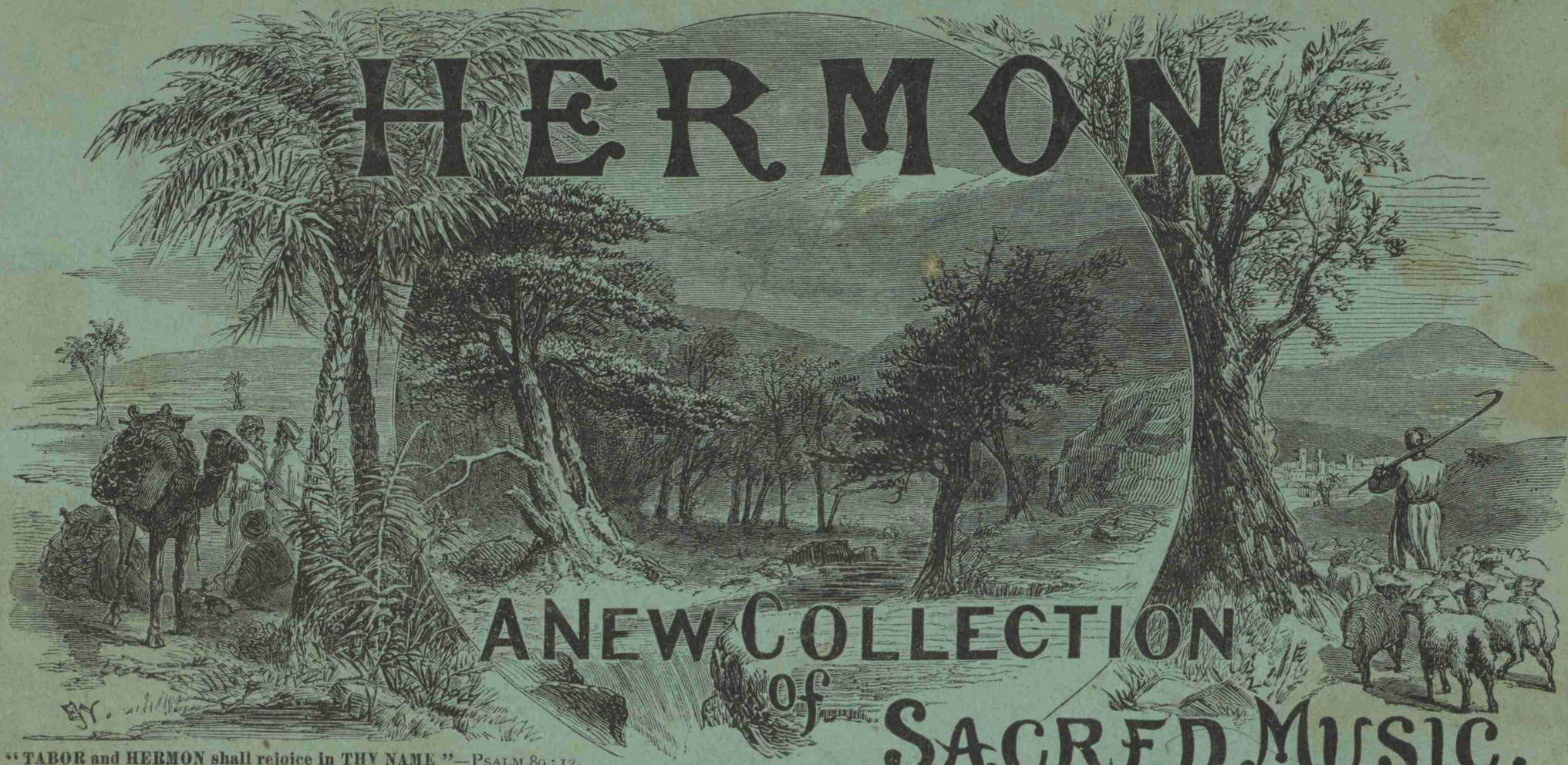
HERMON



"TABOR and HERMON shall rejoice in THY NAME"—PSALM 89 : 12.

A NEW COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC.

By R. M. MCINTOSH, Author of "Tabor,"

ASSISTED IN THE HYMN-TUNE DEPARTMENT BY

REV. THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D., LL.D.

NEW YORK:
F. J. HUNTINGTON AND COMPANY, 105 DUANE STREET.
NASHVILLE, TENN.: A. H. REDFORD, AGENT OF THE SOUTHERN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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29 April 1965

"Tabor and Hermon shall Rejoice in Thy Name."—Lxxxix Psalm, 13.

HERMON:

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PREFACE.

THIS is our sixth book of Sacred Music, and in its preparation we have endeavored not to disappoint the reasonable expectations of a generous Christian public, who have so kindly received each of our productions.

Our thanks are cordially and gratefully tendered to the Rev. Dr. SUMMERS, not only for his excellent dissertation on lyric poetry, and his able assistance in the Hymn-Tune Department, but also for his kindness in reading the proofs of the entire work.

We are likewise indebted to many other friends, at home and abroad, for valuable professional assistance, as well as for a considerable number of original contributions, which bear their names and enrich our pages. In this connection we may especially mention the names of Dr. A. B. EVERETT and Prof. J. N. PARKER. Prof. PARKER is a young author of unusual promise, and we commend him most heartily to the favorable consideration of our friends. Dr. EVERETT is too well known to need our commendation. His numerous works, which are in almost every cultivated American choir, are the best testimonials of his ability.

Nashville, Tenn., August, 1873.

R. M. McINTOSH.

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ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY impression made upon the mind through the sense of hearing is termed a

SOUND.

All sounds having determinate height or depth are called

TONES;

And *these*, by combination and succession, according to certain laws, constitute

MUSIC.

It has been demonstrated that there are but

SEVEN PRIMARY TONES

in nature, from which all music is derived. But these seven tones can be procured on any key, and may be repeated *ad infinitum*, or to the utmost limit of our appreciation. They are also susceptible of an illimitable variety of combinations and progressions, so that the number of musical compositions essentially differing in their character and effect which it is possible to originate or compose from these seven primary tones and their replicates, is absolutely beyond human computation.

Tones have three essential properties, viz:

LENGTH, PITCH, AND POWER;

and are susceptible of three fundamental distinctions, as

LONG OR SHORT, HIGH OR LOW, LOUD OR SOFT.

Hence we shall classify the elements herein to be explained under three general heads, according as they may relate to one or another of these tonal distinctions, viz:

RHYTHMICS, MELODICS, DYNAMICS.

Each of these general divisions, or headings, we will term a

DEPARTMENT.

Every thing relating to the length or duration of tones will be explained under the head of Rhythmics; whatever concerns the pitch of tones will be found under the head of Melodics; and all that pertains to the power or force of tones will be treated of under the head of Dynamics.

To render this department of our work more convenient as a text-book for learners, we shall not take up and pursue the departments separately, disposing of one fully before proceeding to another; but shall combine them somewhat as they are usually combined in the instructions of good teachers: for in teaching, the different departments should be blended together and taught in conjunction.

But, whilst we shall have some reference to the order in which the elements are generally brought out in singing classes, it is no part of our design to lay down a plan of instruction to be followed by the teacher, but merely to explain the principles of musical notation in such a systematic and classified form as will render them convenient for reference. We act upon the presumption that no teacher worthy of public confidence needs any other method to guide him than that stereotyped upon his own mind by long and diligent study of the subject.

CHAPTER I.

RHYTHMICS.

DIVISION OF TIME—BARS, MEASURES, AND "BEATING TIME."

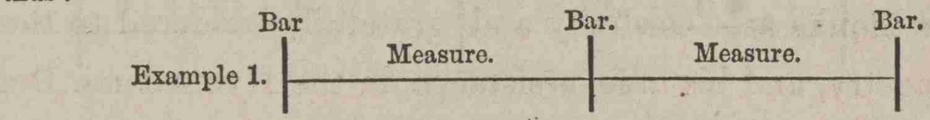
Time, as it passes during the execution of music, is divided, by vertical lines called

BARS,

into equal portions called

MEASURES;

thus:—



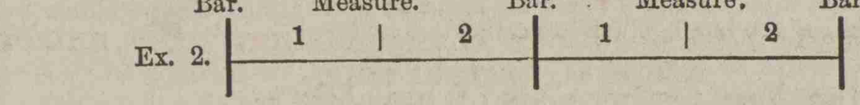
The horizontal line in the above example is intended to represent time. We have divided it into two equal portions, and supposing that it occupied eight seconds to draw the line, each division will represent four seconds of time.

The vertical lines are bars, and the spaces between the bars are measures.

Measures are subdivided, and thus smaller equal portions of time are obtained, which are called

PARTS OF MEASURES.

Every measure is divided into two or more parts, and each measure is named according to the number of its divisions.



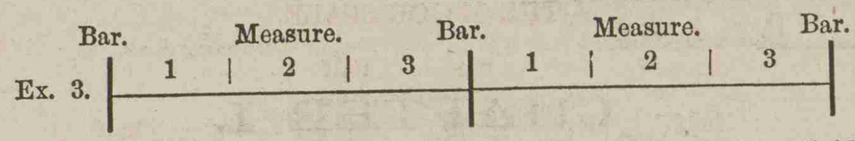
In the above example each measure is divided into two parts, by the use of the short line standing between the bars. A measure thus divided, *into two parts*, constitutes what is called

DOUBLE MEASURE, OR, DOUBLE TIME.*

We have employed figures to represent the parts of measures, and shall continue to do so at present, though they are not thus employed in music, as will be seen hereafter.

All measures are not divided into two parts only, as in Example 2, because all music is not written in double time. We will now illustrate another kind of time.

* Some musicians object to the use of the word *time* in this sense contending that the word *measure* should be strictly adhered to in this connection; as double *measure*, triple *measure*, etc. We are no sticklers for set words or phrases, and have no hesitation in using any word which we think will enable our pupils to grasp our meaning. We therefore employ the words *measure* and *time*, in this connection, indiscriminately, and in doing so we believe we are following the example of the best writers on the subject.



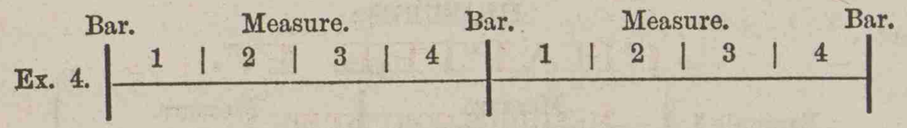
In Ex. 3, each measure is divided into three parts. A measure thus divided, or consisting of three divisions, is called

TRIPLE MEASURE, OR, TRIPLE TIME.

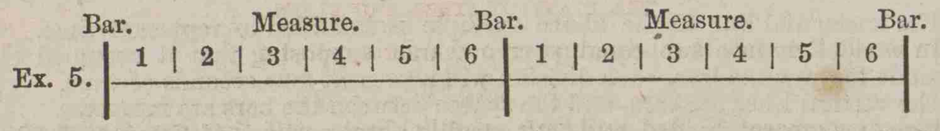
Below are the two other kinds of time commonly used, viz :—

QUADRUPLE TIME AND SEXTUPLE TIME.

QUADRUPLE TIME.



SEXTUPLE TIME.



It will be observed that there are four parts in each measure of Quadruple time, and six in each measure of Sextuple.

BEATING TIME.

To enable us to keep the time accurately in singing, and to distribute it properly among the various notes in a piece of music, so that each note shall have its exact relative duration, it is customary to aid the mind in its rhythmic computations by certain motions of the hand, which are called

BEATS, OR, BEATING TIME.

In double, triple and quadruple time, there is one motion of the hand, or one beat, to each part of the measure. Hence there are just as many beats in each measure of these kinds of time as there are parts. In sextuple time, where the movement is not required to be *very slow*, the effect is generally better if *three parts are performed to each beat*, in which case there would be but two beats to the measure--performed the same as in double time. But when a slow movement is desired, it is usually indicated by the word *pastorale*, and then each measure requires *six beats;* the first and second, *downward;* the third, *left;* the fourth, *right;* and the fifth and sixth, *upward;* or there may be three downward and three upward beats.

In *nine* and *twelve* part measures (marked $\frac{9}{8}$ and $\frac{12}{8}$), which are but little used, *three parts of the measure* are invariably sung to a beat, while the beats are performed the same as in triple and quadruple measures.

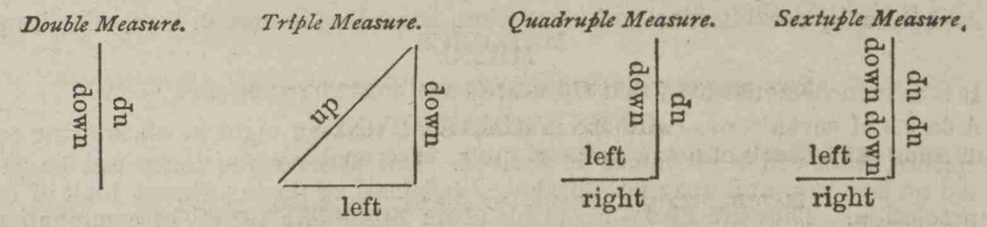
In double time there are two beats to each measure, the first part having a *downward* motion of the hand, and the second part an *upward* motion—down, up.

In triple time there are three beats to the measure, the hand moving *down* to the first division, *left* to the second, and up to the third—down, left, up.

There are four beats to each measure of quadruple time, and may be performed, first *down*, second *left*, third *right*, and fourth *up*—down, left, right, up. In elementary classes, however, where but fifteen or twenty lessons are given, we would recommend that the beats be performed the same in this kind of time as in double—down, up, down, up, to each measure.

This answers every purpose, and saves the learner a good deal of trouble.

MOTIONS OF THE HAND IN BEATING TIME.



Note.—The pupil should be particular to make each beat promptly, and to name the beats belonging to each part of a measure in exact time.

CHAPTER II.

DYNAMICS.

ACCENT.—Every measure in music has one or more strong parts; that is, one or more parts that are required to be sung with a greater stress or force of voice than the other parts.

This stress, or force of voice, is called

ACCENT,

and the part or parts of a measure receiving the distinctive stress are said to be

ACCENTED.

By accent, then, is meant singing one or more parts of a measure *louder* than the others.

In double time the first part of the measure is accented, and the second is unaccented—that is, the first part is sung with a greater stress of voice than the second.

In triple time there is one accented part in each measure, and two unaccented parts. The *first part* is accented, the second and third parts are unaccented—first *loud*, second and third *soft*.

In quadruple measure the first and third parts are accented—second and fourth unaccented.

In sextuple time the first and fourth parts are accented—the others are unaccented.
In a nine part measure the first, fourth and seventh parts are accented, and in a twelve part measure the first, fourth, seventh and tenth parts are accented.

Note.—It will be frequently found necessary, in order to give expression to the words, to vary from the general rules of accent as above laid down; but every good reader will be able to determine when such variation is demanded.

CHAPTER III.

MELODICS.

THE MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE, ITS CONSTRUCTION, ETC.

A series of seven tones, with the first repeated, making eight in all, bearing certain relations to each other in point of pitch, is termed the

MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE, or simply the MAJOR SCALE.

What these relations are will shortly be explained.
The tones of the scale are named from the first eight numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, the lowest being called one, the next above it two, and so on :—the highest is called eight, the next below it seven, and so on. In applying the names of numerals to the sounds of the scale we use the *cardinal* numbers, one, two, three, etc., and not the *ordinal* numbers, first, second, third, etc.
The difference of pitch between any two tones of the scale is called an

INTERVAL.

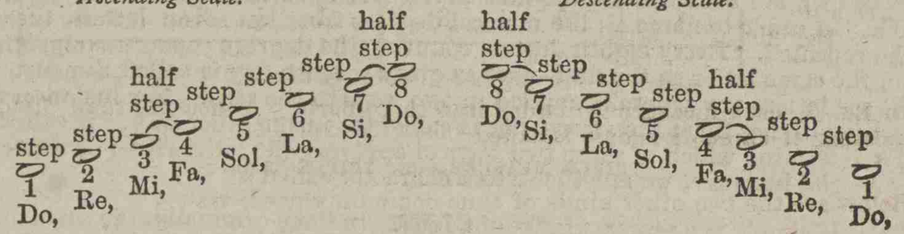
There are seven intervals in the scale.
These are of two kinds, large and small.
The large intervals are called STEPS, and the smaller being just half as great as the large, are called half steps.

Note.—The term scale is derived from *Scala*, the Latin word for ladder; hence the aptitude of the terms steps and half steps for the intervals.

Two of the seven intervals are half steps, and they occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.
The other five are whole steps.
The order of the intervals in every major scale, then, is as follows, viz :—from 1 to 2 a whole step; from 2 to 3 a whole step; from 3 to 4 a *half step;* from 4 to 5 a whole step; from 5 to 6 a whole step; from 6 to 7 a whole step; from 7 to 8 a *half step.*
SYLLABLES.—To aid the learner in getting the correct pitch of the tones, a certain syllable is applied to each. The syllable Do is applied to 1, Re to 2, Mi to 3, Fa to 4, Sol to 5, La to 6, Si to 7, and Do again to 8, which is the same sound as 1, for the eighth sound of the scale is obtained by repeating the first.
We represent the scale below, with the numerals and syllables adapted, ascending and descending.

THE MAJOR SCALE.

Ex. 6.



The syllables are pronounced,
Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See.

CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS, CONTINUED.

THE STAFF, LETTERS, AND CLEFS.

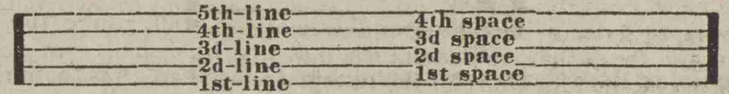
In music the scale is represented on a character called a

STAFF,

Which is composed of five horizontal parallel lines, and the four spaces coming between them, thus :—

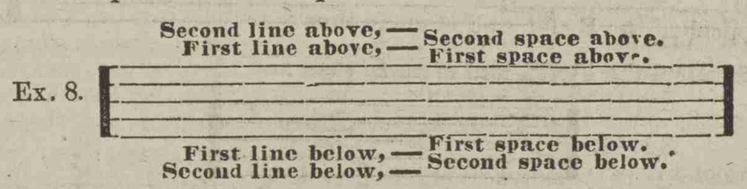
STAFF.

Ex. 7.



The lines and spaces are counted from the lowest upward. Each line of the staff is called a degree, and each space is called a degree. There are, therefore, nine degrees in the staff—five lines and four spaces. When it is necessary to write music lower or higher than the staff, which is very often the case, short lines above and below the staff are used, called *lines above* and *lines below;* and the spaces below them are called *spaces above* and *spaces below,* thus :—

Ex. 8.



Any number of these lines and spaces may be employed, and if they were made long like the others, their multiplicity would frequently so confuse the eye that it would be impossible to read the music

The degrees of the staff, lines and spaces (including the lines and spaces above and below), are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. In order to name all the musical degrees from but seven letters, these have to be repeated. Every eighth degree, counting the degrees consecutively, is named from the same letter as the first—just as every seventh day is called Sunday.

These letters are generally applied in two ways to the staff. For instance, in one way of applying them the *second line* is called G, in the other way it is called B.

To determine which of these two ways of applying the letters is to be observed in any special instance, we must look to a character called a

CLEF.

A clef is simply the representative of a letter, and was originally the plain Roman capital letter itself. It has gone through many changes, however, until it has assumed a form but little resembling that of the letter it is used to represent.

There are two clefs in common use.

Each clef, as above intimated, represents a particular letter, and fixes its position on the staff. This is termed the

CLEF LETTER,

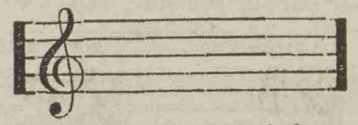
and from this it is easy to find out the places of the other letters, as they follow each other in alphabetical order. One is called the

G CLEF.

and is made thus :—

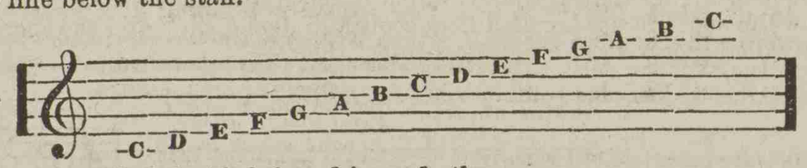
G CLEF,

Ex. 9.



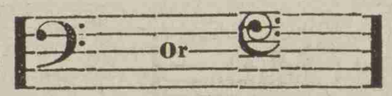
It represents, or fixes G on the second line of the staff, where the body of the clef is situated. Or, rather, it determines that that line shall represent the tone G in our tonal system. In this clef the letters are applied thus, commencing with the first line below the staff.

Ex. 10.



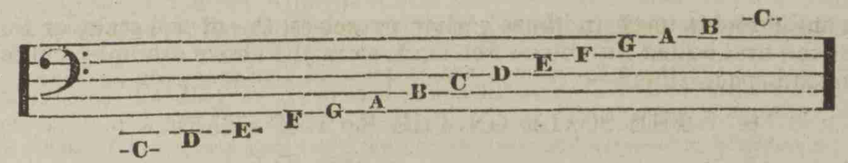
The other is called the F clef, and is made thus :—

Ex. 11.



and represents or fixes F on the fourth line of the staff, where the body of the character is situated. In this clef the letters are applied as follows, commencing with the second added line below the staff.

Ex. 12.



Note.—In this country the G clef is used for three parts, Treble, Alto, and Tenor. But when it is used for the tenor, which is intended to be sung by male voices, it represents G an octave lower than when used for either of the other two parts, which are designed for female voices, owing to the natural difference of an octave in the pitch of male and female voices. The F clef is used for the Bass.

Between the letters E and F there is but a half step—also between the letters B and C. Between each two of the other letters, taking them consecutively, the interval is a whole step.

Letters represent POSITIVE, ABSOLUTE pitch—that is, *the same letter always represents the same tone.*

THE NOTE.

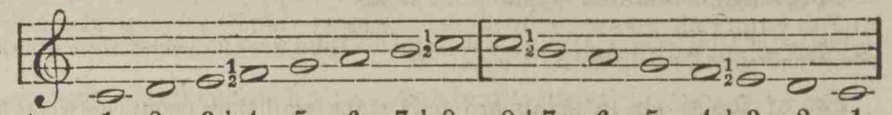
The note, this 𝅗𝅥 character, is used, melodically to point out to the performer the tones that are to be sung. If the note stands on G, for instance, the tone G is to be sung; if it stands on A, the tone A is to be sung—for tones, considered in relation to absolute pitch, are named from the letters which give names to the degrees of the staff on which they are represented. A tone indicated by a note standing on C is called C, and so on.

The note is written on every line or space representing a tone belonging to a piece of music, and it is by its use that the singer knows what tones are intended.

In the earlier part of musical exercises for beginners, when the G clef is used, the scale treated of in Chap. III, is based on C, the first added line below the staff. That is, *one* or *do* is placed on this degree, and the sounds follow each other in regular order up to C on the third space, the place for the eighth, or octave of the scale, thus :—

THE SCALE ON THE G CLEF STAFF.

Ex. 13.

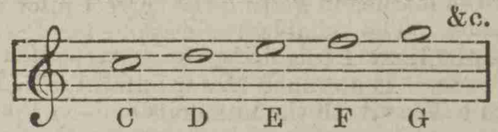


Names of the tones	1	2	3½	4	5	6	7½	8	8½	7	6	5	4½	3	2	1
Absolute pitch	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C
Syllables	Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do,	do,	si,	la,	sol,	fa,	mi,	re,	do.

When notes occur higher than 8, then 8 is regarded as 1 of a scale above, and the notes follow each other in the same order that they do in the scale below, thus :—

NOTES ABOVE 8. 8 REGARDED AS ONE OF A SCALE ABOVE.

Ex. 14.

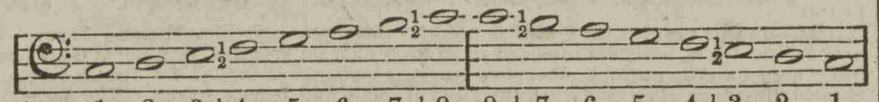


	C	D	E	F	G
(8).	1	2	3	4	5
	Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,

When the F clef is used in these earlier exercises, *One* of the scale, or *Do*, is not found on the first added line below the staff, as in the above example, but is placed on the *second space*, thus :—

THE SCALE ON THE F CLEF STAFF.

Ex. 15.

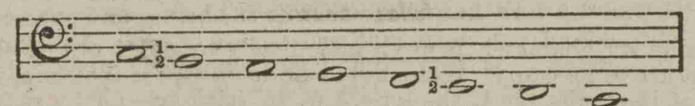


Names of the tones	1	2	3 ½	4	5	6	7 ½	8	8 ½	7	6	5	4 ½	3	2	1
Absolute pitch	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C
Syllables	Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do,	do,	si,	la,	sol,	fa,	mi,	re,	do,

And when notes occur lower than 1, then 1 is regarded as 8 of a scale below, thus :—

NOTES BELOW 1. 1 REGARDED AS 8 OF A SCALE BELOW.

Ex. 16.



	C ½ B	A	G	F ½ E	D	C
(1).	8 ½ 7	6	5	4 ½ 3	2	1
	Do, ½ si,	la,	sol,	fa, ½ mi,	re,	do,

When notes ascend above 8 and below 1, as in examples 14 and 16, the scale is said to be *extended*, and it is spoken of as the

EXTENDED SCALE.

One (1) of the scale is called the

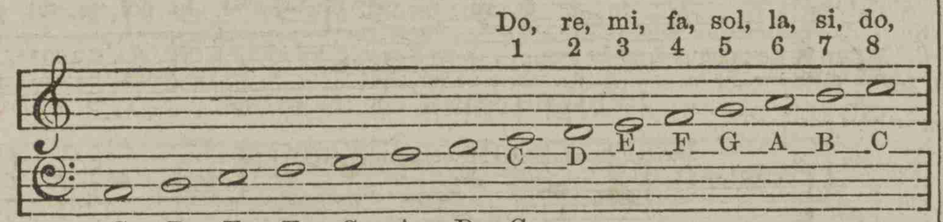
KEY-TONE, OR KEY-NOTE.

So also is the octave of 1, or 8.

In the major scale the syllable Do is always applied to the key-note, and One, Do, and key-note all mean, or apply to the same thing—the lowest note in the scale. So that when we speak of the key-note it will be understood that we allude to One, or Do.

Note.—It may be well to remind the learner of the fact that the lowest tone of example 13, exactly corresponds, in absolute pitch, with the highest tone of example 15 ; and that the two staves are connected by the introduction of a single line, thus :—

Ex. 17.



C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do,

CHAPTER V.

RHYTHMICS.

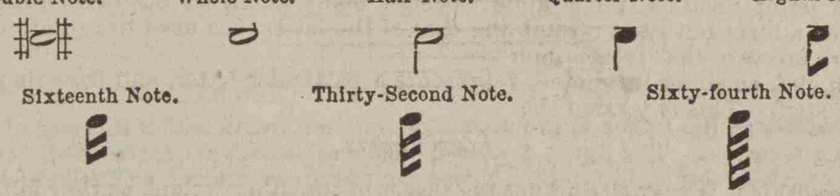
NOTES, RESTS, TIME SIGNATURE, TIE, PERIOD, AND DOUBLE BARS.

NOTES.—The note is used for another purpose besides that explained in Chap. IV. It is used to represent the relative lengths of tones.

For this purpose it is made to assume various shapes or appearances, in order to represent tones of different length.

This is its rhythmic use. It usually assumes about eight different appearances, which we give below :

Ex. 18.



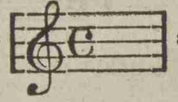
The names of the notes imply their relative lengths. The whole note is equal to two half notes, or four quarter notes. The half is equal to two quarters, or four eighths, etc.

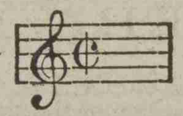
TIME SIGNATURE.—The kind of time in which a piece of music is to be performed, is generally indicated by a figure placed at the beginning, immediately to the right of the clef, and on the *upper* part of the staff, thus :—

Ex. 19.



The figure 2 placed above indicates double time.
" " 3 " " " triple time.
" " 4 " " " quadruple time.
" " 6 " " " sextuple time.
" " 9 " " indicates a nine-part measure.
" " 12 " " " a twelve-part measure.

Note.—In many collections of Psalmody, a $\frac{4}{4}$ measure is marked thus:—  and a

$\frac{2}{2}$ measure thus,— 

In every piece of music a certain note, as the half note, or quarter note, for instance, is selected as the standard of measurement, or to represent each part of the

measure, or to have the time of one beat, and all the other notes are dwelt on according to the relation they sustain to this. Any note may be chosen to represent the time of one beat. The note having the time of one beat is called the

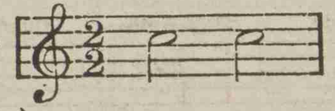
PRIMITIVE NOTE.

When a half note is primitive, a whole note must have two beats, two quarter notes must be sung to one beat, and so on.

If a quarter note is primitive, a half note will have two beats, and two eighths must be sung to a beat, and so on.

The primitive note, or the note that is to have the time of one beat is usually indicated by a figure placed under that used to express the kind of time. The figure 2 placed below, thus,

Ex. 20.



shows that a half note (𝅗𝅥) is to have one beat. Two half notes, therefore, will fill a measure, as the upper figure says it is double time, in which there are but two beats in a measure. The figure 4 placed below expresses a quarter note, and the figure 8 expresses an eighth note. These are the notes almost exclusively used as primitives; and the different representations of measure arising from their use, are called

VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

As before intimated any note that has the time of one beat is to be dwelt on as long as any other note that has the time of one beat, thus:—

Down, up, Down, up, Down, up,

Ex. 21.



When a half note is primitive, two quarter notes will be sung to one beat; and when a quarter note is primitive, two eighth notes will be sung to one beat, etc., thus:—

Down, up, Down, up, Down, up, Down, up,

Ex. 22.



CHAPTER VI.

RHYTHMICS, CONTINUED.

RESTS.—Sometimes it is intended that one or more beats shall be passed over in silence—without singing—and sometimes whole measures are designed to be passed over in this way. These silent beats are indicated by characters called

RESTS.

Each note has its corresponding rest, and each rest has its peculiar shape or appearance, by which it is known, and distinguished from the others.

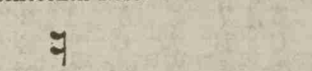
The following are the rests corresponding to the six kinds of notes that have been explained.

Double Rest. Whole Rest. Half Rest. Quarter Rest. Eighth Rest.

Ex. 23.



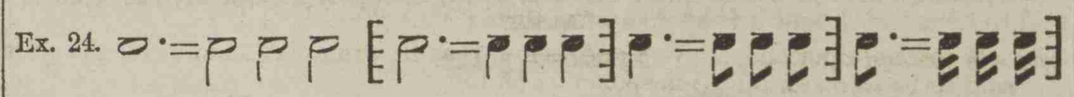
Sixteenth Rest. Thirty-second Rest. Sixty-fourth Rest.



Each rest is named from its corresponding note, thus:—double note rest; whole note rest; half note rest; quarter note rest; eighth note rest; sixteenth note rest. The whole note rest is also used as a *whole measure* rest, being employed to express the silence of a whole measure, *in every kind and variety of time.* Every rest must have as much time as the note has from which it is named, and whose place it occupies.

PERIODS OR DOTS.—A period or dot (.) standing to the right of a note or rest, adds one-half to its original time or value. Hence a dotted whole note is equal to three half notes: a dotted half note is equal to three-quarters, and so of the others, thus:—

Ex. 24.



When a measure is filled with primitive notes, it is said to be in its

PRIMITIVE FORM;

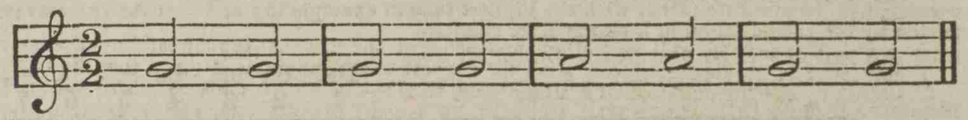
and when it contains any other kind of notes than primitive, it is said to be in a

DERIVED FORM.

Thus:—

PRIMITIVE FORM OF MEASURE.

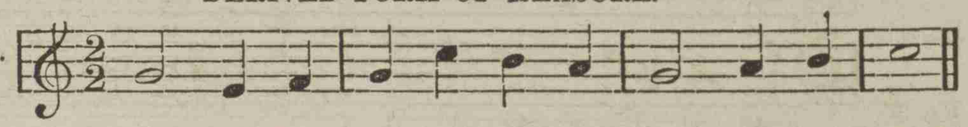
Ex. 25.



And thus:—

DERIVED FORM OF MEASURE.

Ex. 26.



A primitive note always receives one beat—a dot adds to it one-half of its original value; therefore a dotted primitive note, *theoretically*, is entitled to receive exactly *a beat and a half.* But, *practically*, we give it *two beats*, and when a short note

follows, we sing it at the point of rest after the performance of the second beat, thus :—

DOTTED PRIMITIVES.

Ex. 27.



A note which represents a tone half as long as that represented by the primitive note, is called the *half primitive.* For instance, when a half note is primitive, a quarter note is half primitive ; when a quarter note is primitive, an eighth note is half primitive, and so on.

Dotted half primitives are easily performed by giving them the accent or heavier pulsation, thus :—

DOTTED HALF PRIMITIVES.

Ex. 28.

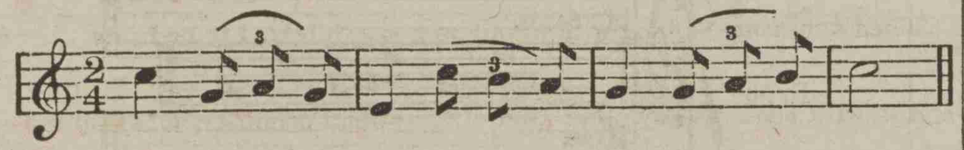


Where *three* notes occupy one part of a measure, *two* of which are sufficient to fill said part, they are called

TRIPLETS ;

and are written thus :—

Ex. 29.



Six notes are sometimes sung to the time of four of the same denomination. Such groups are called

SIXES,

and are indicated by the figure 6 placed over them.

A piece of music may commence on any part of the measure ; and when the first measure is not full, there will usually be found enough in the last measure to fill it, thus :—

Ex. 30.



CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.

When two or more notes standing on the same line or space are intended to be sung without separation, or as one note, and to the same syllable of the poetry, it is indicated by a curved line (⁀) drawn over or under them, which is called a

TIE.

Thus :—

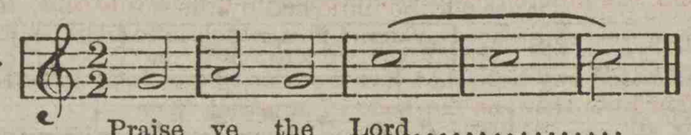
Ex. 31.



When notes are connected by the tie, as above, the first only is named, and dwelt on for all connected with it.

All the notes united by the tie are sung to the same syllable of the poetry, thus :—

Ex. 32.



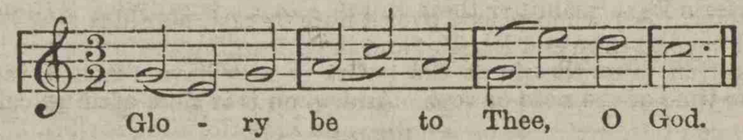
Praise ye the Lord.....

When two or more tones, represented on *different* degrees of the staff, are intended to be sung to the same syllable in the poetry, the notes representing the tones to be sung to one syllable are connected by a character called a

SLUR, (⁀ or ⁔)

Thus :—

Ex. 33.



Glo - ry be to Thee, O God.

When eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second notes are thus used, they are joined as follows :—

Ex. 34.



When a portion of the music is to be repeated, it is indicated by a row of dots across the staff, thus :—

Ex. 35.

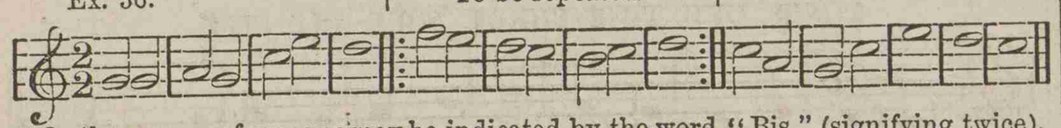


which is called a

REPEAT.

When two rows of dots occur in a piece of music, the first to the right and the second to the left of a bar, the portion lying between them is to be repeated, thus:—

Ex. 36. | To be repeated. |



Or the same performance may be indicated by the word "Bis," (signifying twice), enclosed by a line and placed over the part which is to be repeated, thus :—

Ex. 37.



The letters D. C., stand for *Da Capo*, an Italian term, signifying "from the beginning," and which, when placed over the end of the staff, directs the singer back to the beginning, to end at some interior point, usually designated by the word *Fine*.

The words Dal Segno, or their initials, *D. S.*, signifying "from the sign," are used to indicate a return to the sign, (𝄋) That part of the music between the sign (𝄋) and *Fine*, is the closing part of the piece.

This character, (𝄐) when placed over a note or rest, signifies that its time is to be prolonged beyond the usual length ; and in performing the beats, the hand during such prolongation must remain at the point it may have reached, in describing the legitimate time of the note or rest. And when it is thus used we call it a

HOLD ;

but when it is placed *over a bar* or *between two notes*, we call it a

PAUSE ;

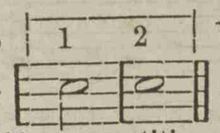
for the simple reason that it includes a pause in time—a *silent* suspension of movement—not a prolongation of sound.

The period bar (𝄀) or double bar (𝄁) is used to show the end of a period or strain of music, or the end of a line of poetry. It is different from the measure bar, and sometimes occurs in the middle of a measure. *It may occur anywhere in the measure.* If the strain of music or line of poetry terminate at the end of a measure, the period or double bar will be found there, and then it takes the place of the measure bar.

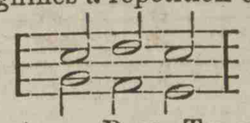
No reference must be had to this bar in keeping the time.

A Triple Bar or Close (𝄂) is used to indicate the end of a composition.

A Double Ending, 1 2 is used when some part of a tune is to be repeated, and shows that the note or notes under figure 1 should be sung *before* repeating; and those under 2 *after* the repeat. If slurred, both should be sung after repeating.



A Redite, :‖: signifies a repetition of words.

Choosing Notes,  give the performer liberty to sing either—upper or lower.

The number of parts, as Bass, Tenor, Alto and Soprano, that move together or form the *score*, are connected on the left by a character called a

BRACE.

Thus :—

Ex. 38.



Sometimes four parts are written on three staves, thus :—

Ex. 39.



And sometimes on two staves, thus :—

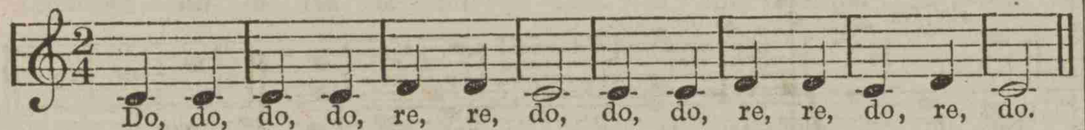
Ex. 40.



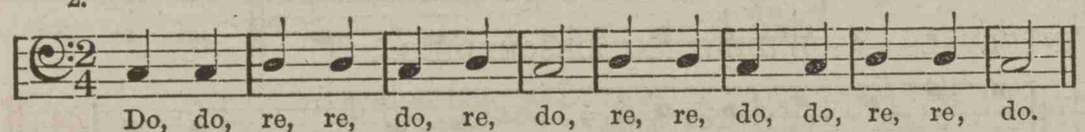
CHAPTER VIII.

BUILDING THE SCALE BY CONSECUTIVE INTERVALS.

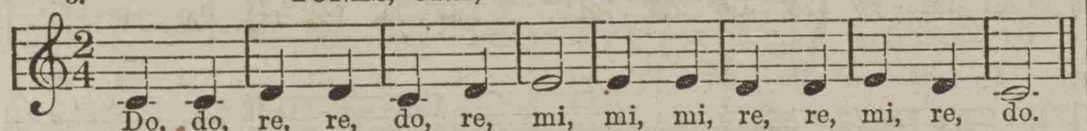
1. INTRODUCING TONES, ONE AND TWO.



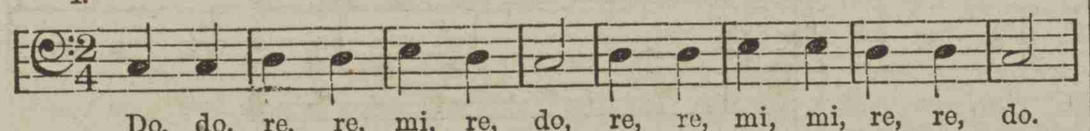
2.



3. TONES, ONE, TWO AND THREE.



4.



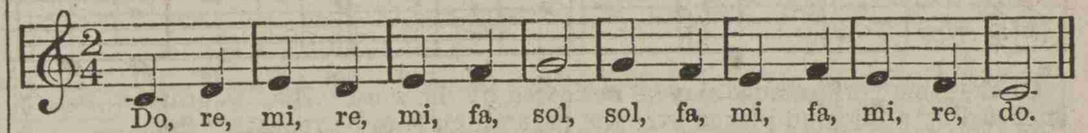
5. TONES, ONE, TWO, THREE AND FOUR.



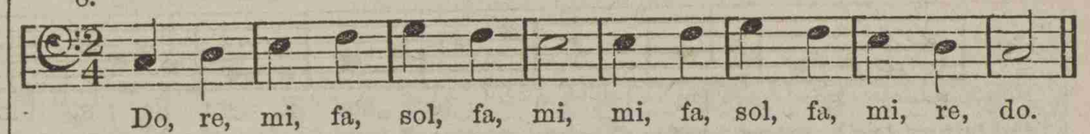
6.



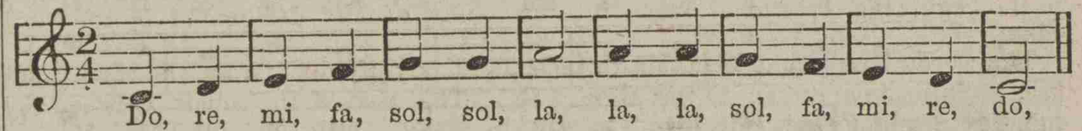
7. TONES, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE.



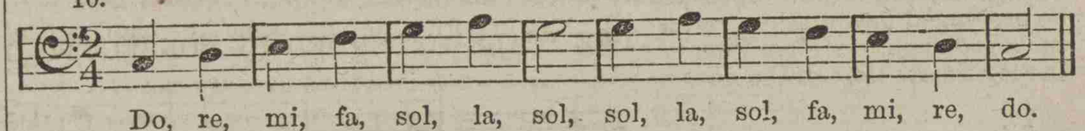
8.



9. TONES, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE AND SIX.

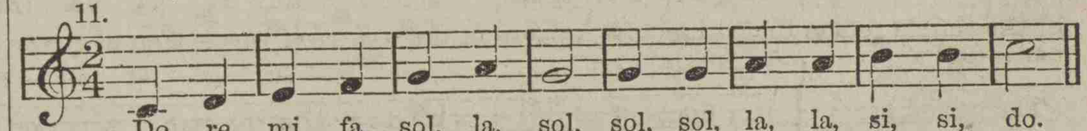


10.



TONES, ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT.

11.



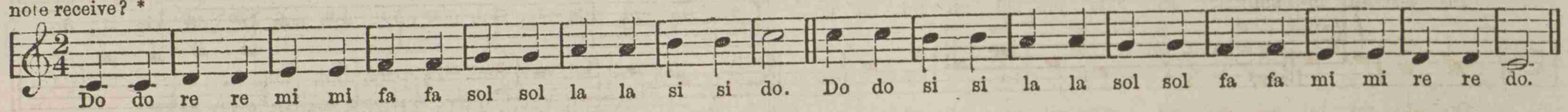
12.



CHAPTER IX.

DOUBLE MEASURE, QUARTER NOTE PRIMITIVE, HALF NOTE RECEIVING TWO BEATS, PERIOD BARS AND CLOSE.

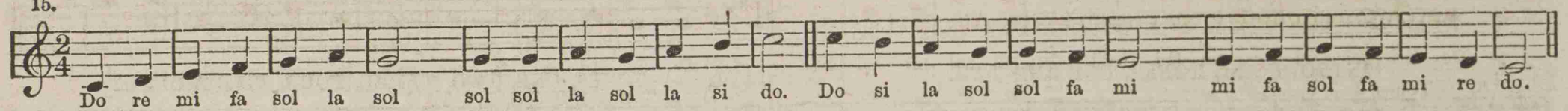
13. Which clef is used? What kind of measure? How many beats? Which is accented? What kind of a note is primitive? Then how many beats must the half note receive? *



14.



15.



16.

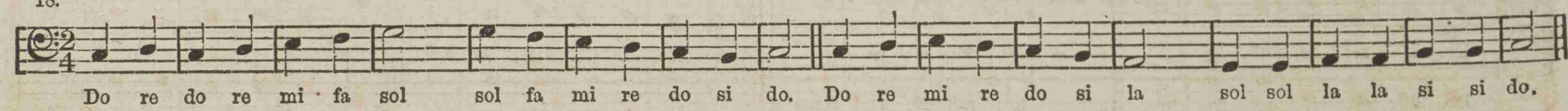


THE SCALE EXTENDED BY CONSECUTIVE INTERVALS.—ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.

17.



18.

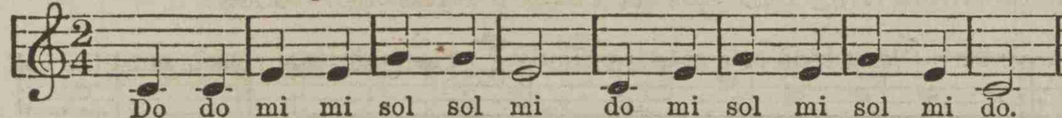


* These or similar questions may be asked and answered on the introduction of each exercise.

CHAPTER X.

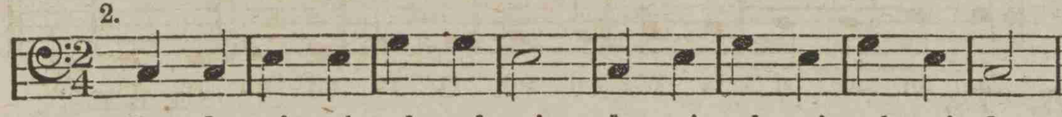
BUILDING THE SCALE BY SKIPS.

1. Introducing Tones. 1, 3, & 5.



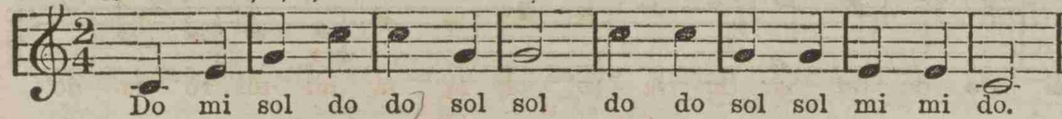
Do do mi mi sol sol mi do mi sol mi sol mi do.

2.



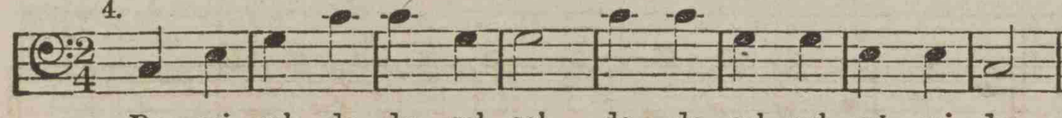
Do do mi mi sol sol mi do mi sol mi sol mi do.

3. Tones, 1, 3, 5 & 8.



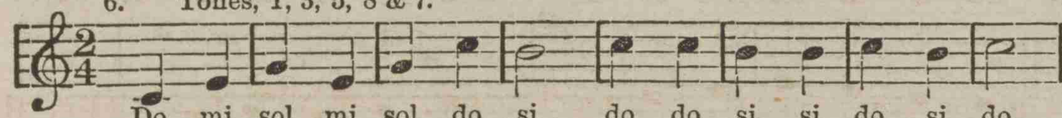
Do mi sol do do sol sol do do sol sol mi mi do.

4.



Do mi sol do do sol sol do do sol sol mi mi do.

6. Tones, 1, 3, 5, 8 & 7.



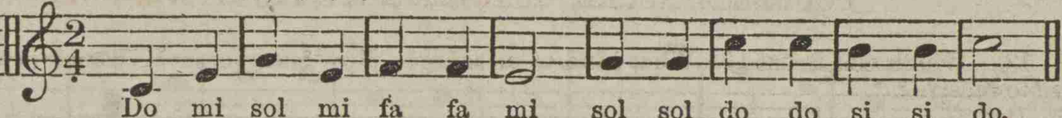
Do mi sol mi sol do si do do si si do si do.

6.



Do mi sol mi sol do si do do si si do si do.

7. Tones, 1, 3, 5, 8, 7 & 4.



Do mi sol mi fa fa mi sol sol do do si si do.

8.



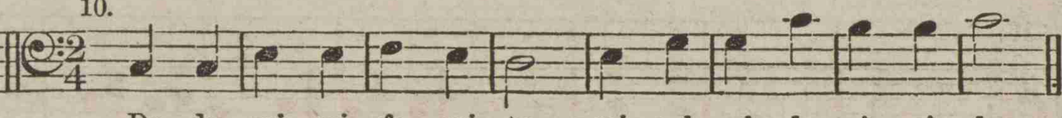
Do mi sol mi fa fa mi sol sol do do si si do.

9. Tones, 1, 3, 5, 8 7, 4 & 2.



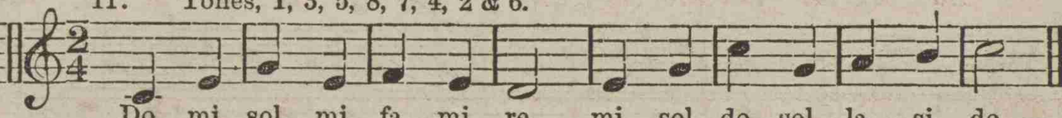
Do do mi mi fa mi re mi sol sol do si si do.

10.



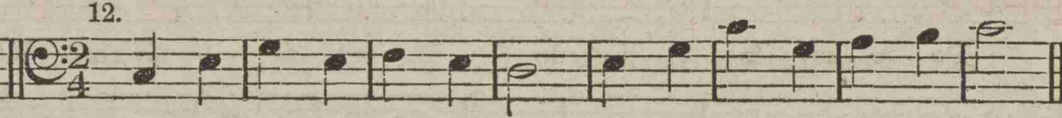
Do do mi mi fa mi re mi sol sol do si si do.

11. Tones, 1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 4, 2 & 6.



Do mi sol mi fa mi re mi sol do sol la si do.

12.



Do mi sol mi fa mi re mi sol do sol la si do.

CHAPTER XI.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN TWO AND FOUR PARTS.

1. One Octave Exercise,—Two parts.



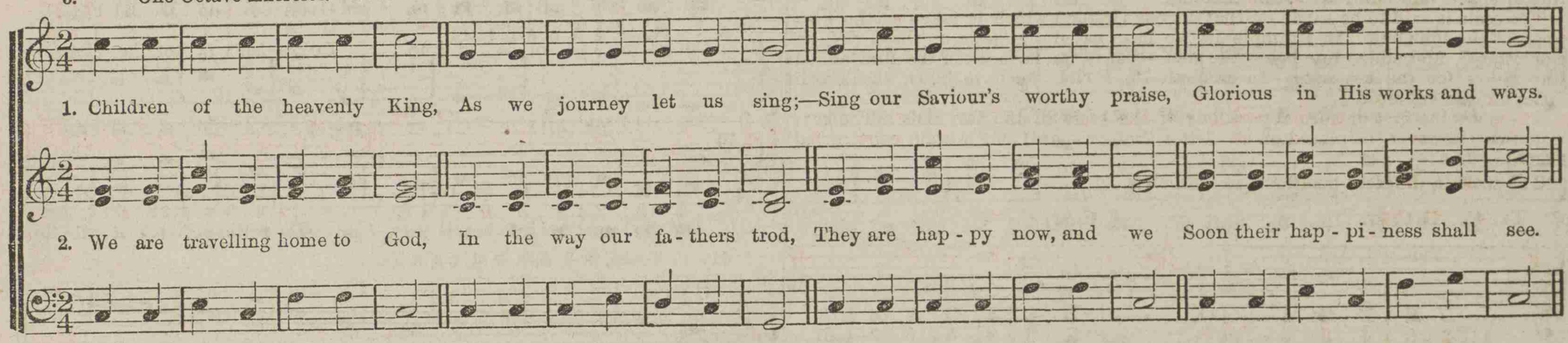
2. Extended Scale Exercise.—Two Parts.



3. One Octave Exercise.—Four Parts.

AMER. 7s.

