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THE

SOUTHERN HARMONY, AND MUSICAL COMPANION:

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

TUNES, HYMNS, PSALMS, ODES, AND ANTHEMS;

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS IN THE UNITED STATES:

TOGETHER WITH

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED NEW TUNES, WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED;

SUITED TO MOST OF THE METRES CONTAINED IN WATTS'S HYMNS AND PSALMS, MERCER'S CLUSTER, DOSSEY'S CHOICE, DOVER SELECTION, METHODIST HYMN BOOK, AND BAPTIST HARMONY;

AND WELL ADAPTED TO

Christian Churches of every Denomination, Singing Schools, and Private Societies:

ALSO,

AN EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC,

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC, AND PLAIN RULES FOR BEGINNERS.

BY WILLIAM WALKER.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.—DAVID.
Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—PAUL.

STEREOTYPE EDITION, CORRECTED AND IMPROVED.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.
WILLIAM WALKER, SPARTANBURG, S. C.
1845.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST
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PREFACE.

THE compiler of this work, having been solicited for several years by his brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, to publish a work of this kind, has consented to yield to their solicitations.

In treating upon the rudiments of Music, I have endeavoured to lead the pupil on step by step, from A, B, C, in the gamut, to the more abstruse parts of this delightful science, having inserted the gamut as it should be learned, in a pleasing conversation between the pupil and his teacher.

In selecting the Tunes, Hymns, and Anthems, I have endeavoured to gratify the taste of all, and supply the churches with a number of good, plain tunes, suited to the various metres contained in their different Hymn Books.

While those that are fond of fuged tunes have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Companion for the aged as well as the youth. Those that are partial to ancient music, will here find some good old acquaintances which will cause them to remember with pleasure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who are more fond of modern music, I hope will find a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying to select such tunes as would meet the wishes of the public.

I have also selected a number of excellent new Songs, and printed them under the tunes, which I hope will be found satisfactory.

Some object to new publications of music, because the compilers alter the tunes. I have endeavoured to select the tunes from original authors. Where this could not be done, and the tune having six or seven basses and trebles, I have selected those I thought most consistent with the rules of composition.

I have composed the parts to a great many good airs, (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned my name as the author. I have also composed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.

The compiler now commends this work to the public, praying God that it may be a means of advancing this important and delightful science, and of cheering the weary pilgrim on his way to the celestial city above.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartanburg, S. C., September, 1835

THE GAMUT, OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

PART FIRST.

OF MUSIC.

Pupil. What is Music?

Teacher. Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.

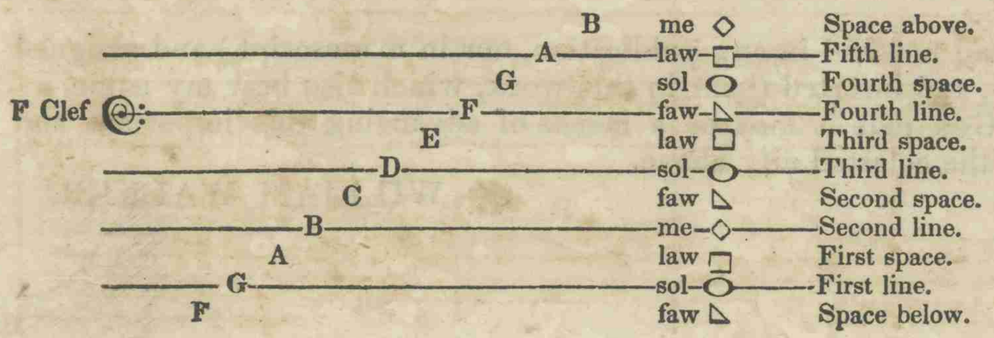
P. On what is music written?

T. On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a stave; and these lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music: when eight letters are used, the first is repeated.

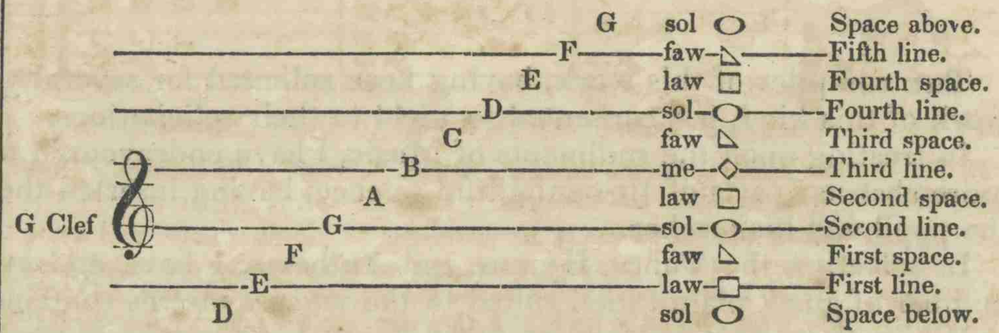
P. How many parts are there used in vocal music?

T. Commonly only four; viz. Bass, Tenor, Counter, and Treble; and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order, commencing at the space below the first line in each stave.

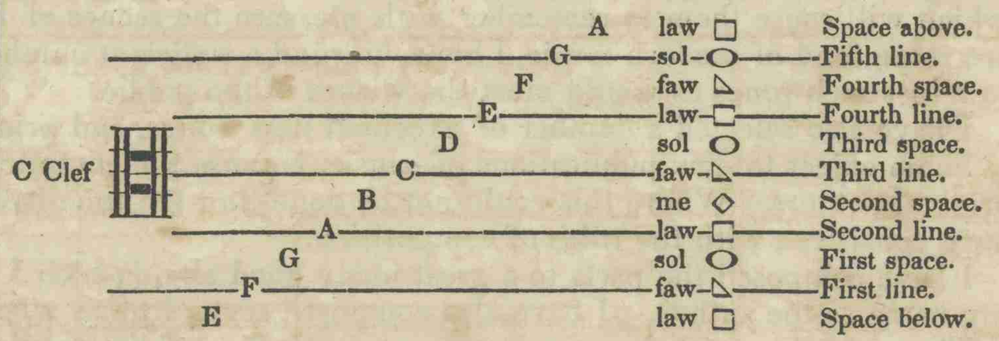
BASS STAVE NATURAL.



TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL.



COUNTER STAVE NATURAL.
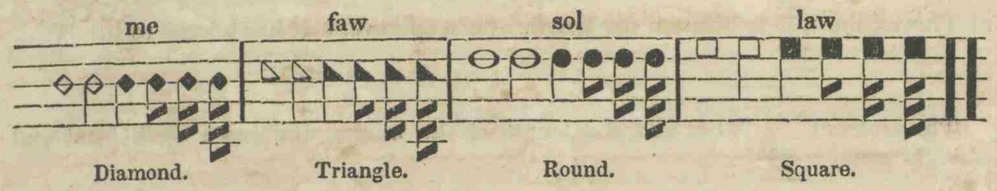


You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the above staves that F is named faw, C sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

P. How many notes are there used in music, what are their names, and how are they made?

T. All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.; the me is a diamond, faw is triangle, sol is round, and law is square. See the example.

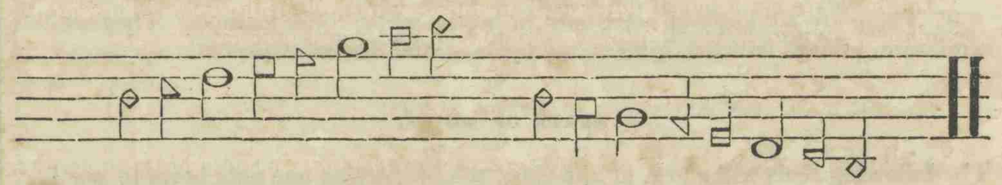
EXAMPLE.



P. But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books?

T. By first finding the me for me is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called, faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice,) and those below the me, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, (twice;) after which me will come again. Either way, see the following—

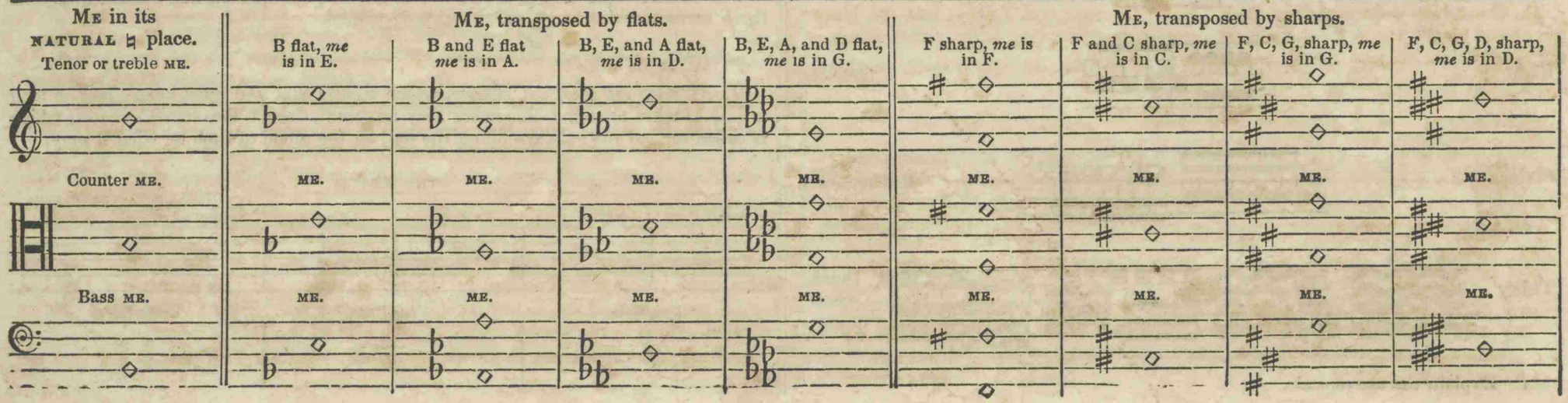
EXAMPLE.



This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the me in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B.

But if B be flat, ♭ *me* is on.....E
B ♭ and E ♭ it is on.....A
B ♭ E ♭ and A ♭ it is on.....D
B ♭ E ♭ A ♭ and D ♭ it is on.....G
If F be sharp, ♯ *me* is on.....F
F ♯ and C ♯ it is on.....C
F ♯ C ♯ and G ♯ it is on.....G
F ♯ C ♯ G ♯ and D ♯ it is on.....D

As in the following example, viz.:

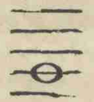


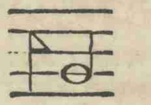
P. How many marks of sound or kinds of notes are there used in music?

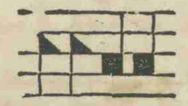
T. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver

SCALE OF NOTES.

The following scale will show, at one view, the *proportion* one note bears to another.
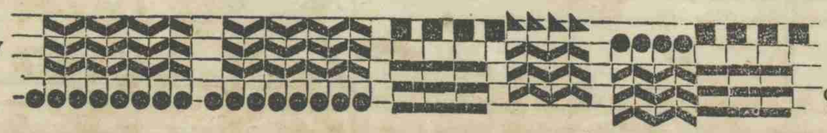
One Semibreve  is equal in time to

Two  Minims,

Four  Crotchets,

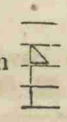
Eight  Quavers,

Sixteen  Semiquavers,

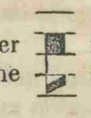
Thirty two  Demi-semi-quavers.

P Explain the above scale.

T. The semibreve  is now the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guideth all the others.

The minim  is but half the length of a semibreve, and has a stem to it.

The crotchet  is but half the length of the minim, and has a black head and straight stem.

The quaver  is but half the length of the crotchet, has a black head, and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.
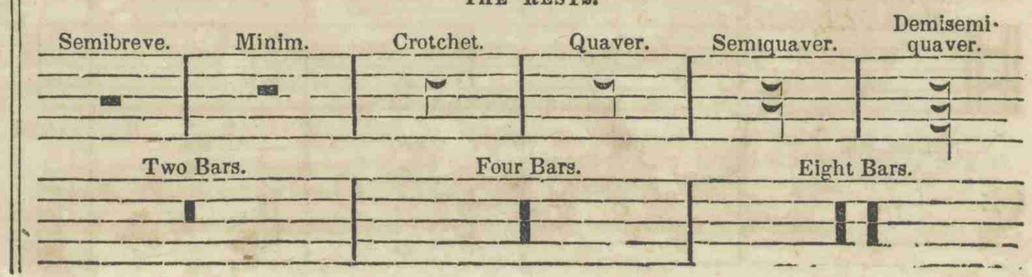
The semiquaver  is but half the length of the quaver, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

The demisemiquaver  is half the length of a semiquaver, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

P. What are rests?

T. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as takes to sound the notes they represent, except the semibreve rest, which is called the bar rest, always filling the bar, let the mood of time be what it may.

THE RESTS.



P. Explain the rests.

T. The semibreve, or bar rest, is a black square underneath the third line.
The minim rest is the same mark above the third line.
The crotchet rest is something like an inverted figure seven.
The quaver rest resembles a right figure of seven.
The semiquaver rest resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left.
The demisemiquaver rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.
The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space.
The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line.
The eight bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

NOTE.—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower, according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

P. Please tell me how many moods of time there are in music.

T. There are nine moods of time used; four of common, three of triple, and two of compound.

P. Why are the first four moods called common time moods?

T. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, 8, &c.

P. Why are the next three called triple moods?

T. Because they are measured by odd numbers, having either three minims, three crotchets, or three quavers, in each bar.

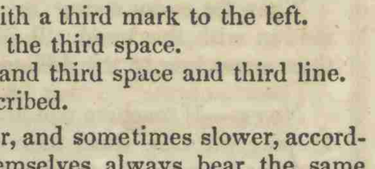
P. Why are the last two called compound time moods?

T. Because they are compounded of common and triple; of common, as the bar is divided equal, the fall being equal to the rise in keeping time; and of triple, as each half of the bar is three fold; having either three crotchets, three quavers, or notes to that amount, to each beat.

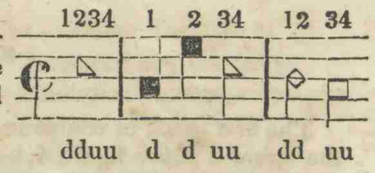
P. Please explain the several moods of time in their order.

MOODS OF COMMON TIME
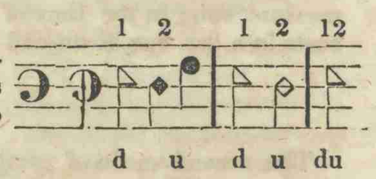
The first mood is known by a plain C, and has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.
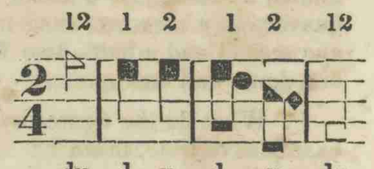


The second mood is known by a C with a bar through it, has the same measure, sung in the time of three seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.



The third mood is known by a C inverted, sometimes with a bar through it, has the same measure as the first two, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar.

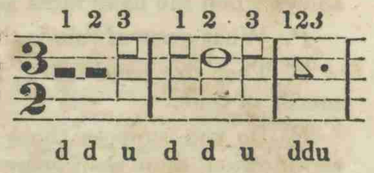


The fourth mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, has a minim for a measure note, sung in the time of one second—two beats in a bar, one down and the other up.
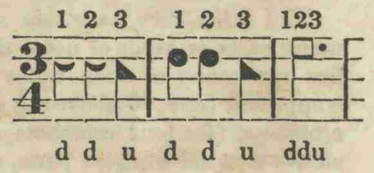


MOODS OF TRIPLE TIME.
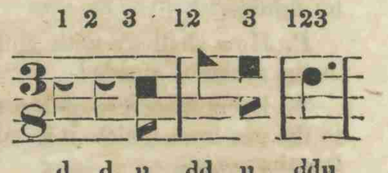
The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, has a pointed semibreve, or three minims in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds—three beats, two down and one up.



The second mood is known by a figure 3 over a 4, has a pointed minim or three crotchets in a measure, and sung in 2 seconds—three beats in a bar, two down and one up.
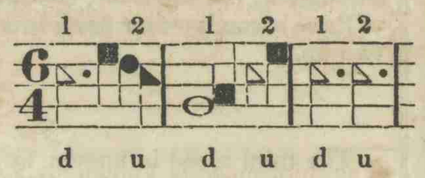


The third mood is known by the figure 3 above figure 8, has three quavers in a measure, and sung in the time of one second—three beats in a bar, two down and one up
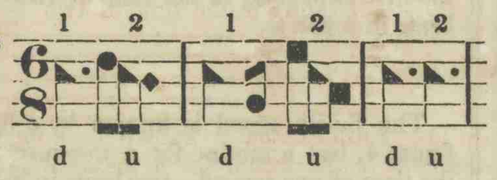


MOODS OF COMPOUND TIME.

The first mood of compound time is known by the figure 6 above figure 4, has six crotchets in a measure, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



The second mode of compound time is known by the figure 6 above an 8, has six quavers in a measure, sung in the time of one second and a half—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



P. What do the figures over the bar, and the letters *d* and *u* under it, in the above examples of time, mean?

T. The figures show how many beats there are in each bar and the letter *d* shows when the hand must go down, and the *u* when up.

P. What *general* rule is there for beating time?

T. That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each bar, in all moods of time.

P. Do you suppose those moods, when expressed by figures, have any particular signification, more than being mere arbitrary characters?

T. I think they have this *significant* meaning, that the lower figure shows how many parts or kinds of notes the semibreve is divided into, and the upper figure signifies how many of such notes or parts will fill a bar—for example, the first mood of compound time, (6 above 4,) shows the semibreve is divided into four parts—*i. e.* into crotchets, (for four crotchets are equal to one semibreve;) and the upper figure 6 shows that six of these parts, viz. crotchets, fill a bar. So of any other time expressed by figures.

P. How shall we with sufficient exactness ascertain the proper time of each beat in the different moods?

T. By making use of a pendulum, the cord of which, from the centre of the ball to the pin from which it is suspended, to be, for the several moods, of the following lengths:—

For the first and third moods of common time, the first of triple and first of compound, [all requiring second beats,]	39 2-10 *inches.*
For the second mood of common, second of triple, and first of compound,	22 1-10
For the fourth of common	12 4-10
For the third of triple time,	5 1-21

Then for every swing or vibration of the ball, count one beat, accompanying the motion with the hand, till something of a habit is formed, for the several moods of time, according to the different lengths of the cord, as expressed above.

NOTE.—If teachers would fall upon this or some other method, for ascertaining and keeping the true time, there would not be so much difficulty among singers, taught at different schools, about timing music together; for it matters not how well individual singers may perform, if, when several of them perform together, they do not keep time well, they disgust, instead of pleasing their hearers.

OF ACCENT

P. What is meant by accent?

T. Accent is a particular empnasis or swell of voice on a certain part of the measure which is according to the subdivision of it, and is essential to a skilful performance of music, as the chief intention of accent is to mark emphatical words more sensibly, and express the passions more feelingly. If the poetry be good, and the music skilfully adapted, the important words will fall upon the accented parts of the bar. Should emphatical words happen on the unaccented part, the music should always bend to the words.

P. What part of the measure is accented in the several moods of time?

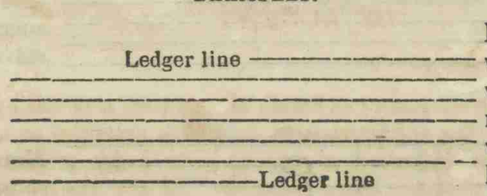
T. The first three moods of common time are accented on the first and third notes in the measure when the bar is divided into four equal parts; and the fourth mood is accented on the first part of the measure when only two notes are in a bar; if four, accent as in the first three. In triple time, when the measure is divided into three equal parts, the accent is on the first and third; if only two notes are in a bar, the accent is always on the longest note. In compound time the accent is on the first and fourth notes in the measure, when the bar is divided into six equal parts. Couplet accent is when two notes are accented together, as two quavers in the first three moods in common time, or two crotchets in the first mood of triple time, &c. In keeping time the accent is always strongest with the down beats.

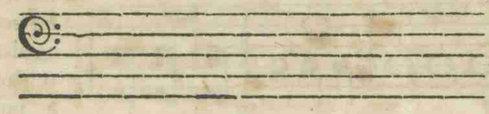
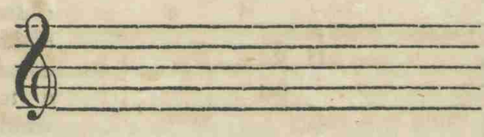
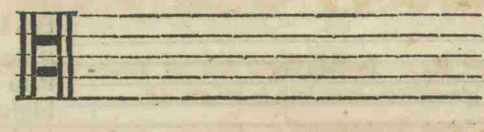
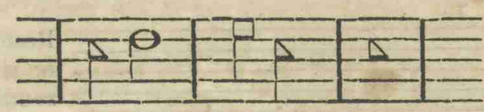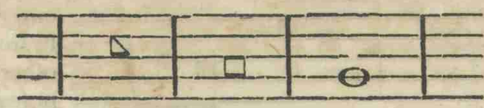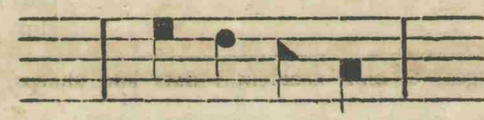
DIRECTIONS FOR BEATING TIME.

P. How must I beat time?

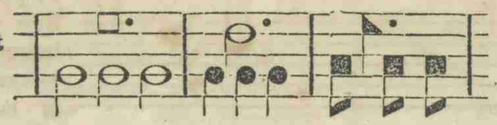
T. In the first two moods of common time, for the first beat, lightly strike the end of your finger on whatever you beat upon; second, bring down the heel of your hand; third, raise your hand a little and shut it partly up; fourth beat, raise it up even with your shoulder, and throw it open at the same time, which completes the bar. The third and fourth moods, for the first beat let the hand fall; second, raise it up. The first two beats in triple time are the same as in the first of common time; third beat, raise the hand up. Compound time is beat in the same manner as in the third of common. Be careful that the motion of the hand should be always gentle, graceful, and regular, and never raise it much above a level with your shoulder.

CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

NAMES.	EXAMPLES.	EXPLANATION.
A Stave Ledger line		Is five parallel lines with their spaces, on which notes and other musical characters are written, and the ledger line is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave.
A Brace		Is drawn across the first end of the staves, and shows how many parts are sung together. If it include four parts, the order of them are as follows. The lowest and first part is the bass, the second is tenor, the third counter, and the fourth and upper part is treble; if only three parts, the third is treble.

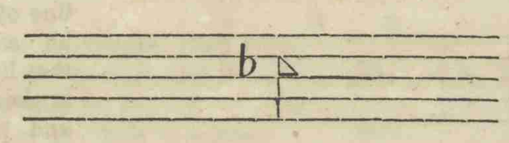
NAMES.	EXAMPLES.	EXPLANATION.
The F Clef		Is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music; it is sometimes used in counter.
The G Clef		Stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.
The C Clef		Stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.
A single bar		Is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts according to the mood of time and measure note.
A measure note		Is a note that fills a measure; i. e. from one bar to another, without any other note or rest.
Bars,		Any quantity of music written between two of these marks or bars, is called a bar of music.

A dot, or point of addition,



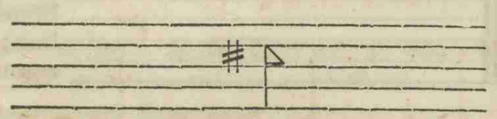
Set at the right hand of any note, adds to it half its length, or causes it to be sounded half as long again as it would be without the dot; thus, a pointed semibreve is sung as long as three minims, &c.

A Flat,*
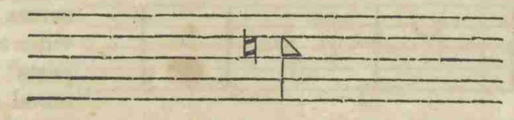


Set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.

A Sharp,



Set before a note, raises it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.

A Natural



Restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

A Slur

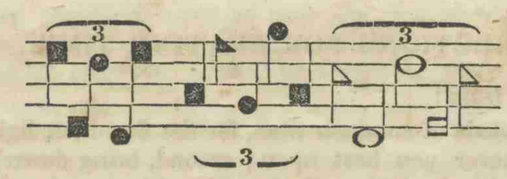


To raise

Over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to the other. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.
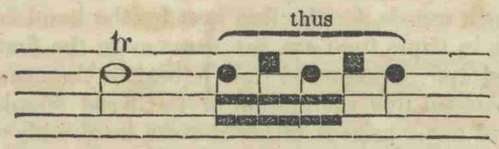
* We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly.

Figure 3,



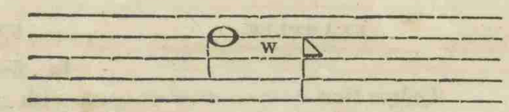
Over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind without a figure.

A Trill



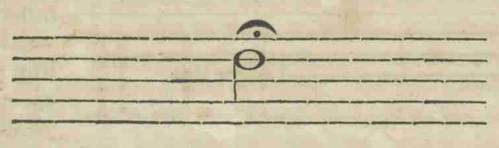
Shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.

A Direct
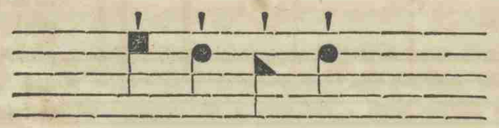


Shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.

A Hold:
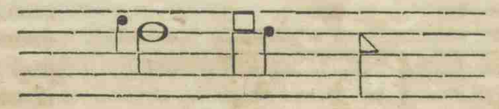


Notes thus marked are sounded one fourth longer than their usual time.

A Staccato



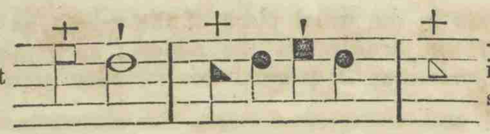
Is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatical.

Appogiatura, or grace notes,



Are small extra notes, added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding note.

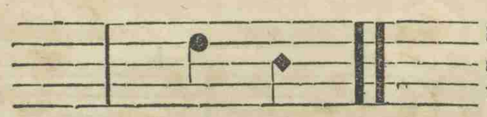
Mark of accent and half accent



\+ Shows the place which is accented in each measure.

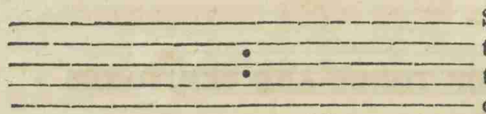
! Shows the half accent.

Double Bar



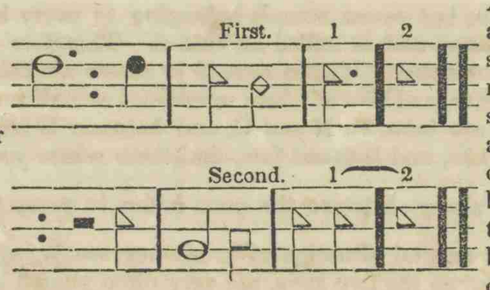
Shows the end of a strain; it also shows when to repeat.

Repeat



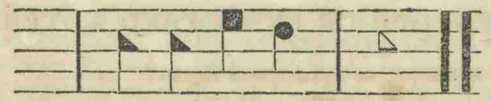
Shows that the tune is to be sung twice from it to the next double bar or close.

Figure 1, 2, or double ending.



At the end of a strain, or at the end of a tune, shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before you repeat, and those under 2 after omitting those under 1; but if the notes are tied together with a slur, both are sung the second time, as in the second example.

A Close



Shows the end of a tune or anthem.

A Prisma

:‖:

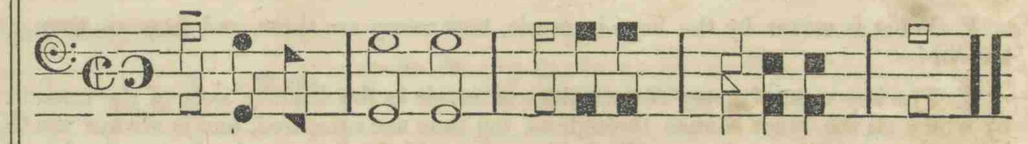
Denotes a repetition of preceding words.

OF CHOOSING NOTES.

P. What are choosing notes, and how must I sing them?

T. They are notes set immediately over each other on the same stave; either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice; (in bass the lower notes are termed ground bass.) If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper notes, and the other the lower notes. See the example on the bass stave.

EXAMPLE OF CHOOSING NOTES.
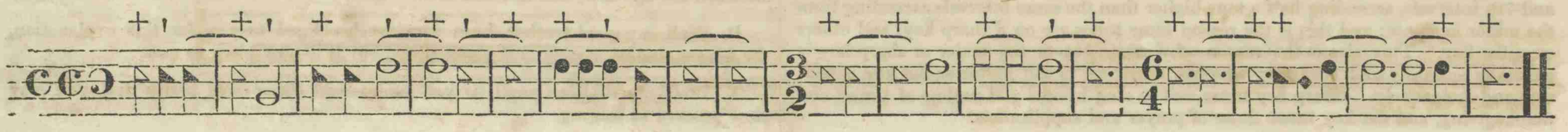


OF SYNCOPATION.

P. What is meant by syncopation, or syncopated notes?

T. Syncopation is any number of notes set on the same line or space included by a slur; sometimes driven across or through the bar, and sometimes in the middle; one of such notes only are to be named, but sound the time of all the notes, whether driven across the bar or not, swelling the voice a little at the usual place of the accent.

EXAMPLES OF SYNCOPATION.

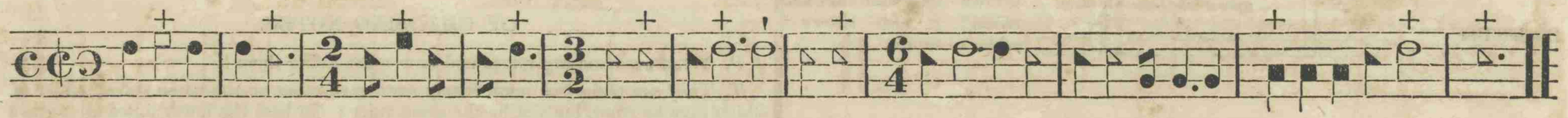


OF SYNCOPE OR SYNCOPEED NOTES.

P. What is meant by syncope, or syncopeed notes!

T. It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time, having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim between two crotchets, or a crotchet preceding a pointed minim, or a crotchet between two quavers, &c.

EXAMPLES OF SYNCOPEED NOTES.



OF THE KEYS OR KEY NOTES.

P. What is meant by the keys in music, how many are there, and how are they known?

T. The key note of every correct piece of music is the leading note of the tune, by which all the other sounds throughout the tune are compared, and is always the last note in the bass, and generally in the tenor. If the last note in the bass be faw immediately above me, the tune is on a sharp or major key; but if law immediately below me, it is a flat or minor key.

There are but two natural places for the keys, A and C. A is the natural place of the flat key, and C the natural place of the sharp key. Without the aid of the flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, no tune can rightly be set to any other than these two natural keys; but by the help of these, me, the centre, leading and governing note, and of course the keys, are removed at pleasure, and form what are called artificial keys, producing the same effect as the two natural keys; i. e. by fixing the two semi or half tones equally distant from the key notes. The difference between the major and minor keys is as follows; the major key note has its 3d, 6th, and 7th intervals, ascending half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the minor key note; and this is the reason some tunes are on a sharp key, and others on a flat key. This also is the reason why music set to the major or sharp key is generally sprightly and cheerful; whereas music set to the minor or flat key is pensive and melancholy. Sharp key tunes suit to sing hymns and psalms of praise and thanksgiving, and flat key tunes those of prayer and supplication.

OF TONES AND SEMITONES.

P What is meant by tones and semi or half tones?

T. There are said to be but seven sounds belonging to every key note in music, every eighth being the same, and is called an octave. Therefore these sounds are represented by only seven letters. These sounds in music are called tones; five of them are called whole tones, and two of them semitones or half tones. The natural places for the semitones are between B and C, and between E and F, and they are always between me and faw, and law and faw, find them where you may.

P. Are the semitones always between the same letters in every tune?

T. No; although the natural situation of semitones are between B C and E F, yet their situations, as well as the two keys, are very often altered by flats and sharps set at the beginning of the tune. You therefore remember that the natural place for the me is on B, but if B be flat, me is on E, &c.; and if F be sharp, me is on F, &c. Of course, if the me is removed, the semitones are as the semitones are always, between me and faw, and law and faw.

P. Well, my good teacher, I am very much obliged to you for this explanation, for I have studied a great deal about them, but it is now plain to me.

T. Well, my studious pupil, as you understand these rules pretty well, you may now proceed to singing.

OF SOUNDING THE EIGHT NOTES.
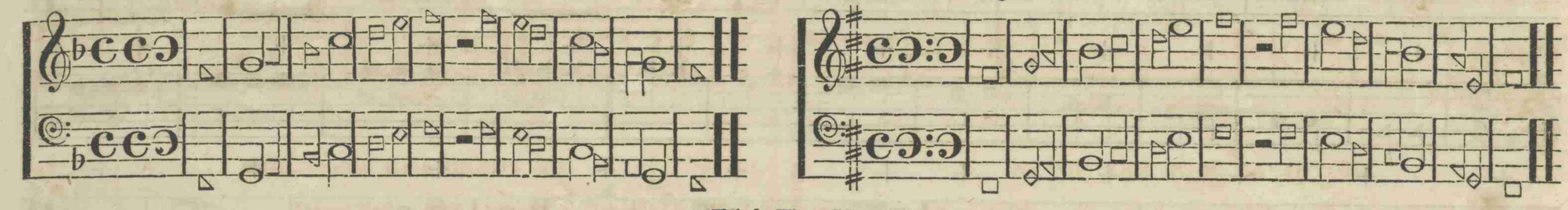
P. Please tell me how to sound the eight notes, and where I must commence?

T. Commence first on faw, the major or sharp key note on the tenor and treble stave; then ascend softly from one sound to another till you sing the eighth note on the fifth line, which is an octave; then descend, falling softly from one sound to the other till you end at the close. Then commence on law, the minor or flat key note; ascend and descend in the same manner till you come to the close. By this you learn the difference between the major and minor moods or keys.
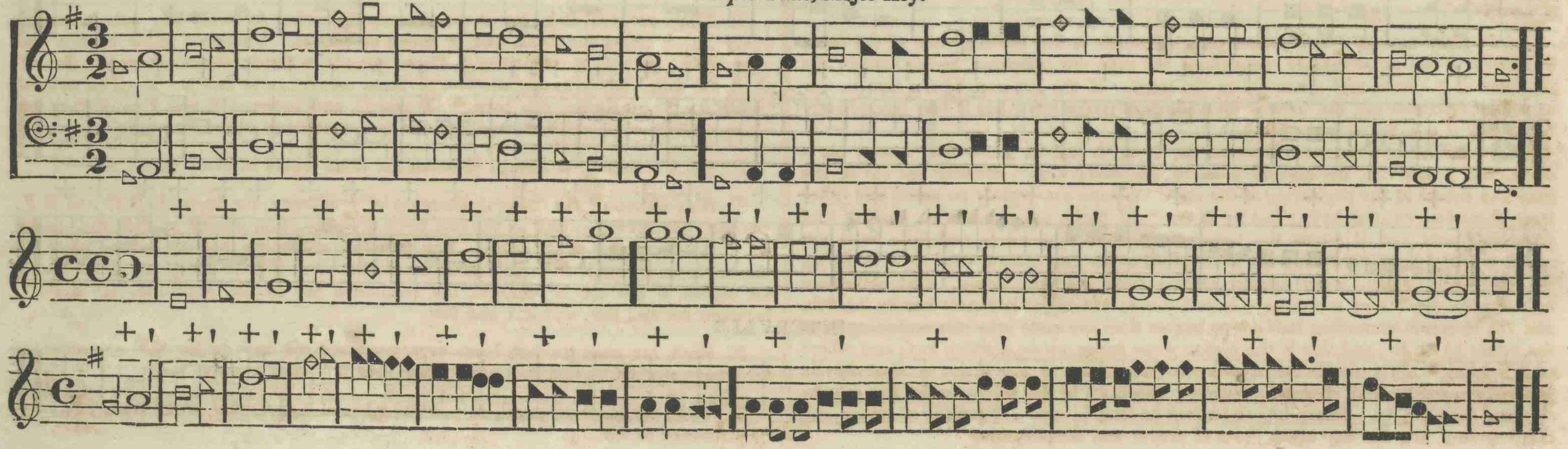
After having sounded the eight notes several times, you may go on to sing the other lessons for tuning the voice, and then some plain tunes.
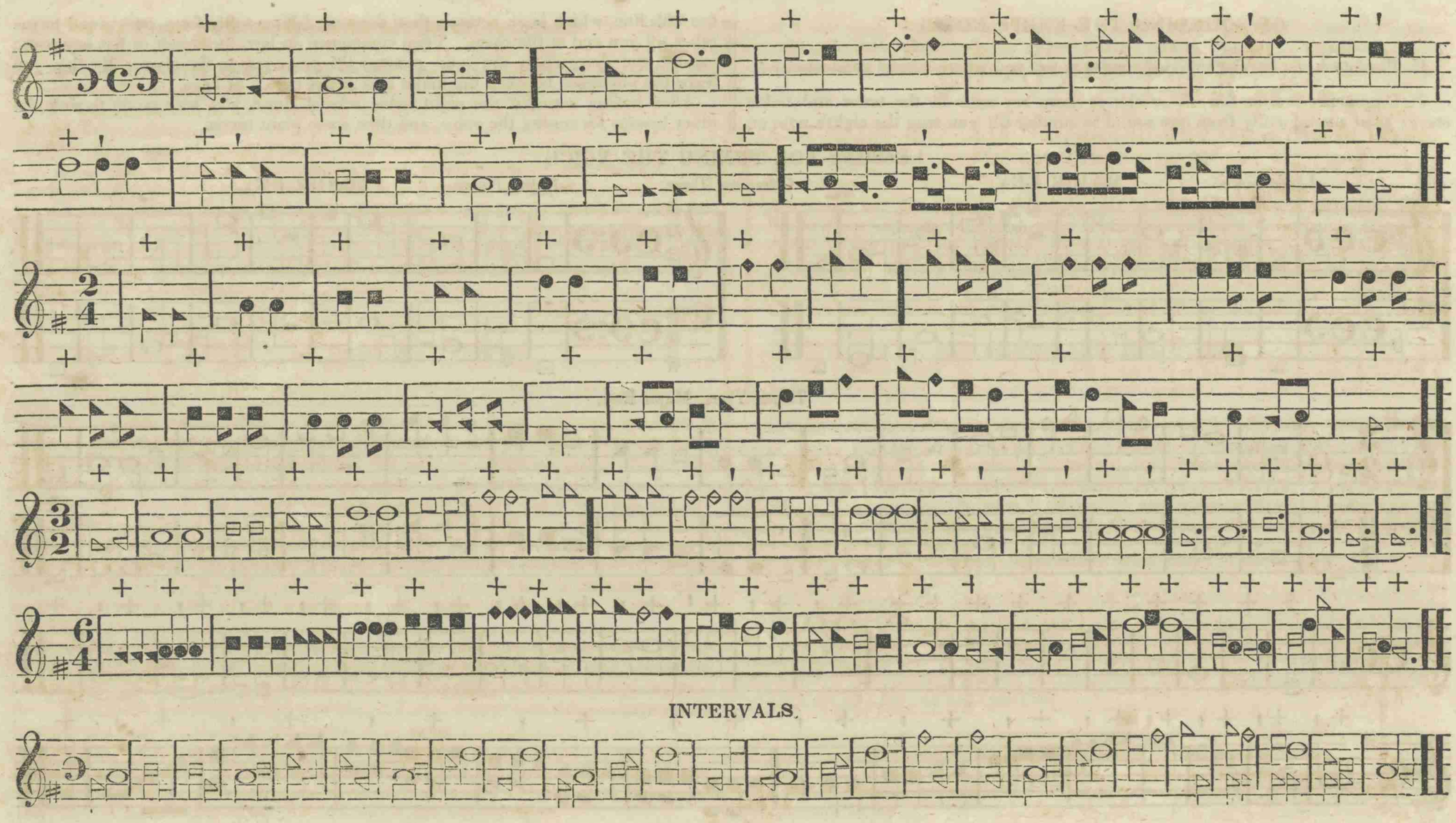
LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

Eight notes. MAJOR KEY. *Common Time.* Eight Notes. MINOR KEY.



Triple Time, Major Key.





INTERVALS.

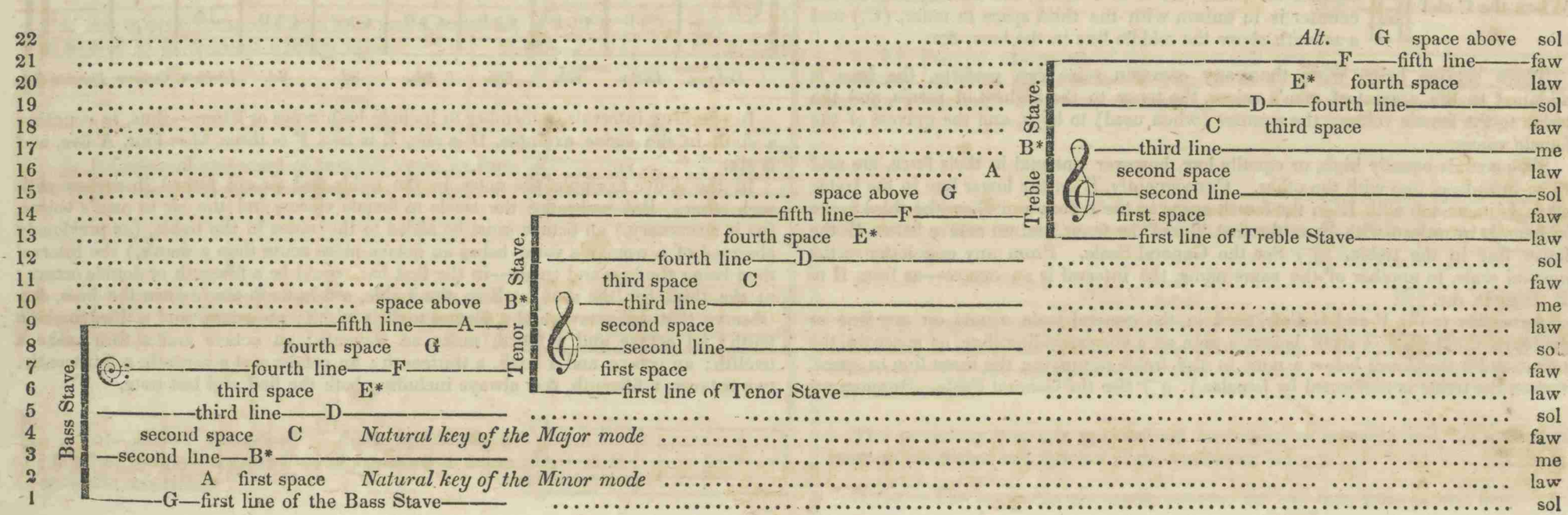
NOTE.— + stands over the usual place of the accent, and ! over the half accent.

PART SECOND.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.

The following is a representation of the general scale, showing the connexion of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space in either of the octaves represents: for instance, A the minor key, occupies the 2d, 9th, and 16th sounds of the general scale: C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th. Thus, it will appear that every octave being unison, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the key note, and in case the me is not transposed, will either be on the 2d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 9th, 11th, &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitchpipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 9th, 11th, &c. sounds of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

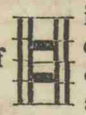
Note.—This method of proving the keys is infallible to individuals, and will hold good in choirs, when we suppose the teacher or leader capable of judging for the commonality of voices.



The foregoing scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two sounds.

The F clef,  used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the 7th sound in the general scale.

The G clef,  used on the second line in the tenor and treble, shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, (when performed by a female voice,) the fifteenth sound; for if the treble, as well as the tenor, were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only fifteen sounds: hence, the treble stave is only raised an octave above that of tenor, in consequence that female voices are naturally an octave above men's, and to females the treble is usually assigned. The stars (*) show the natural places of the semitones.

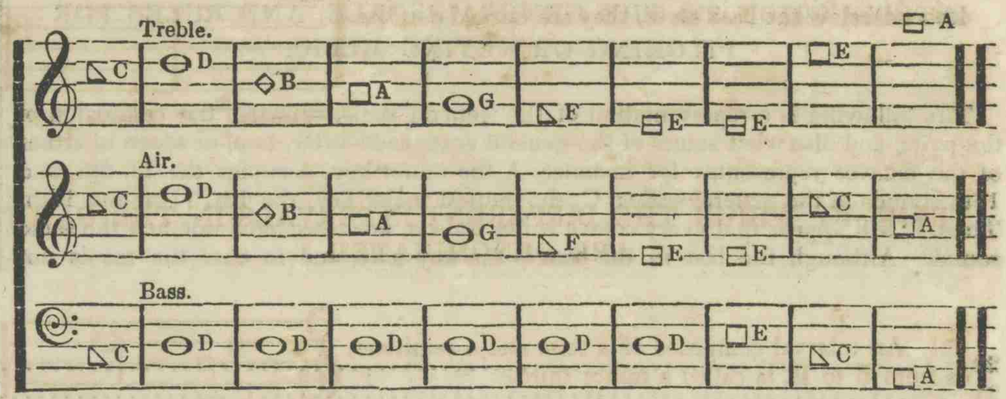
When the C clef  is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F clefs,) the middle line in the counter is in unison with the third space in tenor, (C,) and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

Three octaves being more than any common voice can perform, the bass is assigned to the gravest of men's voices, the tenor to the highest of men's, and the treble to the female voices: the counter (when used) to boys, and the gravest of the female voices.

Two sounds equally high, or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently, E on the lower line in the treble stave, is in unison with E on the fourth space in the tenor; and E on the third space in bass, is in unison with E on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble. ☞ See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—as from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreeably to the F and G clefs used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the tenor, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space, (when the treble is performed by females.) ☞ See the General Scale. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on B, the middle line of the tenor or treble, the interval will appear as just stated; and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.

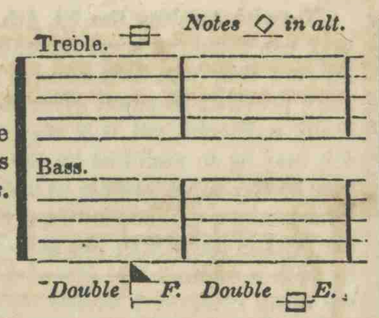
EXAMPLE.



In counting intervals, remember to include both notes or letters—thus, in counting a sixth in the above example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and B six.

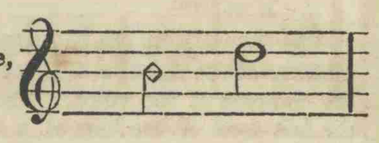
In the above example, the notes in the treble and air are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to men's voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman's voice being an octave more acute than a man's,) the interval then being the bass and treble—in the first bar, would be a fifteenth or double octave; in the third bar, the note on B in the treble, a thirteenth above D in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a second make a ninth; an octave and a third make a tenth; an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth. two octaves, a fifteenth, &c. always including both the first and last note.

When a ledger line is added to a treble stave, a note occupying it is said to be in *alt*; and when the notes descend below the bass stave, they are termed *doubles*.

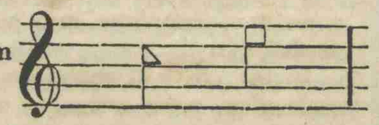


TERMS BY WHICH THE DIFFERENT INTERVALS IN THE GAMUT ARE DENOMINATED.

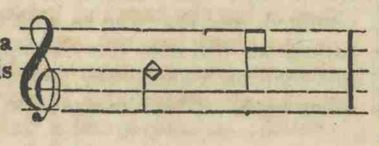
1. An interval composed of a tone and a semitone, as from B to D, is called a minor third.



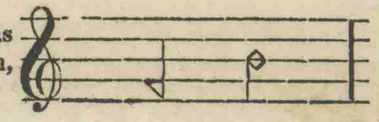
2. An interval composed of two full tones, as from faw to law, is called a third major.
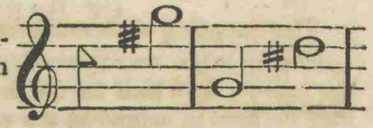


3. An interval composed of two full tones and a semitone, as from me to law; i. e. from B to E, is called a fourth.



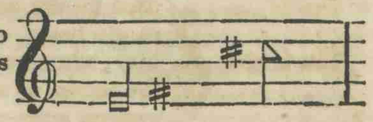
4. An interval composed of three full tones, as from faw to me, i. e. from F to B, is called a triton, or fourth redundant.
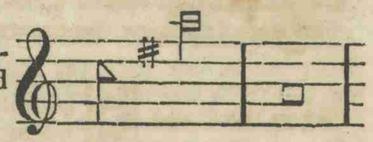


5. An interval composed of three tones and a semitone, as from faw to sol, i. e. from C to G, or from G to D, is called a fifth.



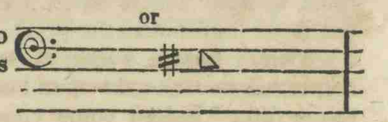
6. An interval composed of three tones and two semitones, as from law to faw, i. e. from E to C, is called a sixth minor.
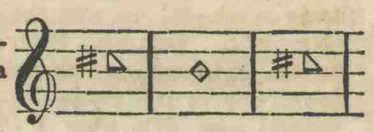


7. An interval composed of four tones and a semitone, as from faw to law, i. e. from C to A, is called a sixth major.
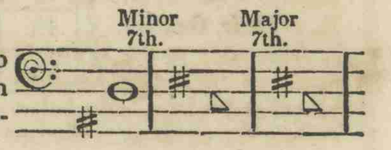


8. An interval composed of four tones and two semitones, as from sol to faw, i. e. from D to C, is called a 7th minor. [*See next example.*]



9. An interval composed of five tones and a semitone, as from faw to me, i. e. from C to B, is called a seventh major.



10. An interval composed of five tones and two semitones, is called an octave, (as has already been observed.) ☞ *See examples of the three last mentioned intervals.*



The preceding intervals are counted ascending, or upwards, and the sharps (#) indicate the places and number of the semitones in each.

NOTE.—The semitones always lie between me and faw, and law and faw.

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

Having given an explanation of the different intervals contained in the octave, and the manner in which the parts of music are connected, I proceed to show how they may be used in composition to produce harmony.

Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear.

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called *concords*, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called *discords*, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*. There are but four concords in music—viz.: *unison*, *third*, *fifth*, and *sixth*; (their eighths or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called; if the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect; but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth so in effect there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N. B. The meaning of imperfect, signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfections, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discords are a *second*, a *fourth*, a *seventh*, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth, and frequently admit it in composition. The following is an example of the several concords and discords, and their octaves under them:

	CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
Their Octaves.	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

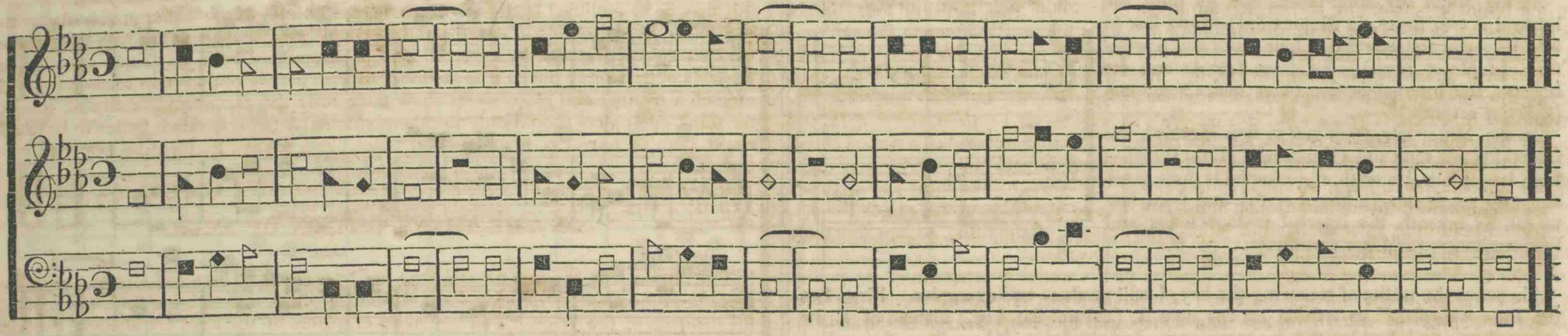
Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow: they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted immediately previous to sweet gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 8th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet than to have too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

ON THE TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.
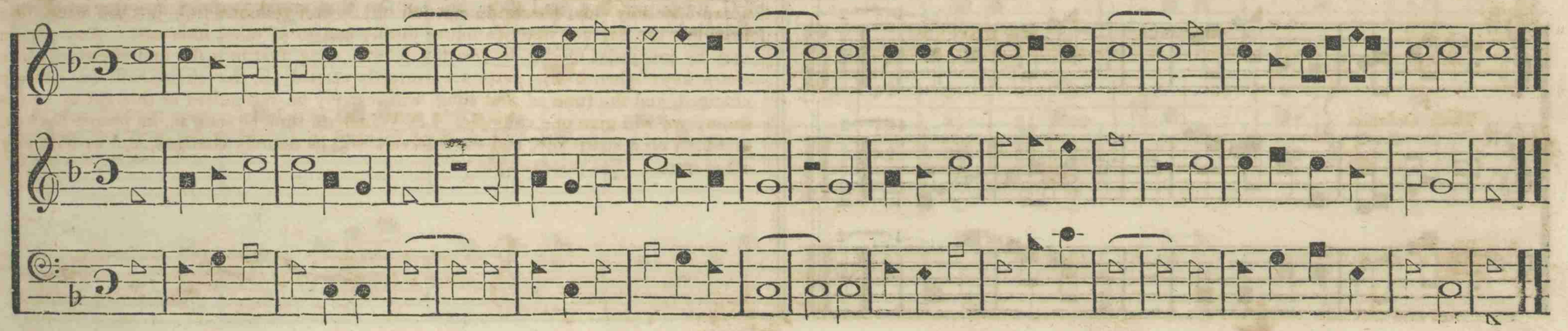
The reason why the two natural keys are transposed by flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, is to bring them within the stave, and to bring the music within the compass of the voice. The key notes or places of the keys are always found in the last note of the bass of a correct tune, and is either faw immediately above me the sharp key—or law immediately below me the flat key. The reason why one tune is on a sharp, lively key, and another on a flat, melancholy key, is, that every third, sixth and seventh, ascending from the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the flat key note. For instance, a third ascending from the sharp key note faw, (being a major third,) is very different from a third ascending from law the flat key note, (a minor third,) and so of other intervals. Any person may be convinced of this by hearing a tune sung first in a flat and afterwards in a sharp key; when if the parts are correctly carried on, the chords will be entirely changed, and the tune as first sung, will scarcely be recognised or thought to be the same; we will give one example. Let Windham tune be sung on its proper flat key, and then on a sharp key, and the intervals will be entirely changed, and so with any other tune. (See the example.)

EXAMPLE:

WINDHAM—on the flat key law, its proper key.



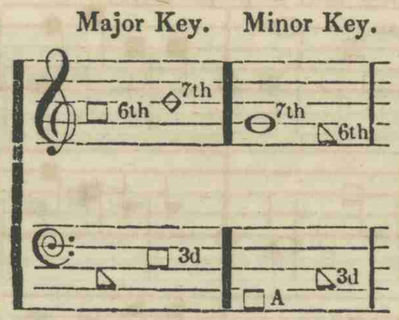
WINDHAM—on the sharp key faw.



EXAMPLES OF THE KEYS.
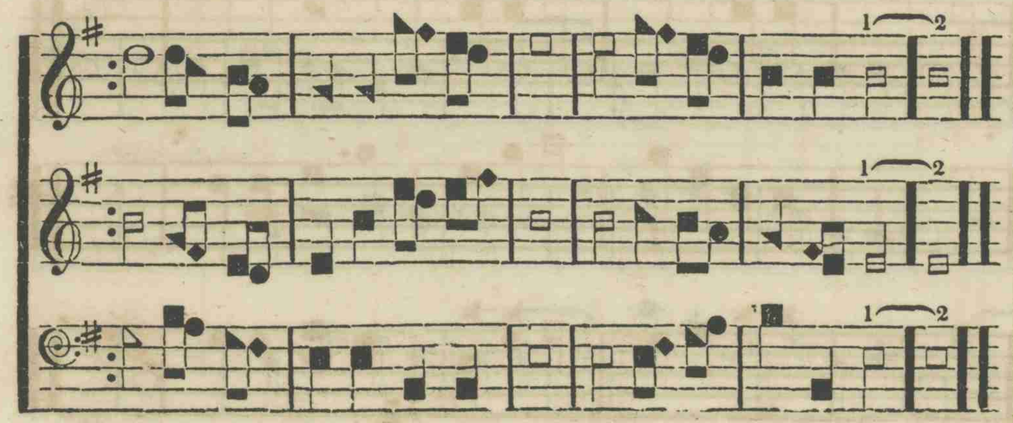
In the Major key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is two tones, [a Major third]—from faw to law, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, [a Major sixth]—and from faw to me, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [a Major seventh.]

In the Minor key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third]—from law to faw, its sixth, the interval is three tones and two semitones, [a Minor sixth] and from law to sol, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor seventh.]
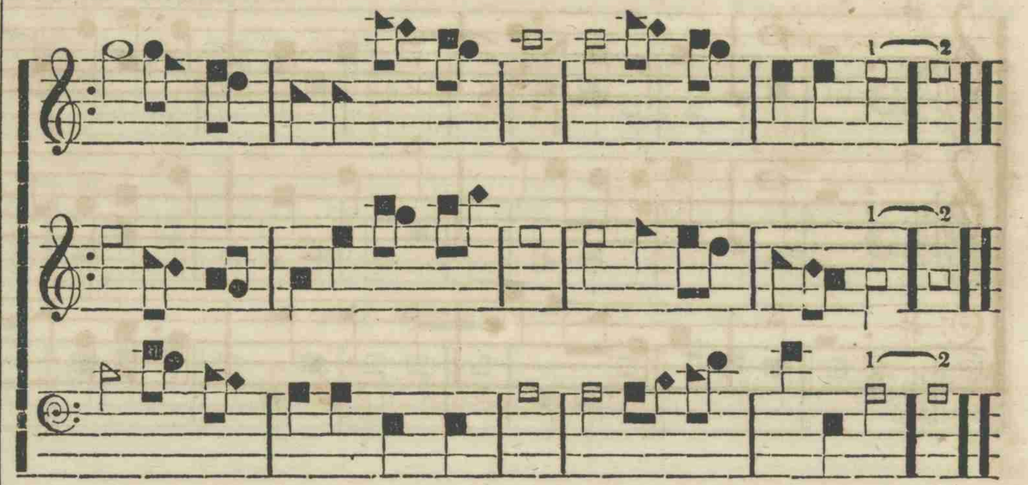


To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce two examples. First, Let the tune "*Suffield*" be written on key note A, (natural flat key,) instead of E, its proper key—and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying ledger lines, few voices would be able to perform it—the treble in particular.

SUFFIELD—on E, its proper key, from the repeat.
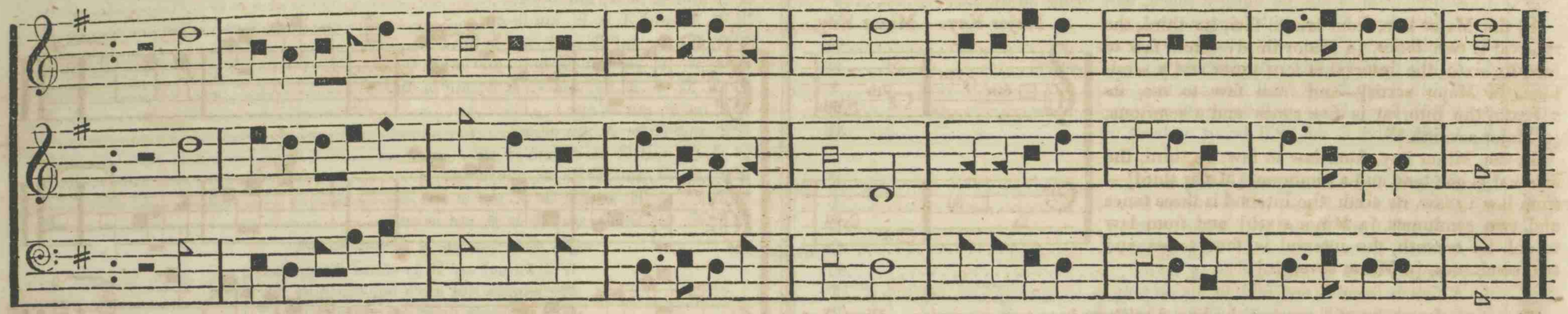


The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.
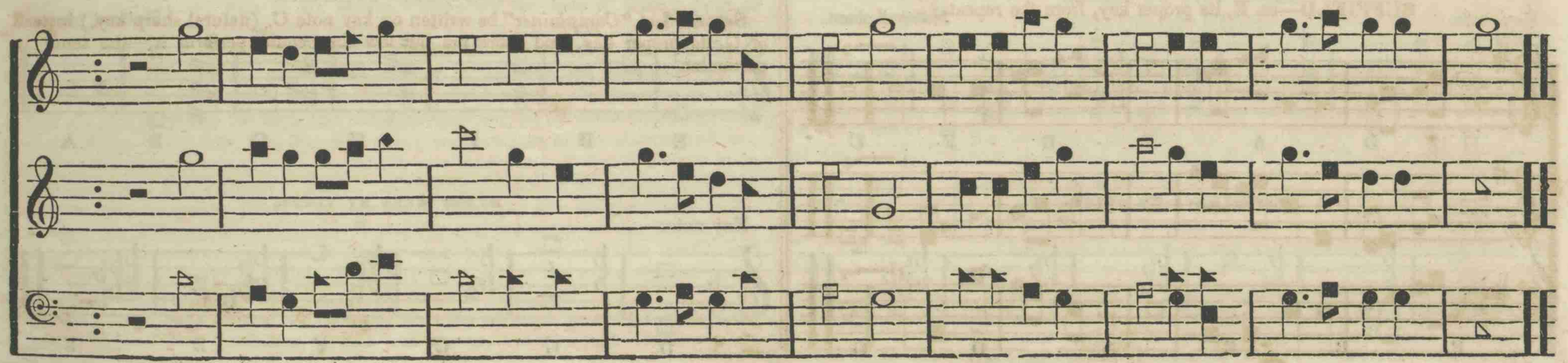


Second, Let "*Complainer*" be written on key note C, (natural sharp key,) instead of G, its proper key, and there are but few that could perform it,—the tenor in particular.

COMPLAINER—on G, its proper key, from the repeat.



The same on the assumed, or natural key C.



The *me*, and consequently the *keys*, is removed either by sharping its fifth or flatting its fourth, thus:

BY SHARPS.

1. A fifth from B me, its natural place, will bring us to.....F
2. A fifth from F me, will bring us to.....C
3. A fifth from C me, will bring us to.....G
4. A fifth from G me, will bring us to.....D
5. A fifth from D me, will bring us to.....A
6. A fifth from A me, will bring us to.....E
7. A fifth from E me, will bring us back to.....B

BY FLATS.

1. A fourth from B me, will bring us to.....E
2. A fourth from E me, will bring us to.....A
3. A fourth from A me, will bring us to .....D
4. A fourth from D me, will bring us to.....G
5. A fourth from G me, will bring us to.....C
6. A fourth from C me, will bring us to.....F
7. A fourth from F me, will bring us home to.....B
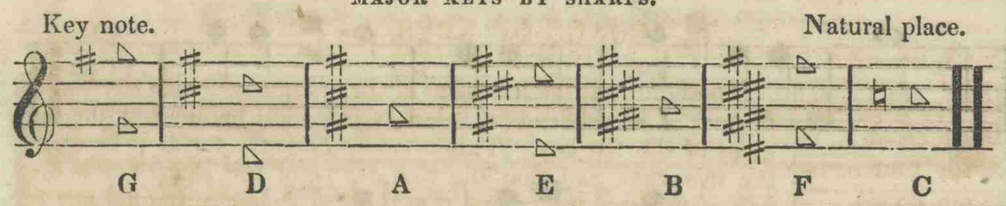
This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.

The natural place for me is.....B
If B is ♭, me is on.....E
If B and E is ♭, me is on.....A
If B, E, and A is ♭, me is on.....D
If B, E, A, and D is ♭, me is on.....G
If B, E, A, D, and G is ♭, me is on.....C
If B, E, A, D, G, and C is ♭, me is on.....F
If F be ♯, me is on.....F
If F and C be ♯, me is on.....C
If F, C, and G be ♯, me is on.....G
If F, C, G, and D be ♯, me is on.....D
If F, C, G, D, and A is ♯, me is on.....A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E is ♯, me is on.....E

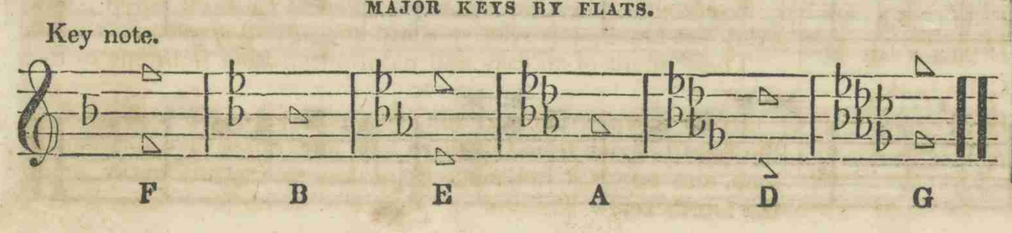
"By flats the me is driven round,
Till forced on B to stand its ground;
By sharps the me's led through the keys,
Till brought to B its native place."

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY SHARPS AND FLATS.
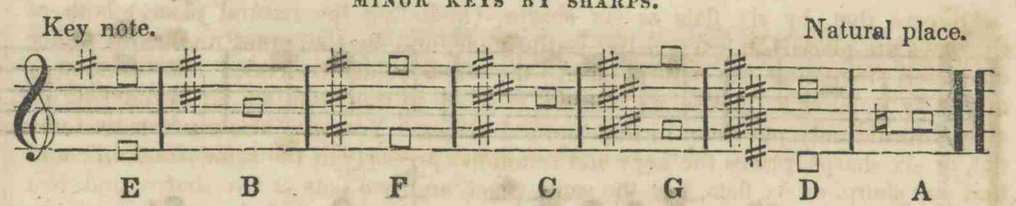
MAJOR KEYS BY SHARPS.
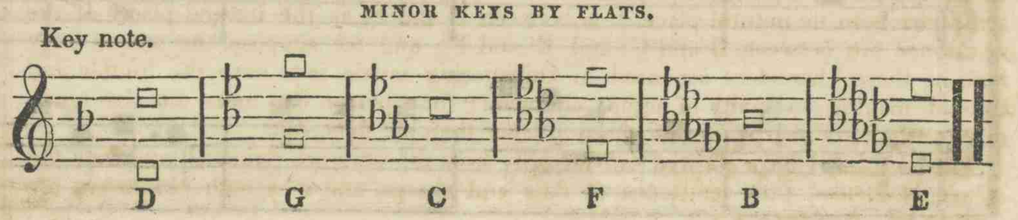


MAJOR KEYS BY FLATS.



MINOR KEYS BY SHARPS.



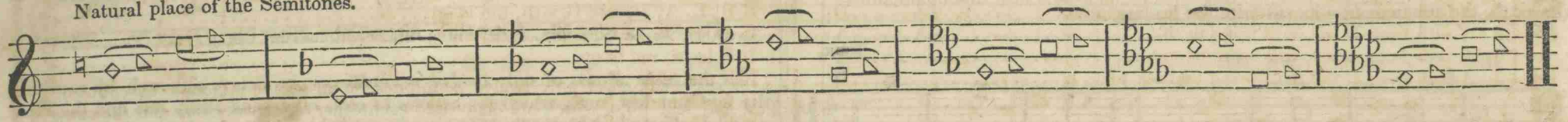
MINOR KEYS BY FLATS.



A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY FLATS AND SHARPS

BY FLATS.
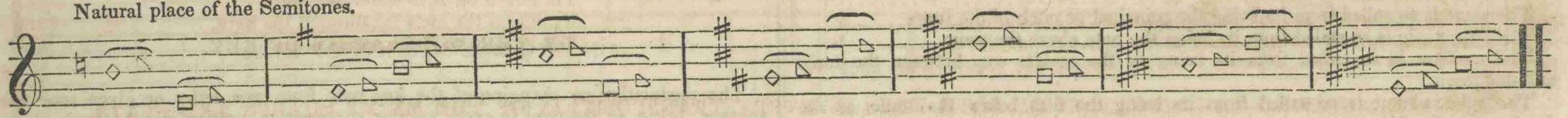
Natural place of the Semitones.



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

BY SHARPS.

Natural place of the Semitones.



Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) both of the keys are placed on every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the keys and semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect, and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats, or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; i. e. between B and C. Also with six sharps, or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, i. e. between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposing music, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

Thus I think I have showed satisfactorily how the keys are removed, and how the octave is divided into semitones by flats and sharps, and why both characters are used in transposition.

SCALE OF KEYS.

C 8th or 1st ◺	3d
B 7th ◇	2d
A 6th □	8th or 1st
G 5th ○	7th
F 4th ◺	6th
E 3d □	5th
D 2d ○	4th
C 1st ◺	3d
B ◇	2d
A □	1st

The figures at the left hand of the column of notes shows the degrees of the sharp key, those at the right hand show the degrees of the flat key. This scale shows that the ◇ is between the two keys, and that the first degree of the sharp key is the first note above the ◇, and that the first degree of the flat key is the first note below the ◇

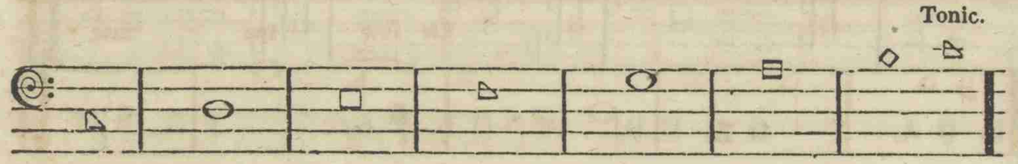
Every sharp key has its relative flat key a third below; and every flat key has its relative sharp key a third above.

These admit of an easy and natural transition from one to the other.

Every sharp at the beginning of a tune takes the place of me, the fourth degree from the sharp key, and raises that note half a tone, and removes the me and the key to the fifth above, or to the fourth below

Every flat at the beginning of a tune takes the place of the me, sinks that note half a tone, and removes the me and the key to the fourth above, or to the fifth below.

The seven sounds have also distinct names from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, or its second, the supertonic—its third, the mediant—its fourth, the subdominant—its fifth, the dominant—its sixth, the submediant—its seventh, the leading note.



Tonic. Supertonic. Mediant. Subdominant. Dominant. Submediant. L. note.

The tonic is so called from its being the principal or pitch of the tune.

The supertonic is so called from its being the note above the tonic.

The mediant is so called from its being in the middle way between the tonic and dominant.
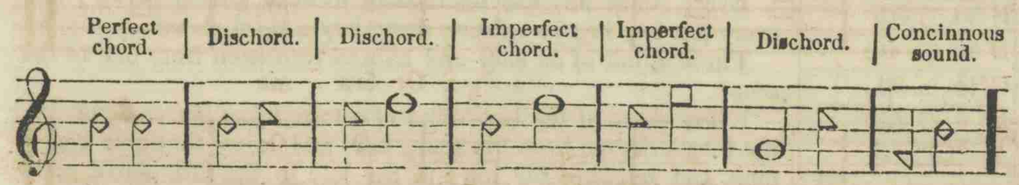
The subdominant is so called from its being the fifth below the tonic, as the dominant is the fifth above.

The dominant is so called from its being a principal note, and requires the tonic generally to be heard after it, especially at a close, and is therefore said to govern it.

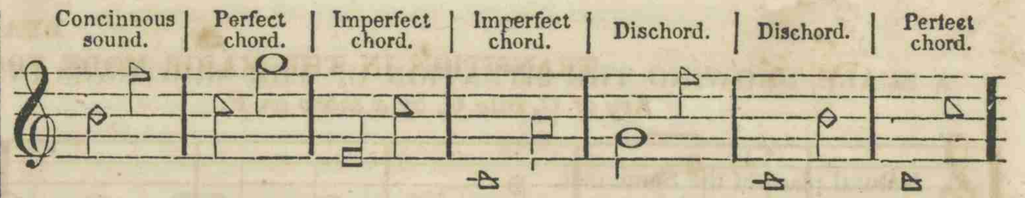
The submediant is so called from its being in the middle way between the tonic and its fifth below.

The leading note is so called from its leading to the tonic, and is the sharp seventh of the scale, and therefore in the minor mode is necessarily sharpened in ascending.

There are also fourteen intervals in the scale bearing distinct names, viz.; Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth, Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.



Unison. Minor 2d Major 2d. Minor 3d. Major 3d Perfect 4th. Sharp 4th



Flat 5th. Perfect 5th. Minor 6th. Major 6th. Minor 7th. Major 7th. Octave 8.

As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave although by counting the first and last note, which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect; it contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and make but one interval.

ON THE MODULATION OF KEY.
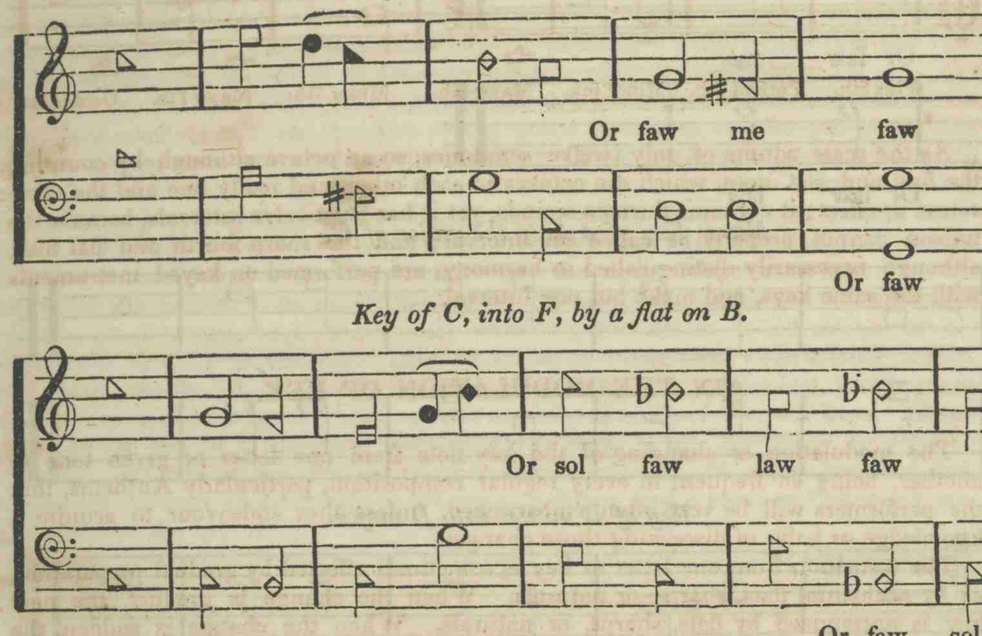
The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, being so frequent in every regular composition, particularly Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition from one letter or key is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the tune called the Christian's Song, or the Judgment Anthem.

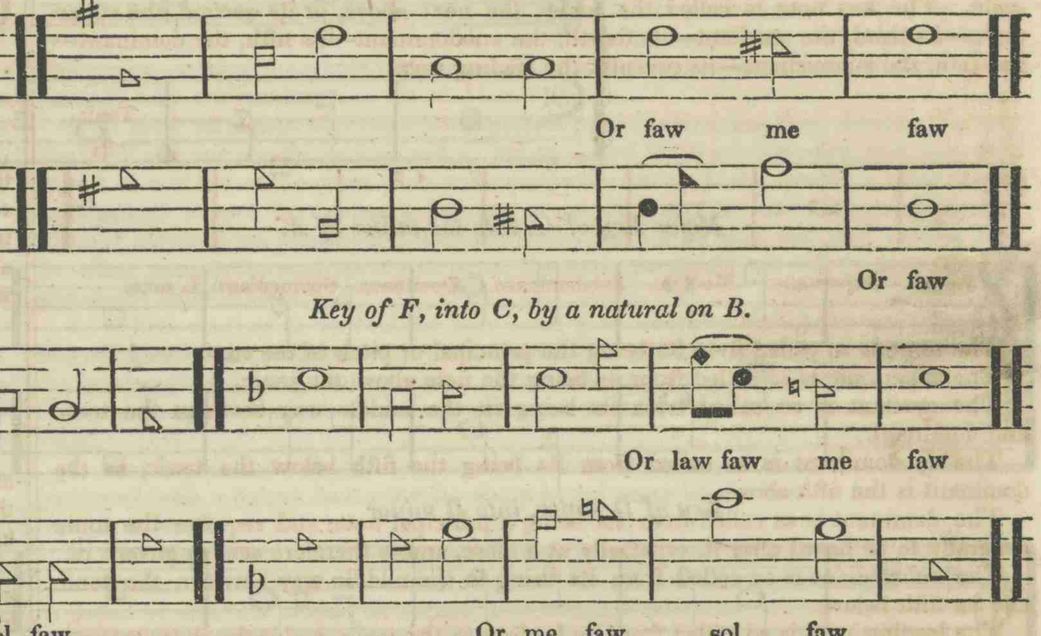
EXAMPLE:

TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of C, into G, by a sharp on F.



Key of G, into D, by an additional sharp on C.

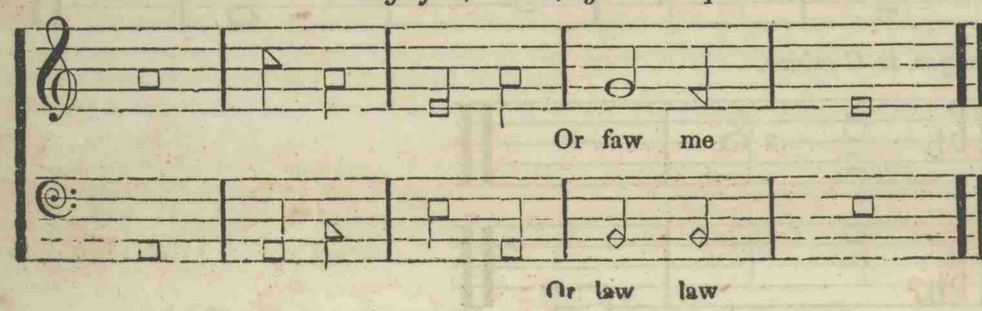


Key of C, into F, by a flat on B.
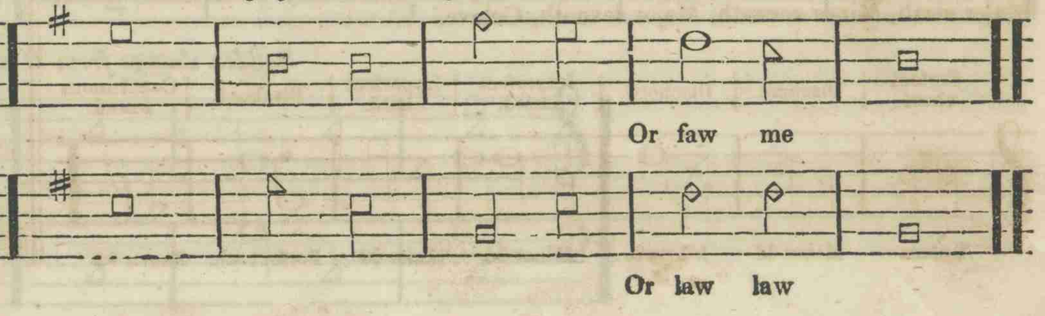
Key of F, into C, by a natural on B.

TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE, FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.
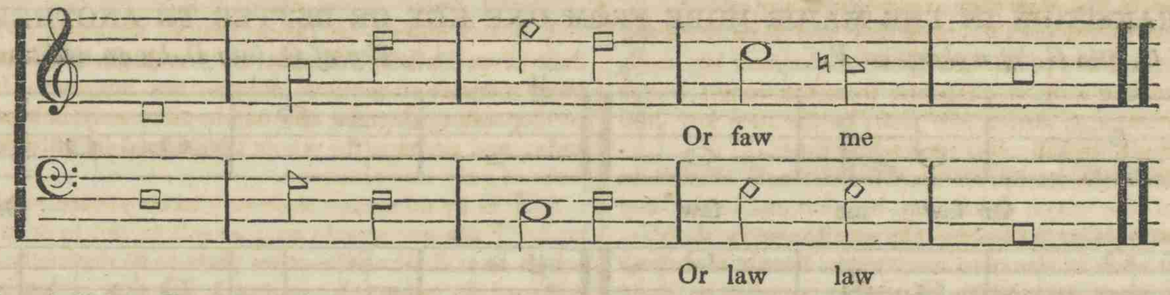
Key of A, into E, by one sharp.



Key of E, into B, by an additional sharp on C.

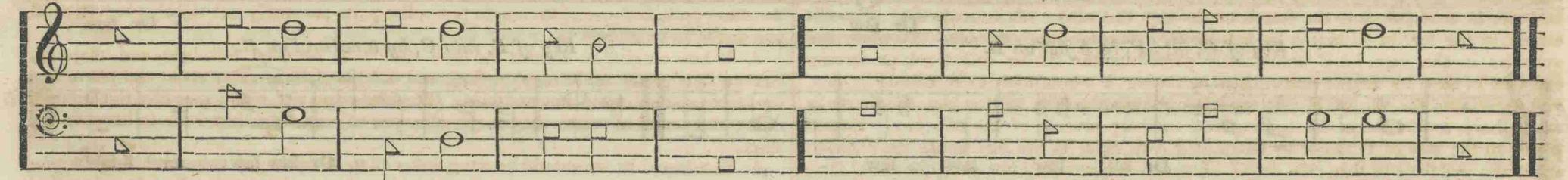


Key of D, into A, by a natural on B
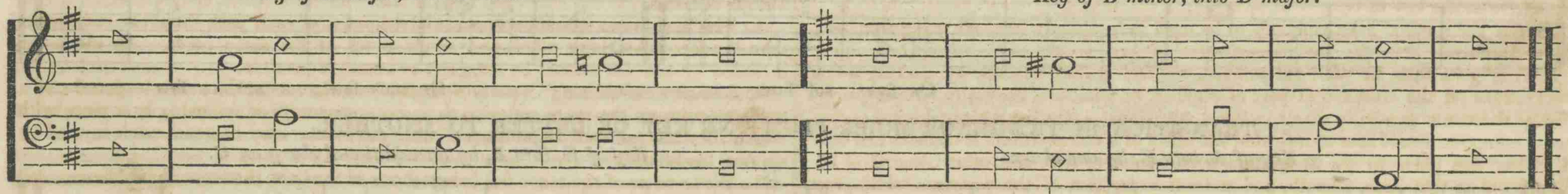


Major Key of C, into the minor of A.

Minor Key of A, into the major of C.

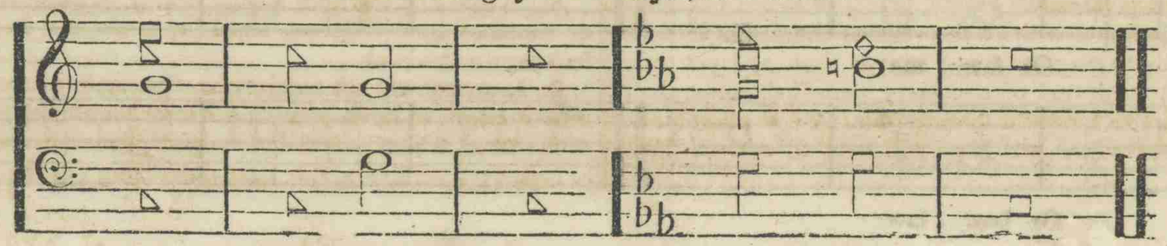


Key of D major, into B minor

Key of B minor, into D major.



Sudden change from C major, to C minor.



To aid those who wish further information with respect to the best method of modulation by retaining the sol fawing system, the following observations are added.

In order to do this, the syllables must follow into the new key and take the same place there which they held in the original key; i. e. faw must be the new key note, sol its dominant or fifth, and me its leading note, if changing from the minor to the major mode or key. If changing from major to minor, law must be the new key, and law mediant to the major key its dominant, and me also its leading note.

There are four different pitches which the composer may consistently change to form any given pitch; viz. the fifth of the given pitch may be changed to the key note by adding such flats, sharps, or naturals, as will place the semitones in their regular degrees in the diatonic scale, (the scale in common use,) to the fourth, observing the same order of semitones, or to the sixth, its relative minor key, or change itself into a minor key if previously major, (see the example,) from C major to C minor. In order to modulate into the fourth of the key, the major 7th is made flat. For example, in the key of C major, by flatting B, F becomes the key note. To apply the syllables in this case, let C immediately preceding the flat be called sol, preserving the tone of faw, its former name, then by falling a whole tone to B, calling it faw, you come into the key of F. In modulating into the fifth of the key, the fourth is made sharp, and becomes the leading note or sharp seventh of the new key. Example:—In the key of C major by sharping F you make G the key note. In order to apply the syllables in this case, let G immediately preceding the sharp be called faw, preserving the tone which it held as sol, then by falling half a tone, and calling F me, you arrive at the key of G.

This is the method most common to be used in psalmody in modulating from one key to another.

Having gone thus far with our subject, we feel willing to close by making a few observations on the ornamental part of singing, or what are generally termed graces. This is the name generally given to those occasional embellishments which a performer or composer introduces to heighten the effect of a composition. It consists not only in giving due place to the apogiatura turn, shake, or trill, and other decorative additions, but in that easy, smooth, and natural expression of the passages which best conveys the native beauties and elegancies of the composition, and forms one of the first attributes of a cultivated and refined performer.

A person or persons may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and also a few general and friendly observations, we hope will tend to correct these errors in practising of vocal music.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Care should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon their proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty and perhaps discords will be the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error in the pitch of one or more of the parts of only one semitone.

2. It is by no means necessary to constitute good singers that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. If the teacher's voice cannot be heard it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious,) and if the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts because of their own noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

3. When singing in concert the bass should be sounded full, bold, and majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear and plain, and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble may consider the German flute; the sound of which they may endeavour to imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.

4. Flat keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp keyed tunes let the bass be full and strong, but never harsh.

5. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath if possible.

6. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice and give them an opportunity of following in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon much injured by singing too loud.

7. When notes of the tenor fall below those of the bass, the tenor should be sounded strong, and the bass soft.

8. While first learning a tune it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and truly sounded without looking on the book.

9. Learners are apt to give the first note where a fuge begins nearly double the time it ought to have, sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas the fuges ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing (or the notes sung quicker) and the sound

of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the others fall in. All solos or fuges should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

10. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments to vocal music if rightly performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.

11. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plain by their proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words great care should be taken that they be properly pronounced and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened, but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the lungs and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz. on the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music, is that while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.

12. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,) and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower note while one does the upper note, and in the same proportion to any other number.

13. Your singers should not join in concert until each class can sing their own part correctly.

14. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once, because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

15. Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.*

16. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed, and continue at them until they are understood, than to shun over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling perhaps few beside the teacher know a flat keyed tune from a sharp keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c. requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

17. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice and give them a knowledge of the connexion of the parts and of harmony as well as melody.* The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

18. Learners should understand the tunes well by note before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

19. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

20. When the key is transposed, there are flats or sharps placed on the stave, and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the stave.

21. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

22. The apogiatura is placed in some tunes which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

23. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round, so that when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some be-

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* A cold or cough, all kind of spirituous liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach, long fasting, the veins overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c. are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will speedily ruin the best voice. A frequent use of some acid drink, such as purified cider, vinegar, and water mixed and sweetened a little with honey, or sugar with a little black or cayenne pepper, wine, and loaf sugar, &c. if used sparingly, are very strengthening to the lungs.

* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together.

lieve soft singing is the most melodious, when at the same time loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

24. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God and the edification of one another.

25. All affectation should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will through all eternity engage the attention of those who walk in climes of bliss.

26. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words* and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers when performing a piece of music could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures, and add every other necessary grace.

27. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

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* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation, such as end in i and y; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c. something like majestee, mightee, loftee, &c.; but the sense of some other words will be destroyed by this mode of expressing them; such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c. These should partake of the vowel O, rather than EE, and be sounded somewhat like sanctifay, justifay, glorifay, &c. It would indeed be difficult to describe this exactly; however, the extreme should be avoided on both sides.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

FROM THE COLUMBIAN HARMONY.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair:
That power is music.

Armstrong.

So great is the empire of music over all the faculties of human nature, and so loud have been the ingenious in celebrating its power and praises, that they have left nothing in heaven, not at all in the air, sea, or on the earth, but what in excess of fancy or merit they have subjected to its dominion for the better. Its harmony ravishes the soul, and carries it beyond itself; helps, elevates, and extends it. It exterminates fear and fury, abates cruelty, alleviates sorrow and heaviness, and utterly destroys spleen and hatred. In short, music cures disease, sweetens the labourer's toil, and adds new courage to the soldier.

Divine music must be allowed by all who practise it to be an emanation from the Deity; it is admirably calculated to raise the mind above the sublunary enjoyments of this life, in gratitude to our beneficent Benefactor and Creator. When I consider upon the divine nature and power of music on the affections, I am wrapped up in admiration, love, and praise, and cannot but adore the Almighty Giver of so good and glorious a gift; and that it has pleased him to bestow upon me and my fellow beings faculties to sing his praise. It is in the performance of sacred music that we assimilate ourselves to the angelic choirs of glory, more nearly than in any other employment upon earth besides. Most of the arts and employments of this life will accompany us no farther than the grave; but this will continue an employment with the redeemed of God while eternal ages roll. It had its origin in God, and from God it was communicated to angels and men. Long before this world's foundations were laid, angels and archangels sang their grateful praises to the eternal Jehovah, encircling his throne and infinitely exulting. When God had created this lower world and all its appendages, the angelic hosts and seraphim above, like bright morning stars shining with the most serene brilliancy, sang together: and the archangels, the chief cherubim of heaven, and sons of God, shouted for joy, to behold the new creation so well accomplished.

Since then the cherubim and seraphim of heaven sing their ceaseless lays to their Creator, and consider music as one of the most noble and grand vehicles for conveying their love to him, shall man, mortal man, presume to look with haughty scorn, derision, and contempt upon that science which dignifies those exalted beings above? Ungrateful to God, and unmindful of his transcendent privilege, must he be that is possessed of the voice of melody, who delights not to celebrate the praises of the Most High, by singing hymns and anthems to his name. When amazing pity had seized the compassionate breast of our Redeemer; when it had prevailed upon him to resign his royal diadem of glory and robes of light into the hands of his eternal Father, with filial submission and humility; when he condescended to leave the throngs of adoring angels who cluster around the throne of God; and when he voluntarily left the realms of bliss that he might veil his divinity in humble clay, and become the sufferer for all sin against an incensed God, to appease his flaming wrath for a wretched world of men; I say well might shining legions of angels descend through the portals of the skies at his nativity, at so amazing condescension, and proclaim the joyful news to man, that a God on earth was born, and sing while hovering over the Redeemer's humble manger, and around the vigilant shepherd, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men." Before his unparalleled sufferings, while in humble state, he rode upon the foal of an ass towards Jerusalem, well might his followers strew the way with their clothes and branches of palm trees, and shout, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" After he had administered his memorable supper to his disciples he sang with them a hymn, as the last consolation to them till he should have passed through the gloomy vale of death and all its horrors.

Soon after his agonizing passion, while the infernal powers roared their loud acclamations through the gloom of hell, and black despair triumphing at the bloody, horrid deed, he breaks the bands of death asunder, and rose triumphant, and was escorted by myriads of hymning angels to the bosom of his Father God, from whose

paternal hands he again received his diadem of glory and robes of eternal effulgence; there to be our Advocate, Mediator, and Redeemer, until he shall come the second time from heaven, not as before in humility, but with all the grandeur of heaven, with the shout of the archangel and with the trump of God, to judge the world; and till then, and eternally after, the choirs of glory will ever worship him with songs of endless praises, and sing, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords! Hallelujah!" "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," shall the saints of glory for ever sing, "and nath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honour, glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever! Amen." No art in nature is better calculated to interest the feelings and command the passions of the soul than sacred music when well performed. It raises within the soul a kind of seraphic pathos, and almost transports the soul to the paradise of God, far, far beyond the contaminations of this gross sphere of nature, to a sphere of elevated glory. Were the soul to expand her wings, and take her flight to the realms of bliss, what would she behold among those celestial choirs less than ten thousand times ten thousand saints and angels, clad in robes of purest white, and interstreaked with shining gold, and exulting in the all-glorious praises of God. What would be her raptures to hear the chief cherubim of heaven sweeping the cerulean strings of their golden lyres symphoniously, and then the whole chorus of heaven, both vocal and instrumental, to fall in with them in one full burst of heavenly harmony! she would not behold a single being in so august a throng as millions, indifferent in the praises of God, nor hear one languid tone from the meanest seraph's tongue; if such be the harmony of heaven, let it raise the flame of emulation in every bosom to imitate the blest above. Let each singer perform in church properly, enchoired, and in the manner that it ought to be done, and grand effects will be the unavoidable result, if the music itself be good. By hearing good music well performed, we are ready to say, "O! ye enchanting, ecstatic, and delightful sons and daughters of harmony! O! that I could take the wings of the morning, and soar aloft with your sublime strains to the mansions of glory."

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

Adagio, very slow, the first mood in common time C.
Allegro, lively, quick, the third mood in common time C.
Accent, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable.
Acrostic, a poem, the first letters of the lines of which form a name.
Air, the tenor part, the inclination of a piece of music.
Alt, high above the stave.
Alto, or *Altus*, high counter.
Appetone, between a tone and semitone.
Affettuoso, tender, affecting, mournful, plaintive.
Andante, moderate.
Bass, the lowest part of music, grave, solemn.
Bassoon, a kind of wind instrument for bass.
Bass Viol, a large or bass fiddle.
Breve, an ancient note **II**, equal to two semibreves.
Blank verse, a poem without rhyme.
Canticles, divine or pious poems, songs.
Chant, to sing praises.
Conorous, loud and harmonious.
Chord, a sound, a concord, proportional vibrations.
Chorus, all the parts together.
Clefs, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.
Comma, a small part, as 1 4, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.
Crescendo, increasing in sounds, &c.
Compose, to make tunes or set notes for music.
Concert, many singers or instruments together.
Counter, is high treble performed in a female voice.
Diagram, the gamut or rudiments of music.
Diapason, an octave, an eighth degree.
Dissonance, discord, disagreement.
Drama, a tragical piece for the stage to be acted.
Duet, two parts only moving together.
Diminuendo, diminishing in sound, becoming louder.
Forte, or *For*, full, loud, or strong.
Fuge, or *Fugha*, the parts of music following each other in succession.
Gamut, the scale or rudiments of music.
Grand, full, great, complete, pleasing.
Grave, slow, solemn, mournful, most slow.
Guido, a direct.
Harmony, a pleasing union of sounds.
Harmonist, a writer of harmony, a musician.
Hexameter, having six lines to a verse.
Hautboy, or *Hoboy*, a kind of wind instrument.

Inno, a hymn or song.
Intonation, giving the pitch or key of a tune.
Interval, the distance between two degrees or sounds.
Ionic, light and soft.
Keys, pieces of silver, ivory, &c. for the fingers, on an instrument.
Key note, the principal or leading note of each octave.
Largo, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.
Lima, the difference between major and minor.
Linto, slow.
Major mood, the sharp key, the great third, high, cheerful.
Major chord, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.
Medius, is low treble performed in a man's voice.
Moods, certain proportions of time, &c.
Modulate, to regulate sounds, to sing in a pleasing manner.
Musica, the art of music, the study or science of music.
Music, a succession of pleasing sounds, one of the liberal sciences.
Necessario, continuing like thorough-bass.
Notes, seven characters representing the degrees or sounds of music
The syllables applied by the Italians are as follows, viz.
Ut Re Mi Faw Sol La Si } But this plan has not been finally adopted for the
C D E F G A B } English music.
Octave, an eighth degree, six tones and two semitones.
Ode, a poem.
Organ, the largest of all musical instruments.
Pastoral, rural, a shepherd's song, something pertaining to a shepherd.
Piano, or *Pia*, directs the performer to sing soft, a kind of instrument.
Pentemeter, five lines to each verse.
Pitchpipe, a small instrument for proving sounds.
Satire, a poem written to expose vice and folly.
Selah, a note often used in the Psalms of David, the true import of which is unknown; perhaps it may be a musical character requiring attention, or signifying *amen*.
Serenade, a night song, music played in the evening to entertain a friend or lover.
Solo, one part alone.
Symphony, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.
Syncope, cut off, disjointed, out of the usual order.
Syncopation, notes joined in the same degree in one position.
Trill, or *Tr.*, a tune like a shake or roll.
Transposition, the changing the place of the key note.
Trio, a tune in three parts.
Violoncello, a tenor viol, 1-8th above a bass viol.
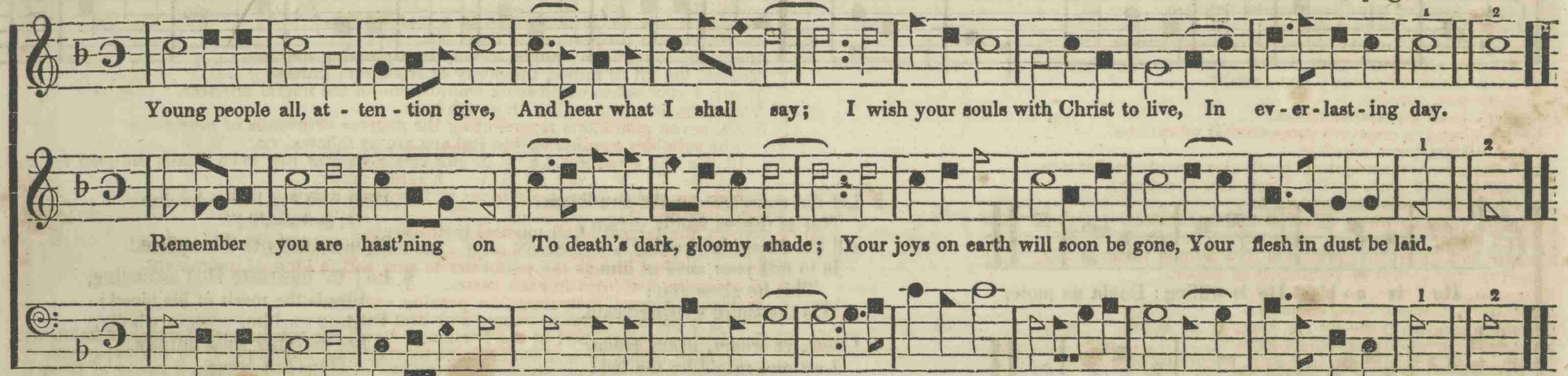
PART 1.

CONTAINING

MOST OF THE PLAIN AND EASY TUNES COMMONLY USED IN TIME OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

M. C. H. Davis. Mercer's Cluster, page 146



2 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my dear young friends;
With whom then do you think to go,
With saints or fiery fiends?
Pray meditate before too late,
While in a gospel land,
Behold King Jesus at the gate,
Most lovingly doth stand.
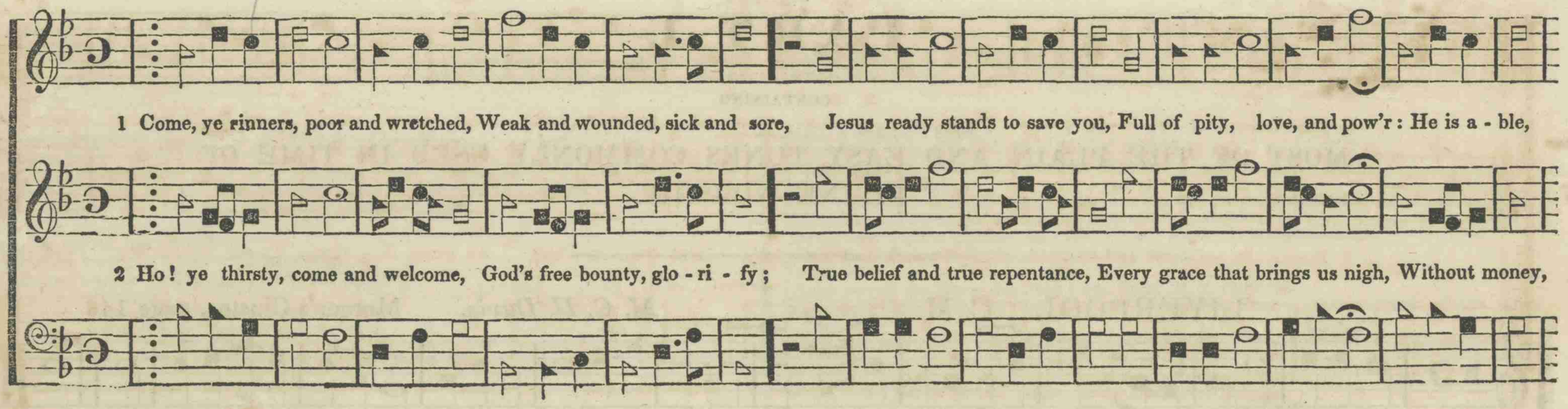
3 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend;
Will you pursue your dang'rous ways?
O don't you fear the end?
Will you pursue that dang'rous road
Which leads to death and hell?
Will you refuse all peace with God,
With devils for to dwell?

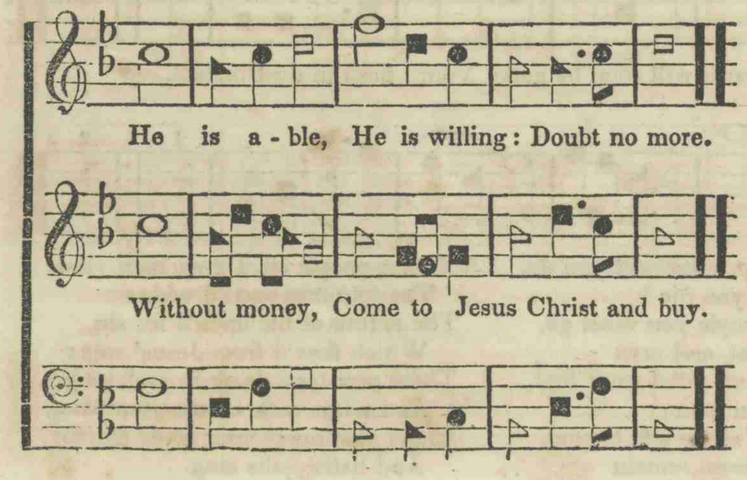
4 Young women too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry:
Where you the least relief can't find,
To mitigate your pain;
Your good things all be left behind,
Your souls in death remain

5 Young people all, I pray then view
The fountain open'd wide;
The spring of life open'd for sin,
Which flow'd from Jesus' side;
There you may drink in endless joy,
And reign with Christ your king,
In his glad notes your souls employ,
And hallelujahs sing.

