THE

TIMBREL OF ZION:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS,

FROM THE MOST

DISTINGUISHED EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN AUTHORS;

EMBRACING

ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, AND CONTAINING A CLEAR EXPOSITION OF THE PRIMARY PRINCIPLES OF MUSICAL SCIENCE.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

CHOIRS, SINGING-SCHOOLS, AND SOCIETIES:

THE WHOLE CONSTITUTING A BODY OF CHURCH MUSIC AS COMPLETE AS EVER ISSUED FROM THE PRESS.

BY T. K. COLLINS, JR.

PHILADELPHIA:
S. C. COLLINS, PUBLISHER, 705 JAYNE STREET.

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The Character Notes, as used in the "Christian Minstrel," secured for this work by special contract with the Proprietors.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
T. K. COLLINS, Jr.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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PREFACE.

THE prominent object in the publication of this work is to embody in a single volume such tunes as have been well tried and proven to be the most valuable church music now extant. A great number of these tunes have been obtained, "by permission," from the most popular works now in use. To these are added several new tunes not previously published, to which the names of the composers are given, and to whom we now tender our acknowledgments.

Many of the old fugue tunes, with the most pleasing melodies, have been re-arranged and inserted in this work. The Base, Treble, Alto, and Tenor have been harmonized throughout, thereby setting aside the objections which have been made to their use in churches. On account of the jargon of words and distraction of sense, these tunes have become very unpopular in almost all our churches, and are going entirely out of use. But by the arrangement given them in this work, it is confidently believed they may be used in Christian worship without any impropriety whatever. This feature of the work is one which we trust will commend itself to the good taste of all who desire harmony and order in public worship.

In this volume will be found music adapted to all the different metres used in the various psalm and hymn books of the present day--making it a complete work, in this respect, for all the different Christian denominations.

The elementary department is progressive—being arranged in the inductive order. It will be found to contain all that is necessary to a full understanding of the elementary principles of music.

No pains or expense have been spared to enrich the pages of this volume, and make it acceptable to the friends of music. That it may be found to multiply the number of singers in our churches, and increase the interest in that delightful part of divine service, is the sincere prayer of

THE COMPILER.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

MUSICAL sounds may be considered in respect to their LENGTH, their PITCH, and their POWER. And upon these are founded three departments in the elements of music.

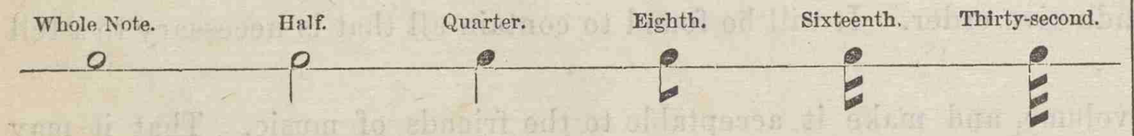
1. RHYTHMICS.....Treating of the length of sounds, or tones.
2. MELODICS.....Treating of the pitch of sounds, or tones.
3. DYNAMICS.....Treating of the power of sounds, or tones.

FIRST DEPARTMENT.—RHYTHMICS.

Rhythmical Characters Explained.

The term Rhythm comprehends all that belongs to time in music. It treats of the division of music into measures, and the duration of the notes or sounds that fill the measures.

The *relative* length of sounds is indicated by characters called *Notes*, of which there are six kinds in common use, as follows:—



These notes represent sounds of different relative length; that is, one whole note is equal in duration to two half-notes; one half-note is equal to two quarter-notes, and one quarter-note is equal to two eighths, &c.

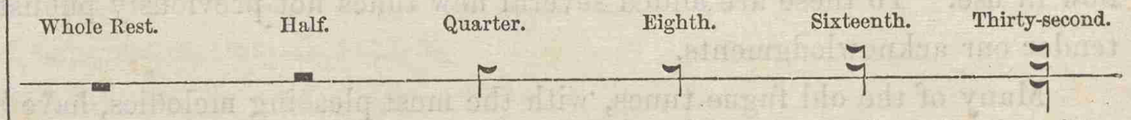
A *Dot* (·) adds to a note one-half its length.

Thus, a dotted half-note is equal to three quarters or

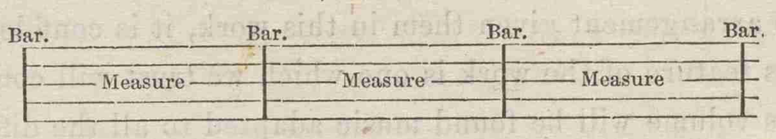
A dotted quarter is equal to three eighths or

Sometimes *two dots* are used, in which case the second dot adds one-half to the value of the first.

There are also six different *rests*, or marks of silence, corresponding in time to the six different kinds of notes, as follows:



To regulate the time, and to preserve an equal movement throughout, written music is divided into equal portions, called *Measures;* which are marked off by straight lines drawn across the staff, called *Bars.*



The measure is divided into equal *parts*, called *Beats.*

A measure may have *two*, *three*, *four*, or *six* beats.

A measure having two beats is called *Double Measure*, or *Double Time;* first beat *down*, second beat *up*. Accented on the first part of the measure.

A measure having three beats is called *Triple Measure*, or *Triple Time;* first beat *down;* second *left*, (horizontally to the breast;) the third *up*. Accented on the first part of the measure.

A measure having four beats is called *Quadruple Measure*, or *Quadruple Time;* first beat *down*, second *left*, (horizontally to the breast;) third *right*, (horizontally from the breast;) fourth *up*. Accented on the first and third parts of the measure.
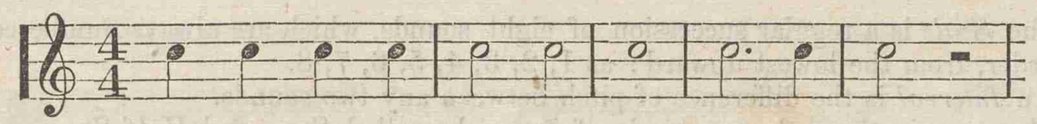
A measure having six beats is called *Sextuple Measure*, or *Sextuple Time;* first beat *down;* second *down;* third *left;* fourth *right;* fifth *up;* sixth *up*. Accented on the first and fourth parts of the measure.

The Sextuple measure is often described by two beats, as in Double Measure—it is then called Compound Time.

Measures are expressed by figures, which are used in the form of fractions, the upper figure (numerator) showing the number of parts to the measure, or kind of time; and the lower figure (denominator) the value of the notes—whether halves, quarters, or eighths. Thus, $\frac{4}{4}$ shows that four quarter-notes fill the measure, and $\frac{3}{4}$ shows that three quarters fill the measure, &c., as follows:

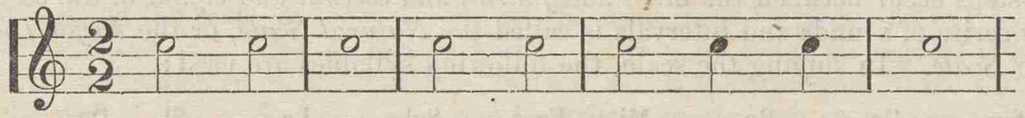
Measures with four beats, called

QUADRUPLE TIME.



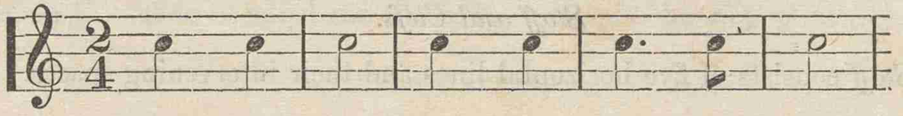
Measures with two beats, called

DOUBLE TIME.—*First Variety.*



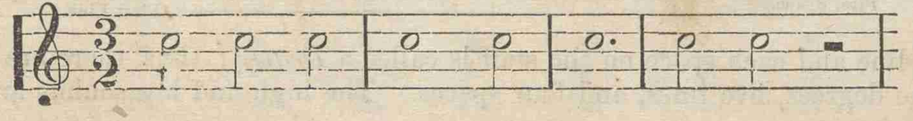
Measures with two beats, called

DOUBLE TIME.—*Second Variety.*



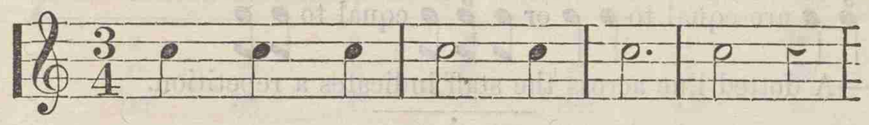
Measures with three beats, called

TRIPLE TIME.—*First Variety.*
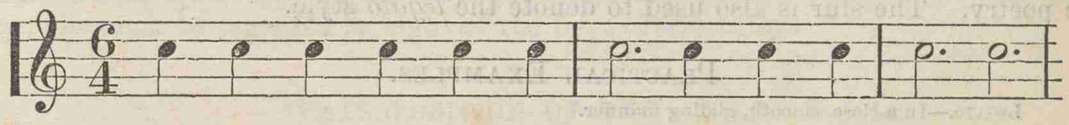


Measures with three beats, called

TRIPLE TIME.—*Second Variety.*
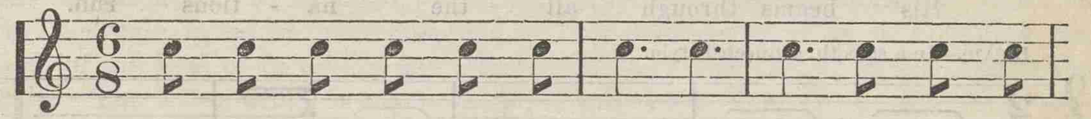


Measures with two or six beats, called

SEXTUPLE, or COMPOUND TIME.—*First Variety.*



Measures with two or six beats, called

SEXTUPLE, or COMPOUND TIME.—*Second Variety.*



RULE.—☞ The downward beat always begins the measure in all kinds of time.
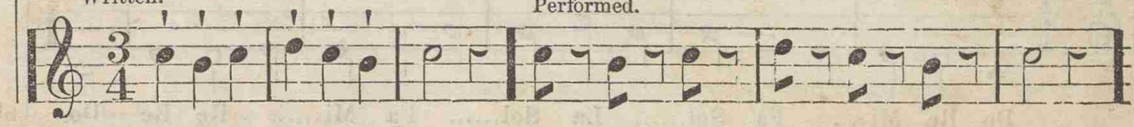
Accent is a certain stress or force of voice upon what are termed the accented parts of the measure, and is as important in singing as in speaking. If the poetry be regular in its construction, and is properly adapted to the music, the accentuation of the two will correspond. If otherwise, that of the former must be attended to, and the musical accent be made to conform to the poetry.

A *Pause* or *Hold* (𝄐) is sometimes used. The notes over or under which it is written are to be prolonged indefinitely, at the pleasure of the performer.

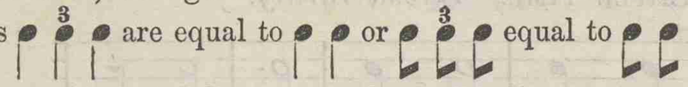
Staccato.—When a note or several notes are to be performed in a short, pointed, and distinct manner, the *staccato* (') is used.

EXAMPLE.

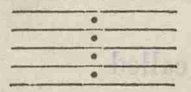
Written. Performed.



Triplets.—When three notes are to be performed in the time of two of the same nominal value, the figure 3 is written over or under them.

Thus  are equal to
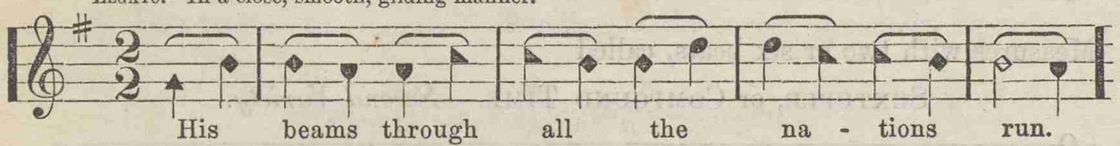
Repeat.—A dotted line across the staff indicates a repetition.

Thus 

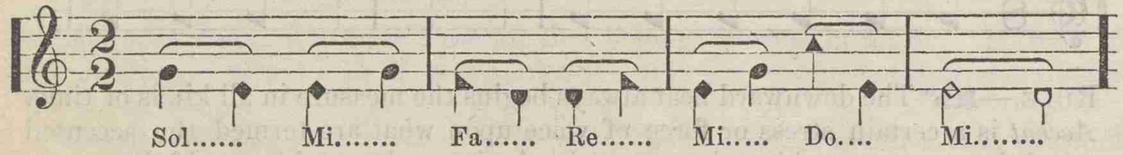
A *Slur* ⁀ is used to show how many notes are to be sung to one syllable of the poetry. The slur is also used to denote the *legato* style.

PRACTICAL EXAMPLES.

LEGATO.—In a close, smooth, gliding manner.



LEGATO.—In a smooth, connected style.
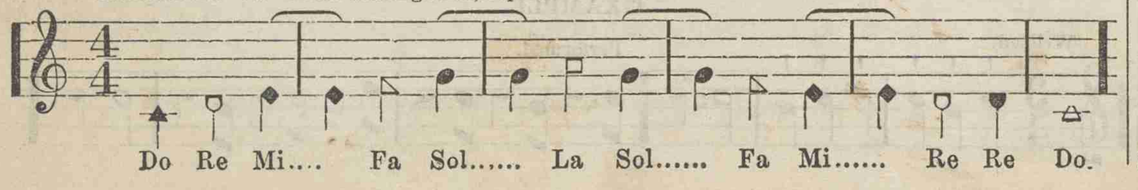


Syncopation.—When an unaccented note is connected with the following accented note, it is said to be syncopated.

PRACTICAL EXAMPLES.

SYNCOPATION.
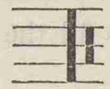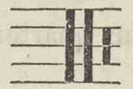


SYNCOPATION.—Two notes tied together, represent one sound.



A *Double Bar* ‖ shows the end of a strain of the music, or of a line of the poetry.

A *Brace* is used to connect the staffs on which the different parts (viz. Base, Treble, Alto, and Tenor) are written, ⌒ or ⌒

A *Close*  or  shows the end of a tune.

SECOND DEPARTMENT.—MELODICS.

Scale and Intervals.

The *Scale* is a regular succession of eight sounds, which are always numbered in order, from the lowest upward: as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

An *Interval* is the difference of pitch between any two sounds.

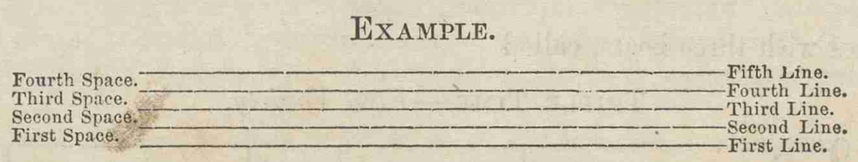
There are in the scale two kinds of intervals, called *Steps* and *Half-Steps;* or *Tones* and *Semitones.* From 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, from 4 to 5, from 5 to 6, and from 6 to 7, are steps. From 3 to 4, and from 7 to 8, are half-steps. Thus the half-steps occur between the *third* and *fourth*, and *seventh* and *eighth* of the scale. This series of sounds and intervals is called the *Natural Scale,* or the *Major Diatonic Scale.* In singing the scale, the following syllables are used:

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

Staff and Clefs.

The *Staff* consists of five horizontal lines and their intervening spaces.

EXAMPLE.

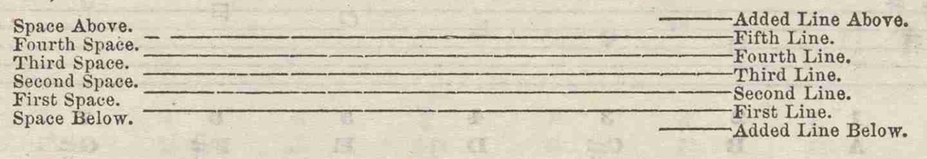


Each line and each space on the staff is called a *Degree;* thus, there are in the staff nine degrees, five lines, and four spaces. The high and low sounds are writ-

ten upon the staff; and when more than nine degrees are wanted in composing a tune, the spaces below or above the staff are used; also short lines, called *Added Lines.*
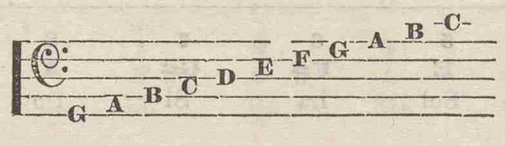
EXAMPLE.

The staff, with added lines.

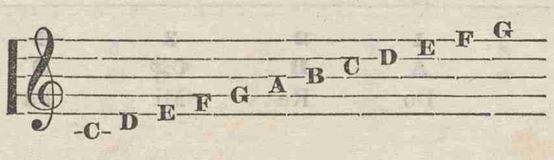


The degrees of the staff are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet. These seven letters are located on the staff in two different ways, which are designated by two characters called *Clefs.*

The **F**-clef thus:
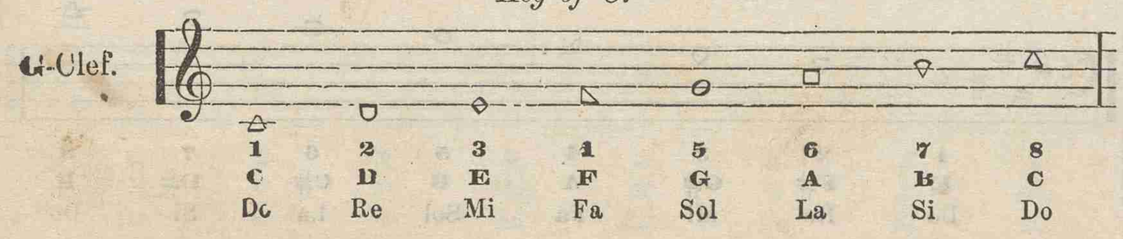


The **G**-clef thus:
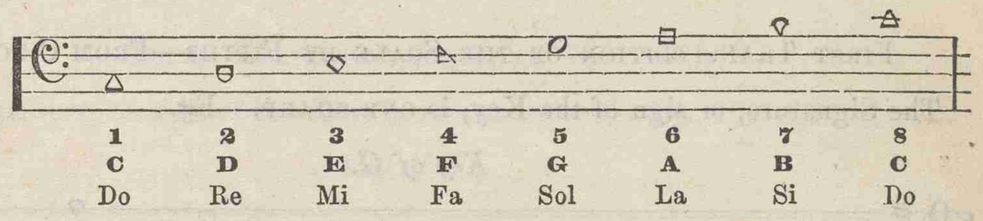


In writing the scale on the staff, one of the scale may be placed on any letter on the staff, and the other degrees or sounds of the scale follow in regular order: thus, if one be written on the first line, two will be on the first space, three will be on the second line, and so on; or if one be written on the first space, two will be on the second line, and so on. The name of the scale or key will always be known by the location of *one* of the scale. For example, if one of the scale is on C, two will be on D; three will be on E; four on F; five on G; six on A; seven on B, and eight on C. This is called the *C Scale,* or simply the *Key of C.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Key of C.



F-Clef.



This scale of an octave (8 degrees) may be *extended* both higher and lower by repeating these same notes; that is, the same succession of sounds and intervals: in ascending *eight* must be regarded as one of the next octave above; in descending, *one* must be regarded as eight of the next octave below.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.
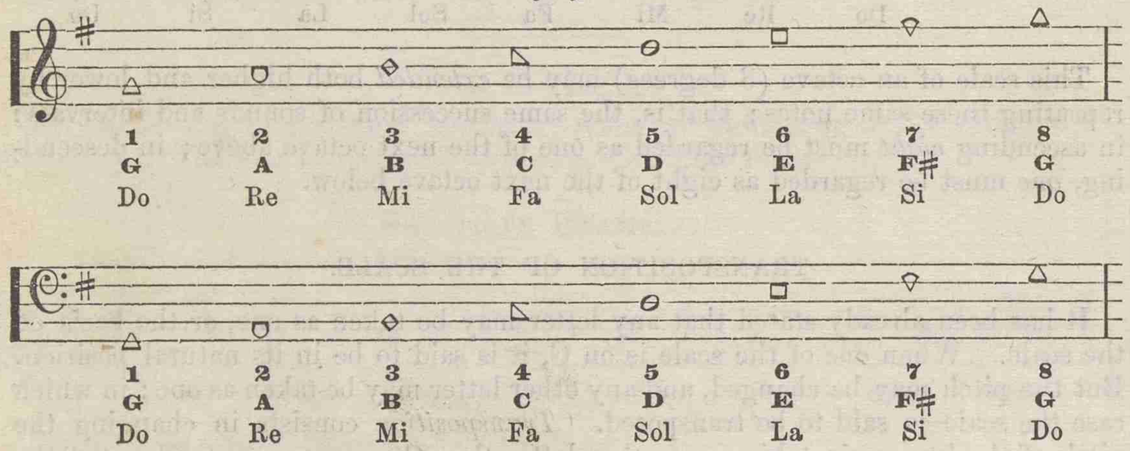
It has been already stated that any letter may be taken as one, or the basis of the scale. When *one* of the scale is on C, it is said to be in its natural position. But the pitch may be changed, and any other letter may be taken as one; in which case the scale is said to be transposed. *Transposition* consists in changing the pitch of the key, or in taking any other letter than C as one, or as the basis of the scale. The letter which is taken as one is called the Key.

In transposing the scale, the regular order of the intervals must be preserved. In every key the intervals must be as heretofore explained, namely: between one and two, a *step;* between two and three, a *step;* between three and four, a *half-step;* between four and five, a *step;* between five and six, a *step;* between six and seven, a *step;* and between seven and eight, a *half-step.* This is the order of the intervals in reference to the *relative pitch* of sounds. The letters represent sounds of *absolute pitch.* The interval is a *step* between C and D; a *step* between D and E; a *half-step* between E and F; a *step* between F and G; a *step* between G and A; a *step* between A and B; and a *half-step* between B and C. The regular order of the intervals is preserved by the introduction of the intermediate sounds between C and D, D and E, F and G, G and A, and A and B; but not between E and F, and B and C, because the interval between those sounds are already half-steps, and no smaller intervals is practicable. The intermediate sounds are shown or represented by the use of two characters, namely, the sharp (♯) and the flat (♭). These sharps and flats show the instrumental performer what letter or letters are to be played sharp or flat; and also serve as the *signature* or sign of the key. These signature sharps and flats are placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef.

First Transposition of the Scale by Fifths—From C to G.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is one sharp.—F♯.
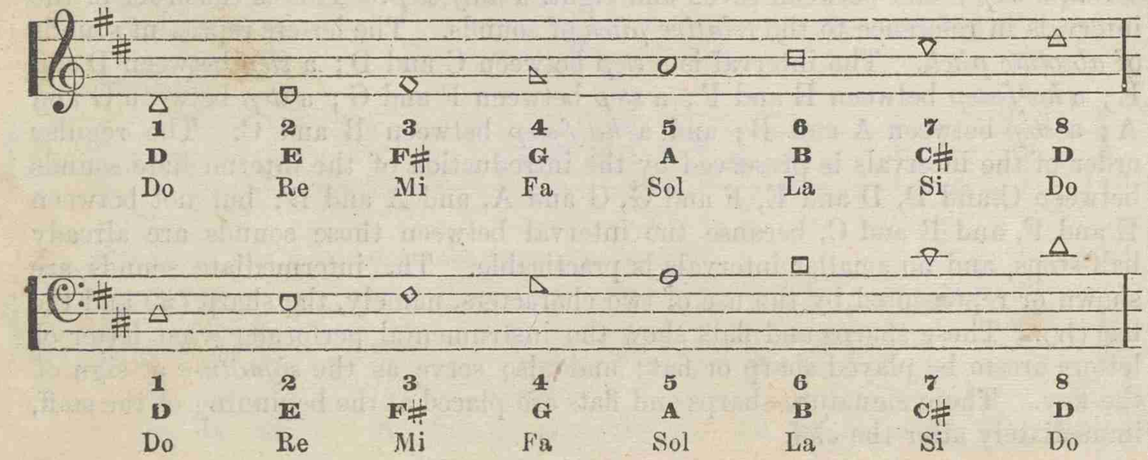
Key of G.



Second Transposition, from G to D.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is two sharps.—F♯ and G♯.
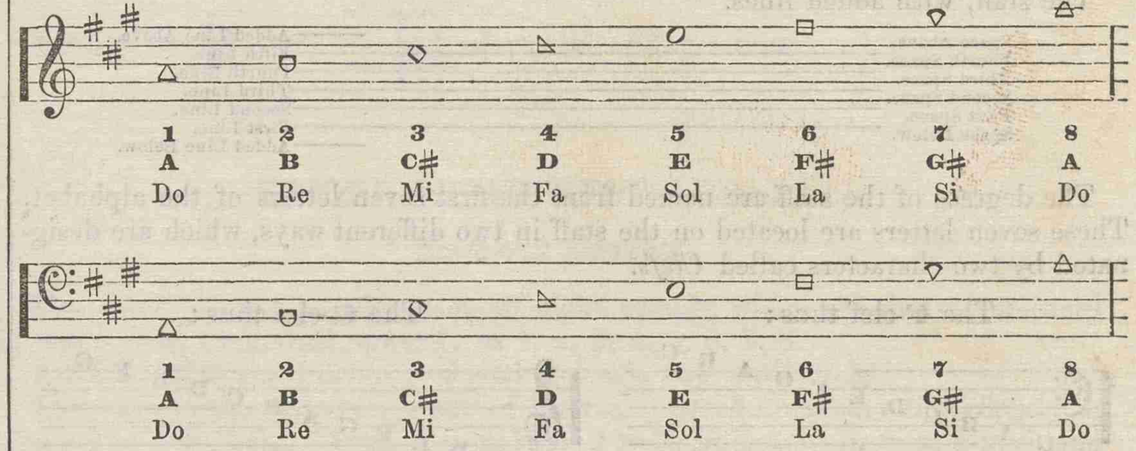
Key of D.



Third Transposition, from D to A.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is three sharps.—F♯, C♯, and G♯.
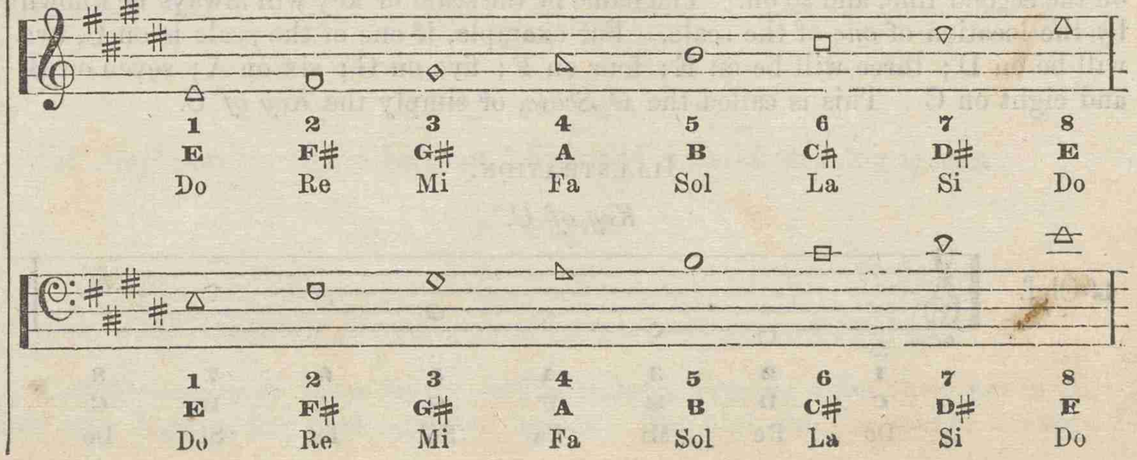
Key of A.



Fourth Transposition, from A to E.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is four sharps.—F♯, C♯, G♯, and D♯.

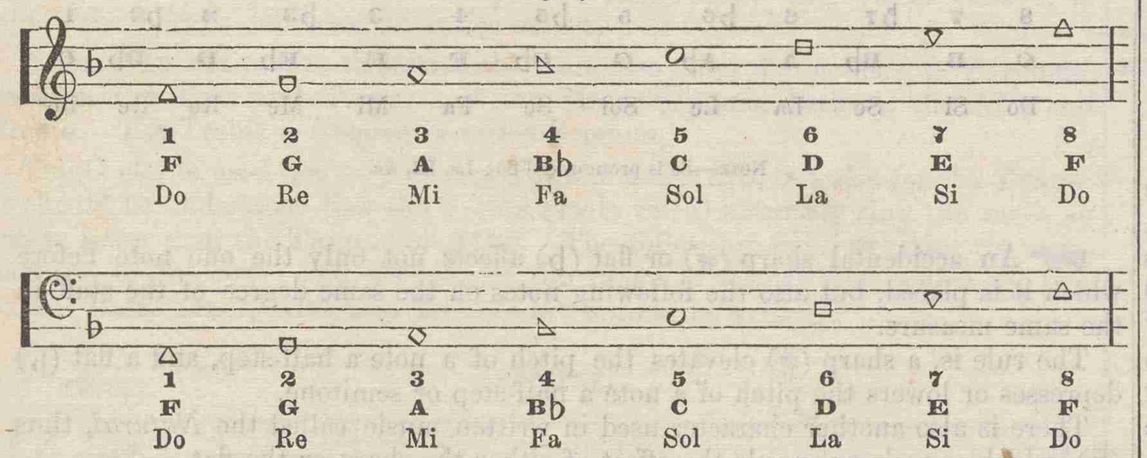
Key of E.



First Transposition of the Scale by Fourths—From C to F.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is one flat.—B♭.
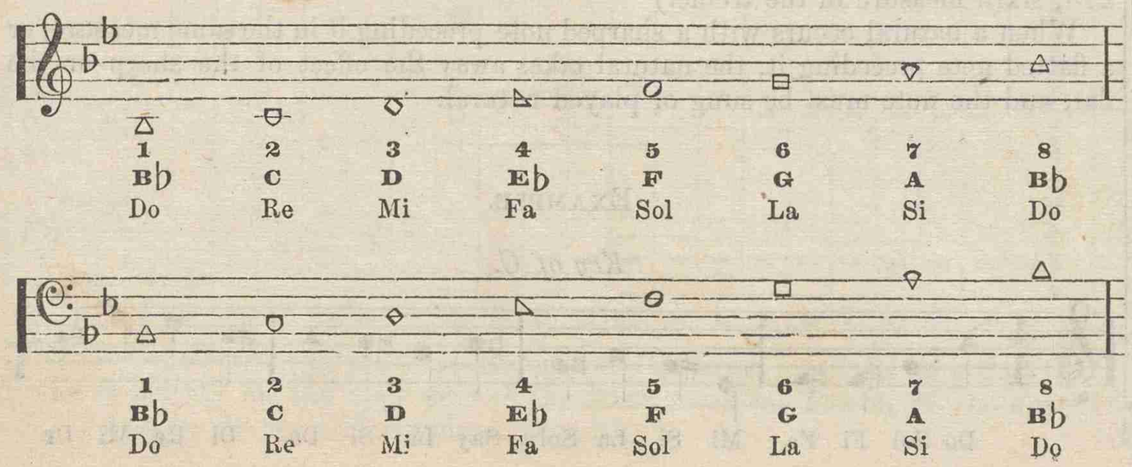
Key of F.



Second Transposition, from F to B♭.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is two flats.—B♭ and E♭.

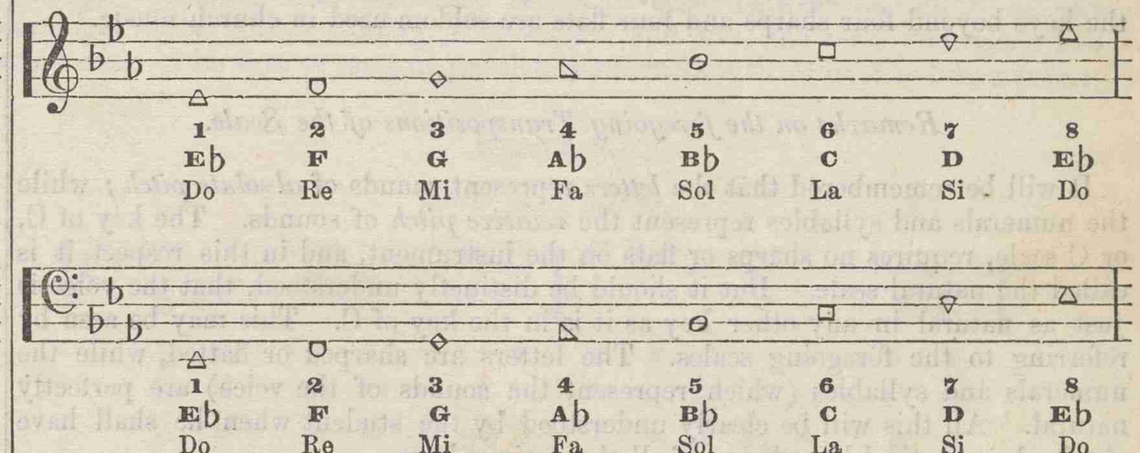
Key of B♭.



Third Transposition, from B♭ to E♭.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is three flats.—B♭, E♭, and A♭.
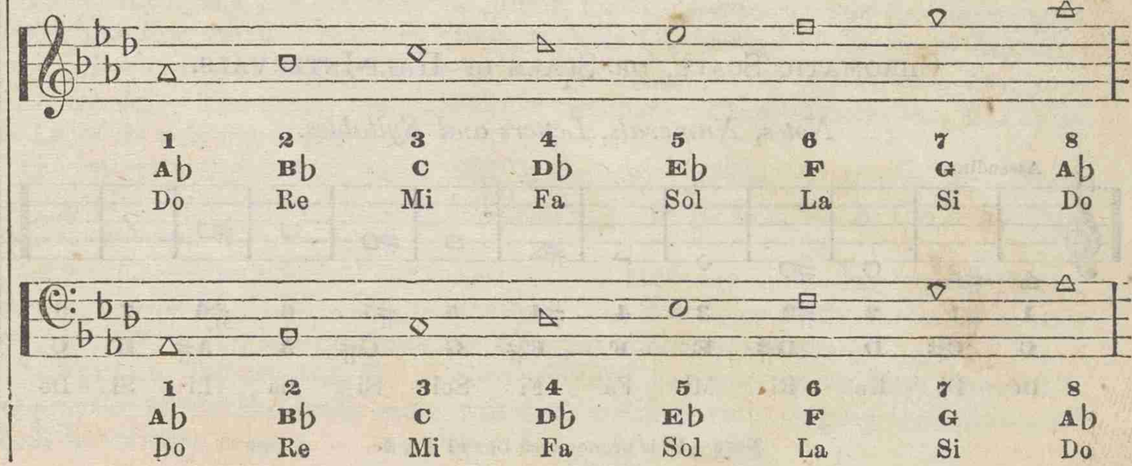
Key of E♭.



Fourth Transposition, from E♭ to A♭.

The Signature, or sign of the Key, is four flats.—B♭, E♭, A♭, and D♭.

Key of A♭.



The scale may be still further transposed by fourths, or by fifths, by remembering the rule. When transposing by sharps, the key (one) is changed a *fifth up*, or a *fourth down*. And when transposing by flats, the key (one) is changed a *fourth higher*, or a *fifth lower*.

It is here considered unnecessary to carry out the transpositions further, since the keys beyond four sharps and four flats are seldom used in church music.

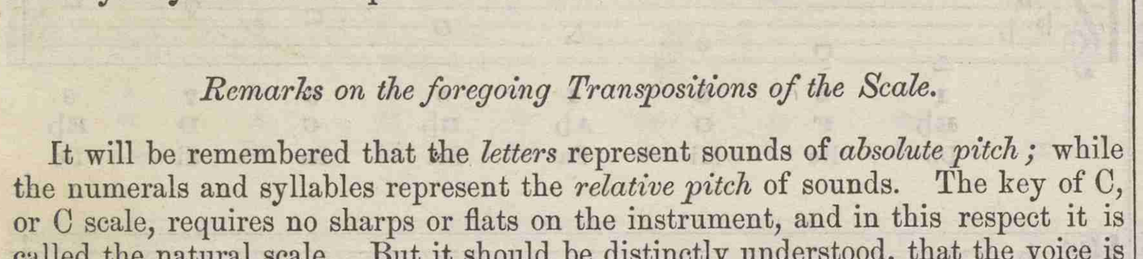
Remarks on the foregoing Transpositions of the Scale.

It will be remembered that the *letters* represent sounds of *absolute pitch;* while the numerals and syllables represent the *relative pitch* of sounds. The key of C, or C scale, requires no sharps or flats on the instrument, and in this respect it is called the natural scale. But it should be distinctly understood, that the voice is just as natural in any other key as it is in the key of C. This may be seen by referring to the foregoing scales. The letters are sharped or flatted, while the numerals and syllables (which represent the sounds of the voice) are perfectly natural. All this will be clearly understood by the student when he shall have obtained a practical knowledge of all the various keys.

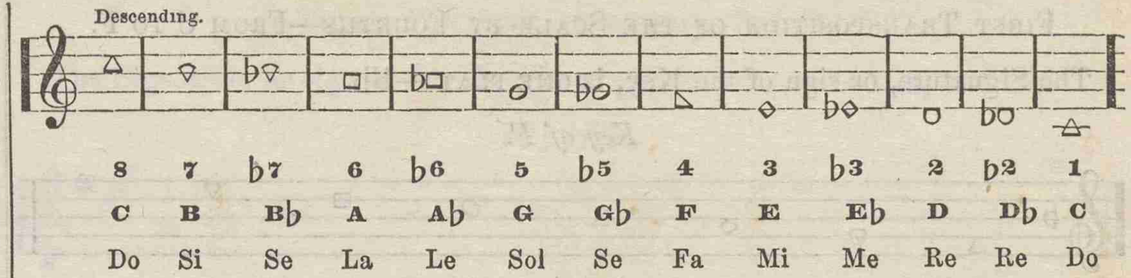
These sharps and flats are also used as accidentals. When sharp *one*, sharp *two*, sharp *four*, sharp *five*, sharp *six;* or flat *seven*, flat *six*, flat *five*, flat *three*, or flat *two* occur in a composition, (that is, in a tune,) the sharp (♯) or flat (♭) is prefixed to the note which the composer wishes sharp or flat, and in this respect they are termed *Accidentals.*

CHROMATIC SCALE, OR SCALE OF HALF-INTERVALS.

Notes, Numerals, Letters and Syllables.



NOTE.—Di is pronounced Dē; Fi Fē, &c.



NOTE.—Se is pronounced Sā; Le, Lā, &c.

☞ An accidental sharp (♯) or flat (♭) affects not only the one note before which it is placed, but also the following notes on the same degree of the staff in the same measure.

The rule is, a sharp (♯) elevates the pitch of a note a half-step, and a flat (♭) depresses or lowers the pitch of a note a half-step or semitone.

There is also another character used in written music called the *Natural*, thus (♮), which cancels or annuls the effect of either the sharp or the flat.
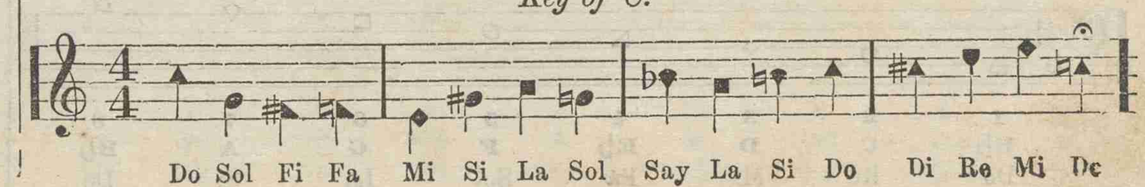
When a natural occurs as an accidental, to restore sounds that have been *flatted in the signature*, it must be sung the same as in the case of a sharp. (See UXBRIDGE, page 25, fifth and sixth measures in the tenor.)

When a natural occurs as an accidental, to restore sounds that have been *sharped in the signature*, it must be sung the same as that of a flat. (See TORBOSS, page 273, sixth measure in the treble.)

When a natural occurs with a sharped note preceding it in the same measure, or a flatted note preceding it, the natural takes away the effect of the sharp or the flat, and the note must be sung or played natural.

EXAMPLE.

Key of C.



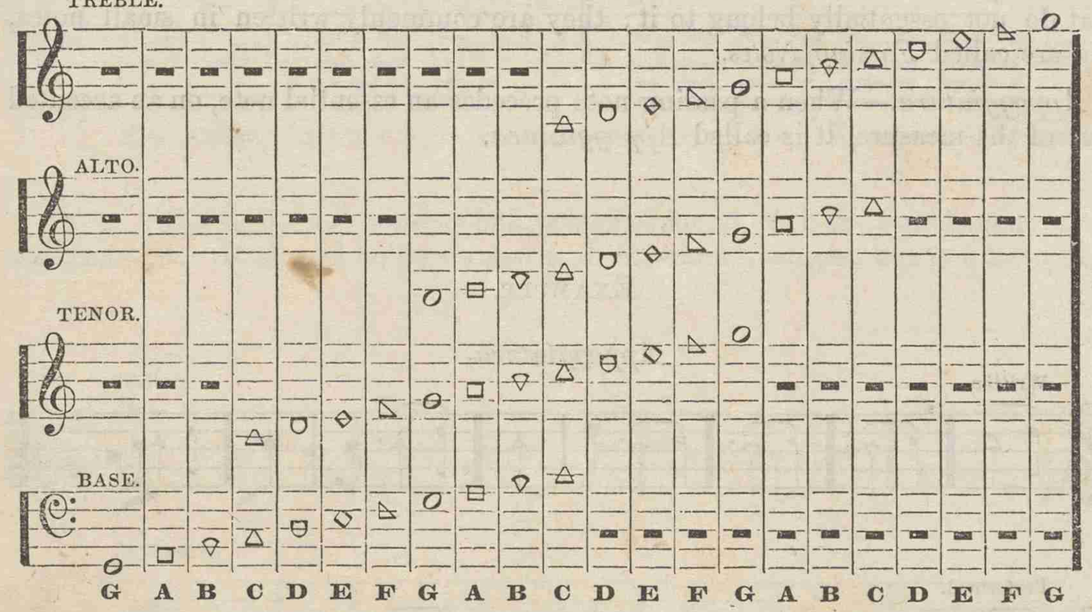
Classification of Voices.

The human voice is naturally divided into four classes, viz. Lowest male voices, Base; highest male voices, Tenor; lowest female voices, Alto; and highest female voices, Treble. Boys sing Alto until their voices change, in which the voice is depressed an entire octave.

Note.—In addition to the above there are also other distinctions, as Barytone, between the Base and Tenor; and the Mezzo-Soprano, between the Alto and Treble. The Treble is frequently called Soprano.

The G clef is used not only for the Treble and Alto, but also for the Tenor. It should be understood that the Tenor (male voice) naturally sing the notes an octave lower than the Treble or Alto. The following table exhibits the common use of the clefs; and also shows the range of sounds from which the four parts—Base, Tenor, Alto, and Treble—are ordinarily written:

Example.



Note.—On referring to the tunes throughout this work, it will be seen that the Treble is written on the staff next to the Base; and the Tenor on the upper staff. For example, see Old Hundred, page 21.
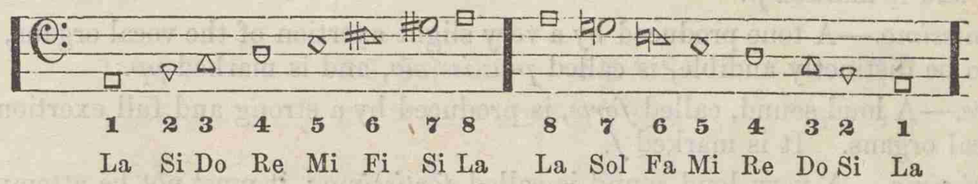
Minor Scale.

In addition to the foregoing Major-Scale, there is another called the *Minor Scale*, differing in respect to its intervals.

In the ascending minor-scale the half-steps occur between *two* and *three*, and *seven* and *eight;* in descending, between *six* and *five*, and *three* and *two*. The minor scale in its first or natural position commences with A, or A is taken as one

Example.

Scale in A Minor.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
La	Si	Do	Re	Mi	Fi	Si	La		La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do	Si	La
A	B	C	D	E	#F	#G	A		A	G	F	E	D	C	B	A

In the ascending minor scale *six* and *seven* are sharped; but in descending, all the sounds remain natural.

When the major and minor scales have the same signature, they are said to be related. Thus the key of C major is the relative major to A minor; and the key of A minor is the relative minor to C major.

Every major key has its relative minor, and consequently has the same signature. The first syllable to every minor scale is La, instead of Do as in the major scale. For example, *one* in the minor scale is La; *two* is Si; *three* is Do; *four* is Re, &c. &c. The minor scale always commences on the numeral *six*, and syllable La of its relative major.

The letters and syllables correspond in the major and its relative minor. Thus, the syllable Do, is applied to C in both cases, although it is *one* in the major, and three in the minor.

Remarks.—The effect of the major scale is bold and animating; while that of the minor scale is plaintive and mournful. The difference in the intervals in relation to the key, is what produces the different effects of the scales.

The person who can sing the major scale, and has made some little progress in the practice of the chromatic scale, will find no difficulty in singing the minor scale in all its various keys

THIRD DEPARTMENT.—Dynamics.

Dynamics is that department in the practice of music which consists in giving each tone its proper stress or accent, including the loud, very loud, soft, very soft, moderate, or ordinary as to force.

Medium.—A sound, or tone produced by the ordinary action of the organs of voice, is called a medium sound, and is marked *m*.

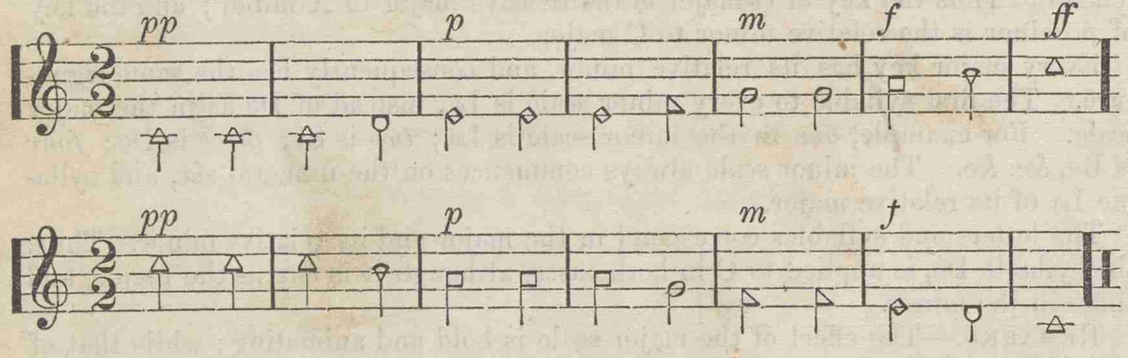
Piano.—A tone produced by the vocal organs, somewhat restrained, is called *piano*, and is marked *p*.

Pianissimo.—A tone produced by a very slight exertion of the vocal organs, yet so as to be distinctly audible, is called *pianissimo*, and is marked *pp*.

Forte.—A loud sound, called *forte*, is produced by a strong and full exertion of the vocal organs. It is marked *f*.

Fortissimo.—A very loud sound is called *fortissimo;* it must not be attempted beyond the power of the vocal organs, so as to degenerate into a scream. It is marked *ff*.

Practical Example.



Organ Tone.—A sound commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of power, is called an Organ Tone: (═══).

Crescendo.—A sound commencing soft, and gradually increased until it becomes loud, is marked thus: Cres., or <

Diminuendo.—A sound commencing loud, and gradually diminishing until it becomes soft, is marked thus: Dim., or >.

Swell.—A sound commencing soft, and gradually increased till it becomes loud, then diminished till it becomes soft, is marked thus <>.

Pressure Tone.—A very sudden *crescendo* or swell, is marked thus <>.

Explosive Tone.—When a sound is to be struck with very great force, and instantly diminished, it is marked thus >, or *fz*.

Miscellaneous Characters.
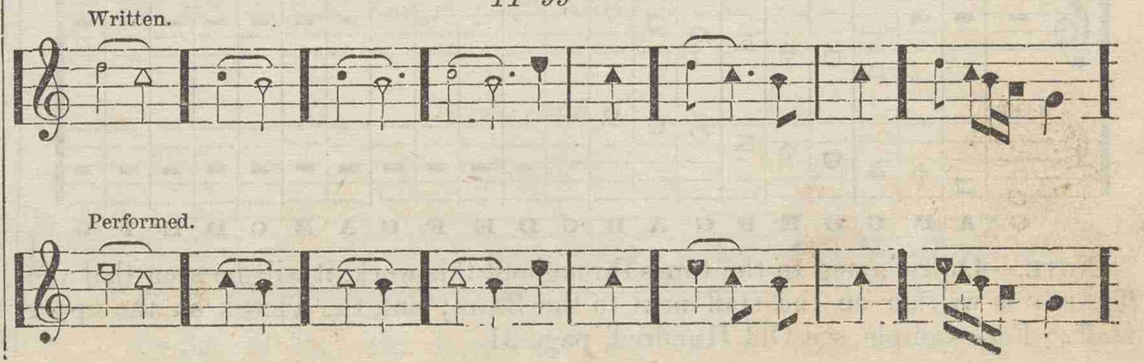
Trill or Shake, Appoggiatura, &c.

Passing Note.—Ornamental, or grace notes, are often introduced into a melody that do not essentially belong to it; they are commonly written in small notes, and are called *Passing Notes.*

Appoggiatura.—When a passing note precedes an essential note, on an accented part of the measure, it is called *Appoggiatura.*
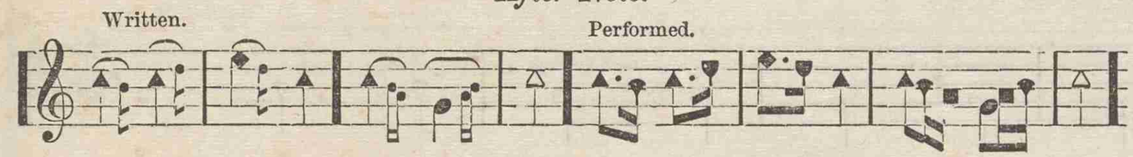
Example.

Appoggiatura.



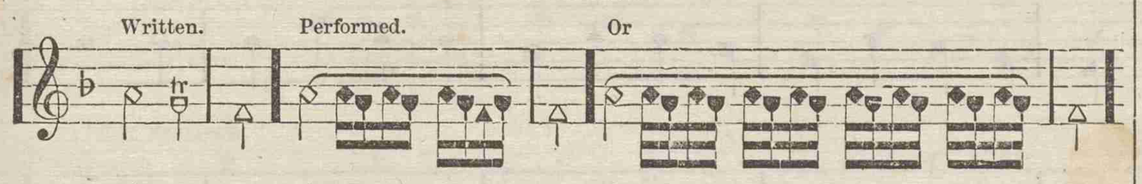
After Note.—When a passing note follows an essential note, on an *unaccented* part of a measure, it is called an *After Note.*

After Note.
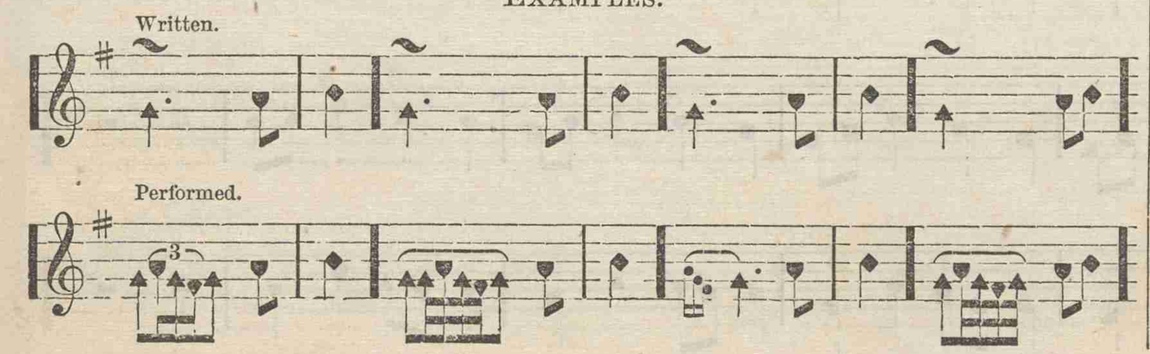


Shake or *Trill* (tr) consists of a rapid alternation of two sounds. It should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice.

EXAMPLE.



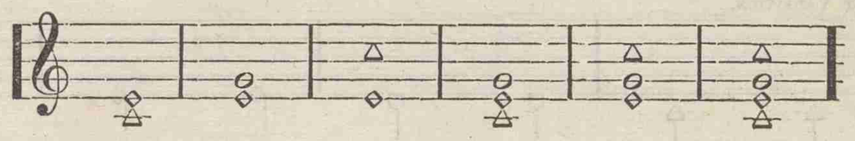
Turn. The turn (~) consists of a principal sound, with the sounds next above and below it. It should be performed with care and neatness, but not too quick.

EXAMPLES.



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

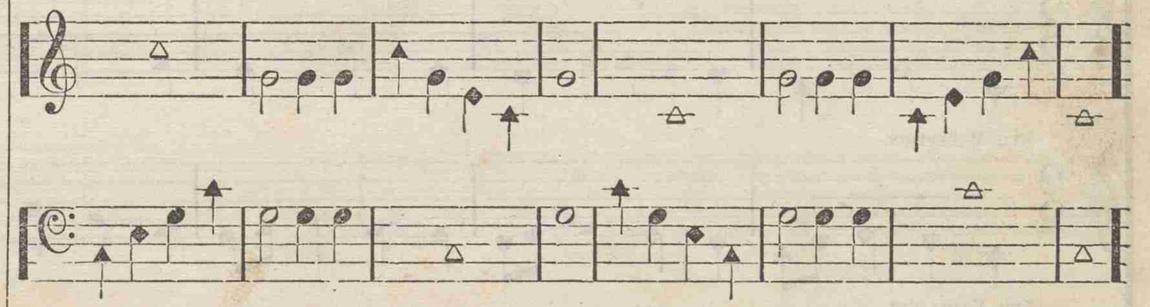
Common Chords.



Let the class sing 1, 3, 5, 8, in the following order, applying the syllables do, mi, sol, do.

1 3 5 8	3 1 5 8	5 1 3 8	8 1 3 5
1 3 8 5	3 1 8 5	5 1 8 3	8 1 5 3
1 5 3 8	3 5 1 8	5 3 1 8	8 3 1 5
1 5 8 3	3 5 8 1	5 3 8 1	8 3 5 1
1 8 3 5	3 8 1 5	5 8 1 3	8 5 1 3
1 8 5 3	3 8 5 1	5 8 3 1	8 5 3 1

PRACTICAL EXERCISE.—*In two Parts.*

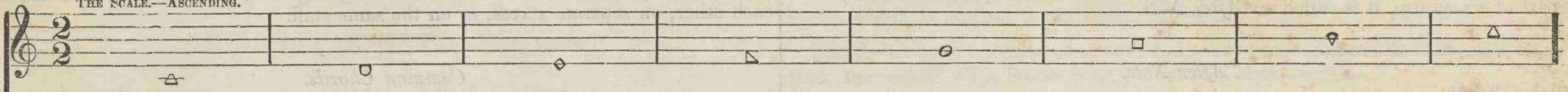


NOTE.—In singing the above exercise in two parts, let the male and female voices be formed into two separate classes, and sing each of the parts (treble and bass) alternately.

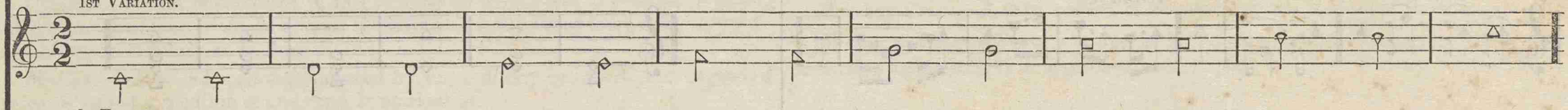
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

Practical Exercises.—Variations of the Scale Ascending.
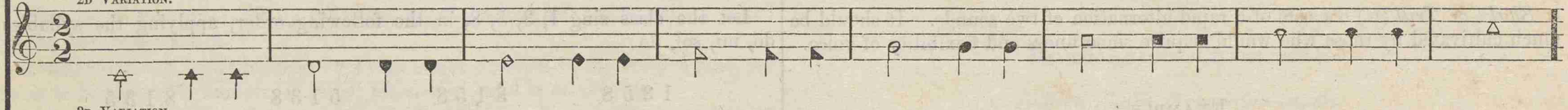
The Scale.—Ascending.



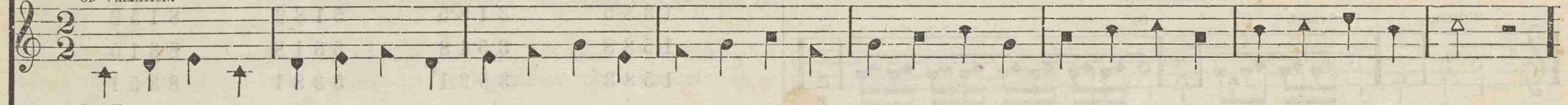
1st Variation.
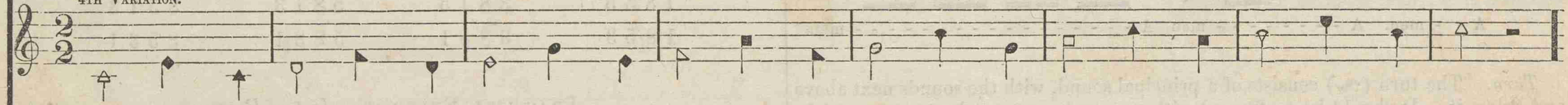


2d Variation.



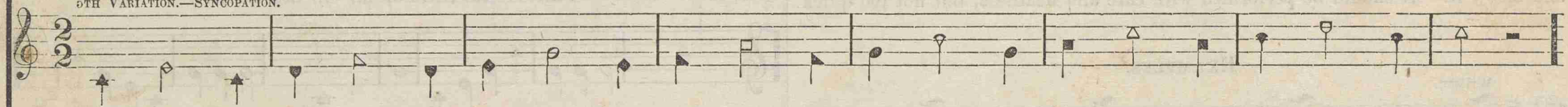
3d Variation.
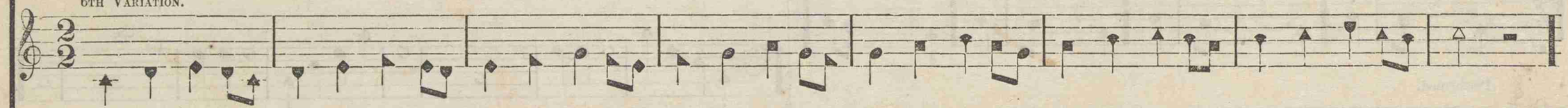


4th Variation.
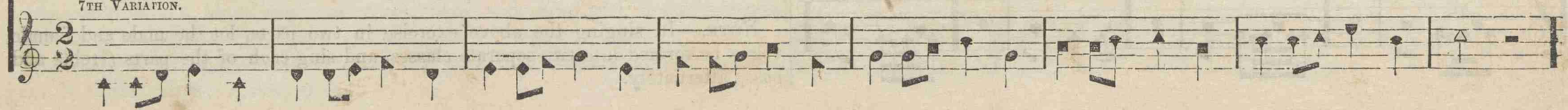


5th Variation.—Syncopation.



6th Variation.

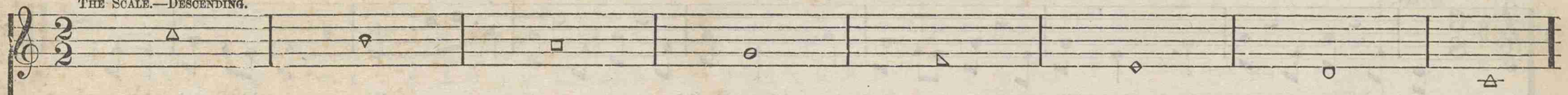


7th Variation.

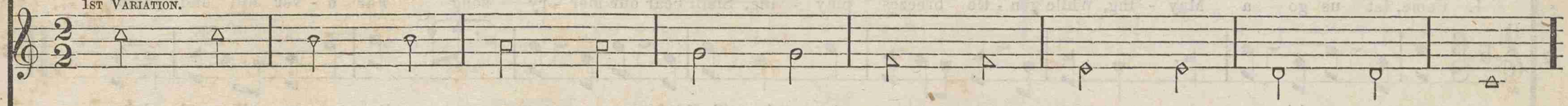


Practical Exercises.—Variations of the Scale Descending.
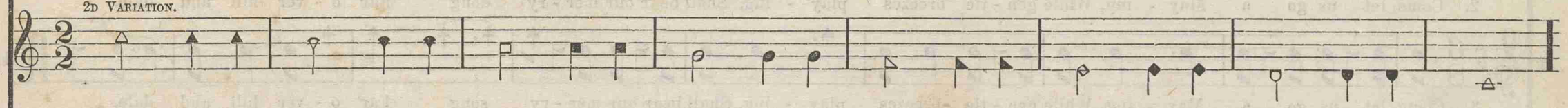
The Scale.—Descending.
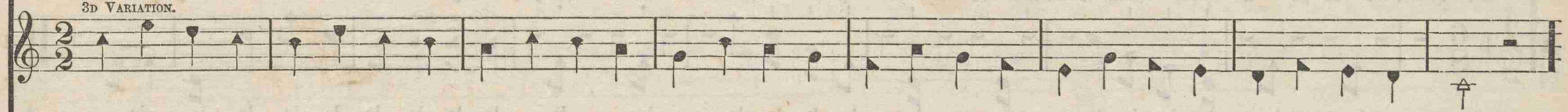


1st Variation.
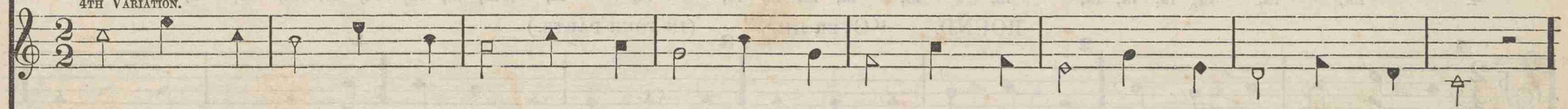


2d Variation.
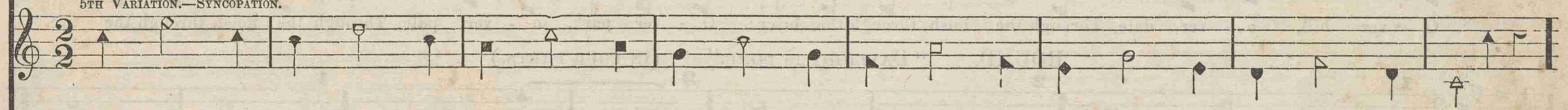


3d Variation.
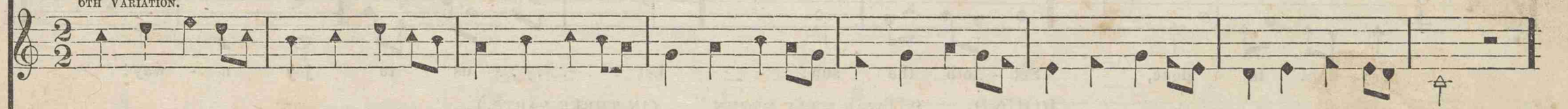


4th Variation.
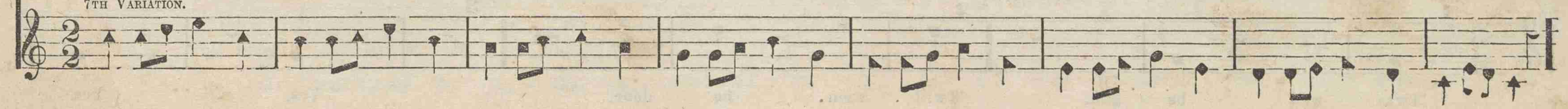


5th Variation.—Syncopation.



6th Variation.
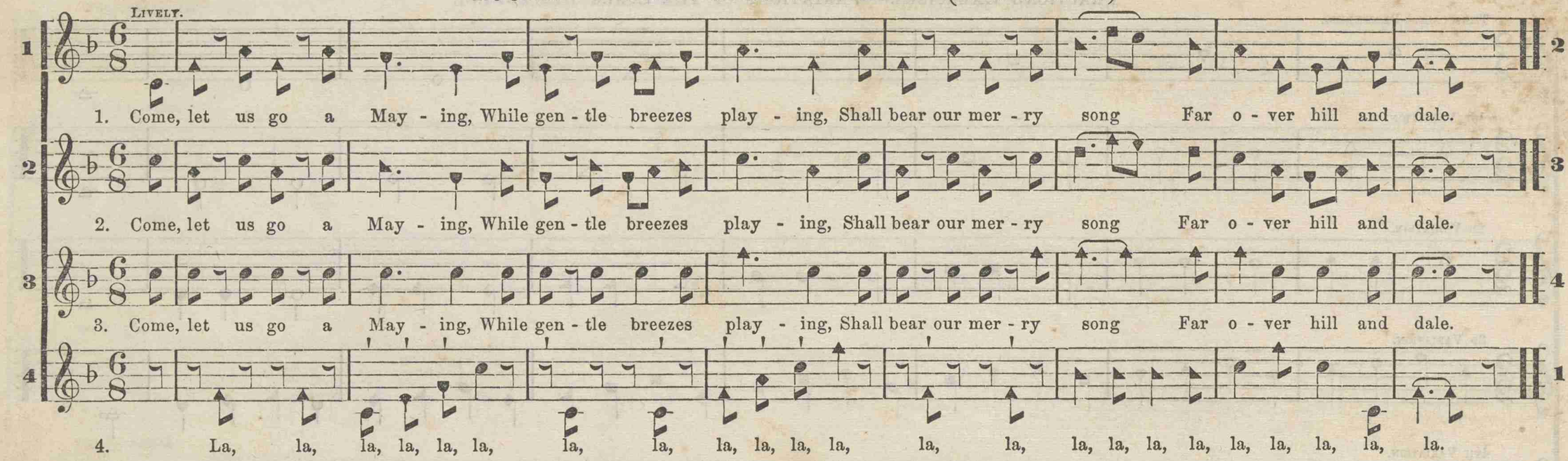


7th Variation.
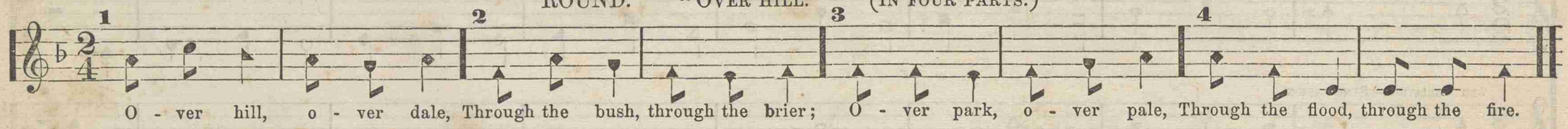


ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.
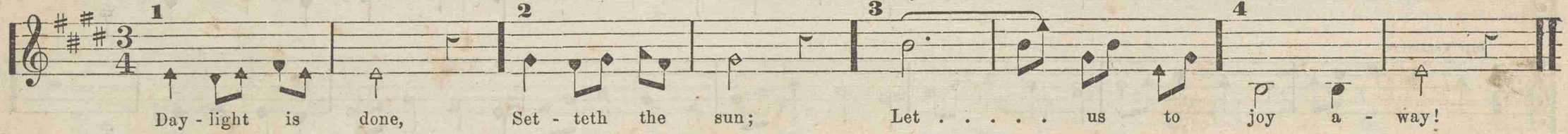
ROUND. "FAR OVER HILL AND DALE." (IN FOUR PARTS.)



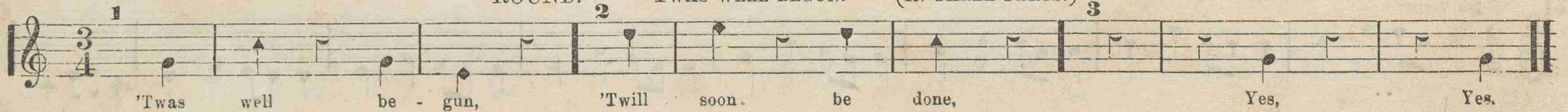
ROUND. "OVER HILL." (IN FOUR PARTS.)



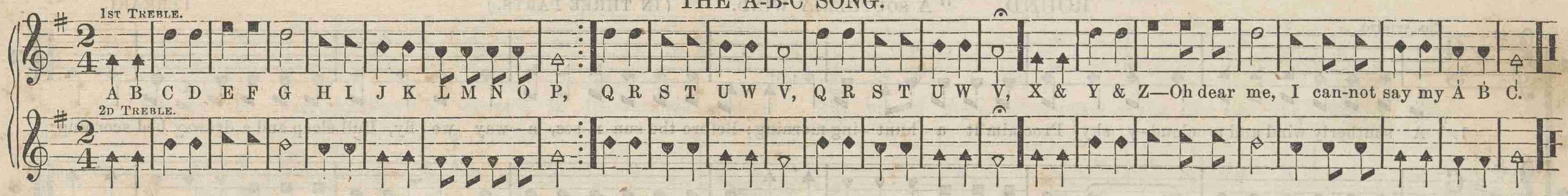
ROUND. "DAYLIGHT IS DONE." (IN FOUR PARTS.)



