THE

# HESPERIAN HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

## PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ODES AND ANTHEMS:

AND

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, INFANT, REVIVAL, TEMPERANCE, PATRIOTIC, AND MORAL PIECES:

CONTAINING ALSO A NUMBER OF

SCOTCH, GERMAN, IRISH, AND OTHER FINE COMPOSITIONS,

Much New Music never before Published,

AND AN

EXPOSITION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MUSIC AND OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

BY WILLIAM HOUSER.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, LODGE ALLEY.
1848.

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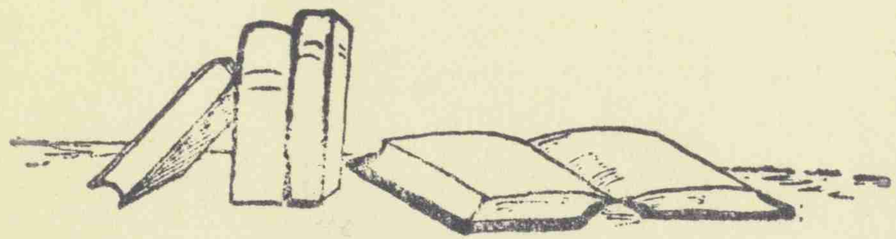

RAYMOND C HAMRICK
MACON, GEORGIA

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by WILLIAM HOUSER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON & CO.
PHILADELPHIA.
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# PREFACE.

TWELVE years have sped away since I first resolved to publish a music book that should contain a larger number of the Church Tunes used in the South and West than had ever been embraced in one volume. Against poverty, adversity, and disappointment after disappointment, I have continued to struggle till God has finally given me success; and I now enjoy the great happiness of presenting my countrymen with the Hesperian Harp. The public will decide whether the book is a good one or not, and will either foster it with their patronage, or send it neglected to an early grave.

The plan of embracing Sunday-school, Infant, Revival, Missionary, and Temperance pieces in the same volume with Church Music, I deem a new, as well as a good one. And I rejoice now in hope that singers at missionary meetings, especially in the South, will henceforth be able to save persons of taste from the torment of hearing "From Greenland's icy mountains," and "nothing else." Surely the missionary hymn will be allowed to rest awhile, till time shall have renovated it and made it once more agreeable to hearts long since sated with its frequent repetition.

Many tunes in this work are entirely new, and appear before the public now for the first time.

I have consulted a great variety of music books, ancient and modern, to make a compilation both pleasing and useful, and have endeavored to give the names of the authors of tunes correctly; but I regret that in many instances I have been unable to learn the names of composers. I sincerely hope that no composer, into whose hands this work may fall, will feel aggrieved to find a tune of his without his name over it, for I would do full justice if I could. I trust therefore that the *intention* to be courteous will be kindly considered, though the ability to be so has been wanting.

Many of the airs in this book I learned in childhood from the sweet voice of my mother; others I have gathered in different parts of our great and glorious country. The parts alone of such tunes I claim as my own composition, and over them are the words, "arranged by William Houser." Over tunes *entirely original* the name of the author simply is given.

In my prospectus I promised a book of 500 pages, including the rudimental matter, for $1 50 per copy; but it will be seen that I actually give 553 *pages of music*, besides 20 pages of preliminary matter! But large as the work is, many fine tunes are necessarily omitted.

I commend to the attention of my readers, the "Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist," by William Walker, author of the "Southern Harmony;" the works of Lowell Mason, of Boston, and of Thomas Hastings, of New York; and the "Southern Church Melodist," by George Hood.

And now at last, when I see the end of my labor, the completion of the Hesperian Harp, I dedicate it, not to man, "whose breath is in his nostrils," but to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whose blessing upon it I humbly implore.

WILLIAM HOUSER.*

PHILADELPHIA, *Thursday, Oct.* 26, 1848.

* This name is of Germanic origin. The original spelling is Hauser, and the pronunciation How'-zer.

# INTRODUCTION.

In the preliminary matter the pronoun *I* is used instead of *we*. This is according to my own taste; but I quarrel with no author who chooses to use *we*.

The spelling of *firey* is a peculiarity of my own. I persist in this spelling, against custom and the lexicographers, because I deem that analogy and good sense require it.

Several tunes in this book have the Treble and Alto on the same staff; and in such pieces the same note often answers for both parts.

The mood $\frac{4}{2}$ occurs in two tunes. Of course every reflecting person will see that this mood is nothing more than a doubling of the $\frac{2}{2}$, or third mood of common time, the 4 meaning four notes per measure, and the 2 that they are half notes or minims.

The moods of time are not arbitrary characters, fixing, as with the decision of fate, the time of all the notes and rests in the tunes; they are intended to exert a *general* regulating influence *only* on time, the *sense of the words that are sung* being the sole positive regulator of both time and tone. But the moods determine the places of accent in tunes. When four even notes occur under any mood, the first and third notes are accented; when three notes occur, the first only takes accent.

The marks *Pia.*, *For.*, *Cres.*, &c., should be carefully noticed in the pieces wherein they occur; in such tunes they are applicable to the words given; but in singing a hymn in a tune so marked, great care should be used to avoid incongruity in the words and music, the *eternal, unalterable* law of singing being this, *that the music must be varied and sung exactly to suit the sense of the words.* What abominable jargon is often made of the finest tunes by inattention to this point! How often, for instance, is a passage that should be sung *Pia.*, or *Mez. Pia.*, sung in *For.* or *FF.*, and *vice versa!* I sincerely hope that the frequent remarks I have made on this point here and elsewhere in my preliminary matter, may fully arouse every lover of music in the South and West to a proper consideration of it.

The *slurs* have to be broken in a great many tunes to sing some of the verses, while they are adhered to in singing the others; and sometimes a slur must be added in singing. These changes occur most frequently in 11s, 12s, and 6s 9s, and a few other styles of song. It is impossible to arrange tunes to suit all the verses of such hymns exactly; but the good sense and judgment of the singer will of course supply such minor defects.

The stems of notes may be turned either up or down according to fancy, there being no law on this subject but the law of taste, which every person has a right to use as he pleases.

The abbreviations of metres are as follows:—

C. M. Common Metre; L. M. Long Metre; S. M. Short Metre; P. M. Peculiar Metre; S. P. M. Short Peculiar Metre; L. P. M. Long Peculiar Metre; C. P. M. Common Peculiar Metre; H. M. Hexameter Metre. Many peculiar metres are expressed by the figures indicating the number of lines and syllables in a stanza.

Everybody should study music, for it is one of the sweetest blessings God has given to man. Heaven and earth are full of music—there is a deep and heavenly philosophy in it, and only the misguided or the vicious repudiate the study of it. Singing should be taught in common schools, and by every fireside, that children might grow up in an atmosphere of harmony and love; then would quarreling and fighting, and every kind of low and debasing sensuality be kept from among them. Try it, ye parents who are always complaining about the "badness" of your children; set them to singing, and keep them at it, and they'll sing the devil away, and keep him sung away. And next to the study of music set your children to reading "Tam's Fortnight Ramble," and "Droppings from the Heart," two volumes of the most heart-touching, soul-elevating poetry, by Thomas Mackellar of Philadelphia. I end these remarks with a quotation from the "Fortnight Ramble:"—

"How soothingly the music o'er me stole!
Something of heaven amid a world of sin;
Like healing oil it dropp'd upon my soul,
And calm'd the tumult of my thoughts within.
Nature ne'er meant that man should be a Quaker;
And though the Friends are students in her school,
They follow not each clearly written rule,
Nor in her true harmonic teachings take her.
Life without music is night without a star—
Day without sunshine—rose without perfume—
Eye without lustre—cheek without a bloom—
Or clouds without rainbow when the storm is far.
Music on earth for me, besides the promise given
Of music and of hymns high in the courts of heaven!"

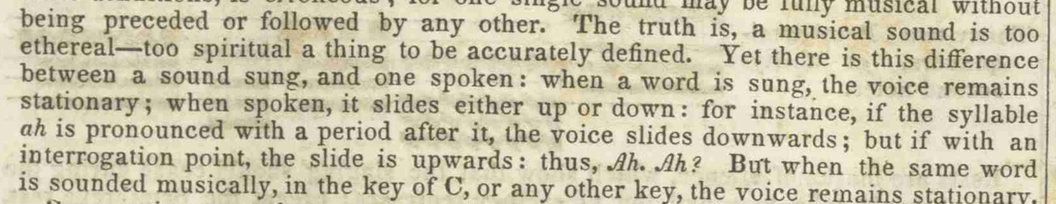
# RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Music has been defined, "a succession of pleasing sounds." But this, like many other definitions, is erroneous; for one single sound may be fully musical without being preceded or followed by any other. The truth is, a musical sound is too ethereal—too spiritual a thing to be accurately defined. Yet there is this difference between a sound sung, and one spoken: when a word is sung, the voice remains stationary; when spoken, it slides either up or down: for instance, if the syllable *ah* is pronounced with a period after it, the voice slides downwards; but if with an interrogation point, the slide is upwards: thus, *Ah. Ah?* But when the same word is sounded musically, in the key of C, or any other key, the voice remains stationary.

Seven primary or elementary sounds constitute the whole of vocal and of instrumental music: though an octave or succession of *eight* primary sounds is regarded as forming a Diatonic, i. e. a thorough scale of music. But the eighth sound, either in an ascending or a descending scale, no matter what note is taken as the starting point, is only a repetition of the first one. Any one can easily understand this, by referring to a flute, or a fife. Let him make the first sound (on either instrument) with all the fingers down; then raise each finger in succession till all are up; this will give seven distinct sounds: then with all the fingers down let him blow twice as hard as he did at first, and he will then make a sound just like the one made at first, only eight degrees higher. This completes an octave, or Diatonic Natural Scale of music. A human voice of great compass can perform three such octaves. Several musical instruments can accomplish more.

These seven musical sounds are represented by the first seven letters of the English alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. Vocal music is generally in four parts, Bass, Air or Tenor, Treble, and Alto or Counter. Each part of music is written on five parallel lines and their spaces, called a staff, (plural *staves*,) thus:—

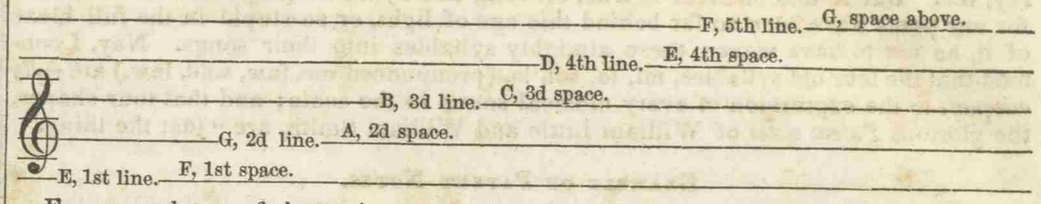
The staff is used to express different degrees or gradations of sound. The seven musical letters stand thus on the Bass staff:—




Note.—The lines and spaces, or intervals of sound, are always counted from the bottom, upward.

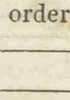


Thus, on the Tenor or the Treble staff:—




From any letter of the series to another of the same name, ascending or descending, is an octave.

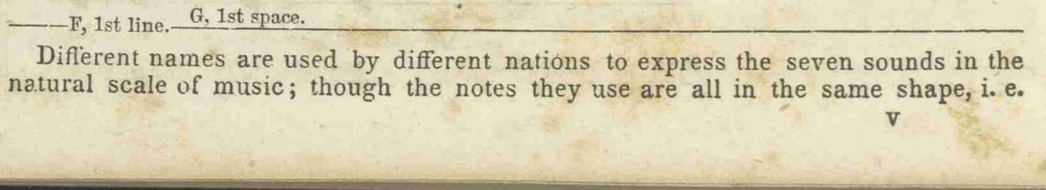
The order of the letters on each staff is fixed by a character called a Cleff, or Cliff. This character is called the F cleff, is always used on the Bass, and frequently on the Alto staff, and stands invariably on the fourth line.

The G cleff  stands on G, the second line of the Tenor or the Treble, and so also on the Alto staff, when used for that part of music.

The C cleff is used in the Counter only, and stands on C, which is the middle line of the Alto, and the same sound as C, third space of the Tenor, and first ledger line above the Bass.

I have said that the cleff governs the order of the letters on a staff. Now if the F cleff, instead of occupying the fourth line of the Bass, were removed to the fifth line, that line, instead of being A, as it now is, would become F, and the whole order of letters on the staff would be changed accordingly. So of any other cleff.

This is the order of the letters on the C cleff:—




Different names are used by different nations to express the seven sounds in the natural scale of music; though the notes they use are all in the same shape, i. e.

round, and their other musical characters are the same. The French sing, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, se; the Italians, do, ray, mi, fa, sol, la, si, and the English fa, sol, la, mi. But the present race of teachers, American and English, are aping the Italians in the use of do, ray, me, &c. And some of them gravely assert that the seven musical sounds cannot be expressed without using seven distinct syllables, as Do, ray, &c. But if this doctrine is true, all song and hymn singing must be incorrect, for our poets have been so far behind this age of light, or so stupid in the full blaze of it, as not to have woven these almighty syllables into their songs. Nay, I contend that the four old syllables, mi, fa, sol, la, (pronounced me, faw, sole, law,) are *fully adequate* to the expression of every musical sound in the scale; and that four shapes, the glorious *Patent notes* of William Little and William Smith, are "just the thing."

EXAMPLE OF PATENT NOTES.

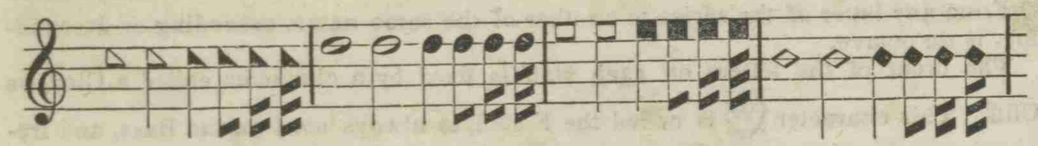
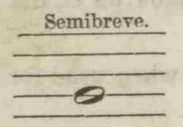


TABLE SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF NOTES.

The Breve is an ancient note twice as long as the modern semi, or half breve.

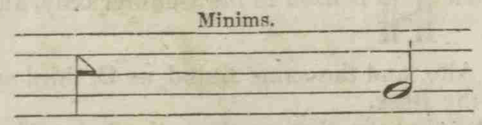
Semibreve.

One Semibreve, or modern whole note, is equal in time to



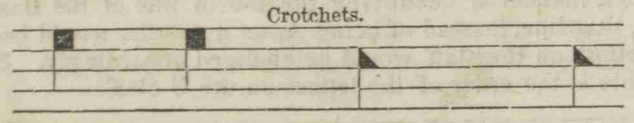
Minims.

Two Minims, or half notes,



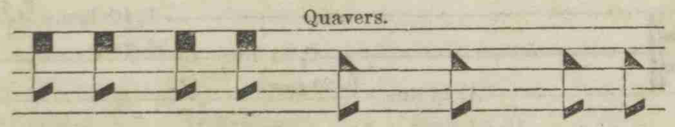
Crotchets.

Four Crotchets, or quarter notes,



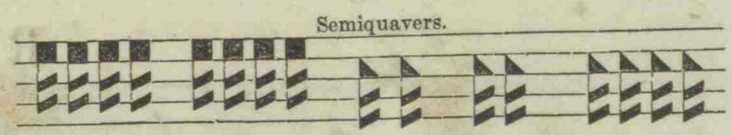
Quavers.

Eight Quavers, or eighth notes,



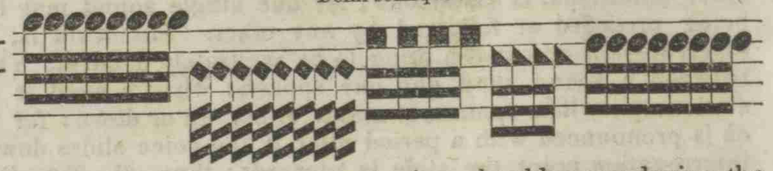
Semiquavers.

Sixteen Semiquavers, or sixteenth notes, and



Demi-semiquavers.*

Thirty-two Demi-semiquavers, or thirty-second notes.



Rests are marks of silence, which show that the singing should cease during the time it would take to sound the notes they represent; except the Semibreve rest, which is used to fill a vacant measure in any mood. It is therefore called the bar, or measure rest.

The Semibreve or whole note rest is a square below the middle line, thus:—

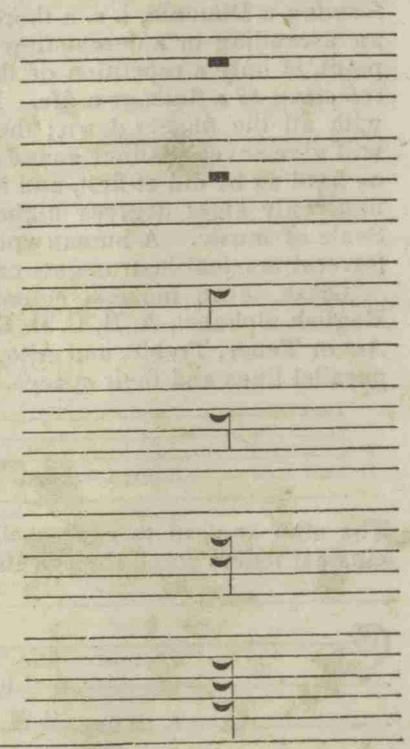
The Minim or half note rest is a square above the middle line, thus:—

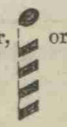
The Crotchet or fourth note rest is like an inverted figure 7, and is called a Sutton.

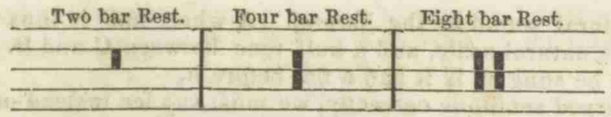
The Quaver or eighth note rest is an inverted Sutton.

The Semiquaver or sixteenth note rest is an inverted Sutton with a hook, or dash.

The Demi-semiquaver or thirty-second note rest is an inverted Sutton with two hooks.



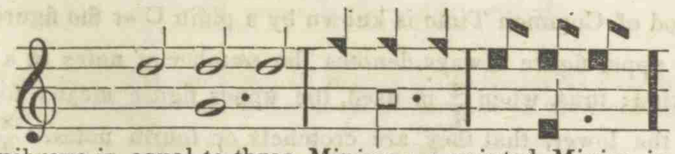
* Anciently a Demiquaver,  or sixty-fourth note was used.




These rests are used principally in the anthems. They show that the music must cease for two, four, or eight measures.

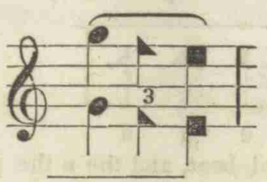
The notes and rests have not the same length of time in all tunes, that matter being determined by the moods of time; but they always bear the same proportion to each other.

The dot, (•) called the point of addition, set after a note, makes it one-half longer, thus:—

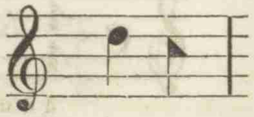


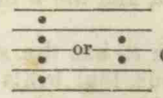
A pointed Semibreve is equal to three Minims; a pointed Minim is equal to three Crotchets, &c. This point is also used after rests, and produces the same effect as after notes.

A figure 3 over or under any three notes shows that they are to be sung in the time of two of the same kind without a figure, thus:—

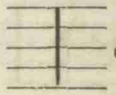


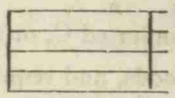

are equal to

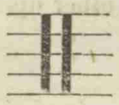


The Repeat 

or the 𝄋 of the old books, shows that the music is to be repeated from it to the next double bar, or close.

The single bar  divides a tune into measures.

A measure  is the space from one bar to another.

The double bar  (of some books) shows the end of a strain. It is sometimes used for a repeat.

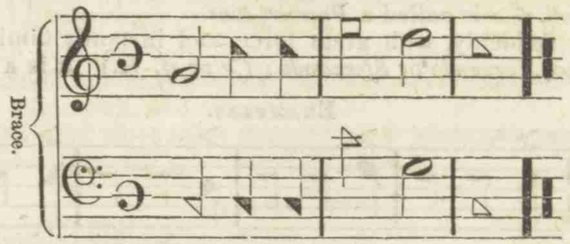
This mark is the double bar of this book. It also shows the end of a line of poetry in many tunes where it is used.

The close shows the end of a tune.

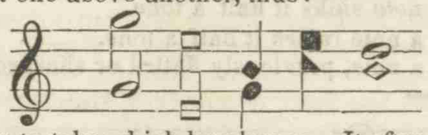
The figures 1 and 2, at the end of a repeated strain, show that the note or notes under the 1 are to be sung before the repeat, and those under the 2 after, those under the 1 being omitted; but if tied with a slur, both are to be sounded after the repeat.

A slur ⁀ over, or under, any number of notes shows that they are all sung to one syllable of the words. If the stems of notes are joined, this answers in place of a slur.

The Brace shows how many parts of music are sung or played together, thus:—

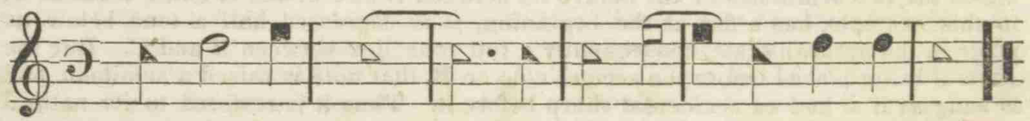



Choosing notes are set one above another, thus:—



The singer is at liberty to take which he pleases. It often adds much to the beauty of a part of music when several persons are singing, for some to take the upper and others the under notes.

Syncopation notes are those out of their proper order in a measure, or driven through a bar, and require the beats to be performed while they are sounding, thus:—



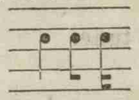
The first measure in this example is an instance of notes out of their proper order in the measure; the next two notes, making a measure and three-fourths, are an instance of notes driven through the bar.

A hold 𝄐 over, or under, any note shows that such note should be sounded longer than usual.

A Staccato mark ! shows that the note it stands over (or under) should be sounded quite forcibly, and with a sudden, short pause after it.

A Trill tr shows that the note over which it is placed may be lightly warbled like a soft roll.

A Prisa :‖: shows that the word or sentence preceding it must be repeated.

Grace Notes, or Appogiaturas,  are small extra notes placed before larger ones, to guide the voice gracefully and beautifully to the larger ones. They have no time allowed them, but partake the time of the principal notes. They are often used as principal notes in instrumental passages.

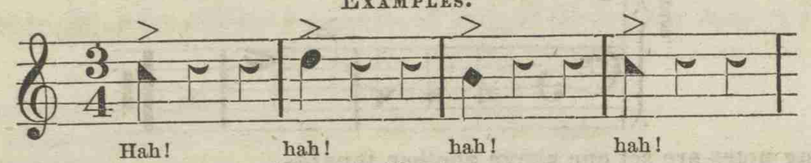
The Crescendo < (or Cres.) shows that a sound should be commenced softly and gradually increased to loud.

The Diminuendo > (or Dim.) is the very reverse of the Crescendo.

The Swell <> is a combination of a Cres. and a Dim. A very sudden *Crescendo*, < or *Swell*, <> is called a *Pressure tone.*

A sound struck suddenly, with great force, and instantly diminished, is called an *Explosive tone;* also, *Forzando* or *Sforzando:* (> or *sf. fz.*) It is a sudden Dim.

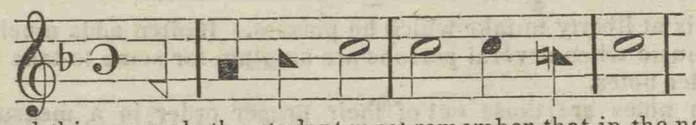
EXAMPLES.



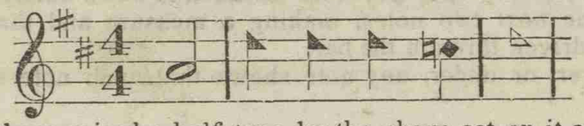

A Flat ♭ set before a note sinks it half a tone.

A Sharp ♯ set before a note raises it half a tone.

A Natural ♮ restores a note, previously flatted or sharped, to its natural position in the scale. Example:—



To understand this example the student must remember that in the natural scale of music the two semitones of the octave lie between B and C, and E and F; but as B, in this example, has a flat at the beginning, it is depressed half a tone below its place in the natural scale, consequently a full tone lies between B and C. But the *Natural* being placed before the second note on B, that note is raised a semitone, and is sung as if it had an accidental sharp before it. Thus it is restored to its natural position in the scale. Another example:—



Here C, having been raised a half tone by the sharp set on it at the beginning, is restored to its natural sound by the *Natural.* A whole tone is thus induced between D and C, as in the natural scale, and a half tone between C and B. The note after this natural must be sung as if it had a flat before it.

"To sing a sharped semitone correctly, we must say fee instead of faw, &c. Thus in ascending, we say fa, fee, sol, see, law, fa, fee, sol, see, law, lee, me, fa.

"To sing a flatted semitone, we must, in descending, say, fa, me, may, law, lay, sol, say, fa, law, lay, sol, say, fa."

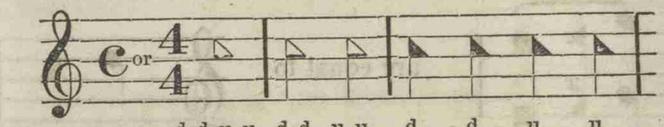
### MOODS (or MODES) OF TIME.

There are nine moods of time, viz.: four of Common, three of Triple and two of Compound.

The first mood of Common Time is known by a plain C or the figures $\frac{4}{4}$.

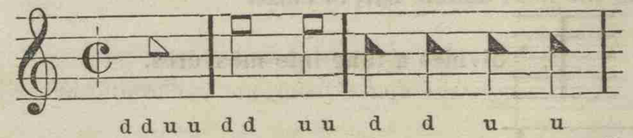
NOTE.—The upper figure always denotes the number of notes in a measure, and the lower the kind; thus, when $\frac{4}{4}$ is used, the upper figure means four notes in a measure, and the lower, that they are crotchets or fourth notes. $\frac{3}{2}$ means three minims or half notes in a measure, and $\frac{6}{4}$ means six quarter notes or crotchets (or their quantity) in a measure. So of all moods indicated by figures.

This mood has a semibreve for its measure-note, and requires four beats in a measure, in the time of four seconds, two down and two up. Example:—

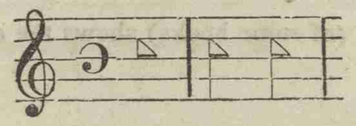



NOTE.—The *d* shows the place of the downward beat, and the *u* the place of the upward beat.

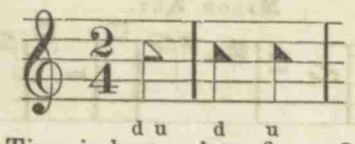
The second mood is known by a C with a bar through it, has the same measure-note, i. e., a semibreve, sung in the time of three seconds, four beats in a measure, two down and two up. This mood, however, is of very little worth.



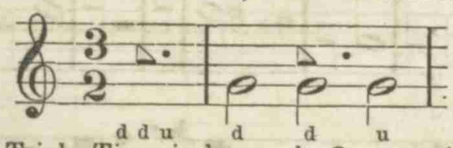

The third mood of Common Time is known by an inverted C, or the figures $\frac{2}{2}$; it has the same measure-note as the above-mentioned moods, and requires two beats in a measure, in the time of two seconds, one down, the other up.



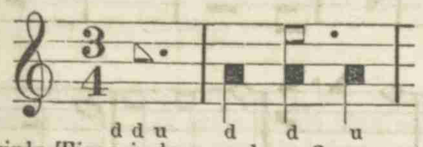
The fourth mood of Common Time is known by a figure 2 over a 4; it has a minim for a measure-note, and requires two beats in a measure in the time of one second.



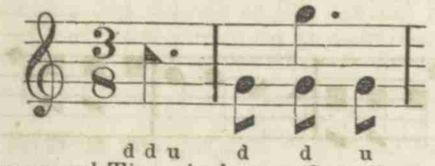

The first mood of Triple Time is known by a figure 3 over a 2, has three minims or their quantity in a measure: three beats, two down and one up.



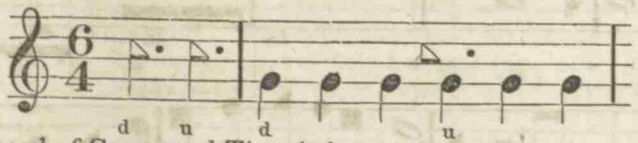

The second mood of Triple Time is known by 3 over a 4; has three crotchets or their quantity in a measure: three beats in a measure in the time of two seconds.



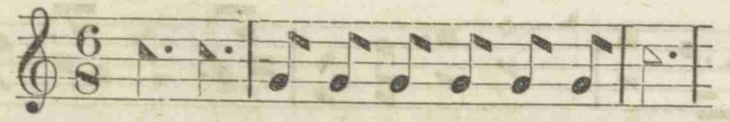

The third mood of Triple Time is known by a 3 over an 8; has three quavers or their quantity in a measure: three beats in a measure in the time of one second.




The first mood of Compound Time is known by a 6 over a 4; has six crotchets or their quantity in a measure; sung in time of two seconds, two beats in a measure, one down, the other up.




The second mood of Compound Time is known by a 6 over an 8: sung in the time of one second, two beats in a measure. It has six quavers or their quantity in a measure.



### Accent.

Accent, in music, signifies a peculiar force or loudness of sound used in singing one note in a measure to distinguish it from the rest. It is of the greatest importance in music, for without it no proper expression can ever be given to any sentiment or song.

In the first, second, and third moods of Common Time, the accent falls on the first and third parts of the measure.

The fourth mood of Common Time, and all the moods of Triple Time have but one accent, that is on the first part of the measure.

In both the Compound moods, the accent falls on the first and fourth parts of the measure. The first accent in a measure is full, the second feebler.

Although the different moods require the accent to be made on a particular part of the measure, yet when emphatic words occur, the music must bend to the poetry, and not the poetry to the music.

### Remarks.

The last note of a piece should not be broken off abruptly, but sounded smoothly, gently swelling the last note like an echo.

The terms soft and loud, wherever they occur, should be carefully attended to.

The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes of every tune should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes.

All Solos should be sung more softly than the parts when moving together; but the sound should increase while the parts are falling in.

### Beating Time.

The beating of time is performed with the hand.

The different moods are beaten in the following manner:—In the first and second moods of Common Time, for the first beat, bring down the ends of the fingers (on whatever you beat upon); for the second beat bring down the heel of the hand, for the third beat raise the heel of the hand, for the fourth beat raise the hand quite up.

For the third and fourth moods of Common Time and both the compound moods, there are but two beats in a measure, one down and one up.

All the Triple moods are beaten thus:—For the first beat bring down the ends of the fingers, for the second beat bring down the heel of the hand, and for the third beat raise the hand up. N. B. The hand always falls at the beginning of every measure.

But no matter whether the beating is performed with hand or foot, so the principle is understood by the singer.

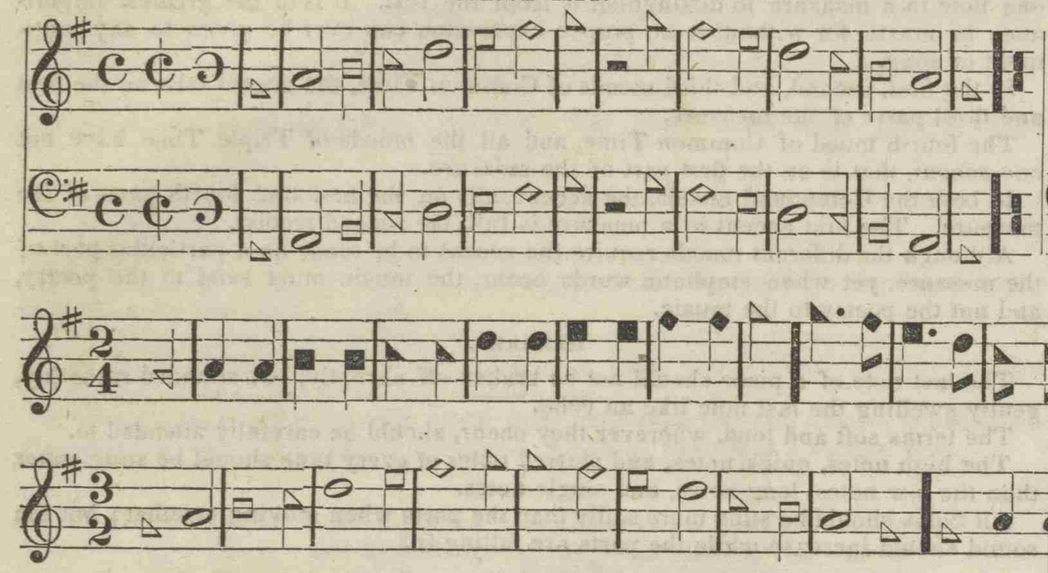
The following method for ascertaining the true time of tunes has been recommended by several eminent musicians. Take a ball, (perhaps a leaden ball an inch in diameter would do as well as any,) and suspend it by a cord from a pin, in some place where it can swing without interruption. Let the cord be of the following lengths for the several moods of time:—

For the first and third moods of Common Time, the first of Triple, and the first of Compound Time, $39\frac{2}{10}$ inches. For the second of Common, and second of Triple, $22\frac{1}{10}$ inches. For the fourth of Common and second of Compound, $12\frac{4}{10}$ inches. For the third of Triple, $5\frac{1}{21}$ inches.

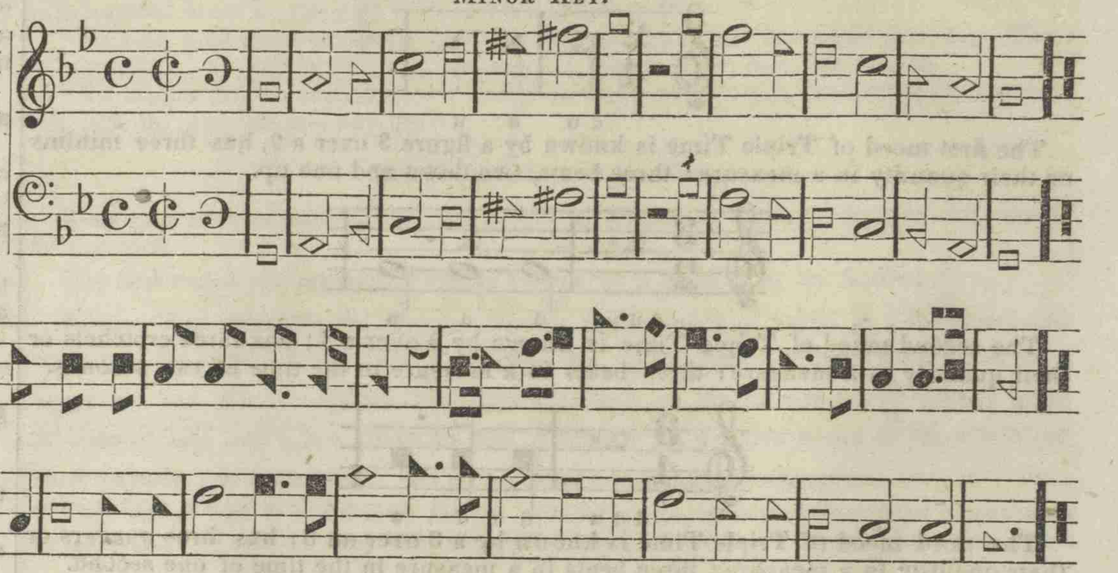
# RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

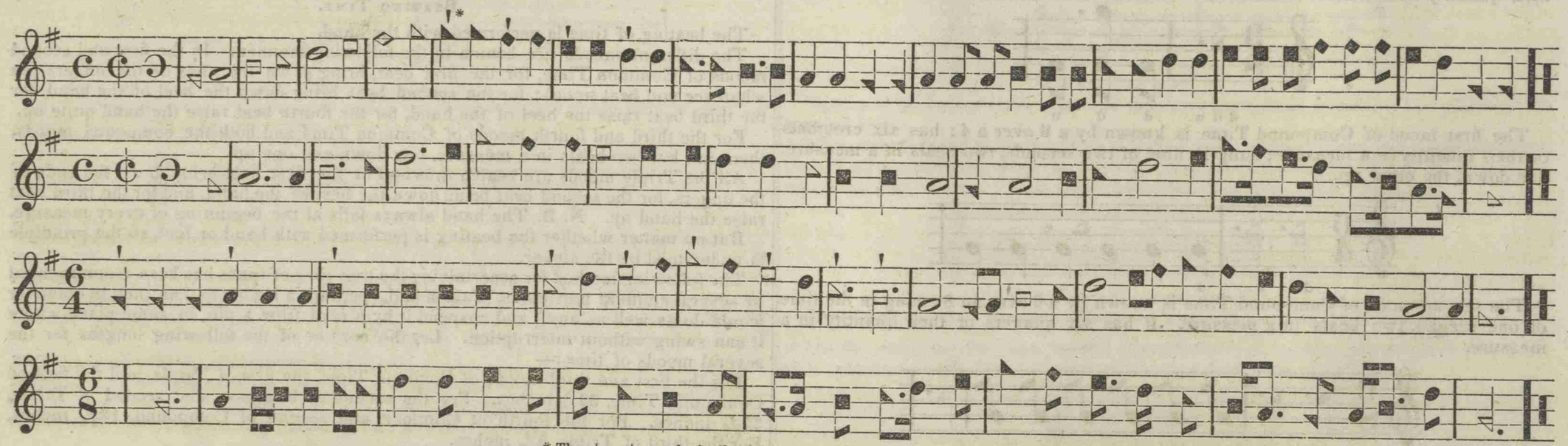
## LESSONS FOR PRACTICE IN THE DIFFERENT MOODS AND KEYS.

MAJOR KEY.



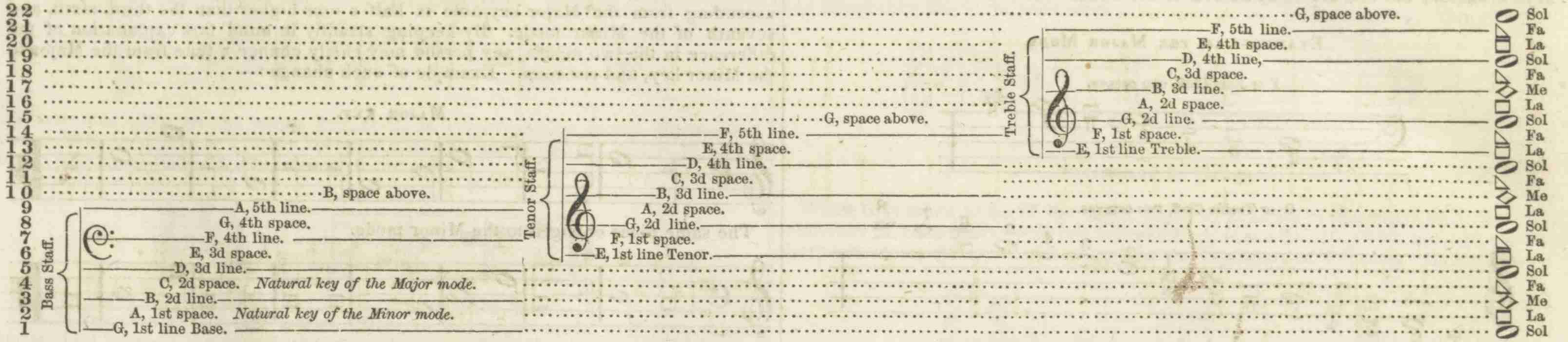
MINOR KEY.





* The staccato marks in these examples show the places of accent only

## GAMUT OR GENERAL SCALE.




This scale contains three octaves, or twenty-two successive sounds. However, if all singing were performed by males, the scale would embrace only fifteen sounds, this being the compass of most male voices; but God has made the female voice an octave higher than that of the male, therefore another octave is added to the general scale, which makes out twenty-two sounds as the general range of compass of the human voice. It will be a great convenience for any student of music to take sounds from a *Pitch-pipe*, or a *Tuning-fork;* but in the absence of this advantage he should begin with the lower note of the scale, sounding it as low as he can to make a clear and distinct sound, and ascend the scale as high as his voice will reach. Thus he should practise till he is perfectly familiar with every tone and semitone of the scale. He must notice at the same time the connection of the different parts, that D, middle line of the Bass, is the same as the first space below in the Tenor, (or any part ruled by the G cleff,) that E, third space of the Bass, is the same as E, first line of the Tenor, or Air, &c. Whoever would learn to pitch the different parts of a tune correctly must study this matter thoroughly. To understand that the female voice is an octave above that of the male, one should give a lady a sound (any note, mi, fa, sol, or la, being called) in his own ordinary tone of voice; and it will seem to him that she is making the very same sound with himself; but let her continue the same sound he gave her at first while he pitches his voice to the eighth degree above, and he will then find that he is *really* making the same sound with her. By experimenting in this manner any person with a musical ear can soon get to understand this important matter.

The Bass should be sung by men of the gravest voices, the Air by high male and by ordinary female voices combined, the Treble by soprano or very high female voices, and the Alto by boys, and by females of coarse voices.

To pitch a tune correctly without the aid of an instrument, a leader should guess at the sound of the key-note as nearly as he can, and then, according to this sound try the highest and lowest notes of each part; if he can sing them with ease, the piece is properly keyed for his own voice; and if his voice is of medium compass, this pitch will answer for the generality of singers. But if an instrument is at hand, a pitch-pipe that sounds C, a tune-fork that sounds A, or a flute that sounds D when the fingers are all down, it will be a great convenience, especially to inexperienced leaders. When any letter is sounded, it is very easy by ascending or descending the scale to fix on any other sound that is desired.

### KEYS.

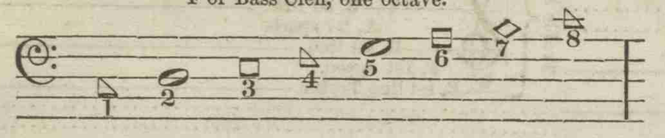
In every correct tune there is a principal note called its key, on which all the notes of the piece depend. It is always the last note of the Bass, and generally of the Tenor. It is either *fa*, (*do* Italian, *ut* French style) immediately above *mi*, (Italian *si*) or *la*, immediately below *mi*. If the key-note is *fa*, the tune is sharp-keyed or in the Major Mode; if *la*, the tune is flat-keyed, or in the Minor Mode. There are only these two kinds of key in music. If no flat or sharp is used at the beginning of a piece, it is said to be in a Natural key; but flats or sharps at the beginning produce what are called artificial keys. C, second space of the Bass, (its octave being also meant,) is the natural sharp key-note, and A, first space of the Bass, is the natural key of the Minor mode. The key, being the most important note in every tune, is called *one*, and all the other intervals of the octave are counted from it.

Note.—C is called a Natural key, because every tune written in it is played on instruments without the aid of flats or sharps; but any letter in the scale may, by the use of flats or sharps, be assumed as the key-note or *one*, and the tune will be just as natural to the human voice as if keyed on C; though instruments must be keyed to

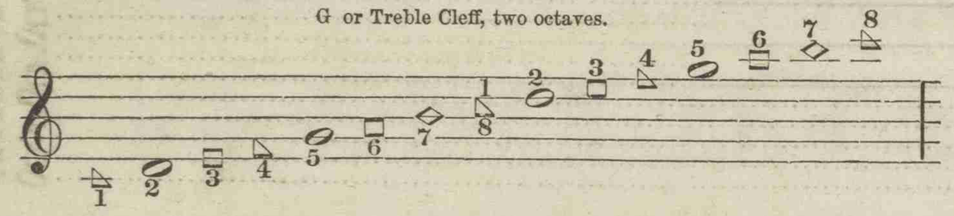
suit the change. C, then, is called natural in regard to instruments only, and all other keys artificial; but one key is as natural to the human voice as another.

EXAMPLES IN THE MAJOR MODE.

F or Bass Cleff, one octave.

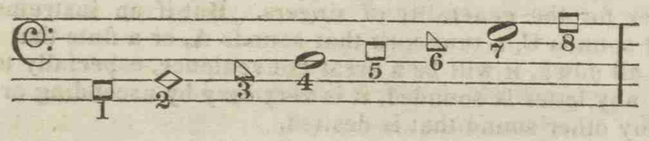


G or Treble Cleff, two octaves.

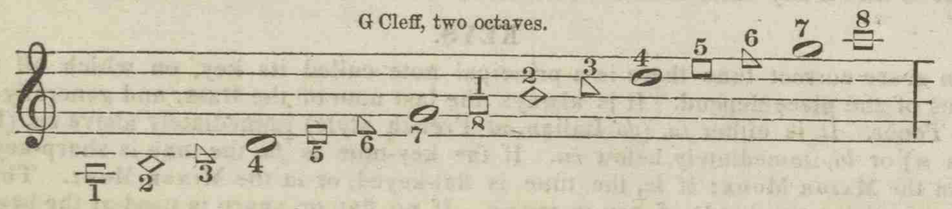


Thus in the Natural Minor key, A.

F Cleff, one octave.



G Cleff, two octaves.

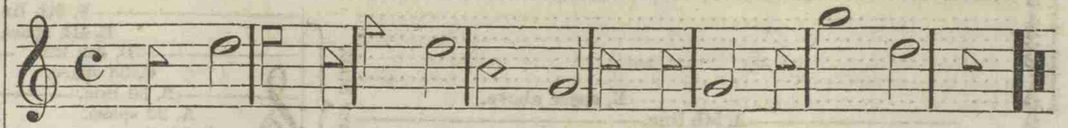


It has been observed that every octave contains five whole tones (or intervals as the ingenious Mr. Aikin calls them) and two semitones or half intervals. In the natural scale of the Major mode the distance from 1 to 2, that is from C to D, (from fa to sol,) is a whole tone; from 2 to 3 (D to E) is a tone; from 3 to 4 (E to F) a half tone; from 4 to 5 (F to G) a tone; from 5 to 6 (G to A) a tone; from 6 to 7 (A to B) a tone; and from 7 to 8 or 1 (B to C) is a half tone.

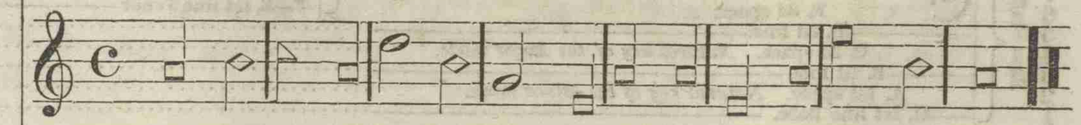
In the natural Minor scale the intervals are thus: from 1 to 2 (that is, from A to B) is a tone; from 2 to 3 (B to C) a half tone; from 3 to 4 (C to D) a tone; from 4 to 5 (D to E) a tone; from 5 to 6 (E to F) a half tone; from 6 to 7 (F to G) a tone, and from 7 to 8 or 1 (G to A) is a whole tone.

Here let every student notice the difference between the Major and Minor modes: MAJOR means *greater*, and MINOR means *smaller;* and every *third*, *sixth*, and *seventh* ascending from the Major key-note is half a tone higher than the third, sixth, and seventh of the Minor mode. By keeping steadily in mind this explanation of the difference in the two modes, any person may easily change a tune from the Major to the Minor key, and *vice versa*. Example of such change:—

MAJOR KEY.



The same piece changed to the Minor mode.

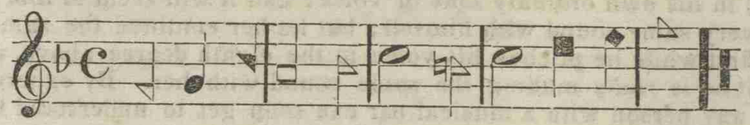


Every student should practise changing pieces from one mode to the other until he is perfectly familiar with the subject.

## MODULATIONS OF KEYS.

### FIRST BY FLATS.

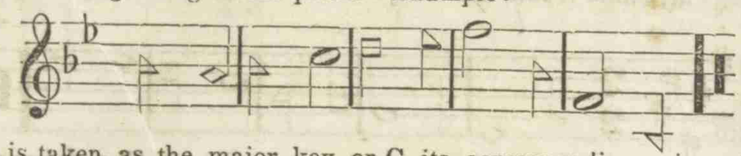
If all music were written in C, there would be but little variety in it, and the happiness derived from this science would be comparatively small; but any one of the seven musical letters may be assumed as the key-note or *one*, of a tune, and thus we may obtain an endless variety of blissful sounds. When F is assumed as the key-note Major, or D as the key-note Minor, the two semitones* or half intervals of each octave will come between A and B, and E and F. In this case one *flat* is placed on B, at the beginning of the tune; and every note that occurs on B must be played flat on instruments, except where an accidental *natural* is thrown in to raise this note half a tone and bring back the semitone between B and C as in the natural or C scale. Example:—



When B is assumed as the key-note major, (or its corresponding minor G,) the two semitones of the octave will come between A and B, and D and E; consequently

* The semitones always come between mi and fa, and la and fa.

every note occurring on A, or on E, must be played flat. In this case B and E are both flatted at the beginning of the piece. Example:—

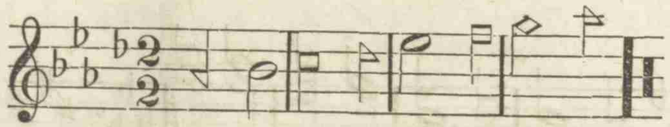


When E is taken as the major key, or C, its corresponding minor, the two half intervals of the octave will occur between D and E, and G and A; and B, E, and A must all be made flat, at the beginning of the piece.

Example:—

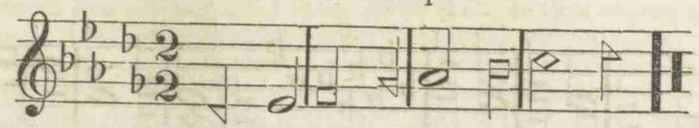
Note:—Four sharps produce the same effect as three flats.

If A is assumed for the key-note of a tune in the major mode, or F for a minor, the two half tones of the octave will come between G and A, and C and D. In this case B, E, A, and D will all be flatted at the beginning of the tune. Example:—



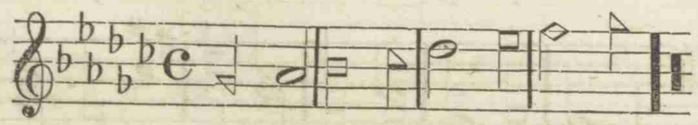
Three sharps as the *signature* of a tune produce the same effect as four flats.

If D is made the key-note major, or B the minor key, B, E, A, D, and G must be flatted, or F and C sharped, which produces the same effect. The semitones will then lie between B and C, and F and G. Example:—



Two sharps being more convenient than five flats are always used when D is taken for the key-note, or B for the minor.

Six flats as a signature will throw the key-note major on G, and the minor on E. Example:—

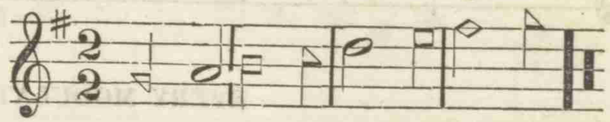


One sharp is equivalent to six flats, and hence when G is assumed as the key-note major, or E as the minor, one sharp is used instead of six flats.

Seven flats bring the notes of the octave into the key of C, or the natural major, and hence they are never used when C is taken as *one*, or A, its minor. Example:—

SECONDLY, BY SHARPS.

When G is taken as *one* of the major mode, or E as *one* of the minor mode, the two semitones of each octave will fall between F and G, and B and C, and F must be played sharp: hence one sharp is placed on F at the beginning of the tune. Example:—

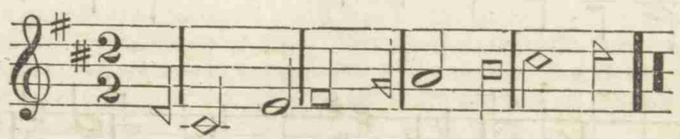


Six flats produce the same effect.

Be it noted in this connection, that in the key of C, or the natural scale, a half interval lies between E and F; but when G is assumed as *one*, F is raised a half tone by the sharp placed on it, and consequently it is only half as low as it is in the natural scale. But the other semitone of the octave will come between B and C.

When D is taken for *one*, F and C are both played sharp, because one semitone of the octave comes between C and D, and the other between F and G.

Example:—

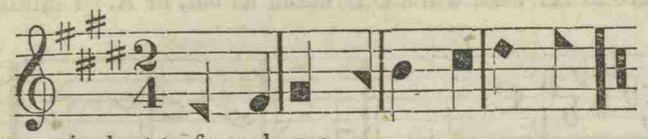


To understand this illustration, it must be kept in mind that in the natural scale F and C are both half a tone lower than they are when sharped. Five flats are equal to two sharps.

When A is made the key-note major, or F the minor, F, C, and G are all sharped; the lower semitone of the octave comes between G and A, and the upper are between C and D. Example:—

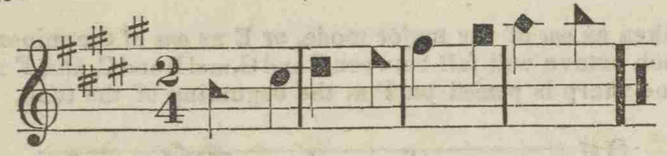
Four flats are equal to three sharps.

When E is taken as *one*, major, F, C, G, and D are all sharped. Example :—

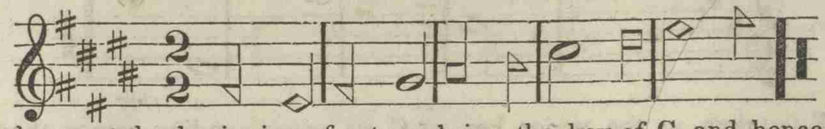


Three flats are equivalent to four sharps.

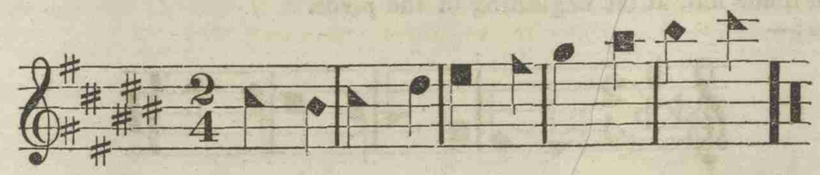
B may be assumed as the major key-note by sharping F, C, G, D, and A, but as two flats produce the same effect, five sharps are never used as the signature of a tune. Example :—



F may be made the major key-note by sharping F, C, G, D, A, and E; but as one flat on B brings the same result, six sharps are never used as a signature. Example :—



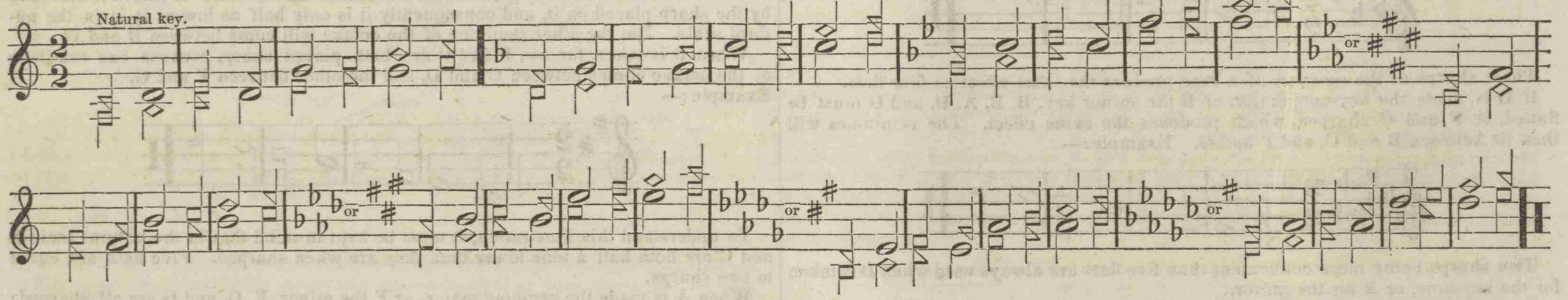
Seven sharps at the beginning of a tune bring the key of C, and hence they are never used as a signature. Example :—



## EVERY MODULATION OF KEY IN BOTH MODES AT ONE VIEW.

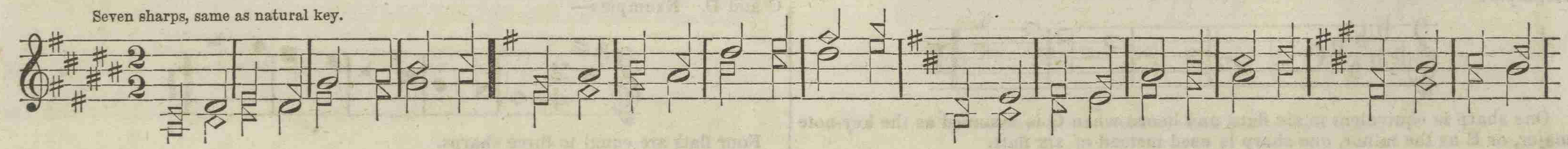
### BY FLATS.

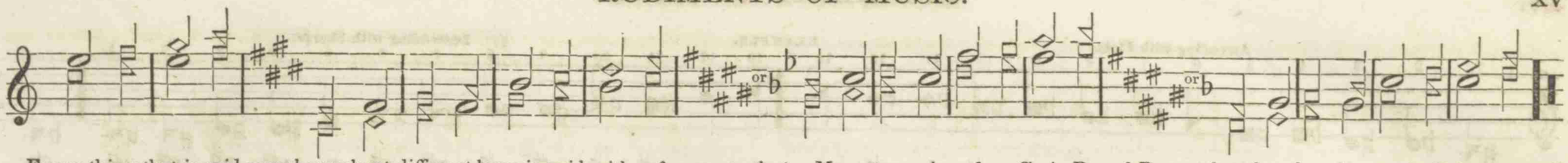
Natural key.



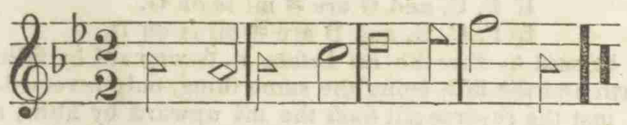

### BY SHARPS.

Seven sharps, same as natural key.





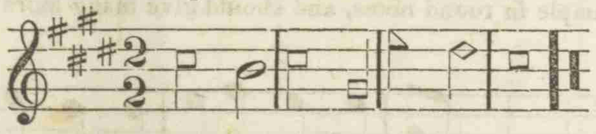
Every thing that is said anywhere about different keys is said with reference to the order of tones and semitones in the natural or C scale; for instance: a tune is said to have been played or sung in B flat: the meaning is that the key-note of the piece is on B, and that this said B is half a tone lower than it is in the natural scale. Two flats as a *signature* will give the key of B flat. Example:—



It will be seen that B, in this example, is the key-note, and that it is half a tone lower than in the natural scale. E is flat when it is half a tone lower than in the natural scale. Every tune in the major mode with a four sharp *signature* is in E flat.

A is natural when a whole tone occurs between it and B, as in the natural scale. A three sharp *signature* will place a tune of the major mode in the key of A natural.

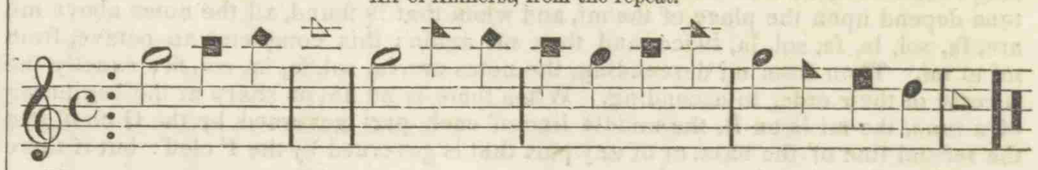
A tune is in C sharp when it is keyed on C, and the said C is half a tone higher than in the natural scale. Example:—



In the natural scale C is half a tone lower than in this example, for here C is sharp, that is, it is raised half a tone higher than in the natural scale. It will be seen from these illustrations that when a piece of music is said to be in C sharp, B flat, &c.; no allusion is made to the mode, major or minor, but solely to the key-note of the piece as being on a certain letter, and that the tone that letter represents is either raised or depressed from its position in the natural scale.

Many tunes keyed on G, A, B, and D, may be played and sung in C, because all the notes are within the compass of a C instrument, and also of the human voice, but generally in such tunes the proper *artificial* key must be adopted or the piece will be so high, or so low, that neither voice nor instrument can perform it. The air of Amherst, from the repeat, is a good illustration of this idea. Keyed on C natural no voice could perform it properly: but keyed on G it is easy enough.

Air of Amherst, from the repeat.



The same on G.

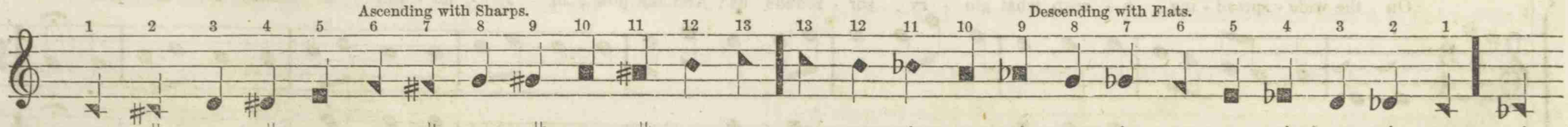
Students of music should look at this principle closely, and study different tunes in regard to the C scale, and also in regard to every assumed scale.

Thus I have endeavored to make plain one of the most obscure and difficult principles in music, the *Modulation of keys*. But I must remark that no one can ever understand modulation who does not become well acquainted with the character of the semitones and their places in the octave; for there are two of them in every octave, and every modulation of key depends entirely upon them.

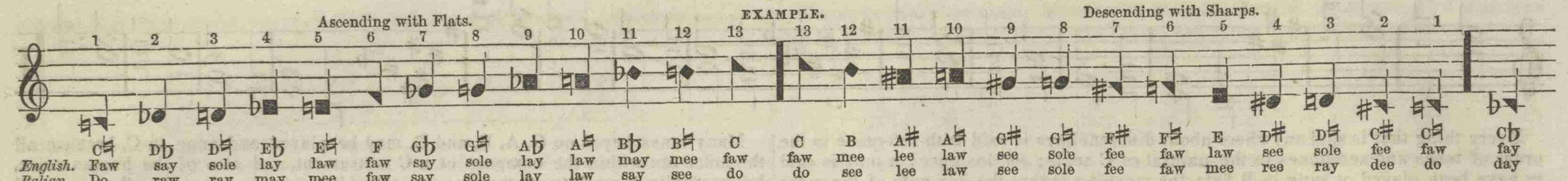
The following Chromatic or Semitone scale is quoted from the "Church Harmony," a very excellent music book by Mr. Henry Smith of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a book which every lover of music ought to buy.

EXAMPLE.

Ascending with Sharps. Descending with Flats.



| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | C | C♯ | D | D♯ | E | F | F♯ | G | G♯ | A | A♯ | B | C | C | B | B♭ | A | A♭ | G | G♭ | F | E | E♭ | D | D♭ | C | C♭ |
| *English.* | Faw | fee | sole | see | law | faw | fee | sole | see | law | lee | mee | faw | faw | me | may | law | lay | sole | say | faw | law | lay | sole | say | faw | fay |
| *Italian.* | Do | dee | ray | ree | mee | faw | fee | sole | see | law | lee | see | do | do | see | say | law | lay | sole | say | faw | mee | may | ray | rah | do | day |




## TABLES OF SIGNATURES.

The principle of modulation, or transposition of keys, explained above, is embraced in the following tables. By studying well these tables, any one can learn to sing round notes as well as any other kind; for the positions of all the notes in every tune depend upon the place of the mi, and when that is found, all the notes above mi, are, fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, twice, and then mi again: this completes an octave, from mi to mi. Then from mi descending, the notes are, la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa; exactly the reverse of their order in ascending. When there is no flat or sharp at the beginning of a tune, the mi is on B, the middle line of each part governed by the G cleff, and the second line of the bass, or of any part that is governed by the F cleff: but if there is a flat on B, or in other words,

If B is ♭ the mi is on E.
If B and E are ♭ the mi is on A.
If B, E, and A are ♭ the mi is on D.
If B, E, A, and D are ♭ the mi is on G.

If F is ♯ mi is on F.
If F and C are ♯ mi is on C.
If F, C, and G are ♯ mi is on G.
If F, C, G, and D are ♯ mi is on D.

The flat may be said to *drive* the mi before it, downward by fifths and upward by fourths, the fourth and the fifth being the same thing, only reversed.

The sharp is just the reverse; it *leads* the mi upward by fifths, and downward by fourths.

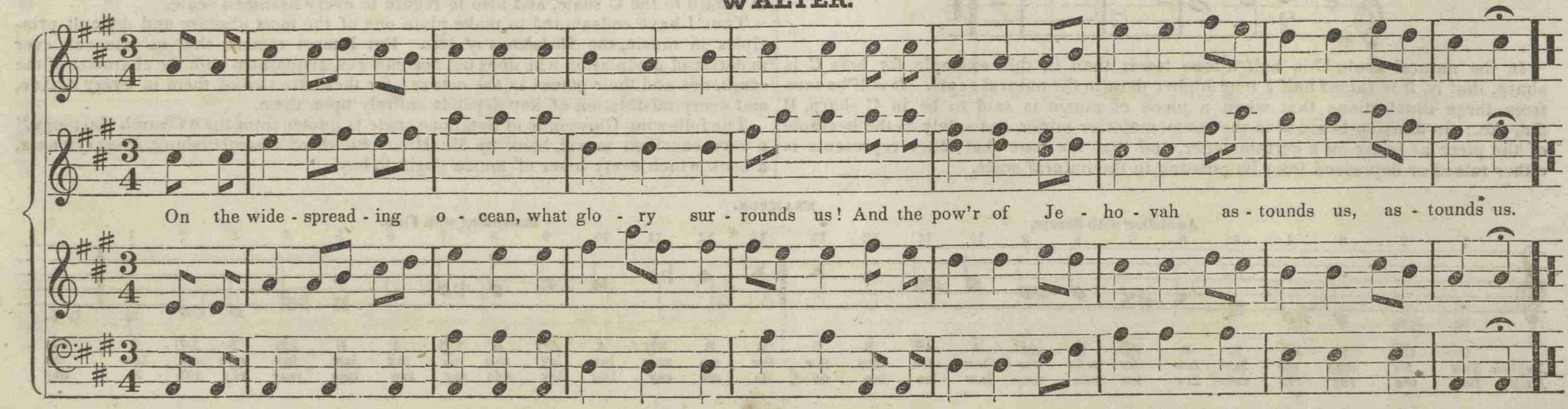
The following old verse, which embraces the above idea, may be found useful:

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

All singers should practise round notes, and every other kind, till they become adepts in using them.

I give one example in round notes, and should give many more did space permit.

### WALTER.



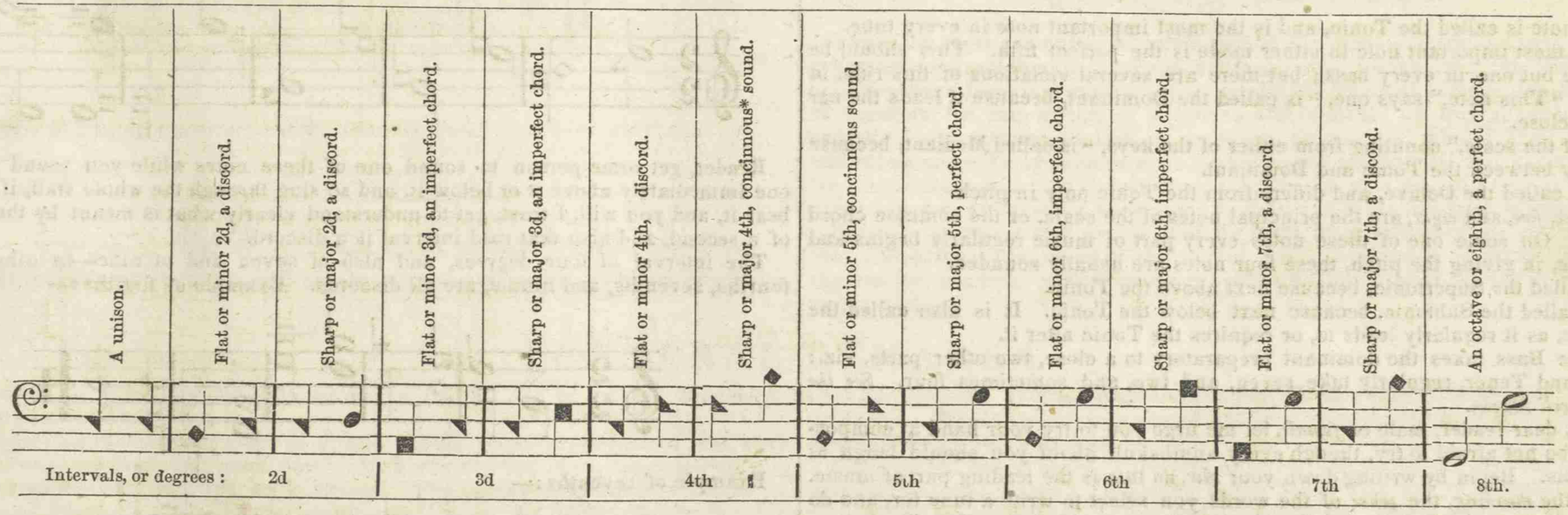
## MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

Music is divided into Melody and Harmony. Melody is one part performed by itself. Harmony is the pleasing union of several parts. "Harmony" (says Mr. Boyd) "consists in the proportion of the distance of four sounds performed at the same instant, and mingling in the most pleasing manner." This is perfect harmony. If there are only two, or three sounds mingling in this way, it is partial harmony.

The notes which give pleasure to the ear (when sounded together) are called concords. Those which produce disagreeable sounds, are called discords. The concords are unison, third, fifth, and sixth. Some are called perfect chords, others imperfect: an imperfect chord has one semitone less than a perfect chord. The perfect chords are the unisons, fifths, and eighths. Those called imperfect, are the minor fifths, major and minor thirds, sharp fourths, (as some say,) and sixths.

The intervals or degrees called discords are the seconds, flat fourths, sevenths, and ninths. Several writers on music think the flat fourth one of the most agreeable sounds in nature, and Mr. Knight says, "It is the same in ratio as the minor fifth, and ought to be considered a perfect chord." I shall here set down Dr. Metcalf's excellent table of concords and discords, which, if closely studied, will be of great advantage to any one who desires to understand the laws of harmony.

## TABLE OF CONCORDS AND DISCORDS.




This is considered as the Bass staff, but it may be applied to any other part.

### Terms by which the different Intervals in the Table are denominated.

A minor second is an interval of but one semitone. The interval between B and C in the foregoing table is a minor second.

This is a discord, but it is not so disagreeable to the ear as the major second, the crash of sound being only half as great.

A major second is an interval of a tone, as from C to D, *i. e.* from fa to sol.

A minor third consists of one tone and a semitone, as from A to C, *i. e.* from law to fa.

A major third consists of two whole tones as from C to E, *i. e.* from fa to law.

A flat or minor fourth contains two tones and a semitone; as from C to F, *i. e.* from fa to fa.

A sharp or major fourth contains three tones, and is called the greater fourth. The interval between F and B is a sharp fourth.

* *Concinnous* means, agreeable or pleasing.

A flat or minor fifth contains two tones and two semitones, as from B to F. It is the sharp fourth inverted.

A perfect fifth contains three tones and one semitone, as from C to G, or from G to D.

A minor sixth contains three tones and two semitones, as from B to G.

A major sixth contains four tones and one semitone, as from C to A.

A minor seventh contains four tones and two semitones, as from A to G, *i. e.* from law to sol.

A major seventh contains five tones and one semitone, as from C to B, *i. e.* from fa to me.

An octave contains five tones and two semitones.

In an octave there are twelve semitones.

*The foregoing table and explanations are principally from Dr. Metcalf's "Kentucky Harmonist."*

The key-note is called the Tonic, and is the most important note in every tune.

The next most important note in either mode is the perfect fifth. This should be the last note but one in every bass; but there are several violations of this rule, in this work. "This note," says one, "is called the Dominant, because it leads the ear to expect a close.

"*Three*, of the scale," counting from either of the keys, "is called Mediant, because it is midway between the Tonic and Dominant.

"*Eight* is called the Octave, and differs from the Tonic only in pitch.

"*One*, *three*, *five*, and *eight*, are the principal notes of the scale, or the common chord of the key. On some one of these notes every part of music regularly begins and ends: hence, in giving the pitch, these four notes are usually sounded."

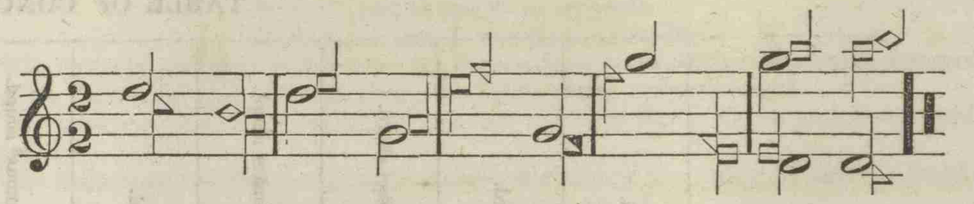
*Two* is called the Supertonic, because next above the Tonic.

*Seven* is called the Subtonic, because next below the Tonic. It is also called the leading note, as it regularly leads to, or requires the Tonic after it.

While the Bass takes the dominant preparatory to a close, two other parts, viz.: the Treble and Tenor, regularly take seven, and two, and sometimes four. *See the works of Lowell Mason.*

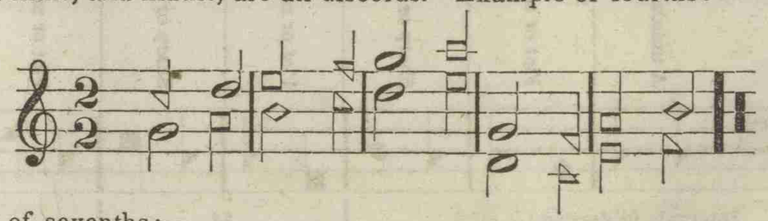
And now, dear reader, male or *female*, let me urge you to try your hand at composing tunes; be not afraid to try, though every numbskull about you should laugh at your attempts. Begin by writing down your *Air*, as this is the leading part of music. Study well the *meaning*, the *sense* of the words you select to write a tune for, and do your very best to make the notes fully express the sense of the words. To do this, you will be obliged to keep your eye on *Time*, *Mode*, and *Key*. When your Air is written, compose your Bass, Treble, &c.; and in doing this you must, if you would reach the hearts of those who can *feel* music, not only make all the parts of your tune perfectly harmonic, but make each part so good a melody that it will charm even when sung by itself. Discords should be avoided, save where they are strictly necessary to express the sense of the words; but he who would become a skilful composer must study them well, and introduce them where the poetry requires harsh, grating sounds, reminding one of the intolerable crash of falling houses, globes dashed together, or the grating of the gates of hell upon their horrid hinges. But soft, sweet sentiments must be expressed in the lovely, silvery tones of perfect concord. The world is full of music, and full of sound, from the deep and awful diapason of the ocean to the soft enchanting notes of the nightingale, and every style of sound in nature should be studied closely, by all who desire to please mankind by their musical compositions, or to luxuriate in a world of bliss nearest the temple of the God of love, a happiness which unmusical minds can never know.

But after all I have quoted and written, the student of composition may still be in doubt whether by the term discord, or concord, any *single* note of the octave is meant, or a combination of notes. Let it be kept ever in mind that no *one* note is either a concord or a discord, but that at least *two* notes must be sounded at the *same time* to make concord, or discord. When the distance between any two notes that are sounded together is only one degree, there will be the discord called a *second*. Example:—

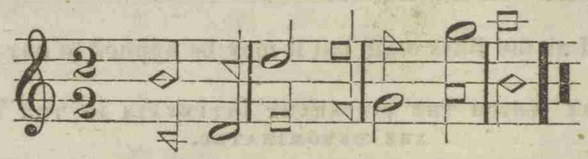


Reader, get some person to sound one of these notes while you sound the other one immediately above it or below it, and so sing through the whole staff, if you can bear it, and you will, I trust, get to understand clearly what is meant by the interval of a second, and also that said interval is a discord.

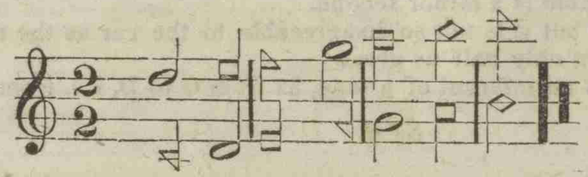
The interval of four degrees, and also of seven and of nine—in other words, fourths, sevenths, and ninths, are all discords. Example of fourths:—



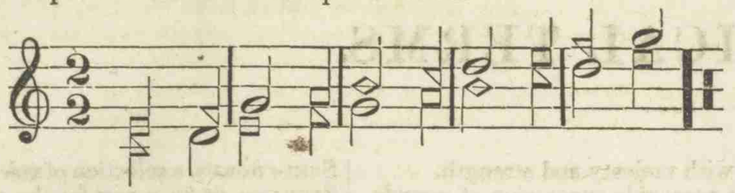
Example of sevenths:—



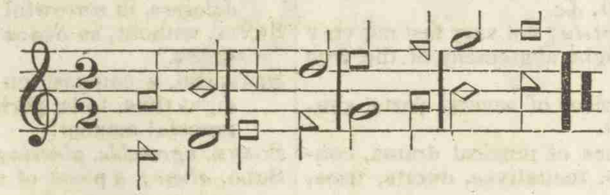
Example of ninths:—



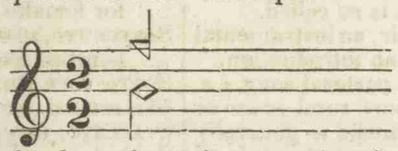
Thirds are imperfect chords. Example of thirds:—



Sixths are imperfect chords. Example of sixths:—

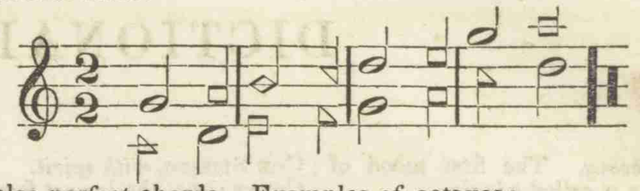


The minor fifth is an imperfect chord. Example:—

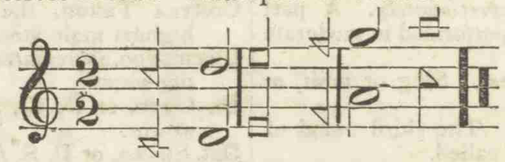


Major fifths are perfect chords, and are, in my estimation, the sweetest sounds in music.

Example of perfect fifths:—



Octaves are also perfect chords. Examples of octaves:—



I have, in these examples, repeated, though in a different form, the very same ideas expressed in Dr. Metcalf's table and explanations. I have done this that I might, if possible, drive from the mind of every student of musical composition and the laws of harmony, the last vestige of darkness and of doubt on this subject. I have to add that, after having studied, as carefully as possible, what I have written, the student should take up each tune in the book, and see how all the parts harmonize. He should study fully and closely every tune he sets eyes on, till every jot of musical composition is as perfectly understood as a human mind can understand it.

Subjects of prayer and supplication, or such as express sorrow, or depression of soul, should be set in tunes of the minor mode; but hymns of praise, and such as express joy, triumph, or any strong or violent feeling, should be set in tunes of the major mode.

## GENERAL REMARKS.

All singers, in schools or in choirs, should be careful not to sing so loud as to drown the voice of the leader.

The singers on the different parts of a tune should be so proportioned that each singer can hear distinctly the other parts. If this is not the case, the parts are not properly proportioned, and ought to be altered. The proper proportion of voices on each part is, (for voices of ordinary compass,) *three* on the Bass, *two* on the Air, (Tenor it is called in this book, in some it is termed Soprano, in others Treble, and in some First Treble,) *one* on the Treble, (some writers call this part Tenor, and some, Second Treble,) and *one* on the Alto or Counter. But every leader must exercise his own judgment in this matter, for different tunes require different proportions of singers on the parts. Flat-keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp-keyed ones, and of course should be proportioned with a lighter Bass; but a full, strong Bass should be chosen for most sharp-keyed pieces, especially Quartettes.

Appogiaturas, Trills, Swells, &c., are graces in music, and in many pieces are indispensable, but they should be performed very carefully, and by singers whose voices are naturally smooth and graceful.

In singing both notes and words the pronunciation should be as correct and distinct as possible. Words should be pronounced according to the best standards of the language. Words ending in *y* should not be so pronounced as to give the *y* the long sound of *i*, but the short sound of *e*.

Sharp-keyed tunes, being expressive of cheerfulness, should be sung to hymns of thanksgiving and praise. Flat-keyed tunes being naturally of a pathetic character are suitable for subjects of prayer and of penitence. Every leader of music—every one who raises the tunes for church singing, or any other sort of singing, should pay particular attention to this principle; for otherwise he will be liable to commit the disgusting blunder of singing such a tune as Windham to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," or such a one as Aylesbury to "Soldiers of Christ, arise!" Such incongruous singing as is often heard in churches, owing solely to the ignorance of leaders, or their inattention to this matter, is intolerable.

A sensible writer has pronounced it as inconsistent in nature to sing flat-keyed tunes to hymns of praise, or of rejoicing—or sharp-keyed tunes to subjects of penitence, or prayer, or such as express depression of soul, as to rejoice at funerals or to mourn at festivals.

# DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

ADAGIO, *slow, heavy.* The first mood of common time is called *adagio.*

AFFETUOSO, *tenderly, affectionately.* A part so marked must be performed in moderate time.

AD LIBITUM, *at pleasure.* Sing or omit, or sing as you choose.

ALLEGRO, *brisk, quick.* The third mood of common time is so called.

ALLEGRETTO, *not so quick as Allegro.* Allegretto is the *diminutive of* Allegro.

ALLEGRO LA MON TROPPO, *brisk, but not too fast.*

ALTO or ALTUS, *the Counter,* or highest part of music for male voices.

AMOROSO, *in a soft, love-expressing style,* or with delicacy.

ANDANTE, *distinct, smooth and exact.* Sung rather slower than the true time.

ANDANTINO, in the style of Andante, only a little quicker.

ANTHEM, a portion of Scripture set to music.

ASSAI, *very much.* This word is used *to qualify* some other terms, as *Assai Allegro,* very quick.

A TEMPO, or TEMPO, in the time indicated by the mood.

BIS, this word over any passage of music shows that it should be repeated.

BARITONE, a voice between Bass and Tenor.

CALANDO, *slower and softer.*

CANTO, or CANTUS, *high Treble.* In choral passages the leading part.

CANON, a vocal composition in two or more parts, so constructed as to form a perpetual fugue.

CANTABILE, in a graceful, melodious style.

CANTATA, a composition for voices, of several movements.

CHORUS, a part in which all the voices should join.

CHROMATIC, a term given to accidental semitones.

CODA, a strain that may he sung or omitted at pleasure.

CON SPIRITO, *with spirit.*

CONTRALTO, the lowest female voice.

CONTRA TENOR, the part assigned to the highest male voices.

CRESCENDO, *abbreviated* CRES., with an increasing sound.

DA CAPO, or D. C., *conclude with the first strain.*

DEL SEGNO, or D. S. *from the sign.*

DIAPASON, an octave, an eighth degree.

DILETTANTI, a lover of the arts in general, and of music in particular.

DIMINUENDO, or DIM., *diminish the sound.* The reverse of Crescendo.

DIRGE, a funeral piece.

DIVOTO, *in a devout, solemn manner.*

DOLCE, *sing sweetly, softly, gently.*

DUETTO, DUETTE, or DUET, a composition for two voices or instruments; also a two part tune may be so called in contradistinction from a Quartette, &c.

EXPRESSIVO, *with expression.*

FORTE, FOR. or F., *strong and full.*

FORTISSIMO, or FF., *very loud.* Fortissimo is the superlative of Forte.

FUGHETTO, a short simple fugue.

FUGUE, FUGA, or FUGE, a piece in which one or more parts lead, and the rest follow—the parts fall in, one after another.

FINALE, or FINE, the last movement, or passage in a tune.

'FORZANDO, strike the notes thus marked with sudden and powerful force.

GUISTO, in equal, steady, and just time.

GRAVE, or GRAVEMENTE, *heavy, with deep emotion.*

GRAZIOSO, *graceful.* A smooth and gentle style of execution, approaching to piano.

INTERLUDE, an instrumental passage between two vocal passages.

LARGO, LENTEMENTO, or LENTO, *very slow.*

LARGHETTO, not quite so slow as Largo; *a little slow.*

LEGATO, in a smooth and gliding manner.

MAESTOSO, with majesty and strength.

MELODY, an agreeable succession of sounds.

MEZZA, *half, middle,* as *Mezza voce,* with a medium fulness of tone: MEZZA, *pia, moderately soft, &c.*

MODERATO, *moderately;* not very fast nor very slow, but a slight abatement of the true time.

MOTET, a sacred piece of several parts, simple or difficult.

ORATORIO, a species of musical drama, consisting of airs, recitatives, duetts, trios, chorusses, &c.

ORCHESTRA, a band of musicians; also the place for the musicians is so called.

OVERTURE, in dramatic music, an instrumental strain which serves as an introduction.

PASTORALE, a tune set to a pastoral song, *i. e.* a song representing some rural scene or circumstance. Such music is generally in six-four or six-eight time, the style of these modes being soothing, tender, and delicate.

PIANO, or PIA, *soft.*

PIANISSIMO, PIANISS., or PP., *very soft.* Pianissimo is the superlative of Piano.

PLAINTIVE, *mournfully.*

POMPOSO, *grand, dignified.*

PRECENTOR, a leader of Church Music, or of a choir.

PRESTO, *quick.*

PRESTISSIMO, *very quick.* Prestissimo is the superlative of Presto.

PRIMO, PMO., or IMO., the first or leading part of a piece of music.

QUARTETTO, or QUARTETTE, music in four parts, one voice or instrument to each.

QUINTETTE, music in five parts, one voice or instrument to each.

RECITATIVO, or RECITATIVE, a kind of musical recitation between singing and speaking.

RIPPIENNO, *full.*

RITARD, or RETARD, sing, or play *slower.*

SEMI-CHORUS, a selection of voices from a choir.

SECUNDO, or 2D, a part for the second voice or instrument.

SEMPRE, *always, or throughout,* as *Sempre doloroso,* in sorrowful style throughout.

SENZA, without, as *Senza organo,* without the organ.

SICILIANO, a composition in six-four, or six-eight time, to be performed in a slow and graceful manner.

SOAVE, *agreeable, pleasing.*

SOLO, *alone;* a piece of music for one voice or instrument only.

SOPRANO, *the Treble,* or highest voice part for females.

SOSTENUTO, sustain the sounds to their utmost nominal length.

SOTTO VOCE DULCE, *with sweetness of tone.*

SPIRITUOSO, *with spirit.*

STACCATO, *very distinct, short and emphatic.*

STANZA, a subdivision of a song, generally called a verse.

SUBITO, *quick.*

SYMPHONY, a passage to be performed by instruments while the vocal performers are silent.

TACET, *silent.*

TASTO SOLO, a movement in which unisons and octaves alone are used.

TEMPO, *time;* as *a Tempo,* in true time.

TETRACHORD, four notes of the scale.

TRIO, music for three voices or instruments.

TUTTI, *all, all together.* Used after a Solo or Duette.

UNISON or UNIS., when all the parts unite in one sound or succession of sounds.

VELOCE, *quick.*

VERSE, one voice to a part.

VIGOROSO, with strength and energy.

VIVACE, brisk and animated.

VOLTI, turn over.

VOLTI SUBITO, turn over quickly.

VIRTUOSO, a great performer, or one who delights in music.

THE

# Hesperian Harp.

Watts, Ps. 97. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

1. He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Praise him in e - van - gel-ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And dis-tant islands join their voice.

2. Deep are his counsels and unknown, But grace and truth support his throne; Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e - ter - nal round.

3. In robes of vengeance, lo! he comes, Be-fore him burns devouring fire,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs; The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.

4. His en - e-mies, with sore dismay, Fly from the sight and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

## AYLESBURY. S. M.

1. The Lord my shep - herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
3. If e'er I go as - tray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.
4. While he af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear, Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.
5. A - mid sur - round-ing foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread; My cup with blessings o - ver - flows, And joy ex - alts my head.
6. The boun - ties of thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from thy house will I re - move, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## WINDHAM. L. M.

REED.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra - vel - ler.
2. "De - ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

## PRIMROSE. C. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Sal - va - tion, O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sove - reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

2. Sal - va - tion! let the e-cho fly The spacious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

3. Sal - va - tion! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise be - longs: Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up-on our tongues.

## ROCHESTER. C. M.

Attributed to A. WILLIAMS.

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

2. Wor-thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus! Wor-thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for us.

3. Je - sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Honour and pow'r di - vine; And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine.

4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa-cred name Of Him that sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb.

## ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

A. Chapin.

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

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

3. When grace has pu - ri - fied my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part: And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil to cheer my head.

4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de-sired, or wished be-low; And ev'ry hour find sweet em - ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

## MEAR. C. M.

Brown.

1. In God's own house pro - nounce his praise, His grace he there re-veals; To heav'n your joy and won - der raise, For there his glo - ry dwells.

2. Let all your sa - cred pas - sions move, While you rehearse his deeds; But the great work of sa - ving love, Your high - est praise ex - ceeds.

3. All that have mo - tion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Ma - ker bless'd; Yet, when my voice ex-pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

## WAKEFIELD. L. M.

*Pia.* *For.*

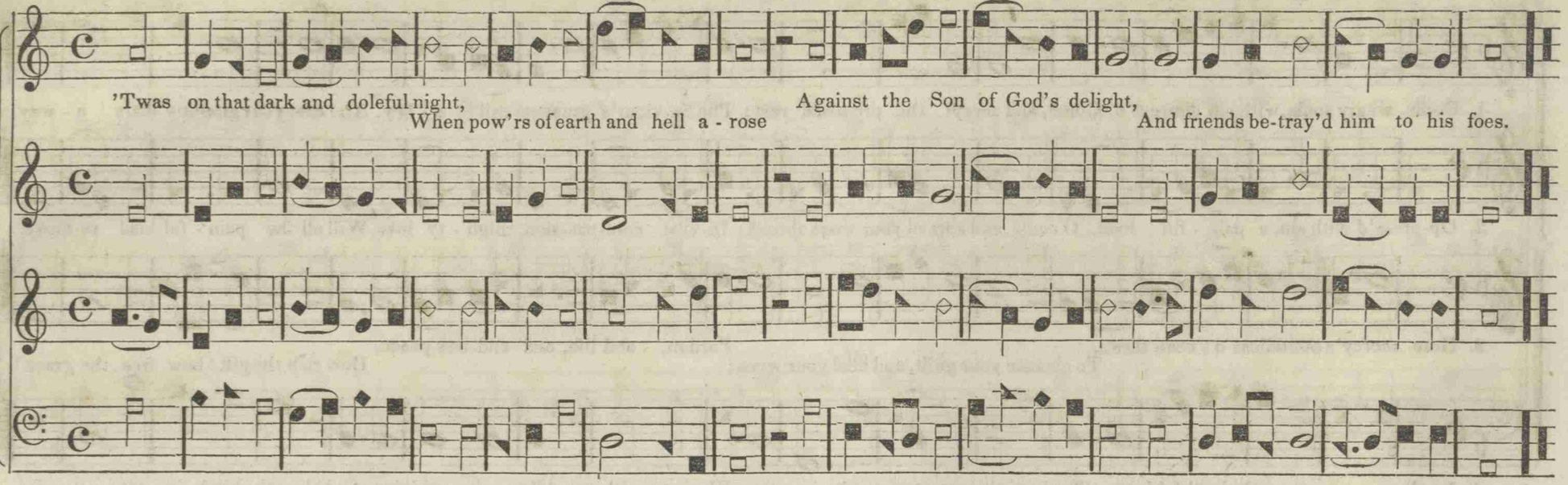
1. Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Sa-viour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloo-my fears a - way.
2. Op-press'd with sin, a pain - ful load, O come, and spread your woes abroad: Di-vine com-pas-sion, migh - ty love, Will all the pain - ful load re-move.
3. Here mercy's boundless o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and end-less peace, How rich the gift! how free the grace!
4. Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words im-part; We come with trembling, yet re-joice, And bless the kind, in - vit - ing voice.
5. Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; O sweet - ly influence ev' - ry breast, And guide us to e - ter-nal rest.

## SUPPLICATION. L. M.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, for - give! Let a re-pent - ing reb - el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

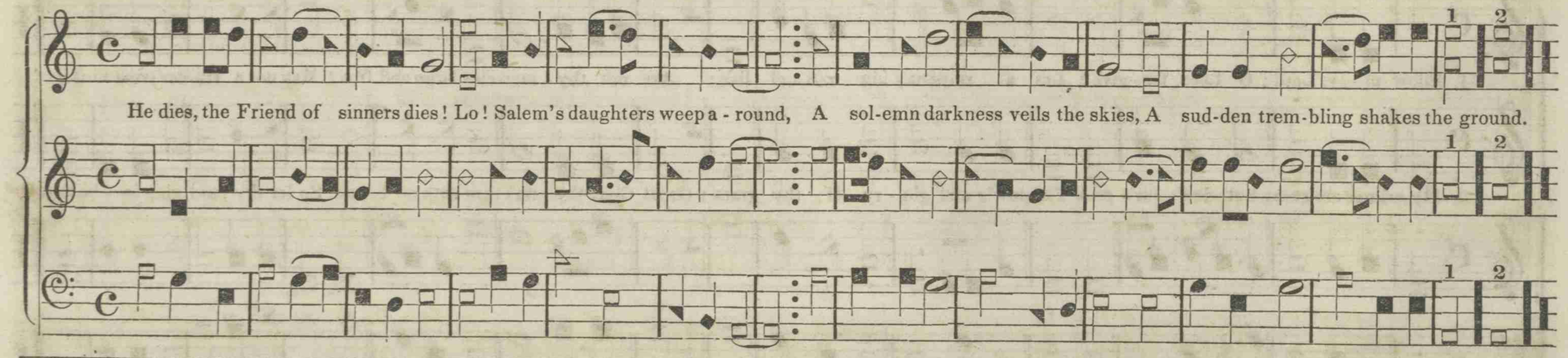
## SOLEMNITY. L. M.

DAVISSON.




## SOLEMNITY.* L. M.

JOHNSON.




* This arrangement of Solemnity is given for the satisfaction of those who prefer it to the one above.

## DEVOTION. L. M.



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

## DEVOTION. (Wyeth's.) L. M.

READ.

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

O may my heart, &c. O may my heart, &c. Like Da - vid's harp, &c.

O may my heart, &c. O may my heart, &c. Like Da - vid's harp, &c.

## BOURBON. L. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

'Twas on that dark and so - lemn night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose Against the Son of God's de - light, And friends betray'd him to his foes.

## DISMISSION. L. M.

I can-not bear thy absence, Lord; My life expires if thou de-part; Be thou, my heart, still near my God, And thou, my God, be near my heart.

## WELLS. L. M.

1. Ye nations round the earth, re - joice Be-fore the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he a - lone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are His work, and not our own; The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. En - ter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts re-pair; And make it your di - vine em - ploy To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy sure; And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age en - dure.

## PARIS. L. M.

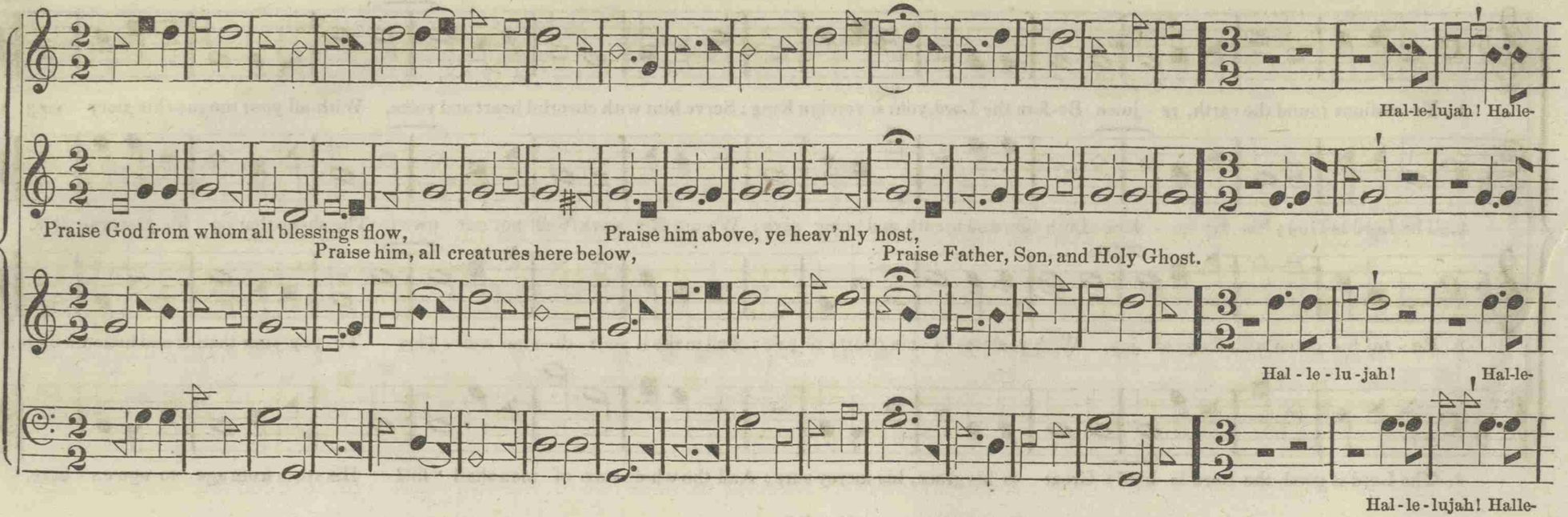
BILLINGS.

1. This spacious earth is all the Lord's, He raised the build-ing on the seas,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds: And gave it for their dwelling place.

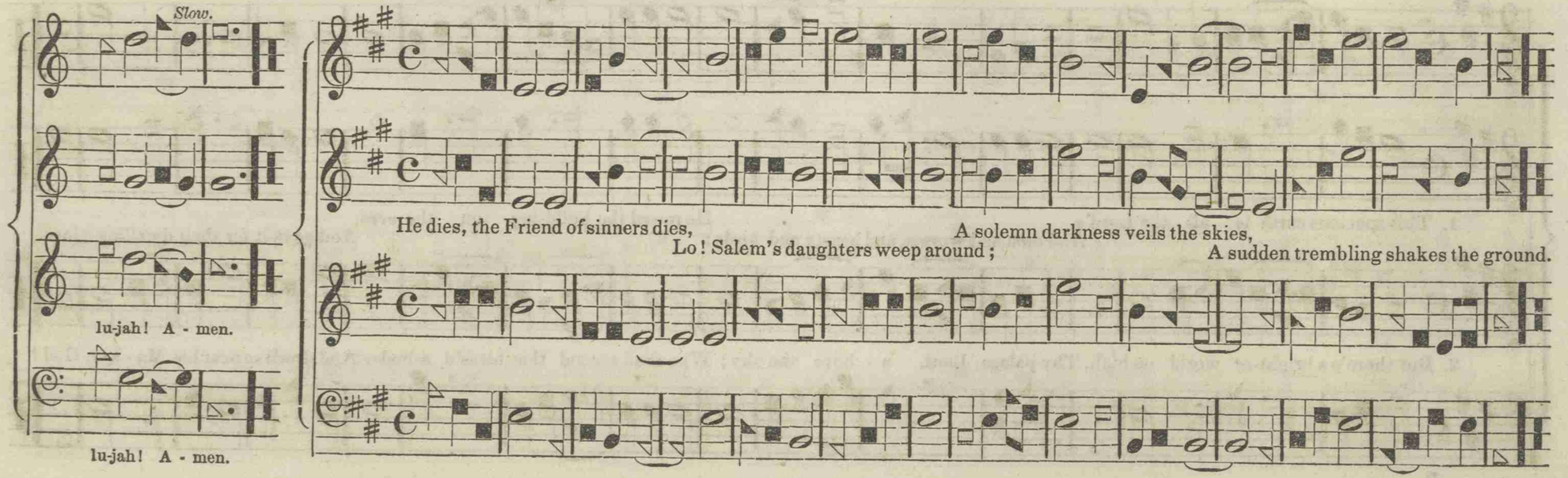
2. But there's a bright-er world on high, Thy palace, Lord, a - bove the sky; Who shall ascend that bless'd a-bode, And dwell so near his Ma - ker, God?

## PHILIPPI. L. M.

E. Heritage.




## JEHALAH. L. M.



## TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

A. DAVISSON.

A - rise, my ten - der thoughts, a - rise, To tor-rents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, consent to feel Those e - vils which

## ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

TANSUR.

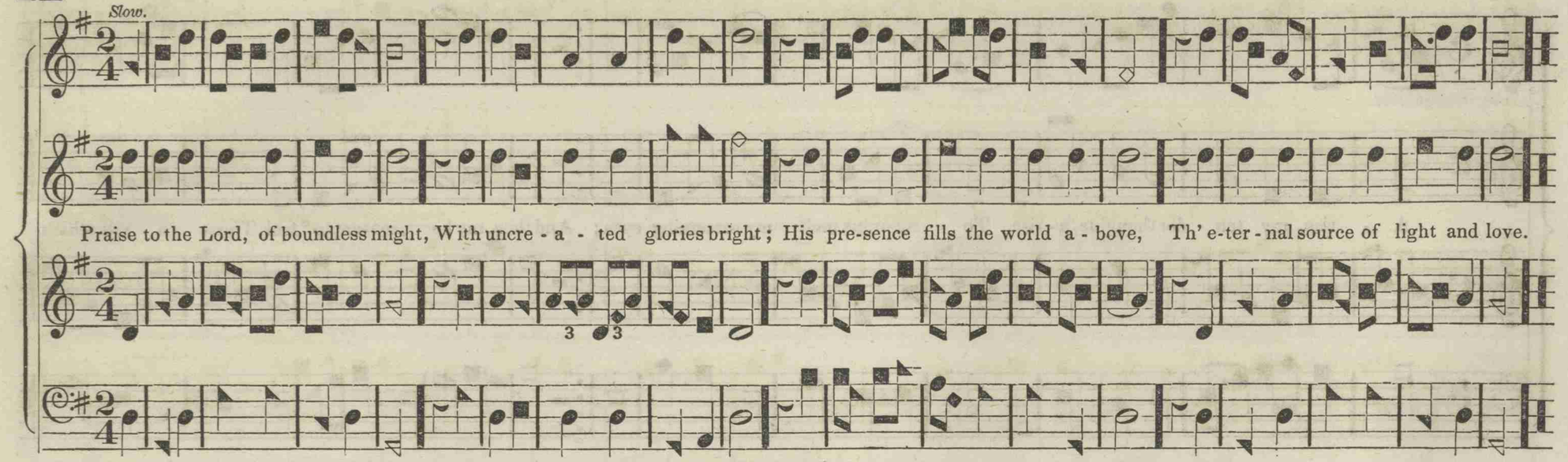
thou canst not heal.

The God of our sal-vation hears
The groans of Zion mixed with tears;

Yet, when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

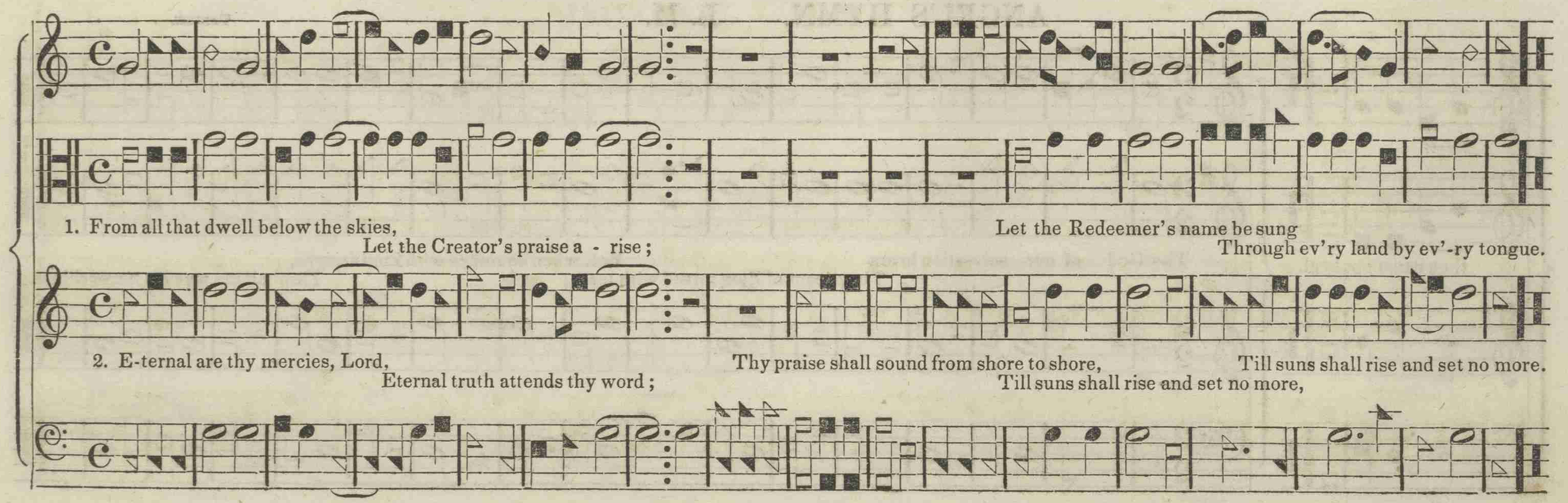
## PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.




## BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.



## CHESTER. L. M.

BILLINGS.

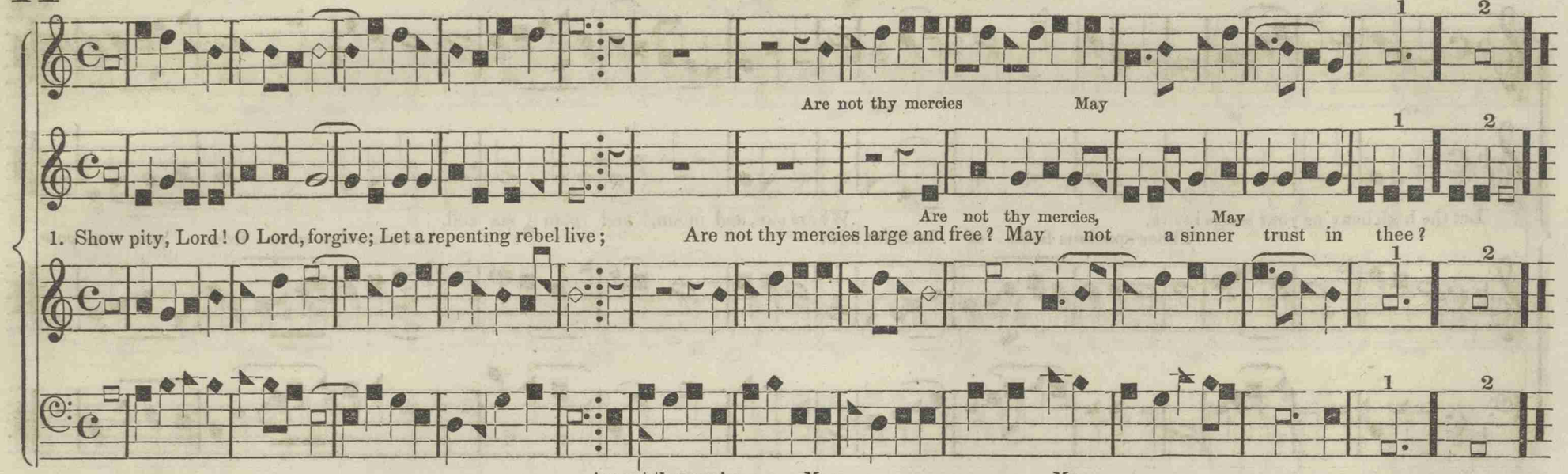
Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, Where sun, and moon, and plan - ets roll,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light, And stars that glow from pole to pole.

## DAVISSON'S RETIREMENT. L. M.

ANNANIAS DAVISSON.

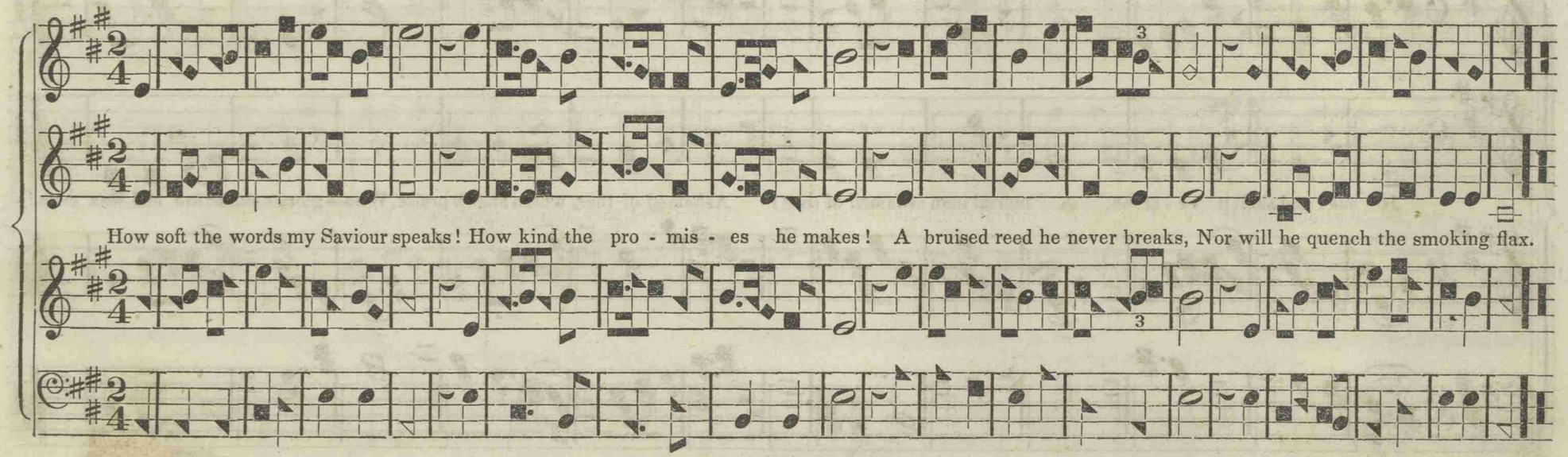
Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days!

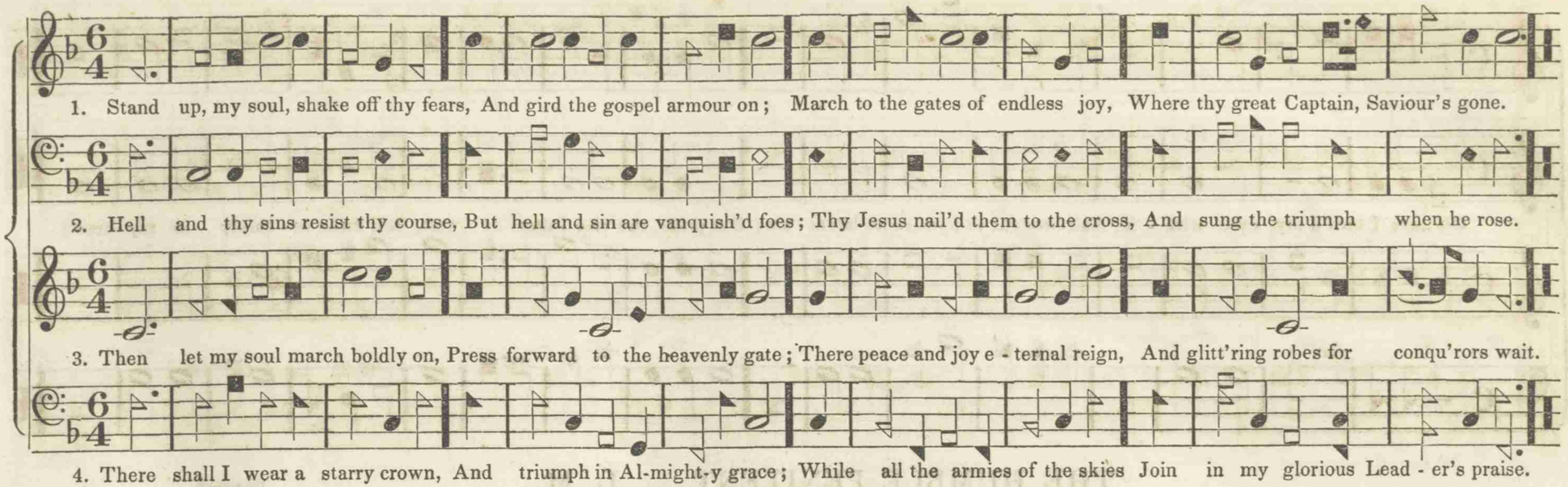
## WILLIAMSTOWN. L. M.



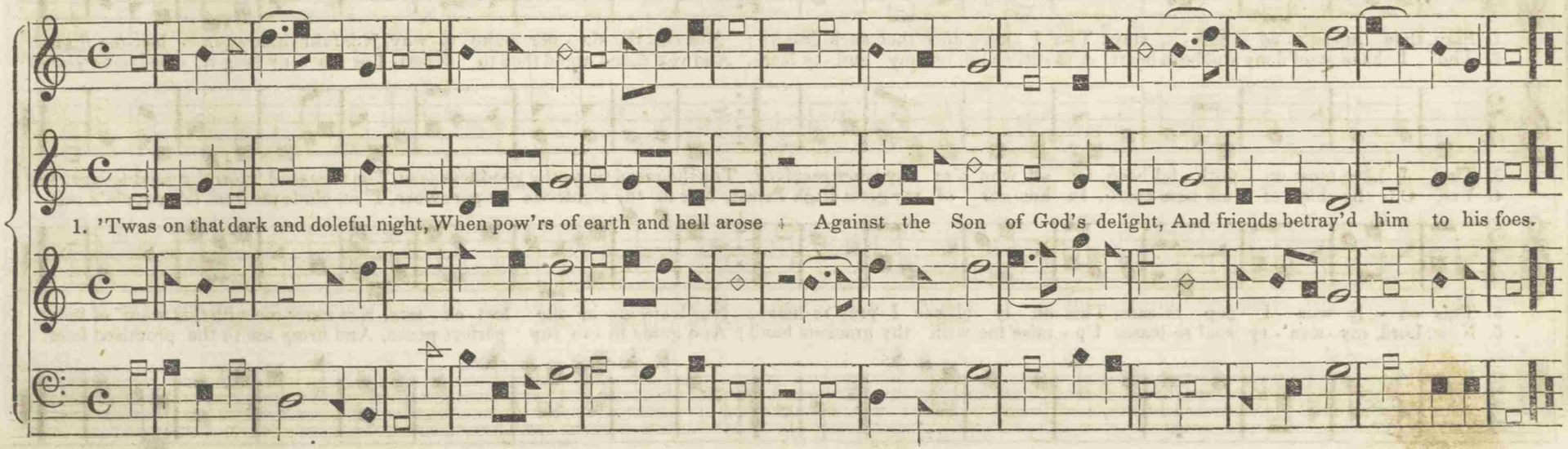

## LITCHFIELD. L. M.

LAW.



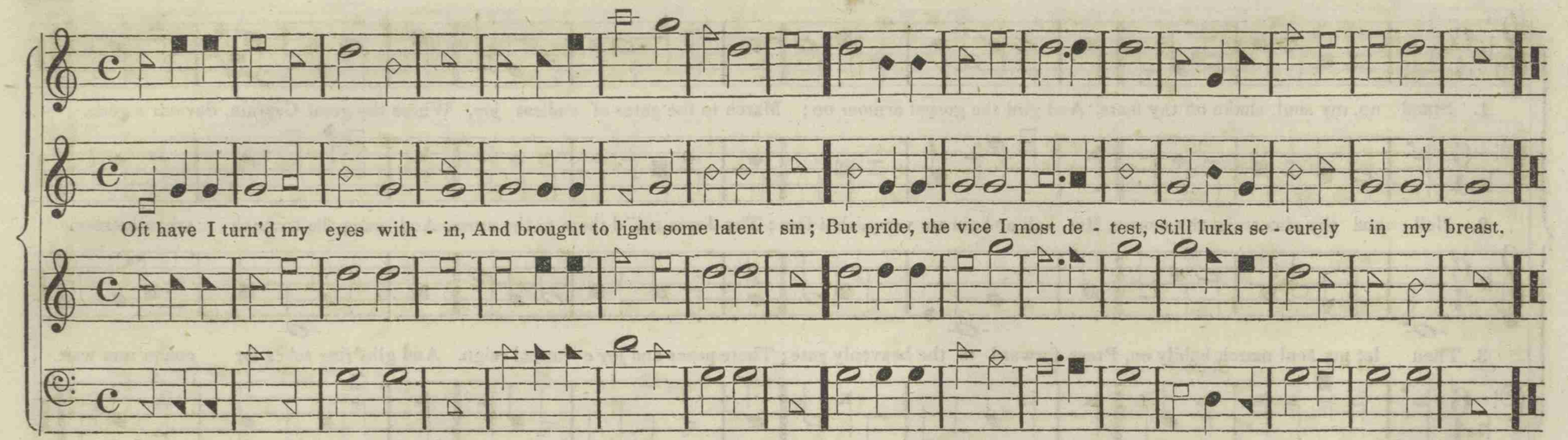

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armour on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where thy great Captain, Saviour's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes; Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy e - ternal reign, And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in Al-might-y grace; While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Lead - er's praise.

## PASSOVER. L. M.


1. 'Twas on that dark and doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes.

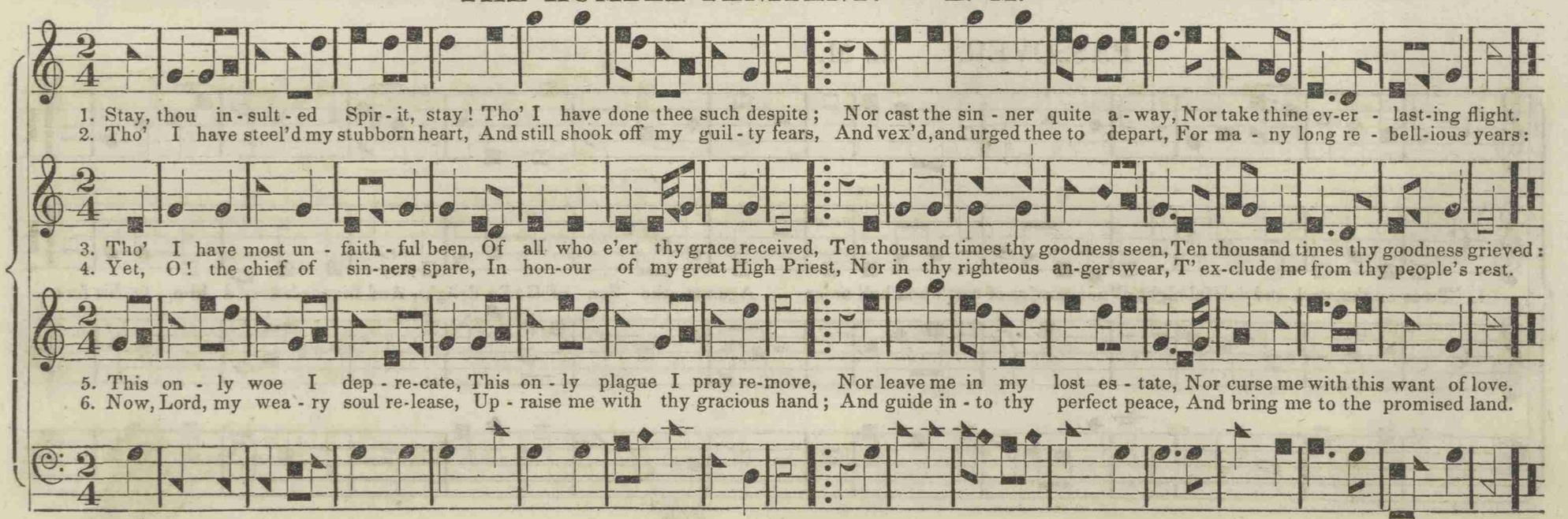
## IREDELL. L. M.

Altered from "Templi Carmina."




## THE HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

DAVISSON.



## SALEM. L. M.

BOVELLE.

1. He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness 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; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

## GLASGOW. L. M.

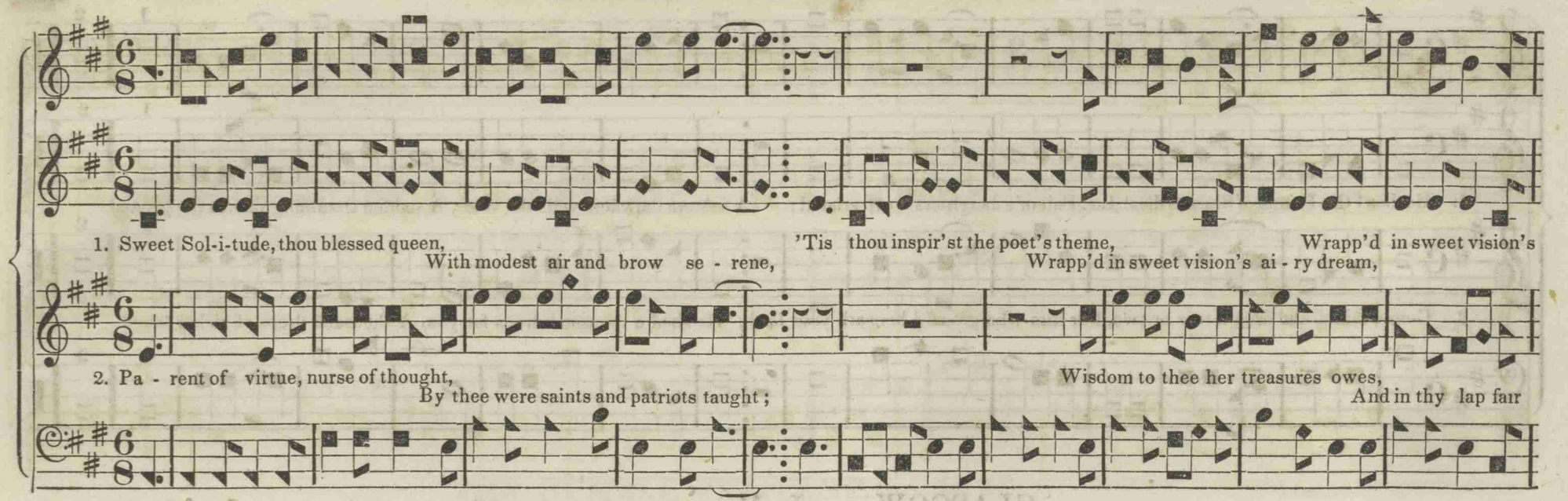
DAVISSON.

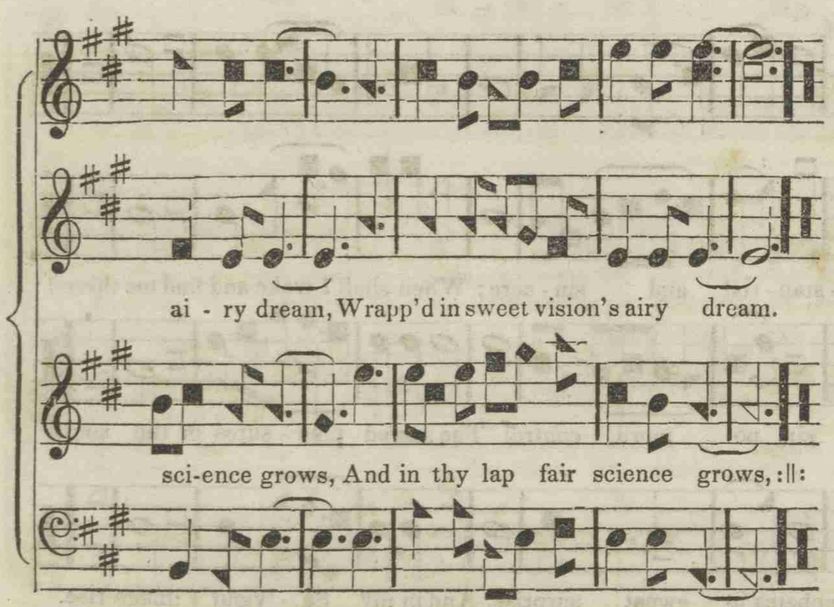
1. This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which we go, Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere; When shall I wake and find me there?

2. O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near, and like my God! And flesh and sin no more control The sacred plea - sures of the soul.

3. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound, Then burst the chains in sweet surprise, And in my Sa - viour's image rise.

# SWEET SOLITUDE. L. M.




3. Whate'er exalts, refines, or charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms—
Whate'er is perfect, firm, or good,
We owe to thee, sweet Solitude.

4. With thee, the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past ;
When slowly pacing Time shall spread
His silver blossoms o'er my head.

5. No more shall this vain world perplex—
Thou wilt prepare me for the next :
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.

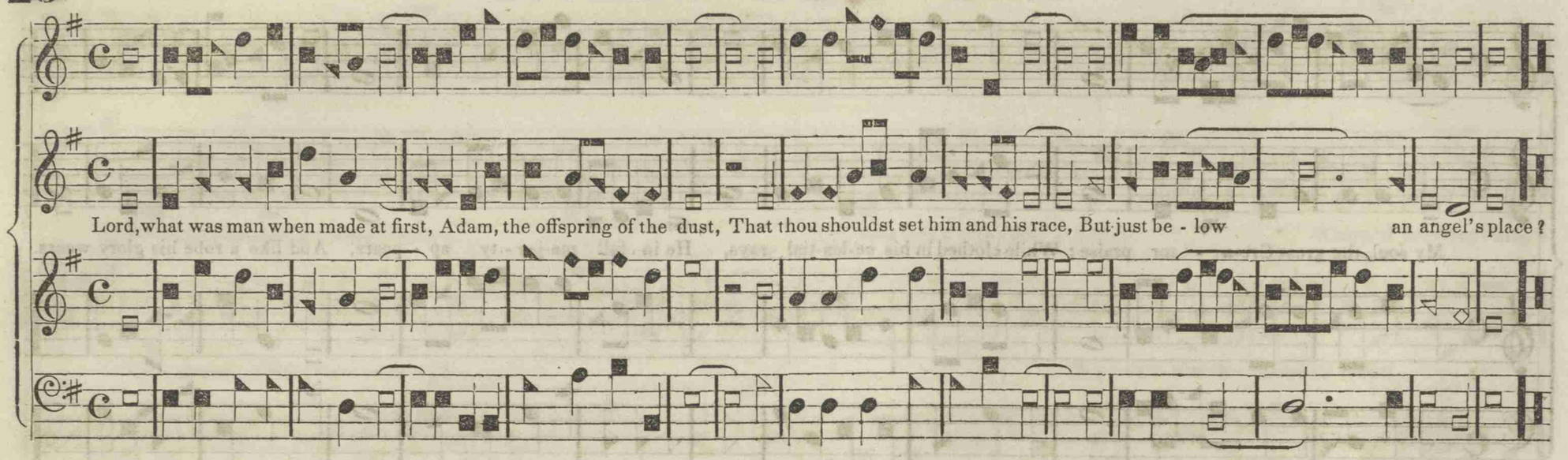
6. O may I reach the heavenly place,
Where God unveils his lovely face !
My soul his beauties shall behold,
And sing his praise on harps of gold !

My soul, the great Cre-a - tor praise ; While clothed in his ce-les-tial rays, He in full ma-jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glory wears.

The heavens are for his curtain spread, Clouds are his chariot, when he flies On winged storms a - cross the skies.
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed ;

## NEW JERSEY. L. M.

SPENCER.




## DUKE STREET. L. M.

*Pia.* *For.*

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

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song, Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured,
Sounds from the bright ce - les - tial throng! Joy to each raptured, listening heart,

3. Come, join the angels in the sky, Let peace and love on earth abound, While time revolves and
Glo - ry to God, who reigns on high! While time revolves and years roll round,

## KEDRON. L. M.

DARE.

1. Thou Man of griefs, remember me, Who never canst thyself forget Thy last expir-ing a - go-ny, Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.

2. Fa-ther, (if I may call thee so,) Remove this load of guilty woe,
Regard my fearful heart's desire, Nor let me in my sins ex - pire.

3. I tremble, lest the wrath divine, Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul, Long as e - ter - nal ages roll.

glorious day.

listening heart.

years roll round.

## MELINDA. L. M. D.

BOYD, (in part.)

1. In vain the wealthy mor - tals toil, And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down and scorn the humble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain.
Their gold-en cordials can-not ease Their pained hearts or ach - ing heads,

2. The ling'ring, the un - will - ing soul, The dismal summons must o-bey,
And bid a long, a sad fare-well, To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
Thence they are huddled to the grave, Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;

## WHITESTOWN. L. M.

HOWEL.

Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death, From glitt'ring robes and downy beds.
Their bones, without distinc - tion, lie A-mong the heaps of meaner bones.
Where nothing dwell but beasts of prey, Or men as

They sow the fields, and

fierce and wild as they, He bids th'oppress'd and poor repair, They

And build them towns and cit - ies there.

They sow the fields, and trees they plant, Whose

They sow the fields, &c. Whose year-ly fruit sup-

trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit sup - plies their want, Their race, &c.

sow the fields, and trees they plant, Their race grows up from fruitful stocks;

Whose yearly fruit supplies their want; Their wealth increas-es with their flocks.

year-ly fruit sup-plies their want, Their race, &c.

plies their wa - - - - - - - - - - - - nt, Their race, &c.

# THE VOICE OF NATURE. L. M.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O-

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Orig - i - nal pro - claim.

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Original pro - claim, Their great Origi - nal proclaim, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.

great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Orig - i - nal pro - claim, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.

rig - i - nal pro - claim, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim, Their great O-rig- i - nal proclaim, Their great Orig - i - nal proclaim.

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim, Their great Original proclaim, Their great Orig - i nal proclaim.

1. Great God, at - tend while Zion sings, The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-
2. Might I en - joy the meanest place With - in thy house, O God of grace! Not tents of ease, nor
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
4. All need - ful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too: He gives us all things, and withholds No re - al good from upright souls.
5. O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway The glorious hosts of heav'n o - bey, And devils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

ceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door. Not tents, &c. :‖: Should tempt, &c.

foes with - in. From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

He gives us all things, and with - holds, He gives us all things, and withholds No re - al good from upright souls.
And devils at thy presence flee; And de - vils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

## RUSSIA. L. M.

REED.

1. My spirit looks to God alone, My rock and refuge is his throne; In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal-
2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts before his face; When helpers fail and foes invade, God is our all - suf-

3. False are the men of high degree, The ba-ser sort are van-i-ty; Laid in a balance, both ap - pear Light as a puff of
4. Make not increasing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glittering dust: Why will you grasp the fleet - ing smoke, And not be-lieve what

5. Once has his awful voice declared, Once and again my ears have heard; "All pow'r is his e-ternal due; He must be fear'd and trusted too, He must be fear'd and
6. For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone, Grace is a partner of the throne: Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord, Shall well divide our last reward, Shall well divide our

## CALDWELL. L. M.

va-tion waits.
fi-cient aid.

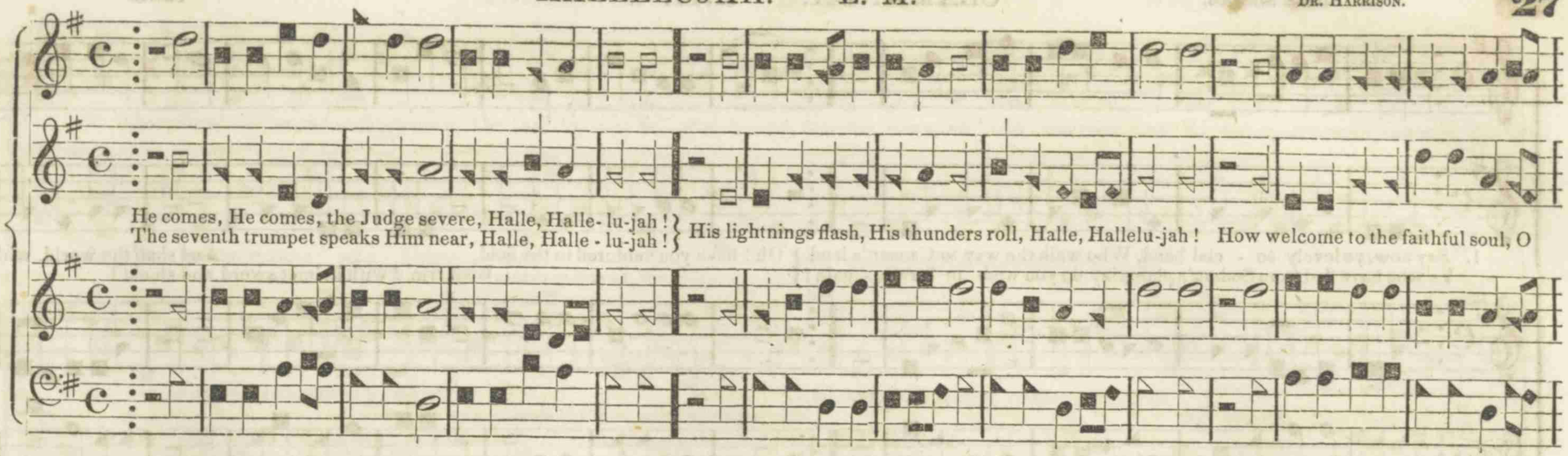
empty air.
God has spoke.

trusted too."
last re-ward.

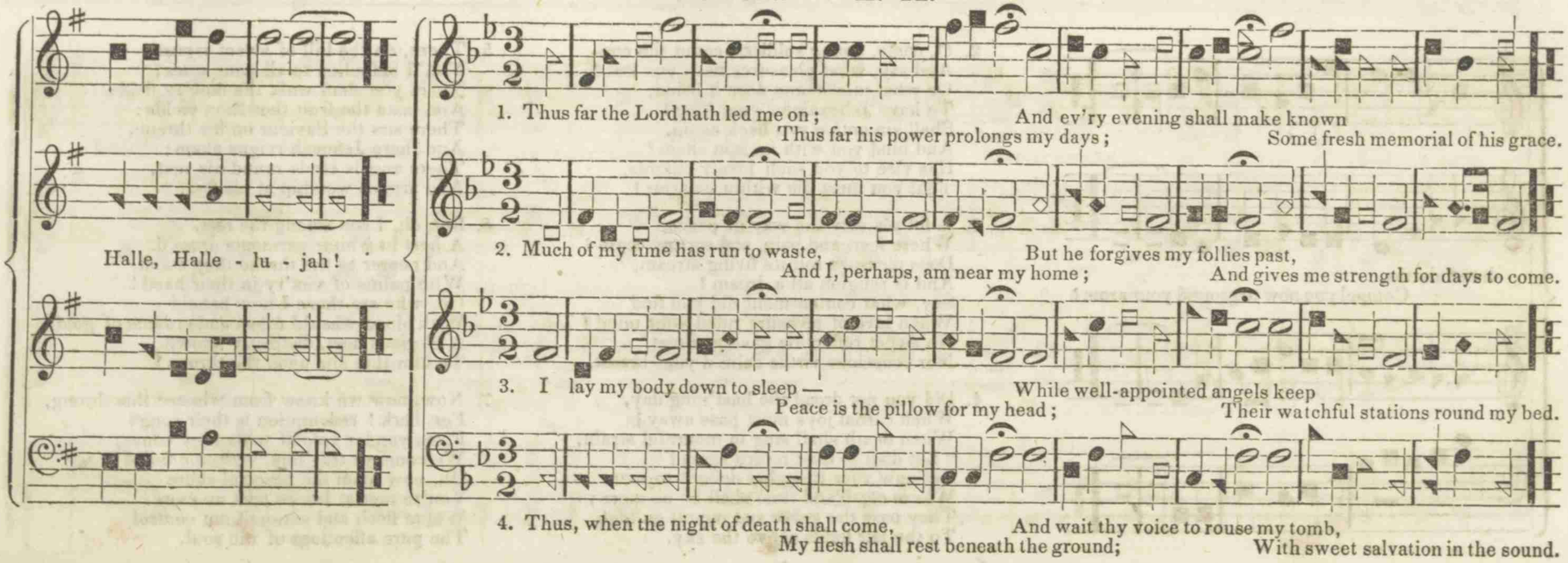
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To show thy love by morning light,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; And talk of all thy truth at night.

## HALLELUJAH. L. M.

Dr. Harrison.



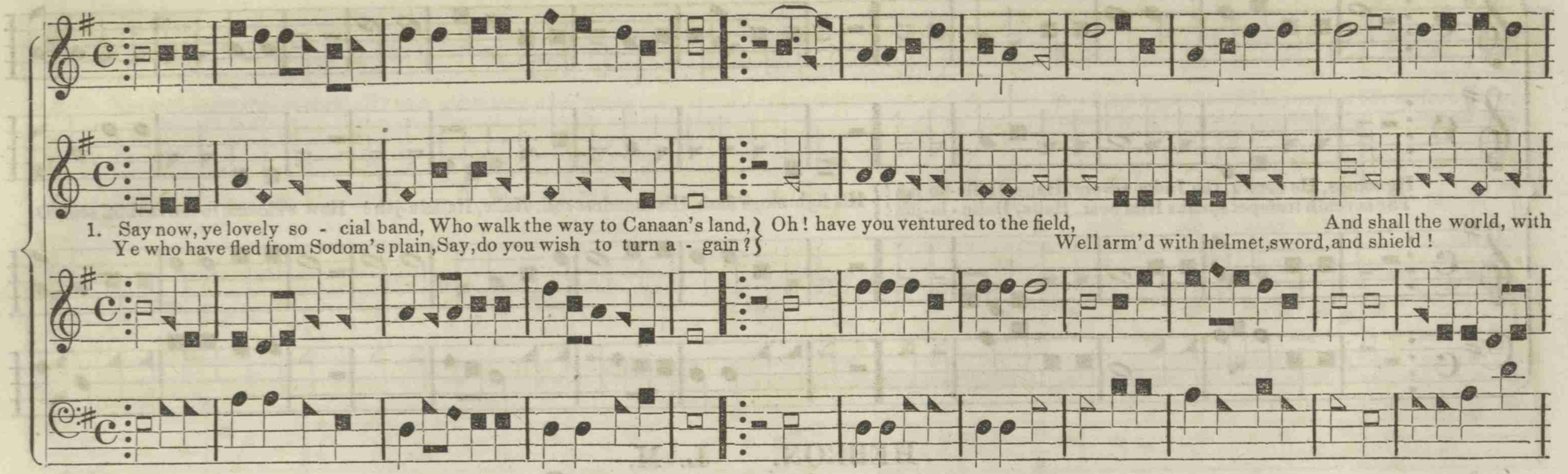

## HEBRON. L. M.

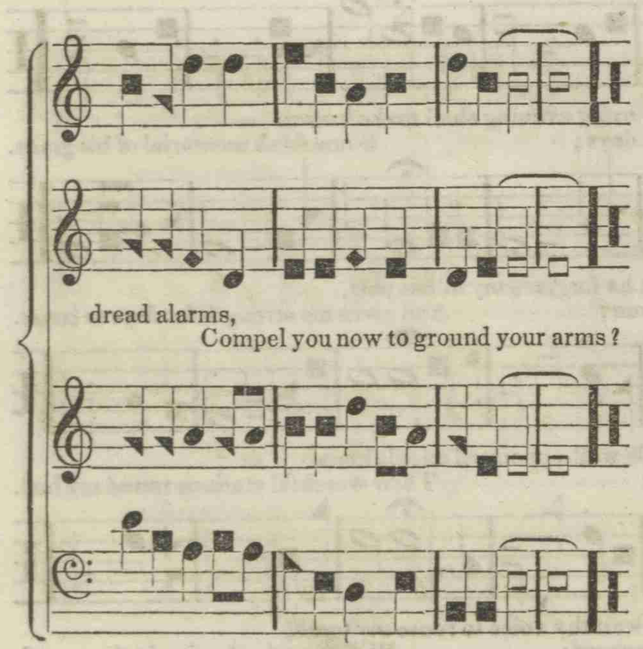


Dover Selection.

# CLAMANDA. L. M.

CHAPIN.




2. O, come, young soldiers, count the cost,
And say, what pleasures have you lost?
Or what misfortune does it bring,
To have Jehovah for your king?
Shall sin entice you back again,
And bind you with its iron chain?
Has vice to you such lovely charms,
That you must die within its arms?

3. Is folly's way the way of peace,
Where fear, and pain, and sorrow cease?
Does pleasure roll its living stream,
And is religion all a dream?
Say, what contentment did you find
When love of pleasure ruled your mind?
No sweet reflection gave you rest,
Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast.

4. Did you not dread the hast'ning day,
When carnal joys must pass away?
When death shall sing in mournful strain,
"Let dust to dust return again?"
But now your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
They pass the grave and mount on high,
To the fair fields above the sky.

5. There, on the hill of sweet repose,
You'll bid adieu to all your woes;
There you shall walk the flow'ry fields,
And taste the fruit that Zion yields:
There sits the Saviour on his throne,
And there Jehovah reigns alone;
There angels circle round his seat,
And armies worship at his feet.

6. But, oh, I see among the rest,
A host in whiter garments dress'd,
And nearer to the throne they stand,
With palms of vict'ry in their hand!
Oh, who are those I now behold
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold,
A glorious host, distinctly known
To him that sits upon the throne?

7. Now, now we know from whence this throng,
For, hark! redemption is their song:
From yonder vale of tears they come;
Welcome ye trav'lers, welcome home!
Oh, now upon the peaceful shore
You're met at last to part no more,
Where flesh and sin shall not control
The pure affections of the soul.

1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky, One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. 2. Hark!

3. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The winds that toss'd my found'ring bark. 4. Deep

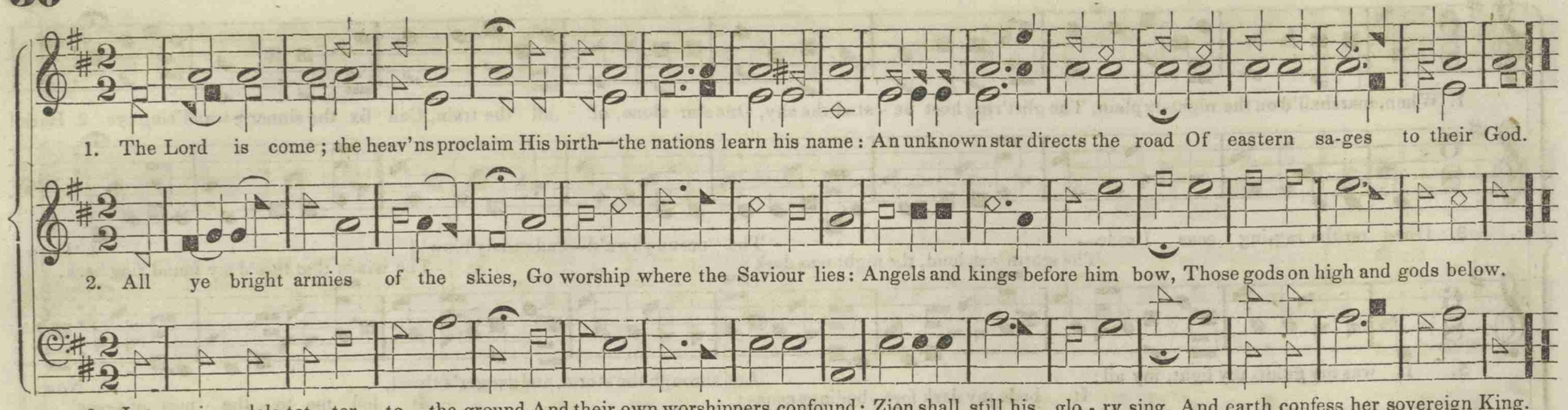
5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark fore - bodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace. 6. Now,

hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le-hem.

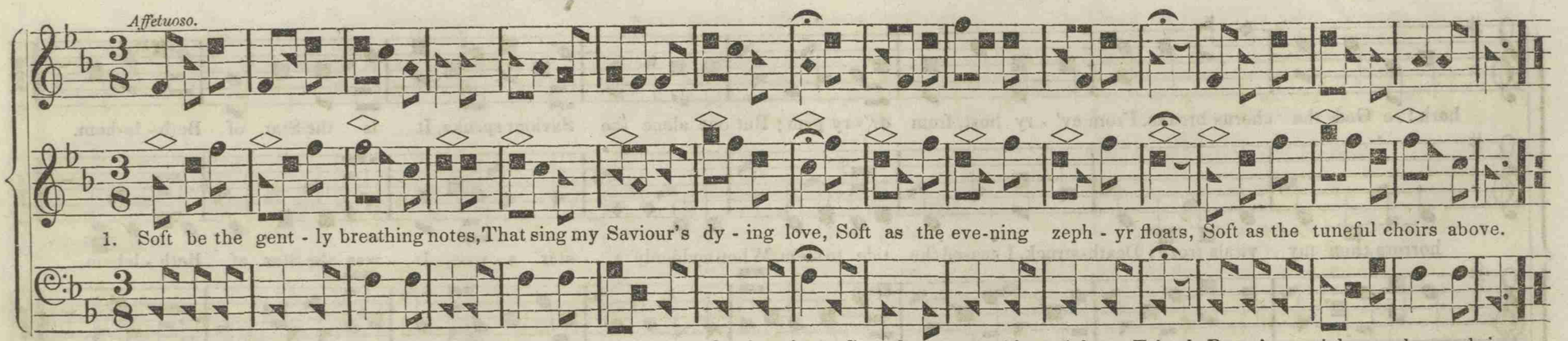
horrors then my vitals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star a - rose, It was the Star of Beth - lehem.

safely moor'd—my per - ils o'er—I'll sing, first in night's di - adem, For e-ver, and for e - ver-more, The Star—the Star of Beth - lehem.

## ARNHEIM. L. M.




## VESPERIA. L. M.




3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad ;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4. True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all our sorrows roll,
To him who bled upon the tree.

## CARVOSSO. L. M.



1. Ho - ly, and true, and righteous Lord, I want to prove thy perfect will; Be mindful of thy gracious word, And stamp me with thy Spir - it's zeal.

2. O - pen my faith's in - te - rior eye; Display thy glo - ry from a - bove: And all I am shall sink and die, Lost in as - ton - ish - ment and love!

3. Con - found, o'erpower me with thy grace; I would be by my - self abhorr'd; All might, all ma - jes ty, all praise, All glo - ry be to Christ my Lord.

4. Now let me gain perfection's height, Now let me in - to nothing fall; As less than nothing in thy sight, And feel that Christ is *all* in *all!*



## ORTONVILLE. C. M.

From HASTINGS.

1. Be - ing of beings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise; Thy all - sustaining power we prove, And gladly sing thy praise, And gladly sing thy praise.

2. Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be, Our sacrifice receive; Made, and preserved, and saved by thee, To thee ourselves we give, To thee ourselves we give.

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

## IMMENSITY. L. M.

DAVISSON.

With-in thy circling pow'r I stand, On ev'-ry side I find thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded

With-in thy circling pow'r I stand, On ev'-ry side I find thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, Awake, asleep, at home, a - broad, I

Awake, asleep, &c. I am surrounded still with God, Awake, asleep, at

## GARDEN. L. M.

SHUMWAY.

still with God, I am surrounded still with God.

am surrounded still with God, I am surrounded still with God.

home, a - broad, I am surrounded still with God.

God, from his cloudy cis - tern, pours On the parch'd earth refreshing showers;

God, from his cloudy cis - tern, pours On the parch'd earth refreshing showers;

The grove, the gar-den, and the field, The grove, the gar-den, and the field, . . . . . A thousand joy - ful blessings yield.

The grove, the gar-den, and the field, . . . . . A thousand joy - ful blessings yield.

The grove, the gar-den, and the field, . . . . . A thousand joy - ful blessings yield.

The grove, the garden, and the field, The grove, the gar-den, and the field, . . . . . A thousand joy - ful blessings yield.

## PROSPECT. L. M.

Watts's Hymns. GRAHAM. Bass by W. HOUSER.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there!

2. The pains, the groans, the dy-ing strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way; And we shrink back a - gain to life, Fond of our pri - son and our clay!

3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she past.
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## HAINES. L. M.

Wm. Houser.

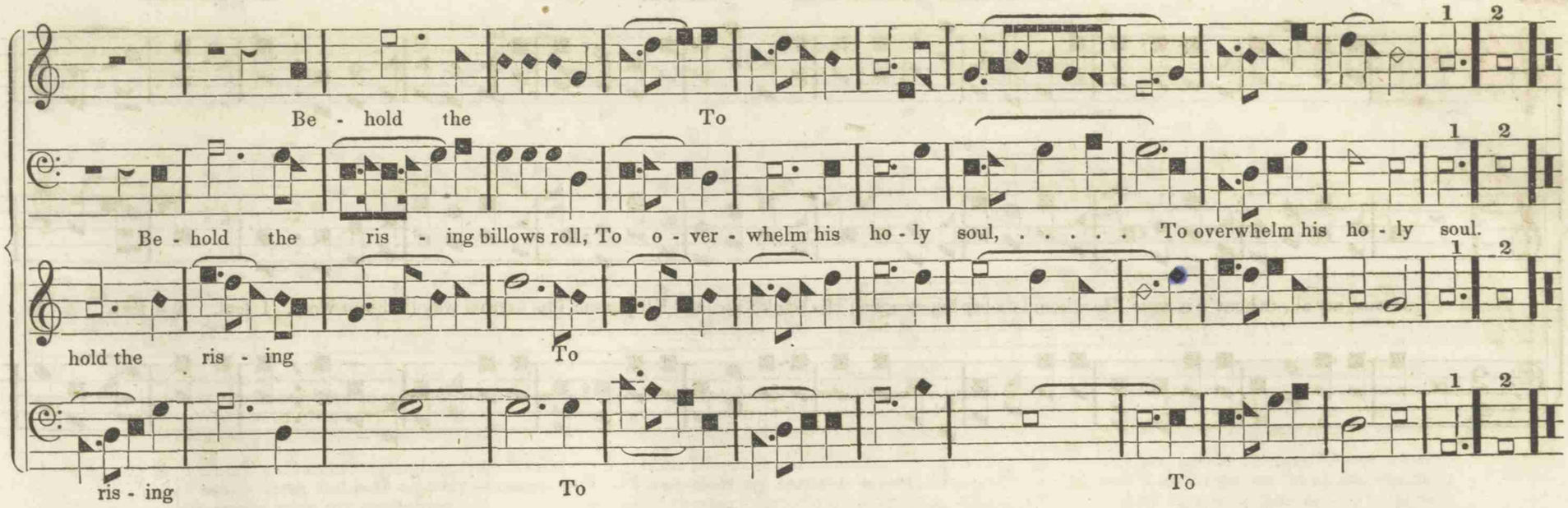
1. E - ter - nal Pow'r, whose high a-bode Becomes the grand - eur of a God! In - fi - nite lengths, beyond the bounds Where stars re -
2. Thee while the first arch- an - gel sings, He hides his face be - hind his wings; And ranks of shining thrones a - round, Fall wor - ship -
3. Lord, what shall earth and ash -es do? We would adore our Ma - ker too! From sin and dust to thee we cry, The great, the
4. Earth from a - far hath heard thy fame, And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name; But, Oh! the glo - ries of thy mind Leave all our
5. God is in heav'n, and men be - low—Be short our tunes; our words be few! A sol - emn rev'rence checks our songs, And praise sits

volve their lit - tle rounds.
ping and spread the ground.
ho - ly, and the high!
soar - ing thoughts be - hind!
si - lent on our tongues.

## CARLISLE. L. M.

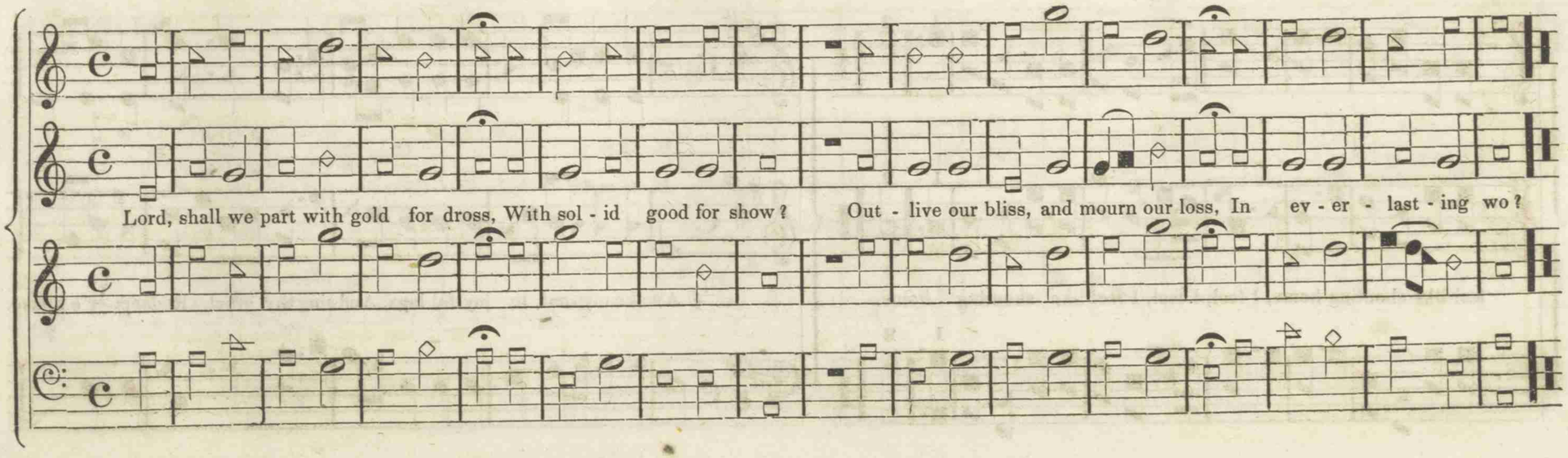
Spicer.

Deep in our hearts let us re - cord The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Be -
Be - hold the



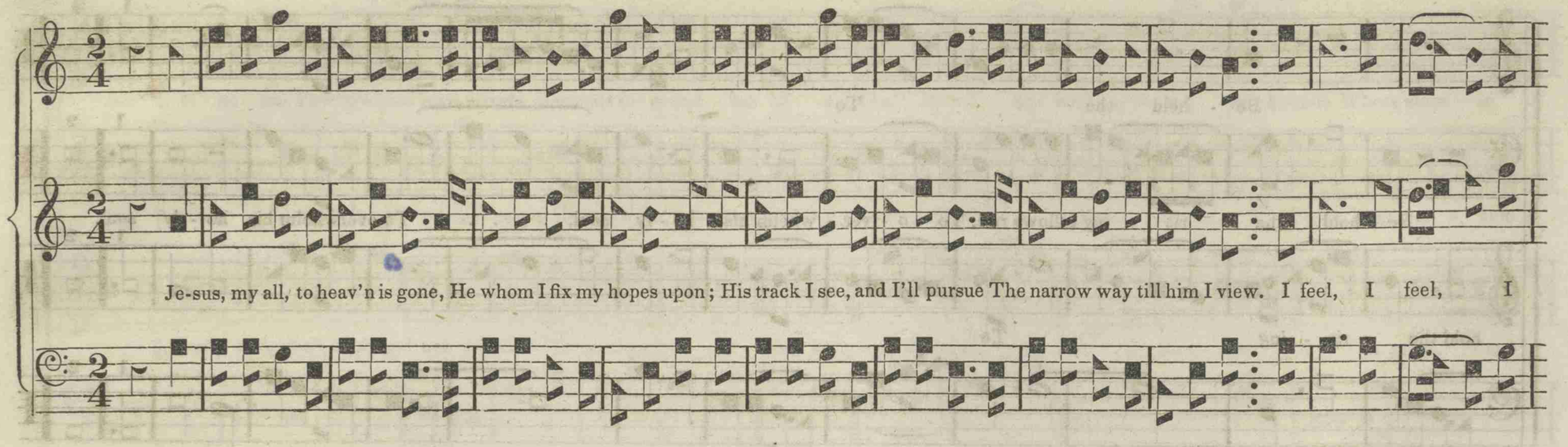

## ISLE OF WIGHT. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

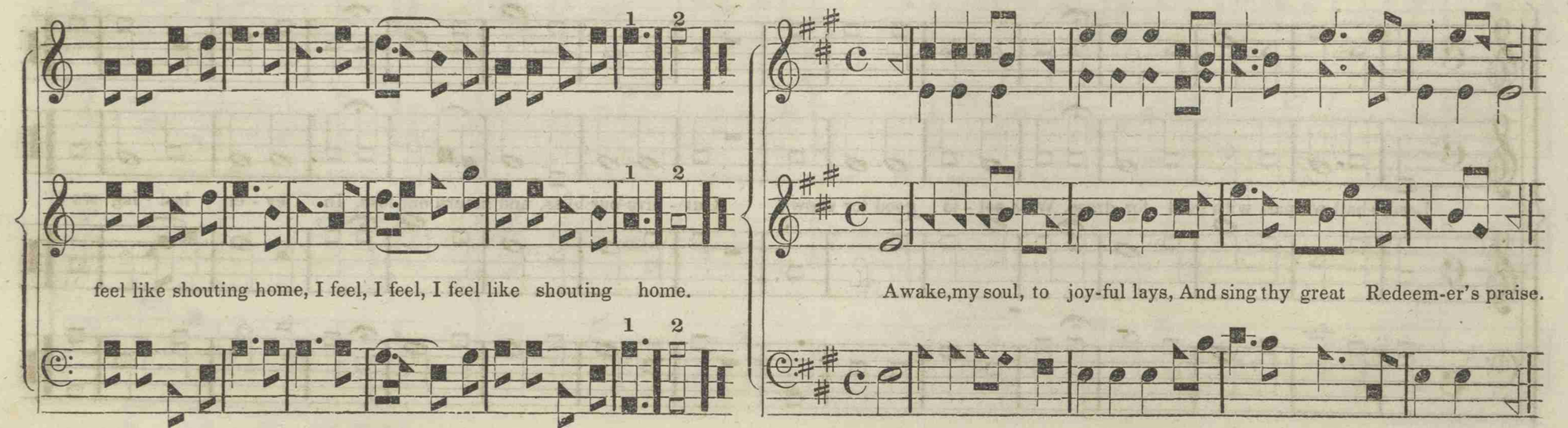


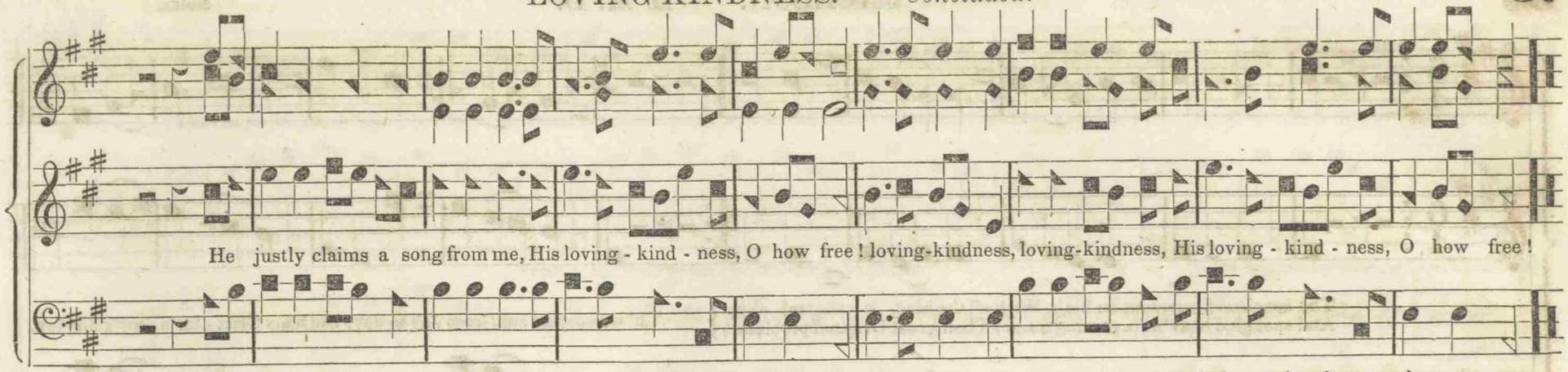
## JONESBOROUGH. L. M.

AXTON and MOORE.




## LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.






2. He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

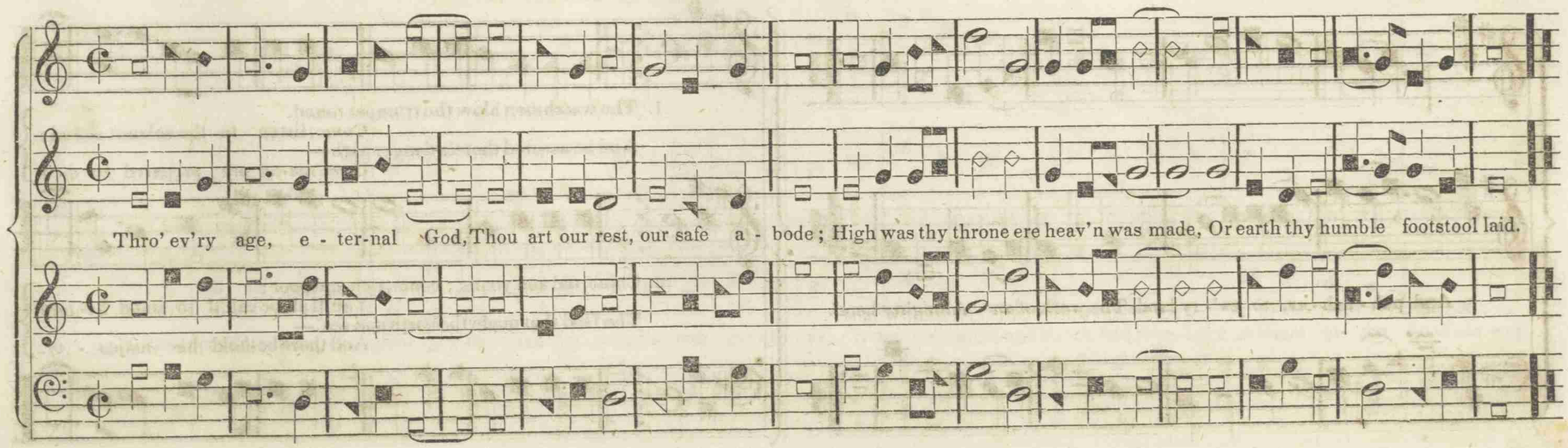
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

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

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail:
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death!