INVITATION. 8, 7, 4.

Wm Walker. Baptist Harmony, p. 249.





2 Let not conscience make you linger.
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
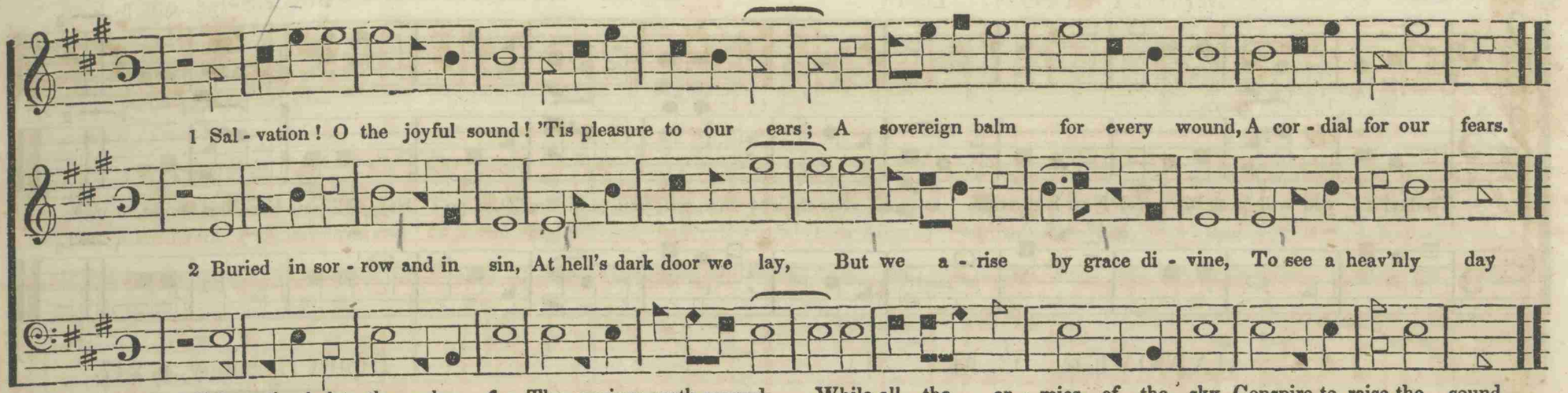
5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Saviour lies!
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies—
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same

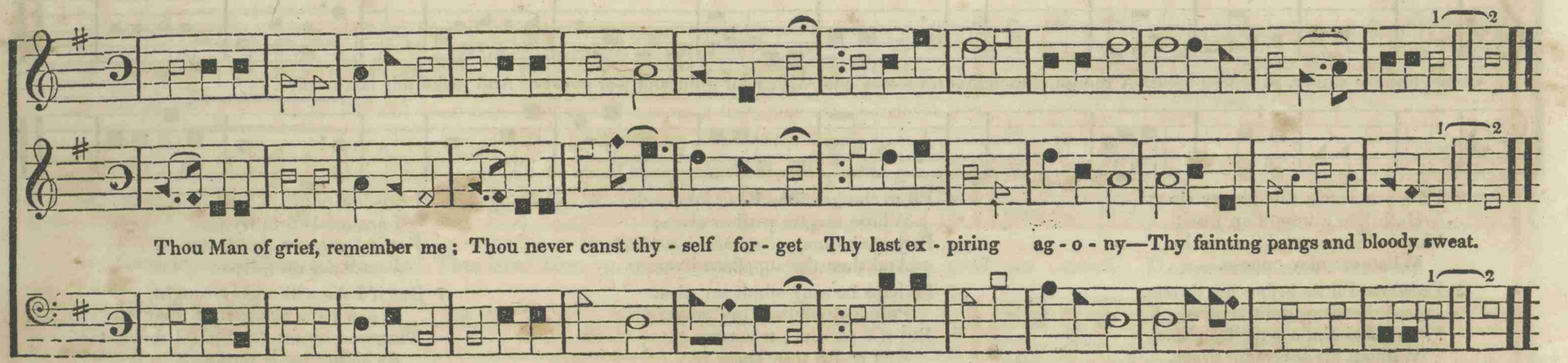
PRIMROSE C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 88. B. 2. Watts.



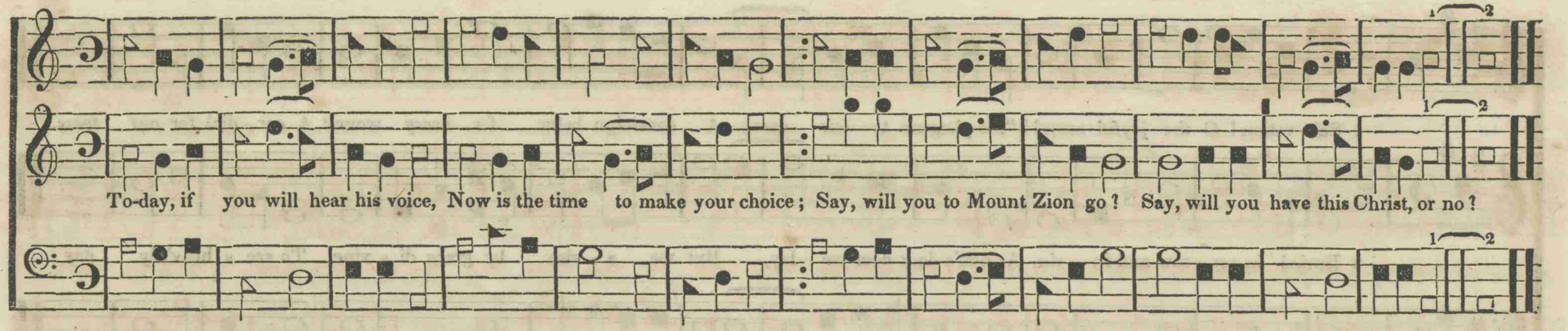
KEDRON. L. M.

Dare.
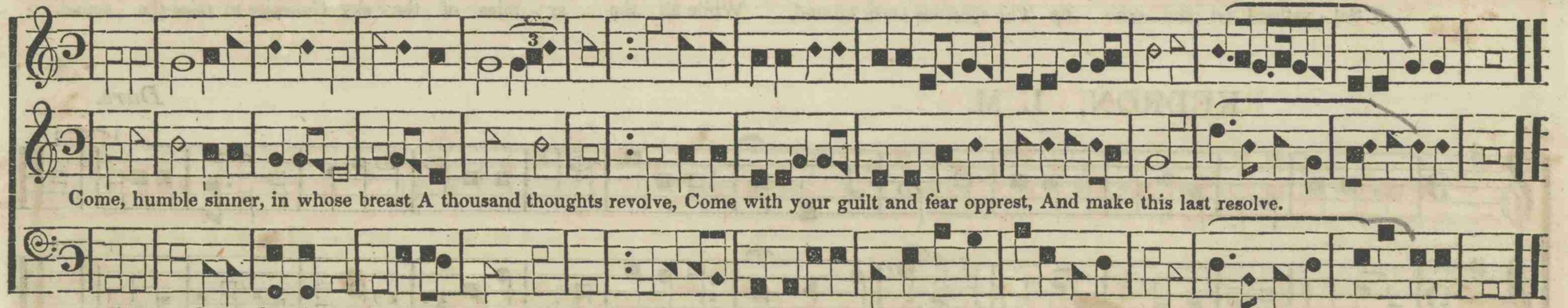


MEDITATION. L. M.

Dover Selection, p. 9



HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.



2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

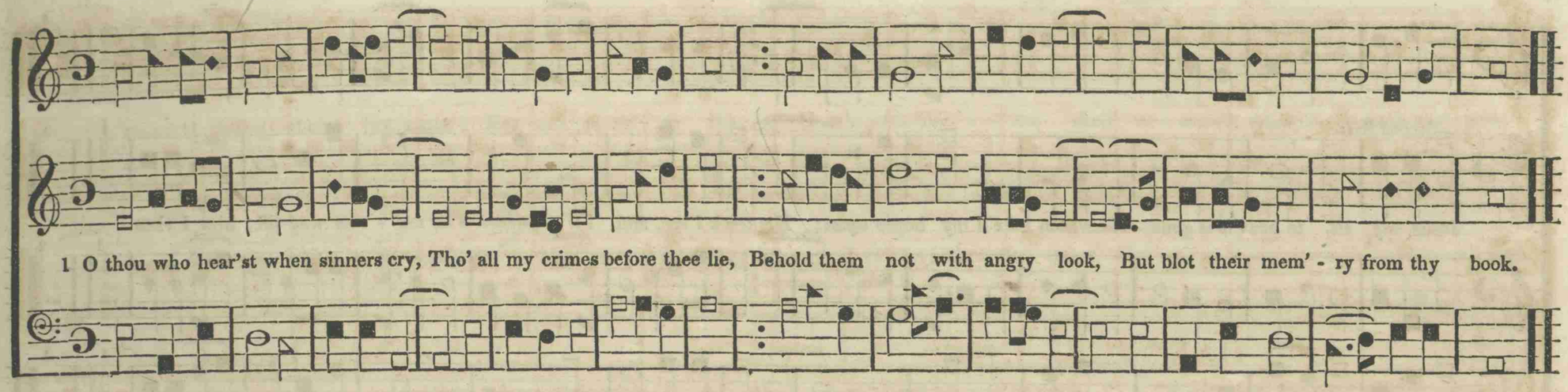
4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there
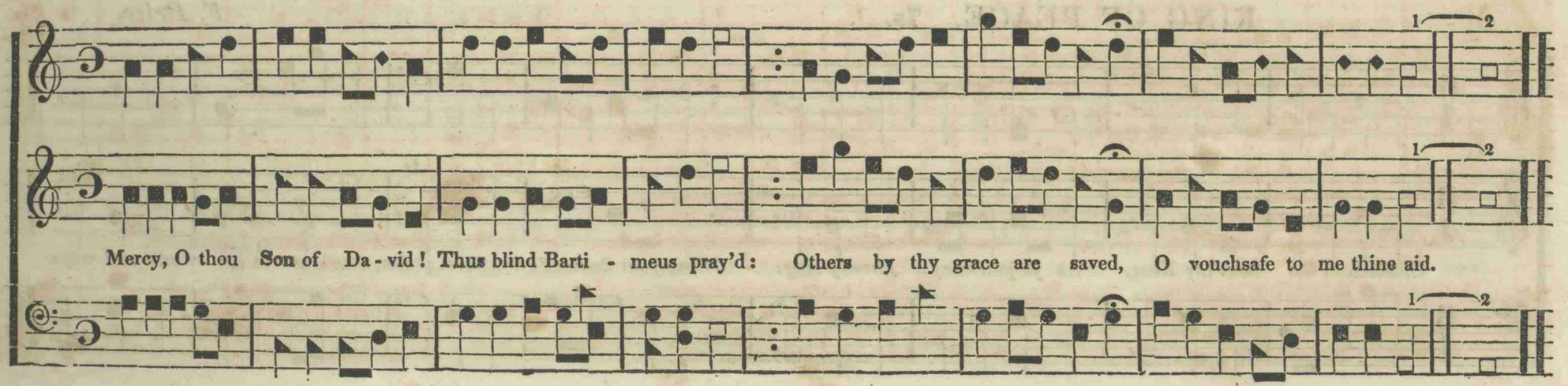
6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought)
As sinner never died.
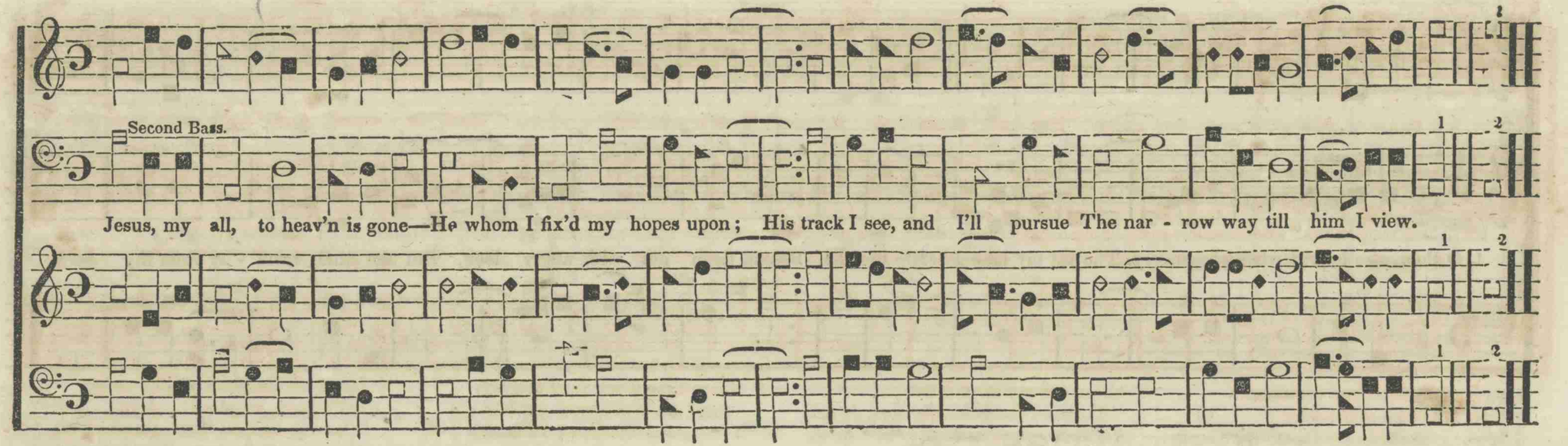
SUPPLICATION. L. M.



RESTORATION. 8, 7.
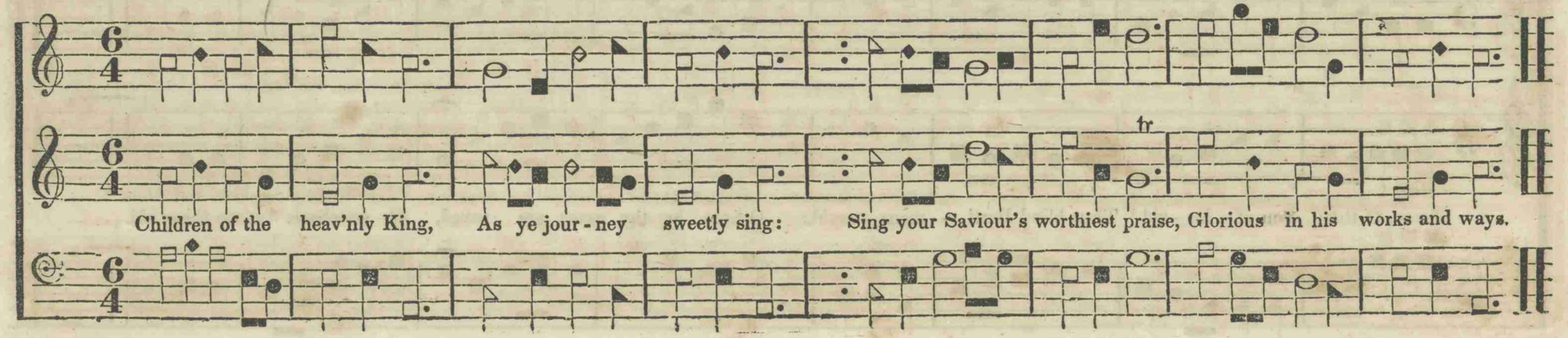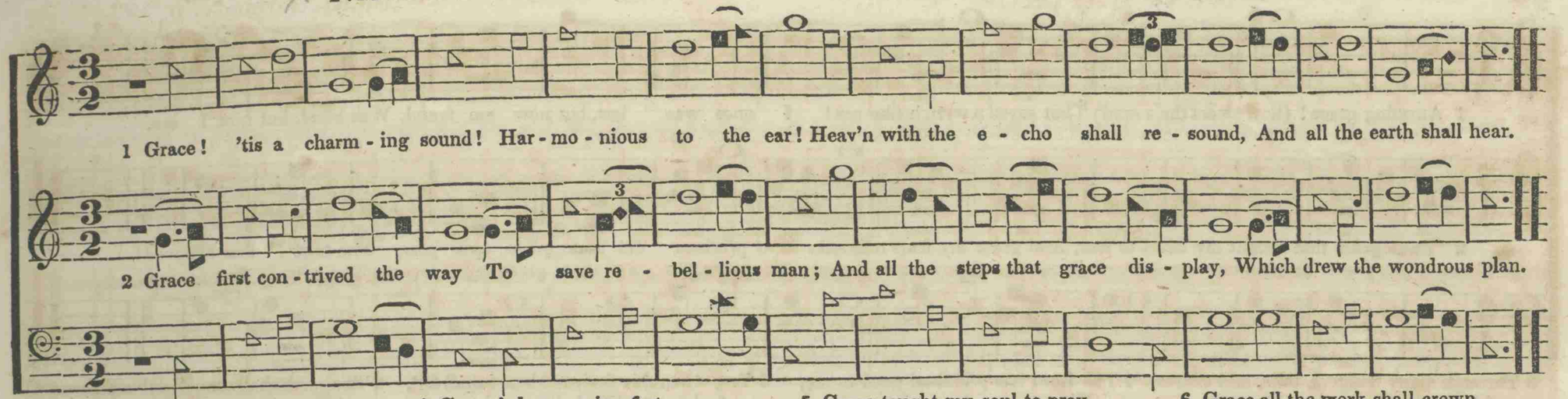


MARYSVILLE. L. M.



KING OF PEACE. 7s.

F. Price.
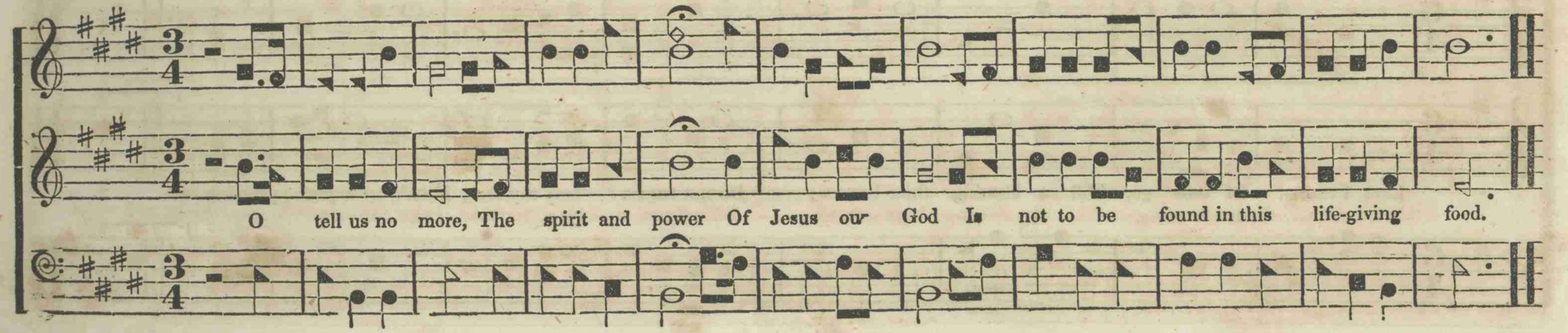




3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
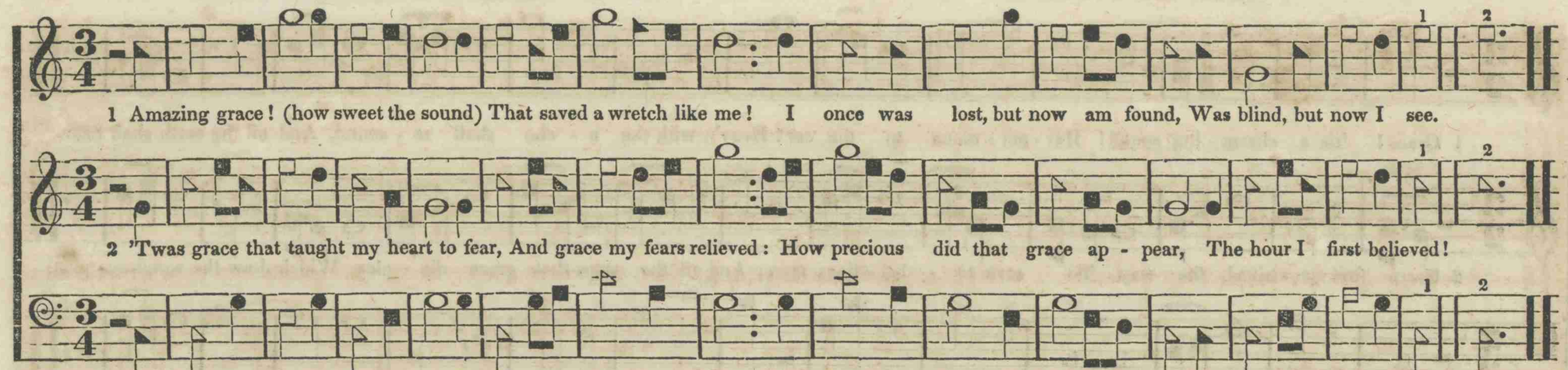
6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

SACRAMENT. 5, 5, 5, 11.



NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 123.



3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

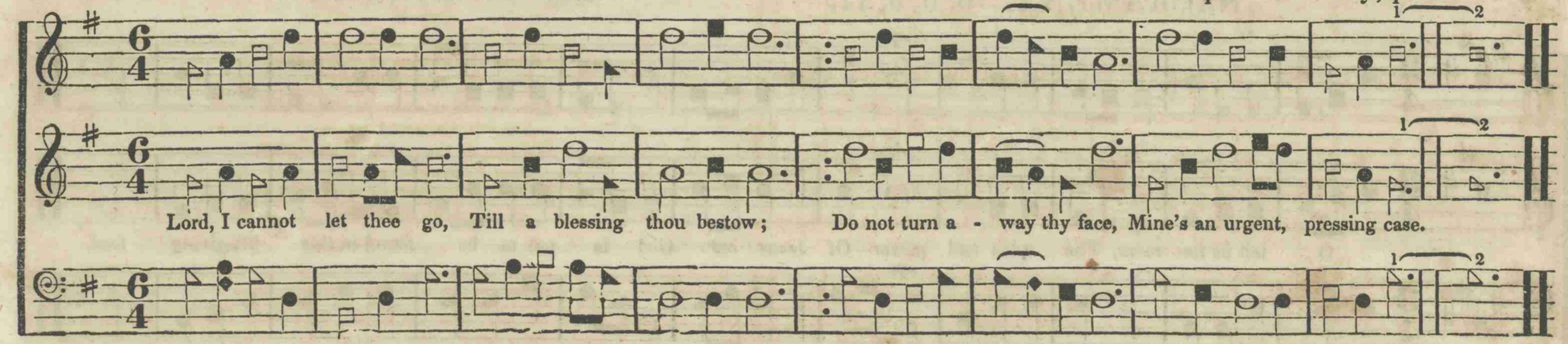
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

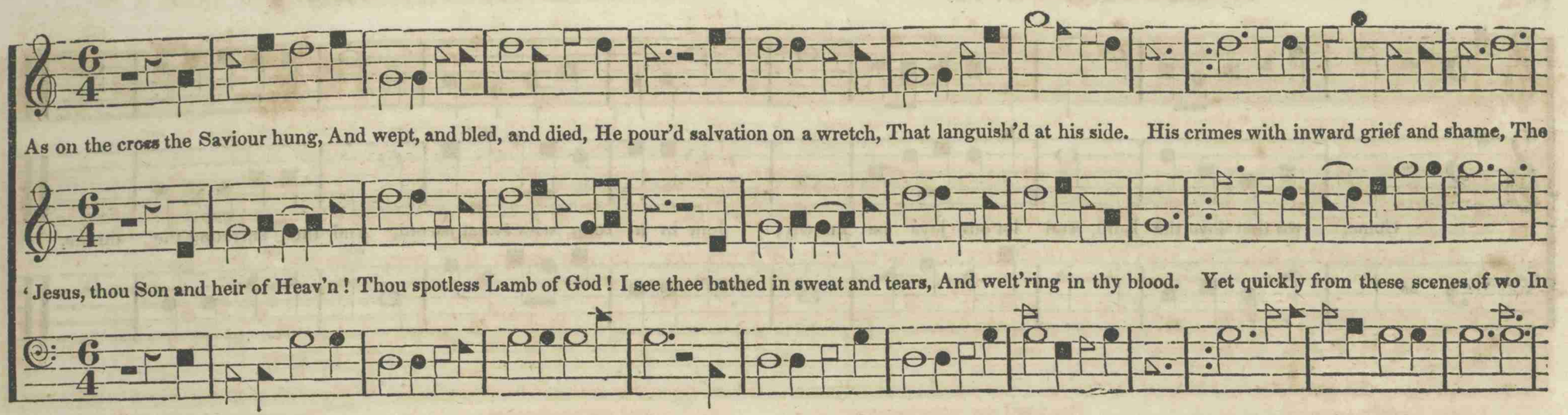
5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

COOKHAM. 7's.

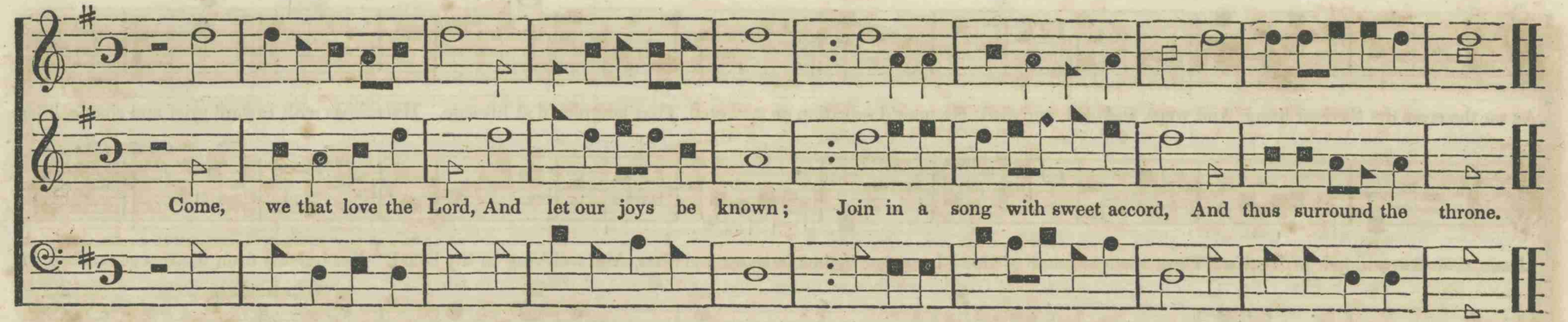
Baptist Harmony, p. 329.
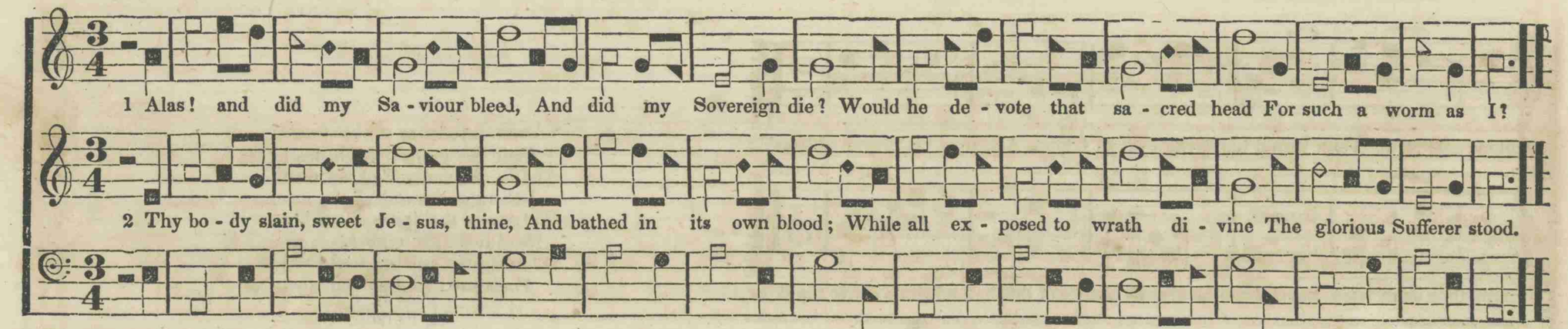




"Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

WEBSTER. S. M.



COMMUNION. C. M.

Dover Selection, p. 62.
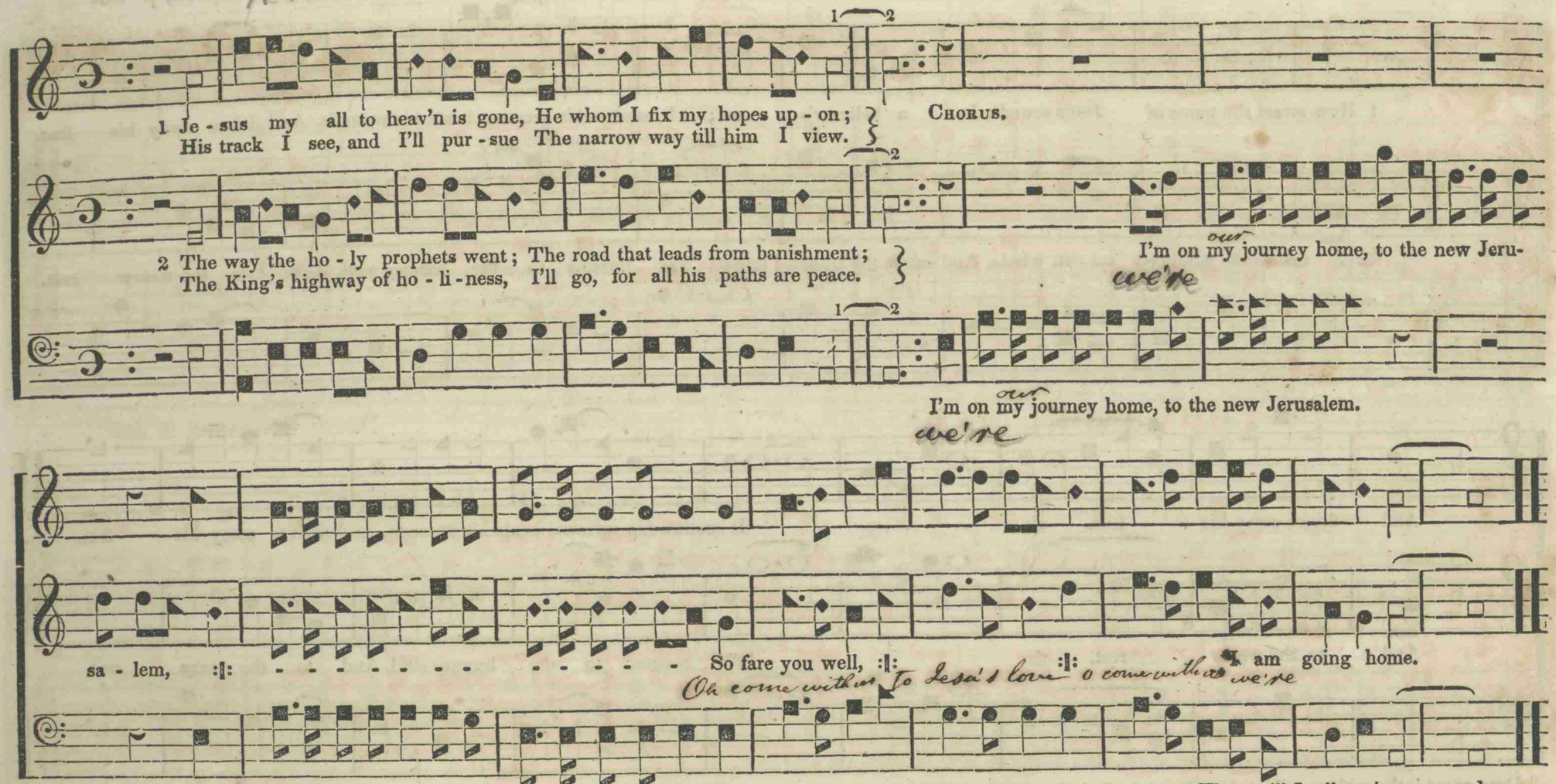


3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away·
'Tis all that I can do.



3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

And drives away his fear. :‖: It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

And to the weary rest. :‖: 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

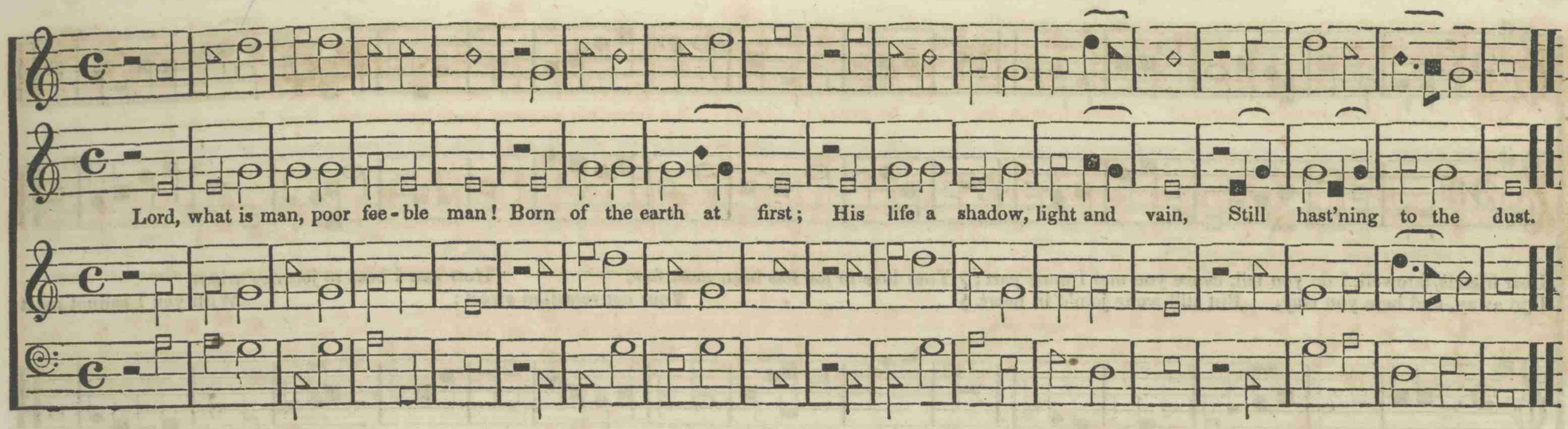
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
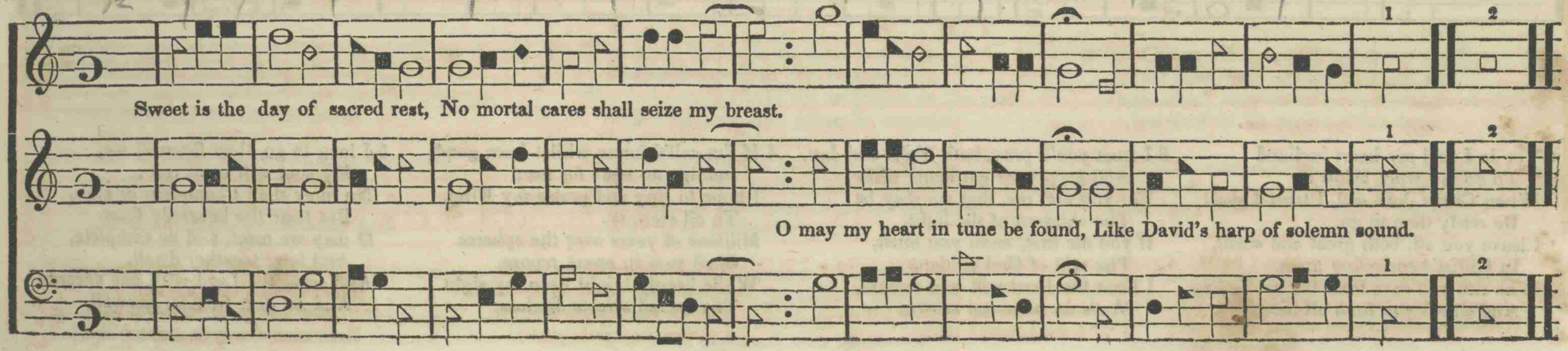
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

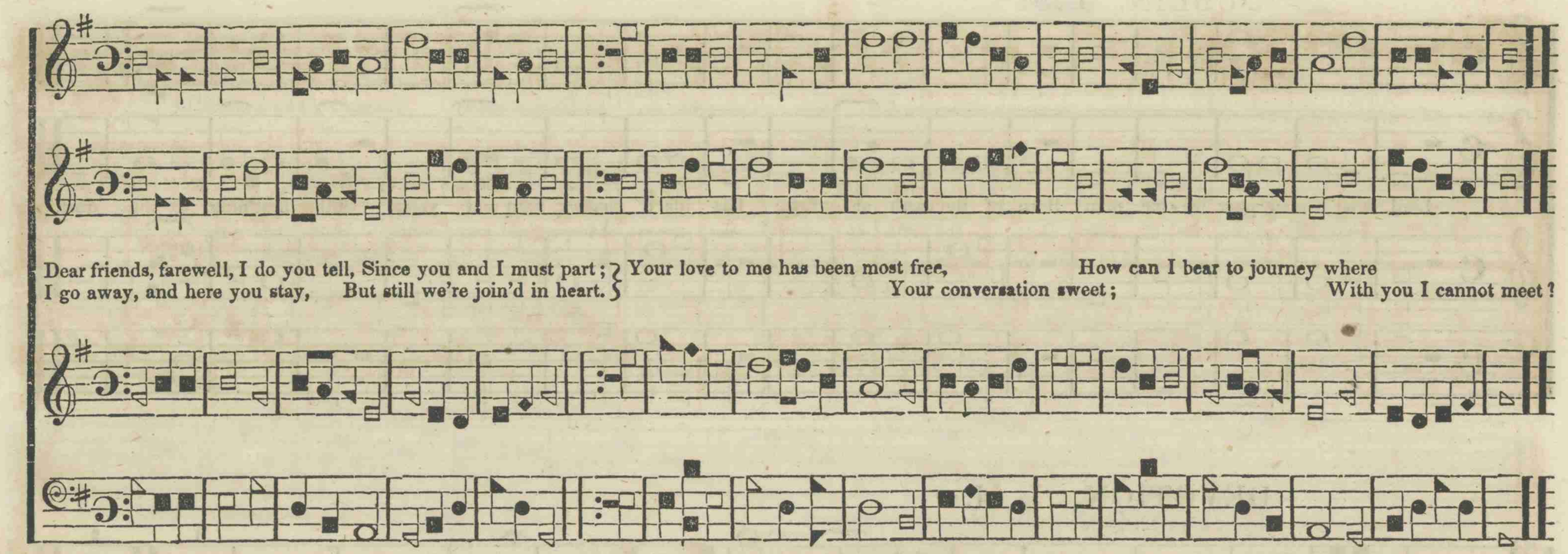
DUBLIN. C. M



DEVOTION. L. M.



MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M.



Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart.

Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;

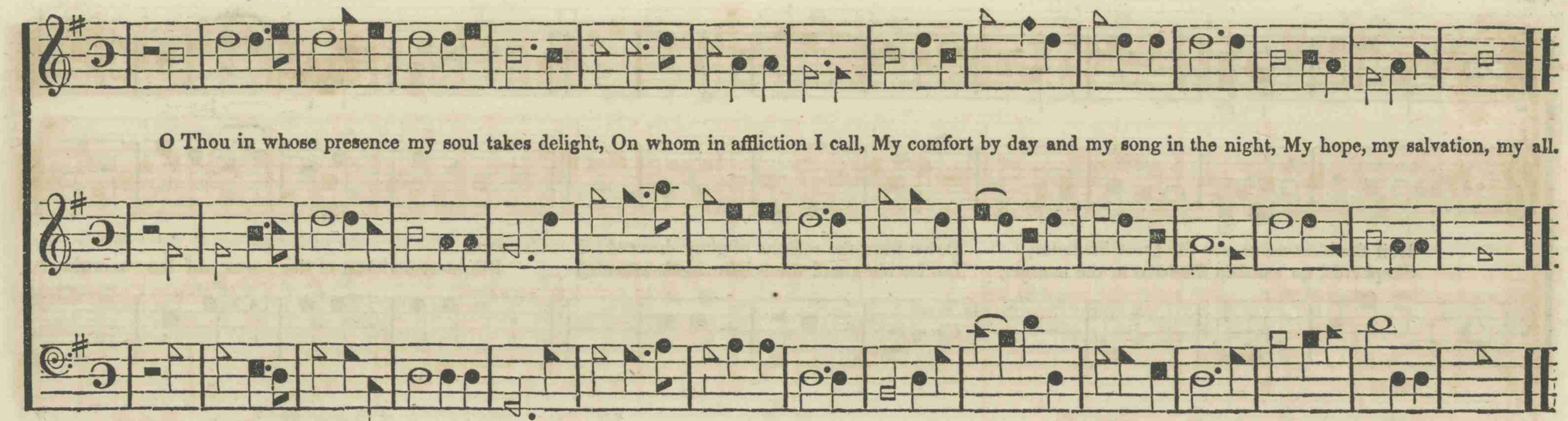
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet?

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harm.

3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go, then farewell wo,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord;
And so, dear friends, farewell.



O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep—
Alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed,

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone;
Say if in your tents my Beloved hath been,
And where with his flock he hath gone.

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

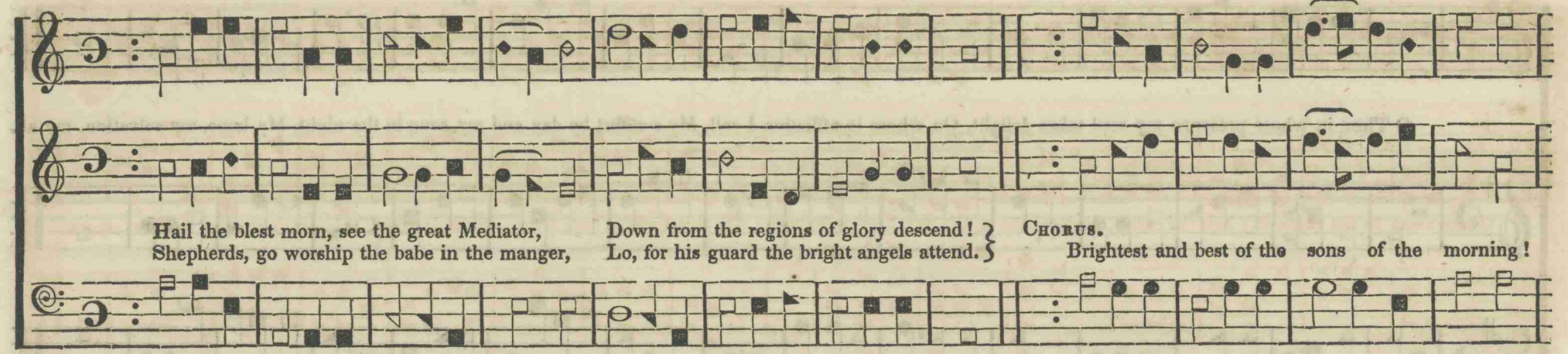
6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In vales on the banks of the streams;
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
His eye all invitingly beams.

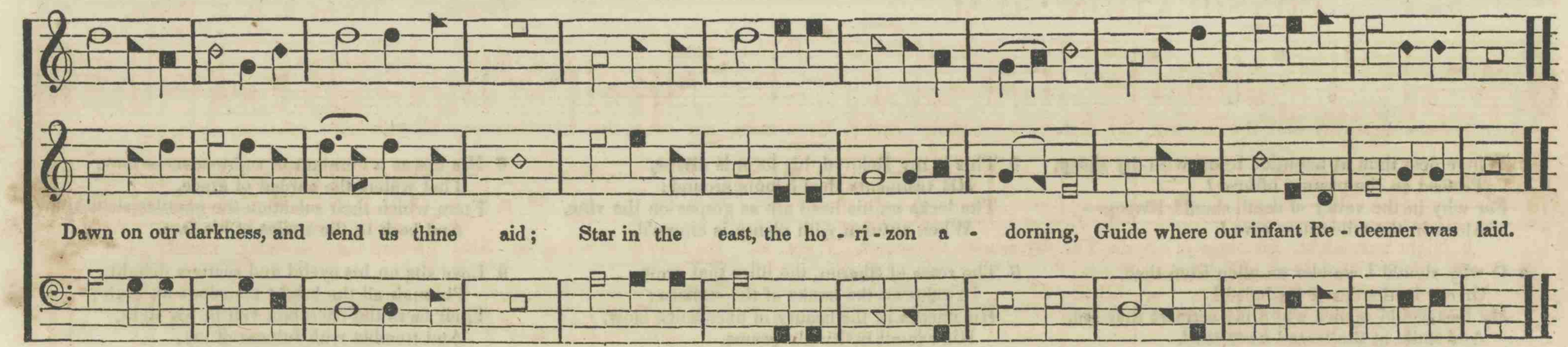
7 His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

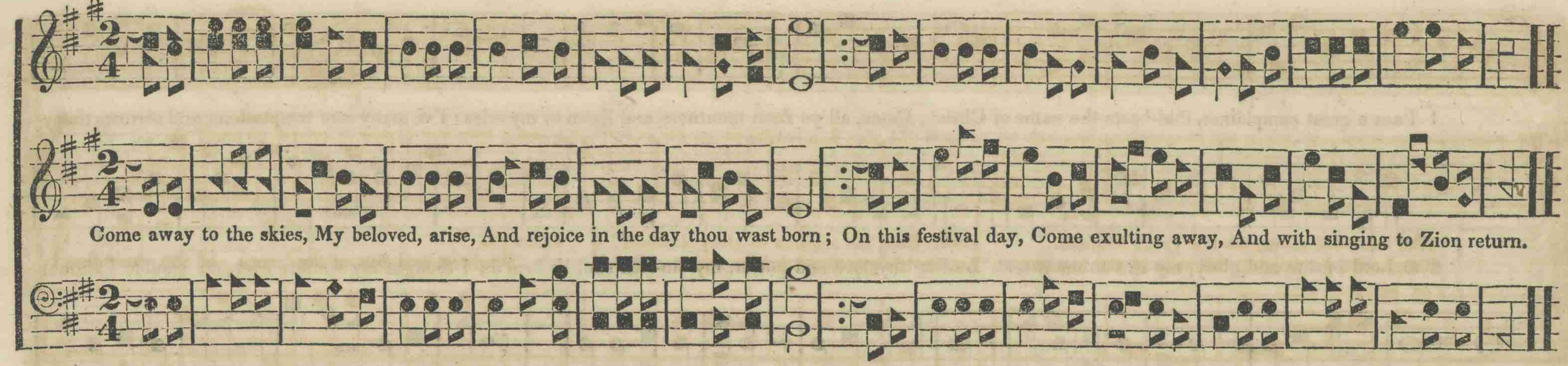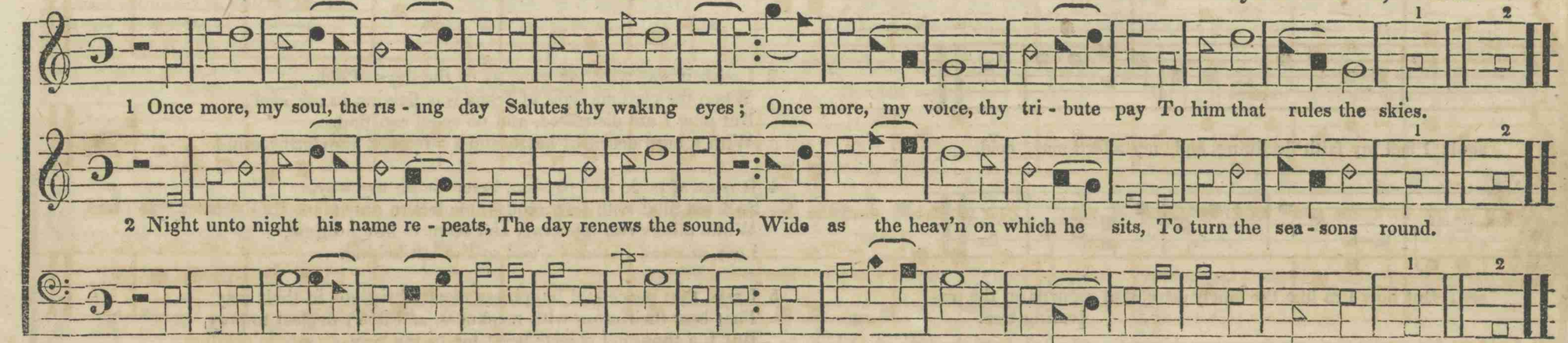




2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor
Brightest and best, &c



CONSOLATION. C. M. *Dean.* Hymn 6. B. 2, Watts.



3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
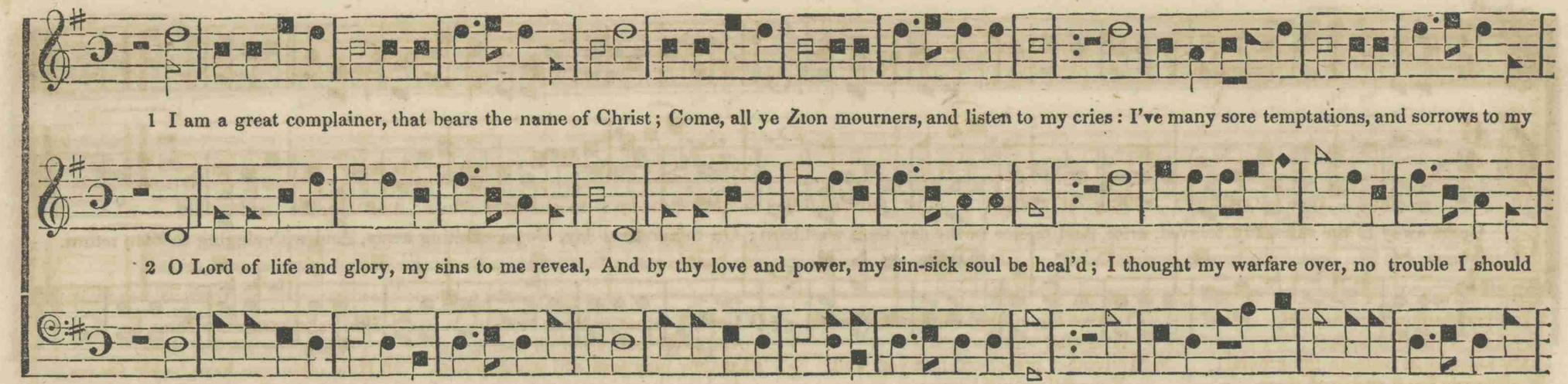
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
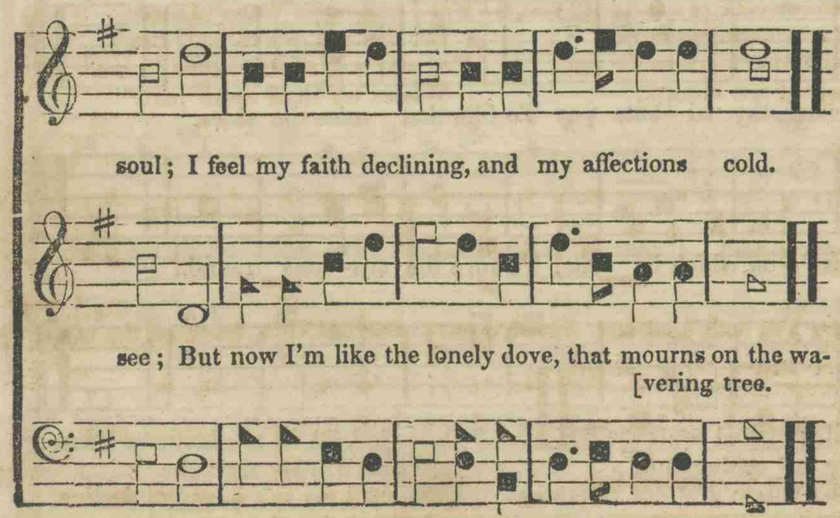
5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

COMPLAINER 7, 6.

Wm. Walker.

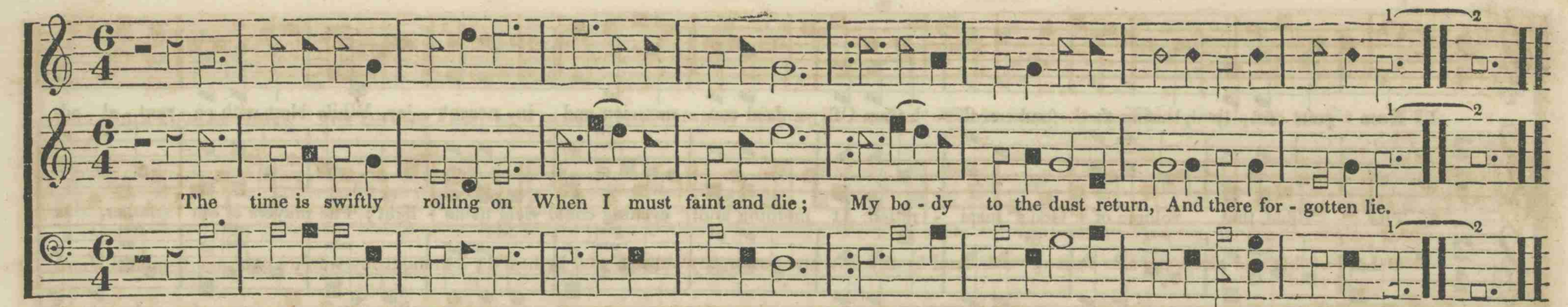




3 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul;
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wandering mind.

4 It is great pride and passion, beset me on my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

5 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way.
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray.



2 Let persecution rage around,
And Antichrist appear;
My silent dust beneath the ground;
There's no disturbance there.

3 Thro' heats and colds I've often went,
And wander'd in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.
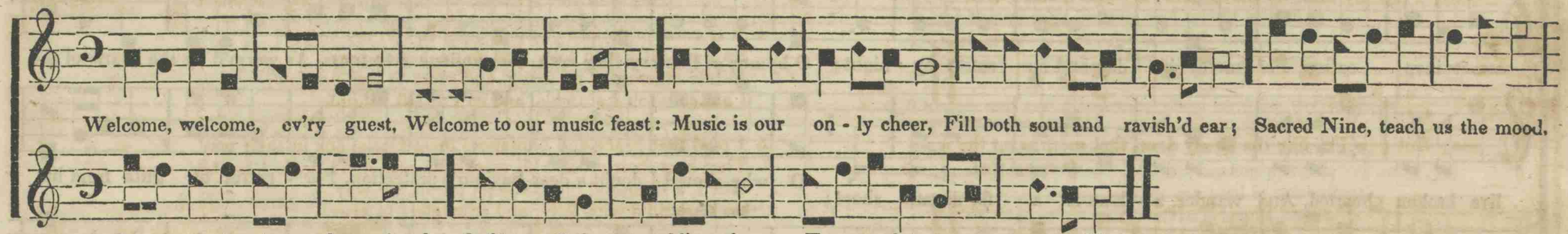
8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

10 How often you have look'd for me,
And ofttimes seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.
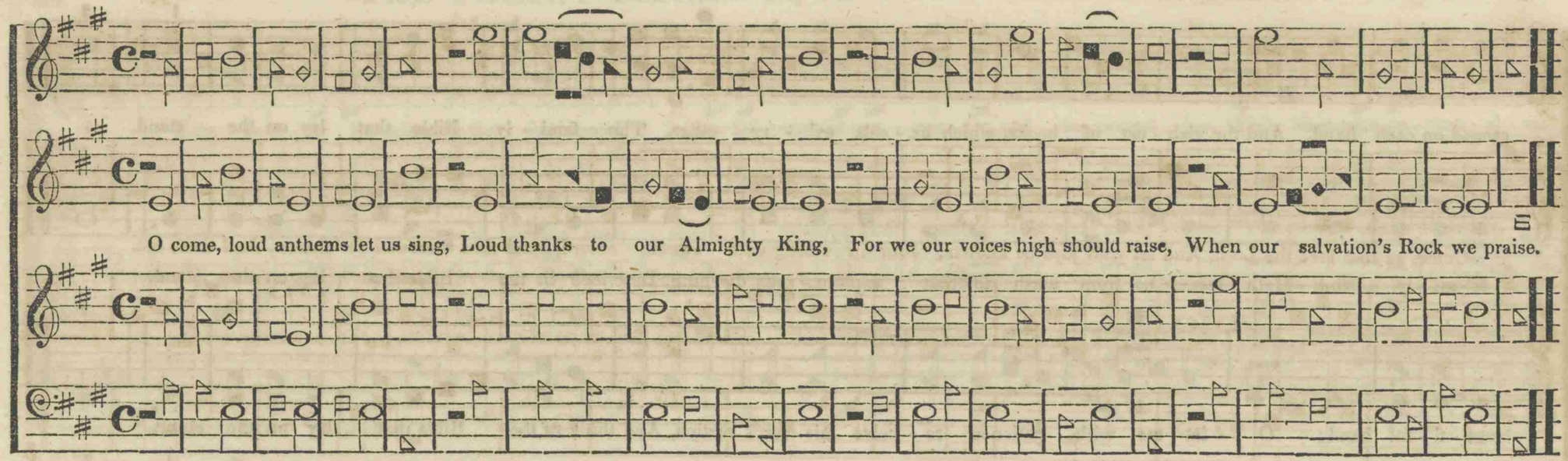
11 For I can never come to thee;
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.*

CANON. Four in One. 7's.
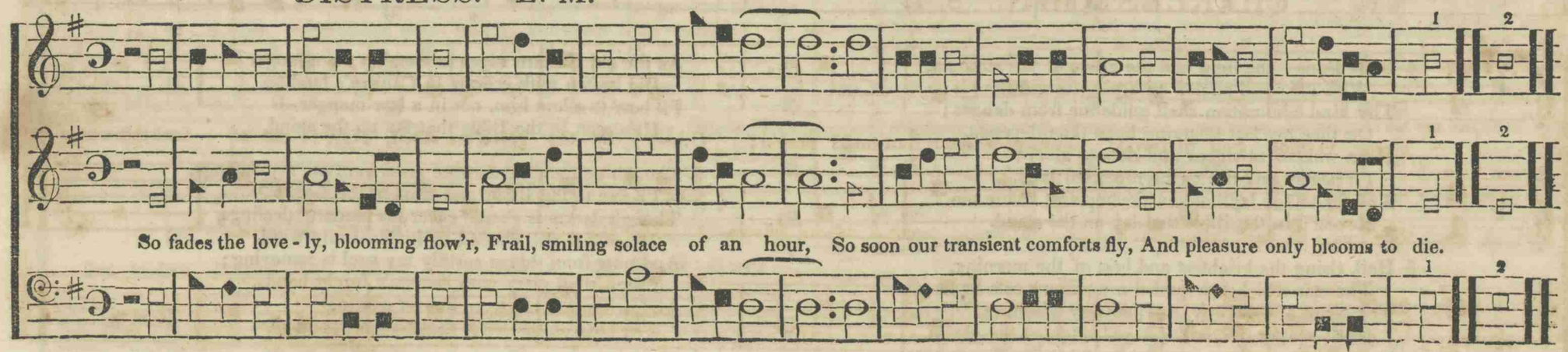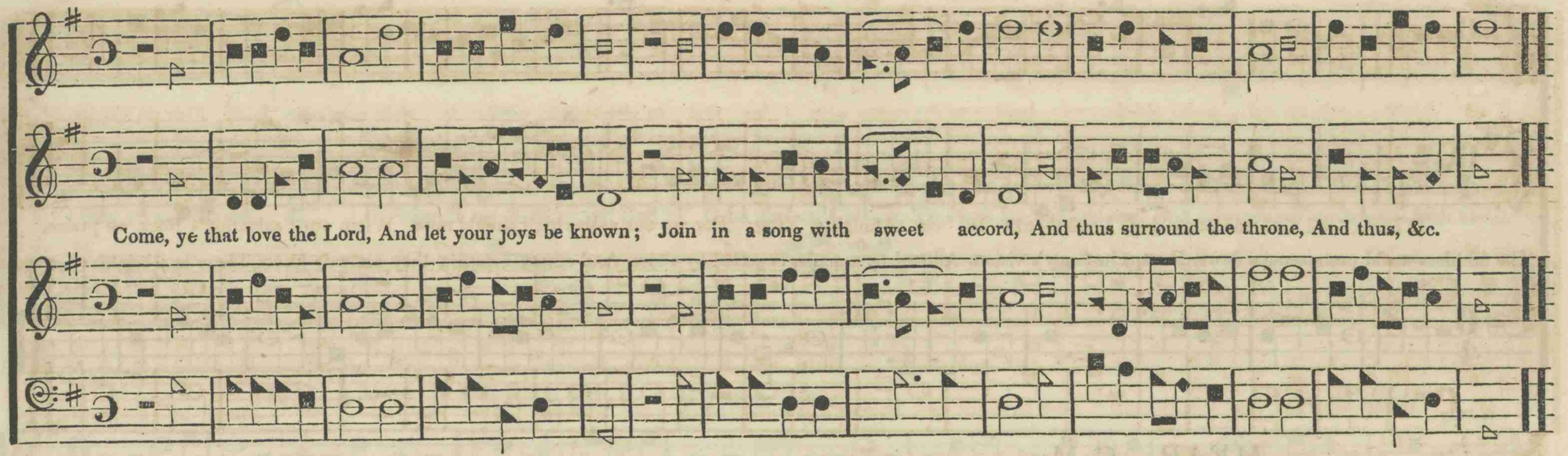


* This song was composed by the Rev. B. Hicks, (a Baptist minister of South Carolina,) and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a fever, of which he afterwards recovered

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.
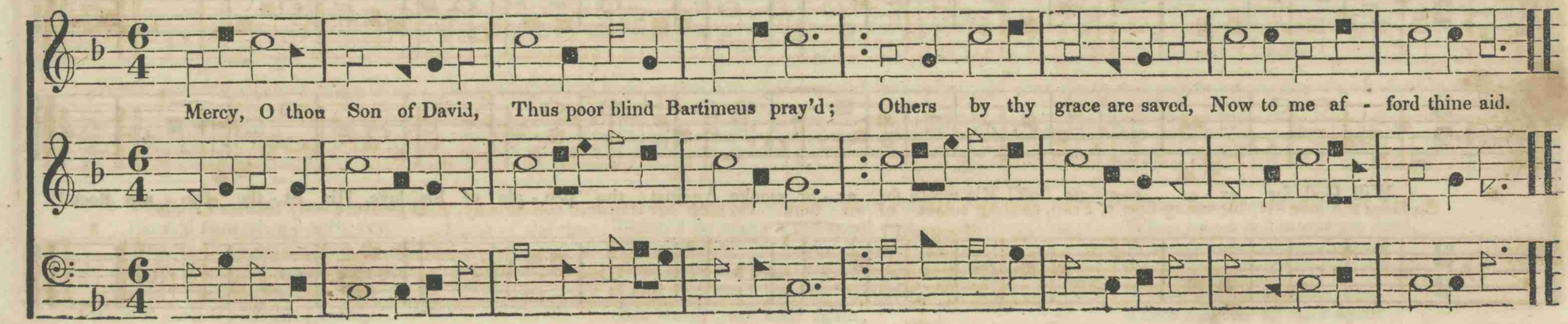


DISTRESS. L. M.

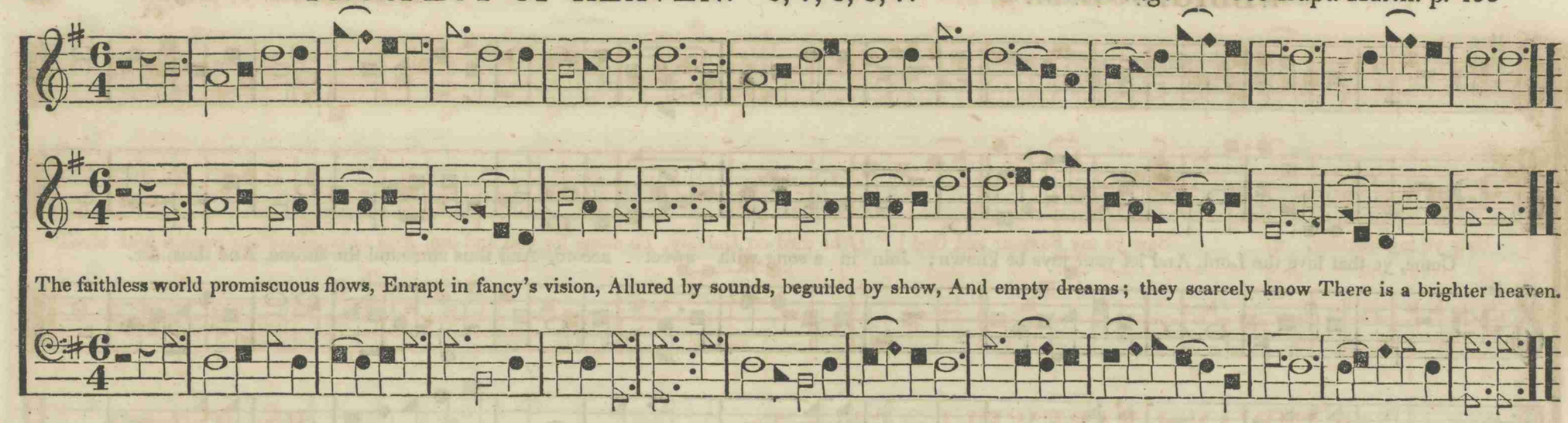




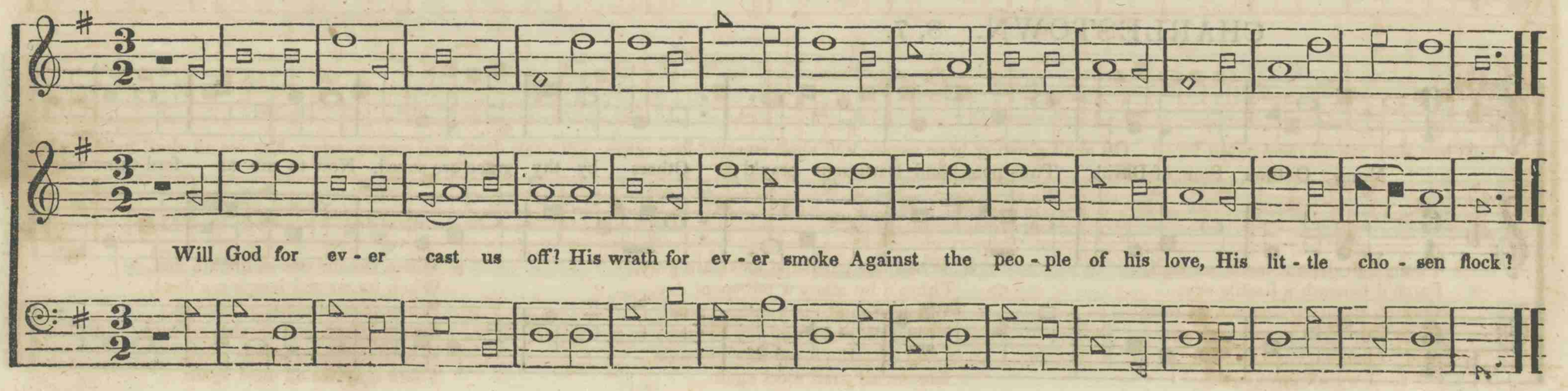
CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.



PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. *A. Grambling.* See Bapt. Harm. p. 433
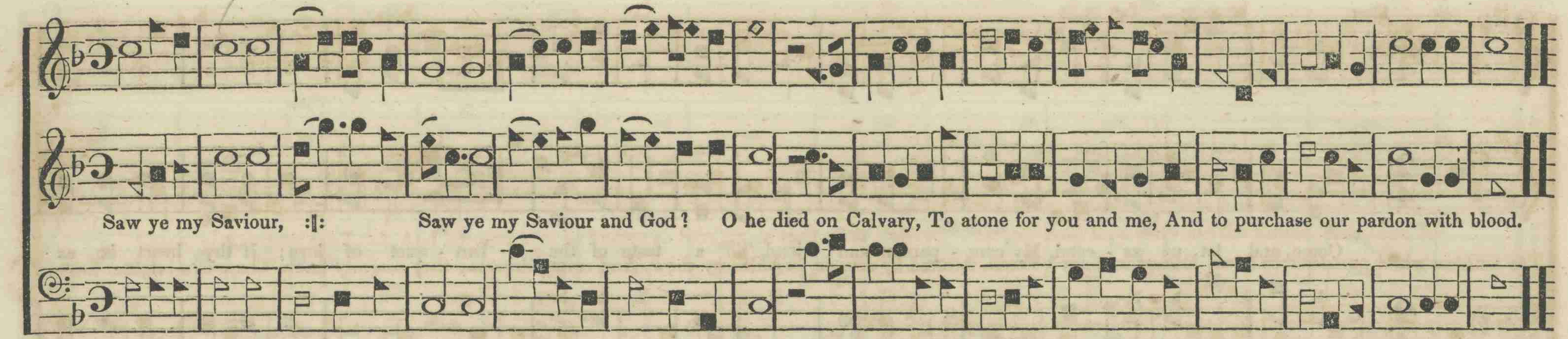


MEAR. C. M.
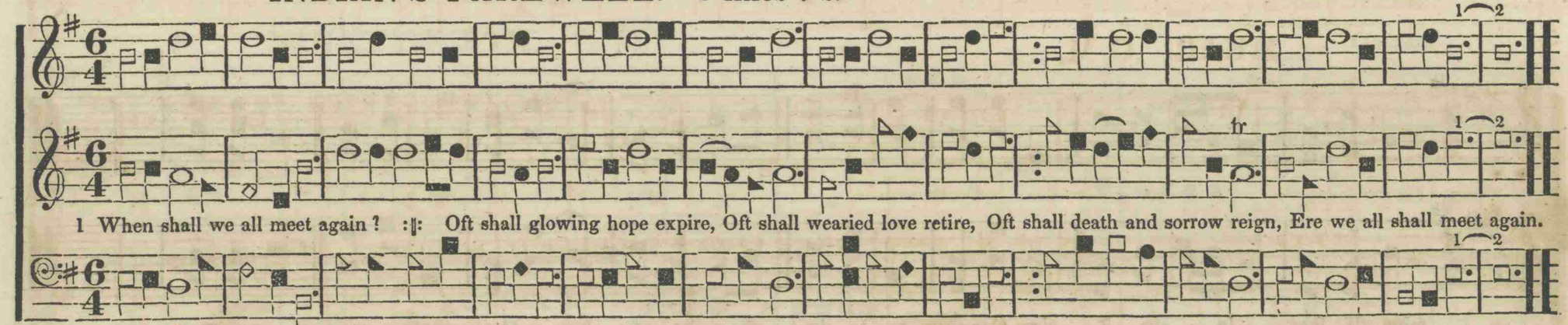


5,7,9

CRUCIFIXION. ~~7's, 9.~~



INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 6 lines 7's.

Wm. Walker.
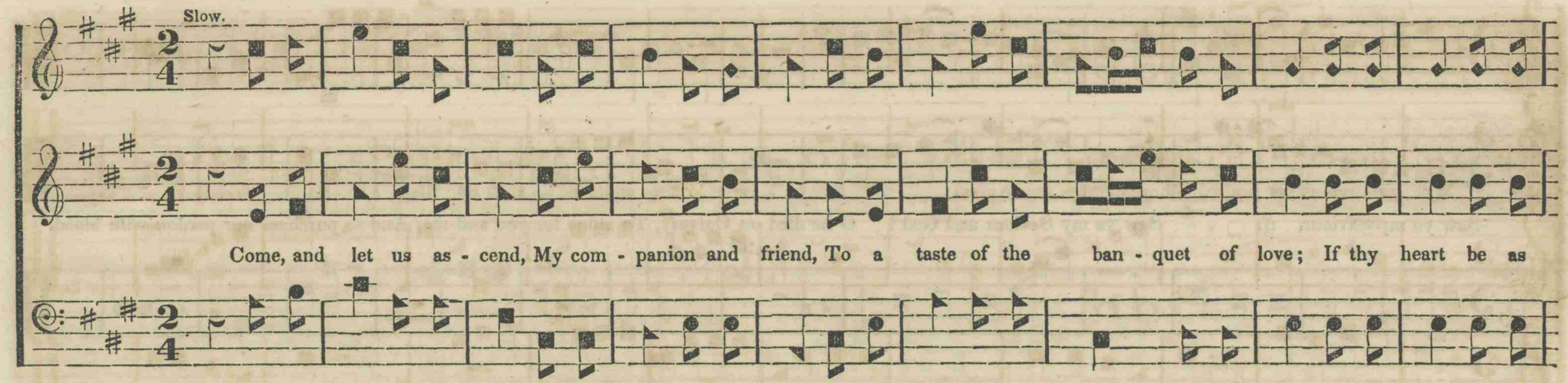


2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may the loved bow'r remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

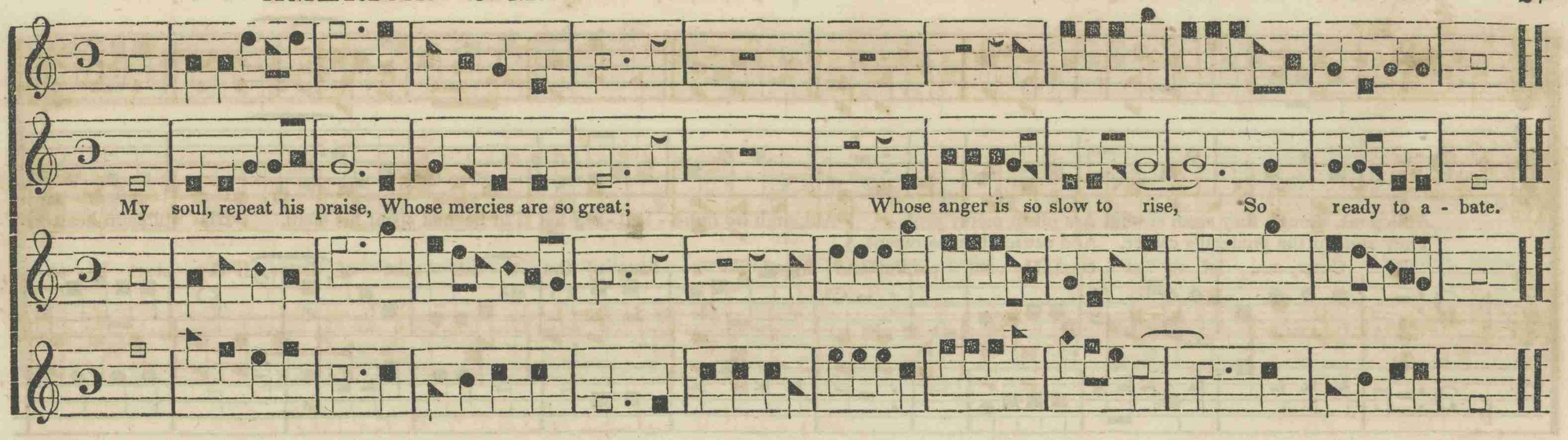
4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

THE BANQUET OF LOVE. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9. *Dr. Madan.* Meth. H. B. p. 359
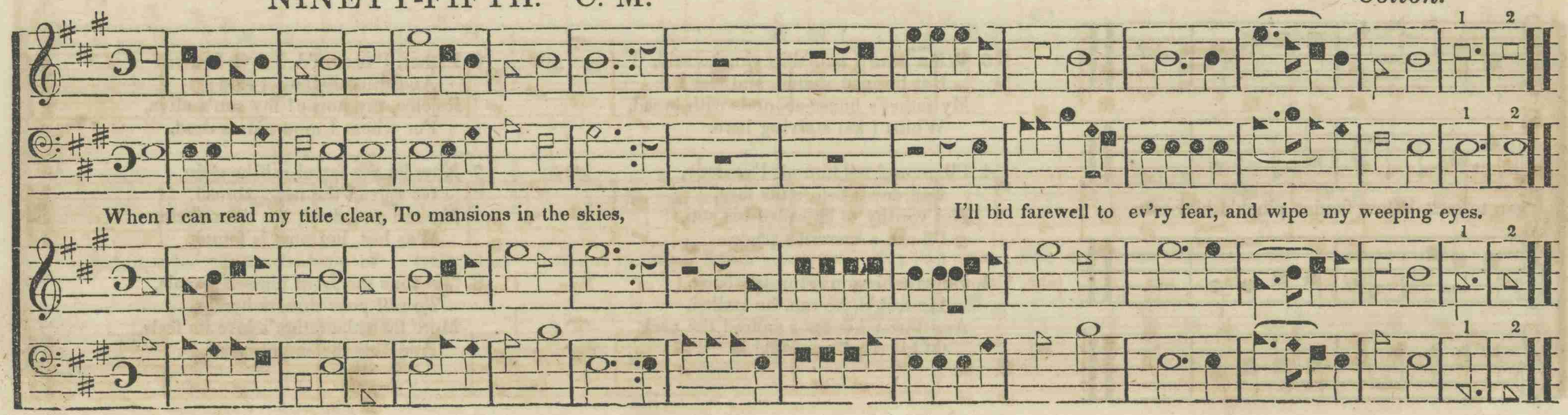


AMERICA. S. M.

Whitmore.



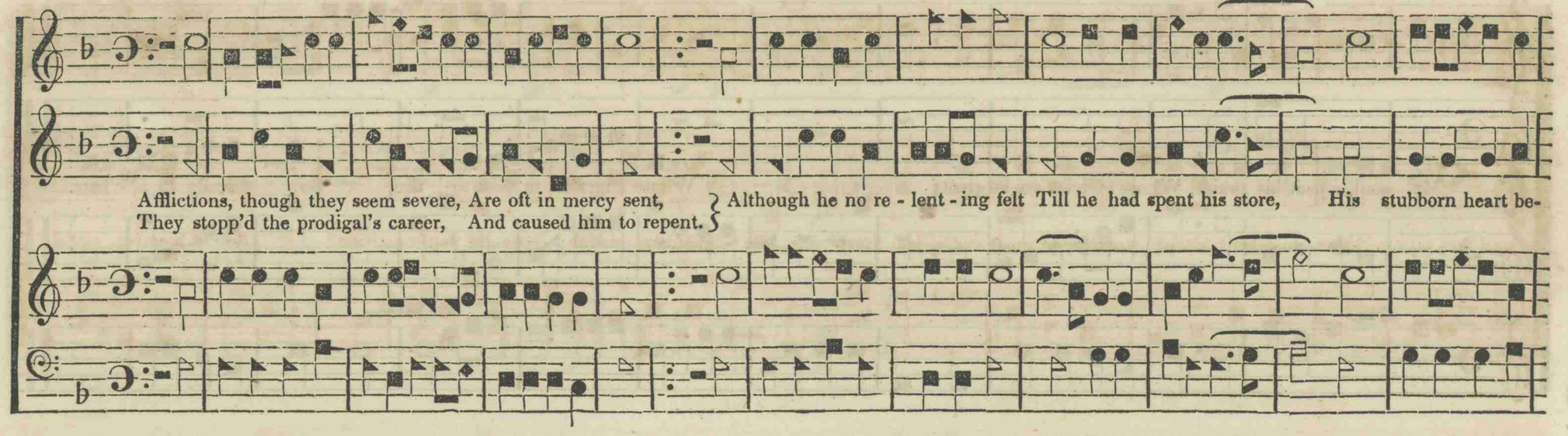
NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

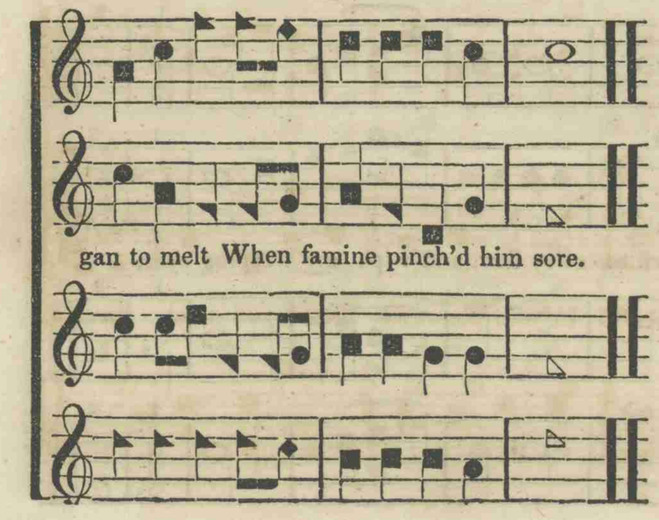
Colton.



TENNESSEE. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 227.





3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
Whilst I am starving here.

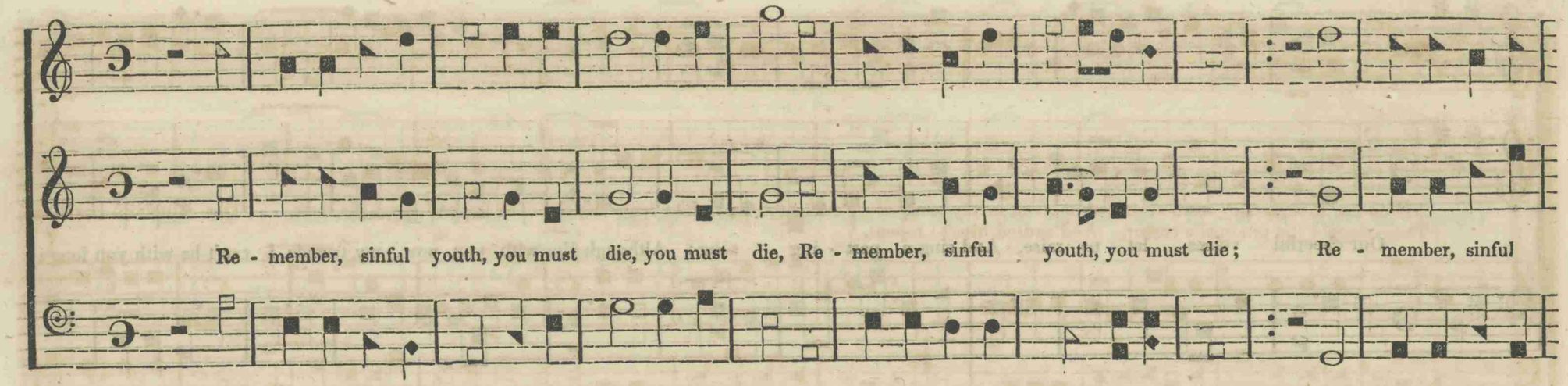
4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Not worthy to be called his son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

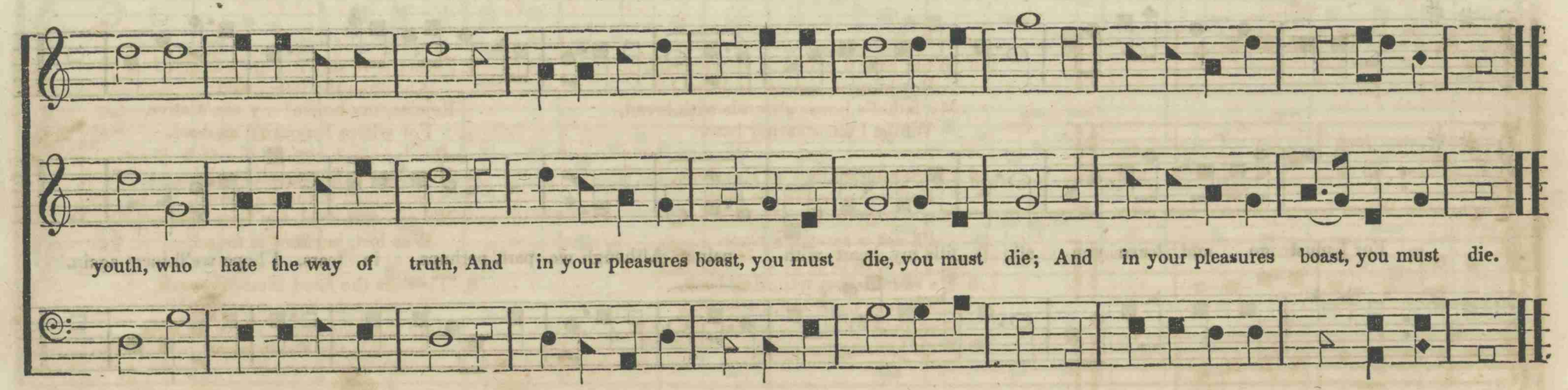
5 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child

6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive!
And thus the father said;
Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
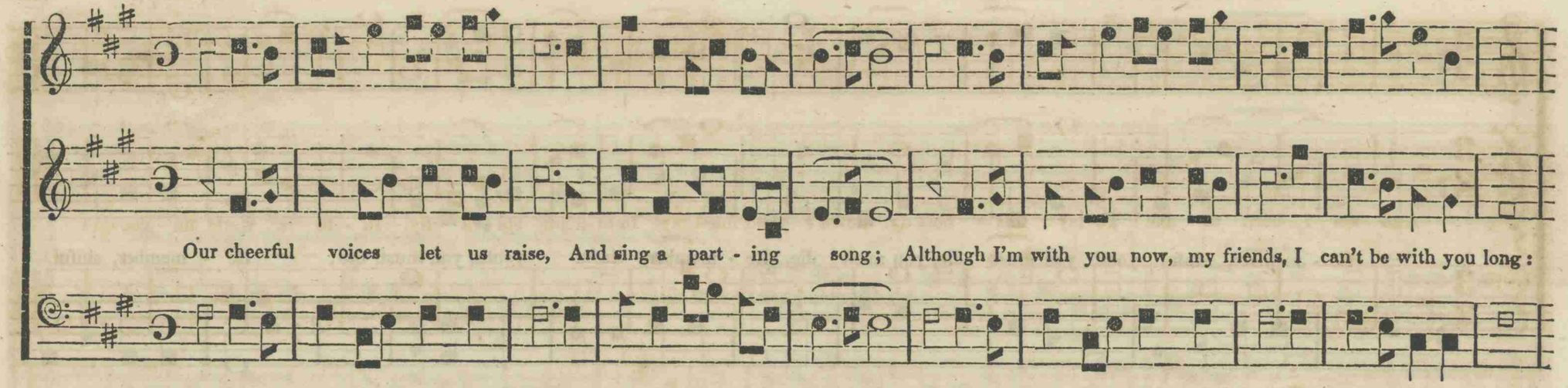
7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news abroad,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.
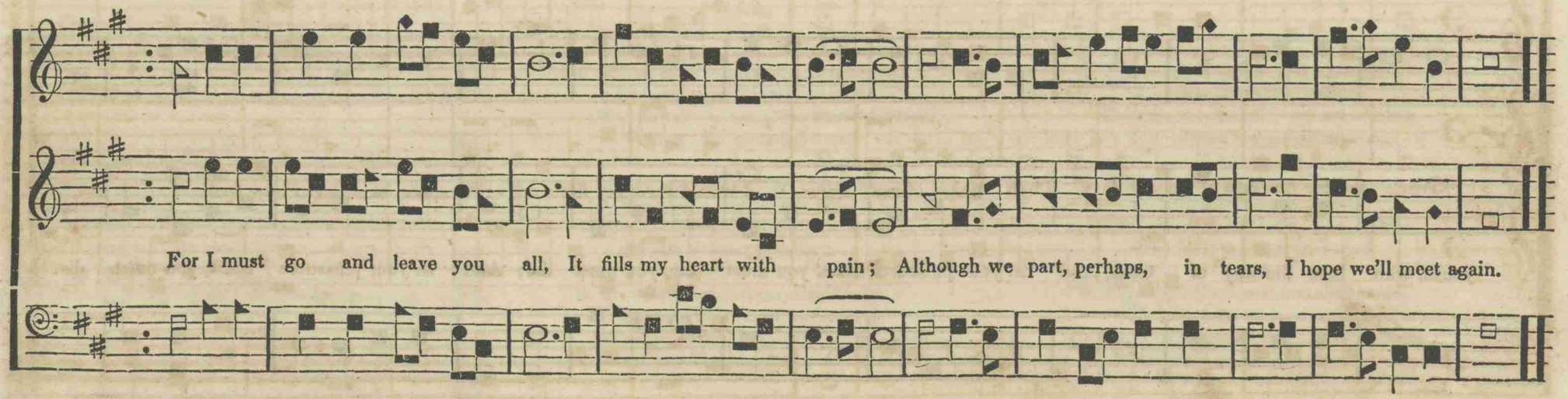
8 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than the father's love he feels,
And bids the sinner come


Re - member, sinful youth, you must die, you must die, Re - member, sinful youth, you must die; Re - member, sinful


youth, who hate the way of truth, And in your pleasures boast, you must die, you must die; And in your pleasures boast, you must die.
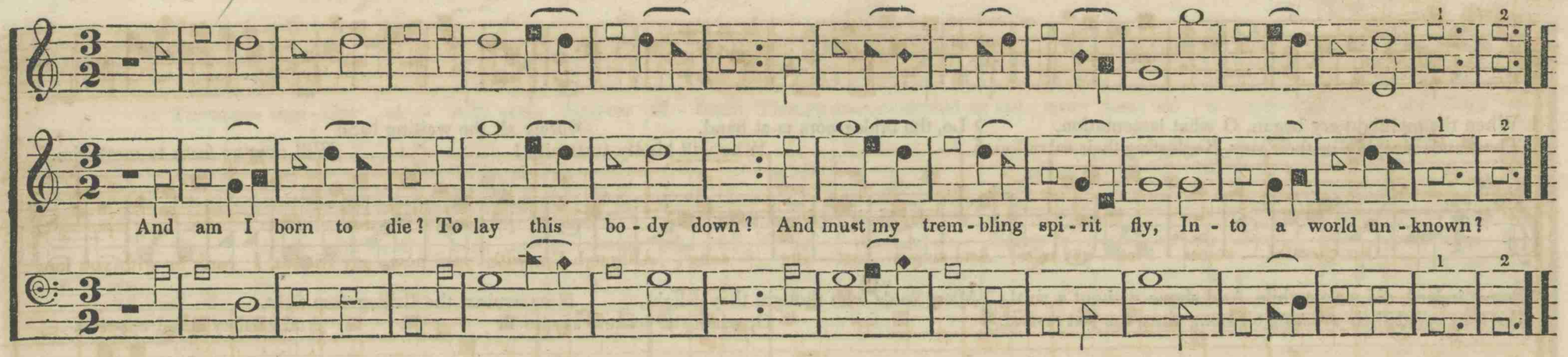
SEPARATION. C. M.
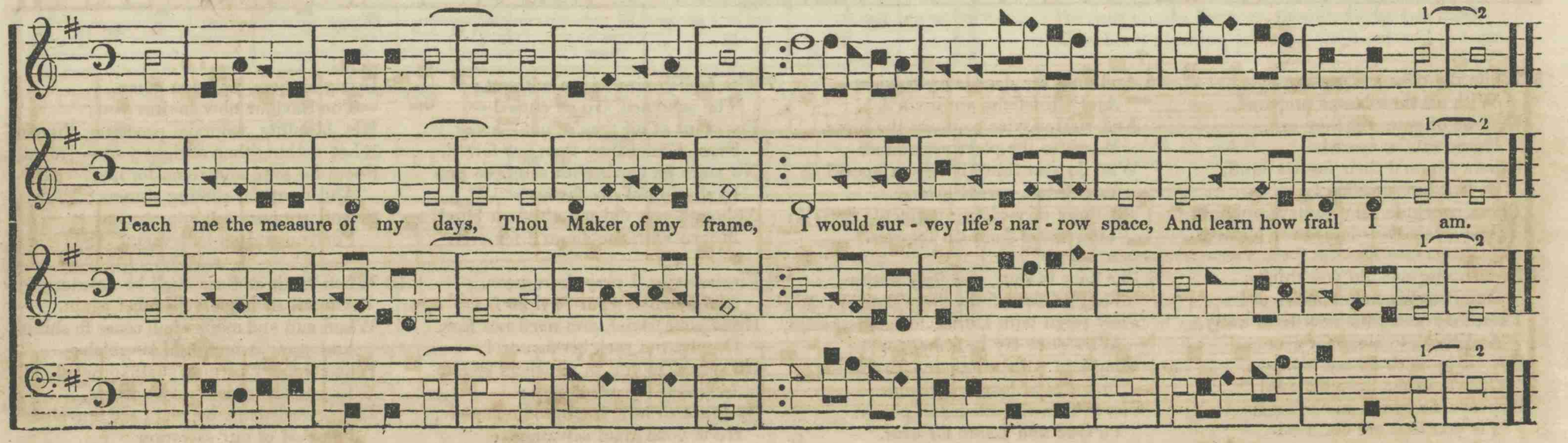




IDUMEA. S. M
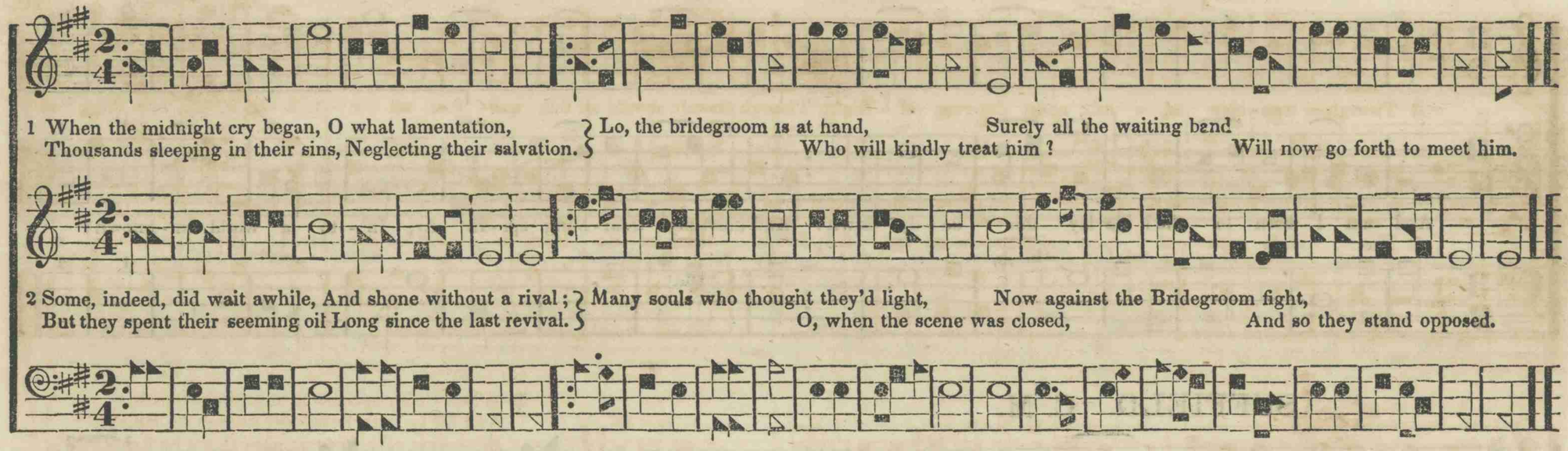
Davison. Meth. Hymn Book, p. 251.



SUFFIELD. C. M.



THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7



1 When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation,
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation.
Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Surely all the waiting band
Who will kindly treat him? Will now go forth to meet him.

2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile, And shone without a rival;
But they spent their seeming oil Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light, Now against the Bridegroom fight,
O, when the scene was closed, And so they stand opposed.

3 While the wise are passing by,
With all their lamps prepared,
Give us of your oil, they cry,
If any can be spared.
Others trimm'd their former snuff,
O, is it not amazing!
Those conclude they've light enough,
And think their lamps are blazing.

4 Foolish virgins! do you think
Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?
Then may you pass your lives away,
And think to sleep for ever;
But we by faith do see his face,
On whom we have believed;
If there's deception in the case,
'Tis you that are deceived.

5 And now the door is open wide,
And Christians are invited,
And virgins wise compass the bride,
March to the place appointed.
Who do you think is now a guest?
Yea, listen, carnal lovers,
'Tis those in wedding garments dress'd;
They cease from sin for ever.

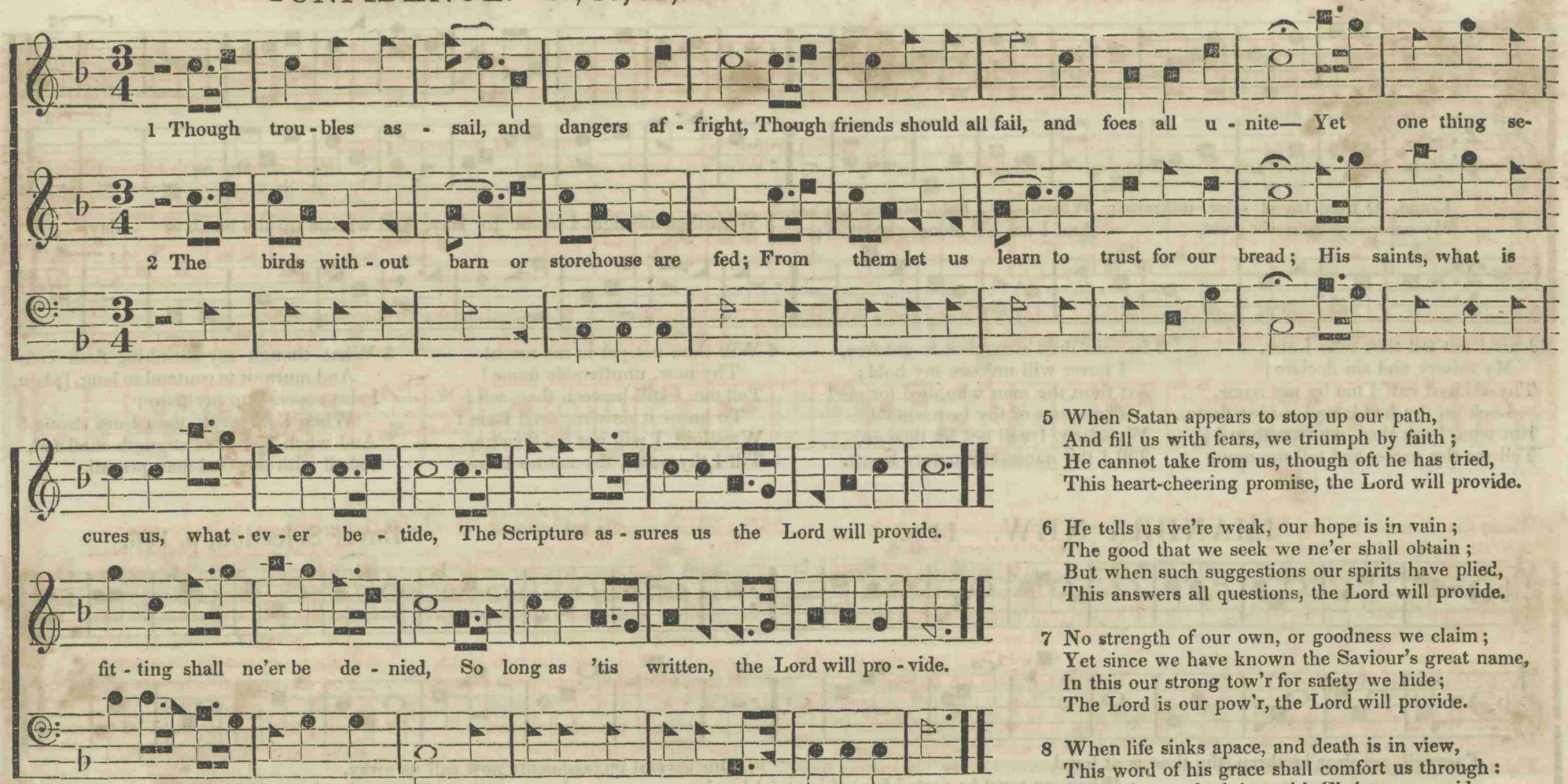
6 The door is shut, and they within,
They're freed from every danger;
They reign with Christ, for sinners slain,
Who once lay in a manger;
They join with saints and angels too
In songs of love and favour;
Glory, honour, praise and power,
To God and Lamb for ever.

7 The foolish virgins are without;
The sentence, Go ye cursed—
For want of oil they're out—away
From Christ they then are forced.
No more on earth with saints to join
In sharing of my favour;
Although you did my children blind,
Mourn with the damn'd for ever.

8 Virgins wise, I pray draw near,
And listen to your Saviour;
He is your friend, you need not fear,
O, why not seek his favour?
He speaks to you in whispers sweet,
In words of consolation:
By grace in him you stand complete,
He is your great salvation.

9 Dying sinners, will you come,
The Saviour now invites you;
His bleeding wounds proclaim there's room,
Let nothing then affright you—
Room for you, and room for me,
And room for coming sinners:
Salvation pours a living stream
For you and all believers.

10 When earth and sea shall be no more,
And all their glory perish,
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish;
When Gabriel's trump shall sound aloud,
To call the slumb'ring nations,
Then, Christians, we shall see our God.
The God of our salvation



3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

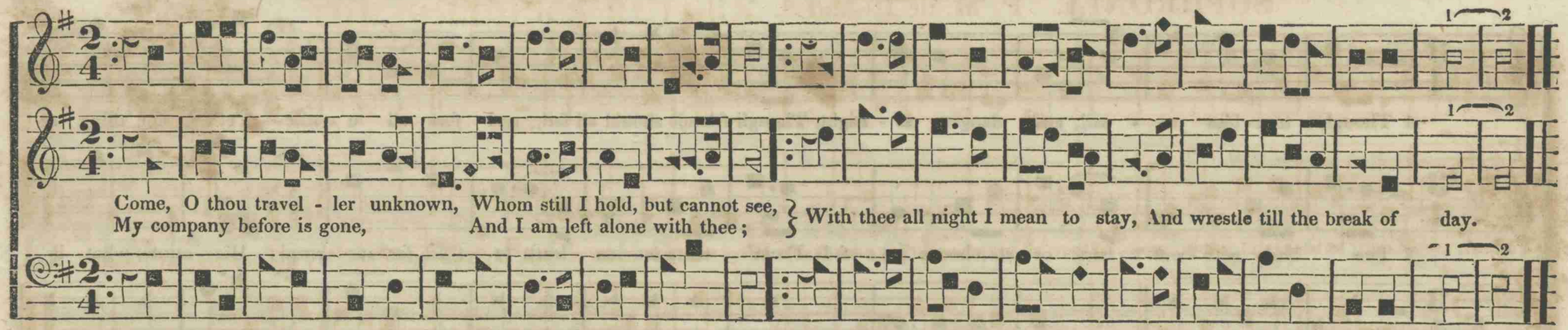
6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

VERNON. L. M.

Chapin. Methodist Hymn Book, v. 77.