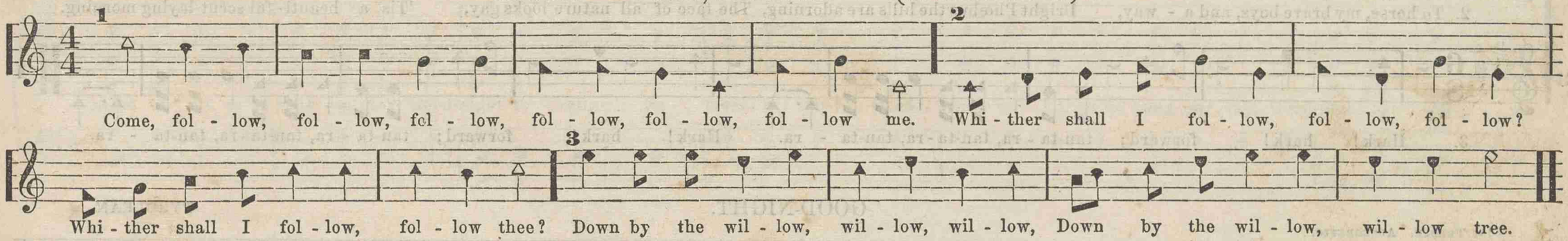
ROUND. "'TWAS WELL BEGUN." (IN THREE PARTS.)
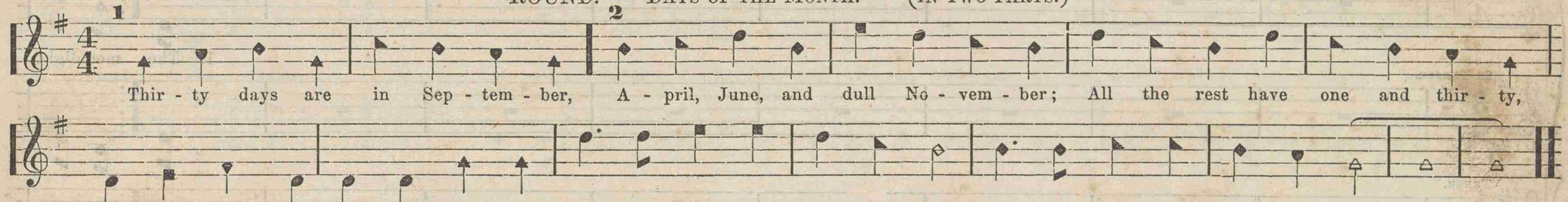


THE A-B-C SONG.
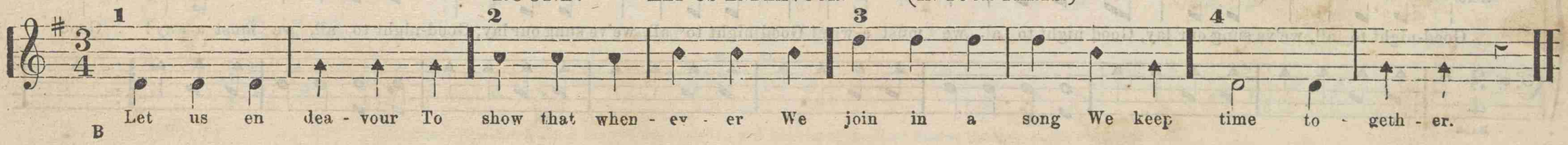


ROUND. "COME, FOLLOW ME." (IN THREE PARTS.)



ROUND. DAYS OF THE MONTH. (IN TWO PARTS.)
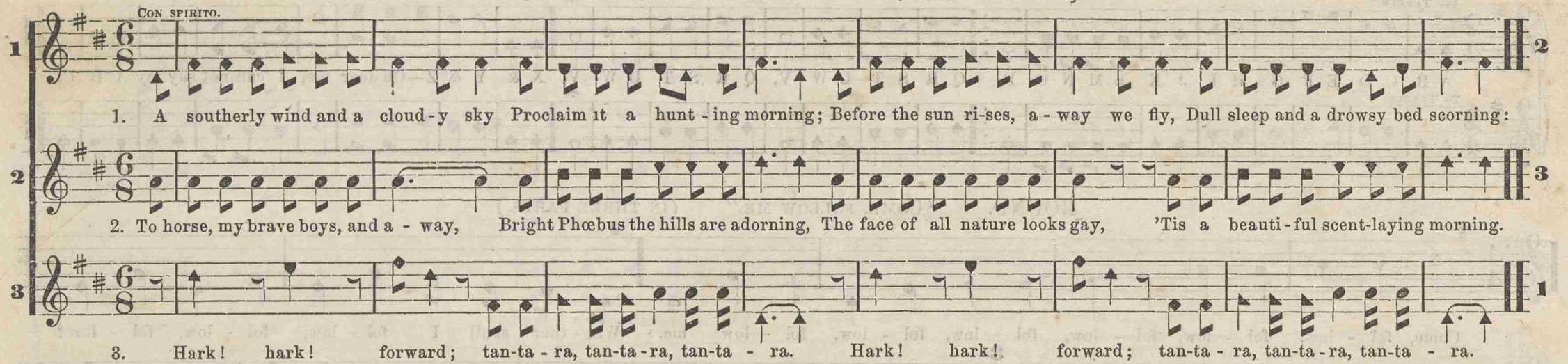


ROUND. "LET US ENDEAVOUR." (IN FOUR PARTS.)
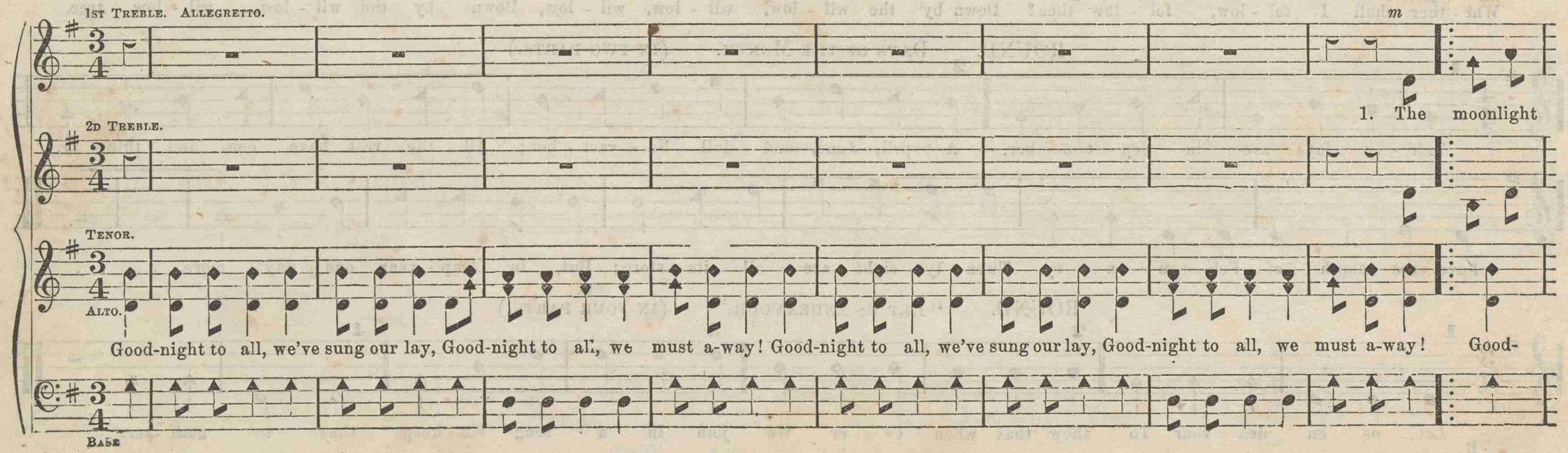


ROUND. "A SOUTHERLY WIND." (IN THREE PARTS.)

FERRARI.



GOOD-NIGHT.

TYROLEAN.



dan - ces on the lake, And heav'n is mirror'd in its waveless breast; The pla-cid stars their songs a - wake, And lull the gen - tle zephyrs in - to

night to all, we've sung our lay, Good-night to all, we must a - way! Good - night to all, we've sung our lay, Good-night to all we

1st Time. 2d Time. *f*

rest. The rest. A - way to our couch, then, of li - lies and ro - ses, And peace to the bow - er where the true heart re - po - ses.

f

must a - way! must a - way! A - way to our couch, then, of li - lies and ro - ses, And peace to the bow - er where the true heart re - po - ses.

f

NOTE.—The words set to the two upper staffs are to be sung at the same time as those set to the two lower staffs

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Accelerando,—accelerating the time gradually faster and faster.
Adagio,—signifies the slowest time.
Ad libitum, or *ad lib.*,—at pleasure.
Affettuoso,—in a style of execution expressive of affection, tenderness, supplication, or deep emotion.
Agitato,—with agitation.
Air,—leading melody in a composition.
Allegro,—a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto,—less quick than allegro.
Amateur,—a lover, but not a professor of music.
Andante,—gentle, distinct, and rather slow—a movement between the adagio and allegro.
Andantino,—somewhat quicker than andante.
Animato, or *Con Anima*,—with fervent, animated expression.
Antiphone,—music sung in alternate parts.
Arioso,—in a light, airy, singing manner.
Anthem,—a musical composition set to words usually selected from prose or poetry of a sacred character.
A tempo,—in time.

Baritone,—a voice whose register is between the base and tenor, or between alto and treble.
Base,—the lowest part in harmony.
Bis,—twice—denotes a repetition of a passage in music.

Cadence,—closing strain; also a fanciful extemporaneous embellishment at the close of a song.
Calando,—softer and slower. [melody.
Cantabile, —graceful, singing style; a pleasing, flowing
Cantata,—a vocal composition of several movements.
Choir,—a company or band of singers.
Chorister,—a leader of a choir of singers.
Coda,—the close of a composition, or an additional close.
Contralto,—the lowest female voice. [sound.
Crescendo, or *Cres.*, or <, with an increasing volume of
Chorus,—a composition or passage designed for all voices.
Chromatic,—a tone given to accidental flats and sharps.
Con spirito,—with spirit, animation.
Con furia,—with fury, perturbation.

Da Capo, or *D. C.*,—close with the first strain.
Diminuendo, or *Dim.*, or >. with a decreasing sound.
Dal Segno, or *D. S.*,—*dal*, from, *segno*, the sign. $

Duetto, or *Duet*,—music consisting of two parts.
Dolce,—soft, sweet, delicate, tender.
Declamando,—in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo,—diminishing, decreasing.

Expressivo,—with expression; that union of qualities in a composition from which we derive a sentimental appeal to our feelings.

Fine, or *finale*,—the end.
Forte, or *For.*, or *F*, or *f*,—strong and full.
Fortissimo, or *FF*, or *ff*,—very loud.
Forzando, or *fz*,—strike the notes over which this term is placed, with boldness and strong emphasis.
Fugue, or *Fuge*,—a piece in which one of the parts leads, and the rest follow in different intervals of time.

Giusto,—in equal, steady, and just time.
Grave, or *Gravemente*,—a slow and solemn movement.
Grazioso,—graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution, approaching to piano.
Gusto, *Gustoso*, or *Con Gusto*,—with taste; elegantly.

Harmony,—an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.

Impetuoso,—with impetuosity.
Interlude,—an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
Interval,—the distance between any two sounds, either in harmony or melody.

Largo,—a slow movement.
Larghetto,—a little quicker than largo.
Legato,—signifies that the notes of the passage are to be performed in a close, smooth, and connected style.
Lentando, or *Lent*,—gradually slower and softer.
Lento,—slow, smooth, and gliding.
8*va* ~~~~~~~ signifies that the notes are to be performed an octave higher than written.
Loco,—signifies that the notes are to be performed as written.

Maestoso,—with fulness of tone and grandeur of expression.
Melody,—an agreeable succession of sounds.

Moderato,—in moderate time.
Motett,—a piece of sacred music in several parts.

Orchestra,—a company, or band of instrumental performers; also the place appropriated to their use.
Oratorio,—a species of musical drama, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, &c.
Overture,—in dramatic music, is an instrumental strain, which serves as an introduction.

Piano, or *Pia.*, or *P*, or *p*,—soft.
Pianissimo, or *PP*, or *pp*,—very soft. [the bow.
Pizzicato,—snapping the violin strings, instead of employing
Presto,—quick.
Prestissimo,—very quick.
Primo,—the first or leading part.

Quartet,—a composition for four voices or instruments.
Quintet,—music composed in five parts.

Recitative,—a sort of style resembling speaking.

Secondo,—the second part.
Semi-Chorus,—half the choir of voices.
Solo,—a composition designed for a single voice or instrument. Vocal solos, duets, &c., in modern music, are usually accompanied with instruments.
Soprano, or *Treble*,—the highest part in vocal music.
Sostenuto,—sustaining the sounds to the utmost of their nominal value in time.
Spirituoso,—with spirit and animation.
Staccato,—the opposite to legato; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance. [ments.
Symphony, or *Sym.*,—a passage to be executed by instru-

Tenor,—a high male voice.
Treble,—the female voice.
Trio,—a composition for three voices.
Tutti,—full chorus, or all together.
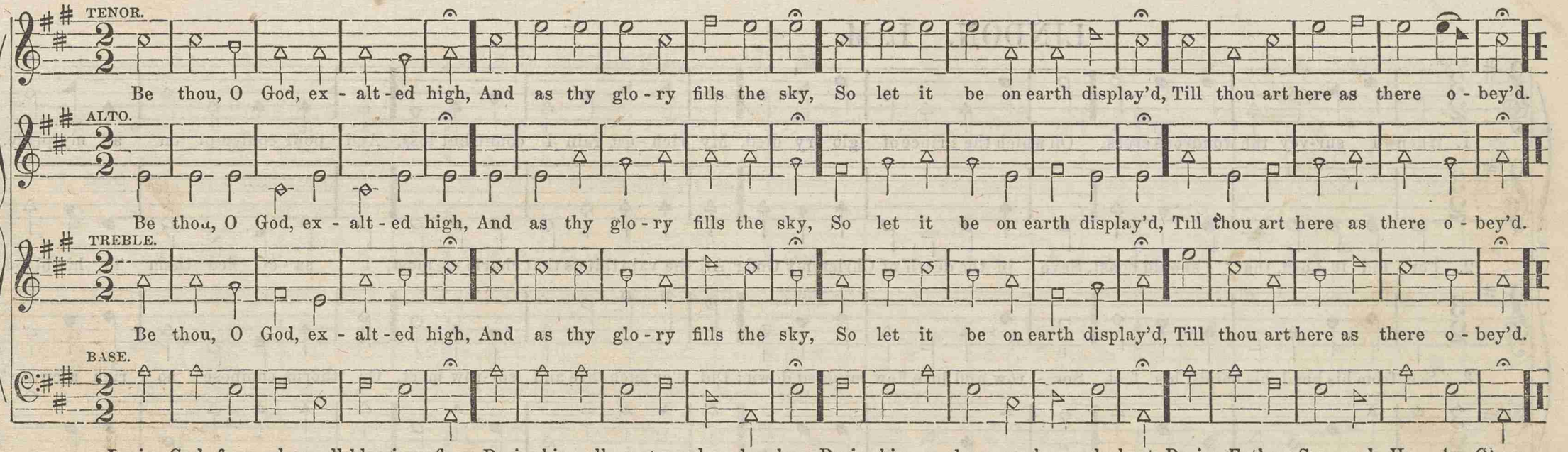
Vigoroso,—bold, and with energy.
Vivace,—in a quick and cheerful manner.

Zeloso, *Con Zelo*,—zealous, earnest, energetic.

THE

TIMBREL OF ZION.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



SLADE. L. M.

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest, Come, fix thy man - sion in my breast; Dis - pel my doubts, my fears con - trol, And heal the an-guish of my soul.

2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sin - cere, Come, make your con - stant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin com - pel you to de - part.

3. Thou God of hope and peace di - vine, Oh make these sa - cred pleasures mine; For-give my sins, my fears re - move, And send the to - kens of thy love.

LINDON. L. M.

Slow.

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

2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to his blood.

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

4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

STERLING. L. M.

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

2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vours past; To him address, in joy - ful song, Praises which to his name be - long.

3. Oh let us to his courts re - pair, And bow with a - do - ra - tion there; Down on our knees, de - vout - ly, all Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.
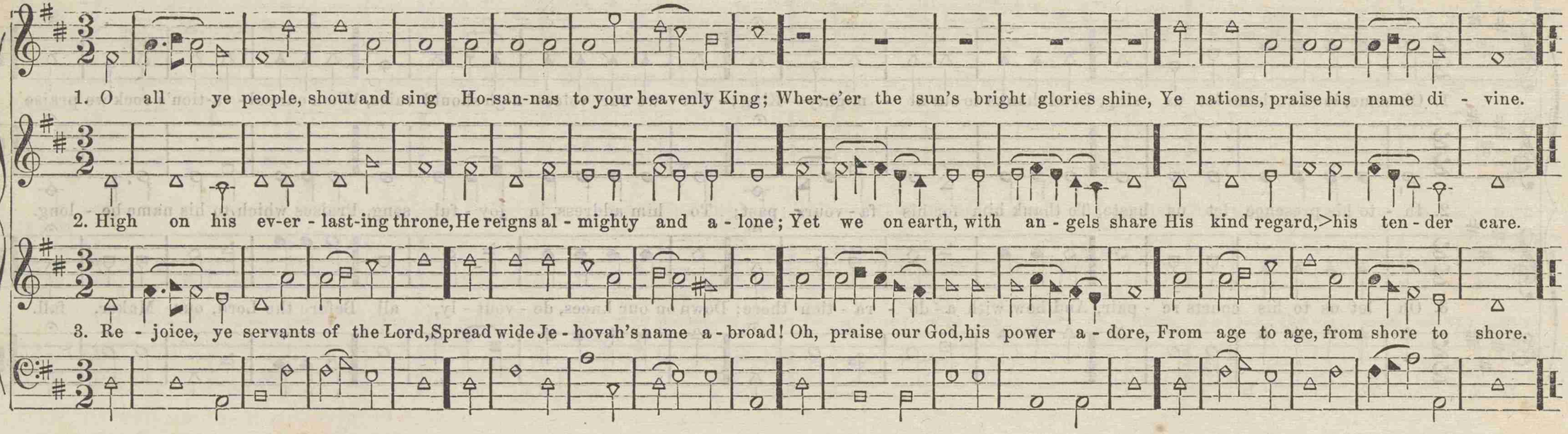
2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious, when the Lord was there, While he pronounced his dreadful law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.

3. Raised by his Fa - ther to the throne, He sent the promis'd Spirit down, With gifts and grace for reb - el men, That God might dwell on earth a - gain.

STONEFIELD. L. M.
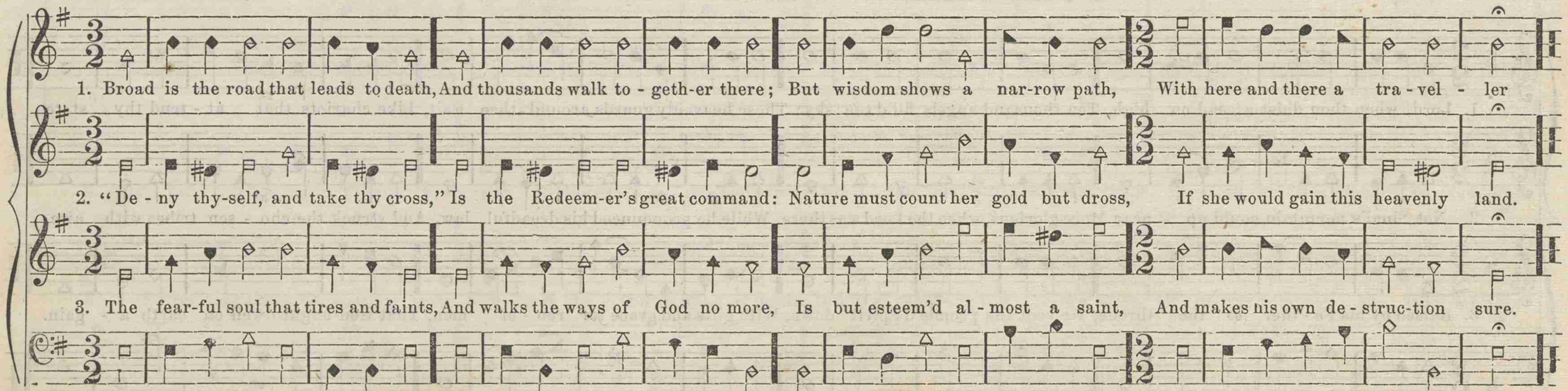
Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

STANLEY.



WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.



UXBRIDGE. L. M.

From "Boston Academy," by permission. L. MASON.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev' - ry star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
2. The roll-ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power con - fess; But the blest vol-ume thou hast writ Re-veals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev-er stand; So when thy truth be - gan its race, It touch'd and glanced on ev' - ry land.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gos - pel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the na-tions bless'd, That see the light, or feel the sun.
5. Great Sun of Righteousness, a - rise; Bless the dark world with heav'nly light; Thy gos - pel makes the sim - ple wise, Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6. Thy no-blest wonders here we view, In souls renew'd, and sins for - given; Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul re - new, And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

1. Praise ye the Lord, let praise em-ploy, In his own courts, your songs of joy; The spacious fir - ma - ment a - round Shall echo back the joyful sound, Shall ech - o back the joyful sound.
2. A-wake the trumpet's lof - ty sound, To spread your sacred pleasures round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the sol - emn organ sing, And to the sol - emn organ sing.
3. Let all, whom life and breath in-spire, Attend, and join the bliss - ful choir; But chiefly ye, who know his word, A-dore, and love, and praise the Lord, A - dore, and love, and praise the Lord.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

N. MITCHELL.

1. Oh render thanks to God a - bove, The foun-tain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mercy firm, through a-ges past, Has stood, and shall for ev-er last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds ex - press, Not on - ly vast but num - ber-less? What mor - tal el-o-quence can raise His trib - ute of im-mortal praise?

3. Hap - py are they, and on - ly they, Who from thy judgments ne-ver stray; Who know what's right; nor only so, But al - ways prac-tise what they know.

4. Ex-tend to me that favour, Lord, Thou to thy cho-sen dost af-ford; When thou re-turn'st to set them free, Let thy sal - va - tion visit me.

AUGUSTA. L. M.

Slow.

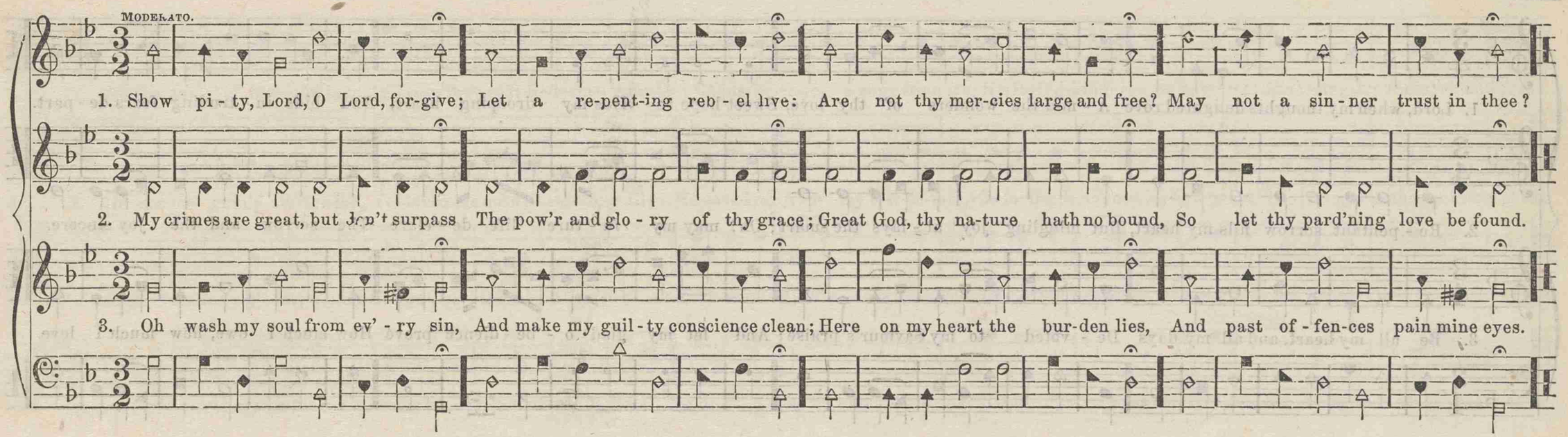
1. "Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye hea - vy la - den sin - ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'n-ly home.

2. "They shall find rest, who learn of me; I'm of a meek and low - ly mind; But passion ra - ges like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.

3. "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de-light; My yoke is ea - sy to his neck, My grace shall make the bur - den light."
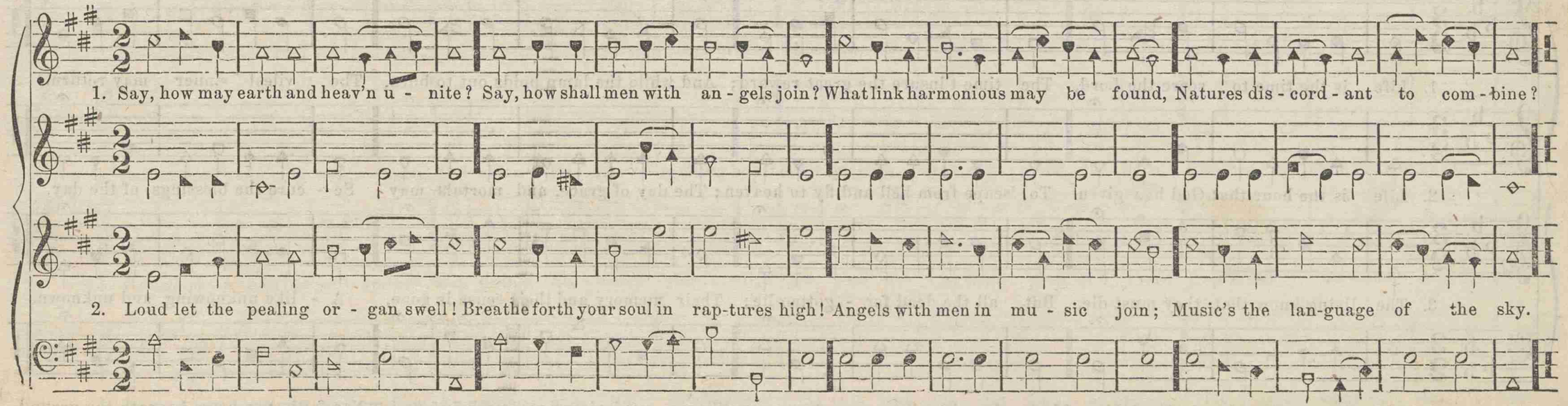
4. Jesus, we come at thy com-mand; With faith and hope and hum - ble zeal, Re-sign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.

SUNDERLAND. L. M.



ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

LINLEY.



BRENTFORD. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove A - mid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope re - vives my drooping heart, And bids in - truding fears de - part.

2. Re - pentant sorrow fills my heart, But mingling joy al - lays the smart; Oh! may my fu - ture life de - clare The sorrow and the joy sincere.

3. Be all my heart, and all my days De - voted to my Saviour's praise; And let my glad o - be - dience prove How much I owe, how much I love.

WELLS. L. M.

HOLDROYD.

SLOW.

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

2. Life is the hour that God has given To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mortals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die, But all the dead for - gotten lie; Their memory and their sense is gone, A - like unknowing and unknown.

4. Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue; Since no device nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground

LEPANTO. L. M.

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

2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost es-tate, His loving-kindness, oh how great! His loving-kindness, oh how great!

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

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

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Slow.
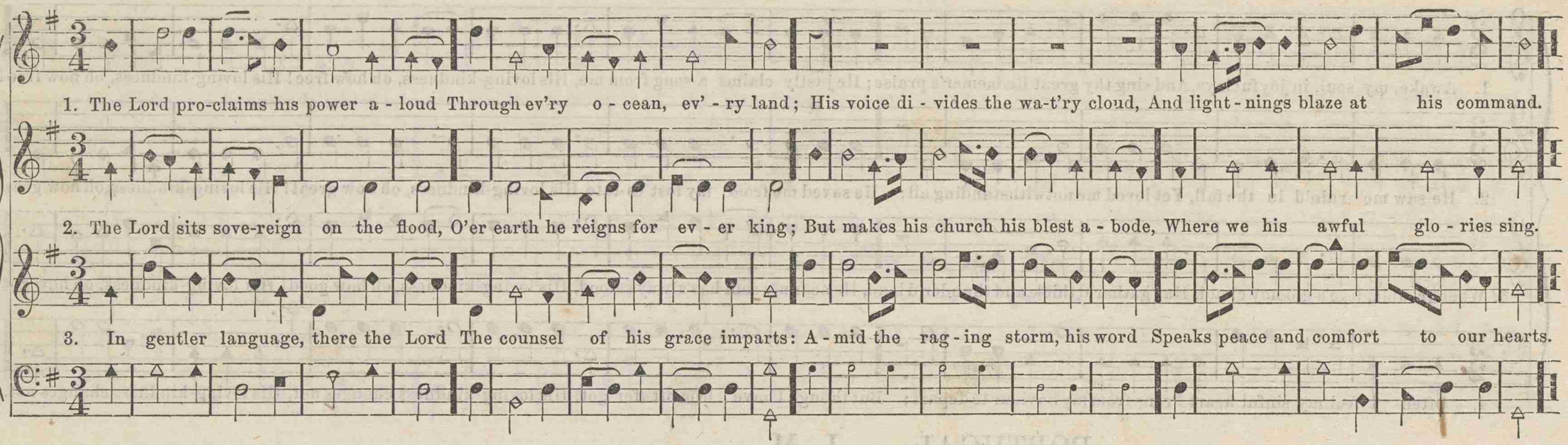
1. Return, my wand'ring soul, re-turn, And seek an in - jured Father's face; Those warm de - sires that in thee burn, Were kindled by re - deem-ing grace.

2. Return, my wand'ring soul, re-turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melting heart; His pitying eyes thy grief dis - cern, His heav'nly balm shall heal thy smart.

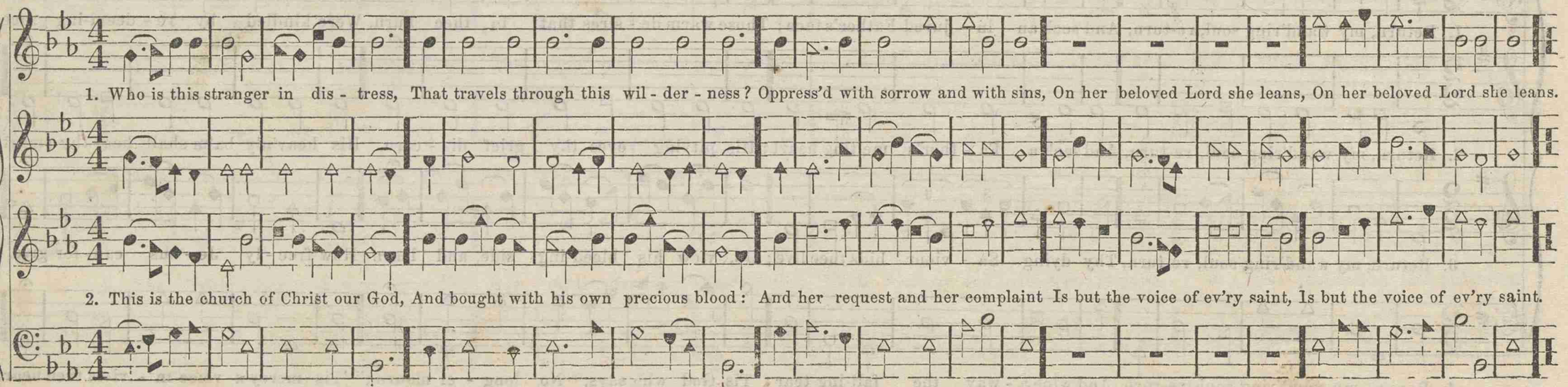
3. Return, my wand'ring soul, re-turn, Thy dying Sa - viour bids thee live; Go, view his bleed-ing side, and learn How free - ly Je - sus can for-give.

4. Return, my wand'ring soul, re-turn, And wipe a - way the fall-ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No long - er mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near.

EFFINGHAM. L. M. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.



QUITO. L. M.



MENDON. L. M.

SPIRITED.

1. Oh praise the Lord in that blest place From whence his goodness largely flows, Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Unvail'd, in per - fect glo - ry shows.

2. Praise him for all the mighty acts Which he in our be - half hath done; His kindness this re - turn ex - acts, With which our praise should equal run.

3. Let all, who vi - tal breath en - joy, The breath he doth to them af - ford, In just re - turns of praise em - ploy; Let ev' - ry crea - ture praise the Lord.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

LIVELY.

1. With one con - sent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voi - ces raise; Glad homage pay, with awful mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.

2. Convinced that he is God a - lone, From whom both we and all pro - ceed; We whom he chooses for his own, The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3. Oh en - ter then his temple gate, Thence to his courts de - vout - ly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, su-preme-ly good. His mercy is for ev - er sure: His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless a - ges shall en - dure.

GOLAN. L. M.

1. O Thou that hear'st when sin-ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore thee lie, Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem'-ry from thy book.
2. Cre - ate my na-ture pure with - in, And form my soul a - verse to sin: Let thy good Spi - rit ne'er de - part, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
3. I can-not live with - out thy light, Cast out and banish'd from thy sight: Thy ho - ly joys, my God, re - store, And guard me that I fall no more.
4. Though I have grieved thy Spi - rit, Lord, Thy help and com-fort still af - ford; And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the mer-its of thy Son.
5. A bro-ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A broken heart for sa - cri - fice.
6. My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns thy dread-ful sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pity-ing eye, And save the soul condemn'd to die.

ASHFIELD. L. M.

1. Deep in our hearts let us re - cord The deep - er sor - rows of our Lord; Be - hold the ris - ing bil-lows roll, To o-ver-whelm his ho - ly soul.
2. In long complaints he spends his breath, While hosts of hell, and powers of death, And all the sons of mal-ice, join To ex - e - cute their curs'd design.
3. Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love Have made the curse a blessing prove; Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son A-toned for sins that we had done.
4. Oh, for his sake, our guilt for - give, And let the mourning sin - ner live! The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turn d to shame

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem-er's name be sung.

2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue, Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.

Till suns shall rise and set no more. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

C

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

(New Arrangement.) EDSON.

1. What sin-ners val - ue, I resign; Lord, 'tis e-nough that thou art mine: I shall be-hold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness, And stand complete in righteousness.

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

3. Oh glorious hour! Oh bless'd abode! I shall be near, and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sa-cred pleasures of the soul, The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, And in my Saviour's im-age rise.

WILKESBARRE. L. M.

E. HERITAGE.

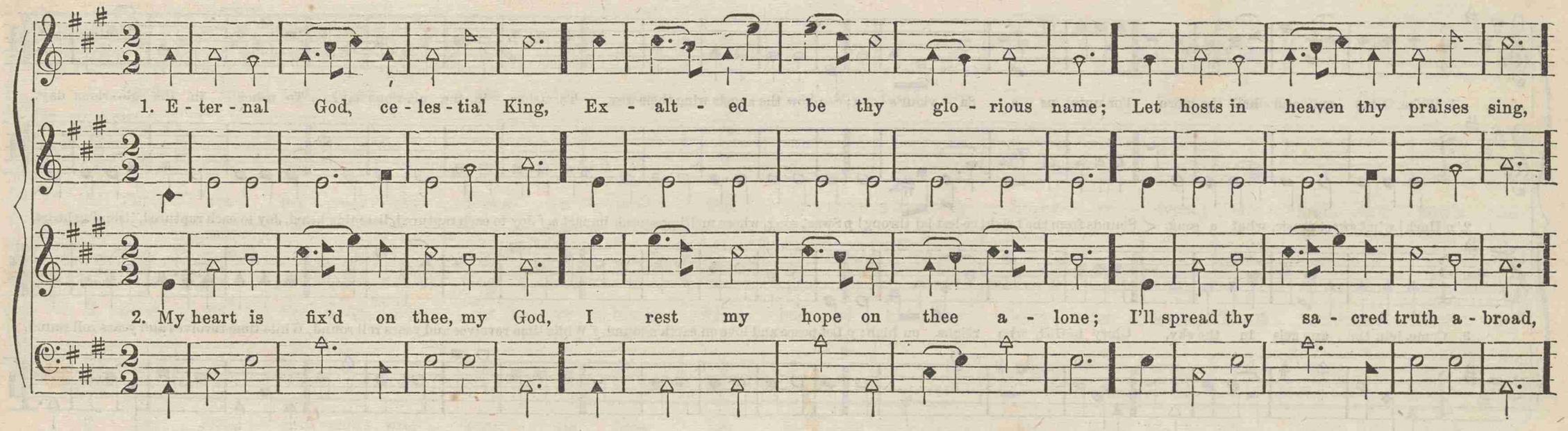
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
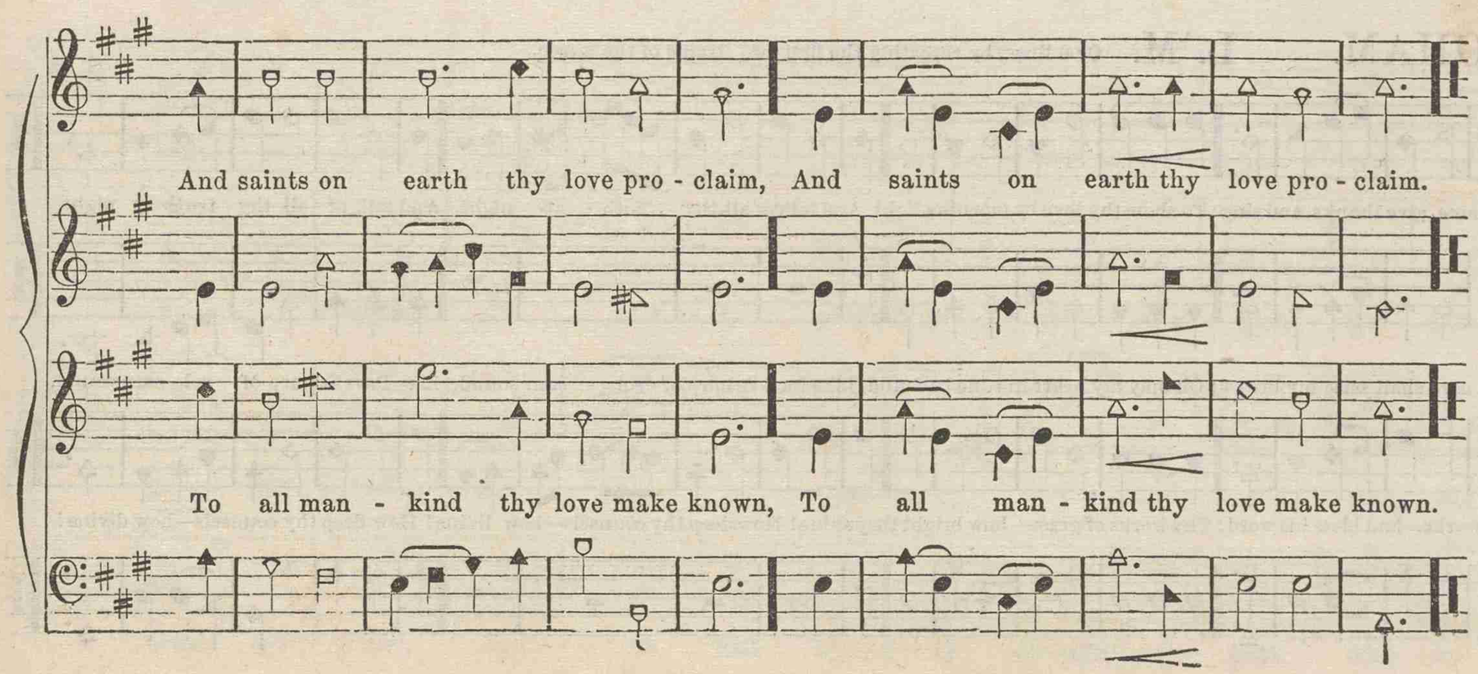
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; Oh may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound!

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

4. Then I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.

5. Then shall I see and hear and know All I de-sired or wish'd be-low; And ev'-ry pow'r find sweet em - ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy.





3. Awake, my tongue—awake, my lyre,
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4. With those, who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land—the earth around—
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

5. Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Sa - viour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glo-rious day! To usher in the glo-rious day.

2. *p* Hark! what sweet music, what a song, < Sounds from the bright ce-lest-ial throng! *p* Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart *mf* Joy to each raptured, listening heart, Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3. Come, join the an - gels in the sky, Glory to God, who reigns on high; *p* Let peace and love on earth abound, *f* While time revolves and years roll round, While time revolves and years roll round.

HINGHAM. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

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

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

3. *mf* My heart shall tri-umph in the Lord, And bless his works—and bless his word: Thy works of grace—how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels—how divine! How deep thy counsels—how divine!

CASTLE STREET. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

1. Lord, in thy great, thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust; Save me from sor - row,

2. Thou art my rock, thy name a - lone, The for - tress where my hopes re - treat; Oh make thy pow'r and

3. Blest be the Lord, for ev - er blest, Whose mer - cy bids my fears re - move; Those sa - cred walls, which

4. Ye hum - ble souls, who seek his face, Let sa - cred cou - rage fill your heart! Hope in the Lord, and

guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.

mer - cy known; To safe - ty guide my wand' - ring feet, To safe - ty guide my wand' - ring feet.

guard my rest, Are his al - migh - ty pow'r and love, Are his al - migh - ty pow'r and love.

trust his grace, And he will heav'n - ly strength im - part, And he will heaven - ly strength im - part.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

MODERATO.

1. My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are ev'-ry evening new; And morning mercies from a - bove, Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word re - stores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my-self to thy command; To thee de - vote my nights and days, Per - pe-tual blessings from thy hand De - mand per - pe - tual songs of praise.

BURROUGHS. L. M.

D. P. ALDEN.

SLOW, AND IN LEGATO STYLE.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove: Be thou our guardian, thou our guide; O'er ev' - ry thought and step preside.

2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from God may not de - part.

3. Lead us to ho - li - ness,—the road That we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the living way, Nor let us from his pre-cepts stray.

4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, In his en - joy - ment to be blest; Lead us to heav'n. the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in per - fec - tion is

HEBRON. L. M.

From "Carmina Sacra," by permission. L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

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

3. I lay my bo-dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head, While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.

SALINEVILLE. L. M.

ALEXANDER CLARK,
Hammondsville, Jefferson Co., Ohio.

1. Up to the fields where angels lie, And liv-ing wa-ters gently roll, Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly, But sin hangs heavy on my soul, . . But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2. Oh might I once mount up and see The glories of th' e-ter-nal skies, What lit-tle things these worlds would be, How despicable to my eyes! . . . . How des-pi-ca-ble to my eyes!

3. Great All in All, e-ter-nal King, Let me but view thy lovely face, And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing, Thine endless grandeur and thy grace, ... Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

NOTTAWAY. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns a - bove; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mer-cy a - ges past have known, And ages long to come shall own, And a - ges long to come shall own.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our foot-steps lest we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heav'nly land, And brings us to the heav'nly land.

3. Oh let the saints with joy re - cord The truth and goodness of the Lord! How great his works! how kind his ways! Let ev'ry tongue pro-nounce his praise, Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. BEASTALL.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad; Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa-vours claim thy highest praise: Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be kept in si - lence, and for - got?

3. Let the whole earth his pow'r con - fess; Let the whole earth a - dore his grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.

BREWER. L. M.

1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Ma - ker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

2. Angels, that make the church their care, Shall witness my de - vo - tions there, While holy zeal di-rects mine eyes To thy fair tem - ple in the skies.

3. I'll sing thy truth and mer - cy, Lord; I'll sing the won - ders of thy word: Not all the works and names below, So much thy power and glo - ry show.

TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

TH. TALLIS.
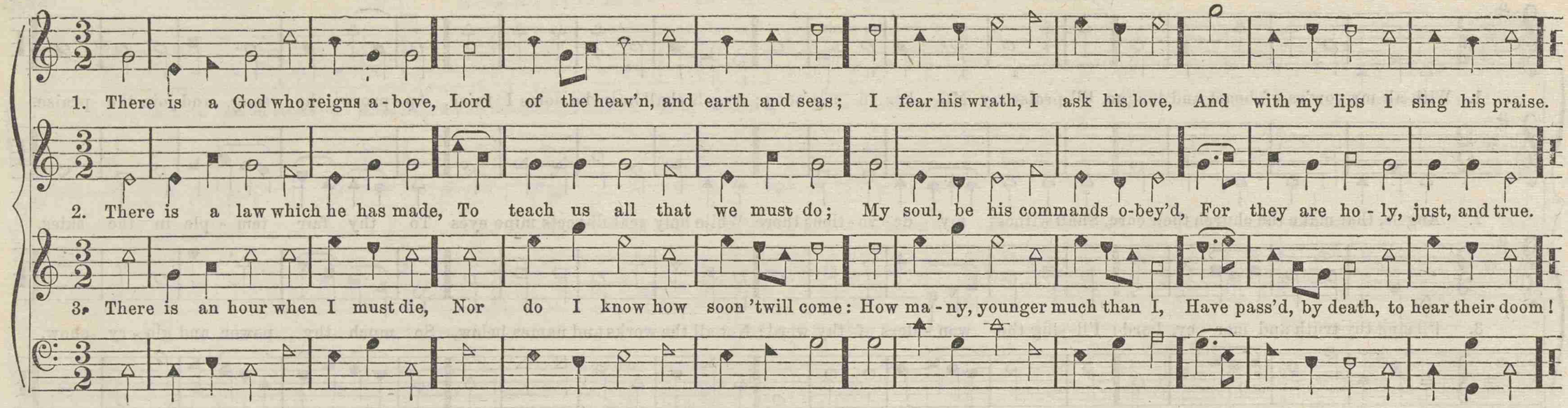
MODERATO.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - mighty wings.
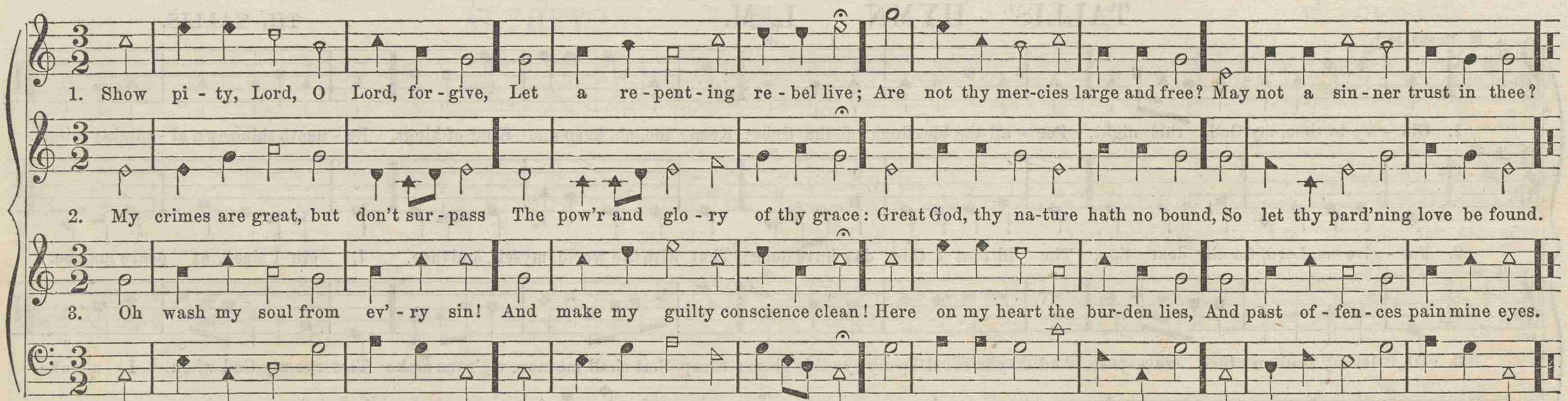
2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Oh, let my soul on thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close: Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make To serve my God when I a-wake.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



DEVOTION. L. M.



ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

WM. KNAPP.

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

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

3. Yet, when his holiest works are done, His soul de - pends on grace a - lone: This is the man thy face shall see, And dwell for - ev - er, Lord, with thee.

ATLANTIC. L. M. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

GEO. OATES.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre-a - tor's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What verse can reach the lof - ty theme?

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

3. In all our Maker's grand de-signs, Al-might-y power, with wisdom. shines; His works, through all this wondrous frame, De - clare the glo - ry of his Name.

4 Raised on de - vo - tion's lof - ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And let his praise em-ploy thy tongue, Till list' - ning worlds shall join the song.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Lord, I am thine, en-tire-ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine; With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all, I yield to thee be-yond re-call; Ac-cept thy own, so long withheld; Ac-cept what I so free-ly yield.
3. Grant one poor sin-ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of thy grace; A wretched sin-ner, lost to God, But ran-som'd by Im-man-uel's blood.
4. Thee my new Mas-ter now I call, And con-se-crate to thee my all. Thine would I live, thine would I die, Be thine thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
5. Do thou as-sist a fee-ble worm The great en-gage-ment to per-form: Thy grace can full as-sist-ance lend, And on that grace I dare de-pend.

BLOOMFIELD. L. M.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more;
2. Peo-ple and realms of ev'-ry tongue Dwell on his name with sweetest song; And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on his name.

PRINCETON. L. M.

ARRANGED BY C. LEWIS.

1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold him present with his aid.

2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar— In sacred peace our souls a - bide; While ev'ry na - tion, ev'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup - plies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

4. That sacred stream, thy holy word, Our grief al - lays, our fear controls: Sweet peace thy pro - mi - ses af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

PURCELLI. L. M.

C. LEWIS.
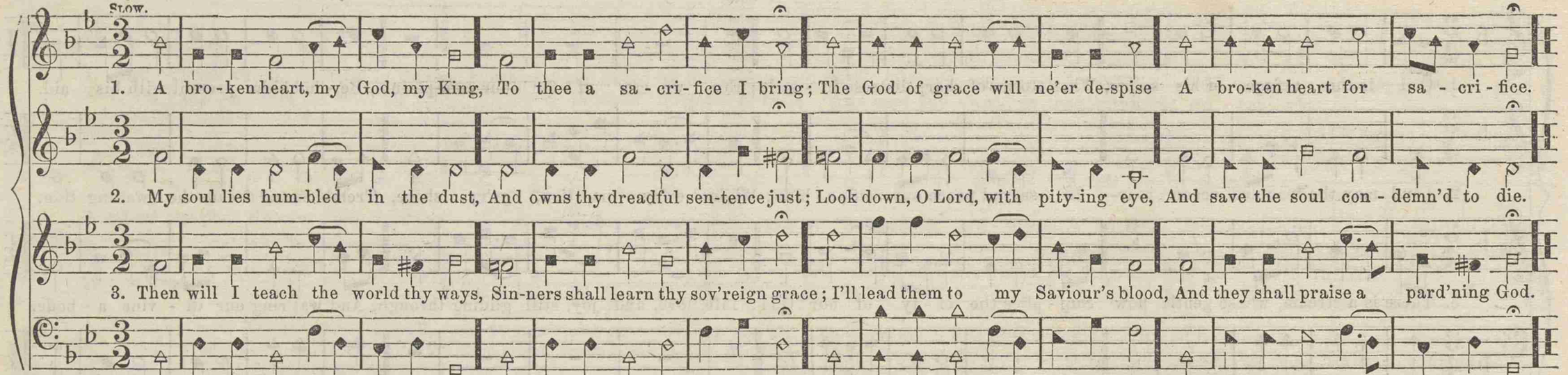
1. Soft be the gen-tly breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dying love; Soft as the ev'n - ing zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres a - bove.

2. Soft as the morning dews de - scend, While warbling birds ex - ulting soar, So soft to our al - might - y Friend Be ev'ry sigh our bo - som sends.
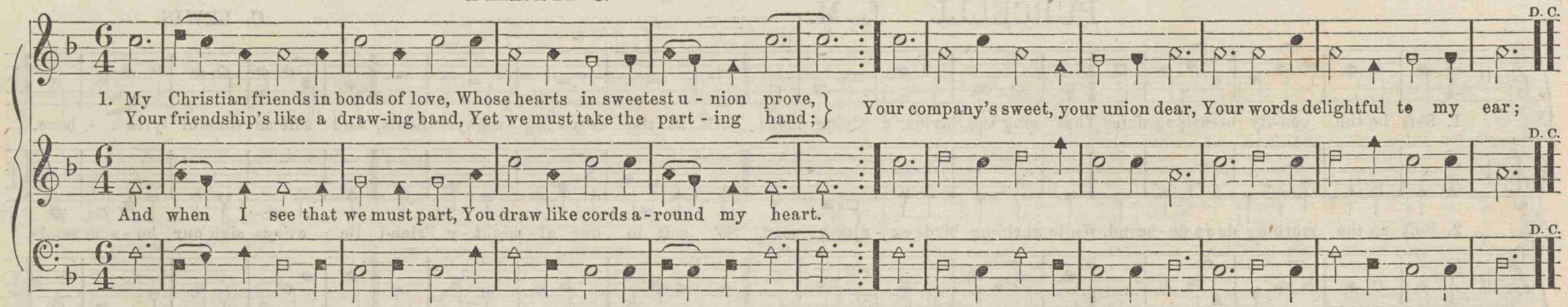
3. Pure as the sun's en - liv'ning ray, That scat - ters life and joy a - broad; Pure as the lu - cid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4. Pure as the breath of vernal skies, So pure let our con - trition be; And purely let our sorrows rise To him who bled up - on the tree

DISMISSION. L. M.



PARTING HAND. L. M.



2. How sweet the hours have pass'd away
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
Oh could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3. And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for awhile,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, "Our Father's will be done."
My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

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

RUSSIA. L. M.

(New Arrangement.)

1. Great God, attend while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I en - joy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease nor thrones of pow'r Should tempt my feet to leave thy door, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

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

4. All needful 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, No re - al good from upright souls.

NEVADA. L. M.

(New Arrangement.)

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines; Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud That vails and darkens thy designs, That vails and darkens thy designs.

2. For ev-er firm thy jus-tice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonders of thy hands; Thy judgments are a mighty deep, Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. Thy pro-vi-dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy bounty share; The whole cre-a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu-liar care, But saints are thy pe - cu -liar care.

4. My God, how ex - cel - lent thy grace, Whence all our hope and comfort springs! The sons of A-dam in distress Fly to the shadow of thy wings, Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5. Life, like a fountain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of the Lord; And in thy light our souls shall see The glories promised in thy word, The glo-ries promised in thy word.

DARLEY. L. M.

From "Cantus Ecclesiæ," by permission. W. H. W. DARLEY.

Ritard.

High on the bending willows hung, Is-rael, still sleeps the tune - ful string; Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zi-on's song de - nies to sing.

High on the bending willows hung, Is-rael, still sleeps the tune - ful string; Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zi - on's song denies to sing, And Zi-on's song de - nies to sing.

High on the bending willows hung, Is-rael, still sleeps the tune - ful string; Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zi-on's song denies to sing, And Zi - on's song de-nies to sing.

HOLLY SPRING. L. M.

From "Cantus Ecclesiæ," by permission. W. H. W. DARLEY.

1. Oh hap-py day that fix'd my choice On thee, my Sa - viour and my God! Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

2. Oh hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who me - rits all my love! Let cheerful an - thems fill his house, And e - cho thro' his courts a - bove.

3. 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tion's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I fol - low'd on, Glad to o - bey the call di - vine.

SESSIONS. L. M.

1. While life pro-longs its pre-cious light, Mer-cy is found and peace is giv'n; But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev' - ry hope of heav'n.
2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away, While yet a pard' - ning God is found.
3. Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing, Shall Death command you to the grave; Be-fore his bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep de - spair, No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise; No God re-gard your bit-ter pray'r; No Sa-viour call you to the skies.
5. Now God in-vites; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away, While yet a pard' - ning God is found.

WICKLIFF. L. M.

Lively.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd, Come, and ac-cept the prom-ised rest: The Saviour's gracious call o-bey,
And cast your gloomy fears away, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.
2. Oppress'd with sin, a painful load, Oh, come and spread your woes a - broad; Di-vine com-pas-sion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove, Will all the pain-ful load re - move.
3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,— Par-don, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace! How rich the gift! how free the grace!

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

MODERATO.

1. Blest Je-sus, when thy cross I view, That mys-t'ry to the an-gel-ic host, I gaze with grief and rap-ture too, And all my soul's in won-der lost.

2. For man didst thou forsake the sky, To bleed up-on th' ac-cur-sed tree? And didst thou taste of death, to buy Im-mor-tal life and bliss for me?

3. Had I a voice to praise thy name, Loud as the trump that wakes the dead, Had I the raptured seraph's flame, My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

SLOW.

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

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

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

4. There, there, on ea-gle-wing we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more, And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mer-cy-seat.

ELPARAN. L. M.

Verses 1, 2, and 3 to be sung by solo voices, or semi-chorus, and at the end of each the full choir sing the first Hallelujah: verses 4 and 5 to be sung in full chorus, closing with the second Hallelujah.

CODA.

1. An - oth-er six days' work is done, An - oth- er Sab-bath is be-gun: Re-turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest. Halle - lu - jah!
2. Oh that our tho'ts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heav'n that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows! Hallelu - jah!
3. This heav'nly calm within the breast, The dearest pledge of glori- us rest Which for the church of God re-mains, The end of cares, the end of pains. Halle - lu - jah!
4. With joy, great God, thy works we view In varied scenes, both old and new; With praise we think on mercies past; With hope we future pleasures taste. Hal-le-lu - jah!
5. In ho - ly du-ties let the day, In ho - ly pleasures pass away: How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end! Hal-le-lu - jah!

MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mil-lions of the skies; That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's!
2. Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be O - be - dient, mighty God, to thee! And o - ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!
3. Oh, let that glo-rious anthem swell! Let host to host the tri - umph tell, That not one re - bel heart re-mains, But o - ver all the Sa - viour reigns.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Ye Christian he-roes, go pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Im-man-uel's name; To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts inspire; Bid raging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the sav-age breast to peace.

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

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. My dear Re-deem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap - pears Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac - ters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def'rence to thy Fa-ther's will, Such love, and meekness so di - vine,—I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the mid-night air Wit-ness'd the fer-vor of thy pray'r; The desert thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con-flict and thy vic - t'ry too.

4. Be thou my pat - tern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im - age here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A - mong the fol-lowers of the Lamb.

HAMBURG. L. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be-long; Crown him, ye na-tions, in your song; His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse; His hon-ours shall en-rich your verse.
2. He rides and thun-ders through the sky; His name, Je-ho-vah, sounds on high: Praise him a-loud, ye sons of grace; Ye saints, re-joice be-fore his face.
3. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King: proclaim him blest: When ter-rors rise, when na-tions faint, He is the strength of ev'-ry saint.
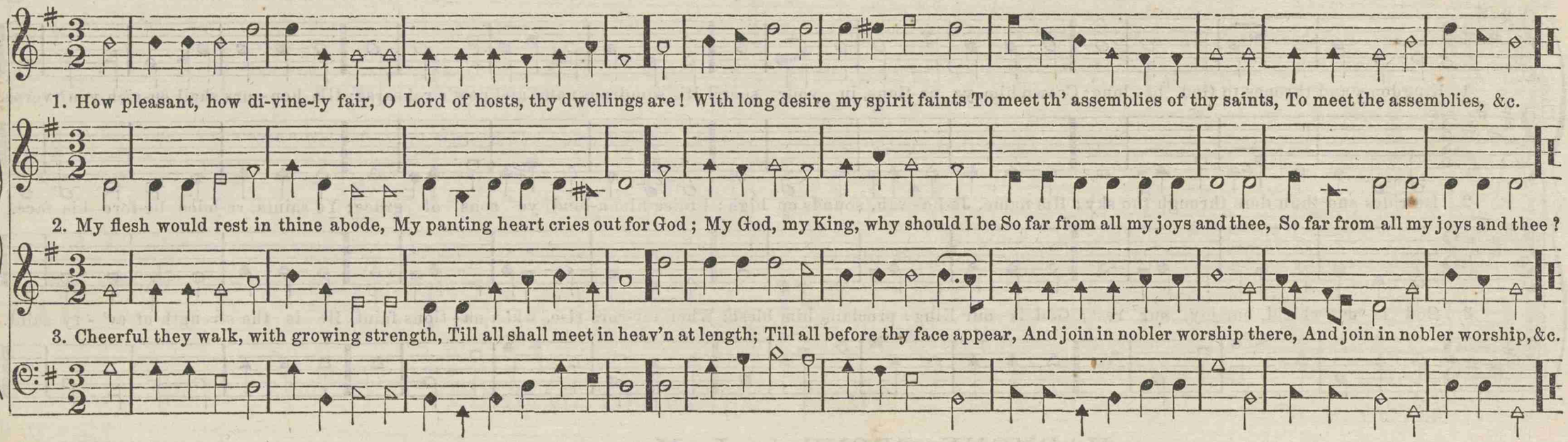
HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. God, in the gos-pel of his Son, Makes his e-ter-nal coun-sels known; Where love in all its glo-ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.
2. Here sin-ners of an humble frame May taste his grace, and learn his name; May read, in char-ac-ters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.
3. The pris'ner here may break his chains, The weary rest from all his pains; The cap-tive feel his bond-age cease, The mourner find the way of peace.
4. Here faith reveals to mor-tal eyes A bright-er world beyond the skies; Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.
5. Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord, To read and mark thy ho-ly word; Its truth with meekness to re-ceive, And by its ho-ly pre-cepts live.
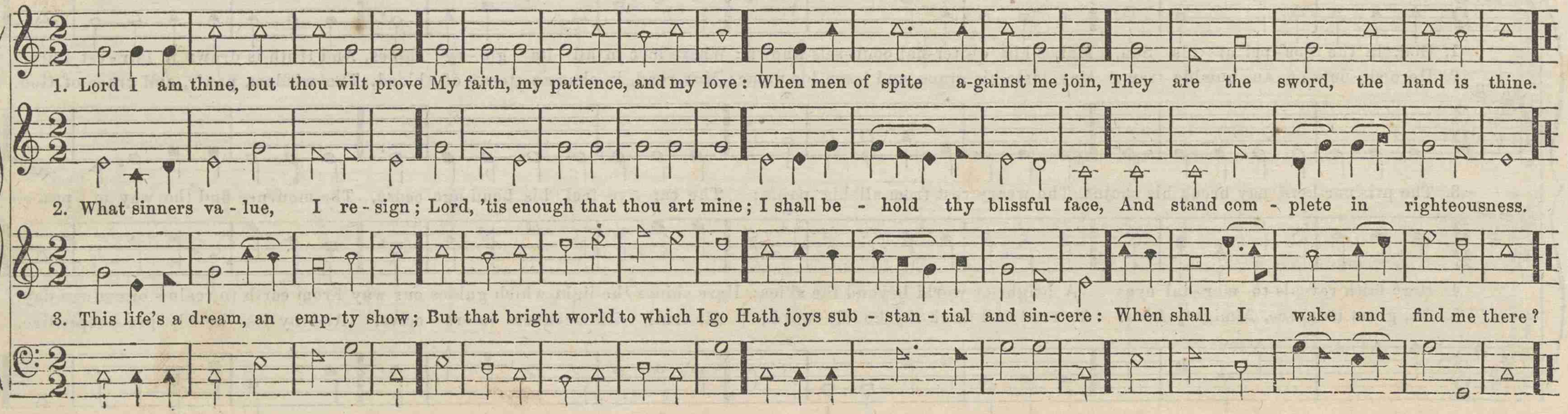
ROLLAND. L. M.

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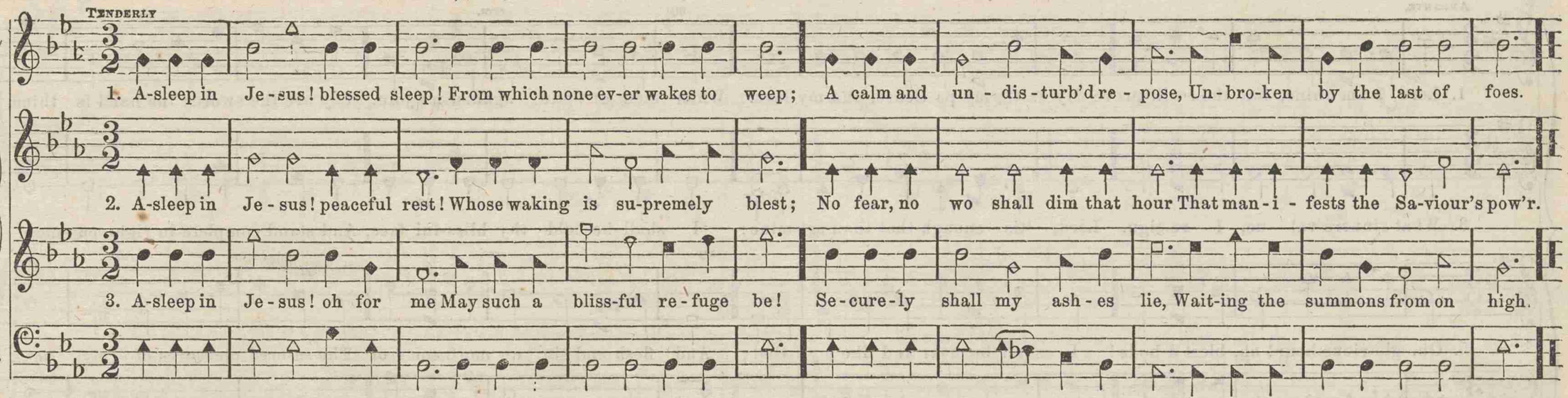


HIGH GREEN. L. M.

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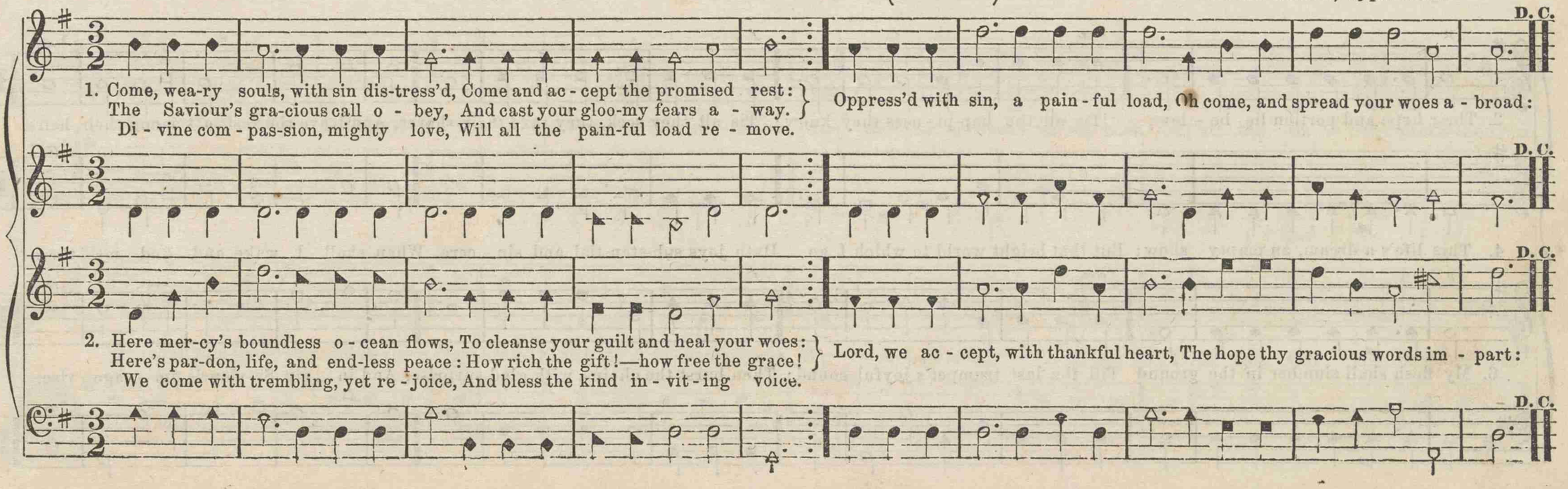
REST. L. M.

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MONTPELIER. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

From "Mendelssohn Collection," by permission.



AERION. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

ANDANTE.

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

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

5. Oh, glo-rious hour! oh, blest a-bode! I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin no more con-trol The sa-cred pleasures of my soul.

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

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

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains, with glad surprise, And in my Sa-viour's im - age rise.

DUANE STREET. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

1. Be mer-ci-ful, O God of grace, To us thy peo-ple: let thy face Beam on us, that thy church may shine, In this dark world, with light di-vine.

2. Let them with joy thy praises sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sov'-reign King; Il - lu-mined by thy ho-ly word, Let all the na - tions praise the Lord.

Re-veal, O Lord, thy sav-ing plan, To all the fam-i-lies of man: Let dis-tant na-tions hear thy word, Let all the na - tions praise the Lord.

Then shall this bar-ren world as-sume New beau-ty and the de-sert bloom: Our God shall rich-ly bless us then, And all men fear his name. A-men!

ARDELLA. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round; A so-lemn dark-ness vails the skies; A sud-den trembling shakes the ground:

2. Here's love and grief be-yond de-gree, The Lord of glo-ry dies for man! But lo! what sud-den joys we see! Je-sus, the dead, re-vives a-gain!

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De-liv'-rer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the mon-ster death in chains!

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groan'd beneath your load: He shed a thousand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich-est blood.

The ris-ing God for-sakes the tomb; Up to his Fa-ther's courts he flies; Che-ru-bic le-gions guard him home, And shout him wel-come to the skies!

Say, "Live for ev-er, wondrous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?" And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

1. This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substan - tial and sin - cere: When shall I wake, and find me there?

When shall I wake, and find me there? My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

MISSION. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

WHITAKER.

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

2. There Persia, glorious to be - hold, There In-dia shines in Eastern gold; And barb'rous na-tions, at his word, Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

3. Peo-ple and realms of ev' - ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And in-fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on his name.

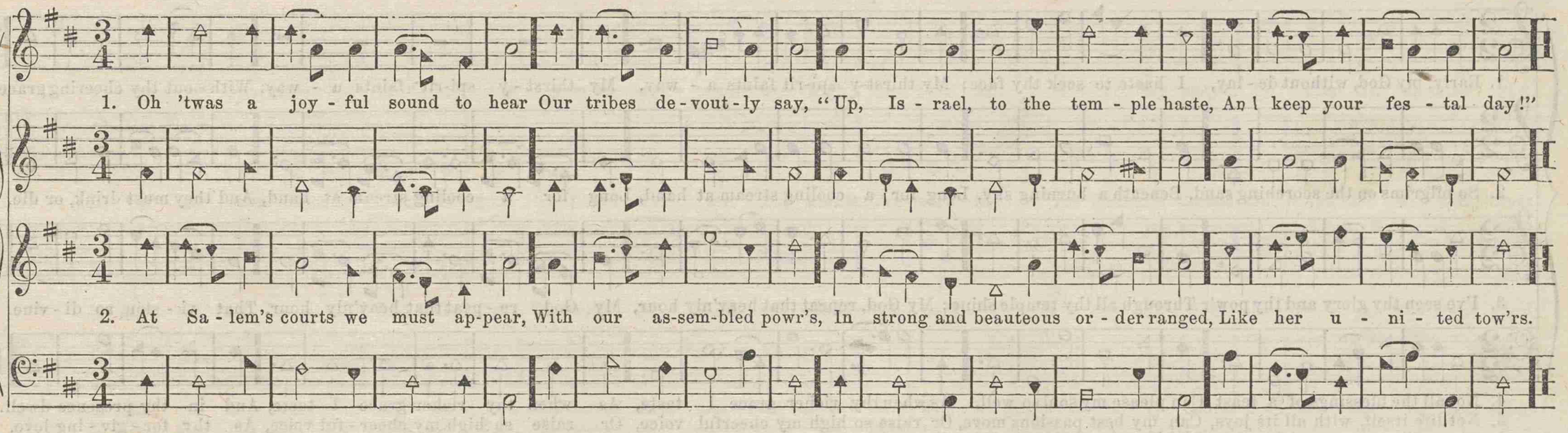
4. Where he displays his heal-ing pow'r, Death and the curse are known no more; In him the tribes of A - dam boast More blessings than their fath-er lost.