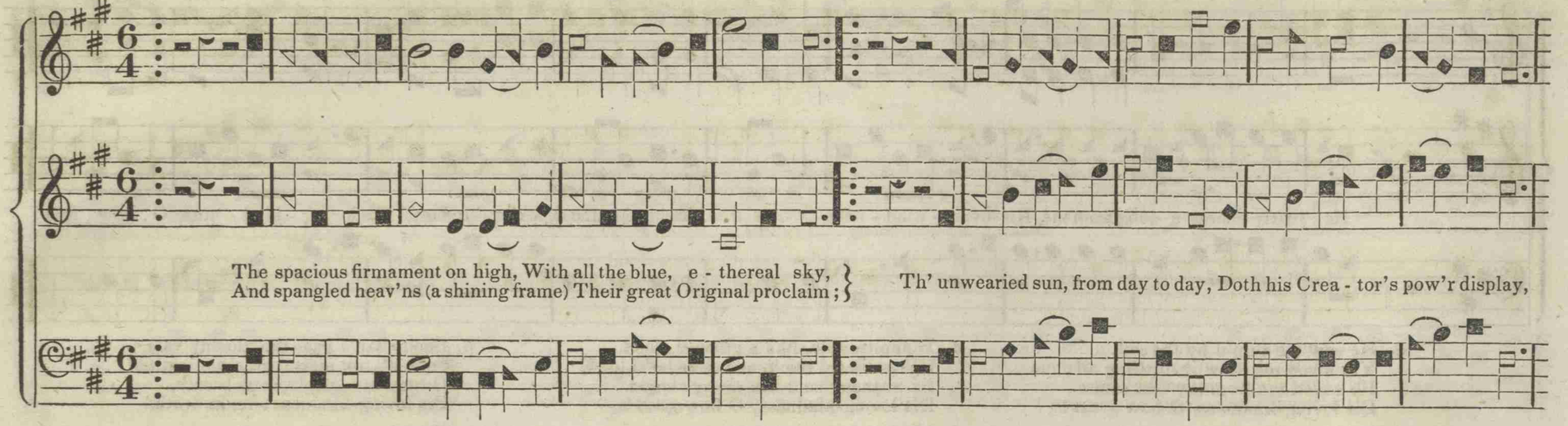
7. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

## HIGHBRIDGE. L. M.



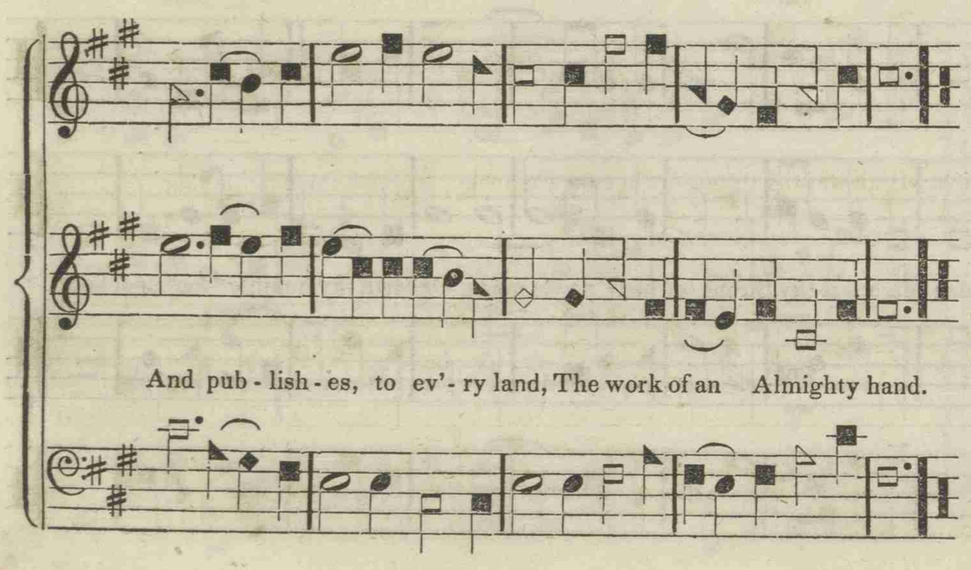
## JACKSON. L. M. D.

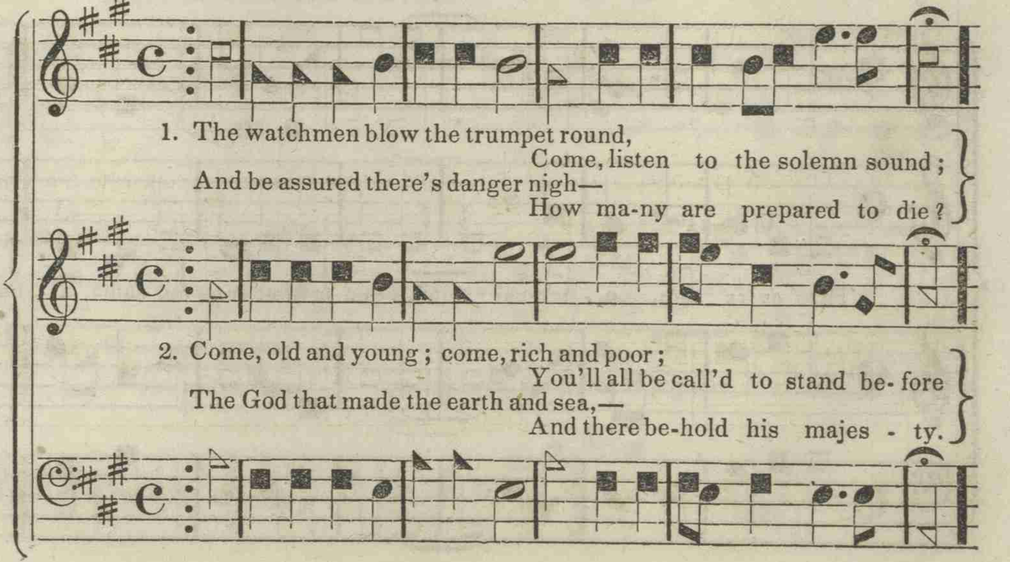
MOORE.

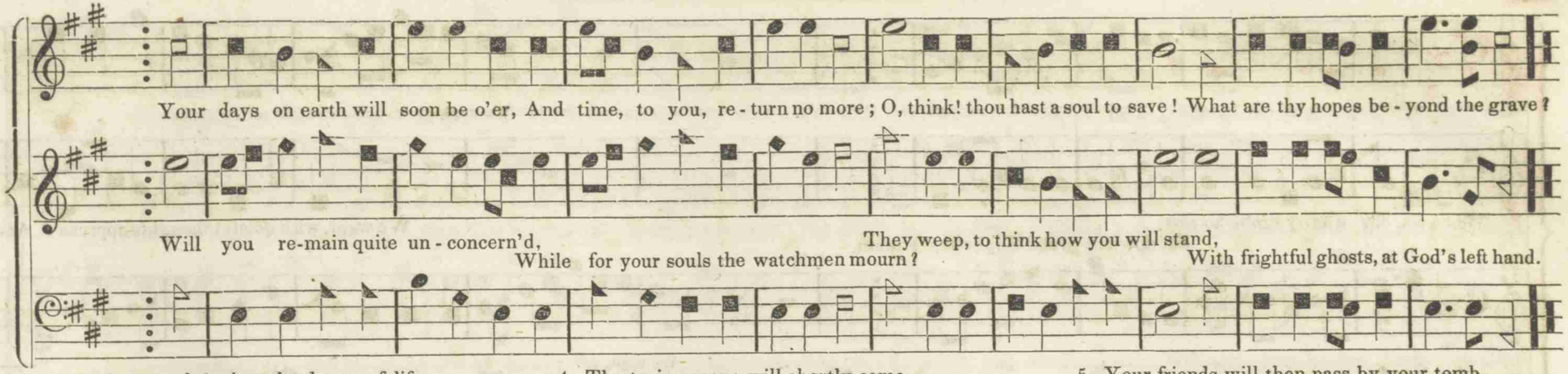



## WATCHMAN'S CALL. L. M. D.

WM. WALKER.





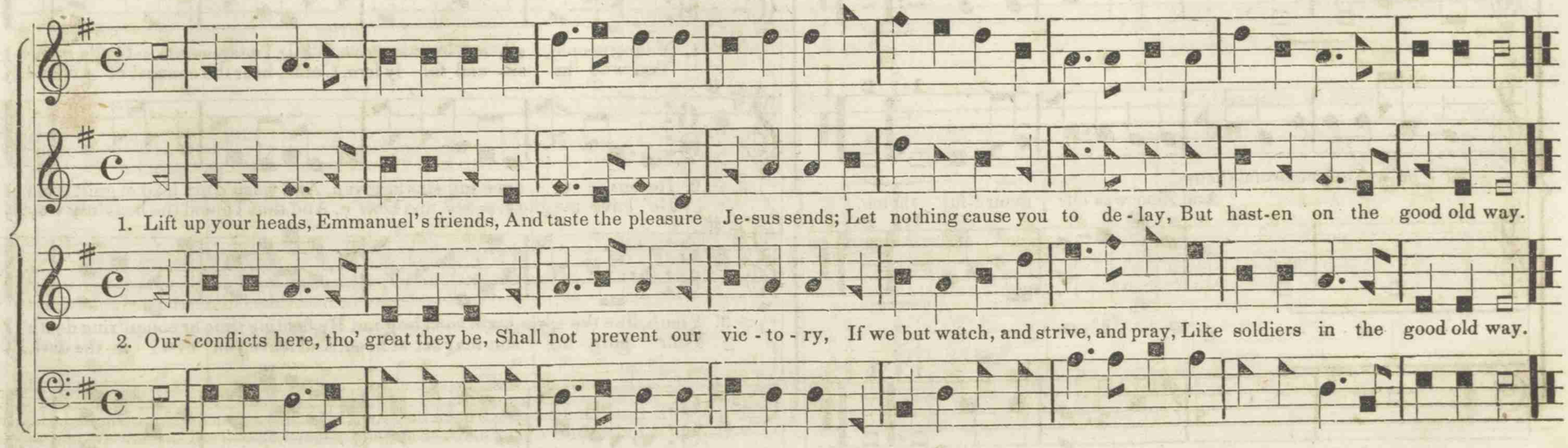

3. O, mortals! view the dream of life,
And see how thousands end the strife;
Who, though convinced, do still delay,
Till death ensues, and drags away.
Will you, for fancied earthly toys,
Deprive yourselves of heavenly joys?
And will the calls you have to-day,
Be slighted still, and pass away?

4. The trying scene will shortly come,
When you must hear your certain doom;
And if you then are unprepared,
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard.
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,
While death will bring you to the ground;—
The coffin, grave, and winding-sheet,
Will hold your lifeless frame complete;

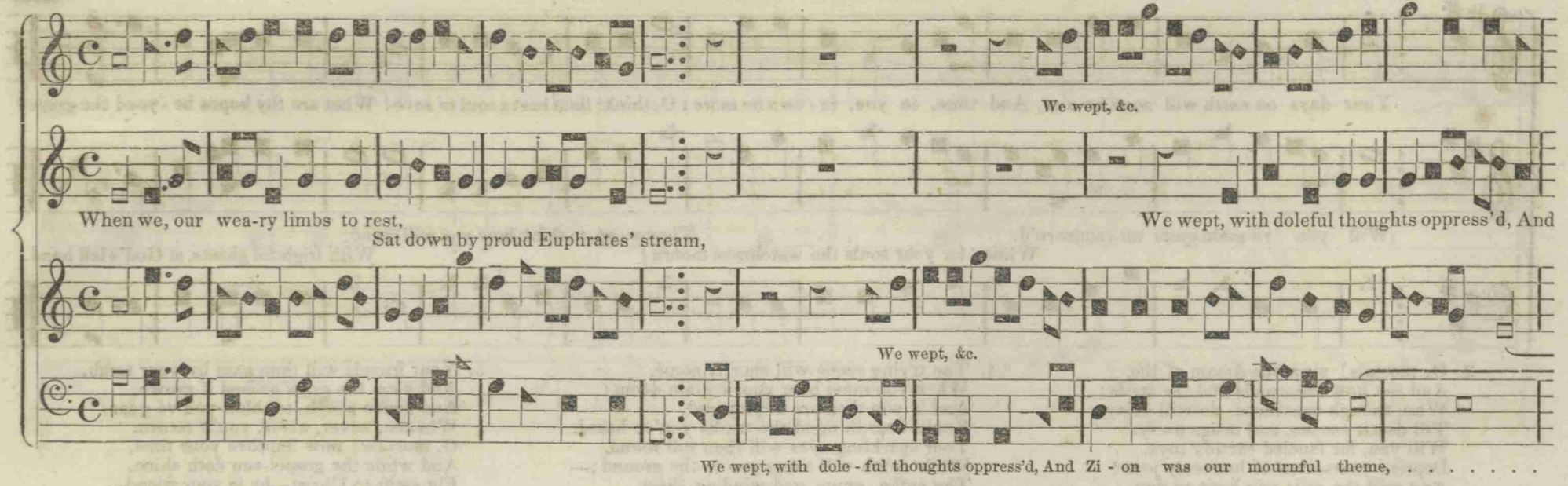
5. Your friends will then pass by your tomb,
And view the grass around it grown,
And heave a sigh, to think you've gone,
Whence, never, *never*, you'll return.
O, mortals! now improve your time,
And while the gospel-sun doth shine,
Fly swift to Christ—he is your friend—
And then in heaven your souls will end.

## THIRD CREEK. L. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

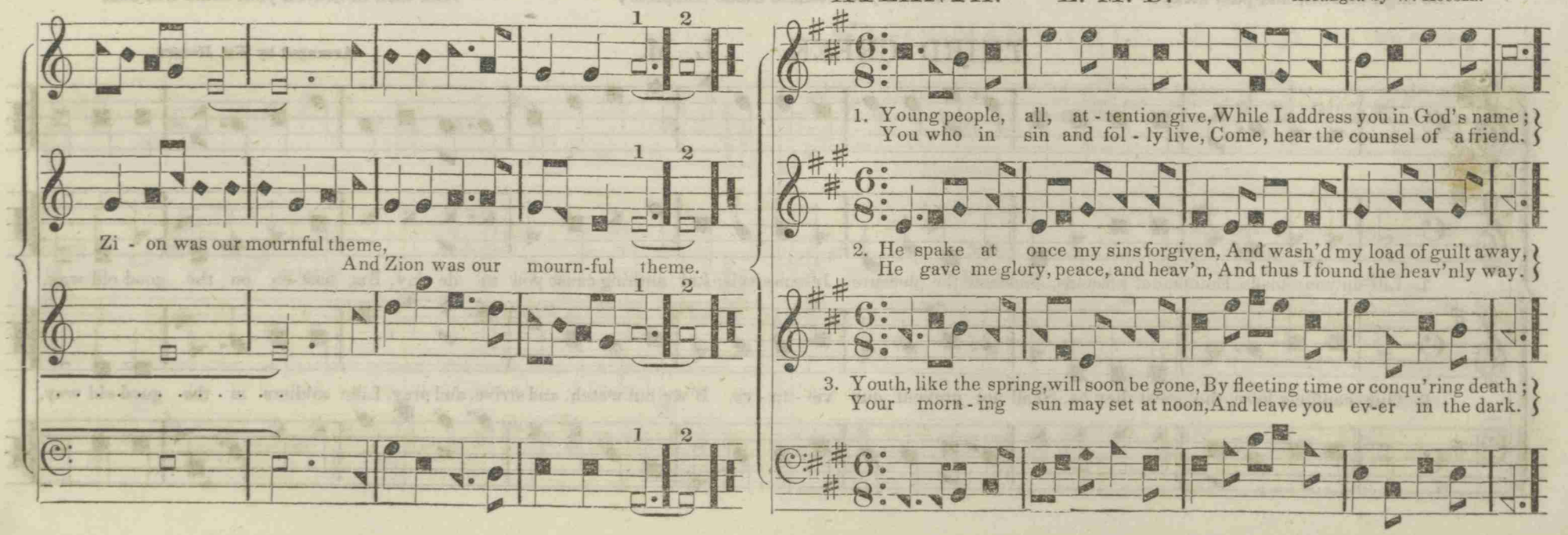


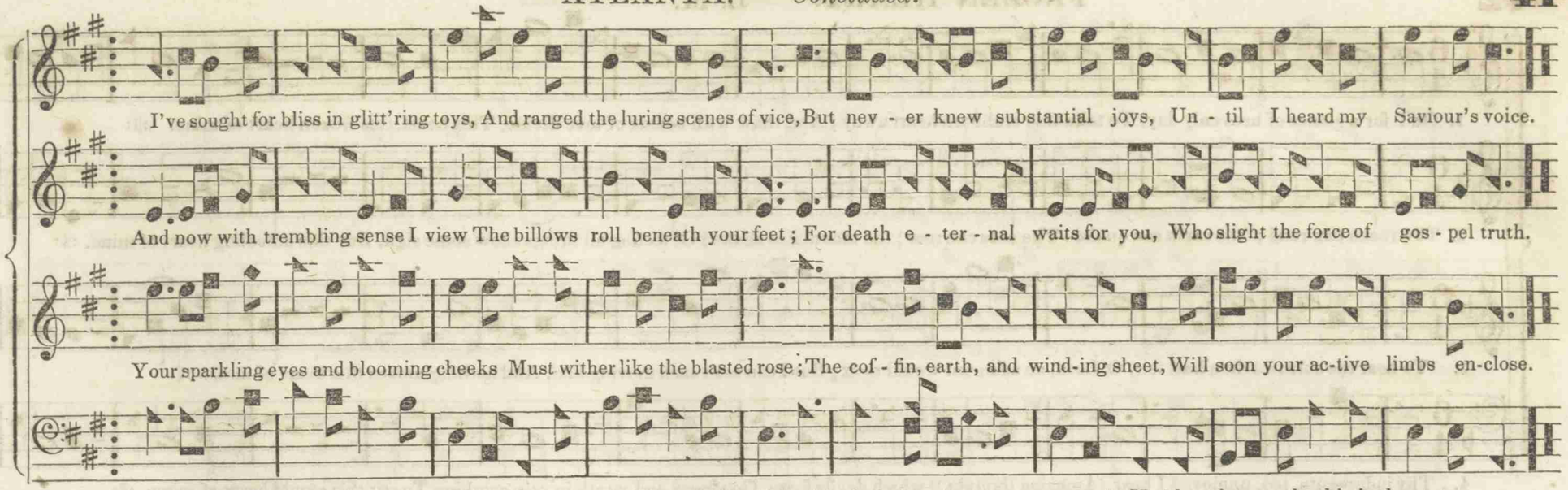
## CAMDEN. L. M.




## ATLANTA. L. M. D.

Arranged by W. Houser.





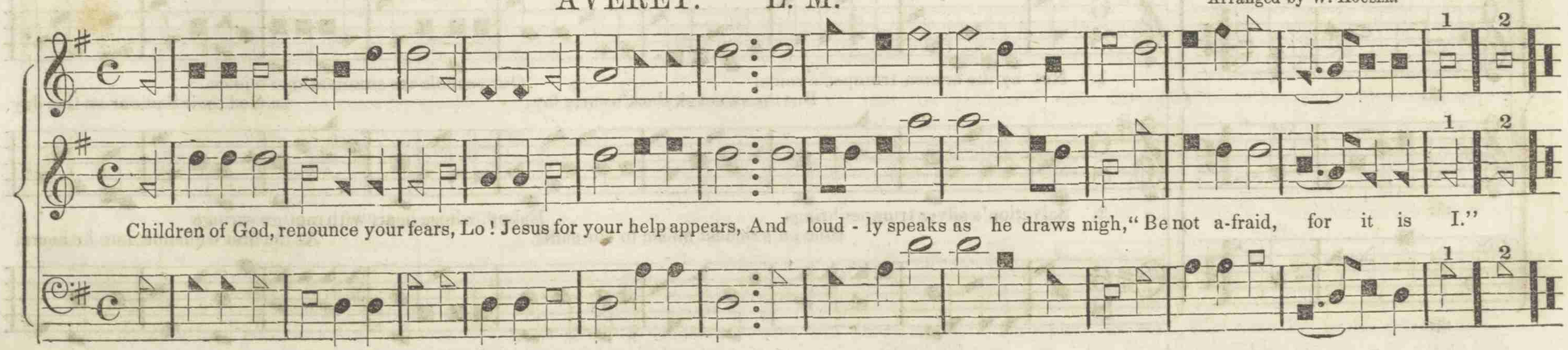

4. Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed;
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn darkness round your head,
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

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

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

## AVERET. L. M.

Arranged by W. HOUSER.




F

## FROZEN HEART. L. M.

1. Oh! for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away; And thaw with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine. :‖:
2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake: The seas can roar; the mountains shake; Of feeling all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine. :‖:
3. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt; But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine. :‖:
4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear, (Amazing thought!) which devils fear: Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine. :‖:
5. But something yet can do the deed; And that blest something much I need: Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And melt and change this heart of mine. :‖:

## SABBATH SUMMONS. L. M.

PARTS BY WM. HOUSER.

1. Not by the brazen trumpet's voice, Our schools are summon'd to rejoice
But the sweet skylark's early lay, In God their Saviour on this day.
2. Salvation's silver trumpet brings Happy, whose heart with rapture springs
Heaven's richest music to our ears; At the first welcome note he hears.

Then, in the tem - ple of the Lord, We sing, and pray, and hear the word,
As - sem-bling round the throne of grace, And see our glo - ri - ous Maker's face.

He, where e - ter-nal Sabbaths shine, Les-sons shall learn of truth divine,
Where all by God himself are taught, Of pow'r and love surpassing thought.

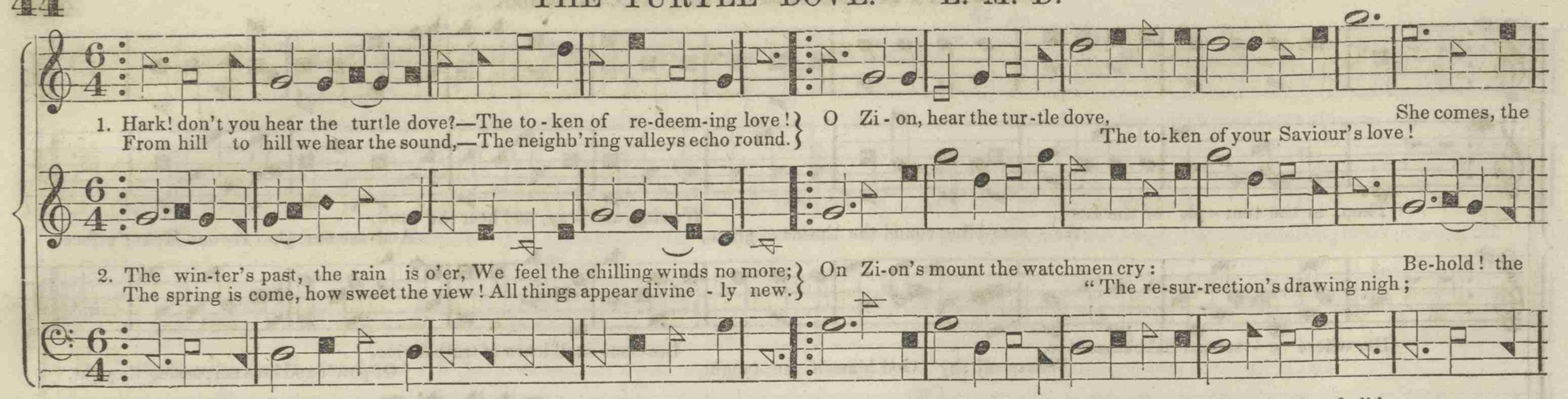
## CORINTH. L. M.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 131.

JNO. MASSENGALE AND W. HOUSER.

1. Say, which of you would see the Lord? You all may now ob - tain the grace: Be - hold him in the writ - ten word, Where John unveils the Saviour's face.
2. Clear as the trum-pet's voice he speaks, To ev'ry soul that turns his ear; A - mid the gold-en can - dle-sticks He walks: and, lo, he now is here.
3. Pre - sent to all be - liev-ing souls: They see him with an ea-gle eye; Down to his feet a gar - ment rolls, Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.
6. His spot-less pu - ri - ty of soul, We by a love - ly emblem know; His head and hairs are white as wool, White are they as the driven snow.
7. Glit-ter his feet like burnish'd brass, That long hath in the furnace shone; Brighter than lightning is his face, Brighter than the me - ri - dian sun.

## THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M. D.




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

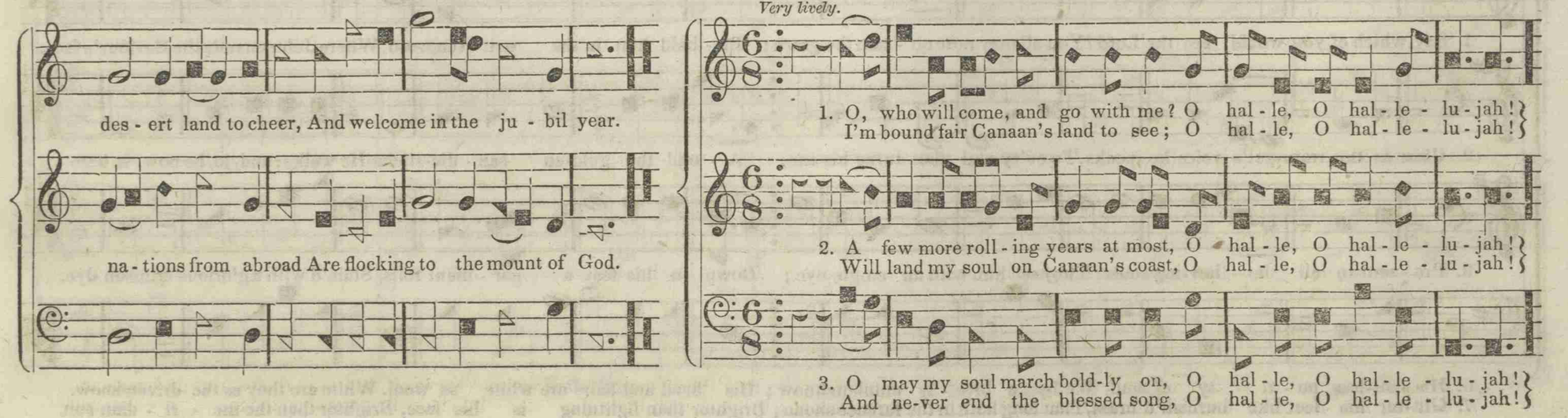
4. The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All flocking to the mount of God!
O, yes! and I will join that band,—
Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

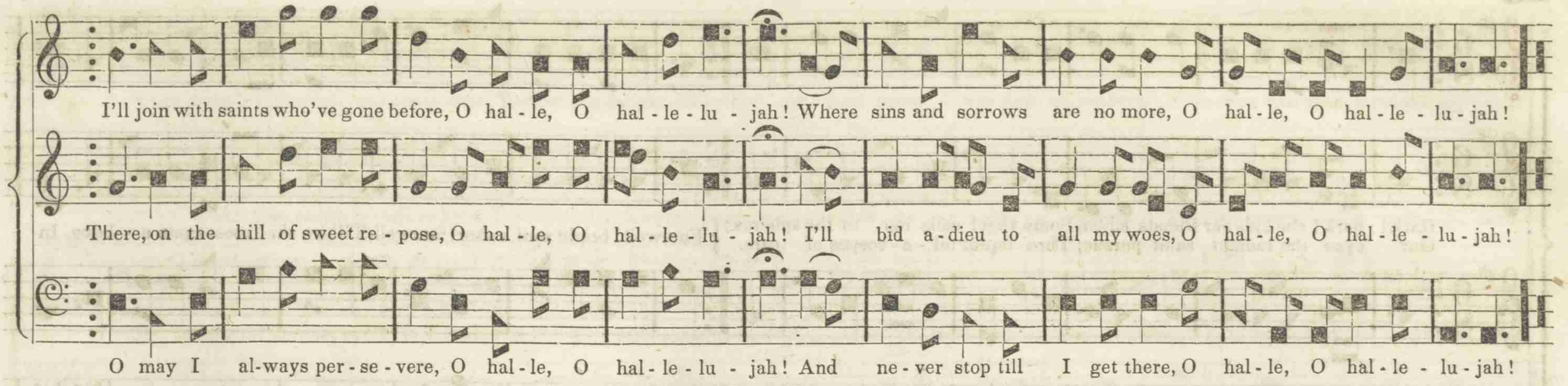
5. His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hozannas raise.

## BETHEL STREET. L. M.

Arranged by WM. HOUSER.

*Very lively.*






4. O what a happy time 'twill be,
When I my friends in heav'n shall see!
There we may tell our sufferings o'er,
When we have reach'd that blessed shore.

5. O, Christians, we have heav'n to-day;
It shines around with dazzling ray;
It makes me happy while I sing,
And shout salvation to my King.

6. I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love, which has no bounds;
When rolling years shall cease to move,
Then this shall be my theme above.

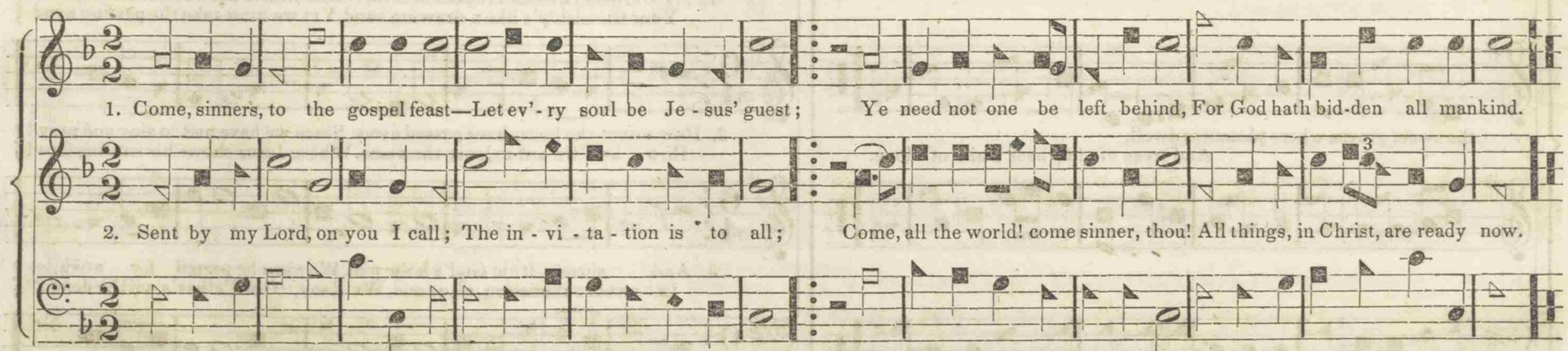
7. O what a happy company!
May I be there, that sight to see,
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

8. I little thought He'd been so nigh—
His speaking made me laugh and cry!
He said, "I've come for thee, my love,
I have a place for thee above."

9. Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land:
My hand again I give to thee,
Hoping thy face in heav'n to see.

## LEBANON NEW. L. M.

Rev. Jas. P. Carrell.



## DEPARTING SAINT. L. M.

Hark! hark! she bids her friends adieu, Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue, Thro' liquid tel - e - scopes of tears.
Farewell! bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again a - bove, In

## PARTING HAND. L. M.

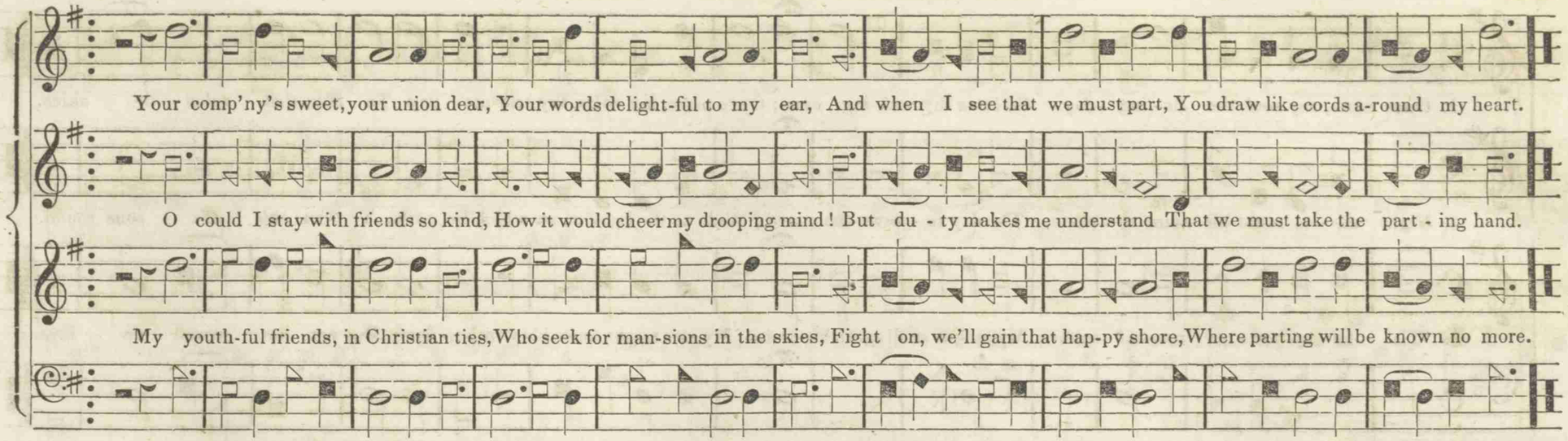
W. Walker. Alto by W. Houser.

the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.

2. How sweet the hours have passed away, Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place, Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

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



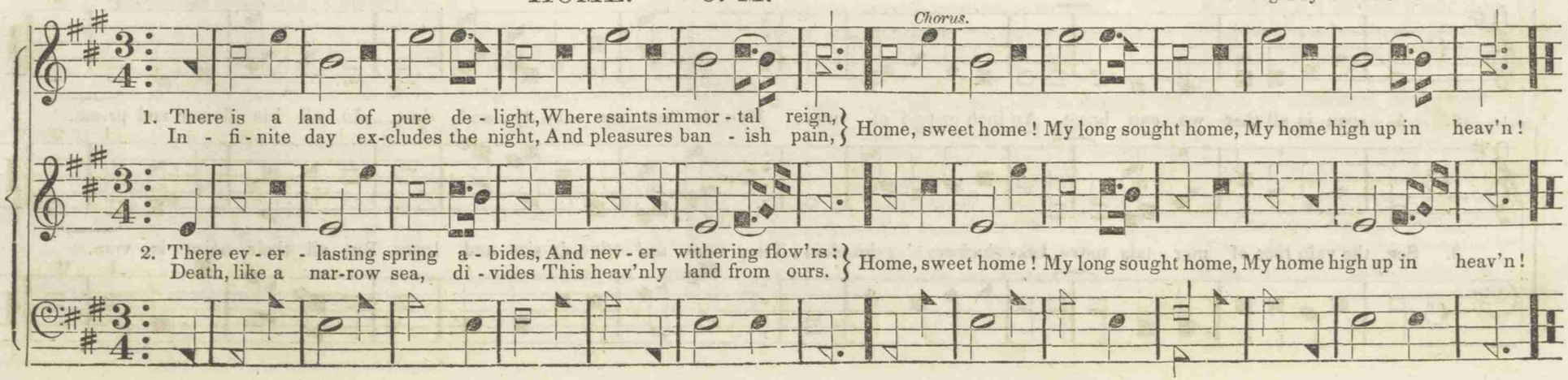

4. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust His grace—in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

5. And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

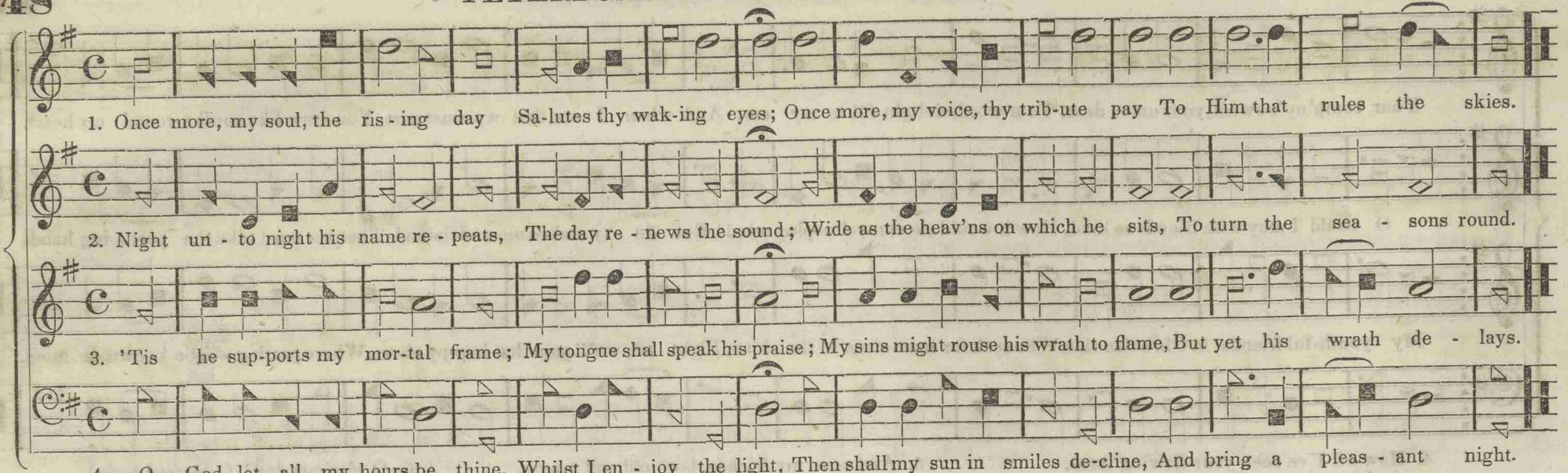
6. O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand;
But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell;
So, loving Christians, fare you well!

## HOME. C. M.

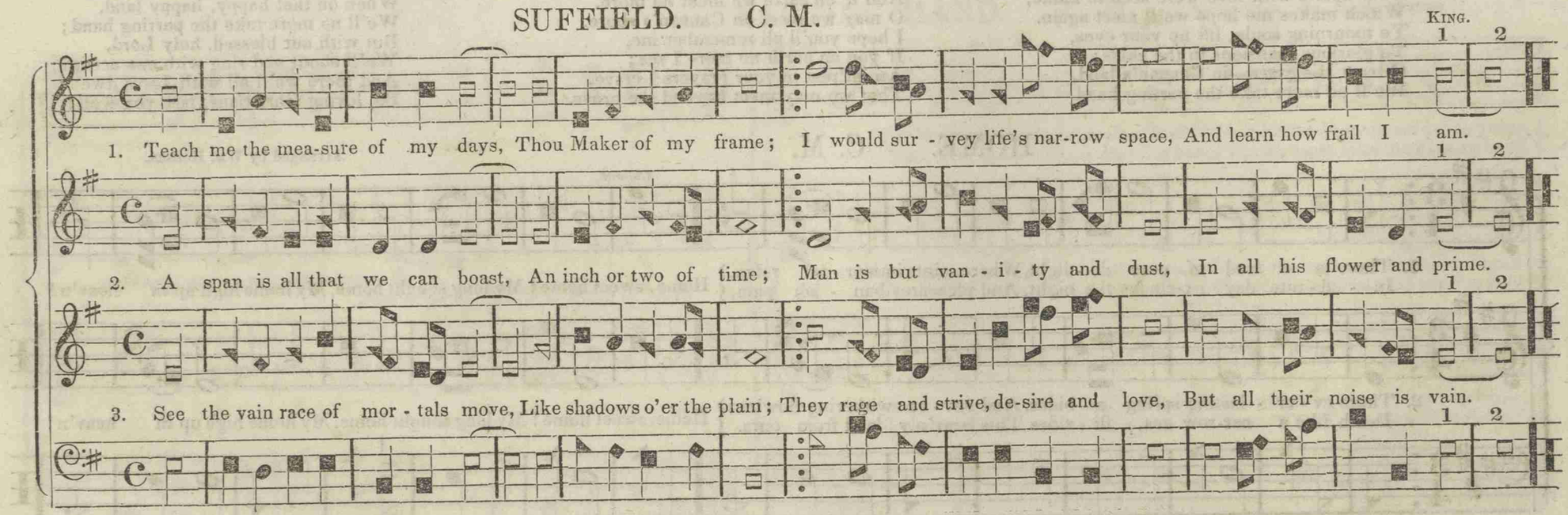
Arranged by Wm. Houser.



## PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

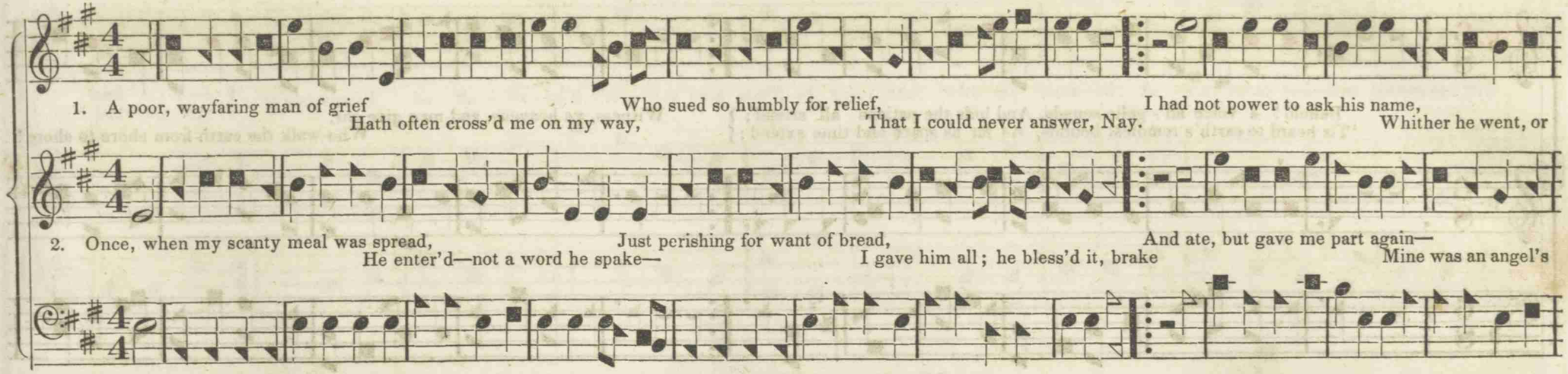



## SUFFIELD. C. M.



# DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

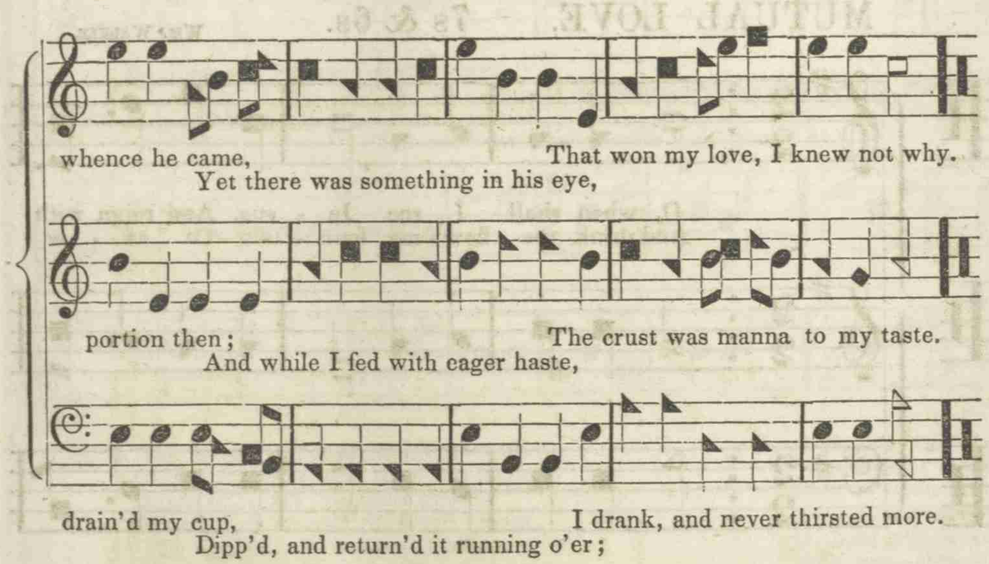




1. A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Who sued so humbly for relief,
I had not power to ask his name,
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
That I could never answer, Nay.
Whither he went, or

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
Just perishing for want of bread,
And ate, but gave me part again—
He enter'd—not a word he spake—
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake
Mine was an angel's

3. I spied him where a fountain burst,
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
Thrice from the stream he



whence he came,
That won my love, I knew not why.
Yet there was something in his eye,

portion then;
The crust was manna to my taste.
And while I fed with eager haste,

drain'd my cup,
I drank, and never thirsted more.
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er;

4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest;
Laid him on mine own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

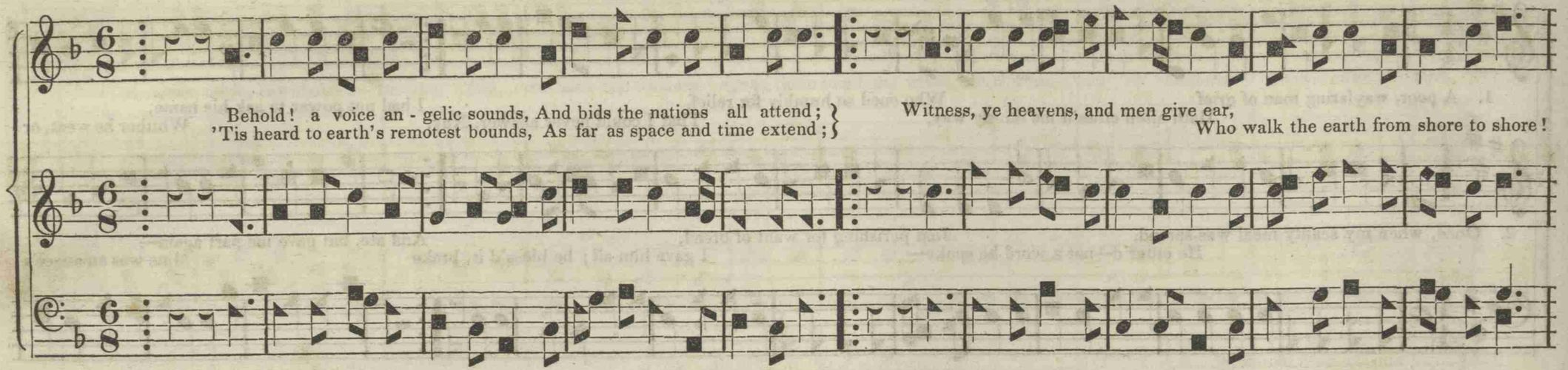
5. Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd.
I had, myself, a wound conceal'd;
But, from that hour, forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7. Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

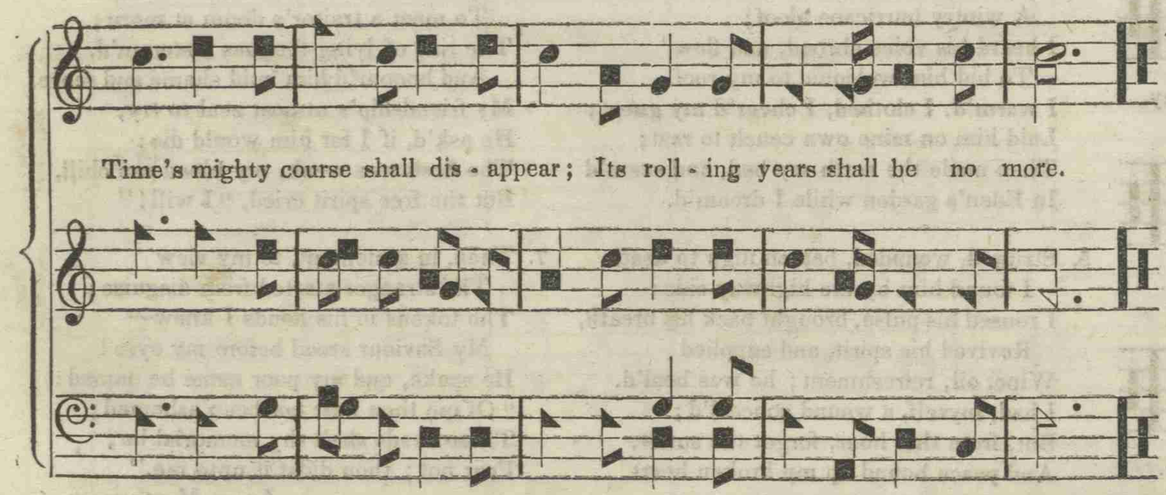
*James Montgomery.*

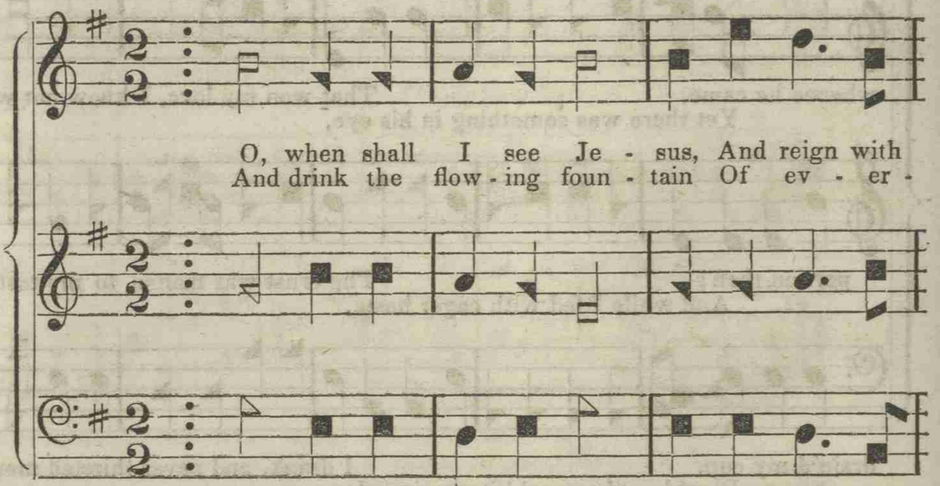
## MAJESTY NEW. L. M.

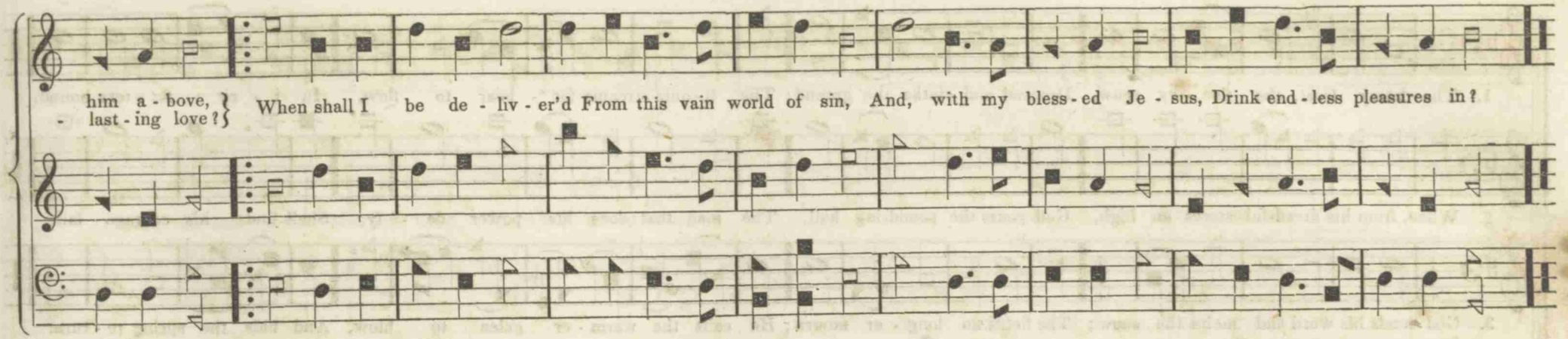



## MUTUAL LOVE. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER.

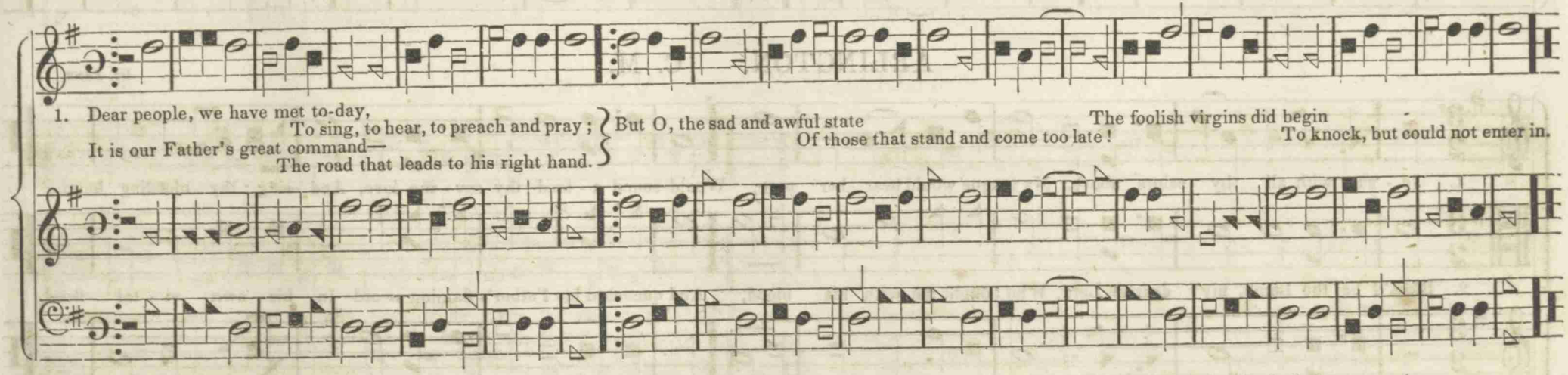





## DAY OF WORSHIP. L. M. D.

B. F. and E. K. Davis.




2. The heedless youth, in all their prime,
Are counting up the length of time;
They often say 'tis their intent,
When they get old they will repent.
The *aged* sinner will not turn—
His heart's so hard, he cannot mourn—
Much harder than the flinty rock—
It will not break though Jesus knock.

3. O parents, take a solemn view
Of your dear children, near to you;
How can you bear to hear them cry,
And charge you with their misery?
O, how will parents tremble there,
Who raise their children without prayer!
Methinks I hear the children say,
"We never heard our parents pray!"

4. When Christ the Lord shall come again,
In solemn pomp and burning flame—
Bid Gabriel proclaim the sound,
"Awake, ye nations under ground!"
Good Lord, what groans! what shrieks! what cries!
And thunder rolling through the skies!
Poor sinners sinking in despair!
And Christians shouting through the air!

Psalmist, Hymn 1043.

## WINTER. C. M.

REED.

1. The hoary frost, the flee - cy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.

2. When, from his dread-ful stores on high, God pours the sound-ing hail, The man that does his power de - fy, Shall find his courage fail.

3. God sends his word and melts the snow; The fields no long - er mourn; He calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn.

## ARLINGTON. C. M.

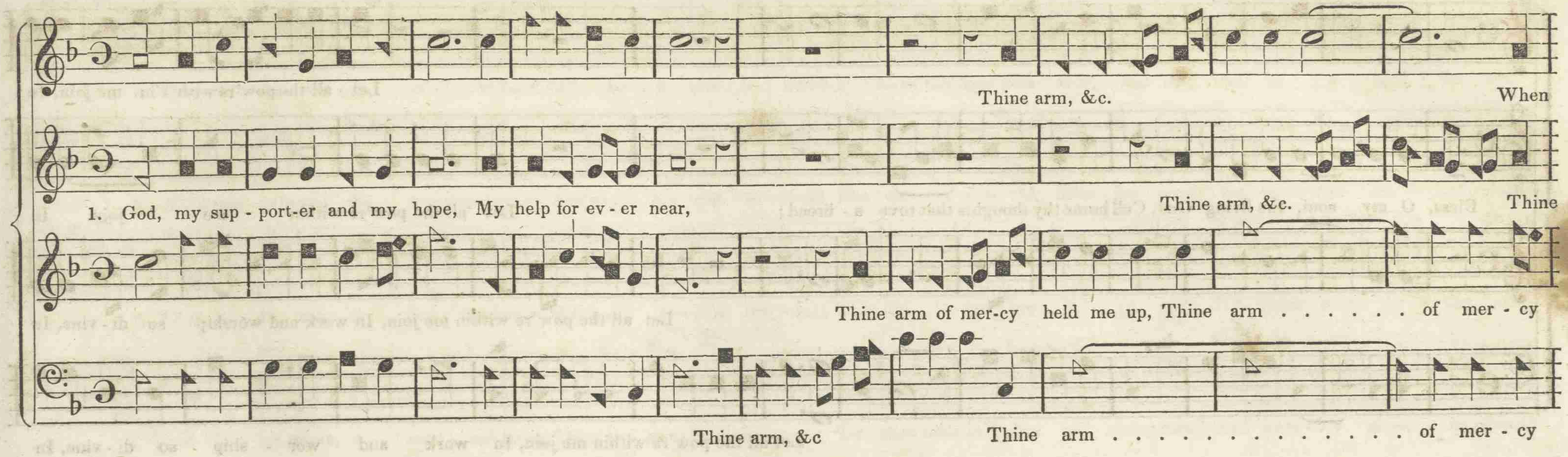
DR. ARNE.

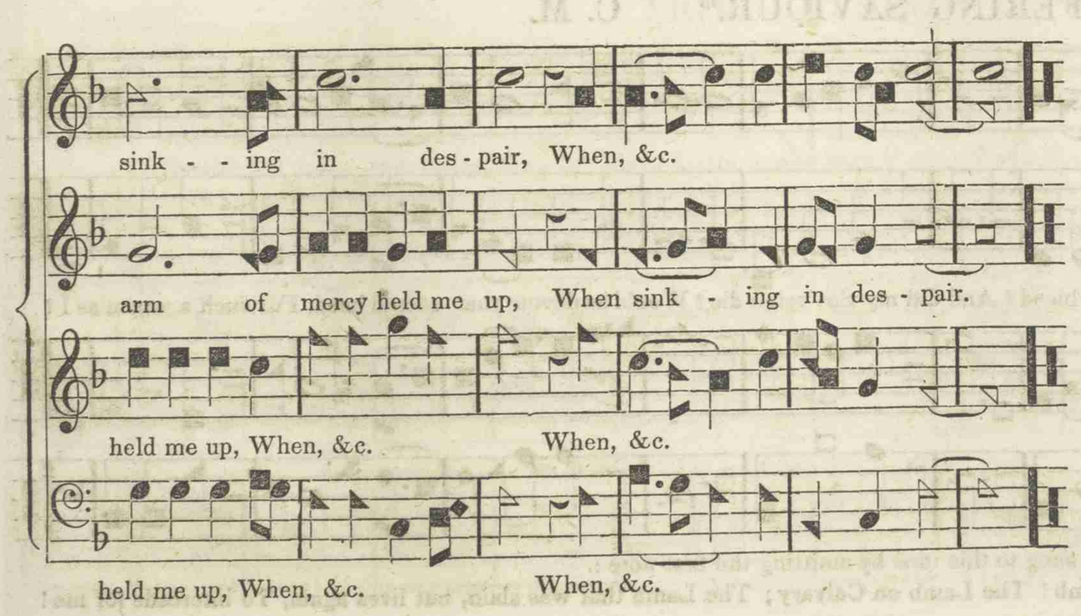
1. Je - sus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part; Would sound a - loud thy sav - ing love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quench'd his Father's flaming sword In his own vi - tal flood.

3. The Lamb, that freed my cap-tive soul From Satan's hea - vy chain, And sent the li - on down to howl, Where hell and hor - ror reign.

4. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, And nev-er - ceas - ing praise, While an - gels live to know his name, Or saints that feel his grace.




2.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3.

Were I in heaven, without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

5.

Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

## OAK'S CREEK. L. M.

Let all the pow'rs with - in me join, In

Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad; Let all the pow'rs within me join, In

Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and worship so di - vine, In

Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine, In

work and worship so di - vine.

work and worship so di - vine.

work and worship so di - vine.

work and worship so di - vine.

## SUFFERING SAVIOUR.* C. M.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?

* The following chorus may be sung to this tune by omitting the first note:

"O, the Lamb! the loving Lamb! The Lamb on Calvary; The Lamb that was slain, but lives again, To intercede for me!

## ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

CHAPIN.

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

2. A - bram believed the pro-mised grace, And gave his son to God; But wa - ter seals the bless - ing now, That once was seal'd with blood.

3. Thus Ly - dia sanc - ti - fied her house, When she received the word; Thus the be-liev - ing jail - or gave His house - hold to the Lord.

4. Thus la - ter saints, e - ter - nal King, Thine an - cient truths embrace; To thee their in - fant off - spring bring, And hum - bly claim thy grace.

## TRIBULATION. C. M.

DAVISSON.

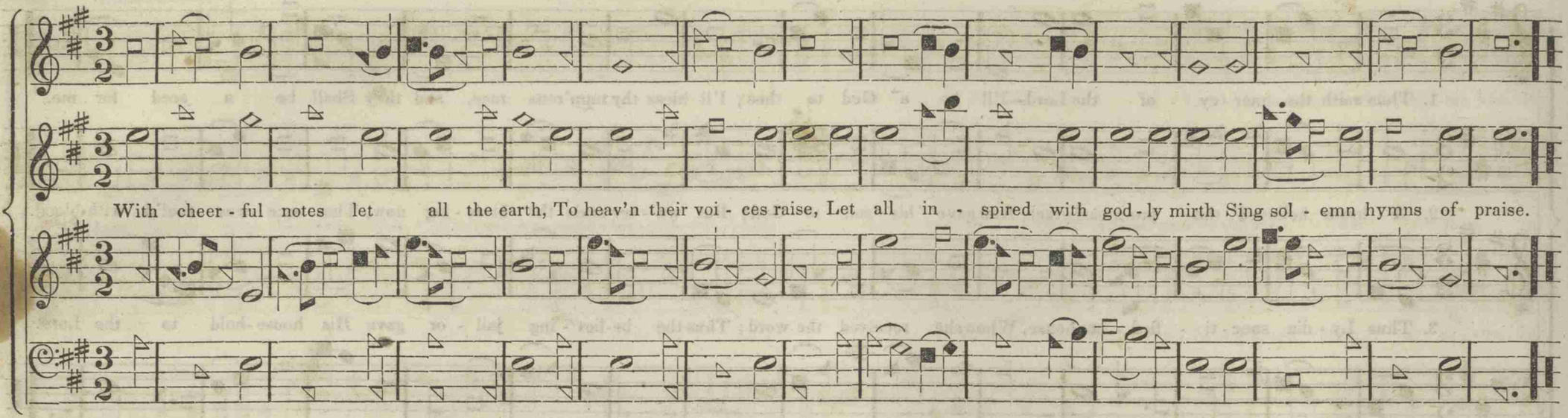
1. Death! 'tis a me - lan - cho - ly day, To those who have no God; When the poor soul is forced a - way, To seek her last a - bode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes; But guilt, a hea - vy chain, Still drags her downwards from the skies, To dark - ness, fire, and pain.

3. A-wake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell! Let stubborn sin - ners fear; You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell A long for - e - ver there.

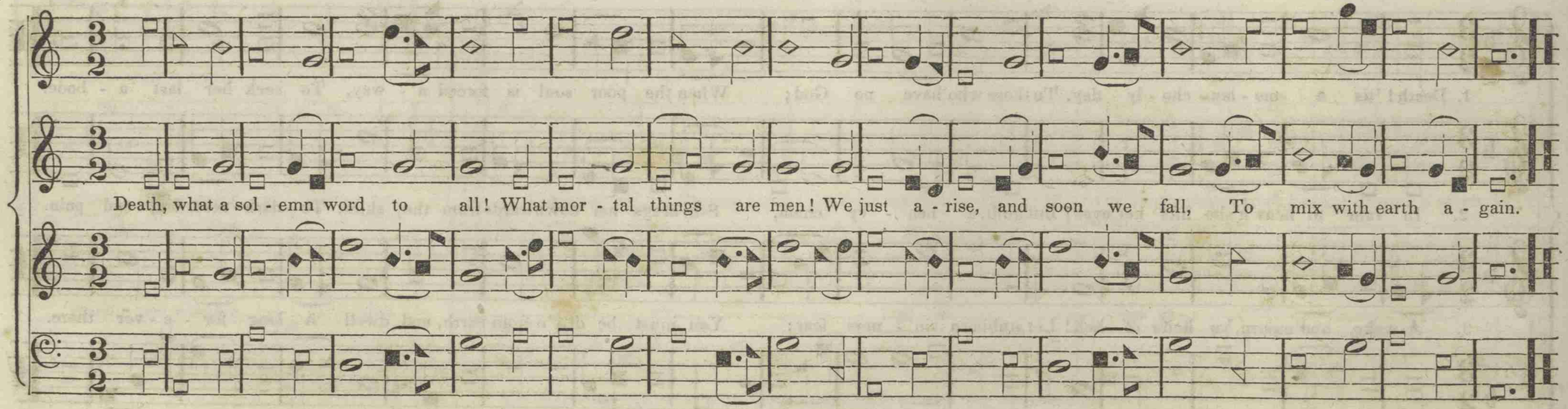
## ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

SANSUM.




## LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

CHAPIN.



## 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.

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

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

4. The graves of all his saints he bless'd, And soft - en'd ev - 'ry bed: Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest, But with their dy - ing head?

## UNION. C. M.

JENKS.

1. Lo! what an en - ter - tain - ing sight, Are brethren that a - gree! Brethren whose cheer - ful hearts u-nite In bands of har - mo - ny!

2. When streams of love, from Christ the spring, Descend to ev - 'ry soul, And heav'n - ly peace, with balm - y wing, Shades and revives the whole:

3. 'Tis pleasant as the morn - ing dews That fall on Zi - on's hill; Where God his mild - est glo - ry shows, And makes his grace distil.

## CONSOLATION. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day Sa-lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To Him that rules the skies.

## GEORGIA. C. M.

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

2. Let heav'n suc - ceed our pain - ful years, Let sin and sor - row cease; And in pro - por - tion to our tears, So make our joys in - crease.

## WALSAL. C. M.

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

2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree? Ama - zing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

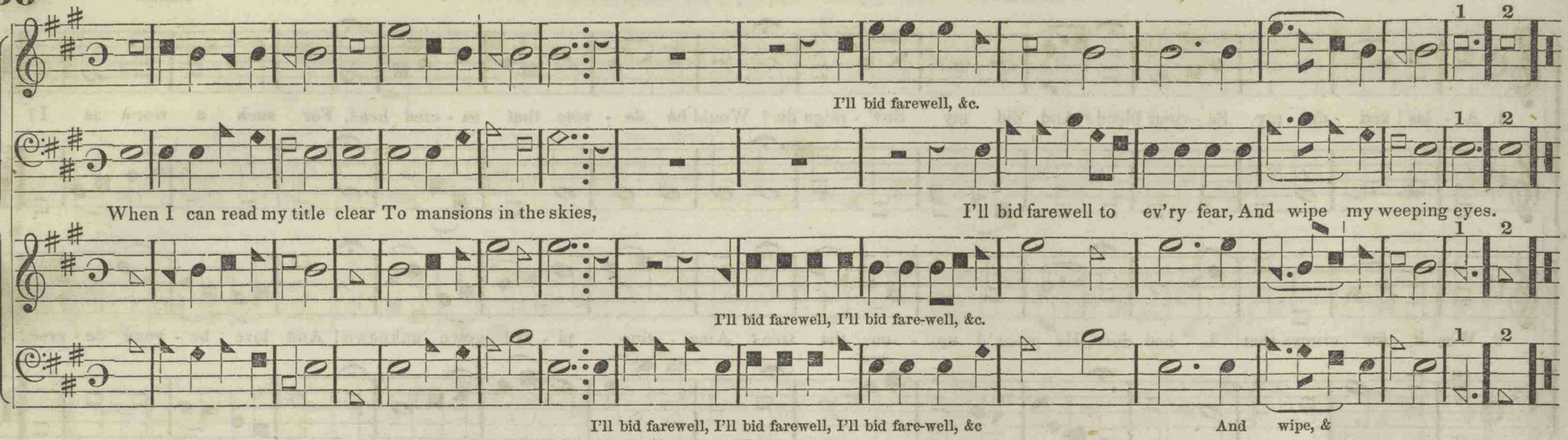
## FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

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

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

## NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

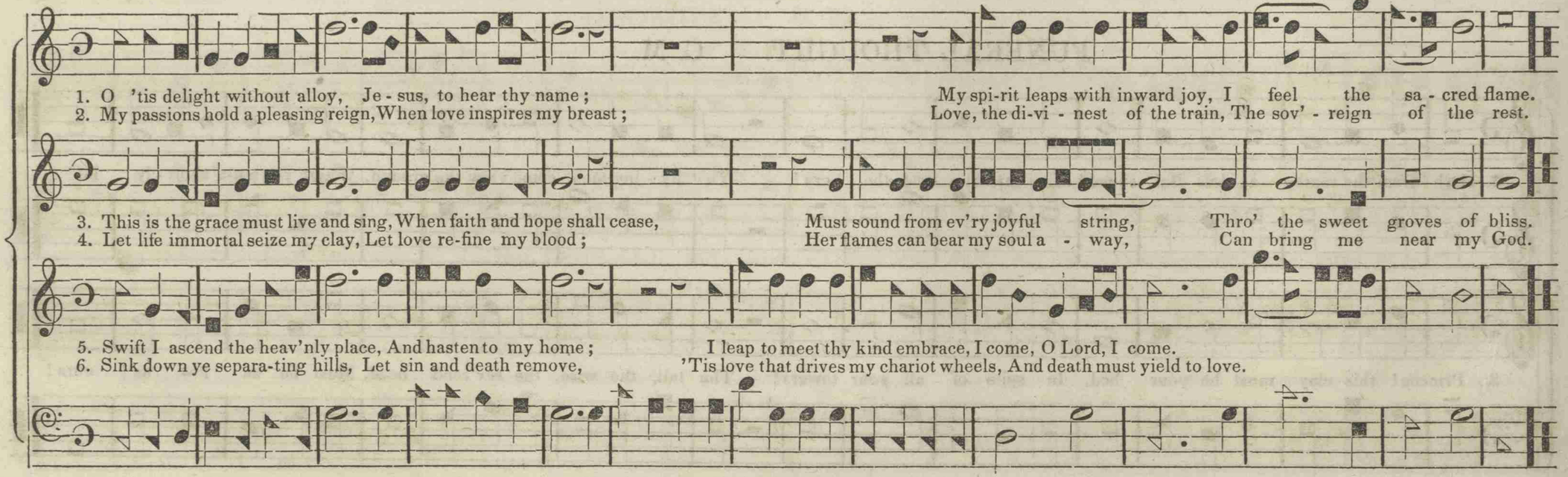
CHAPIN.




Methodist Hymn-Book.

## NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS.



## BLACKBURN. C. M.

1. O why did I my Sav - iour leave? So soon un - faith - ful prove: O how could I thy Spi - rit grieve, And sin a - gainst thy love?
2. I forced thee first to dis - ap - pear—I turn'd thy face a - side; Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here, Thy serv - ant had not died.
3. 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.
4. O could I lose my - self in thee, Thy depth of mer - cy prove, Thou vast, un - fa - thom - a - ble sea Of un - ex - haust-ed love.
5. My hum-bled soul, when thou art near, In dust and ash - es lies: How shall a sin - ful worm ap - pear, Or meet thy pu - rer eyes?
6. I loathe my - self when God I see, And in - to no - thing fall, Con - tent that thou ex - alt - ed be, And Christ be All in All.

## BLADENSBURG. C. M.

1 2

And thou, my soul,

1 2

And thou, my soul,

1 2

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite, In silence soft and sweet; And thou, my soul, sit gently down, At thy great Sovereign's feet. :‖:

And thou, my soul, And At

## FAIRFIELD. C. M.

With rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;

His high command with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word,

His high command, &c.

## FAIRFIELD. C. M. (*Altered.*)

HITCHCOCK.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

Come, with, &c.

2. "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sins
Have like a mountain rose;

I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose,

I know his, &c.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;

I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

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

5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. "I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

1. How conde-scend-ing and how kind Was God's e - ter-nal Son! Our mis'-ry reach'd his heav'n-ly mind, And pit - y brought him down.

2. When justice, by our sins provoked, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke, With - out a murm'ring word.

## REFLECTION. C. M.

1. No sleep nor slumber to his eyes, Good David would af - ford, Till he had found be - low the skies A dwelling for the Lord, A dwelling for the Lord.

2. The Lord in Zi - on placed his name, His ark was settled there; And there the assembled na-tion came, To wor-ship thrice a year, To worship thrice a year.

3. We trace no more those toilsome ways, Nor wander far abroad; Where'er thy peo-ple meet for praise, There is a house for God, There is a house for God.

## BRAY. C. M.

G. WILLIAMS.

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

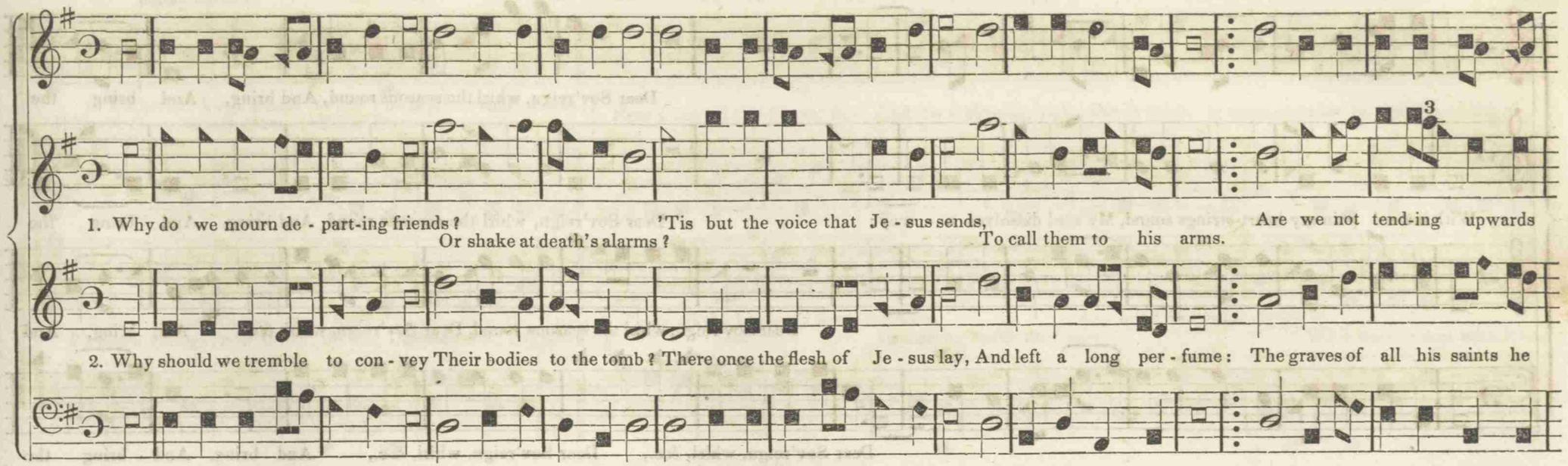
2. 'Tis he adorn'd my na - ked soul, And made salvation mine; Up-on a poor pol - lu - ted worm He makes his graces shine, He makes his graces shine.

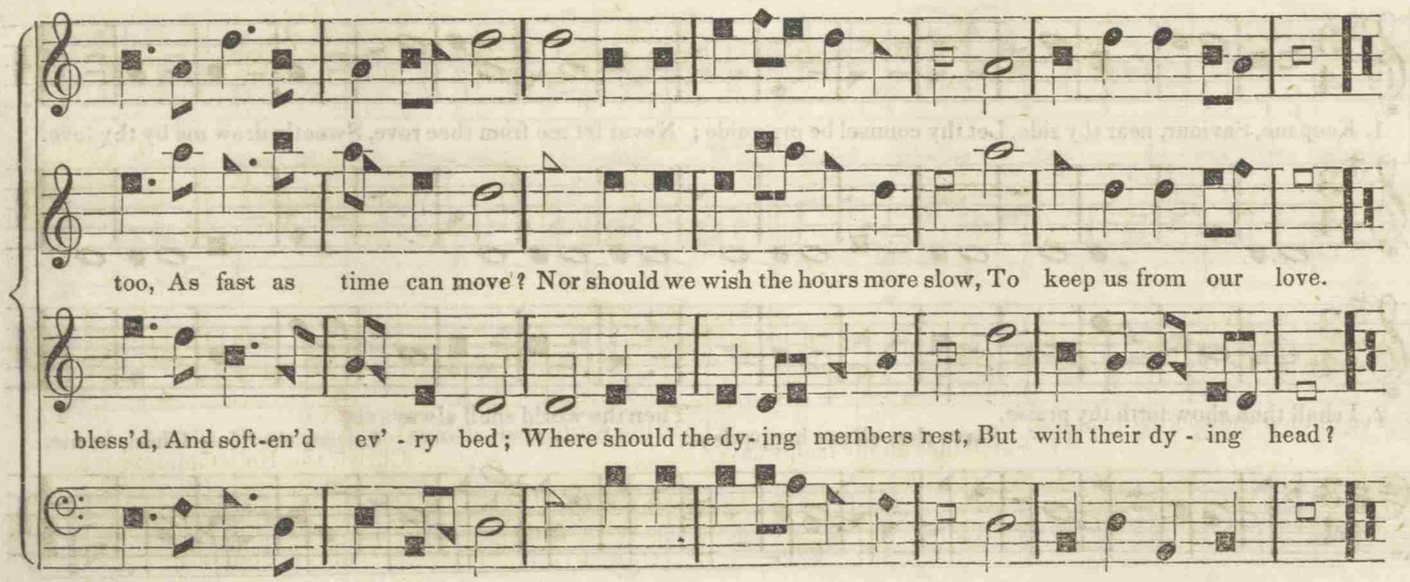
## VIRGINIA. C. M.

BROWNSON.

Thy words the raging winds control, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The roll - ing billows sleep.

And rule the boist'rous deep, The roll - ing billows sleep,




I

*Funeral Hymn.*

1. Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2. They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

## WESLEY. C. M.

MOORE.

Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round, And bring, And bring the

With inward pain my heart-strings sound, My soul dissolves a - way;

Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round, And bring, And bring the

Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round, Dear Sov'reign, whirl, &c. And bring, And

Dear Sov'reign, whirl, &c., Dear Sov'reign, whirl, &c., And bring, And bring the

promised day, And bring the promised day.

bring, And bring the promised day.

## AKRON. 7s.

F. A. SHELDON.

1. Keep me, Saviour, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

2. I shall then show forth thy praise, Then the world shall always see
Serve thee all my happy days, Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

## FIDUCIA. C. M.

1. Father, I long, I faint to see The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee Up to thy courts, my God :
Here I behold thy distant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight, But to abide in thine embrace Is infinite delight.

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence, Unspeakable, unknown :
There all the heavenly hosts are seen, And drink immortal vigour in,
In shining ranks they move, With wonder and with love.

## ABBY. C. M.

1. Je - sus, in thy transport - ing name, What blissful glories rise! Je - sus! the angels' sweet - est theme— The wonder of the skies.

2. Je - sus, and didst thou leave the sky, For miseries and woes? And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die, For vile rebellious foes?

## FARABEE. 7s.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

Chorus.

1. Come, and taste along with me,
Con-so-la-tion run-ning free
From the Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God togeth - er;
We'll praise the Lord
for the work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for ever.

2. Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are bet-ter, far, than one;
The more that come with free, good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God togeth - er;
We'll praise the Lord
for the work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for ever.

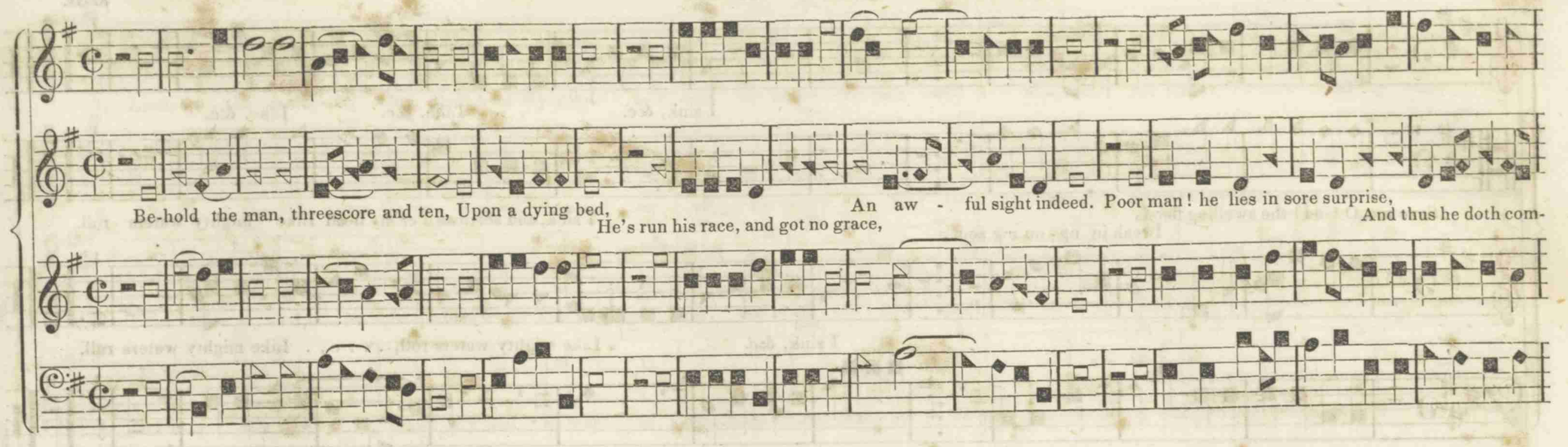
Methodist Hymn Book.

## CALHOUN. 7s.

Wm. Houser.

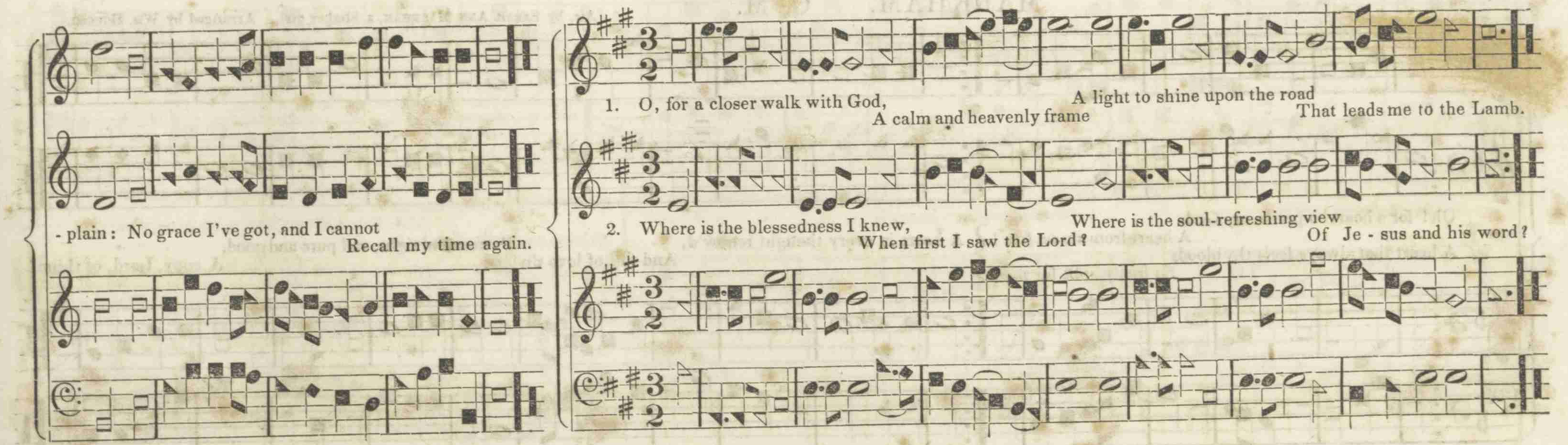
1. Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Shall we, &c.

2. Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise,
Tune, &c.



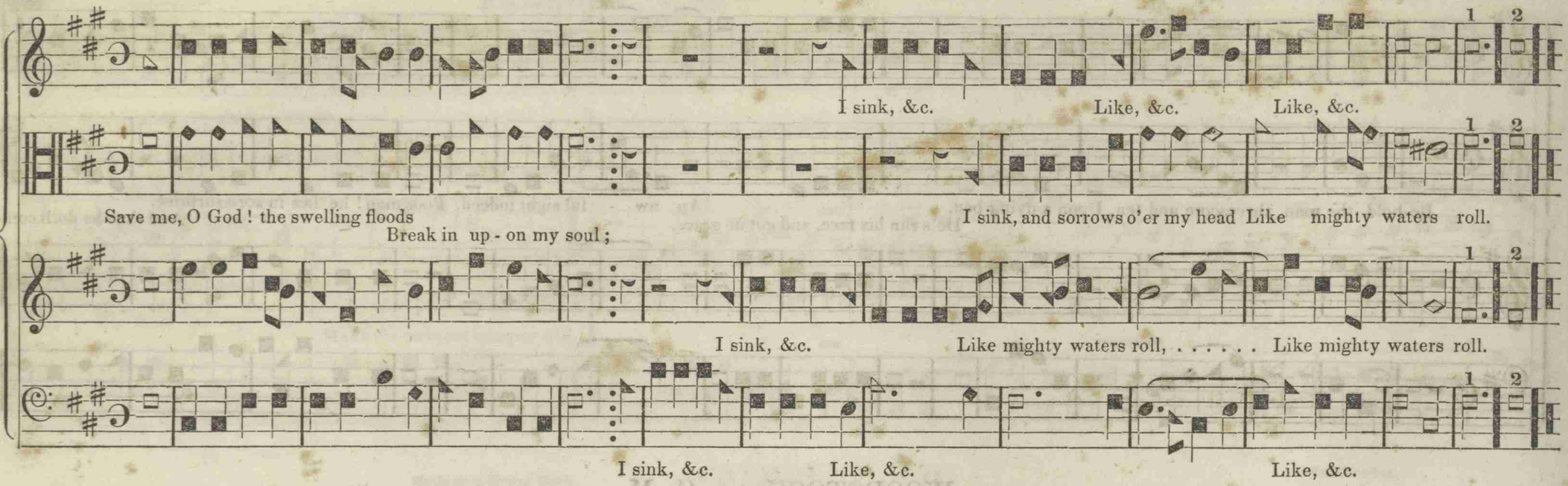

## WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. Dutton, Jun. Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.



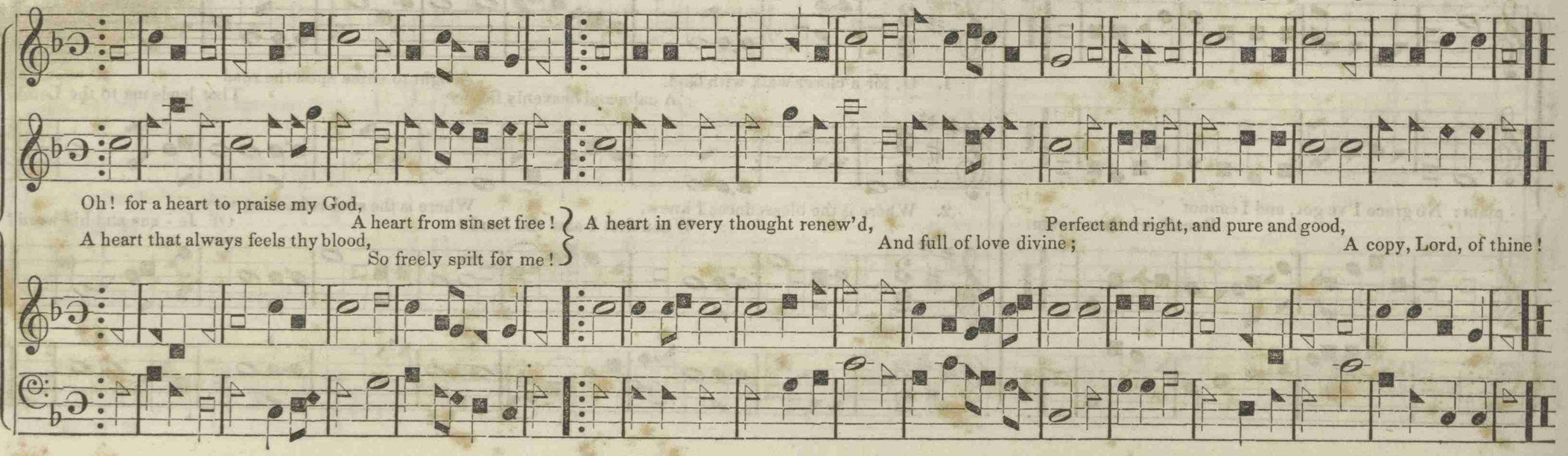
## SUTTON NEW. C. M.

STONE.




## MARKHAM. C. M.

Air, by SARAH ANN MARKHAM, a Shaker girl. Arranged by WM. HOUSER.



## WARWICK. C. M.

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 the Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com - plaints.

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.

5. O may thy Spi - rit guide my feet In ways of right - eous - ness! Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be-fore my face!

## SALVATION. C. M. D.

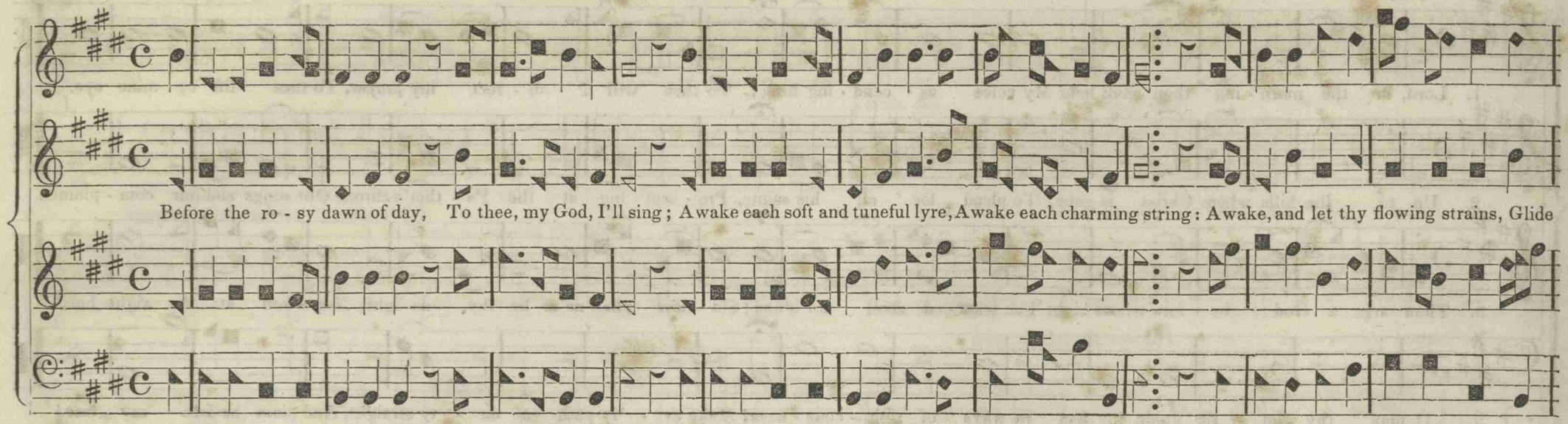
BOYD.

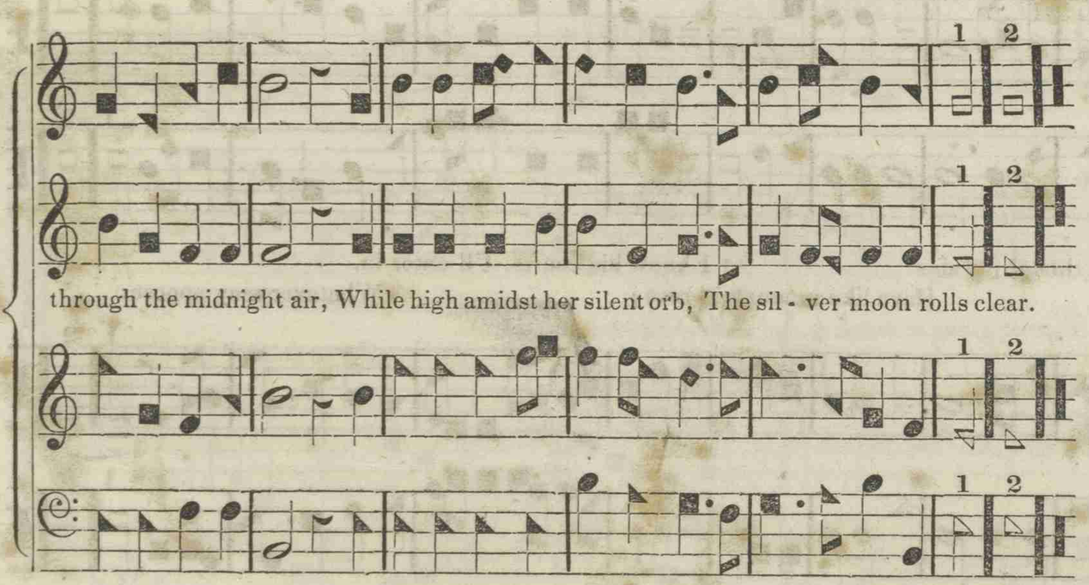
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve,

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

## ENFIELD. C. M.

CHANDLER.




### PSALM 96. First Part.

1. SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His rich display of grace demands
A new and nobler song.

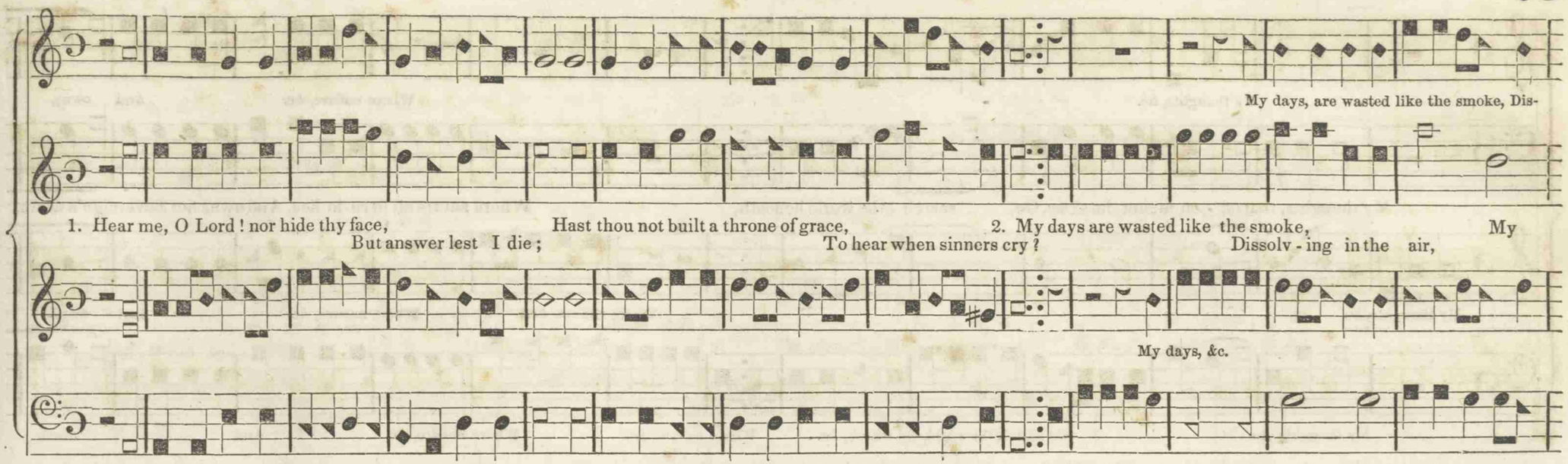
2. Say to the nations, Jesus reigns
God's own Almighty Son:
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
His grace surrounds his throne.

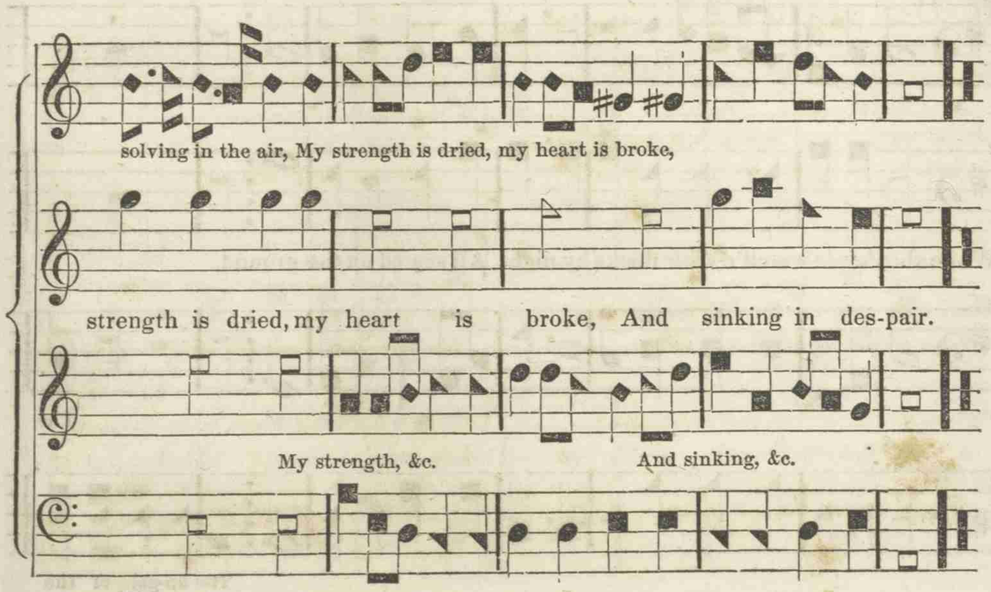
3. Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4. Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5. Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God:
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6. But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near:
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!




3. My spirit flags like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

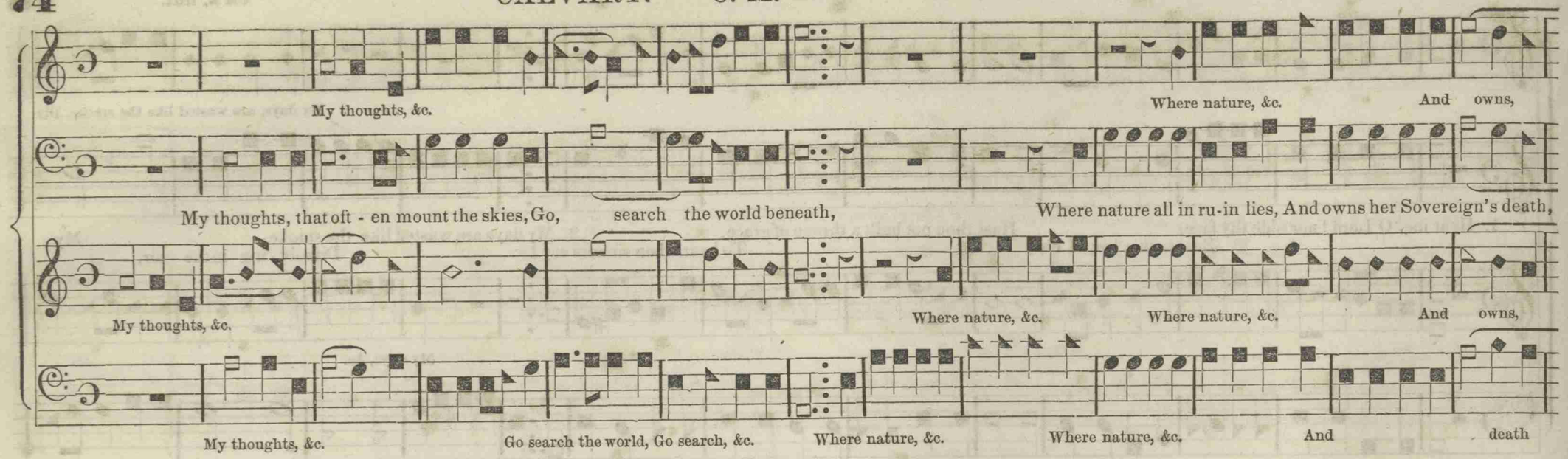
4. As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5. My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.

6. Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

## CALVARY. C. M.

REED.




## SHERBURNE. C. M.

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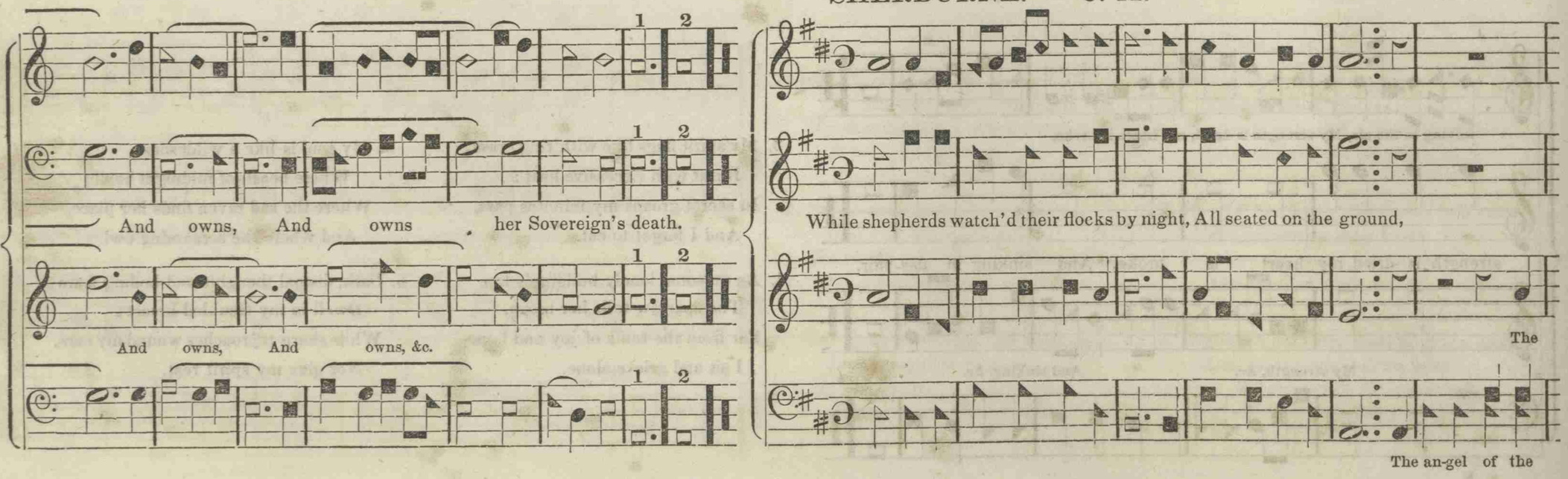
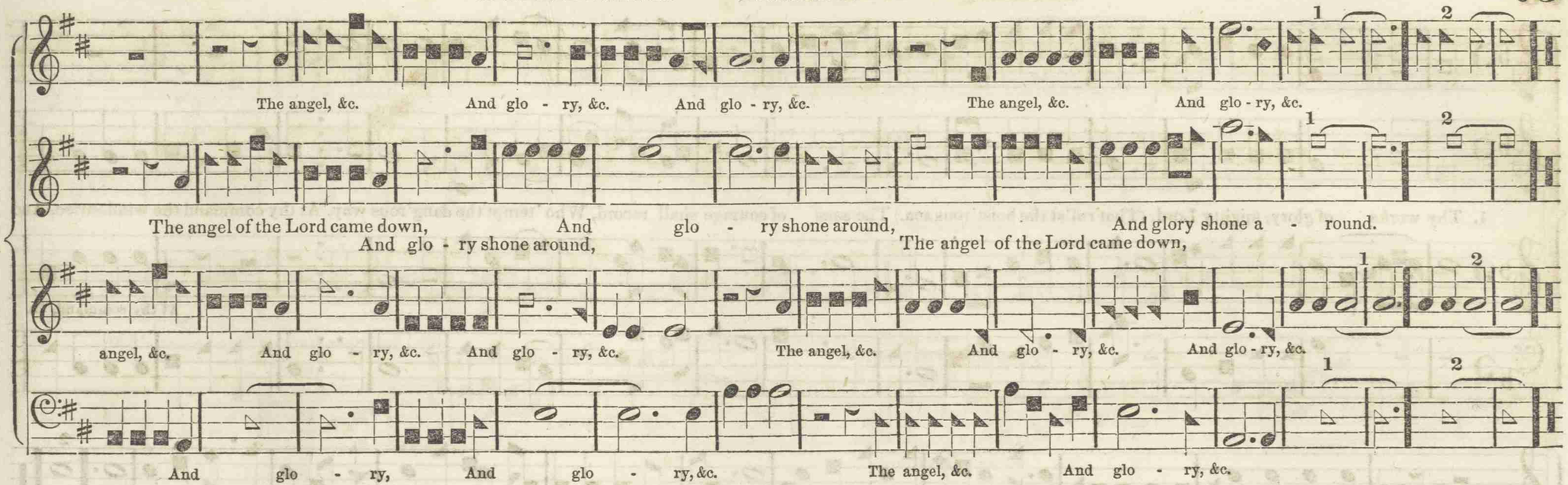
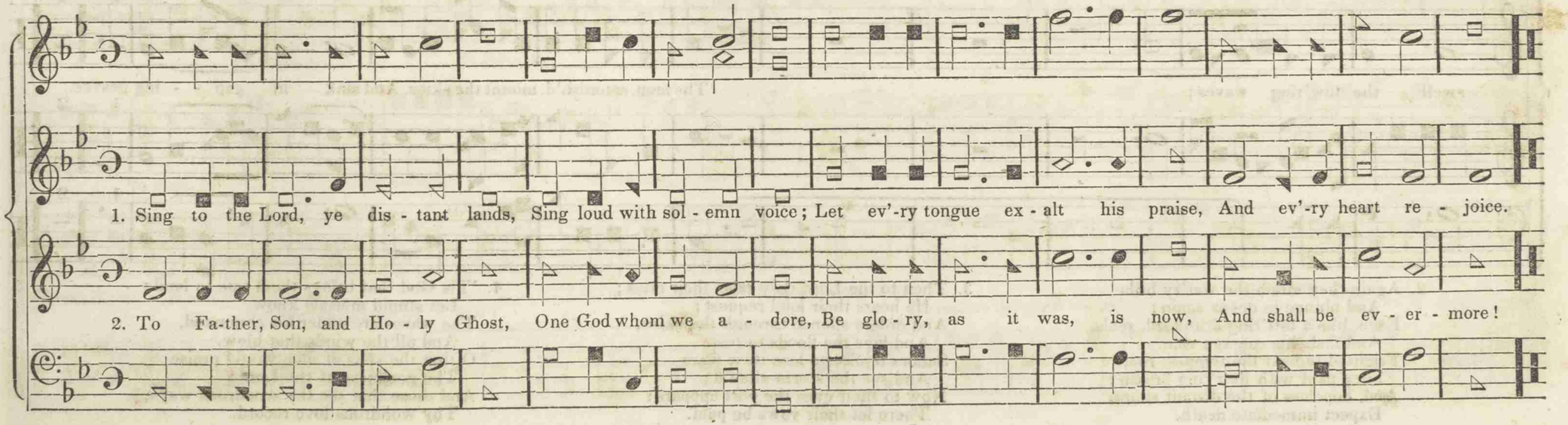



The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c. And glo - ry, &c. The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c.
The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone around, And glory shone a - round.
The angel of the Lord came down,
angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c. And glo - ry, &c. The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c. And glo - ry, &c.
And glo - ry, And glo - ry, &c. The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c.

## PATMOS. C. M.


1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Sing loud with sol - emn voice; Let ev'-ry tongue ex - alt his praise, And ev'-ry heart re - joice.
2. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more!

## OCEAN. C. M.



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

At thy command, &c.

At thy command, &c.

swell the tow'ring waves;

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

2. Again they climb the wat'ry hills
And plunge in deeps again;
Each, like a tott'ring drunkard, reels,
And finds his courage vain.
Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

3. Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears their loud request;
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
Sailors rejoice to lose their fears
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears:
There let their vows be paid.

4. 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
The waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

Over the heav'ns, &c. And He sends, &c.

With songs and honours sounding loud, Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And wa - - ters veil the sky. He
Ad - dress the Lord on high ; And waters veil the sky,

Over the heav'ns, &c

He sends, &c. To cheer, &c. To cheer, &c.

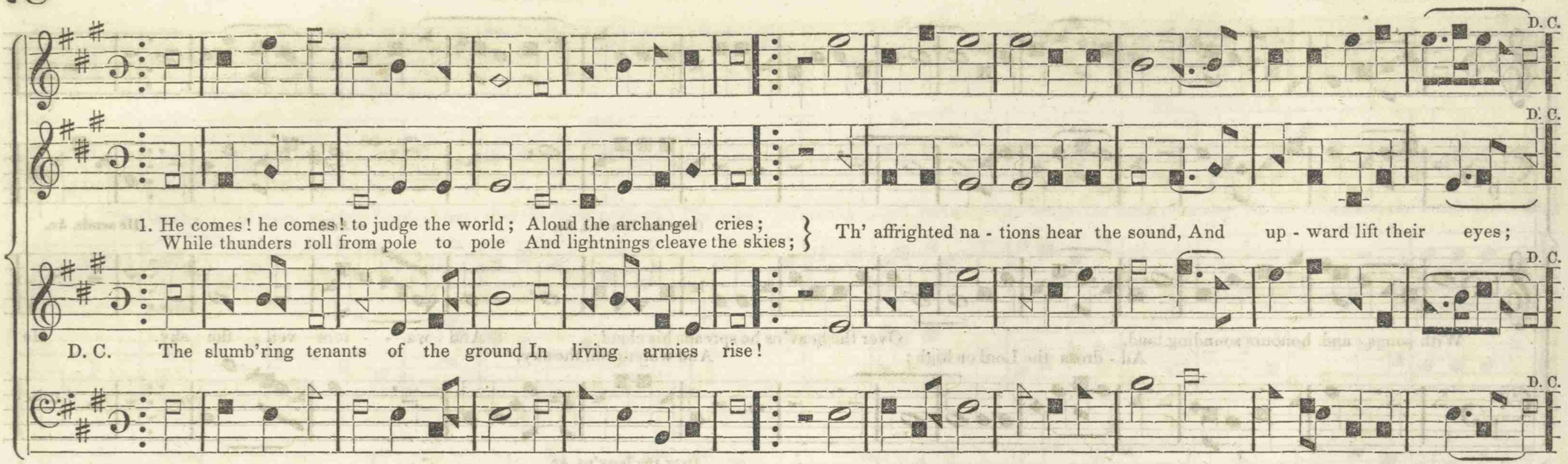
To cheer, &c. He sends, &c. To cheer, &c.

sends his show'rs of blessings down, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val-leys grow,
To cheer the plains be - low ; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow.

He makes, &c. And grow . . . . . .

## MESSIAH. C. M.

Ascribed to CARRELL.



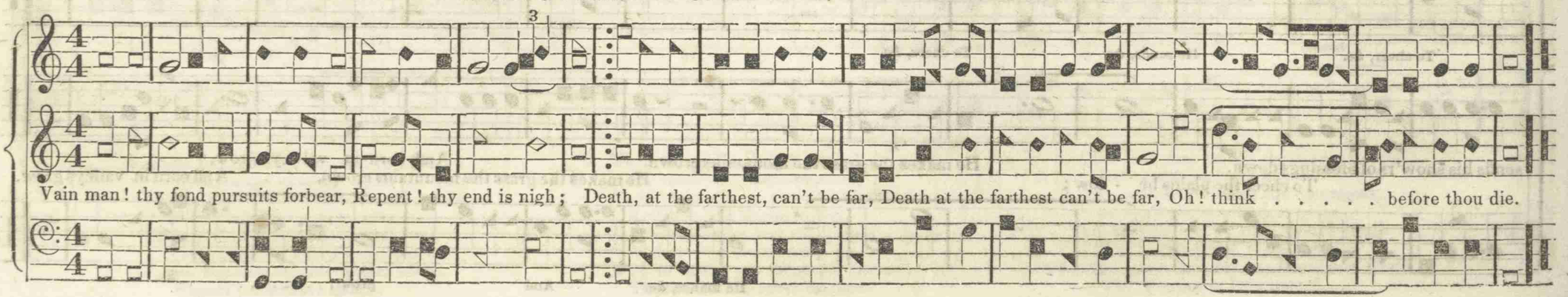

2. Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light;
His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

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

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

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

## HANOVER. C. M.



Behold, &c. Behold, &c. Which

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyran - ny we mourn; Behold the smiling, happy land, Which, &c.

Behold the smiling, happy land, Behold, &c. Which Freedom calls her own!

Behold, &c. Behold, &c. Which Free - dom calls her own, . . . . . .

Watts' Hymns.

## WILSON. C. M.

Wm. Houser.

Freedom, &c. Which, &c.

own, Which, &c.

Which Freedom calls her own!

. . . . . Which, &c.

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

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

3. Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell;
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

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

# NEVER PART. C. M.

CHORUS.

1. { Je - ru - salem, my happy home, O, how I long for thee! } We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground; O, there we shall with Jesus dwell;
{ When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? } We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet sound.— And

2. { Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone; Him will I go and see; } We're marching, &c.
{ And all my brethren, here below, Will soon come after me. }

3. { Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace, And cause me to ascend, } We're marching, &c.
{ Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths never end. }

*Pia.* *For.*

nev - er part again. What, never part again? No, never part again, No, never part again, No, never part again: O, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And nev - er part again.
No, never part again,

*Pia.* *For.*

## MANTUA. C. M.

1st TREBLE.

2d TREBLE, by W. H.

A blooming par-a-dise of joy In this wild desert springs, And ev'ry sense finds straight employ, On sweet, celestial things. White lilies all around appear, And each his glory shows ; The

The

The Rose, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest, &c.

Rose of Sha-ron blossoms here, The Rose, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest flower that blows, The Rose, &c. The fairest flower that blows.

The Rose, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest, &c.

Rose of Sharon, &c. The Rose, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest, &c. The Rose, &c. The fairest, &c.

## LONDON NEW. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

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

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

4. Thy mer - cy nev - er shall re - move From men of heart sin - cere; Thou sav'st the souls whose hum - ble love Is join'd with ho - ly fear.

## HOUSTON. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That ri - ses to my sight! D. C.

D. C. Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light. D. C.

2. There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There, on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

## RINDGE. C. M.

1. Let ev'ry mortal ear attend, And ev'ry heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice, The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind:

3. Eternal wisdom hath prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste, And bids your longing appetites The rich pro-vi-sion taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die; Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs that never dry.

5. The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day; Lord! we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

## LIVERPOOL. C. M.

My Sav - iour, my Al - migh - ty Friend, When I be - gin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end? The numbers of thy grace?

## MONTGOMERY. C. M.

MORGAN.

So

So pilgrims on the

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a - - - - - - way, Without thy cheering grace. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So

So pilgrims, &c., So pilgrims, &c.

1 2

pilgrims, &c., Beneath, &c., Long for a cooling stream at hand, . . Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1 2

scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1 2

pilgrims, &c., Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream . . . . . at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1 2

scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like, &c. To dis - tant mountains fly.

My refuge is the God of love, My foes insult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like, &c., To dis - tant mountains fly.

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like, &c., To dis - tant mountains fly.

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, . . . . . Fly like, &c., To dis - tant mountains fly.

Since I have placed my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly? To distant mountains fly?
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,

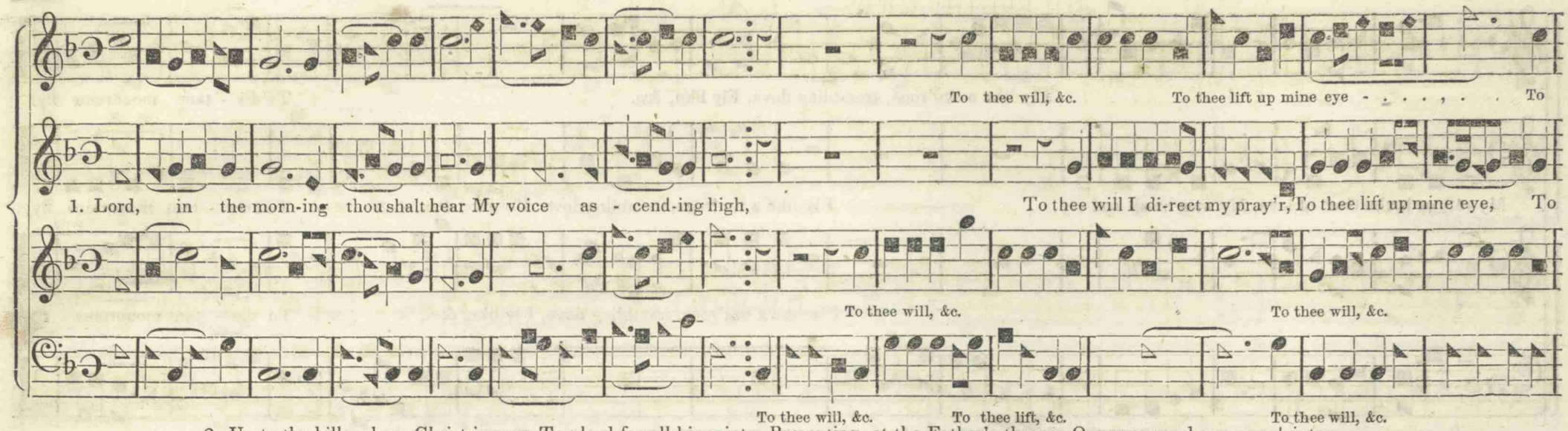
my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly? a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly?

A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant, &c., Why should I, &c., To distant, &c.

my trust in God, &c. Why should I, &c., Why should I, &c., To distant mountains fly? a tim'rous bird, To distant, &c.

## EXHORTATION. C. M.

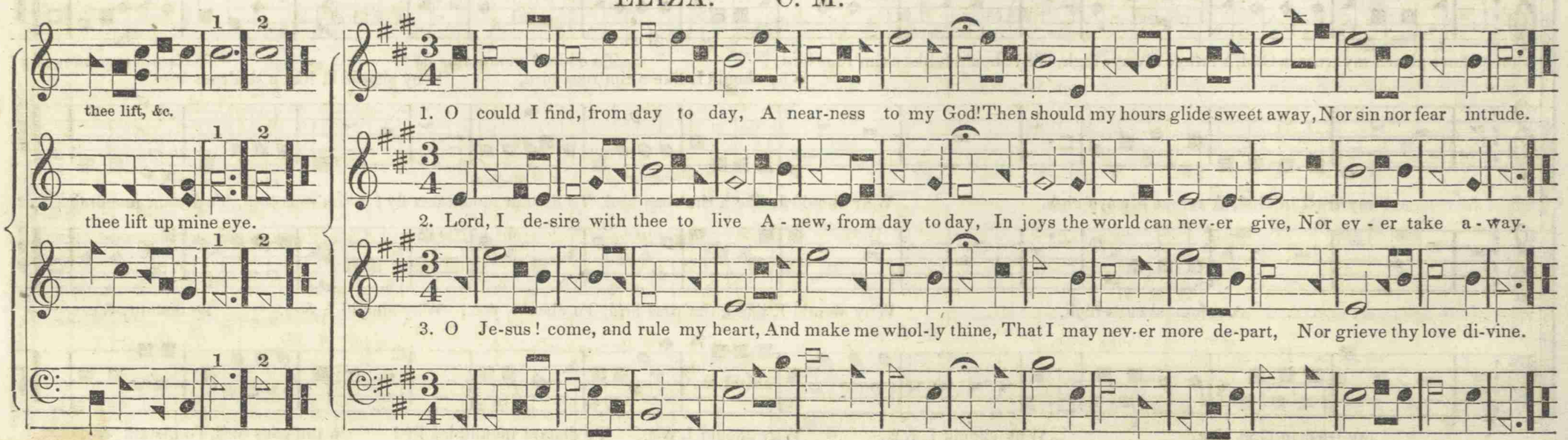
HIBBERT.




2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting, at the Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.
5. O may thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness, Make ev'ry path of duty straight, And plain before my face !

## ELIZA. C. M.

Air altered from "Stephens." Parts by WM. HOUSER.



1. Young people, all, at - tention give,
And hear what I do say;
I want your souls in Christ to live,
In e - ver-last-ing day.
Remember, you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy shade;

Remember, &c. To death's, &c.

Your joys, on earth, will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid,
Your joys, on earth, will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

Remember, &c. To death's, &c.

Your joys, &c. Your flesh, &c. Your joys, &c. Your flesh, &c.

2. Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my dear young friends;
Where, then, do you expect to go?
With saints, or fiery fiends?
Pray meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land;
Behold! King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.

## TUNBRIDGE. C. M.

1. Our sins, a - las! how strong they be, And like a vi' - lent sea; They break our du - ty, Lord, to thee, And hur - ry us a-way.

2. There to ful - fil his sweet com - mands, Our speed - y feet shall move; No sin shall clog our wing - ed zeal, Or cool our burn-ing love.

3. For ev - er his dear, sa - cred name, Shall dwell up - on our tongue, And Je - sus and Sal - va - tion be The close of ev - 'ry song.

The waves of trou - ble, how they rise! How loud the tem-pests roar! But death shall land our wea - ry souls Safe on the heav'n-ly shore.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell The wonders of his grace, Till heav'n - ly rap - tures fire our hearts, And smile in ev - 'ry face.

A thou-sand years may roll a-round, Our song shall still go on, To bless the Fa - ther and the Son, And Spi - rit, three in one.

Around, &c. And

Thou great and sovereign Lord of all, Whom heav'nly hosts o-bey ; Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And livid lightnings

Around, &c. And liv - id, &c. A - round, &c.

Around, &c. And liv - id, &c. Around, &c.

liv - id, &c. play, . . . . . play, And liv - id, &c.

play, And liv - id lightnings play, . . . . . And livid lightnings play, Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And livid lightnings play.

And liv - id, &c. play, . . . . . play, . . . . . .

liv - id, &c. And liv - id, &c. And liv - id, &c.

M

## MAJESTY. C. M.

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

his feet, &c.

Full roy-al - ly he rode; And, on the wings of mighty winds, And, on the wings of mighty winds,
On cherub and on cherubim, Came fly- ing all a-broad, Came flying all a - broad.

On cherub and on cher-u-bim, Full, &c.

1. Be-hold the love, the generous love, That ho - ly David shows! Be-hold his kind compas-sion move . . . . For his af - flict - ed foes! When they are

2. How did his flow - ing tears condole, As for a brother dead; And fasting mor - ti - fied his soul, While for their lives he pray'd. They groan'd, and

3. O glorious type . . . . of heav'nly grace! While sinners curse, the Saviour prays, He, the true
Thus Christ, the Lord, appears; And pit - ies them with tears.

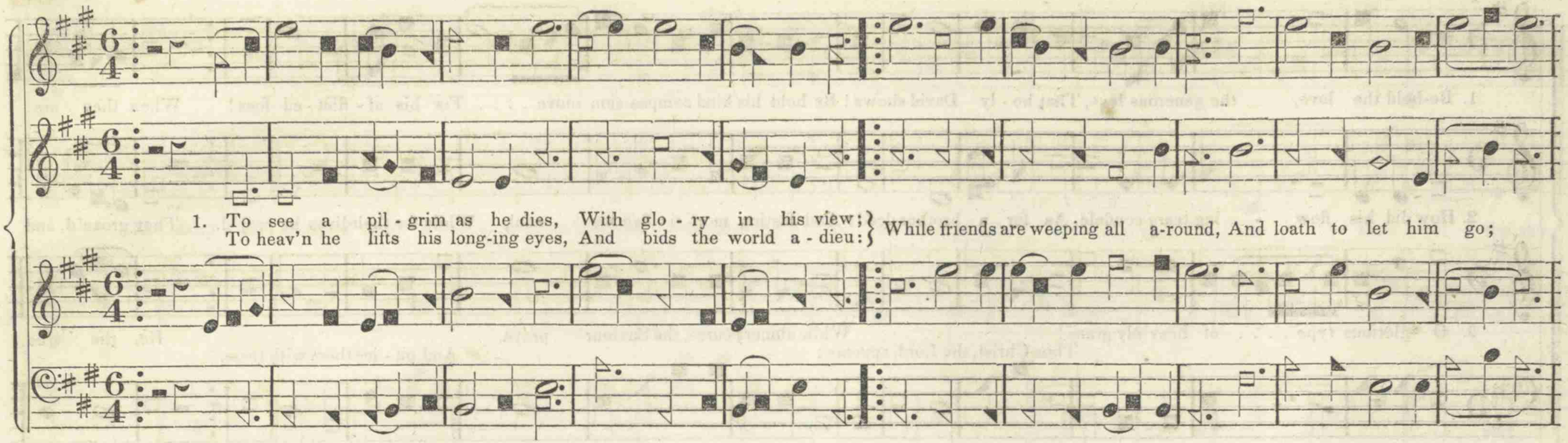
sick his soul com-plains, And seems to feel . . . the smart; . . . . . The spir-it of the gos - pel reigns, And melts his pi - ous heart.

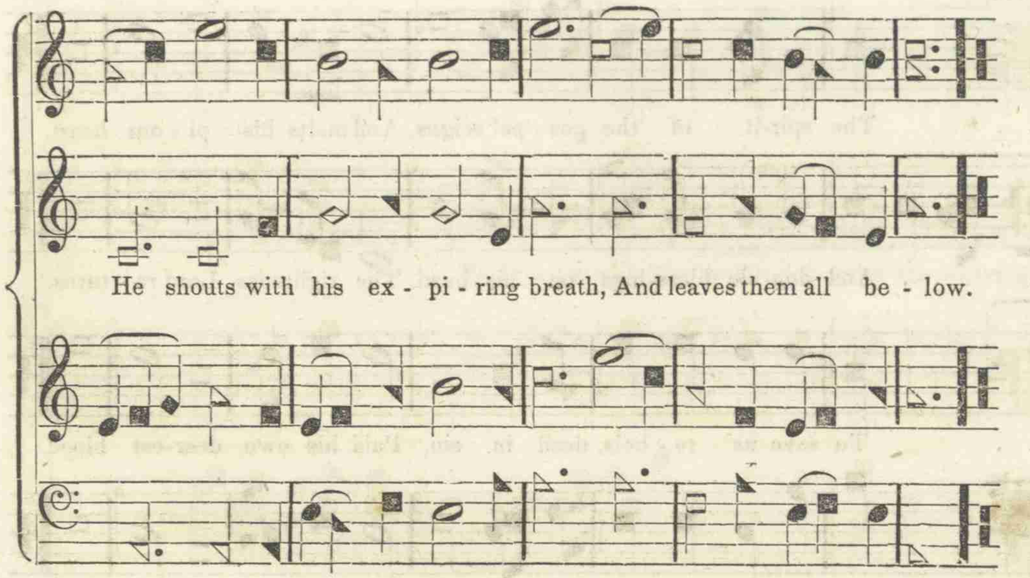
cursed him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns; . . . . . And dou-ble bless-ings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.

Da - vid, Is - rael's king, Bless'd and be - loved of God; . . . . . To save us re - bels, dead in sin, Paid his own dear-est blood.

# PILGRIM'S TRIUMPH. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.




2.

O Christians, are you ready now,
To cross the rolling flood;
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
And see your smiling God!
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above;—
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

3.

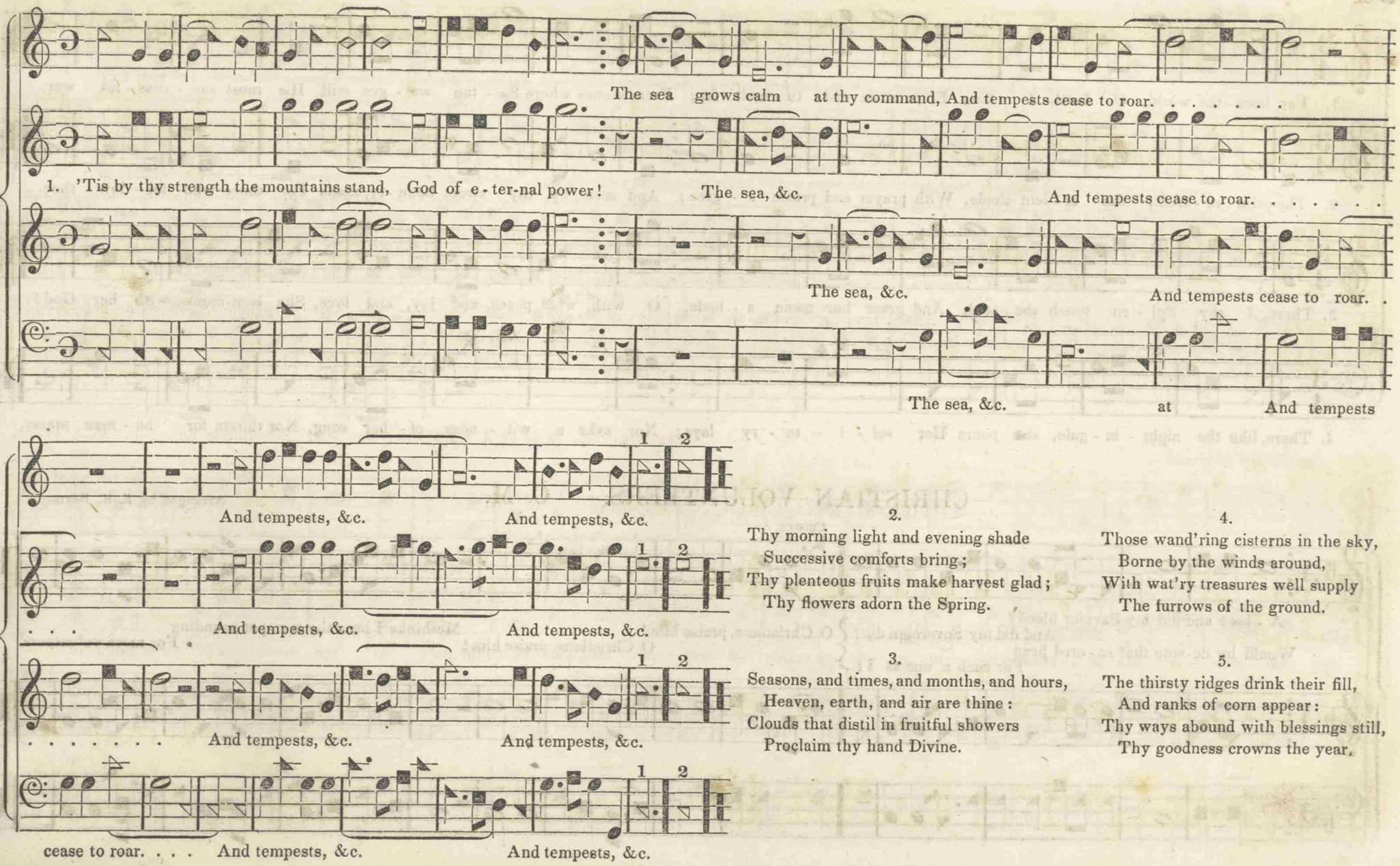
Come on, my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run:
Above the clouds, behold! He stands,
And, smiling, bids you come;
And angels whisper you away,
To your eternal home.

4.

Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there;
Although you tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear:
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
The land appears in view;
I hope to gain fair Canaan's land,
And there to meet with you.

5.

All glory to our conq'ring King!
Now let the echo rise;
While the repeat is sung above,
By armies in the skies.
O, Christians! help me praise the Lamb,
Who died for you and me;
We'll sing his praises as we go,
And shout eternally.




2.

Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the Spring.

3.

Seasons, and times, and months, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine:
Clouds that distil in fruitful showers
Proclaim thy hand Divine.

4.

Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

## RETIREMENT. C. M.

Air, by WILEY WRIGHT THOMASSON. Parts by WM. HOUSER.

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 Spi - rit touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode, O with what peace, and joy, and love, She com-munes with her God!

4. There, like the night - in - gale, she pours Her sol - i - ta - ry lays; Nor asks a wit - ness of her song, Nor thirsts for hu - man praise.

## CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEERS. C. M.

Arranged by E. K. DAVIS.

CHORUS.

A - las! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he de-vote that sa - cred head
For such a one as I?

O Christians, praise him!
O Christians, praise him!

Methinks I hear the trumpet sounding
For more volunteers.

## BLAKE. C. M.

1. I love to steal awhile a-way From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer; And spend, &c.

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

3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore; And all my, &c.

## BALERMA. C. M.

Altered by Wm. Houser.

4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n; The prospect doth my strength re-new, While here by tem - pests driv'n.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

## HAMILTON. C. M.

"1. Shepherds, re - joice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way; News from the re - gions of the skies—Sal - va - tion's born to day! Je-

"2. No gold, nor pur-ple swaddling bands, Nor roy - al shin - ing things; A man - ger for his cra - dle stands, And holds the King of kings; Go,

3. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight a-round, The heav'nly ar - mies throng; They tune their harps to lof - ty sound, And thus conclude the song: "Glo-

sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To - day he makes his en - trance here, But not as monarchs do.

shepherds, where the in - fant lies, And see his hum - ble throne; With tears of joy in all your eyes, Go, shep - herds, kiss the Son."

ry to God that reigns above! Let peace sur-round the earth! Mor - tals shall know their Ma - ker's love At their Redeemer's birth."

## SOLEMN WARNING. C. M.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.

Young people, all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I do say;
I want your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day.
D. C. I want your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day.

In ev - er - last - ing day, In ev - er - last - ing day,

D. C.

## EMORY. C. M. D.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

1. Through all the down - ward tracts of time, God's watchful eye surveys;
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot, Or reg - u - late our ways?
To his un - err - ing, gra - cious will, Be ev - 'ry wish resigned!

I cannot doubt his bounteous love, Im - mea - sur - a - bly kind;

D. C.

2. Good, when he gives, su - preme - ly good, Nor less when he de - nies;
E'en crosses, from his sov' - reign hand, Are blessings in dis - guise.
There let me fill some hum - ble place Be - neath the slaughter'd Lamb.

In thy fair book of life di - vine, My God, in - scribe my name!

D. C.

N

# JORDAN. C. M. D.

BILLINGS.

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

Death, &c. This, &c.

Death, &c. This, &c.

There, e - ver-last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly 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,
Could fright us from the shore.

## CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

That all, &c. That all, &c. That all, &c.

Je-sus, I love thy glorious name, Fain would I sound it out so loud That all the earth might hear,
'Tis mu - sic to my ear; That all the earth might hear.

That all, &c. That all, &c. That all, &c.

## BUENA VISTA. C. M.

Arranged by W. HOUSER.

D. C.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
D. C. While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?

Must I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease,

D. C.

2. 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?
D. C. I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord!

D. C.

3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall con - quer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh:
D. C. In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

When that il - lustrious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine,

## ASBURY. C. M.

COLL.

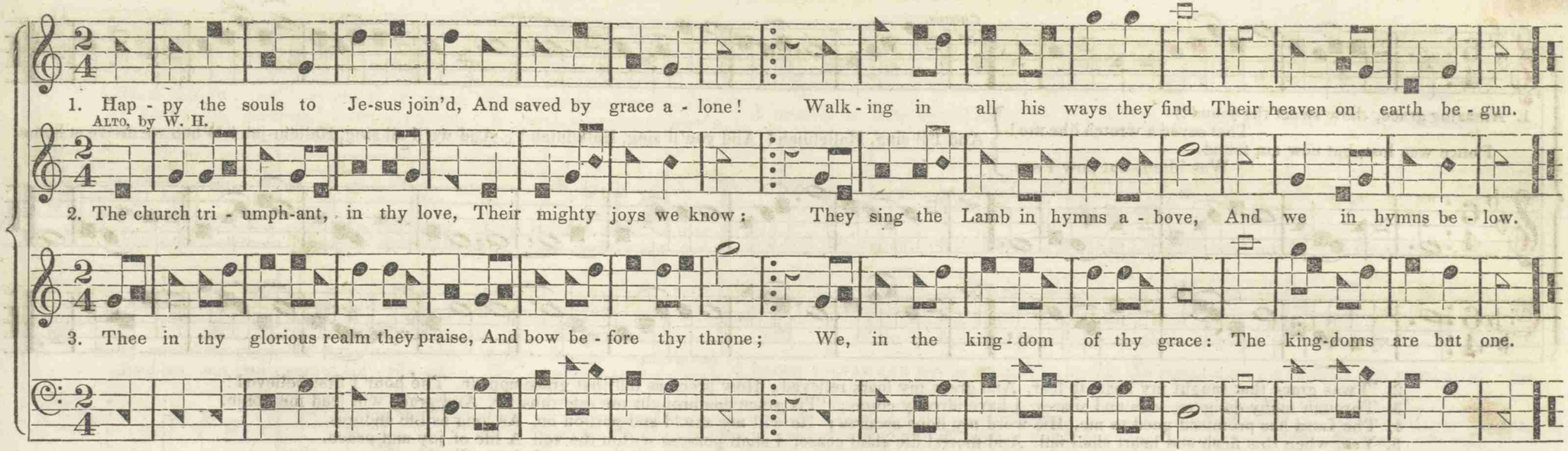
1. Be-hold the Sa - viour of mankind, Nail'd to the shame-ful tree! How vast the love that him in-clined To bleed and die, To bleed and die for thee!
2. Hark! how he groans while na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil in sun - der breaks, The solid mar- The sol - id mar - bles rend.

## DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

F. LEWIS.

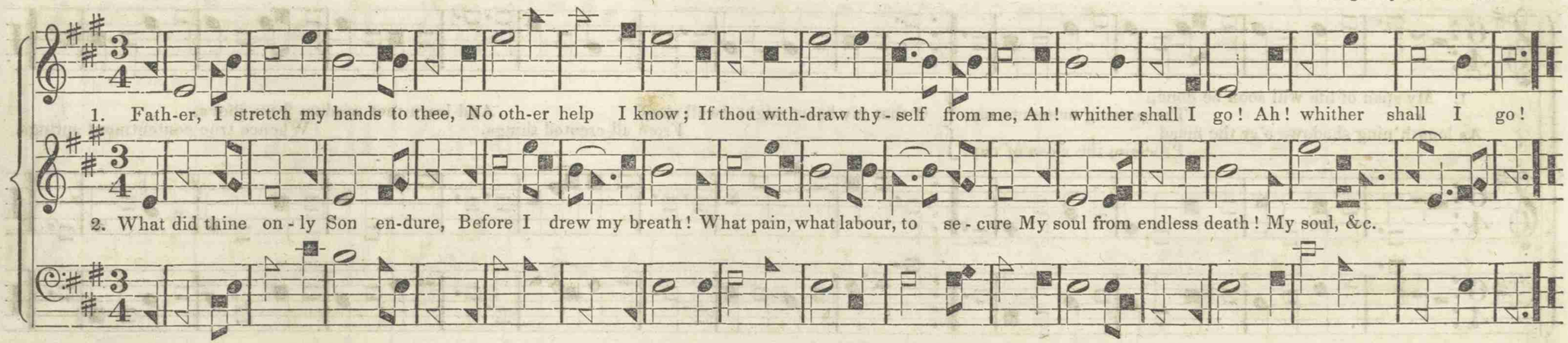
WATTS.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'n-ly hosts, And thou, O earth, a - dore: Let death and hell thro' all their coasts, Stand trembling at his pow'r.
2. His sound-ing char - iot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne; There all his stores of light-ning lie, Till vengeance darts them down.
3. His nos-trils breathe out fi - rey streams, And from his aw - ful tongue A sove-reign voice di - vides the flames, And thunder rolls a - long.
4. Think, O my soul! the dread-ful day When this in - cens - ed God Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea, And fling his wrath a - broad.
5. What shall the wretch, the sin-ner do? He once de - fied the Lord! But he shall dread the Thund'rer now, And sink be-neath his word.
6. Tem - pests of an - gry fire shall roll, To blast the re - bel worm, And beat up - on his na - ked soul, In one e - ter - nal storm.




## PERKINS. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.




3. O Jesus! could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
*Now* my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

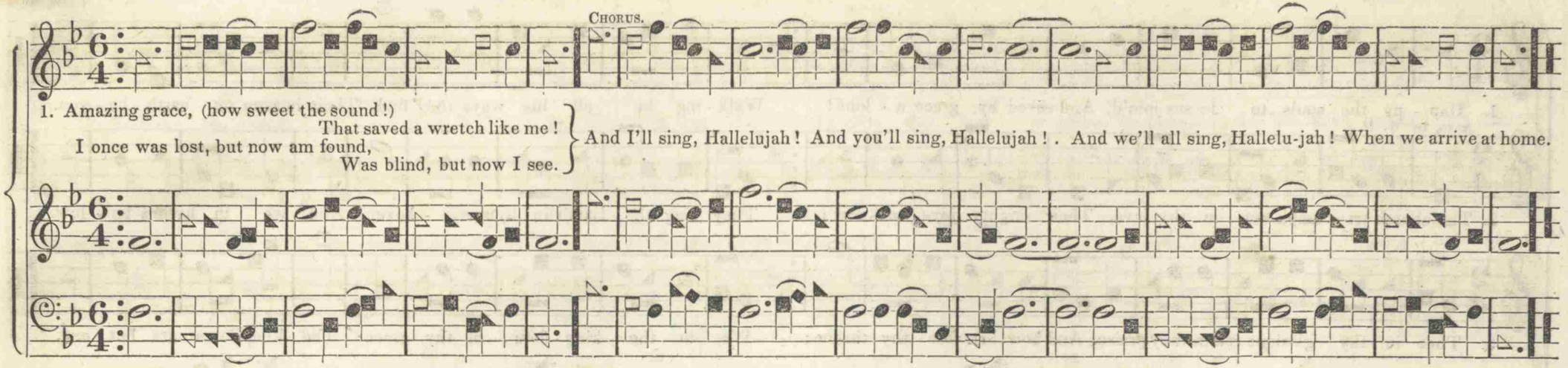
4. Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes,
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5. Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6. The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

## HALLELUJAH. C. M.

WM. WALKER.



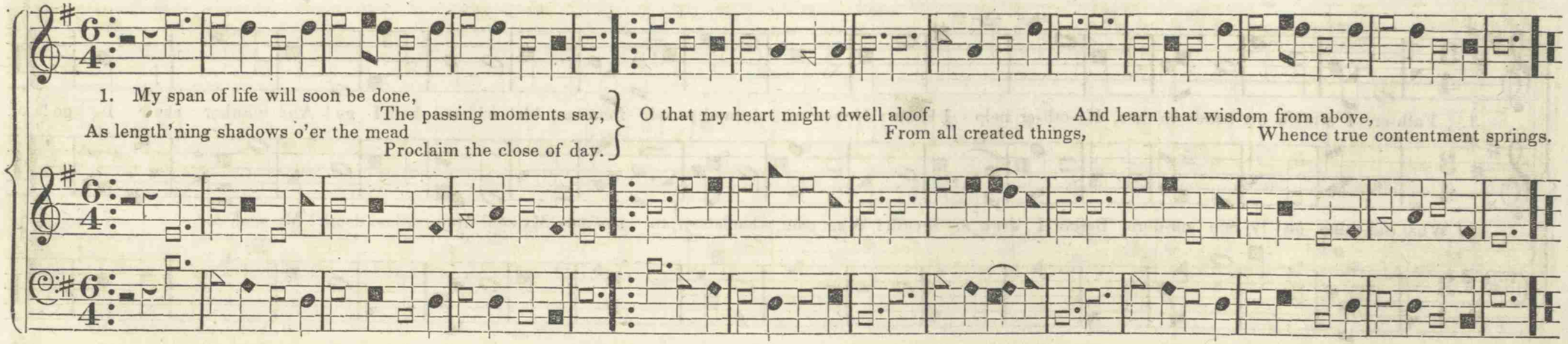

1. Amazing grace, (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

And I'll sing, Hallelujah! And you'll sing, Hallelujah!. And we'll all sing, Hallelu-jah! When we arrive at home.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess within the veil A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow; The sun forbear to shine; But God, who call'd me here below, Shall be for ever mine.

## MISSOURI MISSION. C. M. D.

E. K. DAVIS.



1. My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say,
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.

2. Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Will bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3. Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

Courage, my soul! on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

## ANTICIPATION. C. M. D.

1. How hap-py ev' - ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n !
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n :
A country far from mortal sight, Yet O ! by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' de-

2, O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And an - tedate that day ;
We feel the res-ur - rection near, Our life in Christ conceal'd, And with his glorious pres-ence

3. O would he more of heav'n be-stow, And let the vessels break ;
And let our ran - som'd spi - rits go, To grasp the God we seek ;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me ; And shout and wonder at his

## WATSON. C. M.

Arranged by W. HOUSER.

light, The heav'n prepared for me."
here, Our earthen vessels fill'd.
grace, To all e - ter-ni-ty.

Father, I stretch my hands to thee, No other help I know ; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah ! whither shall I go ?
D. C. Ah ! whither shall I go ? Ah ! whither shall I go ? If thou, &c.

D. C.

* Omit the slurs in this measure, except in repeating "Ah! whither," &c.

## HEAVENLY WISDOM. C. M.

O happy is the man who hears In-struction's warning voice; } For she has treasures greater far, And her re-ward is more se-cure,
And who ce-les-tial wisdom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice; } Than east or west unfold; Than

## NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

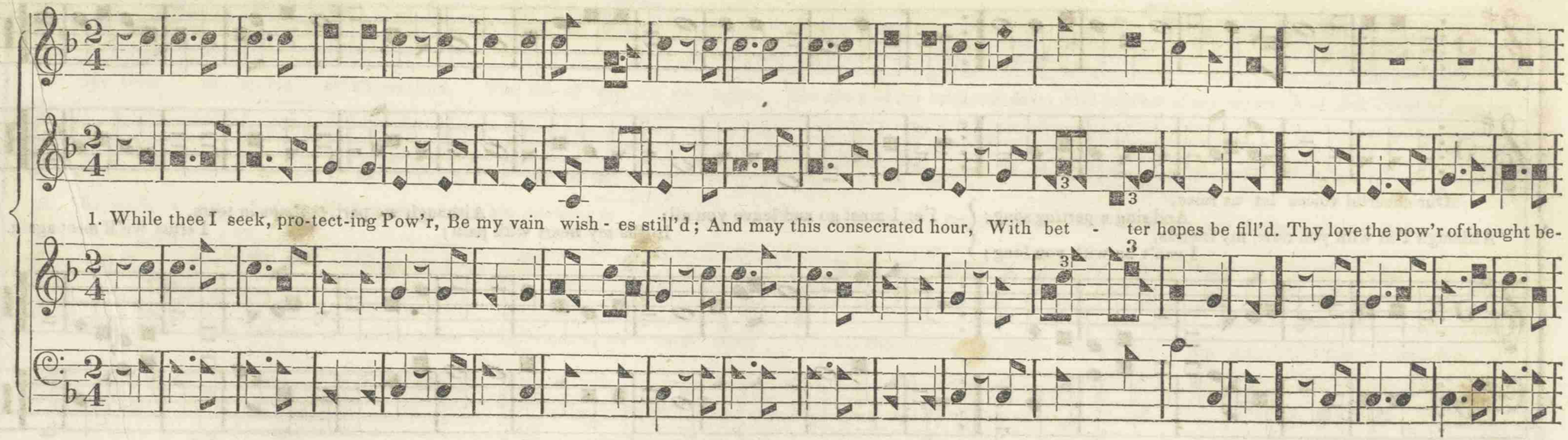
is the gain of gold.

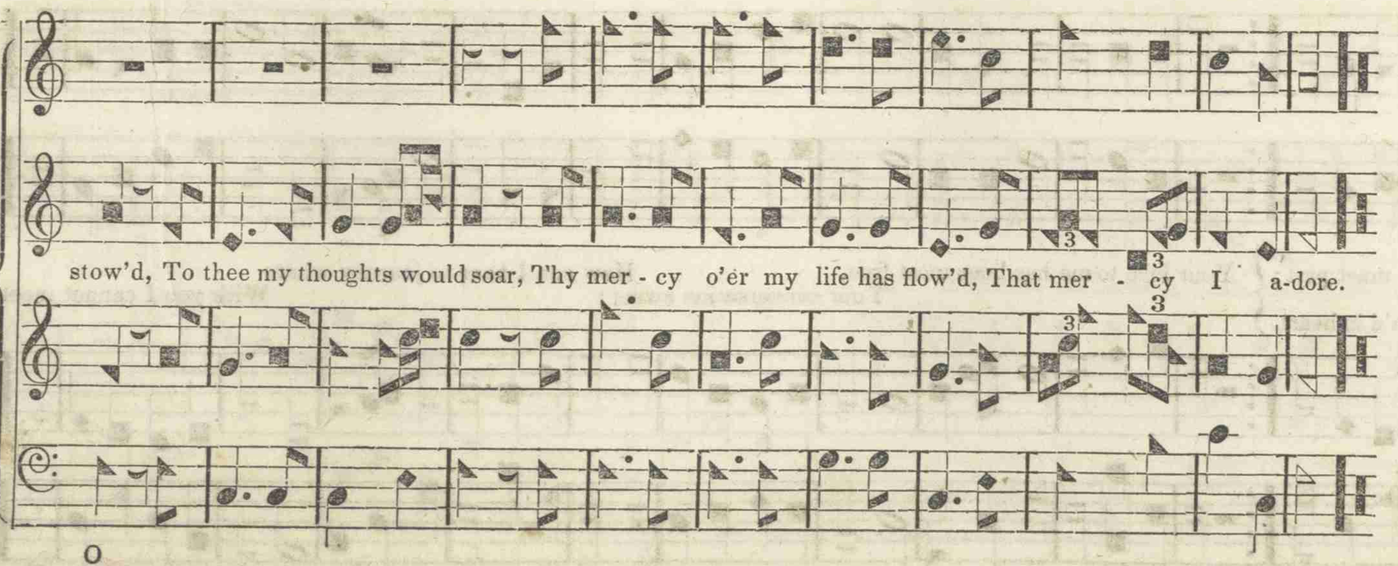
1. When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look beyond my cage, And long to fly a-way.

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of his love; Sweet to look upward to the place Where Jesus pleads above.

3. Sweet to look up, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look forward, and be-hold E-ter-nal joys my own.

4. If such the sweetness of the streams, What must the fountain be? Where saints and angels draw the bliss Immediate-ly from thee.




O

2.

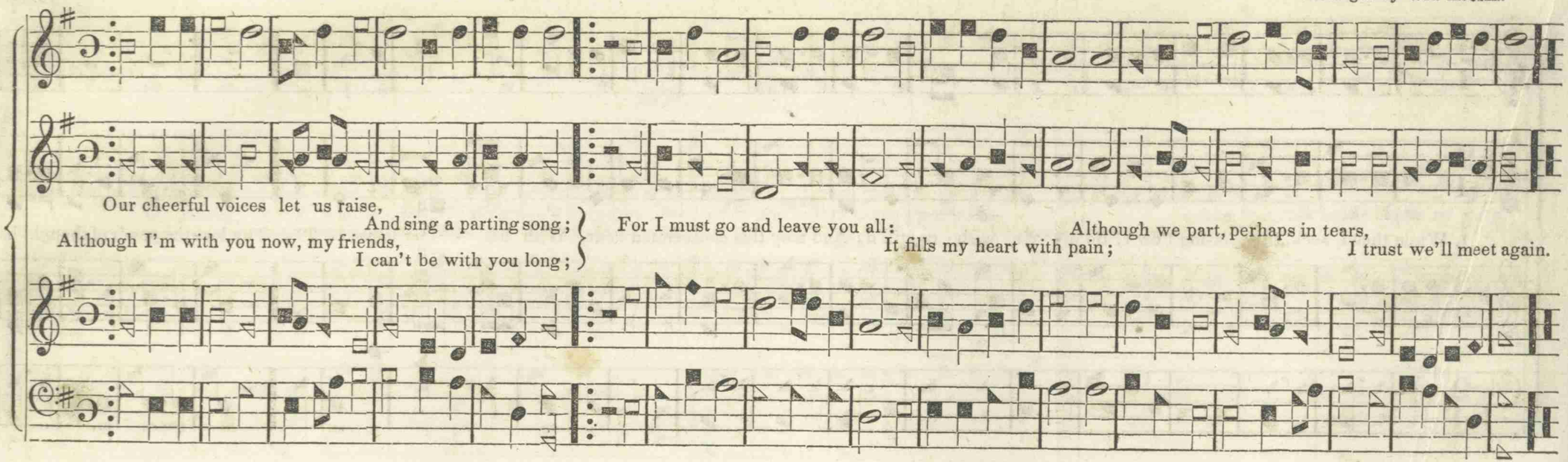
In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3.

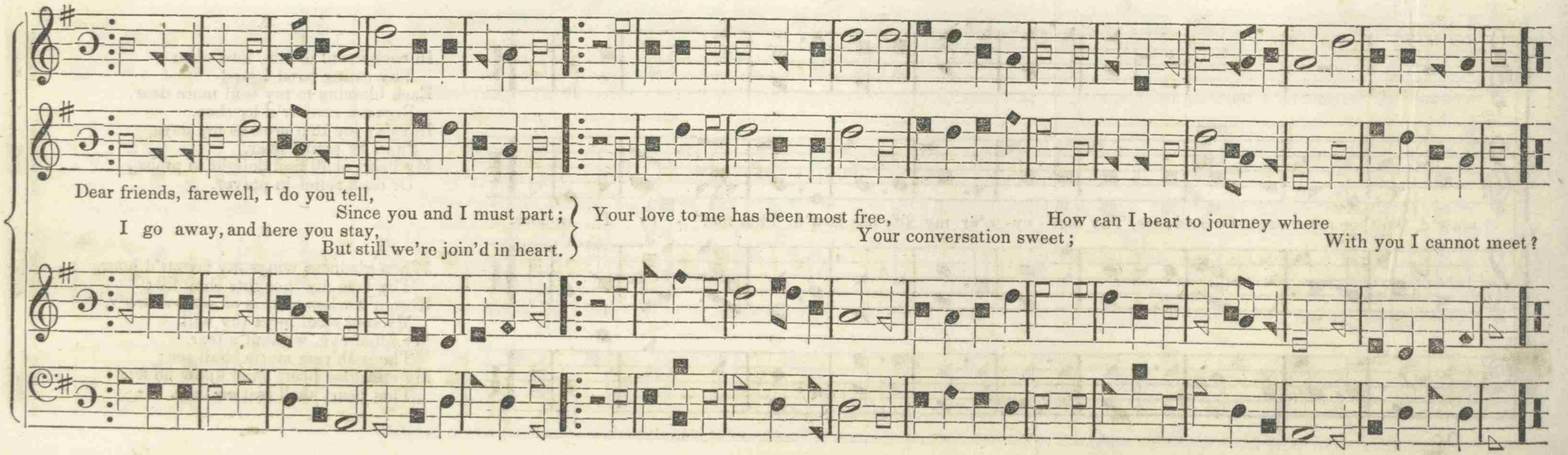
When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

## MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M. D.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.




## MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M.



## TRANQUILLITY. C. M.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And com - fort of my nights!

2. In dark - est shades if thou ap - pear, My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun, And thou, &c.

3. The ope - ning heavens around me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss, If Jesus show his mercy mine, And whisper I am his, And whis - per, &c.

## CHATTANOOGA. C. M.

SHUMWAY.

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

## MORTALITY. C. M.

Think how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c.

Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, Converse awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath; Think how . . . . . a

Think how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c. Think

Think how, &c. And pants, . . . . . &c. And pants, &c.

Think how, &c.

gasping mortal lies, . . . . . And pants away his breath.

how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c.

Think how, &c. And pants, &c.

## ALSTEAD. C. M.

HOLDEN.

Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears away;

News from the regions

News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day, News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

News from the regions of the skies, News from the re - gions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day; News from the re - gions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day; News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

## HUNTSVILLE. C. M.

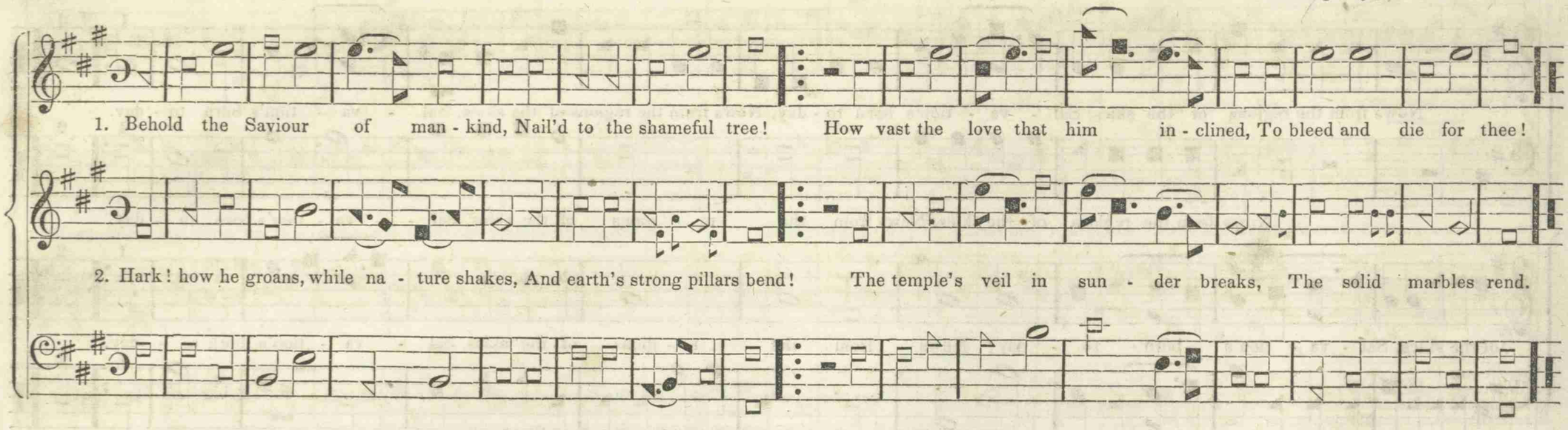
Arranged by Wm. Houser.

Oh! for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

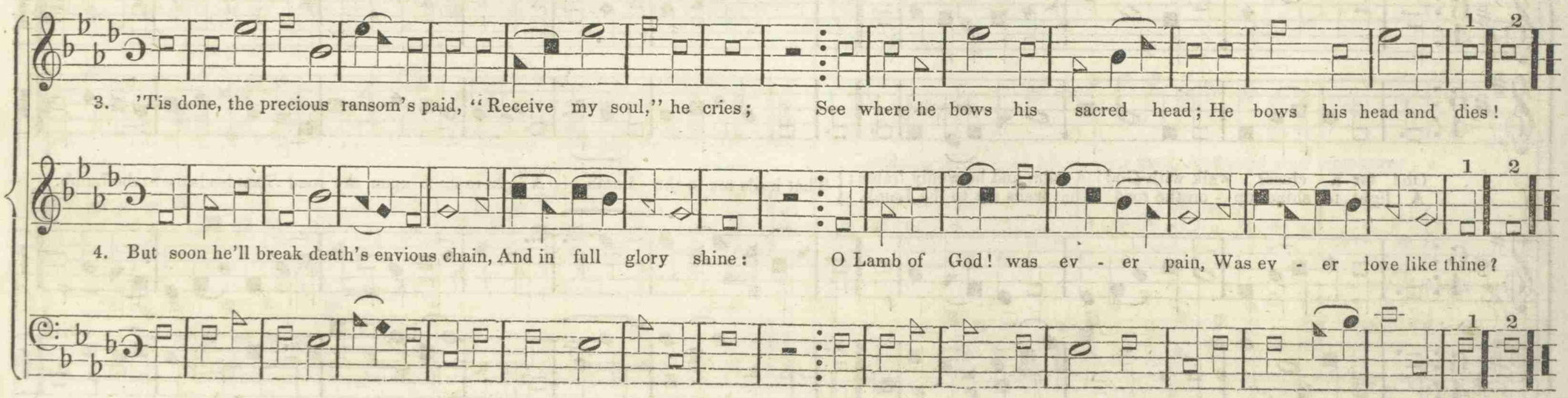
That leads me to the Lamb, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.

## RED HILL. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.




## BETHELSDORF. C. M.



## TEMPEST. C. M.

DR. CALCOTT.

Let earth stand trembling on her base, And clouds the heav'ns deform ; Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place, Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place, And rush the final storm, And rush the fi - nal storm.

## CAROLINE. C. M.

Arranged by WM. HOUSER.

O for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb ! D.C.

D. C. That leads, &c. That, &c. A light, &c. D.C.

* Omit the slurs marked thus ⁂, except in repeating the words, "That leads," &c.

# PISGAH. C. M.

1. And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on

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

3. In hope of that im - mortal crown, I now the cross sus - tain; And glad-ly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain, And smile at toil and

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

high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

breast, In the Redeemer's breast, That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Redeemer's breast.

pain, And smile at toil and pain, And glad - ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.

home, And take his ex - ile home, And wipe a - way his servant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

5. Surely he will not long delay;
I hear his Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up and die.

6. "O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
I give thee victory;
And with me my reward I bring,
I bring my heav'n for thee."

7. Lord, I the welcome word receive,
Thee on the mount adore;
For thy dear sake content to live
Some painful moments more:

8. I live in holy grief and joy;
On Pisgah's top I stand;
And life's important point employ,
To view the promised land.

1. O what hath Je-sus bought for me? Be-fore my ravish'd eyes Riv-ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-a-dise, And trees of par-a-

2. They flourish in perpetual bloom; Fruit ev-'ry month they give; And to the healing leaves who come, E-ter-nal-ly shall live, E-ter-nal-ly shall

3. I see a world of spirits bright, Who reap the pleasures there! They all are robed in spotless white, And conqu'ring palms they bear, And conqu'ring palms they

4. A-dorn'd by their Redeemer's grace, They close pursue the Lamb; And ev'-ry shining front displays Th' unutter-a-ble name, Th' un-ut-ter-a-ble

dise, And trees of par-a-dise, Riv-ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-a-dise!

live, E-ter-nal-ly shall live, And to the healing leaves who come, E-ter-nal-ly shall live.

bear, And conqu'ring palms they bear, They all are robed in spotless white, And conqu'ring palms they bear.

name, Th' un-utter-a-ble name, And ev'-ry shining front displays Th' unut-ter-a-ble name.

P

5. They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck th' ambrosial fruit;
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute.

6. At once they strike th' harmonious wire,
And hymn the great Three-One;
He hears, he smiles, and all the choir
Fall down before his throne.

7. O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again,
In that eternal day.

Watts, Psalm 147.

## GARLAND. C. M.

1. With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

2. He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the moun-tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.

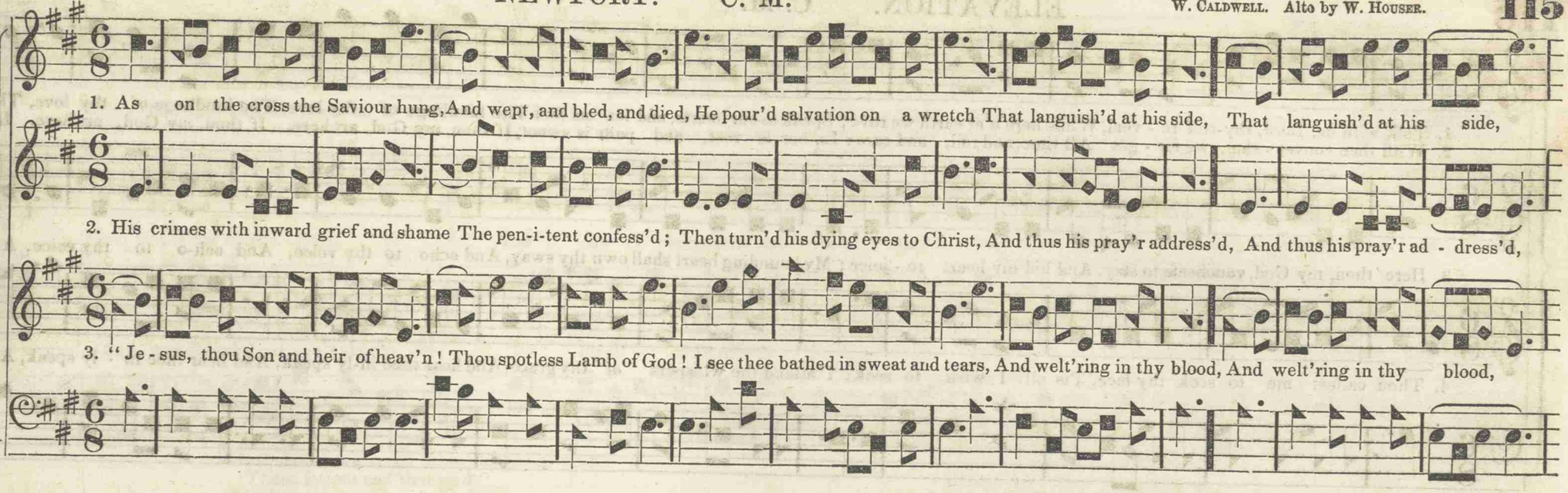
## NORTH CAROLINA. C. M.