2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man who died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
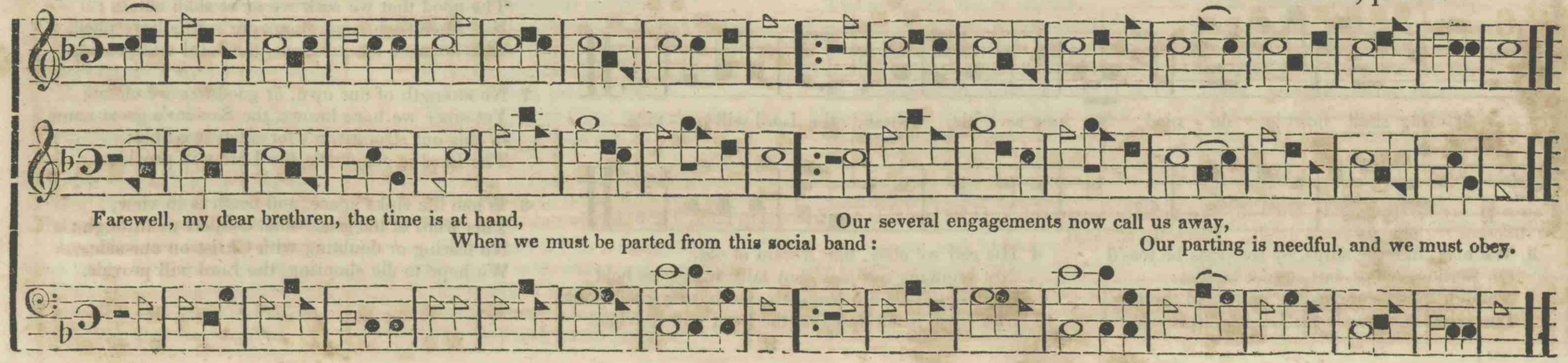
4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

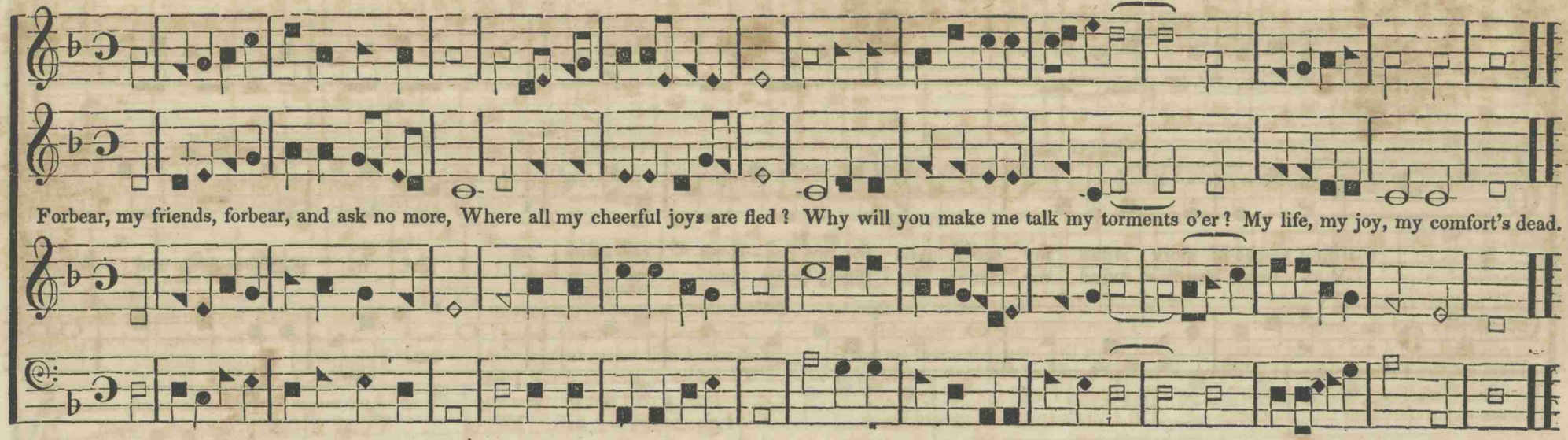
5 What though my shrinking flesh com-
And murmur to contend so long, [plain,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Pitch in D
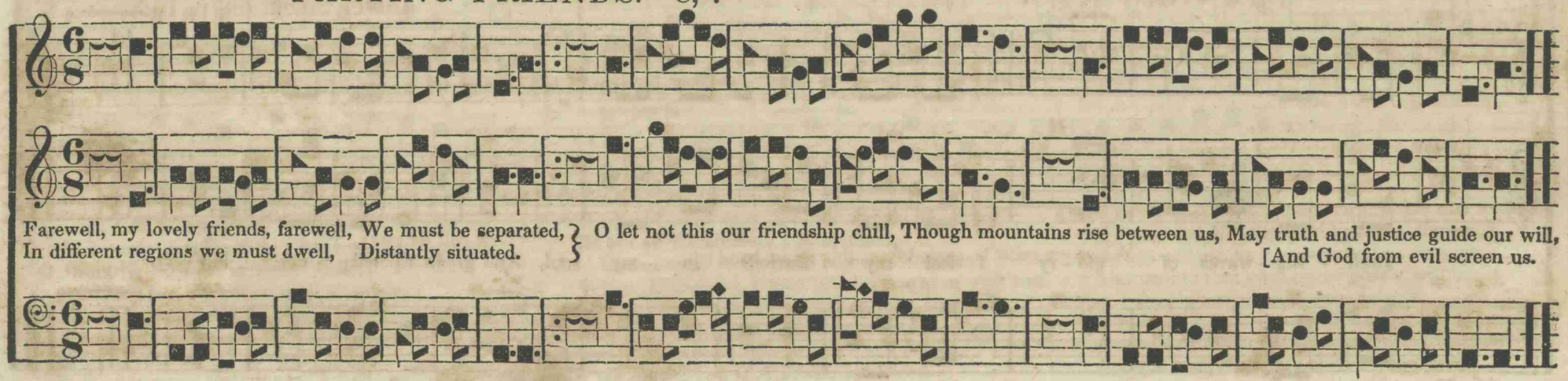
IMANDRA NEW. 11's.

Dover Selection, p. 196.





PARTING FRIENDS. 8, 7



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. 8, 7.

1 Bright scenes of glory strike my sense, And all my pas - sions cap - ture;
E - ternal beauties round me shine, In - fusing warm - est rap - ture.
I live in pleasures deep and full, In

swell - ing waves of glo - ry I feel my Saviour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

I find myself placed in a state of probation,
And I am resolved to regard all his precepts,
Which God has commanded us well to improve,
And on in the way of obedience to move.
I know I must go through great tribulation,
And many sore conflicts on ev-e-ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spi-rit, And I shall be able for ever to stand.

2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
O Jesus, be with me in every battle,
And help me my enemies all to subdue;
If thou, gracious Lord, will only be with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan,
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end—
A rest of exemption from warfare and labour,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.
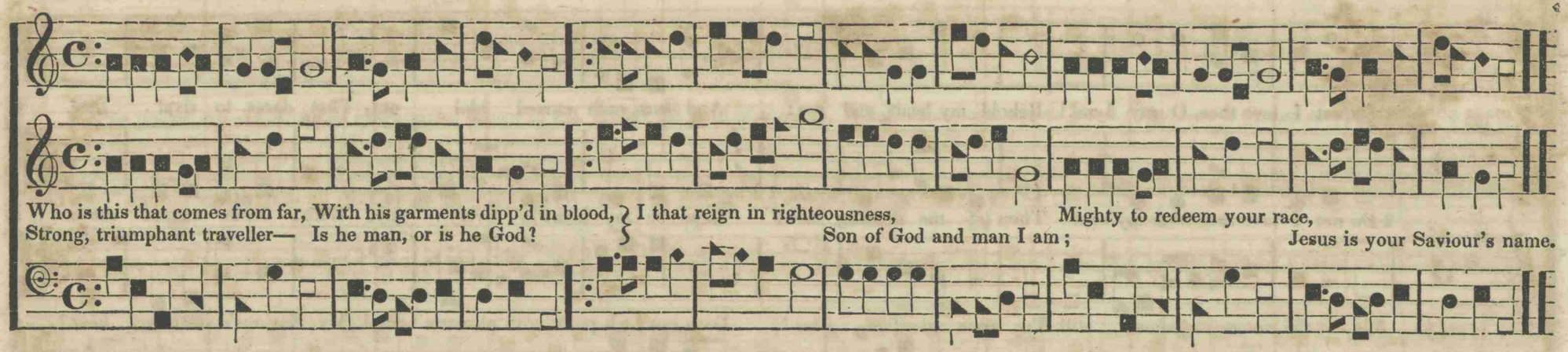
4 And more than exemption from fighting and hardship
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
And true to that promise he surely will be.
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine,
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE. C. M.

O, were I like a feather'd dove, And innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these restless things. Let
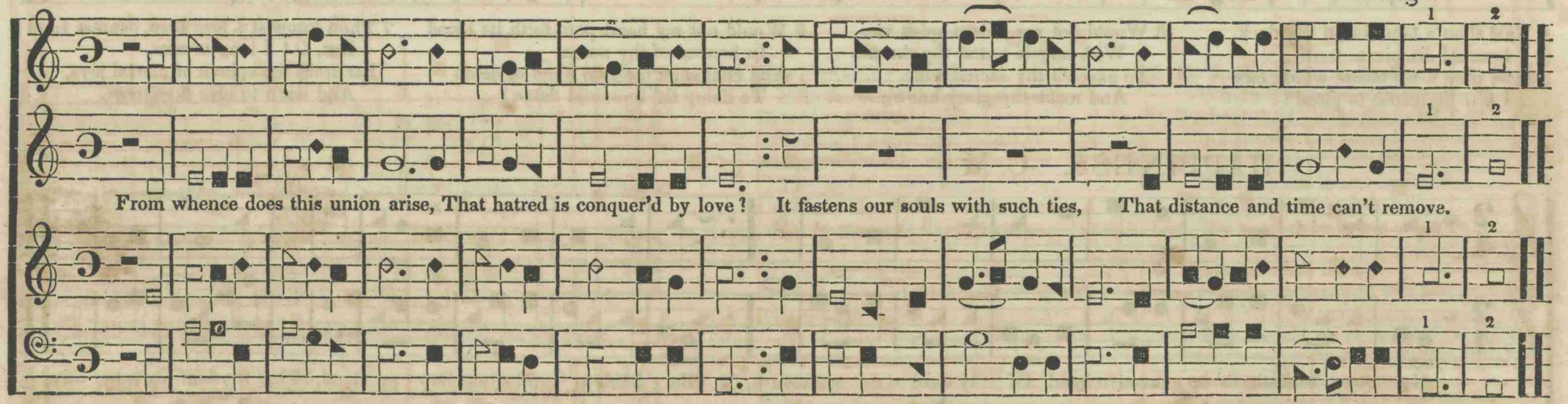
me to some wild desert go, And find a peace - ful home, Where storms of malice never blow, And sorrows never come.

BOZRAH. 8 lines 7's



UNION. 8's.

Billings.
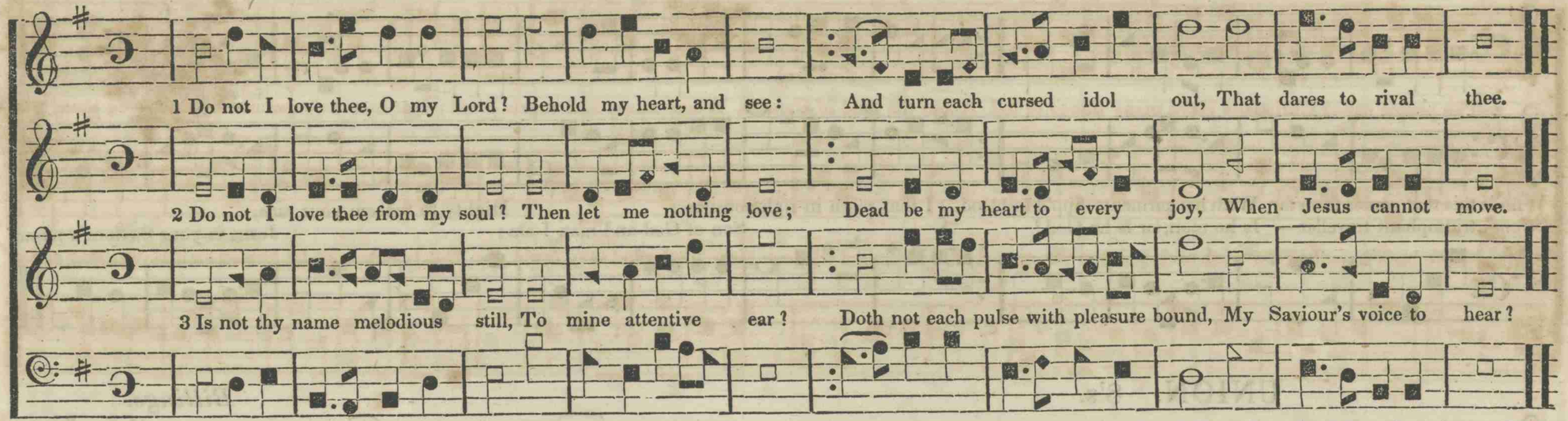


2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs, Amen;
Amen! even so let it be.

DETROIT. C. M.

Bradshaw. Baptist Harmony, p. 139
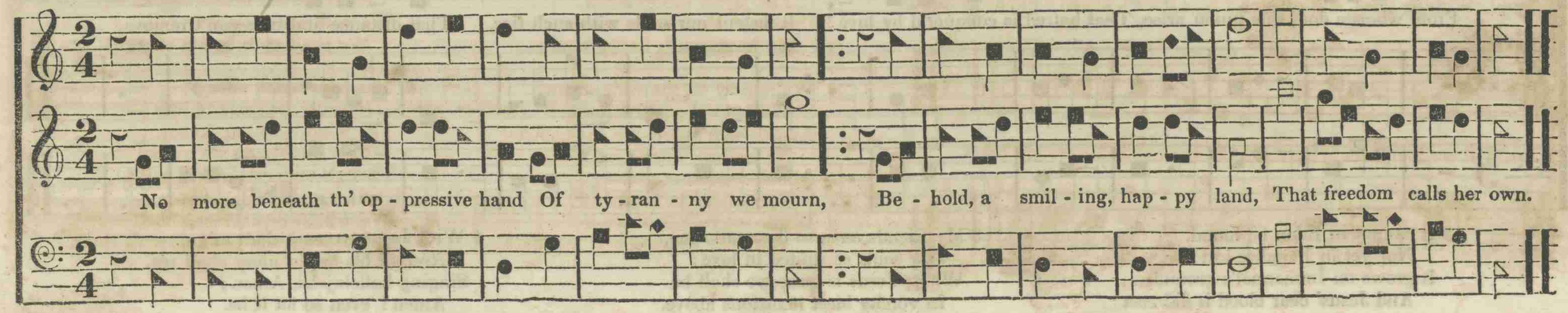


4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

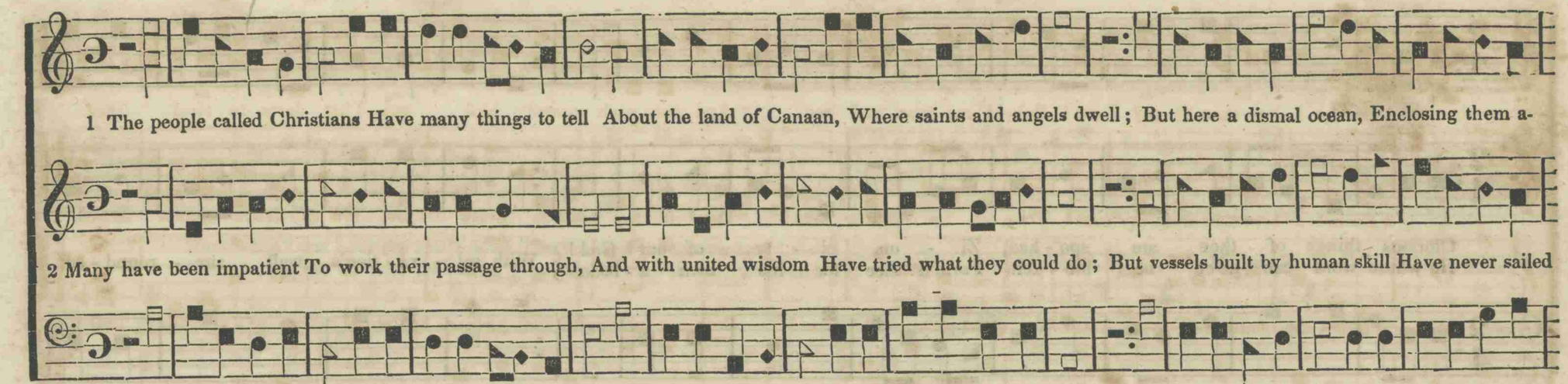
5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

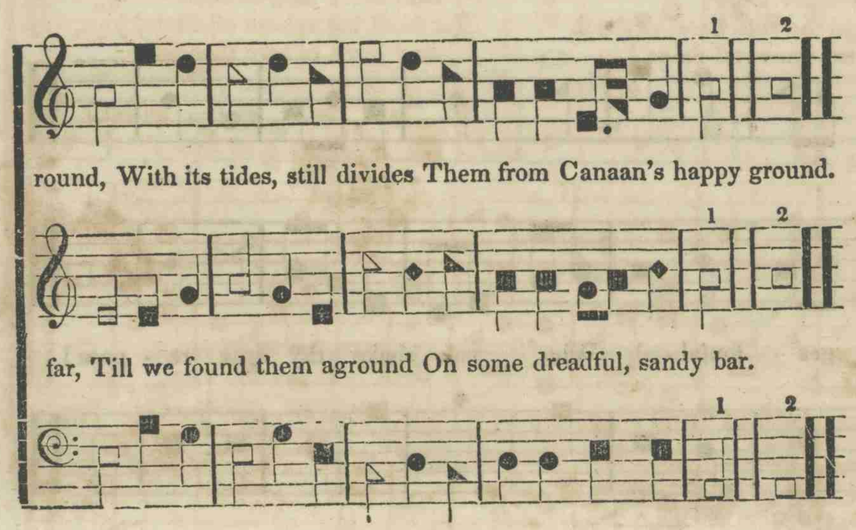
6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HAPPINESS. C. M.
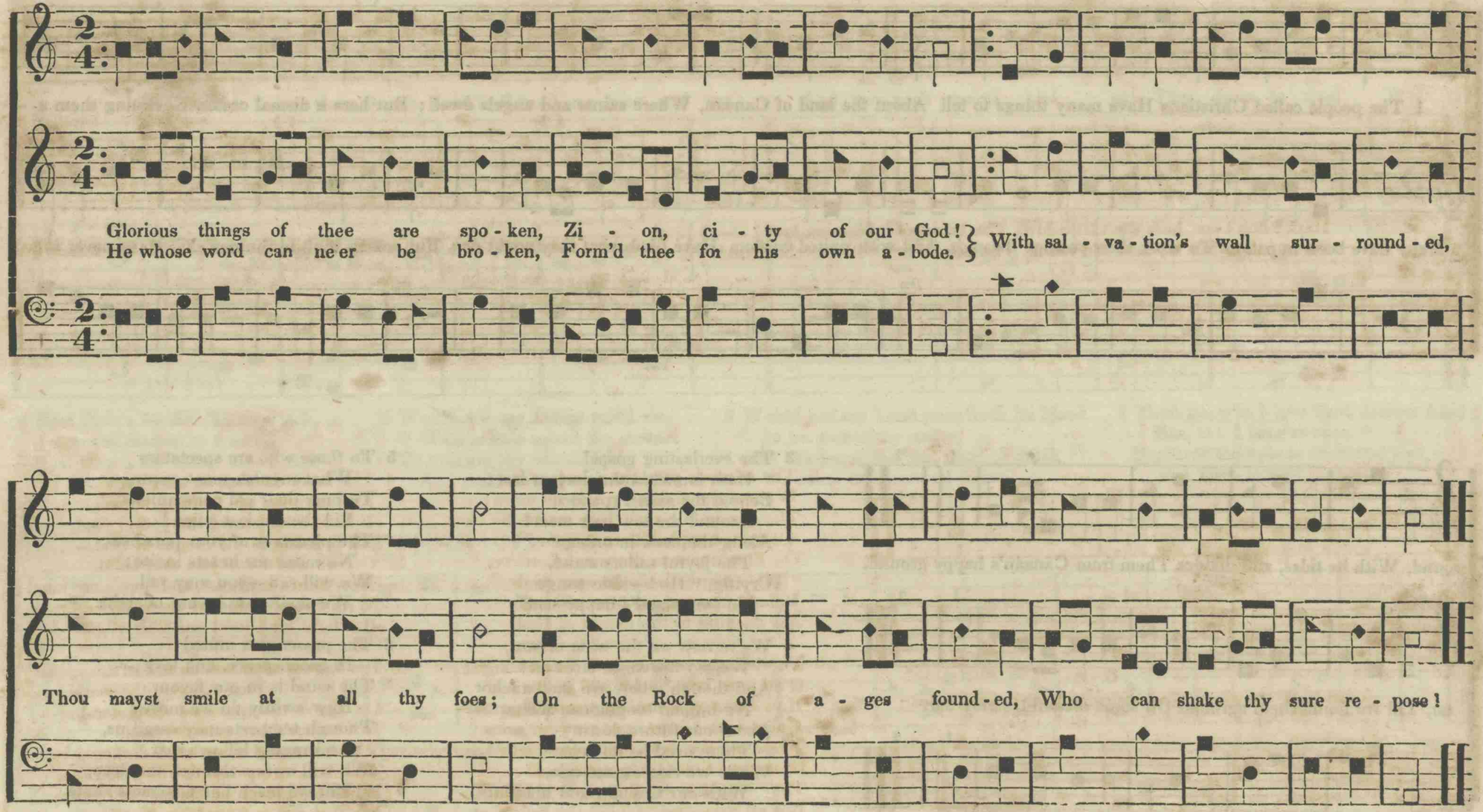






3 The everlasting gospel
Hath launch'd the deep at last;
Behold the sails expanded
Around the tow'ring mast!
Along the deck in order,
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Immanuel's happy land

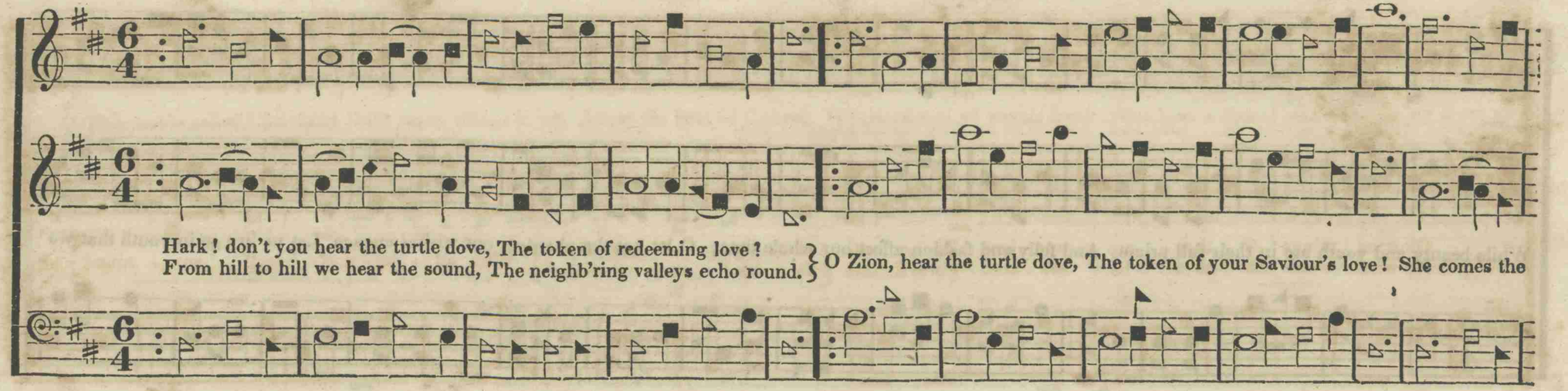
4 We're now on the wide ocean
We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.
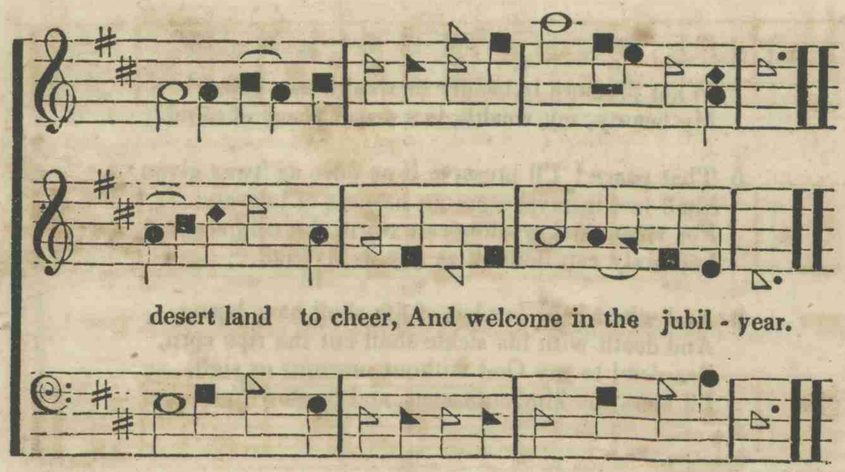
5 To those who are spectators
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united
In order, peace, and love;—
The wind is in our favour,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

JEFFERSON. 8. 7.





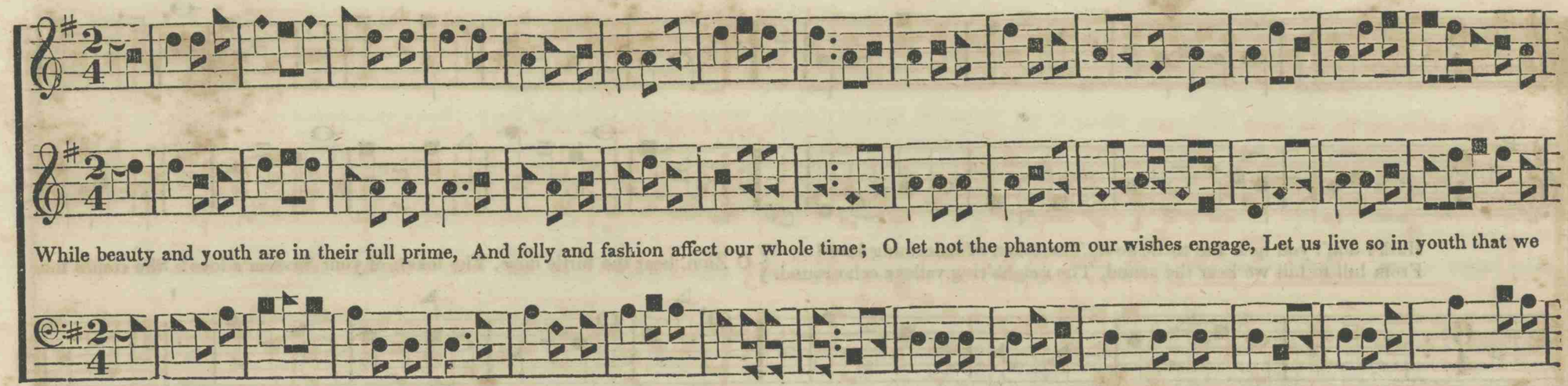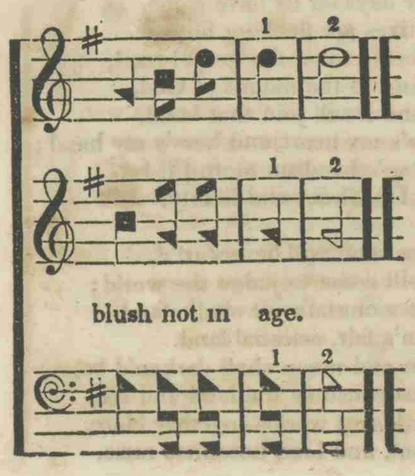


2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come; how sweet the view,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
"The resurrection's drawing nigh:"
Behold, the nations from abroad,
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old:
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God.
O yes! and I will join that band,
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea,
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.





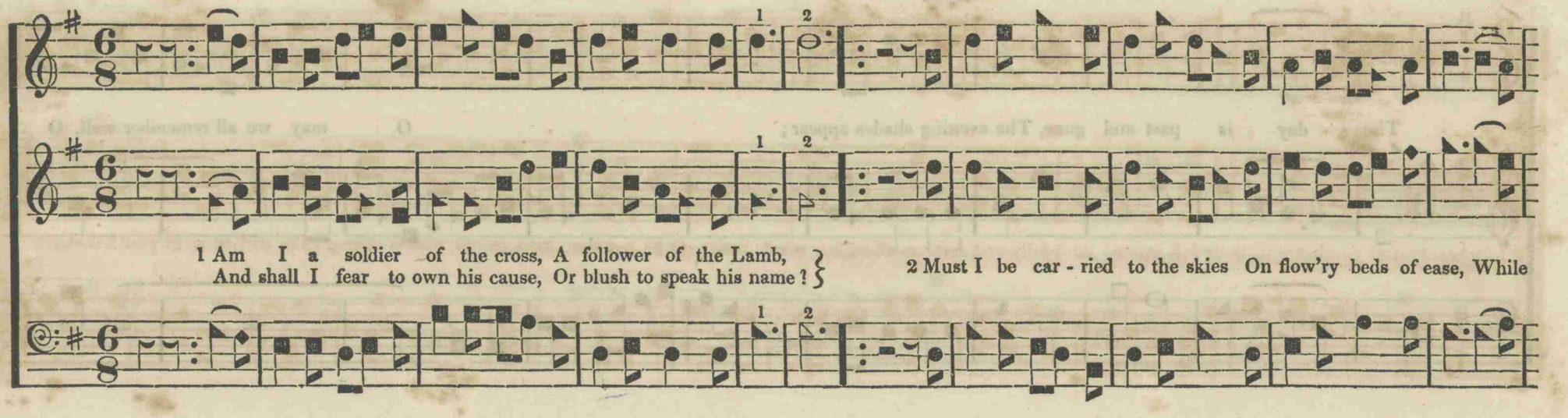
2 The vain and the young may attend us a while,
But let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile;
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay,
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

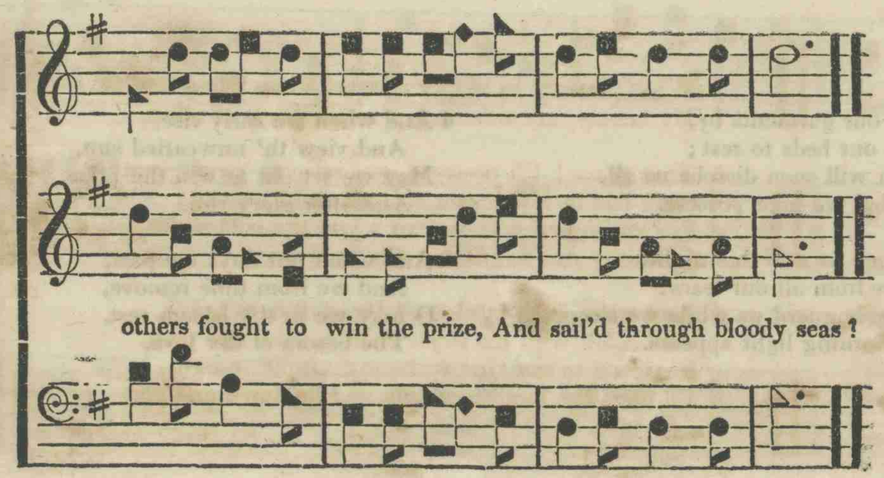
3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.





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

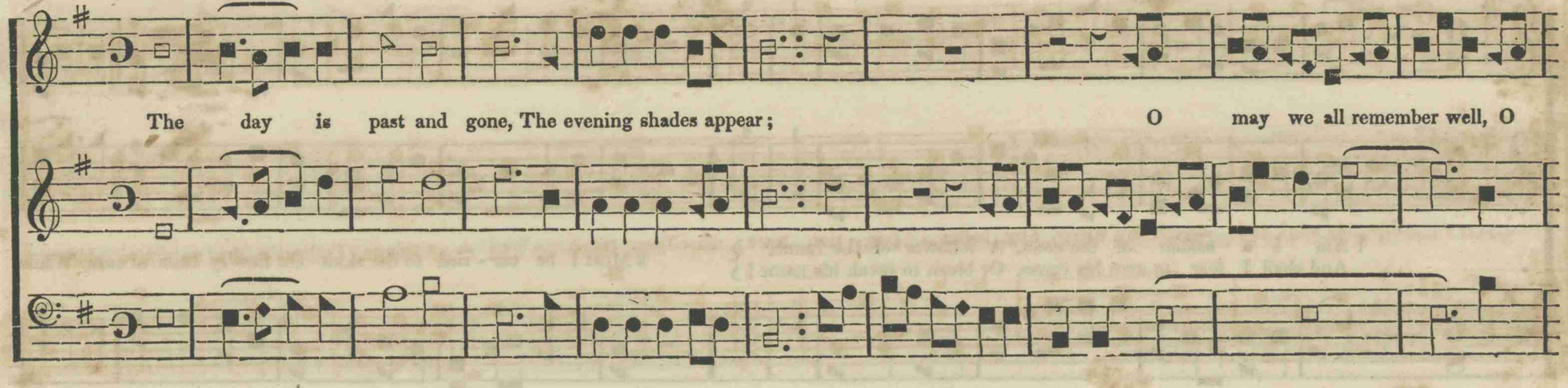
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

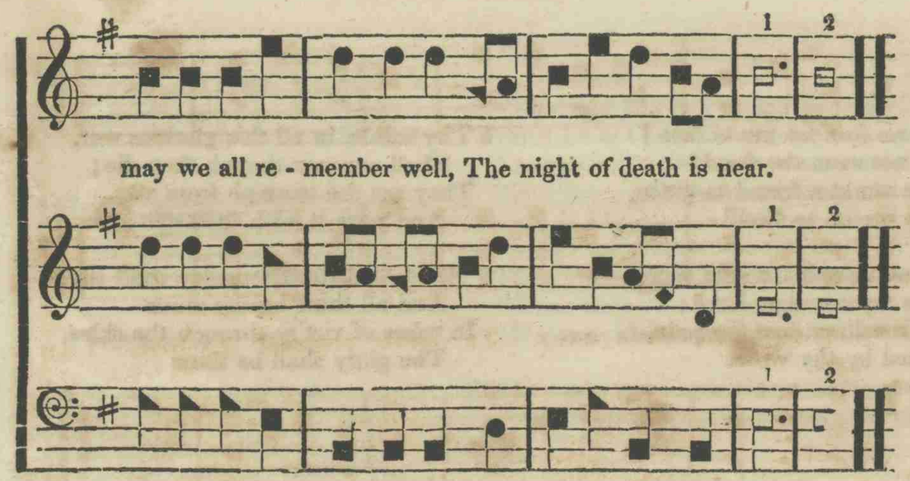
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

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

EVENING SHADE. S. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 373.





2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

JUDGMENT 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

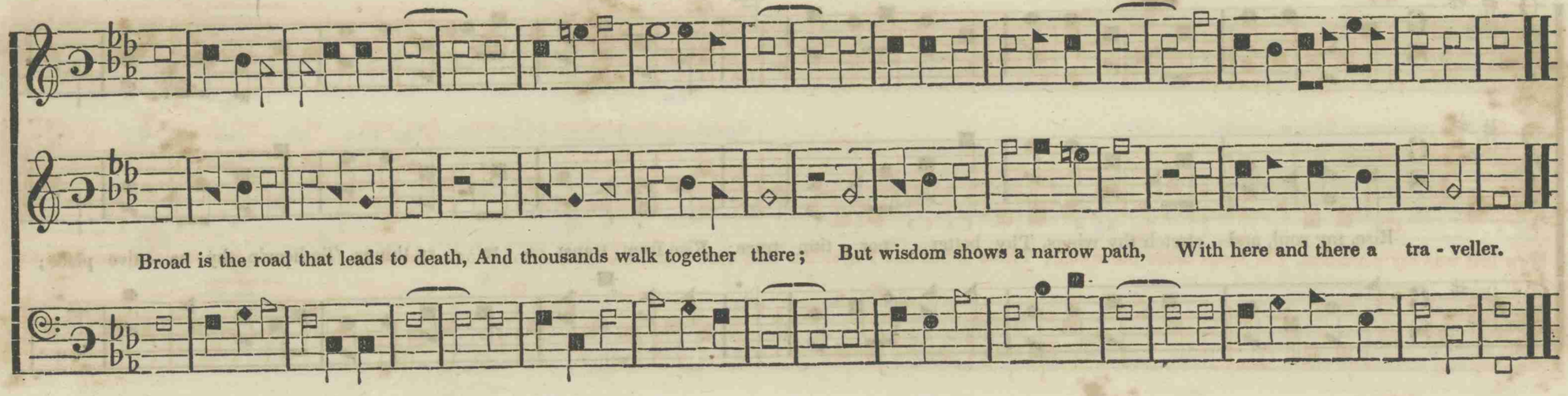
F. Price. Dover Selection, p. 167.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace; Rise from transi - to - ry things, To heav'n, thy na - tive place;

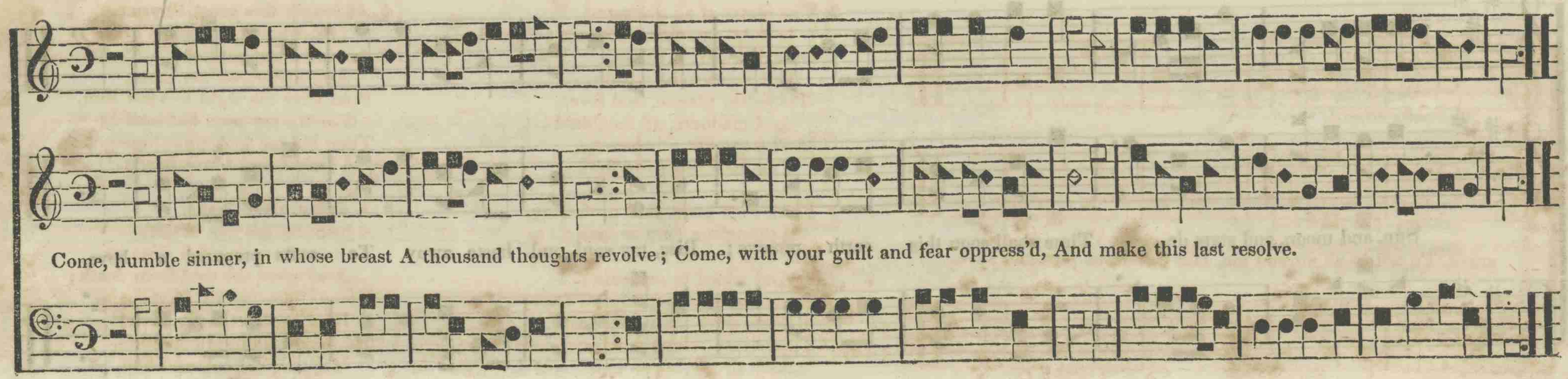
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

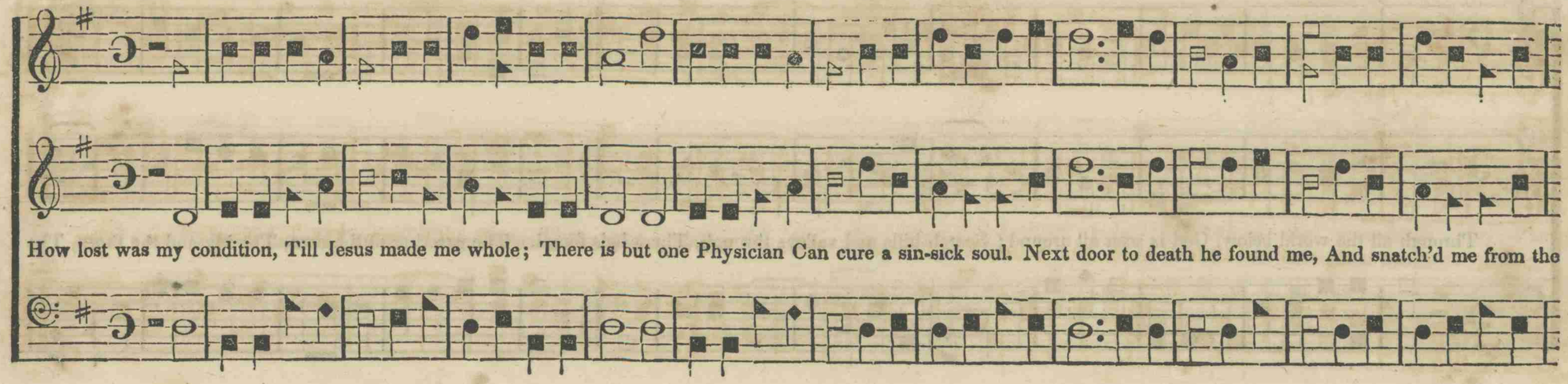
WINDHAM. L. M.
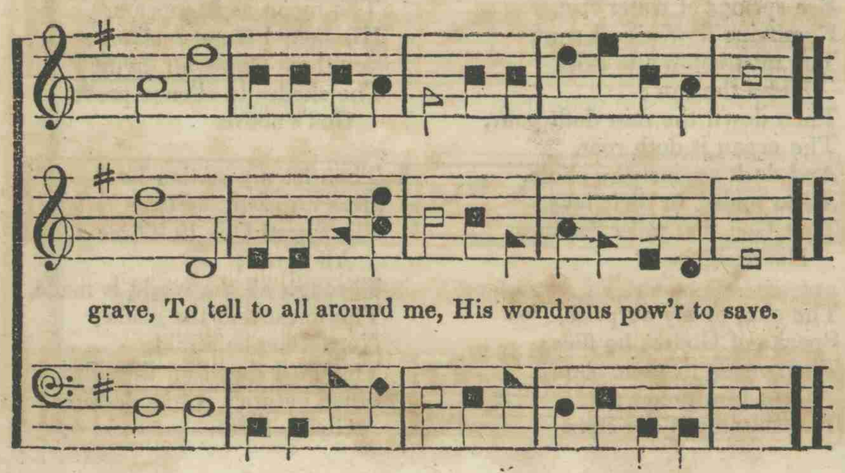
Read. Hymn 158, Book 2, Watts.



FAIRFIELD. C. M.







2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

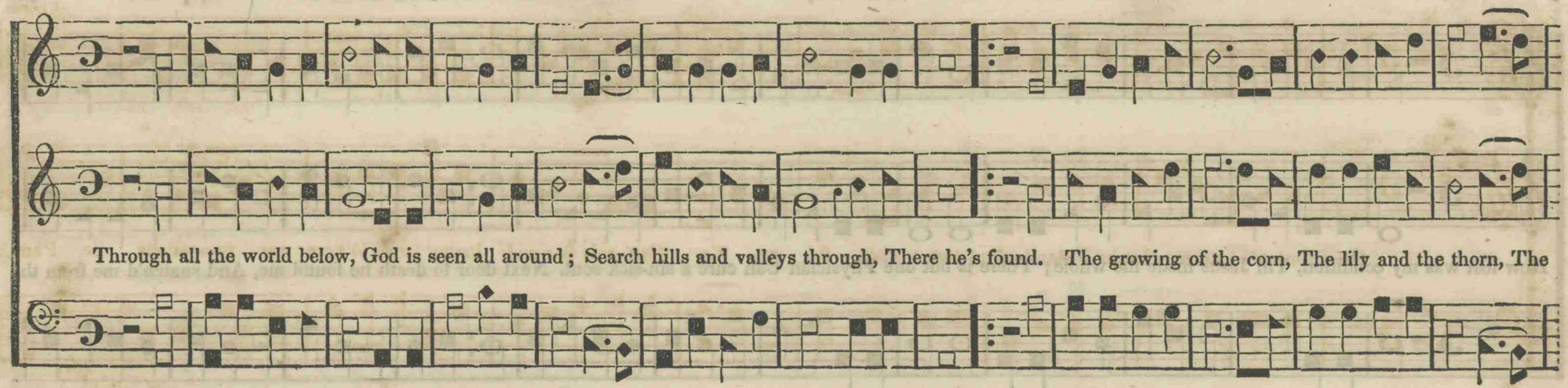
3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
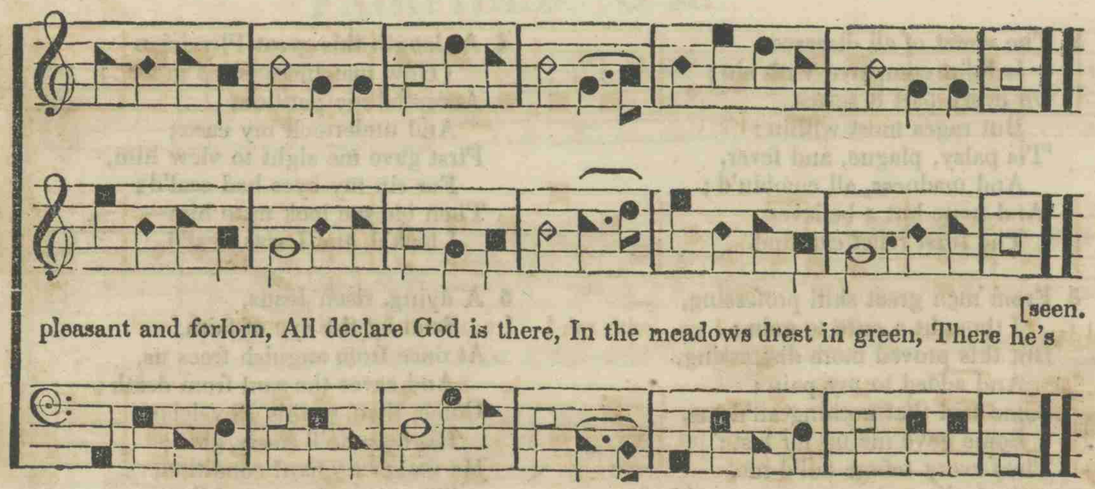
4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace.)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—Look and live.

CAPTAIN KIDD. 6, 6, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 3.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 498.





2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run;
The mist below the skies
Hides the sun;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And dash against the shore,
All to praise, in their lays,
That God that ne'er declines
His designs.
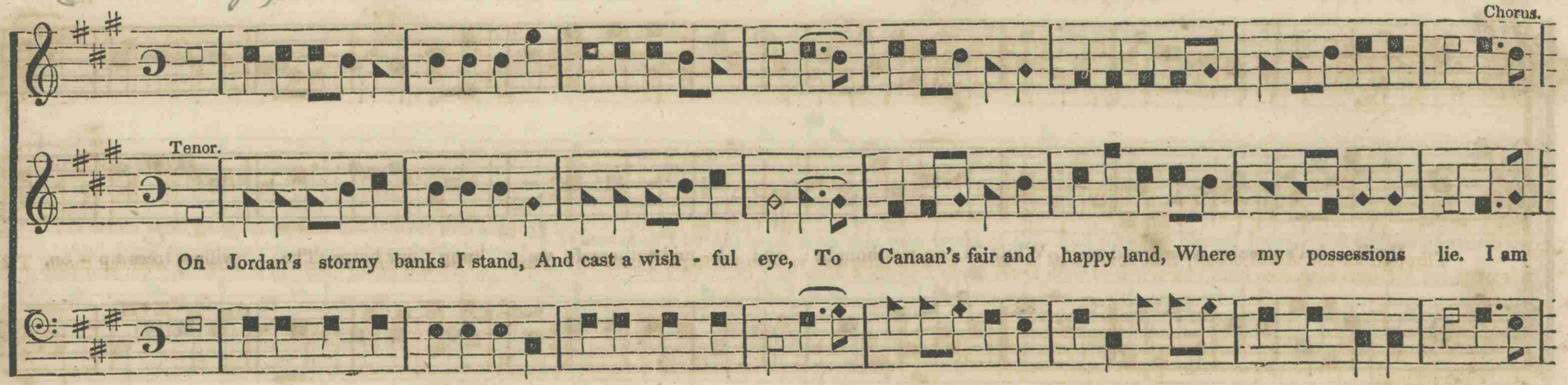
3 The sun, to my surprise,
Speaks of God as he flies;
The comets in their blaze
Give him praise;
The shining of the stars.
The moon as it appears,
His sacred name declares;
See them shine, all divine!
The shades in silence prove
God's above.

4 Then let my station be
Here on earth, as I see
The sacred One in Three
All agree;
Through all the world is made,
The forest and the glade;
Nor let me be afraid,
Though I dwell on the hill,
Since nature's works declare
God is there.

E (Sharp Key)

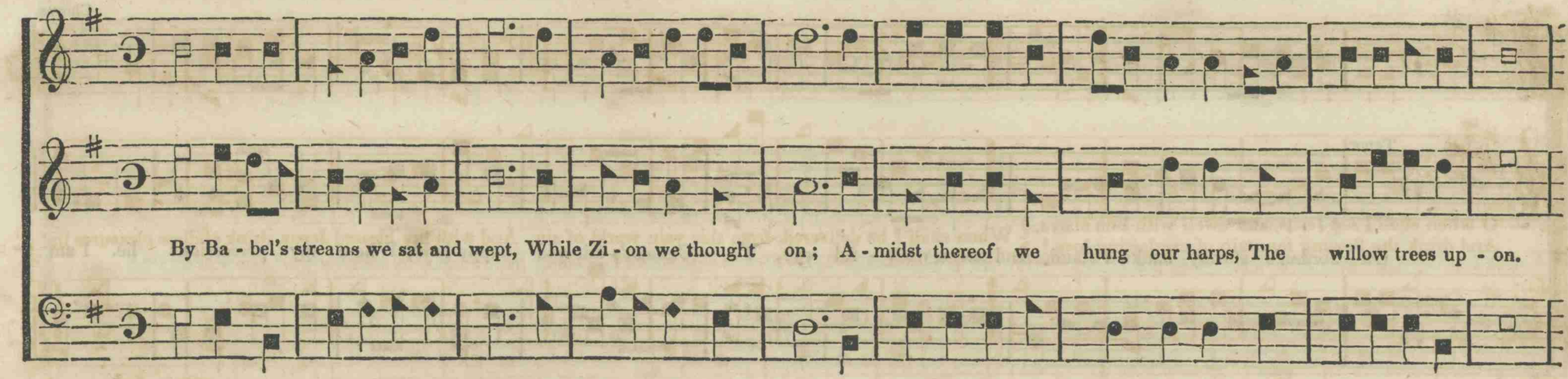
THE PROMISED LAND. C. M
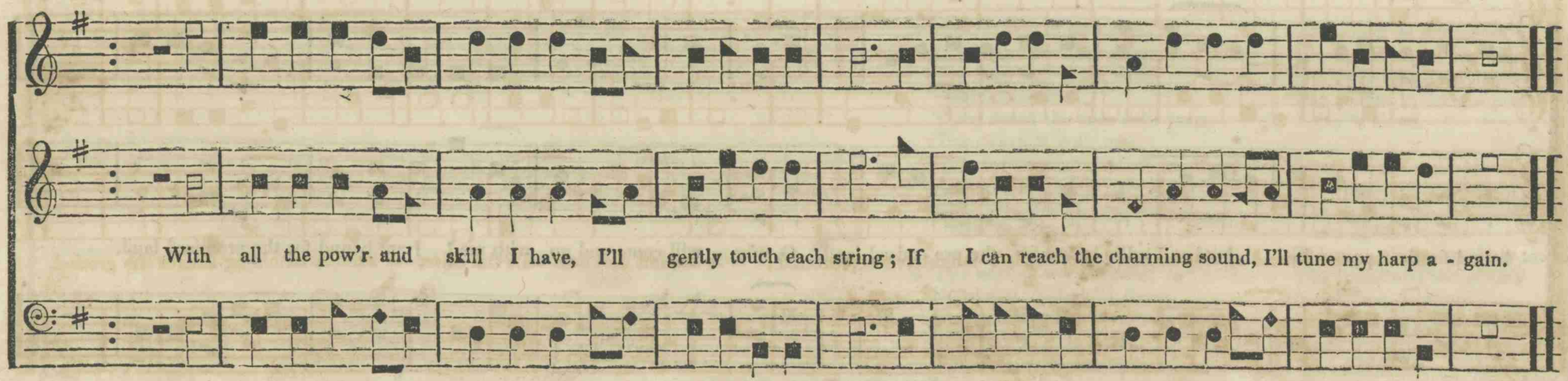
Miss M. Durham. Meth. H. B. p. 471.
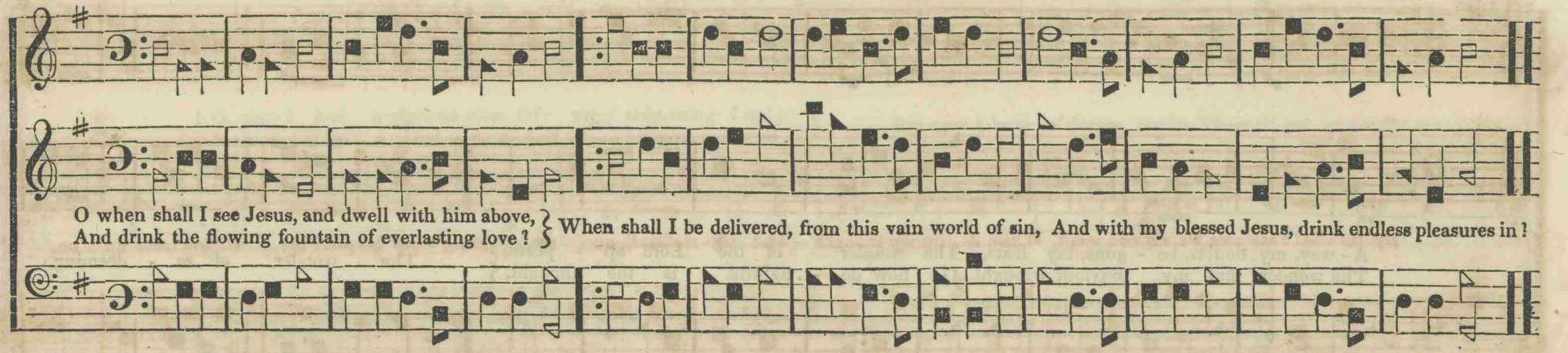


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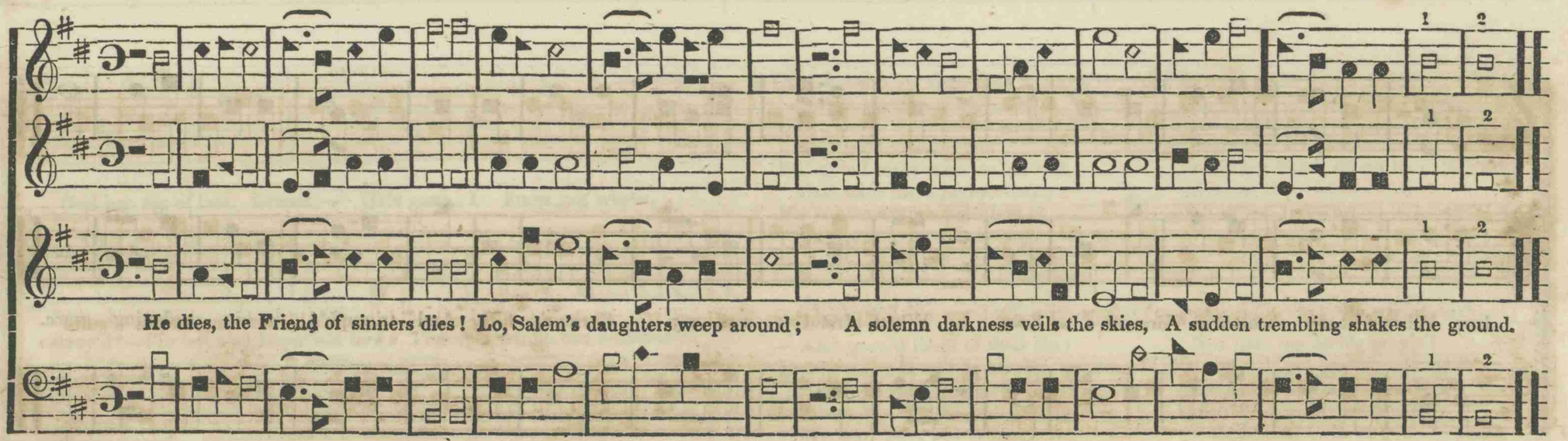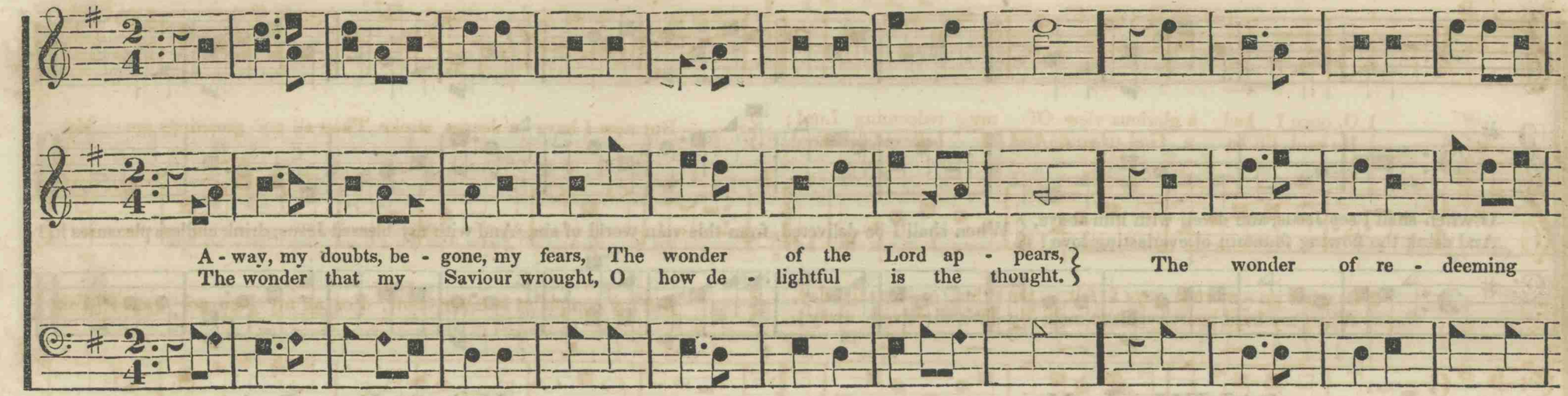






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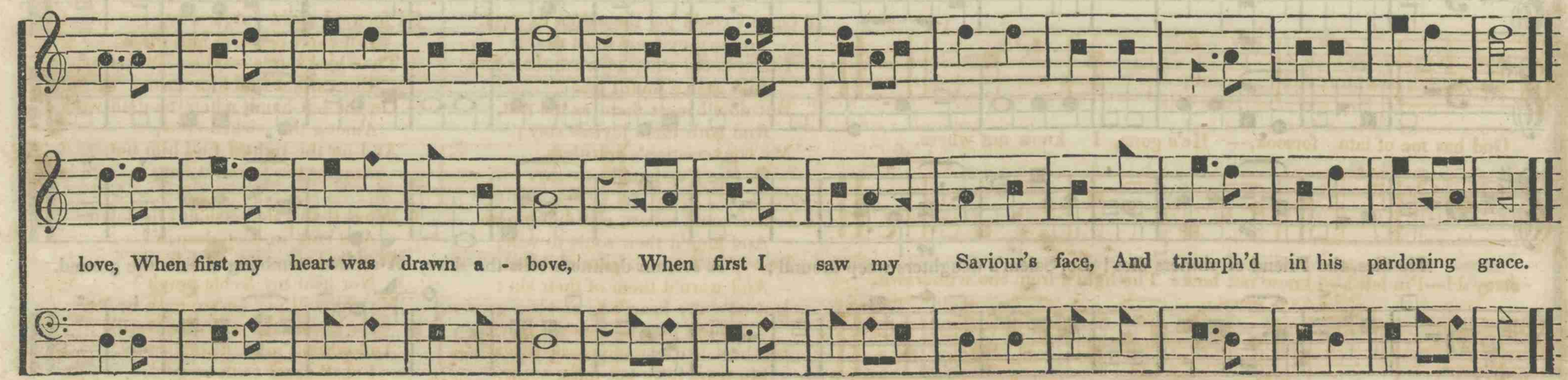
Methodist Hymn Book, p. 455.
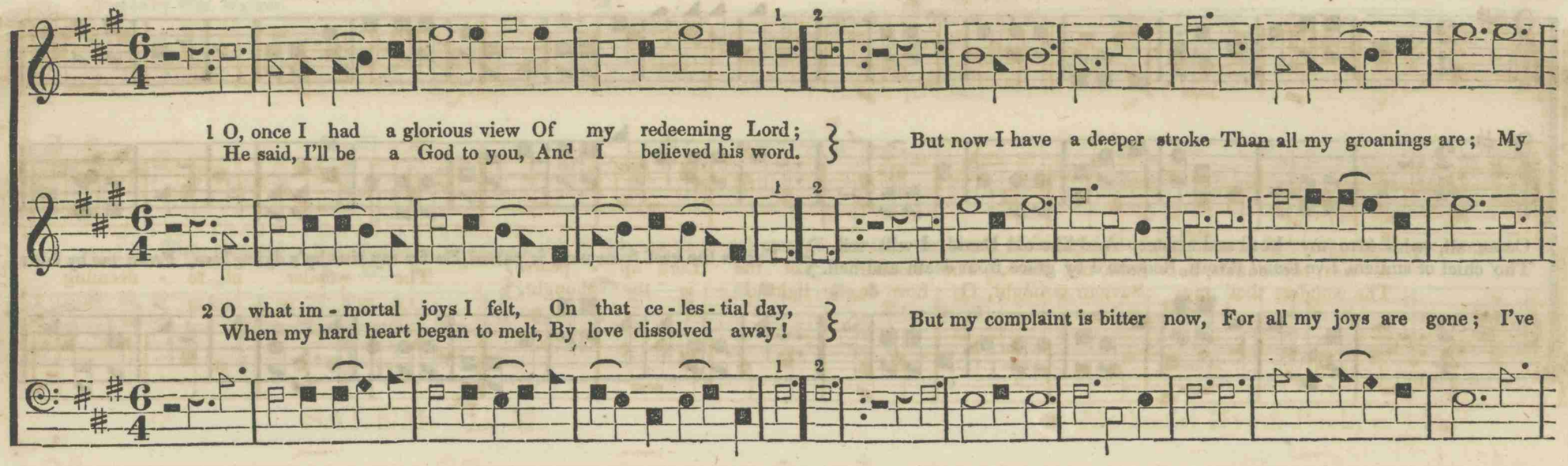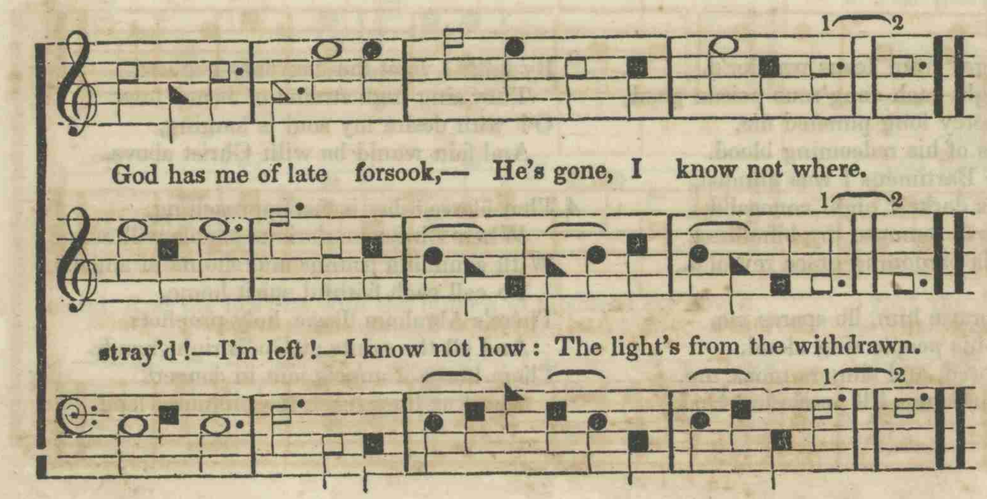


HARMONY. L. M. D.

William Walker.
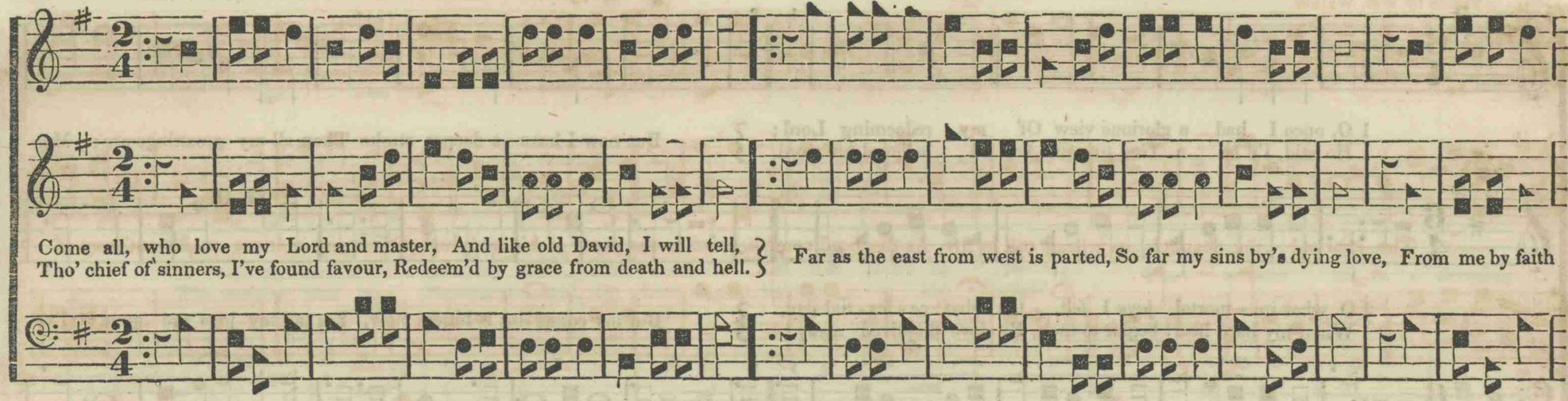








3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.
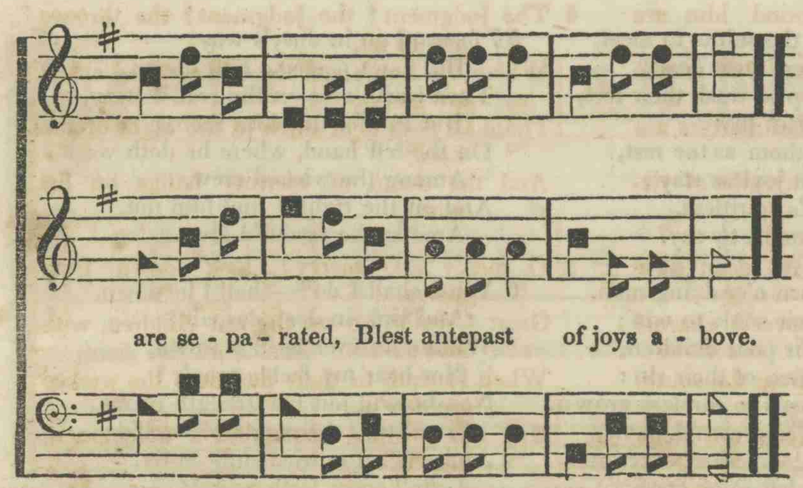
4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travail'd for their poor children,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

5 I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find him there:
On the left hand, where he doth work,
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find him not,
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me,
He knows the way I've stroll'd;
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.

REDEEMING GRACE. 9, 8.
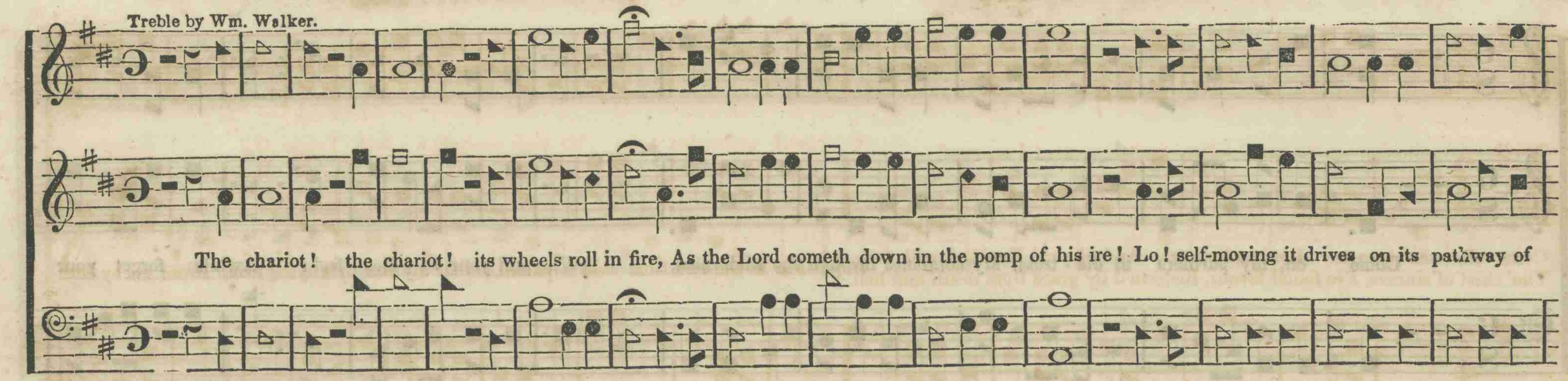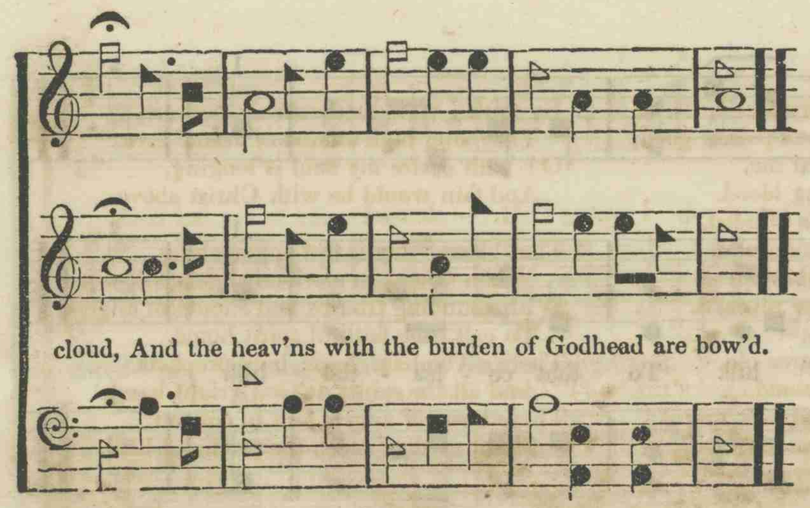




2 I late estranged from Jesus wander'd,
And thought each dang'rous poison good,
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood.
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night conceal'd,
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pardoning grace reveal'd.

3 Now I will praise him, he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud,
Though opposed, and sinners mock me,
In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.
By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' love
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,
To call each faithful spirit home.
There's Abraham, Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand,
There hosts of angels join in concert,
Shout as they reach the promised land.
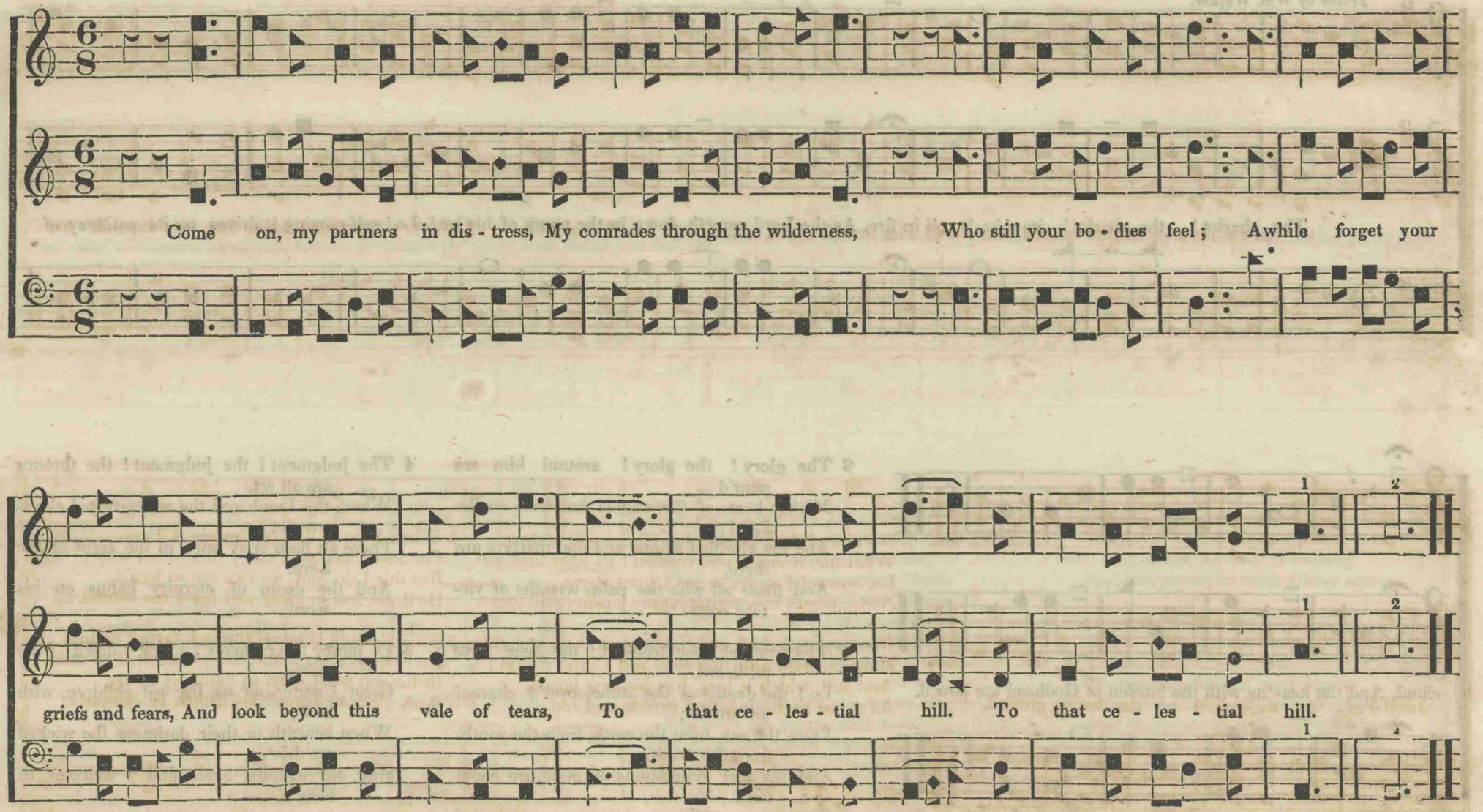




2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

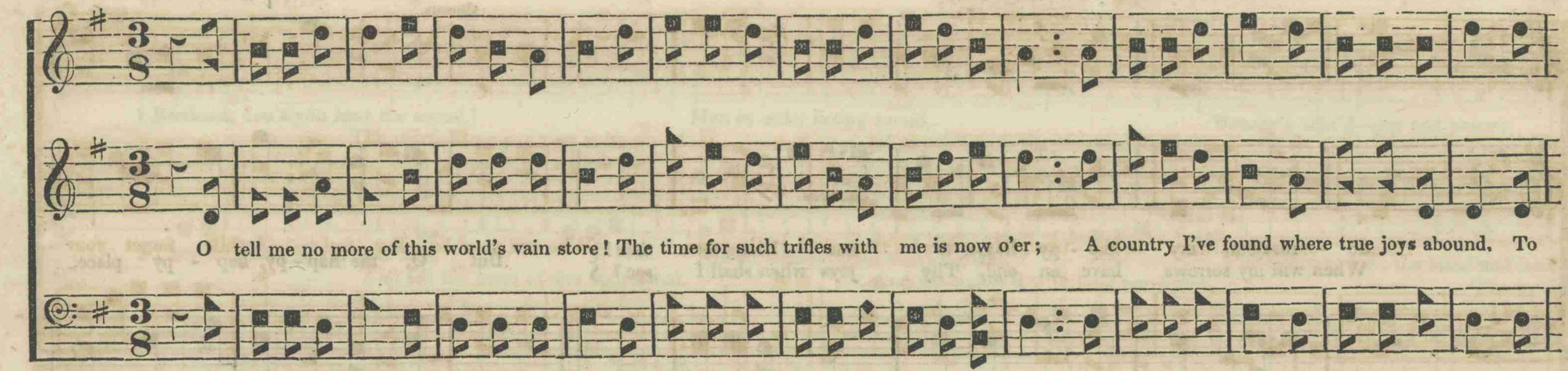
3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.
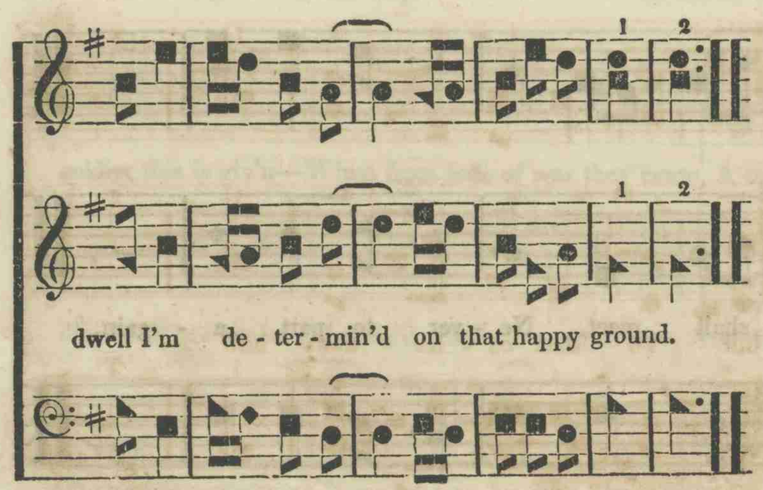
4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.

CONSOLATION NEW. 8, 8, 6.







2 No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,
What life, strength and comfort! go after him, go!
Lo, onward I move, to see Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin;
Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 This blessing is mine, through favour divine,
And O, my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine;
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,
And, glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

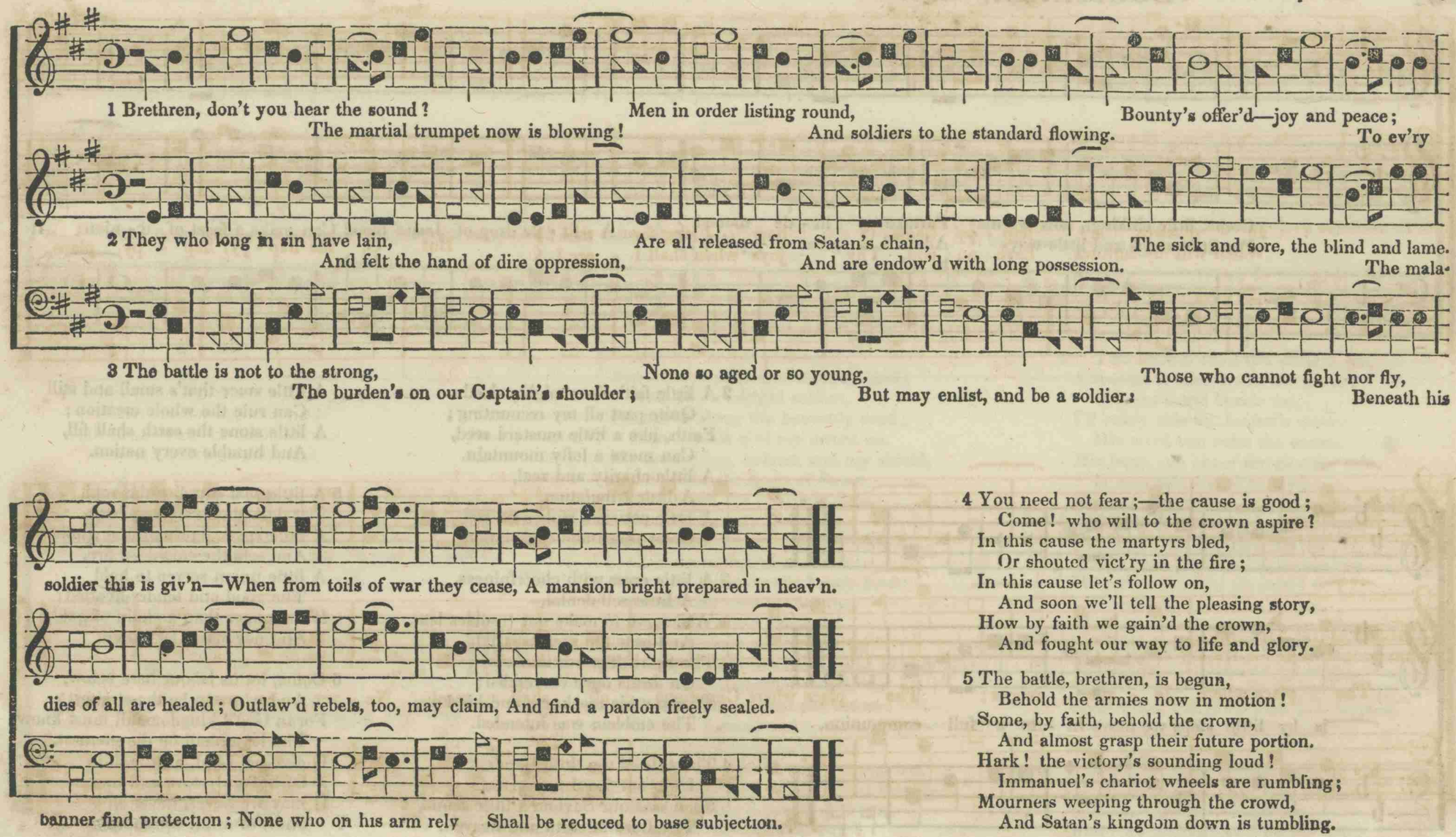
Benjamin White.

Chorus.

Je - rusalem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

But O, the hap - py, hap - py place,

The place where Je - sus reigns; The place where Christians all shall meet, Ne - ver to part a - gain.
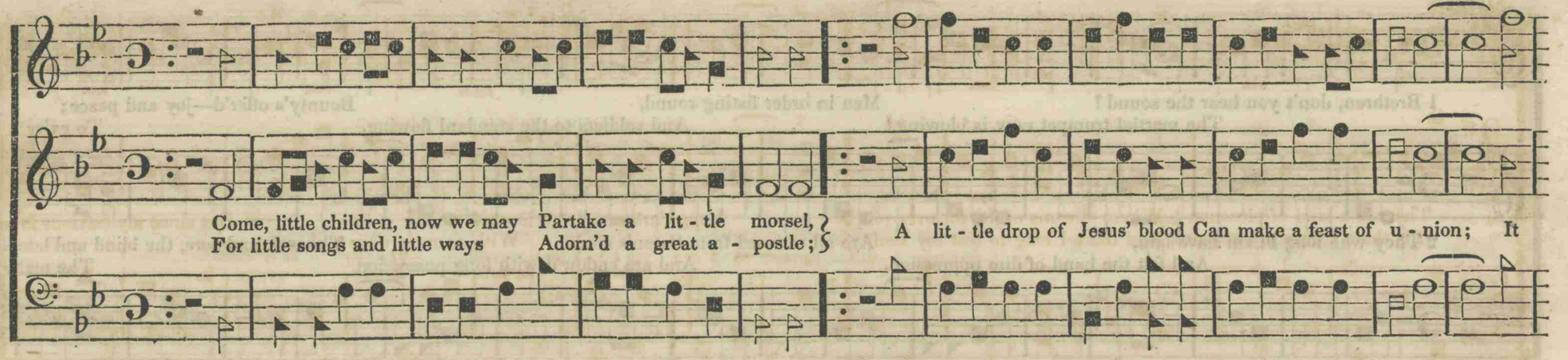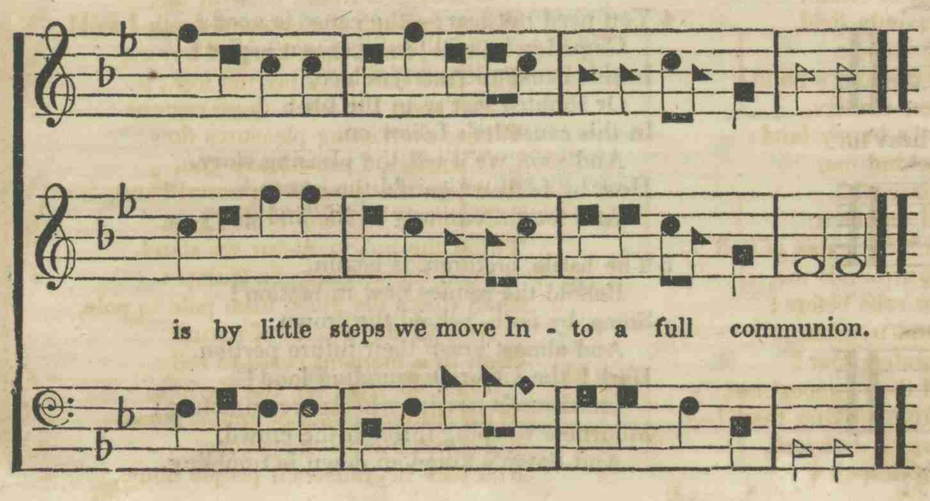


4 You need not fear;—the cause is good;
Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted vict'ry in the fire;
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the victory's sounding loud!
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

LOUISIANA. 8, 7

William Walker.





2 A little faith does mighty deeds,
Quite past all my recounting;
Faith, like a little mustard seed,
Can move a lofty mountain.
A little charity and zeal,
A little tribulation,
A little patience makes us feel
Great peace and consolation.
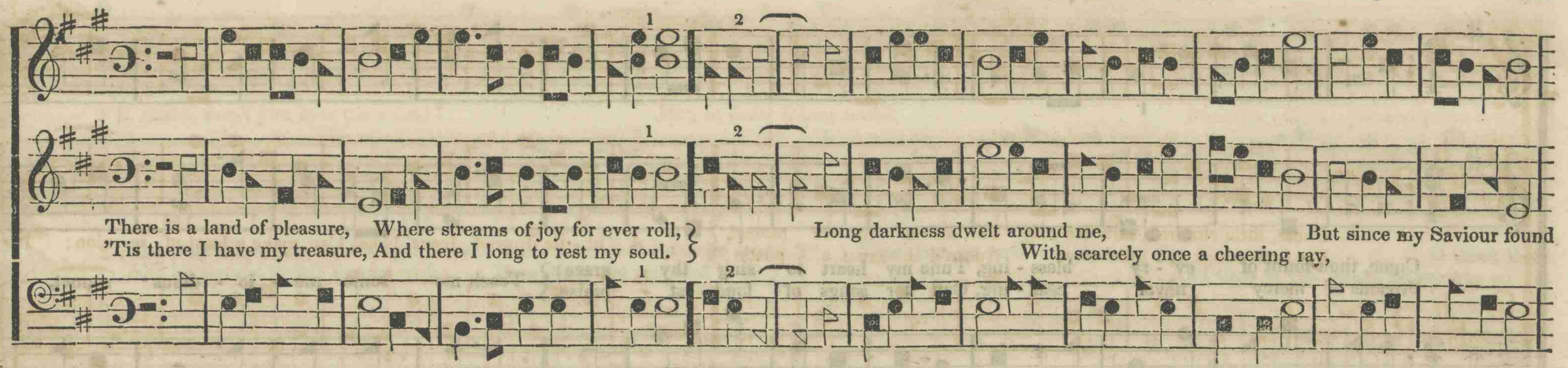
3 A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self-denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less,
And bear the greatest trial.
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love,
The emblem was intended.

4 The title of the little Lamb
Unto our Lord was given;
Such was our Saviour's little name,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

A little voice that's small and still
Can rule the whole creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

5 A little zeal supplies the soul,
It doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the whole,
And sets the crowd on fire.
A little union serves to hold
The good and tender-hearted;
It's stronger than a chain of gold,
And never can be parted.

6 Come, let us labour here below,
And who can be the straitest;
For in God's kingdom, all must know
The least shall be the greatest.
O give us, Lord, a little drop
Of heavenly love and union
O may we never, never stop
Short of a full communion.



2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God;
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heavenly road;
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.
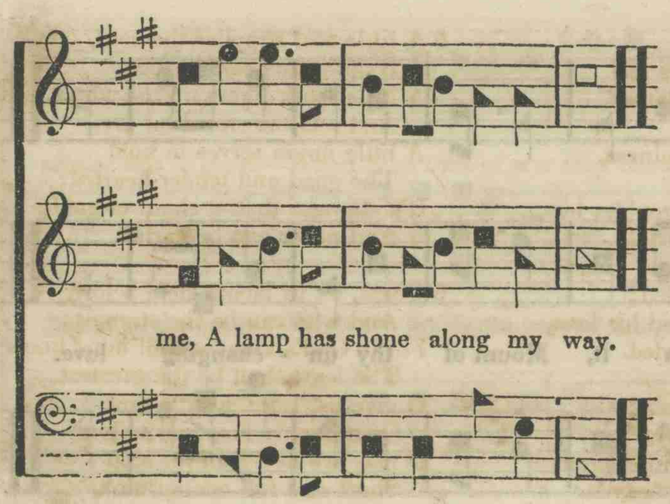
3 I'm on the way to Zion,
Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;
O, come along, dear sinners,
And view Emmanuel's happy land:
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a sad farewell!
O come! or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
O! how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there?—
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair!

5 This stream shall not affright me,
Although it take me to the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll safely ride on Jordan's wave:
His word can calm the ocean,
His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale:
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!

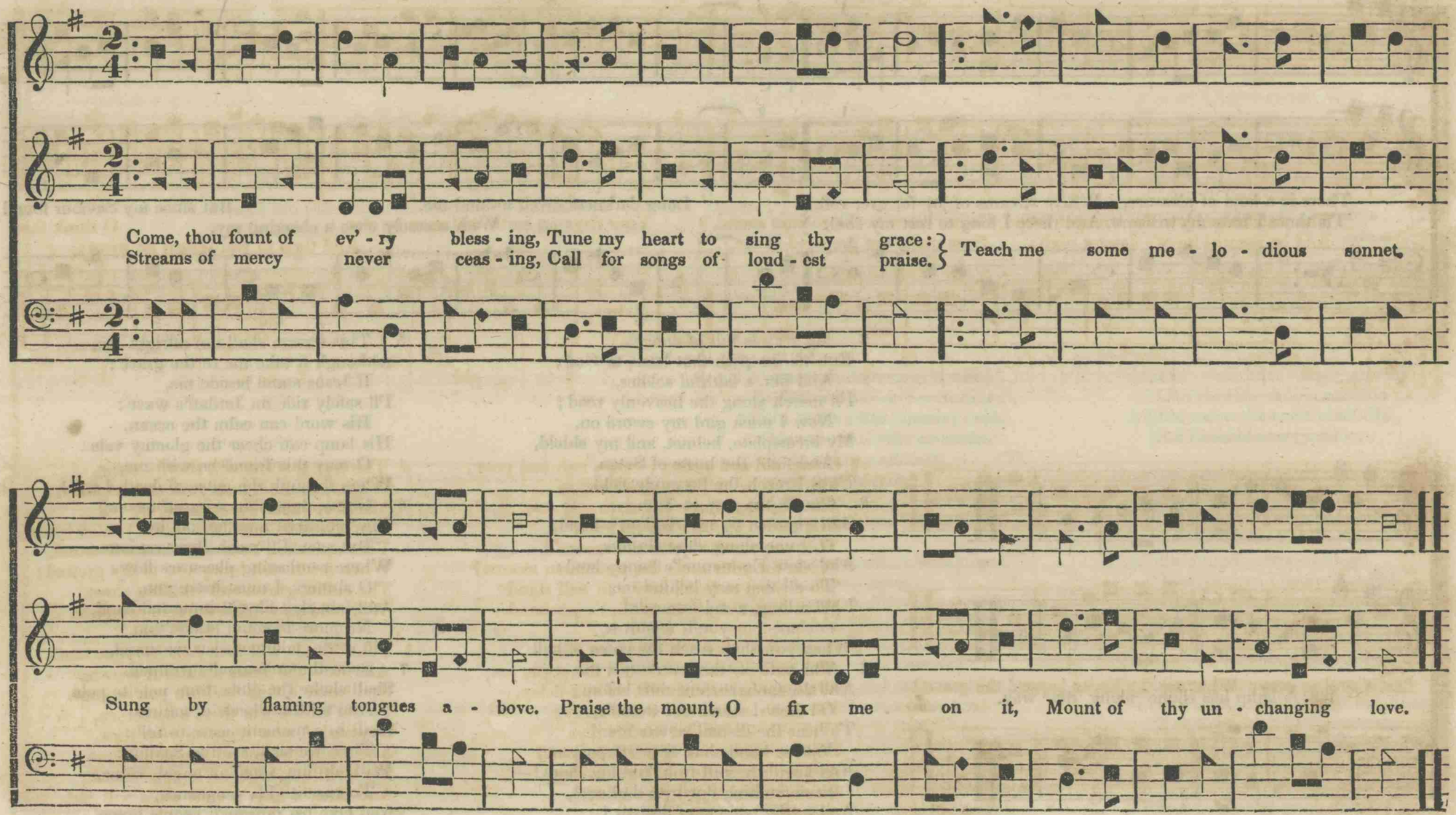
6 Come, then, thou king of terrors,
Thy fatal dart may lay me low;
But soon I'll reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures flow:
O sinners, I must leave you,
And join that bless'd immortal band,
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment-bar we stand.

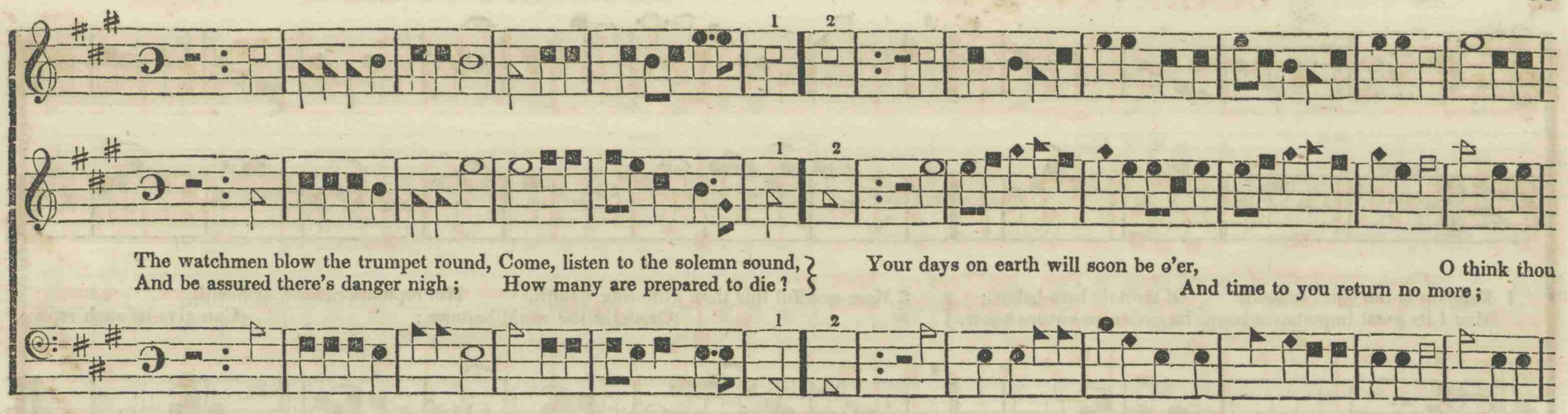
7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

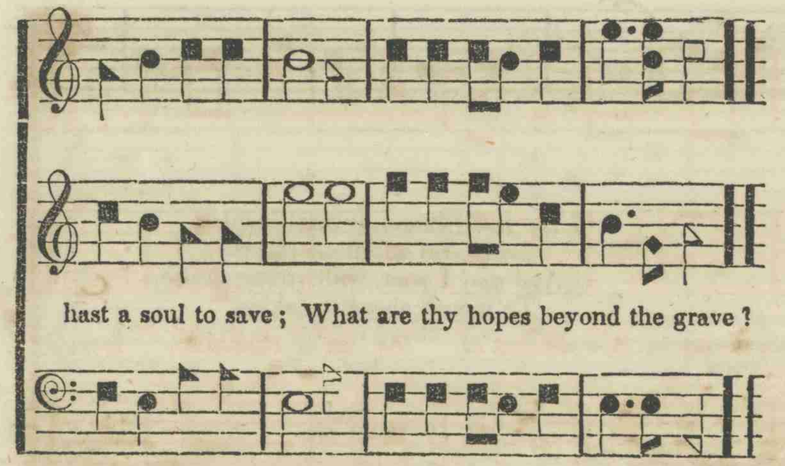


OLNEY. 8, 7.

Chapin.







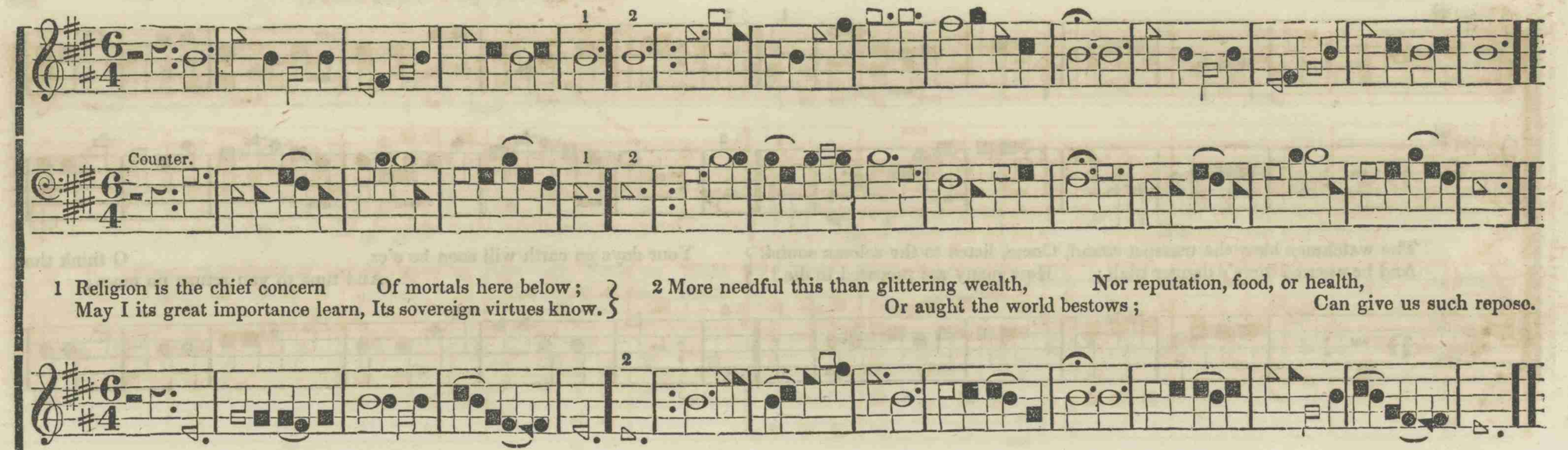
2 Come, old and young ; come, rich and poor ;
You'll all be call'd to stand before
The God that made the earth and sea,
And there proclaim his majesty.
Will you remain quite unconcern'd,
While for your souls the watchmen mourn ?
They weep to think how you will stand
With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

3 O mortals ! view the dream of life,
And see how thousands end the strife,
Who, though convinced, do still delay,
Till death ensues and drags away :
Will you for fancied earthly toys
Deprive yourselves of heav'nly joys ?
And will the calls you have to-day
Be slighted still and pass away ?

4 The trying scene will shortly come,
When you must hear your certain doom ;
And if you then go unprepared,
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard,
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,
While death will bring you to the ground ;
The coffin, grave, and winding sheet,
Will hold your lifeless frame complete.
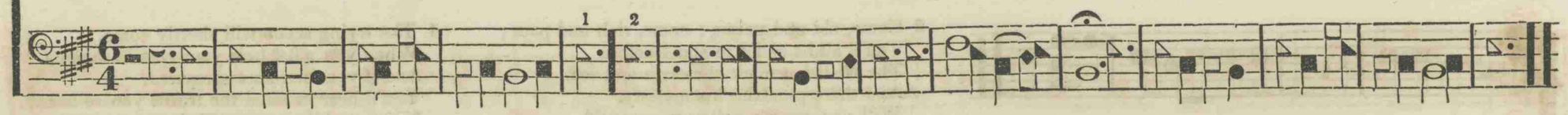
5 Your friends will then pass by your tomb,
And view the grass around it grown,
And heave a sigh to think you're gone
To the land where there's no return.
O mortals ! now improve your time,
And while the gospel sun doth shine
Fly swift to Christ, he is your friend,
And then in heav'n your souls will end.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M.



