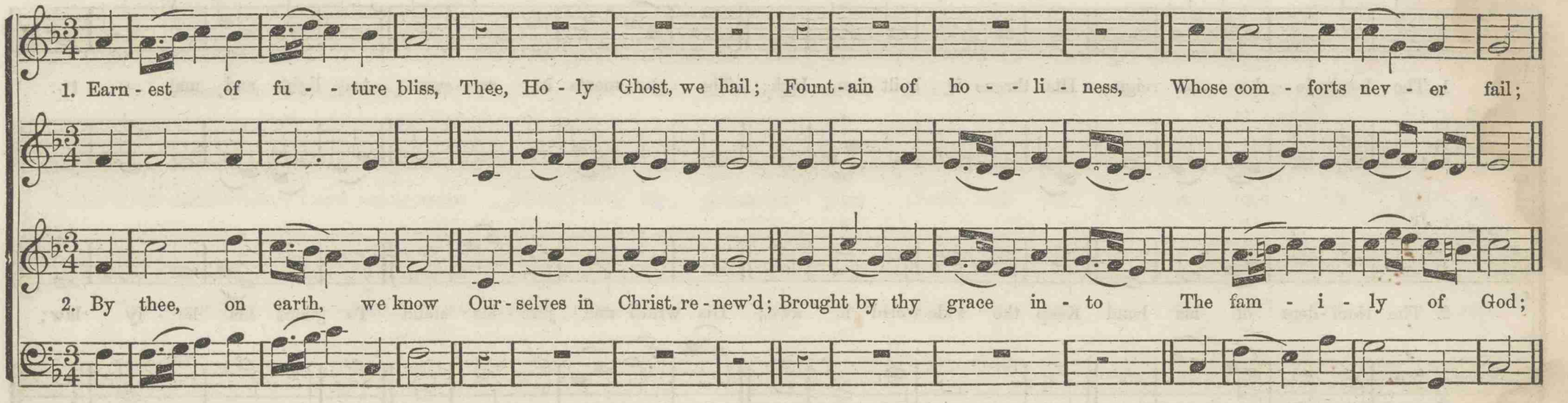
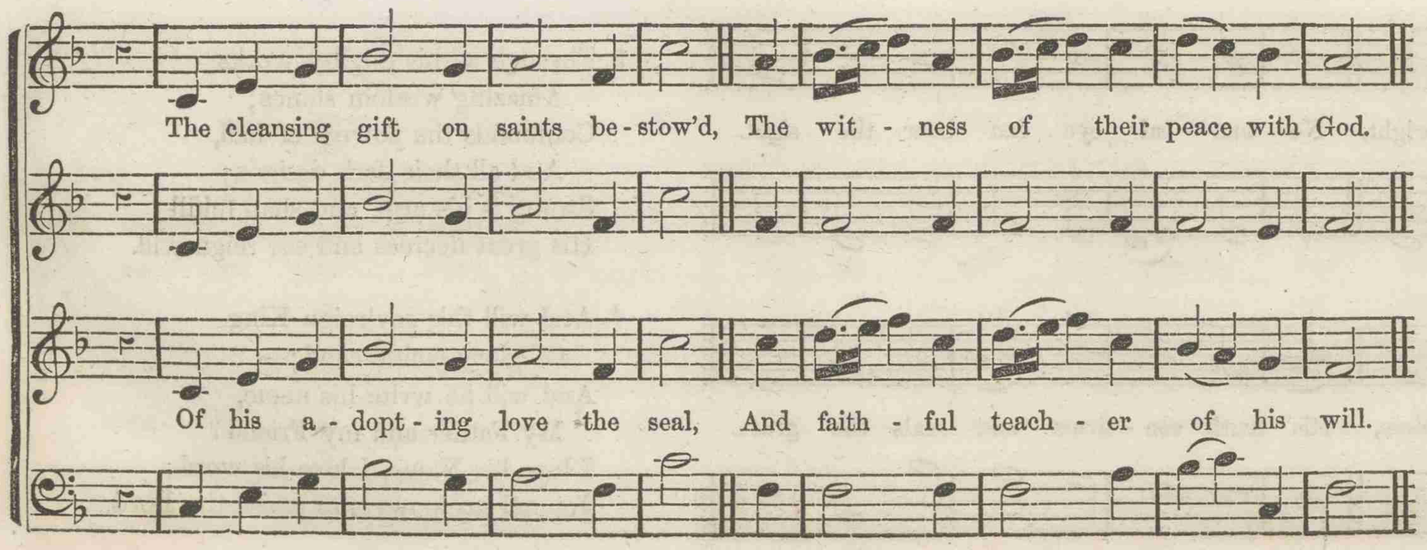
And where his love re - solves to bless, His truth con - firms and seals the grace.

3. Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4. And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

164 (3d P. M.) Witness of Peace. 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

With Animation.

ENGLISH.

3. Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown;
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

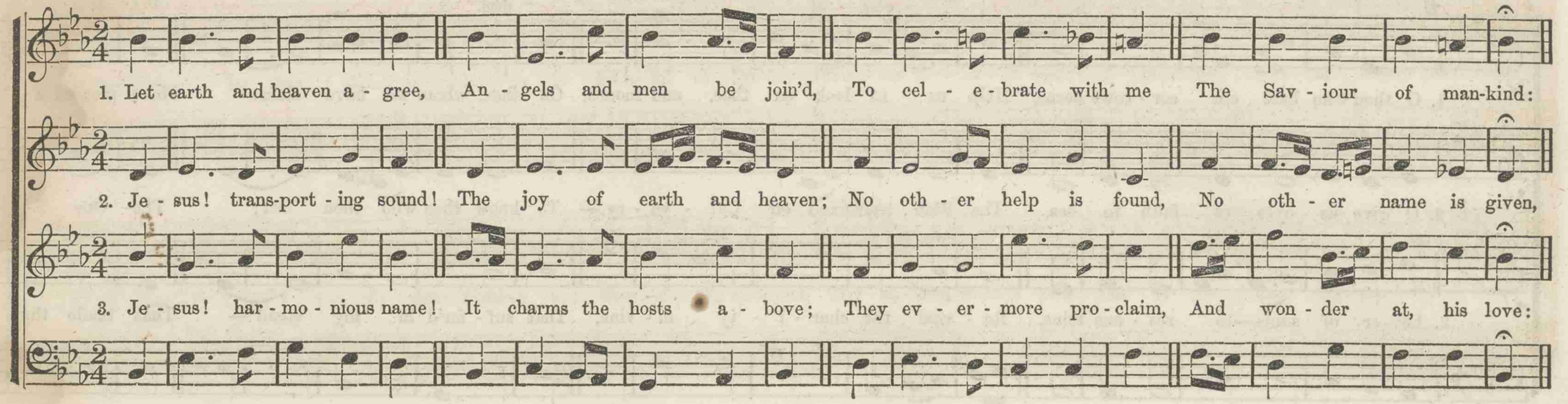
DOXOLOGY.

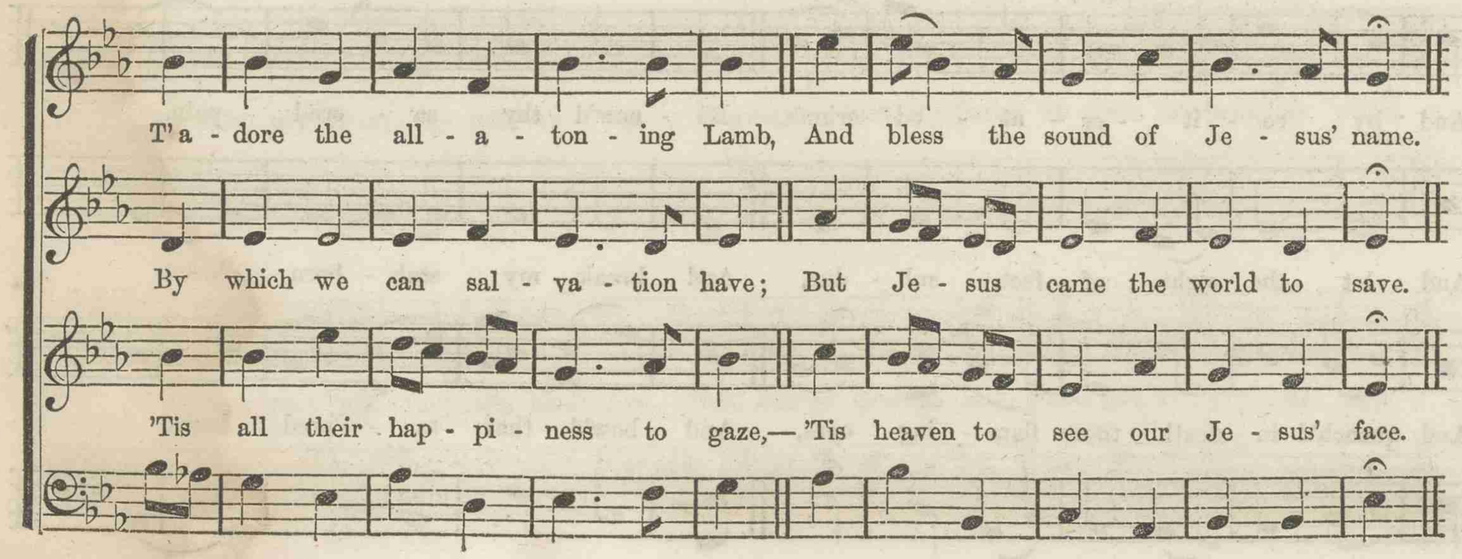
To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

(3d P. M.) # Waterstock. 4 6s and 2 8s, or H. M.

JOHN GOSS,
Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

With Animation.





4. His name the sinner hears,
   And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
   'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5. O unexampled love!
   O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
   To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

166 (4th P. M.) **The Man on Calvary.** 886,886, or C. P. M. C. C. Converse.

Moderato.

p *cres.* *dim.* *mf*

1. O thou who hast our sor - rows borne, Help us to look on thee, and mourn, On thee, whom we have slain:— Have pierced a

2. O give us eyes of faith to see The Man transfixed on Cal - va - ry,— To know thee who thou art; The One E-

p

3. Lov - er of souls,—to res - cue mine, Re - veal the char - i - ty di - vine, That suf - fer'd in my stead:— That made thy

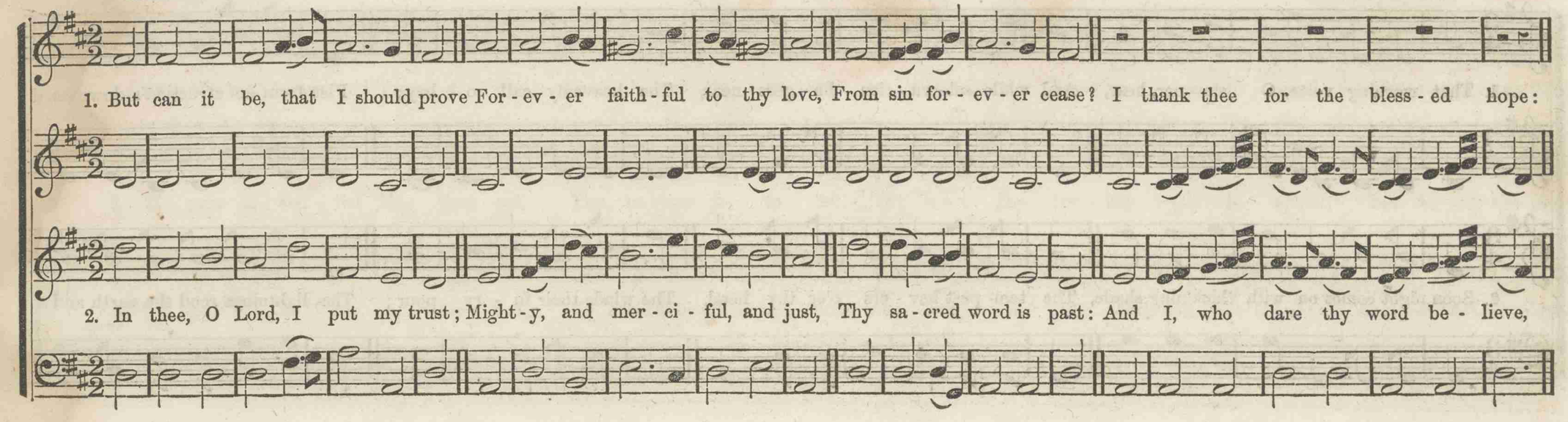
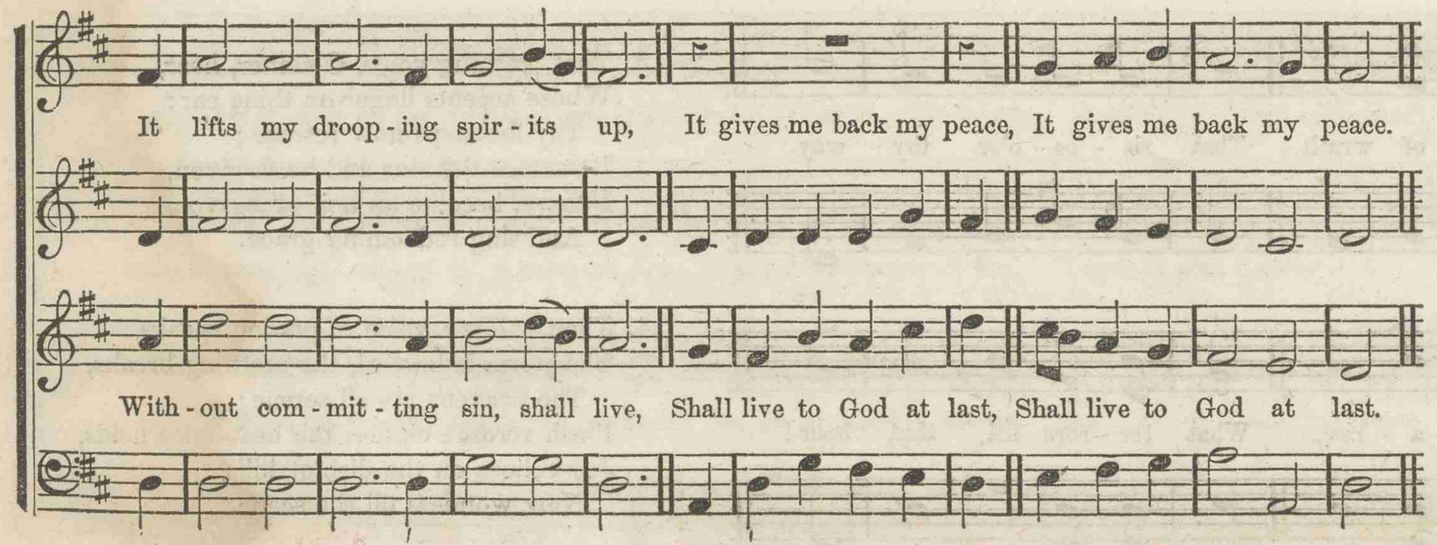
rit.

thou - sand, thou - sand times, And by re - it - er - at - ed crimes, Re - new'd thy sa - cred pain.

ter - nal God and True; And let the sight af - fect, sub - due, And break my stub - born heart.

soul a sac - ri - fice, And quench'd in death those flam - ing eyes, And bow'd that sa - cred head.

Sherburne. 886,886, or C. P. M.

Moderato.

3. I rest in thine almighty power,
The name of Jesus is my tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4. While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou wilt not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

168 (4th P. M.) **Warning Voice.** 886,886, or C. P. M. S. J. Goodenough.

Moderato.

1. That warning voice, O sin - ner, hear, And while sal - va - tion lin - gers near, The heavenly call o - bey; Flee from de- struction's downward

2. Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade, The tem- pest hov - ers o'er thy head, The winds their fu - ry pour; The lightnings rend the earth and

path, Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath That ris - es o'er thy way

skies, The thun- ders roar, the flames a - rise, What ter - rors fill that hour!

3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear:
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins and be forgiven,
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.

4. Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

With Animation. RADIGER.

1. Come, wis- dom, power, and grace di - vine! Come, Je - sus, in thy name to join A hap - py chos - en band; Who fain would prove thine

2. If pure es - sen - tial love thou art, Thy na - ture in - to ev - 'ry heart Thy lov - ing self in - spire: Bid all our sim - ple

3. Still may we to our cen - ter tend, To spread thy praise our com - mon end, To help each oth - er on; Com-panions through the

utmost will, And all thy righteous laws fulfill, In love's benign com- mand, In love's be - nign com-mand.

souls be one, U - nit - ed in a bond unknown, Baptized with heavenly fire, Baptized with heavenly fire.

wilderness; To share a moment's pain, and seize An ev - er-last-ing crown, An ev - er - last - ing crown.

4. Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,—
The warmest charity;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5. Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

170 (4th P. M.) Always Rejoicing. 886,886, or C. P. M.

Moderato.

ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

1. How hap - py, gra - cious Lord! are we, Di - vine - ly drawn to fol - low thee, Whose hours di - vid - ed are Be - twixt the mount and

2. With us no mel - an - chol - y void, No mo - ment lin - gers un - em - ployed, Or un - im - proved be - low: Our wea - ri - ness of

3. The win - ter's night, and sum - mer's day, Glide im - per - cep - ti - bly a - way, Too short to sing thy praise; Too few we find the

mul - ti - tude: Our day is spent in do - ing good, Our night in praise and prayer, Our night in praise and prayer.

life is gone, Who live to serve our God a - lone, And on - ly thee to know, And on - ly thee to know.

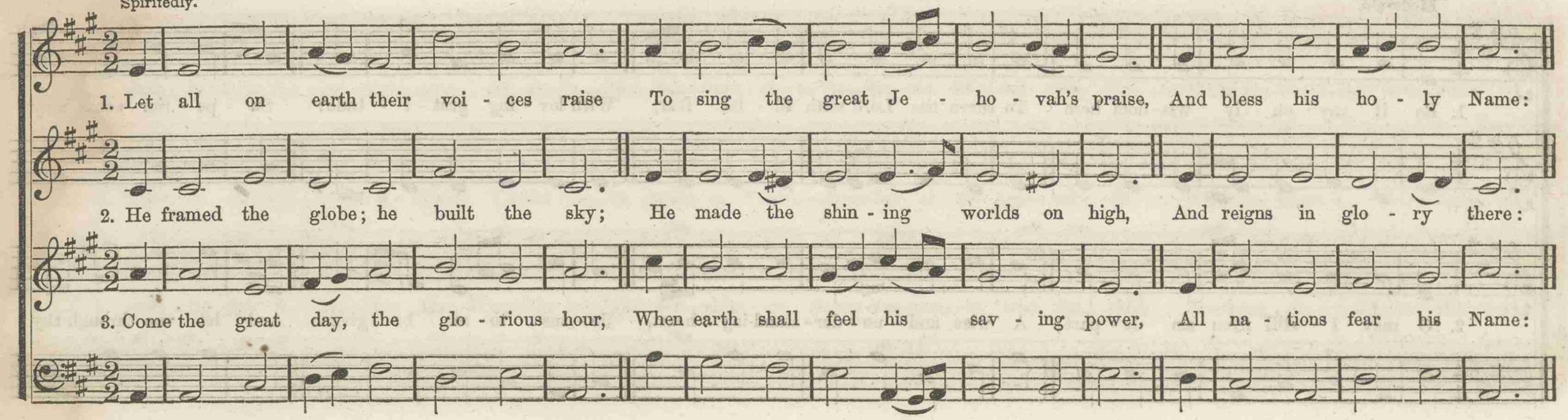
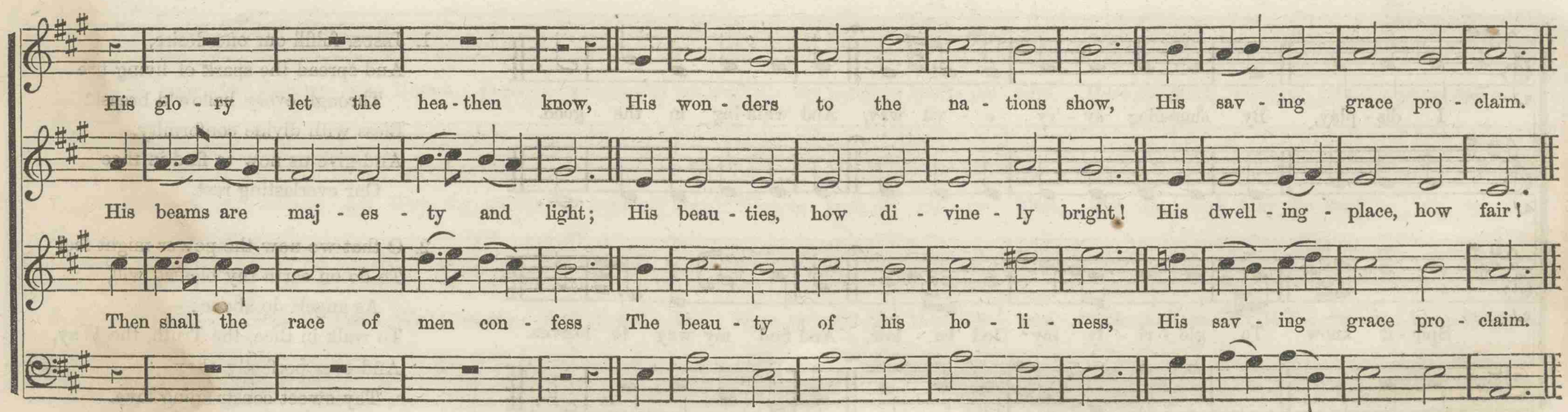
hap - py hours, And haste to join those heaven - ly powers, In ev - er - last - ing lays, In ev - er - last - ing lays.

(4th P. M.)

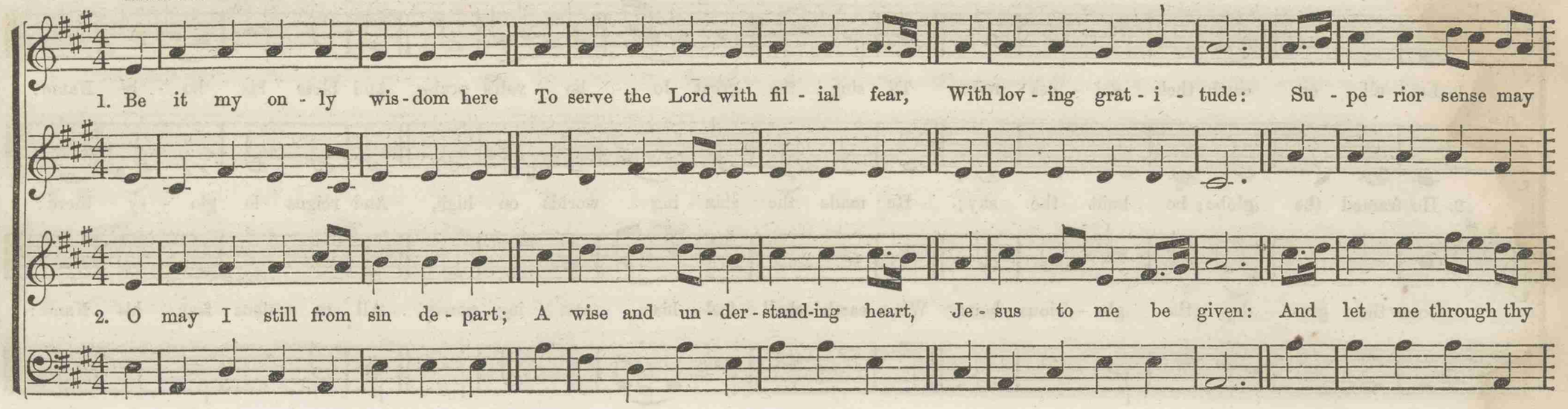
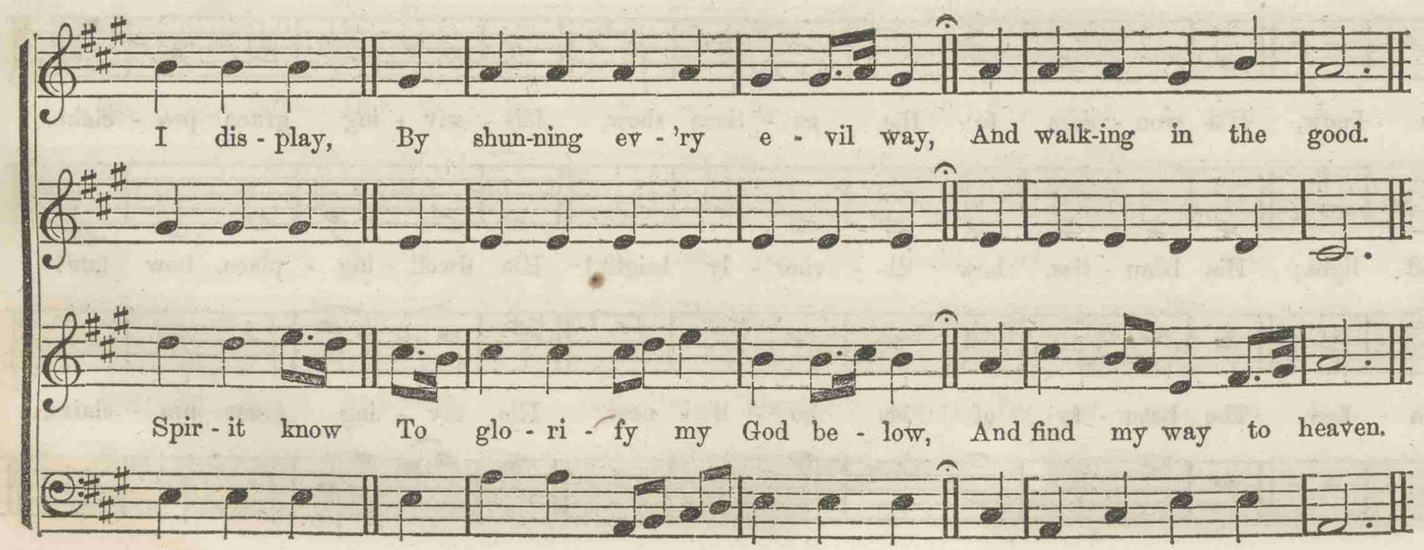
Rapture.

886,886, or C. P. M.

HARWOOD.

Spiritedly.



172 (4th P. M.) **Willoughby.** 886,886, or C. P. M. CRANE.

Moderato.

1. Jesus, fulfill our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast:
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

2. O that we now the power might feel
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above:—
To walk in thee, the Truth, the Way,
And ever perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love.

(5th P. M.)

Twilight Ray. 4 lines 7s.

T. CLARK.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath - day; Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun When the Chris-tian's course is run.

2. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,— Sym-bol of the peace with - in, When the heart is free from sin.

3. Still the Spir - it lin - gers near, Where the ev - 'ning wor - ship - er Seeks com-mun - ion with the skies, Press-ing on - ward to the prize.

(5th P. M.)

Ashburn. 4 lines 7s.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH
BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

1. Lord of hosts! to thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise: Thou thy peo-ple's hearts pre - pare, Here to meet, Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With thy word, the heavenly bread: Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead, May the dead be laid to rest.

3. Here to thee a tem - ple stand, While the sea shall gird the land: Here re - veal thy mer - cy sure, While the sun, While the sun and moon en - dure.

174 (5th P. M.) "Lord, I come." 4 lines 7s. S. F. Smith.

Cheerfully.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self in - vites thee near,— Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast; There thy blood-bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let thy love my spir - it cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my jour - ney's end.

(5th P. M.) Hasten, Sinner. 4 lines 7s.

Moderato. ASAHEL ABBOT.

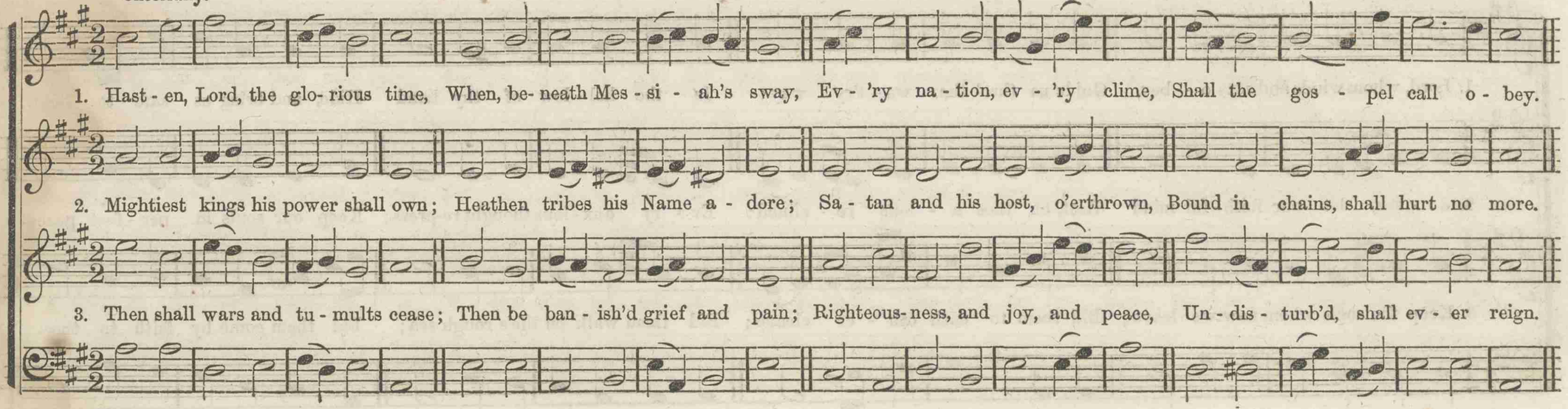
1. Hast - en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun: Wis - dom if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.

2. Hast - en mer - cy to im - plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun, Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

3. Hast - en, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.

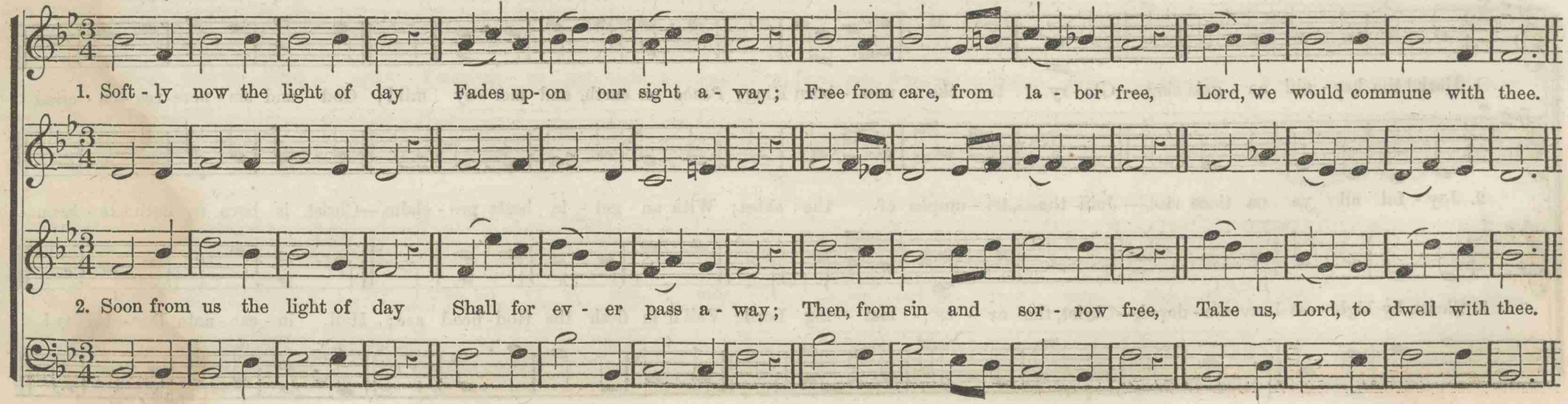
Leeds. 4 lines 7s. (5th P. M.)

Cheerfully.



Horton. 4 lines 7s. (5th P. M.)

Gently.



176 (5th P. M.) **Safe to Land.** 4 lines 7s. E. C. Revans.

Moderato.

1. Lord, whom winds and seas o - bey, Guide us thro' the wa - t'ry way; In the hol - low of thy hand Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2. Je - sus, let our faith - ful mind Rest, on thee a - lone re - clined: Ev - 'ry anx - ious thought re-press; Keep our souls in per - fect peace.

3. Keep the souls whom now we leave; Bid them to each oth - er cleave; Bid them walk on life's rough sea; Bid them come by faith to thee.

(5th P. M.) **Peace on Earth.** 4 lines 7s. MILGROVE.

Cheerfully.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,— Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.

2. Joy - ful all ye na tions rise,— Join the tri - umphs of the skies; With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim,—Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

3. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored,—Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Vail'd in flesh the God - head see; Hail, in - car - nate De - i - ty!

As Thou Art. 4 lines 7s.

(5th P. M.)

Moderato.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

1. Ho - ly Lamb, who thee re - ceive, Who in thee be - gin to live, Day and night they cry to thee,— As thou art, so let us be!

2. Je - sus, see my pant - ing breast; See, I pant in thee to rest; Glad - ly would I now be clean; Cleanse me now from ev - 'ry sin.

3. Fix, O fix my wav - 'ring mind; To thy cross my spir - it bind: Earth-ly pas - sions far re - move; Swal - low up my soul in love.

Weber. 4 lines 7s.

(5th P. M.)

Moderato.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

178 (5th P. M.) **Lida.** 4 lines 7s. Karl Reden.

Gently.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

2. I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-voked him to his face; Would not heark-en to his calls; Grieved him by a thou - sand falls.

3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

(5th P. M.) **Munson.** 4 lines 7s.

Moderato. C. M. von WEBER.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra - cious hands I am; Make me, Sav-iour, what thou art; Live thy - self with - in my heart.

2. I shall then show forth thy praise; Serve thee all my hap - py days; Then the world shall al - ways see Christ the ho - ly child in me.

Angels. 4 lines 7s.

(5th P. M.)

With Firmness.

FROM HANDEL.

1. Welcome, wel-come, day of rest, To the world in kind-ness given; Wel-come to this hum-ble breast, As the beam-ing light from heaven.

2. Day of soft and sweet re-pose, Gen-tly now thy mo-ments run, As the peace-ful stream-let flows, Ra-diant with a sum-mer's sun.

3. Day of ti-dings from the skies, Day of sol-emn praise and prayer, Day to make the sim-ple wise, O how great thy blessings are!

Milan. 4 lines 7s.

(5th P. M.)

Moderato.

1. Je-sus, shall I nev-er be Firm-ly ground-ed up-on thee? Nev-er by thy work a-bide? Nev-er in thy wounds re-side?

2. O how wav'ring is my mind, Toss'd a-bout with ev-'ry wind; O how quick-ly doth my heart From the liv-ing God de-part.

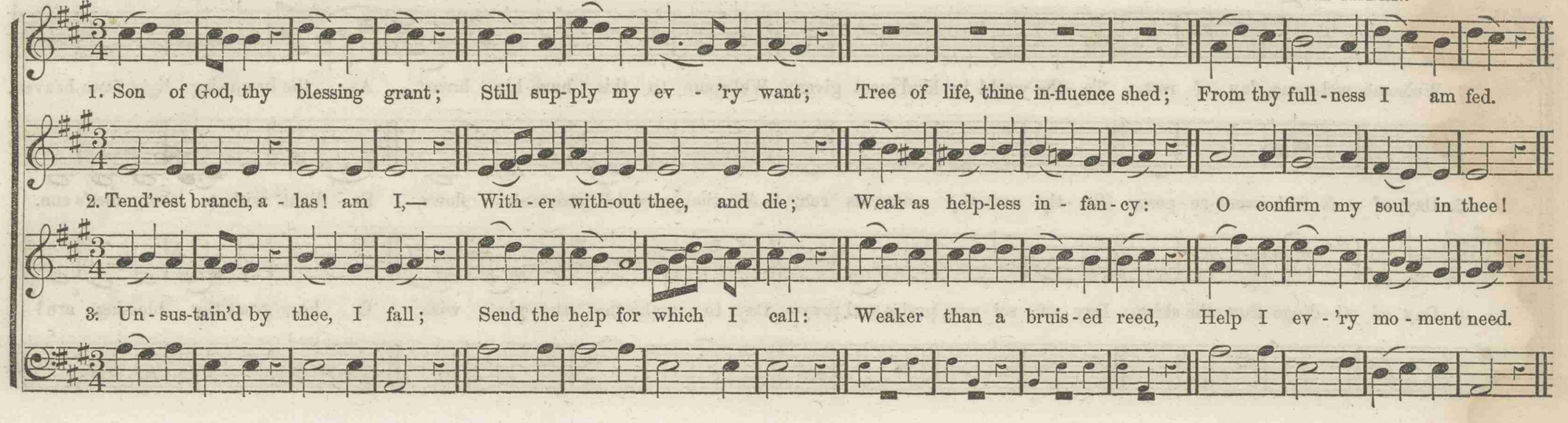
3. Je-sus, let my na-ture feel Thou art God un-change-a-ble: JAH, JE-HO-VAH, great I AM, Speak un-to my soul thy Name.

180 (5th P. M.)

Dependence. 4 lines 7s.

With Firmness.

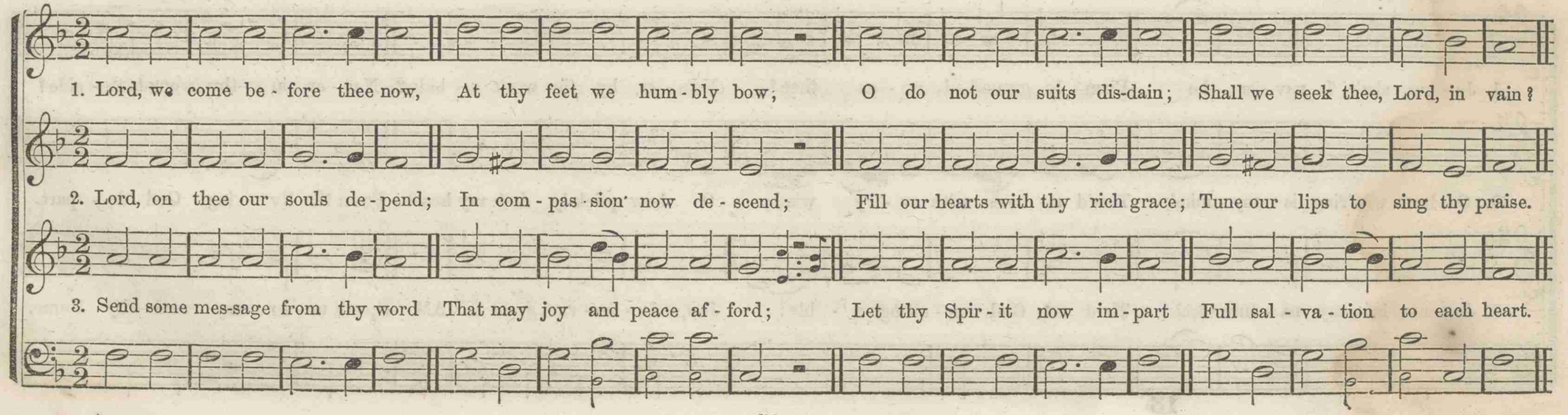
ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.



(5th P. M.)

Mozart. 4 lines 7s.

Moderato.

MOZART.

(5th P. M.)

Gottschalk. 4 lines 7s.

GOTTSCHALK.
ARRANGED BY H. P. MAIN.

Moderato.

1. Ho - ly Lamb, who thee re - ceive, Who in thee be - gin to live, Day and night they cry to thee,— As thou art, so let us be!

2. Je - sus, see my pant - ing breast; See, I pant in thee to rest; Glad - ly would I now be clean; Cleanse me now from ev - 'ry sin.

3. Fix, O fix my wav - 'ring mind; To thy cross my spir - it bind: Earth - ly pas - sions far re - move; Swal - low up my soul in love.

(5th P. M.)

Hayward. 4 lines 7s.

From the "DAY-SPRING." *By permission.*

Moderato.

1. Go, ye mes - sen - gers of God; Like the beams of morn - ing, fly; Take the won - der-work-ing rod; Wave the ban - ner - cross on high.

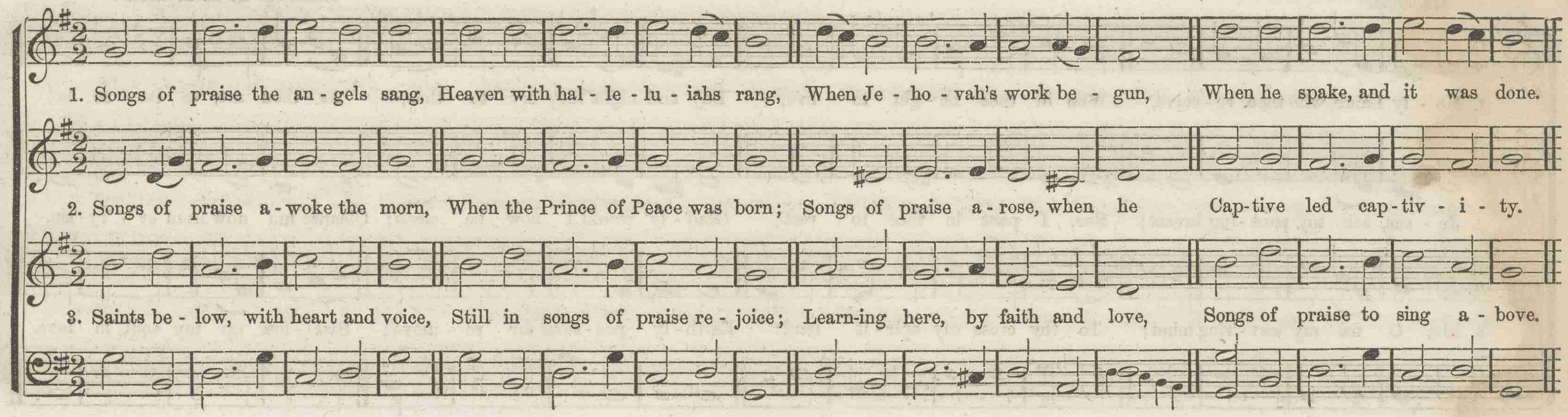
2. Go to many a trop - ic isle In the bo - som of the deep, Where the skies for - ev - er smile, And th' oppress'd for - ev - er weep.

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

182 (5th P. M.) Pleyel's Hymn. 4 lines 7s.

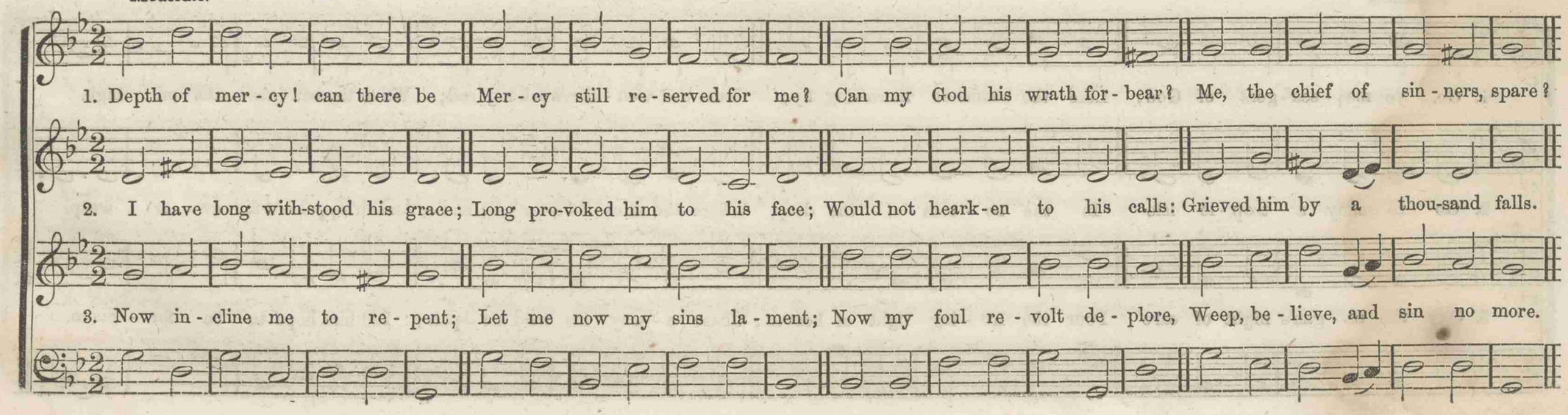
With Animation.

PLEYEL.



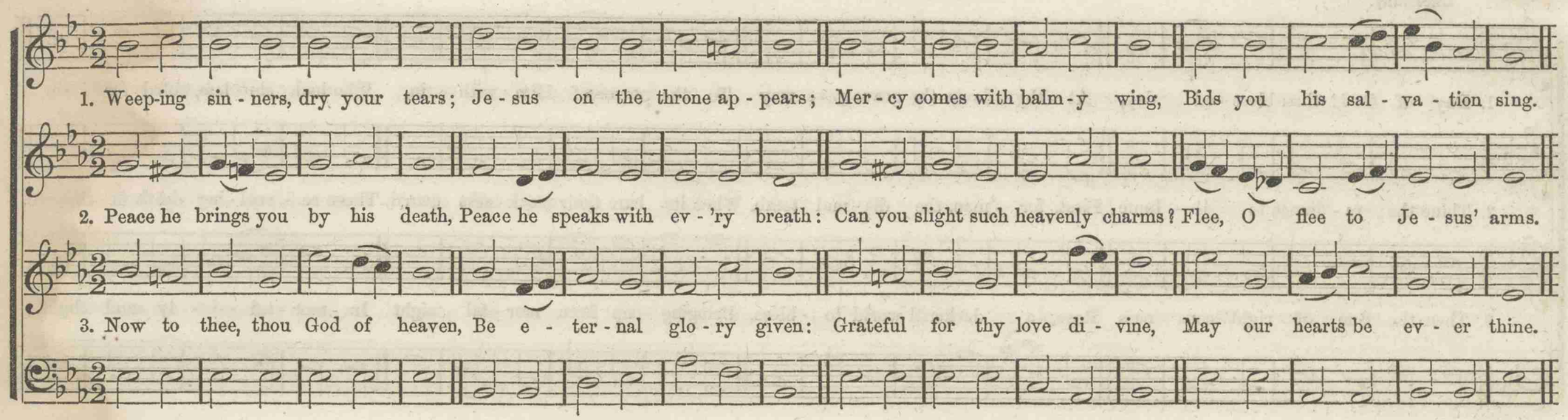
(5th P. M.) Norwich. 4 lines 7s.

Moderato.

GERMAN.

(5th P. M.)

Solitude. 4 lines 7s.

From "Greatorex Coll." By permission.

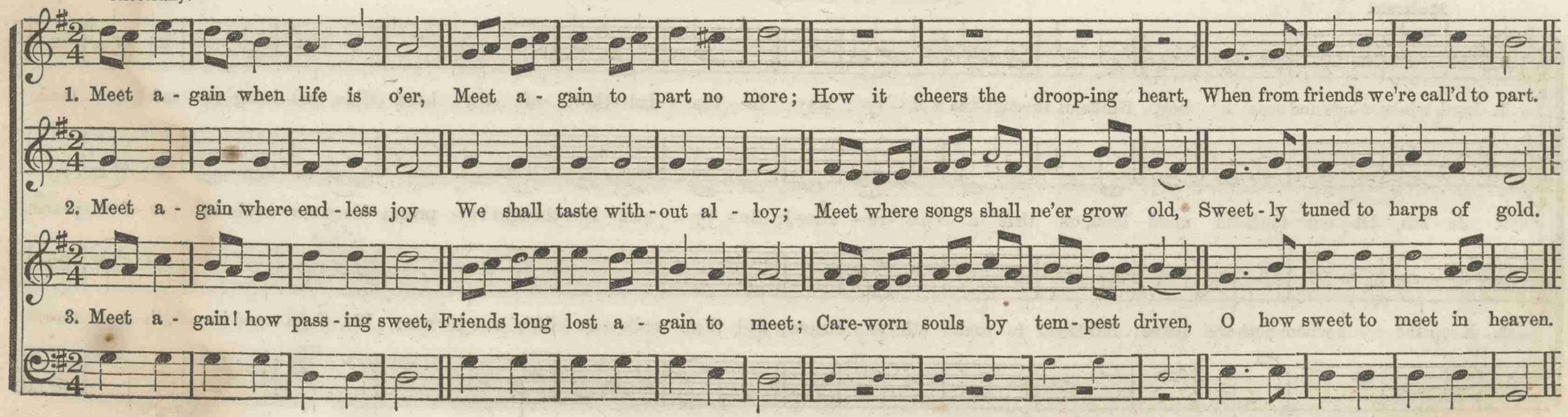


(5th P. M.)

Meet Again. 4 lines 7s.

Karl Reden.

Cheerfully.

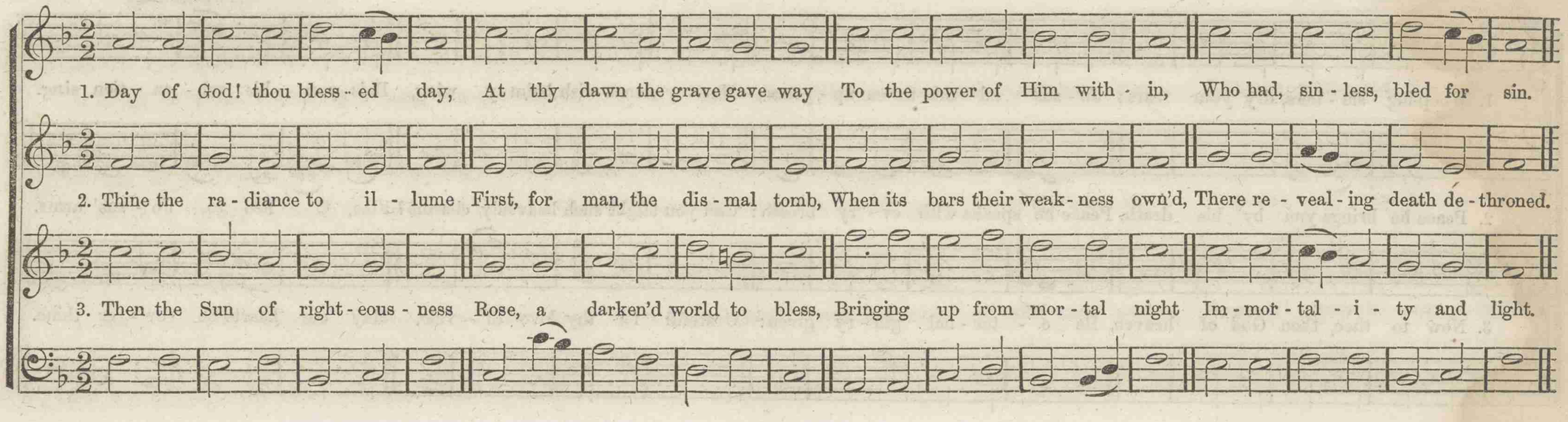


184 (5th P. M.)

Radiance. 4 lines 7s.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

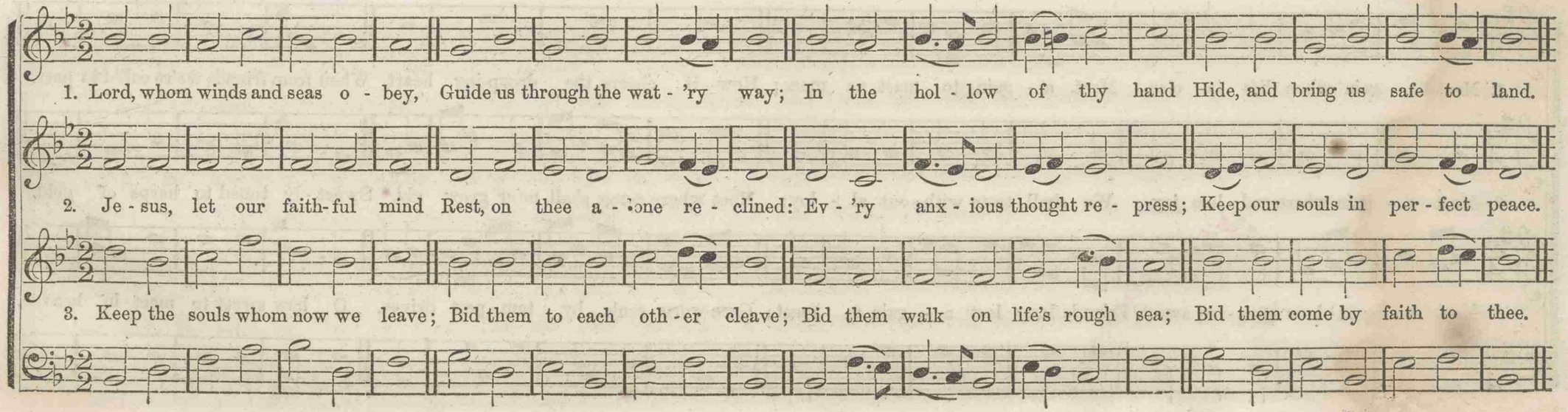
Cheerfully.



(5th P. M.)

Nuremburg. 4 lines 7s.

GERMAN.

Moderato.

Brighter Shore. (5th P. M.) 4 lines 7s.

E. G. Revans.

Moderato.

1. Chris-tians, breth-ren, ere we part, Ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry heart Join, and to our Fa - ther raise One last hymn of grate - ful praise.

2. Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a bright-er shore; There, re - leased from toil and pain. There we all may meet a - gain.

3. Now to thee, thou God of heaven, Be e - ter - nal glo - ry given: Grate - ful for thy love di - vine, May our hearts be ev - er thine.

Corner-Stone. (5th P. M.) 4 lines 7s.

Arranged from Latrobe by Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. On this stone, now laid with prayer, Let thy church rise, strong and fair; Ev - er, Lord, thy Name be known, Where we lay this cor - ner - stone.

2. Let thy ho - ly Child, who came Man from er - ror to re - claim, And for sin - ners to a - tone, Bless, with thee, this cor - ner - stone.

3. May thy Spir - it here give rest To the heart by sin op-press'd, And the seeds of truth be sown Where we lay this cor - ner - stone.

186 (5th P. M.) **Gracious Spirit.** 4 lines 7s. Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. Gra - cious Spir - it—Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre - cious blood.

3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Breathe thy - self in - to my breast,— Earn-est of im - mor - tal rest.

(5th P. M.) **Hendon.** 4 lines 7s. From Rev. Dr. MALAN.

Cheerfully.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.