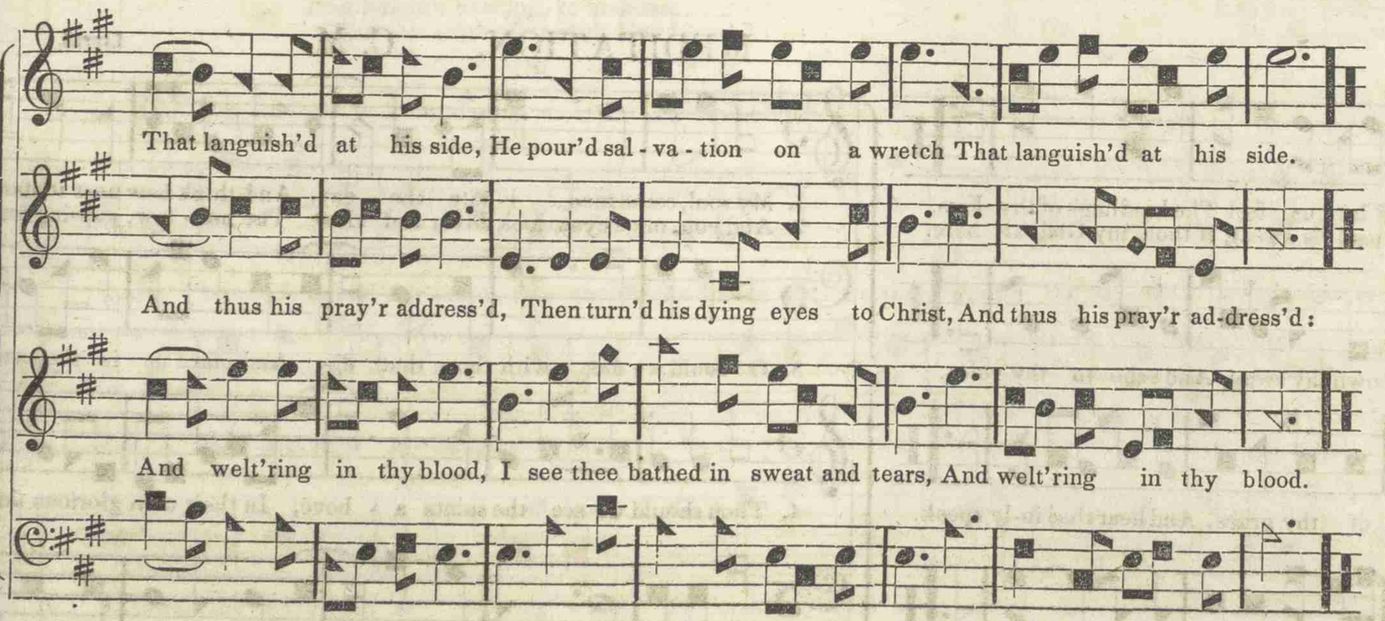
Arranged by Wm. Houser.

1. O that I were as here - to-fore! When warm in my first love, I on - ly lived my God t'a - dore, And seek the things a - bove!
2. Up - on my head his can - dle shone, And, lav - ish of his grace, With cords of love he drew me on, And half un - veil'd his face.

3. Far, far a - bove all earth - ly things Tri - umph-ant-ly I rode; I soar'd to heav'n on ea - gle's wings, And found and talk'd with God.
4. Where am I now? from what a height Of hap - pi-ness cast down! The glo - ry swal - low'd up in night, And fa - ded is the crown.

5. Through the wide world of sin and wo, A ban - ish'd man I roam; But can - not find my rest be - low, But cannot wan - der home.
6. O God, thou art my home, my rest, For which I sigh in pain! How shall I 'scape in - to thy breast, My E - den how re - gain?




4. Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5. Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be!"

6. His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be,
With me in Paradise."

## ELEVATION. C. M.

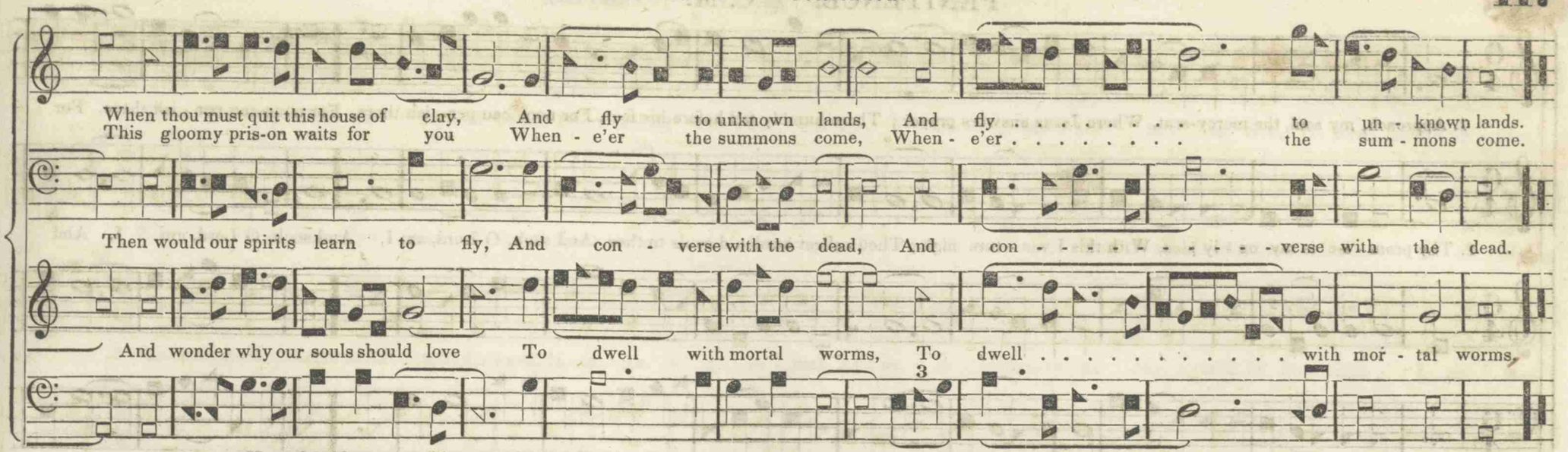
1. Talk with us, Lord, thy-self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove; Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindlings of thy love, The kindlings of thy love, The
2. With thee conver - sing, we for - get All time, and toil, and care: La-bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here, If thou, my God, art here, If
3. Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay, And bid my heart re - joice; My bounding heart shall own thy sway, And echo to thy voice, And ech-o to thy voice, And
4. Thou callest me to seek thy face, 'Tis all I wish to seek: T'attend the whispers of thy grace, And hear thee in-ly speak, And hear thee in - ly speak, And

kindlings of thy love, Speak to our hearts and let us feel The kindlings of thy love.
thou my God art here, La - bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here.
ech - o to thy voice, My bounding heart shall own thy sway, And echo to thy voice.
hear thee in - ly speak, T'at-tend the whispers of thy grace, And hear thee in-ly speak.

## MEDITATION. C. M.

LITTLE.

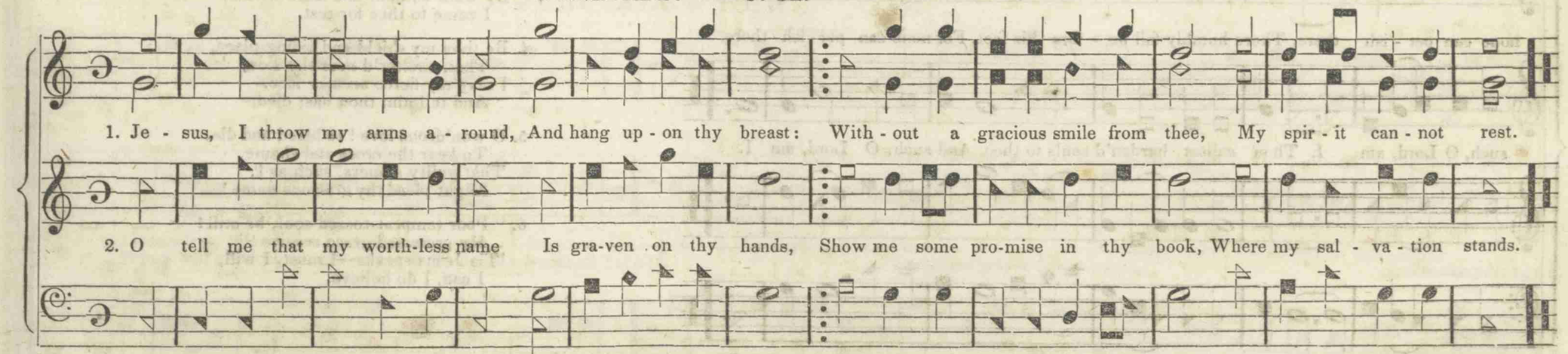
1. My soul, come med - i - tate the day, And think how near it stands,
2. And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hol - low, gap-ing tomb:
3. O! could we die with those that die, And place us in their stead,
4. Then should we see the saints a - bove, In their own glorious forms,




5. How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load;
And long for evening, to undress,
That we might rest with God!

6. We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons came,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

## FINDLEY. C. M.



# PENITENCE. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can per - ish there, For none can per - ish there, For

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

none can per - ish there, There humbly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

such, O Lord, am I, Thou callest burden'd souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd:
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5. O won'drous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

6. "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still!
My promised grace receive!"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

## BARBY. C. M.

1. When, ri - sing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear, I see my Ma - ker face to face, O how shall I ap - pear!

2. If yet while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought, My soul with inward hor - ror shrinks, And trembles at the thought:

3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed, In ma - jes - ty se - vere, And sit in judgment on my soul, O how shall I ap - pear!

4. O may my bro - ken, con - trite heart, Timely my sins la - ment, And ear - ly with re - pent - ant tears, E - ter - nal wo pre - vent.
5. Be - hold the sor - rows of my heart, Ere yet it be too late, And hear my Saviour's dy - ing groans, To give those sor-rows weight.

## JERUSALEM NEW. C. M.

CHORUS.

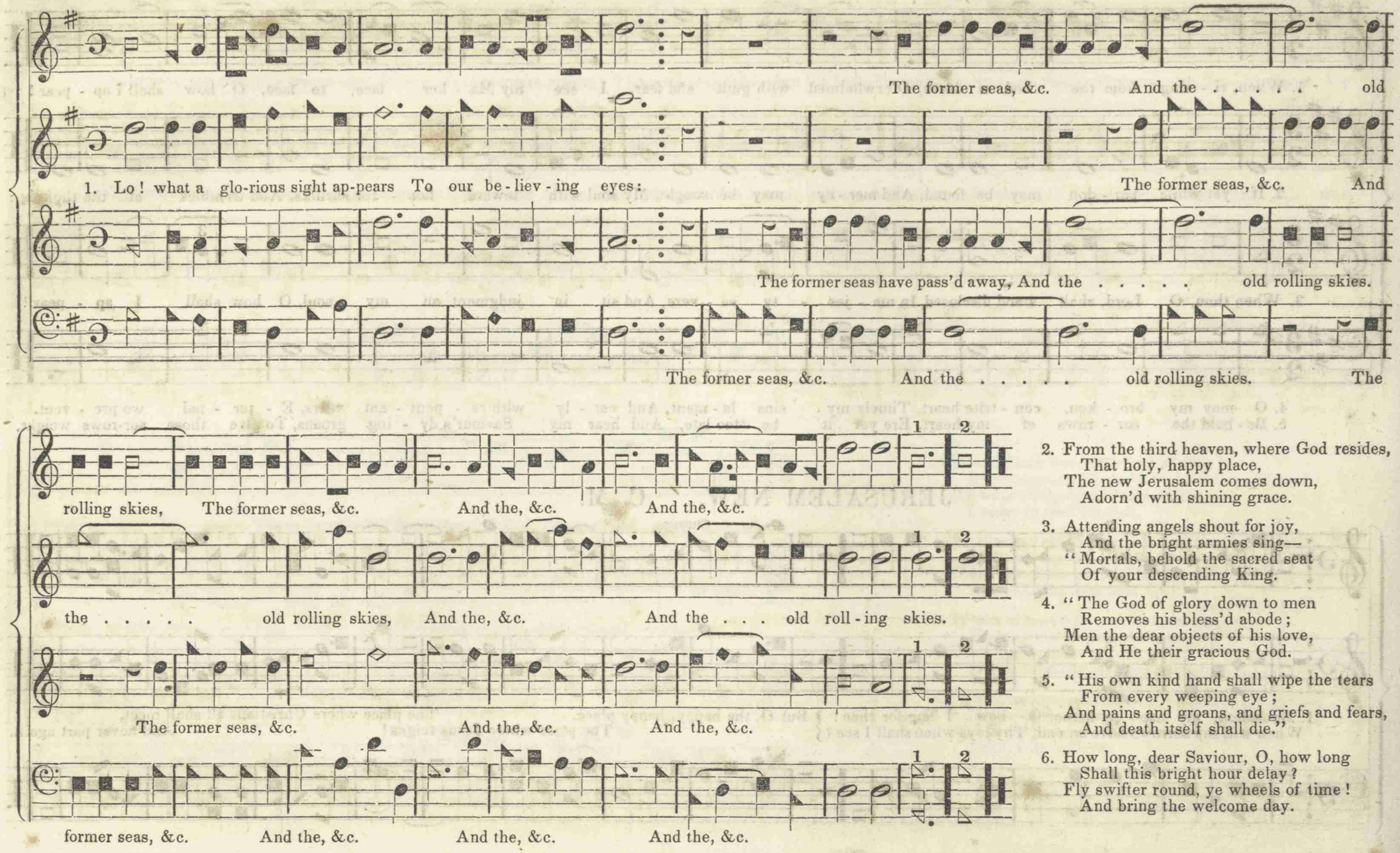
1. Jerusalem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

But O, the happy, happy place, The place where Jesus reigns!

The place where Christians all shall meet, And never part again.

# NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

INGALLS.




2. From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4. "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men the dear objects of his love,
And He their gracious God.

5. "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6. How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

Now let our lips, with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure, sing
The suff'rings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King:

He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!

While to his heav'nly Father's ears
He sends perpetual cries.

## CANAAN. C. M. D.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wish-ful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That ri-ses to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of de-light.

## SWEET PROSPECT. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Walker.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Oh! the transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

## GAINES. C. M.

Wm. Houser.

1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, As - sist me to proclaim; To spread through all the earth abroad The honors of thy name, The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5. He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6. Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb!
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind! behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

## THORN. C. M.

Vm. Houser.

For. Pia. For.

For. Pia. For.

Save me, O God! the swelling flood Breaks in upon my soul; I sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll, . . . . . Like mighty waters roll.

For. Pia. For.

For. Pia. For.

Hymn by Bishop Heber.

## GLENROY. C. M.

Air newly arranged, and Parts composed by Wm. Houser.

1. Beneath our feet, and o'er our head Is equal warn - ing giv'n: Beneath us lie the count - less dead, A - bove us is the heav'n.

2. Their names are graven on the stone, Their bones are in the clay: And ere an - other day is gone, Our - selves may be as they.

3. Death rides on ev'ry pass - ing breeze, And lurks in ev'ry flower; Each season has its own dis - ease, Its peril ev' - ry hour.

4. Our eyes have seen the ro - sy light Of youth's soft cheek de - cay, And fate de - scend in sud - den night On man - hood's mid - dle day.
5. Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt feebly to the tomb; And yet shall earth our hearts en - gage, And dreams of days to come?
6. Turn! mortal, turn! thy dan - ger know; Where'er thy foot can tread The earth rings hol-low from be - low, And warns thee of the dead!
7. Turn! Christian, turn! thy soul ap - ply To truths di - vine - ly giv'n: The forms which under - neath thee lie Shall live for hell or heav'n.

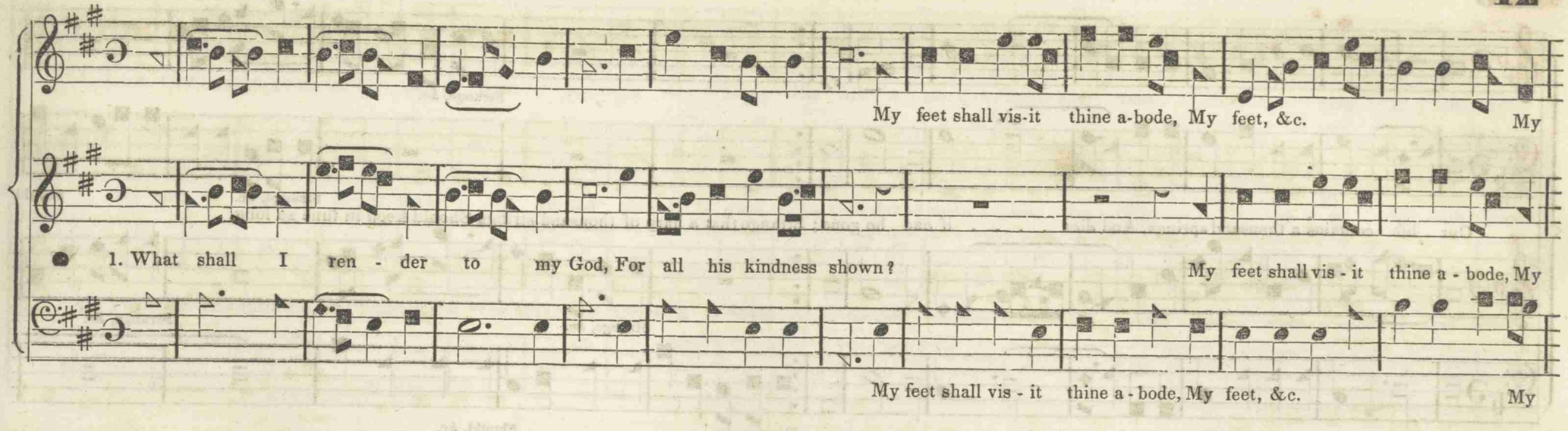
# ISLE OF PATMOS. C. M.

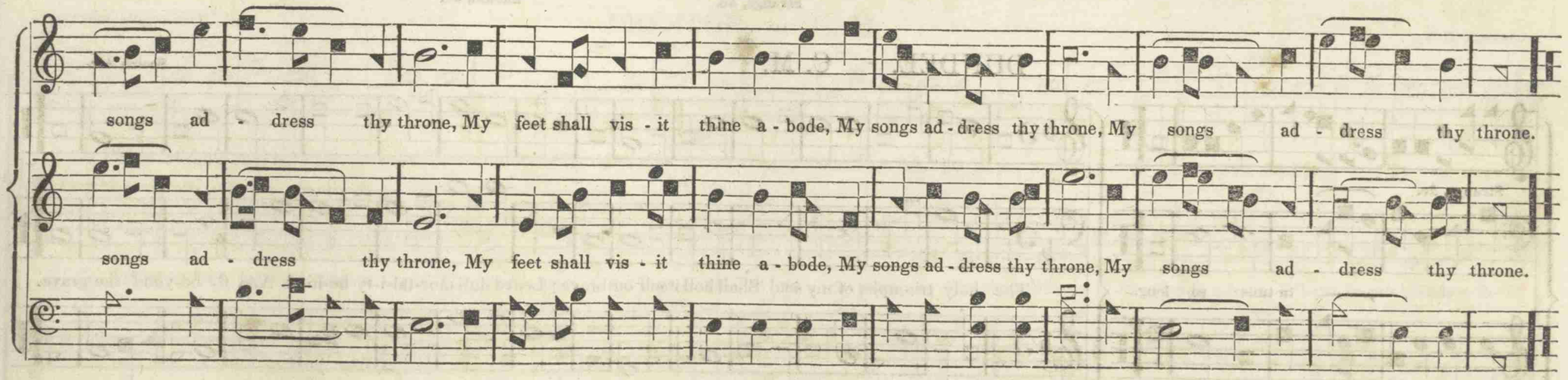
1. Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims, For all the pi - ous dead; Sweet is the sa - vor of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed; Sweet is the sa - vor of their names, And soft their sleep-ing bed, And soft their sleep ing bed.

2. They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

4. The glory of their heav'nly crown,
Unfading still remains;
And life eternal, now their own,
Their Saviour still maintains.



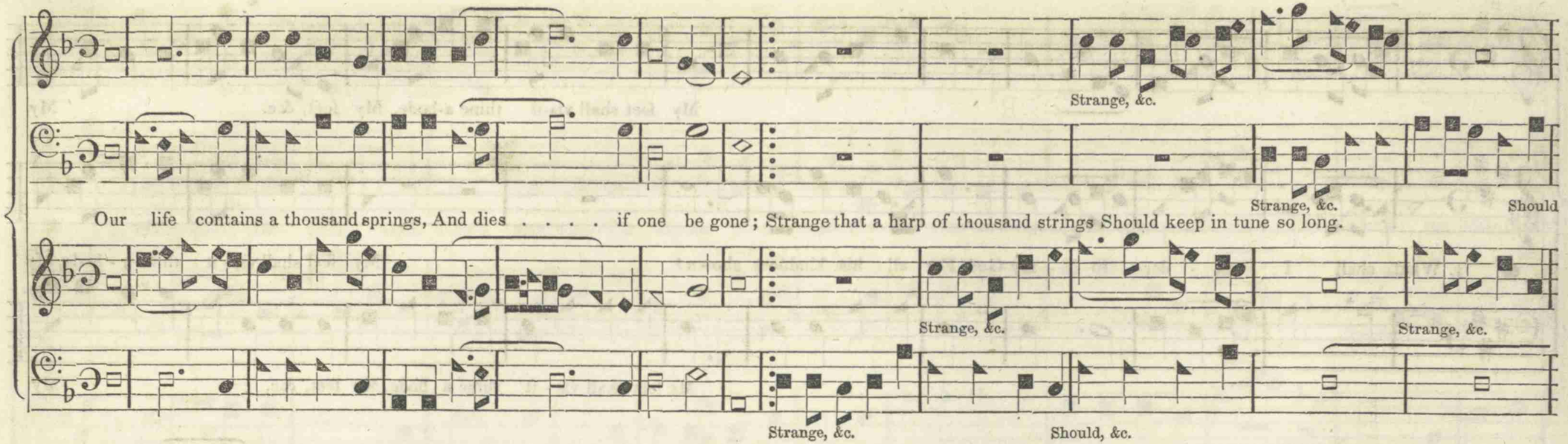




2. Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid:
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

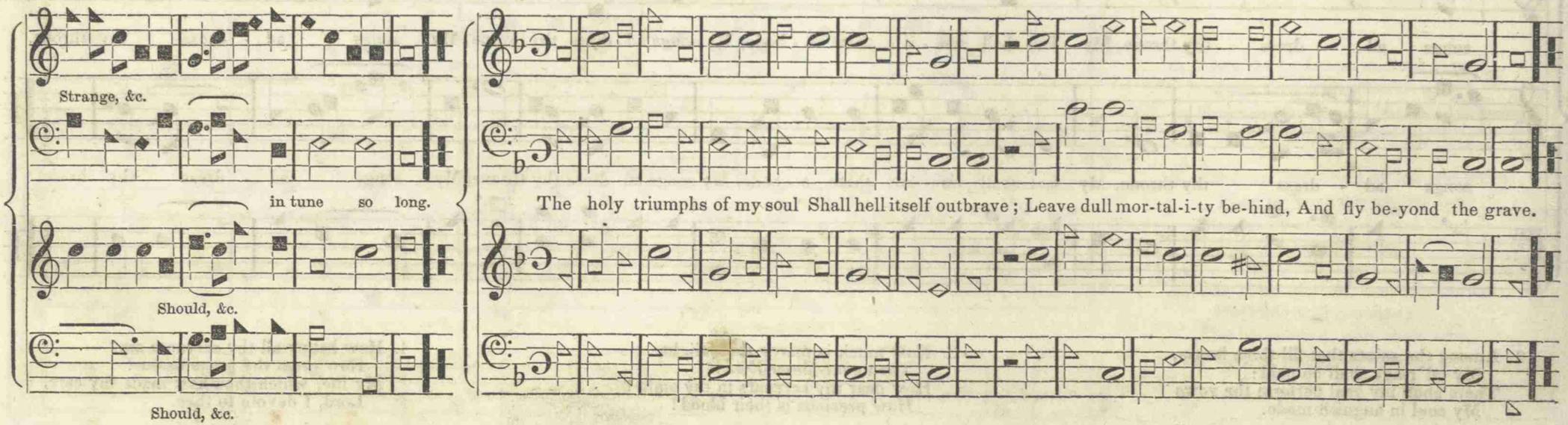
4. How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

## SURPRISE. C. M.




## DUNDEE. C. M.

Scotch Air.



## DUBLIN. C. M.

1. Lord, what is man, poor, fee-ble man? Born of the earth at first; His life a sha-dow, light and vain, Still hast'-ning to the dust.

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

3. That God who darts his light'nings down, Who shakes the worlds a-bove, What ter-rors wait his aw-ful frown! How won-d'rous is his love!

Somewhat altered by W. H.

## PRESTON. C. M.

J. H. Barret.

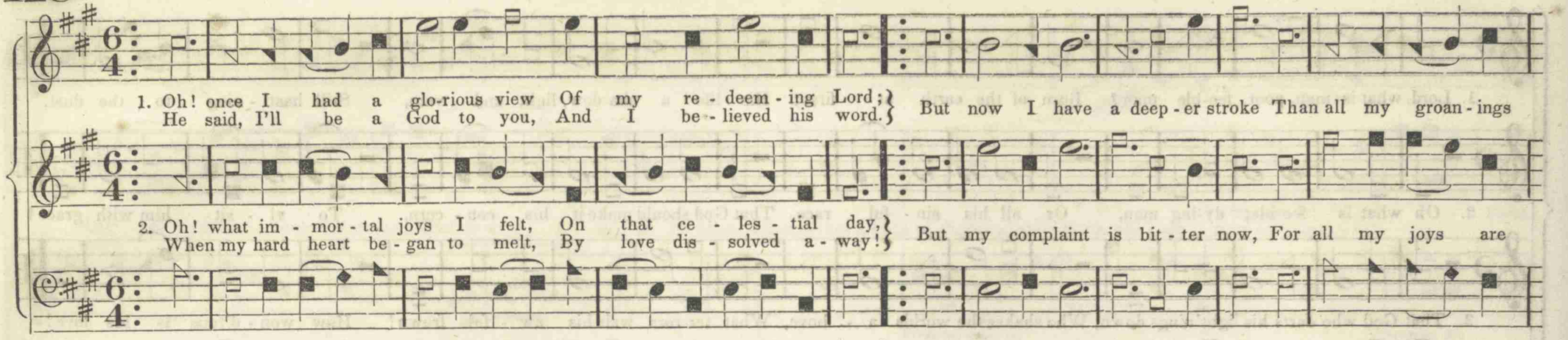
1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trem-bling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a-way, And long to fly a-way.

2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whis-pers of his love; Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove, Where Je-sus pleads a-bove.

3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E-ter-nal joys my own, E-ter-nal joys my own.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 388.

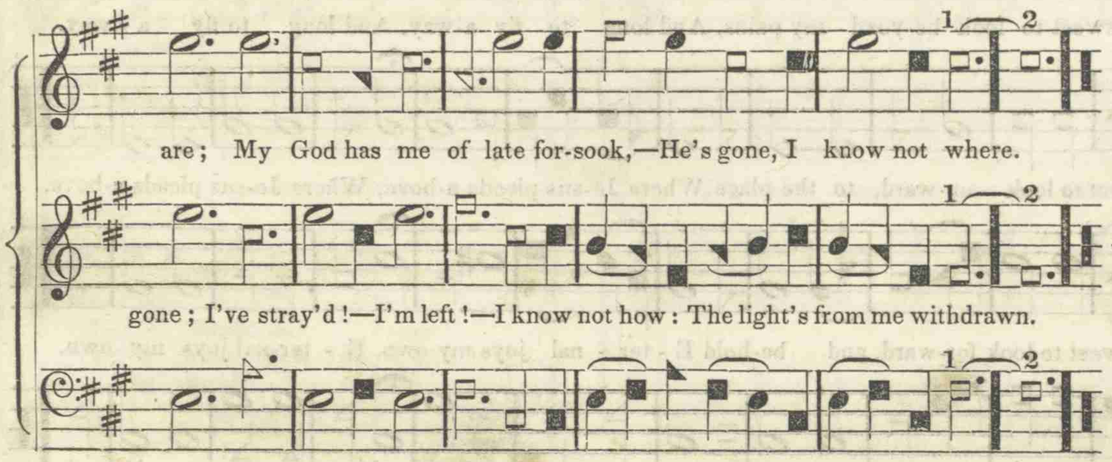
## COLUMBUS. C. M.




4. I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win,
I sorrow'd o'er their children then,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn,
And tears have left mine eyes.

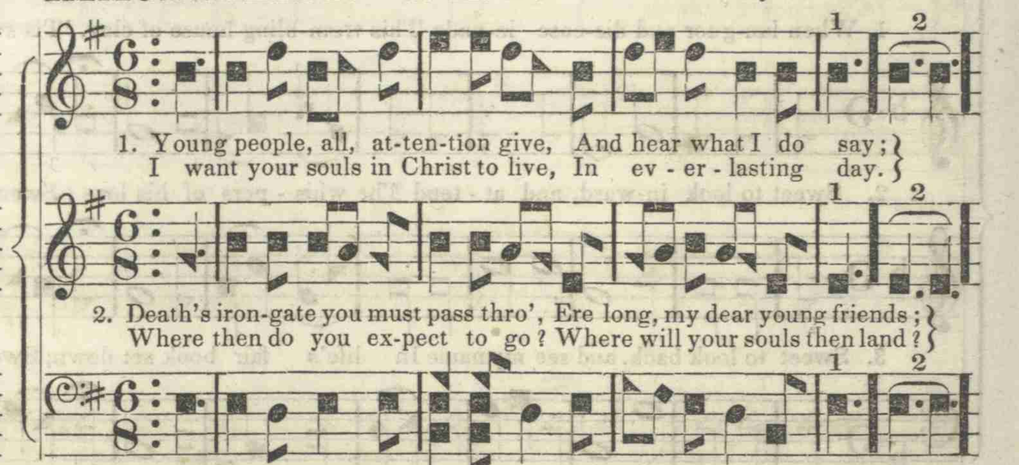
5. I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive Him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find Him there:
On the left hand, where He doth work,
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right I find Him not,
Among the favor'd few.

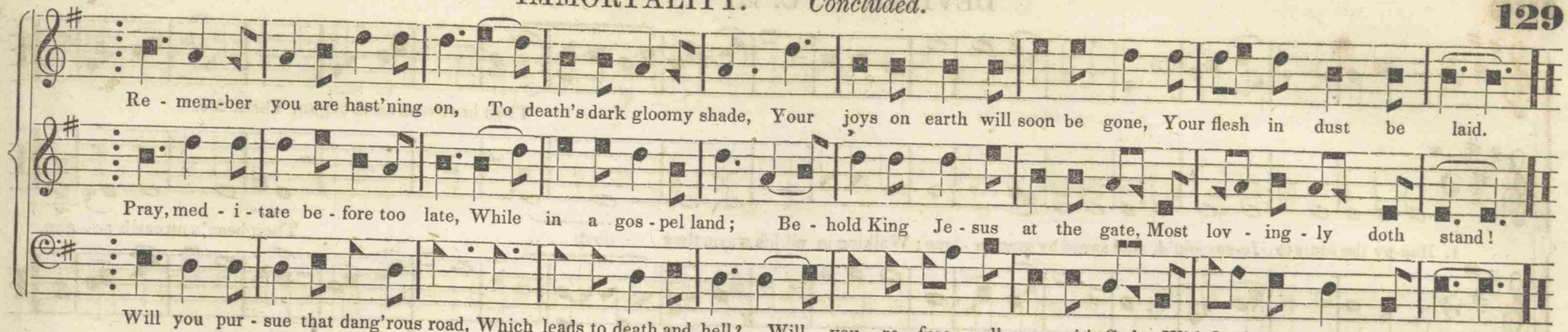
6. What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me;
He knows the way I've stroll'd;
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.




## IMMORTALITY. C. M. D.

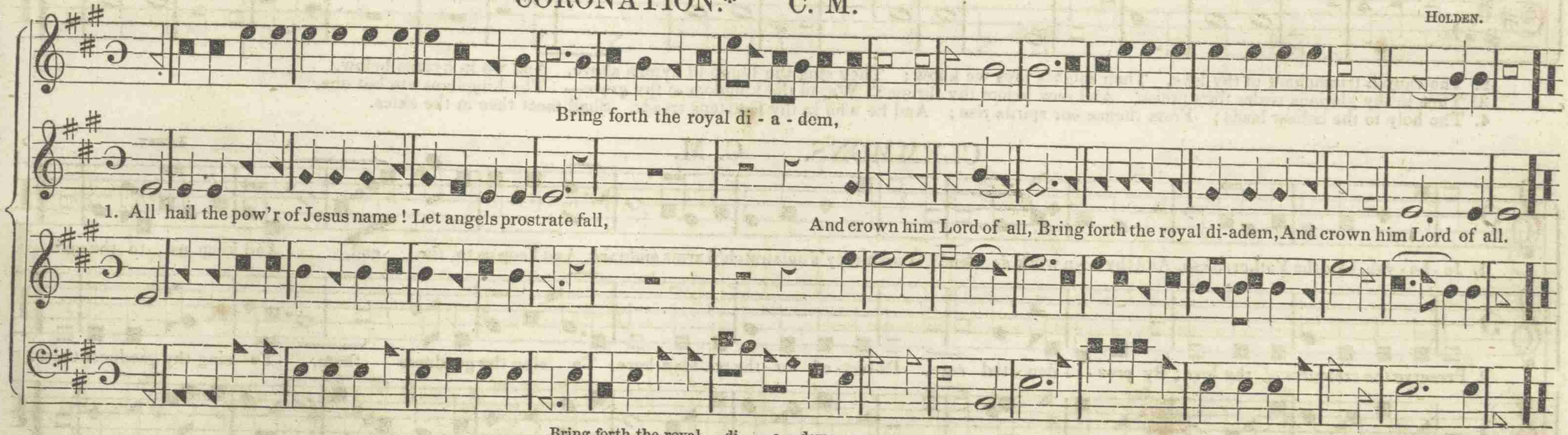
Bass and Treble by Wm. Houser.






## CORONATION.* C. M.

HOLDEN.




2. Let high - born seraphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it, fall Be - fore his face who tunes their choir, And crown him Lord of all.
3. Crown him, ye morn - ing stars of light, He fix'd this float-ing ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
4. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Extol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
5. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ran - som'd of the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
6. Hail him, ye heirs of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid Lord doth call— The God in - car - nate, man divine, And crown him Lord of all.
7. Sin - ners! whose love can ne' - er forget The worm - wood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
8. Let ev' - ry tribe, and ev' - ry tongue That hear the Sa - viour's call, Now shout a uni - ver - sal song, And crown him Lord of all.



* A favorite tune with the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., a man whose name will ever be dear to all good Americans.

Their heav'n on earth begun, Their, &c.

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

Their heav'n on earth begun, Their, &c.

2. The church triumphant in thy love, Their mighty joys we know; They sing the Lamb in hymns above, And we in hymns below.
3. Thee in thy glorious realm they praise, And bow before thy throne; We, in the kingdom of thy grace— The kingdoms are but one.
4. The holy to the holiest leads; From thence our spirits rise; And he who in thy footsteps treads, Shall meet thee in the skies.

## CLEMMONS. C. M.

LOWRY.

1. Je - ho - vah, God the Father, bless, And thy own work de - fend! With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace, And keep us to the end, And keep us to the end.

2. Preserve the creatures of thy love; By prov - i - den - tial care, Di-rect- ed to the realms a-bove, To sing thy goodness there, To sing thy goodness there.

3. Je - ho-vah, God the Son, re - veal The brightness of thy face; And all thy pardon'd peo-ple fill With plen - i - tude of grace, With plen-i - tude of grace.

4. Shine forth with all the De- i - ty Which dwells in thee a - lone; And lifts us up, thy face to see, On thy e - ter - nal throne, On thy e - ter - nal throne.

If an-gels sung, &c. If angels, &c. On that, &c.

If an-gels sung a Sa - - viour's, Sa - viour's birth, On that aus - pi-cious morn,

If an-gels sung a Sa - viour's birth, If an-gels sung a Sa - viour's, Sa - viour's birth, On that aus-pi - cious morn. We

If an - gels, &c. If an-gels, &c. On that, &c. We well may im - i -

We well, &c. Now, &c. Now, &c. Now, &c.

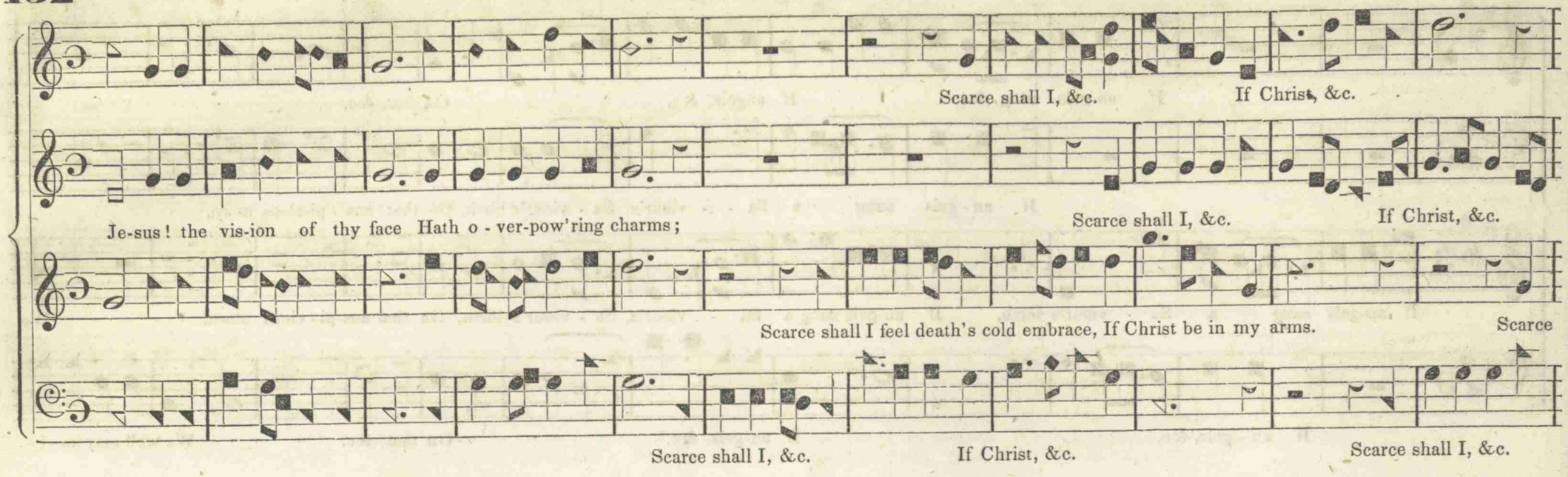
We well may im - i - tate . . . . their mirth, Now he a-gain is born, . . . . Now he a-gain, Now he a - gain is born.

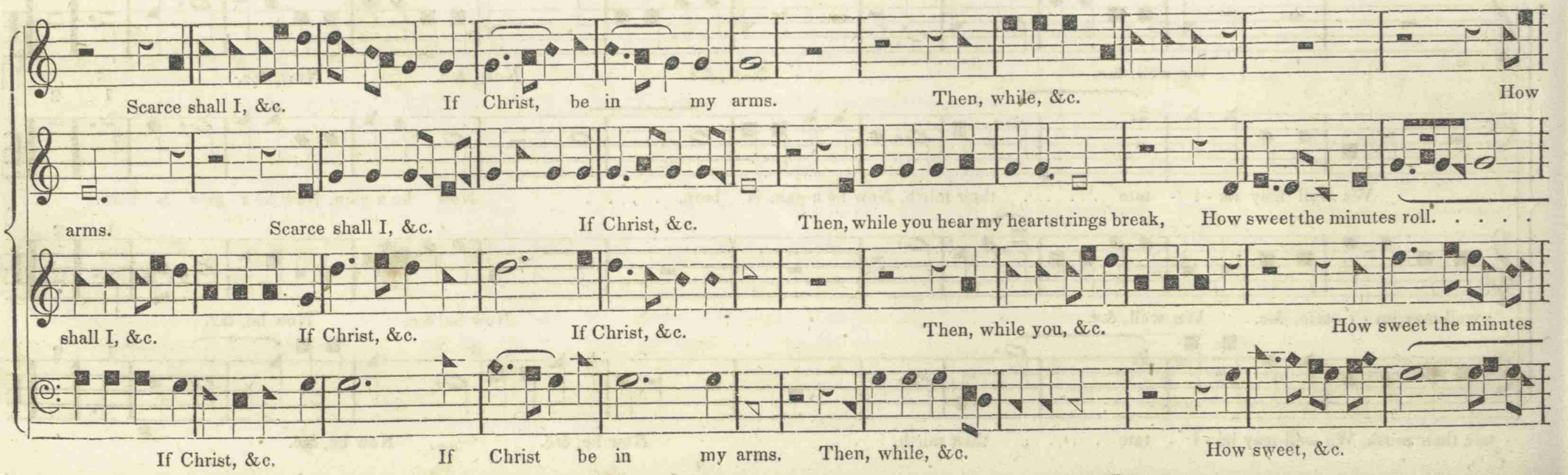
well may im - i - tate, &c. We well, &c. Now he, &c. Now he, &c.

- tate their mirth, We well may im - i . tate . . . . their mirth, Now he, &c, Now he, &c.

## GRAFTON. C. M.




Scarce shall I, &c.
If Christ, &c.
Je-sus! the vis-ion of thy face Hath o - ver-pow'ring charms;
Scarce shall I, &c.
If Christ, &c.
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms.
Scarce
Scarce shall I, &c.
If Christ, &c.
Scarce shall I, &c.


Scarce shall I, &c.
If Christ, be in my arms.
Then, while, &c.
How
arms.
Scarce shall I, &c.
If Christ, &c.
Then, while you hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet the minutes roll. . . . .
shall I, &c.
If Christ, &c.
If Christ, &c.
Then, while you, &c.
How sweet the minutes
If Christ, &c.
If Christ be in my arms.
Then, while, &c.
How sweet, &c.

sweet the minutes roll; . . . . . A mortal paleness, &c. And glo-ry, &c. And glo-ry, &c.

. . . How sweet the minutes roll; . . . . . A mor-tal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul, And glo-ry, &c.

roll; . . . . . A mor-tal paleness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul, A mortal paleness, &c. And glory, &c.

A mor - tal pale-ness, &c. And glo-ry, &c. A mortal paleness, &c. And glory, &c.

## SILVER SPRING. C. M.

MORGAN.

Were I in heaven without my God, 'Twould be no joy to me; And while this earth is my a - bode, I long for none but thee.

## AUGUSTA. C. M.

SHERMAN.

Our shelter, &c. And our, &c.

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

Our shelter, &c. Our shelter, &c. And

Our shelter, &c. Our shelter, &c. And our, &c.

Our shelter, &c. Our shelter, &c. And our, &c.

## TRUE RICHES. 7s.

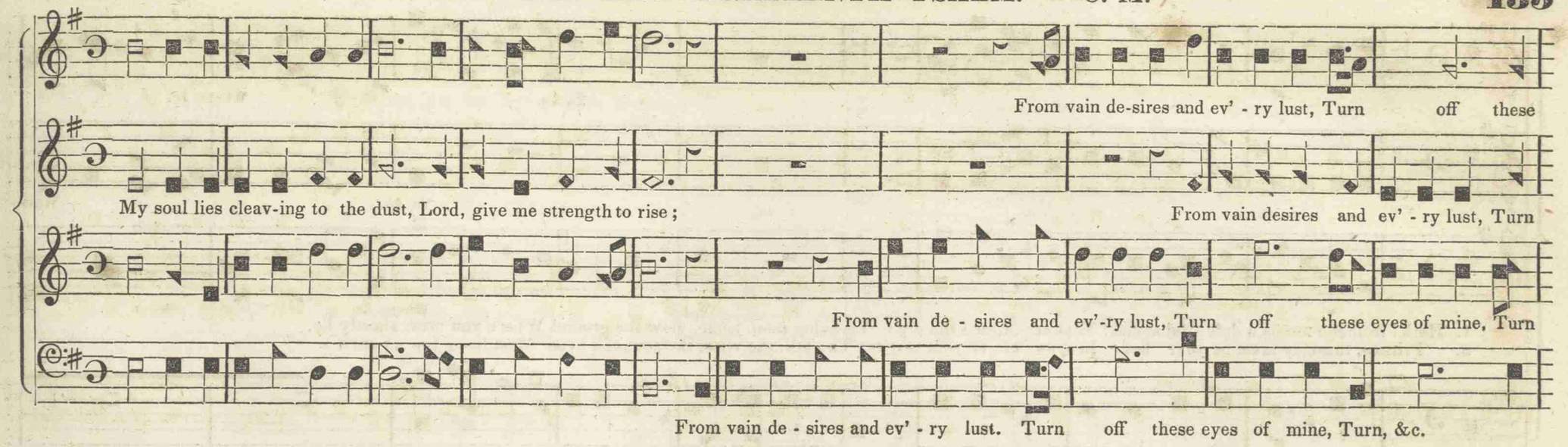
home, And our, &c. And our, &c.

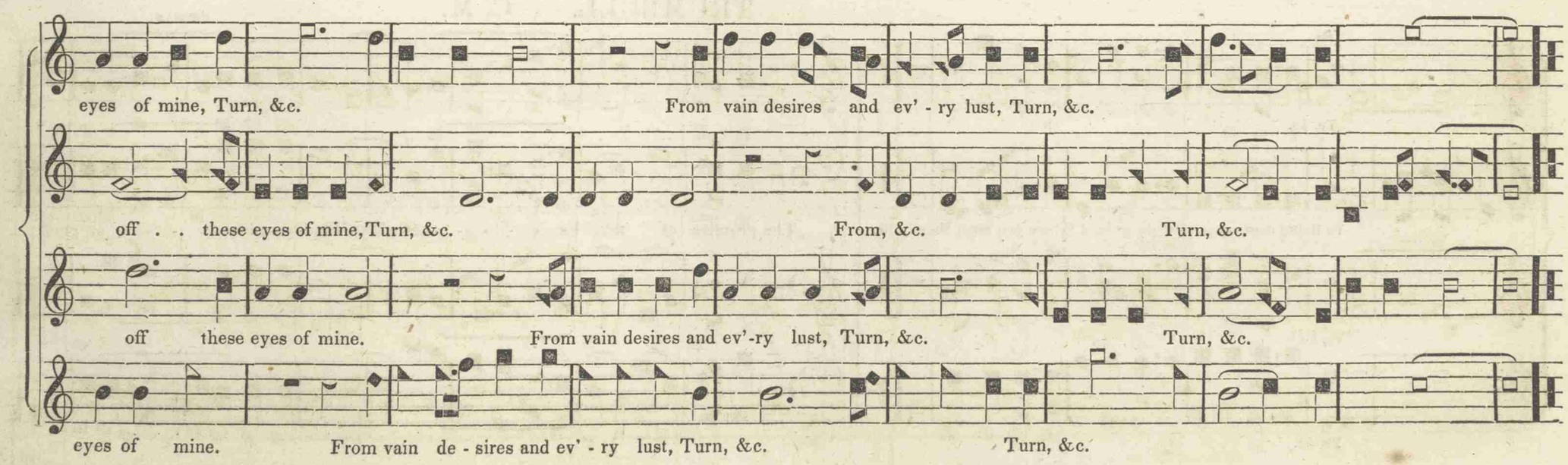
And our, &c.

our, &c. And our, &c.

And our, &c. And our, &c.

I am not concern'd to know What to-morrow's fate will do; 'Tis enough that I can say, I've possess'd myself to-day.


From vain de-sires and ev' - ry lust, Turn off these
My soul lies cleav-ing to the dust, Lord, give me strength to rise ;
From vain desires and ev' - ry lust, Turn
From vain de - sires and ev'-ry lust, Turn off these eyes of mine, Turn
From vain de - sires and ev' - ry lust. Turn off these eyes of mine, Turn, &c.


eyes of mine, Turn, &c.
From vain desires and ev' - ry lust, Turn, &c.
off . . these eyes of mine, Turn, &c.
From, &c.
Turn, &c.
off these eyes of mine.
From vain desires and ev'-ry lust, Turn, &c.
Turn, &c.
eyes of mine.
From vain de - sires and ev' - ry lust, Turn, &c.
Turn, &c.

## NEW DURHAM. C. M.

AUSTIN.

Ye, &c. Where, &c.

Ye, &c. Where

Ye, &c. Where, &c. lie.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound! Mine ears attend the cry: Ye living men, come, view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
2. Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must lie as low as ours.

Ye, &c. Where, &c. lie.

## TRUMBULL. C. M.

Ye, &c.

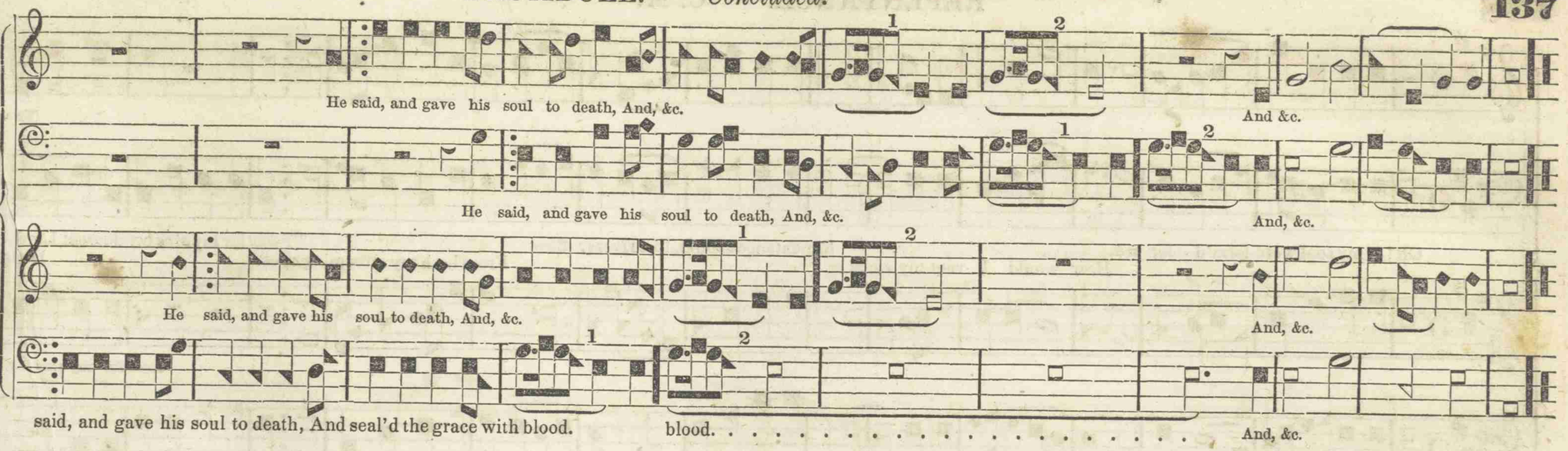
Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Ye, &c.

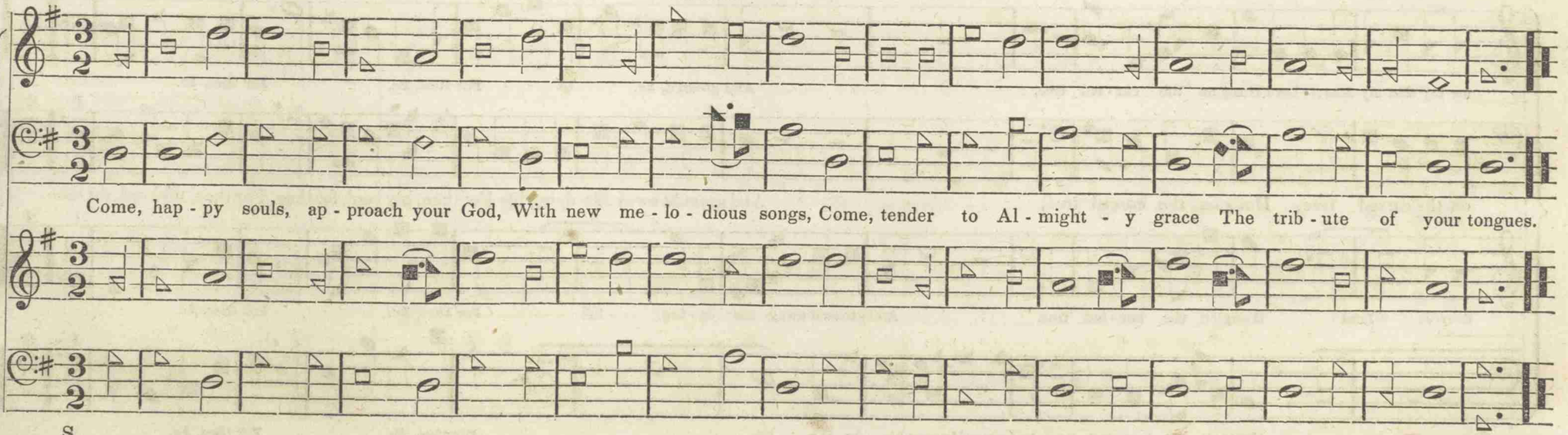
Ye, &c.

BENHAM.

The promise of my Fa - - - - ther's love Shall stand for ev - - - er good;


He said, and gave his soul to death, And, &c.
And &c.
He said, and gave his soul to death, And, &c.
And, &c.
He said, and gave his soul to death, And, &c.
And, &c.
said, and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.
blood. . . . . .
And, &c.

## NAMUR. C. M.


Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God, With new me - lo - dious songs, Come, tender to Al - might - y grace The trib - ute of your tongues.

S

# REPENTANCE. C. M.

PECK.

'Twas

Oh! if my soul were form'd for wo, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should, like rivers, flow 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord From both my streaming eyes. Hung

'Twas for my sins my

'Twas for my sins my dy-ing Lord . .

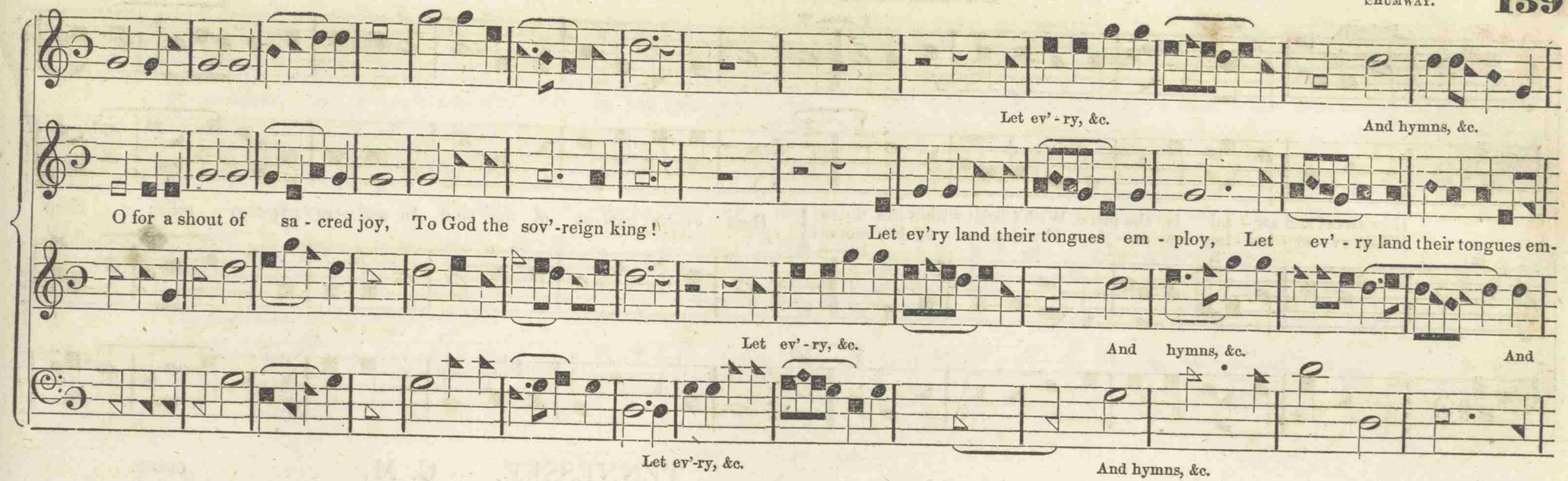
for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on the cur-sed tree, And groan'd, &c. For thee, &c. For thee, &c.

on the cursed tree, Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away his dying life For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.

dearest Lord Hung on the cur-sed tree, And groan'd away his dy-ing life For thee, &c. For thee, &c.

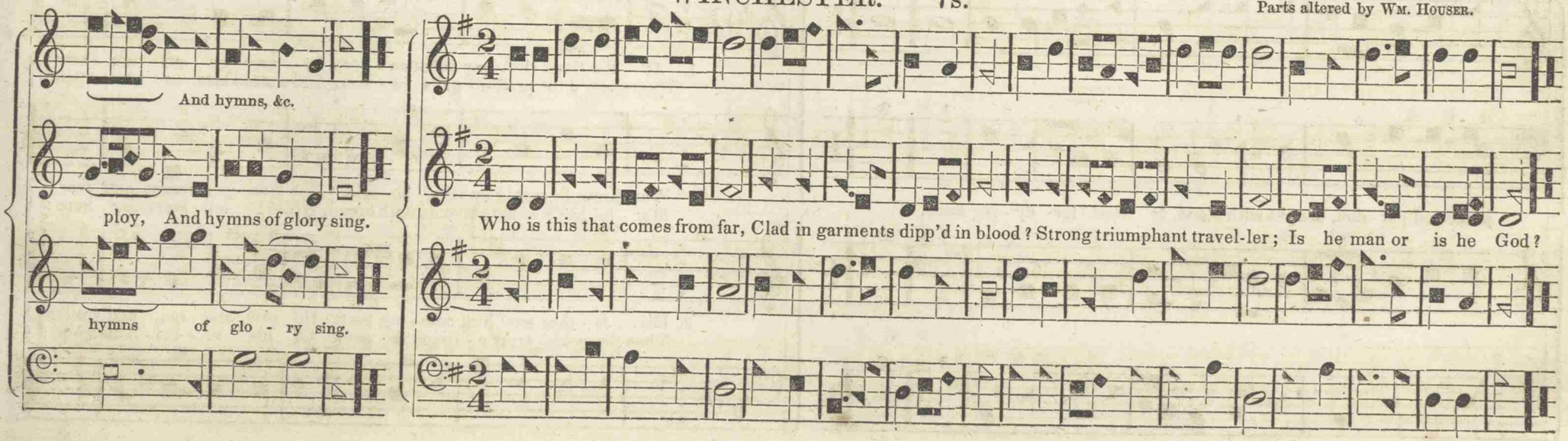
. . . . . Hung on the cur-sed tree, And groan'd away his dy-ing life . . . . . For thee, &c. For thee, &c.

## JOYFUL SOUND. C. M.

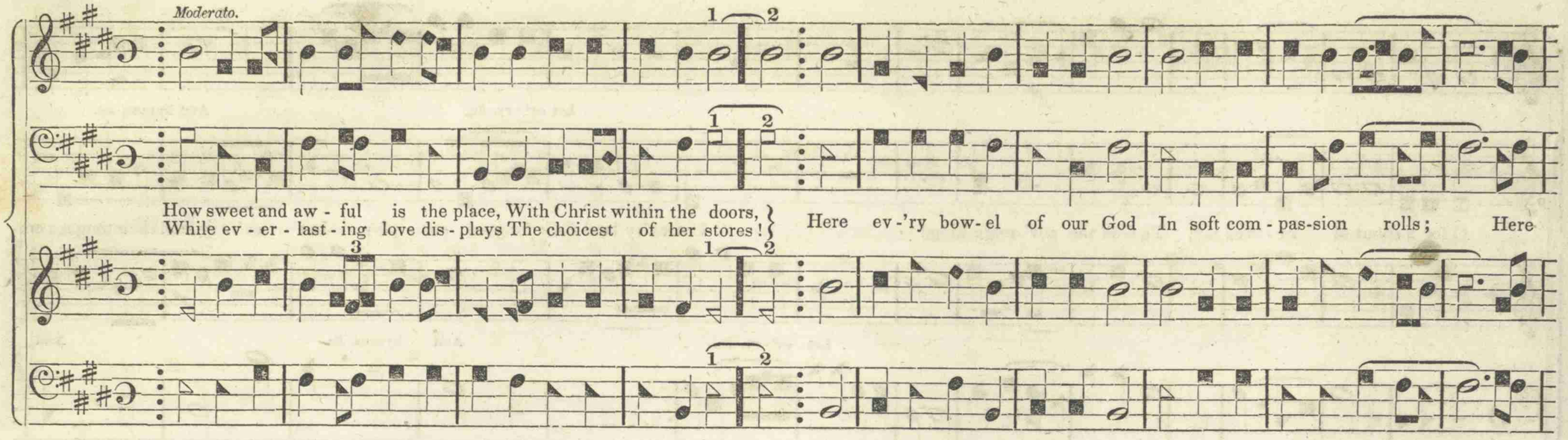


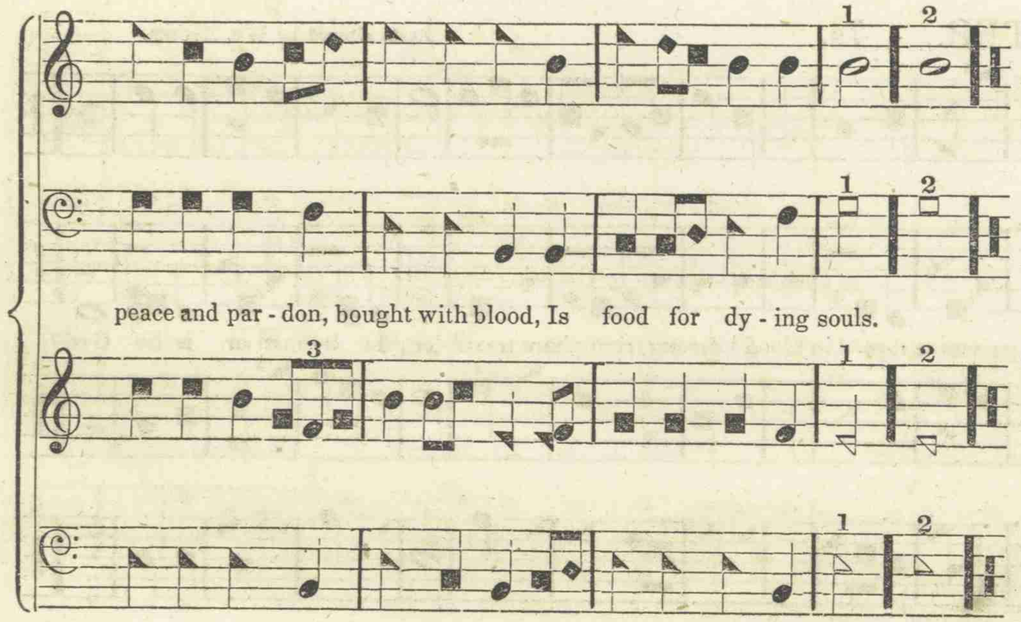

## WINCHESTER. 7s.

Parts altered by WM. HOUSER.



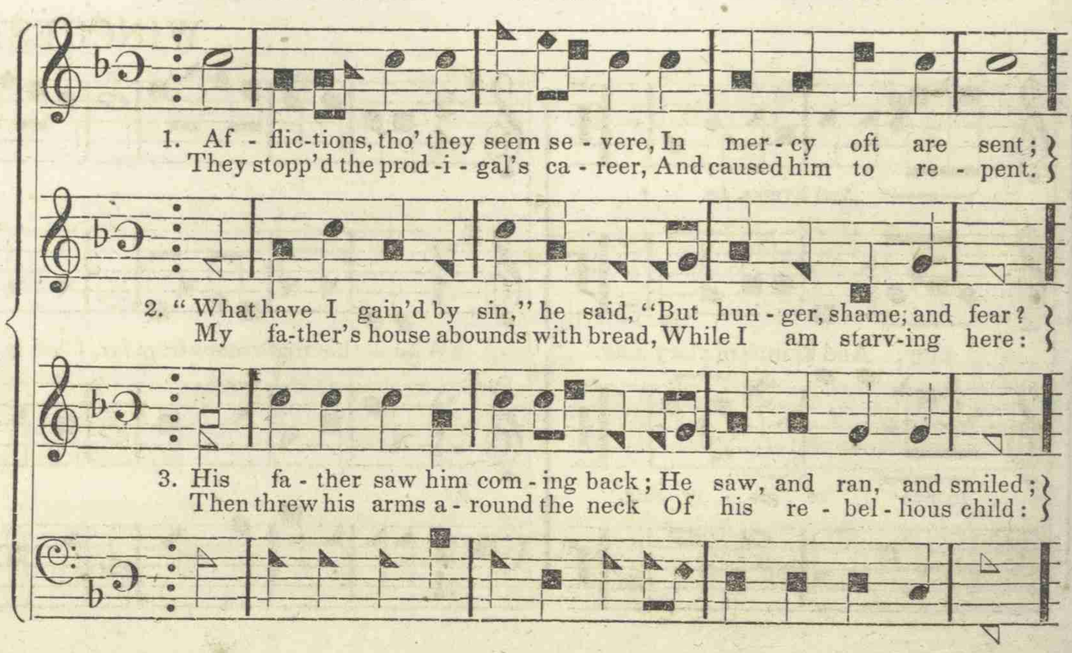
## COMMUNION. C. M.

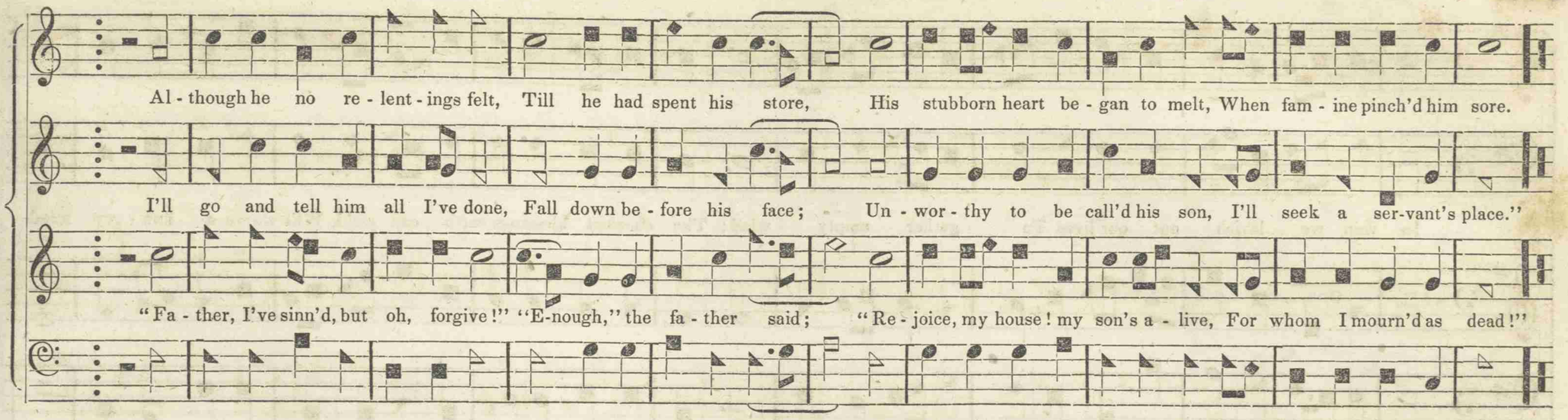


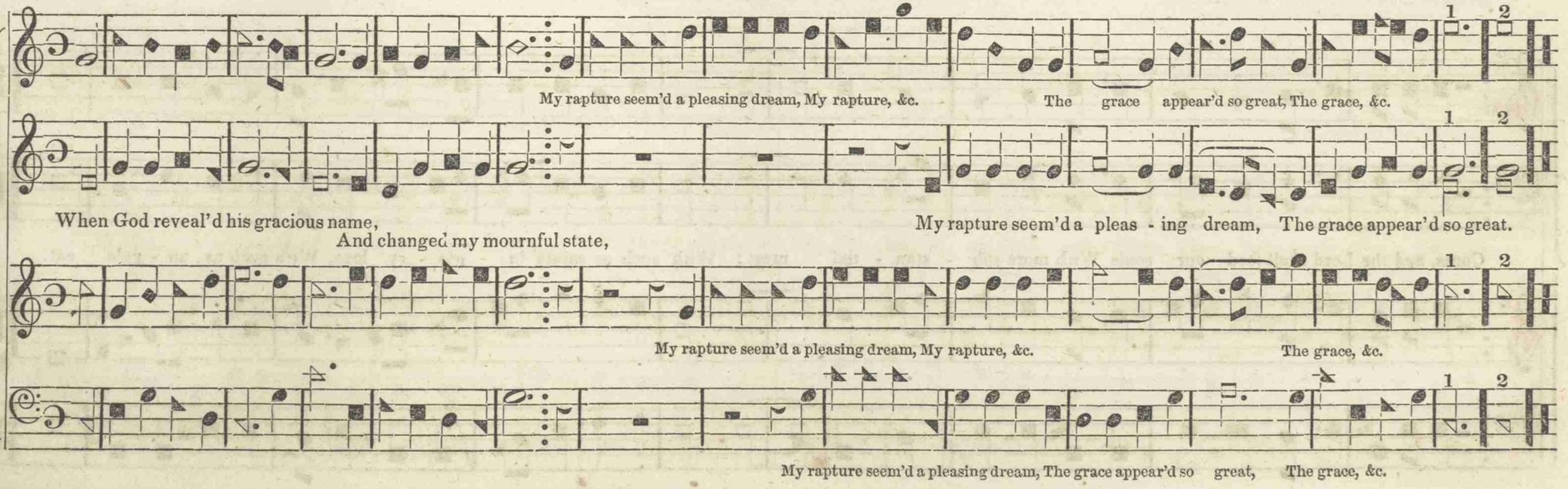

## TENNESSEE. C. M.

CHAPIN.






## CONVERSION. C. M.



## VERMONT. C. M.

BILLINGS.

In vain we lavish out our lives To gather empty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield, Will starve a hun - gry mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more sub - stan - tial meat; With such as saints in glo - ry love, With such as an - gels eat.

## WILLIAMS. C. M. D.

Arranged by Wm. Houser.



1. That glo - rious day is draw - ing nigh When Zi - on's light shall come;
   She shall a - rise and shine on high, Bright as the ri - sing sun.
D. C. In bri - dal robes Je - ru - sa - lem, All glo - rious shall de - scend.

The north shall then her sons re - sign, And south - ern isles at - tend,

2. The King who wears the gold - en crown, The a - zure fla - ming bow,
   The ho - ly ci - ty shall bring down, To bless the church be - low.
D. C. The morn - ing stars a - gain shall sing, And Zi - on shout for joy.

When Zi - on's bleed - ing, conqu'ring King Shall sin and death de - stroy,

4. Let Satan rage and boast no more,
   Nor think his reign is long;—
Tho' saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
   Yet their Redeemer's strong;
In storms he is our hiding-place—
   A covert from the wind—
A river in the wilderness,
   To bless the pilgrim band.

5. This crystal stream runs down from heaven,
   It issues from the throne;—
The floods of strife away are driven,—
   The church becomes but one:
That peaceful union she shall know,
   And live upon his love,
And shout and sing his name below,
   As angels do above.

6. A thousand years shall roll around—
   The church shall be complete;—
Called by the glorious trumpet's sound,
   Their Saviour they shall meet:
They rise with joy, and mount on high,
   They fly to Jesus' arms;
And gaze with wonder and delight
   On their Beloved's charms.

## IRWIN. C. M.

*Con Spirito.*

Arranged by Wm. Houser.

D. C. Chorus.

O for a thou - sand tongues! to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise; The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

D. C.

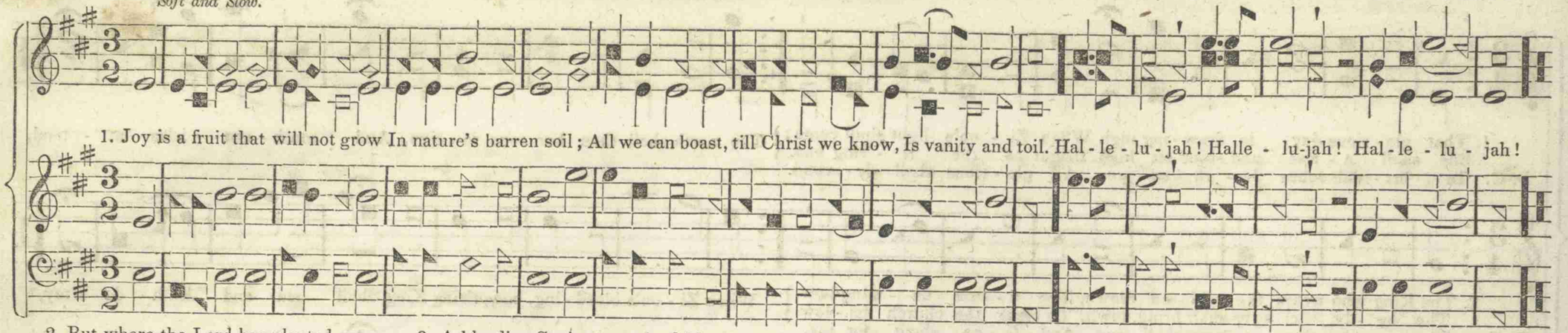
D. C.

D.C. Chorus. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too, I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to go there too.

## AZMON. C. M.

*Soft and Slow.*

Coda, to be sung at the end of the last stanza, or Ad libitum.



1. Joy is a fruit that will not grow In nature's barren soil; All we can boast, till Christ we know, Is vanity and toil. Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.

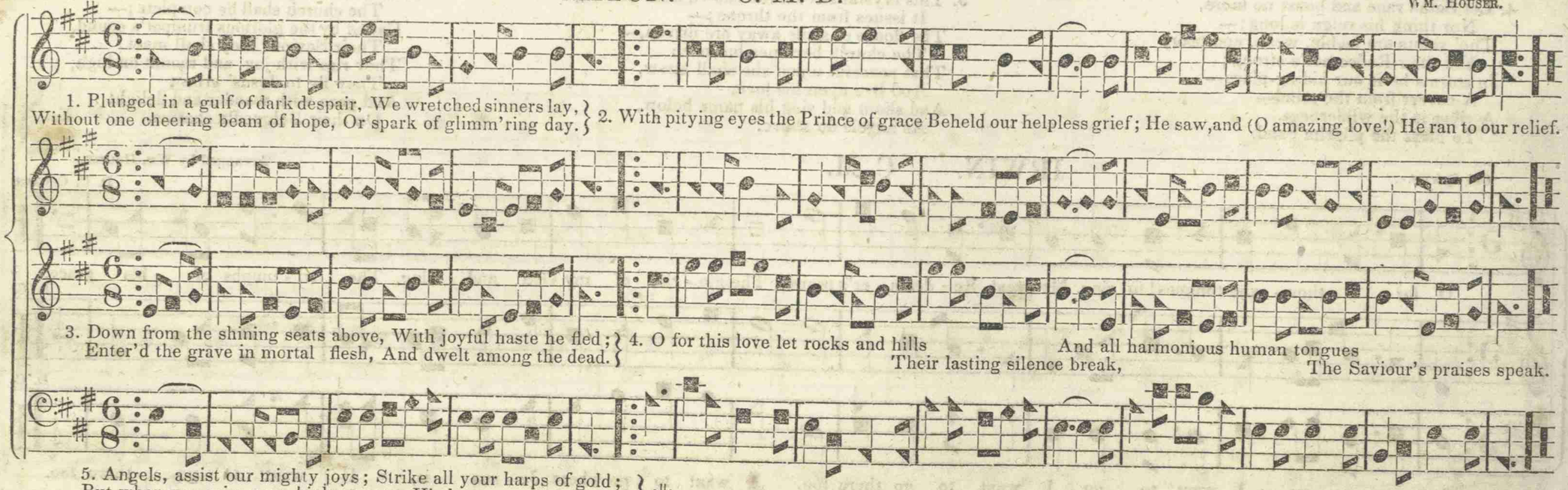
3. A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
A sense of pard'ning love—
A hope that triumphs over death—
Give joys like those above.

4. To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

5. These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

## ALTON. C. M. D.

Wm. Houser.



1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and (O amazing love!) He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above, With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

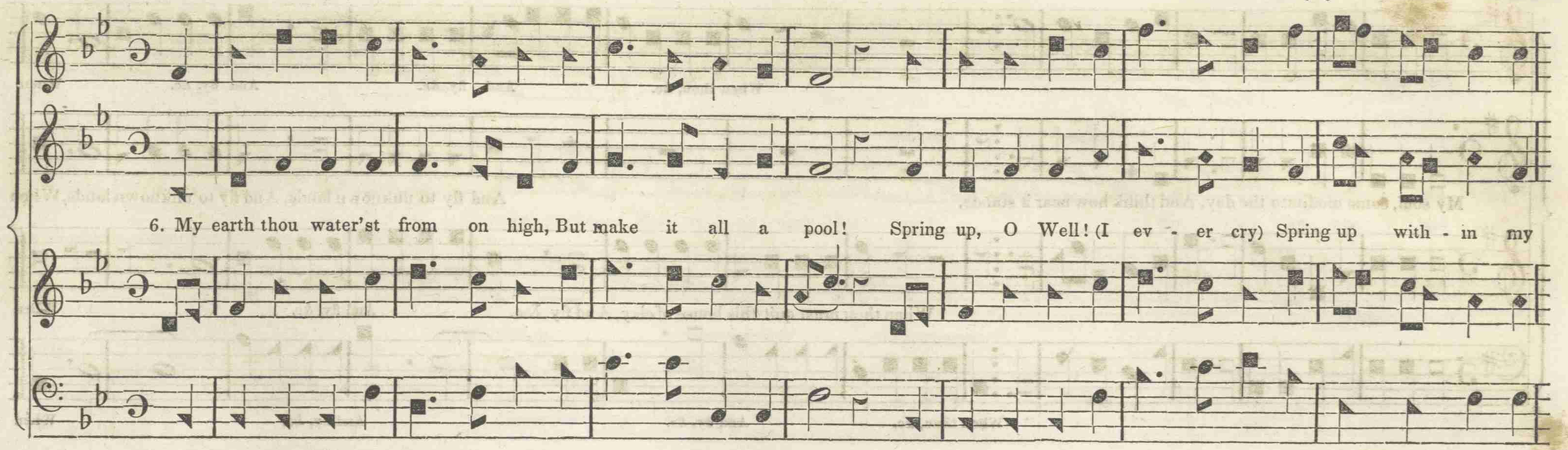
4. O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5. Angels, assist our mighty joys; Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes His love can ne'er be told. :||:

## VELASCO. C. M. D.

Altered from E. L. White, by W. Houser.






T

## NORTH SALEM. C. M.

When thou, &c. And fly, &c. And fly, &c. When

My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, And fly to unknown lands, And fly to unknown lands, When

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly, &c. And fly, &c. When

When thou, &c. And fly, &c. And fly, &c. When

## SUNDAY. C. M.

thou must, &c.

thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

Who joy - ful in har - mon-ious lays, Em-

1. The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest,

Who

Who joy - ful in har-

ploy, &c. Em - ploy, &c. Em - ploy, &c.

Who joy - ful in har - mon-ious lays, Em - ploy an end - less rest, Em - ploy an end - less rest.

joy - ful, &c. Em - ploy, &c.

mon-ious lays, Em - ploy an end - less rest . . . rest . . . . . .

2. Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3. On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4. He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

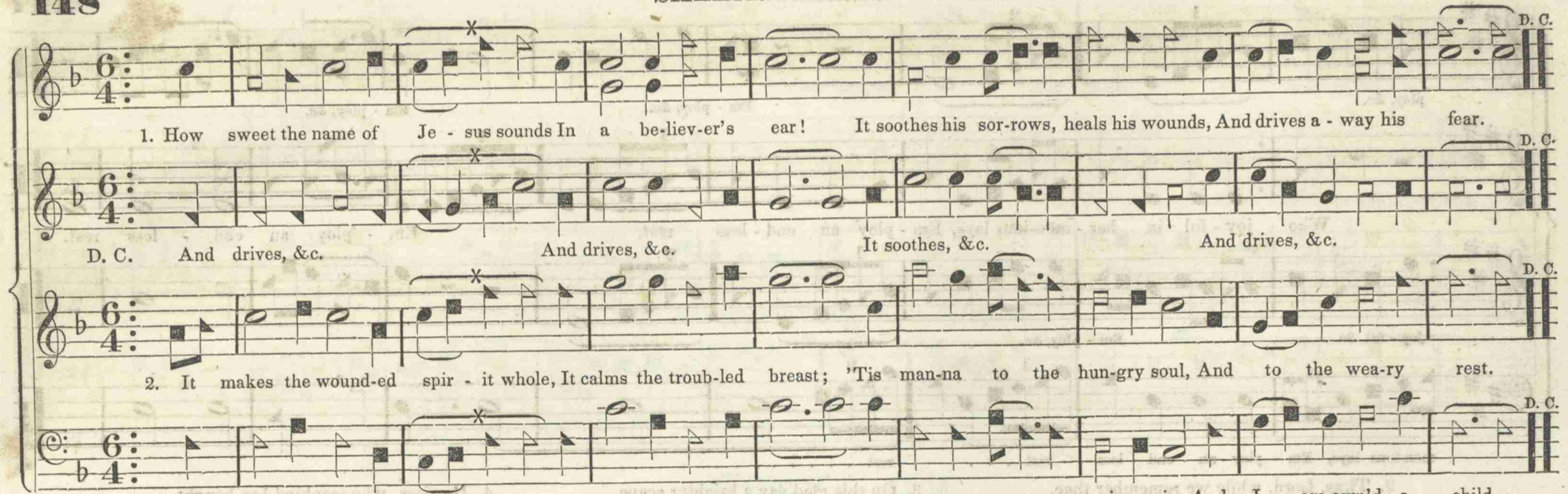
## ASHVILLE. 7s.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra - cious hands I am; Make me, Sa-viour, what thou art, Live thy - self with - in my heart.

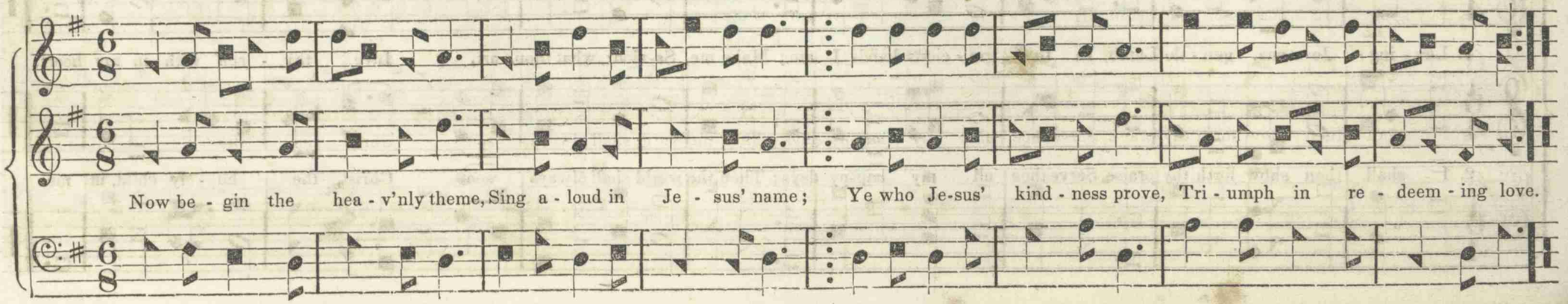
2. I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my hap-py days; Then the world shall always see Christ, the ho - ly child, in me.

## SALEM. C. M.




* The upper slurs in this measure are used only in repeating, "And drives," &c.

## WARREN. 7s.



## DOVE OF PEACE. C. M.

Treble and Alto by W. HOUSER.

1. O tell me where the Dove has flown To build her dow-ny nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.

2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her ten-der heart; But she had flown—the Dove of Peace Had felt a trai-tor's dart, Had felt a trai-tor's dart.

3. I sought her on the flow'-ry lawn, Where plea-sure holds her train; But Fan-cy flies from flower to flower, So there I sought in vain, So there I sought in vain.
4. 'Twas on Am-bi-tion's crag-gy hill, The Bird of Peace might stray; I sought her there, tho' vain-ly still, She nev-er flew that way, She nev-er flew that way.
5. Faith smiled, and shed a si-lent tear, To see my search a-round, Then whis-per'd, "I will tell you where The Dove may yet be found, The Dove may yet be found:
6. "By meek Re-li-gion's hum-ble cot, She builds her dow-ny nest; Go, seek that sweet se-clud-ed spot, And win her to your breast, And win her to your breast."

## SWEET HOPE. C. M.

*Moderato.*

W. HOUSER.

1. O joy-ful sound of gos-pel grace! Christ shall in me ap - pear; I, e - ven I, shall see his face; I shall be ho-ly here, I shall be ho - ly here.

2. The glo-rious crown of right-eous-ness, To me reach'd down I view; Conq'ror thro' him I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due, And wear it as my due.

3. The pro-mised land from Pis-gah's top, I now ex - ult to see: My hope is full, (O glo-rious hope!) Of im-mor-tal - i - ty, Of im-mor - tal - i - ty.
4. He vis - its now the house of clay, He shakes his fu-ture home; O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day, In-to thy tem-ple come, In - to thy tem-ple come.

# THE PRODIGAL. C. M.

Af - flic-tions, though they seem se-vere, In mer - cy oft are sent; They stopp'd the pro - di - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re-pent. Al-

though he no re - lent - ings felt, Till he had spent his store; His stub - born heart be - gan to melt, When fam - ine pinch'd him sore.

CHORUS.

1. Af-flic - tions, though they seem se-vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent; They stopp'd the prodigal's ca-reer, And caus'd him to re-pent. "Oh! I die with hunger here," he cries, "Oh! I die with hun-ger here," he cries, "I starve in a for - eign land; My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands."

2.

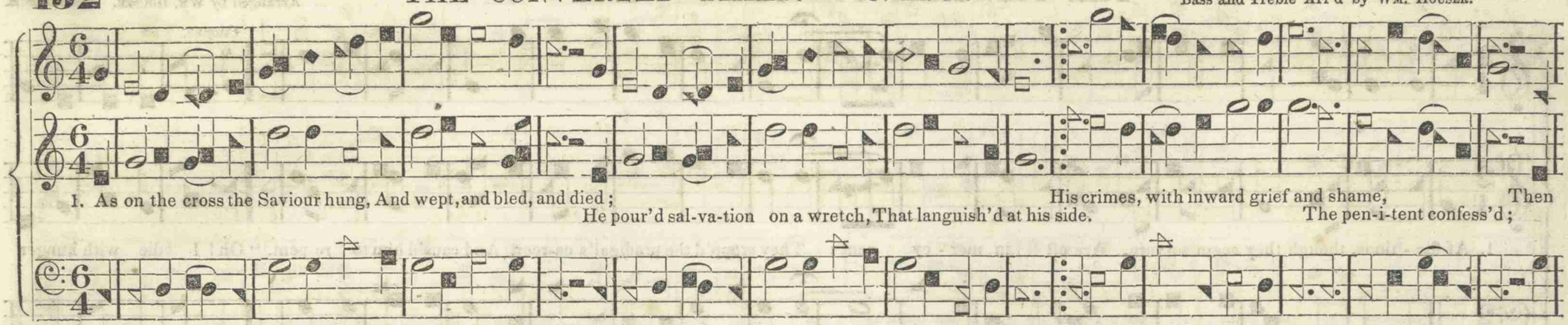
"What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here!

3.

"I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

## THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. D.

Bass and Treble Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




2. "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

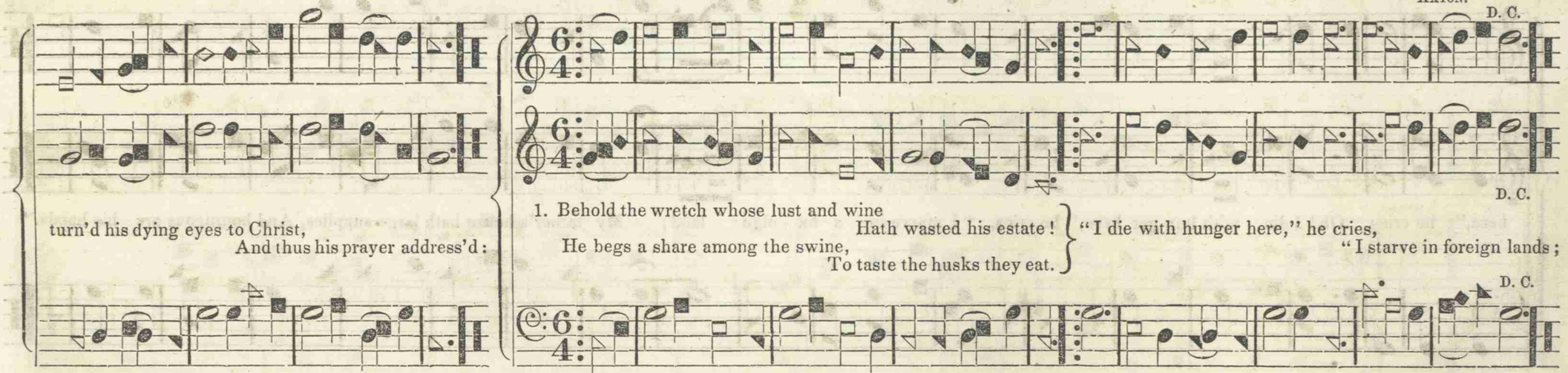
Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

3. Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

## RETURNING PRODIGAL. C. M. D.

Axton.




*Words to Returning Prodigal.*

2. "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace;"
He said, then hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;

The father sees the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

3. He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

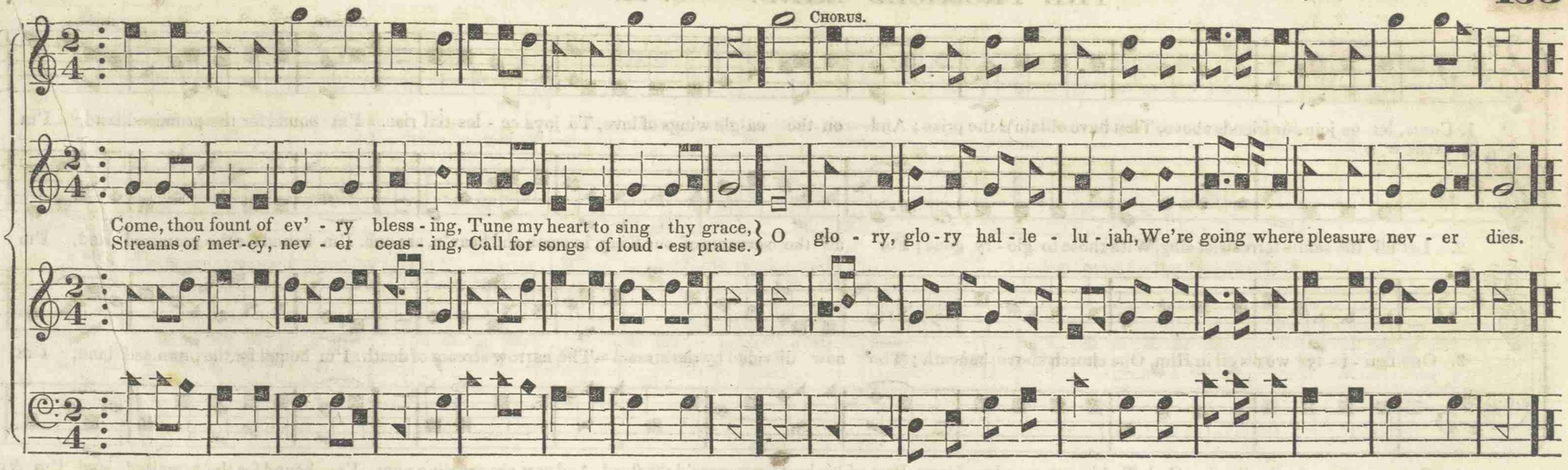
"Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command;
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

4. A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;

My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
Thus, when repenting sinners come
To seek the Saviour's face;
He joyfully receives them home,
T' enjoy his largest grace.

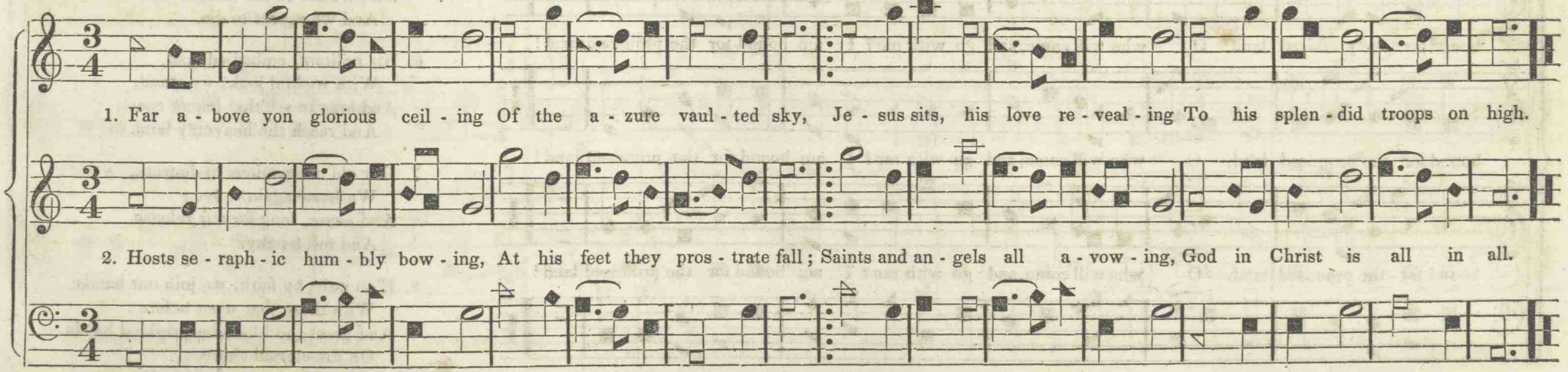
## LAND OF PLEASURE. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.



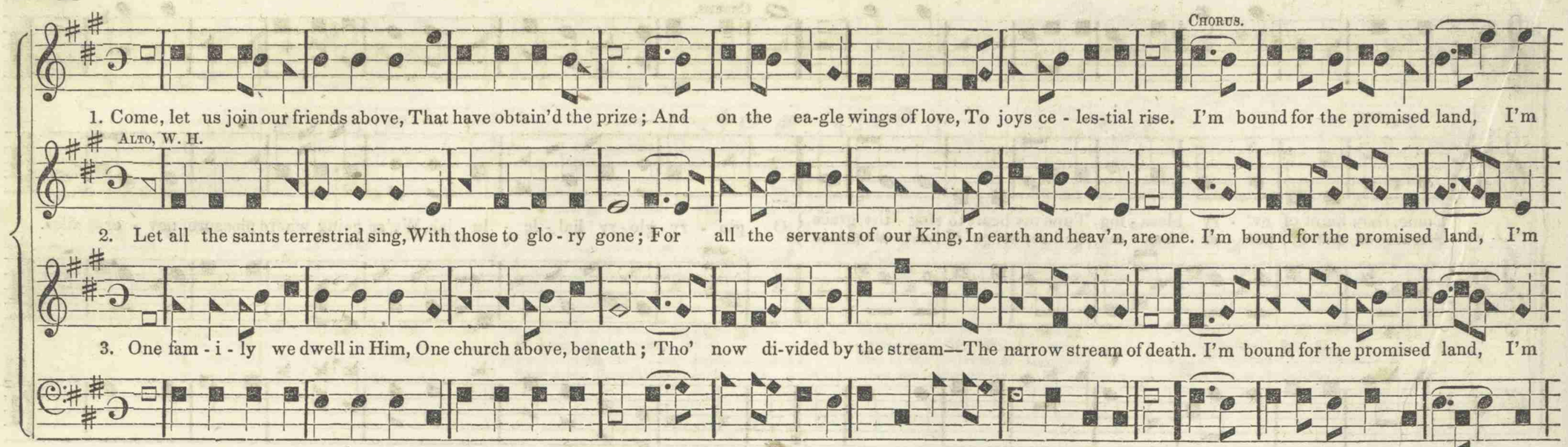

## VICKSBURG. 8s & 7s.

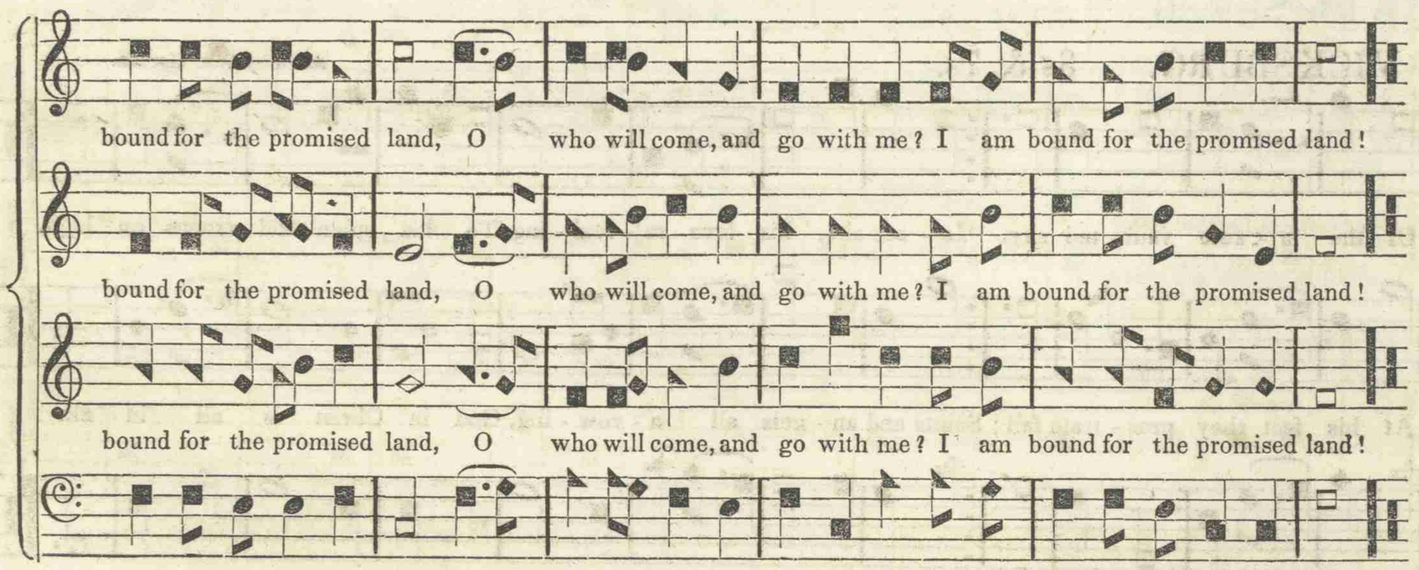
Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.



# THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

Arranged by Miss M. Durham.*



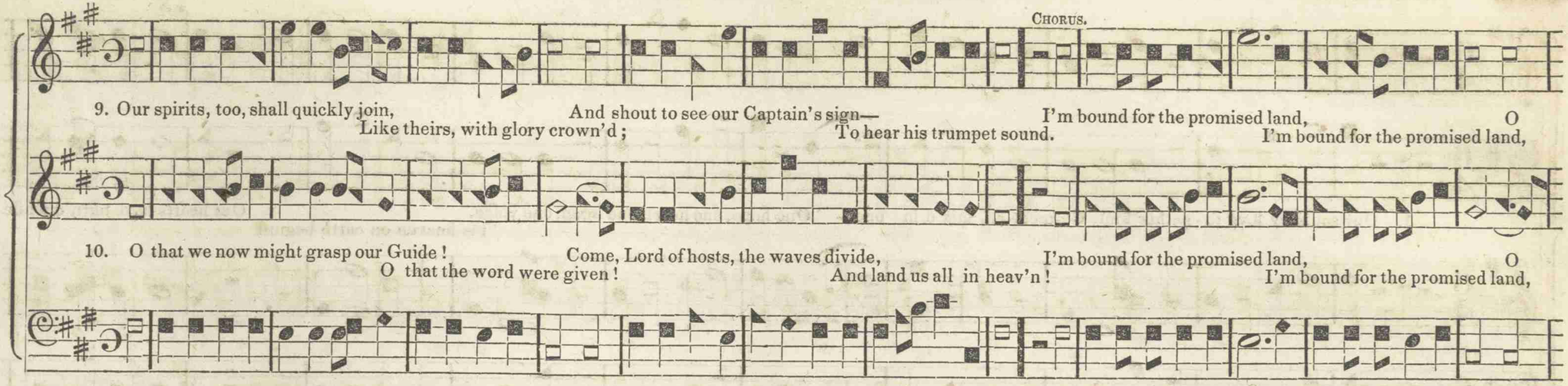

5. Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come—
And we expect to die.

6. His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

7. Our old companions in distress,
We haste again to see;
And eager, long for our release
And full felicity.

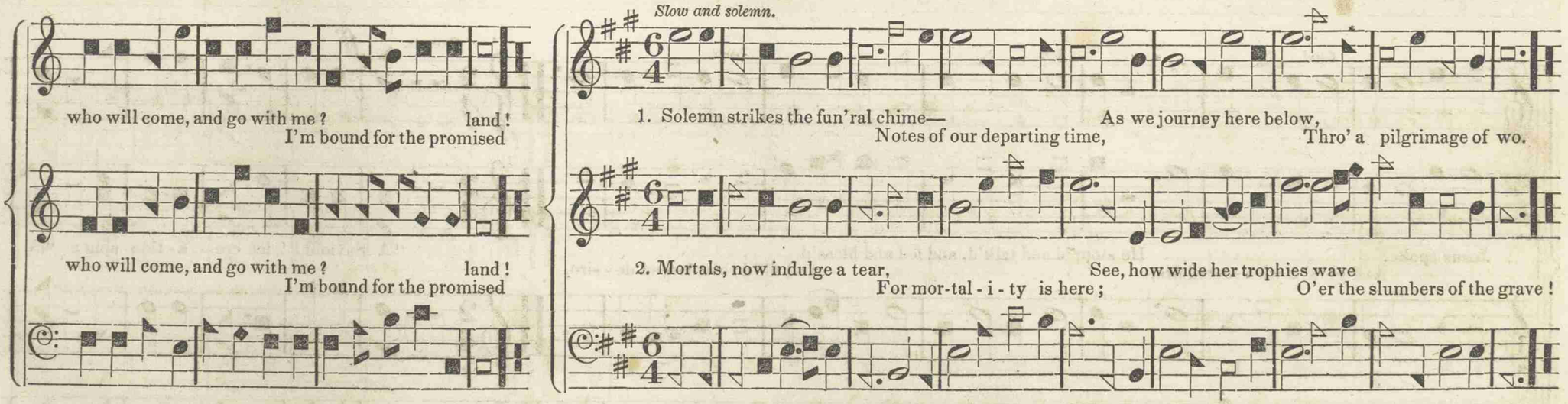
8. E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

* I have given Miss Durham's arrangement of this tune, and that on the opposite page, by an unknown author—Jno. A. Cooper, of Guilford Co., N. C., I guess—that the admirers of each arrangement may be gratified. W. H.




## MASONIC DIRGE. 7s.

Wm. Houser.




3. Here, another guest we bring—
Seraphs of celestial wing,
To our funeral altar come,
Waft a friend and brother home !

4. Calm, the good man meets his fate ;
Guards celestial round him wait :
See ! he bursts these mortal chains,
And o'er death the victory gains.

5. Lord of all below, above,
Fill our souls with truth and love ;
As dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to thy Lodge on high.

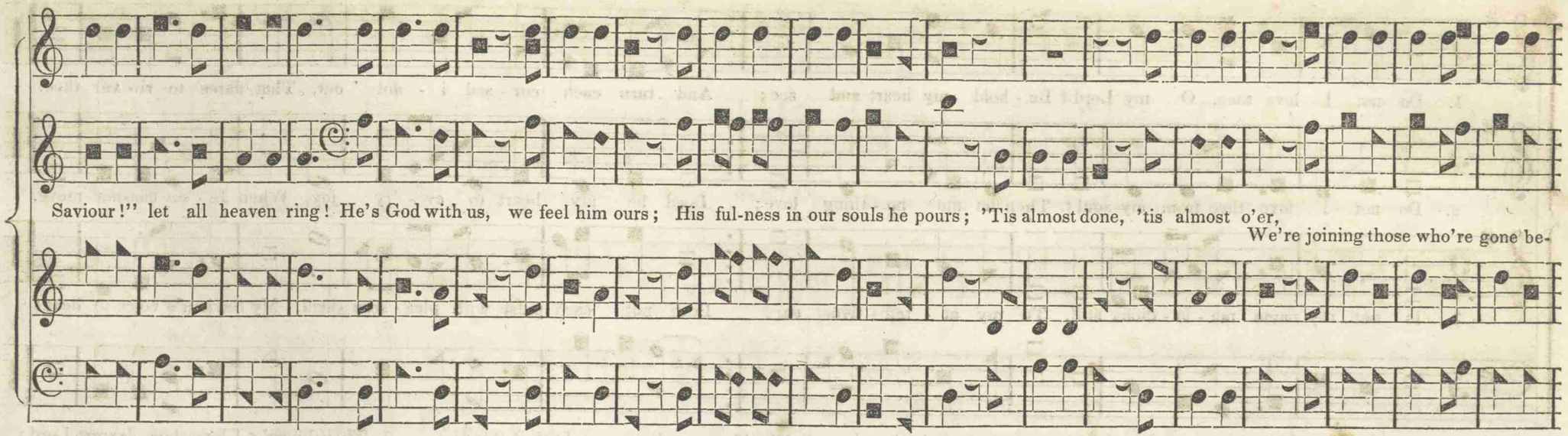
# WASHINGTON. C. M. D.

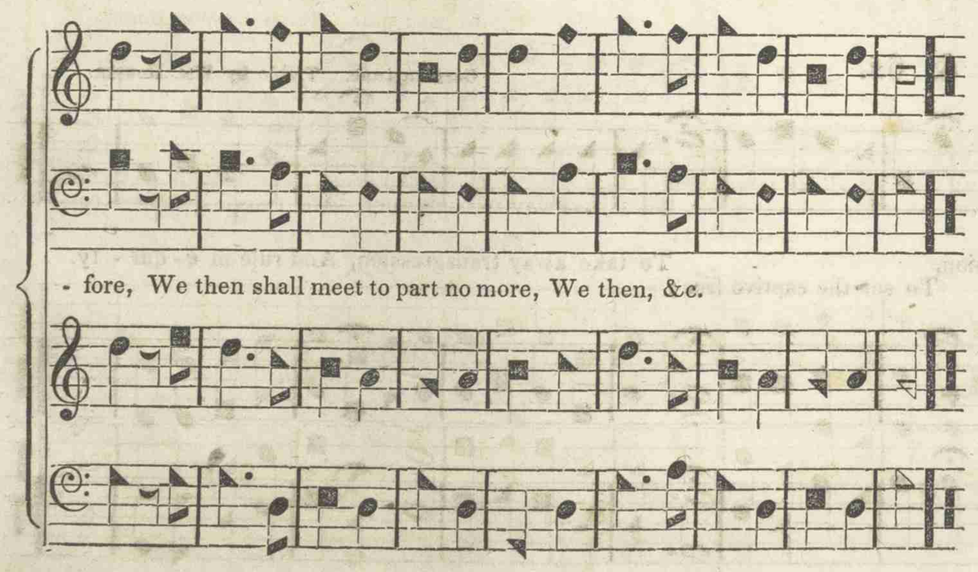
*Soft.*

1. Our souls by love to - gether knit, Ce-ment-ed, mix'd in one— One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, Our hearts have burn'd while
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

*Loud.* *Soft.* *Loud.* CHORUS. *ff*

Jesus spoke, He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and bless'd, "A Saviour!" let cre - a - tion sing; "A
And glow'd with sacred fire, And fill'd th'enlarged de - sire,




2.

We're soldiers fighting for our God;
Let trembling cowards fly;
We stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
With Christ to live or die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through;
Though foes unite, and friends all fail,
We'll seize the crown we view.
*A Saviour*, &c.

3.

The little cloud increases fast;
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A *rill*, a STREAM, a TORRENT flows,
YET POUR A MIGHTY FLOOD!
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!
*A Saviour*, &c.

4.

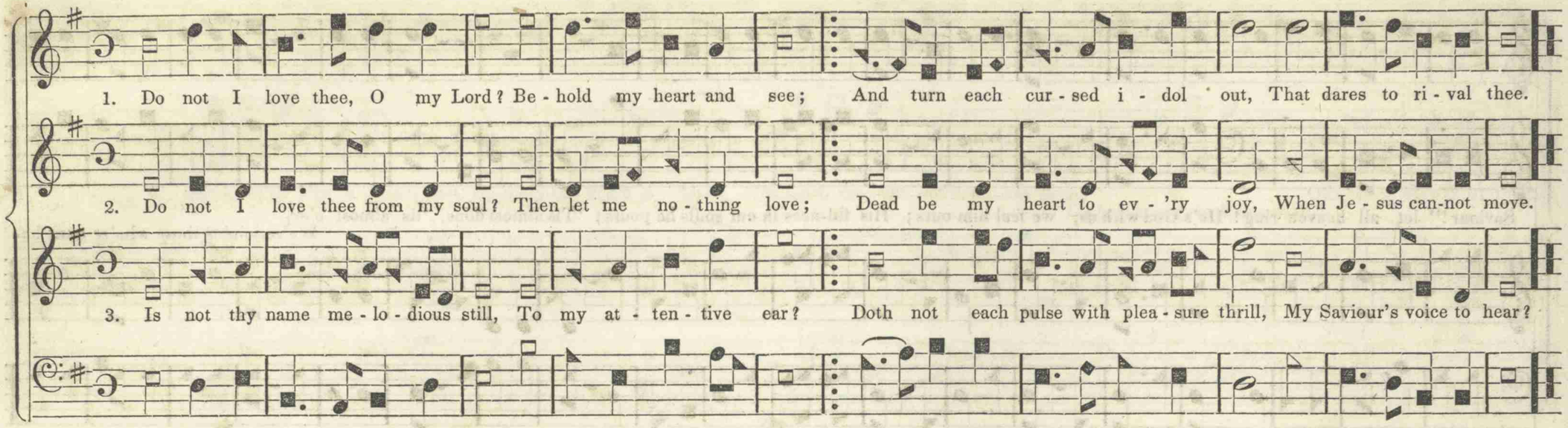
From east to west, from north to south,
O be thy name adored!
Let Europe, with her millions, shout
Hosannas to thee, Lord;
Let Asia, Africa, resound
From shore to shore thy fame;
And all America in songs
Redeeming love proclaim.
*A Saviour*, &c.

5.

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
Proclaim'd *by thee* thine own,
May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.
*A Saviour*, &c.

## DETROIT. C. M.

BRADSHAW.




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

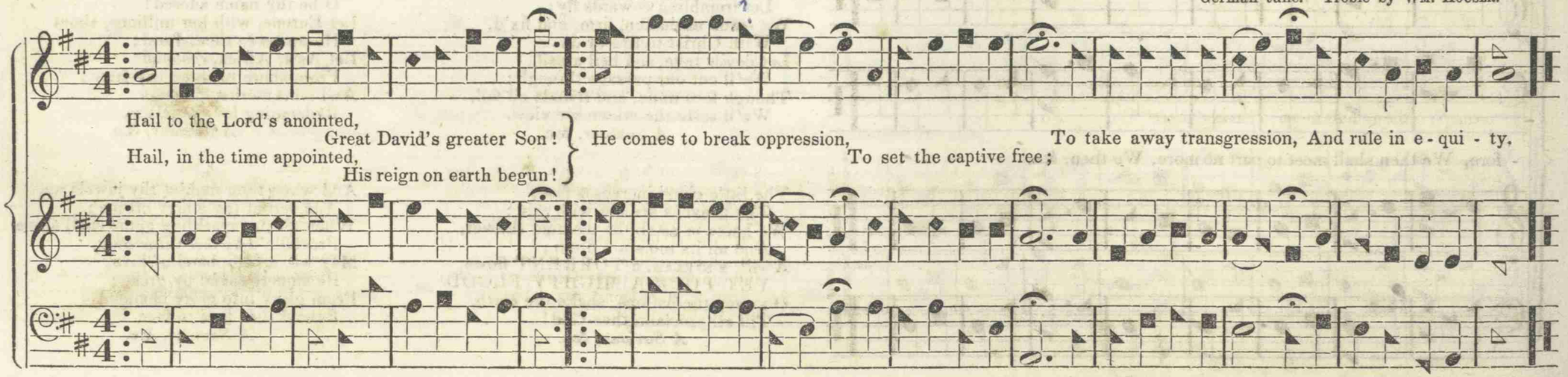
5. Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

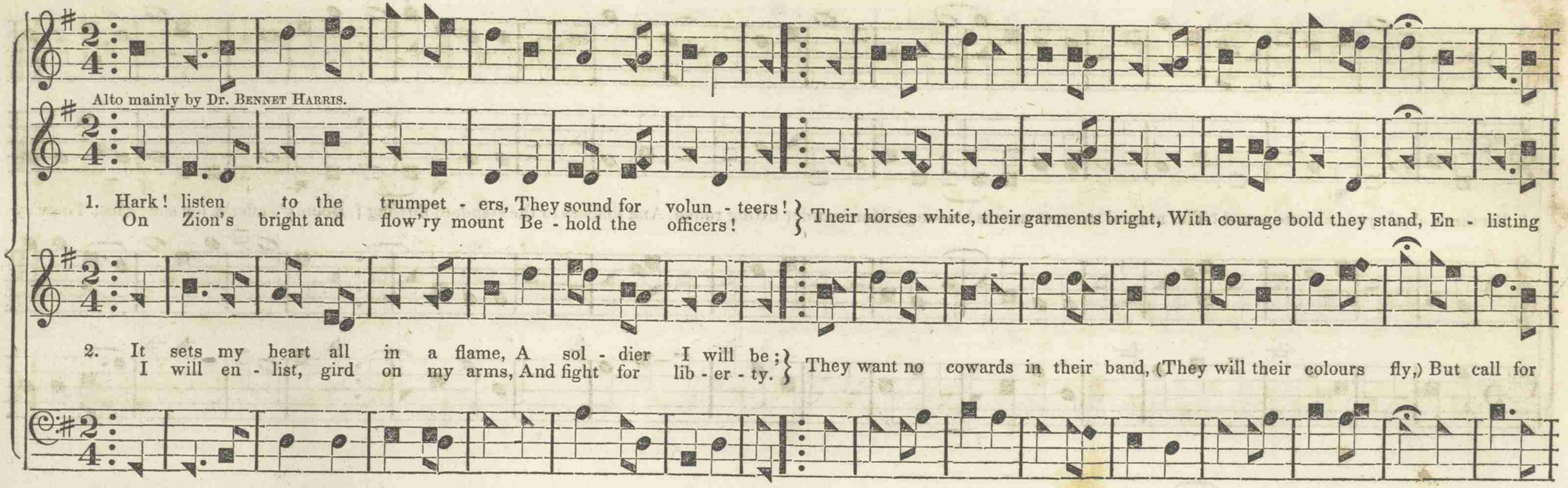
6. Would not my heart pour forth its blood,
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

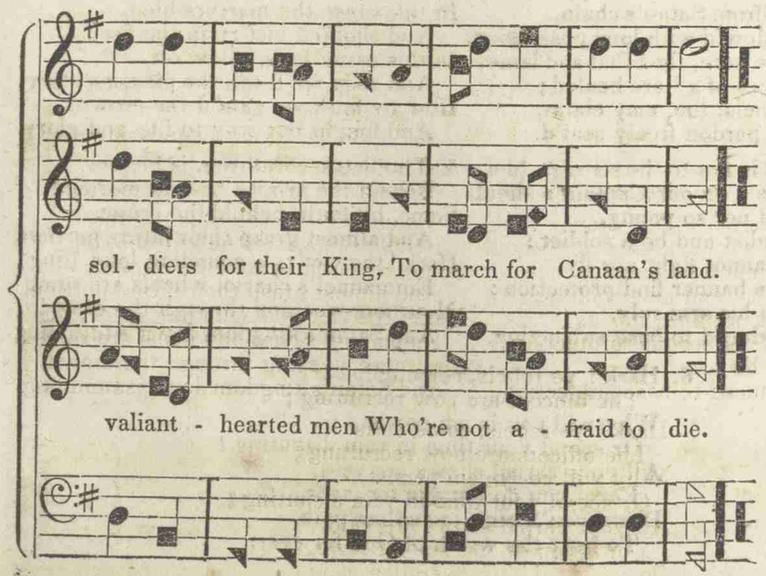
7. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

## LATROBE. 7s & 6s.

German tune. Treble by WM. HOUSER.





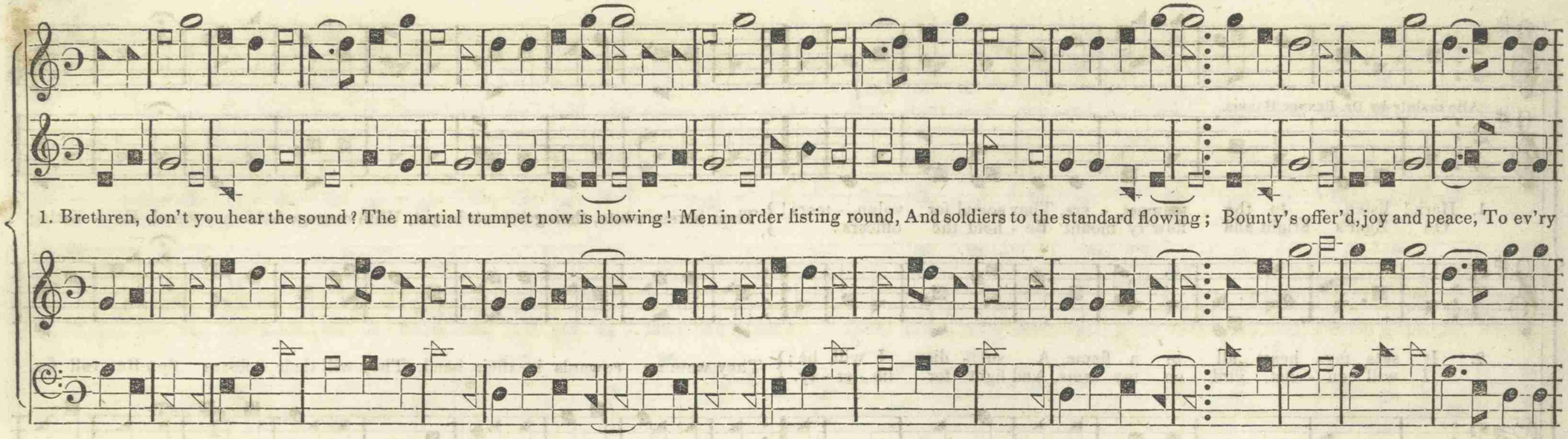



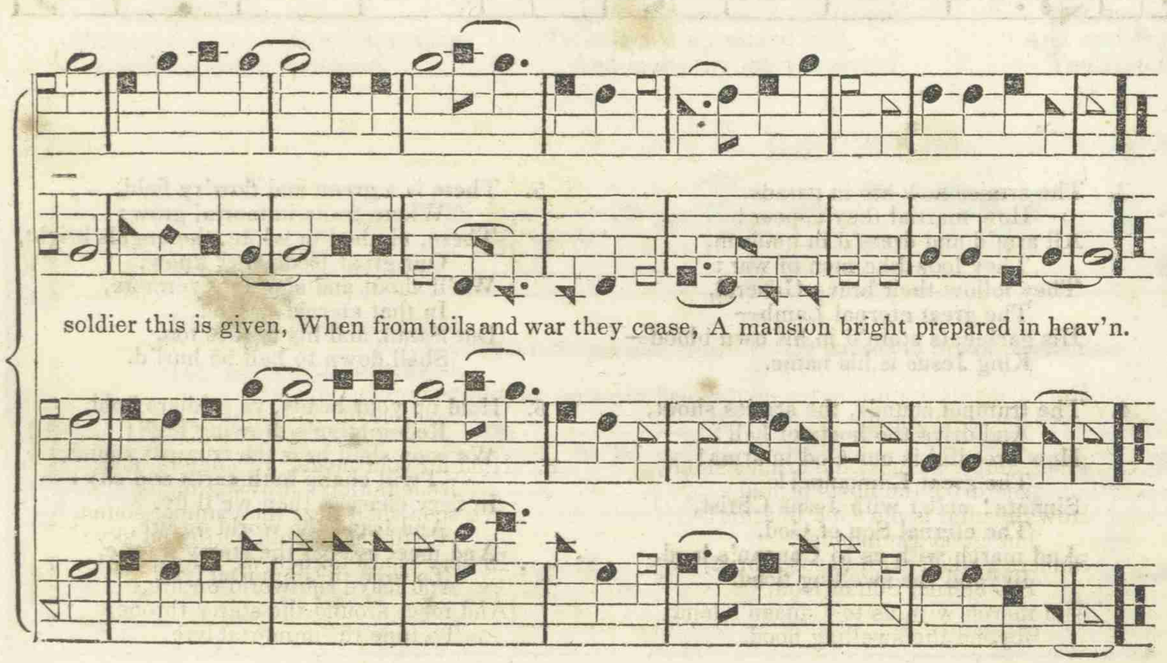

3. The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war:
They follow their brave General,
The great eternal Lamb—
His garments stain'd in his own blood—
King Jesus is his name.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Emmanuel!
Sinners! enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright,
Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world:
But Satan, and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
'Twill shake both earth and sky:
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne,
To tune th' immortal lyre.




2. They who long in sin have lain,
   And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are released from Satan's chain,
   And all endow'd with long possession.
The sick, the sore, the blind and lame,
   The maladies of all are healed;
Outlaw'd rebels, too, may claim,
   And find a pardon freely seal'd.

3. The battle is not to the strong, [der,
   The burden's on our Captain's shoul-
None so aged nor so young,
   But may enlist and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
   Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his arm rely,
   Shall be reduced to base subjection.

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

5. The battle, brethren, is begun,
   Behold the armies now in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
   And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the vict'ry's sounding loud, [ling!
   Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumb-
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
   And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

6. Hark! ye rebels, come enlist!
   The officers are now recruiting;
Why will you in sin persist,
   Or spend your time in vain disputing?
All your carnal shows are vain,
   For if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
   To bear the wrath of God for ever.

*Pia.* *For.*

Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? The tokens of thy grace. Thou art the earnest of his love, The
Great Comforter! descend, and bring

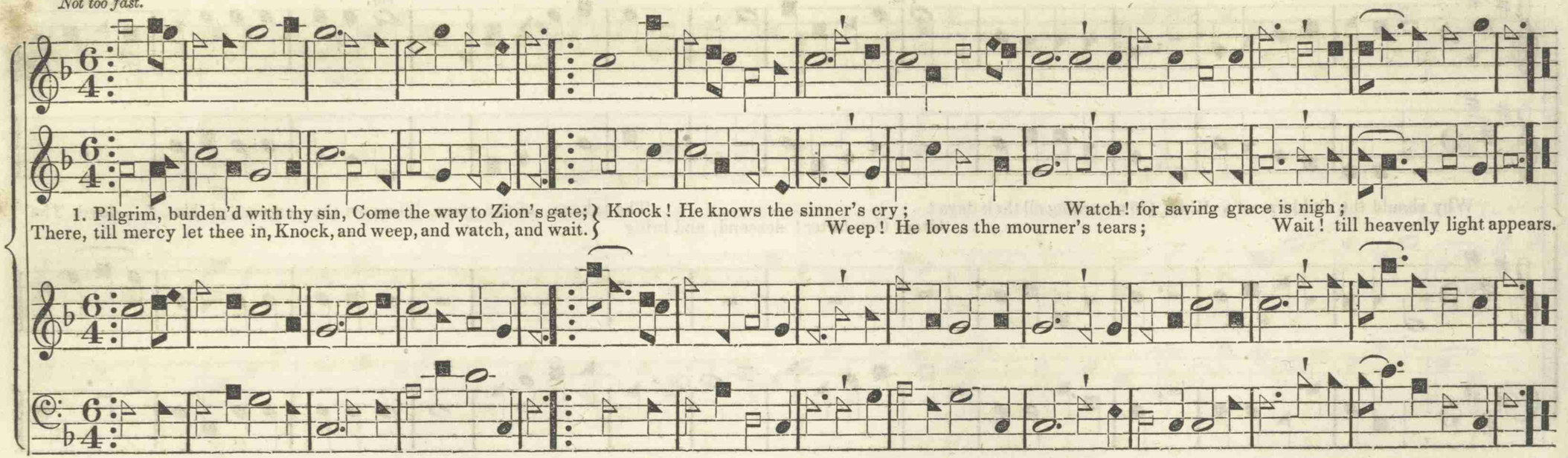
*M.P.* *M.F.*

pledge of joys to come; Safely convey me home, May thy bless'd wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Safe - ly . . . . . con - vey me home.
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,

# BURDENED PILGRIM. 7s. D.

WM. HOUSER.

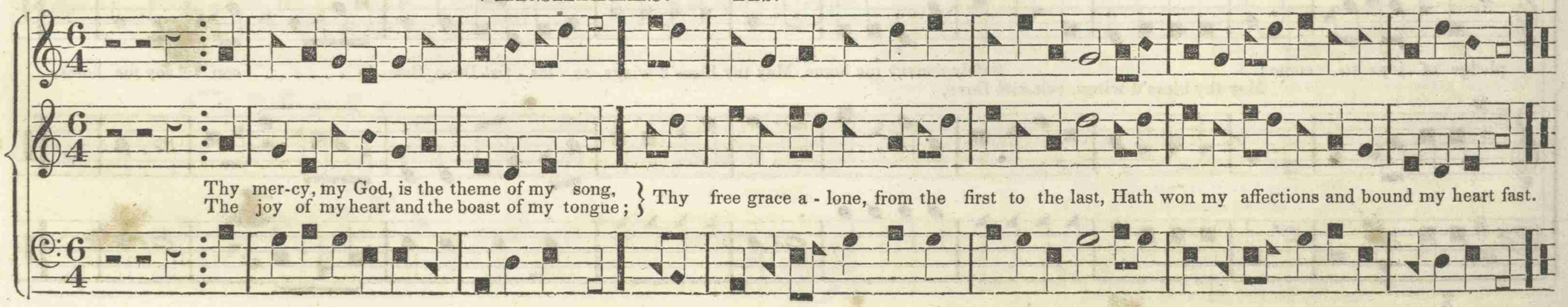
*Not too fast.*

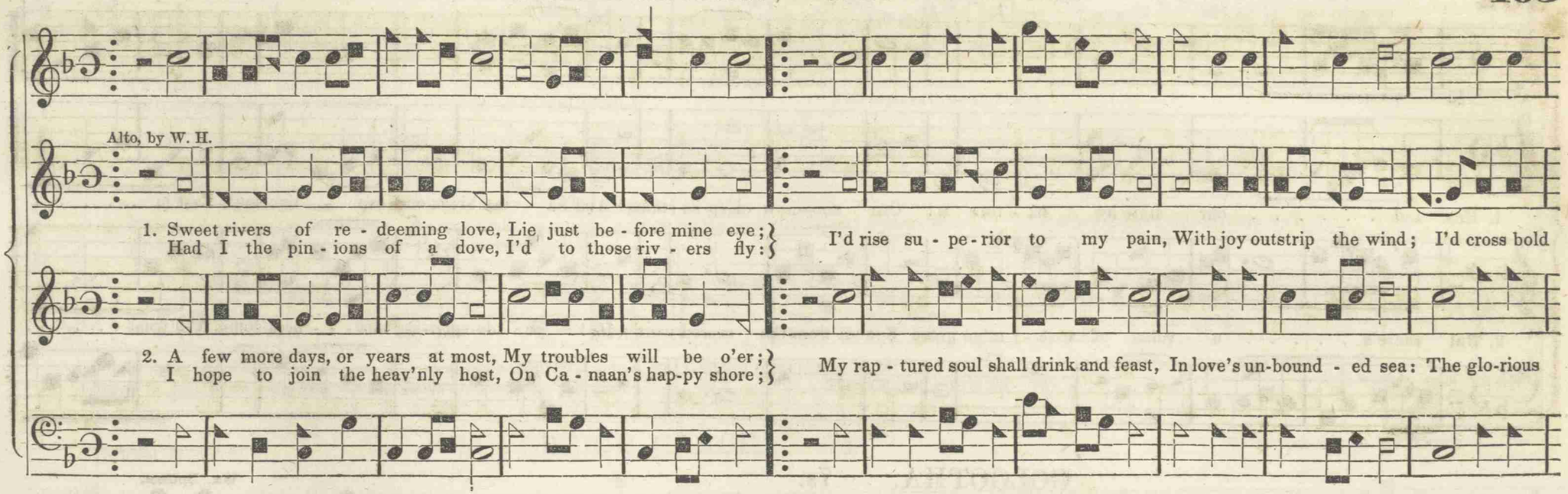


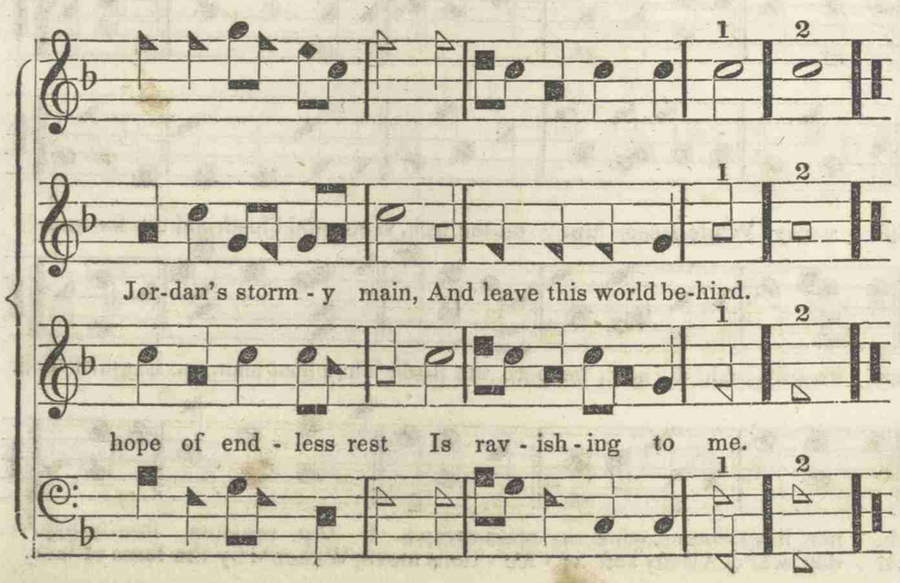

2. Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.
Safe from all the lures of vice;
Seal'd by signs the chosen know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3. Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
Fear, the hope of heav'n shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in certain raptures die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

# VERSAILLES. 11s.






3. O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thy image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

4. Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make Thy praises ring.
All hail! eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary!
Who bought me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.

5. Ten thousand thousand join in one
To praise the eternal Three—
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility;
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And join th' immortal choir:
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told
They'll raise his praises higher.

6. Salvation, in sweet purling streams,
Thro' Canaan's land doth roll;
Proceeding from the throne of God
To bathe the pilgrim's soul:
Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
All set in diamonds bright—
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.

## DEPRAVITY. C. M.

1. How sad . . . . . our state by na - ture is! Our sin—how deep its stains! And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in . . . . .

2. But there's . . . . . a voice of sove - reign grace Sounds from the sacred word; Ho! ye de-spair-ing sin - - - ners, come, And trust . . . . .

## GOLGOTHA. 7s.

WM. HOUSER.

*Slow.*

. . . . his sla-vish chains.

1. Let me dwell in Gol - go - tha, Weep and love my life a-way, While I see him on the tree, Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2. That dear blood for sin-ners spilt, Shows my sin in all its guilt; Ah! my soul, he bore the load: Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

. . . . a faith-ful Lord.

3. Hark! his dying words, "Forgive! Father, let the sin - ner live: Sinner, wipe thy tears away; I thy ran-som free-ly pay."
4. While I hear this grace re-veal'd, And ob-tain a par - don seal'd, All my soft af - fec - tions move, Waken'd by the force of love.

1. Ye weary, heavy laden souls, Who are oppress - ed sore,
Ye trav'lers thro' the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore,
Thro' chilling winds and beating rains, And en-e-mies sur-rounding you,
The waters deep and cold, Take courage and be bold.

2. Tho' storms and hurricanes arise, The desert all a-round,
And firey serpents oft appear, Thro' the enchanted ground—
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear— But while the gospel trump we hear,
And dragons of-ten roar— We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3. We're often like the lonesome dove, Who mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sorrows to re - late:
But Canaan's land is just before, A few more beating winds and rains,
Sweet spring is coming on; And winter will be gone.

Christian Lyre, p. 65.

## SOVEREIGN GRACE. 7s.

Treble and Alto, by Wm. Houser.

1. Sovereign grace has pow'r a - lone To sub - due a heart of stone; And the mo-ment grace is felt, Then the hard - est heart will melt.

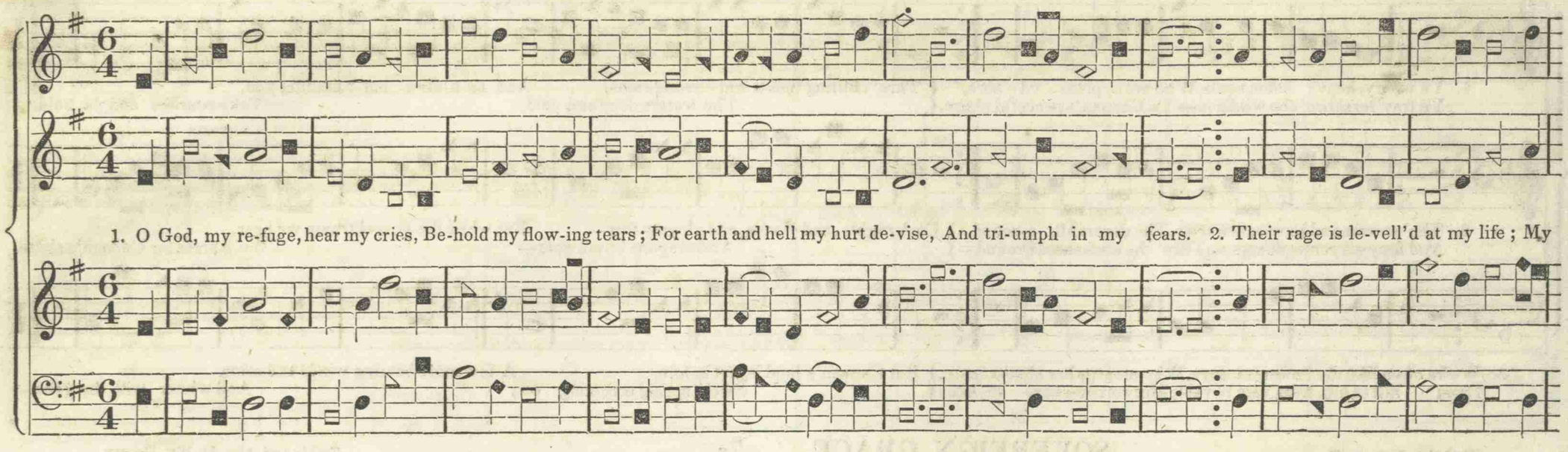
2. When the Lord was cru - ci - fied, Two transgress-ors with him died; One, with vile, blasphe - ming tongue, Scoffed at Je - sus as he hung.

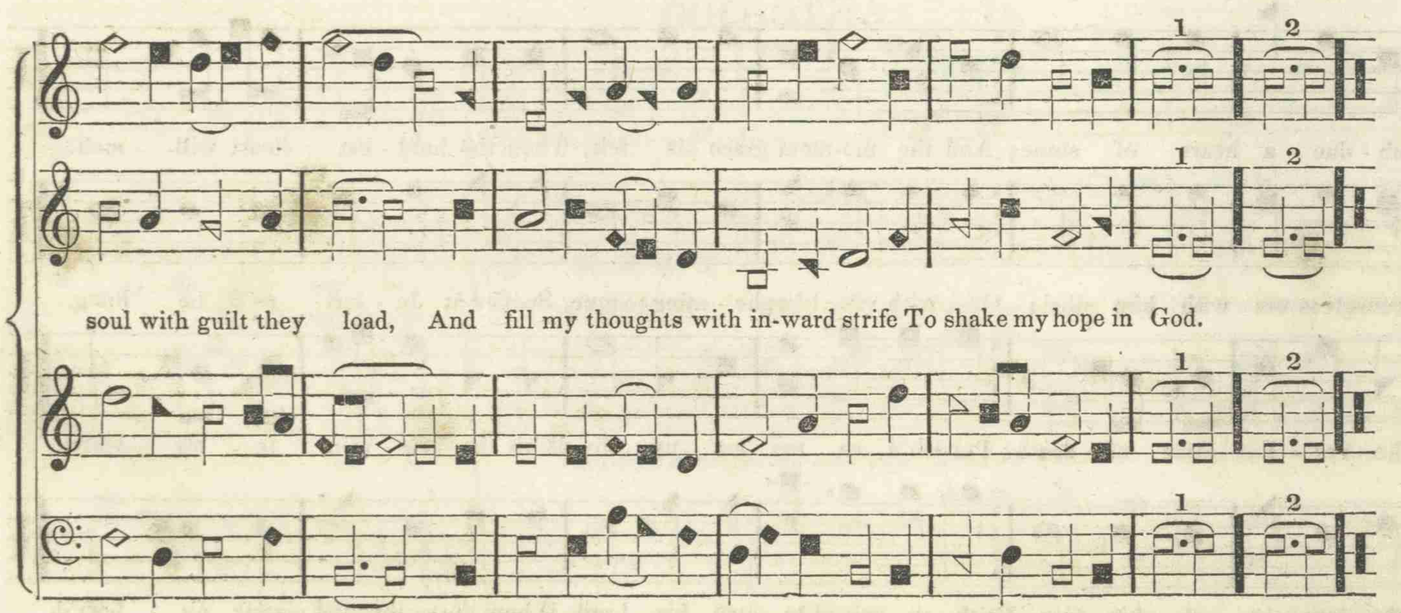
3. Thus he spent his wick - ed breath, In the ver - y jaws of death; Per-ish'd, as too ma - ny do, With the Sa - viour in his view.

4. But the oth - er, touch'd with grace, Saw the dan - ger of his case, Faith re - ceived to own his Lord, Whom the scribes and priests ab - horr'd.

# SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE. C. M. D.






3. What inward pain my heart-strings sound!
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Amongst the shades of death.

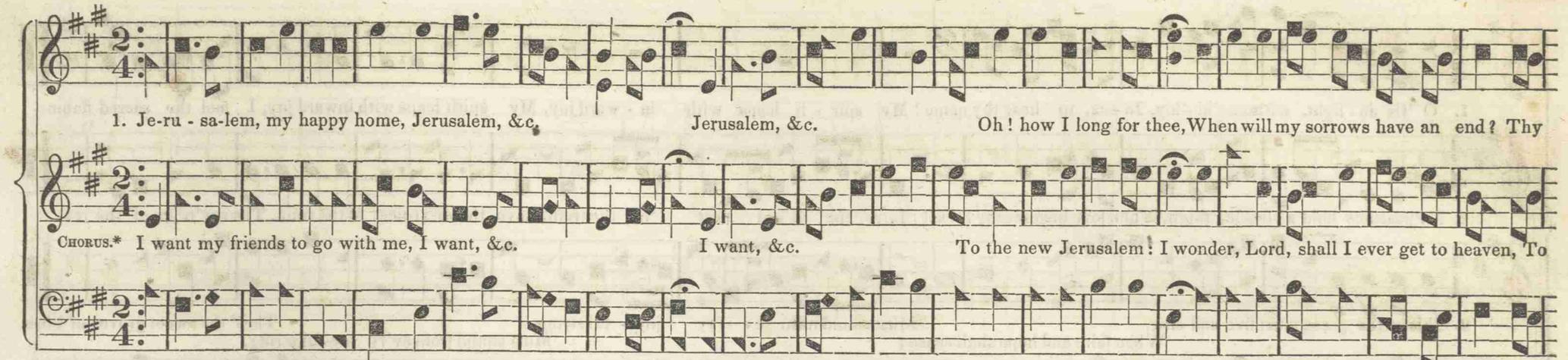
4. O, were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.

5. Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
And troubles never come.

6. Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

## CEDAR BLUFF. C. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




2. Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views, by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence?

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

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

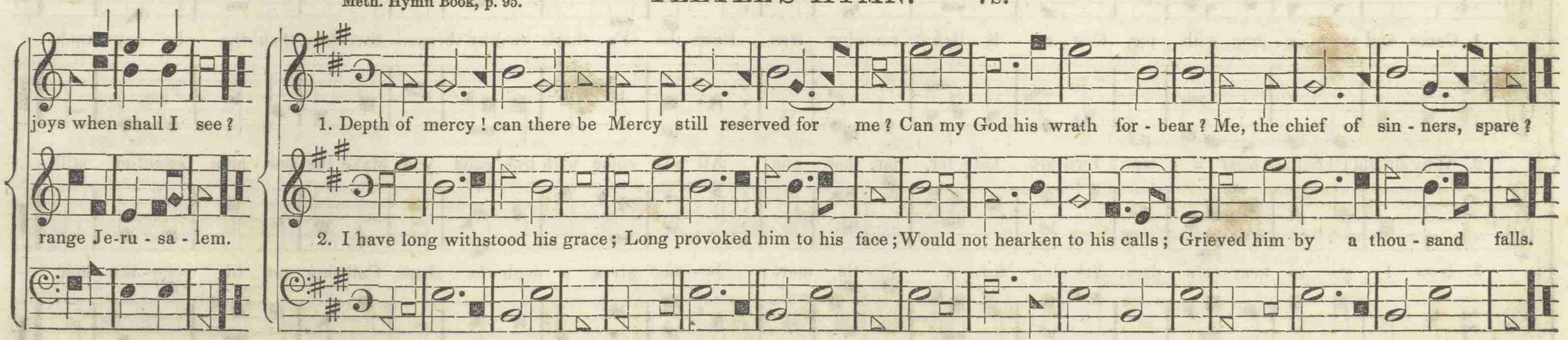
7. My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first began.

*To sing the chorus, some of the ties of notes must be broken, and a few of the notes repeated.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 95.



Southern Methodist Hymn Book, p. 348.

## CONWAY. C. M.

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

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

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

4. Let life im - mor - tal seize my clay, Let love re - fine my blood; Her flames can bear my soul away, Her flames can bear my soul away, Can bring me near my God.

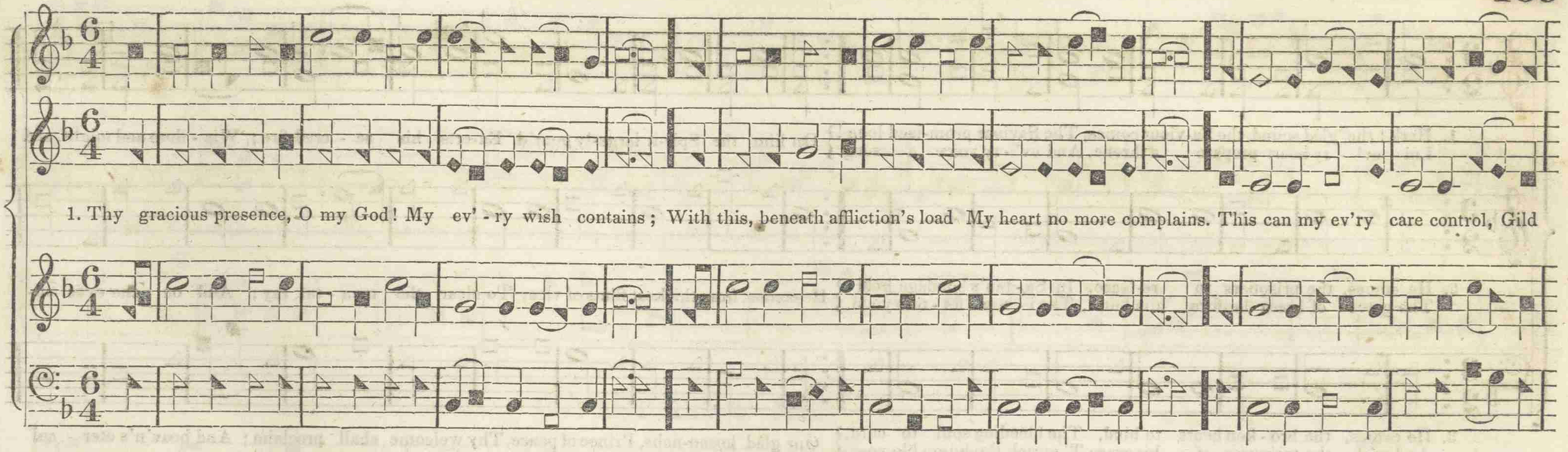
## TABOR. 7s.

Parts by Wm. Houser.

1. Come and taste, a - long with me, Con - so - la - tion run-ning free, From the Fa - ther's wealthy throne— Sweeter than the ho - ney - comb.

2. Why should Christians feast a - lone? Two are bet - ter, far, than one; All who come with free, good will, Make the ban - quet sweet-er still.

3. Now I go to heav-en's door, Ask - ing for a lit - tle more; Je - sus gives a doub - le share, Call - ing me his cho - sen heir.

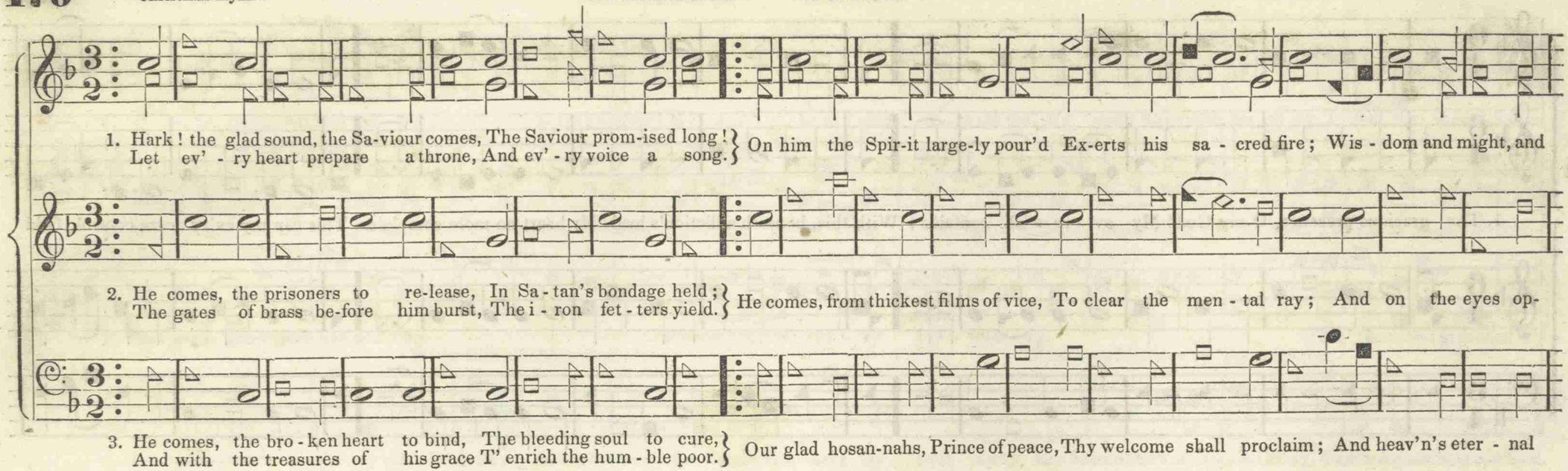



2. Oh happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart!
Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

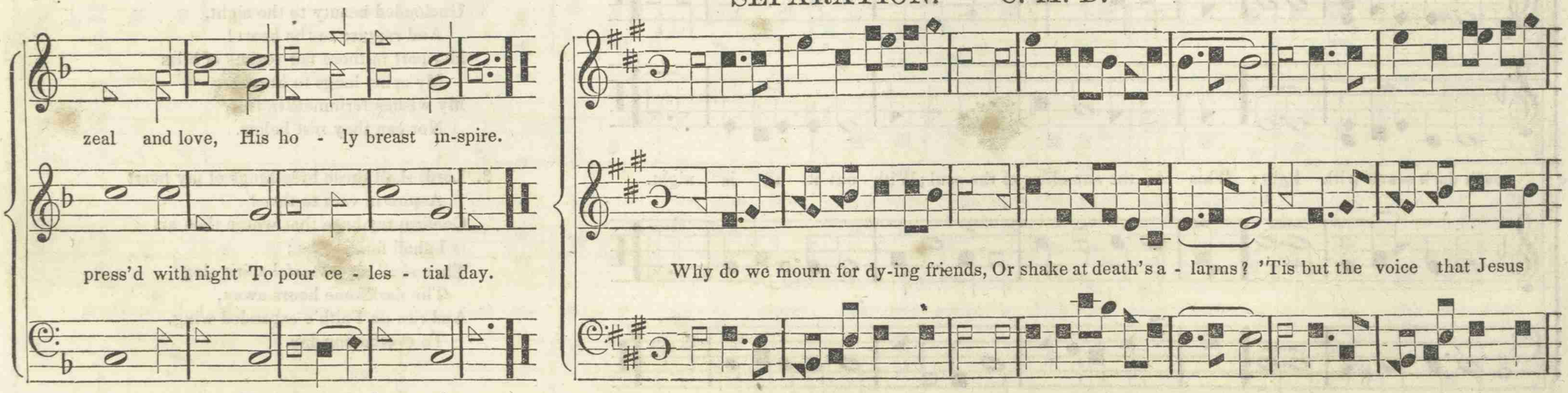
3. Lord, shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope that where thou art
I shall for ever be;
Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on Faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

Christmas Hymn.

## DERRICK. C. M. D.




## SEPARATION. C. M. D.



sends, To call them to his arms. 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.

## LOVEST THOU ME. 7s.

1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2. "I de - liv-er'd thee when bound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound; Turn'd thy darkness, Turn'd thy darkness in - to light.

3. "Can a mother's ten - der care Cease towards the child she bear? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I re- Yet will I re- Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.

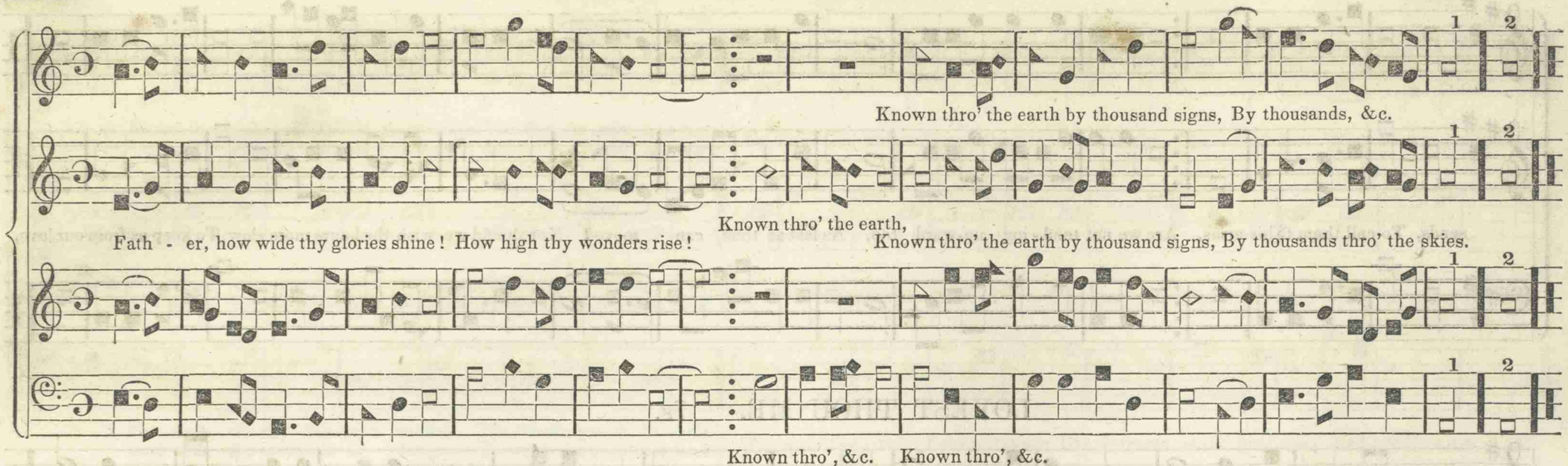
4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

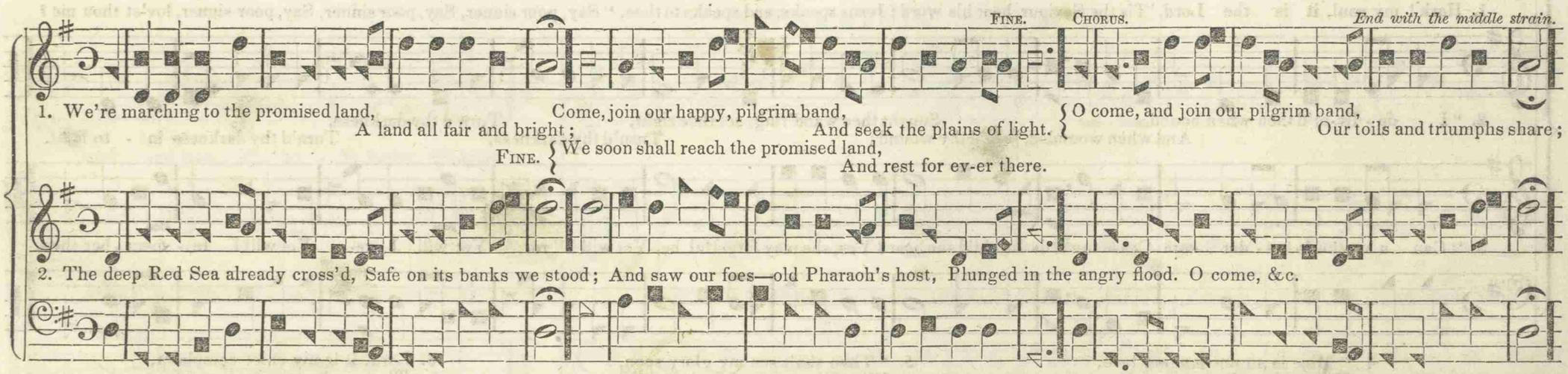
## CINCINNATI. C. M.

BRADSHAW.




## PILGRIM BAND. C. M.

Treble by WM. HOUSER.

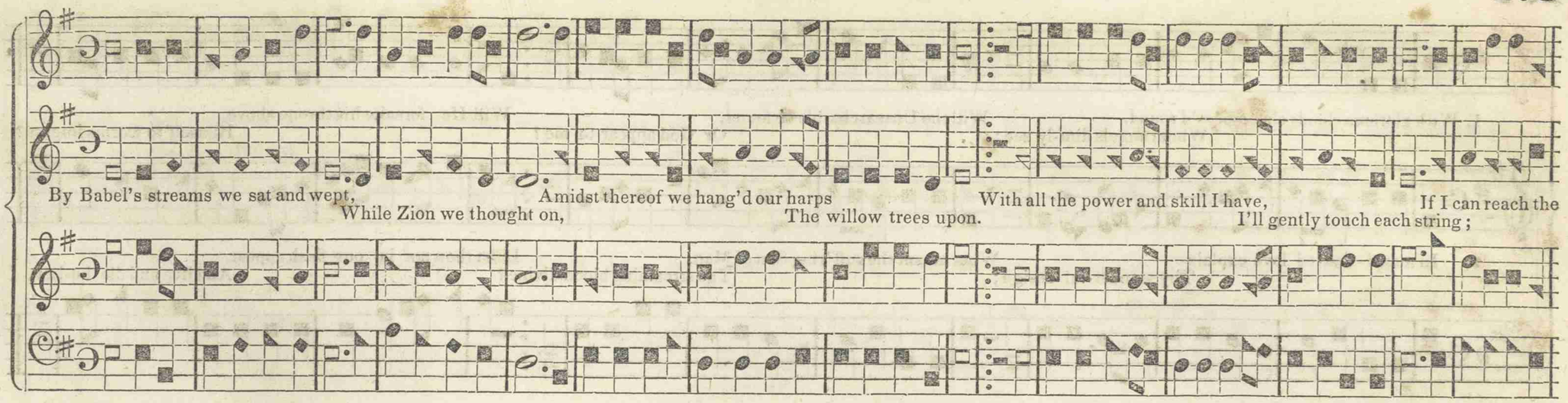



3. The Saviour feeds his little flock;
His grace is richly given:
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

4. To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day,
A fiery one by night.

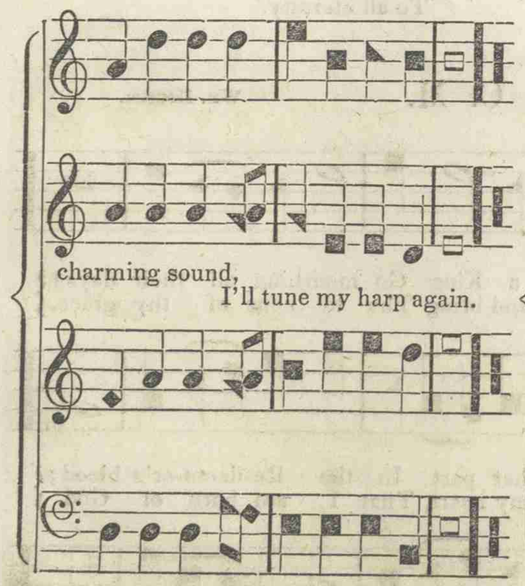
5. "Come with us, we will do thee good,"
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.

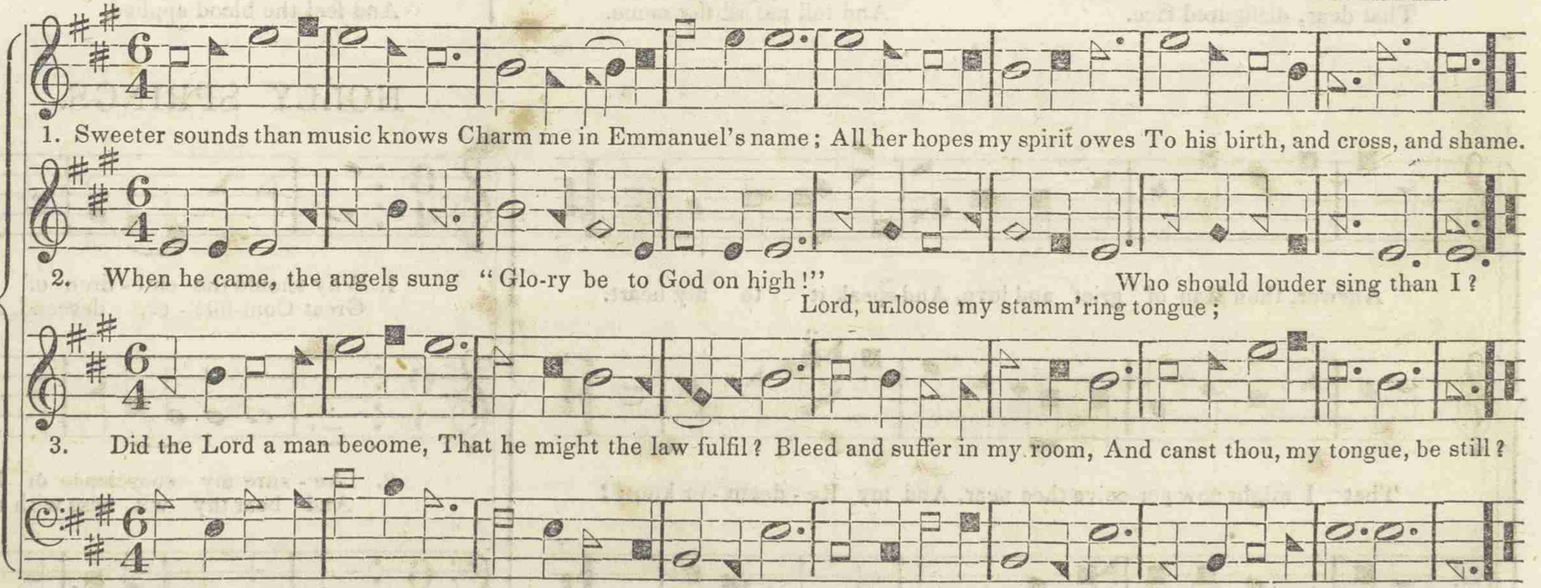
6. There in that land no tears are shed,
No sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led
And there they never part.




## BARBAULD. 7s.

German Air.

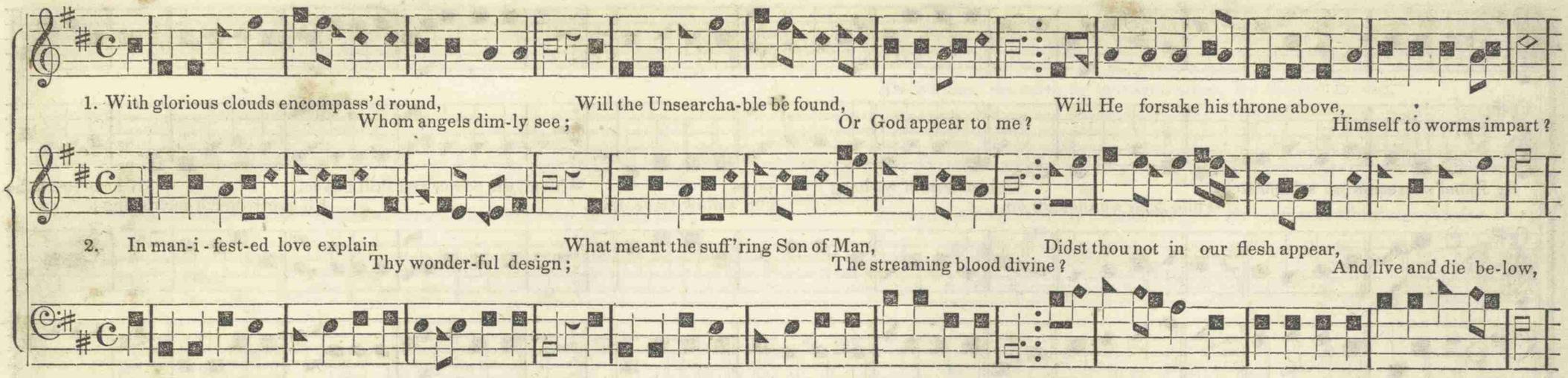



4. No, I must my praises bring, Tho' they worthless are and weak, For, should I refuse to sing, Sure the very stones would speak.
5. O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun, Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend, Ev'ry precious name in one, I will love thee without end.

## SUSSEX. C. M. D.

Rev. Jas. P. Carrell.