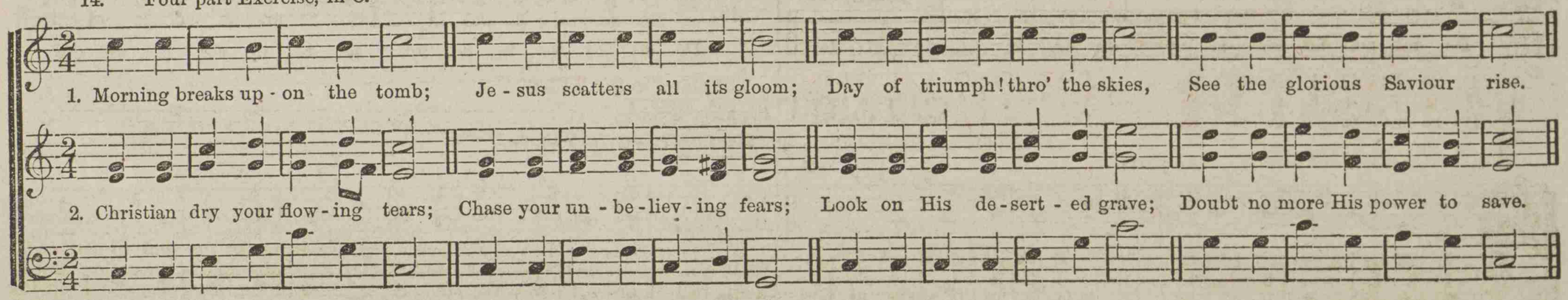
A. B. E.



14. Four part Exercise, in C.

STINSON. 7s.

J. E. Hopkins.



CHAPTER XII.

MELODICS, CONTINUED.

SHARPS, FLATS AND NATURAL.—TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

The Transposition of the scale, *in fact*, consists in singing or performing the scale at different elevations. In common language, however, the term "transposition" is employed to express a change in the mere representation of the scale on the staff; or to signify the changing of the positions of the *notes* on the staff.

The scale *has no fixed position on the staff*. We may commence on any letter, line or space, and build up a scale thereon.

The scale is said to be BASED on that degree, (letter,) which is taken as the key-note, or the tone one. In Example 13, we have based the scale, in the G clef, on the letter C, first added line below the staff—that is, we have taken the first added line below for the key-note. In Example 15, F clef, we have taken the *second space* for the key-note.

These are the first or normal positions of the scale in the two clefs. The key-note may, however, be placed on any letter (line or space) and a scale constructed thereon, thus:—

The scale in different positions, in both clefs.

Ex. 41. G CLEF. F CLEF.



C D E ½ F G A B ½ C. C D E ½ F G A B ½ C.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8. 1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do. Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.



D E F♯ ½ G A B C♯ ½ D. D E F♯ ½ G A B C♯ ½ D.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8. 1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do. Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.



E F♯ G♯ ½ A B C♯ D♯ ½ E. E F♯ G♯ ½ A B C♯ D♯ ½ E.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8. 1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do. Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.

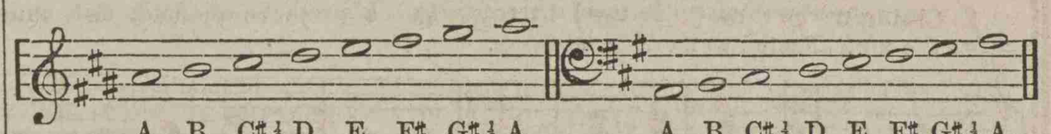


&c.

F G A ½ B♭ C D E ½ F. F G A ½ B♭ C D E ½ F G A, &c.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8. 1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8 2 3, &c.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do. Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do re mi, &c.

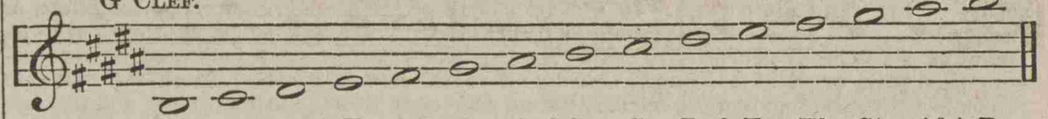


G A B ½ C D E F♯ ½ G. G A B ½ C D E F♯ ½ G.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8. 1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do. Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.



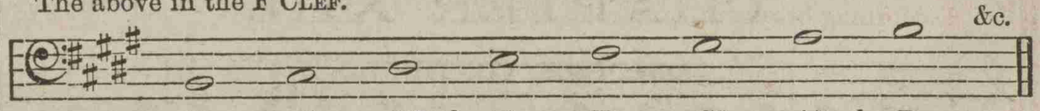
A B C♯ ½ D E F♯ G♯ ½ A. A B C♯ ½ D E F♯ G♯ ½ A.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8. 1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do. Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.

G CLEF.



B C♯ D♯ ½ E F♯ G♯ A♯ ½ B C♯ D♯ ½ E F♯ G♯ A♯ ½ B.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.

The above in the F CLEF.



&c.

B C♯ D♯ ½ E F♯ G♯ A♯ ½ B.
1 2 3 ½ 4 5 6 7 ½ 8.
Do re mi ½ fa sol la si ½ do.

We have now based the scale on every primary degree of the staff, in both clefs. That is to say, we have taken each letter as the key-note—one of the scale. But in doing this, in order to preserve the proper order of the intervals, and keep the

steps and half steps in their established places, we have had to employ two characters (these ♯♭) not yet explained.

The first (this ♯) is called a

SHARP,

and is a sign of elevation, showing that all the notes occupying the same degree with it are to be sung or performed a half step higher than the degree itself represents on which it is written.

The second (this ♭) is called a

FLAT,

and is a sign of depression, showing that all the notes occupying the same degree with it are to be sung or performed a half step lower than the degree represents on which it is written.

NOTE.—*A sharp or flat on a letter in one position affects that letter in every position in which it may be found. For example, a sharp on the letter F, first space in the G clef, affects all the notes coming on F the fifth line equally with those on the first space, and so on.*

A NATURAL, made thus ♮, is used to contradict a previous sharp or flat, and restore the note affected to its original pitch.

Note 2.—The necessity for the employment of sharps and flats in the different representations of the scale on the staff; or why the proper order of intervals cannot be preserved without their use, we shall not here attempt to explain, as this can only be satisfactorily taught *verbally*, and by practical illustrations on the black-board.

In *reality*, a knowledge of this is of *no practical utility* in singing, any way; and we would respectfully suggest to the teacher of Elementary classes that he omit it entirely, and confine himself simply to the explanations herein given, and at the conclusion of the course his pupils will sing better than if he had occupied an evening or two trying to drill the theory of this matter into them. In a short course of instruction, comprising but fifteen or twenty lessons, all useless theory should be dispensed with, and only so much attempted to be taught as is absolutely necessary to enable the pupils to practice intelligently and understandingly such plain music as it is proper to bring out in so short a course. The teacher should remember that singing is *not* a *science*, but an ART—*not theory*, but PRACTICE, and regulate his instructions accordingly.

Much time is thrown away by teachers in a pedantic attempt to *display* what they know of music, instead of *imparting* it to their pupils.

CHAPTER XIII.

MELODICS, CONTINUED.

RULES FOR FINDING THE KEY-NOTE IN DIFFERENT KEYS.

The sharps and flats placed at the beginning of a piece of music furnish us a clue to the position of the scale, whether we understand all about the theory of transposition or not. The very necessity for their employment gives us a rule, if they are systematically located on the staff, as they nearly always are, by which we are enabled to tell instantly where the key-note or Do is, and from this we can readily find out the places of the other notes, especially after having learned the simple rules for reading notes hereafter to be explained.

RULE FOR FINDING THE KEY-NOTE IN THE SHARPS.

When there is but one sharp, the key-note will be found on the first degree above the sharp, thus :—

Ex. 42.



When there are two or more sharps, the key-note is found, in both clefs, the first degree above the right hand sharp, or the sharp standing the farthest to the right. That is to say, if the right hand sharp is on a space, the first line above that space will be Do; if the sharp standing the farthest to the right hand is on a line, Do, the key-note, will be on the first space above the line that the sharp is on, thus :—

Ex. 43.



RULE FOR FINDING THE KEY-NOTE IN THE FLATS.

When there is but one flat, the syllable fa will be found on the same degree with the flat. That is, if the flat is on the third line, fa will be on that line also. If the flat is on the *second* line, fa will be on *that line*, thus :—

Ex. 44.



Therefore the key-note, or Do, will be found four degrees below the flat, counting the degree on which the flat stands—for the syllable fa is applied to the fourth of the scale, and Do is applied to one, so Do must come four degrees below fa; or, which is the same thing, five degrees above. When there is but one flat, *one* will always be found *four degrees below it, and eight, five degrees above it*, counting the degree on which the flat stands, thus :—

Ex. 45.



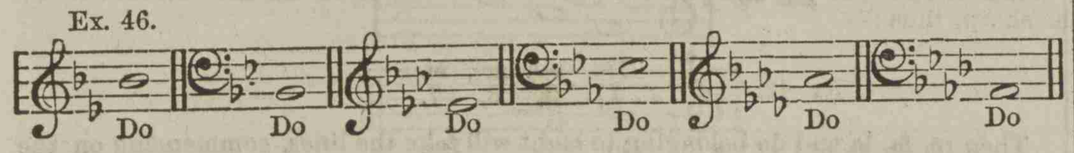
Count the degrees *in* the above example, and prove the rule.

MORE THAN ONE FLAT.—When there is more than one flat, the key-note will be found four consecutive degrees below or five above the right hand flat.

ANOTHER RULE.—When there are two or more flats, the key-note will be found on the same line or space occupied by the next to the right hand flat; or on the same

degree with that flat which has *but one* to the right of it. That is, if the flat standing next farthest to the right is on a line, Do is on that line, if it stands on a space, Do is on that space.

Ex. 46.



CHAPTER XIV.

MELODICS, CONTINUED.

KEY SIGNATURE—ACCIDENTAL SHARPS AND FLATS, AND THE NATURAL.

Sharps and flats are employed in two ways in music. They are usually placed at the commencement of the music, or at the left hand end of the staff, immediately to the right of the clef. When thus placed they constitute the

SIGNATURE TO THE KEY, or the

KEY SIGNATURE, or the SIGN OF THE KEY,

and are called

INCIDENTAL

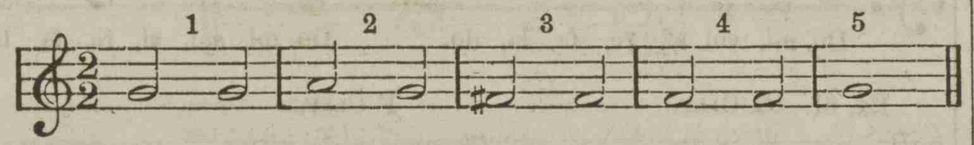
sharps and flats, and they are valid, or their effect is to be continued throughout the entire composition, or until contradicted by the natural, (♮).

Sometimes they are employed to affect only a note or two in the interior of a piece of music. When thus used they are called

ACCIDENTAL

sharps and flats, and their influence is continued only through the measure in which they occur; unless the following measure commences on the same degree, or same note, that is sharped or flatted in the previous measure, in which case their effect is continued through the next measure, and, indeed still on, till some subsequent measure commences on a different degree from that occupied by the accidental.

Ex. 47.



In the above example the effect of the sharp in the third measure is continued through the fourth measure, because the fourth measure commences on the same note affected by the sharp in the third.

In the following example the influence of the sharp only extends through the measure in which it occurs, because the next measure commences on a different note, or degree.

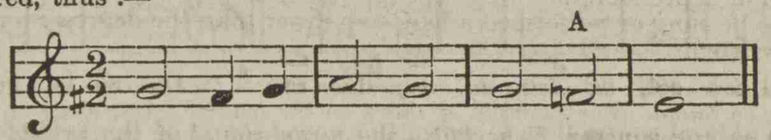
Ex. 48.



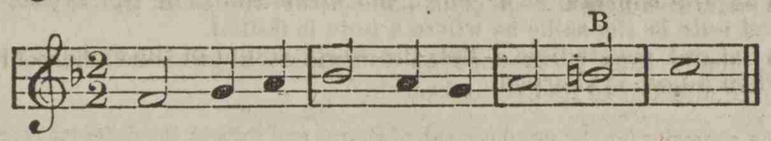
The note on the first space, at A, is not affected by the sharp in the previous measure.

When a note previously sharped or flatted is to be restored to its original pitch, it is indicated by the natural, which is written immediately to the left of the note to be restored, thus :—

Ex. 49.



Ex. 50.



In example 49 there is a sharp on F, the first space, which indicates that all the notes writren on that space are to be made a half step higher than they would be without the sharp. At A there is a natural to the left of the note standing on F, which contradicts the previous sharp ; or is a sign that the note must be sung as if the sharp had not been previously employed.

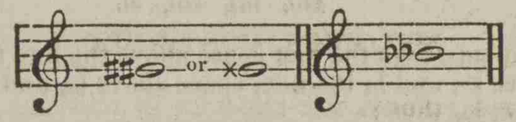
In example 50 there is a flat on B, the third line, which directs that all the notes on that line are to be made a half step lower than they would without the flat. At B there is a natural to the left of the note standing on the third line, which contradicts the previous flat on that degree, and shows that the note is to be sung as if no flat had been previously employed.

When a natural contradicts a *sharp*, it has the effect of a *flat;* and when it contradicts a *flat*, it has the effect of a *sharp*.

DOUBLE SHARPS AND FLATS.—Sharps and flats are sometimes employed doubly. The double sharp is made thus : ♯♯ or thus : + and is a sign of an elevation of a whole step.

The double flat is written thus : ♭♭ and is a sign of a depression of a whole step.

Ex. 51.



The natural contradicts the double sharp and flat. When but one of the sharps or flats is to be contradicted, the other is allowed to remain with the natural, thus :

Ex. 52.



To aid the learner in getting the correct pitch, it is customary to change the vowel sound of the syllable applied to a note affected by an accidental sharp or flat.

When an accidental sharp occurs to the left of a note, the vowel sound of the syllable is changed to the long sound of E. Thus: Fa♯ is pronounced fee, do♯, dee, re♯, ree, and so on. When an accidental flat occurs to the left of a note, the vowel sound of the syllable is changed to the long sound of A. Si♭ is pronounced sā, mi♭, mā, etc.

Example of the above on the staff.

Ex. 53.



Sol fee sol, mi ree mi, re dee re. Do sā la, sol mā re.

When a natural contradicts a sharp, the vowel sound of the syllable applied to the restored note is the same as where a note is flatted.

When a natural contradicts a flat, the vowel sound of the syllable applied is the same as when a note is sharped.

CHAPTER XV.

MELODICS, CONTINUED.

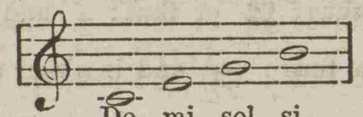
RULES FOR READING NOTES IN DIFFERENT KEYS.

Note 1.—If the learner will study the following relations of notes, and make himself perfectly familiar with them, he will experience but little difficulty in reading the syllables in any key.

Note 2.—The teacher should train his class systematically and thoroughly in what is contained in this chapter, and he will find himself well rewarded for his labor by the facility his pupils will acquire in reading the syllables in all the keys.

RULES.—When do takes any line, mi will and *must* take the next line above; sol will take the next line above mi, and si the next line above sol, thus:—

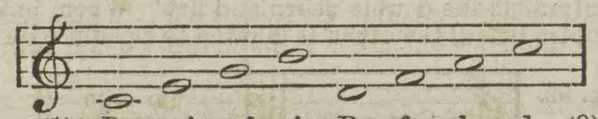
Ex. 54.



Do, mi, sol, si.

Then re will and *must* take the first space above the line that do occupies, and fa the next space above re, and la the next space above fa, and do belonging to eight, the next space above la, thus:

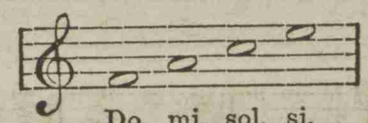
Ex 55.



(1) Do, mi, sol, si, Re, fa, la, do. (8)

If do takes a *space*, mi will take the next space above it; sol the next, and si the next, thus:

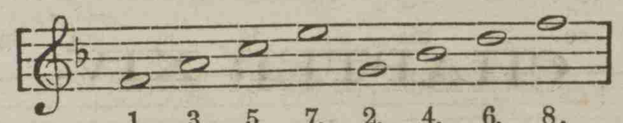
Ex. 56.



Do, mi, sol, si.
1, 3, 5, 7.

Then re, fa, la, and do belonging to eight will take the lines, commencing on the first line above the space that do belonging to one occupies, thus:—

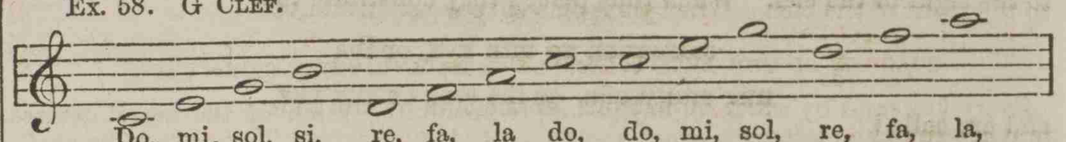
Ex. 57.



1, 3, 5, 7, 2, 4, 6, 8.
Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do.

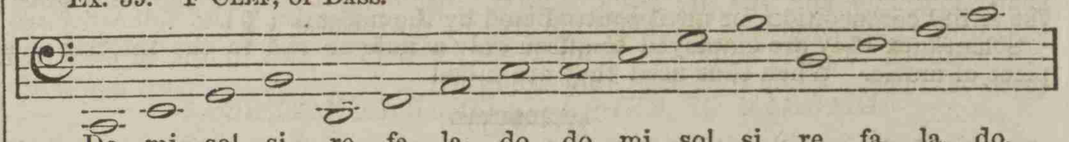
Note.—The following lessons should be carefully studied and practiced by the learner—not sung, but the relative positions of the notes well fixed in the mind.

Ex. 58. G CLEF.



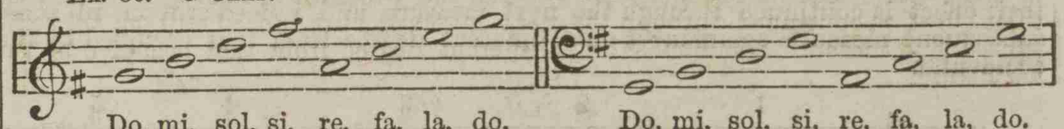
Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la do, do, mi, sol, re, fa, la,

Ex. 59. F CLEF, or BASS.



Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do, do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do.

Ex. 60. G CLEF. F CLEF.



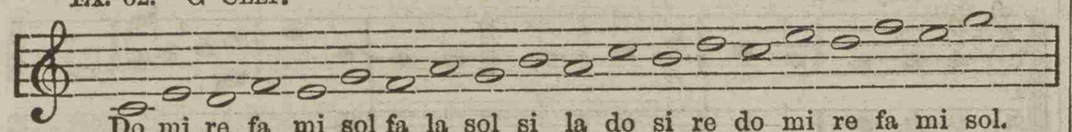
Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do. Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do.

Ex. 61. G CLEF. F CLEF.



Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do. Do, mi, sol, si, re, fa, la, do.

Ex. 62. G CLEF.



Do mi re fa mi sol fa la sol si la do si re do mi re fa mi sol.

Ex. 63. F CLEF.



CHAPTER XVI.

NAMES OF KEYS.

DIAGRAM OF THE KEYS COMMONLY USED, AND THEIR SIGNATURES.

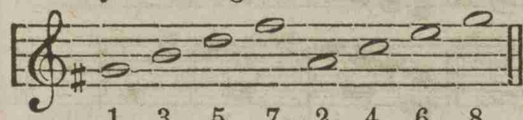
Every key (and by the term key is simply meant the pitch of the scale) derives its name from the letter on which the key-note is placed. If the key-note is on C, it is called the key of C. If the letter G is taken as the key-tone, it is called the key of G, etc. If the key-note is on B♭, it is called the key of of B♭. If the key-tone is represented on C♯, it is called the key of C♯, and so on. The following are the keys commonly used, with their appropriate signatures :

DIAGRAM OF KEYS AND THEIR SIGNATURES.

KEYS WITH SHARP SIGNATURES.

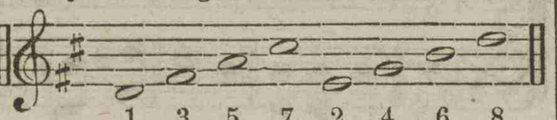
Ex. 64.

Key of G—Signature F♯.



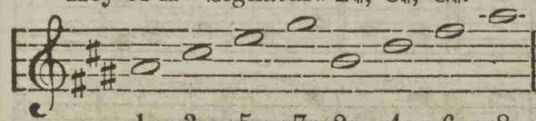
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8.
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of D—Signature F♯, C♯.



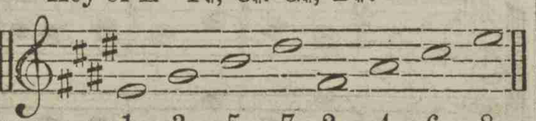
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8.
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of A—Signature F♯, C♯, G♯.



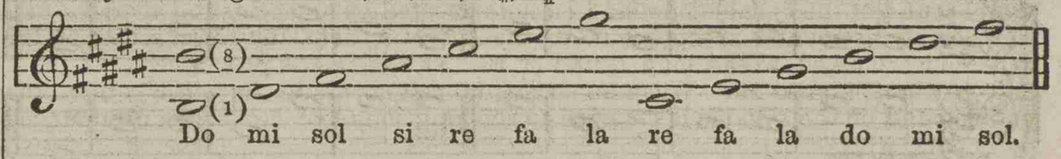
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8.
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of E—F♯, C♯. G♯, D♯.



1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8.
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of B—Signature F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯.

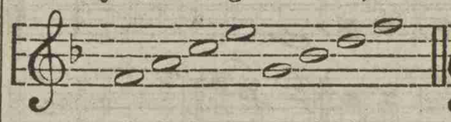


Do mi sol si re fa la re fa la do mi sol.

KEYS WITH FLAT SIGNATURES.

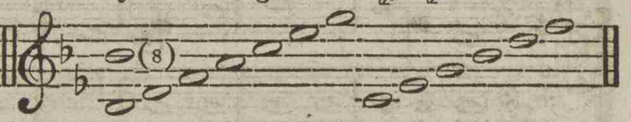
Ex 65.

Key of F—Signature B♭,



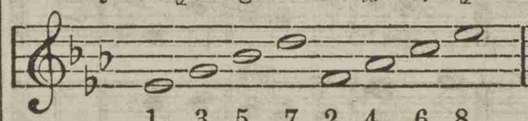
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8.
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of B♭—Signature B♭, E♭.



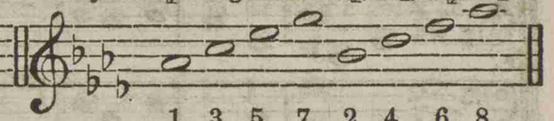
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 2 4 6 8 3 5.
Do mi sol si re fa la re fa la do mi sol.

Key of E♭—Signature B♭, E♭, A♭.



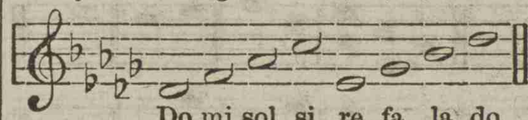
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8.
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of A♭—Signature B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭.



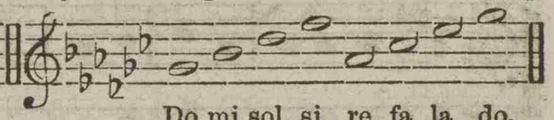
1 3 5 7 2 4 6 8
Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of D♭—Signature B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭.



Do mi sol si re fa la do.

Key of G♭—Signature B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, C♭.



Do mi sol si re fa la do.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN THIRTEEN KEYS—TWO PARTS.

1. Key of C.



2. Key of G.



3. Key of D.



4. Key of A.



5. Key of E.



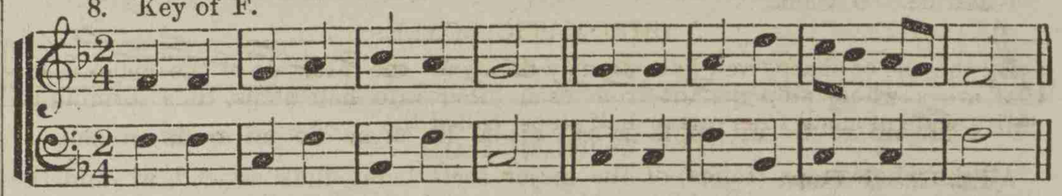
6. Key of B.



7. Key of F♯.



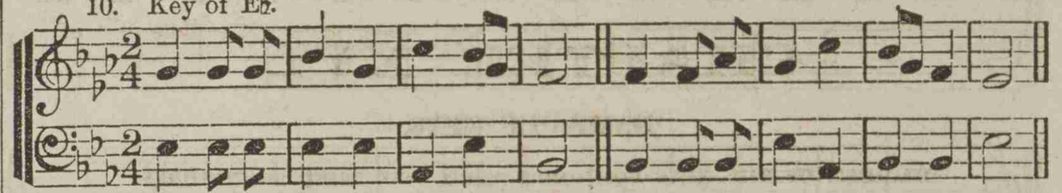
8. Key of F.



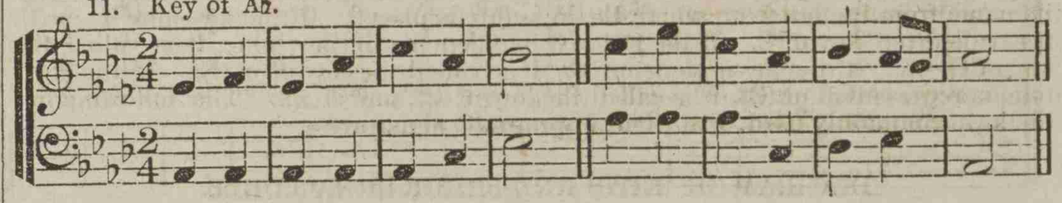
9. Key of B♭.



10. Key of E♭.



11. Key of A♭.



12. Key of D♭.



13. Key of G♭.



CHAPTER XVIII.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

By the use of sharps and flats we may divide all the intervals of the major scale, that are a whole step distant from each other into half steps, thus forming an entire scale of small intervals or half steps, called the

CHROMATIC SCALE.

All the whole steps (tones) of the major scale being thus divided, we find the chromatic scale to consist of *thirteen tones* and *twelve intervals*, thus :—

Ex. 66. ASCENDING SCALE.



Letters.	C	C♯	D	D♯	E	F	F♯	G	G♯	A	A♯	B	C.
Syllables,	Do	do	re	re	mi	fa	fa	sol	sol	la	la	si	do.
or	Do	di	re	ri	mi	fa	fi	sol	se	la	li	si	do.
Pronounc'd	*Doe*	*dee*	*ray*	*ree*	*mee*	*fah*	*fee*	*sole*	*see*	*lah*	*lee*	*see*	*doe.*

DESCENDING SCALE.



C	B	B♭	A	A♭	G	G♭	F	E	E♭	D	D♭	C.
Do	si	si	la	la	sol	sol	fa	mi	mi	re	re	do.
Do	si	se	la	le	sol	se	fa	mi	me	re	ri	do.
Doe	*see*	*say*	*lah*	*lay*	*sole*	*say*	*fah*	*mee*	*may*	*ray*	*ree*	*doe.*

To avoid a liability to mistake the change of syllable for the change of sound, we recommend the use of the syllables of the major scale, as given in the first example above.

Each degree of the Chromatic Scale preceded by a sharp or flat is named after the degree of the staff on which it appears to the eye, with the word *sharp* or *flat* affixed, thus, C sharp, D sharp, F sharp, B flat, A flat, G flat, &c. ; but in naming degrees by the numerals, it is proper to say, sharp one, sharp two, flat seven, flat six, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MINOR SCALE.

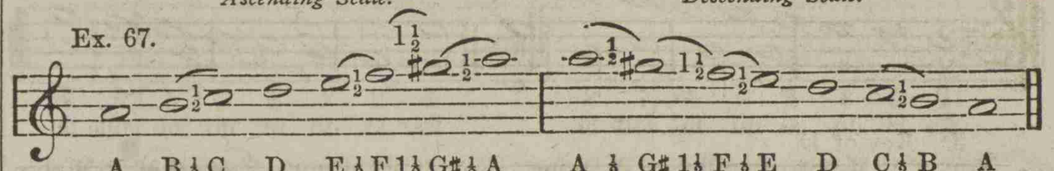
The Minor Scale has two forms, the Harmonic and the Melodic.

The Harmonic form is the only systematic and consistent one, however, having the same intervals in the ascending and descending series ; whilst in the melodic form the intervals are not the same in the ascending as in the descending scale. In *fact*, the ascending and descending series of the melodic form constitute *two separate and distinct scales*, requiring different harmonic treatment. Minor scale—

HARMONIC FORM.

Ascending Scale. *Descending Scale.*

Ex. 67.



A	B	½	C	D	E	½	F	1½	G♯	½	A		A	½	G♯	1½	F	½	E	D	C	½	B	A
1	2	½	3	4	5	½	6	1½	7♯	½	8		8	½	7♯	1½	6	½	5	4	3	½	2	1
La	si	½	do	re	mi	½	fa	1½	sol♯	½	la		la	½	sol♯	1½	fa	½	mi	re	do	½	si	la.

On examination of the harmonic form of the minor scale, as represented above, the student will perceive that it contains three intervals of a *step*, three of a *half-step* each, and one of a *step and a half*.

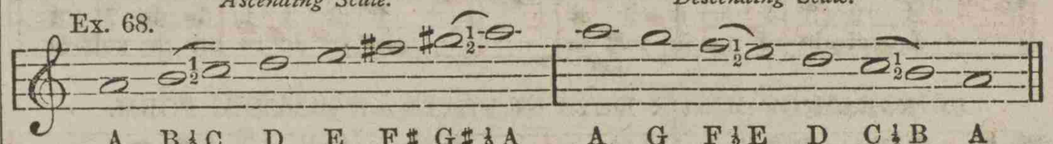
This is the form in which the Minor scale is now mostly used ; and when the harshness of the superfluous interval between 6 and 7 is desired to be obviated, it is done by the introduction of foreign tones.

(There are other forms of this scale, but we deem it unnecessary to introduce them here, as they are seldom used.)

MINOR SCALE—MELODIC FORM.

Ascending Scale. *Descending Scale.*

Ex. 68.



A	B	½	C	D	E	F♯	G♯	½	A		A	G	F	½	E	D	C	½	B	A				
1	2	½	3	4	5	6♯	7♯	½	8		8	7	6	½	5	4	3	½	2	1				
La	si	½	do	re	mi	fa♯	sol♯	½	la		la	sol♯	fa	½	mi	re	do	½	si	la.				

By the above Example, it will be seen that in the melodic form the ascending and descending scales are very different. In the ascending scale the two half-steps occur between 2 and 3 and 7 and 8 ; whilst in the descending scale they occur between 6 and 5 and 3 and 2.

Every Minor scale has the same signature that the Major scale has on the sixth of which it is based, and hence they are called parallel "keys" or scales. C Major and A Minor, for instance, are parallel scales.

The third of any Minor scale is 1 in its parallel Major, and the sixth of any Major scale is 1 in its parallel Minor.

In the Major scale the syllable Do is always applied to the tonic, (1) but in the Minor the syllable La is always applied to the tonic (1).

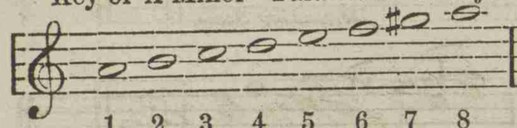
Singers are sometimes troubled to know whether a piece of music is in the Major or Minor mode. If the bass commences and ends on the sixth of the Major scale, (La,) and the fifth of the Major scale (Sol) frequently occurs sharped, the piece of music may be considered in the Minor scale. But to determine the question definitely, it is necessary to analyze the harmony of the whole composition.

Below we give a diagram of the Minor keys parallel to the Major keys given in Example 46.

DIAGRAM OF MINOR KEYS IN SHARPS,—HARMONIC FORM.

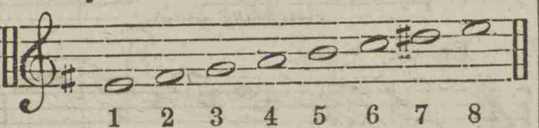
Ex. 69.

Key of A Minor—Parallel of C Major.



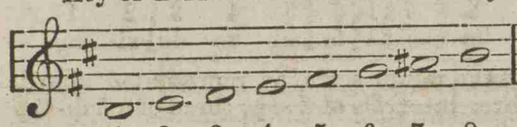
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la.

Key of E Minor—Parallel of G Major.



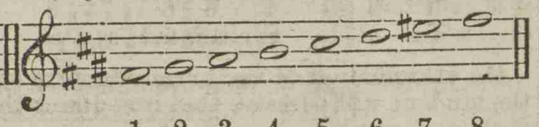
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la

Key of B Minor—Parallel of D Major.



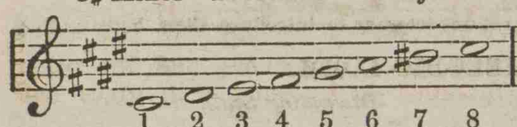
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la

Key of F♯ Minor—Parallel of A Major.



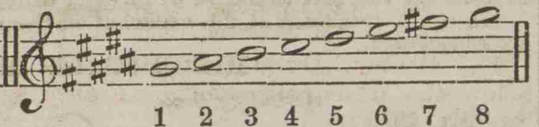
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la.

C♯ Minor—Parallel of E Major.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la

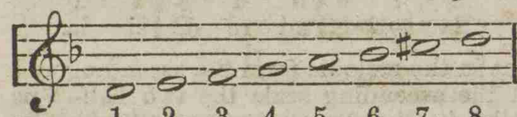
G♯ Minor—Parallel of B Major.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la.

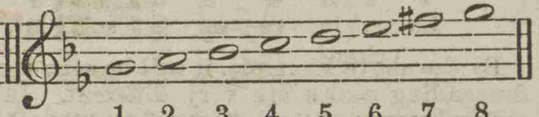
DIAGRAM OF MINOR KEYS IN FLATS,—HARMONIC FORM.

Ex. 70. D Minor—Parallel of F Major.



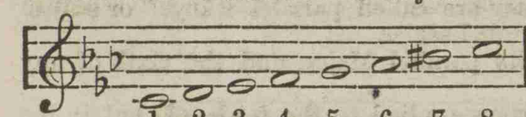
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la

G Minor—Parallel of B♭ Major.



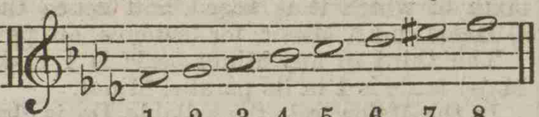
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la.

C Minor—Parallel of E♭ Major.



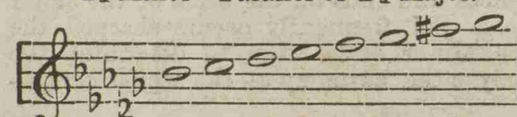
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la

F Minor—Parallel of A♭ Major.



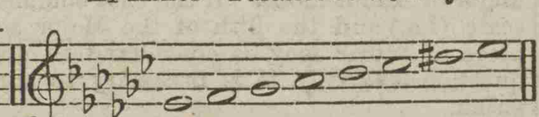
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la.

B♭ Minor—Parallel of D♭ Major.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la

E♭ Minor—Parallel of G♭ Major.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
La si do re mi fa sol♯ la.

CHAPTER XX.

FORM OF TONES.

A tone sustained with equal force throughout its whole duration is called an ORGAN TONE; it may be marked thus ═══

A tone beginning *Piano* and gradually increasing to *Forte*, is called CRESCENDO; it is marked by divergent lines, <; or cres.

A tone beginning *Forte* and gradually diminishing to *Piano* is called DIMINUENDO; it is marked by convergent lines, >; or dim.

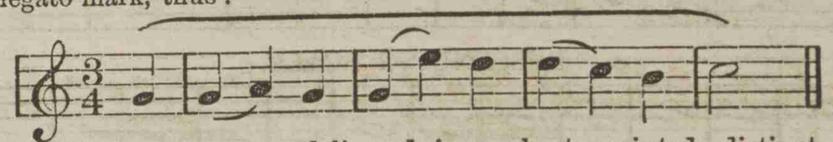
A union of *Crescendo* and *Diminuendo* is called a SWELL; it is marked thus: <>

Pressure Form.—A very sudden *Crescendo*, or *Swell*, is called the PRESSURE FORM. It is thus marked, < or ◇.

SFORZANDO.—A tone which is produced very suddenly and forcibly, and instantly diminished, is called an EXPLOSIVE TONE; or SFORZANDO, or FORZANDO (sfört-zan-do or fört-zan-do.) It is designated thus >, or by sf. or fz.

LEGATO.—When successive tones are performed in a closely connected manner, so as to be bound into one another, or intervolved, they are said to be sung LEGATO (Le-gâ-to, or Le-gah-to). The Legato is indicated by a curved line, (⁀), called a legato mark, thus:

Ex. 71.



STACCATO.—When notes are delivered in a short, pointed, distinct, or very articulate manner, they are said to be STACCATO (Stac-kâ-to, or Stac-kah-to). Staccato is indicated by points, thus: (' ' ' '), thus:

Written,—



Ex. 72. Performed,—



MARCATO.—A less degree of Staccato, or MARCATO, is indicated by dots, thus: (• • • •).

CHAPTER XXI.

FORCE OF TONES.

1. A medium force of tone is called *Mezzo;* it is marked *mez.* or *m.*
2. A force of tone *softer* than Mezzo is called *Piano;* it is marked *Pia* or *p.*
3. A force of tone *louder* than MEZZO is called *Forte,* it is marked *for.* or *f.*
4. A force of tone *softer* than Piano is called *Pianissimo;* it is marked *pp.*

5. A force of tone *louder* than Forte is called *Fortissimo;* it is marked *ff.*
6. A force of tone *louder* than Piano and *softer* than Mezzo is called *Mezzo Piano;* it is marked *mez. pia.* or *mp.*
7. A force of tone *louder* than Mezzo and *softer* than Forte, is called *Mezzo Forte;* it is marked *mez. for.* or *mf.*

CHAPTER XXII.

MELODICS AND DYNAMICS.

GRACE TONES, TRILL, TURN, &C.

The TUEN (∾) consists of a principal sound, with the sounds next above and below it. It should be performed with care and neatness, but not too quick; thus :— Written. Performed. Or.

Ex. 73.



THE TRILL (*tr*) or SHAKE is a very brilliant musical embellishment, and should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice.

It is a quick reiteration of two tones, bearing the relation of a step or a half-step, thus :— Written. Performed.

Ex. 74.



Or.

SYNCOPATION.—When a tone commences on an unaccented, and is continued on the accented part of a measure, it is said to be syncopated, thus :—

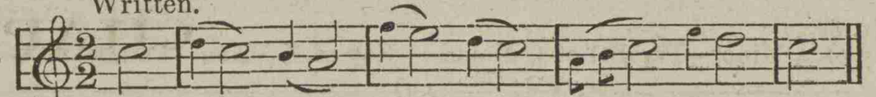
Ex. 75.



The "APPOGGIATURA" is usually represented by a small note placed before a large one upon an accented part of the measure. It takes half the value of the large note, except when the latter is dotted—then it takes two-thirds, thus :—

Written.

Ex. 76.



Sung.



When the small note follows a large one, on an unaccented part of the measure, it is called an *After Note,* thus :

Written.

Ex. 77.



Sung.



The DOUBLE APPOGGIATURA consists of two notes, one above and the other below the principal; which are always intended to be sung with grace and rapidity, thus :—

Written.

Ex. 78.



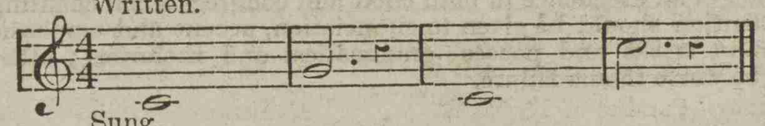
Sung.



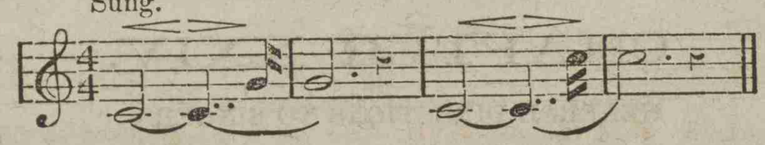
PORTAMENTO is a technical term used to indicate the carriage or manner of conducting the voice from one tone to another, in order to connect them smoothly and gracefully. It is generally limited to cases in which the two tones form a third, fifth, or some larger intervallic relation, and they are sung to two separate syllables, thus :—

Written.

Ex. 79.



Sung.



CHAPTER XXIII.

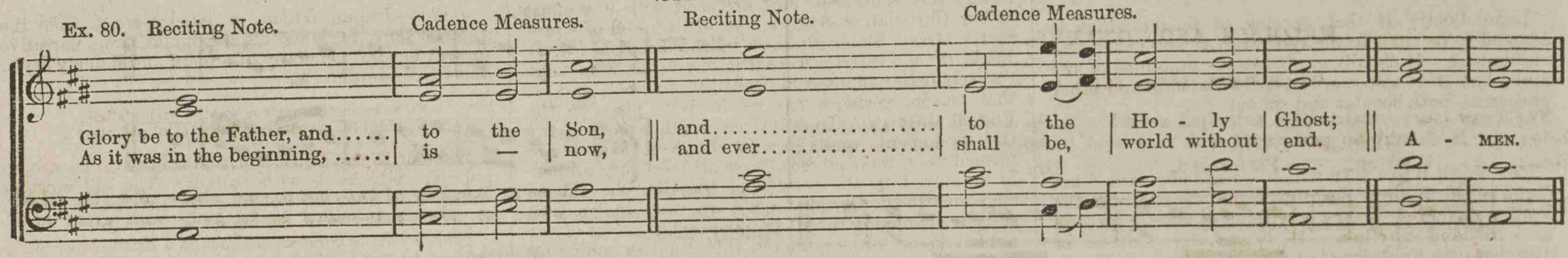
CHANTS AND CHANTING.

There are two regular forms of the Chant—Single and Double. The Single Chant has two parts, and is composed of a RECITING NOTE aud TWO CADENCE MEASURES followed by a RECITING NOTE and THREE CADENCE MEASURES, thus :—

SINGLE CHANT.

L. C. EVERETT.

Ex. 80. Reciting Note. Cadence Measures. Reciting Note. Cadence Measures.



A Double Chant is composed of two single chants; and, therefore, has four parts.

There are also "Peculiar Chants," which are constructed to suit odd metres, and words of peculiar rhythm.

The "A—men" may follow in all forms of the chant, just as it may in any other style of church music.

The reciting note gives no indication of time or rhythmical proportion; nor are there any definite rules on the subject, except such as govern in good reading. Hence we may say that the time of its duration is determined by the number of words to be chanted to it, and that these should be delivered about as fast as a good reader would read them. But when the object is congregational chanting, the cadence measures should be in strict time.

"Pronounce together," is a command that must be rigidly obeyed, as it lies at the foundation of all excellence in both choir and congregational chanting.

Special attention should be given to enunciation, accent and emphasis; and to all punctuation marks and pauses—grammatical and rhetorical; otherwise the service will be worse than a failure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.

1. When singing, stand or sit erect, so as to use the vocal organs with ease.

2. Hold the music upon a level with the eyes, or nearly so.

3. Take deep, full, and noiseless respirations, at such places as will not injure the sense of the words; but be careful not to breathe oftener than is absolutely necessary to sustain good tones.

4. Attack sounds with decision and certainty, and avoid striking below the correct tone and sliding up to it.

5. Hold long sounds steadily, firm and equal, and do not yield to the desire to slide up or down to the following sound as a relief.

6. The emission of tone should be free, open, round, full, pure and resonant; it should be instantaneous, firm and decided; without hesitancy, trembling, wavering or drawling.

7. Endeavour to manage the swelling and diminishing of the voice, when required, with due gradual proportions.

8. In singing, the words should be pronounced the same as in reading or speaking; the vowels being *sung*, and the consonants *articulated*.

9. The letter *a*, when it is used as an article, or as the initial letter of a syllable, should be pronounced *ä*, as in *A-men*.

10. The article *the*, before consonants, should be pronounced as *e* in *met*, *yet*, &c. But when it comes before a word commencing with a vowel, it should be pronounced like the pronoun *thee*.

11. Always commence promptly when the signal is given by the teacher or director, and do not wait for some one else to commence first. If there are a thousand singers, they should all commence as one voice—at the *same instant*.

LYRIC POETRY.

BY

THE REV. T. O. SUMMERS, D. D., LL. D.

LYRIC POETRY.

LYRIC POETRY DEFINED.

LYRIC Poetry is that species of poetry which is adapted to be sung to the lyre, or to any other musical instrument. It usually expresses the emotions of the soul; but it is also employed for didactic and other purposes—both secular and sacred.

HEBREW LYRICS.

The oldest lyrics with which we are acquainted are found in the Hebrew Scriptures, and especially in the Psalter. Hebrew poetry is without rhyme or precise measure and rhythm. It is usually written in distichs—one line corresponding to another, in length as well as in sentiment. Sometimes there is a strengthening of the sentiment in the second clause of the parallelism—sometimes a contrast—sometimes several clauses are woven together into a kind of stanza—sometimes the piece is divided into twenty-two portions, corresponding to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet—each portion beginning with a letter in regular succession, as Ps. xxv., xxxiv., xxxvii., cxi., cxii., cxix., cxlv.; Prov. xxxi. 10-31; Lamentations i.-iv.—hence the title, Alphabetical Psalms.

Hebrew poetry abounds with sublime imagery and the loftiest religious sentiment. It was used in the tabernacle, temple, and synagogue worship, and also in domestic and private devotion. It was accompanied with all kinds of stringed, wind, and percussion instruments. David, by divine command, prepared all sorts of instruments to be used in public worship, and composed psalms to be sung with these accompaniments. Other inspired men composed sacred hymns for the same purpose. These have come down to our times, and are still used as the vehicles of religious thought and emotion, in all their varied moods and forms.

The Psalms are admirably rendered in the authorized version of the Bible, and selections from them, as anthems, sentences, etc., are used with fine effect in our Christian worship. The old version of Cranmer's Great Bible, retained in the English Prayer Book, though inferior to that in our Bible, is in some respects better adapted to liturgical purposes, and for that reason, perhaps, has retained its place in the English Liturgy. The canticles in other parts of the Old Testament, and those in the New (which are formed upon their model), have all been very properly employed in the service of the Church. Those adapted "to the Christian state and worship," may be sung or chanted in the all-but-inspired language of our noble version, or as rendered into English metre by our modern psalmists.

THE VARIOUS KINDS OF LYRICS.

There are many kinds of sacred lyrics in use, indicated by various names:

Anthem—from the Latin and Greek *antiphona*—formerly denoted a hymn sung in alternate parts. Thus Dr. Barnes: "Pope Celestine the First, appointed that the Psalms of David should be sung in manner of an anthem of all the people before the sacrifice, which was not wont to be done." This antiphonal service is alluded to by Bacon in these words: "Several quires, placed over one against another, and taking the voice by catches, *anthem-wise*, give great pleasure." Milton alludes to this in these immortal lines:

> There let the pealing organ blow
> To the full-voiced quire below,
> In service high and anthems clear.

The word, however, is seldom now used in that sense, but in the sense of a motet, or portion of Scripture, or some other composition, not in rhyme, set to music. Passages of heroic verse—decasyllabic iambics—*e. g.*, Milton's Paradise Lost and Young's Night Thoughts—are sometimes used as anthems with fine effect.

Ballad—Italian *Ballata*, a dancing-song, from the Latin *ballare*, to dance—is a popular song, narrative or sentimental, generally of a plain and homely style. Thus Goldsmith:

> No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
> No more the woodman's *ballad* shall prevail.

Some of the so-called spiritual songs, which are so popular, take rank with ballads. The old authors called The Song of Solomon by this name, "The Ballet of Ballettes of Salomon."

Canticle—from *canticulum*—means a little song. It is applied to any of the hymns interspersed through the Bible; and, by way of eminence, to The Song of Solomon.

Carol—from the Latin *carola*, a diminutive of *chorus*, a choral dance—means a lively song. Thus Bacon says, "In the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as *carols*." The word formerly designated secular songs of a merry character. Thus Warton: "In the year 1521, Wynken de Worde printed a set of Christmas carols: these were festal chansons for enlivening the merriment of the Christmas celebrity; and not such religious songs as are current at this day with the common people under the same title, and which were substituted by those enemies of innocent and useful mirth, the Puritans." It is pleasing to know that the term still designates those simple ballads, or popular hymns, which are sung by "the common people" in honor "of the Christmas celebrity."

Catch is so called because the performers sing in a canon, or round, and *catch* up each other's words—*e. g.*, the *Non nobis*.

Chant—from *cantare*, to sing—is the most simple form of sacred song: it consists of either prose or verse uttered in musical tones without the usual musical measure. It is much used in cathedral ser-

vice. It may be sometimes used in ordinary congregations with good effect.

Dirge—from the first word of the Latin hymn, *Dirigo gressus meus*, sung at funerals—means a mournful funeral song.

Ditty—from *dictum*, a saying—meant first a short, pithy saying; and as such was frequently put into a song, it came to mean a little poem or song. Phinehas Fletcher speaks of "cheerful dittying." South speaks of "a mournful ditty." Milton speaks of "religious, martial, or civil ditties." The word frequently designates a short spiritual song, less dignified than a hymn.

Elegy—from *elegia*, and that from the Greek, to utter sorrow—means a mournful or plaintive poem; and, in particular, such as sets forth the sorrow of a mourner on account of the death of a friend. Hence Coleridge says: "Elegy is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It may treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject for itself, but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself." Spenser says:

> Now change your praises into piteous cries,
> And eulogies turn into elegies.

Daniel says: "Next comes the elegiac, being the fourth kind, and that likewise is no other than our accustomed measure of five feet." Pope's "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady" is in this measure—iambic couplets. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" is in quatrains of decasyllabic verse: so is Montgomery's Elegy for a Young Minister:

> Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime.

In a popular sense, any plaintive, especially funeral, poem, in whatever measure, is called an elegy.

Fugue—from *fuga*, flight—is so called because, as in a *catch*, the performers in one part *catch* up the words of another; and so they seem to chase each other around. Thus Milton:

> His volant touch,
> Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
> Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

And Hughes:

> Apollo ceased: the Muses take the sound,
> From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
> And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue around.

Glee—from Anglo-Saxon *gliwian*, to sing. Speaking of Anglo-Saxon minstrels, Percy says: "The word *glee*, which peculiarly denotes their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds." The word is appropriated to a light composition for three or more voices. It may be used for religious subjects of a cheerful character adapted to children.

Hymn—from Latin *hymnus*, Greek *hymnos*—is a song of praise. But the word generally applies to all kinds of sacred poetry of the lyric sort. As distinguished from "psalms" in Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 16, "hymns" may refer to songs of praise to God, other than the psalms, found in the Old Testament; while "spiritual songs," or *odes*, may refer to any lyrics designed for sacred uses. A perfect hymn has a beginning, a middle, and an end; but many of the most serviceable pieces in our Hymnals lack one or another of these three parts. The "hymn" sung by our Lord and his disciples, at the Eucharist, was probably a part of the Great Hallel, comprising Ps. cxiii.-cxviii. The primitive Christians not only used the inspired hymns found in the Scriptures, but also hymns of their own composing. Pliny, in his famous letter to Trajan, says, the Christians were accustomed to meet before day to sing a hymn to Christ as to God—though the word he uses is *carmen*, a song or poem. The oldest Christian hymn which has come down to us is a hymn for the children of the Church, which has an English version (in part), beginning: "Shepherd of tender youth." It is a most interesting and precious relic of Christian antiquity.

Madrigal—from Greek and Latin *mandra*, a stall or herd of cattle—means a pastoral poem of a tender and simple character. There are some beautiful versifications of the Canticles which belong to this species of poetry; *e. g.*, Charles Wesley's paraphrase of Cant. ii. 8, 11:

> The voice of my Beloved sounds,
> While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds:
> He flies exulting o'er the hills,
> And all my soul with transport fills!
> Gently doth he chide my stay,
> "Rise, my love, and come away!"
>
> The scattered clouds are fled at last,
> The rain is gone, the winter past,
> The lovely vernal flowers appear,
> The warbling quire enchant our ear:
> Now with sweetly pensive moan,
> Coos the turtle-dove alone.

Ode is a Latin and Greek term—from a root, to sing—designating a dignified poem set to music. Busby says: "The ode consists of unequal verses in stanzas, or strophes." Pope's Dying Christian—"Vital spark of heavenly flame"—answers this description. But poems of uniform stanzas, also are called odes. Thus Dr. Blair: "Music and Poetry are coeval, and were originally always joined together. But after their separation took place, after bards had begun to make verse compositions, which were to be recited or read, not to be sung, such poems as were designed to be still joined with music or song were, by way of distinction, called *odes*." A poem celebrating some great achievement may be called an ode; as, "Our Lord is risen from the dead."

Psalm—from Low Latin *psalmus*, and that from the Greek *psalmos*, from *psallein*, to touch, *sc.*, the strings of a musical instrument—means properly a sacred song sung with the accompaniment of a harp or some other instrument. It is the Greek translation of the Hebrew *mizmor*, prefixed to some of the Psalms; and also, in the plural, of the Hebrew *Tehillim*, or *Sepher Tehillim*, the Book of Praises, as the Psalter is significantly called.

Sentence is a short portion of Scripture—like the passages which introduce the Daily Service and the Office for the Lord's Supper in the Liturgy—set to music.

Song is the rendering of the Hebrew *shir*, prefixed to thirty of the Psalms; and also of the Greek *ode*, in Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 16; Rev. v. 9, 14, 15. It designates any lyrical poem.