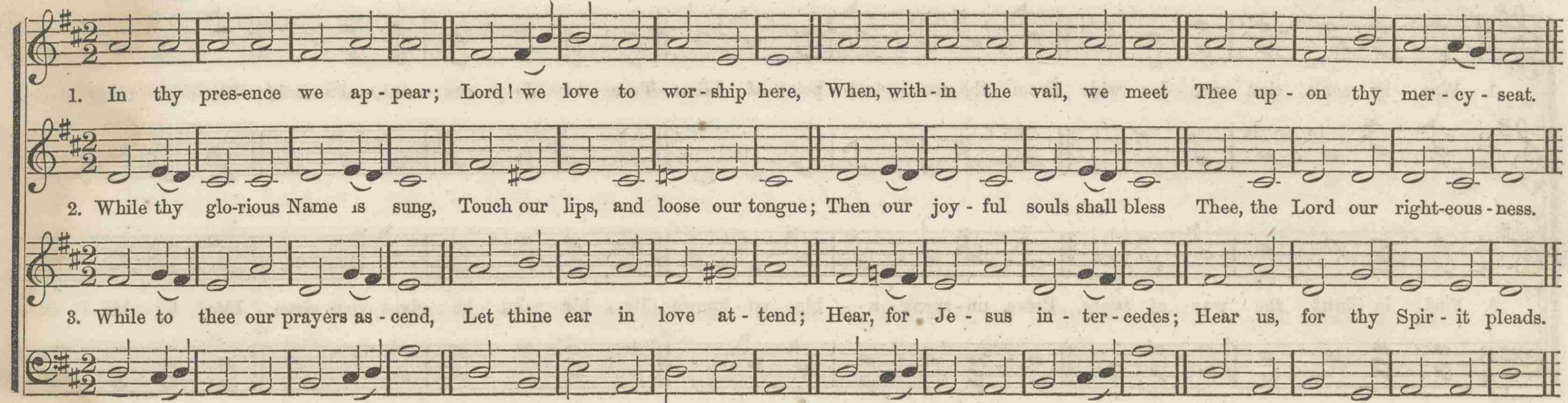
2. We are trav'ling home to God In the way our fathers trod; They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see, Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

3. O ye banish'd seed, be glad; Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made: Us to save our flesh as-sumes,—Brother to our souls be - comes, Brother to our souls becomes.

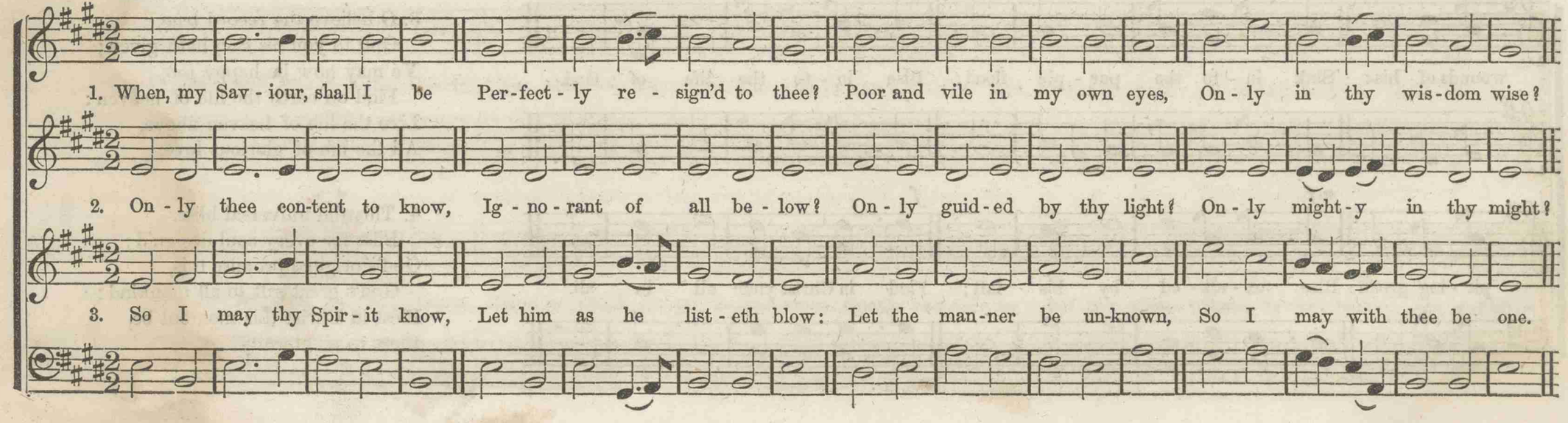
Intercession. 4 lines 7s.

(5th P. M.)

ARRANGED FROM P. WINTER BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Greenwood. 4 lines 7s.

(5th P. M.)

Moderato.

188 (6th P. M.) **Turn to Jesus.** 6 lines 7s. C. O. Revers.

With Animation.

1. Wea - ry souls, that wan - der wide From the cen - tral point of bliss: Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied; Fly to those dear

2. Find in Christ the way of peace, Peace un - speak - a - ble, un - known; By his pain he gives you ease, Life by his ex -

mf *f*

wounds of his: Sink in - to the pur - ple flood; Rise in - to the life of God.

mf *f*

pir - ing groan: Rise ex - alt - ed by his fall; Find in Christ your all in all.

3. O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4. This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

Covenant of Grace. (6th P. M.) 6 lines 7s.

Moderato.

ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

1. Je - sus Christ, who stands be - tween Angry Heaven and guilt - y men, Un - der - takes to buy our peace; Gives the cov - e - nant of grace;

2. Life his heal - ing blood im - parts, Sprinkled in our peace-ful hearts; A - bel's blood for vengeance cried; Je - sus speaks us just - i - fied;

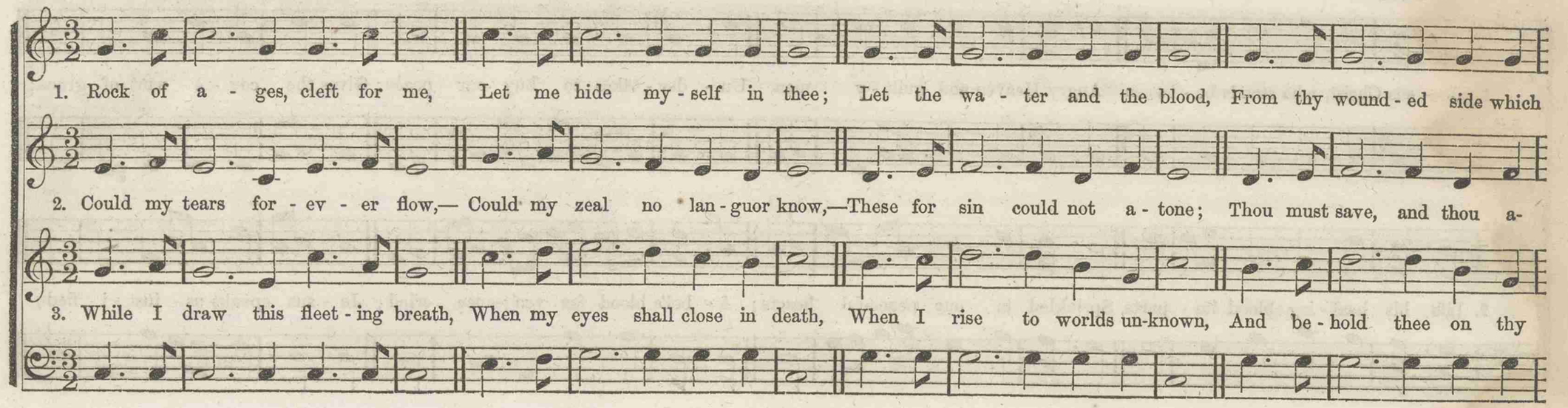
Rat - i - fies and makes it good; Signs and seals it with his blood; Rat - i - fies and makes it good; Signs and seals it with his blood.

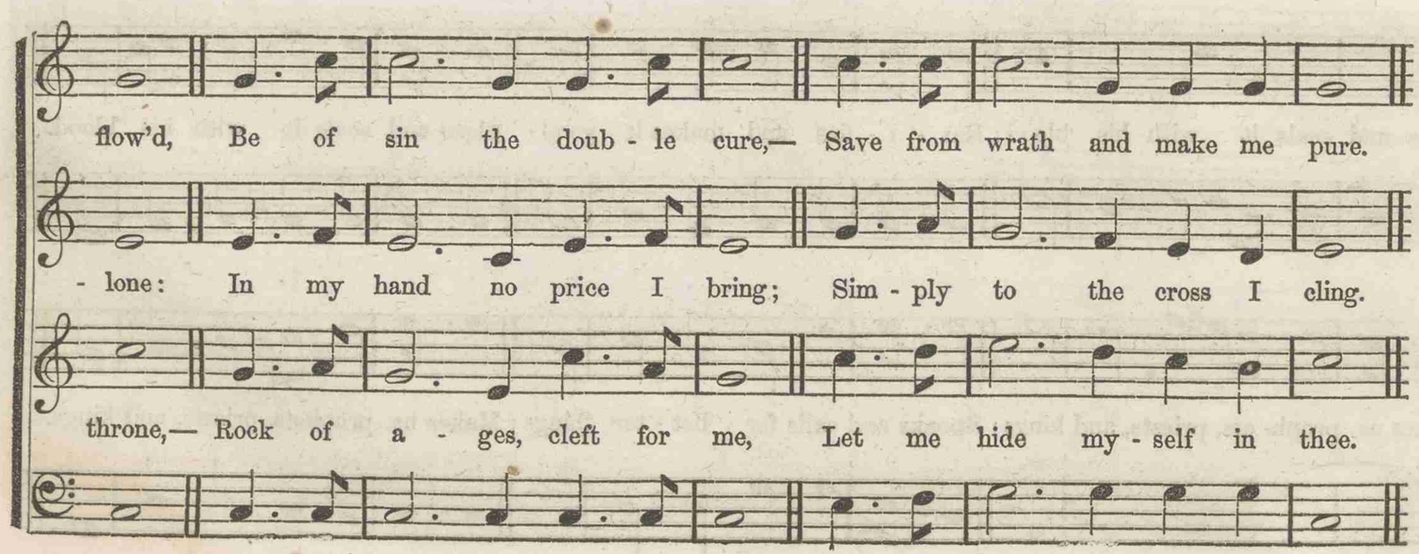
Speaks and calls for bet - ter things; Makes us proph- ets, priests, and kings; Speaks and calls for bet - ter things; Makes us prophets, priests, and kings.

190 (6th P. M.)

Bether. 6 lines 7s.

Moderato. T. HASTINGS.





1. WHEREFORE should I make my moan
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,—
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

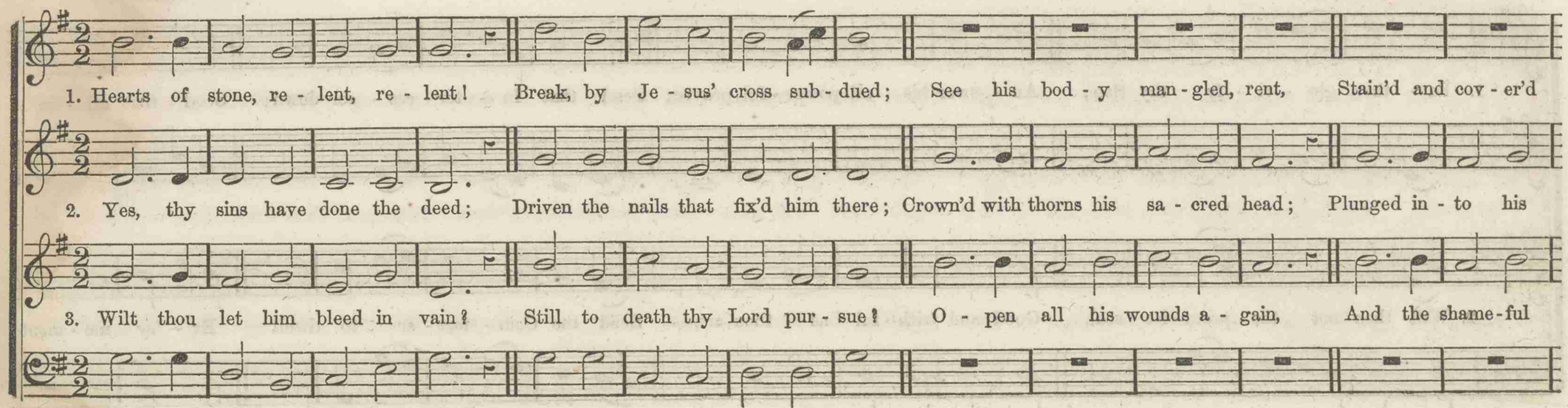
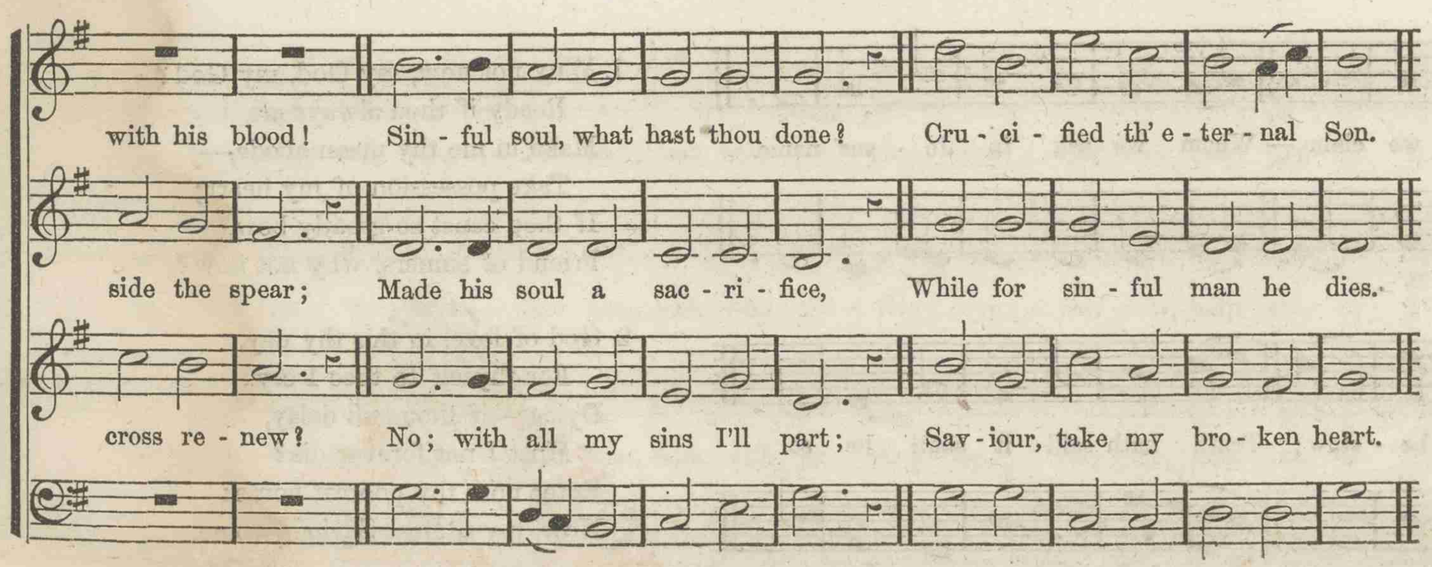
2. God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

(6th P. M.)

Sacrifice. 6 lines 7s.

ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

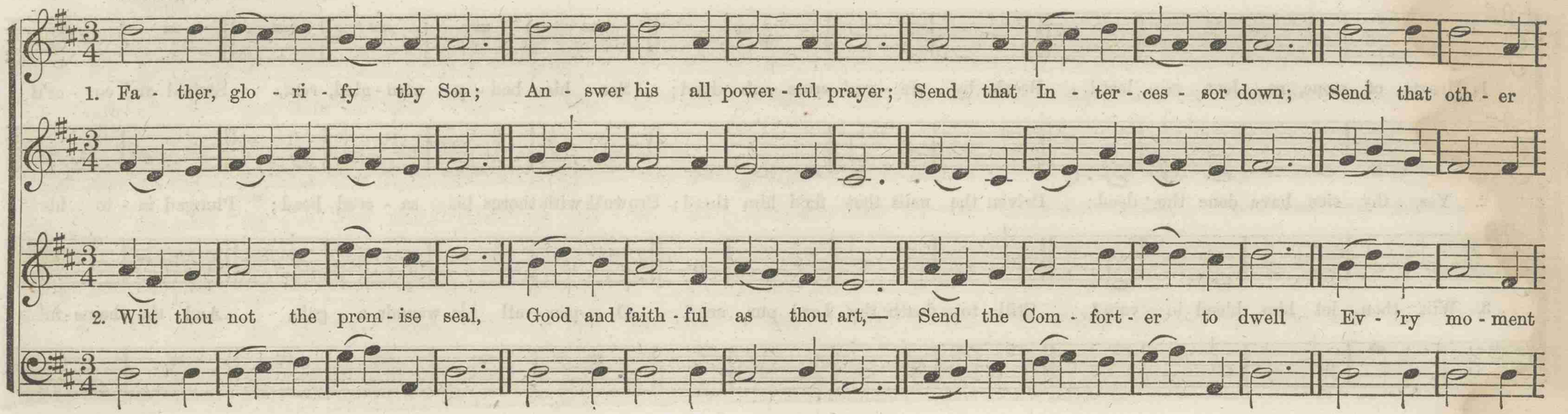
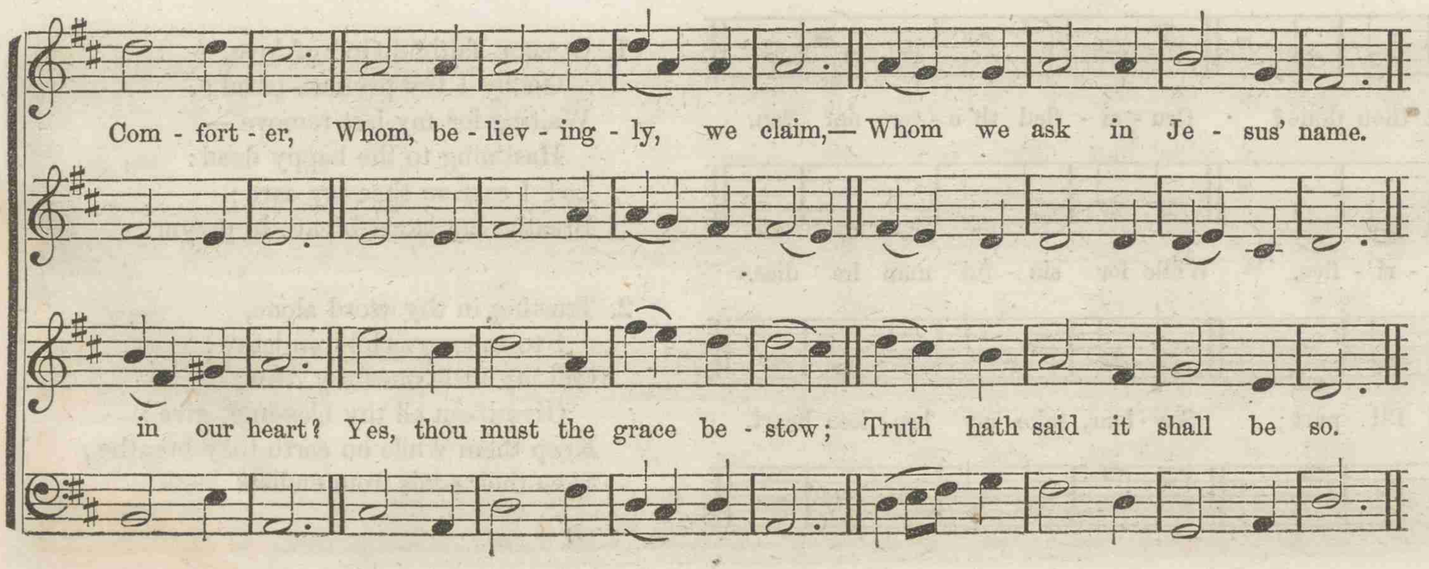
With Animation.



1. O THOU faithful God of love,
   Gladly I thy promise plead;
Waiting for my last remove,—
   Hast'ning to the happy dead:
Lo! I cast on thee my care;
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2. Trusting in thy word alone,
   I to thee my children leave:
Call my little ones thy own;
   Give them all thy blessings, give:
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

192 (6th P. M.) **Wells.** 6 lines 7s.

Moderato.



1. Why not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,—
Take possession of my heart;
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2. God of love, in this thy day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not forever die?
Enter now thy poorest home:
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

Cecil. 6 lines 7s.

(6th P. M.)

REV. R. CECIL.

Moderato.

1. By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy hu - man griefs and fears; By thy con - flict in the hour Of the

2. By the ten - der - ness that wept O'er the grave where Laz - 'rus slept; By the bit - ter tears that flow'd O - ver

3. By thy lone - ly hour of prayer; By the fear - ful con - flict there; By thy cross and dy - ing cries; By thy

sub - tle tempt - er's power,— Sav - iour, look with pit - ying eye; Sav - iour, help me, or I die, Sav - iour, help me, or I die.

Sa - lem's lost a - bode,— Sav - iour, look with pit - ying eye; Sav - iour, help me, or I die, Sav - iour, help me, or I die.

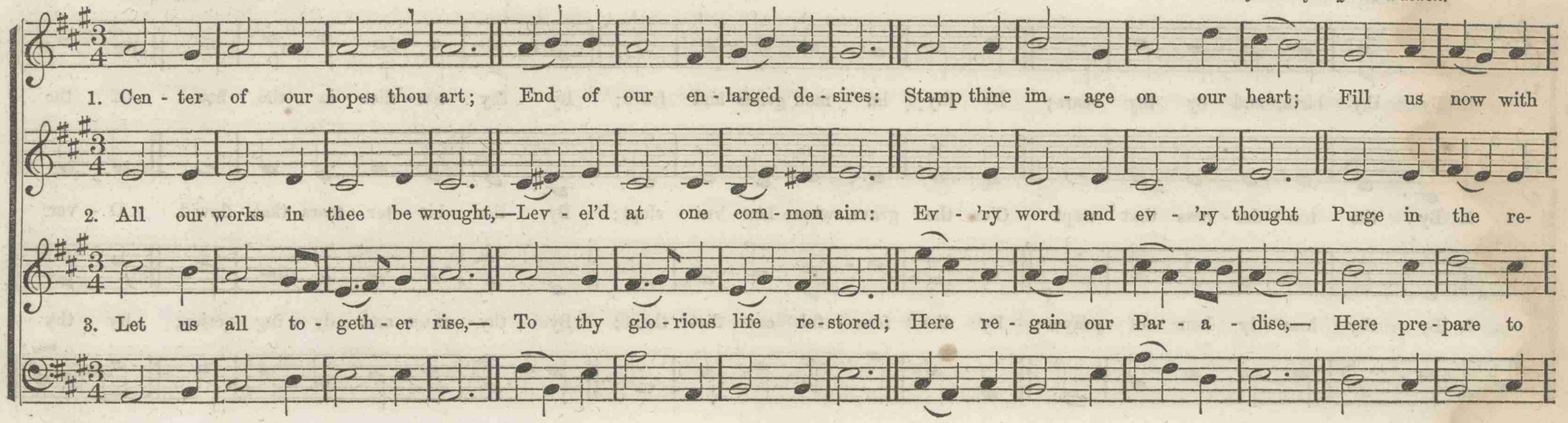
one great sac - ri - fice,— Sav - iour, look with pit - ying eye; Sav - iour, help me, or I die, Sav - iour, help me, or I die.

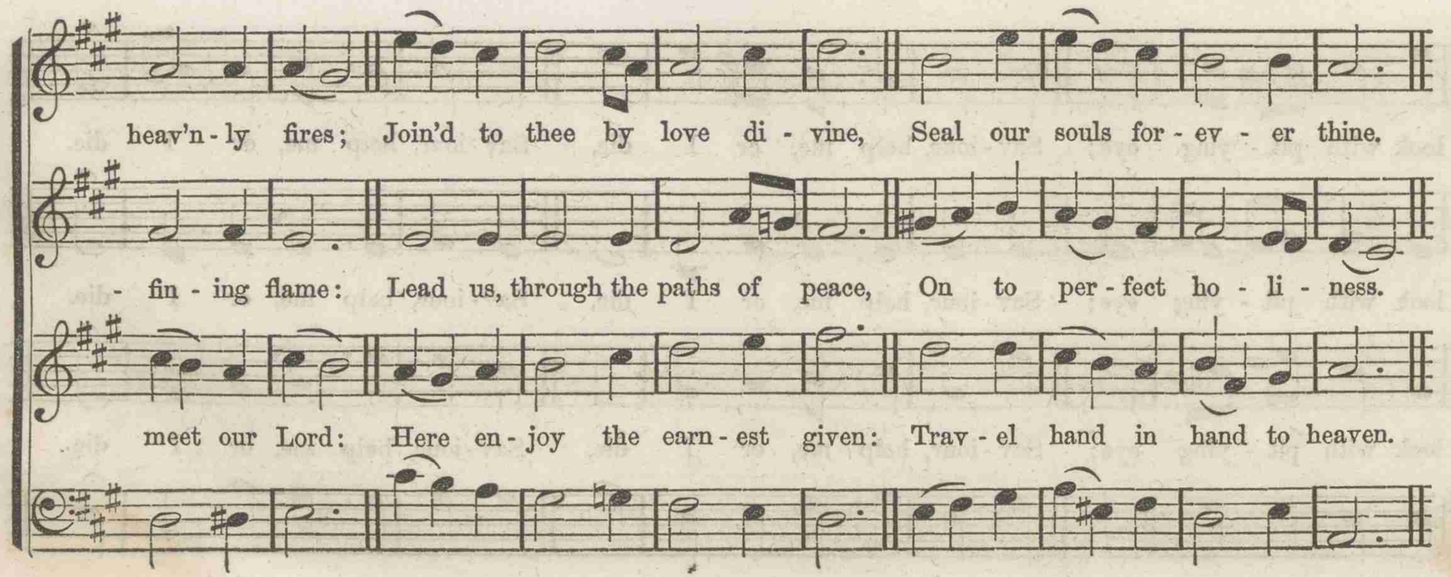
194 (6th P. M.)

Ramsey. 6 lines 7s.

With Animation.

J. T. FRYE,
Organist of Saffron Walden.





1. FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2. Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.

Louise. 6 lines 7s.

Moderato.

p

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die, What me - lo - dious sounds we hear,

2. "Sprin-kled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan? On my piere - ed bod - y laid,

p

3. "Soon the days of life shall end, Lo! I come, your Sav - iour, Friend, Safe your spir - its to con - vey

Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear! "Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.

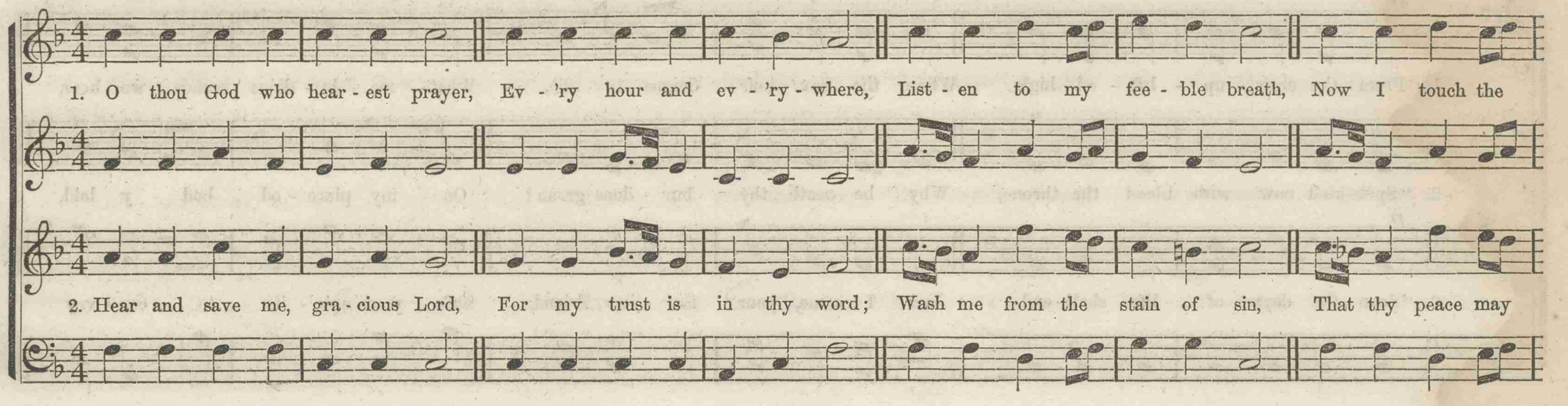
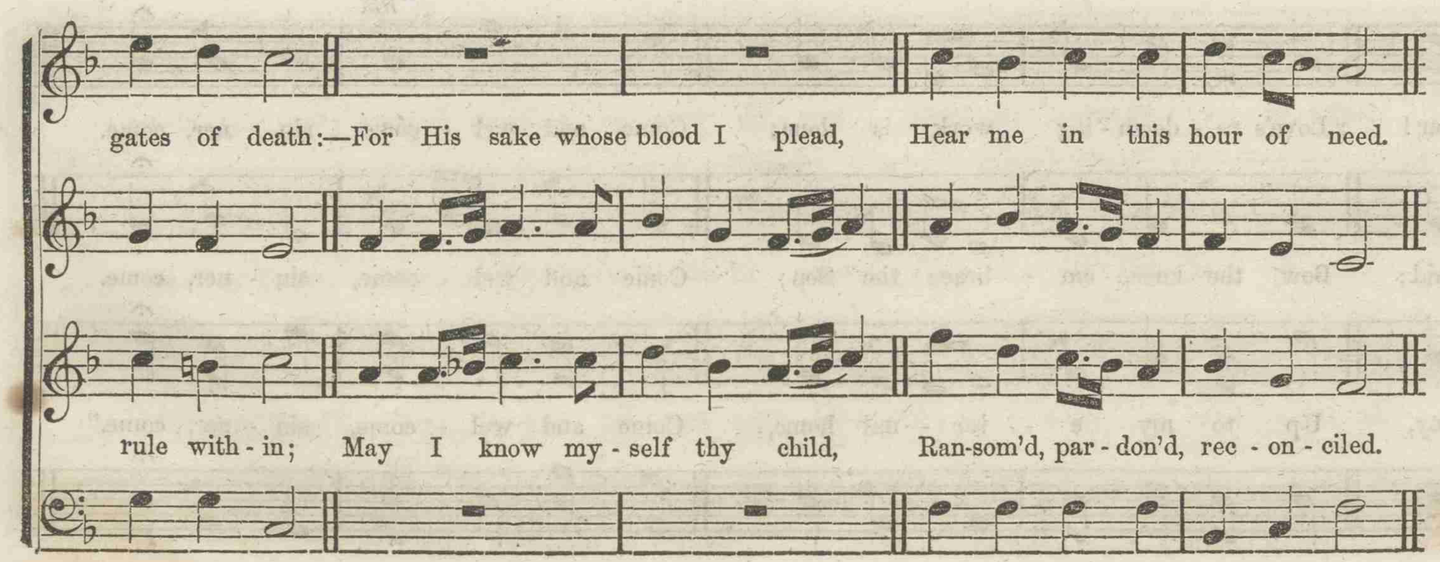
Rit.

Just - ice owns the ran - som paid; Bow the knee, em - brace the Son; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.

To the realms of end - less day, Up to my e - ter - nal home, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come."

196 (6th P. M.) **Gates of Death.** 6 lines 7s.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH
BY KARL REDEN.

Tenderly.

3. Thou art merciful to save;
Thou hast snatch'd me from the grave;
I would kiss the chast'ning rod,
O my Father and my God!
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace.

4. Leave me not, my strength, my trust;
O remember I am dust:
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey:
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

(7th P. M.)

Retrospection. 8 lines 7s.

PLEYEL.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. While, with cease-less course, the sun Hast - ed thro' the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find; As the lightning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind,—

Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle—none can know.

Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream; Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise; All be - low is but a dream.

198 (7th P. M.) **Hotham.** 8 lines 7s.

MADAN.

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

2. Oth-er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on thee: Leave, O leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com-fort me: All my trust on

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want: More than all in thee I find: Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly

Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive, O re - ceive, O re - ceive my soul at last.

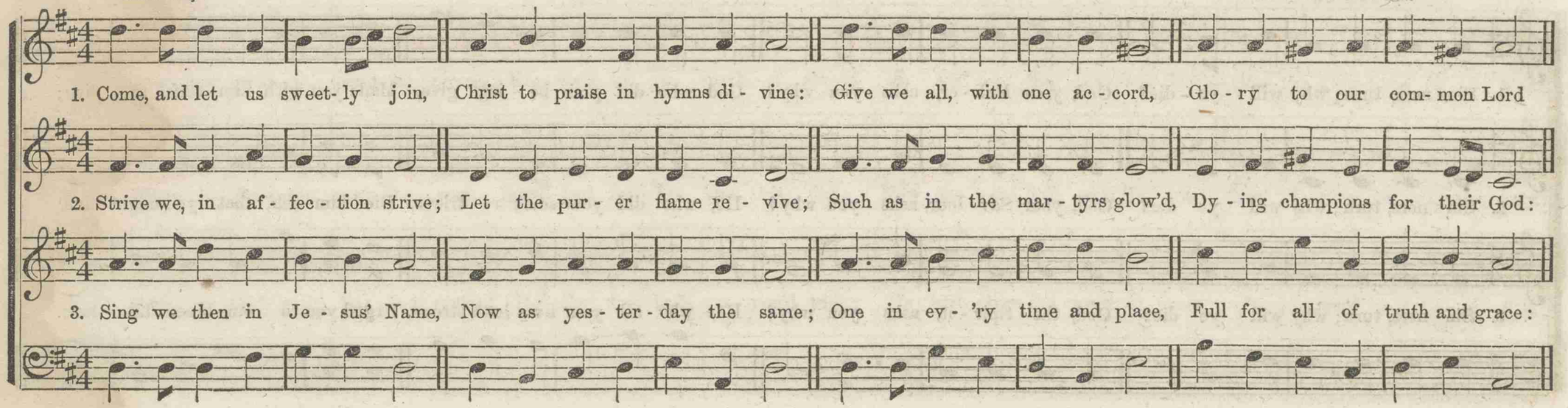
thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shadow, With the shadow, With the shad-ow of thy wing.

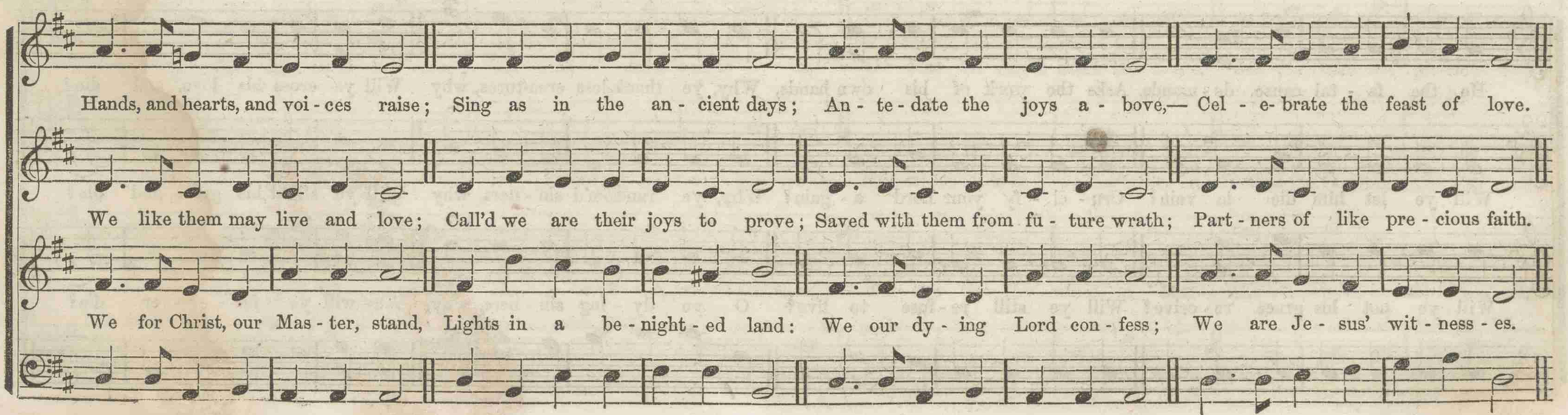
is thy name; I am all un-right-eous-ness; False, and full of sin I am; Thou art full, Thou art full, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Purer Flame. (7th P. M.) 8 lines 7s.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.





200 (7th P. M.) **Benevento.** 8 lines 7s.

Moderato. WEBBE.

1. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why? God who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live;

2. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Sav - iour, asks you why? He, who did your souls re - trieve, Died him - self, that ye might live.

3. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why? He, who all your lives hath strove, Urged you to em - brace his love.

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of his own hands, Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

Will ye let him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die?

Will ye not his grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live? O ye dy - ing sin - ners, why, Why will ye for - ev - er die?

Spanish Chant. 8 lines 7s.

(7th P. M.)

With Animation.

1. See how great a flame as - pires, Kin - dled by a spark of grace! Je - sus' love the na - tions fires,— Sets the king-doms on a blaze.

2. When he first the work be - gun, Small and fee - ble was his day: Now the word doth swift - ly run; Now it wins its widening way:

3. Sons of God, your Sav - iour praise! He the door hath o - pen'd wide; He hath given the word of grace; Je - sus' word is glo - ri - fied.

To bring fire on earth he came; Kin - dled in some hearts it is: O that all might catch the flame, All par - take the glo-rious bliss!

More and more it spread and grows, Ev - er might - y to pre - vail; Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Je - sus, might - y to re - deem, He a - lone the work hath wrought; Wor - thy is the work of him,— Him who spake a world from naught.

202 (7th P. M.) **Martyn.** 8 lines 7s.

MARSH.

1. Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast-ed at the ear-ly dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she lin-gering stood,
Fill'd with sor-row and sur-prise,
Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quick-ly fled When she heard his wel-come voice;
Christ had ris-en from the dead— Now he bids her heart re-joice.
What a change his word can make,
Turn-ing darkness in-to day:
Ye who weep for Je-sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a-way.

3. He who came to com-fort her When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your re-lief ap-pear, Though you now are tem-pest toss'd.
On his arm your bur-den cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weep-ing for a while may last; But the morning brings the joy.

(7th P. M.) **Sidmouth.** 8 lines 7s.

DR. MALAN.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2. Oth-er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not a-lone; Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring;
Cov-er my de-fenseless head With the shadow of thy wing.

Invitation. 87,87,47.

Moderato.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power:

2. Now, ye need- y, come and welcome; God's free boun- ty glo - ri - fy; True be - lief and true repentance,— Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh,—

3. Let not conscience make you lin- ger; Nor of fit - ness fond- ly dream: All the fit - ness he re - quireth Is to feel your need of him:

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will- ing: doubt no more; He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

With- out mon- ey, With - out mon- ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy; With - out mon- ey, With - out mon- ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.

This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spir- it's glimm'ring beam; This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spir- it's glimm'ring beam.

204 (8th P. M.)

Mant. 87,87,47.

ARRANGED FROM THE SPANISH.

Moderato.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this barren land: I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy powerful hand;

2. O - pen now the crys-tal fount-ain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through:

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side: Bear me through the swelling cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to thee; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to thee.

Hark! the Voice. 87,87,47.

(8th P. M.)

Moderato.

ARRANGED FROM GIPPERT BY KARL REDEN.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and vails the sky;

2. It is fin - ish'd! O what pleasure Do these pre-cious words af - ford! Heavenly blessings, with-out meas-ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

3. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the pleas-ing theme; All on earth, and all in heav- en, Join to praise Im - man-uel's name;

It is fin - ish'd, It is fin-ish'd:—Hear the dy - ing Sav- iour cry; It is fin - ish'd, It is fin-ish'd:—Hear the dy - ing Sav- iour cry.

It is fin - ish'd, It is fin-ish'd:—Saints the dy - ing words re - cord; It is fin - ish'd, It is fin-ish'd:—Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.

It is fin - ish'd, It is fin-ish'd:—Glo - ry to the bleed-ing Lamb; It is fin - ish'd, It is fin-ish'd:—Glo - ry to the bleed-ing Lamb.

206 (8th P. M.) **St. Werbergh.** 87,87,47.

Spiritedly.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vor'd sin - ners slain; Thou - sand, thou - sand saints at - tend - ing,

2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold him Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty; Those who set at naught and sold him,

3. All the to - kens of his pas - sion Still his daz - zling bod - y bears; Cause of end - less ex - ult - a - tion

Swell the tri - umph of his train: Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

Pierced and nail'd him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.

To his ran - som'd wor - ship - ers; With what rap - ture, With what rap - ture Gaze we on those glo - rious scars.

(8th P. M.) # I Will Praise Thee. 87,87,47. E. G. Revons. 207

Cheerfully.

1. O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re- deem- er from all sin; Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,

2. Though un-seen, I love the Sav - iour; He hath brought sal-va - tion near; Man - i - fests his pard-'ning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,

3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing,—Glo - ry to the great I AM, I with them will still be vy - ing— Glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!

I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise be - gin? I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

Soul and bod - y, Soul and bod - y Shall his glo - rious im - age bear; Soul and bod - y, Soul and bod - y, Shall his glo - rious im - age bear.

O how pre-cious, O how pre- cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name! O how pre-cious, O how pre- cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name!

208 (8th P. M.) **Sicilian Hymn.** 87,87,47.

With Animation.

1. Come, thou soul - trans - form - ing Spir - it; Bless the sow - er and the seed; Let each heart thy grace in - her - it;

2. O may all en - joy the bless - ing Which thy words de - sign'd to give; Let us all, thy love pos - sess - ing,

Raise the weak,—the hun - gry feed; From the Gos - pel, From the Gos - pel Now sup - ply thy peo - ple's need.

Joy - ful - ly the truth re - ceive, And for - ev - er, And for - ev - er To thy praise and glo - ry live.

(8th P. M.)

Living Waters. 87,87,47.

Arranged from the Italian by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

p *cres.* *dim.* *p*

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land: I am weak, but thou art might - y;

2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar,

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side: Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent;

pp *cres.* *ff* *dim.*

Hold me with thy power - ful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee.

210 (8th P. M.)

Anticipation. 87,87,47.

Arranged from Gippert by Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. In thy name, O Lord, as-sem-bling, We, thy peo-ple, now draw near: Teach us to re-joice with trembling; Speak, and let thy serv-ants hear:

2. While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord, to thee: Cheer'd by hope, and dai-ly strengthen'd, May we run, nor wea-ry be;

3. There, in wor-ship pur-er, sweet-er, All thy peo-ple shall a-dore; Shar-ing then in rap-ture great-er Than they could con-ceive be-fore:

Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness,—Hear thy word with god-ly fear; Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear thy word with god-ly fear.

Till thy glo-ry, Till thy glo-ry With-out cloud in heaven we see; Till thy glo-ry, Till thy glo-ry With-out cloud in heaven we see.

Full en-joy-ment, Full en-joy-ment,—Full and pure, for ev-er-more; Full en-joy-ment, Full en-joy-ment,—Full and pure, for ev-er-more.

Guidance. 87,87,47.

Moderato.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land: I am weak, but thou art might - y;

2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar,

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side: Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent;

Hold me with thy power - ful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv' - rer, Strong De - liv' - rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

212 (8th P. M.)

Happy Zion. 87,87,47.

With Animation.

ARRANGED FROM GIPPERT
BY KARL REDEN.

1. Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by power di - vine: All her foes shall be con- found-ed Tho' the world in arms com - bine:

2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per- ish; Friend to friend un - faith- ful prove; Moth- ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heaven and earth at last re - move;

3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in his sight:

cres. *p* *f*

Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine! Hap-py Zi - on, Hap- py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine!

But no changes, But no changes Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love; But no changes, But no changes Can at - tend Je - hovah's love.

cres. *p* *f*

God is with thee, God is with thee,— God, thine ev - er - last- ing light; God is with thee, God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last- ing light.

Moderato.

1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Part-ners in his pa-tience here: Christ, to all be - liev - ers pre - cious, Lord of lords, shall soon ap - pear:

2. Sun and Moon are both con - found - ed, Darken'd in - to end - less night, When, with an - gel hosts sur - round-ed, In his Fa - ther's glo - ry bright,

3. See the stars from heav-en fall - ing; Hark, on earth the dole - ful cry; Men on rocks and mountains call - ing, While the frowning Judge draws nigh:

Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens Of his heaven-ly king - dom near; Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens Of his heavenly king-dom near.

Beams the Saviour, Beams the Sav - iour, Shines the ev - er - last - ing light; Beams the Saviour, Beams the Saviour, Shines the ev - er - last - ing light.

Hide us, hide us, Hide us, hide us, Rocks and mountains, from his eye! Hide us, hide us, Hide us, hide us, Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

214 (8th P. M.) **Messiah's Birth.** 87,87,47.

ARRANGED FROM GIPPERT BY KARL REDEN.

Spiritedly.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:

2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light:

3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem-pla-tions,—Bright-er vis - ions beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of na - tions; Ye have seen his na - tal star:

cres. *f*

Come and wor-ship, Come and worship,— Worship Christ, the new-born king; Come and wor-ship, Come and worship,— Wor-ship Christ, the new-born king.

Come and wor-ship, Come and worship,— Worship Christ, the new-born king; Come and wor-ship, Come and worship,— Wor-ship Christ, the new-born king.

Come and wor-ship, Come and worship,— Worship Christ, the new-born king; Come and wor-ship, Come and worship,— Wor-ship Christ, the new-born king.

(8th P. M.)

Dismission. 87,87,47.

From the "Missal Book."

Moderato.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;

2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound;

3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way, Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o-bey;

O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil-der-ness! O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil-der-ness!

May thy pres-ence, May thy pres-ence With us ev-er-more be found! May thy pres-ence, May thy pres-ence With us ev-er-more be found!

May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day! May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day!

216 (9th P. M.) **New Creation.** 8s & 7s. Double.

With Animation.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling; All thy faith - ful mer-cies crown.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast; Let us all in thee in - her - it; Let us find that sec - ond rest.

3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem-ples leave:

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,—Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.

Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise thee with-out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.

Warm Devotion. 8s & 7s. Single. (9th P. M.)

Moderato.

1. Glo - ry to th' al- might-y Fa - ther, Fount-ain of e - ter - nal love, Who, his wand'ring sheep to gath-er, Sent a Sav-iour from a - bove.

2. To the Son all praise be giv - en, Who, with love un-known be - fore, Left the bright a - bode of heav-en, And our sin and sor-rows bore.

3. E - qual strains of warm de - vo - tion Let the Spir - it's praise em - ploy; Au - thor of each pure e - mo - tion; Source of wis - dom, peace, and joy.

Bereavement. 8s & 7s. Single. (9th P. M.)

Moderato.

Arranged from the German by Karl Reden.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed-ing O'er the spoils that death has won, We would, at this sol- emn meet-ing, Calm-ly say,—Thy will be done.

2. Though cast down, we're not for - sak - en; Though af - flict - ed, not a - lone: Thou didst give, and thou hast tak - en; Bless-ed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3. Though to - day we're fill'd with mourning, Mer - cy still is on the throne; With thy smiles of love re - turn-ing, We can sing,—Thy will be done.

218 (9th P. M.) With Animation.

Heavenly Treasures. 8s & 7s. Double.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

1. Vain are all ter - res - trial pleasures; Mix'd with dross the pur - est gold; Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—Treasures nev - er wax - ing old.

2. Earth-ly joys no lon - ger please us; Here would we re-nounce them all; Seek our on - ly rest in Je - sus,—Him our Lord and Mas - ter call.

3. May our light be al - ways burn-ing, And our loins be gird - ed round, Wait - ing for our Lord's re - turn - ing,—Long - ing for the welcome sound,

Let our best af - fec - tions cen - ter On the things a - round the throne: There no thief can ev - er en - ter; Moth and rust are there un-known.

Faith, our lan - guid spir - its cheering, Points to bright-er worlds a - bove; Bids us look for his ap - pear-ing; Bids us tri - umph in his love.

Thus the Christian life a - dorn-ing, Nev - er need we be a - fraid, Should he come at night or morn-ing, Ear - ly dawn, or evening shade.

Sister, Thou wast Mild and Lovely. (9th P. M.)

S. J. Vail. Gadenaugh.

Gently.

1. *Sis - ter,* thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum- mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of eve- ning When it floats a - mong the trees.

2. Peaceful 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 farewell tear is shed.

Wilmot. 8s & 7s. Single. (9th P. M.)

Moderato.

ARRANGED FROM C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Dread Je - ho - vah! God of na - tions! From thy tem - ple in the skies, Hear thy peo- ple's sup - pli - ca - tions; Now for their de - liv- 'rance rise.

2. Lo! with deep con - tri - tion turn - ing, In thy ho - ly place we bend; Hear us, fast- ing, pray- ing, mourning; Hear us, spare us, and de - fend.

3. Tho' our sins, our hearts con- founding, Long and loud for vengeance call, Thou hast mer- cy more a - bounding; Je - sus' blood can cleanse them all.

220 (9th P. M.) **Crown of Love.** 8s & 7s. Double. E. C. Revans.

Moderato.

1. Hap - py soul, thy days are end - ing, All thy mourning days be - low; Go,—the an - gel guards at-tend - ing,— To the sight of Je - sus go.

2. Strug - gle thro' thy lat - est pas - sion, To thy great Re - deemer's breast: To his ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, To his ev - er - last - ing rest.

Wait - ing to re - ceive thy spir - it, Lo! the Sav - iour stands a - bove; Shows the pur-chase of his mer - it, Reach - es out the crown of love.

For the joy he sets be - fore thee, Bear a mo - ment - a - ry pain; Die, to live a life of glo - ry; Suf - fer, with thy Lord to reign.

(9th P. M.)

Expectation. 8s & 7s. Single.

Moderato.

1. Full of trem-bling ex - pect - a - tion, Feel-ing much and fear-ing more, Might-y God of my sal - va - tion, I thy time-ly aid im - plore.

2. Suff-'ring Son of man, be near me, In my suff-'rings to sus - tain; By thy sor - er griefs to cheer me,— By thy more than mor-tal pain.

3. By thy most se-vere tempt - a - tion In that dark Sa-tan - ic hour; By thy last mys-te-rious pas - sion, Screen me from the ad-verse power.

(9th P. M.)

Light. 8s & 7s. Single.

Arranged from the German by Karl Reden.

With Animation.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! dis - pel our sad - ness; Pierce the clouds of na-ture's night; Come, thou Source of joy and glad-ness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2. Hear, O hear our sup - pli - ca - tion, Bless - ed Spir - it! God of peace! Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion With the full - ness of thy grace.

3. Au - thor of our new cre - a - tion, May we all thine in-fluence prove; Make our souls thy hab - it - a - tion,— Shed a - broad the Sav - iour's love.

222 (9th P. M.) **Deliverance.** 8s & 7s. Double.

With Animation.

From "Latrobe's Selection."

1. Come, thou ev - er - last - ing Spir - it, Bring to ev - 'ry thank-ful mind All the Saviour's dy - ing mer - it, All his suff'rings for man-kind:

2. Come, thou Wit-ness of his dy - ing; Come, Re-mem-brance - er di - vine; Let us feel thy power ap - ply - ing Christ to ev - 'ry soul, and mine:

True re - cord - er of his pas - sion, Now the liv - ing faith im - part; Now re - veal his great sal - va - tion Un - to ev - 'ry faith - ful heart.

Let us groan thine in - ward groaning; Look on Him we pierced, and grieve; All par-take the grace a - ton - ing,— All the sprinkled blood re - ceive

Emulation. 8s & 7s. Single.

(9th P. M.)

Spiritedly.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

1. Hark! the notes of an - gels, sing- ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! All in heaven their trib- ute bring-ing, Rais- ing high the Sav- iour's name.

2. Ye for whom his life was giv- en, Sa- cred themes to you be - long: Come, as - sist the choir of heaven; Join the ev - er - last - ing song.

3. Fill'd with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, We u - nite with those a - bove: Sweet the theme—a free sal - va - tion— Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love.

Greenville. 8s & 7s. Double.

(9th P. M.)

Moderato.

J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1775.

Fine. *D. C.*

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless- ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
   { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. } Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flam- ing tongues a- bove:
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up - on it; Mount of thy re - deem- ing love!

2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith- er by thy help I'm come; }
   { And I hope, by thy good pleas- ure, Safe- ly to ar - rive at home. } Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God
D. C. He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter- posed his pre - cious blood.

224 (9th P. M.) Worthing. 8s & 7s. Single.

Firmly. ENGLISH.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heavenly hal - le - lu - iahs rise.

2. List - en to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:— Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!

3. Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found; Souls re - deem'd, and sins for - giv - en!—Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.

(9th P. M.) Beethoven. 8s & 7s. Single.

Moderato. BEETHOVEN.

1. Fa - ther, hear the blood of Je - sus, Speaking in thine ears a - bove: From im - pend-ing wrath re - lease us; Man - i - fest thy pard-'ning love.

2. O re - ceive us to thy fa - vor,—For his on - ly sake re - ceive; Give us to the bleed-ing Sav-iour, Let us by his dy - ing live.

3. To thy pard-'ning grace re - ceive them,—Once he pray'd up - on the tree; Still his blood cries out—For-give them; All their sins were laid on me.

(9th P. M.)

Paschal Lamb. 8s & 7s. Double.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Spiritedly.

1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va- tion bring.

2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on thee were laid: By al - might-y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.

3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly hosts a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side:

Hail, thou a - go - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame! By thy mer- its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through thy name.

All thy peo - ple are for - giv - en, Through the vir - tue of thy blood; O - pen'd is the gate of heav- en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

There for sin - ners thou art plead - ing; There thou dost our place pre - pare: Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

226 (9th P. M.) **Smyrna.** 8s & 7s. Single.

Moderato. DR. HOWARD.

1. Dread Je - ho - vah! God of na - tions! From thy tem - ple in the skies, Hear thy peo - ple's sup - pli - ca - tions; Now for their de - liv - 'rance rise.

2. Lo! with deep con - tri - tion turn - ing, In thy ho - ly place we bend; Hear us, fast - ing, pray - ing, mourning; Hear us, spare us, and de - fend.

3. Though our sins, our hearts con-found-ing, Long and loud for vengeance call, Thou hast mer - cy more a - bound-ing; Je - sus' blood can cleanse them all.

(9th P. M.) **Compassion.** 8s & 7s. Single.