Be-hold the isl-ands with their kings! And Europe her best tri - bute brings; From north to south the princes meet To pay their hom - age at his feet.
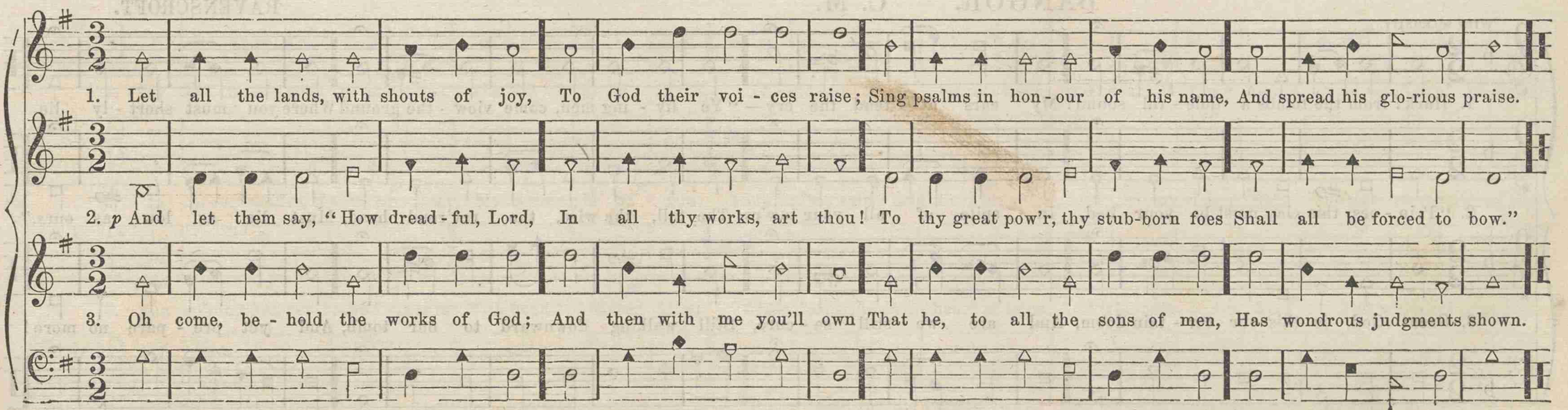
To him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless prais - es crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev' - ry morn - ing sa - cri - fice.

Blessings abound wher'er he reigns, The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains, The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

Let ev' ry creature rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon - ours to our King; An-gels descend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the long A - men.


1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day!"
2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap-pear, With our as-sem-bled powr's, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted tow'rs.

MARLOW. C. M.


1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise; Sing psalms in hon-our of his name, And spread his glo-rious praise.
2. p And let them say, "How dread-ful, Lord, In all thy works, art thou! To thy great pow'r, thy stub-born foes Shall all be forced to bow."
3. Oh come, be - hold the works of God; And then with me you'll own That he, to all the sons of men, Has wondrous judgments shown.

LANESBORO. C. M

1. Early, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst-y spi-rit faints a - way, My thirst - y spi-rit faints a - way, With - out thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the 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.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r Through all thy temple shine; My God, repeat that heav'nly hour, My God, re - peat that heav'nly hour, That vi - sion so di - vine.

4. Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy richer grace I taste, As when thy richer grace I taste, And in thy presence dwell.
5. Not life itself, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheerful voice, Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice, As thy for - giv - ing love.
6. Thus, till my last expiring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

WITH SOLEMNITY.

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

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

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

4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly: Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye:
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand: Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there: I will fre-quent thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.
5. Oh 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!

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights:
2. In darkest shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun, And thou my rising sun.
3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Jesus shows his heart is mine, And whispers I am his! And whispers I am his.
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay. At that transporting word, Run up with joy the shining way, And haste to meet my Lord. And haste to meet my Lord.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'd break through ev'ry foe; The wings of love and arms of faith Should bear me conq'ror thro', Should bear me conq'ror thro'.

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL.

With solemnity

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid: His sweat like drops of blood ran down, In ag - o - ny he pray'd—

2. "Fa-ther! re - move this bit - ter cup, If such thy sa - cred will; If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy plea - sure I ful - fil!"

3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner! see Those pre-cious drops that flow; The hea - vy load he bore for thee; For thee he lies so low.

4. Then learn of him the cross to bear, Thy Fa-ther's will o - bey; And when tempt - a - tions press thee near, A - wake, to watch and pray.

LEBANON. C. M.

BILLINGS.

Slow.

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 - ing to the dust?

2. Oh! what is fee - ble, dy - ing man, Or a - ny of his 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 world a - bove, And mountains trem - ble at his frown— How won - drous is his love!

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

1. Oh render thanks, and bless the Lord, In-voke his sacred name; Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His match-less deeds pro-claim.

2. Sing to his praise in lof - ty hymns, His wondrous works rehearse; Make them the theme of your discourse, And sub - ject of your verse, And sub - ject of your verse.

3. Rejoice in his al - migh - ty name, A - lone to be a-dored; And let their hearts o'er-flow with joy, That hum - bly seek the Lord, That hum - bly seek the Lord.

4. Seek ye the Lord, his sav-ing strength De-vout - ly still implore; And where he's ev - er pre - sent, seek His face for ev - er - more, His face for ev - er - more.

5. The wonders that his hands have wrought, Keep thankfully in mind; The righteous statutes of his mouth, And laws to us as-sign'd, And laws to us as-sign'd.

PATMOS. C. M.

Derived from a Gregorian Chant.

1. Shine, migh - ty God, on Zi - on shine, With beams of heav'n- ly grace; Re - veal thy pow'r through ev'-ry land, And show thy smil - ing face.

2. When shall thy name, from shore to shore, Sound through the earth a - broad, And dis - tant na-tions know and love Their Sa - viour and their God!

3. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Sing loud with so - lemn voice; Let ev' - ry tongue ex - alt his praise, And ev' - ry heart re - joice

E

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al-tar call; Ex-tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

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

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

5. Let ev'-ry kindred, ev'-ry tribe On this terrestrial ball, To him all ma-jes - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all, To him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

6. Oh that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

HOWARD. C. M.

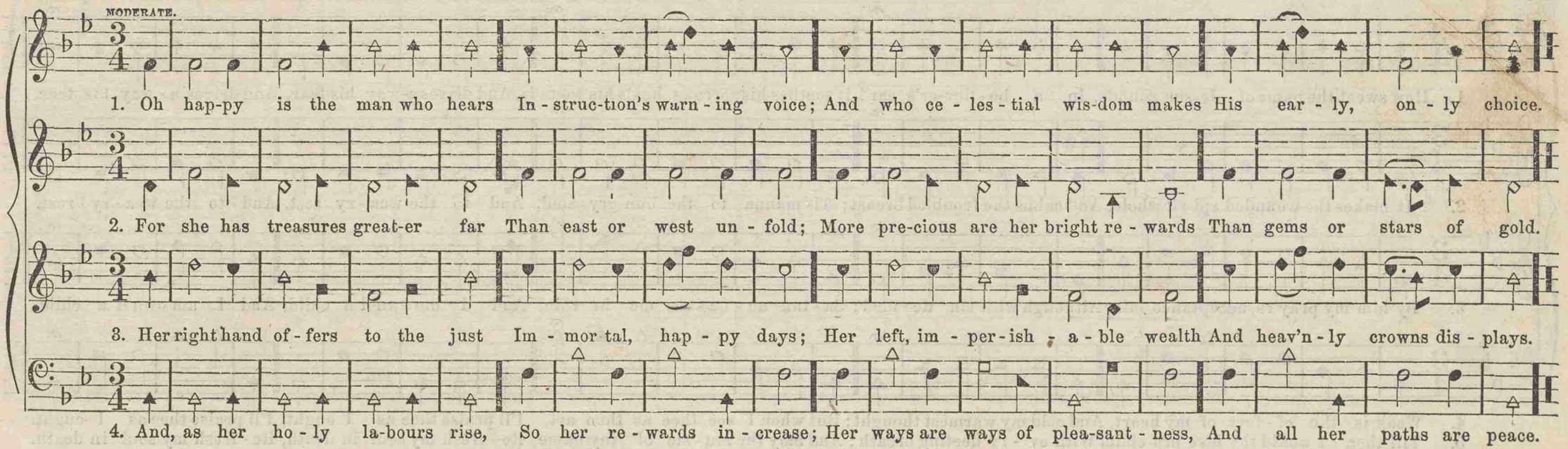
1. Lord, hear the voice of my com-plaint; Ac-cept my se - cret pray'r; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

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

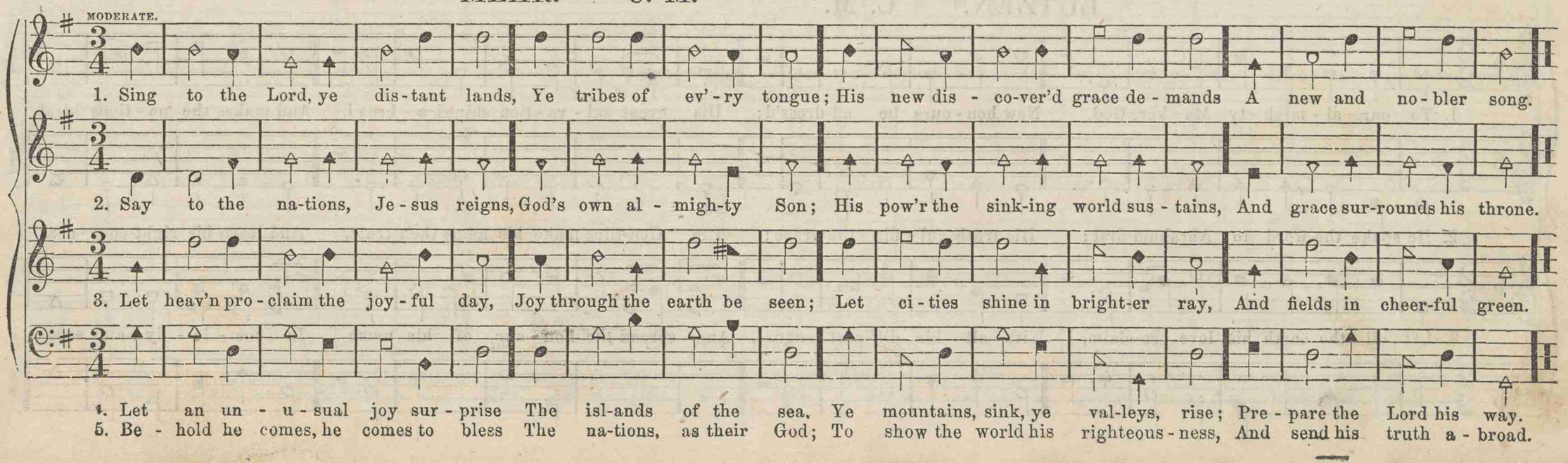
3. Let all thy saints who trust in thee, With shouts their joy pro-claim; By thee pre-served, let them re-joice, And mag - ni - fy thy name.

4. To right-eous men the right-eous Lord His blessings will ex-tend; And with his fa - vour all his saints, As with a shield, de - fend

BALERMA. C. M.



MEAR. C. M.



ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1. 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, And drives a-way his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spi-rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
3. By him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Although with sin de-filed; Sa-tan ac-cu-ses me in vain, And I am own'd a child, And I am own'd a child.
4. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
5. Till then I would thy love pro-claim With ev'-ry fleeting breath; And may the mu-sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.

LUTZEN. C. M.

1. To our al-migh-ty Ma-ker, God, New hon-ours be ad-dress'd; His great sal-va-tion shines a-broad, And makes the na-tions blest.
2. He spake the word to Abraham first; His truth ful-fils the grace; The Gen-tiles make his name their trust, And learn his right-eous-ness.
3. Let all the earth his love pro-claim, With all his diff'rent tongues, And spread the hon-our of his name In me-lo-dy and songs.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

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

2. Thy morning light and even-ing shade Suc-ces-sive com - forts bring; Thy plen - teous fruits make har - vest glad, Thy flow'rs a - dorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine; When clouds dis - til in fruit - ful show'rs The au - thor is di - vine.

4. Those wand'ring cis - terns in the sky, Borne by the winds a - round, With wat' - ry trea - sures well sup - ply The fur - rows of the ground.

5. The thirsty ridg - es drink their fill, And ranks of corn ap - pear; Thy ways a - bound with bless - ings still: Thy good - ness crowns the year.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, JUN.

SLOW.

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

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his pro - mi - ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.

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

4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n; The pros-pect 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.

MERIDEN. C. M.

TH. CLARK.

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

2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And hell - ish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor - row fall; May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all.

4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

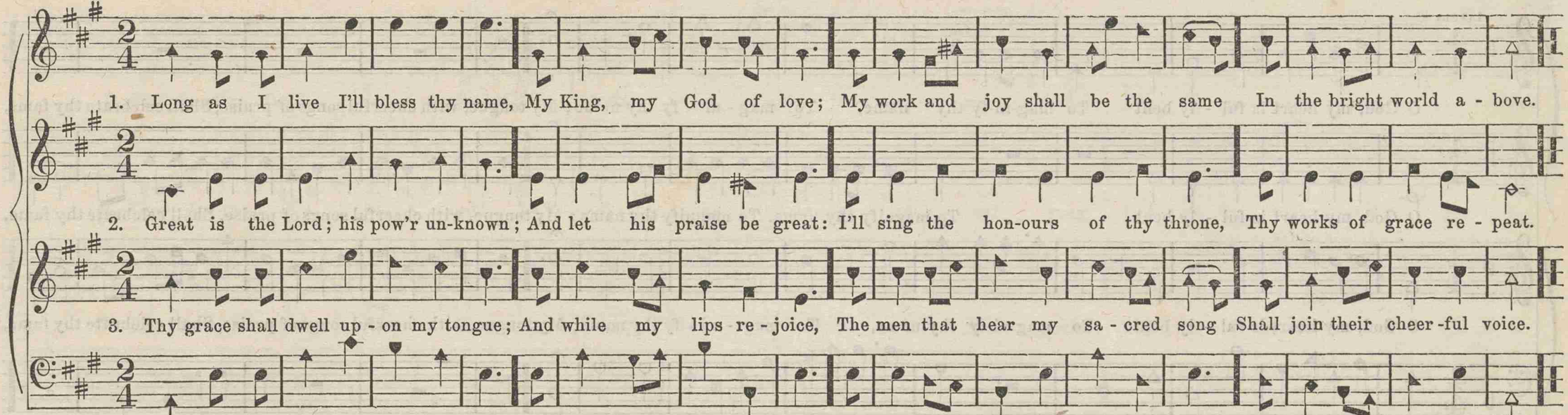
REFUGE. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord in joy-ful strains; Let earth his praise resound; Let all the cheerful nations join, Let all the cheer-ful na-tions join, To spread his glo - ry round.
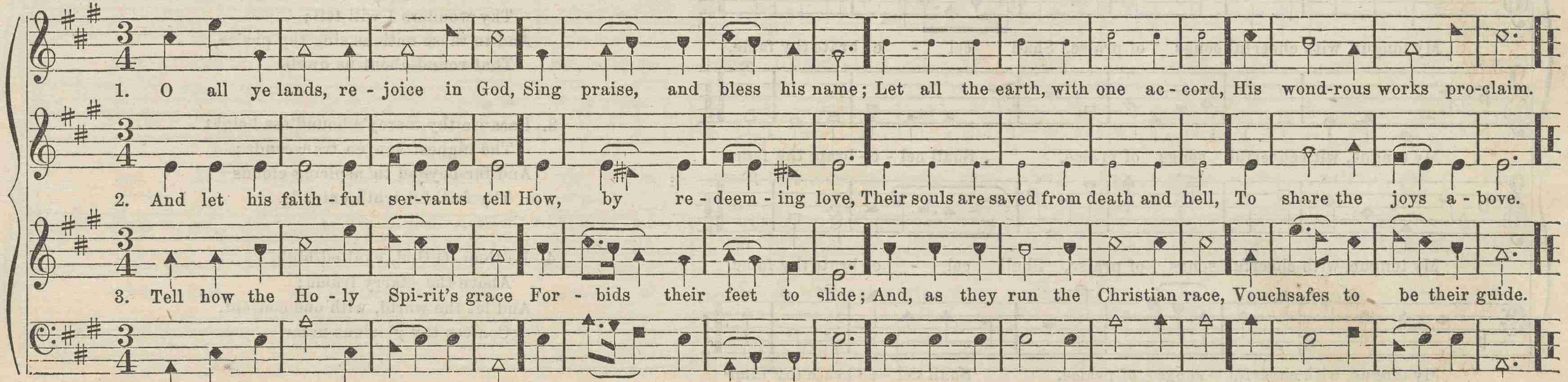
2. Thou ci - ty of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni - ver-sal song; And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges, And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges The cheer - ful notes pro-long.

3. Till mid the strains of dis-tant lands, The islands sound his praise; And all, combined, with one accord, And all, combined, with one ac-cord, Je - ho - vah's glo-ries raise.

DEDHAM. C. M.

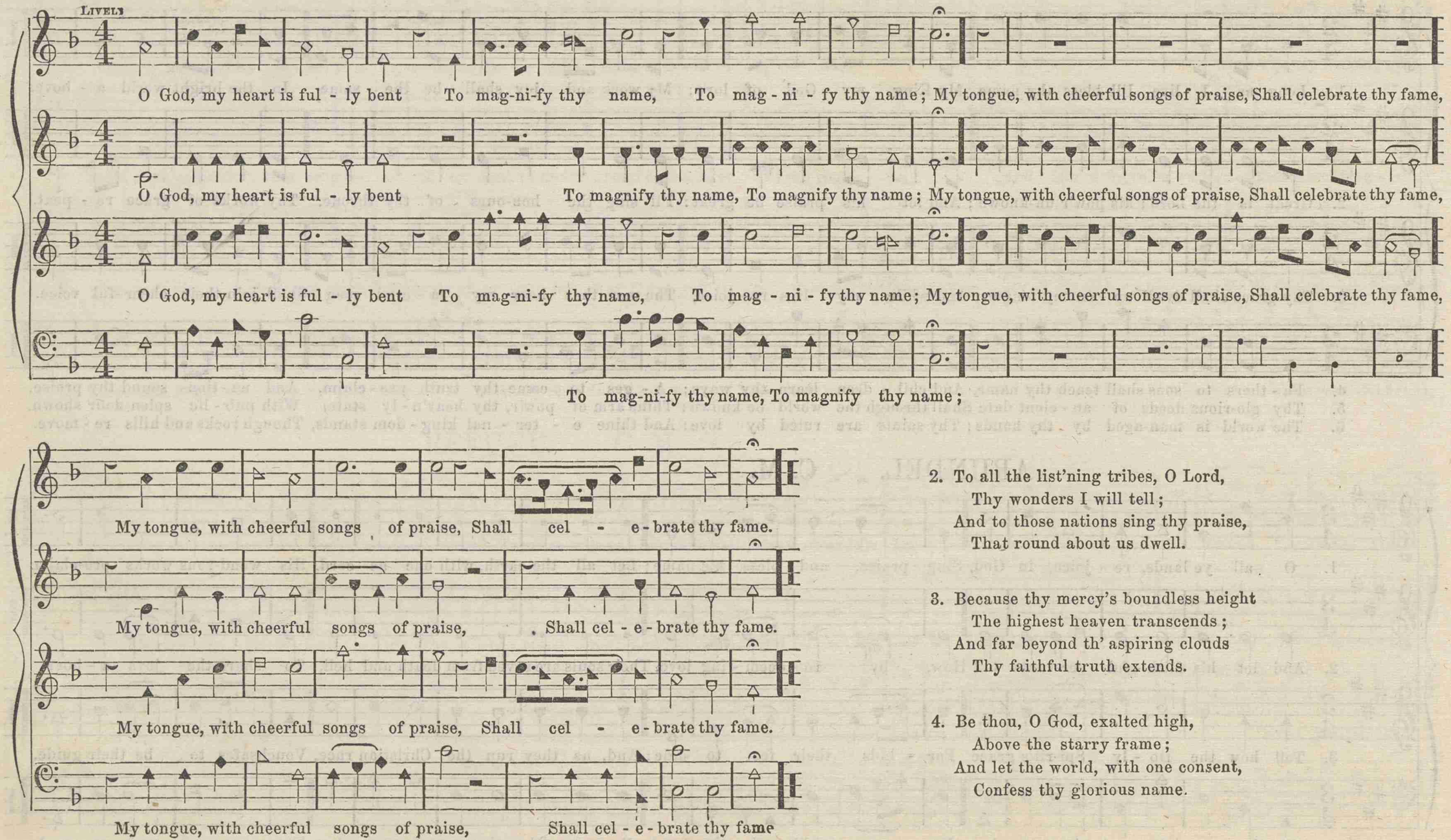


ARUNDEL. C. M.



CANTERBURY NEW. C. M.

T. CLARK.



2. To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3. Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4. Be thou, O God, exalted high,
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re - sound; Let all the cheer - ful na - tions

2. Thou ci - ty of the Lord! be - gin The u - ni - ver - sal song, And let the scat - ter'd vil - la-

3. Till mid the strains of dis - tant lands, The isl - ands sound his praise; And all, com - bined with one ac-
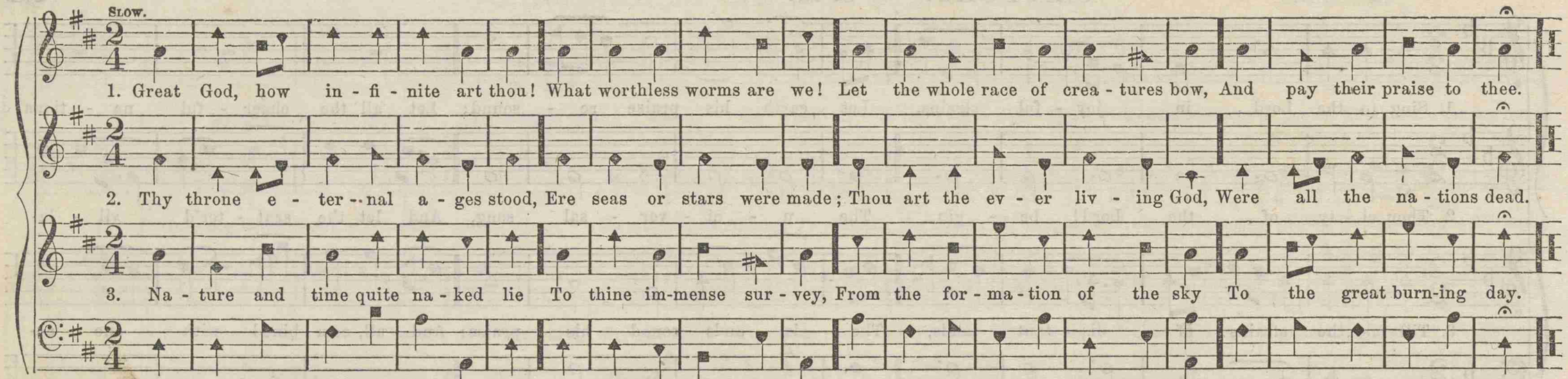
join— Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ry round, To spread his glo - ry round.

ges, And let the scat - ter'd vil - la - ges The cheer-ful notes pro - long, The cheer - ful notes pro - long.

cord, And all com-bined, with one ac - cord, Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise, Je - ho - vah's glo - ries raise.

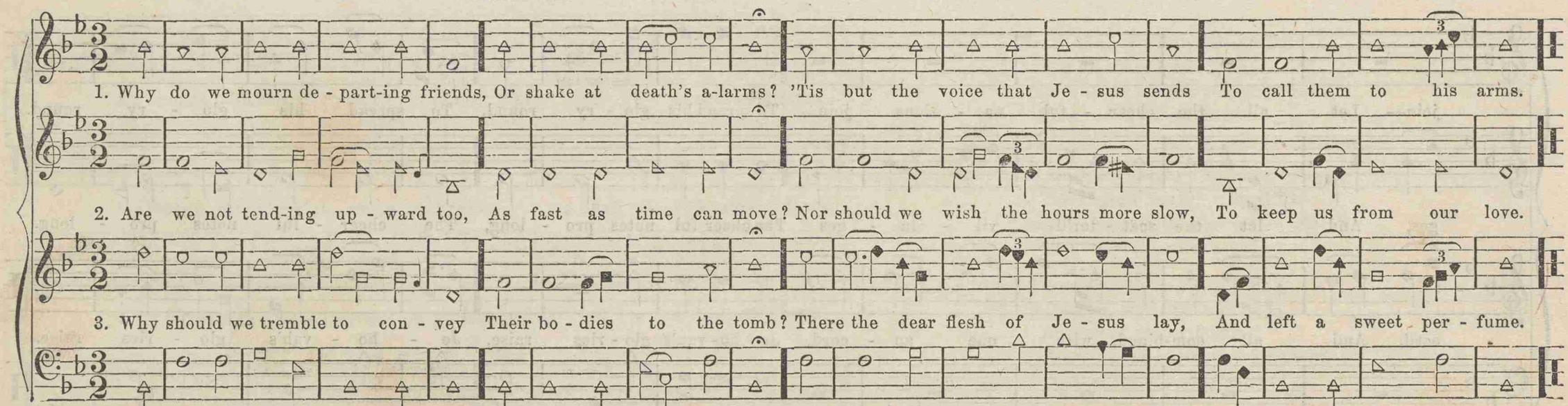
ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.



CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.



FAIR HAVEN. C. M.

SLOW.

1. Hail! sweet - est, dear - est tie that binds Our glow - ing hearts in one; Hail, sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine:

2. What though the north - ern win - try blast Shall howl a - round thy cot, What though be-neath an east - ern sun, Be cast our dis - tant lot;

3. From Burmah's shores, from Af - ric's strand, From In - dia's burn - ing plain, From Eu - rope, from Co - lum-bia's land, We hope to meet a - gain:

4. No ling' - ring hope, no part - ing sigh Our fu - ture meet - ing knows; The friendship beams from ev' - ry eye, And hope im - mor - tal grows:

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.
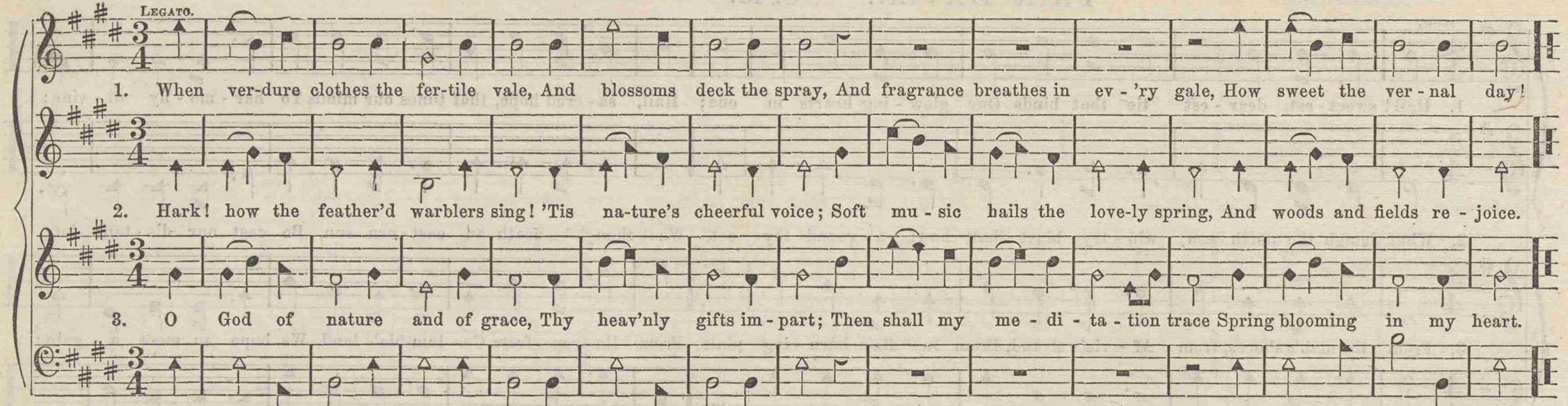
Yet still we share the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n; The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

Oh sa - cred hope! Oh bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n! The hope, when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n

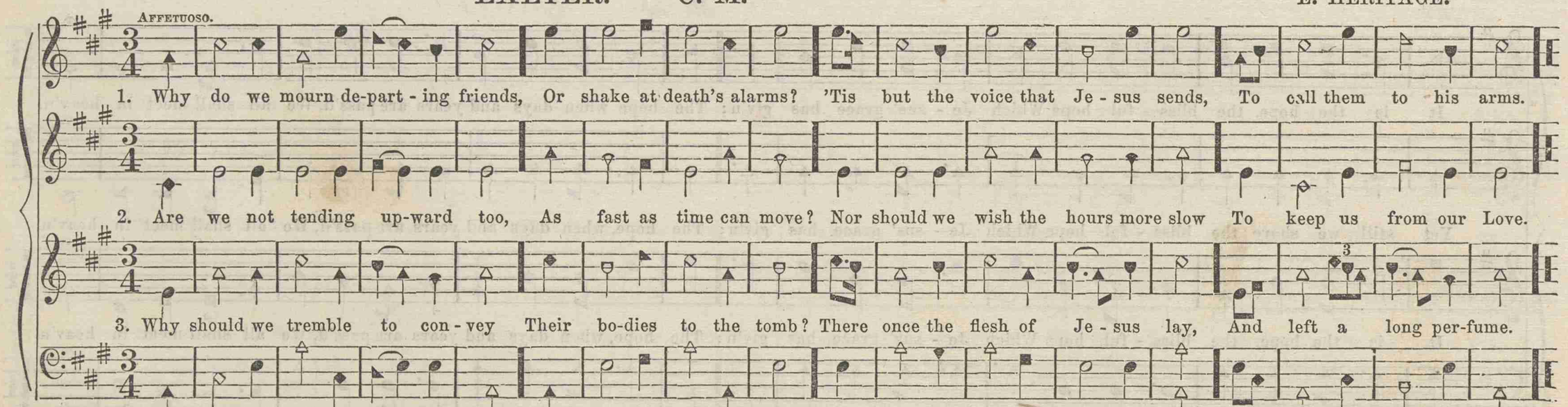
ASHLAND. C. M.

E. HERITAGE.



EXETER. C. M.

E. HERITAGE.



NAZARETH. C. M.

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

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

3. We bring them, Lord, in thank - ful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joy - ful that we our-selves are thine, Thine let our off-spring be.

4. If or - phans they are left be - hind, Thy guar - dian care we trust: That care shall heal our bleed - ing hearts, If weep - ing o'er their dust.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

VERY SLOW.

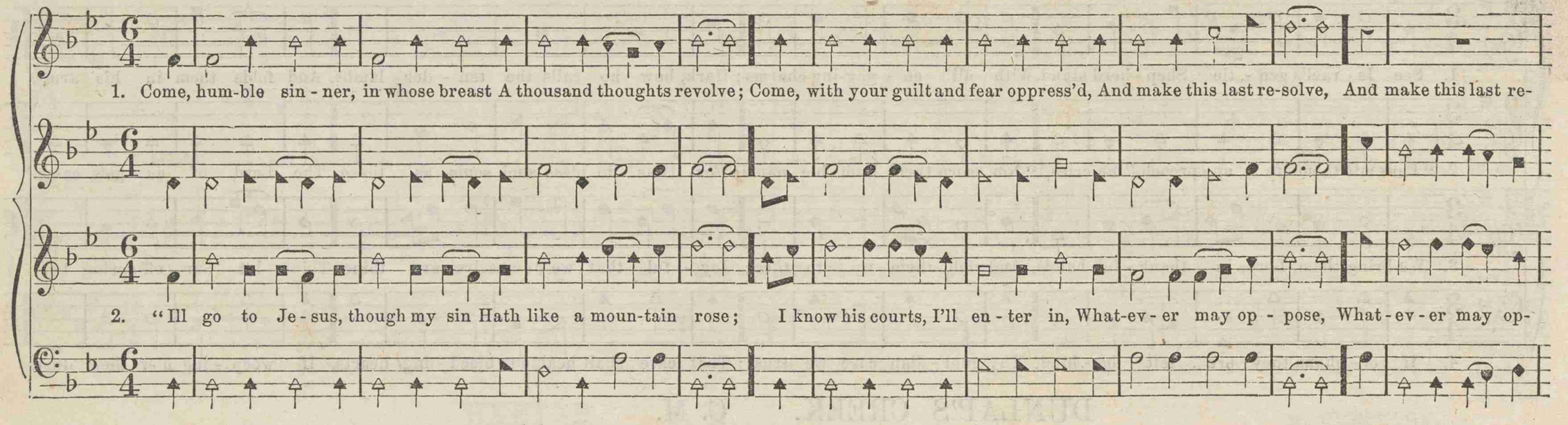
1. When lan - guor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way;—
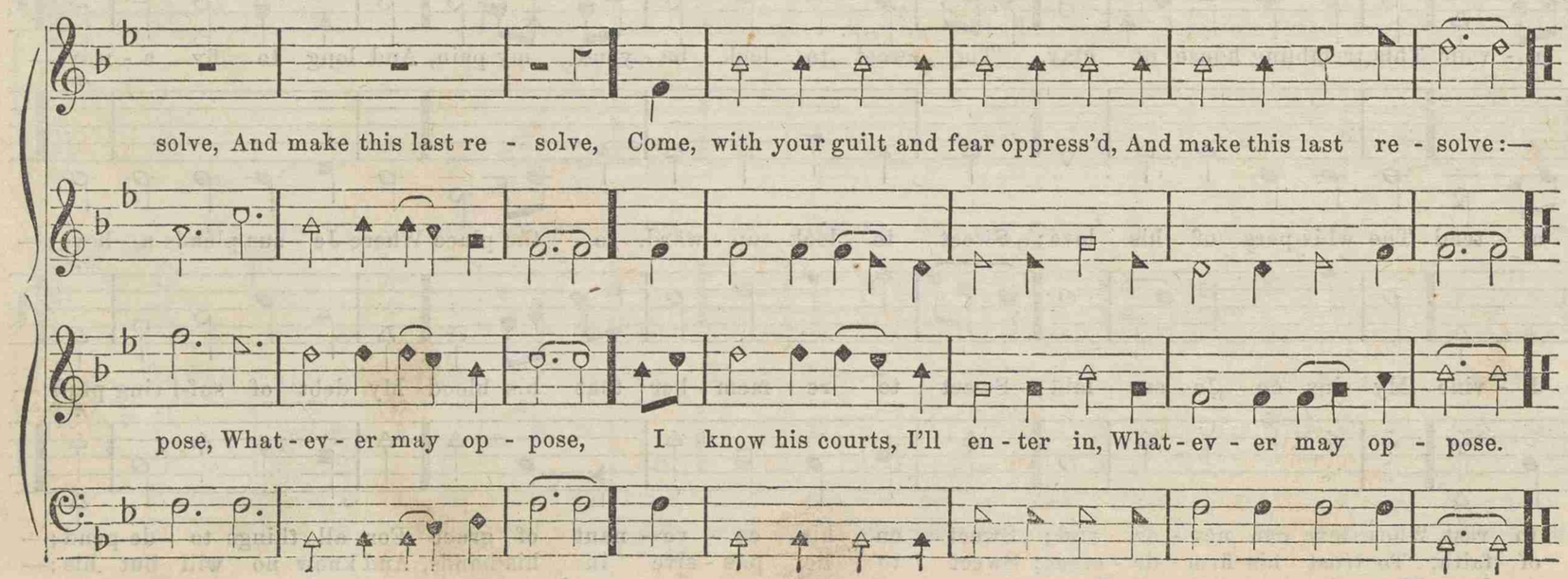
2. Sweet to look in - ward, and at - tend The whis-pers of his love; Sweet to look up - ward, to the place Where Je - sus pleads a - bove;—

3. Sweet to re - flect how grace di - vine My sins on Je - sus laid; Sweet to re - mem - ber that his blood My debt of suf-f'ring paid;—

4. Sweet on his faith - ful - ness to rest, Whose love can nev - er end; Sweet on his co - ve - nant of grace For all things to de-pend;—
5. Sweet, in the con - fi - dence of faith, To trust his firm de - crees; Sweet to lie pas - sive in his hands, And know no will but his;—
6. Sweet to re - joice in live - ly hope That, when my change shall come, An - gels will ho - ver round my bed, And waft my spi - rit home.

ATWATER. C. M.
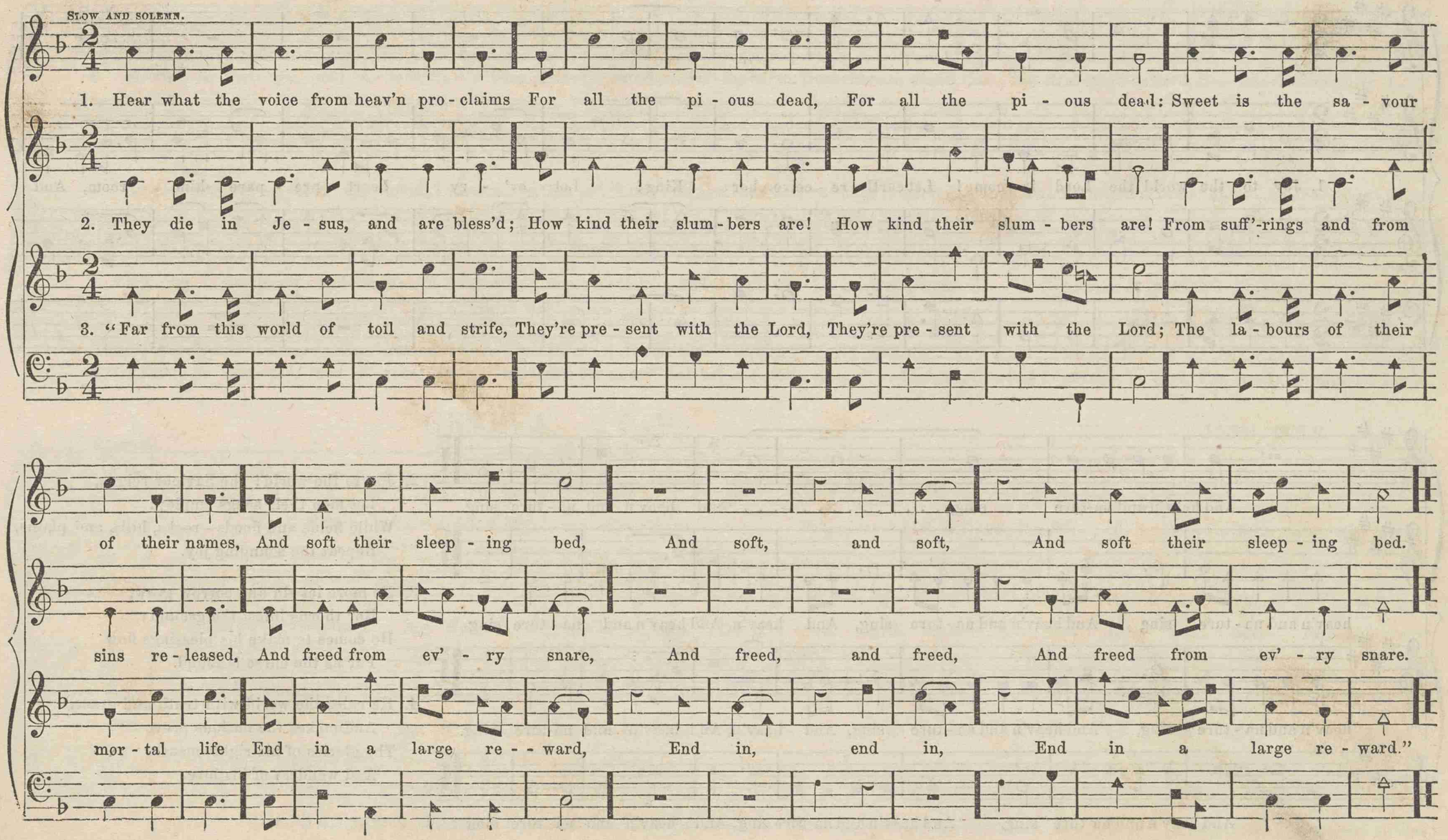




3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

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

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

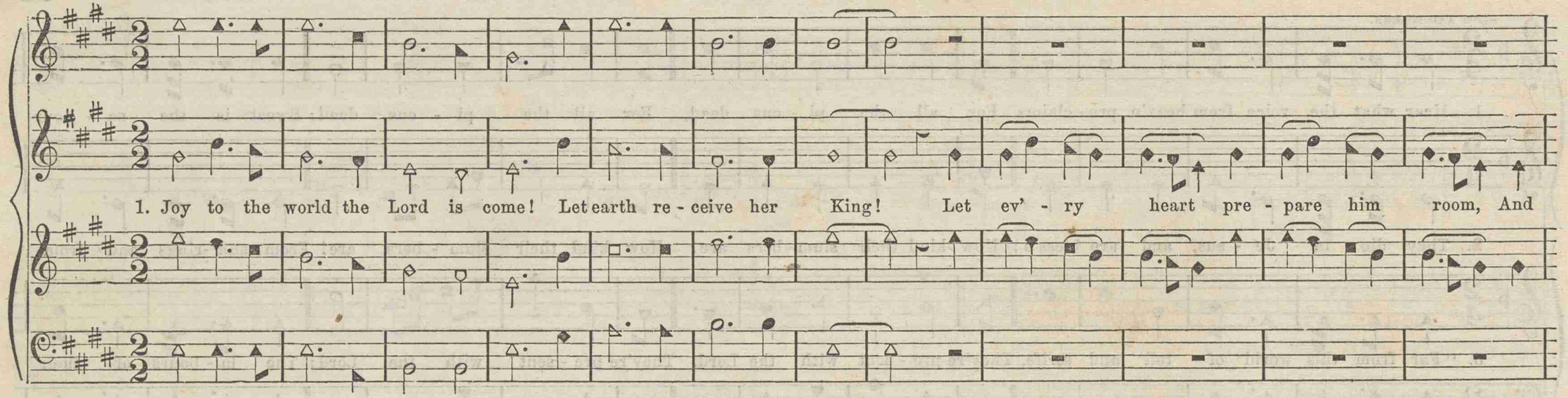
6. "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."


Slow and solemn.
1. Hear what the voice from heav'n pro - claims For all the pi - ous dead, For all the pi - ous dead: Sweet is the sa - vour
2. They die in Je - sus, and are bless'd; How kind their slum - bers are! How kind their slum - bers are! From suff'-rings and from
3. "Far from this world of toil and strife, They're pre - sent with the Lord, They're pre - sent with the Lord; The la - bours of their
of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed, And soft, and soft, And soft their sleep - ing bed.
sins re - leased, And freed from ev' - ry snare, And freed, and freed, And freed from ev' - ry snare.
mor - tal life End in a large re - - ward, End in, end in, End in a large re - ward."

ANTIOCH. C. M.

(By permission.)

Arranged from HANDEL.



2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

SWANWICK C. M.

LUCAS.

1. A - rise, ye peo - ple, and a - dore, Ex - ult-ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th'al-migh-ty Lord, Con- fess th'al-migh-ty Lord.

2. Glad shouts a-loud—wide echoing round, Th'ascending God proclaim; Th'angel - ic choir re-spond the sound, And shake cre - a-tion's frame, And shake cre-a-tion's frame.

3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown, In that tri - umph-ant hour; And God ex-alts his conq'ring Son, To his right hand of pow'r, To his right hand of pow'r.

4. Oh shout, ye peo - ple, and a - dore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con-fess th'al-migh-ty Lord, Con-fess th'al-migh-ty Lord.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

MODERATO.

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

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

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

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul sur-veys Transported with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

F

ARCADIA. C. M.

From "The Psalmodist," by permission. T. HASTINGS.

1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to Thine a - bode; Tho' helpers fail, and foes pre-vail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

2. And what is life, mid toil and strife, What terror has the grave? Thine arm of pow'r in peril's hour The trembling soul will save, The trembling soul will save.

3. In darkest skies, tho' storms arise, I will not be dis-may'd; O God of light, and boundless might, My soul on thee is stay'd, My soul on thee is stay'd.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our be-liev - ing eyes! The former seas have pass'd away, And the old rolling skies, And the old roll - ing skies.

2. From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace.

3. At-tending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing— "Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending King, Of your de - scend-ing King.

4. "The God of glo - ry down to men Removes his blest a - bode; Men the dear objects of his love, And he their gracious God, And he their gracious God.

5. "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears From ev'ry weeping eye; And pains and groans and griefs and fears And death itself shall die, And death it - self shall die.

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day, And bring the wel - come day

ST. JOHNS. C. M.

1. Now shall my solemn vows be paid To that al - migh - ty Power, Who heard the long re - quests I made In my dis - tress-ful hour.
2. My lips and cheerful heart pre - pare To make his mer-cies known; Come, ye that fear my God, and hear The wonders he has done.
3. When on my head huge sor - rows fell, I sought his heav'nly aid; He saved my sink - ing soul from hell And death's e - ter - nal shade.
4. If sin lay cover'd in my heart While pray'r em - ploy'd my tongue, The Lord had shown me no re - gard, Nor I his praises sung.
5. But God, (his name be ev - er bless'd!) Has set my spi - rit free; Nor turn'd from him my poor re - quest, Nor turn'd his heart from me.

RINDGE. C. M.

1. Let ev'ry mortal ear at - tend, 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 emp - ty mind:
3. E-ter-nal wisdom has 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 die, Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs, &c.
5. Rivers of love and mercy here In a rich ocean join; Salvation in abundance flows Like floods of milk and wine, Salvation in abundance flows Like floods of milk and wine.
6. The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day: Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away, Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

1. What shall I ren-der to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall vi-sit thine a - bode, My songs address thy throne, My songs address thy throne, My songs address, &c.

2. Among the saints who fill thy house, My off'ring shall be paid: There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made, My soul in anguish made, My soul in anguish made.

3. How much is mer-cy thy de-light, Thou ev-er bless-ed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood, How precious is their blood, How precious is their blood!

4. How hap-py all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de-vote to thee, Lord I de - vote to thee, Lord I de - vote to thee!

CHELMSFORD. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heaven-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys; Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate, Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come, shed a - broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours

AVON. 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? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ the migh - ty Ma - ker died For man the crea-ture's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross ap - pears; Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
5. But floods of tears can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

GRAFTON. C. M.

1. How oft, a - las, this wretch-ed heart Has wan-der'd from the Lord! How oft my rov-ing thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of his word!
2. Yet sov'-reign mer - cy calls "Re - turn," Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile in - gra - ti - tude I mourn; Oh take the wan-d'rer home!
3. And can'st thou—wilt thou yet for - give, And bid my crimes re - move? And shall a par-don'd re - bel live To speak thy won-drous love?
4. Al - migh - ty grace, thy heal-ing pow'r How glo-rious—how di - vine! That can to life and bliss re - store A heart so vile as mine

NICHOLS. C. M.

(By permission.)

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

2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on Thro' all the blissful road, Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your gracious God, And see your gracious God.

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

4. March on, in your Re-deemer's strength, Pur-sue his footsteps still; With joyful hope still fix your eye On Zion's heav'nly hill, On Zion's heav'nly hill.

SILOAM. C. M.

From "The Dulcimer," by permission. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sharon's dew - y rose!

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

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

4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r, And storm - y pas-sion's rage.

5. O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek thy grace a - lone, In child - hood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

WILLOW. C. M.

ALEXANDER CLARK.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know: If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah! whi - ther shall I go?

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

3. Au - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes: Oh let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.

4. The worst of sin - ners would re - joice, Could they but see thy face; Oh let me hear thy quick'ning voice, And taste thy pard'-ning grace!

CUNNINGHAM. C. M.

ALEXANDER CLARK.

1. All praise to our re - deem - ing Lord, Who joins us by his grace, And bids us, each to each re-stored, To - geth - er seek his face.

2. He bids us build each oth - er up, And, ga-ther'd in - to one, To our high call-ing's glo - rious hope We hand in hand go on.

3. The gift which he on one be - stows, We all de - light to prove; The grace through ev'ry ves - sel flows, In pur - est streams of love.

4. E'en now we think and speak the same, And cor - di - ally a - gree; U - ni - ted all through Je - sus' name, In per - fect har - mo - ny.

5. We all par - take the joy of one, The com - mon peace we feel,— A peace to sen - sual minds un-known, A joy un - speak - a - ble.

6. And if our fel - low - ship be - low In Je - sus be so sweet, What height of rap - ture shall we know, When round his throne we meet!

VANDALIA. C. M.

C. LEWIS.

1. My Saviour, my almighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? The numbers, &c.

2. Thou art my ev-er-last-ing trust; Thy goodness I a - dore, Thy goodness I a - dore: Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more, That I may love, &c.

3. My feet shall travel all the length Of the ce - les-tial road, Of the ce-les-tial road: And march with courage in thy strength, To see the Lord my God, To see the Lord, &c.

4. Awake! awake! my tuneful pow'rs, With this delightful song, With this delightful song, And entertain the darkest hours, Nor think the season long, Nor think the season long.

LATOUR. C. M.

C. LEWIS.

1. Oh that I could my Lord re - ceive, Who did the world re-deem, Who gave his life that I might live A life conceal'd in him!

2. Oh that I could the blessing prove, My heart's extreme de - sire! Live hap - py in my Sa - viour's love, And in his arms ex - pire!

3. In an - swer to ten thousand pray'rs, Thou pard'ning God, descend: Num - ber me with sal - va - tion's heirs, My sins and trou - bles end.

4. No - thing I ask or want be - side, Of all in earth or heav'n, But let me feel thy blood ap - plied, And live and die for - giv'n

BATAVIA. C. M.

Arranged by C. LEWIS.

1. How blest is he who ne'er con - sents By ill ad - vice to walk; Nor stands in sin - ners' ways, nor sits Where men pro-fane-ly talk!

2. But makes the per - fect law of God His stu-dy and de - light; De - vout - ly reads there - in by day, And me - di - tates by night.

3. For God ap - proves the just man's ways, To hap - pi - ness they tend; But sin - ners, and the paths they tread, Shall both in ru - in end.
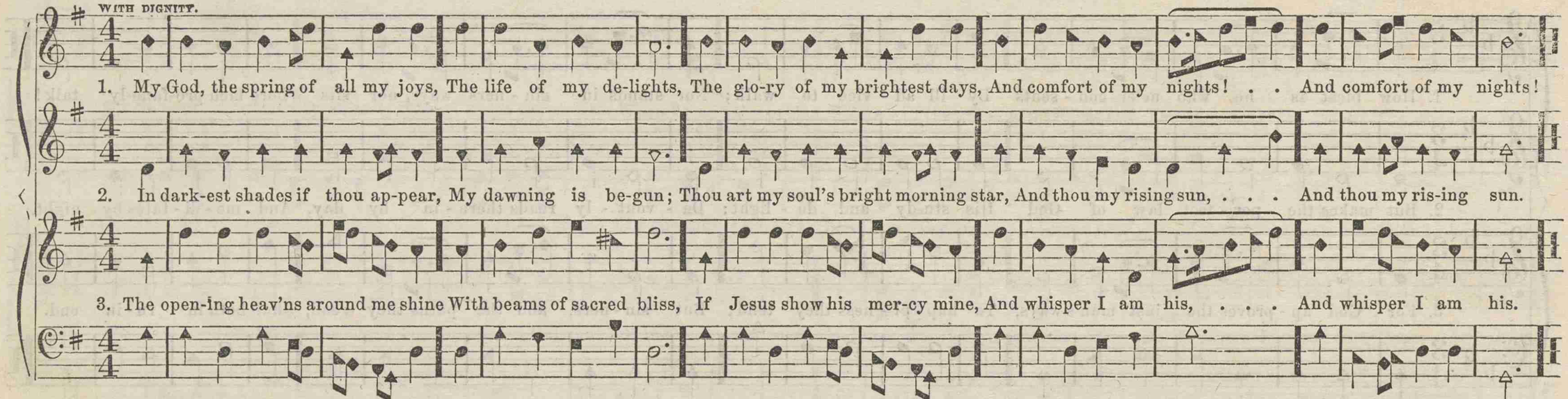
NEW YORK. C. M.

1. Oh praise the Lord with one con - sent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the ser-vants of the Lord His wor-thy praise pro - claim.

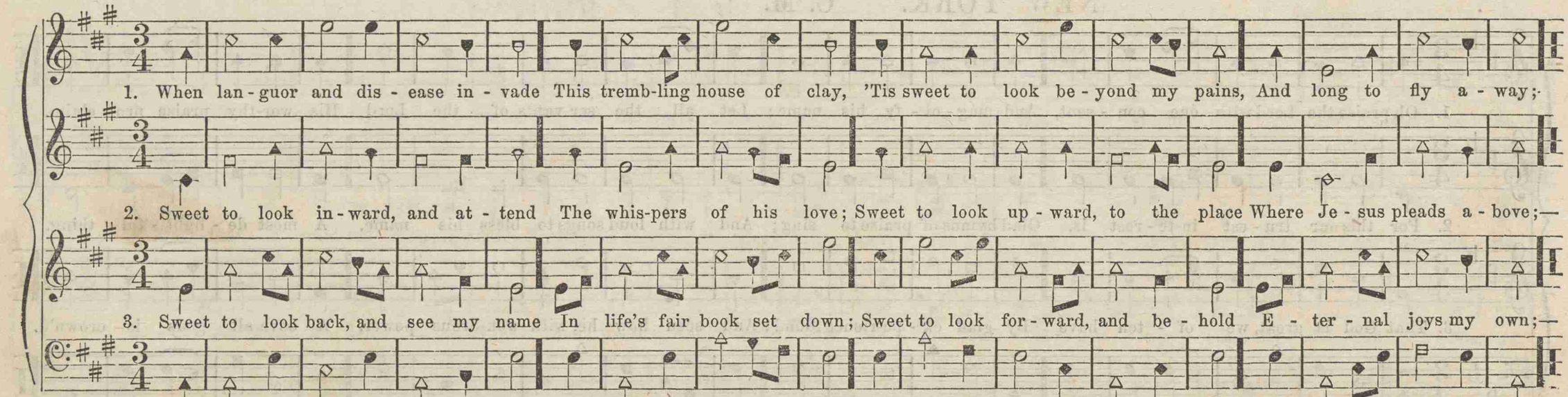
2. For this our tru - est in-te - rest is, Glad hymns of praise to sing; And with loud songs to bless his name, A most de - light - ful thing.

3. That God is great, we of - ten have By glad ex - pe-rience found; And seen how he, with won-drous power, A - bove all gods is crown'd.

BRAIDY. C. M.



REDEMPTION. C. M.



EXHORTATION. C. M.

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

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.

3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand; Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand, Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there; I will frequent thy holy court, And worship in thy fear, I will fre-quent thy ho - ly court, And worship in thy fear.
5. Oh may thy Spi - rit guide my feet In ways of right - eousness, Make ev'ry path of du-ty straight And plain before my face, Make ev'-ry path of duty straight And plain be - fore my face.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.

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

2. I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose; I know his courts, I'll enter in, What-ev-er may op - pose, I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.

3. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore his throne, And there my guilt con - fess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, Without his sov' - reign grace, I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out his sov'-reign grace.

4. I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre par - don gives; Perhaps he will command my touch, And then the sup-pliant lives, Per-haps he will com-mand my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
5. Per - haps he will ad - mit my plea, Perhaps will hear my pray'r; But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per-ish on - ly there, But if I per - ish, I will pray. And per - ish on - ly there.
6. I can but per - ish, if I go; I am re - solved to try; For if I stay a - way, I know I must for ev - er die, For if I stay a - way, I know I must for ev - er die.

PISGAH. C. M.

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

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

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

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

soar to worlds on high, . . And soar to worlds on high, . . . My soul shall quit the mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on high:

my Re-deem - er's breast, . In my Re - deem - er's breast, . . . That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem - er's breast.

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

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

PETERBORO. C. M.

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

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

3. How ma - ny wretched souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun! And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.

4. Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I en - joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a peace - ful night.

DUNDEE. C. M.
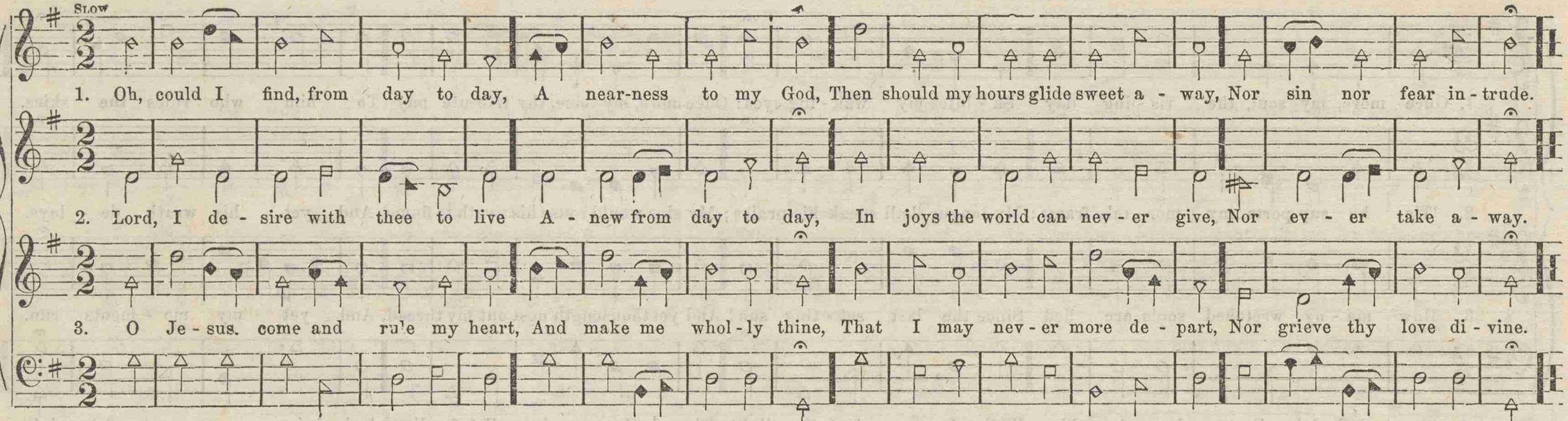
1. Let not de - spair nor fell re - venge Be to my bo - som known; Oh give me tears for o - thers' woes, And pa-tience for my own!

2. Feed me, O Lord, with need - ful food: I ask not wealth, nor fame; But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.
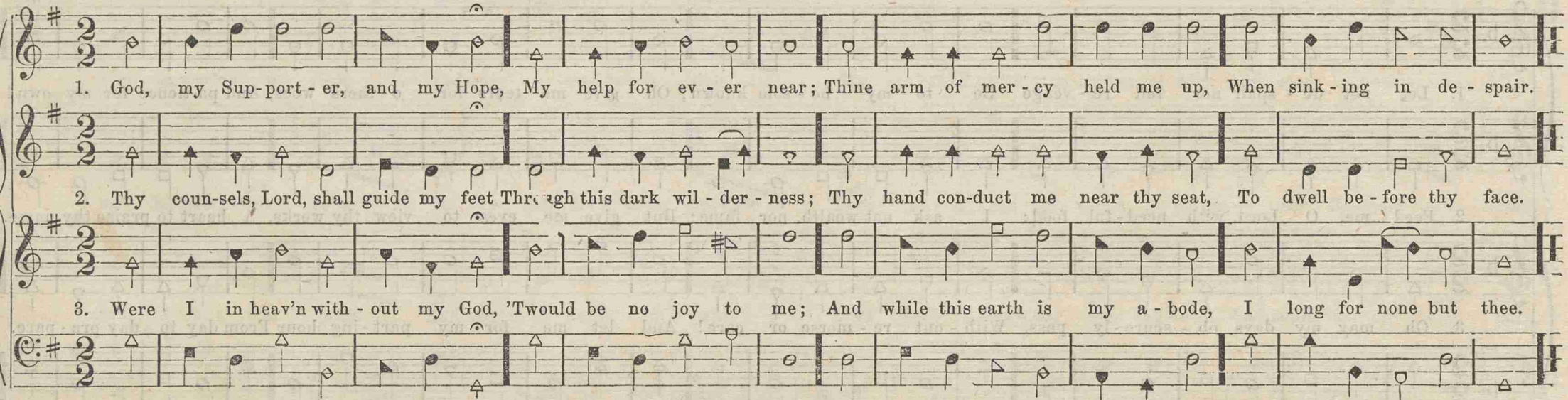
3. Oh may my days ob - scure - ly pass, With - out re - morse or care! And let me for my part - ing hour From day to day pre - pare.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES.



ROCHESTER. C. M.



BARBY. C. M.

1. "The pro-mise of my Fa-ther's love Shall stand for ev-er good," He said—and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.
2. To this dear cov'-nant of thy word I set my worth-less name; I seal th'engagement to my Lord, And make my hum-ble claim.
3. The light, the strength, and pard'-ning grace, And glo-ry shall be mine: My life and soul—my heart and flesh, And all my pow'rs are thine.
4. I call that le-ga-cy my own, Which Je-sus did be-queath; 'Twas purchased with a dy-ing groan, And ra-ti-fied in death.
5. Sweet is the mem'-ry of his name, Who bless'd us in his will; And to his tes-ta-ment of love Made his own life the seal.

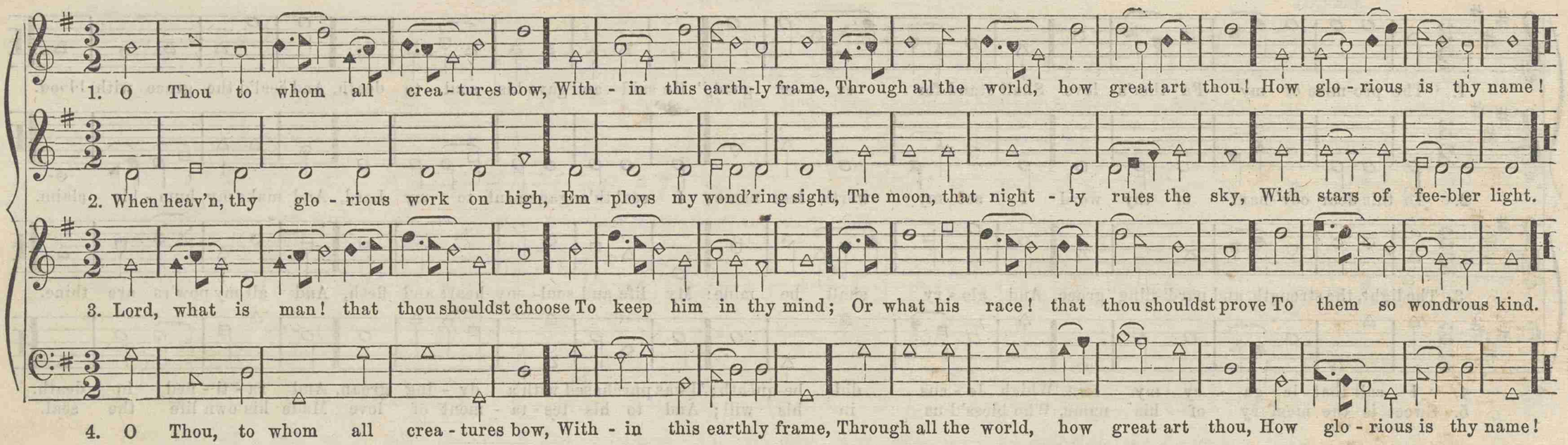
MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.

1. To heav'n I lift my wait-ing eyes; There all my hopes are laid; The Lord who built the earth and skies, Is my per-pet-ual aid.
2. Their feet shall nev-er slide or fall, Whom he de-signs to keep; His ear at-tends the soft-est call; His eyes can nev-er sleep.
3. He will sus-tain our weak-est pow'rs With his al-migh-ty arm; And watch our most un-guard-ed hours A-gainst sur-pris-ing harm.
4. Is-rael, re-joice, and rest se-cure; Thy keep-er is the Lord; His wake-ful eyes em-ploy his power For thine e-ter-nal guard.
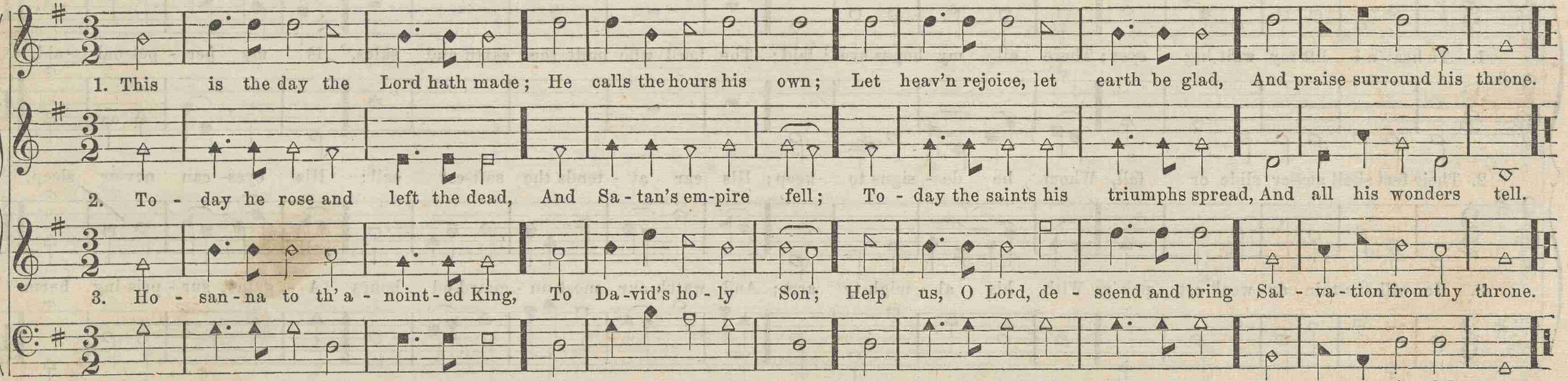
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.



ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.



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

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus:" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, "For he was slain for us," "For he was slain for us."

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

4. Let all that dwell a-bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift thy glo-ries high, And speak thy end-less praise, And speak thy end-less praise.

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

IRISH C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. A-wake, ye saints, to praise your King Your sweet-est pas-sions raise; Your pi-ous plea-sure, while you sing, In-creas-ing with the praise.
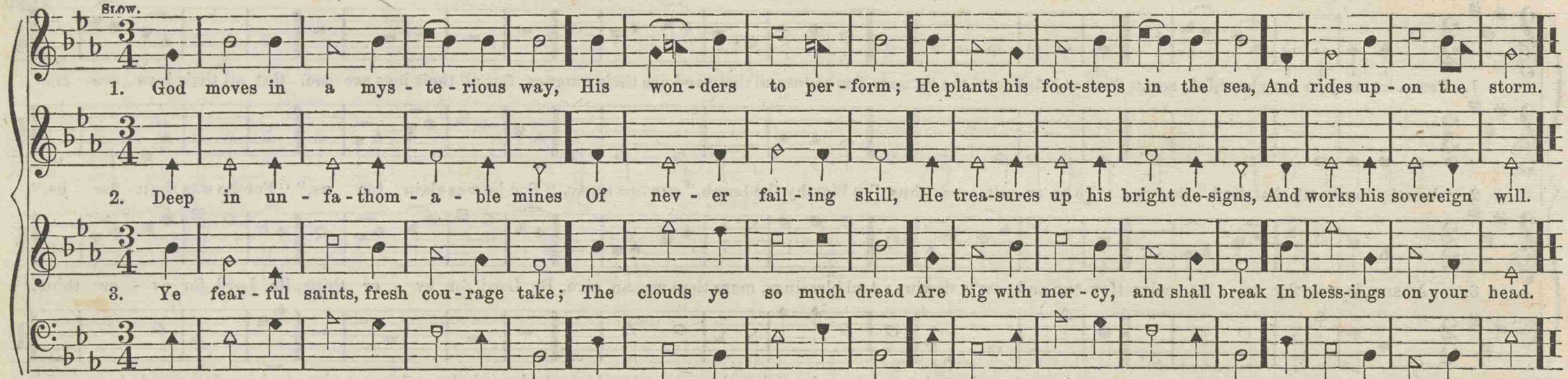
2. Great is the Lord; and works un-known Are his di-vine em-ploy; But still his saints are near his throne, His trea-sure and his joy.

3. Heav'n, earth, and sea con-fess his hand: He bids the va-pours rise: Light-ning and storm, at his com-mand, Sweep through the sound-ing skies.

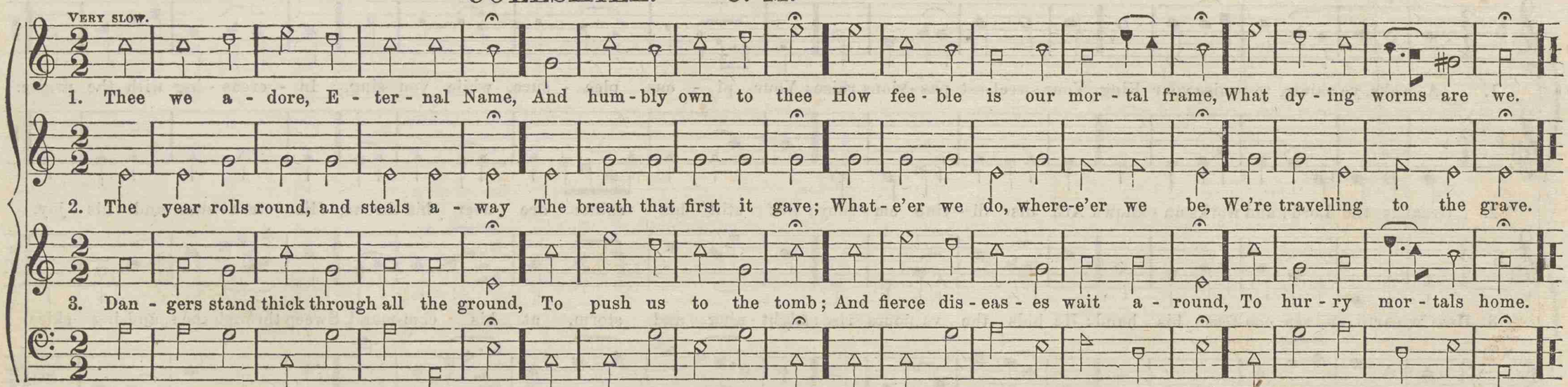
4. All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd Is found with him a-lone; But hea-then gods should ne'er be named Where our Je-ho-vah's known.

BEDFORD. C. M.

WM. WHEALL.



COLESHILL. C. M.



AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from GLASER.

SLOW AND SOFT.