1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtues know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth, Nor reputation, food, or health,
Or aught the world bestows; Can give us such repose.
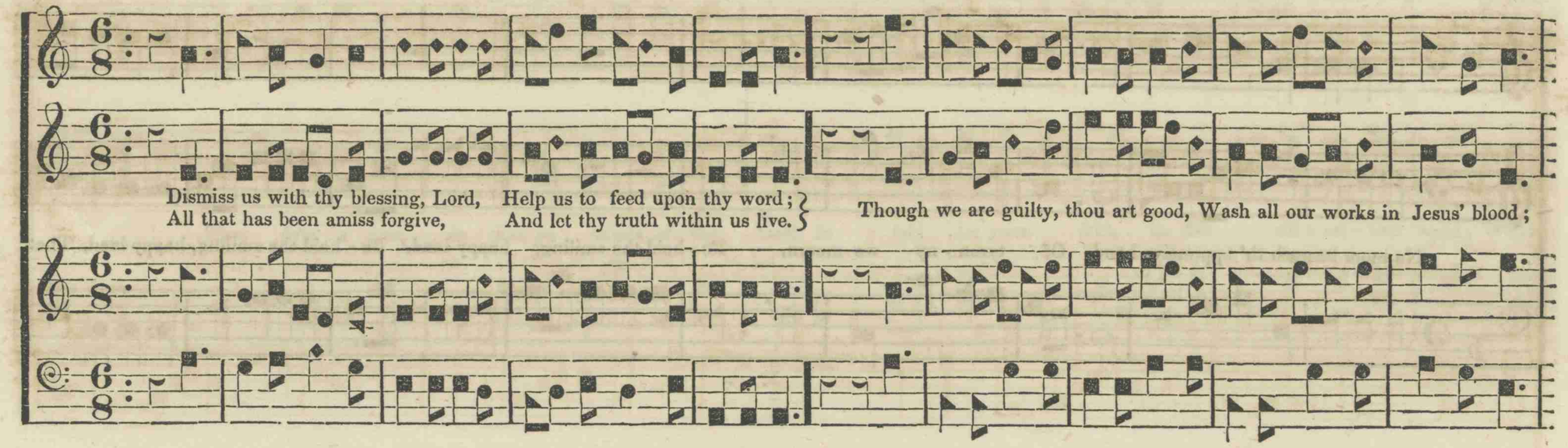


3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

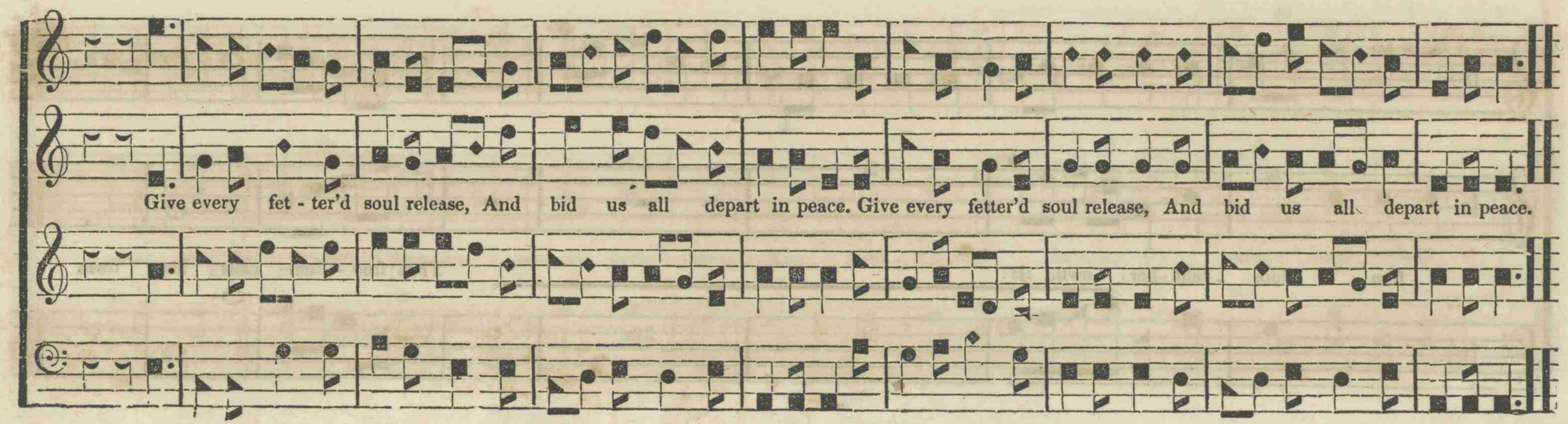
4 O, may my heart, by gra
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.
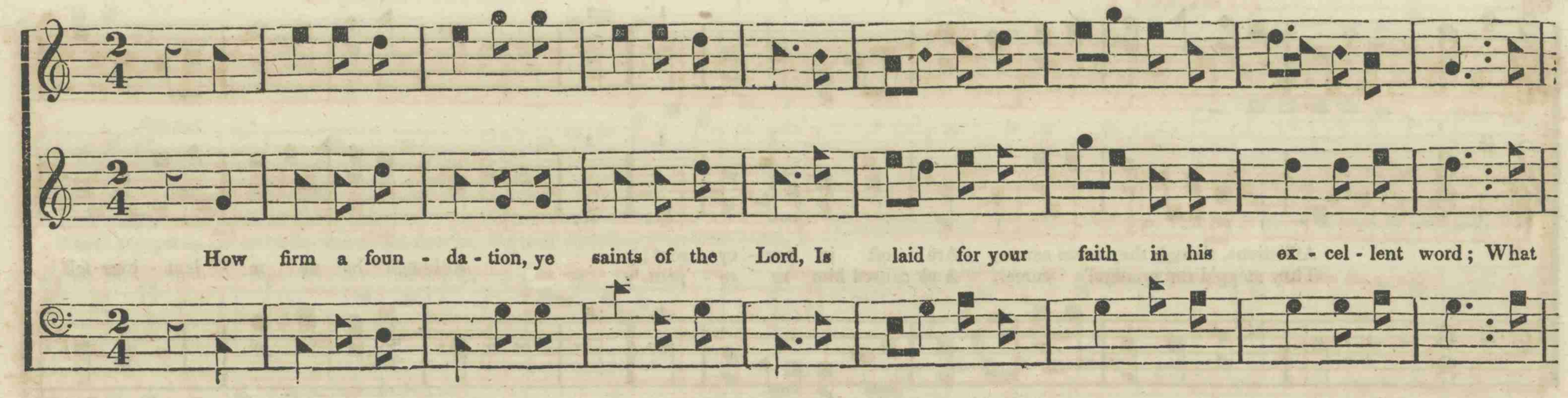

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive, And let thy truth within us live.
Though we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;

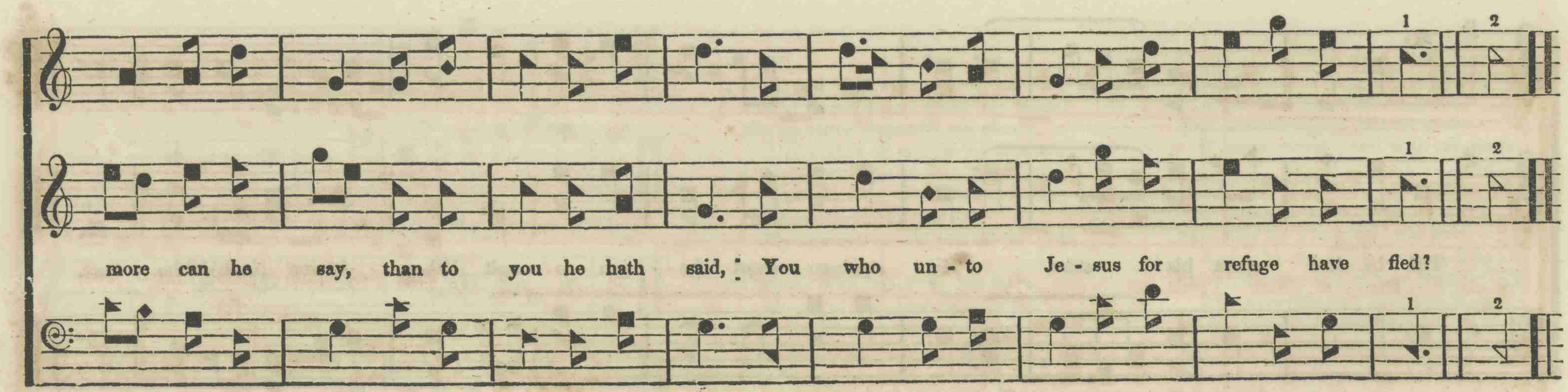

Give every fet - ter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

LIBERTY. C. M

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyran - ny we mourn, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, That

free - dom calls her own. :‖: That frec - dom calls her own.


How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What
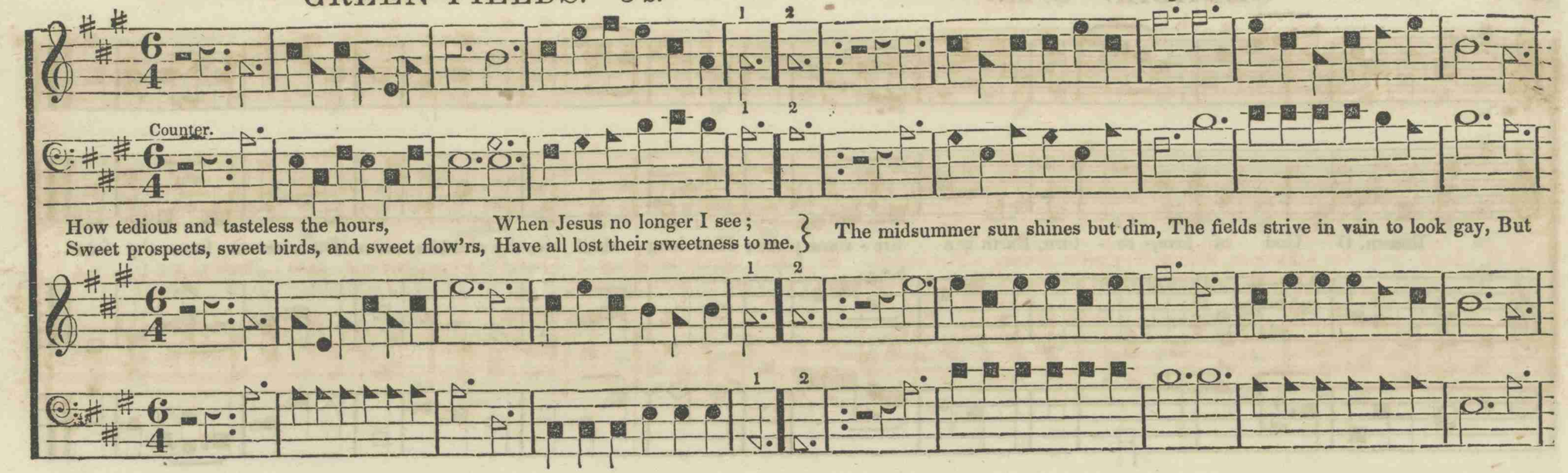

more can he say, than to you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?
1
2

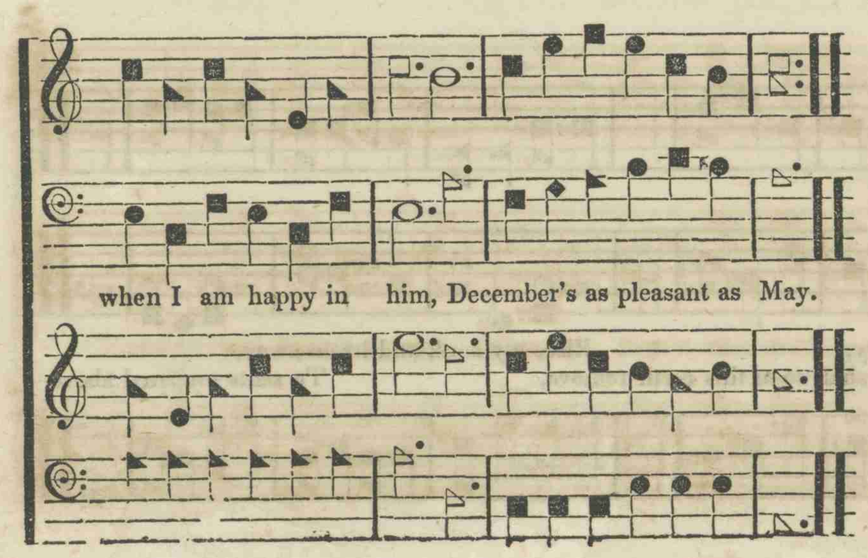
THE PRODIGAL. C. M.

Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mer - cy sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to re - pent.

Although he no re - lent - ings felt

Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be - gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore.
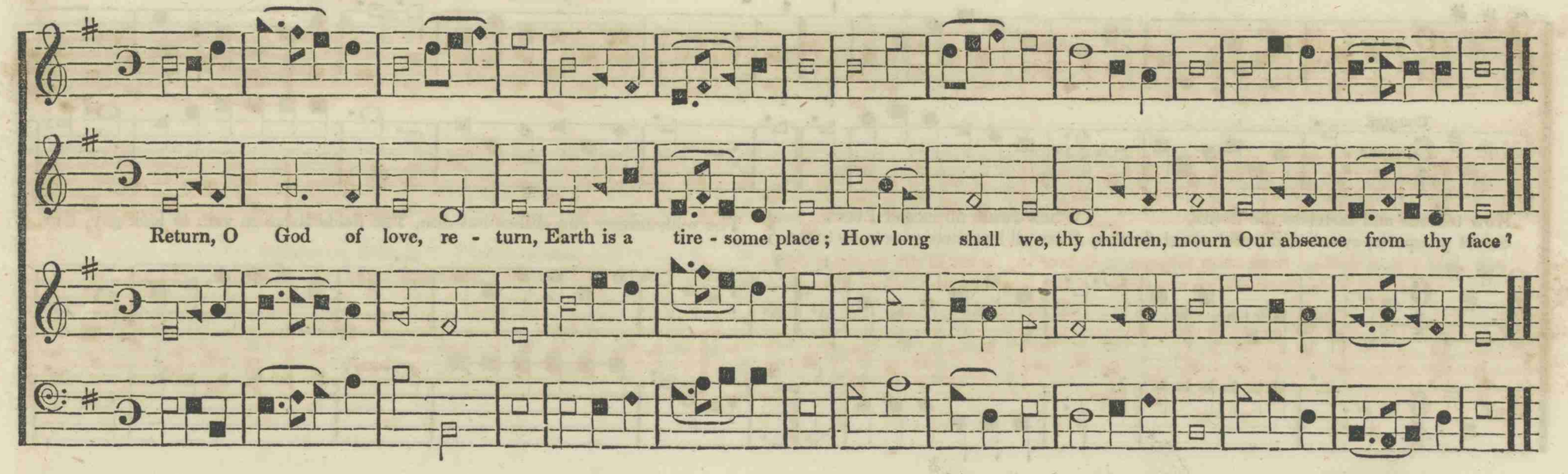




2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
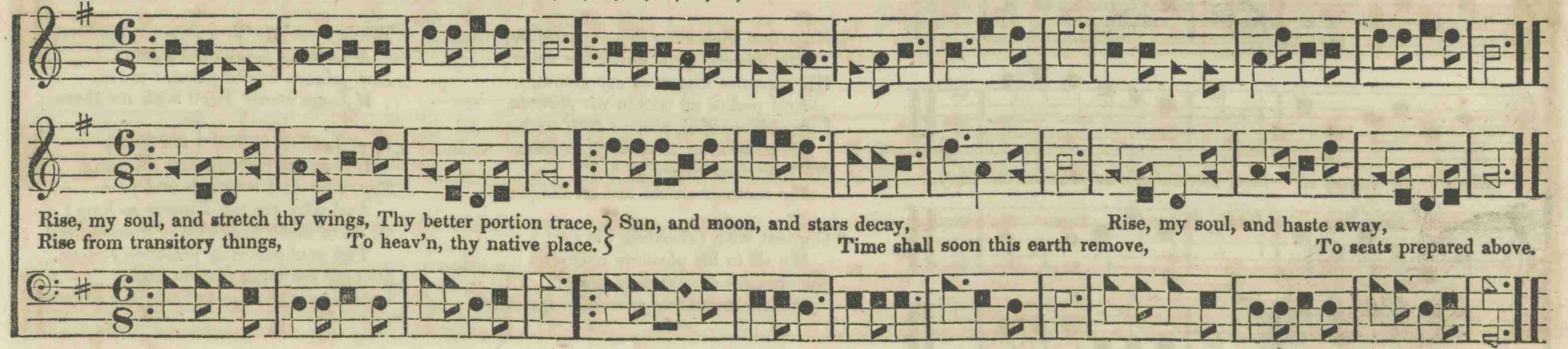
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long!
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

GEORGIA. C. M.



INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.
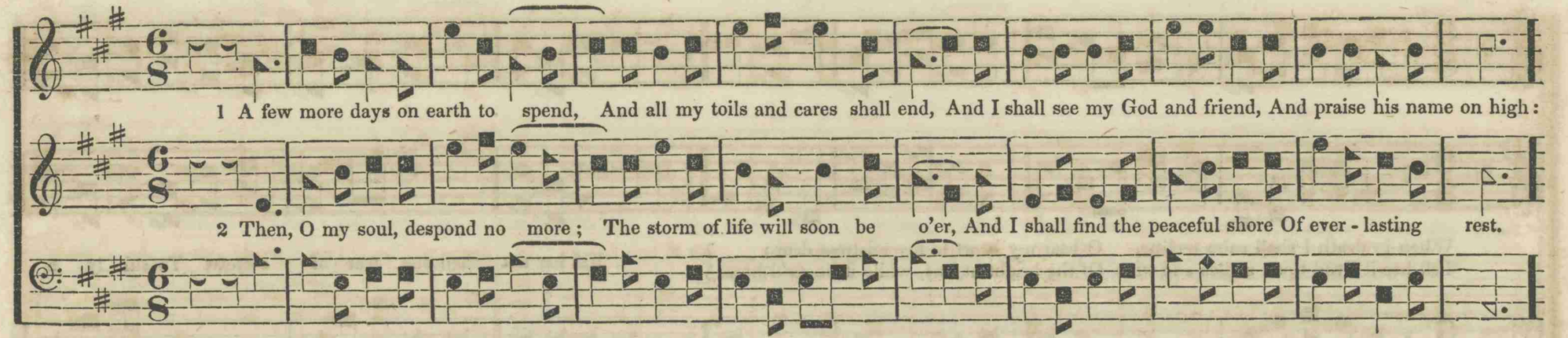


out of place in this book, the words foolish if not doubtful any where.
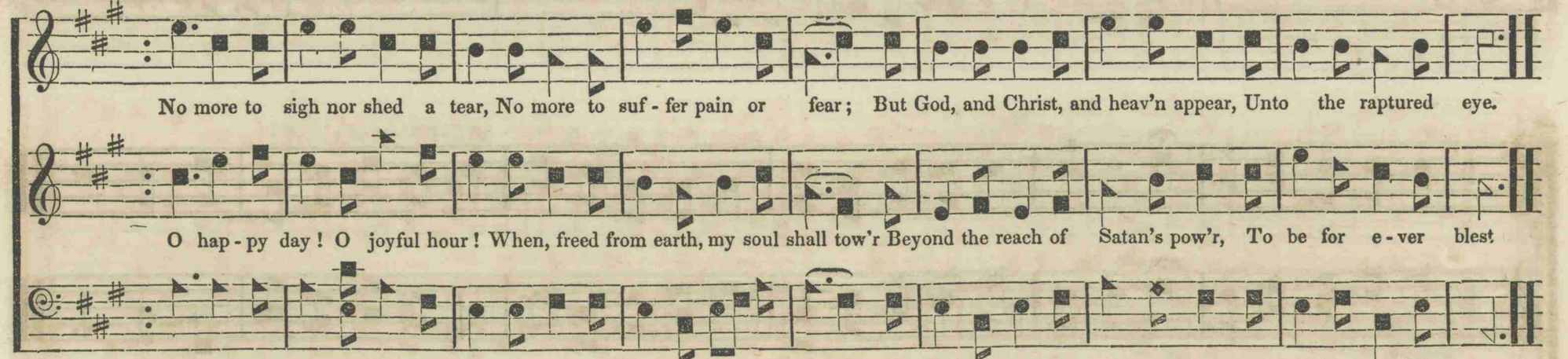
When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sul - ly a

heart so bril - liant and light; But balmy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the re - lic from morn to night.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8. 6. *Wm. Walker.* Dover Sel. p. 173



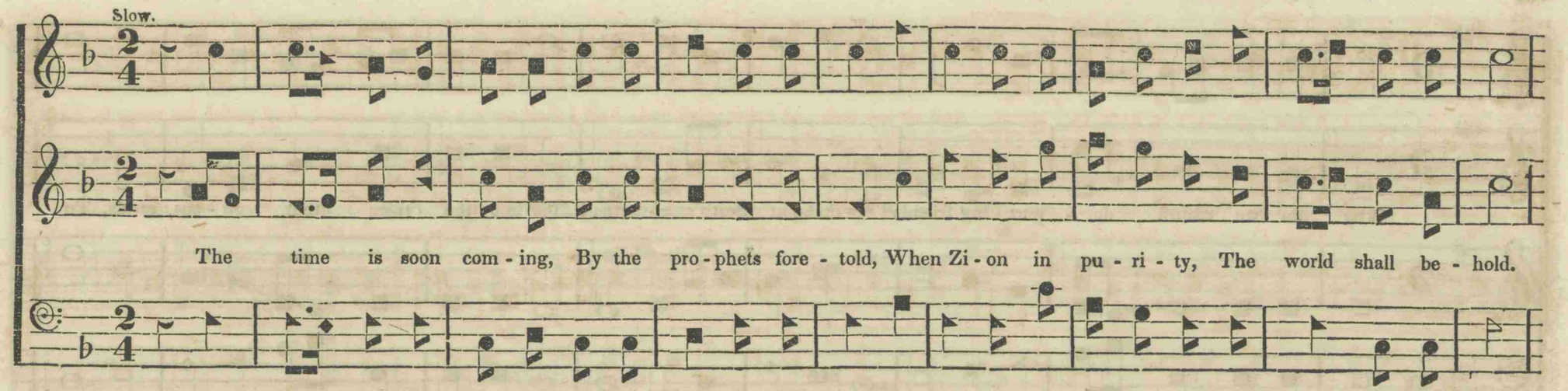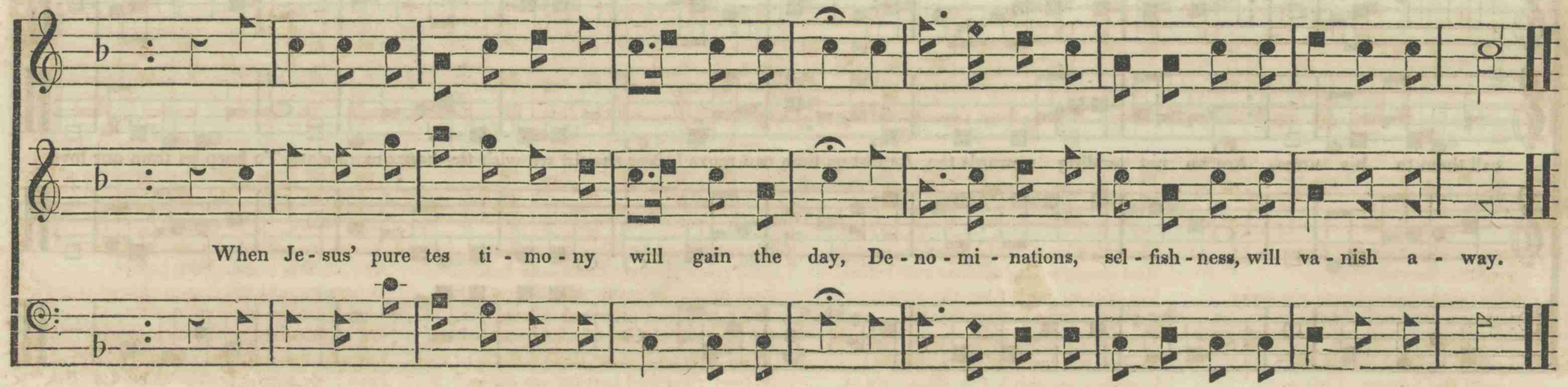


3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear:
It makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.
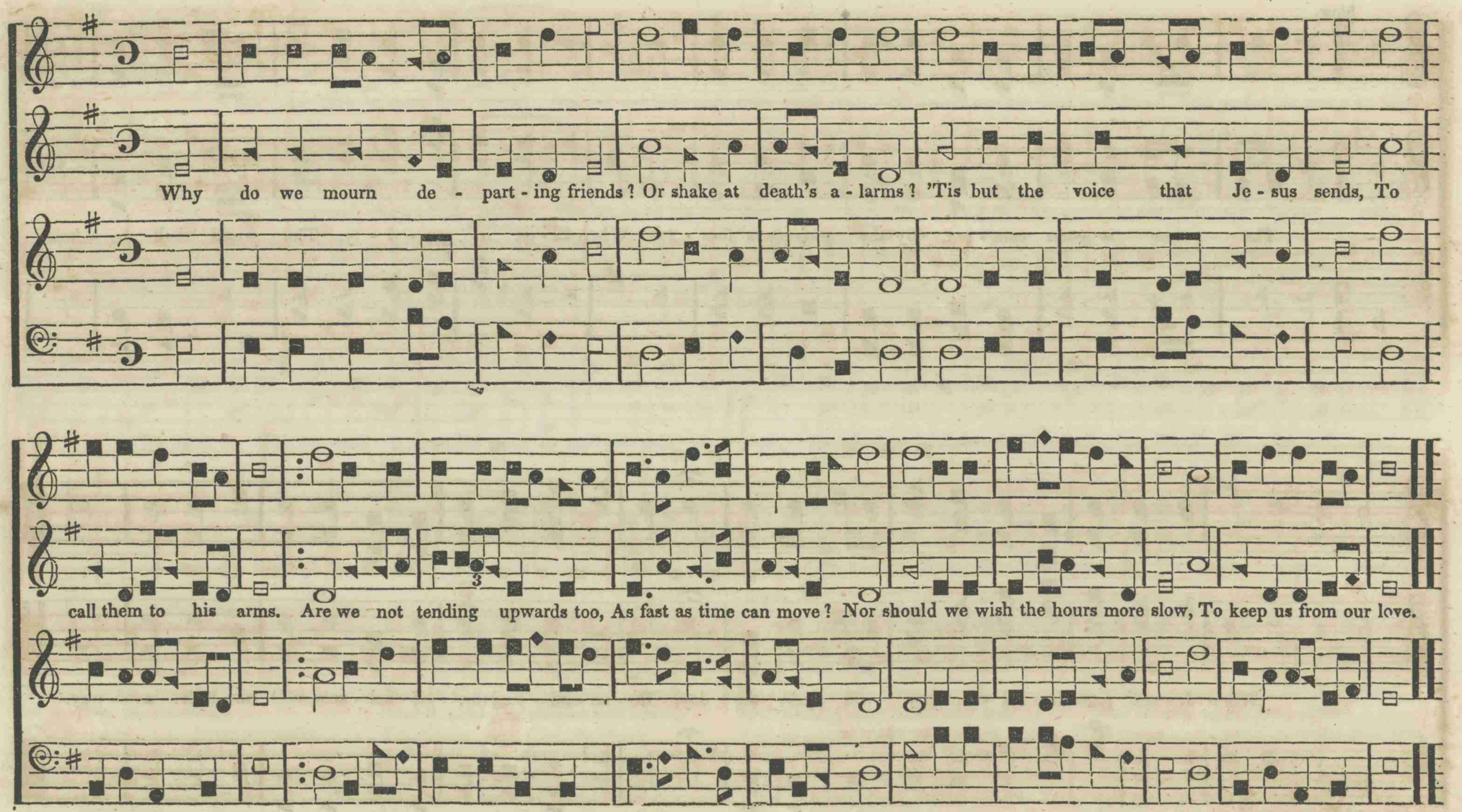
6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day
Vain world, once more adieu!
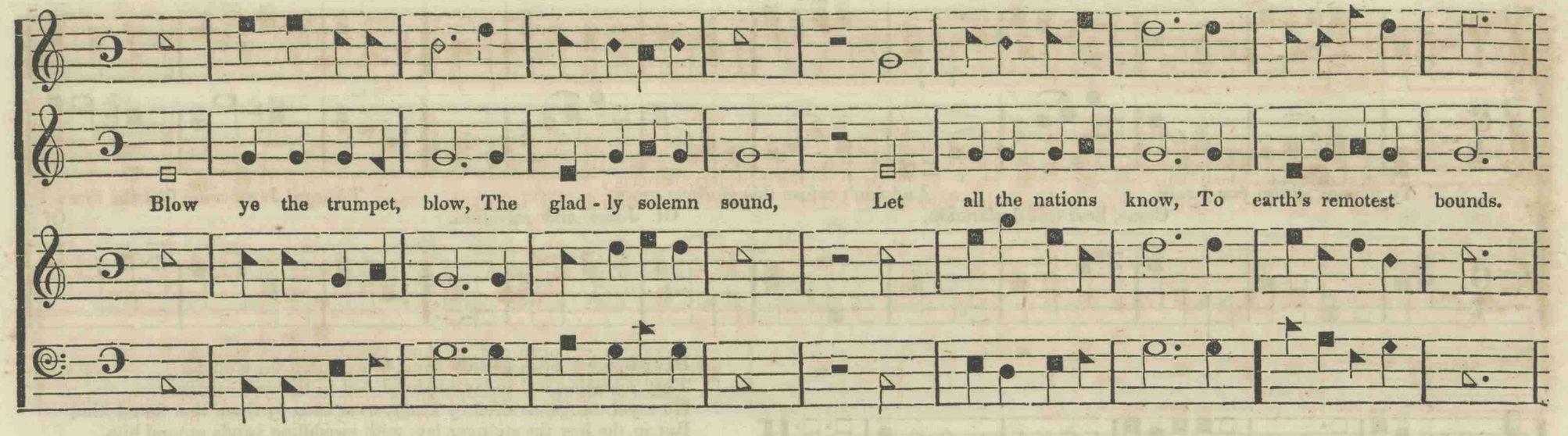

Slow.
The time is soon com - ing, By the pro - phets fore - told, When Zi - on in pu - ri - ty, The world shall be - hold.

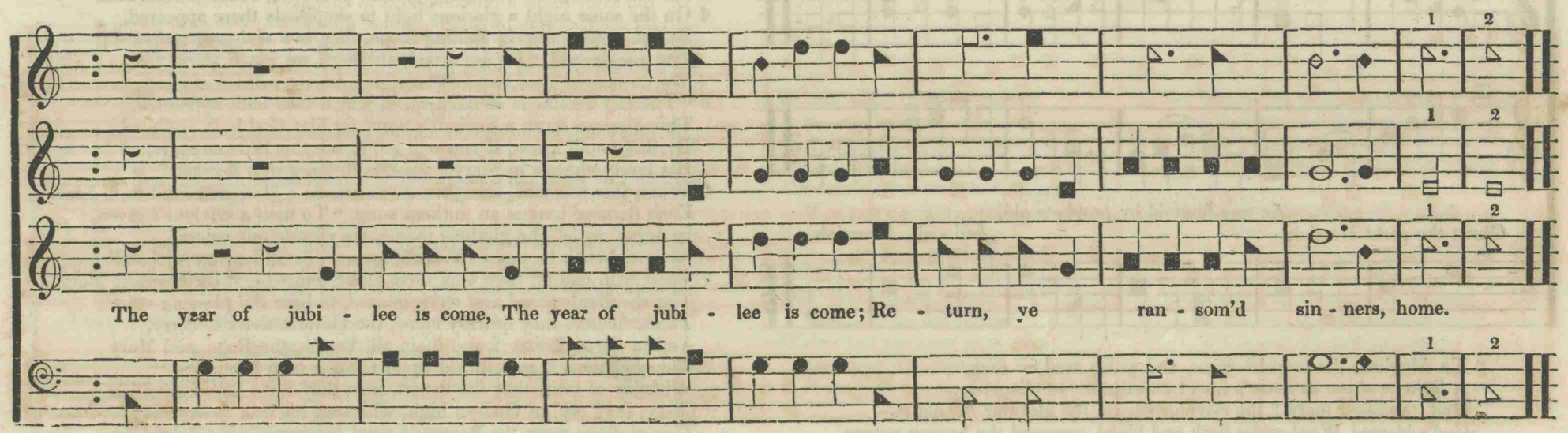

When Je - sus' pure tes ti - mo - ny will gain the day, De - no - mi - nations, sel - fish - ness, will va - nish a - way.

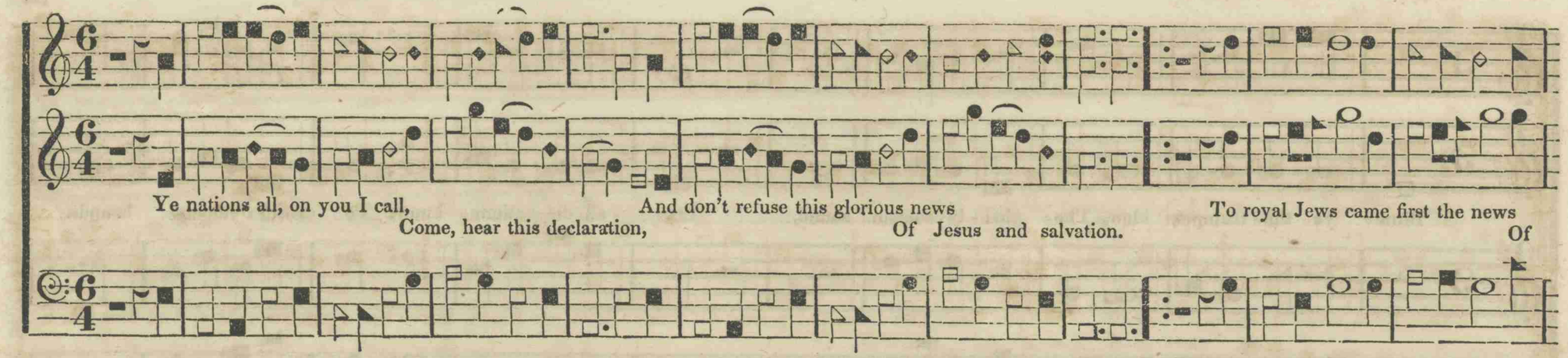
NEW ORLEANS. C. M.
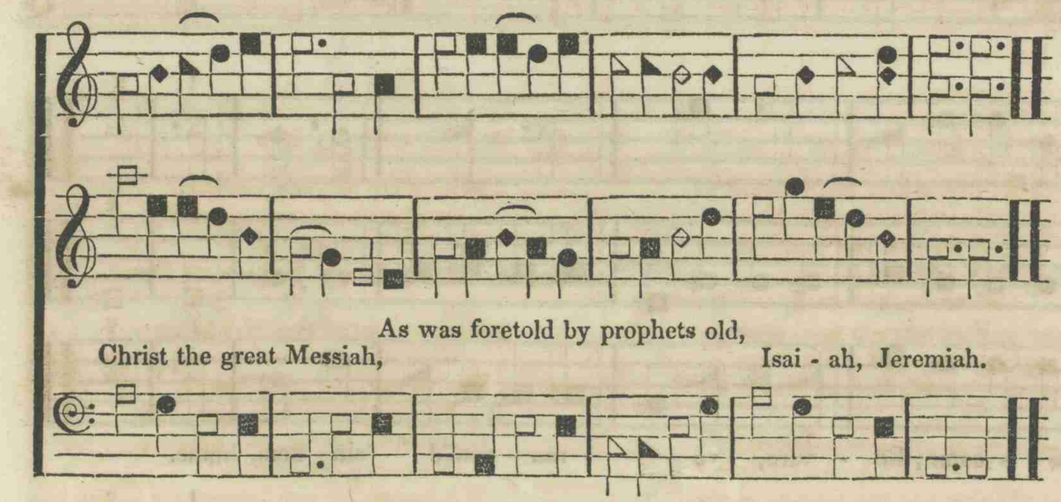
Boyd.




Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds.


1 2
The year of jubi - lee is come, The year of jubi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.





2 To Abraham the promise came, and to his seed for ever,
A light to shine in Isaac's line, by Scripture we discover;
Hail, promised morn! the Saviour's born, the glorious Mediator—
God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, assumed the human nature.

3 His parents poor in earthly store, to entertain the stranger
They found no bed to lay his head, but in the ox's manger:
No royal things, as used by kings, were seen by those that found him,
But in the hay the stranger lay, with swaddling bands around him.

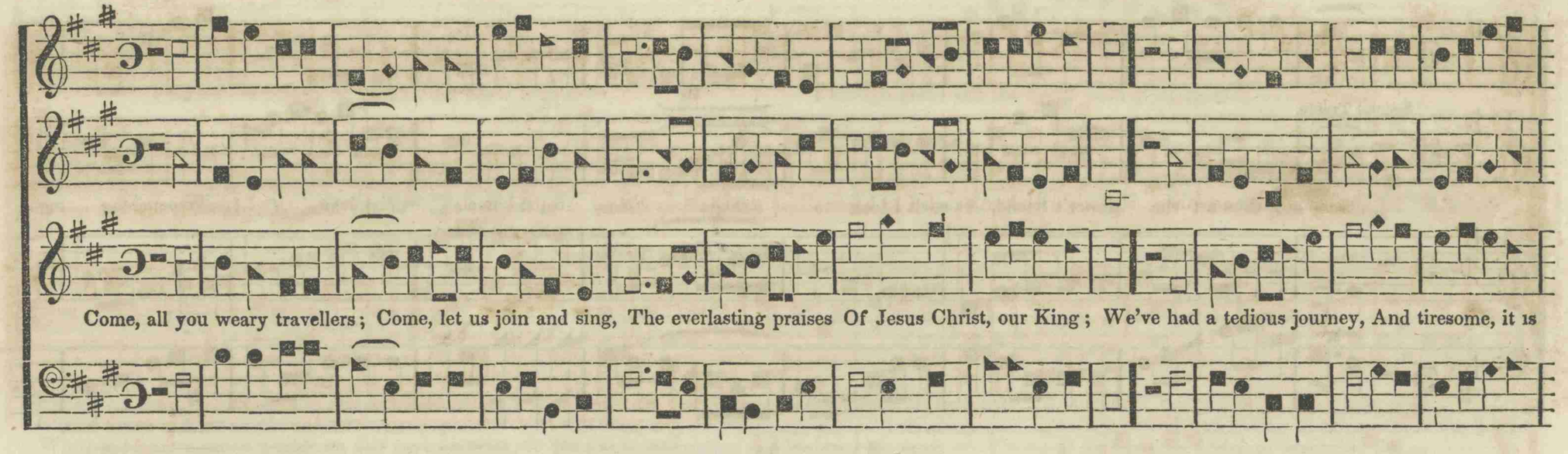
4 On the same night a glorious light to shepherds there appeared,
Bright angels came in shining flame, they saw and greatly feared;
The angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,
We do appear good news to bear, as now we will inform you.
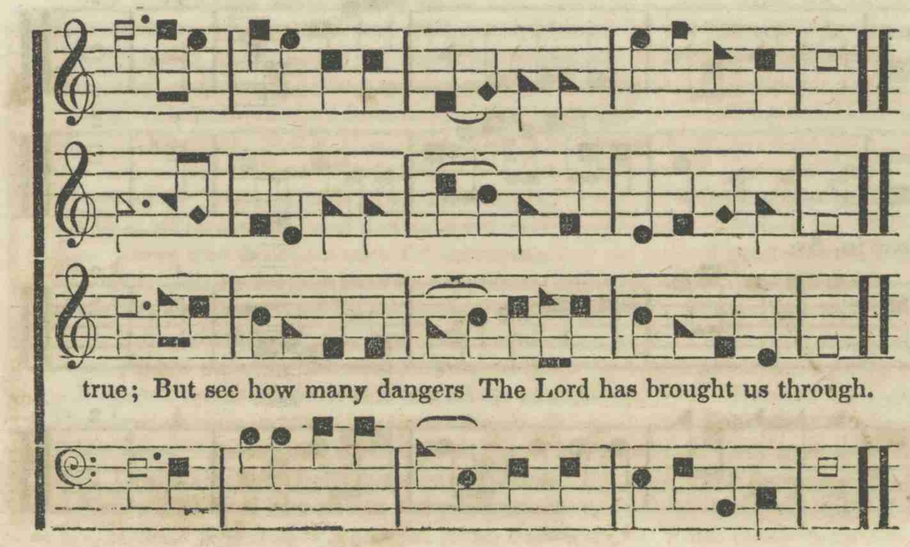
5 "The city's name is Bethlehem, in which God hath appointed,
This glorious morn a Saviour's born, for him God hath anointed;
By this you'll know, if you will go, to see this little stranger,
His lovely charms in Mary's arms, both lying in a manger."

6 When this was said, straightway was made a glorious sound from heaven,
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung, "To men a Saviour's given,
In Jesus' name, the glorious theme, we elevate our voices,
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile all heaven rejoices."

7 Then with delight they took their flight, and wing'd their way to glory,
The shepherds gazed and were amazed, to hear the pleasing story;
To Bethlehem they quickly came, the glorious news to carry,
And in the stall they found them all, Joseph, the Babe, and Mary

8 The shepherds then return'd again to their own habitation,
With joy of heart they did depart, now they have found salvation
Glory, they cry, to God on high, who sent his Son to save us;
This glorious morn the Saviour's born, his name it is Christ Jesus.
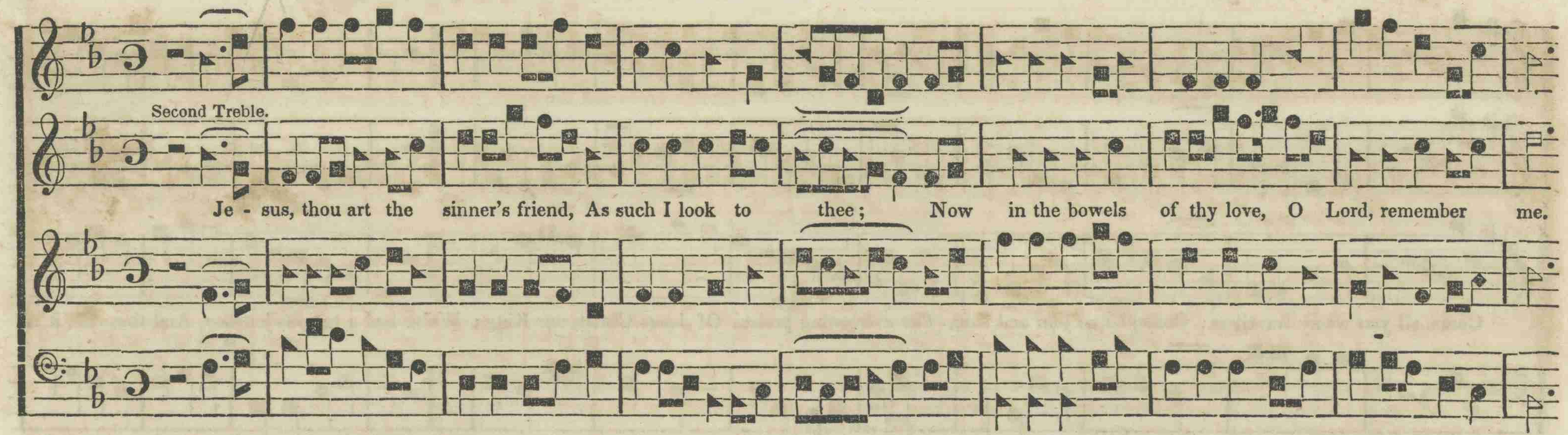




2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do resist them,
By faith and fervent prayer.
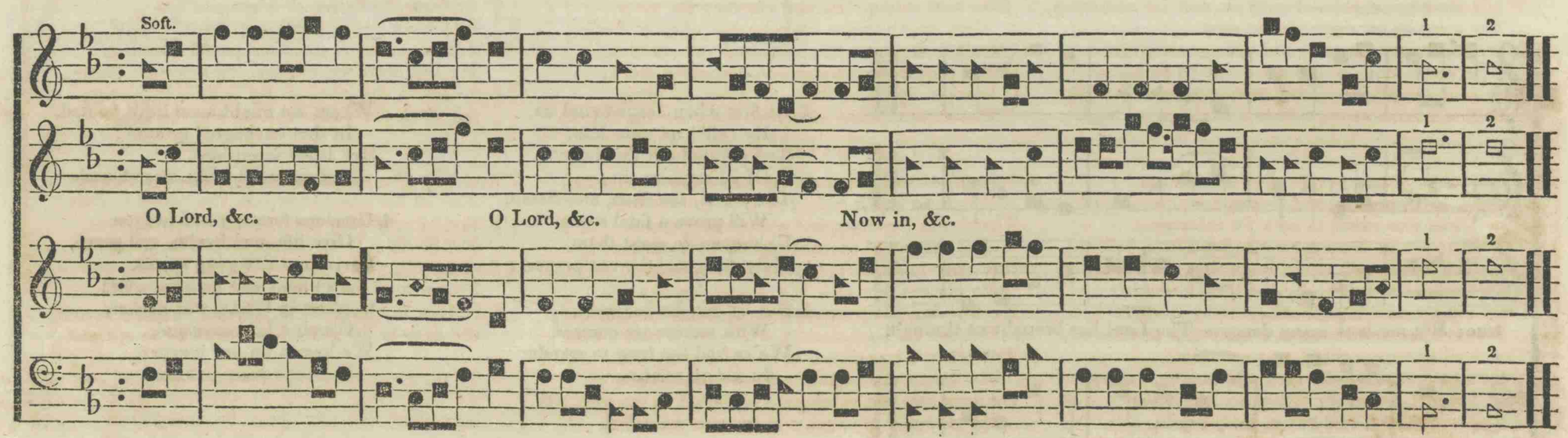
3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness
Where we might soon have fainted,
In that enchanted ground,
But Jesus interposed,
And pleasant fruits were found.

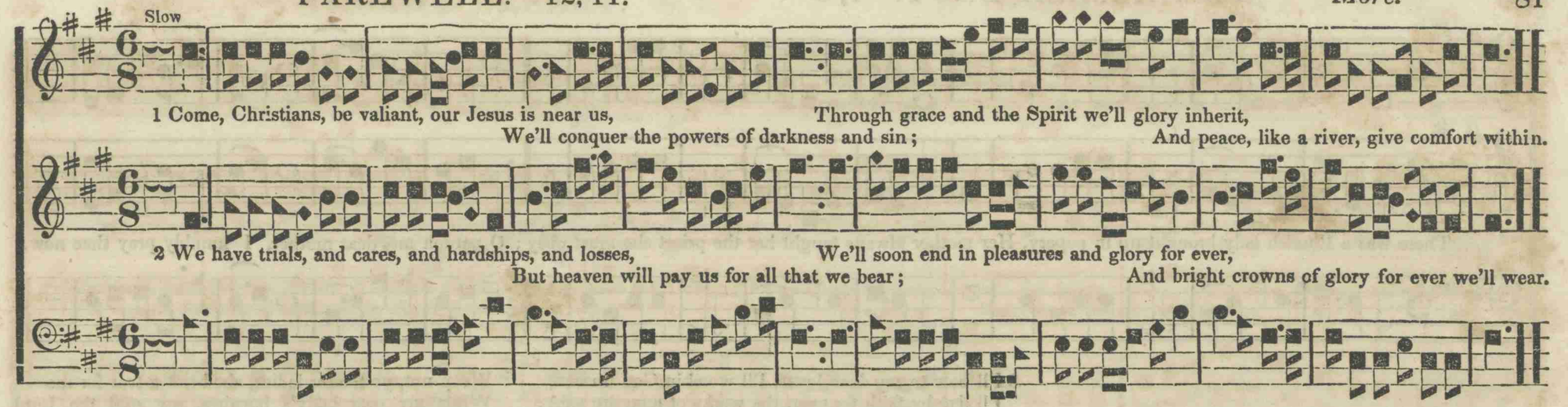
4 Gracious foretastes of heaven
Give life, and health, and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase;
Confessing Christ, our master,
Obeying his command,
We hasten on our journey,
Unto the promised land.

PISGAH. C. M.

Lourry. Baptist Harmony, p. 250.







1 Come, Christians, be valiant, our Jesus is near us,
We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin;
Through grace and the Spirit we'll glory inherit,
And peace, like a river, give comfort within.

2 We have trials, and cares, and hardships, and losses,
But heaven will pay us for all that we bear;
We'll soon end in pleasures and glory for ever,
And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

3 Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,
The wings of kind angels around you are spread;
While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,
The spirit of joy upon you is shed.

4 Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,
This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;
Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safe land young converts to riches on high.

5 O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,
Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;
He's now interceding and pleading his merit,
Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6 If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,
His good promises stand in his sacred word;
O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,
The mourners are fill'd with the presence of God.

7 O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;
Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?
O fly from the flames of devouring fire,
And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood.

8 Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breezing,
My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;
I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,
All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.

M. C. H. DAVIS' EXPERIENCE.

1 Come, all ye young people of every relation,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first called to seek for salvation,
Redemption in Jesus who saved me from hell.

2 I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first call'd me,
To think of my soul, and the state I was in;
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

3 The devil perceived that I was convinced,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary before my ascension,
And wish that I had not so early begun.

4 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
That I was forsaken, and quite reprobated,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.
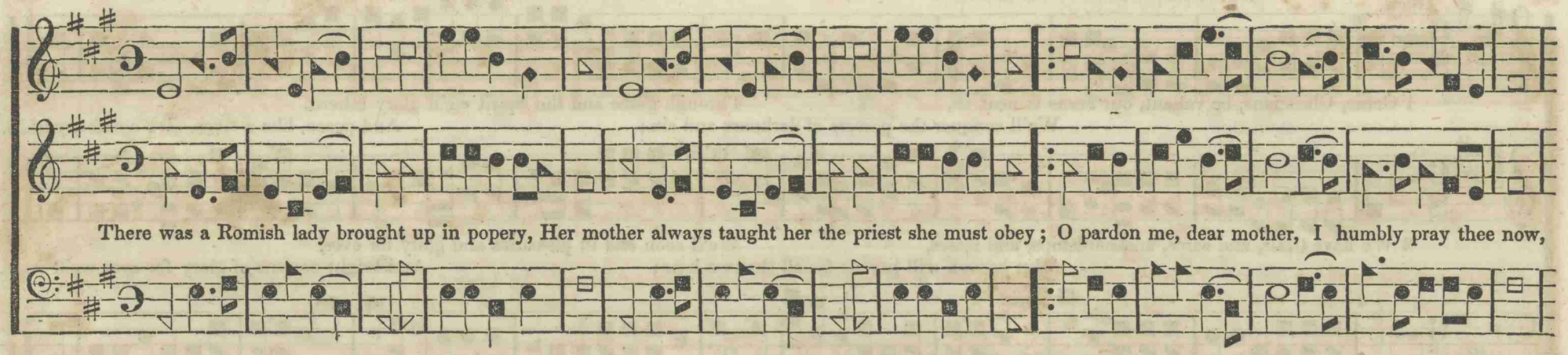
5 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;
His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,
He died for poor sinners, when nail'd to the tree.
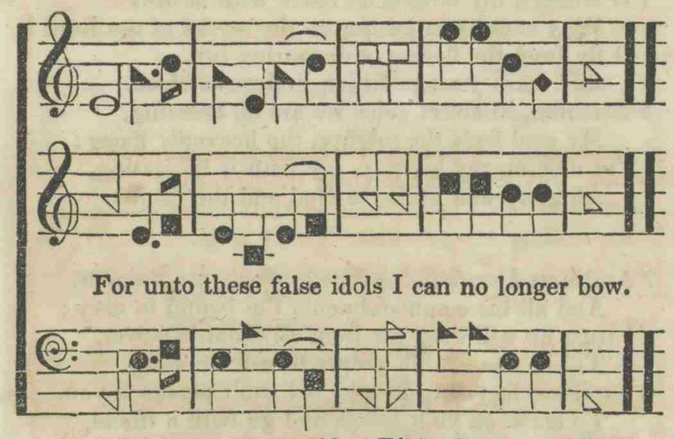
6 And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelm'd in sorrow and in sin,
He drew near me in mercy, and look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief.

7 And now I've found favour in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.

8 So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you
To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favour,
My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.

THE ROMISH LADY. 7, 6.





2 Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she conceal'd,
And there she gain'd instruction, till God his love reveal'd ;
No more she prostrates herself to pictures deck'd with gold,
But soon she was betray d, and her Bible from her stole

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,
I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain ;
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made by men ;
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.

4 With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go
T' inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her wo :
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call,
And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.

5 The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.

6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.

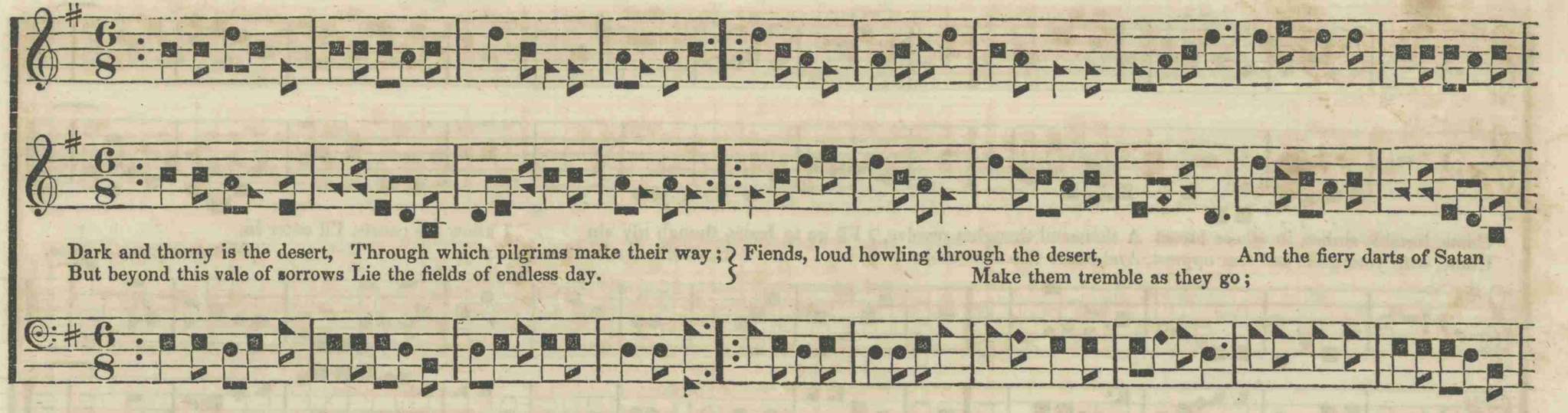
7 There being many ladies assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begg'd supplying grace ·
Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me—
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall see.
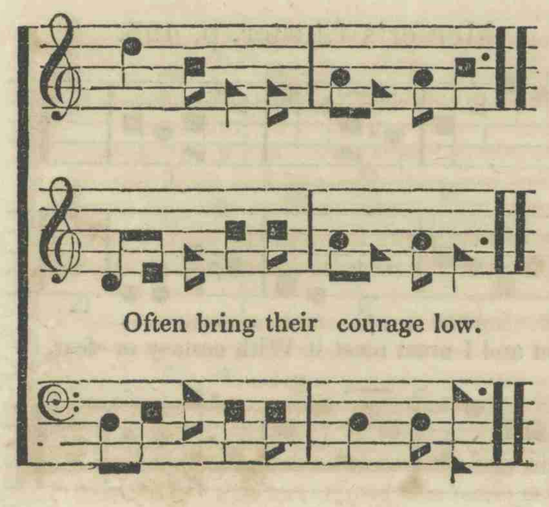
8 Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay ;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her pictures deck'd with gold.

9 O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight ;
Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent ?
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.

10 Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best—
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.

11 Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast ;
She cried, "My God give power—now must I die at last ?
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell,
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell !"





2 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky?
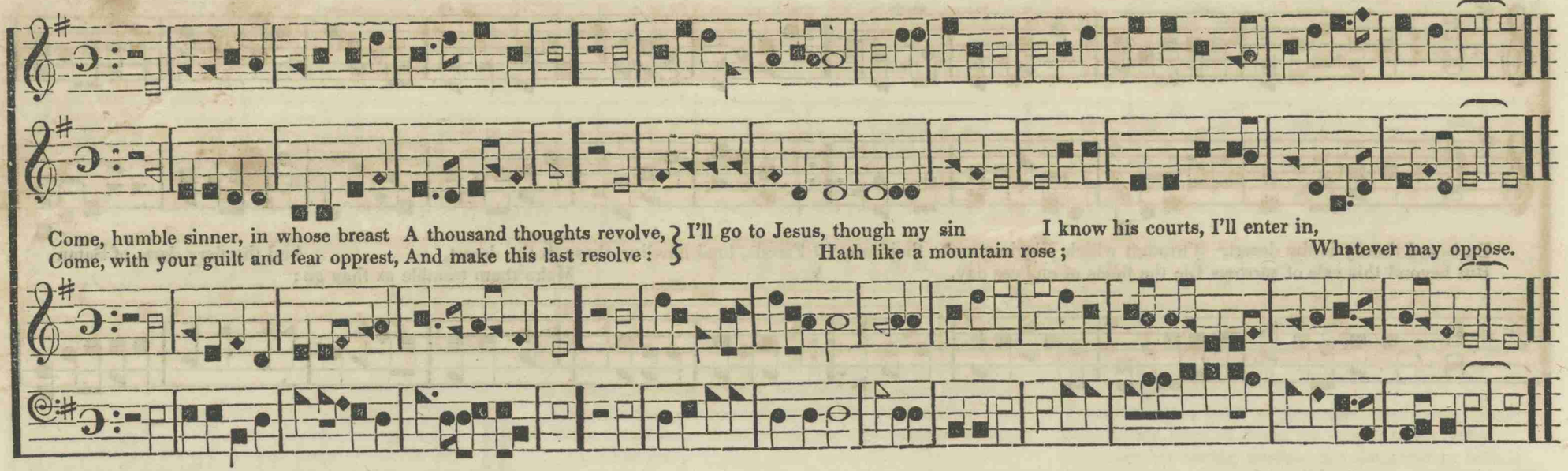
5 Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host, in rapture,
Gaze upon this shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

7 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wear;
They are gone to heav'nly pastures—
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!—
Glory, honour, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.
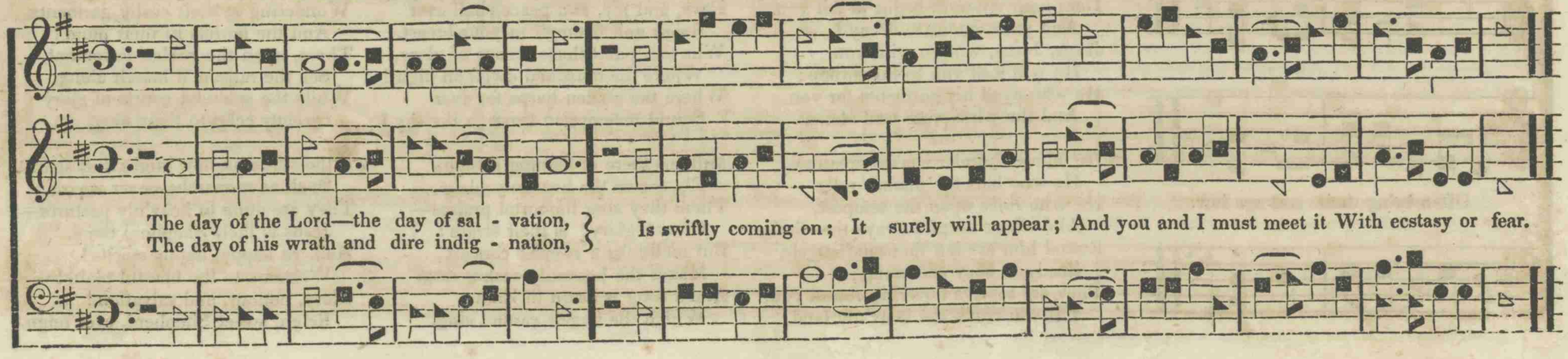
SALVATION. C. M.

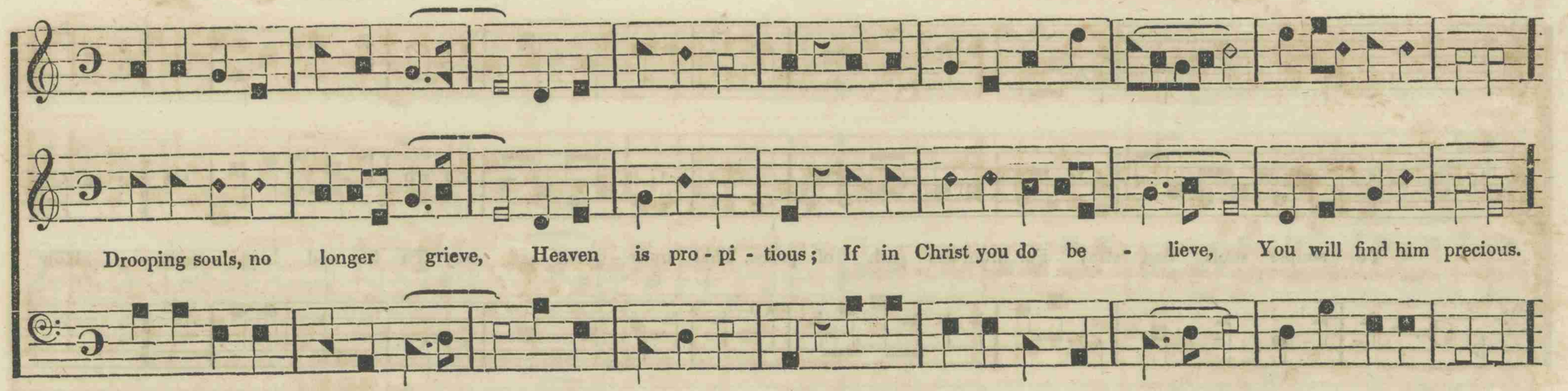
Loyd.
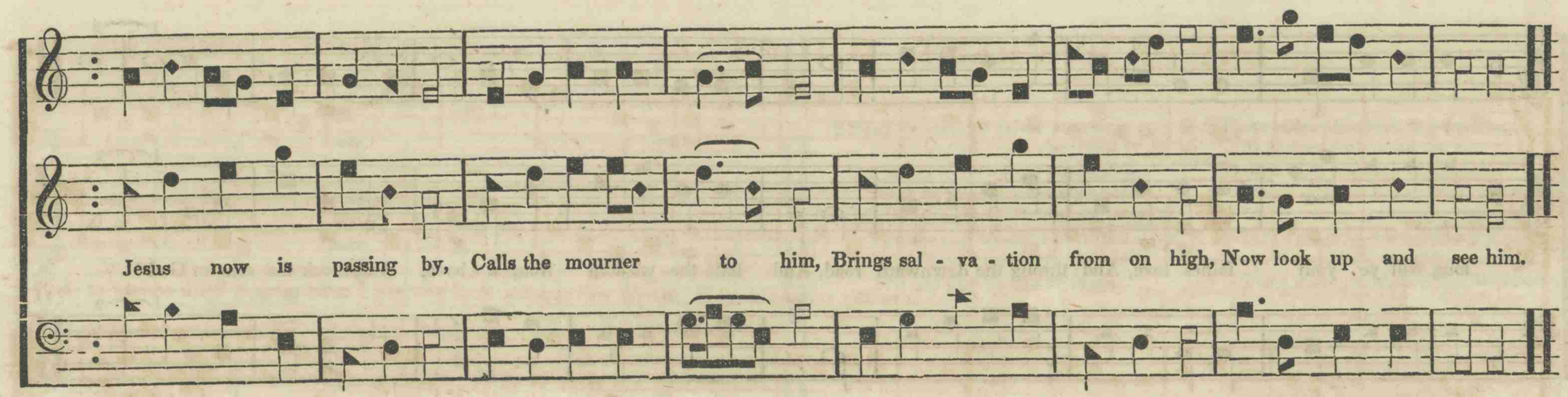


DAY OF JUDGMENT. 11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 495.

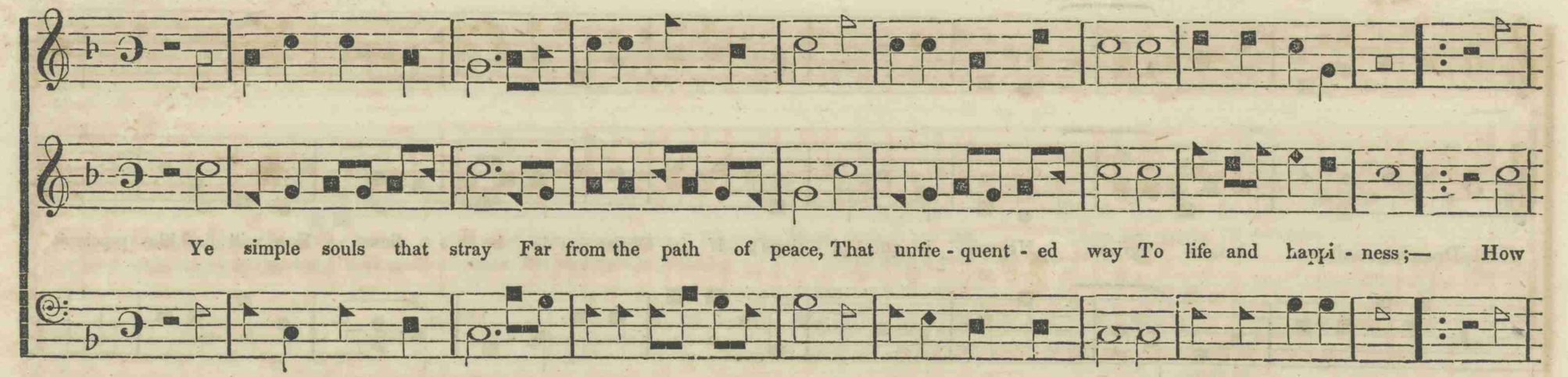


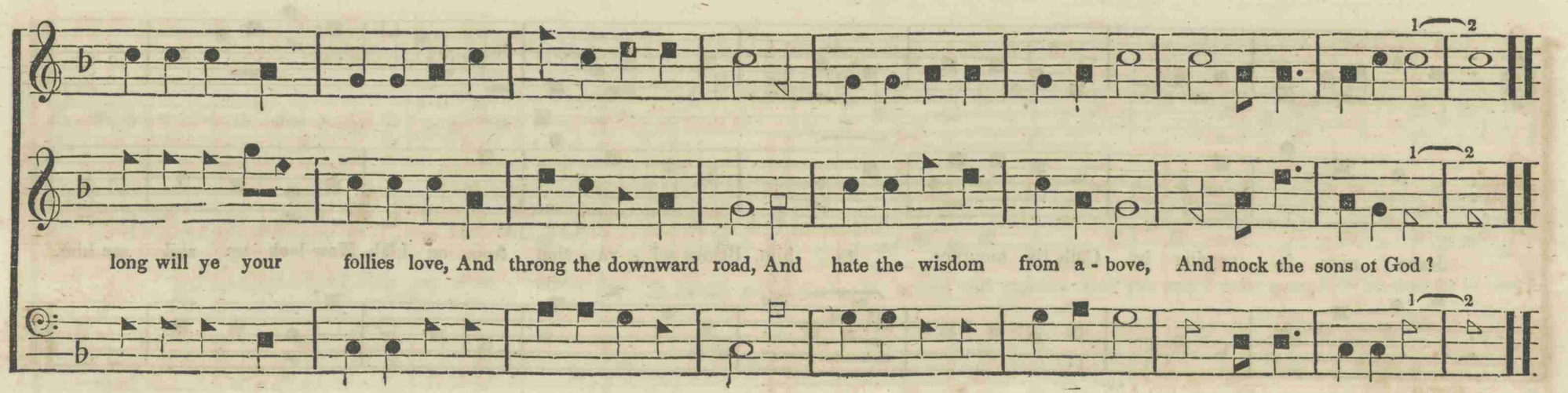

Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious; If in Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him precious.
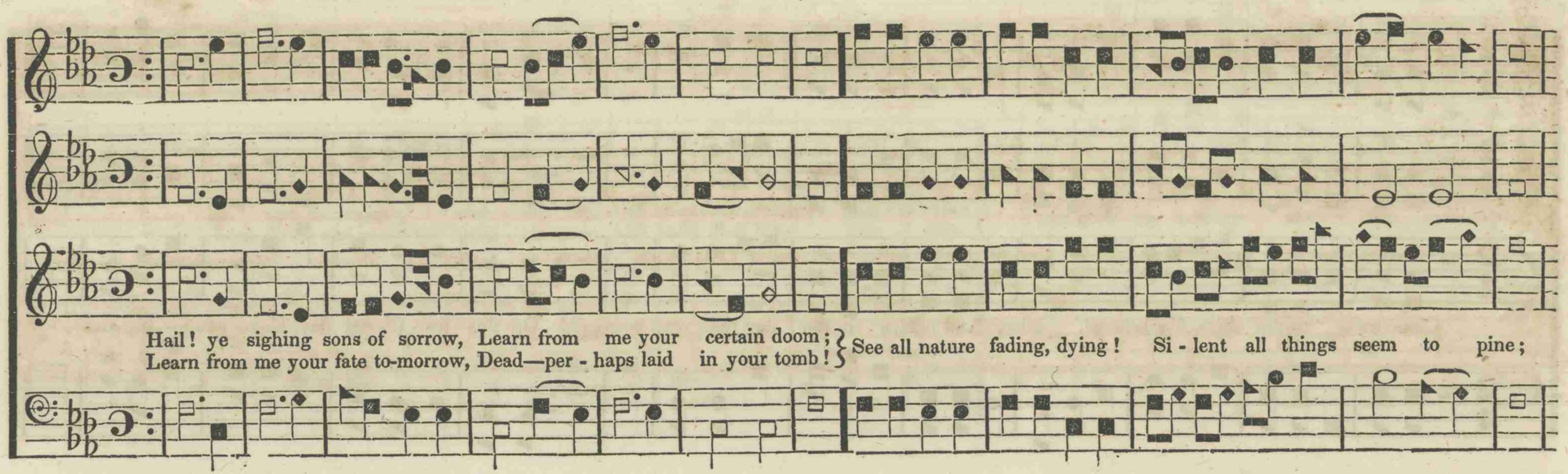

Jesus now is passing by, Calls the mourner to him, Brings sal - va - tion from on high, Now look up and see him.
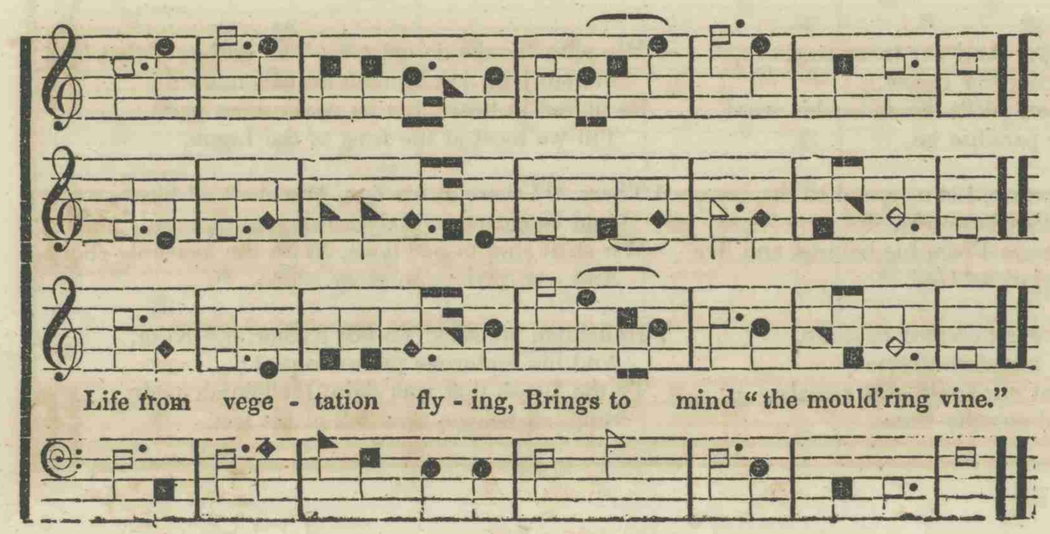
SPARTANBURG. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

Wm. Walker. Dover Sel. p. 153.
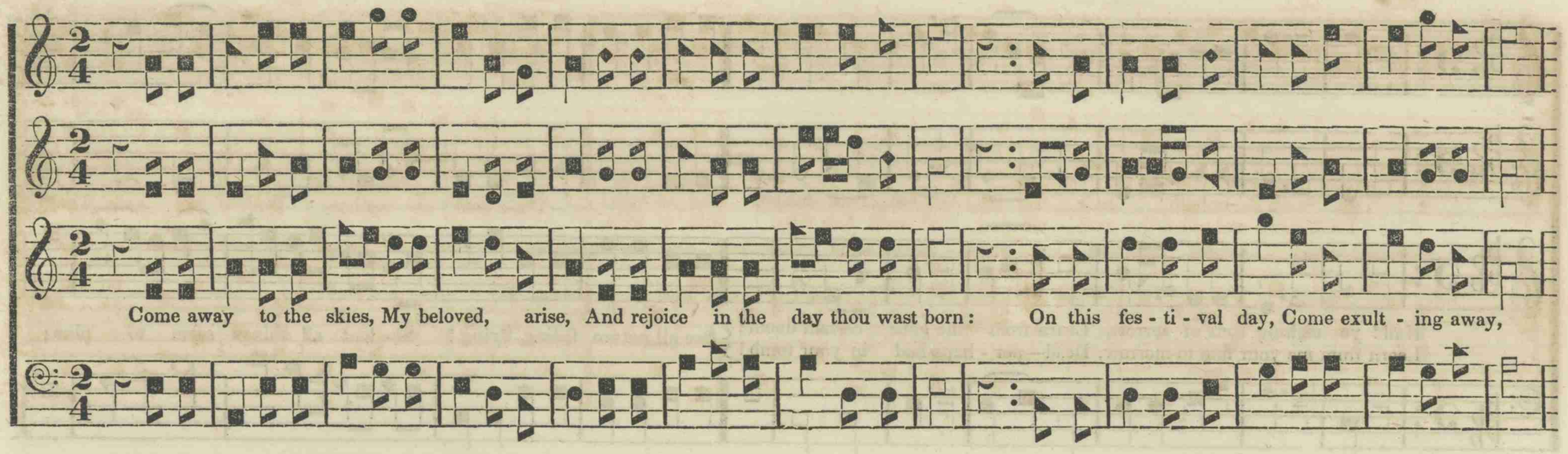








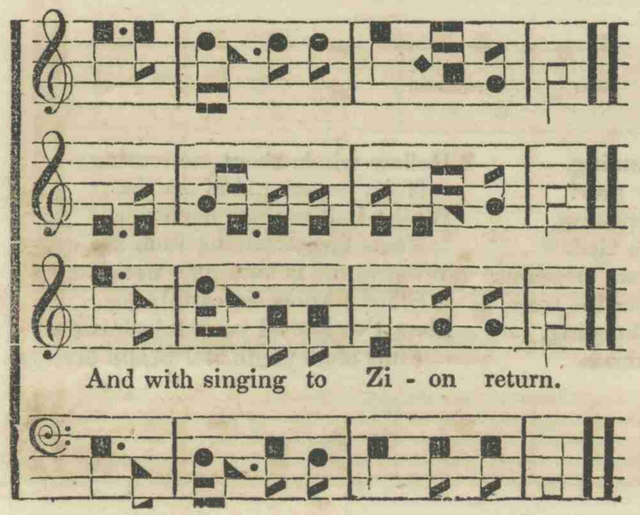
2 See! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature nature's God.
Whilst the annual frosts are cropping,
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are early drooping,
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring;
Noisy waters round me rise;
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes;
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy,
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.

EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9.

Humphreys.





2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

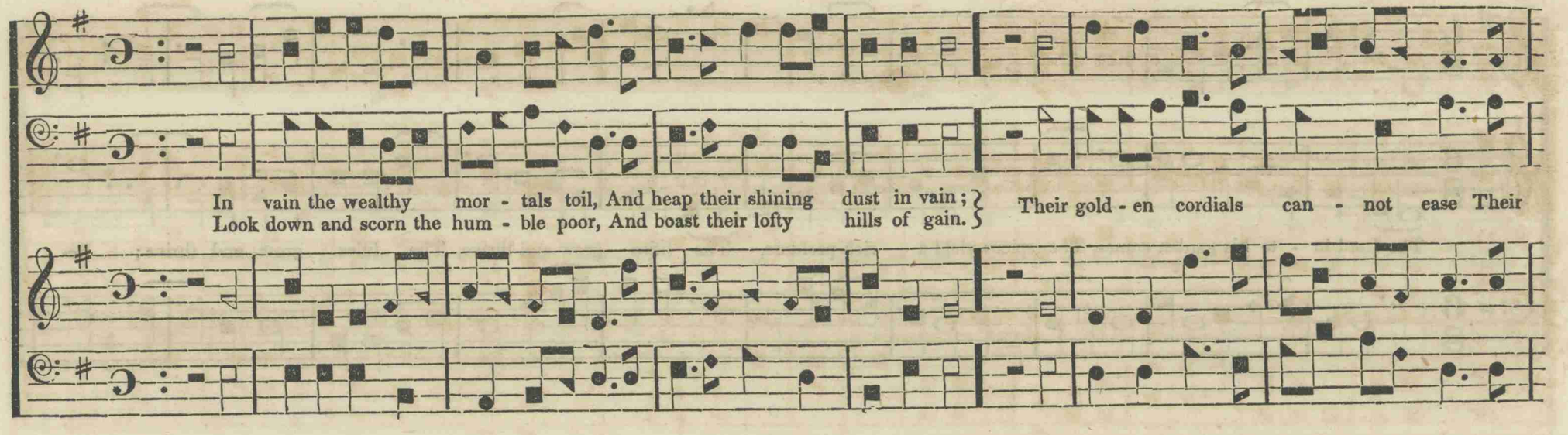
3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

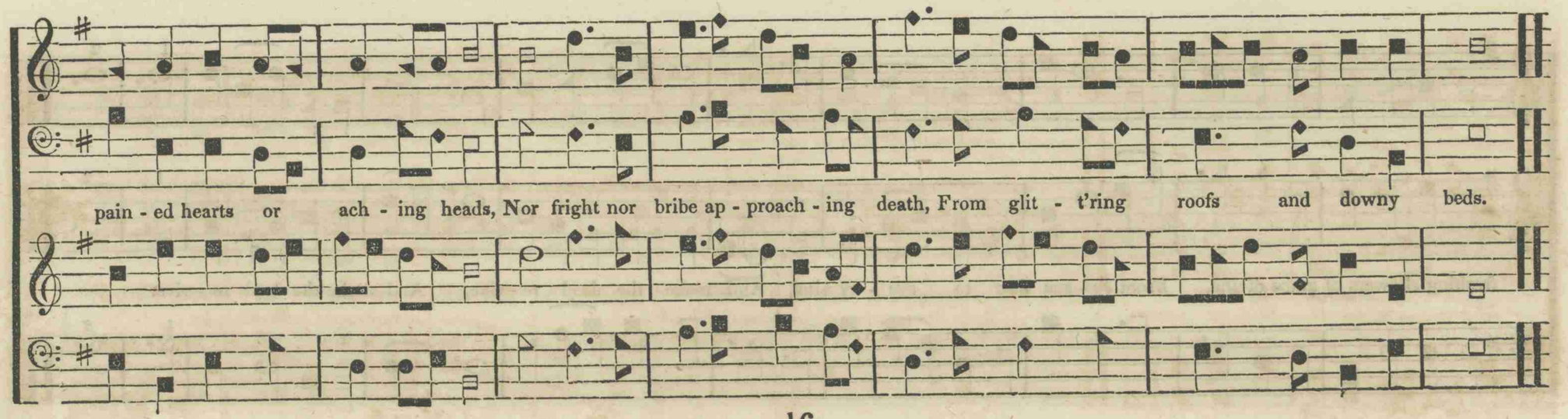
4 For the glory we were First created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again That our souls may remain,
Throughout time and eternity thine.

5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, Let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, O! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again.
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.
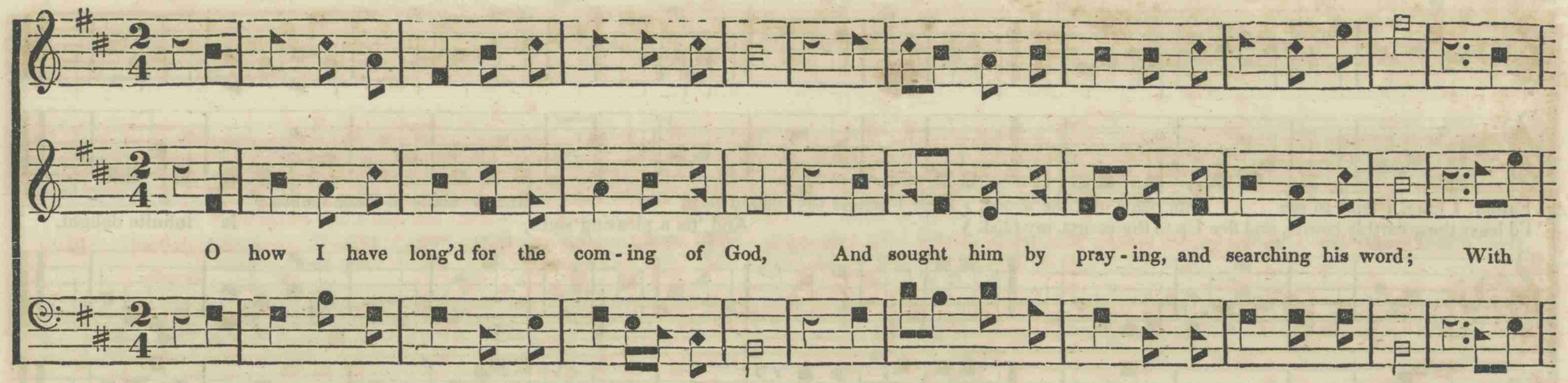

In vain the wealthy mor - tals toil, And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down and scorn the hum - ble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain.
Their gold - en cordials can - not ease Their

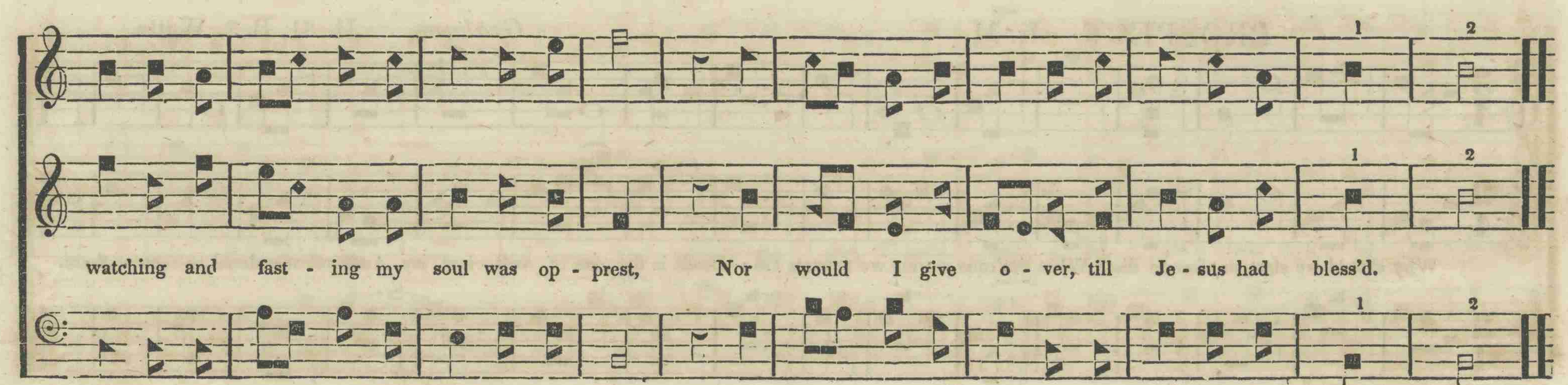

pain - ed hearts or ach - ing heads, Nor fright nor bribe ap - proach - ing death, From glit - t'ring roofs and downy beds.

GARDEN HYMN. 8, 8, 6

The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive, The lilies grow and thrive; Re-
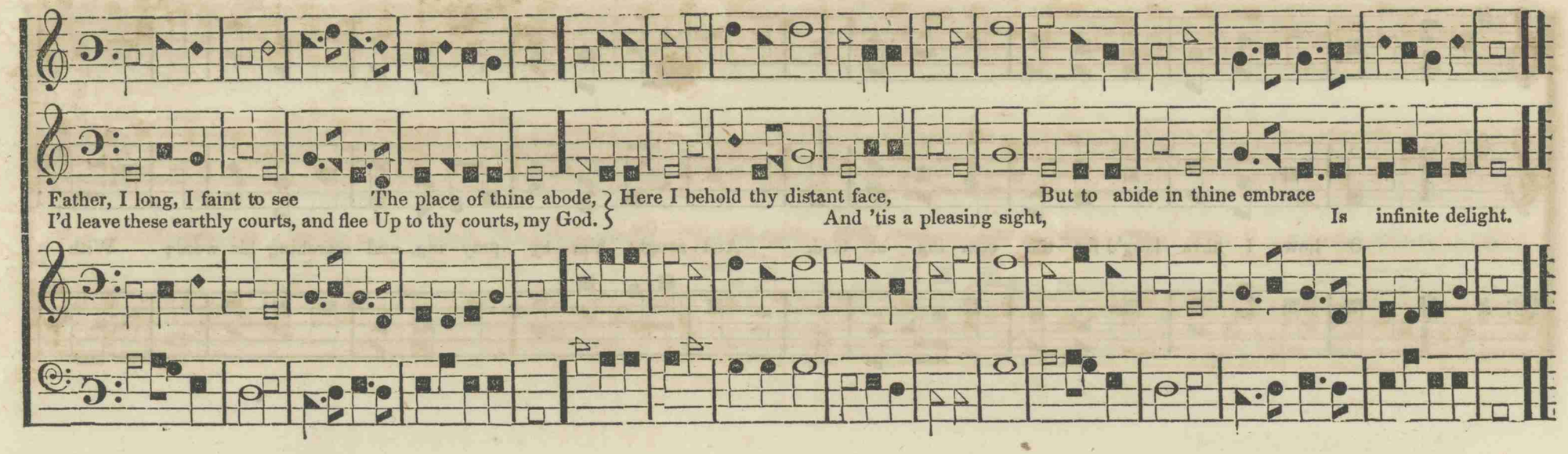
freshing showers of grace divine, From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.


O how I have long'd for the com - ing of God, And sought him by pray - ing, and searching his word; With


watching and fast - ing my soul was op - prest, Nor would I give o - ver, till Je - sus had bless'd.

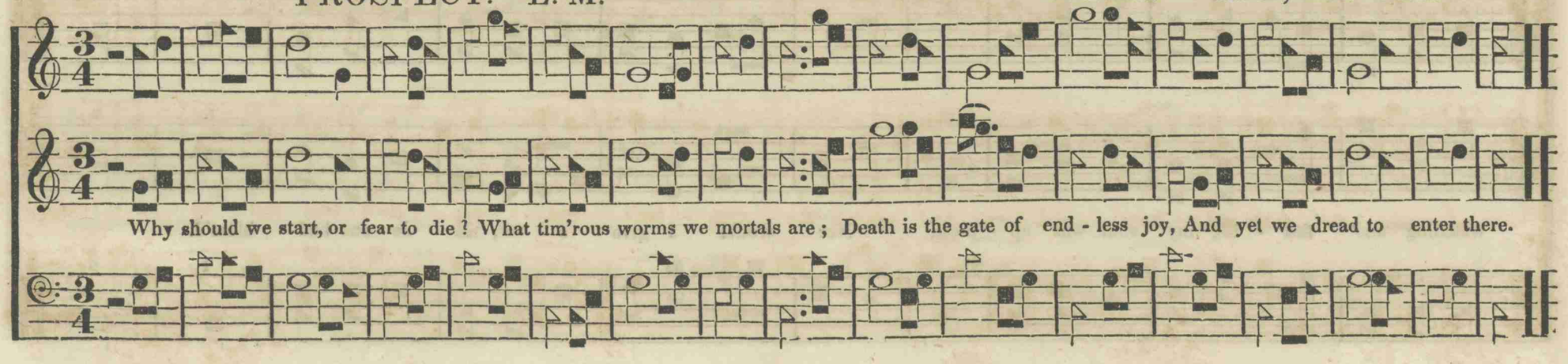
FIDUCIA. C. M.

Robison



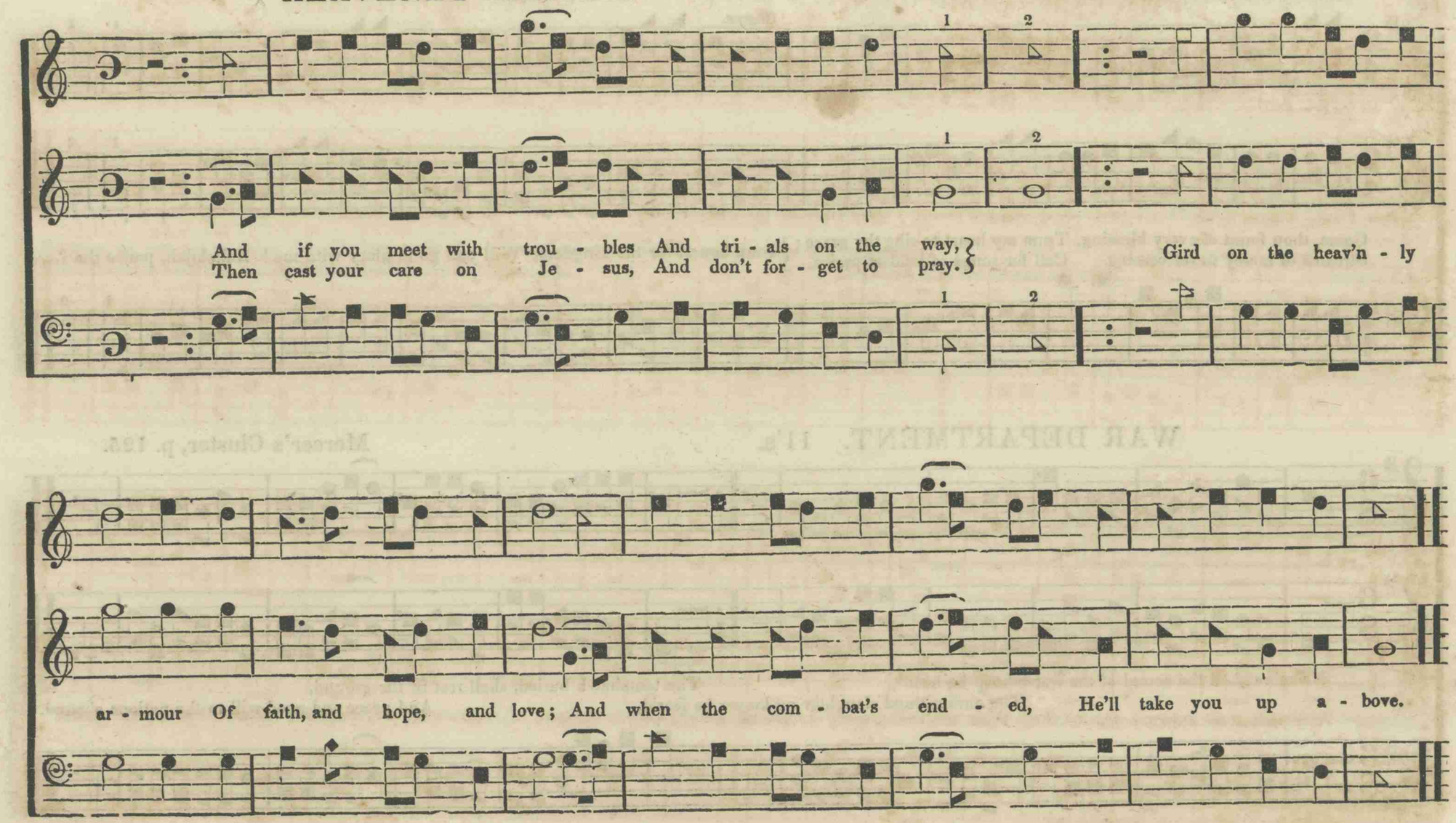
PROSPECT. L. M.

Graham. H. 31, B. 2. Watts.
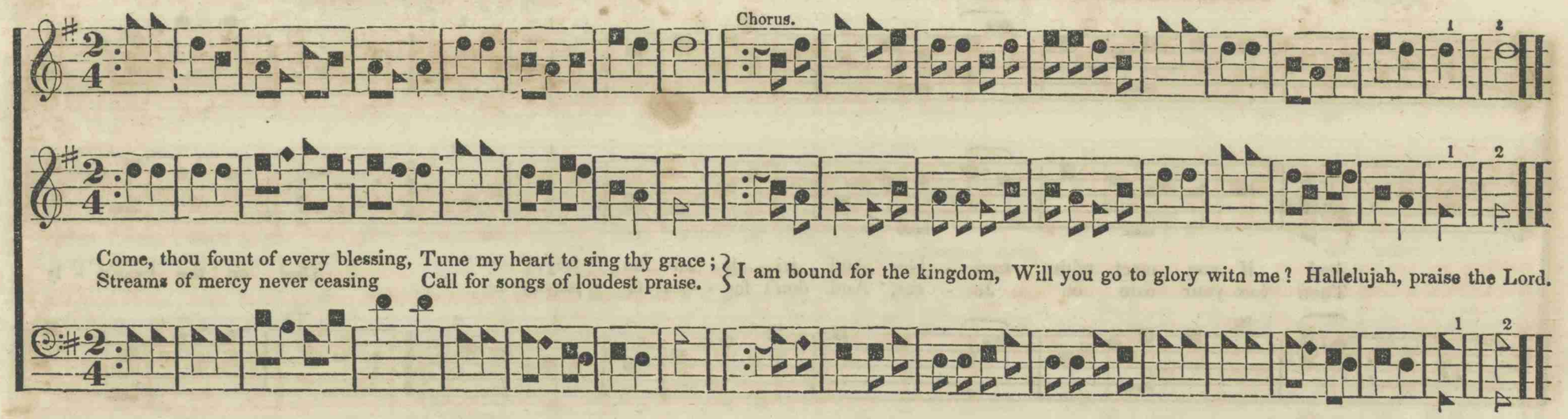


HEAVENLY ARMOUR.

Wm. Walker. Baptist Harmony, p. 463.
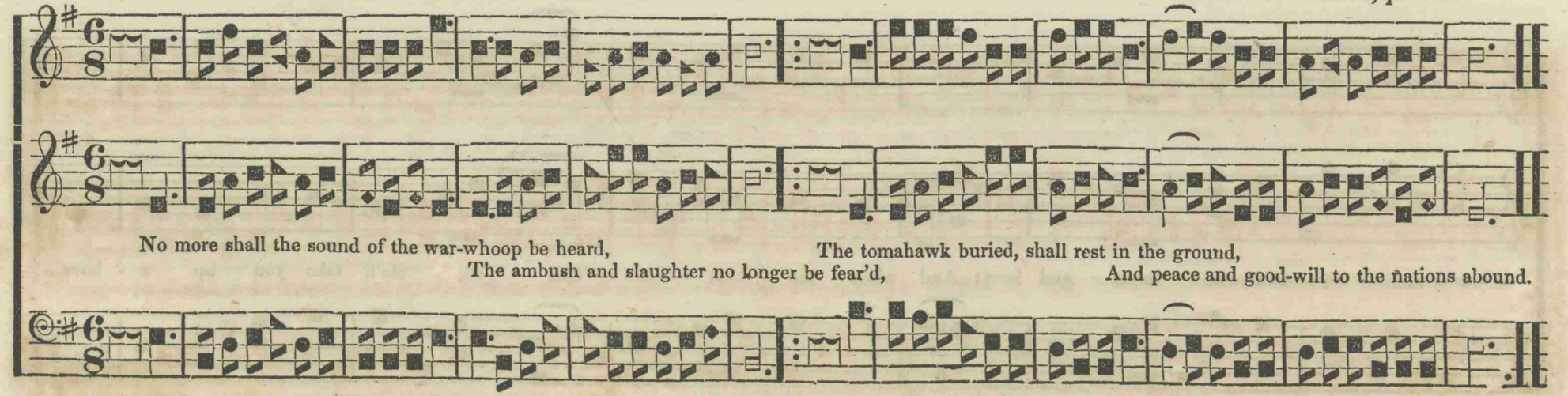


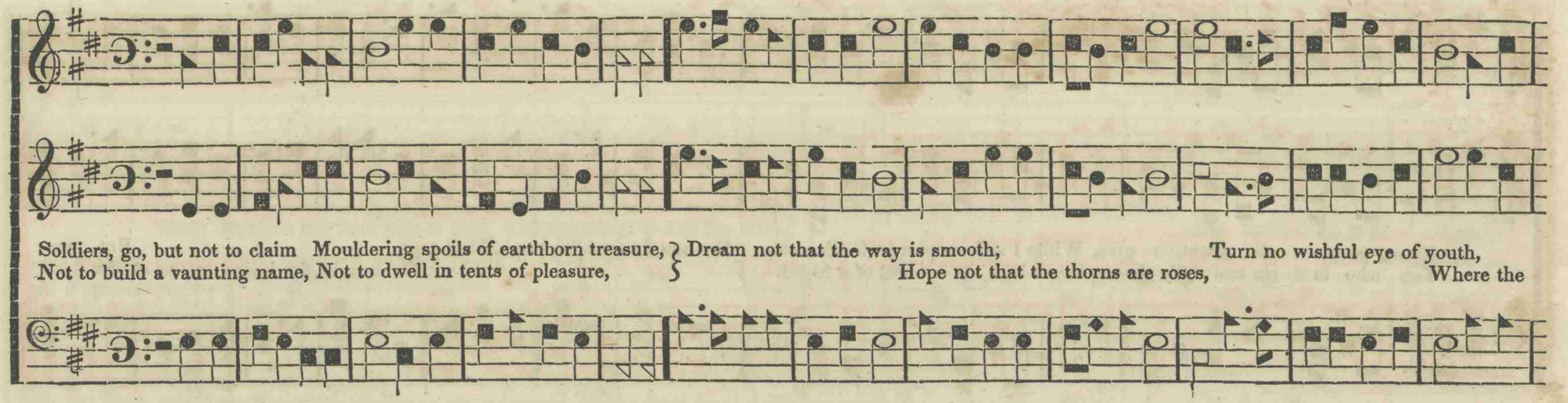
WARRENTON. 8, 7.

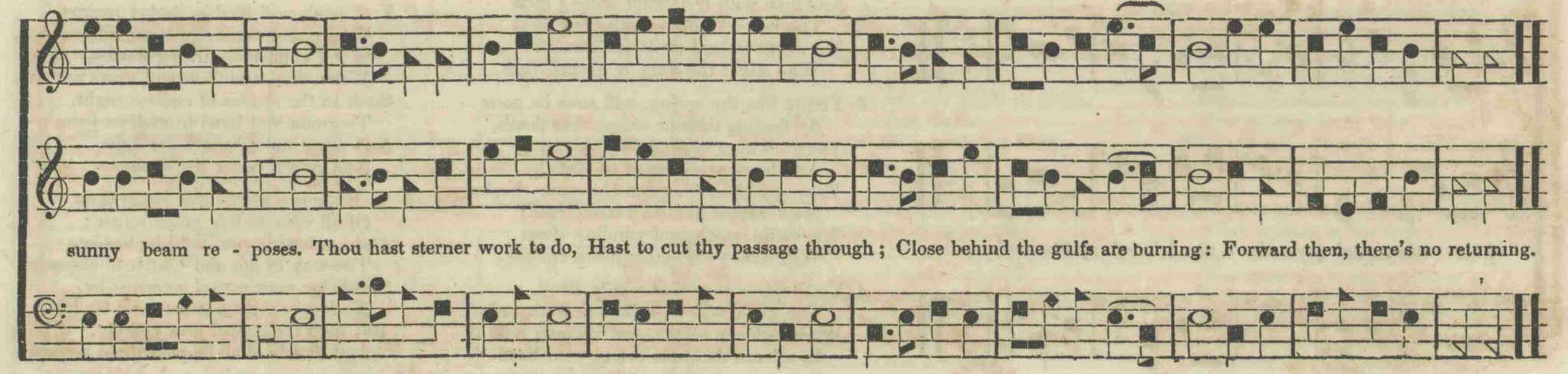


WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.
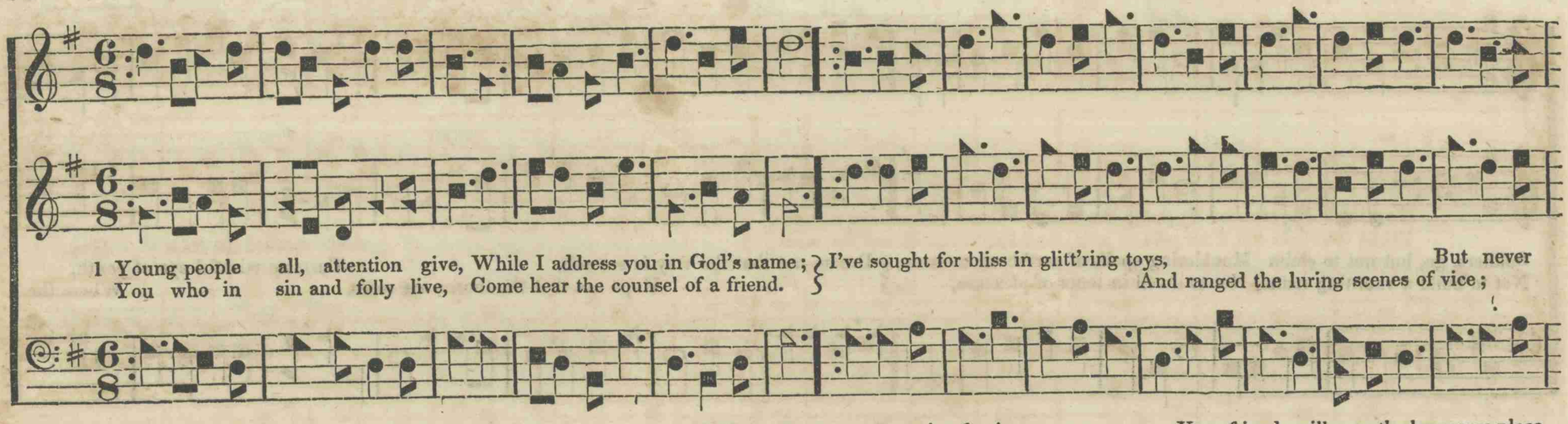


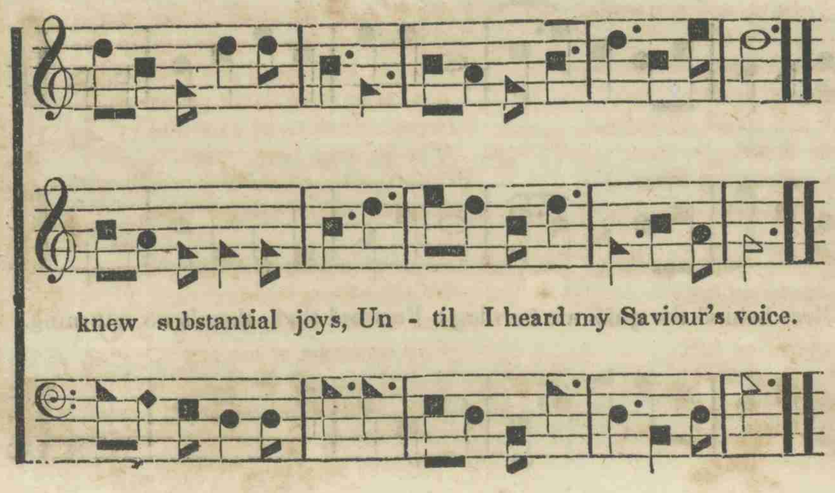

Soldiers, go, but not to claim Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name, Not to dwell in tents of pleasure,
Dream not that the way is smooth;
Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wishful eye of youth,
Where the


sunny beam re - poses. Thou hast sterner work to do, Hast to cut thy passage through; Close behind the gulfs are burning: Forward then, there's no returning.

MISSION. L. M.