Cheerfully. F. HEROLD.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an even-ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

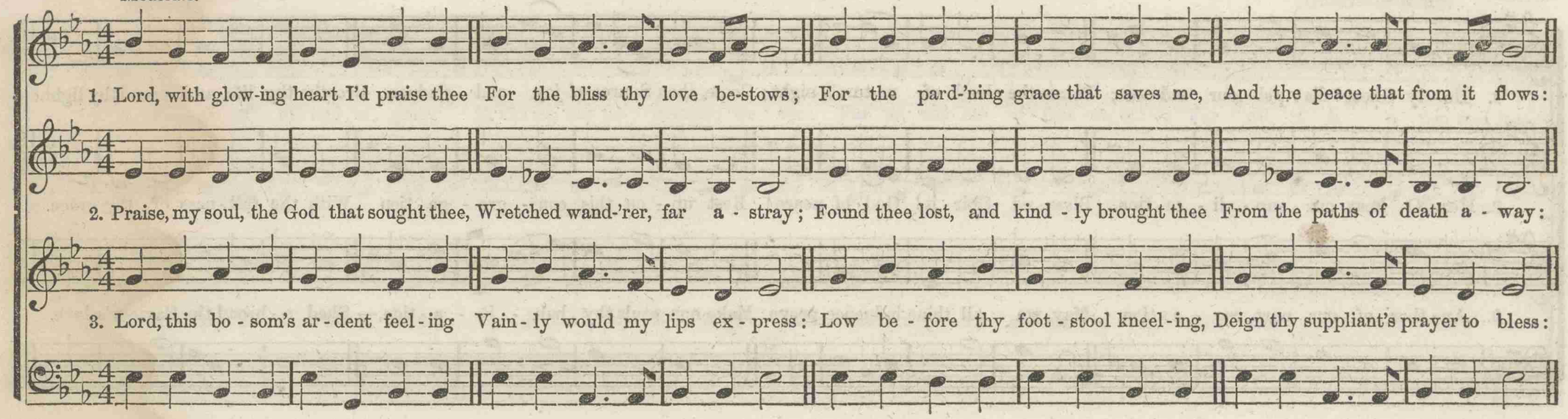
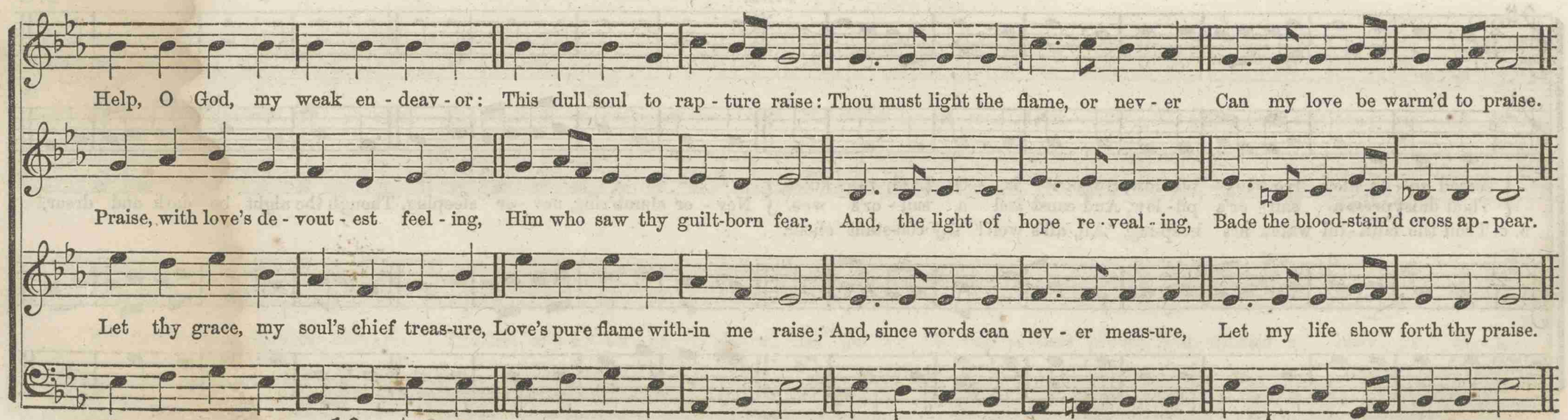
2. Though de-struc-tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from thee sur - round us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can - not hide from thee; Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where thy peo - ple be.

(9th P. M.)

Vesper Hymn. 8s & 7s. Double.

ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

228 (9th P. M.) **Rathbun.** 8s & 7s. Single.

From "Greatorex Coll." By permission.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! dis - pel our sad-ness; Pierce the clouds of na-ture's night; Come, thou Source of joy and gladness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2. Hear, O hear our sup - pli - ca - tion, Bless - ed Spir - it! God of peace! Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion With the full - ness of thy grace.

3. Au - thor of our new cre - a - tion, May we all thine influence prove; Make our souls thy hab - it - a - tion,— Shed a - broad the Saviour's love.

(9th P. M.) **Seaman's Song.** 8s & 7s. Double.

FINE. *D. C.*

{ Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
{ Thou didst press a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe. } Nev - er slumb'ring, nev - er sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear,

D. C. Thou the faith - ful watch art keep-ing, "All, all's well!" thy con-stant cheer.

Fountain of Life. (10th P. M.) 8 lines 8s.

Moderato.

1. A fountain of life and of grace In Christ, our Re - deemer, we see: For us, who his of - fers em- brace, For all, it is o - pen and free:

2. As soon as in him we be - lieve, By faith of his Spir- it we take: And, free- ly for - giv- en, re - ceive The mer- cy for Je - sus's sake!

Je - ho- vah, him- self, doth in - vite To drink of his pleasures un- known: The streams of im- mor-tal de - light, That flow from his heav - en - ly throne.

We gain a pure drop of his love; The life of e - ter - ni - ty know; An - gel - i - cal hap- pi- ness prove, And witness a heav - en be - low.

230 (10th P. M.) **Portland.** 8 lines 8s.

With Animation. W. H. OAKLEY.

1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home; The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear— The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.

2. Our mourning is all at an end, When, raised by the life - giv - ing Word, We see the new cit - y de - scend, A - dorned as a bride for her Lord:

3. By faith we al - read - y be - hold That love - ly Je - ru - sa - lem here: Her walls are of jas - per and gold; As crys - tal her buildings are clear;

p *f*

From earth we shall quickly re - move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode; The house of our Fa - ther a - bove— The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

The cit - y so ho - ly and clean, No sorrow can breathe in the air: No gloom of af - flic - tion or sin; No shad - ow of e - vil is there.

p *f*

Im - mov-a - bly founded in grace, She stands as she ev - er hath stood, And brightly her Builder dis - plays, And flames with the glo - ry of God.

My Defense. 4 lines 8s.

(10th P. M.)

E. G. Revans.

Moderato.

1. En-compass'd with clouds of dis-tress, And read - y all hope to re - sign, I long for thy light and thy grace; O God, will they nev - er be mine?

2. If sometimes I strive, as I mourn, My hold of thy prom-ise to keep, The bil-lows more fierce-ly re - turn, And plunge me a - gain in the deep.

3. Ap-pear, and my sor-row shall cease; The blood of a - tone-ment ap - ply; And lead me to Je - sus for peace,—The Rock that is high - er than I.

Incense. 4 lines 8s.

(10th P. M.)

T. CLARK.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

1. O Thou, who hast spread out the skies, And measured the depths of the sea, Our in - cense of praise shall a - rise In joy-ous thanksgiv - ing to thee.

2. For - ev - er thy presence is near, Tho' heaves our bark far from the land; We ride on the deep without fear; The wa-ters are held in thy hand.

3. E - ter - ni - ty comes in the sound Of bil-lows that nev - er can sleep; Je - ho - vah en - cir - cles us round; Om-nip - o - tence walks on the deep.

232 (10th P. M.)

Vernon. 8 lines 8s.

With Animation.

J. T. HARRIS.

1. I long to be - hold Him ar - ray'd With glo - ry and light from a - bove; The King in his beau-ty dis-play'd,—His beau-ty of ho - li - est love:

2. With him I on Zi - on shall stand, For Je - sus hath spok - en the word; The breadth of Im-man - u - el's land Sur - vey by the light of my Lord:

3. How hap - py the peo - ple that dwell Se - cure in the cit - y a - bove! No pain the in - hab - it - ants feel, No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

p *f*

I lan-guish and sigh to be there, Where Je - sus hath fix'd his a - bode; O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mount-ain of God!

But when, on thy bo - som re - clined, Thy face I am strengthen'd to see, My full - ness of rap - ture I find,—My heav - en of heav-ens in thee.

p *f*

Phy - si - cian of souls, un - to me For-give-ness and ho - li - ness give; And then from the bod - y set free, And then to the cit - y re - ceive.

Adeline. 4 lines 8s.

(10th P. M.)

S. JACKSON.

Moderato.

1. En - compass'd with clouds of dis - tress, And read-y all hope to re - sign, I long for thy light and thy grace; O God, will they nev-er be mine?

2. If sometimes I strive, as I mourn, My hold of thy promise to keep, The bil-lows more fiercely re - turn, And plunge me a - gain in the deep.

3. Ap - pear, and my sor - row shall cease; The blood of a - tonement ap - ply; And lead me to Je - sus for peace,—The Rock that is high-er than I.

Goshen. 4 lines 8s.

(10th P. M.)

Moderato.

1. What now is my ob - ject and aim? What now is my hope and de - sire? To fol-low the heav-en - ly Lamb, And aft - er his im - age as - pire:

2. My hope is all cen - tred in thee; I trust to re - cov-er thy love; On earth thy sal - va - tion to see, And then to en - joy it a - bove.

234 (10th P. M.) **Bethlehem.** 8 lines 8s.

HUGH McKAY.

Moderato.

1. All glo - ry to God in the sky, And peace up - on earth be re - stored; O Je - sus, ex - alt - ed on high, Ap - pear, our om - nip - o - tent Lord;

2. O wouldst thou a - gain be made known,— A - gain in thy Spir - it de - scend; And set up, in each of thine own, A kingdom that nev - er shall end!

3. O, come to thy servants a - gain, Who long thine ap - pear - ing to know; Thy qui - et and peace - a - ble reign In mer - cy es - tab - lish be - low:

f

Who, mean-ly in Beth - le - hem born, Didst stoop to re - deem a lost race: Once more to thy creatures re - turn, And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

Thou on - ly art a - ble to bless, And make the glad nations o - bey, And bid the dire en - mi - ty cease, And bow the whole world to thy sway.

dolce. *cres.* *f*

All sor - row be - fore thee shall fly, And an - ger and hatred be o'er; And en - vy and malice shall die, And dis - cord af - flict us no more.

Israel's Sure Defense.

76,76,77,76.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ev - er - last - ing hills; Stream-ing thence in fresh sup - plies, My soul the Spir - it feels:

2. Faith - ful soul, pray al-ways; pray, And still in God con - fide; He thy fee - ble steps shall stay, Nor suf - fer thee to slide;

3. Nei - ther sin, nor earth, nor hell, Thy Keep - er can sur - prise; Care - less slum-bers can - not steal On his all - see - ing eyes;

Will he not his help af - ford? Help, while yet I ask, is given: God comes down; the God and Lord Who made both earth and heaven.

Lean on thy Re - deem - er's breast; He thy qui - et spir - it - keeps; Rest in him, se - cure - ly rest; Thy watch-man nev - er sleeps.

He is Is - rael's sure de - fense; Is - rael all his care shall prove, Kept by watch - ful Prov - i - dence, And ev - er - wak - ing Love.

236 (11th P. M.) **Josiah.** 76,76,77,76.

Moderato. WM. ARNOLD.

1. God of un - ex - am - pled grace, Re - deem-er of man - kind, Mat - ter of e - ter - nal praise We in thy pas - sion find:

2. End - less scenes of won - der rise, With that mys - te - rious tree,— Cru - ci - fied be - fore our eyes, Where we the Sav - iour see:

3. Nev - er love nor sor - row was Like that my Je - sus show'd; See him stretched on yon - der cross, And crush'd be - neath our load!

Still our choic - est strains we bring; Still the joy - ful theme pur - sue; Thee the Friend of sin - ners sing, Whose love is ev - er new.

Je - sus, Lord, what hast thou done? Pub - lish we the death di - vine: Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own Was nev - er love like thine!

Now dis - cern the De - i - ty; Now his heaven-ly birth de - clare; Faith cries out,—'Tis He,—'tis He,— My God that suf - fers there!

Gilgal. 76,76,77,76.

(11th P. M.)

With Animation.

S. STANLEY.

1. Oft I in my heart have said,— Who shall as - cend on high, Mount to Christ, my glo - rious Head, And bring him from the sky?

2. Oft I in my heart have said,— Who to the deep shall stoop, Sink with Christ a - mong the dead, From thence to bring him up?

3. But the right-eous - ness of faith Hath taught me bet - ter things:— In - ward turn thine eyes,—it saith, While Christ to me it brings:—

Borne on con - tem - pla - tion's wing, Sure - ly I shall find him there, Where the an - gels praise their King, And gain the Morn - ing Star.

Could I but my heart pre - pare, By un-feign'd hu - mil - i - ty, Christ would quick - ly en - ter there, And ev - er dwell in me.

Christ is read - y to im - part Life to all, for life who sigh: In thy mouth and in thy heart The word is ev - er nigh.

238 (11th P. M.) **Amsterdam.** 76,76,77,76.

With Animation.

DR. NARES.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, Tow'rd heaven, thy na - tive place:

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source;

3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn Tri - umph - ant in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face; Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

There we'll join the heaven-ly train, Wel - comed to par - take the bliss; Fly from sor - row, care, and pain, To realms of end - less peace.

Moderato.

1. Gracious God, my sins for-give; Thy Spir-it now im-part; Then shall I in thee be-lieve With all my lov-ing heart: Always un-to

2. Grace, in an-swer to his prayer, Full-ness of grace be-stow; That I may with zeal-ous care Per-form thy will be-low; Root-ed in hu-

3. Poor and vile in my own eyes, With self-a-bas-ing shame Still I would my-self de-spise, And mag-ni-fy thy name. Thee let ev-'ry

Je-sus look,—Him in heaven-ly glo-ry see, Who to save me un-der-took, And ev-er prays for me, And ev-er prays for me.

mil-i-ty, Still in ev-'ry state re-sign'd,—Plant, Al-might-y Lord, in me A meek and low-ly mind, A meek and low-ly mind.

crea-ture bless; Praise a-lone to God be given; God a-lone de-serves the praise Of all in earth and heaven, Of all in earth and heaven.

240 (12th P. M.) **Remember Calvary.** 76,76,78,76.

J. C. CONVERSE.

Gently.

mf

1. Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind, Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find:

2. By thine ag - o - niz - ing pain, And blood - y sweat, we pray,— By thy dy - ing love to man,—Take all our sins a - way:

mf

3. Let thy blood, by faith ap-plied, The sin - ner's par - don seal; Speak us free - ly just - i - fied, And all our sick - ness heal:

p *pp* *Rit.*

Think on us who think on thee, And ev - 'ry strug - gling soul re - lease: O re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

Burst our bonds, and set us free; From all in - iq - ui - ty re - lease; O re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

p *pp* *Rit.*

By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and troub - les cease; O re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

Penitence. 76,76,78,76.

(12th P. M.)

WM. H. OAKLEY.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, let thy pit - ying eye Call back a wand-'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Sav - iour, Prince, en - throned a - bove, Re - pent - ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:

3. For thine own com - pas - sion's sake, The gra - cious won - der show; Cast my sins be - hind thy back, And wash me white as snow:

Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long - suff'ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give what I have long im-plored, A por - tion of thy grief un-known: Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

If thy bow - els now are stirr'd, If now I do my - self be - moan, Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

242 (12th P. M.) **Living Name.** 76,76,78,76. C. O. Nevers.

Moderato.

1. Thou, who hast in Zi - on laid The true Foun - da - tion - stone, And with those a cov - 'nant made Who build on that a - lone:

2. Earth is thine; her thou-sand hills Thy might - y hand sus - tains; Heaven thy aw - ful pres - ence fills; O'er all thy glo - ry reigns:

Hear us, Ar - chi - tect di - vine! Great Build - er of thy church be - low! Now up - on thy serv - ants shine, Who seek thy praise to show.

Yet the place of all pre-pared, By re - gal Da - vid's fa - vor'd son, Thy pe - cul - iar bless - ing shared, And stood thy chos - en throne.

Rockport. 76,76,78,76.

(12th P. M.)

I. B. WOODBURY

From the "Day Spring," by permission.

Moderato.

1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea-ture good: On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:

2. Oth - er knowledge I dis - dain; 'Tis all but van - i - ty: Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,— He tast - ed death for me.

3. Here will I set up my rest; My fluc - tu - at - ing heart From the ha - ven of his breast Shall nev - er more de - part:

All thy pleasures I fore - go; I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride; On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Me to save from end - less woe The sin - a - ton - ing Vic - tim died: On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Whith-er should a sin - ner go? His wounds for me stand o - pen wide; On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

244 (12th P. M.) Seal My Peace. 76,76,78,76.

Arranged by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, hear, Yet once a - gain I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear, For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind re - lease, A poor back - slid - ing soul re - store;
Love me free - ly, seal my peace, And bid, And bid me sin no more.

2. For my self - ish - ness and pride Thou hast with - drawn thy grace;
Left me long to wan - der wide, An out - cast from thy face;
But I now my sins con - fess, And mer - cy, mer - cy, I im - plore;
Love me free - ly, seal my peace, And bid, And bid me sin no more.

(12th P. M.) Friend of Sinners. 76,76,78,76.

Arranged by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

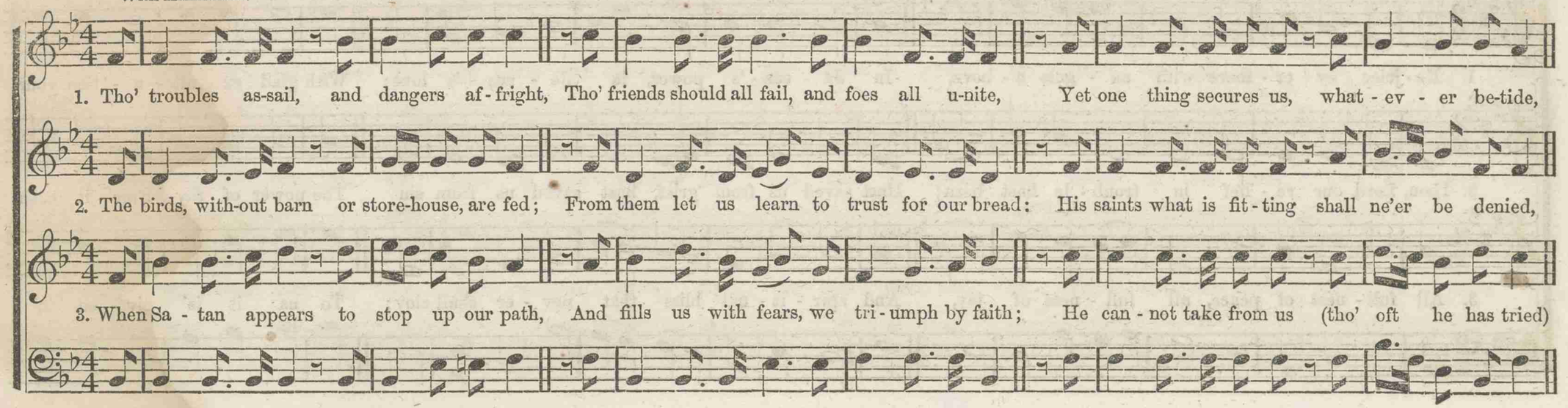
1. God of my sal - vation, hear, And help me to be - lieve;
Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to re - ceive.
Full of guilt, a - las! I am, But to thy wounds for refuge flee: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

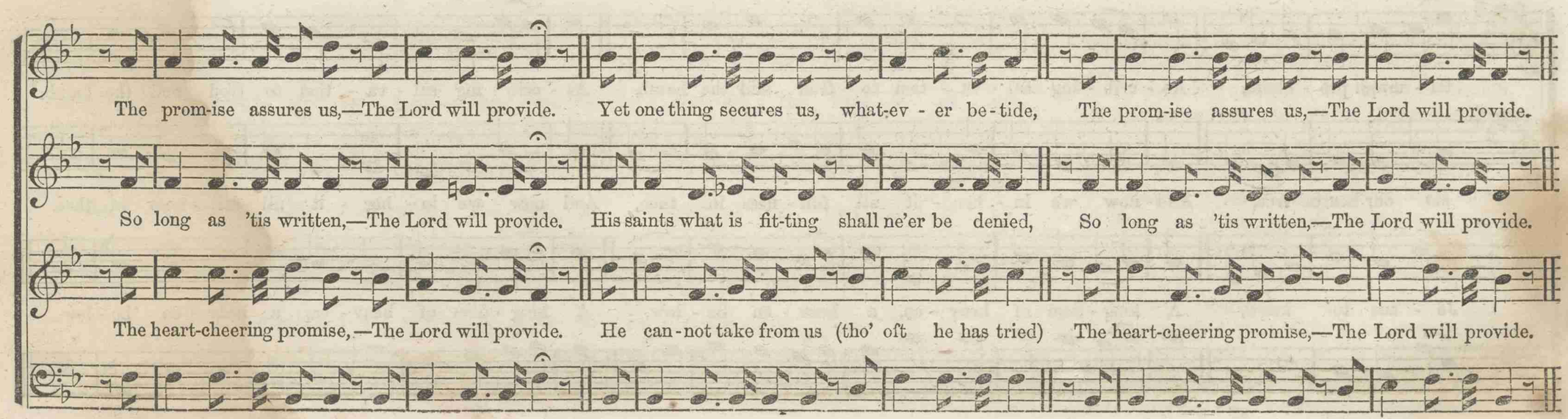
2. Standing now as newly slain, To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain, Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yes - ter - day the same Thou art, and wilt for-ever be: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

The Lord will Provide.

10 10, 11 11.

With Animation.





246 (13th P. M.) # Portuguese Hymn. 10,10,11,11.

Cheerfully. WEBBE.

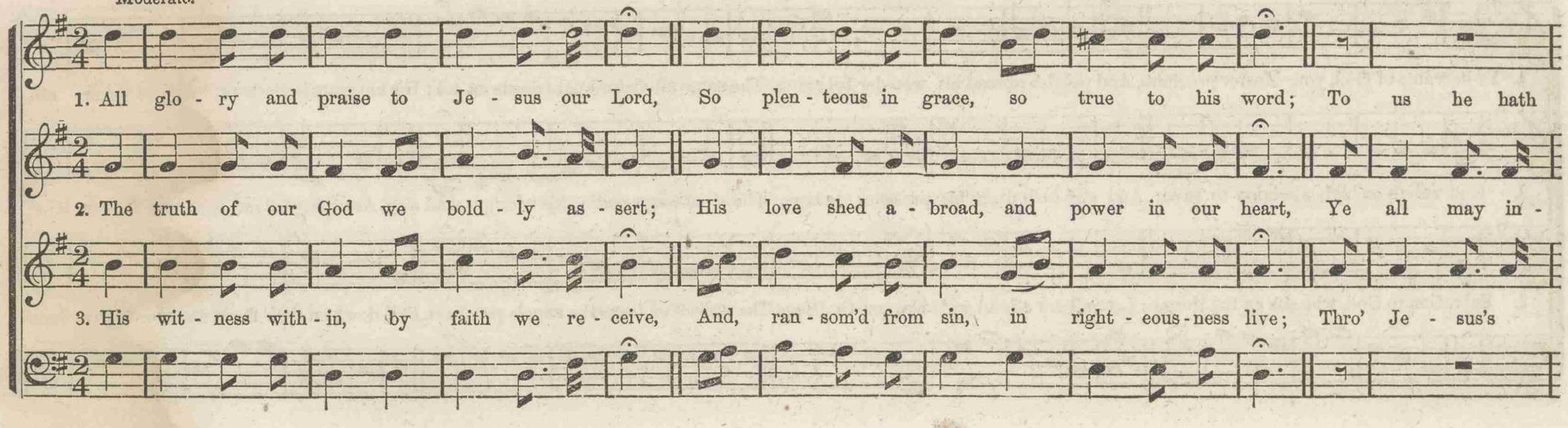
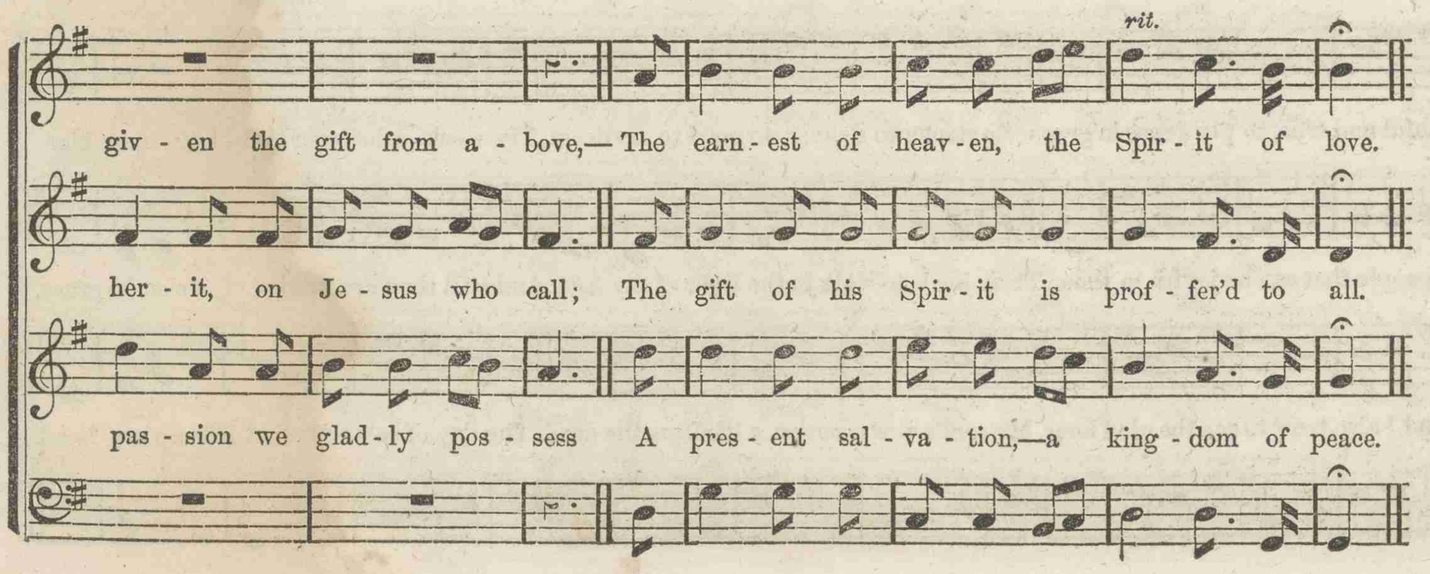
1. Re-joice ev-er-more with an-gels a-bove, In Je-sus-'s power, in Je-sus-'s love: With glad ex-ult-a-tion your

2. Thou, Lord, our re-lief in troub-le hast been; Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us from sin The power of thy Spir-it hath

3. All full-ness of peace, all full-ness of joy, And spir-it-ual bliss that nev-er shall cloy; To us it is giv-en in

tri-umph pro-claim, As-crib-ing sal-va-tion to God and the Lamb, As-crib-ing sal-va-tion to God and the Lamb.

set our hearts free, And now we in-her-it all full-ness in thee, And now we in-her-it all full-ness in thee.

Je-sus to know, A king-dom of heav-en, a heav-en be-low, A king-dom of heav-en, a heav-en be-low.



1. Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

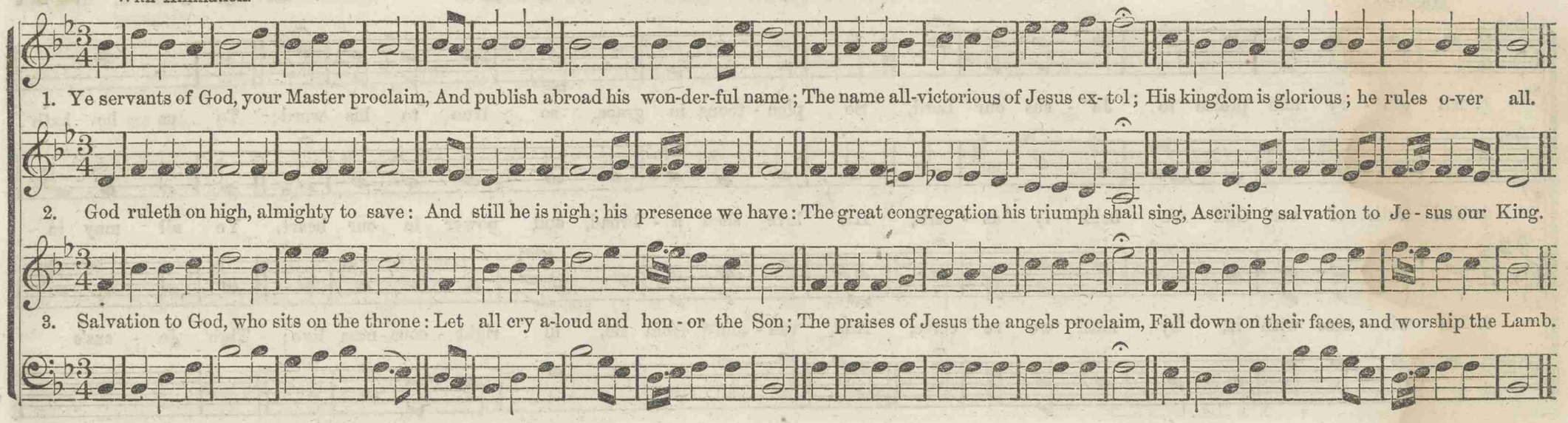
2. O what shall we do our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above:
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give;
Give us the salvation of all that believe.

3. O Jesus! appear; no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see—
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

248 (13th P. M.) **Lyons.** 10,10,11,11.

With Animation.

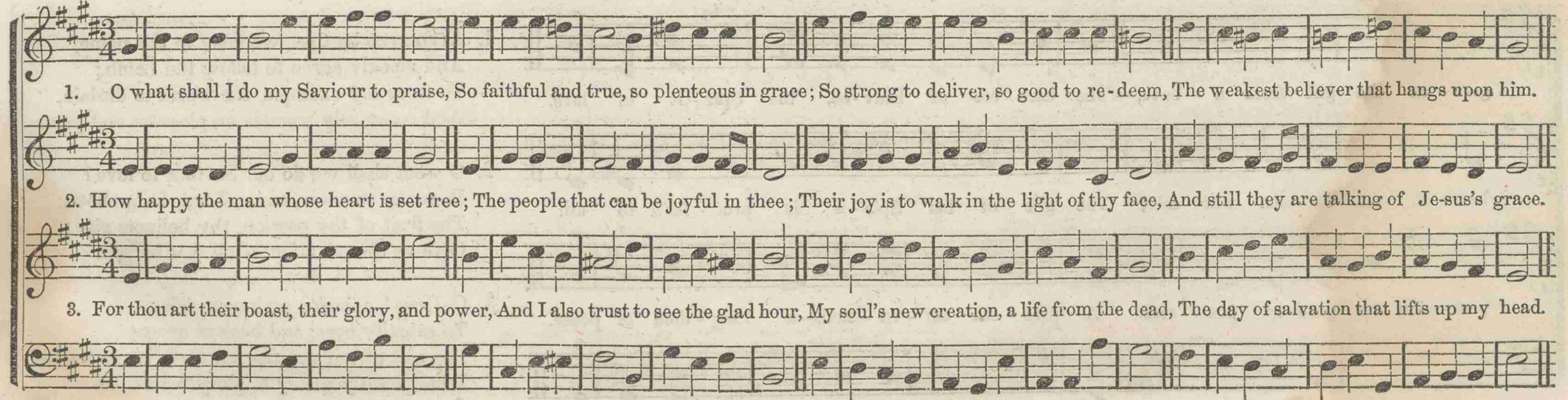
HAYDN.



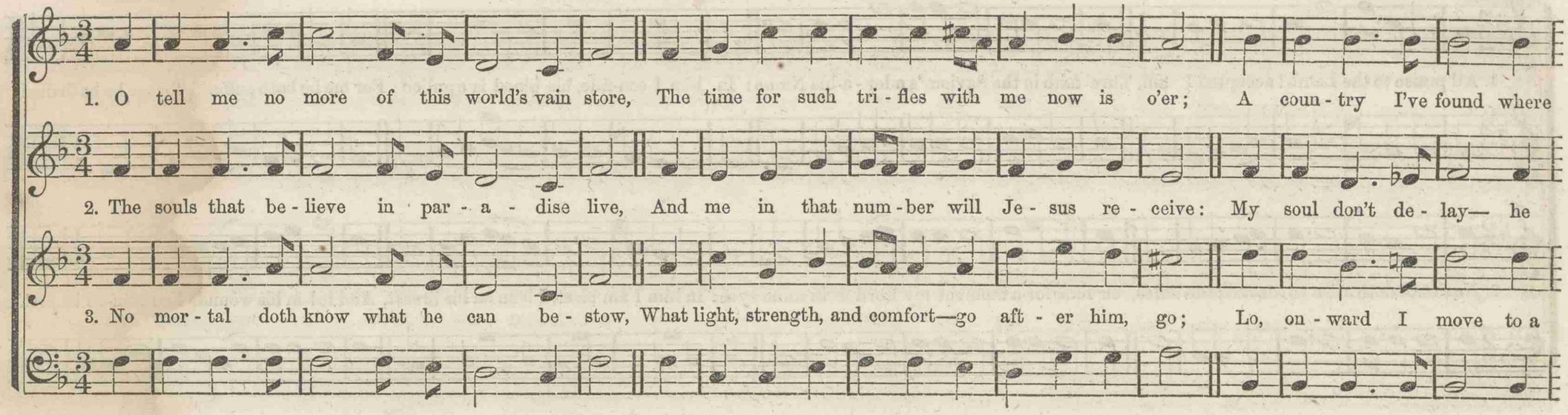
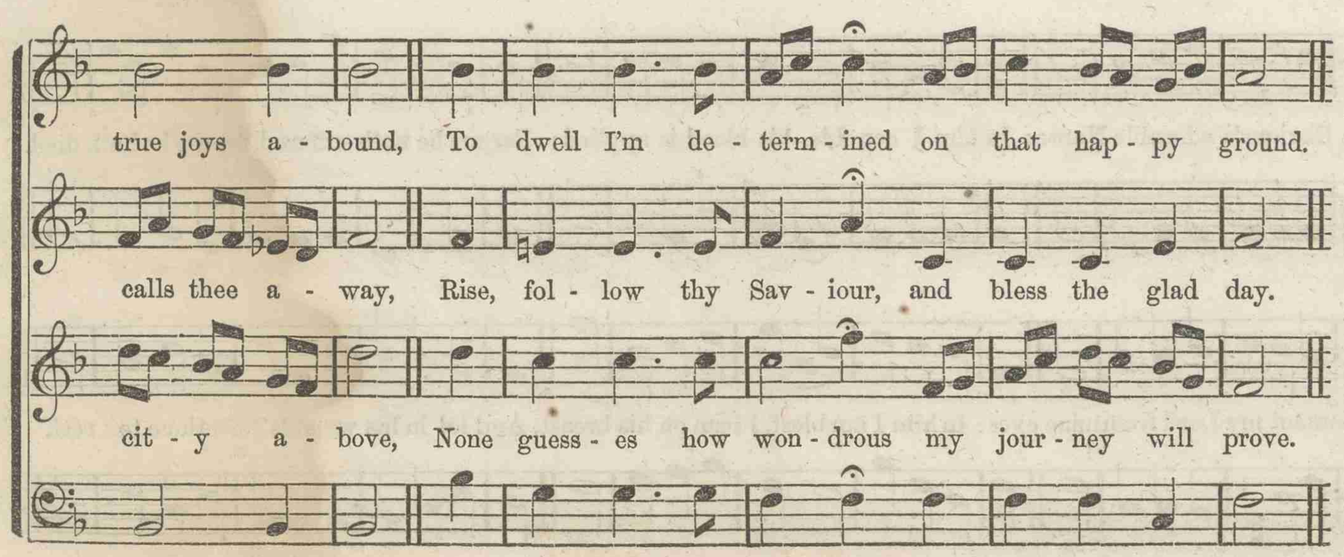
(13th P. M.) **St. Dionis.** 10,10,11,11.

Cheerfully.

JOHN BENNET.



The Glad Day. 10,11,10,11.

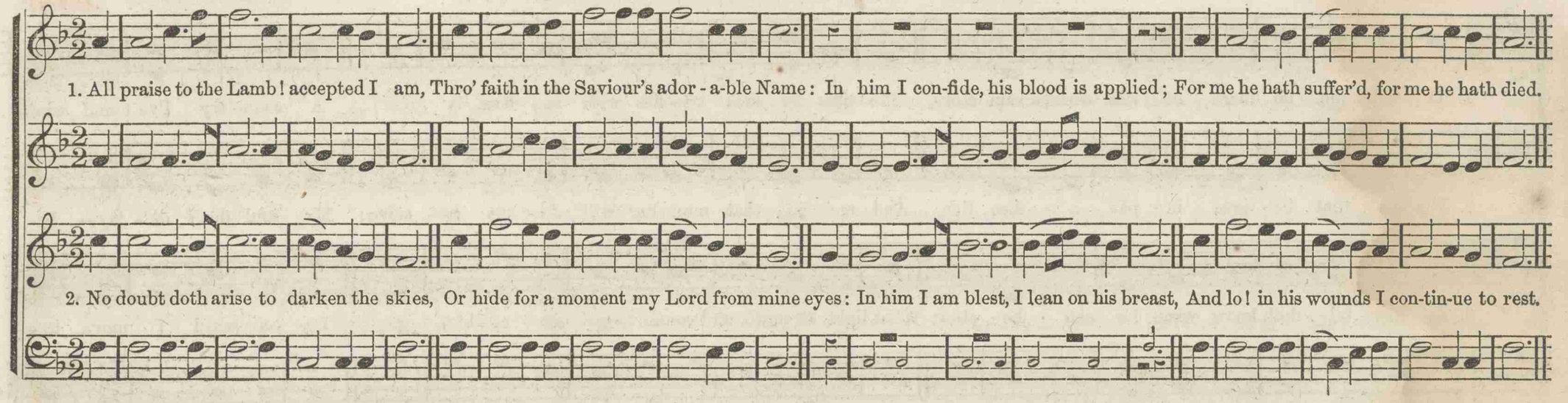
Moderato.

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5. But this I do find, we two are so join'd
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

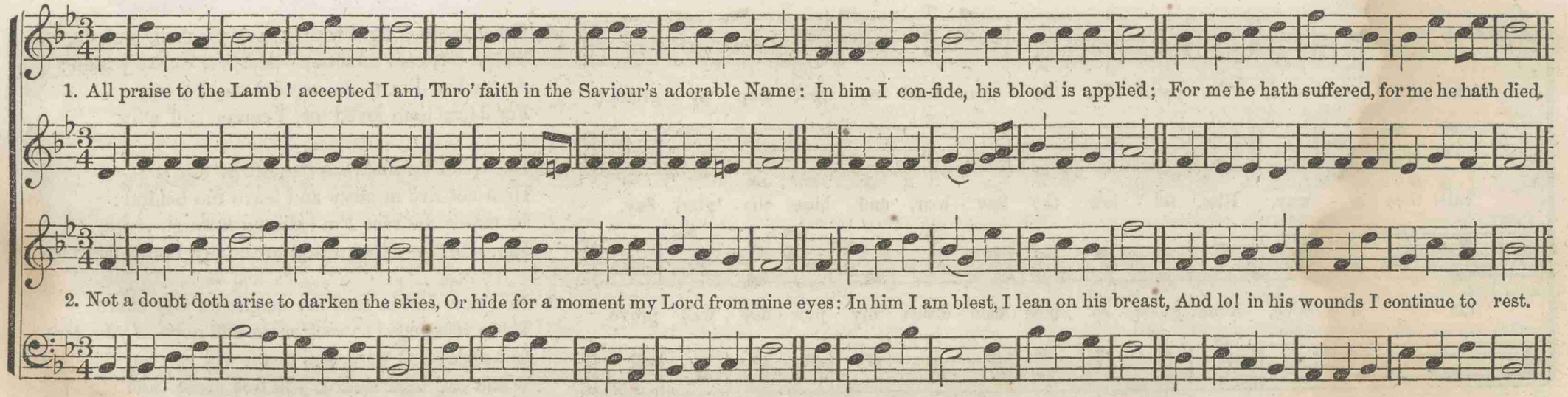
6. And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

250 (14th P. M.) **Acceptance.** 10,11,10,11.

Cheerfully.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

(14th P. M.) **St. Michael.** 10,11,10,11.

Cheerfully.

HANDEL.

Grantham. 10,11,10,11.

Moderato.

Come, Lord, from a - bove, the mount - ains re - move, O'er - turn all that hin - ders the course of thy love;

Come, Lord, from a - bove, the mount - ains re - move, O'er - turn all that hin - ders the course of thy love;

My bo - som in - spire, en - kin - dle the fire, And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de - sire.

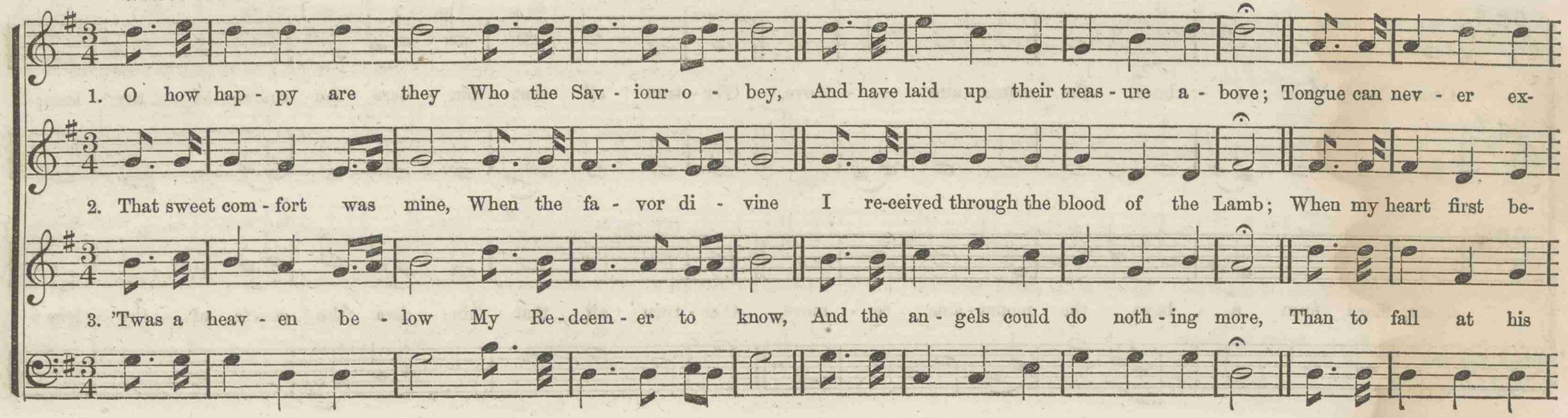
My bo - som in - spire, en - kin - dle the fire, And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de - sire.

252 (15th P. M.)

Convert's Joy. 11,9,11,9.

Karl Reden.

Wtth Animation.



4. Jesus all the day long
   Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
   He hath loved me, I cried,
   He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

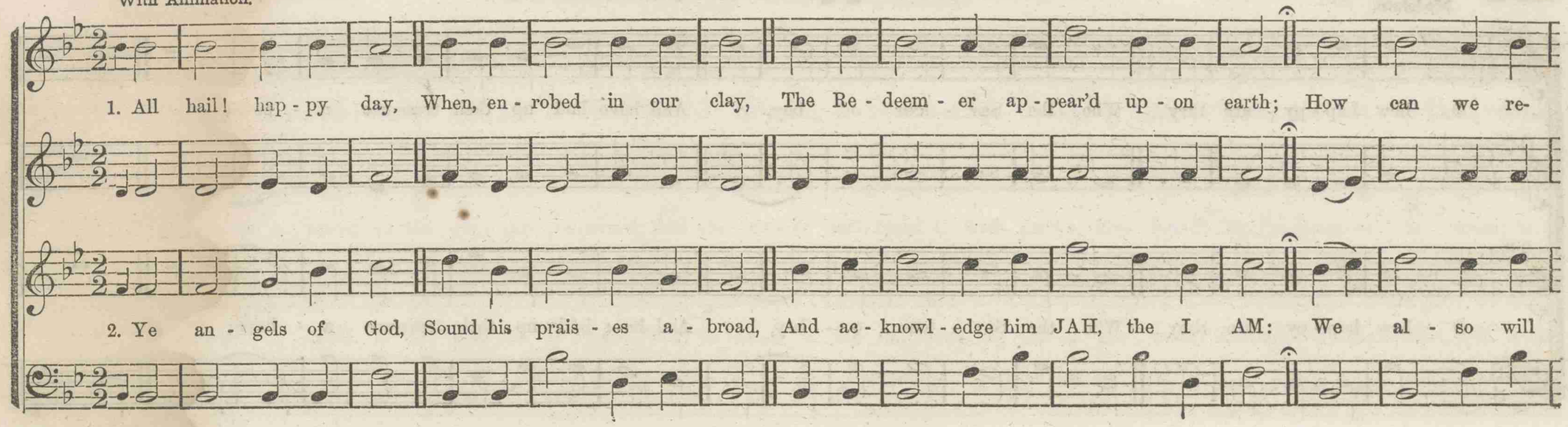
5. O the rapturous height
   Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
   Of my Saviour possess'd,
   I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

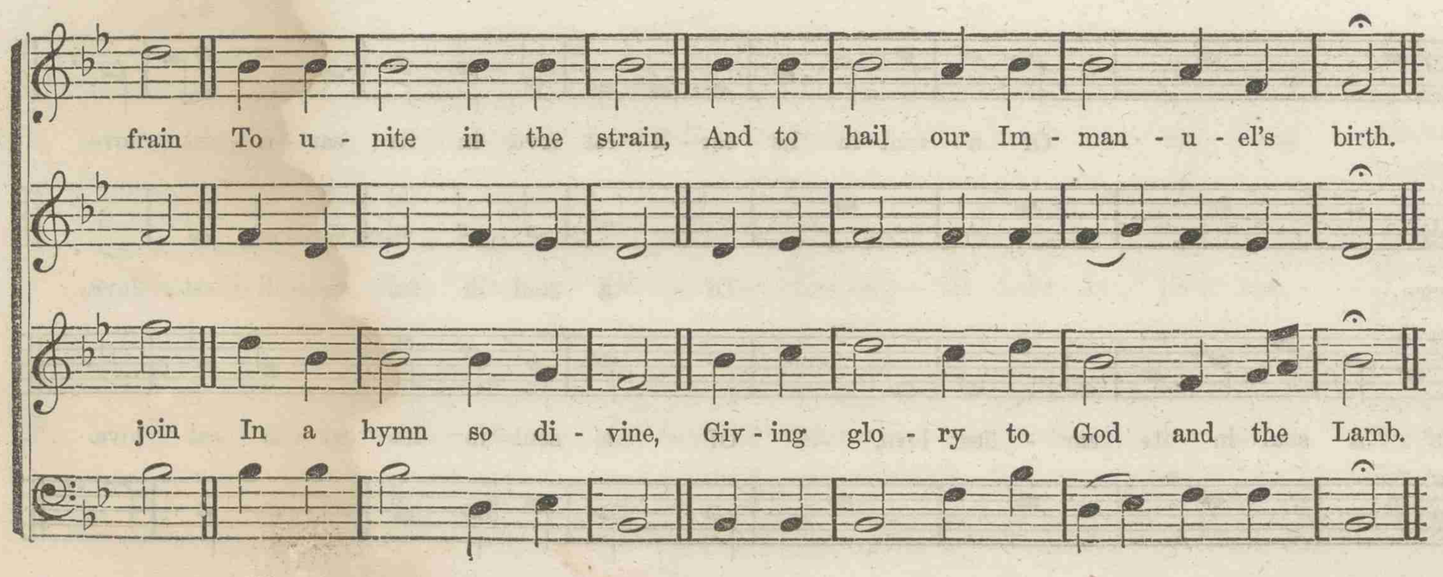
(15th P. M.)

Immanuel's Birth. 11,9,11,9.

With Animation.

Arranged by KARL REDEN.





3. O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remember'd with joy:
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Halleluiahs shall be our employ!

4. Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,—
Halleluiahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

254 (15th P. M.) **True Happiness.** 11, 9, 11, 9. Karl Reden.

Moderato.

O how hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have laid up their treas-ure a - bove:

O how hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have laid up their treas-ure a - bove;

Tongue can

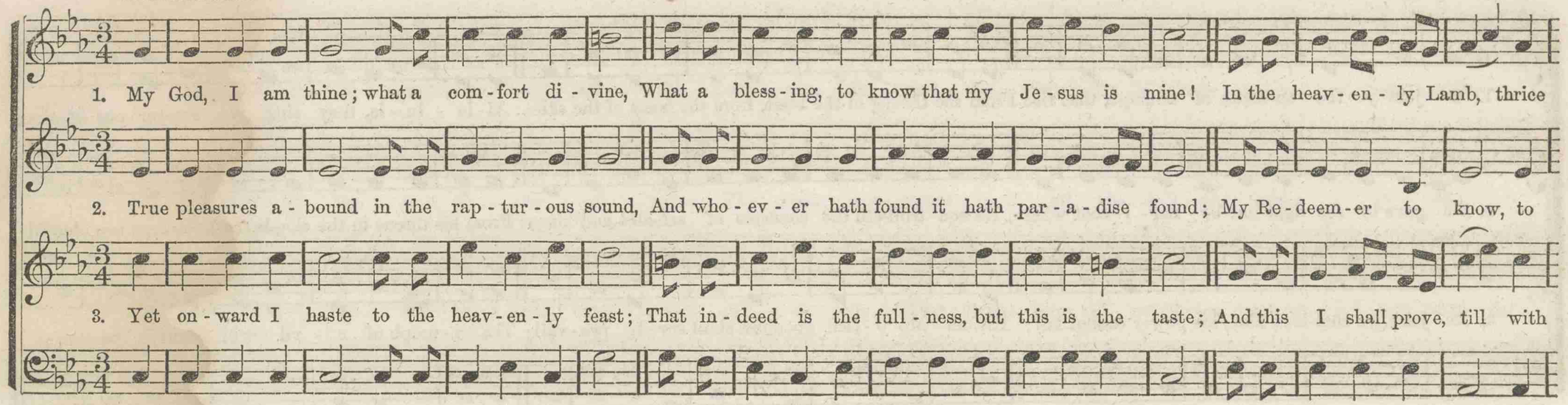
Of a soul in its ear - li - est love, in its ear - li - est love.

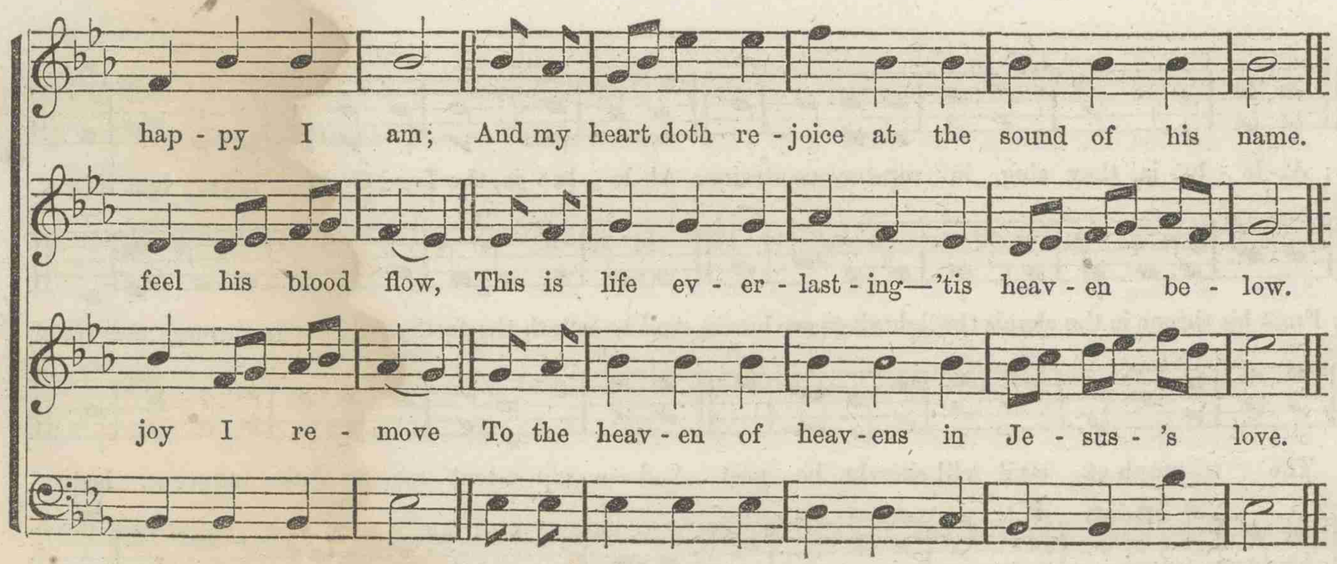
The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

Of a soul in its ear - liest love, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

nev - er ex - press

With Animation.





1. O JOIN ye the anthems of triumph, that rise
From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the skies:
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains;
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns.

2. He gave to the light its beneficent wings;
He controlleth the counsels of senates and kings:
From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurled,
And he ruleth the factions that rage through the world.

3. Rejoice, ye that love him; his power cannot fail;
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;
The triumph of evil will shortly be past,
And omnipotent mercy shall conquer at last.

256 Moderato. (16th P. M.)

Alleluia. 11,12,11,12.

C. O. Nevers

1. O join ye the an-thems of triumph, that rise From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the skies: Al-le - lu - ia, they sing, in rap-tur-ous strains;

2. He gave to the light its be - nef - i - cent wings; He con-troll-eth the counsels of sen-ates and kings: From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurl'd,

3. Re - joice, ye that love him; his power cannot fail; His om - nip- o - tent goodness shall sure-ly pre-vail; The tri - umph of e - vil will shortly be past,

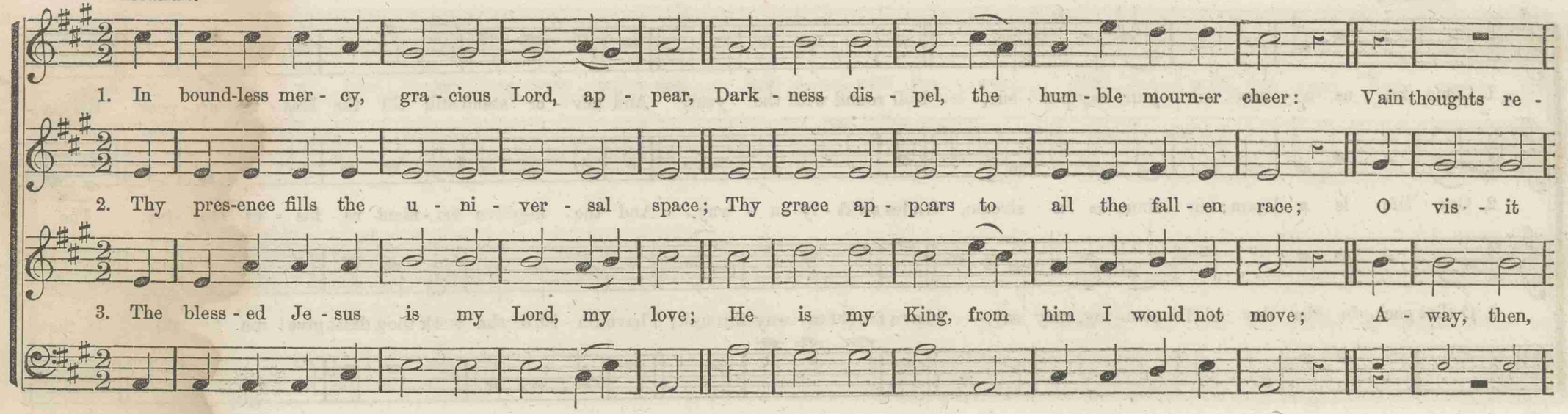
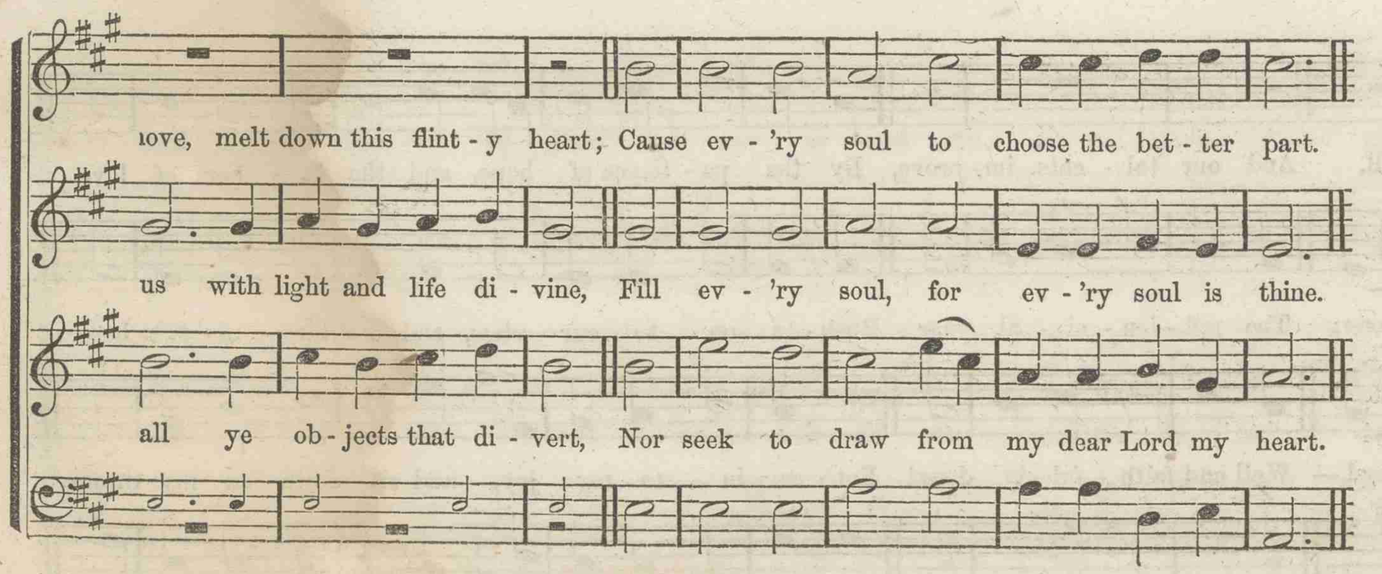
Al - le - lu - ia, the Lord God om - nip- o-tent reigns; Al - le - lu - ia, they sing, in rap-tur-ous strains; Al - le - lu - ia, the Lord God om - nip-o - tent reigns.