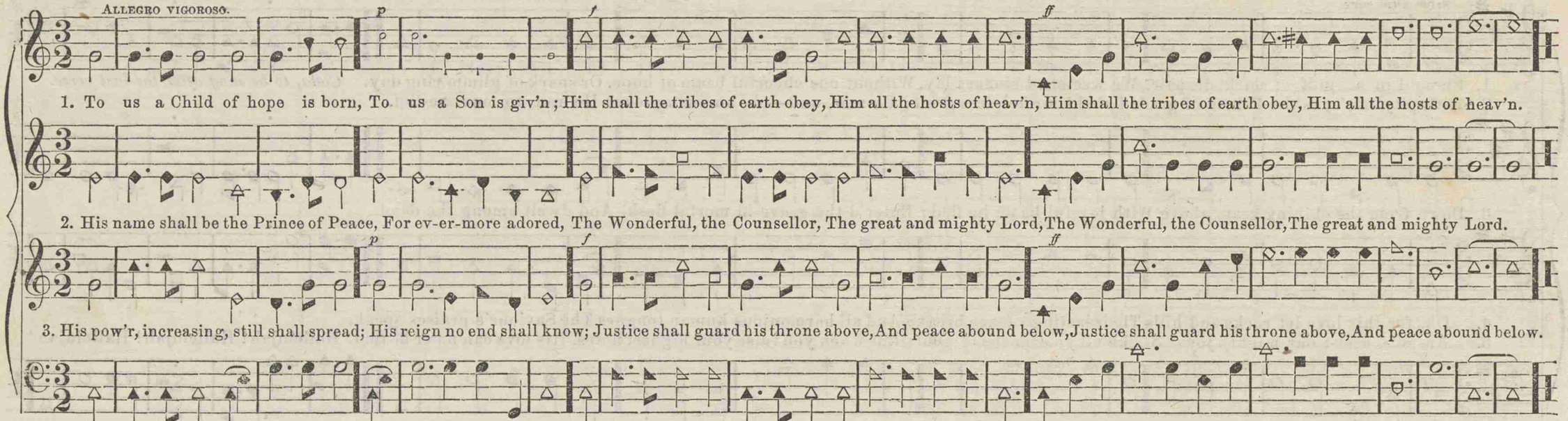
1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day. *Coda, to be sung after the last verse.*
2. With pity-ing eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and—oh, ama-zing love! He ran to our re-lief.
3. Down from the shining seats above With joy-ful haste he fled; Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.
4. Oh, for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break; And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.
5. An-gels, assist our mighty joys: Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

NAOMI. C. M.

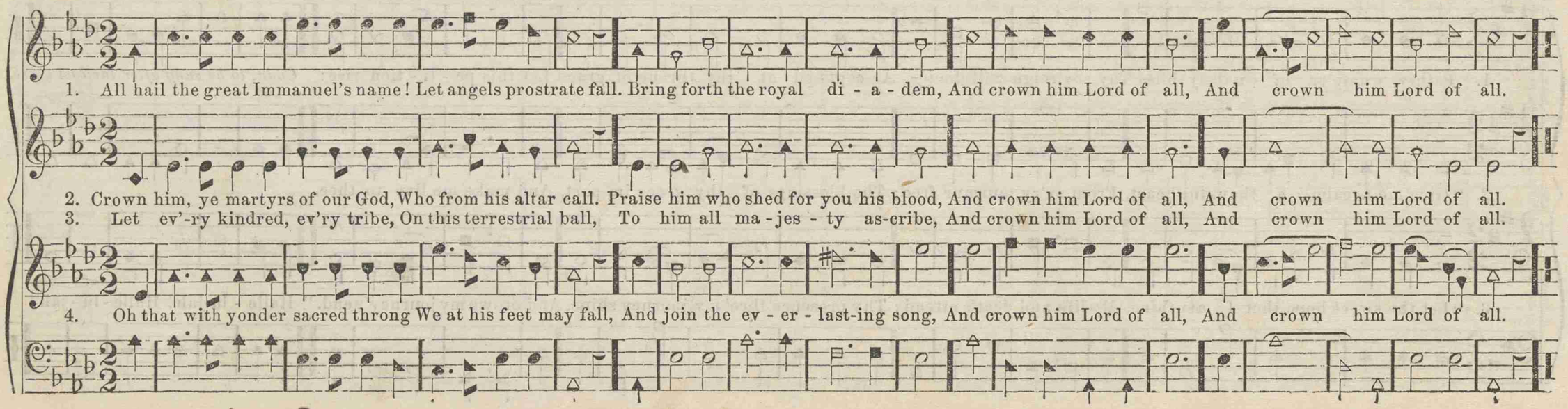
1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies, Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe-ti-tion rise: *Coda, to be sung after the last verse.*
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free; The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.
3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine, My life and death attend; Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end." Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

ZERAH. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



ROCKWELL. C. M.



LEMNOS. C. M.

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

Oh, all ye lands, in God re - joice! To him . . . . . your thanks be - long;

Oh, all ye lands, in God re - joice! To him your thanks be - long, To him your thanks be - long;

Oh, all ye lands, in God re - joice! To him your thanks be - long, To him your thanks be - long;

In strains of glad - ness raise your voice, In loud and joy - ful song, In loud and joy - ful song, In loud and joy - ful song.

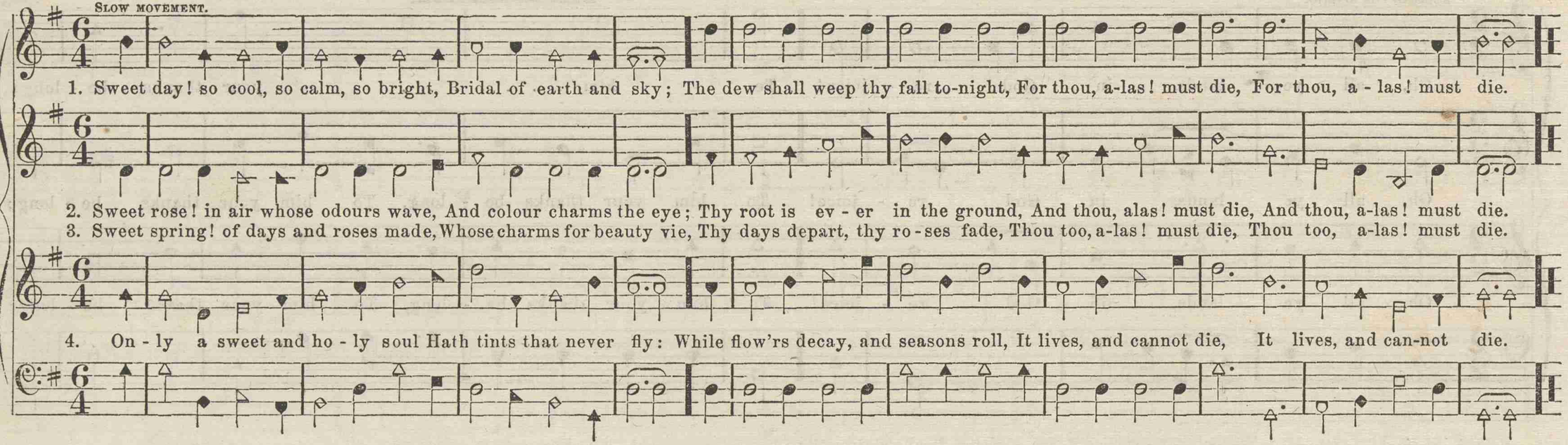
In strains of glad - ness raise your voice, ... In loud and joy - ful song, In loud and joy - ful song.

In strains of glad - ness raise your voice, In loud and joy - ful song, ... In loud and joy - ful song.
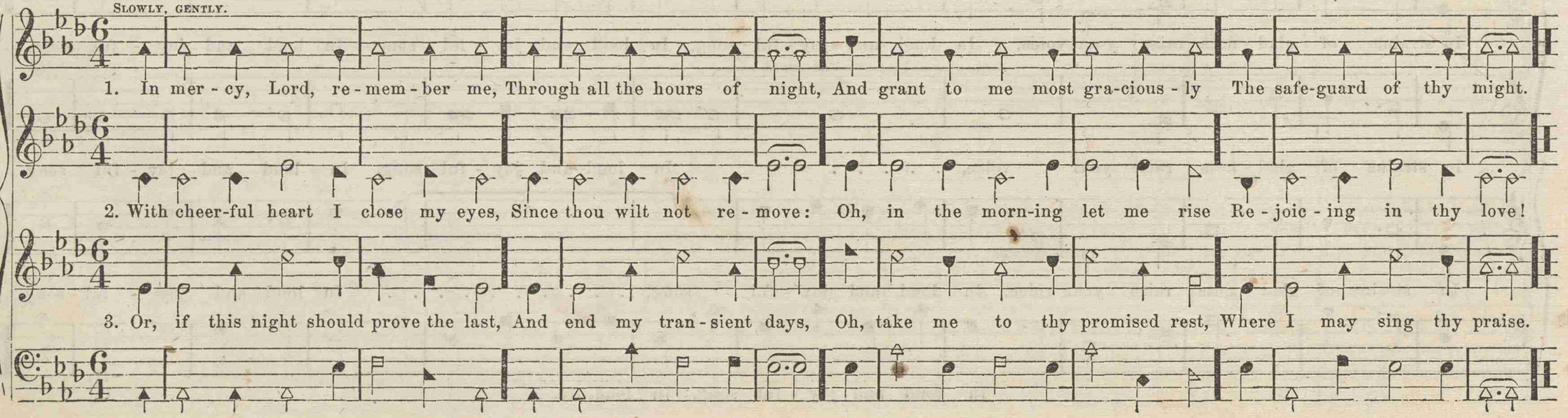
In loud and joy - ful song, In loud, &c.

HERBERT. C. M.

(*The Imperishable Blessedness of the Good.*) Words by HERBERT.



EVAN. C. M.



LYDIA. C. M.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God In ev - er - last - ing bands, And seize the blessings he bestows, With eager hearts and hands, With eager hearts and hands.
2. Come, let us to his tem - ple haste, And seek his fa - vour there, Before his footstool humbly bow, And of-fer fervent pray'r, And of - fer fervent pray'r.
3. Come, let us share, with-out de - lay, The blessings of his grace; Nor shall the years of distant life Their mem'ry e'er efface, Their mem'ry e'er efface.
4. Oh! may our chil - dren ev - er haste To seek their fathers' God, Nor e'er forsake the happy path Their fathers' feet have trod, Their fathers' feet have trod.

SUTTON. C. M.

1. My soul, come, meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands, And fly to unknown lands.
2. And you, my eyes, look down and view The hollow, gaping tomb; This gloomy prison waits for you, Whene'er the summons come, Whene'er the summons come.
3. Oh, could we die with those that die, And place us in their stead, Then would our spirits learn to fly, And converse with the dead, And converse with the dead.
4. Then should we see the saints above, In their own glorious forms, And wonder why our souls should love To dwell with mortal worms, To dwell with mortal worms.
5. We should almost forsake our clay Before the summons come, And pray and wish our souls away To their eternal home, To their e - ter - nal home.

SOLON. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights;
D.C. Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ri - sing sun.

2. In dark - est shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun;

3. The op'ning heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
If Je - sus show his mer - cy mine, And whisper I am his.
D.C. Run up with joy the shi-ning way, To see and praise my Lord.

4. My soul would leave this hea - vy clay At that trans-port - ing word,

HYMN. *"There is a Fountain filled with Blood."* DR. L. MASON.

SECOND ENDING.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
5. And when this feeble, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then, in a no-bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save, [*Omit* - - - -] I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

SPARTA. C. M.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion, too. God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

2. One priv - i - lege my heart de - sires: Oh, grant me mine a - bode A - mong the church - es of thy saints, The temples of my God!

3. There shall I of - fer my re - quests, And see thy glo - ry still; Shall hear thy mes - sa - ges of love, And learn thy ho - ly will.

FARNHAM. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied, without delay, "I'll seek my Father's face." } Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul away; God of my life, I fly to thee, In each distressing day.

2. Should friends and kindred near and dear, Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care, And all my need supply. } Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit when it faints, And far exceed your hope.

READING. C. M

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 - br'am be - lieved 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 re - ceived the word; Thus the be - liev - ing jail - er gave His house-hold to the Lord.

4. Thus la - ter saints, e - ter - nal King, Thine an - cient truth em - brace, To thee their in - fant off - spring bring, And hum - bly claim the grace.

COMMUNION. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

J. ROBERTSON.

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While ev - er - last - ing love dis-plays The choic-est of her stores! } With all our hearts, and ev'ry song, Join to admire the feast, Each of us cries, with thankful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?

2. "Why was I made to hear thy voice, And enter while there's room, When thousands make a wretched choice, And rather starve than come?" } 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweetly forced us in; Else we had still re-fused to taste, An- per-ished in our sin.

3. Pi - ty the na-tions, O our God! Constrain the earth to come; Send thy victorious word abroad, And bring the strangers home. } We long to see thy churches full, That all thy chosen race May, with one voice, and heart, and soul, Sing thy re-deem-ing grace.

1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Pow'r! Be my vain wish - es still'd; And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each bless-ing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferr'd by thee.

5. When glad-ness wings my fa-vour'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resign'd when storms of sor - row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

2. Thy love the pow'r of thought be-stow'd; To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

4. In ev' - ry joy that crowns my days, In ev' - ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in pray'r.

6. My lift - ed eye, with - out a tear, The gath'ring storm shall see; My stead-fast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

MAJESTY. C. M (DOUBLE.)

W. BILLINGS.

1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem-er's praise; The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!

3. Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad The honors of thy name, To spread through all the earth abroad The honors, &c.

4. He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin; He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood avail'd for me, His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood, &c.

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

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

5. Oh, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes;

2. There ev - er - 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.

4. But tim' - rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea; And lin - ger shiv'-ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

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

MEDITATION. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

IN A GENTLE AND SMOOTH STYLE.

1. Thy gra-cious pre-sence, O my God, my ev' - ry wish con - tains: With this, be - neath af - flic-tion's load, My heart no more com - plains:

2. Oh hap - py scenes of pure de-light, Where thy full beams im - part Un - cloud - ed beau - ty to the sight, And rap - ture to the heart!

3. Lord, shall these breathings of my heart as - pire in vain to thee? Con - firm my hope, that where thou art I shall for ev - er be:

This can my ev' - ry care con - trol, Gild each dark scene with light; This is the sun-shine of the soul; With-out it, all is night.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss My spi - rit longs to know: My wish - es ter - mi - nate in this, Nor can they rest be - low.

Then shall my cheer - ful spi - rit sing The dark-some hours a - way, And rise, on faith's ex - pand - ed wing, To ev - er - last - ing day.

OCEAN. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

Thy works of glo-ry, mighty Lord, That rules the boist'rous sea, The sons of cou-rage shall re-cord, Who tempt the dang'rous way: At thy command the

winds a-rise, And swell the tow'ring waves, And swell . . . . the tow'ring waves; The men astonish-ed mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

LEANDER. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

IN A SMOOTH, FLOWING STYLE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

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

5. Thy saints in all this glo - rious war Shall con-quer, though they die; They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.

2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow' - ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cou - rage, Lord: I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

FIDUCIA. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

J. ROBERTSON.

SLOW AND WITH SOLEMNITY.

1. Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound! My ears, attend the cry:
Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
Princes, this clay must be your bed In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must bow as low as ours.

2. Great God! is this our certain doom, And are we still se-cure!
Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet prepared no more!
Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly; Then, when we drop this dying flesh, We'll rise above the sky.

SALVATION. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last re-solve:
I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll en-ter in What-ev-er may op-pose.

2. Prostrate I'll lie be-fore his throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, Without his sov'reign grace:
I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre pardon gives; Perhaps he may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.

3. Perhaps he may ad-mit my plea, Perhaps will hear my pray'er;
But if I per-ish, I will pray, And perish on-ly there.
I can but per-ish if I go; I am resolved to try; For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

ARCHDALE. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

ANDREW LAW.

1. When God re - veal'd his gra-cious name, And chang'd my mourn - ful state, My rap-ture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace ap - pear'd so great.

3. "Great is the work!" my neighbours cried, And own'd the pow'r di - vine; "Great is the work!" my heart replied, "And be the glo - ry thine."

5. Let those that sow in sad - ness wait Till the fair har - vest come; They shall confess their sheaves are great, And shout the bless - ing home.

2. The world be - held the glo - rious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

1st time. 2d time.

4. The Lord can clear the dark-est skies, Can give us day for night; Make drops of sa-cred sor - row rise To rivers of de - light.

6. Though seed lie buried long in dust, It sha'n't deceive their hope; The precious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace in-s:res the crop.

JERUSALEM. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

From "Modern Harp," by permission. E. L. WHITE.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la-bours have an end In joy, and peace, and thee!

3. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I on-ward press to you.

5. A - pos-tles, martyrs, prophets, there, A - round my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ be-low Will join the glorious band

2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearly gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shining gold.

4. Why should I shrink at pain and wo? Or feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of end-less day.

6. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo-rious home! My soul still pants for thee! Then shall my labours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

BELTRAND. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

ALEXANDER CLARK.

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 coun-try far from

2. There my ex-alt-ed Saviour stands My mer-ci-ful High Priest, And still ex-tends his wound-ed hands, To take me to his breast. To that Je-ru-sa-

mor-tal sight; Yet, oh! by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' de-light, The heav'n pre-pared for me, The heav'n pre-pared for me.

lem a-bove With sing-ing I re-pair, While in the flesh, my hope and love, My heart and soul, are there, My heart and soul, are there.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. The Lord, the sov'reign King, Hath fix'd his throne on high, O'er all the heav'nly world he rules, And all be - neath the sky.

2. Ye an - gels, great in might, And swift to do his will, Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear, Whose plea-sure ye ful - fil.

3. Ye heav'nly hosts, who wait The or - ders of your King, Who guard his churches when they pray, Oh join the praise we sing!

4. While all his wondrous works, Through his vast king-dom show Their Maker's glo - ry, thou, my soul, Shalt sing his gra - ces too.

LISBON. S. M.

Altered from D. READ.

MODERATO.

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise, Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

2. Je - sus him - self 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 a - mid the place Where God my Saviour's been, Is sweet - er than ten thousand days Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till call'd to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

GERAR. S. M.

(By permission.)

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

2. Bless'd is the pi-ous house, Where zeal and friend-ship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows Make their com - mu - nion sweet.

3. Thus on the heav'nly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove, Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

DOVER. S. M.

English Tune

MODERATE.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his church-es his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
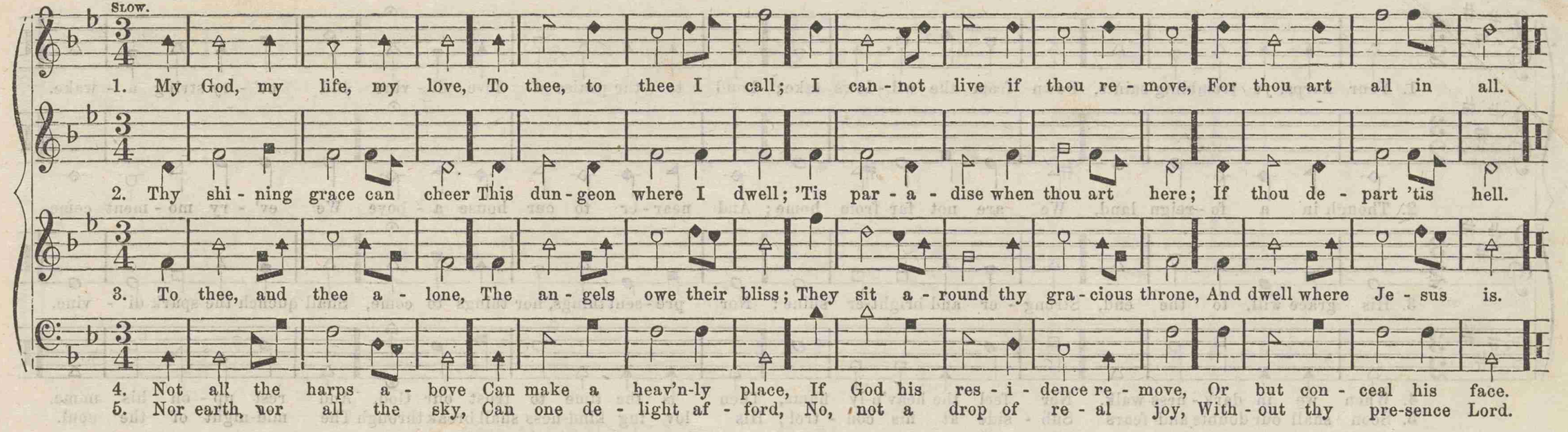
2. In Zi - on God is known, A re - fuge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va - tion shone Through all her pa - la - ces!

3. When kings a - gainst her join'd, And saw the Lord was there, In wild con - fu - sion of the mind, They fled with has - ty fear.
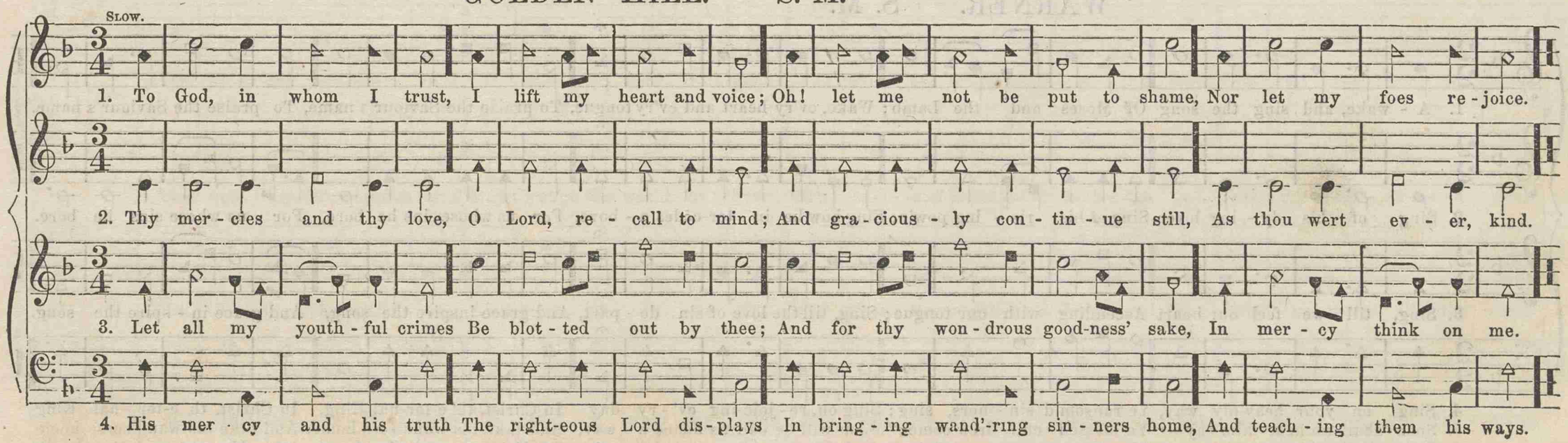
4. Oft have our fa - thers told, Our eyes have of - ten seen, How well our God se - cures the fold Where his own sheep have been

5. In ev' - ry new dis - tress We'll to his house re - pair; We'll think up - on his won-drous grace, And seek de liv'-rance there.

ZUAR. S. M.



GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



OLMUTZ. S. M.

(By permission.) L. MASON. From a Gregorian Chant

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.
2. Though in a fo - reign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We ev' - ry mo - ment come.
3. His grace will, to the end, Strong - er and bright-er shine; Nor pre - sent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n-ly flame, Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on his name.
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub - side at his con - trol; His lov - ing kind-ness shall break through The mid-night of the soul.

WARNER. S. M.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing pow'r; Sing how he in - ter-cedes a - bove, For us whose sins he bore, For us whose sins he bore.
3. Sing, till we feel our heart Ascending with our tongue; Sing, till the love of sin de - part, And grace inspire the song, And grace in - spire the song.
4. Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransom'd sin - ners, sing; Sing on, re - joic-ing ev' - ry day In Christ, th' e-ter-nal King, In Christ, th' e-ter - nal King
5. Soon shall we hear him say—"Ye blessed chil - dren come;" Soon will he call us hence a - way, And take his wand'rers home, And take his wand'rers home
6. Soon shall our raptur'd tongue His endless praise pro-claim; And sweeter voices tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

HUDSON. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Let songs of end - less praise From ev' - ry na - tion rise; Let all the lands their tri - bute raise To God, who rules the skies.

2. His mer - cy and his love Are bound-less as his name; And all e - ter - ni - ty shall prove His truth re - mains the same.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.

1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine—

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

3. Oh, let them shout and sing Glad songs of pi - ous mirth; For thou, the right - eous Judge and King, Shalt go - vern all the earth.

4. Let dif-f'ring na - tions join To cel - e - brate thy fame; Let all the world, O Lord, com - bine To praise thy glo - rious name.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

1. Raise your triumphant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let all the earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.
2. Sing how E - ter - nal Love Its Chief Be - lov - ed chose, And bade him raise our wretch - ed race From their a - byss of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears, Nor ter - ror clothes his brow; No bolts to drive our guilt - y souls To fier - cer flames be - low.
4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne, And wrath stood si - lent by, When Christ was sent with par - dons down To re - bels doom'd to die.
5. Now, sinners, dry your tears, Let hope - less sor - row cease; Bow to the scep-tre of his love, And take the of - fer'd peace.
6. Lord, we o - bey thy call; We lay an hum - ble claim To the sal - va - tion thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name.

DARTMOUTH. S. M.

1. Oh bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vours are di - vine.
2. Oh bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with-out prais - es die.
3. 'Tis he for - gives thy sins; 'Tis he re - lieves thy pain: 'Tis he that heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ransom'd from the grave; He that re - deem'd my soul from hell, Hath sov'reign pow'r to save
5. He fills the poor with good; He gives the suf - f'rers rest; The Lord hath judg-ment for the proud, And jus - tice for th' op - press'd.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
2. The ser - rows of the mind Be ban - ish'd from this place; Re - li - gion ne - ver was de - sign'd To make our plea-sures less.
3. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who ne - ver knew our God; But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
5. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're march - ing through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Coda.

(To be sung or omitted at pleasure.)

With boldness and energy.

We're march - ing through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

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

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

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, 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 pleasure.)

SLOW.

Praise ye the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

OXFORD. S. M.

1. How can a sin - ner know His sins on earth for - giv'n? How can my gra - cious Sa - viour show My name in-scribed in heav'n?
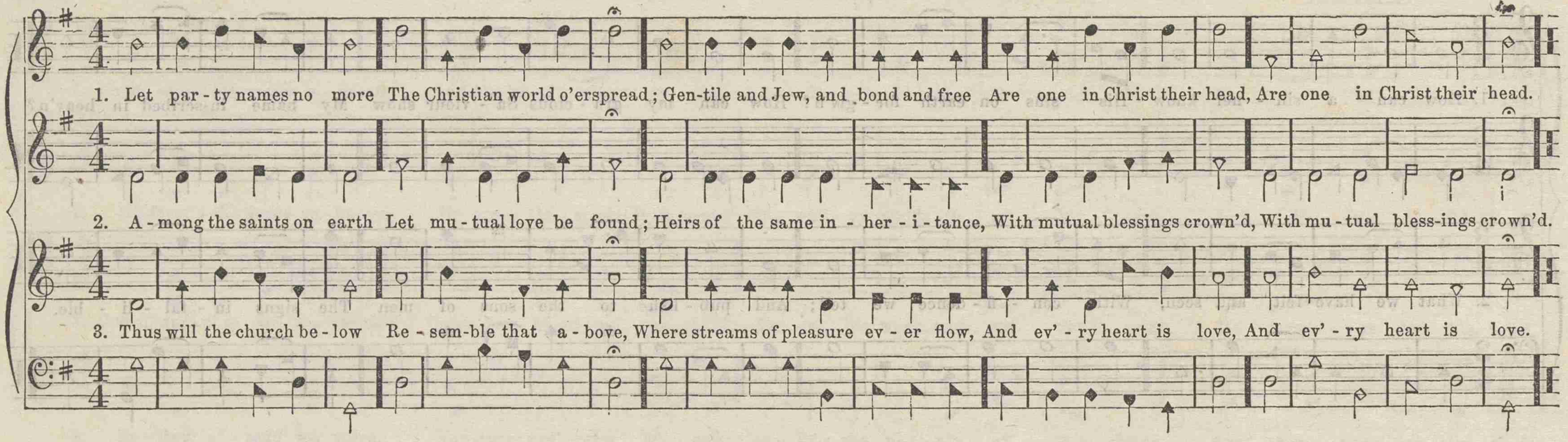
2. What we have felt and seen, With con - fi - dence we tell; And pub - lish to the sons of men The signs in - fal - li - ble.

HANTS. S. M.

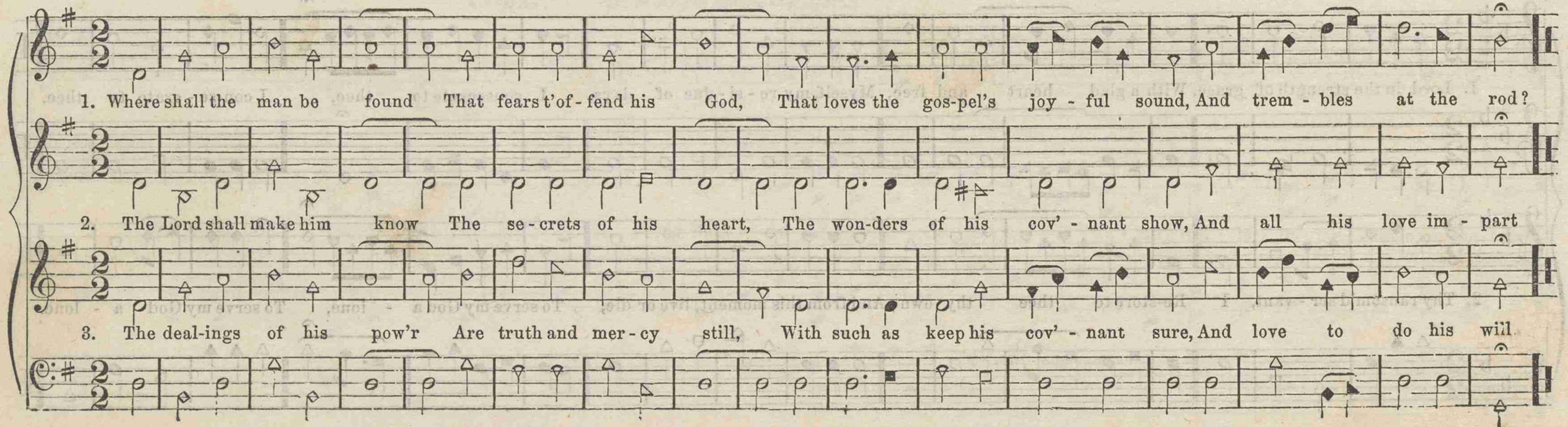
1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my re - si - due of days, I consecrate to thee, I con-se - crate to thee.

2. Thy ransom'd ser - vant, I Re-store to thee thy own; And from this moment, live or die, To serve my God a - lone, To serve my God a - lone.

LOUISVILLE. S. M.



GEBAL. S. M.



COMPTON. S. M.

E. K. PROUTY.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The pro - mise calls me near; There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
2. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pre - sence and thy love; I ask to serve thee here be - low, And reign with thee a - bove.
3. Teach me to live by faith; Con - form my will to thine; Let me vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine.
4. If thou these bless - ings give, And wilt my por - tion be, All world - ly joys I'll cheer - ful leave, And find my heav'n in thee.

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

DR. BOYCE.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come; Let thy bright beams di - vine Rise on our sor - row and our gloom, And in our dark - ness shine.
2. Con - vince us all of sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood; And to our wond'-ring view re - veal The mer - cy of our God.
3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith; Our doubts and fears re - move; And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To pour fresh life in ev' - ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

DR. GREEN.

SLOW AND SOFT.

1. Oh! where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

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

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

4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath; Oh! what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the se - cond death.

5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be ban - ish'd from thy face And ev - er - more un - done.

TAGE. S. M.

1. Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at his feet; His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is his seat.

2. When Is - rael was his church, When Aa - ron was his priest, When Mo - ses cried, when Sam - uel pray'd, He gave his peo - ple rest.

3. Oft he for - gave their sins, Nor would de - stroy their race; And oft he made his ven-geance known, When they a - bused his grace.

4. Ex - alt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same: Still he's a God of ho - li - ness, And jea lous for his name

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

SLOW AND SOFT.

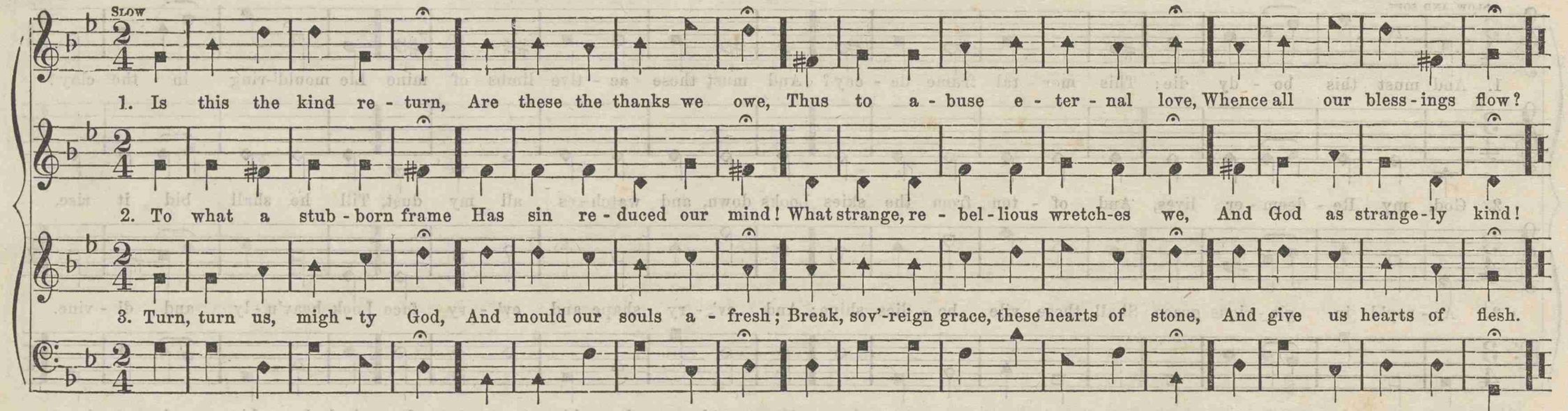
1. And must this bo - dy die; This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'-ring in the clay?
2. God, my Re - deem - er, lives, And of - ten from the skies Looks down, and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.
3. Ar - ray'd in glo - rious grace, Shall these vile bo - dies shine; And ev' - ry shape and ev' - ry face Look heav'n - ly and di - vine.
4. These live - ly hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love; We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his pow'r a - bove.
5. Dear Lord, ac - cept the praise Of these our hum - ble songs, Till tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.

BOYLSTON. S. M.
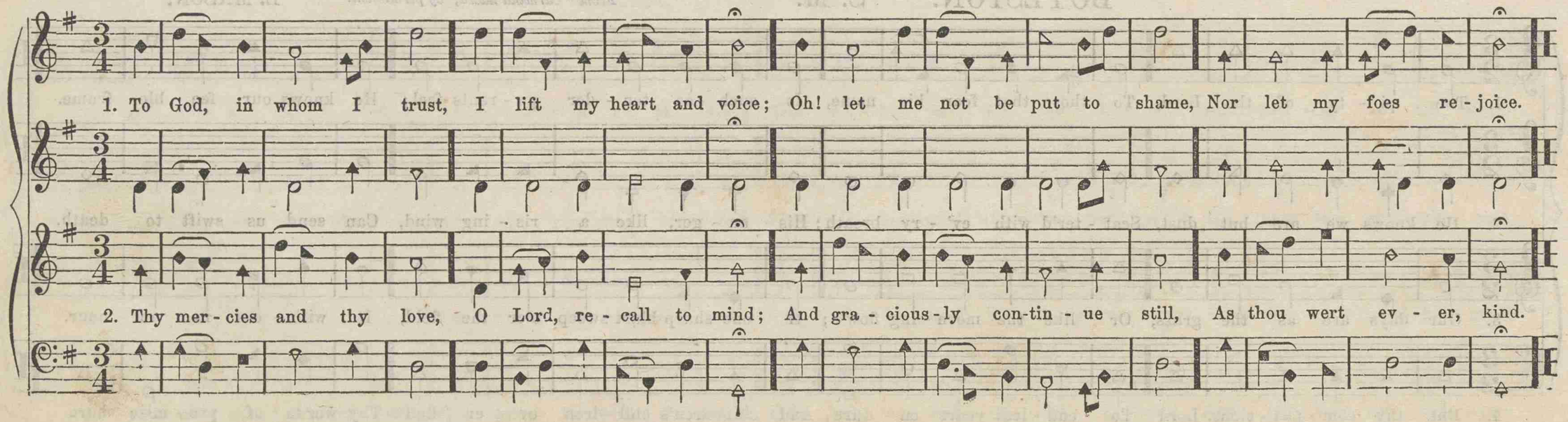
From "Carmina Sacra," by permission. L. MASON.

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - ter'd with ev' - ry breath; His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.
4. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord To end - less years en - dure, And chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of pro - mise sure.

BOXFORD. S. M.



THATCHER. S. M.



Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the e-cho shall resound,

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

CODA. To be sung or omitted at pleasure.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

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

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

3. How per-fect is thy word, And all thy judg - ments just! For ev - er sure thy pro - mise, Lord, And men se - cure - ly trust.

4. My gracious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions giv'n! Oh, may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heav'n!

BELDON. S. M.

1. Be - hold the gift of God! Sin - ners, a - dore his name, Who shed for us his pre - cious blood, Who bore our curse and shame.

2. Be - hold the liv - ing bread, Which Je - sus came to give! By dy - ing in the sin - ner's stead, That he might ev - er live.

3. The Lord de - lights to give; He knows you've nought to buy: To Je - sus haste—this bread re - ceive, And you shall nev - er die.

ALMANZA. S. M.

(AMERICA—New Arrangement.) WETMORE.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o-cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
2. The world can ne-ver give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un mea-sur'd by the flight of years; And all that life is love, And all that life is love.
4. There is a death whose pang Outlasts the fleet - ing breath; Oh! what e - ter - nal horrors hang A - round the second death, A - round the second death!
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun, Lest we be banish'd from thy face, And ev - er - more un-done, And ev - er - more un - done.

CONCORD. S. M.

(New Arrangement.) HOLDEN.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround his throne
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who never knew our God; But servants of the heav'n-ly King, But servants of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys abroad.
3. The God that rules on high, That all the earth surveys, That rides up-on the storm - y sky, That rides up-on the storm - y sky, And calms the roaring seas.
4. This aw - ful God is ours, Our Father and our Love; He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs, He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs, To car - ry us a - bove.
5. There we shall see his face, And nev-er, nev-er sin; There, from the rivers of his grace, There, from the rivers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
6. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that immortal state, The thougnts of such amaz - ing bliss, The thoughts of such amazing bliss Should constant joys create

IDUMEA. S. M.

SLOW AND WITH TENDER EXPRESSION.

1. The day is past and gone, The even - ing shades ap - pear; Oh may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near!

2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what is here pos - sess'd.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

4. And when we ear - ly rise, And view th' un - wea - ried sun, May we set out to win the prize, And af - ter glo - ry run.

5. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move, Oh may we in thy bo - som rest, The bo - som of thy love!

FLORIDA. S. M.

(New Arrangement.) WETMORE.

1. Thou Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar severe, With holy joy, or guilty dread, We all shall soon appear, With holy joy, or guil - ty dread, We all shall soon ap-pear—

2. Our caution'd souls prepare For that tremendous day, And fill us now with watchful care, And stir us up to pray, And fill us now with watchful care, And stir us up to pray.

3. Oh may we all be found O-bedient to thy word; Attentive to the trumpet's sound, And looking for our Lord! Attentive to the trumpet's sound, And looking for our Lord!

4. Oh may we all in - sure A lot a-mong the blest; And watch a moment to secure An ev-er-last-ing rest! And watch a moment to se - cure An ev-er - last-ing rest

VINCENNES. S. M.

1. Be - hold, the lof - ty sky De - clares its Ma - ker God; And all the star - ry works on high, Pro - claim his pow'r a - broad.

2. The dark-ness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day, and day to night Di - vine - ly teach his name.

3. In ev' - ry diff'-rent land Their gen' - ral voice is known; They show the won-ders of his hand, And or - ders of his throne.

WEBSTER. S. M.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give? To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?

2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more: I sink, by dy - ing love com - pell'd, And own thee con - que - ror!

3. Though late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all re - sign; Gra-cious Re - deem - er, take, oh take, And seal me ev - er thine!

4. Come, and pos-sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move: Set - tle and fix my wav' - ring soul With all thy weight of love.
5. My one de-sire be this, Thy on - ly love to know; To seek and taste no oth - er bliss, No oth - er good be - low.
6. My life, my por - tion thou, Thou all - suf - fi - cient art; My hope, my heav'n - ly trea - sure, now En - ter and keep my heart!

NEBRASKA. S. M.

E. HERITAGE.

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

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

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

4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain, But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

MARSHFIELD. S. M.

E. HERITAGE.

1. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.

2. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'-ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, We're marching through Im-manuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

LABAN. S. M.

WITH EARNEST EXPRESSION.

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

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

3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar mour down: Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

BADEA. S. M.

CODA.—To be sung or omitted at pleasure.

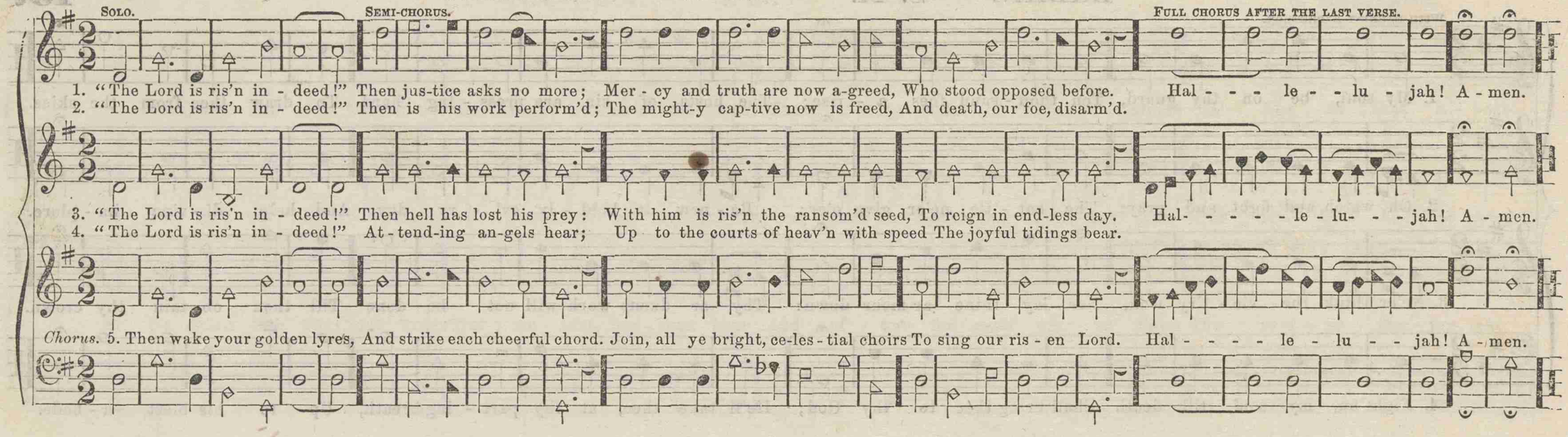
1. Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor-ship at his feet; His na-ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer-cy is his seat. Hal-le - lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah!

2. When Is-rael was his church, When Aaron was his priest, When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd, He gave his people rest. Hal-le - lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah!
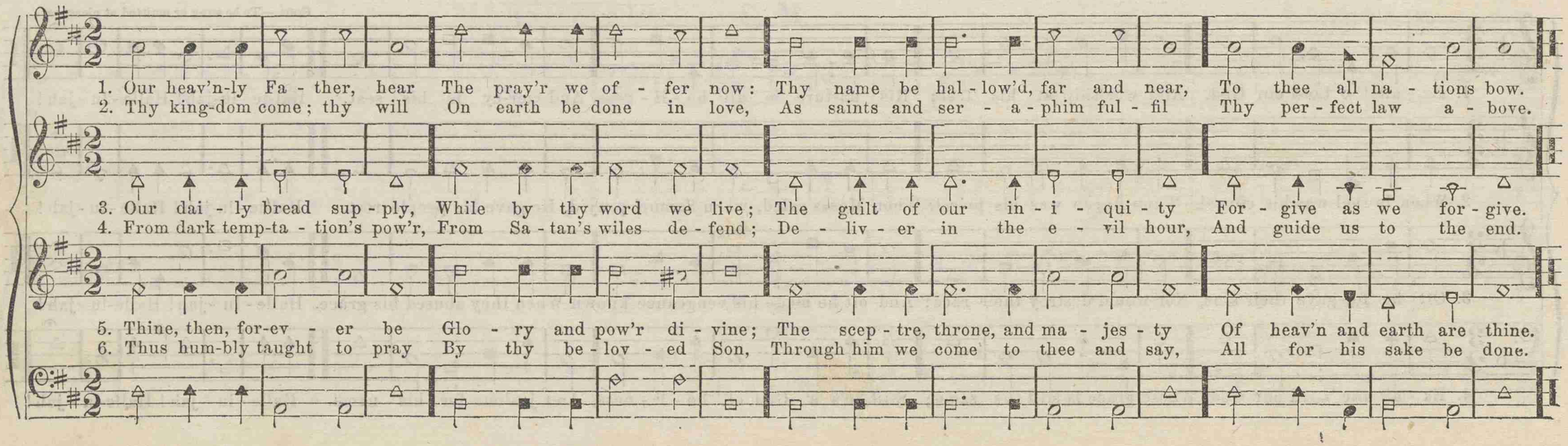
3. Oft he for-gave their sins, Nor would destroy their race; And oft he made his vengeance known When they abused his grace. Halle - lu - jah! Halle-lu - jah!

4. Ex - alt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same; Still he's a God of ho - li - ness, And jealous for his name. Halle - lu - jah! Halle-lu - jah!

MAITLAND. S. M.



SHAWMUT. S. M.



1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The church our bless'd Re-deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood.

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

5. Je-sus, thou friend di-vine, Our Sa-viour and our King, Thy hand from ev'-ry snare and foe Shall great de-liv'-rance bring.

2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be-fore thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And gra-ven on thy hand.

4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her sweet com-mu-nion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

6. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

EDISTO. S. M. (DOUBLE.)

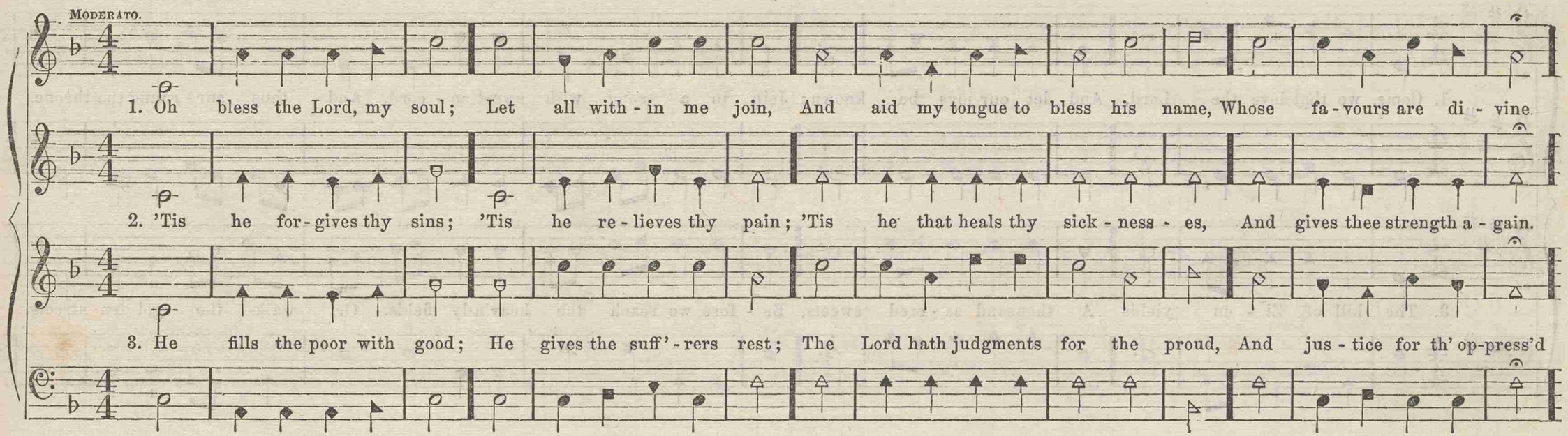
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mour down: Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

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

Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

WALDO. S. M. (DOUBLE.)



LONSDALE. S. M. (DOUBLE.)

CORRELLI.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gol-den streets.

2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly king May speak their joys a - broad.

Let those re - fuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heav'n-ly king May speak their joys a - broad.

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

Let those re - fuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heav'n-ly king May speak their joys a - broad.

SLOW MOVEMENT.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n; All that thou sendest me In mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
4. Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
5. Or if, on joyful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

LUTHER. S. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Oh, may thy pow'r - ful word In - spire a feeble worm To rush in - to thy king - dom, Lord, And take it as by storm, And take it as by storm!
2. Oh, may we all im - prove The grace al-ready giv'n, To seize the crown of per - fect love And scale the mount of heav'n, And scale the mount of heav'n!

SAUNDERS. L. M. (6 lines.)
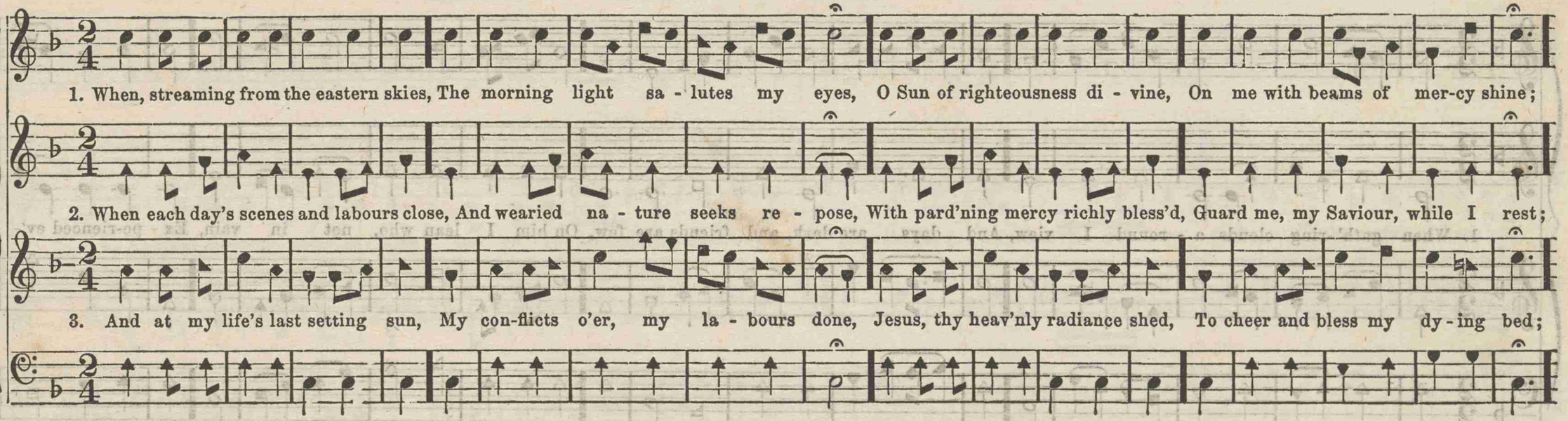
1. Oh, let my trembling soul be still, While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy ho - ly will, Wrap'd yet in fears and mys - te - ry. I can - not, Lord, thy pur - pose see; Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.
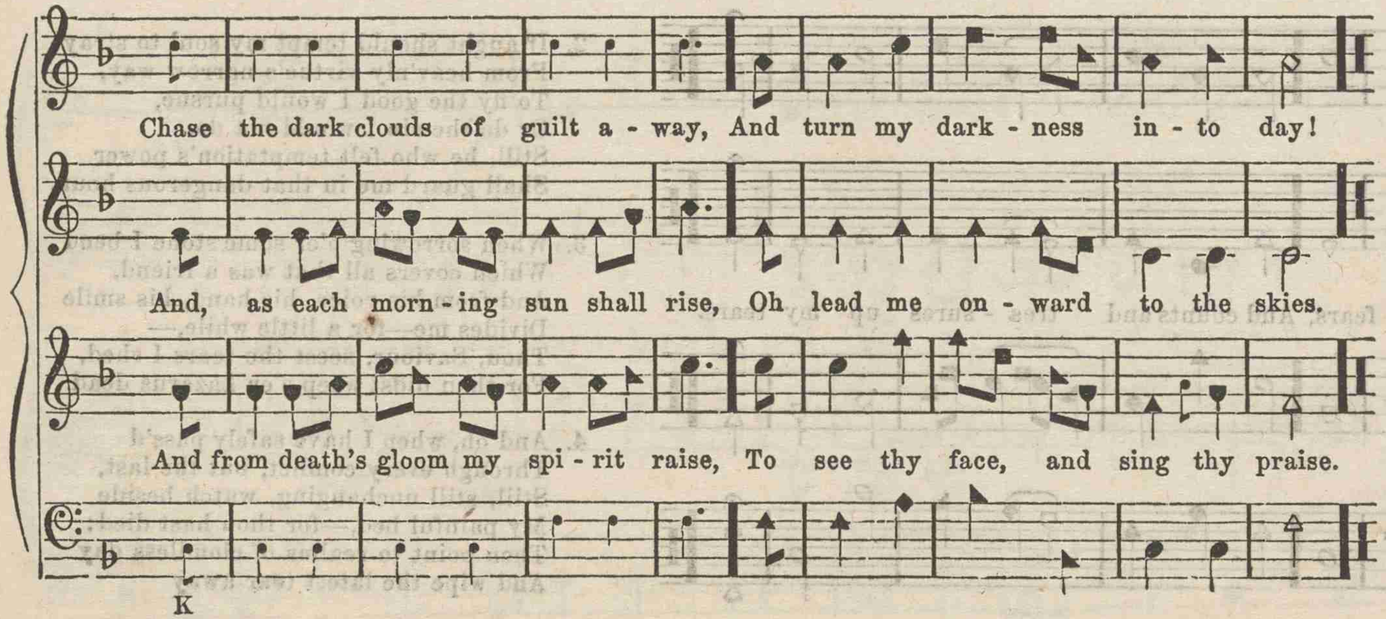
2. So, trusting in thy love, I tread The narrow path of du - ty on:
What tho' some cherish'd joys are fled; What tho' some flatt'ring dreams are gone; Yet pu - rer, bright-er joys re - main: Why should my spirit, then, complain?

ASTORIA. L. M. (6 lines.)

1. Join, all the ser-vants of the Lord, To praise him for his sa-cred word,—
That word, like manna, sent from heav'n, To all who seek it free-ly given. Its prom-is - es our fears re-move, And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2. It tells us, tho' oppress'd with cares, The God of mer-cy hears our pray'rs;
Tho' steep and rough th' appointed way, His might-y arm shall be our stay: Tho' deadly foes as - sail our peace, His pow'r shall bid their malice cease.
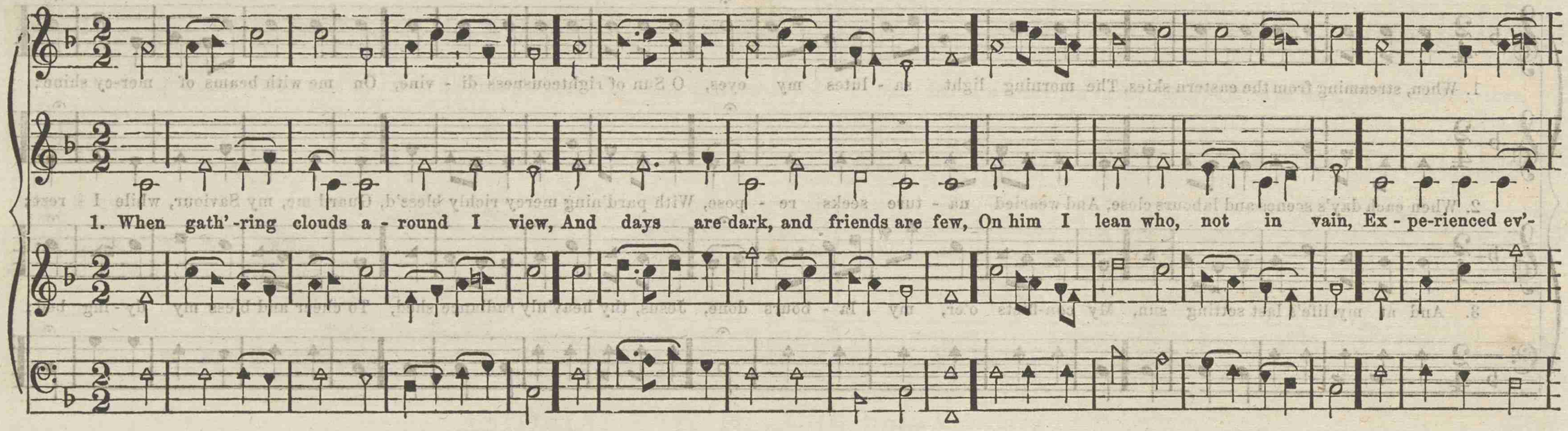




1. Blest who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:—
In ev'ry want—in ev'ry wo,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2. Thy love his life shall guard—thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tend'rest care his bed.

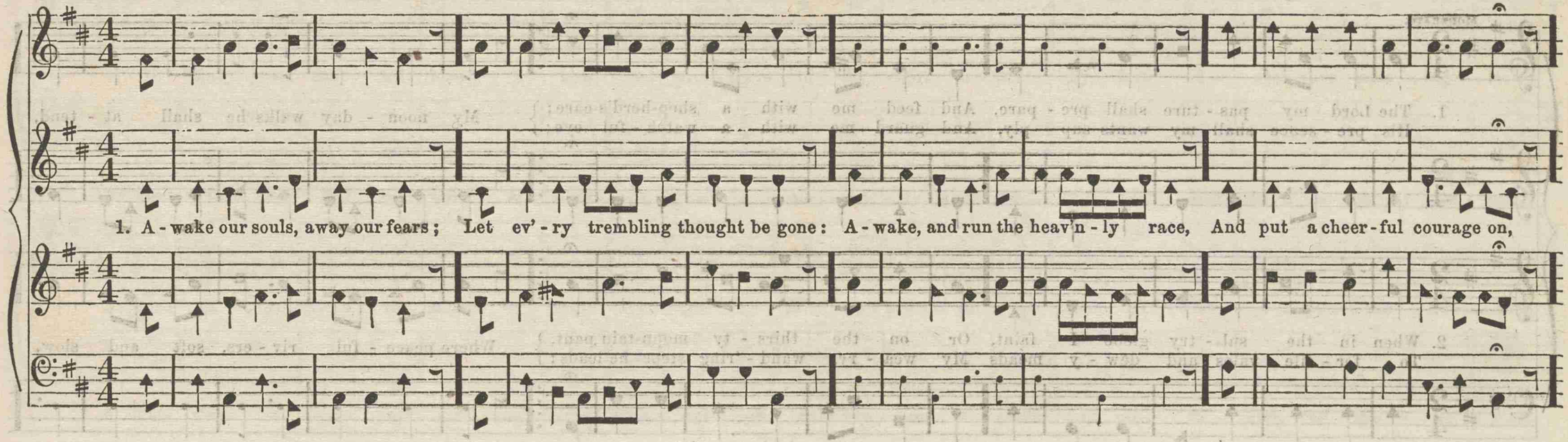
PLYMOUTH DOCK. L. M. (6 LINES.)
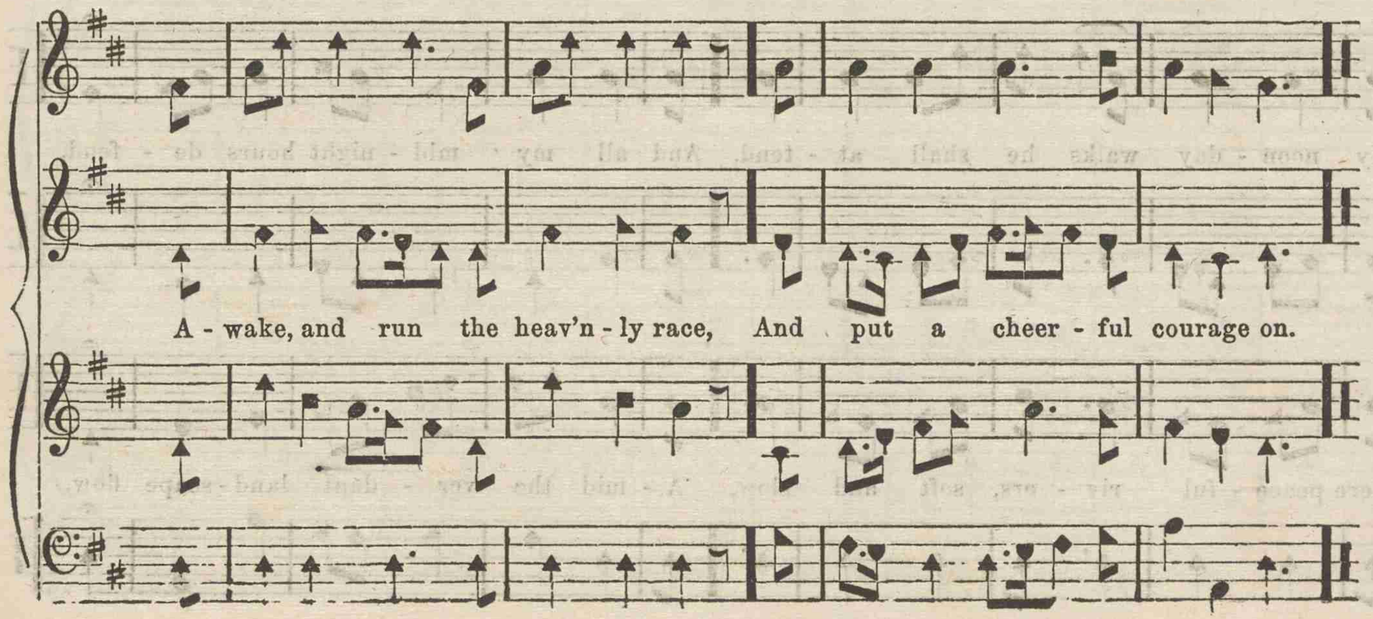


2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4. And oh, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict, but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day
And wipe the latest tear away
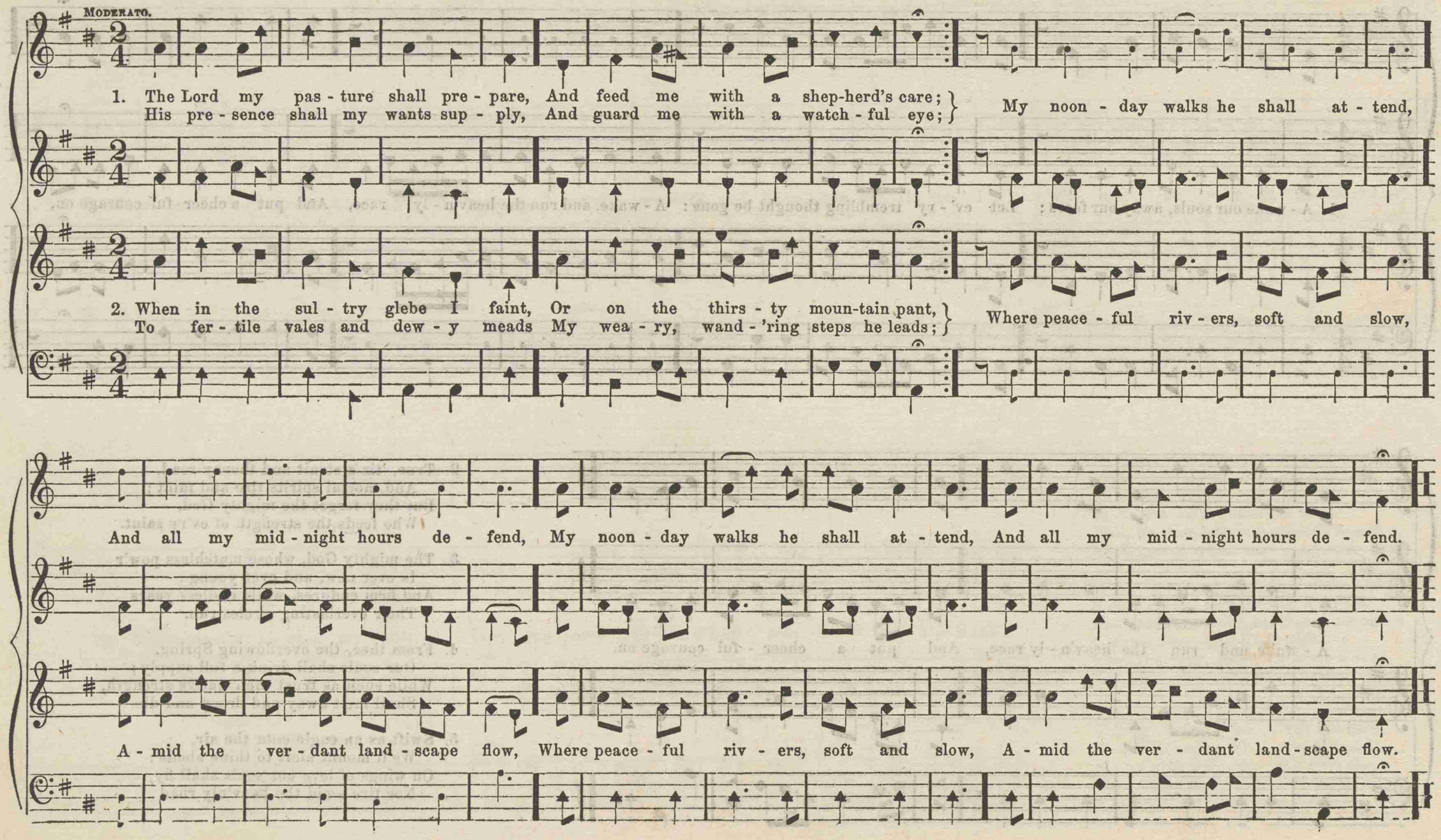




2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4. From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heav'nly road

BELVILLE. L. M. (6 LINES.)



1. To thee, great God of love! I bow, And pros - trate in thy sight a - dore: By faith I see thee pass - ing now;

2. The ful - ness of my vast re - ward A bless'd e - ter - ni - ty shall be:— But hast thou not on earth pre - par'd

3. More fa - vour'd than the saints of old,— Who now by faith ap - proach to thee, Shall all with o - pen face be - hold

4. This, this is our high call - ing's prize! Thine im - age in thy Son I claim: And still to high - er glo - ries rise,

I have, but still I ask for more; A glimpse of love can - not suf - fice, My soul for all thy pre - sence cries.

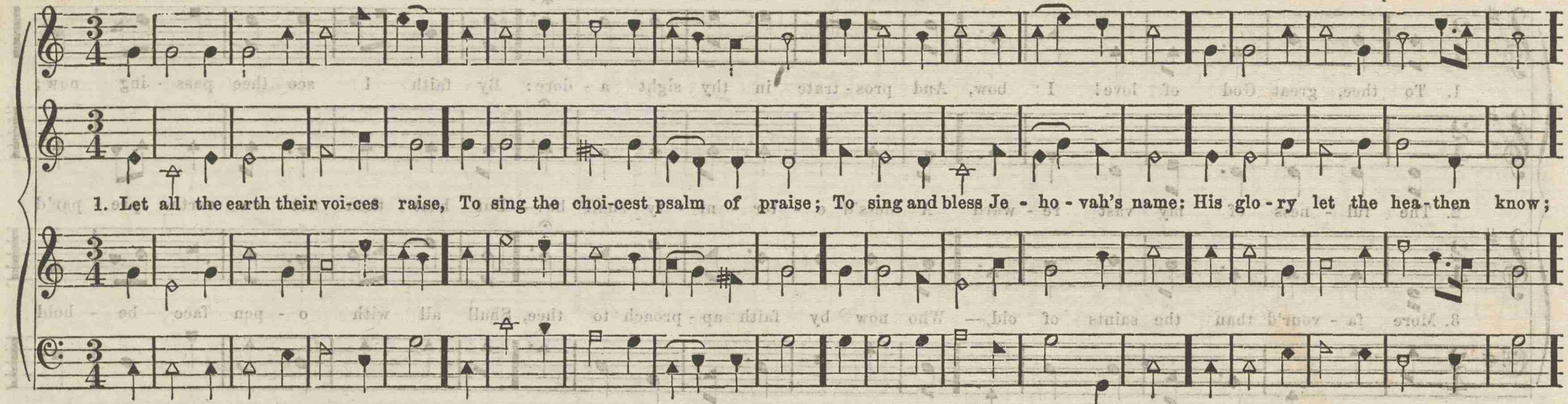
Some bet - ter thing than this for me? What,— but one drop!— one tran - sient sight? I want a sun— a sea of light.
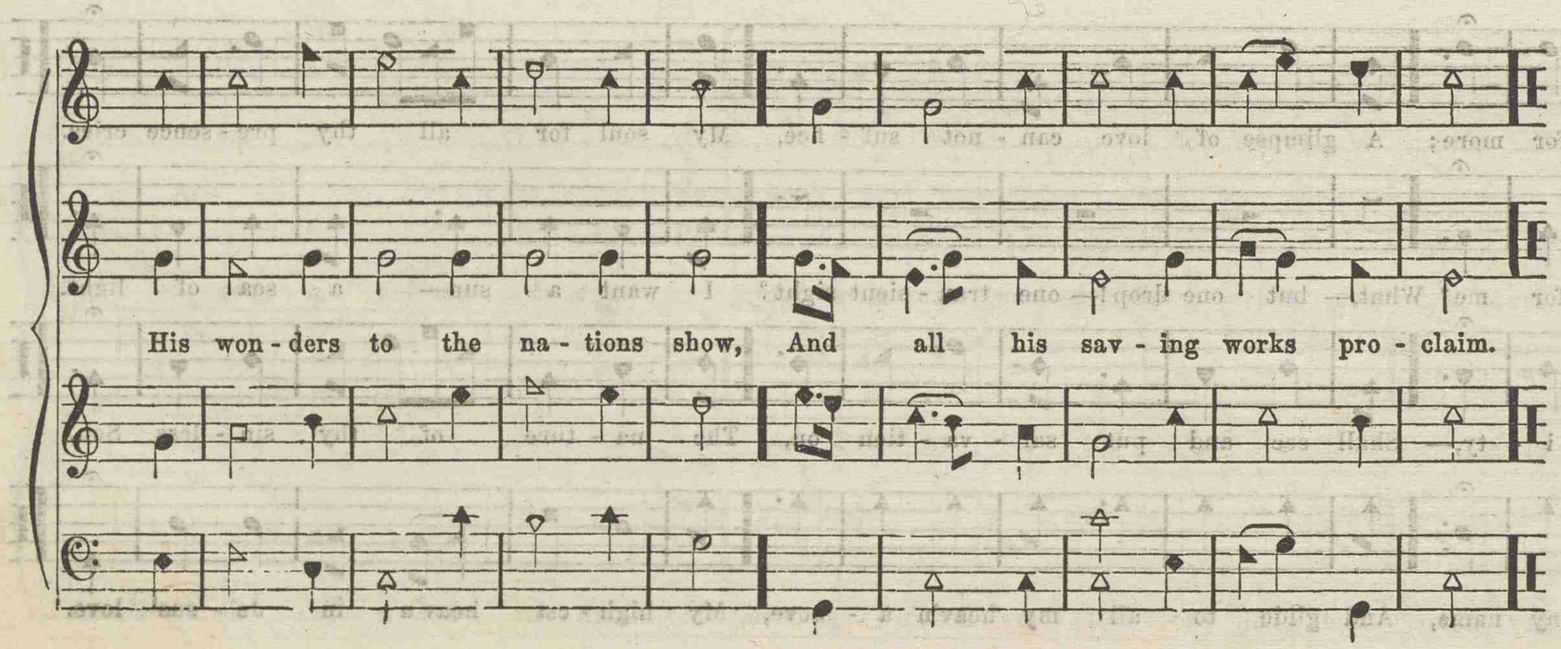
In Christ, the glo - rious De - i - ty,— Shall see and put sal - va - tion on, The na - ture of thy sin - less Son.