A. Grambling. Baptist Harmony, p. 266.
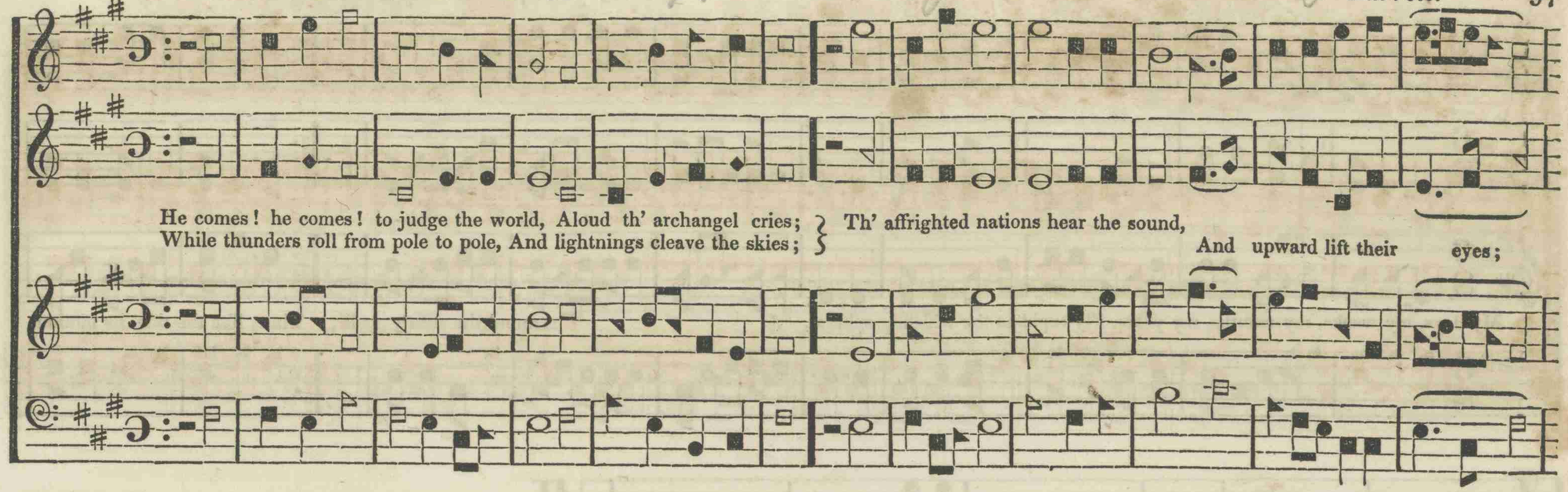




2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heav'nly way
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth

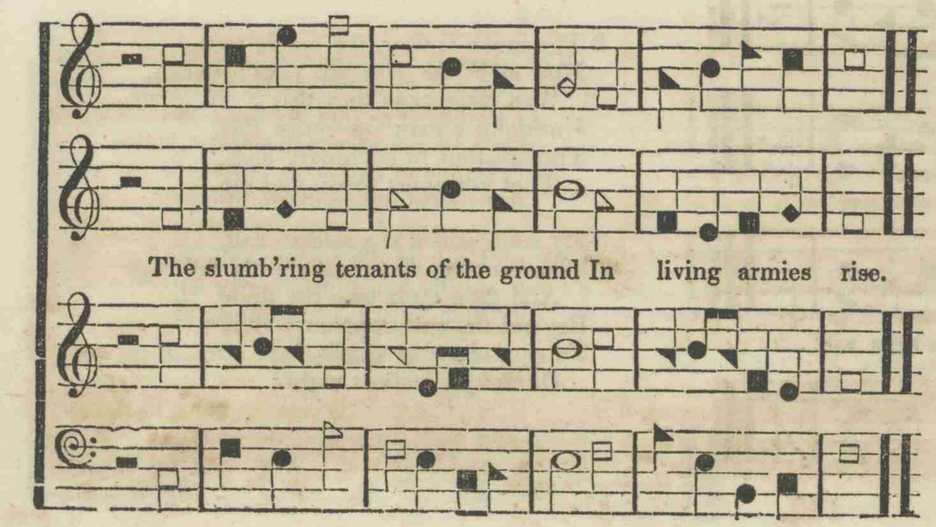
3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
By fleeting time or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God·
But with the gospel now comply.
And heav'n shall be your great reward.





2 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light;
His head and hair are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

3 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell;
Lo! in his hand the conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell:
So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

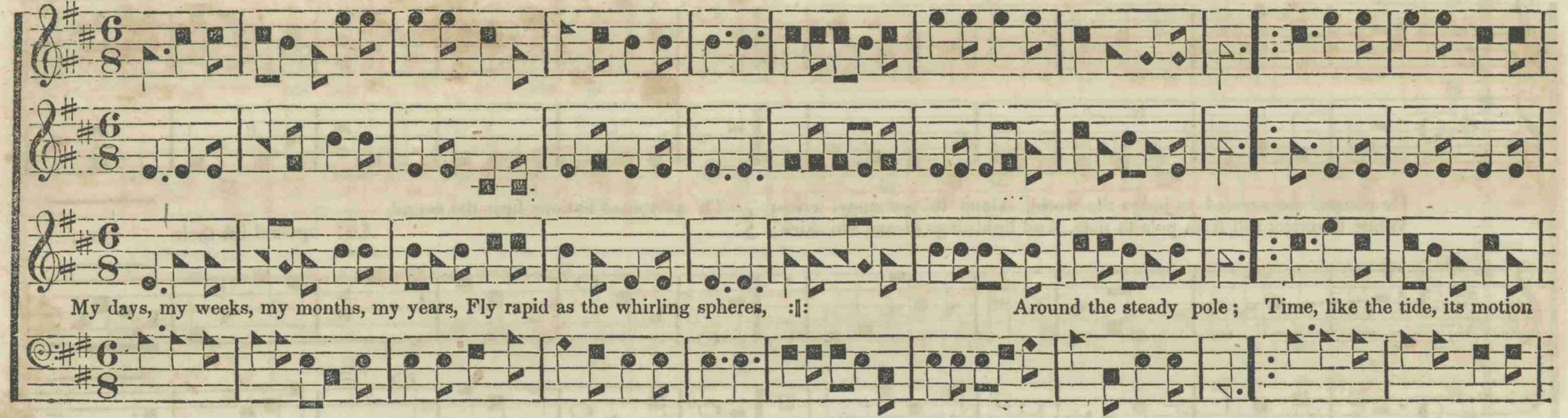
4 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injured Jesus cries,
While the long kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

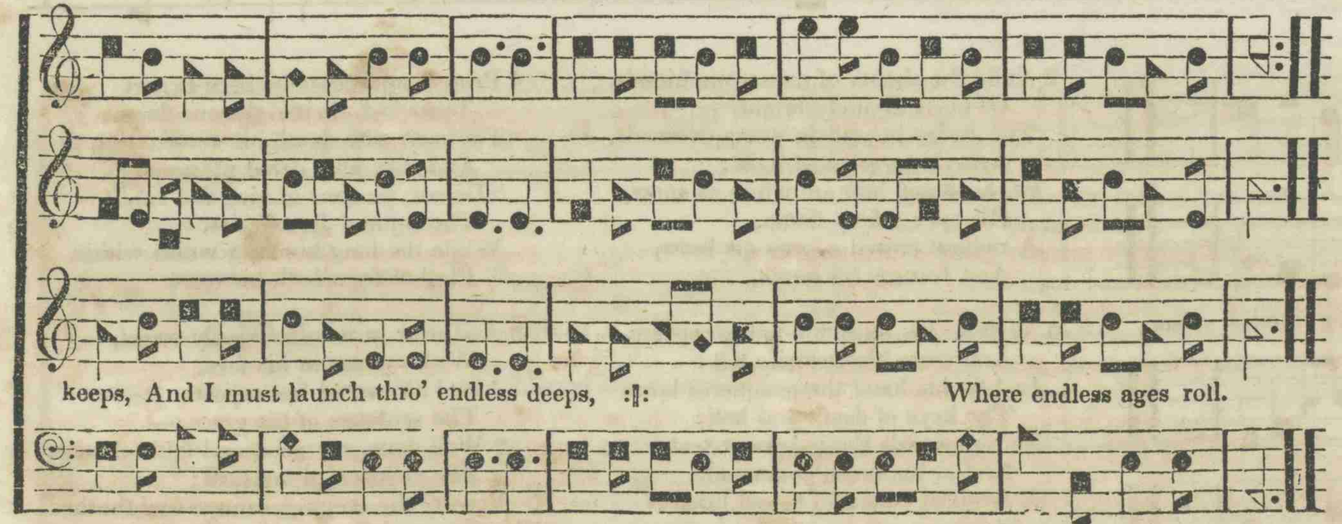
5 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:—
"Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love;
Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones
Prepared for you above."

KINGWOOD. 8, 8, 7.

Compare Nashville 133
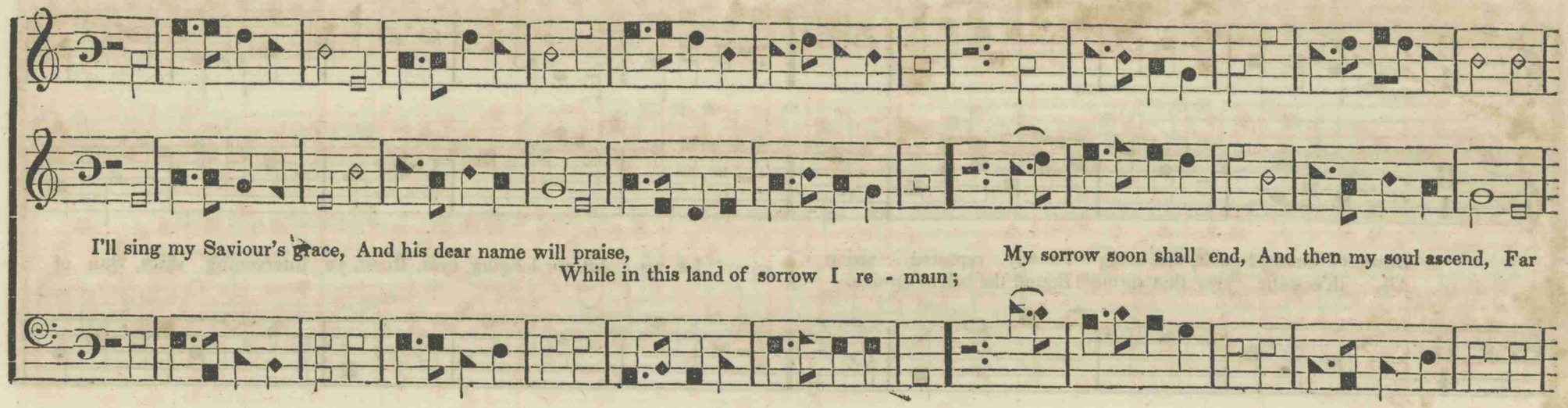
Humphreys.

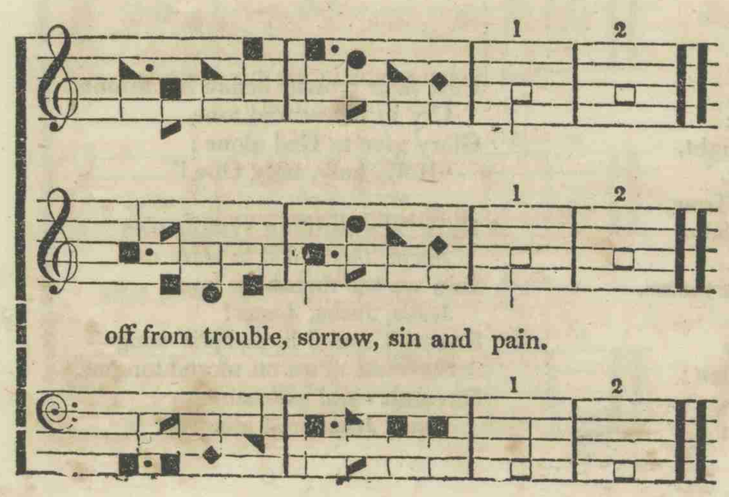




2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly;
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.





2 A pilgrim here below,
While in this vale of wo,
An exile banish'd, wandering I rove,
My days in sorrow roll,
And then my weary soul,
In earnest longing pants to mount above.

3 Though few my days have been,
Much sorrow I have seen,
And deep afflictions I have waded through;
But thorny is the way
Unto eternal day—
Then forward will I press and onward go.
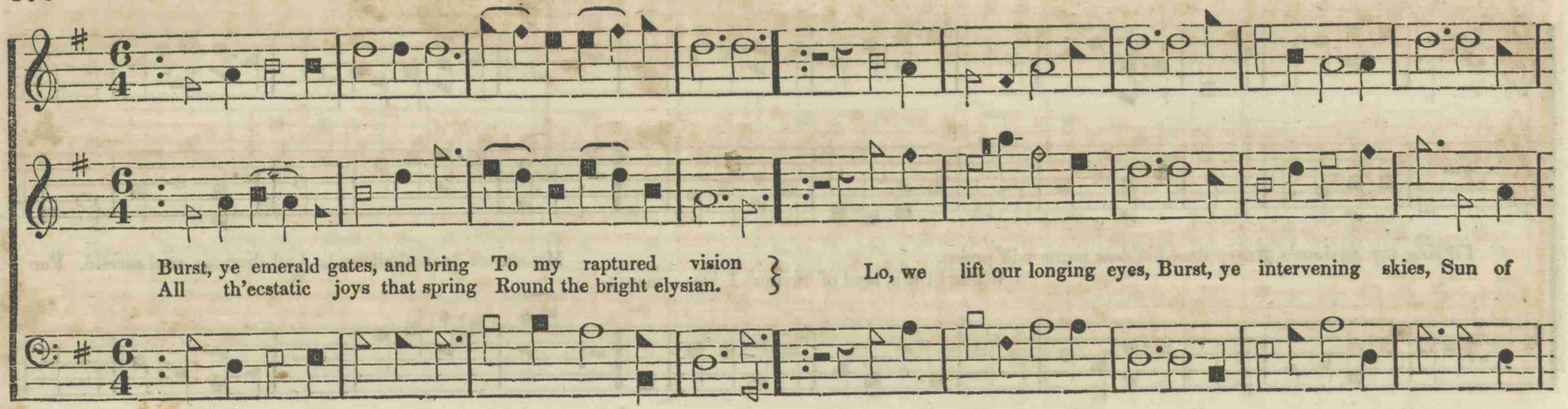
4 Another day is gone,
And yon declining sun,
Hath veil'd his radiant beams in sable shades:
And gloomy darkness reigns,
O'er the extensive plains,
And silence, awful silence, clothes the main.
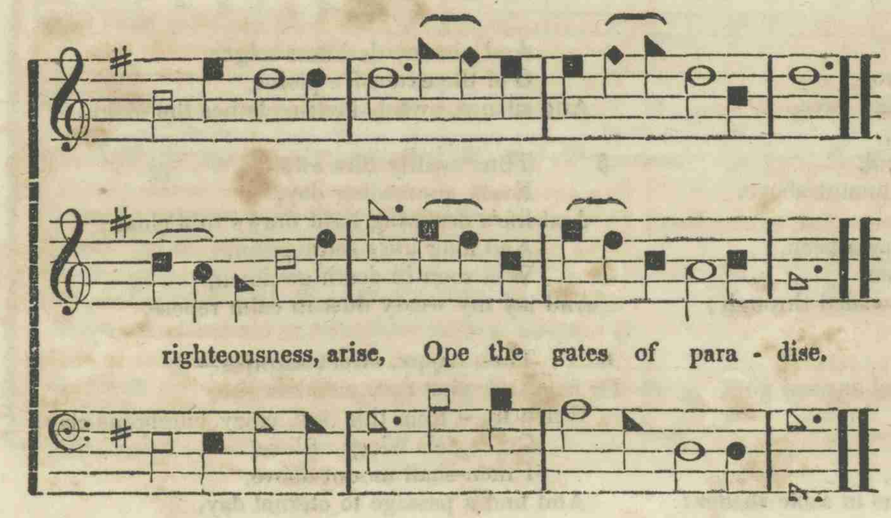
5 Thus swiftly flies away
Every succeeding day,
And life's declining light draws to a close;
And long life's setting sun,
Will soon in death go down,
And lay my weary dust in calm repose.

6 Then happy, sweet surprise—
And what new wonders rise,
When freed from this dull, crazy, cumbrous clay;
On eagle's wings of love,
I then shall mount above,
And find a passage to eternal day.

ELYSIAN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Baptist Harmony, p. 471.



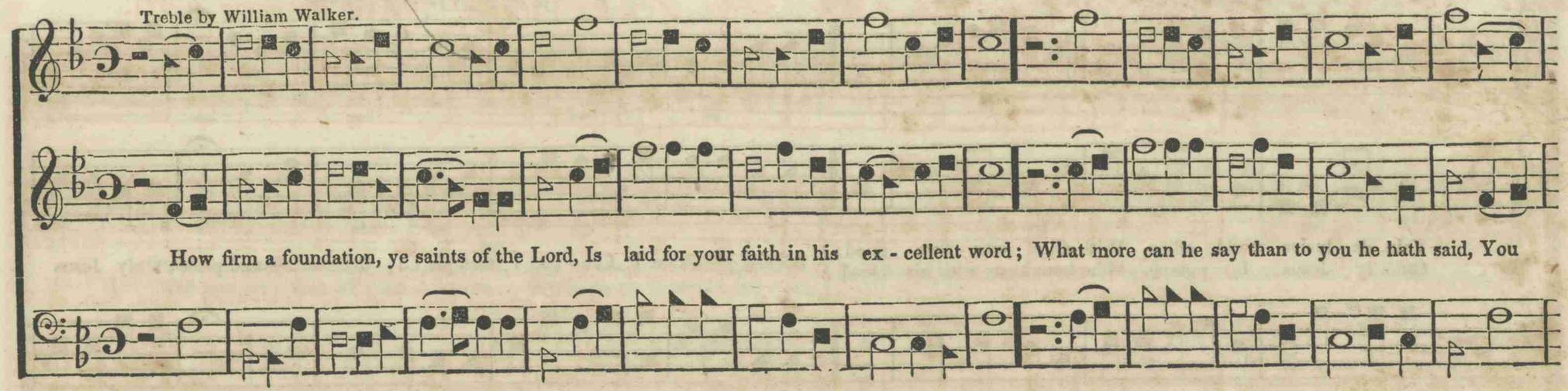


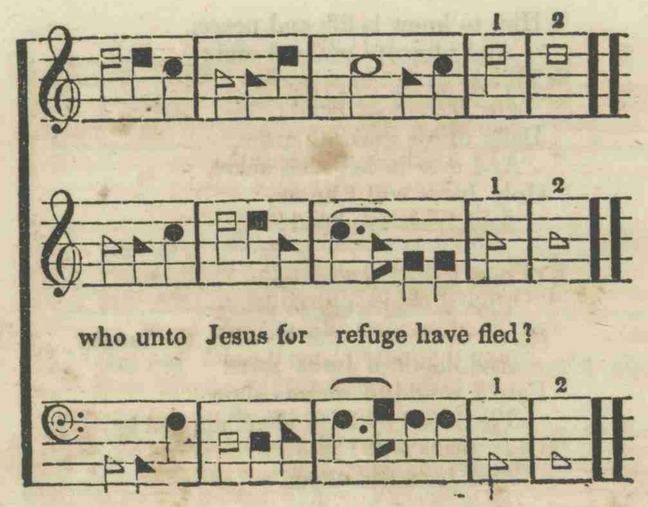
2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heav'n echoing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone;
'Holy, holy, holy One!'

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us!
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song—
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, roll along

Treble by William Walker.





2 In every condition—in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

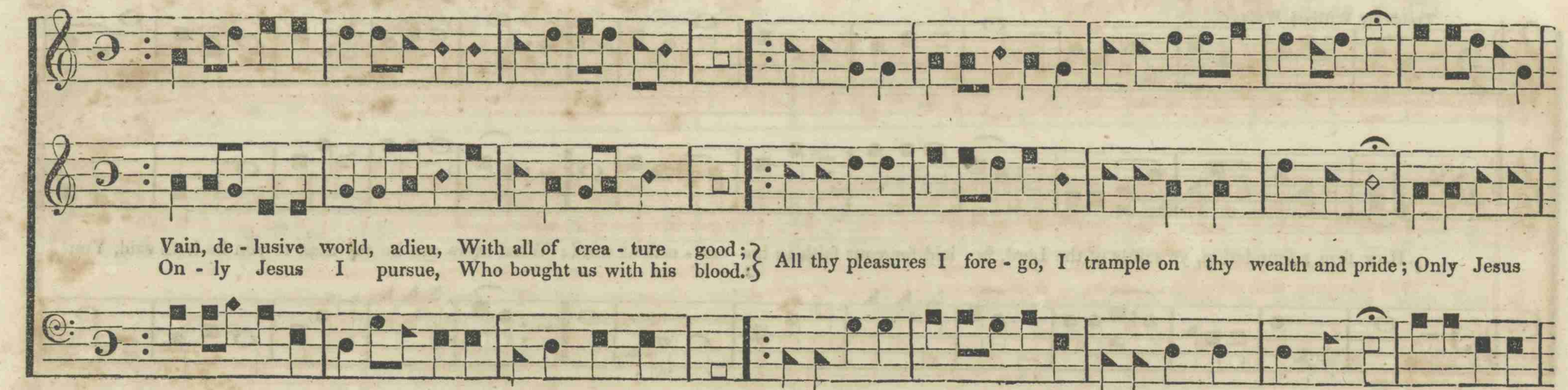
3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

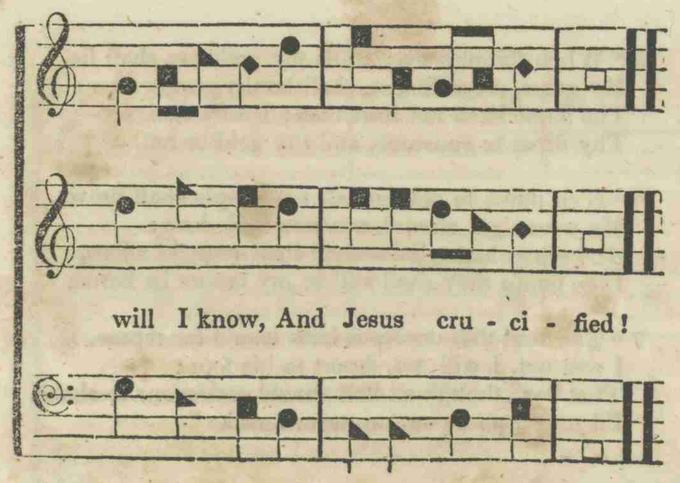
4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of water shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake"
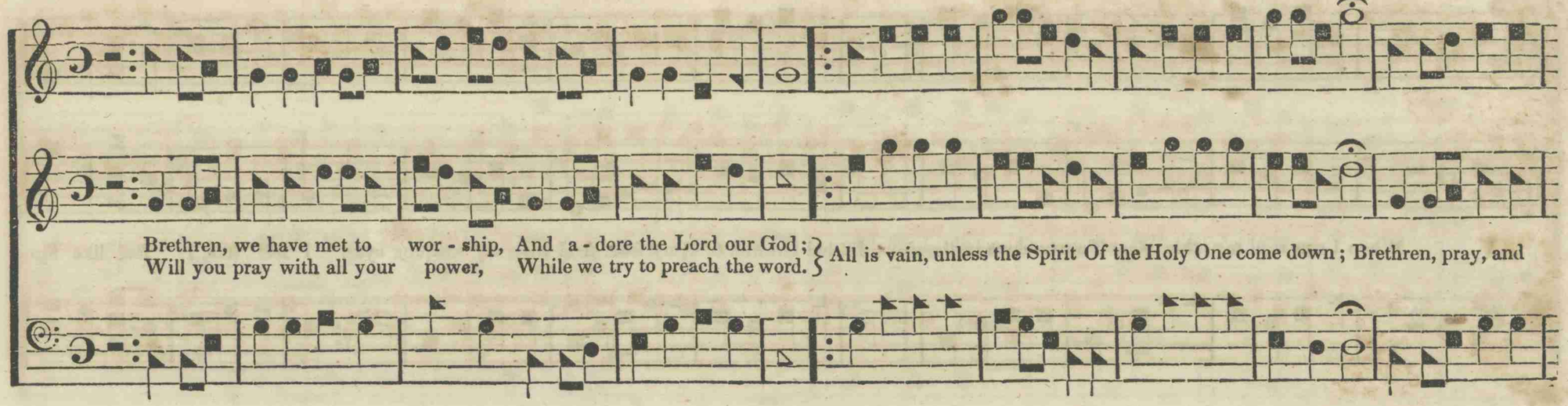




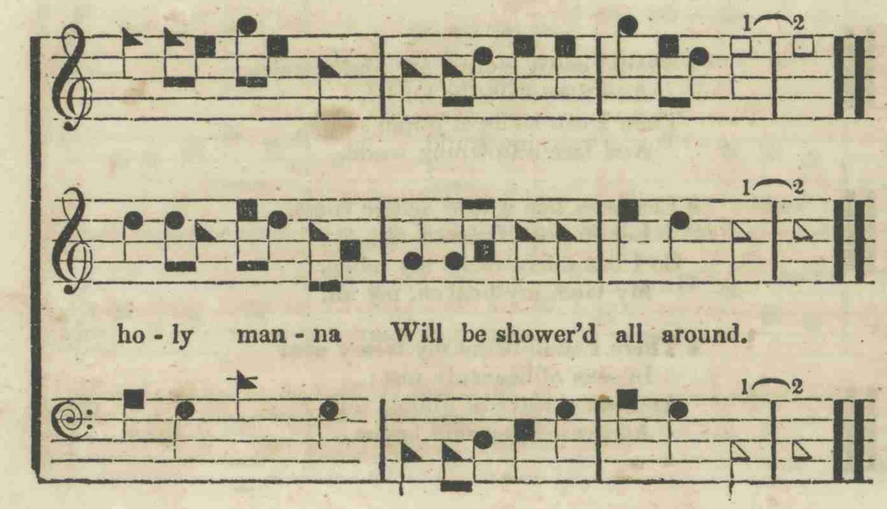
2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove:
Show the length, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied!
Only Jesus will I know
And Jesus crucified!





2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving;
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers—see our mothers,
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
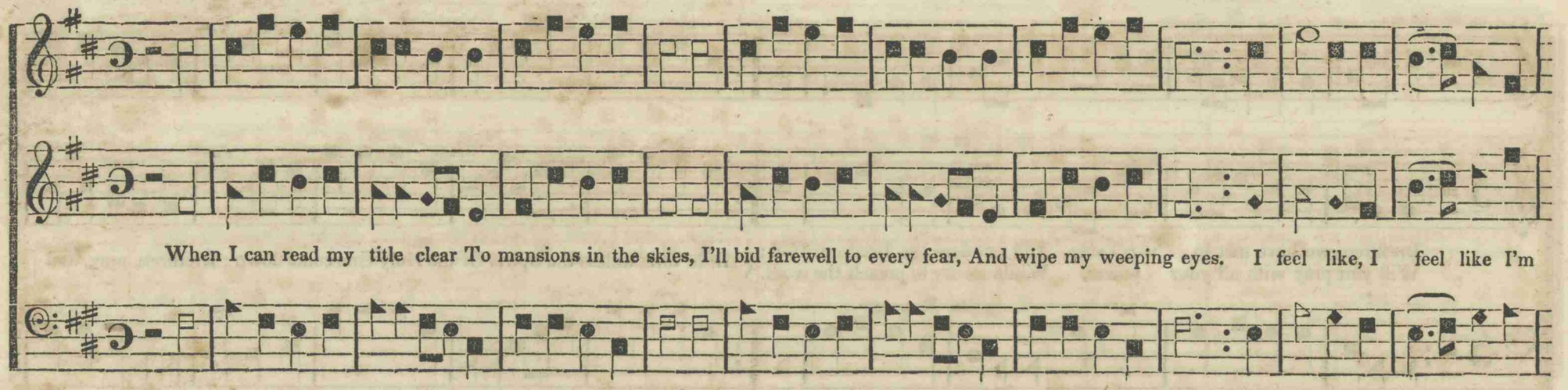
3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
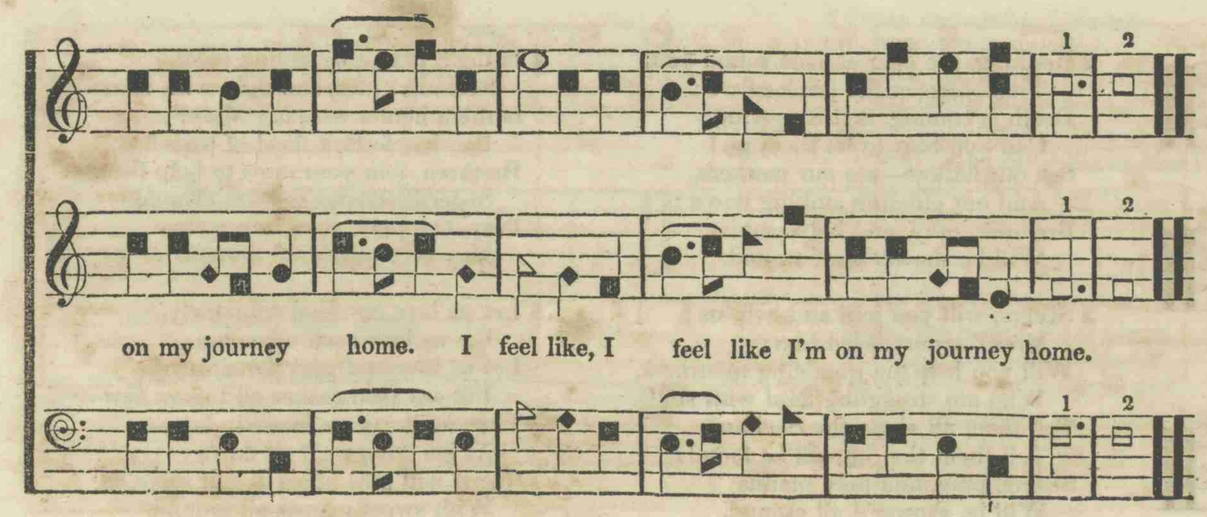
4 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and fill'd with fears:
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them;
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O! pray, that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down:
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

THE SAINTS' DELIGHT.

F. Price. 65th hymn, 2d b. Watts.

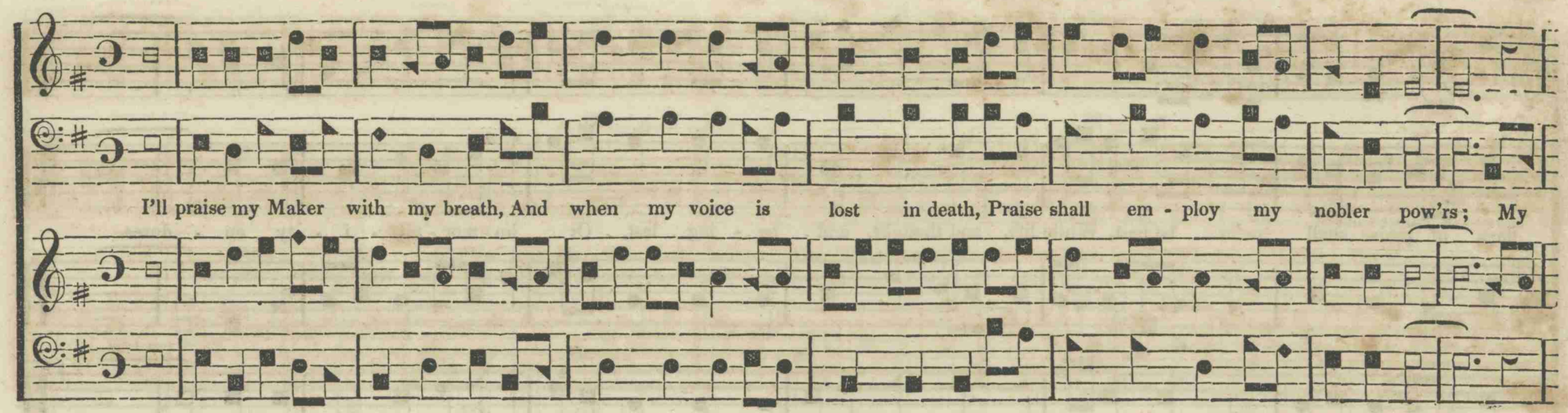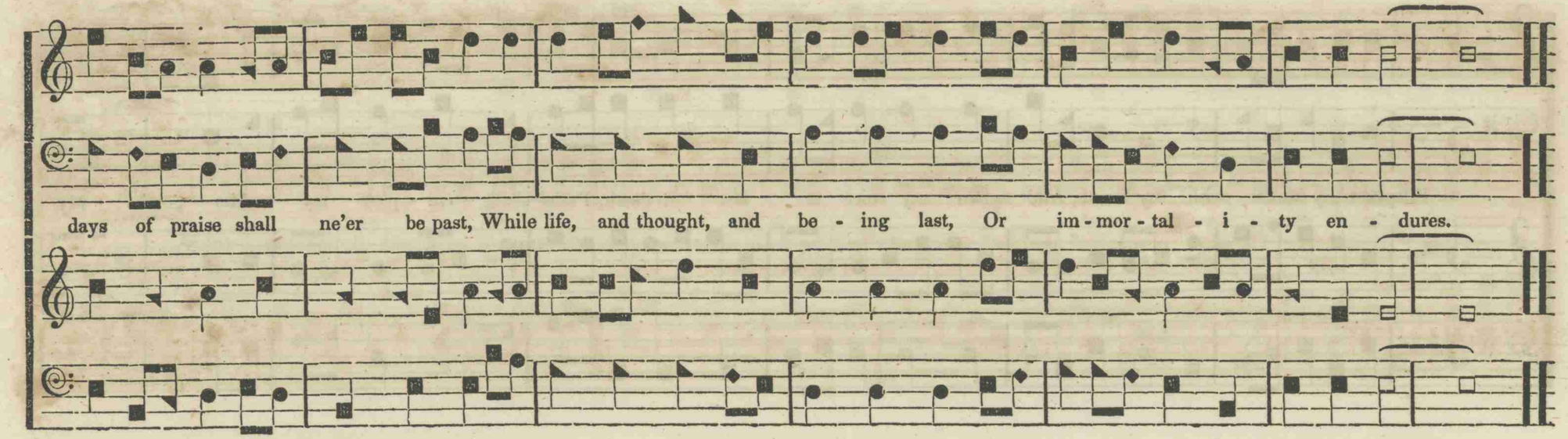




2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
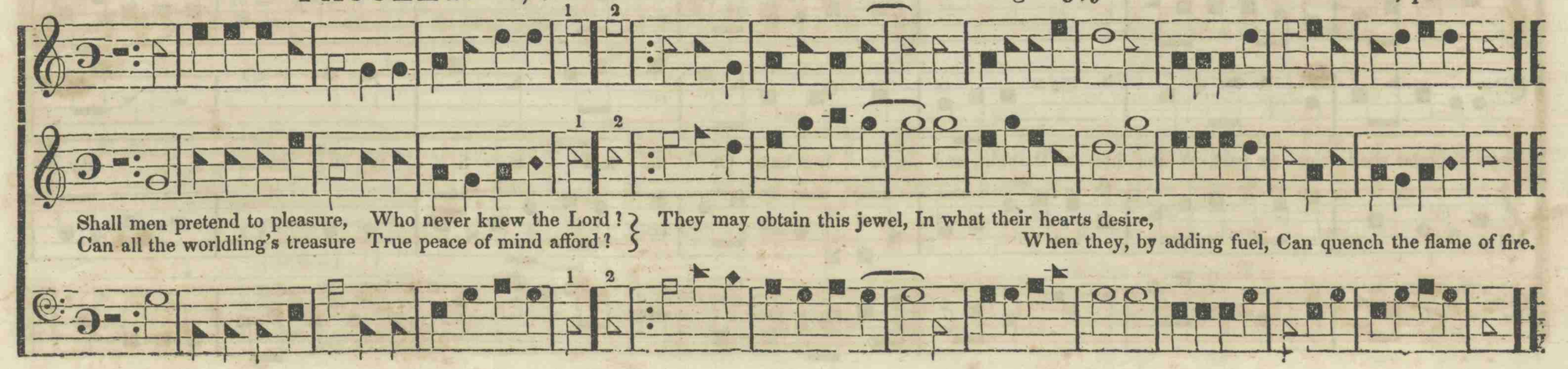

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my nobler pow'rs; My
days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures. My

LIVONIA. *Concluded.*
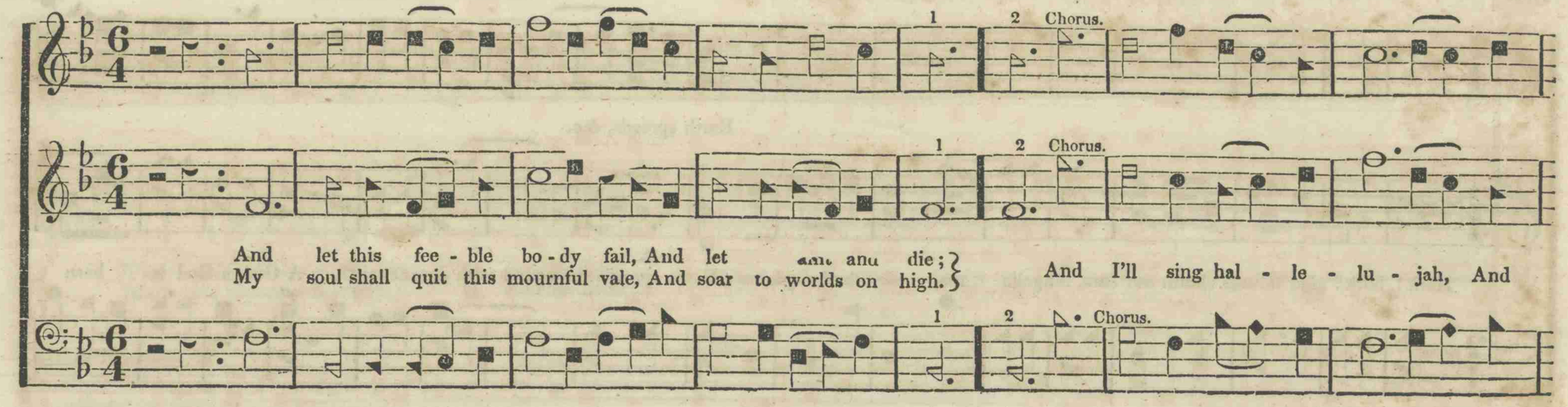


PACOLET. 7, 6.
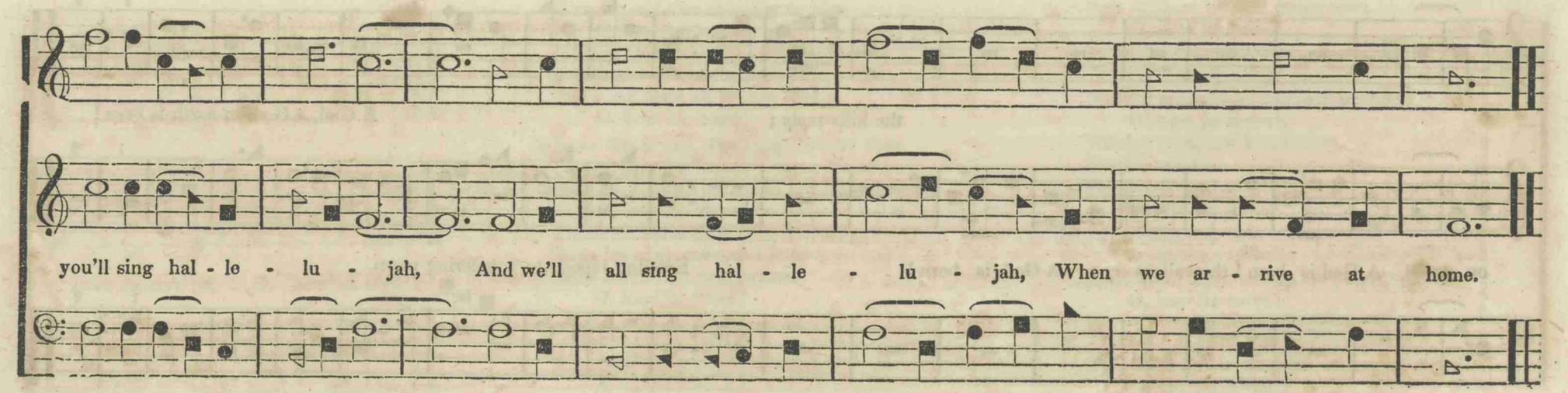
Wm. Golightly, jun. Dover Selection, p. 7.



HALLELUJAH. C. M
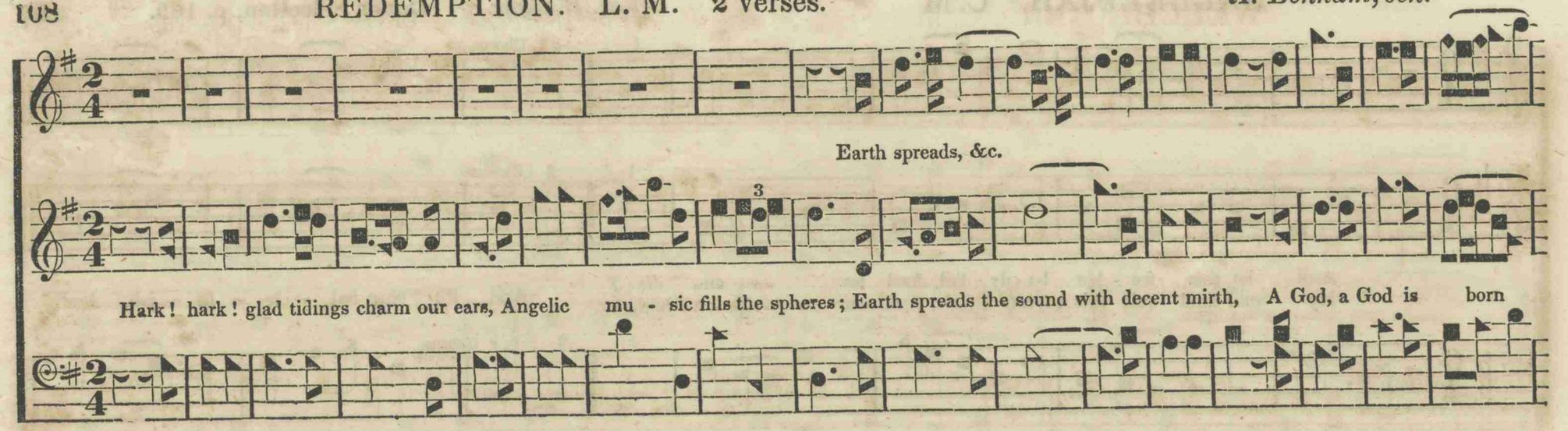
Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 169.

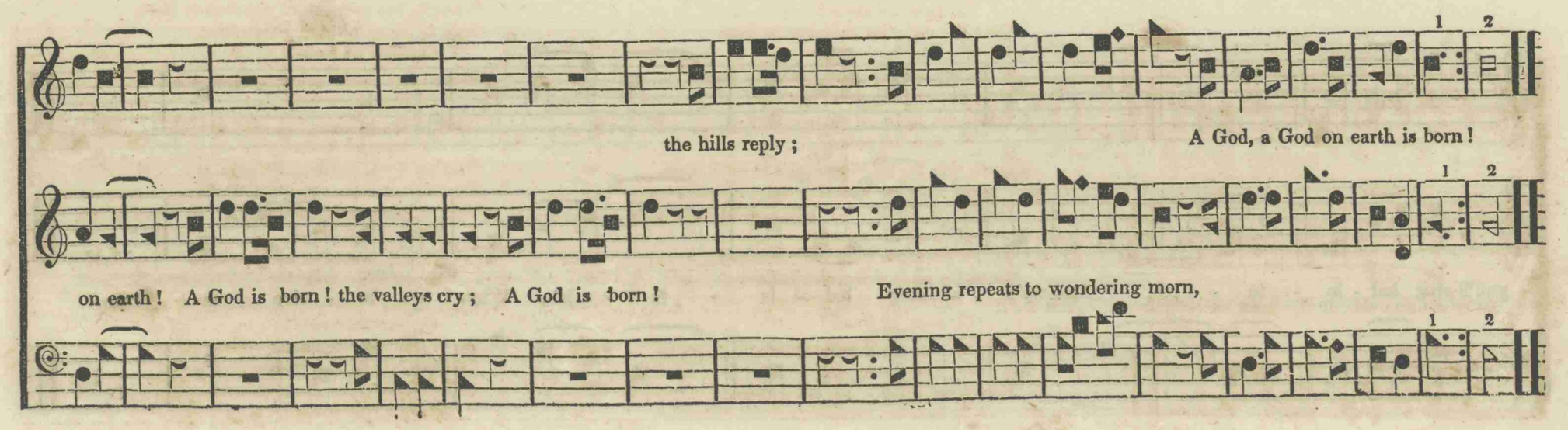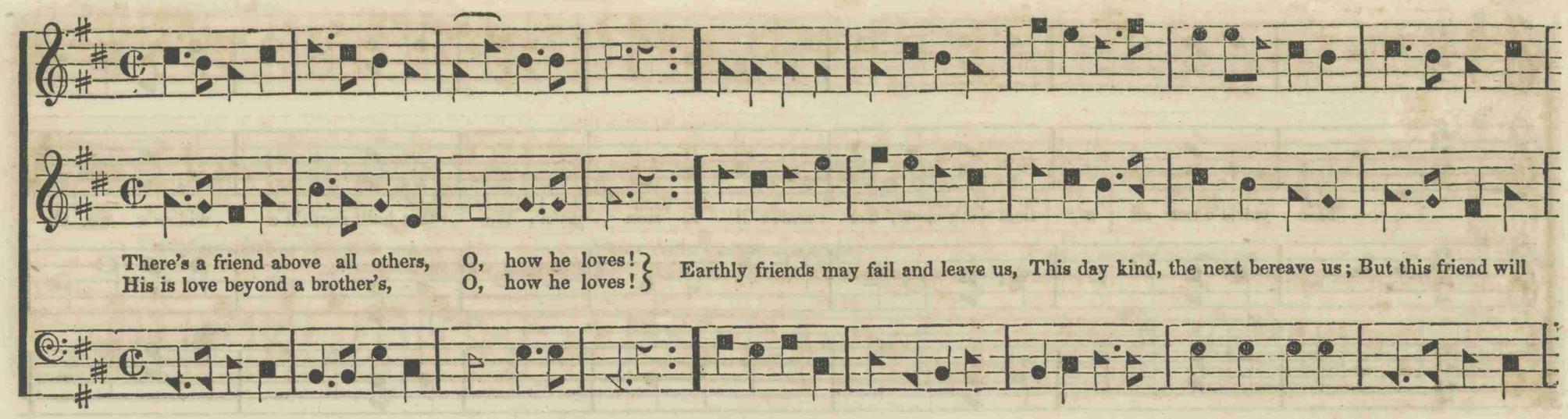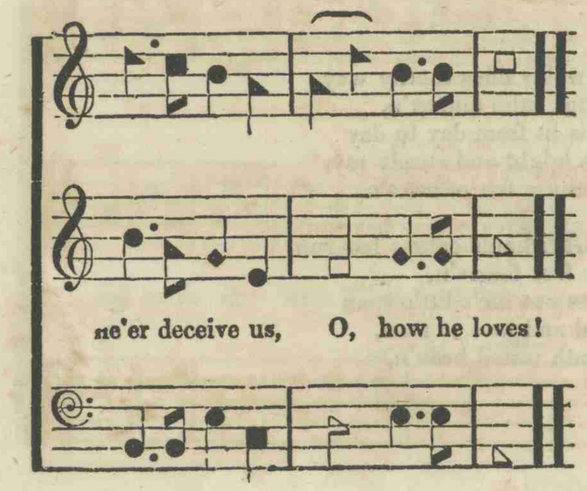




REDEMPTION. L. M. 2 verses.

A. Benham, sen.









2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,
O, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
O, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves!
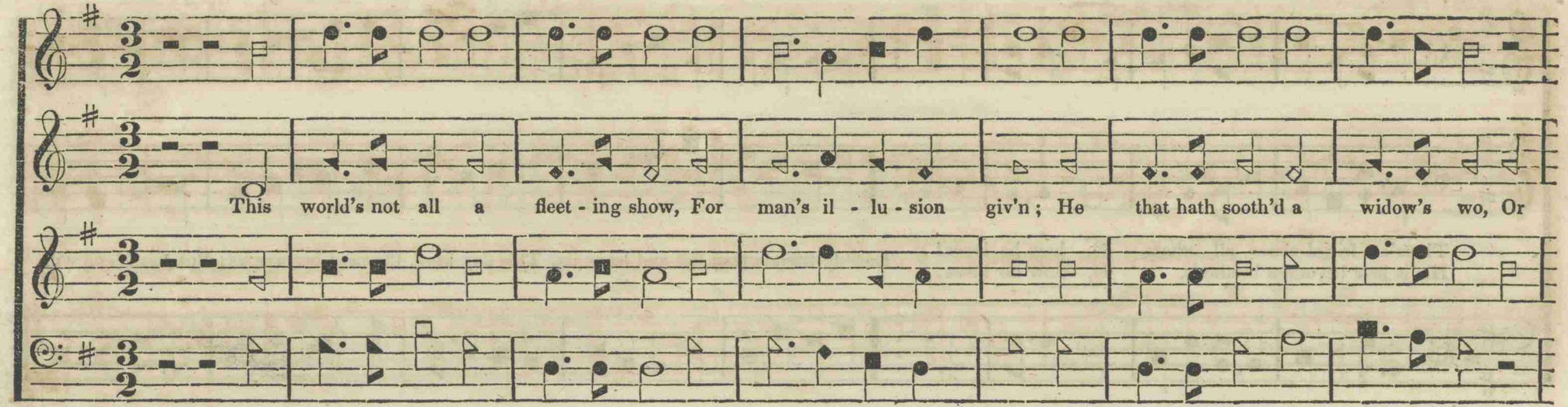
3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
O, how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee
O, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how he loves!
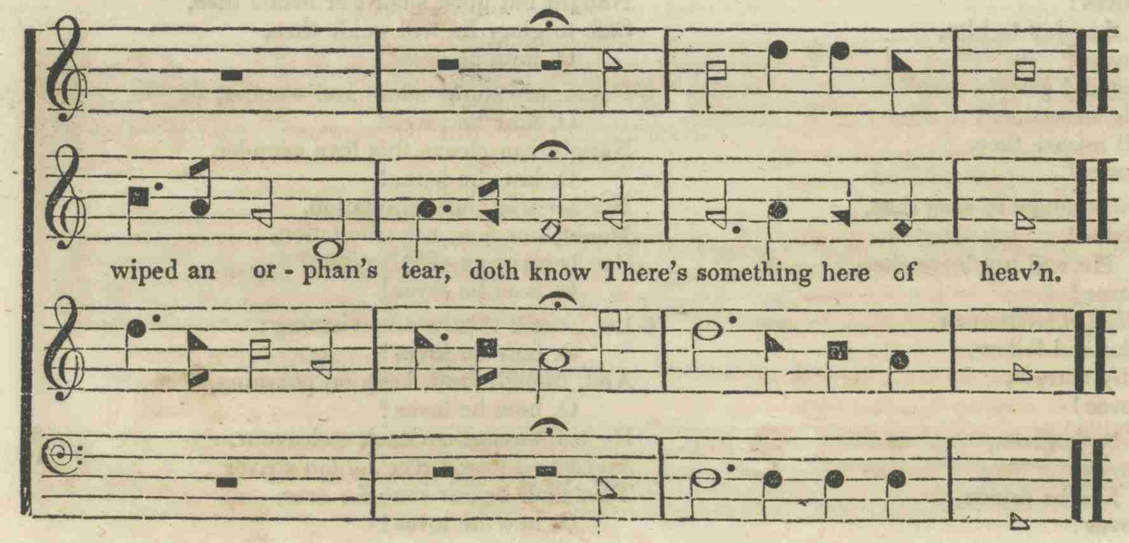
4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O, how he loves.
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
O, how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
O, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
O, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing:
O, how he loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavour,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river
This shall be our song for ever,
O, how he loves!

WOODLAND. C. M. or 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

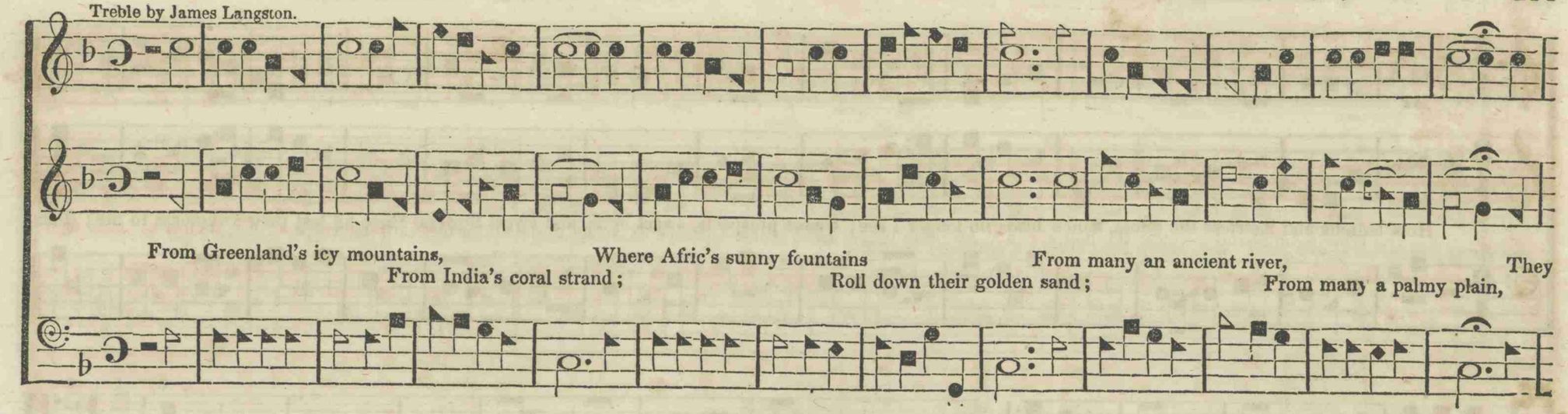


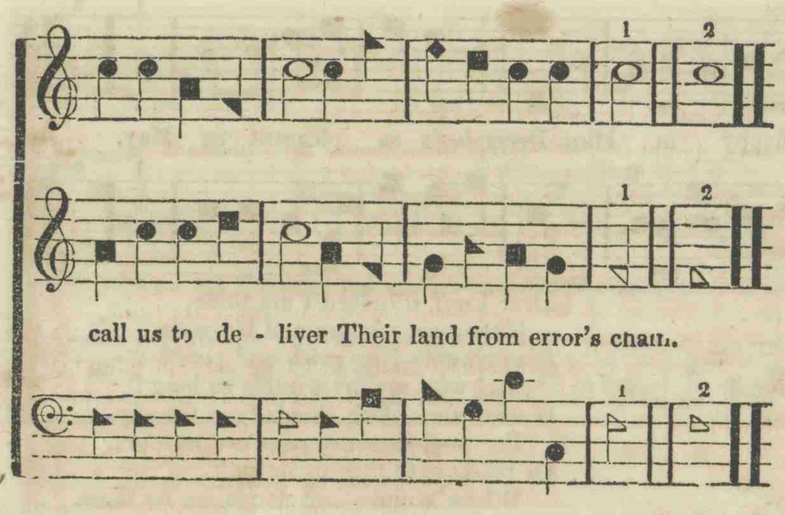


2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and ev'n,
Whose path is lit from day to day
With virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heav'n.

3 He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiv'n,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heav'n.

Treble by James Langston.
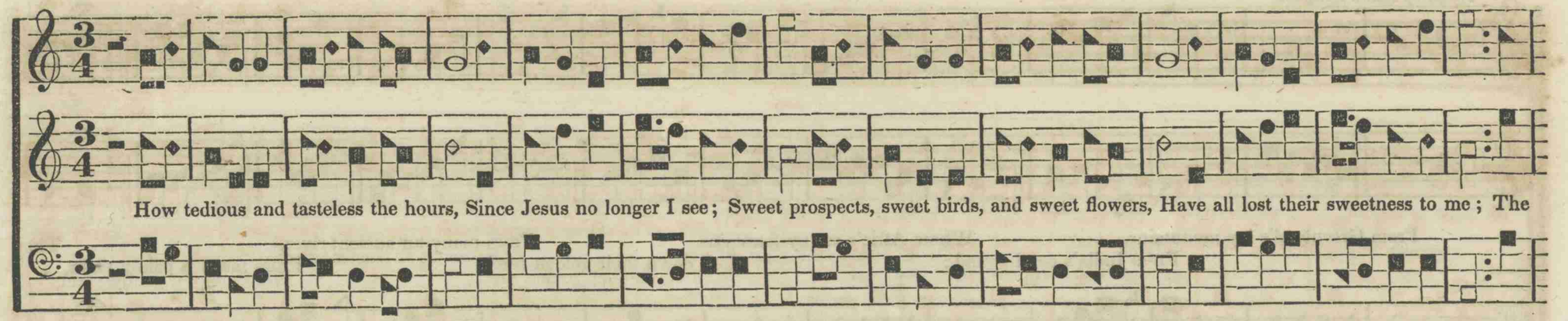


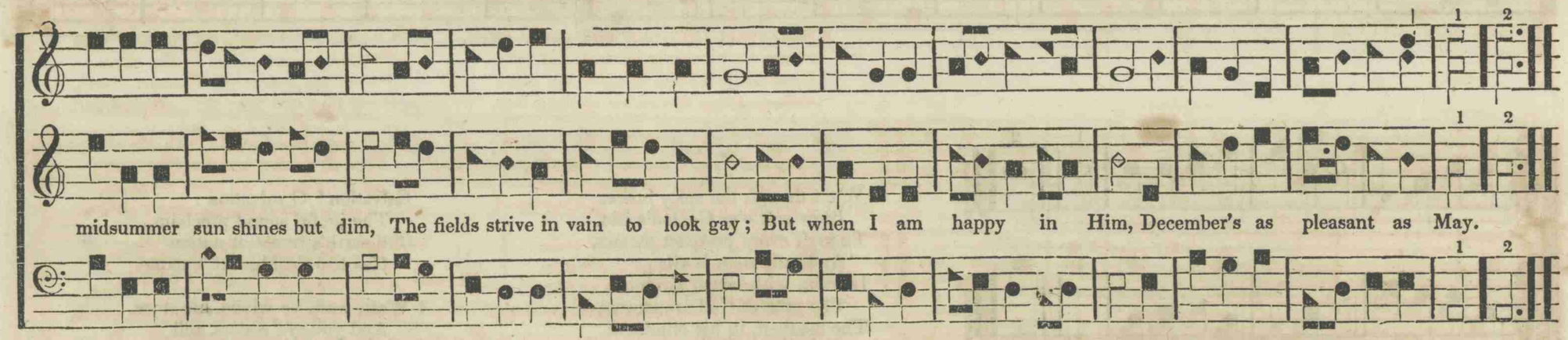


2 What though the spicy breeze
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation.
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

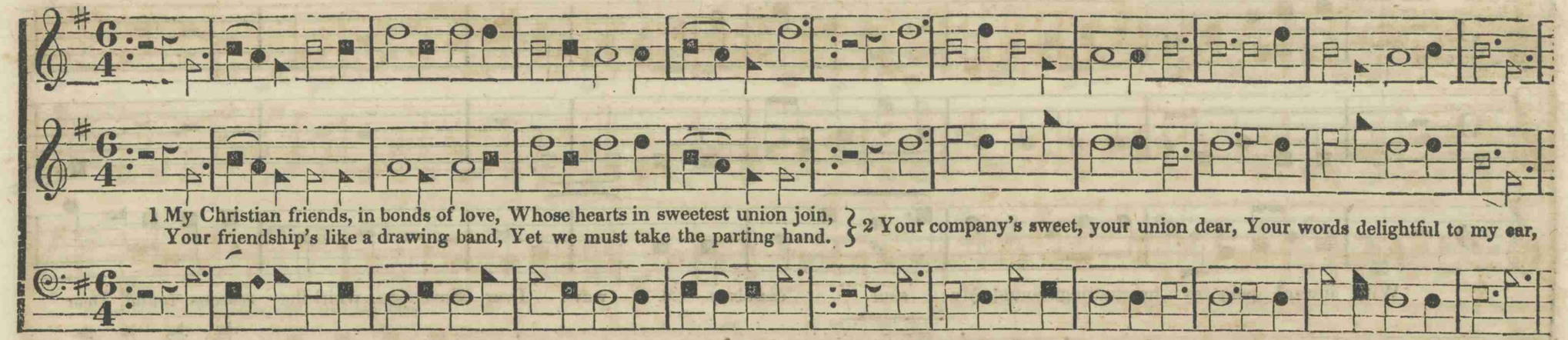


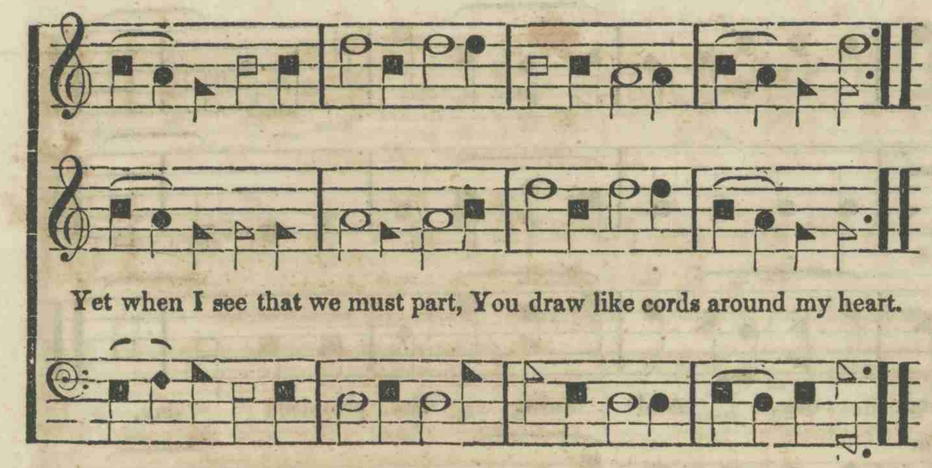


2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear—
No mortal as happy as I,
My summer would last all the year

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind·
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee upon high
Where winters and clouds are no more.





3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand,

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
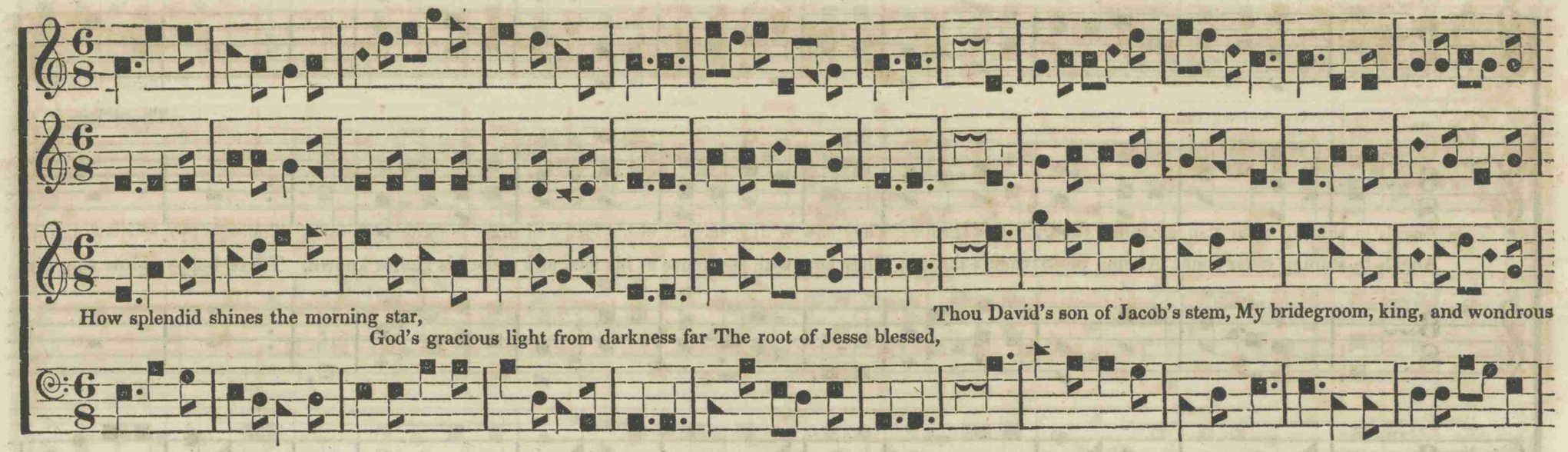
12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

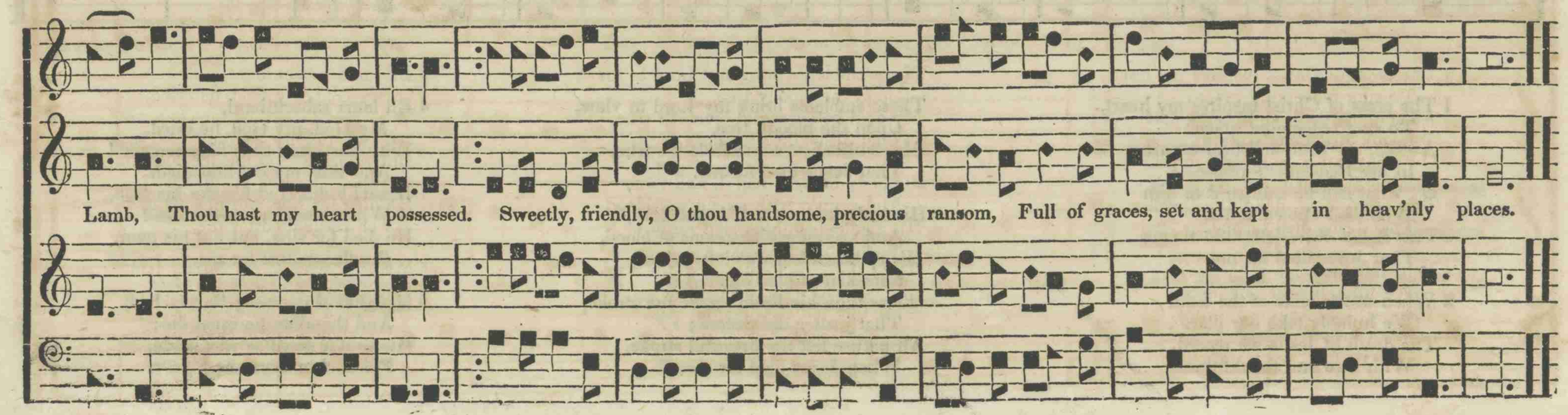
WESLEY. C. M. (Jerusalem p 11)

More.

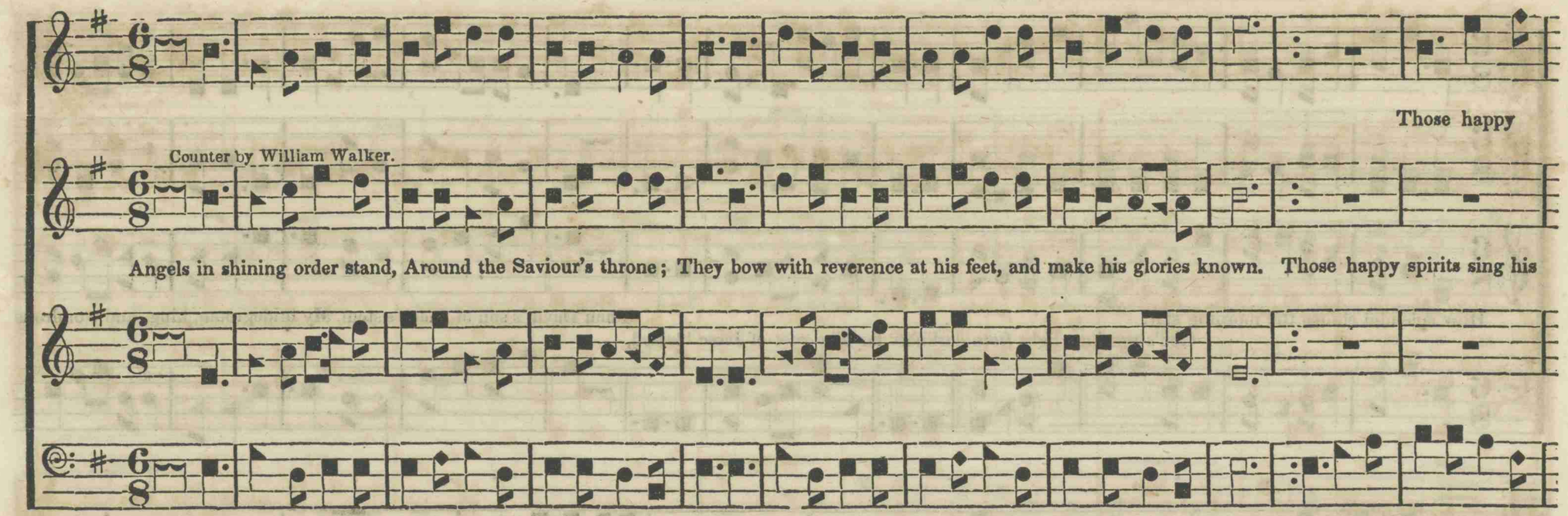
With inward pain my heart-strings sound, My soul dissolves a - way; Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round, Dear

Sovereign, whirl the seasons round, And bring And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the promised day.


How splendid shines the morning star,
God's gracious light from darkness far
Thou David's son of Jacob's stem, My bridegroom, king, and wondrous
The root of Jesse blessed,


Lamb, Thou hast my heart possessed. Sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransom, Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places.

ALABAMA. C. M.



1 The cross of Christ inspires my heart,
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
O! what can be compar'd to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear, delightful theme
That Jesus died for me.
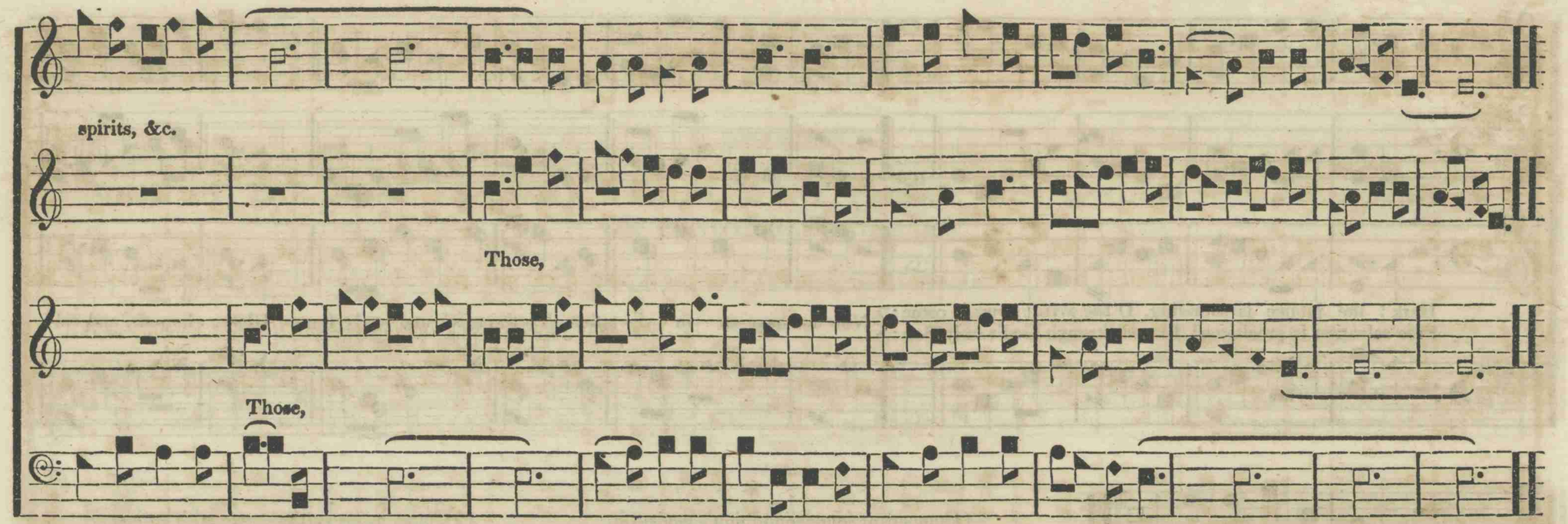
2 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree,
My soul believes and feels it's true,
That Jesus died for me.

3 His body broken, nail'd, and torn,
And stain'd with streams of blood,
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke,
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
When Jesus died for me.

4 Eli lama sabachthani,
My God, my God, he cried,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
And thus my Saviour died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me.

5 My guilt was on my Surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made,
For such a worm as I

Continued.



Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.
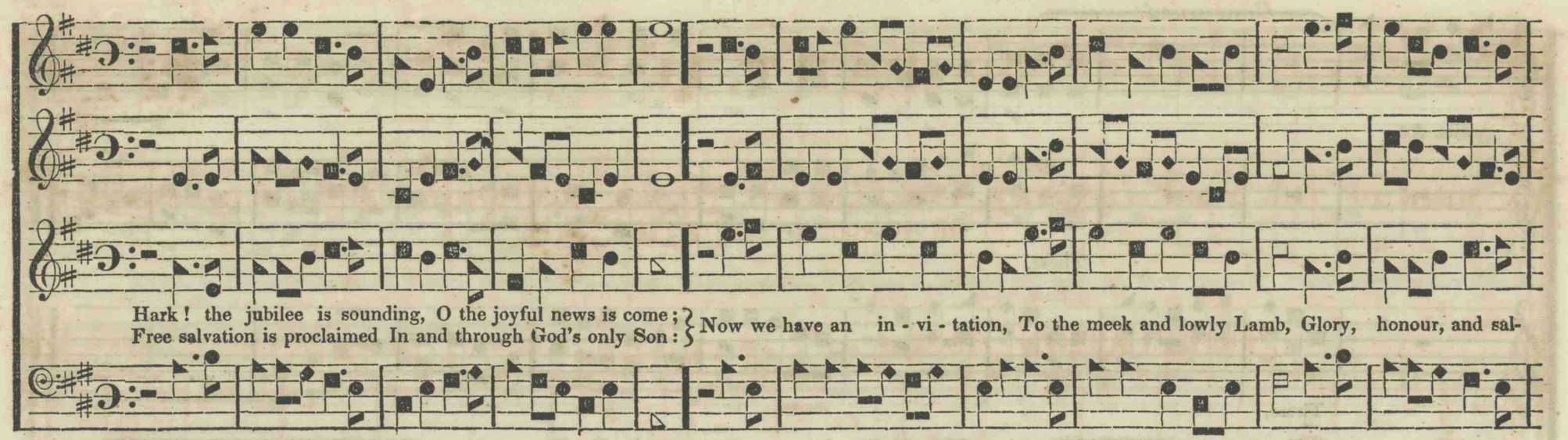
6 He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God,
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea;
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me
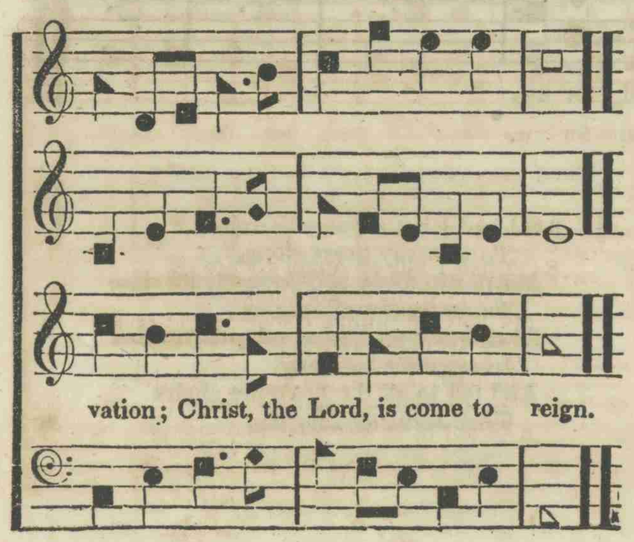
7 Angels in shining order sit
Around my Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace.
For Jesus died for me.

8 O! had I but an angel's voice
To bear my heart along,
My flowing numbers soon would raise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs
That Jesus died for me.

JUBILEE. P. M.

Unknown.





2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honour, &c

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted king,
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore,
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory. honour. &c.
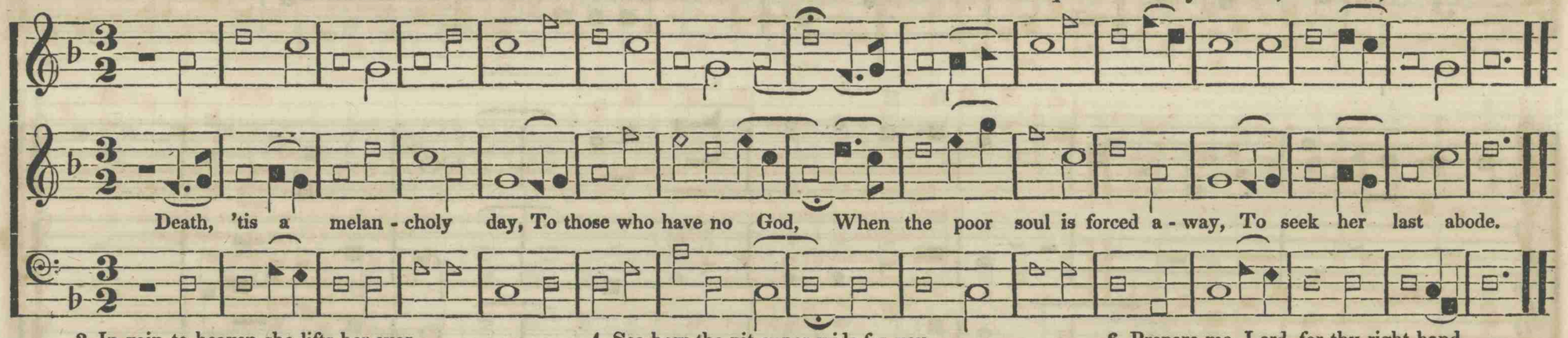
PART II.

CONTAINING

SOME OF THE MORE LENGTHY AND ELEGANT PIECES, COMMONLY USED AT CONCERTS, OR SINGING SOCIETIES.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.



2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.
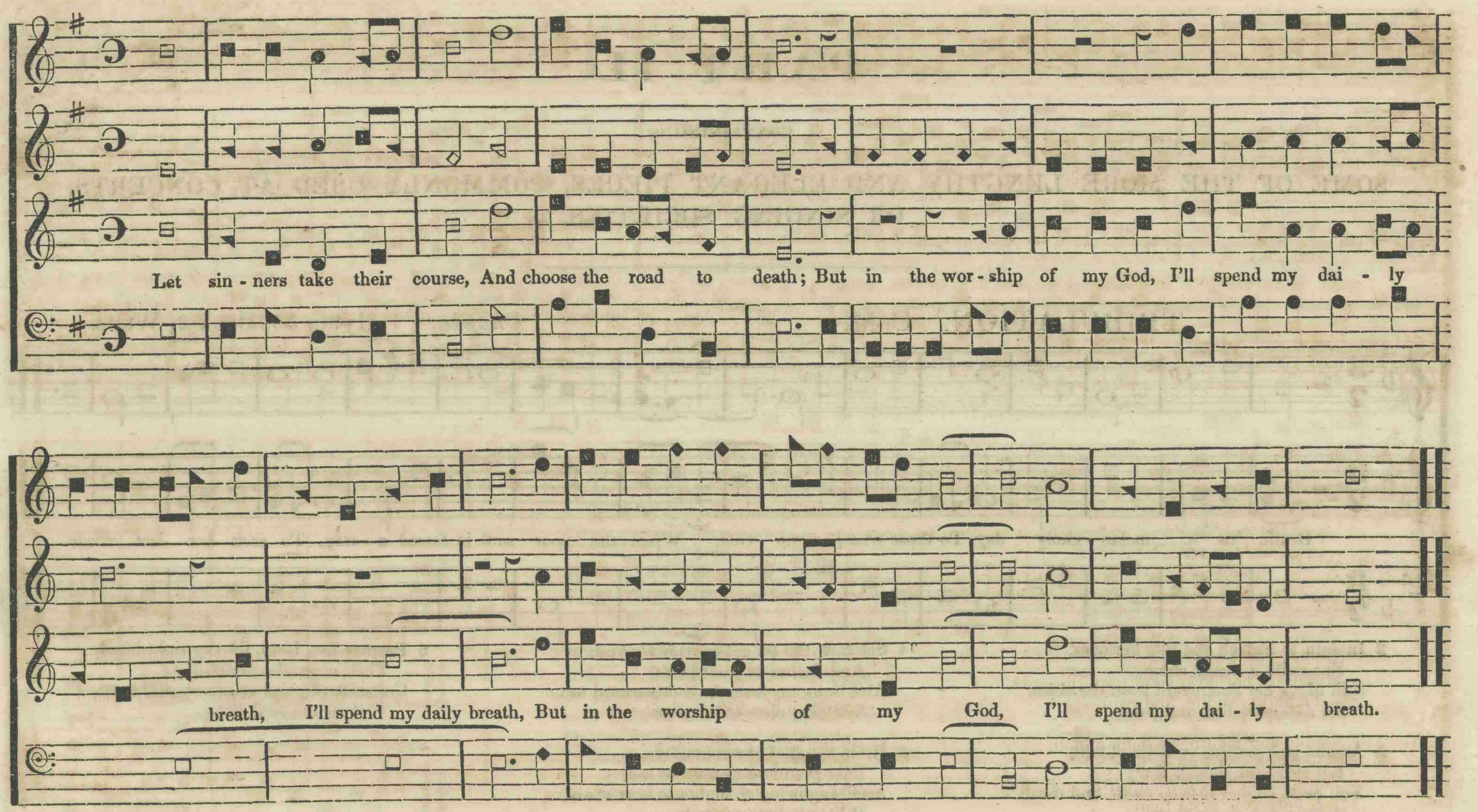
4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

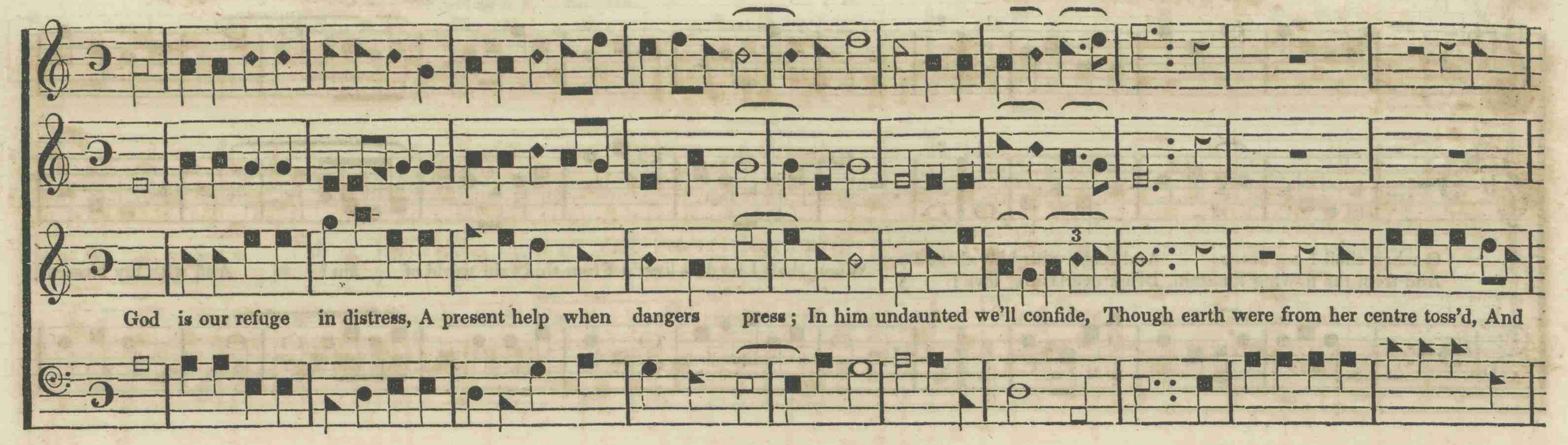
5 He is a god of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

FLORIDA. S. M.

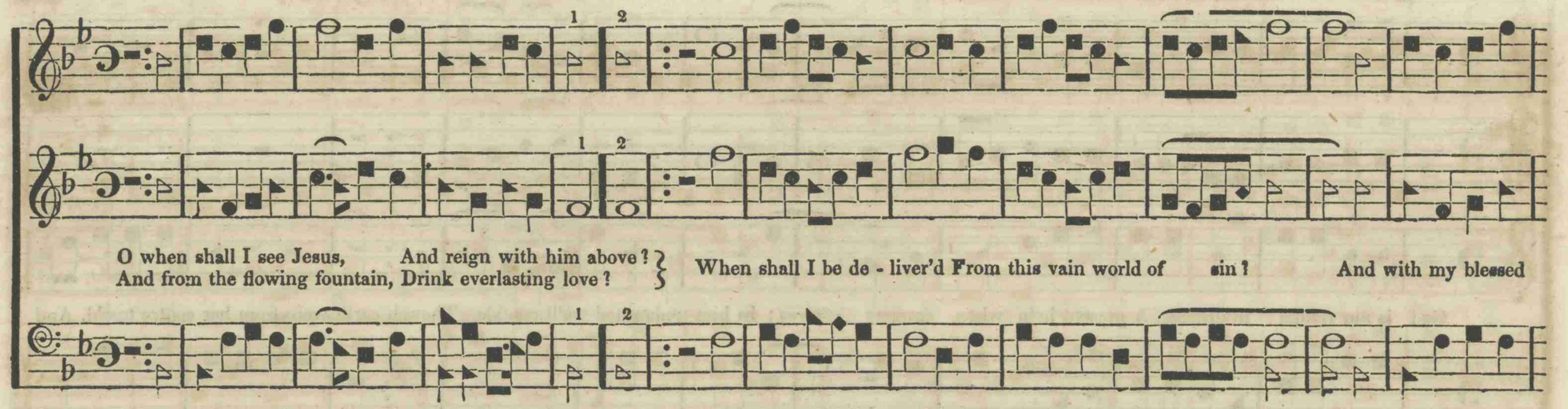
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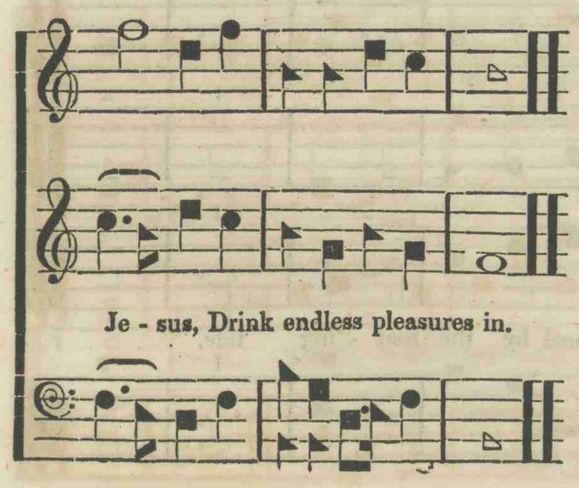



God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press; In him undaunted we'll confide, Though earth were from her centre toss'd, And
mountains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide.

FAITHFUL SOLDIER. 7, 6

Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 129.





2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
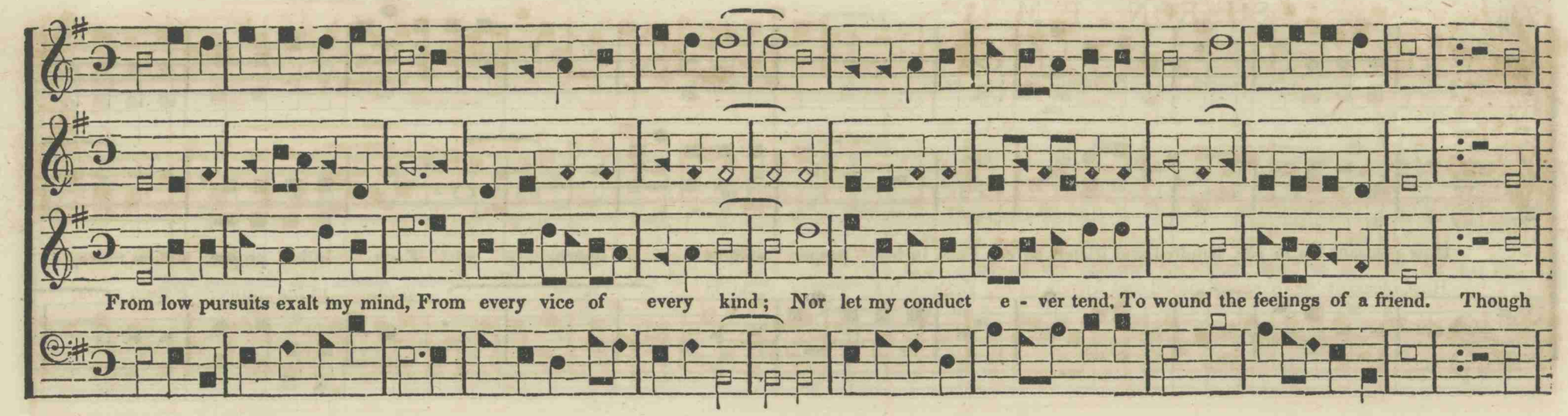
3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

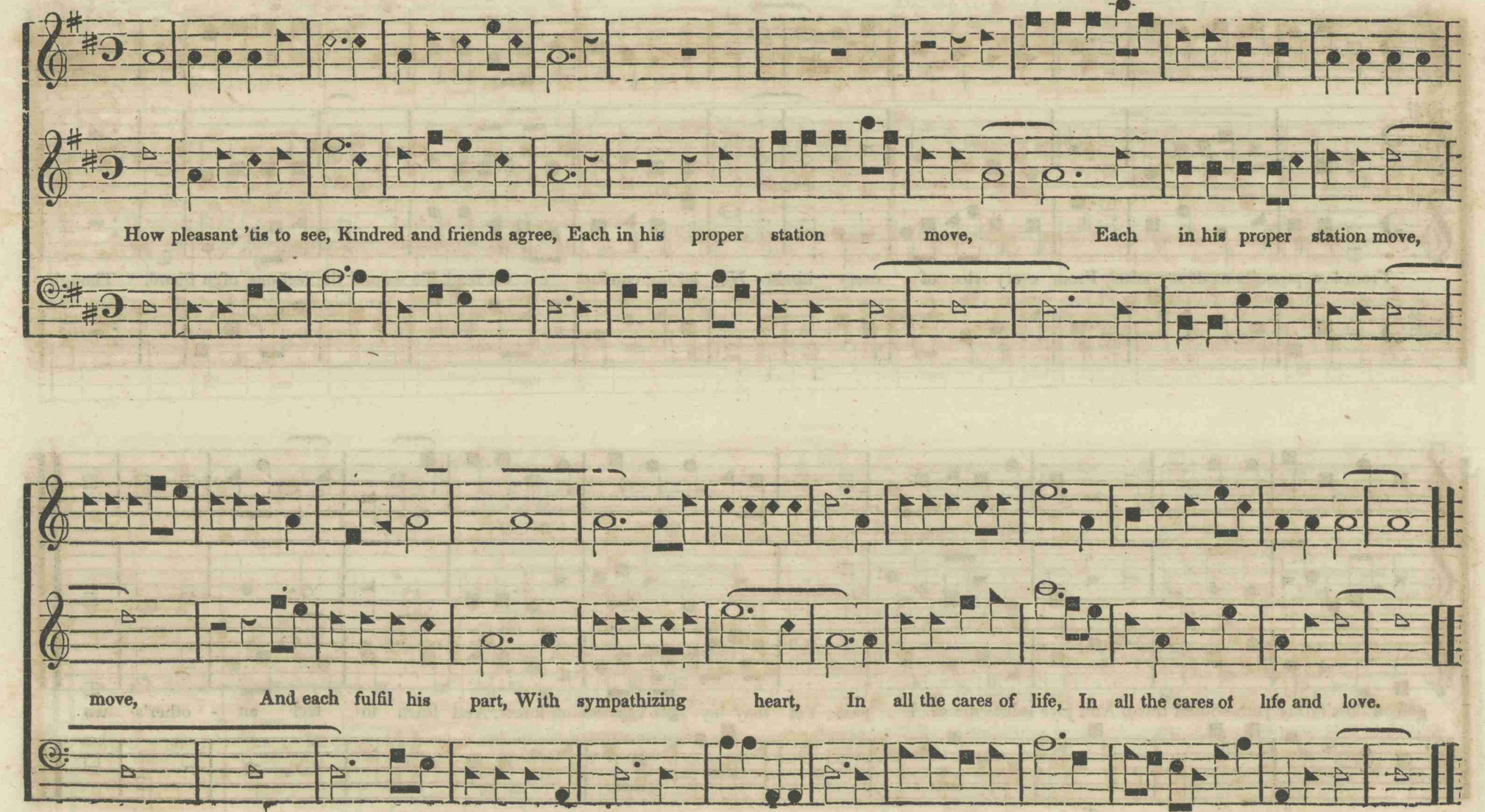
5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid th' entombed millions
From their cold beds arise;
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.


From low pursuits exalt my mind, From every vice of every kind; Nor let my conduct e - ver tend, To wound the feelings of a friend. Though
golden flow'rs my path should trace, And joys salute me as I pass; Yet may my gen'rous bosom know, And learn to feel an - other's wo

SHARON. P. M.

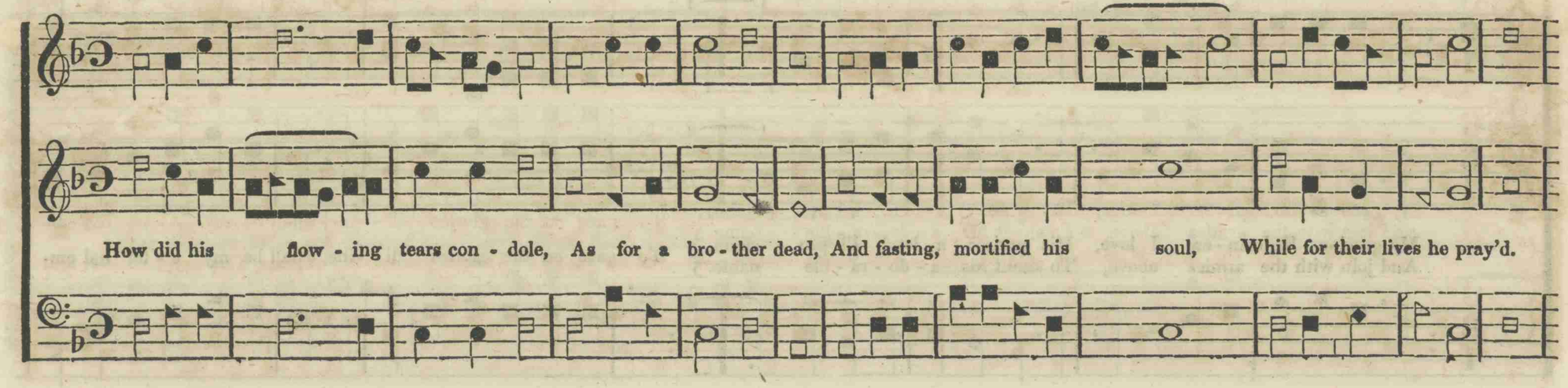

How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, Each in his proper station move,
move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.
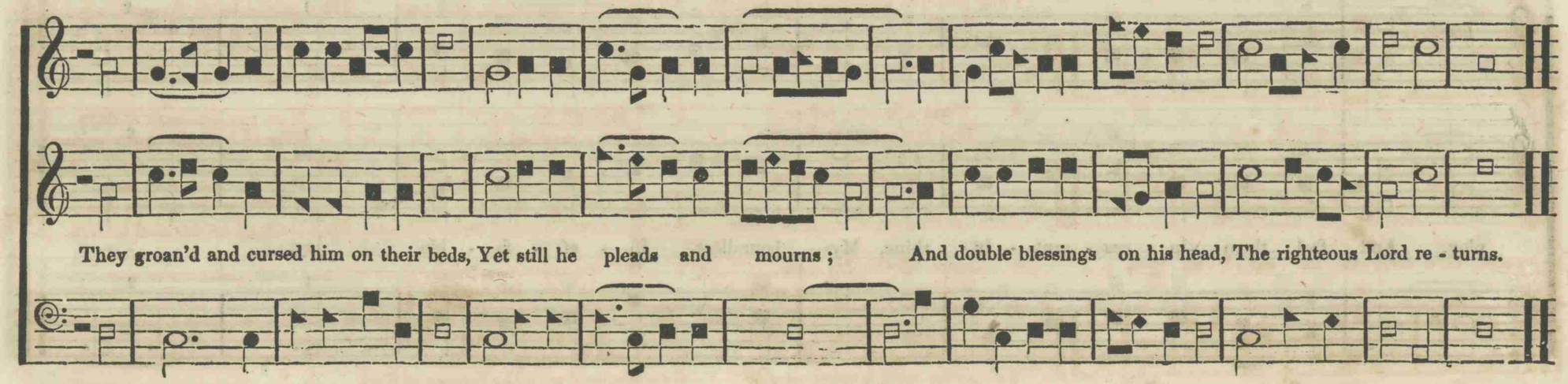
My gracious Redeem - er I love, His praises a - loud I'll pro - claim,
And join with the armies above, To shout his a - do - ra - ble name.

To gaze on the glories di - vine, Shall be my e - ter nal em-

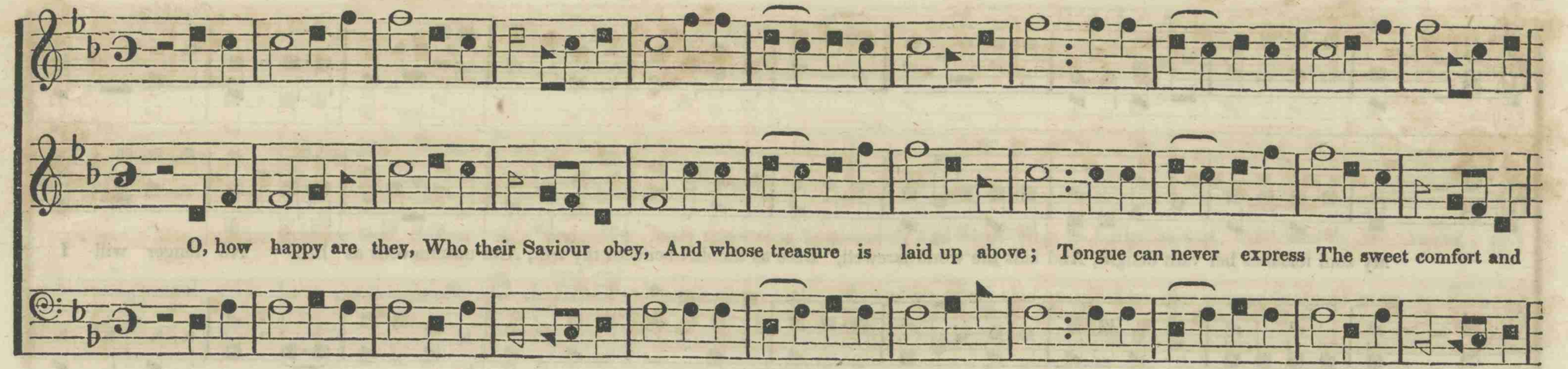
ploy, And feel them in - ces - sant - ly shine, My boundless, in - ef - fa - ble joy.
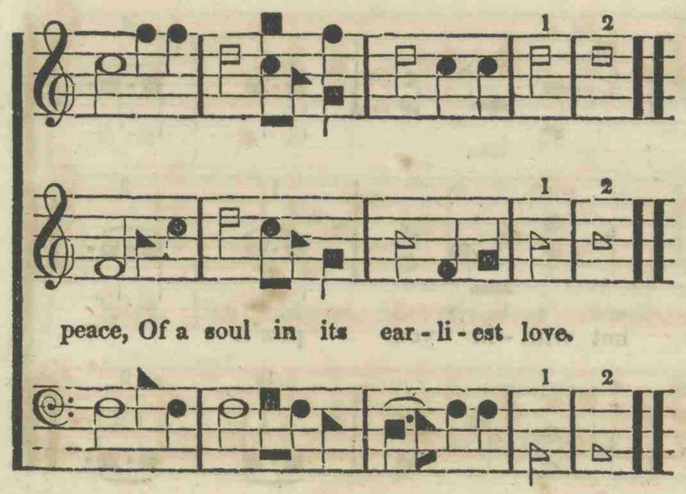
SARDINA C. M.


How did his flow - ing tears con - dole, As for a bro - ther dead, And fasting, mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd.


They groan'd and cursed him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns ; And double blessings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.

TRUE HAPPINESS. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9 *Wm. Walker.* Dover Sel. p. 96.





2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine.
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O! what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus's name:

3 'Twas a heaven below,
The Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

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 such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain:
I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God.

8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favour'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!
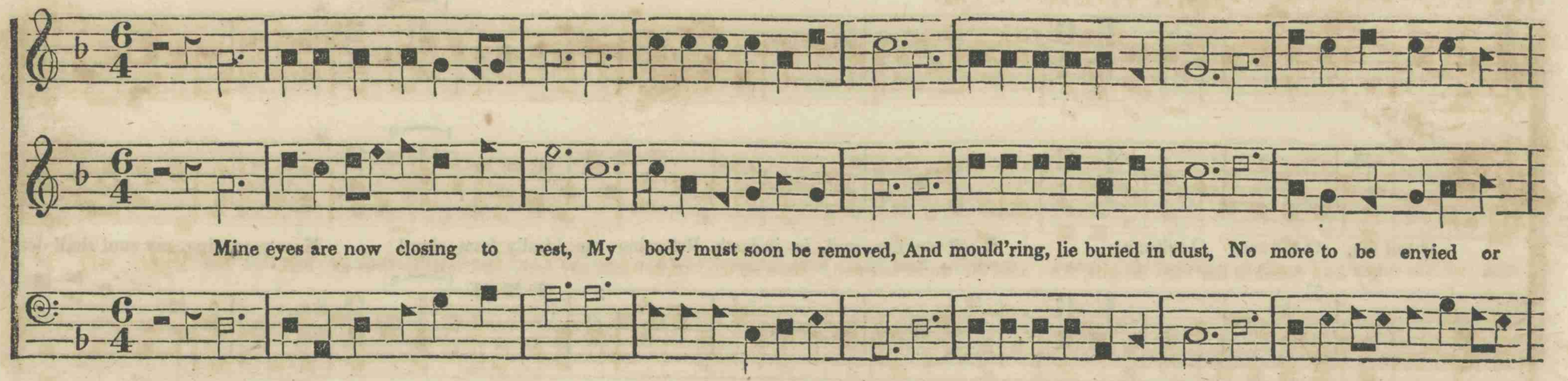
9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem,
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;—
May they all be devoted to him.