And he ruleth the factions that rage through the world; From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurl'd, And he ruleth the factions that rage through the world.

And om - nip - o-tent mer-cy shall conquer at last; The tri-umph of e-vil will shortly be past, And om - nip -o-tent mer- cy shall conquer at last.

The Mourner Cheer. 4 lines 10s.

(17th P. M.)

Moderato.



1. Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

2. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd, and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

3. The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim,
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

258 (18th P. M.) **New-Year's Hymn.** 10,5,11,12,6,12. C. O. Nevers.

Cheerfully.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear. His a -

2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu-gitive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay. The

3. O that each, in the day of His com - ing, may say,— I have fought my way through; I have fin - ish'd the work thou didst give me to do. O that

dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

ar - row is flown,— the mo - ment is gone; The mil - len - ni - al year Rush - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.

each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word,— Well and faith - ful - ly done! Ent - er in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

(18th P. M.)

Tenham. 10,5,11

With Animation.

THOS. CLARK.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear! And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap pear!

2. His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove, And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4. The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5. O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"

6. O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

260 (18th P. M.) **Piloting Hand.** 10,5,11,12,6,12. E. C. Revans.

With Animation.

1. All praise to the Lord, Who rules with a word The un-tract-a-ble sea, And lim-its its rage by his stead-fast de-cree; Whose

2. E'en now he hath heard Our cry, and ap-pear'd On the face of the deep, And command-ed the tem-pest its dis-tance to keep; His

3. O that all men would raise His trib-ute of praise, His good-ness de-clare, And thank-ful-ly sing of his fa-ther-ly care; With

prov-i-dence binds Or re-leas-es the winds, And com-pels them a-gain, At his beck, to put on the in-vis-i-ble chain.

pi-lot-ing hand Hath brought us to land, And, no lon-ger dis-tress'd, We are joy-ful a-gain in the ha-ven to rest.

rap-ture ap-prove His deal-ings of love, And the won-ders pro-claim Per-form'd by the vir-tue of Je-sus-'s Name.

Lamb of Calvary.

664,6664.

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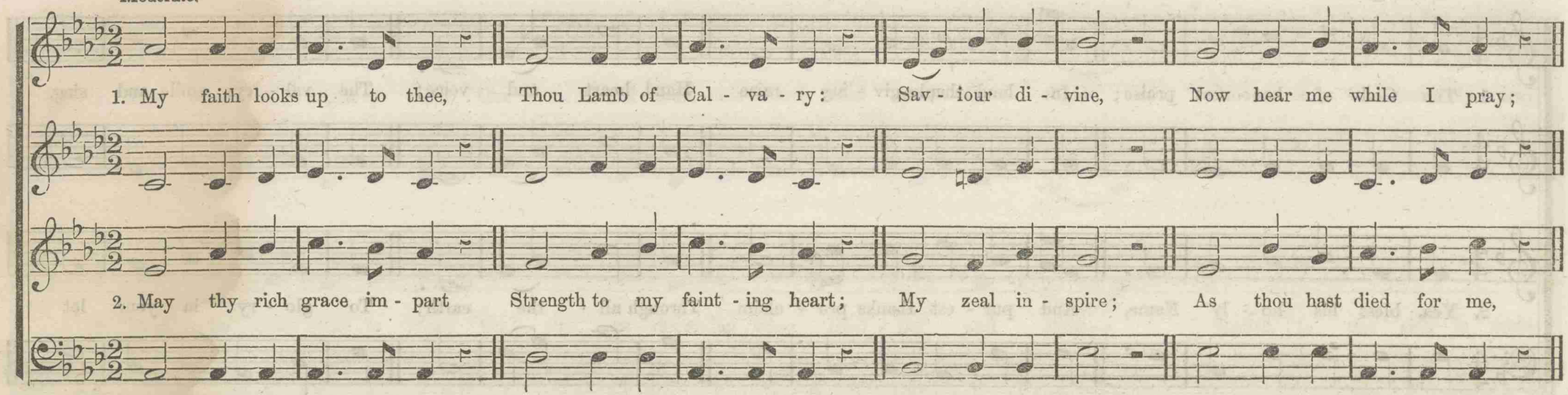
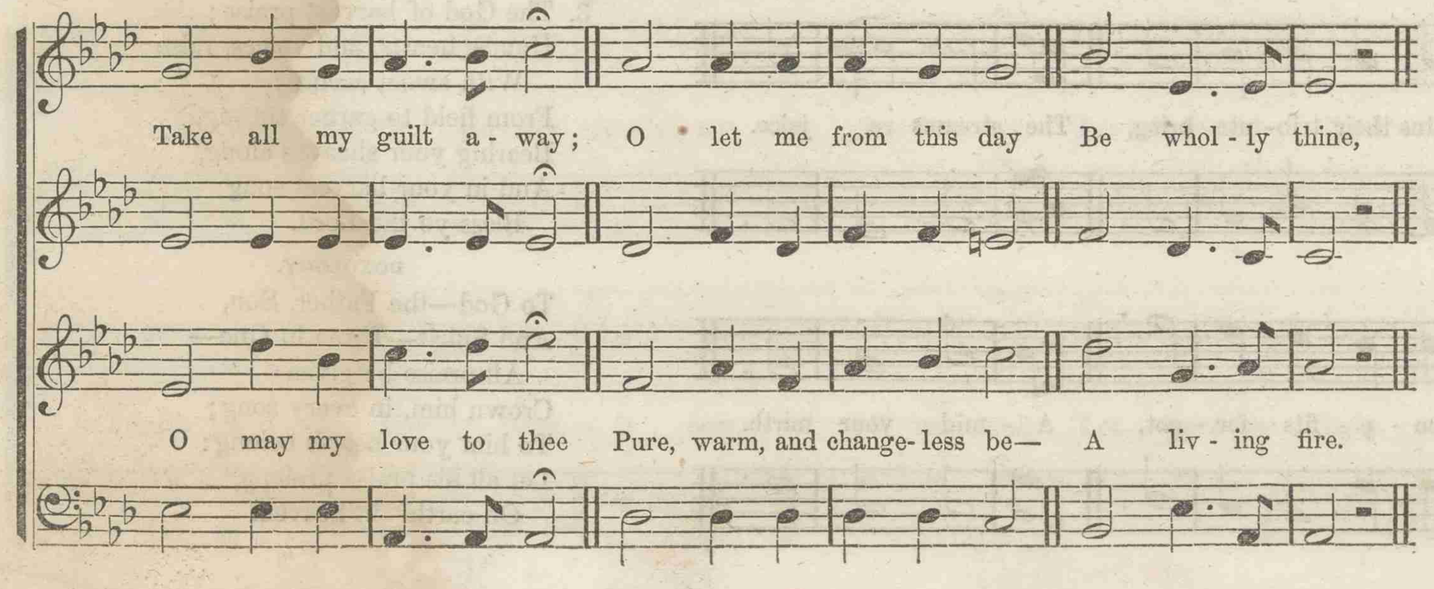

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

262 (19th P. M.) The God of Harvest Praise. 664,6664.

Cheerfully.

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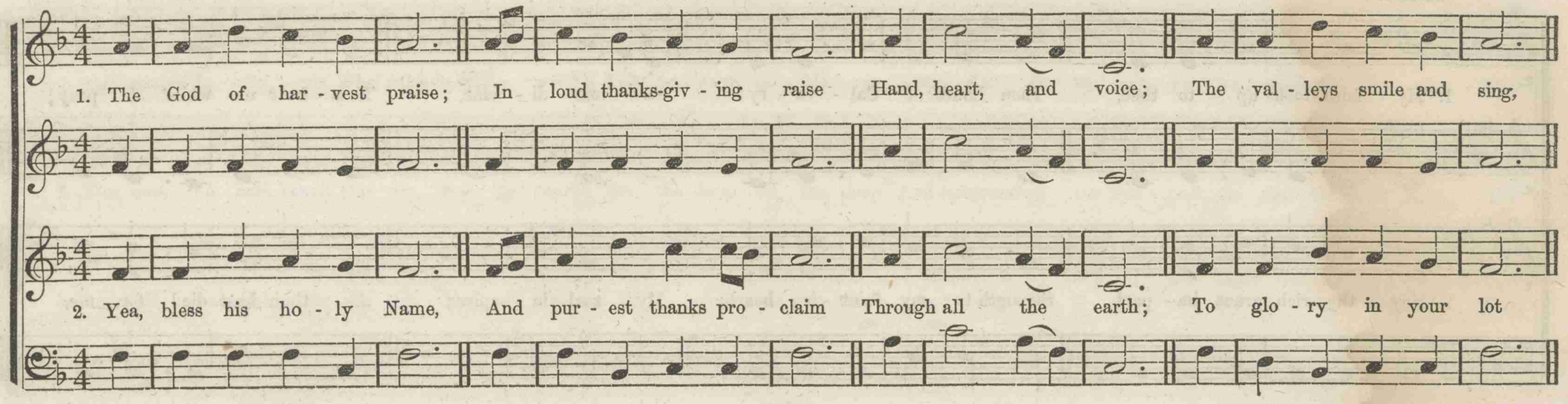
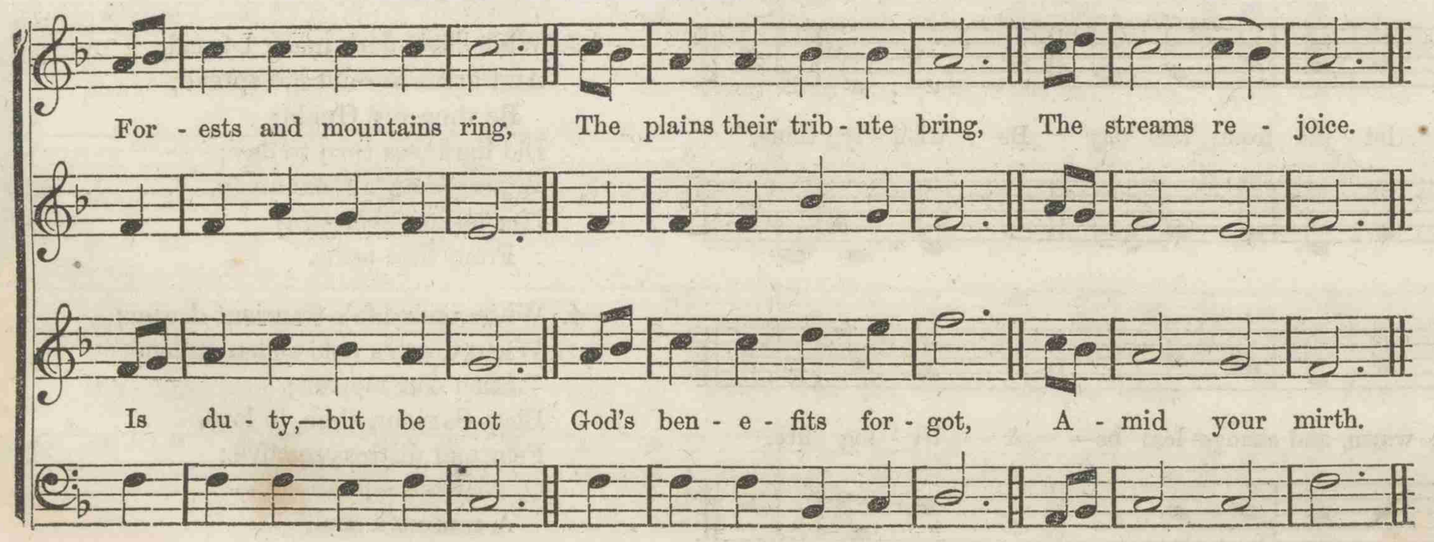
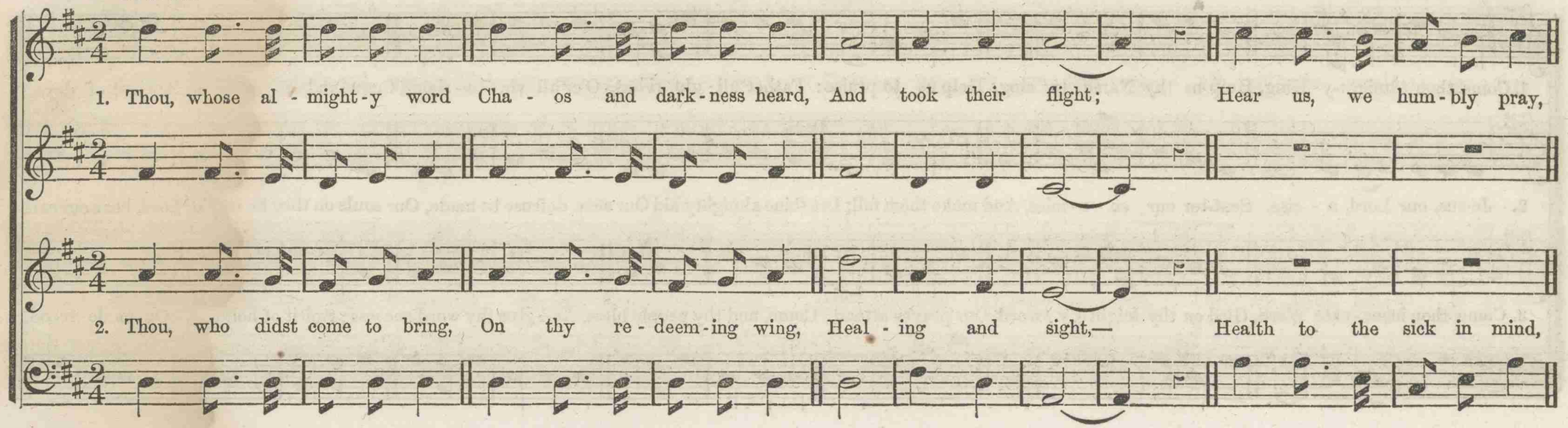
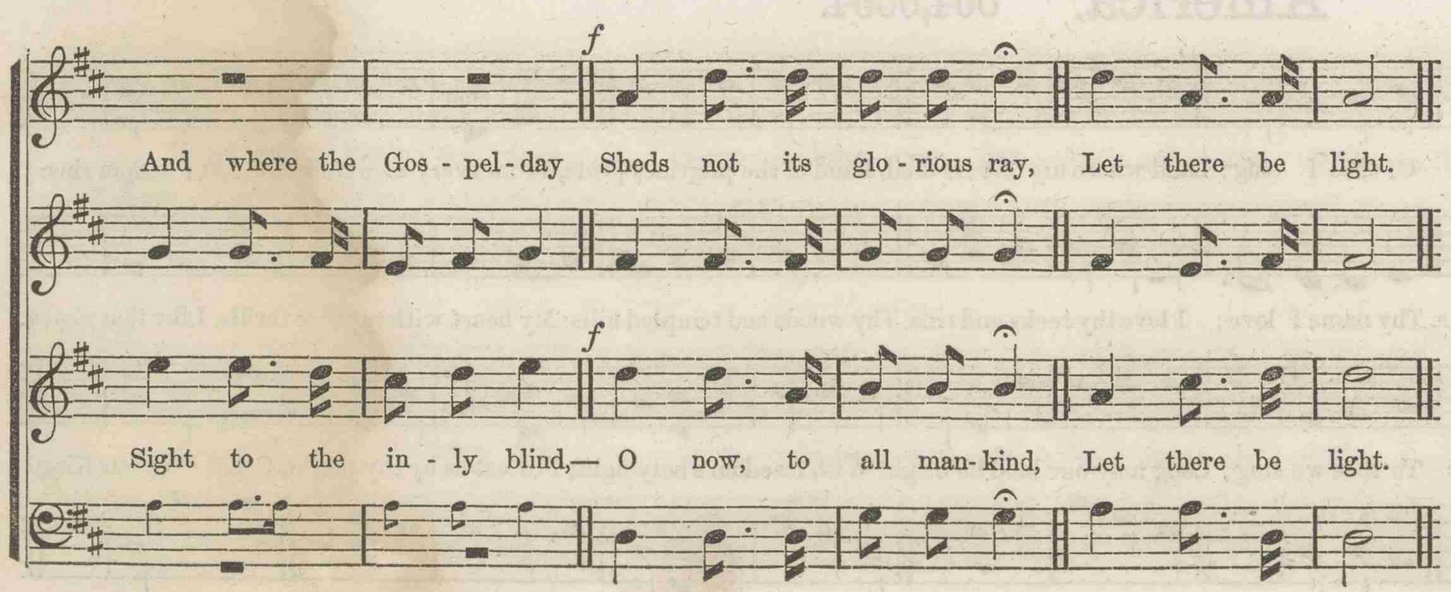

3. The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be given·
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

Almighty Word. 664,6664.

Moderato.



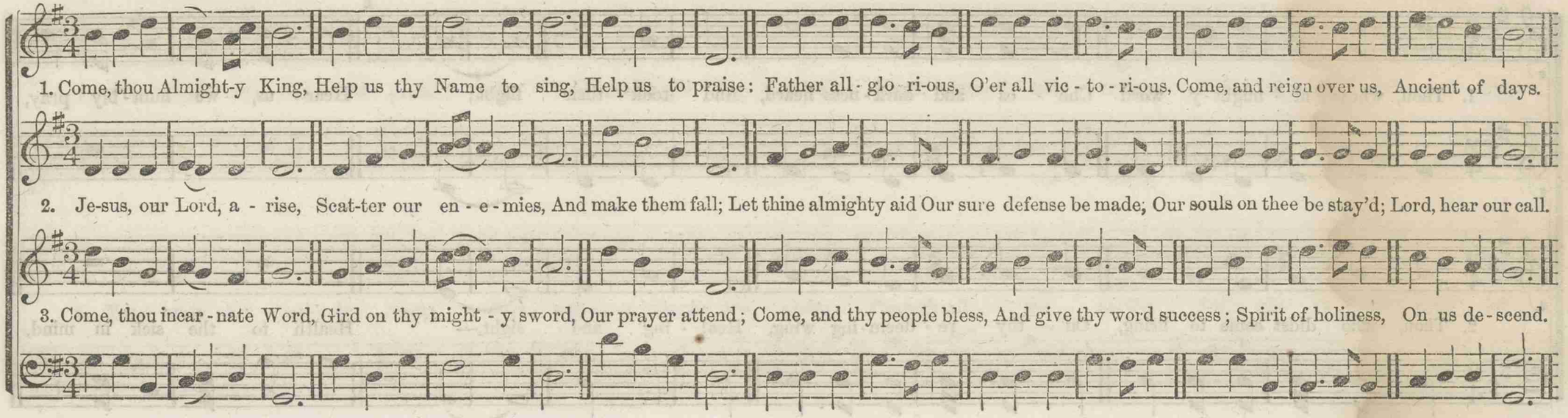
3. Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

DOXOLOGY.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be given:
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

264 (19th P. M.) **Trinity.** 664,6664.

Cheerfully. FELIX GIARDINI.



(19th P. M.) **America.** 664,6664.

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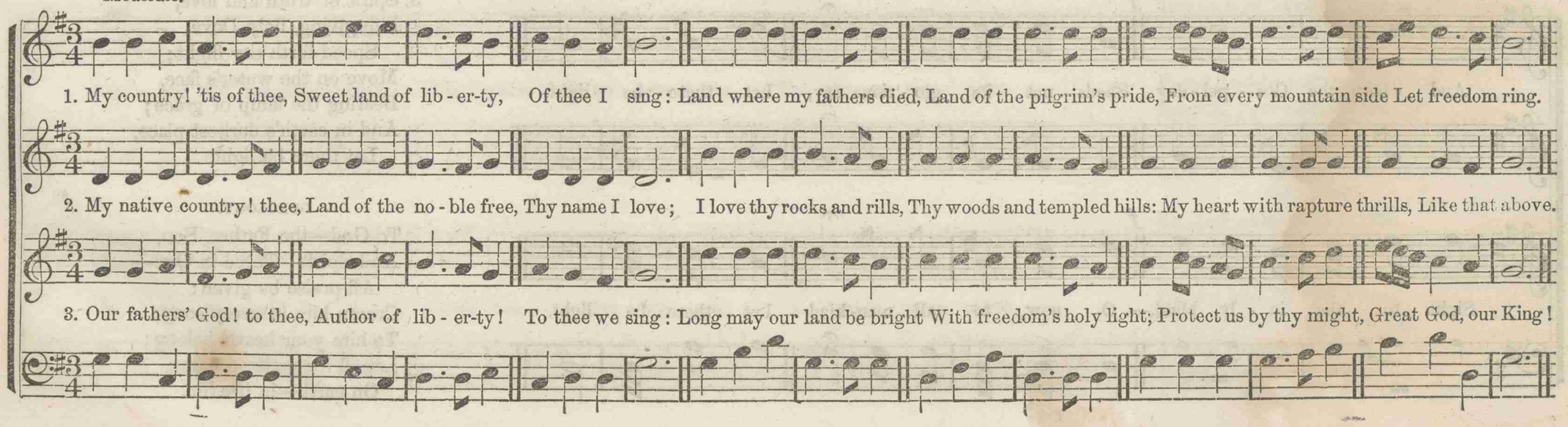

My Heart's Desire. 66,77,77.

Moderato.

Minor. *Major.*

1. Sav - iour, the world's and mine, Was ev - er grief like thine? Thou my pain, my curse, hast borne; All my sins were laid on thee:

2. To love is all my wish; I on - ly live for this: Grant me, Lord, my heart's de - sire, There, by faith, for - ev - er dwell;

Help me, Lord, for thee I mourn; Draw me, Sav - iour, aft - er thee.

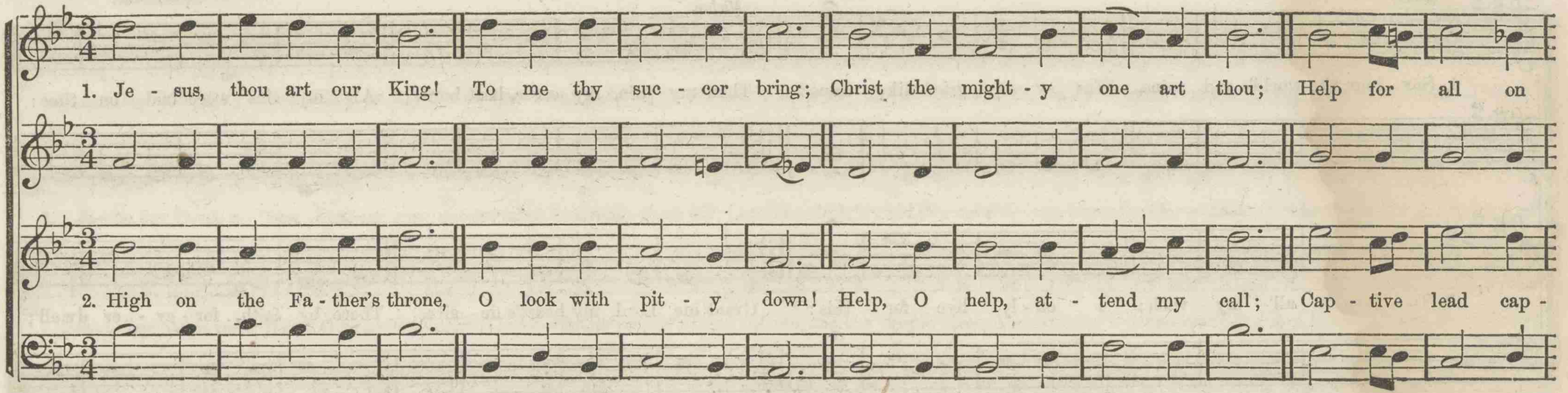
This I al - ways will re - quire, Thee, and on - ly thee to feel.

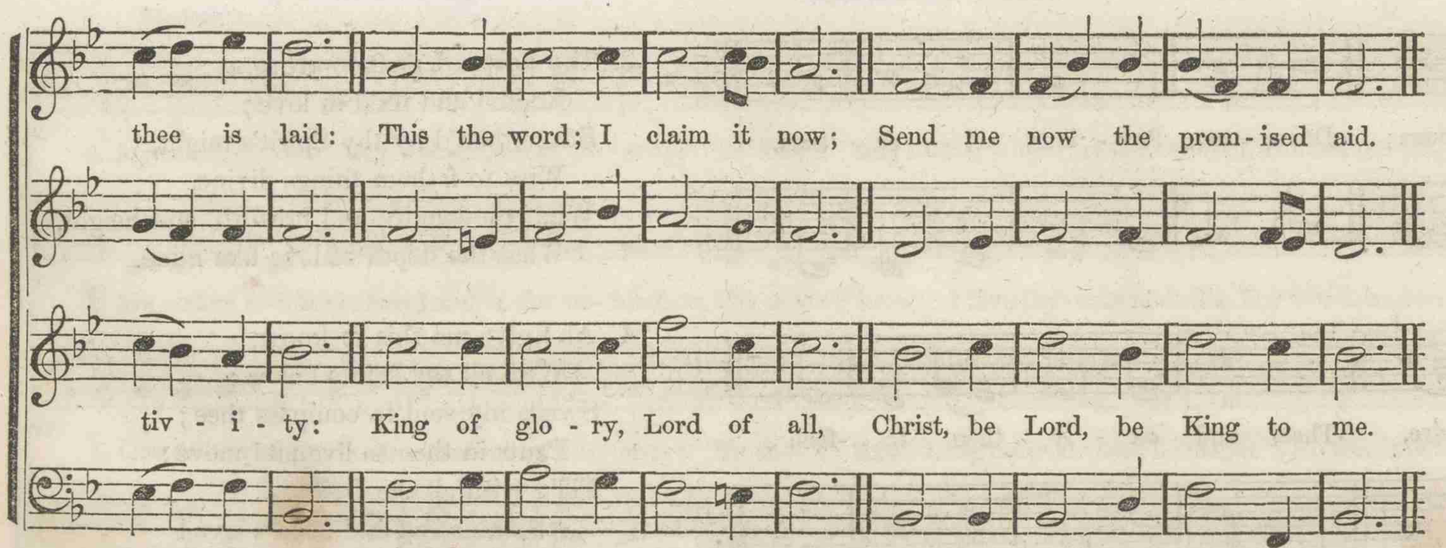
3. Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like mine.

4. Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Pants in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

266 (20th P. M.) **Willing Captive.** 66,77,7. C. O. Nevers.

With Animation.





3. I now would feel thy sway,
And only thee obey;
Thee my spirit pants to meet:
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,—
Make, O make my heart thy seat;
O set up thy kingdom there!

4. Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control;
Pride, and wrath, and every foe
All subdue; through all my soul
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

Temple. 66,77,77.

S. JACKSON.

Moderato.

1. How weak the thoughts and vain Of self - de - lud - ed men! Men who, fix'd to earth a - lone,

2. How hap - py then are we, Who build, O Lord, on thee! What can our foun - da - tion shock?

3. A house we call our own, Which can - not be o'er - thrown: In the gen - 'ral ru - in sure,

Think their hous - es shall en - dure; Fond - ly call their lands their own, To their dis - tant heirs se - cure.

Though the shat - ter'd earth re - move, Stands our cit - y on a Rock, On the Rock of heaven - ly love.

Storms and earth - quakes it de - fies, Built im - mov - a - bly se - cure; Built e - ter - nal in the skies.

268 (21st P. M.) **God of Abraham.** 66,84,66,84.

With Animation.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove: Ancient of ev - er - last- ing days, And God of love: JE - HO - VAH, GREAT I AM!

2. The God of Abrah'm praise, At whose supreme command From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand: I all on earth for - sake,

3. The God of Abrah'm praise, Whose all- suf - fi - cient grace Shall guide me all my hap- py days In all his ways; He calls a worm his friend:

By earth and heaven confess'd; I bow and bless the sa- cred Name, I bow and bless the sacred Name, I bow and bless the sa-cred Name, For-ev - er blest.

Its wisdom, fame, and power; And him my on - ly portion make, And him my on - ly portion make, And him my on - ly portion make, My shield and tower.

He calls him- self my God! And he shall save me to the end, And he shall save me to the end, And he shall save me to the end, Thro' Je - sus' blood.

John Street. 66,84,66,84.

(21st P. M.)

REV. G. COLES.

Spiritedly.

1. Pro - claim the loft - y praise Of Him who once was slain, But now is risen, thro' end - less days To live and reign:

2. All hon - or, power, and praise, To Je - sus' Name be - long; With hosts se - raph - ic, glad we raise The sa - cred song:

3. He lives to bless and save The souls re - deemed by grace, And res - cue from the drear - y grave The fall - en race;

He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood,— En-throned a - bove the far - thest sky, Our Sav - iour God.

Wor - thy the Lamb, they cry, That on the cross was slain; But now, as - cend - ed up on high, He lives to reign.

And soon we hope, a - bove, A loud - er strain to sing,— With all our powers to praise and love Our Sav - iour King.

270 (21st P. M.) **Ransomed Nations.** 66,84,66,84. C. C. Revans.

Spiritedly.

1. The God who reigns on high The great arch-an-gels sing, And, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, cry, Al-might-y King!

2. Be-fore the Sav-iour's face The ran-som'd na-tions bow; O'er-whelm'd at his al-might-y grace, For-ev-er new:

3. The whole tri-umph-ant host Give thanks to God on high; Hail, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, They ev-er cry:

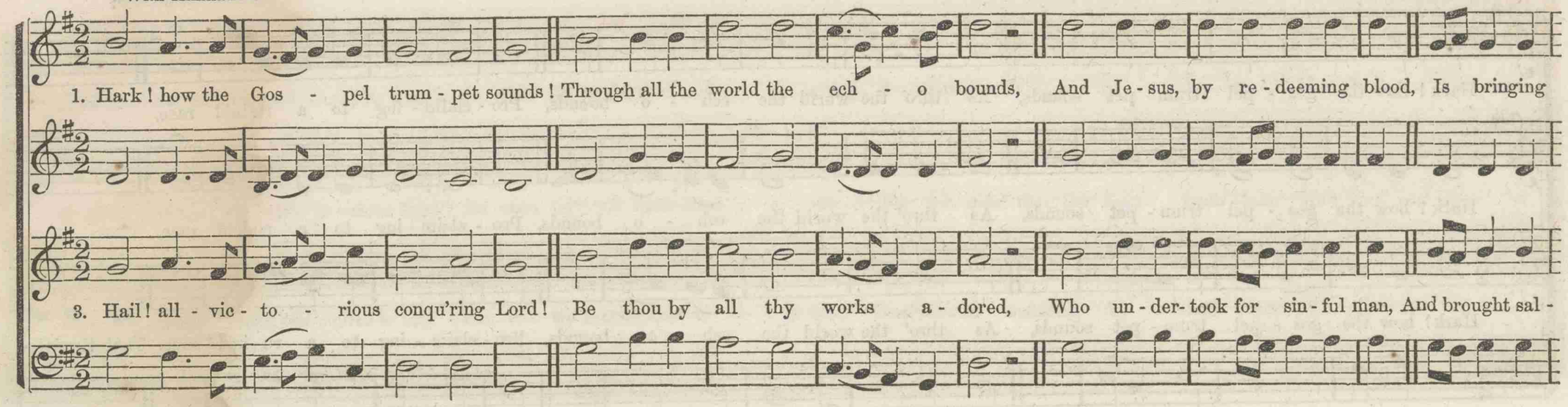
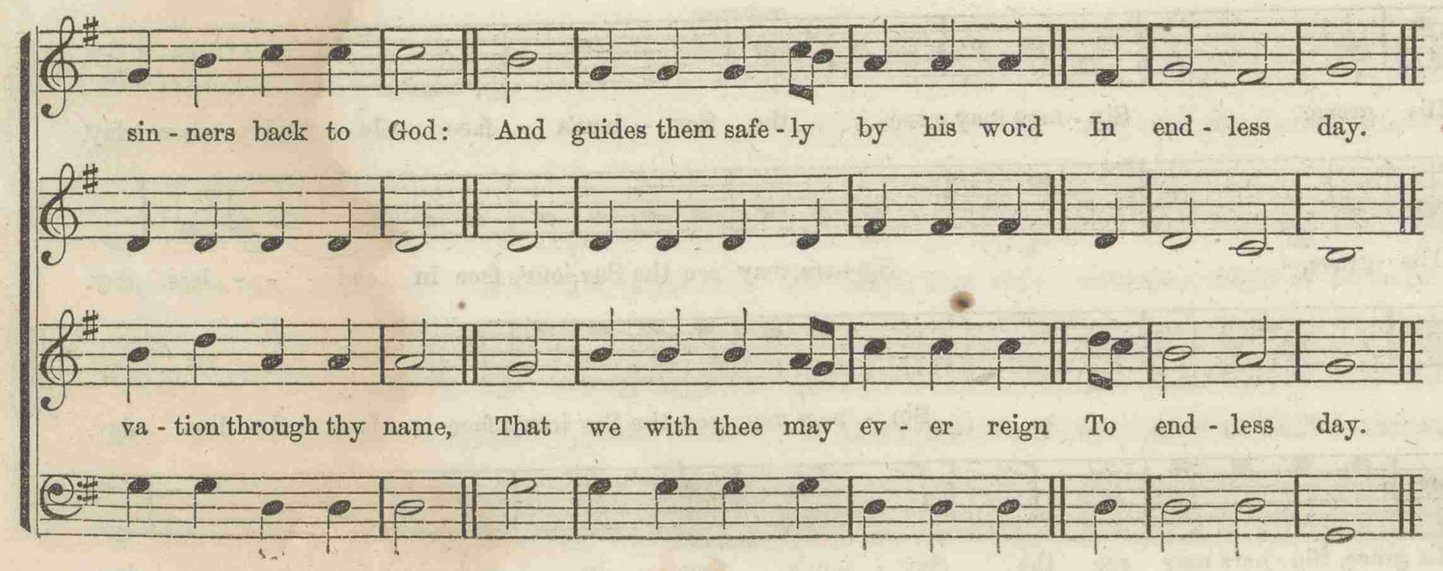
Who was and is the same, And ev-er-more shall be; Je-ho-vah, Fa-ther, great I AM, We wor-ship thee.

He shows his prints of love,— They kin-dle to a flame! And sound, thro' all the worlds a-bove, The slaugh-ter'd Lamb.

Hail, A-brah'm's God, and mine! (I join the heaven-ly lays,) All might and maj-es-ty are thine, And end-less praise.

Gospel Trumpet. 88,88,84.

(22d P. M.)

With Animation.



3. Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4. There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

272 (22d P. M.)

The Echo Bounds. 88,88,84.

E. C. Stevens.

With Animation.

Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds, As thro' the world the ech - o bounds, Pro - claim - ing to a ru-in'd race,

Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds, As thro' the world the ech - o bounds, Pro - claim - ing to a ru-in'd race,

Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds, As thro' the world the ech - o bounds, Pro - claim - ing to a ru - in'd race, That thro' the

That thro' the rich - es of His grace, Sin - ners may see the Sav - iour's face In end - less day.

That thro' the rich - es of His grace, Sin-ners may see the Sav-iour's face In end - - - less day.

rich - es of His grace, Sin - ners may see the Sav-iour's face In end - less day.

That thro' the rich - es of His grace, Sin - ners may see the Sav - iour's face In end - - - less day.

Endless Day. 88,88,84.

(22d P. M.) C. O. Nevers.

Cheerfully.

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds, As thro' the world the ech - o bounds, Proclaim-ing to a ru - in'd race, That thro' the rich - es

2. Hail, Je - sus! all vic - to - rious Lord! Be thou by all man - kind a - dored! For us didst thou the fight main - tain, And o'er our foes the

3. And when, thro' grace, our course is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, Then crowns unfading we shall wear, The glo - ry of thy

of his grace Sin - ners may see the Sav - iour's face, Sin - ners may see the Saviour's face In end - less day, In end - less day.

vic - t'ry gain, That we, with thee, might ev - er reign, That we, with thee, might ev - er reign In end - less day, In end - less day.

king - dom share With thee, our glorious lead - er, there, With thee, our glorious lead - er, there, In end - less day, In end - less day.

274 (23d P. M.) **Scattered Clouds.** 88,88,77. C. C. Converse.

Moderato.

mf

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mount - ain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills,

2. The scat - ter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, The love - ly ver - nal flowers ap - pear,

rit.

And all my soul with trans - port fills: Gen - tly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

dim.

The war - bling choir en - chants our ear; Now with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

Downward Road. 66,66,86,86.

Moderato.

1. Ye sim - ple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent-ed way To life and hap - pi - ness: How

2. So wretch - ed and ob - scure, The men whom ye de - spise, So fool - ish, weak, and poor,— A - bove your scorn we rise: Our

3. Rich - es un - search - a - ble In Je - sus' love we know: And pleas-ures from the well Of life our souls o'er - flow: From

long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the down-ward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

con-science in the Ho - ly Ghost Can wit - ness bet - ter things; For He whose blood is all our boast Hath made us priests and kings.

him the Spir - it we re - ceive Of wis - dom, grace, and power; And al - ways sor - row - ful we live, Re - joic - ing ev - er - more.

276 (24th P. M.)

Moran. 66,66,86,86.

Moderato.

S. JACKSON.

1. Ye sim - ple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness:

2. So wretch - ed and ob - scure, The men whom ye de - spise, So fool - ish, weak, and poor,— A - bove your scorn we rise:

3. Rich - es un - search - a - ble In Je - sus' love we know; And pleas - ures from the well Of life our souls o'er - flow:

How long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the down - ward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

Our con-science in the Ho - ly Ghost Can wit - ness bet - ter things; For He whose blood is all our boast Hath made us priests and kings.

From him the Spir - it we re - ceive Of wis - dom, grace, and power; And al - ways sor - row - ful we live, Re - joic - ing ev - er - more.

(25th P. M.) # Head of the Church. 77,87,77,87. E. C. Revans.

Spiritedly.

1. Head of the Church tri- umphant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou ap - pear, thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry

2. Thou dost conduct thy peo - ple Through tor - rents of tempt - a - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion:

3. By faith we see the glo - ry To which thou shalt re - store us; The cross de - spise for that high prize Which thou hast set be - fore us:

We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an - tic - i - pa - tion; And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - pos - es; By thee we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.

And if thou count us wor - thy, We each, as dy - ing Ste - phen, Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.

278 (25th P. M.) **Triumph.** 77,87,77,87.

T. CLARK.

Cheerfully.

1. Je - sus, take all the glo - ry: Thy mer - i - to - rious pas - sion The par-don bought, thy mer - cy brought To us the great sal - va - tion.

2. With an - gels and arch - an - gels, We prostrate fall be - fore thee; A - gain we raise our souls in praise, And thank-ful - ly a - dore thee.

Thee glad - ly we ac - knowl - edge Our on - ly Lord and Sav - iour, Thy name con-fess, thy good-ness bless, And tri - umph in thy fa - vor.

Hon - or, and power, and bless - ing, To thee be ev - er giv - en, By all who know thy love be - low, And all the hosts of heav - en.

With Animation.

1. Je - sus, take all the glo - - ry! Thy mer - i - to - rious pas - sion The pardon bought, thy mer - cy brought To us the great sal - va - tio

2. Thee glad-ly we ac-knowl-edge, Our on - ly Lord and Sav - iour, Thy name confess, thy good-ness bless, And tri - umph in thy fa - vor.

3. With an - gels and arch - an - gels We prostrate fall be - fore thee: A - gain we raise our souls in praise, And thank-ful - ly a - dore thee.

(25th P. M.) **Pardon.** 77,87.

Arranged from the German by Karl Reden.

Cheerfully.

1. Je - sus, take all the glo - ry: Thy mer - i - to - rious pas - sion The pardon bought, thy mer-cy brought To us the great sal - va - tion.

2. Thee glad-ly we ac - knowl - edge Our on - ly Lord and Sav - iour, Thy name con - fess, thy goodness bless, And tri-umph in thy fa - vor.

3. With an - gels and arch - an - gels We prostrate fall be - fore thee: A - gain we raise our souls in praise, And thankful - ly a - dore thee.

280 (26th P. M.) **The Heathen's Cry.** 76,76,76,76.

With Animation.

Arranged from the English by KARL REDEN.

1. From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand; Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?

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.

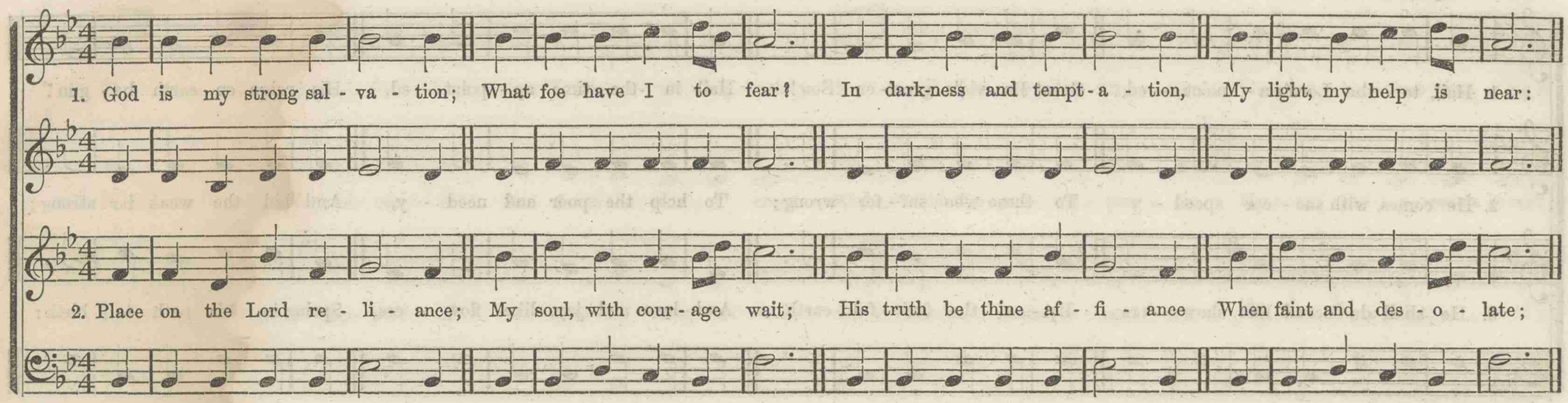
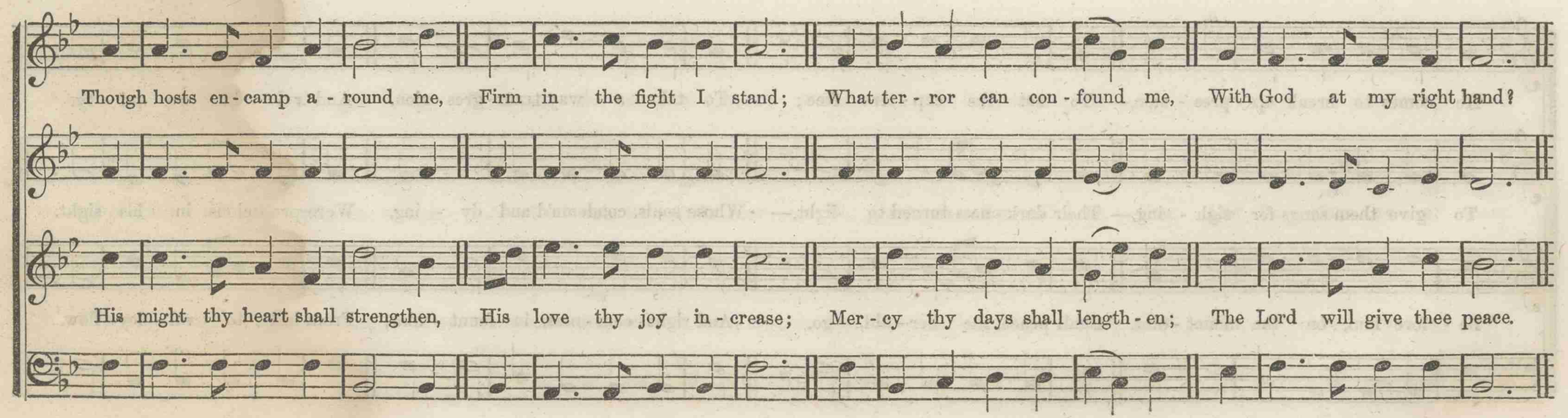
Sal - va - tion!—O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.

(26th P. M.)

Courage. 76,76,76,76.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.



282 (26th P. M.) **The Anointed.** 76,76,76,76.

Spiritedly.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

1. Hail, to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great- er Son! Hail in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

2. He comes, with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong; To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;

3. He shall de - scend like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth, And love and joy, like flow - ers, Spring in his path to birth:

He comes to break op - pres - sion,— To set the cap - tive free; To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

To give them songs for sigh - ing,— Their dark - ness turned to light,— Whose souls, condemn'd and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in his sight.

Be - fore him, on the mount - ains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go, And right - eous - ness, in fount - ains, From hill to val - ley flow.

(26th P. M.) **Wondrous Story.** 76,76,76,76.

With Animation.

ARRANGED FROM THE GREEK BY KARL REDEN.

1. To thee, our God and Sav - iour, Our hearts ex - ult - ing spring, Re - joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Thou ev - er - last - ing King:

2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re - pos - es Up - on the o - cean's breast;

3. By thee through life sup - port - ed, We pass the dang'rous road, By heavenly hosts es - cort - ed Up to their bright a - bode;

We'll cel - e - brate thy glo - ry, With all the saints a - bove; And tell the wondrous sto - ry Of thy re - deem-ing love.

Our voice in sup - pli - ca - tion, Je - ho - vah, thou shalt hear; O grant us thy sal - va - tion, And be thou ev - er near.

There cast our crowns be - fore thee, Our toils and con - flicts o'er, And day and night a - dore thee For - ev - er, ev - er - more.

284 (26th P. M.) **Triumphant Song.** 76,76,76,76.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

Spiritedly.

1. 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,

2. Then from the crag - gy mount - ains The sa - cred shout shall fly; And sha - dy vales and fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply.

Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.

High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the cho - rus round, All hal - le - lu - iah's swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound!

(26th P. M.)

Missionary Hymn. 76,76,76,76.

DR. L. MASON.

With Animation.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand; Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle, Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high— Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of light de - ny?

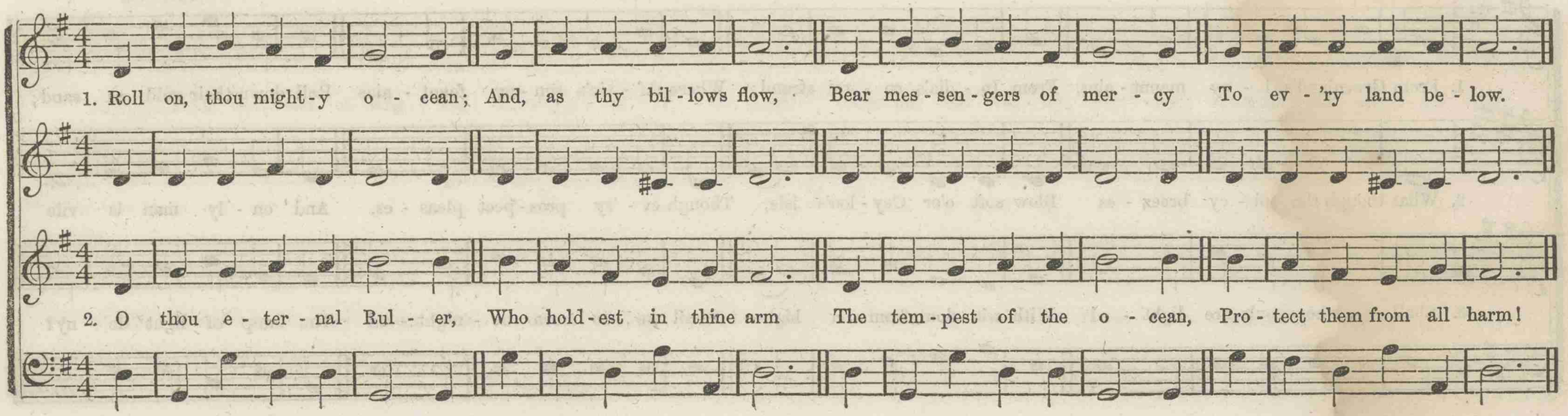
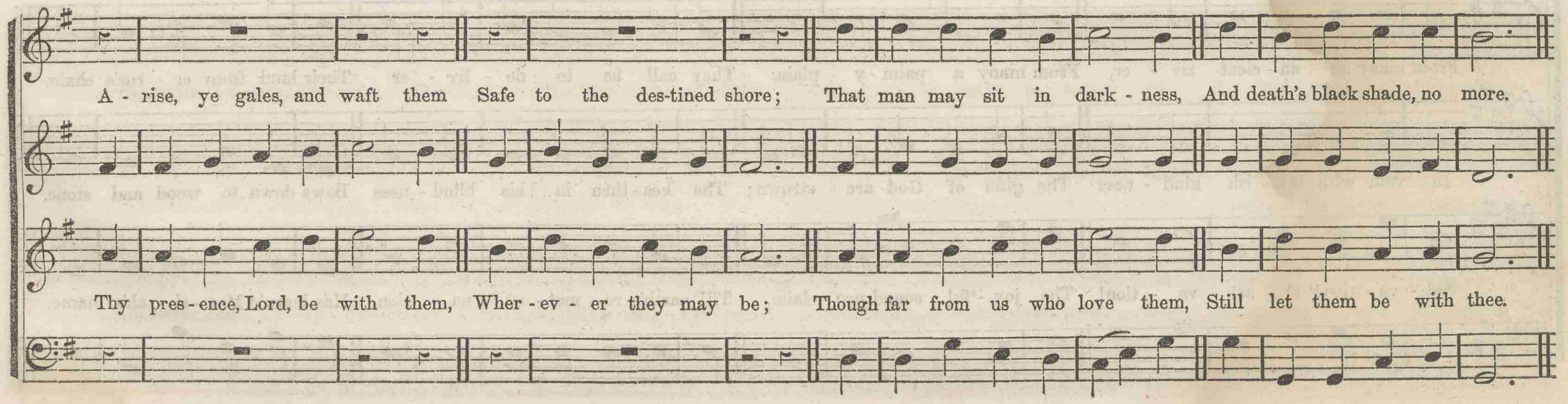
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

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 learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.

286 (26th P. M.) **Missionaries Departing.** 76,76,76,76.

With Animation.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.



(26th P. M.)

Childhood's Offering. 76,76,76,76.

ARRANGED FROM GIPPERT BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

f

1. We bring no glitt'ring treas - ures, No gems from earth's deep mine; We come, with sim - ple meas - ures, To chant thy love di - vine.

2. The dear - est gift of Heav - en, Love's writ-ten word of truth, To us is ear - ly giv - en, To guide our steps in youth;

f

3. Re - deem - er! grant thy bless - ing! O! teach us how to pray, That each, thy fear pos - sess - ing, May tread life's on - ward way;

p

cres.

f

Chil- dren, thy fa - vors shar - ing, Their voice of thanks would raise; Fa - ther, ac - cept our off - 'ring, Our song of grate-ful praise.