Till, all trans - form'd, I know thy name, And glide to all my heav'n a - bove, My high - est heav'n in Je - sus' love.

ST. HELEN'S. L. P. M.

JENNINGS.
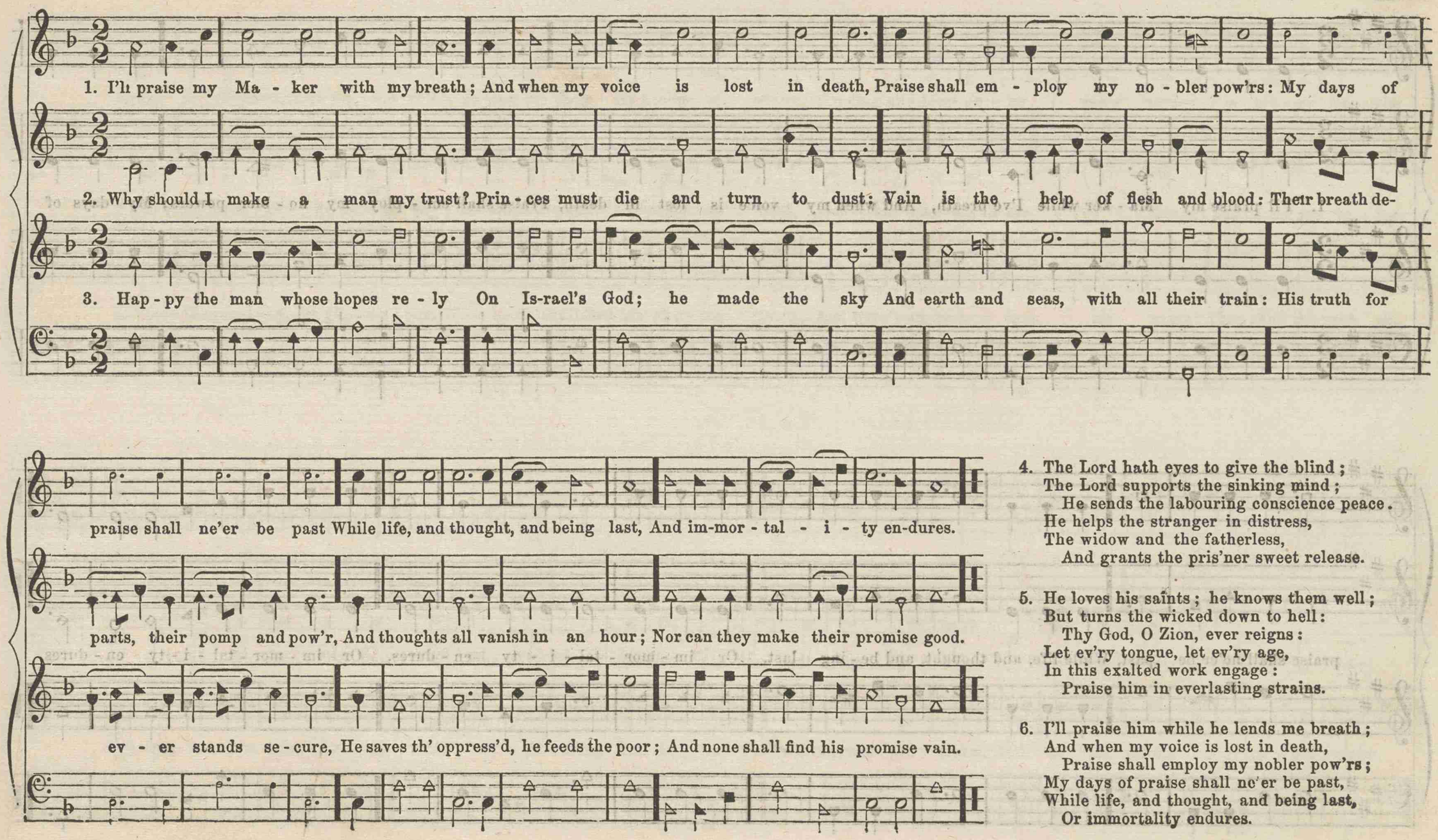




2. The heathen know thy glory, Lord,
The wand'ring nations read thy word;
In these far climes Jehovah's known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3. He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light:
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts of grace proclaim

From Parish Psalmody, p. 196



4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace.
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5. He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise him while he lends me 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 being last,
Or immortality endures.

PARIS. L. P. M.

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T. HASTINGS.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My days of

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

1. Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing the choic - est psalms of praise, To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name: His glo - ry let the

2. He fram'd the globe; he built the sky; He made the shin - ing world on high, And reigns complete in glo - ry there: His beams are ma - jes-
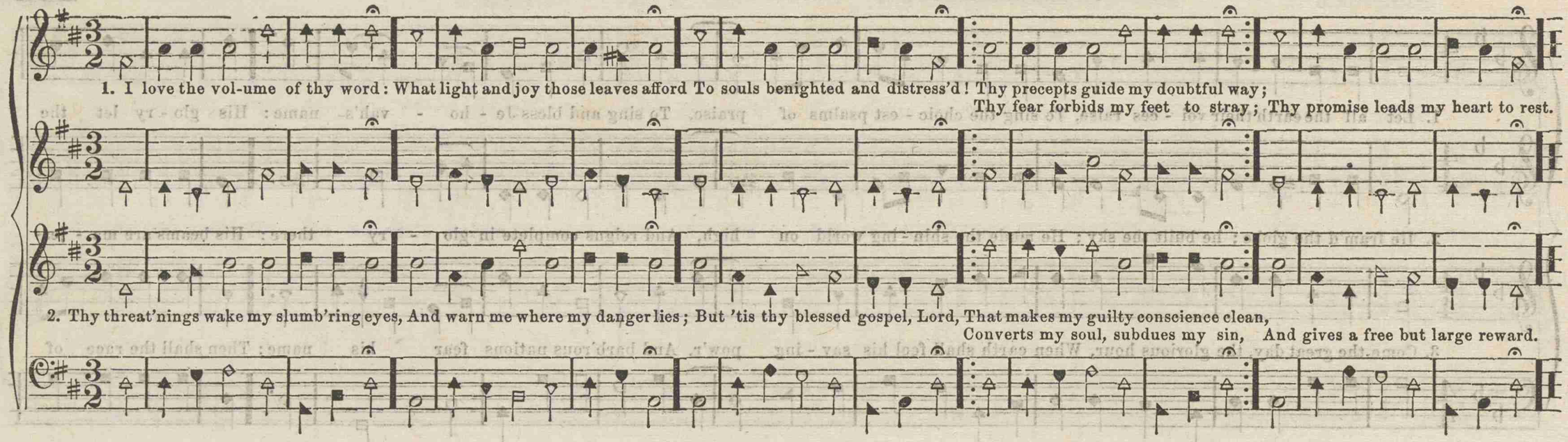
3. Come the great day, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his sav - ing pow'r, And barb'rous nations fear his name: Then shall the race of

hea - then know, His won - ders to the na - tions show, And all his sav - ing works pro - claim, And all his sav - ing works pro - claim.
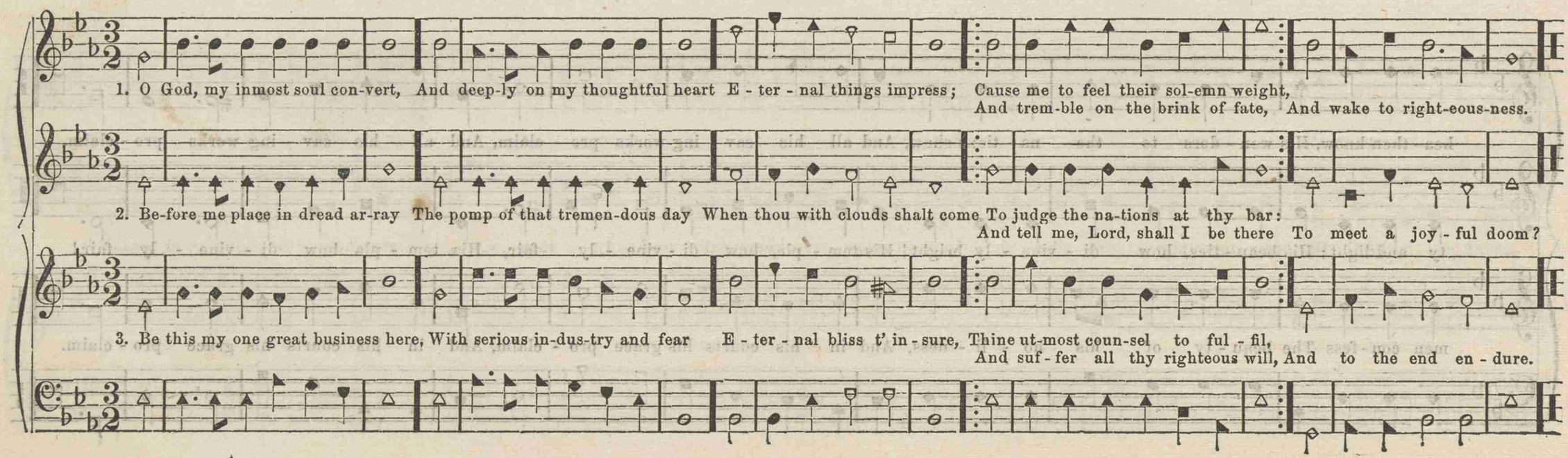
ty and light; His beau - ties, how di - vine - ly bright! His tem - ple, how di - vine - ly fair, His tem - ple how di - vine - ly fair!

men con - fess The beau - ty of his ho - li - ness, And in his courts his grace pro - claim, And in his courts his grace pro - claim.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.



MERIBAH. C. P. M.



1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sa-viour shine! I'd soar, and touch the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing his glo - rious
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In lof-tiest songs of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face: Then, with my Sa - viour,

heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
bro - ther, friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umph-ant in his grace.

ALDERTON. C. P. M.

1. When thou, my right - eous Judge, shalt come To bring thy ran-som'd peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as
2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be - fore thy gra-cious feet to bow, Though vil - est of them all: But can I bear the pier-cing
3. Prevent, pre - vent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my hid - ing - place, In this ac - cept-ed day; Thy pard'ning voice, oh let me
4. Let me a - mong thy saints be found, Whene'er the archan-gel's trump shall sound, To see thy smil-ing face; Then loud-est of the crowd I'll

I, Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand?
thought—What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call! When thou for them shalt call! When thou for them shalt call!
hear, To still my un - be - liev - ing fear; Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.
sing, While heav'n's re-sound - ing man - sions ring With shouts of sov' - reign grace, With shouts of sov'-reign grace, With shouts of sov' - reign grace.

1. Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two un - bound - ed seas, I stand, Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time, a

2. O God, my in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thoughtless heart E - ter - nal things im - press; Give me to feel their

mo-ment's space Re - moves me to yon heav'n-ly place, Or— shuts me up in hell.

so - lemn weight, And save me ere it be too late— Wake me to right - eous - ness.

3. Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love

PERU. C. P. M.

1. My God, thy boundless love I praise: How bright on high its glo - ries blaze! How sweet - ly bloom be - low! It streams from thy e - ter - nal throne;
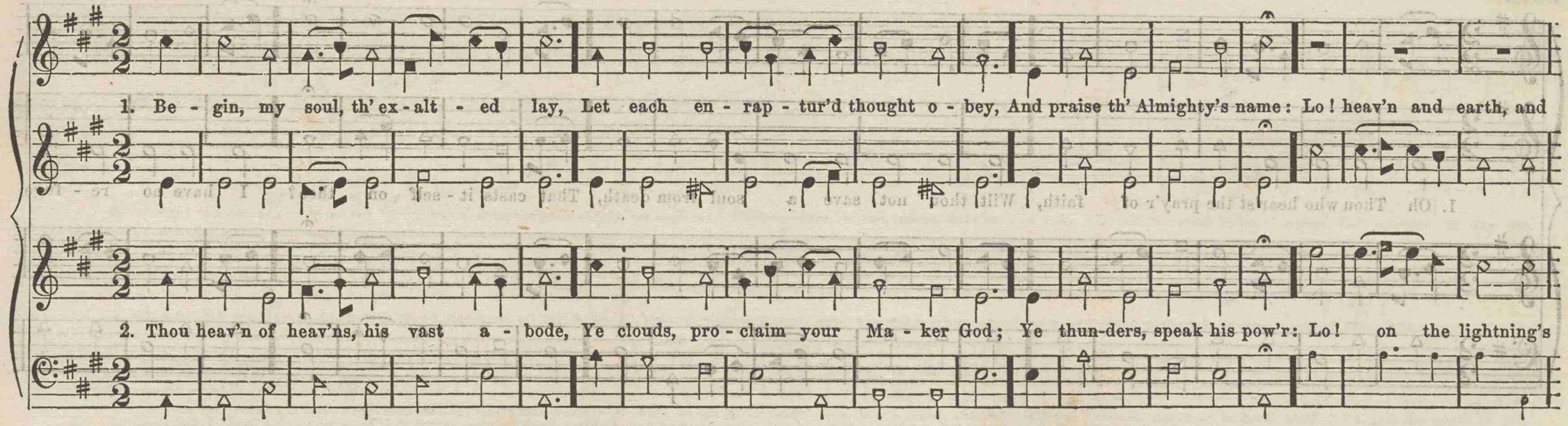
2. 'Tis love that paints the pur-ple morn, And bids the clouds, in air up - borne, Their ge - nial drops dis - til; In ev' - ry ver - nal beam it glows,

Through heav'n its joys for - ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow, And o'er the earth they flow.

And breathes in ev' - ry gale that blows, And glides in ev' - ry rill, And glides in ev' - ry rill.

3. But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast;
There love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4. Then let the love that makes me bless'd,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good



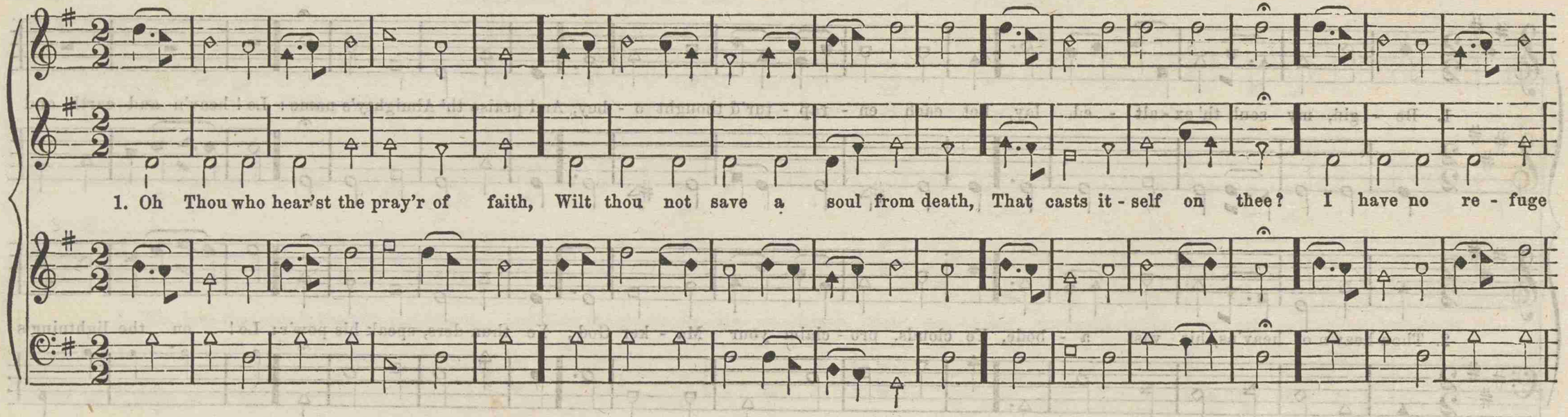
3. Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4. Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing,
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring—
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

5. Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around
Till heav'n shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

AITHLONE. C. P. M.

German Tune.



2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
And thy atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3. Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4. Then will the king of terrors be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogg'd by earth, or earthly things,
I'll mount, I'll fly, with eager wings
To everlasting day.

GANGES. C. P. M.

1. A-waked by Si-nai's awful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found, And knew not where to go: O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain, "The sin-ner must be born a-gain," Or sink in endless wo.
2. Amazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew near: I strove, indeed, but strove in vain, "The sin-ner must be born a-gain" Still sounded in my ear.
3. When to the law I trembling fled, It pour'd its curses on my head, I no re-lief could find: This fear-ful truth increased my pain, "The sinner must be born a-gain," O'erwhelm'd my tortured mind.
4. A-gain did Si-nai's thunders roll, And guilt lay heavy on my soul, A vast, op-press-ive load: A-las, I read, and saw it plain, "The sin-ner must be born a-gain," Or feel the wrath of God.
5. The saints I heard with rapture tell How Jesus conquer'd death and hell, And broke the fowler's snare; But when I found this truth remain, "The sin-ner must be born a-gain," I sank in deep des-pair.
6. But while I thus in anguish lay, Je-sus of Naz'reth pass'd that way, And felt his pi-ty move: The sin-ner, by his jus-tice slain, Now by his grace is born a-gain, And sings re-deem-ing love.

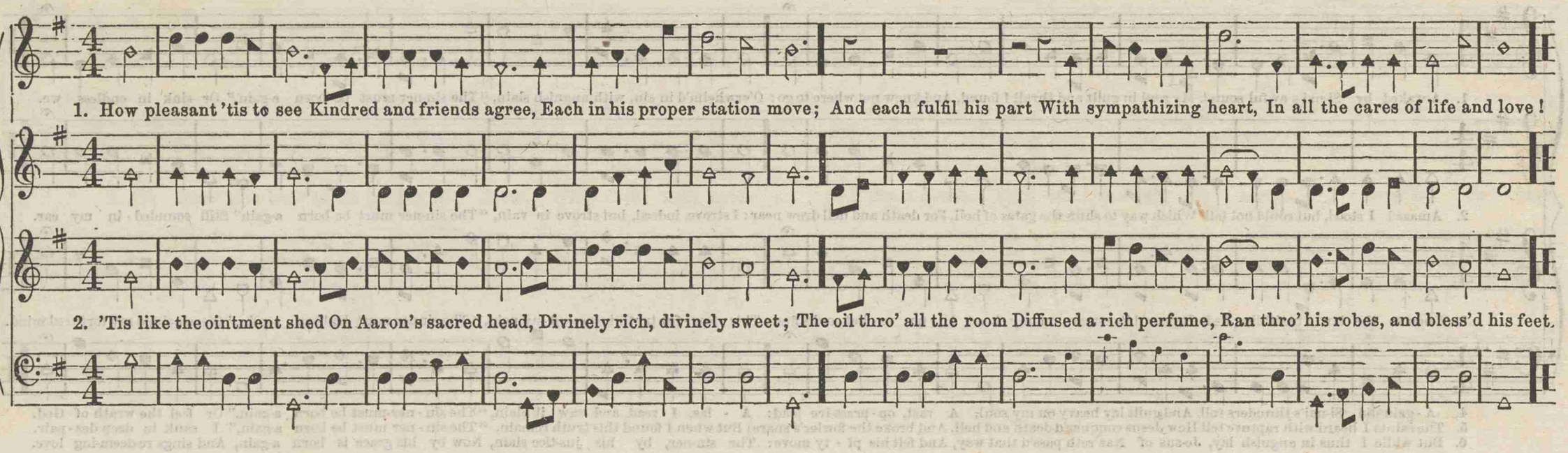
DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, And roy-al state maintains; His head with aw-ful glo-ries crown'd; Array'd in robes of light, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round.
2. Up-held by thy commands, The world se-cure-ly stands, And skies and stars o-bey thy word: Thy throne was fix'd on high Be-fore the star-ry sky: E-ter-nal is thy kingdom, Lord.
3. In vain the noi-sy crowd, Like bil-lows fierce and loud, A-gainst thine em-pire rage and roar; In vain with an-gry spite The sur-ly na-tions fight, And dash like waves against the shore.
4. Let floods and na-tions rage, And all their pow'rs engage; Let swelling tides as-sault the sky: The ter-rors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down: Thy throne for-ev-er stands on high.

PAOLI. S. P. M.

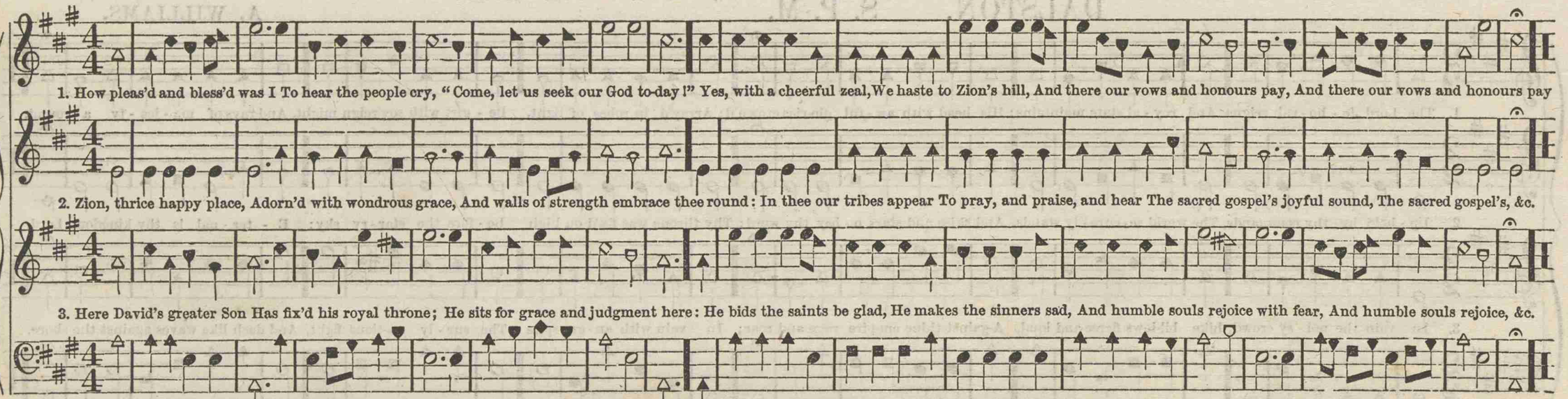
ENGLISH.



1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move; And each fulfil his part With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love!

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed On Aaron's sacred head, Divinely rich, divinely sweet; The oil thro' all the room Diffused a rich perfume, Ran thro' his robes, and bless'd his feet.

AMITY. S. P. M.



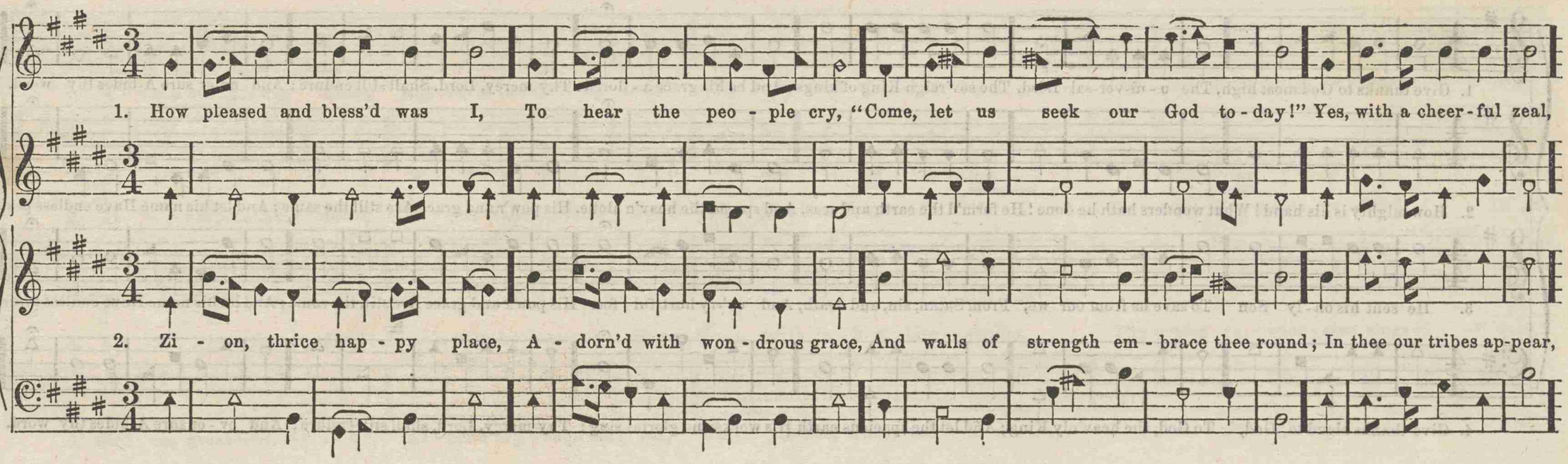
1. How pleas'd and bless'd was I To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay, And there our vows and honours pay
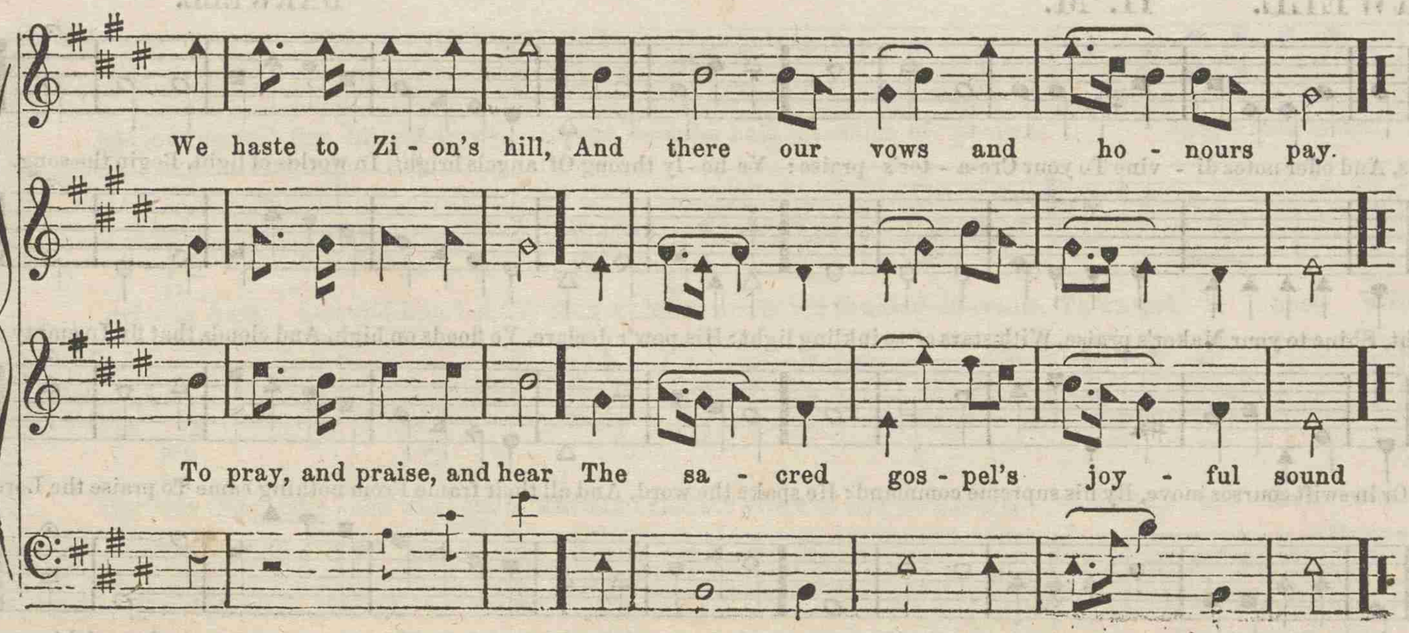
2. Zion, thrice happy place, Adorn'd with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound, The sacred gospel's, &c.

3. Here David's greater Son Has fix'd his royal throne; He sits for grace and judgment here: He bids the saints be glad, He makes the sinners sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear, And humble souls rejoice, &c.

4. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait To bless the soul of ev'ry guest! The man who seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest, 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 blest abode, My soul shall ever love thee well, My soul shall ever, &c.





3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint 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

HARWICH. H. M.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni-ver-sal Lord, The sov'reign King of kings; And be his grace a - dored: Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure; And ev-er sure A-bides thy word.

2. How mighty is his hand! What wonders hath he done! He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the heav'n alone. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

3. He sent his on - ly Son To save us from our wo, From Satan, sin, and death, And ev'-ry hurt-ful foe. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

4. Give thanks aloud to God, To God, the heav'nly King; And let the spacious earth His works and glories sing: Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure; And ev - er sure A-bides thy word.

DARWELL. H. M.

DARWELL.

1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes di - vine To your Cre-a - tor's praise: Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays, And moon, that rul'st the night, Shine to your Maker's praise, With stars of twinkling light: His pow'r declare, Ye floods on high, And clouds that fly In empty air

3. The shining worlds above In glorious or-der stand, Or in swift courses move, By his supreme command: He spake the word, And all their frame From nothing came To praise the Lord.

4. He moved their mighty wheels In unknown ages past; And each his word fulfils, While time and nature last: In diff'rent ways, His works proclaim His wondrous name, And speak his praise

1. A - wake our drowsy souls, And burst the sloth-ful band; The won-ders of this day . . . . . Our no - blest songs de - mand: Aus-

2. At thy ap-proaching dawn, Re - luc-tant death re - sign'd The glo-rious Prince of life, ... In dark do - mains con - fined: Th' an-

3. All hail, tri-umphant Lord! Heav'n with ho - san-nas rings; While earth in hum - bler strains . . . Thy praise re - spon - sive sings: "Wor-

4. Gird on, great God, thy sword, As - cend thy conqu'ring car, While jus-tice, truth, and love . . . . Main-tain the glo-rious war: Vic-

pi-cious morn! thy bliss-ful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise. Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright se - raphs hail, in songs of praise.

gel - ic host a-round him bends, And midst their shouts the God as-cends. Th'an-gel - ic host a-round him bends, And midst their shouts the God ascends.

thy art thou, who once wast slain, Through endless years to live and reign." "Wor-thy art thou, who once was slain, Through end-less years to live and reign."

to-rious, thou thy foes shalt tread, And sin and hell in triumph lead. Vic-to-rious, thou thy foes shalt tread, And sin and hell in triumph lead.

NORWAY. H. M

M. W. WILSON

1. Re-joice, the Lord is king, Your God and King a-dore; Mortals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev-er-more: Lift up the heart,

lift up the voice, Re-joice a-loud, ye saints, re-joice, Re-joice a-loud, ye saints, re-joice.

2. Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above. Lift up, &c.

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, &c.

4. He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy. Lift up, &c.

5. 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!

1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion nigh:

2. He gilds thy morn - ing face With beams that can - not fade; His all re - splend - ent grace He pours a - round thy head:

3. In hon - our to his name Re - flect that sa - cred light, And loud that grace pro - claim Which makes thy dark - ness bright:

4. There, on his ho - ly hill, A bright - er Sun shall rise, And with his ra - diance fill Those fair - er, pu - rer skies:

Cheer - ful in God, A - rise and shine: While rays di - - vine Stream all a - broad.

The na - tions round Thy form shall view, With lus - - tre new Di - - vine - ly crown'd.

Pur - sue his praise, Till sov' - reign love, In worlds a - - bove, The glo - ry raise.

While round his throne Ten thou - sand stars In no - bler spheres His in - fluence own

LENOX. H. M.

(New Arrangement.) EDSON.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem-ples, are! To thine a - bode, My heart as-pires, To
2. Oh hap - py souls that pray Where God ap-points to hear! Oh hap - py men that pay Their con-stant ser-vice there! They praise thee still; And hap-py they, They
3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pears: Oh glo-rious seat, When God our King, Oh
4. To spend one sa - cred day Where God and saints a - bide Af - fords di - vi - ner joy Than thousand days be - side: Where God re-sorts, I love it more, Where
5. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good with-holds From those his heart approves, From humble, contrite souls: Thrice happy he, Oh God of hosts, Thrice

thine a - bode My heart as-pires, With warm de-sires To see my God.
praise thee still: And hap - py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill.
glorious seat, When God our King Shall thith-er bring Our will - ing feet!
God re - sorts, I love it more To keep the door Than shine in courts.
hap - py he, O God of hosts, Whose spi-rit trusts a - lone in thee!

JUBILEE PROCLAIMED.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
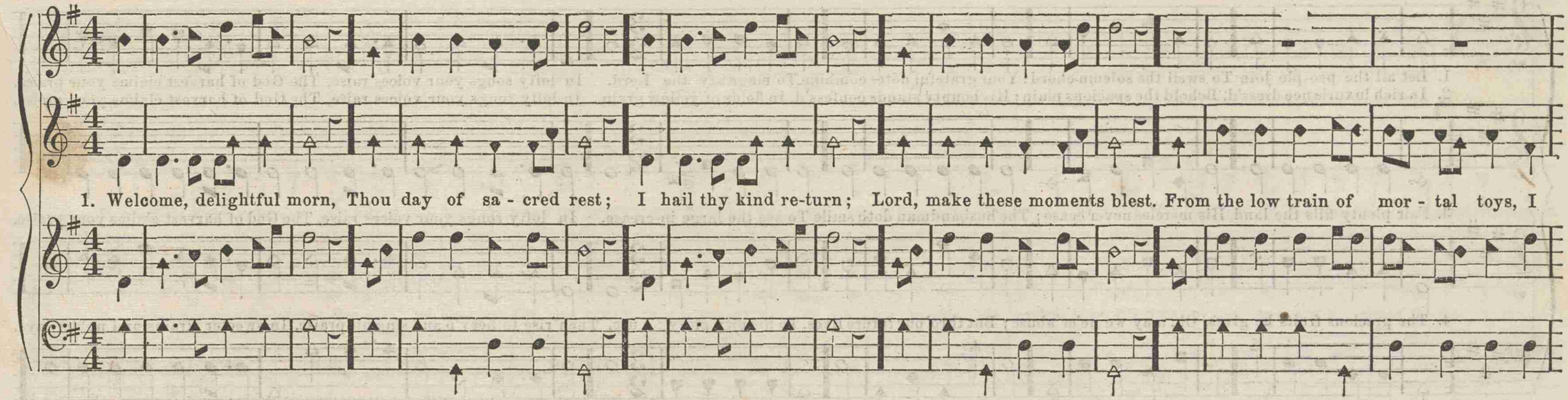
2. Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

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's 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. Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace!
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

PELDON. H. M. (HARVEST HYMN.)

1. Let all the peo-ple join To swell the solemn chord: Your grateful notes combine To magni-fy the Lord. In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise.
2. In rich luxuriance dress'd, Behold the spacious plain; His bounty stands confess'd, In fields of yellow grain. In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise,
3. Fair plenty fills the land, His mercies never cease; The husbandman doth smile To see the large in-crease. In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise,
4. The precious fruits he gives, Oh, may we ne'er abuse; But thro' our future lives, To his own glory use, Then rise to heav'n and sing his praise, In sweeter strains and nobler lays,

NEWMAN. H. M.

The God of harvest claims your praise.
The God of harvest claims your praise.

The God of harvest claims your praise.

In sweet-er strains and no-bler lays.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's name:
His praise your songs employ Above the starry frame: } Your voices raise, Ye cher-u-bim, And ser-a-phim, To sing his praise.

Ritard.

2. Let all adore the Lord And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word They all from nothing came; } And all shall last, From changes free: His firm decree Stands ever fast.

Ritard.

FITZWATER. H. M.

T. CLARK.

1. Join all the glorious names, Of wis - dom, love, and power, That ev - er mor-tals knew, Or an - gels ev - er bore: All are too mean To speak his worth, Too mean to set The Sa-viour forth.

2. Great Prophet of our God, Our tongue shall bless thy name; By thee the joy - ful news Of our sal - va-tion came,—The joy - ful news Of sins for-given, Of hell sub-dued, And peace with heav'n.

3. Je-sus, our great High-Priest, Has shed his blood and died; Our guil - ty conscience needs No sa - cri - fice be - side: His precious blood Did once a - tone, And now it pleads Be - fore the throne.

4. O thou al - migh - ty Lord, Our Conqu'ror and our King, Thy scep - tre and thy sword, Thy reign - ing grace we sing: Thine is the power; Oh, make us sit In wil - ling bonds Beneath thy feet.

CARMARTHEN. H. M.

LIVELY.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is king, Your God and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more. } Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

2. Re - joice, the Sa-viour reigns, The God of truth and love; When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove. } Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

3. Re - joice in glo-rious hope; Je - sus, the Judge shall come, And take his ser-vants up To their e - ter - nal home. } We soon shall hear th' arch - an - gel's voice, The trump of God shall sound, Re - joice, The trump of God shall sound. Re - joice.

AMHERST. H. M.

W. BILLINGS.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex-alt your Ma-ker's name, His praise your songs em-ploy, Above the starry frame; Your voices raise, Ye che-ru-bim And se-ra-phim, To sing his praise.

2. Let all a - dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name, By whose al - migh - ty word They all from nothing came; And all shall last, From changes free; His firm decree Stands ever fast.

WILLCOTT. C. H. M.

L. MARSHALL.

ANDANTINO.

1. Oh what is life? 'tis like a flower That blos-soms and is gone:
   It flour-ish - es its lit - tle hour, With all its beau - ty on.
   Death comes, and, like a win - try day, It cuts the love-ly flower a - way.

2. Oh what is life? 'tis like the bow That glis-tens in the sky:
   We love to see its co-lours glow, But, while we look, they die.
   Life fails as soon: to - day 'tis here; To - mor - row it may dis - ap - pear.

RIDLEY. C. H. M.

MODERATO. 1st time. 2d time.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fearful hour,
   Bow, all resign'd, be-neath his rod, And bless his sparing pow'r, } A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress, A fountain in the wil - der - ness.

2. Oh, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Though trials fix me there,
   Is still a pri - vi - lege most sweet For he will hear my pray'r; } Tho' sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me.

3. Oh blessed be the hand that gave—Still blessed when it takes;
   Bles - sed be he who smites to save—Who heals the heart he breaks: } Per-fect and true are all his ways, Whom heav'n adores and earth o - beys.
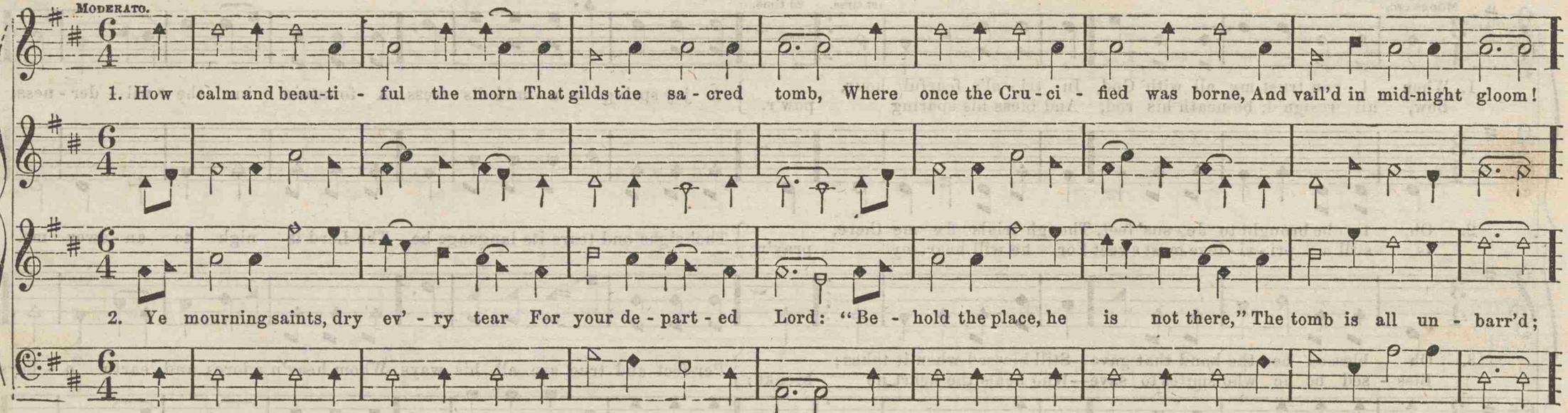
ZALENA. C. H. M.

1. He knelt; the Saviour knelt and pray'd, When but his Father's eye Look'd thro' the lonely garden's shade On that dread agony: The Lord of all above, beneath, Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

2. The sun went down in fearful hour; The heav'ns might well grow dim, When this mortality had pow'r To thus o'ershadow him; That he who gave man's breath might know The very depths of human wo.

REPOSE. C. H. M.

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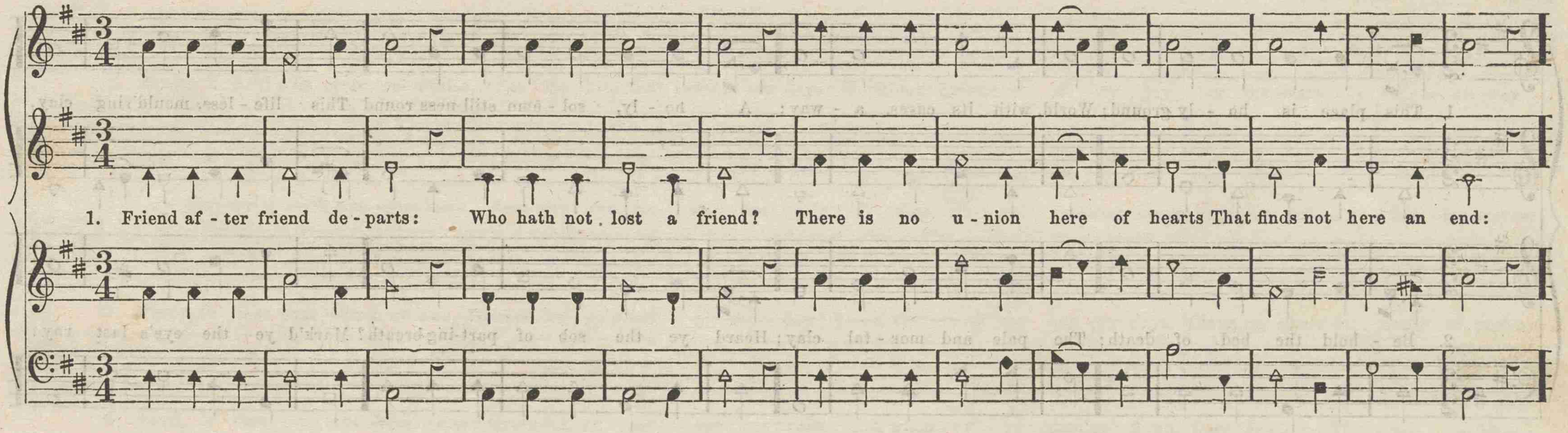


3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.
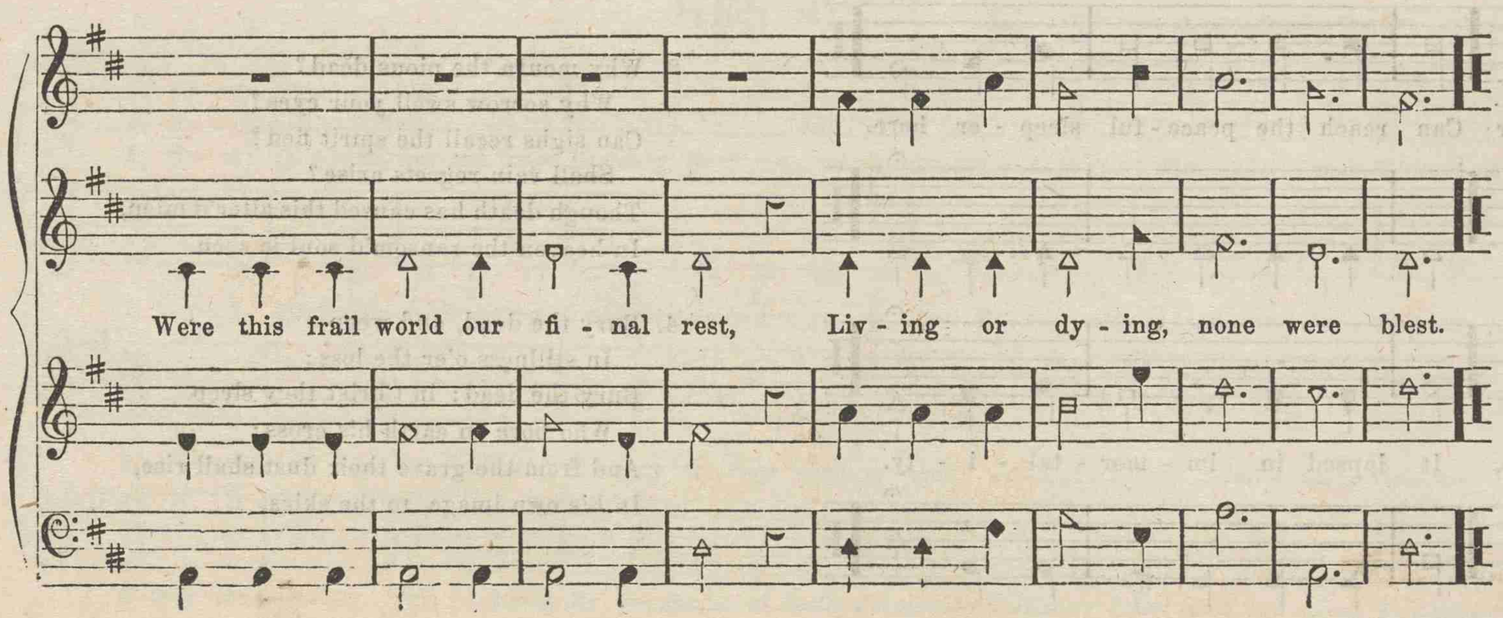
4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has ris'n that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

DEPARTURE. S. H. M.

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2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

OBERLIN. S. H. M.

1. This place is ho - ly ground; World, with its cares, a - way; A ho - ly, sol - emn still-ness round This life - less, mould'ring clay,

2. Be - hold the bed of death; The pale and mor - tal clay; Heard ye the sob of part-ing breath? Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?

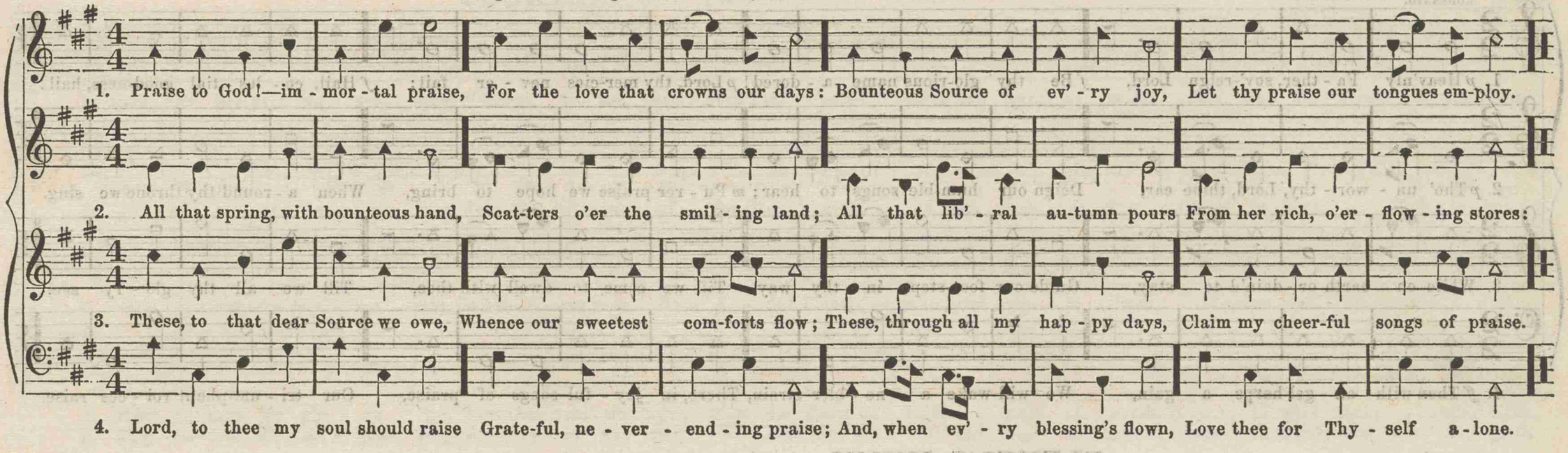
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here.

No; life so sweet - ly ceased to be, It lapsed in im - mor - tal - i - ty.
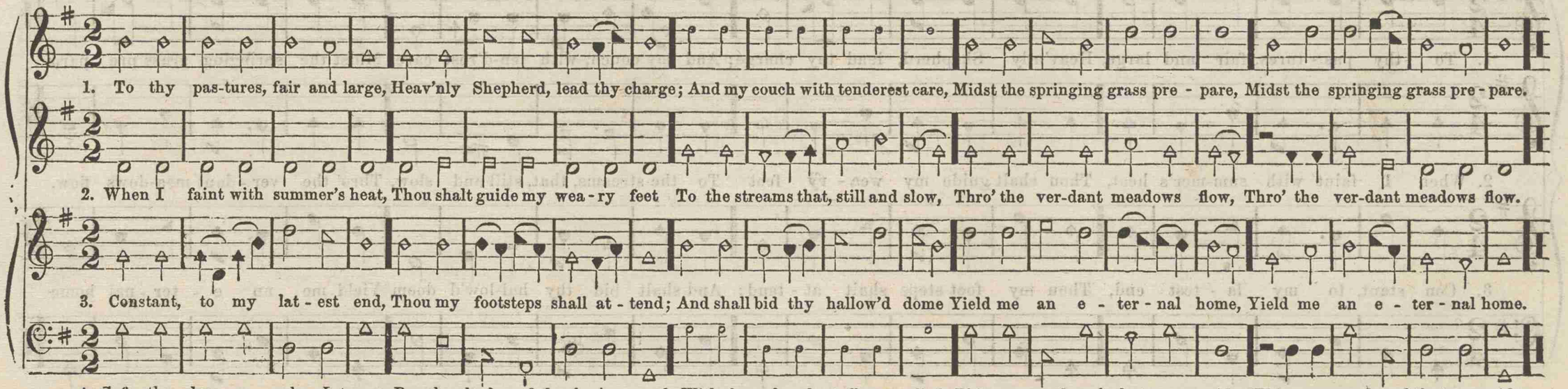
3. Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrow swell your eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this alter'd mien,
In heaven the ransom'd soul is seen.

4. Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss:
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

NUREMBURG. 7s. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music. GERMAN.



HENDON. 7s. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music. FROM REV. DR. MALAN.



WILMOT. 7s.

MODERATO.

1. *p* Heav'nly Fa - ther, sov'-reign Lord, *f* Be thy glo-rious name a - dored! *p* Lord, thy mer-cies nev - er fail; *f* Hail, ce - les - tial good-ness, hail!

2. *p* Tho' un - wor - thy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our hum-ble songs to hear; *m* Pu - rer praise we hope to bring, When a - round thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth or - dain'd to stay, Guide our foot-steps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glo - ry see.

4. *ff* Then with an - gel harps a - gain, We will wake a no - bler strain, There, in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - um-phant voi - ces raise.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

SLOW.

1. To thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heav'n-ly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch, with ten-d'rest care, Midst the springing grass pre - pare.

2. When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro' the ver - dant mea-dows flow.

3. Con - stant, to my la - test end, Thou my foot-steps shalt at - tend; And shalt bid thy hal-low'd doom Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

COOKHAM. 7s.

1. Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled."
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th' an - ge - lic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
3. Vail'd in flesh the God - head see; Hail th' in - car-nate De - i - ty! Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el.
4. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them se - cond birth.
5. Sing we then, with an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King; Glo - ry in the high - est heav'n, Peace on earth, and man for - giv'n.

DARLING. 7s.

DR. J. L. BROWN.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy migh - ty prey: See! he ri - ses from the tomb— Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
2. 'Tis the Saviour; se-raphs, raise Your tri-umph-ant shouts of praise; Let the earth's re - mo - test bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.
3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see him rise; Hosts of an - gels on the road Hail and sing th'in-car - nate God.
4. Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs, Praise him with your gold - en lyres; Praise him in your no-blest songs; Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

PILTON. 7s.

1. Praise the Lord—his glo - ry bless; Praise him in his ho - li - ness; Praise him as the theme in - spires, Praise him as his fame re - quires.

2. Let the trumpet's lof - ty sound Spread its loud - est notes a - round; Let the harp u - nite in praise With the sa - cred min - strel's lays.

3. Let the or - gan join to bless God, the Lord our Righteousness; Tune your voice to spread the fame Of the great Je - ho - vah's name.

4. All who dwell be - neath his light, In his praise your hearts u - nite; While the stream of song is poured, Praise and mag - ni - fy the Lord.

REDEEMING LOVE. 7s.

ELY.

SPIRITED.

1. Now begin the heav'nly theme; Sing a - loud in Jesus' name; Ye who his salvation prove, Triumph in re - deeming love, Triumph in re - deeming love.

2. Ye who see the Fa-ther's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless redeeming love, Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears; Ban - ish all your guilty fears; See your guilt and curse remove, Cancell'd by redeeming love, Cancell'd by re-deem - ing love
4. Welcome all by sin op - prest, Welcome to his sacred rest: Nothing brought him from above,—Nothing but redeeming love, Nothing but re-deem - ing love
5. Hi-ther, then, your mu-sic bring; Strike a - loud each cheerful string; Mortals, join the hosts above, Join to praise redeeming love, Join to praise redeem-ing love.

PHARON. 7s.
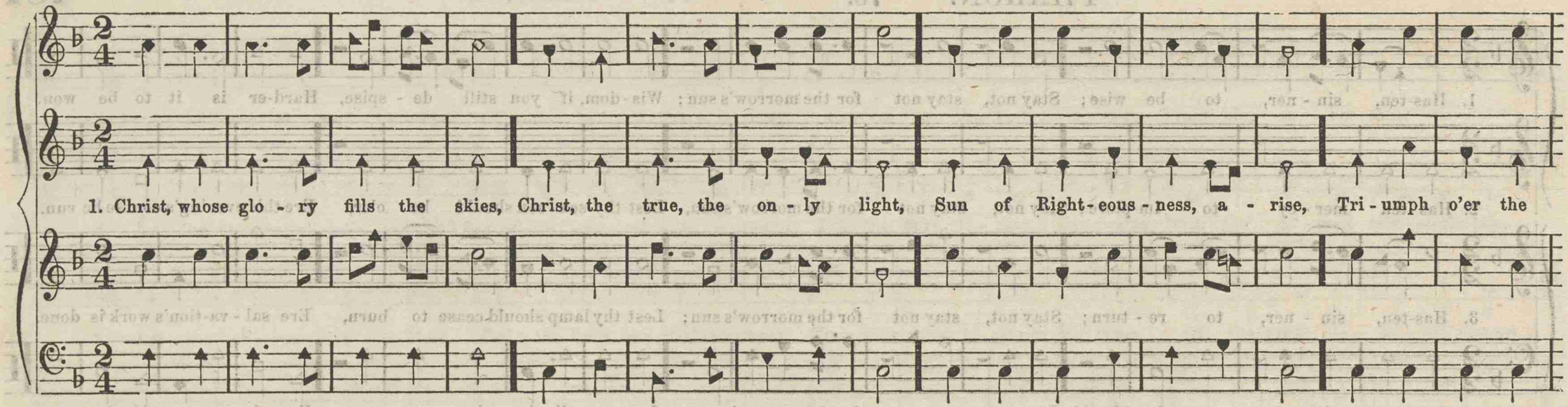
1. Has-ten, sin-ner, to be wise; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
2. Has-ten mer-cy to im-plore; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy sea-son should be o'er, Ere this evening's course be run.
3. Has-ten, sin-ner, to re-turn; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.
4. Has-ten, sin-ner, to be bless'd; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest per-di-tion thee ar-rest, Ere the mor-row is be-gun.
5. Lord, do thou the sin-ner turn; Rouse him, rouse him from his senseless state; Let him not thy coun-sel spurn, And la-ment his choice too late.

HARTS. 7s. (6 LINES.)

1. Fa-ther, glo-ri-fy thy Son; Answ'ring his all-pow'r-ful pray'r, / Send that In-ter-ces-sor down, Send that oth-er Com-fort-er, } Whom be-liev-ing-ly we claim, Whom we ask in Je-sus' name.
2. Wilt thou not the pro-mise seal, Good and faith-ful as thou art, / Send the Com-fort-er to dwell Ev'-ry mo-ment in our heart? } Yes, thou must the grace be-stow; Truth hath said it shall be so.

TURIN. 7s. (6 LINES.)

GIARDINI



2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3. Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone;

3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un - known,

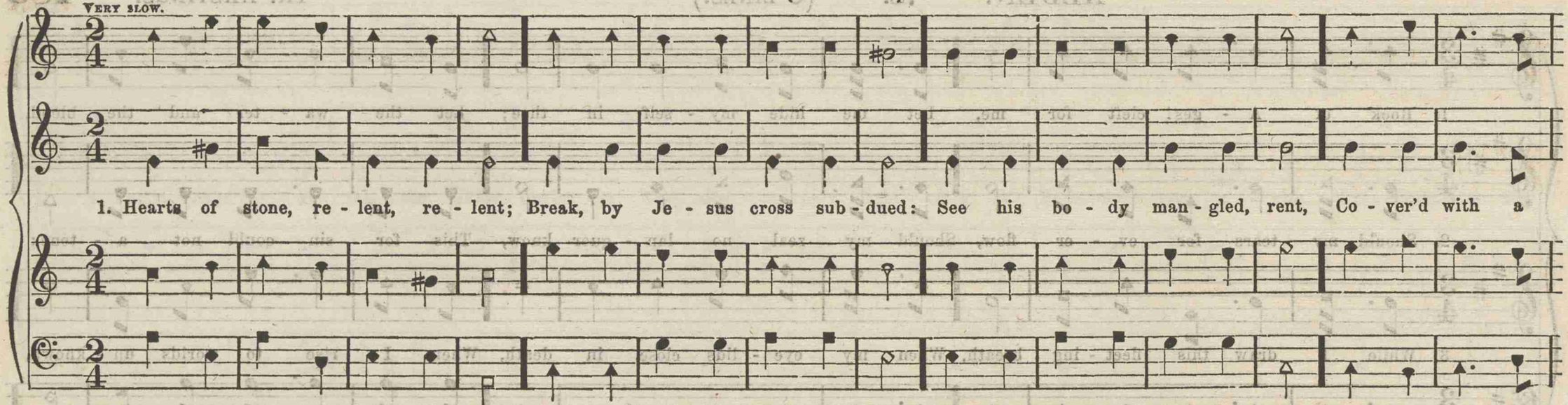
From thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Thou must save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

SAVONA. 7s. (6 LINES.)

GERMAN.



2. Yes, your sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him here,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with the soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice:
For a sinful world he dies.

3. Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all our sins we part--
Saviour, take my broken heart!

GOLCONDA. 7s. (6 LINES.)

RATHER SLOW.

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek On th'approaching Sabbath-day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

2. Mercies multiplied each hour, Thro' the week our praise demand; Guarded by thy mighty pow'r, Fed and guided by thy hand: From our worldly care set free, May we rest this night with thee.

3. When the morn shall bid us rise, May we feel thy pleasure near; May thy glory meet our eyes When we in thy house ap-pear; Blest may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above.

BETHANY. 7s. (6 LINES.)

W. C. BROWN.

1. Wea-ry souls that wander wide, From the central point of bliss, Turn to Je-sus cru-ci-fied, Fly to those dear wounds of his; Sink in-to the purple flood, Rise in-to the life of God.

2. Find in Christ the way of peace, Peace unspeakable, un-known! By his pain he gives you ease, Life by his ex-pir-ing groan; Rise ex-alt-ed by his fall, Find in Christ your all in all.

OWEN. 7s. (6 LINES.)

VERY SLOW.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane, Ye that feel temptation's pow'r; Your Redeemer's conflict see; Watch with him one bitter hour; Turn not from his griefs away; Learn of Jesus 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 the cross.

HAWS. 7s. (6 LINES.)

PLEYEL.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa-viour deigns to die,
What me - lo-dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the rav-ished ear!
"Love's re - deem-ing work is done— Come and wel-come, sin - ner, come!

2. Sprin-kled now with blood the throne, Why be-neath thy bur-dens groan?
On my wound-ed bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son— Come and wel-come, sin - ner, come."

ELTHAM. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

D.C.

1. Hasten, Lord, the glo-rious time, When, beneath Mes-si - ah's sway,
Ev' - ry na - tion, ev'-ry clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey.
Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2. Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes his name a - dore;

D.C.

3. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - disturb'd shall ev - er reign.
All his mighty acts re - cord, All his wondrous love pro - claim.

4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ev - er praise his glorious name;

HORTON. 7s.

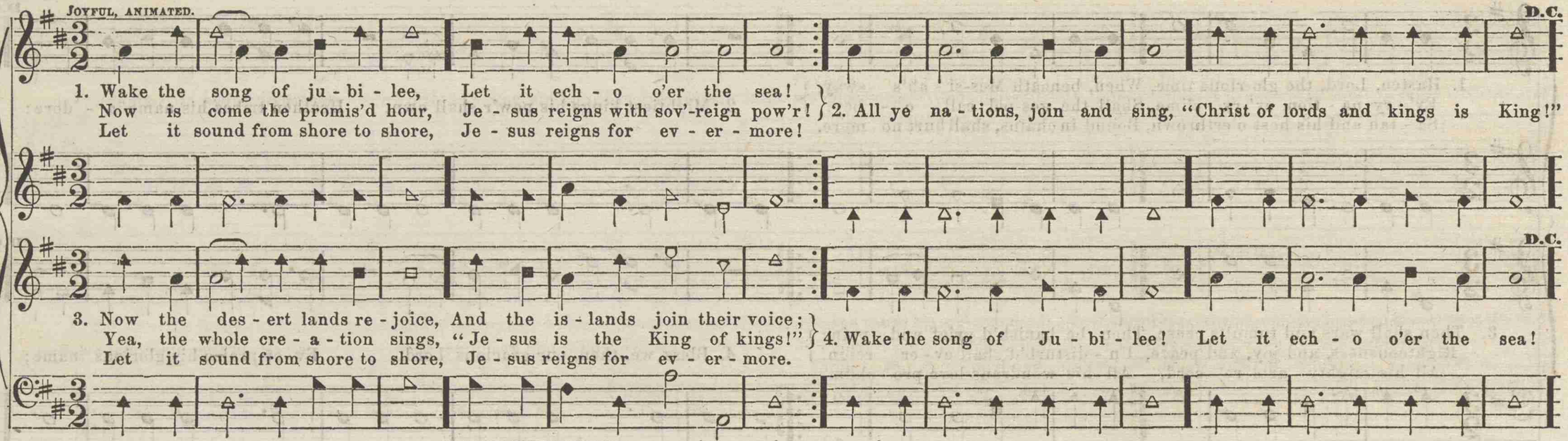
X. SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

SLOW.

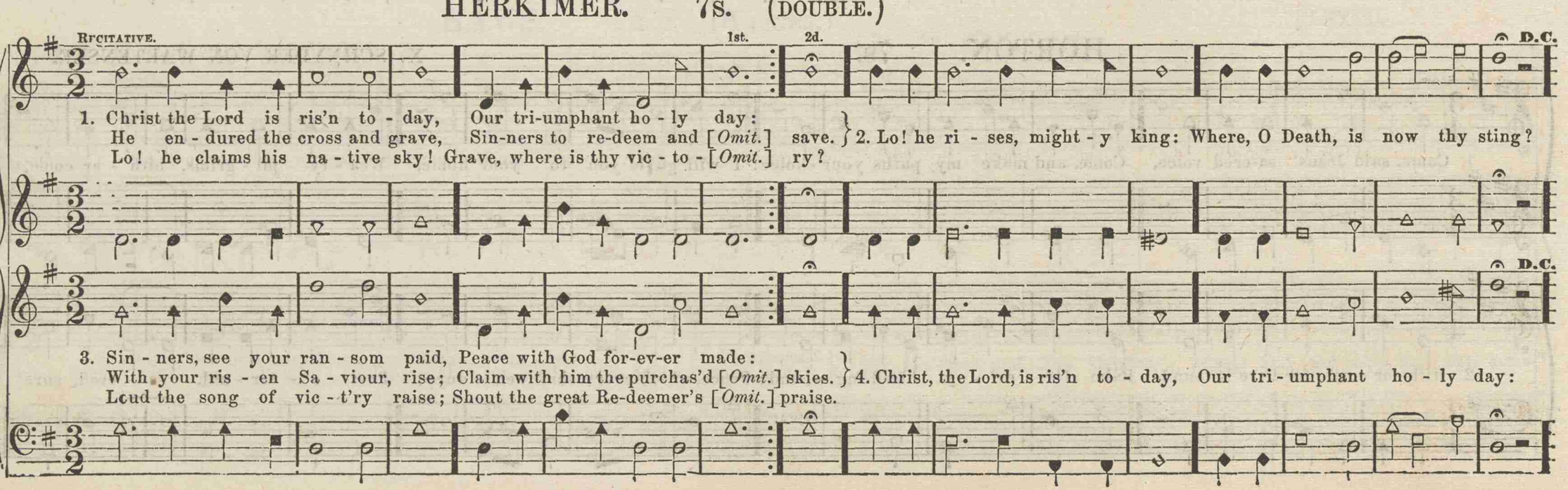
1. Come, said Jesus' sa-cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grims, hith - er come.

2. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm for ev' - ry bleed-ing wound; Peace, which ever shall en - dure; Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure

AMBOY. 7s. (DOUBLE.)



HERKIMER. 7s. (DOUBLE.)



ROSEFIELD. 7s. (6 LINES.)

Subject from Rev. Dr. MALAN.

1. From the cross up-lift - ed high, Where the Sa-viour deigns to die,
What me - lo-dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the rav-ish'd ear!
"Love's re-deem-ing work is done: Come and wel - come, sin-ners, come."

2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy bur-dens groan?
On my pierced bo - dy laid, Jus - tice owns the ran - som paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son; Come and wel - come, sin-ner, come.

WENDALL. 7s. (PECULIAR.)

1. Haste, O sin-ner, now be wise; Stay not, stay not for the mor-row's sun: Wis-dom if you still de - spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
2. Haste, and mercy now im - plore; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this ev'ning's stage be run.
3. Haste, O sin - ner, now re - turn; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal - va-tion's work is done.
4. Haste, O sin - ner, now be blest; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the mor-row is be - gun.

MARTYN. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

S. B. MARSH.

1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.

2. Sor - row - ner sor - rows quick - ly fled, When she heard his wel-come voice: Christ has ris - en from the dead; Now he bids her heart re - joice.

3. For a - while she ling'-ring stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise; Trembling while a crys - tal flood Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.

4. What a change his word can make, Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day! Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Ne - ver more to meet us here:

2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find; As the light-ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind,—

3. Thanks for mer-cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new; Teach us henceforth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view:

Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle—none can know.

Swift-ly, thus, our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's ra - pid stream; Up-ward, Lord our spi - rits raise, All be - low is but a dream.

Bless thy word to young and old; Fill us with a Sa-viour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove!

MESSIAH. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

1. High in yon - der realms of light Dwell the rap - tured saints a - bove; Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love.

2. Oft the big un - bid - den tear, Steal - ing down the fur - row'd cheek, Told, in el - o-quence sin - cere, Tales of wo they could not speak;

3. Mid the cho - rus of the skies, Mid th' an - ge - lic lyres a - bove, Hark, their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love!

4. All is tran - quil and se - rene, Calm and un - dis-turb'd re - pose; There no cloud can in - ter - vene, There no an - gry tem - pest blows;

Once they knew, like us be - low, Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Tor - t'ring pain and hea - vy wo, Gloom - y doubts, dis - tress - ing fears.

But these days of weep - ing o'er, Pass'd this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel dis - tress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.

Hap - py spi - rits, ye are fled Where no grief can en - trance find; Lull'd to rest the ach - ing head, Soothed the an - guish of the mind.

Ev' - ry tear is wiped a - way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast; Night is lost in end - less day, Sor - row in e - ter - nal rest.

BROWN. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

1. Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die? God your ma-ker asks you why;
God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with himself to live:
He the fa-tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands; Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?

2. Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that ye might live:
Will ye let him die in vain? Cru-ci-fy your Lord a-gain? Why, ye ransom'd sin-ners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?

3. Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die? God the Spi-rit asks you why;
Now his influence from a-bove Moves you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace re-ceive? Will ye still re-fuse to live? Why, ye long-sought sinners, why Will ye grieve your God, and die?

MONTROSE. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

E. HERITAGE.

D. C.

1. Sons of God, tri-umph-ant rise, Shout th' ac-com-plish'd sa-cri-fice!
Shout your sins in Christ for-given, Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n!
Sing with us, ye heav'n-ly powers, Par-don, grace, and glo-ry, ours!
Ye that round our al-tars throng, Listening an-gels, join the song

D. C.

D. C.

2. Love's mys-te-rious work is done; Greet we now th' a-ton-ing Son;
Heal'd and quick-en'd by his blood, Join'd to Christ, and one with God.
When his ut-most grace we prove, Rise to heav'n by per-fect love.
Him by faith we taste be-low, Might-ier joys or-dain'd to know

D. C

N

HOTHAM. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly While the raging bil - lows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide, me, O my Sa - viour, hide,

2. Oth-er refuge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me: All my trust on thee is stay'd,

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is thy name—

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to pardon all my sin; Let the healing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in: Thou of life the foun - tain art,

Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh re - ceive my soul at last, Oh re - ceive my soul at last!