Sonnet—Italian *sonetto*, from Latin *sonus*, a sound—is a poem of fourteen decasyllabic lines—the rhymes being arranged according to a particular rule. Milton's Sonnets are very much admired; but they are not adapted to purposes of worship. Blanco White's Sonnet on Night is considered as fine as any in our language; but it has some defects, and is not suitable to be used as a lyric. It is remarkable that popular as the sonnet has been as a lyric, among other people, it is seldom, if ever, so used among us. There is a kind of double sonnet—a poem of twenty-eight decasyllabic lines—in what Milton calls *terzetti* rhymes. He has versified Ps. ii. in this measure. The first and third lines rhyme together; so do the twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth. All the rest are in triplet alternate rhymes. The effect is pleasing; but the measure is not likely to find favor among choristers. Milton's versions of some of the Psalms are in various metres; but they are not well adapted to public worship. Herbert has a double sonnet differently rhymed: he sent it to his mother as a New Year's gift: "My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee?"

METRE.

English lyrists have borrowed *Metre* from the Greeks and Latins. The word is from the Greek *metron* and Latin *metrum*, a measure. The metrical element is called a *foot*, which consists of two, three, or four syllables, duly arranged according to the accents. One, two, three, four, five, or six feet constitute a *verse*, or line—from the Latin *vertere*, *versum*, to turn, because the metre *turns* at the end of a line, like the ploughman at the end of a furrow. Hence the terms *dimeter*, *trimeter*, *tetrameter*, *pentameter*, *hexameter*, indicating the number of feet—two, three, four, five, or six in the verse. Two or more verses, or lines, constitute a *stanza*, an Italian word, derived from the Latin *stans*, *stare*, to stand. It usually contains every variation of measure in the poem. The lines, or verses, are adjusted to each other by specific rules. In ancient lyric poetry, the former of two stanzas was called the *strophe*, a Greek word denoting a turning, because the performers turned from the right to the left of the orchestra; and the second was called *antistrophe*, because in performing it they turned in the opposite direction. There was sometimes a third stanza, called *epode*—from the Greek *epodos*, singing to, or after the strophe and antistrophe, all the performers facing the altar. In popular language a *verse* means a stanza.

The harmony of numbers in a verse is called *rhythm*—from the Latin and Greek *rhythmus*, or *rhythmos*, symmetry, harmony. It is thus defined: "A division of lines into short portions by a regular succession of *arses* and *theses*, or percussions and remissions of voice on words or syllables." In English verse rhythm depends upon the proper arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables, thus:

Lord, how *blest and secure* are they—

gives the same sense as,

Lord, how *secure and blest* are they—

but any man can detect a difference in the effect of the line thus arranged. The rhythm requires the accents to be arranged as in the latter case.

O! for a *walk closer* with God—

conveys the same idea as,

O! for a *closer walk* with God—

out how different the effect on the ear! The one is rhythmical, poetic—the other is not. Rhythm results from a strict regard to the poetic feet required by the measure in which the piece is composed.

The metres borrowed from the classics are chiefly the trochaic, iambic, dactylic, and anapestic.

Trochaic verse consists of a certain number of trochaic feet arranged in a line. A *trochee*—from the Greek *trochaios*, running—consists of two syllables, the former accented, the latter unaccented—as the word *trŏchĕe*, or *lŏvĕr*. All the syllables in a trochaic verse are arranged in this order:

Cŏme, thŏu | Fŏunt ŏf | ēverў | blĕssĭng—

Trochaic hymns are frequently *catalectic*, that is, they lack the final unaccented syllable, as,

Cŏme, ănd | lĕt ŭs | swēetlў | jŏĭn—

This is commonly called "Sevens." Sometimes the acatalectic (or full) and the catalectic lines are combined, as in the "Eights and Sevens."

Cŏme, thŏu | Fŏunt ŏf | ēverў | blĕssĭng,
Tūne mў | heărt tŏ | sĭng thў | grāce.

Sometimes the stanza consists of six lines, as "Eights, Sevens, and Fours," thus:

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

Iambuses are not allowed in trochaic verse, though spondees and pyrrhics may be sparingly introduced. A spondee was so called, because in Greek it denotes a libation, as in the making of libations slow, solemn measures were sung. A spondee consists of two syllables, both accented. Pyrrhic is derived from the Greek *pyrrhichios*, a kind of war-dance. A pyrrhic consists of two syllables both unaccented. In the trochaic verse:

Glōrў | tŏ thĕ | nēw-bōrn | Kĭng—

the second foot is a pyrrhic, and the third a spondee. In the verse,

Sāfe ĭn- | tŏ thĕ | hāvĕn | guĭde,

the second foot is a pyrrhic—the first is a spondee, though usually read as a trochee.

Iambic verse consists of a certain number of iambic feet, arranged in a line. It is said that Iambe, a servant-maid of Metænira, by her jibes, made Ceres smile when she was distressed for the loss of her daughter. Hence to *iambize* means to satirize or jeer. Twining says, "Iambic was the measure in which they used to *iambize* (*i. e.*, to satirize) each other." He says, "The iambic is of all metres the most colloquial; as appears evidently from this fact, that our common conversation frequently falls into iambic verse, seldom into hexameter, and only when we depart from the usual melody of speech." An iambic consists of two syllables, the former unaccented, the latter accented; as *bĕfōre*. All the syllables in an iambic verse are arranged in this order:

Bĕfōre | Jĕhō | văh's āw | fŭl thrōne—

Change the order and you will *feel* the difference between poetry and harsh prose:

Bĕfōre | āwfŭl | Jĕhō | văh's thrōne.

The first foot of an iambic verse may be a trochee, thus:

Jēsŭs | thĕ nāme | thăt chārms | ōur fēars.

But a trochee is not allowable in any other part of the verse: thus this line is incorrect:

Bōld tŏ | tāke ūp, | fĭrm tŏ sŭstāin.

Here the first foot is a trochee, and the second a spondee—both allowable; but the third is a trochee, which is not allowable. Indeed, the last four syllables may constitute a *choriambus*—a compound foot, consisting of four syllables—one long, two short, and another long syllable—which is hardly allowable in English iambic verse. The line is very nervous, and some have weakened its force, without improving the metre, by reading,

Bold to take up *and* to sustain—

The rhythm may be corrected thus:

A soul inured to care,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, and firm to bear
The consecrated cross.

A spondee is allowable in any part of an iambic verse, and it sometimes has great beauty and force; *e. g.:*

Prāise Gōd, | frŏm whŏm | āll blēss | ĭngs flōw.

Tŏ thēe | ŏur wĭll, | sōul, flēsh | wĕ gīve.

A pyrrhic is allowable in an iambic verse:

Ănd thĕ | fūll cōrn | ăt lēngth.

That is an iambic verse, though it consists of a pyrrhic, a spondee, and an iambus. Great care must be taken, however, in the introduction of pyrrhics and spondees into iambic verse—especially in short lines—or the rhythm will be harsh; *e. g.:*

Thĭs blēss | ĭng ă | bōve āll.

Here the second foot is pyrrhic, and the third a spondee—unless the last four syllables be considered a compound foot—the smaller Ionic, which consists of a pyrrhic and a spondee. An unskillful reader is apt to accent the *a* in *above*—which is a sad fault. The difficulty might have been avoided thus :

Thīs blēss | ĭng mōre | thăn āll—

Lyrists take unwarranted liberties in changing the accents of words.

Dactylic verse consists of a certain number of dactylic feet, arranged in a line. A dactyl—from the Greek *dactylos*, a finger—is so called because the syllables are arranged according to the joints of a finger. It consists of three syllables, the first accented, and the other two unaccented, as *cŏmfŏrtĕr*. All the syllables of a dactylic verse are arranged in this order :

Mĕrcĭfŭl | Cŏmfŏrtĕr, | wŏndĕrfŭl | Ādvŏcāte.

This line consists of four perfect dactyls. But as tri-syllabic rhymes are hard to find, dactyl verse is frequently *catalectic*, that is, wanting in one of the final unaccented syllables, or *brachycatalectic*, that is, wanting in both—thus :

Brĭghtĕst ănd | bĕst ŏf thĕ | sŏns ŏf thĕ | mŏrnĭng
Dāwn ŏn ŏur | wēakněss, ănd | lĕnd ŭs thīne | āid.

Here the first line of the couplet is catalectic, as it lacks an unaccented syllable in the last foot ; and the second is brachycatalectic, as it lacks the two unaccented syllables necessary to complete the dactyl foot. Any variation from the normal order of accented and unaccented syllables in dactylic verse, has an unpleasant effect, thus :

Cŏme, yĕ dīs | cŏnsŏlāte, | whĕre'ĕr yĕ | lānguĭsh.

The third foot in this line is an *amphibrach*, that is, a foot consisting of an unaccented, an accented, and another unaccented syllable—instead of a dactyl, *e. g.*, *āll yĕ whŏ*—Again :

Cŏme ănd ăt | Gŏd's āltăr | fĕrvĕntlў | knēel.

The second foot in this line is an *antibacchius*, that is, a foot consisting of two long syllables and one short syllable, instead of a dactyl—*e. g.:*

Cŏme tŏ thĕ | Sāviŏur, ănd | fĕrvĕntlў | knēel.

So, *wōundĕd hēarts* is an *amphimacrus*, that is, a foot consisting of a long, a short, and a long syllable, instead of a dactyl, as *pēnĭtĕnce*. So, *ĭn Gŏd's nūme*, is a *bacchius*, that is, a foot consisting of one short syllable and two long syllables—instead of a dactyl, as *chēerĭng ŭs*. So, *prŏmĭse hōpe* is an *amphimacrus*, instead of a dactyl. It requires great care to write dactylic verse, and also to render it with effect, either in singing or reading.

Anapestic verse is just the opposite of dactylic—hence the Greek name *anapaistos*, struck back—the dactyl reversed. It consists of three syllables, the first two unaccented, and the second accented. It thus sustains a relation to the dactyl similar to that which the iambus sustains to the trochee. The word *ŭndĕrstānd* is an anapest. All the syllables of an anapestic verse are arranged in this order :

Hāllĕlū | jăh thĕy crў | tŏ thĕ Kīng | ŏf thĕ skў,
Tŏ thĕ grēat | ĕvĕrlāst | ĭng Ī Ām.

The former line in this couplet consists of four perfect anapests—or twelve syllables, the third in order being accented. The latter consists of three anapestic feet—or nine syllables, so accented. Anapestic verse is frequently *acephalous*, that is, it lacks one of the unaccented syllables at the beginning of the line, thus :

Hŏw tē | diŏus ănd tāste | lĕss thĕ hŏurs.

Cŏme, lēt | ŭs ănĕw, | ŏur jōur | nĕy pŭrsūe,
Rŏll rŏund | with thĕ yēar.

The same rules, as to the exclusion of other kinds of feet, should be observed in anapestic as in dactylic measures.

A pleasing variety of metre is formed by the alternation of iambic and trochaic lines, thus :

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

Here the first, third, fifth, sixth, and seventh lines are trochaic, and the other three are iambic. The measure is popularly called "Sevens and Sixes "—the sevens being trochaic, and the sixes iambic. The effect is pleasant. There is a similar measure called "Sevens, Sixes, and One Eight "—in which the sixth line is iambic, of eight syllables, *e. g.:*

Jesus, let thy pitying eye—

in this hymn the sixth line reads,

On me be all long-suffering shown.

A chorister can readily adapt these two measures to the same tune, by dividing the first note of the sixth line—*e. g.*, in Amsterdam—or slurring the first two notes of the same line—*e. g.*, in Penitence.

The various metres allow of manifold modifications of stanzas. Thus in iambic verse there is what is called *Common Metre*, because of its common use. It contains seven iambic feet, or fourteen syllables, in a line—two or more lines constituting a stanza—thus :

The man is blest that hath not lent to wicked men his ear;
Nor led his life as sinners do, nor sat in scorner's chair.
But in the law of God the Lord doth set his whole delight,
And in the same doth exercise himself both day and night.

For the sake of convenience, however, this measure is usually divided into lines consisting of eights and sixes alternately arranged, thus :

A thousand oracles divine,
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join,
To worship God aright.

Charles Wesley always rhymes the first and third, as well as the second and fourth lines ; but many poets neglect rhyme in the first and third lines. Sometimes the first and third lines are divided so as to yield additional rhymes. This has a pleasing effect—especially in hymns for children—thus :

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep ;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

Archbishop Parker, in his quaint versification of the Psalter, thus rendered Ps. xxiii. :

To feede my neede,
He will me leade
To pastures greene and fat ;
He brought forth me,
In libertie,
To waters delicate.

This measure is called "Fours and Sixes ;" but it is Common Metre—the first and second lines together making four feet, or eight syllables : so the fourth and fifth. Sometimes an additional couplet is added, with good effect—thus :

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out by thee ;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
But ask thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

Sometimes the stanza is drawn out into eight lines, called "Common Metre Double," as in the hymn,

Jehovah, God the Father, bless—

each double stanza being addressed to one of the Persons of the Trinity. Sometimes an additional syllable is added to the first and third lines, making "female rhymes," thus :

Then shall I bathe my weary spirit
In seas of heavenly rest ;
Then shall my longing soul inherit
A lot among the blest.

Sometimes an additional syllable is added to the second and fourth lines, making female rhymes, thus:

Yet, notwithstanding, I have him
To be my King appointed;
And over Sion, my holy hill,
I have him King anointed.

When these female rhymes are introduced into ordinary Common Metre pieces—as in this stanza from the version of Ps. ii., by Rous—they are found rather troublesome. Sometimes for the sake of female rhymes, the first and third lines are deprived of an accented syllable, thus:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand.

This measure is usually called "Sevens and Sixes, Iambic." Care must be taken not to confound this measure with the "Sevens and Sixes," mixed trochees and iambics, as:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

A pleasing variety is formed by arranging the measure in six lines—called "Four Eights and two Sixes," or "Common Peculiar Metre,"—thus:

Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

Or five lines—"Three Eights and Two Sixes,"—thus:

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given:
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

Short Metre is so called because the first line consists of but three iambic feet, or six syllables—all the rest being like Common Metre. It is sometimes noted "as the Old Twenty-fifth,"—that is, it is the metre in which the Twenty-fifth Psalm is versified in the old Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins, and also in that of Rous. Thus Sternhold:

I lift my heart to thee,
My God, and guide, most just:
Now suffer me to take no shame,
For in thee do I trust.

Sometimes the stanzas are arranged in eight lines, called "Double Short Metre," thus:

The thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

Sometimes two octosyllabic lines are added to the stanza, making "Three Sixes and Three Eights," thus:

Friend after friend departs:
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Long Metre is so called because an additional foot is added to the second and fourth lines of each stanza of the common measure, thus making each line consist of four iambic feet, or eight syllables. This is noted "as the Old Hundredth," because in Sternhold and Hopkins, the Hundredth Psalm is rendered in this measure, thus:

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

This fine old piece was written by John Hopkins—it is transferred into Rous's Psalter, substituting the word "myrth" for "fear," conforming it to the Hebrew. Sometimes the couplets are so arranged that the first and second lines rhyme together, and the third and fourth, as in the Doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Sometimes the stanzas are arranged in eight lines: it is then called "Long Metre Double." Sometimes they are arranged in six lines: it is then called "Long Metre Six Lines." In the old books this measure is noted "as the Old Hundred and Twelfth"—because Psalm cxii. was so rendered by Kethe, in the Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins:

The man is blest that God doth fear,
And that his law doth love indeed;
His seed on earth God will uprear,
And bless such as from him proceed;
His house with riches he will fill,
His righteousness endure shall still.

William Whittingham—who married John Calvin's sister at Geneva—and who versified a number of the Psalms in the Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins—varies the arrangement in his version of Psalm cxxvii., thus:

Except the Lord the house doth make,
And there unto doth set his hand,
What men do build it cannot stand;
Likewise in vain men undertake
Cities and holds, to watch and ward,
Except the Lord be their safeguard.

Tennyson, in "In Memoriam," imitates the first four lines of this measure and rhyme.

There is another modification of this Old Hundred and Twelfth measure. It consists of three couplets, rhyming in regular succession, as in Addison's version of Ps. xxiii.:

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

This measure must not be confounded with the "Old Hundred and Thirteenth"—so called, because Psalm cxiii., in the Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins, was so rendered by Thomas Norton, a barrister of Bedfordshire, who versified twenty-eight of the Psalms, and translated Calvin's Institutes. This stanza—sometimes called "Long Peculiar Metre"—consists of six octosyllabic lines, or lines of four iambic feet, arranged in triplets, thus:

Ye children which do serve the Lord,
Praise ye his name with one accord;
Yea, blessèd be alwáys his name,
Who, from the rising of the sun,
Till it return where it begun,
Is to be praisèd with great fame.

Dr. Watts has admirably rendered Ps. cxlvi., in this measure:

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.

This metre is finely adapted to sublime subjects; but it is not easy of execution. Sometimes the first triplet has one rhyme, and the second triplet another, thus:

Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One:
Glory ascribe to God alone.
Glory to thee, great one in Three,
As 'twas when nature sprang from thee,
Is now, and shall for ever be.

Pieces written in octosyllabic triplets can be thrown into this measure, by putting two triplets into a stanza—*e. g.*, Roscommon's "Dies Iræ:"

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybil say.
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

The "Old Fiftieth" consists of six decasyllabic lines—thus rendered by Whittingham:

The mighty God, th' Eternal hath thus spoke,
And all the world he will call and provoke :
E'en from the east and so forth from the west,
Out of Sion, which place he liketh best.
God will appear in beauty most excellent,
Our God will come before long time be spent.

This is as rough as grinding gravel. Dr. Watts has rendered Ps. l., in the old "Particular Metre," and also in another "Particular Metre," which differs from the former in that the fifth and sixth lines have eleven syllables each, with female rhymes, thus :

The God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north,
From east to west his sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead :
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

By the way, this couplet may have been suggested to Watts by the fourth stanza of Whittingham's Psalm l., which ends with a female rhyme ;

I know for mine all birds that are on mountains,
All beasts mine are which haunt the fields and fountains.

It is perhaps safe to say that these measures will never be in much request. Whittingham tried his hand on Ps. cxxvi., in a similar metre, varying the rhymes, and adding a foot to each of the first four lines, thus :

When that the Lord again his Sion had forth brought,
From bondage great, and also servitude extream,
His work was such as did surmount man's heart and thought,
So that we were much like to them that use to dream :
Our mouths were all with laughter filled then,
Also our tongues did show us joyful men.

The "Old Hundred and Eleventh," rendered by Norton, consists of six lines, each of three iambic feet, or six syllables, thus :

With heart I do accord,
To praise and laud the Lord,
In presence of the just ;
For great his works are found,
To search them such are bound,
As do him love and trust.

Sternhold rendered the One Hundred and Twentieth Psalm in this measure.

The "Old Hundred and Twenty-first" was rendered by John Hopkins. The stanza consists of six lines—the first and fourth of eight syllables, and the others of six—thus :

I lift my eyes to Sion hill,
From whence I do attend,
Till succor God me send ;
The mighty God me succor will,
Which heaven and earth did frame,
And all things therein name.

This measure is no favorite.

The "Old Hundred and Twenty-second" was rendered by W. Kethe. The stanza is in six lines—two triplets—two lines of each triplet having three iambic feet, or six syllables, and the third four feet, or eight syllables, thus :

I did in heart rejoice,
To hear the people's voice,
In offering so willingly ;
For let us up, say they,
And in the Lord's house pray :
Thus spake the folk with amity.

Watts has imitated this in his Ps. cxxii., "Particular Metre:"

How pleased and blest was I.

Whittingham rendered Ps. cxxiv. in a queer metre—five decasyllabic lines—thus :

Now Israél may say, and that truly,
If that the Lord had not our cause maintained,
If that the Lord had not our right sustained,
When all the world against us furiously
Made their uproars, and said we all should die.

We can very well spare this metre. Kethe rendered Ps. cxxv. in six-line stanzas—four eights and two sixes—thus :

Such as in God the Lord do trust,
As Sion mount shall firmly stand,
And be removèd at no hand ;
The Lord will count them right and just,
So that they shall be sure,
For ever to endure.

This is not likely to come in vogue. Norton versified Ps. cxxxvi. in eight syllables without rhyme, retaining the *refrain*, thus :

Praise ye the Lord, for he is good,
For his mercy endureth for ever,
Give praise unto the God of gods,
For his mercy endureth for ever.

And so throughout—a somewhat easy feat.

The "Old Hundred and Forty-eighth" was rendered by John Hopkins in what is sometimes called Hallelujah, or Trumpet Metre. The stanza consists of eight iambic lines—four of them being of six syllables, and the other four of four syllables. It is a popular measure, and Ps. cxlviii. has been frequently "done" in it, and usually in good style. The version of Hopkins is not bad, though quaint, and limping a little in rhythm and rhyme ;

Give laud unto the Lord,
From heaven that is so high,
Praise him in deed and word
Above the starry sky ;
And also ye,
His angels all,
Armies royál,
Praise joyfully.

Instead of the last four lines, there are frequently two octosyllabic lines, thus :

Young men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky :
Him, Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

There are no trochaic nor dactylic pieces in the old Psalters, nor in Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. There is but one anapestic piece—the "Old Hundred and Fourth." It is commonly noted as "Tens and Elevens." It is thus rendered by Kethe :

My soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name :
O Lord, our great God,
How dost thou appear !
So passing in glory,
That great is thy fame ;
Honor and Majesty
In thee shine most clear.

According to this distribution there are eight lines, each containing five syllables, except the fifth and seventh, which each contains six syllables. Unite the couplets into single lines, and the measure will be "Tens and Elevens." The anapest in the beginning of each of the eight lines is encephalous. This metre, with sundry variations, is very popular. It is used by Grant, in his magnificent version of Ps. civ.:

O worship the King,
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love :
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

Our modern hymnists have taken the liberty to set aside many of the old measures, adopting others better suited to their genius and the spirit of the age. The attempts to imitate Alcaic, Pindaric, Sapphic, and other classical measures—hexameters, pentameters, etc.,—in English lyrics, have not been very successful. Take, for example, Dr. Watts's "Ode on the Day of Judgment, attempted in English Sapphic :"

When the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down.

This Ode has merit, but it will hardly ever be used as a lyric. So the Spenserian and other stately, heavy stanzas of the English classics, are not likely to be had in request in popular sacred lyrics.

The metres employed in our modern hymnals are generally indicated by the number of lines in each

stanza, and of syllables in each line, as "Six lines Sevens," or 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, for a trochaic hymn, containing six lines in a stanza, and seven syllables in each line, as in the hymn :

Hearts of stone, relent, relent!

The fine hymn,

Head of the Church triumphant,

is marked 7, 7, 8, 7, because the lines in each quatrain have this number of syllables respectively.

The God of Abrah'm praise,

is marked 6, 6, 8, 4, for a similar reason. So of all the rest.

Choristers must not stop with knowing the number of lines in each stanza, and of syllables in each line—they must note whether the measure is iambic, trochaic, dactylic, or anapestic, or a mixture of any of these. A Long Metre stanza consists of four lines of eight syllables ; and so does the stanza beginning,

This, this is the God we adore—

but let any one try to sing the latter in Long Metre, he will soon discover that something is wrong. This is anapestic, whereas Long Metre is iambic. How different the "Sevens and Sixes" of the Missionary Hymn,

From Greenland's icy mountains,

from the "Sevens and Sixes" of

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings!

The former is iambic—the latter is a mixture of trochaic and iambic verses.

Come on, my partners in distress,

is an iambic "Eights and Sixes"—six lines; so is the hymn beginning,

As much have I of worldly good—

but the latter arrangement of the lines (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8,) is different from the former (8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.) First determine in what kind of metre the hymn is composed—then ascertain the precise measure, number of lines, and order of arrangement—and adapt the tune accordingly.

RHYME.

Rhyme—old English *ryme*, Italian *rima*—consists in the correspondence of sound in the last syllables of two or more lines, according to certain prescribed rules.

The vowels in the rhyming syllables must be identical or cognate.

The consonants preceding the vowels must be different.

The consonants succeeding the vowels must be identical or cognate.

Hence there are what are called Perfect, Allowable, and False Rhymes.

Perfect rhymes are those in which the endings have diverse consonants before the rhyming vowels, and identical consonants after them—the vowels being perfectly identical in sound, *e. g.: sing—king; eye—nigh; stuff—enough.*

Allowable rhymes are those in which the endings have diverse consonants before the rhyming vowels, and identical or cognate consonants after them—the vowels being not identical, but cognate. Thus the long and short vowels make an allowable rhyme—as *find—wind*, (pronounced *wĭnd*—the air in motion, not like *wīnd*, to turn). So *word—Lord; God—blood; hate—fat; faith—death; grace—praise; met—fate.* It is carrying the matter a little too far to rhyme long *e* and long *i;* yet this is done in those numerous cases in which words end in *y*, pronounced like *e.* Thus Pope says :

And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

This was, perhaps, the more readily allowed, as it seems to rhyme to the eye—but the ear is the standard.

False rhymes are manifold. There are identical endings, *e. g.; found—profound; light—delight; eye—I; heed—head*—the preceding consonants being identical. When the vowels are not identical nor cognate, then the rhyme is false, as *fan—tone.* When the succeeding consonants are neither identical nor cognate, the rhyme is false, as *time—line; done—come.* The Spanish allows of a jingle called *assonance*, in which the vowels are identical, but the succeeding consonants are not—as *ladle—babel*—which has no place in English versification.

Rhymes are divided into male and female.

Male rhymes are those which have a correspondence of sound in the final syllables of the lines, as re*ceive*—be*lieve.*

Female rhymes are those which have a correspondence of sound in the last two syllables, the final syllable being unaccented, as re*ceiving*—be*lieving.*

PSALMODY.

Psalmody is the art or practice of singing sacred lyrics. It is the highest form of religious worship. It constitutes one of the principal employments of the inhabitants of heaven. It should therefore be performed with the utmost care and solemnity. Nothing should be neglected which can give interest and effect to this noble part of divine worship—especially "the service of song in the house of the Lord." Psalmody should be practiced in the closet, family, and school ; but its flowering forth is in "the great congregation"—where, with all the appliances at command, "both young men and maidens, old men and children," should "praise the name of the Lord."

The ministers of religion ought to read "the poetical liturgy of the Church" in an impressive manner ; and choristers should render "the songs of the temple" with due effect.

There are various rules for reading and singing poetry, having reference to the port of the voice—*timbre*—expression—cadence—pauses, etc.—which are laid down in books of instruction in reading and singing, to which those concerned are referred.

There is some difference of opinion in regard to the propriety of employing secular tunes in religious worship. Some object to it, as the associations might not be friendly to devotion ; and that is a valid objection to the use of many of those tunes. Others contend that the devil has no right to so many beautiful tunes.

Who on the part of God will rise—
Innocent sounds recover—
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover :
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure.

But Charles Wesley would hardly wish to hear one of his seraphic pieces sung to "Yankee Doodle" or "Old Grimes." The Fathers opposed with great zeal the use in the church of tunes employed for light airs in the theatres.

When Clement Marot's lyrical version of the Psalms in French—the initiation of Psalmody in the Reformed Church—first made its appearance—his psalms were sung as popular songs by all ranks of society. They were the common accompaniments of musical instruments. At the court of Francis each of the princes and nobles selected a psalm, and sung it to his favorite ballad tune. Prince Henry, the dauphin, who was fond of hunting, selected *Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire*, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," which he sung in going to the chase. The queen's favorite was *Ne veuilles pas, O Sire*, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath," which she sung to a fashionable jig! Antony, King of Navarre, sung *Revenge moy, pren le querelle*, "Stand up, O Lord, to re-

venge my quarrel," to the air of a dance of Poitou! That would sound strange to us.

Archbishop Parker divided his Psalter into Psalms Prophetical, Instructive, Consolatory, etc., and affixed eight tunes to them, according to their character. He thus describes "The Nature of the Eyght Tunes:"

The first is meke, devout to see,
The second sad, in maiesty:
The third doth rage, and roughly brayth;
The fourth doth fawne, and flattry playth:
The fifth delighth, and laugheth the more,
The sixt beawayleth, it wepeth full sore,
The seventh tredeth stoute in froward race,
The eyghte goeth milde in modest pace.

The Scotch Church rigidly excluded all lyrics from divine worship, except Rous's version of the Psalms—to which were subsequently added certain "Paraphrases" of other portions of Scripture. These Psalms were to be sung to twelve tunes, all of a grave and sober character. Burns mentions three of those tunes in his immortal poem, The Cotter's Saturday Night.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these Italian thrills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

As might be expected, instrumental music was prohibited by the Kirk; and so it was for a while by the Dissenters of England—some of whom, indeed, would not allow of even vocal music in public worship! But in process of time the Dissenters introduced instruments of music, which became very popular among them. They are now beginning to come into use also in Scottish congregations.

The Dissenters, growing tired of the rough versions of Sternhold and Hopkins, Rous, Patrick, etc., were glad to adopt the beautiful effusions of Dr. Watts—who began to write his hymns for the congregation at Southampton, in which his father was a deacon. The first he wrote was the first hymn in his first Book.

Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

The people were so delighted with this *new song*, that they encouraged him to write more—and the result was his "Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs," which have proved so rich an inheritance to the Church. He was soon joined by the Wesleys, and they were followed by a host of others, whose sanctified powers have been so advantageously devoted to this holy work.

The Methodists have been a great singing people—they have put every thing pertaining to their religion into their songs. In England they have used instrumental music from the beginning. John Wesley and Richard Watson—both passionately fond of the organ—recommended the use, and guarded against the abuse, of this noble instrument. They opposed all fantastic tunes, impertinent overtures and interludes. These are not used when there is no organ; but they are less needed with the organ than they are without it—the prolongation of the final note, while the voices rest, answers a better purpose, it is thought, than a flourishing interlude, or the repetition of a line.

There are some psalms (*e. g.*, Ps. lx.; cxvi.); and hymns (*e. g.*, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair;" "He dies, the Friend of sinners, dies;" "Salvation, O the joyful sound;" "Come, O thou Traveler unknown;" "Shrinking from the cold hand of death;") which ought to be sung as "pieces," the music being adapted to the varying moods of the several stanzas—some sad, some joyful, etc. But if all the stanzas are sung to the same notes, choristers ought to be careful to vary the expression to suit the subject as much as possible. There are some tunes which are "married to immortal verse," and should not be divorced—*e. g.*, "Coronation," to "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" "Antioch," to "Joy to the world, the Lord is come;" the Hundredth Psalm (L. M.) and Ken's immortal, though imperfect Doxology, to "Old Hundred," ascribed by tradition to Martin Luther.

Great care should be taken to adapt suitable music to the hymns, according to the character, as didactic, hortatory, elegiac, or strictly devotional. It is a great mistake to exclude all didactic and hortatory pieces from the hymnal of the Church. There are historical, instructive, prophetical, and admonitory psalms in the Psalter, as well as psalms of praise and prayer. The "Maschil Psalms" are hymns "giving instruction." The "Historical Psalms" trace the history of God's people. Then there are "Psalms to bring to remembrance" God's mercies and man's sins. All these have their place in the *cultus* of the Church. Many a truth has been conveyed to the mind by a song, which could not be conveyed in a sermon. The Fathers of the Church composed hymns to be sung for the purpose of setting forth and defending the doctrines of Christianity. The Reformers, and especially the Puritans, made rhyming versions of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. William Whittingham versified the Decalogue and the Prayer belonging to it, and other pieces, appended to Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalter. Robert Wisdome versified Luther's hymn to be sung in the Church; it may be found at the end of the old Psalter:

Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord,
Both which would thrust out of his throne,
Our Lord, Christ Jesus, thy dear Son.

It consists of sixteen lines, more pious and Protestant than poetical. William Hunnis went so far as to throw into rhyme that most prosaic of all writings, "the hymn *Quicunque Vult*"—that is, the Athanasian Creed—which may well be spared. But who would give up many of the didactic, hortatory, expostulatory, hymns of Watts, Wesley, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton, Beddome, and others?

The first hymn in public worship may very well be of a strictly devotional character, to put the soul in tune for the worship of God: if it bears some relation to the theme to be discussed in the sermon, all the better. Then, immediately before the sermon, there may be a hymn setting forth objectively and didactically the subject to be discussed. After the sermon a subjective hymn, or one of a hortatory character, applying the truths discussed, may be sung with great profit. There should be a unity and harmony pervading the entire service, so as to secure the greatest possible effect.

Above all, the counsel of the inspired apostle should be duly regarded: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

HERMON.

SUMMERS. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

Earnestly.

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' ev-ery cloud That veils and darkens Thy de - signs.
2. For ev - er firm Thy justice stands, As mountains their foun- da - tions keep; Wise are the wonders of Thy hands, Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3. Thy providence is kind and large, Both man and beast Thy bounty share; The whole cre - a - tion is Thy charge, But saints are Thy pe - cu - liar care.
4. My God, how ex - cel - lent Thy grace! Whence all our hope and com- fort springs; The sons of Ad - am in dis - tress Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

BARTHOLDY. L. M.

Mendelssohn.

1. O Thou, whom all Thy saints a- dore, We now with all Thy saints a - gree, And bow our in - most souls be - fore Thy glorious, aw - ful ma - jes - ty.
2. The King of nations we proclaim: Who would not our great Sovereign fear? We long t'experience all Thy name, And now we come to meet Thee here.
3. We come, great God, to seek Thy face, And for Thy lov - ing - kindness wait; And O, how dreadful is this place! 'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

34 F. W. Faber, D. D.

ST. CROSS. L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
From *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

Gravely.

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1. O come and mourn with me a-while; O come ye to the Saviour's side; O come, to-geth-er let us mourn; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied.
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff and Jews de-ride? Ah! look how pa-tient-ly He hangs; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied.

pp

3. Seven times He spake, seven words of love; And all three hours His silence cried For mer-cy on the souls of men; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied.
4. A broken heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be de-nied; The bro-ken heart He heals and saves; For us our Lord was cru-ci-fied.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

Rev. R. Harrison, d. 1810.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at His feet; While western em-pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.
3. For Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-ery morn-ing sac-ri-fice.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.

Affettuoso.

1. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn! And seek an injured Father's face: Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-claiming grace.
2. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn! And seek a Father's melting heart: His pitying eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn! Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live: Go to His bleeding feet and learn How freely Je--sus can for-give.

ANDREW. L. M.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-bove: To that our laboring souls as - pire, With ar- dent pangs of strong de - sire.
2. No more fa- tigue, no more distress; Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place: No sighs shall mingle with the songs Which war- ble from im - mor - tal tongues.
3. No rude a- larms of rag-ing foes, No cares to break the long re-pose, No midnight shade, no cloud-ed sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.

PERGAMOS. L. M.

Old Latin. "Tristes erant Apostoli."

1. What scenes of hor - ror and of dread A- wait the sin - ner's dy - ing bed! Death's terrors all ap - pear in sight, Pre-sag-es of e - ter - nal night.
2. His sins, in dread-ful or - der, rise, And fill his soul with sad sur-prise; Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears, And not one ray of hope ap-pears.
3. Tormenting pangs dis- tract his breast; Where'er he turns he finds no rest: Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—And, in despair and hor - ror, dies.

PETERSON. L. M.

Rev. H. W. Baker, 1861. "St. Alban's Tune Book."

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
2. Remember, Lord, Thy works of old, The wonders that our fa- thers told; Remember not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
3. Whom shall we trust, but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful word? None ev - er called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
4. Where saints and an-gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love; O bind us in that heavenly chain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.

BROKER. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

Softly, gently, yet distinct.

pp

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears; E'en that dis-ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - er's guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood; Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sa - ken by His God.
4. 'Tis midnight; and, from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know: Unheard by mor - tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

KAVANAUGH. L. M.

Rev. JOHN P. McFERRIN.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev-ery soul be Je - sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all: Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou; All things in Christ are read - y now.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wand'rers af - ter rest, Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hear - ty wel-come find.

STOWELL. L. M.

DR. EVERETT.

1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be-fore the mer - cy seat.
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy seat.

McKENDREE. L. M.

MOZART, d. 1791.

1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on eith-er hand, My spir-it struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a-way.
2. Where Je-sus dwells my soul would be; It faints my much-loved Lord to see: Earth, twine no more a-bout my heart, For 'tis far bet-ter to de-part.
3. Come, ye an-gel-ic en-voys, come, And lead the will-ing pilgrim home: Ye know the way to Je-sus' throne, Source of my joys and of your own.

LOULIE'S CHANT. L. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

Pleadingly. *p*

1. Behold, a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore; Has waited long—is waiting still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
2. O lovely at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and bleeding hands: O matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y Friend you need; The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.

p

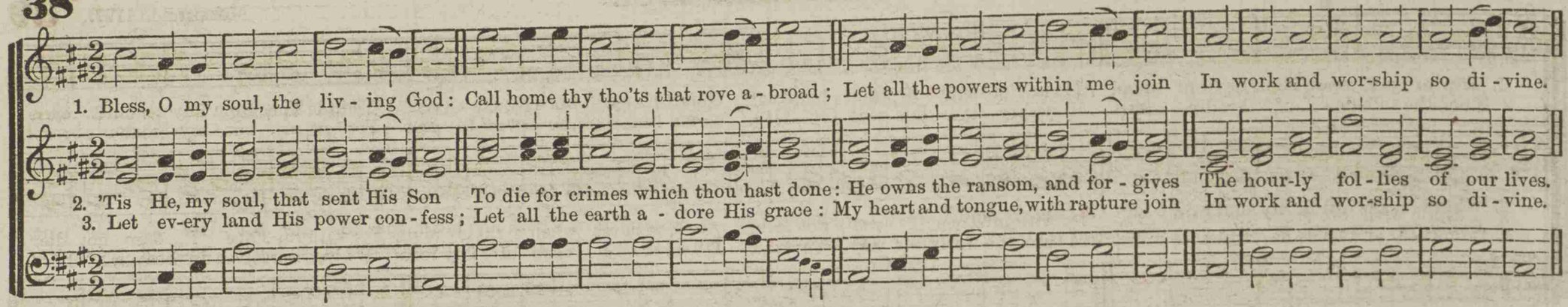
STETTINIUS. L. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Happy the man that finds the grace, The blessing of God's chosen race, The wis-dom coming from a-bove, The faith that sweetly works by love.
2. Happy, beyond de-scription, he Who knows "the Saviour died for me!" The gift un-speak-a-ble ob-tains, And heavenly un-der-standing gains.
3. Wisdom Divine! who tells the price Of wisdom's costly merchandise? Wisdom to sil-ver we pre-fer, And gold is dross compared to her.

NAUWETA. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.



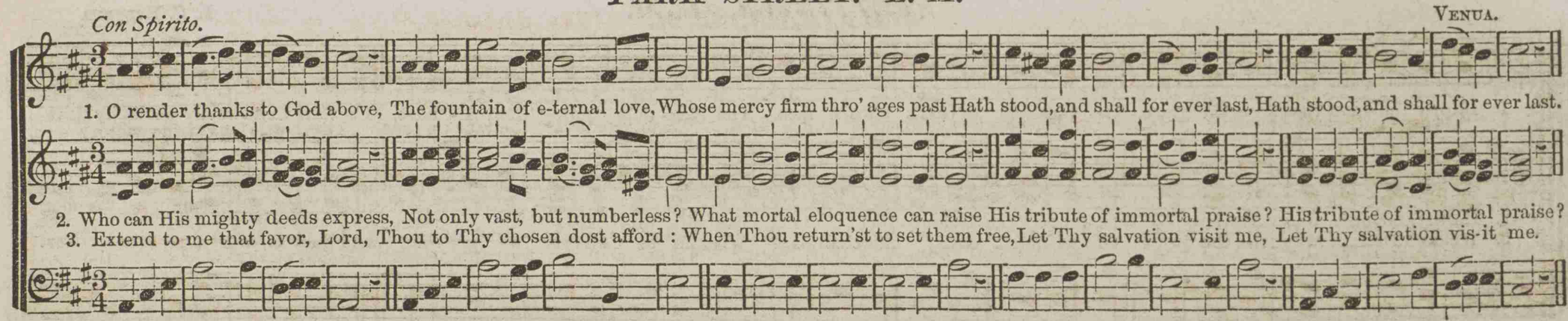
HERALD. L. M.

T. J. Cook.



PARK STREET. L. M.

Venua.



PASCAL. L. M.

MOZART, d. 1791.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weary eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take, Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose ourselves in heaven a - bove.

WITHERS. L. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night, Till we ar - rive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates ap-pear; Far in - to distant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.
3. Cheerful we tread the desert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Though lions roar and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.

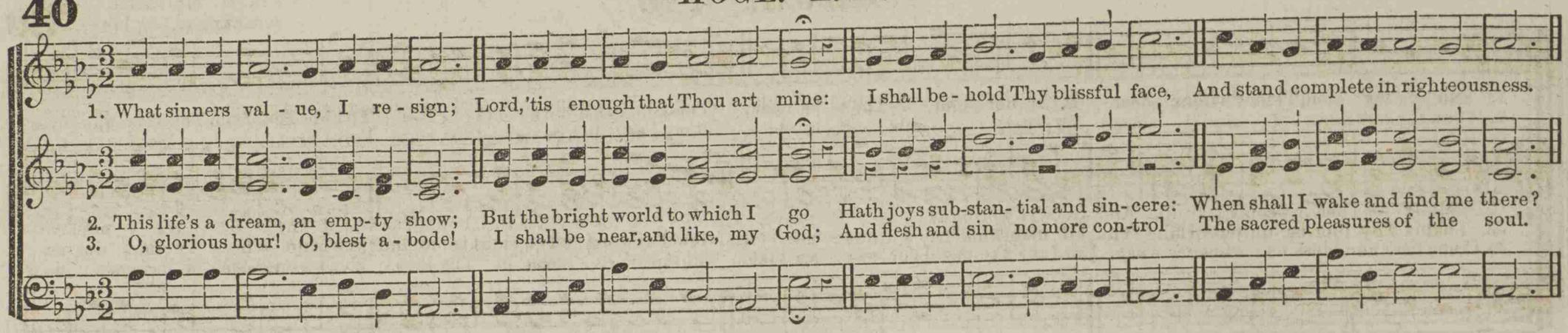
HALLEN. L. M. "'Tis finished."

DR. EVERETT.

1. "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bow'd His head and died. 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won.
2. "'Tis finished!" this His dy - ing groan, Shall sins of deepest hue a - tone, And millions be redeemed from death, By Jesus' last, ex - pir - ing breath.
3. "'Tis finished!" let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na - tions round; 'Tis finished! let the triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies.

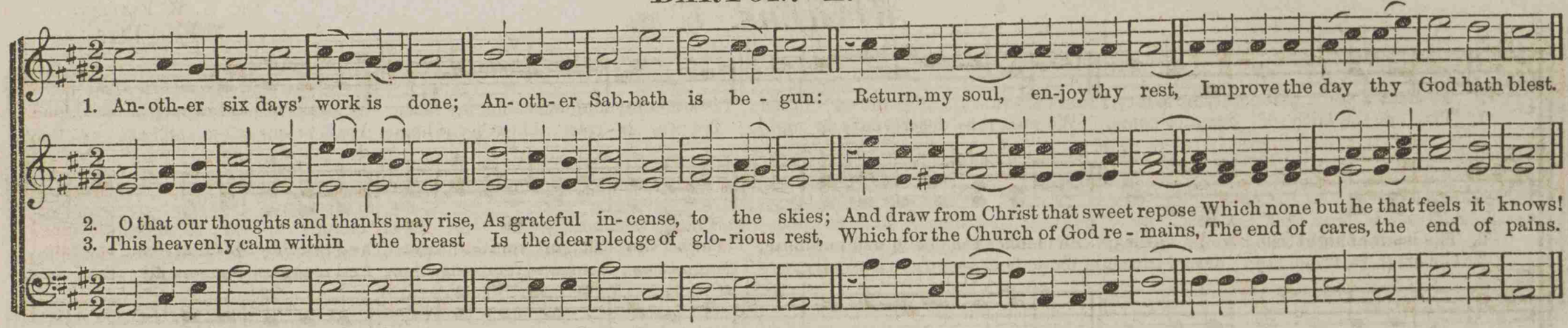
HOGE. L. M.

J. N. Parker.



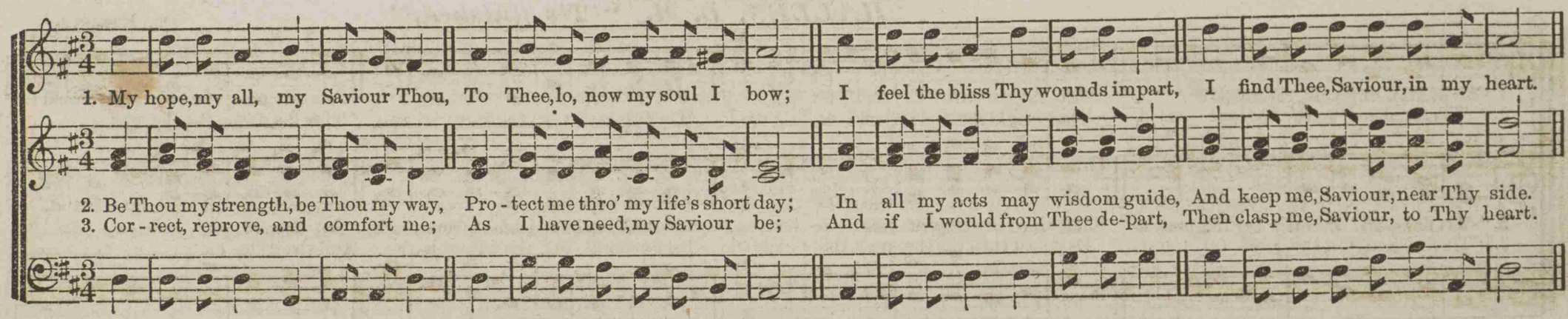
BARTON. L. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



LINDELL. L. M.

Dr. J. D. Vinton.



KELLEY. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. God of all power, and truth, and grace, Which shall from age to age endure; Whose word, when heav'n and earth shall pass Remains, and stands for ev - er sure:
2. Calmly to Thee my soul looks up, And waits Thy prom-is - es to prove, The ob - ject of my steadfast hope, The seal of Thy e - ter - nal love.
3. That I Thy mer-cy may proclaim, That all man-kind Thy truth may see, Hal - low Thy great and glorious name, And perfect ho - li - ness in me.

MINOR. L. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. I hear a voice that comes from far; From Cal - va - ry it sounds a - broad; It soothes my soul, and calms my fear; It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
2. And is it true, that ma - ny fly The sound that bids my soul re - joice; And rath - er choose in sin to die, Then turn an ear to mer-cy's voice?
3. A - las for those! the day is near, When mercy will be heard no more; Then will they ask in vain to hear The voice they would not hear be - fore.

MILL GRAVE. L. M.

Dr. J. D. Vinton.

1. Thou Man of griefs, re - mem - ber me, Who nev - er canst Thy - self for - get, Thy last mys-te - rious ag - o - ny, Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!
2. When wrestling in the strength of prayer, Thy spir-it sunk be-neath its load, Thy fee - ble flesh abhorred to bear, The wrath of an al - migh-ty God.
3. Fa - ther, if I may call Thee so, Re-gard my fear-ful heart's de - sire; Remove this load of guil - ty woe, Nor let me in my sins ex - pire!

KEENER. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

Softly. With expression.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away! What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2. When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll, The flam - ing heavens together roll; And louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
2. O, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away!

BROCKWAY. L. M.

C. C. Pratt.

1. Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee: Weary of earth, myself, and sin; Open Thine arms and take me in, Open Thine arms and take me in.
2. Pity and heal my sin-sick soul; 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole: Fall'n, till in me Thine image shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine, And lost, &c.
3. Awake, the woman's conquering Seed, Awake, and bruise the serpent's head! Tread down Thy foes, with power control The beast and devil in my soul, The beast, &c.
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin—but Thou art love: I give up every plea beside, "Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died, Lord, I am lost," &c.

MENDON. L. M.

German.

1. Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh; 'Tis God in - vites the fall - en race: Mer-cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
2. Come to the liv - ing wa - ters, come! Sinner's, o - bey your Ma - ker's call: Re-turn, ye wea - ry wand'rers, home, And find My grace is free for all.
3. See from the Rock a fountain rise; For you in healing streams it rolls; Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

BONN. L. M.

1. Give me a new, a perfect heart, From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free: The mind which was in Christ impart; And let my spir-it cleave to Thee.
2. O take this heart of stone a-way! Thy sway it doth not, can-not own: In me no longer let it stay; O take a-way this heart of stone!
3. O that I now, from sin released, Thy word may to the utmost prove!— En-ter in-to the promised rest, The Canaan of Thy perfect love.

WILSON. L. M.

F. R. Rose.

1. Great God, attend while Zi-on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs; To spend one day with Thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thousand days of mirth.
2. Might I en-joy the meanest place With-in Thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
3. God is our sun, He makes our day: God is our shield, He guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin— From foes without, and foes with-in.

BARGELT. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

ritard.

1. God of my life, thro' all my days, My grateful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise; The song shall wake with op'ning light, And warble to the silent night.
2. When anxious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praises raised on high Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
3. When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all the pow'rs of language fail, Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
4. But O, when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chained to flesh no more, With what glad accents shall I rise To join the music of the skies!

ritard.

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. T. Hastings, 1840.

Ritard.

1, Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; Let eve-ry soul be Je-sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in-vi-ta-tion is to all: Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou; All things in Christ are read-y now.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wand'rers af-ter rest, Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y wel-come find.

EGE. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

Soft and gentle, but not too slow.

1. Come, wea-ry souls, with sin oppressed, Oh come! ac-cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o-bey, And cast your gloomy fears a-way.

2. Oppressed with guilt—a pain-ful load, Oh come, and bow be-fore your God! Di-vine compassion, might-y love, Will all the pain-ful load re-move.
3. Here mer-cy's boundless o-cean flows, To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes, Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—How rich the gift! how free the grace!

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Je-sus, Thou ev-er-last-ing King, Ac-cept the trib-ute which we bring; Accept Thy well-deserved renown, And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2. Let eve-ry act of worship be Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee—Like the blessed hour, when from above We first re-ceived the pledge of love.
3. The gladness of that hap-py day, O may it ev-er, ev-er stay! Nor let our faith for-sake its hold, Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

COTTRELL. L. M.

REV. DR. DYKES.

cres.

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

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense, to the skies; And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows!

3. This heavenly calm with - in the breast Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the Church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

cres.

SAWRIE. L. M.

DR. MILLER.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

WINCHESTER. L. M.

CRASSELIUS.

1. He comes! He comes! the Judge se - vere! The seventh trumpet speaks Him near: His lightnings flash, His thunders roll; How welcome to the faithful soul!

2. From heaven an - gel - ic voic - es sound: See the al - migh - ty Je - sus crowned! Girt with om - nip - o - tence and grace, And glo - ry decks the Saviour's face.

3. De - scending on His a - zure throne, He claims the kingdoms for His own: The kingdoms all o - bey His word, And hail Him their triumphant Lord!

MABEL. L. M.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. O deem not they are blest a - lone Whose lives a peace-ful ten - or keep; For God, who pities man, has shown A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.
2. The light of smiles shall fill a - gain The lids that o - ver-flow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain Are prom-is - es of happier years.
3. There is a day of sun - ny rest For ev - ery dark and troubled night; And grief may bide an evening guest, But joy shall come with ear-ly light.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

Moderato.

1. Stay, thou in - sult-ed Spir - it! stay! Though I have done Thee such des-pite, Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last-ing flight.
2. Though I have steeled my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guilt - y fears; And vexed, and urged Thee to de - part, For man-y long re - bel-lious years:
3. Though I have most un - faith- ful been Of all who e'er Thy grace received; Ten thousand times Thy good-ness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

EVENING HYMN.

TALLIS.

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der Thine own Al - migh - ty wings.
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the aw - ful day.

CELSUS. L. M.

Dr. Everett.

1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are! With strong desire my spir - it faints To meet th' as - semblies of Thy saints.

2. Blest are the saints that sit on high, A - round Thy throne of ma - jes - ty; Thy brightest glories shine a - bove, And all their work is praise and love.
3. Blest are the souls that find a place Within the tem - ple of Thy grace: Here they be-hold Thy gentler rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

WAREHAM. L. M.

Wm. Knapp. 1760.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of His dy - ing love, Be humble honors paid be - low, And strains of nobler praise a-bove.

2. 'Twas He who cleansed our foulest sins, And washed us in His richest blood: 'Tis He who makes us priests and kings, And brings us rebels near to God.
3. To Je - sus, our a - ton-ing Priest, To Je - sus, our su - perior King, Be ev - er - lasting power confess'd— Let ev - ery tongue His glo - ry sing.

DARLEY. L. M.

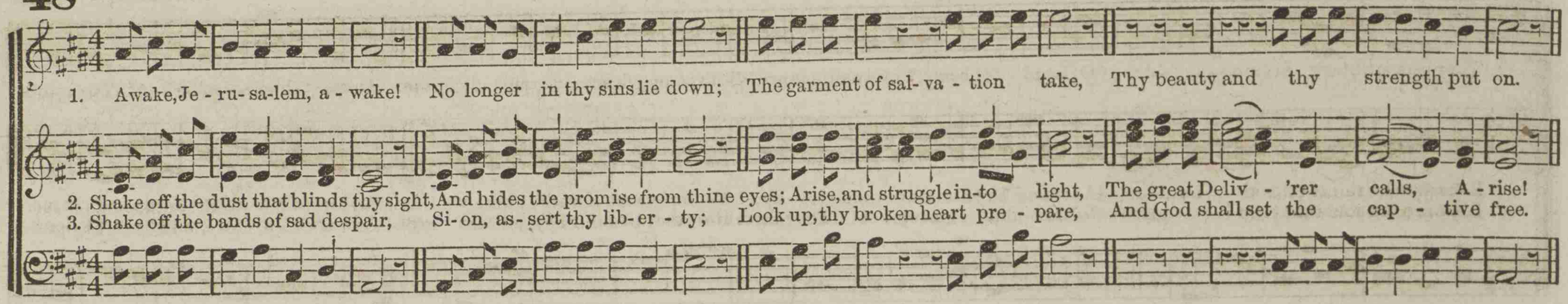
W. H. Darley.