We hear the won-drous sto - ry, The tale of Cal - va - ry; We read of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor - row free.

p

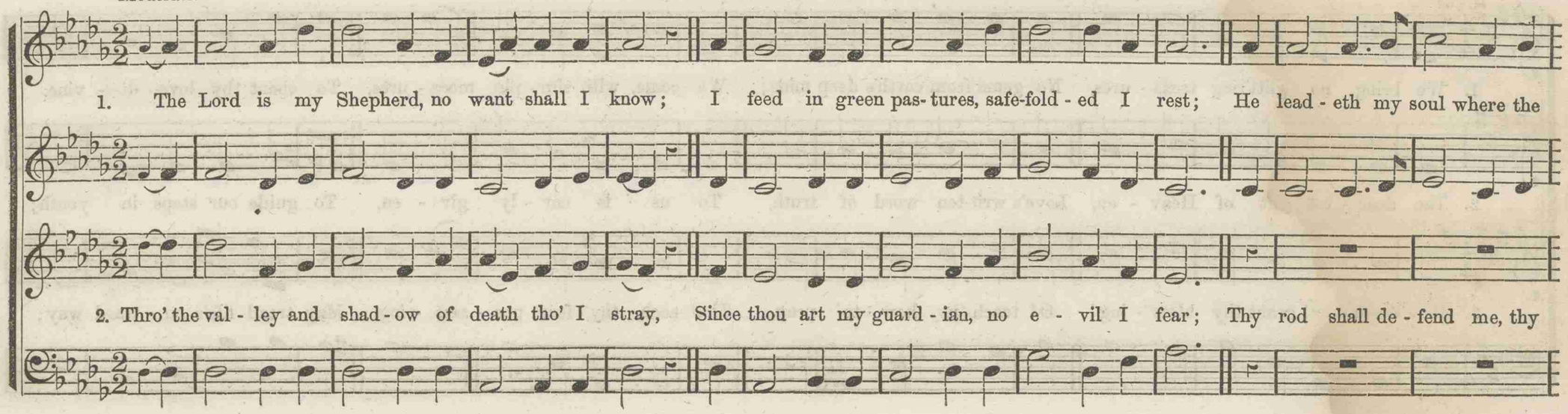
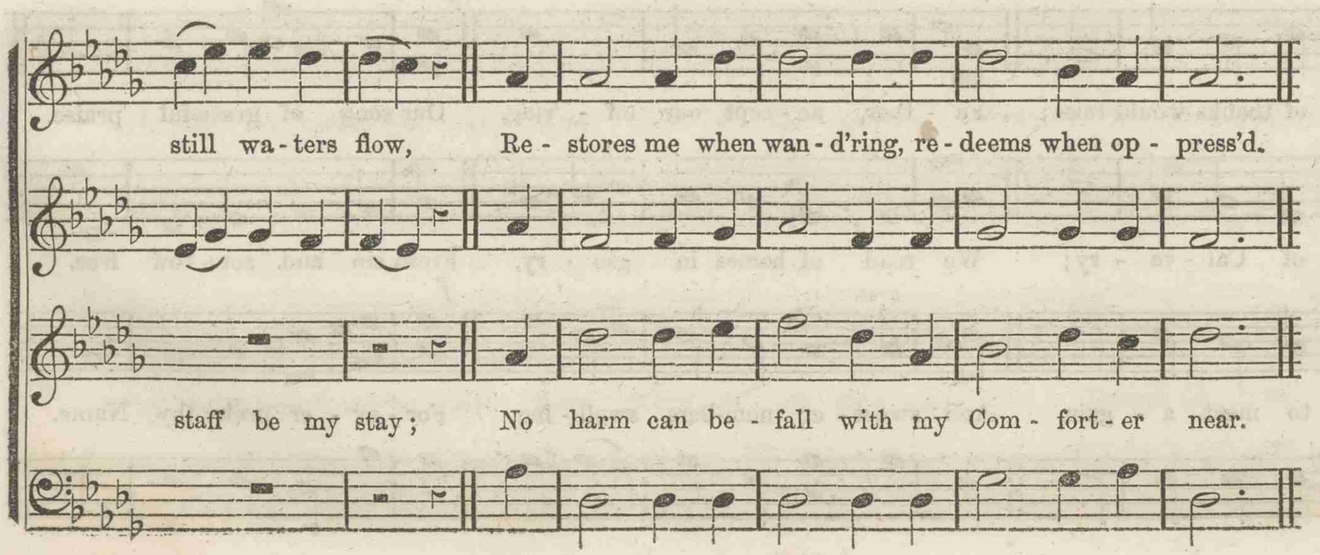
cres.

f

Then where the pure are dwell - ing We hope to meet a - gain, And sweet - er num-bers swell - ing, For - ev - er praise thy Name.

288 (27th P. M.) **Green Pastures.** 4 lines 11s. Karl Reden.

Moderato.



3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above,
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

DOXOLOGY.

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

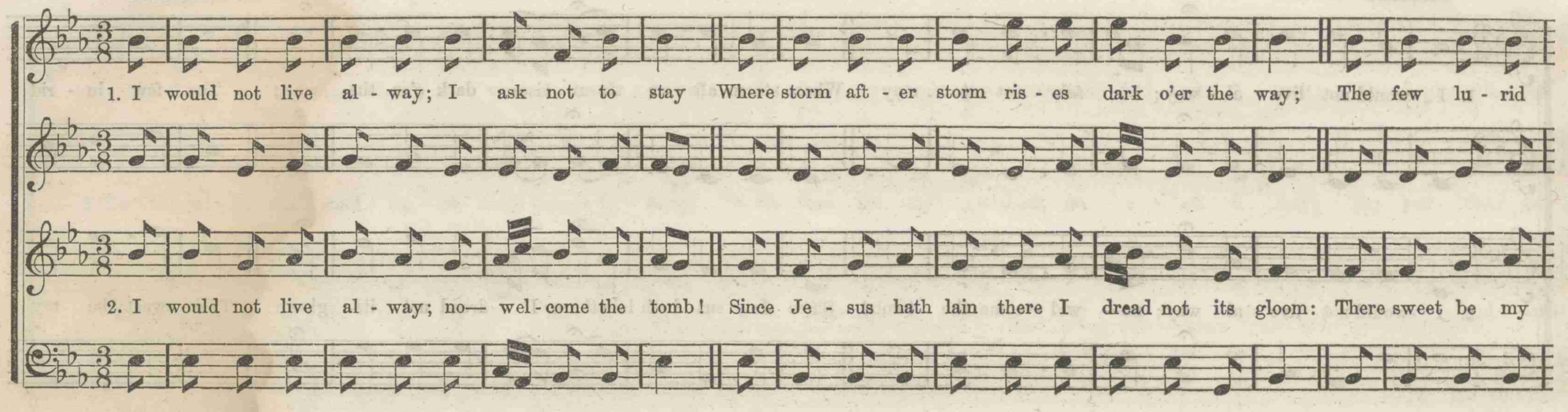
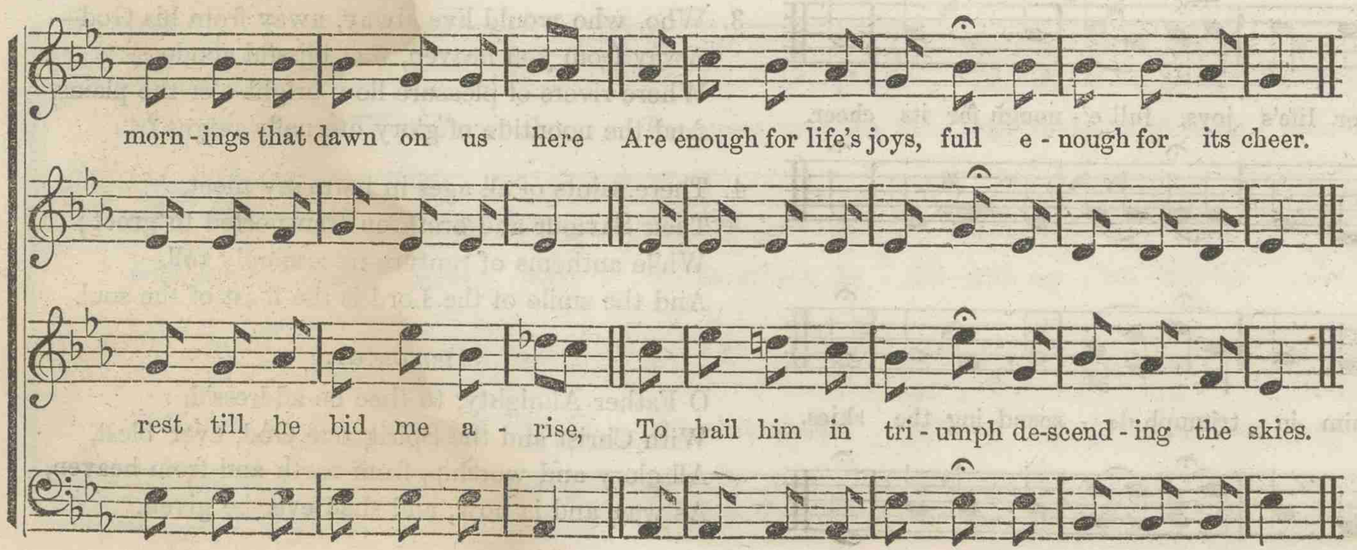
(27th P. M.)

I Would not Live Alway.

4 lines 11s.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.



3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

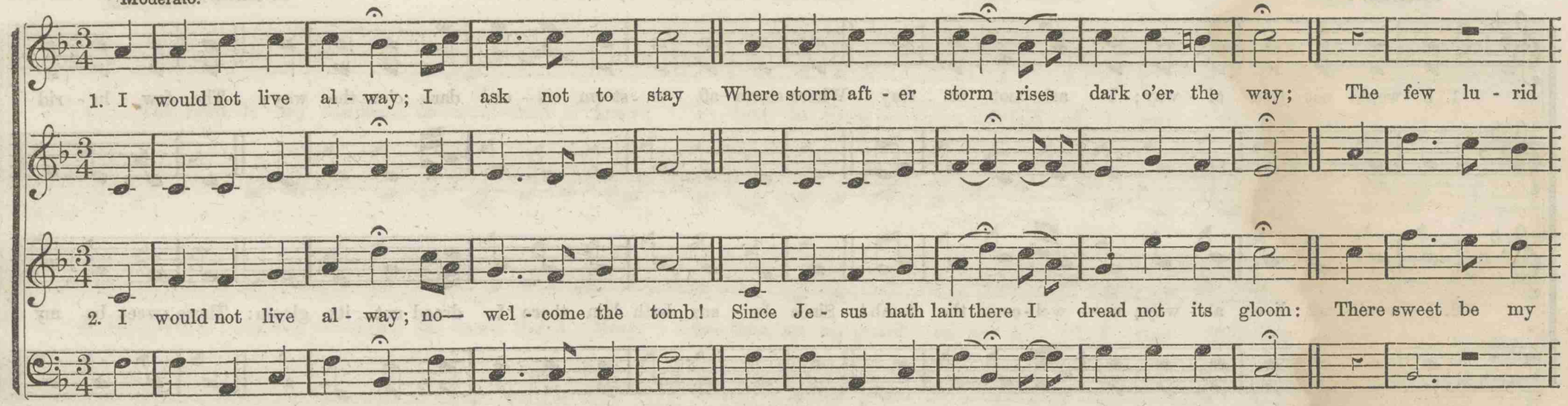
DOXOLOGY.

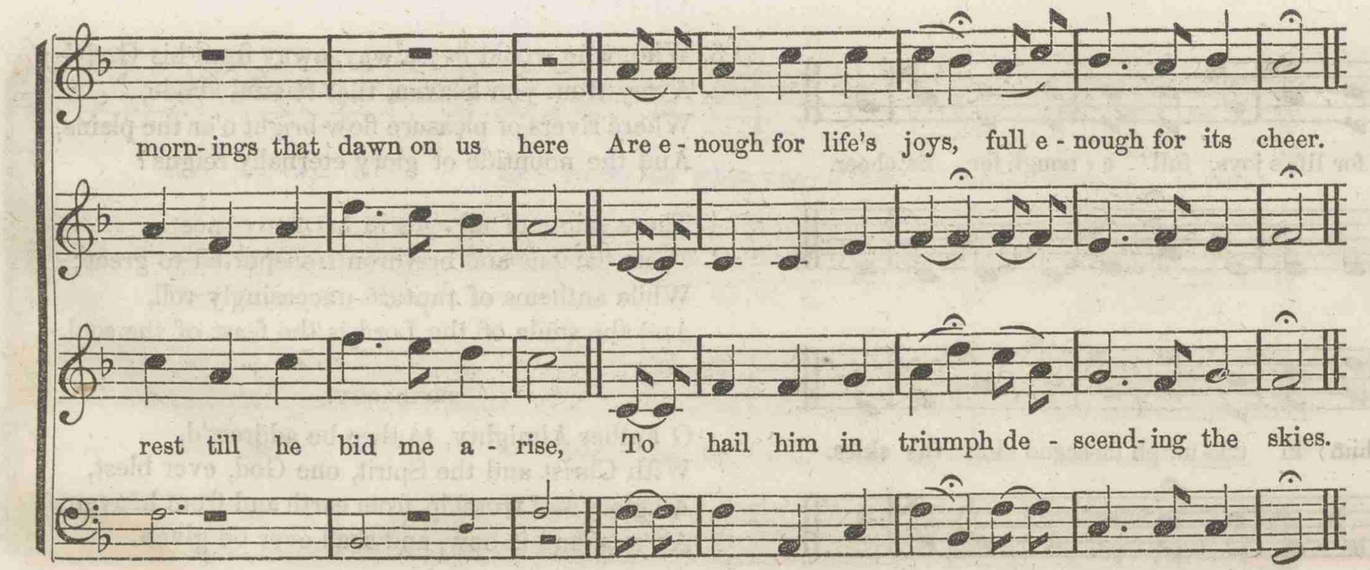
O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

290 (27th P. M.) **Frederick.** 4 lines 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Moderato.





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DOXOLOGY.

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

My Shepherd. 4 lines 11s.

Cheerfully.

ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op - press'd, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - press'd.

2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.

3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless-ings un - meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With oil and per - fume thou a - noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence more? O what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence more?

292 (28th P. M.) **Jesus hath Risen.** 10s, 11s, & 12.

With Animation.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

1. { Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en and man shall not die; } He burst from the fet - ters of dark-ness that bound him,
{ Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; }

2. { Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death can-not de - stroy; }
{ Sad were the life we may part with to - morrow, If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; } But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark val-ley of sor - row,

Re-splend - ent in glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,— The Sav-iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

And bade us, im - mor - tal, to heav-en as - cend: Lift then your voi-ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

Spiritedly.

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en and man shall not die; Vain were the ter-rors that gather'd a-round him,
D. C. Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,— The Saviour hath ris - en and man shall not die;— Loud was the cho-rus of an - gels on high,

2. Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death can-not de - stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
D. C. Lift then your voi - ces in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die;— Lift then your voi - ces in triumph on high,

FINE. *D. C.*

And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of darkness that bound him, Re-splendent in glo - ry, to live and to save:
The Sav-iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sor - row, And bade us im - mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend·
For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

294 (29th P. M.) Save, Lord, or We Perish! 4 lines 12s.

Arranged from the German by Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,

2. O Je - sus, once rock'd on the breast of the bil - low, A - roused by the shriek of de - spair from thy pil - low,—

3. And, O, when the whirl - wind of pas - sion is rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its sad war - fare is wag - ing,

Nor hope lends a ray, the poor sea - man to cher - ish, We fly to our Mak - er,— Save, Lord, or we per - ish!

Now seat - ed in glo - ry, the mar - i - ner cher - ish, Who cries, in his an - guish,—Save, Lord, or we per - ish!

Then send down thy grace, thy re - deem - ed to cher - ish, Re - buke the de - stroy - er,— Save, Lord, or we per - ish!

(29th P. M.)

Free Grace. 4 lines 12s.

With Animation.

J. SHOUBRIDGE.

1. The voice of free grace cries,—Es - cape to the mount - ain; For Ad - am's lost race Christ hath o - pen'd a fount - ain:
2. Now glo - ry to God in the high - est is giv - en; Now glo - ry to God is re - ech - oed in heav - en;

For sin and un - clean - ness, and ev - 'ry trans - gres - sion, His blood flows most free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion.
Chor. Hal-le - lu - iah to the Lamb, who has pur-chased our par - don: We will praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

A - round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto - ry, And sing of his love, his sal - va - tion and glo - ry.
Chor. Hal-le - lu - iah to the Lamb, who has pur-chased our par - don: We will praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

296 (30th P. M.) # Star in the East. 11,10,11,10. Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; }
{ Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where the in-fant Re - deemer is laid. } Cold, on his cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin - ing;

2. { Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de - vo - tion, O-dors of E - den and off'rings di - vine? }
{ Gems of the mount-ain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine? } Vain-ly we of-fer each am - ple ob - la - tion;

mf *cres.* *f* *p* *rit.*

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore him, in slumber re - clin-ing,— Mak-er, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

rit. *mf* *cres.* *f* *p*

Vain-ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure; Rich-er, by far, is the heart's ad-o - ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

(30th P. M.)

Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11,10,11,10.

S. WEBBE.

Moderato.

1. Come, ye dis - con - solate, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come, to the mer - cy-seat fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish;

2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der - ly say - ing,

SOLO.

DUET.

3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er - know-ing

CHORUS.

Earth has no sor - row that Heaven cannot heal; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sor - row that Heaven cannot heal.

Earth has no sor-row that Heaven cannot cure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that Heaven cannot cure.

Earth has no sor-row but Heaven can re-move; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er - know-ing Earth has no sor - row but Heaven can re - move.

298 (30th P. M.) **Fennor.** 11,10,11,10. Double.

I. B. WOODBURY.

From the "DAY SPRING," *by permission.*

Spiritedly.

1. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; / Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where the in - fant Re-deem-er is laid. } Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing;

2. { Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - den and off'rings di - vine— / Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine? } Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion;

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Monarch, and Sav - iour of all.

Vain - ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

The Comforter. 84,84.

(31st P. M.)

C. O. Revers.

Moderato.

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His last fare - well, A Guide,—a Com - fort - er, be-queathed, With us to dwell.

2. He comes, his gra - ces to im - part; A will - ing guest, While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.

3. And all the good that we pos - sess, His gift we own; Yea, ev - 'ry thought of ho - li - ness, And vic - t'ry won.

Willing Guest. 84,84.

(31st P. M.)

Moderato.

H. FYLER.

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His last fare - well, A Guide,—a Com - fort - er, be-queathed, With us to dwell.

2. He comes, his gra - ces to im - part, A will - ing guest, While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.

3. And all the good that we pos - sess, His gift we own; Yea, ev - 'ry thought of ho - li - ness, And vic - t'ry won.

300 (32d P. M.) Strong Abode. 884,884.

Moderato.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

1. Fa - ther of spir - its! hear our prayer; Our life, our hope, our com - fort - er, Our strong a - - - bode:

2. Thy gen - tle hand hath smooth'd our way; Fed and sus - tain'd us day by day; In thee we move:

To thee our thank - ful hearts we raise, And hum - bly, glad - ly hymn thy praise, Pre - serv - - - er, God!

O may thy mer - cies, Lord, in - spire Our hearts with grat - i - tude, and fire Our souls with love.

(32d P. M.)

Hear our Prayer. 884,884.

Moderato.

1. Father of spirits! hear our prayer; Our life, our hope, our comforter, Our strong a-bode: { To thee our thankful hearts we raise, / And humbly, gladly hymn thy praise, } Preserver, God! Pre-serv-er, God!

2. Thy gentle hand hath smooth'd our way; Fed and sustained us day by day; In thee we move: { O may thy mercies, Lord, inspire, / Our hearts with gratitude, and fire } Our souls with love, Our souls with love.

(32d P. M.)

Our Hope. 884,884.

L. THOMPSON.

1. Father of spir-its! hear our prayer; Our life, our hope, our comfort-er, Our strong abode: To thee our thankful hearts we raise, And humbly, gladly hymn thy praise, Pre-serv-er, God!

2. Thy gentle hand has smooth'd our way; Fed and sustain'd us day by day; In thee we move: O may thy mercies, Lord, in-spire Our hearts with gratitude, and fire Our souls with love.

302 (33d P. M.)

With Animation.

Sing Praise. 66,66. Double.

Arranged from the German
by KARL REDEN.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re - deem - er lay; Sing of our bonds de - stroy'd, Our dark - ness turn'd to day.

2. He who, so pa - tient - ly, The crown of thorns did wear,— He hath gone up on high; Our hope is with him there.

3. He who for men did weep; Suf - fer, and bleed, and die,— First - fruits of them that sleep,—Christ has gone up on high.

Weep for your dead no more: Friends, be of joy - ful cheer; Our Star moves on be - fore, Our nar - row path shines clear.

Now is his truth re - veal'd, His maj - es - ty, and might; The grave has been un - seal'd; Christ is our life and light.

His vic - t'ry hath de - stroy'd The shafts that once could slay: Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re - deem - er lay.

First Fruits. 66,66.

(33d P. M.)

With Animation.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re - deem - er lay; Sing of our bonds de - stroy'd, Our dark - ness turn'd to day.

2. Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joy - fnl cheer; Our Star moves on be - fore, Our nar - row path shines clear.

3. He who, so pa - tient - ly, The crown of thorns did wear,— He hath gone up on high; Our hope is with him there.

Sepulchre. 66,66.

(33d P. M.)

With Animation.

S. JACKSON.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re - deem - er lay; Sing of our bonds de - stroy'd, Our dark - ness turn'd to day.

2. Weep for your dead no more; Friends be of joy - ful cheer; Our Star moves on be - fore, Our nar - row path shines clear.

3. He who, so pa - tient - ly, The crown of thorns did wear,— He hath gone up on high, Our hope is with him there.

304 (34th P. M.) **Hear and Save.** 77,75. C. O. Nevers.

Moderato.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light, Mak - er, Teach-er, In - fi - nite; Je - sus, hear and save.

2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour mild, Humbled to a lit - tle child, Cap - tive, beat - en, bound, re-viled,— Je - sus, hear and save.

3. Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings, Throned a - bove ce - les - tial things, Lord of lords, and King of kings— Je - sus, hear and save.

(34th P. M.) **Keenan.** 77,75.

I. B. WOODBURY.
From the "DAY-SPRING," by permission.

Moderato.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man - kind the life and light, Mak - er, Teach - er, In - fi - nite,— Je - sus, hear and save.

2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour mild, Humbled to a lit - tle child, Cap - tive, beat - en, bound, re - viled,— Je - sus, hear and save.

3. Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings, Throned a - bove ce - les - tial things, Lord of lords, and King of kings— Je - sus, hear and save.

(35th P. M.)

Healing Fountain. 87,87,77.

Karl Reden. 305

Moderato.

1. Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly mount-ain, Sin - ners ruin - ed by the fall; Here a pure and heal - ing

2. Come, in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wound - ed, im - po - tent, and blind; Here the guilt - y, free re -

3. Come, ye dy - ing, live for - ev - er; 'Tis a soul - re - viv - ing flood; God is faith - ful; he will

fount - ain Flows for ev - 'ry thirst - y soul, In a full per - pet - ual tide, O - pen'd when the Sav - iour died.

mis - sion, Here the lost, a ref - uge find. Health, this fount - ain will re - store; He that drinks need thirst no more.

nev - er Break his cov - 'nant seal'd in blood; Sign'd when our Re - deem - er died; By the Spir - it rat - i - fied.

306 (35th P. M.) **Alma.** 87,87,77.

With Animation.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - - ly mount-ain, Sin - ners ru - in'd by the fall; Here a pure and heal - ing fount - ain

2. Come, in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wound - ed, im - po - tent, and blind; Here the guilt - y, free re - mis - sion,

3. Come, ye dy - ing, live for - - ev - er; 'Tis a soul - re - viv - ing flood; God is faith - ful; he will nev - er

Flows for ev - 'ry thirst - y soul, In a full per - pet - ual tide, O - pen'd when the Sav - iour died.

Here the lost, a ref - uge find. Health this fount - ain will re - store; He that drinks need thirst no more.

Break his cov - 'nant seal'd in blood; Sign'd when our Re - deem - er died; By the Spir - it rat - i - fied.

(36th P. M.)

Peaceful Rest. 86,88,6.

Karl Reden. 307

Moderato.

p

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast,—'Tis found above in heaven.

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls By sin and sor-row driven, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

rit. p

p

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all se-rene in heaven.

rit. p

(36th P. M.)

Lanesboro'. 86,88,6.

With Firmness.

ENGLISH.

1. This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De-ceit-ful shine, de-ceit-ful flow—There's nothing true but heaven.

2. And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of even; And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—There's nothing true but heaven.

308 (37th P. M.) **World Above.** 66,86,88. C. O. Nevers.

Moderato.

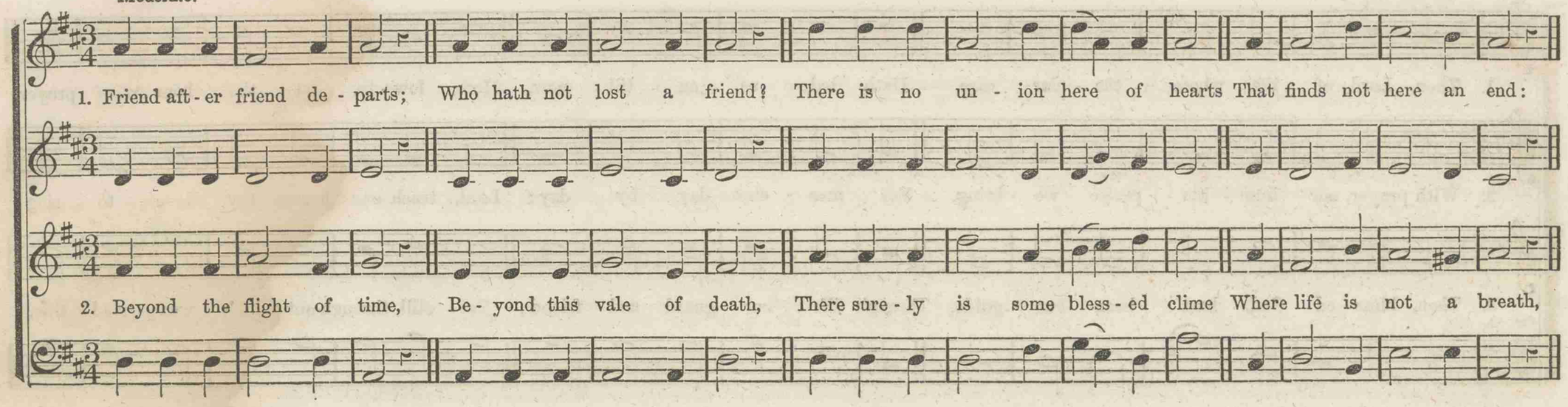
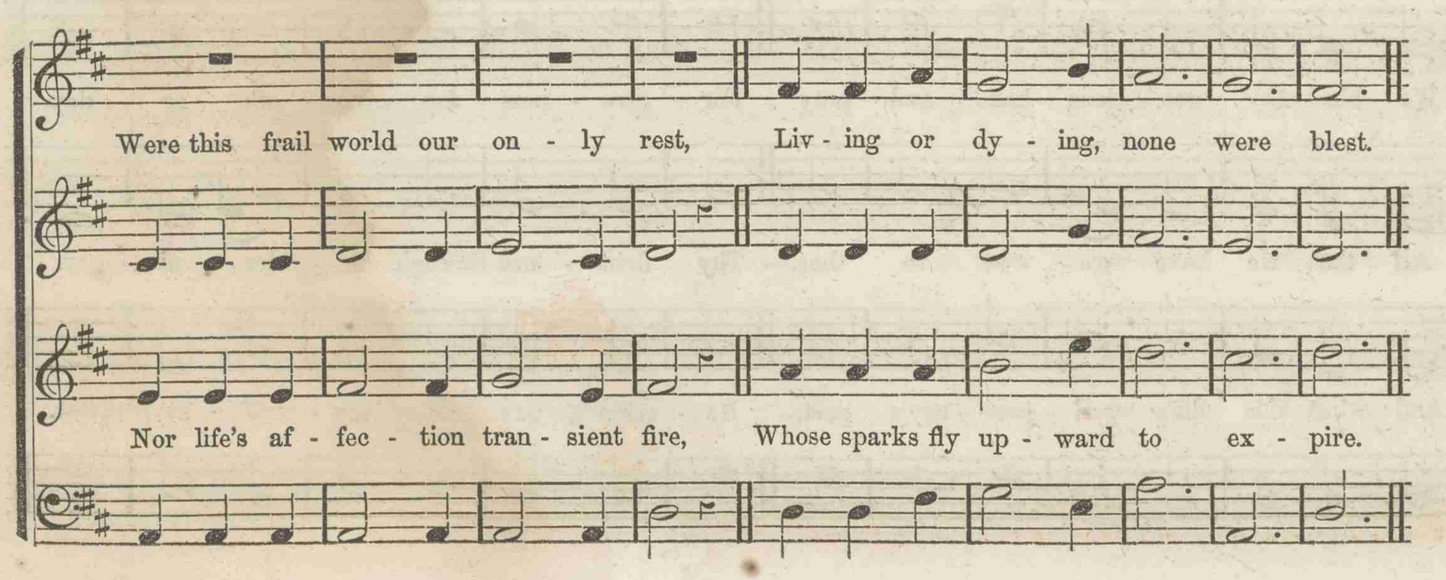
1. Friend aft - er friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no un - ion here of hearts That
2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime Where
3. There is a world a - bove, Where part - ing is un - known; A whole e - ter - ni - ty of love, Form'd
finds not here an end: Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
life is not a breath, Nor life's af - fec - tion tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire.
for the good a - lone: And faith be - holds the dy - ing here Trans - lat - ed to that hap - pier sphere.

Departure. 66,86,88.

(37th P. M.)

T. HASTINGS.

Moderato.



3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd from the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

310 (38th P. M.) **Evening Prayer.** 86,86,88. Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. Thou, Lord of life, whose ten - der care Hath led us on till now, Here, low - ly, at the hour of prayer,

2. With prayer, our hum - ble praise we bring, For mer - cies day by day: Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing;

3. Thou, bless - ed God, hast been our guide, Through life our guard and friend; Yet still, through-out life's wea - ried tide,

Be - fore thy throne we bow: We bless thy gra - cious hand, and pray For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.

Lord, teach us how to pray: All that we have we owe to thee,— Thy debt - ors through e - ter - ni - ty.

Pre - serve us to the end: And when this life's sad jour - ney's past, Re - ceive us to thy - self at last.

Great God! 87,87,88,7.

Moderato.

mf

1. Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things cre- at - ed; The Judge of mankind doth appear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed: *f* The trumpet

2. The dead in Christ shall first arise At the last trumpet's sounding, Caught up to meet him in the skies, With joy their Lord surround-ing: No gloomy

mf

3. Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - at - ed; Be - hold the Judge of man appear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed *f* Low at his

p *lento.*

sounds; the graves restore The dead which they contain'd before;— Pre - pare, my soul, Pre - pare, my soul, Pre - pare, my soul, to meet him...

fears their souls dismay; His presence sheds e - ter - nal day On those pre-pared, On those pre-pared, On those pre - pared to meet him...

p

cross I view the day When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And thus pre - pare, And thus pre - pare, And thus pre - pare to meet him...

dim. e rit.

314 (40th P. M.)

The Dying Christian.

Moderato.

Vi - tal spark of heav'n-ly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame. Trembling, ho - ping, ling'ring, fly - ing, O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!

mp

Vi - tal spark of heav'n-ly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame. Trembling, ho - ping, ling'ring, fly - ing, O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!

Cease, fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life. they whis-per

p *dim.*

Hark! Hark! they whis-per, an - gels say,

Cease, fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life. Hark! they whis-per: an - gels say,—they whisper: an - gels say,

Hark! they whis-per:

an - gels say,—Hark! they whis-per: an - gels say,— Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!—Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way! What is this ab - sorbs me quite,—

f *p* *f* *p*

Hark! hark! they whis-per: an - gels say,— Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!—Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way! What is this ab - sorbs me quite,—

an - gels say,

Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight,—Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?—Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

cres. *p* *cres.* *f* *rit.*

Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight,—Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?—Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The Dying Christian. Continued.

Andante.

CHORUS.—Vivace. *f*

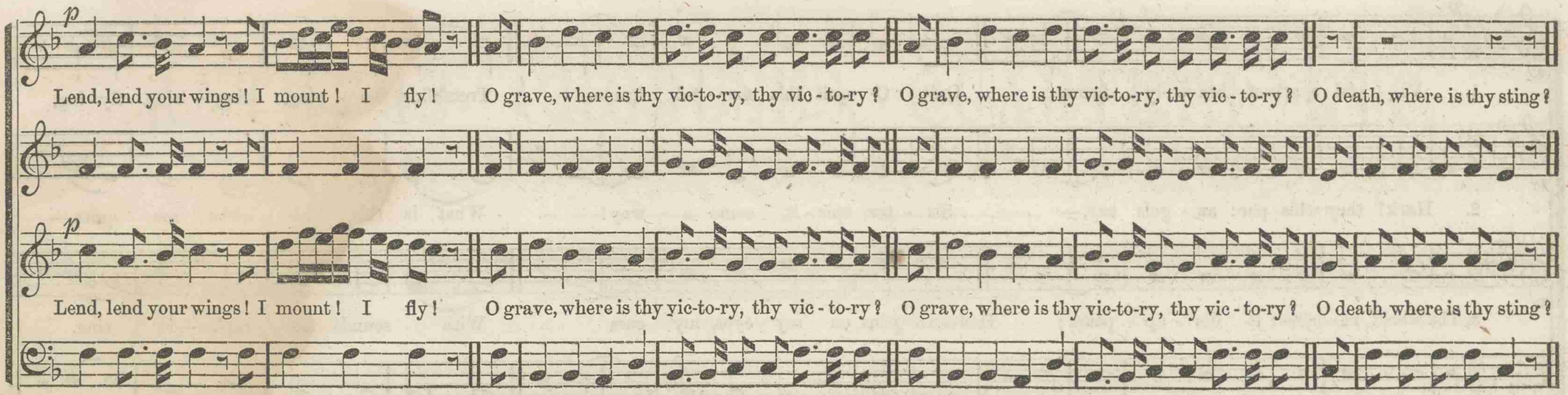
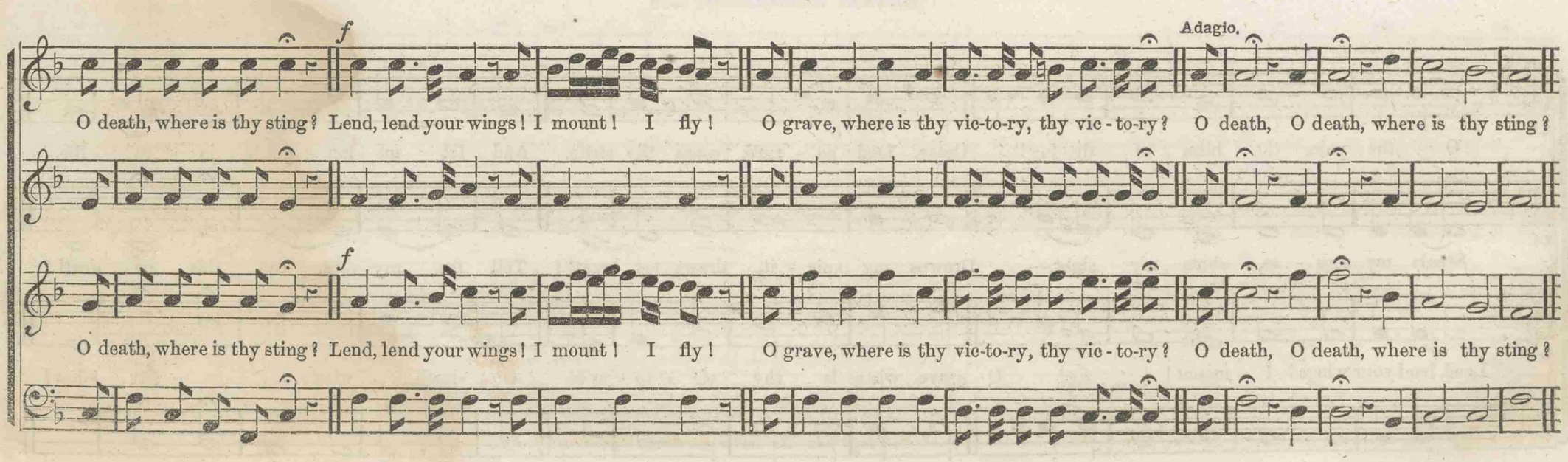
The world recedes: it dis - ap - pears; Heaven o - pens on my eyes: my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O

p *cres.* *f* *dim.* *cres.* *f* *f*

The world recedes: it dis - ap - pears; Heaven o - pens on my eyes: my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?


p
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic - to-ry? O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic - to-ry? O death, where is thy sting?
p
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic - to-ry? O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic - to-ry? O death, where is thy sting?

f
Adagio.
O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic - to-ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?
f
O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic - to-ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

318 (40th P. M.)

Vital Spark. 77,88,78.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

p

1. Vi - tal spark of heaven-ly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame. Trembling, ho - ping, ling - 'ring, fly - ing,

2. Hark! they whis - per: an - gels say,— Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way! What is this ab - sorbs me quite,—

3. The world re - cedes: it dis - ap - pears; Heaven o - pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se raph - ic ring.

O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing! Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life.

Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight,— Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

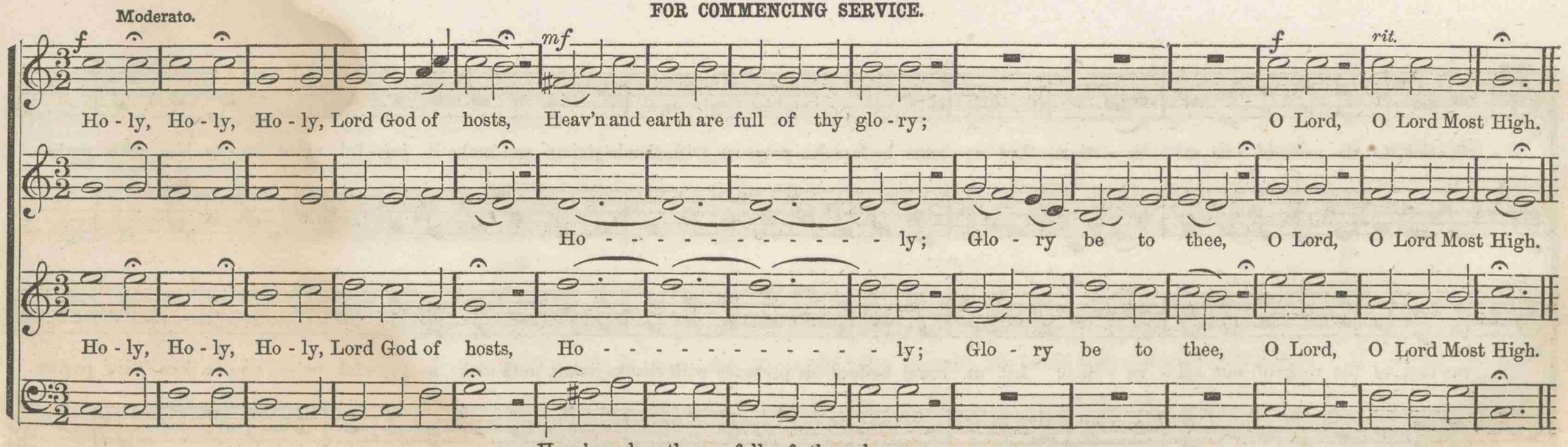
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death,... where.... is thy sting?

ANTHEMS CHORUSES, QUARTETS ETC.

In order not to limit the use of the following pieces to particular occasions, directions relating thereto have generally been omitted.

Holy, Lord God of Hosts.

Karl Reden.

FOR COMMENCING SERVICE.

320

"O Come, let us Sing unto the Lord."

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

FOR COMMENCING SERVICE.

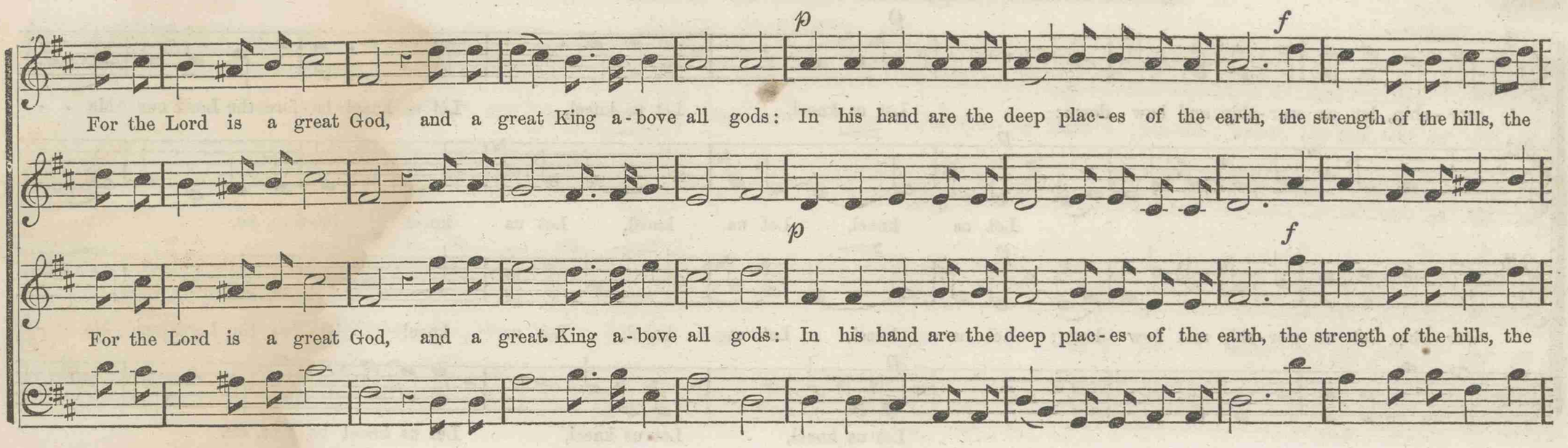
O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy - ful noise to the rock of our sal -

O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy - ful noise to the rock of our sal -

va - tion, to the rock of our sal - va - tion. Let us come be-fore his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joy - ful noise un - to him with psalms.

va - tion, to the rock of our sal - va - tion. Let us come be-fore his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joy - ful noise un - to him with psalms.

ORGAN.


p
f
For the Lord is a great God, and a great King a-bove all gods: In his hand are the deep plac-es of the earth, the strength of the hills, the
p
f
For the Lord is a great God, and a great King a-bove all gods: In his hand are the deep plac-es of the earth, the strength of the hills, the
mp
cres.
p
strength of the hills is his al-so; The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands form-ed the dry land. O come, let us
mp
cres.
p
strength of the hills is his al-so; The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands form-ed the dry land. O come, let us

"O Come, let us Sing." Continued.

wor - ship, let us wor - ship and bow down: Let us kneel, Let us kneel, Let us kneel be - fore the Lord our Ma - -

Let us kneel, Let us kneel, Let us kneel be - fore, &c.

wor - ship, let us wor - ship and bow down: Let us kneel, Let us kneel, Let us kneel be - fore the Lord our Ma - -

Let us kneel, Let us kneel, Let us kneel be - fore, &c.

ker; For he is our God, and we are the peo - ple of his pas - ture, the peo - ple of his pas-ture, and the sheep of his hand.

ker; For he is our God, and we are the peo - ple of his pas - ture, the peo - ple of his pas-ture, and the sheep of his hand.

O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy - ful noise to the rock of our sal -

O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy - ful noise to the rock of our sal -

va - tion, to the rock of our sal - va - tion. Let us come be-fore his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joy - ful noise un - to him with psalms.

va - tion, to the rock of our sal - va - tion. Let us come be-fore his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joy - ful noise un - to him with psalms.

324

Spread thy Wings.

Music arranged from the Scotch
by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. What is life? 'Tis but a va - por; Soon it van - ish - es a - way: Life is but a dy - ing ta - per; O my soul, why wish to stay!

2. See that glo - ry, how re - splendent! Brighter far than fan - cy paints; There, in maj - es - ty transcendent, Je - sus reigns, the King of saints.

3. Joy - ful crowds his throne surrounding, Sing with rap - ture of his love; Through the heavens his praises sounding, Fill - ing all the courts a - bove.

4. Go, and share his peo - ple's glo - ry; 'Mid the ransom'd crowd ap- pear; Thine's a joy - ful, wondrous sto - ry, One that an - gels love to hear.

CHORUS.

Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings, my soul, and fly; Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings and fly.

Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings, my soul, and fly; Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings and fly.

Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings, my soul, and fly; Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings and fly.

Praise the Lord.

Spiritedly.

1. Praise the Lord en - thron'd on high, Praise him in his sanc - ti - ty, Praise him in his sanc - ti - ty;

2. Praise with trum - pets, pierce the skies, Praise with harps and psal - ter - ies, Praise with harps and psal - ter - ies;

3. Praise with sil - ver cym - bals sing, Praise on those which loud - ly ring, Praise on those which loud - ly ring;

Praise him Praise him,

Praise him for his might - y deeds, Praise him who in pow'r ex - ceeds, Praise him who in pow'r ex - ceeds.

Praise with tim - brels, or - gans, flutes, Praise with vi - ols and with lutes, Praise with vi - - ols and with lutes.

An - gels, all of hu - man birth, Praise the Lord of heav'n and earth, Praise the Lord of heav'n and earth.

Dear Comrade Pilgrims of the Cross.

CONQUEST.

DR. LOWELL MASON.
By permission.

1. Dear com-rade pil - grims of the cross, Al - though the way be drear - y, Yet faint not, fail not, on-ward press, Tho' wound-ed, worn and wea - ry.

2. Tho' sore be - set, not o - ver-come, Cast down but not de - spair - ing, We're trav'ling t'ward a heavenly home, Our Mas - ter's standard bear - ing.

3. We'll one an - oth - er's bur-dens bear, The toil - some journey cheer-ing; Our joys and all our sorrows share, Each day our home we're near-ing.

4. Our Lord is God; his prom-ise sure, His help shall fail us nev - er; And they who to the end en-dure Shall reign with him for - ev - er.

Toil on - ward still Thro' ev' - ry ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sav - iour; The jour-ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for - ev - er!

Toil on - ward still Thro' ev' - ry ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sav - iour; The jour-ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for - ev - er!

Toil on - ward still Thro' ev' - ry ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sav - iour; The jour-ney done, And glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for - ev - er!

Be Joyful in God.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Spiritedly.

f *mf* *f*

1. Be joy - ful in God all ye lands of the earth, ye lands of the earth, O serve him with glad - ness and
2. Je - ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and rul - er o'er
3. O en - ter his gates with thanks-giv - ing and song, thanks-giv - ing and song, Your vows in his tem - ple pro-

f *mf* *f*

4. For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, the Lord he is good, And we are the work of his

cres. *ff*

fear; Ex - ult in his pres - ence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo - tion draw near.
all; And we are his peo - ple, his scep - ter we own; His sheep, and we fol - low his call.
claim; His praise with me - lo - dious ac - cord - ance pro - long, And bless his a - dor - a - ble name.

ff

hand; His mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

328

Just as Thou Art.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

p rit.

1. Just as thou art—with-out one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace, Or meet- ness for the heavenly place, O guilty sin- ner, come, O come!

2. Thy sins I bore on Calv'ry's tree; The stripes, thy due, were laid on me, That peace and par - don might be free— O wretched sin-ner, come, O come!

3. Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blest? Trust not the world, it gives no rest; I bring re - lief to hearts oppress'd — O weary sin- ner, come, O come!

Just as I Am.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

p rit.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot—To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am—though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings with-in and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

Moderato.

mf

Lord, thou wilt or - dain peace for us, for us; Thou, Lord, wilt or - dain peace for us, peace for us; Thou wilt or - dain

rit. *cres.*

Lord, thou wilt or - dain peace for us, for us; Thou, Lord, wilt or - dain peace for us, peace for us; Thou wilt or - dain

mf

Lord, thou wilt or - dain peace for us, for us; Thou, Lord, wilt or - dain peace for us,..... Thou wilt or - dain peace for

Lord, thou wilt or -

p lento. *p ad lib.* *pp*

peace for us, for us, for us; For thou hast wrought all our works in us; Peace for us, Peace for us.

peace for us, for us, for us; For thou hast wrought all our works in us; Peace for us, Peace for us.

p lento. *p* *pp*

us, for us; For thou hast wrought all our works in us; Peace for us, Peace for us.

dain peace for us.

330

Eternal Source of Every Joy. Chorus.

Karl Reden.

With Animation.

f

1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - - 'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy, our lips em - ploy;

2. Thy hand, in au - tumn, rich - - ly pours Through all our coasts re - dun - dant stores, re - dun - dant stores;

f

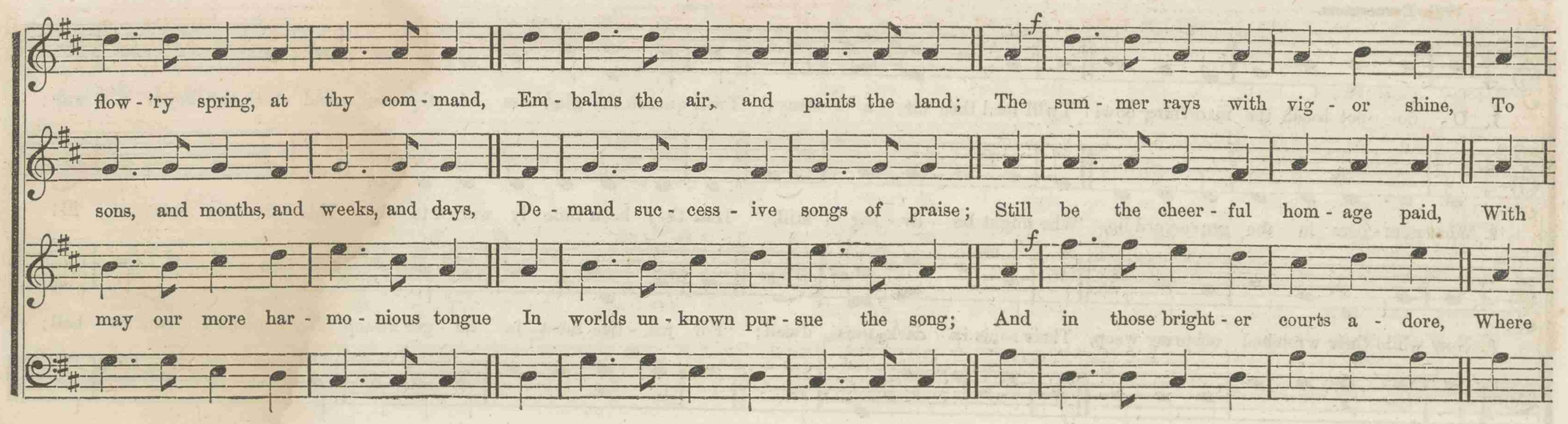
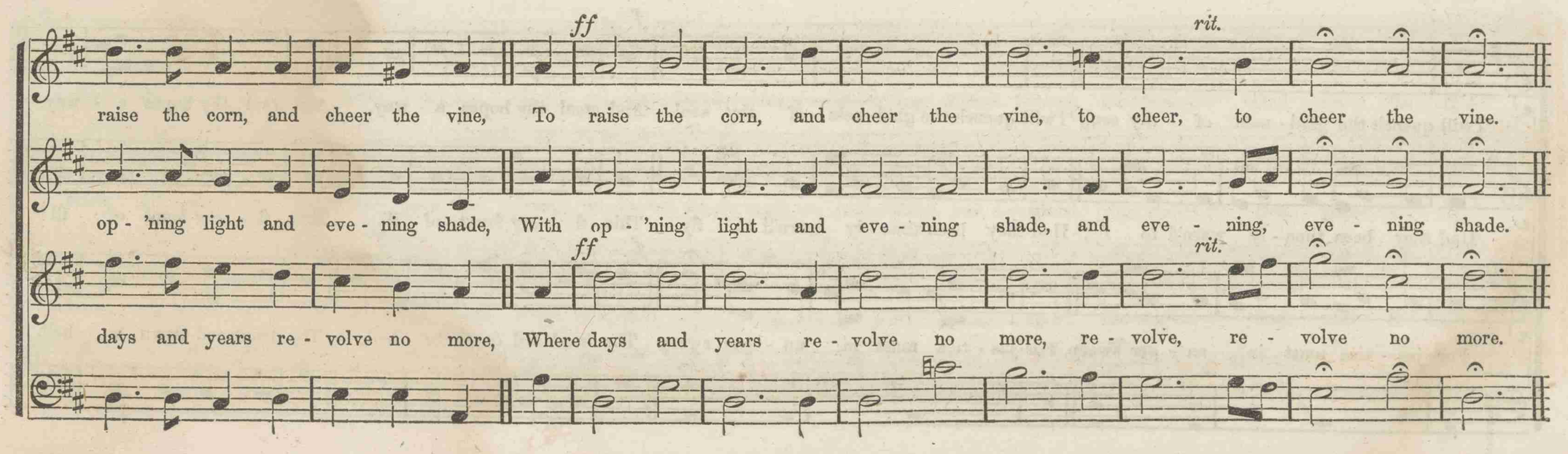
3. Here in thy house shall in - - cense rise, As cir - cling Sab - baths, cir - cling Sab - baths bless our eyes;

mf

While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose good - ness crowns the cir - cling year, the cir - cling year. The

And win - ters, soft - en'd by thy care, No more a face of hor - ror wear, of hor - ror wear. Sea -

mf

Still will we make thy mer - - cies known, A - round thy board, and round our own, and round our own. O

flow - 'ry spring, at thy com - mand, Em - balms the air, and paints the land; The sum - mer rays with vig - or shine, To
sons, and months, and weeks, and days, De - mand suc - cess - ive songs of praise; Still be the cheer - ful hom - age paid, With
may our more har - mo - nious tongue In worlds un - known pur - sue the song; And in those bright - er courts a - dore, Where
f
f

raise the corn, and cheer the vine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine, to cheer, to cheer the vine.
op - 'ning light and eve - ning shade, With op - 'ning light and eve - ning shade, and eve - ning, eve - ning shade.
days and years re - volve no more, Where days and years re - volve no more, re - volve, re - volve no more.
ff
ff
rit.
rit.

332 Do not Touch the Madd'ning Bowl.

With Earnestness.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

1. O do not touch the madd'ning bowl! 'Twill lead thee far a - stray; 'Twill quench the glad-ness of thy soul, And steal thy hopes a - way;

2. What num - bers in the grave-yard lie, Who might be liv - ing still, Had they been time - ly warn'd to fly This fi - ery fount of ill!

3. Now while their wretched offspring weep, Their souls in dark - ness dwell; For jus - tice must in an - ger sweep The drunkard down to hell;

f

'Twill quench the glad - ness of thy soul, 'Twill quench the glad - ness of thy soul, And steal thy hopes a - way, And steal thy hopes a - way.

Had they been time - ly warn'd to fly, Had they been time - ly warn'd to fly This fi - ery fount of ill, This fi - ery fount of ill!

f

For jus - tice must in an - ger sweep, For jus - tice must in an - ger sweep The drunk-ard down to hell, The drunk-ard down to hell.

God Speed the Right!

Karl Reden. 333

Boldly.

1. Broth-ers, sing with voice u - nit - ed, "God speed the right!" Sis - ters, join with hearts de - light - ed, "God speed the right!"

2. Be ye firm and be en - dur - ing, "God speed the right!" Al - ways in the right pur - su - ing, "God speed the right!"

3. When life's con - flicts all are o - ver, "God speed the right!" May we ne'er prove faith - less, nev - er, "God speed the right!"

Lo! the winds in si - lence bear - ing, Lo! all na - ture's voice pro - claim - ing, "God speed the right! God speed the right!"

When all ob - sta - cles im - pede thee, Trust in heaven for strength to aid thee: "God speed the right! God speed the right!"

When all earth - ly ties are sun - dered, When our days on earth are num - bered, "God speed the right! God speed the right!"

334

Father, Son, and Spirit.

FOR CLOSING SERVICE.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN
BY KARL REDEN.