All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha-dow of thy wing, With the sha - dow of thy wing.

I am all un - right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am—Thou art full of truth and grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Free - ly let me take of thee: Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. (6 LINES. PECULIAR.)

LIVELY.

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above:
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Jesus reigns, the God of love: See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth: When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

3. King of glo-ry, reign for-ev - er. Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own: Happy objects of thy grace, Destined to be-hold thy face. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Arranged from RITTER.

1. Hear, O sin-ner, mer - cy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls,
Bids you haste to seek the Sa - viour, Ere the hand of jus-tice falls: Hear, O sin-ner, Hear, O sin - ner, 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls, 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.

Ritard.

2. Haste, O sin-ner, to the Saviour, Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass away: Haste, O sin-ner, Haste, O sin-ner: You must perish, if you stay, You must perish, if you stay.

CESAREA. 8s & 7s.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

(By permission.)

1. God is love, his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and wo he lightens; God is wis - dom, God is love.

2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move; But his mer - cy wa - neth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

3. E'en the hour that dark - est seemeth Will his changeless good-ness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

4. He with earthly cares en - twin - eth Hope and comfort from a - bove: Ev' - ry where his glo - ry shin-eth, God is wis - dom, God is love.

THORNTON. 8s & 7s.

MODERATO.

1. God is love, his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and wo he lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.

2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move: But his mer - cy waneth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

LITHUANIA. 8s & 7s.

Theme by MOZART.

ADAGIO AFFETUOSO.

Why la-ment the Chris-tian dy-ing? Why in - dulge in tears or gloom? Calm - ly on the Lord re - ly - ing, He can greet the op' - ning tomb.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

From "Boston Academy," by permission. L. MASON.

SLOW AND SOFT.

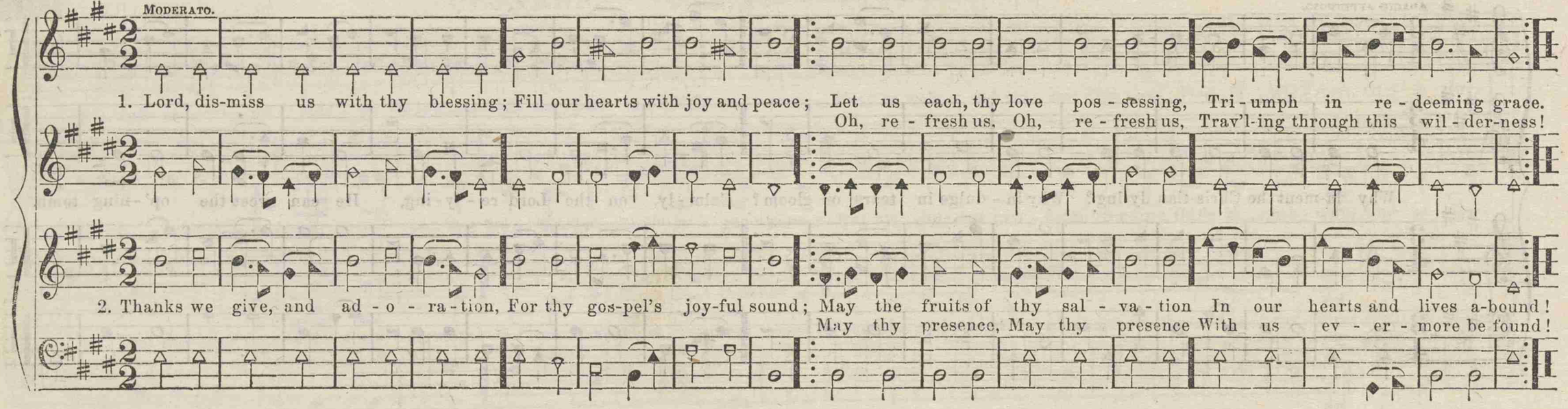
1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Plea - sant as the air of even - ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.

2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slum-ber: Peace-ful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us; *Here* thy loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor - rows heal.

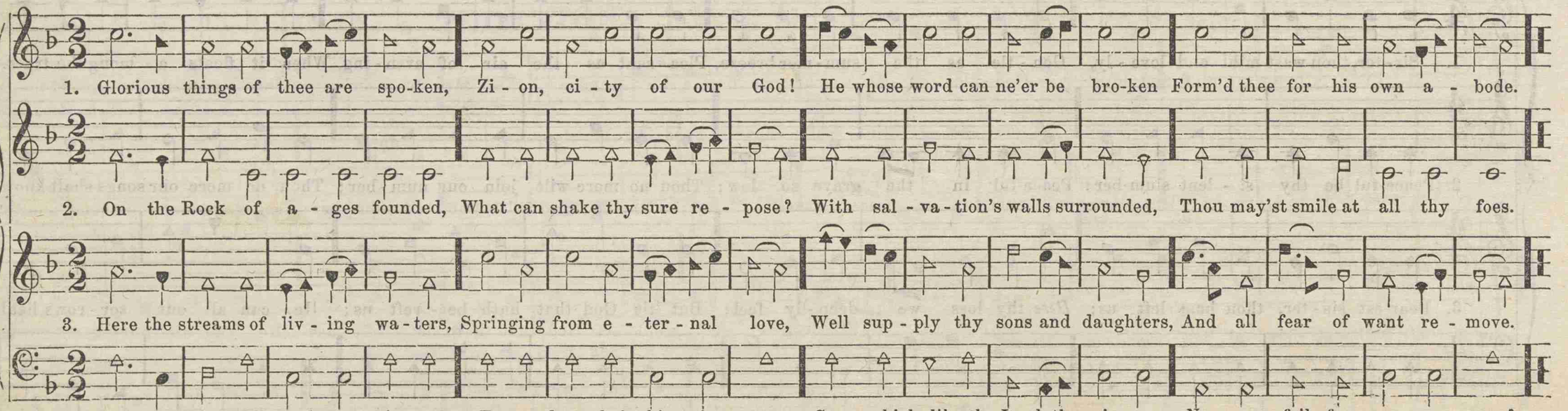
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.



WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

SCHULTZ.



CLARK. 8s & 7s.

1. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glory, There for-ev - er to a - bide; All the heav'nly host a - dore thee, Seated at thy Father's side, Seat-ed at thy Fa-ther's side.

2. There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou dost our place prepare; Ever for us in - ter-ced-ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear, Till in glo-ry we ap - pear

3. Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art worthy to re - ceive: Loud-est praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give, Meet it is for us to give.

4. Help, ye bright, angel-ic spi-rits: Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise, Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

SLOW AND WITH TENDER EXPRESSION.

1. "Mer-cy, O thou son of Da - vid!" Thus the blind Bar - ti - meus pray'd: "Oth - ers by thy word are sav - ed, Now to me af - ford thine aid."

2. Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him, But he call'd the loud - er still; Till the gra-cious Sa - viour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."
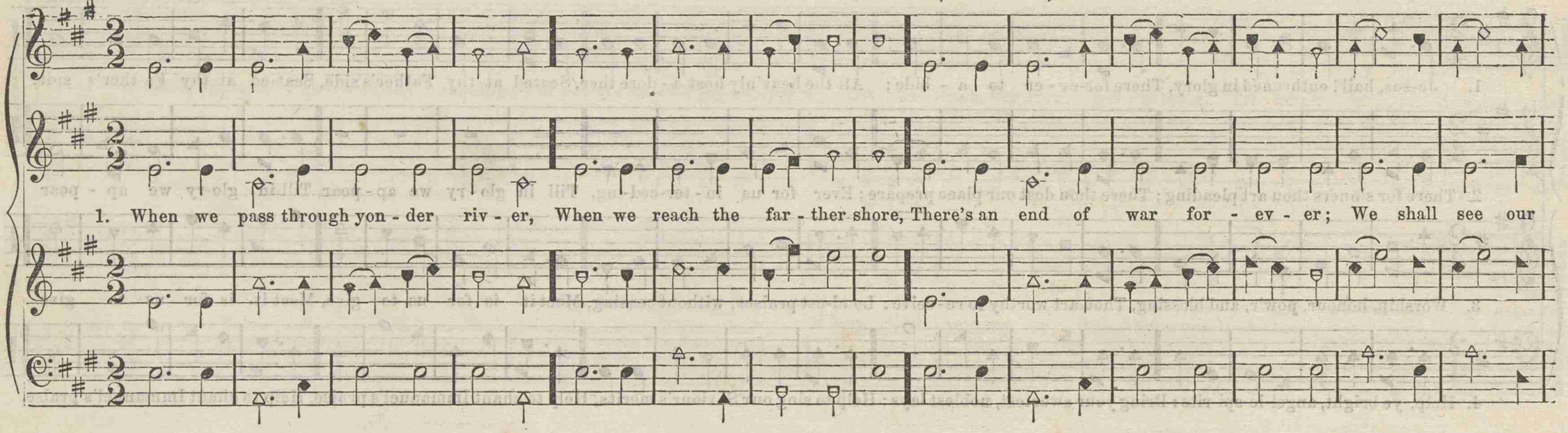
3. Mo - ney was not what he want - ed, Though by beg - ging used to live; But he ask'd and Je - sus grant-ed Alms which none but He could give.

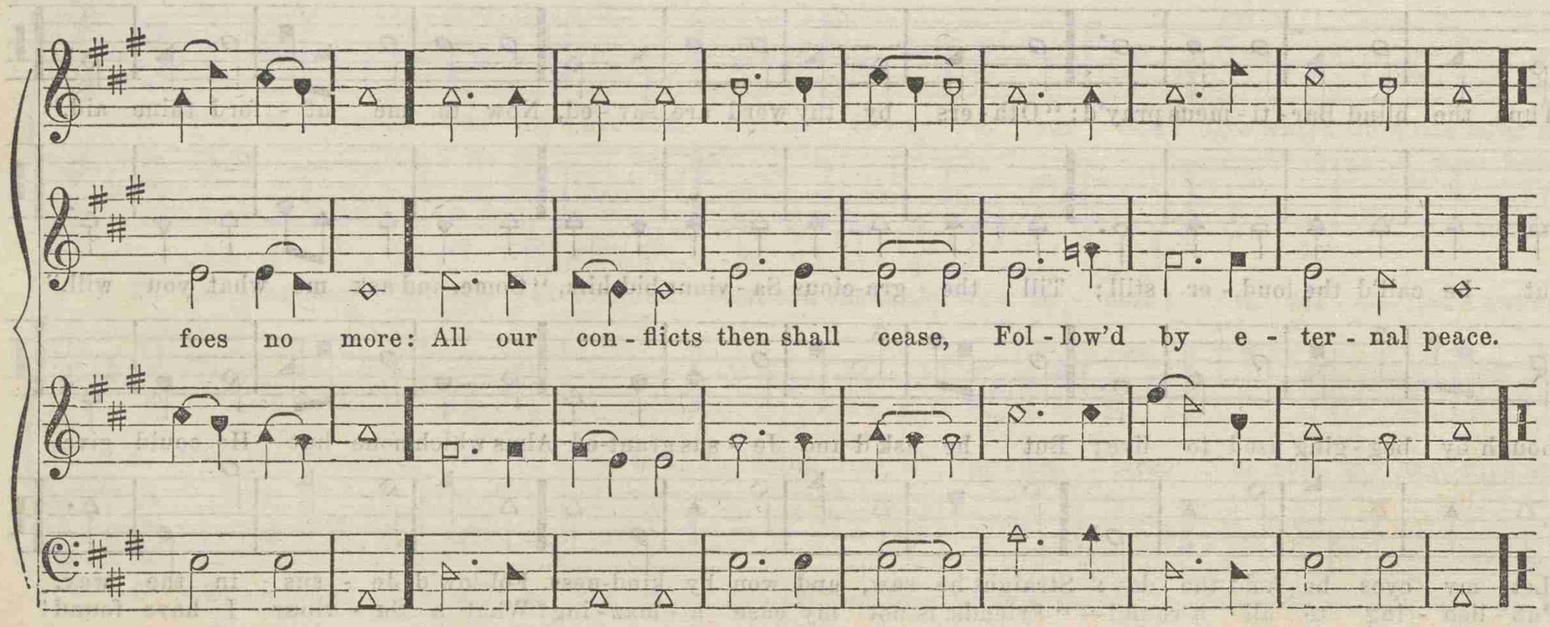
4. "Lord, re-move this griev-ous blind-ness, Let my eyes be - hold the day:" Straight he saw, and, won by kind-ness, Fol-low'd Je - sus in the way.

5. Oh, me-thinks I hear him prais-ing, Pub - lish - ing to all a-round— "Friends, is not my case a - maz - ing? What a Sa - viour I have found!

6. "Oh that all the blind but knew him, And would be ad-vised by me: Sure - ly they would has - ten to him, He would cause them all to see"

TORRINGTON. 8s & 7s. (6 LINES.)





2. After warfare, rest is pleasant:
   Oh how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present
   Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
All endear repose at last.

3. When we gain the heav'nly regions,
   When we touch the heav'nly shore,—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
   Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4. Oh that hope! how bright, how glorious!
   'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
   They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest

ZELL. 8s & 7s.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

BOST,
A Clergyman of Switzerland.

Praise to God, the great Creator, 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.

MESSINA. 8s & 7s.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

KOZELUCK.

1. Lord of heav'n, and earth, and o - cean, Hear us from thy bright a - bode, While our hearts, with true de - vo - tion, Own their great and gracious God.

2. Health and ev' - ry need - ful bless - ing Are thy bounteous gifts a - lone; Comforts un - de - served pos - sess-ing, Here we bend be - fore thy throne.

3. Thee, with hum - ble a - do - ra - tion, Lord, we praise for mer - cies past; Still to this most fa - vour'd na - tion May those mer - cies ev - er last.

LAWTON. 8s & 7s.

From "Devotional Harmonist," by permission. C. A. CADY.

1. The voice of my Be - lo - ved sounds, While o'er the moun-tain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with

2. The scat - ter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, The love - ly ver - nal flow'rs ap - pear, The warbling choir en-

trans - port fills: Gent - ly doth he chide my stay: "Rise, my love, and come a - way," "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

chants our ear; Now, with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

ROUSSEAU.

D. C.

1. Far from mor-tal cares re-treat-ing, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires,
   Here our will-ing footsteps meet-ing Ev'-ry heart to heav'n as-pires.
   Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claim-ing Peace and par-don from the skies.

From the fount of glo-ry beam-ing, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes,

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

(By permission.)

MODERATO.

D. C.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
   Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
   Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev'-ry long-ing heart.
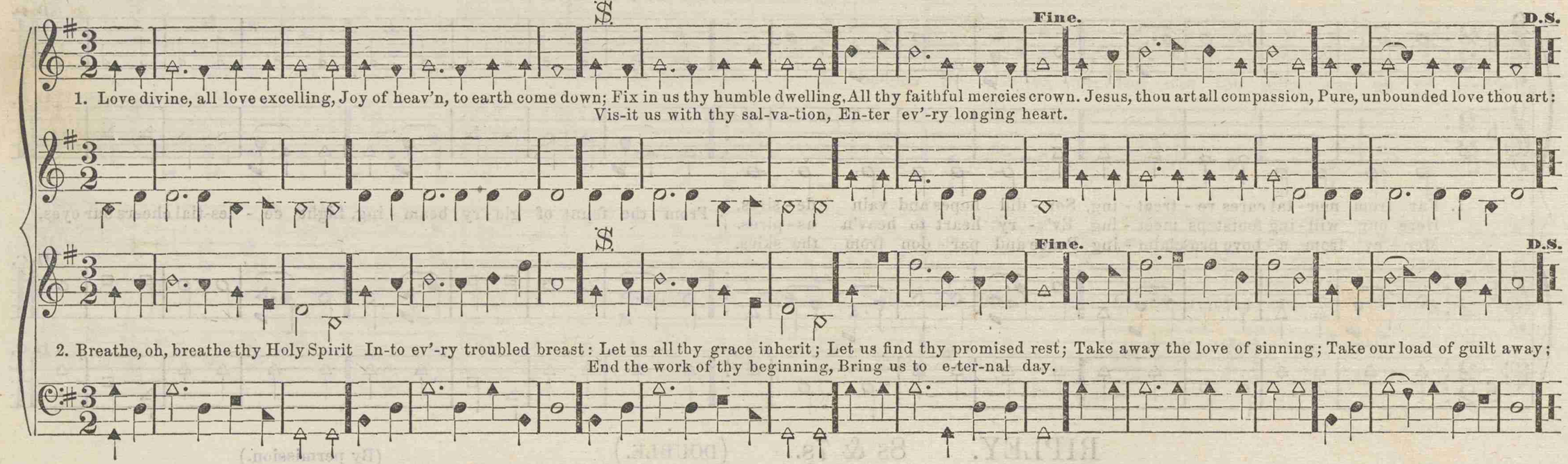
Je-sus, thou art pure com-pas-sion; Pure, un-bounded love thou art;

2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy Ho-ly Spir-it In-to ev'-ry trou-bled breast;
   Let us all thy grace in-her-it; Let us find thy promised rest:
   End the work of thy be-gin-ning; Bring us to e-ter-nal day.

Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Take our load of guilt a-way;
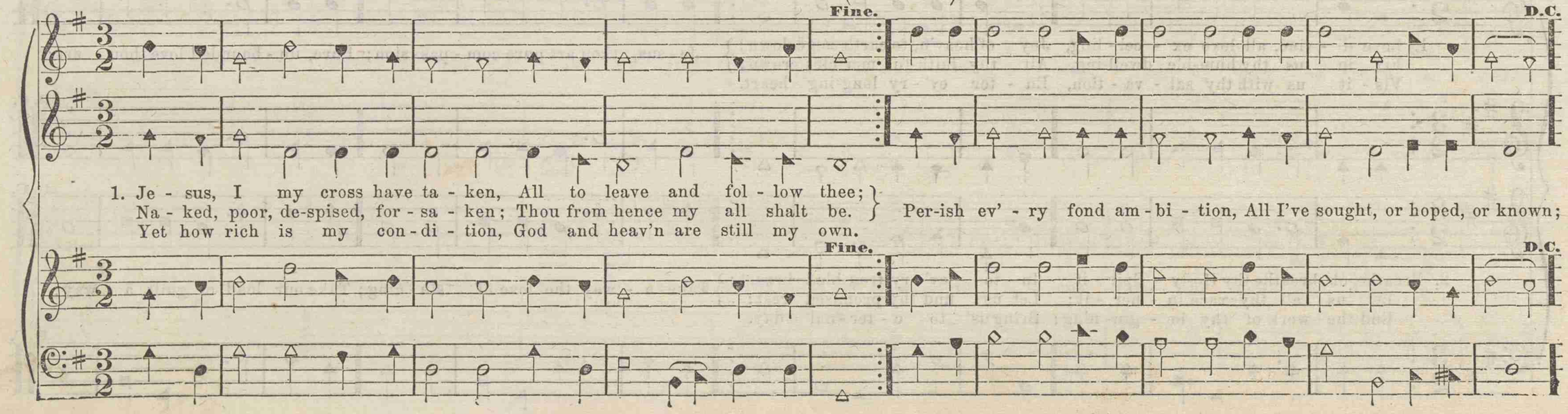
JAYNES. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

SPANISH MELODY.



BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

GERMAN AIR.



1. Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

2. Teach me some me - lo - dious mea - sure,

3. By thy hand sus - tain'd, de - fend - ed, Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe - ly, Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heav'n - ly home.

4. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,

5. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.

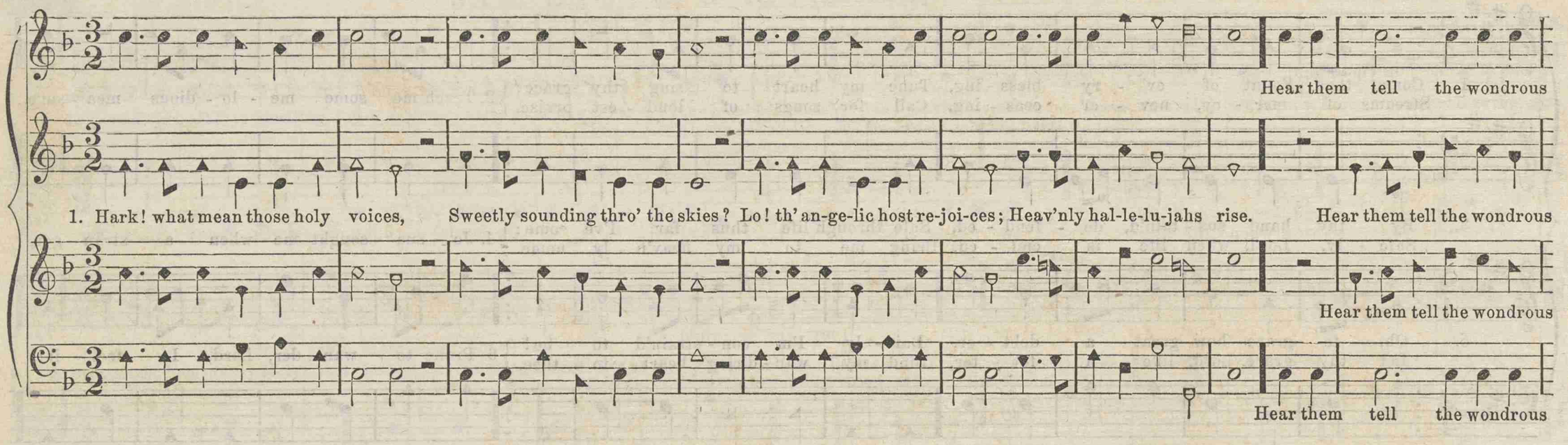
6. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it;
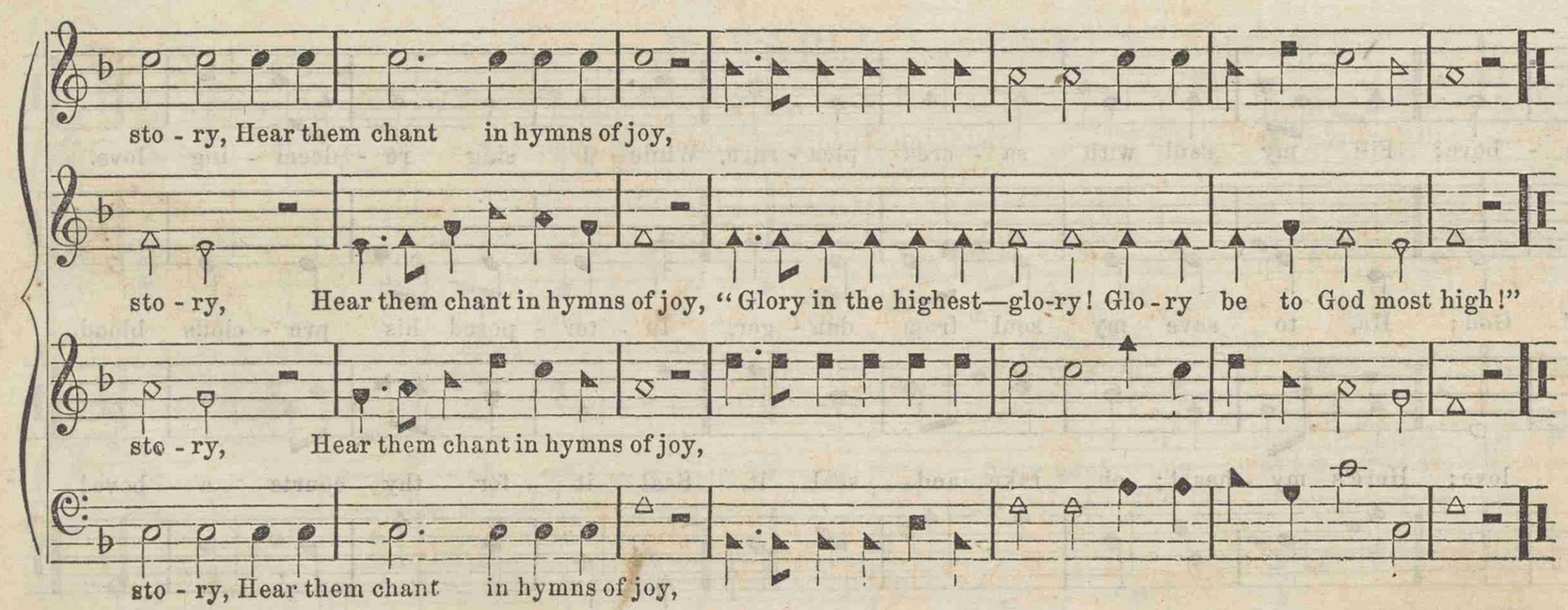
Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred plea - sure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.

Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove!

AMALAND. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)
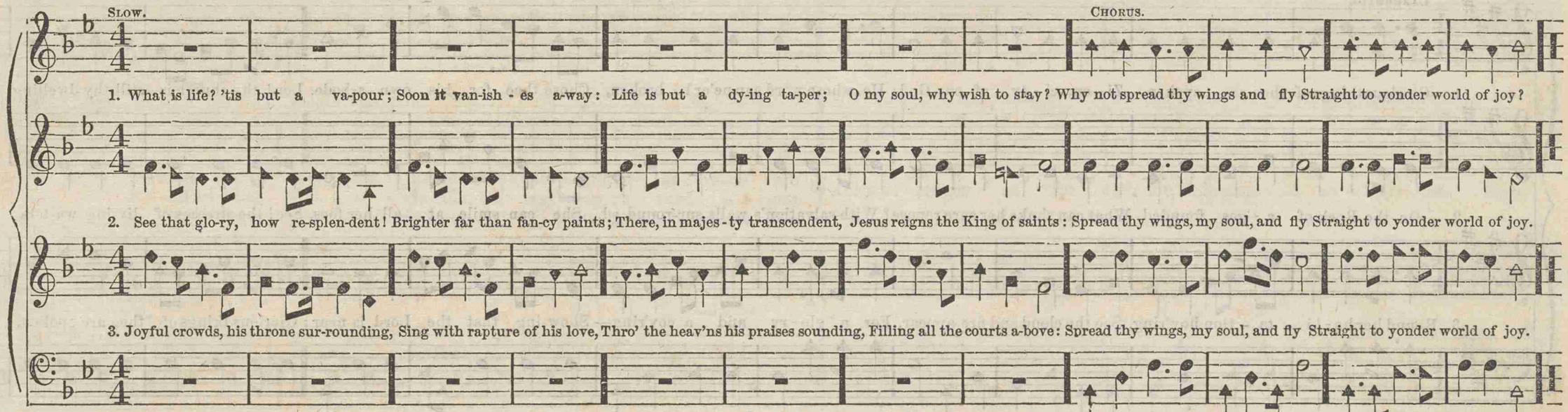




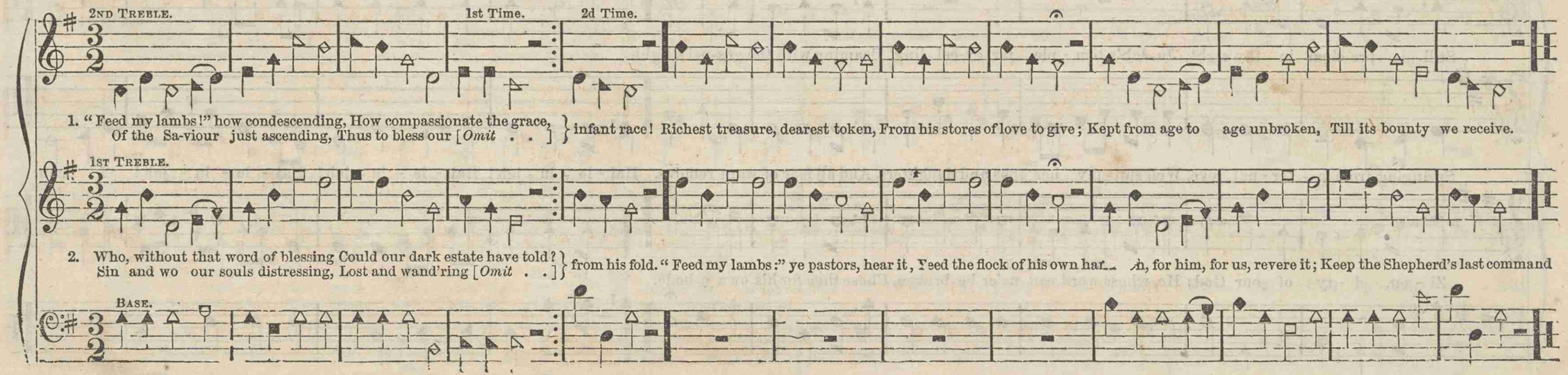
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
"Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

3. Sinners, learn that song of glory;
Hail the heav'nly kingdom nigh:
Spread abroad the wondrous story:
Shout in praise to God most high.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

CHADWICK. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)



BAXTER. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)



FAIRLAND. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE, WITH A CHORUS.)

From "The Psalmodist," by permission. WM. B. BRADBURY.

LARGHETTO.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a-bode. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,

2. On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake her sure repose? With salvation's walls sur-round-ed, She can smile at all her foes. See! the streams of liv-ing wa-ters

3. Round her ha - bi - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear, For a glo - ry and a cov'ring— Show-ing that the Lord is near: Glorious things of thee are spoken,

Still is pre-cious in thy sight, Ju-dah's tem - ple far ex-cel - ling, Beaming with the gos-pel's light.

Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply her sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A men.

Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a-bode.

SHIELDS. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

Saviour, vis - it 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.
Lest, for want of thy as - sistance, Ev' - ry plant should droop and die.

Keep no longer at a distance, Shine up - on us from on high,

D. C.

OLNEY. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

CHAPIN.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove:

2. Here I'll raise mine E - be - ne - zer, Hi - ther, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.

Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand' - ring from the fold of God,

D. C.

LENA. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

BELKNAP.

TENDERLY, DISTINCTLY

1. See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gas - ping! hear him cry - ing! See his bur - den'd bo - som heave! . . . .

2. See the rocks and mountains sha - king, Earth un - to her cen - tre qua - king, Na - ture's groans a - wake the dead; . . . . .

3. Heav - en's bright, me - lo - dious le - gions, Chant - ing to the tune - ful re - gions, Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string; . . . .

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

Look on Phœ - bus, struck with won - der, While the peals of le - gal thun - der Smite the blest Re - deem-er's head.

Songs se - ra - phic all sus - pend - ed, Till the might - y war is end - ed By the all - vic - to - rious King.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

From "The Psalmodist," by permission. T. HASTINGS.

1. On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
   Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos-tile lands:
   Mourning captive, God him-self shall loose thy bands, Mourning cap-tive, God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God him-self ap-pears thy friend;
   All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their boasted tri-umphs end:
   Great de - liv'rance Zi - on's King will surely send, Great de - liv'rance Zi-on's King will surely send.

3. En - e - mies no more shall trou-ble, All thy wrongs shall be re-dress'd;
   For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Ma-ker's fa-vour bless'd;
   All thy con-flicts End in an e - ter - nal rest, All thy con-flicts End in an e - ter - nal rest.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
   I am weak, but thou art migh - ty; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:
   Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

WAYNSVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Songs a - new of hon - our fram - ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone,
All his won - drous works pro - claim - ing— Je - sus won - drous works hath done!
Glo - rious vic - t'ry His right hand and arm hath won.

2. Shout a - loud—and hail the Sa - viour; Je - sus, Lord of all pro-claim;
As ye tri - umph in his fa - vour, All ye lands, de - clare his fame:
Loud re - joic-ing— Shout the hon - ours of his name!

STANHOPE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r:
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, doubt no more, He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, doubt no more.

2. Let no sense of guilt pre-vent you, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fit - ness he re - qui-reth Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spi-rit's ris-ing beam, This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spi-rit's ris - ing beam.

3. A - go - niz - ing in the garden, Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him; There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
"It is finish'd, It is finish'd;" Heav'n's a - ton-ing sa - cri - fice, "It is finish'd, It is finish'd;" Heav'n's aton-ing sa - cri - fice.

4. Lo! th' incar-nate God, as-cend-ed, Pleads the mer-it of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly; Let no oth-er trust in trude:
None but Je-sus, None but Je - sus Can do help-less sin-ners good, None but Jesus, None but Je-sus Can do help-less sinners good

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry! See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der—

2. "It is fin - ish'd!"—oh, what plea - sure Do these pre - cious words af - ford? Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out mea - sure,

3. Tune your harps a - new, ye se - raphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme: All in earth, and all in hea - ven,
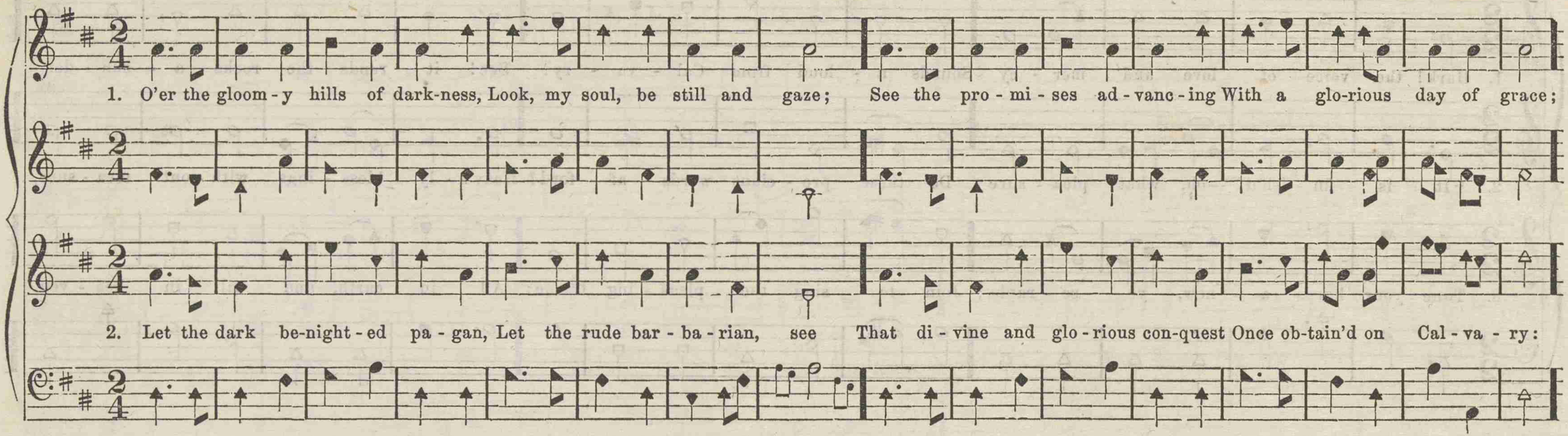
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky! *Slow.* "It is fin - ish'd!" "It is fin - ish'd!" Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry.
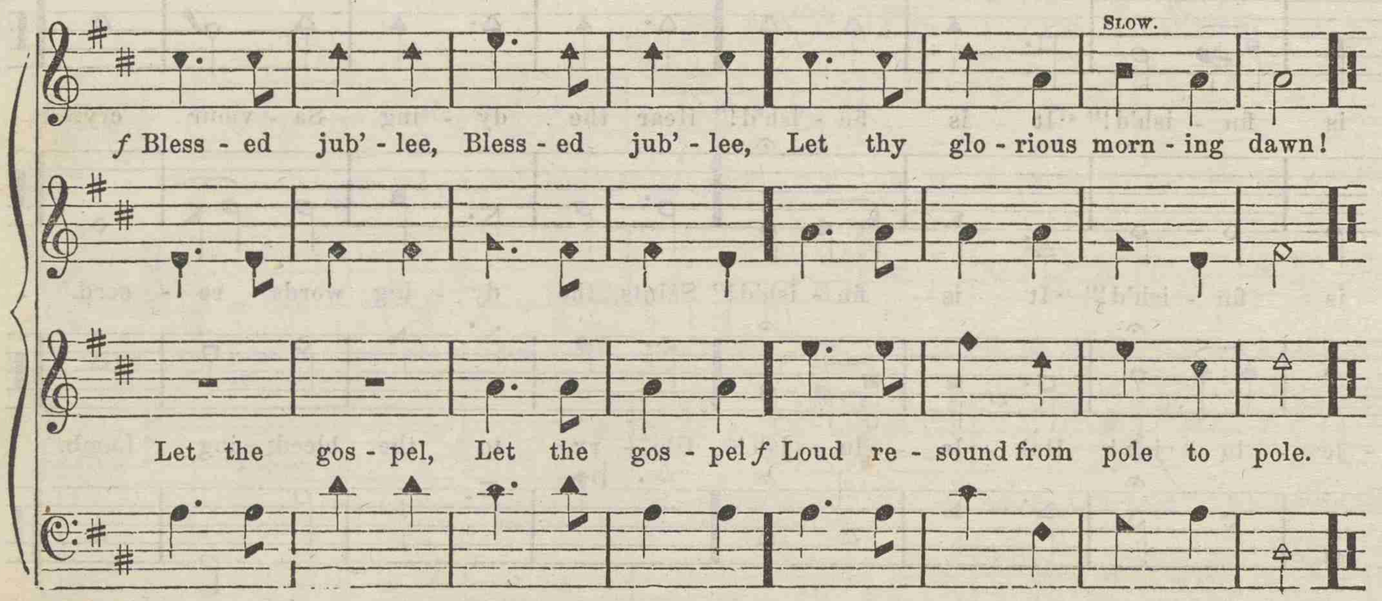
Flow to us through Christ the Lord. *Slow.* "It is fin - ish'd!" "It is fin - ish'd!" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.

Join to praise Im - ma - nuel's name: *f* Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

S. B. POND.





3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4. *f* 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.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but thou art migh-ty; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fie - ry cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through:
Strong De - liv' - rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side:
Bear me through the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

BILLOW. 8s, 7s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

IN A GENTLE, EXPRESSIVE MANNER.

First time. . . . . Second time. . . . . .

1. Star of peace to wand'rers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
4. Star di-vine, oh, safe - ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore temp - ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
5. Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

EVNAL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos-tile lands: } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Lo! thy Sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee: Here their boasted triumphs end: } Great deliv'rance Zion's King will surely send, Great deliv'rance Zion's King will surely send, Zion's King will sure - ly send.

3. En-e-mies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favour blest: All thy conflicts End in an e - ter - nal rest, All thy con-flicts End in an e - ter-nal rest, End in an e - ter - nal rest.

PERON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Three beats to the measure. One beat to the 𝅗𝅥. or its value.

1. While the vale of death ap-pears, Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Re-deemer, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the darksome way; } Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Ush-er in Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

2. Upward from this dy-ing state, Bid my wait-ing soul as - pire;
O-pen thou the crys-tal gate, To thy praise at-tune my lyre; } Then tri-umph-ant, Then triumphant, I will join I will join th' im-mor - tal choir.

f Fly a - broad, thou migh - ty gos - pel; Win and conquer—nev - er cease!
May thy last - ing, wide do - mi - nions Mul - ti - ply and still in - crease!
} Sway thy scep-tre, Sway thy scep-tre, Saviour, all the world around.

CORDOVA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REV. DR. MALAN.

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 righteous, Not the righteous— Sinners Je - sus came to call.

2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of him:
} This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spi - rit's ris - ing beam.

COBURN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1: Sinners, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above? Ev'ry sentence, oh, how tender! Ev'ry line is full of love: Listen to it, Listen to it: Ev'ry line is full of love.

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel News from Zion's King proclaim: "Pardon to each rebel sinner; Free forgiveness in his name:" How important! How important! "Free forgiveness," &c.

KENNET. 4s & 6s.

SLOW.

1. An-oth-er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here a trav'ller in the vale.

2. Ah! not a few Who seem'd life's toils to brave, Are hid from view With-in the si-lent grave.

3. Why am I spared To see an-oth-er year? Why have I shared So man-y mer-cies here?

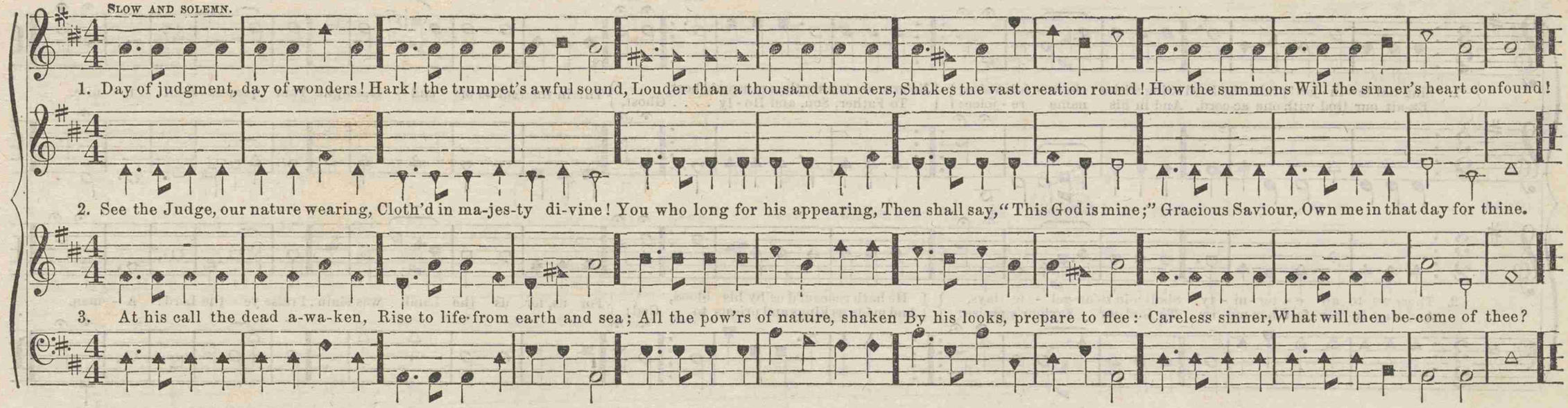
4. 'Tis not my birth,
For I was born in sin;
'Tis not my worth,
For I've a heart unclean.

5. From God alone
My mercies I receive;
To him alone
I would for ever live.

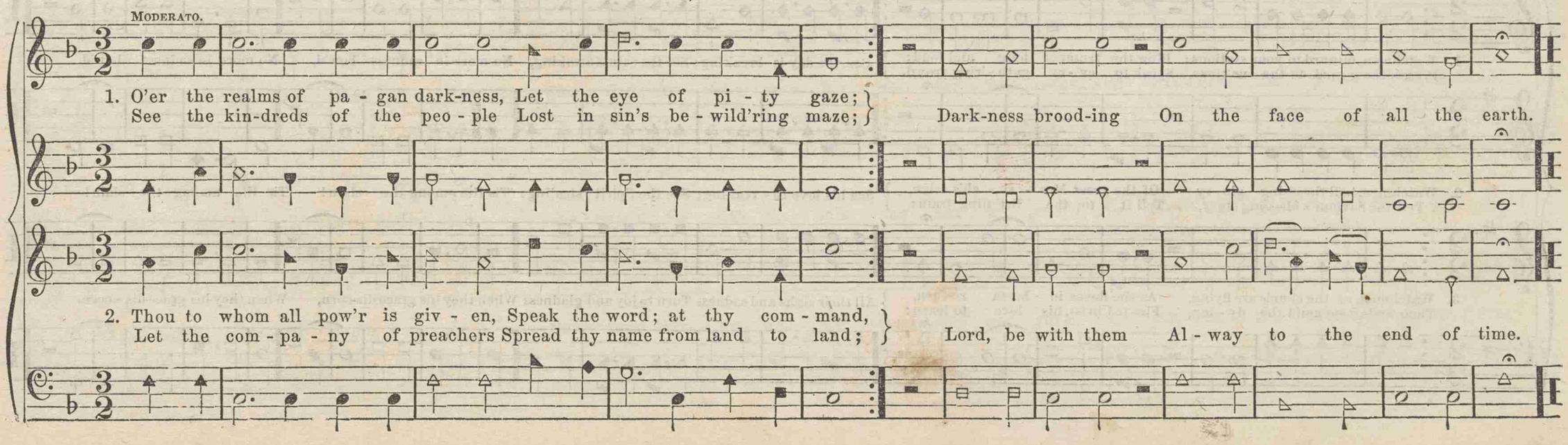
6. Then aid my tongue,
Companions on the road,
To raise a song
Of gratitude to God.

7. Hallelujah!
Let all their voices raise;
Hallelujah!
To God be all the praise.

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.



PUTNEY. 8s, 7s & 4s.



KEYSBURG. 8s & 6s.

1st. 2d.

1. Sing hal-le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice; } { Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
Ex-alt our God with one ac-cord, And in his name re - joice: } { To Father, Son, and Ho - ly . . . . Ghost, } Till in the realms of end - less light Your praises shall u - nite.

2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th'an-gel - ic lays, } { He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And sing in per - fect har-mo - ny To God our Saviour's praise; } { And made us kings and priests to God: } For us, for us the Lamb was slain: Praise ye the Lord! A - men.

LANGDON. 8s, 7s & 6s.

1. Watchmen, onward to your stations; Blow the trumpet long and loud; } See, the day is breaking; See the saints awaking, No more in sadness bow'd, No more in sadness bow'd.
Preach the gospel to the na-tions, Speak to ev'-ry gath - 'ring crowd. }

2. Watchmen, hail the rising glo - ry Of the great Mes - si - ah's reign, } See his love re - veal-ing; See the Spirit stealing; 'Tis life among the slain! 'Tis life among the slain!
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story, Tell it to the list'-ning train: }

3. Watchmen, as the clouds are flying, As the doves in haste re-turn, } All their sighs and sadness Turn to joy and gladness When they his grace dis-cern, When they his grace dis - cern.
Thousands, from amid the dy - ing, Flee to Christ, his love to learn: }

1. Be - hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From con-quest to con-quest pro - ceeds, From con-quest to con - quest pro - ceeds:

2. His word he sends forth From south to the north; From east and from west it is heard, From east and from west it is heard:

3. To Je - sus a - lone, Who sits on the throne, Sal - va - tion and glo - ry be - long, Sal - va - tion and glo - ry be - long:

How hap - py are they Who live in this day, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds!

The reb - el is charm'd, The foe is dis - arm'd; No day like this day has ap pear'd, No day like this day has ap - pear'd.

All hail, bless - ed name, For - ev - er the same, Our joy, and the theme of our song, Our joy, and the theme of our song!

LUCAS. 5s & 11s. (IRREGULAR.)

"From the Choir by Permission"

1. Come, let us a-new Our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear: His a-do-ra-ble

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift-ly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive mo-ment re-fu-ses to stay: The ar-row is

3. Oh that each, in the day Of his coming, may say, "I have fought my way through; I have fin-ish'd the work which thou gav'st me to do!" Oh that each from his

will Let us glad-ly ful-fil, And our talents im-prove, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la-bour of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la-bour of love.

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 to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's here.

Lord May re-ceive the glad word, "Well and faithful-ly done, En-ter in-to my joy, and sit down on my throne! En-ter in-to my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear:

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And th' fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fu - ses to stay:

3. Oh that each, in the day of his com - ing, may say, "I have fought my way through; I have fin - ish'd the work which thou gav'st me to do."

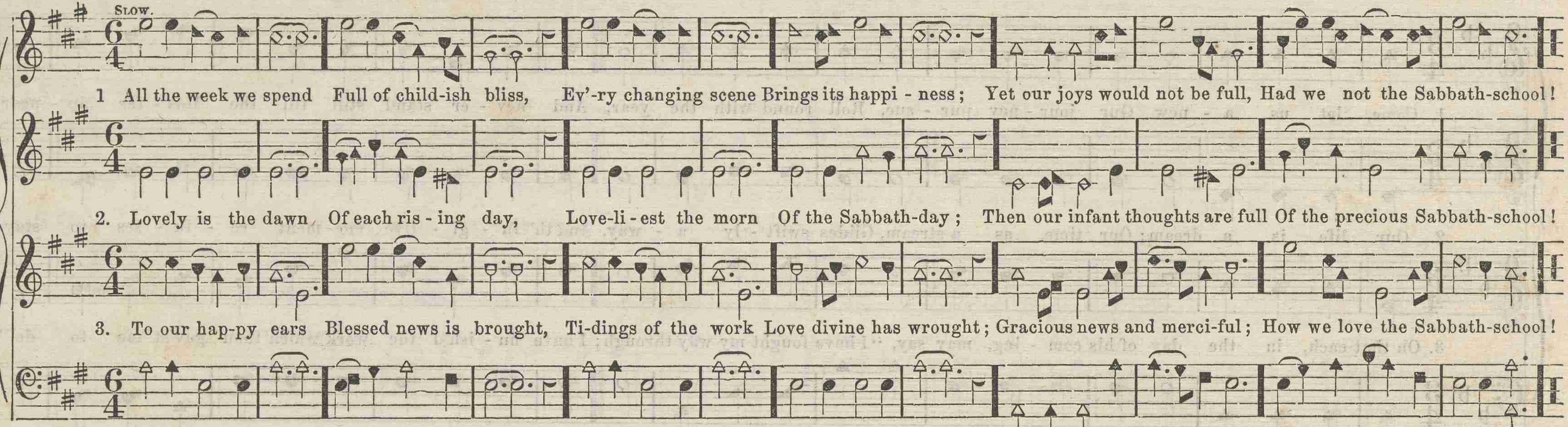
His a - do - ra - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our ta - lents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, And the la - bour of love.

The ar - row is flown, The mo - ment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year Rush - es on to our view, And e - ter - ni - ty's here.

Oh that each from his Lord May re - ceive the glad word, "Well and faith-ful - ly done, En - ter in - to my joy, And sit down on my throne."
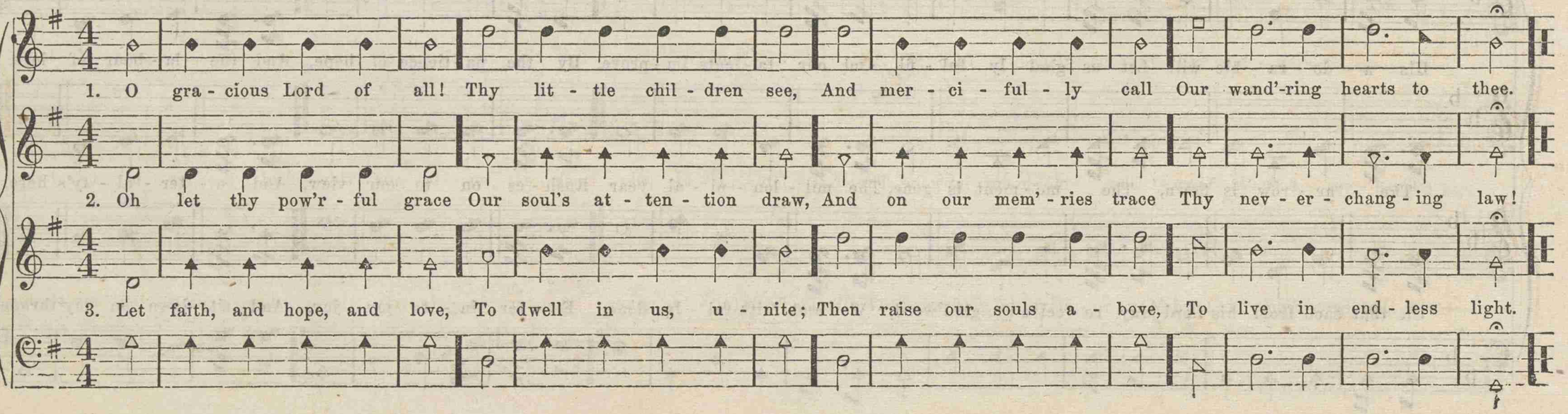
TOBASCO. 5s & 7s.

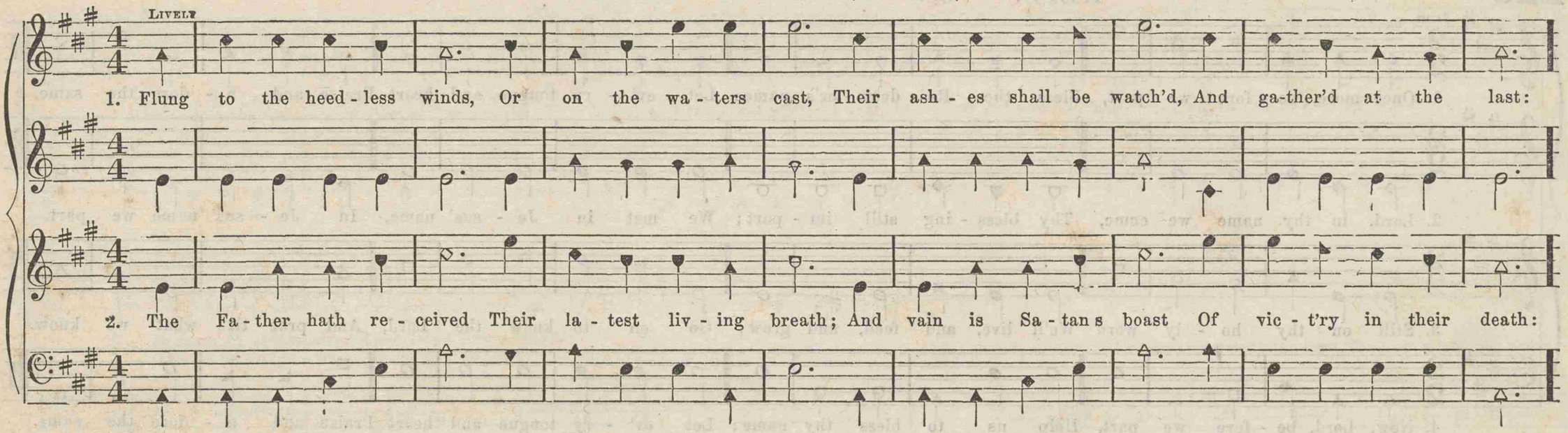
M. W. WILSON.
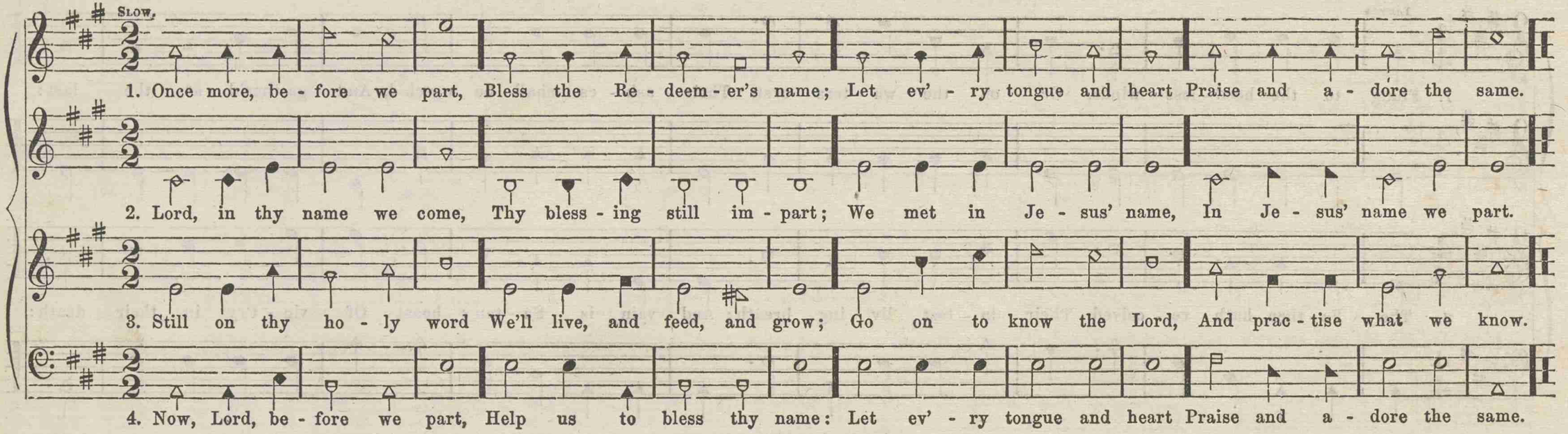


MARSTON. 6s.

COLLIER.
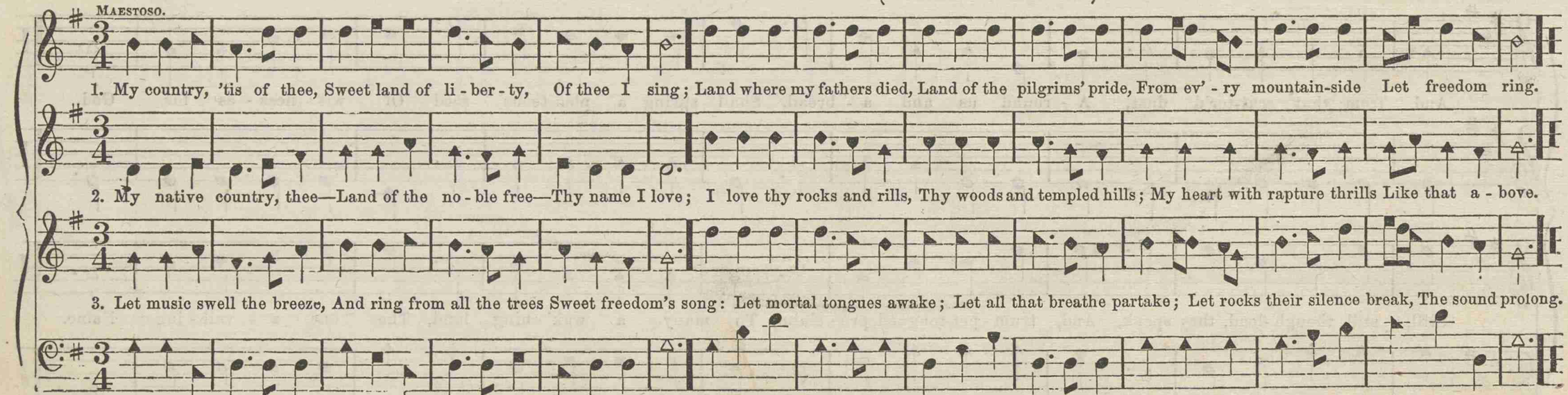



LIVELY
1. Flung to the heed - less winds, Or on the wa - ters cast, Their ash - es shall be watch'd, And ga-ther'd at the last:
2. The Fa - ther hath re - ceived Their la - test liv - ing breath; And vain is Sa - tan s boast Of vic - t'ry in their death:
And from that scat-ter'd dust, A - round us and a - broad, Shall spring a plen-teous seed Of wit - ness - es for God.
Still, still, though dead, they speak, And, trum - pet-tongued, pro - claim, To many a wak' - ning land, The one a - vail - ing Name.
P

ALPS. 6s.



AMERICA. 6s & 4s. (NATIONAL HYMN.)



BETHEL. 6s.

ANDANTE.

1st. 2d.

1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or on the wa-ters cast,
Their ashes shall be watch'd, And gather'd at the last: } And from that scatter'd dust, Around us and abroad, Shall spring a plen - teous seed Of wit-ness-es for God.

2. Je-sus hath now received Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Sa-tan's boast Of vic-t'ry in their death; } For still, tho' dead, they speak, And loud from heav'n proclaim To many a-wak'ning land The one a-vail-ing Name.

UNITY. 6s & 5s. (PECULIAR.)

AFFETTUOSO.

DIM. AD LIB.

1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!

2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never, no, never.

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Saviour; May we all there unite, Hap - py for - ev-er: Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispel Never, no, never!

4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever: Our hearts will then repose Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Never, no, never!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa-viour di-vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my Guide: Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Bless'd Saviour, then, in love, Fear and dis-tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-som'd soul.

BARRINGTON. 6s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

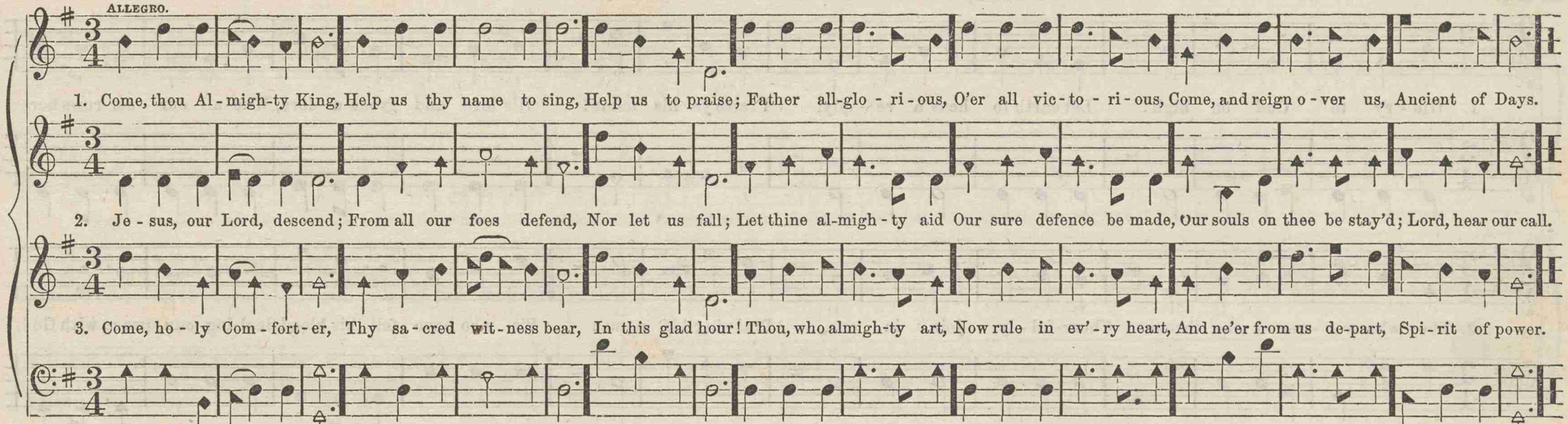
DR. L. MASON.

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dismay, Wait not for to - mor-row; Yield thee to - day. Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room:
Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.
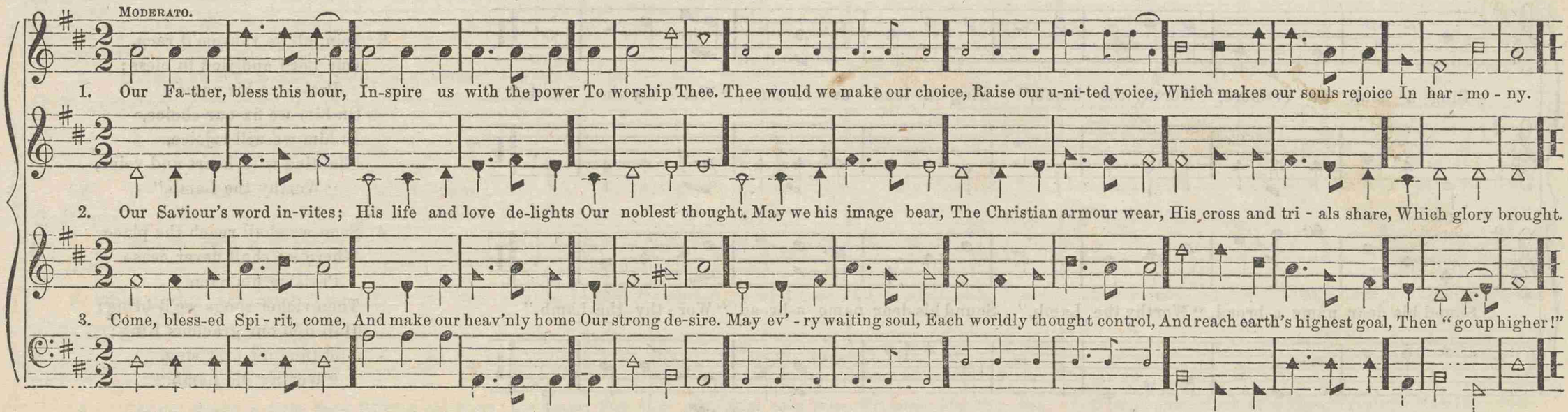
2. Child of sin and sor-row, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high. Grieve not that love Which from a - bove,
Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring thee nigh.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.
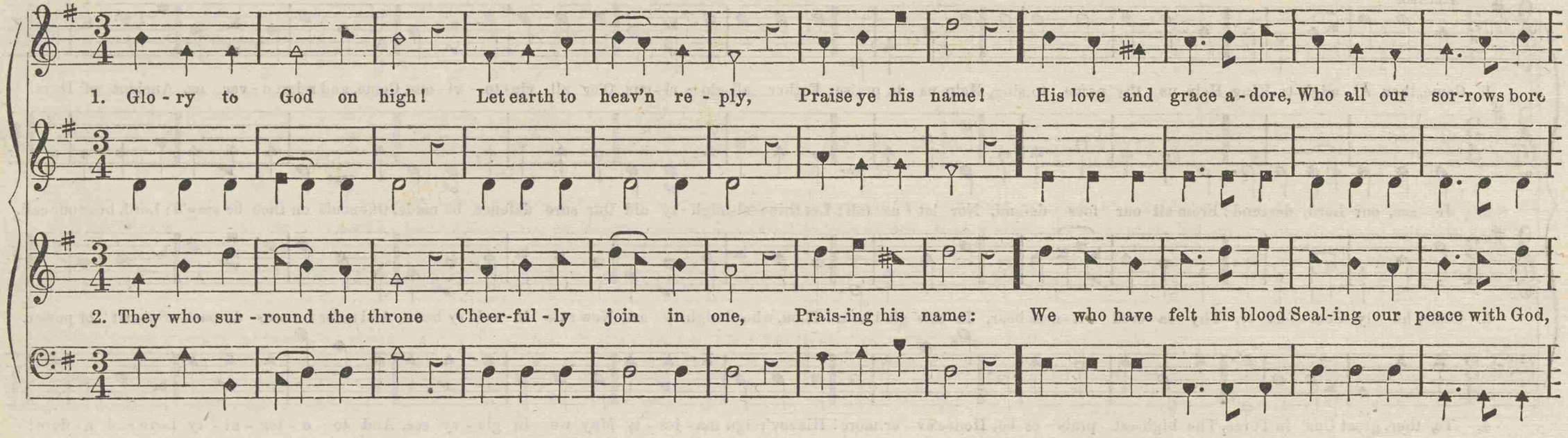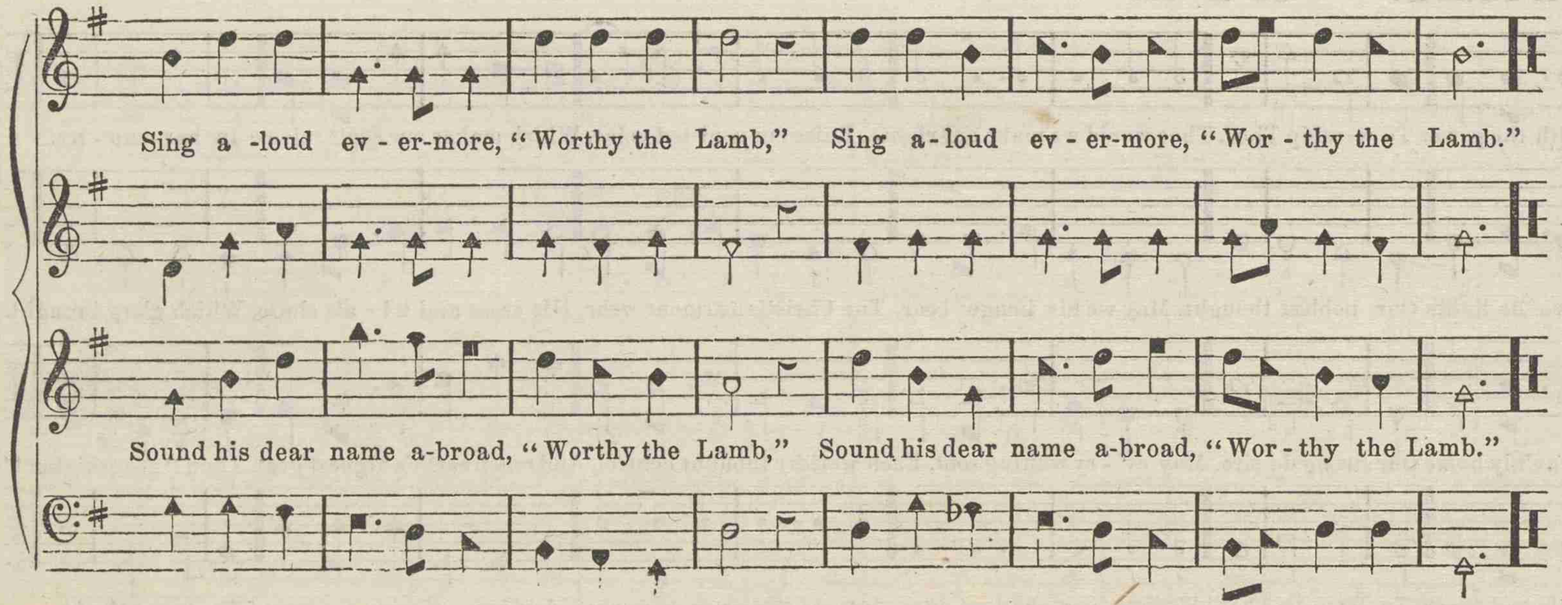


BAYLEY. 6s & 4s.



WICKHAM. 6s & 4s.
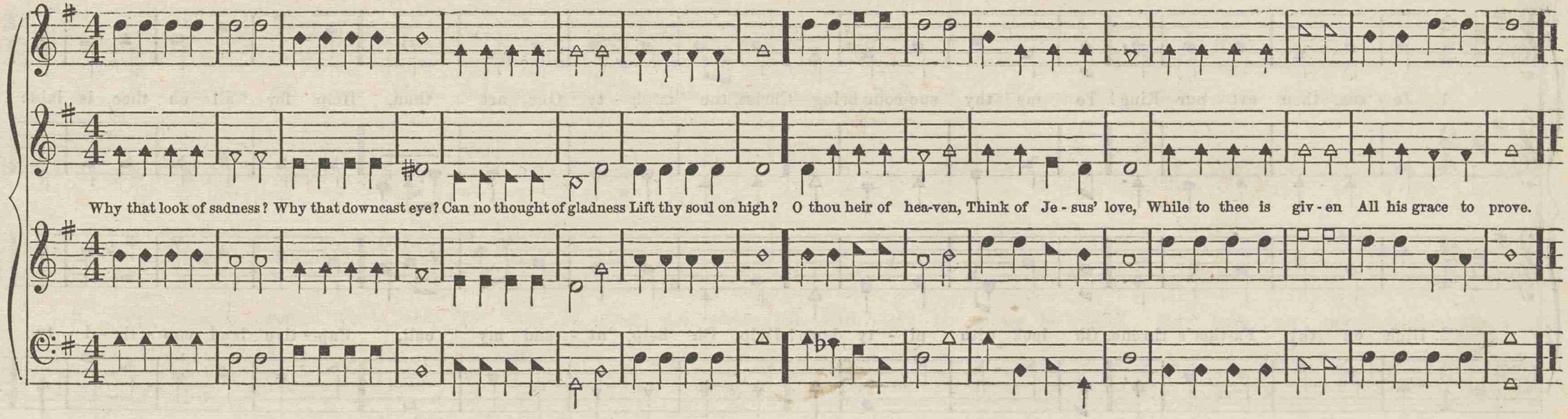
English Theme.