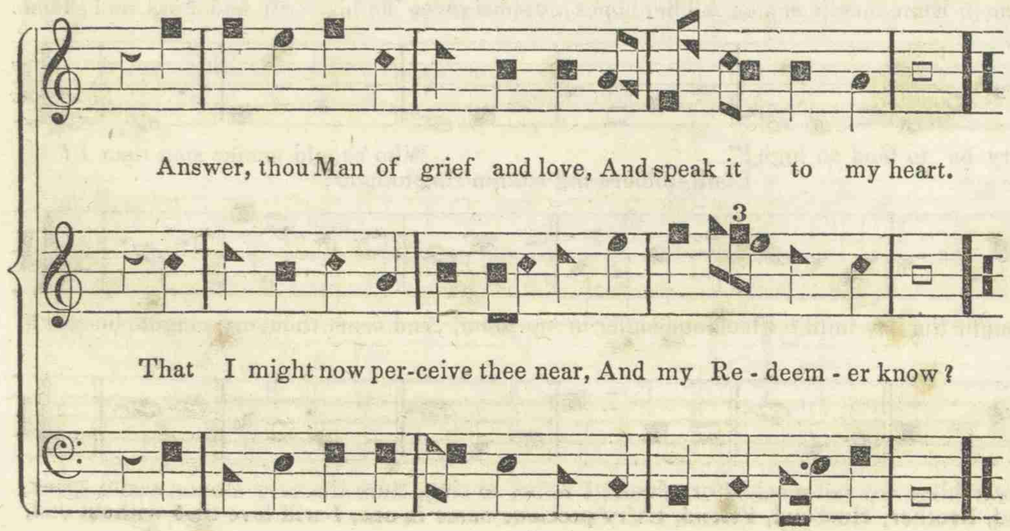



3. Come, then, and to my soul reveal,
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear, disfigured face.

Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

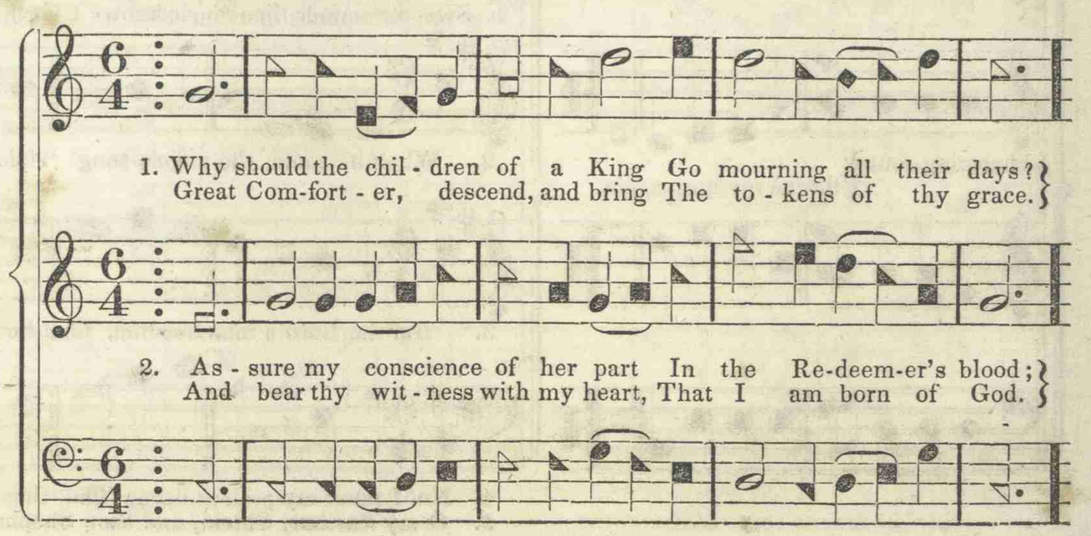
4. Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

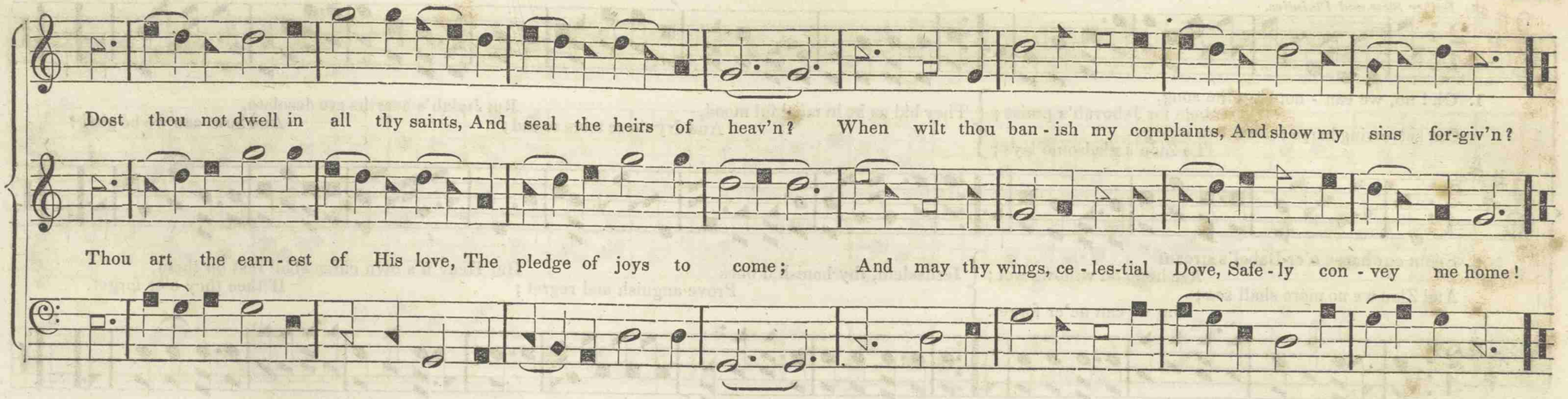
I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.




## HOLLY SPRINGS. C. M.

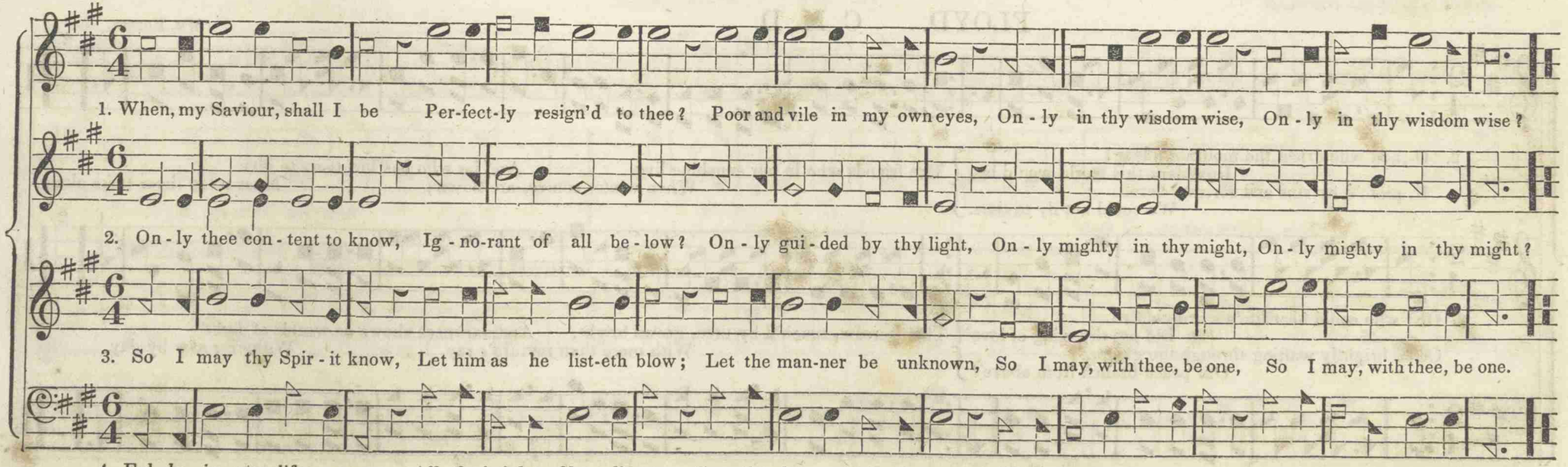
Wm. Houser.






## MAYSVILLE. 7s.

E. HERITAGE.

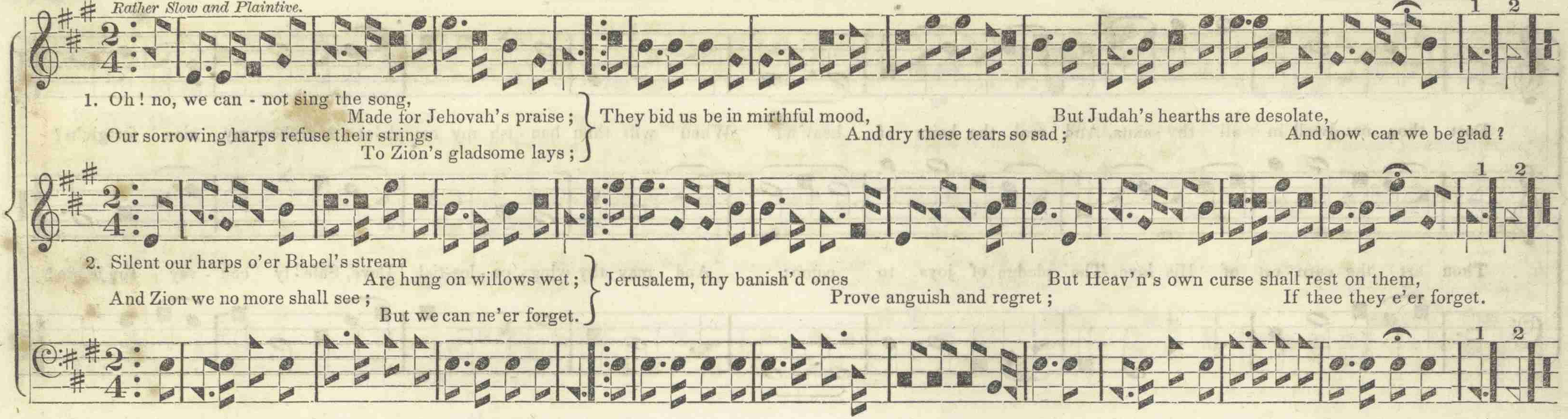


**176** Treble by Wm. Houser.

## THE CAPTIVE'S SONG. C. M. D.

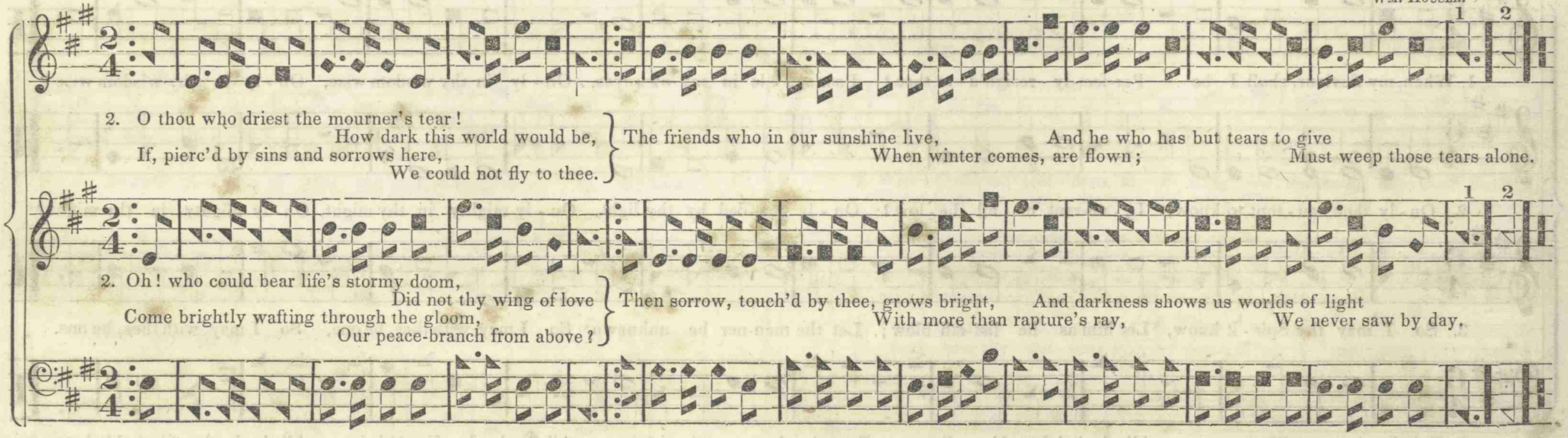
Words by Rev. D. R. Thomason, of England; written for the Christian Lyre.

*Rather Slow and Plaintive.*



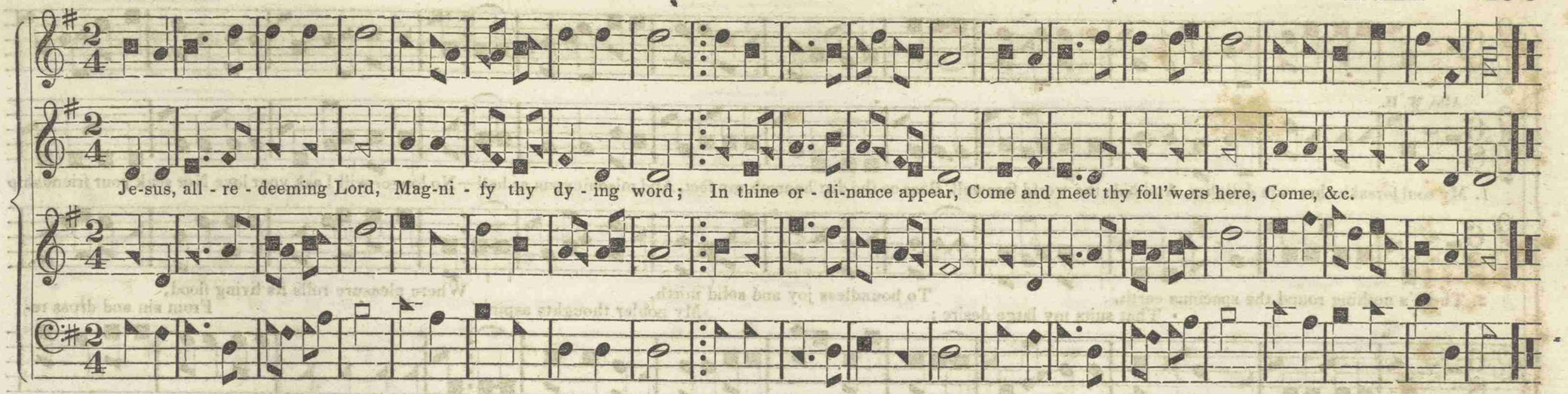

## FLOYD. C. M. D.

Wm. Houser.



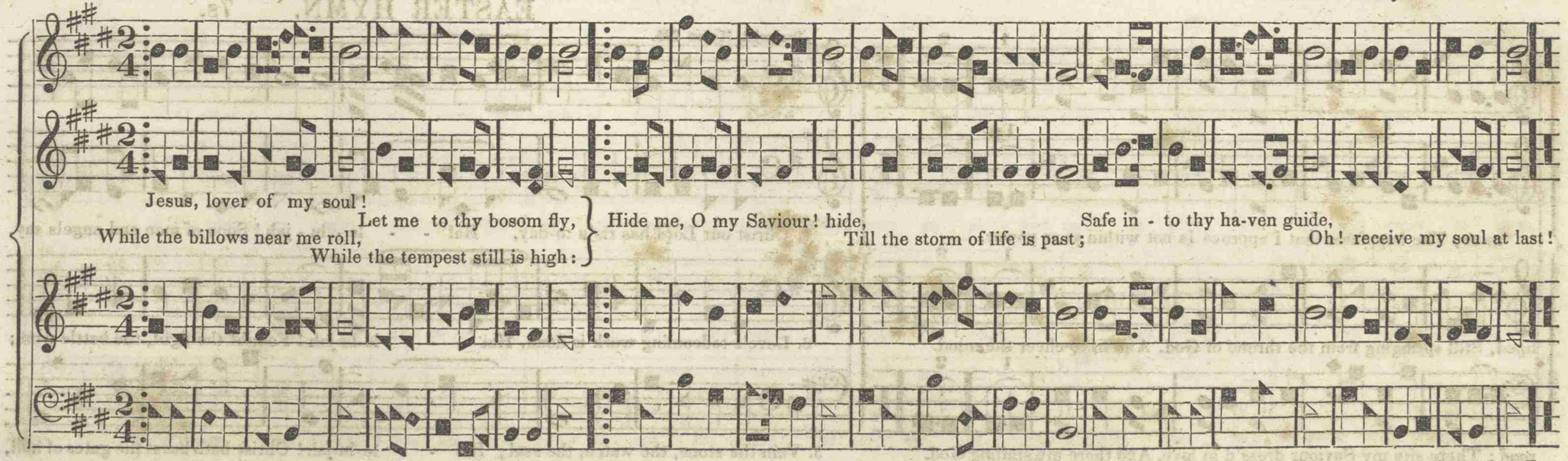
## SARK. 7s.

Dr. Miller.




## HAVEN. 7s. D.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.



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# MIDDLETOWN. 7s. D.

Christian Lyre.

BULL.

*Tutti.*

1. Hail, the day that saw him rise, Rav - ish'd from our wish - ful eyes; Christ, a-while to mor-tals given, There the

*M.P.*

Re - as-cends his na-tive heav'n;

*For.*

pom-pous tri-umph waits; "Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates! Wide un-fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of glo - ry in!"

2. Him though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his home,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3. Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Heav'n above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Following thee beyond the skies.

4. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love
Looking when our Lord shall come,—
Looking for a happier home.
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

## CAMPBELL. C. M. D.

WM. HOUSER.

1. Lift up your hearts to things above, Ye followers of the Lamb, } To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
And join with us to praise his love, And glo - ri - fy his name. } Whose mercies nev - er end;
Rejoice! re - joice! the Lord is King;
The

2. We for his sake count all things loss, On earthly good look down; } O let us stir each oth-er up,
And joy - ful - ly sustain the cross, Till we receive the crown. } Our faith by works t'ap-prove,
By ho - ly pu - ri - fy - ing hope, And

3. Let all who for the promise wait, The Ho - ly Ghost receive, } Live, till the Lord in glo - ry come,
And, raised to our un - sinning state, With God in E - den live. } And wait his heav'n to share;
He now is fit - ting up your home:
Go

Southern Methodist Hymn Book p. 330.

## ALABAMA. 7s.

WM. HOUSER.

King is now our friend.

the sweet task of love.

on, we'll meet you there!

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? 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. Je-sus, an-swer from a-bove, Is not all thy na - ture love? Wilt thou not the wrong forget? Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

## INSPIRATION. C. M.

E. Heritage.

Now shall my in - ward joys . . a - rise, And burst in - to a song: Al - migh - ty love inspires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.
And pleasure tunes my tongue, . . . And pleasure, &c. Al - migh - ty love in-spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.

Hymn. 1. O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell, &c. When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo;
This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam—
To fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I view'd the gaping tomb,
Although I fear'd death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh'd for home.

5. Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

* This tune may be sung with, or without repeating the last two lines of each stanza. Omit the slurs, except in repeating.

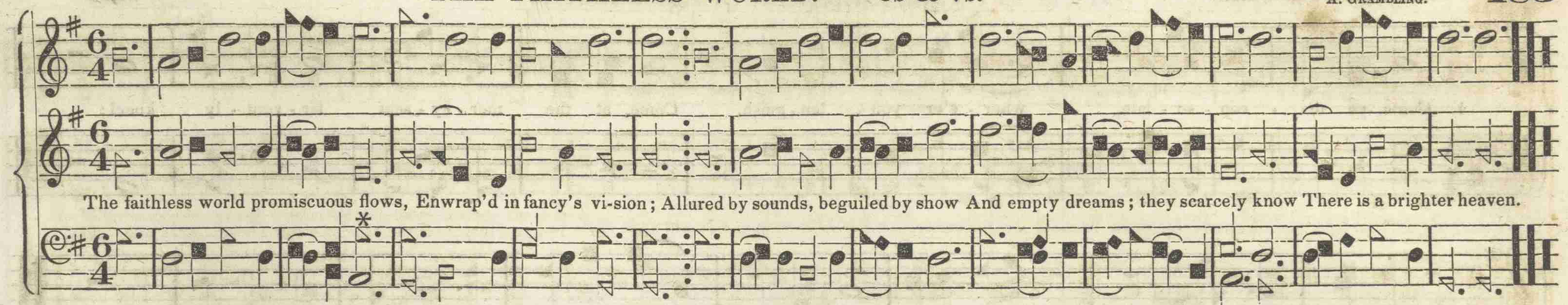
## FANCY'S VISION.

E. K. Davis, of Cedar Bluff, Ala.

The faithless world promiscuous flows, Allured by fancy's vision; The smiles of joy, the tears of wo, De-ceit-ful shine, deceitful flow; There's nothing true but heaven.

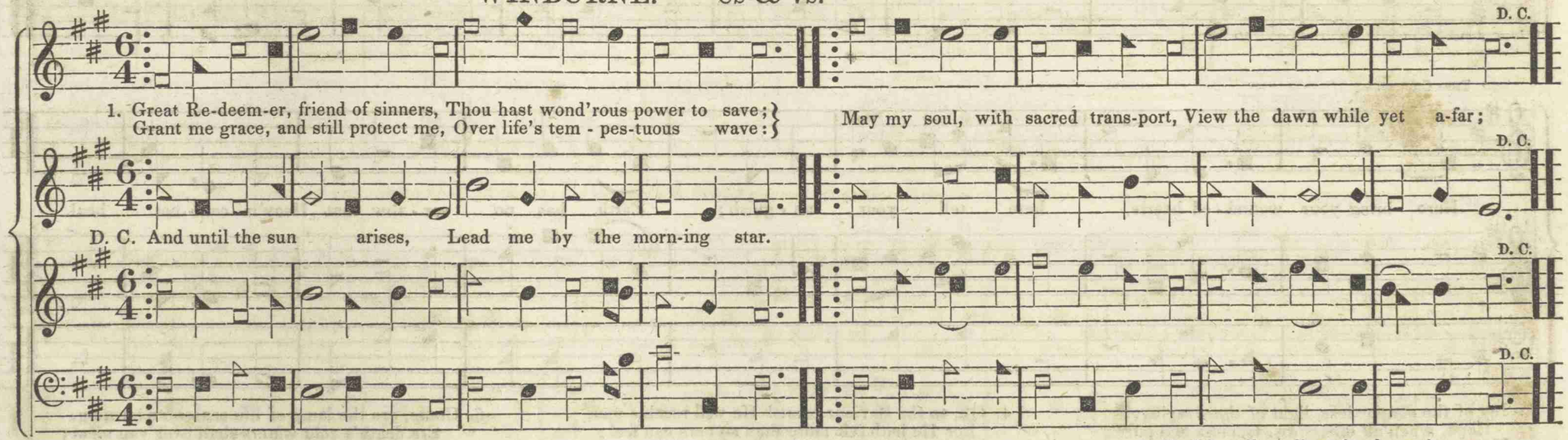
## THE FAITHLESS WORLD. 8s & 7s.

A. GRAMBLING.




* These two notes must not be sung at the same time, for they will not harmonize; but either will harmonize with the treble and tenor. The lower note, with a few other alterations in this Bass, has been inserted by W. H.

## WINBURNE. 8s & 7s.




2. O what madness! O what folly!
That my heart should go astray;
After vain and foolish trifles,
Trifles only of a day!
This vain world with all its pleasures,
Soon, alas! will be no more:
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.

3. See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
"Jesus! Jesus!" is their theme:
Hark! they whisper, lo! they call me,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo! I come, earth can't contain me!
Hail! ye realms of endless day.

4. Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours!
Seraphs, lend your glitt'ring wings!
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly music round me rings.
Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high!

As a Solo, or as a Duett, either.

# COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel;
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.

TRIO CHORUS.

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."

3. Here see the Bread of Life—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared—come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

4. Oh, to the Saviour come! He will receive you,
For He hath felt more than sinners can feel;
List how He intercedes—He will relieve you—
Earth has no sorrow His blood cannot heal.

5. Angels, with sympathy, look down from heaven—
They would entreat you his love to secure;
None ever sought in vain—all are forgiven—
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

The last four stanzas are by Dr. ED. M. PENDLETON, of Sparta, Geo.

6. Come, ere the lamp of life ceases its burning,
Ere death's cold waters shall over you steal;
Come, while poor penitents gladly are turning—
Earth has no sorrow his blood cannot heal.

7. List to the gospel trump, yield to its warning—
Hear what poor sinners in hell must endure—
Oh! if you wait until Judgment's dread morning,
Hell has a sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

1. What poor, de-spi-sed compa-ny Of travellers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way, Along the rugged maze?
Ah! they are of a roy-al line, All children of a King, Heirs of immortal crowns divine, And loud for joy they sing.

2. Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprized.

Why do they shun that pleasing path,
Which worldlings love so well
Because it is the road to death,
The certain way to hell.

3. Why do they walk the narrow road,
Along that rugged maze?
Because this way their Leader trod—
They love and keep his ways.

What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God—
No other can be found.

## LA GRANGE. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

Saviour, vi - sit thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain;
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
Keep no long - er at a dis-tance; Shine up - on us from on high,

D. C. Lest, for want of thine as - sist - ance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die.

D. C.

## CONCORDIA. C. M.

Wm. Houser.

How hap-py ev' - ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n, I seek my place in heav'n, I

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 485.

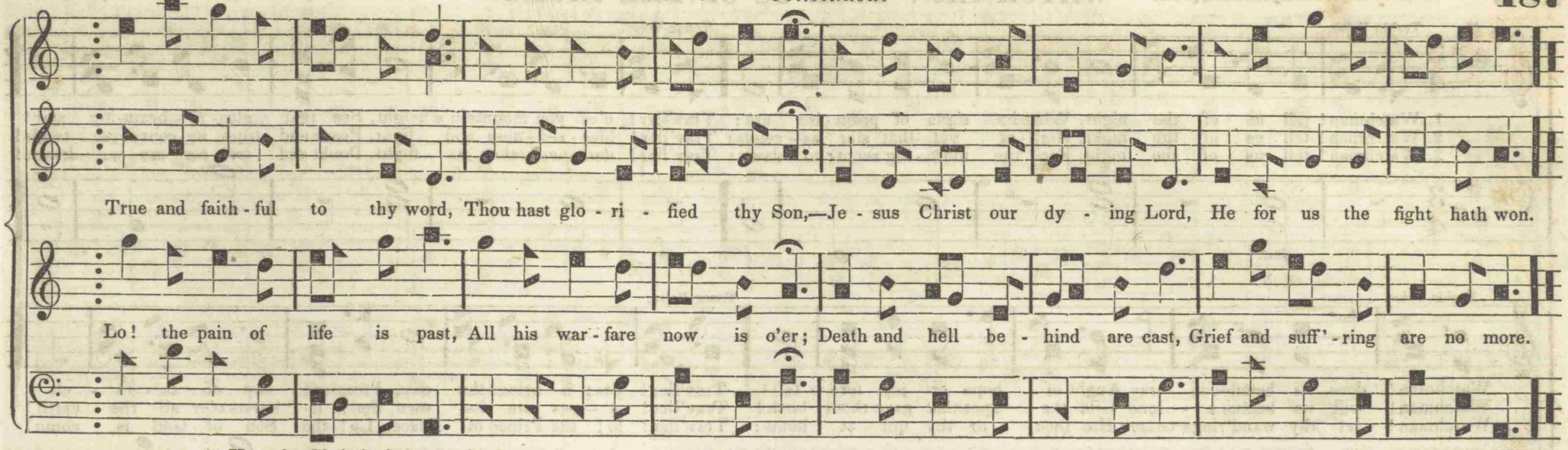
## BROWNSON. 7s. D.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

seek my place in heav'n, This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n.

1. Blessing, honor, thanks and praise, Pay we, gracious God, to thee;
Thou in thine a - bundant grace, Giv-est us the vic-to - ry;

2. Lo! the prisoner is releas'd, Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest, He is gather'd in-to God!



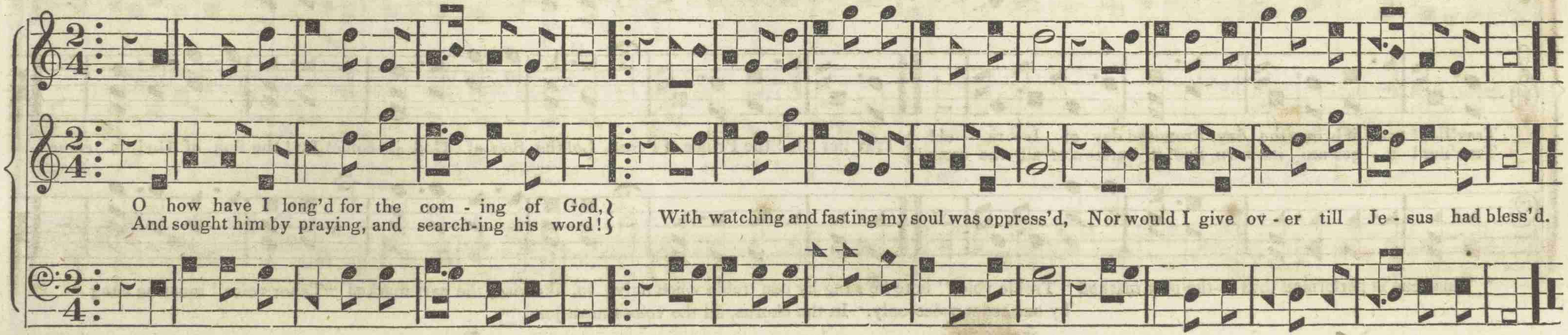

3. Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight,—the work is done,—
Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies:
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4. Join we then with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,—
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5. Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain:
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art entered into joy:
Let thee unbelievers mourn:
We in songs our lives employ
Till we all to God return.

## NEW HOPE. 11s.

AXTON.



Southern Methodist Hymn Book, p. 549.

# WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.*

7s.

[Missionary, or Christmas Hymn.]

Treble Voice.

Tenor Voice.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are: Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends: Trav'ller! bles-sed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends!
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn: Trav'ller! dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn!

*Inst.*

Treble Voice.

Tenor Voice.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'ller! a-ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home: Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

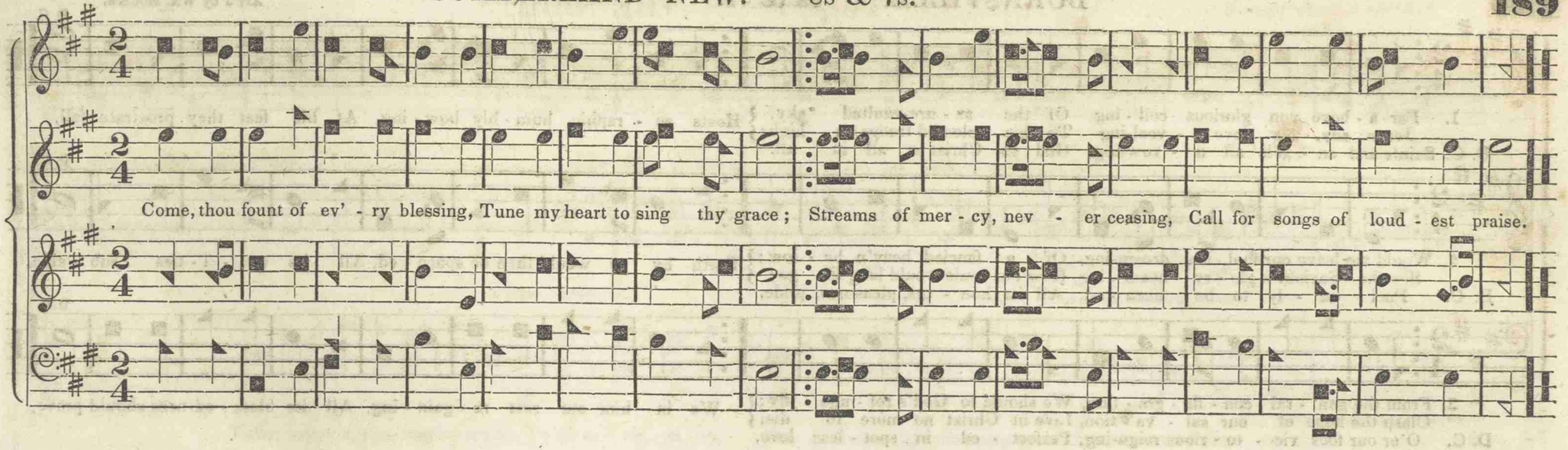
Chorus to 1st and 2d Stanzas.

Chorus to 3d Stanza.

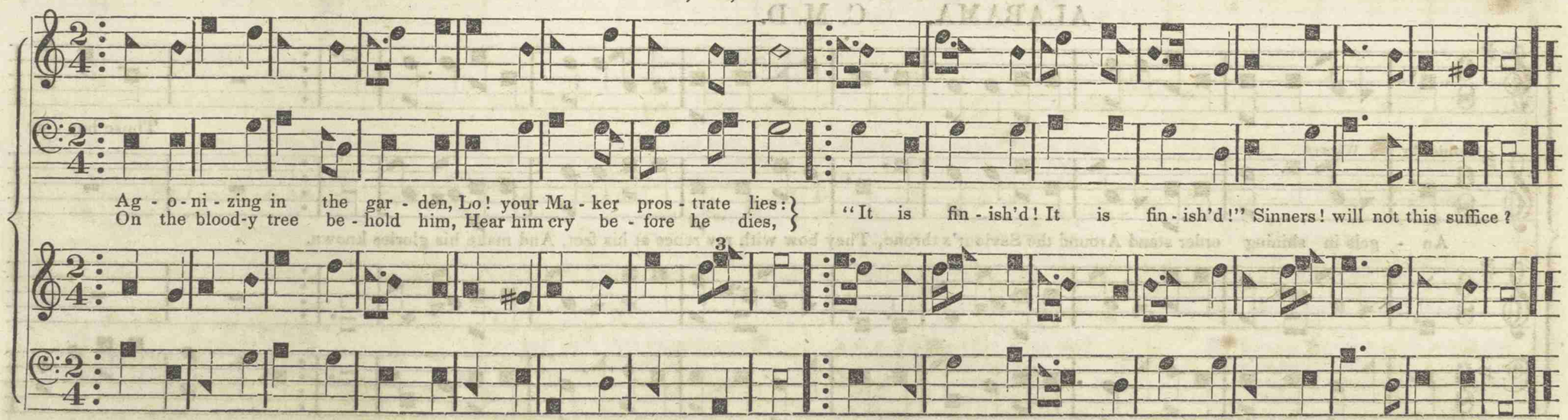
Trav'ller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el!
Trav'ller! a-ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
} Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

* This tune is performed thus:—the part marked "Treble voice" is to be sung by one treble voice only; so, likewise, the part marked "Tenor voice" must be sung by one tenor voice only. In the chorus, all the voices must join.

## CUMBERLAND NEW. 8s & 7s.




## KINGSTON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



## BURNSVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

1. Far a - bove yon glorious ceil - ing Of the az - ure-vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love re - veal-ing To his splendid troops on high;
D. C. Saints and an - gels all a - vow-ing, God in Christ is all in all.
Hosts se - raphic, hum - bly bow - ing, At his feet they prostrate fall,

D. C.

2. Would we leave our fool - ish dream-ing, Of a fancied heav'n be - low;
See the Saviour's glo - ry beam - ing, How our souls would long to go!
D. C. Fuel on - ly to be burn - ed, All its hon - ors, pleasures, pride.
Earth by us would then be spurn - ed, All its van - i - ties sub - side,

D. C.

3. From the gen' - ral con - fla - gra - tion, We should to God's ref - uge fly;
Clasp the hope of our sal - va - tion, Live in Christ no more to die;
D. C. O'er our foes vic - to - rious reign-ing, Perfect - ed in spot - less love.
We in him our rest re - gain - ing, All its bless - ed-ness should prove,

D. C.

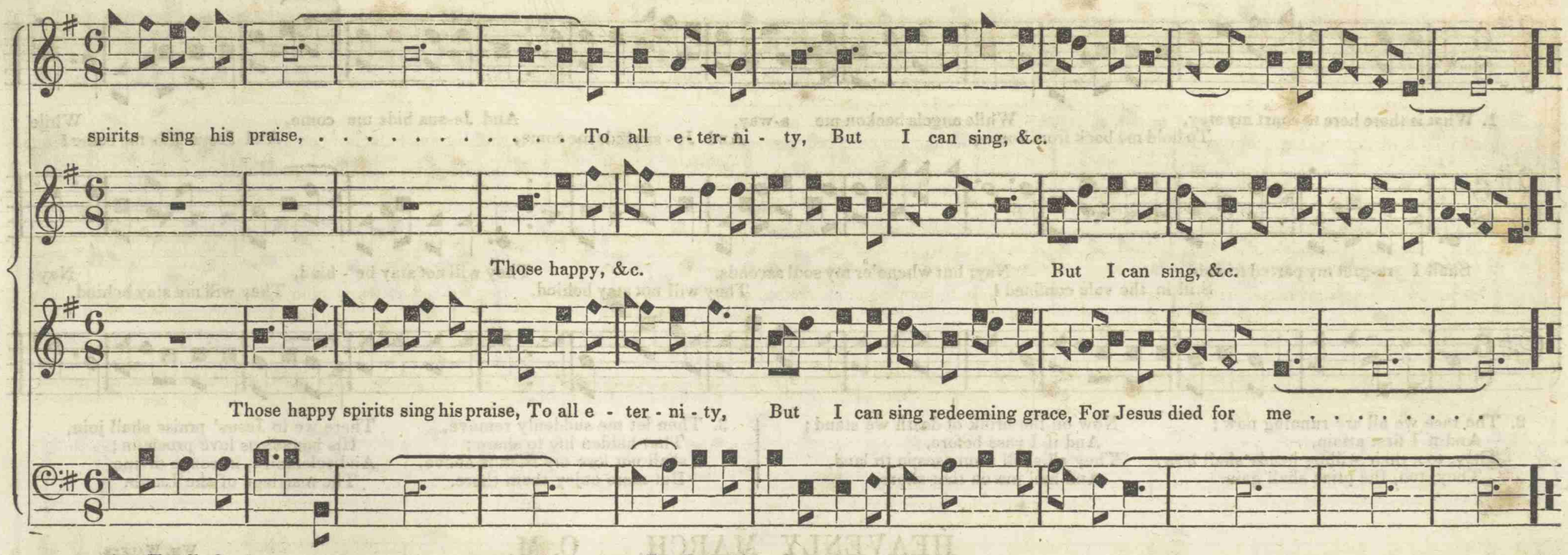
## ALABAMA. C. M. D.

Counter by Wm. Walker.

An - gels in shining order stand Around the Saviour's throne, They bow with rev'rence at his feet, And make his glories known.

Those hap - py

Those hap - py spirits sing his




1. The cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.

2. When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree,
My soul believes and feels it true,
That Jesus died for me.

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

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

5. My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.
Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy, and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

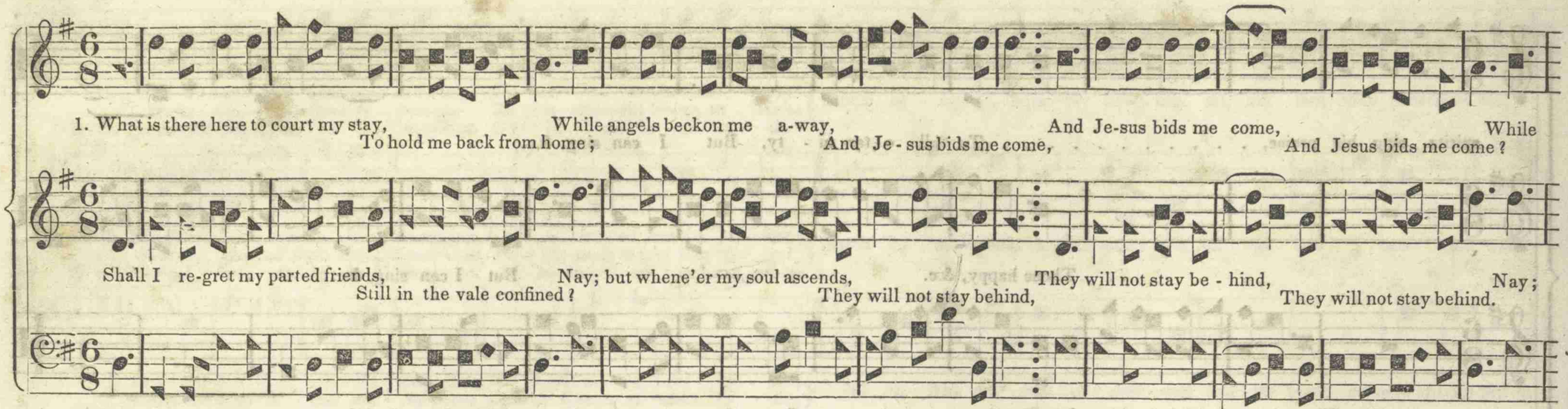
6. He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea;
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me.

7. Angels in shining order stand
Around the Saviour's throne;
They bow with rev'rence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.

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

Southern Methodist Hymn Book, p. 513.

## ANIMATION. C. M.




2. The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They, too, their willing heads shall bow,
They, too, the prize shall gain.

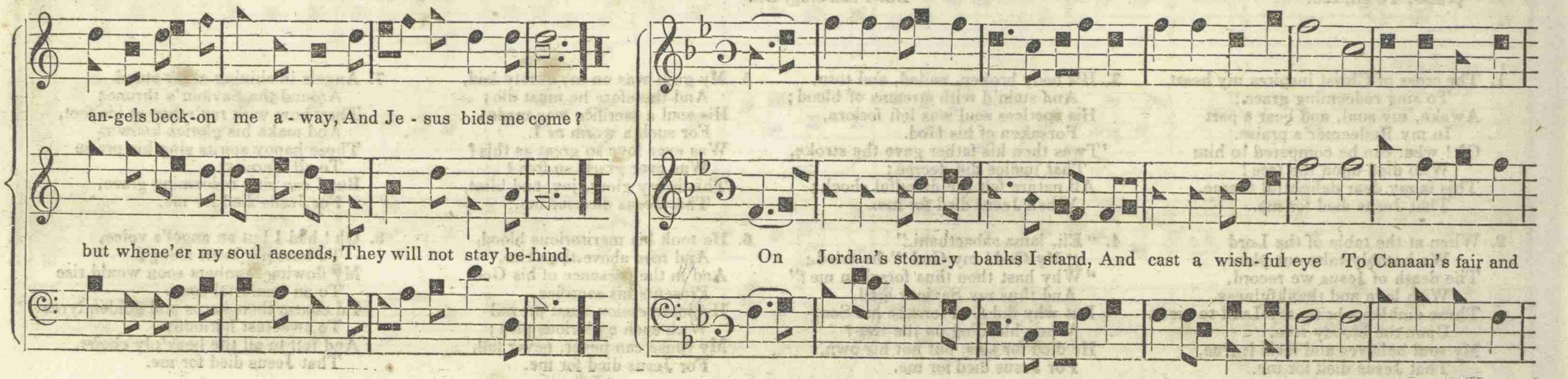
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on that shore.

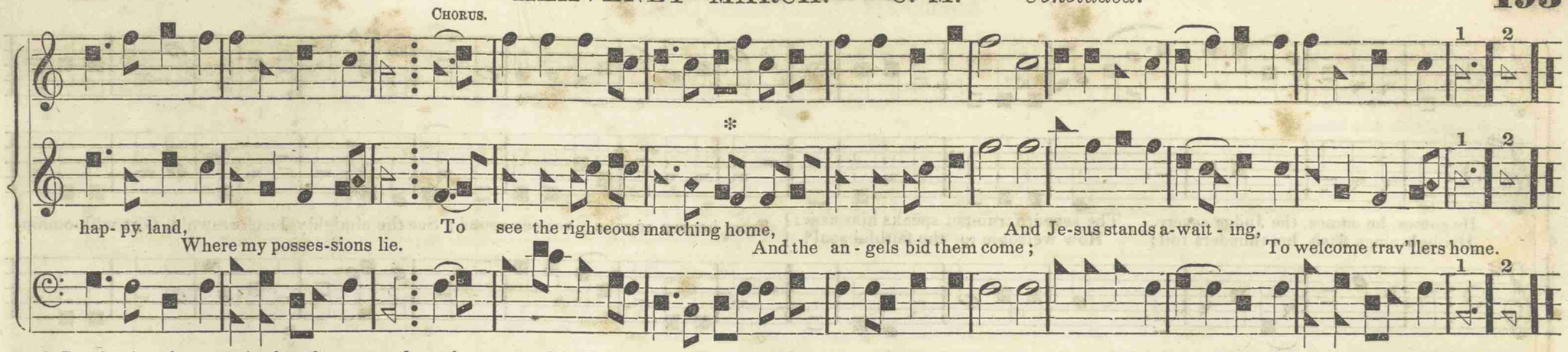
3. Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.

There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim;
And solemnize, in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

## HEAVENLY MARCH. C. M.

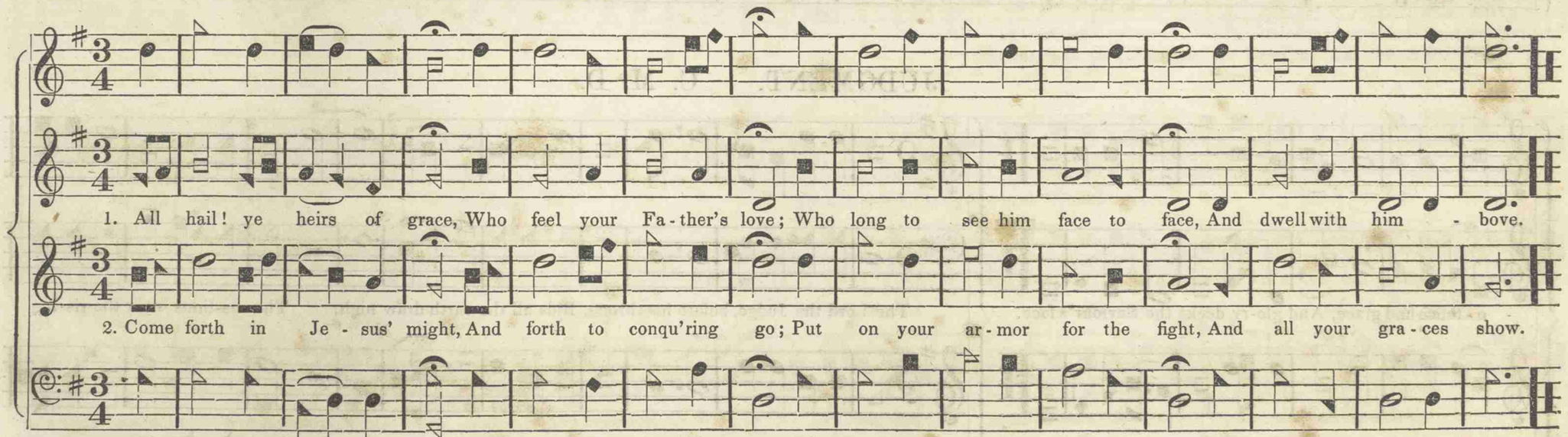
Wm. Walker.






* By slurring the notes in the 3d measure from the repeat, this Chorus is generally sung over again, thus: "To welcome trav'llers home, :‖: And Jesus stands awaiting," &c.

## EDNEYVILLE.* S. M.




3. Though storms of sorrow rise,
And Satan's host unite,
We fight for mansions in the skies,—
In Jesus' name we fight.

4. Let ev'ry heart and hand
Unite with one consent,
To spread the truth in ev'ry land,
Till ev'ry land repent.

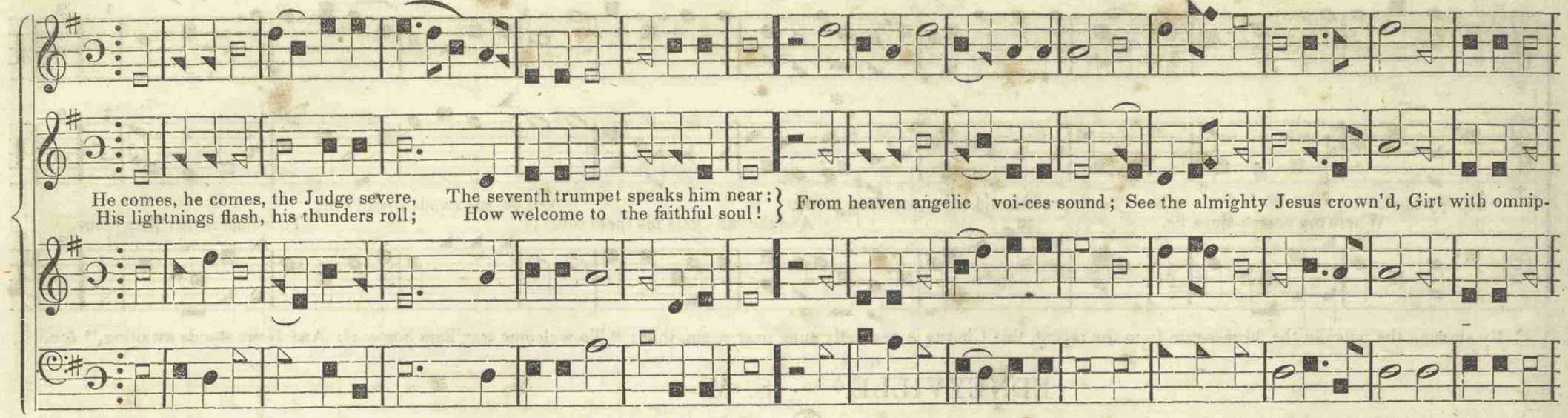
5. "Go into all the world
And preach the word," said God;
"For I the banner have unfurl'd,
And I the wine press trod."

6. For this we watch and pray;
For this we'll suffer—die;
For this we give ourselves away
To God, who reigns on high.

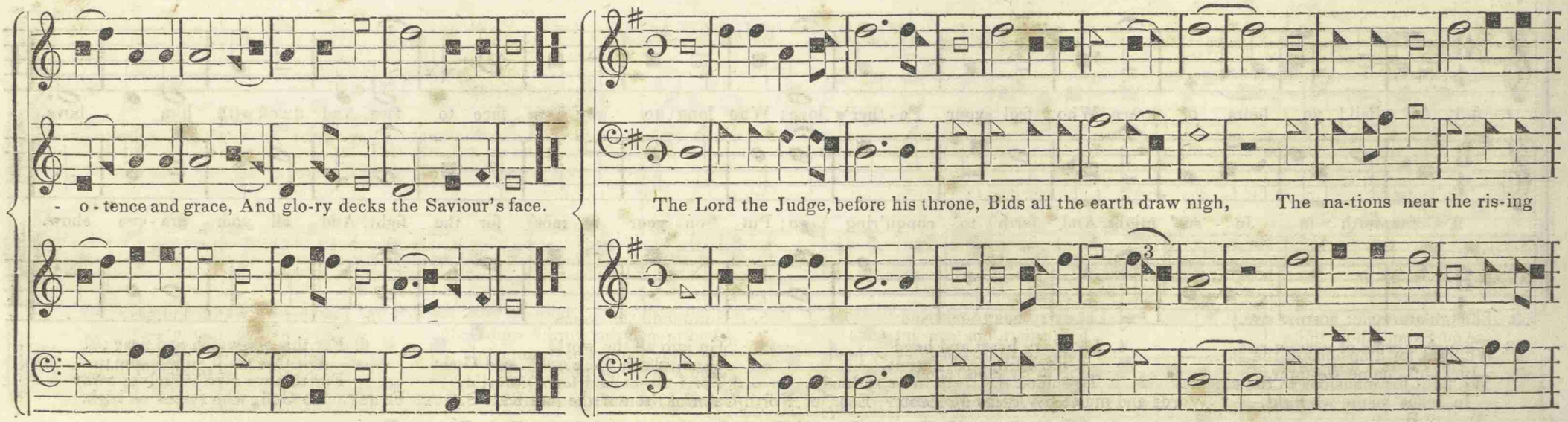
* Words and music by James M. Edney, Esq., of North Carolina, son of the late Rev. Samuel Edney.

## JUDGMENT. L. M. D.

BOYD.




## JUDGMENT. C. M. D.



Thunder and darkness, &c.

sun, And near the western sky. Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way,

Thunder, &c.

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm, Lead on the

Thunder and darkness, &c. Lead on the dread-ful day.

Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. fire and storm, fire and storm, Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

Lead on the dreadful day, Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on the dread-ful day.

dread - ful day, Thunder, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

Thunder, &c Lead on, &c, Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

## CONCORD. S. M.

1. The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Ce - les - tial fruits on earth-ly ground, Celestial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.

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

3. Then let our songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching through Emmanuel's ground, We're marching, &c., To fairer worlds on high.

## BRENTWOOD. S. M.

Or wash, &c. Or wash, &c.

Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash a - way its stain.

Could give, &c. Or wash, &c. Or wash, &c.

Could give the guilty conscience peace, Could give, &c. Or wash, Or wash, &c.

## BALDWIN. S. M.

Arr'd by W. Houser.

1. And let our bo - dies part, To diff'rent climes re - pair, In - sep - a - ra - bly join'd in heart, The friends of Je - sus are.

Chorus.* O let us meet in heav'n! O let us meet in heav'n! In heav'n a - bove no sor-row's known, And there's no part - ing there.

[This chorus is generally sung at the end of each stanza.]

2. Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one
Who walk with him in white.

3. O let us still proceed,
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant head,
To farther conquests go.

4. The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
That waits us in the skies.

5. O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end:

6. Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

7. O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8. The church of the first born—
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

* Sing, or omit the chorus at will.

## BACKSLIDER. 5s & 9s.

Moss.

*Plaintive.*

Ah! where am I now? When was it, or how, That I fell from my hea-ven of grace? I am brought in-to thrall, I am stripp'd of my all, I am ban-ish'd from Je-sus's face!

# CONCERT. 8s & 7s.

WYETH and DAVISSON.

1. Come, thou ev - er - last - ing Spirit! Bring to ev - 'ry thank - ful mind All the Saviour's dy - ing merit, All his suff'rings for man - kind.

Alto by WM. HOUSER.

2. Come, thou witness of his dy - ing, Come, Re - membran - cer di - vine; Let us feel thy pow'r ap - ply - ing Christ to ev' - ry soul, and mine.

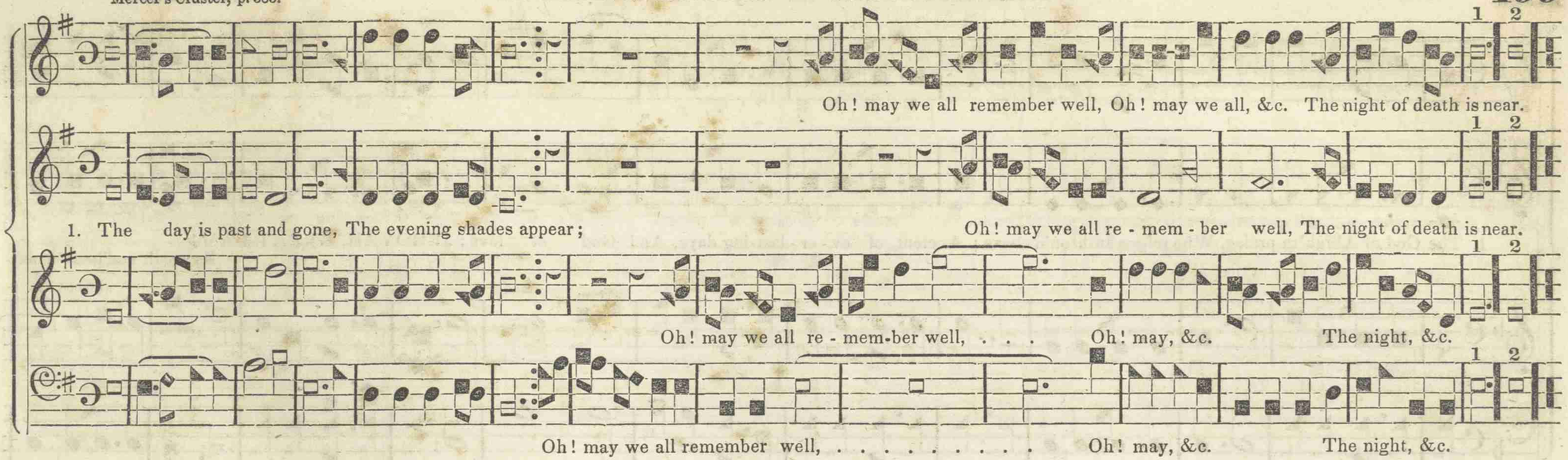
3

True Re - cord-er of his pas-sion, Now the liv-ing fire im - part; Now re - veal his great sal - va - tion, Preach his gos - pel to our heart.

Let us groan thy in - ward groan-ing, Look on him we pierc'd, and grieve; All re - ceive the grace a - to - ning, All the sprinkled blood re - ceive.

## EVENING SHADE. S. M.






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

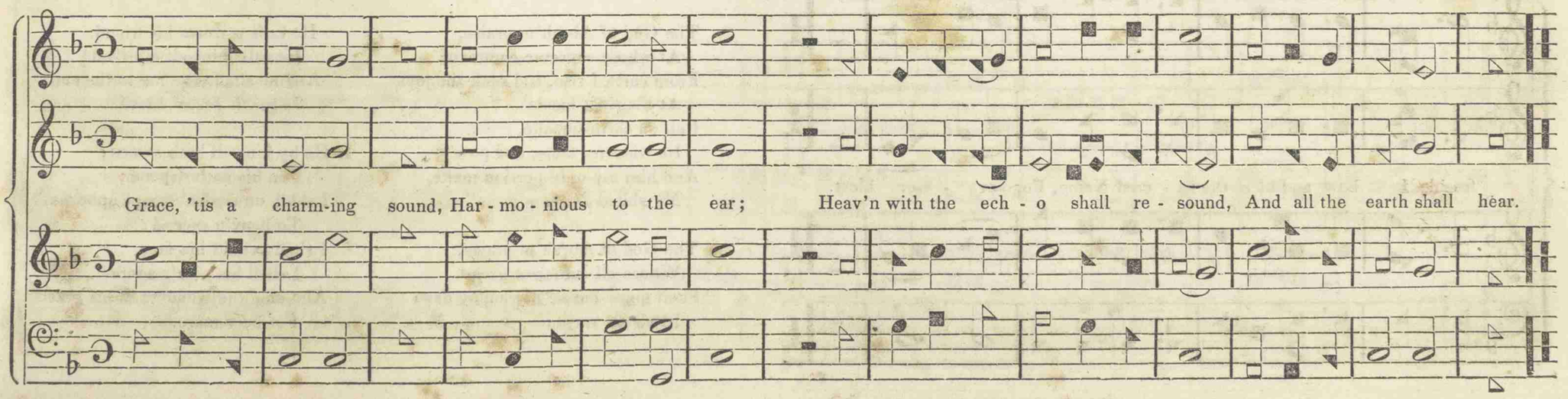
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from ev'ry fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

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

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

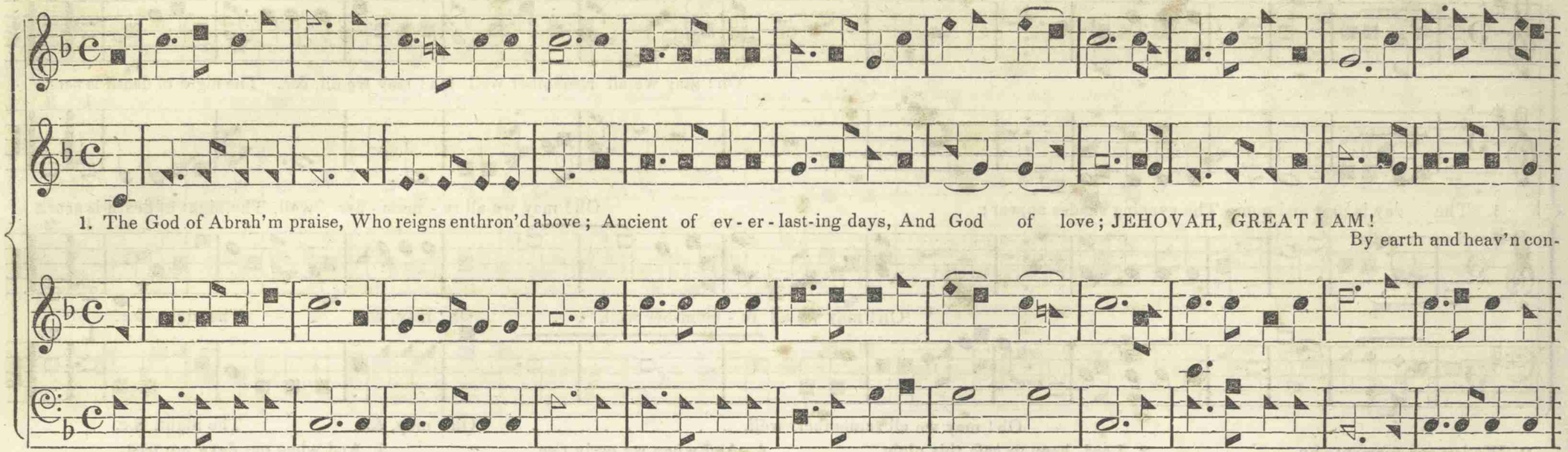
## NEW DOVER. S. M.

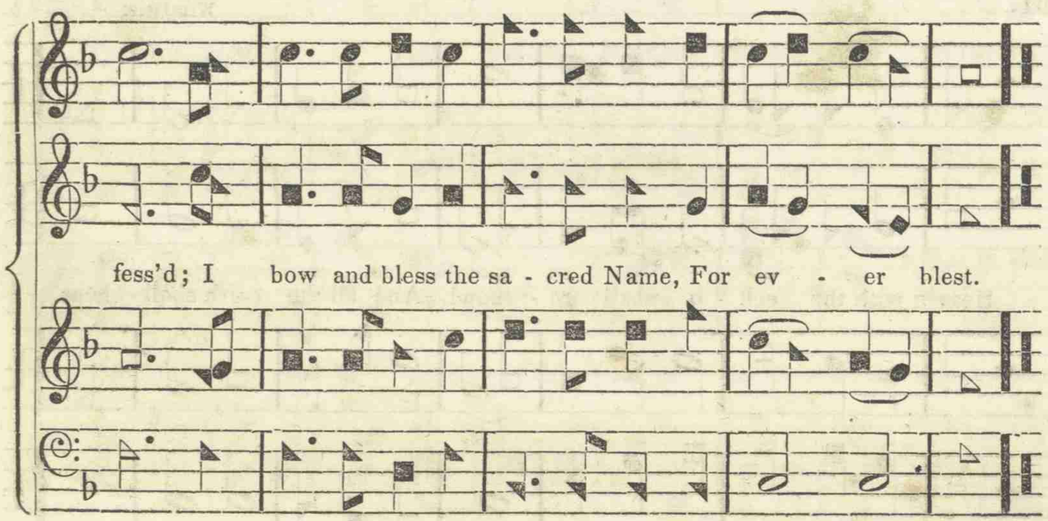
WILLIAMS.



# WILLIAMSBURG. 6s, 8s & 4s.

GOULD, principally.




2. The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3. The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4. He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For ever more.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, While ye sur-round his throne, While ye surround his throne.

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God, But servants of our heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a-broad.

## NORWICH. S. M.

1 2

In - to thy, &c. Pour out, &c.

1 2

My sor - rows, like a flood, Im - pa - tient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long com - plaint.
Pour out a long complaint,

1 2

In - to thy bosom, O— In - to thy bosom, O my God, Pour out, &c.

1 2

In - to thy, &c. In - to thy, &c. Pour out, &c.

## JEFFERSON. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God:
He, whose word can ne'er be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of a - ges founded, Who can shake thy sure repose? With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded,

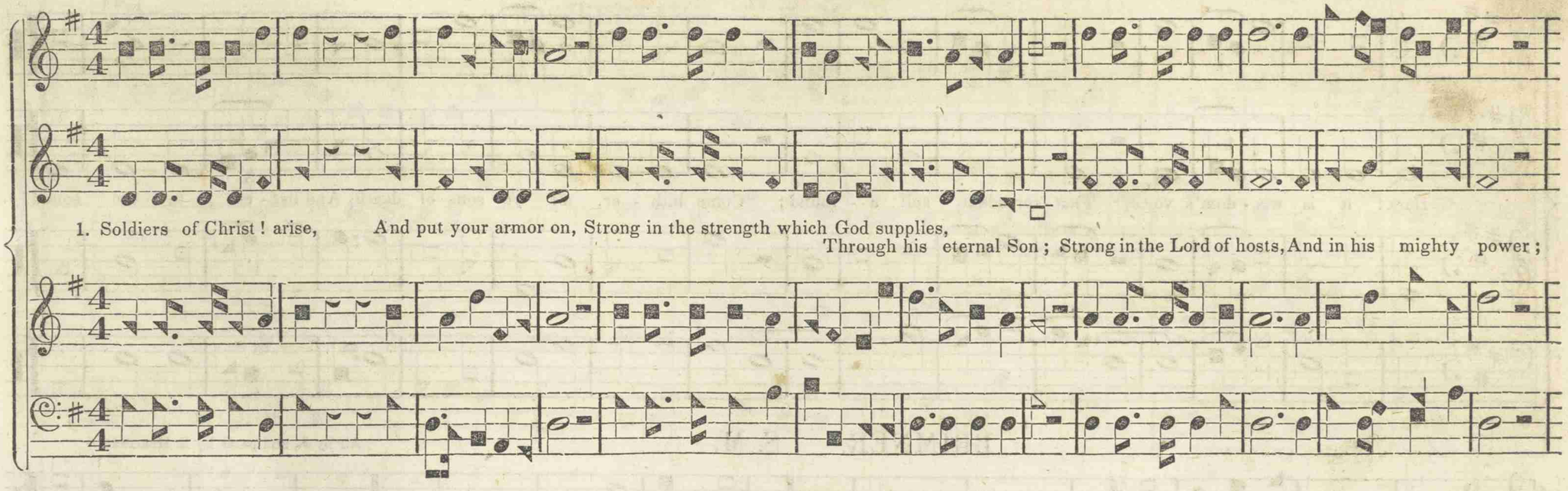
2. See! the streams of liv-ing waters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'assuage? Grace which, like the Lord the giver,

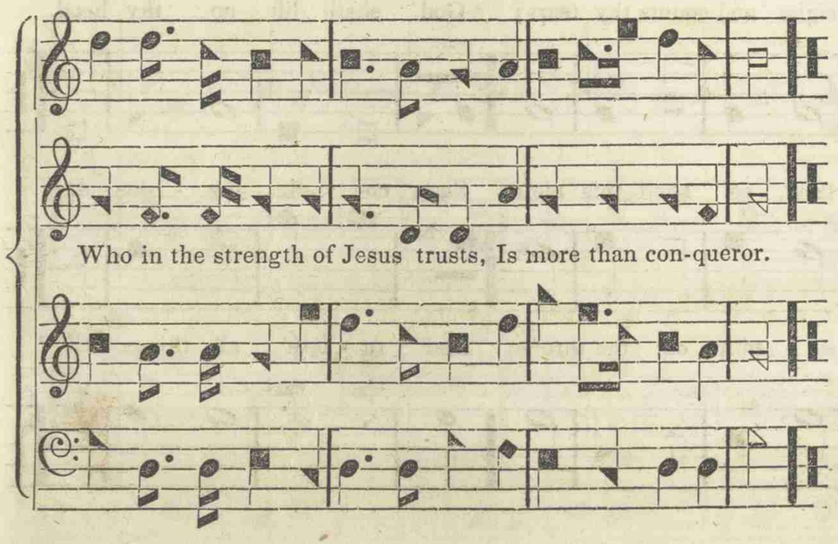
## NEW MONMOUTH. 8s & 7s.

BILLINGS.

Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Nev - er fails from age to age.

Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.




2. Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

3. Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array ;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day :
But meet the sons of night,
And mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4. Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed ;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

5. From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day :
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come !"
Till Christ, the Lord, descend from high,
And take the conq'rors home.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Hark! it is wis - dom's voice, That spreads it - self a - round; Come hith - er, all ye sons of death, And list - en to the sound.

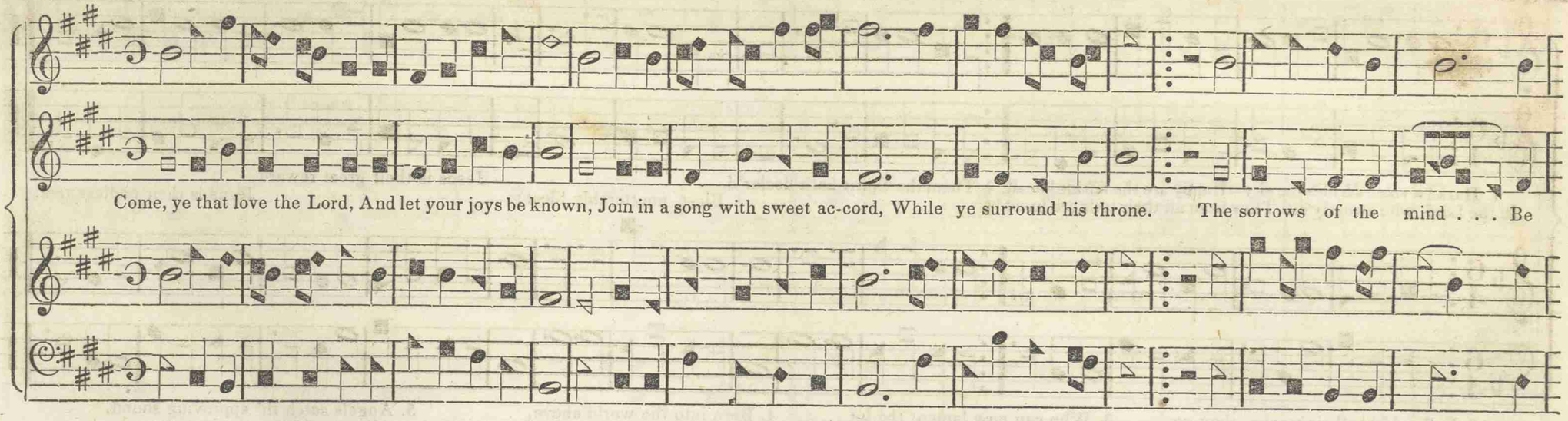
## BRIMNER. S. M.

Air by J., and parts by E. HERITAGE.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - may'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

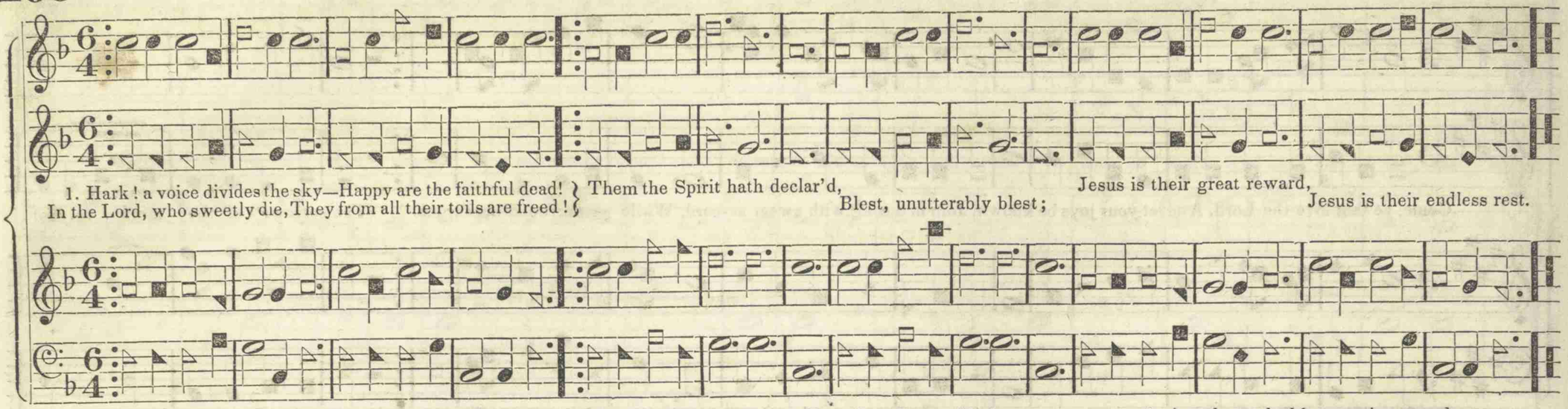
2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way: Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.

3. What tho' thou rul - est not? Yet heaven, and earth, and hell Pro - claim, "God sit - teth on the throne, And ru - leth all things well!"


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. The sorrows of the mind . . . Be
banish'd from this place; Re-li-gion never was design'd To make our plea-sures less. Religion, &c.

## MARTYN.* 7s. D.

Altered from S. B. MARSH,
and newly arranged by WM. HOUSER.




2. Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconcil'd by grace below—
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
Justified by faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiv'n,
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heav'n.

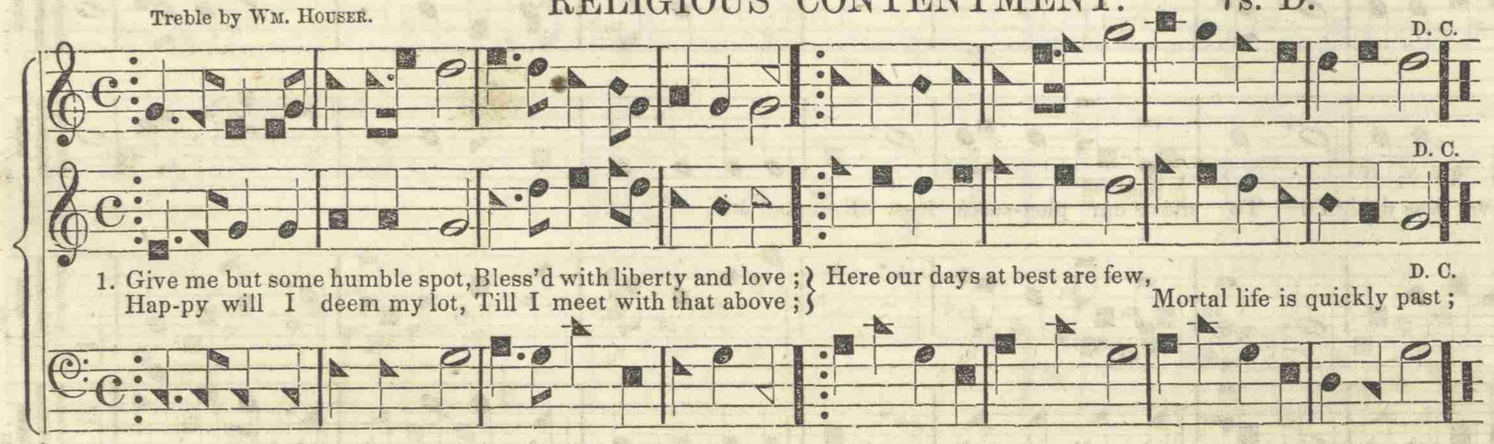
3. Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unbless'd.
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4. Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter and receive thy crown,
Reign with me triumphant now."

5. Angels catch th' approving sound,
Bow and bless the just award.
Hail! the heir of glory crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his Lord;
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When th' archangel's trump shall blow,
"Rise, ye dead! to judgment come!"

## RELIGIOUS CONTENTMENT. 7s. D.

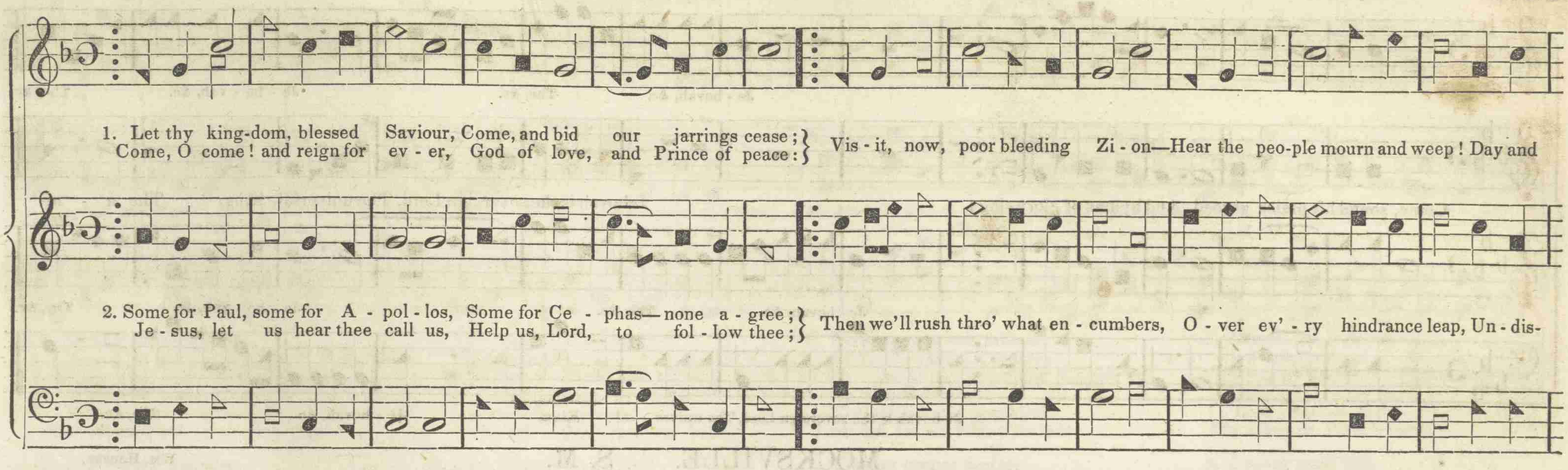
Treble by WM. HOUSER.

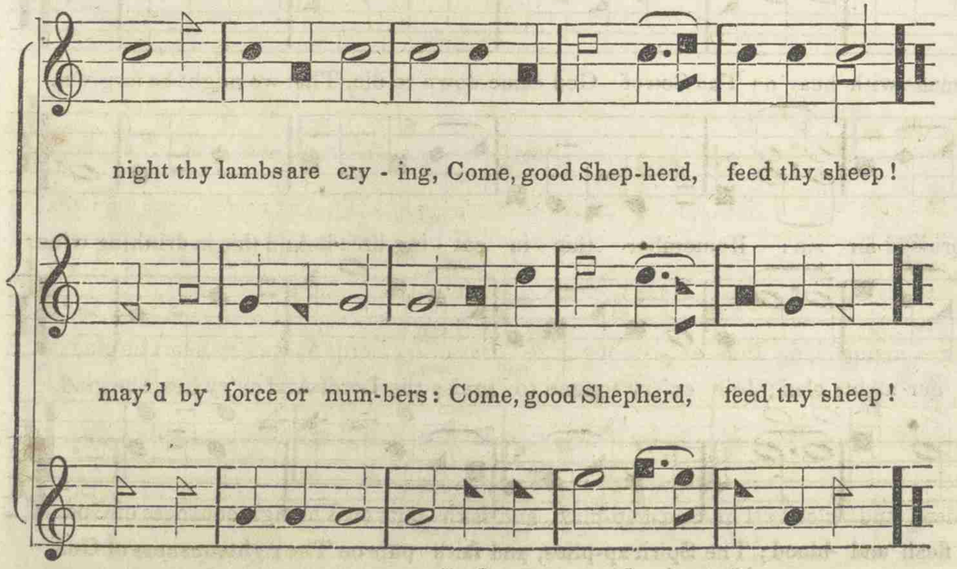



D.C. Let me live as Christians do, Share the Christian's home at last.

2. Let me number thus my days,
Seeking wisdom from on high;
Prosecute my heavenly race,
Pressing onward to the sky.
Be my life a lengthen'd span,
Or my sun at noon go down,
I am still a happy man;
Heir to an immortal crown.

* So called, or rather so *retained*—for I found the name in another book—in memory of that dear man of God, the Rev. Henry Martyn, who fell a victim to the cause of Christ in India. Yet he did not die in India, but at Tocat, a city in the northern part of Asiatic Turkey, while journeying to Constantinople. In the Armenian burying-ground at Tocat his sacred ashes repose.




3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love our God, and Christ our Saviour:
O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep!

4. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us!
Persecution rages here;
Nothing, Lord, we know, can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory! glory be to Jesus!
At his name our heart doth leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,—
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this Rock:
Shun the path of vice and folly;
Scale the mount, although it's steep!
Look to me, and be ye holy:
I delight to feed my sheep."

6. Taught by Christ, whose merit saves us,
We will praise his holy name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory! glory be to Jesus!
Give him glory, he will keep;
He will clear our way before us:
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

## SOUNDING JOY. S. M.

MORGAN.

Je - hovah, &c. The, &c. Je - ho - vah, &c. The, &c.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign Lord, The universal King, The u - ni-

Je - hovah, &c. The, &c. Je - ho - vah, &c. The, &c.

Je-hovah is the sovereign Lord, The univer - sal King, Je - hovah, &c. The, &c.

## MOCKSVILLE. S. M.

WM. HOUSER.

u - ni - ver - sal King.

ver - sal King.

*For. con spirito.*

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Our peace is made with heav'n; The Son of God came down to die, That we might be forgiv'n.

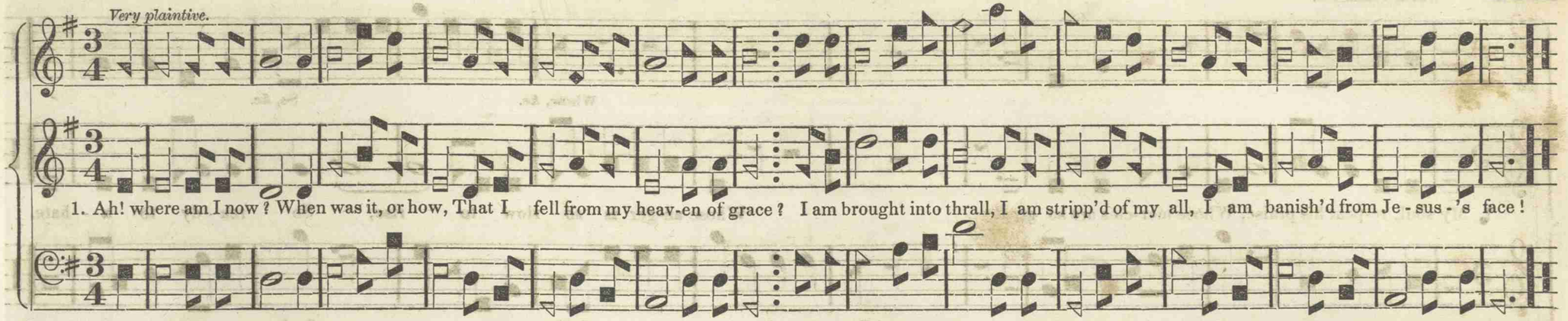
2. His precious blood was shed, His bo-dy bruised for sin: Remember this in eat - ing bread, And this in drinking wine.

3. Ap-proach his royal board, In his rich gar-ments clad; Join ev'-ry tongue to praise the Lord, And ev'ry heart be glad.

4. The Fa-ther gives his Son, The Son his flesh and blood; The Spirit ap-plies, and faith puts on The righteousness of God.

## BACKSLIDER'S SORROW. 6s & 9s.

WM. HOUSER.




2. Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3. But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day, it was turn'd into night.

4. Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart:
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5. Ah! wretch that I am!
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within;
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone,
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6. Nothing now can relieve;
Without comfort I grieve:
I have lost all my peace and my pow'r;
No access do I find
To the Friend of mankind:
I can ask for his mercy no more.

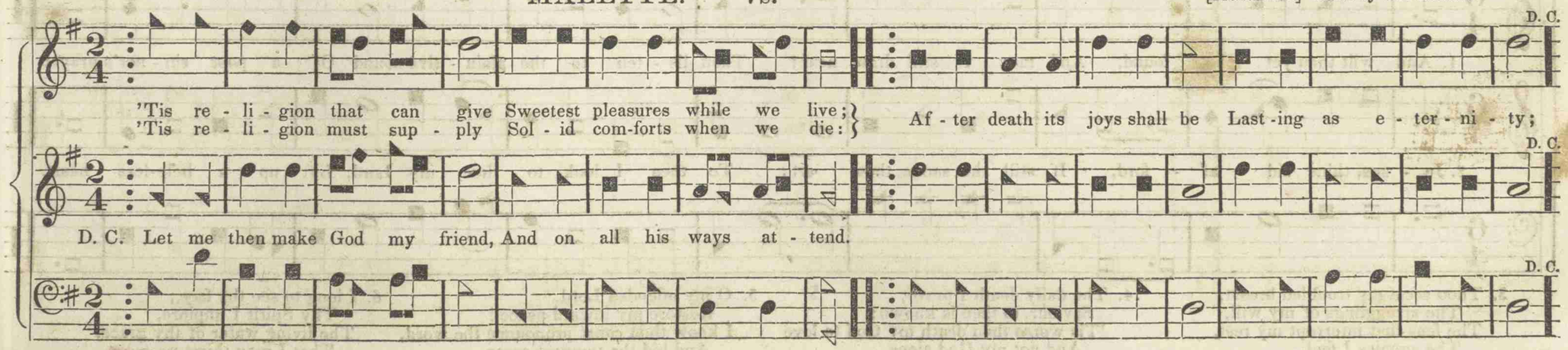
7. Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end to my troubles, I see:)
Only Adam could tell,
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden, like me.

8. Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad:
Through a desert of sorrows I rove:
How great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love!

9. I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see;
But I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

## MALETTE. 7s.

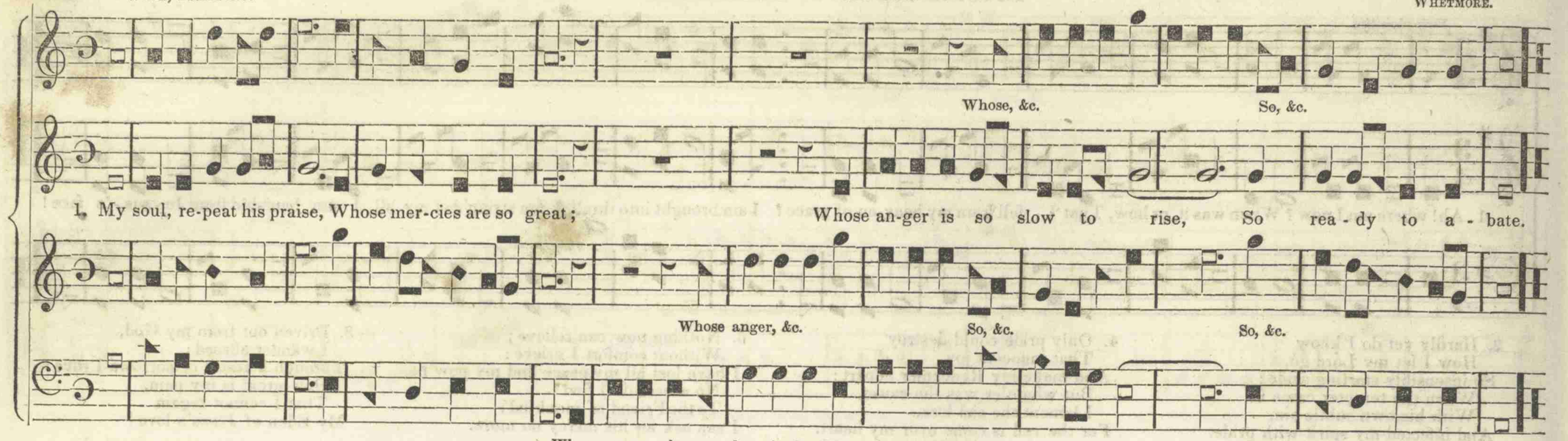
[French Air.] Parts by WM. HOUSER.



Watts, Psalm 103.

## AMERICA. S. M.

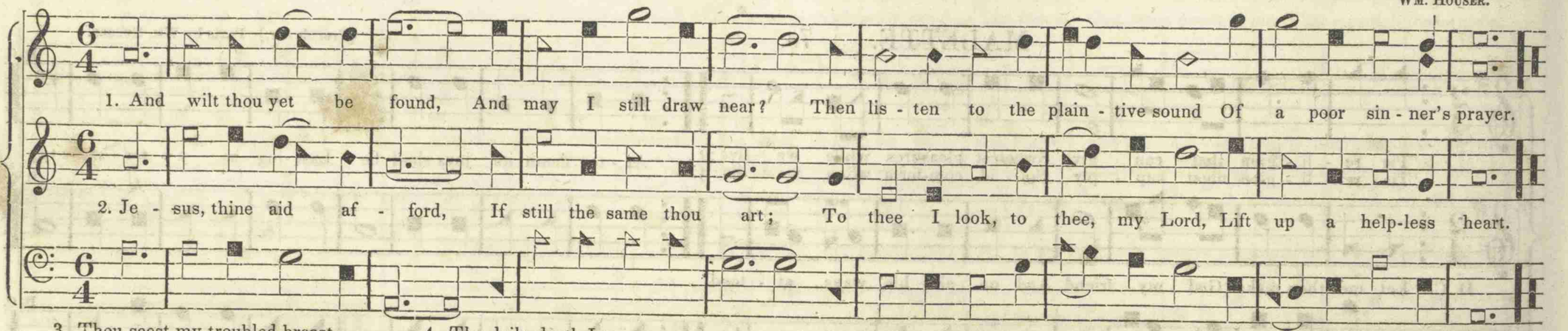
WHETMORE.




Methodist Hymn Book.

## WHEELING. S. M.

WM. HOUSER.




3. Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4. The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone.

5. O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace!
I know thou canst pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

6. I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

## GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

DAVISSON.

With joy the peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill, Pro - claim the won - ders of thy hand, And coun - sels of thy will.

## GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Methodist Hymn Book.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - may'd! God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.

3. Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.

4. What though thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

5. Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

6. Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

# ROME. 8s & 7s.

Wand'ring pil-grims, mourn-ing Chris-tians, Weak and tempt-ed lambs of Christ, Who en-dure great trib - u - la - tion, And with sins are much dis-tress'd:

Christ has sent me to in - vite you To a rich and cost-ly feast; Let not shame nor pride pre - vent you; Come, the sweet pro - vi - sion taste.

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. 8s & 7s.

Scotch Air.

1. Oh! that I had some secret place, Where I might hide from sorrow:
Where I might see my Saviour's face, And thus be saved from terror.

O had I wings like Noah's dove, I'd leave this world and Sa - tan, And fly away to

2. My heart is often made to mourn, Because I'm faint and fee - ble;
And when my Saviour seems to frown, My soul is fill'd with trou - ble.

But when he doth again return, And I re - pent my fol - ly, 'Tis then I af - ter

## LOUISIANA. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

realms a - bove, Where an-gels stand in-vit - ing.

glo-ry run, And still my Je-sus fol - - - low.

D. C.

3. I have my bit-ters and my sweets
While thro' this world I travel;
Sometime I shout, and often weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel.

But let them think, and think again,
I feel I'm bound for heaven,

D. C. I hope I shall with Jesus reign, I therefore still will praise him.

D. C.

4. I want to live a Christian here, I want to die while shouting;
I want to feel my Saviour near, While soul and body's parting.

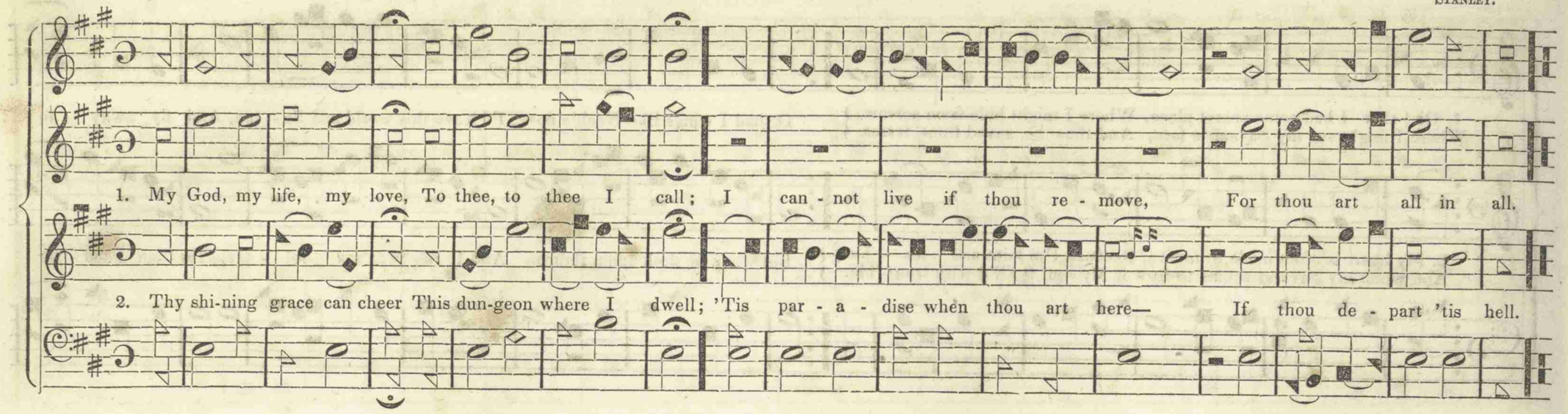
I want to see bright angels stand,
And waiting to receive me;

D. C. To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

D. C.

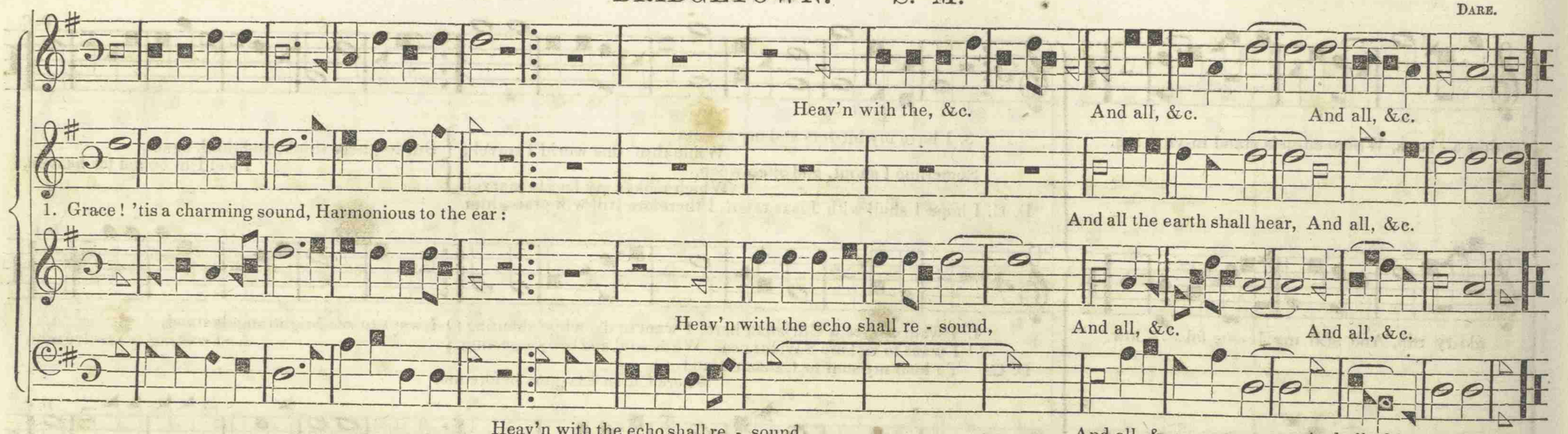
## SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.




## BRIDGETOWN. S. M.

DARE.




2. Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Ye heav'nly, &c. And sound, &c.

1. Let ev'ry creature join To praise th'e-ter - nal God; Ye heav'nly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a-broad.

Ye heav'nly, &c. Ye heav'nly, &c. And sound, &c.

Ye heav'nly hosts, the song be - gin, Ye heav'nly, &c. And sound, &c.

And moon, &c. Ye starry lights, &c. Shine to, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c.

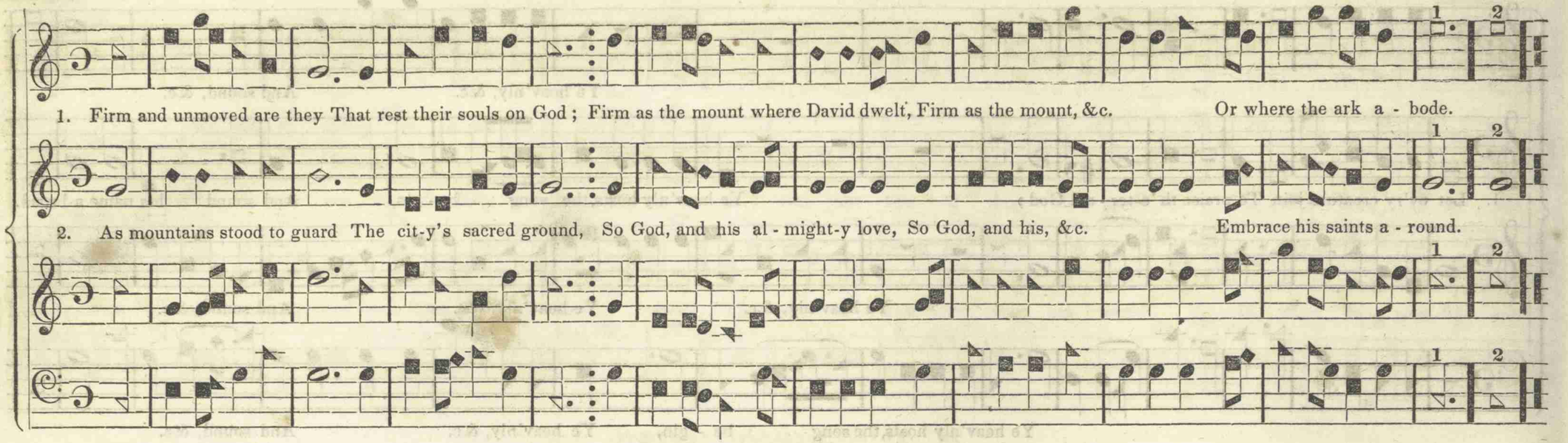
And moon with pa-ler rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flame, Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c.
Shine to your Maker's praise,

Thou sun, with golden beams, And moon, &c.

2. He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

## TEXAS. S. M.

WM. HOUSER.




3. What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

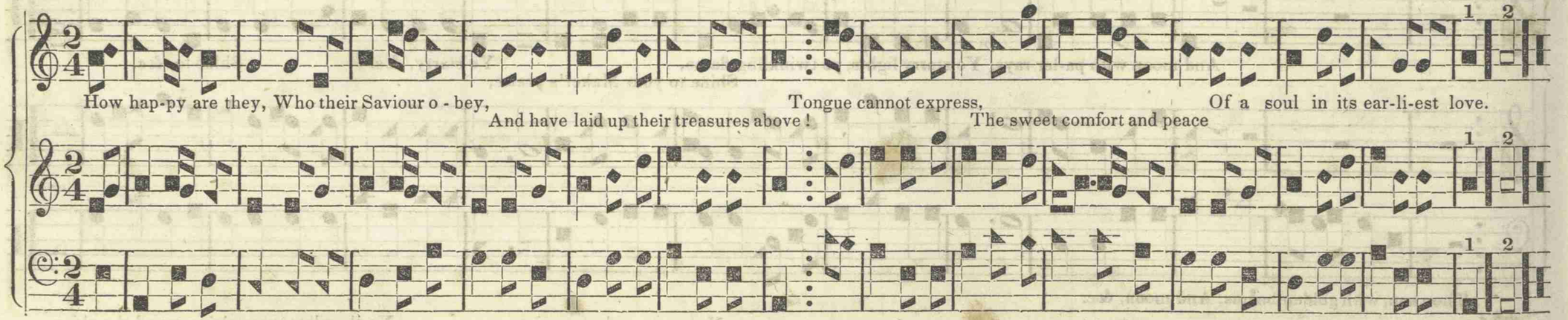
4. Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6. But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

## AUSTIN. 6s & 9s.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.



## BROWNSVILLE. 8s & 7s.

1. Don't you see my Je - sus coming? Don't you see him in yon - der cloud, With ten thousand an - gels round him? How they do my Je - sus crowd!

2. I'll a - rise, and go and meet him, He'll em-brace me in his arms: In the arms of my dear Je - sus, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms!

3. Death shall not de - stroy my comfort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom; Down he'll send some heav'n-ly con - voy, To con - vey my spir - it home.

## RESTORATION. 8s & 7s.

4. Jor-dan's stream shall ne'er o'er-flow me, While my Sa-viour's by my side; Ca - naan, Ca - naan lies be - fore me, I will cross the swell-ing tide!

5. See the hap - py spir - its wait-ing, On the banks be-yond the stream, Sweet re - spon - ses still re - peat - ing, "Je - sus! Je - sus!" is their theme!

6. Hark! they whis-per! lo! they call me, "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!" Lo! I come, earth can't con-tain me! Hail! ye realms of end - less day!

## DAUPHIN. S. M.

BILLINGS.

No joy can be compar'd to this, To serve and please the Lord, To serve, &c.

For life with-out thy love, No rel-ish can af-ford: No joy can be compar'd to this, To serve and please . . the Lord.

No joy can be compar'd to this, No joy, &c. To serve . and please the Lord.

No joy can be compar'd to this, No joy, &c. To serve and please the Lord, To serve, &c.

## DOOMSDAY. S. M.

Th'archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom.

1. Behold! with aw-ful pomp, The Judge prepares to come; Th'archangel sounds the dread-ful trump, And wakes the gen' - ral doom.

Th'archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom, And wakes, &c.

2. Nature, in wild amaze, Her dissolution mourns; Blushes of blood the moon deface; The sun to darkness turns.
3. The living look with dread, The frighted dead arise; Start from the monumental bed, And lift their ghastly eyes.

# SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12, 6, 7, 9.

Arr'd by J. KING and WM. WALKER. 

Alto by WM. HOUSER.

1. Our bond - age it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bondage, &c. From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glorious ju - bi -

2. Our De - liv - er - er will come, by and by, by and by, Our De - liv - er - er, &c. And our sor-rows have an end, With our threescore years and

3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Though our, &c. Though our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo! Si - nai's, God is

lee, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn, by and by, by and by, And to Ca-naan we'll re-turn, by and by.

ten, And vast glo - ry crown the day, by and by, by and by, And vast glo-ry crown the day, by and by.

near, While the fi-rey pil - lar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on, While the fi - rey pil - lar moves, we'll go on.

4. Though bitter Marah's streams we'll go on, we'll go on,
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

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

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

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

## PARSONS.* 8,7,8,6,7,7,8,7.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.

1. Brother, thou art gone be - fore us, And thy saintly soul is flown, Where tears are wiped from ev'- ry eye, And sor - row is unknown: From the burden of the flesh,

2. The toilsome way thou'st travel'd o'er, But Christ hath taught thy lan - guid feet Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
And hast borne the hea -vy load; To reach his blest a - bode.

3. Sin can nev - er taint thee now, Nor can doubt thy faith as - sail; Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ And the Holy Spirit, fail; And thou'rt sure to meet the good,

*Slower.*

And from ev' - ry care releas'd; Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

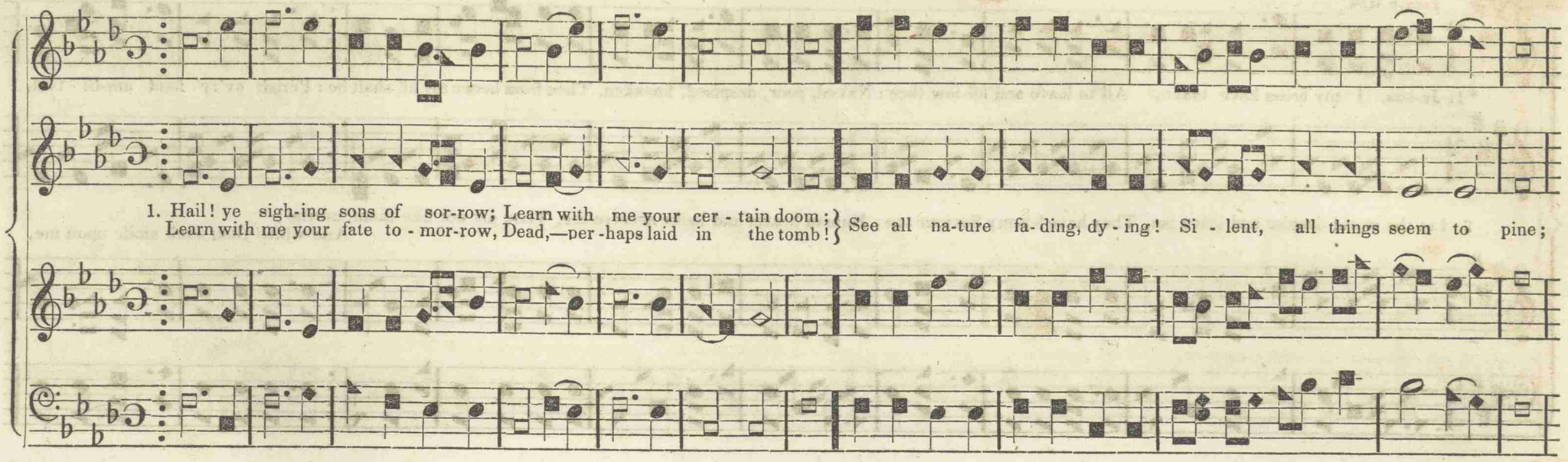
On his Fa-ther's faithful breast; Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

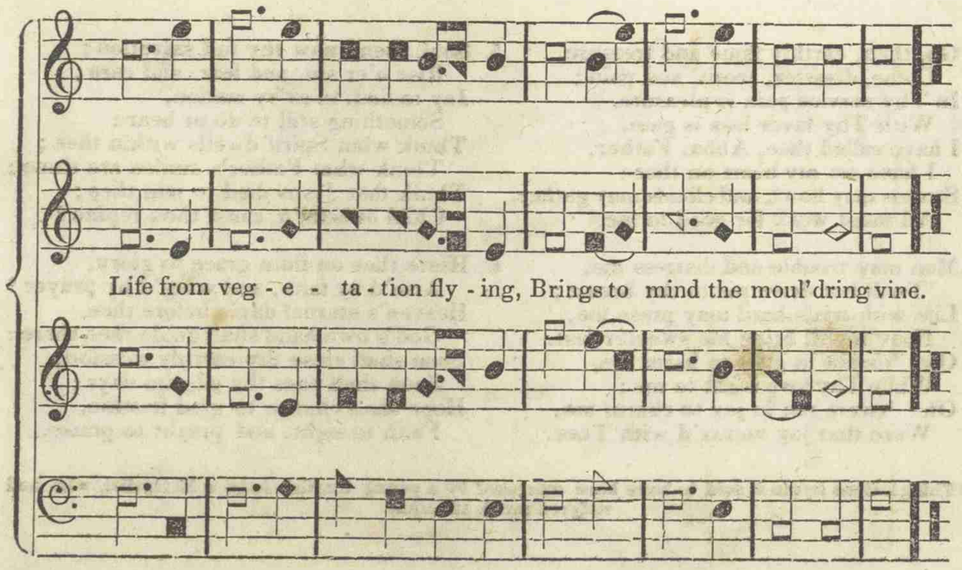
Whom on earth thou loved'st best; Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea -ry are at rest.

4. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:"
Thus the solemn priest hath said;
We lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed.
But thy spirit soars away,—
Soars among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5. And when the Lord shall summon us—
Us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace
To be a glorious, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

* Composed by Rev. Jonas King, Jan. 1st, 1823, to be sung at the grave of that man of God, Rev. Mr. Parsons.




2. Lo! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars; how they nod!
Scenes of nature, how surprising!
Read, in nature, nature's God.
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping—
We are like to one of these.

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

4. Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer a troubled mind!
Now they're gone, like leaves of Autumn,
Driv'n before the dreary wind.
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more scenes are o'er;
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall rise to fall no more.

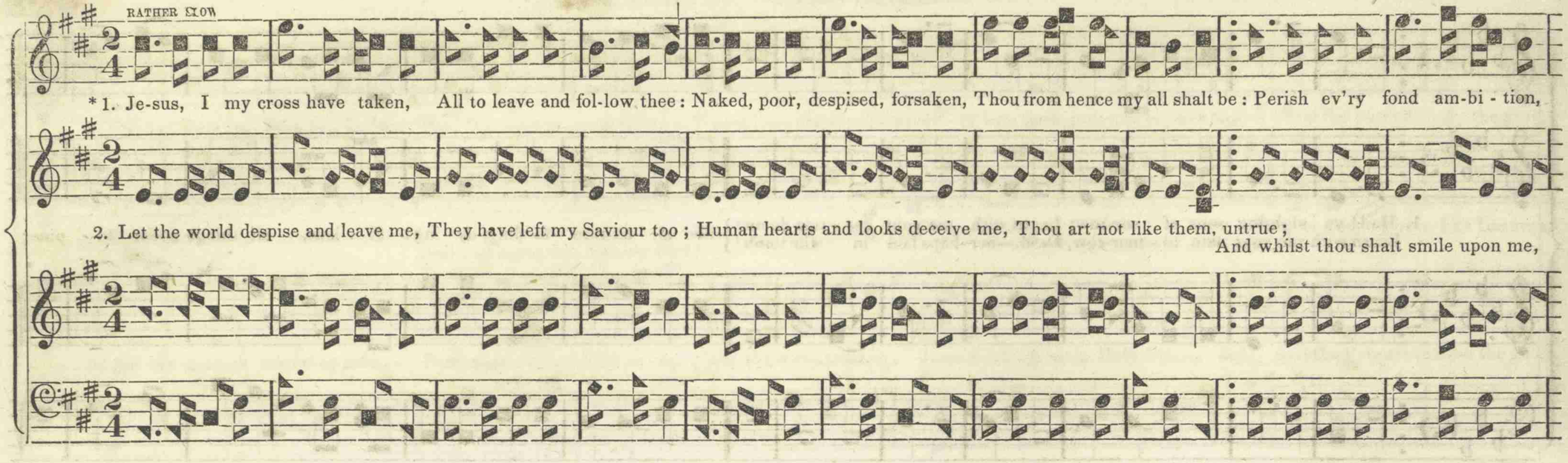
5. Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night;
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light!
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing!
Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
Then my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb!

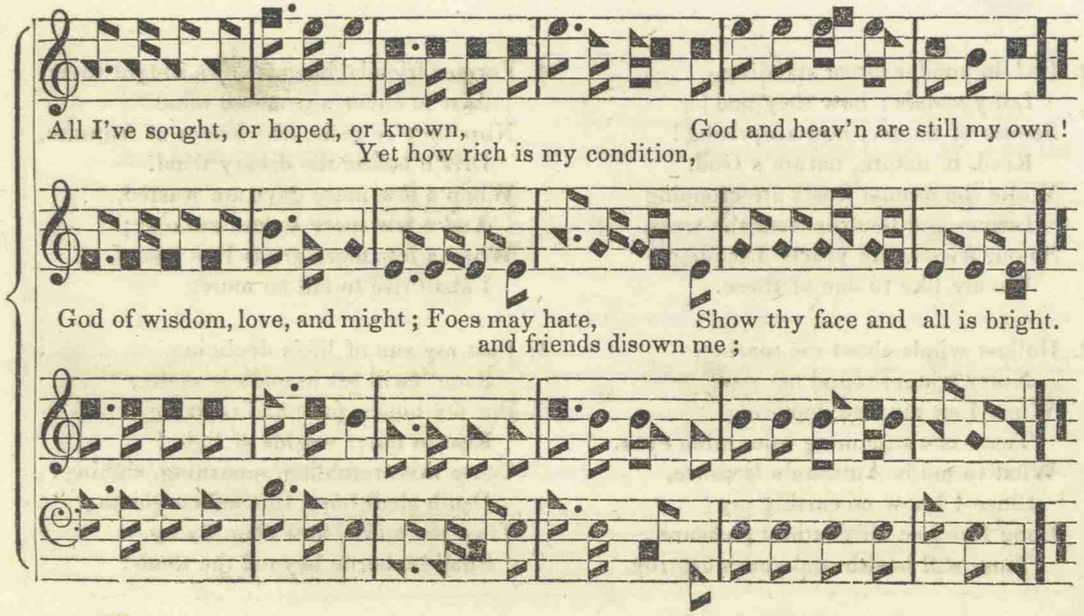
From Christian Lyre.

# DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. D.

Treble and Alto by W. Houser.

RATHER SLOW



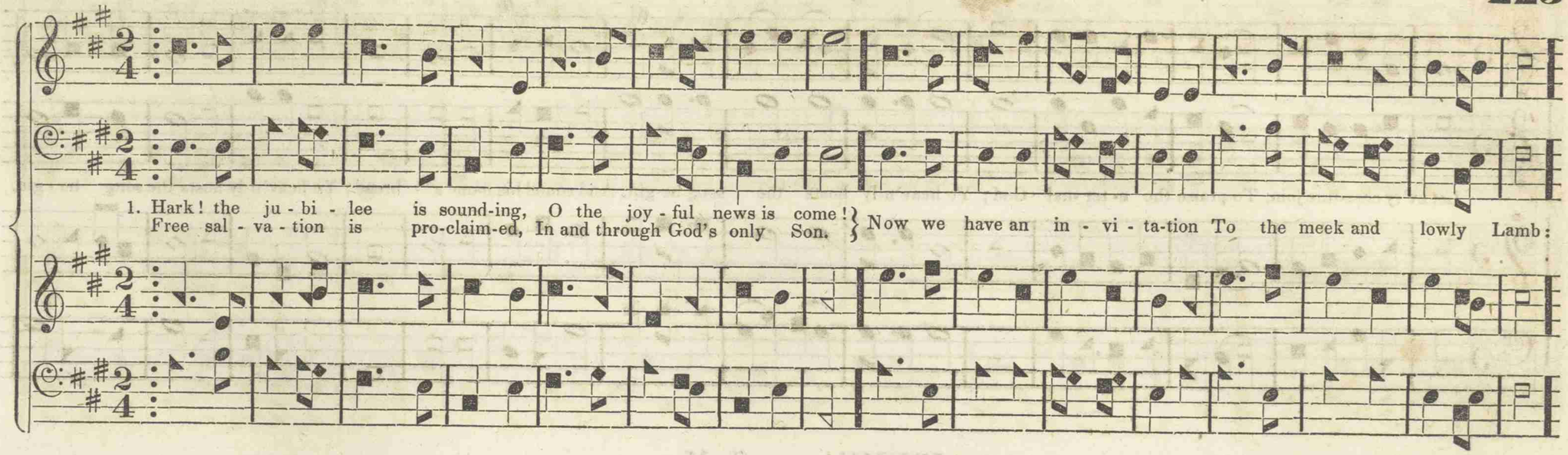

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

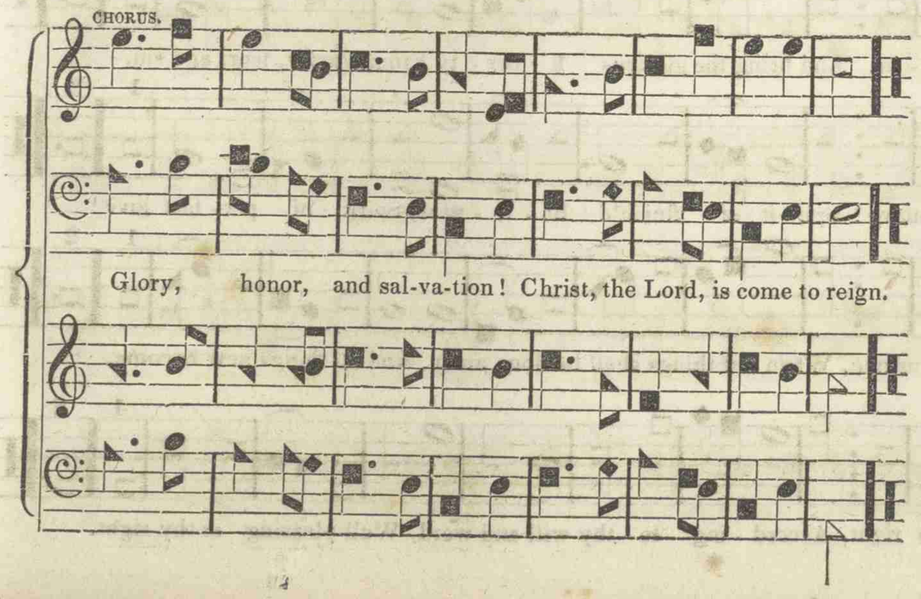
4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

5. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

* This glorious hymn is said to have been composed by a young English lady, a Methodist, who had suffered much affliction.



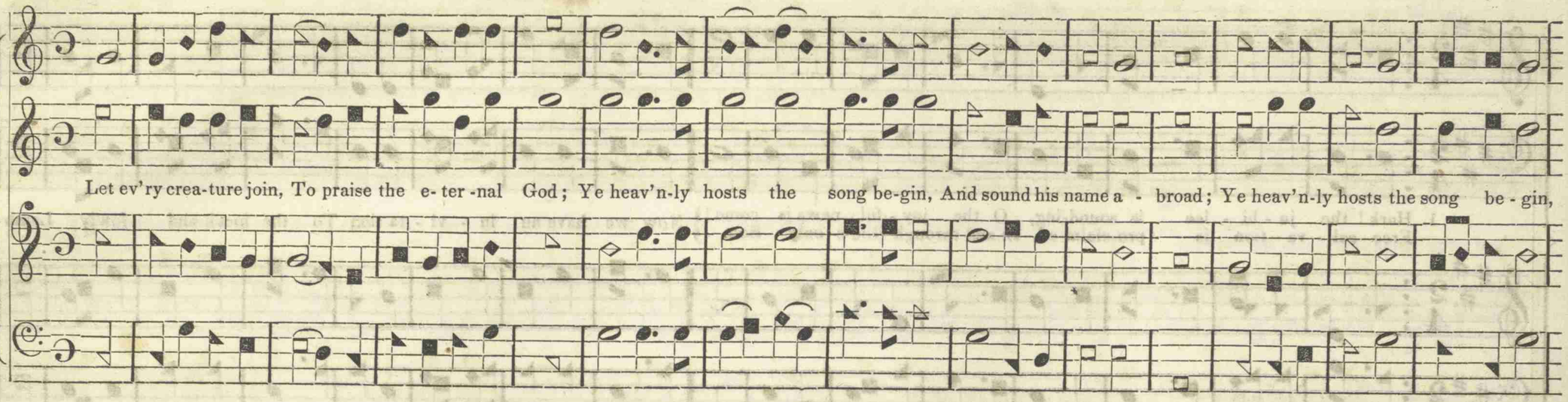

2. Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again:
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

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

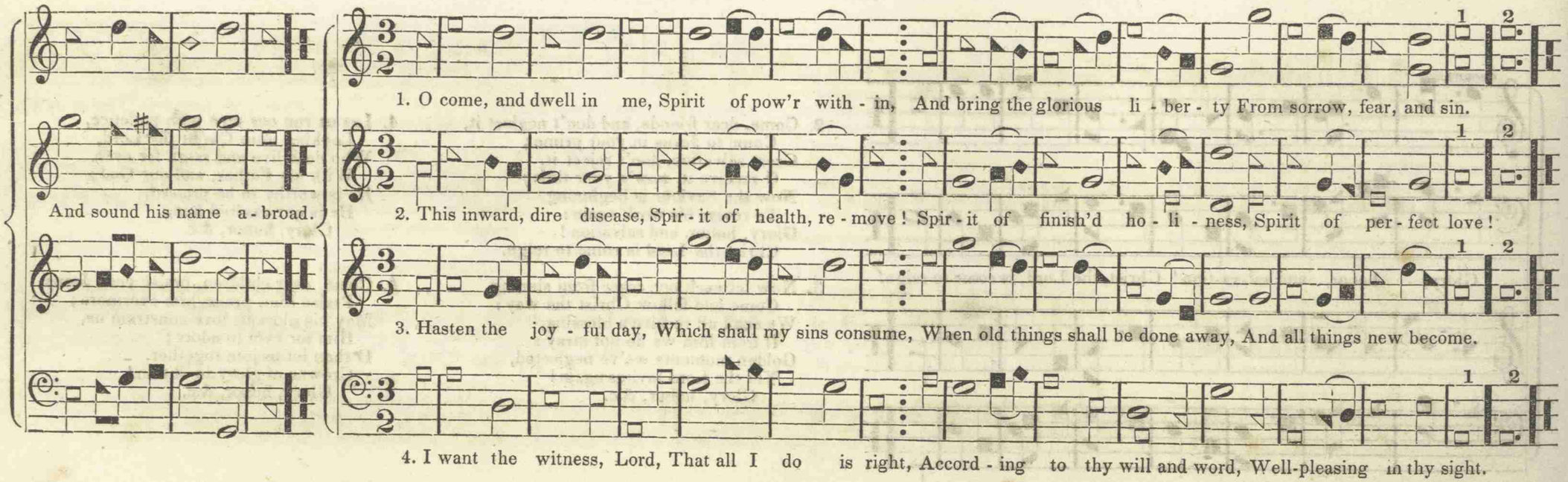
4. Let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father, and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King,
Glory, honor, &c.

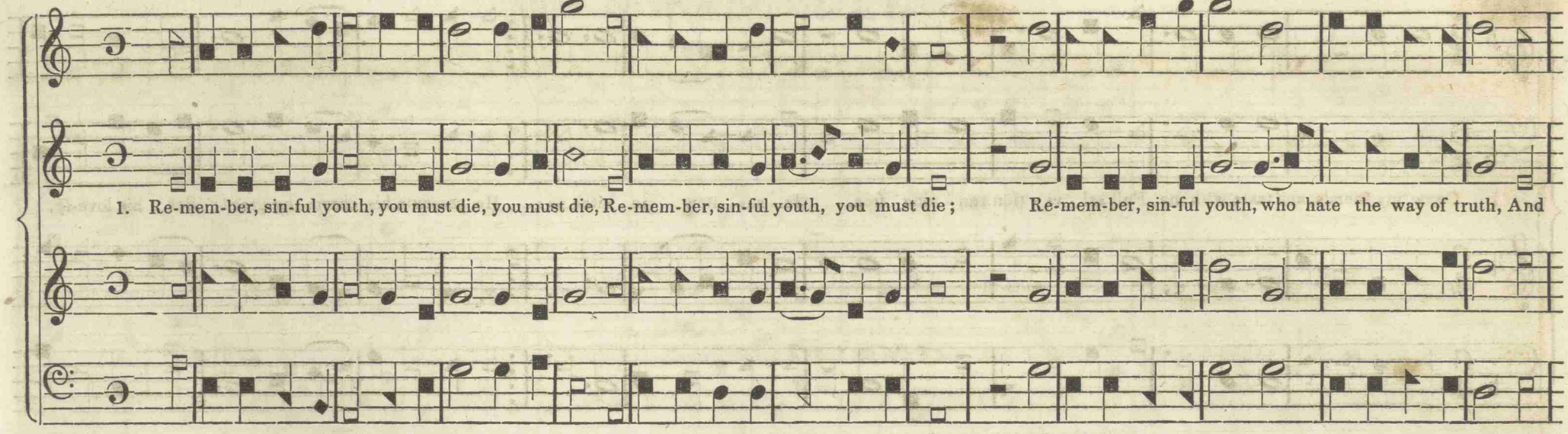
5. Come, dear children, praise your Jesus
Praise him, praise him evermore;
May his glorious love constrain us,
Him for ever to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory, honor, &c.

## MANSFIELD. S. M.




## IDUMEA. S. M.





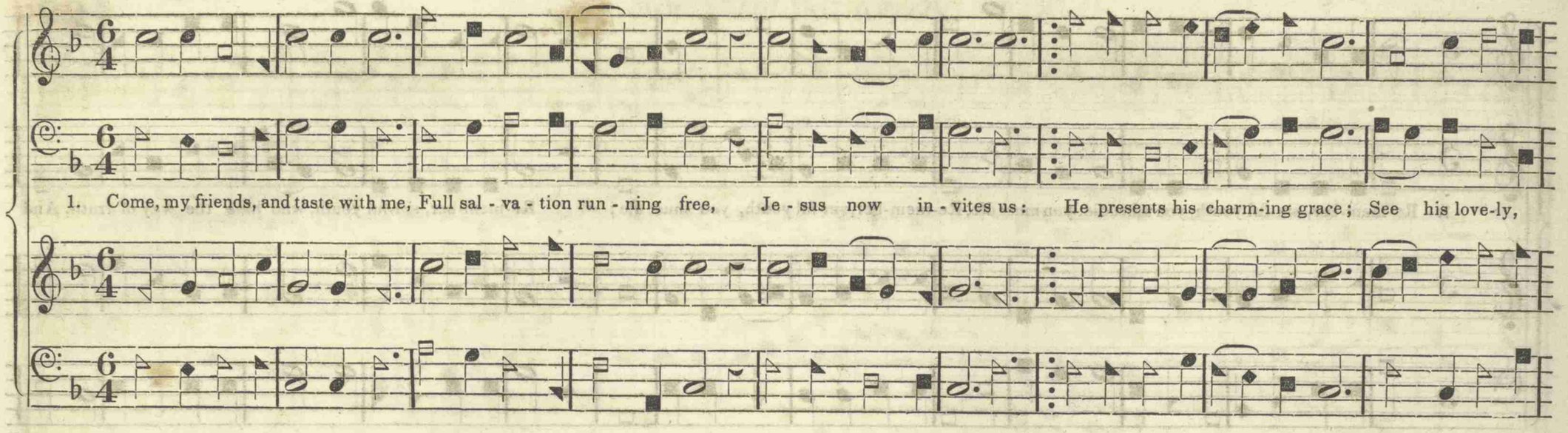

2. Uncertain are your days here below, here below,
Uncertain are your days here below,
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves here below, here below,
To bring you to your graves here below.

3. The God that built the sky, great I AM, great I AM,
The God that built the sky, great I AM,
The God that built the sky, hath said, (and cannot lie,)
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd,
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd.

4. And, O my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat,
And, O my friends, don't you, I entreat,
And, O my friends, don't you, your carnal mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, I entreat,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat.

5. Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life! 'scape for life!
Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life!
Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be—
Your final destiny, 'scape for life! 'scape for life!
Your final destiny—'scape for life!

## GENEVA. 7,7,6,7,7,7,7,6.




2. Earthly comfort soon will fly;
All its joys will shortly die;
Fading fast they leave us:
Beauteous grace your Lord will grant;
He'll supply your ev'ry want;
All that for his mercy pant,
He will give without restraint;
Jesus will receive us.

3. Heav'n is a delightful place;
There are streams of perfect peace,
Which my spirits capture:
All the happy tenants there,
His own glorious image bear,
All his love and bounty share;
And their Jesus ever near
Heightens still their rapture.

## NEW CONCORD. 6s & 9s.

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 ear - li - est love.

2. That comfort was mine, When the favor divine, I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believ'd, What a joy I receiv'd, What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3. 'Twas a heav-en below, My Redeemer to know: The angels could do nothing more Than fall at his feet, And the sto-ry re peat, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.

## IANTHA. 7s.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! . . . Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - cil'd."

2. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies: While th' an-gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

3. Christ, by highest heav'n a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; . . Late in time be-hold him come, Off-spring of the vir - gin's womb!

4. Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail in - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleas'd as man with men t' ap - pear, Je-sus our Em - man - uel here.

## ZION'S HILL. S. M.

DAVISSON.

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

2. How charming is their voice! So sweet the tid - ings are; "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour, King! He reigns and tri-umphs here."

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

## MOUNT HELICON. S. M.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

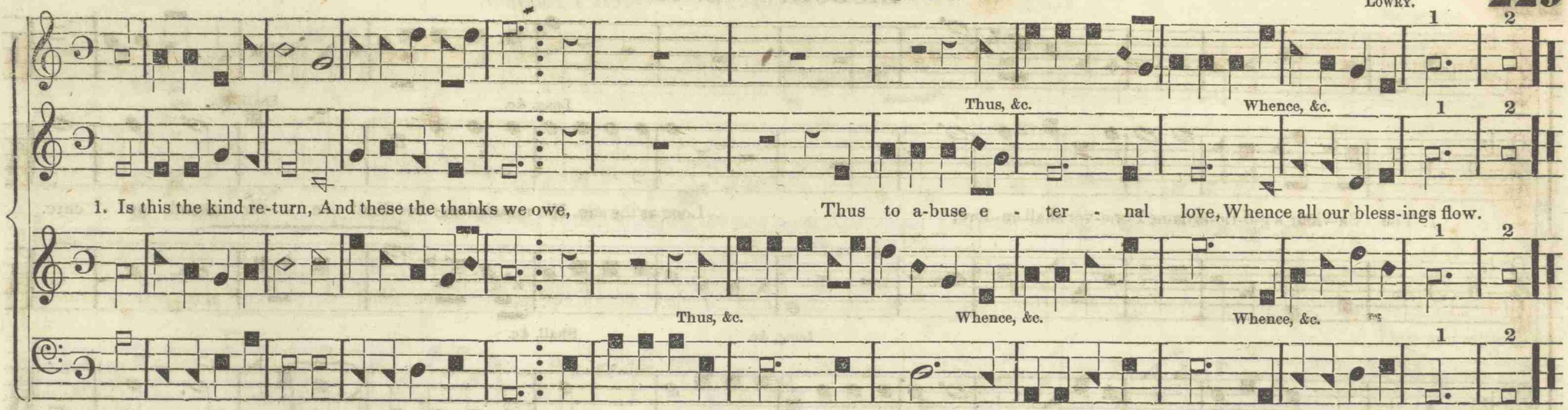
4. How blessed are our eyes, That see the heav'nly light! Prophets and kings de - sir'd it long, Prophets and kings de-sir'd it long, But died with-out the sight.

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

6. The Lord makes bare his arm Thro' all the earth abroad: Let ev' - ry na - tion now be -hold, Let ev' - ry na - tion now be -hold Their Sa - viour and their God.

## INGRATITUDE. S. M.

LOWRY.

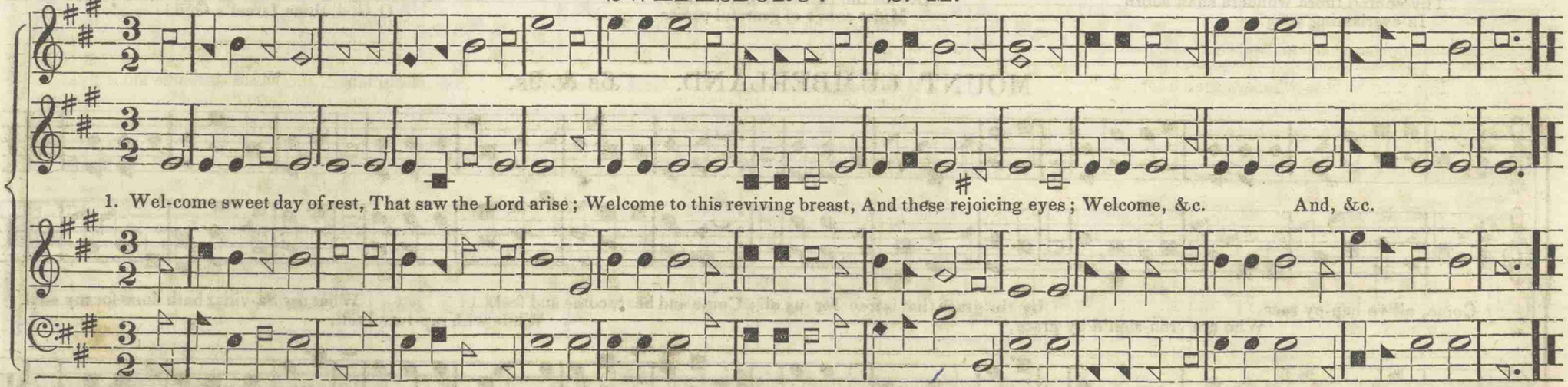



2. To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced the mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind.

6. Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

## SWEDESBORO'. S. M.

E. HERITAGE.

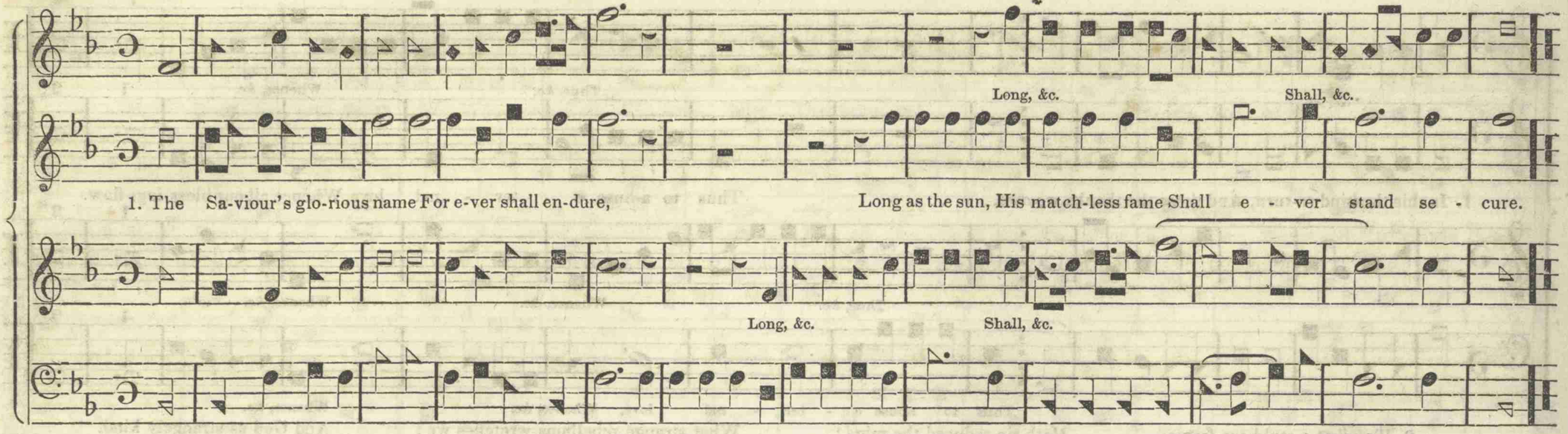



2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

## LISBON. S. M.

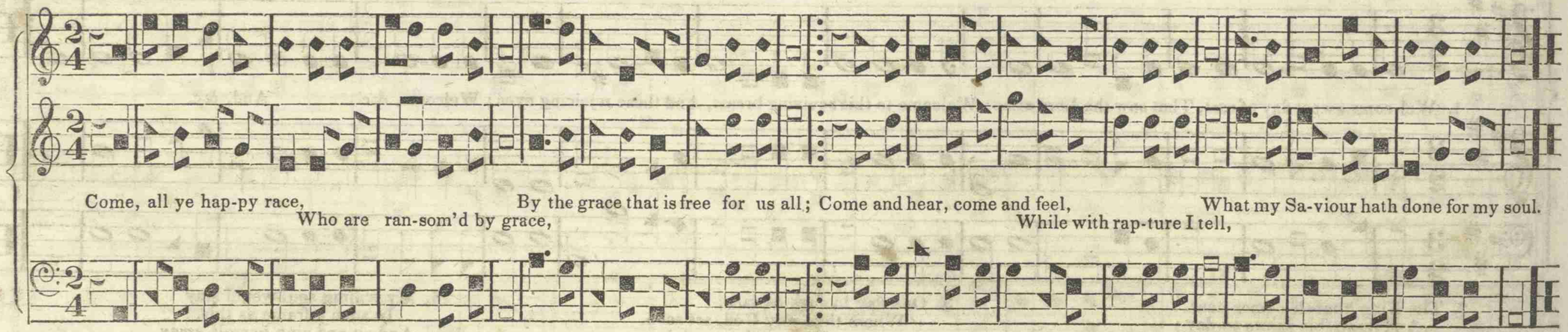



2. Wonders of grace and power
To Thee alone belong;
Thy church those wonders shall adore
In everlasting song.

3. O Israel! bless him still,
His name to honor raise;
Let all the earth his glory fill,
Midst songs of grateful praise.

4. Jehovah, God most high,
We spread thy praise abroad;
Through all the world thy fame shall fly,
O God, thine Israel's God!

## MOUNT CUMBERLAND. 6s & 9s.



Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name, And sound his name abroad. Thou

Thou sun with golden

Thou sun, with golden beams, And moon with

Thou sun, &c. And moon, &c. And moon, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c.

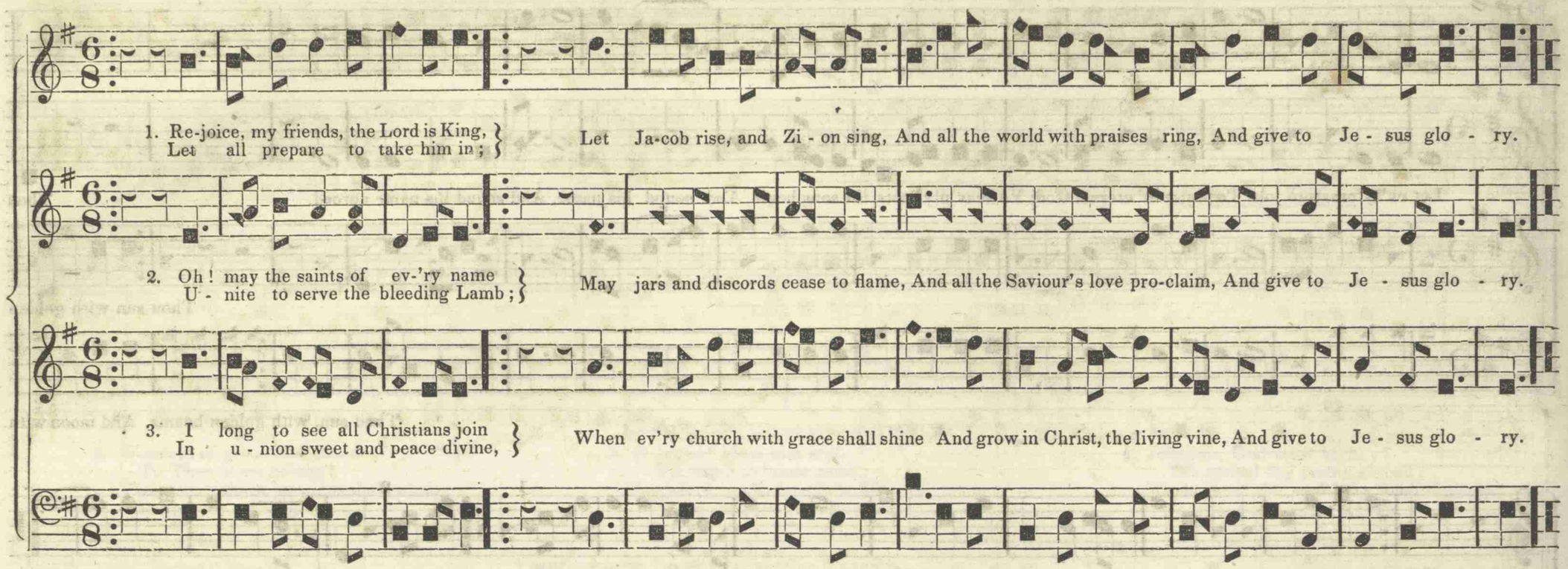
sun with golden beams, And moon with paler rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to, Shine to your Maker's praise.
And moon with paler rays,

beams, And moon, &c. And moon, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c. Shine to, &c.

paler rays, And moon, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c. Shine to, &c.

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

R. Monday.




4. Oh! may the desert lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the Bridegroom's voice;
While songs of praise each tongue employ,
And all obtain immortal joy,
And give to Jesus glory.

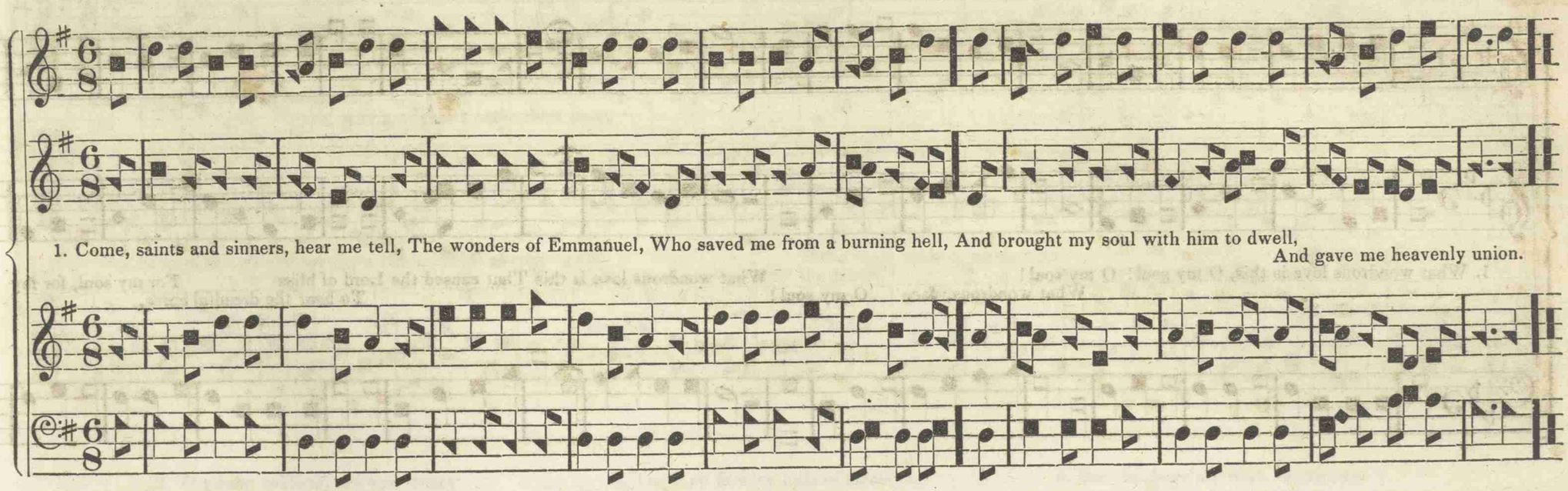
5. Come! parents, children, bond and free,
Come! will you go to heav'n with me?
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with me eternally,
And give to Jesus glory!

6. Come! who will run to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where joy celestial never dies,
But always flows through Paradise?
Oh! there we'll give Him glory.

7. My soul grows happy while I sing;
I feel that I am on the wing;
I'll shout salvation to my King,
Till I to heav'n my trophies bring,
And there I'll give Him glory.

8. Those beauteous fields of living green,
Through faith, the telescope, are seen
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And then we'll give Him glory.

9. A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below;
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give Him glory.



1. Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell, The wonders of Emmanuel, Who saved me from a burning hell, And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3. Then I began to weep and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And Oh! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.

5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I something always found to say
About this heavenly union.

6. I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to union.

7. Oh! come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

8. We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo;
And then we'll all to glory go,
Where we shall see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

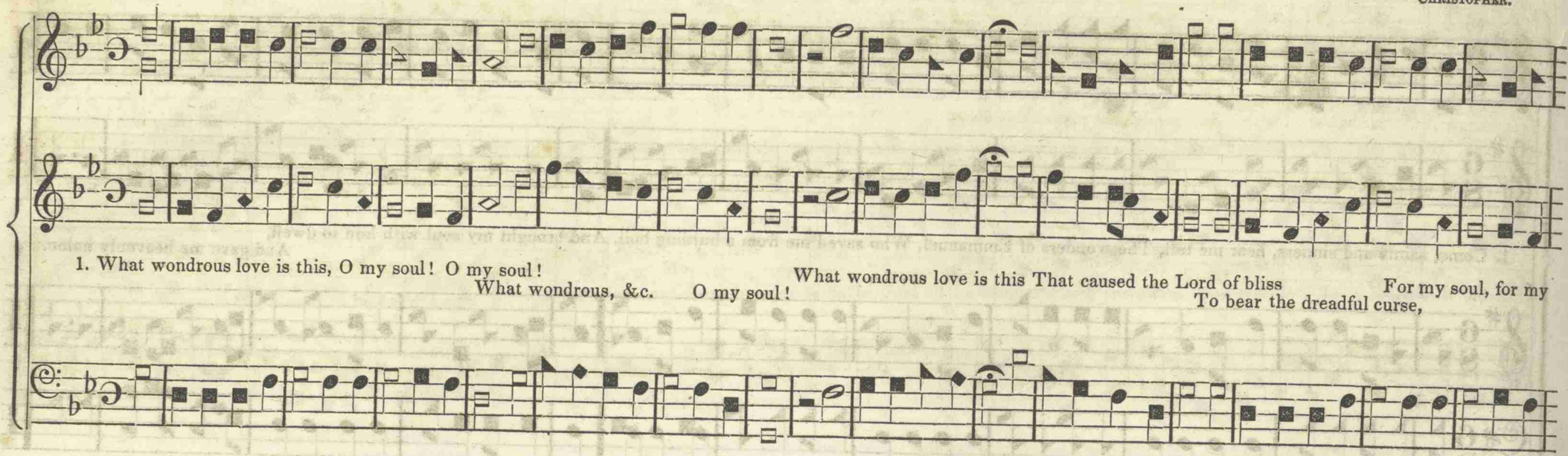
9. Come, heav'n and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And Oh! my soul, with wonder gaze!
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you heav'nly union.

10. Oh! could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The Devil's kingdom to confound!
I'd triumph on Emmanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious union.

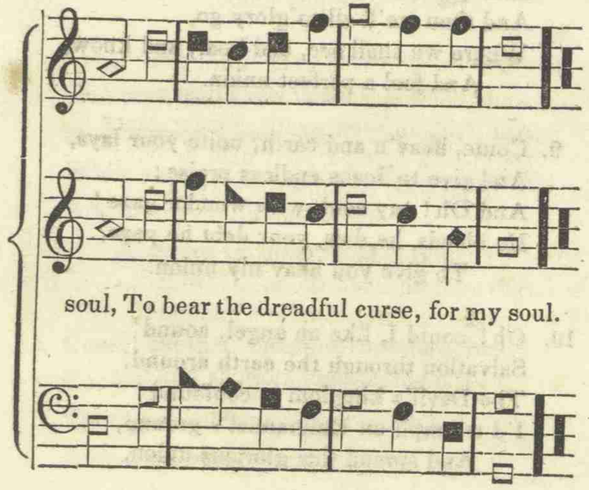
Mercer's Cluster.

# WONDROUS LOVE. 12s & 9s, or 6s & 9s.

CHRISTOPHER.



1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul!
What wondrous, &c. O my soul!
What wondrous love is this That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse,
For my soul, for my



soul, To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul.

2. When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down;
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul.

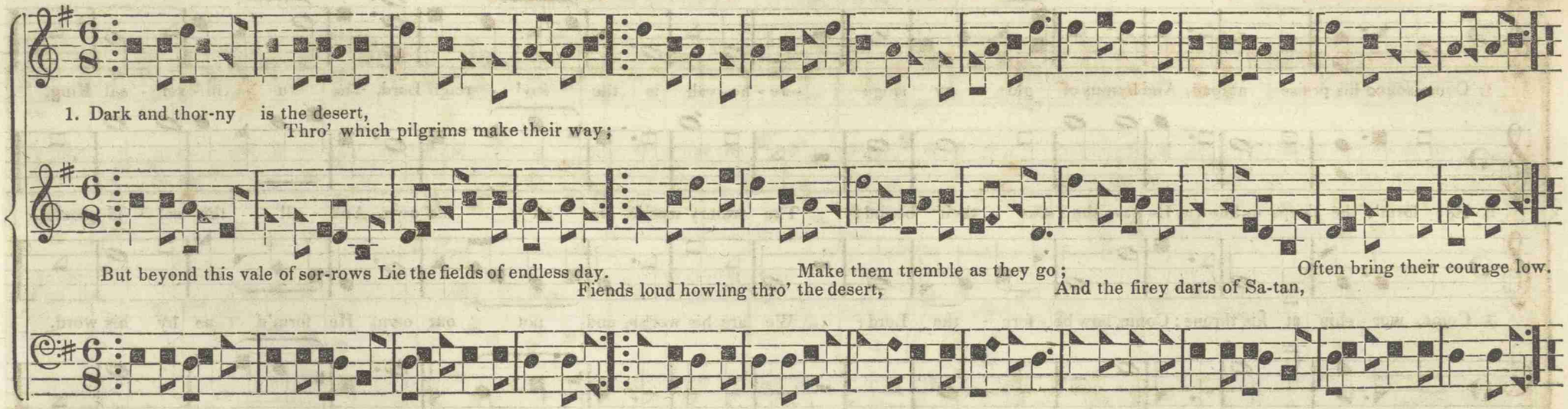
3. Ye winged seraphs, fly!
Bear the news! bear the news!
Ye winged seraphs fly! bear the news!
Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news, with the news,
Fill vast eternity with the news!

4. To God, and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,
To God, and to the Lamb, I will sing;
To God, and to the Lamb,
Unto the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

5. Come, friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise, join the praise,
Come, friends of Zion's King, join the praise!
Come, friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tunefnl string,
In his praise, in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise!

6. And when from death we're free,
We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
And when from death we're free, we'll sing on;
And when from death we're free,
We'll sing, and joyful be,
And through eternity
We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
And through eternity we'll sing on.

7. Yes, when to that bright world
We arise, we arise,
Yes, when to that bright world we arise—
When to that world we go,
Free from all pain and wo,
We'll join the happy throng,
And sing on, and sing on,
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.




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

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

4. There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky?

5. Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.

6. See the heav'nly host, in rapture,
Gazing on this shining band;
Wond'ring at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

7. Oh their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wore;
They are gone to heavenly pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign!

## SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign Lord, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works, and not our own, He form'd us by his word.

4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod, Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

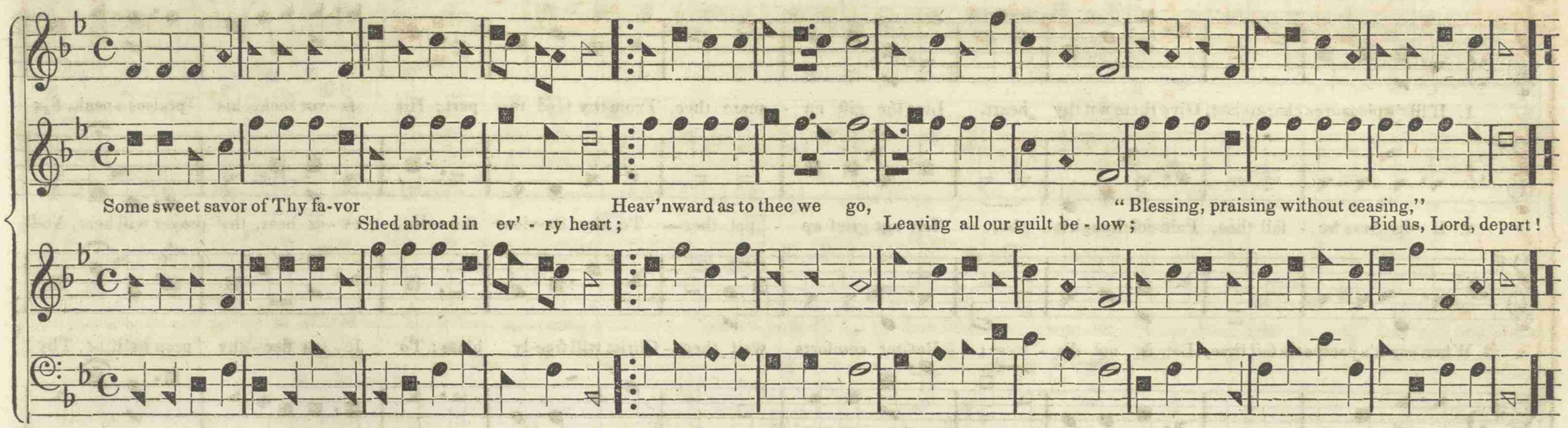
CODA, to be sung or omitted at will.

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

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

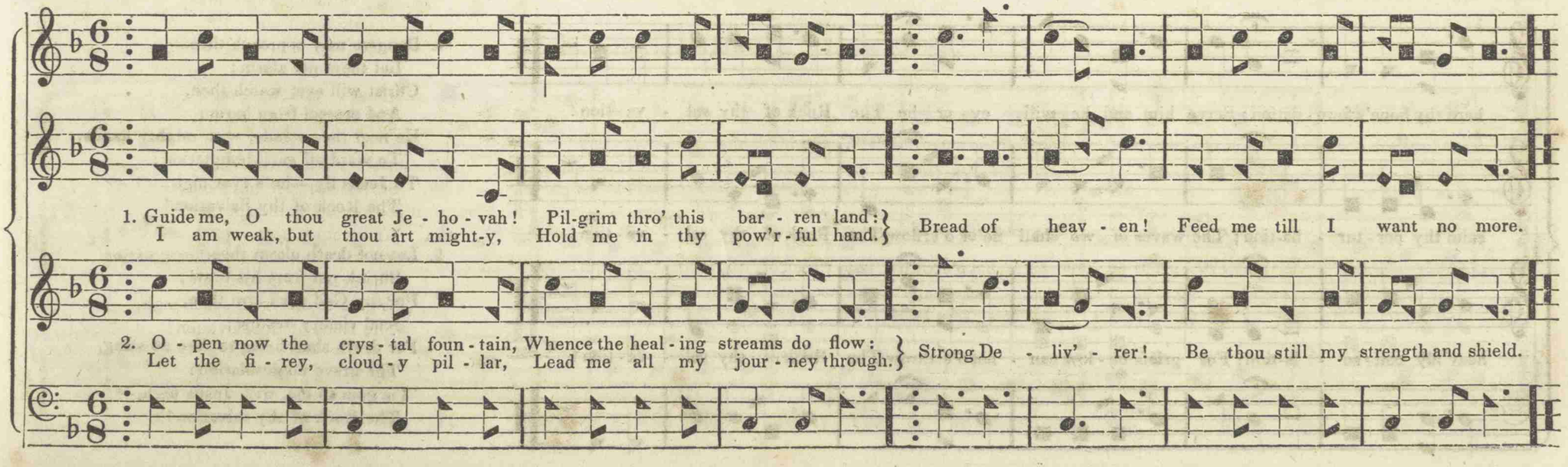
## LONGSTREET. 8s, 7s & 5s.

From "Templi Carmina."



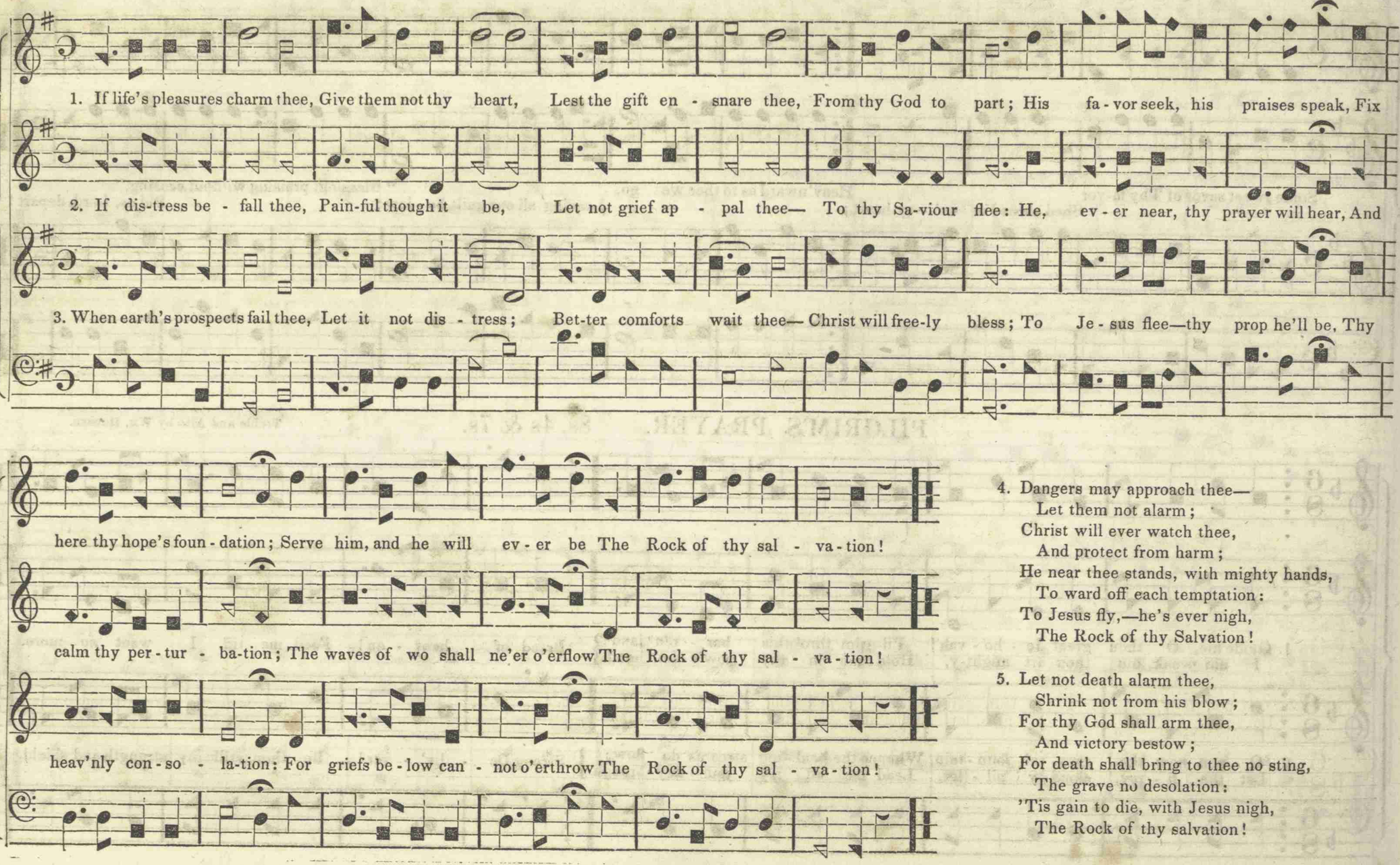

## PILGRIM'S PRAYER. 8s, 4s & 7s.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.



# ROCK OF SALVATION. 6,5,8 & 7s.

WM. HOUSER.




4. Dangers may approach thee—
Let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch thee,
And protect from harm;
He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation:
To Jesus fly,—he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy Salvation!

5. Let not death alarm thee,
Shrink not from his blow;
For thy God shall arm thee,
And victory bestow;
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation!

## ZELL. 8s & 7s.

BOST, a clergyman of Switzerland.

1. Praise to God the great Cre - a - tor, Praise to God from ev'-ry tongue! Join my soul with ev' - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver-sal song, Join the u - ni - ver-sal song.

2. Fa -ther! source of all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded grace is thine:—Hail the God of our sal - va-tion, Praise him for his love di - vine, Praise him for his love di - vine.

3. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our song we raise; Then en-raptur'd fall be - fore him, Lost in won-der love and praise, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

4. Praise to God, the great Cre-a - tor, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost! Praise him ev'ry liv - ing creature, Earth and heav'n's united host, Earth and heav'n's u - ni-ted host.

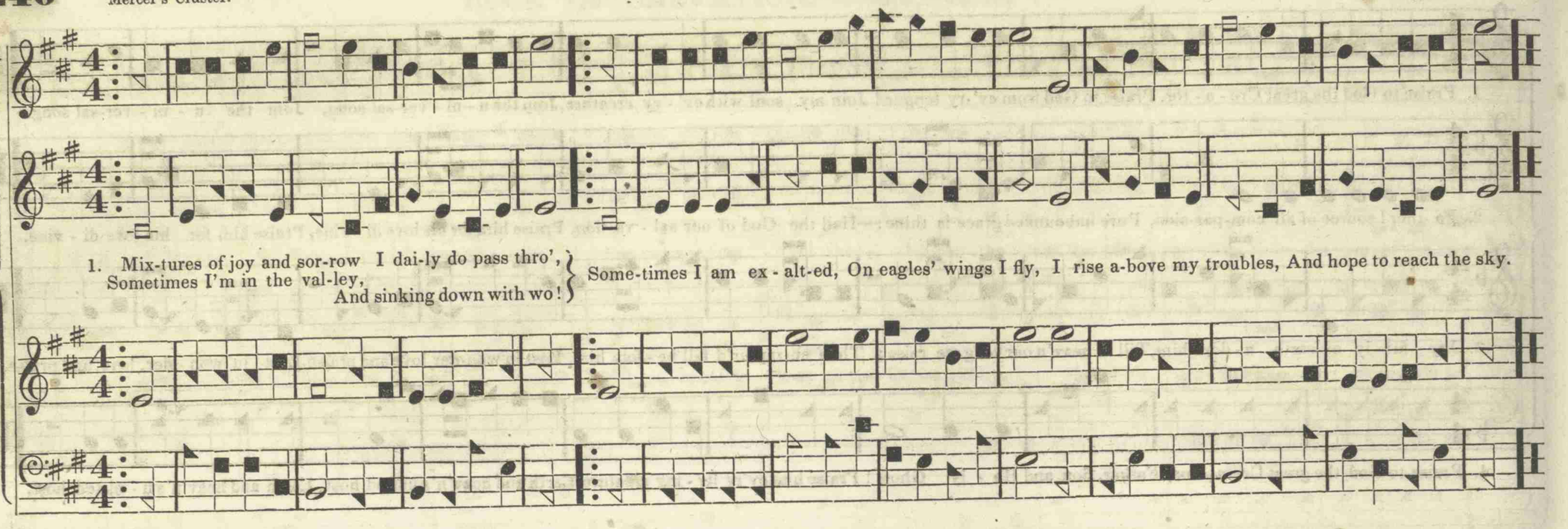
## CHEERFUL HOPE. 7s & 6s.

1. Tho' hard the winds are blow - ing, And loud the bil - lows roar; Full swift - ly we are go - ing To our dear na - tive shore.
2. The bil - lows breaking o'er us, The storms that round us swell, Are aid - ing to re - store us To all we lov'd so well.
3. So sor - row oft - en press - es Life's mar - i - ner a - long; Af - flic-tions and dis - tress - es Are gales and bil - lows strong.
4. The sharp-er and se - ver - er The storms of life we meet, The soon - er and the near - er Is heav'n's e - ter - nal seat.
5. Come then, af - flic - tions drea - ry; Sharp sick - ness pierce my breast; You on - ly bear the wea - ry More quick - ly home to rest.

Mercer's Cluster.

# MIXTURE. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




2.

Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
And fear I have no grace;
Sometimes I'm full of praising,
When Christ reveals his face;
Sometimes my hope's so little,
I think I'll throw it by;
Sometimes it seems sufficient,
If I were call'd to die.

3.

Sometimes I shun the Christian,
Lest he should talk to me;
Sometimes he is the neighbor
I long the most to see;
Sometimes we meet together,
The season's dry and dull;
Sometimes we find a blessing—
With joy it fills my soul.

4.

Sometimes I am oppressed
By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
And view the promis d land!
Sometimes I am in darkness;
Sometimes I'm in the light,
And then my soul is winged,
And upward speeds its flight.

5.

Sometimes I travel mourning
Down Babel's ancient stream;
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears my only theme:
Sometimes, when I am praying,
It seems almost a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

6.

Sometimes I read my Bible,
And 'tis a sealed book;
Sometimes I find a blessing
Whene'er therein I look;
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish myself at home;
Sometimes I find my Saviour,
And then I'm glad I'm come.

7.

Lord, why am I thus tossed,
Thus tossed to and fro?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Where'er I'm call'd to go?
O Lord, thou never changest—
And 'tis because I stray;
O grant me thine assistance,
And keep me in the way!

8.

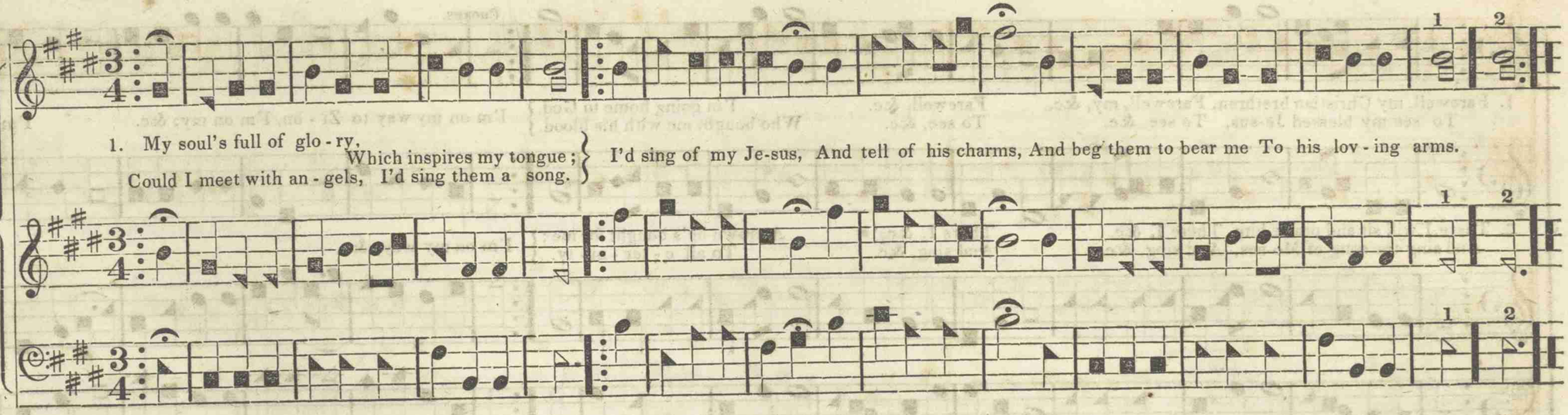
O may thy counsels guide me,
And keep me while I live;
In death be thou my portion,
And then my soul receive,
To praise my blessed Saviour,
And magnify his grace,
Bestow'd on such a sinner,
The chief of all the race.

9.

There, with the holy angels
That stand around the throne,
And saints of ev'ry nation,
Our voices join'd in one,
We'll sound aloud the praises
Of our Redeemer God,
Who saved us by his sorrows,
And wash'd us in his blood.