With Animation.

f *mf* *rit. dim.*

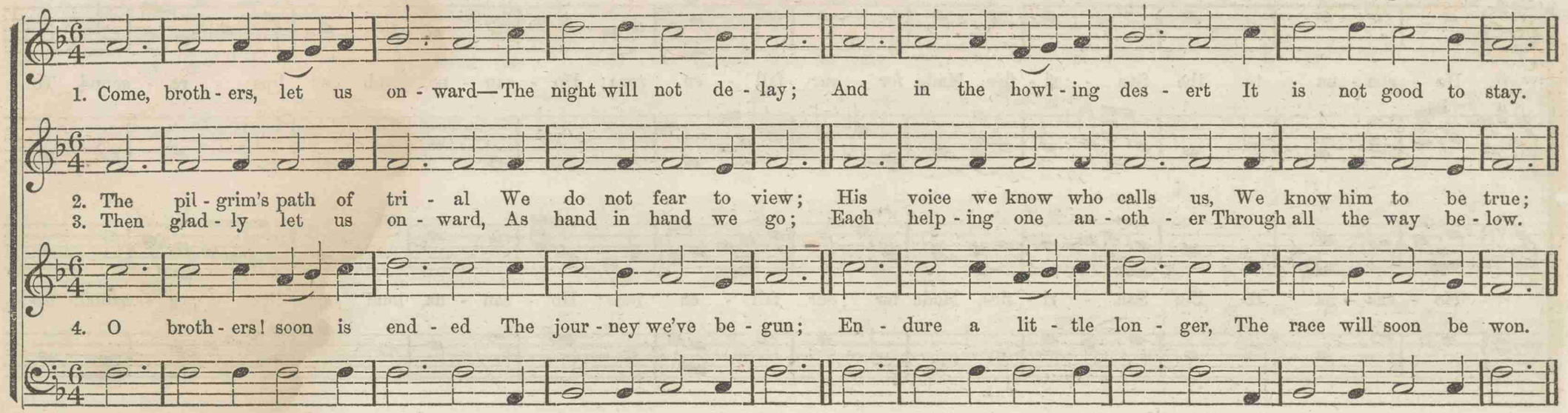
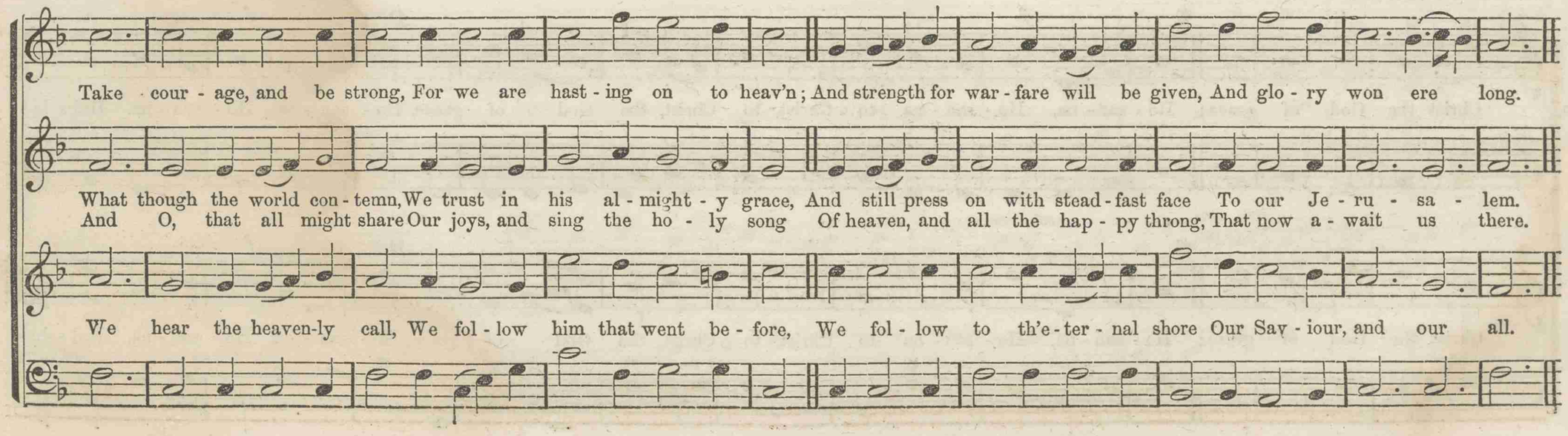
1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for his loy - ing - kind - ness; Ten - der - ly cares he for his err - ing
2. Praise ye the Sav - iour! great is his com - pas - sion; Gra - cious - ly cares he for his chos - en
3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael; Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

f *f* *lento.*

chil - dren: Praise him, ye an - gels, praise him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - - ho - - - vah!
peo - ple: Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - - iour!
bless us: Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it! Praise ye the Tri - une God!

Come, Brothers, let us Onward. 335

PILGRIM SONG. DR. LOWELL MASON. *By permission.*



336

Hosanna to Christ.

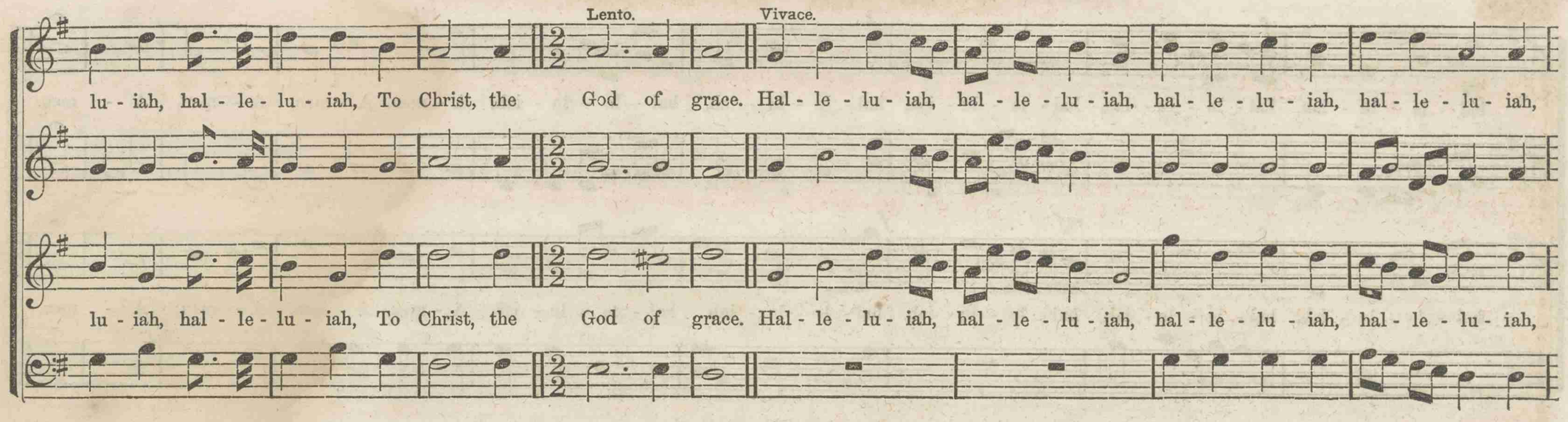
J. STONE.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

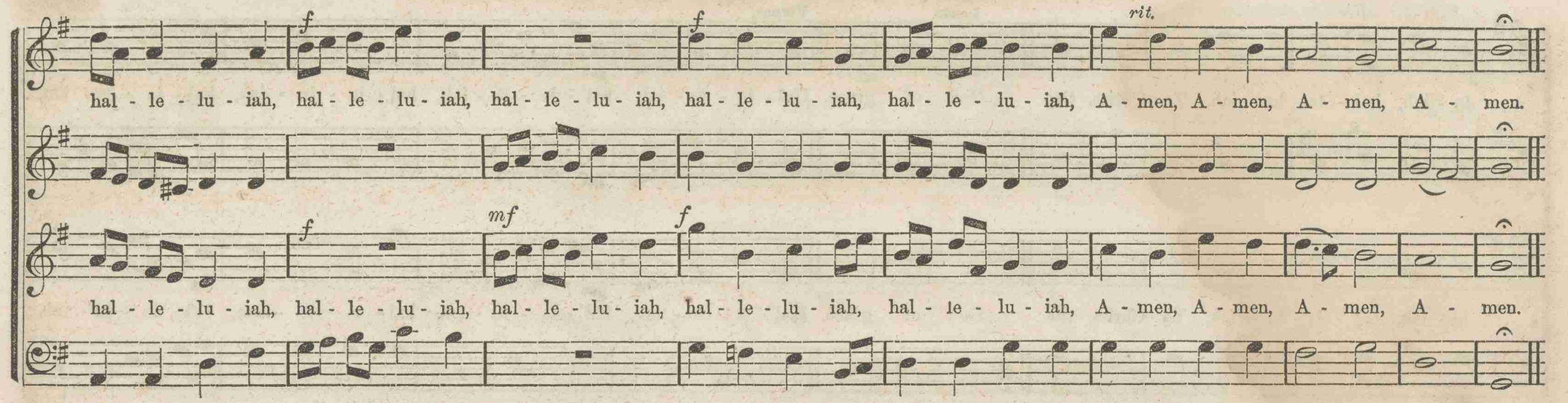
Spiritedly.

Ho - san - na to the Sac - ri - fice, Made for our fall - en race; Ho - san - na, loud our lips re - sound, To

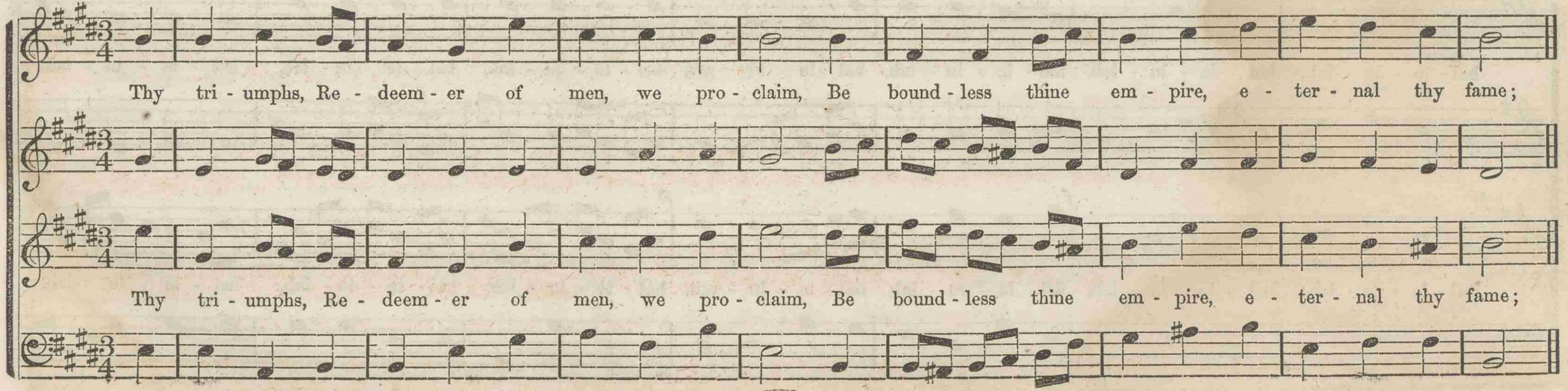
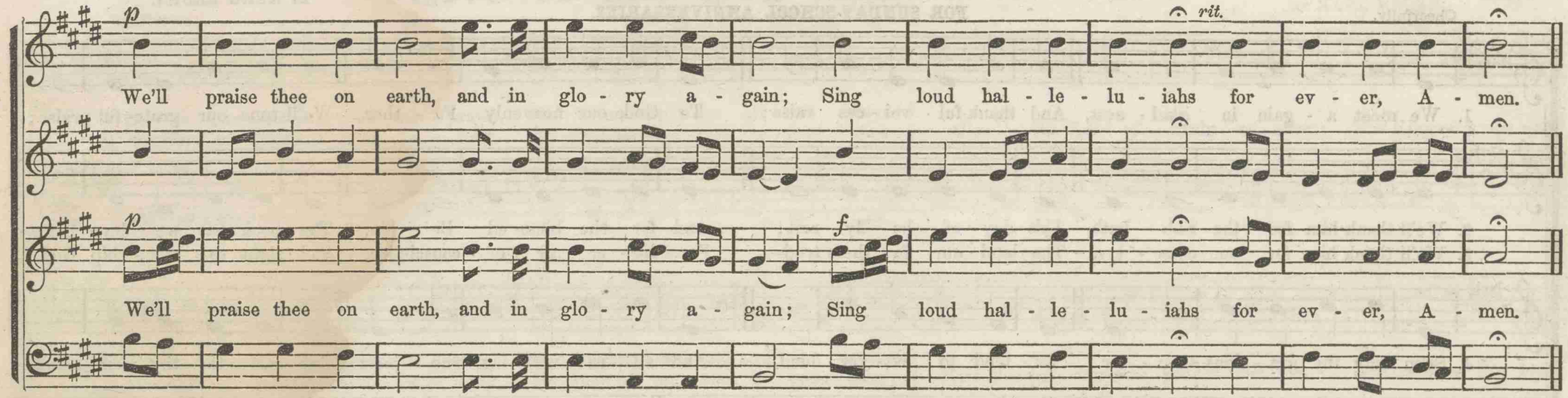
Ho - san - na to the Sac - ri - fice, Made for our fall - en race; Ho - san - na, loud our lips re - sound, To

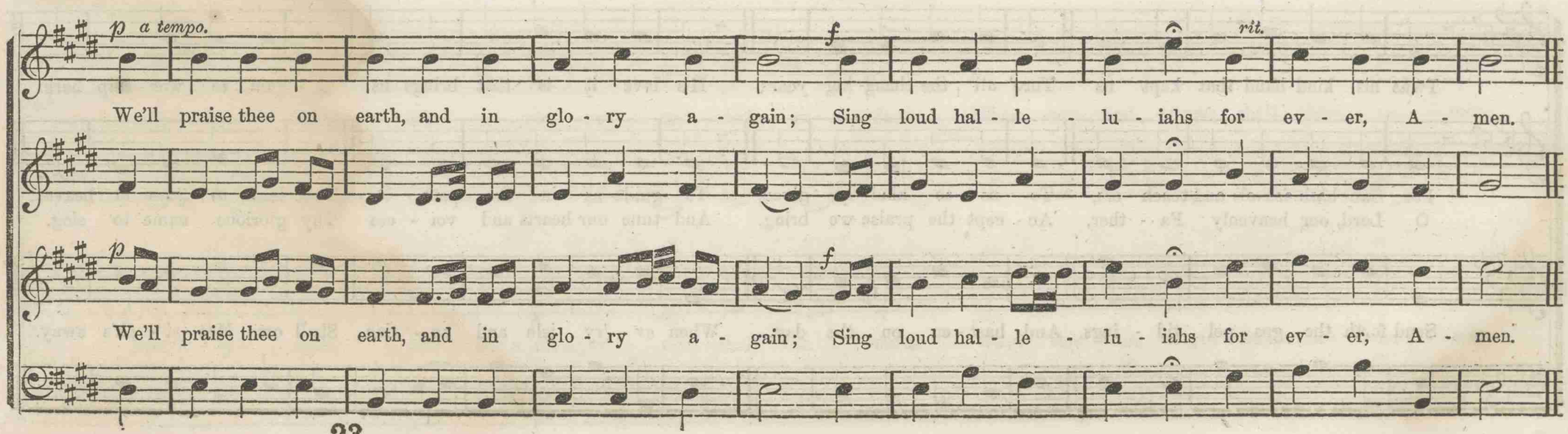
Christ the God of grace; Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to Christ, to Christ, the God of grace, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na. Hal - le -

Christ the God of grace; Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to Christ, to Christ, the God of grace, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na. Hal - le -

Lento.
Vivace.
lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, To Christ, the God of grace. Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah,
lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, To Christ, the God of grace. Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah,
p
hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah,
p
f
p
hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah,

Hosanna to Christ. Concluded.

Boundless Empire.

FOR MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

p
rit.
We'll praise thee on earth, and in glo - ry a - gain; Sing loud hal - le - lu - iahs for ev - er, A - men.
p
f
We'll praise thee on earth, and in glo - ry a - gain; Sing loud hal - le - lu - iahs for ev - er, A - men.


p a tempo.
f
rit.
We'll praise thee on earth, and in glo - ry a - gain; Sing loud hal - le - lu - iahs for ev - er, A - men.
p
f
We'll praise thee on earth, and in glo - ry a - gain; Sing loud hal - le - lu - iahs for ev - er, A - men.

340

Pleasant Pathways.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Cheerfully.

1. We meet a - gain in glad - ness, And thank-ful voi - ces raise; To God, our heavenly Fa - ther, We'll tune our grate- ful praise:

2. We'll thank him for the Sab - bath, This day of ho - ly rest; And for the bless- ed Bi - ble, The book that we love best—

3. We'll thank him for our coun - try, The land our fa - thers trod— For lib - er - ty of conscience, And right to wor - ship God.

4. Soon may thy gra - cious scep - ter Ex - tend to ev - 'ry land, And all as will - ing sub - jects Sub - mit to thy com- mand.

Twas his kind hand that kept us Thro' all the chang- ing year; His love it is that brings us A - gain to wor - ship here.

For Sab- bath schools and teach - ers, To us so kind - ly given, To guide us in the path - way That leads to joys in heaven.
O Lord, our heavenly Fa - ther, Ac - cept the praise we bring, And tune our hearts and voi - ces Thy glorious name to sing.

Send forth the gos - pel tid - ings, And hast - en on the day When ev - 'ry isle and na - tion Shall own Mes - si - ah's sway.

Give to our God Immortal Praise.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

mf

1. Give to our God im - mor - tal praise, Mer - cy and truth are all his ways;
   Wonders of grace to God be - long, Re - peat his mer - cies in your song;
   Give to the Lord of lords re - nown; The King of kings with

2. He sent his Son with power to save From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
   Wonders of grace to God be - long, Re - peat his mer - cies in your song;
   Thro' this vain world he guides our feet, He leads us to his

f

glo - ry crown; His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.

heav'n - ly seat; His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure, When this vain world shall be no more.

rit.

342

Heavenly Father, Grant Thy Blessing.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

CLOSING HYMN.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, grant thy blessing On th' in-structions of this day; That our hearts, thy fear pos - sess- ing, May from sin be turn'd a - way.

2. We have learn'd that Christ, the Saviour, Lived to teach us what is good; Died to gain for us thy fa - vor, And re - deem us by his blood.

We have wander'd; O for - give us! We have wish'd from truth to rove: Turn, O turn us, and re - ceive us, And in - cline our hearts to love.

For his sake, O Lord, for - give us, Guide us to that hap - py home Where the Sav-iour will re - ceive us, And where sin can nev - er come.

I was Glad when They Said unto Me.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH
BY KARL REDEN.

FOR COMMENCING SERVICE.

Cheerfully.

mf

I was glad when they said, when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. I was glad when they said, when they said unto me, Let us

I was glad when they said, when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. I was glad when they said, when they said unto me, Let us

go in - to the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand with-in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem. Our feet shall stand with - in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

rit.

3

go in - to the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand with-in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem. Our feet shall stand with - in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

344

Let all the Lands with Shouts of Joy.

DR. GREENE.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Spiritedly.

Let all the lands, let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise, To God their

To God their

Let all the lands, let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise, To God, to God their voi-

their

voi - ces raise, Sing psalms in hon - or of his Name, Sing psalms in hon - or of his Name,

voi . ces raise, And spread his

- - - ces raise, Sing psalms in hon - or of his Name, Sing psalms in hon - or of his Name,

voi - ces raise,

mf *f*

And spread his glo - - rious, glo - - - - - - - - rious praise, his glo - - - - rious, his glo - rious praise.

glo - - - rious, glo - - - rious praise, his glo - rious praise, his glo - rious, his glo - rious, his glo - rious praise.

mf *f*

And spread his glo - - rious, glo - - - - rious praise, his glo - rious, his glo - rious, his glo - rious praise.

And spread his glo - rious, glo - rious praise, his glo - - - - rious, his glo - rious praise.

The Lord Descended from Above.

DR. P. HAYES.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

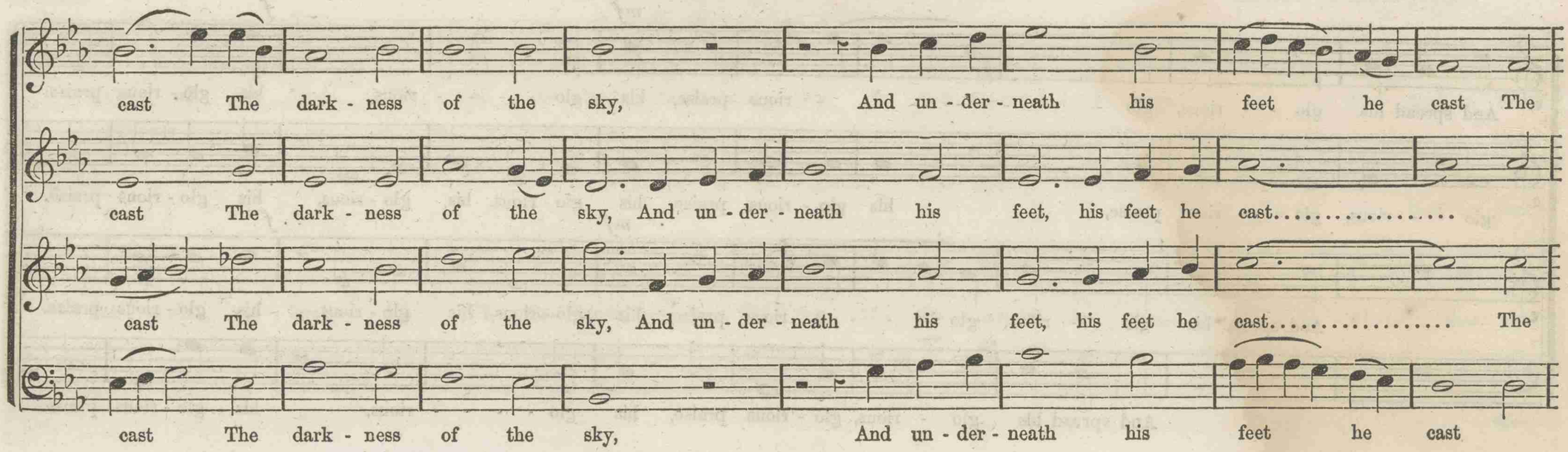
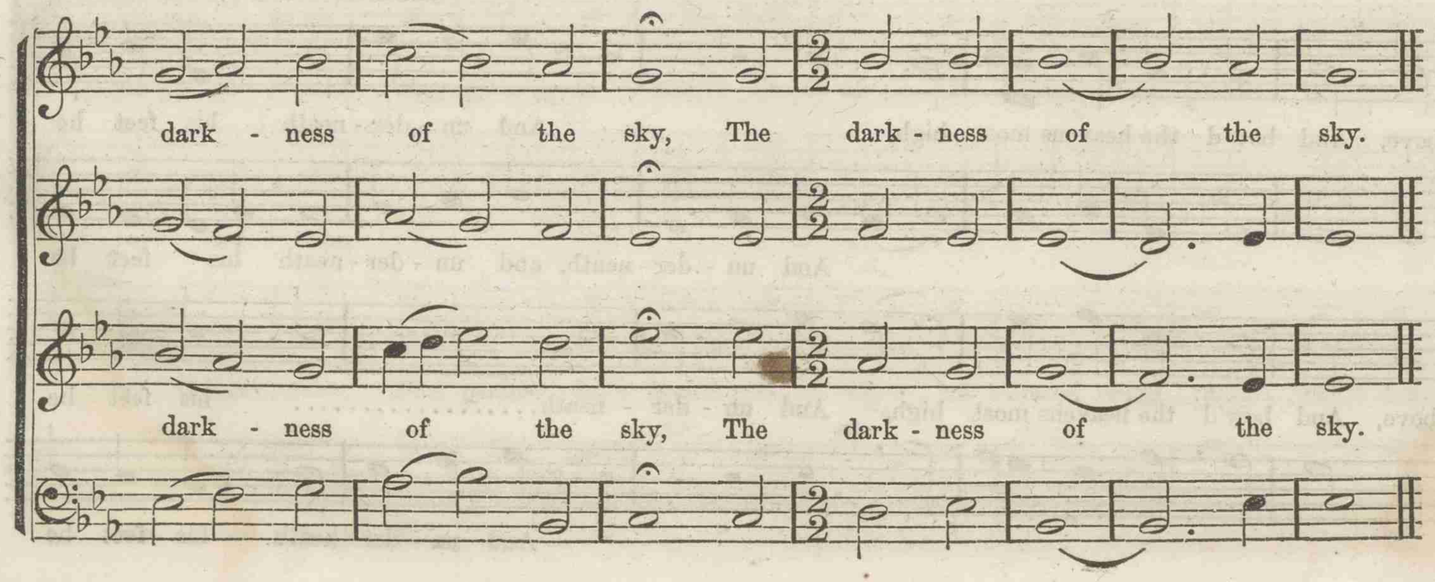
With Animation.

1. The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heavens most high, And un - der - neath his feet he

And un - der - neath, and un - der - neath his feet he

1. The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heavens most high, And un - der - neath..... his feet he

And un - der - neath his feet he

The Lord Descended from Above. Concluded.

2. On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad;
And on the wings, &c.

3. For who is God, except the Lord?
For other there is none,
Or else who is omnipotent,
Saving our God alone;
Or else who is, &c.

The Long Good Night.

DR. LOWELL MASON, *By permission.*

1. I jour - ney forth re - joic - ing, From this dark vale of tears, To heaven-ly joy and free - dom, From earth-ly bonds and fears:

2. I go to see this glo - ry, Whom we have loved be - low; I go, the bless - ed an - gels, The ho - ly saints to know;

3. Why thus so sad - ly weep - ing, Be - lov'd ones of my heart? The Lord is good and gra - cious, Though now he bids us part.

4. I hear the Sav - iour call - ing—The joy - ful hour is come; The an - gel guards are read - y To guide me to my home,

Where Christ our Lord shall gath - er All his re-deem'd a - gain, His king - dom to in - her - it,—Good night, till then!

Our love - ly ones de - part - ed I go to find a - gain, And wait for you to join us,—Good night, till then!
Oft have we met in glad - ness, And we shall meet a - gain, All sor - row left be - hind us,—Good night, till then!

Where Christ our Lord shall gath - er All his re-deem'd a - gain, His king - dom to in - her - it,—Good night, till then

348

Great God of Nations.

C. C. Converse.

With Animation.

FOR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARIES.

mf

1. Great God of na-tions, now to thee Our hymn of grat-i-tude we raise; With humble heart, and bending knee, We of-fer thee our song of praise.

2. Here freedom spreads her banner wide, And casts her soft and hal-low'd ray; Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide In safe-ty through their dang'rous way.

3. We praise thee that the gos-pel's light Through all our land its ra-diance sheds; Dispels the shades of er-ror's night, And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

mf

4. Great God, preserve us in thy fear; In dan-ger still our guard-ian be; O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here; Let all the peo-ple wor-ship thee.

CHORUS.

f

Thy name we bless, al-might-y God, For all the kind-ness thou hast shown To this fair land the pil-grims trod,—

f

Thy name we bless, al-might-y God, For all the kind-ness thou hast shown To this fair land the pil-grims trod,—

This land we fond - ly call our own; To this fair land the pil - grims trod,— This land we fond - ly call our own.

This land we fond - ly call our own; To this fair land the pil - grims trod,— This land we fond - ly call our own.

Royal Proclamation.

E. C. Revons.

Moderato. *mf*

CHORUS. *f*

1. Hear the royal proclamation, | The glad tidings of salvation; | Published now to every creature, | To the ruined sons of nature: { Lo! he reigns, he reigns vic-to-ri-ous; O - ver heaven and earth, most glorious, } Je - sus reigns.

mf *f*

2. See the royal banner flying, | Hear the heralds loudly crying, | "Rebel sinners, royal favor | Now is offered by the Saviour." { Lo! he reigns, he reigns vic-to- ri- ous; O - ver heaven and earth most glorious, } Je - sus reigns.

350

Jesus Comes to Reign.

C. O. Rovers.

With Animation.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

1. Come, and sing with joy and glad - ness; El - e-vate your hearts in praise; Come, dis-miss all gloom and sad - ness; High your songs exult - ing raise.
2. With the an - gel choirs u - nit - ing, Sing of Je - sus' wondrous love; 'Tis a sub-ject so de - light - ing, Thrill-ing all the harps a - bove.
3. Glo - ry! hear the an-gels cry - ing, Glo - ry to the Saviour's name! Shall not children, with them vie - ing, Here, on earth, his praise proclaim?
4. Yes! it was the Saviour's pleas - ure That they should not hold their peace; And his blessings, without meas - ure, He bestow'd on such as these.
5. Then to heav-en high as - cend - ing Shall our anthems quickly rise; With an - gel - ic voi - ces blend - ing Far a - bove yon a - zure skies.

CHORUS.

Come, and sweet-ly tune your voi - ces; Raise them to a loft - y strain; Sing aloud, while heaven rejoic - es; Shout! for Je - sus comes to reign.

Come, and sweet-ly tune your voi - ces; Raise them to a loft - y strain; Sing aloud, while heaven rejoic - es; Shout! for Je - sus comes to reign.

Come, and sweet-ly tune your voi - ces; Raise them to a loft - y strain; Sing aloud, while heaven rejoic - es; Shout! for Je - sus comes to reign.

Revelation.

Moderato.

DR. MILLER.

1. Hear what the voice from heaven pro - claims For all the pi - ous dead, For all the pi - ous dead;

2. They die in Je - sus and are bless'd, How kind their slum - bers are! How kind their slum - bers are!

3. Far from this world of toil and strife, They're pres - ent with the Lord! They're pres - ent with the Lord!

Sweet is the sa - vor of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed, And soft, And soft, And soft their sleep - ing bed.

From suff'rings and from sin re - leased, And freed from ev - 'ry care, And freed, And freed, And freed from ev - 'ry care.

The la - bors of their mor - tal life End in a large re - ward, End in, End in, End in a large re - ward.

352

Come, Praise the Lord.

Dr. CROTCH.
Arranged by KARL REDEN.

With Animation.

Come, praise the Lord, come praise him, Come, praise the Lord, come praise him, with - in his ho - ly seat, ho - ly seat.

Come, praise the Lord, come praise him, Come, praise the Lord, come praise him, with - in his seat, ho - ly seat.

Come, praise the Lord, come praise him, Come, praise the Lord, come praise him, with - in his ho - ly seat, ho - ly seat.

with - in his seat, ho - ly seat.

In all, all his glo - ries praise ..... him, and his great acts re - peat, his great

In all, all his glo - ries praise him, his acts re - peat,

In all, all his glo - - ries praise him, and his great acts re - peat,

In all, all his glo-ries praise ..... him, and his great acts re - peat,

Come, Praise the Lord. Concluded.

acts, his great acts, praise him, praise, ... him, his great acts re - peat.

his great acts, his great acts, re - peat, his great acts re - peat.

his great acts, In his glo - - ries praise ..... him, his great acts re - peat.

his great acts, his great acts, In his glo - - ries praise him, his great acts re - peat.

Silver Stream.

Gently.

ARRANGED BY GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. { Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy sil - ver stream, / Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam; } And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2. { How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! / How hard was his pil-low, how hum-ble his bed! } The an-gels, as - tonish'd, grew sad at the sight, And follow'd their Master with solemn de - light.

354

Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

TO BE SUNG AT THE BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. See, Is - rael's gen - tle Shep-herd stands With all en - gag - ing 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, in thank-ful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joy - ful that we our - selves are thine, Thine let our offspring be.

CHORUS.

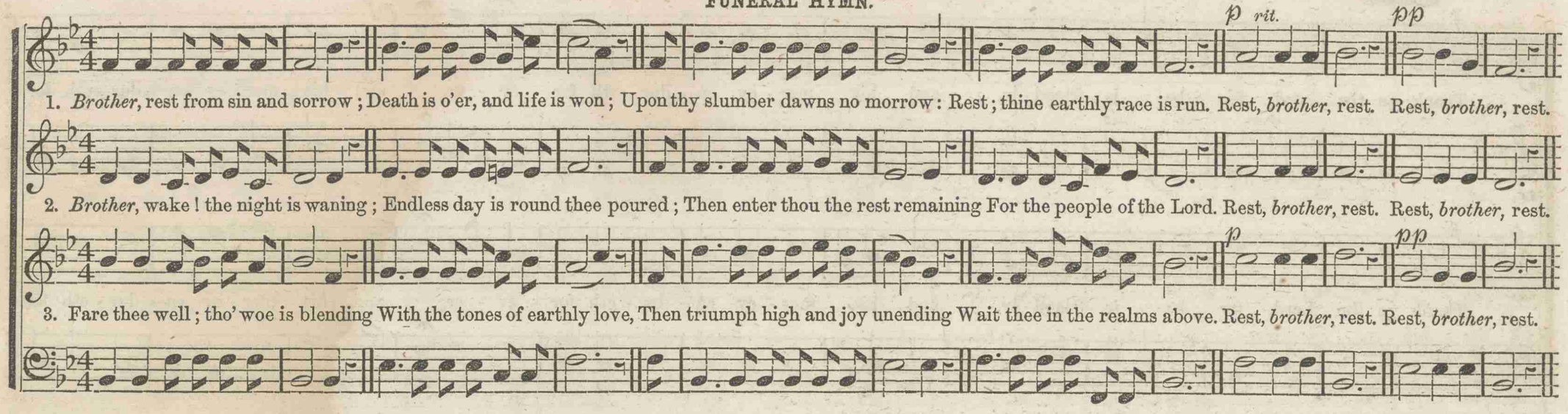
Hal - le - lu - iah to the Lamb that died on Mount Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - iah to the Lamb that died on Mount Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - iah to the Lamb that died on Mount Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, A - men.

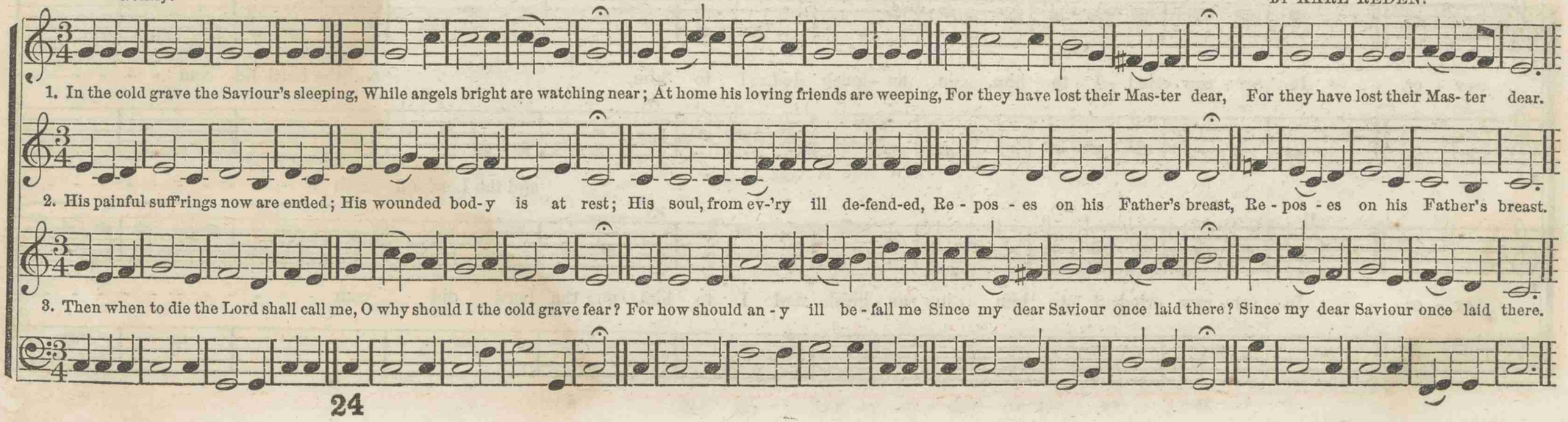
Brother, Rest.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Moderato.

Jesus in the Sepulchre.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

Gently.



356

His Mercy Endureth Forever.

Arranged from the German
by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

f

Thank ye the Lord, for he is friend-ly, and his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er, and his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-

f

Thank ye the Lord, for he is friend-ly, and his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er, and his mer-cy en-dur-eth for-

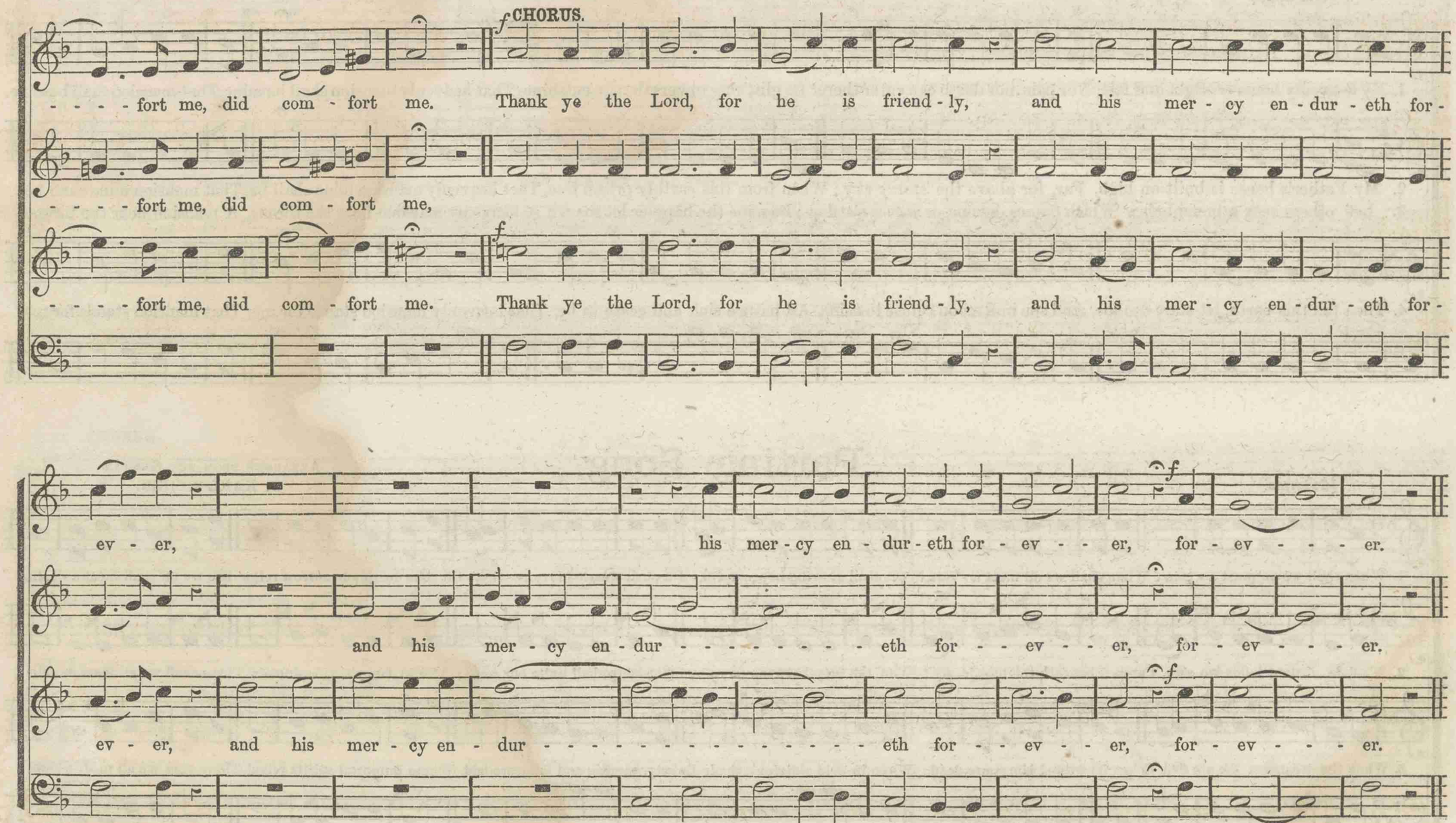
mf

p TRIO.

ev-er. In sor-row cried I to him, in an-guish fled I to him, and the Lord did com-

and the Lord did com-

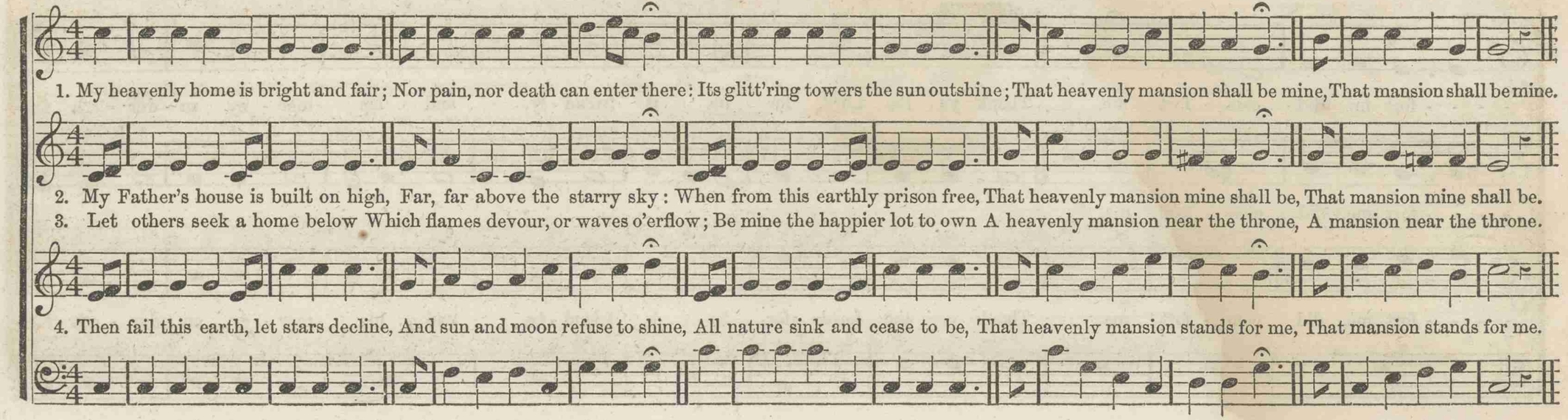
p

ev-er. In sor-row cried I to him, in an-guish fled I to him, and the Lord did com-

f CHORUS.
- - - - fort me, did com - fort me. Thank ye the Lord, for he is friend - ly, and his mer - cy en - dur - eth for -
- - - - fort me, did com - fort me,
f
- - - - fort me, did com - fort me. Thank ye the Lord, for he is friend - ly, and his mer - cy en - dur - eth for -
ev - er, his mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - - er, for - ev - - - - er.
and his mer - cy en - dur - - - - - - - - - eth for - - ev - - er, for - ev - - - - er.
ev - er, and his mer - cy en - dur - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - eth for - - ev - - er, for - ev - - - - er.
and his mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - - er.

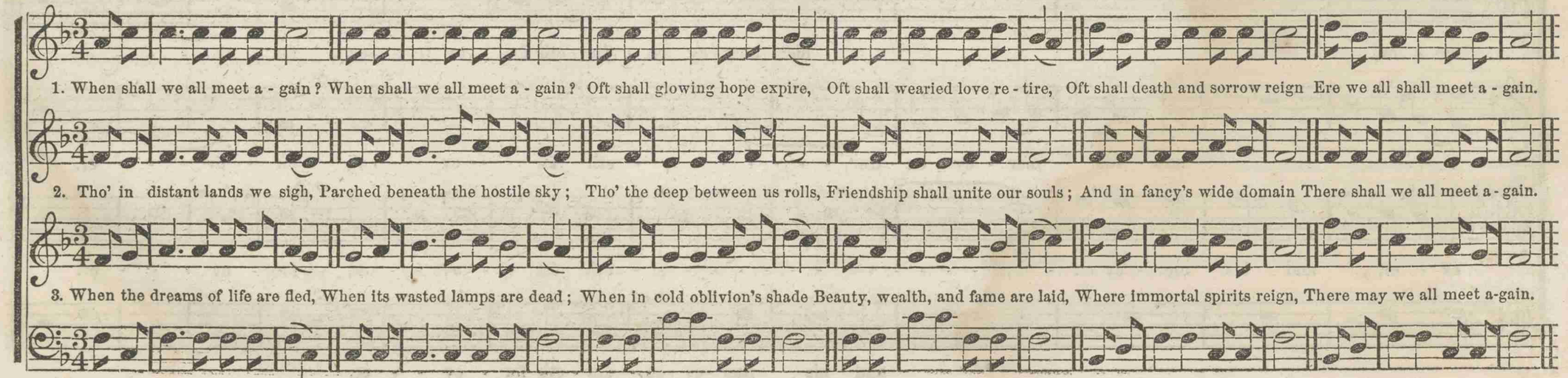
358

My Heavenly Home.

Karl Reden.

With Spirit.

Parting Song.

Arranged from the German by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Going Home.

S. J. Vaadenaugh. 359

Moderato.

1. Let world-ly minds the world pur - sue, It has no charms for me: Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.

2. Its pleasures can no lon - ger please, Nor hap - pi - ness af - ford; Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.

3. As by the light of op - 'ning day The stars are all con - cealed, So earth-ly pleas-ures fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - veal'd.

Creatures no more di - vide my choice; I bid them all de - part; His name, his love, his gra - cious voice, Have fix'd my rov - ing heart.

CHORUS.

Go - ing home, Go - ing home to dwell where Je - sus is; Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home to die no more.

Go - ing home, Go - ing home to dwell where Je - sus is; Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home to die no more.

Go - ing home, Go - ing home to dwell where Je - sus is; Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home to die no more.

360

Bring Hither the Timbrel.

With Animation.

Arranged from the German
by KARL REDEN.

f *mf*

1. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Sing prais - es un - to the Lord, the God of Ja - cob, Sing prais - es un - to the Lord, the God of Ja - cob; Make a

2. Sing a - loud! sing a - loud! Take ye a psalm and bring hith-er the tim - brel, Take ye a psalm and bring hith - er the tim-brel; Sing

3. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! O sing ye a - loud un-to the Lord, our God, O sing ye a - loud un-to the Lord, our God; Blow

mf *f* *rit.*

joy - ful noise un - to our God, Make a joy - ful noise un - to our God; O praise ye the Lord! O praise the Lord!

prais - es un - to the Lord, our God; Bring hither the timbrel, the psalt'ry and harp; O praise ye the Lord! O praise the Lord!

up the trum - pet in the new moon, The trum - pet in the new..... moon; O praise ye the Lord! O praise the Lord!

Mary's Tears.

Karl Reden. 361

Gently.

1. And why is Ma - ry full of fears? Her eye—why so bedimmed with tears? Ah, why is Ma - ry full of fears While gaz - ing on that grave?
2. "Why weepest thou?" the Sav - iour cries; "I've lost my Lord," she quick re-plies, "I've lost my Lord," she quick re-plies, She thinks not it is he.
3. And is he not for - ev - er near, Al-though his voice we can - not hear, Al-though his voice we can - not hear, Nor see his glo - rious face?
4. The day shall come when, in the skies, We shall be - hold *Him* with our eyes, We shall be - hold *Him* with our eyes, Will know as we are known;

She can - not find the *bod - y* there Of One who lives, who's standing near, Of One who lives, who's standing near, Whose arm from death can save.

He speaks a - gain; his voice she knows, And now her heart with joy o'erflows, And now her heart with joy o'erflows, Her dear - est Lord she sees.
Yes, o - ver us his wings are spread, And bless-ings still are gen - tly shed And bless-ings still are gen - tly shed, For he fills ev - 'ry place.

But while we wait for that glad day, We'll wipe our bit - ter tears a - way, We'll wipe our bit - ter tears a - way, Since we are not a - lone.

362

Nature's Loud Acclaim.

E. C. Revans.

With Animation.

f *p* *f*

1. There seems a voice in ev - 'ry gale, A tongue in ev - 'ry flower, Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale Of thy al-might - y power;

f *p* *f*

2. Shall I be mute, great God, a - lone 'Midst na - ture's loud ac - claim? Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone, Breathe forth thy ho - ly name?

mf *f*

The birds, that rise on quiv-'ring wing, Proclaim, proclaim their Maker's praise, And all the mingling sounds of spring To thee, to thee an an - them raise.

All na-ture's debt is small to mine, Na - ture shall cease, shall cease to be; Thou gav - est—proof of love di - vine—Im - mor - tal life to me, to me.

If you wish to go to Heaven.

FOR YOUTH.

Moderato.

1. If you wish to go to heav - en, And are anxious to be good; If you long for heavenly wis - dom, As the hun-gry long for food;

2. There is nothing you can tell him That he will not un - der - stand; He will lead you as a moth - er Leads her in-fant by the hand;

3. If your precious soul shall per - ish You will have yourself to blame; For the Lord will gladly save you If you call up - on his name.

You should tell your heavenly Fa - ther, You should ask him to im - part Such a blessing from his Spir - it As will sanc - ti - fy your heart.

With the Bi - ble laid be - fore you, And his Spir - it for your guide, You may learn to know and love him Thro' the Lord, the Cru - ci - fied.

He has charged us all to fol - low In the footsteps which he trod; That, by looking at the Sav - iour, We may learn the mind of God.

364

Call Jehovah Thy Salvation.

Arranged from Haydn by Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest beneath, rest be-neath th'Al-mighty's shade, rest, rest beneath th'Almighty's shade;

2. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread, thou shalt dread no hid - den snare, shalt dread, shalt dread no hidden snare;

3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God, thou on God hast set thy love, thou, thou on God hast set thy love,

In his se - cret hab - it - a - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dis - may'd, nor ev - er, ev - er be dis - may'd.

Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe - guard there, e - ter - nal safe - guard, safe - guard there.

With the wings of his pro - tec - tion, He will shield thee from a - bove, will shield thee, shield thee from a - bove

Life's Voyage.

FOR CHILDREN.

Moderato.

1. Fa - ther, in thy sa - cred dwell-ing, Now we lift the voice in prayer; While our gen - tle hearts are swelling, Lend, O lend a gra - cious ear!

2. Should the dis - tant shad-ows, ris - ing, Vail in clouds our ver - nal sky, May we, on thy arm re - clin - ing, Feel se - cure when dan-ger's nigh.

View us on life's troub-led wa - ters Rude - ly toss'd by ev - 'ry tide; Guide us, youth-ful sons and daughters, O'er the bil - lows far and wide.

Keep us, by thy Spir - it giv - en, Till the voyage of life is past; Safe - ly to the port of heav - en Bring our wea - ry souls at last.

366

Great and Marvelous are Thy Works.

R. A. SMITH.
ARRANGED BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

mf *p* *f*

Great and mar - vel- ous are thy works, Lord God Al - might - y; Great and mar - vel - ous, Great and mar - vel - ous, Great and mar - vel - ous

mf *p* *f*

Great and mar - vel- ous are thy works, Lord God Al - might - y; Great and mar - vel - ous, Great and mar - vel - ous, Great and mar - vel - ous

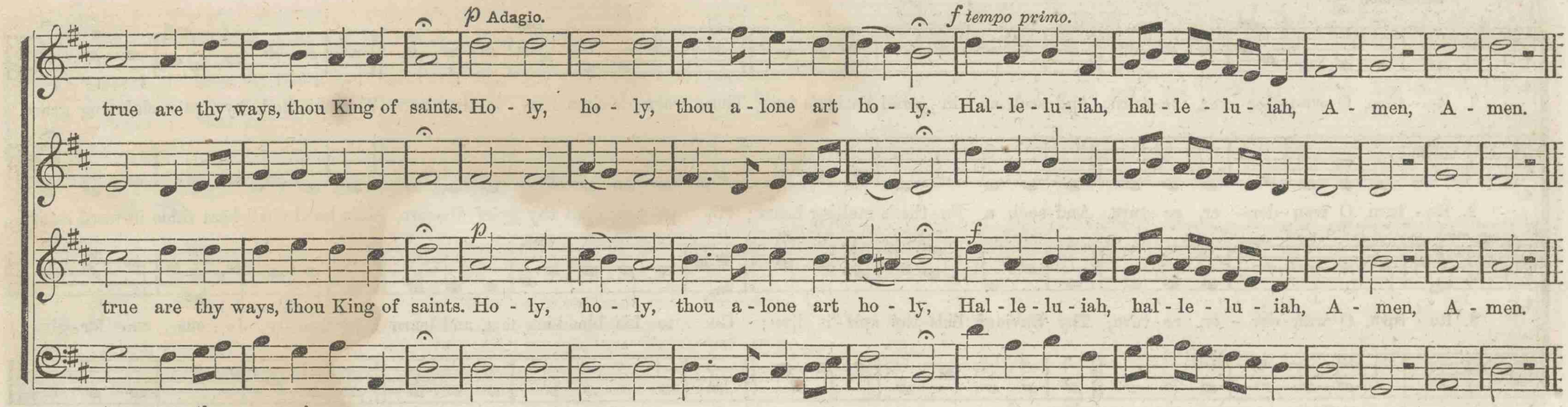
p *f*

are thy works; Just and true, Just and true, Just and

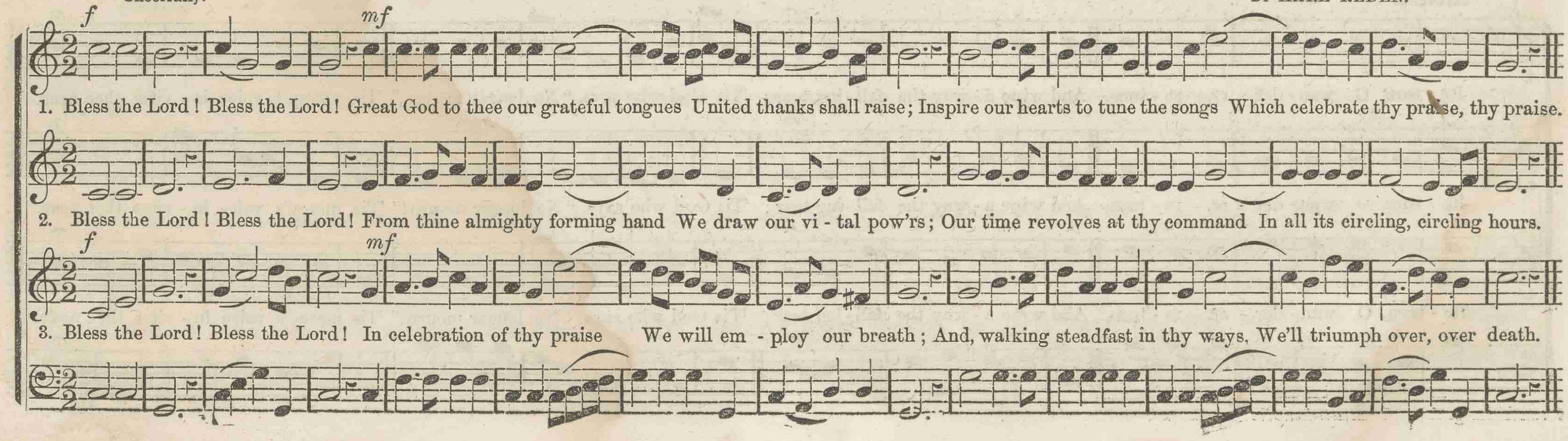
p *f*

are thy works; Just and true, Just and true, Just and

Just and true are all thy ways, thou King, thou King of saints; True are all thy ways, thou King of saints, Just and



Bless the Lord.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN BY KARL REDEN.

368

Mercy's Voice.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Father's face; Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re - claim-ing grace.

2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melting heart; His pit-ying eyes thy grief dis-cern, His hand shall heal thine in-ward smart.

3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Saviour bids thy spir - it live; Go to his bleed-ing feet, and learn How free - ly Je - sus can for - give.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near.

Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near.

Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near.

Fount of Blessing.

DR. LOWELL MASON. *By permission.*

FINE. *D. C*

1. Fount of bless-ing, Now in part - ing, O, re - fresh each faint - ing soul!
   Liv - ing wa - ters Free - ly give us, Wells with - in of bless - ing full, Flow-ing o'er with joy su - per - nal, Springing up to life e - ter - nal!
D. C. Fount of bless-ing, Now in part - ing, O, re - fresh each faint - ing soul!

2. Bless-ed Saviour Keep us ev - er Thro' the night, and thro' the day;
   Let us nev - er From thee sev - er, Be our guardian, guide and stay. Thro' the night do thou pro - tect us, All the day do thou di - rect us;
D. C. Lord, in mer - cy Keep us safe - ly, All in thine ap - point - ed way.