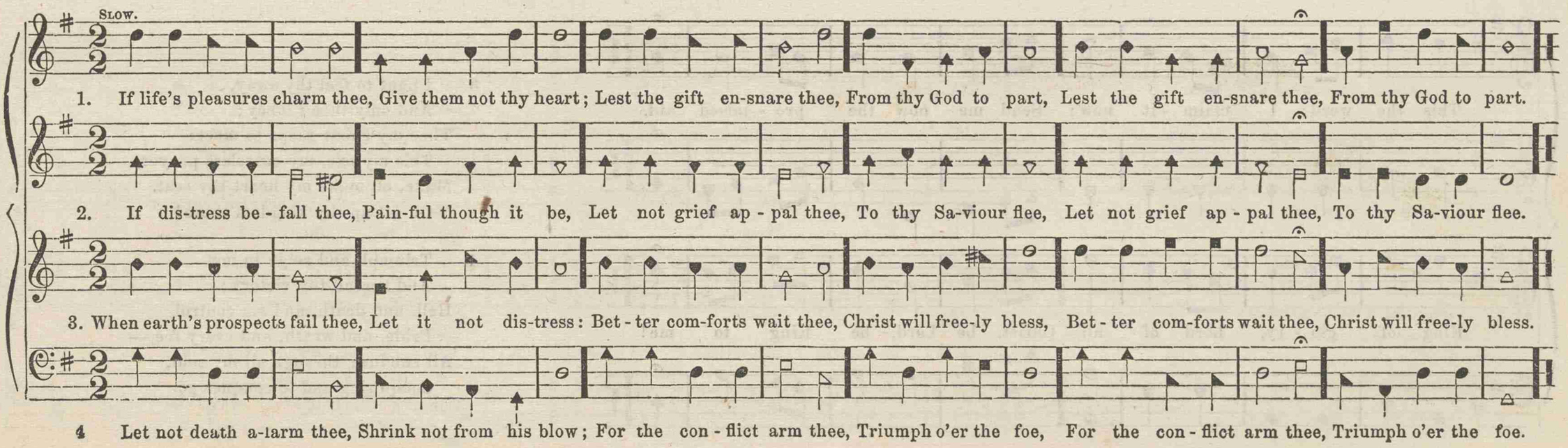


3. Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."
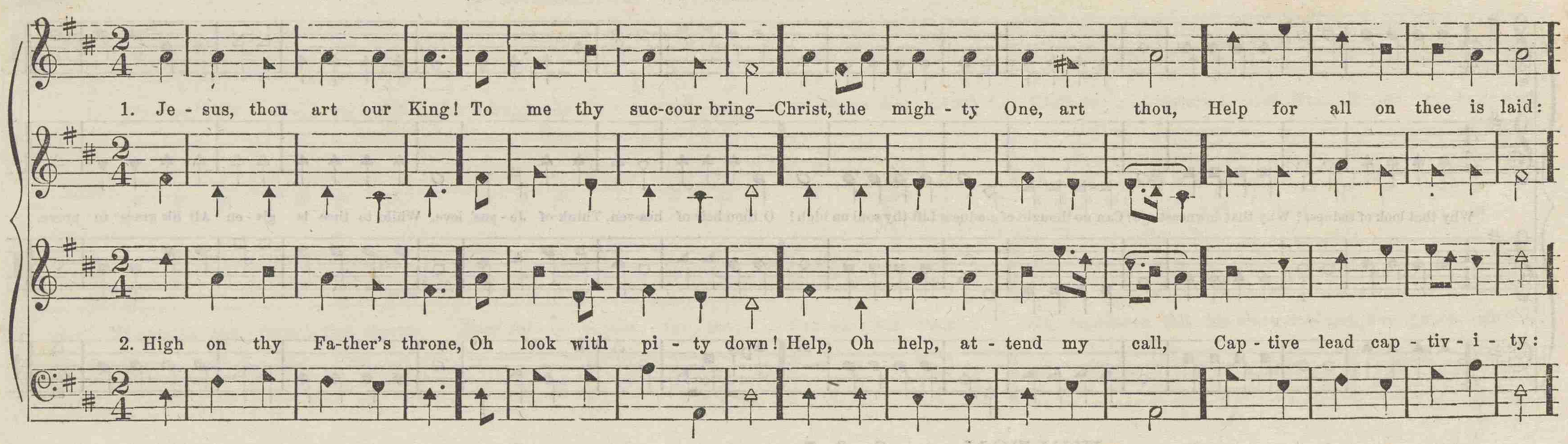
4. Soon we shall reach the place
Where we shall never cease
Praising his name;
Then richer songs we'll bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And thus for ever sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."
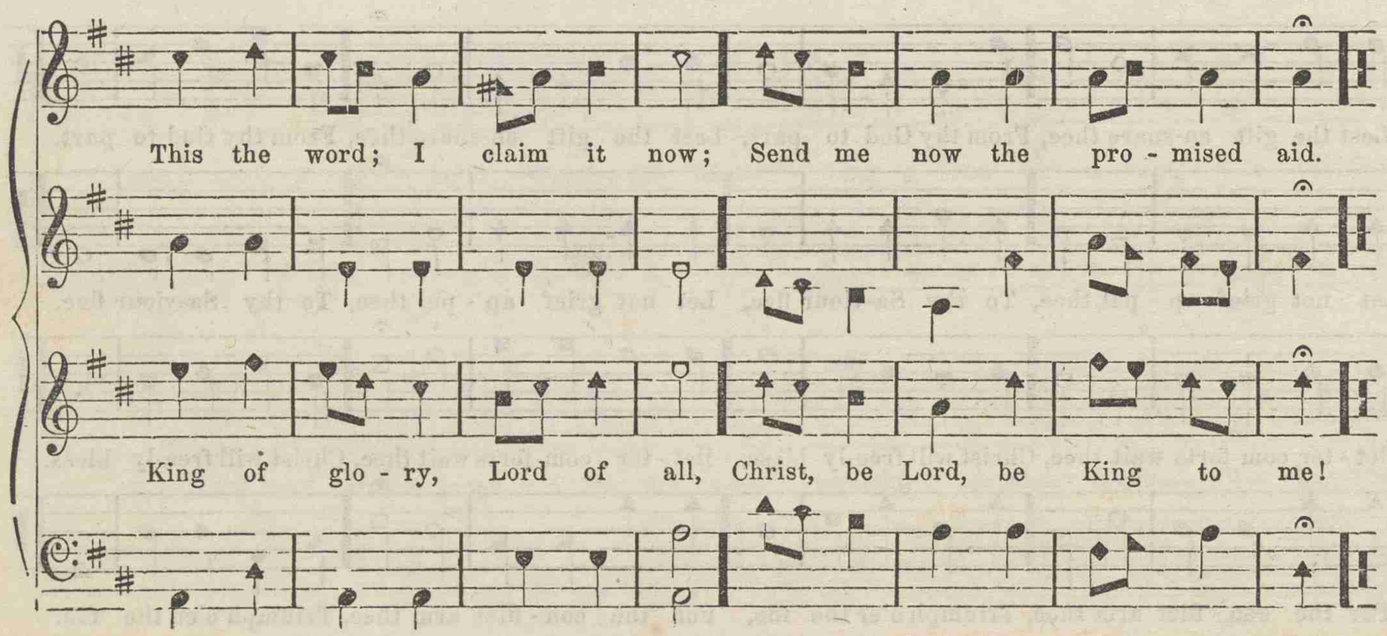

Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of hea-ven, Think of Je-sus' love, While to thee is giv-en All his grace to prove.

WELTON. 6s & 5s.


Slow.
1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart; Lest the gift en-snare thee, From thy God to part, Lest the gift en-snare thee, From thy God to part.
2. If dis-tress be-fall thee, Pain-ful though it be, Let not grief ap-pal thee, To thy Sa-viour flee, Let not grief ap-pal thee, To thy Sa-viour flee.
3. When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not dis-tress: Bet-ter com-forts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless, Bet-ter com-forts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless.
4 Let not death a-larm thee, Shrink not from his blow; For the con-flict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe, For the con-flict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe.
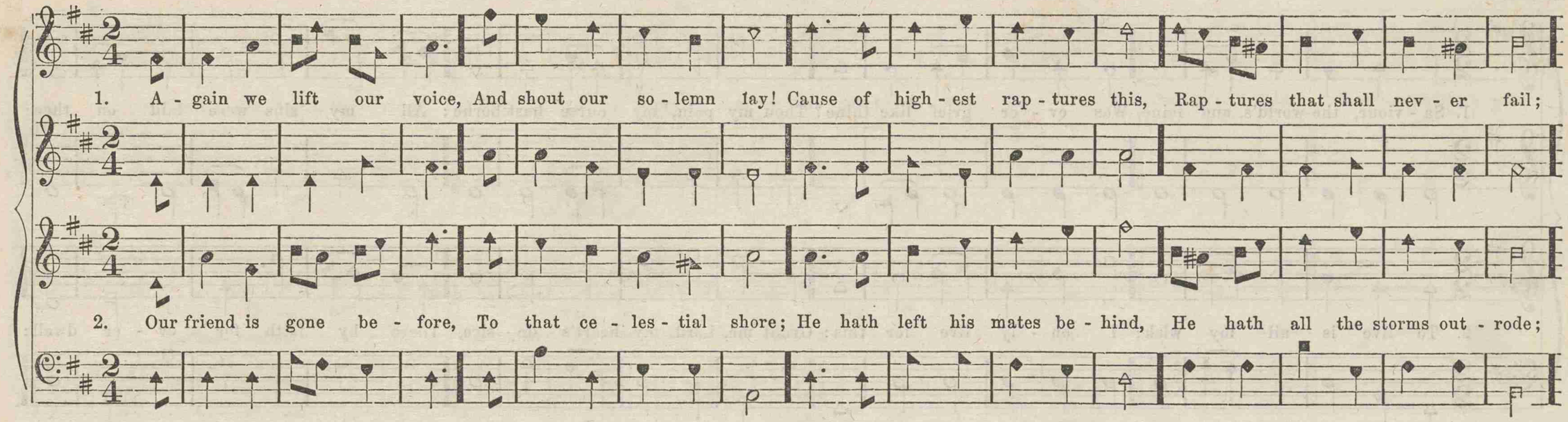
IRENE. 6s & 7s.
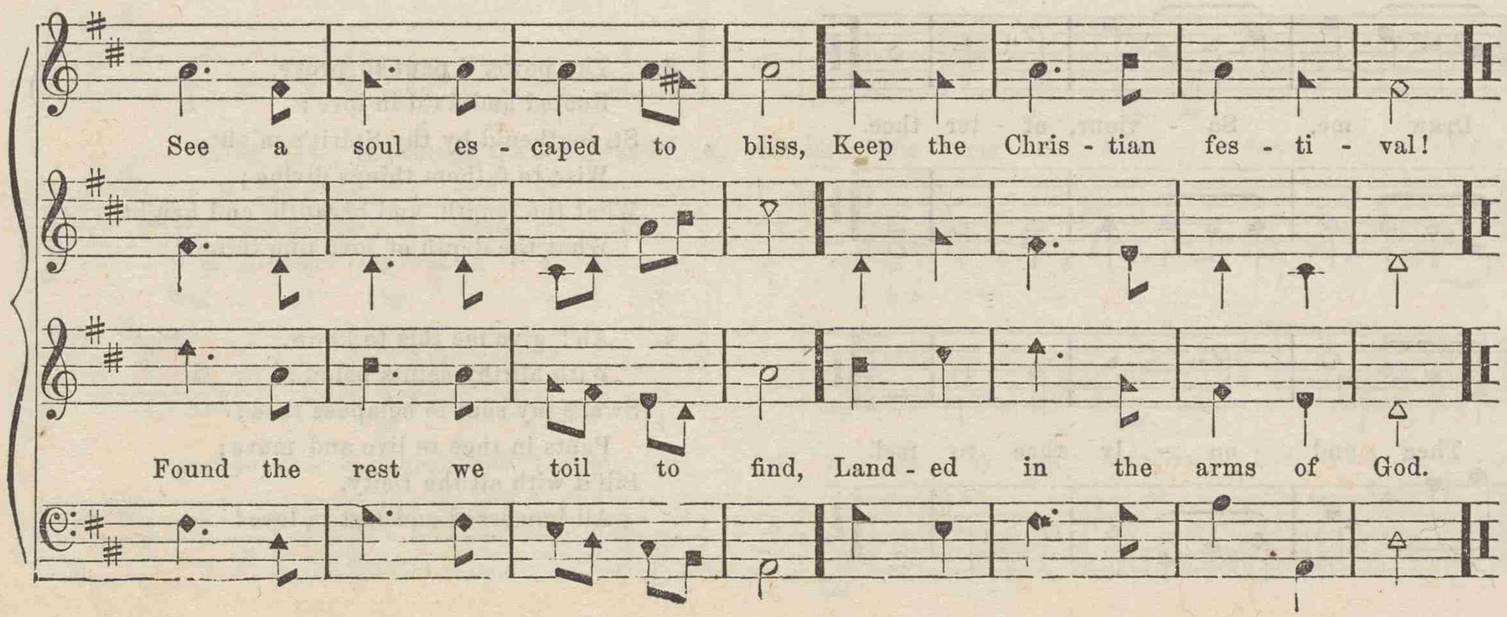




3. I pant to feel thy sway,
   And only thee t' obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet:
   This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, oh make my heart thy seat,
   Oh set up thy kingdom there!

4. Triumph and reign in me,
   And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
   Pride, and wrath, and every foe,—
All subdue; through all my soul,
   Conqu'ring and to conquer go.
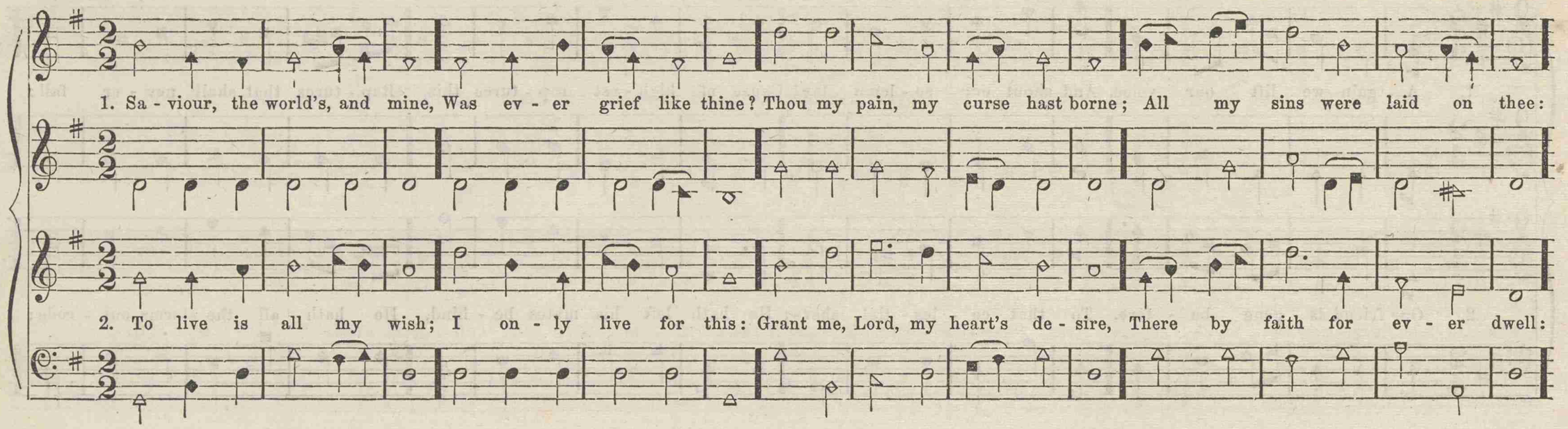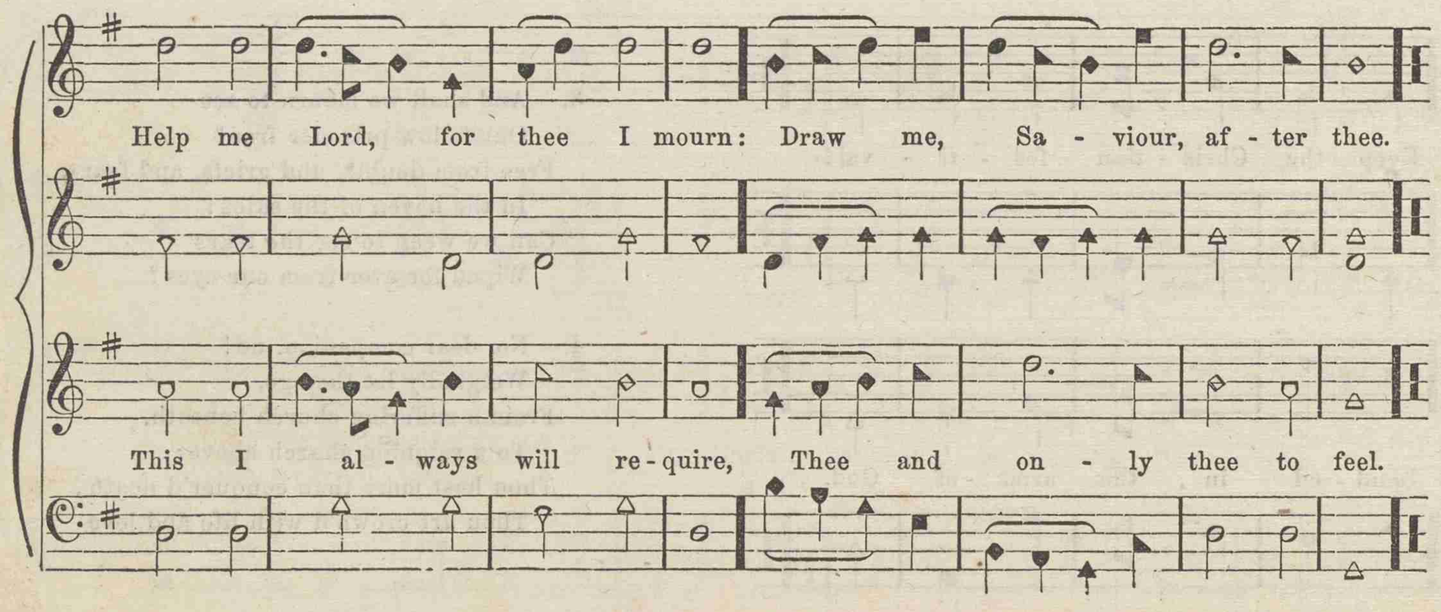




3. And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies:
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from our eyes?

4. No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquer'd death,
Thou art crown'd with life and love
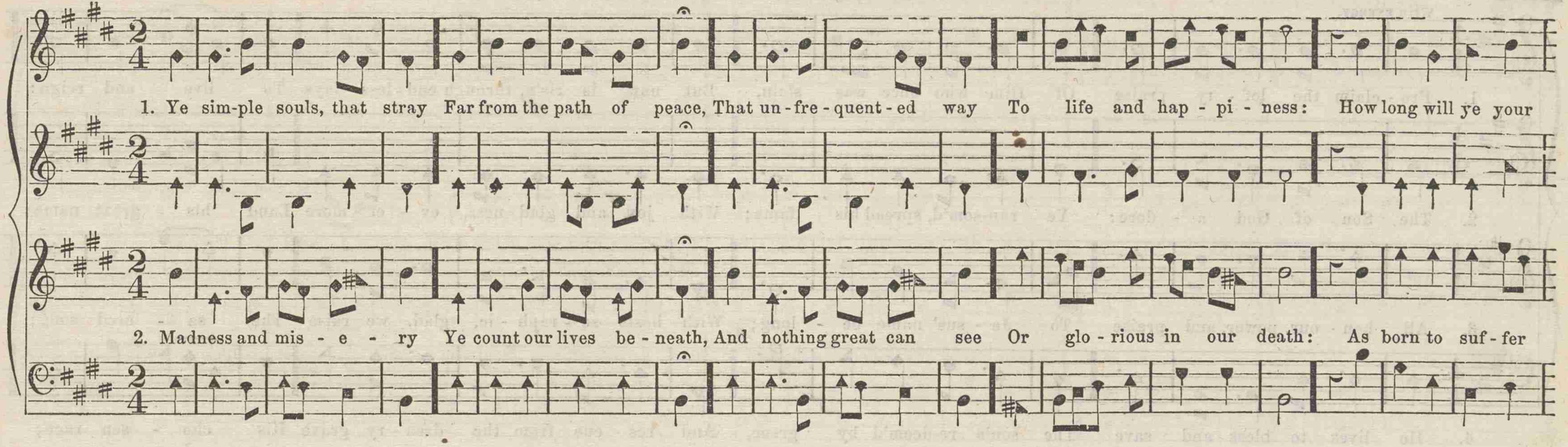
CURFEW. 6s & 7s.





3. Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine;
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine!

4. Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee:
Pants in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!



3. Poor, pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes;
More irksome than a gaping tomb
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful despair.

4. So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise;
Our conscience, in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things,
For He whose blood is all our boast
Hath made us priests and kings.

CULLODEN. 6s, 8s & 4s.

WITH ENERGY.

1. Pro - claim the lof - ty praise Of Him who once was slain, But now is ris'n, through end - less days To live and reign:

2. The Son of God a - dore: Ye ran-som'd, spread his fame; With joy and glad - ness, ev - er - more Laud his great name:

3. All hon - our, power, and praise To Je - sus' name be - long; With hosts se - raph - ic, glad, we raise The sa - cred song:

4. He lives to bless and save The souls re-deem'd by grace, And res - cue from the drea - ry grave His cho - sen race;

He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood, En-throned a - bove the far - thest sky, Our Sa - viour God.

Let ev' - ry tongue con - fess That Je - sus Christ is Lord, And ev' - ry crea - ture join to bless Th'in - car - nate Word.

"Wor - thy the Lamb," they cry, "That on the cross was slain; But now, as - cend - ed up on high, He lives to reign."

And soon we hope, a - bove, A loud - er strain to sing, With all our powers to praise and love Our Sa - viour King.

1. Though na-ture's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with - stand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his com-mand: The wat' - ry deep I pass,

2. The good - ly land I see, With peace and plen - ty blest; A land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest: There milk and ho - ney flow,

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Righteous - ness, Tri-umph-ant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace—On Si - on's sa-cred height

With Je - sus in my view; And through the howl - ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue.

And oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for ev - er grow, With mer - cy crown'd.

His king - dom still main - tains; And glo - rious with the saints in light, For ev - er reigns.

4. He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5. Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

ALTONA. 6s, 8s & 4s.

1. The God of A-bra'm praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove; An-cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love! Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con-fess'd; I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For ev - er bless'd.

2. The God of A-bra'm praise, At whose su-preme com - mand, From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand; I'd all on earth for- sake, Its wis-dom, fame, and pow'r; And him my on - ly por-tion make, My shield and tow'r.

3. The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He deigns to call me friend,
To call himself my God!
And he will save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood

4. He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

1. Ye sim - ple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness,

2. So wretch - ed and ob - scure The men whom ye de - spise, So fool - ish, weak, and poor, A - bove your scorn we rise:

How long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

Our conscience in the Ho - ly Ghost Can wit - ness bet - ter things; For He whose blood is all our boast Hath made us priests and kings.

ROWLEY. 6s & 9s. (IRREGULAR.)

1. Come a way to the skies, My be - lov - ed, a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born: On this fes - ti - val day,

2. With sing - ing we praise The o - ri - gi - nal grace By our hea - ven - ly Fa - ther be - stow'd: Our be - ing re - ceive

3. Hal - le - lu - jah we sing Un - to Je - sus our King, In the praise of his won - der - ful love: To the Lamb that was slain,

Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

From his boun - ty, and live To the hon - our and glo - ry of God, To the hon - our and glo - ry of God.

Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove, Till with an - gels we praise him a - bove.

BETHPHAGE. 6s & 9s

1. Oh how hap-py are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove! Oh what tongue can express The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the favour di - vine I re-ceived thro' the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a joy I re - ceived, What a hea - ven in Je - sus's name!

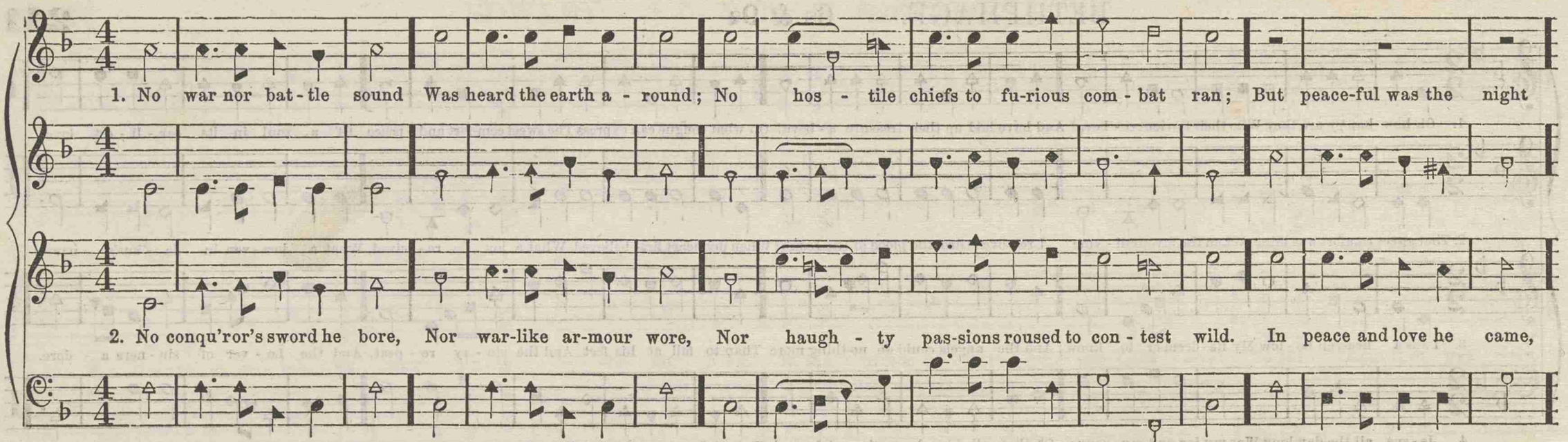
3. 'Twas a hea-ven be - low My Re - deem-er to know; And the angels could do no-thing more Than to fall at his feet And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lo - ver of sin - ners a - dore.
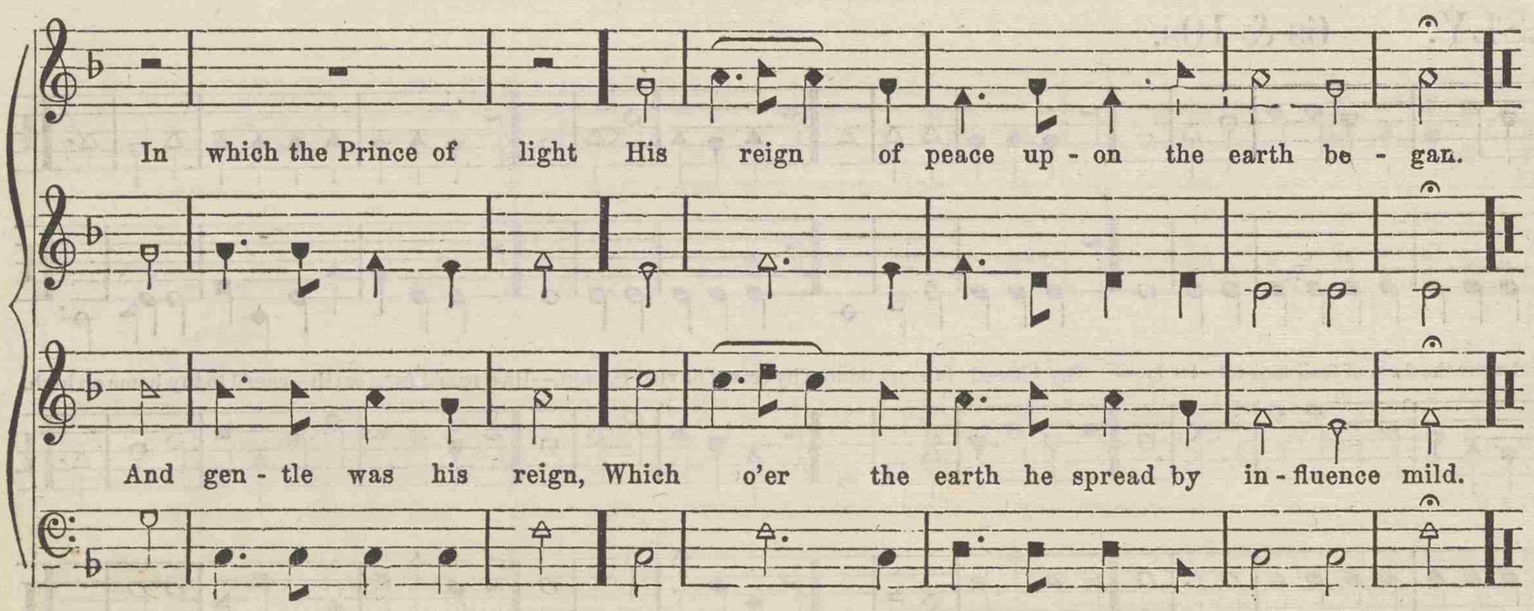
4. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song: Oh that all his sal - va-tion might see! He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suf-fer'd and died, To re - deem such a re - bel as me.
5. Oh the rapturous height Of that ho - ly de - light Which I felt in the life-giv-ing blood! Of my Saviour possess'd, I was per - fect - ly blest, As if fill'd with the ful - ness of God.

ILLSLY. 6s & 10s.

Thou, who didst stoop be-low To drain the cup of wo, And wear the form of frail mor-tal - i - ty,— Thy blessed labours done, Thy crown of vict'-ry won,—Hast pass'd from earth—pass'd to thy home on high.

SYRIA. 6s & 10s.





3. Unwilling kings obey'd,
And sheathed the battle-blade,
And call'd their bloody legions from the field.
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4. The peaceful conqu'ror goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above.
Behold the vanquish'd sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.

The 2d, 3d and 4th stanzas added by H. O. Dwight, Missionary in Constantinople.

1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, Kind Fore - run - ner, soothe my fears, Light me through the darksome way;

Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

2. Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou thy crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever—
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3. When the mighty trumpet blown
Shall the judgment day proclaim,
From the central, burning throne,
Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransom'd,
Judge and Saviour, own my name.

CHARLTON. 7s & 5s.

WM. H. JENKINS.

ADAGIO.

1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man - kind the life and light, Ma - ker, Teach-er in - fi - nite; Je - sus, hear and save.

2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Sa - viour mild, Humbled to a lit - tle child; Cap - tive, beat - en, bound, re - viled, Je - sus, hear and save.

3. Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings, Throned a - bove ce - les - tial things, Lord of lords, and King of kings; Je - sus, hear and save.

4. Soon to come to earth a - gain, Judge of an - gels and of men, Hear us now, and hear us then: Je - sus, hear and save.

GLENWOOD. 7s & 5s.
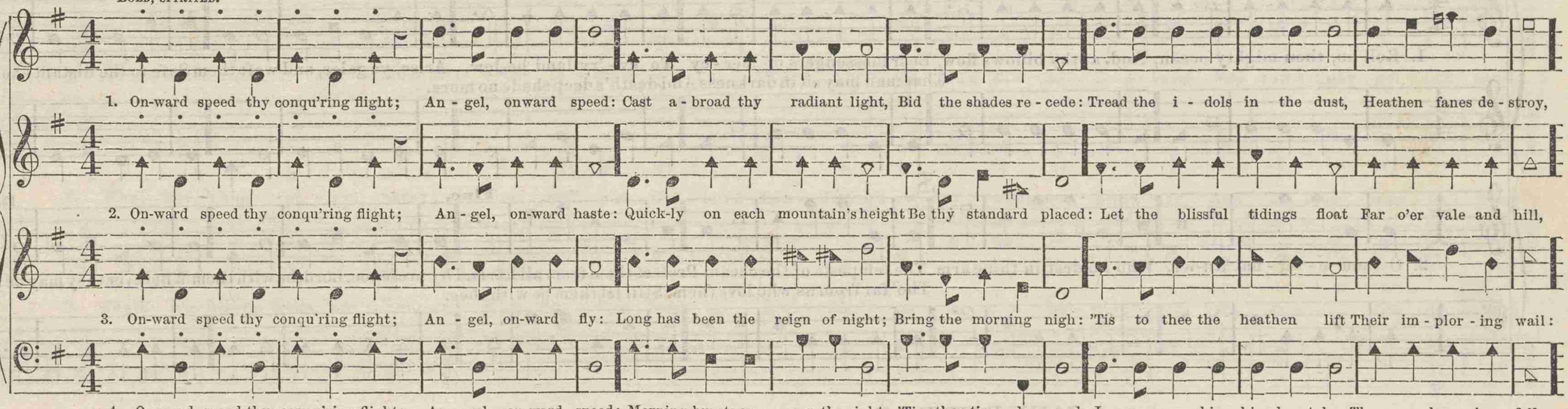
SLOW.

1. Mark the virtuous man, and see Peace and joy his steps at - tend: All his path is pu - ri - ty, Hap - py is his end.
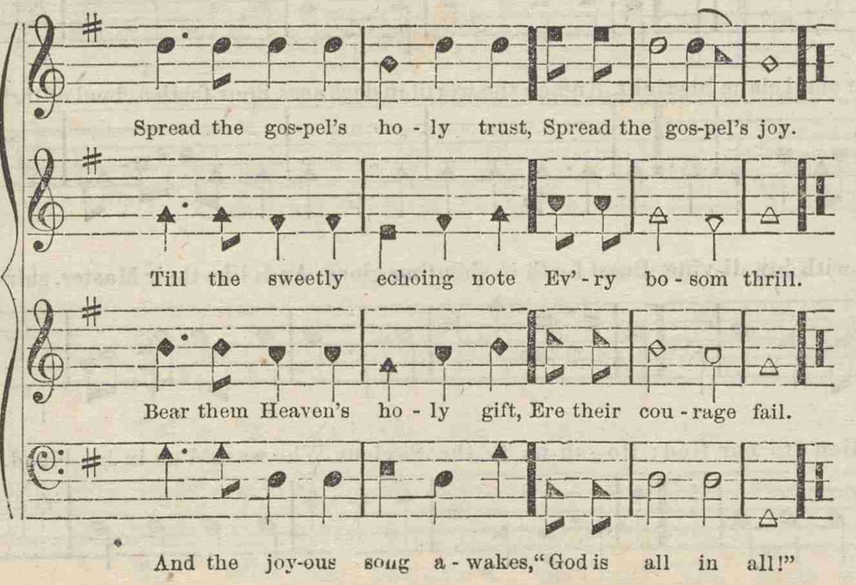
2. Come and see his dy - ing bed: Calm his lat - est mo-ments roll: An - gels hov - er round his head; Heav'n re - ceives his soul

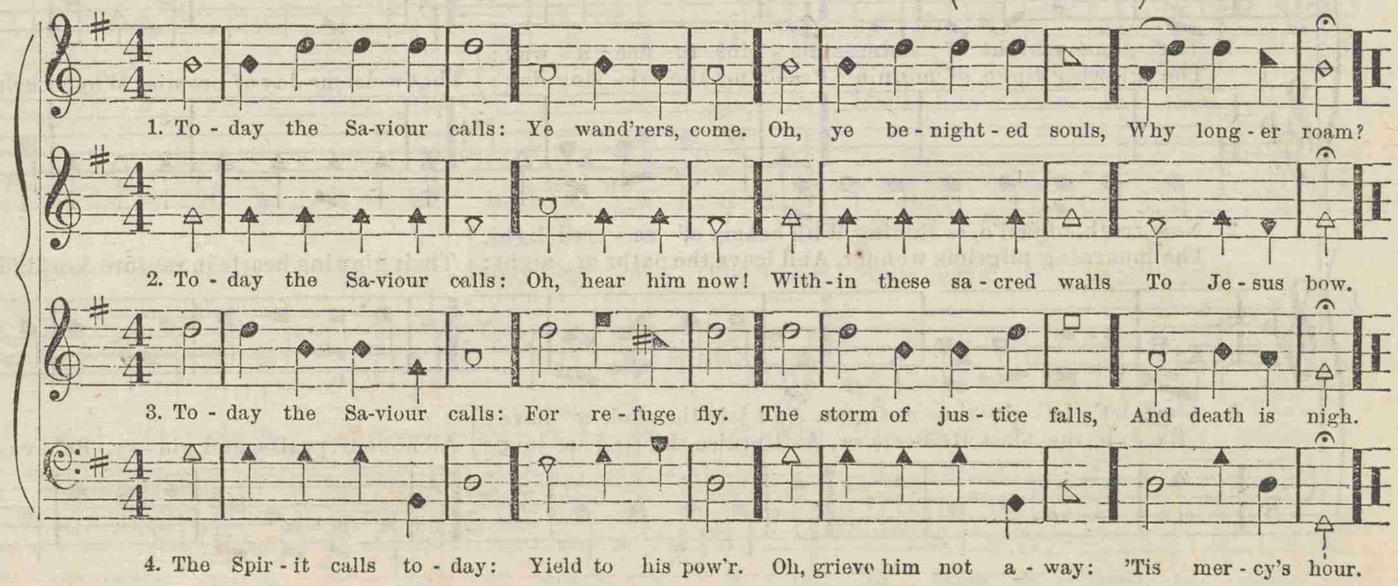
ROCKVALE. 7s & 5s.

BOLD, SPIRITED.
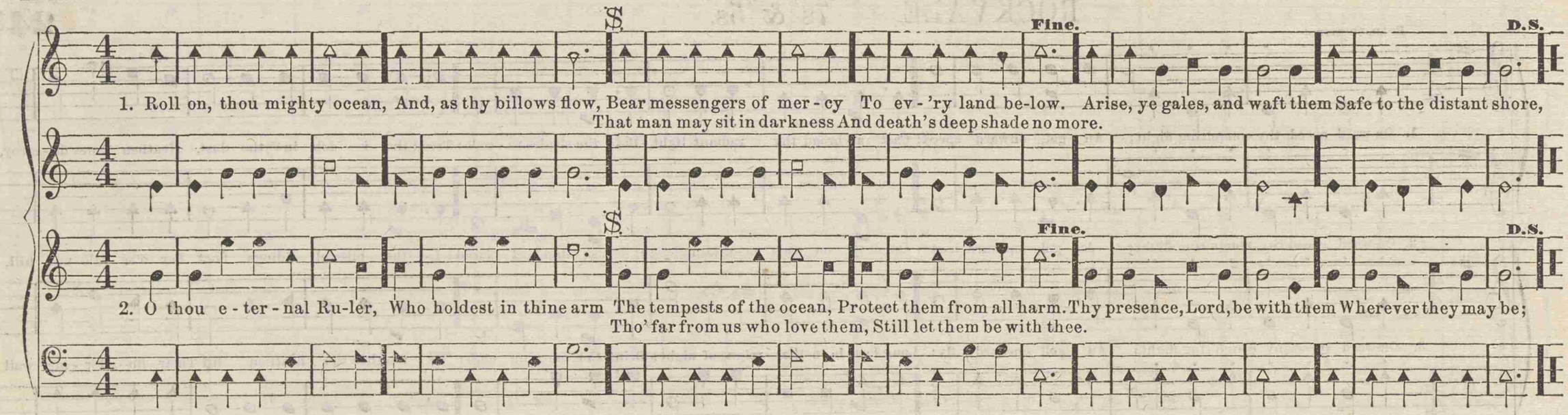


TO-DAY. 6s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)
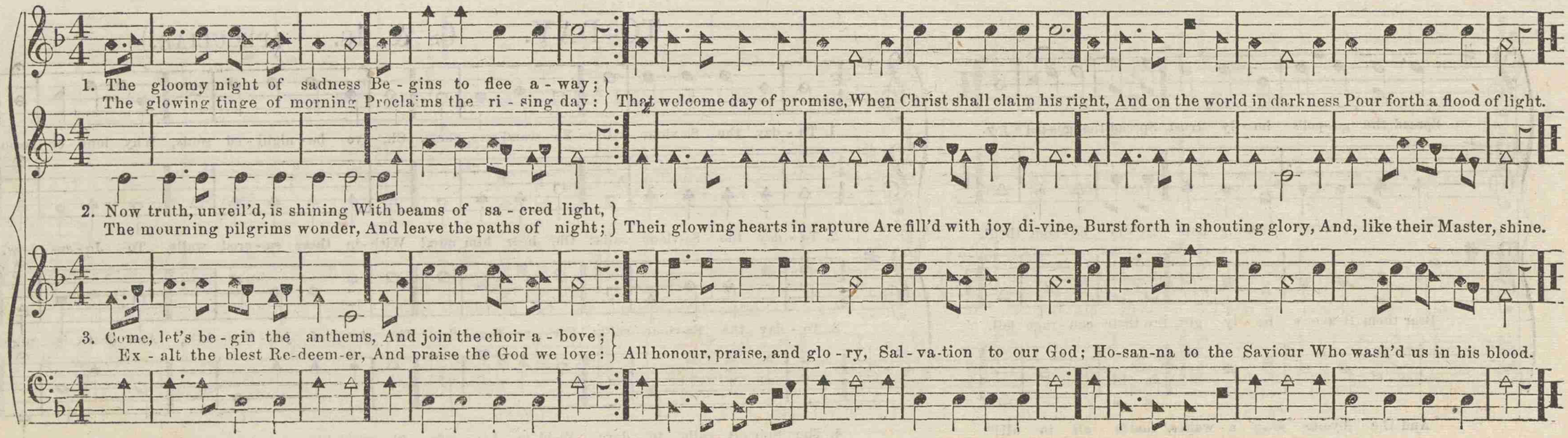




MODENA. 7s & 6s.



MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.



MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

From "Boston Academy," by permission. L. MASON.

1. From Green-land's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gol - den sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Though ev' - ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high— Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, 'Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion, Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.

Till o'er our ran-som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joy-ful-ly a-long? When hill and val-ley, ringing With one tri-umphant song, Pro-claim the con-test end-ed,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And sha-dy vales and fountains Shall e-cho the re-ply: High tow'r and low-ly dwelling

And him who once was slain, A-gain to earth de-scend-ed, A-gain to earth de-scended, A-gain to earth de-scended, In righteousness to reign?

Shall send the cho-rus round, All hal-le-lu-jah swell-ing, All hal-le-lu-jah swelling, All hal-le-lu-jah swelling, In one e-ter-nal sound.

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:

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower, And bright-er scenes be - fore us Are op'n - ing ev' - ry hour:

3. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In gra - ti - tude a - bove;

4. Bless'd riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way; Flow thou to ev' - ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay:

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

Each cry to hea - ven go - ing, A - bund - ant an - swers brings, And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing With peace up - on their wings.

While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Sa - viour's bless - ing— A na - tion in a day.

Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph-ant reach their home, Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim— The Lord is come.

LEXINGTON. 7s & 6s.

IN MODERATE TIME.

1. To thee, O bless - ed Sa - viour, Our grate - ful songs we raise; Oh! tune our hearts and voi - ces, Thy ho - ly name to praise;

2. Oh! may thy pre - cious gos - pel Be pub - lish'd all a - broad, Till the be - night - ed hea - then Shall know and serve the Lord:

'Tis by thy sov' - reign mer - cy We're here al - low'd to meet, To join with friends and teach-ers Thy bless - ing to en - treat.

Till o'er the wide cre - a - tion The rays of truth shall shine, And na - tions now in dark - ness A - rise to light di - vine.

1. "Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor" While youth's fair spring is bright, Be - fore thy cares are great - er, Be - fore comes age's night;

2. "Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor" Ere life re - signs its trust, Ere sinks dis - solv - ing na - ture, And dust re - turns to dust;

While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark-ness cheer, While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.

Be - fore the God, who gave it, The spi - rit shall ap - pear: He cries, who died to save it, "Thy great Cre - a - tor fear."

OUR OFFERINGS. 7s & 6s.

M. W. WILSON.

Lively.

1. To - day we come with sing - ing And glad - ness in our breast, Our bloom - ing off' - rings bring-ing For chil - dren in the West.

2. We come with ex - ult - a - tion, A joy - ful, hap - py band, Pro - claim - ing free sal - va - tion For all our West - ern land.
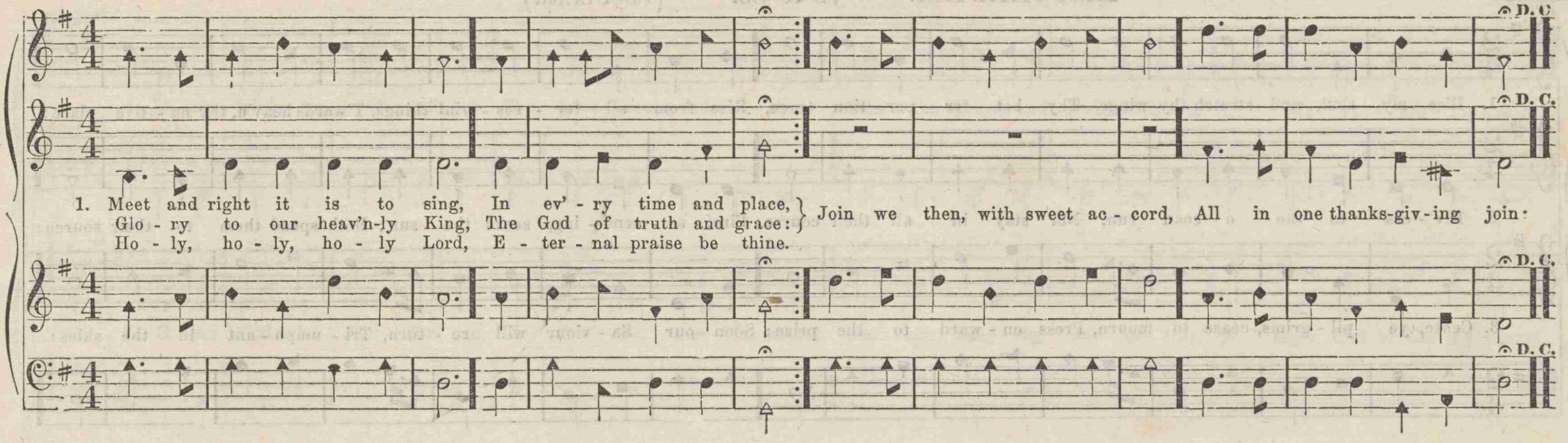
3. Our souls be fill'd with glad - ness! Let rap - ture swell the breast! Ten thou - sand hearts are beat - ing For chil - dren in the West.

We spread our flow - ing ban - ners, And lift our voi - ces high; Our hymns and glad ho - san - nas Re - sound-ing through the sky.
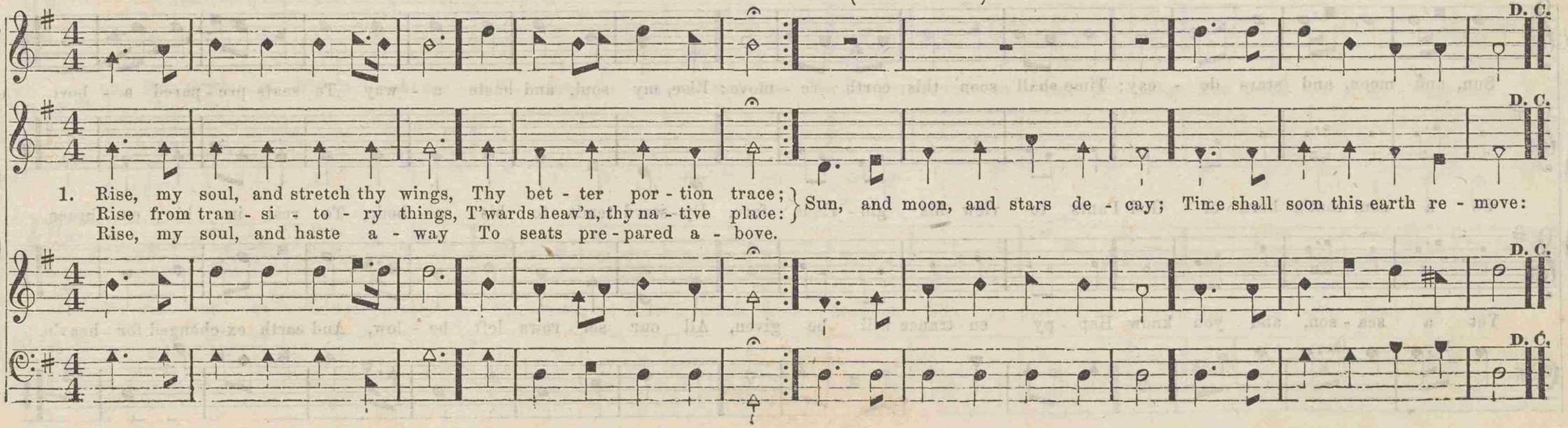
Loud ring the glow - ing an - them! Oh! shout, "A Sa - viour slain!" And let the moun - tains e - cho The glo - ries of his name.

Shout, shout, ye saints, in tri - umph! The Con-qu'ror comes to reign, Let earth ex - alt her Sa - viour, And bless Im - ma - nuel's name.

DREWRY. 7s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)



MUNSON. 7s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)



AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace, Rise from all ter - res - trial things, T'wards heav'n, thy na - tive place:

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:

3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sa - viour will re - turn, Tri - umph - ant in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move: Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove

So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glo - rious face, Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given, All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex-changed for heav'n.

1. Je - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine - press treads a - lone: Tears the graves and moun-tains up, By his ex - pir - ing groan:

2. O my God, he dies for me, I feel the mor - tal smart! See him hang - ing on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!

Lo, the powers of heav'n he shakes, Na - ture in con - vul-sion lies; Earth's pro - found - est cen - tre quakes, The great Je - ho - vah dies.

Oh that all to thee might turn! Sin - ners, ye may love him too; Look on him ye pierced, and mourn For one who bled for you.

EXPOSTULATION. 7s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)
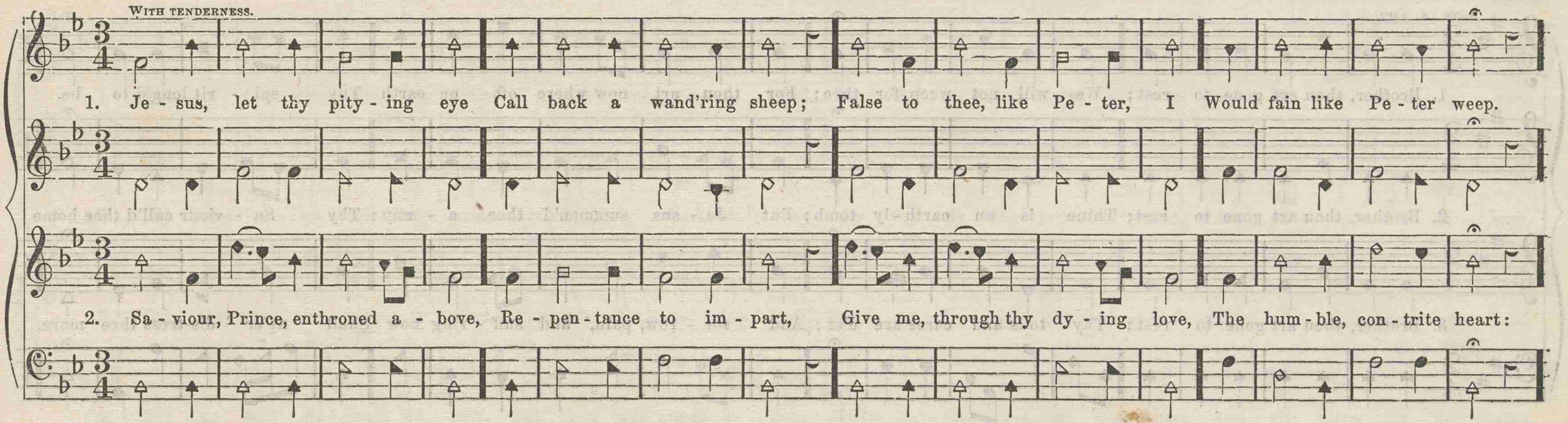
From "Manhattan Collection," by permission. T. HASTINGS.
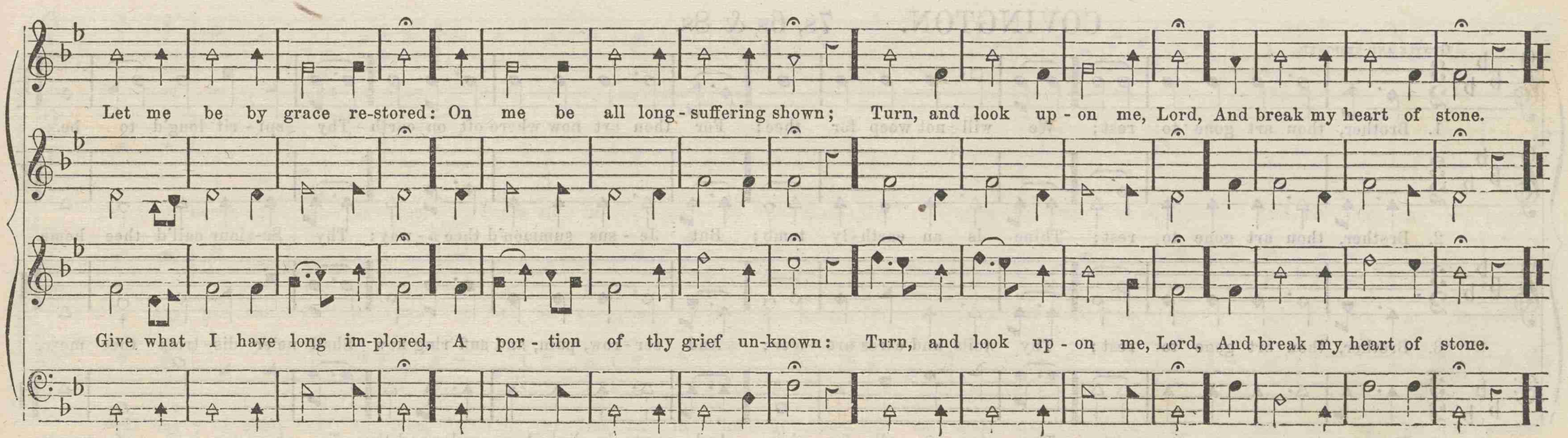
1. Stop, poor sin - ner, stop and think, Be - fore you far - ther go;
   Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing wo?
   On the verge of ru - in stop; Now the friend-ly warn-ing take;

Stay your foot - steps ere you drop In - to the burn - ing lake! In - to the burn - ing lake!

2. Say, have you an arm like God,
   That you his will oppose?
   Fear you not that iron rod
   With which he breaks his foes?
   Can you stand in that dread day,
   Which his justice shall proclaim,
   When the earth shall melt away,
   Like wax before the flame?

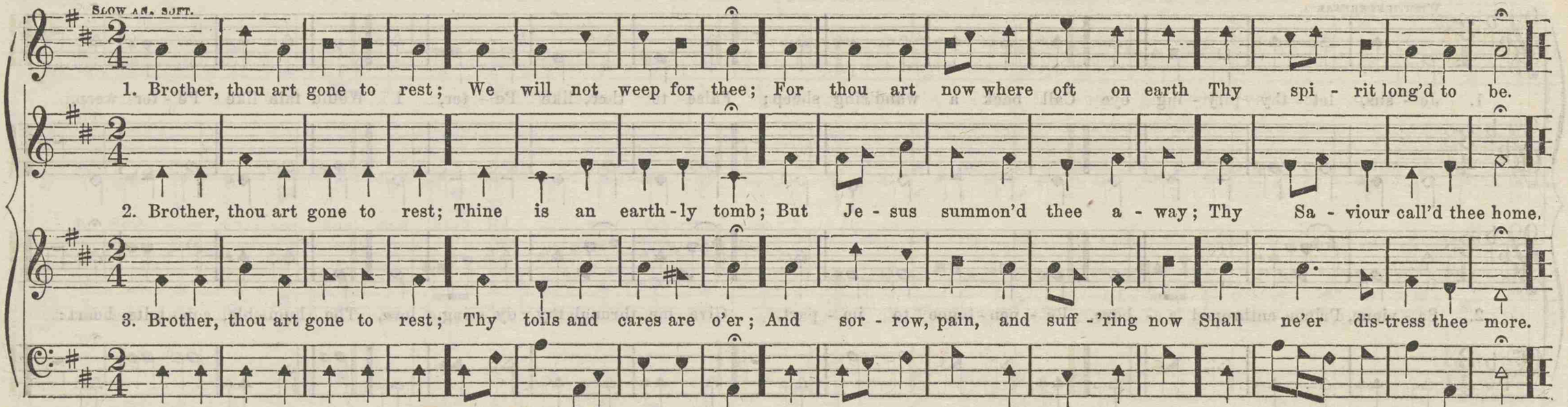
3. Ghastly death will quickly come,
   And drag you to the bar:
   Then you'll hear your awful doom,
   And sink in deep despair;
   All your sins will round you crowd,
   You shall mark their crimson dye,
   Each for vengeance crying loud,
   And then—no refuge nigh


With tenderness.
1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
2. Sa - viour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:

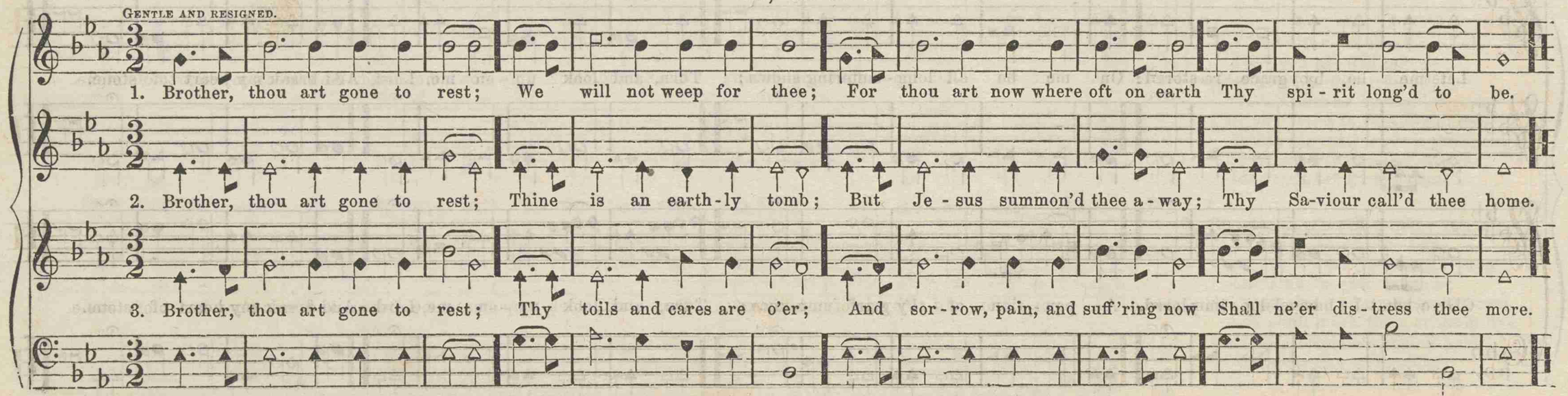

Let me be by grace re-stored: On me be all long - suffering shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Give what I have long im-plored, A por - tion of thy grief un-known: Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

BELFORD. 7s, 6s & 8s.

(By permission.)



COVINGTON. 7s, 6s & 8s.



1. Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind, Send the an - swer from a - bove And let us mer - cy find.

2. By thine a - go - niz - ing pain, And blood - y sweat, we pray; By thy dy - ing love to man, Take all our sins a - way.

3. Let thy blood, by faith ap - plied, The sin - ner's par - don seal, Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick - ness heal.

4. Nev - er will we hence de - part, Till thou our wants re - lieve: Write for - give - ness on our heart, And all thine im - age give.
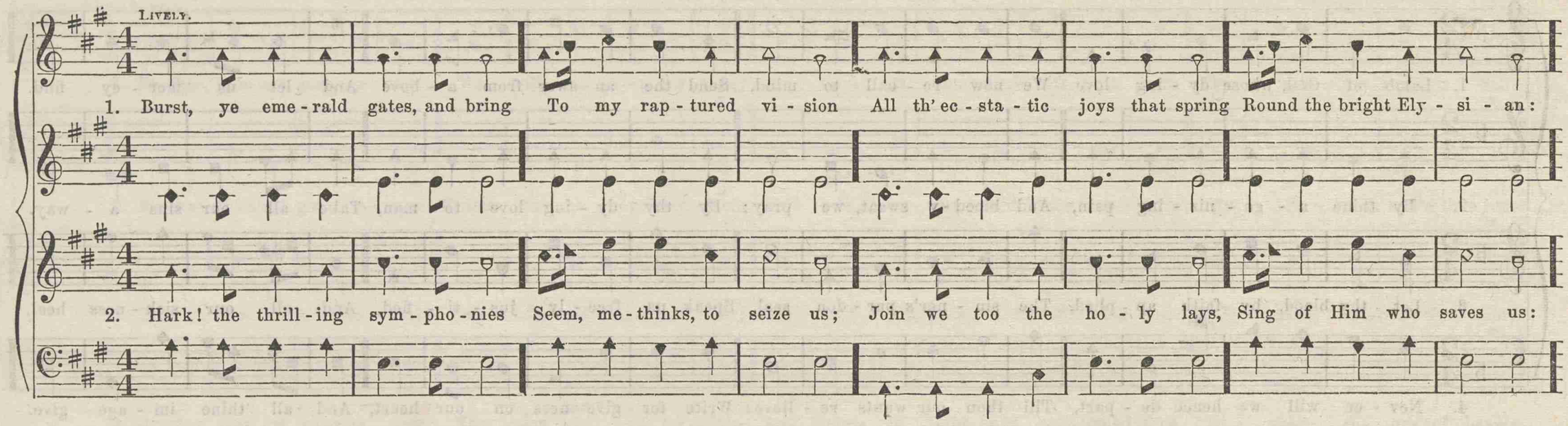
Think on us, who think on thee, And ev' - ry struggling soul re - lease! Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

Burst our bonds and set us free, From all in - i - qui - ty re - lease; Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and trou-bles cease; Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

Still our souls shall cry to thee, Till per - fect - ed in ho - li - ness: Oh re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

MERDIN. 7s. 6s & 7s.



1. Lift not thou the wail - ing voice; Weep not; 'tis a Chris - tian di - eth:
Up, where bless - ed saints re - joice, Ran - som'd now, the spir - it fli - eth:
High in heav'n's own light she dwell - eth,

2. They who die in Christ are blest: Ours be, then, no thought of griev - ing:
Sweet - ly with their God they rest, All their toils and trou - bles leav - ing:
So be ours the faith that sav - eth,

Full the song of tri - umph swell - eth: Freed from earth, and earth - ly fail - ing, Lift for her no voice of wail - ing.

Hope, that ev - 'ry tri - al brav - eth, Love, that to the end en - dur - eth, And, through Christ, the crown se - cur - eth.

PEMBERTON. 7s, 8s & 7s.

From "Devotional Harmonist," by permission. WM. C. HOLMES.

1. Wor - ship, and thanks, and blessing, And strength ascribe to Je - sus: Je - sus a - lone de - fends his own, When earth and hell op - press us.

2. Om - ni - po - tent Re - deem - er, Our ransom'd souls a - dore thee; Our Sa-viour thou, we find it now, And give thee all the glo - ry.

3. The world's and Sa - tan's ma - lice, Thou, Je - sus, hast con-found - ed; And by thy grace with songs of praise, Our hap - py souls re-sound - ed.

Je - sus with joy we wit-ness, Al - might-y to de - liv - er; Our seals set to, that God is true, And reigns a King for ev - er.

We sing thine arm un - short-en'd, Brought thro' our sore tempt-a - tion: With heart and voice in thee re - joice, The God of our sal - va - tion.

Ac - cept - ing our de - liv-'rance, We tri - umph in thy fa - vour, And for the love which now we prove, Shall praise thy name for ev - er.

1. Head of the church tri - umph - ant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou ap - pear, Thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:

2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass - ing through the fire, Thy love we praise, Which knows no days, And ev - er brings us nigh - er:

3. Thou dost con - duct thy peo - ple Through tor - rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While thou art near, The fire of tri - bu - la - tion:

4 By faith we see the glo - ry To which thou shalt re - store us, The cross de-spise For that high prize Which thou hast set be - fore us:

We lift our hearts and voi - ces, With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a - loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In thine al - might - y fa - vour: The love di - vine Which made us thine, Can keep us thine for ev - er.

The world, with sin and Sa - tan, in vain our march op - po - ses; By thee we shall Break thro' them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.

And if thou count us wor - thy, We each, as dy - ing Ste - phen, Shall see thee stand At God's right hand, To take us up to hea - ven.

HALSTEAD. 7s, 8s & 7s.

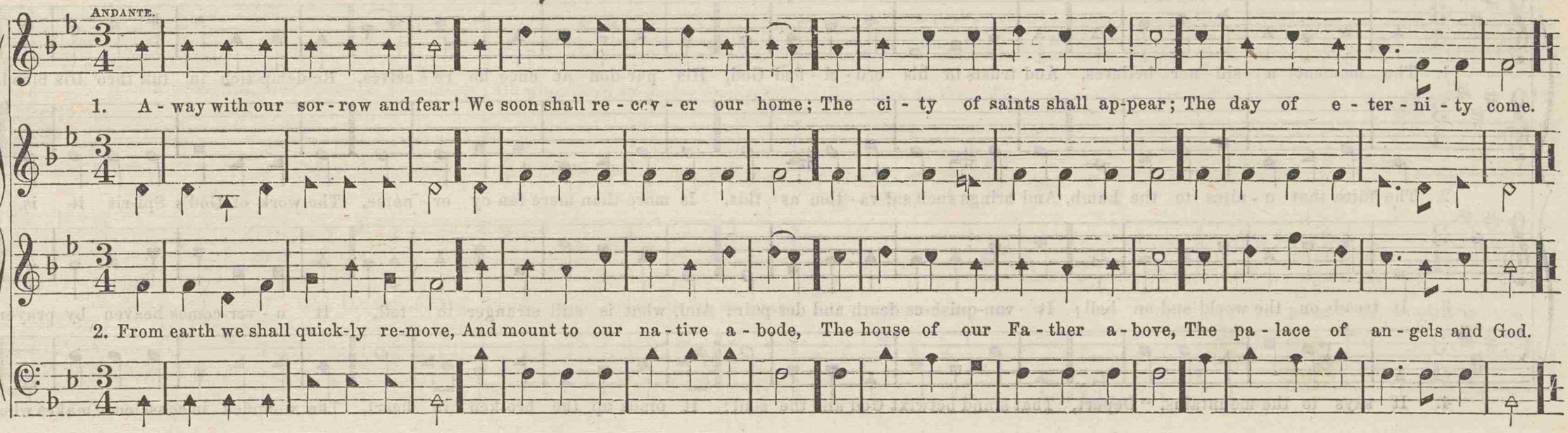
1. Je - sus, take all the glo - ry! Thy me - ri - to - rious pas - sion The par - don bought; Thy mer-cy brought To us the great sal - va - tion.

2. With an - gels and arch - an - gels, We pros-trate fall be - fore thee: A - gain we raise Our souls in praise, And thank-ful - ly a - dore thee.
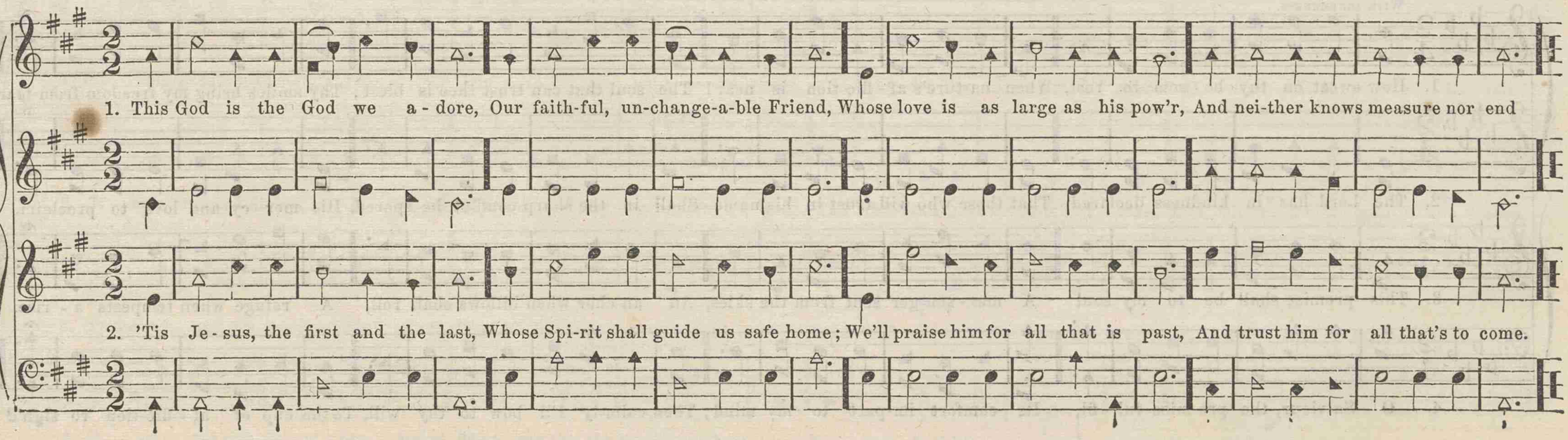
Thee glad - ly we ac - know-ledge Our on - ly Lord and Sa - viour, Thy name con - fess, Thy good - ness bless, And tri-umph in thy fa - vour.

Hon - our, and power, and bless - ing To thee be ev - er giv - en, By all who know Thy love be - low, And all our friends in hea - ven.

INLEY. 8s.



BERKLEY. 8s.



TIMNA. 8s.

MODERATO.

1. The moment a sin - ner believes, And trusts in his cru - ci - fied God, His par-don at once he re - ceives, Re-demp-tion in full thro' His blood.

2. The faith that u - nites to the Lamb, And brings such sal-va - tion as this, Is more than mere fan-cy or name, The work of God's Spi-rit it is.

3. It treads on the world and on hell; It van-quish-es death and des-pair; And, what is still stranger to tell, It o - ver-comes heaven by prayer.

4. It says to the mountains, "Depart," That stand betwixt God and the soul; It binds up the bro-ken in heart, The wounded in conscience makes whole.

FARNITIA. 8s.

E. HERITAGE.

WITH TENDERNESS.

1. How sweet on thy bo - som to rest, When na-ture's af - flic-tion is near! The soul that can trust thee is blest; Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.

2. The Lord has in kindness declared That those who will trust in his name Shall in the sharp conflict be spared, His mer - cy and love to proclaim.