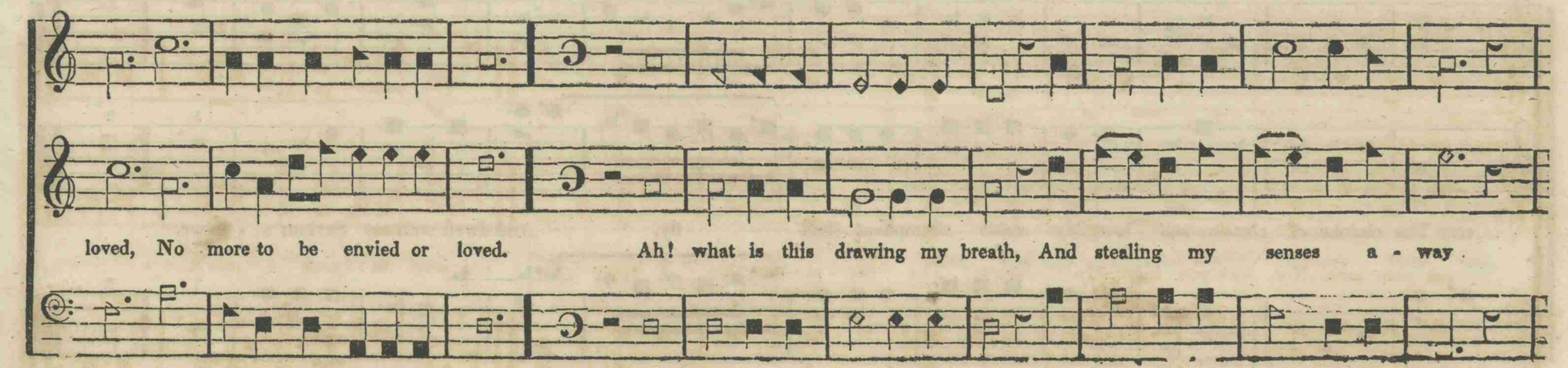
LEANDER. C. M.

Austin.

My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath thy feet, And mischievous as hell. No longer will I
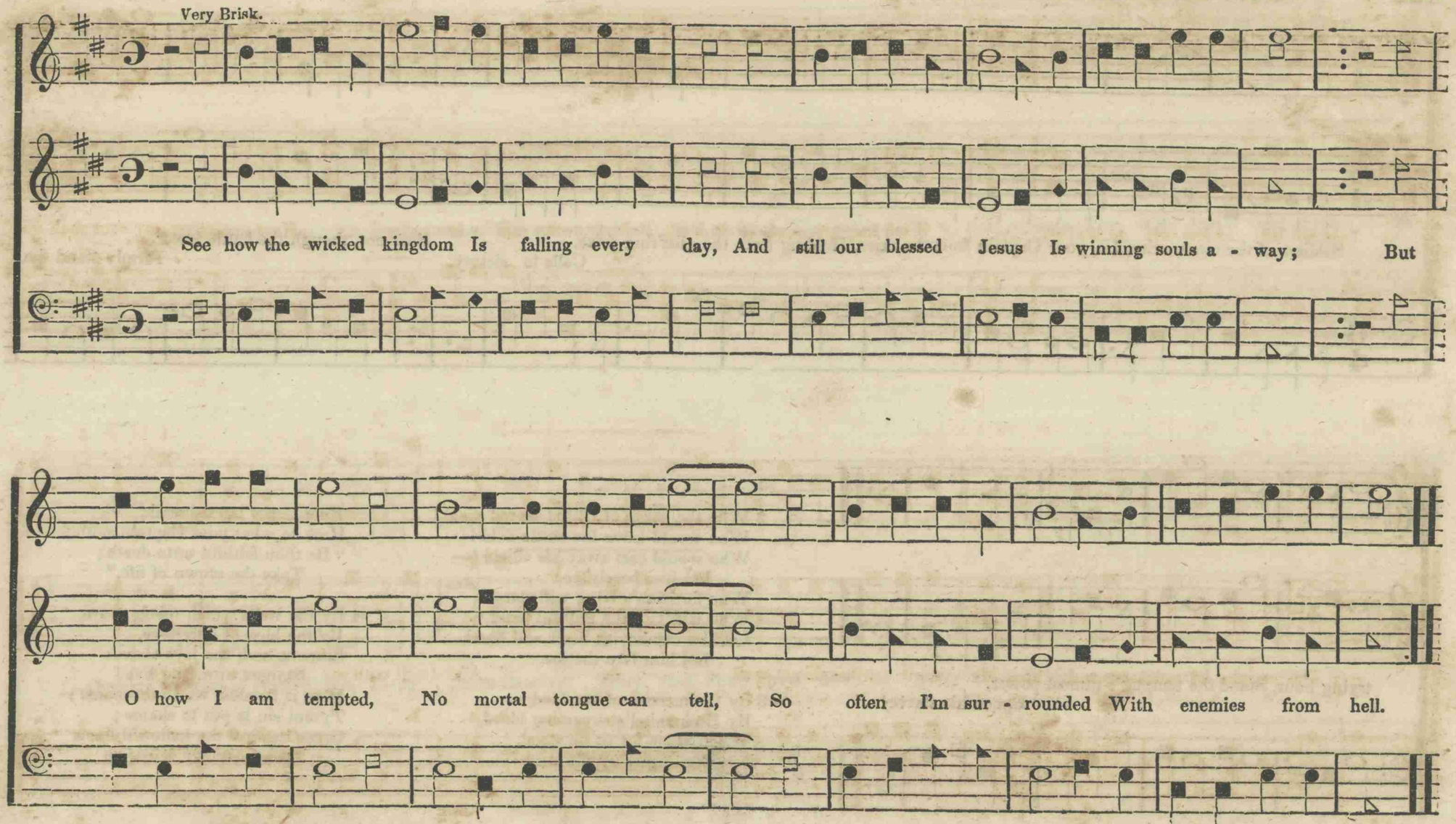
ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more; The hap - pi - ness that I approve, Is not with - in your pow'r.


Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or
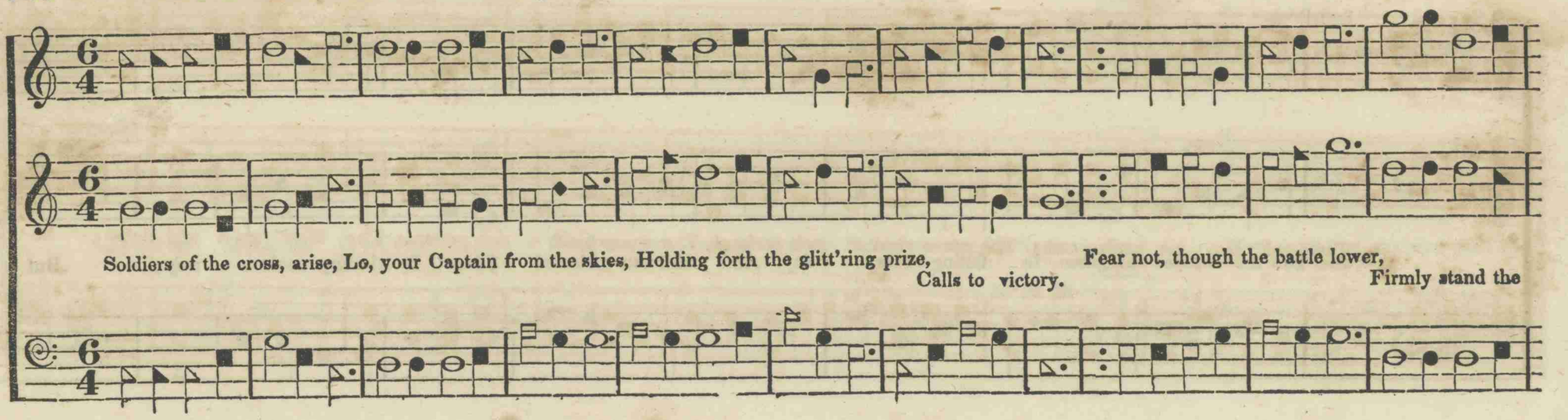

loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses a - way

O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall de-

scry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour a - bove.


Very Brisk.
See how the wicked kingdom Is falling every day, And still our blessed Jesus Is winning souls a - way; But
O how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell, So often I'm sur - rounded With enemies from hell.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS *Spiritualized.* 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5. *Wm. Walker.* Dover Sel. p. 152.



2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?—
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife:
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;—
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."
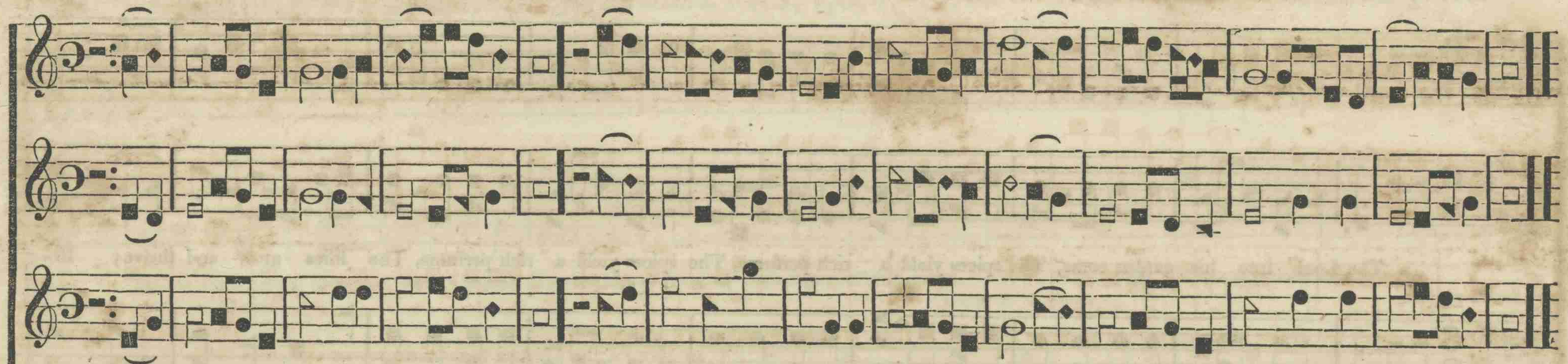
4 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above;
Sinners turn, and live!
Here is freedom worth the name;
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame
God the crown will give
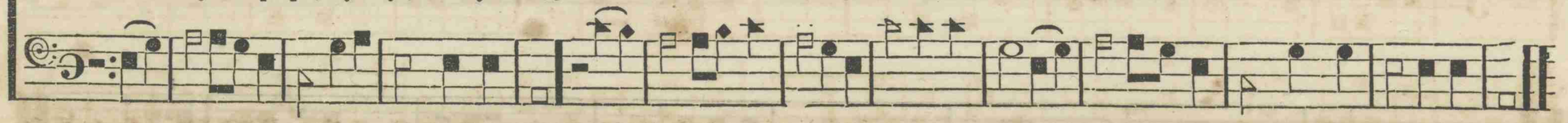
The Lord into his garden come, The spices yield a rich perfume, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive; Re-

freshing showers of grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine, From Jesus flow to every vine, Which make the dead re - vive.

IMANDRA. 11's.

A. Davison.





1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find:
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.
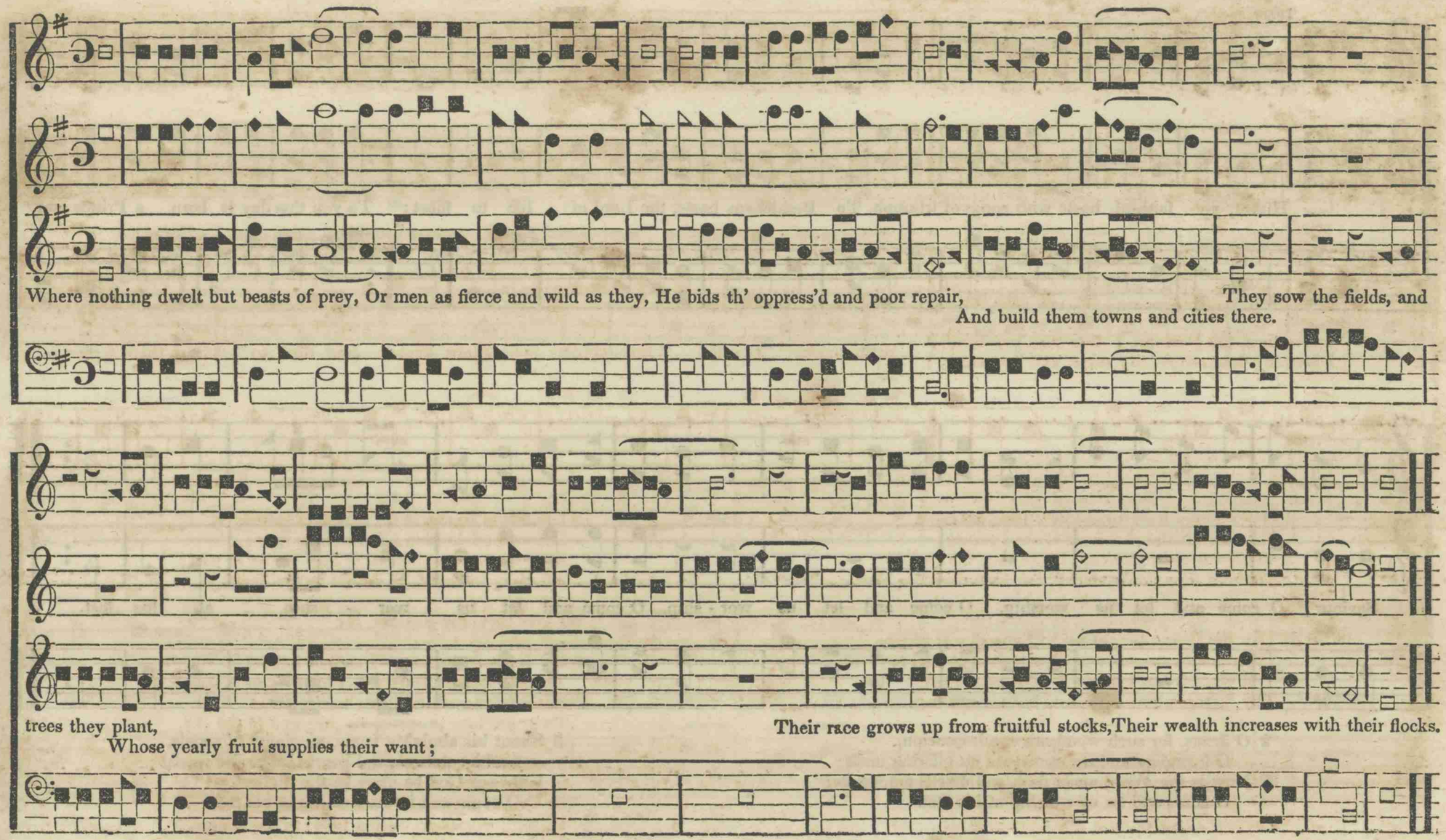
3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name
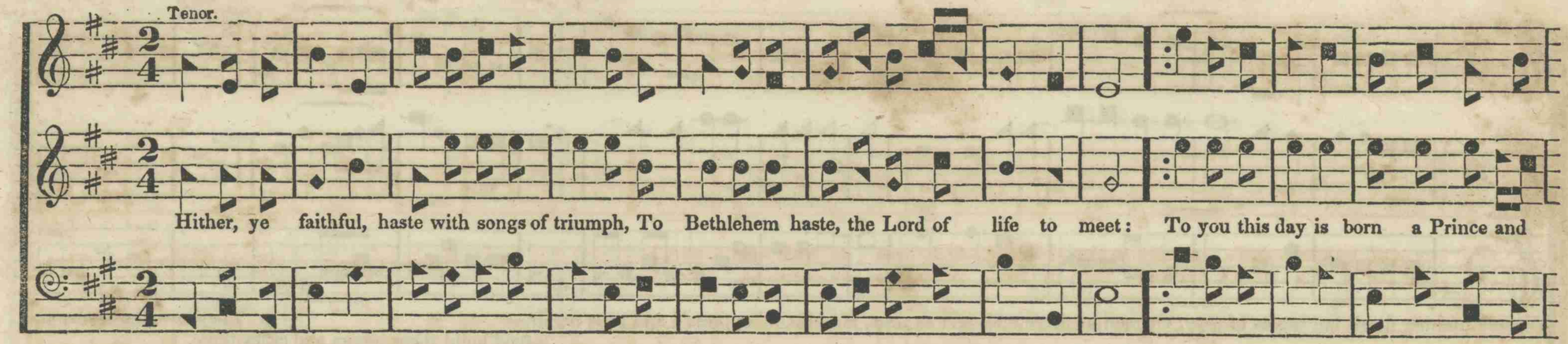
4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 I love thee, my Saviour, &c

6 My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me; had I wings I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky

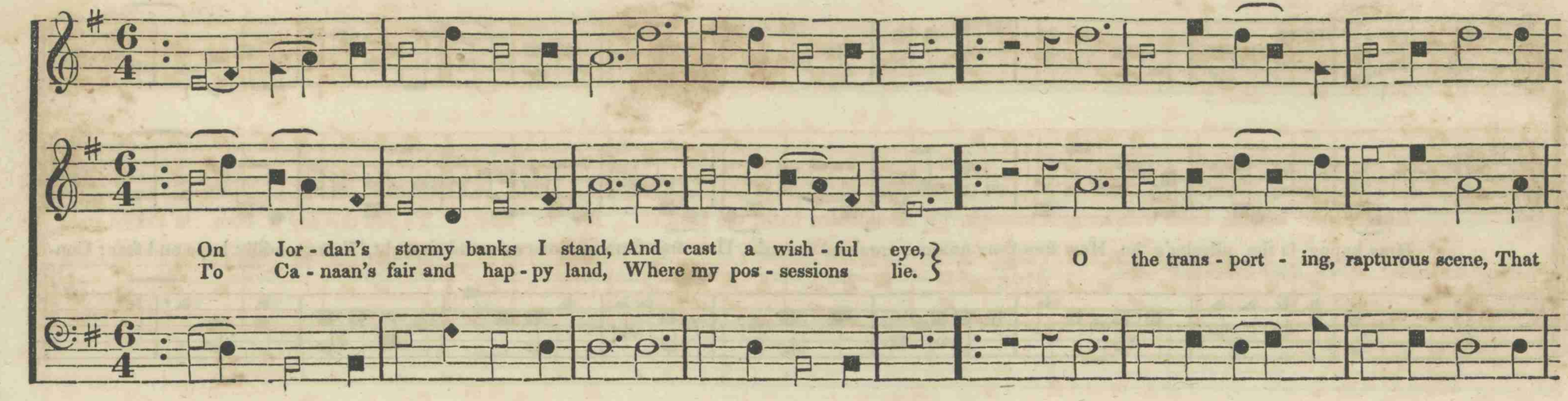
7 Then millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad throng
With pleasures unceasing unite in the song.


Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
They sow the fields, and
And build them towns and cities there.
trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth increases with their flocks.



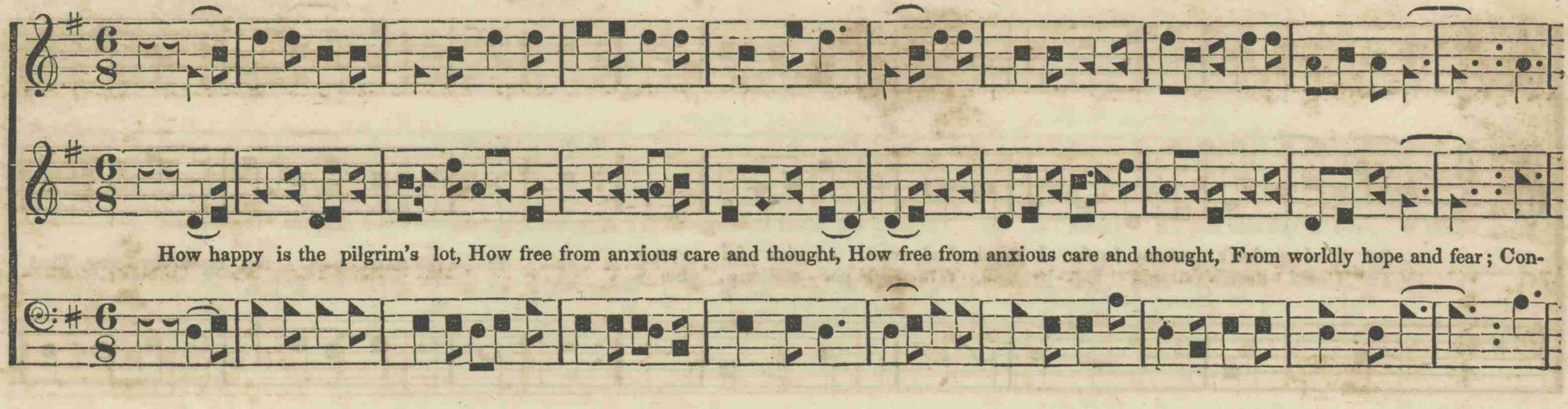
2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us;
O come and let us worship at his feet.

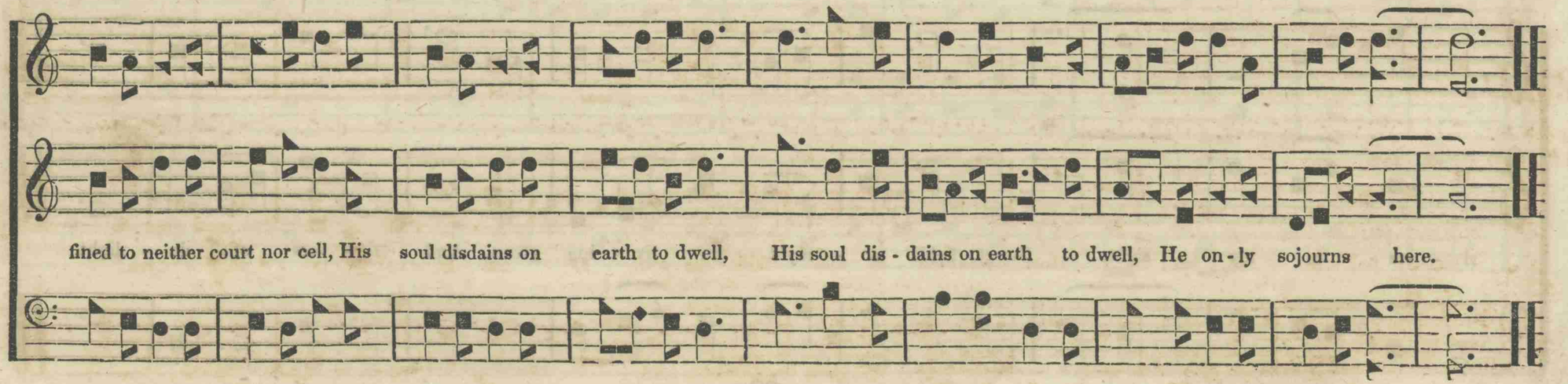
3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
O come and let us worship at his feet.


On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
O the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That
ri - ses to my sight, Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And ri - vers of de - light.

THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8, 8, 6.
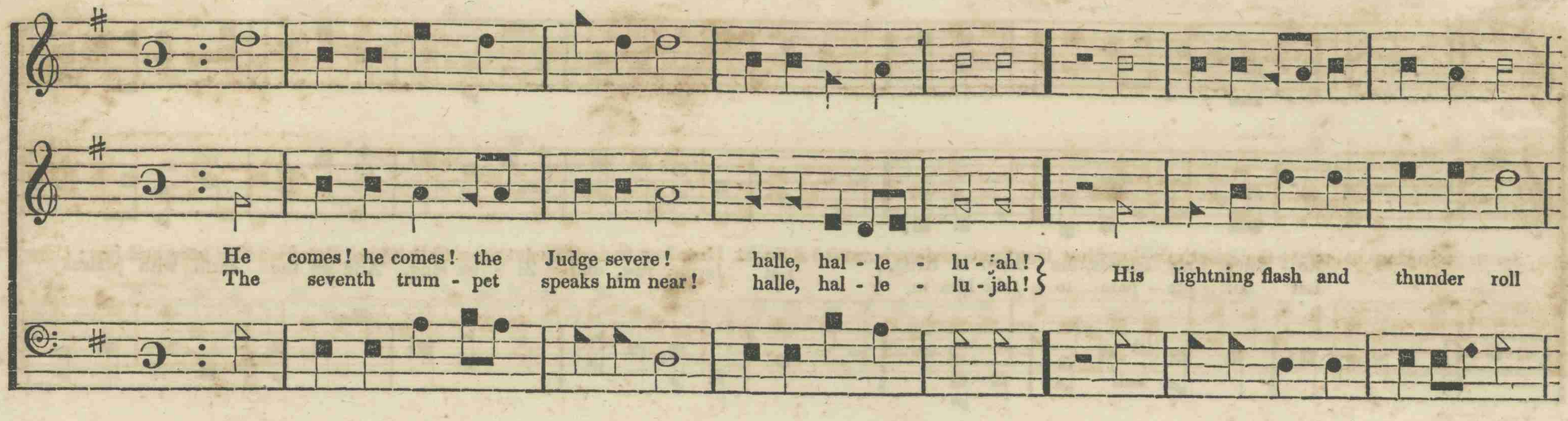
A. Gramblin. Mercer's Cluster, p. 224.
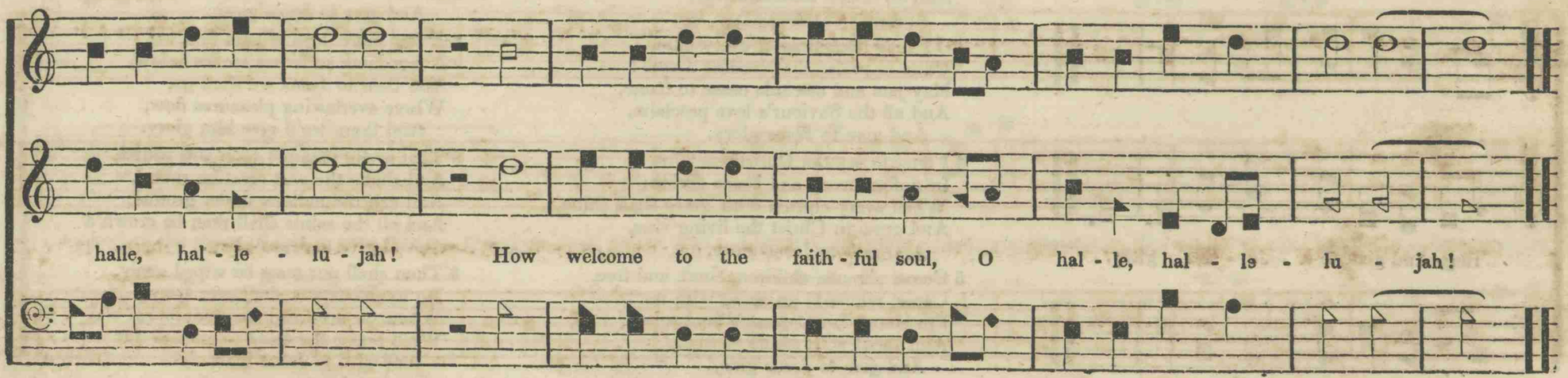




HALLELUJAH. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 7.
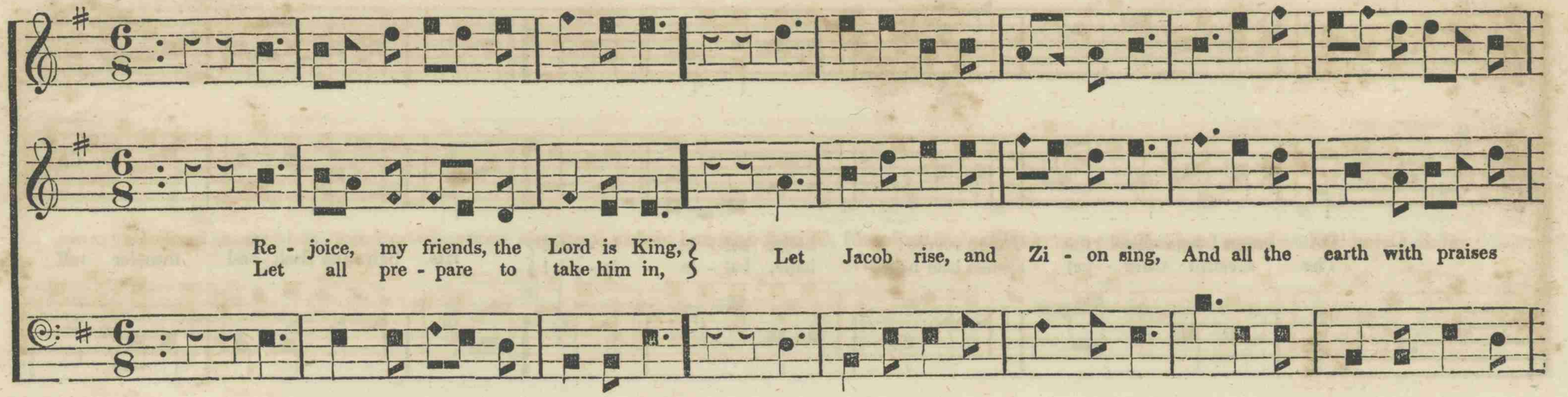
Dr. Harrison.
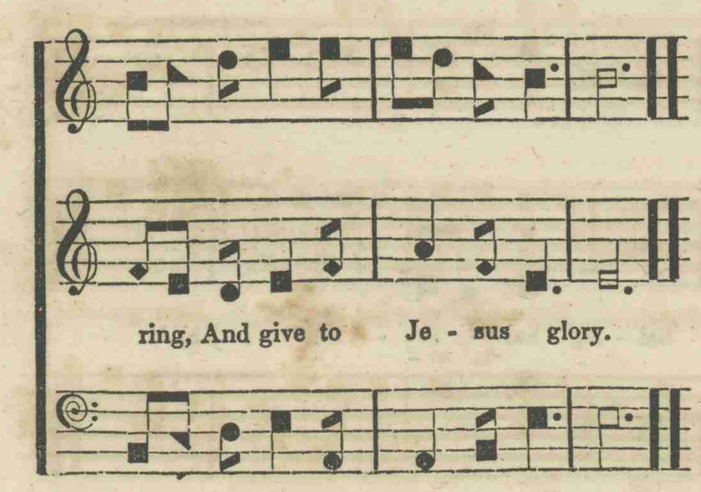




KNOXVILLE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7.

R. Monday. Dover Sel. p. 74.





2 O! may the desert land rejoice,
And mourners hear the Saviour's voice;
While praise their every tongue employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 O! may the saints of every name
Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

4 I long to see the Christians join
In union sweet, and peace divine;
When every church with grace shall shine,
And grow in Christ the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.

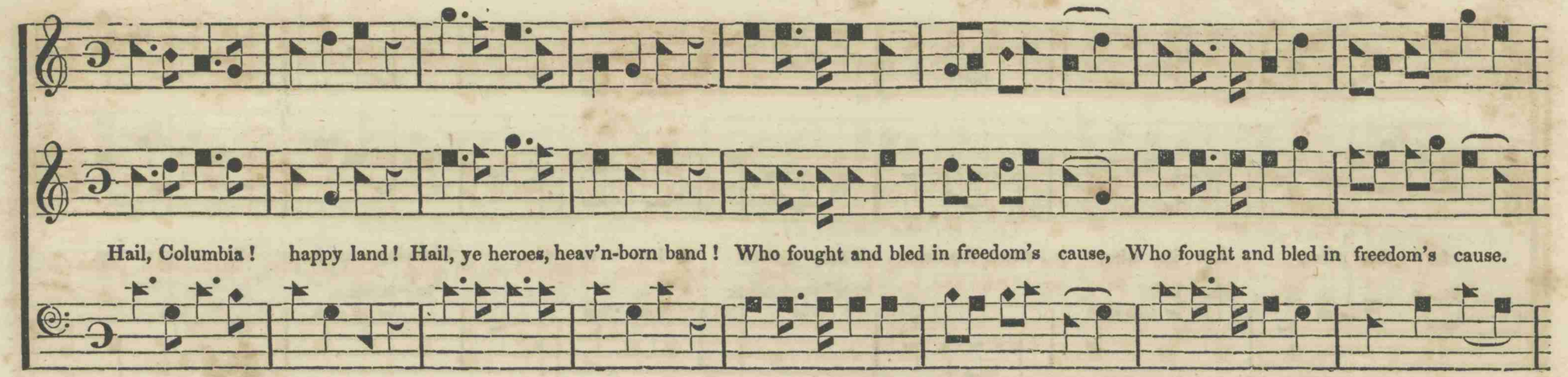
5 Come, parents, children, bond, and free,
Come, who will go along with me?
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
And shout with saints eternally.
And give to Jesus glory.
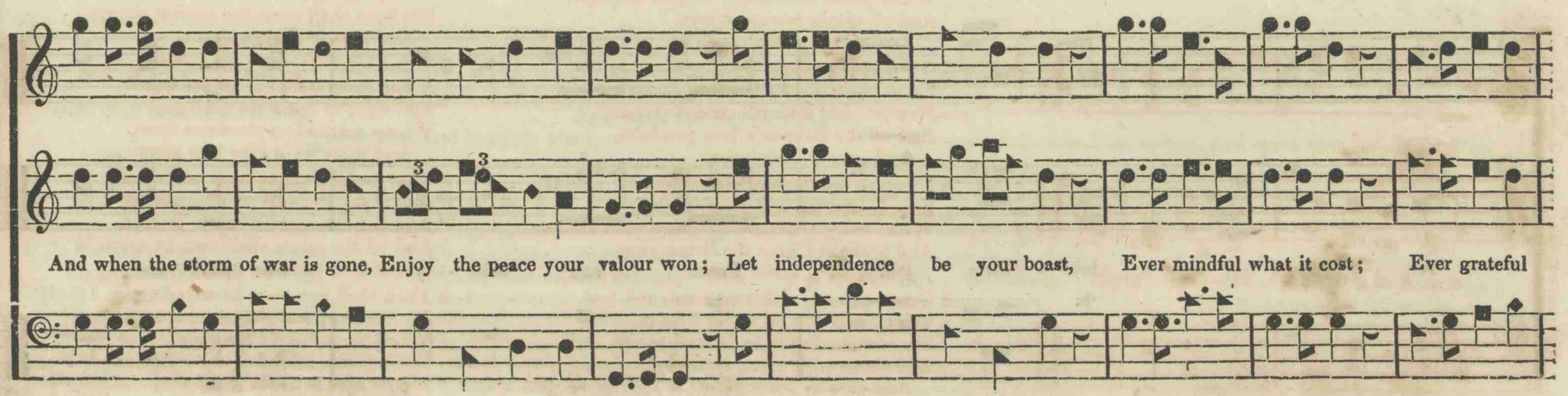
6 Those beauteous fields of living green,
By faith my joyful eyes have seen;
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.
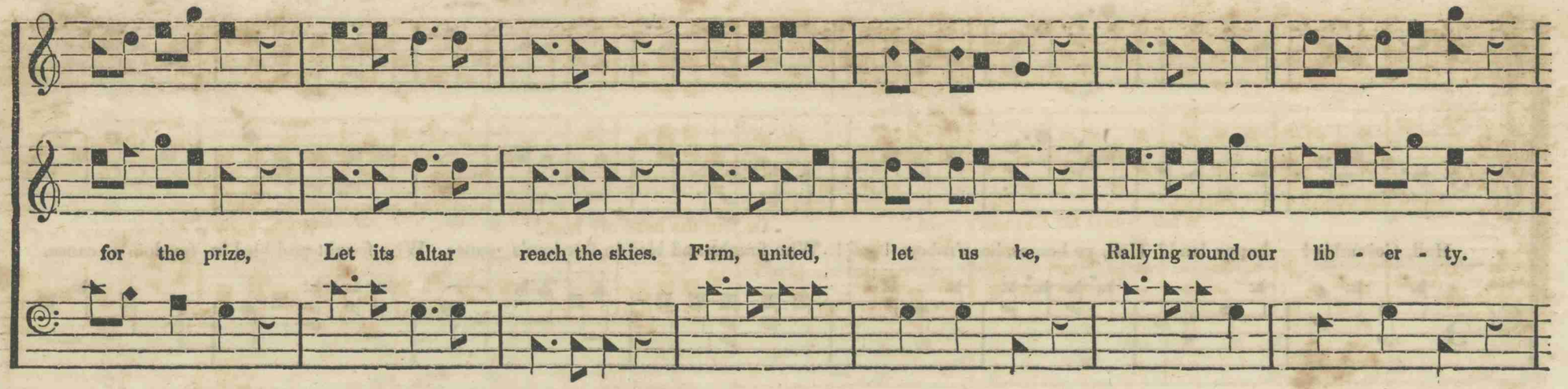
7 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.
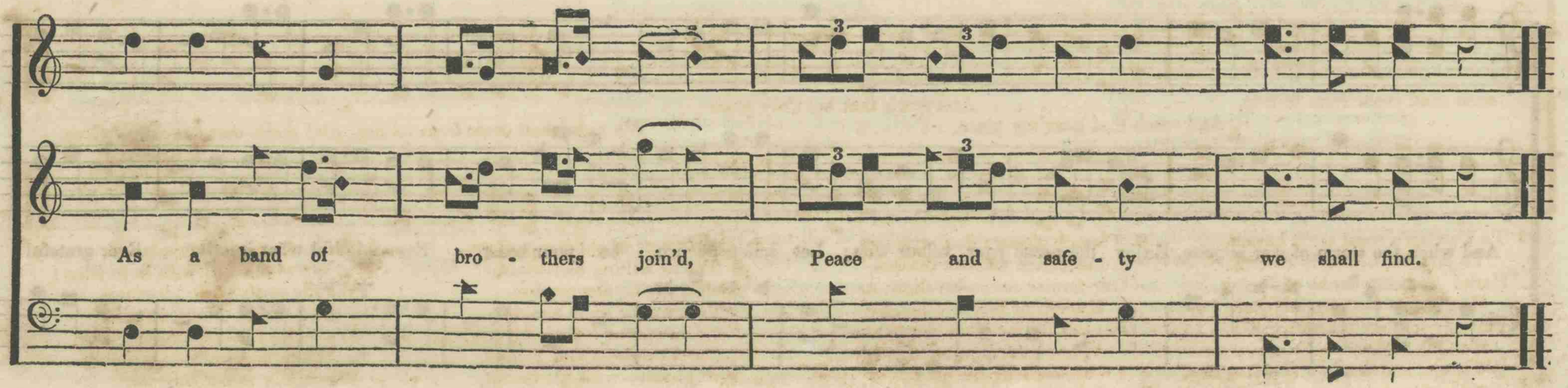
8 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground,
And all the saints shall then be crown'd
And give to Jesus glory.
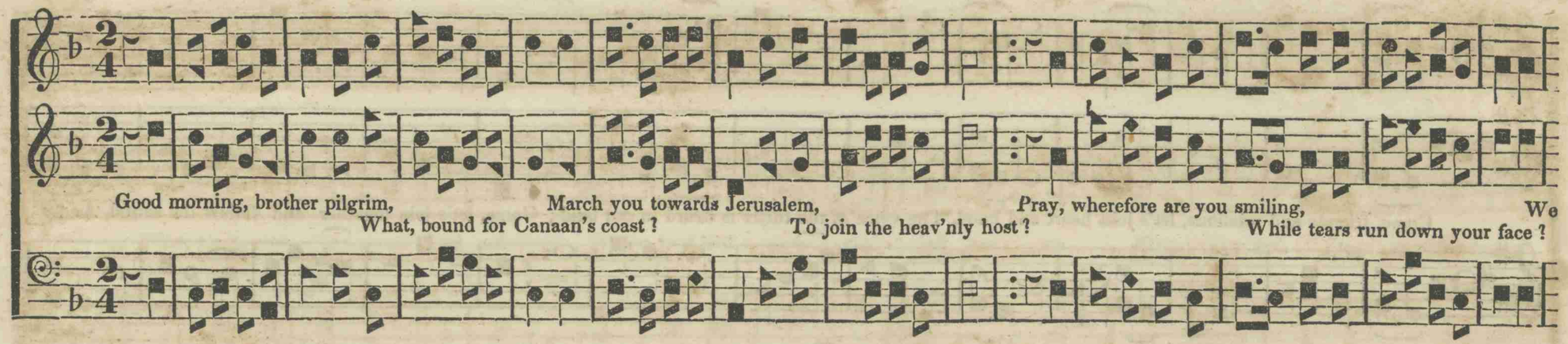
9 Then shall our tears be wiped away,
No more our feet shall ever stray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day
And give to Jesus glory
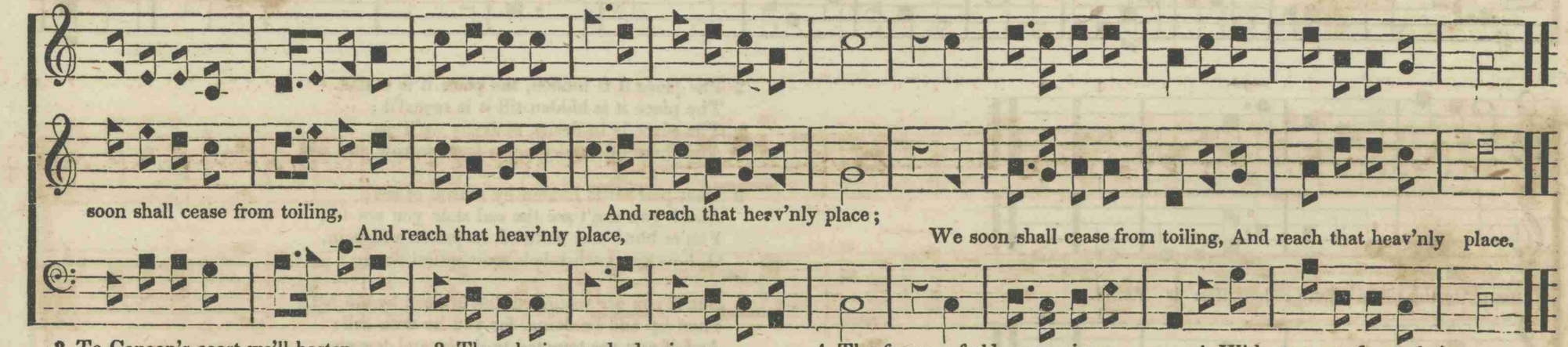

Hail, Columbia! happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.


And when the storm of war is gone, Enjoy the peace your valour won; Let independence be your boast, Ever mindful what it cost; Ever grateful


for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies. Firm, united, let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty.


As a band of bro - thers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.
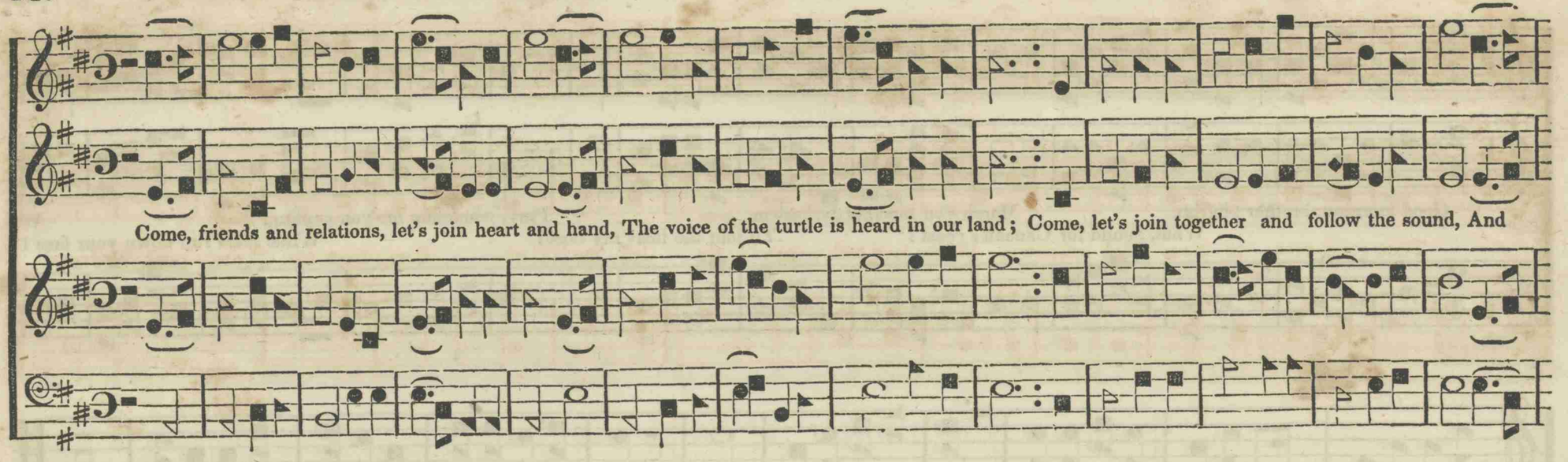




2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark ! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song !
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue
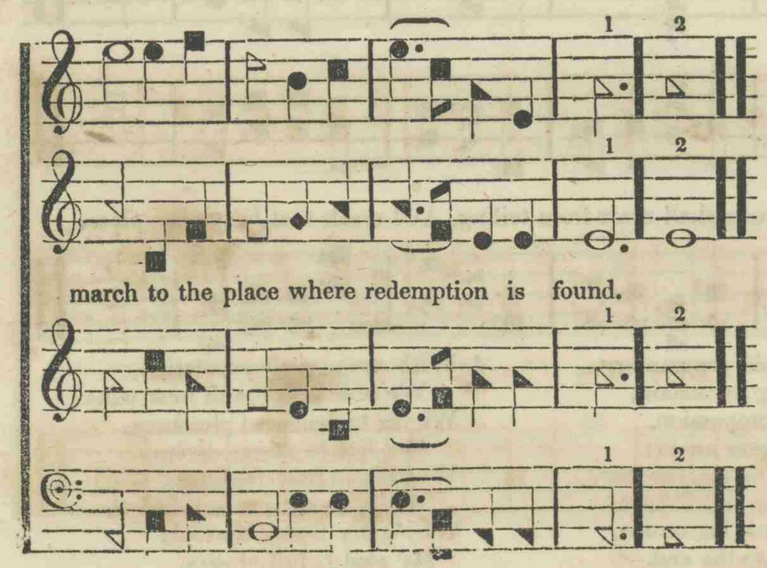
3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us
Esteem us low and mean
No earthly joy shall charm us,
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us,
In the distressing day.

4 The frowns of old companions,
We're willing to sustain,
And in divine compassion,
To pray for them again ;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.

4 With streams of consolation,
We're filled as with new wine ;
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine :
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above,
Why glory to my Saviour,
My soul is full of love.

REDEMPTION. 11's.
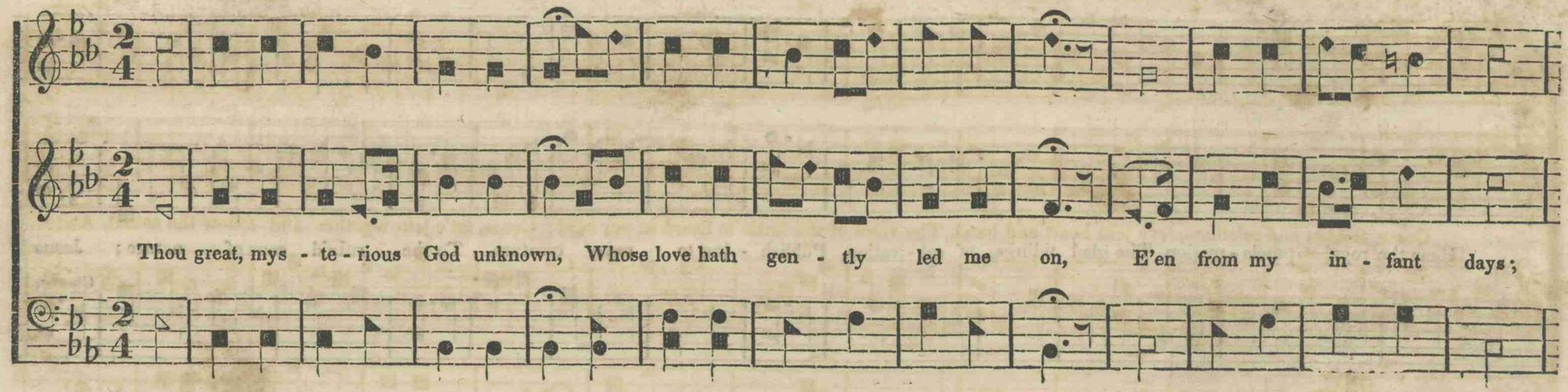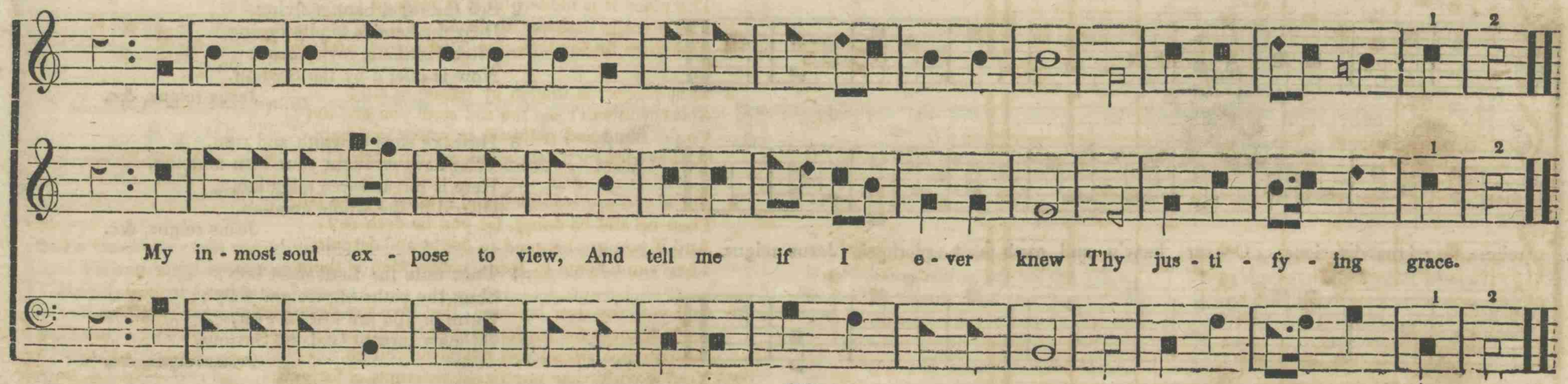




2 The place it is hidden, the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

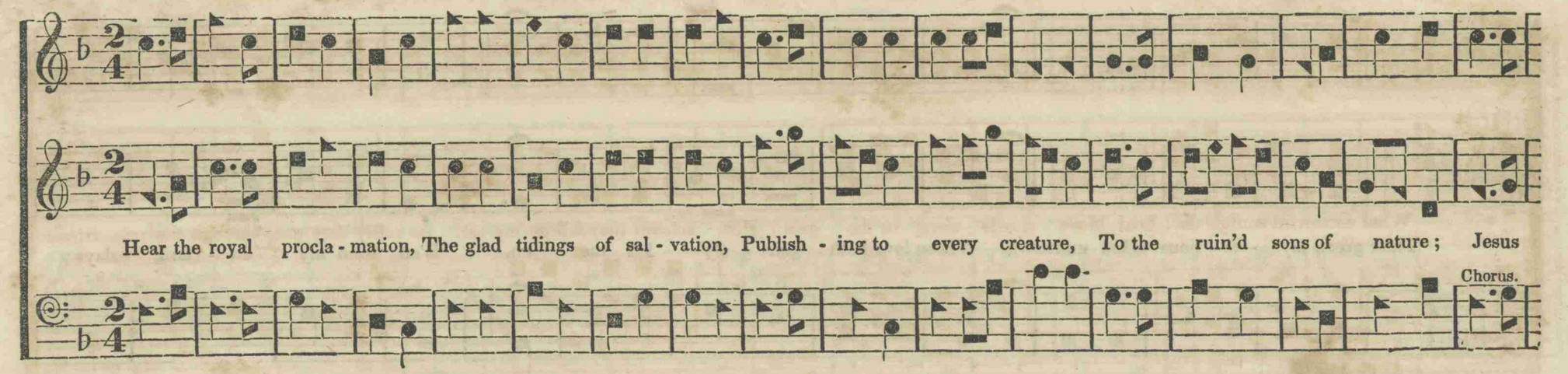
3 That place it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in;
You're blind and polluted, in prison and pain,
O, how can such rebels redemption obtain!

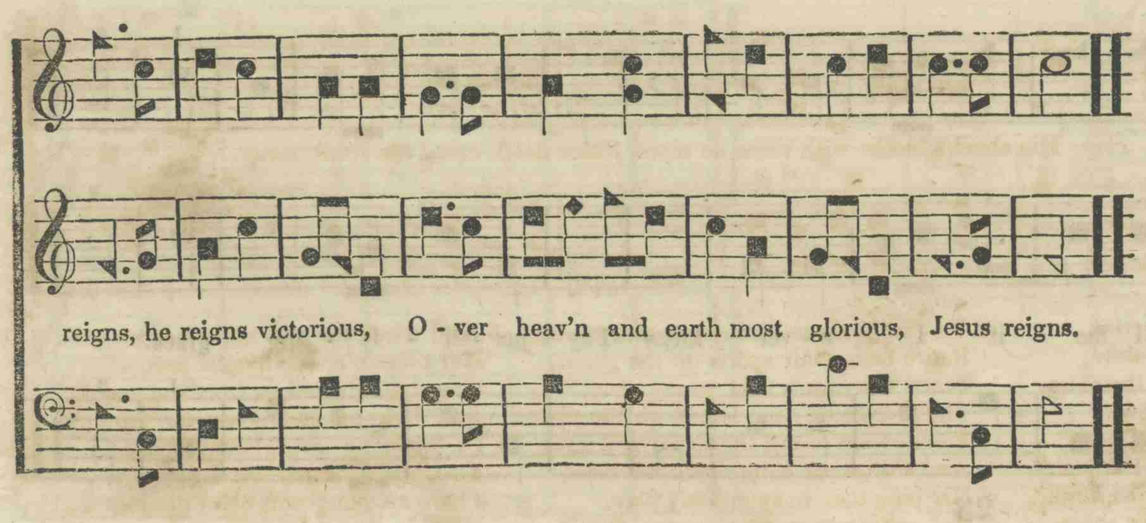
4 But if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then up and be doing, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there

5 And you, my dear brethren, that love my dear Lord,
Have witness for pardon, through faith in his blood;
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchased redemption for you


Thou great, mys - te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gen - tly led me on, E'en from my in - fant days;


1 2
My in - most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I e - ver knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

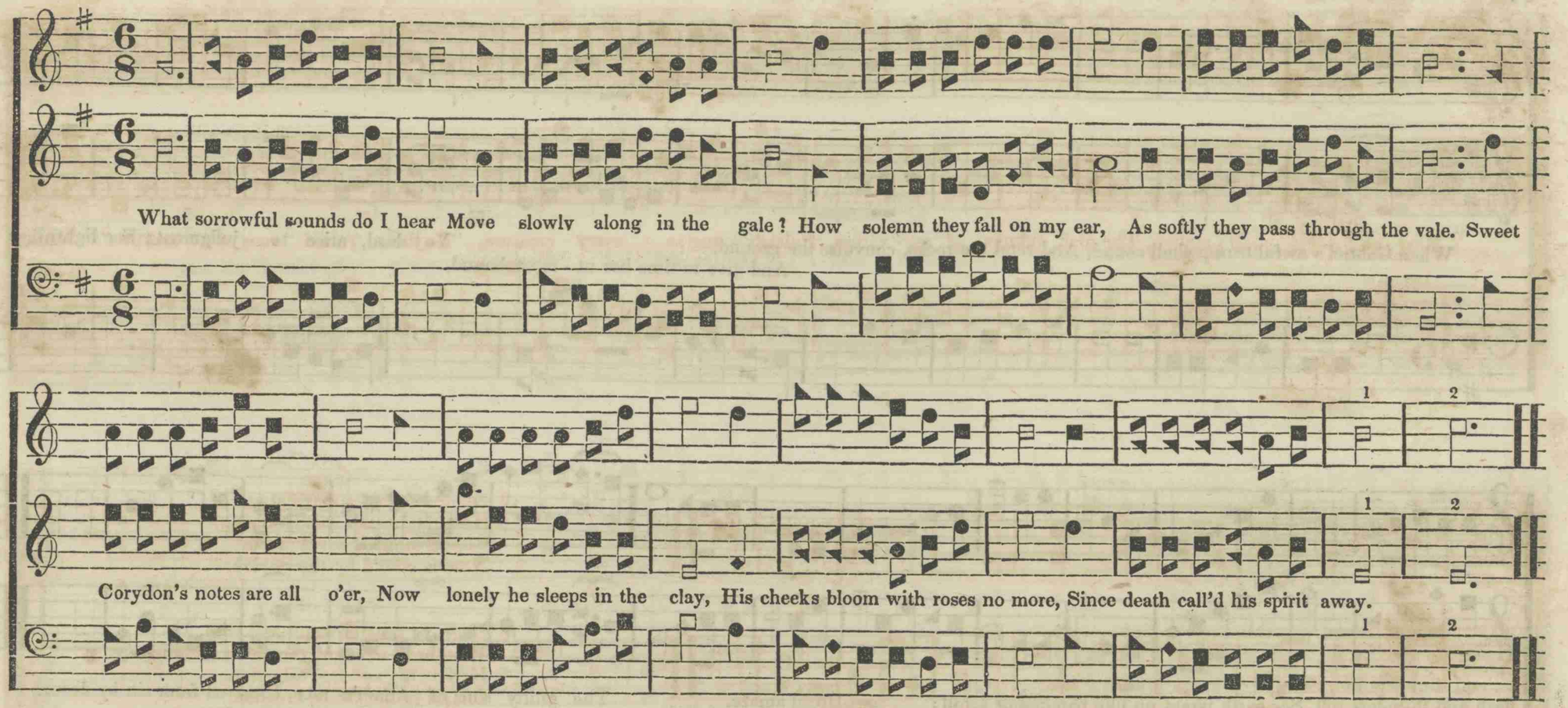




2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O! now turn to God the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.



2 Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,
And willows their sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave.
Each morn when the sun gilds the east,
(The green grass bespangled with dew,)
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

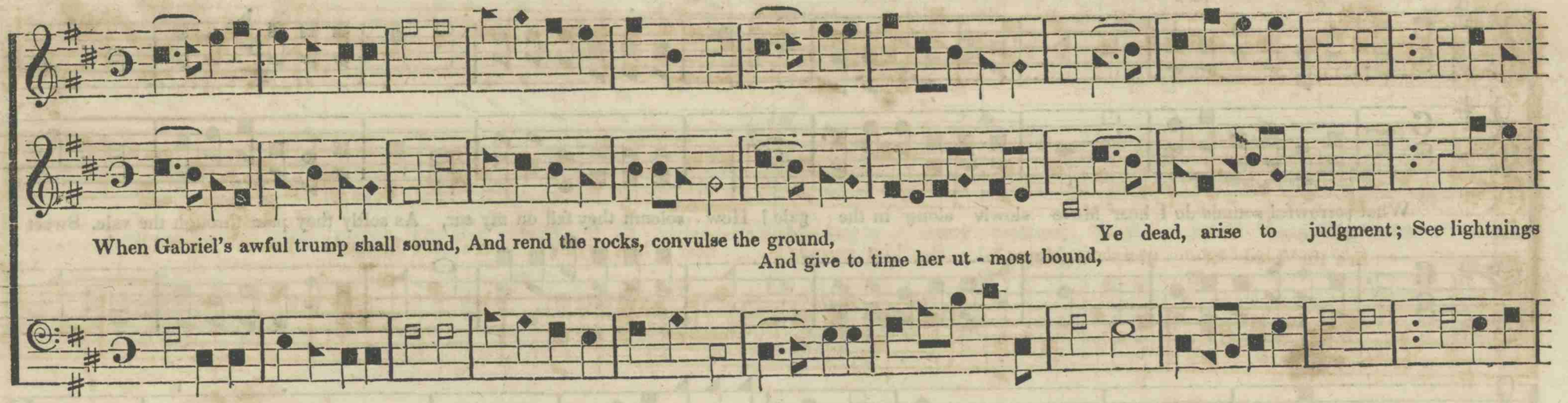
3 O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below;
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

4 Ye shepherds so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green,
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;
Each swain round the forest will stray
And sorrowing hang down his head,
His pipe then in symphony play,
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

5 And when the still night has unfurl'd
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground,—
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly,
There kneeling will bless the just God,
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.

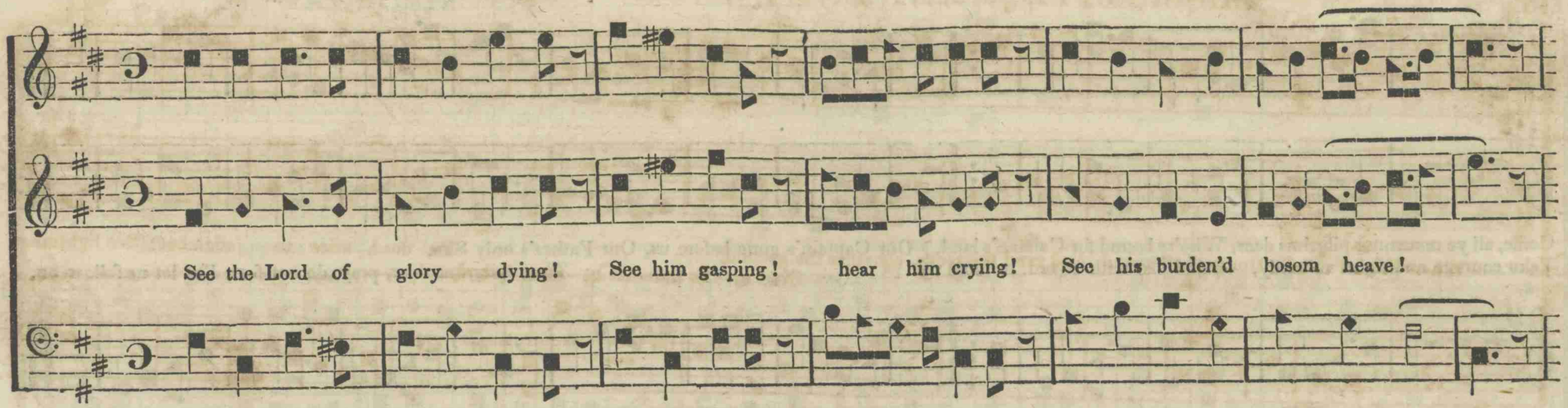
MISSISSIPPI. 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 3, 3, 3, 3, 8.

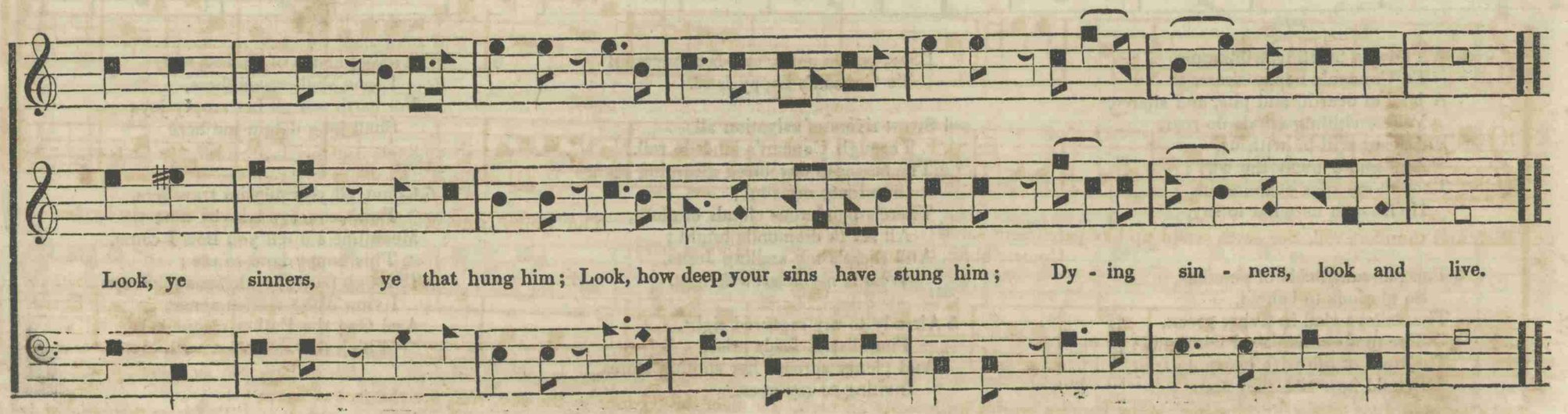
Braashaw.
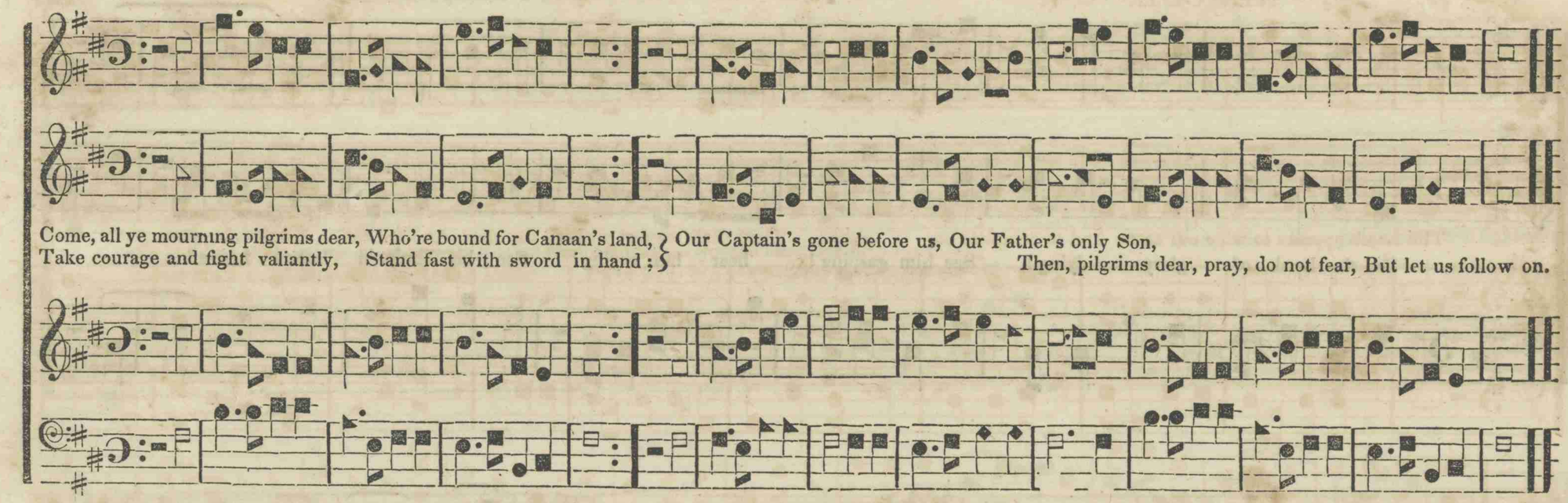


The Christian fill'd with rapturous joy, Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high, To meet the Saviour in the sky, And see the face of Jesus;
The soul and body reunite, And fill'd with glory infinite. Blessed day, Christians say! Will you pray, That we may All join the happy company, To praise the name of Jesus.

LENA. 8, 7.


See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave!


Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

PILGRIM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.



Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, } Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's only Son,
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; } Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us follow on.

2 We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand:
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

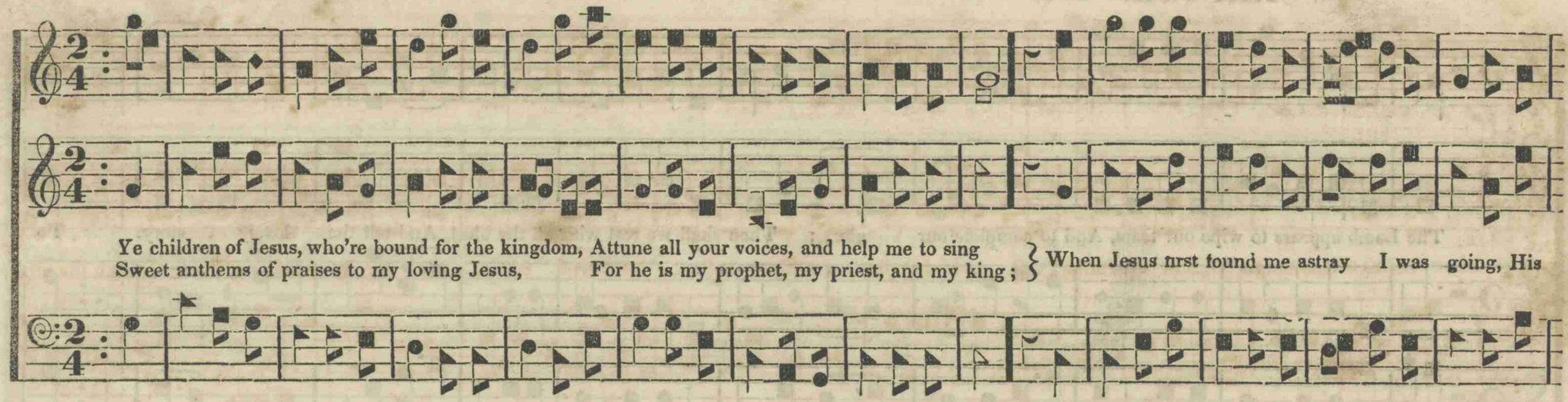
4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering scenes
Illuminate my soul;
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

5 Already to my raptured sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here
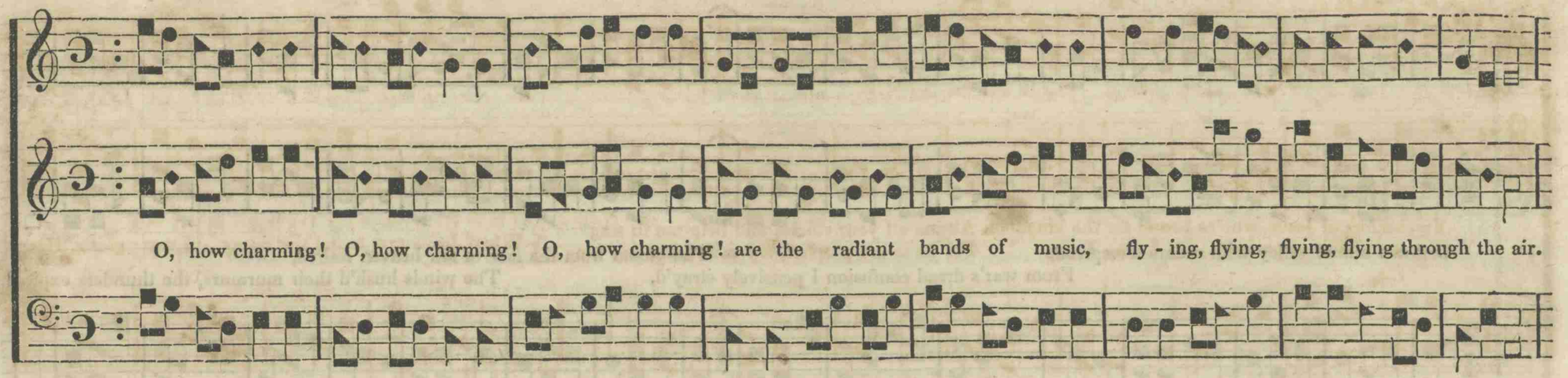
6 Come, all you pilgrim travellers,
Fresh courage take by me;
Meantime I'll tell you how I came,
This happy land to see;
Through faith the glorious telescope,
I view'd the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
Which fills my heart with love

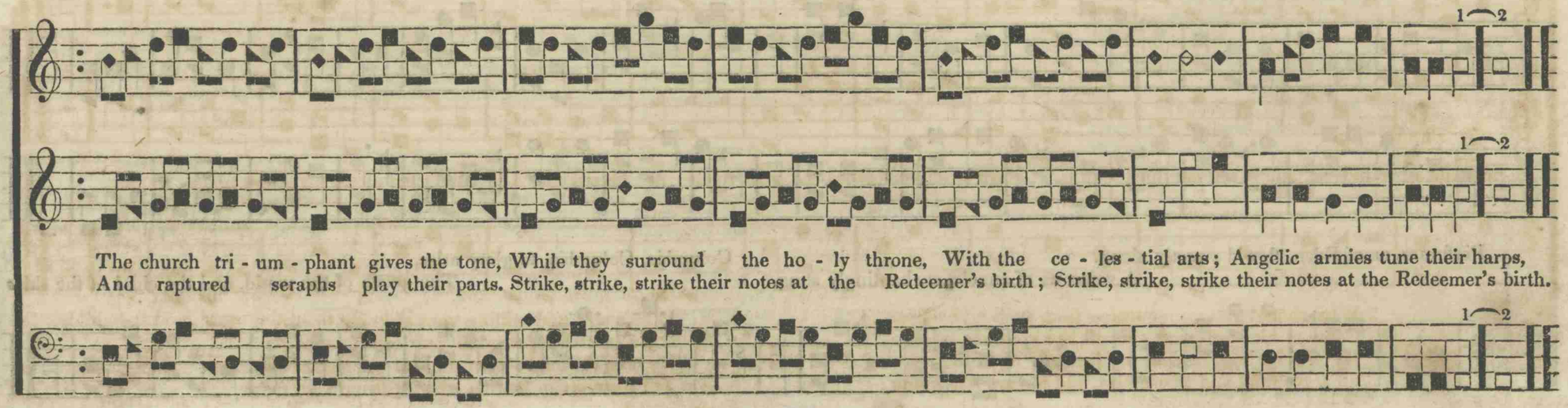
The Lamb appears to wipe our tears, And to complete our glory; Then shall we rest with all the blest, And tell the lovely story. To

sit and tell Christ loved us well, And that when we were sin - ners; Heaven will ring, while saints do sing, "Glory to the Redeem - er."

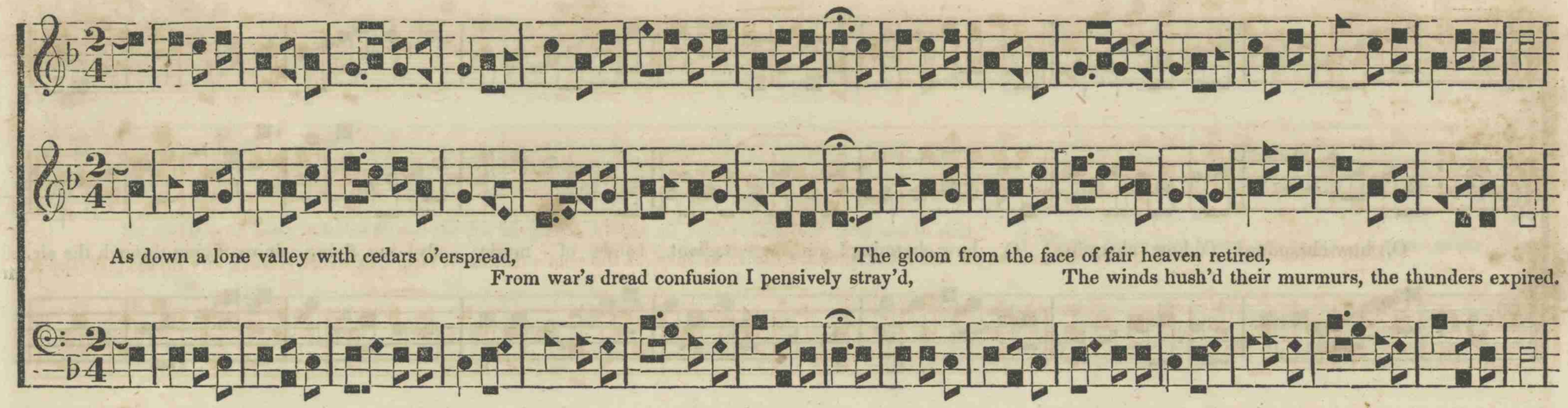


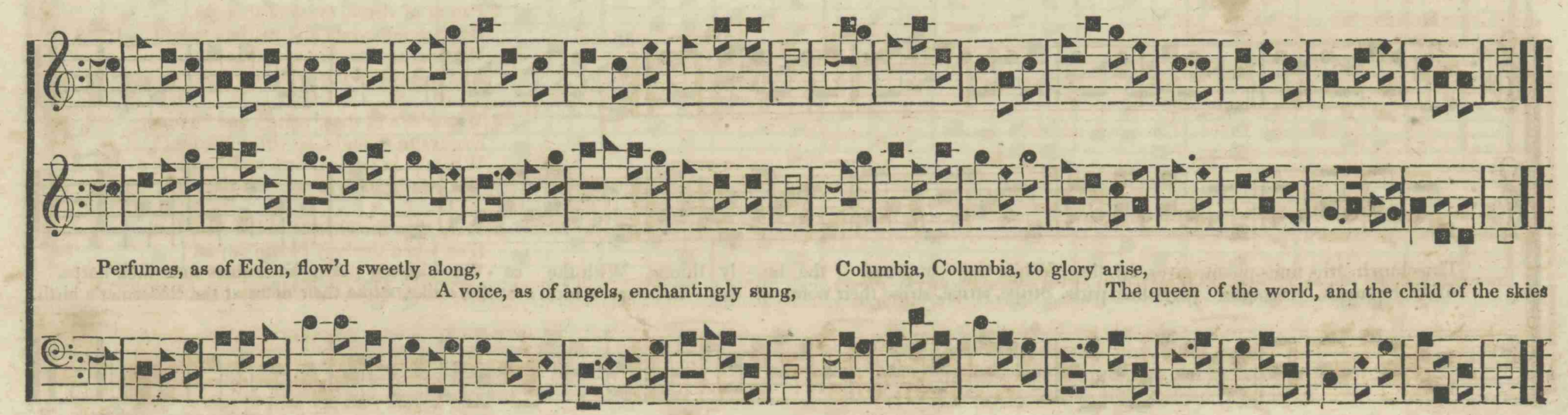
2 Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoices,
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him;
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure;
His Father has promised your case to ensure;
He brought me to Zion, to hear the glad voices,
Till we meet in heaven where parting's no more

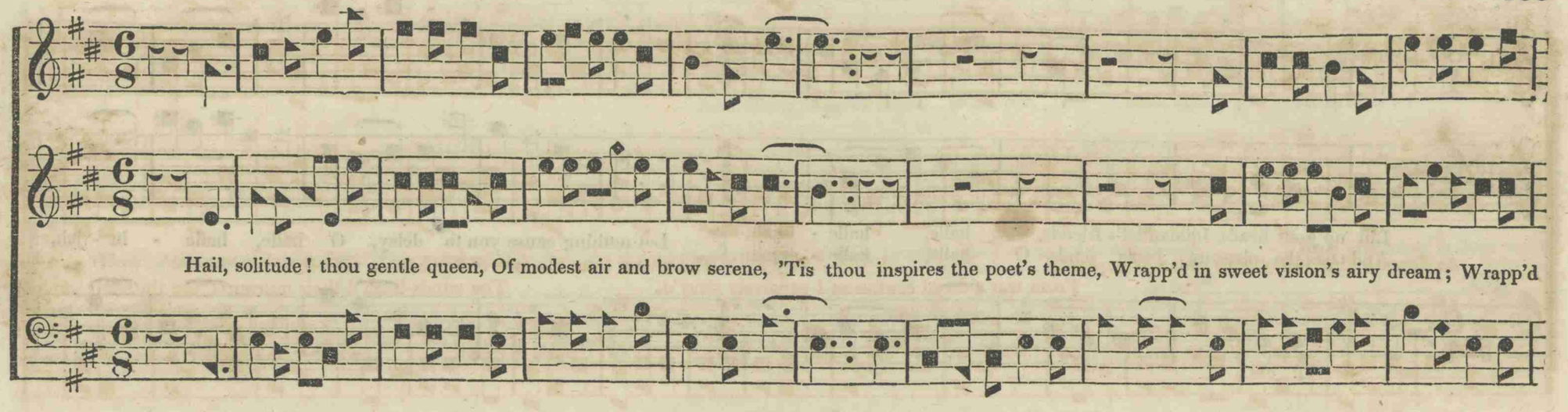

O, how charming! O, how charming! O, how charming! are the radiant bands of music, fly - ing, flying, flying, flying through the air.
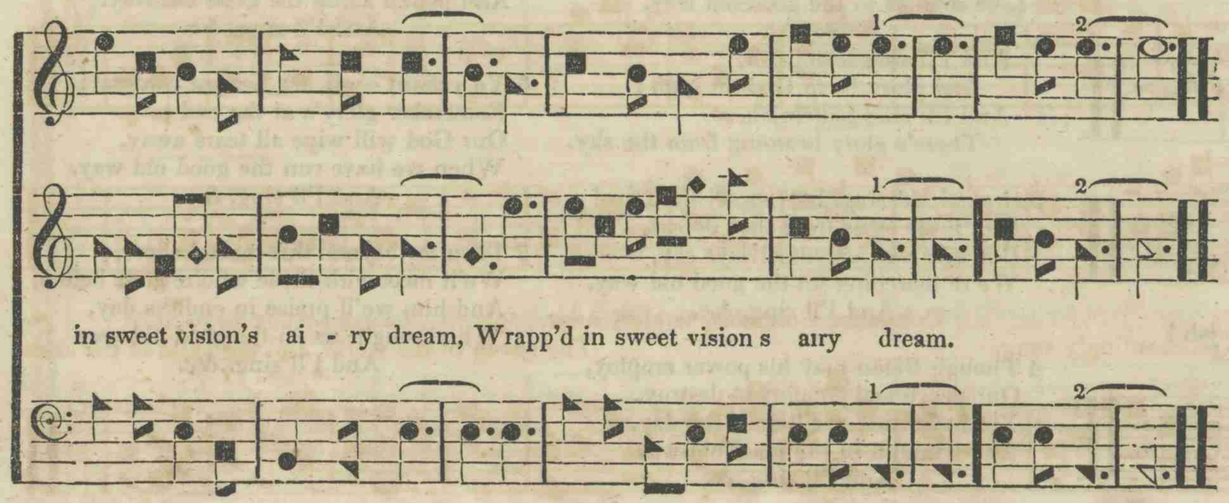

1 2
1 2
The church tri - um - phant gives the tone, While they surround the ho - ly throne, With the ce - les - tial arts; Angelic armies tune their harps,
And raptured seraphs play their parts. Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Redeemer's birth; Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Redeemer's birth.
1 2

COLUMBIA. 11's. (Words by Dwight.)









2 Parent of virtue, muse of thought,
By thee are saints and patriots taught,
Wisdom to thee her treasures owe,
And in thy lap fair science grow.
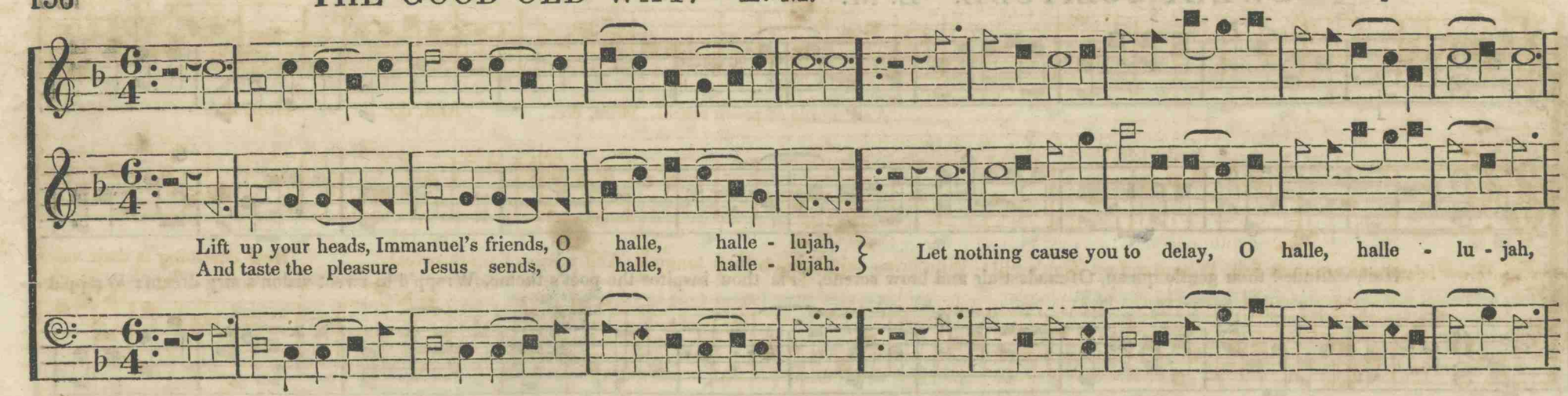
3 Whate'er's in thee, refines and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.
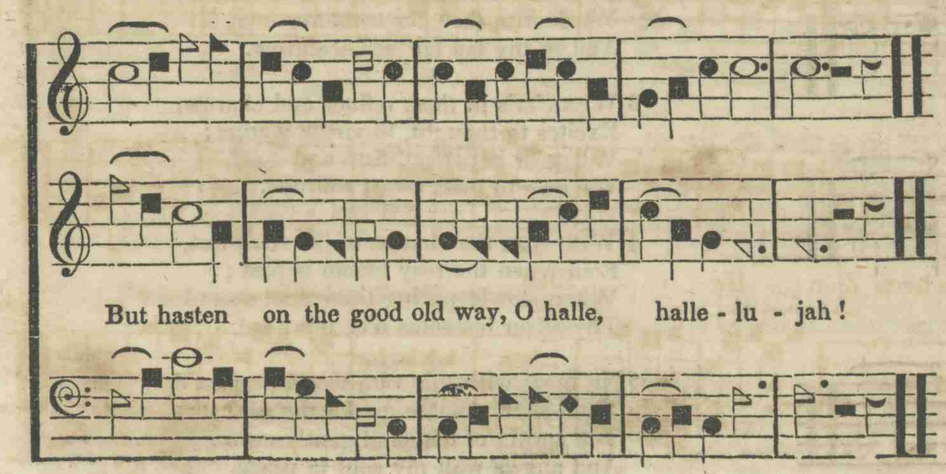
4 With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
When slowly pacing time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

5 No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next:
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.

THE GOOD OLD WAY. L. M.

Wm. Walker. Dover Sel. p. 56





2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

CHORUS.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And glory be to God on high;
And I'll sing hallelujah,
There's glory beaming from the sky.

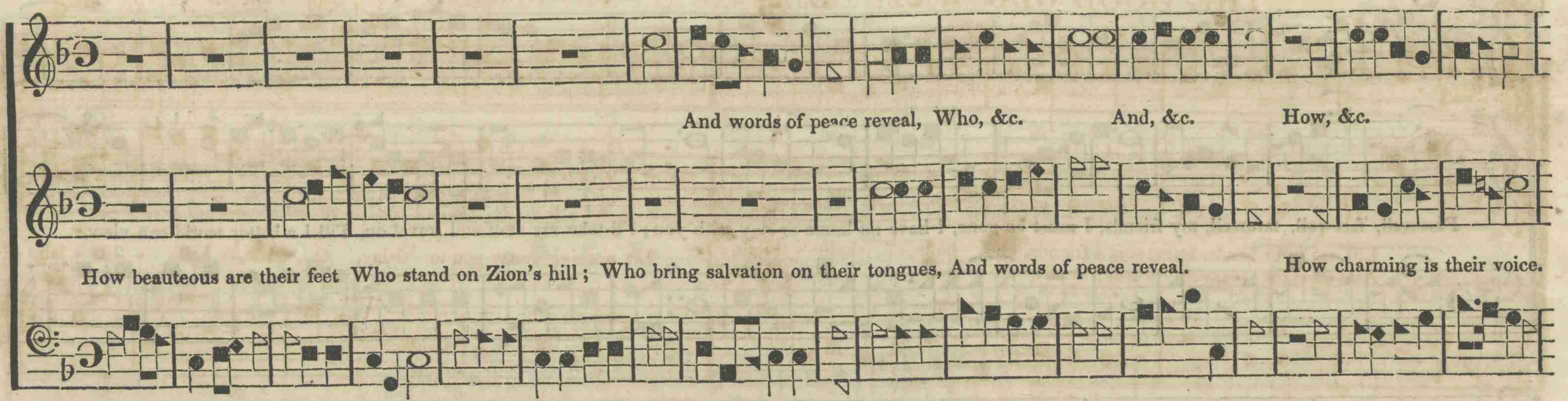
3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching on the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
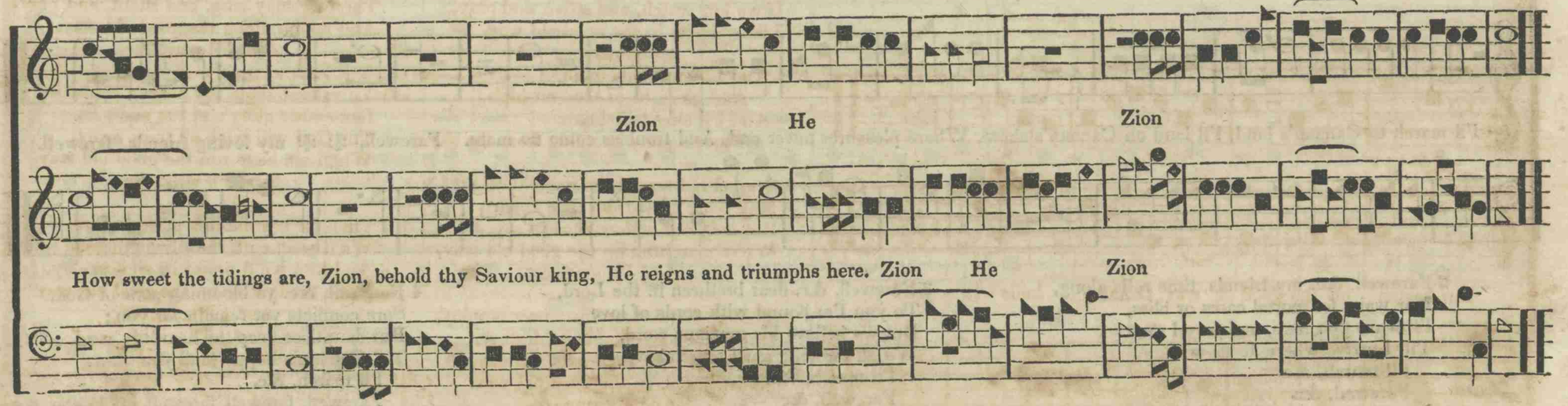
4 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way
And I'll sing, &c.
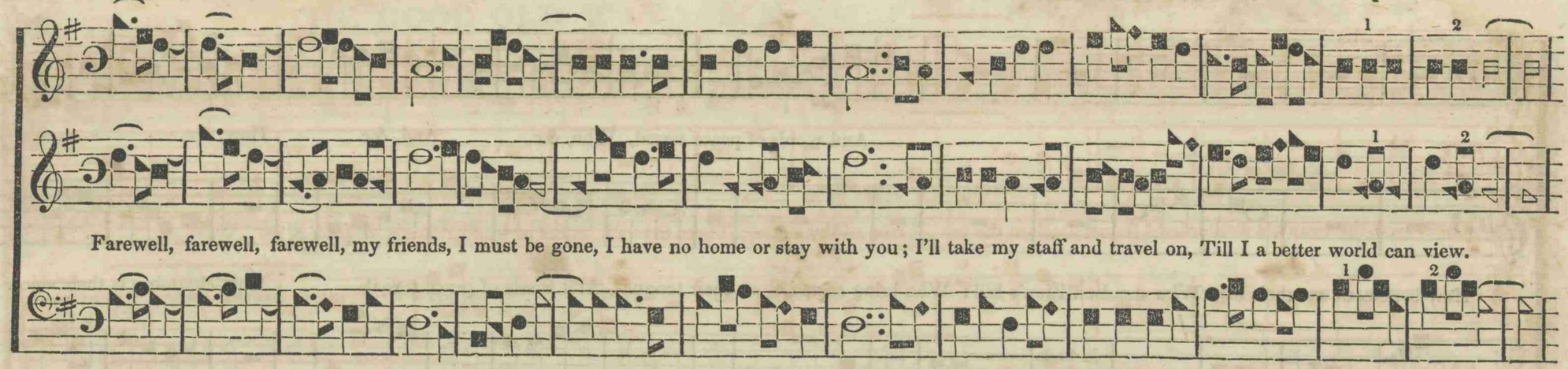
5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
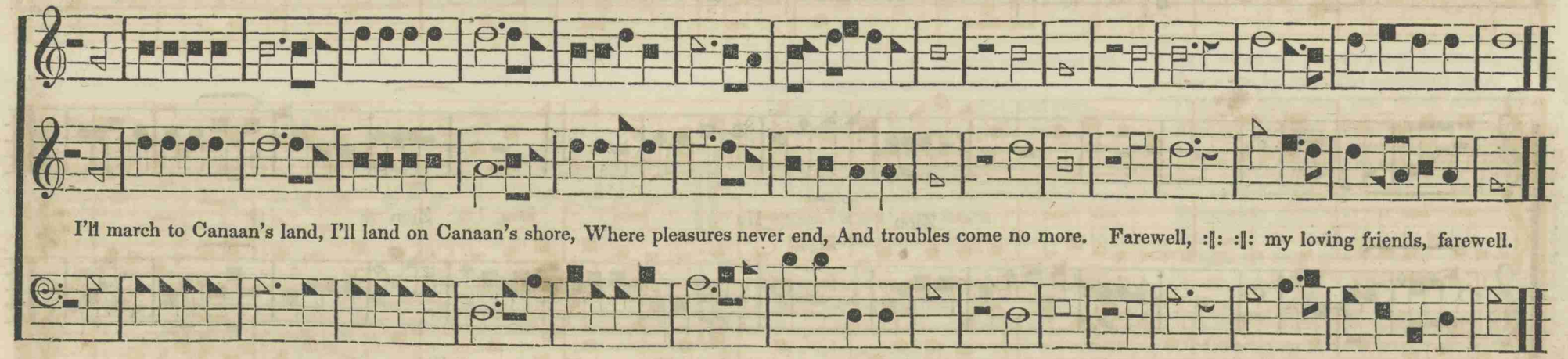
7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before,
And him we'll praise in endless day,
Who brought us on the good old way
And I'll sing, &c.


And words of peace reveal, Who, &c. And, &c. How, &c.
How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. How charming is their voice.


Zion He Zion
How sweet the tidings are, Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here. Zion He Zion



Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world can view.



I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell, :‖: :‖: my loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss,
I'll leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.
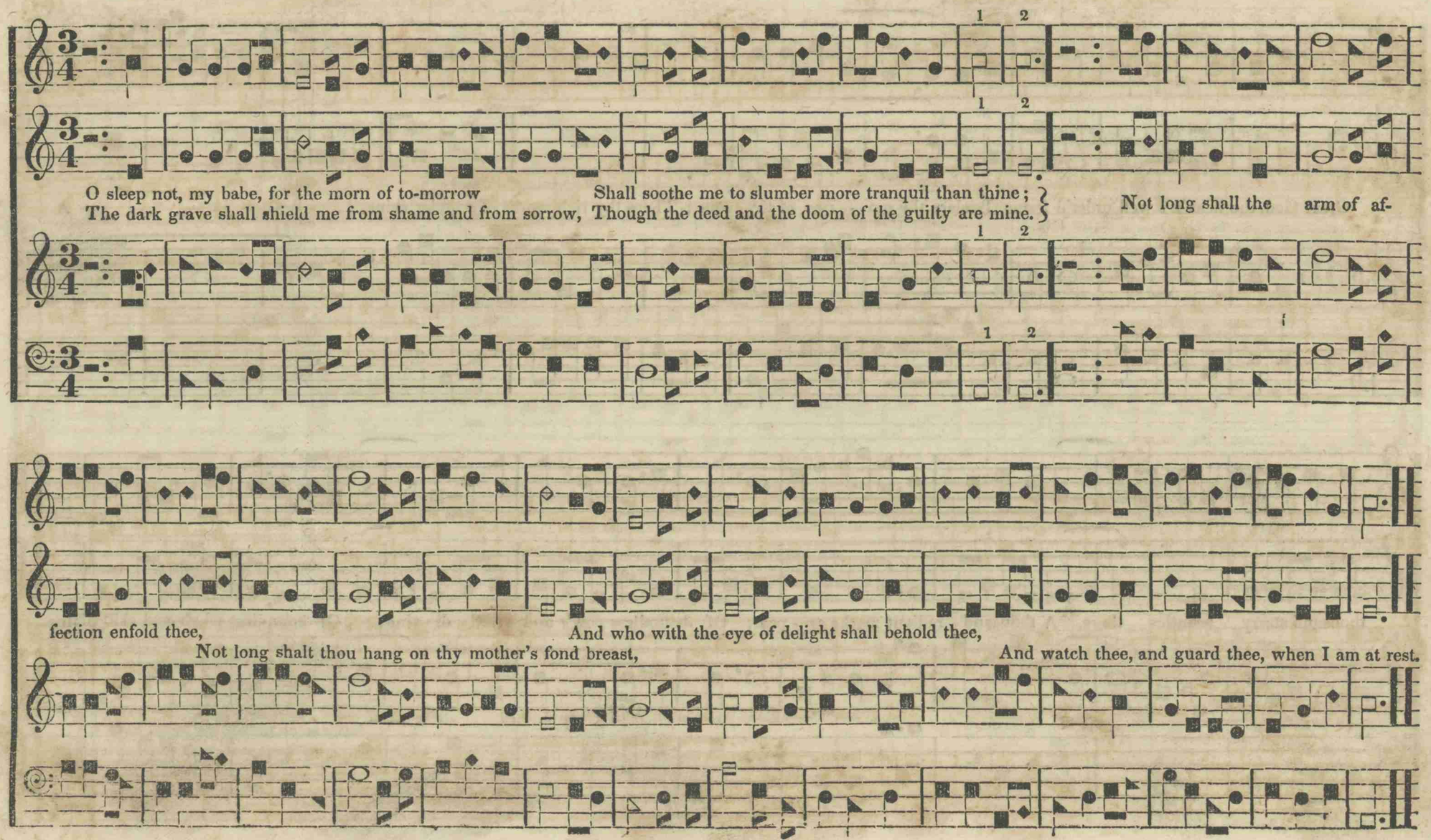
3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above,
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving, &c.
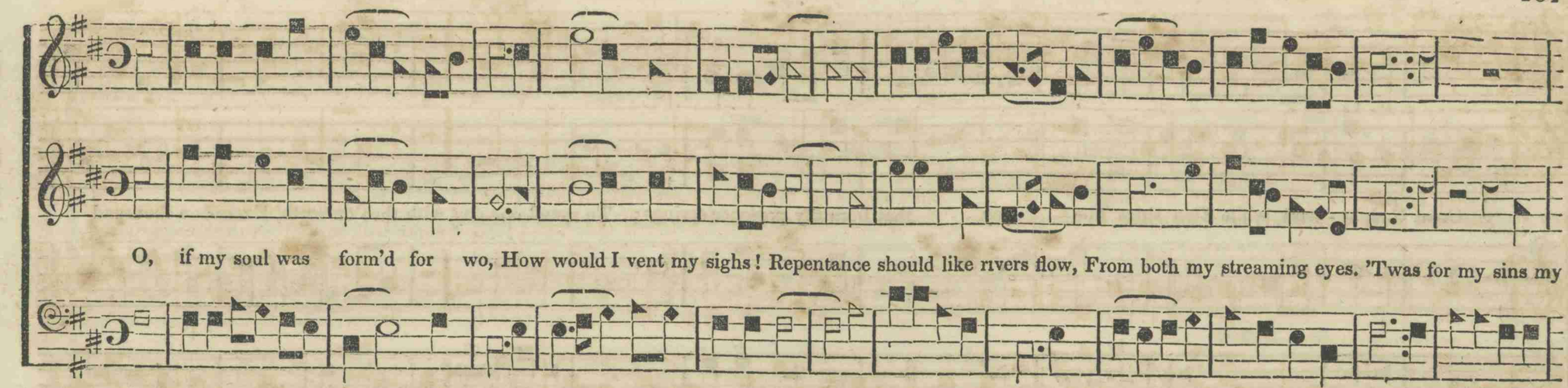
Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame, Declare the glo - ries of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine, A

thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks ap - pear, Of boundless pow'r and skill di - vine; Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
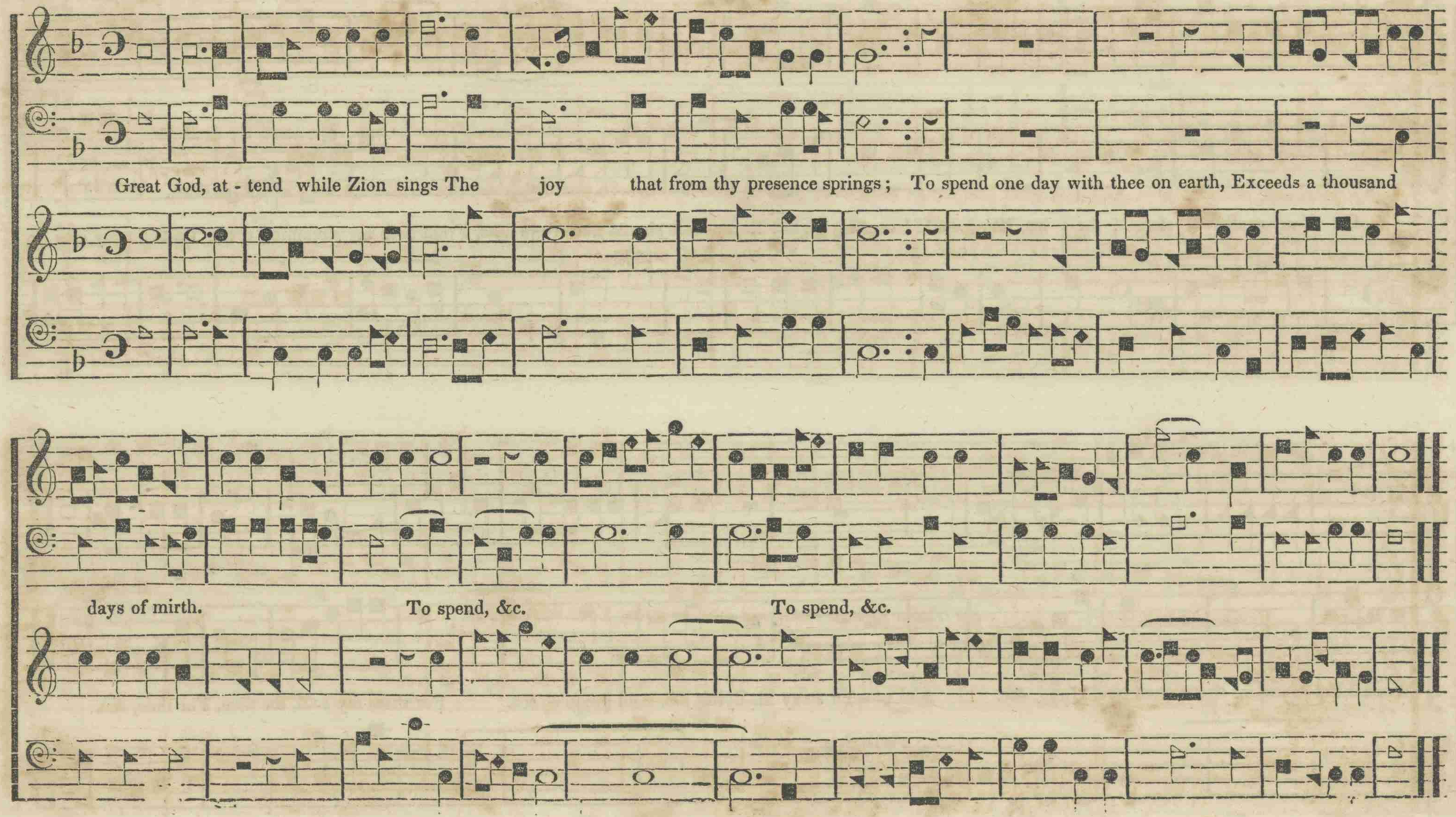
A FEMALE CONVICT, After receiving pardon in the sight of God, thus addrest her infant. *Set to music by R. Boyd.*

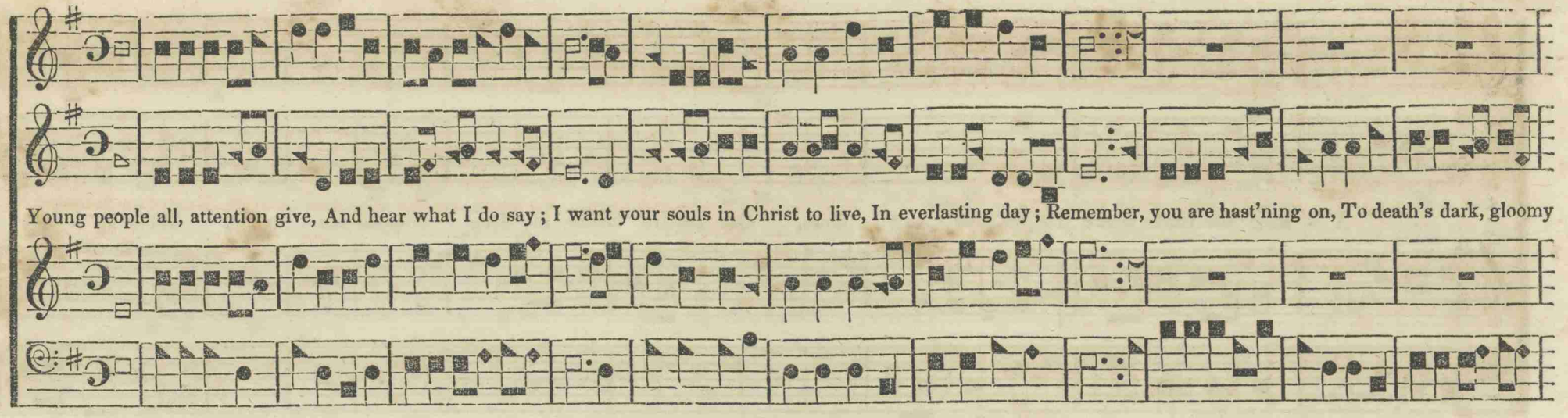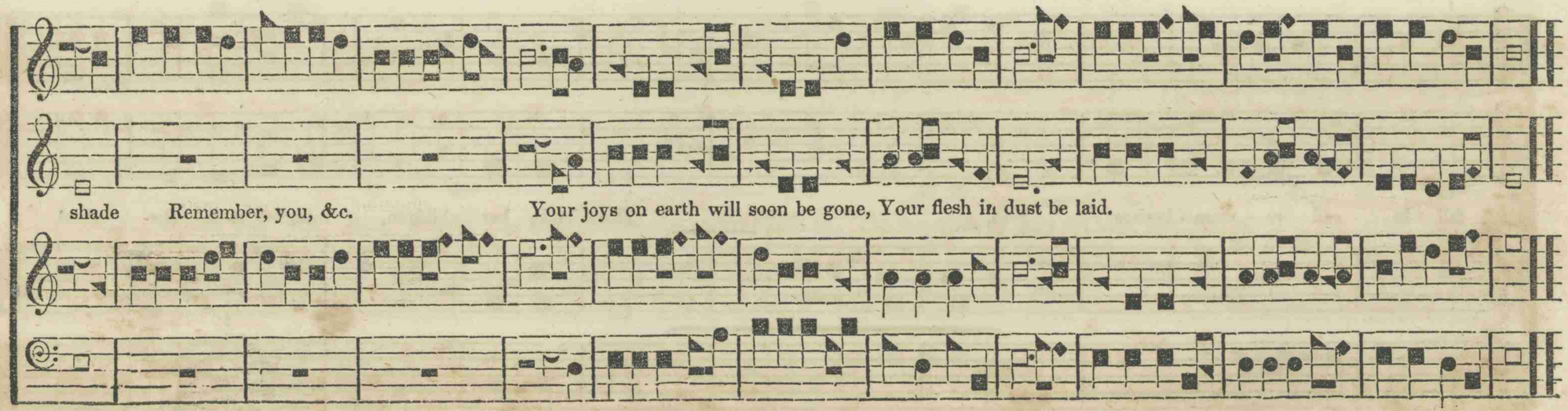


REPENTANCE. C. M.