Elfwood.

FROM PALESTRINA.

Moderato.

1. Just as I am— with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am— and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am— thy love un - known Has bro-ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

The Captivity of Zion.

G. G. Converse.

Larghetto.

ORGAN. *pp* *pf* *rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

Ped. *senza Ped*

cres. *p* *p*

Ped. *senza Ped.*

TENOR SOLO. TUTTI.*

p *dim.* *mf*

When the Lord turned a-gain the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi-on, we were like them that dream, like them that dream. When the

mf

When the Lord turned a-

mf

When the Lord turned a-

p *dim.* *mf*

Ped.

* This may be sung as a Quartet or Semi-Chorus.

Lord turned a-gain the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - - - - on. When the Lord turn - ed a - gain, the

gain, the cap - tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, we were like them that dream, like them that dream. When the Lord turn - ed a -

gain, the cap - tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, we were like them that dream, like them that dream. When the

When the Lord turned a-gain the cap - tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of

Lord, the Lord turned a-gain,..... When the Lord turn - ed a - gain the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of

gain, turned again, turn - ed a - gain, a - - - gain, a - gain..... the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of

Lord turn - ed a - gain the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, the cap-tiv-i-ty of Zi - on, of Zi - - - - -

Zi - - - - - on, of Zi - - - - - on, of Zi - - - - on, of Zi - - - - -

senza Ped.

The Captivity of Zion. Continued.

Zi - on, we were like them that dream, like them that dream; we were like them that dream, that dream,..... that

Zi - on, we were like them that dream, we were like them that dream, like them that dream, that dream,..... that

- - - on, we were like them that dream, like them that dream; we were like them that dream, that dream,..... that

on, When the Lord turn-ed a - gain the cap - tiv - i - ty of Zi - on, of Zi - on, we were like them that dream,..... that

dream.....

dream.....

dream.....

dream.....

poco a poco piu moto e cres.

Allegro Moderato.

Then was our mouth, our mouth filled with

Then was our mouth, our mouth filled with

Then was our mouth, our mouth filled with

Then was our mouth, our mouth filled with

Allegro Moderato.

Ped.

laughter; Then was our mouth filled with laugh - - ter, and our tongue, our tongue with sing - ing, our tongue with

laughter; Then was our mouth filled with laugh - - ter, and our tongue, our tongue with sing - ing, our tongue with

laughter; Then was our mouth filled with laugh - - ter, and our tongue, our tongue with sing - ing, our tongue with

laughter; Then was our mouth filled with laugh - - ter, and our tongue, our tongue with sing - ing, our tongue with

Ped.

The Captivity of Zion. Continued.

sing-ing, our tongue, our tongue with sing-ing, our tongue..... with sing - ing, with sing - ing, our tongue with sing - ing; Then

sing-ing, our tongue, our tongue with sing-ing, with sing - ing, with sing - ing; Then was our mouth, our mouth,..... our

sing-ing, our tongue..... with sing-ing, with sing - ing, with sing - ing; Then was our mouth, our mouth filled with laughter, and our

sing-ing, our tongue..... with sing-ing, our tongue..... with sing - ing, our tongue..... with sing - ing; Then

Ped.

was our mouth, our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue..... with sing - - - ing; Then was our mouth, our

mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with sing - - - - - - - ing, sing - ing, with singing, our mouth with laugh - ter, our tongue, our

tongue..... with sing - - - - ing; Then was our mouth filled with laugh - ter, our mouth,..... our mouth filled with

was our mouth filled with laugh - ter, Then was our mouth filled with laugh - ter, Then was our mouth, our mouth filled with

mouth, our mouth..... filled with laughter; Then was our mouth, our mouth with laughter filled, our tongue with sing - ing, our

tongue with sing - - - ing; Then was our mouth, our mouth, our mouth filled with laugh - - ter, filled with laugh - ter, our

laughter, and our tongue,..... our tongue,..... our tongue with sing-ing, our tongue..... with sing - ing, our

laughter, and our tongue, our tongue with sing-ing, our tongue, our tongue with sing-ing, our tongue, and our tongue with sing - ing, our

ff

tongue with sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing.....

ff

tongue with sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing.....

ff

tongue with sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing.....

ff

tongue with sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing.....

ff

Ped.

Venite, Exultemus Domino.

Karl Reden.

1. O come, let us sing un- - - - | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the..... | strength of | our sal- | vation. 2.
3. For the Lord is a ..... | great — | God, || and a great..... | King a- | bove all | gods. 4.

5. The sea is his, and ..... | he — | made it; || and his hands pre- - - - - - - - - - - | pared the | dry — | land. 6.

7. For he is the..... | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pasture, ... | and the | sheep of his | hand. 8.
10. Glory be to the Father, and ..... | to the | Son, || and ..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 11.

2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves..... | glad in | him with | psalms. 3.
4. In his hand are all the corners . | of the | earth, || and the strength of the ..... | hills is | his — | also. 5.

6. O come, let us worship, ... | and fall | down, || and kneel be - - - - - - - - | fore the | Lord our | Maker. 7.

8. O worship the Lord in the..... | beauty of | holiness; || let the whole earth..... | stand in | awe of | him. 9.
:‖: 9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || and with righteousness to judge the world and the | peo - ple | with his | truth. 10. :‖:
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ..... | ev - - er | shall be, || world ..... | with - out | end. A- | men.

Gloria Patri. No. 1.

1. Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and ..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 2.

2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and... | ev - er | shall be, || world ..... | with - out | end, A - | men.

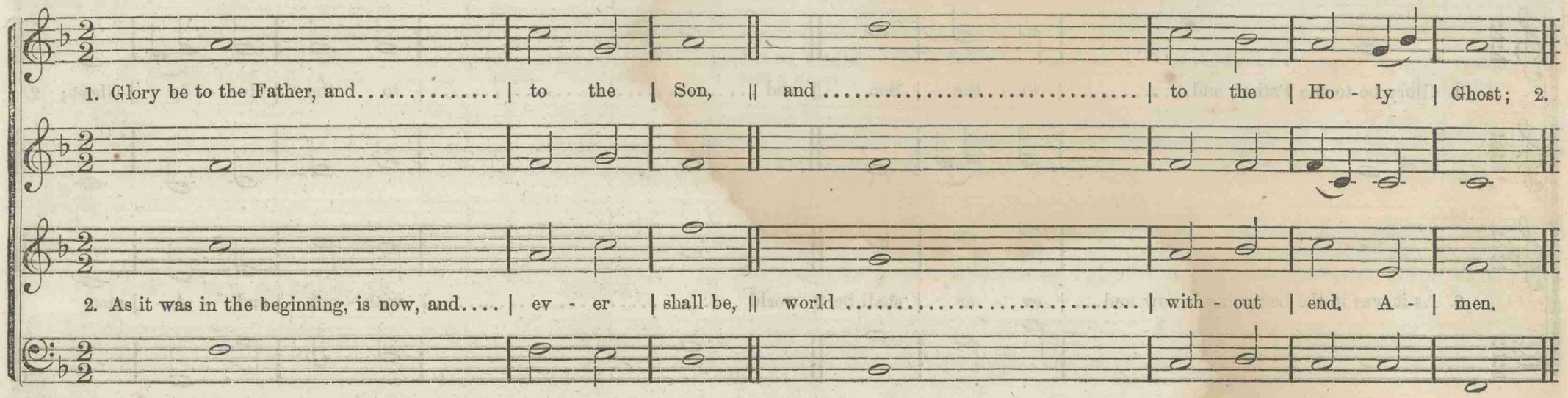
Gloria Patri. No. 2.

DR. CROTCH.

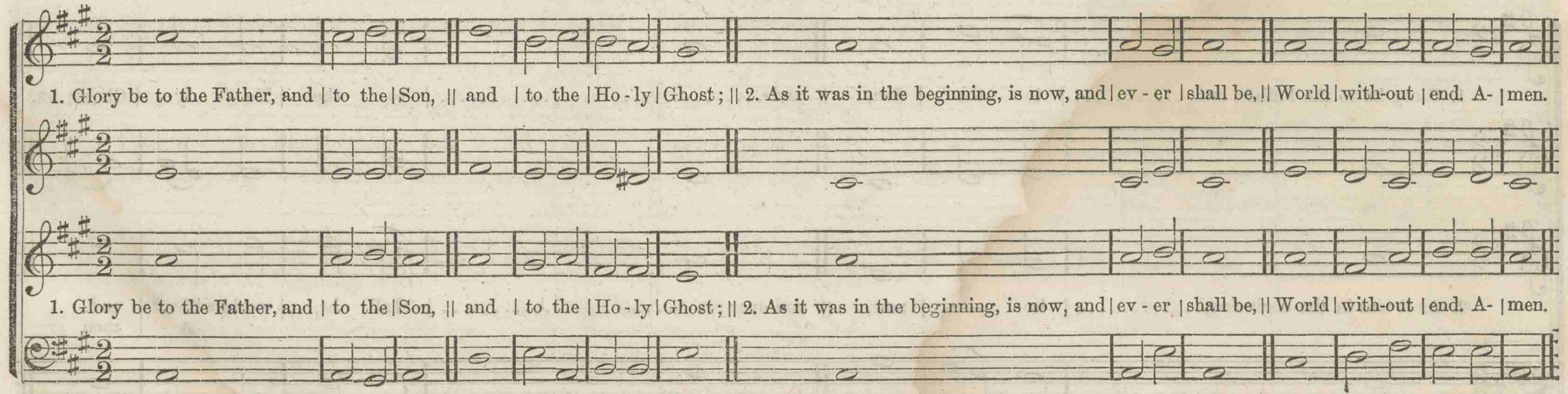
1. Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and ..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 2.

2. As it was in the beginning,..... | is — | now, || and ever..... | shall be, | world without | end.
A - | men.

Gloria Patri. No. 3.

Karl Reden.

Gloria Patri. No. 4.

GREGORIAN.



Gloria Patri. No. 5.

Spiritedly.

f

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to the Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly Ghost;

f

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to the Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin-ning, is

As it

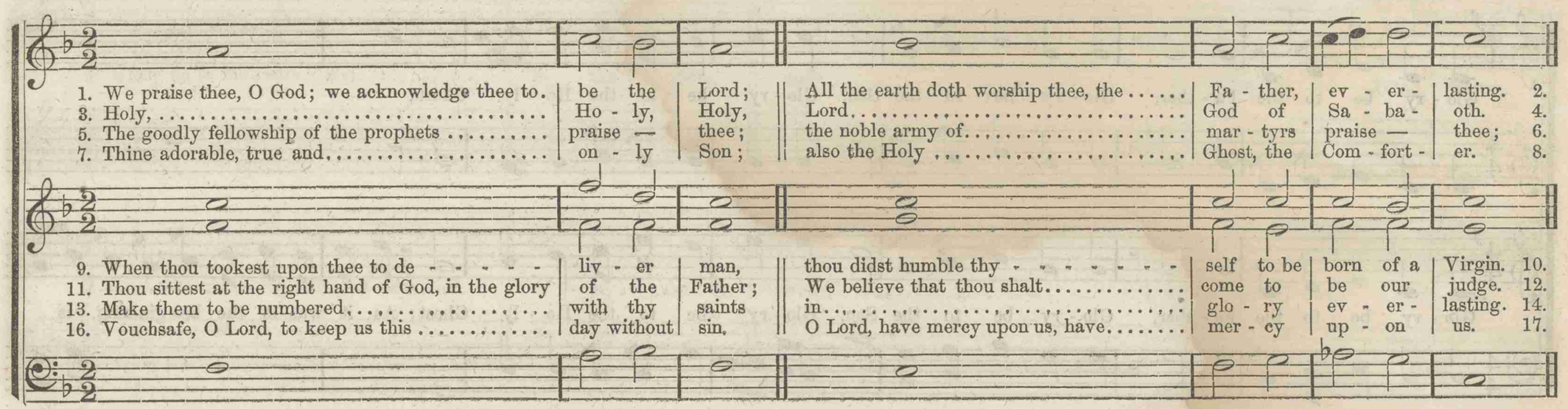
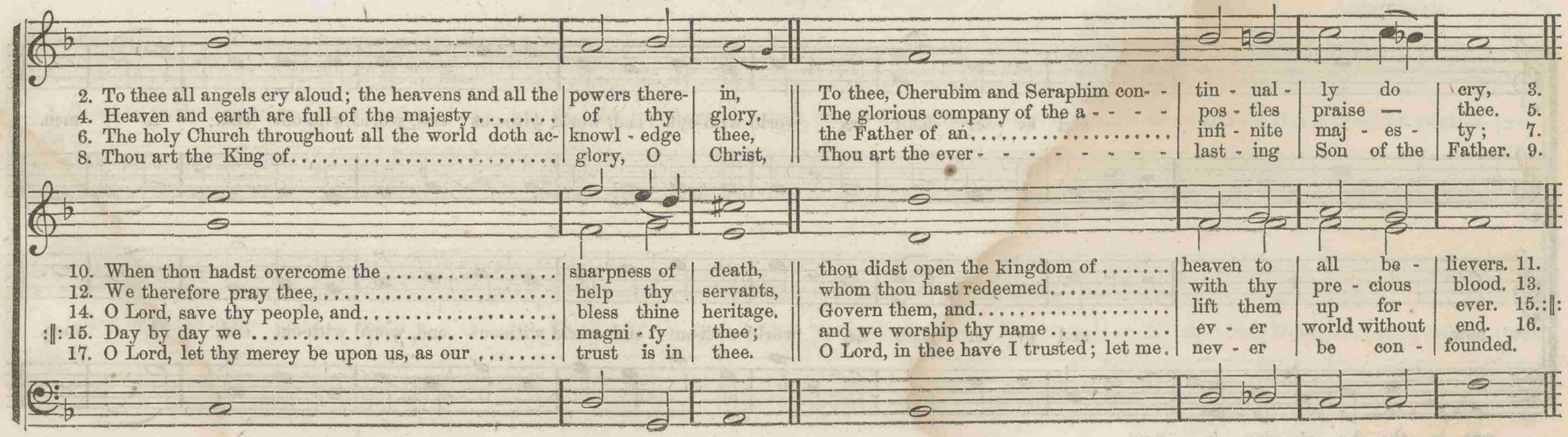
and ev - er shall be, world with-out end, world with-out end, world with-out end. A - men.

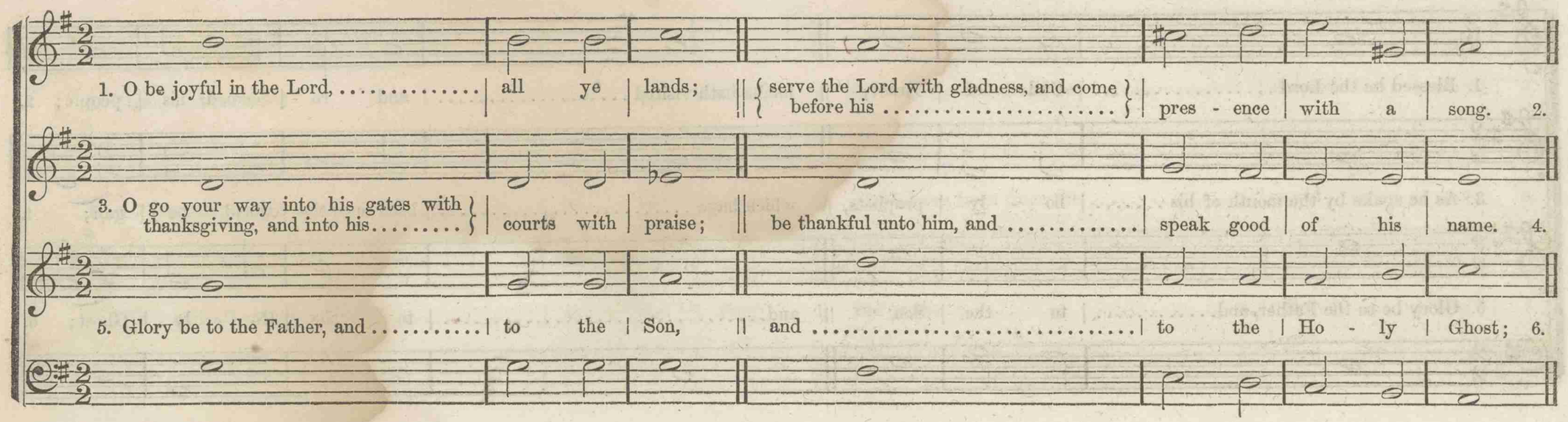
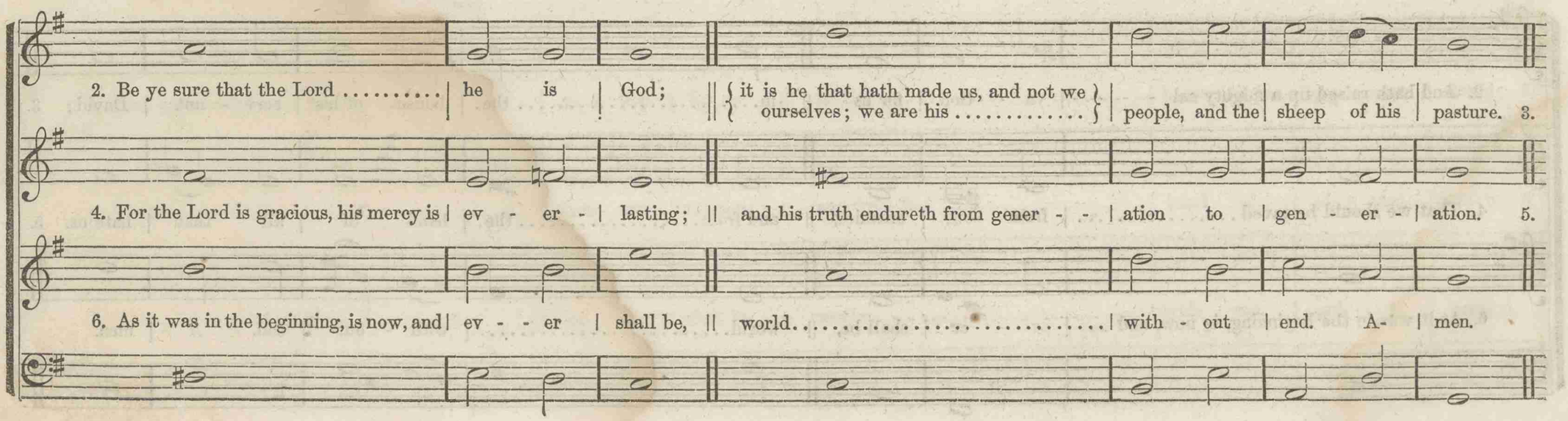
now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end, world with-out end, world with-out end. A - men.

was in the be - gin-ning, is now,

380

Te Deum.

Karl Reden.



Jubilate Deo.



Benedictus. No. 1.

Karl Reden.

1. Blessed be the Lord ..... | God of | Israel; || for he hath visited ..... | and re - | deemed his | people; 2.

3. As he spake by the mouth of his ..... | ho - ly | prophets, || which have ..... | been since the | world be - | gan; 4.

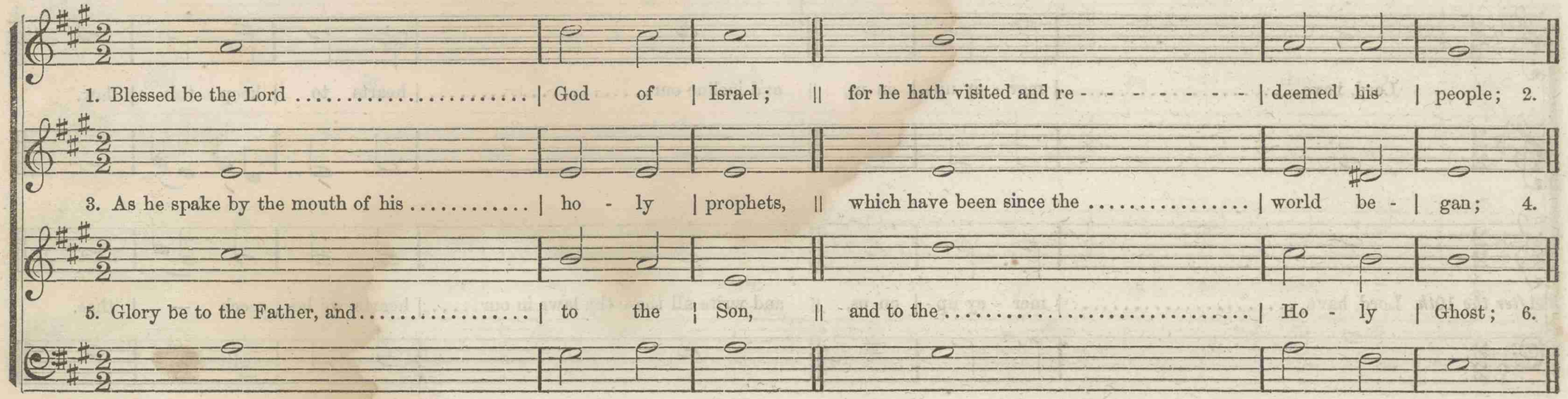
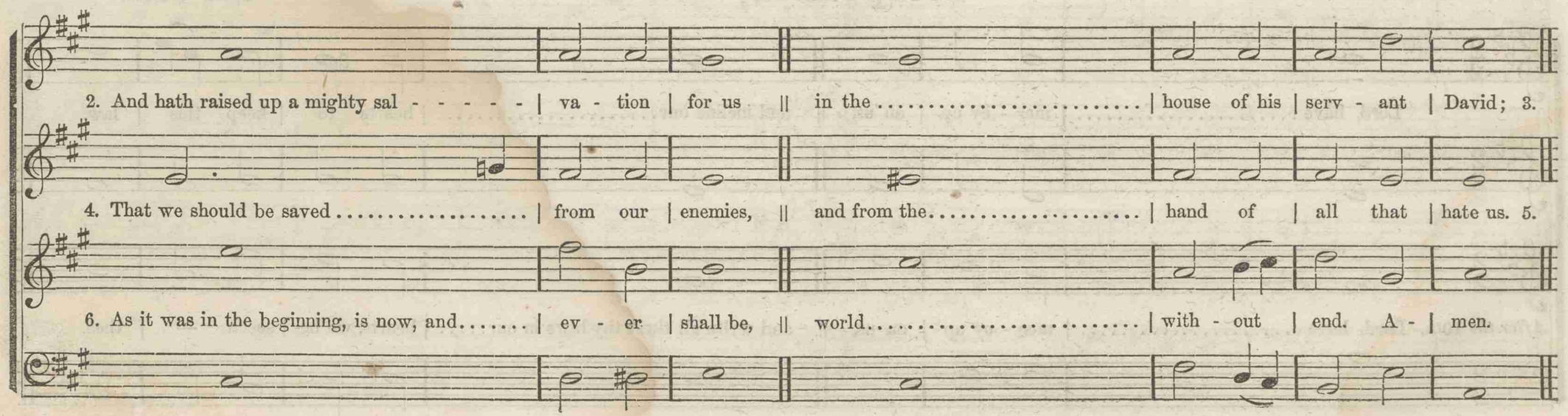
5. Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 6.

2. And hath raised up a mighty sal - - - - | va - tion | for us || in..... the. | house of his | serv - ant | David; 3.

4. That we should be saved ..... | from our | enemies, || and from..... the. | hand of | all that | hate us. 5.

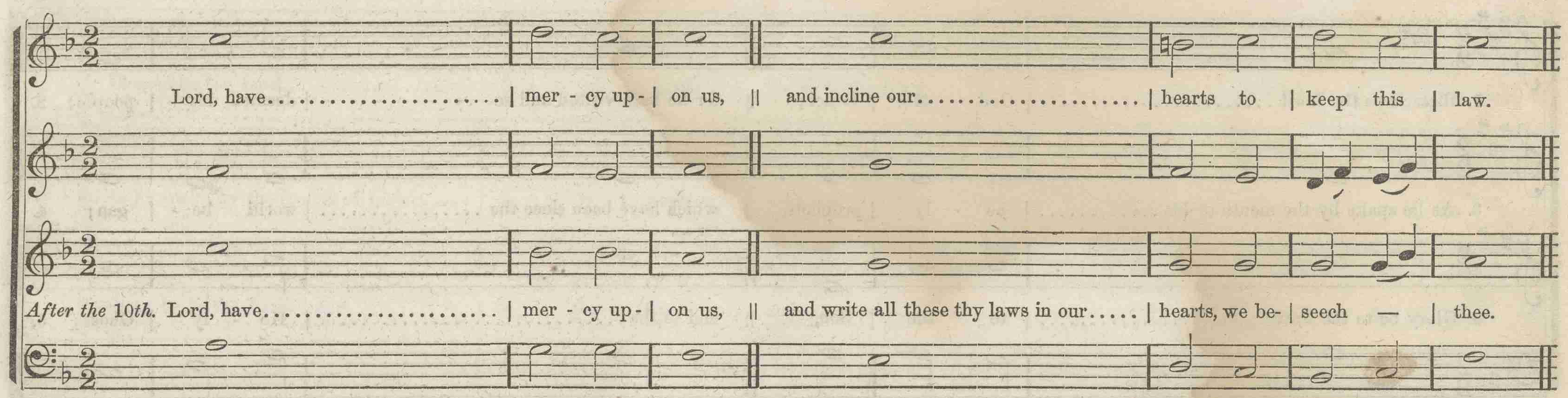
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ... | ev - er | shall be, || world..... | with - out | end. A - | men.

Benedictus. No. 2.



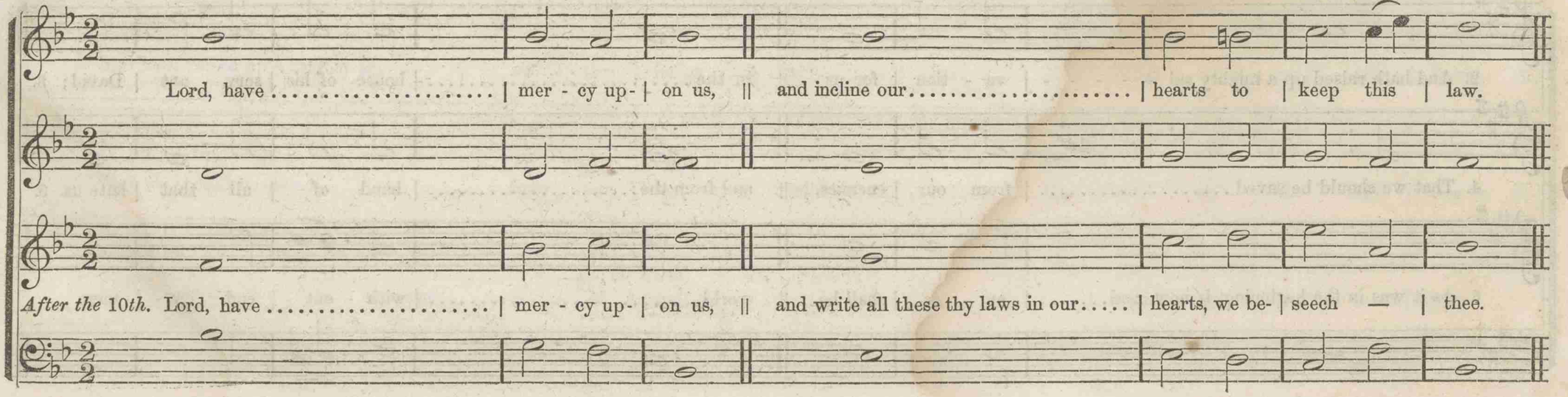
Responses. No. 1.

Karl Reden.

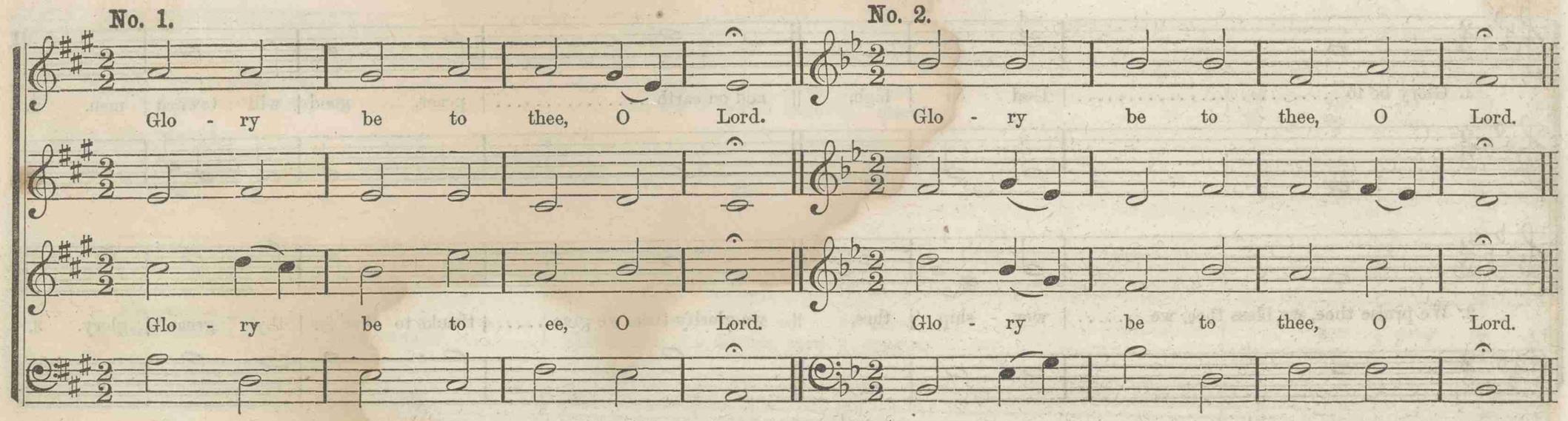


Responses. No. 2.

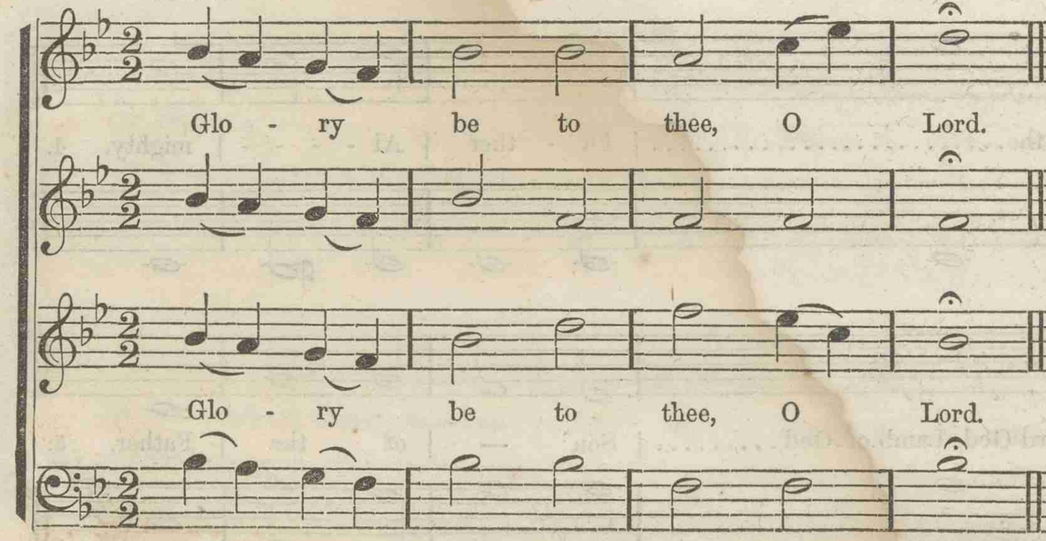
Karl Reden.



Glorias.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.



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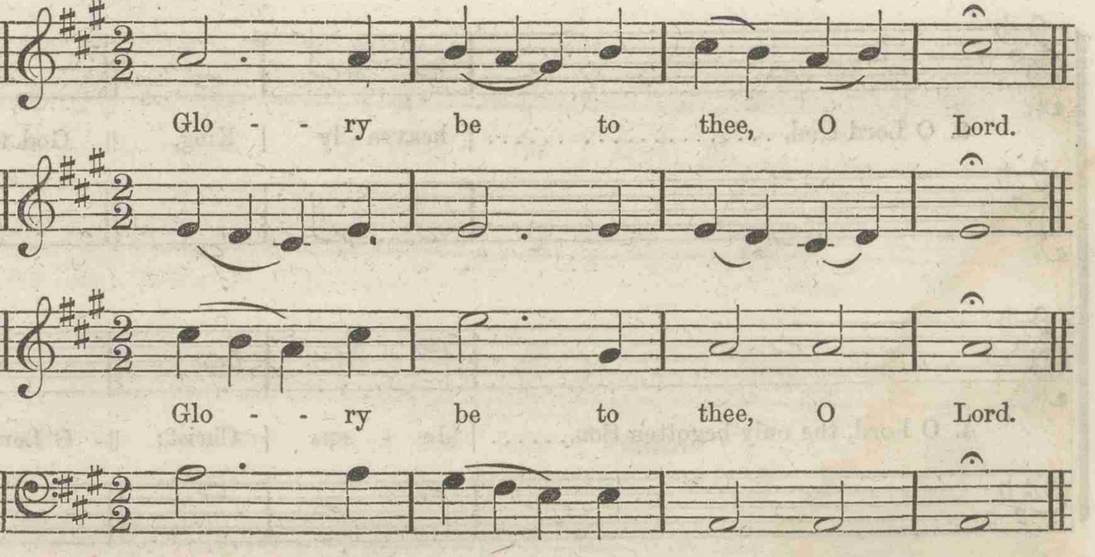

Gloria in Excelsis.

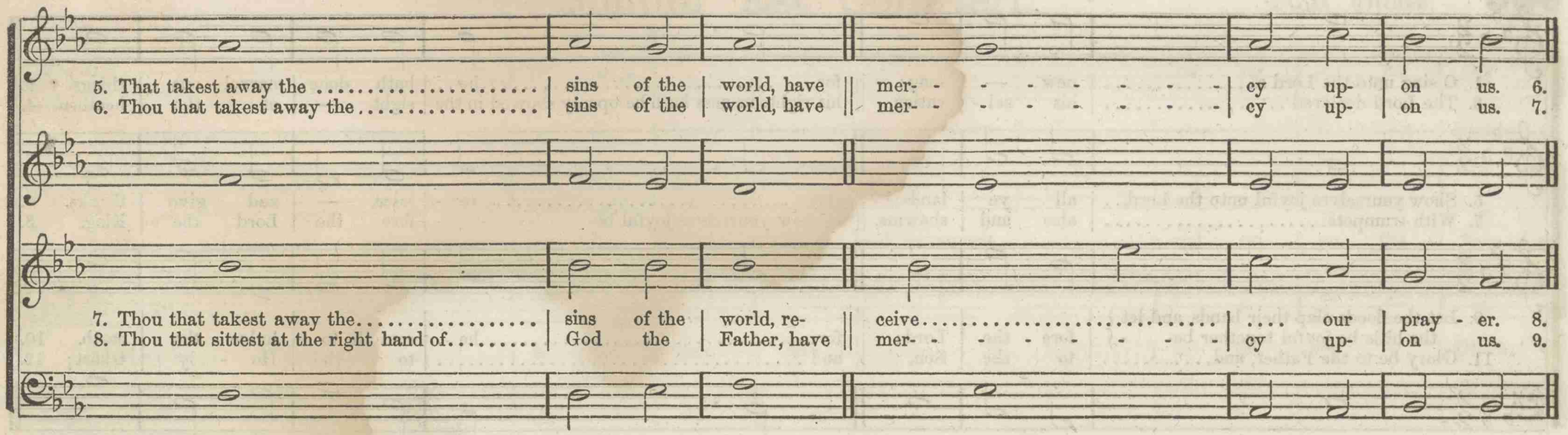
Karl Reden.

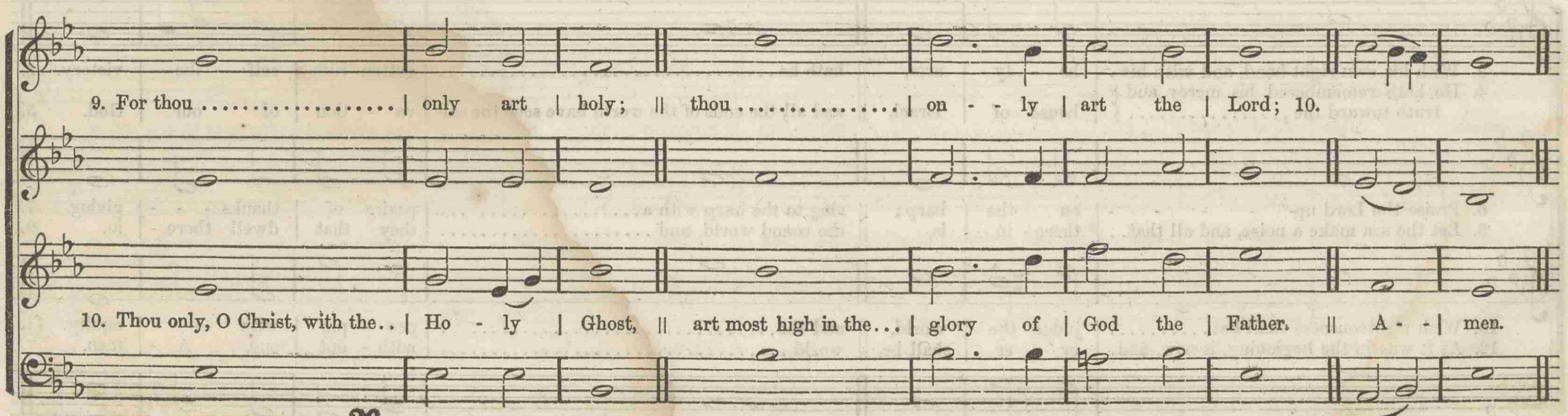
1. Glory be to ..... | God on | high, || and on earth..... | peace, good | will toward | men. 2.

2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we ..... | wor - ship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give ..... | thanks to thee for | thy great | glory. 3.

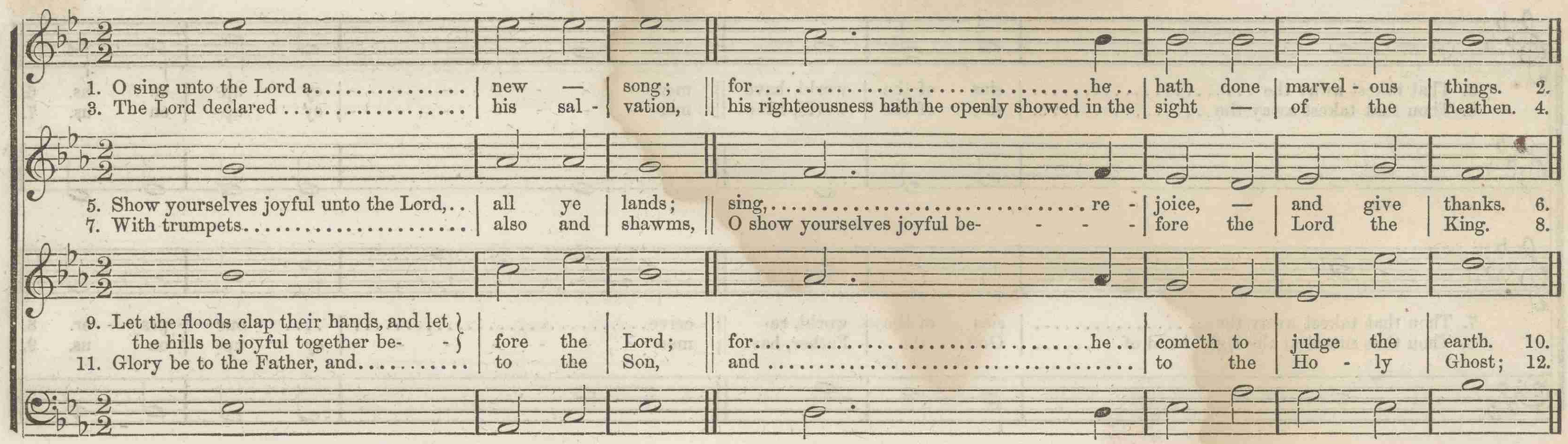
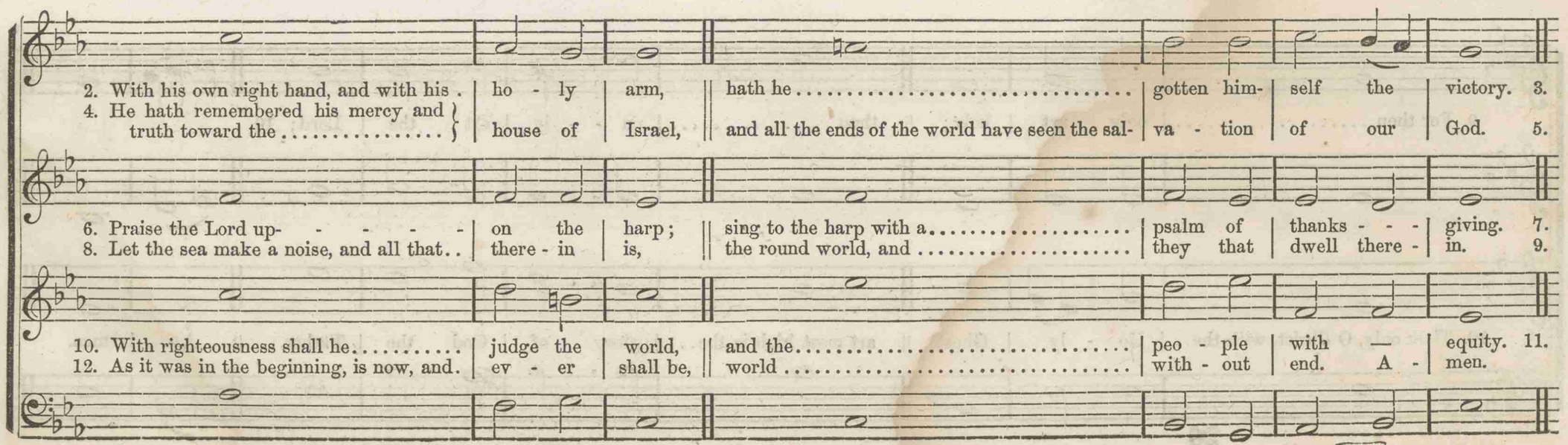
3. O Lord God, ... | heaven - ly | King, || God the..... | Fa - ther | Al - - - - | mighty. 4.

4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son,..... | Je - sus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of God,..... | Son — | of the | Father, 5.


5. That takest away the ..... | sins of the | world, have || mer- - - - - - - - | cy up- | on us. 6.
6. Thou that takest away the ..... | sins of the | world, have || mer- - - - - - - - | cy up- | on us. 7.
7. Thou that takest away the..... | sins of the | world, re- || ceive..... | .... our | pray - er. 8.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of..... | God the | Father, have || mer- - - - - - - - | cy up- | on us. 9.


9. For thou ..... | only art | holy; || thou ..... | on - - ly | art the | Lord; 10.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the.. | Ho - ly | Ghost, || art most high in the... | glory of | God the | Father. || A - - | men.

Cantate Domino.

Karl Reden.



Bonum Est Confiteri.

Karl Reden. 389

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un - - - | to the | Lord, || and to sing praises unto thy..... | name, — | O Most | Highest; 2.

3. Upon an instrument of ten strings and up - | on the | lute; || upon a loud instrument,..... | and up - | on the | harp; 4.

5. Glory be to the Father, and..... | to the | Son, || and ..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 6.

2. To tell of thy loving kindness early..... | in the | morning, || and of thy..... | truth in the | night — | season; 3.

4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad ..... | through thy | works; || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | a - tions | of thy | hands. 5.

6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and... | ev - er | shall be, || world ..... | with - out | end. A - | men.

390

Deus Misereatur.

MORLEY.

FOR FAST-DAY.

1. God be merciful unto..... | us, and | bless us, || and show us the light of his countenance, and be | mer - ci - | ful un - | to us. 2.
3. Let the people ..... | praise thee, O | God; || yea, let..... | all the | peo - ple | praise thee. 4.

5. Let the people ..... | praise thee, O | God; || yea, let..... | all the | peo - ple | praise thee. 6.
8. Glory be to the Father, and. | to the | Son, || and..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 9.

2. That thy way may be..... | known upon | earth, || thy saving..... | health a - | mong all | nations. 3.
4. O let the nations re - - - - | joice, and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk right- eously, and govern the..... | na - tions | up - on | earth. 5.

6. Then shall the earth bring ..... | forth her | increase; || and God, even our own ..... | God, shall | give us his | blessing. 7. :‖:
:‖: 7. God..... | ...., shall | bless us; || and all the ends of the..... | world shall | fear — | him. 8.
9. As it was in the beginning,..... | is — | now, || and ever..... | shall be | world without A - | end. men.

Benedic, Anima Mea.

1. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his ho - ly name. 2.
3. Who forgiveth all thy sin, and heal - eth all thine in- firmities; 4.

5. O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- cel in strength; ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken un- to the voice of his word. 6.
8. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; 9.

2. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for - - - - - - - get not all his benefits; 3.
4. Who saveth thy life from de- struction, and crowneth thee with mercy and lov - ing - kindness. 5.

6. O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye servants of his that do his pleasure. 7. :‖:
:‖: 7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his do - minion. Praise thou the Lord, — O my soul. 8.
9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

O Praise God in His Holiness.

From HANDEL'S "ATHALIAH."

1. O praise God in ..... his | ho - li - | ness; || Praise him in the..... | firma - ment | of his | power. 2.
3. Praise him in ..... the | sound of the | trumpet; || Praise him up- - - - - - | on the | lute and | harp. 4.

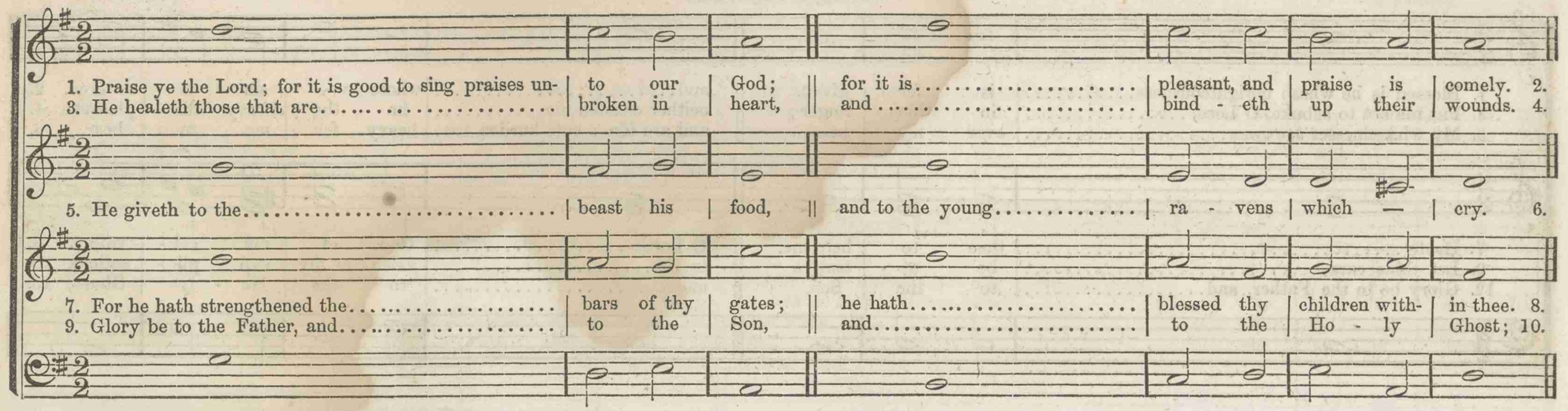
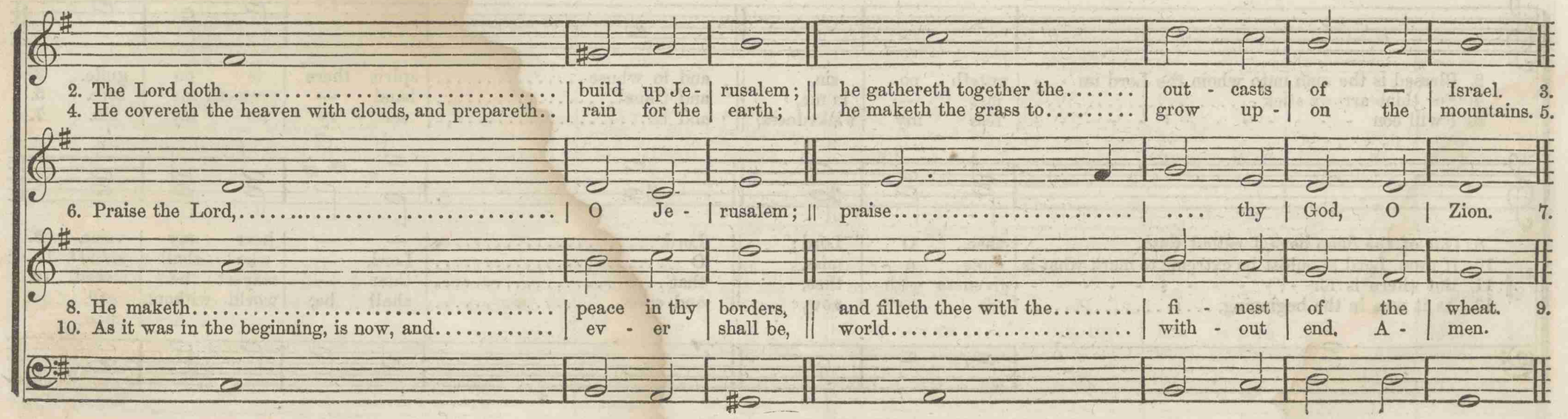
5. Praise him upon..... the | well - tuned | cymbals; || Praise him up- - - - - - | on the | loud — | cymbals. 6.
7. Glory be to the Father,..... and | to the | Son, || and ..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost; 8.

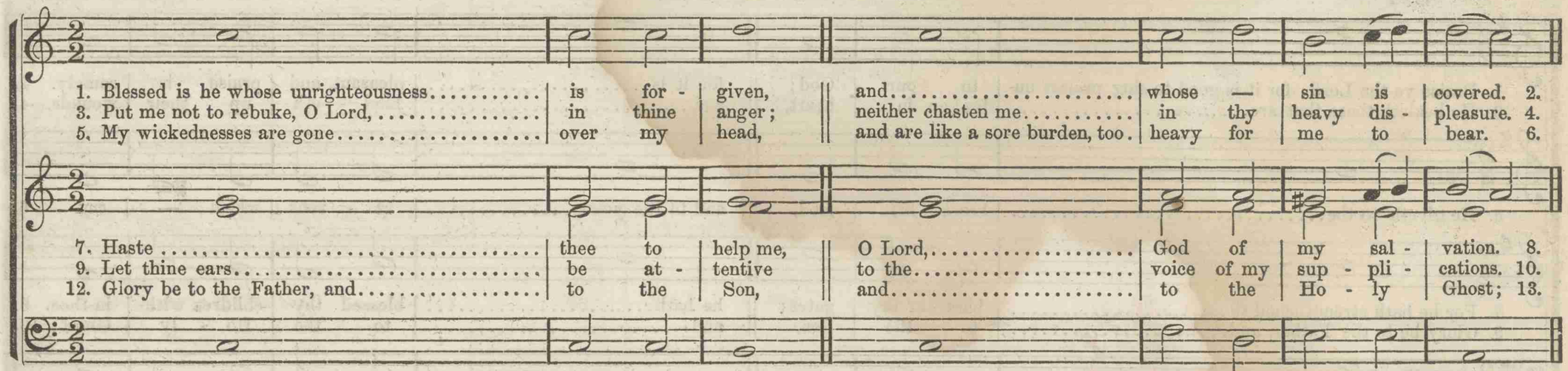
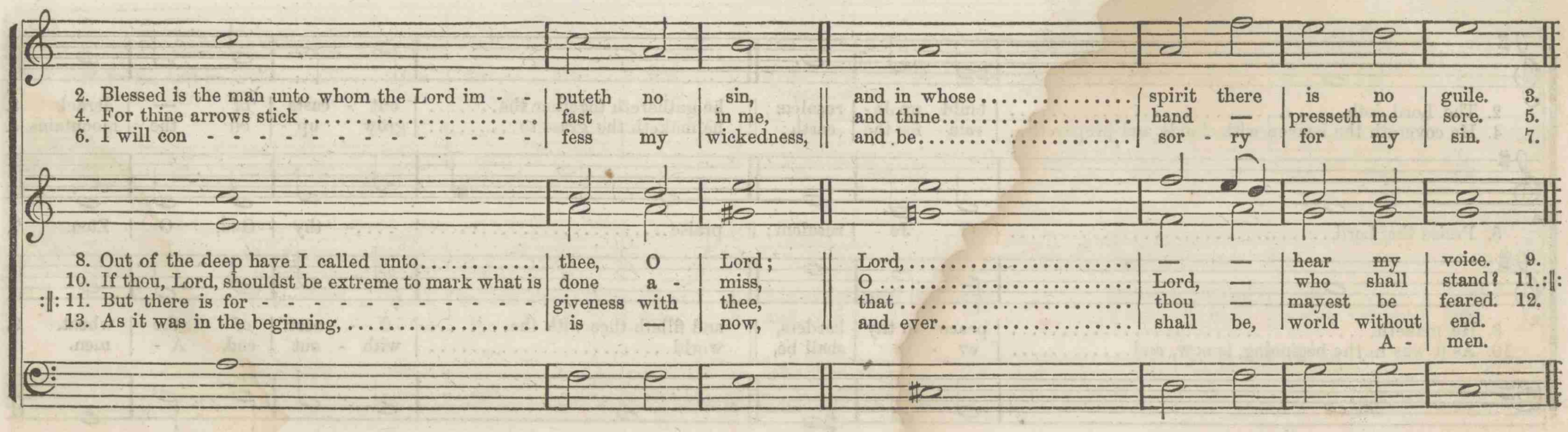
2. Praise him in ..... his | no - ble | acts; || Praise him according to his..... | excel - lent | great- - - - | ness. 3.
4. Praise him in ..... the | cymbals and | dances; || Praise him up- - - - - - | on the | strings and | pipe. 5.

6. Let every thing that..... hath | breath, praise the | Lord; || Let every thing that hath ..... | breath, praise, | praise the | Lord. 7.
8. As it was in the begin- - - - ning, | is — | now, || and ever ..... | shall be, | world without | end.
A - | men.

Praise ye the Lord.