1. God in His earthly temple, lays Foundations for His heavenly praise: He likes the tents of Ja-cob well; But still in Zion loves to dwell, But still in Zi-on loves to dwe l.

2. His mercy visits every house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delightful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray, Where churches, &c.
3; When God makes up His last account Of natives in His holy mount, 'Twill be an honour to appear As one new-born or nourish'd there, As one new-born or nourish'd there.

JUNKIN. L. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



KARSNER. L. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



NANNIE'S CHANT. L. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.



WORCESTER. L. M.

1. Jesus! and shall it ev - er be A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glo- ries shine thro' end - less days?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star: He sheds the beams of light Di - vine O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be a-shamed of noon: 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright Morning Star, bid dark - ness flee!

CRICHLOW. L. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

Ritard ad lib.

1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub - mit At Jesus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet!
2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Saviour of all, if mine Thou art, Give me Thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of in - bred sin, And ful-ly set my spir - it free: I can not rest till pure within, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

NELSON. L. M.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
3. Just as I am—tho' tossed a - bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears with-in, and foes with-out— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

KEY. L. M.

R. REDHEAD.

1. The winged her-ald of the day Proclaims the morn's approaching ray: So Christ the Lord re-news His call, To endless life awakening all.
2. "Take up thy bed," to each He cries, Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies: "Be chaste, and, liv-ing so-ber-ly, Watch ye, for I the Lord, am nigh."
3. With earnest cry, with tear-ful care, Call we the Lord to hear our prayer; While sup-li-ca-tion, pure and deep, Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.
4. O Fa-ther, that we ask be done, Through Jesus Christ, Thine on-ly Son; Who, with the Ho-ly Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign e-ter-nal-ly.

HUBBARD. L. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove, A-mid the wonders of Thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart And bids in-trud-ing fear de-part.
2. Re-pent-ant sorrow fills my heart, But mingling joy allays the smart; Oh! may my fu-ture life declare The sorrow and the joy sin-cere.
3. Be all my heart, and all my days, De-vo-ted to my Saviour's praise; And let my glad obedience prove How much I owe—how much I love.

PLAYFORD. L. M.

JOHN PLAYFORD. 1671.

1. Je-sus, Thy far-ex-tend-ed fame My drooping soul ex-ults to hear; Thy Name, Thy all-res-tor-ing Name, Is music in a sinner's ear.
2. Sin-ners of old Thou didst re-ceive, With comfort-a-ble words, and kind, Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve, Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
3. And art Thou not the Saviour still, In ev-ery place and age the same? Hast Thou for-got Thy gracious skill, Or lost the vir-tue of Thy name?

MARSHALL. L. M.

HAYDN, d. 1809.

1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur-sue; Thee, on- ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak or do.

2. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my in - most substance see; And la-bor on at Thy command, And of - fer all my works to Thee.

SASNETT. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. "Go preach my gos-pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth My grace receive; He shall be saved who trusts My word; He shall be damned who won't believe.

2. "I'll make your great commission known; And ye shall prove my gos-pel true, By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.

3. "Teach all the na-tions my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end: All power is trusted in my hands; I can des -troy, and I de - fend.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion in Em-manuel's name: To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Shar-on there.

2. God shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire, Bid rag-ing winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

3. And when our la-bours are all o'er, Then may we meet to part no more,–Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

TRIUMPHANT ZION! L. M.

From "The Hour of Praise," by permission.

Moderato.

CHORUS.

1. Tri - um - phant Zi - on! lift thy head, Tri - um - phant Zi - on! Tri - um - phant Zi - on! From dust and dark - ness

2. Put all thy beau - teous gar - ments on, Tri - um - phant Zi - on! Tri - um - phant Zi - on! And let thy va - rious

3. No more shall foes un - clean in - vade, And fill thy hal - lowed

CHORUS.

and the dead; Tri - um - phant Zi - on, lift thy head! Though hum - bled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee

charms be known: Tri - um - phant Zi - on, lift thy head! The world thy glo - ries shall con - fess, Decked in the

walls with dread; No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - t'ry

CHORUS.

with thy Sav - iour's strength. Tri - um - phant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the dead.

robes of right - eous - ness. Tri - um - phant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the dead.

and thy sad - ness boast.

MARVIN. L. M.

From "Palestrina," by EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will! Tumultuous passions, all be still! Nor let a murm'ring tho't a - rise; His ways are just, His counsels wise.
2. He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs His work, the cause conceals; But though His methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support His throne.
3. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait, Prostrate be - fore His aw - ful seat; And, midst the terrors of His rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

NOVELLO. L. M.

Extract from "Handel's Messiah."
Arr. in metrical form, by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Lord when my thoughts de - light - ed rove A - mid the won - ders of Thy love, Sweet
2. Re - pent - ant sor - row fills my heart, But ming - ling joy al - lays the smart; Oh!
3. Be all my heart, and all my days De - vo - ted to my Sav - iour's praise; And

hope re - vives my droop - ing heart, And bids in-trud-ing fears depart, And bids in - trud - ing fears de-part.
may my fu - ture life de - clare The sor - row and the joy sincere, The sor - row and the joy sin - cere.
let my glad o - be - dience prove How much I owe, how much I love, How much I owe, how much I love.

VESPERS. L. M.

W. H. Hart.

1. My God, how end- less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery evening new; And morning mercies from a- bove Gen-tly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.
3. I yield my - self to Thy command; To Thee de - vote my nights and days; Perpetual blessings from Thy hand Demand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

BROOKS. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing; To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how di - vine!

ERNAN. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Moderato. mp *mp* *mp* *cres.*

1. Lord, how se- cure and blessed are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin! Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.
1. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of in - no - cence and love; And soft and si- lent as the shades Their nightly minutes gen- tly move.
3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on But fly not half so fast a - way: Their souls are ev - er bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.

GERMANY. L. M.

From Beethoven.

1. Happy the souls that first believed, To Je-sus and each oth - er cleaved; Joined, by the unction from a - bove, In mys-tic fel - low- ship of love.
2. Meek, simple foll'wers of the Lamb, They lived, and spake, and thought the same; They joy-ful - ly conspired to raise Their ceaseless sac - ri - fice of praise.
3. With grace abund-ant - ly en- dued, A pure, be - liev- ing mul - ti - tude! They all were of one heart and soul, And on - ly love in-spired the whole.

SHIBBOLETH. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

Firm and steady.

1. Shepherd of souls, with pity-ing eye, The thousands of our Is - rael see; To Thee, in their behalf we cry, Ourselves but new - ly found in Thee.
2. See where o'er des- ert wastes they err, And neither food nor feed- er have; Nor fold nor place of refuge near; For no man cares their souls to save.
3. Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught; Nor know they their Re - deemer nigh: They perish whom Thyself hast bought; Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

DUPUYTREN. L. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! Awake, my soul; a-wake, my tongue: Ho-san-na to th' e - ter - nal Name, And all His boundless love proclaim.
2. See, where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest image of His grace: God, in the per - son of His Son, Has all His mightiest works outdone.
3. The spacious earth and spread-ing flood Proclaim the wise, the powerful God; And Thy rich glo - ries, from a - far, Sparkle in ev- ery roll- ing star:

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

PLEYEL.

1. Spir-it of grace, and health, and power ; Fountain of light and love be - low : Abroad Thy healing influence shower, O'er all the nations let it flow.

2. Inflame our hearts with perfect love, In us the work of faith ful - fil ; So not heaven's host shall swifter move, Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

DURPHY. L. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Fa - ther of all, whose powerful voice Called forth this uni - ver - sal frame ! Whose mercies o - ver all re - joice, Thro' endless a - ges still the same :

2. Thou by Thy word up - hold-est all ; Thy bounteous love to all is showed : Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call ; And fill - est ev - ery mouth with good.

3. In heaven Thou reign'st enthroned in light, Nature's expanse before Thee spread : Earth, air, and sea, be - fore Thy sight, And hell's deep gloom, are o-pen laid !

EVA. L. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. She sleeps in Jesus--peace- ful rest— No mortal strife invades her breast ; Nor pain, nor sin, nor anxious care Can reach the silent slumb'rer there.

2. She sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise—When the last trump shall rend the skies ; Then burst the fetters of the tomb, To wake in full im - mor-tal bloom.

3. She sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief ; Let this afford thee sweet re - lief—That, freed from death's triumphant reign, In heaven she will live a - gain.

BOWEN. L. M.

HAYDN.

1. Je - sus, Thy blood and righteous - ness My beauty are, my glorious dress: 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Ful-ly absolved thro' these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3. The ho - ly, meek, un - spot - ted Lamb, Who from the Father's bo - som came, Who died for me, e'en me, t' a - tone, Now for my Lord and God I own.

JOHNSON. L. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Saviour's born; See, how the an - gels wing their way, To ush - er in the glorious day!

2. Hark! what sweet mu - sic, what a song, Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, list'ning heart.

3. Come, join the an - gels in the sky, Glo - ry to God, who reigns on high; Let peace and love on earth a - bound, While time revolves and years roll round.

MENDELSSOHN. L. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a - way! What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2. When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens to-geth - er roll; And, louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3. O on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away!

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

FANNY CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known:
D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear, To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
D. C. I'll cast on Him my ev-ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r, I'll cast on Him my ev-ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

D. C.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

BEAUFORT. L. M. Double.

L. C. EVERETT.

FINE. D. C.

1. { He dies, the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-round;
A solemn dark-ness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground. } 2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groan'd beneath your load;

D. C. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

CREATION. L. M. Double.

1. The spacious fir - ma- ment on high, With all the blue e - the- real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.

2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly to the listening earth Re - peats the sto- ry of her birth;
3. What though in solemn si - lence all Move round this dark ter - res- trial ball; What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their radiant orbs be found;

Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does His Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand.

While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Confirm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
In reason's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo-rious voice; For ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di-vine."

ENTREATY. L. M.

J. E. HOPKINS.

1. Stay, Thou in- sult - ed Spir - it, stay, Though I have done Thee such despite; Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thy ev - er - last- ing flight.

2. Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guil - ty fears; And vexed, and urged Thee to de - part, For many long, re - bellious years.
3. Tho' I have most un - faith-ful been, Of all who e'er Thy grace re-ceived! Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen; Ten thousand times Thy goodness griev'd.

CHILDS. L. M. Double.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. The wind is high, the night is drear, The heaving bil - lows coldly sweep, A lit - tle band o'erwhelmed with fear Are toss-ing on the troubled deep.

2. He tar-ries on the mountain yet, Where oft His wea - ry steps have trod, His locks with chilling dews are wet, What con-de - scen-sion in our God!

3. Thus when up-on the sea of life The christian's bark is wild-ly driven, When waves of sor-row, care, and strife, Would turn it from its course to heaven:

O where is He whose word di-vine Could still the wind's tempestuous roar, Could bid the stars in glo-ry shine And guide them to the dis-tant shore?

But now be - hold Him on the wave, Look up, ye sad ones, undis-mayed; He comes, your sinking bark to save, And says "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."
What though the night be dark and drear, Look up, O sad one, undis-mayed; For lo! thy Sav-iour still is near, And says "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. Taylor.

1. Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To Thee its grate-ful trib - ute bring; My knee, with humble hom-age bow; My tongue perform its sol-emn vow.

2. All nature sings Thy boundless love, In worlds be - low, and worlds a-bove; But in Thy blessed word I trace Di - vin - er wonders of Thy grace.

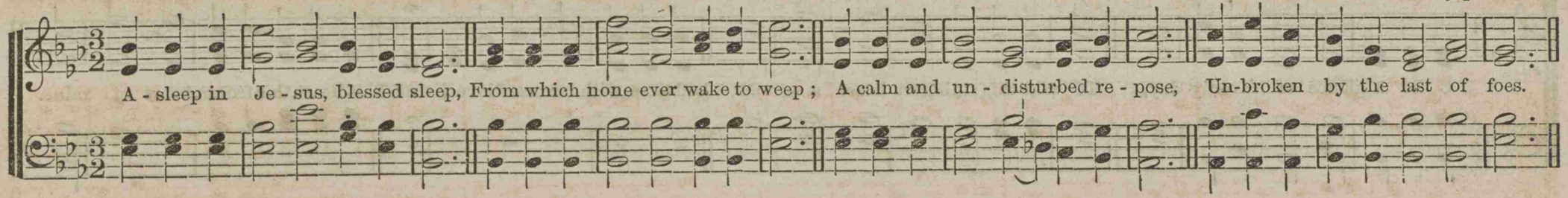
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Wm. Franc.



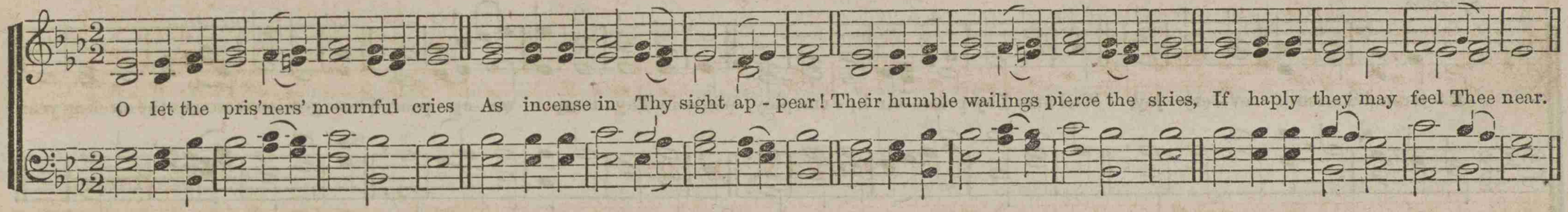
REST. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason.



EFFINGHAM. L. M.



WARD. L. M.

From a Scotch Tune by Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.



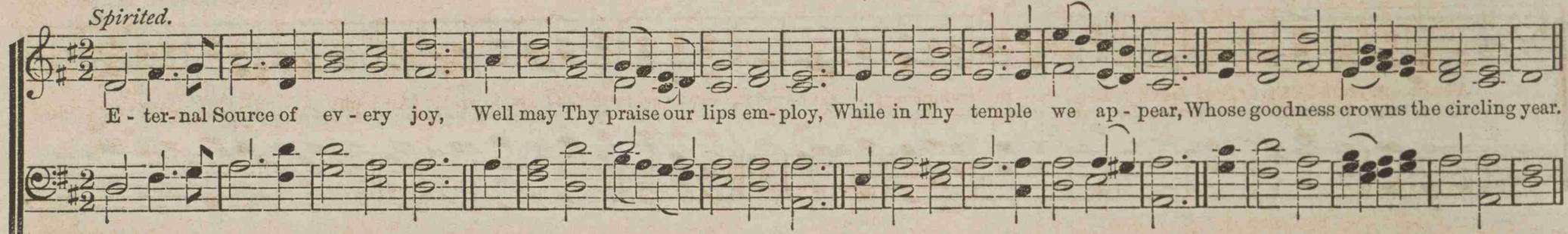
WARE. L. M.

Geo. Kingsley.



TRURO. L. M.

Dr. Burney.



WINDHAM. L. M.

Daniel Read.



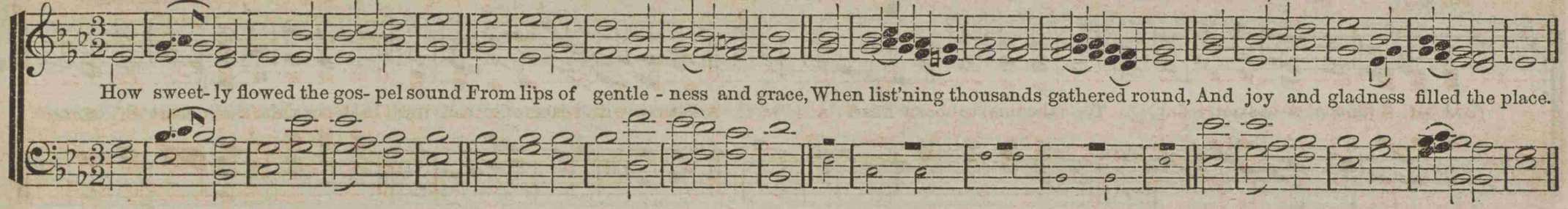
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. MASON.



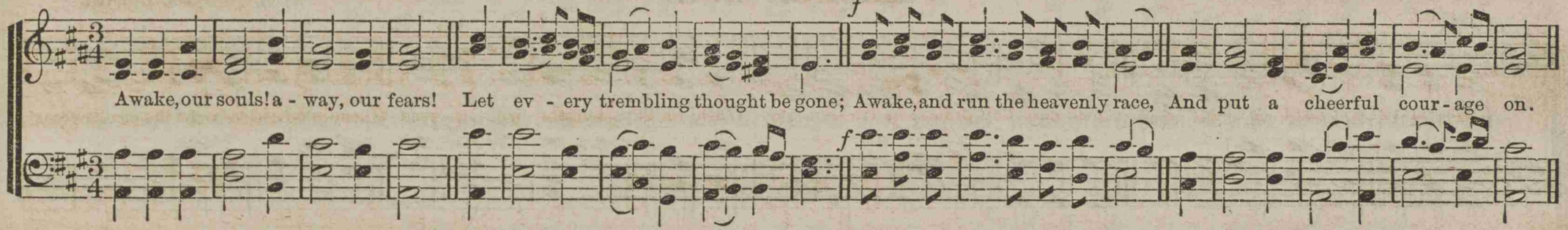
STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.



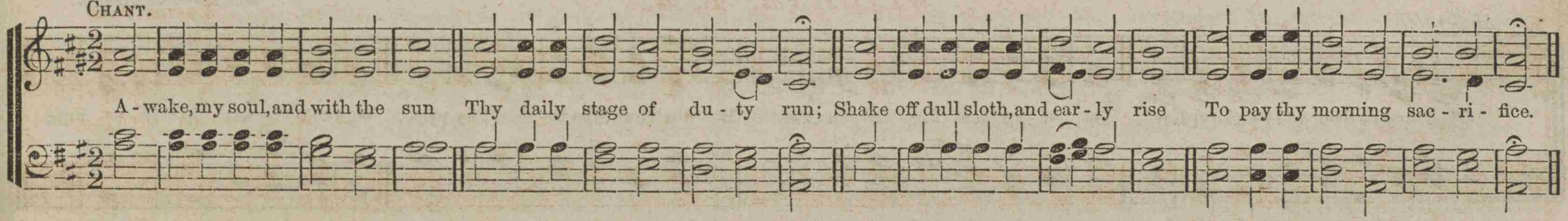
MIGDOL. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



STERLING. L. M.

CHANT.



HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, by per.

Slow and soft.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far His power prolongs my days; And eve-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. Hatton.

Allegretto.

Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an-gels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards around Thee wait, Like chariots, that at-tend Thy state.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, by per.

Gently.

How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest, How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gent-ly heaves th'expir-ing breast.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Moderato.

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord, In eve-ry star Thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair-er lines.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

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

2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For-get the steps al-read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye, To thine as - pir-ing eye.

SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know; If Thou withdraw Thy- self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?

2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath! What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!

3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy power! Now my poor soul Thou wouldst retrieve, Nor let me wait one hour.

FAYETTEVILLE. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

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

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

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

ADAMS. C. M.

T. Adams.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In-spire these souls of Thine; Till eve - ry heart which Thou hast made Be filled with grace di - vine.
2. En - light-en our dark souls, till they Thy sa - cred love em - brace; As - sist our minds, by na - ture frail, With Thy ce - les - tial grace.
3. Drive far from us the mor - tal foe, And give us peace with - in; That, by Thy guidance blest, we may Es - cape the snares of sin.

ENON. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound! My ears, at - tend the cry: "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie."
2. "Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reverend head, Must lie as low as ours."
3. Great God! is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walk - ing downward to the tomb, And yet pre-pared no more!

FAIRFAX. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. When verdure clothes the fer-tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fragrance breathes in eve - ry gale, How sweet the ver - - nal day!
2. Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft mu-sic hails the love-ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.
3. How kind the in-fluence of the skies! The showers with blessings fraught, Bid virtue, beau - ty, fragrance rise, And fix the rov - - ing thought.

ELM STREET. C. M.

Dr. Edw. Hodges.

1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - our, power Art wor - thy to re - ceive ; Since all things by Thy power were made, And by Thy boun - ty live.
2. And wor - thy is the Lamb all power, Hon - our and wealth to gain, Glo - ry and strength; who for our sins A sac - ri - fice was slain.
3. All wor - thy Thou, Who hast re - deemed And ransomed us to God, From ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery coast, By Thy most precious blood.

BEULAH. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Approach my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer, There humbly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
2. Thy promise is my on - ly plea; With this I venture nigh; Thou call - est burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
3. Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By wars with-out and fears with - in I come to Thee for rest.

LA MAR. C. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion, too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.
2. One priv - i - lege my heart de - sires; O grant me an a - bode A - mong the churches of Thy saints, The tem - ples of my God.
3. There shall I of - fer my re - quests, And see Thy beau - ty still; Shall hear thy mes - sa - ges of love, And there in - quire Thy will.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

C. F. R., by per.

1. How vain are all things here be - low! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleas - ure hath its poi - son too, And eve - ry sweet a snare.
2. The bright - est things be - low the sky Give but a flatt - 'ring light; We should sus - pect some dan-ger nigh Where we pos - sess de - light.
3. Our dear - est joys and near - est friends, The part-ners of our blood, How they di - vide our wav'ring minds, And leave but half for God!

SOLITUDE. C. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In humble, grate - ful prayer.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore; And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

BUSH. C. M.

W. L. Montague.

1. How great the wis - dom, power, and grace Which in redemption shine! The heaven-ly host with joy con - fess The work is all Di - vine.
2. Be - fore His feet they cast their crowns,—Those crowns which Jesus gave,—And, with ten thou - sand thousand tongues, Pro-claim His power to save.
3. They tell the tri - umphs of His cross, The suff-'rings which He bore,—How low He stooped, how high He rose, And rose to stoop no more.

HELEN. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!
2. In darkest shades if Thou ap - pear, My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And Thou my ris - ing sun.
3. The opening heavens a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss, If Je - sus show His mer - cy mine, And whisper I am His.

HEAD. L. M.

Marcus Justin McClasson. Farmville, Va.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the Cross,—A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,— And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
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?

WHITTEN. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Whence do our mournful thoughts arise? And where's our cour - age fled? Has restless sin, and rag - ing hell, Struck all our comforts dead?
2. Have we for - got th' al - mighty Name That formed the earth and sea? And can an all - cre - a - ting arm Grow wea - ry or de - cay?
3. Treasures of ev - er - last - ing might In our Je - ho - vah dwell; He gives the con - quest to the weak, And treads their foes to hell.

KEBLE. C. M.

W. H. Evans.

1. The Spir - it breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight: Precepts and prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.

Solo. Soli.

2. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun; It gives a light to ev - ery age, It gives—but bor - rows none.
3. The Hand that gave it still sup - plies The gracious light and heat; His truths up - on the nations rise,— They rise, but nev - er set.

Inst.

SENSANEY. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. With - in Thy house, O Lord our God, In ma - jes - ty ap - pear; Make this a place of Thine a - bode, And shed Thy blessings here.
2. As we Thy mercy - seat surround, Thy Spirit, Lord, im - part: And let Thy Gospel's joyful sound, With power reach ev - ery heart.
3. Here let the blind their sight obtain; Here give the mourner rest; Let Je - sus here triumphant reign, Enthroned in ev - ery breast.

WILTSHIRE. C. M.

Sir George Smart, d. 1867.

Moderate.

1. Re - pent, the voice ce - les - tial cries, No long - er dare de - lay; The wretch that scorns the mandate dies, And meets a fi - ery day.
2. The summons goes through all the earth, Let earth at - tend and fear; List - en, ye men of roy - al birth, And let your vas - sals hear.
3. To - geth - er in His presence bow, And all your guilt con - fess; Ac - cept the of - fered Saviour now, Nor tri - fle with the grace.

EDWARDS. C. M.

ANON. *

Moderato.

1. Return, O wanderer, to thy home, Thy Father calls for thee; No longer now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - e - ry,— Re-turn, re-turn.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis Je - sus calls for thee; The Spirit and the bride say, "Come," O now for refuge flee!— Re-turn, re-turn.

We take this tune from an English book, where the words are attributed to Dr. Thos. Hastings. Ed.

LOULIE. C. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Ap - proach, my soul, the mercy - seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
2. Thy promise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh: Thou call'st the burdened soul to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By wars without, and fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest.

CHESTNUT RIDGE. C. M.

W. H. WALTER, Mus. Doc.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'ring flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood While Jordan rolled be-tween.

GREEN. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

cres.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.
2. Je-sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
3. He speaks—and, listening to His voice, New life the dead re-ceive; The mournful, bro-ken hearts re-joice; The hum-ble poor be-lieve.

cres.

KERLIN. C. M.

Emilius Laroche.

1. Ce-les-tial Dove, Come from a-bove, And guide me in Thy ways: My heart pre-pare For solemn prayer, And tune my lips to praise.
2. O-pen mine eyes, And make me wise, My interest to dis-cern: From ev-ery sin, With-out, with-in, In-cline my heart to turn.
3. Fly to my aid, When I'm a-fraid, Or plung'd in deep dis-tress; My foes subdue, And bring me through This howling wil-der-ness.

BARCLAY. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

With solemnity.

1. When, as re-turns this sol-emn day, Man comes to meet His God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay? How speak His praise a-broad?
2. From marble domes and gild-ed spires Shall clouds of in-cense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The cost-ly sac-ri-fice.
3. Vain, sin-ful man, Cre-a-tion's Lord Thy off-'rings well may spare; But give thy heart, and thou shalt find Thy God will hear thy prayer.

CAPERS. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side: This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprin-kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own, Wash me, and mine Thou art: Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.

SHEPHERD. C. M.

N. Barker.

Enunciation decided. Moderato.

1. Hail, sa-cred truth! whose piercing rays Dispel the shades of night; Dif-fus-ing o'er a ruin'd world The healing beams of light.
2. Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid, Restores our wan - d'ring feet; Converts the sor - rows of the mind, To joys di - vine - ly sweet.

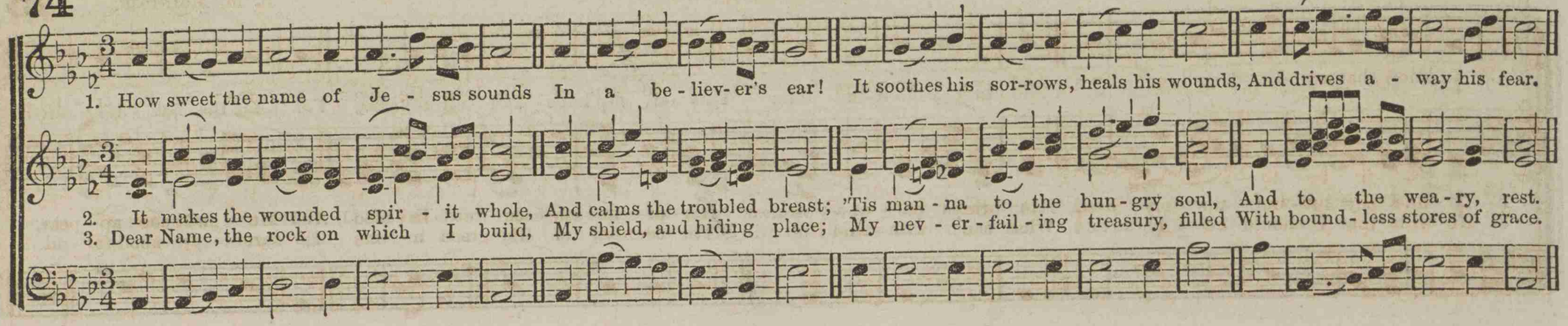
ROSEBROUGH. C. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne: Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus: Worthy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For He was slain for us.
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - our and power Di - vine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine.

BONNELL. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.



WALKER. C. M.

Emilius Laroche.



VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. Everett.



EARLY. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me: A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near: His presence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can with-stand His will? The coun-sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.

RICE. C. M.

J. N. Parker.

1. Fa - ther of all, in whom a - lone We live, and move, and breathe, One bright, ce - les - tial ray, dart down, And cheer Thy sons be - neath.
2. While in Thy word we search for Thee, (We search with trembling awe!) O - pen our eyes, and let us see The won-ders of Thy law.
3. Now let our darkness com-pre-hend The light that shines so clear; Now the re-veal - ing Spir - it send, And give us ears to hear.

TURNER. C. M.

Emilius Laroche.

1. The coun - sels of re - deem - ing grace The sa - cred leaves un - fold: And here the Sav-iour's love - ly face Our raptured eyes be - hold.
2. Here light des- cend - ing from a - bove Di - rects our doubt-ful feet; Here prom - is - es of heaven-ly love Our ar - dent wish - es meet.
3. Our num'-rous griefs are here redressed, And all our wants sup-plied: Naught we can ask to make us blessed Is in this book de - nied.

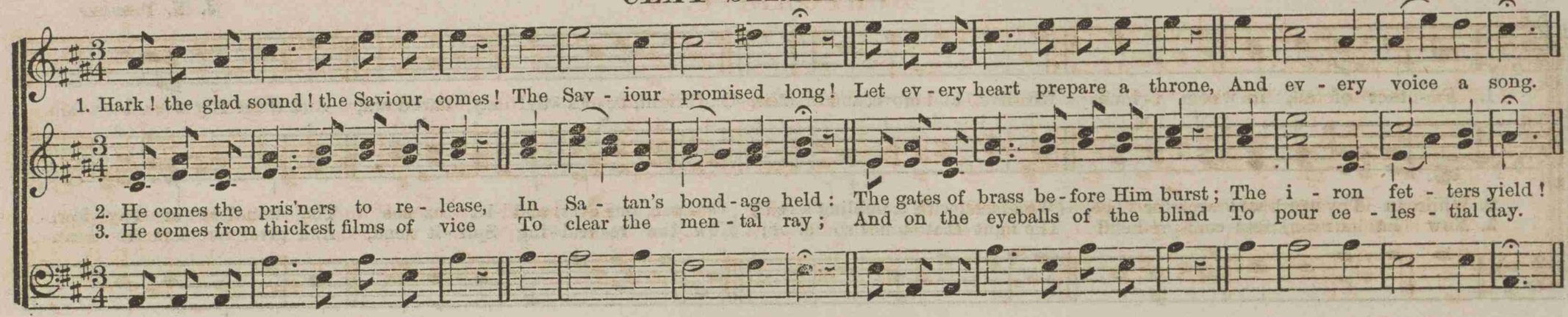
MOORE. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



CLAY STREET. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



SPENCE. C. M.

J. N. PARKER.



Mc COMBS. C. M.

T. Wood. Albany, N. Y.

Not too slow. Dolce. *f*

1. O what a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, We more than taste the heavenly powers, And an - te - date the day.
2. We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ concealed, And with His glorious presence here Our earth-en ves - sels filled.
3. O, would He more of heaven be - stow, And let the vessels break, And let our ransomed spir - its go, To grasp the God we seek.
4. In rapt'rous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me, And shout, and won - der at His grace To all e - ter - ni - ty!

BURFORD. C. M.

Henry Purcell.

1. Teach me the meas - ure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame: I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.
2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but van - i - ty and dust, In all his flower and prime.
3. What should I wish, or wait for, then, From creatures, earth, and dust? They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point our trust.

WRIGHT. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voic - es high: A- wake, and praise that sovereign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.
2. On all the wings of time it flies, Each moment brings it near: Then welcome, each de - clin - ing day! Welcome, each clos - ing year!
3. Ye wheels of na - ture, speed your course; Ye mortal powers, de - cay: Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

MANOAH. C. M.

From Rossini.

1. A - mazing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

Trio & Duett, for Treble, Alto and Bass.

FENTRESS. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. O Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's humble sigh; Thy hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye.
2. See, low be - fore Thy throne of grace, A sin - ful wanderer mourn; Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said, "Re - turn?"
3. O, shine on this be - nighted heart, With beams of mer - cy shine; And let Thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

Andro Hart's Psalter, 1615.

Joyful.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise!
2. O how can words with e - qual warmth The grat - i - tude de - clare That glows with - in my ravished heart? But Thou canst read it there!
3. Thy prov - i - dence my life sustained, And all my wants redressed, While in the si - lent womb I lay, And hung up - on the breast.

ST. LEONARD. C. M.

HENRY SMART.

From "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship."

1. All praise to our re-deem-ing Lord, Who joins us by His grace, And bids us, each to each re-stored, To-geth-er seek His face.
2. He bids us build each oth-er up; And, gath-ered in-to one, To our high call-ing's glori-ous hope, We hand in hand go on.
3. The gift which He on one be-stows, We all de-light to prove, The grace through ev-ery ves-sel flows, In pur-est streams of love.

GEER. C. M.

GREATOREX, by per.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu-mult far; From scenes where Sa-tan wa-ges still His most suc-cess-ful war.
2. The calm re-treat, the si-lent shade, With prayer and praise a-gree; And seem by Thy sweet boun-ty made For those who fol-low Thee.
3. There, if Thy Spir-it touch the soul, And grace her mean a-bode, O with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God!

LOMAX. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Long have I sat be-neath the sound Of Thy sal-va-tion, Lord; But still, how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of Thy word.
2. Great God! thy sovereign power im-part, To give Thy word suc-cess; Write Thy sal-va-tion in my heart, And make me learn Thy grace.

DEEMS. C. M.

1. Behold the Saviour of man-kind Nailed to the shameful tree! How vast the love that Him inclined To bleed and die for thee!
2. Hark, how He groans! while na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil is sunder breaks, The sol - id marbles rend.
3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid! "Receive my soul!" He cries: See where He bows His sa - cred head! He bows His head, and dies!

WIGHTMAN. C. M.

N. E. Everett. From "Baptist Chorals."

1. Kind are the words that Jesus speaks To cheer the drooping saint: "My grace suf - fi - cient is for you, Though nature's powers may faint.
2. "My grace its glories shall display, And make your griefs re - move; Your weakness shall the triumphs tell Of boundless power and love."
3. What though my griefs are not removed; Yet why should I de - spair? For, if my Saviour's arm support, I can the bur - den bear.

YORK. C. M.

("Stilt,") Andro Hart's Scotch Psalter, No. 7 (1615.)

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels Thy blood So free - ly split for me!
2. A heart resigned, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,—Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean! Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.

EVANGELIST. C. M.

From MENDELSSOHN.
By per. of Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., London.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire, Let us Thine influence prove: Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fountain of life and love.
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost—for, moved by Thee, The prophets wrote and spoke— Un - lock the truth, Thy - self the key: Un - seal the sa - cred book.
3. Ex - pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night; On our dis - ordered spir - its move, And let there now be light.

VAUGHAN. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need; Je - ho - vah is His name; In pastures fresh He makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
2. He brings my wandering spir - it back, When I for - sake His ways; And leads me, for His mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
3. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; A word of Thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

DUBLIN. C. M.

1. O that I could my Lord re - ceive, Who did the world re - deem; Who gave His life that I might live A life concealed in Him!
2. O that I could the blessing prove, My heart's ex - treme de - sire! Live hap - py in my Saviour's love, And in His arms ex - pire.
3. In an - swer to ten thousand prayers, Thou pard'ning God, de - scend: Number me with sal - va - tion's heirs, My sins and troubles end!

AMIENS. C. M.

RALPH HORNER, of the Conservatorium, Leipsic. 1871.

1. O why did I my Sav - iour leave, So soon un - faith- ful prove? How could I Thy good Spir - it grieve, And sin a-gainst Thy love?
2. But O! how soon Thy wrath is o'er, And pard'ning love takes place! As - sist me, Sav - iour, to a - dore The rich - es of Thy grace.
3. O could I lose my - self in Thee, Thy depth of mer - cy prove, Thou vast, un - fath - om - a - ble sea Of un - ex - haust-ed love!

ARNOLD. C. M.

DR. S. ARNOLD, 1791.

1. O that Thou wouldst the heavens rend, In maj - es - ty come down; Thine arm om - nip - o - tent ex - tend, And seize me for Thine own!
2. Descend, and let Thy lightnings burn The stub - ble of Thy foe: My sins o'er - turn, o'er - turn, o'er-turn, And make the mountains flow!
3. Thou my im - pet - uous spir - it guide, And curb my headstrong will: Thou on - ly canst drive back the tide, And bid the sun stand still.

AUGUSTA. C. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

With animation.

1. O, 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes de- voutly say, "Up, Israel, to the temple haste, Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festal day."
2. At Salem's courts we must appear With our assembled powers, In strong and beauteous order ranged, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her united towers.
3. 'Tis thither, by divine command, The tribes of God re - pair, Before His ark to cel - e - brate, Before His ark to celebrate His name with praise and prayer.

ROSS. C. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

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

2. Ce-les-tial choirs, from courts a-bove, Shed sa-cred glories there, And angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air.
3 The joyous hills of Pal-es-tine Send back the glad re-ply, And greet, from all their ho-ly heights, The dayspring from on high.

ARMENIA. C. M.

S. B. POND. By permission.

1. These mor-tal joys, how soon they fade! How swift they pass a-way! The dy-ing flower reclines its head, The beau-ty of the day!

2. The bags are rent, the treasure's lost, We fond-ly called our own: Scarce could we the pos-ses-sion boast, When, lo! we found it gone.
3. But there are joys that can-not die. With God laid up in store; Treasure, be-yond the changing sky, Brighter than golden ore.

PEMBROKE. C. M.

DALMER.

Moderato.

1. Praise ye the Lord, y'immortal choirs That fill the worlds above: Praise Him who form'd you of His fires, Praise Him who form'd, &c And feeds you with His love.

Unison. *Soli.* *Tutti.* *With great spirit.*

2. Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies, The floor of His abode; Or veil in shades your thousand eyes Or veil in shades your thousand eyes Before your brighter God,
3. Thou restless globe of golden light, Whose beams create our days, Join with the silver queen of night, Join with the silver queen of night To own your borrowed rays.

SPRAGUE. C. M.

1. Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And eve - ry heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.
2. Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv-ing souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys, To fill an emp - ty mind:
3. E - ter - nal Wis-dom hath pre-pared A soul - re - viv - ing feast, And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vis - ion taste.

MORROW. C. M.

Old Melody Arranged.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in, When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin!

TAPPAN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Je-sus, I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven should hear,
2. Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys, Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish, In Thee doth rich-ly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.

SHEFFIELD. C. M.

1. Come, let us who in Christ be - lieve, Our com - mon Savionr praise: To Him, with joy - ful voic - es give The glo - ry of His grace.
2. He now stands knocking at the door Of ev - ery sinner's heart: The worst need keep Him out no more, Or force Him to de - part.
3. Through grace we hearken to Thy voice, Yield to be saved from sin; In sure and cer - tain hope re - joice, That Thou wilt en - ter in.

ROMBURG. C. M.

B. H. EVERETT.

1. The Lord of Sab - bath let us praise, In con - cert with the blest, Who, joy - ful, in har - mon-ious lays Em - ploy an end - less rest.
2. Thus, Lord, while we re - member Thee, We blest and pi - ous grow; By hymns of praise we learn to be Tri - umph - ant here be - low.
3. On this glad day a brighter scene Of glo - ry was dis - played, By God, th' e-ter - nal Word, than when This u - ni - verse was made.

BEXLEY. C. M.

From "Sacred Harmony," 1760.

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face: My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, With - out Thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims, on the scorch-ing sand, Be - neath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand; And they must drink or die.
3. I've seen Thy glo - ry and Thy power Through all Thy tem - ple shine: My God, re - peat that heavenly hour, That vis - ion so di - vine.

ASHLEY. C. M. (With Chorus.)

DR. MADAN.

1. Sal - va-tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'tis pleasure to our ears: A sov'reign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
2. Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace Di - vine To see a heavenly day.
3. Sal - va-tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

CHORUS to each verse.

Glory, honour, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb forev-er! Jesus Christ is our Re-deemer! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-lelujah! praise the Lord.

Glory, honour, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb forev-er! Jesus Christ is our Re-deemer! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-lelujah! praise the Lord.

MANLY. C. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Je - sus, Thou art..... the sin - ner's friend, As such I look to Thee; Now in the bow - els of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!
2. Re - mem-ber Thy..... pure word of grace, Re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry; Remember all Thy dying groans, And then re - mem-ber me!
3. Thou wondrous Ad - - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee; While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. Dr. Dykes.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these earthly toys; Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys!
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

PAINE. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid; His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down: In ag - o - ny He prayed,—
2. "Fa-ther, remove this bitter cup, If such Thy sacred will; If not, content to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful - fil."
3. Go to the gar - den, sinner: see, Those precious drops that flow: The heavy load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Rev. Dr. Haweis.

1. Father of mercies, in Thy word What endless glo - ry shines! For ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
2. Here may the wretched sons of want Ex-haust-less rich - es find, Riches a - bove what earth can grant, And last - ing as the mind.
3. Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free re - past, Sub - lim - er sweets than na - ture knows In - vite the long - ing taste.

Ped.

ST. ANN. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc., (died 1727.)
Supplement to New Version of the Psalms, 1703.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
2. Un - der the sha - dow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.

BOWMANVILLE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Be - hold, the mountain of the Lord, In lat - ter days shall rise A - bove the mountains and the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.
2. To this the joy - ful na-tions round, All tribes and tongues, shall flow: "Up to the hill of God," they say, "And to His house, we'll go."
3. The beam that shines on Zi - on's hill Shall light - en ev - ery land: The King who reigns in Zi - on's towers Shall all the world com - mand.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. W., by per.

1. I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would, And have Thee all my own; Thee, O my all - suf - fi - cient Good! I want, and Thee a - lone.
2. Thy name to me, Thy na - ture grant! This, on - ly this, be given; Nothing be-sides my God I want; Noth - ing in earth or heaven.
3. Come, O my Sav - iour, come a - way! In - to my soul descend! No long - er from Thy crea - ture stay, My Au - thor and my End!

HAYGOOD. C. M.

1. Oh Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, O Lord, re-mem-ber me!

2. When on my aching burden'd heart My sins lie heav-i-ly, Thy pardon grant, Thy peace im-part, In love re-mem-ber me!

DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.

2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That Fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.

GRATITUDE. C. M.*

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

With deep and tender feeling.

1. If human kindness meets re-turn, And owns the grateful tie; If tender thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh;—

2. O shall not warmer accents tell The grat-i-tude we owe To Him who died, our fears to quell, Our more than orphan's woe!
3. While yet His anguished soul surveyed Those pangs He would not flee, What love His lat-est words displayed,— "Meet and re-mem-ber me!"

The third strain may be sung as a Duett by Treble and Alto—the Base being omitted.

JUDKINS. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.



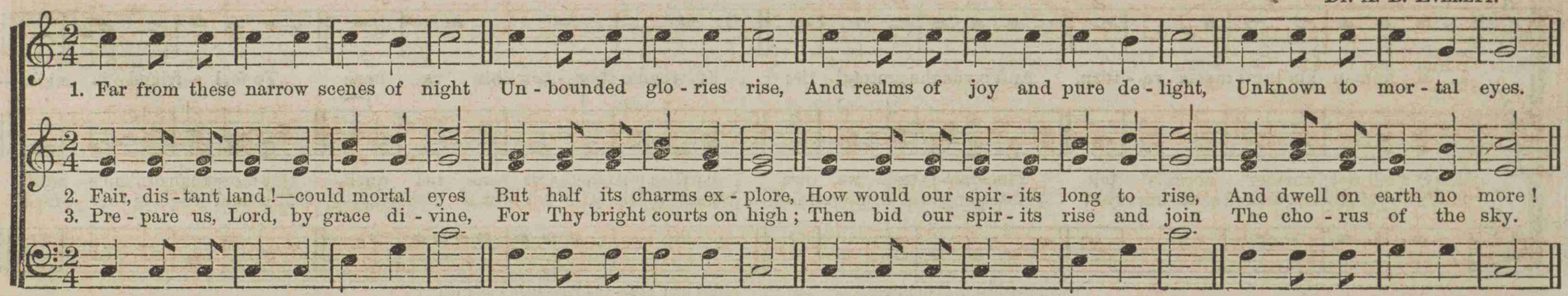
HART. C. M.

J. Foster. Bristol, England.



ASHVILLE. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



TABOR. C. M.

B. H. Everett.

1. My Sav-iour, my al - migh - ty Friend, When I be - gin Thy praise, Where will the grow-ing num-bers end, The numbers of Thy grace?
2. Thou art my ev - er - last - ing trust; Thy good-ness I a - dore: Send down Thy grace, O bless - ed Lord, That I may love Thee more.
3. My feet shall trav - el all the length Of the ce - les - tial road; And march with cour-age in Thy strength To see the Lord my God.

LEFTWICH. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend-ing high; To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints, Pre - sent - ing at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight, The wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

* Here the Alto and Tenor voices may be divided—half of each taking the small notes, printed on their respective staves; or all may go to the small notes, if preferred; or it may be sung as printed in large notes, without observing the small ones.

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. *Hymn Chant.*

T. Wood. Albany, N. Y.

1. When I can read my title clear, To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sor - row 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 heaven - ly rest: And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

SPOHR. C. M.

From Spohr.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer; There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.

2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh; Thou call - est bur-dened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
3. Bow'd down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly press'd, By wars with-out, and fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest.

CLEARFIELD. C. M.

B. H. Everett.

1. Je - sus, the Life, the Truth, the Way, In whom I now be - lieve, As taught by Thee, in faith I pray, Ex - pect - ing to re - ceive.

2. Thy will by me on earth be done, As by the powers a - bove, Who al-ways see Thee on Thy throne, And glo - ry in Thy love.
3. I ask in con - fi - dence the grace, That I may do Thy will, As an - gels who be - hold Thy face, And all Thy words ful - fil.

GALENA. C. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

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

2. Those mighty orbs pro - claim Thy power; Their motions speak Thy skill; And on the wings of ev - ery hour We read Thy pa-tience still.
3. Part of Thy name di - vine - ly stands On all Thy crea-tures writ: They show the la - bor of Thy hands, Or im-press of Thy feet.

PARKS. C. M. Double.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it droop or die: My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high,—
2. In hope of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain; And gladly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain:
3. Surely He will not long de - lay: I hear His Spir - it cry, "A - rise, my love, make haste a - way! Go, get thee up and die.

Shall join the dis - em - bodied saints, And find its long-sought rest, That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Redeemer's breast.

I suf - fer out my threescore years, Till my De - liv - 'rer come, And wipe a - way His servants's tears, And take His ex - ile home.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting, I give Thee vic - to - ry; And with me my reward I bring, I bring my heaven for Thee."

Words by WATTS.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign: Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. } There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death like a narrow sea, divides This heav- [enly land from ours.

2. { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between. } Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's [cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

VICTORIA. C. M. Double.

H. T. Leslie, Mus. Doc., Organist at Victoria Church, Leicester, Eng.

Fine. D. C.

1. O 'tis delight with - out al - loy, Je - sus, to hear Thy name:
   My spir - it leaps with in - ward joy, I feel the sa - cred flame.

2. My pas - sions hold a pleas - ing reign, When love in - spires my breast,

D.C. Love, the di - vin - est of the train, The sovereign of the rest.

HOME. C. M. Double.

R. M. McIntosh.

Not too fast. Fine. D. C.

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

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome:

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

WYANET. C. M. Double.

L. C. Everett.

Fine. D. C.

1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob - tained the prize;
   And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise:

Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing, With those to glo - ry gone;

D. C. For all the ser - vants of our King, In earth and heaven, are one.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Western Melody.

Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. Ingalls.

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

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

The glories of my God and King, The glories of my God and King,

CHINA. C. M.

Swan.

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

BROWN. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

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

MARLOW. C. M.

Old English Tune.

Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts, And thou, O earth, a - dore; Let death and hell through all their coasts Stand trembling at His power.

MEAR. C. M.

Lord, all I am is known to Thee: In vain my soul would try To shun Thy pres-ence, or to flee The no - tice of Thine eye.

MEMPHIS. C. M.

Southern Melody.

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

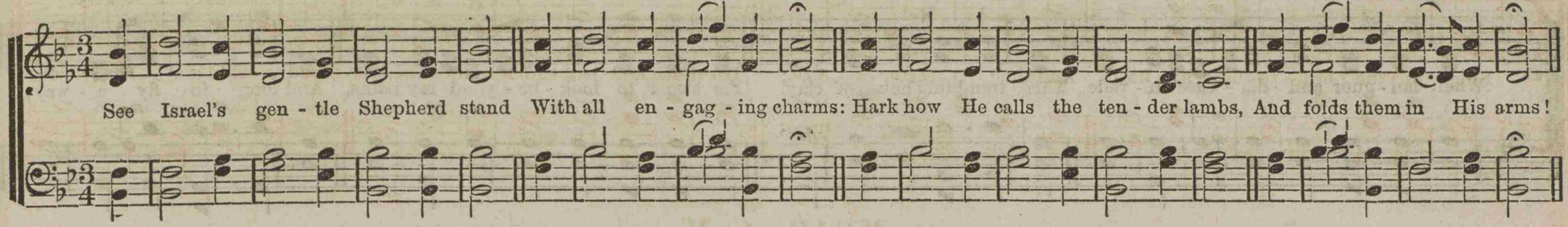
SWANWICK. C. M.

Lucas.

Talk with us, Lord, Thyself re -veal, While here o'er earth we rove, Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindlings of Thy love, The kindlings of Thy love.

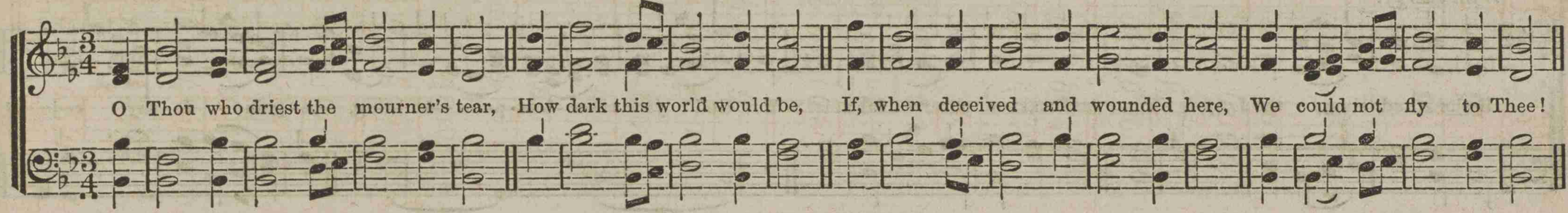
BALERMA. C. M.

Spanish Melody, 10th cent.



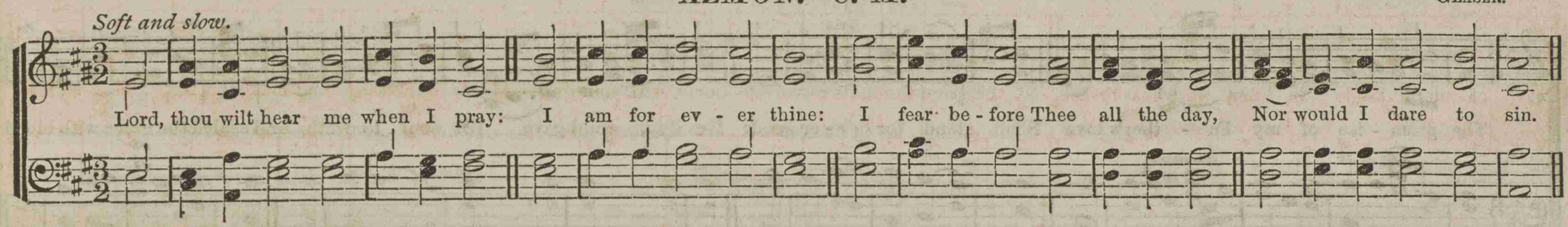
AVON. C. M.

Hugh Wilson, Scotland.



AZMON. C. M.

Glaser.



ST. MARTINS. C. M.

Tansur.



Hermon. 7.

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. L. MASON, by per.

When lan - guor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pains, And long to fly a - way;

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

With energy.

Re-joice and sing, the Lord is King, And make a cheer - ful noise: To God your cease - less - prais - es bring, A - gain I say re-joice!

ST. JOHNS. C. M.

The prom - ise of my Fa - ther's love Shall stand for - ev - er good: He said, and gave His soul to death, And sealed the grace with blood.

DUNDEE. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.

Choral.

The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey His will: He speaks–and in His heaven-ly height The roll - ing sun stands still.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. Gould.

Lovers of pleasure more than God, For you He suffered pain: Swearers, for you He spilt His blood; Swearers, for you He spilt His blood; And shall He bleed in vain?

STEPHENS. C. M.

Rev. Wm. Jones.

For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side; This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Saviour died.

CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

HEBER. C. M.

Geo. Kingsley, by per.

My God! I know, I feel Thee mine, And will not quit my claim, Till all I have is lost in thine, And all renewed I am.