BALLSTOWN. L. M.
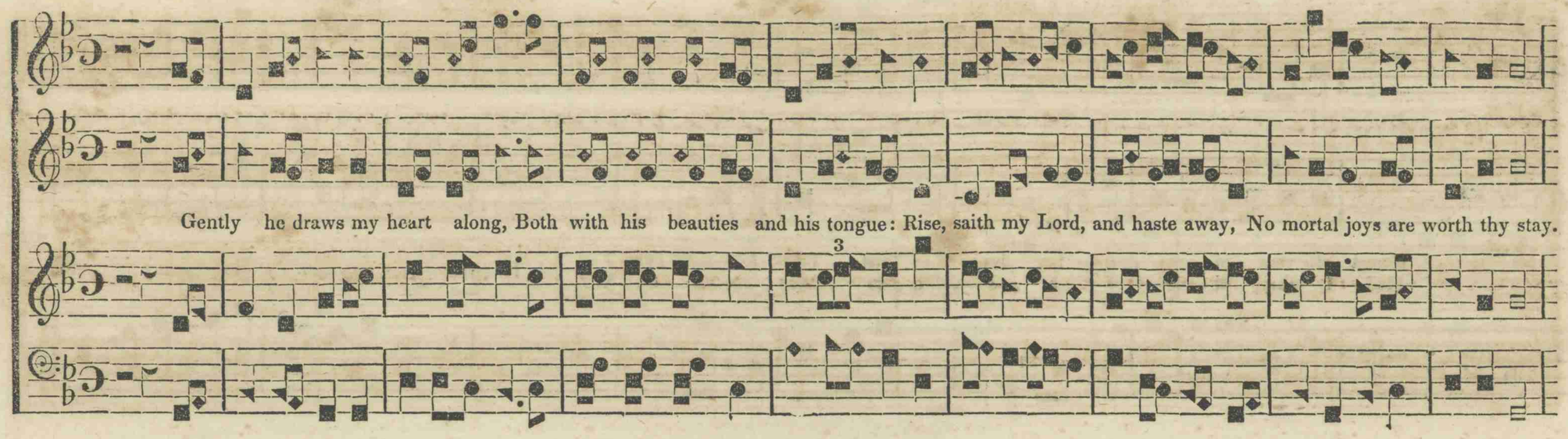


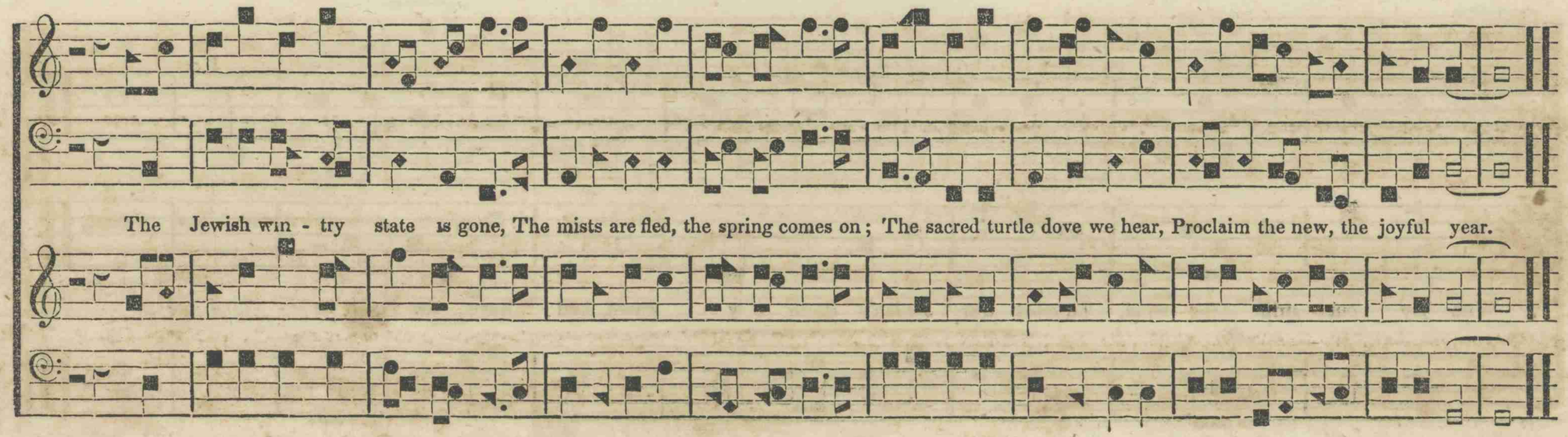

Young people all, attention give, And hear what I do say; I want your souls in Christ to live, In everlasting day; Remember, you are hast'ning on, To death's dark, gloomy


shade Remember, you, &c. Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zi - on's
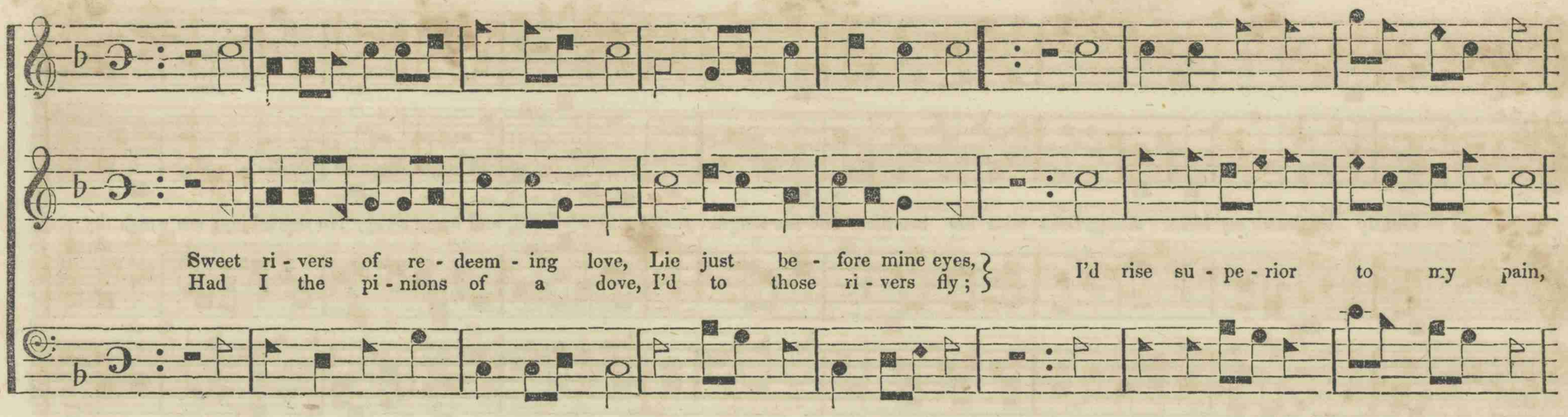
fall in sad re - mem - brance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
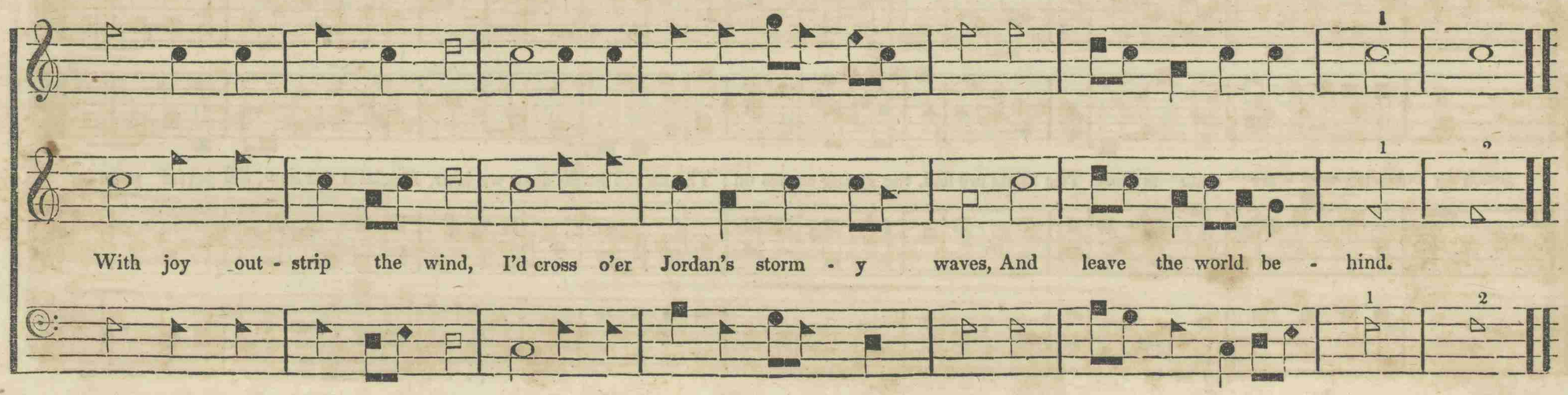

Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauties and his tongue: Rise, saith my Lord, and haste away, No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
3

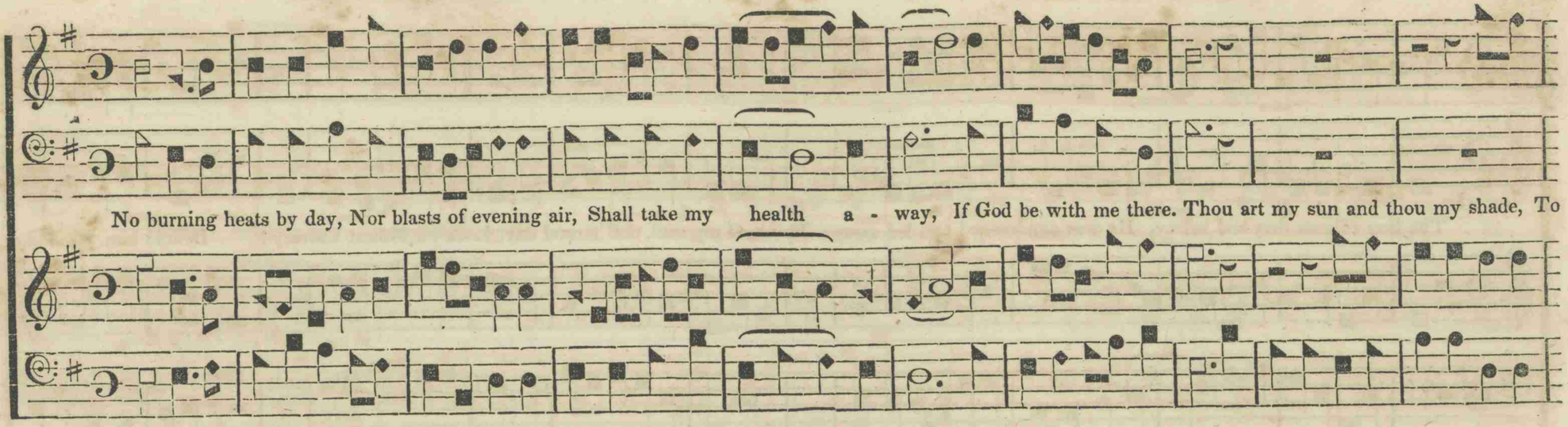

The Jewish win - try state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The sacred turtle dove we hear, Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
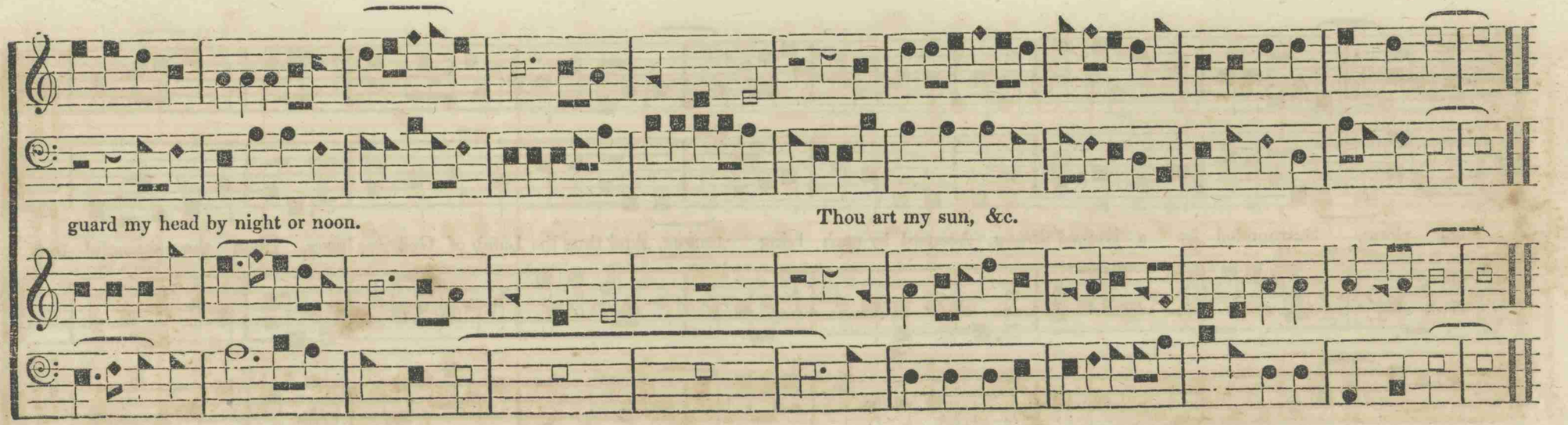
SWEET RIVERS. C. M.

More. Bapt. Harmony, p. 468






No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a - way, If God be with me there. Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To
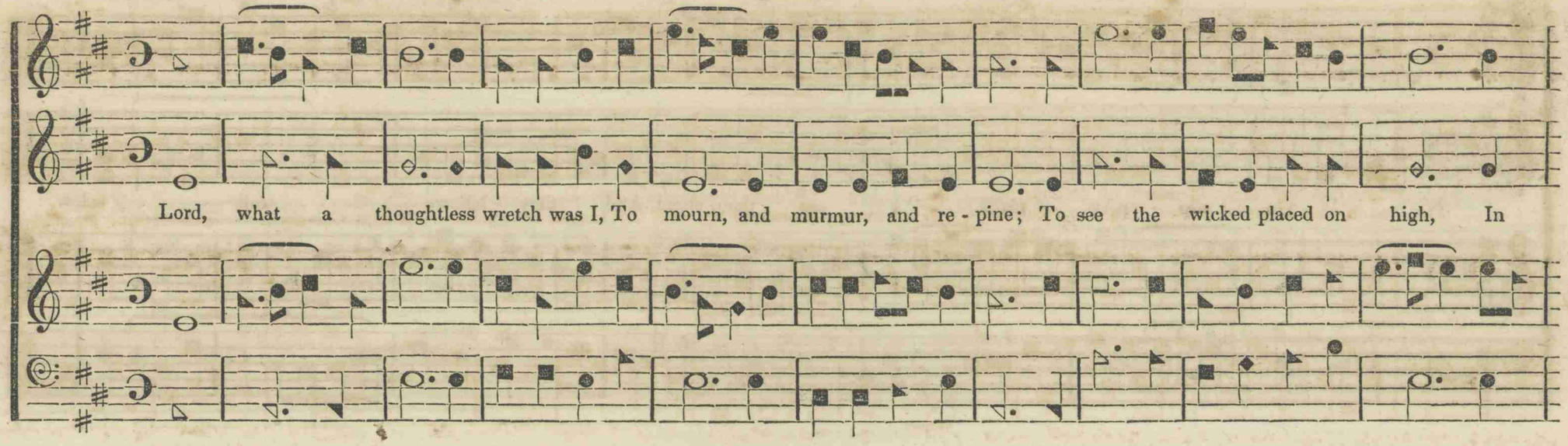

guard my head by night or noon.
Thou art my sun, &c.

MOUNT CALVARY. 8, 8, 8, 6
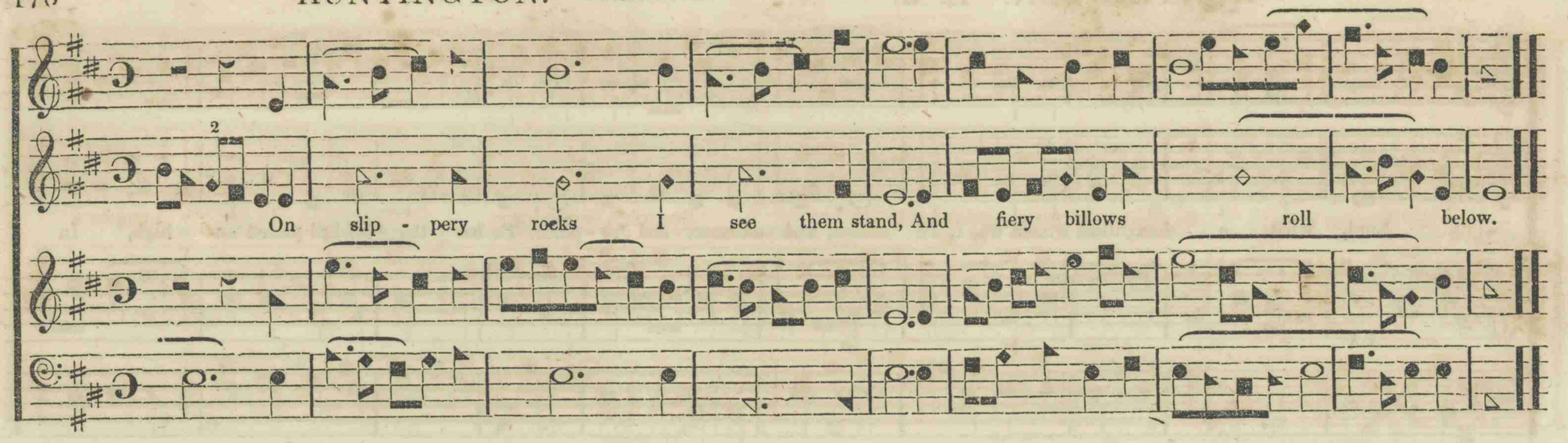
More

The Son of man they did betray, He was condemned and led away; Think, O my soul, that mortal day, Look on Mount Calvary! Behold him, lamb-like,

led along, Surrounded by a wicked throng, Accused by each lying tongue, And thus the Lamb of God was hung, Upon the shameful tree.
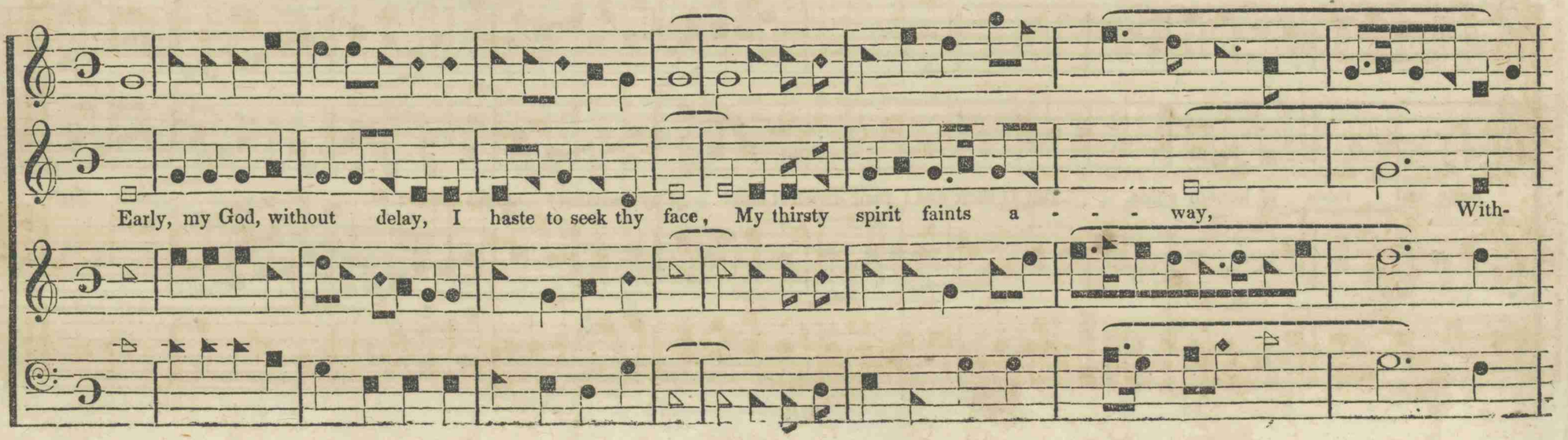

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re - pine; To see the wicked placed on high, In
pride and robes of honour shine. But O their end! their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so;

HUNTINGTON. *Concluded.*



MONTGOMERY. C. M.

More.

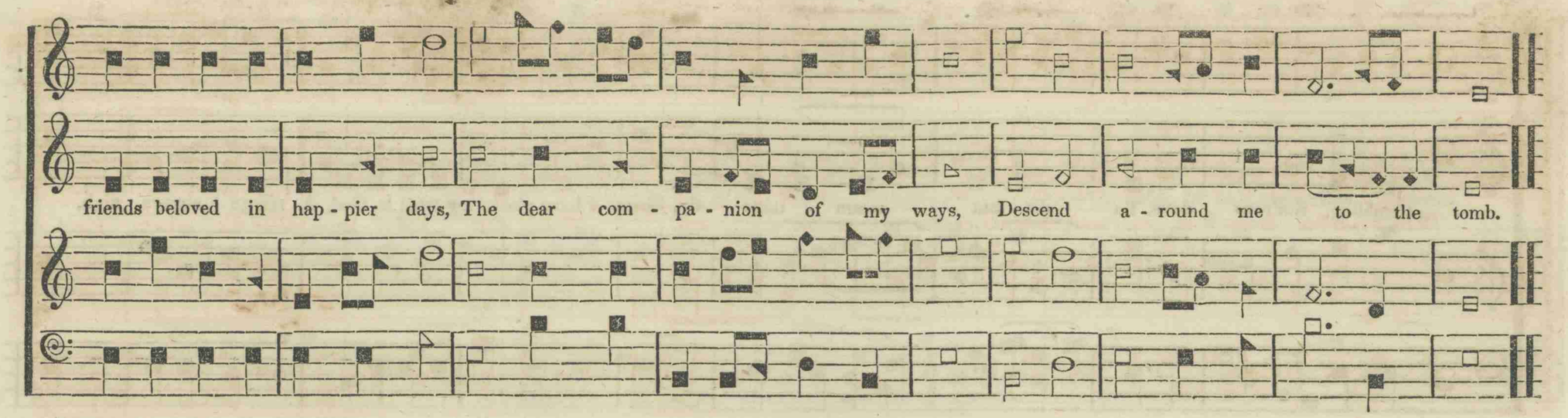


out thy cheering grace; So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a
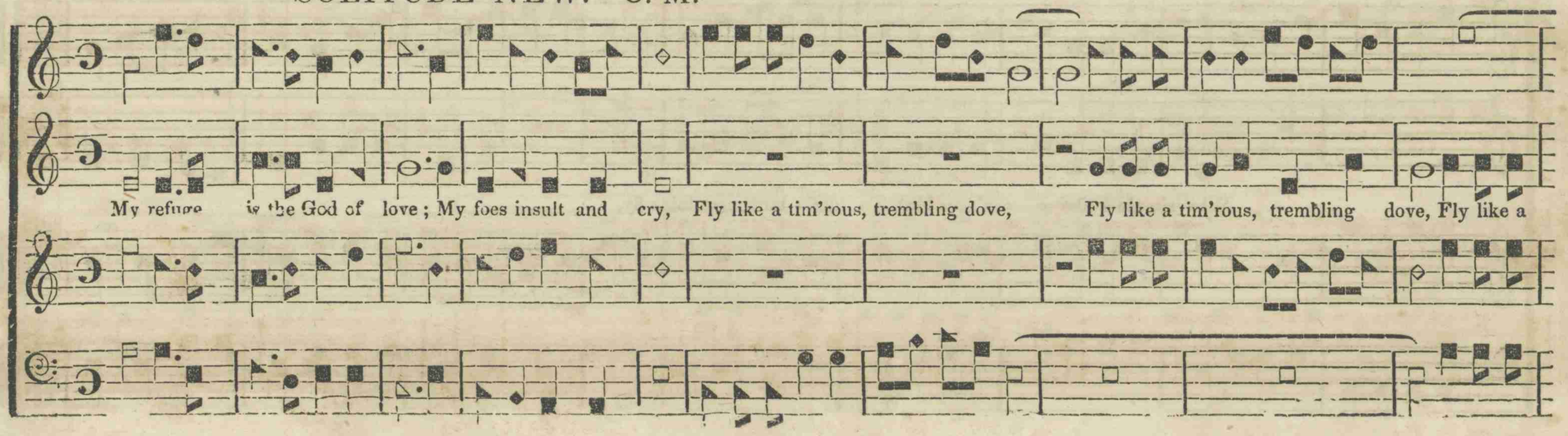
cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul, And waves of sorrow o'er me roll, While dust and si - lence spread the gloom, My
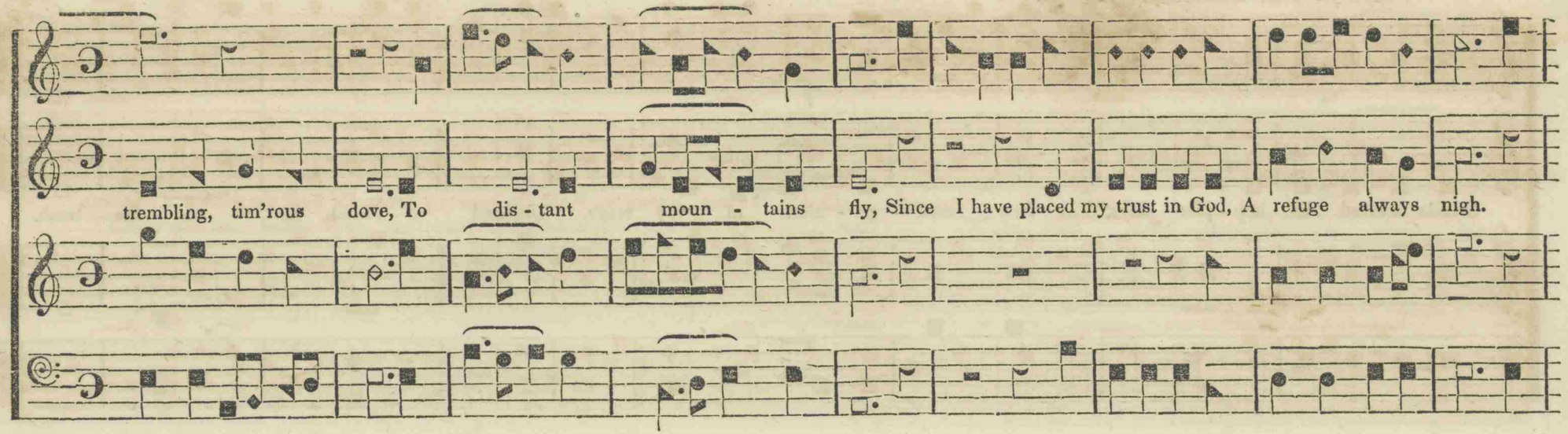
friends be - - loved in hap - pier days, The dear companions of my ways, Descend around me to the tomb, My
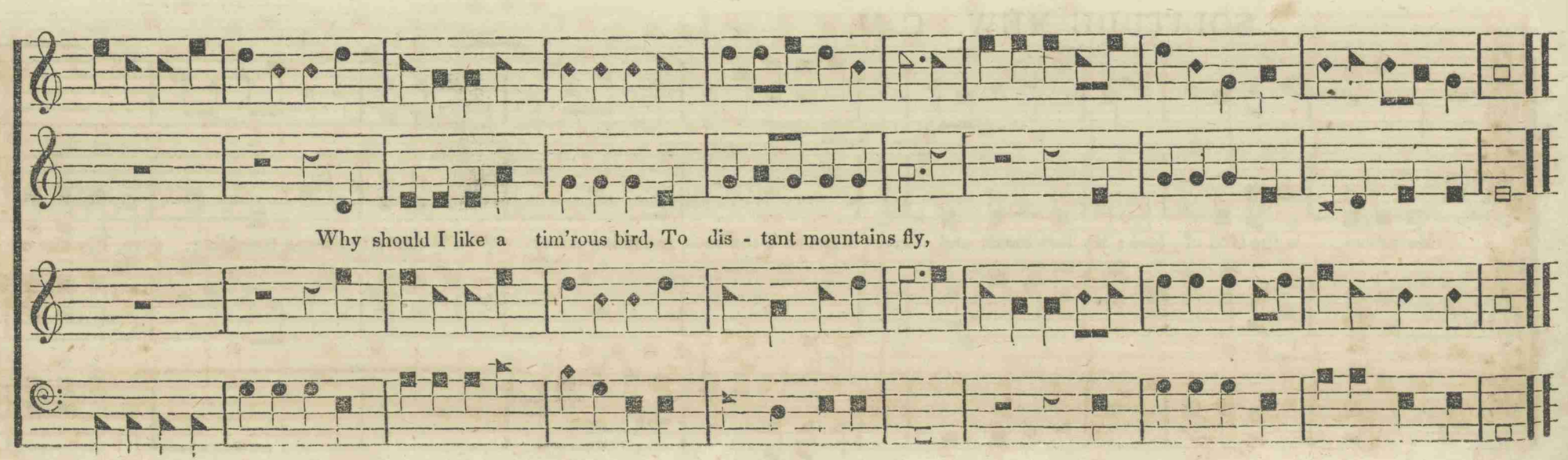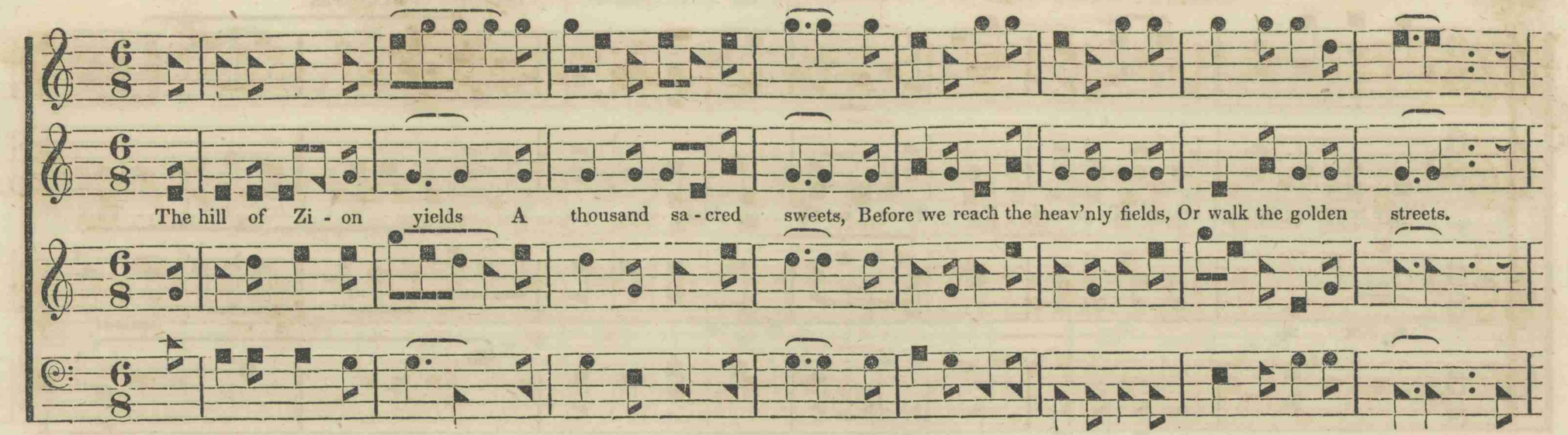


SOLITUDE NEW. C. M.
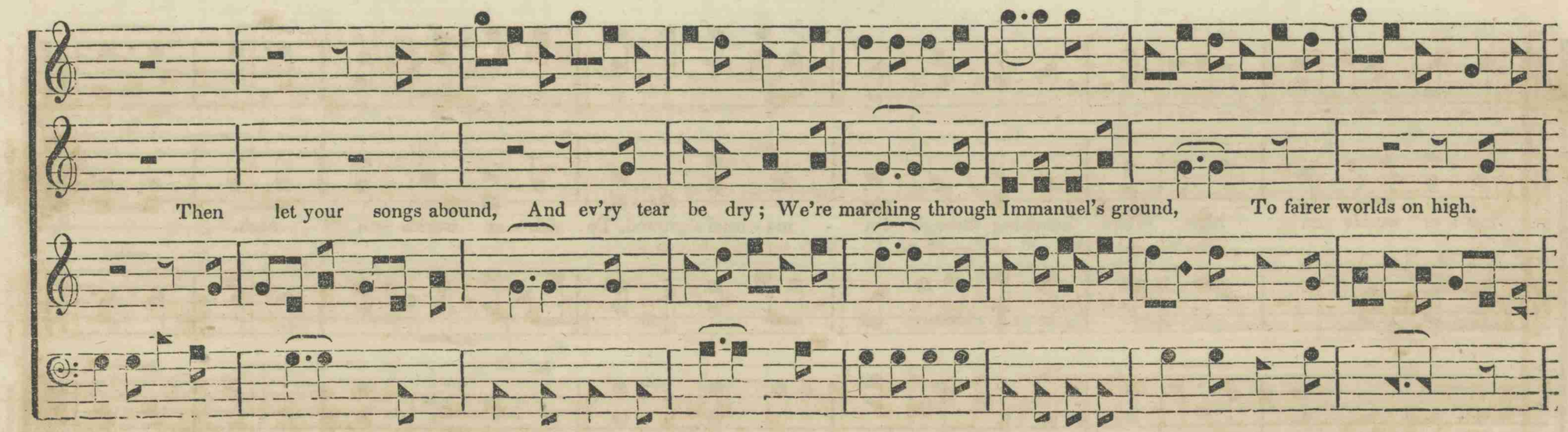


SOLITUDE NEW. *Concluded.*
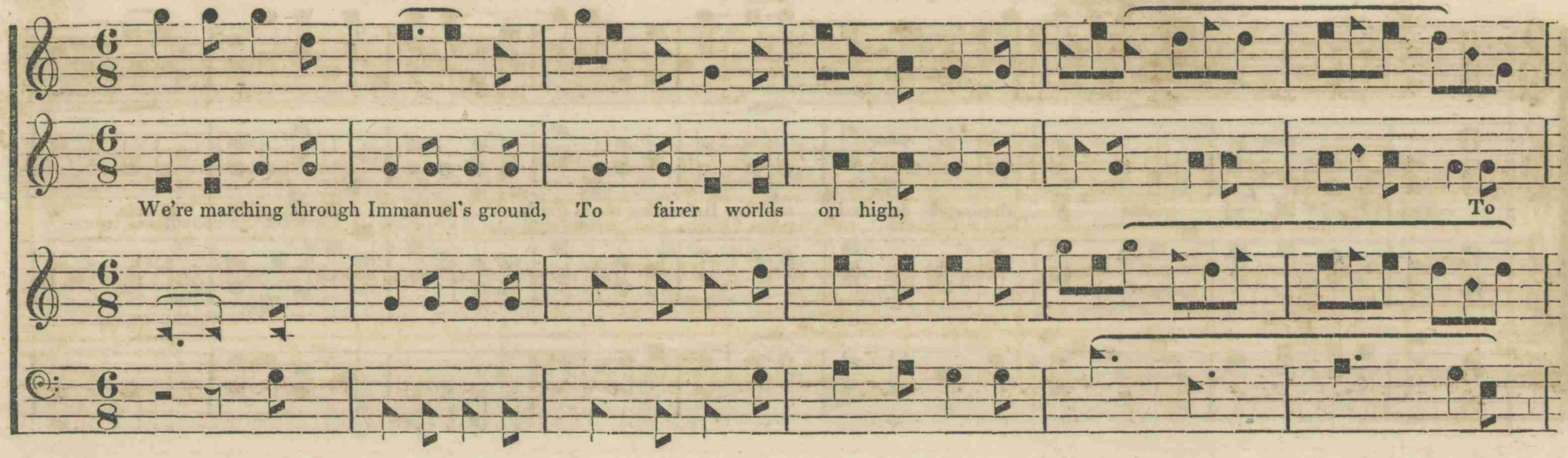


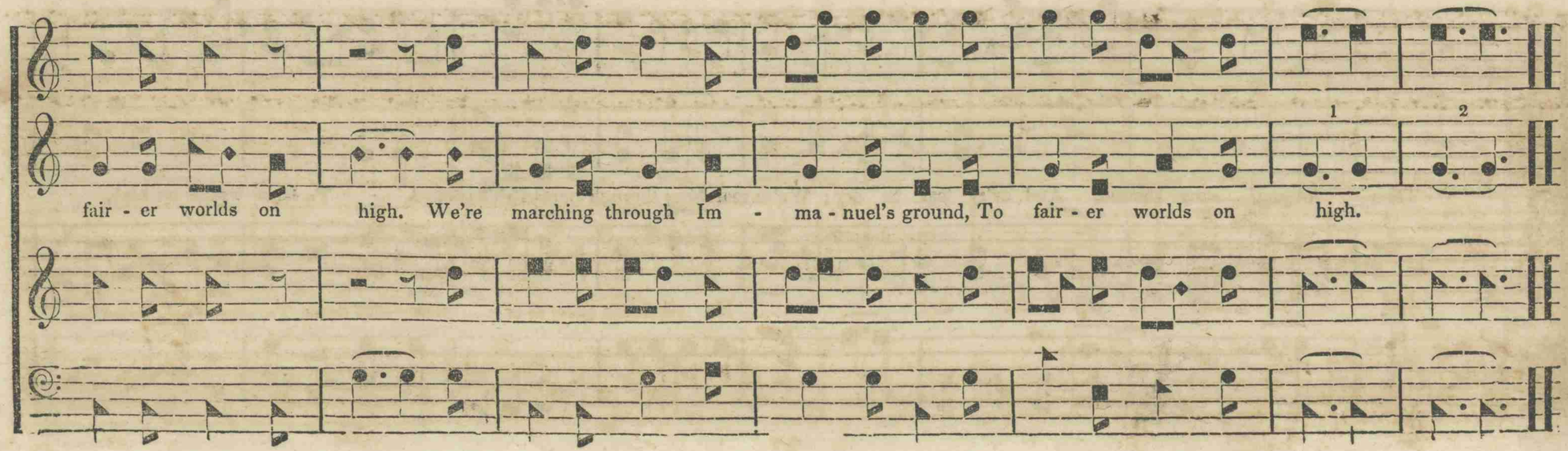



The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.


Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

MOUNT ZION. S. M. *Concluded.*



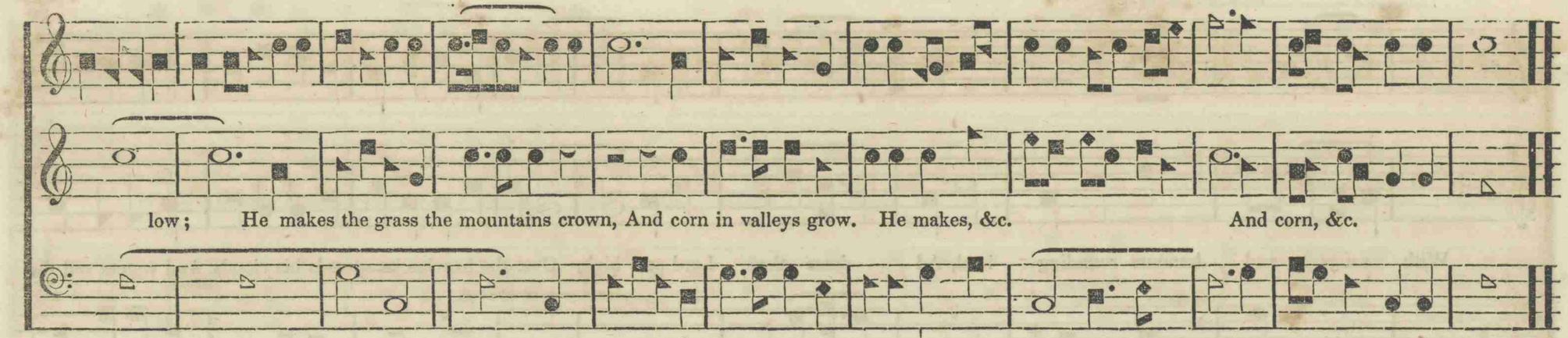


EDOM. C. M. Sharp Key on F.

With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the
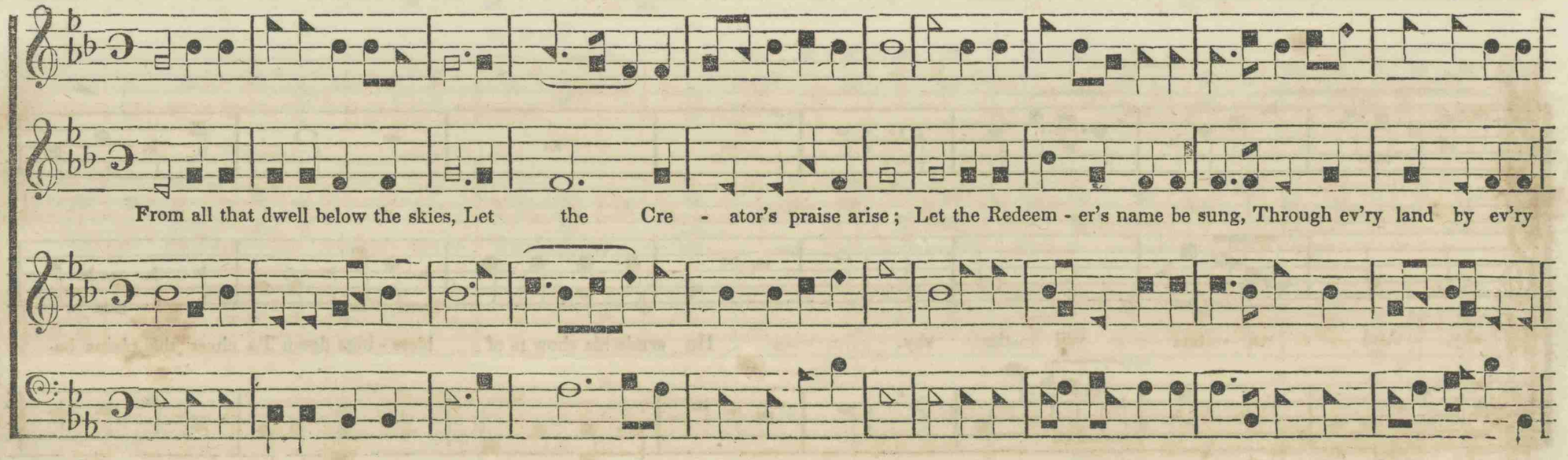
sky, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his show rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be-

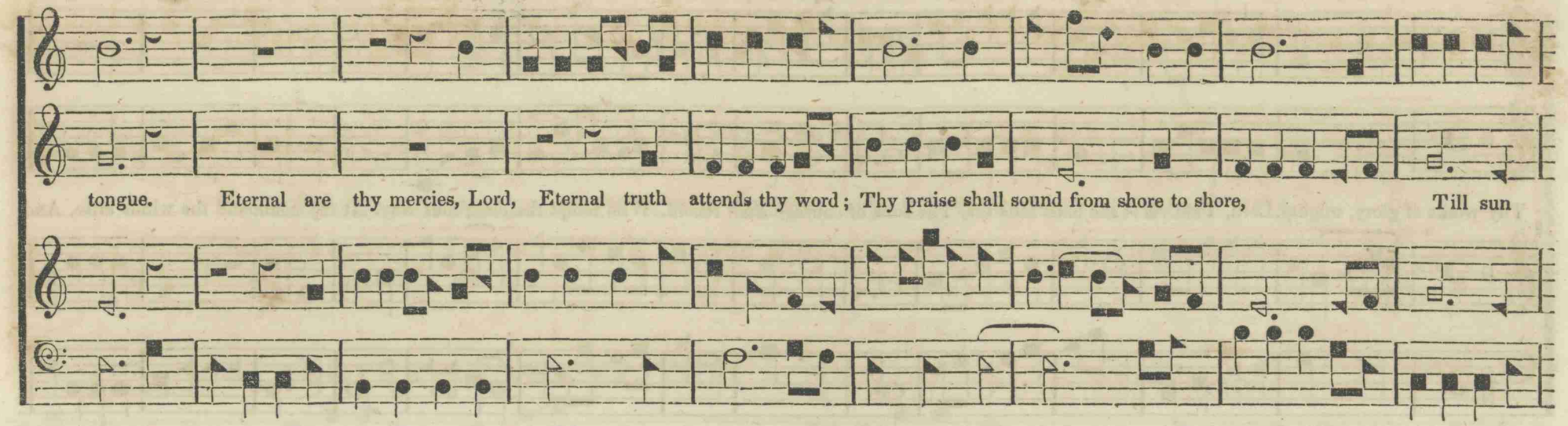
EDOM. *Concluded.*



SCHENECTADY. L. M.

Shumway.




tongue. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun
shall rise and set no more, Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rul'st the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And

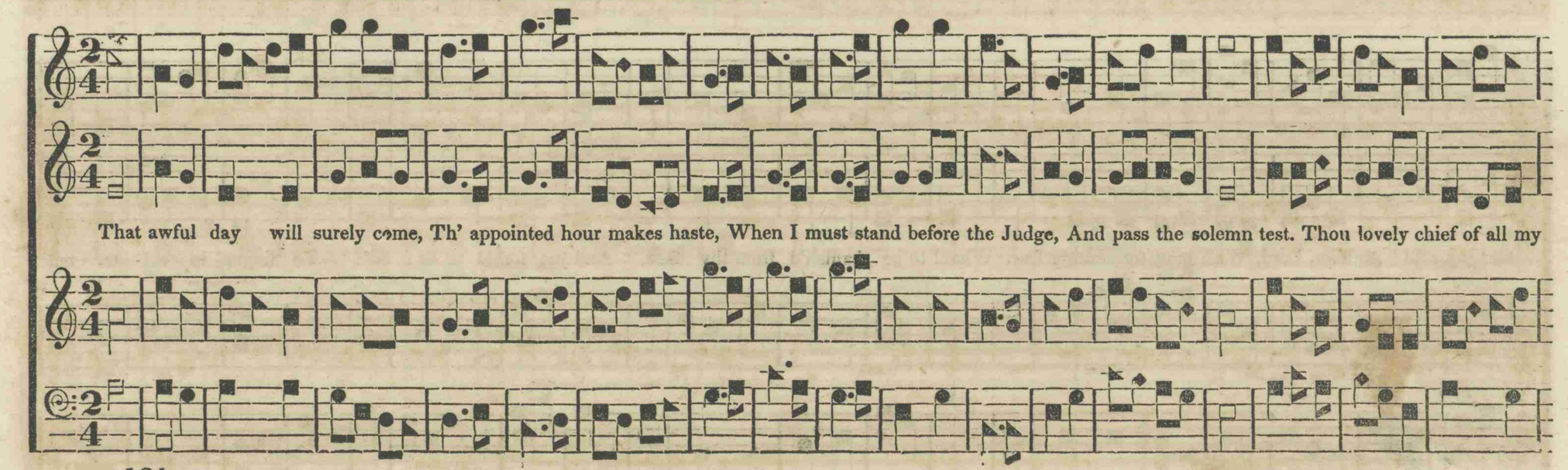
swell the tow'ring waves, The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

PART III

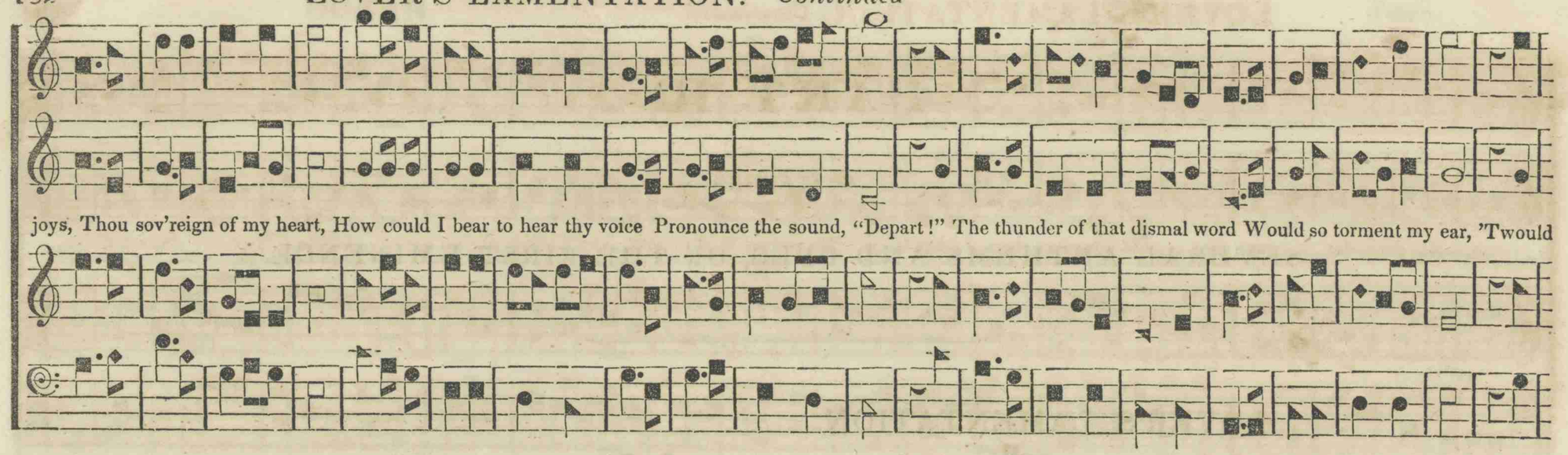
CONTAINING

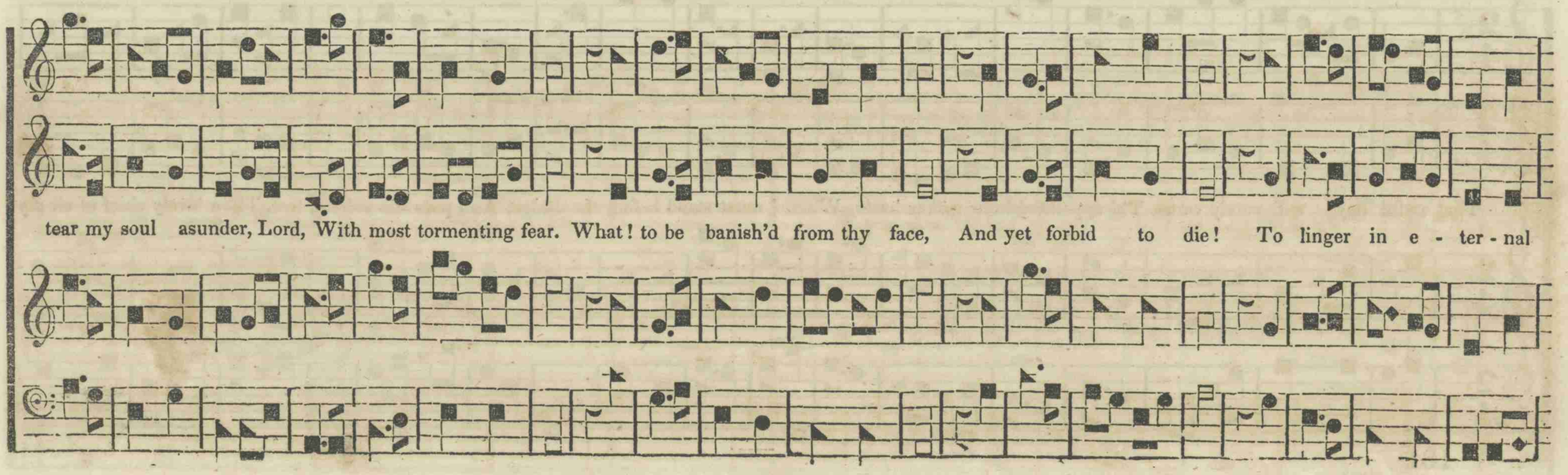
SEVERAL ANTHEMS AND ODES, OF THE FIRST EMINENCE.
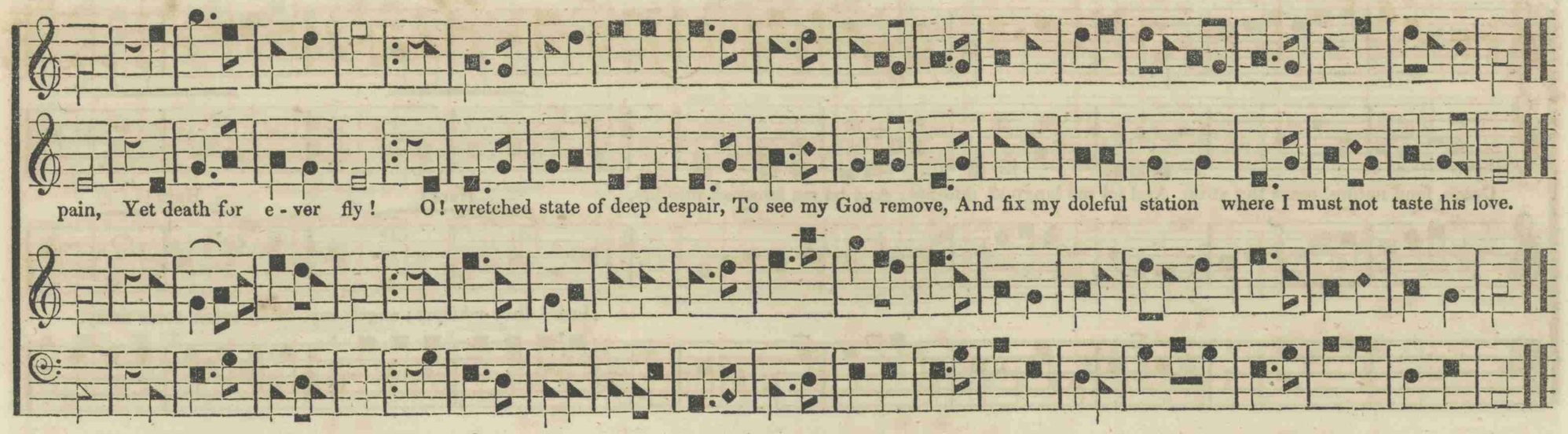
LOVER'S LAMENTATION.
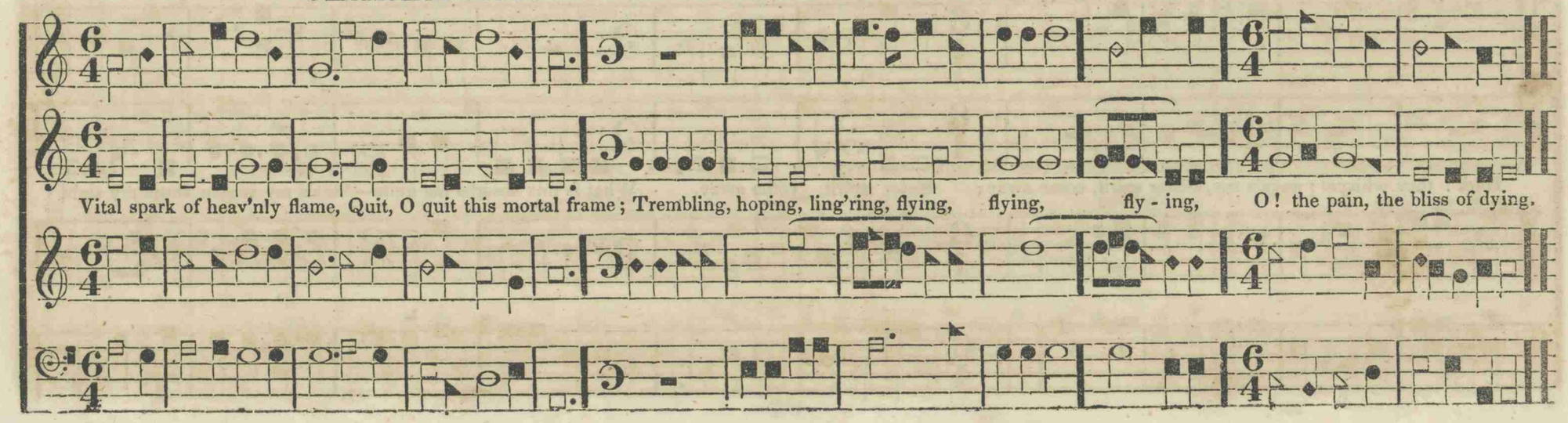


LOVER'S LAMENTATION. *Continued*



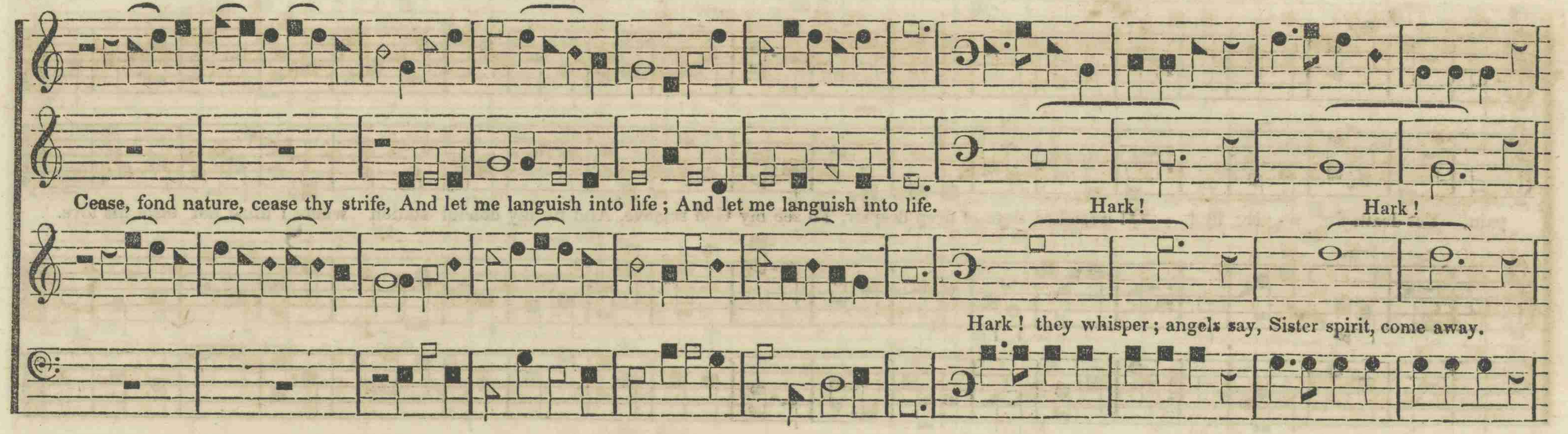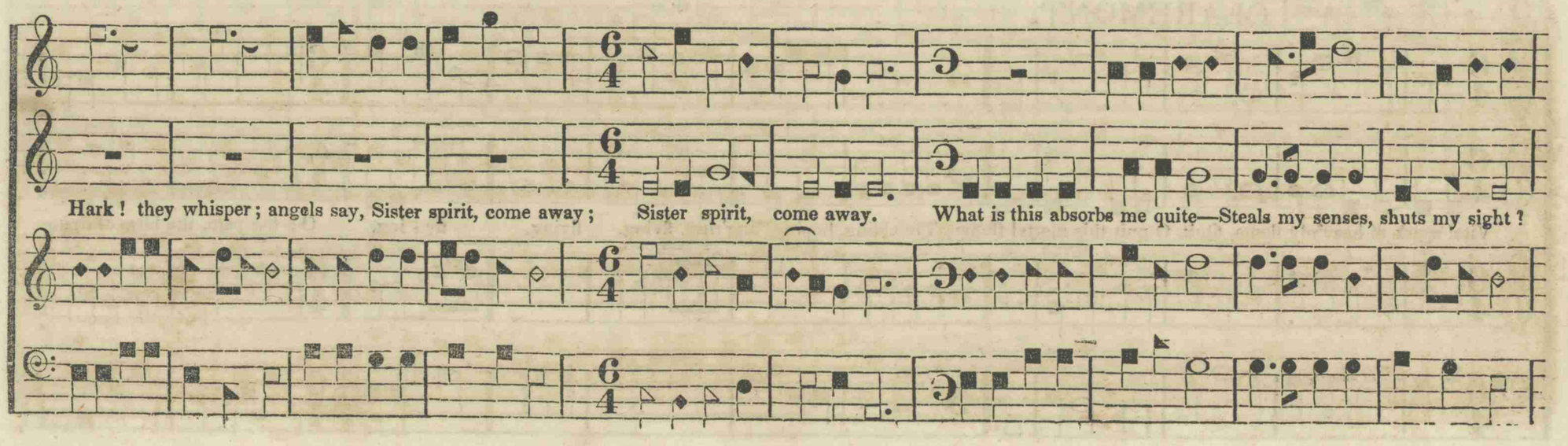



pain, Yet death for e - ver fly ! O! wretched state of deep despair, To see my God remove, And fix my doleful station where I must not taste his love.

CLAREMONT.


Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame ; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, flying, fly - ing, O ! the pain, the bliss of dying.

CLAREMONT. *Continued.*





Loud

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death? :‖: :‖:

Soft.

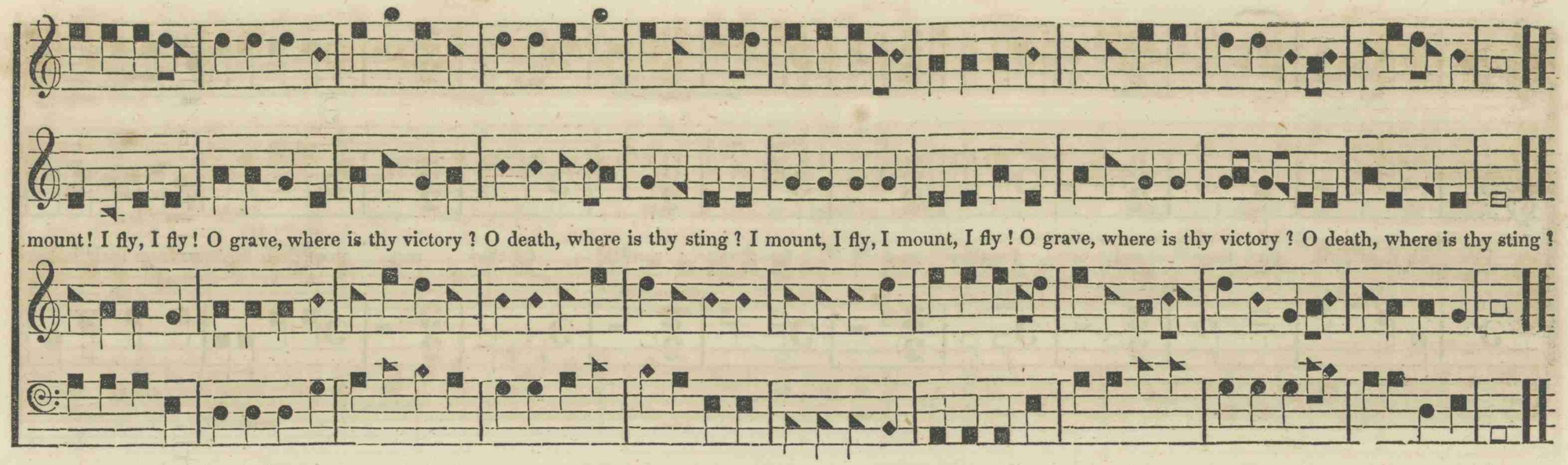
The world recedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, My ears with sounds seraphic ring, My ears with sounds seraphic

CLAREMONT, *Continued.*

Slow. Lively.

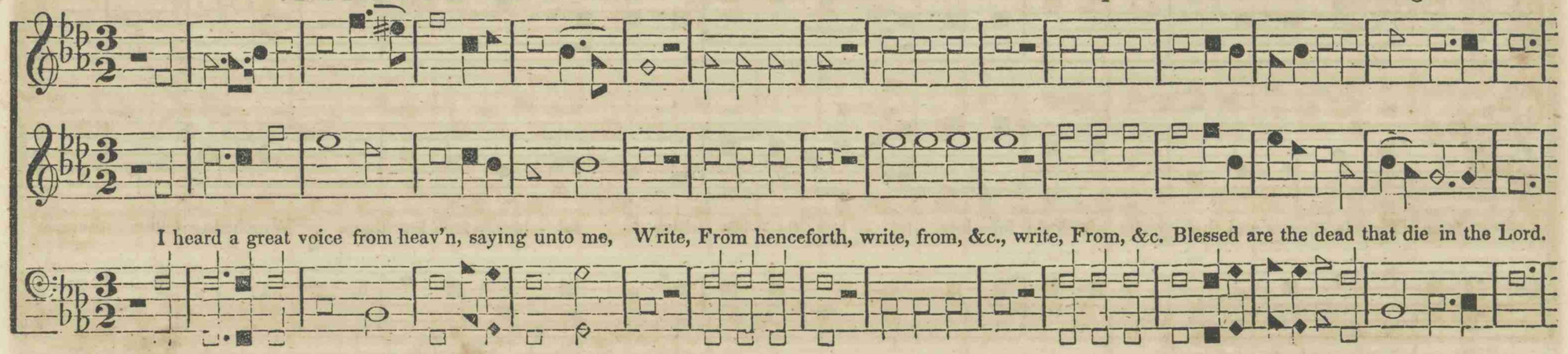
ring, My ears, &c. Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy

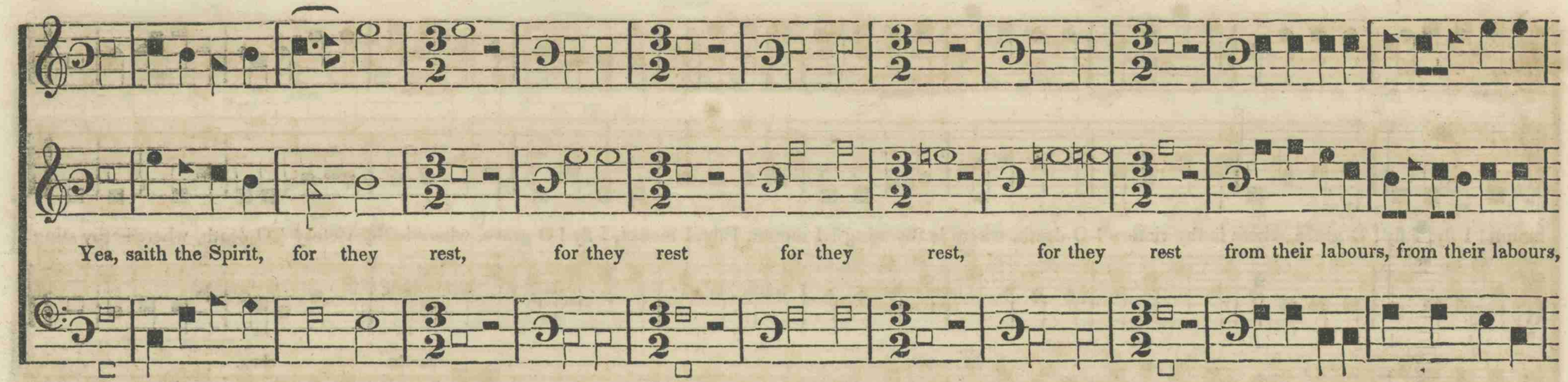
victory! thy vic - to - ry! O grave! where is thy victory! thy vic - to - ry! O death! where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! I
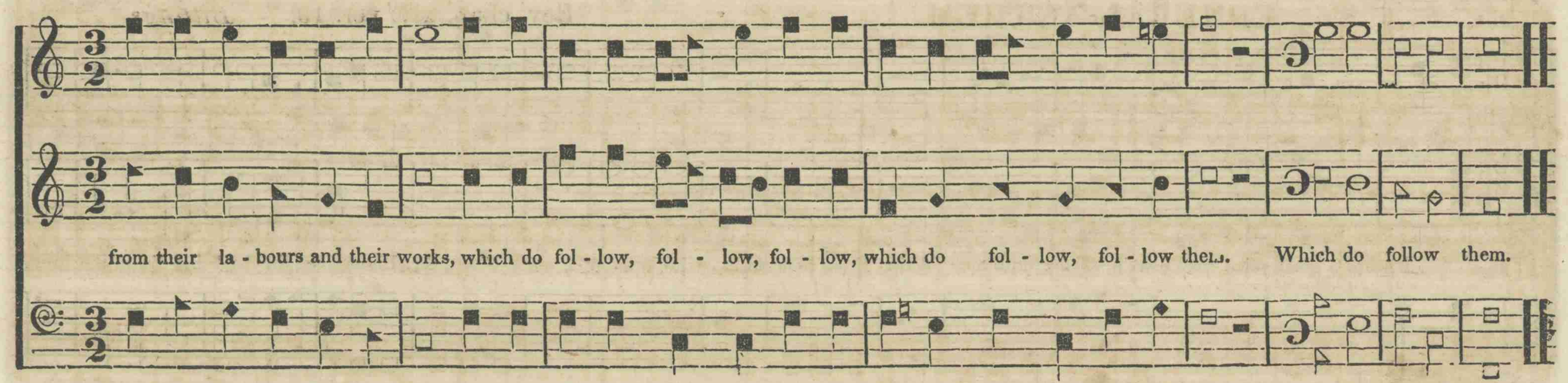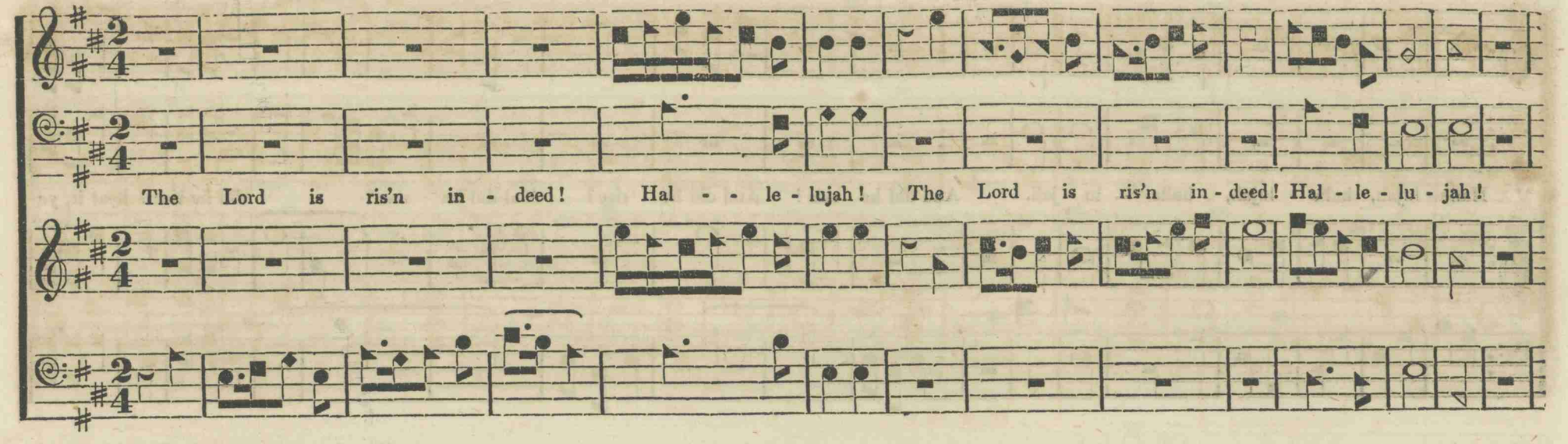


FUNERAL ANTHEM.

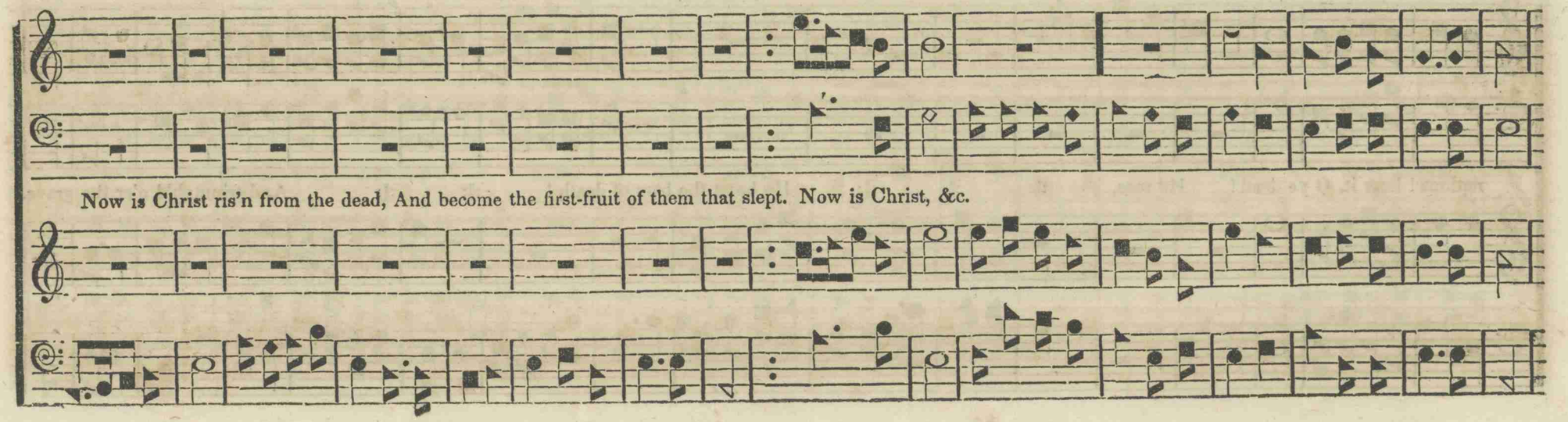
Rev. chap. xiv. ver. 13. *Billings.*

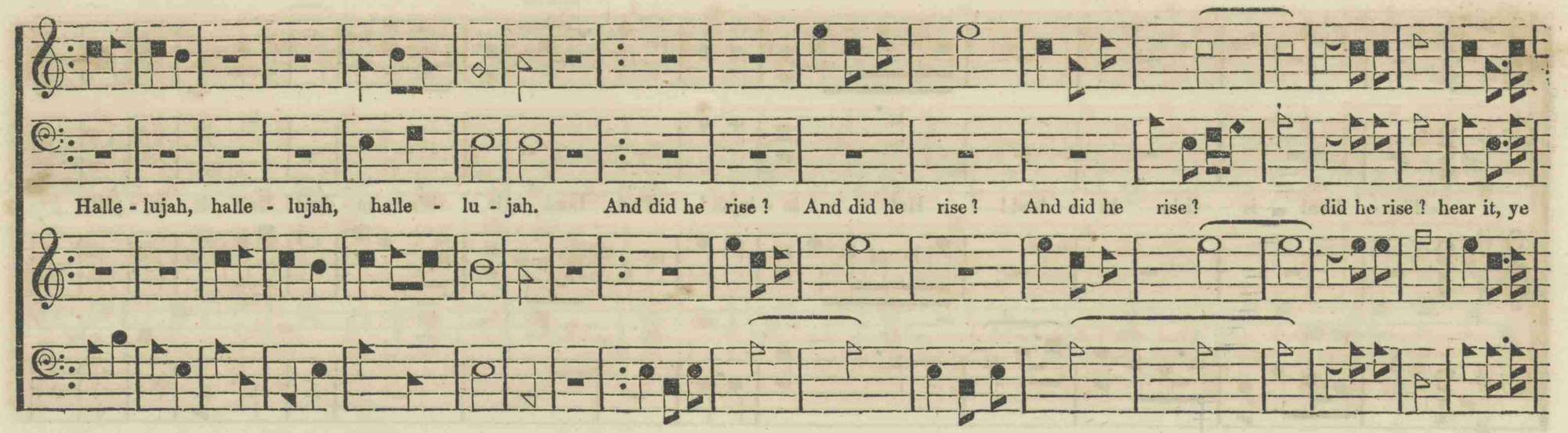


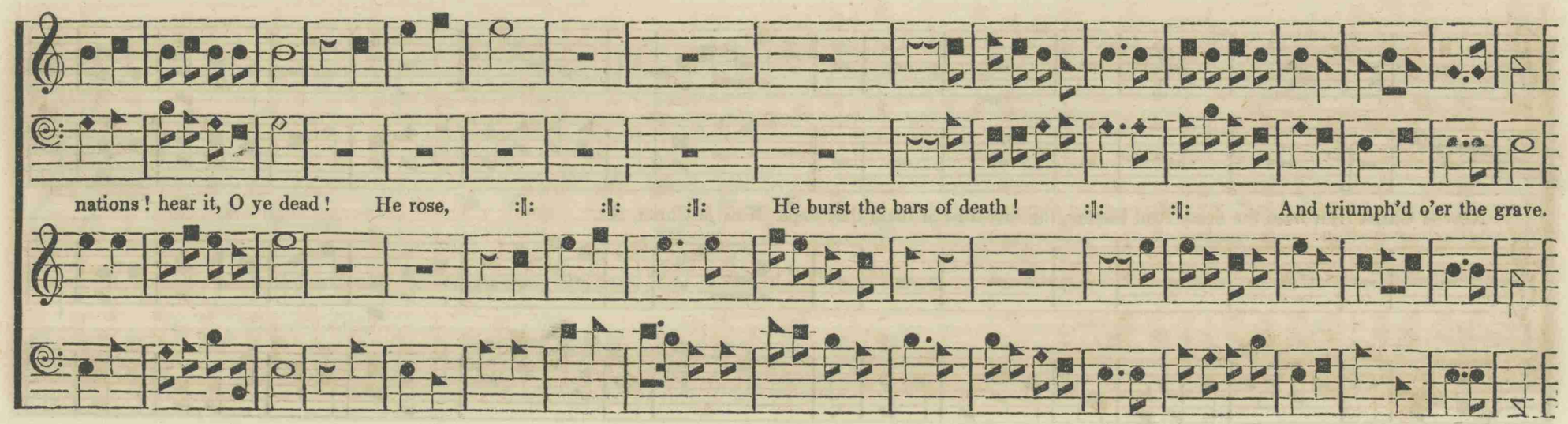

Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest, for they rest for they rest, for they rest from their labours, from their labours,


from their la - bours and their works, which do fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, which do fol - low, fol - low them. Which do follow them.


The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - - le - lujah! The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

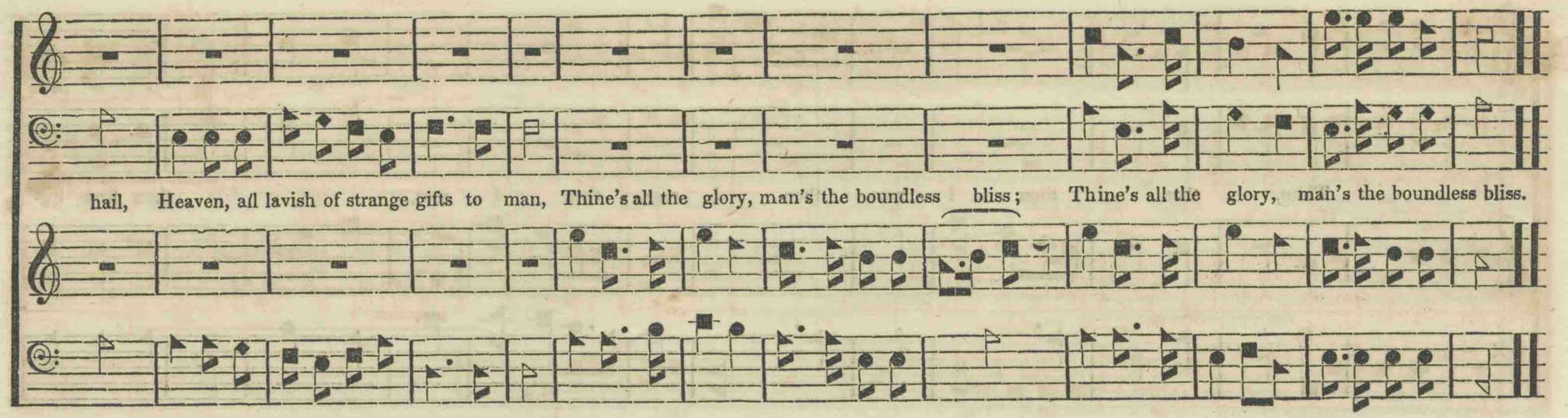

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept. Now is Christ, &c.


Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lu - jah. And did he rise ? And did he rise ? And did he rise ? did he rise ? hear it, ye


nations ! hear it, O ye dead ! He rose, :‖: :‖: :‖: He burst the bars of death ! :‖: :‖: And triumph'd o'er the grave.

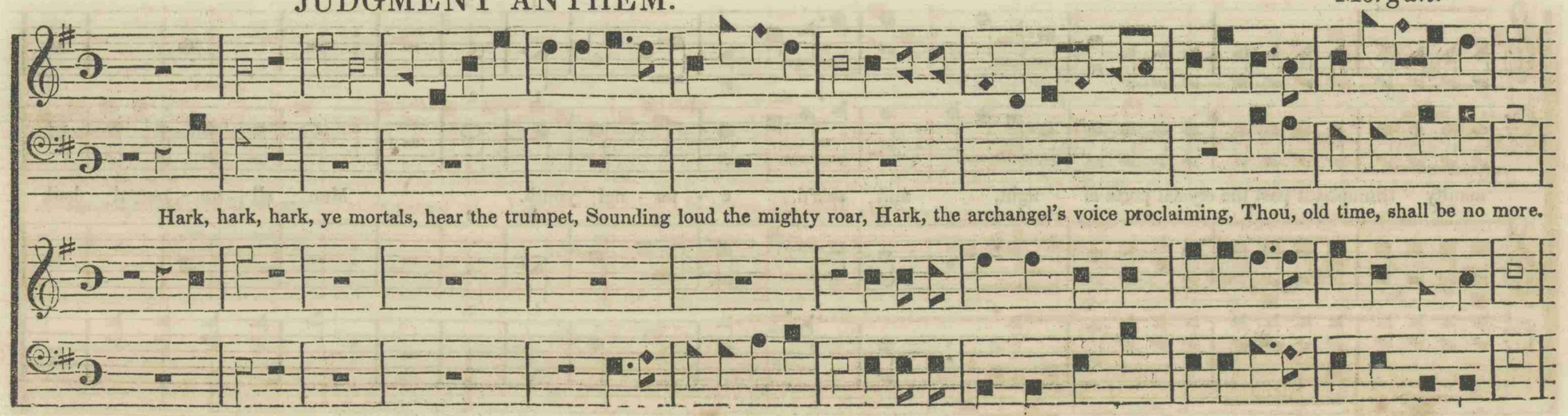
Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu-

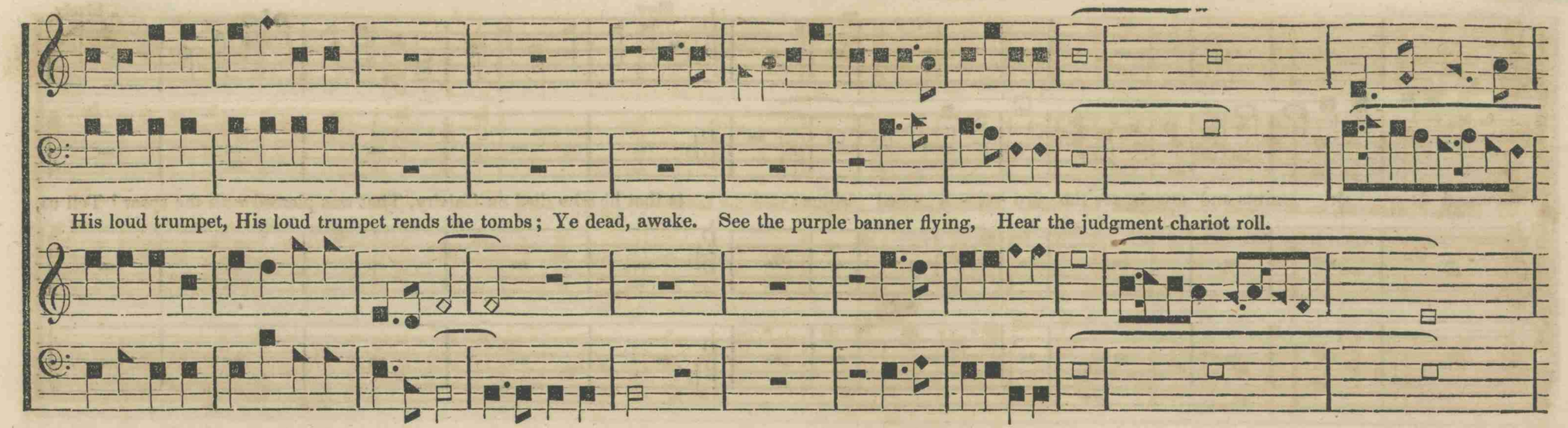
manity triumphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ter - nal youth. Man all im - mortal hail,
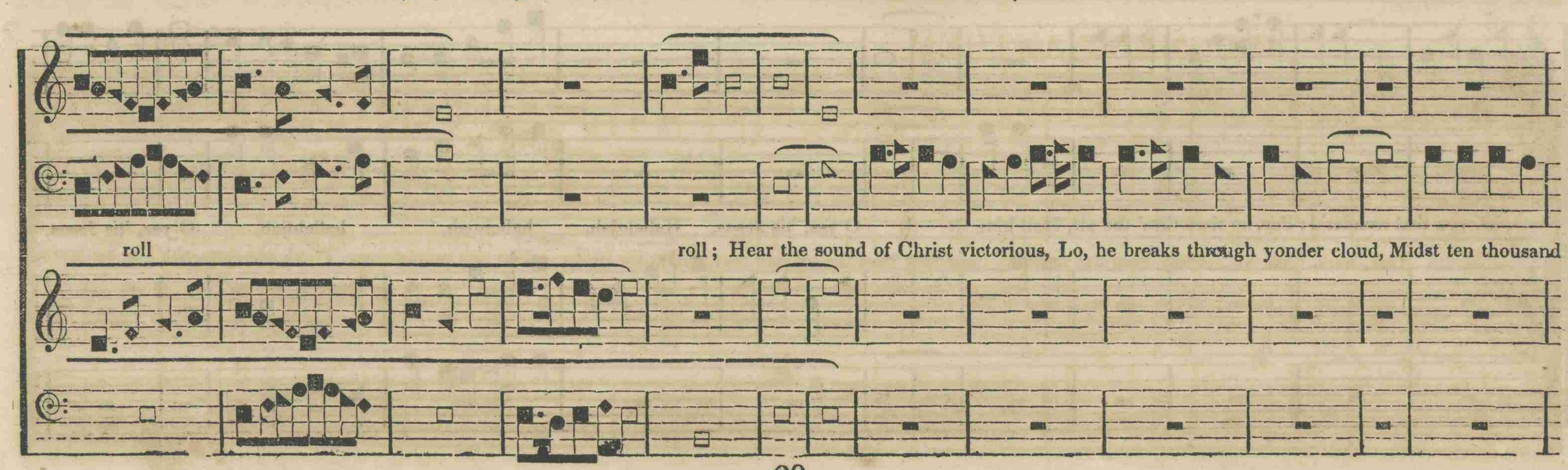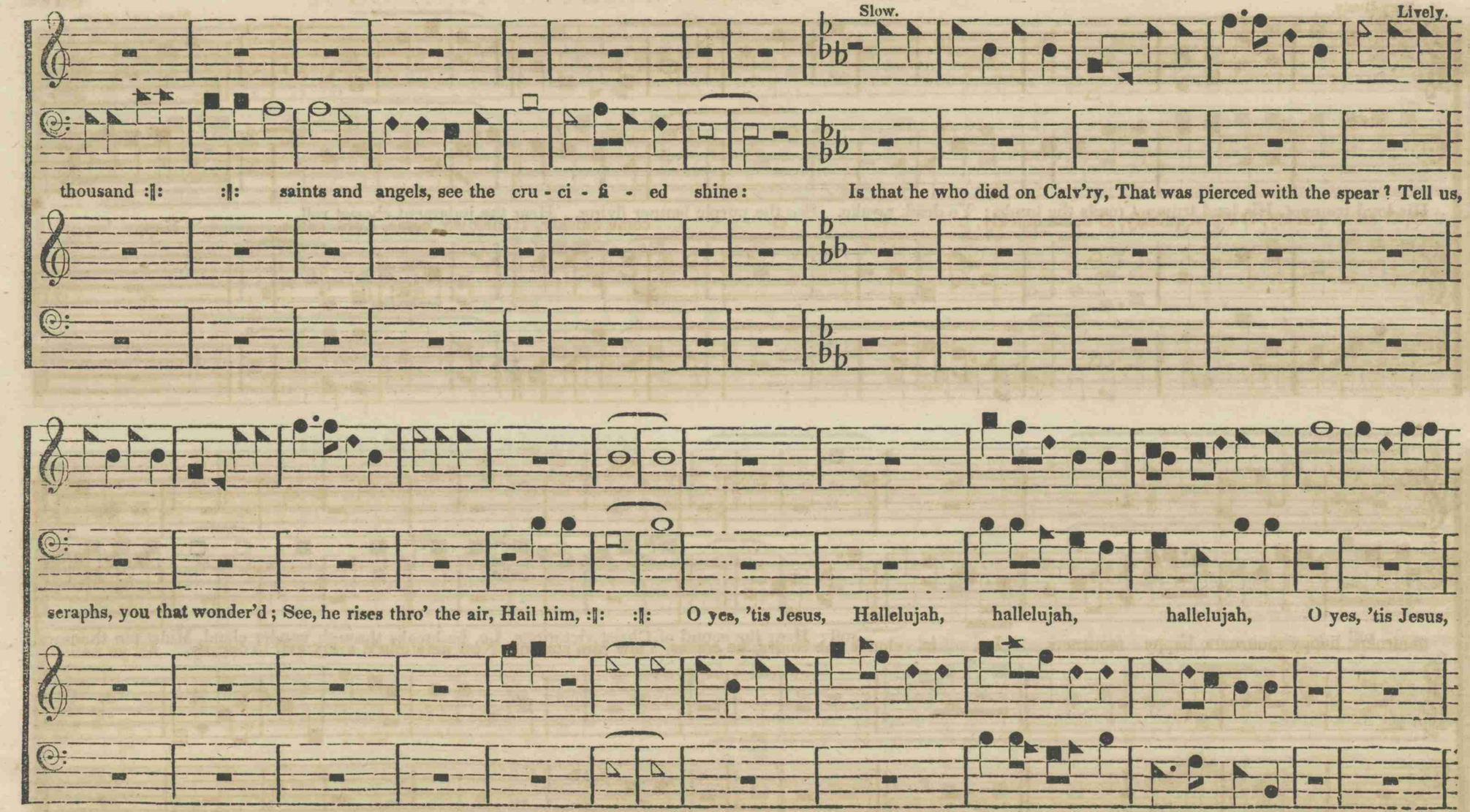


JUDGMENT ANTHEM.

Morgan.




His loud trumpet, His loud trumpet rends the tombs; Ye dead, awake. See the purple banner flying, Hear the judgment chariot roll.


roll
roll; Hear the sound of Christ victorious, Lo, he breaks through yonder cloud, Midst ten thousand


Slow.
Lively.
thousand :‖: :‖: saints and angels, see the cru - ci - fi - ed shine: Is that he who died on Calv'ry, That was pierced with the spear? Tell us,
seraphs, you that wonder'd; See, he rises thro' the air, Hail him, :‖: :‖: O yes, 'tis Jesus, Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, O yes, 'tis Jesus,
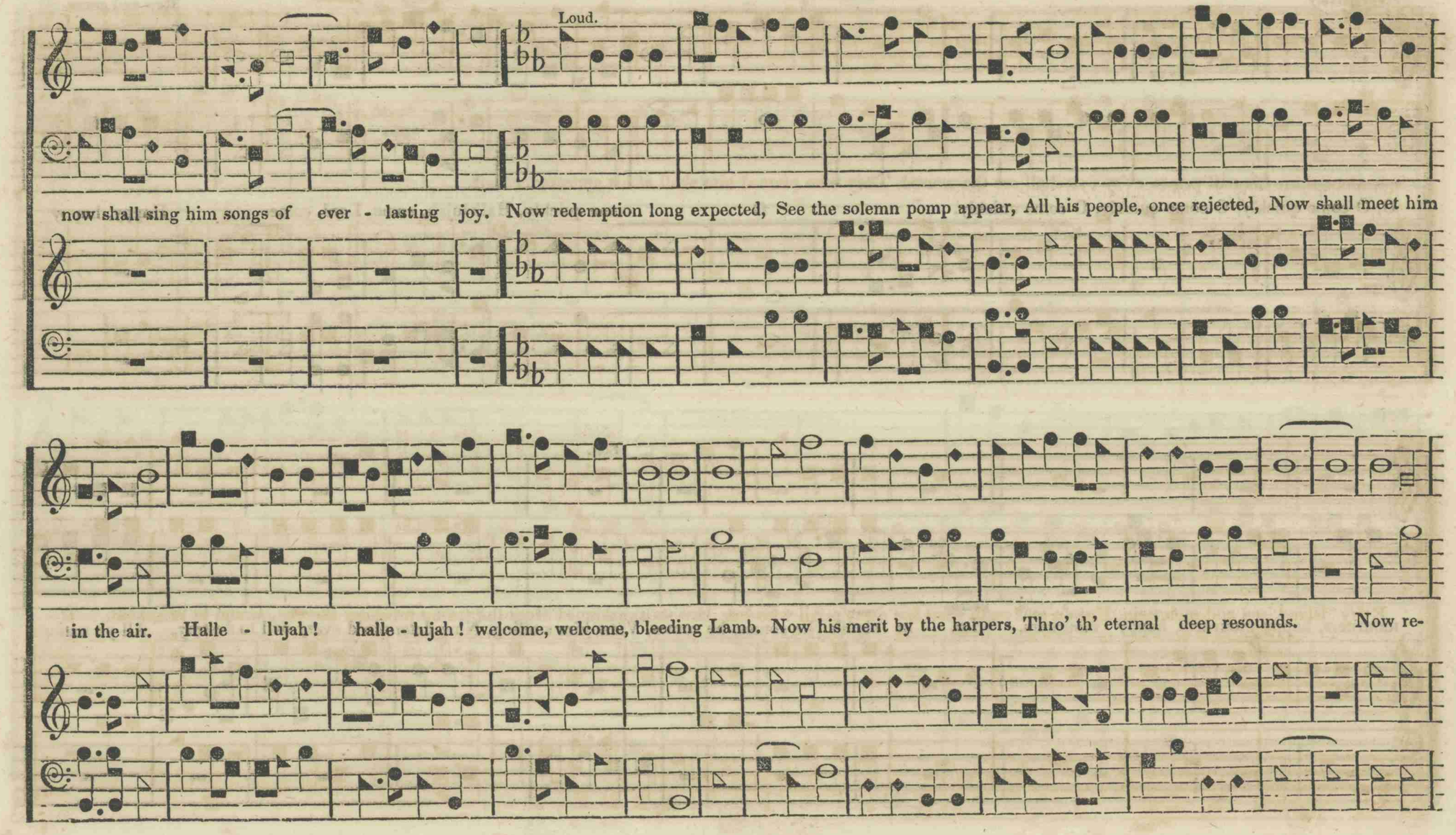
Very lively.

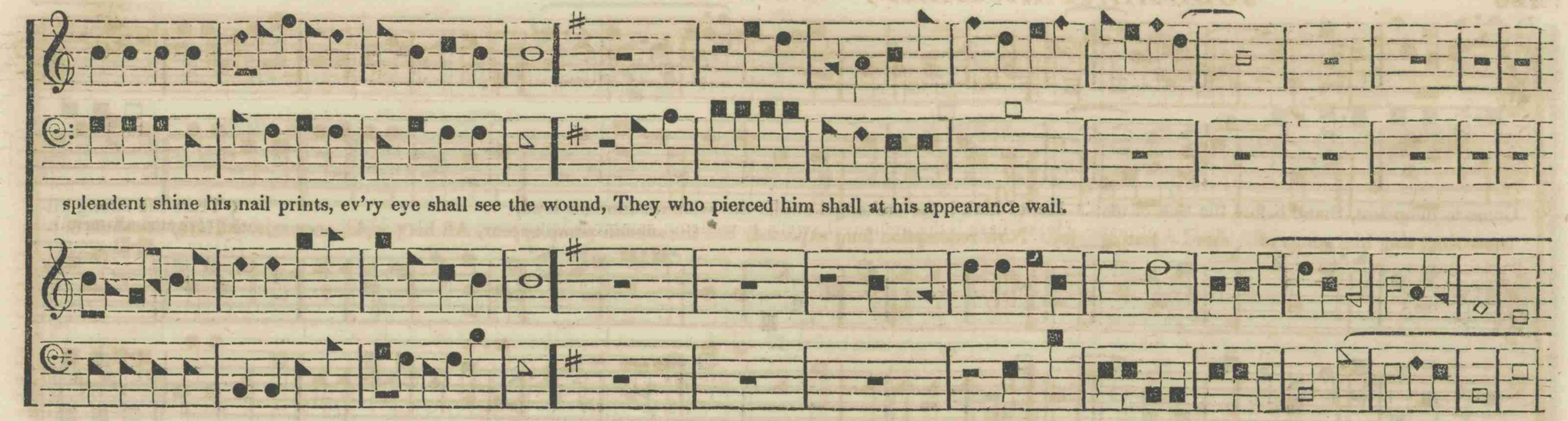
Slow and grave.