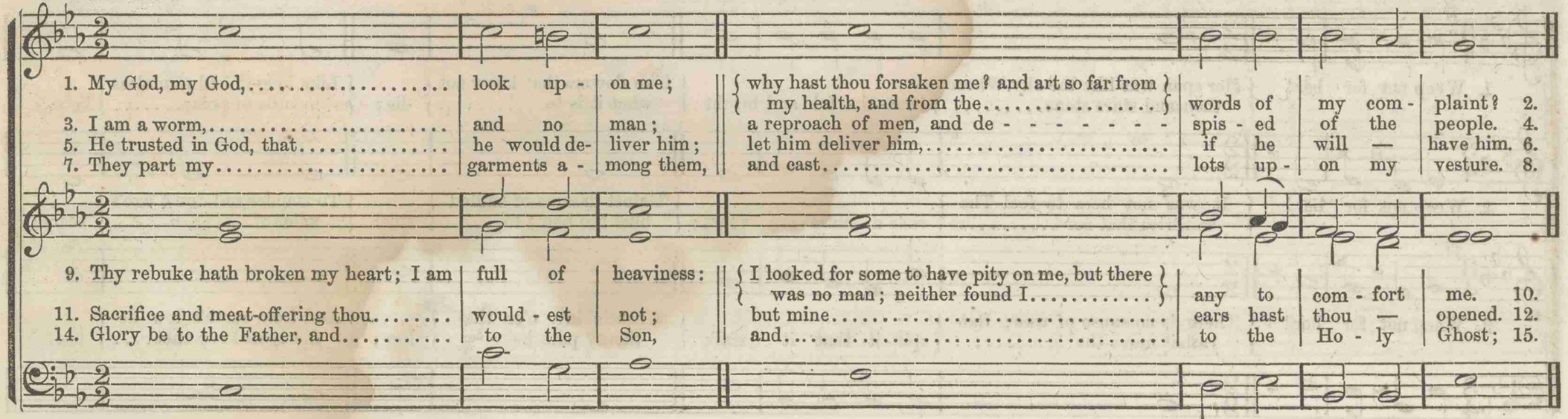
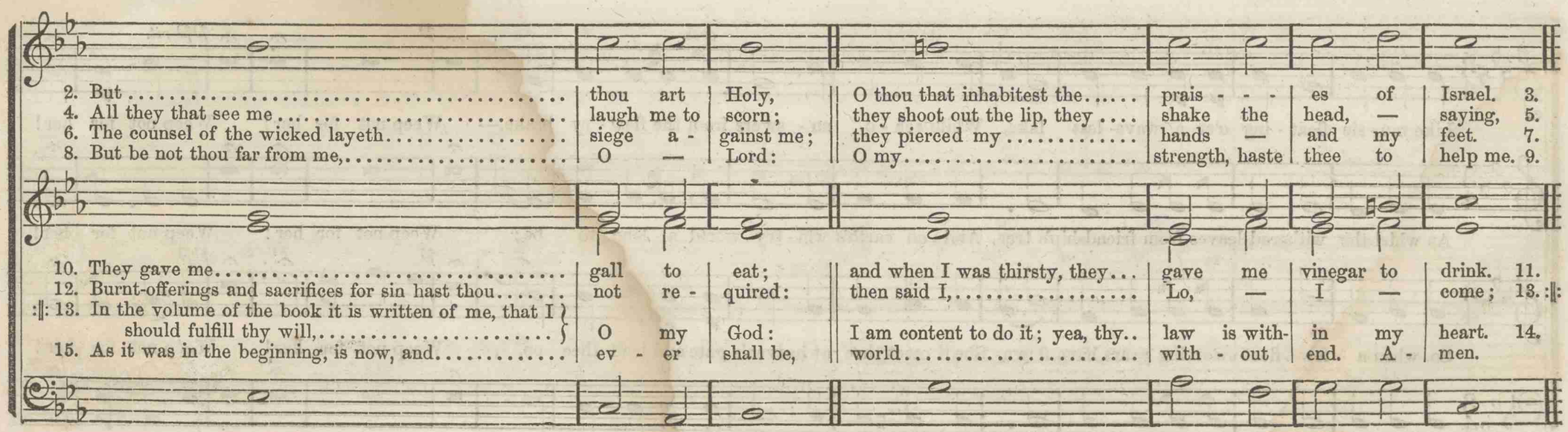
FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

S. WESLEY.

394 Blessed is He whose Unrighteousness is Forgiven.

FOR COMMUNION SERVICE. FROM BEETHOVEN.

My God, Look Upon Me.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

R. COOKE.



Weep Not For Her! Quartet.

C. C. Converse.

(MARTHA.)

Moderato.

p

rit. e dim.

1. Weep not for her! { Her span was like the sky, Whose thousand stars shine..... } beau-ti-ful and bright; { Like flowers that know not what it is to..... } die; { Like long-linked shadeless months of polar..... } light;

2. Weep not for her! { It was not hers to feel The miseries that cor-..... } rode a-mass-ing years; { 'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to..... } steel, { To wander sad down age's vale of..... } tears;

p

3. Weep not for her! { There is no cause of woe; But rather move the..... } spir-it that it walk { Unshrinking o'er the thorny path be- - - - } low; { And from earth's low de-filements keep thee.... } back.

cres. *p* *pp* *rit.*

Like mu-sic float-ing o'er a wave-less lake, While ech-o an-swers from the flow-'ry brake,— Weep not for her! Weep not for her!

As whirl the withered leaves from friendship's tree, And on earth's win-try world a-lone to be; Weep not for her! Weep not for her!

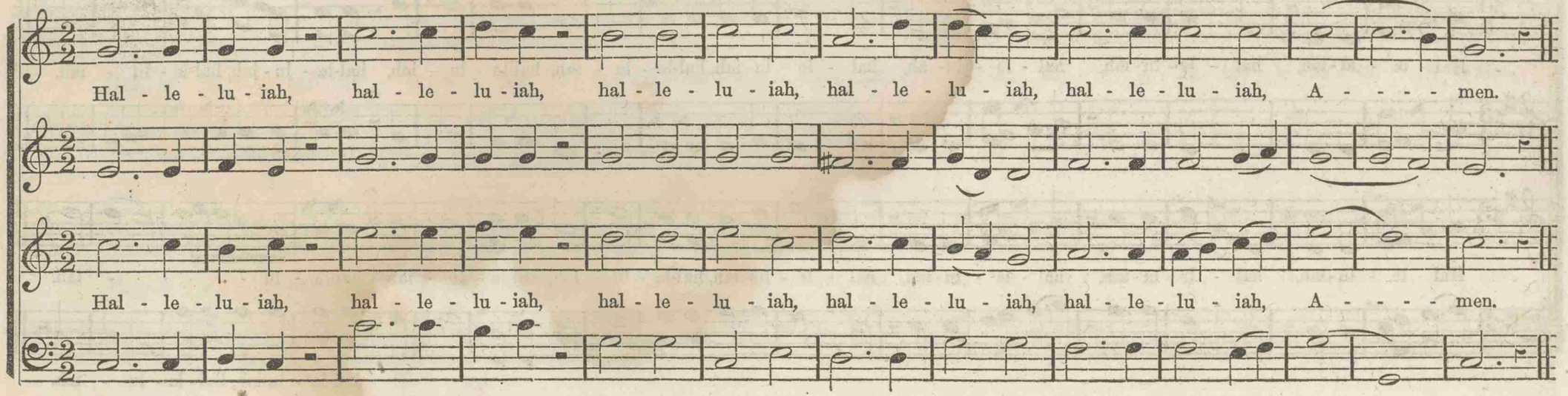
p *pp*

So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown, She'll meet thee at heaven's gate and lead thee on, Weep not for her! Weep not for her!

Halleluiah. No. 1.

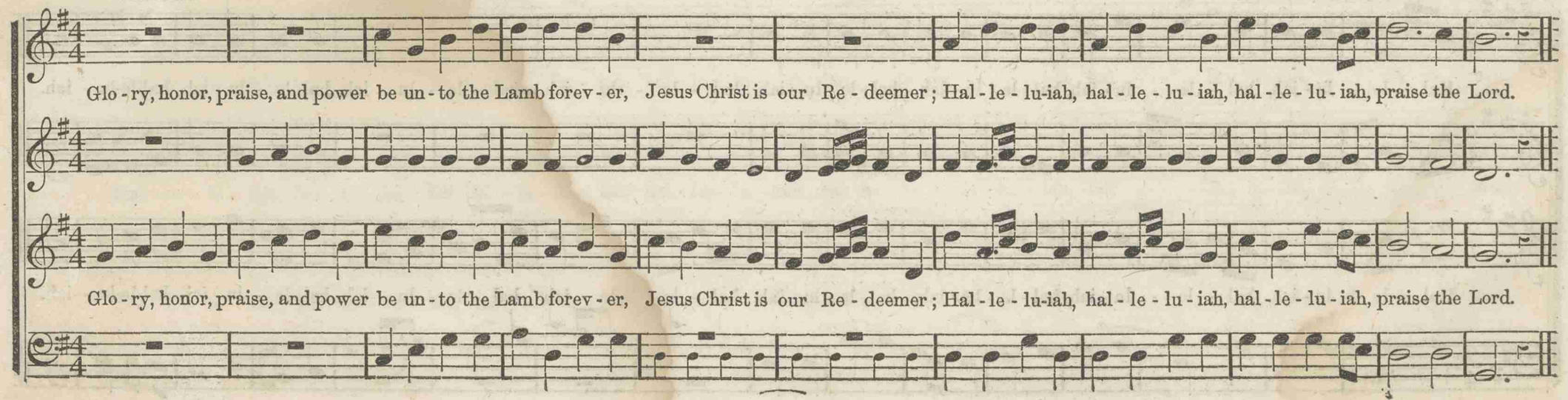
With Animation.

The following Halleluiahs may be sung at the close of hymns, after the Doxology, or instead of it.



Halleluiah. No. 2.

Arranged from the English by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Halleluiah. No. 3.

Karl Reden.

Spiritedly.

Hal - le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu-iah, hal-le - lu - iah, hal-le - lu - iah, hal-le - lu-iah, hal-le - lu - iah.

Hal - le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu-iah, hal-le - lu - iah, hal-le - lu - iah, hal-le - lu - - - - - - iah.

hal-le - lu-iah, hal - le - lu - iah.

Halleluiah. No. 4.

Arranged from the English by KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal-le-lu - iah.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal-le-lu - iah.

Halleluiah. No. 5.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH BY KARL REDEN.

With Animation.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, A - men.

Halleluiah. No. 6.

Karl Reden.

Moderato.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - - - iah, hal - - - le - lu - iah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - - - le - lu - iah, hal - - - le - lu - iah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - - - le - lu - iah, hal - - - le - lu - iah, A - men.

400

Halleluiah. No. 7.

ARRANGED FROM THE ENGLISH
BY KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah.

Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah.

A Dirge.

FOR E**** T*****.

Karl Reden.

Gently.

p *p* *pp* rit.

1. Calm on the bo - som of thy God, Young spirit, rest thee now! E'en while with us thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow, on thy brow, on thy brow.

2. Dust to its narrow house beneath, Soul to its place on high; They that have seen thy look in death No more may fear to die, fear to die, fear to die.

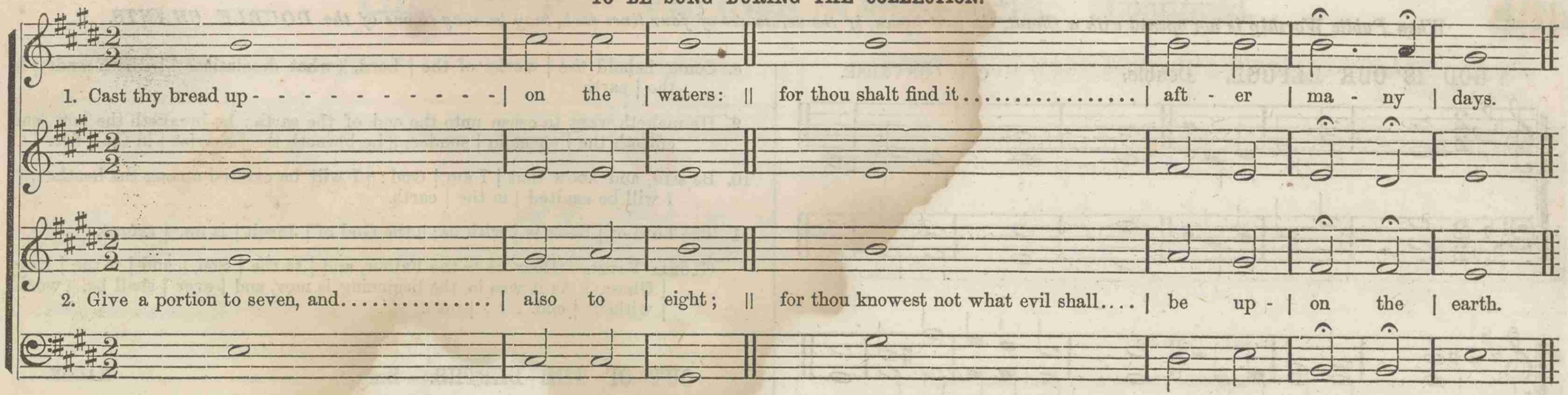
p *p* *pp*

3. Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers, Whence thy meek smile is gone; But O! a brighter home than ours, In heaven, is now thine own, now thine own, now thine own.

Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

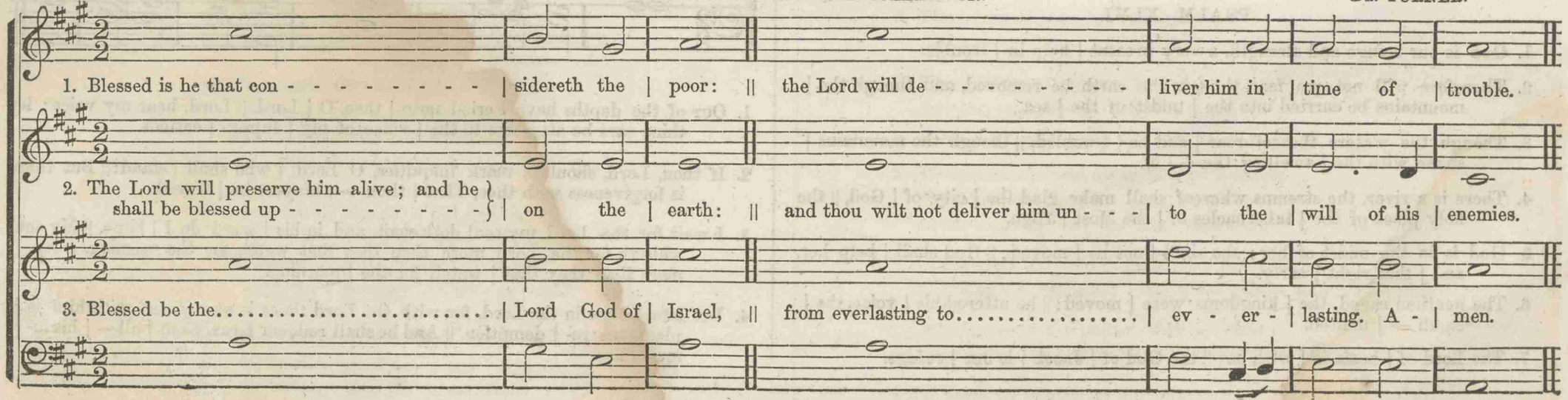
TO BE SUNG DURING THE COLLECTION.

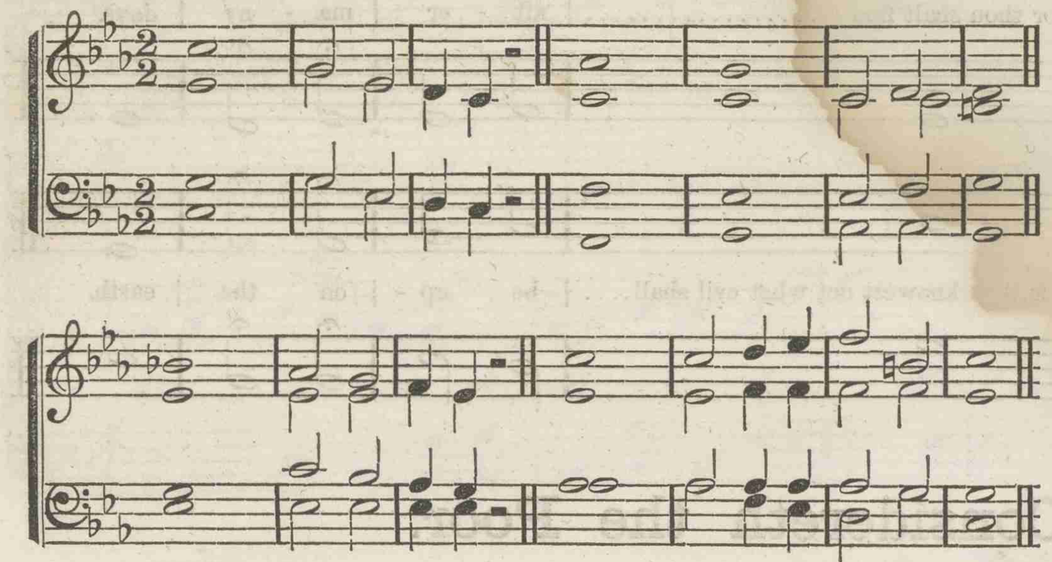
DR. BLOW.



Blessed is He that Considereth the Poor.

TO BE SUNG DURING THE COLLECTION.

DR. TURNER.

When Public Worship is not opened with a Chant, the first hymn, if the verses are of four lines each, may be sung to one of the DOUBLE CHANTS.

GOD IS OUR REFUGE. Double. C. C. CONVERSE.

PSALM XLVI.

1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present | help in | trouble.

2. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the | mountains be carried into the | midst · of the | sea;

3. Though the waters thereof roar | and be | troubled, || though the mountains | shake with the | swelling · there- | of.

4. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city · of | God, || the holy place of the | tabernacles of | the Most | High.

5. God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved: || God shall | help her, and | that right | early.

6. The heathen raged, the | kingdoms · were | moved: || he uttered his | voice, the | earth — | melted.

7. The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

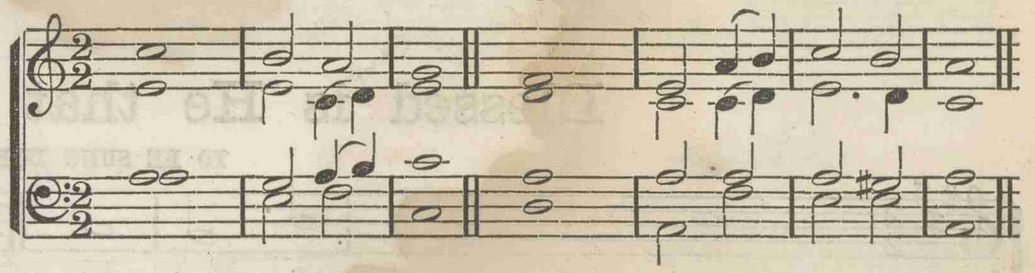
8. Come, behold the | works · of the | Lord, || what desolations | he hath made | in the | earth.

9. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the | spear in | sunder; || he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.

10. Be still, and know that | I am | God: || I will be exalted among the heathen, | I will be exalted | in the | earth.

11 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

Gloria Patri.—Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost; || As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A - | men.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. Single. BACON.

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord. || Lord, hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the | voice · of my | suppli- | cations.

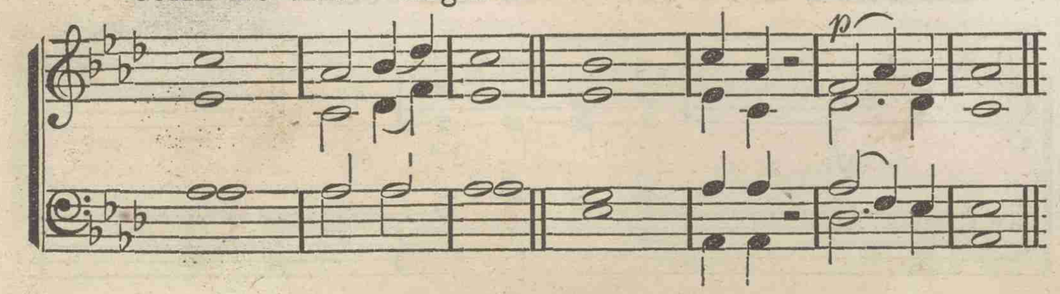
2. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, | who shall | stand? || But there is forgiveness with thee, That | thou — | mayest be | feared.

3. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his | word · do I | hope. || My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning, I say, | more than · they that | watch · for the | morning.

4. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is | plenteous · re- | demption. || And he shall redeem Israel from | all— | his iniquities.

"COME TO ME." Single.

KARL REDEN.



Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi., 28.

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
   Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
   Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
   A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."

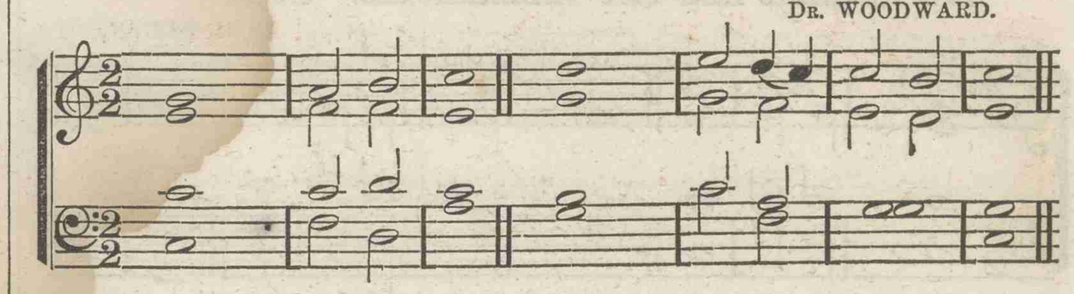
2. It tells me of a place of rest—
   It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
   O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
   How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me."

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
   From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
   When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
   A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."

4. Come, for all else must fail and die,
   Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
   Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
   I am thy | portion, | "Come to | me."

5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
   In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
   Support me, cheer me from above!
   And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."

LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING-PLACE. Single.

DR. WOODWARD.

PSALM XC.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
   In | all·gener- | ations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth,
   Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
   Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | thou art | God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction;
   And sayest, Return, ye | chil·dren of | men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight
   Are but as yesterday when it is past,
   And | as a | watch·in the | night.

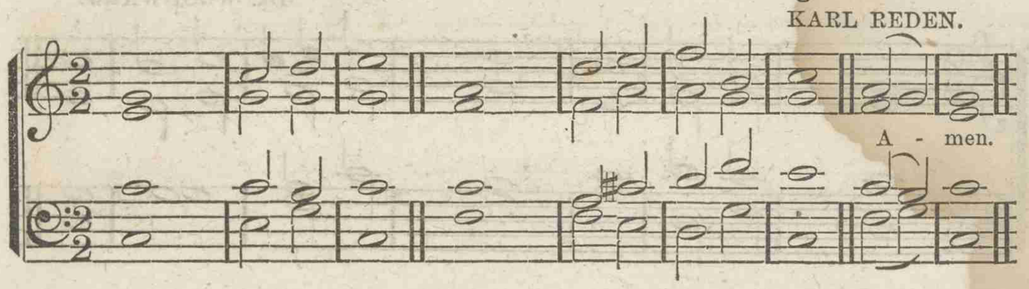
5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood;
   They are as a sleep:
   In the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
   In the evening it is cut | down, *cut* | *down*, and | withereth.

7. Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
   Even according to thy fear: | so·is thy | wrath.

8. So teach us to number our days,
   That we may ap- | ply our | hearts·unto | wisdom.

HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES. Single.

KARL REDEN.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of | hosts!

2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;
My heart and flesh crieth | out for the | living | God.

3. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house;
They will be still praising thee.

4. Blessed is the man whose | strength is in | thee;
In whose heart are the ways of them:
Who, passing through the valley of Baca,
Make it a well; the | rain also | filleth the | pools.

5. They go from strength to strength;
Every one of them in Zion appeareth be-| fore — | God.

6. O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.

7. Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of | thine an- | ointed;

8. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand;
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,
Than to | dwell in the | tents of | wickedness.

9. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory;
No good thing will he withhold from them that | walk up- | rightly.

10. O Lord of hosts!
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | thee.

FATHER, I KNOW THY WAYS ARE JUST. Double.

KARL REDEN.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

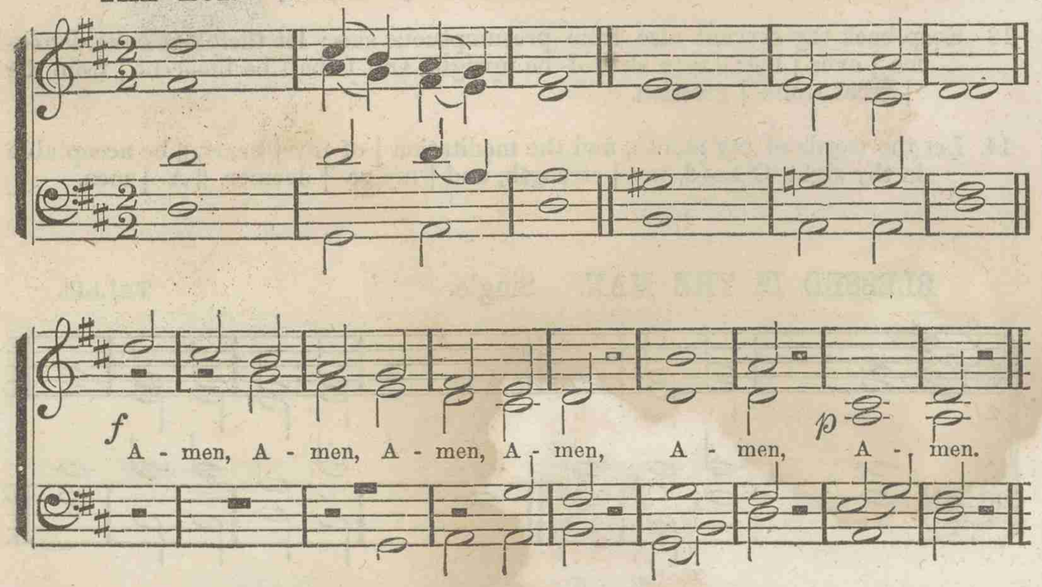
1. Father, I know thy ways are just,
Al- | though to me un- | known;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, | "Thy will be | done."

2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should | wealth and friends be | gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."

3. Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy | sovereign right I'll | own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."

4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Be- | fore thy gracious | throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's | will be | done."

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Double. KARL REDEN.



PSALM XXIII.

1. The Lord is my shepherd;
I | shall not | want.

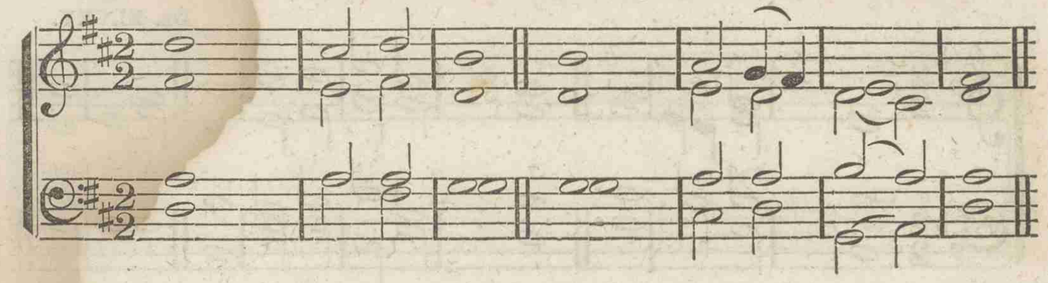
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me be- | side the still | waters.

3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths 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 for 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- | ever. || A- | men.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S. Single. Dr. ALCOCK.

PSALM XXIV.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that | dwell there- | in.

2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established | it up- | on the | floods.

3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his | holy | place?

4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.

5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of | his sal- | vation.

6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory | shall come | in.

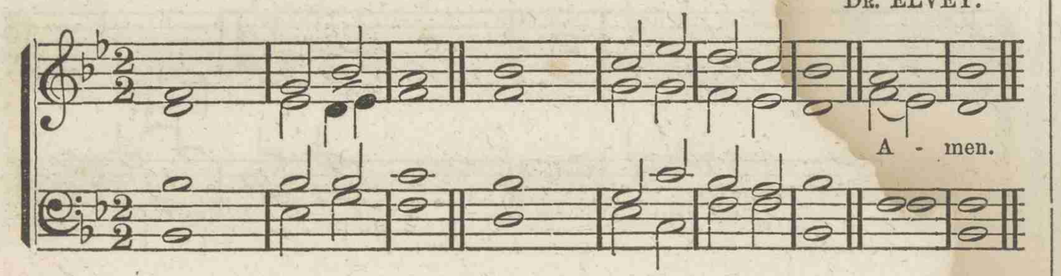
8. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord | might- — | y in | battle.

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory | shall come | in.

10. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he | is the | King of | glory.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD. Single.

DR. ELVEY.



PSALM XIX.

1. THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament | sheweth·his | handywork. |

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto | night— | sheweth | knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice | is not | heard. |

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle | for — | the — | sun.

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to | run a | race. |

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing | hid·from the | heat there- | of.

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making | wise the | simple. |

8. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening·the | eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous·alto- | gether. |

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than | honey and the | honey- | comb.

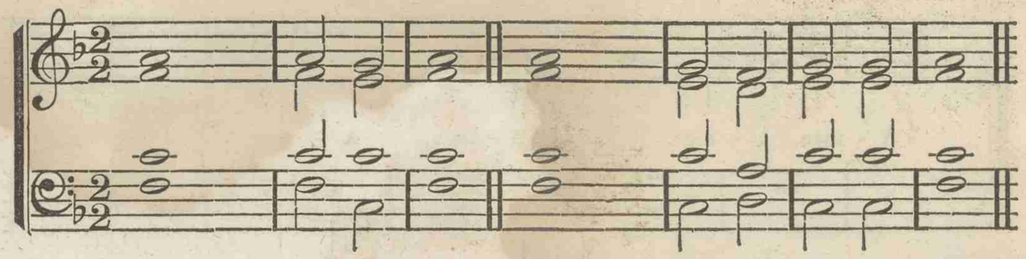
11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is | great re- | ward. |

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion | over | me: || then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- | gression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart, || be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my | strength, and | my re- | deemer. || A- | men.

BLESSED IS THE MAN. Single.

TALLIS.

PSALM I.

1. BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of the·un- | godly, || nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth | in the | seat·of the | scornful. |

2. But his delight is in the | law·of the | Lord: || and in his law doth he | meditate | day and | night.

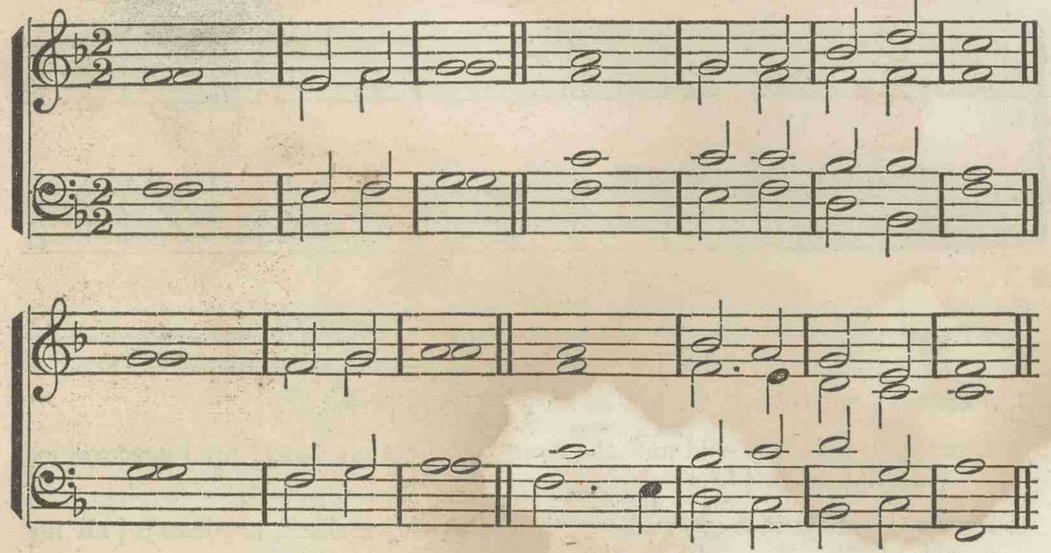
3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his | fruit·in his | season: || his leaf also shall not wither; and whatso- | ever· he | doeth·shall | prosper.

4. The ungodly | are not | so: || but are like the chaff which the | wind — | driveth· a- | way.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand | in the | judgment, || nor sinners in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the | way·of the | righteous: || but the | way·of the un- | godly·shall | perish.

ARM OF THE LORD. Double. DR. S. ELVEY.

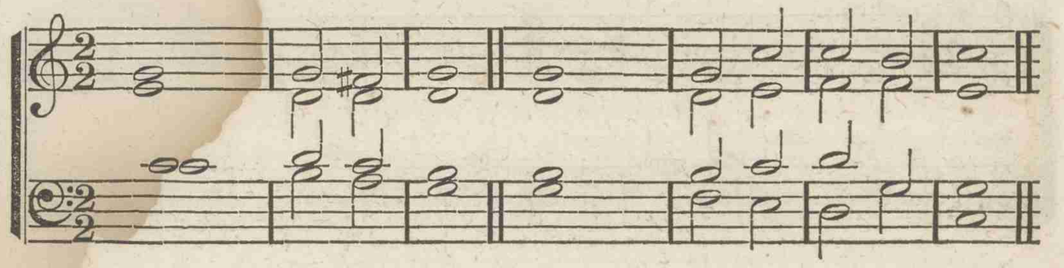


1. ARM of the Lord, a- | wake, a- | wake!
Put on thy | strength—the | nations | shake,
And let the world, a- | doring, | see
Triumphs of | mercy | wrought by | thee.

2. Say to the heathen, | from thy | throne,
I am Je- | hovah— | God a- | lone:
Thy voice their idols | shall con- | found,
And cast their | altars | to the | ground.

3. No more let creature | blood be | spilt—
Vain sacri- | fice for | human | guilt!
But to each conscience | be ap- | plied
The blood that | flow'd from | Jesus' | side.

4. Almighty God, thy | grace pro- | claim,
In every | land, of | every | name;
Let adverse powers be- | fore thee | fall,
And crown the | Saviour | Lord of | all.

SOVEREIGN OF WORLDS. Single. SAVAGE.

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's | favor'd | hour:
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the | nations | to the | skies.

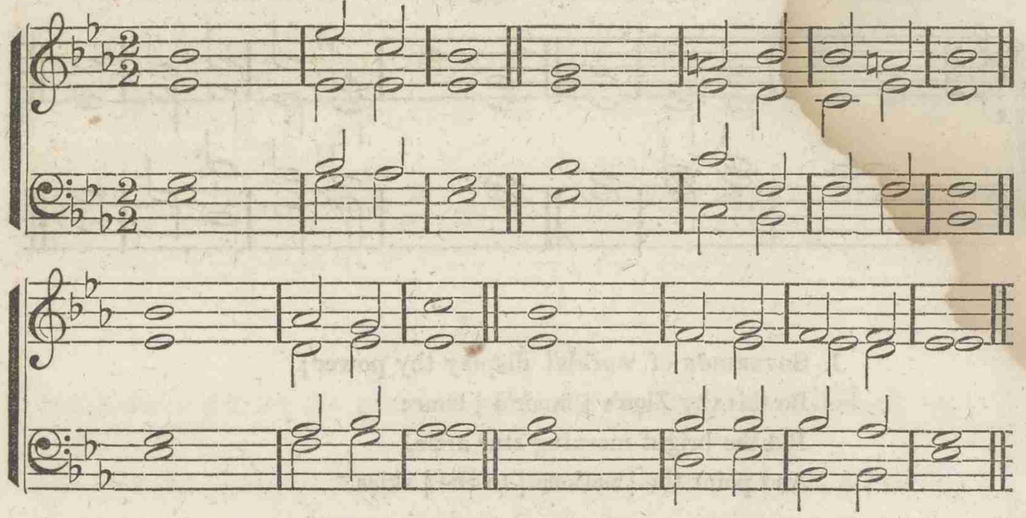
2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on | India's | plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the | nations | all thine | own.

3. Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert | shall re- | joice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all | nations | hail the | light.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God, from whom all | blessings | flow;
Praise him, all | creatures | here be- | low;
Praise him above, ye | heavenly | host;
Praise Father | Son, and | Holy | Ghost.

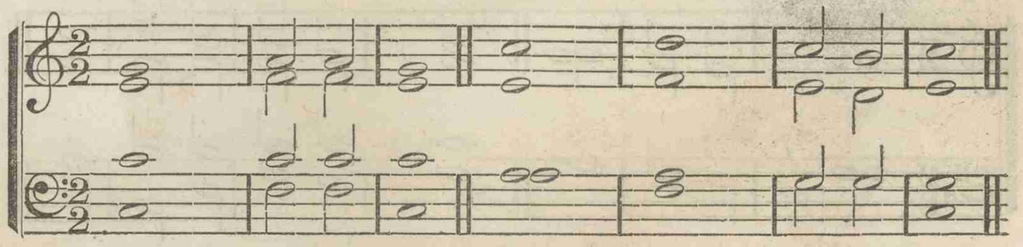
O LORD OUR LORD. Double. ROBINSON.



PSALM VIII.

1. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth! || who hast set thy | glory·a- | bove the | heavens.
2. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength be- | cause ·of thine | enemies, || that thou mightest still the | enemy | and·the a- | venger.
3. When I consider thy heavens, the | work·of thy | fingers, || the moon and the stars, | which thou | hast or- | dained;
4. What is man that thou art | mind-·ful of | him? || and the | son of·man, | that thou | visitest him?
5. For thou hast made him a little lower | than the | angels, || and hast | crowned· him with | glory·and | honor.
6. Thou madest him to have dominion over the | works·of thy | hands; || thou hast put all | things — | under his | feet:
7. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the | beasts·of the | field;
8. The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth | through the | paths·of the | seas.
9. O | Lord our | Lord, || how excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth!

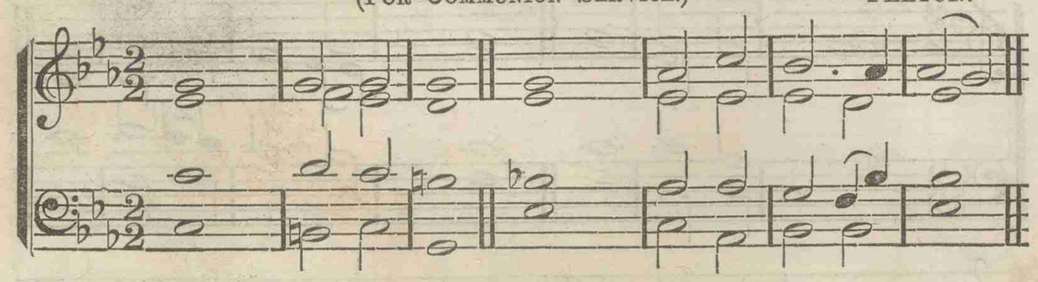
PRESERVE ME, O GOD. Single. DR. ELVEY.



PSALM XVI.

1. Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I | put my | trust.
2. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my | goodness extendeth | not to | thee;
3. But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is | all·my de- | light.
4. Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer, nor | take up their names in- | to my | lips.
5. The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou main- | tainest·my | lot.
6. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; | yea, I have a | goodly | heritage.
7. I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me | in the·night | seasons.
8. I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my | right hand, I | shall·not be | moved.
9. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall | rest in | hope.
10. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine | Holy One to | see cor- | ruption.
11. Thou wilt shew me the | path of | life: || in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy | right hand there are pleasures for | ever- | more.

FROM CALVARY A CRY WAS HEARD. Single.

(For Communion Service.) FELTON.

1. From Calvary a cry was heard,—
   A bitter and heart- | rending | cry;
   My Saviour! every mournful word
   Bespeaks thy | soul's deep | ago- | ny.

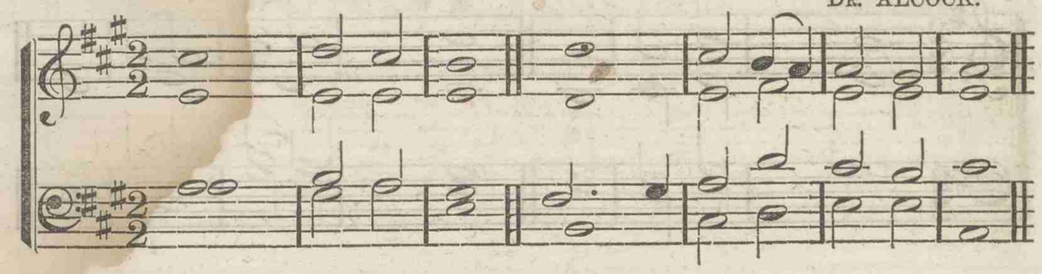
2. A horror of great darkness fell
   On thee, thou spotless, | holy | One!
   And all the swarming hosts of hell
   Conspired to | tempt God's | only | Son.

3. The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
   These thou couldst bear, nor | once | repine;
   But when Jehovah vail'd his face,
   Unutter- | able | pangs were | thine.

4. Let the dumb world its silence break;
   Let pealing anthems | rend the | sky;
   Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
   He died, that | we might | never | die.

5. Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
   If e'er I lose its | strong con- | trol,
   O, let that dying, piercing cry,
   Melt and re- | claim my | wand'ring | soul.

SHEPHERD OF SOULS. Single. (For Missionary Meetings.)

Dr. ALCOCK.

1. Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye
   The thousands of our | Israel | see;
   To thee in their behalf we cry,—
   Ourselves but | newly | found in | thee.

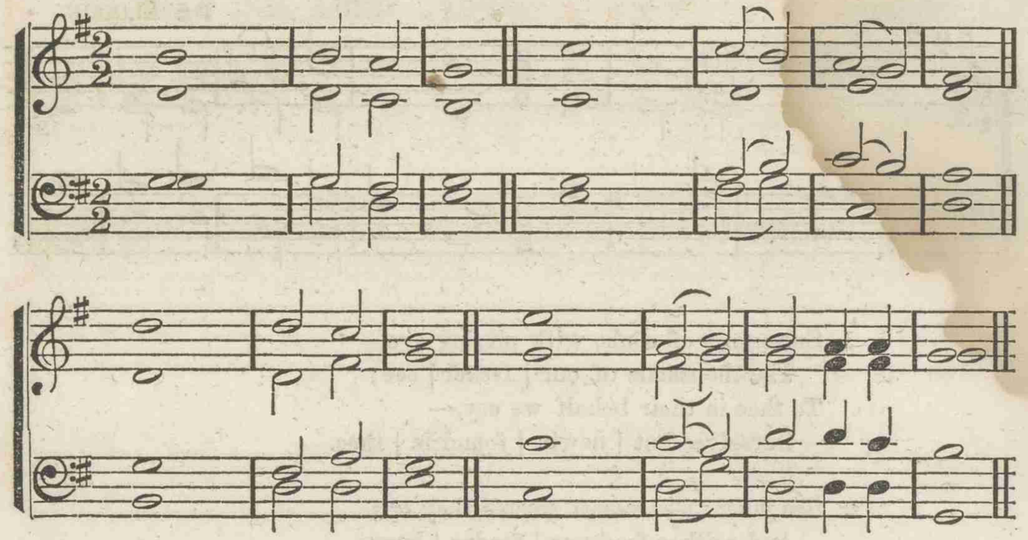
2. See where o'er desert wastes they err,
   And neither food nor | feeder | have,
   Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
   For no man | cares their | souls to | save.

3. Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
   Nor know they their Re- | deemer | nigh;
   They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
   Their souls for | lack of | knowledge | die.

4. The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
   To swallow up its | careless | prey:
   Why should they die, when thou hast died—
   Hast died to | bear their | sins a- | way?

5. Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
   Remember, Lord, thy | dying | groans:
   The meed of all thy suff'rings these;
   O claim them | for thy | ransom'd | ones!

NEARER TO THEE. Double. DR. W. HAYES.



1. NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to | thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That | rais- | eth | me;
Still all my | song shall | be,—
Nearer, my God, to | thee,—
Nearer to | thee!

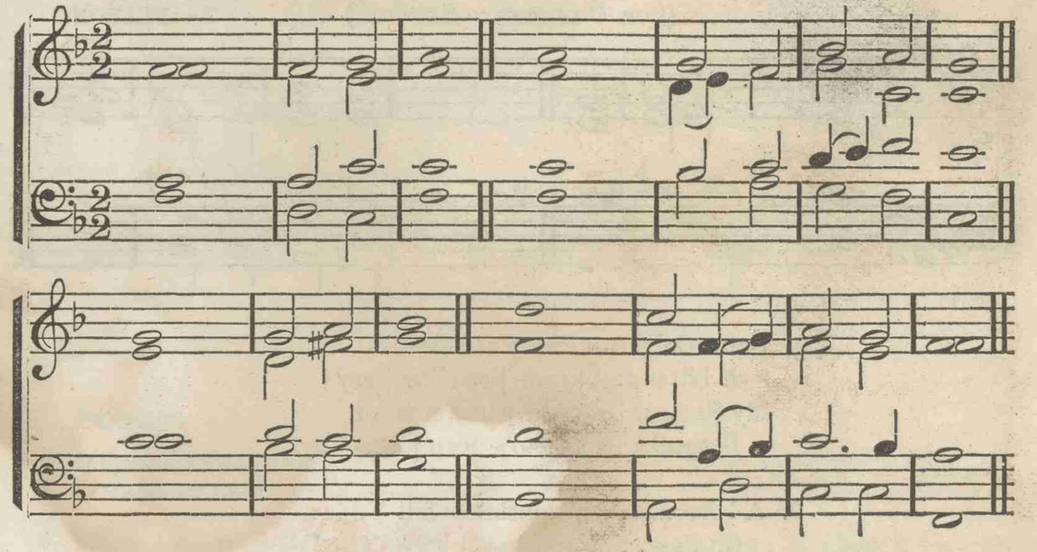
2. Though, like the wanderer,
The | sun gone | down,
Darkness be over me,
My | rest | a | stone;
Yet in my | dreams I'd | be
Nearer, my God, to | thee,—
Nearer to | thee!

3. There let the way appear, |
Steps unto | heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In | mer- | cy | given;
Angels to | beckon | me
Nearer, my God, to | thee,—
Nearer to | thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts, |
Bright with thy | praise,
Out of my stony griefs, |
Beth- | el I'll | raise;
So by my | woes to | be
Nearer, my God, to | thee,
Nearer to | thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing, |
Cleaving the | sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, |
Up- | ward I | fly:
Still all my | song shall | be,—
Nearer, my God, to | thee,
Nearer to | thee!

WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME? Double. LANGDON.



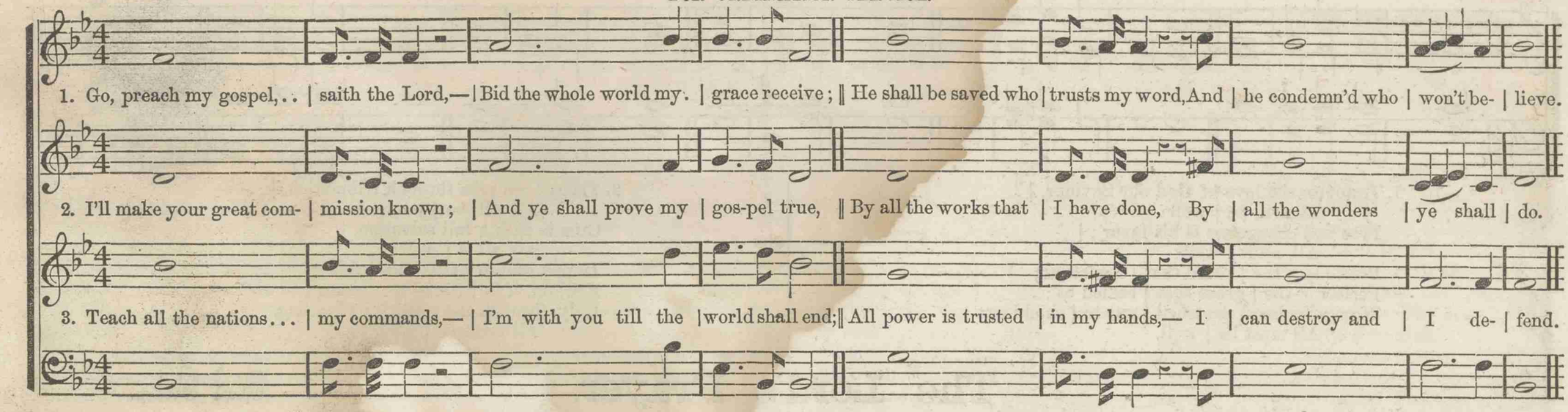
1. WILT | thou not | visit me?
The plant beside me | feels thy | gentle | dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew.
Wilt thou not | visit·me, | O my | God?

2. Wilt | thou not | visit me?
Thy morning calls on | me with | cheering | tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | thee a- | lone.
Wilt thou not | visit·me, | O my | God?

3. Wilt | thou not | visit me? || I need thy love,
More than the flower, the | dew, or | grass, the | rain;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain.
Wilt thou not | visit·me, | O my | God?

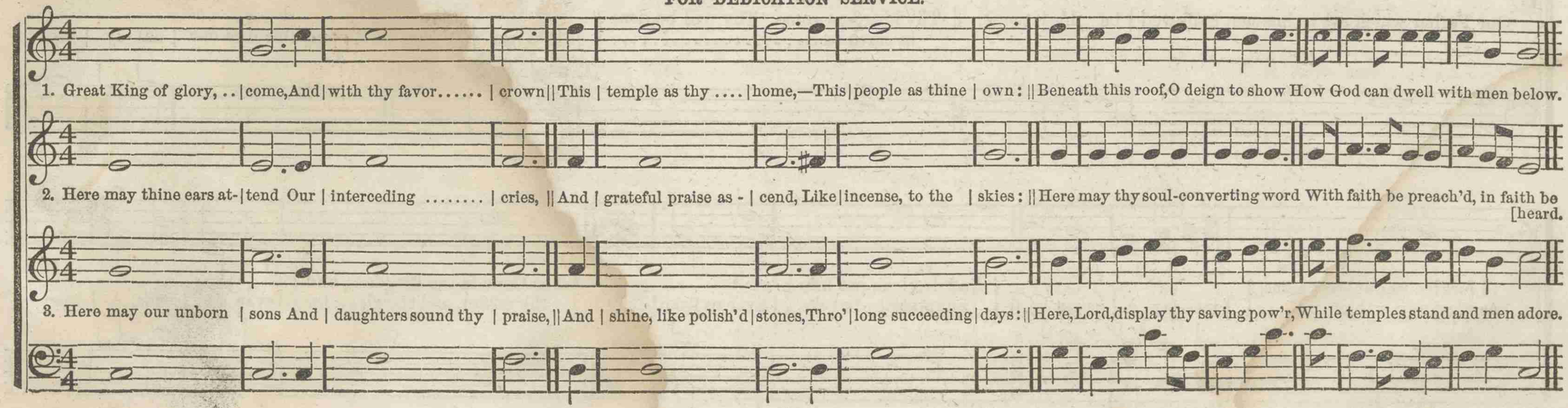
4. Yes! | thou wilt | visit me:
Nor plant, nor tree, thine | eye de- | lights so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in | peace to | dwell.
Yes, thou wilt | visit·me, | O my | God.

Go, Preach my Gospel. Double.

FOR ORDINATION SERVICE.

Great King of Glory, Come Double.

Karl Reden.

FOR DEDICATION SERVICE.



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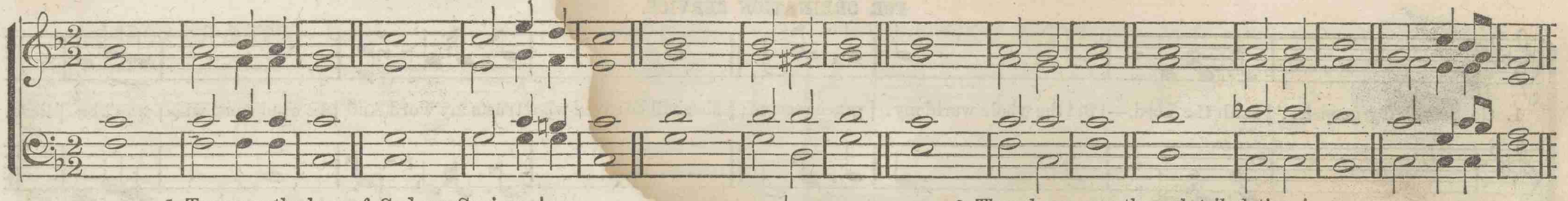
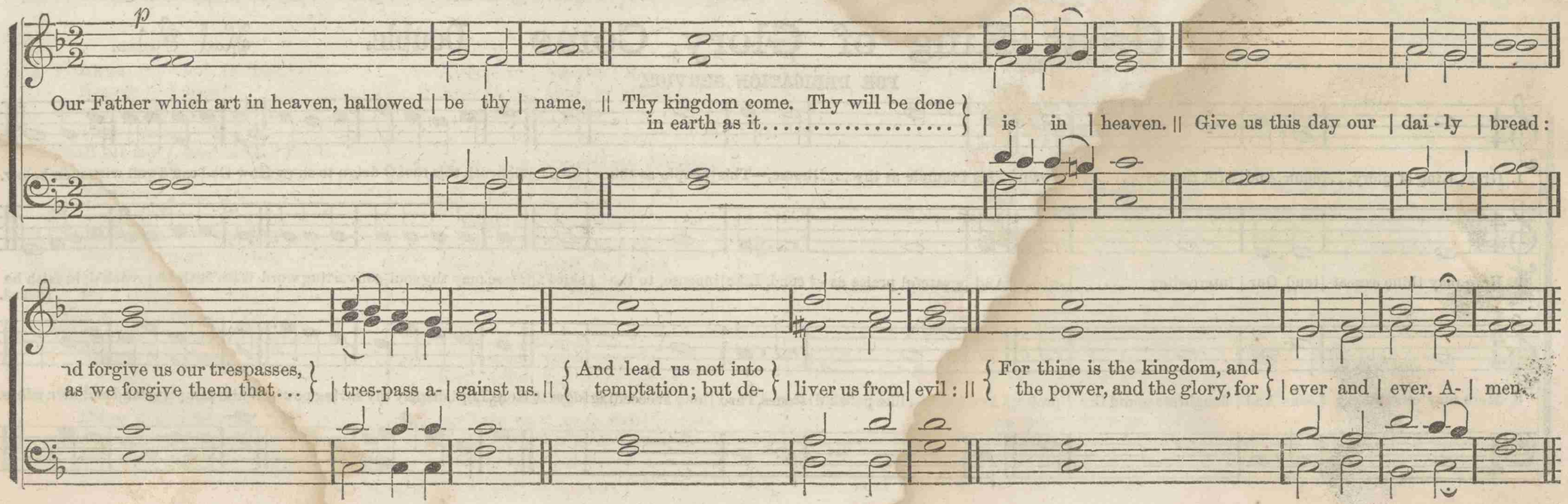
All is Well.

Karl Reden.

1. Through the love of God our Saviour, |
All will be | well:
Free and changeless is his favor; |
All, all is | well:
Precious is the | blood that | healed us;
Perfect is the | grace that | sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched | out to | shield us:
All must be | well.

2. Though we pass through tribulation, |
All will be | well;
Ours is such a full salvation, |
All, all is | well:
Happy still in | God con- | fiding,
Faithful, if in | Christ a- | biding;
Holy, through the | Spirit's | guiding,
All must be | well.

The Lord's Prayer.

Karl Reden.



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