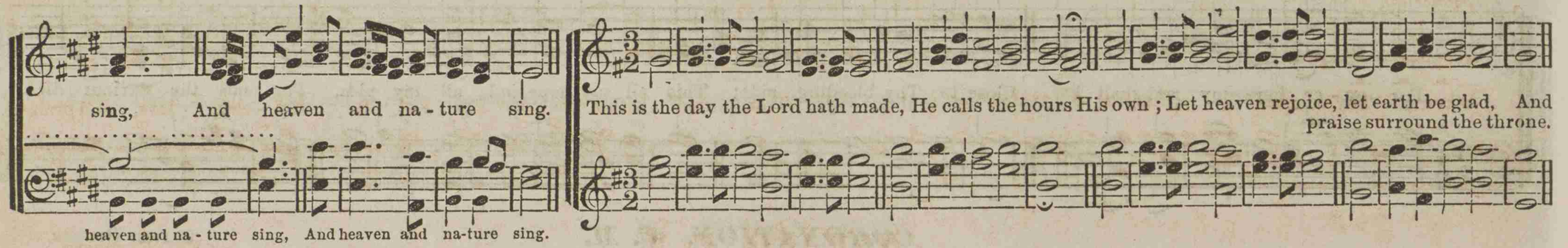
ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL. From the Surry Chapel Music.



ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.



LIVERPOOL. C. M.

DR. WAINRIGHT.



WOODSTOCK. C. M.

DUTTON.



ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Time, one Second to a Minim.



GENEVA. C. M.

JNO. COLE.

Moderato.



HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT



COWPER. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Not too fast.



102

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from H. G. Nagell.

Slow and soft.

1. The day is past and gone, The even-ing shades ap-pear: O may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near!
2. We lay our gar-ments by, Up-on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis-robe us all Of what is here pos-sessed.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May an-gels guard us, while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap-pears.

GREATOREX. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. This, this is He that came, By wa-ter and by blood! Je-sus is our a-ton-ing Lamb, Our sanc-ti-fy-ing God.
2. See from His wound-ed side The min-gled cur-rent flow: The wa-ter and the blood ap-plied Shall wash us white as snow.
3. The wa-ter can-not cleanse, Be-fore the blood we feel, To purge the guilt of all our sins, And our for-give-ness seal.

McCOY. S. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, With en-er-gy Di-vine, And on this poor, be-night-ed soul, With beams of mer-cy shine.
2. O melt this fro-zen heart; This stub-born will sub-due; Each e-vil pas-sion o-ver-come, And form me all a-new!
3. The prof-it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise: And un-to Thee will I de-vote The rem-nant of my days.

HAMILTON. S. M.

C. W. Poole, 1860.

Moderato.

1. Thou ve - ry pas - chal Lamb, Whose blood for us was shed, Through whom we out of E - gypt came, Thy ran-somed peo - ple lead.
2. An - gel of gos - pel grace Ful - fil Thy char - ac - ter: To guard and feed the chos - en race, In Is - rael's camp ap - pear.
3. Throughout the des - ert way, Con - duct us by Thy light: Be Thou a cool - ing cloud by day, A cheer - ing fire by night.

REDFORD. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Lord, if at Thy com-mand The word of life we sow, Watered by Thy al - might - y hand, The seed shall sure - ly grow:
2. The vir - tue of Thy grace A large in - crease shall give, And mul - ti - ply the faith - ful race, Who to Thy glo - ry live.
3. Now, then, the cease - less shower Of gos - pel bessings send, And let the soul - con - vert - ing power Thy min - is - ters at - tend.

RIGDON. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround His throne.
2. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban-ished from the place! Re - lig - ion nev - er was designed To make our pleasures less.
3. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But ser-vants of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.

104

McILWAIN. S. M.

From Bach.

Moderato.

1. E - quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight: My sim - ple, up - right heart pre - pare, And guide my words a - right.
2. Con - trol my eve - ry thought; My whole of sin re - move: Let all my works in Thee be wrought, Let all be wrought in love.
3. O arm me with the mind, Meek Lamb, that was in Thee! And let my know - ing zeal be joined With per - fect char - i - ty.

FERN. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could give the guil - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
2. But Christ, the heaven - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;— A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand, On that dear head of Thine; While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.

SIMCOE. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett..

1. O bless the Lord, my soul: Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
2. O bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un-thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais - es die.
3. 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain; 'Tis He who heals thy sick-ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.

DUNCAN. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed— Broad-cast it o'er the land.
2. Be - side all wa - ters sow, The highway furrows stock, Drop it where thorns and thistles grow, Scat - ter it on the rock.
3. The good, the fruit - ful ground, Ex - pect not here nor there; O'er hill, o'er dale, by plots, 'tis found, Go forth, then, ev - ery - where.

MORAN. S. M.

J. S. Geikie.

1. Gracious Re-deem - er, hear! In - to my soul come down: Let it throughout my life ap - pear That I have Christ put on.
2. O plant in me Thy mind! O fix in me Thy home! So shall I cry to all mankind, Come to the wa - ters, come!
3. Je - sus is full of grace, To all His bow - els move: Be - hold in me, ye fall - en race, That God is on - ly love.

LANE. S. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. My Saviour, fill my soul With ho - li - ness and peace; A - rise with healing in Thy wings; Bid sin and doubting cease.
2. May things be - neath the sky En - gross my heart no more; Be Thou my first, my chief de - light, My soul's un-bound - ed store.
3. In Thee all treasures lie; From Thee all blessings flow; Thou art the bliss of saints a - bove, The joy of saints be - low.

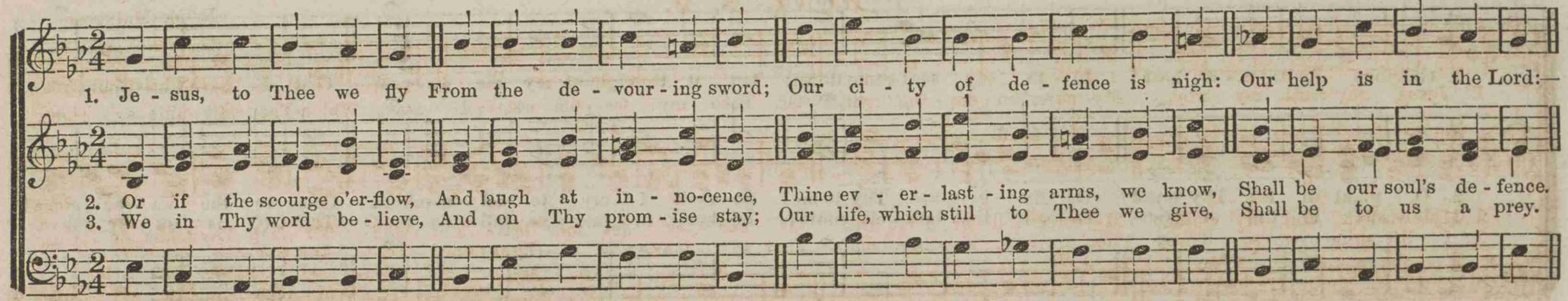
McTYEIRE. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.



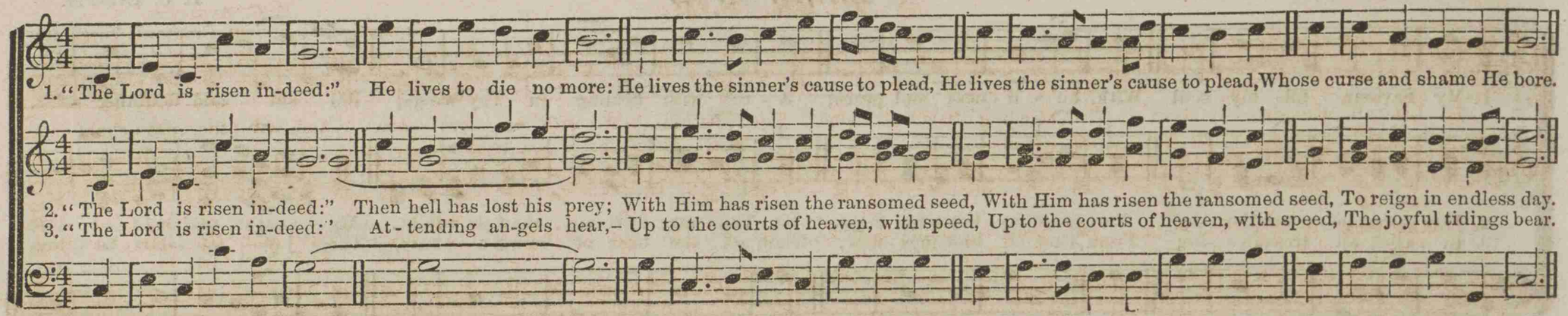
CARMACK. S. M.

J. Brabham.
Organist of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, London.



McVOY. S. M.

J. N. Parker.



ORMAN. S. M.

JOHN HULLAH.

1. Sinners, the call o - bey, The lat - est call of grace; The day is come, the vengeful day Of a de - vo - ted race:
2. Dev - ils and men com - bine To plague the faithless seed, And vi - als full of wrath Divine Are bursting on your head.
3. En - ter in - to the Rock, Ye trembling slaves of sin,— The Rock of your sal - va - tion, struck And cleft to take you in.

HUNT. S. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Jesus, my truth, my way, My sure, un - err - ing light, On Thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which Thou wilt guide a - right.
2. My wisdom and my guide; My coun - sell - or Thou art; O nev - er let me leave Thy side, Or from Thy paths de - part.
3. I lift mine eyes to Thee, Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb, That I may now en - light - ened be, And nev - er put to shame.

BURR. S. M.

F. C. ATKINSON.
Organist of St. John's, Bradford, Yorkshire.

1. Let all who tru - ly bear The bleeding Saviour's name, Their faithful hearts with us pre - pare, And eat the pas - chal Lamb.
2. Our Pass - o - ver was slain At Salem's hallowed place, Yet we who in our tents re - main Shall gain His larg - est grace.
3. This eu - char - is - tic feast Our ev - ery want supplies, And still we by His death are blest, And share His sac - ri - fice.

ST. HELENA. S. M.

W. H. Monk.

1. Thou seest my fee - ble - ness: Je - sus, be Thou my power, My help and ref - uge in dis - tress, My fortress and my tower.
2. Give me to trust in Thee; Be Thou my sure a - bode: My horn, and rock, and buckler be, My Saviour, and my God.
3. My - self I can - not save, My - self I can - not keep; But strength in Thee I surely have Whose eyelids nev - er sleep.

RANSOM. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. "Servant of God, well done! Rest from Thy loved em - ploy; The bat - tle fought, the vict'ry won, En - ter Thy Master's joy."
2. The voice at midnight came; He started up to hear; A mortal ar - row pierced His frame: He fell; but felt no fear.
3. Tranquil a - mid a - larms, It found Him on the field, A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms, Be - neath his red-cross shield.

ENGLISH. S. M.

N. E. Everett. 1850.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And must my trembling spir - it fly In - to a world unknown?—
2. A land of deepest shade, Unpierced by human thought; The drear - y regions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!
3. Soon as from earth I go, What will become of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my portion be!

RUTH. S. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. O that I could re - vere My much of - fend - ed God! O that I could but stand in fear Of Thy af - flict - ing rod!
2. If mer - cy can - not draw, Thou by Thy threat'ning move, And keep an ab - ject soul in awe, That will not yield to love.
3. Let me with hor - ror fly From ev - ery sin - ful snare; Nor ev - er in my Judg - e's eye My Judg - e's an - ger dare.

MAGRUDER. S. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. We by His Spir - it prove, And know the things of God! The things which free - ly of His love He hath on us be - stowed.
2. His Spir - it us He gave, Who dwells in us, we know: The wit - ness in our - selves we have, And all its fruits we show.
3. The meek and low - ly heart That in our Sav - iour was, To us His Spir - it does im - part, And signs us with His cross.

SHIPPENSBURG. S. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. And must this bod - y die— This well - wrought frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay.
2. Cor - rup - tion, earth, and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri-umph - ant spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh.
3. God, my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er from the skies Looks down, and watch - es all my dust, Till He shall bid it rise.

RADY. S. M.

1. O my of - fend - ed God, If now at last I see That I have tramp - led on Thy blood, And done des - pite to Thee:
2. If I be - gin to wake Out of my dead - ly sleep— In - to Thy arms of mer - cy take, And there for - ev - er keep.
3. No oth - er right have I Than what the world may claim: All, all may to their God draw nigh, Through faith in Je - sus' name.

FOSTER. S. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. To bless Thy chos - en race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine:
2. That so Thy won-drous way May through the world be known; While dis - tant lands their trib - ute pay, And Thy sal - va - tion own.
3. Let dif-f'ring na - tions join To cel - e - brate Thy fame; Let all the world, O Lord, com - bine To praise Thy glo - rious name!

GEORGIA. S. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Be - hold th'a - maz - ing sight, The Sav-iour lift - ed high: Be - hold the Son of God's de - light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny.
2. For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sor - rows borne? Why did He feel that pierc - ing smart, And meet that va - rious scorn?
3. For love of us He bled, And all in tor - ture died: 'Twas love that bowed His faint - ing head, And oped his gush - ing side.

ST. GEORGE. S. M.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT. MUS. DOC.

1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore-told, Whose promise shone with cheering ray On waiting saints of old.
2. The prophet gave the sign For faithful men to read; A vir-gin born of Da-vid's line, Shall bear the promised Seed.
3. Ask not how this should be, But worship and a-dore, Like her whom heaven's ma-jes-ty Camè down to shad-ow o'er.

ERAMBERT. S. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. My gracious, lov-ing Lord, To Thee what shall I say? Well may I tremble at Thy word, And scarce pre-sume to pray.
2. Yes, Lord, well might I fear, Fear e'en to ask Thy grace; So oft have I, a-las! drawn near, And mocked Thee to Thy face.
3. With all pol-lu-tions stained, Thy hallowed courts I trod: Thy name and tem-ple I pro-faned, And dared to call Thee God.

MORINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORINGTON.

1. Je-sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With humble con-fi-dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
2. Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do, On Thee, al-migh-ty to cre-ate, Al-migh-ty to re-new.
3. I want a so-ber mind, A self-re-nounc-ing will, That tramples down and casts be-hind The baits of pleasing ill.

DYER. S. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. How can a sin - ner know His sins on earth for-given? How can my gra-cious Sav-iour show My name in-scribed in heaven?
2. What we have felt and seen With con - fi-dence we tell; And pub - lish to the sons of men The signs in - fal - li - ble.
3. We who in Christ be - lieve That He for us hath died, We all His un-known peace re - ceive, And feel His blood ap - plied.

CLAIBORNE. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole:
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

ATKINSON. S. M.

Emilius Laroche.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice: Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless-ing high, Who would not fear His ho - ly name, And laud, and mag - ni - fy?
3. O for the liv - ing flame From His own al - tar brought, To touch our lips—our minds in - spire, And wing to heaven our thought!

HANNER. S. M.

R. Schuman.

1. Hark, how the watchmen cry! At - tend the trumpet's sound! Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh; The powers of hell surround.
2. Who bow to Christ's command, Your arms and hearts pre - pare; The day of bat - tle is at hand! Go forth to glorious war!
3. See, on the mountain top, The standard of your God! In Je - sus' name I lift it up, All stained with hallowed blood.

BRANCH. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near - er my parting hour am I, Than e'er I was be - fore.
2. Near - er my Father's house, Where man - y mansions be, Near - er the throne where Je - sus reigns, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing the bur - den down, Leav - ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear - ing my star - ry crown.

ALLEN. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we beheld the Lord; Yet we re - joice to hear His name, And love Him in His word.
2. On earth we want the sight Of our Re-deem-er's face; Yet, Lord, our in - most thoughts delight To dwell up - on Thy grace.
3. And when we taste Thy love, Our joys di - vine - ly grow Un - speak - a - ble, like those a - bove, And heaven begins be - low.

JUDD. S. M.

I. B. Woodbury

1. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call: I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell: 'Tis par - a - dise when Thou are here— If Thou de - part, 'tis hell.
3. The smilings of Thy face, How a - mia - ble they are! 'Tis heaven to rest in Thine embrace, And nowhere else but there.

MESSINA. S. M.

W. L. Montague.

1. The Saviour's glo - rious name For ev - er shall en - dure, Long as the sun, His matchless fame Shall ev - er stand se - cure.
2. Wonders of grace and power To Thee a - lone be - long; Thy church those wonders shall a - dore, In ev - er - last - ing song.
3. O Is - rael, bless Him still, His name to hon - our raise; Let all the earth His glo - ry fill, 'Midst songs of grate - ful praise.

NEAPOLIS. S. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole:
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un-meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

SERENITY. S. M.

C. Bryan.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round, But not a rest - ing place a - bove The cheer - less wa - ters found.
2. O cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All the wide world, to eith - er pole, Has not for thee a home,
3. Be - hold the Ark of God, Be - hold the o - - pen door; Has - ten to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

SOMERSET. S. M.

B. H. Everett.

1. Our will - ing feet shall stand With - in the tem - ple door, While young and old, in many a band, Shall throng the sa - cred floor.
2. With - in these walls may peace And har - mo - ny be found; Zi - on, in all thy pal - a - ces, Pros - per - i - ty a - bound!
3. For friends and breth - ren dear, Our prayer shall nev - er cease; Oft as they meet for wor - ship here, God send His peo - ple peace.

LUCKNOW. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. We lift our hearts to Thee, O Day - Star from on high! The sun it - self is but Thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.
2. O let Thy ori - ent beams The night of sin dis - perse, The mists of er - ror and of vice Which shade the u - ni - verse!
3. How beauteous na - ture now! How dark and sad be - fore! With joy we view the pleas - ing change, And na - ture's God a - dore.

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LYTE. S. M.

J. B. Wilkes.

1. Far from my heavenly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Fainting I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest.
2. My spir - it homeward turns, And fain would thith - er flee; My heart, O Si - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem - ber Thee.
3. To Thee, to Thee I press, A dark and toil - some road; When shall I pass the wil - der - ness, And reach the saints' a - bode?
4. God of my life, be near: On Thee my hopes I cast: O guide me through the des - ert here, And bring me home at last.

SLIN. S. M.

W. L. Montague.

1. The Lord declares His will, And keeps the world in awe; A - midst the smoke on Si - nai's hill Breaks out His fie - ry law.
2. The Lord re - veals His face, And, smil - ing from a - bove, Sends down the gos - pel of His grace, Th' e - pis - tles of His love.
3. These sacred words im - part Our Ma - ker's just commands; The pit - y of His melt - ing heart, And vengeance of His hands.

ALVORD. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. My Sav - iour and my King, Thy beau - ties are di - vine Thy lips with blessings o - ver - flow, And ev - ery grace is Thine.
2. Now make Thy glo - ries known, Gird on Thy dreadful sword, And ride in ma - jes - ty, to spread The conquests of Thy word.
3. Strike through Thy stub - born foes, Or melt their hearts t' o - bey; While jus - tice, meekness, grace, and truth At - tend Thy glorious way.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. Greatorex, by per.

1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind; Let me, op - press'd with loads of guilt, Thy wont - ed mer - cy find.
2. Wash off my foul of-fence, And cleanse me from my sin; For I con - fess my crime, and see How great my guilt has been,
3. A-gainst Thee, Lord, a - lone, And on - ly in Thy sight, Have I trans - gress'd; and though condemn'd, Must own Thy judg - ment right.

McCLAY. S. M.

Benjamin Holden Everett.

1. When shall Thy love con-strain, And force me to Thy breast? When shall my soul re - turn a - gain To her e - ter - nal rest?
2. Ah! what a - vails my strife, My wand'ring to and fro? Thou hast the words of end - less life: Ah! whith-er should I go?
3. Thy con - de - scend - ing grace To me did free - ly move: It calls me still to seek Thy face, And stoops to ask my love.

MOULTON. S. M.

Dr. L. C. Chisholm.

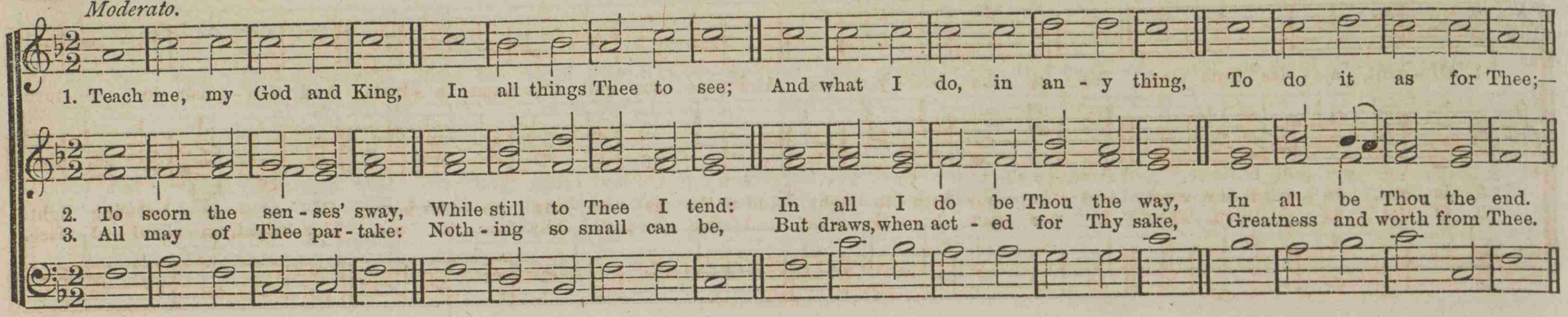
1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud, to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.
2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - ery mo-ment come.
3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright-er shine; Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.

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NEWLAND. S. M.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1857.

Moderato.



CHATHAM. S. M.

J. D. HUNT, of Fredericksburg, Va.



PAUL. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



LUDLOW. S. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S, Whole Book of Psalms, 1621.

Plaintive.

1. Ab - sent, a - las! from God, We in the bod - y mourn, And pine to quit this mean a - bode, And lan - guish to re - turn.
2. Je - sus, re - gard our vows, And change our faith to sight; And clothe us with our no - bler house Of ev - er - last - ing light!
3. O let us put on Thee In per - fect ho - li - ness! And rise pre-pared Thy face to see, Thy bright, un - cloud - ed face.

STOVER. S. M.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. O come, and dwell in me, Spir - it of power with - in! And bring the glo-rious lib - er - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin.
2. This in - ward, dire dis - ease, Spir - it of health, re - move, Spir - it of fin-ished ho - li - ness, Spir - it of per - fect love.
3. Hast - en the joy - ful day Which shall my sins con - sume, When old things shall be done a - way, And all things new be - come.

EVERETT. S. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

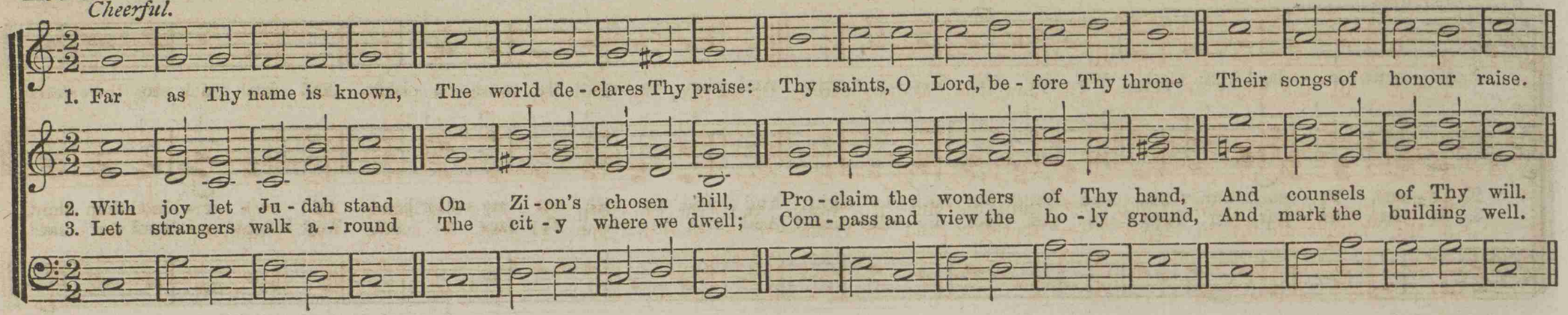
Devotional.

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

120 *Cheerful.*

NARENZA. S. M.

Cologne Choralbuch.



HOUGH. S. M.

R. M. McIntosh.



VALENTINE. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



SONNING. S. W.

Dr. Gauntlett, 1856.

Moderate.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guil-ty conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way; A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name, And rich-er blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,—While like a pen-i-tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.

MASTERTON. S. M.

W. L. Montague, Richmond, Va.

1. Je-sus, the Lord most high, Thy poor-est ser-vant own; And give me strength to glo-ri-fy And serve my God a-lone;
2. Inspired with hum-ble fear, And prin-ci-pled with grace, My earthly Mas-ter to re-vere, As stand-ing in Thy place.
3. Whate'er for man I do, I do as to the Lord; From God, the mer-ci-ful and true, Ex-pect-ing my re-ward.

ANDERSON. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. And am I born to die, To lay this bod-y down? And must my trembling spir-it fly In-to a world un-known?
2. A land of deep-est shade, Unpierced by hu-man thought; The dreary re-gions of the dead, Where all things are for-got!
3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be-come of me? E-ter-nal hap-pi-ness or woe Must then my por-tion be!

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.
Marot's Psalms. Ps. ci. 1543.

Joyful.

1. O what a taste is this Which now in Christ we know, An earn - est of our glorious bliss, Our heaven be - gun be - low!
2. When He the ta - ble spreads, How roy - al is the cheer! With rapture we lift up our heads, And own that God is here.
3. The Lamb for sinners slain, Who died to die no more, Let all the ransomed sons of men, With all His hosts a - dore.

COOPER. S. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
2. Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live; And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare, A strict account to give.
3. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re - ly; As - sured if I my trust be-tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

DAYTON. S. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. Ah! whither should I go, Burdened, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint?
2. My Sav - iour bids me come; Ah! why do I de - lay? He calls the wea - ry sin - ner home, And yet from Him I stay!
3. What is it keeps me back, From which I can - not part? Which will not let the Sav - iour take Pos - ses - sion of my heart?

EVANS. S. M.

1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in His of - fice wait, Ob - serv - ant of His heaven-ly word, And watch - ful at His gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame; Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For aw - ful is His name.
3. Watch, 'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak He's near; Mark the first sig - nal of His hand, And read - y all ap - pear.

ASHTON. S. M.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re - deem - er bought With His own pre - cious blood.
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
3. If e'er to bless her sons My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let use - ful skill for - sake, This voice in si - lence die.

CHRISTCHURCH. S. M.

S. Wesley.

Moderato.

1. Fa - ther, our hearts we lift Up to Thy gra - cious throne, And thank Thee for the pre-cious gift Of Thine in - car - nate Son!
2. The gift un - speak - a - ble We thank - ful - ly re - ceive, And to the world Thy good - ness tell, And to Thy glo - ry live.
3. Je - sus, the ho - ly child, Doth, by His birth, de - clare That God and man are re - con - ciled, And one in Him we are.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL. From his "Lord, remember David."

1. Be - hold, the morning sun Be - gins his glorious way! His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
2. But where the Gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light; It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
3. My gracious God, how plain Are Thy di - rec - tions given! O may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

BOYLE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, by per.

Slow and solemn.

1. Our heavenly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now: Thy name be hallowed far and near; To Thee all na - tions bow.
2. Thy kingdom come; Thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and ser - a - phim ful - fil Thy per - fect law a - bove.
3. Our dai - ly bread sup - ply While by the word we live; The guilt of our in - i - qui - ty For - give, as we for - give.

MARCUS. S. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. And will the Judge descend? And must the dead a - rise? And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all - dis - cern-ing eyes!—
2. And from His righteous lips Shall this dread sen - tence sound, And through the millions of the damned Spread black des- pair a - round?—
3. "De- part from me, accursed, To ev - er - last - ing flame, For reb - el - an - gels first prepared, Where mer - cy nev - er came."

HILL. S. M.

J. N. Parker.

1. Al - migh - ty Mak - er, God, How glo - rious is Thy name! Thy won - ders how dif-fused a-broad, Throughout cre - a - tion's frame!
2. In na - tive white and red The rose and li - ly stand, And free from pride their beau - ties spread, To show Thy skill - ful hand.
3. The lark mounts up the sky With un - am - bi - tious song; And bears her Mak - er's praise on high, Up - on her art - less tongue.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. Everett.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side? What can I want be-side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv-ing waters gent - ly pass, And full sal-va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in His own right way, For His most ho - ly name, For His most ho - ly name.

AUGUSTINE. S. M.

Attributed to Peter Abelard.
A. D. 1120. "Mittet ad Virginem."

Joyous.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise! And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His E - ter - nal Son:
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y power, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
3. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued: But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.

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WELBURN. S. M.

D. B. Horner.



FRANKLIN SQUARE. S. M.

S. B. Pond.



PARAH. S. M.



HAWKSTONE. S. M.

Rev. W. H. Havergal, M. A.*

1. Called from a - bove, I rise, And wash a - way my sin: The stream to which my spir - it flies Can make the foul - est clean.

2. It runs di - vine - ly clear, A foun - tain deep and wide: 'Twas opened by the soldier's spear In my Re-deem - er's side!

* Composed shortly before his death.

SURATT. S. M.

G. F. Root.

Andantino.

p

1. If, thro' unruffled seas, Toward heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the favoring gale; We'll own the favoring gale.

2. But shall the surges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home; Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears, All yield to Thy control; Thy ten - der mercies shall il - lume The midnight of the soul: The midnight of the soul.

VIGIL. S. M.

W. L. Montague.

1. O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all Di - vine: Thy glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.

2. Out of the mouths of babes And sucklings thou canst draw Sur - pris - ing honours to Thy name, And strike the world with awe.

HOUSE. S. M. Double.

R. M. McIntosh.

With studied expression.

1. Thou Judge of quick and dead, Be - fore whose bar se - vere, With ho - ly joy, or guilt - y dread, We all shall soon ap - pear; Our cautioned souls pre-
2. To pray, and wait the hour, That aw - ful hour unknown, When, robed in maj- es - ty and power, Thou shalt from heaven come down, Th' immortal Son of
3. To damp our earthly joys, T' increase our gracious fears, For - ev - er let th' archangel's voice Be sounding in our ears The sol - emn midnight

pare For that tre - mendous day, And fill us now with watch - ful care, And stir us up to pray, And stir us up to pray:
man, To judge the hu - man race, With all Thy Fa - ther's daz - zling train, With all Thy glorious grace, With all Thy glorious grace.
cry, "Ye dead, the Judge is come: A - rise, and meet Him in the sky, And meet your instant doom! And meet your instant doom!"

AYNHOE. S. M.

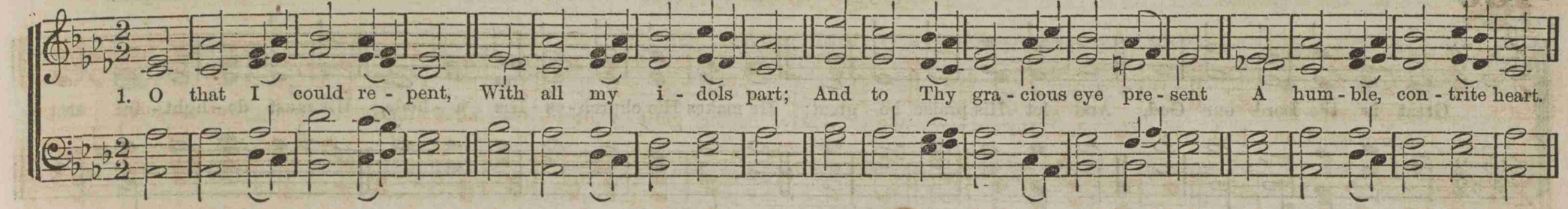
Dr. Nares.

Moderato.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to my ear! Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bell - ious man; And all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won - drous plan.
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heavenly road; And new sup - plies each hour I meet While press - ing on to God.

GAVIN. S. M.

Old Southern Melody.



BADEA. S. M.

From a German Choral.



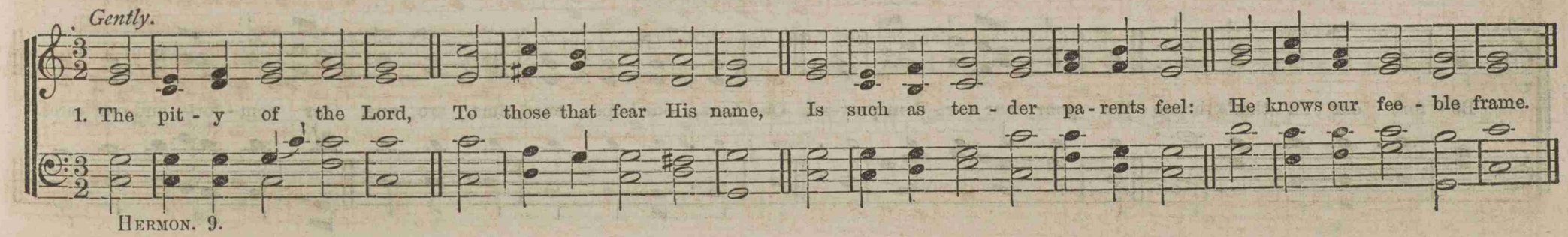
GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Old Southern Tune.



BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. Mason, by per.

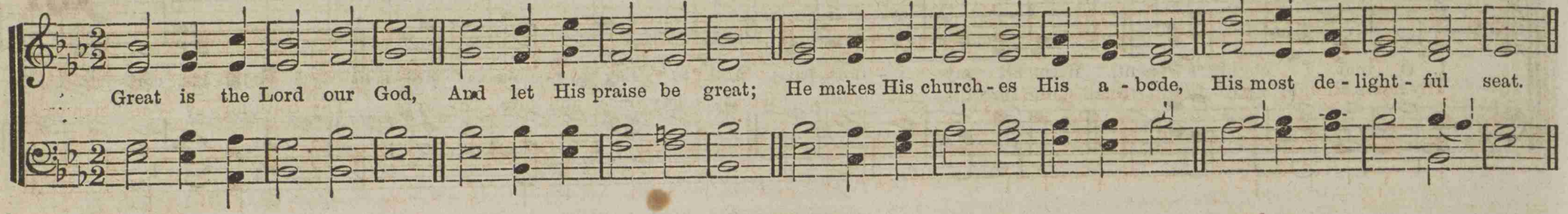


Hermon. 9.

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DOVER. S. M.

English.



OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian.



RICHMOND. S. M. Double.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



SHAWMUT. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, by per.



LABAN. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason, by per.



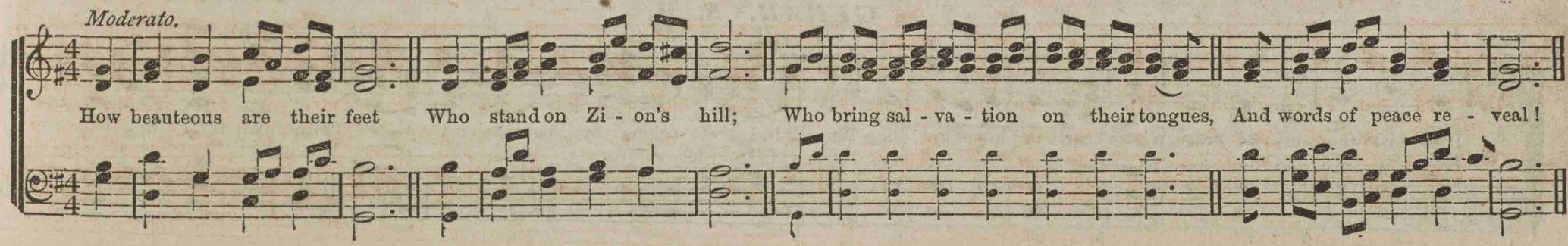
SILVER STREET. S. M.

Isaac Smith.



SHIRLAND. S. M.

Stanley.

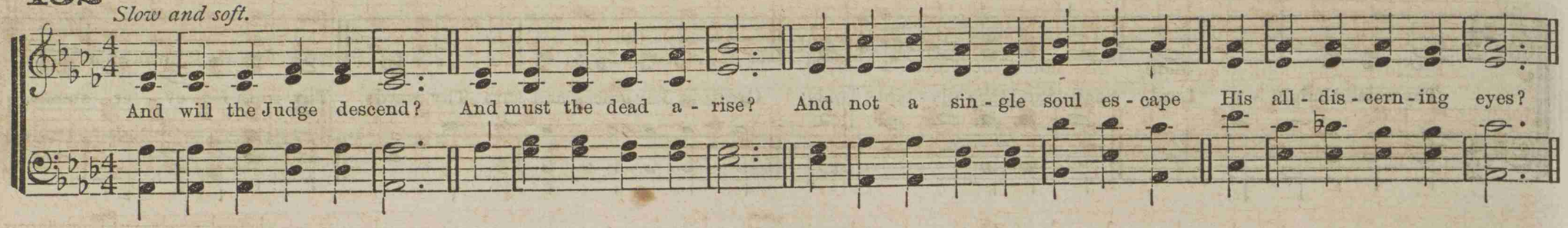


132

GORTON. S. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

Slow and soft.



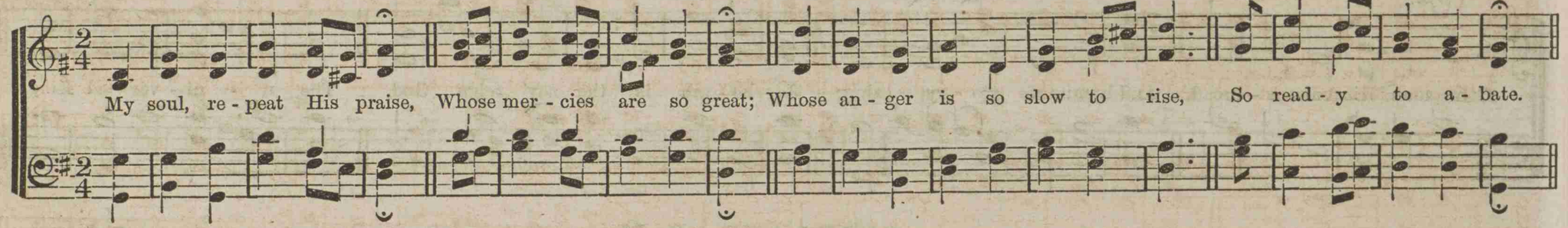
ST. BRIDE'S. S. M.

DR. HOWARD, 1770.



ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



GERAR. S. M.



BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.

I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

J. Zundel.

1. I was a wandering sheep. I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.
2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought his child; They fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild:

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.

134 (1st P. M.) ***DILLON. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)*** R. M. McIntosh.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
   His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
   My noon-day walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours de - fend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
   To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads, My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
   Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, A - mid the verdant landscape flow.

(1st P. M.) ***WAVERTREE. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)*** W. Shore.

1. Victim di - vine! Thy grace we claim While thus Thy precious death we show;
   Once offered up a spotless Lamb, In Thy great temple here be - low,
   Thou didst for all mankind a - tone, And standest now be - fore the throne.

2. Thou standest in the holiest place, As now for guilt - y sin - ners slain,
   The blood of sprinkling speaks and prays, All-prev-a - lent for help-less man;
   Thy blood is still our ran - som found, And speaks salva - tion all a-round.

(1st P. M.) ***GUION. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)*** Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. In - fi - nite God, to Thee we raise Our hearts in solemn songs of praise:
   By all Thy works on earth adored, We worship Thee, the common Lord;
   The ev - er - last-ing Father own, And bow ourselves be - fore Thy throne.

2. Thee all the choir of an - gels sings, The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
   Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud, And seraphs shout the Tri - une God;
   And "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," cry, "Thy glo - ry fills both earth and sky!"

(1st P. M.) **ST. JUDE. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)**

REV. L. TUTTIETT. W. H. MONK, Organist and Director of the choir at King's College, London. From DR. TUCKER's "Hymnal," by per.

1. Come, quick - ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful tho' Thine Ad - vent be, All shadows from the truth will fall,
2. Come, quick - ly come, great King of all; Reign all a - round us, And with - in; Let sin no more our souls en - thral,
3. Come, quick - ly come, sure Light of all, For gloom - y night broods o'er our way; And faint-ing souls be - gin to fall

And false - hood die, in sight of Thee: Come, quick - ly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dis - solve when Thou art near.
Let pain and sor - row die with sin: Come, quick - ly come: for Thou a - lone Canst make Thy scat - tered peo - ple one.
With wea - ry watch - ing for the day: Come, quick - ly come: for round Thy throne No eye is blind, no night is known.

(1st P. M.) **ZUNDEL. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)**

L. C. EVERETT.

1. { Fa - ther of lights, from whom proceeds Whate'er Thy ev - ery creature needs,— / Whose goodness prov-i - dent-ly nigh, Feeds the young ravens when they cry,— } To Thee I look, my heart prepare; Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2. { Since, by Thy light, my - self I see Na - ked, and poor, and void of Thee, / Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey, Pre-vent-ing what my lips would say: } Thou seest my wants, for help they call, And ere I speak Thou know'st them all.

136 (1st P. M.) ***GOOD SHEPHERD. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)*** Rev. J. Ireland Tucker, D.D.
Rector of the Church of the Holy Cross, Troy, N. Y.

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty moun - tain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads
3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,

And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
My wea - ry, wander - ing steps He leads, Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend - ly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread - ful shade.

(1st P. M.) ***LINDEN. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)*** German.

1. { Cre - a - tor, Spir-it, by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid,
   { Come, visit ev - ery wait-ing mind, Come, pour Thy joys on hu-man kind; } From sin and sor-row set us free, And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2. { O Source of un-cre - a - ted heat, The Fa-ther's promised Par - a - clete!
   { Thrice ho-ly Fount, im-mor-tal Fire, Our hearts with heavenly love in - spire: } Come, and Thy sacred unction bring, To sanc-ti - fy us while we sing.

(1st P. M.) **ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 6 lines. (88,88,88.)**

WM. H. MONK, Organist and Director of the choir at King's College, London.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast ta - ken count of all, The scant - y tri - umphs grace hath won,
3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease; And bless us, more than in past days,

With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O, gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.
The bro - ken vow, the frequent fall. Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O, gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.
With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace. Thro' life's long day and death's dark night. O, gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

(2d P. M.) **NASHVILLE. L. P. M. (888,888.)**

From a Gregorian Chant, by DR. MASON.

Moderato.

1. O God, of good th' unfathomed sea! Who would not love Thee with His might? { O Jesus, Lover of mankind! } [Thee unite?
Who would not give His heart to Thee? { Who would not His whole soul and mind, } With all His strength, to

2. Thou shin'st with everlasting rays: Before th' insufferable blaze Angels with both wings veil their eyes; { Yet, free as air Thy bounty streams } [arise.
{ On all Thy works: Thy mercy's beams, } Diffusive as Thy sun's,

138 (2d P. M.) ***ZURICH. L. P. M. (888,888.)*** Swiss Melody—Wurtemberg. H. B.

1. He that has God his guar - dian made Shall un - der the Al - migh - ty's shade Se - cure and un - dis-turbed a - bide:
2. His ten - der love and watch - ful care Shall free thee from the fowl - er's snare, And from the nois-some pes - ti - lence;
3. Be - cause, with well-placed con - fi - dence, Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure de - fence, Thy ref - uge, e - ven God most high;

Thus to my soul of Him I'll say, He is my for - tress and my stay, My God, in Whom I will con - fide.
He o - ver thee His wings shall spread, And cov - er thy un - guard - ed head; His truth shall be thy strong de - fence.
There - fore no ill on thee shall come, Nor to thy Heaven pro - tect - ed home Shall o - ver - whelming plagues draw nigh.

(2d P. M.) ***JEFFERSON STREET. L. P. M. (888,888.)*** From "Dulcimer."

Not too fast.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire, Come, and my hallowed heart inspire, Sprinkled with the atoning blood: { Now to my soul Thyself reveal, Thy mighty working let me feel, } And know that I am born of God.
2. When wilt Thou my whole heart subdue? Come, Lord, and form my soul anew, Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell: { Less than the least of all thy store Of mercies, I myself abhor: } All, all my vileness may I feel.

1. Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing the choic - est psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name; His

2. He framed the globe; He built the sky; He made the shin - ing worlds on high, And reigns com-plete in glo - ry there: His

glo - ry let the hea - then know, His won - ders to the na - tions show, And all His sav - ing works pro - claim.

beams are ma - jes - ty and light; His beau - ties, how di - vine - ly bright! His tem - ple, how di - vine - ly fair!

(3d P. M.) *HADDAM. H. M. (66,66;88.)* English.

Firm.

1. { The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high: / The garments He assumes [Omit.....] } Are light and majes-ty: His glo-ries shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

2. { The thunders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe: / His wrath and justice stand [Omit.....] } To guard His holy law; And where His love re - solves to bless, His truth confirms and seals the grace.

140 (3d P. M.)

DARWELL. H. M. (66,66,88.)

REV. J. DARWELL.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's fame; His praise your song em - ploy A-bove the star - - ry frame: Your voic - es raise, Ye cher-u-bim And ser-a-phim, To sing His praise.

2. Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day, Ye glittering stars of light, To Him your hom - - age pay: His praise de - clare, Ye heavens above, And clouds that move In li - quid air.

3. Let them a - dore the Lord, And praise His ho - ly Name, By Whose Al - mighty word They all from noth - - ing came; And all shall last From changes free; His firm decree Stands ev - er fast.

(3d P. M.)

LENOX. H. M. (66,66,88.)

EDSON.

1, Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound: Let all the nations know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made: Ye weary spir-its, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - toning Lamb: Redemption thro' His blood Throughout the world proclaim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

(3d P. M.)

LISCHER. H. M. (66,66,88.)

DR. L. MASON.

{ Welcome, delight - ful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest;
{ I hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I

{ Welcome, delight - ful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest;
{ I hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I

I soar to reach, &c.

soar, to reach im - mor - tal joys.

soar, &c. I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

(3d P. M.)

GLUCK. H. M. (66,66,88.)

DR. EVERETT.

1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heaven and earth and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To
2. The shining worlds above In glorious or - der stand, Or in swift courses move, At
3. Let all the nations fear The God that rules a - bove; He brings His peo - ple near, And

your Cre - a - tor's praise: Ye ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin the song, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.

His supreme command: He spake the word, And all their frame From nothing came To praise the Lord, From nothing came To praise the Lord.
makes them taste His love: While earth and sky At-tempt His praise, His saints shall raise His honours high, His saints shall raise His hon - ours high.

142 (3d P. M.)

HANDEL. H. M. (66,66,88.)

Arr. from Handel.

1. Grace ev - ery morn-ing new, And ev - ery night, we feel,
The soft, re-fresh - ing dew That falls on Hermon's hill!
On Si - on it doth sweet - ly fall; The grace of One descends on all.

2. E'en now our Lord doth pour The blessing from a - bove,
A kind - ly, gracious shower Of heart - re - viv - ing love;
The for - mer and the lat - ter rain, The love of God and love of man.

(3d P. M.)

PALMER. H. M. (66,66,88.)

Emilius Laroche.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacri - fice In my behalf ap-pears:
Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is written on His hands.

2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
His all-redeeming love, His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

(3d P. M.)

CUTHBERT. H. M. (66,66,88.)

L. C. Everett.

1. Yes! the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead; High raised His conq'ring head: Fall to the ground, and sink away.
And o'er our hellish foes In wild dismay, the guards around

(4th P. M.) **ARIEL. C. P. M. (886,886.)** Dr. L. Mason, by per.

Rather slow, and in exact time. *cres.* *f*

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O, could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine!

mp

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine:

cres. *f*

I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings In notes almost di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

I'd sing His glo- rious righteousness, In which all per - fect, heavenly dress, My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.

(4th P. M.) **GANGES. C. P. M. (886,886.)** Old English.

1. Help, Lord, to Whom for help I fly, Throughout the evil day: And keep the issues of my heart, And stir me up to pray.
And still my tempted soul stand by The sacred watchfulness impart,

2 My soul with Thy whole armor arm, And show the danger near: And fill with godly jealousy And sanctifying fear.
In each approach of sin alarm, Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,

144 (4th P. M.) ***GREGORY. C. P. M. (886,886.)*** L. C. Everett.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th' exalt - ed lay, Let each enraptured tho't obey, And praise th' Almighty's name { Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, / In one melodious concert rise, } To swell th' inspiring [theme.

2. Ye fields of light, celestial plains, Where gay, transporting beauty reigns, Ye scenes divinely fair: { Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim, / Tell how He formed your shining frame, } And breathed the fluid [air:

(4th P. M.) ***LISTENIUS. C. P. M.*** Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot! How free from every anxious tho't, From worldly hope and fear! { Confined to neither court nor cell, / His soul disdains on earth to dwell, } He on - ly sojourns here.

2. This happiness in part is mine, Al - ready saved from low design, From every creature love! { Blessed with the scorn of finite good, / My soul is lightened of its load, } And seeks the things above.

(5th P. M.) ***KOZELUCK. 7s.*** German.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way: Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

(5th P. M.)

REDHEAD. 7s.

Richard Redhead.
Organist of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, London.

1. Ho - ly Lamb, who Thee re - ceive, Who in Thee be - gin to live, Day and night they cry to Thee, As Thou art, so let us be!
2. Je - sus, see my pant - ing breast! See I pant in Thee to rest! Glad - ly would I now be clean; Cleanse me now from ev - ery sin.
3. Fix, O fix my wav-'ring mind! To Thy cross my spir - it bind: Earth -ly pas-sions far re - move; Swal - low up my soul in love.

(5th P. M.)

POAGUE. 7s.

Milgrove.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In Thy gra-cious hands I am: Make me, Sav - iour, what Thou art, Live Thy - self with - in my heart.
2. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days, Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the ho - ly Child, in me.

(5th P. M.)

WOOD. 7s.

German Evening Hymn.

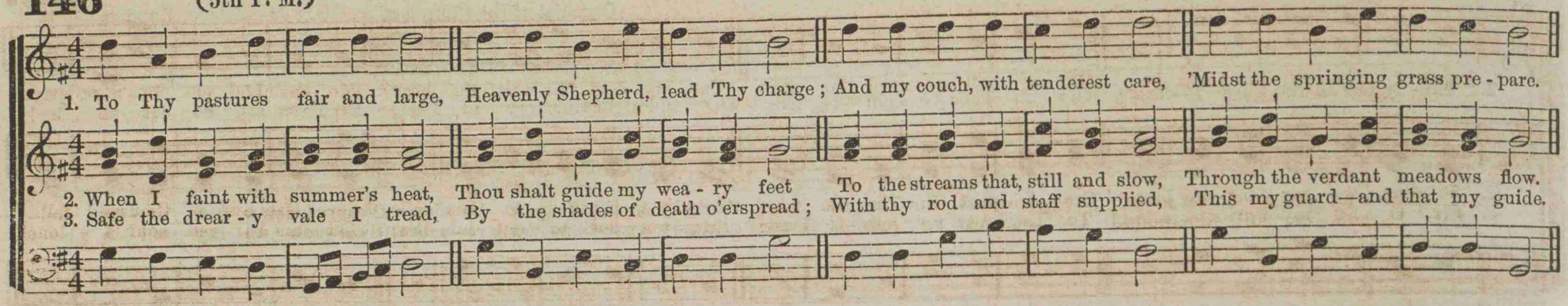
cres. *fz* *dim.* *p*

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word! Je-sus speaks, He speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me?"
2. "I de - livered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound; Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in-to light."
3. "Can a mother's ten-der care, Cease to-ward the child she bare? Yes, she may for-get - ful be, Yet will I re - member Thee."

146 (5th P. M.)

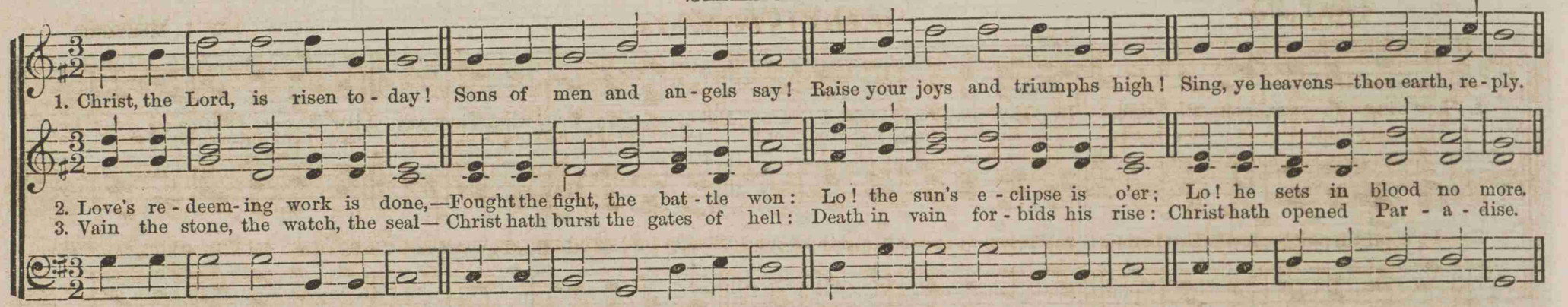
HOLDEN. 7s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



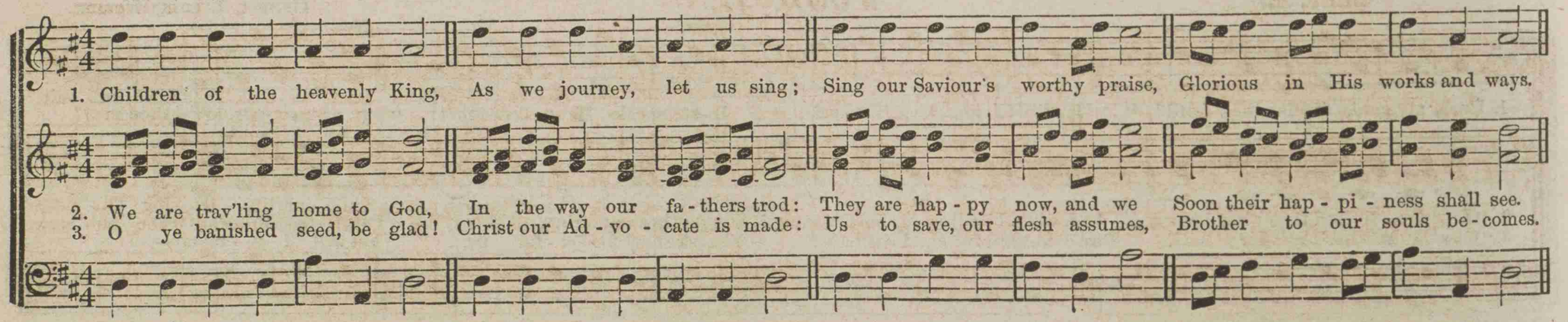
SHAFER. 7s.