O, O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, Hallelujah, come, Lord, come. Happy, happy

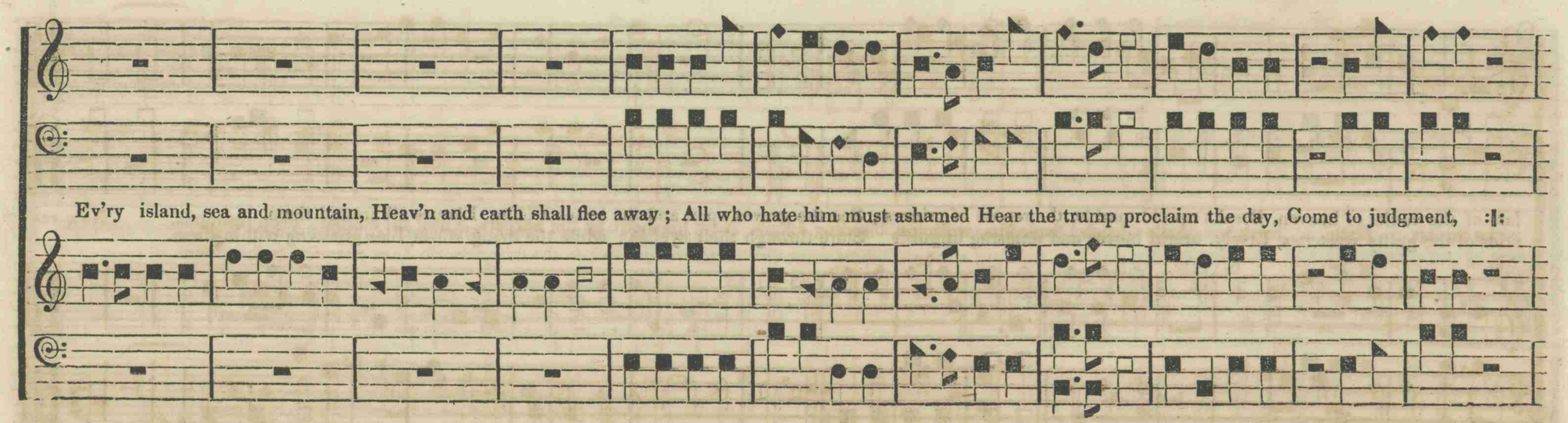
Soft.

mourners, happy mourners, happy mourners, Lo, in clouds he comes, he comes, View him smiling, Now determin'd every evil to destroy, All ye nations

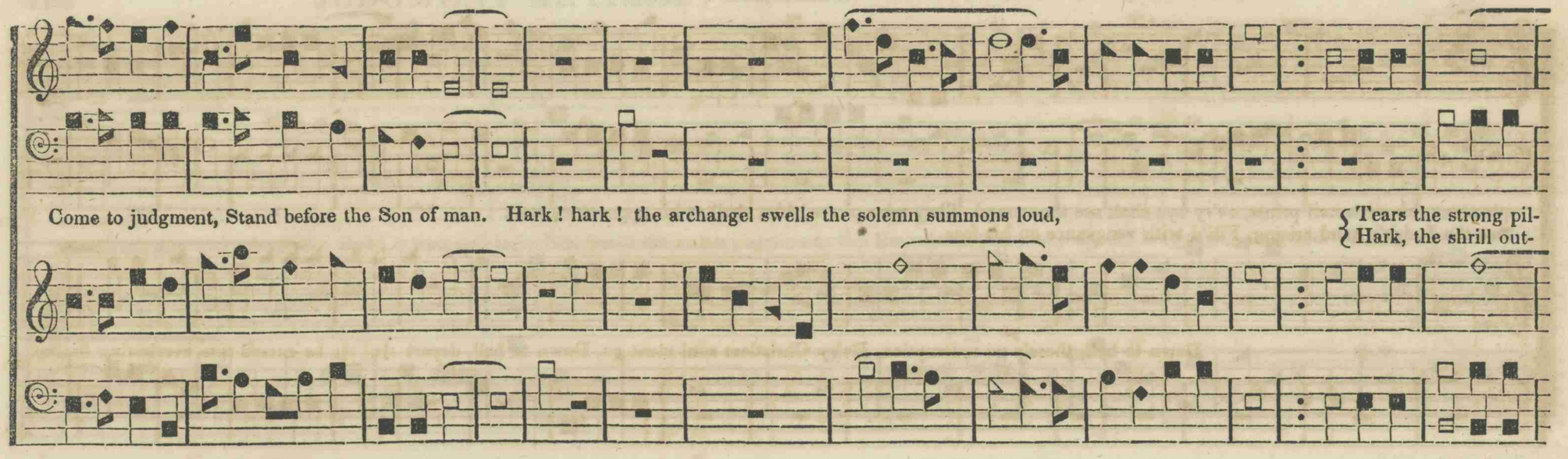

Loud.
now shall sing him songs of ever - lasting joy. Now redemption long expected, See the solemn pomp appear, All his people, once rejected, Now shall meet him
in the air. Halle - lujah! halle - lujah! welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb. Now his merit by the harpers, Thro' th' eternal deep resounds. Now re-

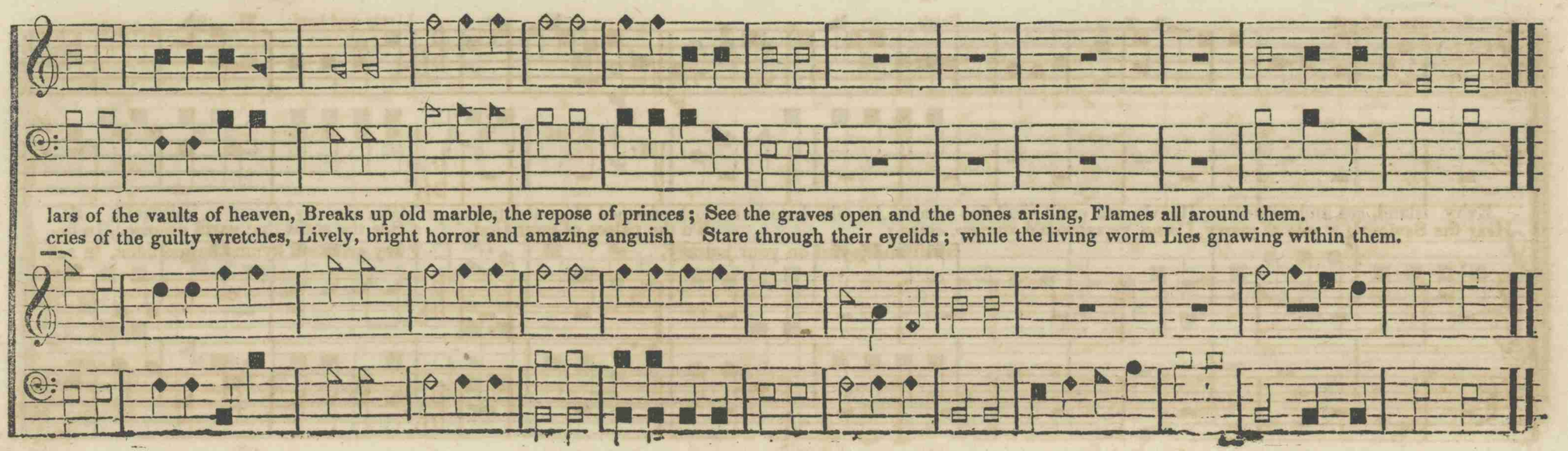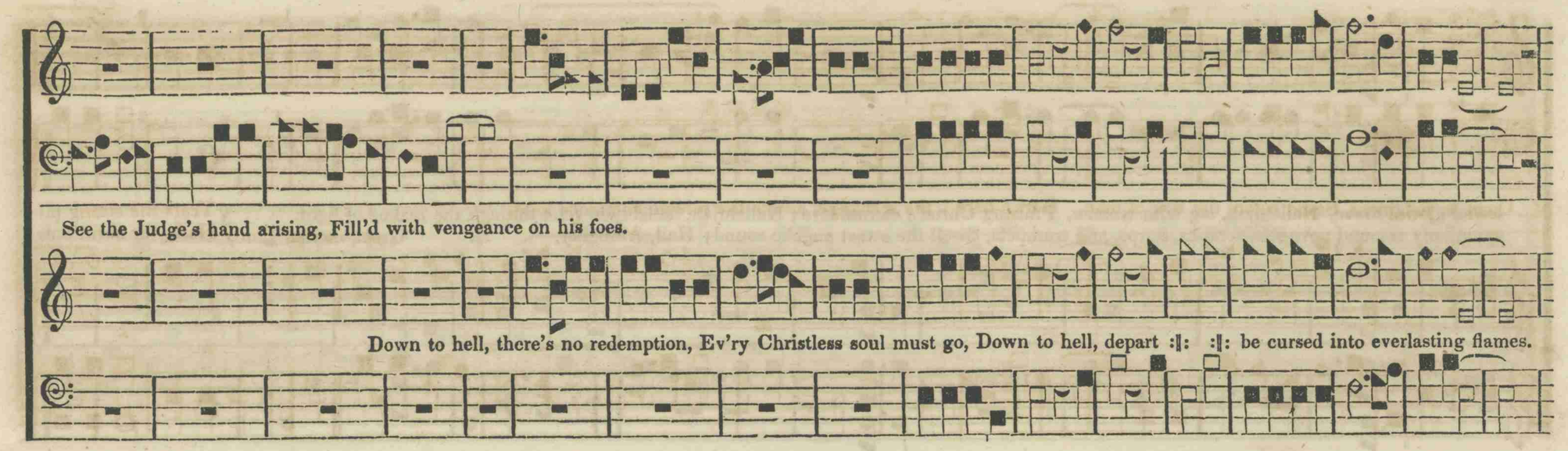


splendent shine his nail prints, ev'ry eye shall see the wound, They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail.

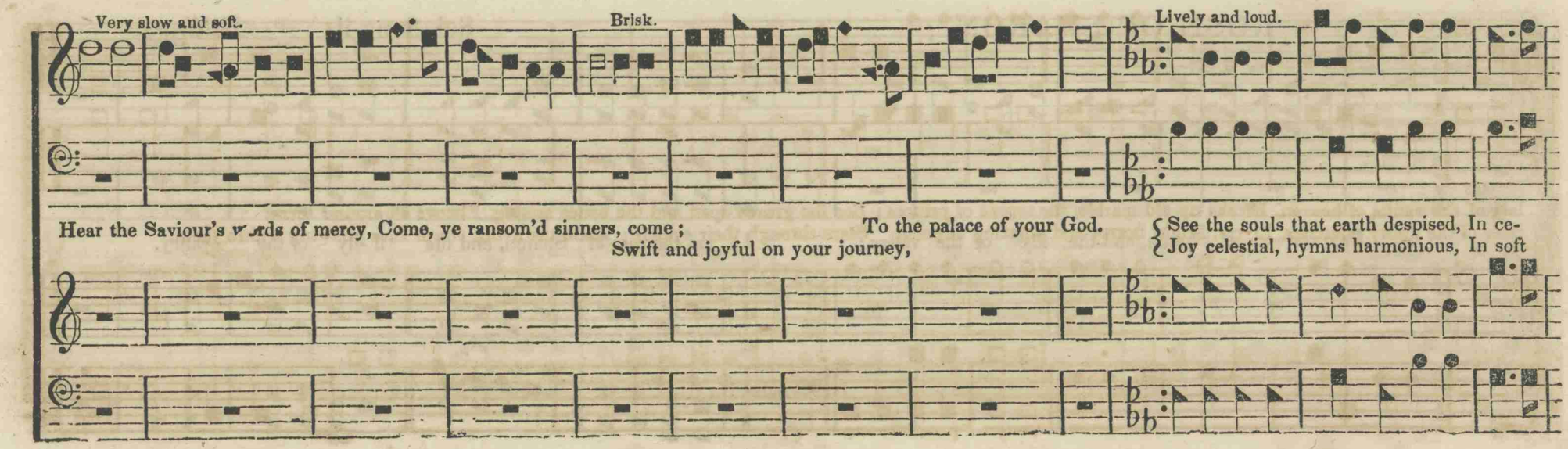


Ev'ry island, sea and mountain, Heav'n and earth shall flee away ; All who hate him must ashamed Hear the trump proclaim the day, Come to judgment, :‖:


Come to judgment, Stand before the Son of man. Hark! hark! the archangel swells the solemn summons loud,
Tears the strong pil-
Hark, the shrill out-


lars of the vaults of heaven, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; See the graves open and the bones arising, Flames all around them.
cries of the guilty wretches, Lively, bright horror and amazing anguish Stare through their eyelids; while the living worm Lies gnawing within them.


See the Judge's hand arising, Fill'd with vengeance on his foes.
Down to hell, there's no redemption, Ev'ry Christless soul must go, Down to hell, depart :‖: :‖: be cursed into everlasting flames.


Very slow and soft.
Brisk.
Lively and loud.
Hear the Saviour's words of mercy, Come, ye ransom'd sinners, come ; To the palace of your God.
Swift and joyful on your journey,
See the souls that earth despised, In ce-
Joy celestial, hymns harmonious, In soft

lestial glories move, Hallelujah, big with wonder, Praising Christ's eternal love; Hallelujah, hallelujah, echo through the realms of light.
symphony resound: Angels, seraphs, harps, and trumpets, Swell the sweet angelic sound; Hail, Almighty, :|: Great, eternal Lord, Amen.

ROSE OF SHARON.

Sol. Song ii. *Billings.*

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley; I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the valley,

As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters; As the apple tree, the apple tree a - mong the trees of the wood,

so is my be - loved among the sons, so is my be - loved among the sons. I sat down un - der his shadow with great delight.

And his fruit was sweet to my taste; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste, And his fruit, and his fruit, &c.
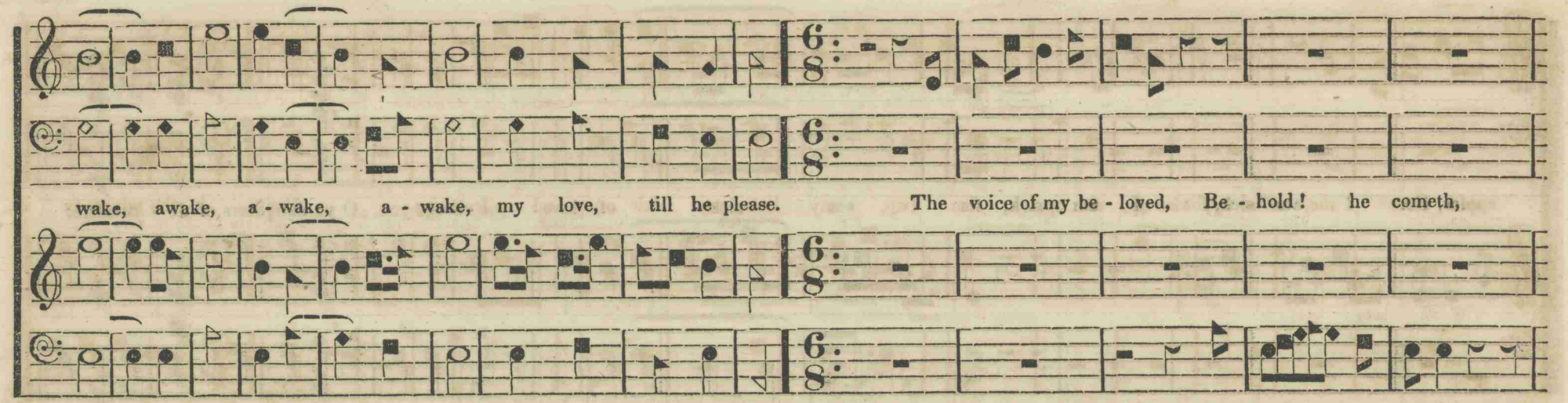
He brought me to the banqueting house,
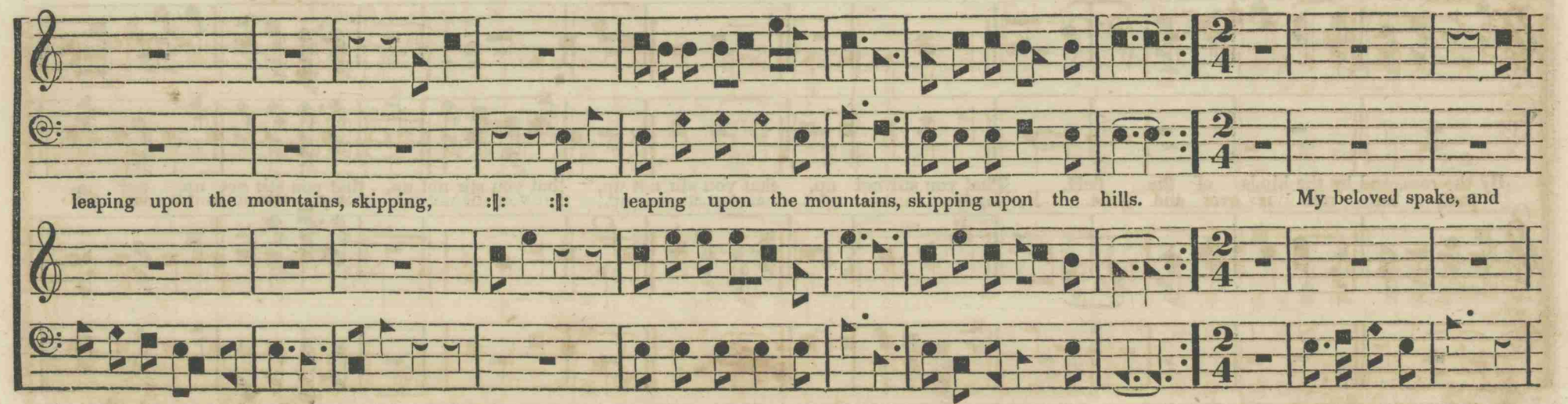
his banner over me was love, He brought me to the banqueting house, his banner over me was love.
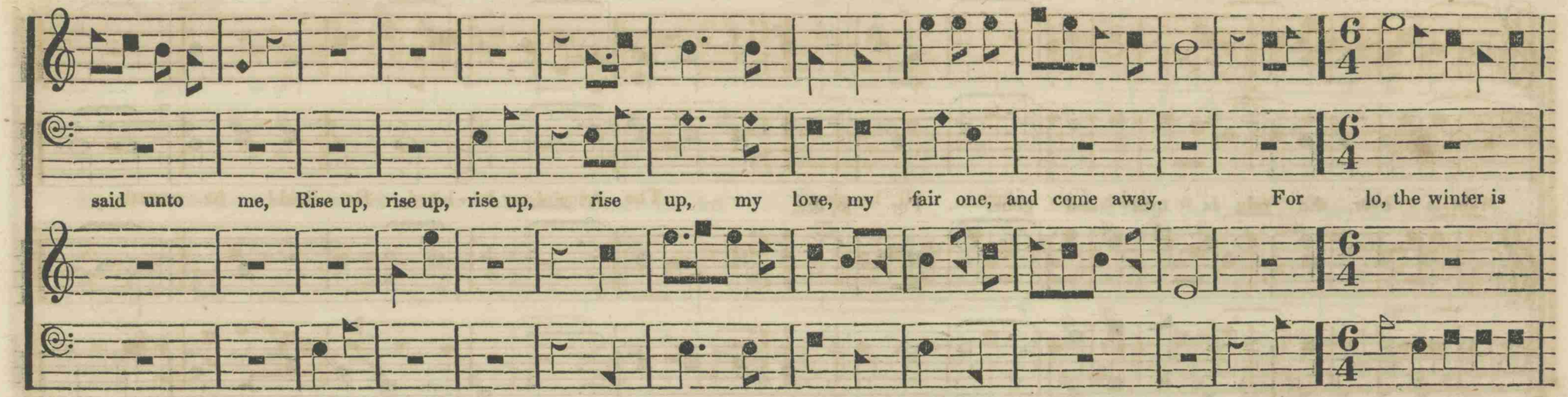
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with
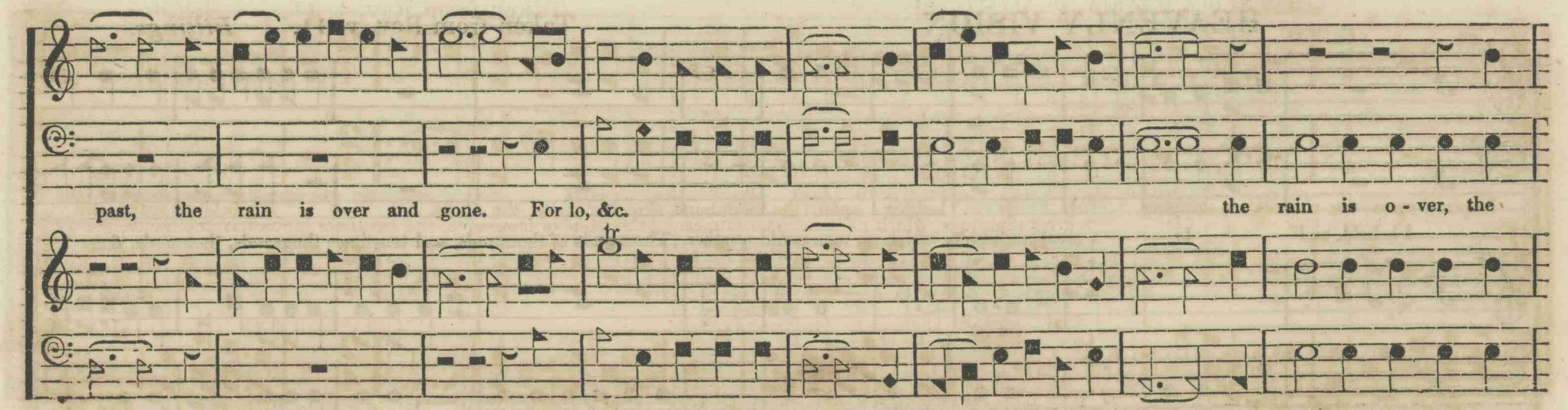
apples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Je - rusalem,
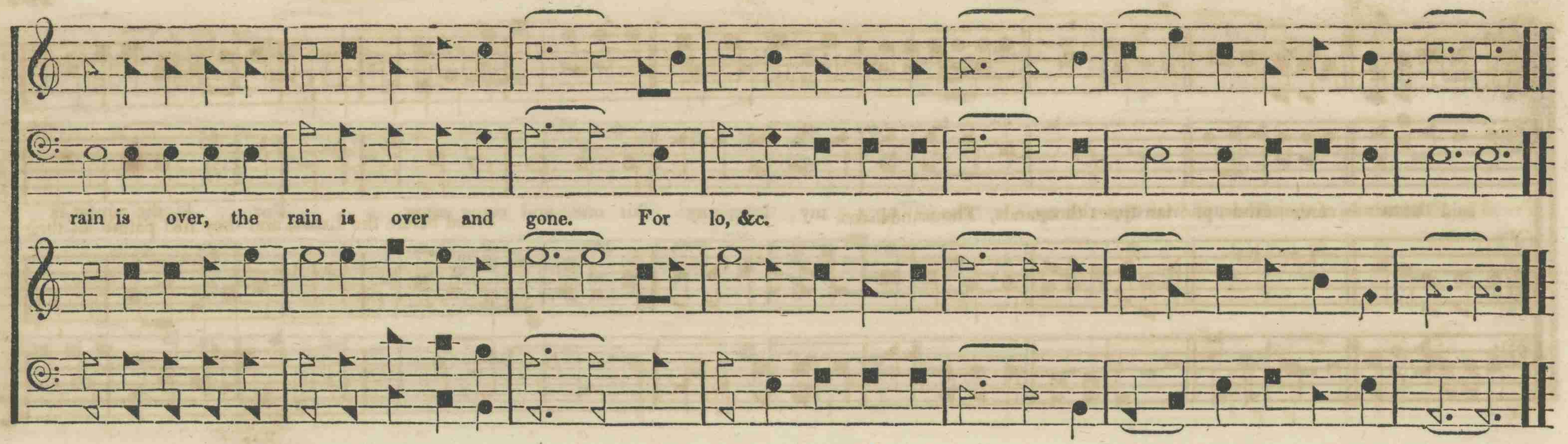
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-


wake, awake, a - wake, a - wake, my love, till he please. The voice of my be - loved, Be - hold! he cometh,


leaping upon the mountains, skipping, :‖: :‖: leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved spake, and

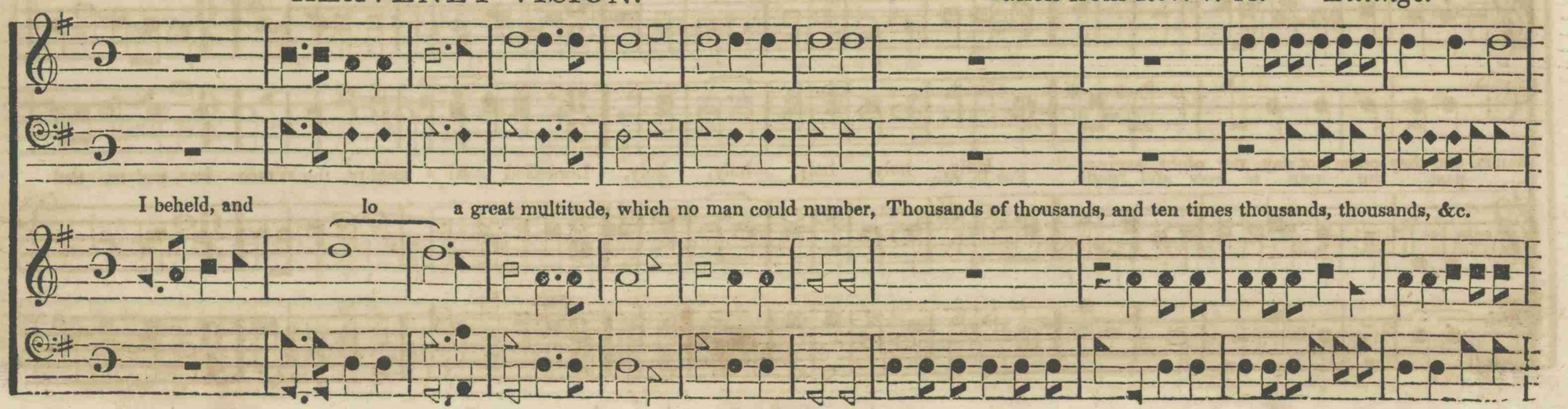

said unto me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is
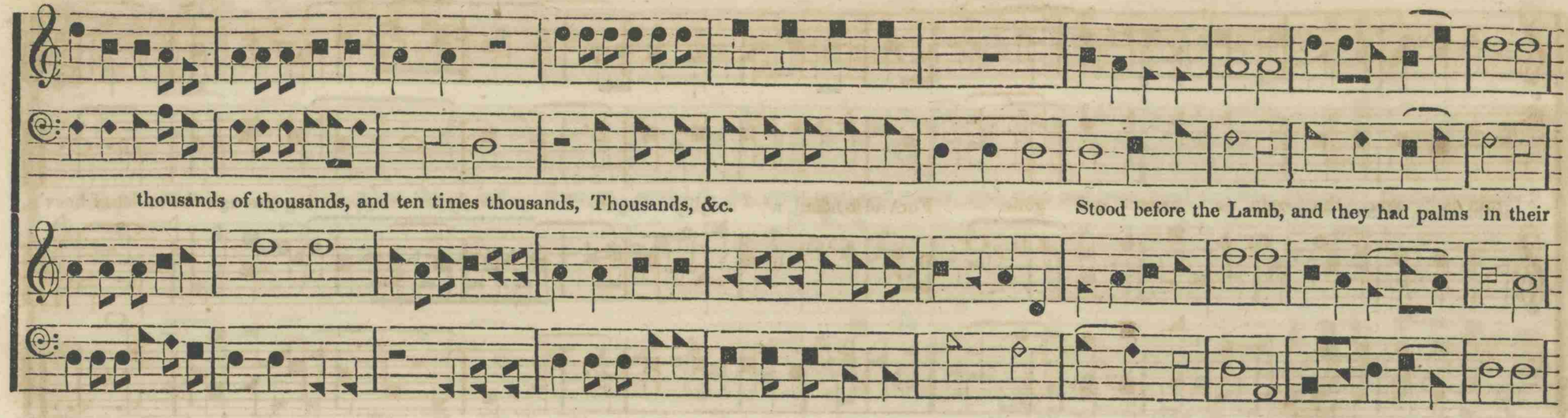

past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, &c.
tr
the rain is o - ver, the

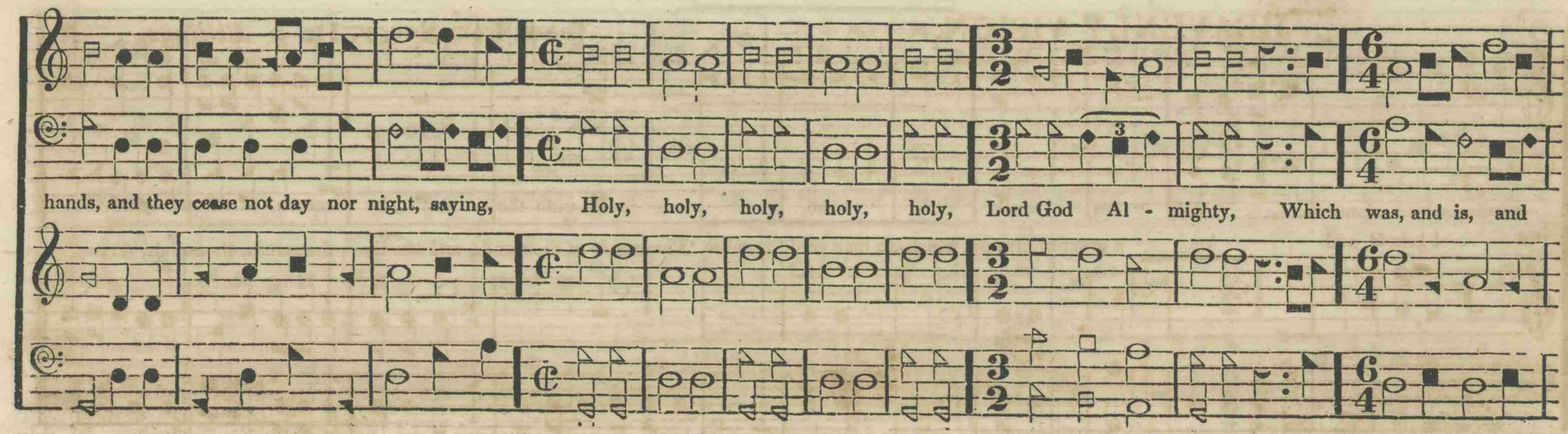


HEAVENLY VISION.

Taken from Rev. v. 11. *Billings.*



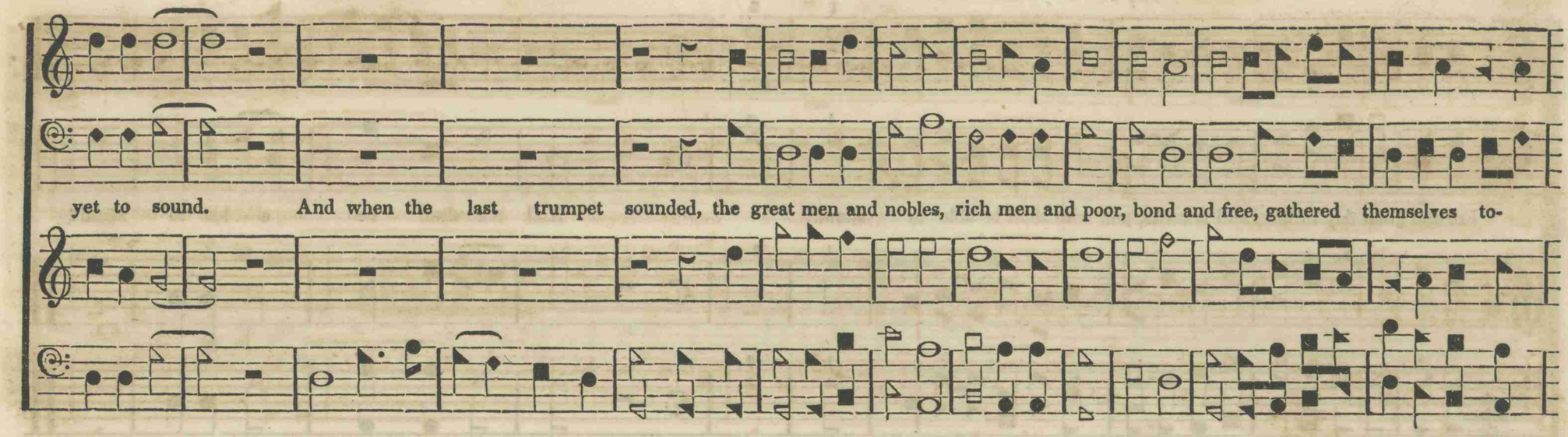

thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.
Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their
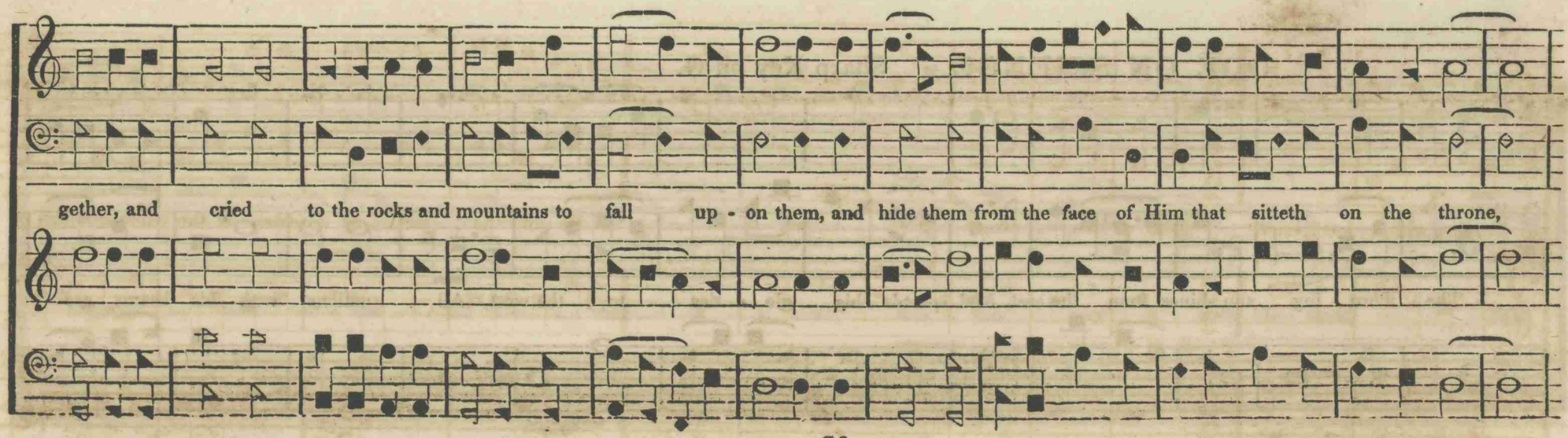

hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al - mighty, Which was, and is, and

HEAVENLY VISION. *Continued*
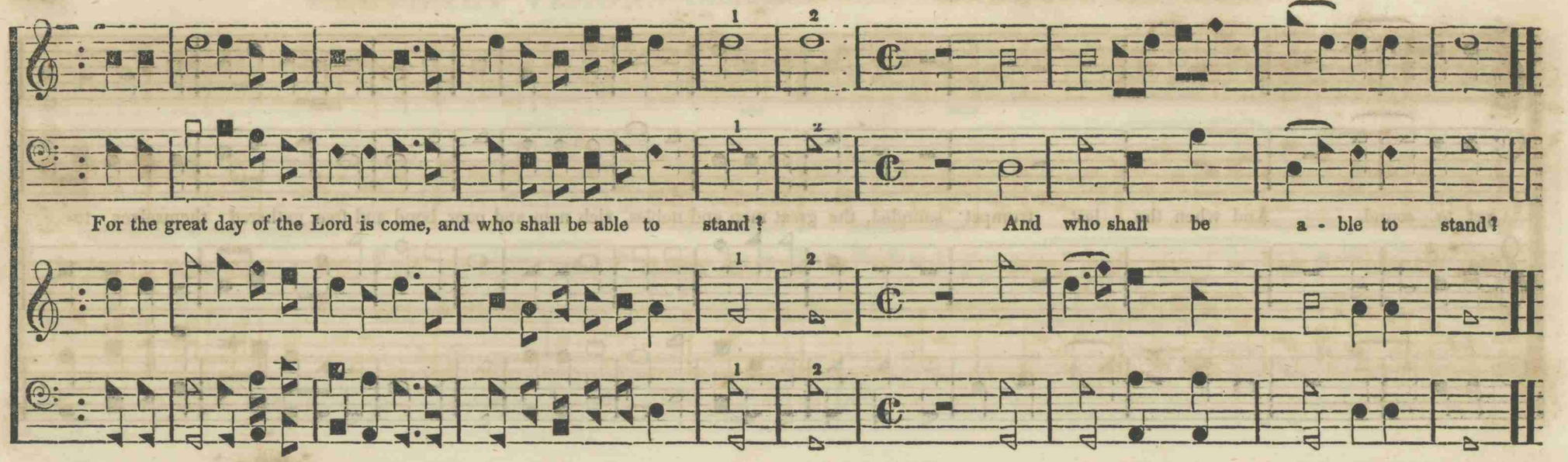
is to come, Which was, &c. And I heard a mighty angel fly - - ing through the midst of heav'n,

crying with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo, Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is
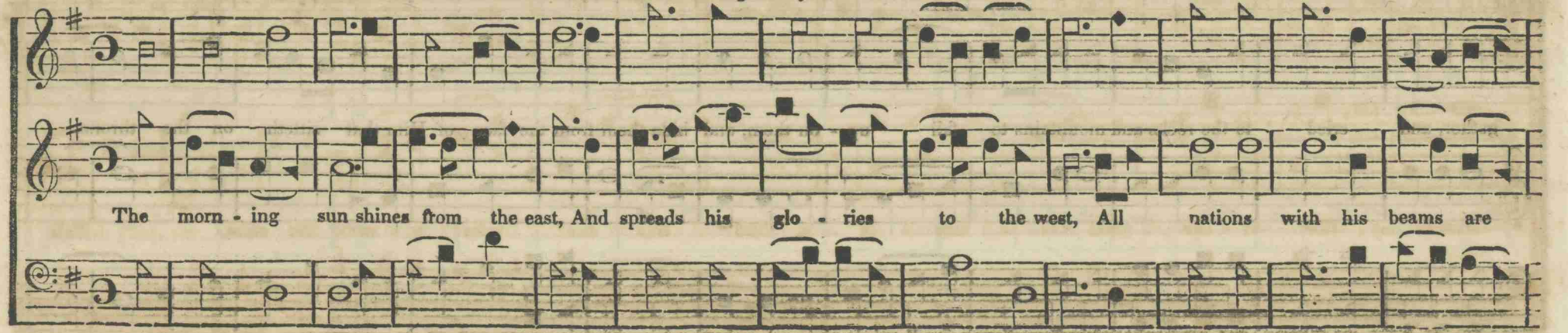

yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves to-
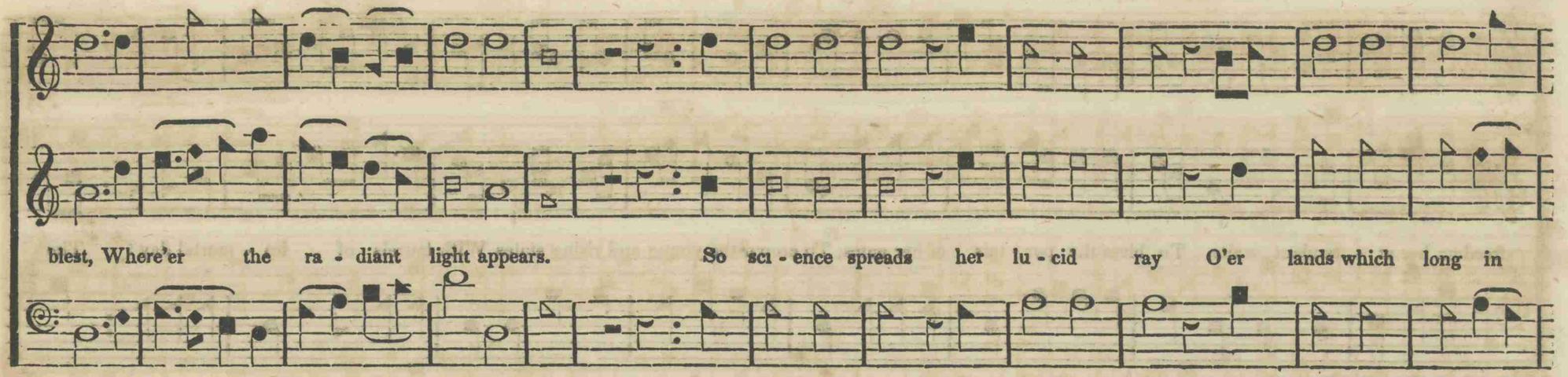

gether, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,

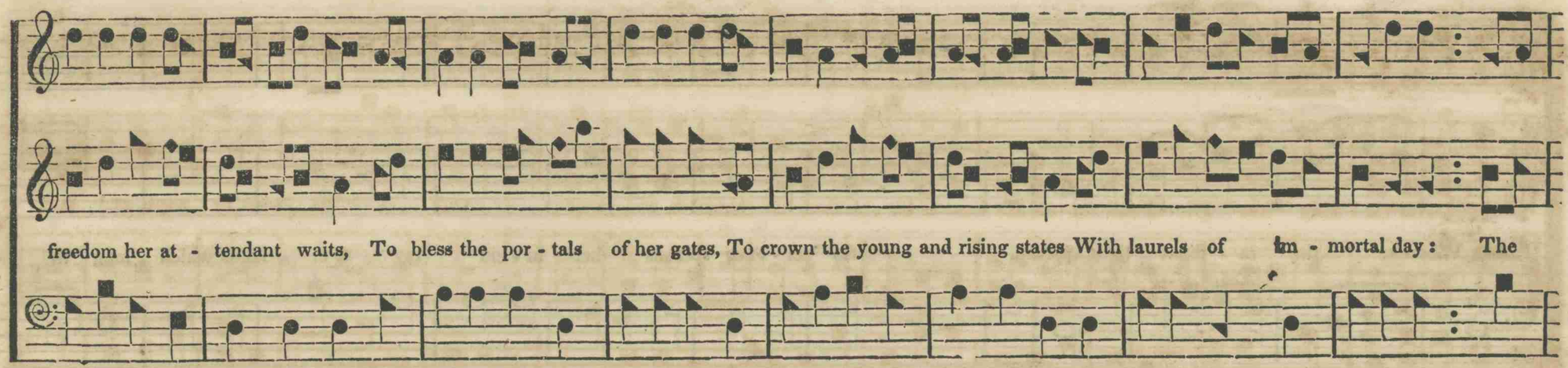
HEAVENLY VISION. *Concluded.*

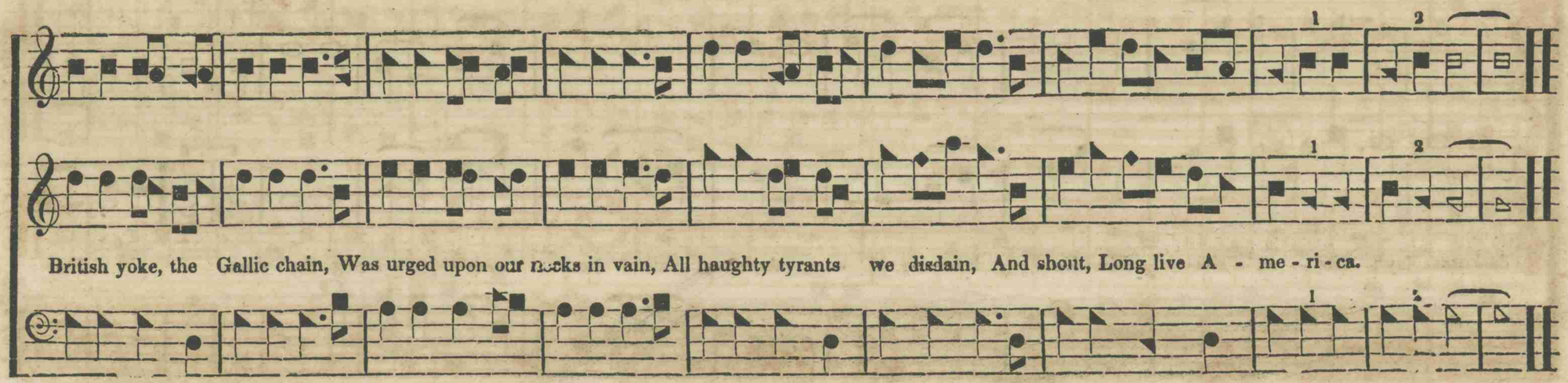


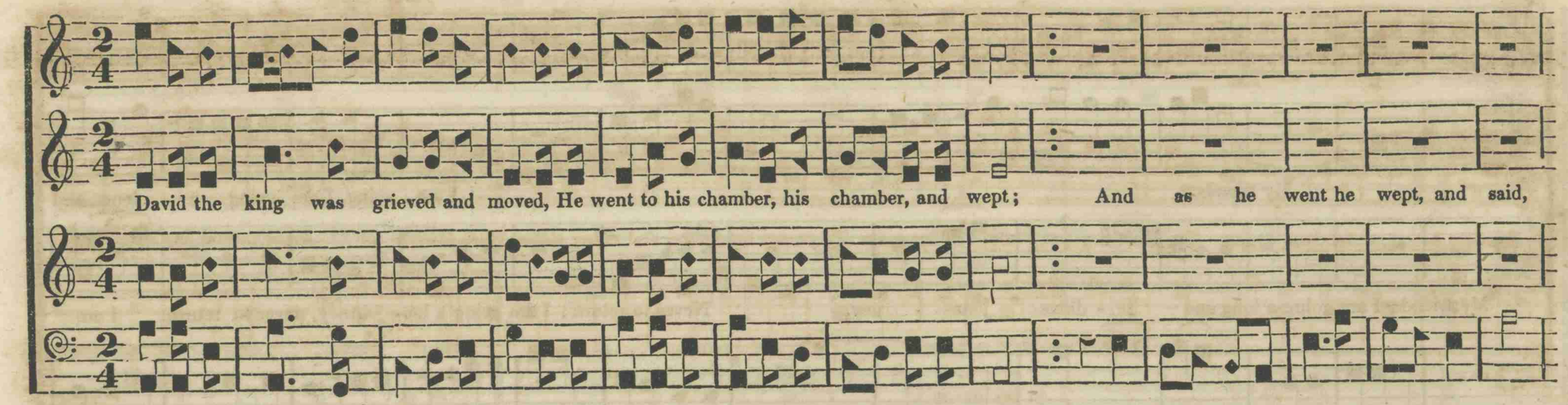
ODE ON SCIENCE. Sharp Key on G.
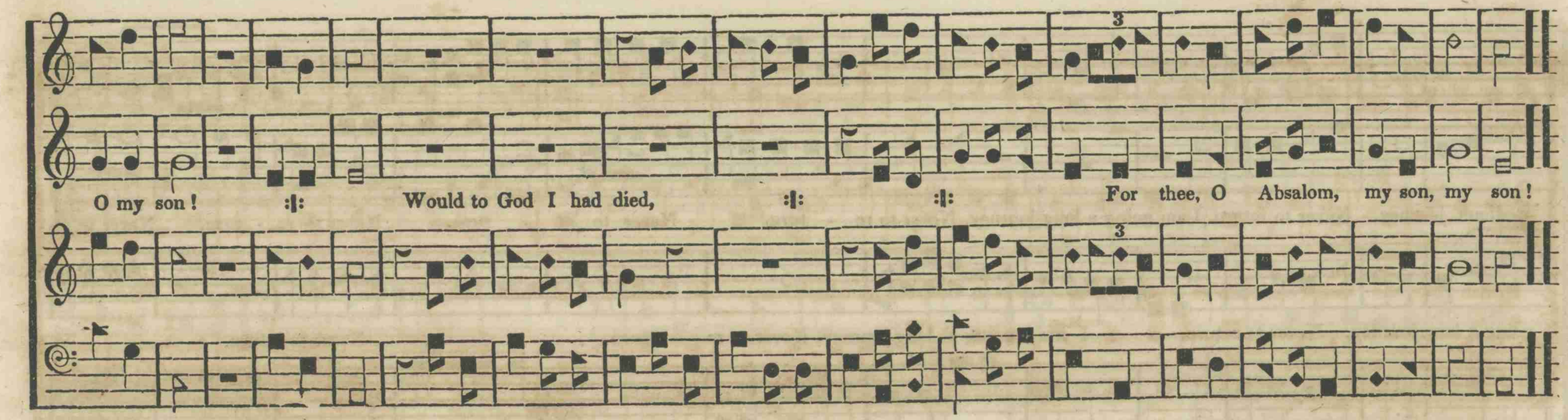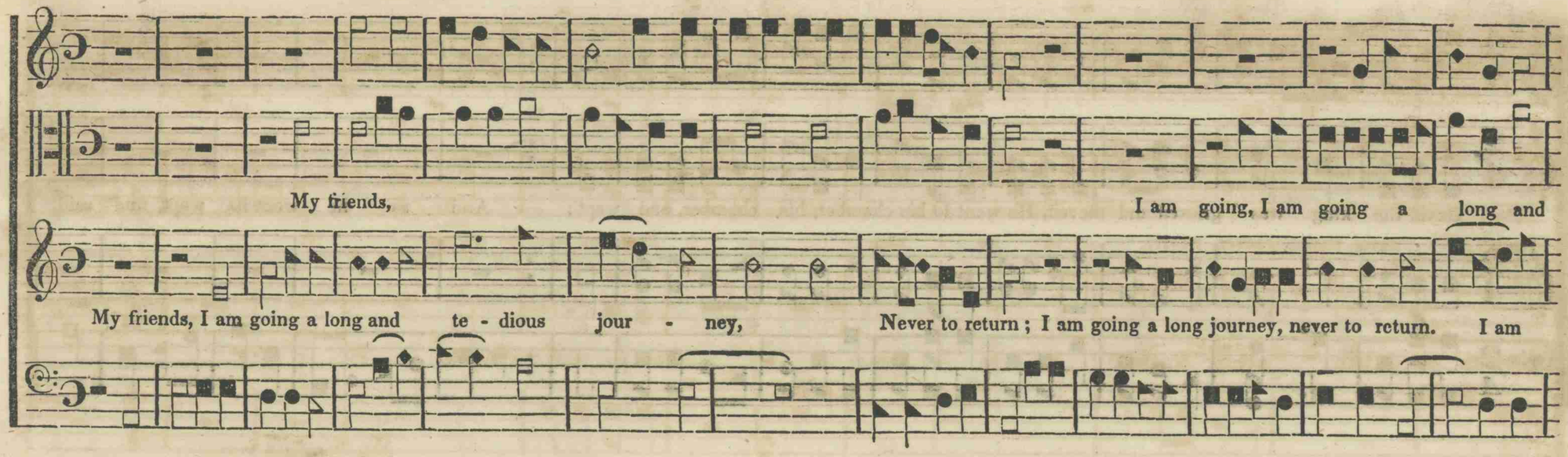



blest, Where'er the ra - diant light appears. So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which long in
darkness lay; She vi - sits fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars. Fair
1
2
1
2
1
2
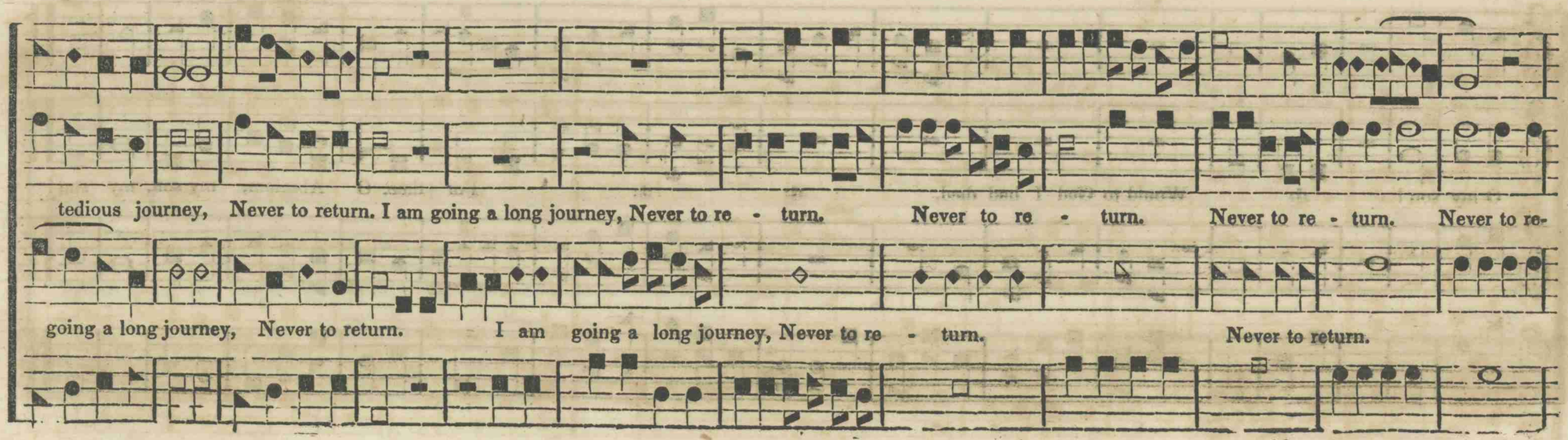

freedom her at - tendant waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising states With laurels of im - mortal day: The


British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged upon our necks in vain, All haughty tyrants we disdain, And shout, Long live A - me - ri - ca.


David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,


O my son! Would to God I had died, For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!


My friends,
I am going, I am going a long and
My friends, I am going a long and te - dious jour - ney,
Never to return; I am going a long journey, never to return. I am
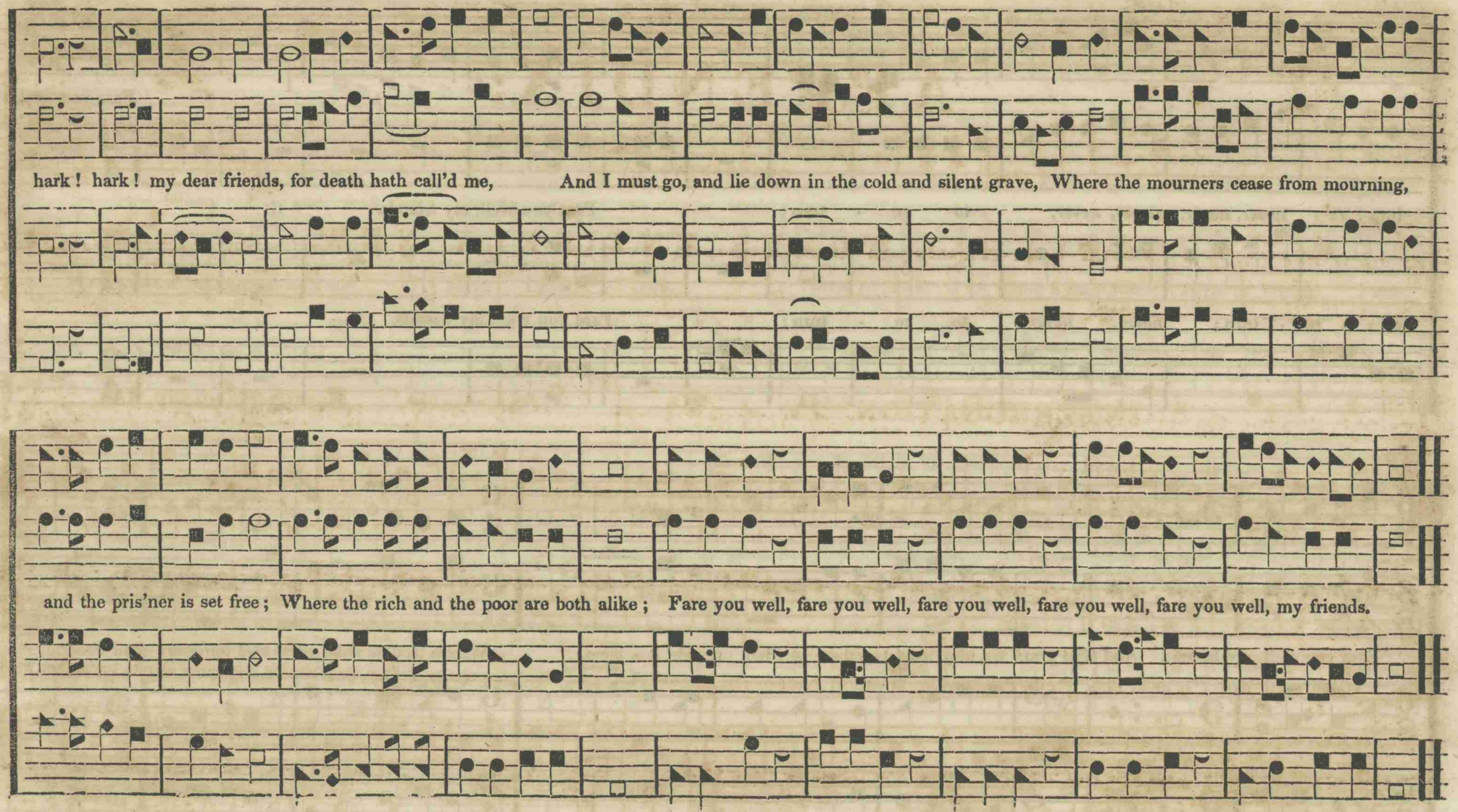

tedious journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. Never to re - turn. Never to re - turn. Never to re-
going a long journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. Never to return.

Fare you well,

turn; never, never, never, never, to re - turn; Fare you well, my friends. :‖:

never to re - turn; never, never to re - turn; Fare you well, my friends.

Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world a - bove, Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall abound,

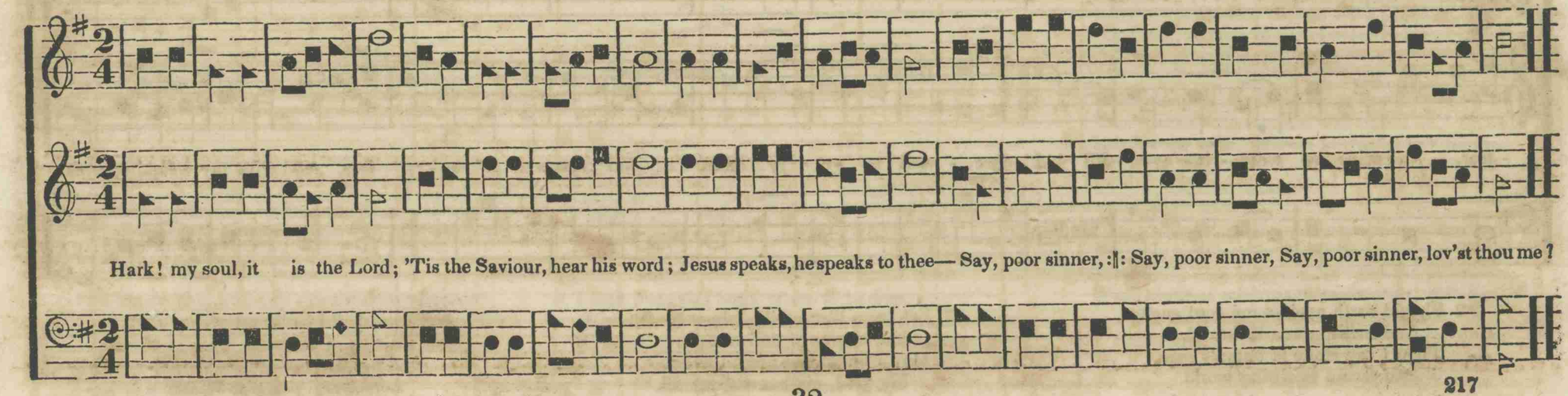

hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath call'd me, And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave, Where the mourners cease from mourning,
and the pris'ner is set free; Where the rich and the poor are both alike; Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

SEVERAL TUNES ENTIRELY NEW.
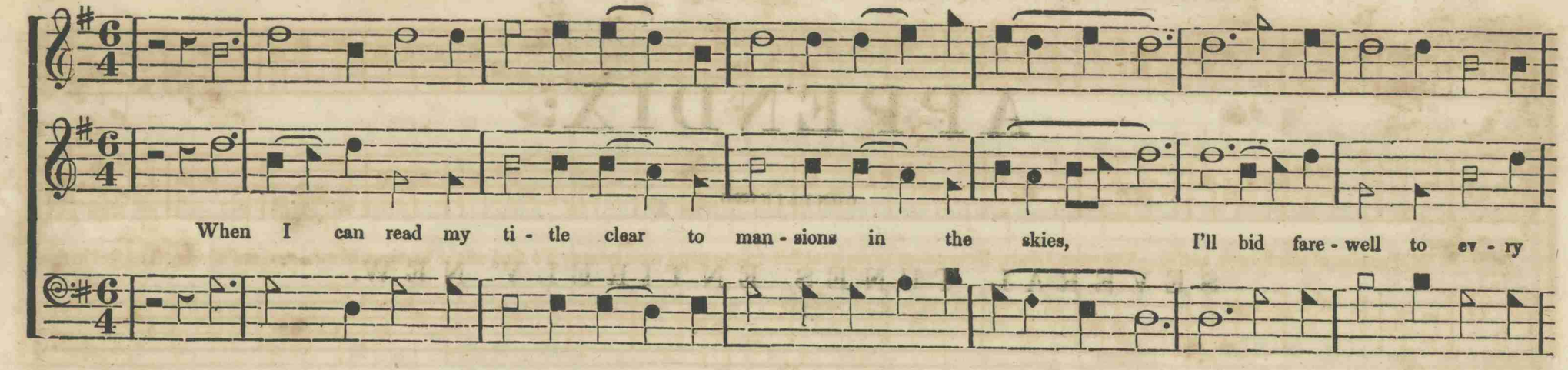
INTERROGATION. 7's. *Christopher.* Baptist Harmony, 141.

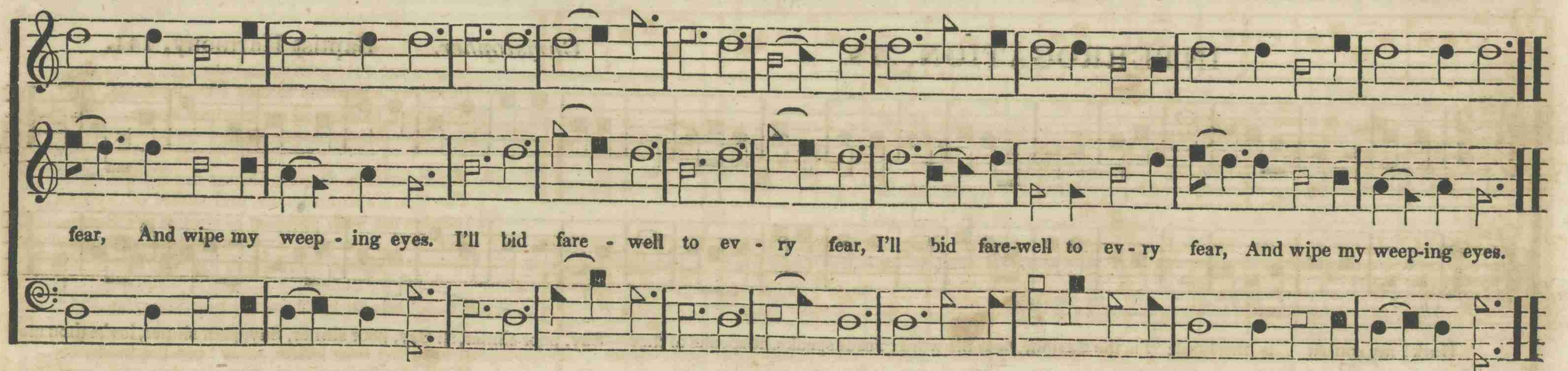


Our old tune to "On Jordan's stormy banks" - altered

DUDLEY. C. M

Wm. Walker
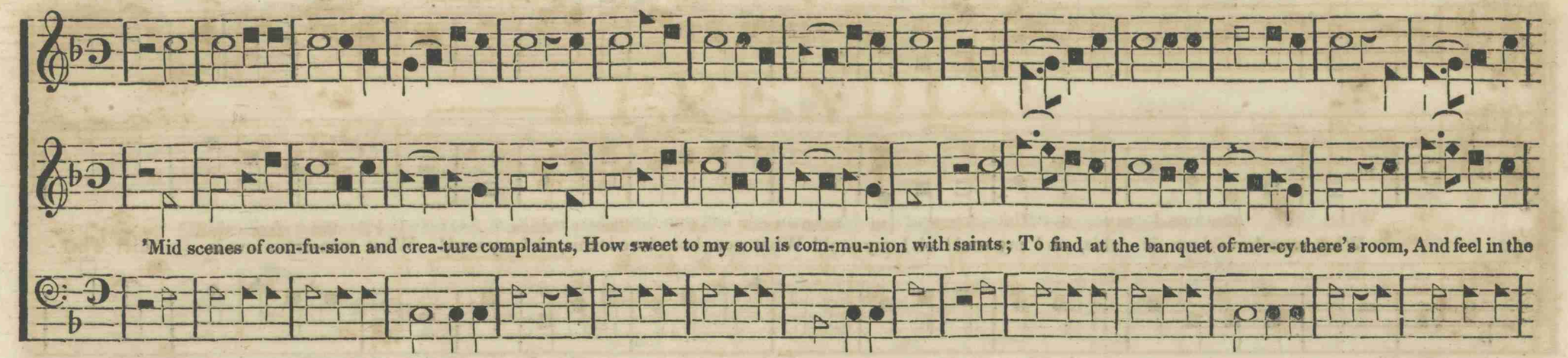


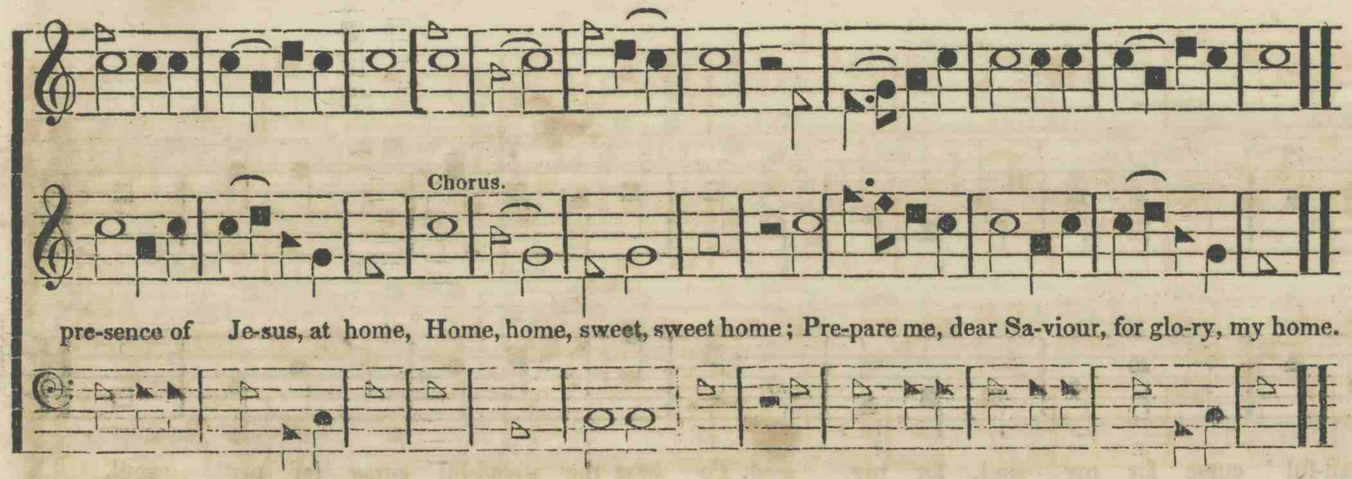


2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.





2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, &c.
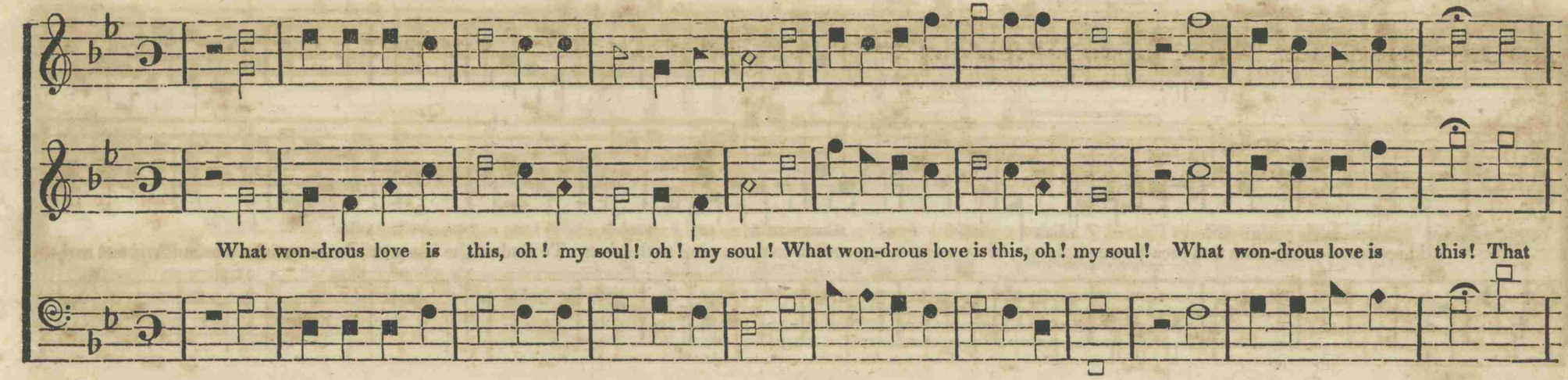
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.
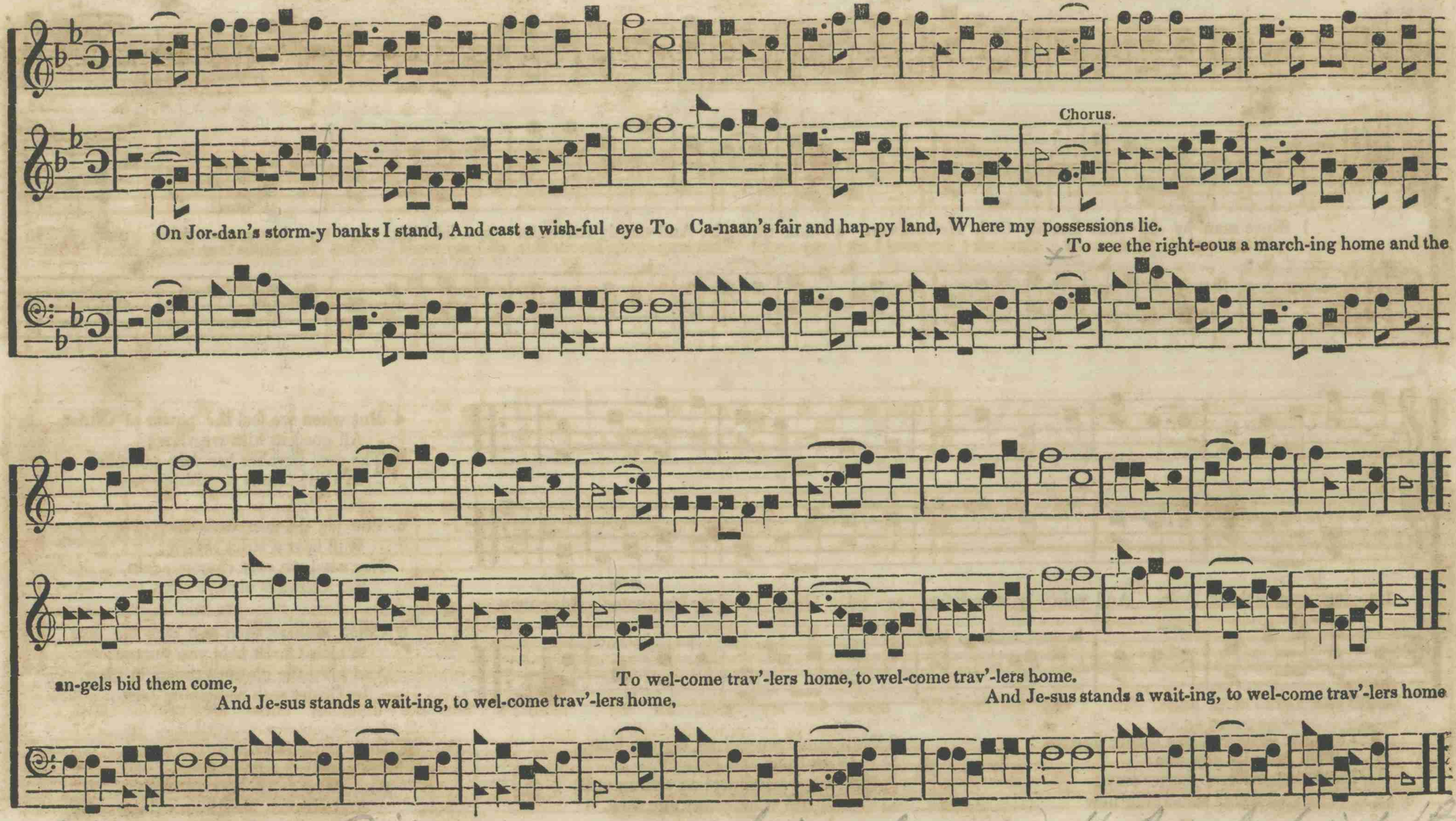
6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

WONDROUS LOVE. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9.

Christopher.

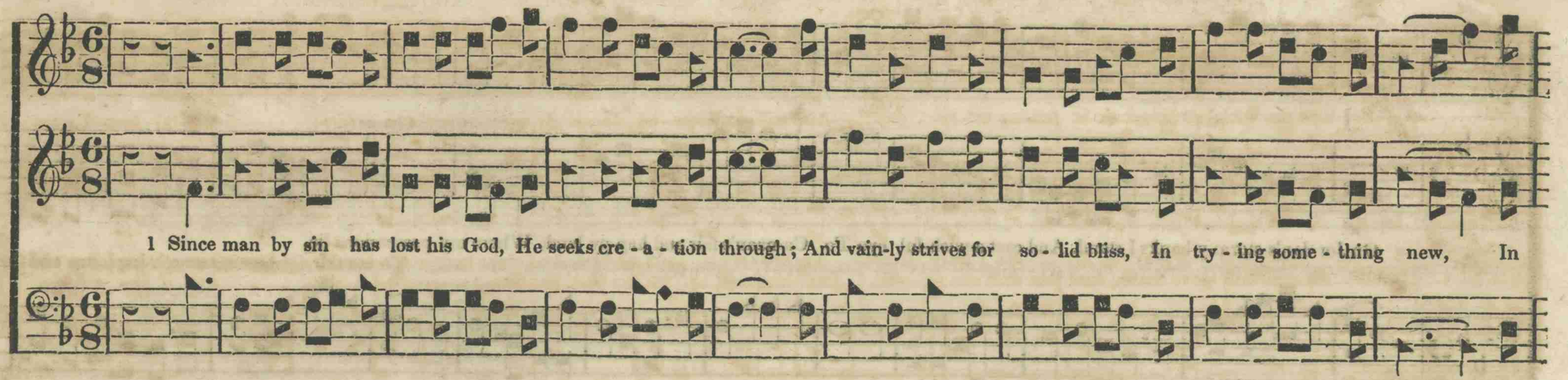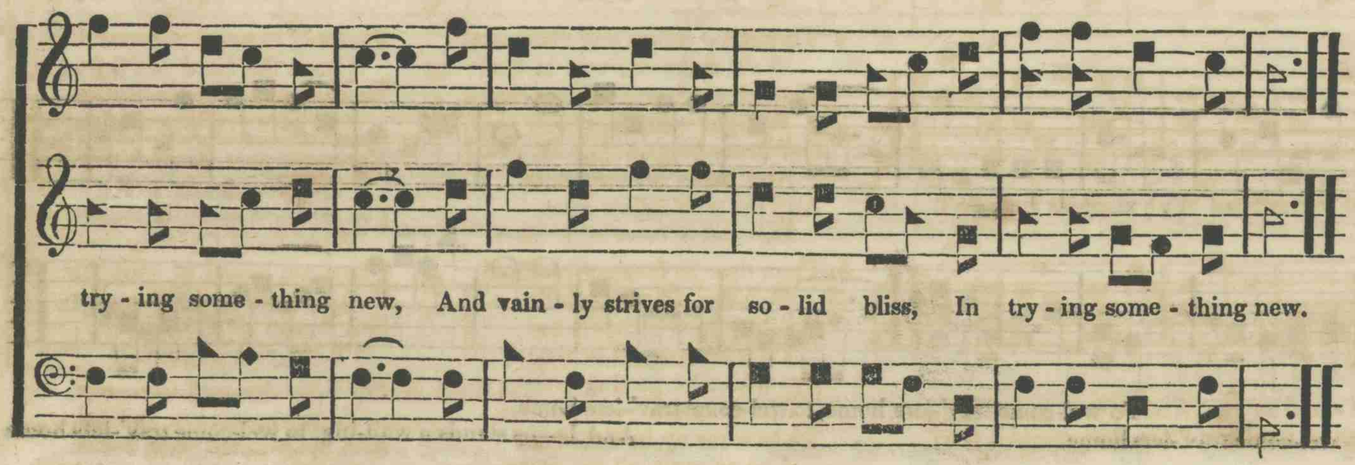


1446 Psalmist



* Oh see the Pilgrims marching home, & Angels bid them come
While Jesus waiting stands to welcome weary trav'lers home.

SOMETHING NEW. C. M.





2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
'Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer stays,
The soul wants something new
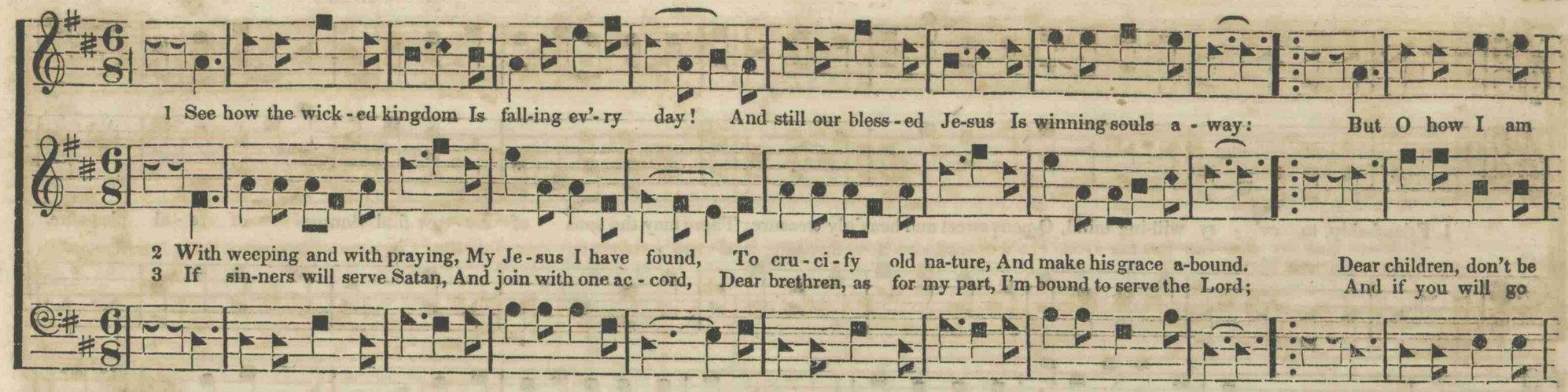
3 Now could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.
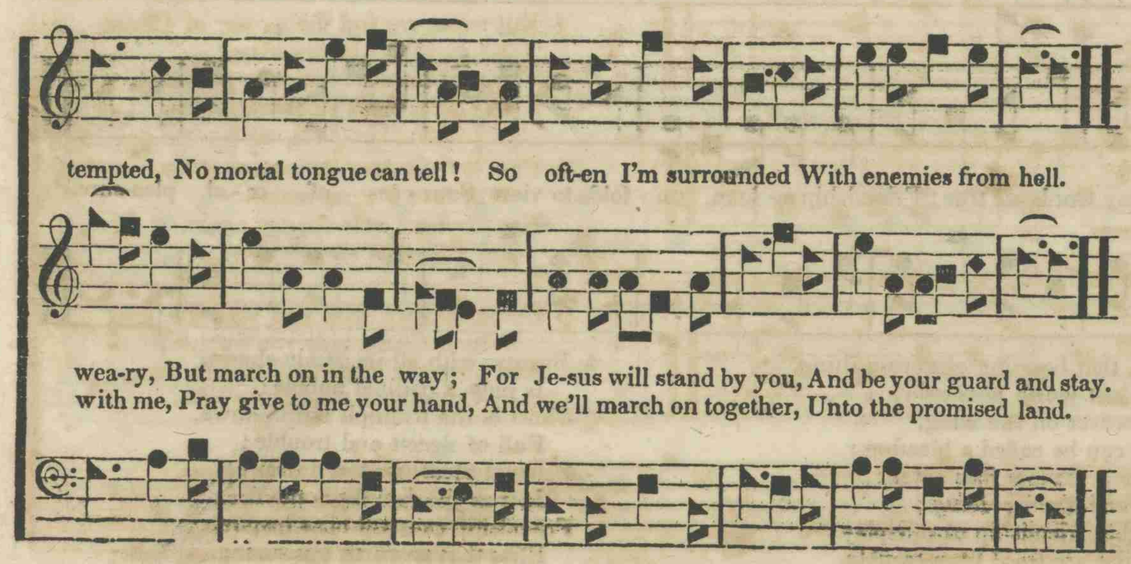
4 But when we feel the power of Christ,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

6 Come, sinners, then and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue;
And keep the glorious theme in view,
In Christ seek something new.

7 But soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review;
And at his feet with rapture fall,
And Heaven brings something new





4 Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road.
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Thou dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find.
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind:
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

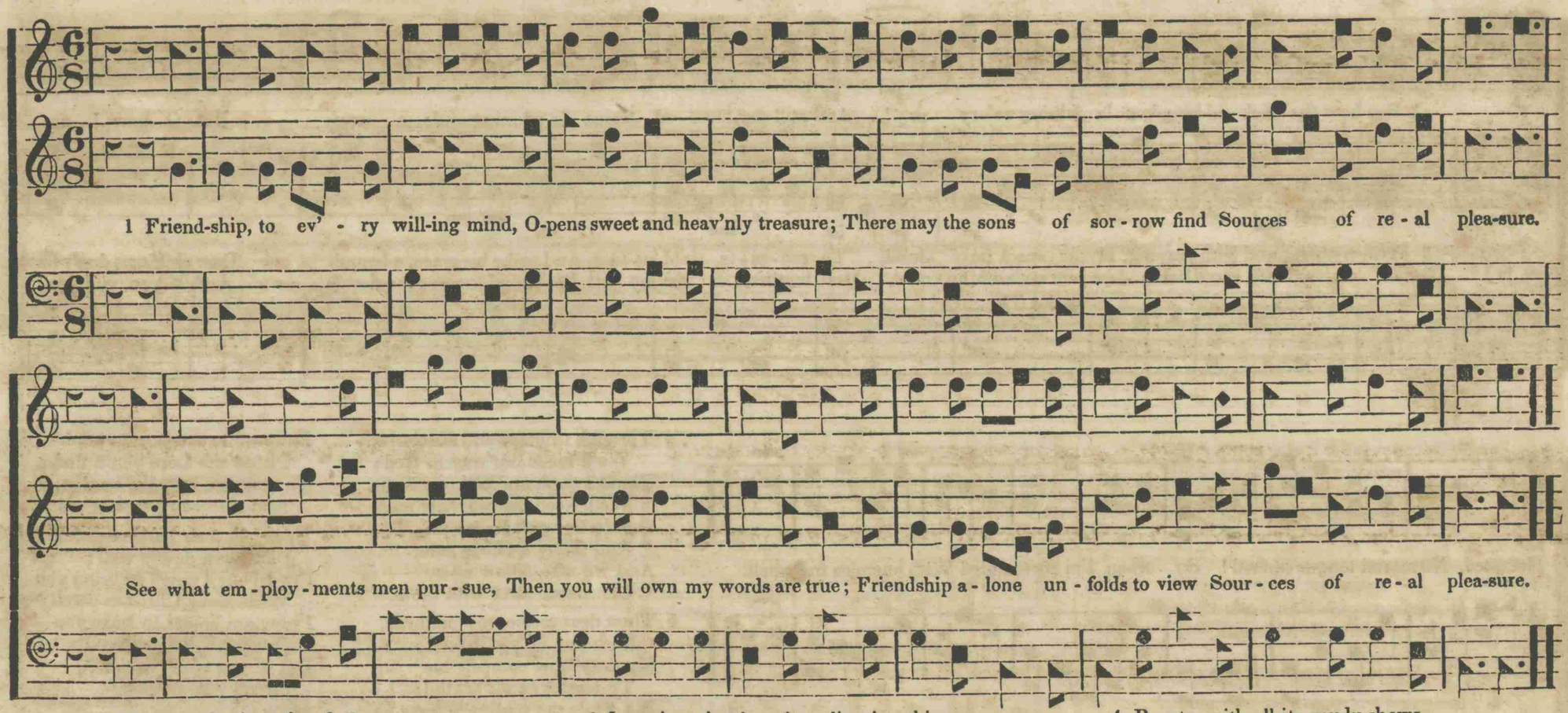
6 And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind.

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;
I've labour'd much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell;
I now am bound to leave you—
O tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft with Jesus
For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above the ethereal blue;
And then, poor careless sinners,
What will become of you?

HEAVENLY TREASURE. 8, 8, 8, 7.
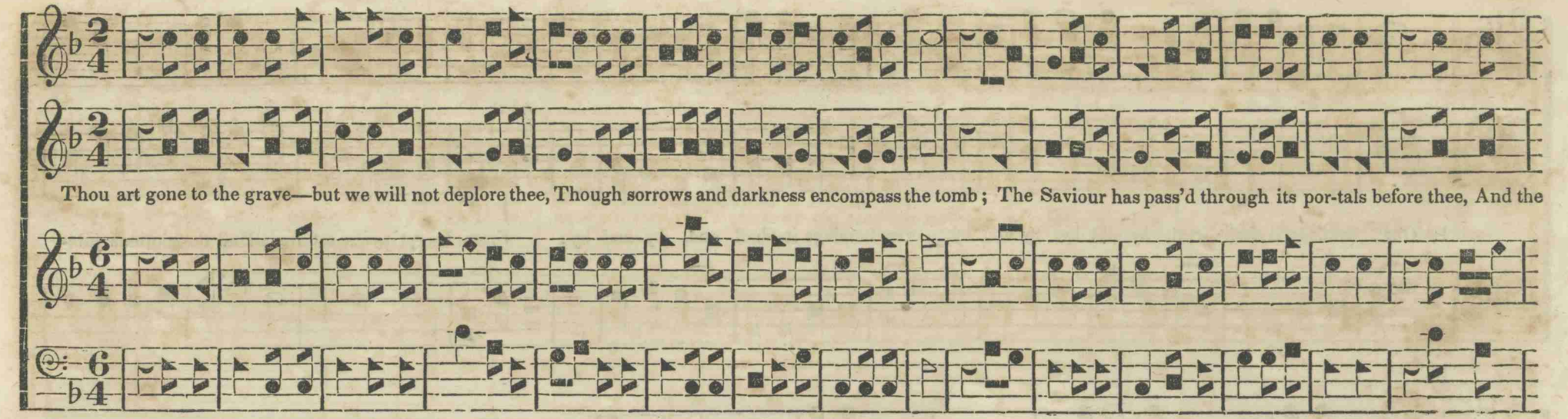
Miss M. T. Durham.
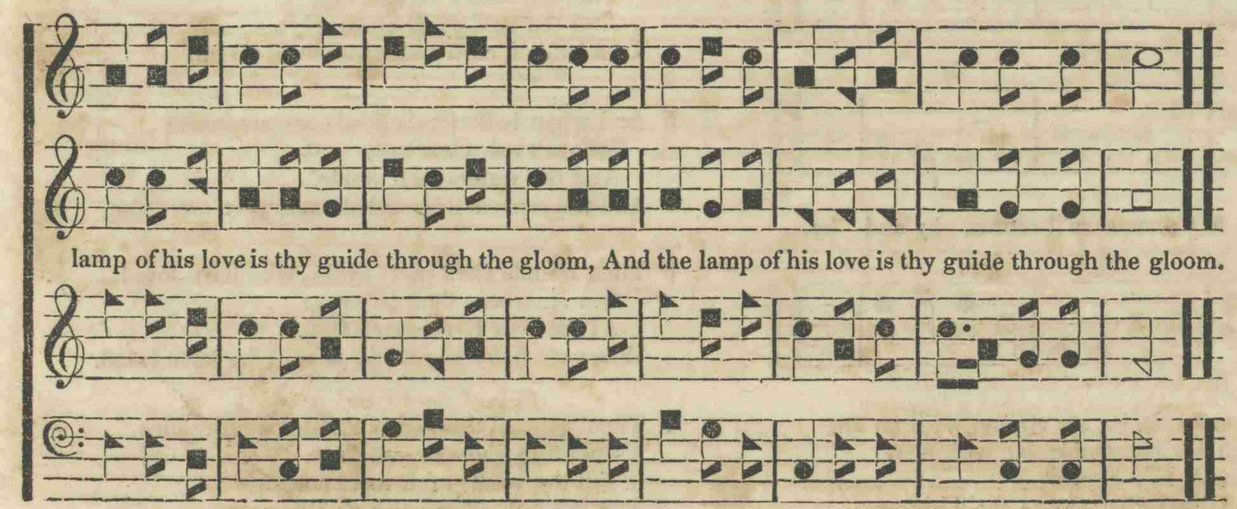


2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Or fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story;
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in friendship can we find
Sources of real pleasure.

3 Learning, that boasting glittering thing,
Is but just worth possessing;
Riches, forever on the wing,
Scarce can be called a blessing;
Fame like a shadow flies away;
Titles and dignity decay;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is only a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Sensual pleasures swell desire
Just as the fuel feeds the fire;
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.





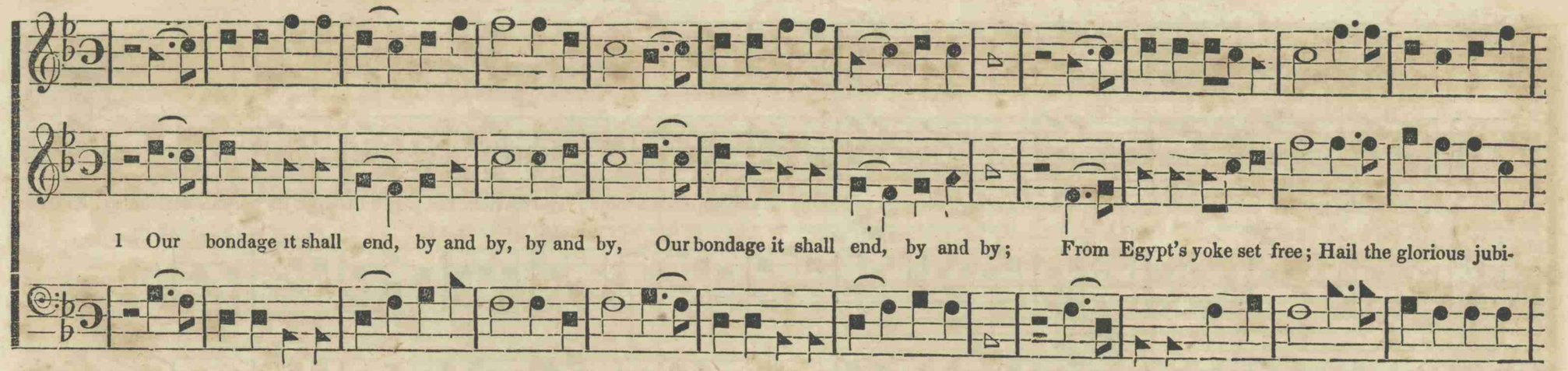
2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died

THE SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12, 9.

By J. King and W. Walker.



2 Our deliverer he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
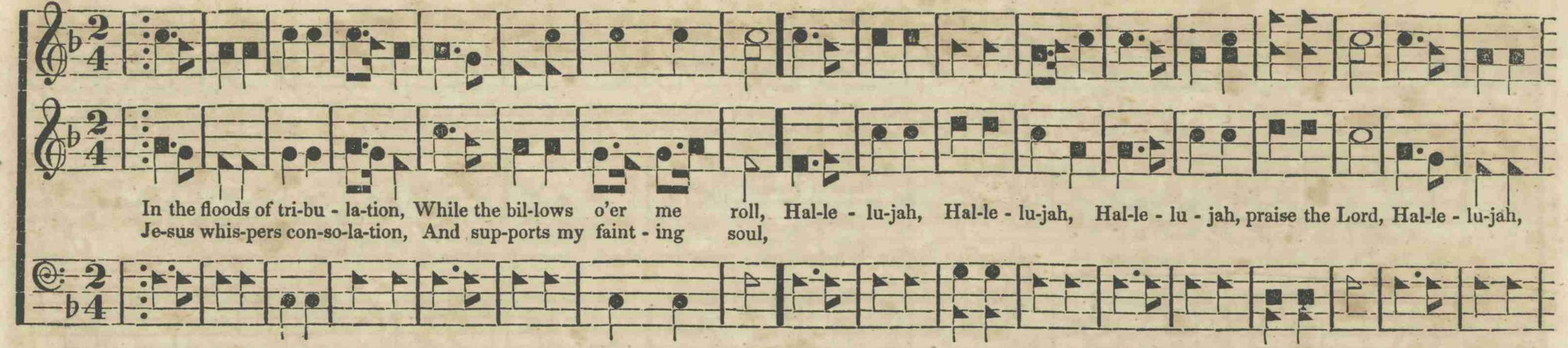
3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.
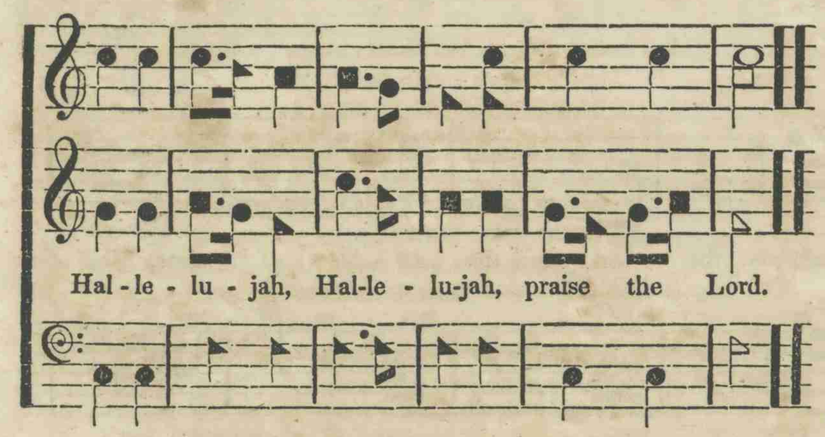
4 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come,

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.





2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven. Sweet, &c.

3 Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,
With increasing brightness play:
Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets
Look more beautiful and gay.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

4 So in darkest dispensations
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
To reanimate and cheer.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near. Sweet, &c.
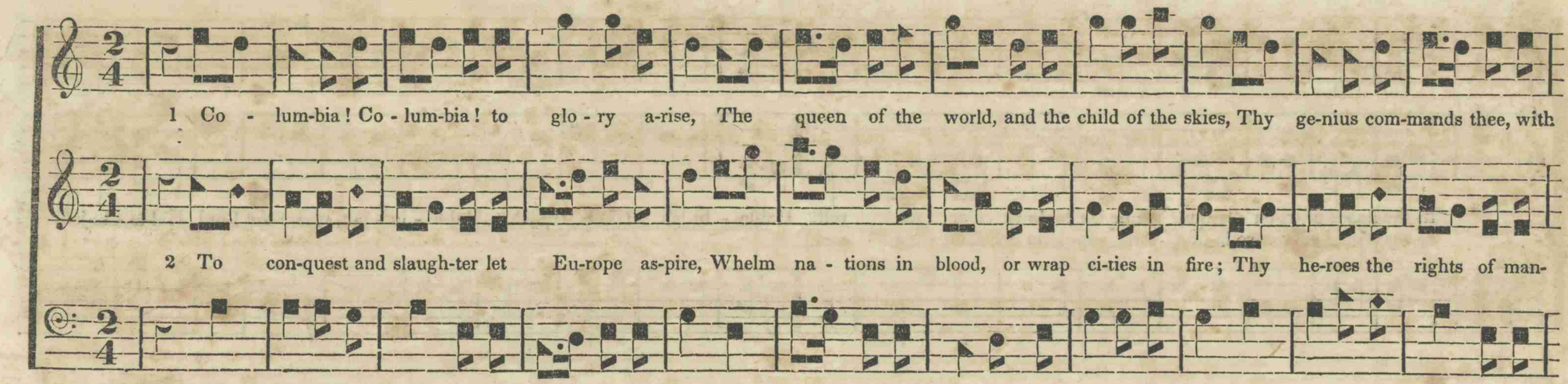
5 Floods of tribulations brighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
But my soul defies your power.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.
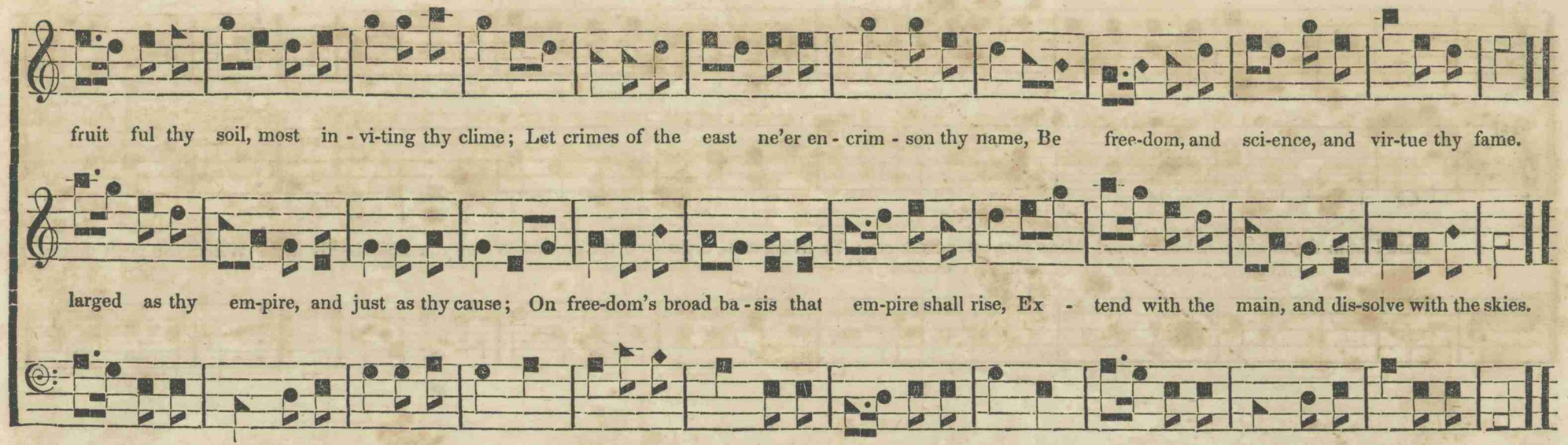
6 In the sacred page recorded;
Thus the word securely stands,—
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands. Sweet, &c.

7 All I meet I find assist me,
In my path to heavenly joy;
Where the trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

8 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll near forget,
But exulting cry it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet. Sweet, &c.

STAR OF COLUMBIA. 11's. *Miss M. T. Durham.* Words by Dr. Dwight.





3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind,
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

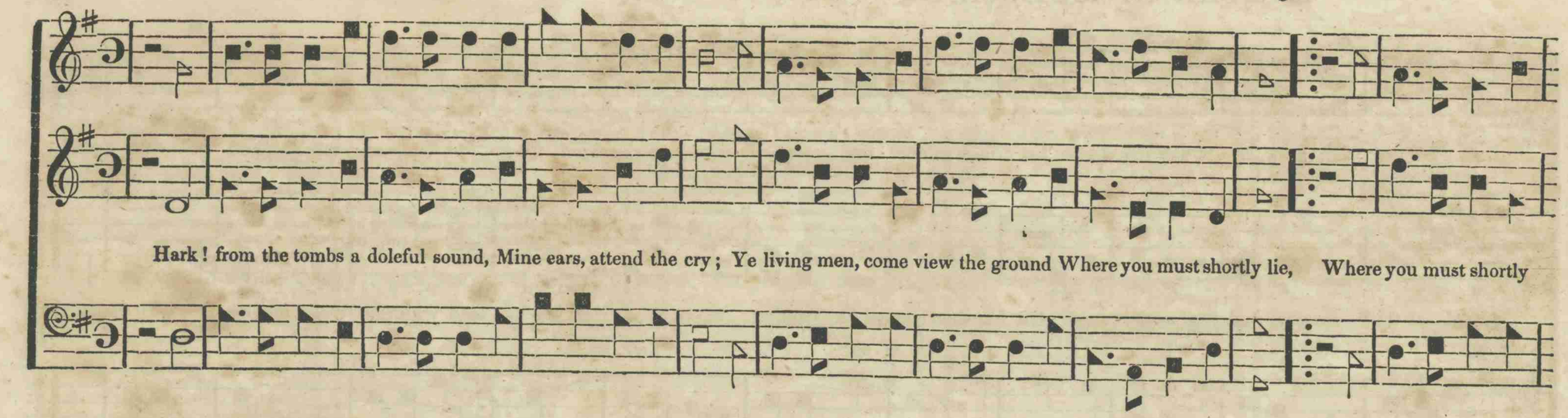
5 Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

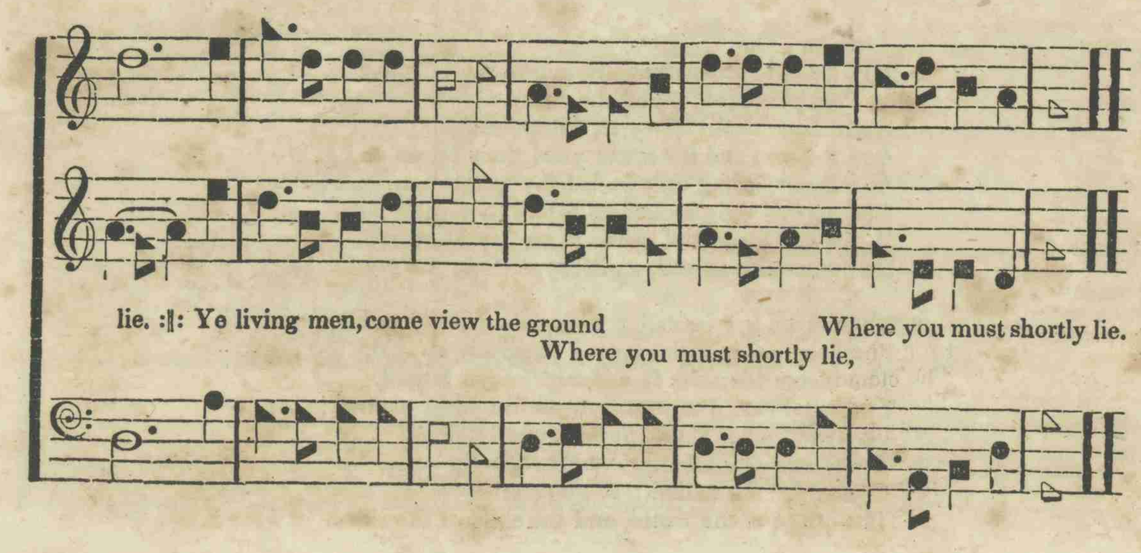
6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

PLENARY. C. M.

Auld Lang Syne

By A. Clark.





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check minute tunes found in Christian Harmony

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