# GLORIOUS PROSPECT. 6s & 5s. D. or 11s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




1.
My soul's full of glory,
  Which inspires my tongue;
Could I meet with angels,
  I'd sing them a song:
I'd sing of my Jesus,
  And tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me
  To his loving arms.

2.
Methinks they're descending
  To hear while I sing—
Well pleased to hear mortals
  Sing praise to their King.
O angels! O angels!
  My soul's in a flame!
I sink in sweet raptures
  At Jesus's name.

3.
O Jesus! O Jesus!
  Thou balm of my soul!
'Twas thee, my dear Saviour,
  That made my heart whole:
O, bring me to view thee,
  Thou precious, sweet King,
In oceans of glory
  Thy praises to sing!

4.
O heaven! sweet heaven!
  I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren,
  And Jesus, my dear!
Come, angels! come, angels!
  I'm ready to fly!
Come, quickly convey me
  To God in the sky!

5.
Sweet spirits, attend me,
  Till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me
  Till I am call'd home!
Though worms my poor body
  May claim as their prey,
I'll outshine, when rising,
  The sun at mid-day.

6.
The sun may be darken'd,
  The moon turn'd to blood,
The mountains may melt at
  The presence of God—
Red lightnings may blaze, and
  Loud thunders may roar—
All this cannot daunt me
  On Canaan's bright shore.

7.
A glimpse of bright glory
  O'erpowers my soul:
I sink in sweet vision
  To view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing,
  Is leaping to go;
This moment, for heaven,
  I'd leave all below.

8.
Farewell, my dear brethren,
  My Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear children,
  I'm now going home:
Bright angels are whisp'ring
  So sweet in my ear,
"Away to the Saviour
  Thy spirit we'll bear!"

## WAY TO ZION. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

Chorus.

1. Farewell, my Christian brethren, Farewell, my, &c.
To see my blessed Je-sus, To see, &c.

Farewell, &c.
To see, &c.

I'm going home to God,
Who bought me with his blood.

I'm on my way to Zi - on, I'm on my, &c. I'm

2. There I will sit and praise him, There I, &c.
And sing the song of Mo-ses, And sing, &c.

There I, &c.
And sing, &c.

A crown he's bought for me;
To all e - ter - ni - ty.

I'm on my way, &c.

## NEW HOPE. S. M.

on my way to Zi-on, To the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

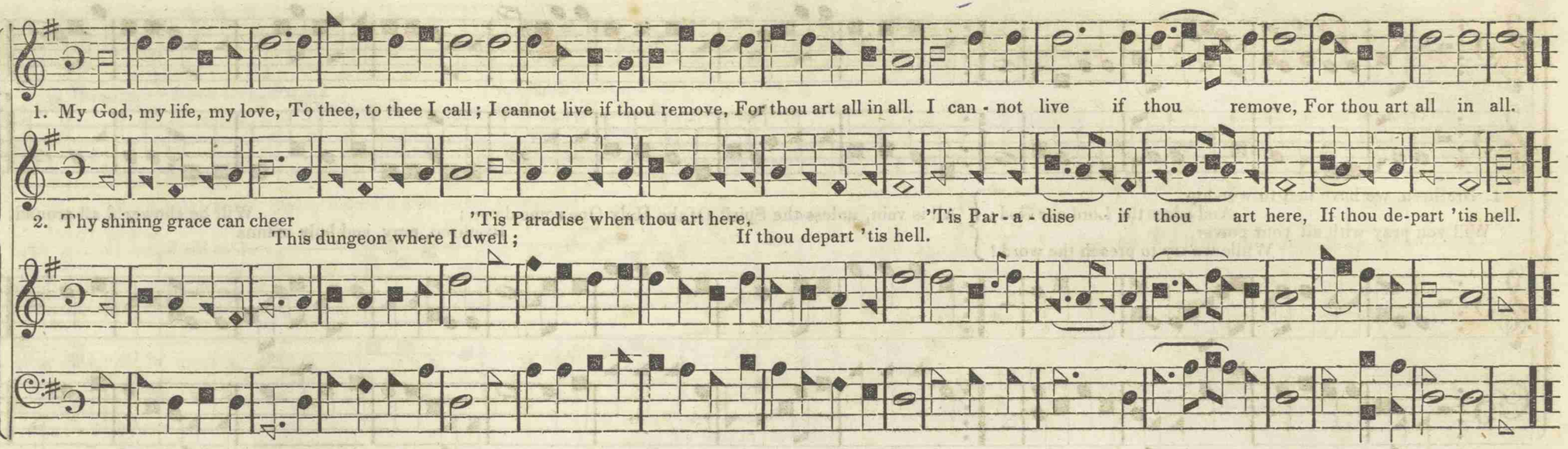
To the, &c.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

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

## HOPE. S. M.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.




3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

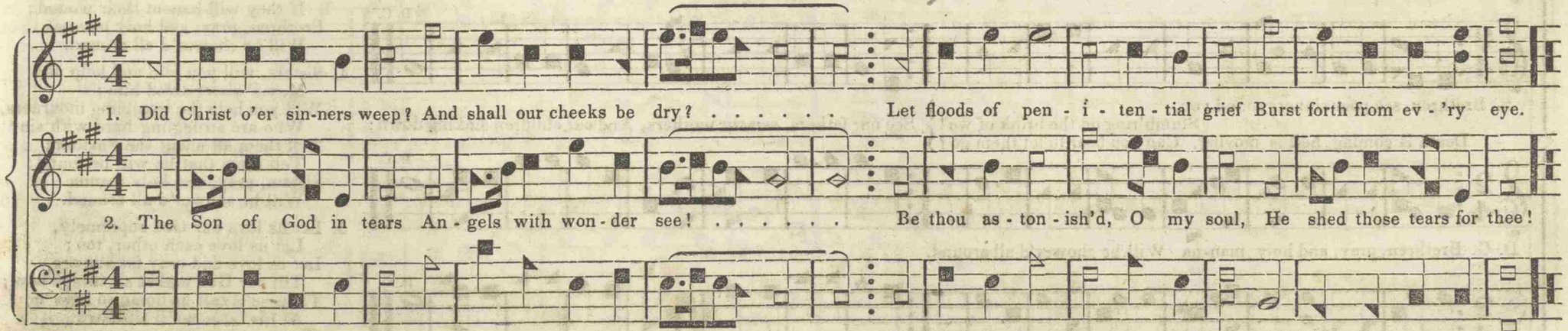
4. To thee, and thee alone
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

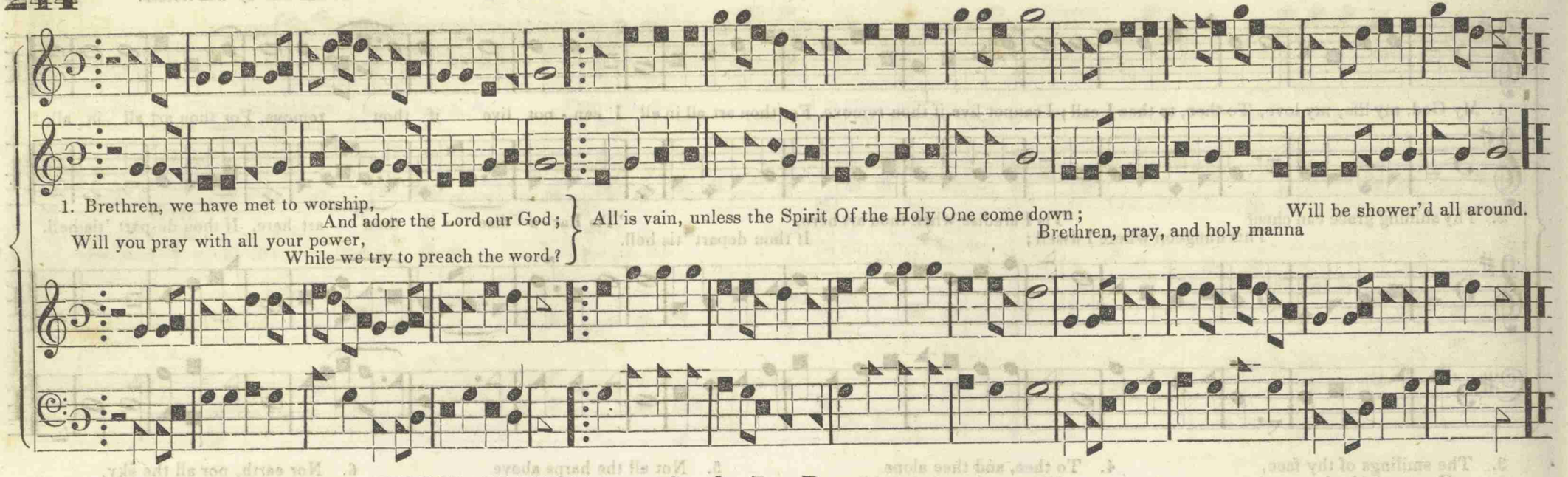
## BLAIRSVILLE. S. M.

Mercer's Cluster.



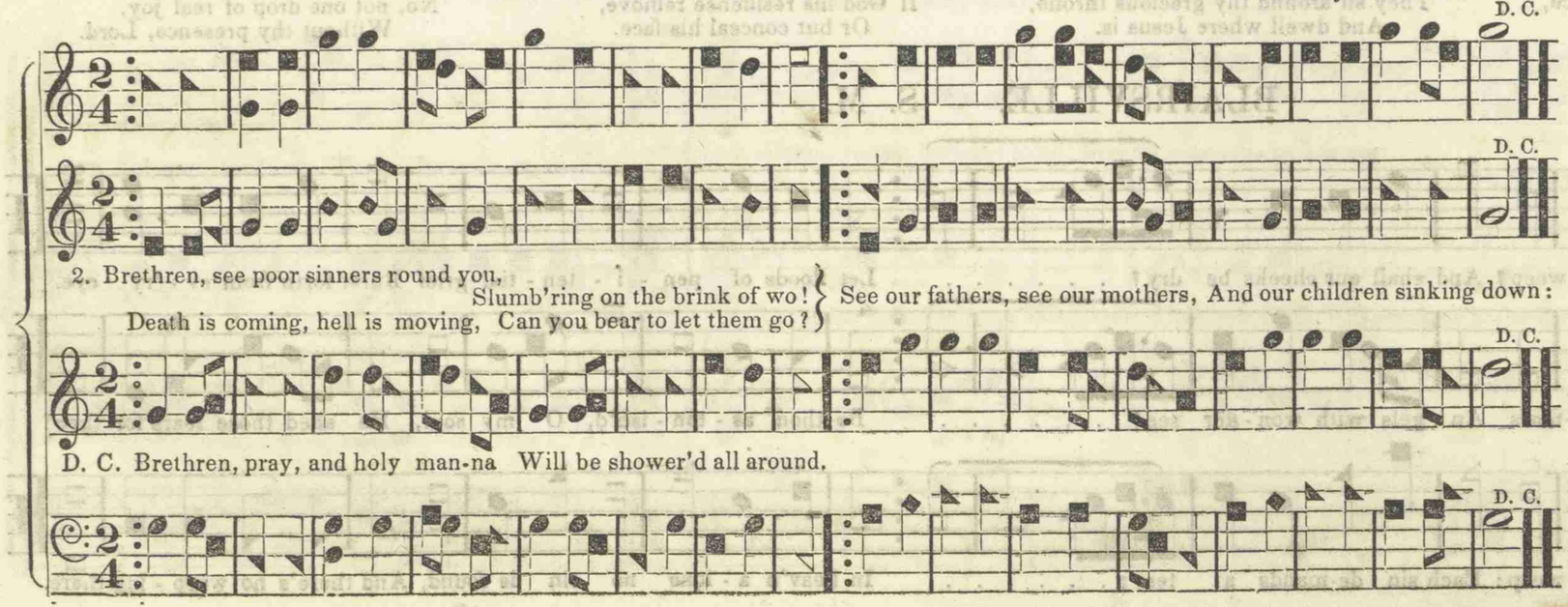
## HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s. D.

MOORE.




## HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s. D.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.



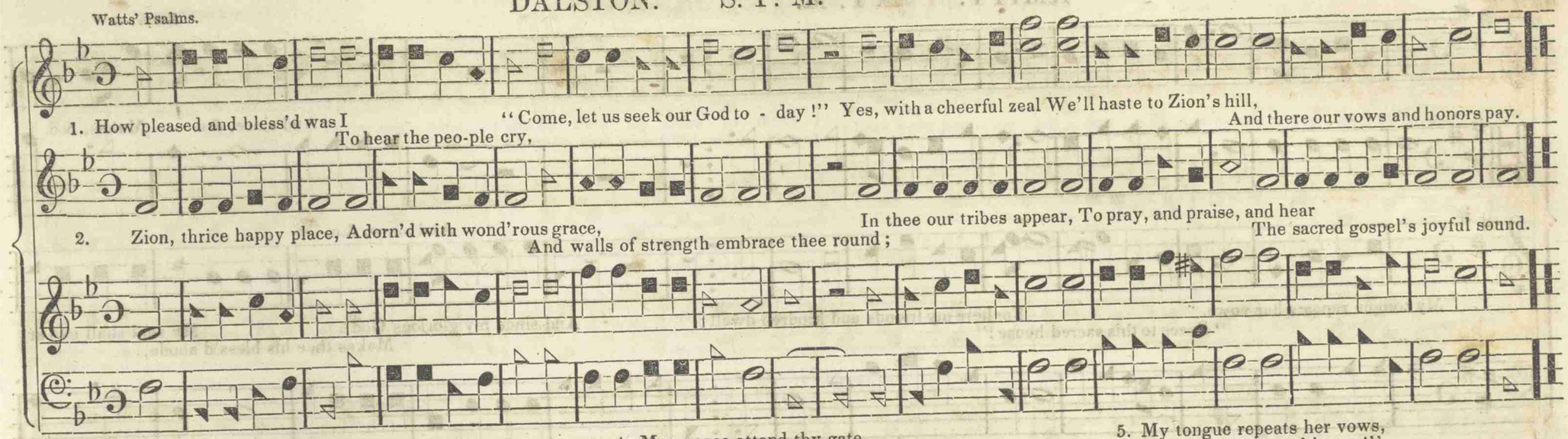

3. Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before.
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

4. Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour;
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

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

## DALSTON. S. P. M.

Watts' Psalms.



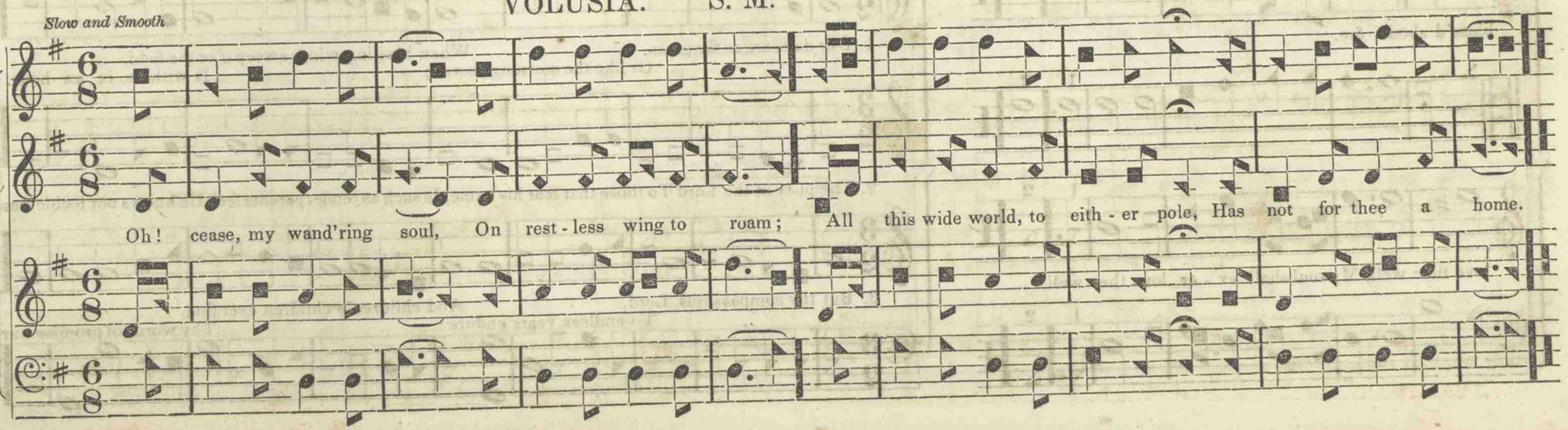

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell.
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

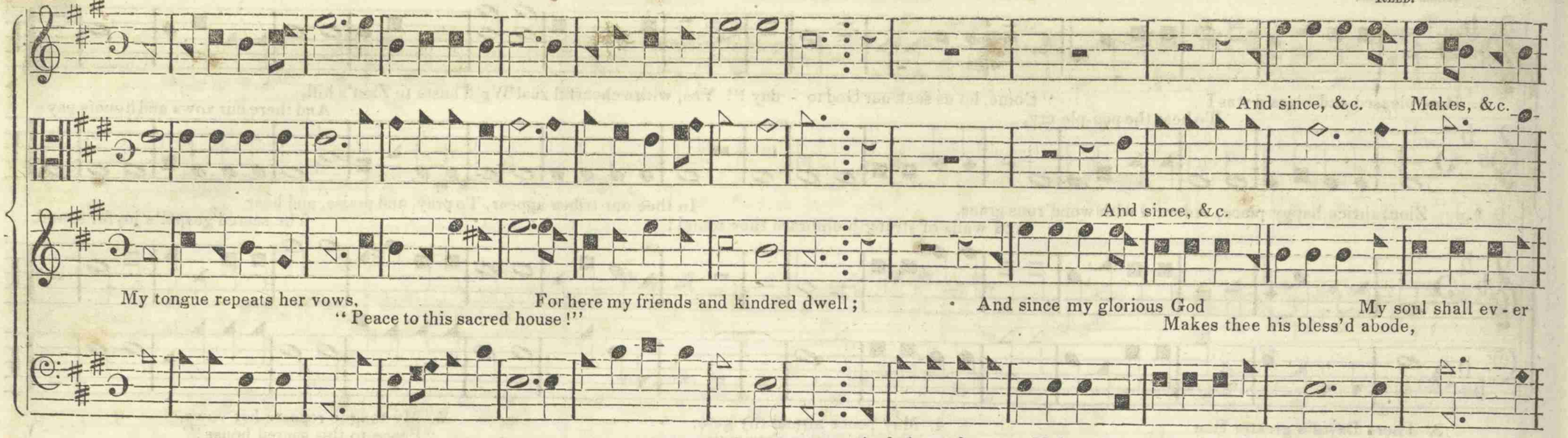
## VOLUSIA. S. M.

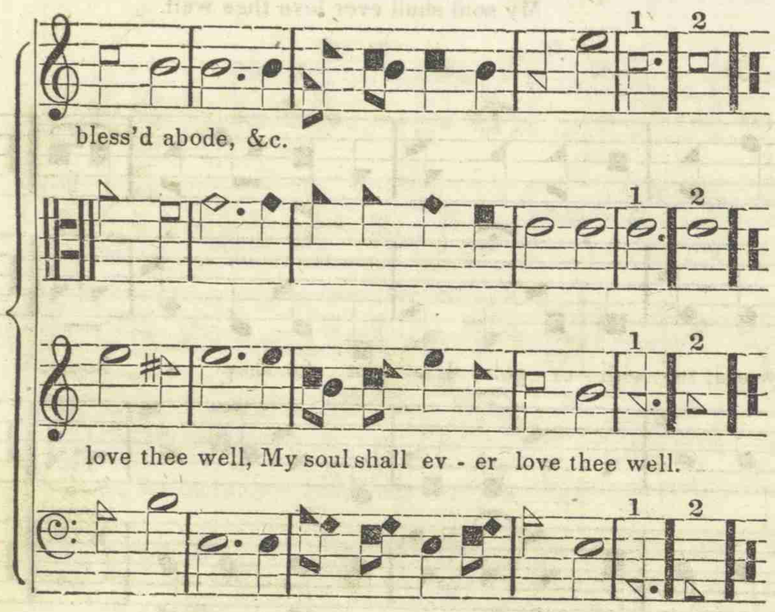
*Slow and Smooth*



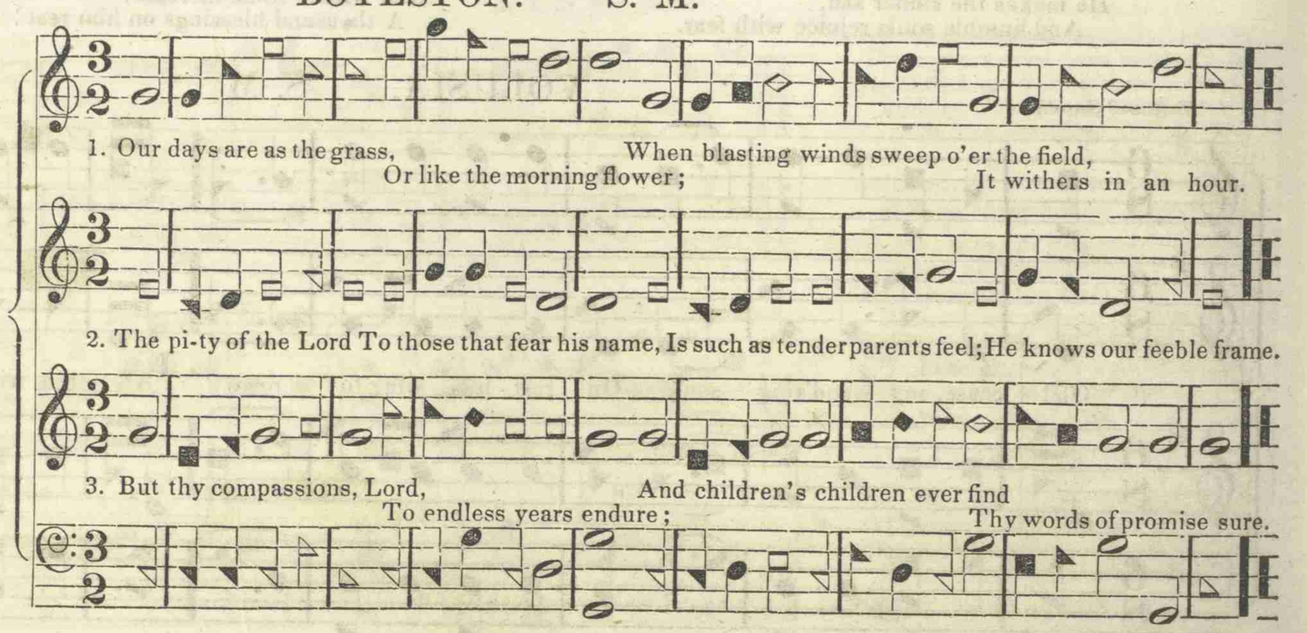
## AMITY. S. P. M.

REED.




## BOYLSTON. S. M.



## NUREMBURG. 6 lines, 7s.

German Air. 

1. Once I thought my moun-tain strong, Firm-ly fix'd no more to move;
   Then my Sa-viour was my song, Then my soul was fill'd with love;
   Those were hap-py gol-den days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2. Lit-tle then my-self I knew, Lit-tle thought of Sa-tan's pow'r;
   Now I feel my sins a-new, Now I feel the stor-my hour!
   Sin has put my joys to flight; Sin has turn'd my days to night.

3. Sa-viour, shine, and cheer my soul, Bid my dy-ing hopes re-vive;
   Make my wound-ed spi-rit whole, Far a-way the temp-er drive;
   Speak the word, And set me free, Let me live a-lone to thee.

## BOUNDING BILLOWS. 8s & 7s.

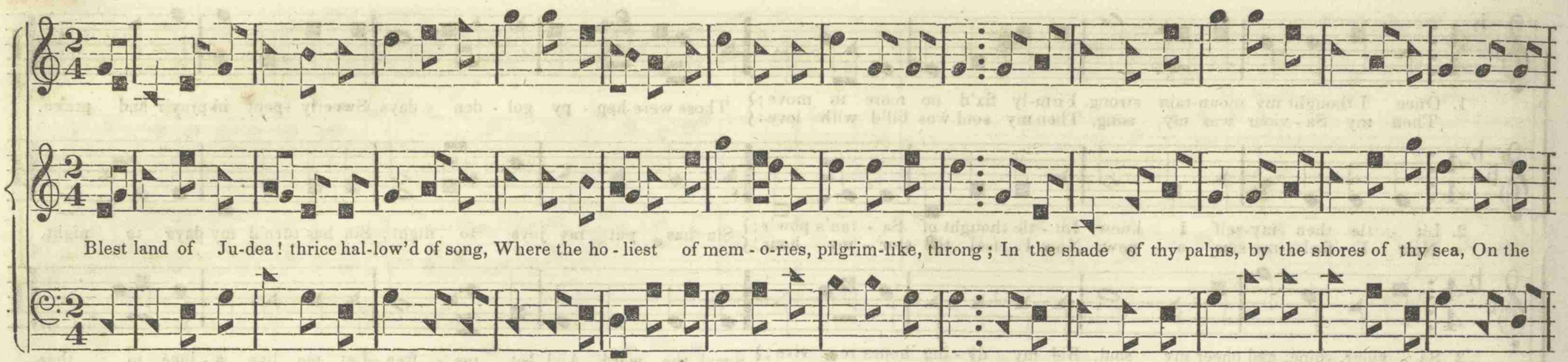
1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling
   Borders on the shades of death,
   Come, and by thy love re-vealing,
   Come, and by thy love re-veal-ing,
   Dis-sipate the clouds be-neath.

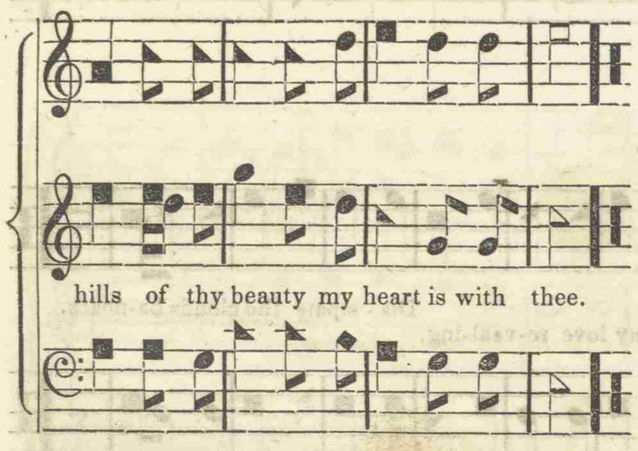
2. The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
   On our deepest dark-ness rise,
   Scatt'ring all the night of na-ture,
   Scatt'ring all the night of na-ture,
   Pouring sight up-on our eyes.

3. Still we wait for thine appearing; Life and joy thy beams im-part,
   Chasing all our fears, and cheering, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Ev'ry poor be-night-ed heart.

# PALESTINE. 11s. [An Ode.]

Wm. Houser.
Words by Jno. G. Whittier.




2. With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod,
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

3. Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear!
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

4. Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene,—
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

5. Hark! a sound in the valleys, where swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon! is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

6. There, down from the mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag with his eye-balls of flame;
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son.

7. There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang,
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang;
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

8. Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah; and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

9. And Bethany's palm-trees, in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters that hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

10. I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod,
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God!
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

11. Oh! here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,
These hills he toil'd over in grief are the same;—
The founts where he drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on his brow.

1. Come, tell me, wand'ring sinner, O'er this wide world a stranger? He calls you to his bosom,
Say, whither dost thou roam, Hast thou no Saviour known? But, ah! you still de-

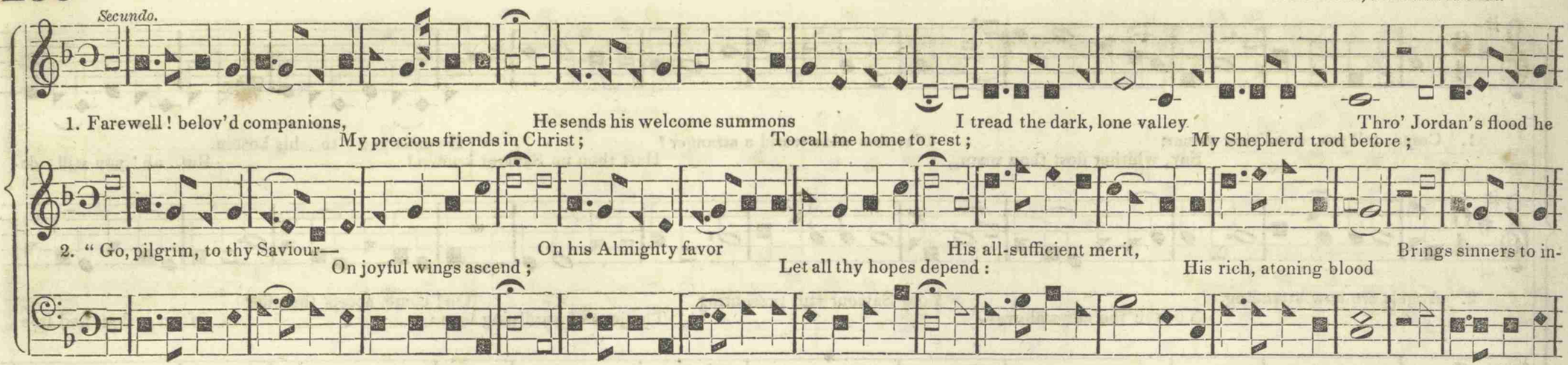
2. Angels are now attending, Your Saviour still presenting Oh! come, accept the offer
To waft the news above— The joys of pard'ning love: Of par - don and free

lay! And guide you in the way. But, ah! you still de - lay! And guide you in the way.
He'll fit your soul for heaven He calls you to his bosom, He'll fit your soul for heaven,

grace; In songs of love and praise. Of par - don and free grace; In songs of love and praise.
And own the mighty power, Oh! come, accept the offer And own the mighty power,

# THE DYING PILGRIM. 7s & 6s.

Words and music by Rev. H. BINGHAM, of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.




3. Farewell! I trust in Jesus
To take my sins away;
Now, on that head most precious,
My soul her hand would lay;
To that sole hope for sinners,
My Saviour, King, and Friend,
Kind angels, lend your pinions,
And help my soul ascend!

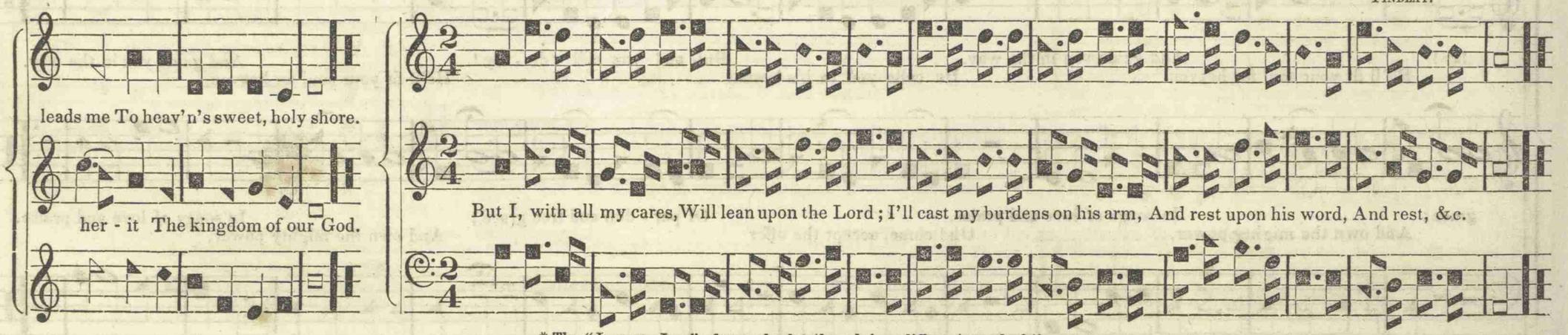
4. "Go, pilgrim, to thy Saviour;—
Thy toilsome course is run;
There rest from all thy labors
And cares beneath the sun:
No more shall sin molest thee;
The world no more control;—
Go, praise the Lamb who blest thee,
Whose love shall fill thy soul."

5. Farewell! dear fellow-lab'rers!
O live for Christ and heaven!
Toil on for this kind Saviour,
Whose life for you was given;
Bring back blind, rebel mortals,
Our Sovereign to obey;
And guide them to the portals
Of heav'n's eternal day.

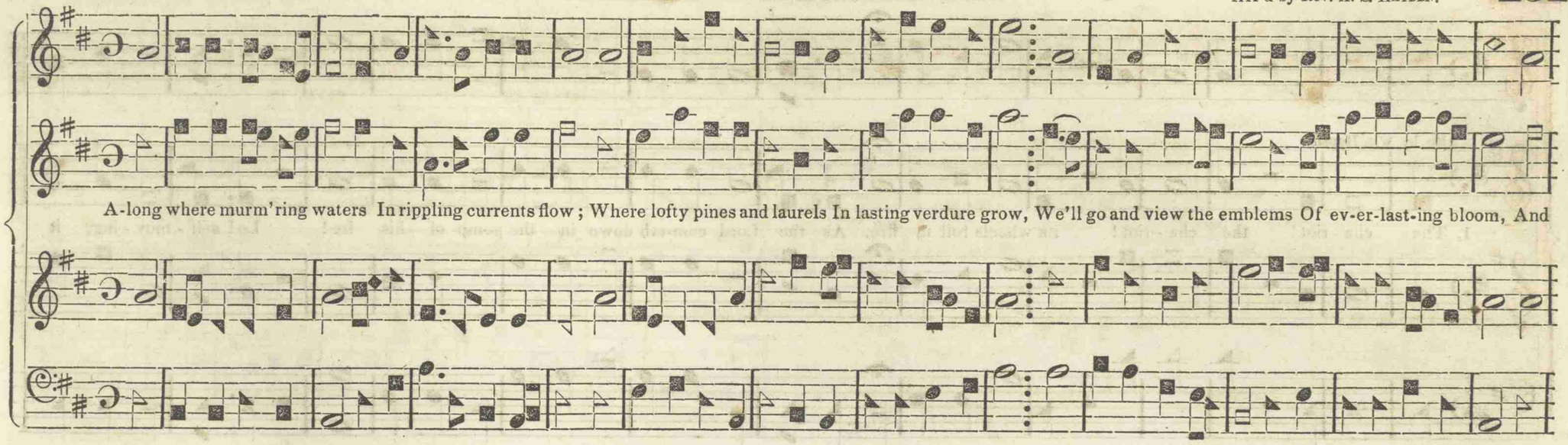
6. "Go, pilgrim, to thy Saviour—
A short, a kind adieu;
Far holier friends will hail thee,
Where joys eternal flow:
By angels kind attended,
Go, take thy crown there given,
And when our toils are ended,
O may we meet in heav'n!

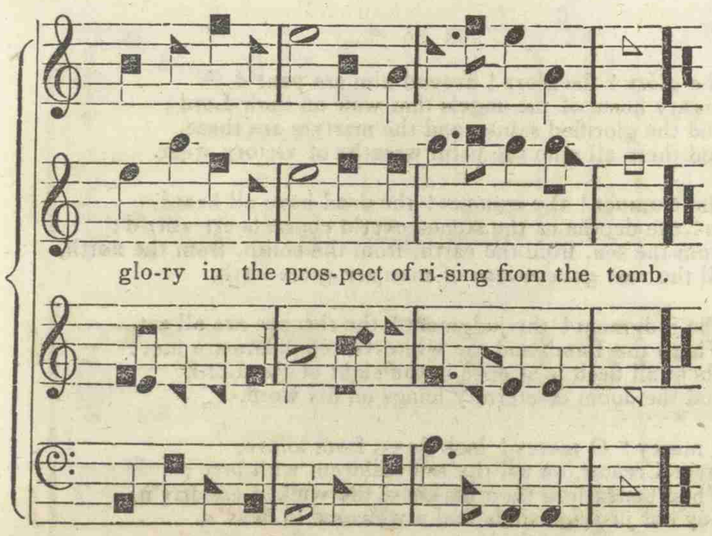
## DEPENDENCE.* S. M.

FINDLAY.




* The "Leprous Jew," of some books, though in a different mood of time.




## THE BEAUTIFUL LAND AND ITS SENTRY.

By Thomas Mackellar.

1. There is a land immortal—
The beautiful of lands ;—
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands :
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door ;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal never more.

2. That glorious land is heaven,
And death the sentry grim ;
The Lord thereof has given
The opening keys to him ;
And ransom'd spirits sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

3. Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait ;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

4. There sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears ;
Their journey heavenward winging
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee !" they cry :
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

Treble by WM. WALKER.

# THE TRUMPET. 11s & 12s.

J. WILLIAMS.

Alto, by WM. HOUSER.

1. The cha - riot! the cha - riot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! self - mov - ing, it drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the bur-den of Godhead are bow'd.

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

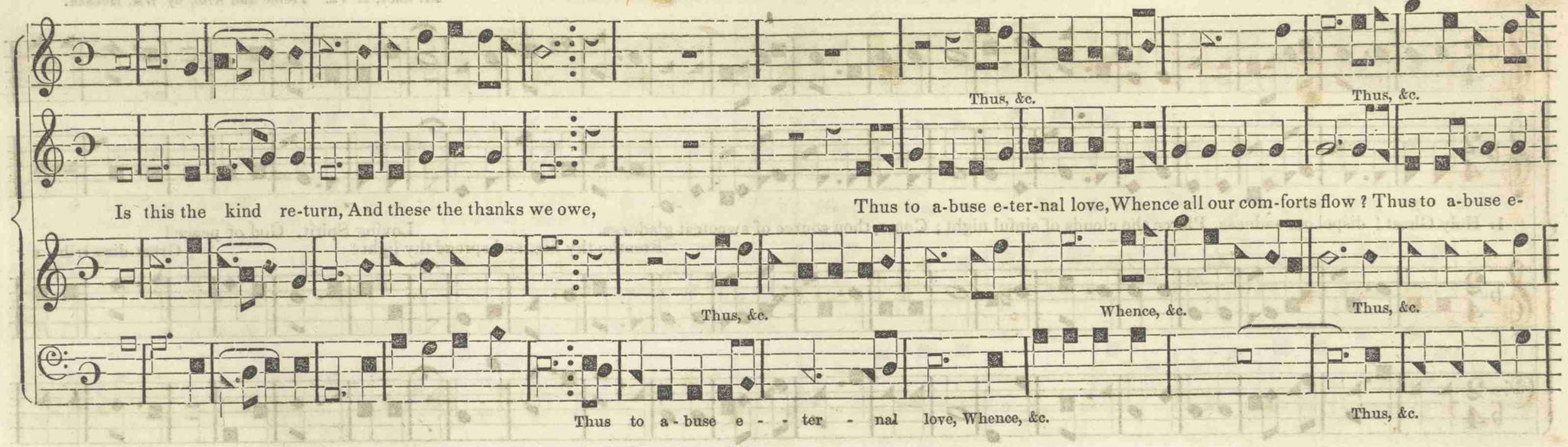
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met:
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

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

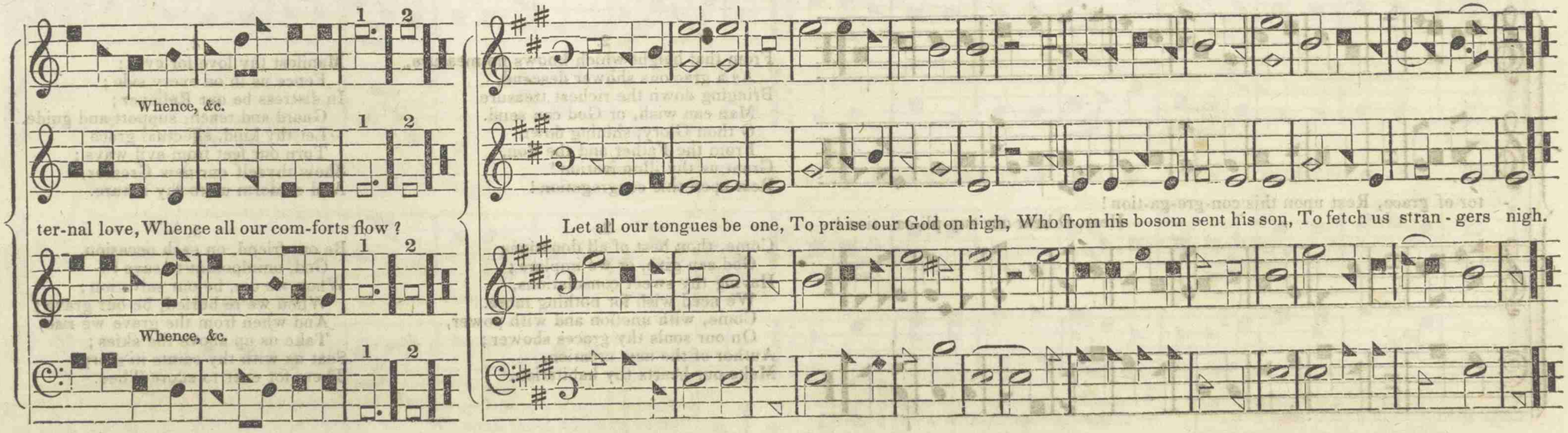
## LAMBERTON. S. M.

SHUMWAY.



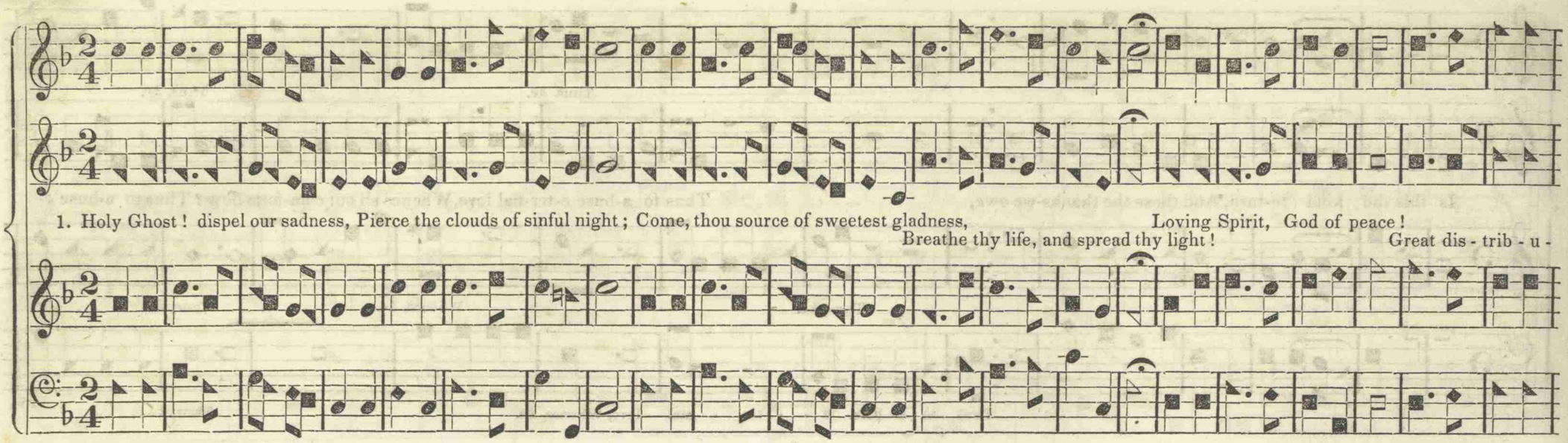

## WARREN. S. M.

LANE.



# DOUGLASS. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

Dr. LACY, of Va. Treble and Alto, by WM. HOUSER.




2.

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

3.

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
Come, with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

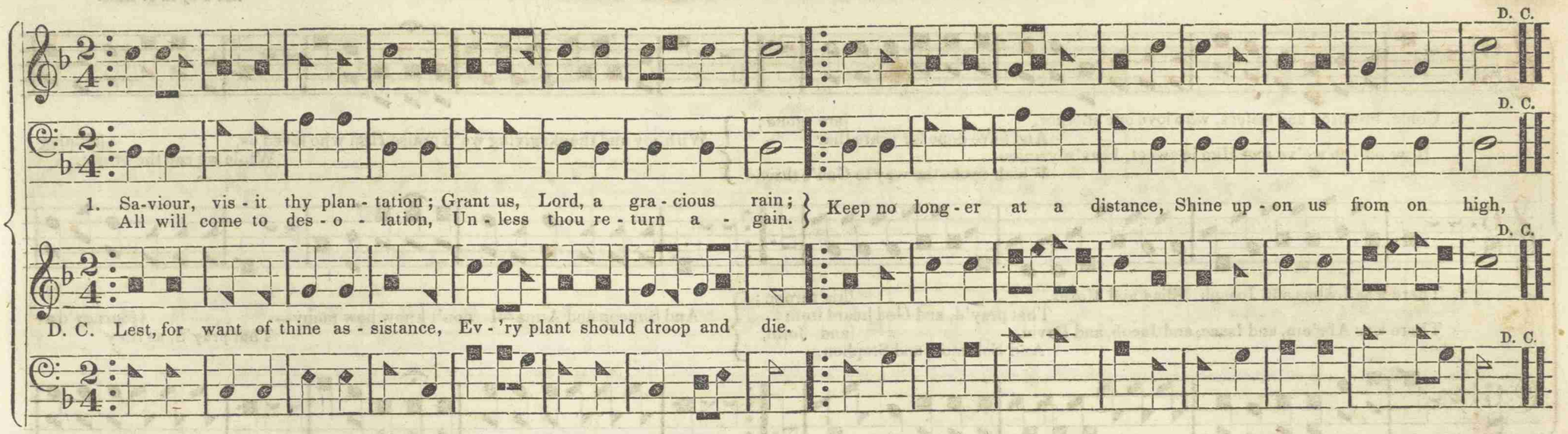
4.

Manifest thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5.

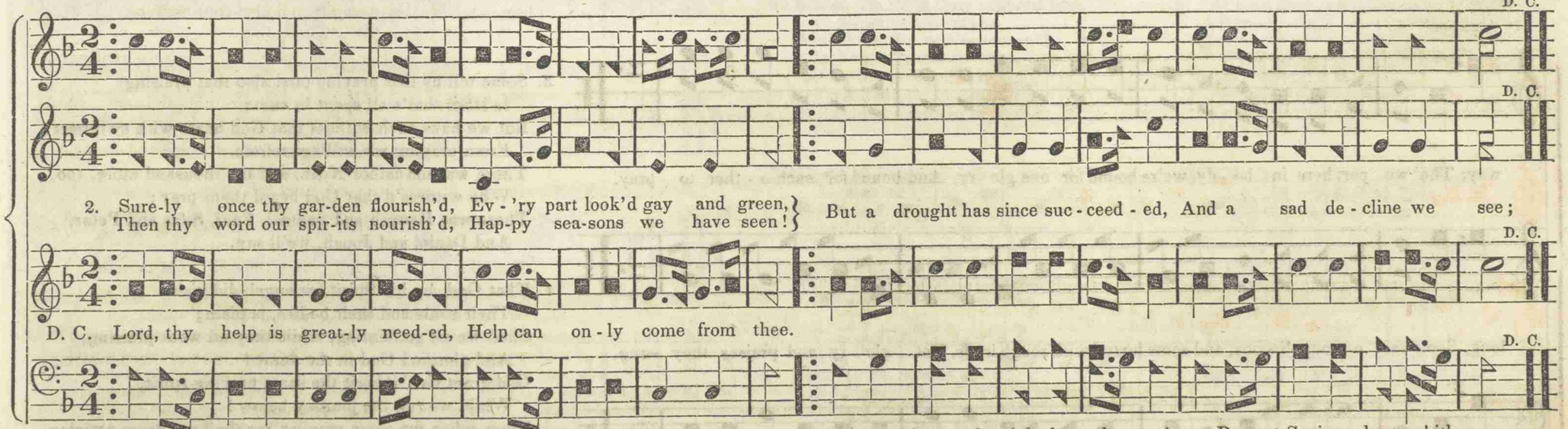
Be our friend, on each occasion,
God, omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried, be our grave;
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

## IMPORTUNITY. 8s & 7s.




## GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Parts by Wm. Houser.




3. Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.

Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below!
Some, alas! we fear are blighted—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood;
But they cost us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud.

Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

# DARLEY. 12s & 8s.

Arr'd by E. J. King.

1. Come, brethren and sisters, who love one another,
How oft - en we've met Him in sweet, heav'nly union,
[are gone;
And have done for years that
Which opens the way to God's throne.
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise Him who loved us,
While we run the bright,
[shining

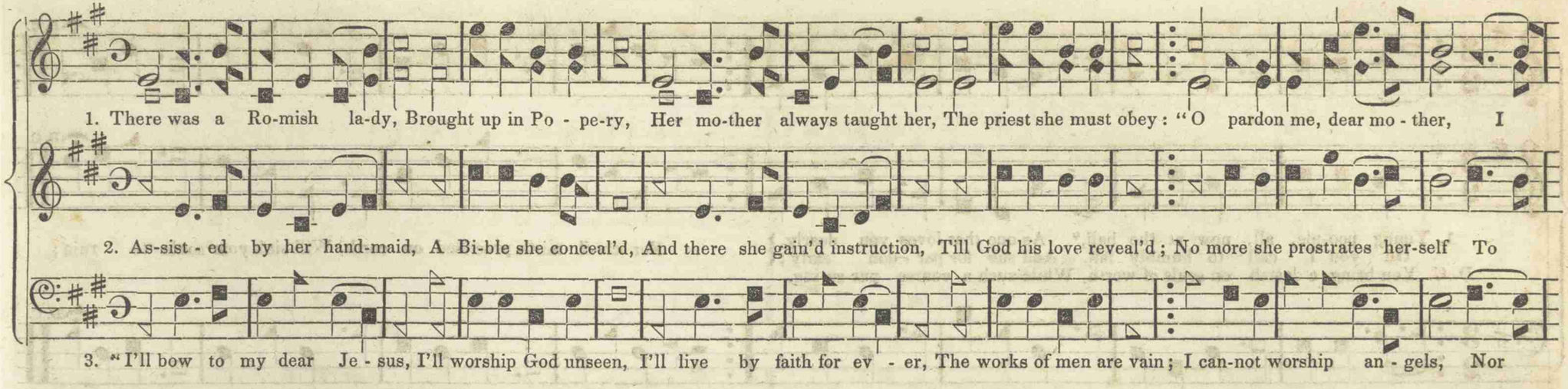
2. There was Joshua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
There was Abr'am, and Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, and Stephen,
[his throne;
That pray'd, and God heard from
[and John,
And Simeon and Anna—I don't know how many—
That pray'd, as they
[journey'd a-

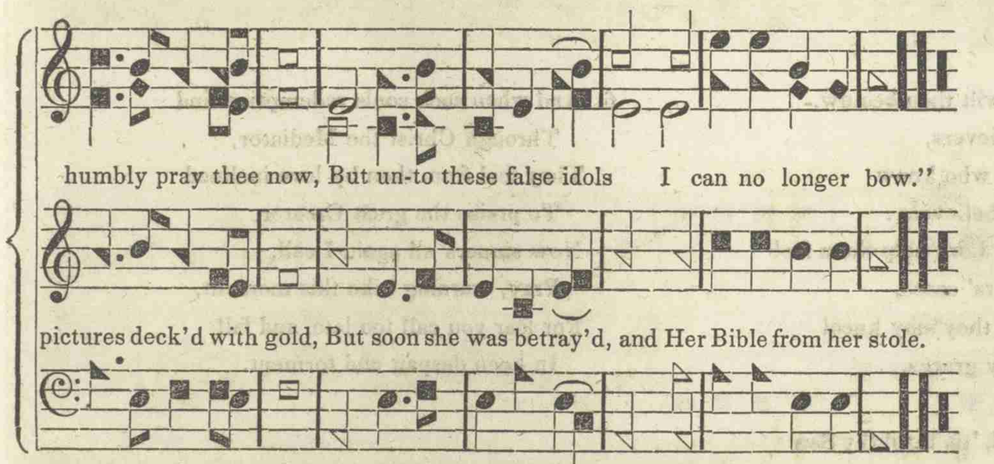
way; Tho' we part here in bo - dy, we're bound for one glo - ry, And bound for each o - ther to pray.

long; Some cast a-mong li - ons, and some bound with rough irons, Yet glo - ry and praises they sung.

3. Some tell us that praying (and also that praising)
Is labor that's all spent in vain;
But we have such witness that God hears with swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There was old father Noah, and ten thousand more, too,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Hannah and Samuel, Paul, Silas and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah, we'll say.

4. That God, by his Spirit, or angel, did visit
Their souls and their bodies, is plain;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all went praising,
And glorified God in the flame?
God grant us t' inherit the same praying spirit,
While we run the journey below!
Then, when we cease praying, we shall not cease praising,
But round God's bright throne we shall bow.




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



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

6. Before the Pope they brought her,
In hopes of her return,
And there she was condemn'd
In horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment
They brought her speedily:
With lifted hands to heaven,
She then agreed to die.

7. There being many ladies
Assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven,
And begg'd supplying grace:
"Weep not, ye tender ladies,
Shed not a tear for me,
While my poor body's burning,
My soul the Lord shall see.

8. "Yourselves you need to pity,
And Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus,
No longer make delay."
In comes her raving mother,
Her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her
The pictures deck'd with gold.

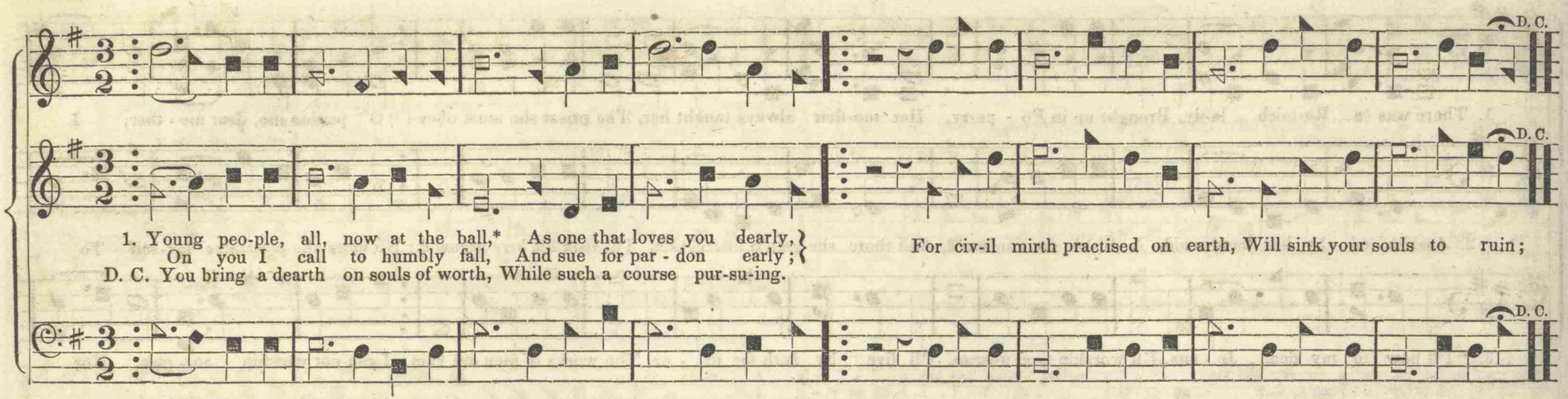
9. "O take from me these idols,
Remove them from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible,
Wherein I take delight!—
Alas! my aged mother,
Why on my ruin bent?
'Twas you that did betray me,
But I am innocent.

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

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

# CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT. 8s & 7s.

B. F. Davis.




1. Young peo-ple, all, now at the ball,* As one that loves you dearly,
On you I call to humbly fall, And sue for par - don early;
D. C. You bring a dearth on souls of worth, While such a course pur-su-ing.

For civ-il mirth practised on earth, Will sink your souls to ruin;

2. But if you act as mortals should,
Christ's promise you may merit,
As he hath said, (and he is good,)
The kingdom you'll inherit.
Sad is the state of mortals' fate,
That leave God's way untrodden;
And pain and wo you soon will know,
When glee and mirth's forgotten.

3. Where darkness reigns and souls remain
Through ages never-ceasing,
You'll have no claim to Jesus' name,
Your pains and woes increasing.
But oft thy people, dearest Lord,
Are mourning o'er poor sinners,
And often pray, that by thy word
Their souls might be the winners.

4. And, O dear Lord! wilt thou bestow,
On all thy dear believers,
A heart of wo, for all who know
Themselves are unbelievers:
And when they pray, Lord help them feel
The worth of sinners' cases,
That in thy presence they may kneel
And seek for all thy graces.

5. Show them, dear Lord, 'tis thro' thy Son
That pardon thou hast given,
And all who call upon that One
May find the way to heaven:
The way is narrow, like the grave,
Yet sinners may discover
That Christ the Lord alone can save
The soul that passes over.

6. And when such souls redemption find
Through Christ the Mediator,
They feel from then by love inclined
To praise the great Creator.
Now sinners all again I call,
Pray, warning take this moment,
For fear you call too late, and fall
In keen despair and torment.

* "The above song was composed by B. F. Davis, upon being invited to a ball, and while his companions were engaged in dancing. As he fell a victim to bilious fever in the midst of youth and usefulness, it would be a source of great gratification to me, as well as to a numerous and influential connection both in Georgia and Alabama, for them to appear entire in the Hesperian Harp."

The above is the note of E. K. Davis of Cedar Bluff, Ala., accompanying a copy of this song and tune, which he sent me. W. H.

1. Bright scenes of glo-ry strike my sense, And all my pas-sions cap-ture,
E - ter-nal beau-ties round me shine, In - fu-sing warm-est rap-ture;
I dive in plea-sures deep and full, In swell-ing waves of glo - ry; I feel my Sa-viour

in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry, I feel my Sa-viour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

2. I feast on honey, milk, and wine,
I drink perpetual sweetness:
Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,
While Christ unfolds his glory!
No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them,
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds and emblems.

3. My captivated spirit flies
Through shining worlds of beauty;
Dissolved in blushes, loud I cry,
In praises loud and mighty.
And here I'll sing, and swell the strain,
Of harmony delighted,
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united.

## TAMWORTH. 8,4,7.

C. Lockhart.

*Andante Expressivo.* *Pia.* *For.*

3. Feed me with the heav'nly man-na, In this bar-ren wil-der-ness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner— Be my robe of righteousness;
Fight, and conquer, Fight, and con-quer All my foes by sovereign grace!

*Pia.* *For.*

4. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side;
Foe to death, and hell's de-struction, Land me safe on Canaan's side!—
Songs of praises, Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to thee.

*Pia.* *For.*

## SPRING PLACE. 11s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

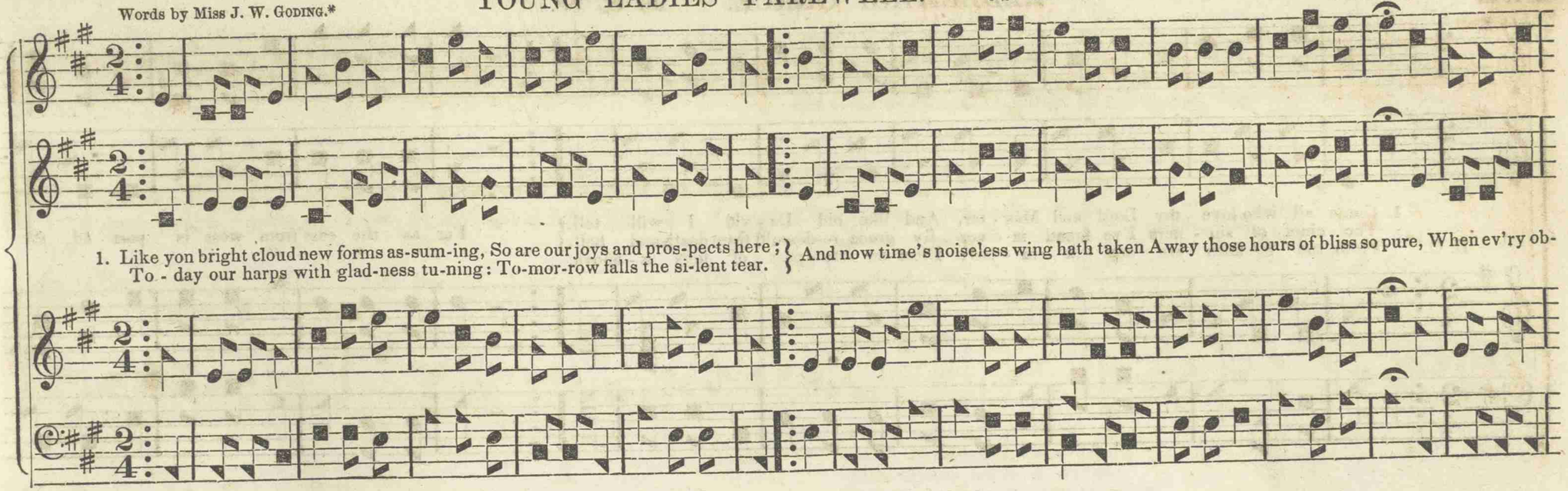
1. O Zi-on, af-flict-ed with wave up-on wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save!
With darkness sur-rounded, by ter-rors dismay'd, In toil-ing and row-ing thy strength is de-cay'd.

2. Loud roar-ing, the bil-lows now nigh o-verwhelm:
But skil-ful's the Pi-lot who sits at the helm;
His wis-dom conducts thee, his pow-er de-fends, In safe-ty and qui-et thy war-fare he ends.

# YOUNG LADIES' FAREWELL. 9s & 8s.

Words by Miss J. W. GODING.*

WM. HOUSER.

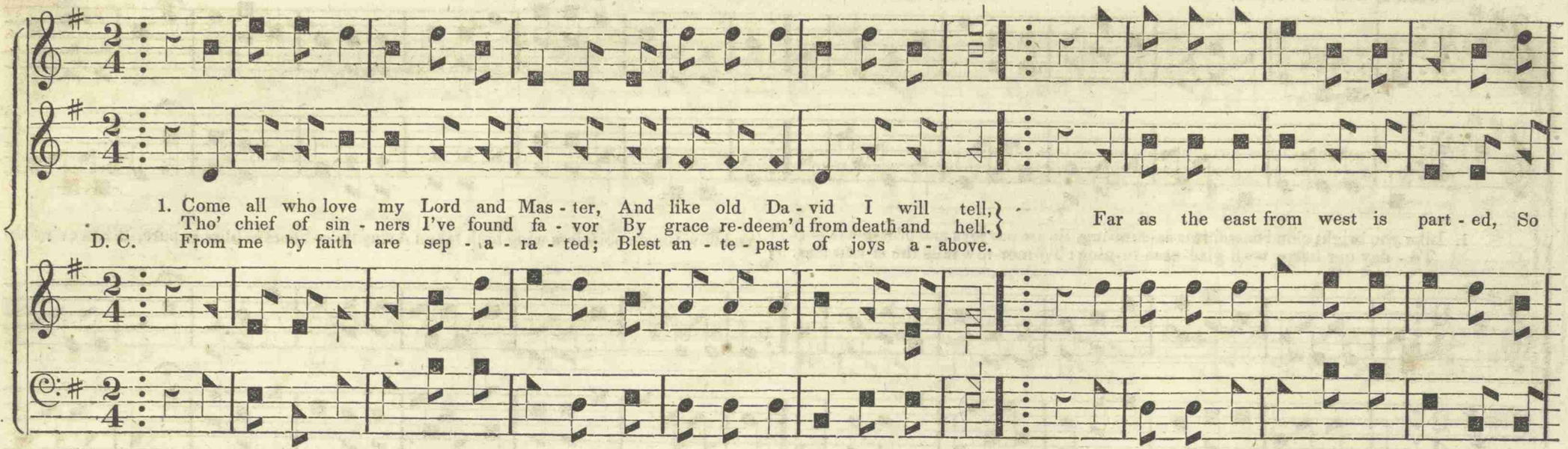


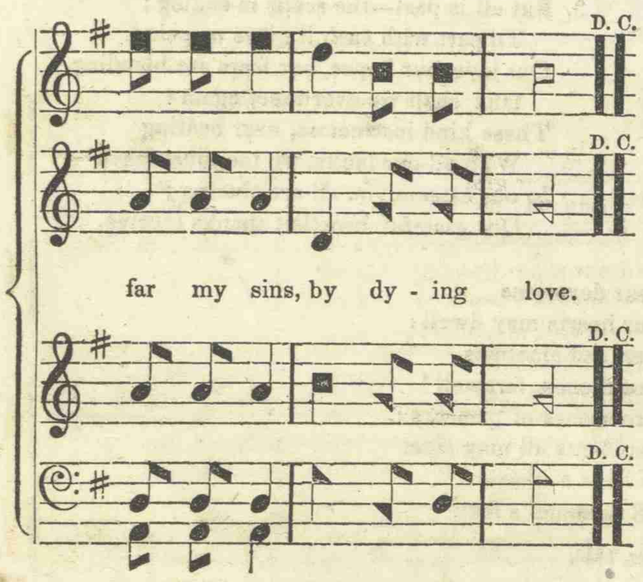

2. How sweet, while yet the bell was ringing,
To meet all faces beaming there!—
To join in that melodious singing—
To listen to that humble prayer.
How sweet! in hours of recitation
To hang upon instruction's voice!—
To hear the full, plain demonstration,
The proof, in words of happy choice.

3. But all is past—the scene is ending;
To part with each it gives us pain;
Our joys, our hopes, our fears are blending,
Oh! shall we ever meet again?
These kind instructors, ever bearing
With all our faults, we too must leave—
In our esteem you all are sharing;
Our grateful, heartfelt thanks receive.

4. We oft will ask in our devotions
That Jesus in your hearts may dwell:
And now with tender, sad emotions,
We bid you, honor'd ones, farewell!
Hope whispers future scenes of pleasure:
These teachers, students all may meet
In heaven—all may have a treasure,
And worship at Emmanuel's feet.

* Sung by the young ladies of Newbury Seminary, at the Commencement, in November, 1840.



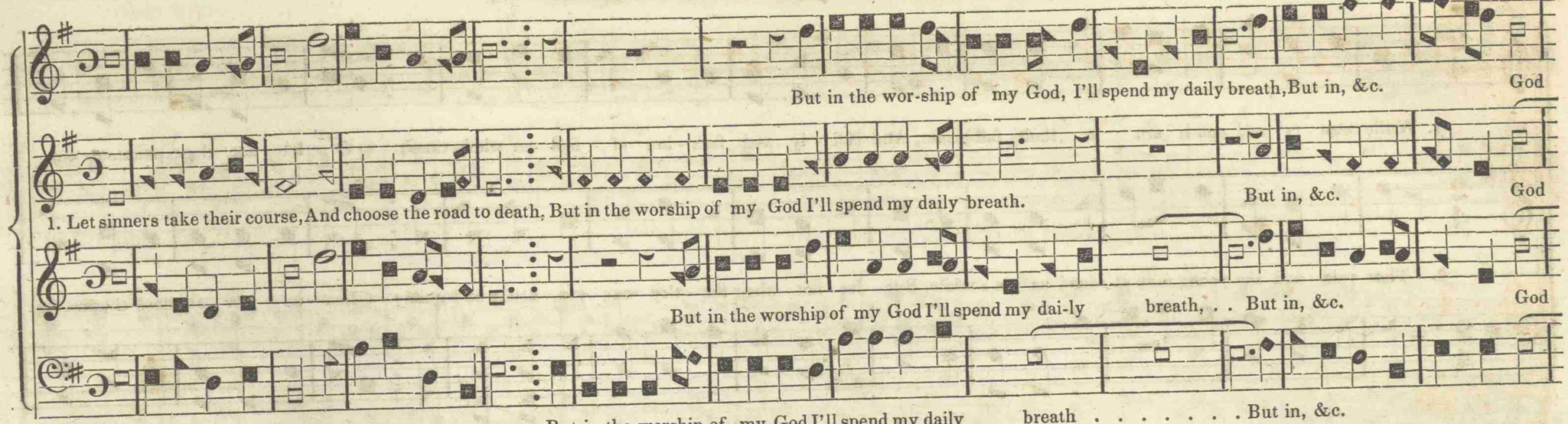

2. I, late estranged, from Jesus wander'd,
And thought each dang'rous poison good;
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood.
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night conceal'd,
Yet Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pard'ning grace reveal'd!

3. Now I will serve him while he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud;
Though hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
In rapt'rous songs I'll praise my God.
By faith I view the heav'nly concert—
They sing high strains of Jesus' love:
O with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

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

## FLORIDA. S. M.

WHETMORE.




2. My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

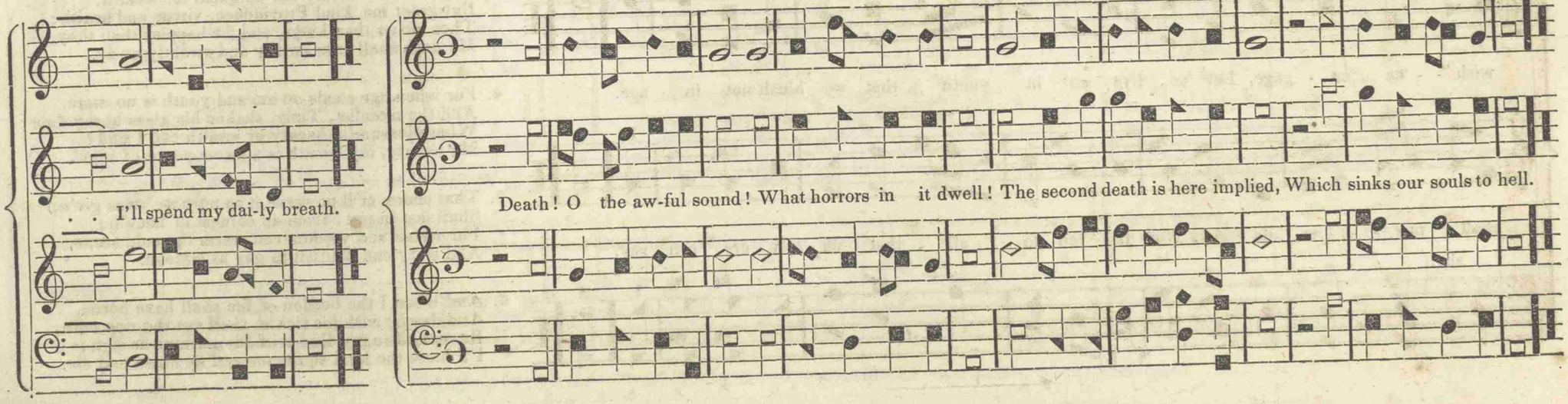
4. Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

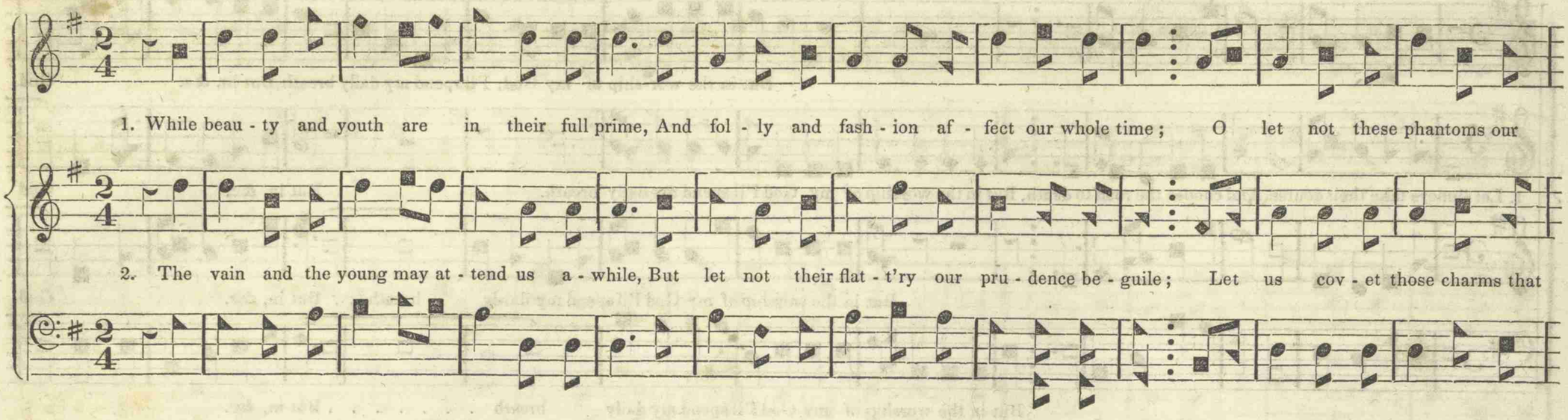
5. But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word,

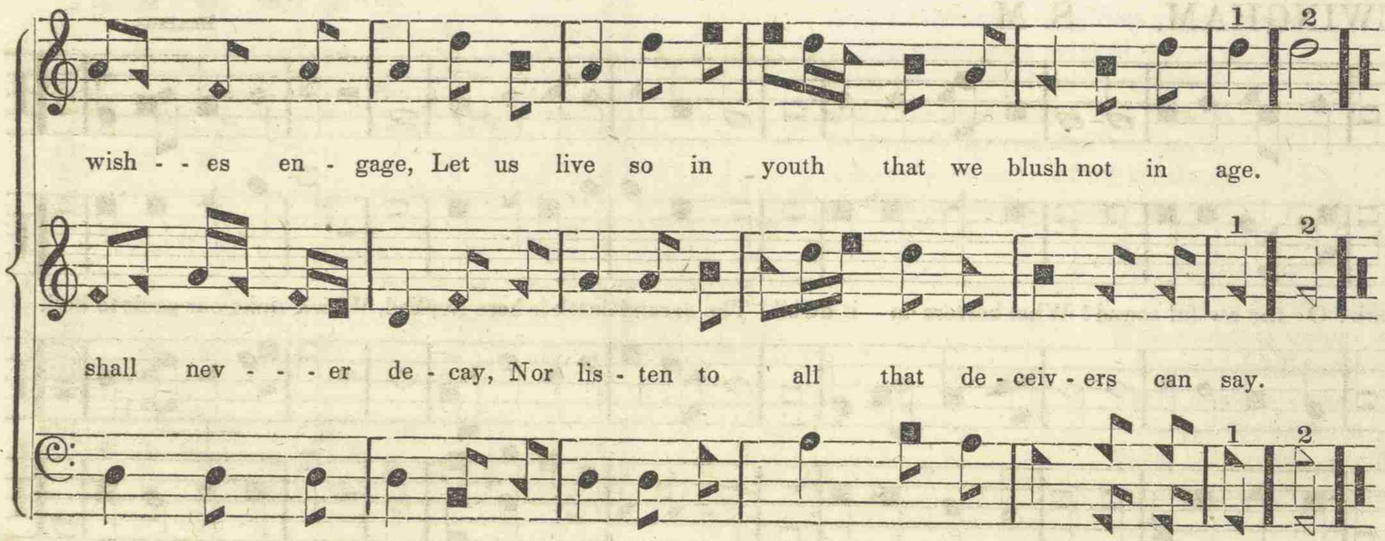
6. His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love:
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

## NEWINGHAM. S. M.

BILLINGS.






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

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

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

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

While beauty and youth are now in their full prime,
And folly and fashion affect our whole time;

O let not these phantoms our wishes engage,
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

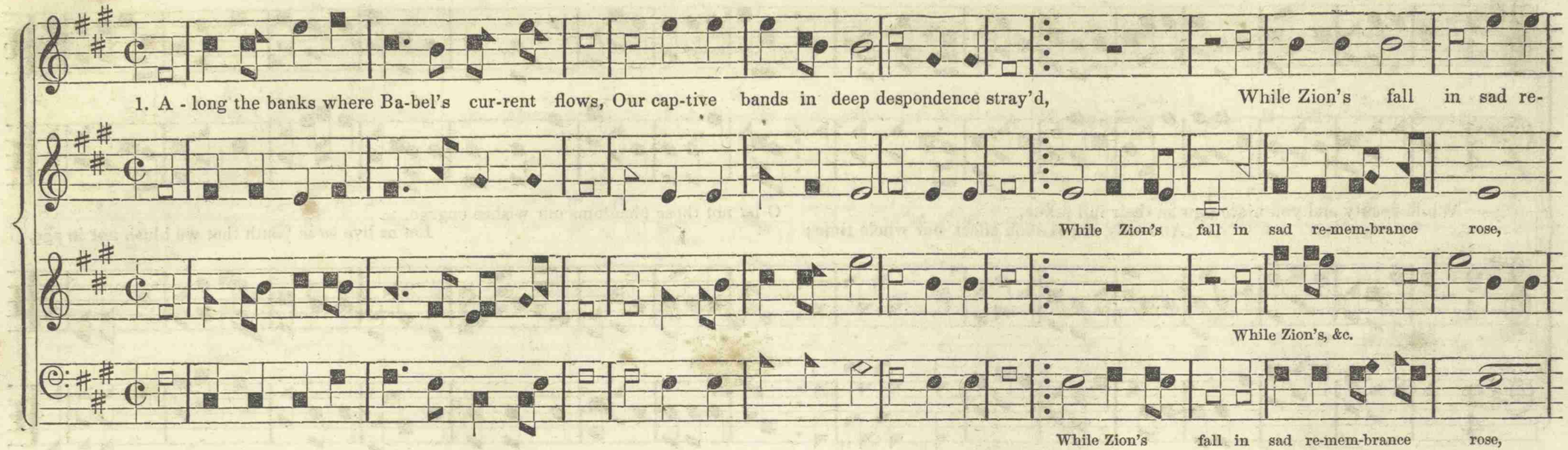
## RALEIGH. 11s.

Bass and Treble by Wm. Houser.

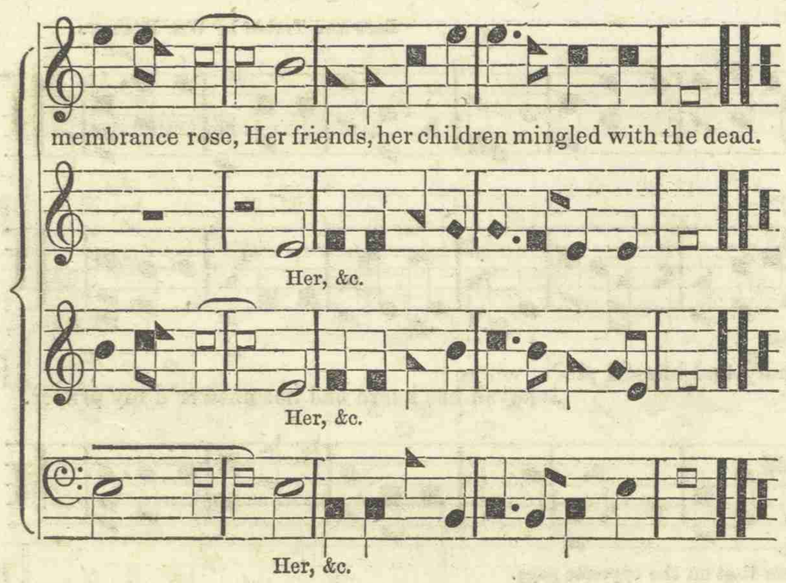
To go from my home, and from kindred to part—
To break up my friendships affects not my heart,

Like leaving that holy and blissful place, where
Jehovah has heard and has answer'd my prayer.

* This tune is inserted again because the arrangement is somewhat different from that on the opposite page.




2. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employ'd, and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence on the willows hung, And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.




3. The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo,
With taunting smiles, a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4. But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

5. If e'er my mem'ry loose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6. Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day.

## HAPPY LAND. 6,4,7 & 4s.

*Moderato.* *Accelerate.* *Fir.*

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way: } Oh, how they sweetly sing Loud let his praises ring,
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day; } "Wor-thy is our Saviour, King!" Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to the hap-py land, Come, come a - way! } Oh, we shall hap - py be, Lord, we shall live with thee,
Why will you doubting, stand? Why yet de - lay? } When from sin and sor - row free! Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev'ry eye; } Then shall his kingdom come, And, bright a - bove the sun,
Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die: } Saints shall share a glorious home; We reign for aye!

## CORNELIA. 11s.

Miss Breckenridge.
Treble and Bass by Wm. Houser.

1. O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit; The sac - rifice of-fer, of soul, flesh and blood,
With love and thanksgiving, fall down at thy feet; To thee, my Re - deemer, my Lord, [and my God.

2. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;
I love thee, my Saviour, and trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know:
But how much I love thee, I never can show!

3. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.

4. O Jesus, my Saviour! in thee I am blest;
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song,
Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.

## O TELL ME NO MORE. 10s & 11s.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2. The souls that believe in Paradise live, And me in that number will Jesus receive: My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away, Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort,—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

## KINGSLEY. 11s.

4. Who, who would live alway? away from his God? Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter-nal-ly reigns?

5. There the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported they greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

## UNITIA. 10s & 11s.

CHAPIN.

5. But this I do find, we two are so join'd, He'll not live in glory and leave me behind :
So this is the race I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6. And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings : to seek them will none of you dare ?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie, When one here assures you free grace is so nigh ?

## TALADEGA. 8s & 7s.

J. W. DAVIS.

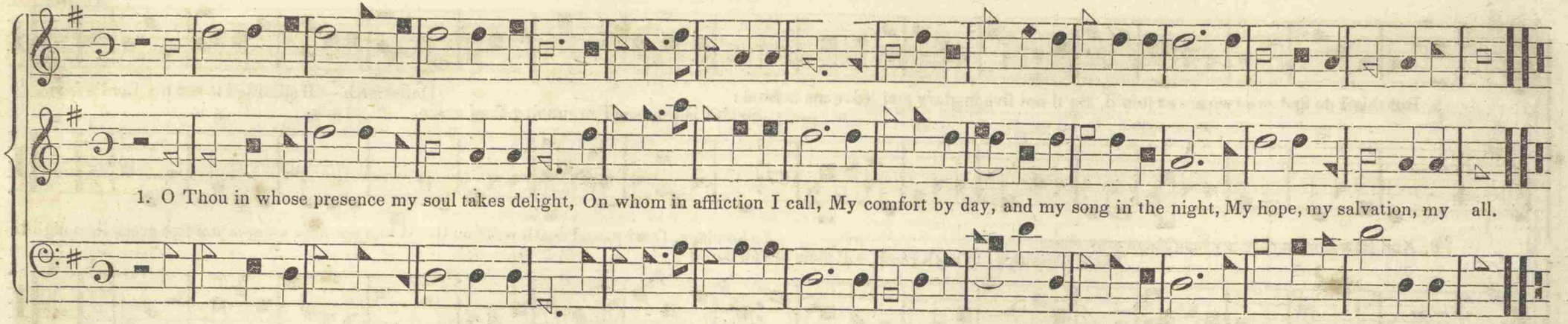
CHORUS.

Come thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Sinners, come unto the Saviour,
Come and see that God is good ;
His arms are open to receive you, Taste and see that God is good.

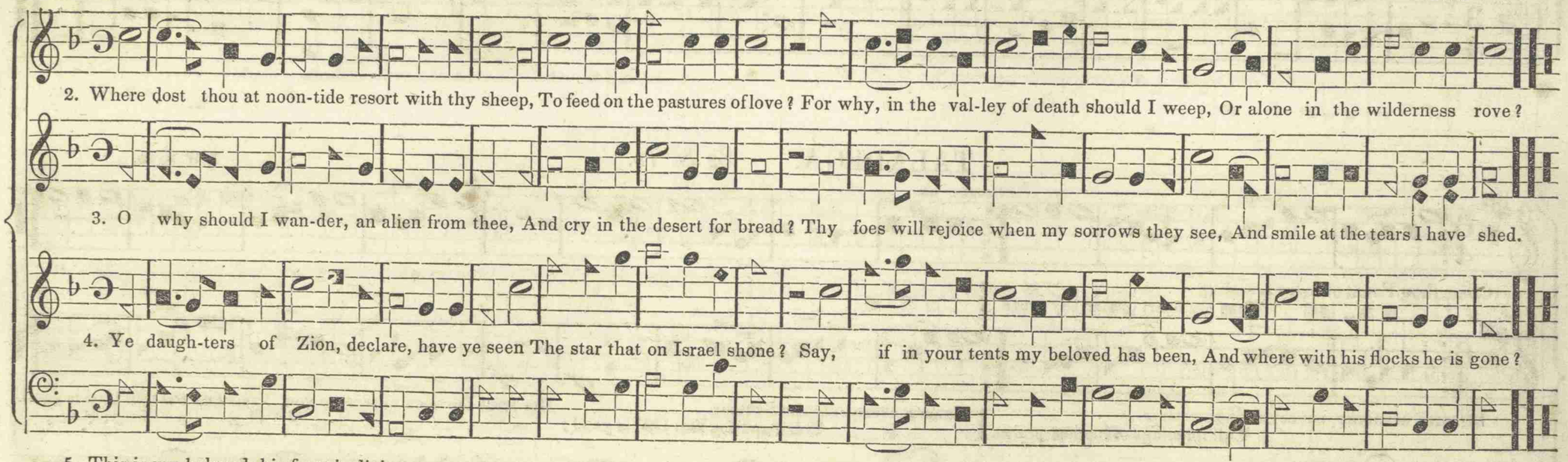
## DAVIS. 11s & 8s.



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

## MOUNT BETHER. 11s & 8s.

LEWIS.



2. Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why, in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

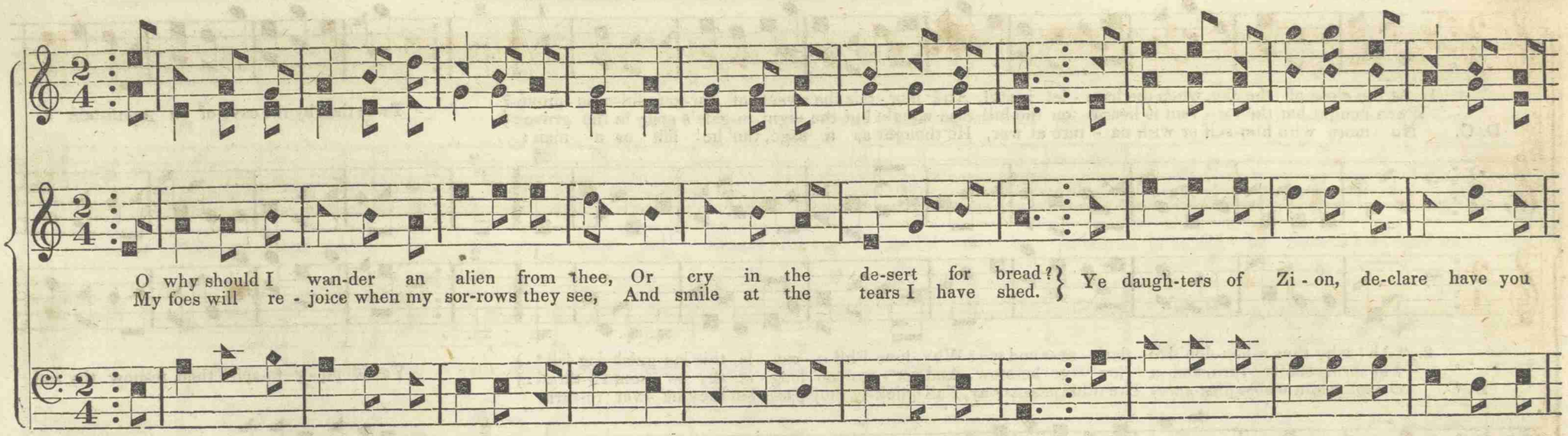
3. O why should I wan-der, an alien from thee, And cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

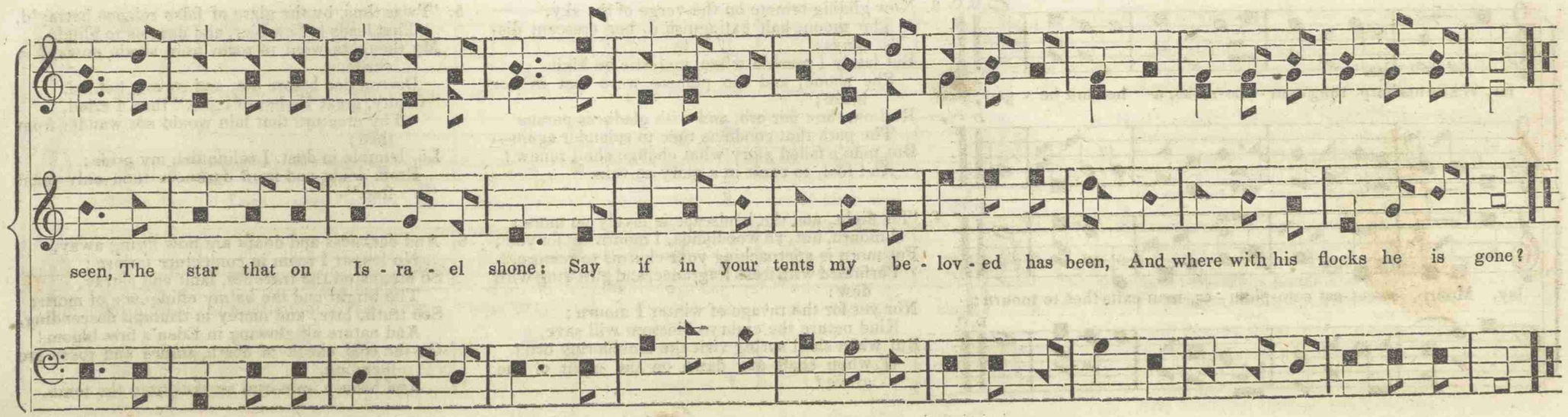
4. Ye daugh-ters of Zion, declare, have ye seen The star that on Israel shone? Say, if in your tents my beloved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone?

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

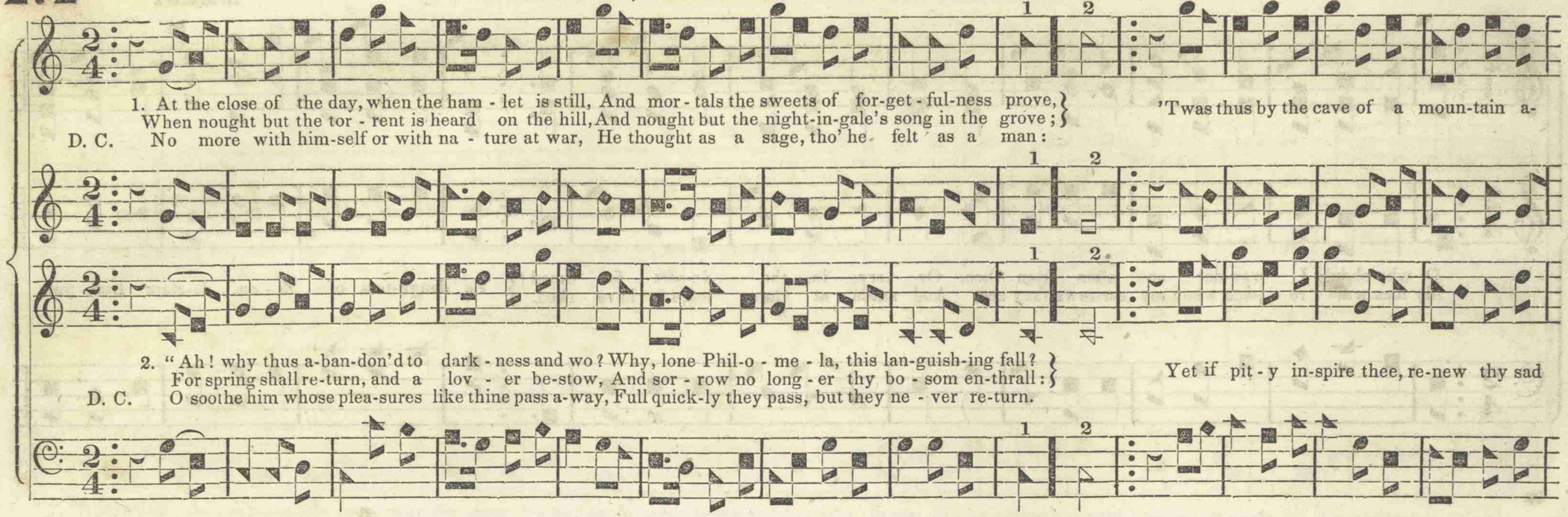
6. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheek in the beauty of excellence blow;
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

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


O why should I wan-der an alien from thee, Or cry in the de-sert for bread?
My foes will re - joice when my sor-rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daugh-ters of Zi - on, de-clare have you


seen, The star that on Is - ra - el shone: Say if in your tents my be - lov - ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone?

# THE HERMIT, OR CALEDONIAN SONG. 11s.

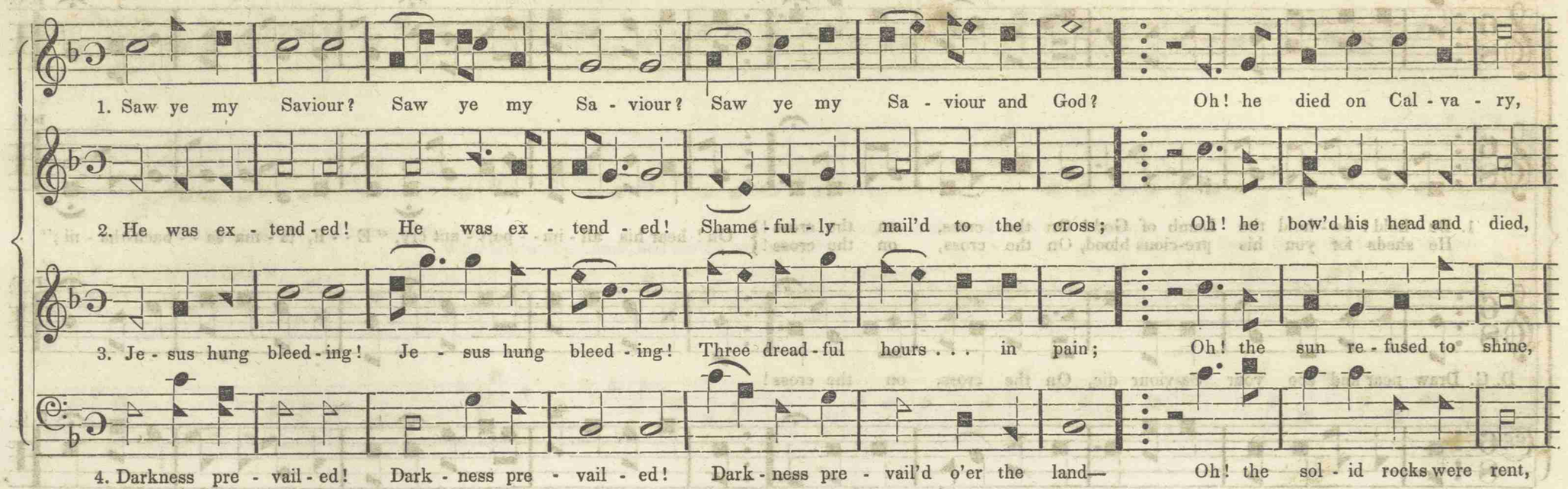


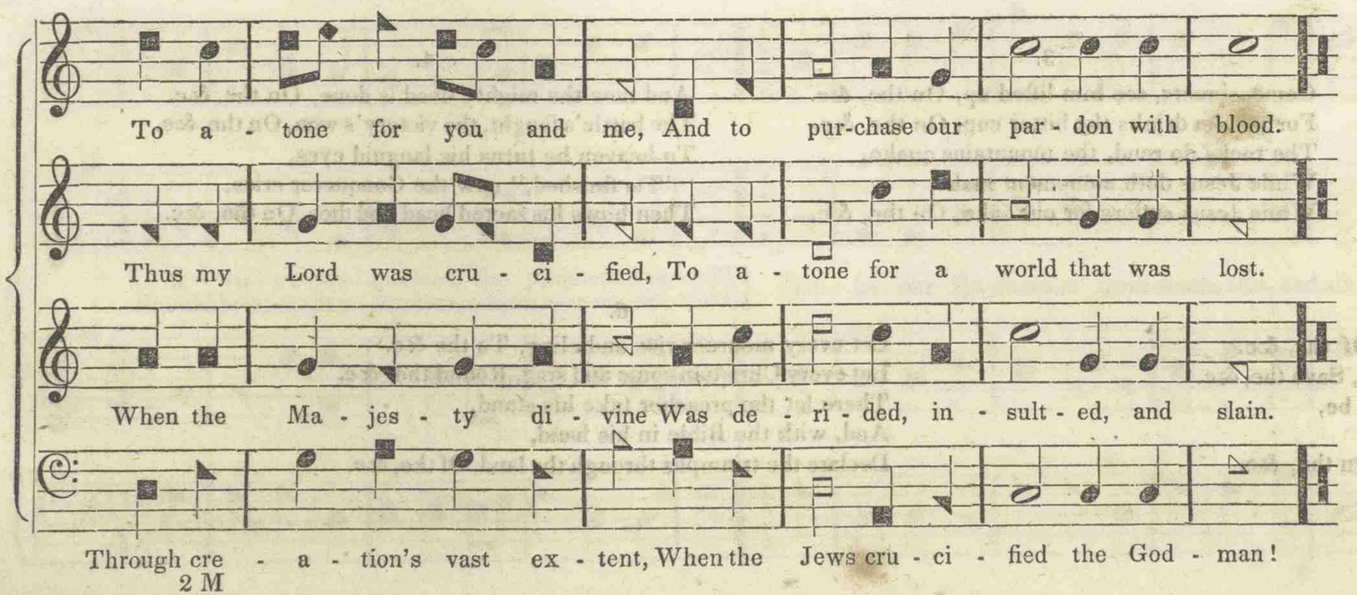

3. Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd when, majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze;
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again—
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah! fool, to exult in a glory so vain.

4. 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

5. 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature that fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humble in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

6. And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn;
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.




2 M

5. When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great,
Wrapp'd in linen clean and sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

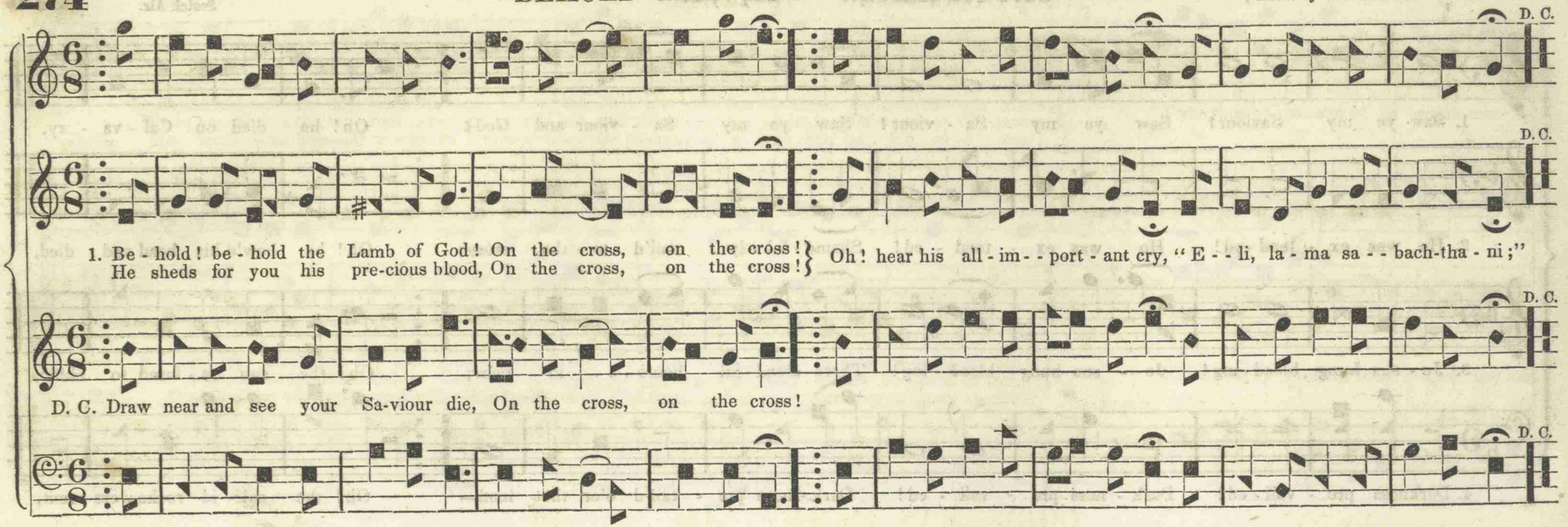
6. Hail! mighty Saviour! hail! mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bands of death,
And in triumph left the earth—
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live:
Crying, "Father, I have died,
(O behold my hands and side!)
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive!"

8. "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent, and believe;
Let them now return to me,
And be reconciled through thee,
And salvation they all shall receive!"

# BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

Air as sung by Mr. T. K. Collins.
Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




2.

Behold his arms extended wide, On the cross, &c.
Behold his bleeding hands and side, On the, &c.
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight, On the, &c.

3.

Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the, &c.
For you he drinks the bitter cup, On the, &c.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the, &c.

4.

And now the mighty deed is done, On the, &c.
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On the, &c.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On the, &c.

5.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the, &c.
Of nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the, &c.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me, On the, &c.

6.

Let every mourner rise and cling, To the &c.
Let every Christian come and sing, Round the &c.
There let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land, Of the, &c.

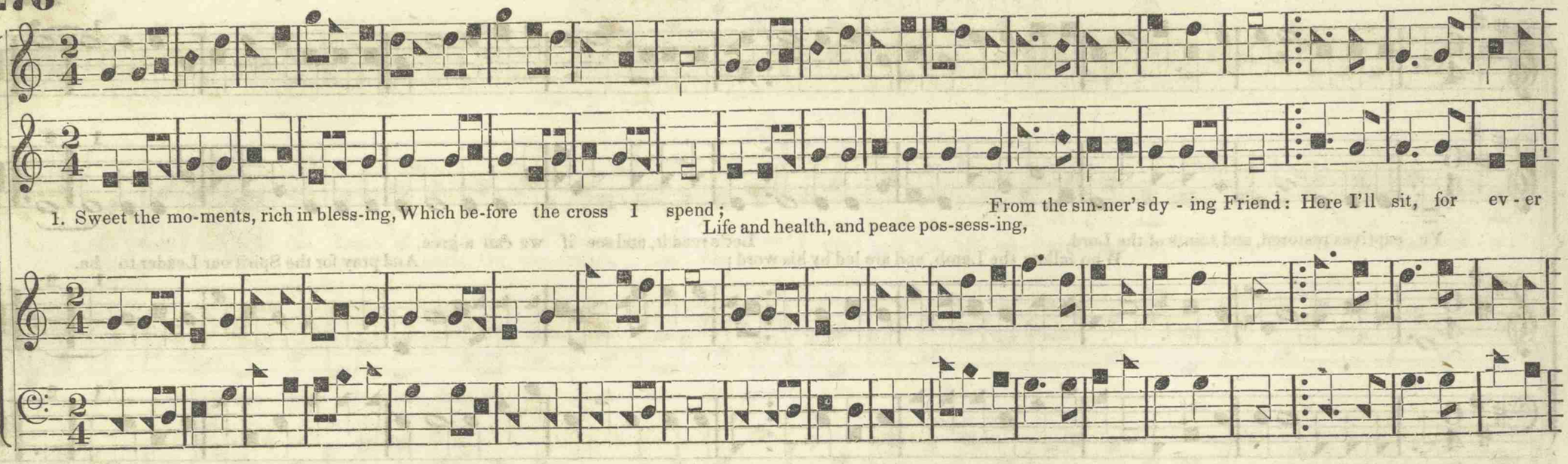
Ye captives restored, and saints of the Lord,
Who follow the Lamb, and are led by his word;
Let's read it, and see if we can a-gree,
And pray for the Spirit our Leader to be.

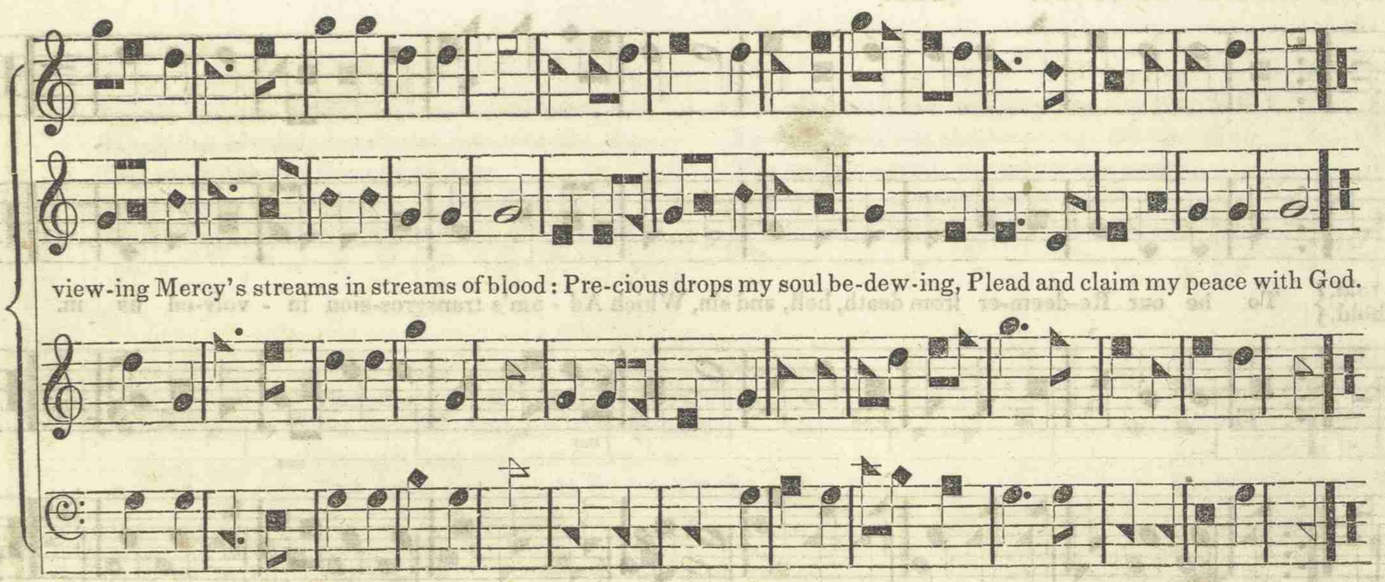
## CHRISTMAS HYMN. 11s.

A vir - gin, un - spot-ted, the prophets fore - told,
Should bring forth a Saviour, whom now we be - hold,
To be our Re-deem-er from death, hell, and sin, Which Ad - am's transgres-sion in - volv-ed us in.

# DE KALB. 8s & 7s.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.




2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

## ROAD'S TOWN. 6 lines 7s.

1. Daniel's wisdom may I know, John's divine communion feel, Run like the unwearied Paul, Win the, &c
Stephen's faith and spirit show, Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal; Win the day and conquer all,

2. Mary's love may I possess, Lydia's tender-heartedness, Peter's ardent spirit feel, James's faith by works reveal: Like young Timothy, may I Every sinful passion fly.
3. Job's submission may I show, David's true devotion know; Samuel's call, O may I hear, Laz'rus' happy portion share; Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire, All my new-born soul inspire.
4. Most of all, may I pursue That example Jesus drew; By my life and conduct show How he lived and walk'd below; Day by day, through grace restored, Imitate my blessed Lord.

## WAR DEPARTMENT. 11s.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

10. No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard, The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd, And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

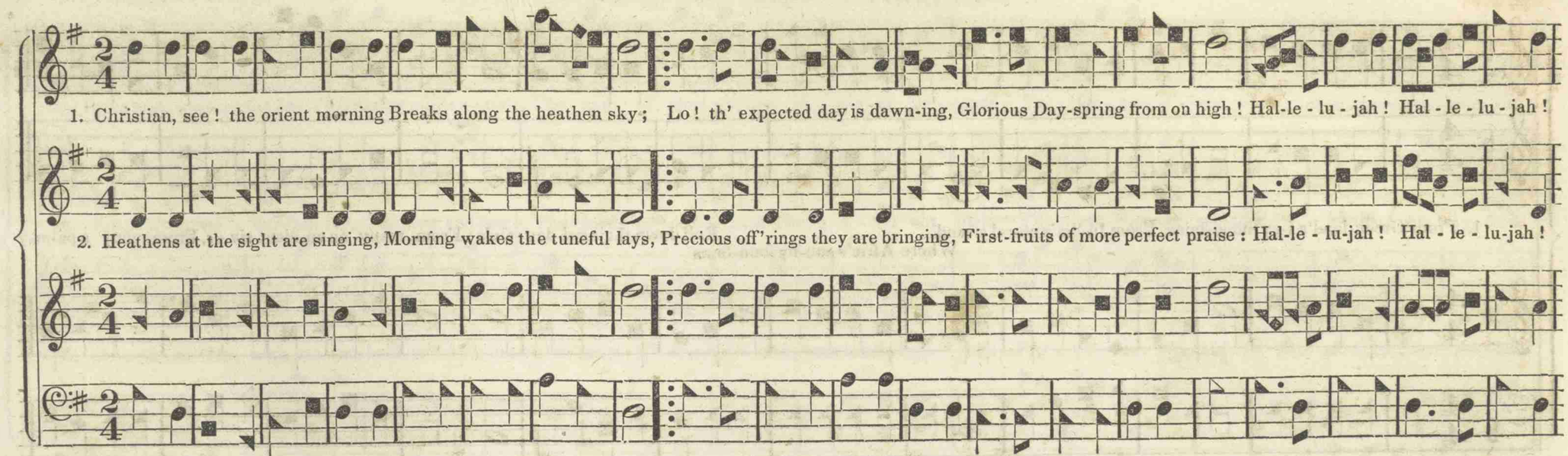
11. All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow, To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent, [content.
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough; And love greet the world with a smile of

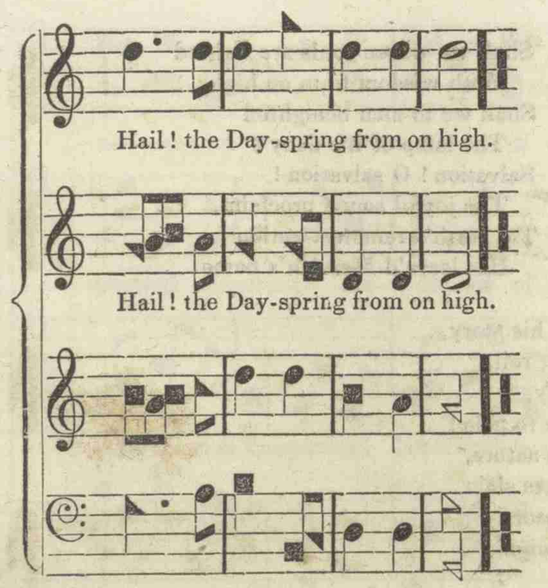
1. O how have I long'd for the com - ing of God, And sought him by praying and searching his word;
With watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd, Nor would I give o -ver till Je - sus had bless'd.
The to-kens of mer-cy at length did appear, Ac-

2. The news of his mer-cy is spread-ing a-broad, And sin-ners come crying and weeping to God.
Their mourning and praying is heard very loud, And many find fa - vor in Je-sus's blood:
Here are more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet, Op-

cord - ing to promise he answer'd my pray - er; And glo - ry is open'd in floods on my soul, Sal - va - tion from Zi-on's be - gin - ning to roll.

press'd by a bur - den e - nor-mous-ly great; O raise them, my Je - sus, to tell of thy love, And shout hal - le - lu-jahs with angels a - bove!




3. Zion's Sun ! salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills :
Hallelujah !
Hail ! the Day-spring from on high.

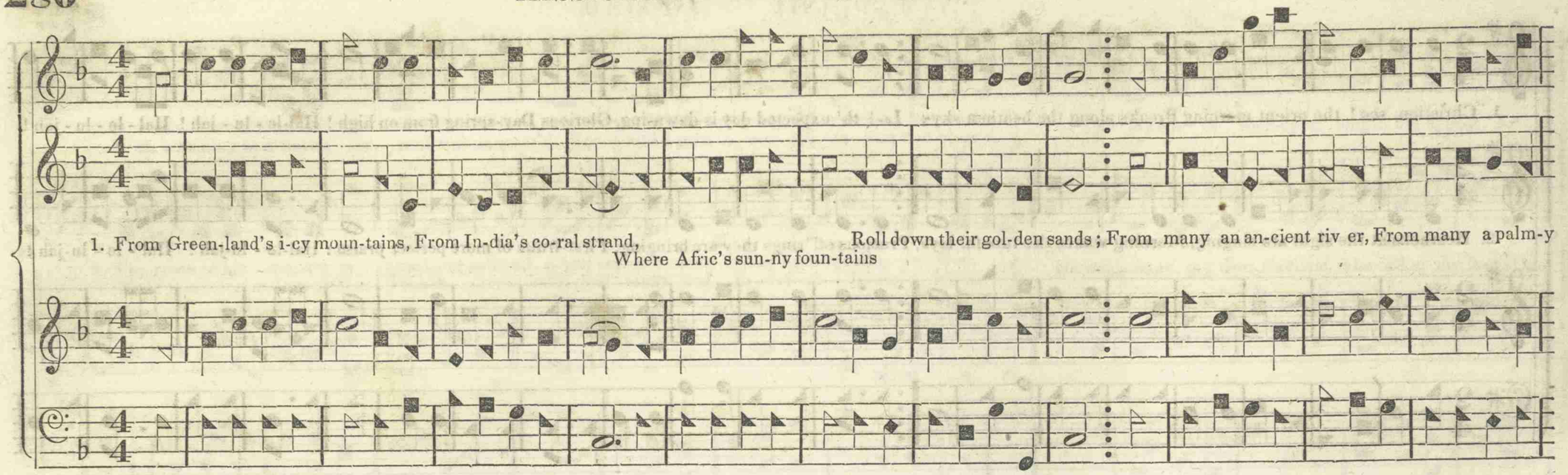
4. Then the valleys and the mountains
Breaking forth in joy shall sing ;
Then the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring :
Hallelujah !
Hail ! the Day-spring from on high.

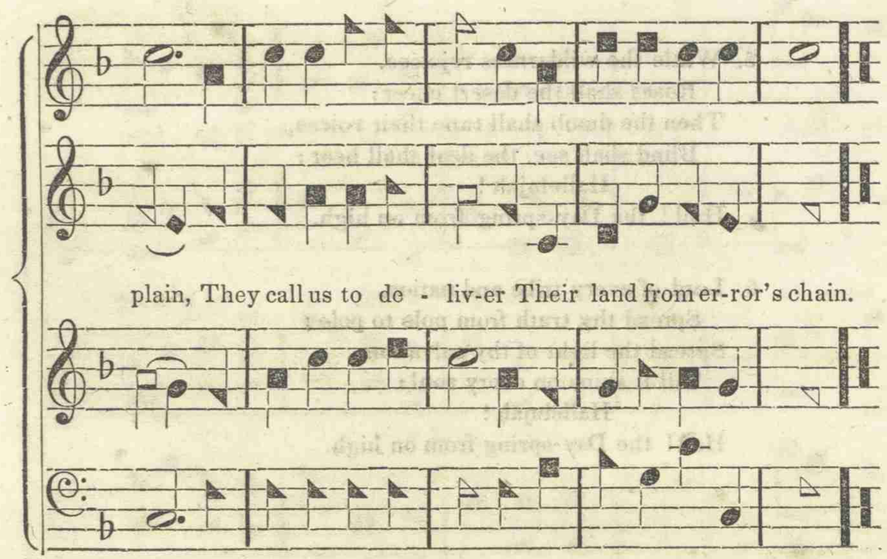
5. While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer :
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear :
Hallelujah !
Hail ! the Day-spring from on high.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole ;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul :
Hallelujah !
Hail ! the Day-spring from on high.

# MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

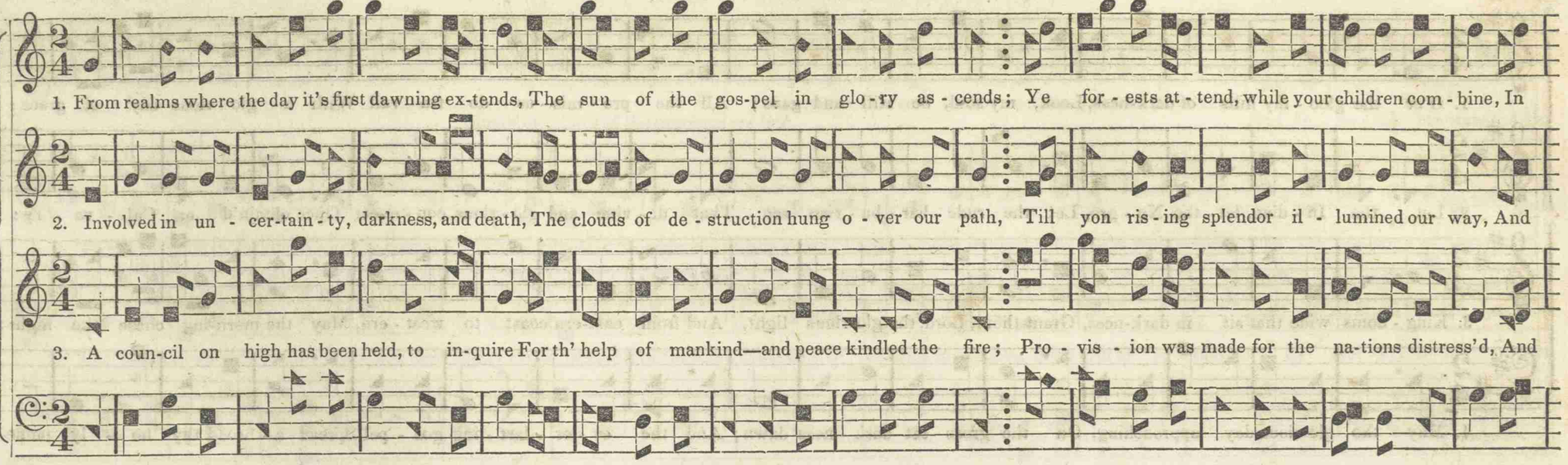


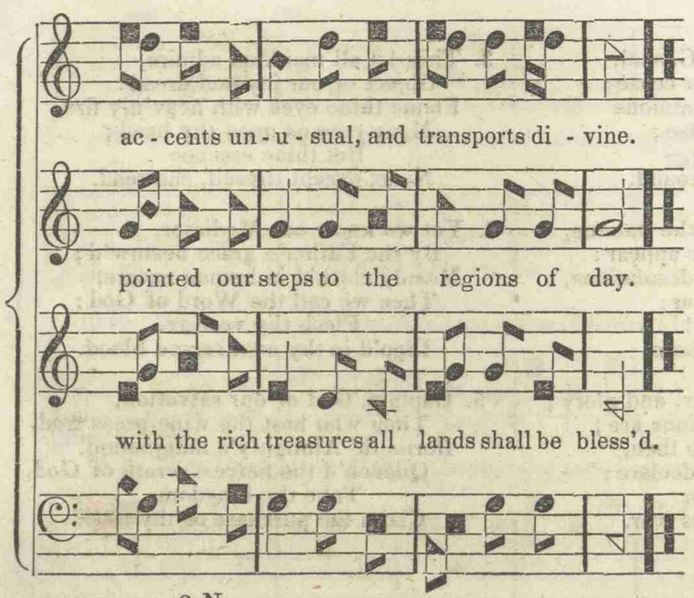




2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

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




4. The chain of salvation, let down from above,
Cemented by justice, and brighten'd by love;
The safety of hope, and the channel of grace
Joins heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.

5. On high see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banner of mercy, compassionate bend:
Entreating the wretched, rebellious, and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile.

6. The Prince of salvation is coming—prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share;
He comes to release us from sin and from woes,
And bids the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

7. His reign shall extend from the East to the West,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The Day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

8. The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow tame;
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The bear and the kine shall contentedly feed,
And children their young ones in harmony lead.

9. No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd;
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

10. All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow;
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough;
To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
And love greet the world with a smile of content.

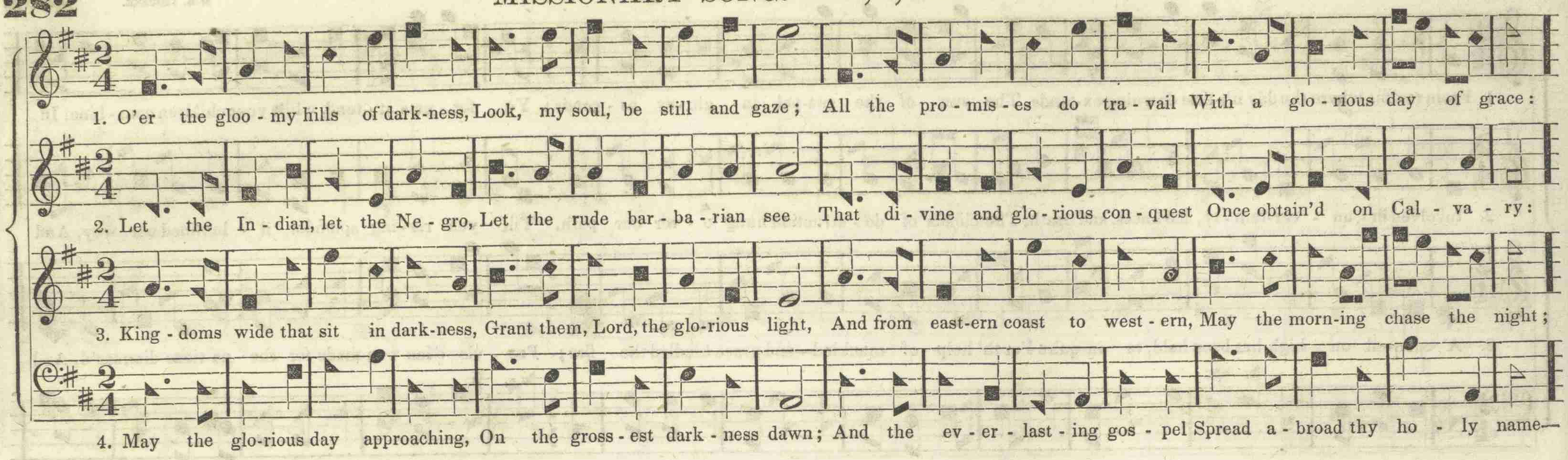
11. Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage;
The white man and red shall in friendship be join'd,
Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

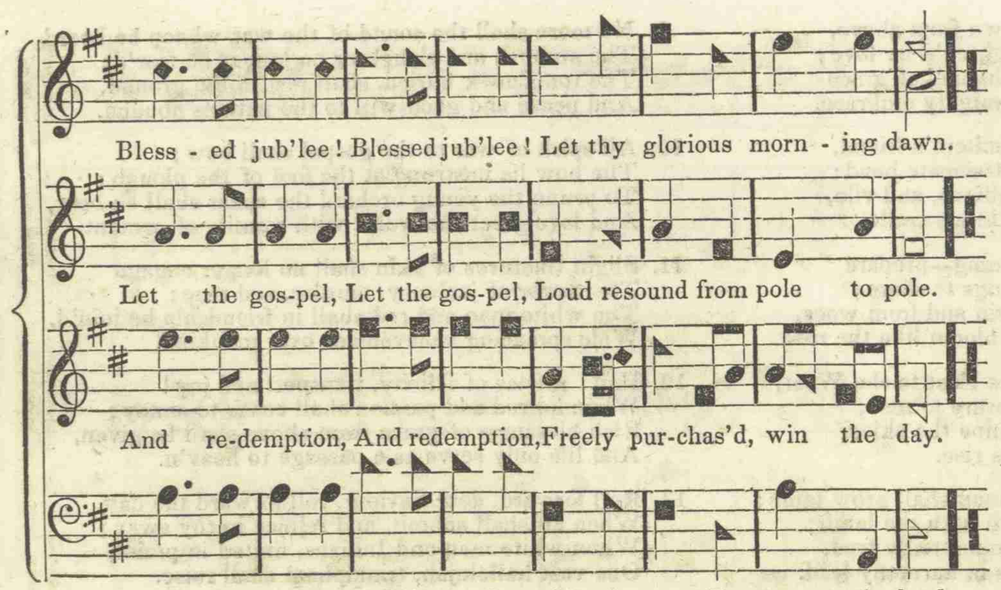
12. Hail! scenes of felicity, transport and joy!
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be given,
And life only serve as a passage to heav'n.

13. Roll forward, dear Saviour, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway;
When white men and Indians, united in praise,
One vast hallelujah, triumphant shall raise.

## MISSIONARY SONG. 8, 7, 4.

S. B. Pond, principally.




5. Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

*Hymn.*

1. Come, thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations,
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish thy dominion here.

2. Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransom'd nations are;
Let the heathen fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare:
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3. Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heav'nly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head;
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4. Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestow'd;
Meanly cloth'd in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God:
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipp'd in thy own sacred blood.

5. Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne th' Almighty's indignation,
Quench'd the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the cho-sen of Is - rael the promise possess'd,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid, And Je - ho - vah his wonders dis-

2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's far sound, Sweetly tuned by the angels above, Was re-echoed on earth thro' the regions around, In the ac-cents of heaven-ly

3. Thy blessing go with them—O be thou their shield From the shafts of the fowler that fly; O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be re - veal'd In mer - cy, in might from on

*Pia.* *For.*

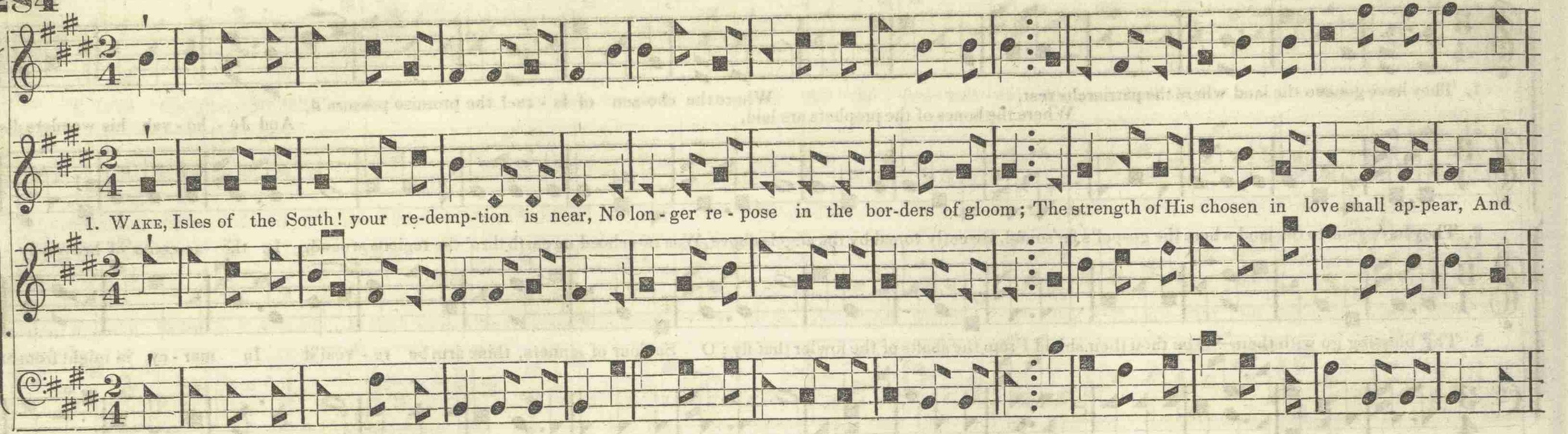
play'd: To the land where the Saviour of sinners once bled, Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to God,
Where he labor'd, and languish'd, and died; As he captive captiv - i - ty led.

love; Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame, The rich gifts of his grace to reveal; Where a - postles wrought signs in Immanuel's name, The truth of his mission to seal.

high. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone, The glad mission of love to restore; Thou wilt not forsake them nor leave them alone: Thy blessing we humbly implore.

# ISLES OF THE SOUTH.* 11s.

WM. HOUSER.




2. The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
The glad Star of Bethlehem brighten to day.

4. The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallow'd with blood;
The priest of Melchizedek there shall atone,
And the shrines of Atöol be sacred to God.

5. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The Day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw;
When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

* The words of this piece were "composed by William B. Tappan, Esq., and sung on the wharf at New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822." O what hath God wrought in those islands since that time! "The parched ground has become a pool"—"The shrines of Atöol" have indeed become "sacred to God." The largest church on earth is there; those poor heathens have been given to Jesus for his "inheritance"—those "uttermost parts of the earth, for his possession!" "Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—W. H.

## MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.* 8, 7, 4.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, con - nec - tions, hap - py coun - try—Can I bid you all fare - well!
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in

2. Home, thy joys are pass - ing love - ly— Joys no strang - er heart can tell:
Hap - py home, in-deed I love thee: Can I, can I say "fare - well?"
Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in

3. Scenes of sa - cred peace and plea - sure, Ho - ly days and Sab - bath bell,
Rich - est, bright - est, sweet - est trea - sure, Can I say a last fare - well?
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in

hea - then lands to dwell, Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?

hea - then lands to dwell, Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?

hea - then lands to dwell, Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?

4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean:
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

* The poetry of this piece was written by the Rev. S. F. Smith, an esteemed Baptist minister.

# MISSIONARY CALL. 7s & 6s.

1. On Thibet's snow-capp'd mountains, O'er Af - ric's burn - ing sand, Where roll the fi - rey foun - tains Adown Ha - wai - i's strand— In
2. In gol - den ar - mor blaz - ing, They press their on - ward way, And high in air up - rais - ing, The glorious cross dis - play; A-

3. Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling, Where Death the ty - rant reigns, The heav'n - ly notes are swell - ing In loud-est, sweet - est strains; They
4. What tho' hell's fi - rey re - gions Pour forth their dread ar - ray! Look up!— an - gel - ic le - gions Attend you on your way. March

*Pia.* *For.*

ev' - ry dis - tant na - tion, The migh-ty globe a - round, The her - alds of sal - va - tion The gos - pel trum - pet sound.
way their weap-ons hurl - ing, The war-ring na - tions cease, And hail with joy, un - furl - ing, The ban - ner - et of peace.

breathe—the bones are sha - ken, And cloth'd with flesh a - rise— They bid the dead a - wa - ken To glo - ry in the skies.
on, ye sons of hea - ven, This pre-cious prom - ise sing— "The hea - then shall be giv - en To Christ our glo - rious King."

FULL CHORUS; to be sung as a finale.

Treble. *Pia.* *For.*

Alto.

Sal - vation! O sal - vation! The joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na-tion Has learn'd Messiah's name, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Tenor.

Bass.

## MONROE. L. M.

D. C.

Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till him I view.
D. C. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from ban-ish - ment,

# GOSPEL MORNING. 7s & 6s.

Geo. Jas. Webb, principally.

*Moderato.*

1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle show'r, And brighter scenes be - fore us Are op'n - ing ev' - ry hour. Each

breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tidings from a - far, Of na-tions in commo - tion, Prepar'd for Zi - on's war.

cry to heaven go - ing, A-bundant answer brings, And heav'nly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way:
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy fulness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

# DRUMMOND. 11s.

Rev. Samuel Wakefield.
Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter.

"Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—*Last words of Rev. Thomas Drummond.*

Treble and Alto by W. H.

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast-ed, the her - ald of mer-cy and truth: For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a-

2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom, For in or - der he led in the van of the host,
One gift - ed so high - ly should sink to the tomb; And he

las! was his fall—but he died at his post, Soon, a - las! was his fall—but he died at his post.

fell like a sol - dier—he died at his post, And he fell like a sol-dier—he died at his post.

3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done:
The battle was fought, and the victory won:
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."

4. He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

# THE CHARIOT OF MERCY. [IRISH AIR.] 11s & 8s.

Treble and Bass by WM. HOUSER.

1. The chariot of mer-cy is speeding its way,
Far, far thro' the shad-ow - y gloom,
Where the lands, that in death's dark obscurity lay,
Are bursting the bars of their

2. Halle - lu - jahs are sounding melo-dious - ly clear,
Borne sweet from the Isles of the sea,
And the lands of the East send the echo a-far,
And the long-fettered Pagan is

3. And the dark-visaged son of the Af - ri - can wild
Has tast-ed Em-man - u - el's love,
And his lion-like nature grows tenderly mild,
As he hears the sweet "news" from a-

tomb. I see where 'tis shedding its lu-minous ray,
Dis-persing the shadows of night;
And the wondering nations are hailing the day,
And re-joice in its glo-ri-ous light.

free. And the Indian, that roams thro' the green-prairied West,
Now raises his tear-moisten'd eye,
As he welcomes with joy the glad tidings of rest,
In a home far a-way in the sky.

bove. O cha-riot of mercy, roll glorious-ly on, And fly o - ver mountain and sea, Till the last gloomy shadow of darkness is gone, And the last fetter'd spirit is free.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.

# BABYLON IS FALLEN. 8s & 7s.

1. Hail the day so long ex - pect - ed; Hail the year of full re - lease;
Zi - on's walls are now e - rect - ed, And the watchmen pub - lish peace;
From the dis-tant courts of Zi - on, Hear the trumpet loud - ly roar:

2. Hear the peo - ple sad - ly cry - ing, While their ci - ty dis - ap - pears;
Trade and traf - fic all are dy - ing, Ev' - ry eye is bath'd in tears:
Merchants raise their lam - en - ta - tion, Crying from a dis - tant shore:

3. Where is now her for - mer glo - ry? Where is now her pride and show?
One brief day re - lates the sto - ry Of her fi - nal o - ver - throw:
Raise your wailings, kings and no-bles, Priests and people, rich and poor—

Chorus.

"Bab - y - lon is fall - en! is fall - en! is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en, to rise no more!"

"Bab - y - lon is fall - en! is fall - en! is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en, to rise no more!"

"Bab - y - lon is fall - en! is fall - en! is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en, to rise no more!"

4. Shout, ye saints, in exultation,
Now your enemies are slain:
Raise the anthem of salvation:
Sing the grand millennial reign:
Let the universal chorus
Be repeated o'er and o'er—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

5. Hark! the sound of many voices,
Issuing from the crystal skies;—
Heaven's unnumber'd host rejoices,
Swelling hallelujah's rise:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
God's Almighty power adore!
Babylon is fallen, &c.

6. Glory, honor, and salvation,
Cry th' enraptured throngs again,
While each elder from his station,
Shouts the long and loud amen:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sounding still like thunder's roar—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

## YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by LOWELL MASON.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyful - ly a - long? When hill and valley ringing, With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was slain, A-

A - gain to earth descended, A-

2. Then from the craggy mountains, The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply: High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus

A - gain to earth, &c. In righteousness, &c.

gain to earth descended, Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.

gain to, &c. A - gain to, &c. In righteousness, &c.

round, All hallelujah swelling, All hallelujah swelling, :‖: In one eternal sound.

## PALMYRA. 8s & 7s.

BRADSHAW.

1. 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.

2. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er; Born a child, and yet a King; Born to reign in us for ev - er, Now thy gra - cious king-dom bring.

## PALMYRA. *Concluded.*

Is-rael's strength and conso - la-tion, Hope of all the saints thou art, Dear de - sire of ev' - ry na - tion, Joy of ev' - ry long-ing heart.

By thine own e - ter - nal Spi - rit, Rule in all our hearts a - lone, By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to thy glo-rious throne.

## ROCK OF AGES. 6 lines 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

D. C.

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flow'd,

D. C. Be of sin the per - fect cure—Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

## OHIO. 8 lines 7s & 6s.

1. Come, my soul, and let us try, For a lit - tle sea - son;
Ev' - ry bur - den to lay by; Come and let us rea - son:

D. C. Speak, and let the worst be known, Speaking may re - lieve thee.

What is this that casts thee down? Who are those that grieve thee?

2. "Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again—
They are those that grieve me:

Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plunged in sin—a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?"

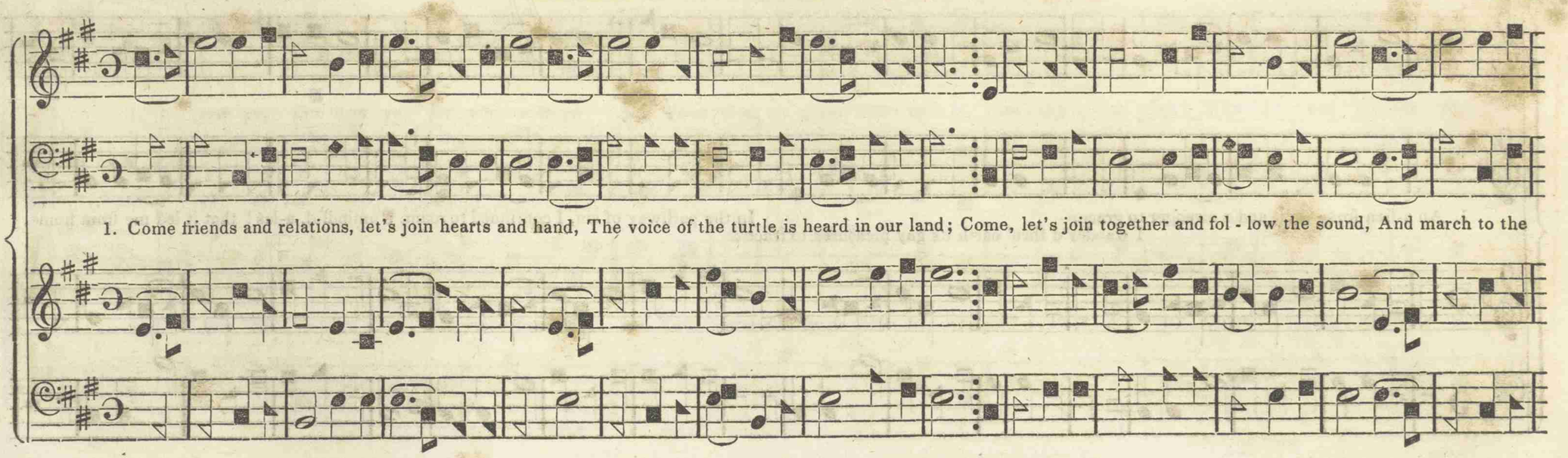
3. Think on what thy Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon:

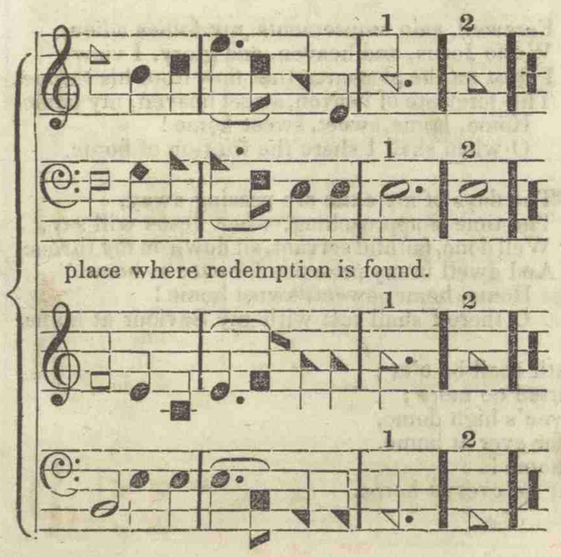
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, groaning, crying,
Suff'ring all the wrath of God.
Quiv'ring, gasping, dying.

## EXULTATION. 6s & 9s.

HUMPHREYS.

Come away to the skies, My be-lov-ed, a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this fes - ti - val day, Come, exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.




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

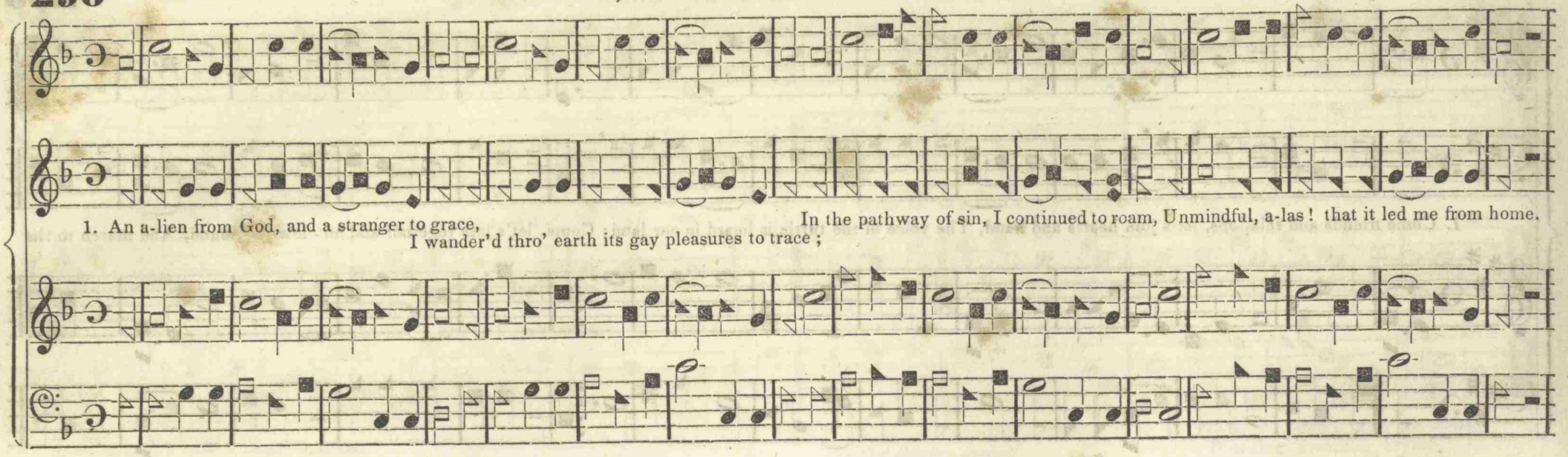
3. That place it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in!
You're blind and polluted, in prison and pain;
O how can such rebels redemption obtain!

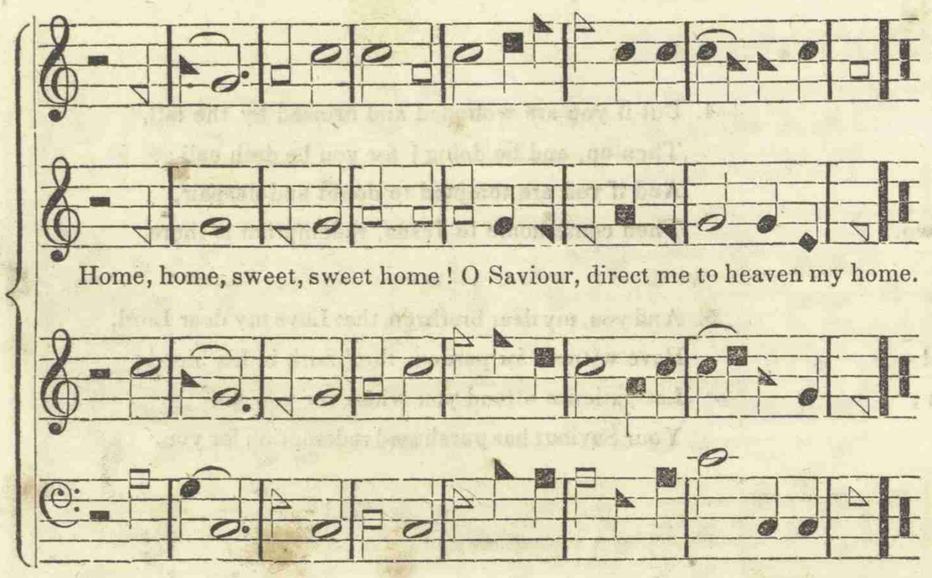
4. But if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then up, and be doing! for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

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

# HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.



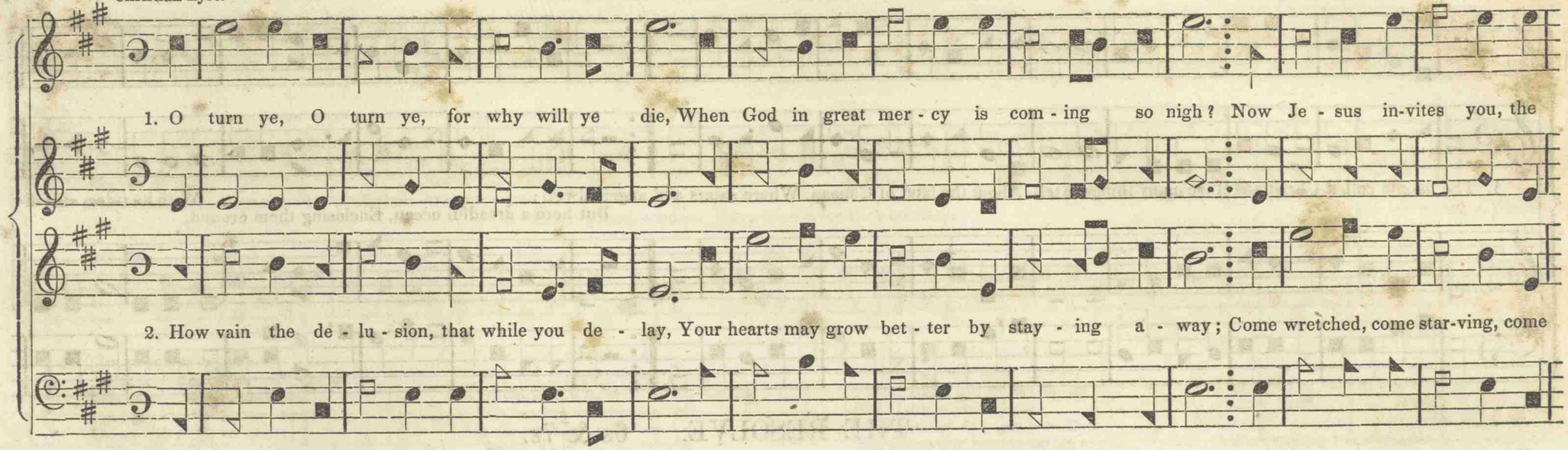

2. The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms :
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home.

4. Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory, I view ;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
O when shall I share the fruition of home.

5. The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
" Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
O there I shall rest with my Saviour at home.

6. Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er ;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.



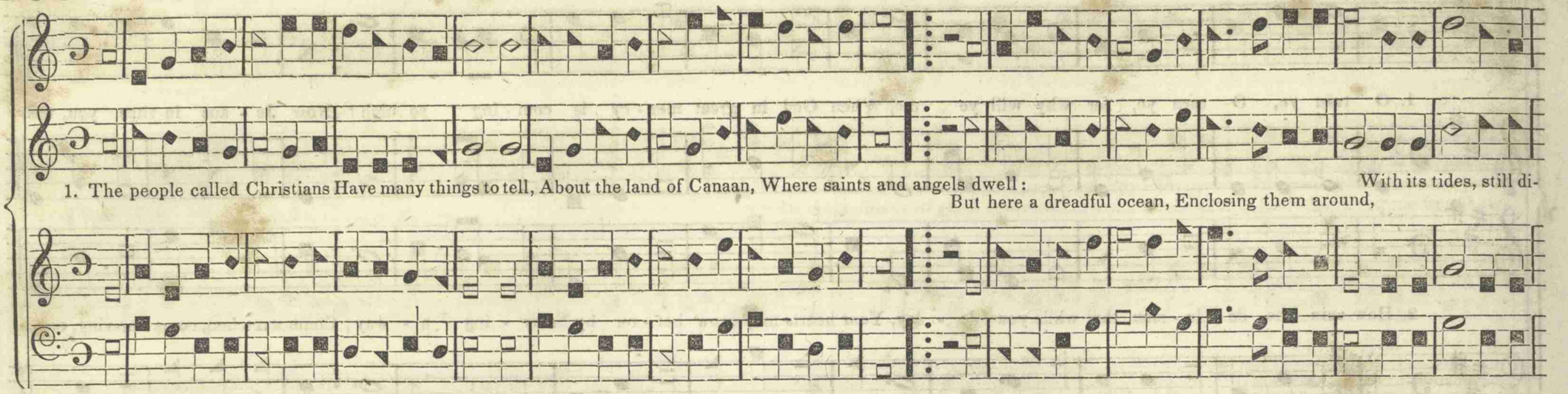

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4. In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

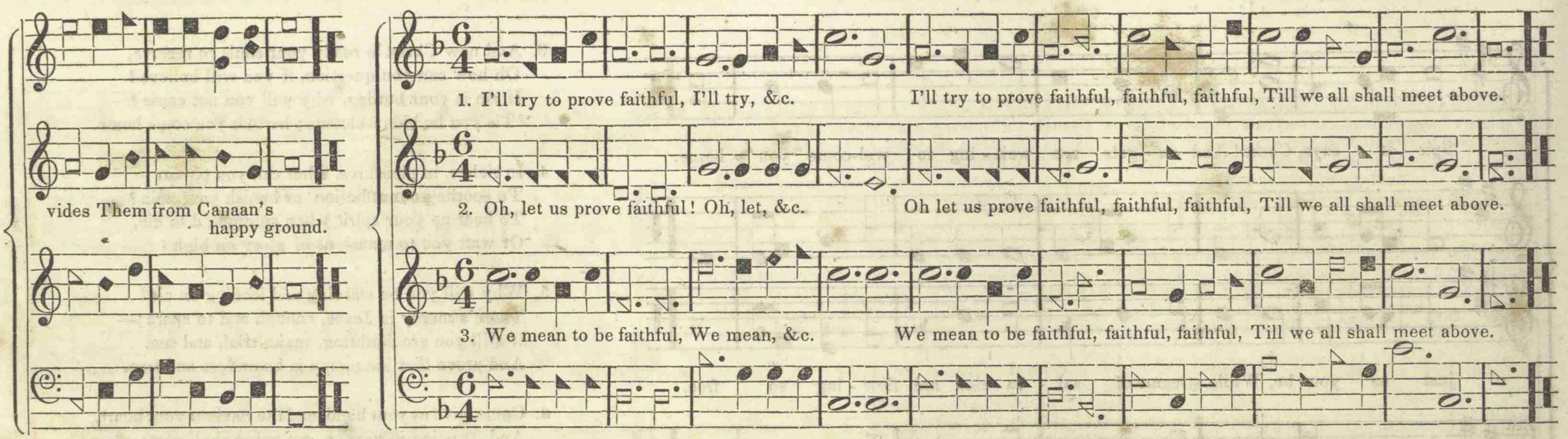
5. Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;—
If still you are doubting, make trial, and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together and soon be at home.

## THE SPIRITUAL SAILOR. 7s & 6s. D.




## THE RESOLVE. 6s & 7s.




4. There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,
When we all shall meet above.

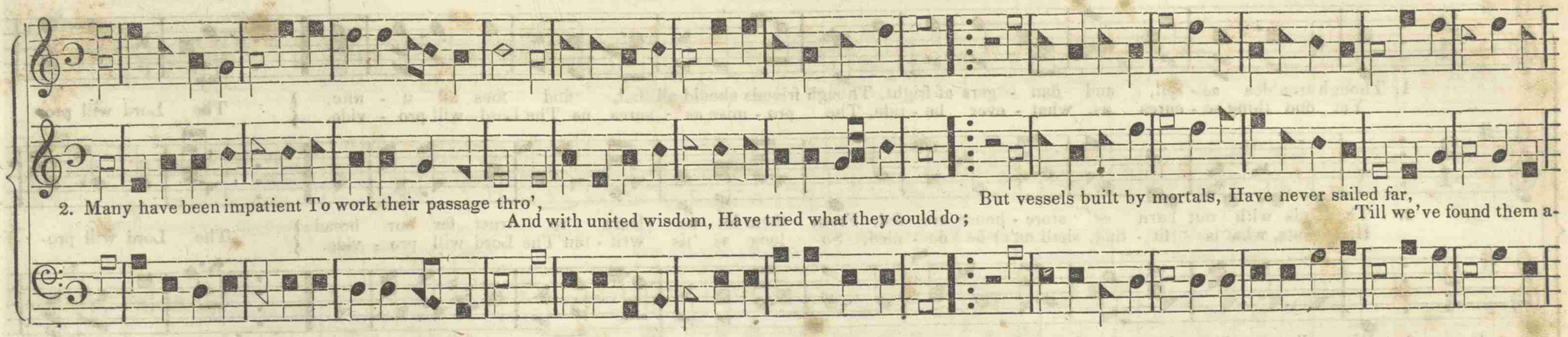
5. There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.

6. There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.

7. There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,
When we all shall meet above.

## THE SPIRITUAL SAILOR. 7s & 6s.

By I. Neighbors.




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

4. We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid the world farewell;
And though where we shall anchor
No mortal tongue can tell.
About our fate in future,
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide
With our Captain and his Mate.

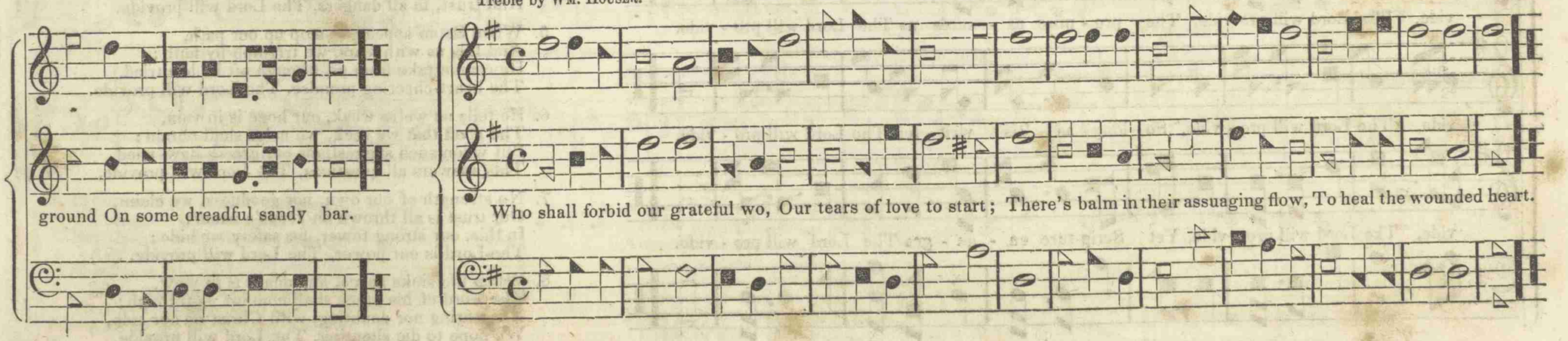
5. To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail—
We shall soon be out of sight.

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

## GRATEFUL TEARS. C. M.

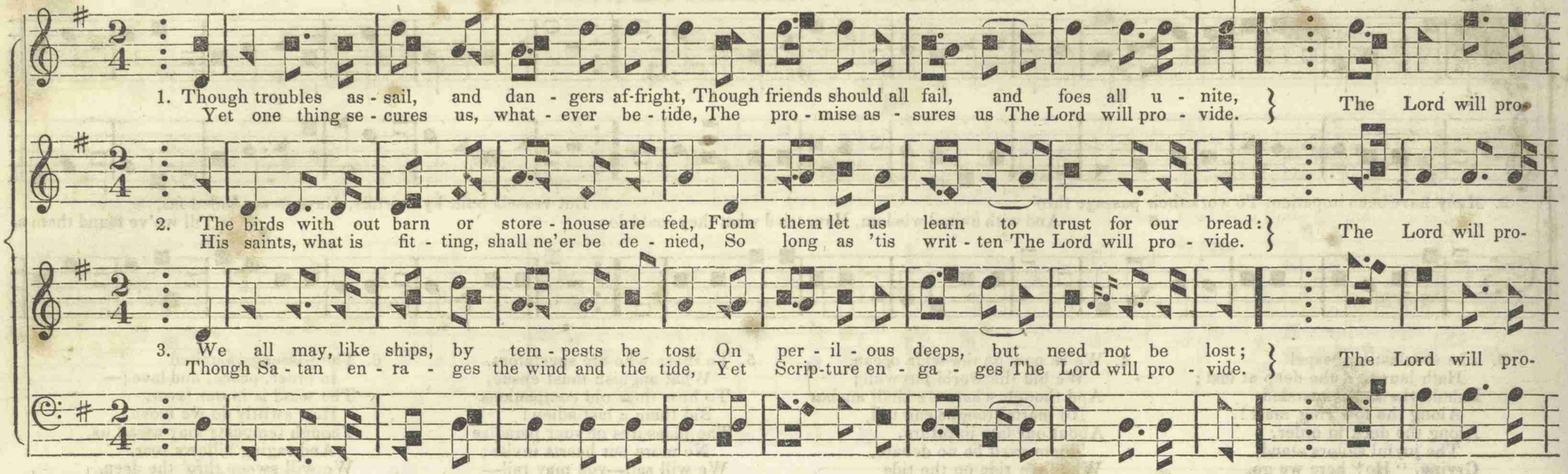
Treble by Wm. Houser.

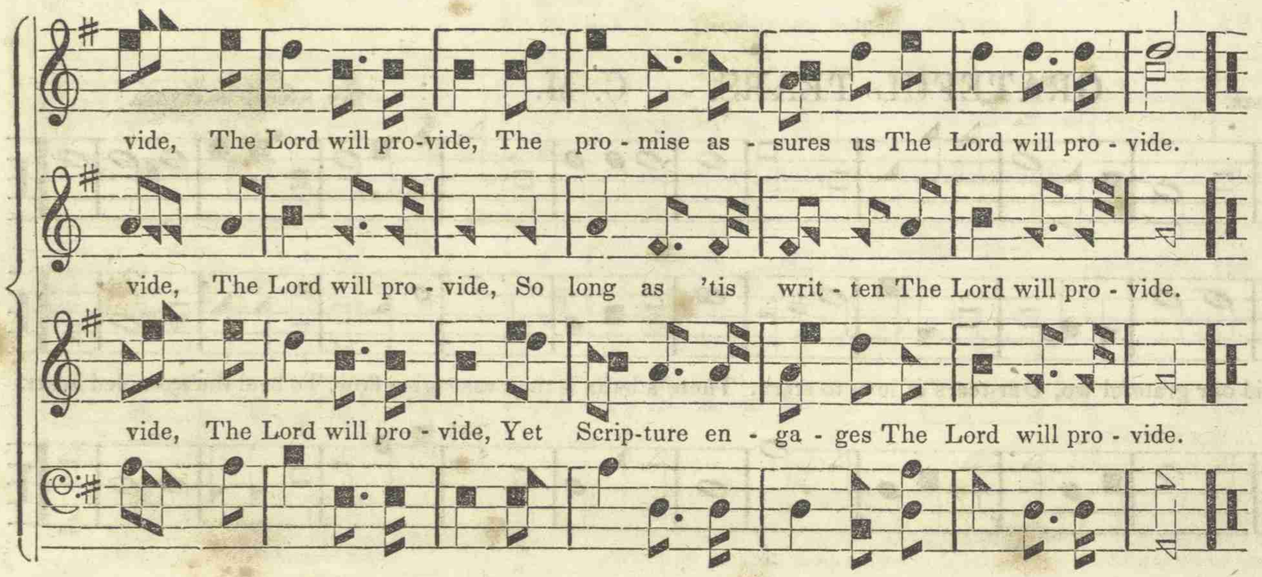
Rev. Samuel Wakefield.



# THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 10s & 11s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




4. His call we obey, like Abra'm of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

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

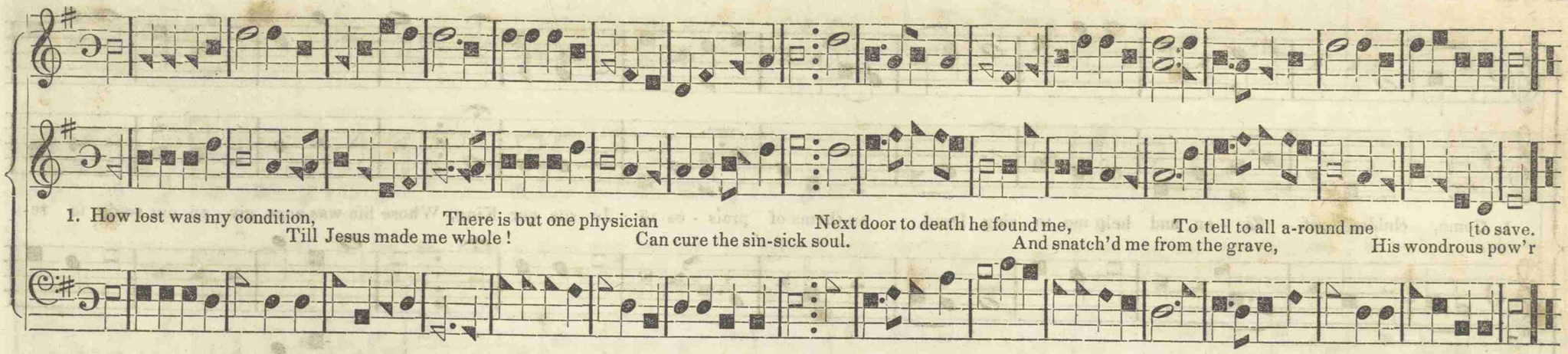
6. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.

7. No strength of our own, nor goodness, we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

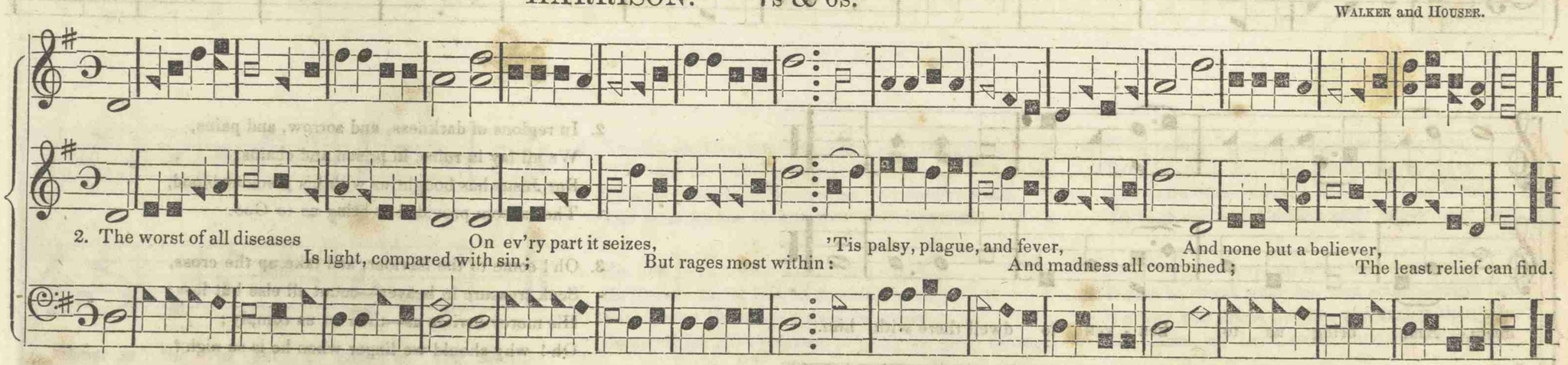
## GOOD PHYSICIAN. 7s & 6s.

Treble by Wm. Houser.




## HARRISON. 7s & 6s.

Walker and Houser.



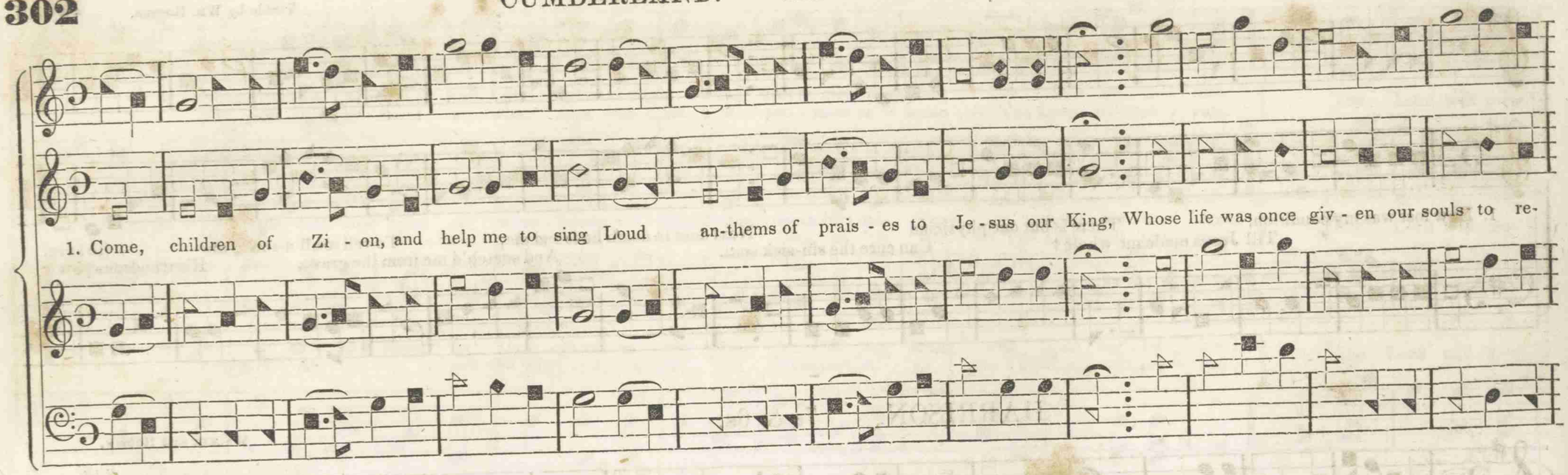

3. From men, great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain,
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4. At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace !)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case ;
First, gave me sight to view him—
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
Then bade me look unto him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

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

# CUMBERLAND. 11s.

Parts by Wm. Houser.