J. N. Parker.



LEBANON. 7s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



(5th P. M.)

BEEMER. 7s.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
3. Lo! I cum - ber still the ground: Lo! an Ad - vo - cate is found! "Has - ten not to cut him down: Let this bar - ren soul a - lone!"

(5th P. M.)

HABLISTON. 7s.

W. L. Montague.

With expression.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word! Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?
2. "I de - liv-er'd thee when bound, And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness in - to light."

(5th P. M.)

PUMROY. 7s.

L. C. Everett.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go Till a blessing Thou be - stow.

148 (5th P. M.)

ALBA. 7s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Lord, whom winds and seas o - bey, Guide us through the wat - 'ry way; In the hol - low of Thy hand Hide, and bring us safe to land.
2. Je - sus, let our faith-ful mind Rest, on Thee a - lone reclined; Ev - ery anx-ious thought re-press, Keep our souls in per - fect peace.
3. Keep the souls whom now we leave; Bid them to each oth - er cleave; Bid them walk on life's rough sea; Bid them come by faith to Thee.

(5th P. M.)

WEISICAR. 7s.

From Mozart's 12th Mass.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es anxious thought; Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I His, or am I not?
2. Lord, de - cide the doubt-ful case! Thou who art Thy peo - ple's Sun, Since up - on Thy work of grace, If it be in-deed be - gun.
3. Let me love Thee more and more, If I love at all I pray; If I have not loved be - fore, Help me to be - gin to - day.

(5th P. M.)

IONIA. 7s.

Belcher.

1. Glo - ry be to God on high, God whose glo - ry fills the sky; Peace on earth to man for-given, Man, the well - be-loved of Heaven.
2. Sovereign Fa - ther, heavenly King, Thee we now presume to sing; Glad Thine at - tributes con - fess, Glorious all, and num-ber - less.
3. Hail, by all Thy works a-dored! Hail, the ev - er - last-ing Lord! Thee with thank - ful hearts we prove, Lord of power, and God of love.

(5th P. M.)

RHINE. 7s.

STRATTNER, 1691.

1. Sons of God, ex - ult - ing rise, Join the triumph of the skies: See the prod - i - gal is come, Shout to bear the wand'rer home.
2. Strive in joy, with an - gels strive, He was dead, but now's a - live! Loud re - peat the glorious sound, He was lost, but now is found!
3. Now the gracious Fa - ther smiles; Now the Saviour boasts his spoils: Now the Spir - it grieves no more: Sing ye heavens; and earth, a-dore!

(5th P. M.)

TULIP STREET. 7s.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Poor and need - y though I be, God, my Mak - er, cares for me; Gives me cloth - ing, shel - ter, food, Gives me all I have of good,
2. He will list - en when I pray; He is with me night and day; When I sleep, and when I wake, Keeps me safe for Je - sus' sake.
3. He who reigns a - bove the sky Once became as poor as I; He whose blood for me was shed Had not where to lay His head.
4. Though I la - bor here a while, He will bless me with His smile; And when this short life is past, I shall rest with Him at last.

(5th P. M.)

SEYMOUR. 7s.

VON WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
2. Thou, Whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught escapes, with - out, with - in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, Op - en fault, and se - cret sin.

150 (5th P. M.)

E. STREET. 7s.

L. C. Everett. Washington, D. C., 1866.

1. Je - sus, shall I nev - er be Firm - ly grounded up - on Thee? Nev - er by Thy work a - bide? Nev - er in Thy wounds reside?
2. O how wav - 'ring is my mind, Tossed a - bout with ev - ery wind! O how quick - ly doth my heart From the liv - ing God de - part!
3. Je - sus, let my na - ture feel Thou art God unchange - a - ble: Jah, Je - ho - vah, great I AM, Speak in - to my soul Thy name.

(5th P. M.)

THOMAS. 7s.

J. N. Parker.

1. Now be - gin the heavenly theme; Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name: Ye who His sal - va - tion prove, Triumph in re - deem - ing love.
2. Ye who see the Father's grace Beam - ing in the Saviour's face, As to Ca - naan on ye move, Praise and bless re - deem - ing love.
3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears; Ban - ish all your guilty fears: See your guilt and curse re - move, Cancelled by re - deem - ing love.

(5th P. M.)

PARKER. 7s.

J. E. Hopkins. "Martha."

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God the Fa - ther, and the Word, God the Com - fort - er re - ceive Blessings more than we can give.
2. Mixed with those be - yond the sky, Chanters to the Lord Most High, We our hearts and voi - ces raise, Echoing Thy e - ter - nal praise.
3. One, in - ex - pli - ca - bly Three, One, in simplest U - ni - ty: God, in - cline Thy gracious ear, Us Thy lisp - ing crea - tures hear.

1. Come! said Je - sus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pilgrim, hith - er come!

2. Thou, who, houseless, sole, for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roam'd the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste!

(5th P. M.) *ST. LOUIS. 7s.* I. B. Woodbury, by per. From the "Dulcimer."

1. God of love, that hear'st the prayer, Kind - ly for Thy peo - ple care, Who on Thee a - lone depend: Love us, save us to the end.

2. Save us in the prosp'rous hour, From the flatt'ring tempter's power; From His un - sus - pect - ed wiles, From the world's per - ni - cious smiles.

3. Men of worldly, low de - sign, Let not these Thy peo - ple join, Poi - son our sim - plic - i - ty, Drag us from our trust in Thee.

(5th P. M.) *CAROLINA. 7s.* E. H. Sexton.

1. Read - y for my earthen bed, Let me rest my fainting head, Welcome life's ex-pect - ed close, Sink in per - manent re - pose.

2. Je - sus' blood, to which I fly, Doth my conscience pu - ri - fy, Signs my wea - ry soul's re - lease, Bids me now de - part in peace.

3. Thus do I my bed prepare; O how soft when Christ is there! Calm I lay my bod - y down, Rise to an im - mor - tal crown.

152 (5th P. M.)

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

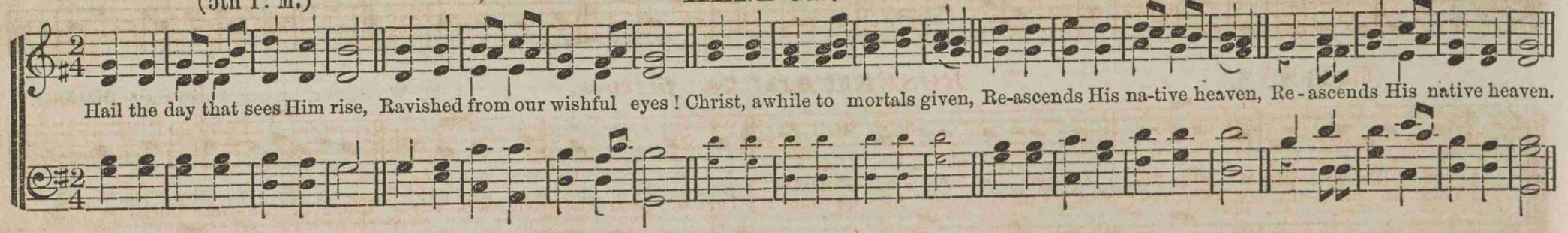
PLEYEL.



(5th P. M.)

HENDON. 7s.

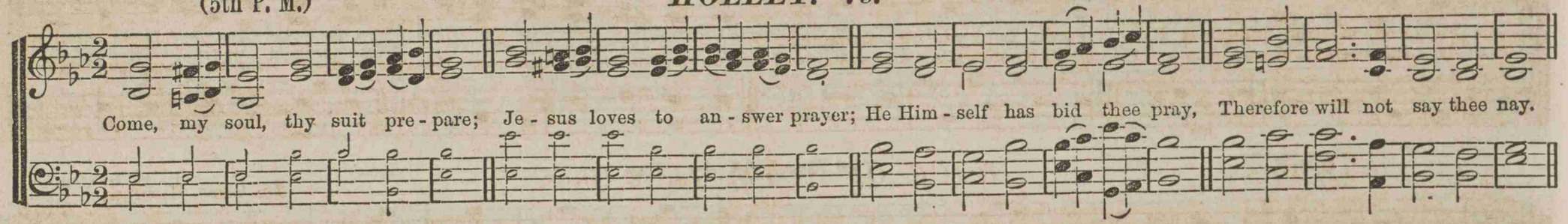
From REV. DR. MALAN.



(5th P. M.)

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.



(5th P. M.)

NUREMBURG. 7s.

J. RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.



(6th P. M.)

TWILIGHT. 7s. 6 lines.

JOHN ZUNDEL, Organist at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

1. As the hart, with eager looks, Panteth for the water brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee, Pants the living God to see; When, O when, with filial fear, Lord, shall I to Thee draw near? Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

2. Tears my food, by night, by day; Grief consumes my strength away;
While his craft the tempter plies—"Where is now thy God?" he cries: This would sink me to despair, But I pour my soul in prayer, But I pour my soul in prayer.

(6th P. M.)

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

REV. DR. MALAN.

1. Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel temp - tation's power;
Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

2. Fol - low to the judgment hall; View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall! O, the pangs His soul sustained! Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.

(6th P. M.)

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for ev - er flow. Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
D. C. In my hand no price, I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.

154 (6th P. M.) ***DE'GOLIER. 7s. 6 lines.*** T. Wood, Albany, N. Y.



(6th P. M.) ***GREGG. 7s.*** R. M. McIntosh.



(6th P. M.)

BIDGOOD. 7s. 6 lines.

Adapted from Mendelssohn by RALPH HORNER.

1. Fa - ther, if Thou will - ing be, Then my griefs a - while sus - pend, Then re - move the cup from me,
2. Let my flesh be troub - led still, Filled with pain or sore dis - ease, Let my wound - ed spir - it feel
Or Thy strength'ning an - gel send; Wouldst Thou have me suf - fer on? Fa - ther, let Thy will be done.
Strong re - doub - led ag - o - nies; Meek - ly I my will re - sign, Thine be done, and on - ly Thine.

(6th P. M.)

OXFORD. 7s. 6 lines.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. { Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent, Break, by Je - sus' cross sub-dued, / See His bod - y mangled, rent, Cov-er'd with a gore of blood! } Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done? Murder'd God's e - ter - nal Son.
2. { Yes, your sins have done the deed, Drove the nails that fix Him here, / Crown'd with thorns His sa - cred head, Pierced Him with the sol-dier's spear, } Made His soul a sac - ri - fice; For a sin - ful world He dies.

156 (6th P. M.)

BASCOM. 7s. 6 lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD, Organist of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, London.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee: Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne.

(6th P. M.) *BOSWELL. 7s. 6 lines.* F. R. ROSE, Fayetteville, N. C.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

1. Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn Un - ac - com-pan - ied by Thee;
3- Vis - it then this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Triumph o'er the shades of night; Dayspring from on high be near, Day-star in my heart ap - pear.
Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see; Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
Fill me, ra - dian - cy di - vine; Scat - ter all my un - be - lief; More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
   Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land;
   Wea-ry souls will still re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,

2. Ev - er present, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not, to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease,
   Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there;
   When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
   Wad - ing deep the dismal flood, Pleading nought but Je - sus' blood;

Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

(7th P. M.) *SLATER. 7s. Double.* R. M. McIntosh.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
   While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high:

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
   Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring, Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of Thy wing.

158 (7th P. M.) ***COBURG. 7s. Double.*** H. R. H., the late PRINCE CONSORT.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sinners re - con - ciled:"

2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord: Late in time be - hold Him come, Offspring of a vir-gin's womb,

Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as man with men t' ap - pear, Je - sus, our Im - man - uel here.

(7th P. M.) ***GUIDE. 7s. Double.*** M. M. WELLS.

D. C.

1. { Come, ye wea - ry sin - ners, come, All who groan be - neath your load, / Je - sus, calls His wand'rers home: Has - ten to your pard'ning God. } Come, ye guil - ty souls, oppressed, An - swer to the Saviour's call,—
D.C. "Come, and I will give you rest: Come, and I will save you all."

2. { Je - sus, full of truth and love, We Thy kind - est word o - bey; / Faith - ful let Thy mer - cies prove; Take our load of guilt a - way: } Fain we would on Thee re - ly, Cast on Thee our ev - ery care,
D.C. To Thine arms of mer - cy fly, Find our last - ing qui - et there.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild. God and sinners reconciled," Joyful all ye nations rise,

2. Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th' incarnate De-i - ty! Pleased as man with men t' appear, Jesus our Immanuel here. Mild he lays his glo - ry by,

Join the triumphs of the skies: With th' angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem," Hark! the herald angels sing, Glo - ry to the new born King.

Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glo - ry to the newborn King.

Organ Pedal.

(7th P. M.) *SPAIN. 7s. Double.* SPANISH MELODY.

FINE. D. C.

1. { While we walk with God in light, God our hearts doth still u - nite; / Dear - est fel - low - ship we prove, Fel - low - ship in Je - sus' love: } Sweet - ly each with each combined, In the bonds of du - ty joined,
D. C. Feels the cleansing blood ap - plied, Dai - ly feels that Christ hath died.

2. { Still, O Lord, our faith increase; Cleanse from all un - righteousness; / Thee th' unho - ly can - not see: Make, O make us meet for Thee: } Ev - ery vile af - fec - tion kill; Root out ev - ery seed of ill;
D. C. Ut - ter - ly a - bol - ish sin; Write Thy law of love with - in.

160 (7th P. M.)
DEAN ALFORD.

SHARON. 7s. Double.

Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.
Organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Joyful.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple come, Raise the song of Harvest Home! All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms begin; God, our Maker doth provide
2. All this world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares together sown, Un - to joy or sorrow grown: First the blade, and then the ear,
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His Harvest Home: From His field shall in that day All of - fences purge a - way; Give His angels charge at last,
4. E - ven so, Lord, quickly come To Thy fi - nal Harvest Home! Gather Thou Thy people in, Free from sorrow, free from sin; There, for ev-er pu-ri - fied,

Refrain.

For our wants to be supplied:—Come to God's own temple, come; Raise the song of Harvest Home! Harvest Home, Harvest Home! Raise the song of Harvest Home!
Then the full corn shall appear: Lord of Harvest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

In the fire the tares to cast; But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev - er- more. Harvest Home, Harvest Home! Raise the song of Harvest Home!
In Thy presence to a - bide; Come, with all Thine angels, come, Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

(7th P. M.)

CASSEL. 7s. Double.

English.

Fine. *D.C.*

1. { Let us join, ('tis God commands,) Let us join our hearts and hands: }
   { Help to gain our call - ing's hope, Build we each the oth - er up; } Still for - get the things be - hind, Fol - low Christ in heart and mind;

D.C. Toward the mark un - wea - ried press, Seize the crown of right-eous - ness.

(7th P. M.) **BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.**

:S: FINE. D. S.

1. Sinners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why: God, Who did your being give, Made you with Himself to live: He the fatal cause demands, Asks the works of [His own hands:
D. S. Why, ye thankless creatures! why Will ye cross His love, and die?

(7th P. M.) **SABBATH. 7s. Double.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

Larghetto.

Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eter-nal rest,

(7th P. M.) **ELTHAM. 7s. Double.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ternal rest.

1. { Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Messiah's sway, } [own,
{ Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call o - bey. } 2. Mightiest kings His power shall
D. C. Satan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

(7th P. M.) **MARTYN. 7s. Double.** S. B. MARSH.

D. C. FINE. D. C.

Heathen tribes His name a - dore.

{ Mary to her Saviour's tomb Hasted at the early dawn; }
{ Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved was gone. } For a while she weeping stood, Struck with sorrow [and surprise,
D. C. Shedding tears, a plenteous flood, For her heart supplied her eyes.

162 (8th P. M.) ***GILL. 8s, 7s & 4s.*** R. M. McIntosh.

1. { Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favoured sinners slain!
   { Thousand thousand saints at - tending, Swell the triumph of His train! } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God appears on earth to reign.

2. { Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dreadful ma - jes - ty:
   { Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, } Deeply wailing, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.

(8th P. M.) ***MERCY. Hymn.*** I. B. Woodbury, by per. From the "Dulcimer."

With expression.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Cal - va - ry! See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the
2. It is finish'd!—O what pleasure Do these charming words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us from Christ the
3. Finish'd all the types and shadows Of the cer - e - mo-nial law! Finish'd all that God had promised: Death and hell no more shall

pp *f* *p* *dim.*

sky! It is finished!— It is finished!— Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry! Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry! A - - men.

pp *f* *p*

Lord. It is finished!— It is finished!— Saints, the dy - ing words record, Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord A - - men.
awe. It is finished!— It is finished!— Saints, from hence your comfort draw, Saints, from hence your comfort draw. A - - men.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy.... and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing, Triumph in re -

2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruit of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and

deeming grace; O.... re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - - der - ness.

lives abound: May Thy pres - ence, May Thy presence, May Thy pres - ence, With us ev - er - more be found.

(8th P. M.) *BALDRIDGE. 7s & 4s.* EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay,
Blest Re - deem - er, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the gloomy way; Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

2. Upward from this dy - ing state Bid my wait - ing soul as - pire;
O - pen Thou the crys - tal gate; To Thy praise at - tune my lyre; Then, tri - umphant, Then, tri - umphant, I will join th'immor - tal choir.

164 (8th P. M.) ***CORONÆ. 8s, 7s & 4s.*** W. H. Monk, Organist at King's College, London.

1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious; See the "Man of sorrows" now· From the fight returned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;
2. Crown the Saviour, an - gels crown Him; Rich the trophies Je - sus brings; On the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings;
3. Sinners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His Name:

f

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown Him! Crown Him! Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame!

(8th P. M.) ***HARRIS. 8s, 7s & 4s.*** L. C. Everett.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
2. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vour; Ear - ly let us learn Thy will;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: Blessed Je - sus! Blessed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free: Blessed Je - sus! Blessed Je - sus! Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.
Do Thou, Lord, our on - ly Saviour, With Thy love our bosoms fill: Blessed Je - sus! Blessed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us,—love us still!

(8th P. M.)

HAPPY ZION. *8s, 7s & 4s.*

I. B. Woodbury, by per. From the "Dulcimer."

1. Zi - on stands with hills surround - ed, Zi - on, kept by power di - vine:
   All her foes shall be con-foun - ded, Tho' the world in arms com-bine:
   Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine!

2. Ev - ery hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend, un-faith - ful prove;
   Mothers cease their own to cher - ish; Heaven and earth at last re - move;
   But no chang - es, But no chang - es, Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.

(8th P. M.)

CHAFFIN'S. *8s, 7s & 4s.*

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Hear, O sin-ner, mer - cy hails you; Now with sweetest voice she calls;
   Bids you haste to seek the Sav-iour, Ere the hand of jus-tice falls;
   Trust in Je - sus; Trust in Je - sus; 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.

2. Haste, O sin-ner, to the Sav-iour; Seek His mer-cy while you may,
   Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass a - way;
   Haste to Je - sus; Haste to Je - sus; You must per - ish if you stay.

(8th P. M.)

PERON. *8s, 7s & 4s.*

Allegro.

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deemer from all sin,
   Moved by Thy Di - vine com-pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
   I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?

2. Though unseen, I love the Sav - iour: He hath brought salvation near, —
   Man - i - fests His pard'ning fa - vour, And, when Je-sus doth ap - pear,
   Soul and bod-y, Soul and bod-y Shall His glorious im - age bear.

166 (8th P. M.)

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

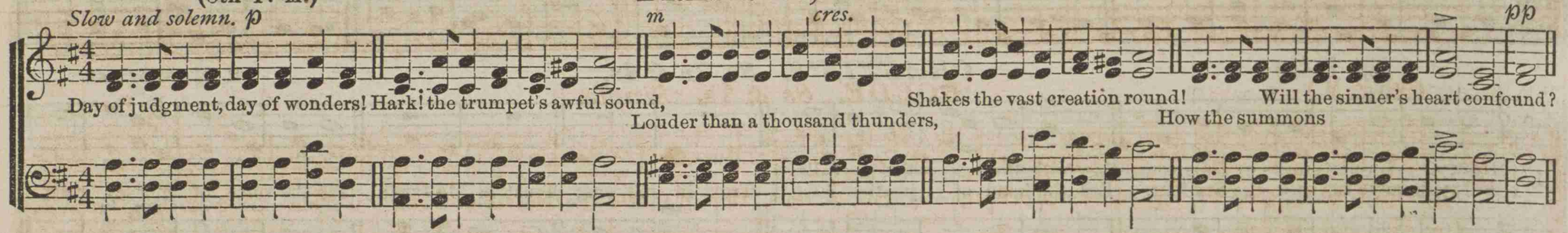
Allegro.



(8th P. M.)

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Slow and solemn. *p* *m* *cres.* *pp*



(8th P. M.)

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

VERSE. CHORUS.



(9th P. M.)

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s. Single.

MOZART.

Spirited.



(9th P. M.)

YOUNG. 8s & 7s. Single.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of nations, From Thy tem - ple in the skies, Hear Thy people's sup - pli - cations, Now for their de - liverance rise.
2. Lo, with deep con - tri - tion turning, Humbly at Thy feet we bend; Hear us, fast - ing, praying, mourning; Hear us, spare us, and de - fend.
3. Though our sins our hearts confounding, Long and loud for vengeance call, Thou hast mer - cy more a - bounding, Je - sus' blood can cleanse from all.

(9th P. M.)

BOUDE. 8s & 7s. Single.

J. N. PARKER.

1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us Through this gloomy vale of tears, Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
2. When tempta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let Thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.
3. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.

(9th P. M.)

HOLMES. 8s & 7s. Single.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Pass - ing through this darksome vale? Know'st thou not 'tis full of dan - ger? And will not thy courage fail?
2. Pilgrim thou dost just - ly call me, Wandering o'er this waste so wide, Yet no harm will e'er be - fall me, While I'm blest with such a Guide.
3. Such a Guide!—No guide attends thee, Hence, for thee my fears a - rise: If a guardian power befriend thee, 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

168 (9th P. M.) ***ST. AGATHA. 8s & 7s. Single.*** R. S. T. From Dr. Tucker's Hymnal, by per.

1. What a strange and wondrous sto - ry From the Book of God is read!— How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head;—
2. How He left His throne in heaven, Here to suf - fer, bleed, and die, That my soul might be for - giv - en, And as - cend to God on high!
3. Father! let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it Still re - veal a Saviour's love, And pre-pare me to in - her - it Glo - ry where He reigns a - bove.

(9th P. M.) ***BETHLEHEM. 8s & 7s. Single.*** Latin Melody, of the 14th Century.

Cheerful.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come confess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk a - round us, Though the ar - row past us fly, An - gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who nev - er wea - ry, Watcheth where Thy peo - ple be.

(9th P. M.) ***HOLY VOICES. 8s & 7s. Single.*** Rev. G. J. Geer.

cres. *f*

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voices! Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies? Lo, th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jah's rise.
2. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy— "Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"
3. "Peace on earth, good - will from heaven, Reach - ing far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en, Loud our golden harps shall sound."

1. Sav- iour, breathe an even-ing blessing, Ere re- pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk a-round us, Though the ar - row past us fly, An - gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who, nev - er wea-ry, Watcheth where Thy peo - ple be.

(9th P. M.) *RESIGNATION. 8s & 7s. Single.* C. C. Pratt.

m *p* *pp* *m* *p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *rit.* *ppp*

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening When it floats among the trees, When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know, Thou no more our, etc.
3. Dearest sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep-ly feel; But 'tis God that hath bereft us: He can all our sorrows heal, He can all our sorrows heal.

(9th P. M.) *EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. Single.* Dr. Everett.

Refrain. *p* *m*

Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scatt'ring full and free,–Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing: Let some droppings fall on me,–Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

170 (9th P. M.)

DICKINSON. 8s & 7s. Single.

W. L. Montague.

1. Gently, Lord! O, gently lead us Through this lone-ly vale of tears; Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
2. When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray; Let Thy goodness nev-er fail us Lead us in Thy per-fect way.

(9th P. M.)

WADE. 8s & 7s. Single.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Brother, rest from sin and sorrow; Death is o'er, and life is won; On thy slumber dawns no morrow: Rest; thine earthly race is run.
2. Brother, wake; the night is waning! Endless day is round thee poured; En-ter thou the rest re-maining For the peo-ple of the Lord.
3. Fare-thee-well; tho' woe is blending With the tones of earth-ly love, Triumph high and joy un-end-ing Wait thee in the realms a-bove.

(9th P. M.)

BERRY. 8s & 7s. Single.

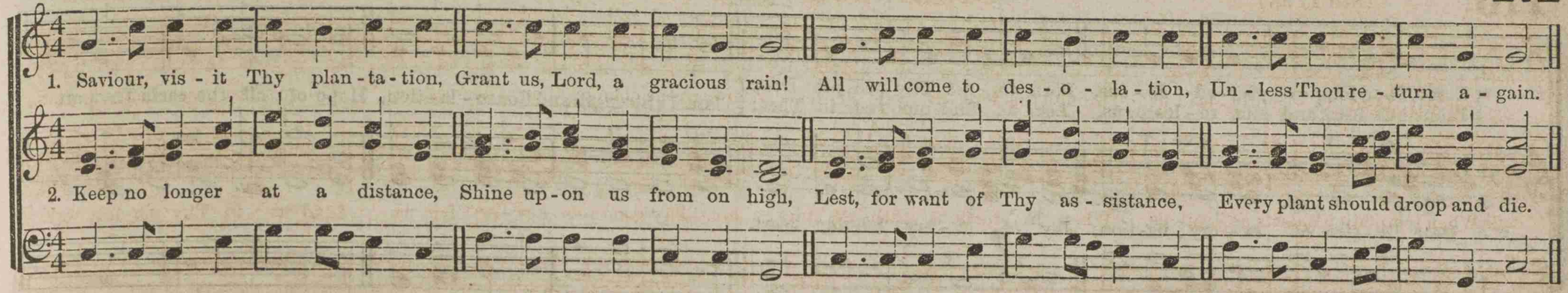
Emilius Laroche.

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of evening Gath-er round my low-ly door; Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me, Fa-ces I shall see no more.
2. Oh! the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Though the world be oft for-got; Oh! the shrouded and the lone-ly,— In our hearts they per-ish not.
3. Liv-ing in the silent hours, Where our spir-its on-ly blend, They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hoping for its end.

(9th P. M.)

CLARKE. 8s & 7s. Single.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



(9th P. M.)

BURKE. 8s & 7s. Single.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



(9th P. M.)

TRUST. 8s & 7s. Single.

MENDELSOHN.



172 (9th P. M.) ***SOULE. 8s & 7s. Double.*** R. M. McINTOSH.

FINE. D. C.

{ Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
{ From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee: } Israel's Strength and Conso - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art.

D. C. Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery longing heart.

(9th P. M.) ***THE GOSPEL SHIP. 8s & 7s. Double.*** R. M. McINTOSH.

1. See, the gos - pel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore; All who would set out for glo - ry, Come, and wel-come, rich and poor!
2. Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed Far be - yond this earthly shore! Thousands now are sailing thith - er, Yet there's room for thousands more.
3. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes, Swiftly glides the ship a - long; All her com - pa - ny re - joic - ing, "Glory!" bursts from ev - ery tongue.
4. Come on board this no - ble ves - sel! Sail with us o'er life's rough sea; And with us you shall be hap - py, Happy through e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Glory! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All the sail - ors loud - ly cry: See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry O - pen to each faithful eye!

Glory! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All the sail - ors loud - ly cry: See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry O - pen to each faithful eye!

(9th P. M.)

ST. CHAD. 8s & 7s. Double.

R. Readhead, Organist of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, London.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows, For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far a - stray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death a - way;

Voices in Union. *In Harmony.*

Help, O God, my weak en - deavour; This dull soul to rapture raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
Praise, with love's de-vout - est feel - ing, Him Who saw Thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stain'd Cross appear.

Organ.

(9th P. M.)

COLLIER. 8s & 7s. Double.

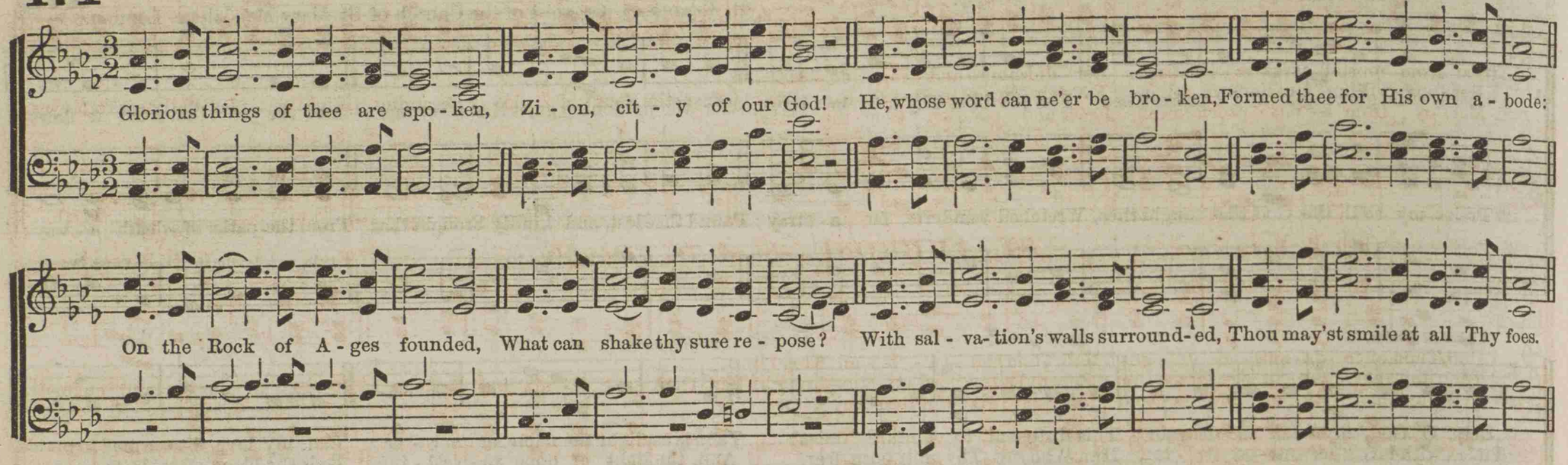
Emilius Laroche. D.S.

:S: Fine. | 1*st.* | 2*d.* |

Love Divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth came down Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown! { Jesus, Thou art all compassion, / Pure unbounded love Thou.... } art.

D. S. Vis - it us with Thy salvation; Enter every trembling heart. D. S.

174 (9th P. M.) ***AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.*** LUDOVICK NICHOLSON, Scotland.



(9th P. M.) ***WILMOT. 8s & 7s. Single.*** Arr. from C. M. v. WEBER.



(9th P. M.) ***MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. Single.*** DR. LOWELL MASON.



(9th P. M.)

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. J. Rosseau, 1775.

Moderato.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Far from mortal cares re - treating, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, }
{ Here our willing footsteps meeting, Ev - ery heart to heaven as - pires; } From the Fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes.
D. C. Mer - cy from a - bove proclaiming Peace and par - don from the skies.

(9th P. M.)

ST. AMBROSE. 8s & 7s. Double.

B. H. Everett.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King! }
{ Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. } Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame!
D. C. By Thy mer - its we find fa - vour: Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.

(9th P. M.)

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

R. Robinson.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace: }
{ Streams of mer - cy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. } Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove:
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up - on it—Mount of Thy re - deeming love!

(9th P. M.)

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

Dr. L. Mason, by per.

Animated.

Fine.

D. C.

1. { Praise the Saviour, all ye nations, Praise Him, all ye hosts a - bove; }
{ Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - mations, His Divine, victorious love; } Be His king - dom now promoted, Let the earth her monarch know;
D. C. Be my all to Him de - vot - ed, To my Lord my all I owe.

176 (10th P. M.)

BOLIVAR. 8s. Double. (Anapestic.)

R. M. McIntosh.

1. I long to be - hold him ar - rayed With glo - ry and light from a - bove;
   The King in His beau - ty dis - played, His beau - ty of ho - li - est love:
   I lan - guish and sigh to be there,
2. With Him I on Si - on shall stand, For Je - sus hath spok - en the word,
   The breadth of Im - man - u - el's land, Sur - vey by the light of my Lord;
   But when, on Thy bo - som re - clined,

Where Je - sus hath fixed His a - bode, Oh, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the moun - tain of God!
Thy face I am strengthened to see, My full - ness of rap - ture I find, My heav - en of heav - ens, in Thee.

I. C. E.

(10th P. M.)

DYKE. 8s. (Anapestic.)

1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart, For clos - er commun - ion I pine, I long to re-side where Thou art:
2. The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd o - bey, Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.
3. 'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock, There on - ly I cov - et to rest; To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.

(10th P. M.)

PIERCE. 8s. (Anapestic.)

I. B. Woodbury, by per. From the "Dulcimer."

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con-fest, But what must it be to be there!
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor - row, tempta - tion, and care, From tri - als without and within— But what must it be to be there!
3. We speak of its ser - vice of love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The church of the First-born a-bove— But what must it be to be there!

(11th P. M.) **AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. (76,76,77,76.)** Arr. by Dr. Vanderweyde.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy na - tive place,
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move,

2. Cease, ye pilgrims cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize;
Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a sea - son, and you know, Hap - py en - trance shall be given;

(11th P. M.) **WEAKLY. 7s & 6s. (76,76,77,76.)** J. M. Wimer.

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.
All our sorrows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

1. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home:
Life is but a win - ter's day— A jour - ney to the tomb:

2. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home:
Life is but a win - ter's day— A jour - ney to the tomb;

Youth and vig - our soon will flee, Bloom-ing beau - ty lose its charms All that's mor - tal soon shall be En-closed in death's cold arms.
But the Christian shall en - joy Health and beau - ty soon a - bove, Where no world - ly griefs an - noy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

178 (11th P. M.) ***ALEXANDER. 7s & 6s. (76,76,77,76.)*** R. M. McIntosh.

1. { Hearken to the solemn voice, The aw-ful midnight cry! / Waiting souls, re-joice, re-joice, And see the Bridegroom nigh! } { Lo, He comes to keep His word, / Light and joy His looks impart; } Go ye forth to meet the Lord, And meet Him in your heart.

2. { Ye who faint beneath the load Of sin, your heads lift up; / See your great redeeming God, He comes, and bids you hope! } { In the midnight of your grief, / Jesus doth His mourners cheer; } Lo! He brings you sure relief; Believe, and feel Him here!

(12th P. M.) ***LINTON. 7s, 6s & 8s. (76,76,78,76.)*** L. C. Everett.

D. S.

1. Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear, Yet once again, I pray: From my debt of sin set clear, For I have naught to pay: Speak, O speak the kind release, A poor back-sliding soul re- [store;
D. S. Love me freely, seal my peace, And bid me sin no more.

2. For my selfishness and pride Thou hast withdrawn Thy grace; Left me long to wander wide, An outcast from Thy face; But I now my sins confess, And mercy, mercy, I [implore;
D. S. Love me freely, seal my peace, And bid me sin no more.

(12th P. M.) ***CALVARY. 7s, 6s & 8s. (76,76,78,76.)*** Dr. Everett.

D. C.

FINE.

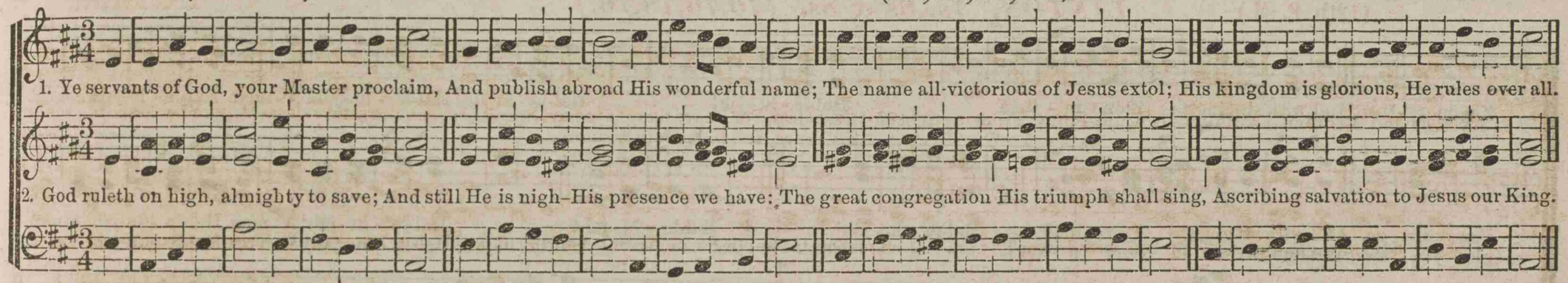
1. { To the ha-ven of Thy breast, O, Son of man I fly! / Be my re-fuge and my rest, For O, the storm is high! } Save me from the fu-rious blast; A cov-ert from the tem-pest be:

D. C. Hide me, Je-sus, till o'er-past The storm of sin I see.

(13th P. M.) **LYONS. 10s & 11s. (10,10,11,11.)** M. HAYDN.



(13th P. M.) **HANOVER. 10s & 11s. (10,10,11,11.)** HANDEL.



(14th P. M.) **MIZELL. 10s & 11s. (10,11,10,11.)** L. C. EVERETT.



180 (15th P. M.) ***BRANDER. 6s & 9s. (669,669.)*** DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Come a - way to the skies—My be - lov-ed, a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this fes - tival day, Come ex - ulting a - way, And, with singing, to
2. We have laid up our love, With our treasure a - bove, Tho' our bodies con-tin-ue be - low; The redeemed of the Lord—We remember His word, And, with singing, to
3. There, O! there at His feet, We shall joyful - ly meet, And be parted in body no more; We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs, And our Saviour in

Zi - on re - turn, And, with singing, to Zion re - turn. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

Par-a-dise go, And, with singing, to Para - dise go. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.
glo - ry a - dore, And our Saviour in glory a - dore. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

(15th P. M.) ***REID. 6s & 9s, or 11s & 9s.*** EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. How happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above! Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love!

(16th P. M.) **HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s, or 11s & 12s.** Arr. Old Southern Melody.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

(16th P. M.) **PITTS. 11s, or 11s & 12s, or 10s & 11s.** Emilius Laroche.

My God, I am thine; What a comfort di - vine, What a blessing to know that my Je - sus is mine! In th' heaven - ly Lamb Thrice happy I am,—

(16th P. M.) **HUNTINGTON. 11s, or 11s & 12s.** Emilius Laroche.

My heart doth rejoice at the sound of His name.

1. O garden of Olivet, dear honored spot, The fame of Thy wonder, shall ne'er be forgot; The theme most trans-
2. Come saints, and adore Him, come, bow at His feet! O, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joyful ho-

porting to seraphs a - bove; .....
san - nas un-ceas-ing a - rise, ...

The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love! The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

The theme most transporting to seraphs a - bove;
Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un-ceas-ing a - rise,

182 (17th P. M.)

EPIPHANY. 10s.

Sir JOHN ROSS, Composer to the Chapel Royal, London. From DR. TUCKER'S Hymnal, by per. F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - perial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy towering head and lift thine eyes: See heaven its spark - ling portals wide dis -
2. See a long race thy spacious courts a - dorn, See fu - ture sons, and daughters yet unborn, In crowding ranks on ev - ery side a -
3. See barbarous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy light, and in thy tem - ple bend: See thy bright al - tars throng'd with prostrate

- play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
- rise, De - mand - ing life, im - patient for the skies.
kings, While ev - ery land its joyous trib - ute brings.

(17th P. M.) *EVENTIDE. 10s.* W. H. MONK, Organist at King's College, London.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e- - ven - tide: The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but Thy

thick - ens: Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.
dim, its glories pass a - way, Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.

(18th P. M.)

LUCAS. 10s, 6s & 11s.

1. Come let us a - new our jour - ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; His a - dor - a - ble
2. Our life is a dream;–our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way; And the fu - gi-tive moment re - fus - es to stay. The ar - row is

will, let us glad - ly ful -fil, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.
flown, the moment is gone: The millennial year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's here, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's here.

(19th P. M.)

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

(19th P. M.)

ALBION. 6s & 4s.

H. CAREY, d. 1743.

Moderato.

God bless our native land, Firm may she ever stand, Through storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of winds and wave, Do Thou our country save, By Thy great might.

184 (20th P. M.)

CALIS. 6s & 7s. (66,77,77.)

I. B. Woodbury, by per. From the "Dulcimer."

Spirited.

Jesus, Thou art our King! To me Thy succour bring; Christ the mighty one art Thou; Help for all on Thee is laid: This the word ; I claim it now; Send me now the promised aid.

(21st P. M.)

LEONI. 6s, 8s & 4s.

Old Hebrew Melody.

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove; An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;
2. The God of Abrah'm praise, At whose supreme com - mand From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand:
3. He by Himself hath sworn, I on His oath de - pend, I shall, on an - gel - wings up - borne, To heaven as - cend:

Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heaven confessed; I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er bless'd.

I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power; And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tower.
I shall be - hold His face I shall His power a - dore, And sing the wonders of His grace For ev - er - more.

(23d P. M.) **CLING TO CHRIST. 6s & 4s. (6,4,6,4; 6,6,4.)** Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the Ho-ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain, Cling to the Faithful One, He will sus - tain.
2. Cling to the Living One, Cling in thy woe, Cling to the Loving One Thro' all be-low; Cling to the Pardoning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.
3. Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to His side; Cling to the Ris- en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall a- rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

Jane Bonar. (23d P. M.) **JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s. (6,4,6,4; 6,6,4.)** R. M. McIntosh.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine; Break ev'ry tender tie, Jesus is mine; Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting place, Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine.
2. Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine; Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine; Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Jesus is mine.
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine; Mine is a dawning bright. Jesus is mine; All that my soul has tried, Left but a dismal void,—Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine.
4. Farewell, mortality, Jesus is mine; Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine; Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine.

(23d P. M.) **BETHANY. 6s & 4s. (6,4,6,4; 6,6.4.)** Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

(25th P. M.) ***BARTLEY. 7s & 8s, or 7s & 4s.*** DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Head, of the church triumphant, We joyful - ly a-dore Thee; Till Thou appear, Thy members here Shall sing like those in glory: We lift our hearts and voices,
2. While in affliction's furnace, And passing thro' the fire, Thy love we praise, Which knows no days, And ever brings us nigher: We clap our hands ex - ulting
3. Thou dost conduct Thy people Thro' torrents of temptation; Nor will we fear, While Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - lation: The world, with sin and Sa - tan,

With blest anti - ci - pation, And cry aloud, And give to God The praise of our sal - vation.
In Thine almighty favour: The love Divine, Which made us Thine, Can keep us Thine for ever.
In vain our march opposes; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all, And sing the song of Moses.

(26th P. M.) ***WEBB. 7s & 6s. (Iambic.)***

GEO. J. WEBB.

Moderato. | 1*st time.* |

1. { The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis - appears, / The sons of earth are waking, To (OMIT..... }
2. { Rich news of grace came o'er us, In many a gentle shower. / And brighter scenes before us Are (OMIT..... }

| 2*d time.*

pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from a - far, Of nations in com - motion, Prepared for Zion's war.
opening ev - ery hour. Each cry to heaven go - ing, A - bundant answer brings, And heavenly winds are blowing, With peace up - on their wings.

(26th P. M.) **MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. Iambic.** DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though every prospect pleases, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav-ish kindness, The

(26th P. M.) **MISSIONARY HYMN. (McIntosh's.) 7s & 6s. Iambic.**

many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joy-ful - ly a-long? When hill and valley,
2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and

ring - ing With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest end - ed, And Him who once was slain, A-gain to earth descend - ed. In righteousness to reign.
fountains Shall ech - o the re - ply. High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round, All hal - le - lu-jahs swell-ing In one e - ter - nal sound!

(27th P. M.) **FREDERICK. 11s.** GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

188 (27th P. M.)

THE TRUE VINE. 11s. (With Chorus.)

Read John XV : 1—9.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. The voice of the Lord sweetly say - eth to me, The True Vine am I, and the branches are ye; A - bide ye in Me, all ye
2. Thou, Father all ho - ly, the Husband - man art; The branch without fruit will Thy hand take a - way; Oh, all - see - ing eye, rath - er
3. Much fruit may we bear, to Thy glo - ry O Lord, As up - ward we grow, thro' the Vine un - to Thee; A - bid - ing in love and o -

Chorus.

branches of Mine, A - bide, oh, a - bide in the True Liv - ing Vine. Love - ly Vine, let Thy life through us flow; No
purge Thou my heart, And let me, dear Lord, from Thee ne'er go a - stray. Love - ly Vine, let Thy life through us flow; No
bey - ing Thy word, Thy branch - es for - ev - er and ev - er to be.

life out of Thee can we know; Oh, Love all Divine, flowing ev - er through the Vine, To Thee will Thy branches ev - er grow!

life out of Thee can we know; Oh, Love all Divine, flowing ev - er through the Vine, To Thee will Thy branches ev - er grow!

(27th P. M.) ***HEAVENLY HOME. 11s. (With Chorus.)*** Rev. Chas. P. Watson. London, C. W.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near? Be hush'd, my dark spirit, the worse that can come But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss And building my hopes in a region like this: I look for a city which hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin un - de - filed.
3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon roses be - low: I ask not a portion, I seek not my rest, Till I find them for ever on Je-sus's breast.

(27th P. M.) ***PORTUGUESE. 11s.*** John Reading, 1760. (Adeste Fideles.)

Chorus.

O heaven, sweet heaven, the saint's blessed home, O heaven, sweet heaven, the saint's blessed home!

O heaven, sweet heaven, the saint's blessed home, O heaven sweet heaven the saint's blessed home!

1. Come hither, ye faithful, Triumph - antly sing! Come, see in the man - ger The

2. True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies; To be born of a Virgin He
3. Hark, hark, to the angels! All singing in heaven, "To God in the high - est All

angels' dread King! To Bethlehem hasten, With joy - ful ac - cord. Oh come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, To worship the Lord!

doth not de - spise. To Bethlehem hasten, With joy - ful ac - cord, Oh come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, To worship the Lord!
glo - ry be given!" To Bethlehem hasten, With joy - ful ac - cord, Oh come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, To worship the Lord!

190 (29th P. M.) ***ALLISON. 12s.*** A. S. Sullivan.

p *cres.*

1. When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
2. O Je - sus! once tossed on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pil-low, Now,–seated in glo-ry–the mar - in - er cherish,
3. And O! when the whirlwind of passion is rag-ing, When hell in our heart his wild warfare is - wa-ging, A-rise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish,

(29th P. M.) ***SCOTLAND. 12s.**** Dr. Clarke.

Dim. *p*

We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish!"
Who cries in his dan-ger–"Save, Lord, or we per-ish!"
Rebuke the de-stroy-er–"Save, Lord, or we per-ish!"

1. The voice of free grace Cries, Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain
2. Ye souls that are wounded, To Jesus repair; He calls you in mercy, And can you for-bear?

{For sin and uncleanness, And every transgression, His blood flows most freely In streams of sal-vation, His blood flows most freely In streams of salvation.
{Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb, Who hath bought us our pardon; We'll praise Him again When we pass over Jordan, We'll praise Him again When we pass over Jordan.

{Though your sins be as scarlet, Still flee to the mountain, That blood can remove them, Which streams from this fountain, That blood can remove them, etc.
{Halle - lu-jah to the Lamb, Who hath bought us our pardon; We'll praise Him again When we pass over Jordan, We'll praise Him again When we pass over Jordan.

* The hymn "Thou art gone to the Grave," is often sung to this tune.

(30th P. M.) **COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.** S. WEBBE. **191**

SOLO, DUETT OR TRIO. 1st time SOP. & ALTO, DUETT. 2d time CHO.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye lan - guish, Come, and at God's al - tar fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Comfort - er,
3. Go, ask the in - fi - del what boon he brings us,— What charm for ach - ing hearts he can re - veal, Sweet as the heav - en - ly

here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor-row that Heaven cannot heal.
in God's name say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that Heaven cannot cure.
prom - ise hope sings us, Earth has no sor - row that God cannot heal.

(30th P. M.) **HOPKINS. 11s & 10s.** L. C. EVERETT.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning; Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Long by the

lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning; Zi - on in triumph be - gins her mild reign.
prophets of Is - rael foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage re - turn - ing; Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vis - ion be - hold.

192 (30th P. M.)

MANCHESTER. 11s & 10s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator Down from the regions of glory descend; Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger, Lo! for His guard the bright angels attend.

2. Bright in the East, lo! the Son of the morning Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid; While His pure light, the horizon adorning, Guides where our infant Redeemer is [laid.

(31st P. M.)

SNYDER. 8s & 4s. (84,84.)

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His last fare - well, A Guide, a Comfort - er bequeathed. With us to dwell, With us to dwell.

Rit.

2. He comes, His graces to impart; A will - ing guest, While He can find one hum - ble heart, Where - in to rest; Where - in to rest.

(33rd P. M.)

POLIGNIAC. 6s. (66,66.)

Emilius Laroche.

1, Come, wand'ring sheep, O come! I'll bind thee to My breast; I'll bear thee to My home, And lay thee down to rest.

2. I saw thee stray for - lorn, And heard thee faint - ly cry, And on the tree of scorn, For thee I deigned to die.

3. I shield thee from a - larms, And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in My arms; Thou, bear Me in Thy breast.

(34th P. M.) **DUSSELDORF.** *7s & 5s. (7,7,7,5.)* JOHANN CRUGER, 1656.

Moderate.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might! Of mankind the life and light! Ma - ker, Teach - er In - fi - nite! Je - sus! hear and save!

2. Who when sin's tre - men- dous doom Gave cre - a - tion to the tomb, Didst not scorn the Vir - gin's womb, Je - sus! hear and save!

(35th P. M.) **STUTTGART.** *8s & 7s. (87,87,77.)* "German Chorale."

1. { Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His raiment stained with blood, / To the cap- tive speaking freedom, Bringing and be - stow- ing good; } Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears?

2. { 'Tis the Saviour, now vic - to - rious, Travelling onward in His might; / 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious, To His peo - ple, is the sight! } Sa - tan conquered, and the grave, Je - sus now is strong to save.

(35th P. M.) **CENTREVILLE.** *8s & 7s. (87,87,77.)* EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above: / Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices: Jesus reigns, the God of love: } See, He sits on yonder throne: See, He sits on yonder throne: ..... Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2. { Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth: / Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth: } When we think of love like Thine, ... Lord, we own it love di - vine.

Hermon 13

194 (35th P. M.) ***HUGHES.* 8s & 7s. (87,87,77.)** R. M. McIntosh.

1. What is life? 'tis but a va - por, Soon it van-ish - es a - way: Life is like a dy - ing ta - per: O, my soul, why wish to stay?
2. See that glo - ry, how re - splendent! Brighter far than fan - cy paints, There, in ma - jes - ty transcen - dent, Je - sus reigns, the King of saints.
3. Joy-ful crowds, His throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of His love: Thro' the heav'ns His praises sounding, Filling all the courts a - bove!

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy?

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy.

(35th P. M.) ***REGENT SQUARE.* 8s & 7s. (87,87,77.)** Henry Smart, London.

[King.
1. Angels from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth! Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born
2. Shepherds in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night; God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant-light: Come and worship, &c.
3. Sages, leave your comtemplations; Brighter visions beam afar: Seek the great Desire of nations, Ye have seen His natal star: Come and worship, &c.

1. Friend after friend de - parts; Who has not lost a friend? There is no un - ion here of hearts, That finds not here an end.

2. Beyond the flight of time, Beyond the reign of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath,—

Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing none were blest.

Nor life's af - fections, transient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward and ex - pire.