2. In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruins, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

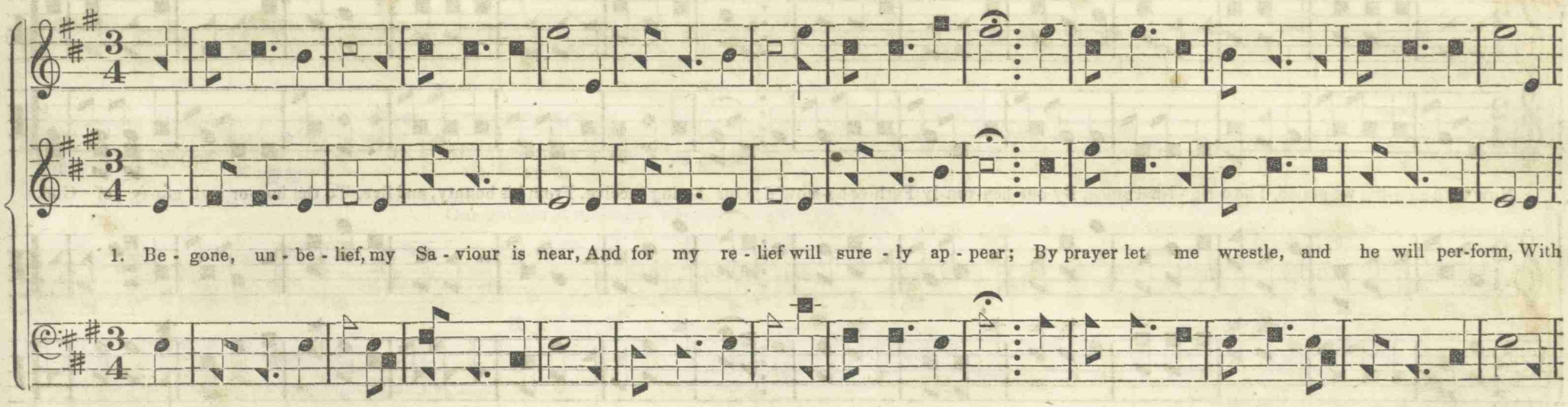
3. Oh! come to the Saviour, and take up the cross,
Seek treasure in heaven—count all else but loss;
His mercy invites us—then let us comply;
Oh! why should we linger when he is so nigh?

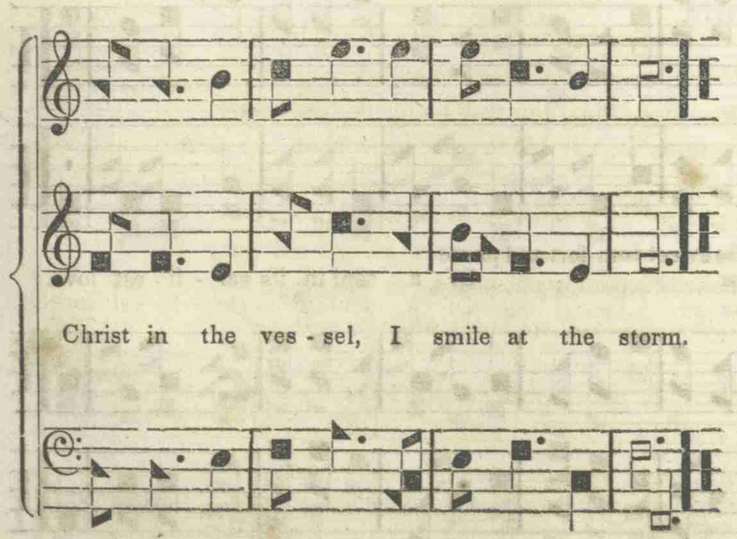
4. We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way—
His arm will protect us by night and by day;
All this we must suffer and patiently bear,
Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings are o'er.

# BEGONE UNBELIEF. 10s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.






2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3. His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite through.

4. Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?

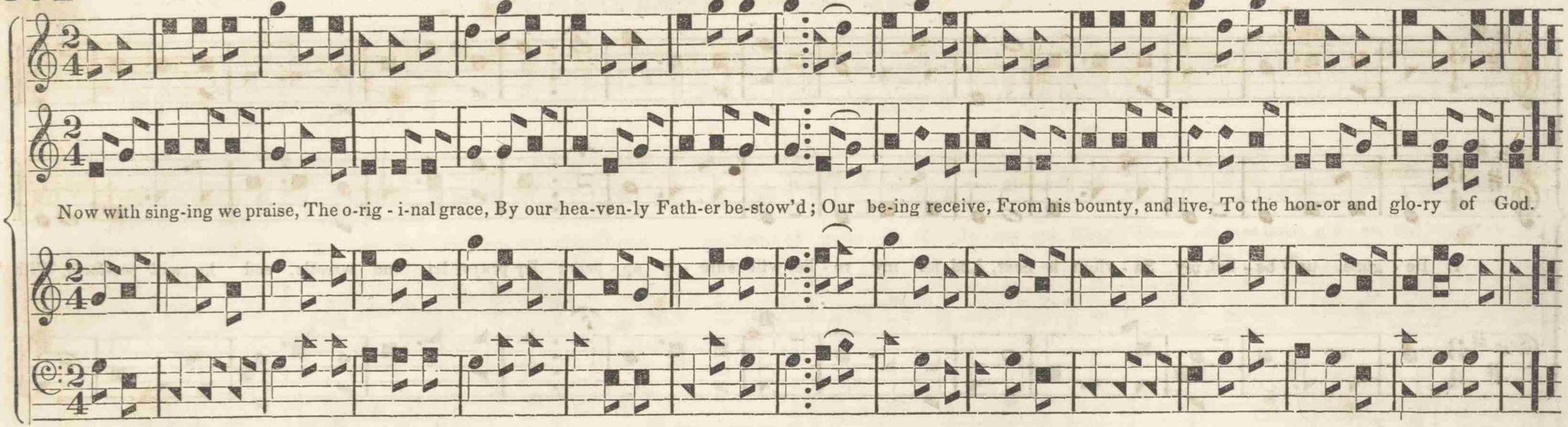
5. Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he taught me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6. How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer? and shall I repine?

7. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, Oh! how pleasant the conqueror's song!

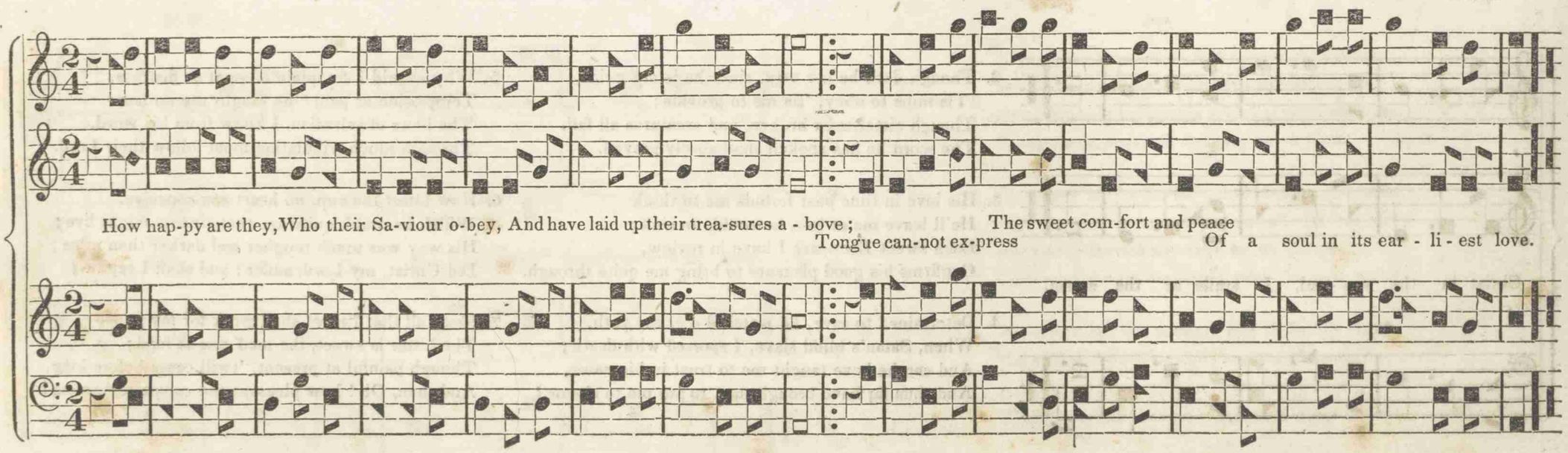
## INDIANA. 6s & 9s.

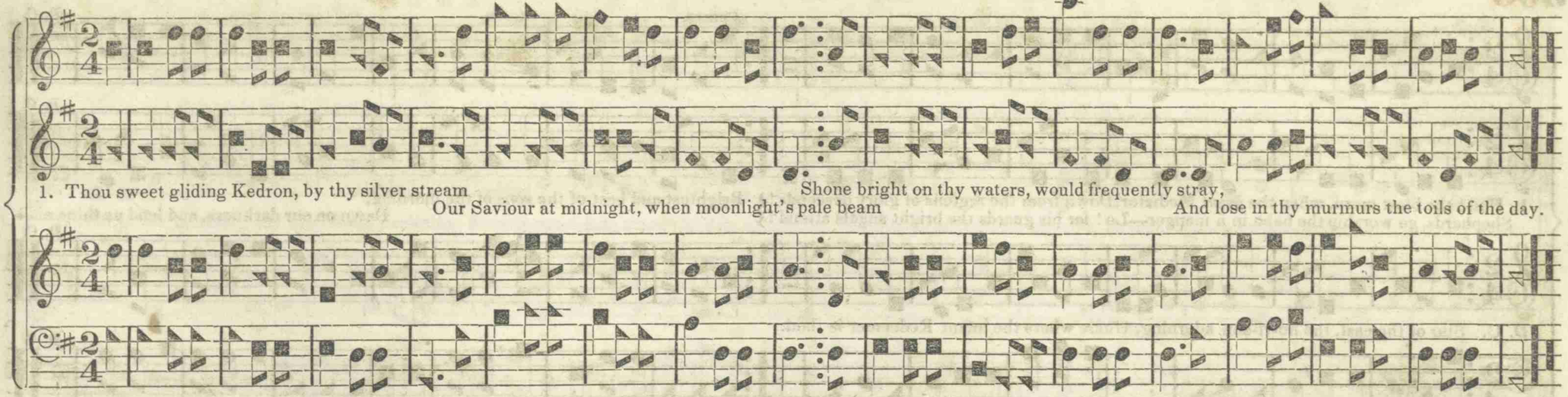
WM. HOUSER.




## SOLICITATION. 6s & 9s.

AXTON.



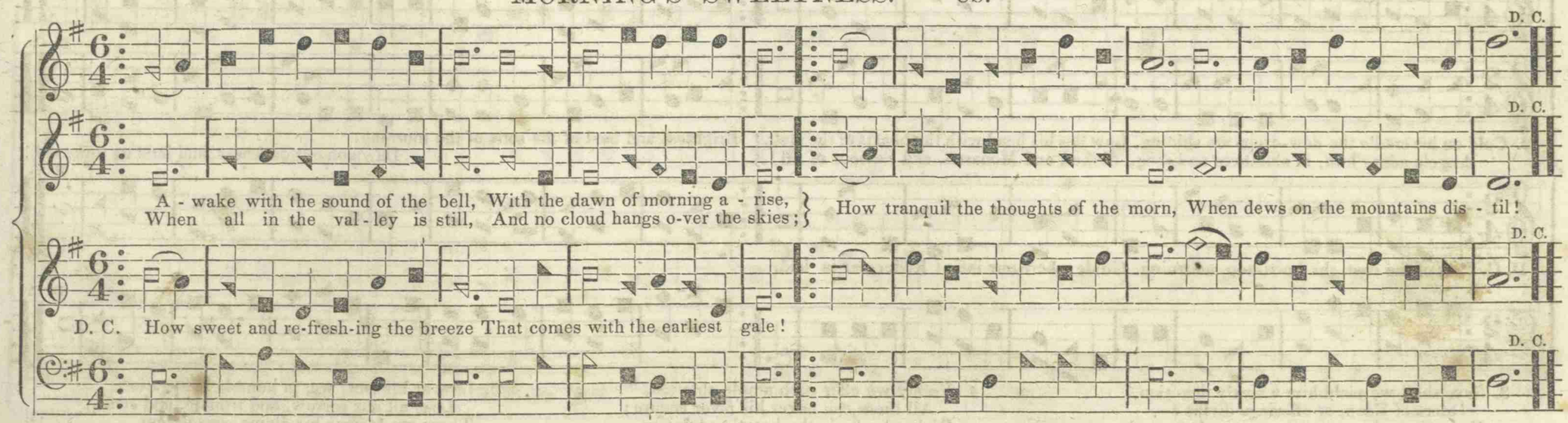



2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

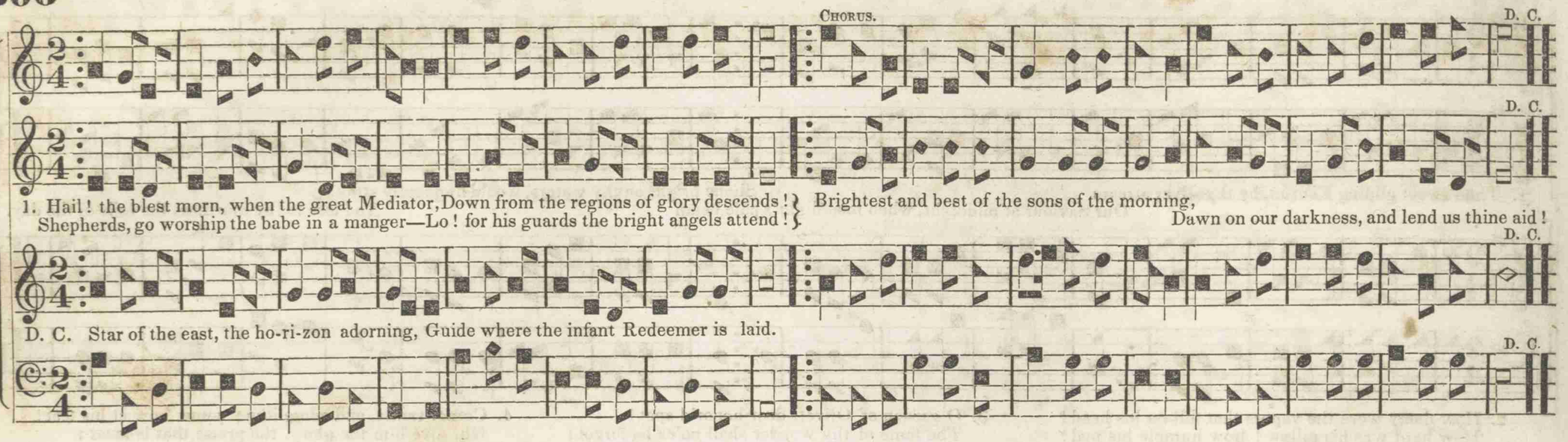
3. O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot!
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

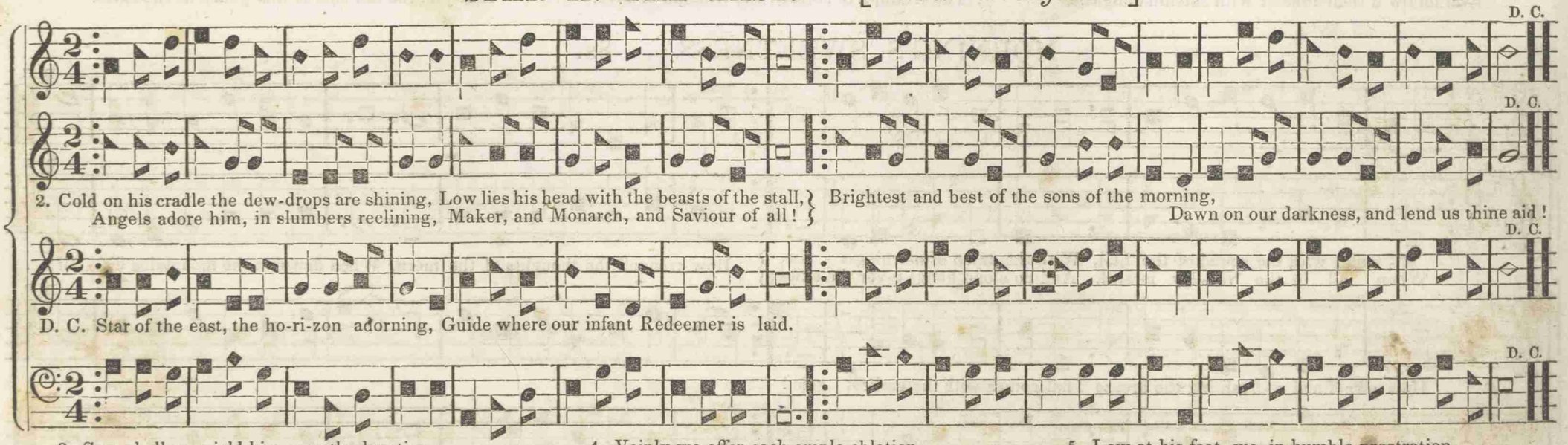
## MORNING'S SWEETNESS. 8s.



## STAR IN THE EAST. 10s & 11s.



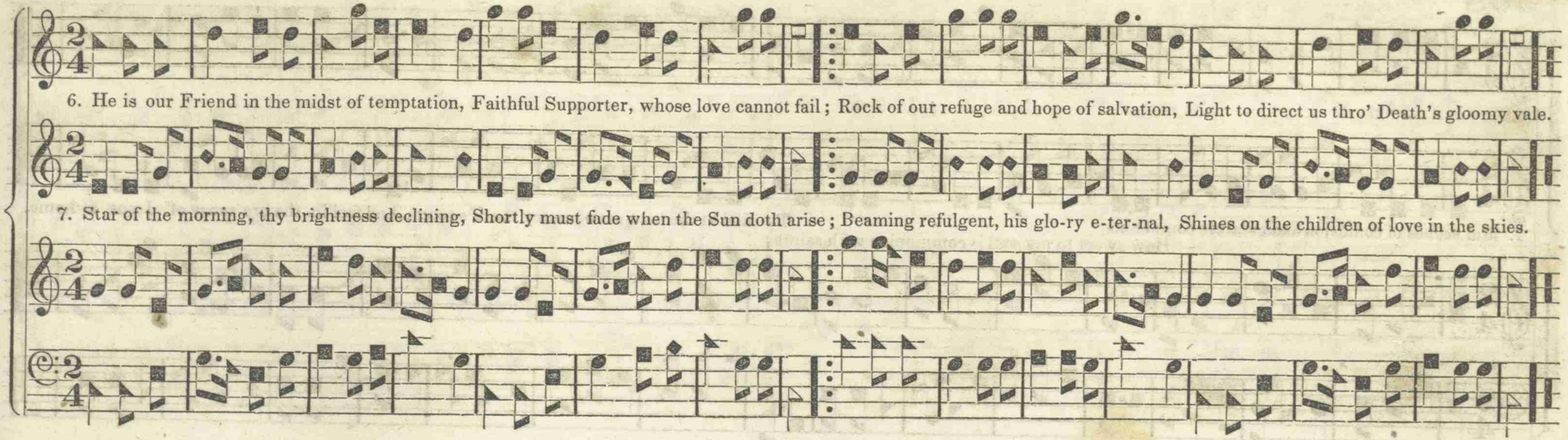

## STAR IN THE EAST. [*Another arrangement.*]




3. Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, or offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

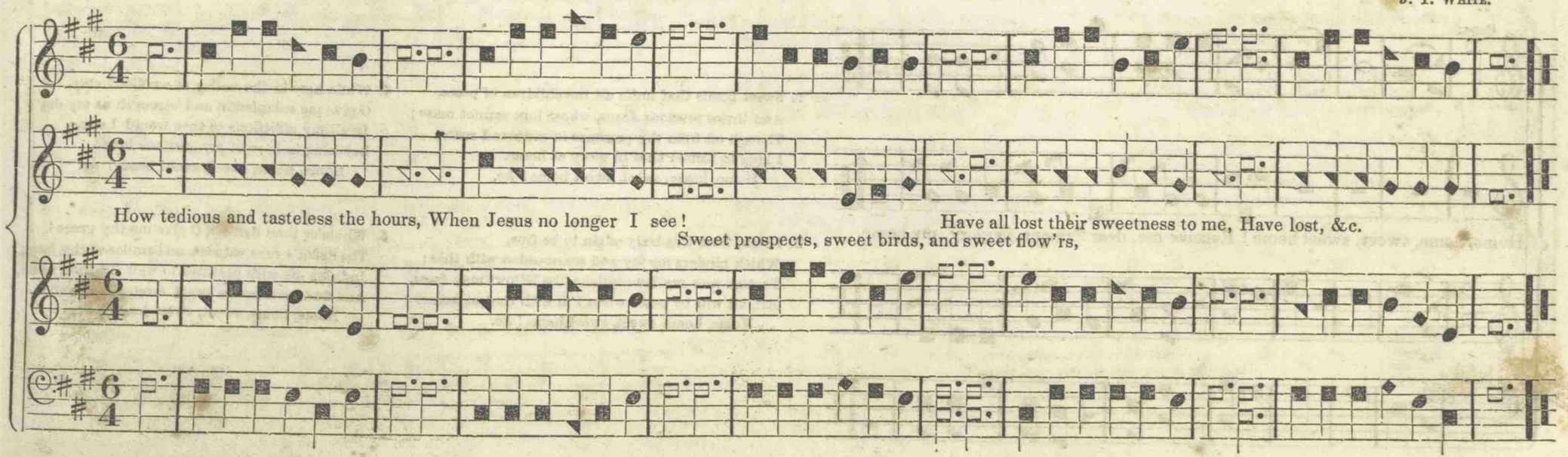
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
All these can never his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.



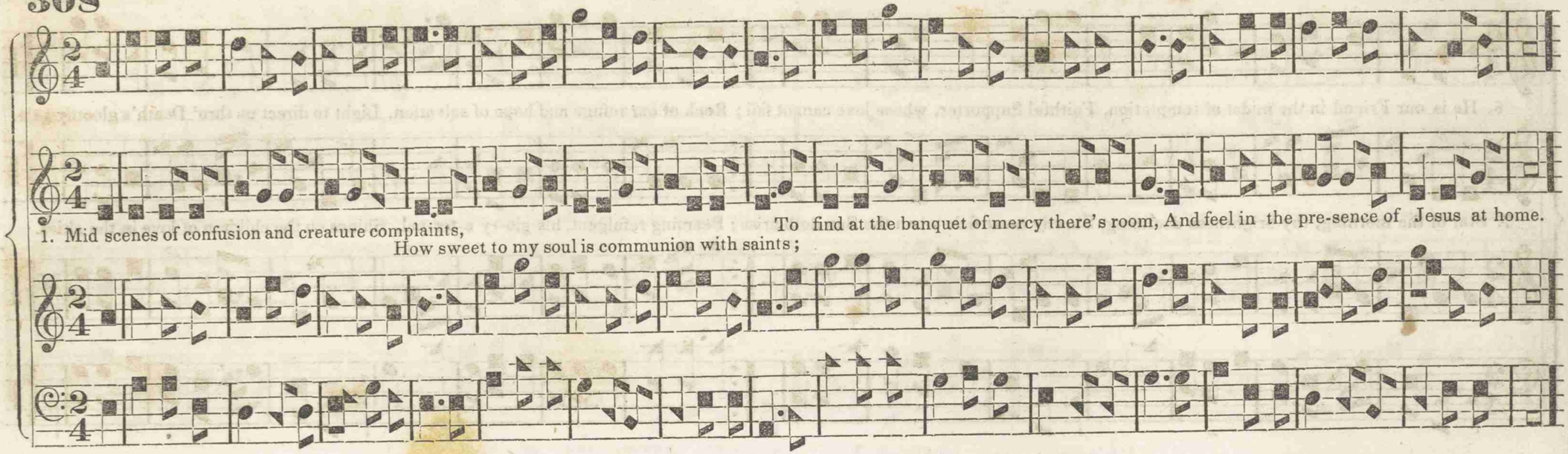

## EDGEFIELD. 8s.

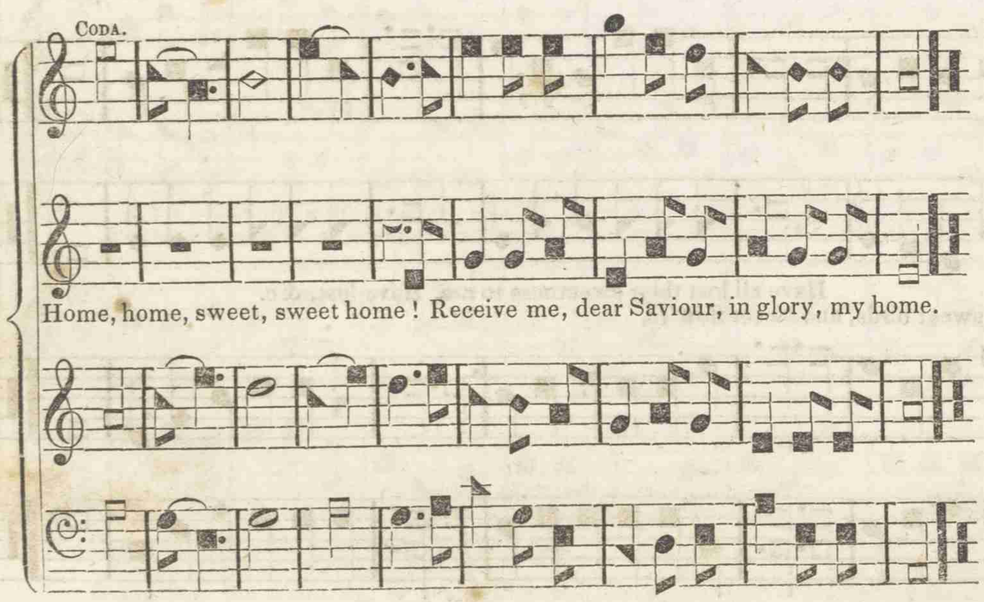
J. T. White.



# THE WANDERER. 11s.

Wm. Houser.



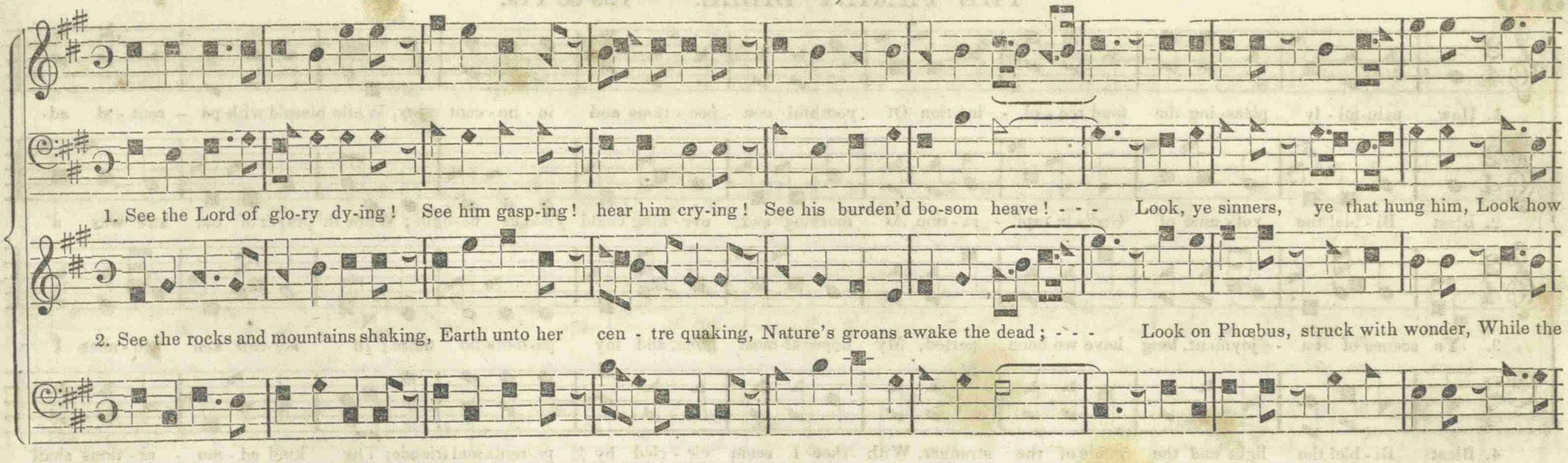



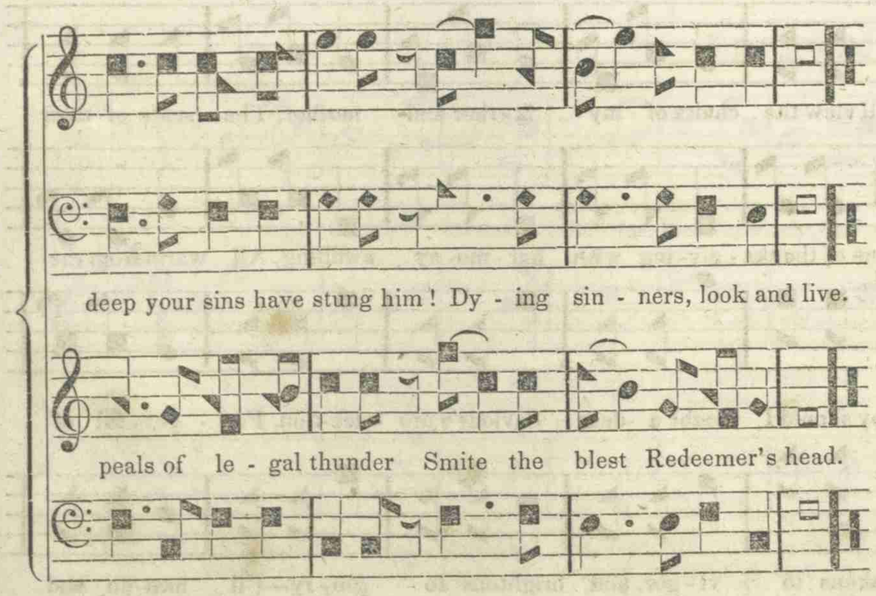

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.

3. I sigh, from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.

5. Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait till thou come,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.




3. Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting to the tuneful regions,
Cease to trill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended
By the all-victorious King.

4. Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood,
By his groans which shook creation;
Lo! we sound the proclamation,
"Peace and pardon through his blood!"

5. Shout, ye saints, with admiration;
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's risen from the grave:
Shout with joy and acclamation,
To the rock of your salvation,
Who alone hath power to save.

6. Bear with patience tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious Jubilee;
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing in the highest key.

7. See the blissful scene before us!
Join the universal chorus!
Bid the flowing numbers rise!
Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
Notes angelic, loud rebounding,
Trembling round the vocal skies.

1. How pain-ful - ly pleas- ing the fond rec - ol - lec-tion Of youthful con - nec - tions and in - no - cent joy, While bless'd with pa - rent - al ad-

2. Blest Bi - ble! the vol - ume of God's in - spi - ra - tion, At morning and eve - ning could yield us de-light; While th' prayer of our sire was a

3. Ye scenes of en - joyment, long have we been parted, My hopes al-most gone, and my pa-rents no more; In sor-row and sad - ness I

4. Blest Bi - ble! the light and the guide of the stranger, With thee I seem cir - cled by pa-rents and friends; Thy kind ad - mo - ni - tions shall
5. Though age and mis - for - tune press hard on my feelings, I'll flee to the Bi - ble, and trust in the Lord; Tho' darkness should cov - er his

vice and af - fections, Sur - rounded with mer-cy and peace from on high! I still view the chairs of my fa - ther and mother, The seats of their

sweet in - vo - ca-tion, For mer-cy by day, and for safe-ty by night. Our hymns of thanks - giv- ing with har - mo- ny swelling, All warm from the

live broken - hearted, And wan-der a - lone on a far - dis-tant shore: But why should I doubt a dear Saviour's pro - tec-tion, For - get - ful of

shield me from danger,—On thee my last lin - ger -ing hope now de - pends: Hope wakens to vi - gor, and brightens to glo - ry—I'll hast-en and
mer - ci - ful dealings, My soul is still cheer'd by his heav-en - ly word. And now from things earth-ly my soul is re - moving; I soon shall shout

offspring, as rang'd on each hand; And the rich-est of books, which ex - cels ev'-ry oth - er—The fam - i - ly Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

hearts of the fam - i - ly band, Half rais'd us from earth to that rapt - ur - ous dwelling, De - scribed in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

gifts from his boun - ti - ful hand? O let me with pa-tience re - ceive his cor - rec-tion, And think of the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

flee to the promis - ed land: For ref-uge lay hold on the hope set be - fore me, Re - veal'd in the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
glo - ry with heaven's bright band, And in raptures of joy be for ev - er a - dor - ing The God of the Bi - ble that lay on the stand.

## ELLISON. 8, 7, 4.

Treble by WM. HOUSER.

*Andante.*

5. Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar-den, Lo! your Ma - ker prostrate lies!
On the blood-y tree be - hold him! Hear him cry, be - fore he dies,
"It is fin-ish'd!" "It is finish'd!" Sin - ners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! th' in-car - nate God ascend - ing, Pleads the mer - it of his blood;
Venture on him, ven - ture free - ly; Let no oth - er trust in - trude:
None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do help - less sinners good.

7. Saints and an - gels, join'd in con-cert, Sing the prais-es of the Lamb;
While the bliss-ful seats of heaven Sweetly ech - o with his name:
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sin - ners here may do the same.

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## THE ROCK. 11s.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed in sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the foun-tain of good, I'll pray to the Saviour who kind-ly did

cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!" High - er than I, High - er 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!" High - er than I, High - er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:—
From the swellings of Jordan to Thee will I cry:
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the Great Rock that is higher than I.

## IMPRESSIVE HOUR. 6 lines 7s.

1. In this calm, impressive hour, God of mercy, God of power, Hear me from thy lofty throne,
Let my prayer ascend on high ; Hear me, when to thee I cry : For the sake of Christ thy Son.

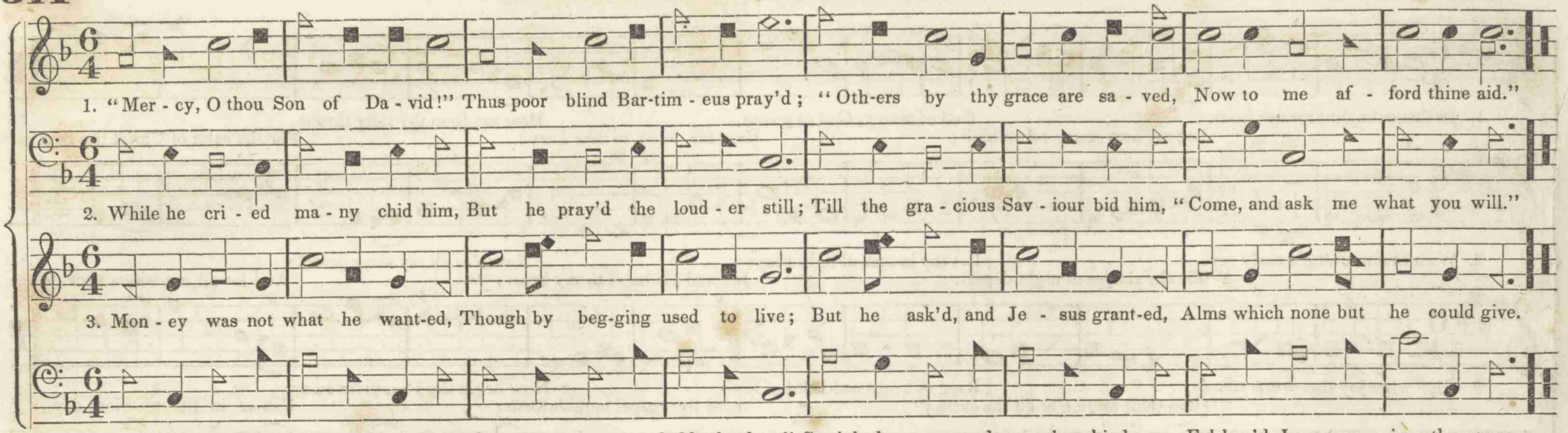
2. With this morning's early ray, Let thy beams of light convey Now o'er all my steps preside,
While the shades of night depart, Joy and gladness to my heart ; And for all my wants provide.

3. Oh ! what joy that word affords, King of kings and Lord of lords, Now begin thy boundless sway,
" Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth ;" Send thy gospel heralds forth ; Ush-er in the glo-rious day.

## KINGSWOOD. 7s.

Chil - dren of the heav'nly King, As you jour-ney, sweet-ly sing ; Sing your Sa-viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

## BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.




5. Now, methinks, I hear him singing—
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

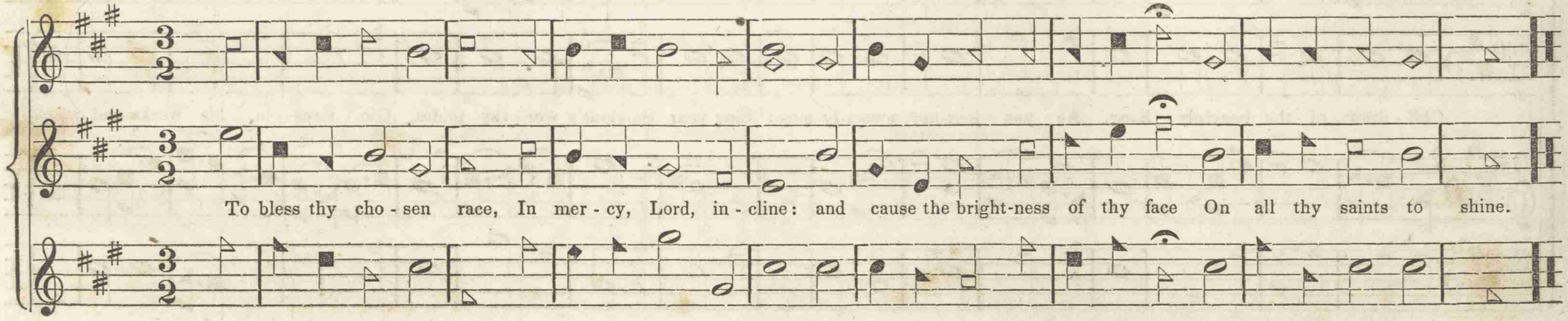
6. "O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely, if they'd come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

7. "Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way:—
He will guide me by his counsel—
Lead me to eternal day.

8. "There I shall behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent, and pure,
There with him to reign for ever,
If I to the end endure."

## PENTONVILLE. S. M.

THOMAS LINDLEY. 1800.



## CONQUERING SOLDIER. 7s & 6s. D.

Parts arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

Oh! when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above,
And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in?

## McANALLY. 6s & 4s.

Grazioso.

Arr'd by JAS. M. EDNEY and WM. HOUSER.

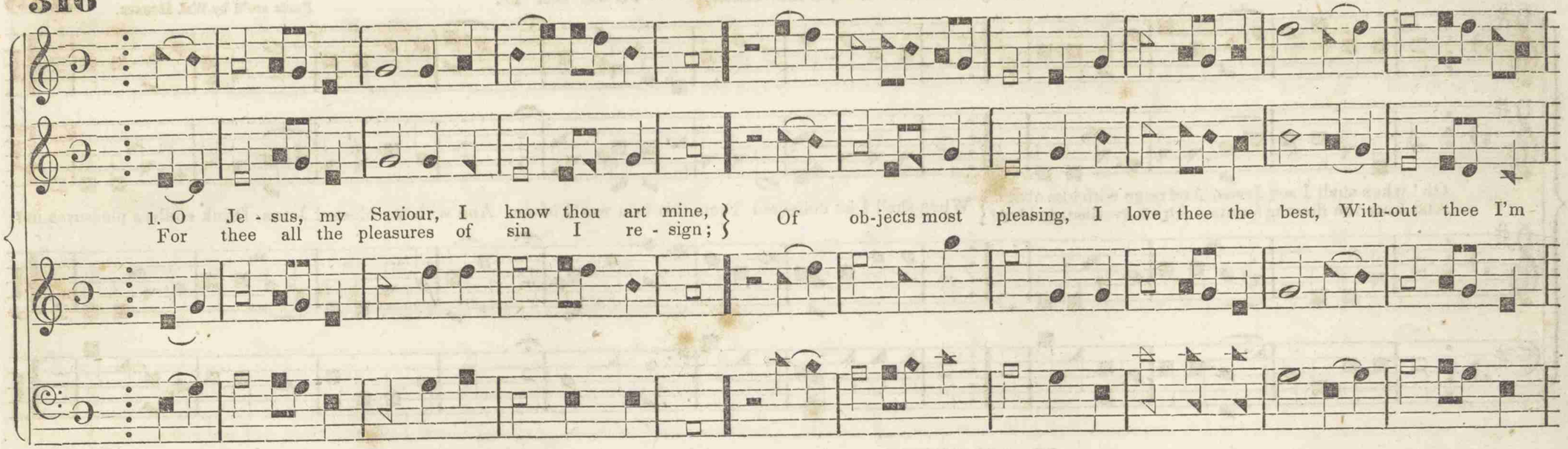
1. Haste, my dull soul, arise! Shake off thy care;
Press to thy native skies, Migh - ty in prayer!
Je - sus has gone before, Count all thy troubles o'er, He all thy burdens bore, Je - sus is there.

2. Soul, for the marriage feast, Robed and pre - pared,
Ho - ly must be each guest, Je - sus is there:
Saints, wear your vict'ry palms, Chant your celestial psalms; Bride of the Lamb, thy charms Oh! let me wear.

3. Heav'n's bliss is perfect, pure, Je - sus is there!
Heav'n's bliss is ev-er sure, Thou art its heir.
What makes its joys complete? What makes its hymns so sweet? There we our friends shall meet; Jesus is there!

# IMANDRA. 11s.

A. DAVISSON.




2. Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me and bade me not fear.

3. In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation he always is near,
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

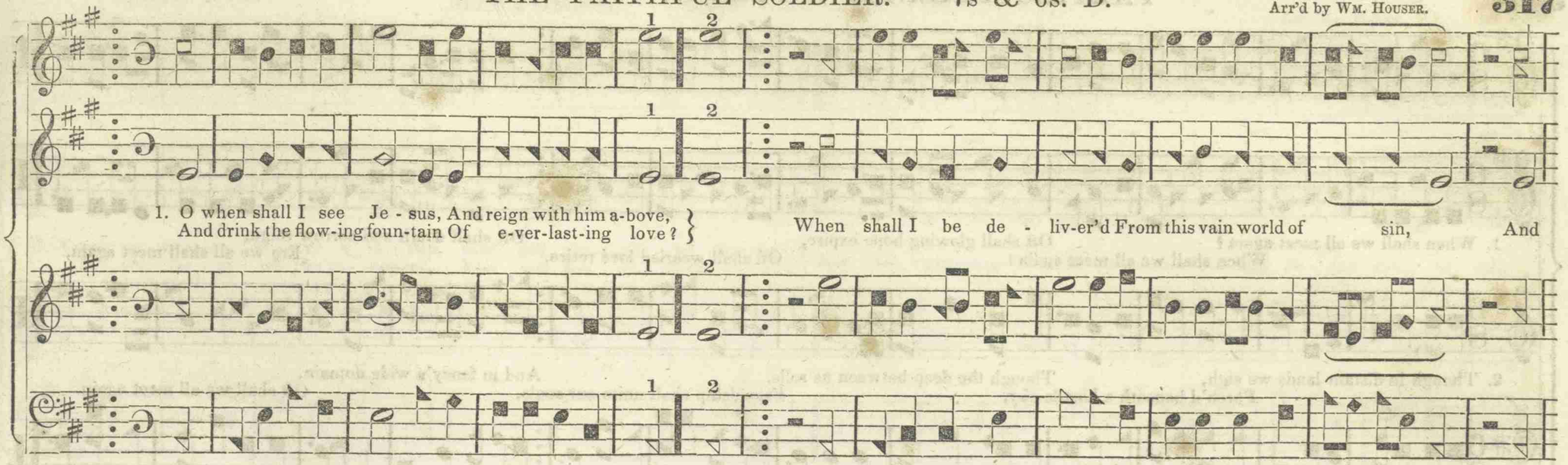
5. I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee my Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.

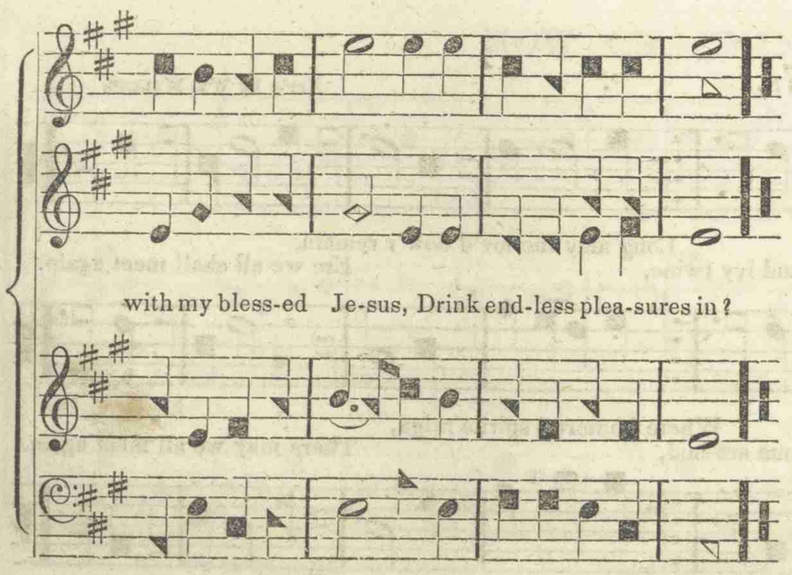
6. My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare:
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

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

# THE FAITHFUL SOLDIER. 7s & 6s. D.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.




2. But now I am a soldier,
   My Captain's gone before—
He's given me my orders,
   And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful
   A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
   Eternal life shall have.

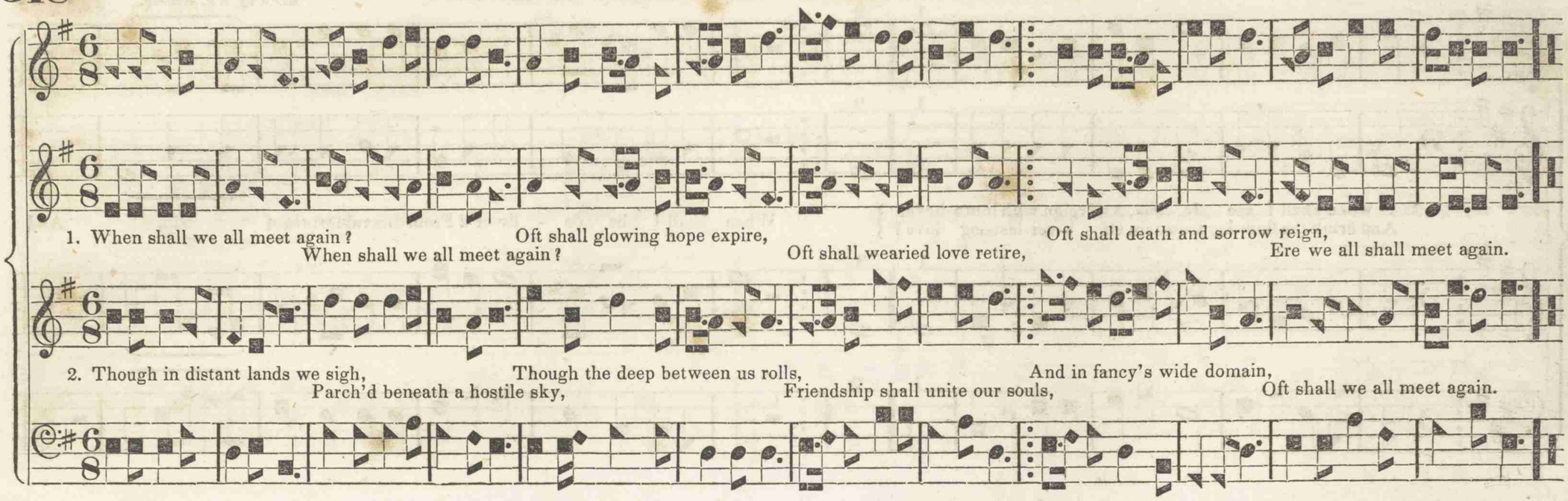
3. Through grace I am determined
   To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
   On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
   I bid them all adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
   And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with trials
   And troubles on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
   And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heav'nly armor
   Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when your warfare's ended
   You'll reign with him above.

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

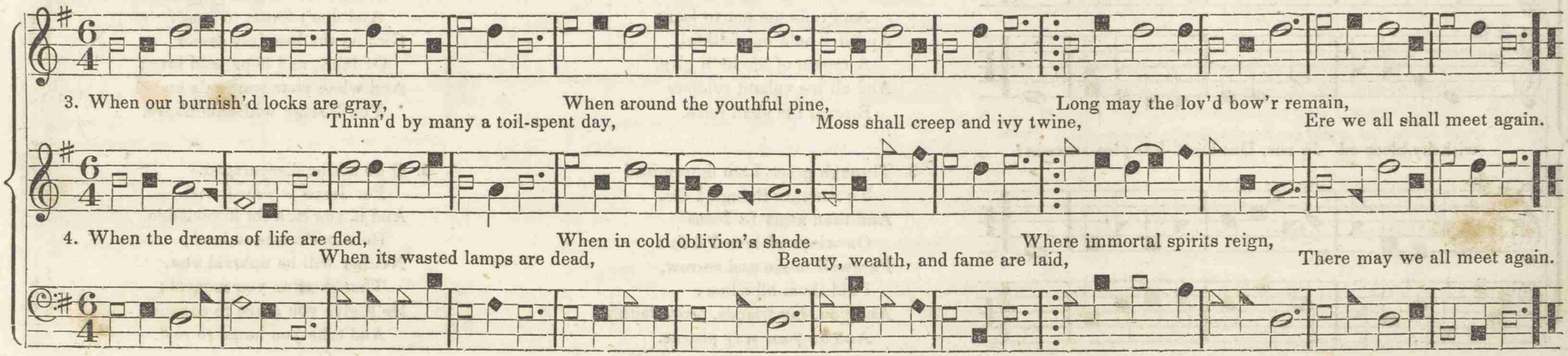
## PARTING FRIENDS. 6 lines 7s.

Parts by Wm. Houser.




## INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 6 lines 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Walker.



1. Come, ye wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den, Lost and ru - in'd by the fall,
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all:
} Not the right-eous—Not the right-eous—Sin-ners Je - sus came to call.

## HOW CHARMING IS JESUS. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

CHORUS.

1. There we shall reign with Jesus, And shout with the redeemed— O, how charming! how charming! how charming is Jesus,
On that delightful shore, Our sins and sorrows o'er!— He is my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.

2. The wicked cease from troubling, And we shall reign with Jesus, O how charming, &c.
The weary are at rest; Eternal ages blest.

3. We shall be like the angels, And shout aloud salvation,— O, how charming, &c.
In that immortal throng, 'Twill be our lasting song.

# MORNING STAR. 8,7,9,8.

LOWRY.

How splendid shines the morning star, God's gracious light from darkness far, The root of Jes - se bless-ed! Thou David's son, of Jacob's stem, My Bridegroom,

King, and wondrous Friend, Thou hast my heart pos-sess - ed, Sweet-ly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransom, Full of graces, Set and kept in heav'nly places!

1. My breth - ren all, on you I call, Arise and look a-round you;
How ma - ny foes, bound to op - pose, Are wait - ing to con-found you:
The trump - et calls on Zi - on's walls—Shake off your sleep and slum-ber; A - rise and pray, we'll win the day, Tho' we are few in num - ber.

2. To God we'll cry and hell de - fy, Tho' Sa - tan roar like thun - der—
The voice of pray'r makes sinners stare, While fill'd with joy and won - der:
While mu - sic sweet makes some re - treat, Our Je - sus still draws nigh-er; His pre - cious name lights up the flame That sets our souls on fire.

3. While grace di - vine in oth - ers shine, With each we are de-light - ed;
With them we crowd and sing so loud, Poor sin - ners are af-fright - ed.
The sweet - est joys our pow'rs em - ploy, To see the cause ad-vanc - ing—Tho' some go off, and bold - ly scoff, And say that we are danc - ing.

4. Some mournfully for mercy cry,
And stubborn hearts are bended—
If we but smile, some say we're wild,
And so go off offended:
If souls are born we'll bear the scorn,
Let sinners tell their story—
For Jesus' name we'll bare the blame,
And give him all the glory.

5. But let them scoff, we still will cry
To God for their salvation—
O God of love, send from above,
And save them from damnation;
Thy Spirit send their hearts to bend,
Arrest them by thy thunder!
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues—
Fill them with joy and wonder.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 428.

## LUCAS. 5,6,11.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till our Mas - ter ap-pear; His a - do - ra - ble

2. Our life as a dream, Our time as a stream Glides swift-ly a-way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fu - ses to stay: The ar - row is

3. O that each in the day Of his com-ing may say, "I have fought my way thro', I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!" O that each from his

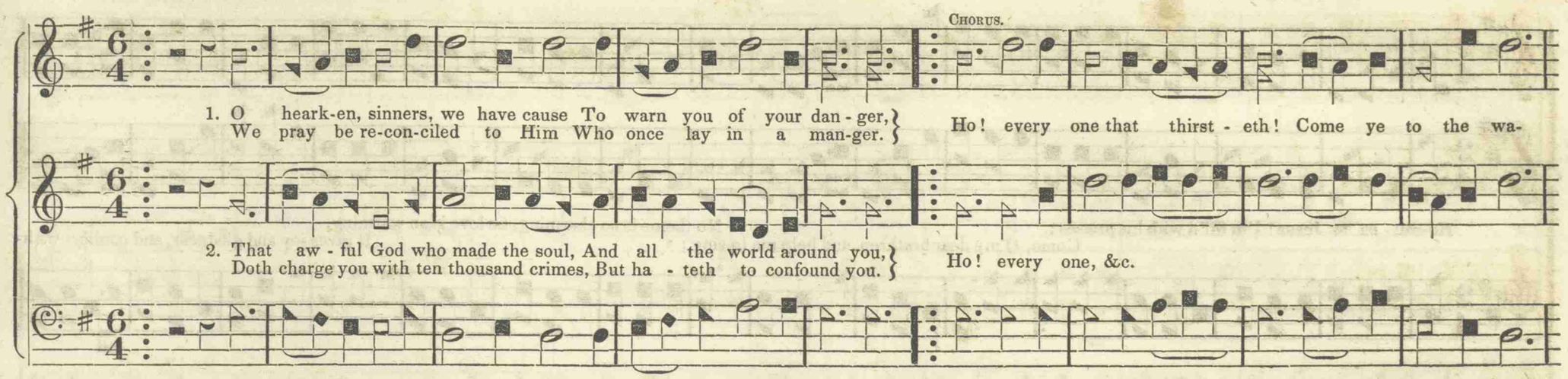
will Let us glad-ly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love. By the patience, &c.

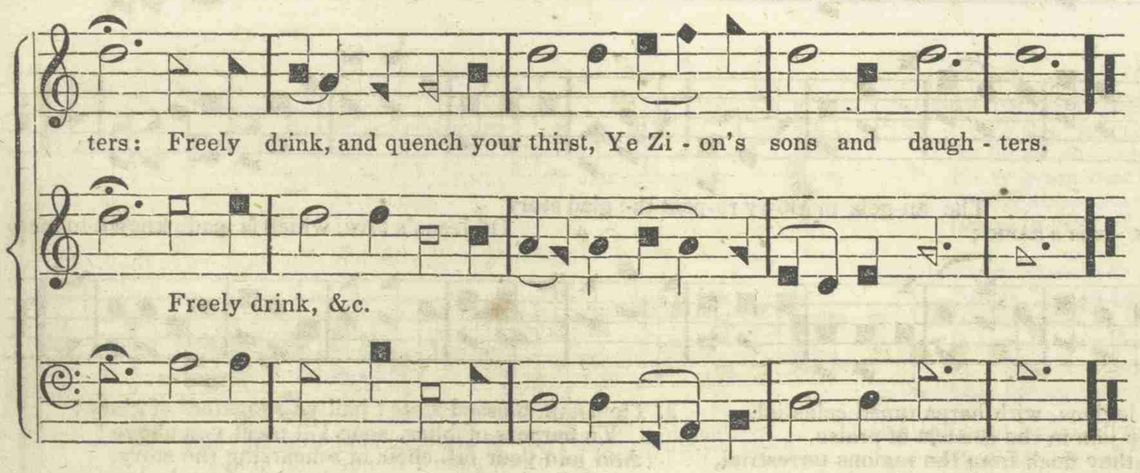
flown, The moment is gone, The mil-len-ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here. Rushes on, &c.

Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!" Enter in - to, &c.

# COLLINS. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser, and named in honor of Rev. Charles Collins, President of Emory and Henry College, Virginia.




3. O seek his sanctifying grace!
Be wise—do not refuse it;
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.—Ho! every, &c.

4. The cross of Christ you have to bear,
Fearless of persecution,
Or groan you will when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.

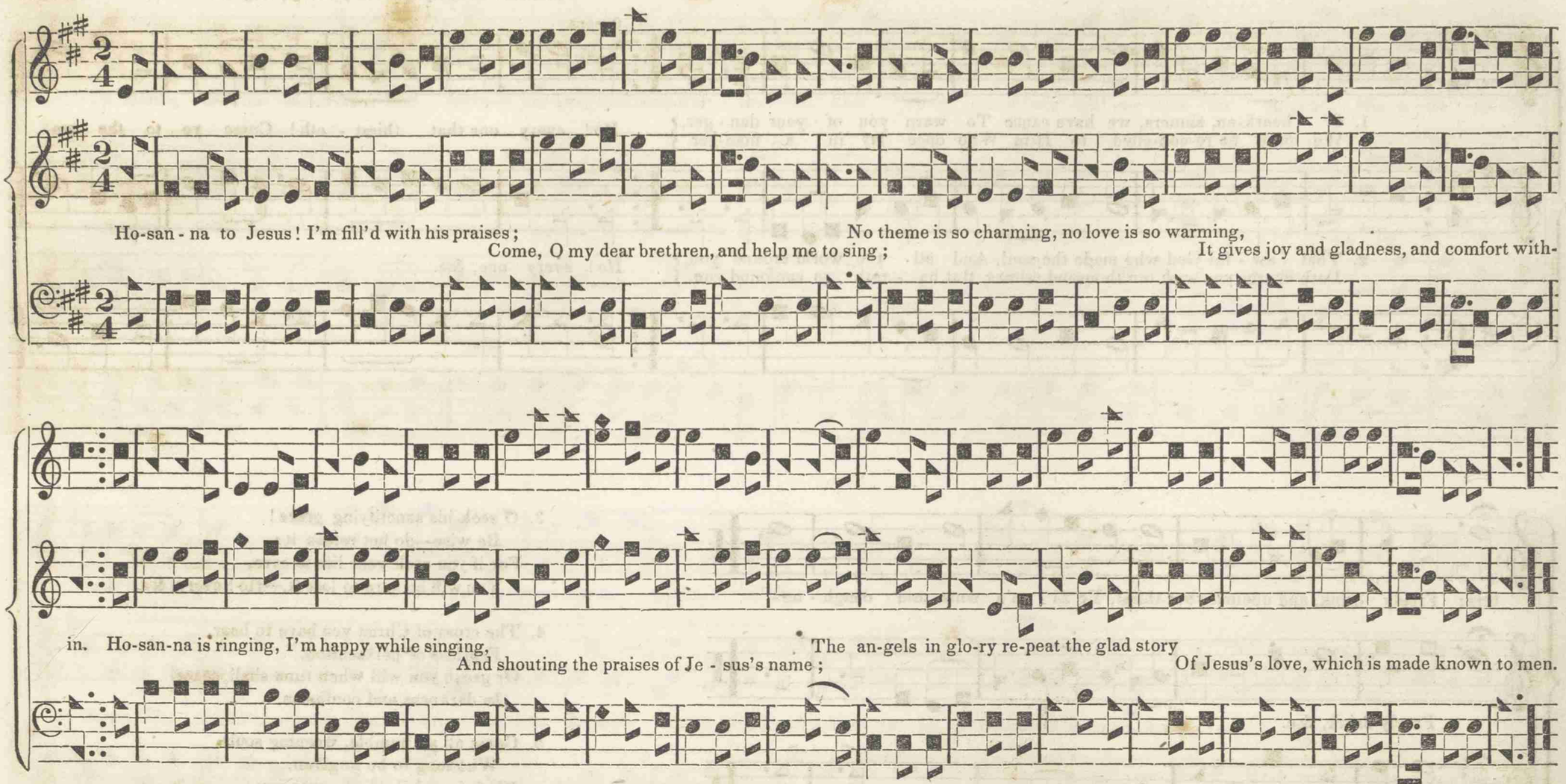
5. Come all ye humble, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heaven.

6. There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness;
O come and wash, and be made white,
And prove the gospel fulness.

7. Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you'll be justified—
Believe, and live for ever.

8. A glorious throng have gone before,
Who sing and shout hosannah;
They stand around the tree of life,
And always gather manna.

9. Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Love God, and sing hosannah;
We soon shall join that heav'nly throng,
And always live on manna.



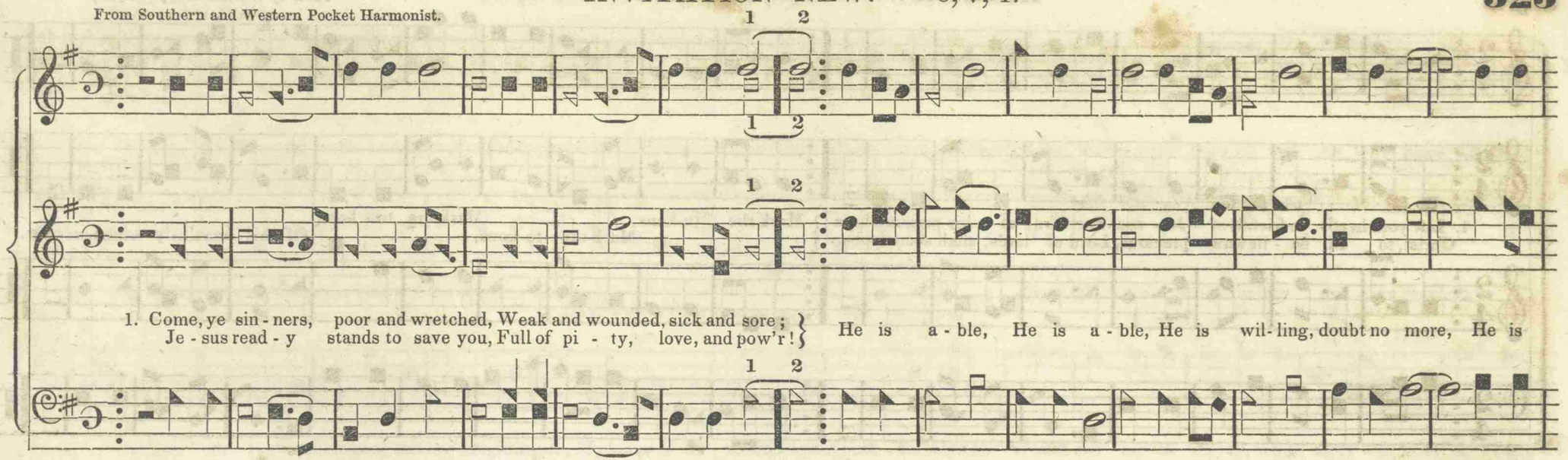

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits, with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Emmanuel be given
All glory, and honor, and might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

# INVITATION NEW. 8, 7, 4.

From Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist.




2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

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

## KERSHAW. 8, 7, 4.

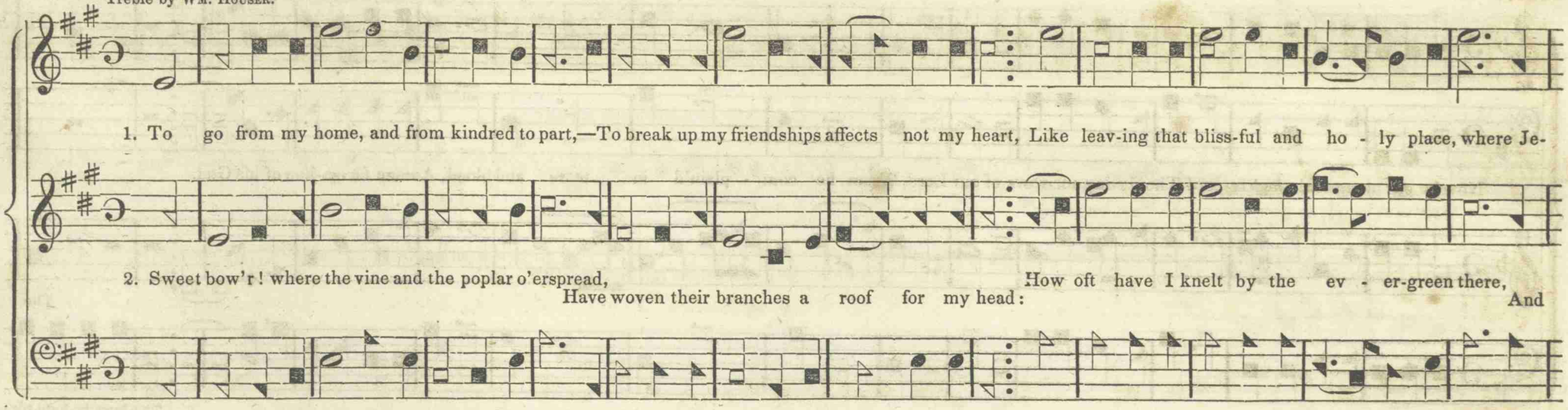
Parts by Wm. Houser, principally.

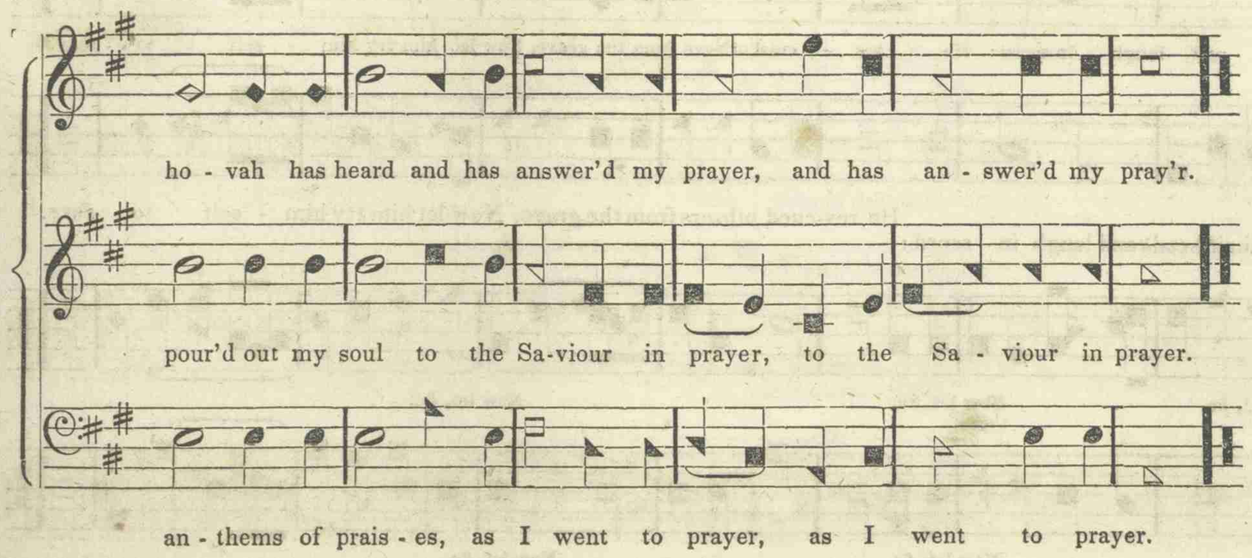
1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners of his patience here; } Mark the to-kens, Mark the to - kens
Christ, to all be - lievers precious, Lord of lords, shall soon appear. } Mark the to-kens, Of his heav'n-ly kingdom near.

## RICHMOND. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8.

My be-lov-ed, haste a - way, Fails my soul at thy de-lay, Quickly, quickly, Je- sus come,
Sick of love, for thee I languish; Feels a dying lover's anguish. And make my breast thy native [home.

Treble by Wm. Houser.




4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!
But sweeter, O sweeter! the pleasures which there
I often have tasted while off'ring my prayer.

5. But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new:
Yet, O blessed thought! I've a friend ev'rywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer.

6. His love and his pow'r he will daily impart,
To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart:
And when on my death-bed, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer.

7. And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blest with delightful employ—
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care,
And bask in His smile who has answer'd my prayer.

## MONTAGUE. L. M.

SWAN.

Now let our mourn-ful songs re-cord The dy-ing sor-rows of our Lord, When he com - plain'd in tears and blood, As one for-sa-ken of his God.

The

The Jews be-hold him

The Jews be-hold him thus for-lorn, And shake their heads and laugh in scorn: He res - cued oth-ers from the grave, Now let him try him - self to save.

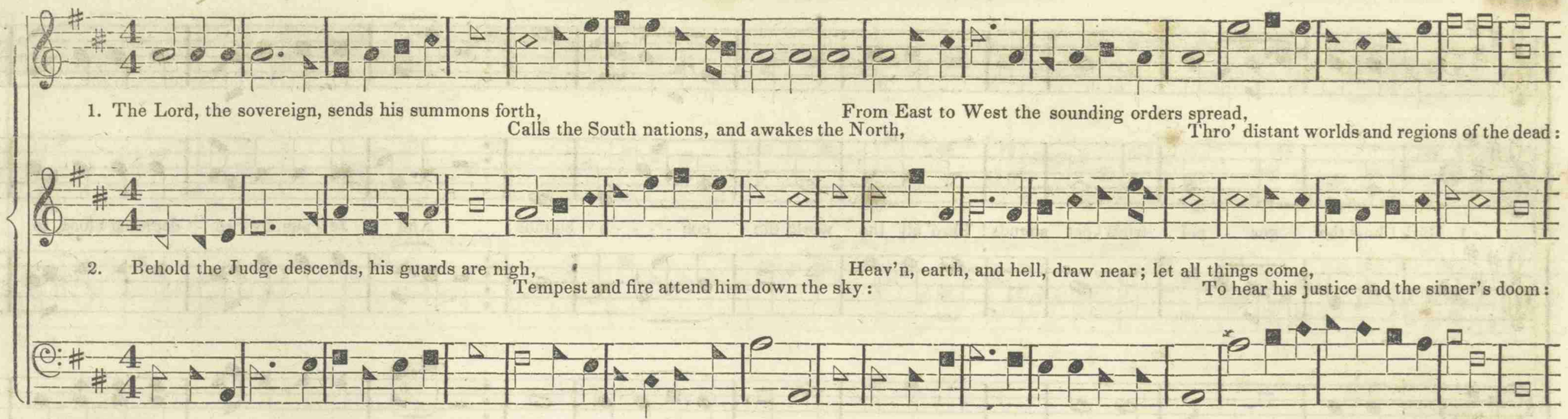
The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn:
He res-cued oth-ers from the grave, Now let him try him - self to save.

Jews be-hold him thus for-lorn, And shake, &c. He res-cued, &c. Now let, &c. Now let, &c.

thus for-lorn, And shake, &c. He res - cued, &c. Now let, &c. Now let, &c.

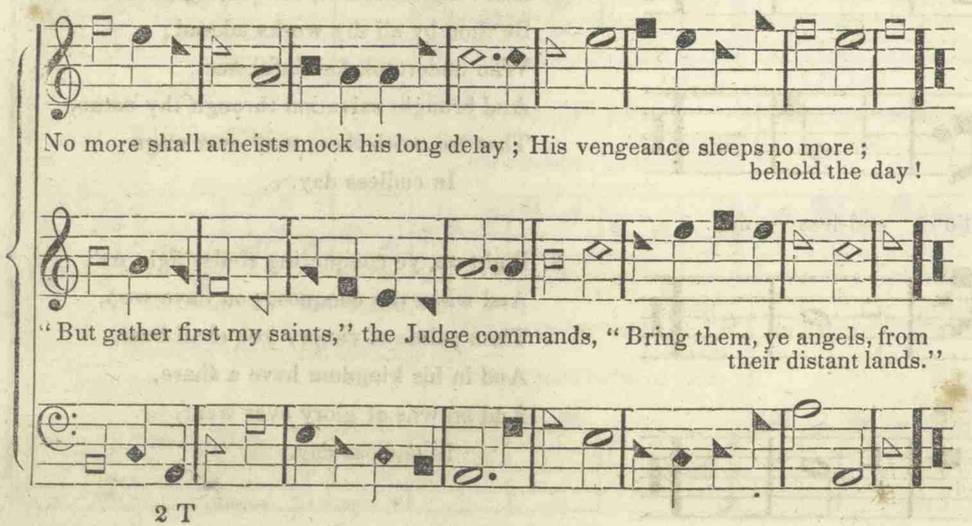
Watts, Ps. 50.
Treble by Wm. Houser.

## WALWORTH. 10s.



1. The Lord, the sovereign, sends his summons forth,
From East to West the sounding orders spread,
Calls the South nations, and awakes the North,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:

2. Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom:



No more shall atheists mock his long delay; His vengeance sleeps no more;
behold the day!

"But gather first my saints," the Judge commands, "Bring them, ye angels, from
their distant lands."

3. "I, their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad,
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble, and retire—
I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire."

4. Sinners, awake betimes: ye fools be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - - - - o bounds; And Je - sus, by re - deeming blood, Is

bringing sin-ners back to God, And guides them safely, by his word, To end-less day.

2. Hail! all-victorious, conquering Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored;
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we, with thee, may ever reign
In endless day.

3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

## NORTH COVE. 8s & 4s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

4. There we shall in full chorus join;
With saints and angels all combine
To sing of His re - deeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And this shall be our theme above,
In end - less day.

## AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

Williams.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things,
Thy better portion [trace;
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native [place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste a-way
To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Fires as - cend and seek the sun,—
Nor stay in all their [course;
Both speed them to their [source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see his glorious face:
Upward tends to his a-bode,
To rest in his embrace.

## LIGHT STREET. 8 lines 8s.

1. What now is my ob - ject, my object and aim, What now is my hope and desire?
To fol - low the heav'nly, the heaven-ly Lamb, And af - ter his image aspire.
My hope is all centred, all centred in thee, I trust to re-

2. I thirst for the life - giv - ing, life-giving God, A God that on Cal-va - ry died;
A foun-tain of wa - ter, of water and blood, That gush'd from Emmanuel's side!
I gasp for the streams, for the streams of thy love, The spir-it of

cov-er thy love, On earth thy sal - va - tion, sal - va-tion to see, And then to en - joy thee a - bove, . . . And then to en - joy thee a - bove.

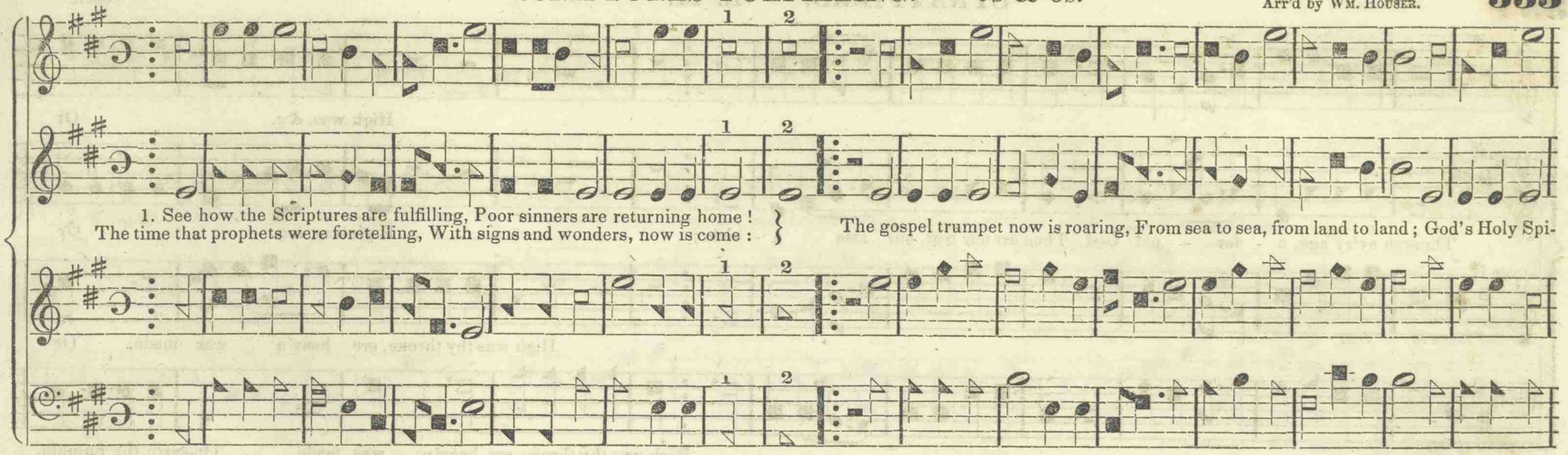
rap-ture un-known, And then to re - drink, to re - drink it above, E - ter - nal - ly fresh from thy throne, . . E - ter - nal - ly fresh from thy throne.

### A FUNERAL HYMN.

1. Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain:
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2. Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3. There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with their Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.




2. Ten thousands fall before Jehovah,
For mercy, mercy, loud they cry;
They rise a shouting, "Hallelujah!
All glory be to God on high!"
But many cry, "'Tis all disorder,"—
And disbelieve God's holy word;
This makes them cry and shout the louder,
"All glory! glory! to the Lord!"

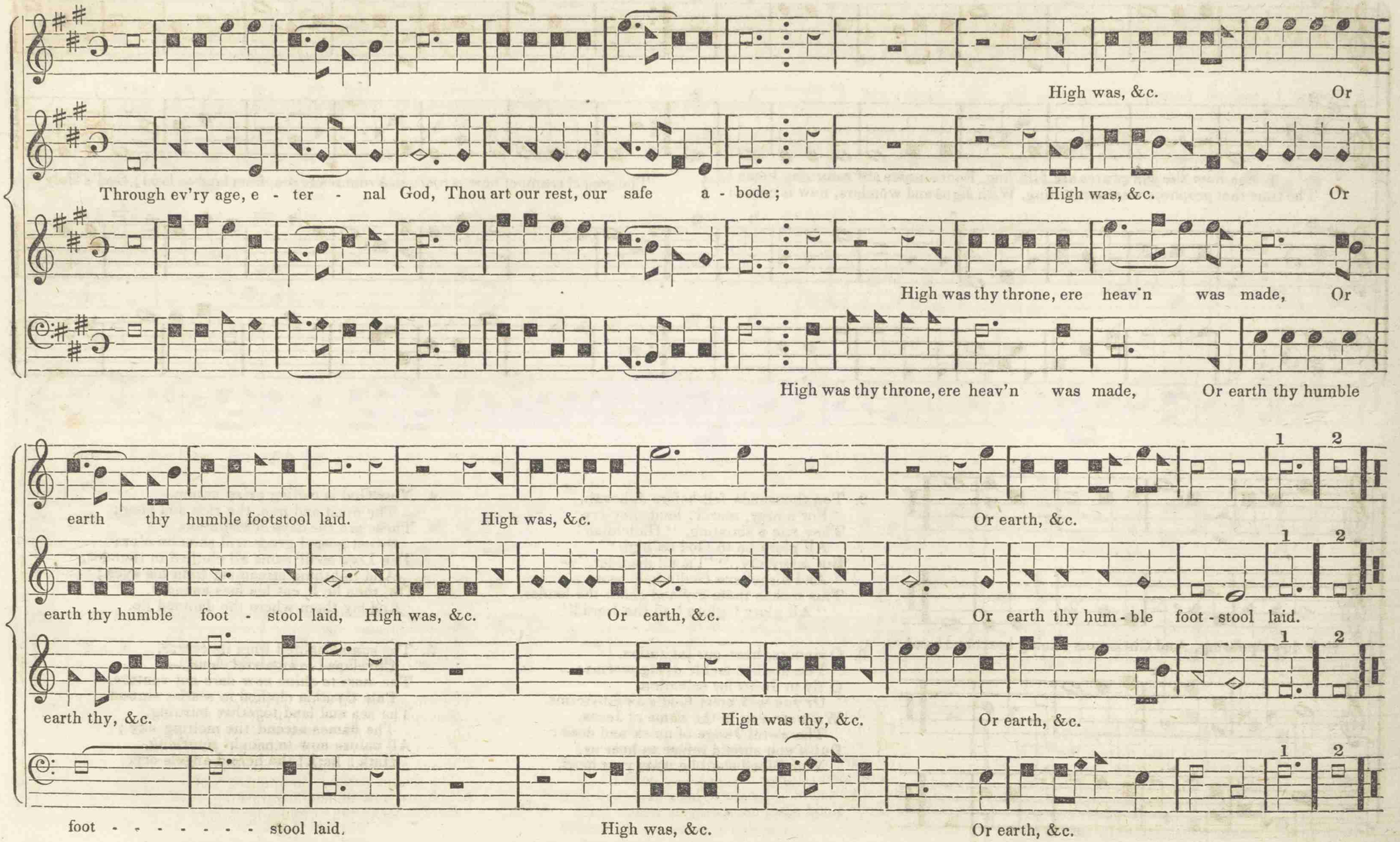
3. O sinners, hear our invitation,
You are but feeble dying worms;
O fly to Jesus for salvation,
Or you will meet God's awful storms.
We warn you in the name of Jesus,
The awful Judge of quick and dead:
But if you should refuse to hear us,
Your blood shall be upon your head.

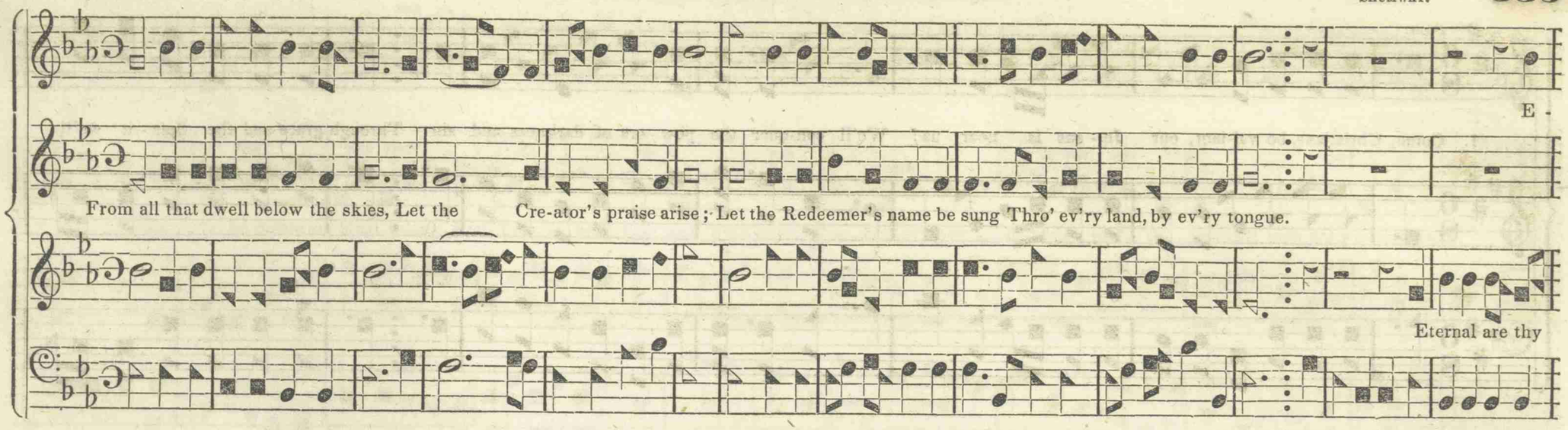
4. Now God is calling ev'ry nation,
The bond and free, the rich and poor;
These are the days of visitation,
Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er:
The Lord shall come all clothed in thunder,
And lightning streaming from his eyes;
Oh, then he'll cut his foes asunder,
And lay them where the damned lie.

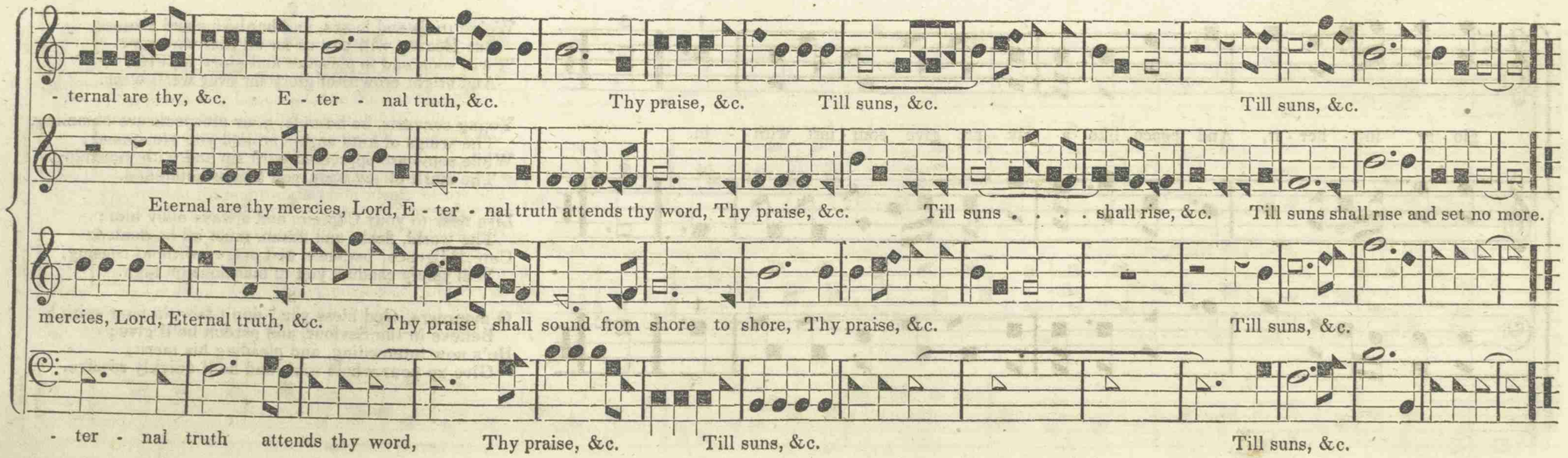
5. The sun affrighted from its centre,
Enveloped in an awful cloud,—
The stars to shine now dare not venture,—
Pale Cynthia clothed in scarlet shroud:
The sea and land together burning,
The flames ascend the melting sky;
All nature now to naught returning,
Hark! hark! the herald angels cry.

## STRATFIELD. L. M.

GOFF.

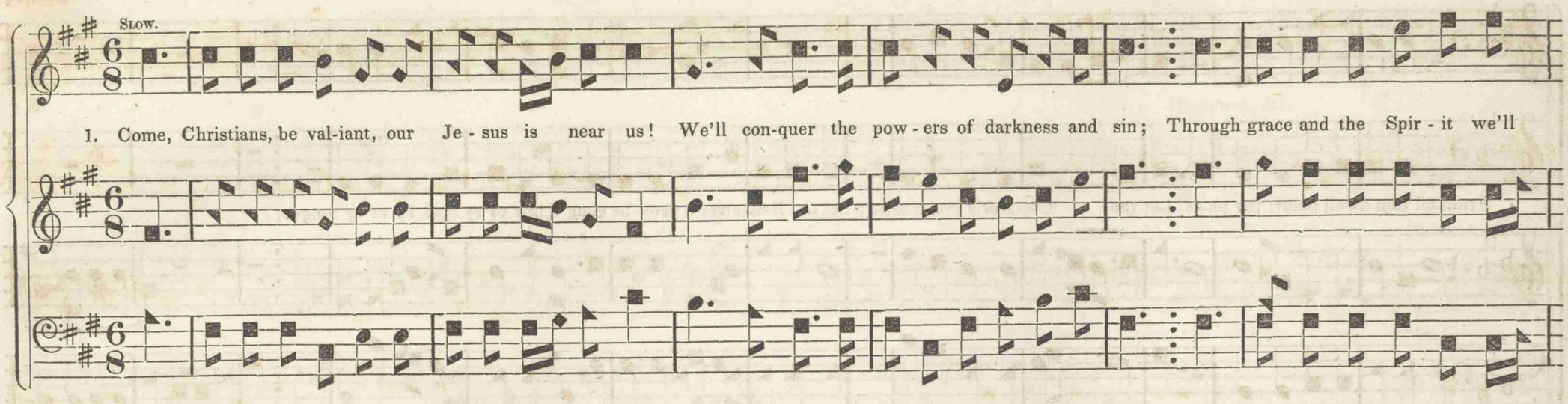


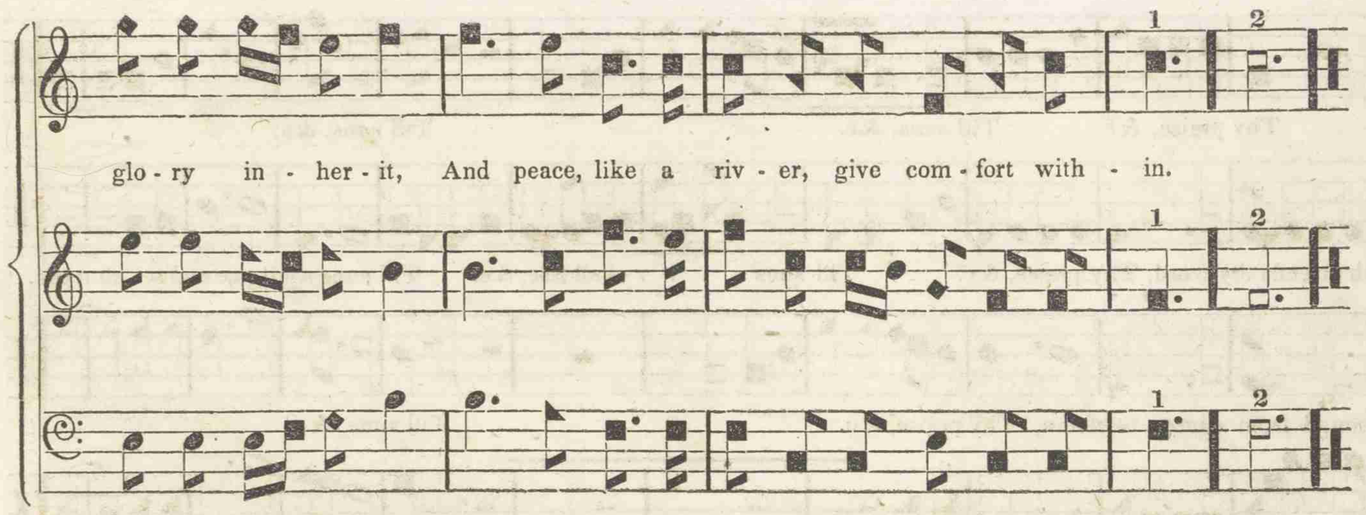

E -
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-ator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, E-


- ternal are thy, &c. E - ter - nal truth, &c. Thy praise, &c. Till suns, &c. Till suns, &c.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word, Thy praise, &c. Till suns . . . . shall rise, &c. Till suns shall rise and set no more.
mercies, Lord, Eternal truth, &c. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Thy praise, &c. Till suns, &c.
- ter - nal truth attends thy word, Thy praise, &c. Till suns, &c. Till suns, &c.

# MOUNT MORO. 11s.

MOORE.




2.
We've trials and losses, and hardships and crosses,
But Heaven will pay us for all that we bear;
'Twill soon end in pleasure and glory for ever,
And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

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

4.
Live near to your Captain, and always obey him;
The world, flesh, and Satan, must all be denied;
Care, diligence, patience, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safely conduct you to mansions on high.

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

Gent - ly he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beau-ties and his tongue: Rise, saith my Lord, and haste a - way, No mor - tal joys are worth thy stay, The

Jew - ish win - try state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The sacred tur - tle dove we hear, Pro-claim the new, the joy - ful year.

## EMERALD GATES. 7s & 6s.

A. DAVISSON.

Break, ye in-ter - vening skies! Sun of Righteous-

1. Burst, ye em' - rald gates! and bring To my rap - tur'd vis - ion,
All th' ec - stat - ic joys that spring Round the bright e - ly - sian!

Break, ye in-ter - vening skies! Sun of Righteous-

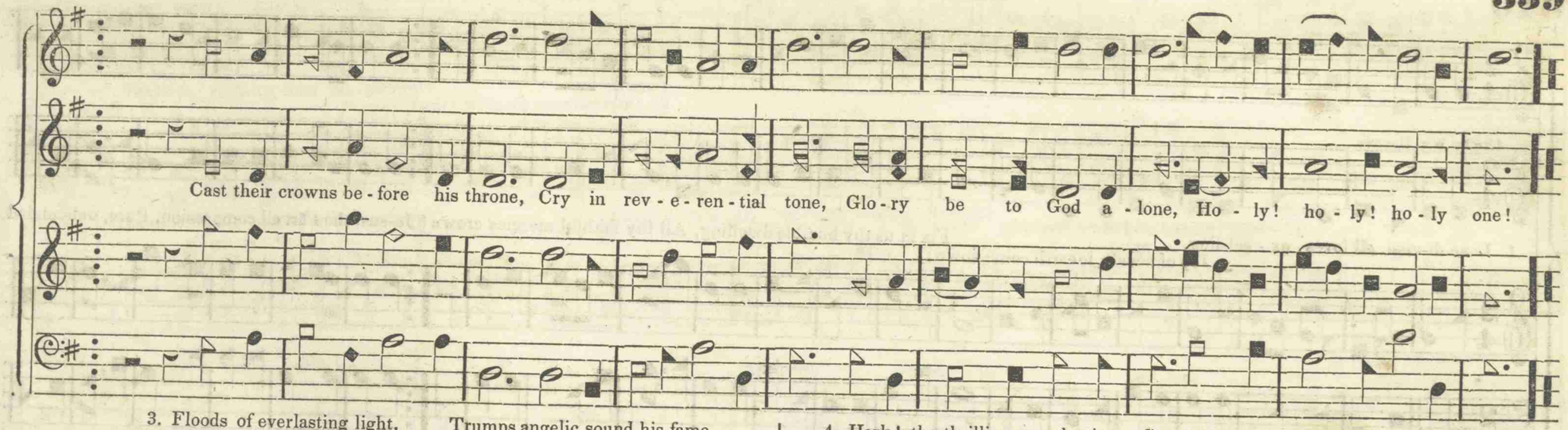
Break, &c.

Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes, Break. ye interven - ing skies! Sun of Righteous-

ness, a - rise! Ope the gates of par - a - dise.

## ELYSIAN. 7s & 6s.

2. Four and twen - ty el - ders rise, From their prince - ly sta - tion;
Shout his glo - rious vic - to - ries, Sing the great sal - va - tion.



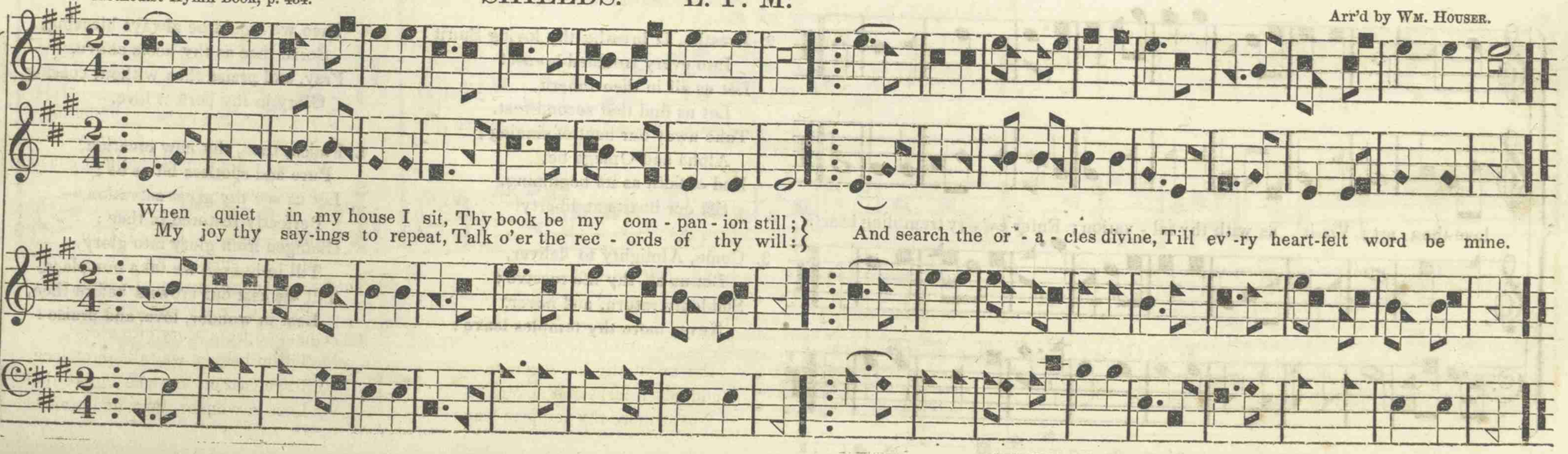

3. Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Trumps angelic sound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us:
Join we in the holy lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 434.

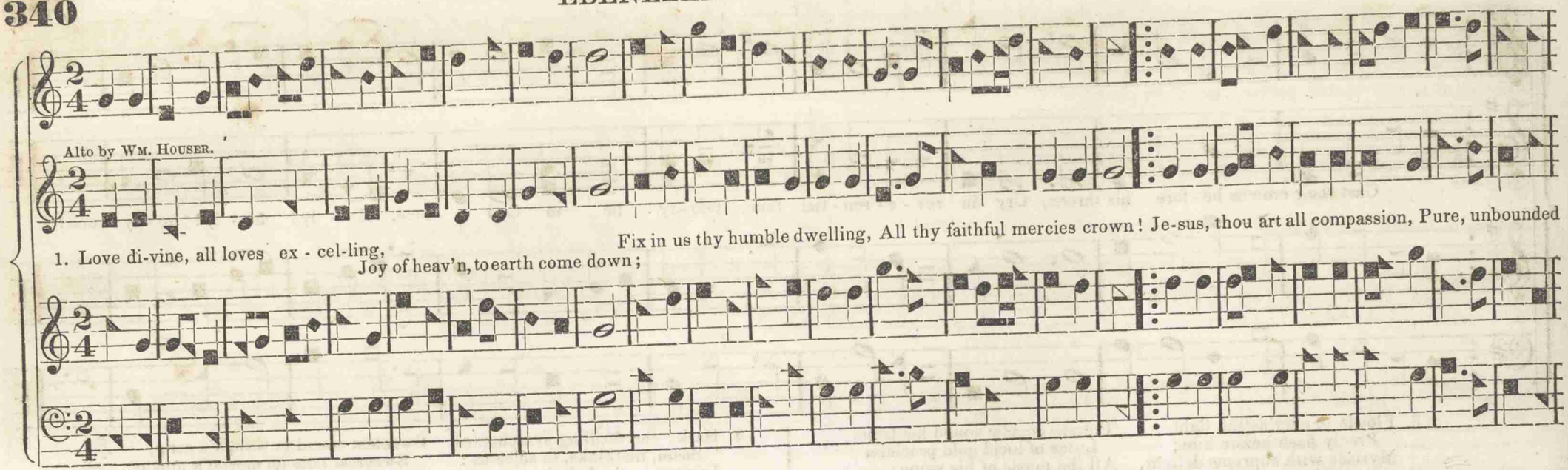
## SHIELDS. L. P. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.



# EBENEZER. 8s & 7s.

Rev. James P. Carrell, of Lebanon, Va.



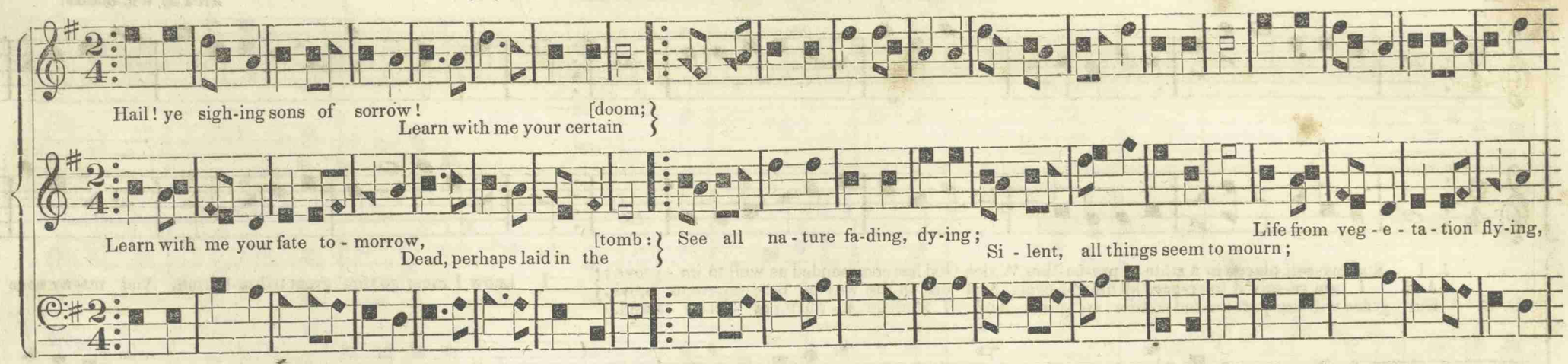

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4. Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,—
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

## SONS OF SORROW. 8s & 7s.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

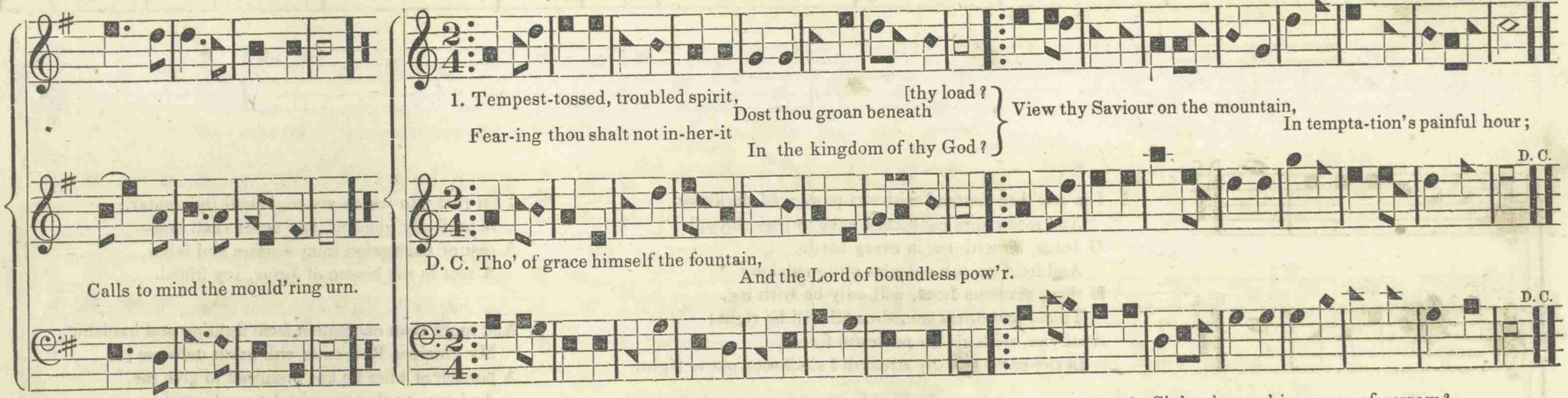



## ROBY. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

Christian Lyre.

D. C.



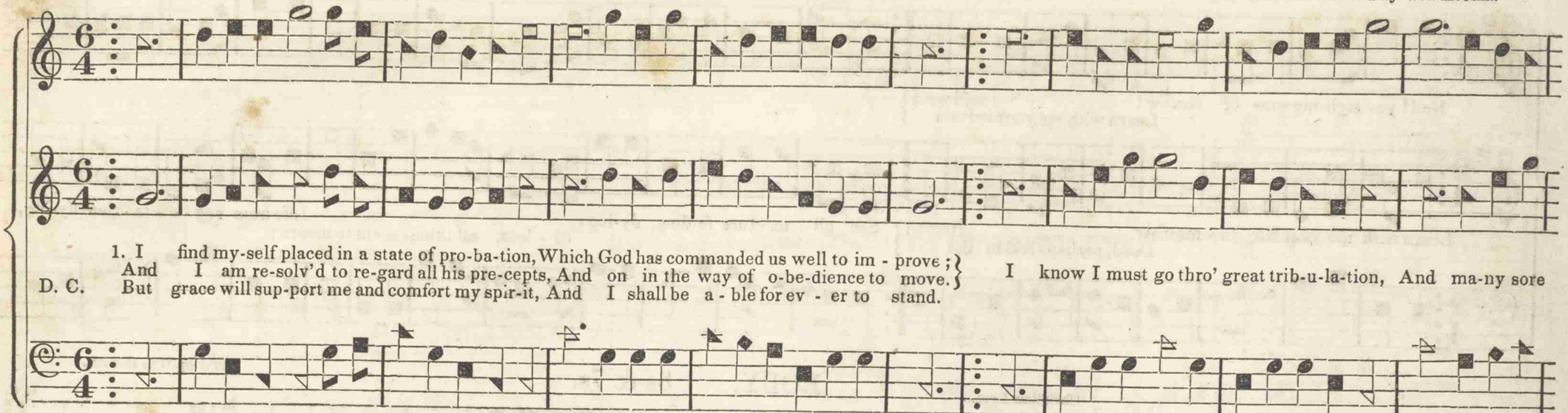

2. Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Say'st thou still, "I'm not his child?"
View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

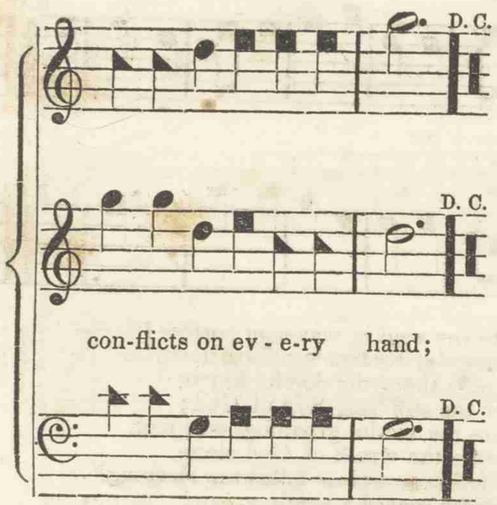
3. Though through seas of tribulation
Jesus calls thee here to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of wo;
Jesus, though by God anointed,
Christ, the co-eternal Son,
As by love divine appointed,
Treads the wine-press all alone.

4. Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suff'ring Son of God;
There the victim groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan!

# PROBATION. 12s & 11s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

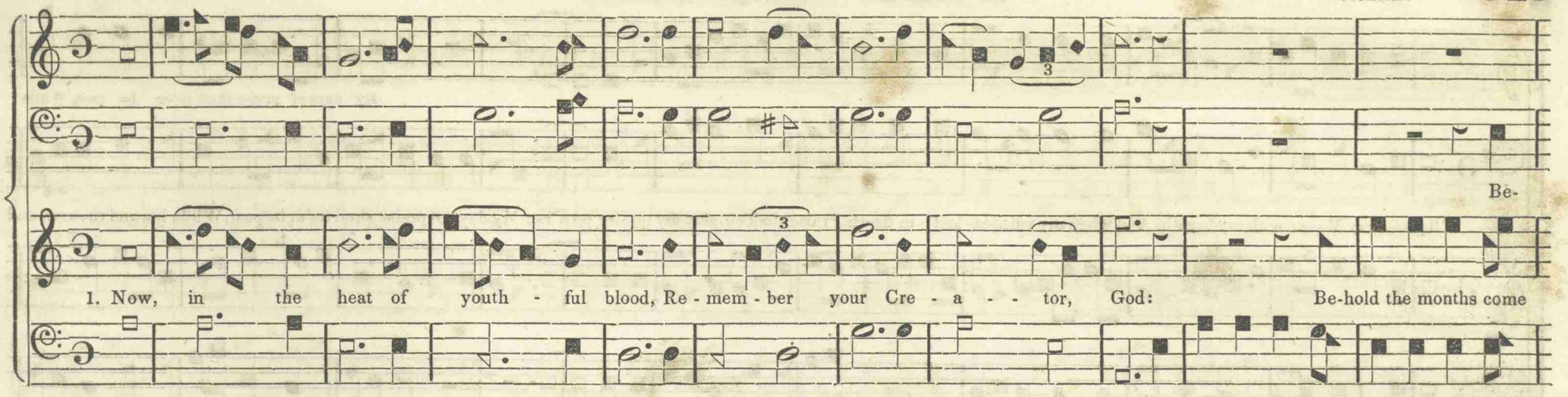


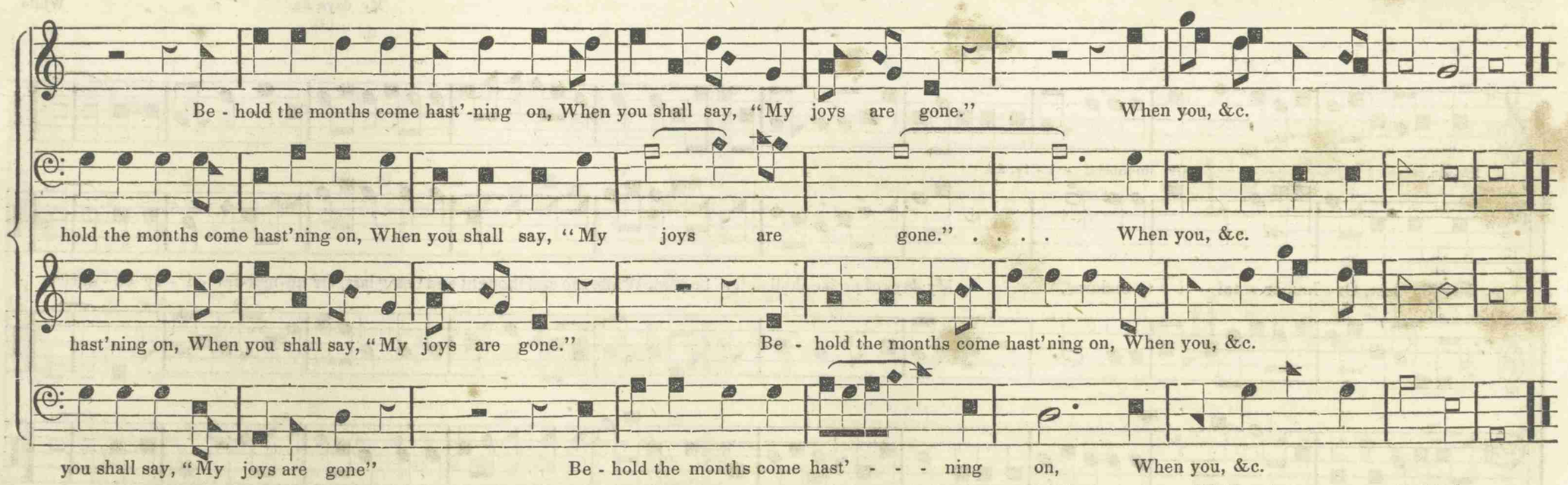




2. I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
O Jesus, be with me in every battle,
And help me my enemies all to subdue;
If thou, gracious Lord, wilt only be with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful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

3. And when I must cross o'er the cold stream of Jordan,
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you;
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end—
A rest of exemption from warfare and labor,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

4. And more than exemption from fighting and hardship,
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
And true to that promise he surely will be:
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine;
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.




2. Behold, the aged sinner goes, Laden with guilt and heavy woes, Down to the regions of the dead, With endless curses on his head.
3. The dust returns to dust again; The soul, in agonies of pain, Ascends to God; not there to dwell, But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
4. Eternal King! I fear thy name; Teach me to know how frail I am; And when my soul must hence remove, Give me a mansion in thy love.

# LIVONIA. 6 lines 8s.

AUSTIN.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While

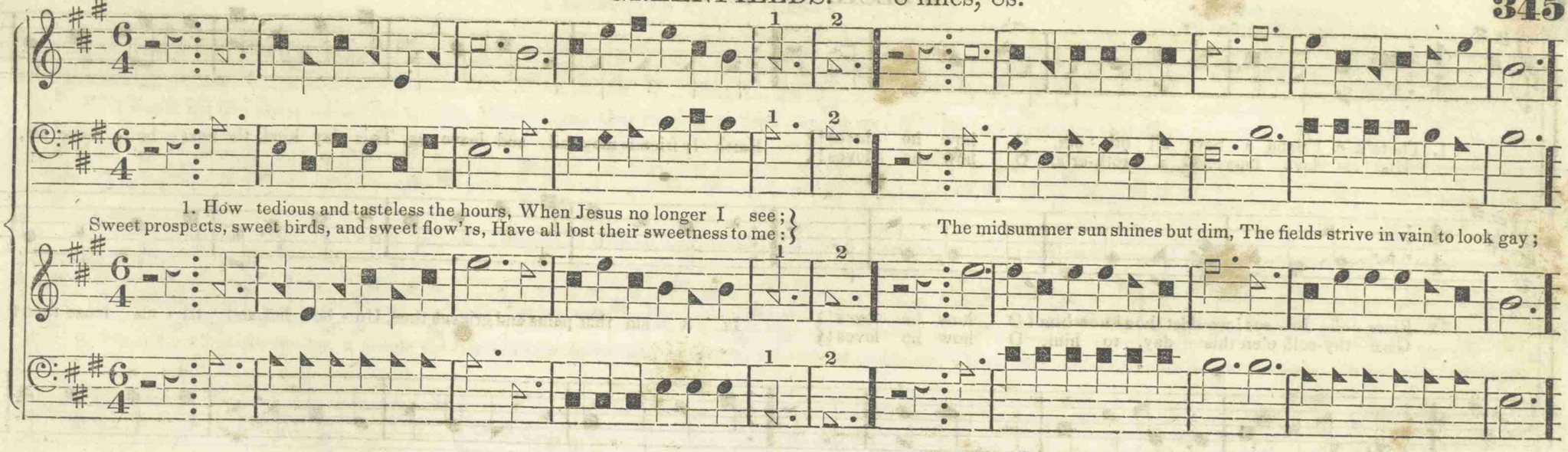
I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and

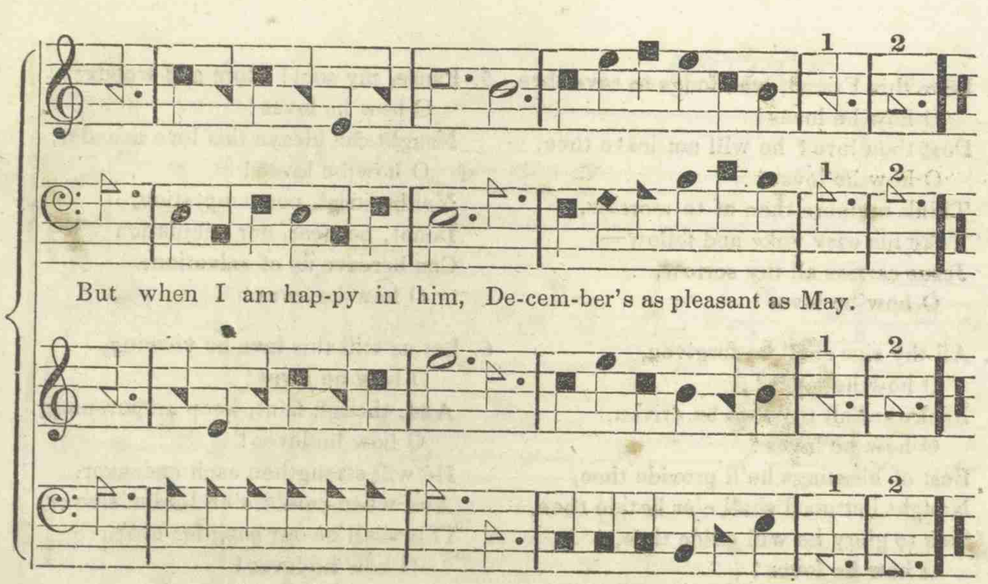
My days, &c. While

life, &c. Or im-mortal - i - ty, &c.

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

life, &c. Or immortal - i - ty, &c.



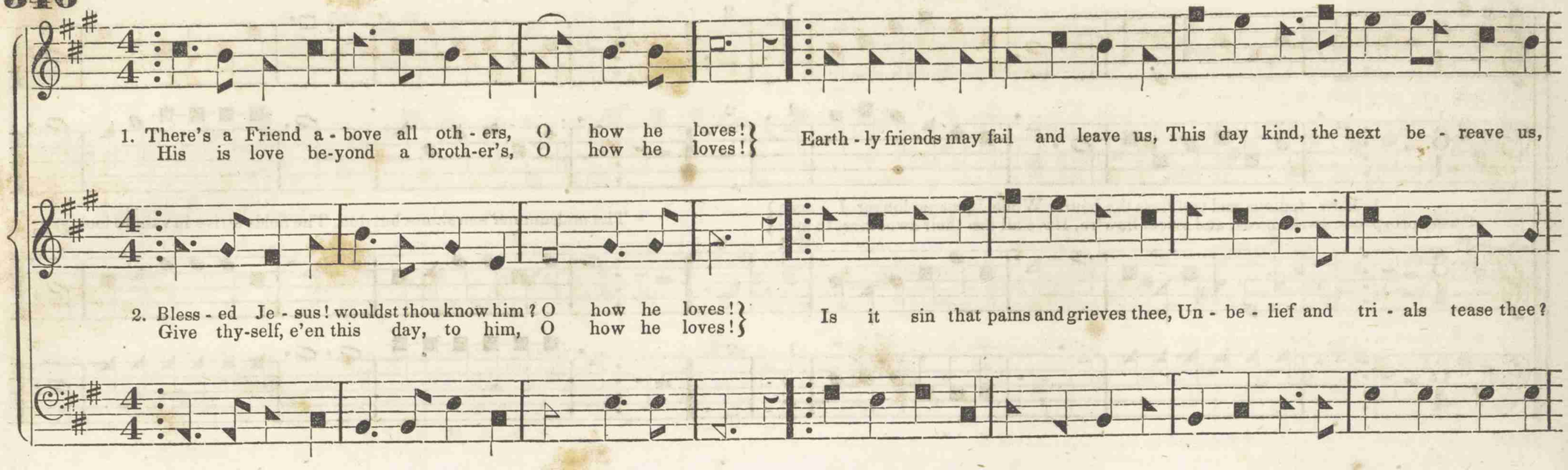



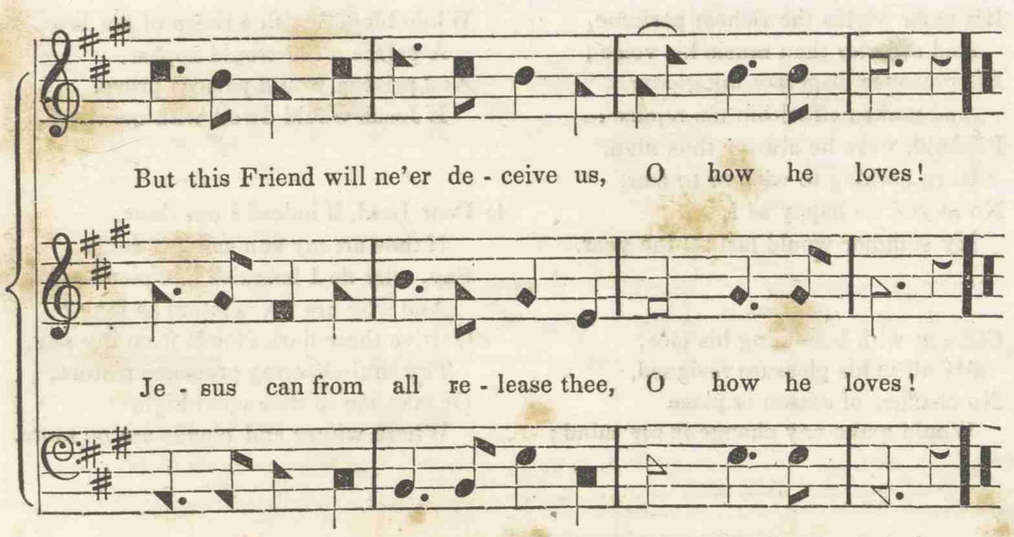

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

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

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

## WELSH.* 8s & 4s.




3. Love this Friend, who longs to save thee,
O how he loves!
Dost thou love? he will not leave thee,
O how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow—
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how he loves!

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O how he loves!

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

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

* A Welsh air, said to be sung by that people in all their religious revivals.

## PRESCOTT. 11s.

Composed originally by Geo. Oates; but here *Southernized* by Wm. Houser.

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 e-

2. I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin, Temptation without and corruption within; E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with

3. I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To hail him in triumph de-

## OREGON. 7s.

*Andante.*

From C. M. Von Weber.

nough for its cheer.

pen - i - tent tears.

scending the skies.

1. *p.* Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, *f.* Be thy glorious name a - dor'd! *p.* Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail; *f.* Hail, ce-les-tial goodness, hail!

2. *p.* Though unworthy, Lord, give ear; Deign our humble songs to hear; *m.* Pur-er praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.

3. *ff.* Then, with an-gel harps, a - gain, We will wake a no - bler strain; There, in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voi-ces raise.

# THE LANDSCAPE. 11s.

Wm. Houser.

'Tis night, and the land-scape is love - ly no more ; I mourn, but, ye wood-lands, I mourn not for you, For morn is ap-proach-ing your charms to re - store, Per-

fum'd with fresh fra-grance and glitt'ring with dew ; Nor yet for the rav-age of win-ter I mourn, Kind na - ture the em - bry - o blos-som will

save, But when shall spring vis - it the moul - der - ing urn? Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

## CONFIDENCE. S. P. M.

Methodist Hymn Book.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil - ty fears;
The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

2. He e - ver lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
His all - re-deem-ing love, His pre-cious blood to plead:
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleed-ing wounds he bears, Re - ceiv'd on Cal - va - ry;
They pour ef - fec-tual prayers,—They strongly plead for me:
For - give him, O for - give! they cry, Nor let that ran - som'd sin-ner die.

# EIGHTY-NINTH PSALM. L. P. M.

Short from the cra - dle to the grave:

Think, mighty God, on fee - ble man: How few his hours, how short his span!

Short from the cradle to the grave:

Short from the cradle to the grave, Short from the cra-dle to the grave:

Short from the cra - dle to the grave, Short from the cra-dle to the grave:

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill . . . . . to fly, or pow'r to save?

Who can se - cure his vital breath Against the bold demands of death,

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt - er's power, Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see, Watch with him one dread-ful

hour; Turn not from his griefs a - way— Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

2.
Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear his cross.

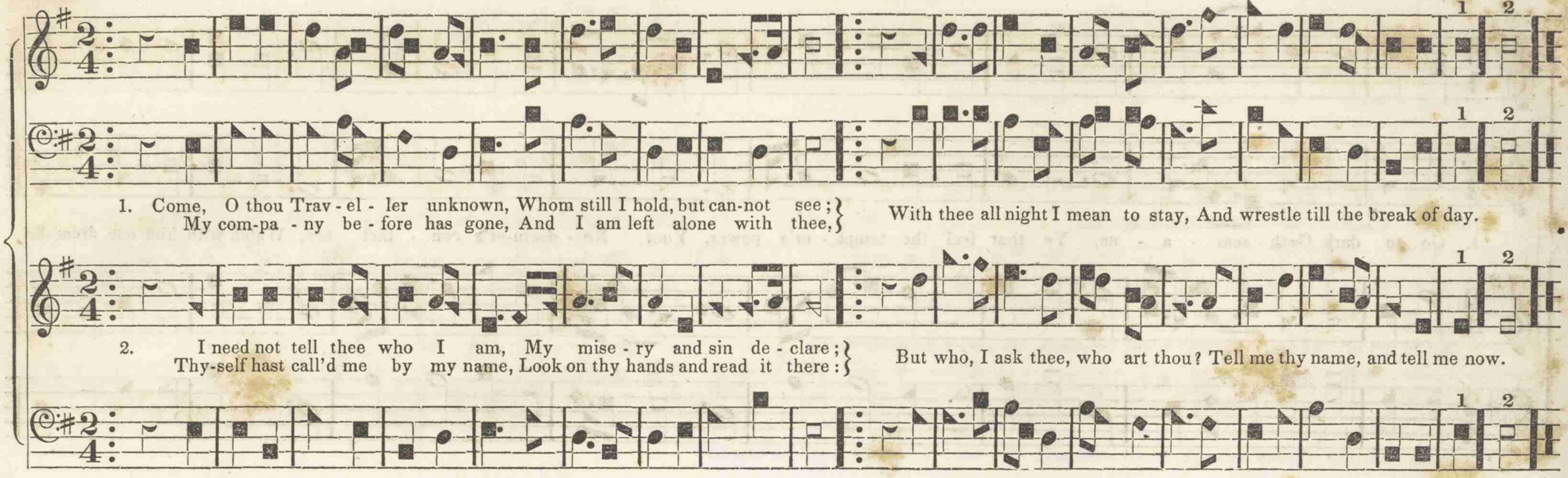
3.
Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4.
Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
*Pia.* All is solitude and gloom—
Who hath taken him away?
*FF.* Christ is risen! He meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

**352** Rev. Chas. Wesley.

## VERNON. L. P. M.

Chapin.




3. In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died'st for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

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

6. Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident, in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings, speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

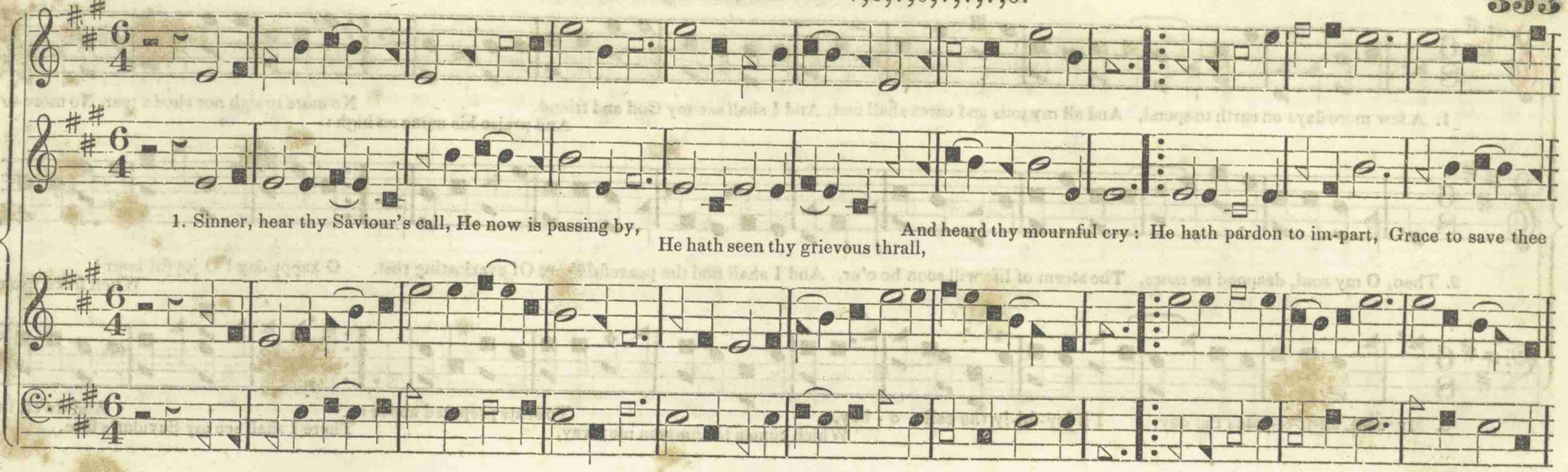
7. 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou died'st for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art.
To me, to ALL, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

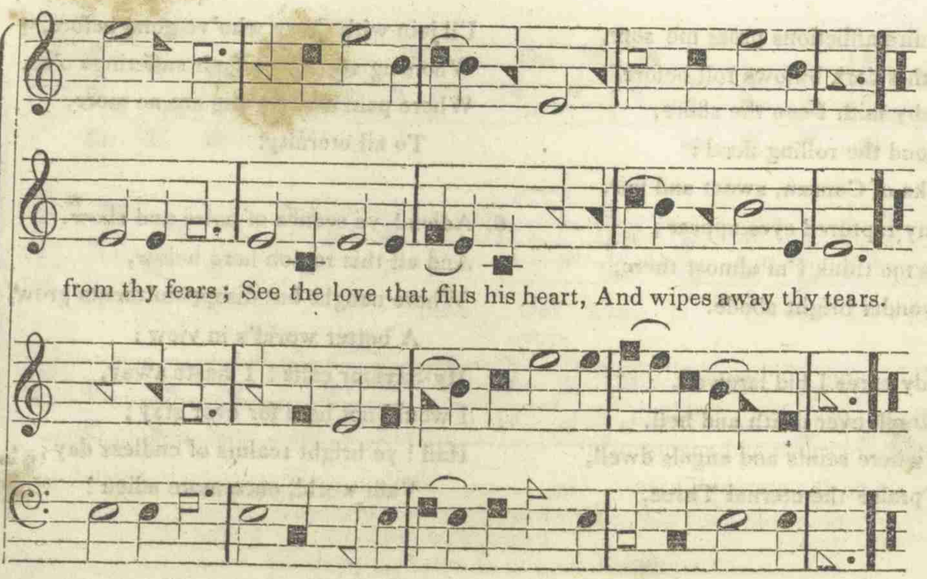
8. My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

9. The Sun of Righteousness, on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings,
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

10. Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

11. Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.



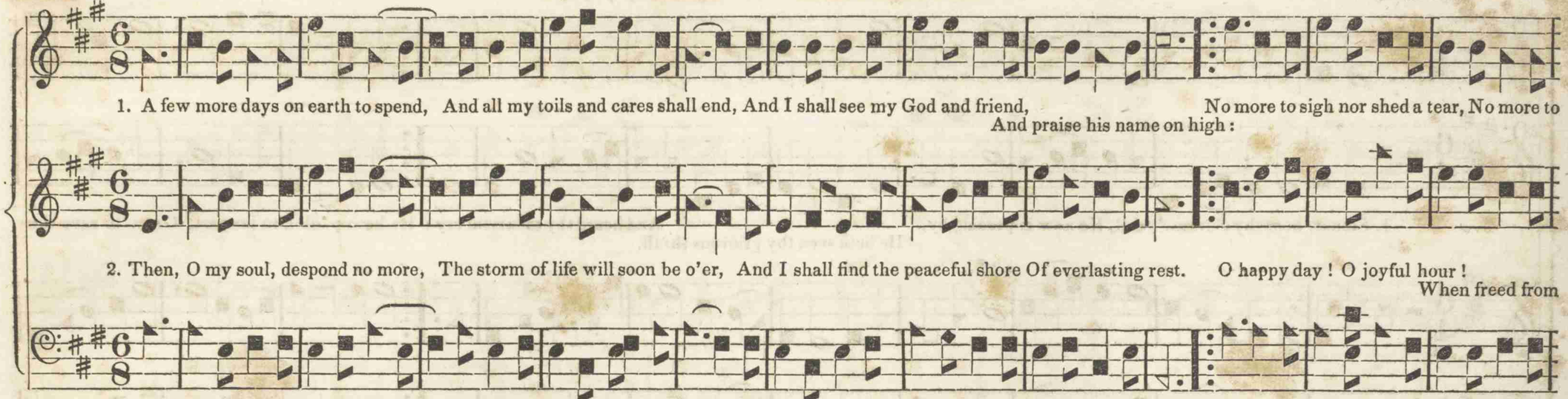

2. Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face;
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

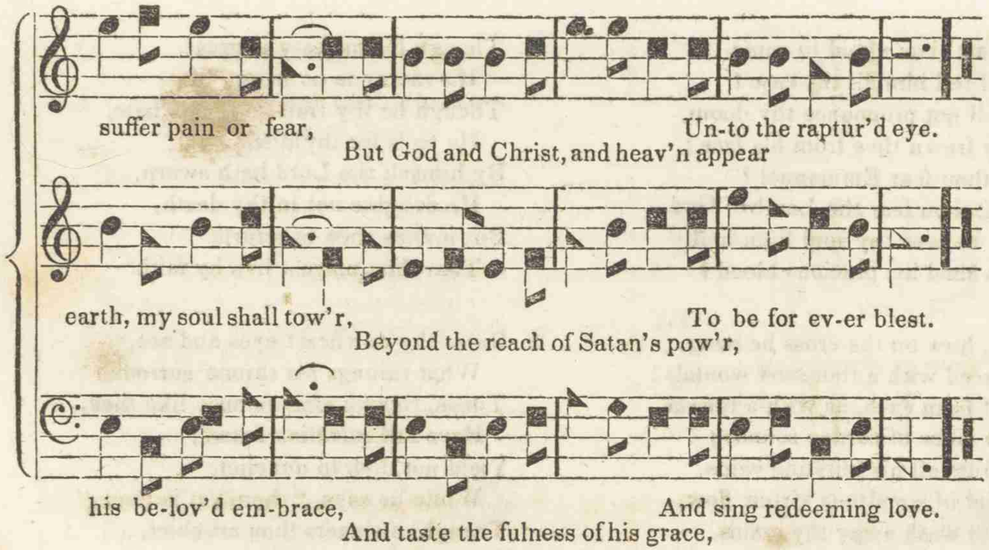
3. Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds!
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds;
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo.

4. Though his majesty is great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayest live by faith.

5. Raise thy downcast eyes and see,
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found;
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, "there yet is room,"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee home.

**354** CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. 3 lines 8s, & 1 line 6s. WM. WALKER.



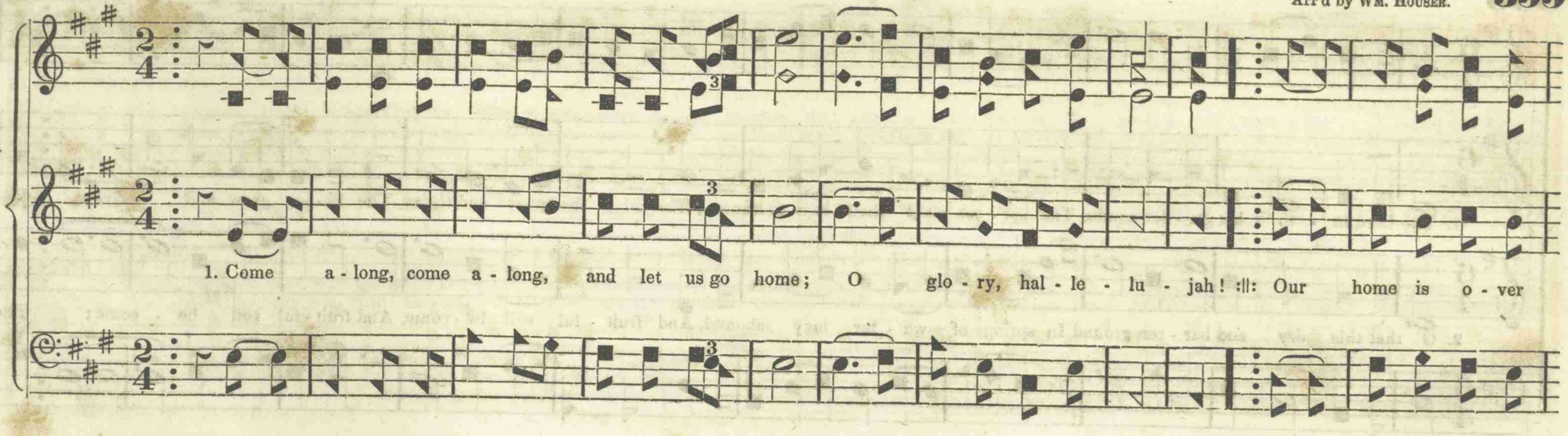

4. Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear;
It makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

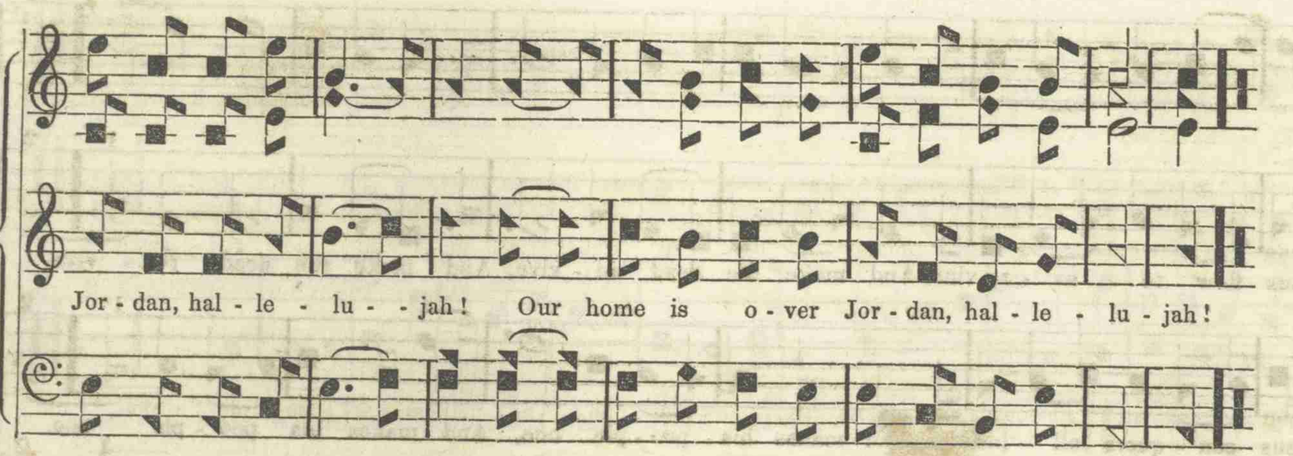
5. To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three,
I'll join with those who've gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6. Adieu! ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow,
A better world's in view:
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more adieu!

# THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser. **355**




2. What will the Christian do when his lamp burns out?
O glory, hallelujah!
Go shouting home to heaven, hallelujah!
Go shouting, &c.

3. We have some friends who 're gone before;
O glory, hallelujah!
By and by we'll go and see them, hallelujah!
By and by, &c.

4. If you get there before I do,
O glory, hallelujah!
You may tell them I am coming, hallelujah!
You may tell, &c.

5. O what ship is this that will take us all home?
O glory, hallelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!
'Tis the, &c.

6. Do you think she'll be able to take us all home?
O glory, hallelujah!
I think she will be able, hallelujah!
I think, &c.

7. She has landed many thousands, and can land as many more:
O glory, hallelujah!
She will land them safe in heaven, hallelujah!
She will, &c.

# SPRING HILL. C. P. M.

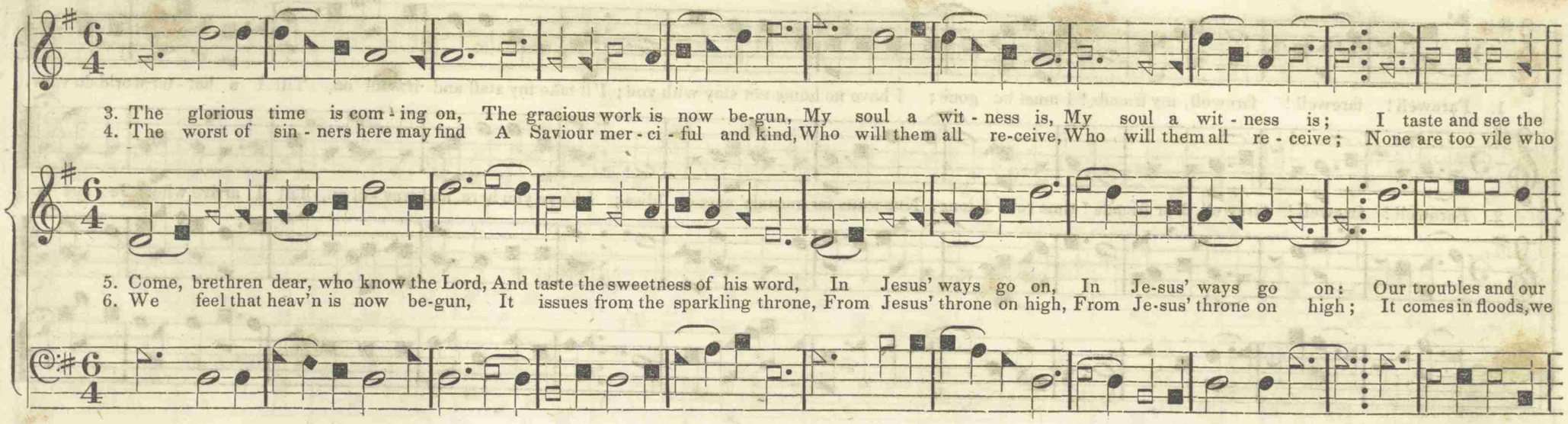
Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

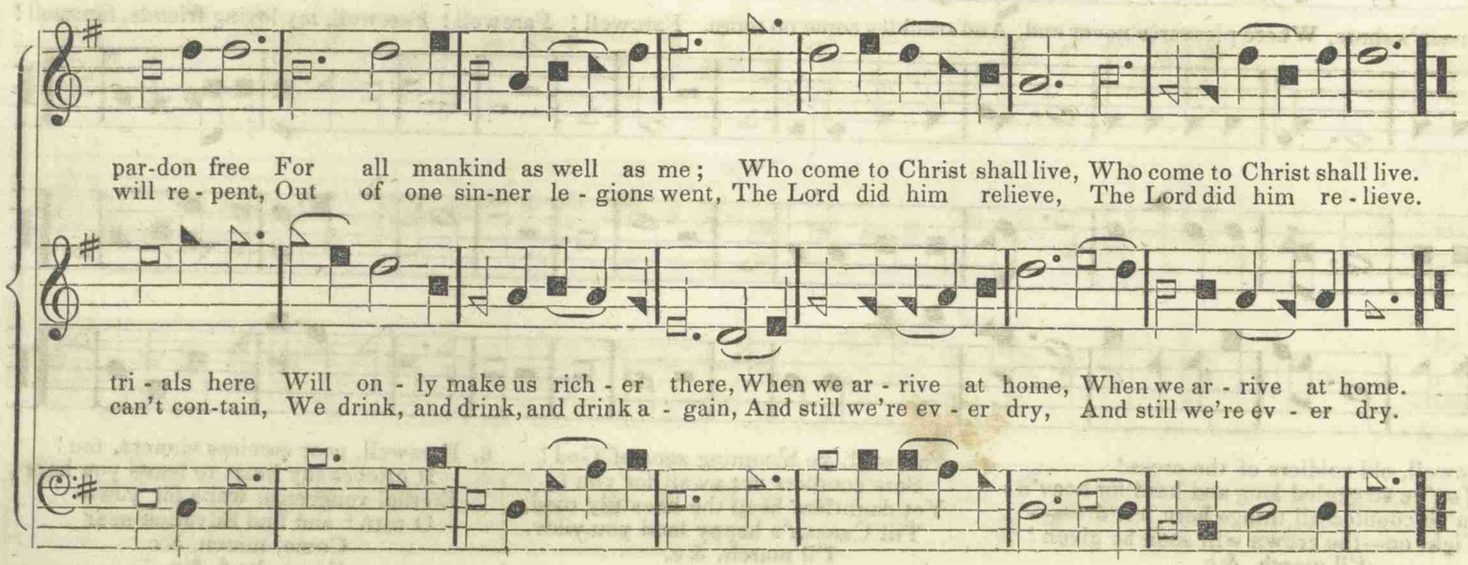
1. The Lord in - to his gar - den comes, The spi - ces yield their rich perfumes; The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re-

2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may abound, And fruit - ful soil be - come, And fruit - ful soil be - come; The

fresh - ing show'rs of grace di-vine, From Je - sus flow to ev' - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.

des - ert blossom as the rose, When Je - sus con - quers all his foes, And makes his peo - ple one, And makes his peo - ple one.




7. But when we come to dwell above,
   And all surround the throne of love,
   We'll drink a full supply:
   Jesus will lead his armies through
   To living waters where they flow,
   That never will run dry.

8. And there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
   And make the upper regions ring,
   When all the saints get home:
   Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
   Soon we shall met together there,
   For Jesus bids us come.

9. Amen! amen! my soul replies,
   I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
   And claim my mansion there:
   Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
   To meet you in that heav'nly land,
   Where we shall part no more.

# PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.

1. Farewell! farewell! farewell, my friends! I must be gone; I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and trav-el on, Till I a bet-ter world do view.

2. Farewell! farewell! farewell, dear friends! time rolls a-long, Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss; I leave you here, and trav-el on, Till I arrive where Je-sus is.

CHORUS.

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

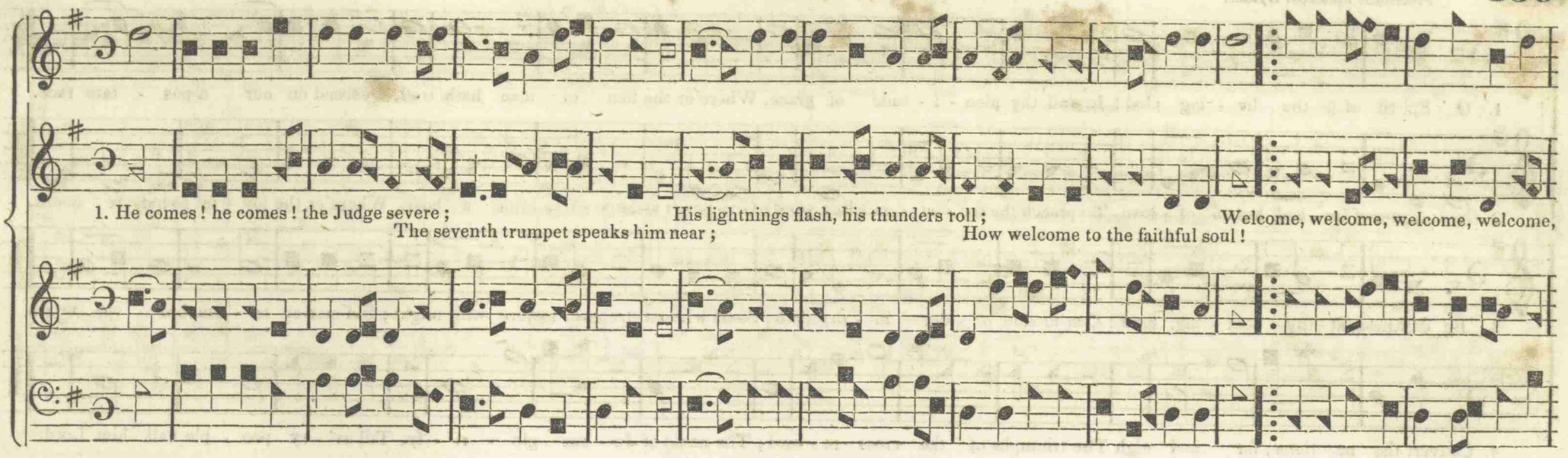
I'll march to Canaan's land; I'll land, &c.

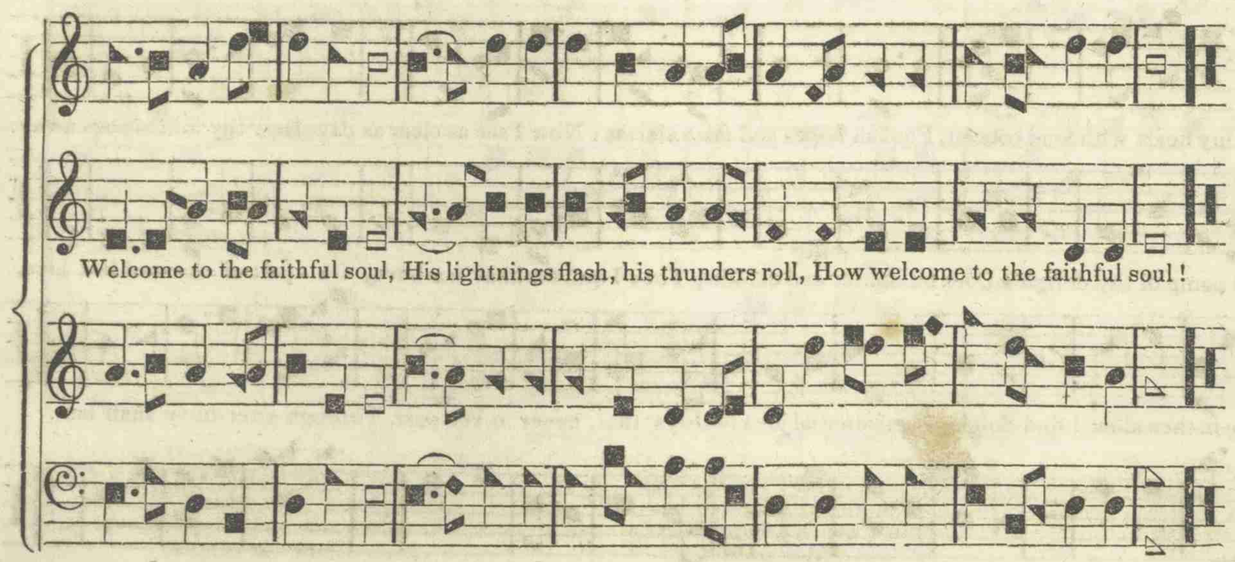
3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord!
To you I'm bound by cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.
I'll land, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross!
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things here but dross—
Fight on—the crown will soon be given!
I'll march, &c.
I'll land, &c.

5. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God!
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.
I'll land, &c.

6. Farewell, poor careless sinners, too!
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn! and find salvation near
Come, march, &c.
Come, land, &c.



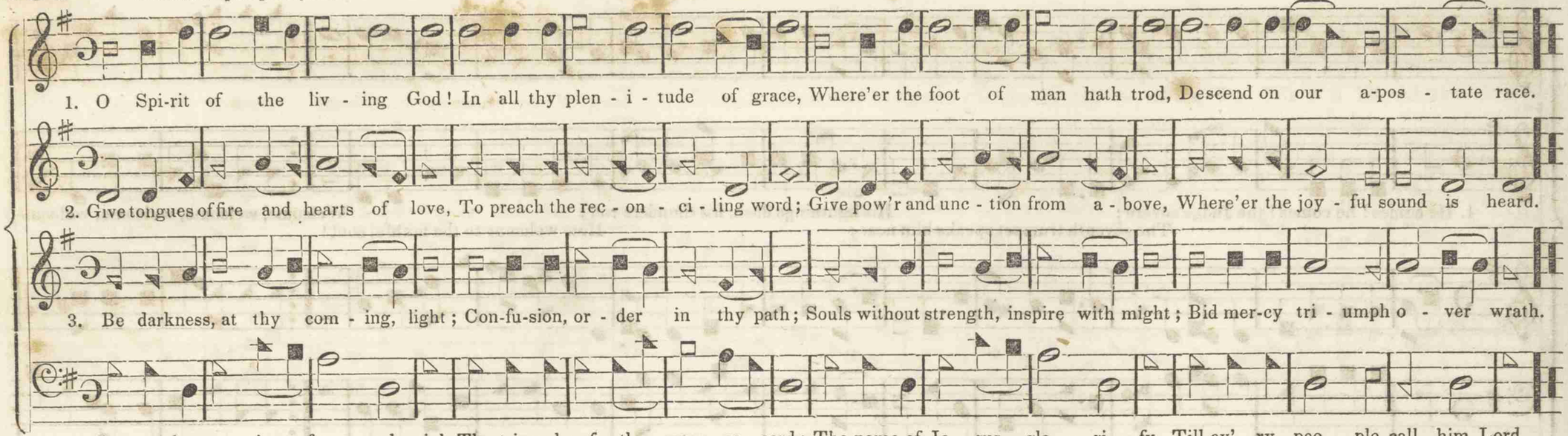

2. From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3. Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4. Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns.

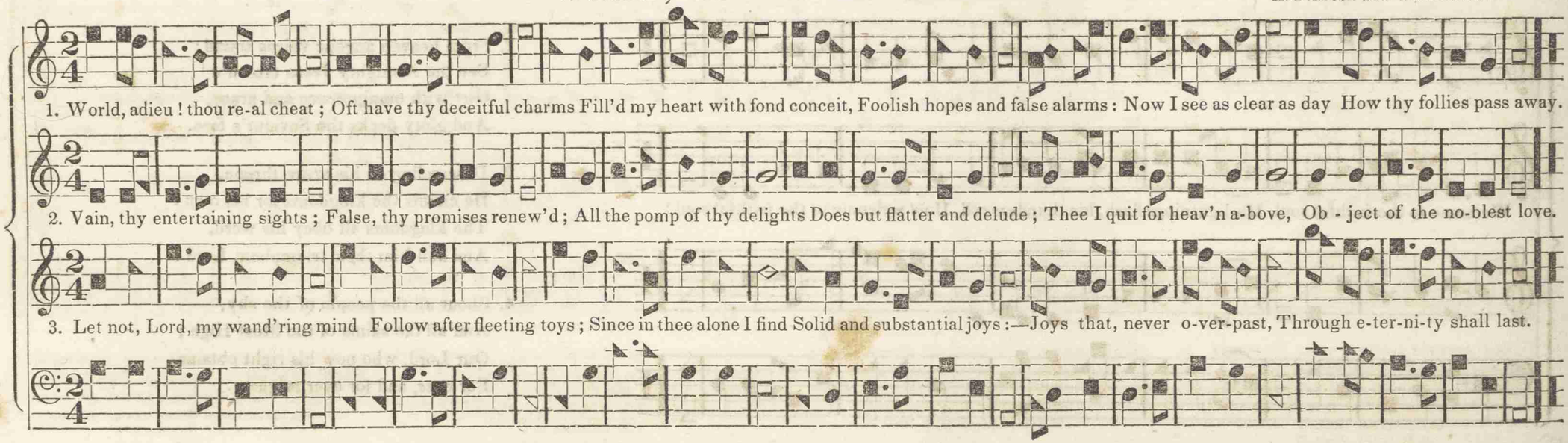
## HAMBURGH. L. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.




## WORLD, ADIEU. 6 lines 7s.

A. Forbush and Wm. Houser.



AIR.—*Brisk, but not too fast.*

Now let me rise,

10. Now let me rise, Now let me rise and join their song, And be an an - gel too; My heart, my hands, my

Now let, &c.

My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue, My heart, &c.

ears, my tongue, My heart, &c. My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue, Here's joy - ful work for you.

My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue, My heart, &c.

1. Earth has engross'd my love too long,
'Tis time to lift mine eyes,
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2. There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delight,
On all the happy minds.

3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4. Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus! thy love they sing:
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

## CARNSVILLE. 7s & 6s, Peculiar.

E. J. KING.

2d Treble by WM. HOUSER.

1. I love my bless-ed Sa - viour, I feel I'm in his fa - vor; And I am his for ev - er, If I but faith-ful prove;

2. Poor sin-ners may de - ride me, And un - be - liev-ers chide me, But nothing shall di - vide me From Je - sus, my best friend:

3. The pleas-ing time is hast'ning, My tott'ring frame is wast - ing, Whilst I'm en-gaged in prais - ing, Im - pel - led by his love:

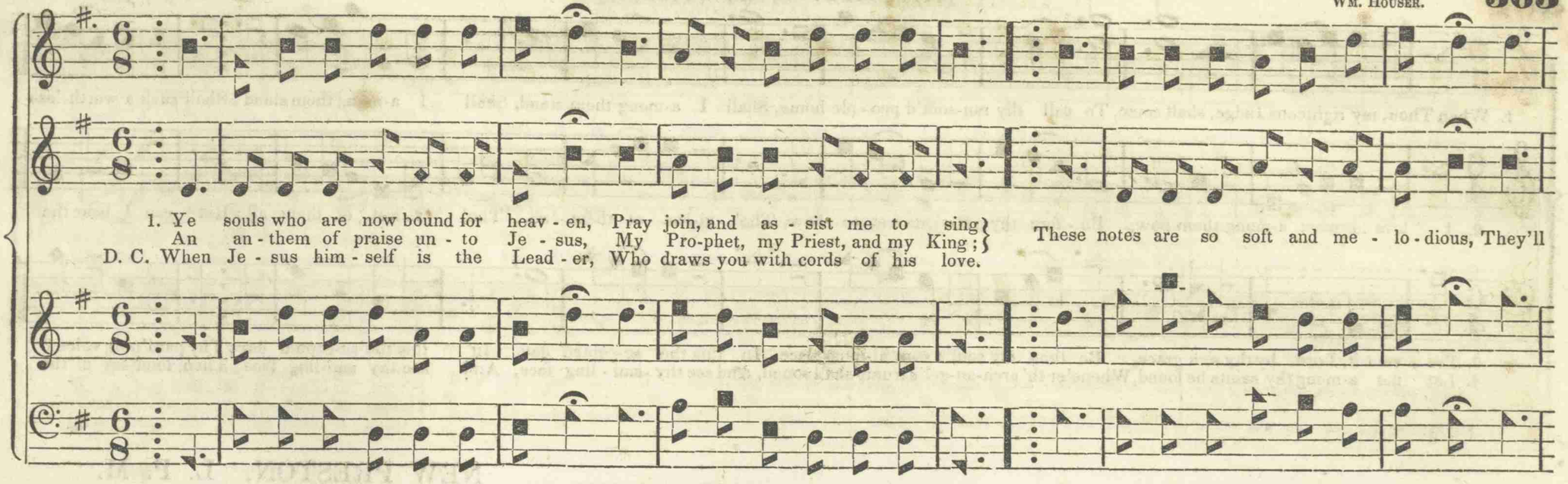
And now I'm bound for Ca - naan, I feel my sins for - giv - en; I soon shall get to hea - ven, To sing re-deem-ing love.

Sup - port - ed by his pow - er, I long to see the hour That bids my spir - it tow - er, And all my troubles end.

When yon - der shining or - ders, Who sing on Ca-naan's bor - ders, Shall bear me to the Lord there, To praise his name a - bove.

# HOPE HULL. 9s & 8s.

WM. HOUSER.




2. When Jesus beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto pain,
He brought me my sins to discover,
Then cleansed my soul from the stain;
How sweet were the accents of pardon!
How quickly my guilt did remove,
When I could behold with sweet wonder,
That God such a sinner should love!

3. And now I am pressing for Canaan,
Though Jordan is rolling before;
It causes me almost to tremble,
To hear how its billows do roar:
But Jesus can calm the dread ocean,
And cause its loud ragings to cease;
If Faith, Hope, and Love are in motion,
I'll walk through the valley in peace.

4. His rod and his staff shall console me,
His Shepherd-like voice I shall hear,
Then why should its raging affright me,
Since Jesus will be with me there?
On seraphic wings I'll be soaring,
To join the bright spirits above;
There ever to praise and adore Him,
Who brought me to feast on his love.

5. O Christians, I feel myself happy
In anticipating this joy!
We shortly on love shall be feasting,
Which never, no never, can cloy.
O sinners, it grieves me to leave you,
Once more I entreat you to go;
Oh! hasten and fly unto Jesus,
The Gospel's inviting you now.

## KNIGHT. C. P. M.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ran-som'd peo - ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be - fore thy gra-cious feet to bow, Tho' vi-lest of them all, Tho' vi-lest of them all; But can I bear the pierc-ing thought, When Thou for them shalt call! When Thou for them shalt call! What if my name should be left out,

3. Pre - vent it, Lord, by thy rich grace, Be thou my soul's sure hi-ding-place, In this the ac-cepted day, In this the ac-cepted day; Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear, To still my un - be-liev - ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me a-mong thy saints be found, Whene'er th' arch-an-gel's trump shall sound, And see thy smi - ling face, And see thy smi-ling face; Then, loud-est of the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring, With shouts of sov'-reign grace. With shouts of sov'-reign grace,

## NEW PRESTON. L. P. M.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

1. The Saviour meets his flock to - day, Shall I be-hind his peo - ple stay,

2. How long, did faith - ful Han - nah wait, At - tend-ing at the tem - ple gate,

3. Then, O my Lord! give me the power, In earn-est wait the joy - ful hour,

4. Re-move temp-ta - tion, O my Lord! Which would with-draw me from thy word,

## NEW PRESTON. *Concluded.*

Shall I in sloth a - bide at home?
When Je - sus kind - ly bids me come?
I'll go, it is a place of prayer, In hope that God will meet me there, In hope that God will meet me there.

And serv'd the Lord for ma-ny years,
With fast - ing, and with ma-ny tears?
She sel - dom left the house of prayer, Till God was pleas'd to meet her there, Till God was pleas'd to meet her there.

And like thy saints I'll watch for thee;
When thou shalt be re-veal'd in me:
And let thine en - e - mies be slain,
And plunge me in the world a - gain:
Now give the jus - ti - fy - ing grace, And, sav'd from sin, show me thy face, And, sav'd from sin, show me thy face.
And al - ways rea - dy may I stand, To take my seat at thy right hand, To take my seat at thy right hand.

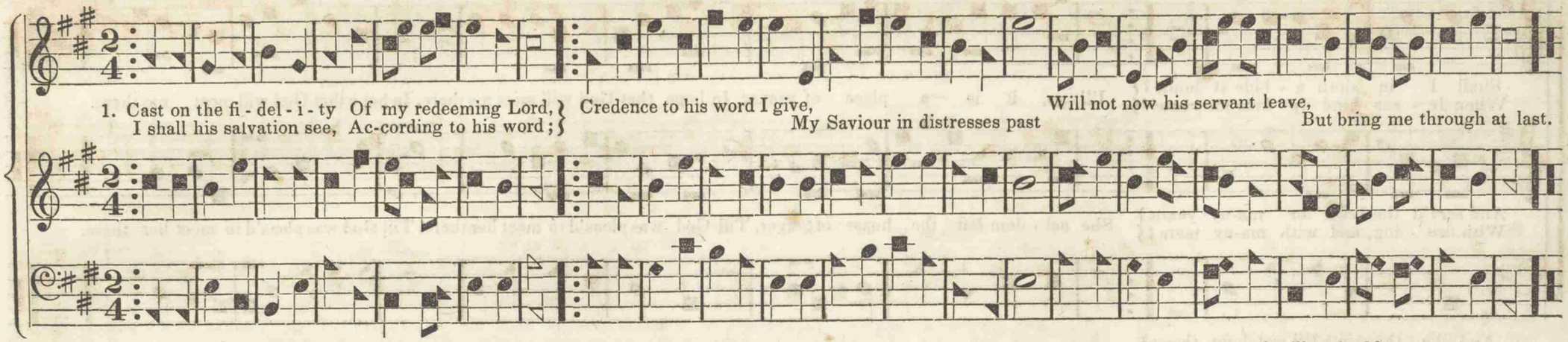
## INVOCATION. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
Rise, from tran-si-to-ry things, To heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats pre-par'd a - bove.

## FIDELITY. 7s, 6s & 8.

Parts arr'd by Wm. Houser.

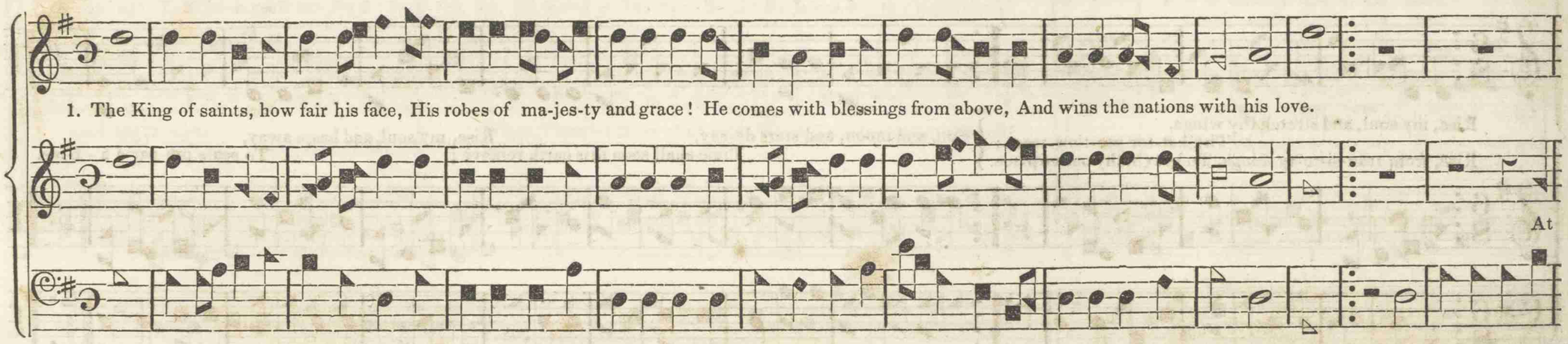


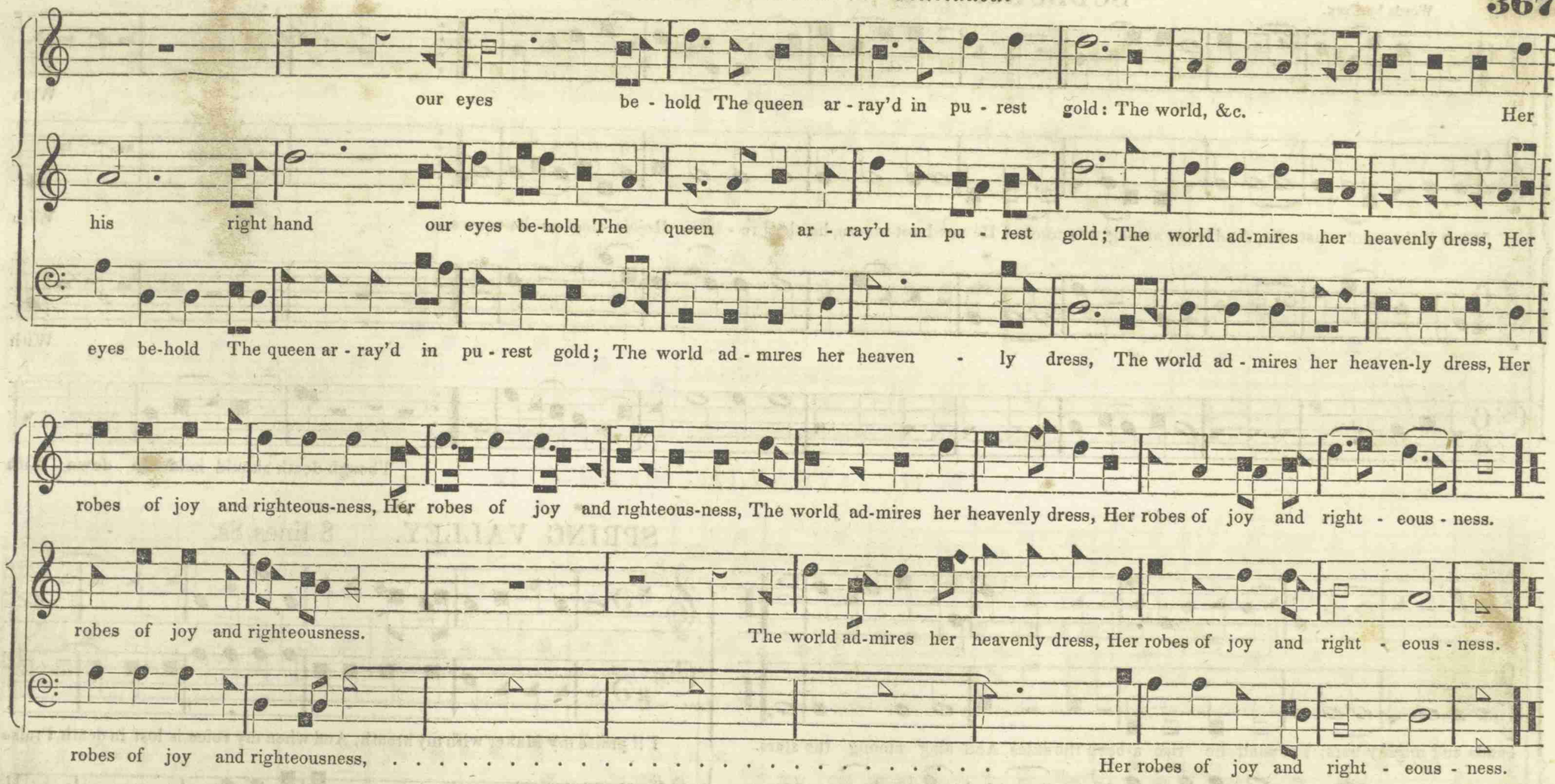

2. Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And Death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And Sorrow fled away.

3. Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4. To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

## MOUNT OLIVE. L. M. D.






2. He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls, and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state:
So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

3. O happy hour! when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a num'rous train,)
Each, like a prince, in glory reign!
Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

4. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands:
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.
O God! thy God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

Words by PECK.

## SUDBURY. 6,8,6.

BILLINGS.

With

What if the saint must die, And lodge among the tombs! He need not mourn, he shall re - turn, Rejoic - ing as he comes. With

With

Though death should hold him down With

## SPRING VALLEY. 8 lines 8s.

bands and mighty bars, Yet shall he rise a-bove the skies, And sing among the stars.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise

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

shall employ my nobler powers:

My days, &c.

My days, &c. While life, &c. Or im - mortal - i - ty endures, Or im-mor-tal-i - ty en - dures.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mortal - i - ty, &c.

## FLOWER OF CALVARY. C. M.

WM. HOUSER.

1. The finest flow'r that ev - er blow'd O - pen'd on Calv' - ry's tree, When Je - sus' blood in riv - ers flow'd For love of worth-less me.

2. Its deep - est hue, its rich - est smell, No mor - tal can de - clare: Nor can the tongues of an - gels tell How bright the colors are.

3. On Canaan's banks, su - preme-ly fair, This flow'r of glo - ry blooms, Transplant - ed to its na - tive air, And all the shore per-fumes.

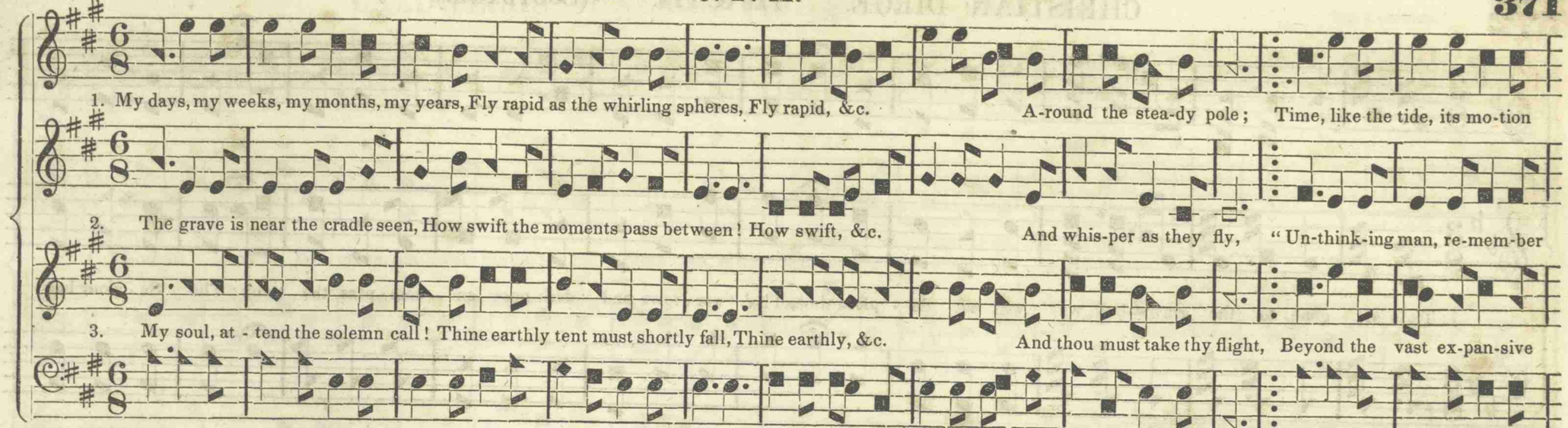
4. And soon on yon - der banks a - bove, Shall ev' - ry blos - som here Ap - pear a full - blown flow'r of love, Like him transplant - ed there.

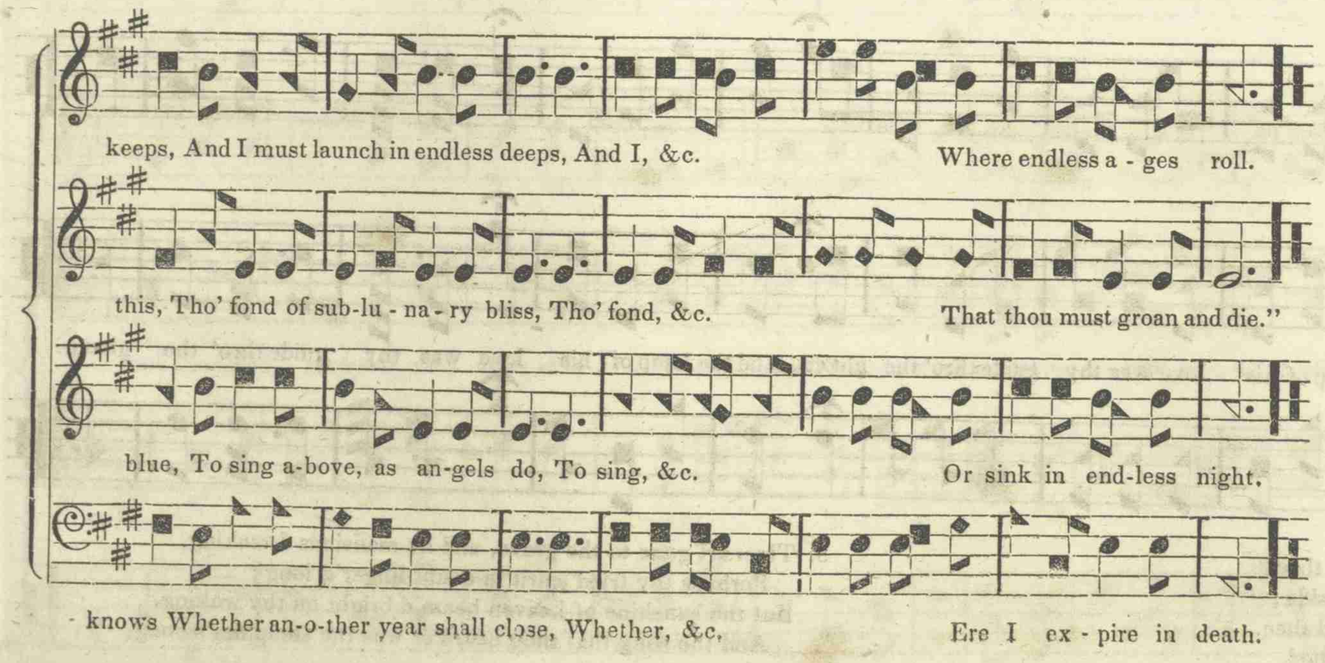
## NASHVILLE. C. P. M.

The Lord in - to his gar-den comes, The spi-ces yield their rich perfumes, The spices, &c., The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re-

fresh-ing show'rs of grace di - vine From Je-sus flow to ev' - ry vine, From Je-sus flow to ev' - ry vine, Which make the dead re - vive.

## KINGWOOD. C. P. M.



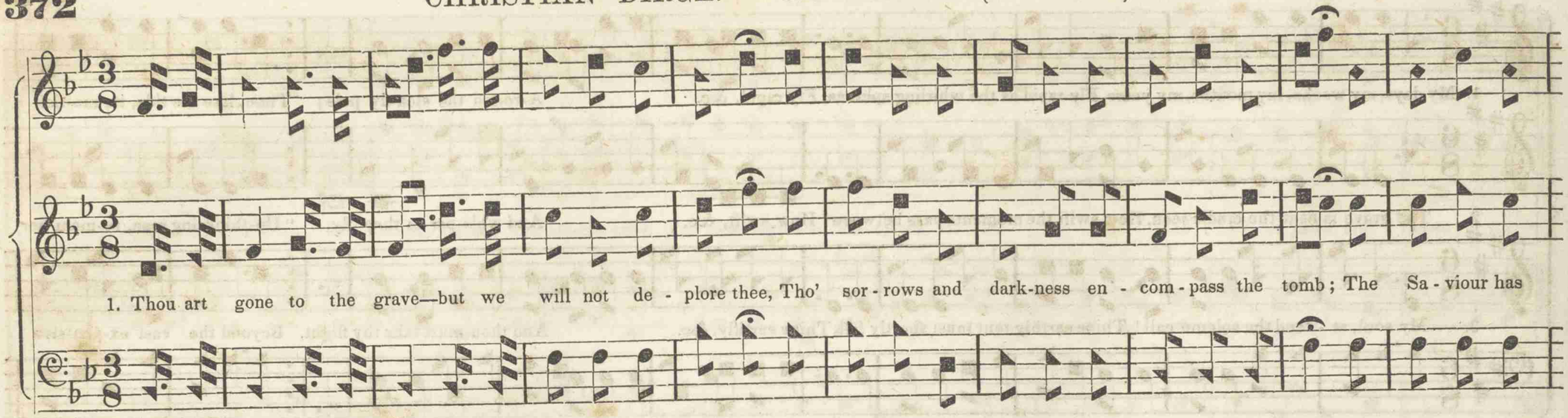

5. Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! an hour may close the scene!
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6. But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be;
No, my immortal cannot die—
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7. Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling-place;
Or, shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8. A heav'n or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle space;
*To-day*, attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

## CHRISTIAN DIRGE. 12s & 11s. (SCOTLAND.)



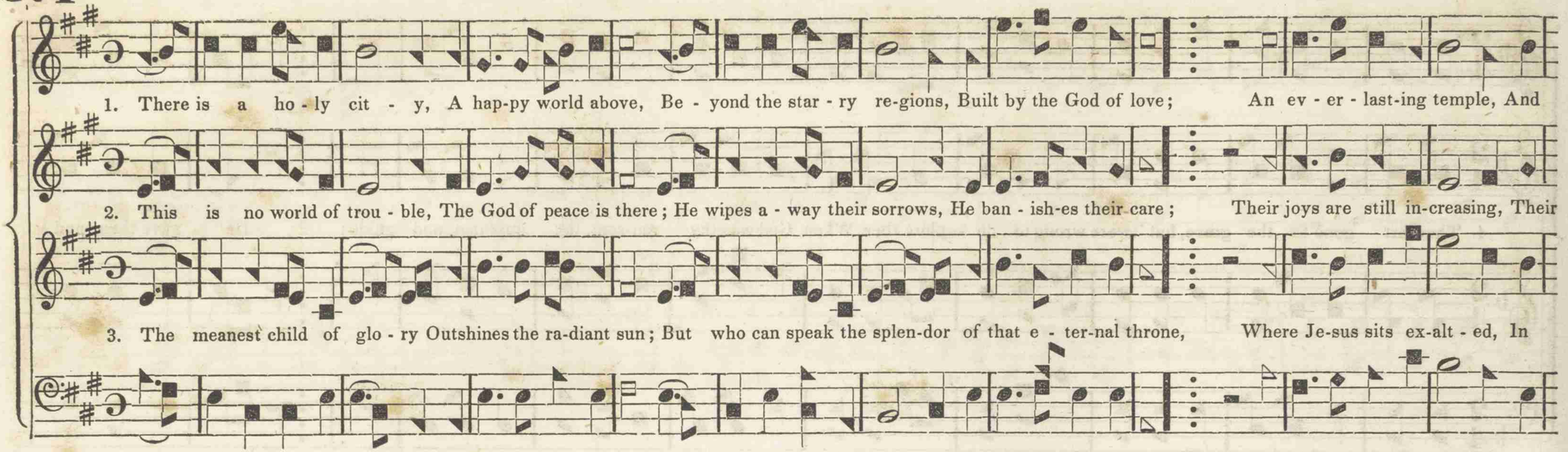

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

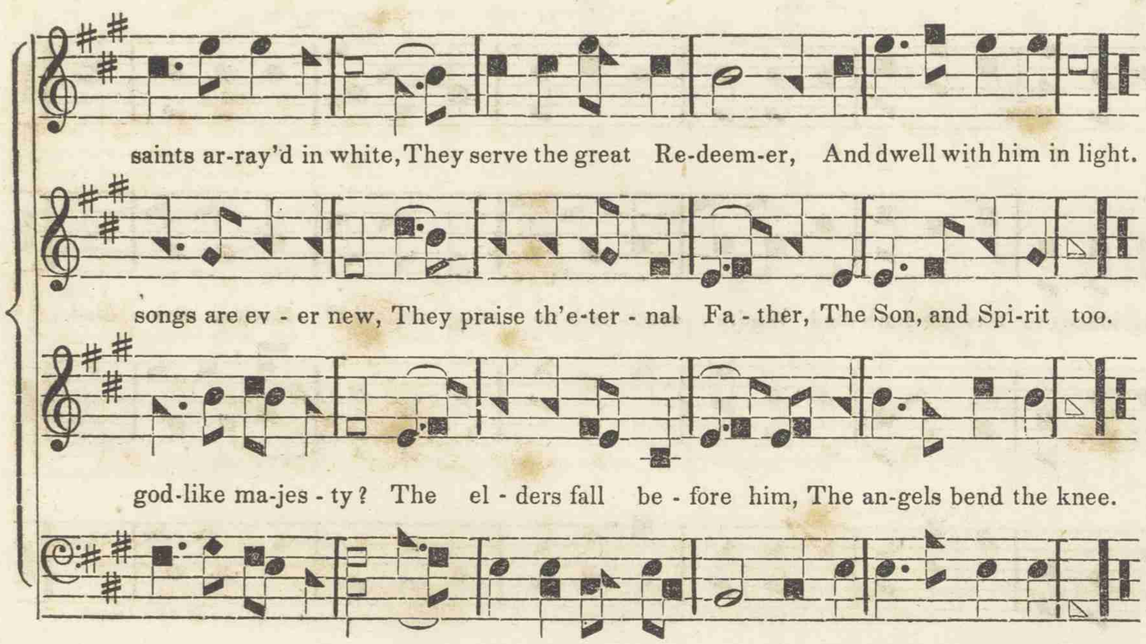
3. Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to de - plore thee, When God was thy ran-som, thy guardian, and guide; He gave thee, and

took thee, and soon will re - store thee Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died, Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

# HOLY CITY. 7s & 6s.




4. Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting wo.

5. The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race:
They speak of firey trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6. Now, with a holy transport,
They tell their sufferings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty:—
"Amid our fiercest dangers
Our lives were hid in thee."

7. Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition,
'T was only to be blest;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8. But now it is my purpose
The better way to find;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind;
In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

9. And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below.
Or what shall be my trials,
Is not for me to know,
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

# DOMINION. L. M.

WHETMORE.

Je - sus shall reign, wher - e'er the sun, &c. His kingdom, &c.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive journeys run:

Je - sus shall reign, &c. His kingdom, &c. Till

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom stretch, His kingdom, &c. Till moons, &c.

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom, &c.

moons shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom, &c. Till moons, &c.

wane no more. His kingdom, &c. His kingdom, &c.

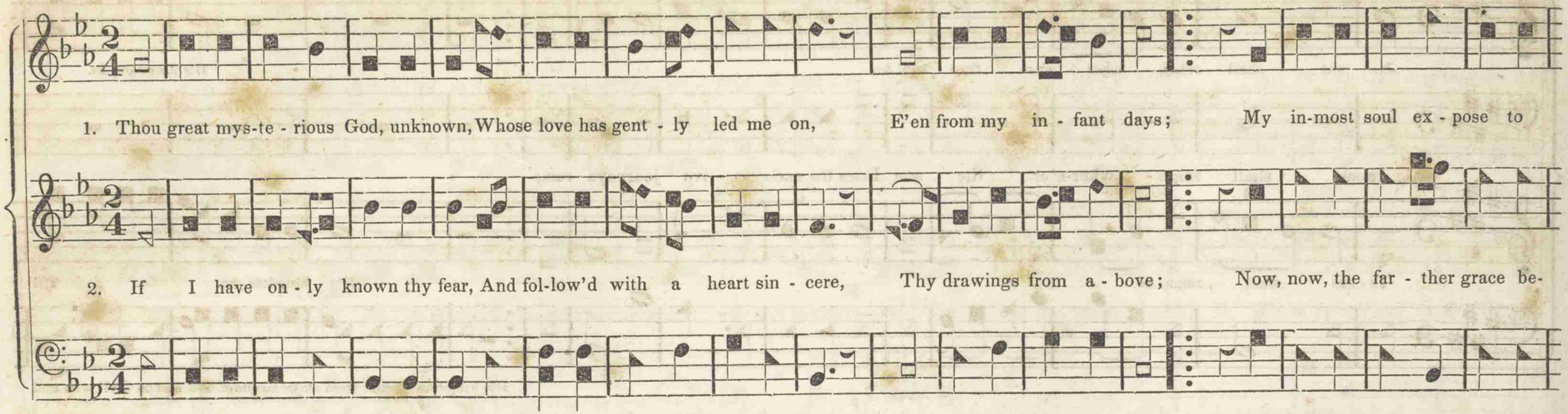
2. From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3. To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

4. People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5. Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

# RHODE ISLAND. C. P. M.




3. Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4. If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And, should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5. Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love—
Or sin, or righteousness—remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6. Father, in me, reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

# NEW CANAAN. 12s & 11s.

Ir'sh Air.

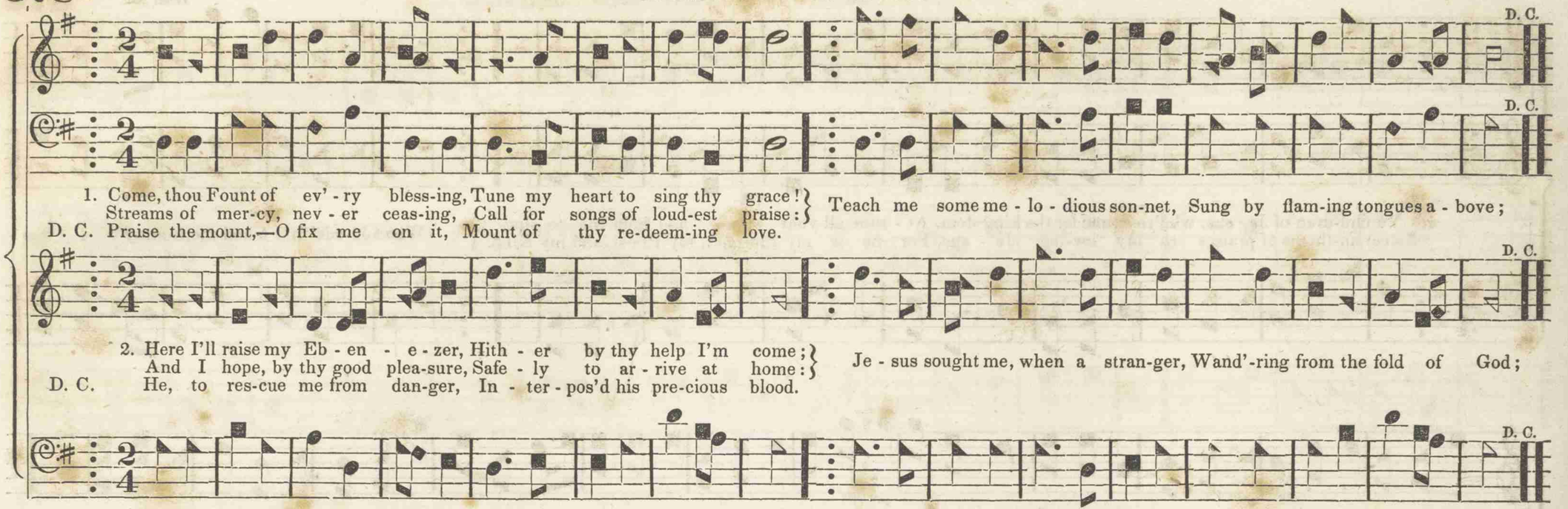
1. Ye chil-dren of Je - sus, who're bound for the king-dom, At - tune all your voices and help me to sing
Sweet an-thems of praises to my lov-ing Je - sus, For he is my Pro-phet, my Priest, and my King. } When Je-sus first found me, a-stray I was

go - ing, His love did surround me and sav'd me from ru - in; He kind-ly embrac'd me, and free-ly he bless'd me, And taught me a - loud his sweet praises to sing.

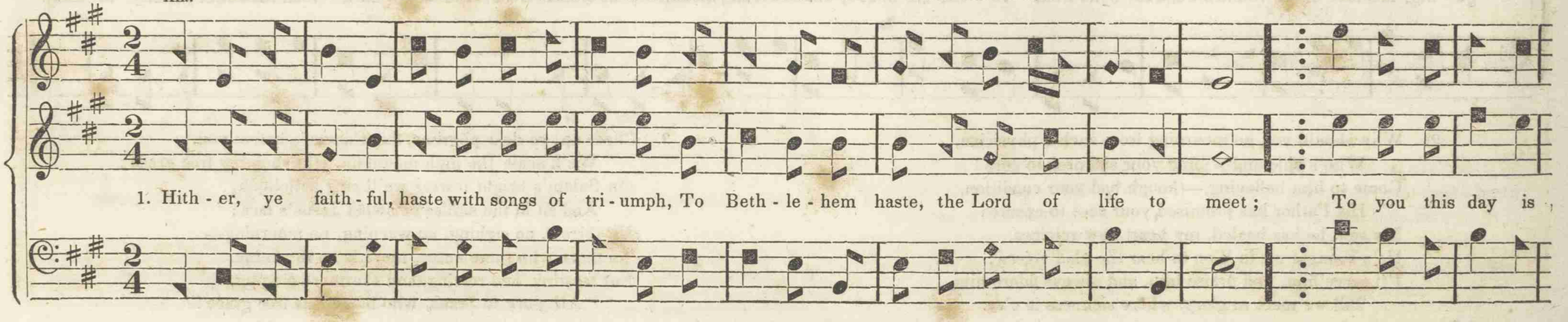
2. Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure!
Come to him believing,—though bad your condition,
His Father has promised your case to ensure:
My soul he has healed, my heart now rejoices,
He's brought me to Zion to hear the glad voices;
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him,
Till we meet in glory, where sickness is o'er.

3. Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan's before you,
We'll scale the high mountain, still shouting free grace;
On Salem's bright towers we'll sing hallelujah,
And sit in the smiles of sweet Jesus's face:
No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, no mourning—
To those who there enter, there is no returning,
But feasting, and resting, and evermore singing,
"All glory to Jesus, who bought us free grace!"

## OLNEY. 8s & 7s.




## PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s & 10s.



## PORTUGUESE HYMN. *Concluded.*

O come, and let us wor-ship, O come, and let us wor - ship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet!

born a Prince and Sa-viour;

O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet!

O come, and let us wor - ship, O come, and let us wor - - ship at his feet!

2. O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension, Our praises and rev'rence are an off'ring meet; Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us, O come, and let us worship at his feet!
3. Shout his Almighty name, ye choirs of angels, And let the celestial courts his praise repeat; Unto our God be glory in the highest! O come, and let us worship at his feet!

## TRUE LOVE. 6s & 9s.

Arr'd by W. Houser.

1. Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed, a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zi - on re-turn.

2. We have laid up our love, And our trea-sure a-bove, Tho' our bod-ies con-tin-ue be-low: The redeem'd of the Lord, We re-mem-ber his word, And with singing to Par - a-dise go.

## BRISTOL. L. M.



The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue ethe - - - - real sky; And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - - i - nal pro-

Their great, &c.

Their great, &c.

Th' unwearied sun, &c. Does, &c. And, &c. The, &c.

claim. Th' unwearied sun, &c. Does, &c. And, &c. The, &c.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display; And pub - lish - es . . . to ev' - - - - - ry land The work of an Almighty hand.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display; And publishes to ev'ry land, And publishes to ev'-ry land The work of an Almighty hand.

## DELIGHT. S. P. M.



God

1. Upward I lift mine eyes—From God is all my aid—To God that built . . . the skies, And earth and na-ture made:

God is the tower to

God is the tower to which I fly, His

is the tower to which I fly, His grace . . . . is nigh in ev'-ry hour; God is, &c.

God is the tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour, in ev'-ry hour; God is the tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour.

which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour; God is, &c.

grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour; . . . . . God is, &c.

## COMPLAINT. L. M.

PARMETER.

Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And must thy children

Thy years are one e - ter - nal

Save us, O Lord! a - loud we pray, Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy years are one e-ter - nal day, And must thy children die so

Thy years are one e-ter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so

## GREENFIELD. L. P. M.

EDSON.

1 2

die so soon? Thy years, &c. And, &c.

day, And must thy children die so soon? And must thy children die so soon?

soon? Thy years, &c. And must, &c.

soon? Thy years, &c. And must, &c.

God is our refuge in dis-tress, A present help when dangers press; In Him undaunted

Though earth were from her centre tost, And moun - tains in the o-cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide.

we'll con - fide, Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

## WOODLAND. C. M. (*Peculiar.*) Or 8,6,8,8,6.

D. N. Gould.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wanderers giv'n; There is a tear for souls dis-tress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

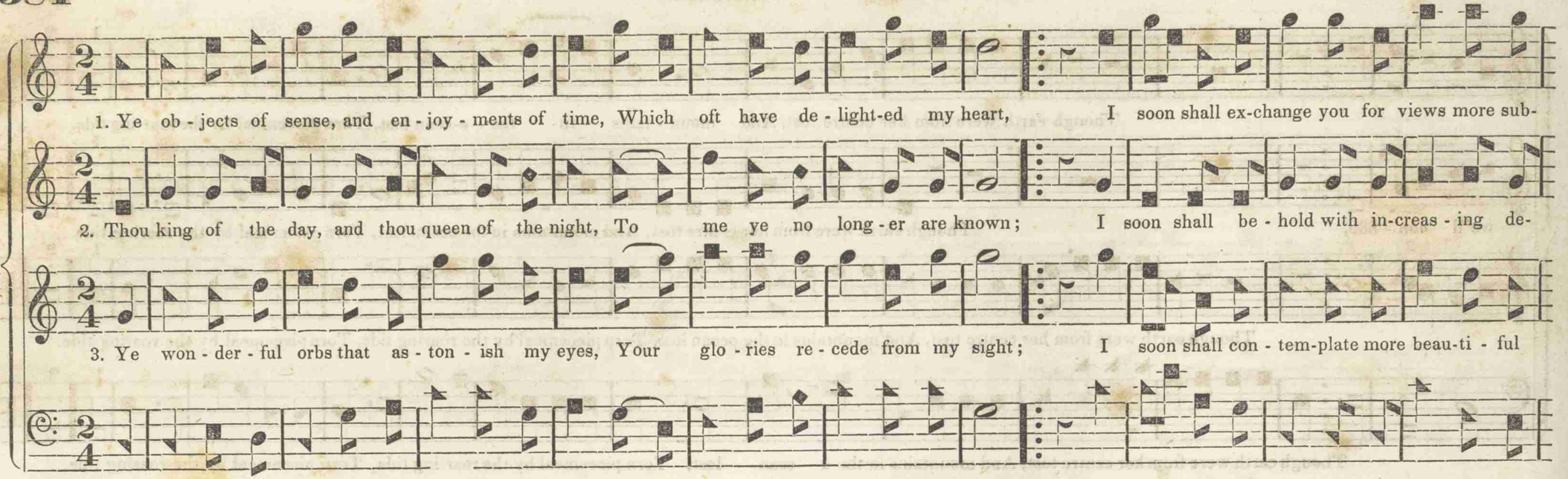
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

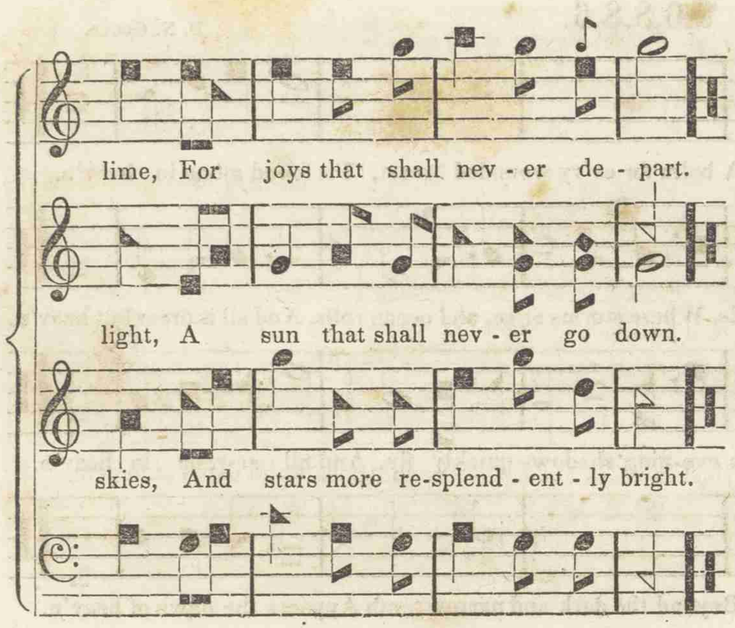
3. There faith lifts up the tear-less eye, The heart with anguish riv'n; It views the tem-pest pass-ing by, Sees eve-ning shadows quickly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n, There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heav'n.

# GREEN HILLS OF CANAAN. 11s & 8s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5. My loved habitation and gardens, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And Paradise welcomes my feet.

6. My weeping relations, my brethren, and friends,
Whose hearts are entwined with my own,
Adieu, for the present—my spirit ascends
Where pleasure immortal is known.

7. My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrows are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

8. The vale of affliction, my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit for the mansions of God—
There, there, its bright summit appears!

9. No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesu's fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably bless'd.

10. My Sabbaths below that have been my delight,
And thou, the bless'd volume divine,
Ye guided my footsteps, like stars during night!
Adieu!—my conductors begin!

11. The sun that illumines the regions of light
Now shines on my eyes from above,
And O how transcendently glorious the sight!
My soul is all wonder and love!

12. Come, *come*, my Redeemer, this moment release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies ex-ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans-port fills:

2. The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win-ter's past, The love-ly ver - nal flow'rs appear, The warbling choir en - chants the ear.

Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come away," Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, . . . . . my love, and come a-way."

Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtle dove a-lone, Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos . . . . . the tur-tle dove a-lone.

"Rise, my love, and come a - way,"
Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone,

"Rise, my love, and come a - way."
Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

## WARWICK. 8,8,8,8,7,7.

MILGROVE.

The voice of my be-lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills: Gently doth he chide my stay, Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

*Pia.*

# SALUTATION. 7,6,8,7,7,6,7,6.



1. Good morning, brother pil-grim! What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you towards Je - ru - sa - lem, To join the heav'nly host?
Pray, wherefore are you smiling, While tears run down your face?
And reach that heav'nly place, We soon shall cease from toil - ing,
And reach that heav'nly place, We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heavn'ly place. faith we see him, too;

2. To Canaan's coast we'll hasten, To join the heav'nly throng;
Hark! from the banks of Jor - dan, How sweet the pilgrim's song!
Their Je - sus they are view-ing, By faith we see him, too;
And on our way pur - sue. We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pur - sue, We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pur - sue.

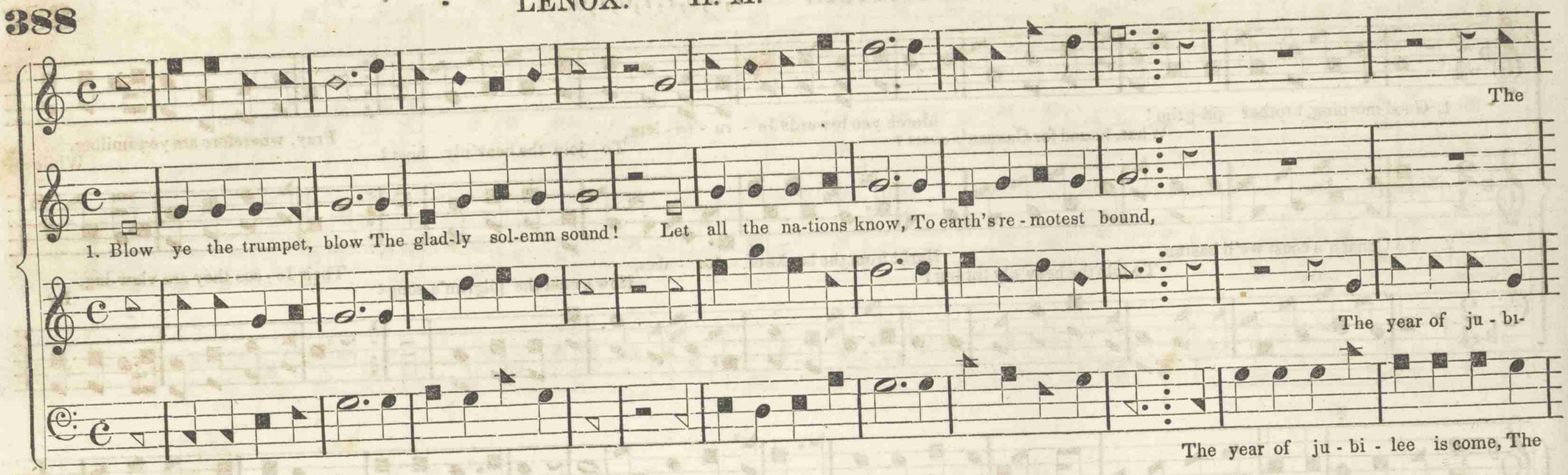
3. Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean:
No earthly joy shall charm us,
While marching on our way;
Our Jesus will defend us
In the distressing day.

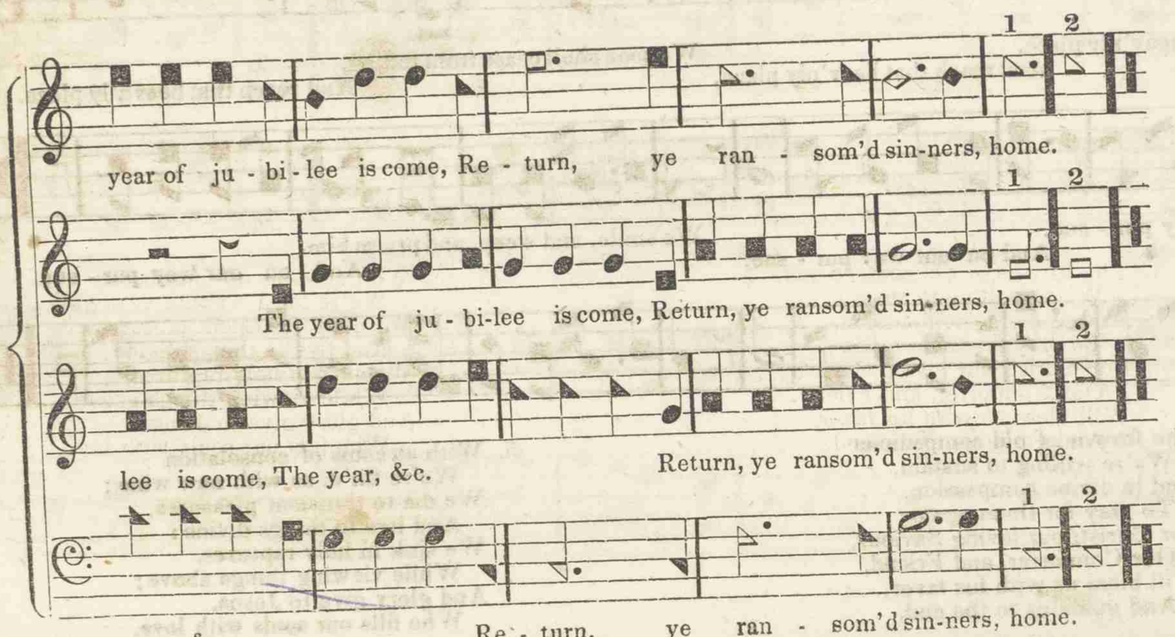
4. The frowns of old companions
We're willing to sustain,
And in divine compassion,
To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter, and Friend,
Will bless us with his favor,
And guide us to the end.

5. With streams of consolation
We're fill'd, as with new wine;
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine:
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above;
And glory give to Jesus,
Who fills our souls with love.

## LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.



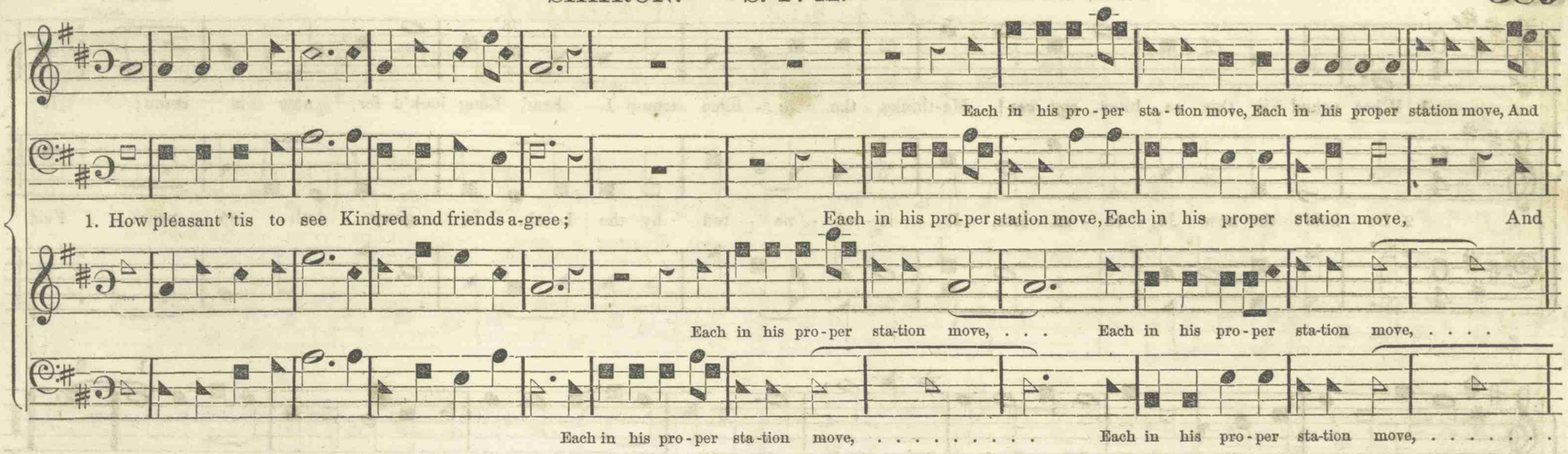

2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

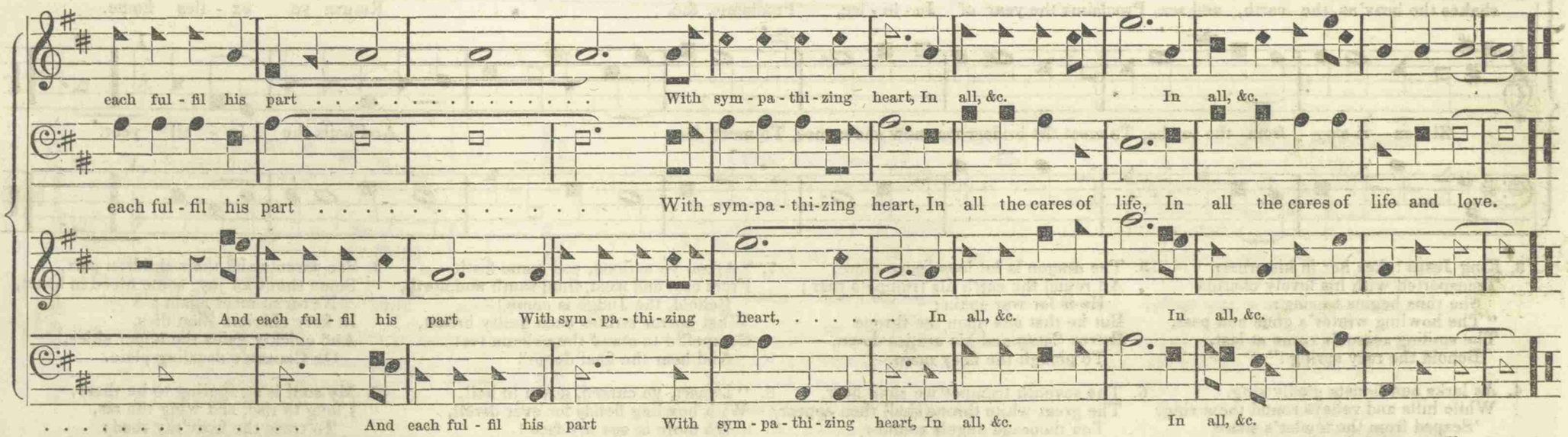
3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus, live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5. Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6. The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.



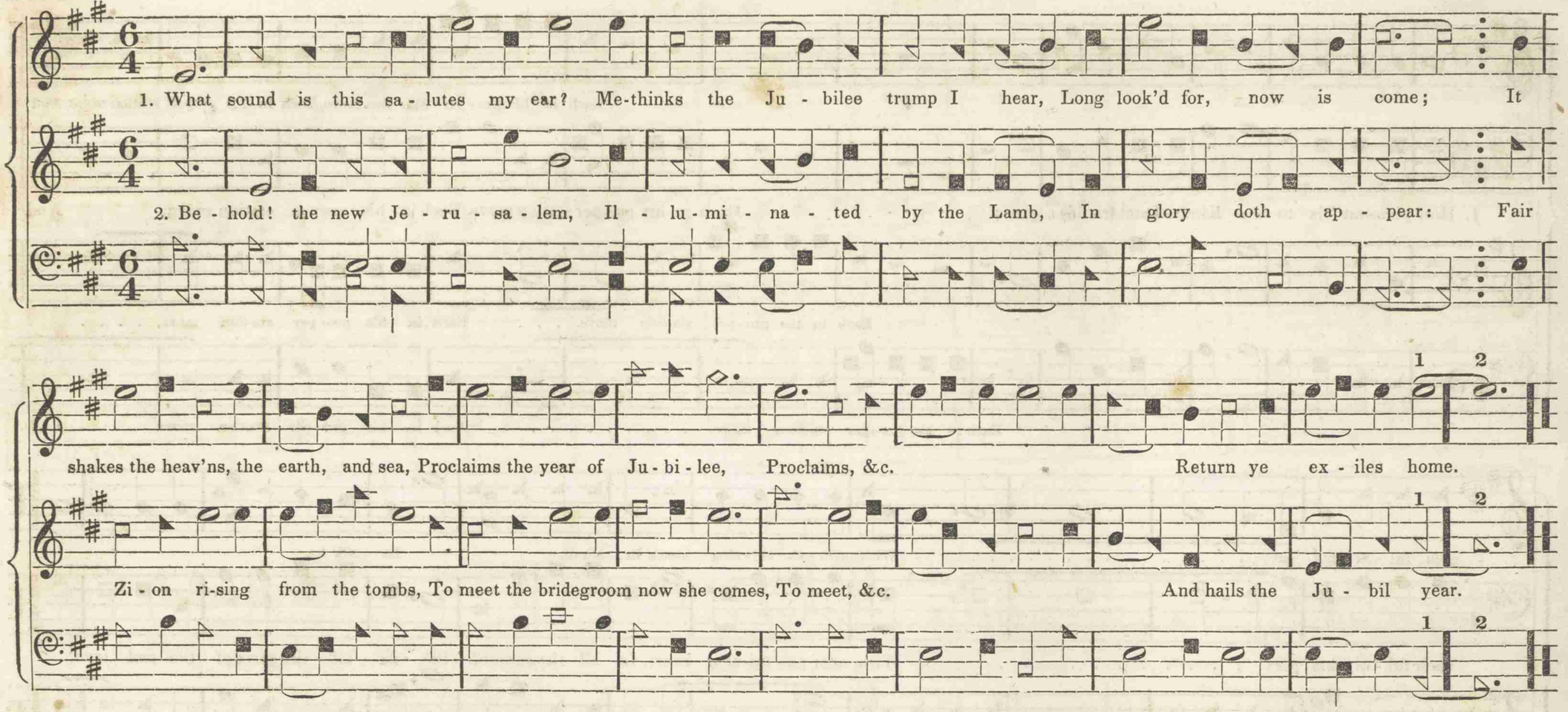

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran down his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3. Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

☞ [*Repeat the first stanza, to complete the piece.*]

# THE JUBILEE TRUMP. C. P. M.

MOORE.




3. King Jesus takes her in his arms:
Transported with his lovely charms
She thus begins to sing:
"The howling winter's gone and past,
The smiling season's come at last,
Behold the rosy spring!"

4. As larks and linnets gladly sing,
While hills and valleys round them ring,
'Scaped from the fowler's snare,
One thousand years she there shall dwell,
And sing while Satan's chain'd in hell—
Which ends the Jubil year.

5. The dragon is let loose once more,
All round the earth his trumpets roar;
He is for war again;
But he that sits upon the throne
Drives Satan and his armies down,
To plough the fiery main.

6. The seventh trumpet we shall hear,
The great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round;
Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.

7. "Arise, ye nations, and come forth,
From east and west, from south and north,
Behold, the Judge is come!"
What horror strikes each guilty breast,
Compell'd to stand the solemn test
And hear the final doom!

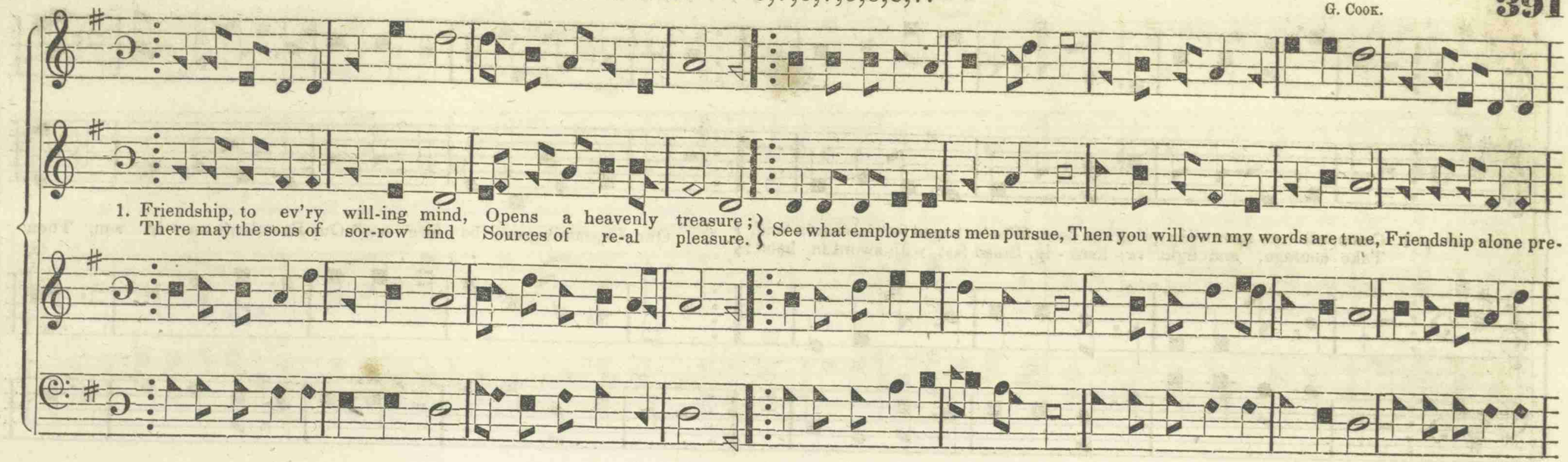
8. "Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
With howling fiends for ever dwell,
No more to see my face!
My gospel calls ye have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And laugh'd at offer'd grace!"

9. See parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again;
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's dazzling plain.

10. My soul is struggling to be there,
I long to rise, and wing the air,
To trace the heav'nly road:
Adieu! adieu! all earthly things!
O that I had some angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God!

# FRIENDSHIP. 8,7,8,7,8,8,8,7.

G. Cook.



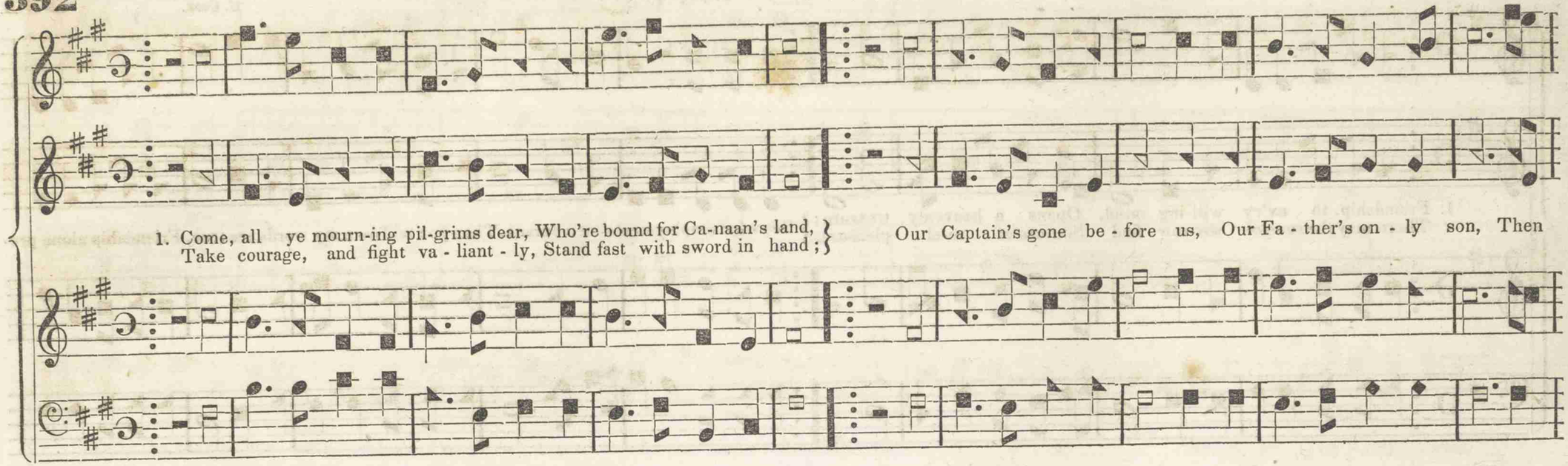

2. Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story.
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in friendship can we find
Sources of real pleasure.

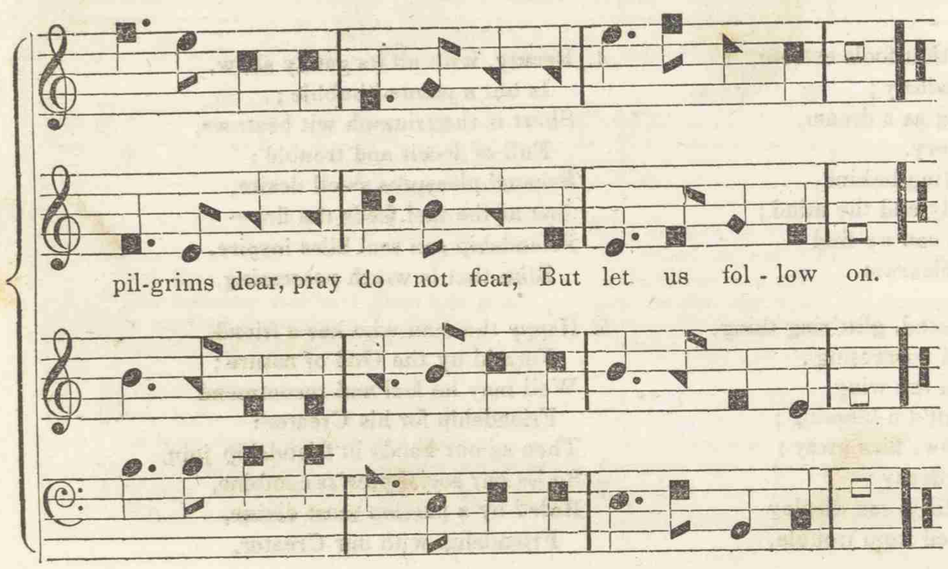
3. Learning, that boasted, glitt'ring thing,
Is but just worth possessing;
Riches, for ever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
Fame, like a shadow, flies away;
Titles and dignity decay;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

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

5. Happy the man who has a friend,
Form'd by the God of nature;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator:
Then as our hands in friendship join,
So let our social pow'rs combine,
Ruled by a passion most divine,
Friendship with our Creator.

## PILGRIM. 8,6,8,6,8,6,8,6.



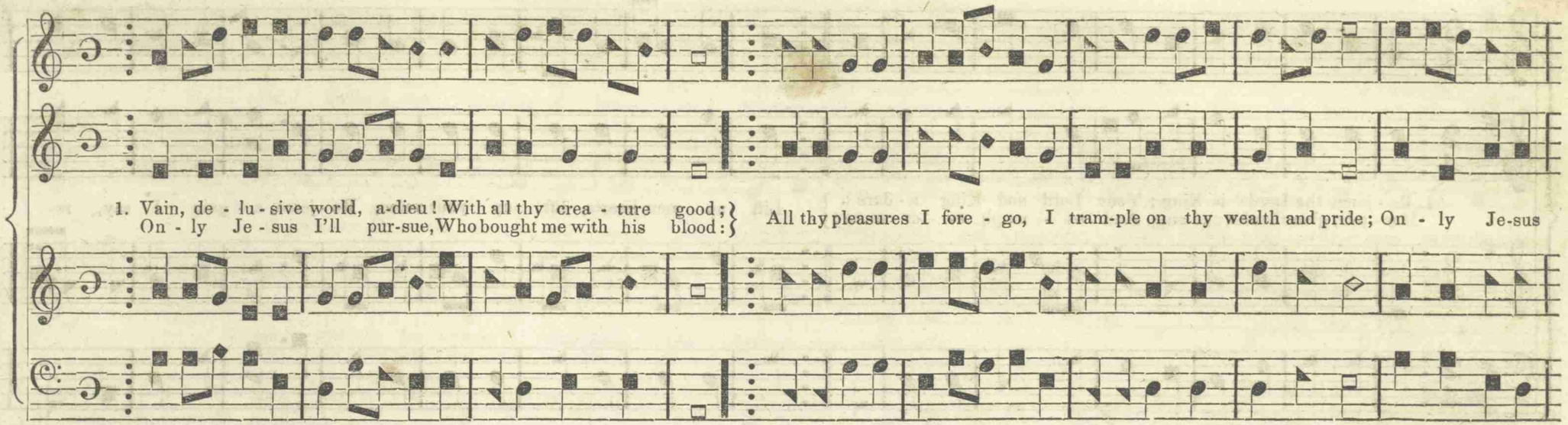

2. We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore;
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar:
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

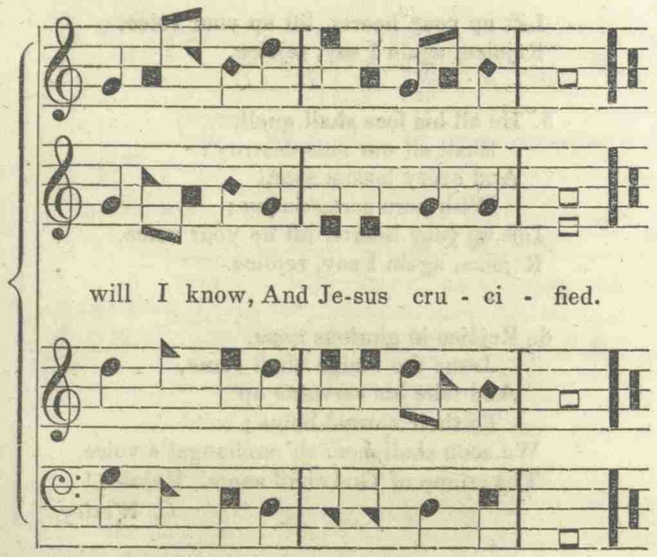
3. The pleasant fields of Paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold;
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand!—
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land!

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

5. Already to my raptured sight
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes:
O sweet abode of endless rest!
I soon shall travel there;
Nor earth, nor all her empty joys,
Shall long detain me here.

6. Come all you pilgrim travelers,
Fresh courage take with me;
Meantime I'll tell you how I came
This happy land to see:
Through faith, the glorious telescope,
I view'd the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
Which fills my heart with love.



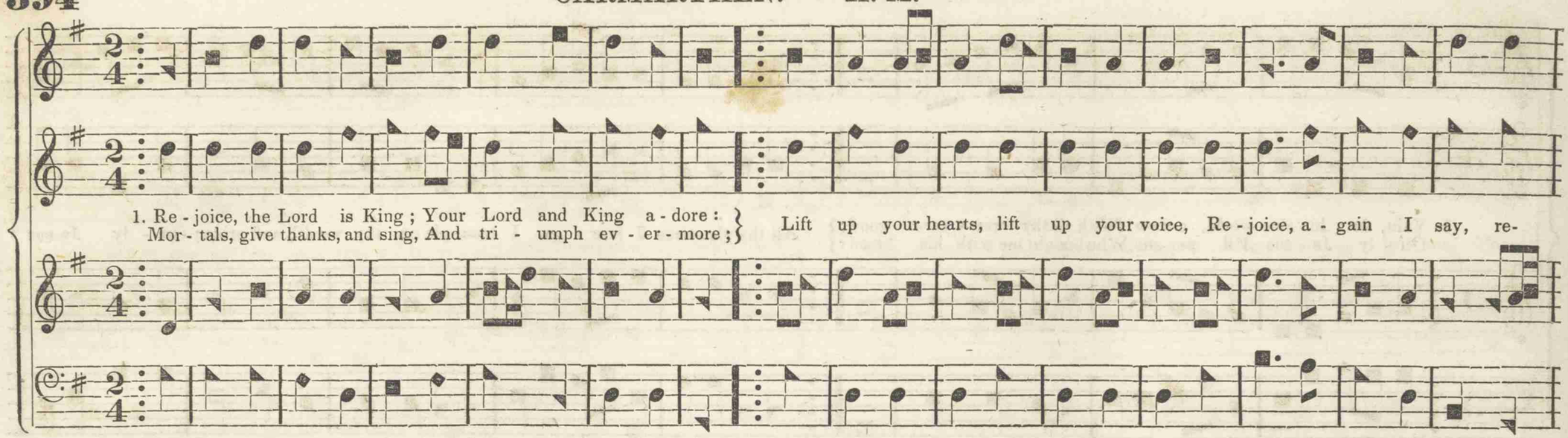

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

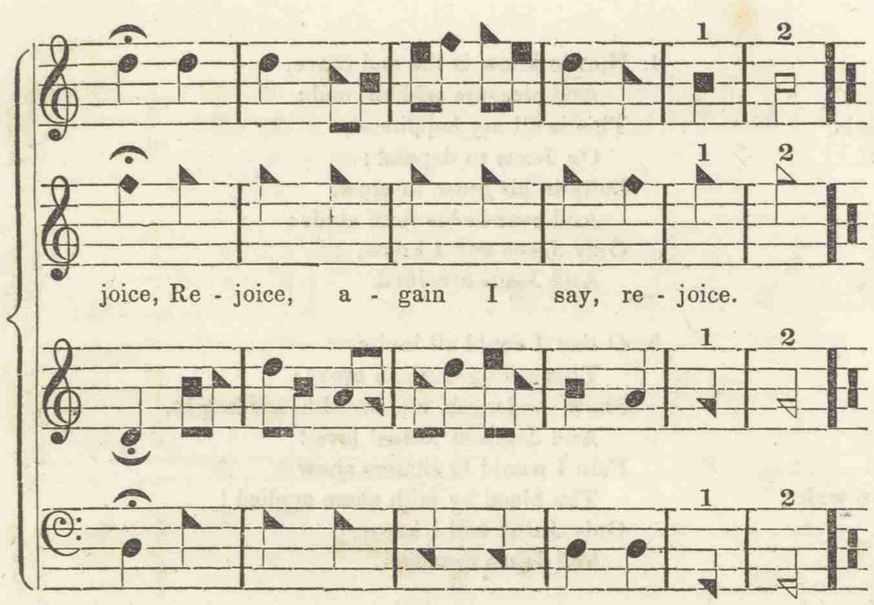
3. Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of thy breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

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

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

## CARMARTHEN. H. M.




2. Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love—
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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

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

6. Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

*C. Wesley.*

# LOVELY STORY. 8s.

Arr'd by E. J. King. **395**

Alto by W. H.

1. A sto - ry most love-ly to tell, Of Je - sus, (O wond-rous sur - prise!)
He suffer'd the torments of hell, That sin-ners, vile sin-ners, might rise.
He left his ex - alt - ed a-

2. Oh! did my dear Je - sus thus bleed, And pi - ty a ruin'd, lost race?
O whence did such mercy pro - ceed, Such boundless com-pas-sion and grace?
His body bore anguish and

3. Oh! was it for crimes I had done, The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss,
By Ju - das the trai - tor a - lone? Was ev-er com-pas - sion like this?
The ruf - fians all join'd in a

bode, When man by trans-gres-sion was lost, Ap - peas - ing the wrath of a God: He shed forth his blood as the cost.

pain, His spi-rit most sunk with the load; A short time be - fore he was slain, His sweat was as great drops of blood.

band, Confined him and led him a - way; The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands: O sin-ners, look at him I pray!

## SOUTHWELL. C. P. M.

"'Tis fin-ish'd! 'tis fin-ish'd! 'tis fin - ish'd! 'tis finish'd!" the Redeem-er said, And meekly bow'd his dy - ing head, While we the sentence scan:

Come, sinners, and observe the word;
Behold the conquest of the Lord,
Complete for sinful man!
Com - plete,
Com-plete, Complete,
Com-
Com - plete,
Complete for sin-ful man, Com-
Com-plete, Complete for sinful

Complete for sin-ful man, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sinful man, . . . Complete, Complete for sin - ful man.

plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete, Com - plete, Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sin - ful man.

plete for sin-ful man, Complete for sinful man, Com - plete, Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sin - ful man.

man, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sinful man, . . . . . Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sin - ful man.

## LOVELY VINE. S. M.

Be - hold a love - ly vine, Here in this des - ert ground! The blos-soms shoot, and prom - ise fruit, And ten - der grapes are found.

# NEW JORDAN. C. M. D.

SHUMWAY.

Oh!

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

Oh! the trans-port-ing,

Oh! the transporting, rapt'rous scene That

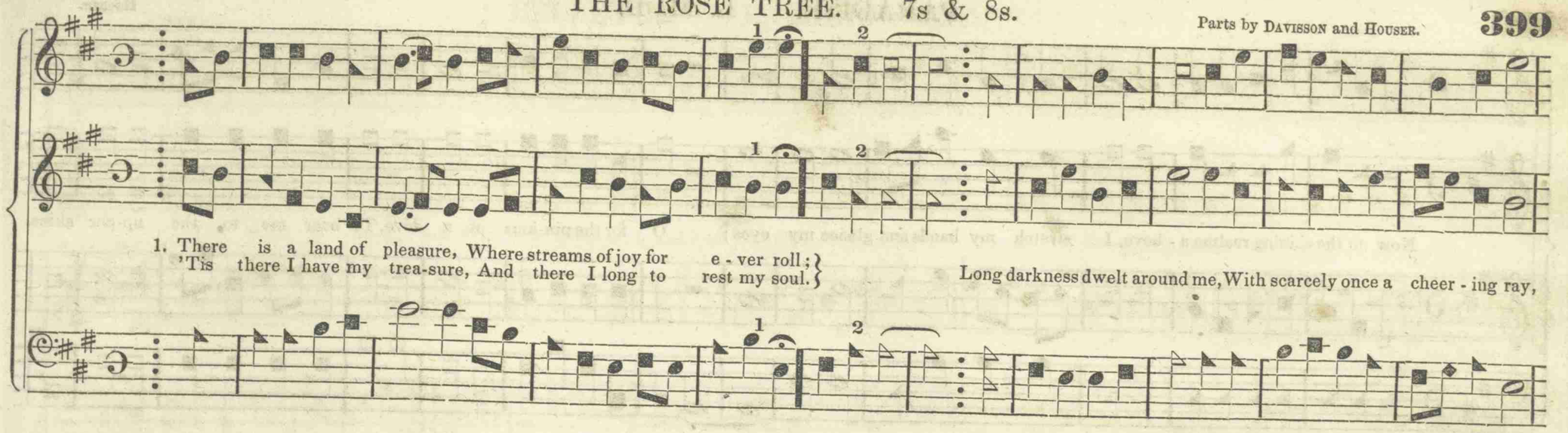
Oh! the transporting, rap-t'rous scene That rises to my

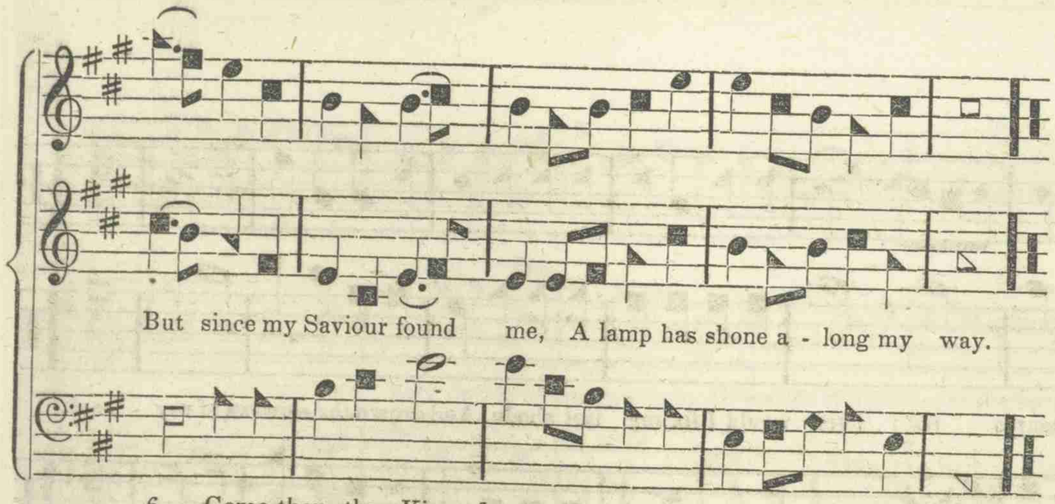
the transporting, &c. That rises, &c. Sweet fields, &c. Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers, &c. Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c.

rapt'rous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers of de-light! Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c.

ri - ses to my sight! Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c. Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c.

sight! . . . . . .




2. My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And, like a faithful soldier,
I'll boldly march along the road:
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I reach the heav'nly field.

3. I'm on my way to Zion,
Still guided by the Saviour's hand;
O come along, dear sinners,
And see Emmanuel's happy land;
To all who stay behind me
I bid a long, a long farewell;
Come now, or you'll repent it
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

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

5. This stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave:
His word has calm'd the ocean—
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale—
Oh! shall this Friend be with me,
While through the gates of death I sail?

6. Come then, thou King of terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low—
I'll sooner reach these regions
Where everlasting pleasures grow.
O Christians, I must leave you,
No more to join your social band;
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment bar we stand.

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

8. Then, sinners, you'll be driven
Down to the lake of fire and pain,
To scream in flaming sulphur,
And never to return again:
Then, sinners, you'll remember
Who warn'd you of that dreadful end,
While the smoking of your torment
In pitchy clouds shall up ascend.

**400** PARADISE. L. M. D. HOLDEN.

Now to the shining realms a - bove, I stretch my hands and glance my eyes; O for the pin-ions of a dove, To bear me to the up-per skies.

There from the bo-som of my God, O-ceans of endless pleasures roll; There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Ye

Ye tribes of Ad-am, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Cre-a-tor's praise.

Ye ho - ly throng of

Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In

ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song. Ye

Ye ho - ly throng of an-gels bright, &c.

Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

angels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song. Ye

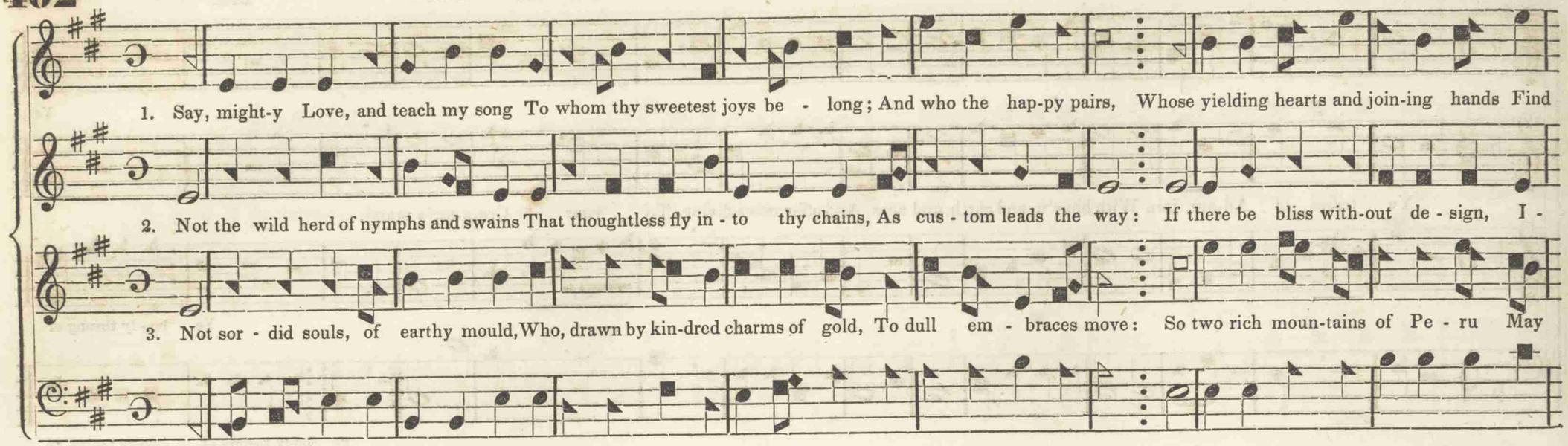
Ye ho - ly throng, &c.

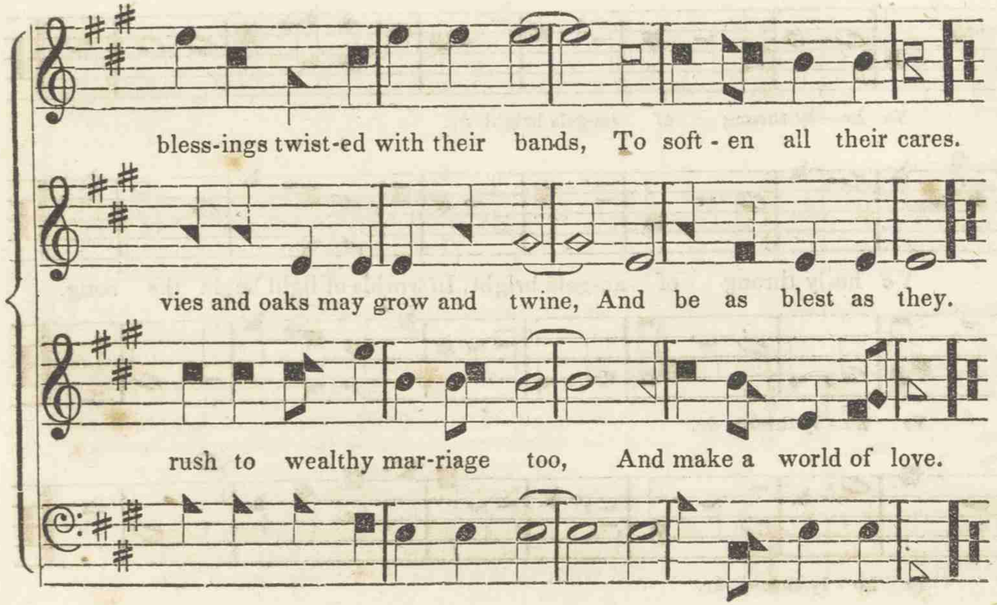
worlds of light be - gin the song. Ye

Ye ho - ly throng, &c.

# FEW HAPPY MATCHES. C. P. M.

CRANE.




4. Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

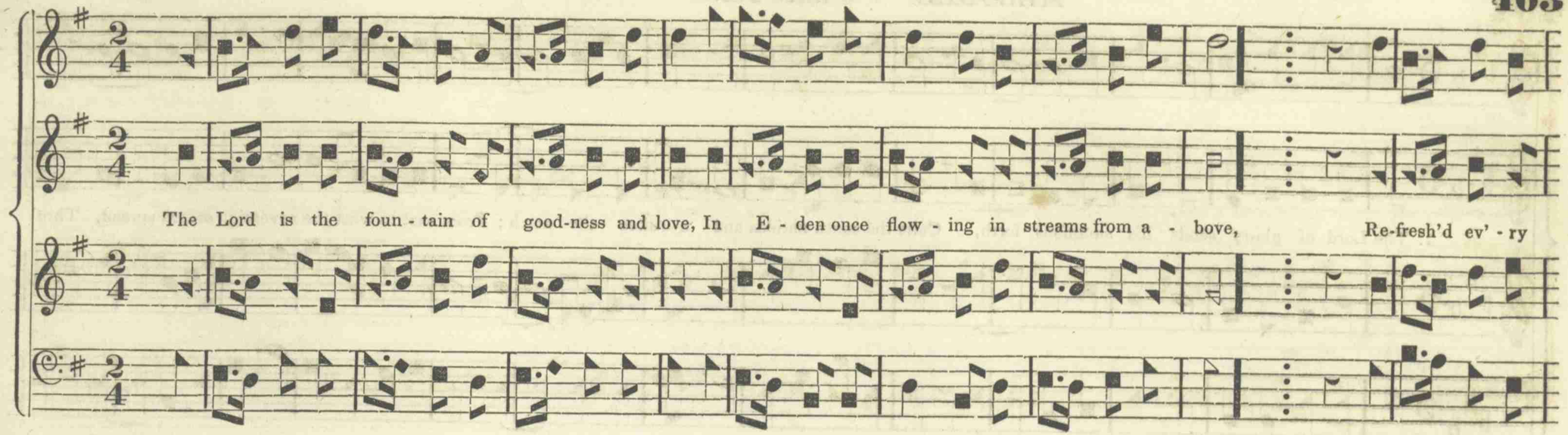
5. Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

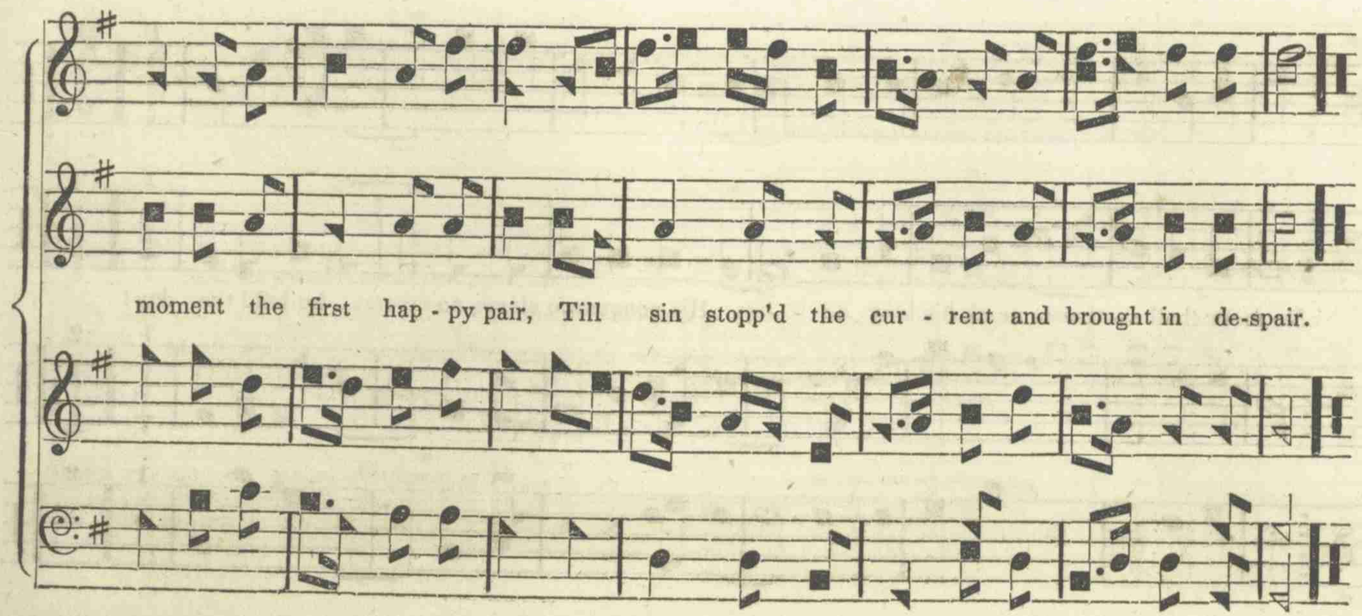
6. Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

7. Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

8. Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

9. Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.




SONG, by Rev. Wm. Hunter, of Pittsburg.

[*As this is a twelve syllable song, some of the notes in "Eden" have to be repeated in singing it.*]

1. You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flow'rs of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects reveal'd from above.

## MELODIA. 6 lines 10s.



1. The Lord of glo-ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sovereign orders spread, Thro'

dis-tant worlds and re-gions of the dead; No more shall a - theists mock his long de - lay, His vengeance sleeps no more, be-hold the day!

2. Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh; Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near, let all things come, To hear his

"But ga-ther first my saints," the Judge commands, &c.

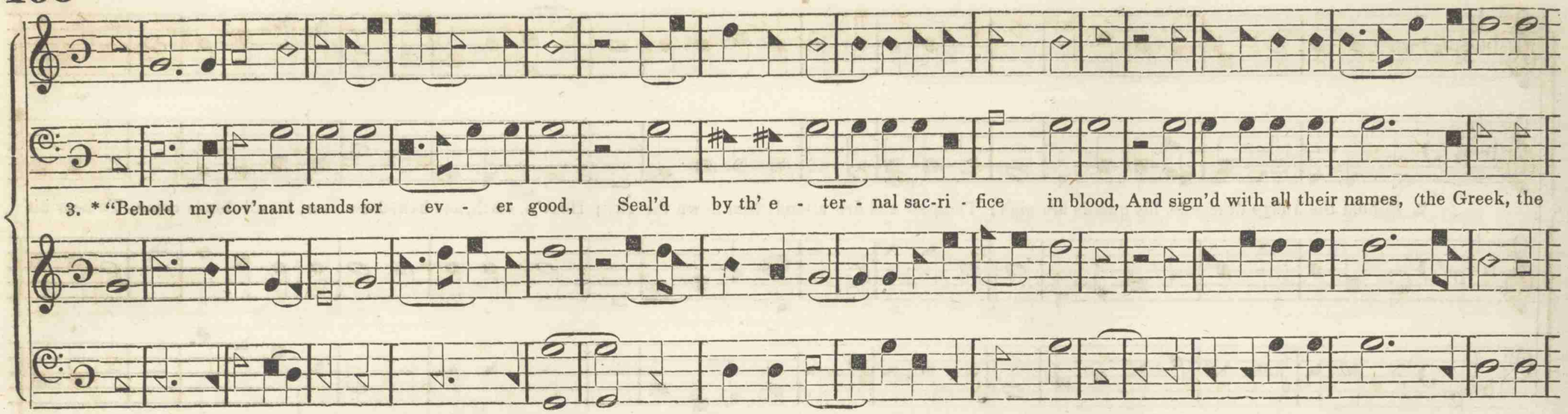
justice and the sinner's doom: my saints," the Judge commands, "Bring them, ye an - - - - - gels, from their dis-tant lands."

Bring them, &c.

Bring them, ye an - - - - gels, &c.

## JUDGMENT. 6 lines 10s.






*For the first stanza, see Melodia; for the second, Symphony.

4. The God of glo - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sovereign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds, and

re-gions of the dead; The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joi - ces; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voi-ces, cheer-ful voi - ces.

## SOLICITUDE. 11s.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith, in his ex - cel-lent-word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said?

## NEW JERUSALEM. 8 lines 8s.

You, who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.

1. My gracious Re-deem-er I love; His prai - ses a - loud I'll pro-claim;
And join with the armies a - bove, To shout his a - do - ra - ble name.

2. He free - ly redeem'd, with his blood, My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet presence to dwell;

To gaze on his glo-ries di - vine, Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy; And feel them in - ces-sant - ly shine—My boundless, in - ef - fa - ble joy.

To shine with the an-gels of light, With saints and with seraphs to sing, To view with e - ter- nal de - light, My Je - sus, my Saviour, my King.

## AMHERST: H. M.

BILLINGS.

1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem - ples are ; To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

2. The sparrow, for her young, With pleasure seeks her nest ; And wand'ring swallows long To find their wont-ed rest ; My spirit faints With e - qual zeal, To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

3. O happy souls, that pray Where God appoints to hear ! O happy men, that pay Their constant ser -vice there ! They praise thee still ; And hap-py they, That love the way To Zion's hill.

# FADING, STILL FADING.

(Altered from a Portuguese air.)

Sung as a duett, trio, or quartette.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining: Father in heaven, the day is de-cli-ning; Safety and in-nocence fly with the light;
Temptation and danger walk forth with the

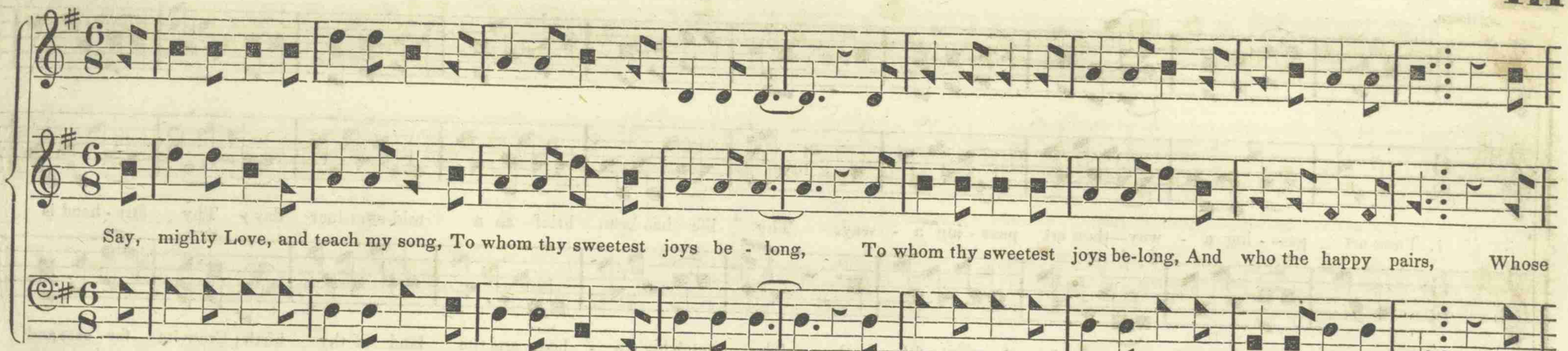
2. Father in heaven, O hear when we call! Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all! Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might; In doubting and darkness thy love be our

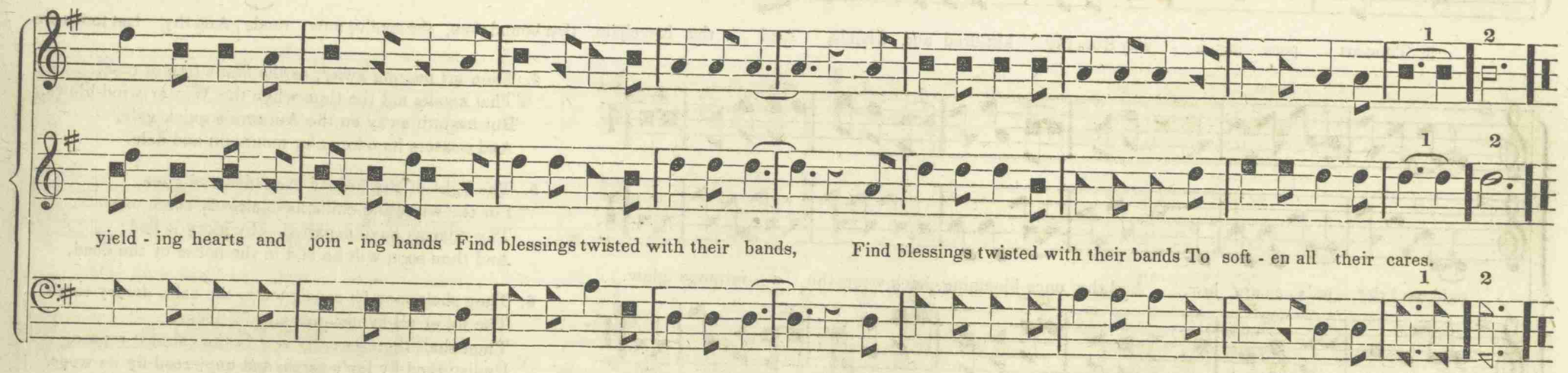
Chorus, sing after each stanza.

night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime!

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns;
Wake in thy arms when the morning returns.




HYMN 841, Southern Methodist Hymn Book.

1. A NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the gen'ral scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

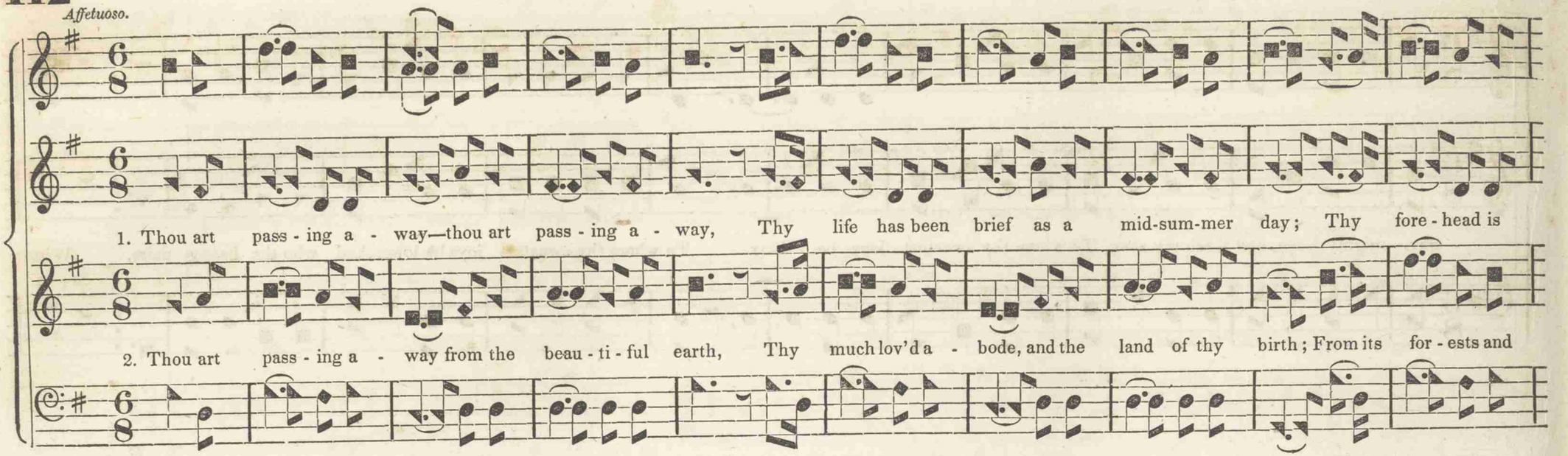
2. O may we, Lord, the grace improve,
By lab'ring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power;
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

**412**

# THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s.

Arr'd by Rev. GEORGE COLES,
From Russell's "Wind of the Winter Night."

*Affetuoso.*

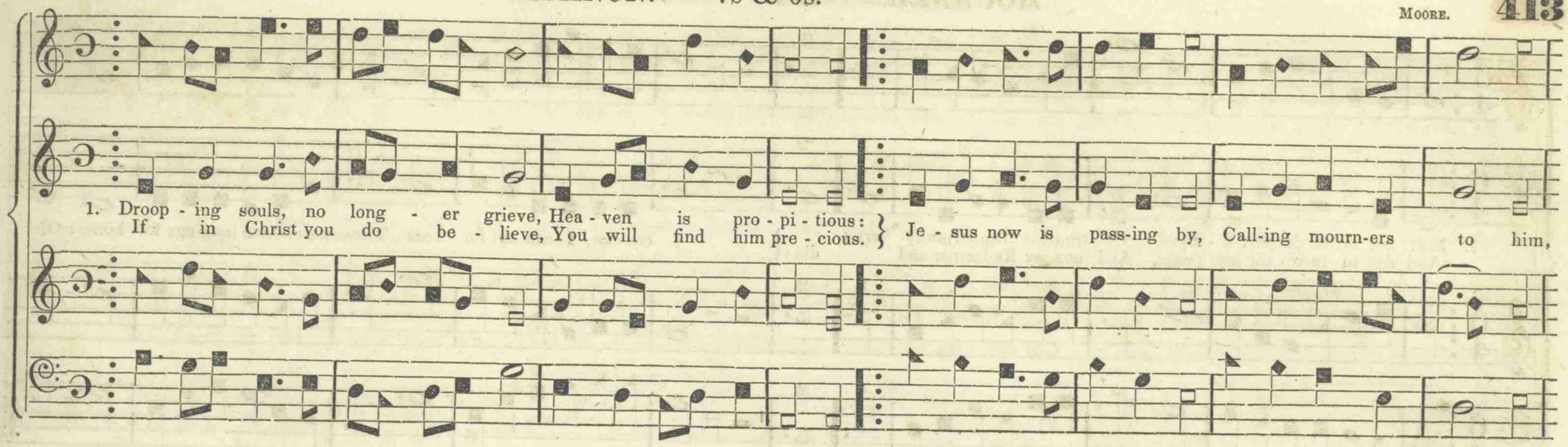


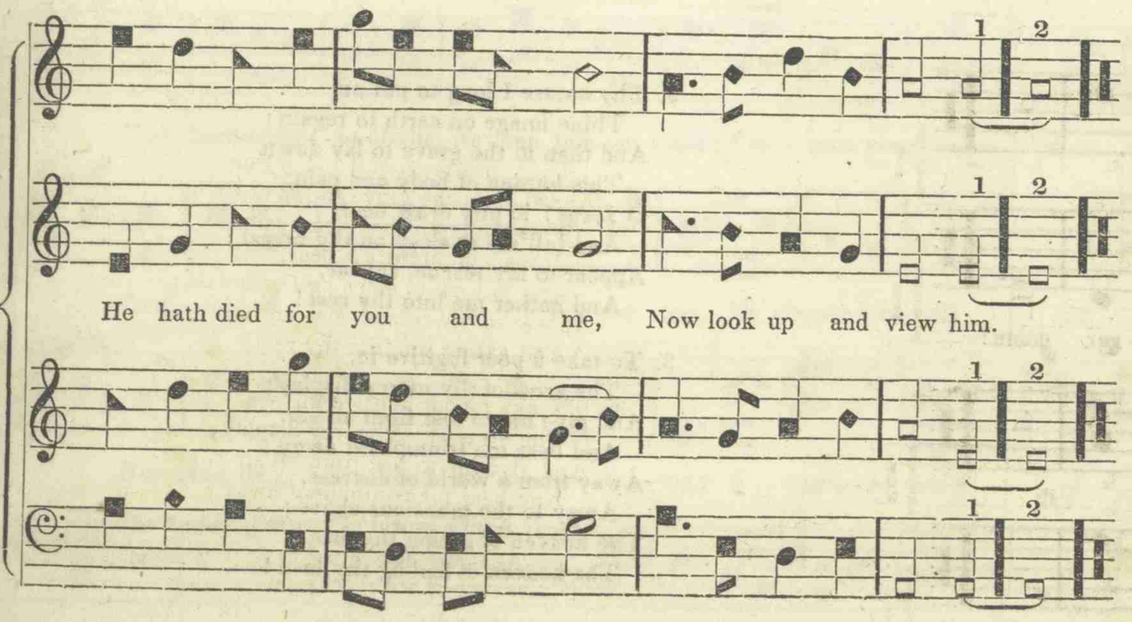

4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose,
That awaits not the time when the Winter wind blows,
But hasteth away on the Autumn's quick gale,
And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on:
Thy charms have departed—thy glory is fled;
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The lot of all living—mortality's doom:
Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.

7. "Who, who would live always away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"



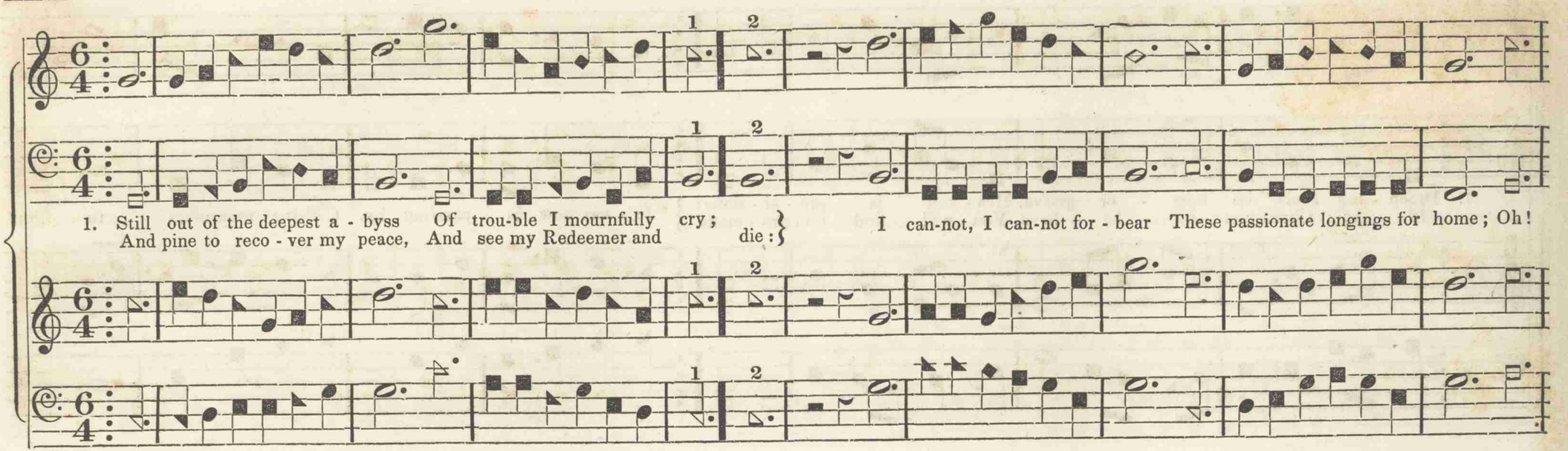



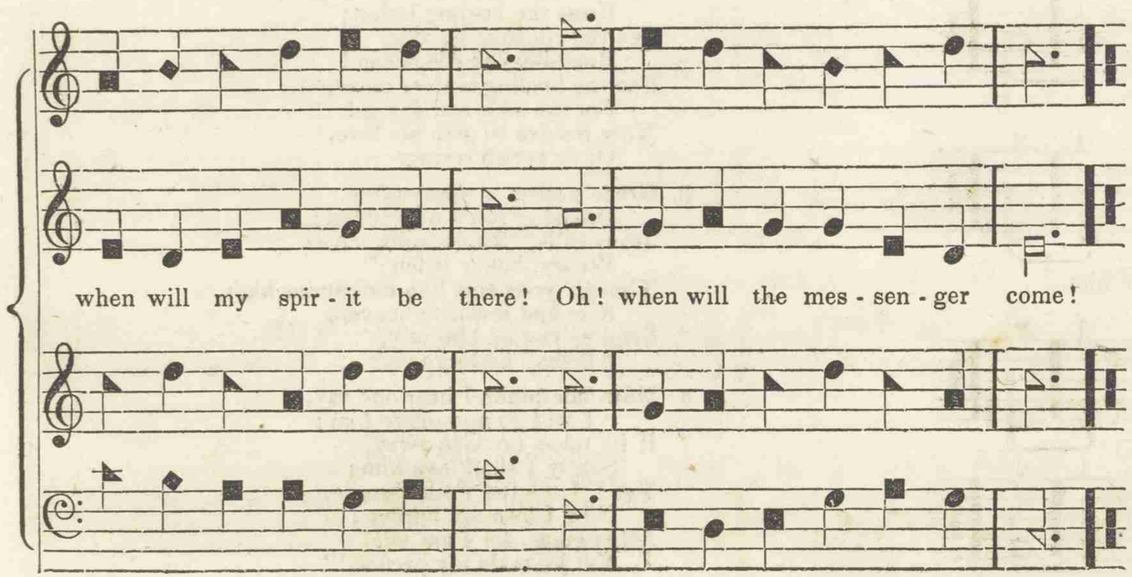

2. From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion;
See the consolating tide,
Boundless as the ocean!
See the healing waters move,
For the sick and dying!
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3. Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,—
Weary, heavy laden:"
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4. Now methinks I hear one say,
"I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him;
Yes! I see the Father smile,
Now I lose my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon!"

# MOURNER. 8s D.



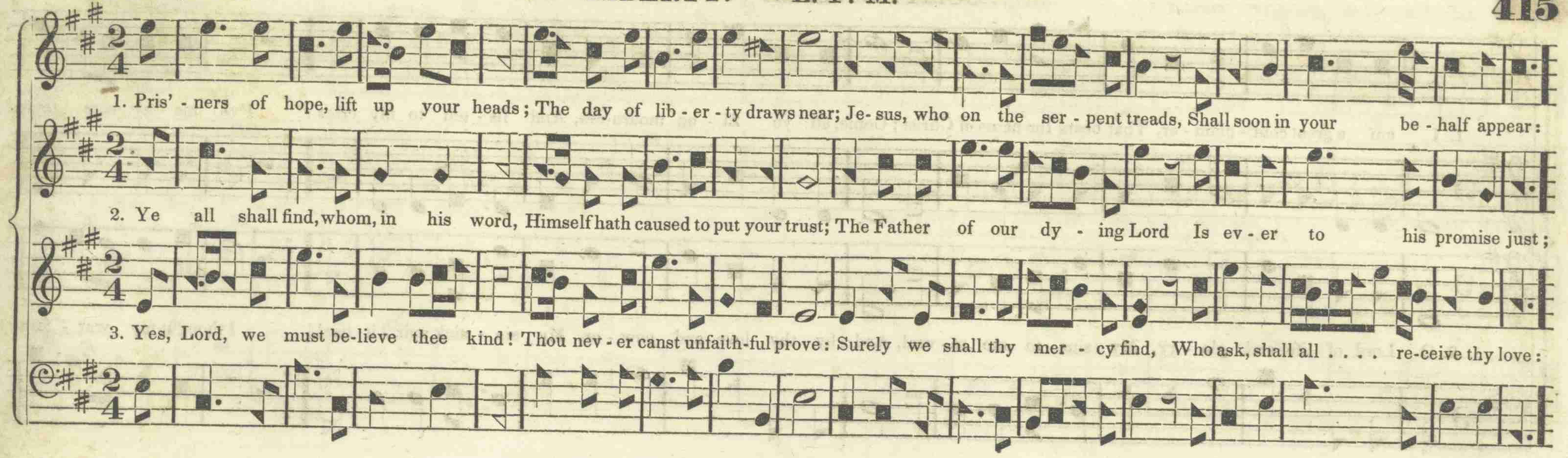



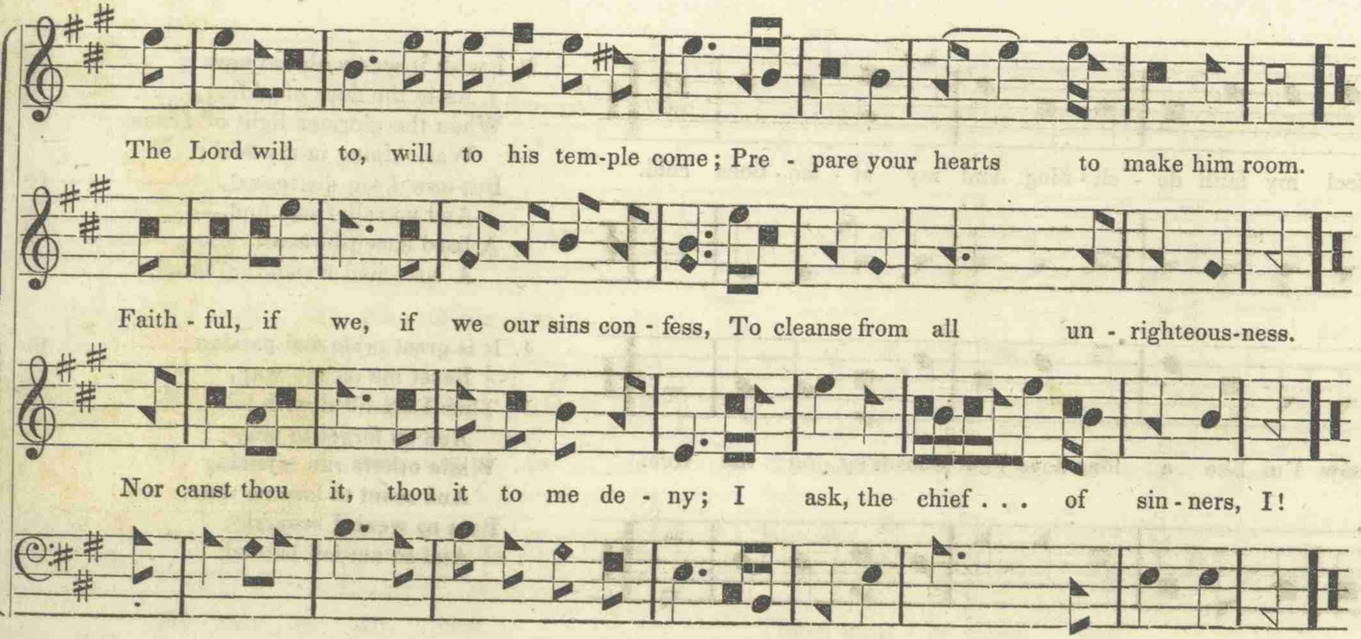

2. Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of body and pain.
O Jesus! in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast:
Appear to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into thy rest!

3. To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display;
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love!

## LIBERTY. L. P. M.






4. O ye, of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end—in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,—
Ye cannot fail, if God is love!

5. Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold!
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6. Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou died'st, and couldst not die in vain.

7. Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and pow'r,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings,
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

# COMPLAINER. 7s & 6s.

Parts by Wm. Houser.

1. I am a great com - plain - er, That bears the name of Christ; Come, all ye Zi - on mourn-ers, And lis - ten to my cries: I've ma - ny sore temp-

2. O Lord of life and glo - ry, My sins to me re - veal, And by thy love and pow - er, My sin - sick spir - it heal! I thought my war - fare

ta - tions, And sor-rows to my soul; I feel my faith de - cli - ning, And my af - fec - tions cold.

o - ver, No trou - ble I should see; But now I'm like a lone dove That mourns up - on the tree.

3. I wish it was with me now
As in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus
Was shining in my soul;
But now I am distressed,
And no relief can find,—
A hard deceitful heart, and
A wretched wandering mind.

4. It is great pride and passion
Beset me on my way,
Thus I am fill'd with folly,
And so forget to pray:
While others run rejoicing
And seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble,
And so am left behind.

English Tune.
Slow and solemn.

## WITHAM. L. P. M.

J. Fawcett. Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.



1. Mas - ter, I own thy law - ful claim, Thine, whol - ly thine, I long to be! Thou seest at last I will - ing am, Where'er thou goest to fol - low

*Pia.* *For.* *F.F.*

My - self in all Thine, whol - ly thine, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.

thee; My - self in all things to de - ny, to live and die, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.

My - self in all things to de - ny, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.

My - self in all, *Inst.* Thine, whol - ly thine, *Inst.* Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.

## MORGAN. C. M.

With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, . . . . Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And

wa - ters veil the sky. He sends, &c. He sends his showers of blessings down, To cheer the plains . . . . . below; He

He sends, &c. To cheer the plains be - low, To cheer, &c.

He sends his showers of blessings down, . . . . . To cheer the plains be - low, To cheer, &c. He

He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, He makes, &c.

makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, . . . He makes, &c.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, He makes, &c.

makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, . . . . He makes, &c.

crown, He makes the grass the moun - - - - - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, And corn, &c.

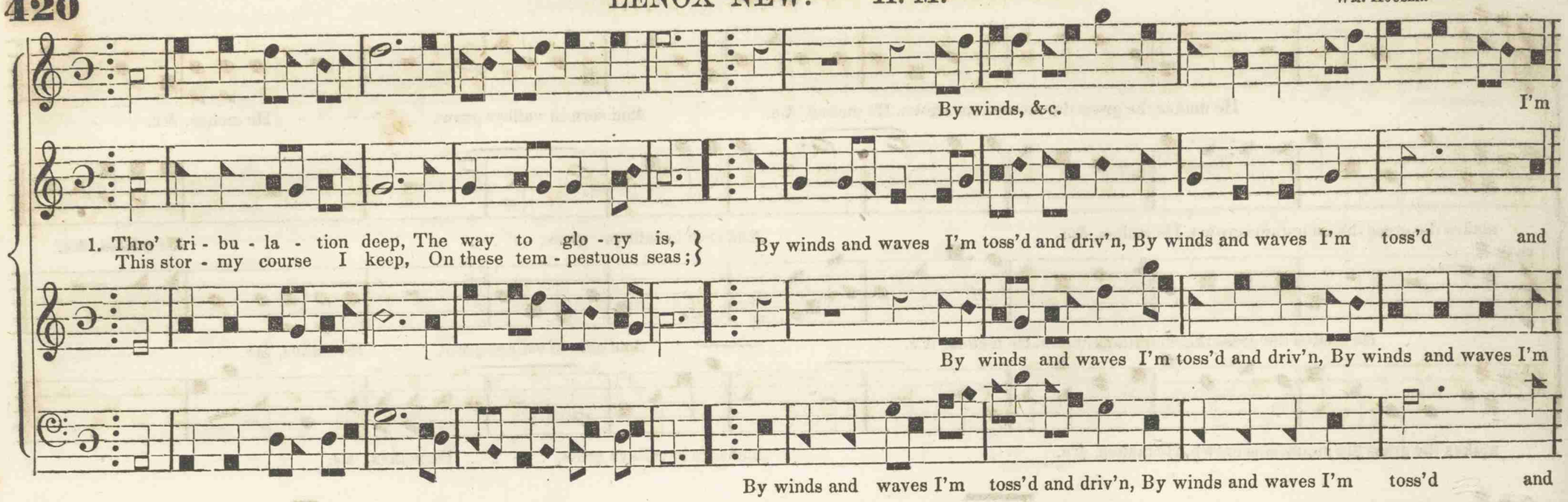
mountains crown, . . . He makes the grass the moun - - - - - - - tains crown, And corn, &c.

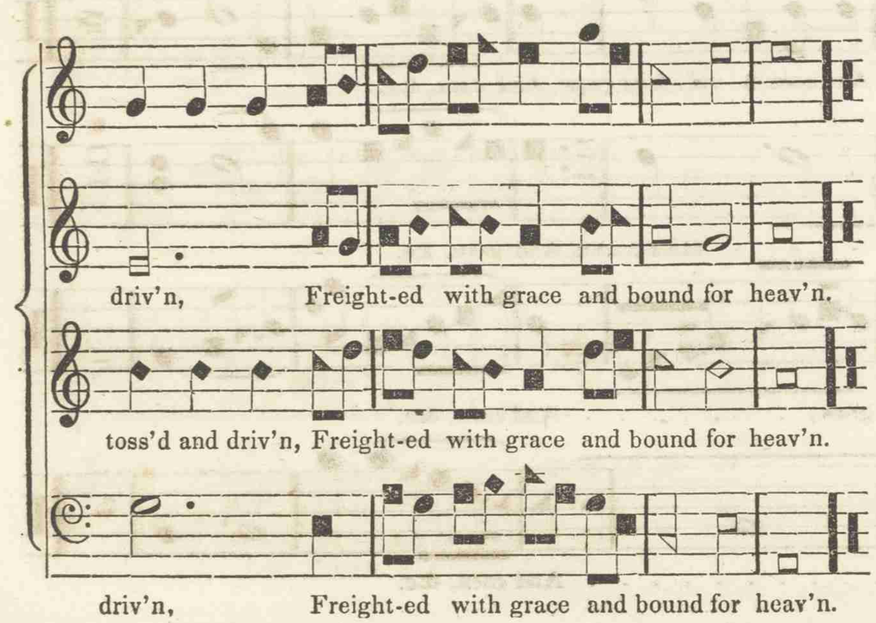
He makes, &c. And corn in val - leys grow, . . . . . And corn, &c.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, . . . . . And corn, &c.

# LENOX NEW. H. M.

WM. HOUSER.




2. Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in,
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3. When I, in my distress,
My anchor-hope can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast:
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4. If a dead calm ensues,
And heav'n no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
And tug, and toil, and strive;
Thro' storms and calms, for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5. But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

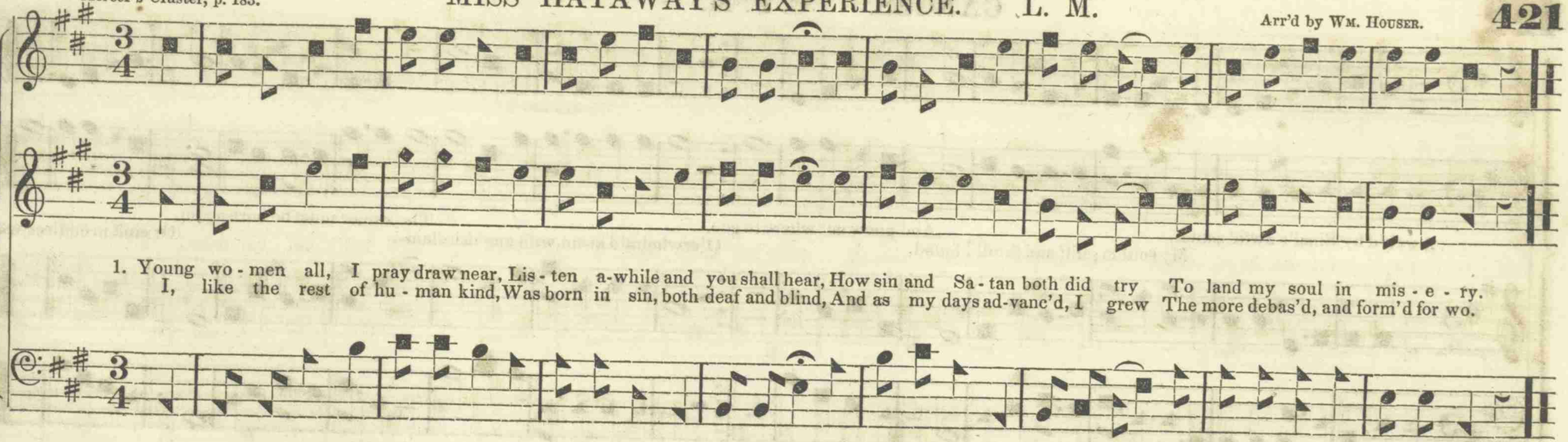
6. Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I, in the night,
Behold the moon or star;
Sometimes for days, and weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7. As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, FAITH, I take,
To view my CHRIST, my sun,
If he the clouds should break:
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8. The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

# MISS HATAWAY'S EXPERIENCE. L. M.






2. No greater crimes did I commit
Than thousands do delight in yet;—
That heinous crime, call'd civil mirth,
God threatens with his dreadful wrath.
I oftentimes to church did go,
My beauty and fine clothes to show;
About my soul I took no thought,
Christ and his grace to me were nought.

3. Full eighteen years around did roll,
Before I thought of my poor soul;
Which makes me shudder while I think
How near I stood upon the brink!
At length I heard a Baptist preach,
His words into my heart did reach;
He said, "You must be born again,
Or heav'n you never can obtain."

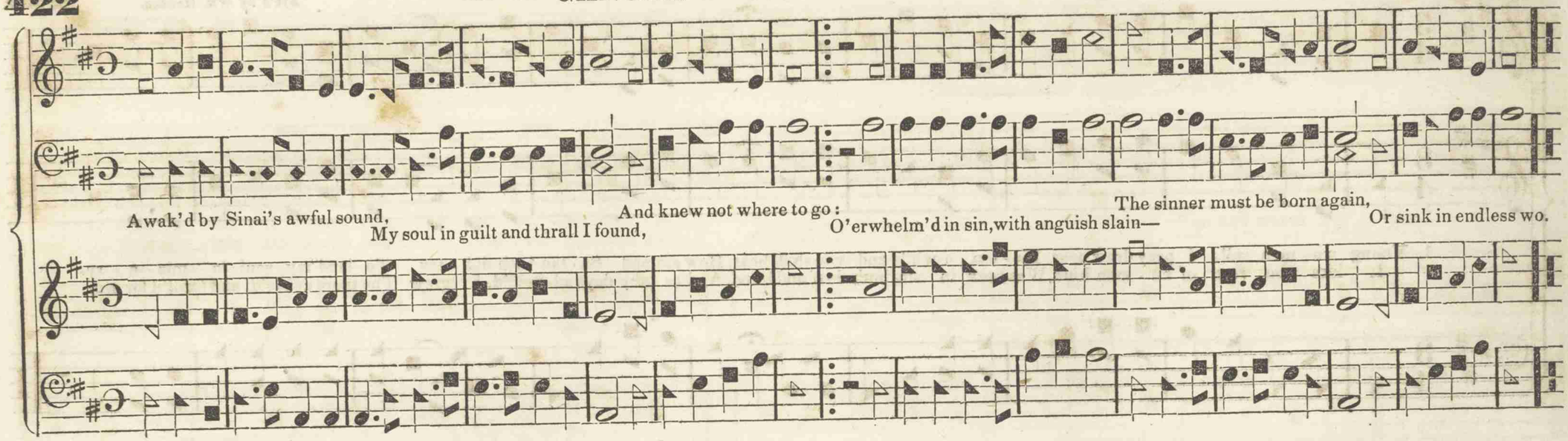
4. To keep the law I then was bent,
But found I fail'd in ev'ry point;
The law appear'd so just and true
Not one good duty could I do.
In silent watches of the night,
I went in secret, where I might,
Upon my knees, pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief.

5. My uncle said, "Don't look so dull,
Come go with me to yonder ball;
I'll dress you up in silk most fine,
And make you heir of all that's mine."
Dear uncle, that will never do,
It only will augment my wo;
Nor can I think true bliss to win,
If I shall still add sin to sin.

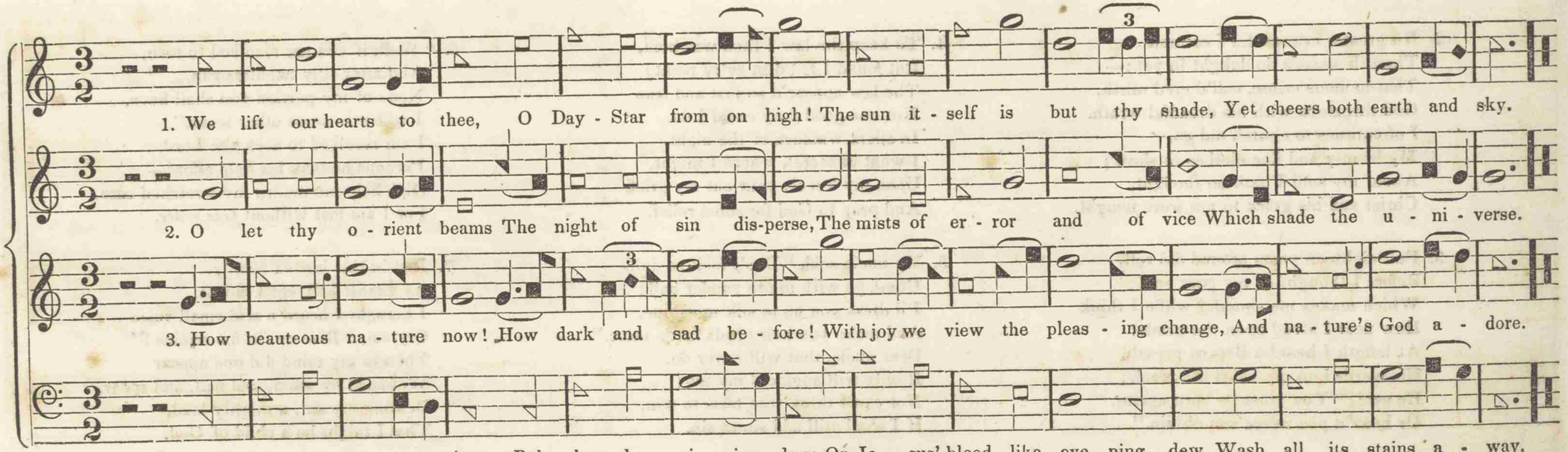
6. "Well, if you are resolved to turn,
And after silly babblers run,
None of my portion you shall have,
I will it to some other leave."
I am resolved to seek the Lord,
Perhaps he may his help afford—
Oh! help me mourn my wretched case,
For I am lost without *free grace*.

7. Just in this last extremity,
As almost helpless I did lie,
I thought I heard a still small voice
Cry out, "Rise up, in me rejoice!"
Then to my mind did one appear
Wounded by whip, and nail, and spear,
Bearing my sin, a mighty load,
That I might be a child of God.

## GANGES. C. P. M.




## NINETY-THIRD. S. M.



I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler

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

## ANTICIPATION. C. P. M.

Parts arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

## SAINTS' REPOSE. L. M. D.

HALL.

Death is a calm and sweet re - pose,—The bud was spread to show the rose;—The cage was broke to let us fly, And build our hap-py nests on high.

Then

Then said I, Oh! to mount a - way, And leave this clog of hea - vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the

Then said I, Oh! to mount a - way, And leave this clog of hea-vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That

Then said I, Oh! to mount a - way, And leave this clog of hea-vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the songs on high,

said I, Oh! to mount a-way, And leave this clog of hea - vy clay! Let wings of time more swift - ly fly, That I may join the songs on high, Let

songs on high, Let wings of time more swift - ly fly, That I may join the songs on high.

I may join the songs on high, That I may join the songs on high.

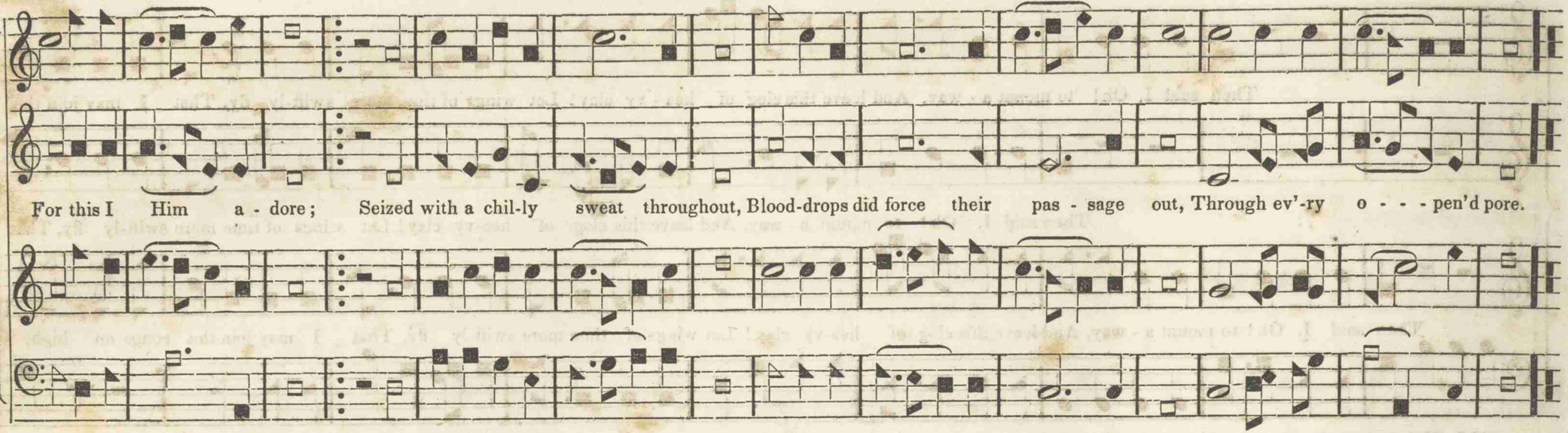
Let wings of time more swift - ly fly, That I may join the songs on high. . . . .

wings of time more swift - ly fly, That I may join the songs on high. . . . . .

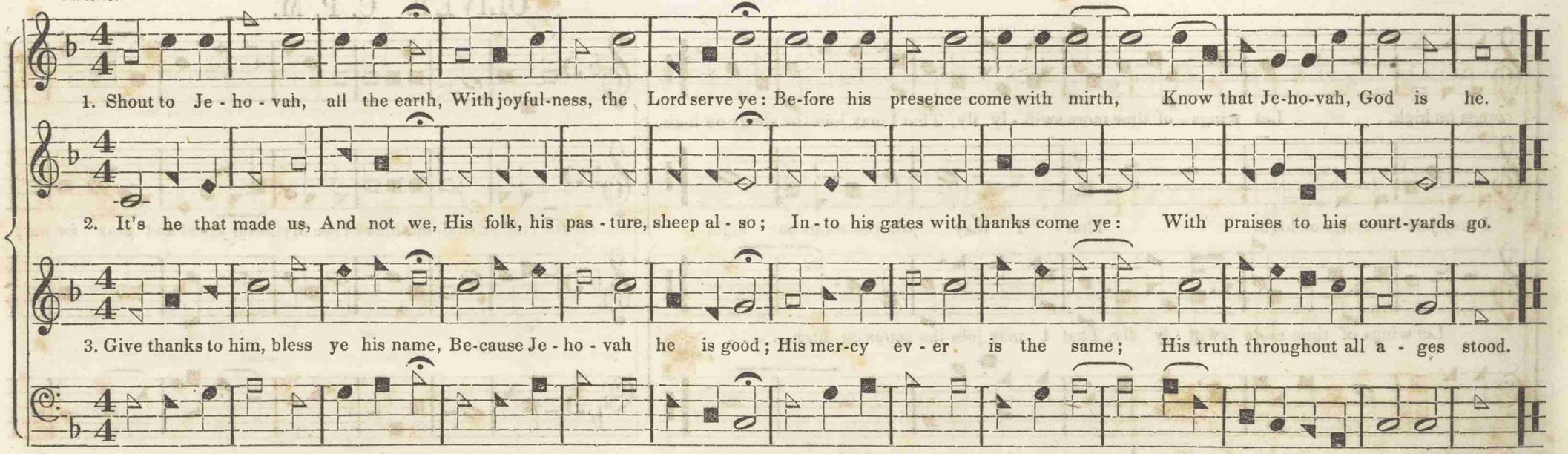
## OLIVET. C. P. M.

On the cold ground, methinks I see My Jesus kneel and pray for me;

## OLIVET. *Concluded.*




## DE BEZA. L. M.*

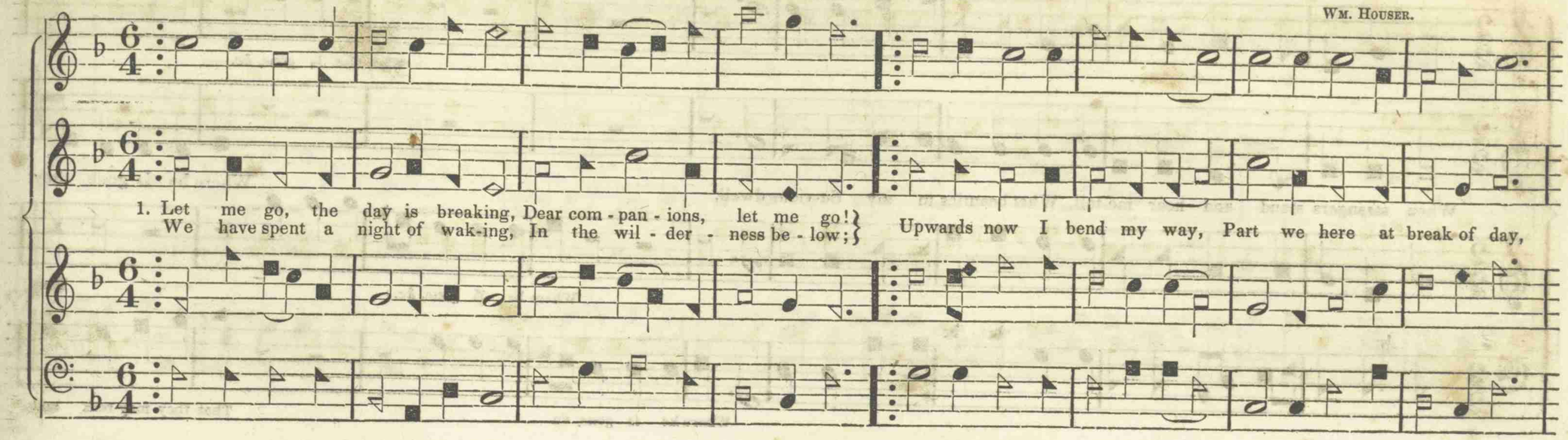


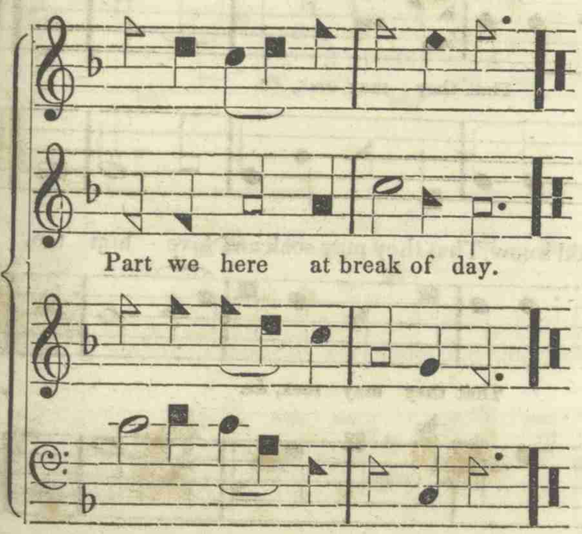

* This melody is taken almost literally from Clement Marot and Theodore De Beza's French translation of the Psalms, first published at Geneva, in 1543. The words are from the "New England Version" of the Psalms, first published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. See "Hood's History of Music in New England."

# BREAK OF DAY. 8s & 7s, Peculiar.

*And he said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh."*—Gen. xxii. 26.

WM. HOUSER.




2. Let me go; I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait, my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.

3. We have travel'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
While I sigh "Farewell!" to you,
Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

4. 'Tis not darkness gath'ring round me,
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

5. Heav'n's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—come and see.

## BUCKFIELD. L. M.

MAXIM.

Where he is gone, &c.

When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Sa-viour dwell,

Where he is gone they

Where he is gone, &c.

That

Where he is gone, &c.

That they may seek and

That they may seek, &c.

Where he is gone, &c.

That they may seek, &c.

fain would know,

That they may seek and love him too,

Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

they may seek, &c.

That they may seek, &c.

Where he is gone, &c.

That they may seek, &c.

love him too,

That they may seek, &c.

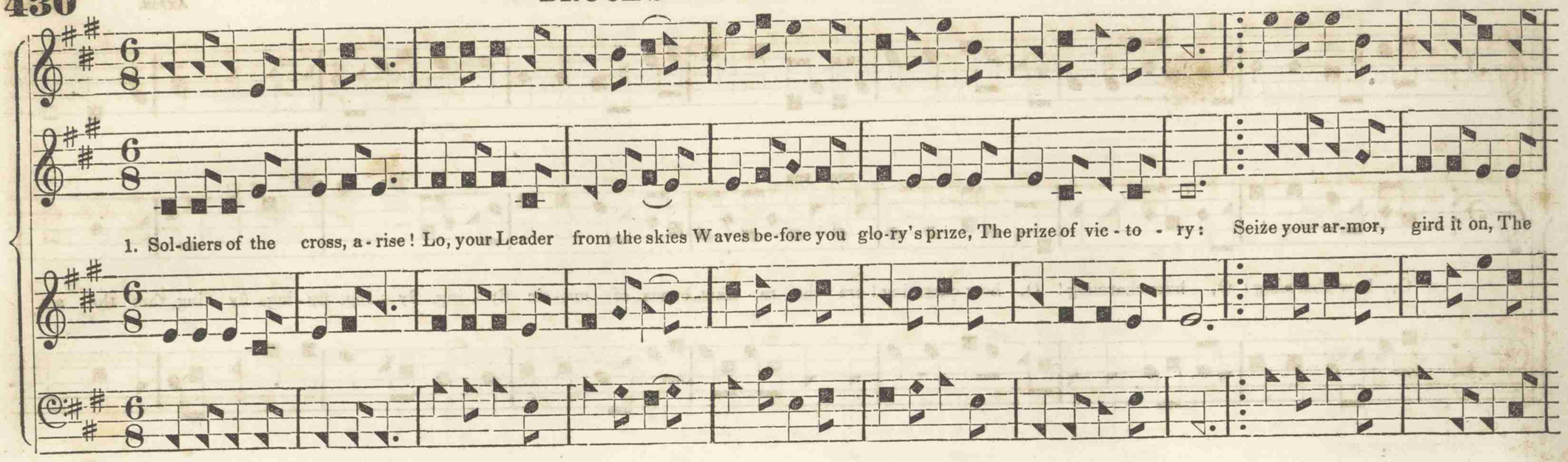
O, how charming! O, how charming! O, how charming! are the ra - diant bands of mu - sic fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing, thro' the air,

*The church tri - umph-ant gives the tone, While they sur-round the ho - ly throne, With the ce - les - tial arts; An-gel - ic ar - mies tune their harps.
And rap-tur'd ser - aphs play their parts, Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Re - deem-er's birth; Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Redeemer's birth.

* These words are badly adapted to this tune.

# BRUCE'S ADDRESS. 7s & 6s.

Parts arr'd by W. HOUSER.




2. Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt or who will fear?
"God our strength and shield" is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3. Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain;
And walk among that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

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

Then let your songs, &c. We're Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be

Then let your songs a - bound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching, &c.

Then let your songs abound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're marching, &c. To

marching thro' Emanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, We're, &c. We're, &c. We're march - - - - - - - - - - ing thro'

dry; We're marching, &c. We're marching, &c. To fairer worlds on high, We're marching, &c. We're marching, &c. To fairer, &c.

To fair - er worlds on high, We're, &c. We're, &c. We're, &c. Were march - - - - - - - - - - ing thro', We're, &c.

fairer worlds on high, We're marching, &c. We're, &c. We're march - - - - - - - ing thro', &c. We're, &c.

Air.

## BANNOCKBURN. 3 lines 7s & 2 lines 5s.

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! Strong Cre - a - tor, Sa-viour mild,

2. Thron'd a-bove ce - les - tial things, Lord of lords, and King of kings; Je - sus, hear and save! Soon to come to earth a-gain,
Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings,

Hum-bled to a mor - tal child, Captive, beat-en, bound, re-vil'd; Je - sus, hear and save!

Judge of an - gels and of men, Hear us now, and hear us then; Je - sus, hear and save!

## HOREB. 7s & 6s.

Wolff, of Switzerland.

1. Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail

2. He comes with succor speedy, To those who suffer wrong; To

3. For him shall prayer un-ceas-ing And dai-ly vows as-cend; His

in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the pris'-ner free; To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui-ty.

help the poor and nee-dy, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sighing, Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Their darkness turn to light, Were precious in his sight.

kingdom still in-creas-ing, A king-dom with-out end: The tide of time shall nev-er His name shall stand for ev-er—
His cov-e-nant re-move; That name to us is LOVE.

## MOUNT HOR. 6,7,6.

1. The day of the Lord—the day of sal-va-tion,
The day of his wrath and dire in-dig-na-tion
Is swift-ly coming on;—It sure-ly will appear; And you and I must meet it With ec-sta-sy or fear.

2. He'll come in the clouds—the an-gels a-round him!
The saints shall be bold—and nothing con-found them,
But sinners then will rise; Their looks will ful-ly tell Their fearful ex-pec-ta-tion Of ban-ish-ment to hell.

3. The Judge to his bar will sum-mon all na-tions,
The liv-ing and dead of all gen-er-a-tions:
The good and bad shall then Be-fore his throne appear, And stand in awful ter-ror, Their fi-nal doom to hear!

4. The saints shall be blest, and taken to heaven,
The wicked, accurs'd, to hell shall be driven,
Where they shall fully feel
The vengeance of the Lord,
And weep and howl to see him,
With his avenging sword.

5. But all the redeemed, in high elevation,
Will sing a sweet song in sweet exultation!
O how will God delight
To hear them while they sing,
And give Him all the glory,
As their eternal King!

6. O may I be there—Lord, count not this rudeness!
O let me be there, to tell of thy goodness!
And then I shall but be
Just where I now *would* be,
Delightfully ascribing
The glory all to THEE!

## MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

There is a house not made with hands, E-ter-nal, and on high, And here my spirit wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

And here my

And here my spir-it wait - ing

And here my spirit wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly, And here, &c. Till God, &c. fly . .

And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God, &c. fly . . . . fly . . . .

spirit wait - ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God, &c. fly . . . . . fly . . . fly . . .

stands, Till God shall bid it fly, . . . . . And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God, &c. fly, . . . . . fly . . . fly . .

## MOUNT PLEASANT. *Concluded.*

fly . . . . . fly . . . . . fly . . . Till God shall bid it fly.

fly . . . . . Till God shall bid it fly . . . . . And here my waiting spi - rit stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

fly . . . . fly . . . fly . . . . . fly . . . . . .

. . . . . fly . . . . fly.

## MIDNIGHT CRY. 7,6,7.

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

## HUNTINGDON. L. M. D.

MORGAN.

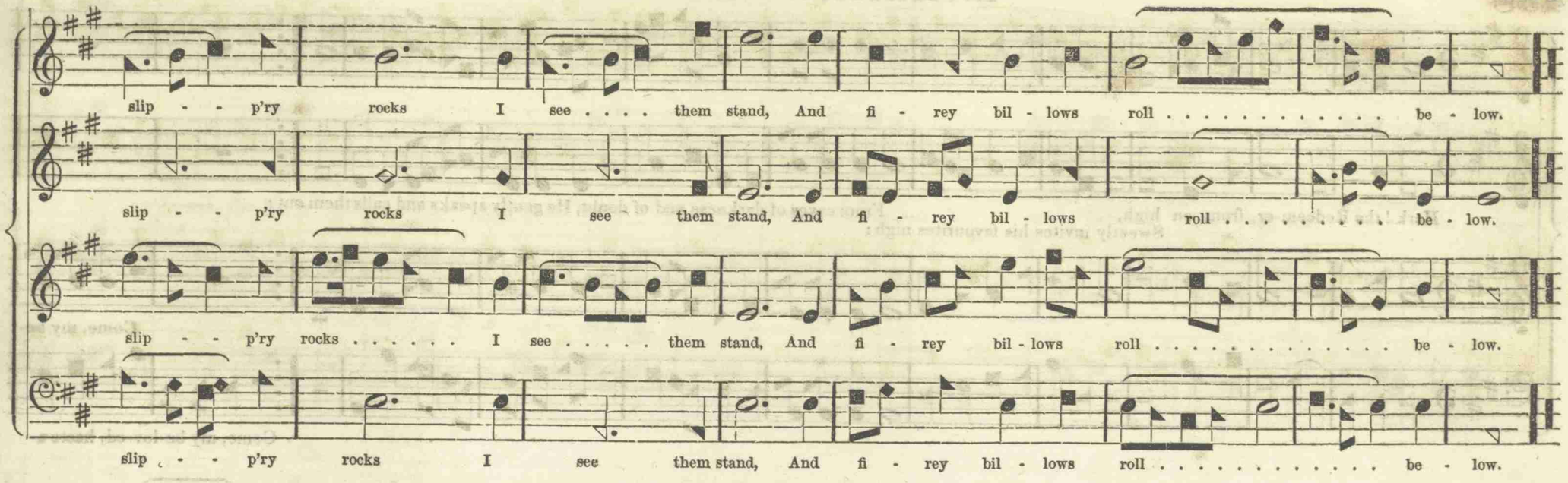
1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re-pine, To see the wick-ed plac'd on high, In pride and robes of hon - or

shine. But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On

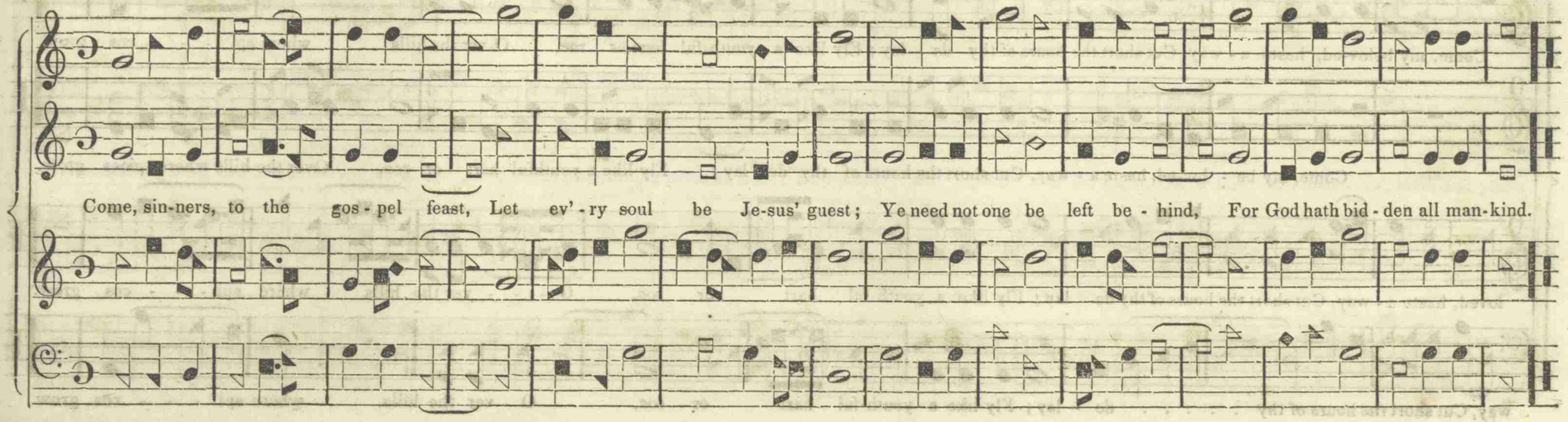
But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On

But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On

But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On




## PORTSMOUTH. L. M.

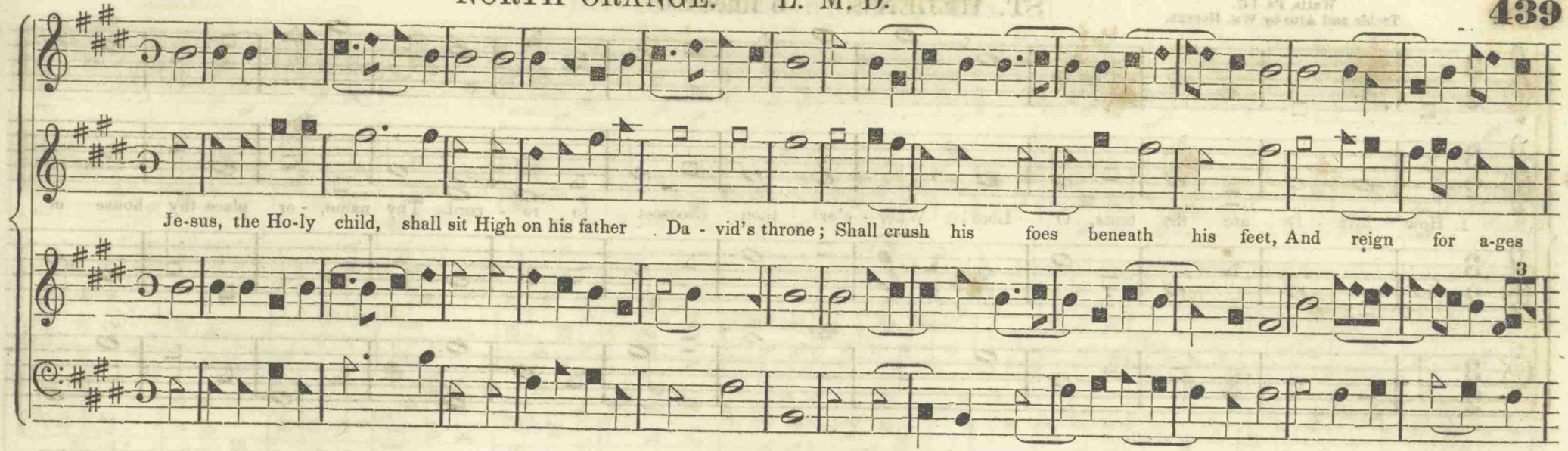


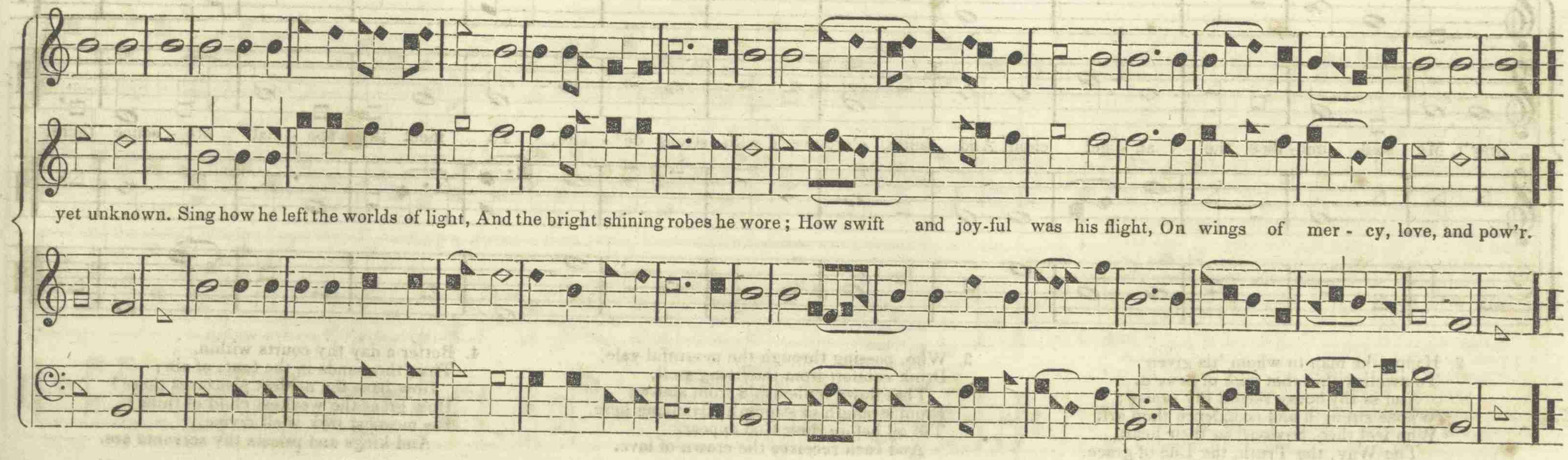
# INVITATION. L. M. D.

KIMBAL.

Hark! the Redeem-er, from on high, Sweetly invites his favourites nigh:
From caves of darkness and of doubt, He gently speaks and calls them out:
Come, my be-
Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-

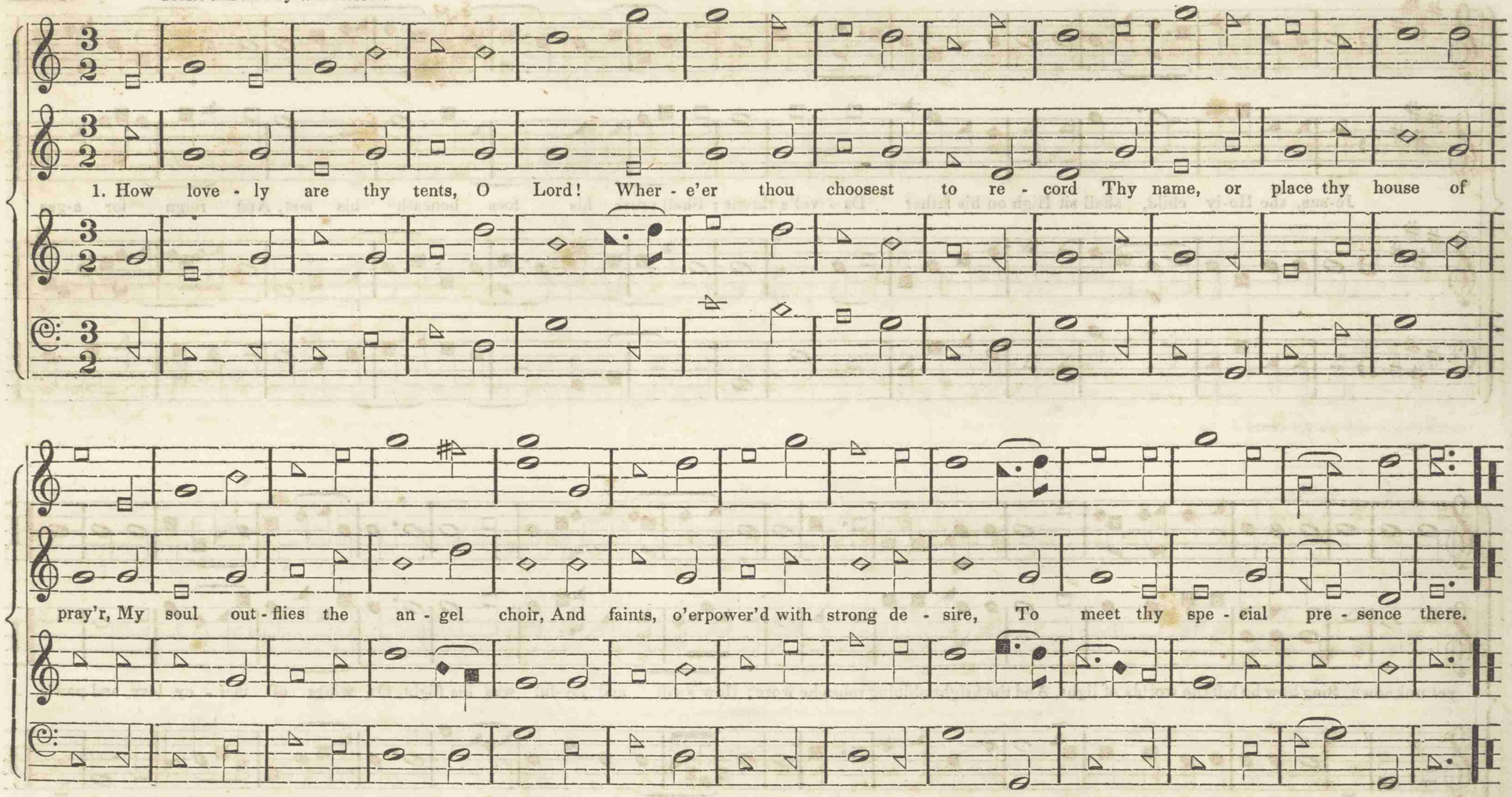
Come, my belov-ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youth-ful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spi - - - ces grow.
Come, my be - lov-ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow.
loved, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - - - ver the hills where spi - - - ces grow.
way, Cut short the hours of thy . . . . . de - lay; Fly like a youth-ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi - - - ces grow


Je-sus, the Ho-ly child, shall sit High on his father Da - vid's throne; Shall crush his foes beneath his feet, And reign for a-ges
3


yet unknown. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright shining robes he wore; How swift and joy-ful was his flight, On wings of mer - cy, love, and pow'r.

Watts, Ps. 147.
Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.

## ST. HELEN'S. 6 lines 8s.




2. Happy the man to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heav'n,
And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace.

3. Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
That flows replenish'd from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives the crown of love.

4. Better a day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin:
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are.

1. Come, all ye young people, of ev' - ry re - la - tion, Come, listen awhile, and to you I will tell,
How I was first call-ed to seek for sal - va - tion, Redemption in Jesus, who sav'd me from hell :} I was not yet sixteen, when Jesus first called me, To think of my soul and the state I was in ; I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus, Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

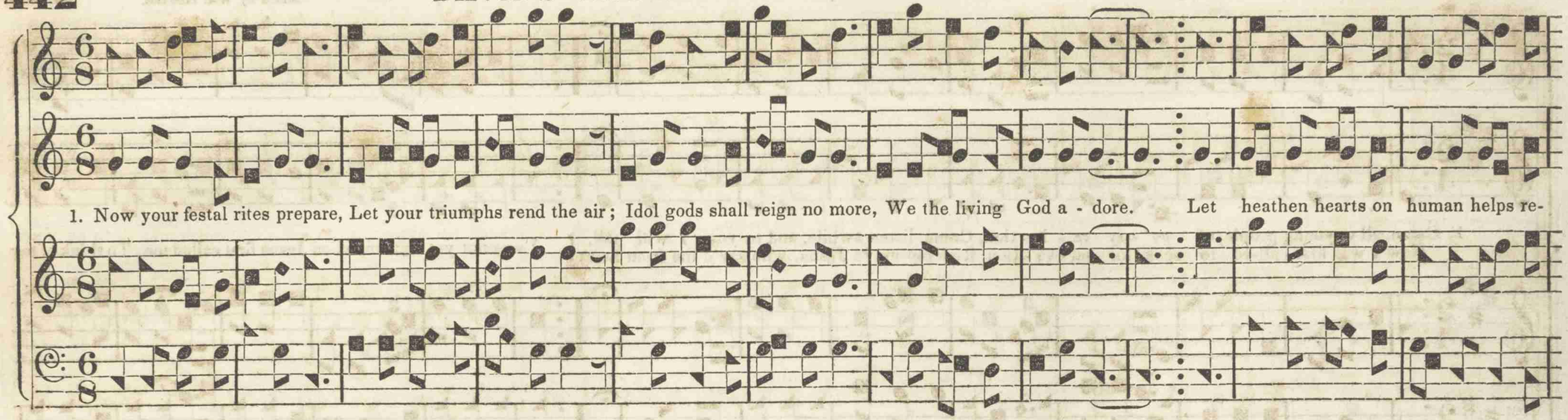
2. The Devil perceived that I was convinced,
And strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary before my ascension,
And wish that I had not so early begun :
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
That I was forsaken, or was reprobated,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

3. But glory to Jesus ! his love's not confined
To princes, nor men of a noble degree ;
His love flows most freely to all human creatures,
He died for poor sinners when nail'd to the tree.
And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelmed in sorrow and grief,
He drew near in mercy, look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief.

4. And now I've found favor in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey ;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.
So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you,
To leave off your follies and go with a friend—
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favor,
My days to his glory I'm now bound to spend.

## DAVID'S VICTORY. 7s & 10s.

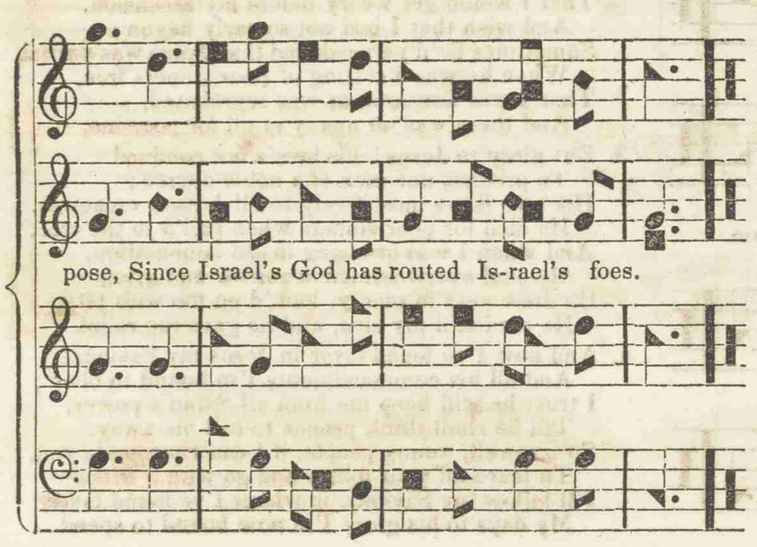
ROBT. BOYD.



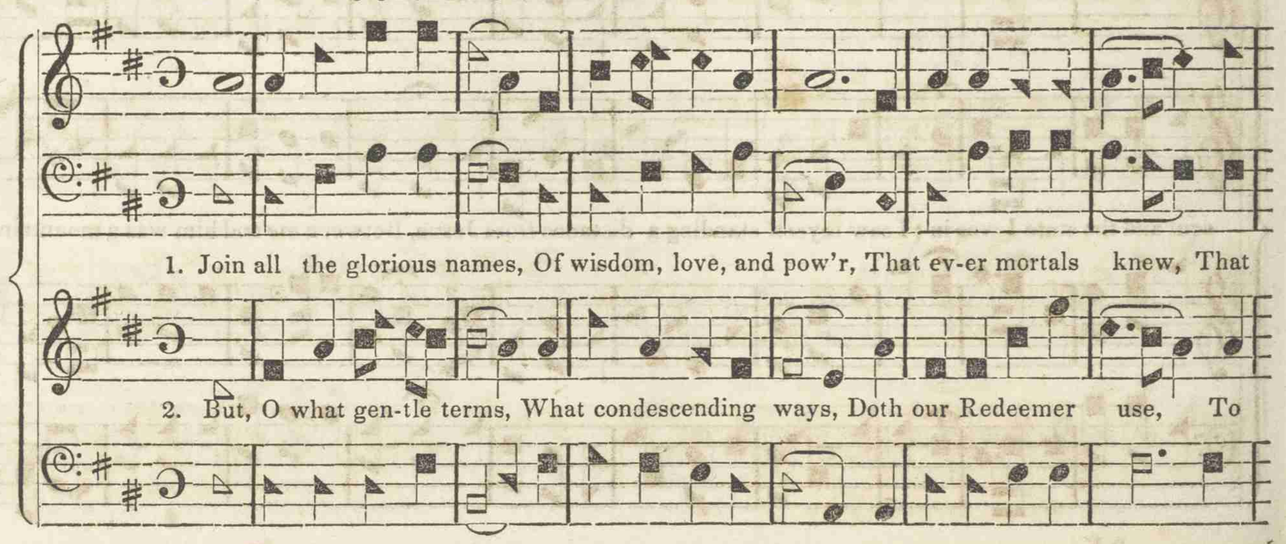

2. Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliath's overthrow;
Fallen, Philistia, is thy trust,
Dagon's honor laid in dust;
Who fears the Lord of glory need not fear
The brazen armor or the golden spear.

3. See the routed squadrons fly!
Hark! their clamors rend the sky;
Blood and carnage stain the field—
See the vanquish'd nations yield!
Dismay and terror fill the afflicted land,
While conqu'ring David routs the trembling band.

4. Lo! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thousands kill'd;
Lo! upon the sanguine plain,
David has ten thousands slain:
Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
While David's votaries tenfold triumphs swell.




## CONNECTICUT. H. M.



All are too mean, All are too mean, All are too mean, &c.

an-gels ev - er bore; All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set my Sa-viour forth.

teach his heavenly grace; Mine eyes with joy and won-der see, What forms of love he bears for me!

Mine eyes with joy and won - der see, . . . . . What forms, &c.

## WARRENTON. 8s & 7s.

Female Pilgrim. CHORUS.

1. Whither goest thou, Pilgrim stranger, Passing thro' this darksome vale! } I am bound for the kingdom, Hal-le - lu - jah! O hal-le - lu - jah!
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail? } Will you go to glo-ry with me?

2. PILGRIM thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide:
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a GUIDE.

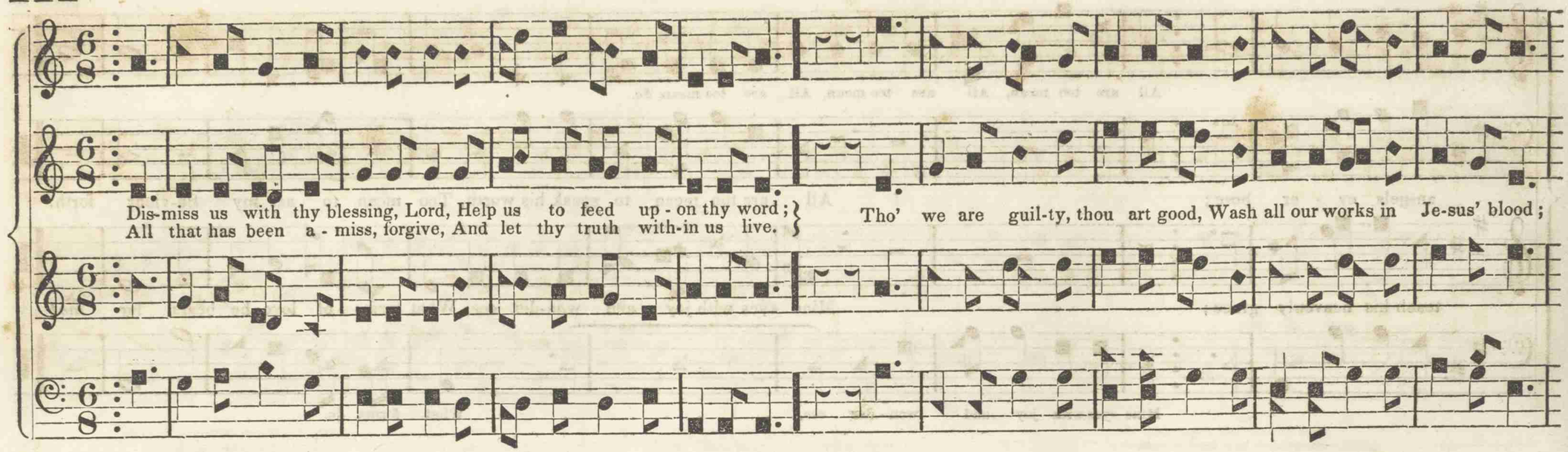
3. Such a Guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If a guardian pow'r befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

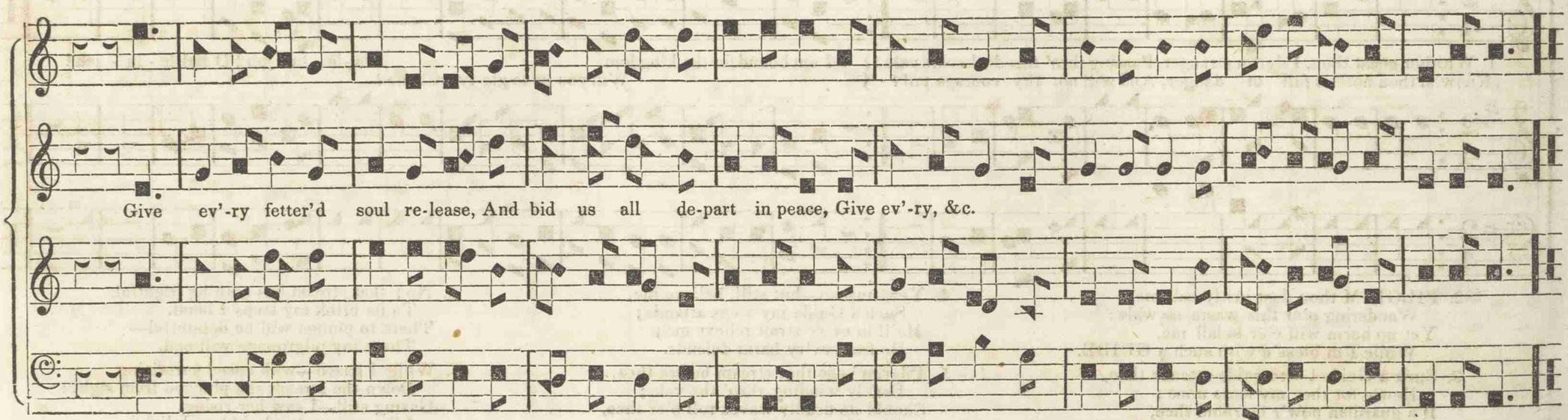
4. Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me;
He from ev'ry harm defends.