(38th P. M.) *IRBY. 8s & 6s. (86,86,88.)* Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. How calm and beautiful the morn That gilds the sacred tomb,

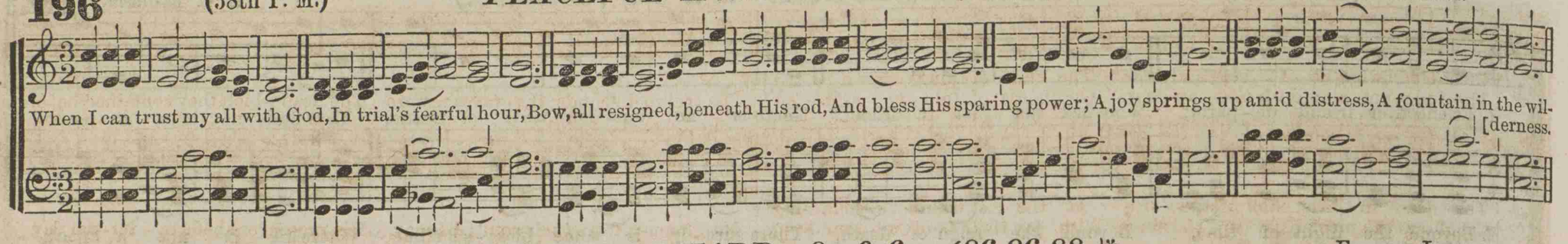
2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - parted Lord;

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot-steps bend,

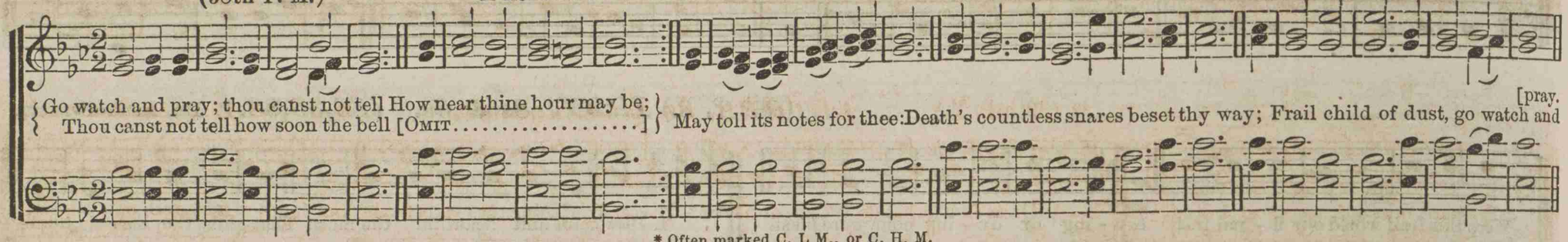
Where once the Cru - cified was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain: The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.

"Be - hold the place, He is not here;" The tomb is all unbarred: The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain,
The Saviour will Him-self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a - gain,

196 (38th P. M.) ***PEACEFUL HOME. 8s & 6s. (86,86,88.)*** DR. A. B. EVERETT.



(38th P. M.) ***PRINCE EDWARD. 8s & 6s. (86,86,88.)**** EMILIUS LAROCHE.



* Often marked C. L M., or C. H. M.

(38th P. M.) ***VAHVAH. 8s & 6s. (86,86,88.)**** EMILIUS LAROCHE.



* Often marked C. L M., or C. H. M.

Gently. (38th P. M.) ***HINMAN. 8s & 6s. (86,86,88.)**** I. B. WOODBURY, by per. From the "Dulcimer."



* Or (86,86,88,86) by using a "D. C."

1. { Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! / The Judge of man doth now ap-pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! } The trumpet sounds; the graves restore The dead which they contained before:

2. { The dead in Christ shall first a - rise At the last trumpet's sound-ing, / Caught up to meet Him in the skies, With joy their Lord sur - round-ing, } No gloom-y fears their soul's dis-may, His presence sheds e - ter- nal day

(39th P. M.) *LUTHER. 8s & 7s. Iambic.* E. P. Ambrose.

Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.
On those prepared to meet Him.

1. Great God! what do I see and hear?–The end of things cre - a - ted! The Judge of man doth now appear,
2. The dead in Christ shall first a-rise, At the last trumpet's sounding, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! The trum-pet sounds–the graves restore The dead which they contained before!– Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.
With joy their Lord sur-round-ing: No gloom-y fears their souls dis-may, His presence sheds e - ter - nal day, On those prepared to meet Him.

WEEP NOT FOR ME. 8s & 4s. Peculiar.

R. M. Wilson.

Grave.

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me, weep not for me. When the lan-guid eye is straining, Weep not for me, weep not for me.

Solo. Tutti. Solo. Tutti.

2. When the pangs of death as-sail me, Weep not for me, weep not for me. Christ is mine, He cannot fail me; Weep not for me, weep not for me.

Solo. Tutti.

When the fee-ble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift de-creasing, 'Tis the fet-ter'd soul's re-leas-ing, Weep not for me, weep not for me.

Solo. Tutti.

Yes, though earth and hell en-deavour From His love my soul to sev-er, Je-sus is my strength for ev-er, Weep not for me, weep not for me.

ELMIRA. 8s & 4s.

L. C. Everett.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-iour! look on me, For I am wea-ry and op-prest; I come to cast my-self on Thee; Thou art my Rest.
2. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toilsome journey's length; Thine aid om-nip-o-tent I seek: Thou art my Strength.
3. I am be-wilder'd on my way, Dark and tem-pest-uous is the night; O send Thou forth some cheering ray; Thou art my Light.
4. When Sa-tan flings his fier-y darts, I look to Thee; my ter-rors cease; Thy Cross a hid-ing-place im-parts: Thou art my Peace.

SILENT TO THEE. Solo and Chorus.

Mezzo Soprano or Alto Solo.

1. As down in the sun - less re - treats of the o - cean, Sweet flow - ers are spring - ing, no mor - tal can see, So,
2. As still to the star of its wor - ship, though cloud - ed, The nee - dle points faith - ful - ly o'er the dark sea, So,

Piano or Organ.

deep in my heart, the still prayer of de - vo - tion, Un - heard by the world, ris - es si - lent to Thee.
dark though I roam through this win - t'ry world shroud-ed, The hope of my spir - it turns trem - bling to Thee.

Chorus. *p* *m* *m* *p* *m* *Rit.* *pp*

1. Si - lent to Thee, My God to Thee, Pure, warm, si - lent to Thee, Pure, warm, si - lent to Thee.
2. Trem-bling to Thee, My God to Thee, True, fond, trem - bling to Thee, True, fond, trem - bling to Thee.

200 Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN. ***BREVITY OF LIFE.*** Music by C. C. PRATT.

Andante con espressione.

1. Like shadows that fly, Like clouds in the sky, Or vapors that vanish a - way; Our lives dis - appear, We cease to be here, Death comes and his call we o - bey.
2. How swiftly we flee, Like ships on the sea, Or eagles that haste to the prey; As stars shoot at night, Our years take their flight, We fall as the leaves that de - cay.
3. As grass of the field, Our bodies may yield, To death who cuts down young and old; A moment is all, Our life we can call, 'Tis spent as a tale that is told.
4. Then teach us, O Lord, By means of Thy word, To number the days to us given, Pre - pare us by grace, To gaze on Thy face, And share in the glories of heaven.

SARUM. (888,4.) JOHN HULLAH. From HULLAH'S Tune book.

Calmly.

1. My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say,— Thy will be done!
2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught,—Thy will be done!

ST. PHILIP. W. H. MONK, Organist at King's College, London.

1. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day Ere it pass for aye a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Je - su, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears Ere that aw - ful doom ap - pears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

ELSIE. 11s & 8s.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My
2. Where dost Thou at noontide re - sort with Thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or
3. O why should I wan - der an a - lien from Thee, And cry in the des - ert for bread? My foes will re - joice when my sorrows they see, And

Hope, my Salvation, my All.
alone in the wilderness rove.
smile at the tears I have shed.

PLUMMER. P. M.

1. God reveals His pres - ence; Let us now a - dore Him, And with awe appear before Him: God is in His tem - ple,
2. God reveals His pres - ence; Hear the harps resound - ing, See the crowds the throne surrounding: Holy, holy, ho - ly,
3. O Thou Fount of bless-ing, Pu-ri - fy my spir - - it, Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - it: Like the ho-ly an - gels

All within keep si - - lence, Prostrate lie with deepest reverence. Him a - lone God we own, Him our God and Saviour: Praise His name forev - er.
Hear the hymn as-cend - - ing, Angels, saints, their voices blend-ing. Bow thine ear To us here; Hearken, O Lord Je - sus, To our meaner prais - es.
Who behold Thy glo - - ry, May I cease-less - ly a - dore Thee: Let Thy will, Ev-er still, Rule Thy church terrestrial, As the hosts ce - les - tial.

202 Words by H. Q. Wilson. ***ROCK HIGHER THAN I. (Lion of Judah.)*** Music by Henry Tucker.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care ; From the end of the earth un - to Thee will I

Duet or Semi-Chorus.

2. When Sa - tan the tempter comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did
3. And when I have finished my pil - grimage here, Com - plete in Christ's righteousness I shall ap-pear, In the swellings of Jordan, all dangers de -

Inst.

REFRAIN

cry,—Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I! Higher than I, Higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

die,—Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I. Higher than I, Higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
fy, And look to the Rock that is high - er than I. Higher than I, &c.

BILLOW. 8s, 7s & 4s. Peculiar. Dr. A. B. Everett. 1853.

1. Star of peace, to wand'rers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear - y, Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for Thee; Bless the sai - lor's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking, All his toil, he flies to Thee; Save him on the bil - lows rocking, Far, far at sea.
4. Star di - vine, O safe - ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to Thee; Sore temp - ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

Semi-Chorus.

1, To the heav - en - ly Je - ru - salem They are singing, as they go; And the King thereof shall welcome them, For He loves, He loves them so.

2. In the heav - en - ly Je - ru - salem, No more night their souls shall know; There the Lord's dear face shall shine on them, For He loves, He loves them so.

Chorus.

Through the o - pen, thro' the o - pen, pearly portals Sounds the wondrous, sounds the wondrous new-made song; And the anthems, and the anthems of im - mor - tals Greet the hap - py greet the hap - py pil - grim throng.
There the crystal, there the crystal riv - er floweth, There the healing, there the healing leaves are found; There no sorrow, there no sorrow ev - er go - eth, And e - ter - nal and e - ter - nal joys a - bound.

Through the o - - - - - pen, pearly portals, Sounds the wond - - - - rous new-made song; And the an - - - - thems of im - mor - tals Greet the hap - - - - - - - py pil - grim throng.
There the crys - - - - - tal riv - er floweth, There the heal - - - - ing leaves are found; There no sor - - - - - row ev - er go - eth, And e - ter - - - - - - - nal joys a - bound.

Through the o - pen, thro' the o - pen, pearly portals Sounds the wondrous, sounds the wondrous new-made song; And the anthems, and the anthems of im - mor - tals Greet the hap - py greet the hap - py, pil - grim throng.
There the crystal, there the crystal riv - er floweth, There the healing, there the healing leaves are found; There no sorrow, there no sorrow ev - er o - eth, And e - ter - nal and e - ter - nal joys a - bound.

3 In the heavenly Jerusalem,
All their tears shall cease to flow;
No more sorrow, pain nor death for them,
For He loves, He loves them so.
They shall serve Him there, forever,
Sweetly singing songs of love;
They shall wander from Him never
In that blissful world above.

4 To that heavenly Jerusalem,
With the pilgrims will you go?
Singing songs of endless praise with them,
For He loves, He loves them so.
By the crystal flowing river,
Where the joyous anthems swell,
Will you enter and forever
In the heavenly city dwell.

204

HE LEADETH ME.

MRS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, blessed thought, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught! What - e'er I do, where'er I be, Still
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where E-den's bowers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea— Still
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re - pine:— Con - tent what - ev - er lot I see, Since
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp.

'tis God's hand that leadeth me! He leadeth me, leadeth me; He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me.
'tis His hand that leadeth me!
'tis my God that leadeth me!
God thro' Jordan leadeth me!

He leadeth me; leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me.

ELAM. (5,5,9.)

R. M. MCINTOSH.

Moderato.

1. Midst sor - row and care, There's one that is near, And ev - er de - lights to re - lieve us.
2. 'Tis Je - sus our Friend, On whom we de - pend, For life and for all its rich bless - ings.

3 When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with sweet consolation.

4 His bounties are free,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes the cry of the needy.

5 Blest mansions above,
Prepared by His love,
Are waiting at last to receive us.

6 My Saviour and Friend,
On whom we depend,
My heart shall for ever adore Thee.

HICKS. 7s, 8 & 7s.

German.

1. Ten - der Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weeping;
   Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep-ing,
   And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no long-er leave it;
   To the sun - ny heavenly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it;
   Clothed in robes of spot - less white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.

BEMERTON. 6,5,6,5.

Dr. Fred. Filitz.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.

2. Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains, Break down ev - ery i - dol Which our soul de - tains.

ST. AELRED. 8,8,8,3.

cres *dim.*

1. Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anx-ious ser-vants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, Calm and still.

2. "Save, Lord, we per - ish," was their cry, "O save us in our ag - o - ny!" Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."

206 HAIL TO THEE, PROPHET, PRIEST, KING.

T. C. Summers, D. D. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Hail to Thee, Prophet! hail, hail Thou great Preacher! Hail, Thou a - noint - ed Re - veal - er of truth! Grace has been
2. Hail to Thee, Priest! by Thy Fa - ther a - nointed, Sin - ners to save by Thy death on the cross! From the be -
3. Hail to Thee, King! ev - er - last - ing, all - glorious, Throned by Thy Fa - ther in state and re - nown! Reign Thou in

poured on Thy lips, O Thou Teach - er— Teach - er of age and of youth! Hail to Thee, hail to Thee, hail to Thee,
- gin - ning Thou, Christ, wast ap - point - ed Thus to re - cov - er our loss. Hail to Thee, hail to Thee, hail to Thee,
ma - jes - ty, o'er all vic - to - rious— Hon - ors we weave for Thy crown!

f Chorus. *cres.*

Prophet, Priest, King! Loudly Thy praises we sing: High our ho - sannas shall ring, Hail to Thee, hail to Thee, hail to Thee, Prophet, Priest, King.
Prophet, Priest, King! Loudly Thy praises we sing: High our ho - sannas shall ring, Hail to Thee, hail to Thee, hail to Thee, Prophet, Priest, King.

p. *m.* *f* *cres.* *dim.*

LOVE, REST, AND HOME.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
2. Beyond the rising and the setting, I shall be soon; Beyond the calming and the fretting, Beyond remembering and forgetting, I shall be soon.
3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fe-ver beating, I shall be soon.
4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Beyond the rock waste and the river, Beyond the ev-er and the never, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet home, sweet home! O how sweet 'twill be to greet, The dear ones at home, Round the Saviour's throne to meet at home, sweet home.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet home, sweet home! O how sweet 'twill be to greet, The dear ones at home, Round the Saviour's throne to meet at home, sweet home.

WE'LL PRAISE THE LORD.

Arr. from the German.

1. We'll praise the Lord, And join our happy voices, In sweet ac-cord, While ev-ery heart re-joic-es, We'll praise the Lord, We'll praise the Lord.
2. We'll sing His praise, Who gave to us a Saviour, Our anthems raise, For such a wondrous favor, We'll sing His praise, We'll sing His praise.

CHASE. P. M.

J. CRUGER.

1. Lord God, we worship Thee! In loud and happy cho - rus; We praise Thy love and power, Whose goodness reigneth o'er us. To heaven our song shall soar,

2. Lord God, we worship Thee! For Thou our land de - fend - est; Thou pourest down Thy grace, And strife and war Thou end - est. Since golden peace, O Lord,

REST FROM LABOR.

W. H. PETTIBONE.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. From "the Tonart," by per. of F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co.

For - ev - er shall it be Resounding o'er and o'er, Lord God, we worship Thee!

Thou grantest us to see, Our land, with one accord, Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

1. He has finished his work, and his journey is o - ver, The

2. He has finished his work, and his spir - it re - joicing, The
2. He has finished his work; shall we mourn our be - lov'd one? Or

war is accomplished, the triumph be - gun; He laid down his armor be - side the cold riv - er, And brilliant with stars is the crown he has won.

voice of the King, in His beauty has heard. In accents of music "Well done, faithful servant," Now en - ter thou in - to the joy of thy Lord.
weep, that his face we no longer be - hold? Oh! sweet is our hope, in this moment of anguish, We'll meet him a - gain in the Cit - y of Gold.

ST. ANDREW.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Precentor of Durham Cathedral.

p *cres.* *dim.* *f*

1. Christian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps around? Christian! up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the Ho - ly Cross.

2. Christian! dost thou feel them, How they work within, Striving, tempting, lur - ing, Goading in - to sin? Christian! nev-er tremble; Nev-er be down- cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.

BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Knock! knock! hear Him knock! Lo, at the door He stands; Dark falls, in gloomy shades within, The night of weak-ness, doubt, and sin; I hear His gen - tle hands, Knock! knock! hear Him knock!

2. Hark! hark! to Him hark! Thro' shadows dark and dim: "If an - y man my voice will hear, And ope the door as I draw near, I will come in to him." Hark! hark! to Him, hark!

3. Come! come! stranger come!
I hear that loving cry;
If thou come in and sup with me,
And kindly bid me sup with thee,
The gloomy shades shall fly;
Come! come! stranger come!

4. Joy! joy! wondrous joy!
My doors I open wide,
And seated at my lowly board,
I see His face, and know my Lord,
And cry, His feet beside,
Joy! joy! wondrous joy!

WATCHMAN, TELL US.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

SOLO.—TREBLE. TENOR.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are,— Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beaming star.
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as - cends,— Traveller! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends!
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn,— Traveller! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.

TREBLE. TENOR.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Traveller! yes, it brings the day— Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home; Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

CHORUS, for 1st and 2d stanzas. CHORUS for 3d stanza.

1. Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. 3. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
2. Traveller! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

1. Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. 3, Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
2. Traveller! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

FARMVILLE. 8s & 6s.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee —O Lamb of God, I come ! O Lamb of God, I come !

2. Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come ! O Lamb of God, I come !

EMMAUS.

WILLIAM BINNS, England.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O ! Lamb of God, I come.

1. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O ! Lamb of God, I come.

CHILD'S LITANY.

Words by T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

HENRY T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc. Organist at Victoria Church, Leicester, England.

1. Fa - ther di - vine, we cry to Thee! Save us from sin and mis - e - ry, Save us, O God—Thy mercy's free— Save us, O Fa - ther!
2. Son of the Fa - ther, hear our call! Thy mer - its, Lord, extend to all Who live up - on this earthly ball— Save us, O Je - sus!
3. Spir - it of God, Thy mighty grace, Which saves from sin and wretchedness, Is free for all our fall - en race— Save us, O Spir - it!
4. Fa - ther, and Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Adored by all the heavenly host, One God—of whom we make our boast— Save us for ev - er!

"COME TO ME."—*Chant.*

R. M. McIntosh.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and.. | storm - y | sea; || Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my ..... | soul may | flee: || Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd, How sweet the bidding,

3. When nature shudders, loath to part From all I love, en - | joy and | see, || When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice utters,
4. Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting | place for | thee; || Heavenward direct thy weeping eye; I am thy portion:.....
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and.. | ag - o - | - ny, || Support me, cheer me, from above, And gently whisper,....

(117th P. M.) *ST. AUSTIN. 10s.*

S. Gee. R. A. M., England.

"Come to me, Come to me."
"Come to me, Come to me."
"Come to me, Come to me."

1. As pants the wearied hart for ..... | cool - ing springs, || That sinks exhausted in the.. | summer's chase,
2. Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever ..... | in my sight,.. || My heart shallgladden thro'the | te - dious day;
3. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je - | ho - vah's aid?... || Thy God the God of mercy .. | still shall prove;

So pants my soul for Thee, great.... | King of kings, || So thirsts to | reach Thy sa - cred | dwell - ing place. ||

And 'midst the dark and gloomy .... | shades of night, || To Thee, my | God, I'll tune the | grate - ful lay.
Within His courts Thy thanks shall | yet be paid: || Un - question'd | be His faith - ful - | ness and love. || A - men.

1. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis told by the dew-drops that.... sparkle at dawn, And when the noon cometh, are... gone, ev - er gone.
2. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis written on flowers that..... bloom at our side, Then wither away in their ..... glo - ry and pride.
3. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis sighed by the leaves when the chill autumn breeze, Tears rudely their hold from the wind shak-en trees.
4. Pass - ing a - way! 'The dear ones we loved in our.... youth's happy morn, Now gone to that land whence none may re - turn.

Rall e dim.

They all in their diamond-like,..... glit - ter- ing say, Man's life like our ra-diance is passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way.
Though speechless, they warn us each hour of the day, Man's life like our bloom is fast passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way.

They whisper alike to the..... youthful and gay, Man's life like the autumn leaf passeth a - way, A - way, a - way, passeth a - way.
Speak gently unto us, O !..... list while ye may, Man's short life is passing, is passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way.

TROYTE'S CHANT.

A. H. D. TROYTE.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done."
2. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest; "Thy will be done."
3. Renew my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take a - way All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done." A-MEN.

GATHERING HOME.—Chant.

ALBERT LOWE, Organist and Choirmaster at St. Stephen's, South Kensington.

p *p* *cres.*

1. They are gath'ring homeward from | ev - ery | land, | One | by | one ; || As their weary feet touch the | shining | strand, | One | by | one, || Their brows are enclosed in a | gold - en | crown, |

2. Before they rest, they pass ..... | thro' the | strife, | One | by | one ; || Thro' the waters of death they | en- ter | life, | One | by | one, || To some are the floods of the | riv - er | still,
3. We too shall come to the ..... | riv - er | side, | One | by | one ; || We are nearer its waters each | e - ven | tide, | One | by | one. || We can hear the noise and | dash of the | stream,

dim. *pp*

Their travel-stained garments are | all laid | down, | And clothed in white raiment, they | rest in the | mead, | Where the Lamb doth love His | cho - sen to | lead, | One | by | one

As they ford on their way to ..the | heavenly | hill ; | To others the waves .....run | fiercely and | wild, | Yet they reach the home of the | un - de - | filed, | One | by | one.
Now and again, through.....our | life's deep | dream; | Sometimes the floods all .....the | banks over- | flow, | Sometimes in ripples ....and | small waves | go, | One | by | one.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Chant.

TALLIS.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed... | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, on..... | earth, ·· as it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our ..... | dai - ly | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive..... | those who | trespass a - | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever · and | ever. A - | MEN.

"IT IS WELL."—*Chant.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." || God's ways are always right, And love is... o'er them all, || Tho' far a-bove our sight.
2. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." || Tho' deep and sore the smart, He wounds who knows to bind, || And heal the broken heart.

"It is well."

3. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." || Tho' sorrow clouds our way, 'Twill make the joy more dear, || That ush-ers in the day.
4. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." || The path that Jesus trod, Tho' rough and dark it be, || Leads home to heav'n and God.

CODA.

"It is well,"..... "It is well."

"It is well," "It is well."

ALL'S WELL.—*Chant.*

Words by Miss H. MCEWEN KIMBALL.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. The day is ended! Ere I..... | sink to | sleep, || My weary spirit..... |
2. With loving kindness curtain.... | Thou my | bed, || And cool in rest my... |
3. At peace with all the world, dear.. | Lord, and | Thee, || No fears my soul's un- |

seeks re- | pose in | Thine; || Father! forgive my trespasses..... | and | keep || This | lit - tle | life of | mine.

burn - ing | pil - grim | feet; || Thy pardon be the pillow..... | for my | head— || So | shall my | sleep be | sweet.
wa - vering | faith can | shake; || All's well! which ever side the..... | grave, for | me, || The | morn - ing | light may | break!

"PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE."

SIR JOHN GOSS.

Praise wait - eth for Thee, O God, in Si - on: and un - to Thee shall the vow, shall the vow be per - form - ed. Thou

Praise wait - eth for Thee, O God, in Si - on: and un - to Thee shall the vow, shall the vow be per - form - ed. Thou

crown - est the year with Thy good - ness, Thou crown - est the year with Thy good-ness; and thy paths drop fat - ness, thy paths drop

crown - est the year with Thy good - ness, Thou crown - est the year with Thy good-ness; and thy paths drop fat - ness, thy paths drop

fat - ness. The pas - tures are cloth - ed with flocks; the val - leys al - so are cov - ered o - ver with corn; they

fat - ness. The pas - tures are cloth - ed with flocks; the val - leys al - so are cov - ered o - ver with corn; they

Quicker.

shout for joy..... they al - so sing; they shout for joy, they al - so sing. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and

shout for joy, they al - so sing, they al - so sing; they shout for joy, they al - so sing. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and

make the voice of His praise to be heard: bless our God, bless our God, and make the voice of His praise to be heard.

make the voice of His praise to be heard: bless our God, bless our God, and make the voice of His praise to be heard.

SANCTUS. (No. 1.)

DR. CAMIDGE, by per.

p *mf* *f*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

SANCTUS. (No. 2.)

p *f* *ff* *p*

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Hosts, on high a - dored, Who shall now Thy Glo - ry sing, O Al - mighty King, Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

p *f* *p* *ff* *p*

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Hosts, on high a - dored, Who shall now Thy Glo - ry sing, O Al - mighty King, Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

mf *f* *p* *f* *p*

Ho - ly! Lord! Angels touch the trembling chord, And their sweetest notes employ, Fill'd with ho - ly joy. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord,

mf *f* *p* *f* *p*

Ho - ly! Lord! Angels touch the trembling chord, And their sweetest notes employ, Fill'd with ho - ly joy. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord,

f *p* *pp*

Saints repeat the sol - emn word. Fill'd with awe, a-wake the strains, That ech - o o'er th' e - the - real plains. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

f *p* *pp*

Saints repeat the sol - emn word. Fill'd with awe, a-wake the strains, That ech - o o'er th' e - the - real plains. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

Sir JOHN GOSS, Composer to the Chapel Royal, London.

Quick.

Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna ; For un - to us is born, this day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna ; For un - to us is born, this

Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna ; For un - to us is born, this day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna ; For un - to us is born, this

p *ff*

day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Glo - ry to God in the high - est, And on earth peace, good will toward men; Glory to God in the high-

day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Glo - ry to God in the high - est, And on earth peace, good will toward men; Glory to God in the high-

p *f* *ff*

est, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Ho-sanna, Ho-sanna, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the highest; Ho - san - na in the high - est.

est, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Ho-sanna, Ho-sanna, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the highest; Ho - san - na in the high - est.

"GREAT IS THE LORD."—*Anthem.*

Andante.

Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, And greatly to be praised, to be prais-ed.

Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, And greatly to be praised, to be prais-ed.

Allegro.

Great is the Lord, ...

In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of His holiness;

Great is the Lord, ...

In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of His ho-li-ness; In the mountain of His ho - li - ness, In the ci-ty of our God,

Great is the Lord..... In the mountain of His ho - li - ness, Great is the Lord, ...

In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of His ho-li-ness;

In the ci-ty of our God,

In the mountain of His ho-li - ness, Great is the Lord, ... Let Mount Zi-on re - joice, Let Mount

..... In the ci-ty of our God, in the mountain of His ho-li - ness; Let Mount Zi - on re - joice, Let Mount

In the mountain of His ho-li - ness, Great is the Lord, ...

Andante.

Zi - on re - joice, Let the daughters of Ju-dah be glad, Let the daughters of Judah be glad, For this God is our God for - ev - er - more. A - MEN.

Zi - on re - joice, Let the daughters of Ju-dah be glad, Let the daughters of Judah be glad, For this God is our God for - ev - er - more. A - MEN.

SANCTUS. (No. 3.)

R. M. McINTOSH.

Largo. *p* *m* *p* *cres.* *f* *ff*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly; Lord God Al - mighty, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee,

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - mighty, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee,

p *cres.* *f* *ff* *p* *pp* *dim.*

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High, O Lord Most High.

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High, O Lord Most High.

"THEN THOU WILT SHOW ME THE WAY."—*Anthem.* DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

f *cres.*

Then Thou wilt show me the way of sal - va - tion; For in Thy

m *f* *cres.*

Then Thou wilt show me the way of sal - va - tion, Then Thou wilt show me the way of sal - va - tion; For in Thy

cres. *m*

presence, for in Thy presence is full - ness of joy, is full - ness of joy, for in Thy presence is full - ness of

cres. *m*

presence, for in Thy presence is full - ness of joy, is full - ness of joy, for in Thy presence is full - ness of

f

joy, is full - ness of joy.

f *p* SOLI. *cres.*

joy, for in Thy pres - ence is full - ness of joy. At Thy right hand are pleas - ures, are pleas - ures ev - - - er -

m

ev - er - more; At Thy right hand are pleasures ev - er - more; are pleasures

m CHORUS.

- more, are pleasures, are pleasures, At Thy right hand are pleasures, ev - er - more, are pleasures, are pleasures, are

ev - er - more; At Thy right hand are pleasures ev - er - more; are pleasures

ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more,
ev - - er - more;

SOLI. *dim.*

pleasures, are pleasures ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more; At Thy right hand are pleasures, are

ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more,

cres. *f*

ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more, ev - er - more, ev - er - more.

dim. *p* CHORUS. *cres.* *f*

pleasures ev - er - more, ev - er - more, are pleasures ev - er - more, ev - er - more, ev - er - more.

"CHRIST IS RISEN."

Sir JOHN GOSS, Composer to the Chapel Royal, London.

Christ is ris-en, is ris-en from the dead; Christ is ris-en, is ris-en from the dead, and be-come, be-come the first-fruits of

Christ is ris-en, is ris-en from the dead; Christ is ris-en, is ris-en from the dead,..... and be-come the first-fruits of

them that slept, Blessing, and honour, and glo-ry, and power, be un-to Him that sitteth up-on the throne, and un-to the Lamb.

them that slept. Blessing, and honour, and glo-ry, and power, be un-to Him that sitteth up-on the throne, and un-to the Lamb.

Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en, and be-come the first-fruits of them that slept. Blessing, and hon-our, and glo-ry, and

Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en, and be-come the first-fruits of them that slept. Blessing, and hon-our, and glo-ry, and

power, be un - to Him that sit - teth up - on the throne, and un - to the Lamb, for ev - er and ev - - - er, A - MEN.

power, be un - to Him that sit - teth up - on the throne, and un - to the Lamb, for ev - er and ev - - - er. A - MEN.

* The small treble notes may be used by those who cannot reach G.

THE SACRIFICES OF GOD ARE A BROKEN SPIRIT.—*Sentence.*

J. D. HUNT.

The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it, The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it, A

The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it, The sac - ri - fi - ces of God are a bro - ken spir - it, A

bro - ken and a con - trite heart, O God, Thou wilt not de - spise, O God, Thou wilt not de - spise, A - - MEN.

bro - ken and a con - trite heart, O God, Thou wilt not de - spise, O God, Thou wilt not de - spise, A - - MEN.

HERMON, 15.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

SUITABLE FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

Adagio. SOPRANO SOLO. TENOR. *Moderato*

"Thy will be done." "Thy will be done," In devious way, the hurrying streams of life may run, Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,

INST. In devious way, the hurrying streams of life may run, Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy

"Thy will be done." A glad'ning and a prosperous sun, This

will be done;" "Thy will be done." If o'er us shines a glad - - 'ning and a prosper - ous sun; This

"Thy will be done." A glad-'ning and a prosperous sun,

INST.

prayer will make it more di - vine, "Thy will be done." "Thy will be done." Though shrouded o'er our paths with gloom.

INST

prayer will make it more di - vine, "Thy will be done." "Thy will be done." Though shrouded o'er our

BASE SOLO.

TENOR.

One com - fort, one com-fort, One, is ours, to breathe while we a - dore;—"Thy will be done," "Thy will be done."

TREBLE.

path with gloom. One com - fort, one com-fort, One, is ours, to breathe while we a - dore;—"Thy will be done," "Thy will be done."

BASE.

"LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH."—Sentence.

MAY BE SUNG AS AN OPENING PIECE.

JAS. D. HUNT.

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tion of my heart, be al - ways ac - cept - a - ble in Thy sight, be

m *p* *staccato.* *m*

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tion of my heart, be al - ways ac - cept - a - ble in Thy sight, be

f *crescendo*

al - ways ac - cept - a - ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er, my strength and my Re - deem - er, A - MEN.

al - ways ac - cept - a - ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er, my strength and my Re - deem - er, A - MEN.

"MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR."

SIR JOHN GOSS.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord; in the morn - ing will I di - rect my prayer un - to

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord; in the morn - ing will I di - rect my prayer un - to

Thee, and will look up, I will come in - to Thy house, in the mul - ti - tude of Thy mer - cy; and in Thy

Thee, and will look up, I will come in - to Thy house, in the mul - ti - tude of Thy mer - cy; and in Thy

fear, In Thy fear will I wor - ship toward Thy ho - ly tem - ple, will I wor - ship toward Thy ho - ly tem - ple.

fear, In Thy fear will I wor - ship toward Thy ho - ly tem - ple, will I wor - ship toward Thy ho - ly tem - ple.

O come let us wor-ship, come let us wor-ship, come let us wor-ship, and bow down and kneel be-fore the Lord, the

O come let us wor-ship, come let us wor-ship, come let us wor-ship, and bow down and kneel be-fore the Lord, the

Lord, our Mak-er. For He is the Lord, the Lord, our God, And we are His peo-ple, and the sheep of His hand, We are His God,.....

Lord, our Mak-er, For He is the Lord, the Lord, our God, And we are His peo-ple, and the sheep of His hand, We are His God,.....

Rit.

peo-ple, and the sheep of His hand, We are His peo-ple, we are His people, we are His people, and the sheep of His hand. A-MEN.

peo-ple, and the sheep of His hand, We are His peo-ple, we are His people, we are His people, and the sheep of His hand. A-MEN.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

FOR OPENING EVENING SERVICE.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

TENOR OR SOPRANO SOLO.

VOICE.—*Dolce Legato.*

Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on our sight a - way, fades up -

Inst.

on..... our sight..... a - way;

DUETT.

Free from care, from la - bor,

Free from care, from la - bor,

CHORUS.

free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee. Soon for us the light of day, Shall for - ev - er

free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee, Soon for us the light of day, Shall for - ev - er

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY. Concluded.

pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee, Take us, Lord,... to dwell... with Thee.

pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee, Take us, Lord,... to dwell... with Thee.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.—Quartette or Chorus.

FOR OPENING OR CLOSING SERVICE.

R. M. McIntosh.

Not too fast.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He shall sus - tain thee, and He shall sus - tain thee, shall sus - tain thee,

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He shall sus - tain thee, and He..... shall sus - tain thee,

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He shall sus - tain thee, and He.... shall sus - tain... thee.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He shall sus - tain thee, and He.... shall sus - tain... thee.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

R. M. WILSON.

Slowly.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - - ry be..... to the Son, Glo - ry,

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - - ry be..... to the Son, Glo - ry,

Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to the Ho - - - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

Glo - ry, Glo - ry be..... to the Ho - - - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world with - out end, world with - out end, A - MEN, A - MEN.

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world with - out end, world with - out end, A - MEN, A - MEN.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

R. M. McIntosh **233**

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love! Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light!
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels, clothed in white; Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir;
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev-ery brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquerors show; Beau-ti-ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there;
4. Beau-ti-ful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels sing; Beau-ti-ful rest—all wanderings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace;

CHORUS.

He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, Opens those pearl-y gates to me, O-pens those pearly gates to me. Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-
There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet. Zi-on, Zi-on, &c.

Thither I press with ea-ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet, There shall my rest be long and sweet. Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-
There shall my eyes the Saviour see, Haste to his heavenly home with me, Haste to his heavenly home with me. Zi-on, Zi-on, &c.

-on! Beauti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beauti-ful cit-y that I love! Beauti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beauti-ful tem-ple— God its light!

-on! Beauti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beauti-ful cit-y that I love! Beauti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beauti-ful tem-ple— God its light!

I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

R. M. McIntosh.

Bless - ed are the dead. Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord.

I heard a voice from heaven say - ing un - to me: Write! Bless - ed are the dead, Write! Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spir - it, that they may

Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spir - it, that they may

rest, may rest from their la - bors and their works, their works do fol - low them, and their works do fol - low them.

rest, may rest from their la - bors and their works, their works do fol - low them, and their works do fol - low them.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

With studied expression.

QUARTETTE.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land: I am weak but Thou art might-y:

SOLO.

2. O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal fountain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side: Death of death, and hell's des - truc - tion,

Hold me with Thy power - ful hand, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:

SOLO.

Lead me all my jour - ney through, Lead me all my jour - ney through, Lead me all my jour - ney through:
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Land me safe on Ca - naan's side, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:

Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want..... no more.

SOLO.

Strong De - liv - erer! Strong De - liv - erer! Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I.... will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give..... to Thee.

SOLO.

HYMN ANTHEM. "Plunged in a Gulf of dark Despair."

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretched sin - ners lay, With-out one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretched sin - ners lay, With-out one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

Allegretto.

With pity-ing eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help-less grief; He saw, and O, a - maz-ing love,

INST.

With pity-ing eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help-less grief; He saw, and O, a - maz-ing love,

He saw, and O, a - maz-ing love,

Allegro. *m* *ff* *p* *Larghetto.*

He flew to our re - lief; Down from the shin-ing seat a - bove, With joy-ful haste he fled, En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh,

He flew to our re - lief; Down from the shin-ing seat a - bove, With joy-ful haste he fled, En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh,

The first twenty-one measures of this piece have been arranged from an Italian melody, the balance is original.

Allegro. f

And dwelt a - mong the dead. O, for this love, let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break, Their last - ing si - lence break,

And dwelt a - mong the dead. O, for this love, let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break, Their last - ing si - lence break,

Allegro.

And all har - mo - nious hu - man tongues The Sav - iour's prais - es speak. An - gels, as - sist our might - y joys;

And all har - mo - nious hu - man tongues The Sav - iour's prais - es speak. An - gels, as - sist our might - y joys;

Octaves.

m cres. *f* *ff* *m*

Strike all your harps of gold, Strike all your harps of gold, But when you raise your high-est notes, His love can ne'er be told.

Strike all your harps of gold, Strike all your harps of gold, But when you raise your high-est notes, His love can ne'er be told.

O COME, LET US WORSHIP.

SAMUEL CHAPPLE.

Allegro. CHORUS.

O come let us worship, O come let us worship and fall down and kneel be - fore the Lord, the Lord our mak - er, O come let us

DUETT.—*Treble.*

O come let us worship, O come let us worship and fall down and kneel be - fore the Lord, the Lord our mak - er. O come let us

Inst.

worship, O come let us worship and fall down and kneel be - fore the Lord, the Lord our mak - er, For He is the Lord, the Lord our

DUETT.

worship, O come let us worship and fall down and kneel be - fore the Lord, the Lord our mak - er. For He is the Lord, the Lord our

Inst.

f CHORUS.

God, And we are the people, we are the people, we are the people of His pasture, And the sheep of His hand. For He is the

f

God, And we are the people, we are the people, we are the people of His pasture, And the sheep of His hand. For He is the

O COME, LET US WORSHIP. Concluded.

Tutti. *Adagio.*

Lord, the Lord our God, And we are the people, we are the people, we are the people of His pasture, And the sheep of His hand.

Solo. Solo.

Lord, the Lord our God, we are the people of His pasture, And the sheep of His hand.

Inst.

THE LORD BLESS THEE, AND KEEP THEE. *

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine up - on thee, and be gra - cious

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine up - on thee, and be gra - cious

un - to thee. The Lord lift up His coun - te - nance up - on thee, and give thee peace. A - men.

un - to thee. The Lord lift up His coun - te - nance up - on thee, and give thee peace. A - men.

* The Music of this Anthem is said to have been used in the Ancient Temple Service.

"O PRAISE THE LORD."—Anthem.

Allegretto. QUARTETT. CHORUS. QUARTETT. CHORUS. QUARTETT. CHORUS. QUARTETT.

O praise the Lord, All ye people, O praise the Lord, All ye nations, Praise Him, Praise Him, All ye people, For His merciful kindness is great toward us, And the

O praise the Lord, All ye people, O praise the Lord, All ye nations, Praise Him, Praise Him, All ye people, For His merciful kindness is great toward us, And the

truth of the Lord en - dureth for - ev - er, For His mer - ci - ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth of the Lord en - dureth for - ev - er.

truth of the Lord en - dureth for - ev - er, For His mer - ci - ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth of the Lord en - dureth for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations, Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations, Praise Him, Praise Him, all ye people, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. A - MEN.

Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations, Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations, Praise Him, Praise Him, all ye people, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. A - MEN.

Words by Mrs. Mary B. Clarke.

FATHER IN HEAVEN.

R. M. McIntosh. **241**

Duett. *Andante con moto.*

Fa- ther in heav'n, hear this our prayer so earnest, Thou who hast safe - ly brought us to this day, And who a will - ing ear for - ev - er turn-est,

Fa- ther in heav'n, hear this our prayer so earnest, Thou who hast safe - ly brought us to this day, And who a will - ing ear for - ev - er turn-est,

Duett.

When unto Thee Thy children humbly pray; Keep us from sin, be ev-er near, Guide us aright,

When unto Thee Thy children humbly pray; Keep us from sin, be ever near, Guide us aright, calm every fear, Keep us from sin, be ev-er near, Guide us a-

Keep us from sin, be ev-er near, Guide us aright,

Duett. *Largo.* *cres.* *p* *dim.*

calm every fear. . . . . Thine arm our souls can guard Safe thro' each dangerous hour, Thine arm our souls can guard, Safe thro' each dangerous hour, Safe thro' each, &c.

- right, calm every fear. Thine arm our souls can guard Safe thro' each dangerous hour, Thine arm our souls can guard, Safe thro' each dangerous hour, Safe thro' each, &c.

calm every fear. . . . . .

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"THERE WAS JOY IN HEAVEN."—Hymn.

Arrranged by J. H. Tenney.

Quartett.

Con spirito.

1. There was joy in Heaven! There was joy in Heaven! There was joy, there was joy in Heaven! When this good - ly
2. There was joy in Heaven! There was joy in Heaven! There was joy, there was joy in Heaven! When of love the
3. There is joy in Heaven! There is joy in Heaven! There is joy, there is joy in Heaven! When the sheep that

world to frame, The Lord of might and mer - cy came, Shouts of joy were heard on high, And the stars sang from the sky,
midnight beam Dawned on the tower of Beth - le - hem: And a - long the echoing hill An - gels sang—"On earth good will,"
went a - stray Returns in love to vir - tue's way: When the soul, by grace subdued, Sobs its prayer of grat - i - tude,

ff Tutti.

"Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! to God in Heaven, to God, to God in Heaven!"

ff

"Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! to God in Heaven, to God, to God in Heaven!"
Then there is joy, Then there is joy, Then there is joy, there's joy in Heaven, there's joy, there's joy in Heaven!

ff

"DEAL GENTLY, O FATHER."—*Anthem.*

SOPRANO SOLO.

Portamento.

Deal gent - ly, O Fa - ther, In Thy good pleasure, In Thy good pleasure, deal gent - ly with Zi - on, Fa - ther, deal gent - ly

INST.

CHORUS.

In Thy good pleasure, In Thy good pleasure, deal gent - ly. Build Thou now the walls, Build Thou now the walls of Je -

Build Thou now the walls, Build Thou now the walls of Je -

Andante.

- ru - sa - lem, Build Thou now the walls, Build Thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem. Deal gently, O my Fa - ther, with Zi - on. A - MEN.

- ru - sa - lem, Build Thou now the walls, Build Thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem. Deal gently, O my Fa - ther, with Zi - on. A - MEN.

THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE.—Anthem.

R. M. McIntosh.

Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace.....

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Thou wilt keep him in

.... Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Thou wilt

per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Thou wilt keep him,

keep him, Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt

keep him, Whose mind is stayed, is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed, is stayed on Thee.

keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed, is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed, is stayed on Thee.

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace..... Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him,

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,..... Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him,

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,.... Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee,..... Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,.....

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect

peace,..... Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,..... Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

peace,..... Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.

THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE. Concluded.

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is

Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er, Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is

p *Ritard* *pp*

ev - er - last - ing strength, is ev - er - last - ing strength, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength.

ev - er - last - ing strength, is ev - er - last - ing strength, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength.

BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR.—Anthem. R. M. McIntosh.

Allegretto

Bless - ed is he that con - sid - ereth the poor, Bless-ed, Bless-ed, Bless - ed is he, Bless - ed is he that con -

Bless - ed is he that con - sid - ereth the poor, Bless-ed, Bless-ed, Bless - ed is he, Bless - ed is he that con -

- sid - ereth the poor, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub - le, The

- sid - ereth the poor, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - er him, The Lord will de - liv - er him in time of troub - le, The

Lord will pre-serve him and keep him a - live, The Lord will pre-serve him and keep him a - live, And he shall be bless - ed up -

Lord will pre-serve him and keep him a - live, The Lord will pre-serve him and keep him a - live, And he shall be bless - ed up -

Ritard.

- on the earth, And he shall be bless - ed up - on the earth, A - MEN, A - MEN, A - - MEN.

- on the earth, And he shall be bless - ed up - on the earth, A - MEN, A - MEN, A - - MEN.

MODERATO.

MOTET. Behold, what Manner of Love.

1 JOHN III. 1, 2, 3.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Be - hold. what man-ner of love, Be - hold, what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, that we should be

mp *cres.* *m* *cres.*

Be - hold, what man-ner of love, Be - hold, what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, that we should be

Repeat—Tenor singing Soprano.

call - ed the sons of God. Be - hold, what manner of love.... the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That

call - ed the sons of God. Be - hold, what manner of love the Fa-ther hath bestow'd up - on us, That

call - ed the sons of God Be - hold, what manner of love.... the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That

call - ed the sons of God Be - hold, what manner of love.... the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That

Distinct and expressive.

we..... should be call - ed the sons..... of God. There-fore the world know - eth us not, be -

mf

we..... should be call - ed the sons..... of God. There-fore the world know - eth us not, be -

we should be call - ed the sons of God, that we should be call - ed the sons of God.

Ritard. *Con Espressione.* *A little faster.*

- - cause it knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, the sons of God, And it

Inst. *mp* *cres.*

- - cause it knew him not, it knew him not, it knew him not. Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, the sons of God, And it

cres. *dim.* *mp* *cres.* *f*

doth not yet ap - pear, what we shall be, But we know, that when he shall ap - pear, we know, that when he shall ap - pear, We shall be like him, We shall be

ap - pear.....

doth not yet ap - pear, what we shall be, But we know, that when he shall ap - pear, we know, that when he shall ap - pear, We shall be like him, We shall be

like him,.....

cres. *f*

like him, for we shall see him as he is,..... We shall see him as he is,.... We shall be like him, for

him.....

like him, for we shall see him as he is,..... We shall see him as he is,..... We shall be like him, we shall be like him, for

..... We shall see him as he is,..... We shall see him as he is,..... We shall see him as he

BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE. Concluded.

Two Tenors. *cres.* *f* *mf* *f* *Slower.*

we shall see Him as He is, ... as He is, We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

We shall see Him as He is,

we shall see Him as He is, shall see Him as He is, We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

is, ... for we shall see Him as He is, &c.

"LORD ON THEE OUR SOULS DEPEND."—Anthem.

Geo. M. Monroe.

p Religioso. *f* *cres.*

Lord, on Thee, Lord, on Thee, Lord, on Thee our souls, our souls de- pend, Keep us, guard us, keep us, guard us, guard us to the end; Grant us

Lord, on Thee, Lord, on Thee, Lord, on Thee our souls, our souls de- pend, Keep us, guard us, keep us, guard us, guard us to the end; Grant us

rit. *cres.* *a tempo.* *ff* *m*

Thy sustaining grace, Grant us Thy sustaining grace, Thy sus-tain - ing grace; Tune our hearts to sing Thy praise, Tune our hearts to sing Thy praise.

Thy sustaining grace, Grant us Thy sustaining grace, Thy sus-tain - ing grace; Tune our hearts to sing Thy praise, Tune our hearts to sing Thy praise.

SOPRANO SOLO.

rallentando.

Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy-ing Lamb—I love to hear of Thee, No mu-sic like Thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can

colla voce.

TENOR, SOPRANO, ALTO SOLI.

SEMI-CHORUS or QUARTETT.

be; My Je-sus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay, I'll sing my Je-sus' charming name, When all things else de-cay.

My Je-sus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay, I'll sing my Je-sus' charming name, When all things else de-cay.

ALTO SOLO. DUETT. FULL CHORUS. *f*

When I appear in youder cloud, With all His fa - - vored throng, Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song, And Christ, &c.

Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song, And Christ shall be my song.

252 Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT

First time in verse; second time in Chorus. (SUITABLE FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.)

pp *p* *cres.* *m* *p*

Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.

Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.

pp

Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, are the dead who die, &c.

m *pp*

Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, from hence - forth.

m *cres.* *m*

Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord. Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the

m

Blessed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, are, &c.

pp *Fine.*

who die in the Lord, from hence - forth, who die in the Lord.

cres. *m* *p*

dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.

Blessed are the dead. CONCLUDED.

p p cres..... m p D. C.

Bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.

p

Bless-ed are the dead. bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.

p

SENTENCE. The Lord is in his holy temple. *No. 1.* W. L. MONTAGUE.

(FOR OPENING SERVICE.)

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep silence,

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep silence,

Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep silence be - fore him.

Let all the earth keep silence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep silence be - fore him.

keep silence be - fore him,

No. 1. BOW DOWN THINE EAR, O LORD.—Anthem.

SUITABLE FOR OPENING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

SOLI.
Bow down thine ear,.... O Lord, and

SOLI.
Bow down thine ear. Bow down thine ear,.... Bow down thine ear, O

SOLO.
Bow down thine ear, O Lord and hear me, Bow down thine ear, O Lord and hear me,

SOLI.
Bow down thine ear, Bow down thine ear, O Lord....

hear me, Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me.

SOLO.
For I am poor,

For I am

SOLO.
Lord, and hear me, Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, For I am poor and need - y,

SOLO.
For I am poor,

..... and hear me,

SOLO.
For I am poor and need - y,

For I am

SOLO.
poor and needy, Preserve my soul; for I am ho - ly:

CHORUS.
O Thou my God, Save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.

SOLO. Preserve my soul: for I am ho - ly:

poor and needy.

SOLO.
Preserve my soul; for I am ho - ly:

O Thou my God, Save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.

SOLO.
poor, Preserve my soul; for I am ho - ly:

rit.

O Thou my God, Save thy servant that trusteth in Thee, Save thy servant that trusteth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee.

Thee,.....

O Thou my God, Save thy servant that trusteth in Thee, Save thy servant that trusteth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee.

No. 2. THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.—Sentence.

FOR OPENING SERVICE.

JAS. D. HUNT.

m *cres.* *p*

The Lord is in His ho - ly temple, The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence,

The Lord is in His ho - ly temple, The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence,

f *f* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore Him, be - fore Him. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.

Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore Him, be - fore Him. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.

"YE BOUNDLESS REALMS OF JOY." Solo & Chorus.

G. W. FOSTER.

Prelude. Obligato.



SOPRANO SOLO.

Ye bound - less realms of joy,..... Ex - alt..... your Ma - ker's

name ;..... His praise your songs em - ploy A - bove..... the star - ry frame ;

SOPRANO OBLIGATO.

Ye bound - less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's name ;....

f CHORUS. TENOR. *p* *f* *p*

Ye bound - less realms of joy, Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma - ker's name ; Exalt your Maker's name ; His

f SOPRANO. *p* *f* *p*

ALTO.