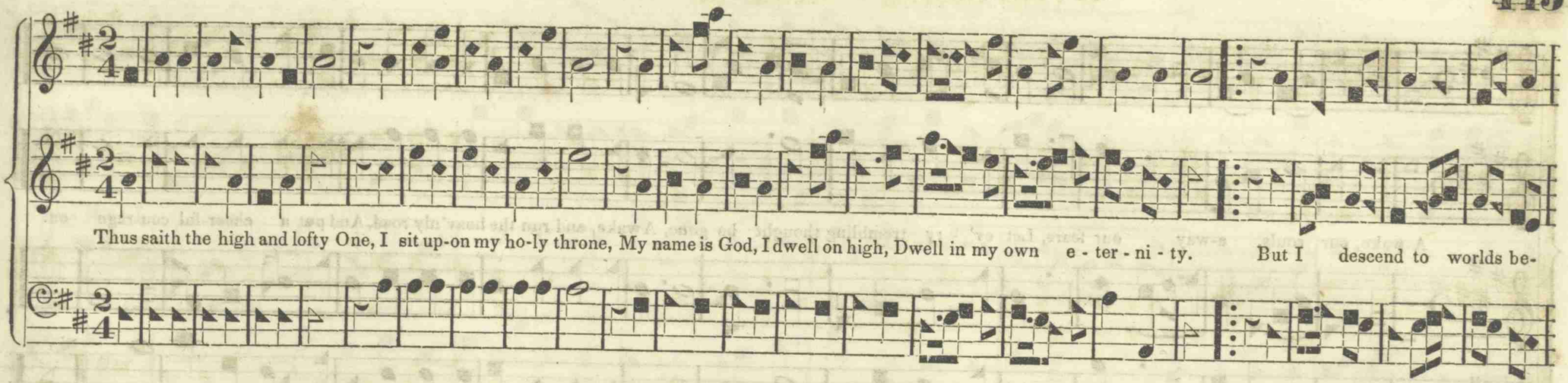
5. Pilgrim! see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding thro' the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?

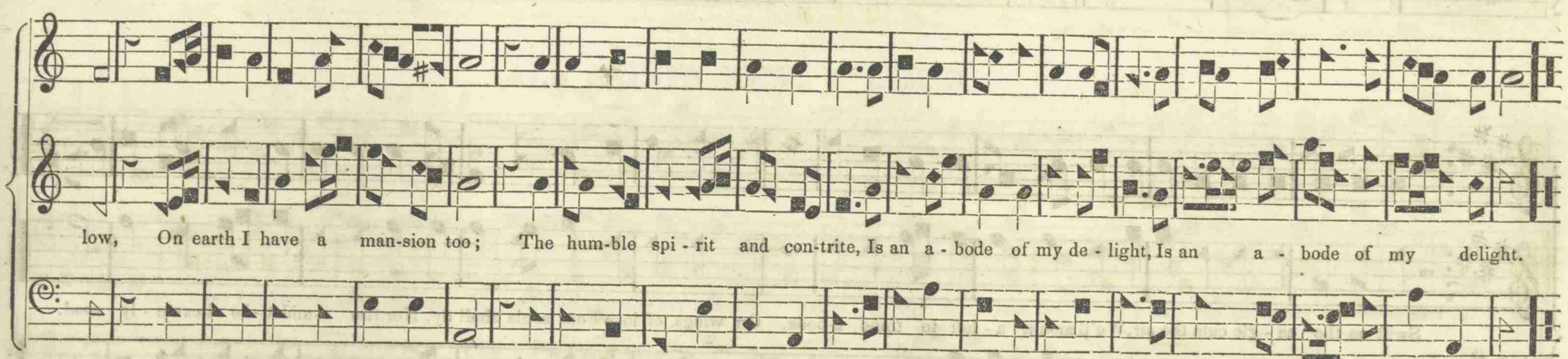
6. No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend,
There to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.

7. While I gazed—with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight:
Gazing still—I saw her rising,
Like an angel—cloth'd with light.


Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word;
All that has been a - miss, forgive, And let thy truth with-in us live.
Tho' we are guil-ty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Je-sus' blood;


Give ev'-ry fetter'd soul re-lease, And bid us all de-part in peace, Give ev'-ry, &c.




HYMN.

1. Thus saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.

2. "Then shall thy neighbor, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure, and rule thy love to him."

3. The substance this, that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove:
For want of this the law is broke:
The law demands a perfect love.

4. But O how base our passions are!
This holy law we can't fulfil:
Regenerate our souls, O Lord!
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

## SCOTLAND. L. M. D.

A-wake, our souls, a-way our fears, Let ev' - ry trembling thought be gone, Awake, and run the heav'nly road, And put a cheer-ful cou-rage on.

Swift as the ea - gle cuts the air, We'll mount a - loft to thine a-bode, On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a-midst the heav'n - ly road.

On wings, On wings of love our souls shall fly, . . . On wings, &c.

On wings of love, On wings of love our souls shall fly, . . . . . Nor tire a - midst the heav'nly road.

On wings of love our souls shall fly, On wings, &c.

our souls shall fly, On wings of love our souls shall fly, On wings, &c. Nor tire, &c.

## ALL SAINTS NEW. L. M. D.

HALL.

Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fear - less thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she

Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean my

pass'd. Je - sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft . . . as downy pillows are, While on his breast I

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

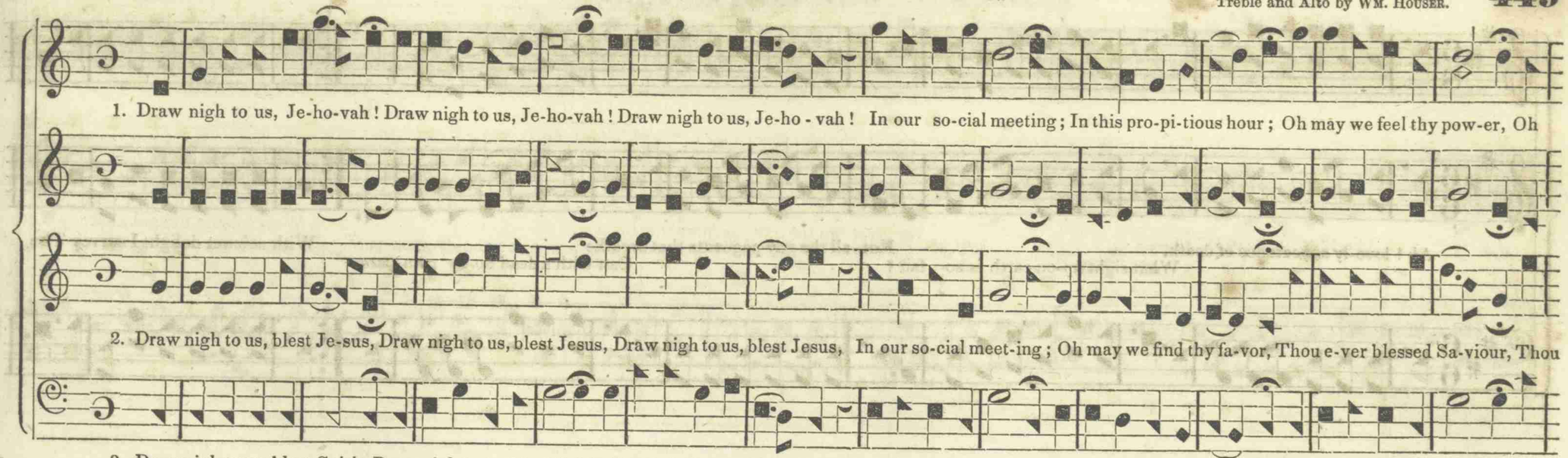
Je-sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my

head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

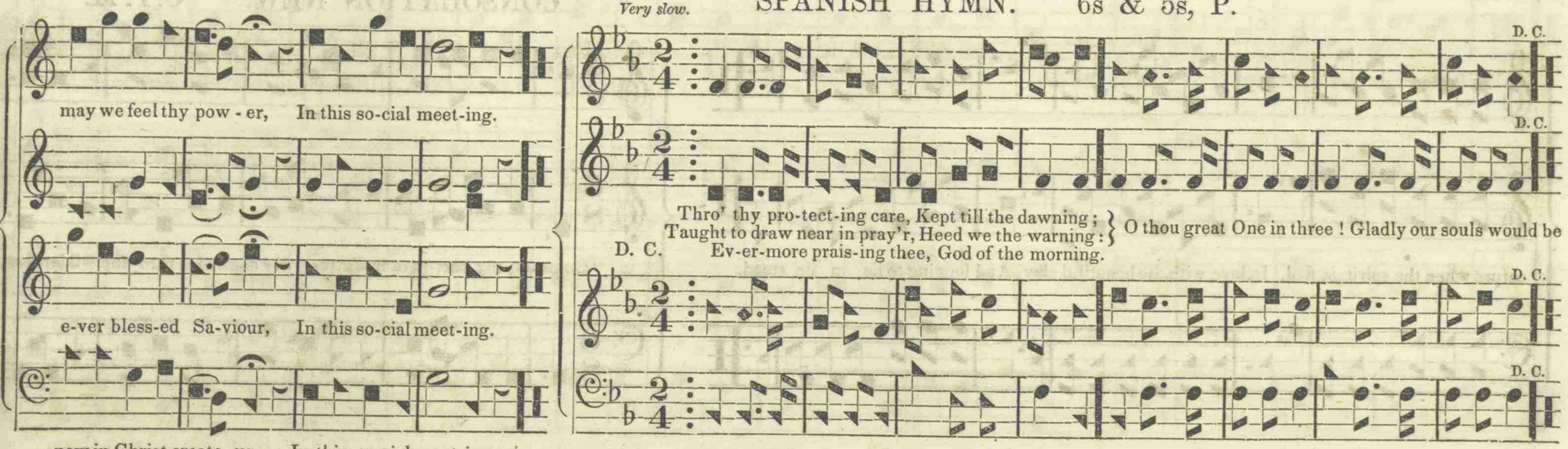
lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

sweet-ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

life out sweetly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

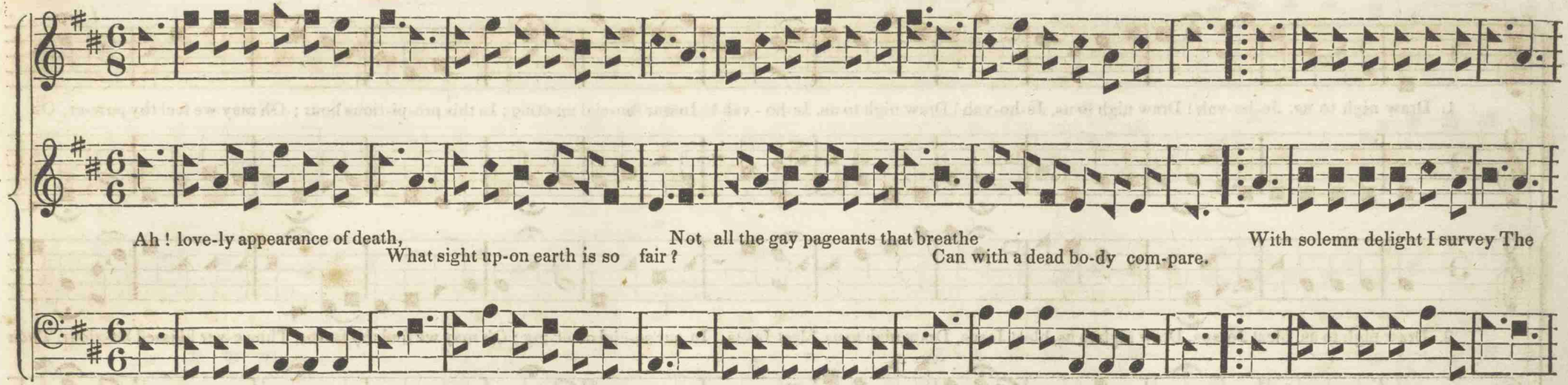



## SPANISH HYMN. 6s & 5s, P.

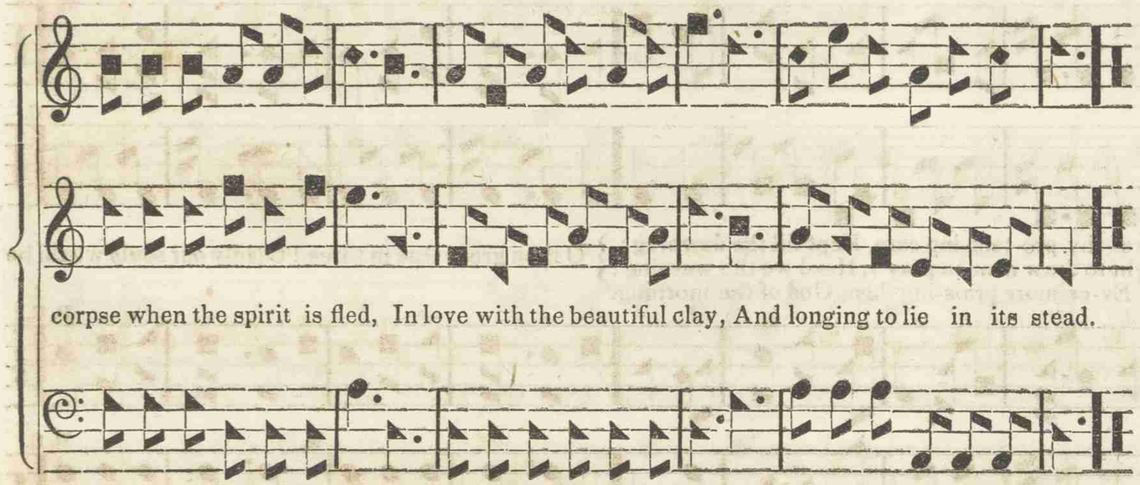


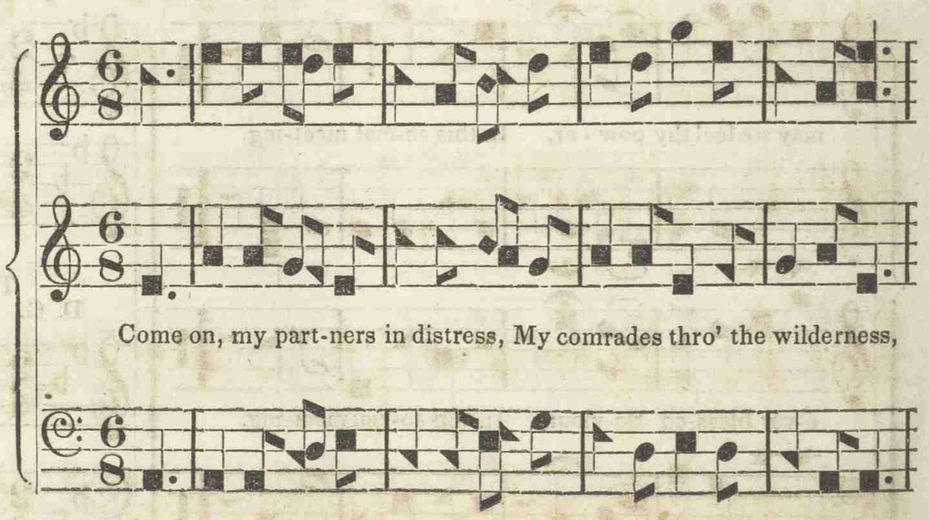
## ANNAPOLIS. 8 lines 8s.

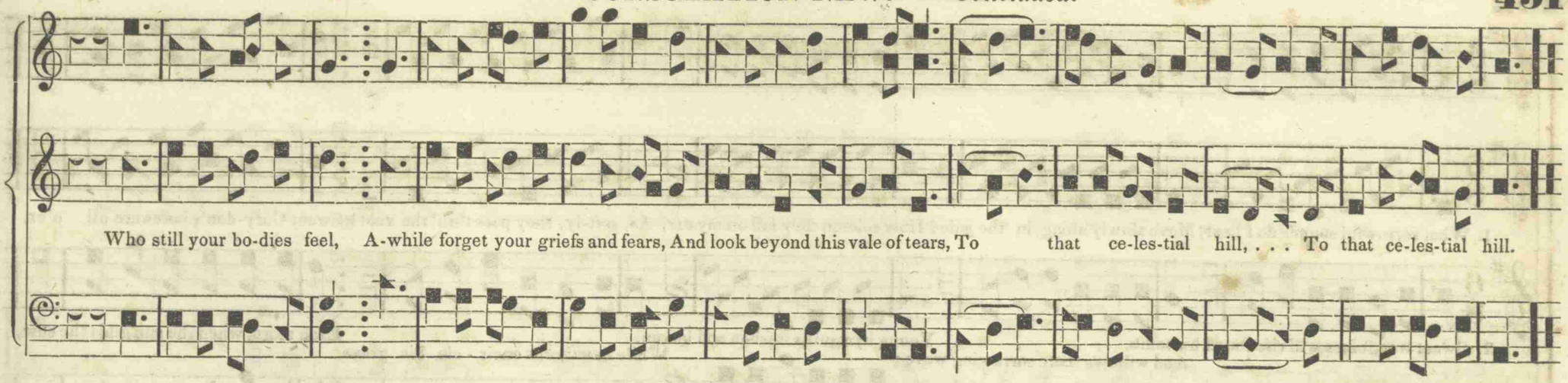
ELY.




## CONSOLATION NEW. C. P. M.

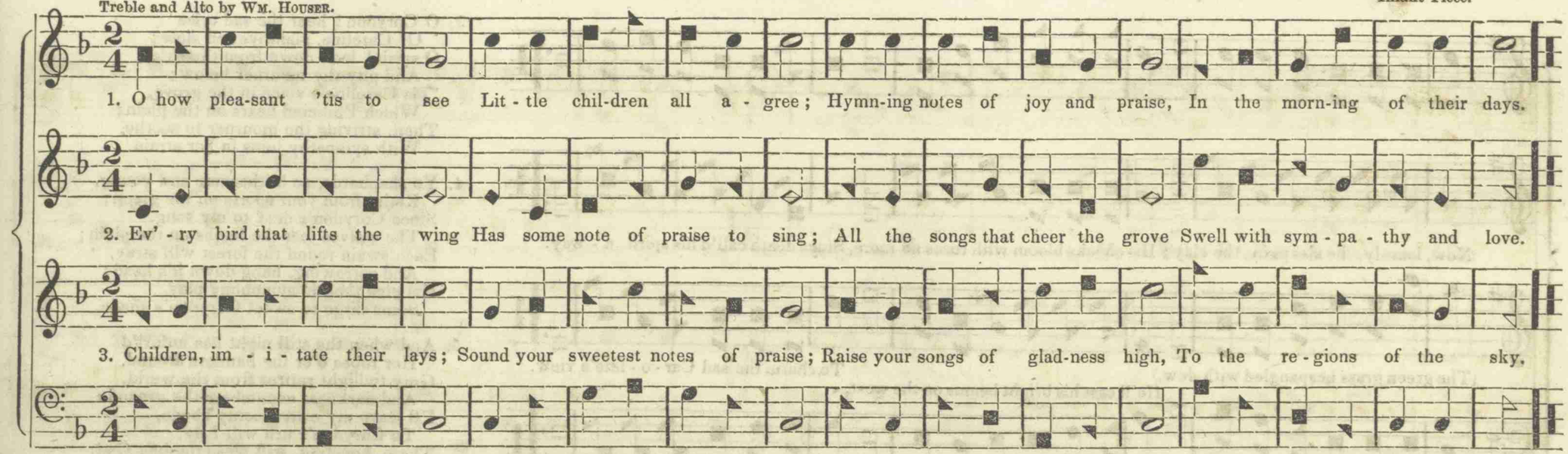





## O HOW PLEASANT. 7s.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser. Infant Piece.



# PASTORAL ELEGY. 8s.

1. What sorrowful sounds do I hear, Move slowly along in the gale? How solemn they fall on my ear, As, soft-ly, they pass thro' the vale! Sweet Cory-don's notes are all o'er,

2. Sweet woodbines will rise round his tomb, Young hyacinths freshen and bloom, Each morn, when the sun gilds the east,
And willows there sorrowing wave; While hawthorns encir - cle his grave.

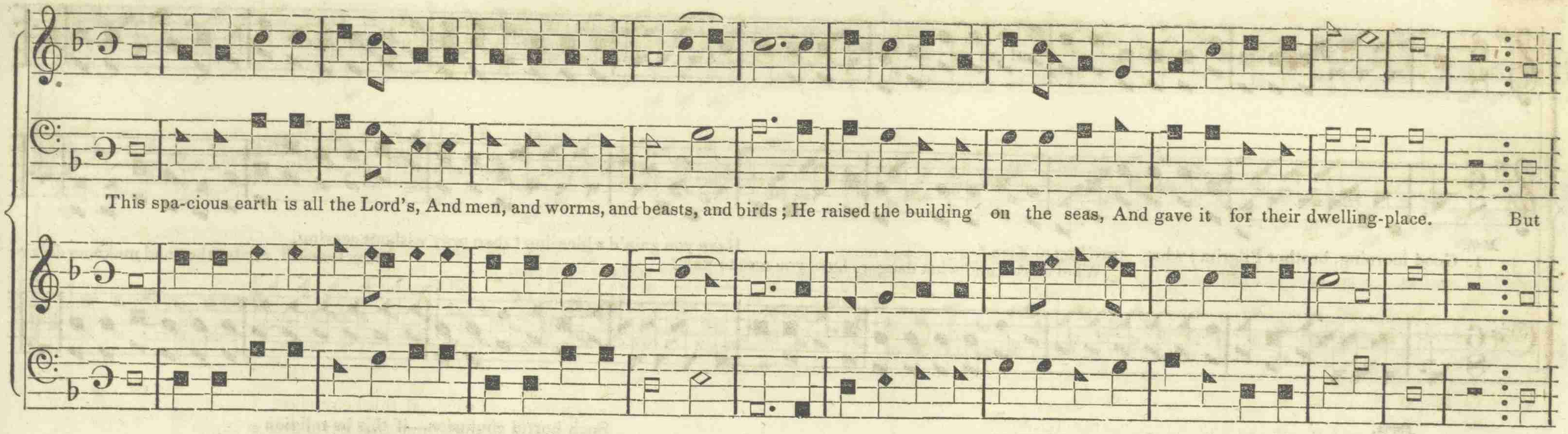
Now, lone-ly, he sleeps in the clay; His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since death call'd his spirit a - way.

(The green grass bespangled with dew,) To charm the sad Car - o - line's view.
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,

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

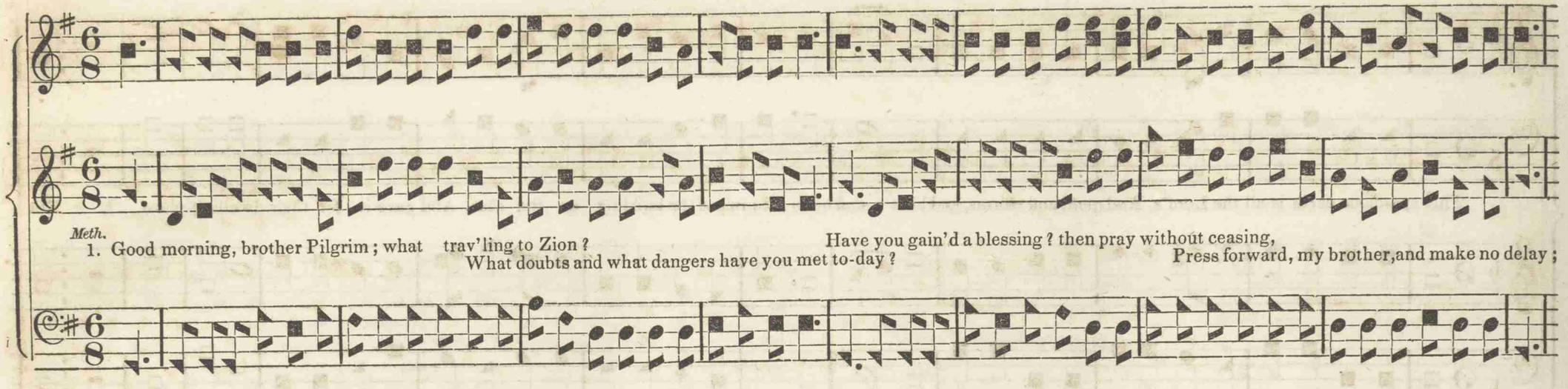
4. Ye shepherds, so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green;
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;
Each swain round the forest will stray,
And sorrowing, hang down his head;
His pipe then in symphony play
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

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


This spa-cious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds; He raised the building on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place. But
there's a bright-er world on high, Thy pal - ace, Lord, a - bove the sky; Who shall as - cend that blest a - bode, And dwell so near his Ma - ker, God?
1
2

# METHODIST AND FORMALIST. 12s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.



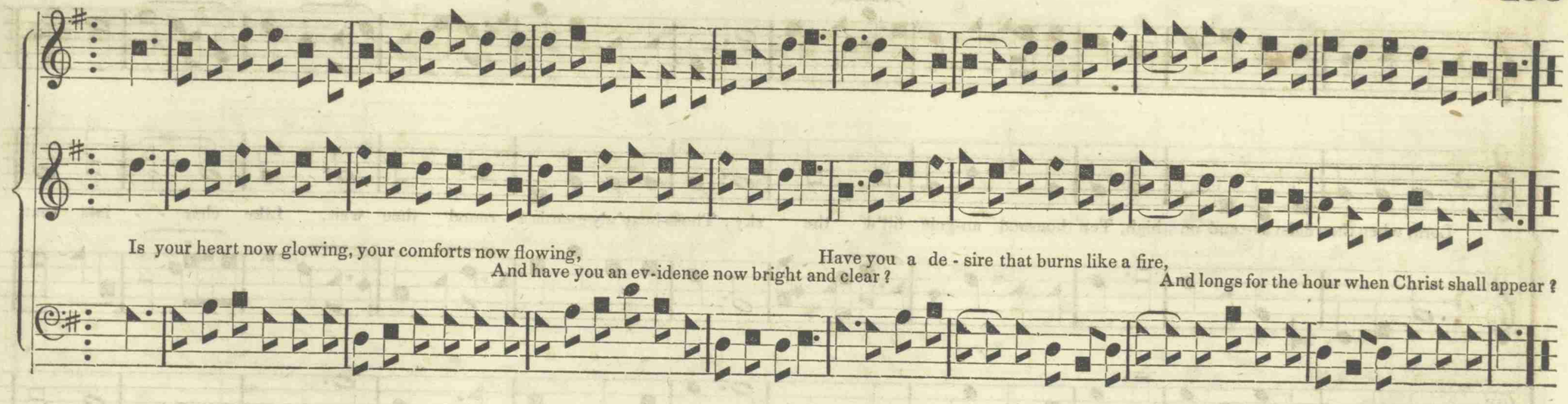

*Form.*
2. I came out this morning, and now am returning,
Perhaps little better than when I first came,
Such groaning and shouting, it sets me to doubting,
I fear such religion is only a dream ;
The preachers were stamping, the people were jumping,
And screaming so loud that I nothing could hear,
Either praying or preaching—such horrible shrieking !
I was truly offended at all that was there.

*Meth.*
3. Perhaps, my dear brother, while they pray'd together
You sat and considered, but pray'd none at all :
Would you find a blessing, then pray without ceasing,
Obey the advice that was given by Paul :
For if you should reason at any such season,
No wonder if Satan should tell in your ear,
That preachers and people are only a rabble,
And this is no place for reflection and prayer.

*Form.*
4. No place for reflection—I'm fill'd with distraction,
I wonder that people could bear for to stay,
The men they were bawling, the women were squalling,
I know not for my part how any could pray :
Such horrid confusion—if this be religion
I'm sure it is something that never was seen,
For the sacred pages that speak of all ages,
Do nowhere declare that such ever has been.

*Meth.*
5. Don't be so soon shaken—if I'm not mistaken
Such things were perform'd by believers of old ;
When the Ark was coming, king David came running,
And dancing before it, in Scripture we're told :
When the Jewish nation had laid the foundation,
To rebuild the temple at Ezra's command,
Some wept and some praised, such noise there was raised,
'Twas heard afar off, and perhaps through the land.

6. And as for the preacher, Ezekiel the teacher,
God taught him to stamp and to smite with the hand,
To show the transgressions of that wicked nation—
To bid them repent and obey the command.
For Scripture collation in this dispensation,
The blessed Redeemer has handed it out—
"If these cease from praising," we hear him there saying,
"The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out."




*Form.*

7. Then Scripture's contrasted, for Paul has protested
That order should reign in the house of the Lord—
Amid such a clatter who knows what's the matter?
Or who can attend unto what is declared?
To see them behaving like drunkards, all raving,
And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground,
I really felt awful, and sometimes felt fearful
That I'd be the next that would come tumbling down.

*Meth.*

8. You say you felt awful—you ought to be careful
Lest you grieve the Spirit, and so he depart,
For by your confession you've felt some impression,
The sweet melting showers have soften'd your heart:
You fear persecution, and that's a delusion
Brought in by the devil to stop up your way;
Be careful, my brother, for blest are no other
Than persons that "are not offended in Me."

9. As Peter was preaching, and bold in his teaching,
The plan of salvation in Jesus's name,
The Spirit descended, and some were offended,
And said of these men, "They are fill'd with new wine."
I never yet doubted that some of them shouted,
While others lay prostrate, by power struck down;
Some weeping, some praising, while others were saying,
"They're drunkards, or fools, or in falsehood abound."

10. As time is now flying and moments are dying,
We're call'd to improve them, and quickly prepare
For that awful hour when Jesus, in power
And glory is coming—'tis now drawing near:
Methinks there'll be shouting, and I'm not a doubting,
But crying and screaming for mercy in vain;
Therefore, my dear brother, let us pray together,
That your precious soul may be fill'd with the flame.

*Form.*

11. I own prayer's now needful, I really feel awful
That I've grieved the Spirit in time that is past;
But I'll look to my Saviour, and hope to find favor,
The storms of temptation will not always last:
I'll strive for the blessing, and pray without ceasing,
His mercy is sure unto all that believe:—
My heart is now glowing! I feel his love flowing!
Peace, pardon, and comfort I now do receive!

## SINAI. L. M. D.

Lord, when thou didst as-cend on high, Ten thousand an-gels fill'd the sky; Those heav'nly guards a - round thee wait, Like char - - iots that

at - tend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could ap-pear More glo - rious, when the Lord was there;

Not Si-nai's mountain could ap-pear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While

Not Si-nai's mountain could appear More glorious, when the Lord was there, More, &c.

Not Si-nai's mountain could ap-pear More glorious, when the Lord was there, More, &c.

While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the cho-sen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

## MIDDLEBURY. 6s & 9s.

2. We have laid up our love, And our treasures above, Tho' our bodies con - tin-ue be-low; The redeem'd of the Lord, We re-mem-ber his word, And with singing to Paradise go.

## CUMBERLAND. 6 lines 10s & 11s.

Calls the south na - - - - - - tions and a-wakes the north:

The God of glo - - - - - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south na-tions, Calls the south nations and a-wakes the north;

Calls the south na - tions and a-wakes the north;

Calls the south na - - tions and a-wakes the north;

From east to west the sovereign or-ders spread, Thro' distant worlds, &c.

The trumpet sounds, . . . . hell trembles,

From east to west the sovereign or-ders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead; The trumpet sounds, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles,

From east to west, &c.

Thro' distant worlds, &c.

The trumpet sounds, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles,

From, &c.

Thro' &c.

The trumpet sounds, . . . hell trembles,

## CUMBERLAND. *Concluded.*

Lift up your heads, ye saints, Lift, &c.

heav'n re - joi - - - - - ces, Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, ye saints, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer - ful voi - ces.

Lift up your heads, Lift up, &c.

Lift up your heads, ye saints, . . . Lift, &c.

## DEVOTION. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Fly, fly me rich-es, fly me cares, While I the cost, While I the cost ex - plore; Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Flatt'ring world, Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Flatt'-ring world, Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Strangers tar - ry but a night, When the last dear day is come, . . . .

cares, So - li - cit me no more: Pilgrims fix not here their home, Pilgrims fix not here their home, Strangers tarry but a night, When the last dear day is come,

Strangers tar - ry but a night, When the last dear day is come, . . . .

Strangers tar - ry but a night, When the last dear day is come,

When, &c. They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise, &c.

When the last dear day is come, They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise to joy - ful light.

When, &c. They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise, &c.

When, &c. They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise, &c.

## SHEPHERD. S. M.

1. Ours is the Sab - bath - school, Its les - sons may we prize, And grow, by ev' - ry gos - pel rule, Un - to sal - va - tion wise.

2. So all our lives be - low, In wis - dom's plea - sant ways, The fruits of Sabbath-schools shall show, The bliss of Sab - bath days.

3. Then heav'n it - self shall be Our Sab-bath - school a - bove; And un - dis-turb'd e - ter - ni - ty, One Sab-bath-school of love.

## HOW KIND THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE! H. M.

Solo.*

1. How kind the Saviour's love,
How tenderly he smiled!
While in his arms he took And bless'd each little child!
"Forbid them not, for such I came,
I love to hear them lisp my name,
I love to hear," &c.

2. How oft our teachers pray;
Their efforts do not cease,
That we may find the way
To happiness and peace!
They urge the message he has sent,
Entreating children to repent.

3. Thy blessing, Lord, impart,
Grant mercy to us all;
Let grace incline each heart
To listen to his call:
Then sin, nor death, nor earthly charms,
Shall keep us from our Saviour's arms.

* Solo for the first two stanzas—all should sing the third.

**462** Parts by Wm. Houser, principally.

## RENEAU. 8,6,8.

French Air.

1. Chil - dren redeem'd in ev'ry place, Have heard the gos-pel sound;
Of ev' - ry co - lor, ev' - ry race, In ev' - ry realm a - round:
Some, tho' but few, have learn'd to bless Je - sus, the Sun of righteousness.

2. The sub-ject of their praise the same, His love their sweet de - light;
In diff'rent tongues they praise his name, Yet here could not u - nite;
For children can - not un - derstand The language of an - o - ther land.

3. But, when in heav'n the ransom'd throng Of diff'rent na-tions meet,
One voice, one sub - ject, and one song, The cho-rus will com - plete:
Earth's diff'ring lan- gua - ges be done, The tongues in heav'n shall all be one.

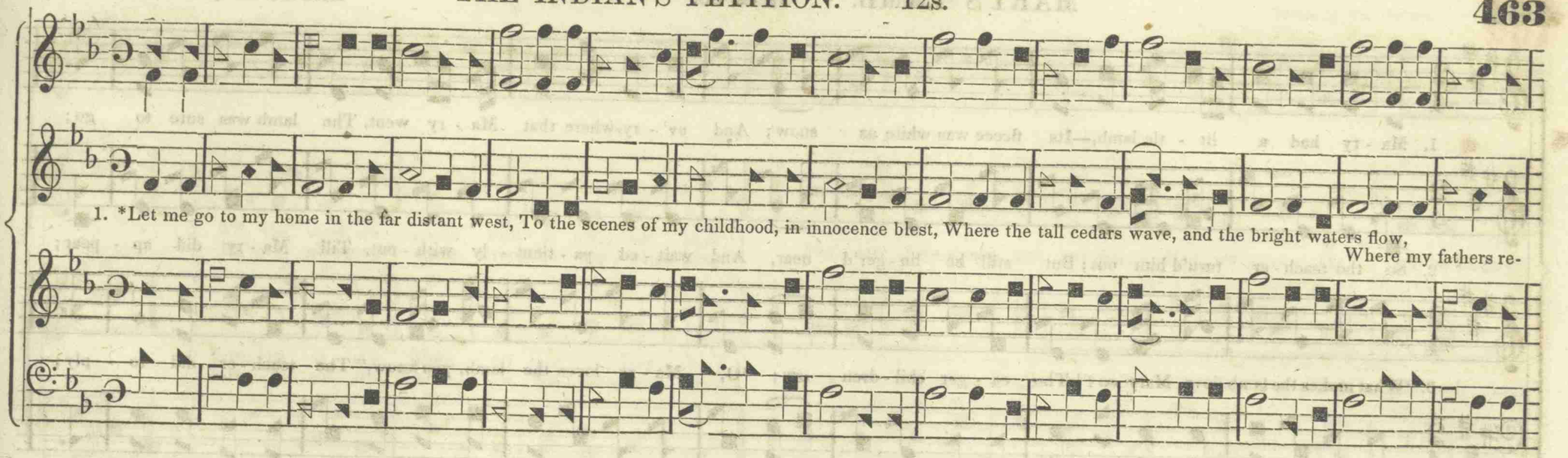
## ABINGDON. L. M.

From Wm. Caldwell's "Union Harmony."

1. There is an hour when I must die, Nor do I know how soon 't will come; A thou-sand children, young as I, Are call'd, by death, to hear their doom.

2. Let me im - prove the hours I have, Be - fore the day of grace is fled; There's no re - pent-ance in the grave, Nor par-don of - fer'd to the dead.

3. Just as a tree cut down, that fell To north or southward, there it lies; So man de - parts to heav'n or hell, Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.




2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play,
Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day,
And there greet my fond mother, whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child; let me go, let me go,
At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go!

3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarr'd side
I have sported so oft in the noon of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go,
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go!

4. And, oh! do let me go to my flashing-eyed maid,
Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade,
Whose heart, like the fawn leaps—as pure as the snow;
To the bosom I love let me go, let me go,
To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go!

5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its life-cheering pleasures to roam;
'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low:
To my home in the woods, let me go, let me go,
To my home in the woods, oh! there let me go!

* "This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the Western tribes, who was sent to Washington city to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for awhile by unavoidable circumstances." So. HARMONY, edit. of 1847.

# MARY'S LAMB. 7s & 6s.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb,—Its fleece was white as snow; And ev' - ry-where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go;

2. So the teach - er turn'd him out; But still he lin - ger'd near, And wait - ed pa - tient - ly with - out, Till Ma - ry did ap - pear;

3. "What makes the lamb love Mary so?" The ea - ger chil - dren cry; "O, Ma - ry loves the lamb, you know," The teach - er did re - ply;

It fol - low'd her to school, one day,—That was a - gainst the rule: It made the chil - dren laugh and play, To see a lamb at school.

And then he ran to her, and laid His head up - on her arm, As if he said—I'm not a-fraid,—You'll keep me from all harm.

"And you each gen - tle an - i - mal In con - fi - dence may bind, And make them fol - low at your call, If you are al - ways kind."

1. All the week we spend, Full of child - ish bliss;
Ev' - ry changing scene Brings its hap - pi - ness;
Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school,

2. Love - ly is the dawn Of each ri - sing day;
Love - li - est the morn Of the Sab - bath day;
Then our in - fant thoughts are full Of the pre - cious Sab - bath school,

Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath school, Had we not the Sab - bath school.

Then our in - fant thoughts are full Of the precious Sab-bath school, Of the precious Sab - bath school.

3. To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought;
Tidings of the work
Love divine hath wrought;
Gracious news, and merciful;
How we love the Sabbath school!

4. Teachers, you are kind,
Thus to point the road
Leading us from sin,
To our Father, God;
May we all be dutiful,
In the precious Sabbath school!

5. Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our hearts, with praise, are full,
For the precious Sabbath school.

## KIDDER. 7s & 6s.

Air newly arr'd, and parts composed by WM. HOUSER.

1. Come, chil- dren, young and low - ly, A - loud your voi - ces raise To Je - sus, King of glo - ry,—He stoops to hear your praise.

2. Ye youth-ful tribes, re - mem-ber His con - de-scend - ing grace Dis - play'd when he did wan - der A - mong an in - fant race;

3. Is Je - sus now less love - ly, Or is that crown less bright, That decks his brow in glo - ry, Un - fold - ing daz-zling light?

4. Till round the world the sto - ry Of Je - sus' death shall spread, And hea - then lands shall glo - ry In Christ, their liv - ing Head;

His heart is all com - pas - sion, His voice is full of love; Come, then, let ad - o - ra - tion For - bid your hearts to rove.

For - get - ting all his great - ness, He blest the ten - der throng: While they, with in - fant sweet - ness, Ho - san-nahs to him sung.

O no; he still is will - ing To bless the youthful race! Then each—let each, ex - cel - ling, Ex - tol his glorious grace,

Then, in one heav'nly u - nion, Your hal - le - lu - jahs bring, And serve, in sweet com - mu - nion, The ev - er - last - ing King!

1. When, His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil-dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - nah to his name.

2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still; Though now, as King, he reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n-ly hill;

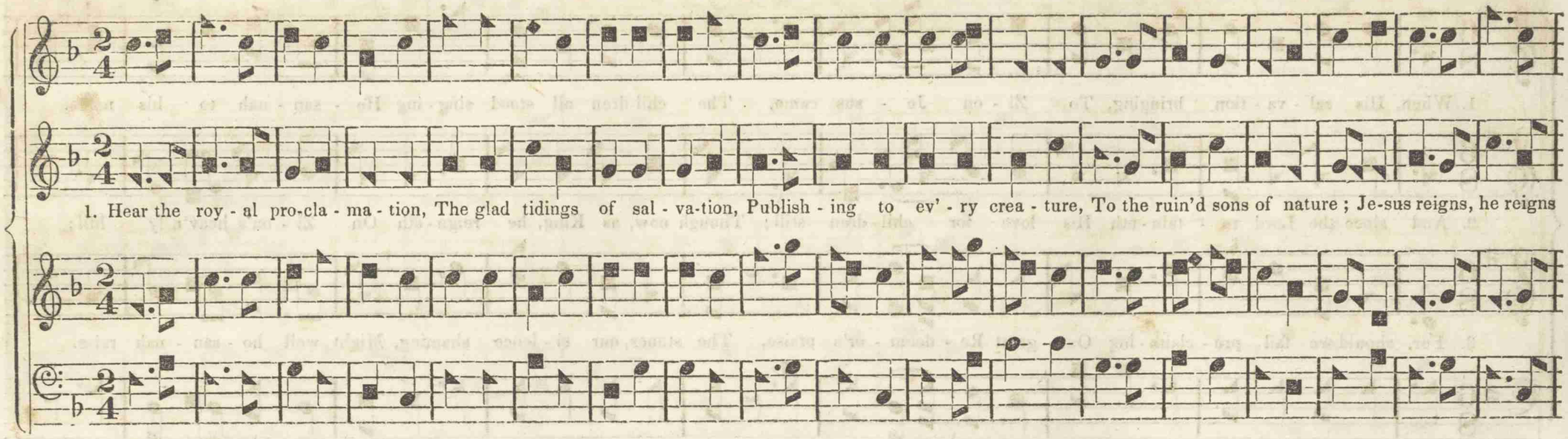
3. For, should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise, The stones, our si - lence shaming, Might well ho - san - nah raise.

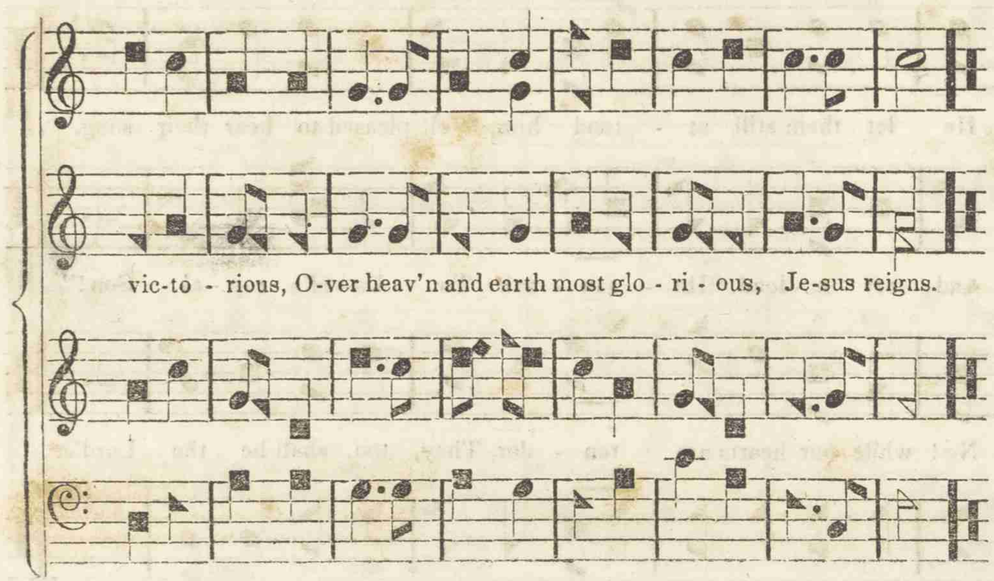
Nor did their zeal of - fend him; A - mid that might - y throng, He let them still at - tend him, Well pleased to hear their song.

We'll flock a - round his ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - nah To Da-vid's roy - al Son!"

But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words? No! while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, shall be the Lord's.

# ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 6 lines 8s, & 1 line 3s.




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

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

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

5. Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money—
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

6. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Lo ! he reigns, &c.

7. Shout, ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.

8. Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher,
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Prince of our salvation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

9. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption ;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Thro' the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

## ROYAL PROCLAMATION. (*Another arrangement.*)

Arr'd by A. Davisson.

Chorus.

Hear the roy-al pro-cla - ma-tion, The glad tidings of sal - va - tion, Publishing to ev'-ry crea-ture, To the ru - in'd sons of nature; Je-sus reigns, he reigns victorious,

## TIPPETT. C. M.

Parts by Wm. Houser.

Infant Piece.

Air by Chas. Dingley.

1. I saw a little child at play, Beside a glassy pool, Where soft the dancing sunbeams lay, Upon the waters cool.

2. I saw him cast a little stone In-to that peaceful tide, And watch the wavelets one by one, Spread circling far and wide.

Over heav'n and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.

3. I thought about a purer wave,
For all the nations given,
The precious blood a Saviour gave
To make us meet for heav'n.

4. Dear children, if your hearts you bring,
Where those bright waters glide,
As spreads each gently circling ring
Upon that quiet tide;

5. So from each heart, beneath that wave,
Sweet influence may spring,
Some distant heart from death to save,
Some soul to heav'n to bring.

6. Far as the ocean's waves extend,
Far as earth's shores are spread,
So far that heart its love may send,
For which a Saviour bled!

Irish Air, (by SAM. LOVER.)

# AUTUMN LEAVES. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and with-er'd, to the ground; Thus to thoughtless mor - tals call - ing, In a sad and sol - emn sound—

2. "Virgins, much, too much pre - sum - ing On your boast-ed white and red; View us, late in beau - ty blooming, Number'd now a - mong the dead:

3. "Yearly in our course re - turn - ing, Mes - sen - gers of shortest stay; Thus we preach this truth con - cern-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

"Sons of Ad - am, (once in E - den, When, like us, he blighted fell,) Hear the lec - ture we are read-ing; 'Tis, a - las! the truth we tell.

Youths, tho' yet no loss - es grieve you, Gay in health and many a grace; Let no cloudless skies de - ceive you; Summer gives to Au - tumn place.

On the tree of life e - ter - nal, Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd; Which, a - lone, for ev - er ver - nal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

1. I have seen, I have seen, in the sweet spring time, All the flow'rs opening bright to the sun;
I have seen, I have seen, in the sweet spring time, All the flow'rs opening bright to the sun;
And then my heart was full of praise, To

2. I have heard, I have heard, on a sweet May morn All the birds singing blithe on the tree;
I have heard, I have heard, on a sweet May morn All the birds singing blithe on the tree;
And then I've rais'd my cheerful voice, And

3. I have known, I have known, in the sweet moonlight, All the thoughts such a scene would in-spire;
I have known, I have known, in the sweet moonlight, All the thoughts such a scene would in-spire;
And then what vi-sions came to me, When

Him who gave those bless - ed rays; O I love, yes I love, in the sweet spring time, All the flowers open-ing bright to the sun.

call'd all na - ture to re - joice; O I love, yes I love, on a bright May morn, All the birds sing-ing blithe on the tree.

I have pray'd, O God! to thee; O I love, yes I love, in the sweet moon-light, All the thoughts such a scene would in - spire.

Ye ho-ly throng Of

Ye tribes of Ad-am join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of-fer notes di-vine, To your Cre-a-tor's praise. Ye

Ye ho-ly throng Of an-gels bright, In

Ye tribes of Ad - am join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di-vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise. Ye ho-ly throng Of an-gels bright, In worlds . . .

an - - - - - - - - - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin . . the song.

ho-ly throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.

worlds of light Be-gin the song, . . In worlds of light Be - gin . . . the song.

. . . . . of light . . Be - gin the song, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.

## O COME, COME AWAY.

Treble and Alto by W. HOUSER.

1. O come, come away! the Sabbath morn is passing; Let's hasten to the

2. My comrades in - vite to join their happy number, And gladly will I

While others may seek for vain and foolish pleasures,
The Sabbath-school shall

Sab-bath school;
O come, come a - way!
The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,
Their joyous peals sa - lute my ear,
I love their voice to hear;
O come, come a - way!

meet them there;
O come, come a - way!
'Tis there we meet to sing and pray,
To read God's word on his glad day,
With joy let's haste a-way,
O come, come a - way!

be my choice;
O come, come a - way!
How dear to hear the plaintive strain,
From youthful voic-es rise a-main,
With sweet-est tones a-gain!
O come, come a - way!

4. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, &c.
The flow'ry paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wand'ring steps to lead: O come, &c.

5. I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,
"Let little children come to me; O come, &c.
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive:" O come, &c.

6. With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
My heart exults with rapturous hope; O come, &c.
My deathless spirit, when I die,
Shall, on the wings of angels, fly
To mansions in the sky: O come, &c.

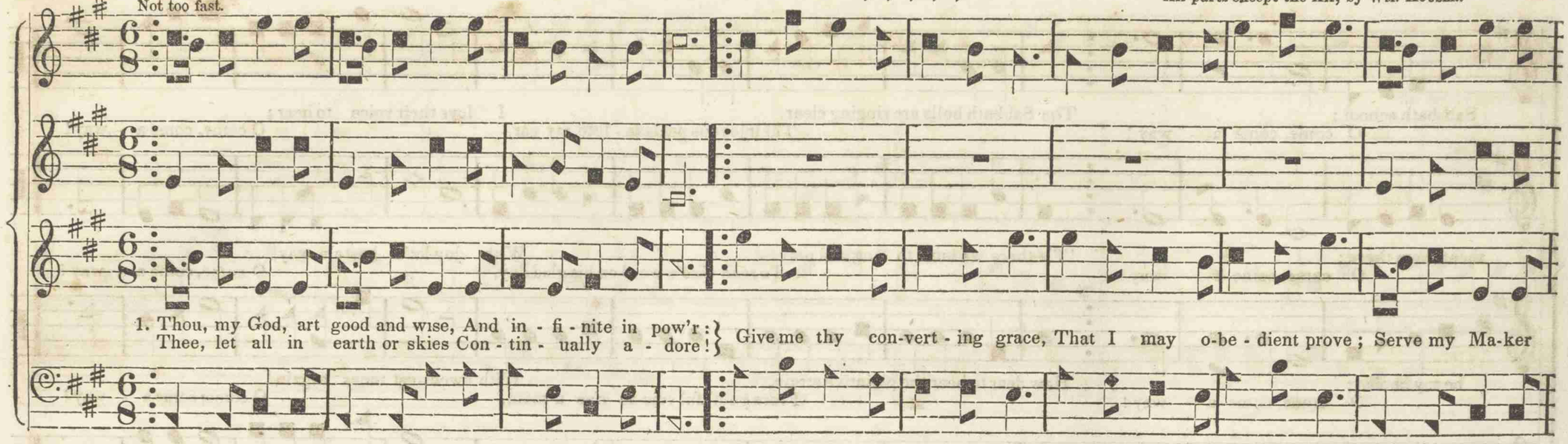
## ATKINSON. 11s.

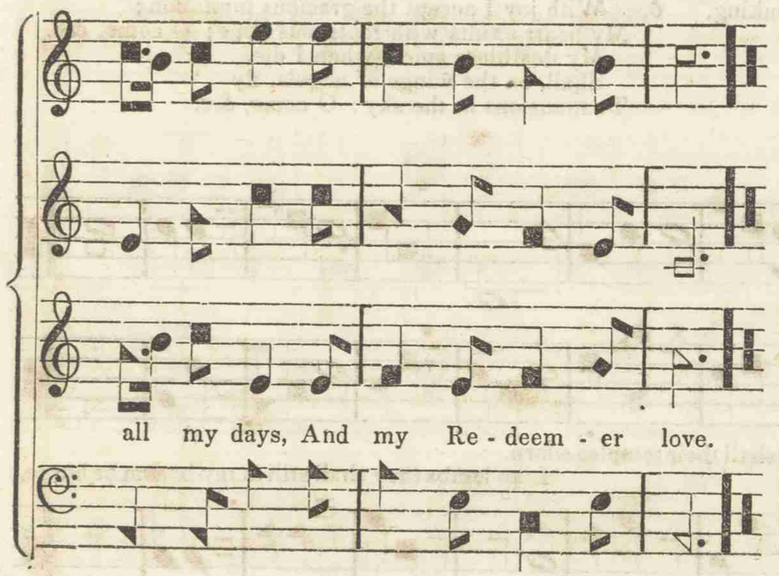
E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
My sov'reign, e-ter-nal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

# ALEXANDER. 7,6,7,7,7,6.

All parts except the Air, by Wm. Houser.

Not too fast.




2. For my life, and clothes, and food,
And ev'ry comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere:
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given;
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3. Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart!
Then shall I in thee believe,
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heav'nly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4. Grace, in answer to his pray'r,
And every grace bestow;
That I may, with zealous care,
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in ev'ry state resign'd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5. Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
With self-abasing shame,
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name;
Thee, let ev'ry creature bless,
Praise to God alone be giv'n;
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heav'n.

## NEW FAREWELL. 8s & 7s.

Fare - well, my lov - ing friends, farewell! We must be sep-a - ra - ted,
In diff'-rent re - gions we must dwell, Dis-tant - ly sit-u - a - ted.
D. C. May truth and jus - tice guide our will, And God from e-vil screen us.

O let not this our friend-ship chill, Tho' moun-tains rise be - tween us;

D. C.

*Plaintive.*

## DWIGHT. C. M.

* 1. As crush'd by sud-den storms, the rose Sinks on the gar-den's breast, Down to the grave our bro-ther goes, In death's cold arms to rest.

2. No more with us his tune - ful voice The hymn of praise shall swell; No more his cheer-ful heart re - joice To hear the Sab-bath bell.

3. Yet if in yon un-cloud - ed sphere, A - mid a bless - ed throng, He war-bles to his Sa - viour's ear, The e - ver - last-ing song;

4. No more we'll mourn our bu - ried friend, But lift the ar - dent pray'r, And ev'-ry wish and ef - fort bend To rise and join him there.

* On the death of a Sabbath scholar.

## CHALMERS. C. M.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houser.

Infant piece. [Scotch.]

1. Hap - py the child, whose ten - der years Re - ceive in - struc-tion well; Who hates the sin-ner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.

2. When we de - vote our youth to God, 'Tis pleas - ing in his eyes; A flow'r, when of - fer'd in the bud, Is no vain sac - ri - fice.

3. 'Tis ea - sier work, if we be - gin To serve the Lord be - times; While sin - ners that grow old in sin Are har - den'd in their crimes.

6. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise Em - ploy our young-est breath; Thus, we're pre - pared for long - er days, Or fit for ear - ly death.

## LABAN. S. M.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

Piece for children.

1. There is beyond the sky A heav'n of joy and love; And ho - ly children, when they die, Go to that world a - bove.

2. There is a dreadful hell, And ev - er - last - ing pains: There sinners must with de - vils dwell, In darkness, fire, and chains.

3. Can such a wretch as I Es - cape that curs-ed end? And may I hope, whene'er I die, I shall to heav'n as - cend?

4. Then will I read and pray, While I have life and breath; Lest I should be cut off to - day, And sent to endless death.

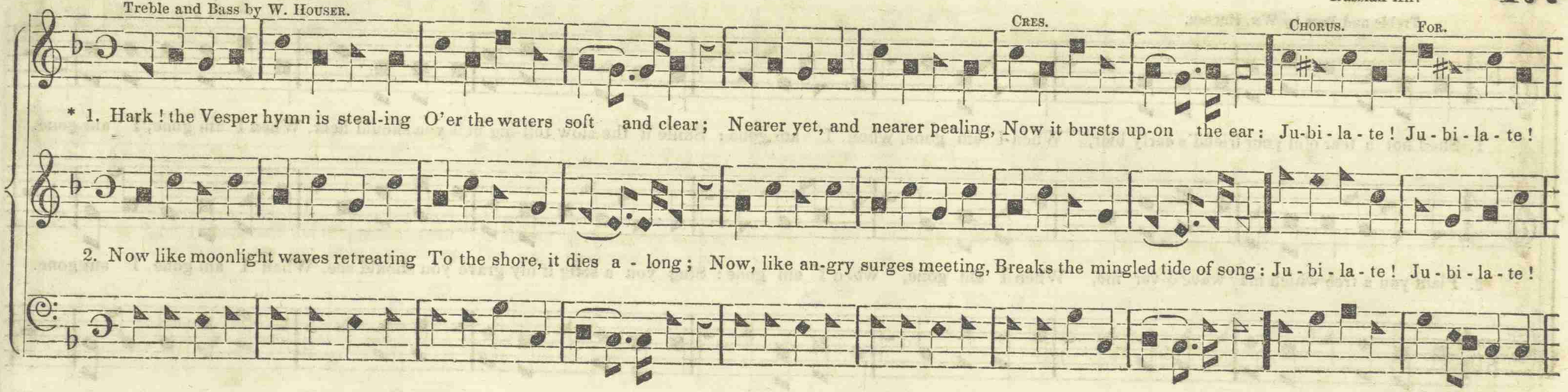
As a solo, duett, or trio, except the Chorus.

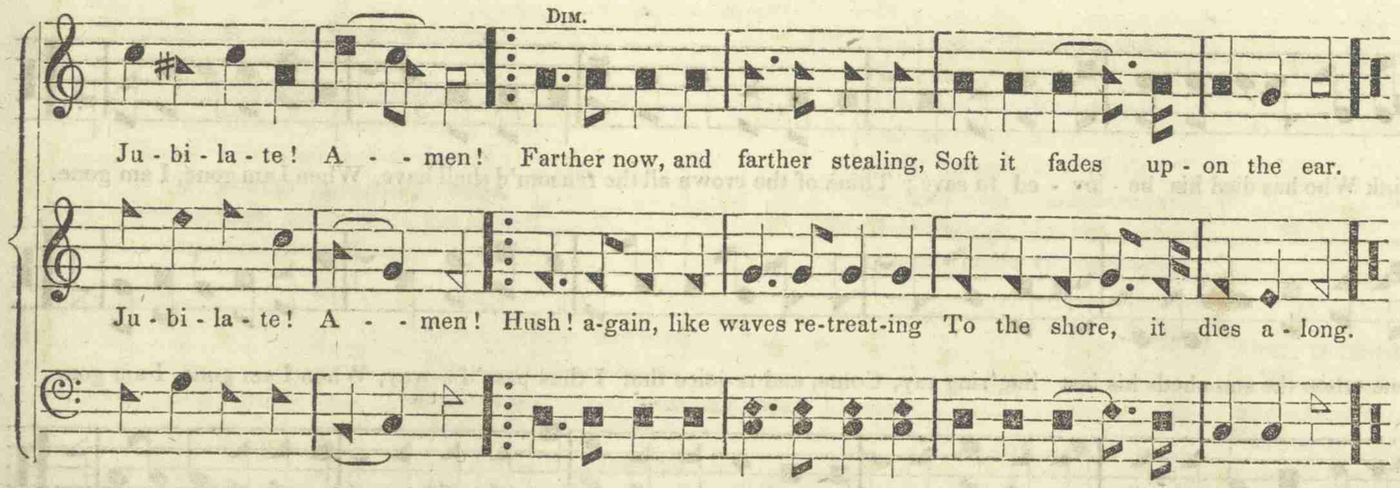
# VESPER HYMN. 8s & 7s.

Russian Air.



Treble and Bass by W. HOUSER.




## HYMN.

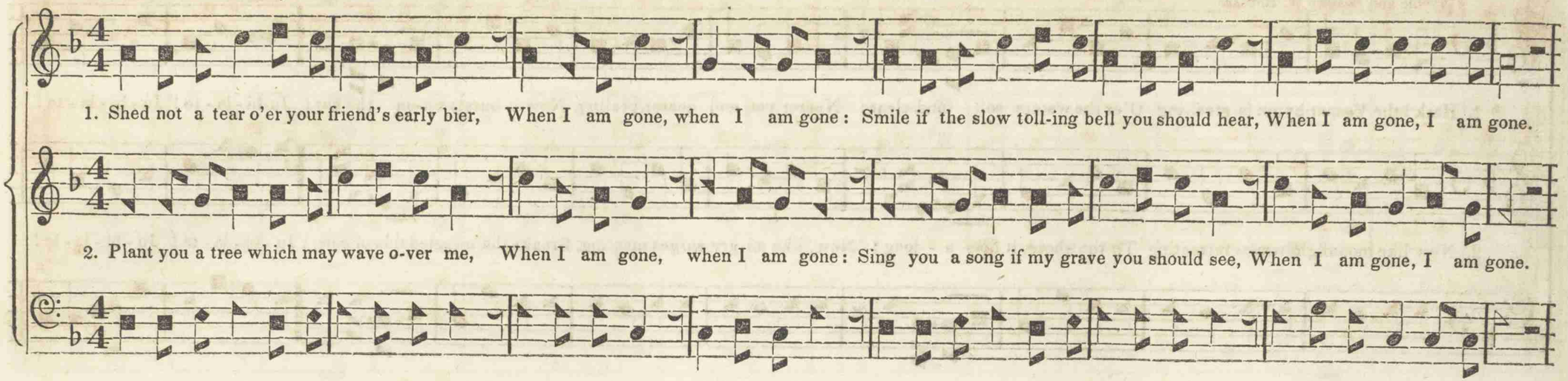
1. God our Father, great Creator,
   At thy feet we humbly bow;
   Gratitude for boundless favor,
   Should in praises ever flow;
   Great Jehovah,
   Praise to thee is ever due.

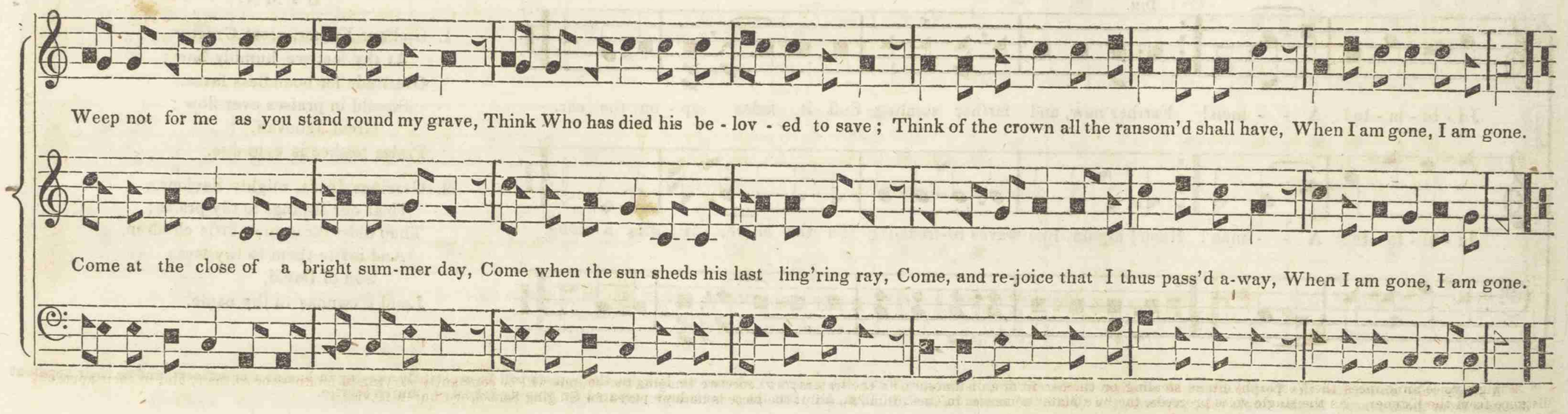
2. Gracious Jesus, mighty Saviour,
   Hear our lispings to thy praise;
   Thou didst bless such little children,
   And invite them to thy face;
   Son of David,
   Loud hosannas to thy name.

* A single voice announces the Vesper hymn as stealing on the ear from a distance, "o'er the waters;" whence we imagine the sounds will be constantly varying in loudness or softness, and in their apparent distance from the listener. As the single voice proceeds, the "Jubilate" comes in, in Cres., Dim., &c. But the piece is here prepared for Singing School, or Church service.

# SHED NOT A TEAR. 10, 8, & 7s.

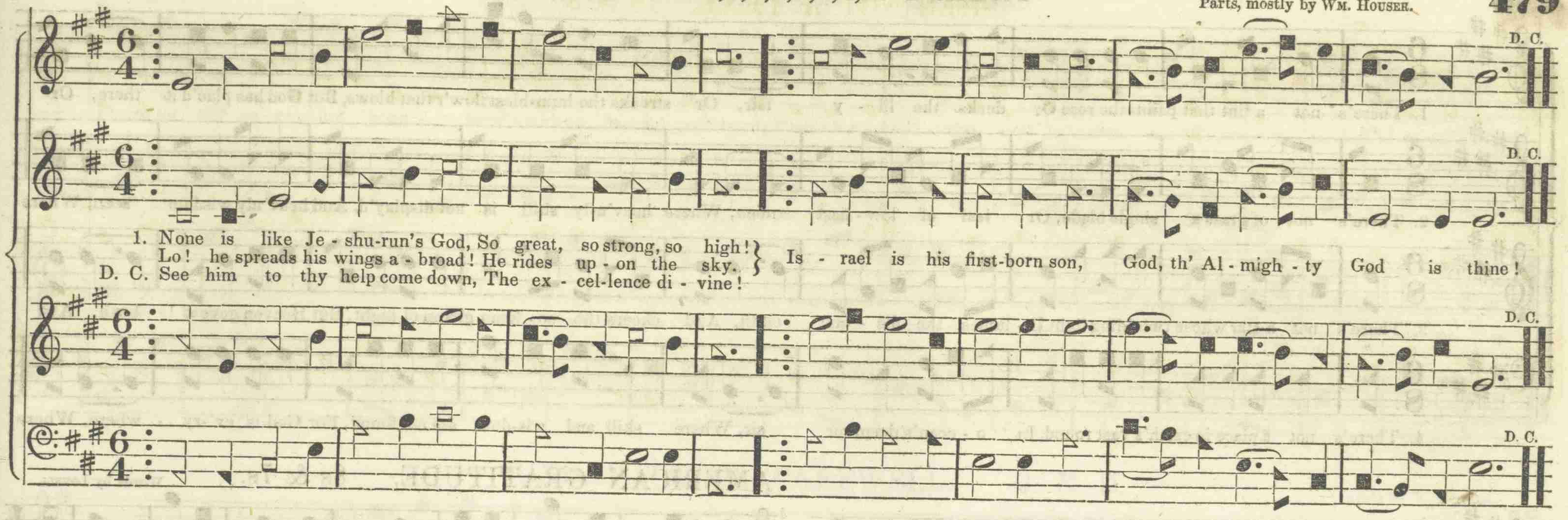
Treble and Bass by Wm. Houser.



## JESHURUN. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

Parts, mostly by WM. HOUSER.




2. Thee, the great Jehovah deigns
To succor and defend;
Thee th'eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath are spread,
The everlasting Arms.

3. God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin;
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

4. All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease:
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part:
Israel then shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5. In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below:
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow!
Jacob's well is in his soul:
Gracious dews his heav'ns distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

(1) 6. Blest, O Israel, art thou!
What people is like thee!
(2) Sav'd from sin, by Jesus now,
Thou art, and still shalt be:
(3) Jesus is thy sev'nfold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
(4) Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's Almighty Word.

## THERE'S NOT A TINT. C. M.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose Or decks the lil - y fair, Or streaks the hum-blest flow'r that blows, But God has plac'd it there, Or

2. There's not of grass a single blade, Or leaf of low - liest mien, Where heav'n-ly skill is not display'd, And heav'nly wisdom seen, Where

3. There's not a star whose twinkling light Il - lumes the dis - tant earth, And cheers the so - lemn gloom of night, But Heaven gave it birth, And

4. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o - cean's deep, or air, Where skill and wis-dom are not found, For God is ev'-ry - where, Where

## AMERICAN GRATITUDE. 8s & 7s.

Words by LOVELL.

1. Up to thee, Al - migh-ty Fath - er, An - cient of e - ter-nal days,
Thron'd in un - cre - a - ted glo - ry, Hear us, while our songs we raise.

2. While a na - tion's heart is leap - ing, Migh-ty in its gush-ing joy,
May the song of ad - o - ra - tion, All its grate-ful pow'rs em-ploy.

Praise for thy un - ceas-ing boun - ty, Pour'd with an in - dul - gent hand; Praise for bless - ings still in - creas - ing, Crown-ing free-dom's fa-vor'd land.

Thine, O Lord, shall be the king-dom; Thine the pow'r and glo - ry be; Thine thro' end - less a - ges roll - ing, Thine through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL FAREWELL. C. M. D.

Arr'd by W. HOUSER.

1. Fare-well, dear friend! a long fare-well, For we shall meet no more,
   Till we are rais'd with thee, to dwell On Zi-on's hap - py shore.
D. C. Has made in dust its si - lent bed, And there it must de - cay.

Our friend and bro-ther, lo! is dead! The cold and life-less clay

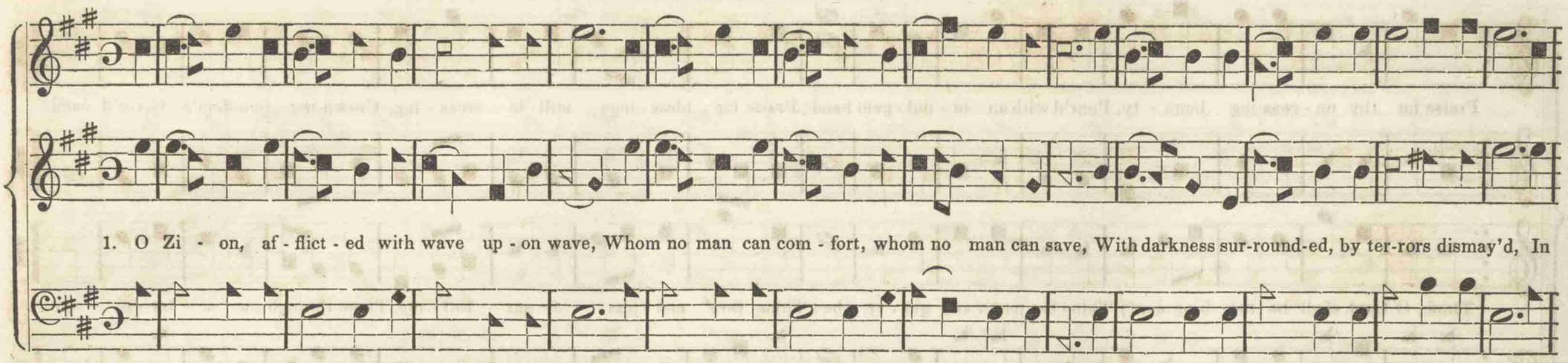
2. But is he dead?—no, no, he lives! His hap - py spir - it flies
   To heav'n a-bove; and there re-ceives The long ex - pect - ed prize.
D. C. And when we meet, no tongue can tell How great our joys shall be.

Fare-well, dear friend, a-gain fare-well! Soon we shall rise to thee:

D. C.

## HINTON. 11s.

German Air.
Treble by Wm. Houser.



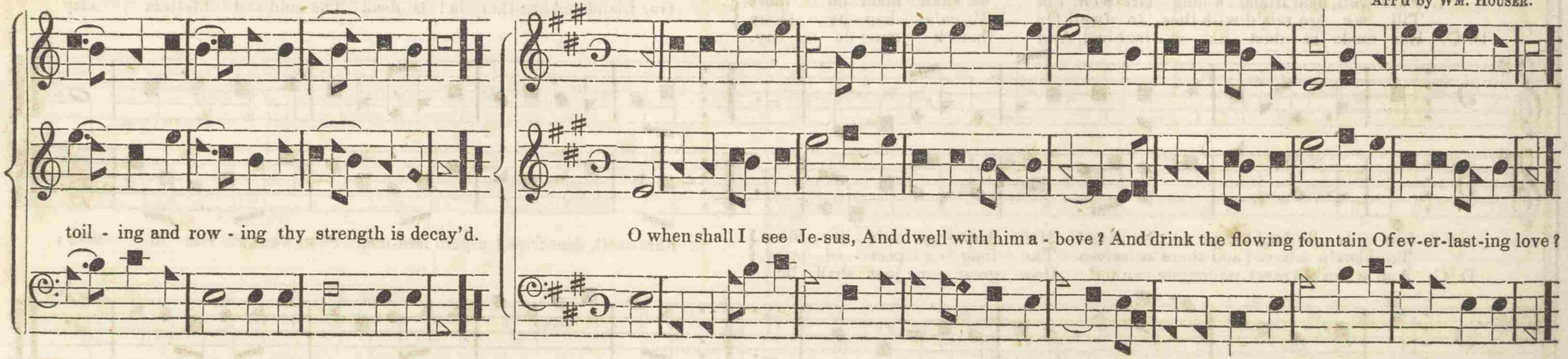

2. Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3. "O fearful, O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are the light of thine eyes;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4. Forget thee, I will not, I cannot—thy name
Engraved on my heart, doth ever remain;
The palms of my hands when I look on, I see
The wounds I received while suff'ring for thee."

## HEAVENLY WELCOME. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.



When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin? And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas-ures in.

*The following Chorus is generally sung to the last part of the tune, omitting the slurs :—*

"To see the saints in glo - ry, And the an - gels stand in-vi - ting! And the angels stand in - vi - ting, To wel-come trav' - lers home!"

## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER. 11s.

*Andante con Expressivo.* Irish Melody.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, left bloom - ing a - lone,
All its for - mer com - pan - ions are fa - - ded and gone; } No flow'r of its kin-dred, no rose - bud is nigh,

D. C. To re - flect back its blush-es or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, slumber with them:
Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

# WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. 6s & 5s.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for ev - er? Our

2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friend - ship glow, Change - less for ev - er? Where

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa - viour! May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for ev - er! Where

4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will peace wreathe her chain, Round us for ev - er. Our

hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell; And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

hearts will then re - pose, Se - cure from world-ly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

## CHEERING THOUGHT. 11s.

Parts arr'd by WM. HOUSER.

1. How charming the thought, that the spirits of bliss
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message [of love.

2. They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
And lay him to rest on the bosom of God.

## JOYFUL NEWS. C. M.

1. That Je - sus hears when chil - dren pray, Is joy - ful news to me: I'll seek his face with - out de - lay, And cry "Re - mem - ber me!"

2. Dear Saviour, look up - on a child Who fain would wor - ship thee; By na-ture I am all defiled, But oh! re - mem - ber me.

3. Through all the dang'rous paths of youth, Do thou my Lead - er be; Teach me to walk the way of truth—Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

## ALL IS WELL. 9,6,8,8,7,6.

Arr'd by J. T. White.

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame! Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this mortal flame! Is it death? is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be From ev'-ry pain and sor-row free;

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well!
My sins for-giv'n, forgiv-en, I am free, All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth a-rise, To hide my Je-sus from my eyes;

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high, All is well! All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy, All is well! All is well!
Bright angels are from glo-ry come, They're round my bed, they're in my room,

I shall the King of glory see: All is well! All is well!

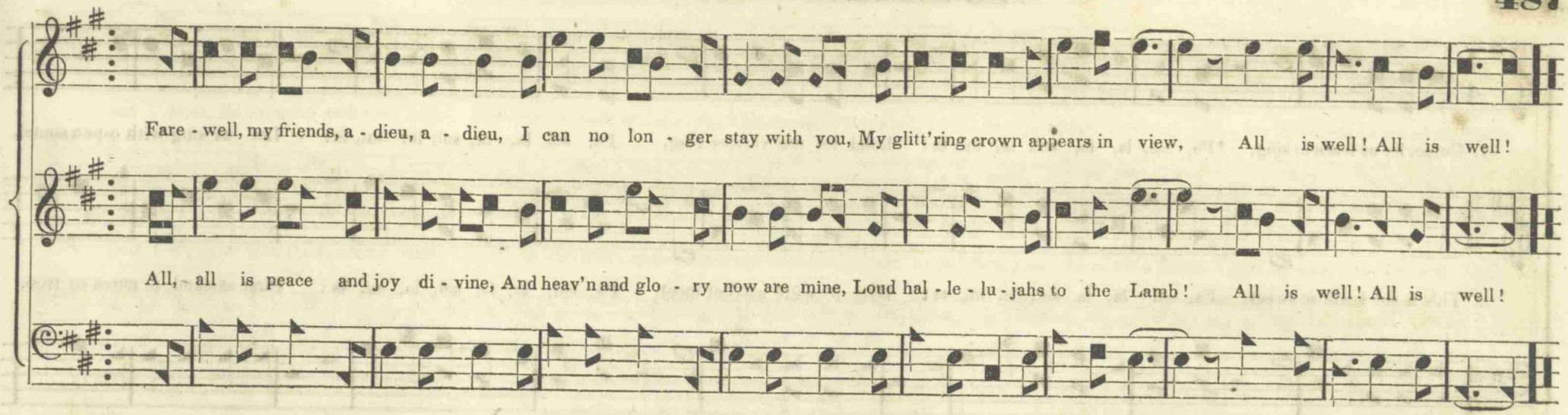
I soon shall mount the upper skies: All is well! All is well.

They wait to waft my spirit home: All is well! All is well!

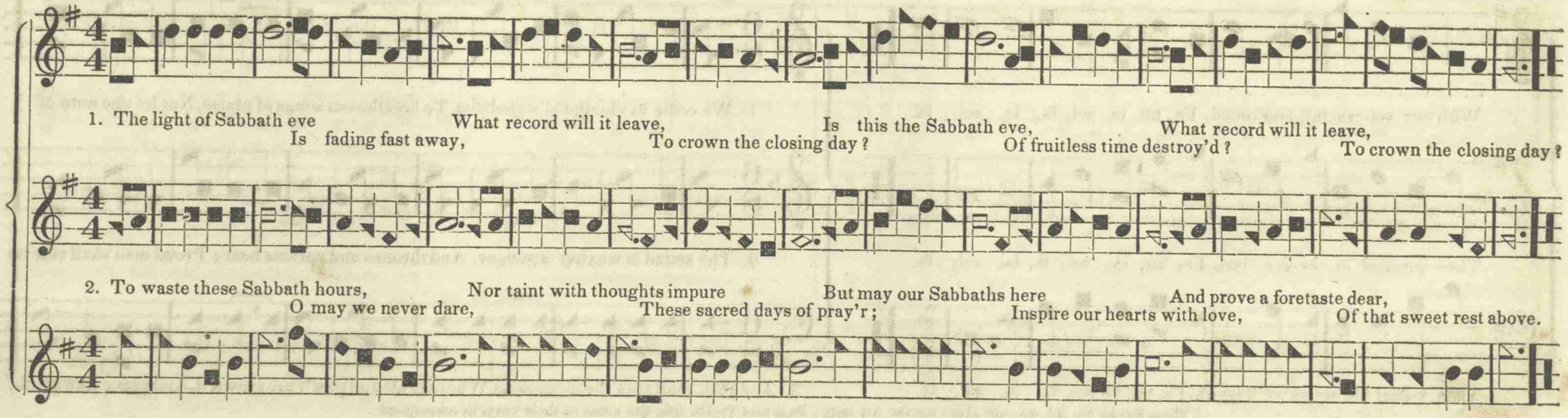
## ALL IS WELL. [*Another arrangement.*]

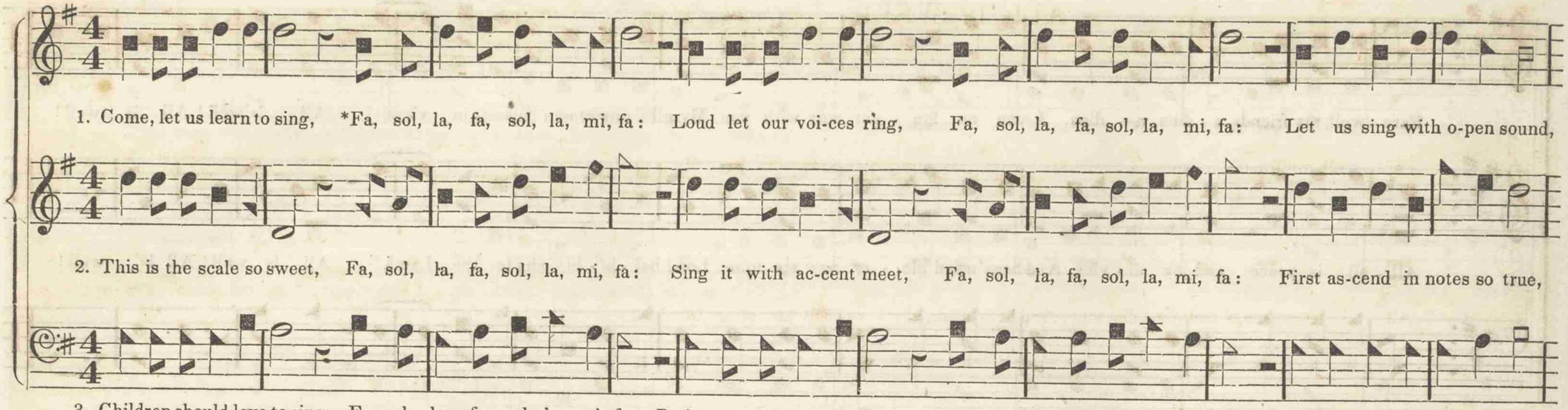
4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice Calls a-way! Calls a-way!
I soon shall see— en-joy my happy choice, Why de-lay? Why de-lay?

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail, ye blood-wash'd throng, Sav'd by grace, Sav'd by grace!
I come to join, to join your rap'trous song, Sav'd by grace, Sav'd by grace!

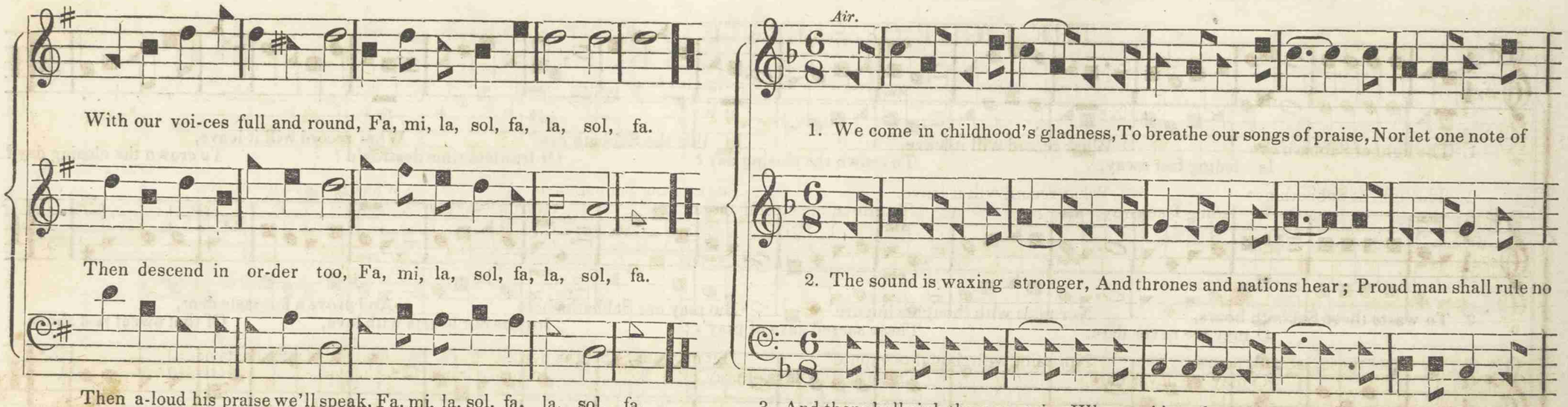



## THE LIGHT OF SABBATH EVE. 8 lines 6s.

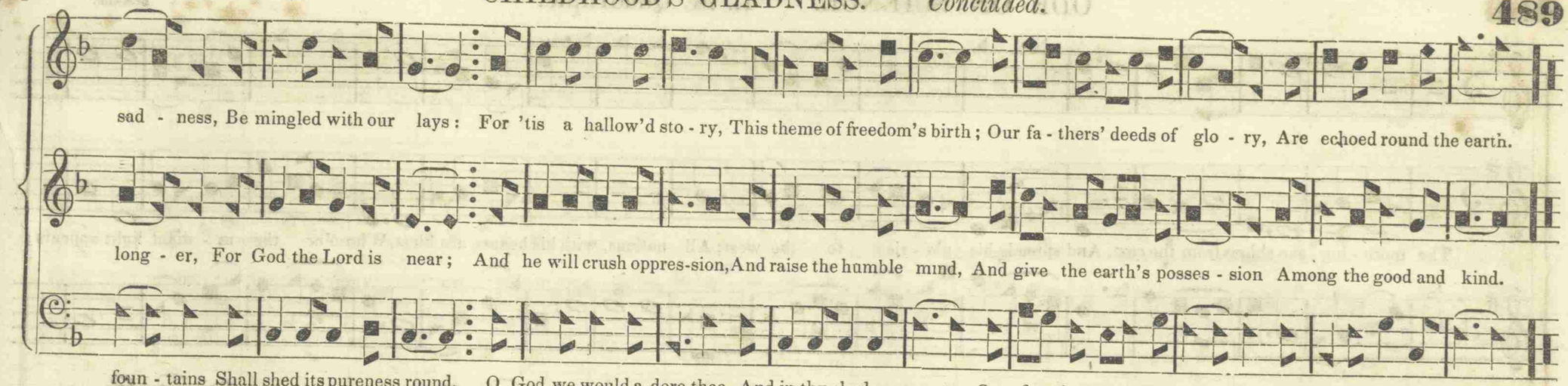





## CHILDHOOD'S GLADNESS. 8s & 7s.

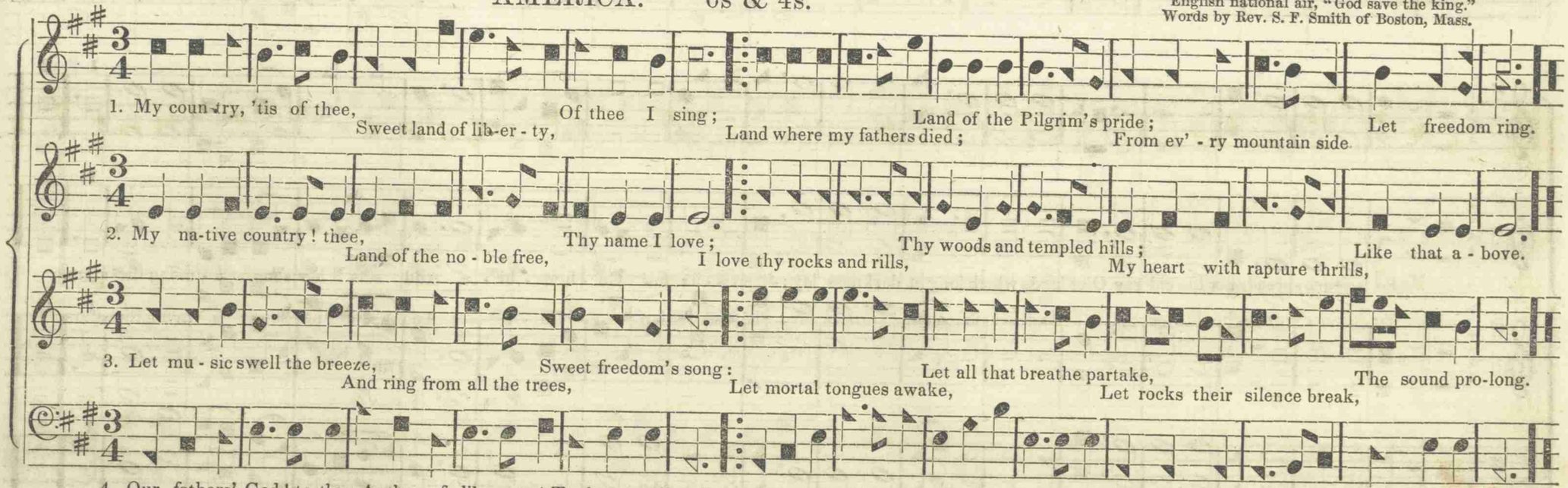



* These words, Fa, sol, &c., are given for the Air only; Bass and Treble sing the notes in their parts to correspond.




## AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

English national air, "God save the king."
Words by Rev. S. F. Smith of Boston, Mass.



# ODE ON SCIENCE. L. M. Quadruple.

SUMNER.

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west; All nations, with his beams, are blest, Where'er the ra - diant light appears;

So science spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which long in darkness lay; She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.

Fair Freedom, her at - tend - ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates; To crown the young and ri - sing states With lau-rels of im - mor-tal day.

The Brit-ish yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged up - on our necks in vain; All haughty ty - rants we disdain, And shout, "Long live A-mer - i - ca!"

Trembling, &c. fly-ing, fly - ing, fly-ing, O ! the, &c.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame: Trembling, hoping, lin - g'ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - - ing, O ! the pain, the bliss of dying !

Trembling, hoping, lin - - - - - g'ring, fly - - - - - ing, O ! the, &c.

Trembling, hoping, lin - g'ring, flying, fly - ing, flying, O ! the, &c.

And let me, &c. And let me, &c. Hark ! they whisper, angels say, "Sis-ter spirit, come away."

Cease, fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in - to life, And let me languish in - to life. Hark ! . . . . . Hark ! . . . . . .

And let me, &c. And let me, &c. Hark ! they whisper, angels say, "Sis-ter spirit, come away."

Hark! Hark! "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." What is this, &c. Steals my, &c.

"Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight? Drowns my

Hark! they whisper, angels say, "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." "Sis-ter spir-it," &c.

Drowns my spir - - it, draws mybreath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, &c. The world, &c.

spir-it, draws . . my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, &c. Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

Tell me, &c. The world recedes, it

dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears, &c. My ears, &c.

my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, . . . . . my ears With sounds se-

dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o-pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, . . . . . my ears, &c.

LIVELY.

- raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O grave! where is thy

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

fly! O grave! where is thy vic-to - ry? O death! where is thy sting? I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to-ry? O death! where is thy sting?

Be-hold! Behold the wretch whose lust and wine Have wasted his es-tate; He begs a share among the swine, To taste the husks they eat! "I die with

My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands, And bounteous are his hands.

hunger here," he cries, "I starve in fo - - reign lands;

My father's house hath large supplies, And boun - - - - - - teous are his hands.

I'll go, and with a mourn - ful tongue, Fall down be - fore his face— Father, I've done thy jus - tice wrong, Nor can de - serve thy grace.

He said, and hast-en'd to his home, To seek his fath - er's love: The fath - er saw the reb - el come, And all his bow - els move.

He ran and fell up - on his neck, Embraced and kiss'd his son; The reb - el's heart with sor - row brake, . . . . . For fol - lies he had done.

"Take off these clothes of shame and sin," The father gives command; "Dress him in garments white and clean, With rings a - dorn his hand. A day of feasting

A day of feasting, &c.

I or-dain, A day of feasting I or-dain, Let mirth and joy a - bound, Let mirth and joy a - bound, My son was dead, but lives again, Was lost, but now is found.

day of feasting I or-dain, Let mirth and joy a - bound, . . . . . Let mirth and joy, &c.

## JOHN THE BAPTIST.

B. F. White.

And saying,

Alto, W. H.

In those days came John the Baptist, preach-ing in the wil - der - ness of Ju - de - a, And saying, And saying, "Repent ye! for the

And saying,

kingdom of heav-en is at hand, For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet E - saias, saying, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the

Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of cam - el's hair, and was bound with a leathern gir-dle, and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

*Semper dolor.*

Da-vid the king was griev-ed and mov - ed, He went to his cham-ber, his cham-ber, and wept; "O my

And as he went, he wept, and said, "O my

Would to God I had died, Would to God I had died for thee, &c.

son! O my son!

Would to God I had died for thee, O Ab - sa-lom, my son, my son!

Would to God I had died,

# HEAVENLY VISION.



I be-held, and lo! a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands, &c.

Thousands of

I be-held, and lo! . . . . . a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times

I be-held, and lo! a great, &c. Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.

ten times thou - sands, Thousands, &c. Thousands, &c. stood before the

thousands, &c. Thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - sands, Thousands, &c. Stood be - fore the

thousands, Thousands of thousands, &c. Thousands, &c. Thousands, &c. stood before the

ten times thousands, Thousands, &c. Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands of thousands, stood be - - fore the

Lamb, And they had palms in their hands, and they cease not day and night, say-ing, "Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God Al - mighty, Which

was and is, and is to come, which was and is, and is to come."

And I heard a mighty an-gel fly - - - - - - - ing thro' the

midst of heav'n, cry-ing with a loud voice, "Wo! wo! wo! wo! . . . . . be un-to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is

yet to sound."

the great men and no-bles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath-er-ed themselves to-

And when the last trum-pet sound-ed, the great men, &c.

- geth - er, and cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit - teth on the throne ;

For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

Hark ! Hark, ye mortals, hear the trumpet Sounding loud the mighty roar, Hark, the archangel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, &c.

Hark ! Hark !

Thou, old time, shalt be no more ! His loud trumpet,

Hark ! Hark !

Hark, the archangel's voice, &c.

Hark !

Sounding loud, &c.

See the purple banner flying, Hear the judgment chariot roll, . . . . . .

His loud trumpet

Hear the judgment, &c.

rends the tombs—

Hear the judgment chariot roll, . . . . . .

His loud trumpet, &c. " Ye dead, awake !

Hear the, &c.

roll, . . . . .

roll. Hear the sound of Christ victorious, Lo! he breaks thro' yonder cloud! Midst ten thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand saints and

roll;

Is it he who died on Calvary, That was pierced with a spear? Tell us, seraphs, you that wonder'd, See, he ri-ses thro' the

angels, See the cru - ci - fi - ed shine!

# JUDGMENT ANTHEM. *Continued.*

air ! Hail him ! Oh ! Hal-le - lu - jah ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Oh ! yes, 'tis Jesus ! Very Lively. Oh ! . . . . . .

Hail him ! Oh ! Hal-le - lu - jah ! Hal-le - lu-jah ! O come quickly ! O come quickly !

Hail him ! Oh ! yes, 'tis Jesus, Hal-le - lu-jah ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! O come quickly ! Oh ! . .

Oh ! O come quickly ! Oh ! . . . . . .

Oh ! . . . . . come quickly ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Come, Lord, come !

O come quickly ! Oh ! . . . . . come quickly ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Come, Lord, come ! Happy, happy mourners, Happy mourners, Hap - py mourners,

. . . . . come quickly ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Come, Lord, come !

. . . . . come quickly ! &c.

All ye nations, &c.

Lo! in clouds he comes, he comes! All ye nations now shall sing him Songs of ev - er - last-ing joy.

now de-termin'd Ev-'ry e - vil to destroy;

View him smiling;

Loud.

Now redemption, long expected, See the solemn pomp appear; All his people, once rejected, Now shall meet him in the air. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Welcome, welcome!

bleed - ing Lamb. Now his mer-it, by the harpers, Thro' th' e - ter-nal deep re-sounds; Now re - splen-dent shine his nail-prints, Ev'ry eye shall see the wound!

They who pierc'd, &c.

They who pierc'd him, shall at his ap - pear-ance wail.

They who pierc'd, &c. wail. . . . . Ev-'ry island, sea, and mountain, Heav'n and earth shall

They who pierc'd, &c. wail. . . . . .

flee away; All who hate him must, ashamed, Hear the trump proclaim the day, Come to judgment! Come to judgment! Come, &c. Stand before the Son of man!

swells . . . . . the solemn summons loud, Tears the strong pil - - - - - lars of, &c.
Hark! the shrill, &c.

Hark!

Tears the strong pil-lars of the vault of heaven, Breaks up old mar-ble,
Hark! the shrill out-cries of the guilty wretches! Live - ly, bright hor-ror,

Hark! Hark! th' archangel swells . . . . the solemn summons loud, Tears the strong pil - - - - - lars, &c.
Hark! the, &c.

Hark!

the re-pose of princes;
and a-ma-zing anguish,

Flames all a-round them!
Gnaw-ing with-in them!

See the Judge's hand a-rising, Fill'd with vengeance on his foes;

See the graves o-pen, and the bones a-ri-sing,
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies,

BRISK.

LOUD.

SOFT.

Hear the

Down to hell, there's no redemption, Ev'ry Christless soul must go; Down to hell de-part! de-part! de-part, ye curs-ed in-to ev-er-lasting flames!

Saviour's words of mercy, " Come, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Swift and joyful be your jour-ney To the palace of your God!

See the souls that earth despised, In ce-les-tial
Joy ce-les-tial, hymns harmonious, In soft sympho-

glories move, Hal-le-lu-jah big with wonder, Praising Christ's e - ter-nal love: Hal-le - lu - jahs, Hal-le - lu - jahs Ech-o thro' the realms of light.
- - ny resound; Angels, seraphs, harps and trumpets, Swell the sweet angelic sound, " Hail! Almighty! Hail! Almighty! Great, e-ter - nal Lord! A-men!

# EASTER ANTHEM.

BILLINGS.

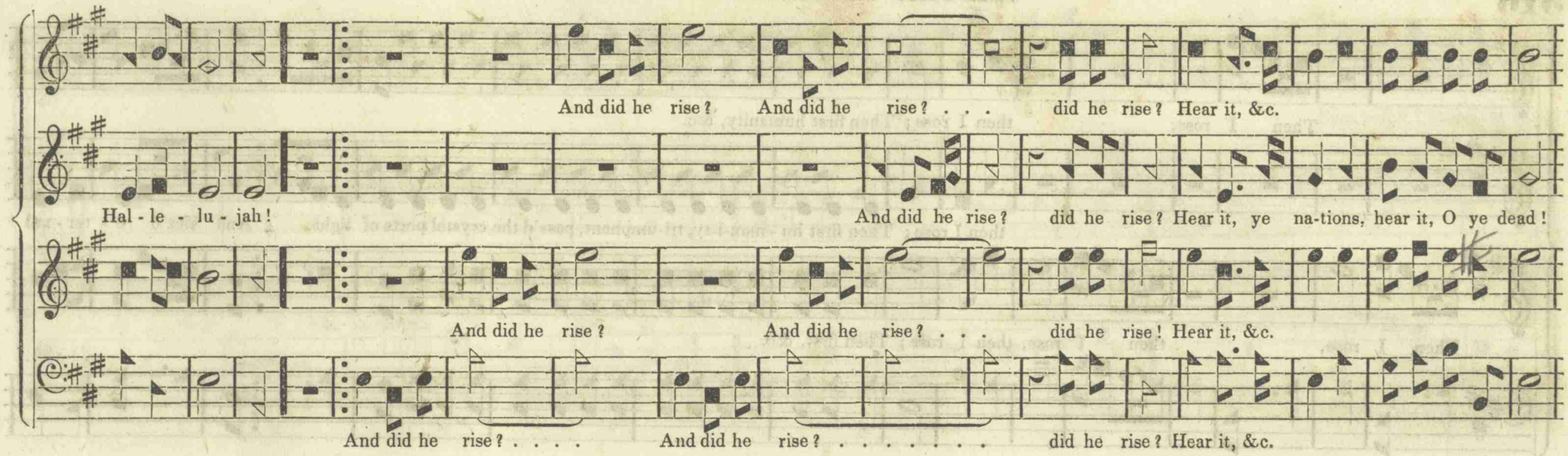
Hal - - le - lu - jah! The Lord is ris'n in-deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

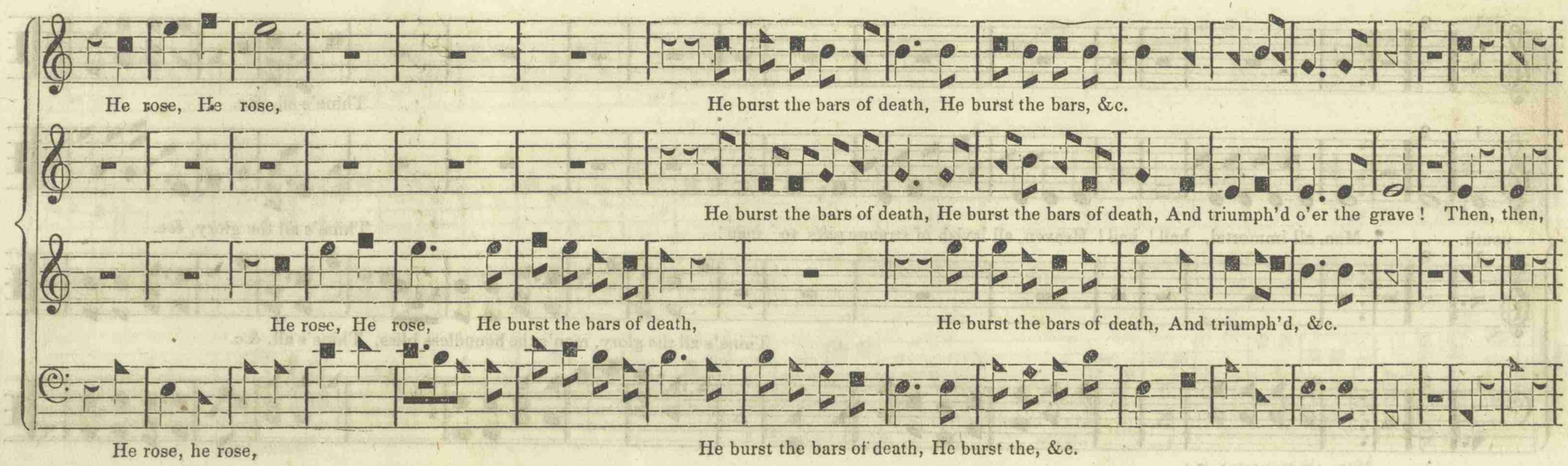
The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ risen from the

Now is Christ the first fruits, &c. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and be - come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah!

dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ, &c. Hal-le - lu-jah!


And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . did he rise? Hear it, &c.
Hal - le - lu - jah!
And did he rise? did he rise? Hear it, ye na-tions, hear it, O ye dead!
And did he rise?
And did he rise? . . . did he rise! Hear it, &c.
And did he rise? . . . . And did he rise? . . . . . did he rise? Hear it, &c.


He rose, He rose,
He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars, &c.
He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,
He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of death,
He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd, &c.
He rose, he rose,
He burst the bars of death, He burst the, &c.

Then I rose, then I rose; Then first humanity, &c.

then I rose; Then first hu - man-i-ty, tri-umphant, pass'd the crystal ports of light, And siez'd e - ter - nal

Then I rose, then I rose, then I rose; Then first, &c.

Then I rose,

youth. Man, all immortal, hail! hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man!

Thine's all, &c.

Thine's all the glory, &c.

Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine's all, &c.

Man, all immortal, &c.

Fear before him, all the earth.

Give un - to the Lord the glo-ry due un-to his name; Come into his courts; Worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness: Fear be - fore him, all . . . . . the earth.

Fear before him, all the earth.

For he cometh

He shall judge the people righteously. And the earth be glad before the Lord, For he cometh To judge the world with righteousness,
Let the heav'ns rejoice, And the people with his truth.

righteously. For he cometh,

# THE ROSE OF SHARON.

BILLINGS

I am the rose of Sha-ron, and the lil - y of the val - leys, I am the rose of Sha-ron, and the lil - y of the val-leys.

As the lil - y among the thorns, so is my love a - mong the daughters: As the ap-ple-tree, the ap-ple-tree a - mong . . . the trees of the wood,

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,

So is my be - lov-ed a - mong the sons, So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons:

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,

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

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

And his fruit . . . . . was sweet to my taste.

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

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

He brought me to the banqueting house, his

Stay me with fla - gons,

He brought me to the banqueting house, His ban - ner o - ver me was love.

Comfort me with

ban - ner o - ver me was love,

For I am sick,

ap - ples, For I am sick, For I am sick . . . . . of love. I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

that ye stir not up,

By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, that ye stir not up, that ye stir not up nor a-

The voice of my be - lov - ed!

wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake my love till he please.

Be - hold! . . . he com-eth,

and

skipping, leaping up - on the mountains, skipping up - on the hills.

skip-ping,

leap-ing up-on the mountains, skipping,

My be-lov-ed spake.

said un - to me,

For lo! the win-ter is

Rise up!

Rise up! Rise up!

Rise up, . . . my love, my fair one, and come a - way! For lo! the win-ter is

past,

past, The rain is o - ver and gone, For lo! the win - ter is past, The rain is o - ver and gone, the

The rain, &c. The rain, &c.

rain is o - ver, the rain is o - ver, the rain is o - ver and gone, For lo! the win - ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone!

I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying un - to me, Write, from henceforth, Write, from henceforth, Write, from henceforth,
Bless-ed are the dead that die in the Lord!

Yea, saith the Spir - it, for they rest, for they rest, For they rest, For they rest from their labors,

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

## ANTHEM OF PRAISE.

Oh! praise God in his ho - li - ness, Praise him in the fir - ma-ment of his pow'r; Praise him for his no-ble acts, Praise him for his noble acts, Praise him according to his

excellent greatness. Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, of the trumpet; Praise him upon the lute, upon the lute and harp; Praise him with the cymbals, with the cymbals and

Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, &c. that hath breath, &c.

dances. Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes; Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath, &c. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, . . . . . that hath breath, &c. that hath, &c.

Let ev'ry thing, &c. that hath, &c. that hath, &c.

My friends, I am go - ing a long and tedious journey, never to return; I am go-ing a

My friends, I am go-ing a long and tedious jour - ney, nev - er to re-turn; I am go-ing, I am go - ing a

My friends, I am going, &c. I am go-ing, I am go-ing a long and

My friends, I am go-ing a long and te - dious jour - ney, . . . . nev-er to return; I am go-ing a long journey, never to re - turn; . . . I am

long and tedious, &c. I am go - ing a long journey, never to return, nev-er to re - turn, . .

long and tedious journey, nev - er to re - turn. I am go-ing a long journey, never to re - turn, nev- er, nev-er, nev-er to re - turn, . .

te - - dious journey, nev-er to return; I am go-ing a long journey, never to re - turn, nev - er to re - turn, nev - er to re - turn,

go-ing a long journey, nev-er to re - turn; I am go-ing a long journey, never to re - turn, nev - er to re - turn, nev-er to re -

# FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Continued.*

I am go-ing a long and tedious journey, nev-er, nev-er to re - turn. Fare you well, my friends, fare you well, my friends!

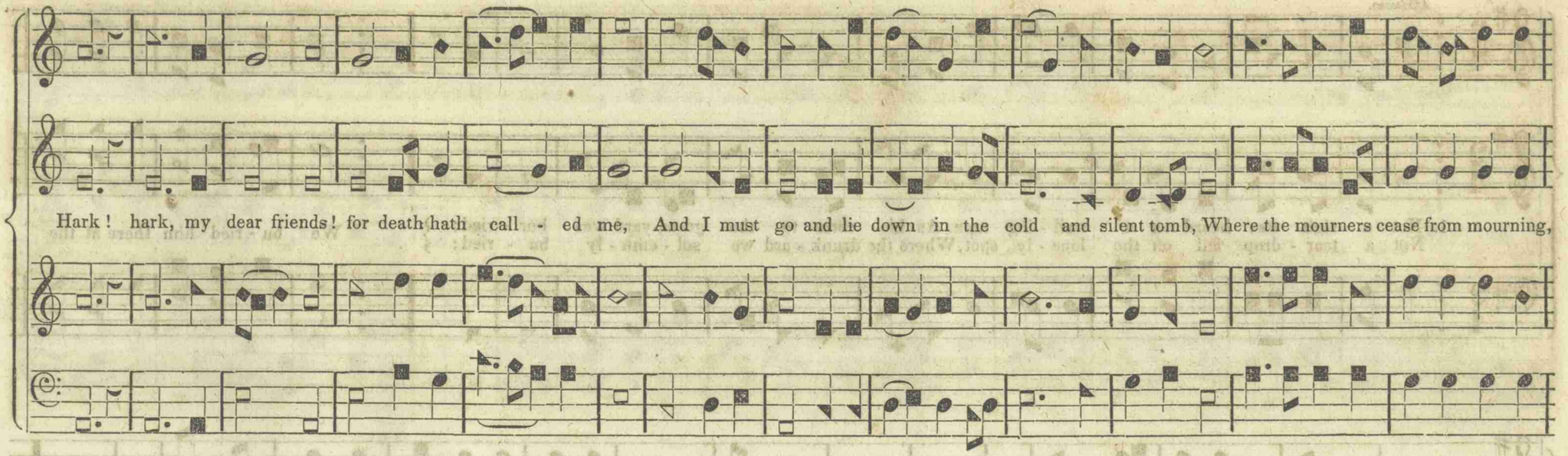
nev-er to re - turn, never, never, never, nev-er, never to re - turn. Fare you well, fare you well, my friends! Fare you well, my friends!

nev-er to re - turn, never, never, never, never to re - - turn. Fare you well, my friends!

- turn, nev-er to re - turn, never, never, &c. Fare you well!

Fare you well!

Fare you well, my friends! God grant that we may meet together, in that world a - bove, where trouble shall cease, and har-mo-ny shall a - bound.

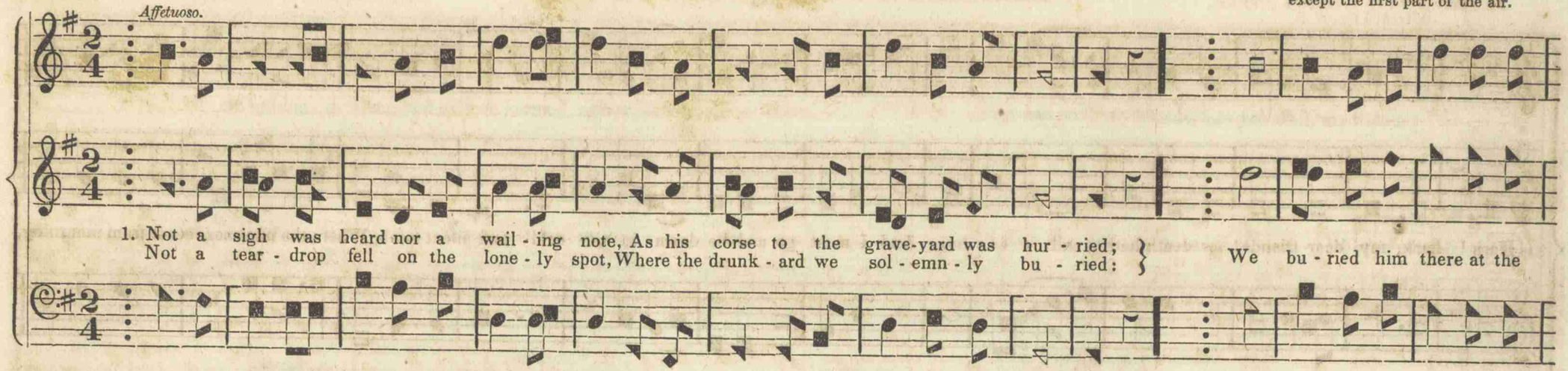

Hark! hark, my dear friends! for death hath call - ed me, And I must go and lie down in the cold and silent tomb, Where the mourners cease from mourning,
and the pris'ner is set free, where the rich and the poor are both a - like: Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well, my friends!

Parody on the "Burial of Sir Jno. Moore."

# THE DRUNKARD'S BURIAL. 10s & 8s.

All by WM. HOUSER, except the first part of the air.

*Affetuoso.*




2. The winding-sheet enclosed his breast,
For in a coarse shroud we had bound him,
And he lay like a drunkard, taking his rest,
With his mantle closed around him.
Ah! few and short were the prayers we said,
From his life no hope could we borrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we thought of a judgment with sorrow..

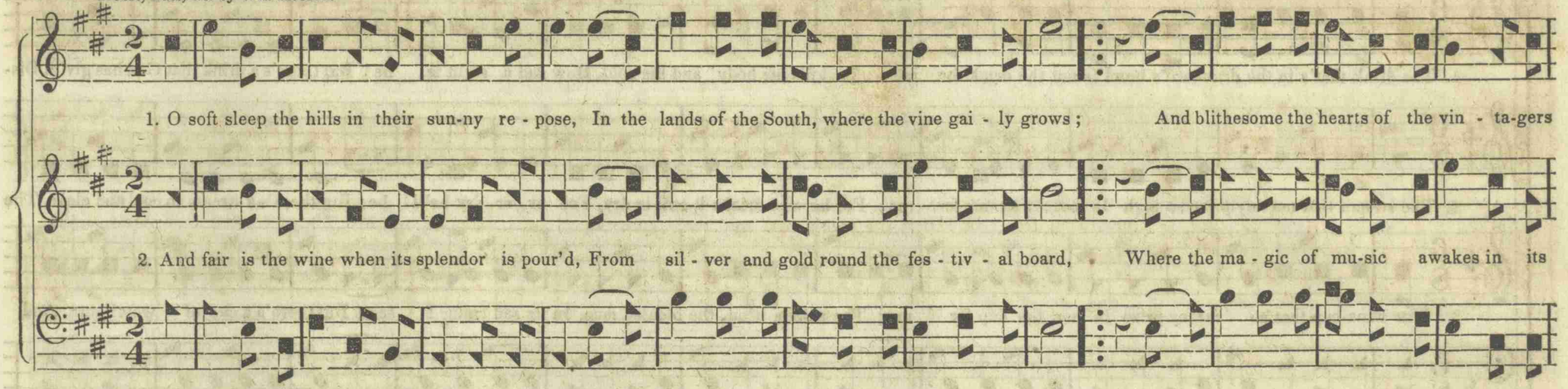
3. We thought, as we heaped his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
Of the worms that would speedily feast on the dead—
And his soul cast adrift on the billow!
Ah! what shall we say of the spirit that's gone!
In mirth, or in anger upbraid him?
Nay, for nothing he'll reck, but in silence sleep on,
In the dark, gloomy grave where we laid him.

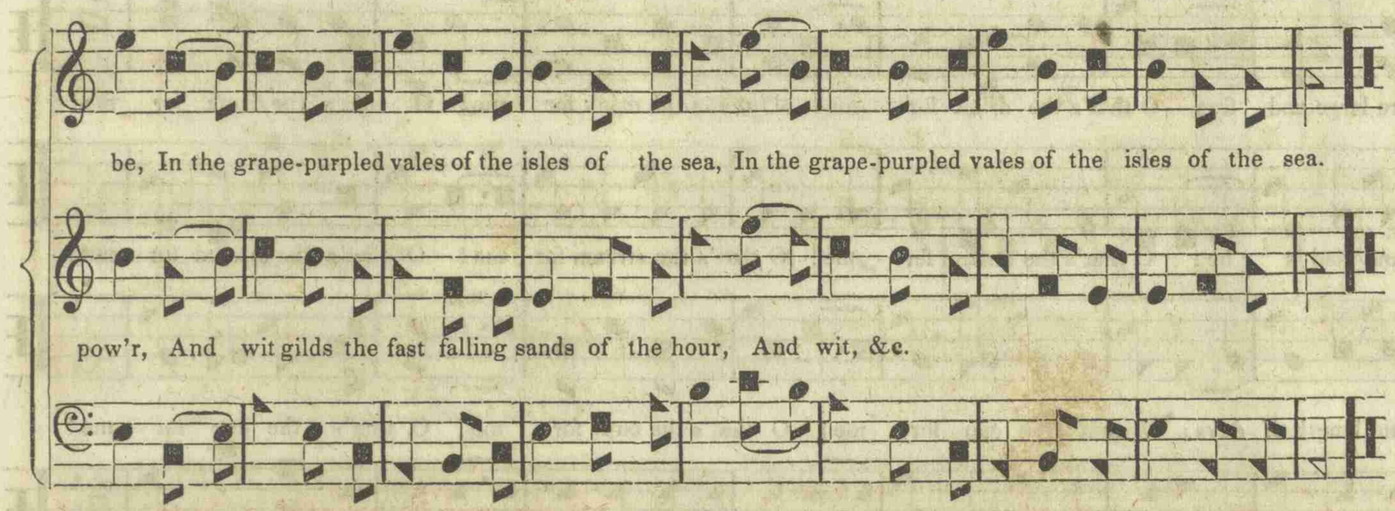
4. And then when our heavy task was done,
And the hour had arrived for retiring,
We sadly reflected that many a one
From intemperance now was expiring.
O Father in heaven, with mercy look down
On drunkards, both youthful and hoary!
Reclaim them from error, and make them thine own,
And exalt them at last to thy glory.

# MEETING OF THE WATERS. 11s.

Air newly Arr'd by A. Simpson Johnson, of Iredell Co., N. C.
Treble, Bass, &c. by Wm. Houser.

Temperance Song, by Wm. Pitt Palmer.




3. Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasures may swim
Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim:
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of wo!

4. They have lured the gay spirit of childhood astray,
While it dream'd not of wiles on its radiant way,
And the soft cheek of Beauty they've paled in its bloom,
And quench'd her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

5. They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the brave,
And changed his proud heart to the heart of the slave;
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
With the gray hairs of age they have trampled in dust.

6. Then lift not the wine-cup though pleasures may swim
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim;
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of wo!

# THE DRINK. 8s & 6s.

1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl Is not the drink for me; It kills his body and his soul, How sad a sight is he! But there's a drink that God has giv'n, Dis-

2. The stream that ma-ny prize so high Is not the stream for me; For he who drinks it still is dry, For ev-er dry he'll be; But there's a stream so cool and clear, The

3. The wine-cup that so ma-ny prize Is not the cup for me; The aching head, the bloated face, In its sad train I see; But there's a cup of water pure, And

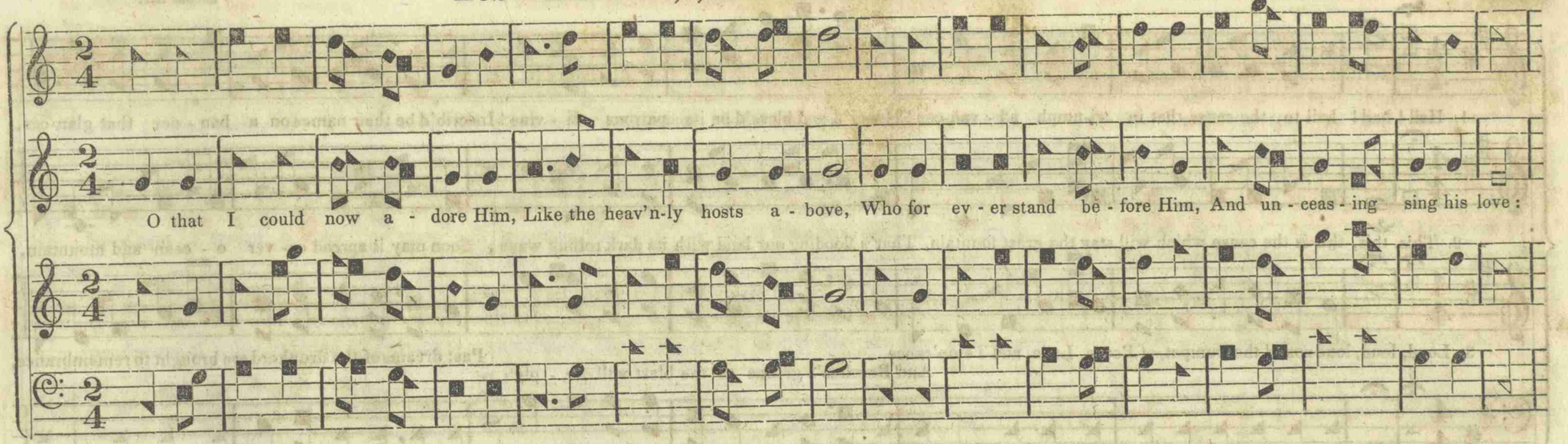
till-ing in the show'rs of heav'n, In measure large and free, O that's the drink for me! O that's the drink for me! O that's the drink for me!

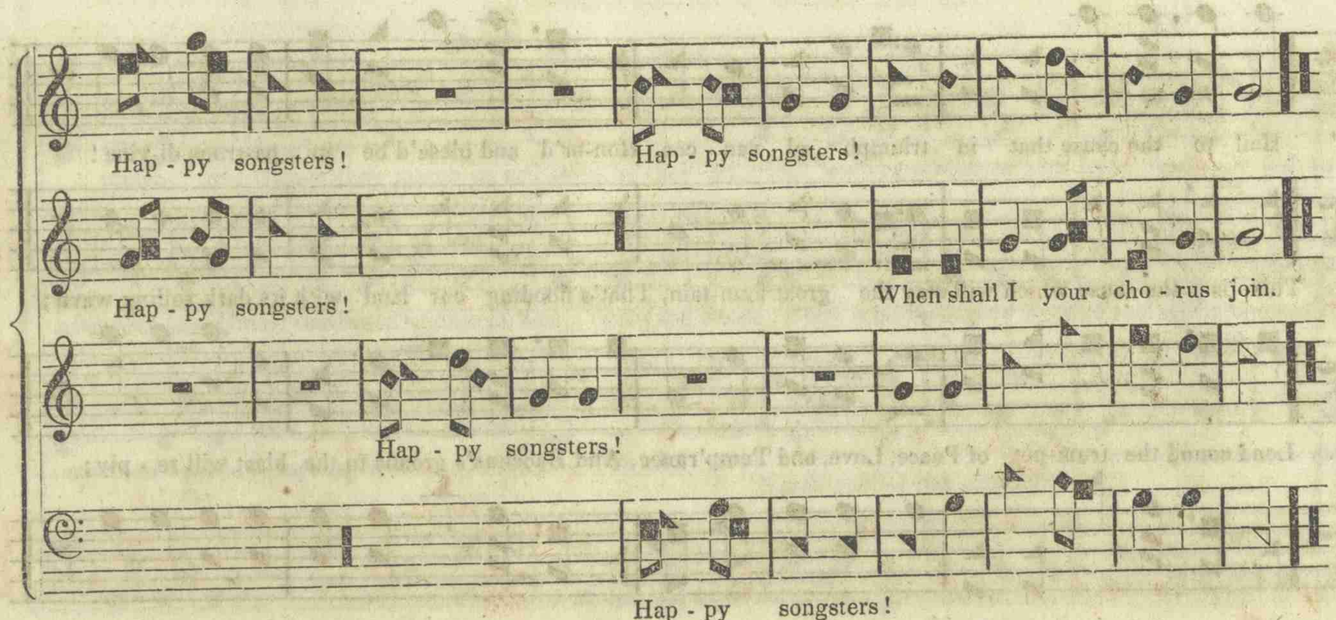
thirsty trav-'ler lin-gers near, Refresh'd and glad is he: O that's the stream for me! O that's the stream for me! O that's the stream for me!

he who drinks it may be sure Of health and length of days: O that's the cup for me! O that's the cup for me! O that's the cup for me!

## ECSTASY. 8,7,4.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.




## TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Round the temperance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind—
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2. Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3. Plant the temperance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory;
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

A Parody on "Hail to the Chief," by Miss Julia A. Hext, of Barnwell District, S. Carolina.

# HAIL TO THE CAUSE.

Scotch Air.

1. Hail! hail! hail to the cause that in tri-umph ad - van-ces! Honor'd and bless'd be its patrons di - vine! Inscrib'd be their names on a ban - ner that glan-ces,

2. This, this, this is the cause which will stay the great fountain, That's flooding our land with its dark rolling wave; Soon may it spread o - ver o - cean and mountain,

3. Loud, loud, loud sound the trumpet, of Peace, Love, and Temp'rance, Past dreams of the drunkard are brought to remembrance,
And Bacchus's groans to the blast will re - ply:

"Friends of the wife and the daugh-ter, man-kind." Hail to the cause that in triumph ad - van - ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be its pa-trons di-vine!

Sav - ing its millions from death and the grave. This is the cause which will stay the great foun-tain, That's flooding our land with its dark rolling wave;

The wine - cup is dash'd from his lips with a sigh. Loud sound the trum-pet of Peace, Love, and Temp'rance, And Bacchus's groans to the blast will re - ply;

Inscrib'd be their names on a ban - ner that glan-ces, "Friends of the wife and the daughter, man-kind!" Heav'n smile on men so true! Earth sound their

Soon may it spread o - ver o - cean and mountain, Sav - ing its mil - lions from death and the grave: God is its au-thor grand, Saints aid the

Past dreams of the drunkard are brought to remembrance, The wine-cup is dash'd from his lips with a sigh: "Go, thou ac - curs - ed thing, Thine is the

praises too! Gay-ly they march on and shout as they go; Oh! ev' - ry Christian pen, Lend, lend your aid to men! Bring glo - ry to God from the hovels of wo.

glorious plan, Unfurl the broad banner of Temp'rance and Peace! Plant it in the mighty Rock, Proof to the tempest's shock; Proudly 'twill wave while our ar - mies increase.

scorpion's sting, Long hast thou kept me in mis - 'ry and wo; 'Neath yonder ban - ner fair, Hope smiles with pla - cid air, To join that bright army I'll go, yes, I'll go!"

# THE WASHINGTON BADGE.* 8s.

Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

1. Come, join in our tem-perance ar - my,
And put on the Washing-ton badge;
I'm sure that it nev - er will harm you,
To give in your name to the pledge.

2. They call us all bro-ken-down to-pers—
And they may say just what they will;
But once we were ve - ry good loaf - ers,
When our money went in - to their till:

We're done with our days of ca - rous - ing,
Our nights, too, of frol - icsome glee;
For now, with our so - ber minds choosing,
We've pledged ourselves never to spree.

We've broken the charm of their glass - es,
And mended the joys of our home;
Our wives and our lit - tle ones' fa - ces
Wear gladness in-stead of a gloom.

3. Our garments are sound, now, and decent;
Our pockets with money are lined;
Our friends, when they meet us, are pleasant,
And even the *ladies* look kind.
We've launch'd our cold water frigate,
And call it the Temperance ship,
And invite you to help us to rig it,
And join our tee-total trip.

4. She's fully insured, in her cruising,
From piracy, shipwreck, and fire;
And you may be sure of not losing
Your wages or character by her:
Her crew are men honest and hearty,
Her cargo is plenty and peace;
Come, join our tee-total party,
And all your old sorrows will cease.

5. We're bound for a haven of gladness,
And all the world's joining our crew;
I'm sure, then, 'tis folly and madness,
If you'll not embark with us, too.
Huzza for the Washington banner,
That floats o'er the Temperance ship!
Come on, now, my hearties, and man her,
And take a long tee-total trip!

* The grand Washingtonian Temperance movement was begun in Baltimore, Md., on Friday evening, April 2, 1840, by Wm. K. Mitchell, tailor, J. F. Hoss, carpenter, D. Anderson, blacksmith, Geo. Steers, wheelwright, J. McCurley, coachmaker, and Arch. Campbell, silver-plater. Mitchell wrote the grand tee-total Washingtonian Pledge, and was the first president of their society.

# AULD LANG SYNE. C. M.

Scotch Air.

1. Be days of drinking wine for-got, Let wa - ter gob-lets shine, And from our mem'ry ev - er blot The days of drinking wine: Those

2. We twa have quaff'd, in days long past, Bright jui - ces of the vine! But let us from our mem'ries cast Those cus-toms of "lang syne:" Bad

3. We twa can meet as friends should meet; We twa to-geth - er dine; Our bev - 'rage quaff from foun-tains sweet, And ne'er re - gret the wine: At

days of drinking wine, my friend, Those days of drink-ing wine; A temp'rance hour is worth a pow'r Of days of drinking wine.

cus - toms of "lang syne," my friend, Bad cus - toms of "lang syne;" Our temp'rance age must blot the page Of customs of "lang syne."

Temp'rance' shrine, my friend, my friend, We're pledged at her fair shrine; And hold her cause a - bove the laws And cus-toms of lang syne.

# THE LAST DISTILLER. 7,5,6,5.

Parts arr'd by Wm. Houser.

1. 'Twas the last sad dis - til - ler, Left mu-sing a - lone; All his former com - pan - ions Had left him and gone: Not a

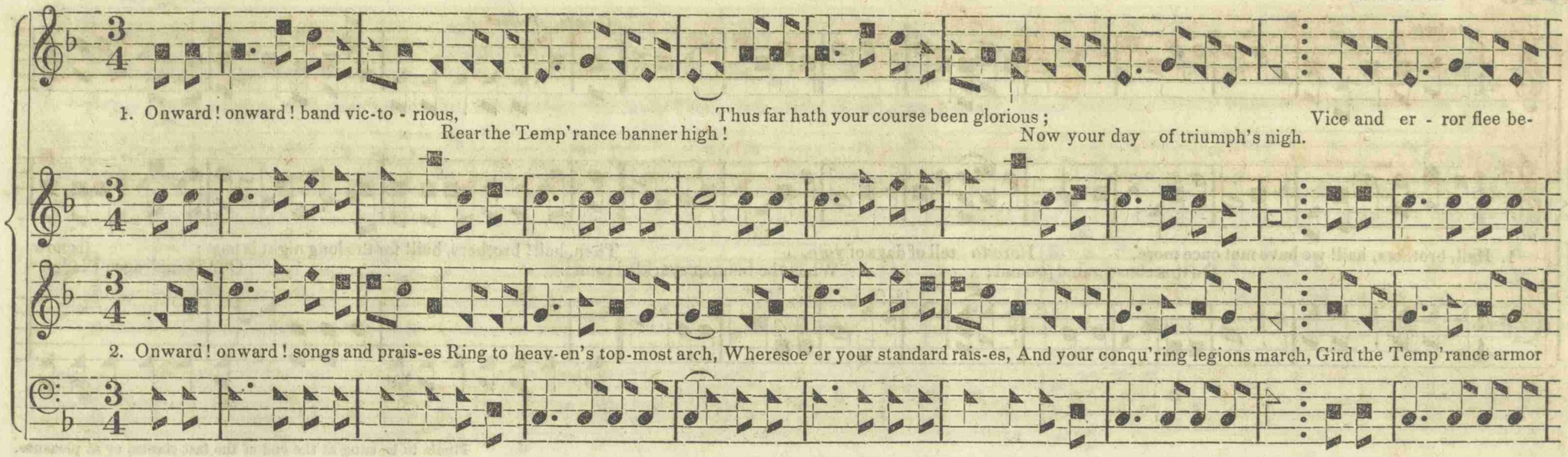
2. O stay not here, lone one, Af - flic - tion to stem; Since they all, all have left thee, Go join thou with them; Oh!

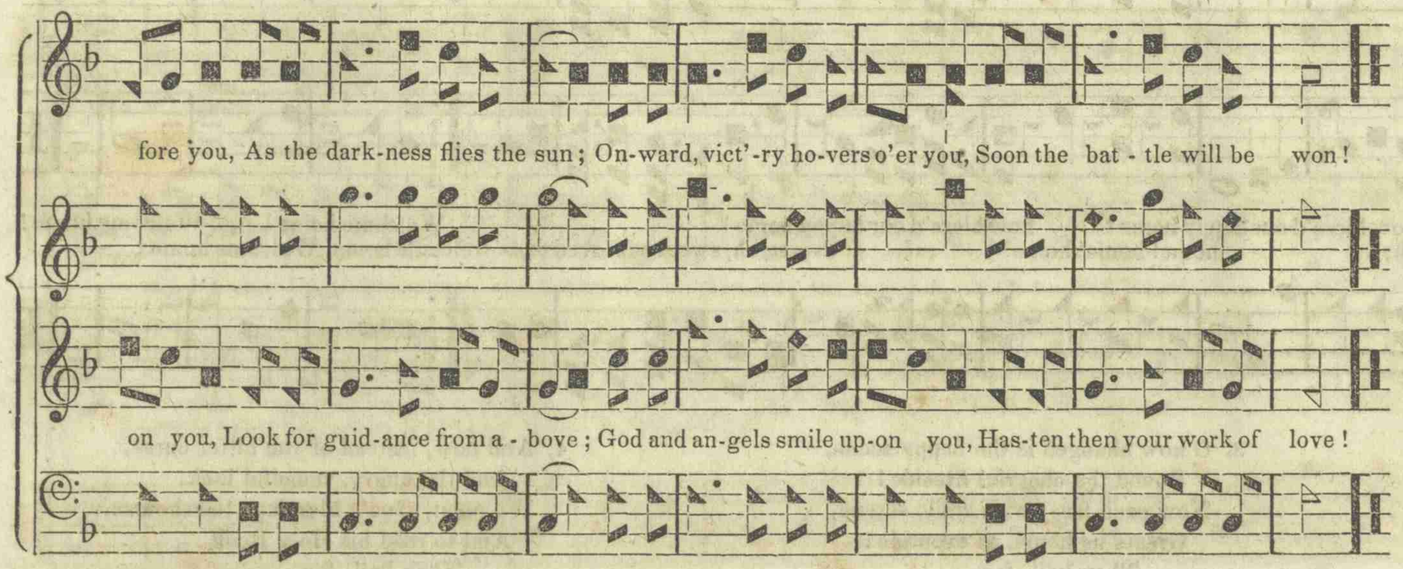
3. When thy friends have all vanish'd, And hap - pi - ness flown, Oh! who, who would in - hab - it This drear place a - lone? Then

friend-ly one near him, Not a rum - sell - er nigh, To aid and to cheer him, Those days have gone by.

look at these black walls, They tell a sad tale, Of the tears of the widow, The or - phan's low wail.

come with a firm heart, To the pledge sign thy name, And thou'lt lose care and sor-row, And peace thou wilt gain.




3. Lo! what multitudes despairing.
Widows, orphans, heirs of wo,
And the slaves their fetters wearing,
Reeling madly to and fro;
Mercy, justice, both entreat you,
To destroy their bitter foe;
Christians, patriots, good men greet you:
To the conflict bravely go!

4. To the vender and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone!
Swell the accents louder, shriller,
Make their guilt enormous known.
Onward! onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free;
Swear on Temp'rance's holy altar,
Death is yours, or *Victory!*

Marsh.

# MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG

Song of the Sons of Temperance.
By Dr. E. M. PENDLETON, of Sparta, Geo.

*Andante.*

CHORUS. *Presto.*

1. Hail, brothers, hail! we have met once more, Here to tell of days of yore, Then, hail! brothers, hail! for the long night is past; [is now
On this consecrated ground; When the bumper sparkled round. Our Temp'rance Pledge

Finale to be sung at the end of the last stanza, or at pleasure.

*Fir.* *Adagio.*

nail'd to the mast; And oh, how bless'd our happy home! how bless'd our happy home! Welcome home! Welcome home!
Our skies no more with clouds o'ercast, home! home! home! Sweet, oh, sweet our loved ones' welcome home! Welcome home!

2. Oh! when the bumper sparkled round,
And each drank so full and free,
Wives and children never found
Aught in life, but misery.
CHORUS. Then hail, &c.

3. O how changed is the happy scene,
Round the cheerful fireside!
Now each face, with smile serene,
Greets us home, at eventide!
Then hail, &c.

4. And now, instead of the bitter curse,
And the angry, vengeful look,
We meet, God's blessings to rehearse,
And to read his Holy Book.
Then hail, &c.

# AWAY THE BOWL!

German Air.
Parts by Wm. Houser.



*Con Spirito.* *For.*

1. Our youthful hearts with temp'rance burn, Away, away the bowl! From dram-shops all our steps we turn, Away, away the bowl! Farewell to rum and all its harms, Fare-

2. See how that staggering drunkard reels, Away, a-way the bowl! A - las! the mis-'ry he re-veals, A-way, a-way the bowl! His children grieve, his wife in tears, How

2. We drink no more, nor buy nor sell, A-way, a-way the bowl! The drunkard's offers we re-pel, A-way, away the bowl! U - ni - ted in a Temp'rance band, We're

*For.* *For.*

Chorus. *For.* *F.F.*

well the wine-cup's boasted charms, A-way the bowl! &c.

sad his once bright home appears! A-way the bowl! a-way the bowl! A - way, a - way the bowl! A-way the bowl! a - way the bowl! Away, a-way the bowl!

join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand, Away the bowl! &c.

*For.* *F.F.*

# SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

*As a Duette or Solo, ad libitum.*

Air by J. B. TAYLOR.

1. Sparkling and bright in its li - quid light Is the wa - ter in our glass-es, 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es.
2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa-ter cold, From the liv - ing foun - tain flowing; A calm de-light both day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing.
3. Sor-rows depart from the bleeding heart Of the weeping wife or mo - ther, As the poi-son'd cup is giv - en up By hus-band, son, or bro-ther.

CHORUS.

TUTTI.

Re-sign, resign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh-ter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa-

ter, Oh then re-sign your ru - by wine, Each smiling son and daugh-ter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa-ter.

# SIGN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Words by PETER WALKER.

*Sung as a Solo, Duette, or Trio.*

CHORUS.

1. Oh sweet the strains are swelling,
Of bliss within forth-telling,
Where the Sons of Temp'rance meet,
And harmony complete:
But none can see the mystic crew
Of purest white, and red, and blue,
Array'd in badges fine,
Unless they know the sign—

The sign, the sign—unless they know the sign,
Unless they know the sign
Of the Sons of Temperance.

2. The ladies are for going
While they at home are sewing,
To see what the men do there,
So I'll the sign declare:—
They drink no cider, rum, nor beer,
But water sparkling, pure and clear—
No brandy, gin, nor wine,
And this is all their sign.

The sign—the sign—Oh this is all the sign,
Oh this is all the sign
Of the Sons of Temperance.

3. Their eyes in pearly whiteness
Do another sign disclose;
And then, no ruby brightness
Does e'er adorn their nose.
No zig-zag windings mark their feet,
But onward as a line
In dress and every thing complete,
They bear the Temp'rance sign.
The sign, the sign, Oh this, &c.

4. No wife e'er fears to meet them,
When the even-tide has come;
The children run to greet them,
And bid them welcome home:
For Purity, Fidelity,
And Love in them combine,
And so they strive that all may be
Preserved from rum and wine.
The sign, the sign, Oh this, &c.

# THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE. 6,4s.

Words by PETER WALKER.
Bass, Treble, and Alto, by WM. HOUSER.

*Doloroso.*

CHORUS.

1. Sad - ly and hope-less-ly Mourning her lot, Sitteth one doom'd to be Wife of a sot, Singing, "Oh where, my love, Now do you roam? Come, my love, Come, my love, Come to your home."

2. Long has the midnight hour
Silently flit,
But at her glimmering lamp
Still does she sit,
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

3. Starting at every sound
Heard on the street,
Often she opes the door
No one to meet:
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c,

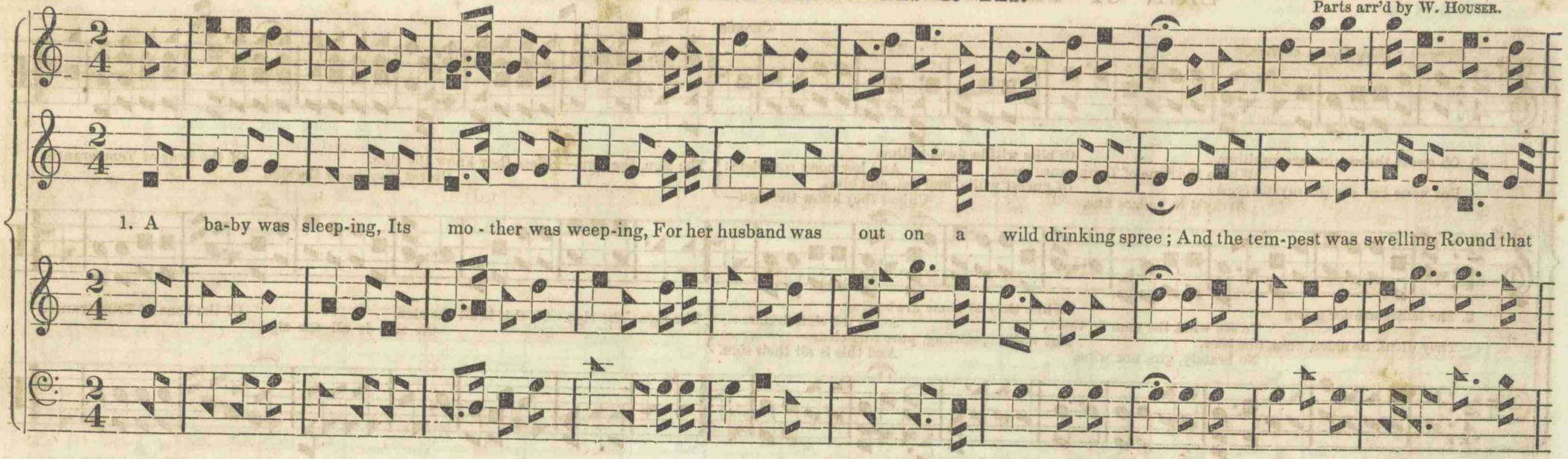
4. Vainly is kindness shown,
Vain is her art;
Vainly she strives to wake
Love in his heart:
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

5. Rum has enslaved him,
Virtue has fled,
Lady, no rest is thine
Till thou art dead:
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

Irish Air.

# ANGELS' WHISPER. 11s & 12s.

Parts arr'd by W. HOUSER.




2. The hours while she number'd
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee—
"Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whisp'ring to thee.

3. "And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O pray to our Father in heaven with me,
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father—
For I know that the angels are whisp'ring to thee."

4. *And ere the gray dawning,
Her sadness and mourning
Were changed to the fulness of gladness and glee—
For her husband, relenting
And truly repenting,
Had whisper'd to her, "I have sign'd! I am free!"

*This beautiful stanza was written by THOMAS MACKELLAR.

# ONE GLASS MORE. C. M. D.

"Rose of Allandale." Scotch Air.

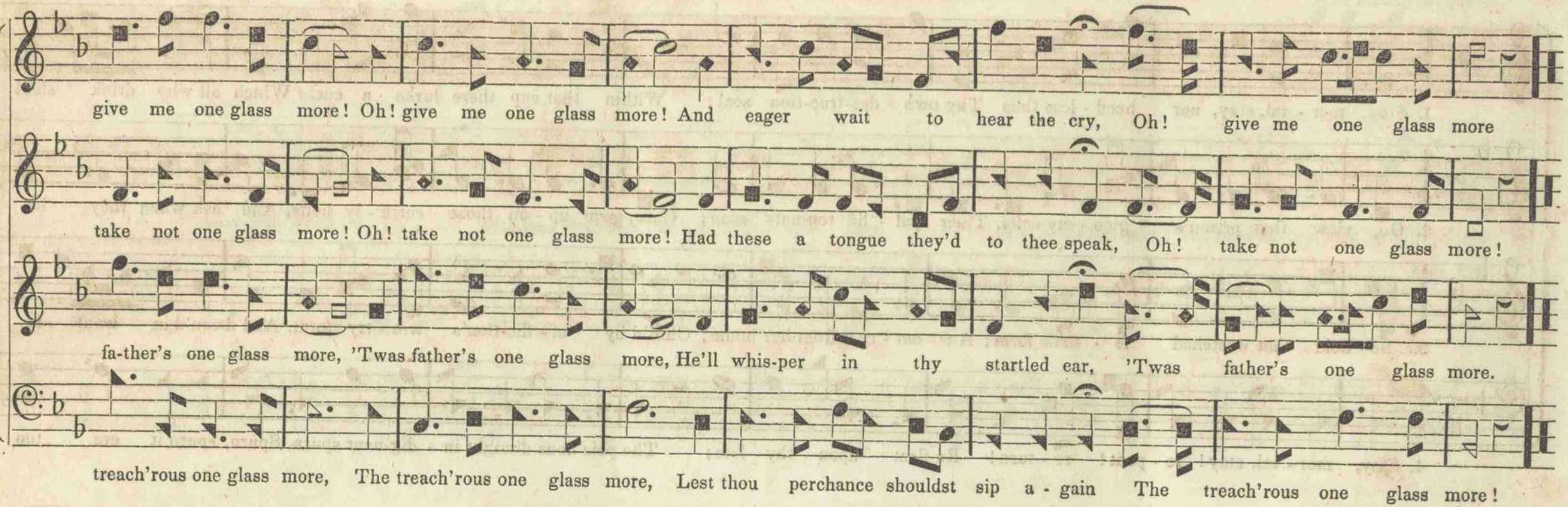
1. Stay, mor - tal, stay, nor heed - less thus Thy own des-truc-tion seal; Within that cup there lurks a curse Which all who drink shall feel; Disease and death for ev-er nigh, Stand ready at the door, And ea-ger wait to hear the cry, "Oh! give me one glass more!" Oh!

2. Go, view that prison's gloo - my cells, Their pal - lid ten-ants scan; Gaze, gaze up - on those earth - ly hells, And ask when they be- gan: Had these a tongue, O man! thy cheek Would burn with crimson o'er: Had these a tongue they'd to thee speak, "Oh! take not one glass more!" Oh!

3. Be - hold that wretched fe - male form; An out - cast from her home; Chill'd by af - flic-tion's win - try storm, And doom'd in want to roam: Behold her! ask that prattler dear Why mother is so poor, He'll whisper in thy startled ear, "'Twas fa - ther's one glass more." 'Twas

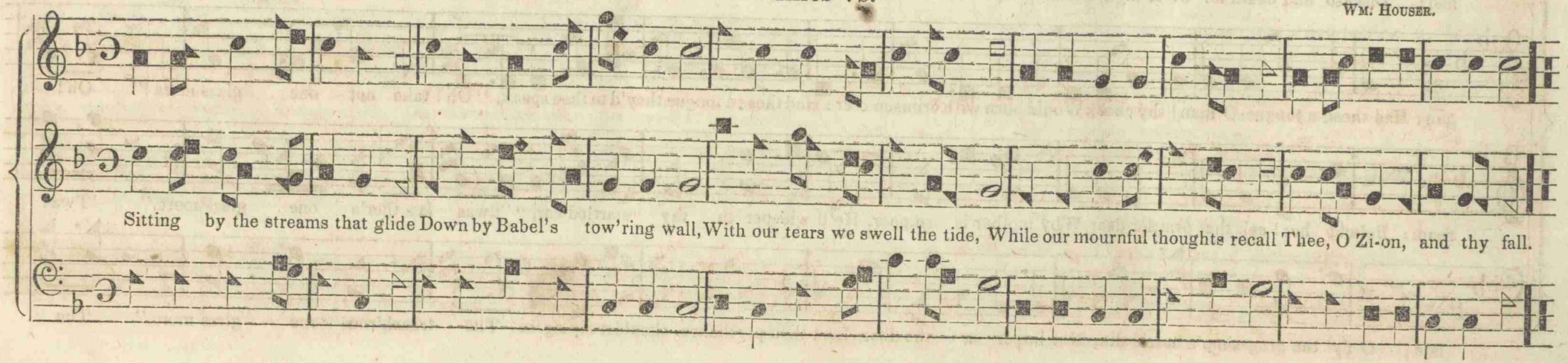
4. Stay, mor - tal, stay! re - pent! re - turn! Re-flect upon thy fate; The pois'nous draught in - dig-nant spurn, Spurn, spurn it ere too late; O fly the grog-shop's horrid din, Nor linger at the door, Lest thou perchance shouldst sip again The treach'rous "one glass more." The

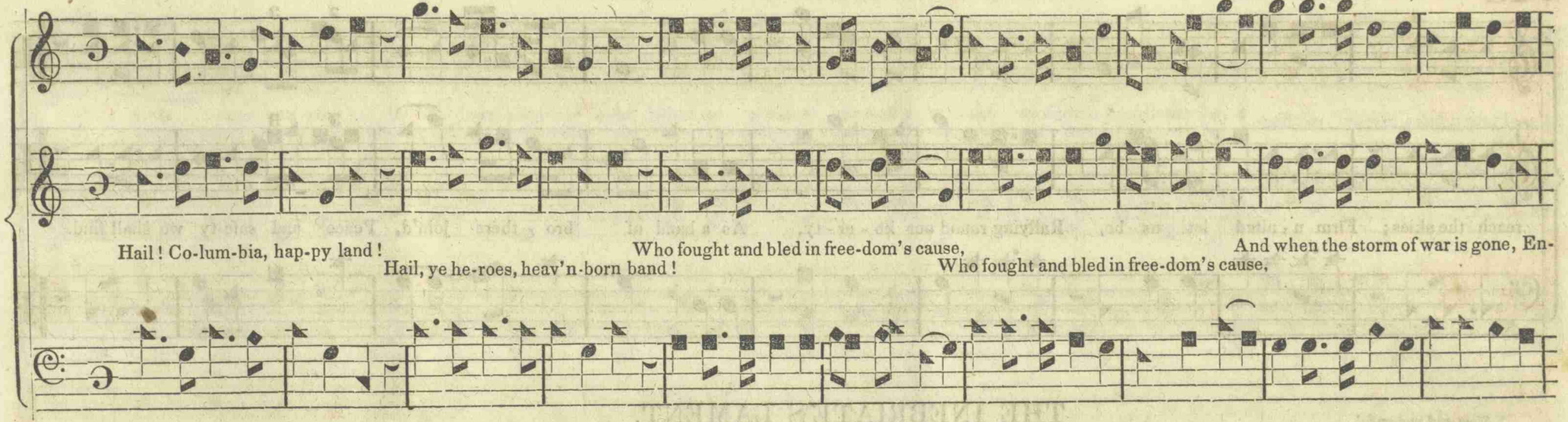
## ONE GLASS MORE. *Concluded.*



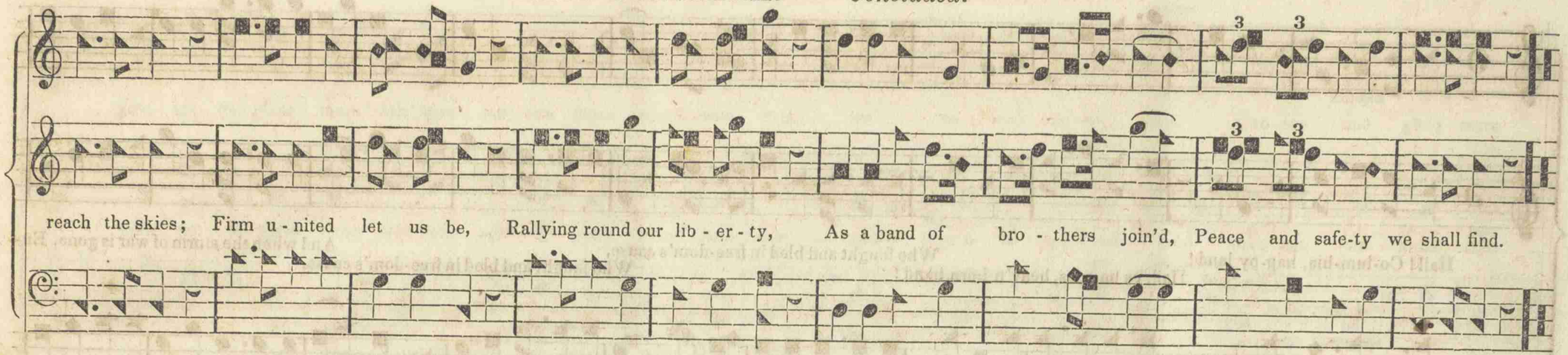

## AFFLICTED ZION. 5 lines 7s.

WM. HOUSER.

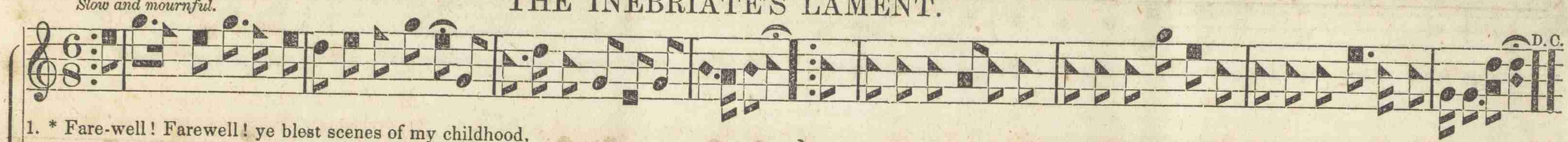



Hail! Co-lum-bia, hap-py land!
Hail, ye he-roes, heav'n-born band!
Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,
Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,
And when the storm of war is gone, En-
joy the peace your val - or won;
Let in - de-pen-dence be your boast,
Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
Ev - er grate-ful for the prize,
May its al - tars

## HAIL COLUMBIA. *Concluded.*

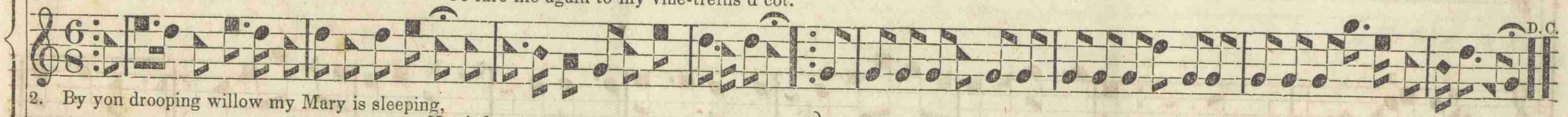



## THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.



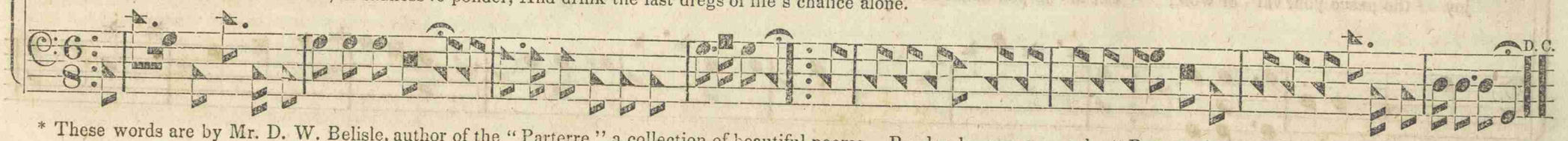

1. * Fare-well! Farewell! ye blest scenes of my childhood,
Your sacred enjoyments for ever are gone;
Ye valleys, and mountains, and deep-tangled wildwood,
Where echoes of music salute the first dawn:
D. C. Can shed the soft beams of hope's beacon around me,
Or lure me again to my vine-trellis'd cot.

No longer the charms and endearments that bound me—
Bright haunts of my youth—to that once hallow'd spot,

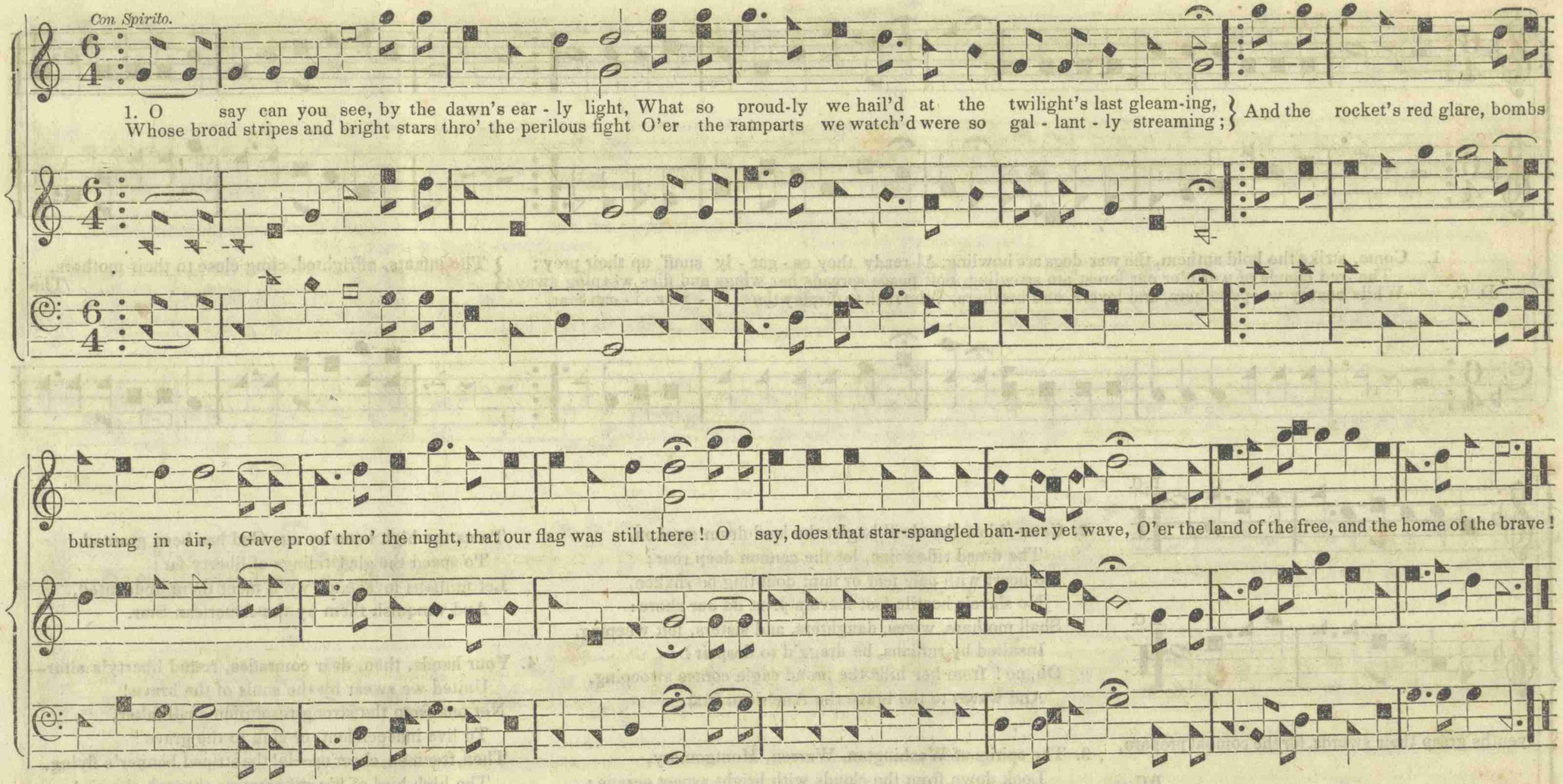



2. By yon drooping willow my Mary is sleeping,
Her infant reposing so sweet on her breast;
While angels around her their vigils are keeping,
Lest I should revisit the place where they rest!
D. C. A poor, homeless drunkard, in sadness to ponder, And drink the last dregs of life's chalice alone.

But now o'er the earth, like an exile I wander,
Unpitied, unhonor'd, uncherish'd, unknown,




* These words are by Mr. D. W. Belisle, author of the "Parterre," a collection of beautiful poems. Reader, be sure to get the "Parterre," if you desire a rich feast of real poetry.

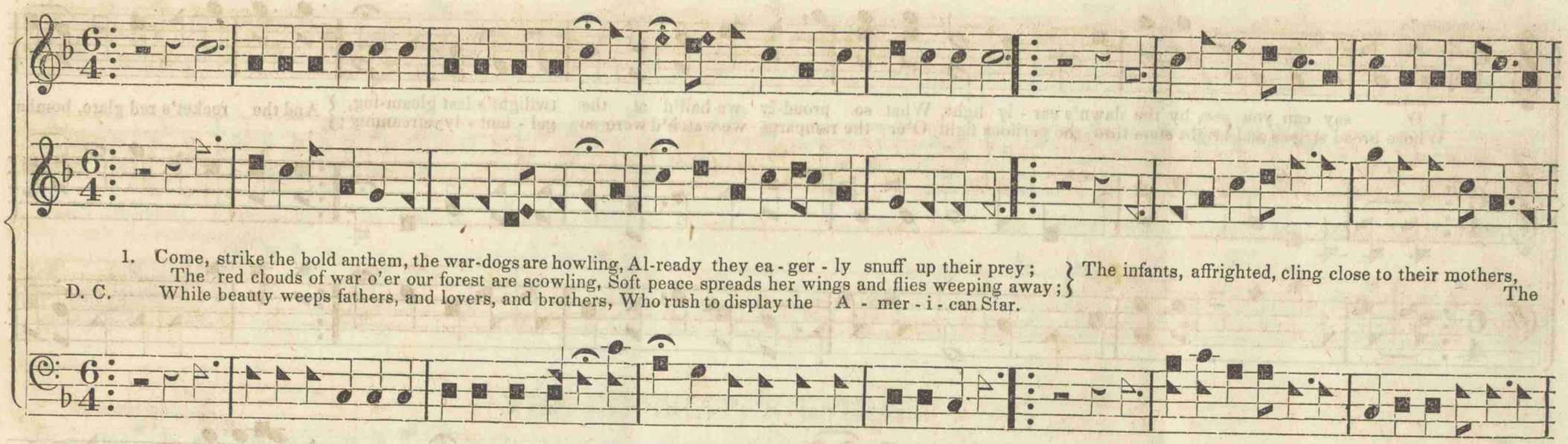


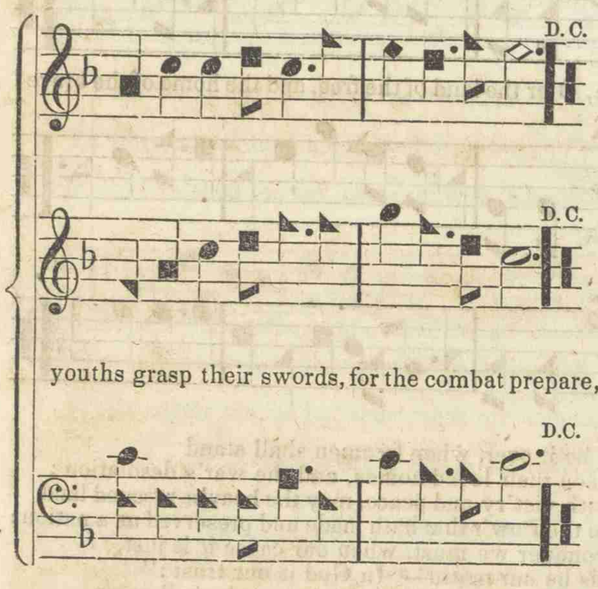

2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution:
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight and the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes, and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation:
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

# THE AMERICAN STAR.* 12s & 11s.




2. Come, blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear or faint doubting be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore:
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair?
Oh, no! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the American Star.

3. The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their mem'ry,
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been.
To us the high boon by our God has been granted,
To speed the glad tidings of liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
And vanquish them by the American Star.

4. Your hands, then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar—
United we swear by the souls of the brave!
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent, or sink to the grave!
Then, freemen, cheer up—lo! the striped banner's flying,
The high bird of liberty screams through the air!
Beneath her oppressions and tyranny dying—
Success to the beaming American Star.

* Arranged by Wm. Houser, and dedicated to his nephew, Wm. A. W. Hauser, in consideration of his gallant conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, as a member of the immortal Second Kentucky Regiment, commanded by McKee and Clay.

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS. [An Ode.]

Words by Mrs. Hemans.
Music principally by Miss Augusta Brown.



1. The breaking waves dash'd high, And the woods against the stormy sky And the heavy night hung dark As a
On a stern and rock-bound coast, Their giant branches toss'd; The hills and waters o'er,

band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

*For.* *Mez. Voce.* *For.*

2. Not as the conqu'ror comes, Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
They the true hearted came; Nor the trumpet that sings of fame.

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS. *Continued.*

*Pia.* *Pianissimo.* *FF* *For.*

Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear,

They shook the depths of the desert gloom, With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3. A-midst the storm they sang! And the

*For.* *Cres.*

stars heard and the sea; And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang

With the anthem of the free!

The o-cean eagle soar'd From his nest by the white wave's foam,

And the rocking pines of the

*FF.*

forest roar'd ;
This was their welcome home !

4. What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels, bright jewels, bright jewels, of the mine ?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

*Expressive.* *Mez. For.* *For.*

Aye ; call it ho-ly ground,
The spot where first they trod ;

They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God,

They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

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