Ye bound - less realms of joy, Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma - ker's name ; Exalt your Maker's name ; His

f BASS. *p* *f* *p*

His praise your songs em - ploy,..... A - bove the star - ry frame ;

f *p* *f* *p*

praise your songs em - ploy, His praise your songs em - ploy, A - bove the star - ry frame ; A - bove the star - ry frame ; Your

f *p* *f* *p*

praise your songs em - ploy, His praise your songs em - ploy, A - bove the star - ry frame ; A - bove the star - ry frame ; Your

f *p* *f* *p*

Your voi - ces raise, your voi - ces raise, Ye

mf *f* *mf*

voi - ces raise,..... Your voi - ces raise, Your voi - ces raise, Your voi - - ces raise,..... Ye

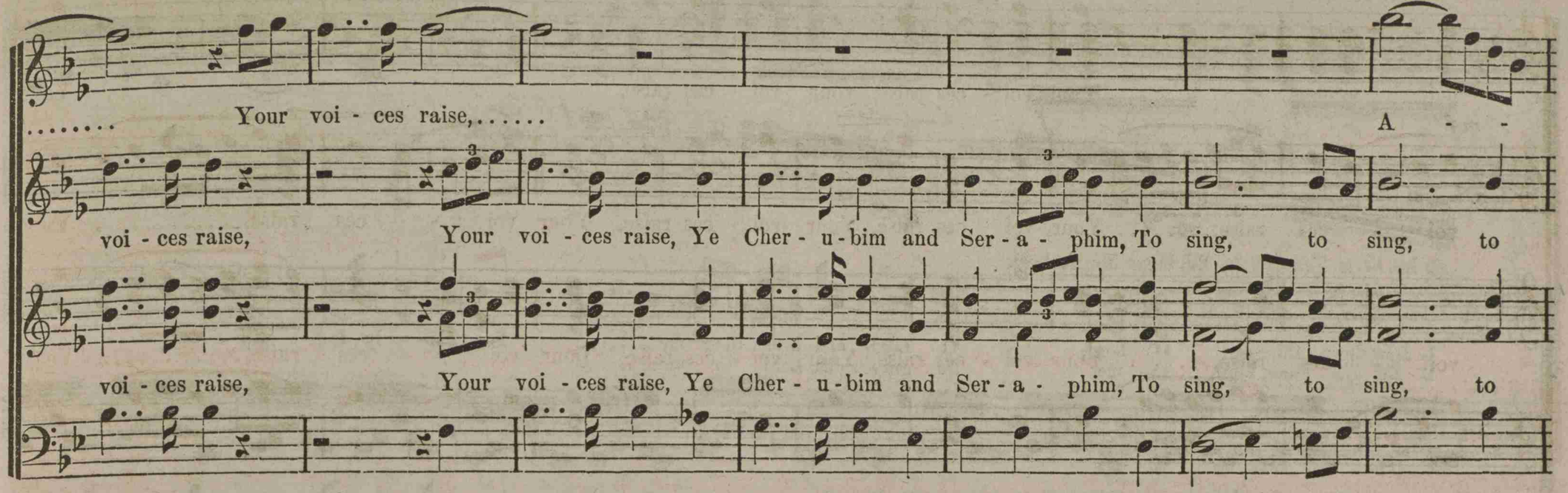
voi - ces raise,..... Your voi - ces raise, Your voi - ces raise, Your voi - - ces raise,..... Ye

Cher - u - bim, ye Cher - u - bim, Your voi - ces raise,..... Ye Cher - u - bim,..... Your voi - ces raise,....

f *m* *mf* *f*

Cher - u - bim, ye Cher - u - bim, Your voi - ces raise, Ye Cher - u - bim, Your

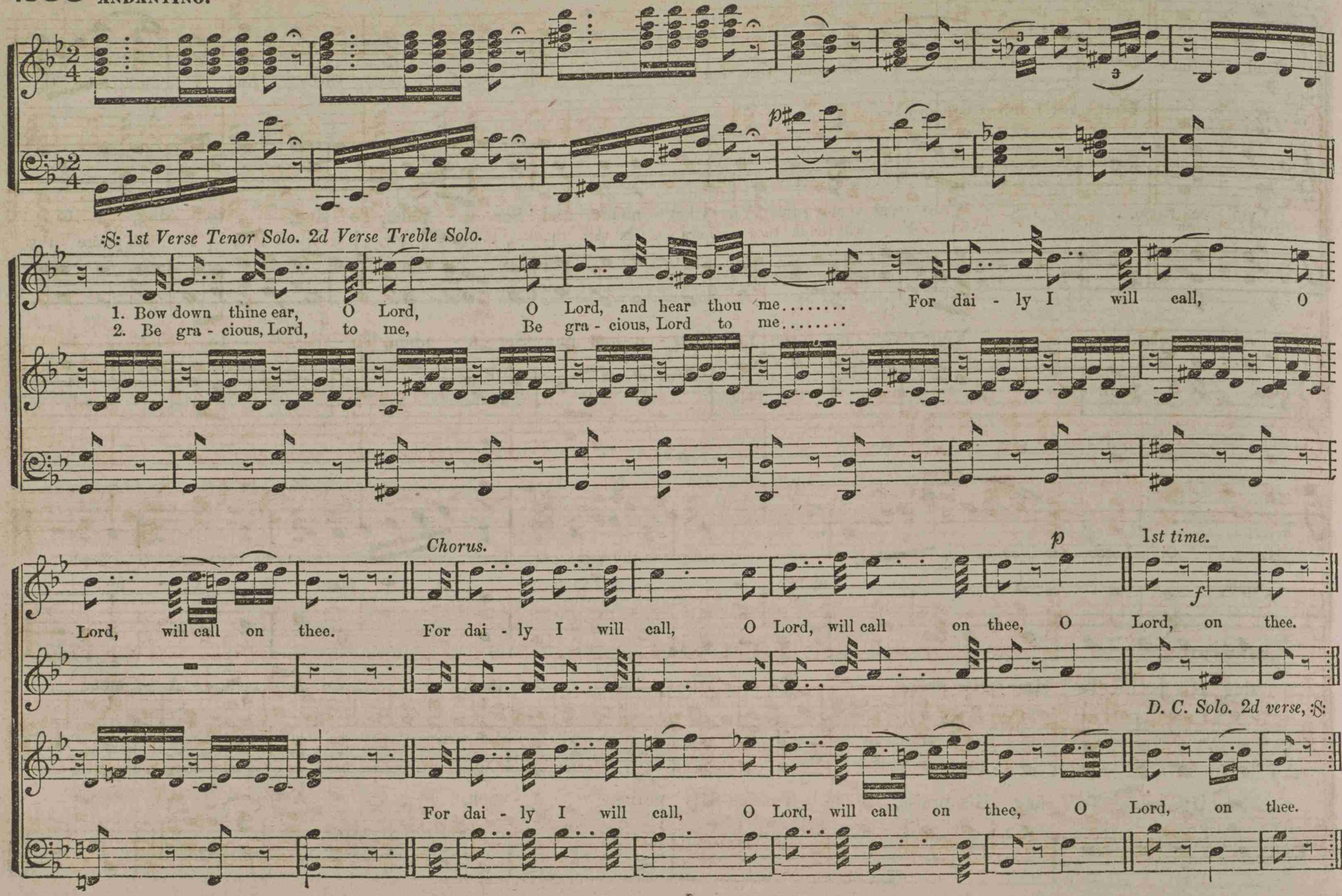
Cher - u - bim, ye Cher - u - bim, Your voi - ces raise, Ye Cher - u - bim, Your


..... Your voi - ces raise,..... A - -
voi - ces raise, Your voi - ces raise, Ye Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim, To sing, to sing, to
voi - ces raise, Your voi - ces raise, Ye Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim, To sing, to sing, to
- men, A - - - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.
sing His praise, To sing His praise, To sing His praise, A - men, A - men, A - men.
sing His praise, To sing His praise, To sing His praise, A - men, A - men, A - men.

ANDANTINO.

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

Prayer from ROSSINI'S Oratorio "MOSES IN EGYPT."



2d time. *f*

Lord, on thee. And I will thank thee, Lord, will thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy

Lord, on thee. And I will thank thee, Lord, will thank thee, O my God, And I will praise thy

name, O Lord, for ev - er - more, thy name, O Lord, thy name, O Lord.

name, O Lord, for ev - er - more, will praise thy name, O Lord, thy name, thy name, O Lord.

LUINIG. 7s.

CANTABILE. J. F. FARGO.

Soft - ly now the light of day.... Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.

* It too difficult of intonation Tenors and Altos will sing the small notes.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HEAR."* *Introit.*

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1st time in verse.
p 2nd time in CHORUS.

p *m* *f*

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they that hear the word, the word of God and keep it. Blessed are they, blessed are they,

p *m* *f*

Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed are they that hear the word, the word of God and keep it. Blessed are they, blessed are they,

p *pp* *m*

bless - ed are they that hear the word, the word of God and keep it, and keep it, that hear the word of God, the

p *pp* *m*

bless - ed are they that hear the word, the word of God and keep it, and keep it, that hear the word of God, the

p *m* *rit. p*

word of God and keep it, and keep it. Blessed are they that hear the word, the word of God and keep it, the

p *m* *rit. p*

word of God and keep it, and keep it. Blessed are they that hear the word, the word of God and keep it, the

* This is a very appropriate piece to sing before preaching. It is too often the case, that "Opening pieces," or "Voluntaries," as they are called, are selected, which have nothing in the sentiment suited to the occasion; but, how appropriate it is to proclaim to the congregation in the measured and impressive language of music, in advance of the sermon, the important truth,—"Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it!"

p Solo.

word of God and keep it, bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they,

Solo.

word of God and keep it, bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they that

Solo.

m p rit. pp

hear the word, the word of God and keep it, the word of God and keep it, and keep..... it.

Tutti. m p rit. pp

hear the word, the word of God and keep it, the word of God and keep it, and keep..... it.

"REST IN THE GRAVE."—Hymn Anthem.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

p

There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at last; How calmly I rest In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm

p

There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at last; How calmly I rest In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm

m

rave, O'er my green grassy grave, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green grassy grave. No rest in the grave—Heaven's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendours are

m

rave, O'er my green grassy grave, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green grassy grave. No rest in the grave—Heaven's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendours are

rit. p *m* *f*

cast Like shafts thro' the gloom, Of the dark, si - lent tomb; Heaven's fair bowers wave— No rest in the grave! A - rise from the grave! Heaven's

rit. p *m* *f*

cast Like shafts thro' the gloom, Of the dark, si - lent tomb; Heaven's fair bowers wave— No rest in the grave! A - rise from the grave! Heaven's

m

bright burning throng, Come rushing a - long; They gird me a - bout, And tri - umphant shout, As myriad palms wave, "As - cend from the grave."

m

bright burning throng, Come rushing a - long; They gird me a - bout, And tri - umphant shout, As myriad palms wave, "As - cend from the grave."

From MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

Andante con moto. ALTO.

How love - ly are the mes - sengers that preach us the gos-pel of peace, How love - ly are the mes - sengers that

p

preach us the gospel of peace, the gos - pel of peace, the messengers that preach... us the gospel of peace.

BASE.

How love-ly are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace, How love- ly are the

f TENOR. *sf*

How love - ly are they that preach us the gospel. To all..... the na- tions is gone forth the sound of their words, To all

f ALTO.

messengers that preach us the gospel of peace, the words.... of peace, To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, the

f SOPRANO.

To all.... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, To

f BASS.

of peace, To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, To

..... the na - tions, is gone forth the sound of their words,..... their words, *f* How love-ly are the

sf

sound,..... is gone,..... is gone forth the sound..... of their words,

all.... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words,..... is gone forth the sound of their words,..

all..... the na - tions is gone,..... is gone forth the sound of their words,..... the sound,.....

mes-sen-gers that preach us the gos - pel of peace, the mes - sen - gers that preach us, that preach us the gos - pel, the

f

How love - ly are the mes - sen-gers that preach us, that preach us the gos - pel of

f

How love - ly are the mes - sengers that preach us the gos - pel of peace,.....

f

How love - ly are the mes - sen-gers, the mes - sen-gers that preach us,..... that

dim. *p*

gos-pel of peace, that preach us the gos - pel of peace, To all..... the na - tions

dim. *p*

peace, that preach us the gos - pel of peace. To

dim. *p*

they..... that preach us the gos - pel of peace, To all.... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words,

preach us the gospel of peace, the gos - pel of peace.

cres. *f*

To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, is

cres. *f*

all.... the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, To all.. the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, is

f

To all.. the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, is

cres. *f*

To all..... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their

f

gone forth the sound of their words,..... To all..... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, throughout all the

gone forth the sound of their words,..... To all..... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, throughout all the

gone forth the sound of their words,..... To all..... the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, throughout all the

words, is gone forth the sound of their words, To all the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, throughout all the

lands their glad ti - - - dings. How

lands their glad ti - - dings. How love-ly are the mes-sengers that preach us the gos-pel of peace, How love-ly are the

lands their glad ti - - - dings. How love - ly.....

lands their glad ti - - - dings, How love - - - -

- ly they that preach,..... that preach us the gos-pel of peace, that preach us the gos - pel of peace.

mes - sen - gers..... that preach us the gos-pel of peace, that preach us the gos - pel of peace.

..... they that preach us the gos-pel of peace,..... they..... that preach us the gos - pel of peace.

- ly they that preach..... us the gos-pel of peace, the gos - pel of peace.

"MY SOUL, WAIT THOU ONLY UPON GOD."—*Anthem.*

APPROPRIATE FOR OPENING SERVICE.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

My soul, wait thou on - ly up - on God, Wait thou on - ly up - on.... God, Wait thou on - ly, wait thou on - ly

My soul, wait thou on - ly up - on God, Wait thou on - ly up - on.... God, Wait thou on - ly, wait thou on - ly

up - on God; for my ex - pec - ta - tion is from Him, for my ex - pec - ta - tion is from Him..... He on - ly

up - on God; for my ex - pec - ta - tion is from Him, for my ex - pec - ta - tion is from Him..... He on - ly

is my rock and my sal - va - tion, my rock and my sal - va - - tion, He is my de - fence, I

is my rock and my sal - va - tion, my rock and my..... sal - va - - tion, He is my de - fence, I

shall not be mov - - ed, He is my de - fence, I shall not be mov - - ed. In God is my sal -

shall not be mov - - ed, He is my de - fence, I shall not be mov - - ed. In God is my sal -

- va - tion and my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry; God is my sal -
My glo - - - -

- va - tion and my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry, My God is my sal -

my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry, my glo - ry; God

rit.

va - tion and my glo - ry, the rock of my strength and my ref - uge is in God, my ref - uge is in God.
- - - - - - - - - ry;

va - tion and my glo - ry; the rock of my strength and my ref - uge is in God, my ref - uge is in God.

"I HEAR THE VOICE OF ANGELS."—*Obligato and Chorus.*

D. F. Hodges.

Soprano obligato.

Tenor.

Come, come, come a - way. Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come a -way, come a - way.

Soprano & Alto.

Come, come, come a - way. Come, pilgrim, come a -way, Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come a - way, come a - way.

Base.

I hear the voice of An- gels! I hear the voice of

dim.

Why shouldst thou be lin - ger - ing here? Why shouldst thou be lin-gering here? Come, pilgrim, come a - way,

Why shouldst thou be lin - ger - ing here? Why shouldst thou be lin-gering here? Come, pilgrim, come a - way,

An - gels ! They call,..... they call,..... they call,..... Come a - way, come a - way.

m *m* *cres.* *f* *p*

Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, Come a - way, come a - way.

Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, Come a - way, come a - way.

f *p*

Fly to thy mansion, Fly ! Fly to thy mansion. Fly ! Fly to thy mansion a -

p

Fly to thy mansion, Fly ! Fly ! Fly ! Fly to thy mansion, Fly ! Fly to thy mansion, thy mansion a -

p *f*

Fly to thy mansion, Fly to thy mansion,

p

Fly to thy mansion, Fly ! Fly ! Fly ! Fly ! Fly to thy mansion ! Fly to thy mansion a -

Soft - ly they call un - to me, Fain would I come and be at rest, Fain would I

pp

bove, Fly to thy man - sion a - bove. Come, pilgrim, come a - way,

bove, Fly to thy man - sion a - bove. Come, pilgrim, come a - way,

come, and be at rest, I be - gin..... to..... languish, I come,..... I come, ...

m *p*

Come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, come, Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come a - way, come a -

Come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, come, Come, pilgrim, come a - way, Come a - way, come a -

..... I come,..... I come, I come, I fly,..... I

way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, Fly to thy mansion, Fly!

Fly to thy mansion, Fly! Fly! Fly!

way! come a - way, come a - way, come a - way! Fly to thy mansion, Fly!

Fly to thy mansion, Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!

fly! I fly! I fly! I fly! I fly to thy man - sion a - bove.

Fly to thy mansion, Fly! Fly to thy mansion a - bove, Fly to thy man - sion a - bove.

Fly to thy mansion, Fly to thy mansion, thy mansion a - bove, Fly to thy man - sion a - bove.

Fly to thy man-sion a - bove,

JEHOVAH'S PRAISE.

MAY BE USED AS AN OPENING PIECE.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

Resound, ye heavens, thro' all your bliss - ful plains, ye heaven's thro' all your
Resound, ye heavens, re - sound,

Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise,

Resound, ye heavens, resound, thro' all your blissful plains, ye heavens thro' all your

In high im - mor - tal strains, ... Resound, ye heavens, re-sound, ... ye

bliss - ful, bliss - ful plains. Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise, in high im - mor - tal strains,— resound, ye heavens, resound, ye heavens thro'

bliss - ful, bliss - ful plains, Je - ho-vah's praise, Je - ho-vah's praise, in high im - mor - tal strains,— resound, ye heavens, resound, ye heavens thro'

heaven s thro all your blissful plains,

all your bliss - ful, bliss - ful plains.

His glo - rious power, O ra-diant sun dis -

His glo-rious power, O ra - diant sun . . . . . dis -

INST.

all your bliss - ful, bliss - ful plains,

His glo-rious power, O ra - diant sun dis -

His glo - rious power,

p

- play, Far as Thy vi - tal beams dif - fuse the day, Thou sil - ver moon, thou sil-ver moon, ar-rayed in soft - er light, Re-count His won - ders

Thou sil - ver moon,

p *m*

- play, Far as Thy vi - tal beams dif - fuse the day, Thou sil - ver moon, ar-rayed in soft - er light, Re-count His won - ders

p

Cres. *ff* *f*

to the listening night. Let all Thy glittering train, let all Thy glittering train at - tend - ant wait, And ev - - ery star his Mak - er's name re -

Cres.

to the listen-ing night. Let all Thy glittering train, let all Thy glittering train at - tend-ant wait, And ev - - ery star his Mak - er's name re -

m *D.S.*

- peat, and ev - - - ry star his Mak - er's name re - peat. Ye glorious an-gels, tune the raptured lay, Thro' the fair mansions

Ye glo-rious an - gels tune the rap - - tured lay,

- peat, and ev - - ry star his Mak-er's name re - peat. Ye glorious an-gels, tune the raptured lay, thro' the fair mansions

m

of e - ter - nal day..... His praise let all the shin-ing ranks pro-claim, His praise let all the shin- ing ranks pro-claim, And

of e - ter - nal day..... His praise let all the shin-ing ranks pro-claim, His praise let all the shin- ing ranks pro-claim, And

Allegro.

teach the dis - tant worlds, and teach the dis-tant worlds, and teach the dis-tant worlds your Mak - er's name. Bright with the splendors of His dazzling

teach the dis - tant worlds, and teach the dis-tant worlds, and teach the dis-tant worlds your Mak - er's name. Bright with the splendors of His dazzling

rays, Ex - alt - ed realms of joy, ex - alt - ed realms of joy, ex - alt - ed realms of joy re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise.

rays, Ex - alt - ed realms of joy, ex - alt - ed realms of joy, ex - alt - ed realms of joy re - flect His praise, re - flect His praise.

ANOTHER BLESSED EASTER DAWNS.*

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

HYMN ANTHEM.

R. M. McINTOSH.

BASE SOLO.

An - oth - - - er bless - ed Eas - ter dawns Triumphant from the grave, The Saviour of man - kind this morn A - rose, a -

Lento.

p TENOR.

cres.

Hark! hark! Around the throne on high, Around the throne on

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

Hark! hark! how the ransomed spir - its shout Around the throne on high, Around the throne on

BASE.

rose our souls to save.

ORGAN.

p

cres.

* On ordinary occasions, substitute the word Sabbath, for Easter, in the first line.

ff p cres.

high; They sing the praises of their King, As He as-cends the sky. If ye are ris - en then with Him, With Him, the God of

high; They sing the praises of their King, As He as-cends the sky. If ye are ris - en then with Him, With Him, the God of

ff p cres.

cres.

love, Set your af - fec - tions not on earth, But on the things a - bove, But on the

cres. bove,.....

love, Set your af - fec - tions not on earth, But on the things a - bove, But on the things a - bove,..... But on the

cres.

cres. cres.

ritard.

things a - bove.

Legato. SOLO—SOPRANO OR TENOR.

things a - bove. O lift your hearts in thank - - ful - ness, And let your songs a -

ritard.

rise, To join the praise of men on earth With an - gels, an - gels in..... the skies.....

FULL CHORUS. *Allegro ma non troppo.*

Hail! to the ris - en Sav - iour, hail! A joy - ful song we raise; A joy - ful song we raise, And till in death

Adagio—tremolo.

Hail! to the ris - en Sav - iour, hail! A joy - ful song we raise; A joy - ful song we raise, And till in death..... our voi - ces

And till in death

Adagio.

our voi - ces fail, And till in death, and till in death our voi - ces fail,

death,.....

fail,..... And till in death, our voi - ces fail our voi - ces fail, *cres.* We'll sing His

our voi - ces fail, And till in death..... our voi - ces fail,

dim. p Andante.

We'll sing His glo - rious praise, His glo - rious praise, And till in death

And till in death..... our voi - ces

dim. p Andante.

glo - rious praise, We'll sing His glo - rious praise, His glo - rious praise, And till in death

dim. p Andante.

UNISON. *Cres.*

our voi - ces fail, We'll sing His glo-rious praise, And till in death our voi - ces fail, We'll sing, we'll sing His glo - rious praise.

fail,

our voi - ces fail, We'll sing His glo-rious praise, And till in death our voi - ces fail, We'll sing, we'll sing His glo - rious praise.

"OH! SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."—*Anthem.*

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

Allegretto, con spirito.

Oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvel - lous things; His right hand and His ho - ly arm hath

Oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvel - lous things; His right hand and His ho - ly arm hath

got - ten Him the vic - to - ry. Oh, sing un - to the Lord, oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous

got - ten Him the vic - to - ry. Oh, sing un - to the Lord, oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous

things; His right hand and His ho - ly arm hath got - ten Him the vic - to - ry, Oh, sing un - to the Lord, oh, sing un - to the

things; His right hand and His ho - ly arm hath got - ten Him the vic - to - ry, Oh, sing un - to the Lord, oh, sing un - to the

Lord, Oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvel - lous things; His right hand and His ho - ly

Lord, Oh, sing un - to the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvel - lous things; His right hand and His ho - ly

un - to the Lord.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

arm hath got - ten Him the vic - to - ry. The Lord hath made known His sal - va - tion,

arm hath got - ten Him the vic - to - ry.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

The Lord hath made known His sal -

CHORUS.

His right - eous-ness hath He o - pen - ly shewed in the sight of the hea - then, in the sight of the hea - then,

His right - eous-ness hath He o - pen - ly shewed in the sight of the hea - then, in the sight of the hea - then,

va - tion;

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

All the ends of the

DUETT. *Moderato.*

He hath remembered His mer - cy, He hath remembered His mer - cy and His truth toward the house of Is - ra - el. All the ends of the

earth have seen the sal - va - tion of our God, have seen the sal - va - tion of our God.

Allegro. ff

un - to the Lord,

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord,

earth have seen the sal - va - tion of our God, have seen the sal - va - tion of our God.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord,

All the earth make a loud noise and re - joice and sing praise. Sing un - to the Lord with the harps; with the harps and the voice of a psalm; with

All the earth make a loud noise and re - joice and sing praise. Sing un - to the Lord with the harps; with the harps and the voice of a psalm; with

Moderato. m

trumpets and sound of cor - net make a joy - ful noise be - fore the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar and the ful - ness there- of,

trumpets and sound of cor - net make a joy - ful noise be - fore the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar and the ful - ness there- of,

f *rit.*

Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands; Let the hills be joy - ful to - geth - er be -

Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands; Let the hills be joy - ful to - geth - er be -

Grave.

fore the Lord; For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth; With righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.

fore the Lord; For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth; With righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.

"HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE AND MERCY."—*Anthem.*

S. F. Merrill.

p *m* *f*

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See! it rends the rocks a-sun-der,

p *m* *f*

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See! it rends the rocks a-sun-der,

ff *p* *pp* *f*

Shakes the earth, and vails.... the sky: "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.

ff *p* *pp* *f*

Shakes the earth, and vails.... the sky: "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.

SOPRANO SOLO.





DUETT. SOPRANO & ALTO.

Tune your harps..... a-new, ye ser - - aphs; Join to sing..... the pleasing

Inst. *p*

theme:..... All the earth..... and all the heav - - ens, Join to praise..... Immanuel's name,..... Tune your

DUETT.

harps..... a-new, ye ser - - aphs: Join to sing..... the pleasing theme:..... All on

mf CHORUS.

Tune your harps a-new, Tune your harps a-new: Join, O join to sing the pleas-ing theme:

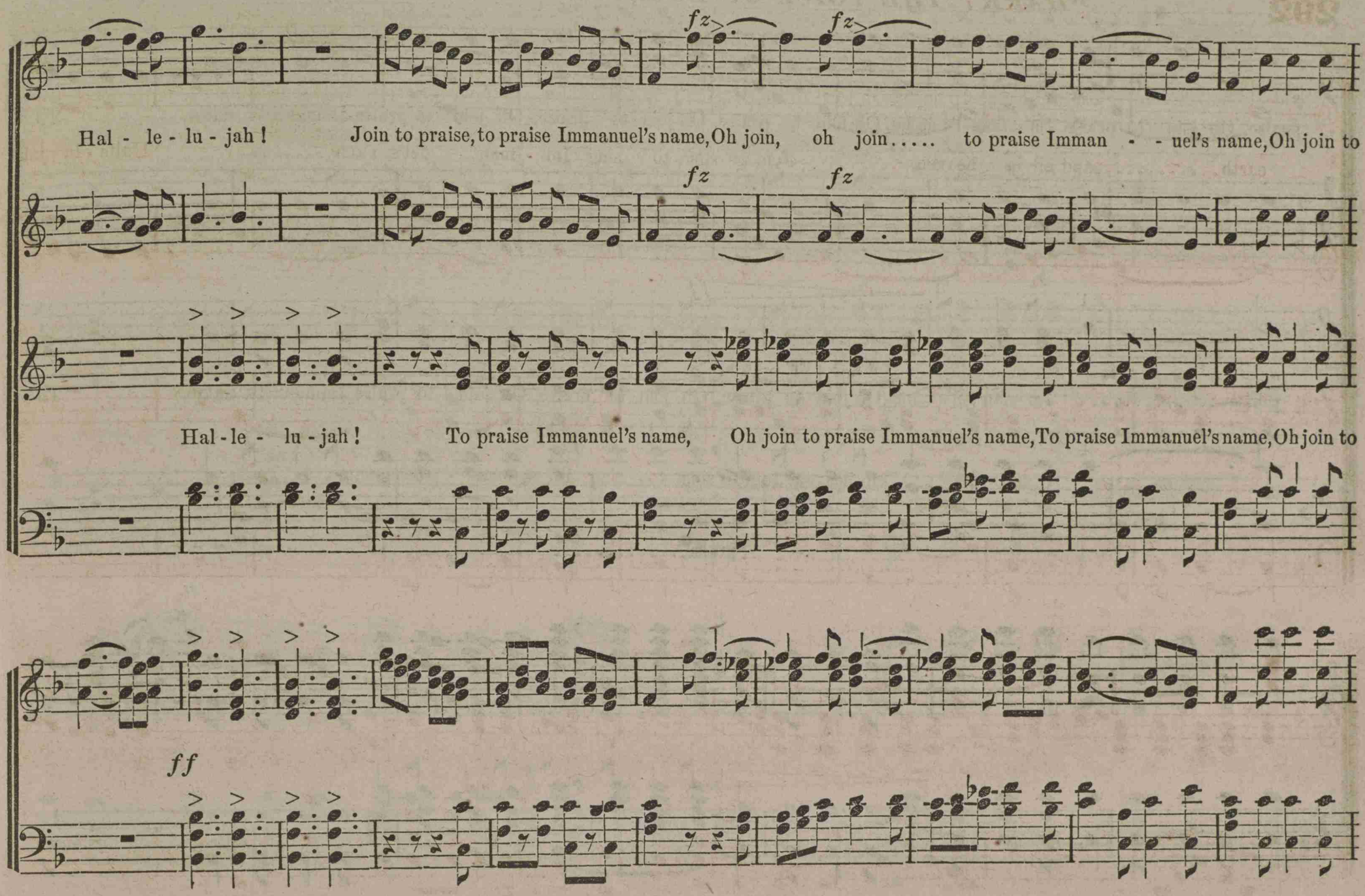
Inst.

earth.....and all in heaven,..... Join to sing, to sing Im - man - uel's name,..... Halle - lu - jah!

ff

All..... on earth and all..... in heaven, Join to sing, to sing Im - man - uel's name,.....

ff


fz
fz
Hal - le - lu - jah ! Join to praise, to praise Immanuel's name, Oh join, oh join..... to praise Imman - - uel's name, Oh join to
fz
fz
Hal - le - lu - jah ! To praise Immanuel's name, Oh join to praise Immanuel's name, To praise Immanuel's name, Oh join to
Hal - le - lu - jah ! To praise Immanuel's name, Oh join to praise Immanuel's name, To praise Immanuel's name, Oh join to
ff

praise, Oh join to praise Im-manuel's name, Oh join to praise, Oh join to praise, Oh join to praise Immanuel's name, To

praise..... Im-man-uel's name, Oh join to praise, Oh join to praise, Oh join to praise Immanuel's name, To

praise.....

praise, to praise, to praise, to praise, to praise Im - man - uel's name.....

praise, to praise, to praise, to praise, to praise Im - man - uel's name.....

8va. 8va. 8va.

WAKE SLEEPERS!

R. M. McIntosh.

Wake, sleepers wake! Wake, sleepers wake! A voice is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing;.. It is the watchman on the walls, It

Wake, sleepers wake! Wake, sleepers wake! A voice is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing;.. It is the watchman on the walls, It

ORGAN.

is the watchman on the walls, Thou cit - y of Je - ru - sa-lem, Thou cit - y of Je - ru - sa - lem! For lo! the Bridegroom comes! Arise, a - rise! and take your

is the watchman on the walls, Thou cit - y of Je - ru - sa-lem, Thou cit - y of Je - ru - sa - lem! For lo! the Bridegroom comes! Arise, a - rise! and take your

lamps! Hal-le-lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! A-wake! His Kingdom is at hand! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! to meet your Lord!
Lord!.....

lamps! Hal-le-lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! A-wake! His Kingdom is at hand! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! to meet your Lord!

Lord!.....

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.—Anthem.

Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

Chorus.

The earth is the Lord's and the ful - ness there - of; the world, and they that dwell there - in. For He hath found-ed it up - on the

Soli.

The earth is the Lord's and the ful - ness there - of; the world, and they that dwell there - in. For He hath found-ed it up - on the

seas, and es-tab-lished it up - on.... the floods. Who shall as - cend in - to the hill of the Lord..... and who shall stand in His ho - ly

seas, and es-tablished it up - on the floods, Who shall as - cend in - to the hill of the Lord; and who shall

and who shall stand in His ho - ly

place, in His ho - ly place?
stand in His ho - ly place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lift - ed up His soul un - to van - i - ty, nor

stand in His ho - ly place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lift - ed up His soul un - to van - i - ty, nor

place, in His ho - ly place,

Soli.

sworn de - ceit - ful - ly. He shall re - ceive the blessing from the Lord,—and righteousness from the God of His sal - va - tion. This is the

Soli.

Soli.

sworn de - ceit - ful - ly. He shall re - ceive the blessing from the Lord,—and righteousness from the God of His sal - va - tion. This is the

Soli.

Chorus.

gen - e - ra - tion of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, O God of Ja - cob. Lift up your heads, O ye

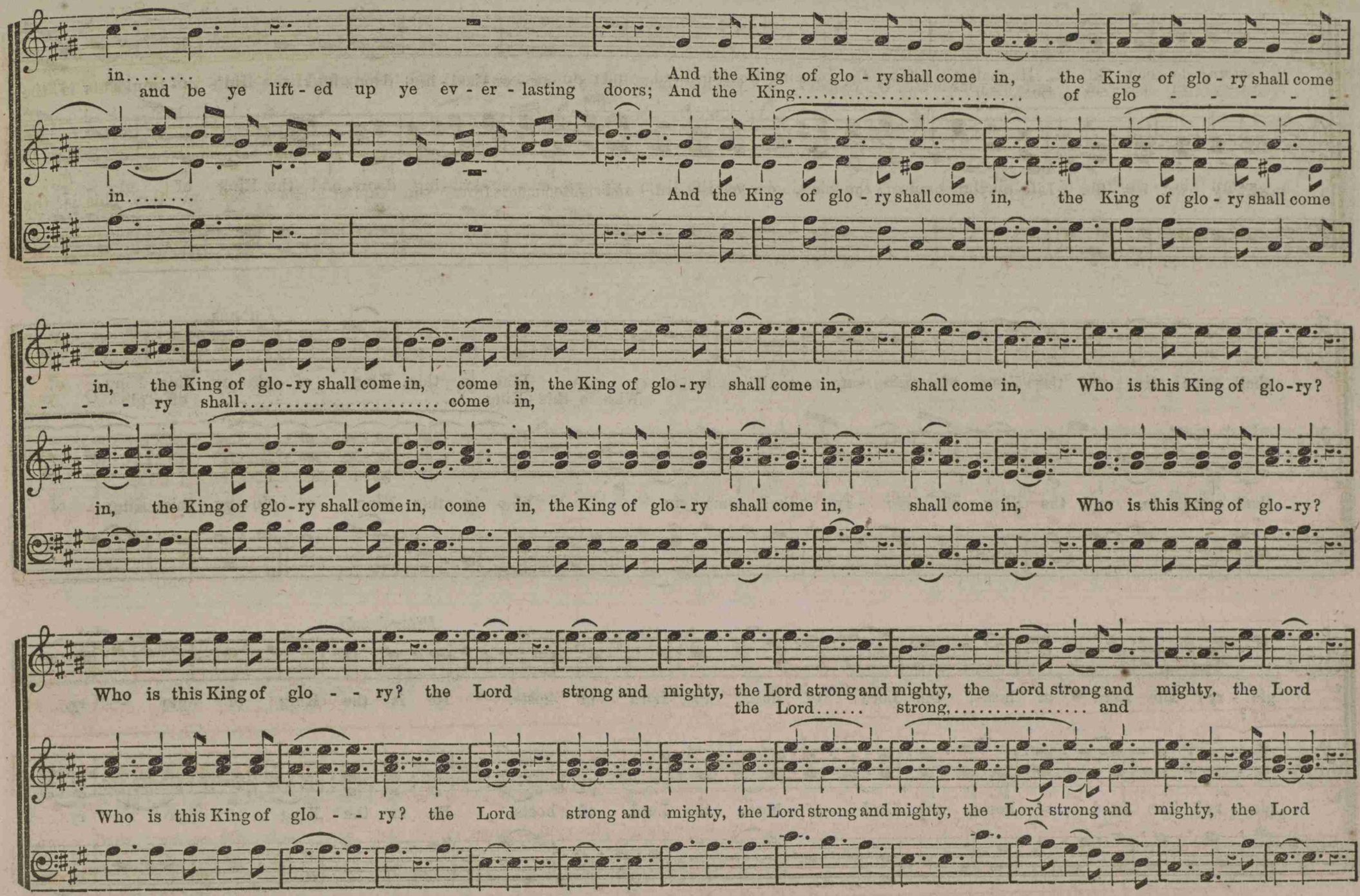
Lift up your heads,.....

gen - e - ra - tion of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, O God of Ja - cob. Lift up your heads, O ye

gates; and be ye lift - ed up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors; and the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come

..... O ye gates;.....

gates; and be ye lift - ed up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors; and the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come


in.....
and be ye lift - ed up ye ev - er - lasting doors; And the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come
And the King..... of glo - - - - - -
in.....
And the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come
in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, shall come in, Who is this King of glo - ry?
- - - ry shall..... come in,
in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, come in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, shall come in, Who is this King of glo - ry?
Who is this King of glo - - ry? the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord
the Lord..... strong,..... and
Who is this King of glo - - ry? the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord

might - y in bat - tle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, e - ven lift them up ye ev - er - last - ing doors, and the King of glo - ry

might - y in bat - tle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, e - ven lift them up ye ev - er - last - ing doors, and the King of glo - ry

shall come in, and the King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry, this King of

Who is this King..... of glo - -

shall come in, and the King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry, this King of

Ritardando.

glo - ry? The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts. He is the King of glo - ry.

- ry?

glo - ry? The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts. He is the King of glo - ry.

FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN.—Anthem.

FOR MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

From the ris - ing of the sun, to the go - ing down of the same, My name shall be great a - mong the Gentiles,

DUETT.

From the ris - ing of the sun, to the go - ing down of the same, My name shall be great a - mong the Gentiles, From the ris - ing of the sun, to the

CHORUS.

My name shall be great among the Gentiles, And in every place incense shall be offered un - to my name, and in ev - ery place

go - ing down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles, And in every place incense shall be offered un - to my name, and in ev - ery place

incense shall be offered un - to my name, Incense and a pure offering, For my name shall be great among the heathen, Saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

incense shall be offered un - to my name, Incense and a pure offering, For my name shall be great among the heathen, Saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART I'D PRAISE THEE.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

SOLO. SOPRANO OBLIGATO.

Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the

Chorus pp without instrument.

Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee, Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee

bliss Thy love be - stows,..... For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it

For the bliss Thy love be - stows, For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it

flows: Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise: Thou must light the flame, or

flows: Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:

INST.

nev- - er Can my love be warmed to praise. Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er can my

CHORUS. *(For the last four lines of each stanza.)*

love be warmed to praise. Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to

love be warmed to praise. Help, O God, my weak en - - - deav - or; This dull soul to

rap - ture raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev - - er Can my love be warmed to praise.

rap - ture raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev - - er Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

ANTHEM OF THANKSGIVING.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

Sing un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, all the earth, shew forth from day to day His sal - va - tion, shew forth from

Sing un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, all the earth, shew forth from day to day His sal - va - tion, shew forth from

Sing un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord,

day to day His sal - va - tion. De - clare His glo - ry a - mong the heathen, declare His glo - ry a - mong the heathen, de -

day to day His sal - va - tion. De - clare His glo - ry a - mong the heathen, declare His glo - ry a - mong the heathen, de -

- clare His glo - ry a - mong the heathen; His marvellous works a - mong all na - tions, His marvellous works a - mong all na-tions. For

- clare His glo - ry a - mong the heathen; His marvellous works a - mong all na - tions, His marvellous works a - mong all na-tions. For

great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed, for great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed; He al - so is to be

great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed, for great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed; He al - so is to be

feared a - bove all gods, a - bove all.... gods.

DUETT.

feared a - bove all gods, a - bove all.... gods. For all the gods of the peo - ple are i - dols; but the Lord made the heav - ens.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry and hon - our, glo - ry and hon - our, glo - ry and hon - our are in His presence; Strength and gladness,

Glo - ry and hon - our, glo - ry and hon - our, glo - ry and hon - our are in His presence; Strength and gladness,

strength and glad - ness, strength and glad - ness are in His place. Give un - to the Lord, ye kindreds of the peo - ple,

DUETT.

strength and glad - ness, strength and glad - ness are in His place. Give un - to the Lord, ye kindreds of the peo - ple,

CHORUS.

give un - to the Lord glo - ry and strength. Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to His name:

DUETT.

give un - to the Lord glo - ry and strength. Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to His name: Bring an offering and come be -

CHORUS. *Grave.*

Worship the Lord, wor - ship the Lord, worship the Lord in the beau - ty

DUETT.

- fore Him, bring an offering and come be - fore Him: Worship the Lord, wor - ship the Lord, worship the Lord in the beau - ty

CHORUS.

of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness, Fear before Him all the earth, fear before Him all the earth: the

of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness, Fear before Him all the earth, fear before Him all the earth: the

world al - so shall be sta - ble that it be not moved, that it be not moved, Let the heavens be glad, and let the

world al - so shall be sta - ble that it be not moved, that it he not moved, Let the heavens be glad, and let the

earth rejoice, let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice, let the heavens be glad, let the earth rejoice,

DUETT.

earth rejoice, let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice, let the heavens be glad, let the earth rejoice,

CHORUS.

and let men say among the na - tions, The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof, let the

and let men say among the na - tions, The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof, let the

sea roar, and the fulness there - of, let the fields re - joice and all that is there - in. Then shall the trees of the

DUETT.

sea roar, and the fulness there - of, let the fields re - joice and all that is there - in. Then shall the trees of the

CHORUS. *Largo.*

woods sing out at the presence of the Lord, be - cause He com - eth to judge the earth, to judge the earth, O, give thanks unto the Lord; for

woods sing out at the presence of the Lord, be - cause He com - eth to judge the earth, to judge the earth, O, give thanks unto the Lord; for

He is good; for His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er. Bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el for - ev - er,

He is good; for His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er. Bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el for - ev - er,

Bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, a - men, a - men, a -

Bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, a - men, a - men, a -

- men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

- men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

- men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD. Anthem.

SUITABLE FOR OPENING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

Allegro.

All ye lands: Make a joy - ful noise un - to the

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands:

SOLO.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands. Make a joy - ful noise un - to the

Lord.

Serve the Lord with glad - ness: come be - fore His

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord,..... all ye lands. Serve the Lord with glad - ness: come be - fore His

Lord, all ye lands.

Larghetto. p

Allegretto. m

pres - ence with sing - ing. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; We

pres - ence with sing - ing. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; We

are His peo - ple, and the sheep of His pas - ture, En - ter in - to His gates with thanks-giv - ing, and in - to His courts with

are His peo - ple, and the sheep of His pas - ture, En - ter in - to His gates with thanks-giv - ing, and in - to His courts with

and in - to His courrs with

praise: be thank-ful un - to Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good; His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, and His

praise: be thank-ful un - to Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good; His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, and His

praise,.....

Rit.

truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions, and His truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions, A - MEN.

truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions, and His truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions, A - MEN.

"AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS."

R. M. McIntosh.

Soprano Solo. Tenor Solo. Alto Solo.

As the hart pant-eth af-ter the wa-ter brooks, As the hart pant-eth af-ter the wa-ter brooks, So pant-eth my

Inst.

Tenor. Chorus. Duett. Base & Tenor.

soul aft-er Thee, O God. for the liv-ing God; O when shall I come and ap-

Duett. Soprano & Alto

My soul thirsteth for God; for the liv-ing God; O when shall I come and ap-

Base.

Chorus.

-pear be-fore God? O when shall I come and ap-pear be-fore God? and ap-pear be-fore God? and ap-

-pear be-fore God? O when shall I come and ap-pear be-fore God? and ap--pear be-fore God? and ap-

- pear be - fore God?....

- pear be - fore God?.... Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou dis - qui - et - ed with - in.....

BASE SOLO.

me? Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God, in God, For I shall yet praise Him, for I shall yet

praise Him, for I shall yet praise Him, for I shall yet praise Him, Who art the health of my coun - te - nance, and my God.

praise Him, for I shall yet praise Him, for I shall yet praise Him, Who art the health of my coun - te - nance, and my God.

O LORD OF HOSTS.—Sentence.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

O Lord of hosts, O Lord of hosts, Blessed is the man, the man that trust-eth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee, the man that trusteth in Thee.

O Lord of hosts, O Lord of hosts, Blessed is the man, the man that trust-eth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee, the man that trusteth in Thee.

O Lord of hosts, O Lord of hosts, Blessed is the man that trust-eth in Thee, that trust-eth in Thee, the man that trust-eth in Thee,

O Lord of hosts, O Lord of hosts, Blessed is the man that trust-eth in Thee, that trust-eth in Thee, the man that trust-eth in Thee, the

Blessed is the man that trust-eth in Thee, that trust-eth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee.

man.... that trust-eth, that trust-eth in Thee, Blessed is the man that trust-eth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee, that trusteth in Thee.

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21st P. M. 6s, 8s & 4s.
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22d P. M. 8s & 4s, 88, 88, 84.
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25th P. M. 7s & 8s, or 7s & 4s.
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31st P. M. 8s & 4s, 84, 84.
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32d P. M. 8s & 4s, 884, 884
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34th P. M. 7s & 5s, 7, 7, 7, 5.
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A—an Italian preposition, meaning to, in, by, at, &c.
Accelerando—accelerating the time, gradually faster and faster.
Adagio, or *Adasio*—slow.
Adagio Assai, or *Molto*—very slow.
Ad Libitum—at pleasure.
Affettuoso—tender and affecting.
Agitato—with agitation.
Alla Capella—in Church style.
Allegro—quick. *Allegro Assai*—very quick.
Allegretto—less quick than Allegro.
Allegro ma non Troppo—quick, but not too quick.
Amabile—in a gentle and tender style.
Amateur—a lover but not a professor of music.
Amoroso, or *Con Amore*—affectionately, tenderly.
Andante—gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected.
Andantino—somewhat quicker than Andante. [sion.
Animato, or *Con Anima*—with fervent, animated expres-
Animo, or *Con Animo*—with spirit, courage, and bold-
Antiphone—music sung in alternate parts. [ness.
Ardito—with ardor and spirit.
Arioso—in a light, airy, singing manner.
A Tempo—in time.
A Tempo Giusto—in strict and exact time.
Ben Marcato—in a pointed and well-marked manner.
Bis—twice.
Brillante—brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadence—closing strain, also a fanciful, extemporaneous embellishment at the close of a song. [dence.
Cadenza—same as the second use of Cadence. See Ca-
Calando—softer and slower. (melody.
Cantabile—graceful, singing style; a pleasing flowing
Canto—the treble part in a chorus.
Choir—a company or band of singers; also that part of a church appropriated to the singers.
Chorist, or *Chorister*—a member of a choir of singers.
Col, or *Con*—with. *Col Arco*—with the bow. [ner.
Comodo or, *Commodo*—in an easy and unrestrained man-
Con Affetto—with expression.
Con Docessa—with delicacy.
Con Dolore, or *Con Duolo*—with mournful expression.
Conductor—one who superintends a musical performance; same as music Director.
Con Energico—with energy.
Con Espressione—with expression.
Con Fuoco—with ardor, fire.
Con Grazia—with grace and elegance,
Con Impeto—with force, energy.
Con Justo—with chaste expression.
Con Moto—with emotion.
Con Spirito—with spirit, animation.
Coro—Chorus.
Da—for, from, of. *Da Capo*—from the beginning.
Decani—the priests, in contradistinction to the lay or ordinary choristers.
Declamando—in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo—diminishing decreasing.
Devozione—devotional. [music.
Dilettante—a lover of the arts in general, or a lover of
Di Molto—much or very.
Divoto—devotedly, devoutly.
Dolce—soft, sweet, tender, delicate.
Dolcemente, Dolcessa, or *Dolcissimo*. See Dolce.
Dolente, or *Doloroso*—mournful.
Doloroso—in a plaintive, mournful style.
E—and. *Elegante*—elegance.
Energico, or *Con Energia*—with energy.
Espressivo—expressive.
Fine, Fin, or Finale—the end.
Forzando, Forz., or *Fz.*—sudden increase of power.
Fugue, or *Fuga*—a composition which repeats or sustains in its several parts throughout, the subject with which it commences, and which is often led off by some one of its parts.
Fugato—in the fugue style. *Fughetto*—a short fugue.
Giusto—in just and steady time.
Graziozo—smoothly, gracefully.
Grave—slow and solemn movement.
Impressario—manager of Concerts or Operas.
Lacrimando, or *Lacrimoso*—mournful, pathetic.
Lamentevole, Lamentando, Lamentibile—mournfully.
Larghetto—slow, but not so slow as Large.
Larghissimo—extremely slow.
Largo—slow.
Legato—close, gliding, connected style.
Lentando—gradually slower and softer.
Lento, or *Lentamente*—slow.
Ma—but. *Maestoso*—majestic, majestically.
Maestro Di Capella—chapel master or conductor of church music.
Marcato—strong and marked style.
Messa Di Voce—moderate swell. [time.
Moderato, or *Moderatamente*—moderately, in moderate
Molto—much or very.
Molto Voce—with a full voice.
Morendo—gradually dying away.
Mordente—a beat, a transient shake.
Mosso—emotion. [dante,
Moto—motion. *Andante Con Moto*—quicker than An-
Non, Non Troppo—not too much.
Orchestra—a company or band of instrumental performers; also that part of a theatre occupied by the band.
Pastorale—applied to graceful movements in sextuple time.
Perdendo, Perdendosi—same as Lentando.
Piu—more. *Piu Mosso*—with more motion, faster.
Pizzicato—snapping the violin string with the fingers.
Poco—a little. *Poco Adagio*—a little slow.
Poco a Poco—by degrees, gradually.
Portamento—the manner of sustaining and conducting the voice from one sound to another.
Precentor—conductor, leader of a congregation.
Presto—quick.
Prestissimo—very quick.
Rallentando, or *Allentando*, or *Slentando*—slower and softer by degrees.
Recitando—a speaking manner of performance.
Recitante—in the style of recitative.
Recitative—musical declamation. [power.
Rinforzando, Rinf., or *Rinforzo*—suddenly increasing in
Ritardando—slackening the time.
Semplice—chaste, simple. [throughout.
Sempre—throughout, always; as, *Sempre Forte*—loud
Senza—without; as, *Senza Organa*—without the organ.
Sforzando, Sforzato—with strong force of emphasis rapidly diminishing.
Siciliana—a movement of light, graceful character.
Smorendo, Smorzando—dying away.
Soave, Soavement—sweet, sweetly. See Dolce.
Solfeggio—a vocal exercise.
Solo—for a single voice or instrument;
Sostenuto—sustained.
Sotto—under, below. *Sotto Voce*—with subdued voice.
Spirito, Con Spirito—with spirit and animation.
Staccato—short, detatched, distinct.
Subito—quick.
Tace, or *Tacet*—silent, or be silent.
Tardo—slow.
Tasto Solo—without chords.
Tempo—time. *Tempo a Piacere*—time at pleasure.
Tempo Giusto—in exact time.
Ten., Tenuto—hold on. See Sostenuto.
Tutti—the whole, full chorus.
Un—a; as, *Un Poco*—a little.
Va—go on; as, *Va Crescendo*—continue to increase.
Verse—same as Solo.
Vigoroso—bold, energetic.
Vivace—quick and cheerful.
Virtuoso—a proficient in art.
Voce Di Petto—the chest voice.
Voce Di Testa—the head voice.
Voce Sola—voice alone.
Volti Subito—turn over quickly.

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LETTERS AND NOTICES COMMENDATORY OF

TABOR;

OR, THE RICHMOND COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC.

FARMVILLE, VA., *October* 3, 1865.

Understanding that Mr. McINTOSH desires to publish a work of Sacred Music, we take pleasure, from our knowledge of him, to recommend him to the most favorable consideration. He is a gentleman of high moral character, large experience in his profession, and widely and most favorably known as a teacher of Sacred Music.

W. E. JUDKINS, *Pastor M. E. Church, South.*
RICH'D M'ILWAINE, *Pastor Presbyterian Church.*

(*From the Richmond Whig, Dec.* 22, 1865.)

CHURCH MUSIC.—It gives us pleasure to notice that Mr. McINTOSH, of Farmville, is at this time in our city, engaged in an effort for the improvement of music in our churches. He is well known, in connection with church music, throughout the entire South, as an author and teacher of rare excellence. He was, for many years, prior to the war, a constant and valuable contributor to most of the leading musical publications of the country, and in this way built up a reputation in the interest of music and musical literature which has rarely, if ever, been attained by any man in this country of his age. Indeed, he stands at the very head of church music in the South, and none will dispute the position with him. We are glad to see that our people are giving him the support and encouragement he so eminently deserves. We understand that Mr. McINTOSH is engaged in the preparation of a new book of church music. If so, our musical friends may expect a rich treat.

RICHMOND, *March* 20, 1866.

We take pleasure in recommending our fellow-citizen, Professor McINTOSH, to the musical public of the South as an accomplished and worthy gentleman.

He has our hearty good wishes for his success in the improvement of church music in his native South, to the study of which he has devoted his time and talents.

J. B. JETER, *Pastor of Grace Street Baptist Church.*
J. L. BURROWS, *Pastor of First Baptist Church.*
A. E. DICKINSON, *Pastor of Leigh Street Baptist Church.*
D. SHAVER, *Pastor of Second Baptist Church.*

PETERSBURG, VA., *March* 29, 1866.

It gives me great pleasure to state that I am well acquainted with Lieut. McINTOSH, and know him to be a music teacher and composer of great genius. I hope such genuine talent will be encouraged by our Southern people, and that he will meet with the success he deserves.

I have been permitted to examine a few proof-sheets of his new work, "Tabor," and am sure it can not fail to please all lovers of good church music.

Very truly, &c.,
JNO. COSBY, *Rector of St. Paul's Church.*

RICHMOND, *March* 27, 1866.

I state, with very great pleasure, that I have known Professor McINTOSH for some years as a composer and teacher of music, and that he is, in my opinion, a Christian gentleman, in every way worthy of the public confidence, and entirely competent to make his forthcoming musical work, "Tabor," equal to all that he promises.

J. S. R. CLARKE,
Associate Editor Richmond Christian Advocate.

I concur in the above recommendation of the Rev. J. S. R. Clarke, having reason to believe its indorsement of Mr. McINTOSH fully justified by his merits.

JAMES A. DUNCAN, *Editor of Richmond Christian Advocate, and Pastor of Broad Street M. E. Church.*

March 27, 1866.

RICHMOND, *March* 27, 1866.

From an examination of the "proof-sheets" of "Tabor," we find that it contains an unusual amount of really excellent church music; and believing that it will be a most valuable and interesting work for choirs, congregations, schools, and singing societies generally, we take pleasure in recommending it to our friends and the musical public of the South, as *a very superior collection.* And, if we are not greatly mistaken, it is just the one to suit our people. We therefore predict for it a favorable reception in all sections where a high order of sacred music is heard and appreciated. We are also glad to say that its pages will be free from all that secular and trifling matter, so much of which has, of late years, been crowded into most of the church music books, to the prejudice of religious interests.

WM. L. MONTAGUE,
Leader of Music, Grace Street Baptist Church.
WM. G. DANDRIDGE,
Leader of Music, First Baptist Church.
JOHN F. C. POTTS,
Leader of Singing in Sunday School, First Baptist Church.
WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS,
Leader of Singing in Sunday School, Leigh St. Baptist Church.
W. F. ATTKISSON,
Treasurer of Grace Street Church, and Member of Choir.

RICHMOND, *March* 8, 1866.

Having examined some of the proof-sheets of "Tabor," I find it contains a most desirable and completely arranged collection of church music; and take pleasure in recommending it not only to all congregations, but to all lovers of good sacred music.

CARLOS C. MERA,
Professor of Music, and Organist First Baptist Church.

RICHMOND, *March* 27, 1866.

We state with pleasure that we have examined the advance sheets of "Tabor," and cheerfully recommend the same to the acceptance of our churches as a work of merit, of Southern origin, and the author, as a gentleman of decided musical ability.

F. A. TUCKER, *Leader of Centenary M. E. Church Choir.*
GEO. L. BIDGOOD, *Leader of Broad St. M. E. Church Choir.*
CHAS. P. RADY, *Leader of Trinity M. E. Church Choir.*

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