3. This promise shall be to my soul A mes - sen-ger sent from the skies, An an-chor when billows shall roll, A refuge when tempests a - rise.

4. O Sa-viour, the pro-mise ful - fil, Its comfort im-part to my mind; Then calm-ly I'll bow to thy will, To the cup of af - flic-tion re sign'd

GOSHEN. Ss.

1. Oh when shall we sweet-ly re - move, Oh when shall we en-ter our rest? Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, The mo-ther of spi - rits dis - tress'd?

2. That ci - ty of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more; But saints our Im - ma - nu - el sing, And che-rub and se - raph a - dore.

UNION. 8s.

From "Devotional Harmonist," by permission. BILLINGS.

1. En - com-pass'd with clouds of dis - tress, And rea - dy all hope to re - sign, I long for thy light and thy grace: O God, will they nev-er be mine?

2. If some-times I strive, as I mourn, My hold of thy pro-mise to keep, The bil-lows more fierce-ly re - turn, And plunge me a - gain in the deep.

3. Ap - pear, and my sor-row shall cease; The blood of a - tone-ment ap - ply, And lead me to Je - sus for peace,—The Rock that is high-er than I.

4. O en - ter this de - so - late heart, Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won; Nor a-gain in thine an - ger de - part, But make it for ev - er thy throne.

PORTLAND. 8s. (DOUBLE.)

WM. H. OAKLEY.

1. Oh when shall we sweetly re - move, And en - ter our hea - ven - ly rest; Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, And join in the songs of the bless'd?

2. Our Saviour, thou knowest our pray'r; We long thy ap - pear-ing to see; Re-sign'd to the bur-den we bear, But hop-ing to triumph with thee:

Oh when shall we dwell with our King, Where sorrow and pain are no more, Where saints our Im - man - u - el sing, And che-rub and se-raph a - dore?

To mourn for thy com-ing is sweet, To weep at thy lon - ger de - lay; But thou whom we has - ten to meet, Wilt chase all our sor-rows a - way.

GREENFIELDS. 8s. (DOUBLE.)

IN A GENTLE AND SMOOTH STYLE.

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours, When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as plea - sant as May.
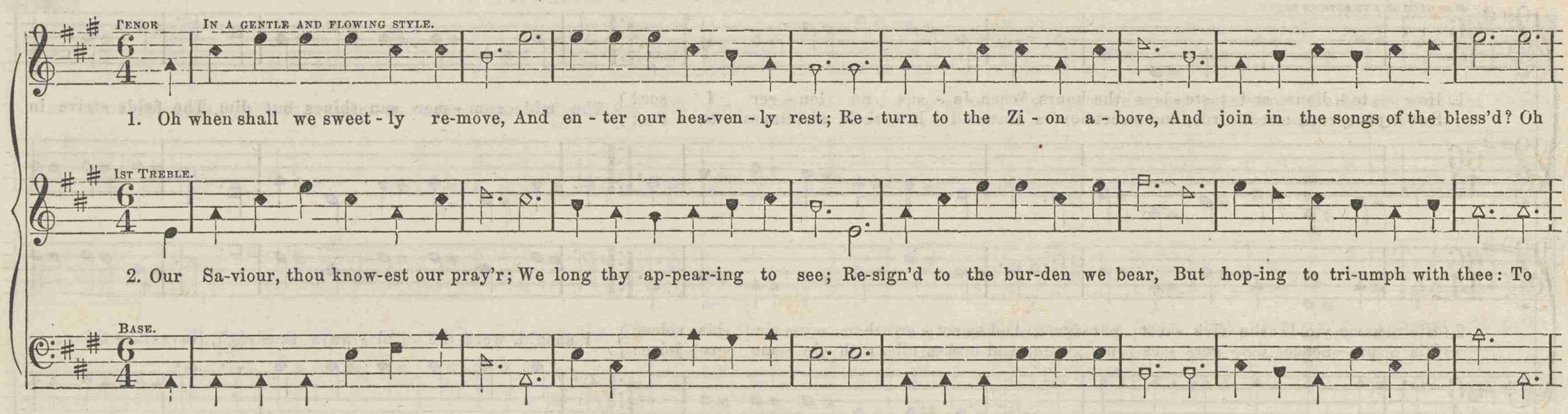
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic his voice;
His pre - sence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice:
I should, were he al - ways thus nigh, Have no - thing to wish or to fear: No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.
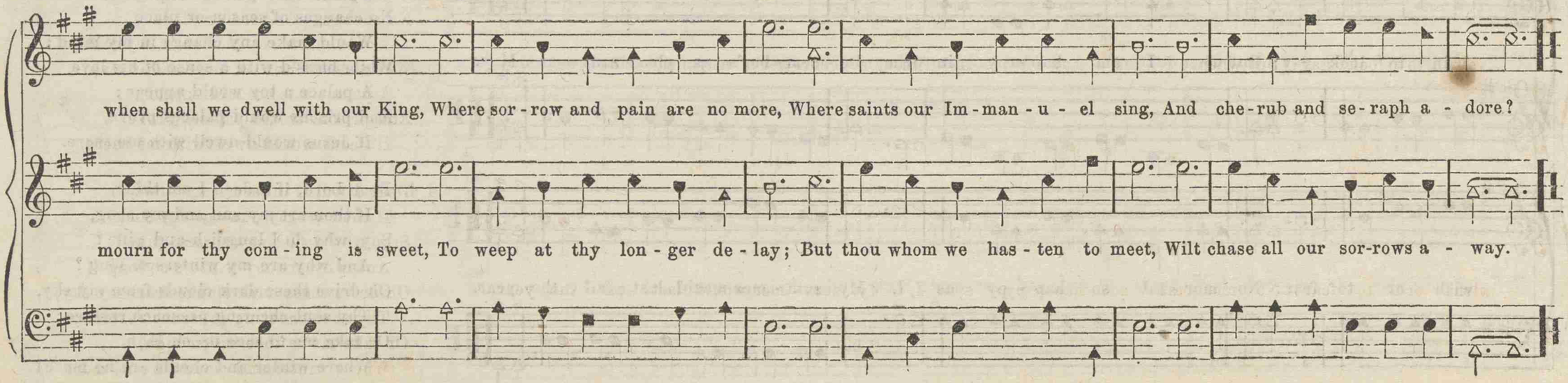
3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

OLIVIA. 8s. (DOUBLE.)

ALEXANDER CLARK.
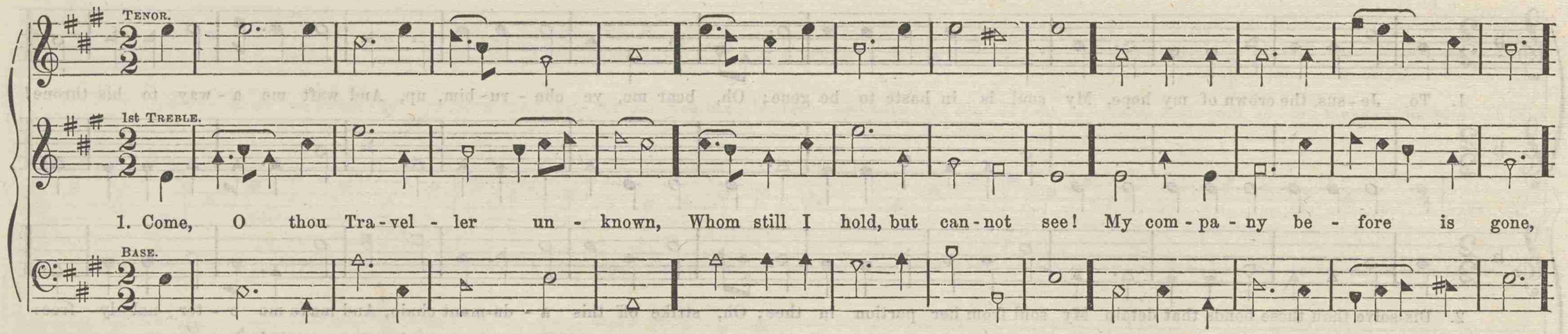




1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh, bear me, ye che - ru - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne!
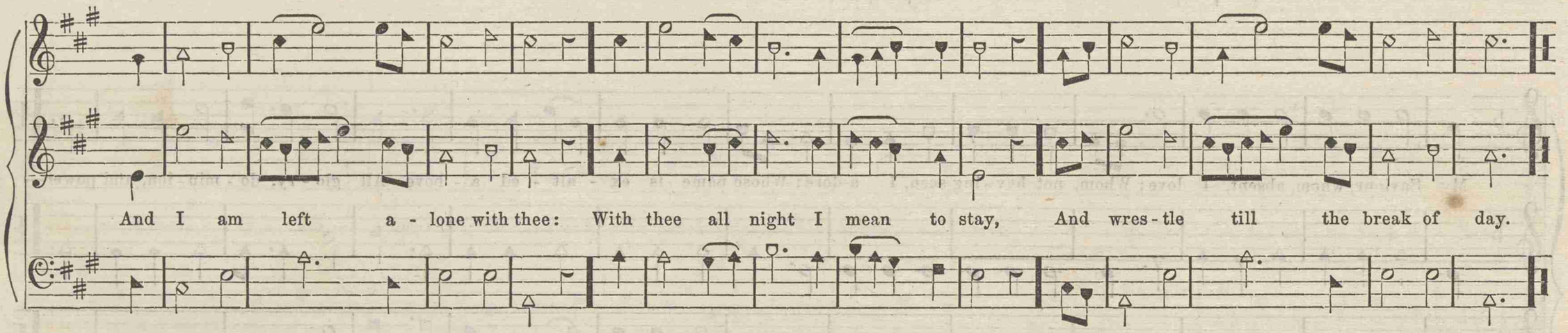
2. Dis-solve thou these bonds that detain My soul from her portion in thee; Oh, strike off this a - da-mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free!

My Saviour, whom, absent, I love; Whom, not hav - ing seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min - ion, and power—

When that hap - py e - ra be-gins, When array'd in thy glo-ries I shine, Nor grieve a - ny more, by my sins, The bo - som on which I re - cline.

LIBERTY. 8s. (6 LINES.)





2.

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

3.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

ZENIA. 8s. (PECULIAR.)

1. Bless-ed be thy name for ev - er, Thou of life the glo-rious Giver: Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping; Heal the heart long broke with weep-ing.

2. Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleep-est, Blest are they thou kind - ly keep-est: Thou of ev' - ry good the Giv - er, Bless-ed be thy name for ev - er.

ERNAL. 8s & 4s. (5 LINES, PECULIAR.)

MODERATO.

1. Cre - ate, O God, my pow'rs a-new, Make my whole heart sincere and true; Oh cast me not in wrath a - way, Nor let thy soul-en-liv'n-ing ray Still cease to shine.

2. Re-store thy favour, bliss di-vine! Those heav'nly joys that once were mine; Let thy good Spirit, kind and free, Uphold and guide my steps to thee, Thou God of love.

3. Then will I teach thy sacred ways; With ho - ly zeal proclaim thy praise; Till sinners leave the dang'rous road, Forsake their sins, and turn to God With hearts sincere.

4. Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain; Remove the blood-pol-lu-ted stain: Then shall my heart a - dor - ing trace, My Saviour God, the boundless grace That flows from thee.

ELVAH. 8s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

SLOW.

1. A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all those glitt'ring toys of earth That lure us here! Dreams of a sleep that death must break: Alas! before it bids us wake, They dis-ap-pear.

2. Where is the strength that spurn'd decay, The step that roll'd so light and gay, The heart's blithe tone? The strength is gone, the step is slow, And joy grows weariness and wo When age comes on.

3. Our birth is but a starting-place; Life is the running of the race, And death the goal: There all those glitt'ring toys are brought; That path alone, of all unsought, Is found of all.

4. Oh let the soul its slumbers break, Arouse its senses, and a-wake To see how soon Life, like its glories, glides a-way, And the stern footsteps of de-cay Come stealing on.

PALMER. 8s & 4s. (6 LINES.)

From "Devotional Harmonist," by permission. C. W. WARREN.

1. Fa-ther of spirits! hear our pray'r; Our life, our hope, our com-fort - er, Our strong a - bode: To thee our thankful hearts we raise, And humbly, gladly hymn thy praise, Preserver, God.

2. Thy gentle hand hath smooth'd our way; Fed and sustain'd us day by day; In thee we move: Oh may thy mercies, Lord, inspire Our hearts with gratitude, and fire Our souls with love.

1. Hark, how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds! Through all the world the e - cho bounds! And Je - sus, by re-

2. Hail! all - vic - to - rious, con-qu'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works a - dored, Who un - der - took for

3. Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on, And when the con - quest you have won, Then palms of vict - 'ry

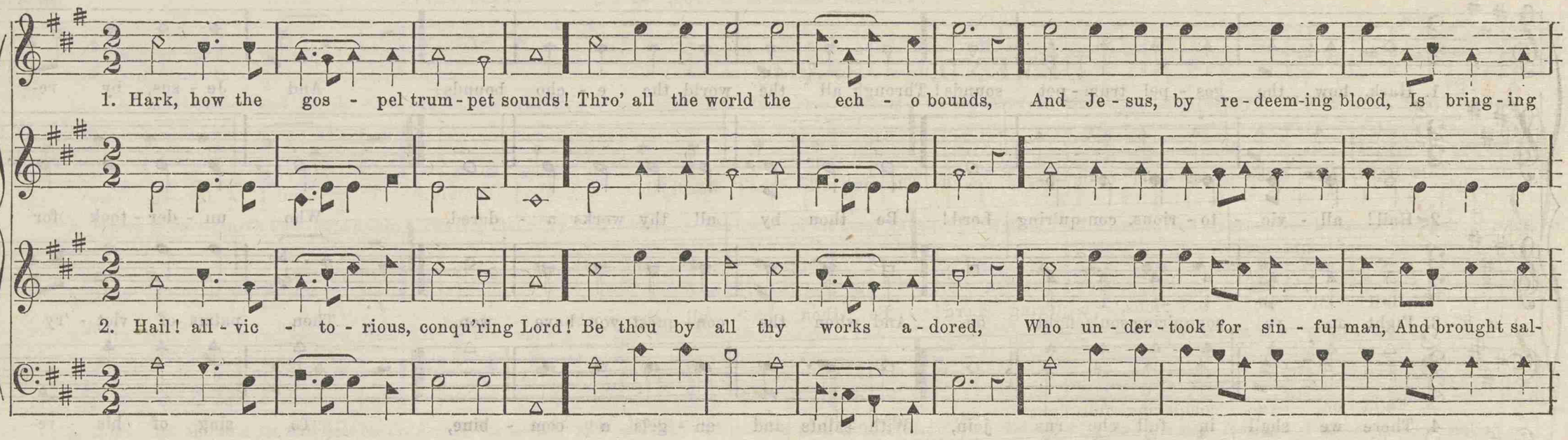
4. There we shall in full cho - rus join, With saints and an - gels a - com - bine, To sing of his re-
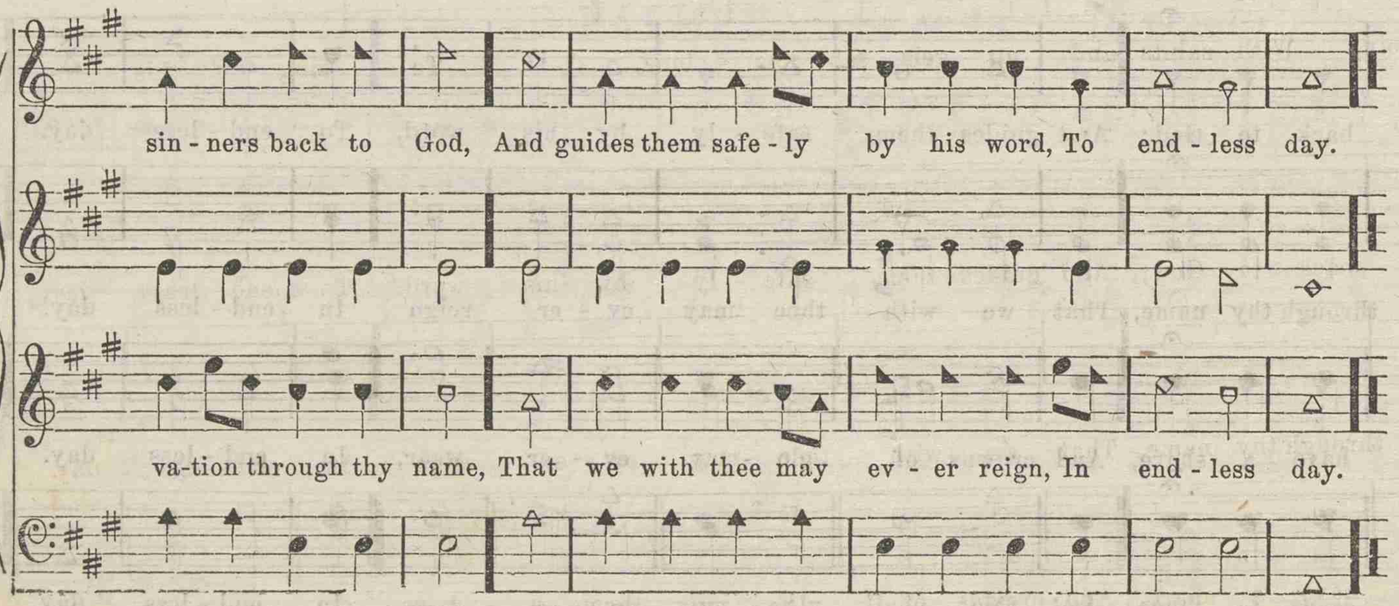
deem - ing blood, Is bring - ing sin - ners back to God; And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.

sin - ful man, And brought sal - va - tion through thy name, That we with thee may ev - er reign In end - less day.

you shall bear, And in his king - dom have a share, And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear, In end - less day.

deem - ing love, When roll - ing years shall cease to move; And this shall be our theme a - bove, In end - less day.

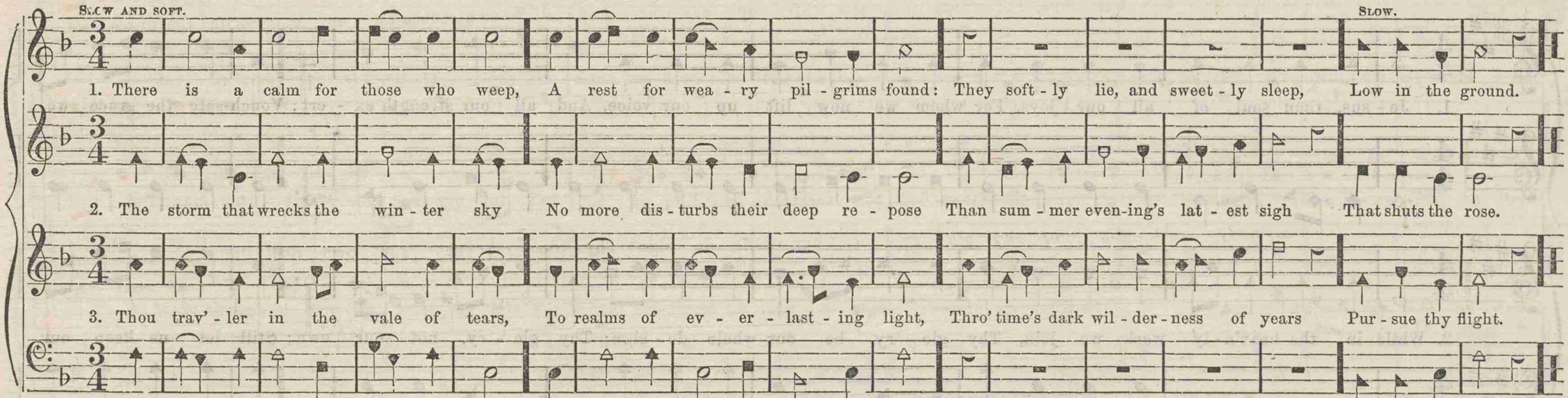




3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.
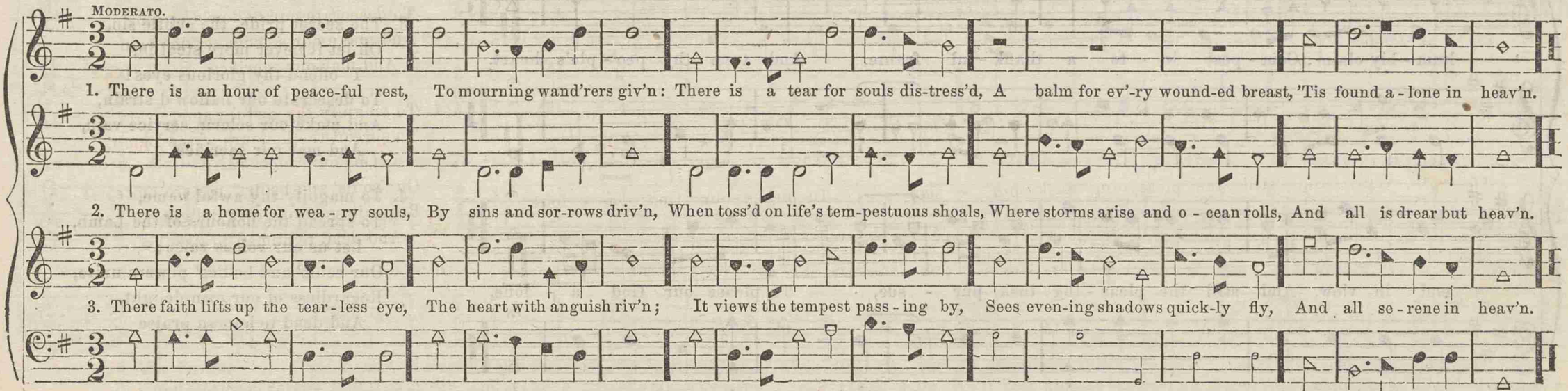
4. There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

ALCESTER. 8s & 4s.



WOODLAND. 8s & 6s.

D. N. GOULD.



WILLOWBY. 8s & 6s

1. Je - sus, thou soul of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength ex - ert; Vouch-safe the grace we

2. While in the heav'n - ly work we join, Thy glo - ry be our whole de - sign; Thy glo - ry, not our own: Still let us keep our
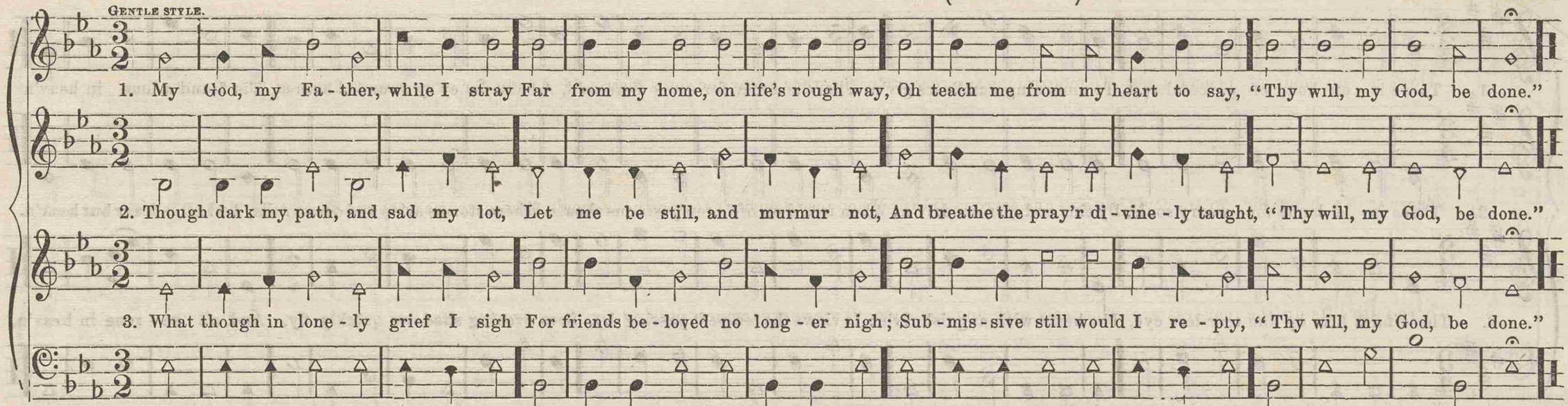
hum - bly claim; Com - pose in - to a thank - ful frame, And tune thy peo - ple's heart.

end in view, And still the pleas - ing task pur - sue, To please our God a - lone.

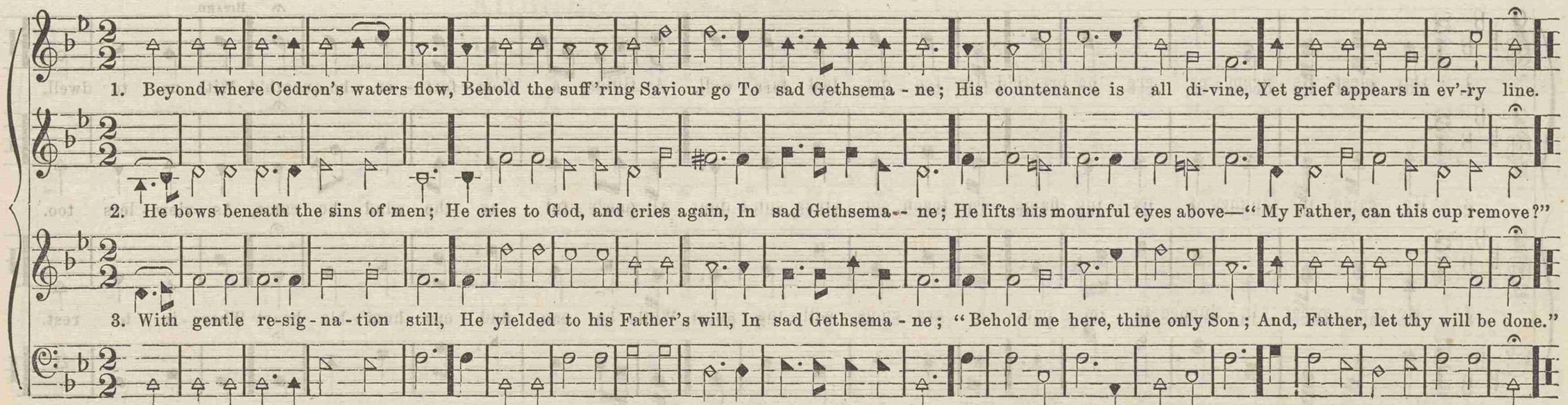
3. The secret pride, the subtle sin,
Oh let it never more steal in,
T' offend thy glorious eyes!
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4. To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise

RESIGNATION. 8s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)



GETHSEMANE. 8s & 6s.



AURELIA. 8s & 6s.

A. M. HALE.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n: There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone 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 tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all se - rene in heav'n.

4. There fragrant flow'rs immor-tal 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.

GREENWOOD. 8s, 6s & 4s.

RITARD.

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breath'd His ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort - er be-queath'd, With us to dwell.

2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due; All pow'r - ful as the wind he came, As view - less too.

3. He came, sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing guest, While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.

4. He breathes that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breeze of even, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n

BEECHER. 8s, 7s & 6s.

From "The Dulcimer," by permission.

1. Watchmen, on-ward to your sta-tions! Blow the trum-pet long and loud;
Preach the gos-pel to the na-tions, Speak to ev'-ry gath'ring crowd:
} See, the day is breaking; See the saints a-wak-ing, No more in sad-ness bow'd

2. Watchmen, hail the ris-ing glo-ry Of the great Mes-si-ah's reign;
Tell the Sa-viour's bleeding sto-ry, Tell it to the list'ning train:
} See his love re-veal-ing; See the Spi-rit steal-ing; 'Tis life a-mong the slain!

AUBURN. 8s, 3s & 6s.

Slow.

1. Ere I sleep, for ev'-ry fa-vour This day show'd By my God, I do bless my Sa-viour.

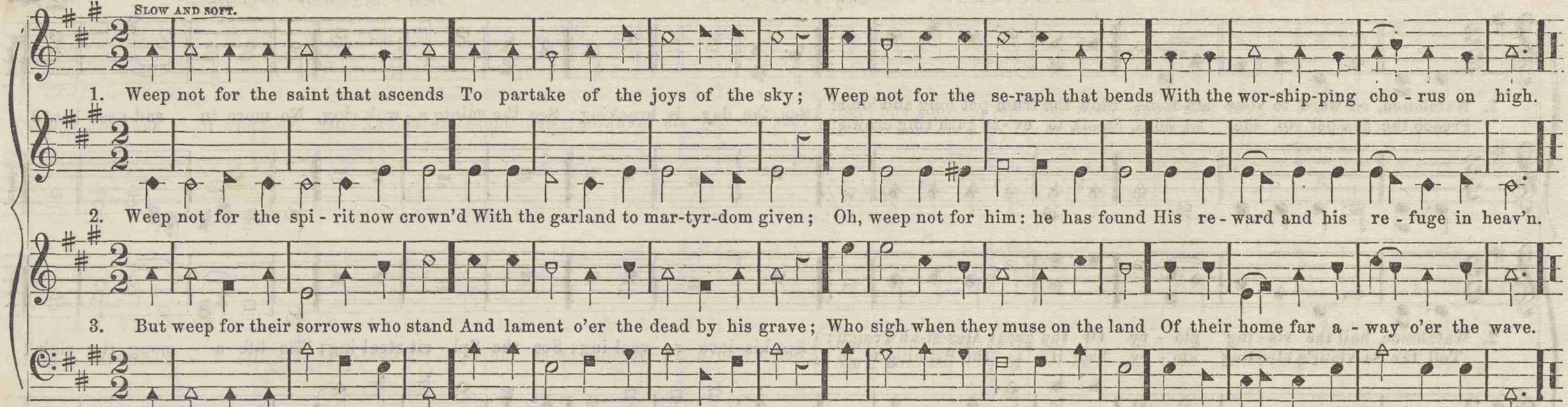
2. Leave me not, but ev-er love me; Let thy peace Be my bliss, Till thou hence re-move me.

3. Thou— my Rock, my Guard, my Tow-er— Safe-ly keep, While I sleep, Me, with all thy pow-er.

4. And when-e'er in death I slum-ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count-ed in their num-ber.
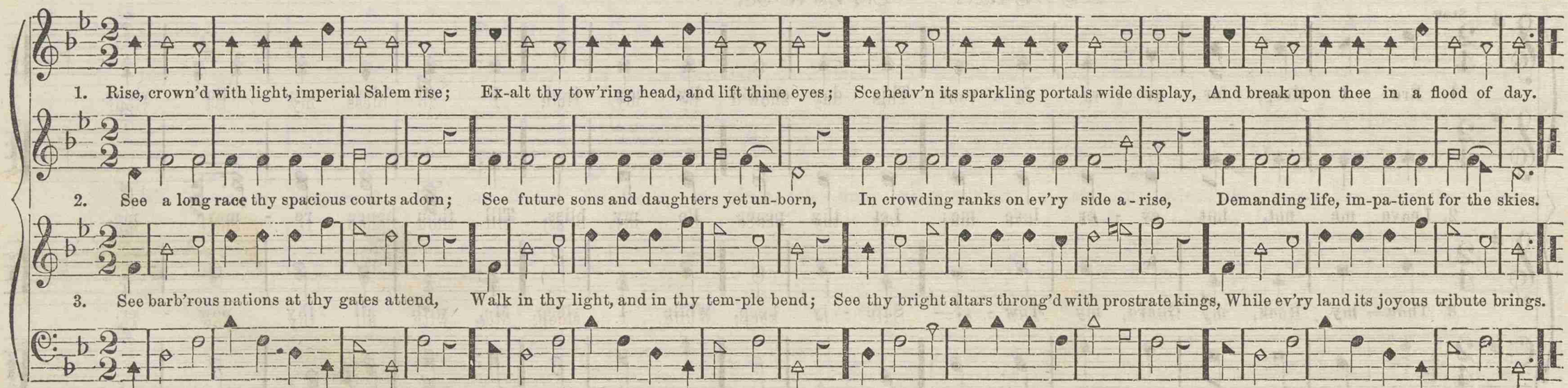
SAINTS' REST. 8s & 9s

M. W. WILSON.



SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.



LENTWOOD. 10s.

1. Hail, happy day! thou day of ho-ly rest. What heav'nly peace and transport fill our breast When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends, And kindly holds communion with his friends!

2. Let earth and all its van - i - ties begone; Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone. Its flatt'ring, fading glo-ries I de-spise, And to immor-tal beauties turn my eyes.

3. Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies, And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes. Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the bliss-ful realms a-bove.

MELTON. 10s.

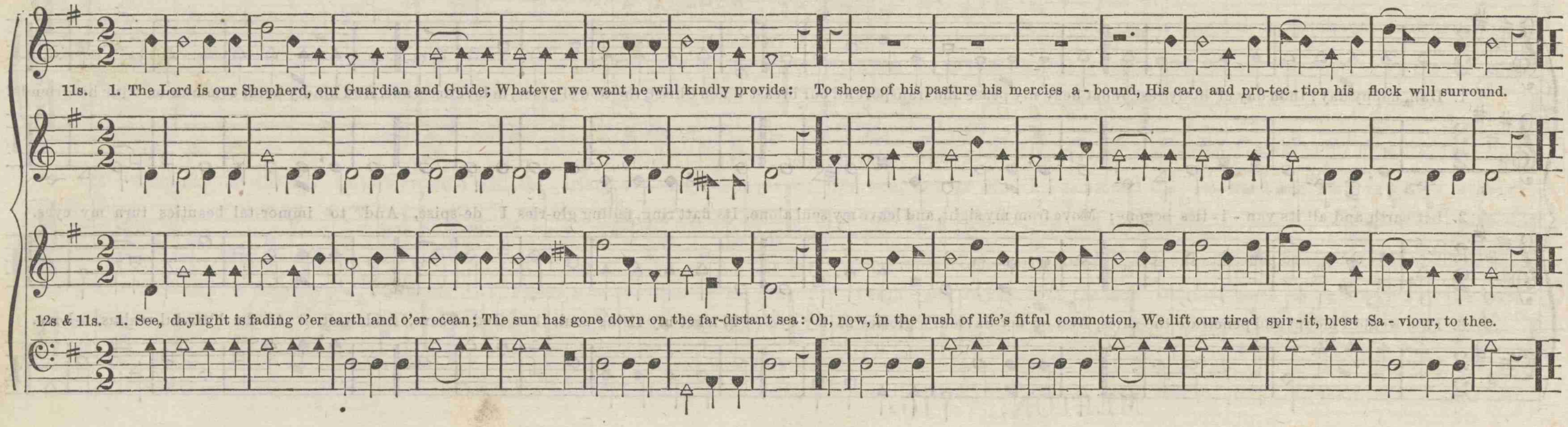
1. A - long the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employ'd and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence on the willows hung, And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

LAMSON. 11s.

Or 12s & 11s, by omitting the ties at the first and third strains.
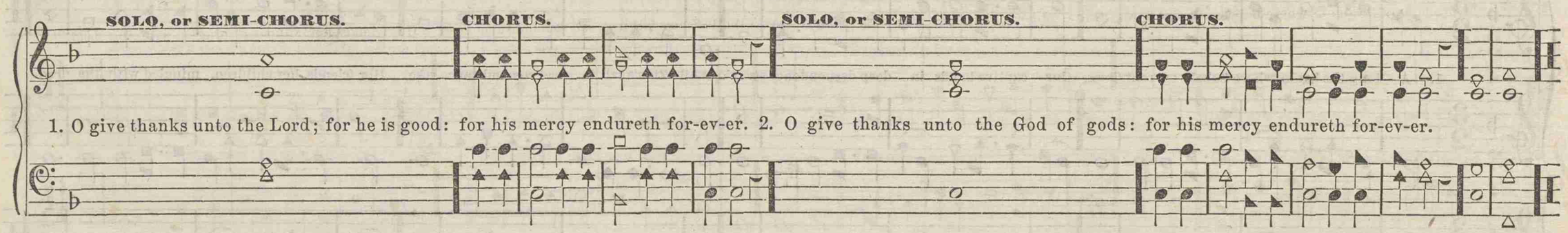
Arranged from GLASER.



CHANT. *"O give Thanks."*

W. B. BRADBURY.

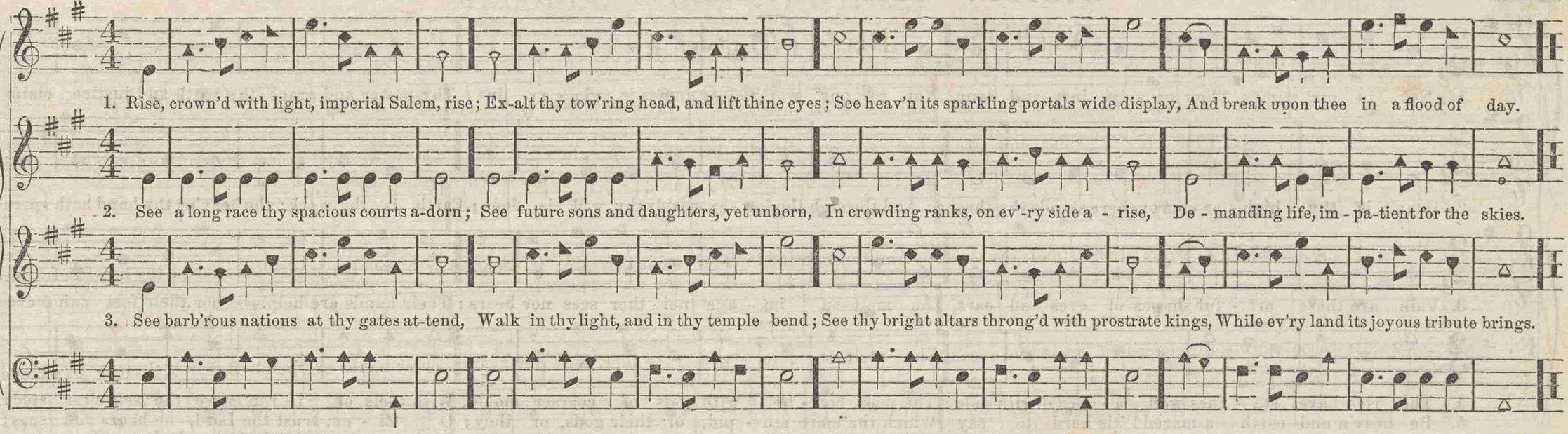
PSALM 136.



3. O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
4. To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: - - - - - for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
7. To him that made great lights: - - - for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night: - - for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
9. Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
10. And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
11. Who giveth food to all flesh: - - - for his mercy endureth for-ev-er.
12. O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for-ev-er. A-men.
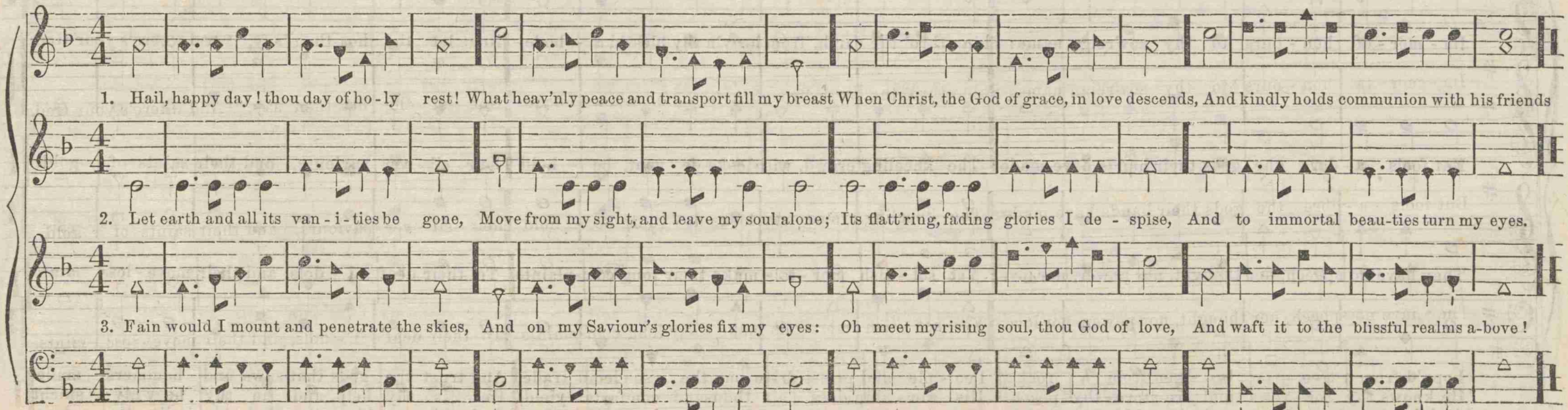
WESTGROVE. 10s.

ALEXANDER CLARK.



MAHONING. 10s.

ALEXANDER CLARK.



WILTON. 10s. (6 LINES.)

1. Not to our names, Thou on - ly just and true, Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
2. Heav'n is thy high - er court; there stands thy throne; And through the low - er worlds thy will is done; Earth is thy work; the heav'ns thy hand hath spread,
3. Vain are those art - ful shapes of eyes and ears, The molt - en im - age nei - ther sees nor hears; Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
4. The rich have sta - tues well a - dorn'd with gold; The poor, con - tent with gods of coarser mould, With tools of i - ron carve the senseless stock,
5. Be heav'n and earth a-mazed! 'tis hard to say Which the more stu - pid, or their gods, or they: O Zi - on, trust the Lord, he hears and sees;
6. In God we trust: our im - pious foes in vain At-tempt our ru - in, and op - pose his reign, Had they prevail'd, darkness had closed our days,

Im - mor - tal hon - ours to thy sov'reign name: Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy bless'd a - bode, Nor let the hea-then say, "And where's your God."
But fools a - dore the gods their hands have made: The kneeling crowd, with looks de - vout, be - hold Their sil - ver saviours, and their saints of gold.
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love: Yet sot - tish mor - tals make their long com-plaints To their deaf i - dols, and their move - less saints.
Lopp'd from a tree, or bro - ken from a rock: Peo - ple and priest drive on the so - lemn trade, And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.
He knows thy sor - rows, and re-stores thy peace: His wor - ship does a thousand comforts yield, He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield
And death and si - lence had for - bid his praise: But we are saved, and live: let songs a - rise, And Zi - on bless the God who built the skies

1. The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and a - wakes the north; From east to west the sounding or-ders spread, Through

2. Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh: Tempests and fire at - tend him down the sky! Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come To

dis - tant worlds, and re-gions of the dead: No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay; His vengeance sleeps no more: be - hold the day!

hear his jus - tice, and the sin-ner's doom: But gath-er first my saints, (the Judge com-mands,) Bring them, ye an-gels, from their distant lands.

SYMPHONY. 10s. (6 LINES.)

1. The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ; From east to west the sounding orders spread Thro' distant worlds, and

2. Be-hold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh ; Tempests and fire attend him down the sky : Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near ; let all things come, To hear his justice

re-gions of the dead: No more shall a-theists mock his long de-lay; His ven-geance sleeps . . . . no more: be-hold the day.

and the sin-ner's doom: But gath-er first my saints, (the Judge commands,) Bring them, ye an - - - - gels, from their distant lands

1. Oh! praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices u - ni - ted, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in mu - sic di-vine.

2. Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend, Let each grateful heart be glad in its King: The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with complaisance the off'rings we bring.

HURON. 10s & 11s. (PECULIAR.)

WITH SOLEMNITY.

The God of glo-ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
} The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

T

CALDWELL. 10s & 11s. (6 LINES.)
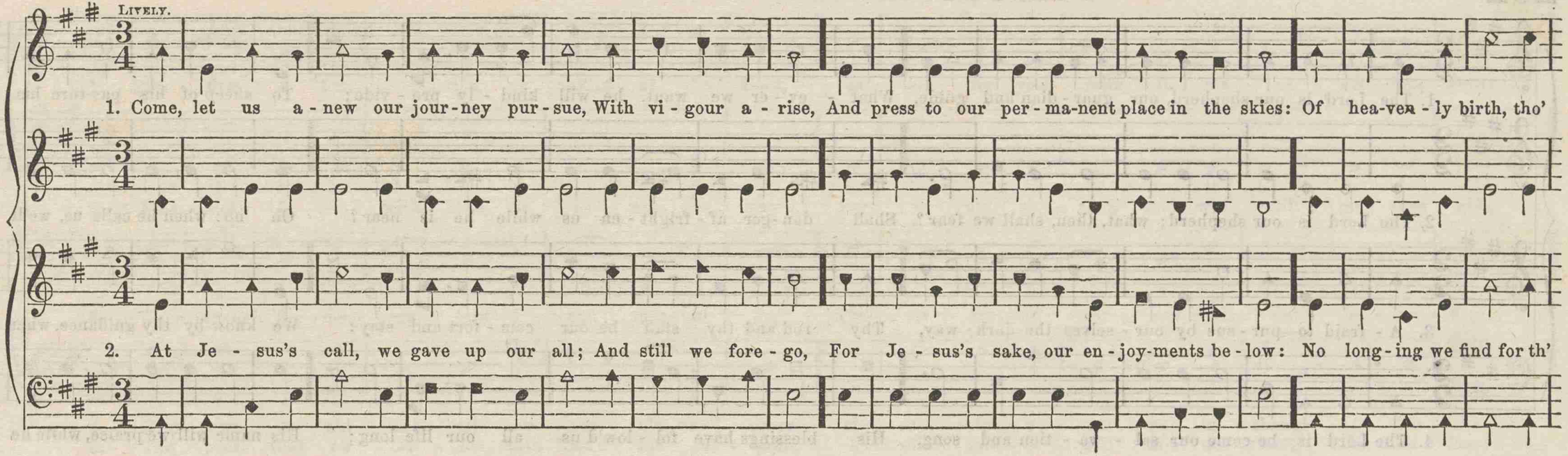
(By permission.)

1. House of our God, with cheer-ful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his glo-ry sing; The open-ing year his gra-ces shall pro-claim,

2. Shout forth his praise, my soul, all na-ture join: An-gels and men, in har-mo-ny com-bine: While hu-man years are measured by the sun,

And all its days be vo-cal with his name: The Lord is good, his mer-cy nev-er end-ing; His blessings in per-pet-ual show'rs de-scend-ing,

And while e-ter-ni-ty its course shall run, His goodness, in per-pe-tual show'rs de-scending, Ex-alt in songs and raptures nev-er end-ing.



3. A country of joy without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there:
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4. The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past,
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guar - dian and guide, What - ev - er we want, he will kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his pas-ture his

2. The Lord is our shepherd; what, then, shall we fear? Shall dan-ger af - fright - en us while he is near? Oh no: when he calls us, we'll

3. A - fraid to pur - sue by our - selves the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our com - fort and stay: We know by thy guidance, when

4. The Lord is be-come our sal - va - tion and song, His blessings have fol - low'd us all our life long; His name will we praise, while he

mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tec - tion, His care and pro - tec - tion, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will sur - round.

walk thro' the vale, The sha - dow of death, The sha - dow of death, The sha - dow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

once it is past, To life and to glo - ry, To life and to glo - ry, To life and to glo - ry, it brings us at last.

lends to us breath, Be joy - ful through life, Be joy - ful through life, Be joy - ful through life, and resign'd in our death

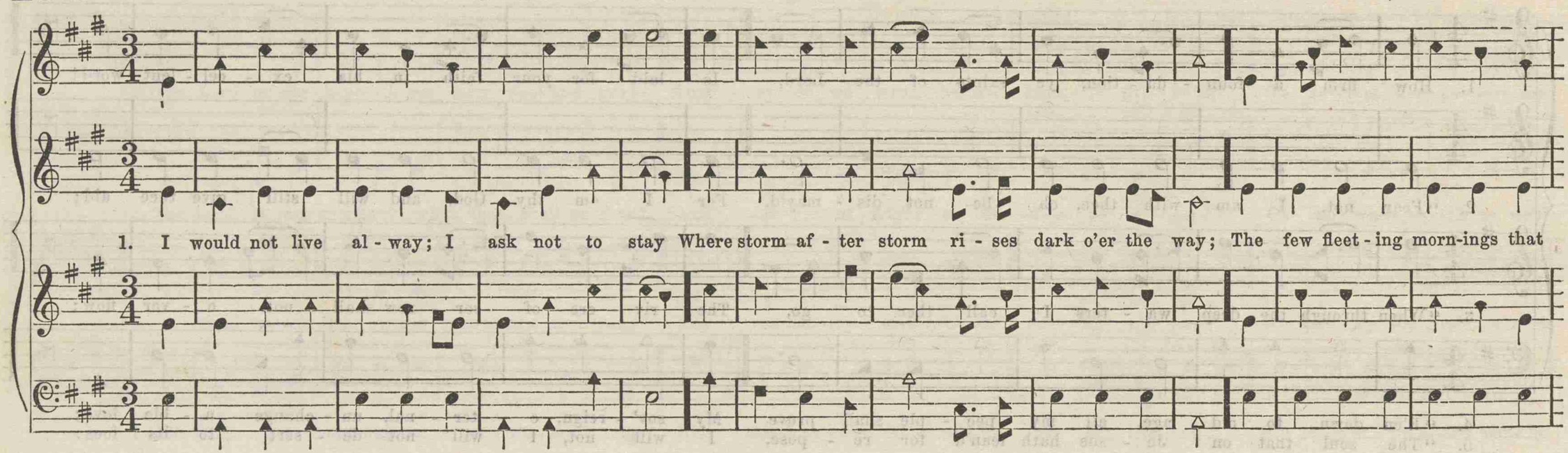
HINTON. 11s.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dis - may'd, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;
4. "E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My sov' - reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love;
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not, I will not de - sert to its foes:

What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un - to the Sa - viour for re - fuge have fled?
I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - ni - po - tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
And when hoa - ry hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
That soul, though all hell should en - dea - vour to shake, I'll nev - er— no, nev - er— no, nev - er for - sake."

MUHLENBURGH. 11s.

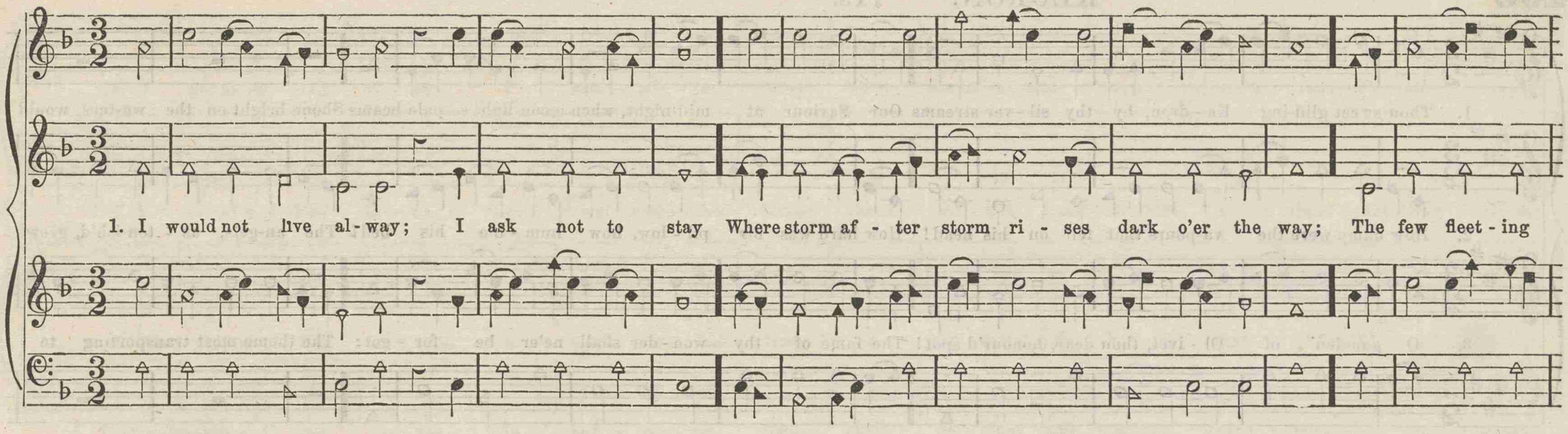
EDWARD HOWE, JR.

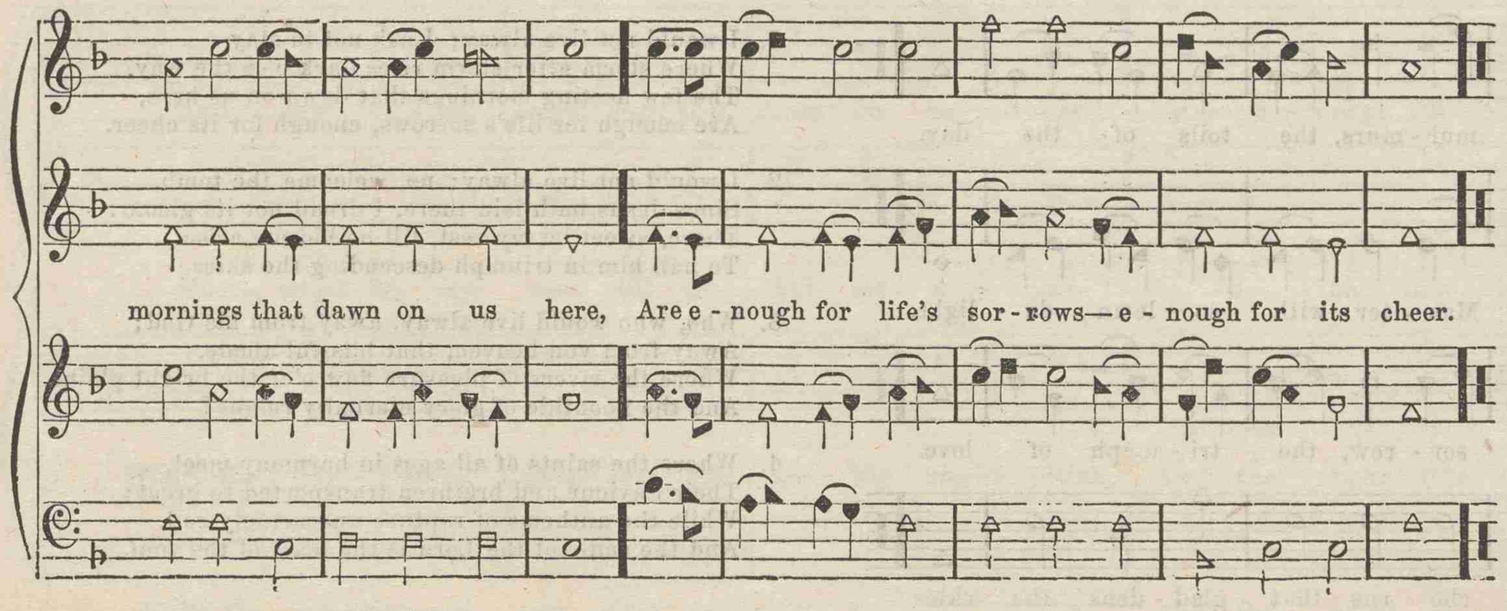


2. I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3. 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 glory eternally reigns?

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
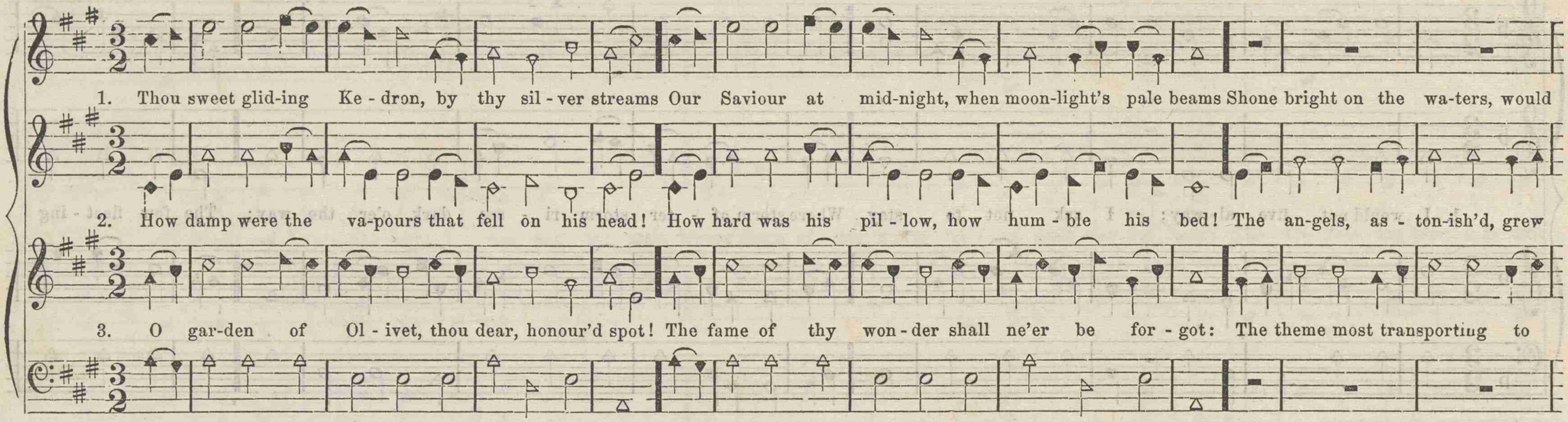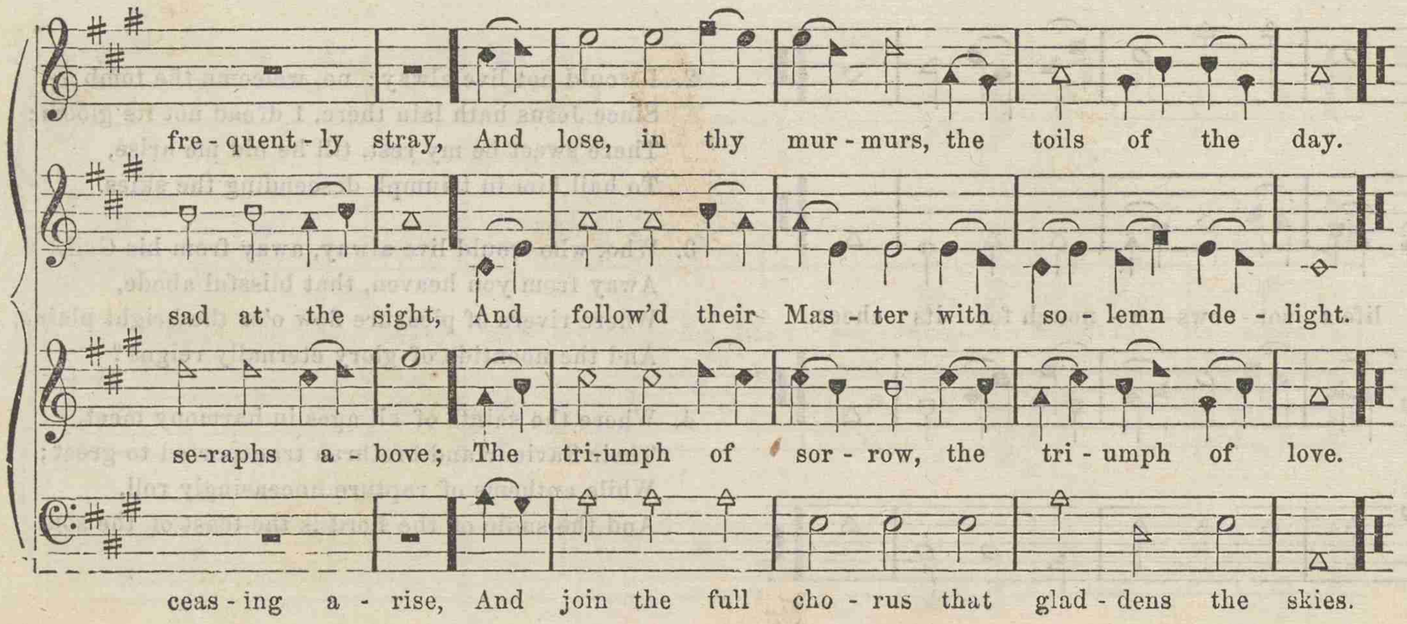




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Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul

KEDRON. 11s.





1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few fleeting mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's sorrows, enough for its cheer.

2. 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 descending the skies.

3. Who, who would live alway, 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?

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way:

2. I would not live al - way: no: wel - come the tomb: Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God, A - way from yon heaven, that bliss-ful a - bode,

4. Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sa - viour and brethren trans - port - ed to greet,

The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de - scend - ing the skies.

Where the riv - ers of plea - sure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glo-ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns;

While the an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

RICHLEY. 11s.

ALLEGRO.

1. Daughter of Zi - on, a-wake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness, Arise! for the night of thy

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them: Vain were their steeds and their

3. Daughter of Zi - on, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee, Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be: Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee, Th' oppressor is vanquish'd and

CODA (FOR THE LAST VERSE).

sor - row is o'er. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

char-iots of war. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.
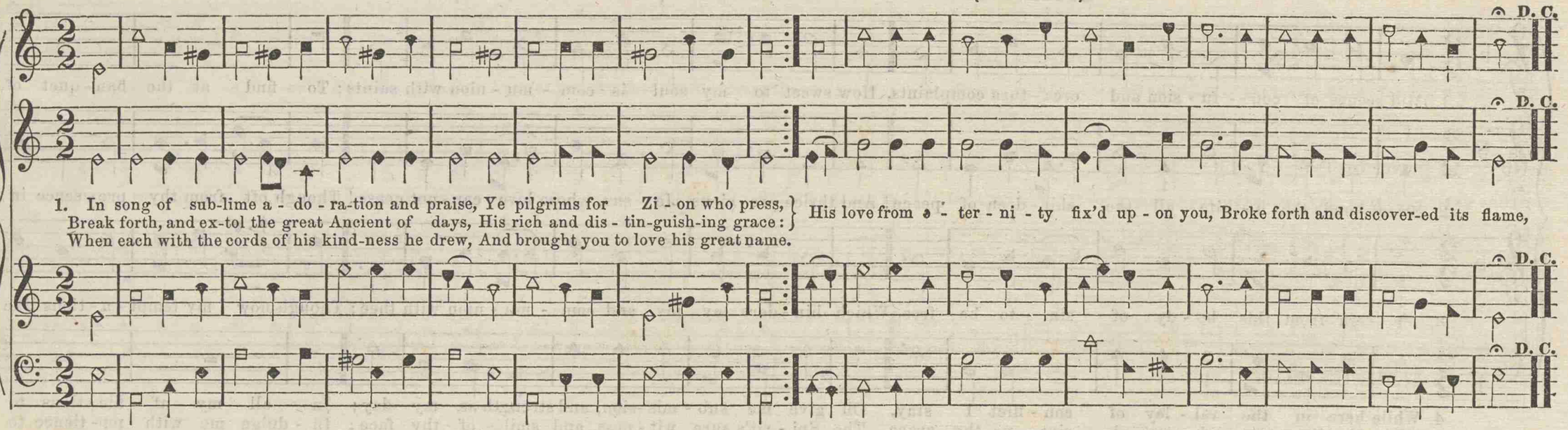
Zi - on is free. Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness! A - wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more, Shall oppress thee no more, shall oppress thee no more.

1. Mid scenes of con-- fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice pre - cious Je - sus, whose love can - not cease! Though oft from thy pre - sence in
3. I sigh from this bo - dy of sin to be free, Which hin - ders my joy, and com - mu - nion with thee; Though now my tempt - a - tions like
4. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, Oh give me sub - mis - sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
5. What - e'er thou de - ni - est, oh give me thy grace, The Spi - rit's sure wit - ness, and smiles of thy face; In - dulge me with pa - tience to
6. I long, dear - est Lord, in thy beau - ties to shine; No more as an ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in thy dear im - age a -

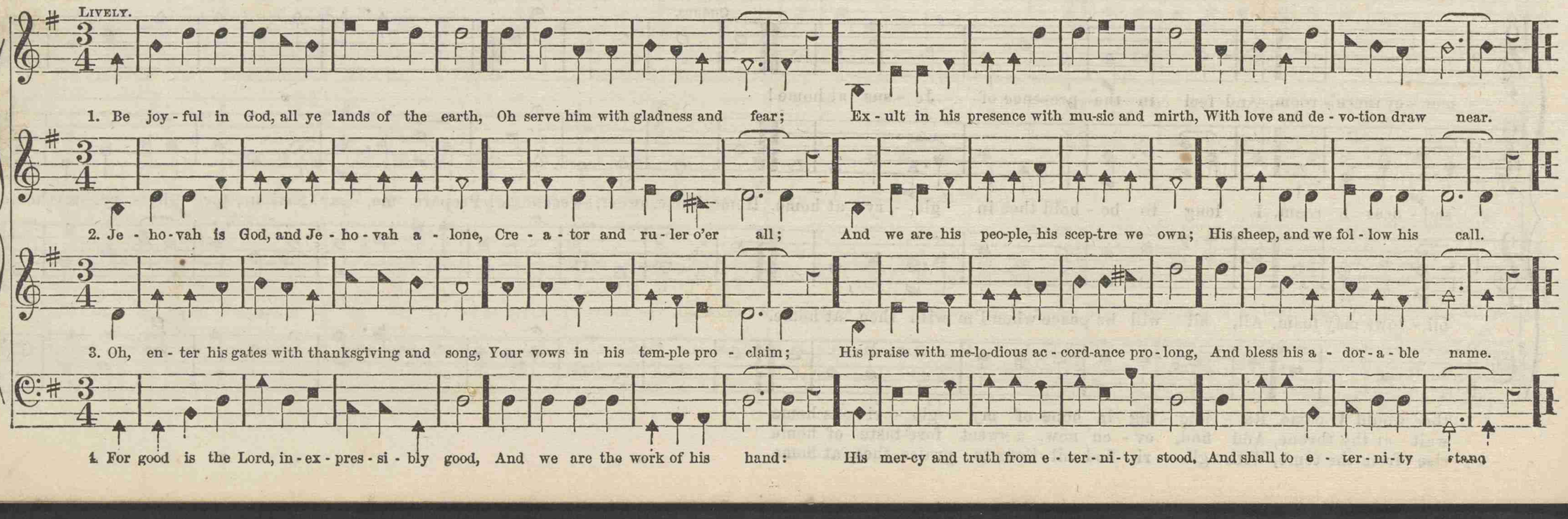
CHORUS.

mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home!
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.
bil - lows may foam, All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.
wait at thy throne, And find, ev - en now, a sweet fore-taste of home.
rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied mil - lions to praise thee at home.

ZION'S PILGRIM. 11s & 8s. (DOUBLE.)



CALVERT. 11s & 8s.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are flow-ing a - long, Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

3. See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean, Praise to Je - ho - vah as-cending on high; Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion, Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

RODMAN. 11s & 10s.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid: Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeem-er is laid.

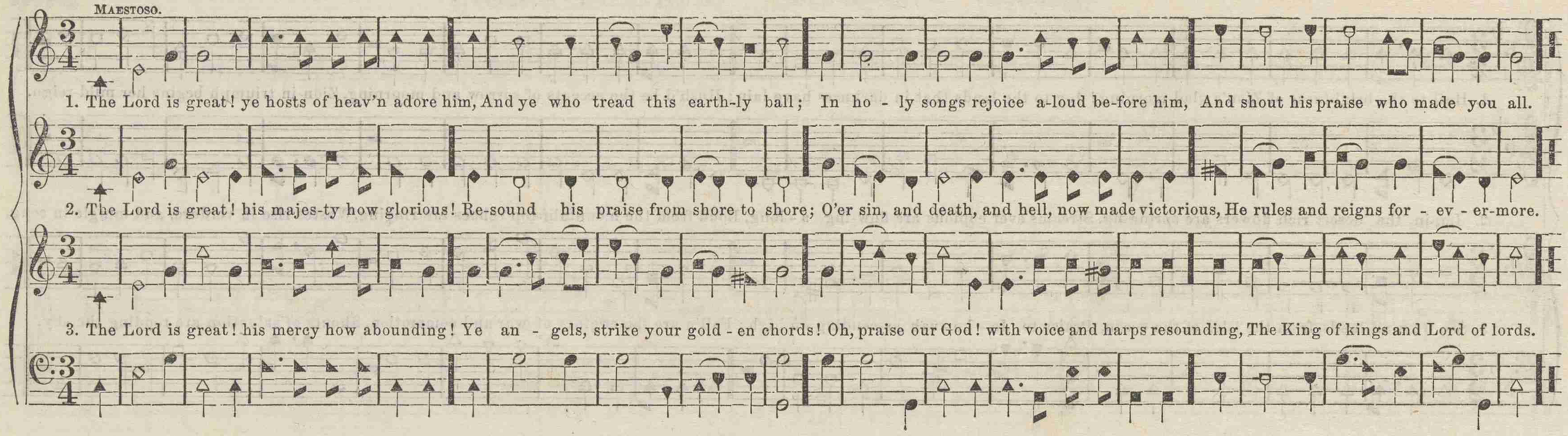
2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore him in slumbers reclining—Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
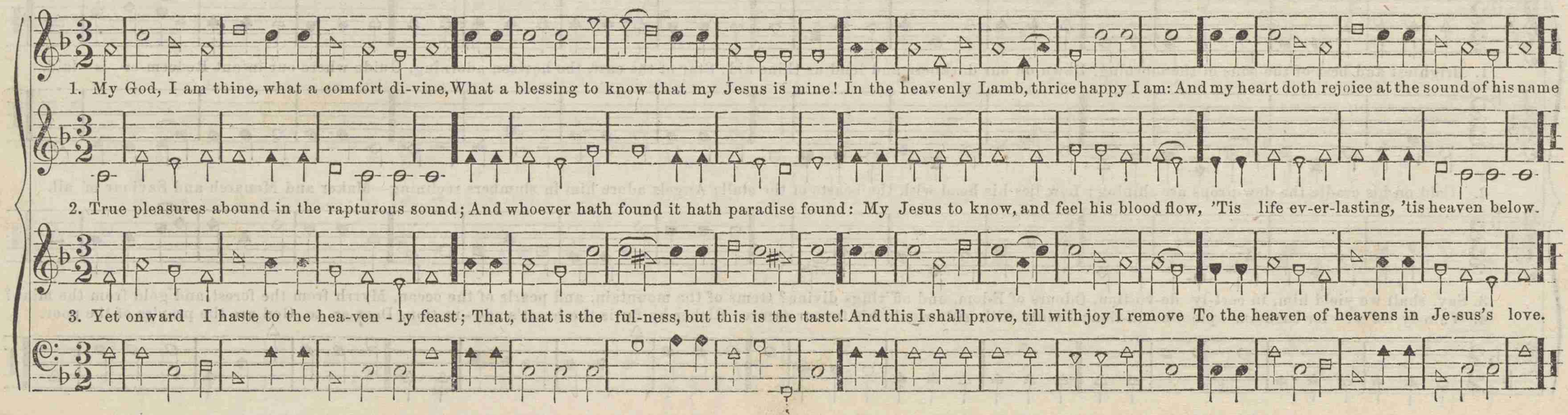
4. Vain-ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la-tion; Vainly with gifts would his favour secure; Richer by far is the heart's ado - ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
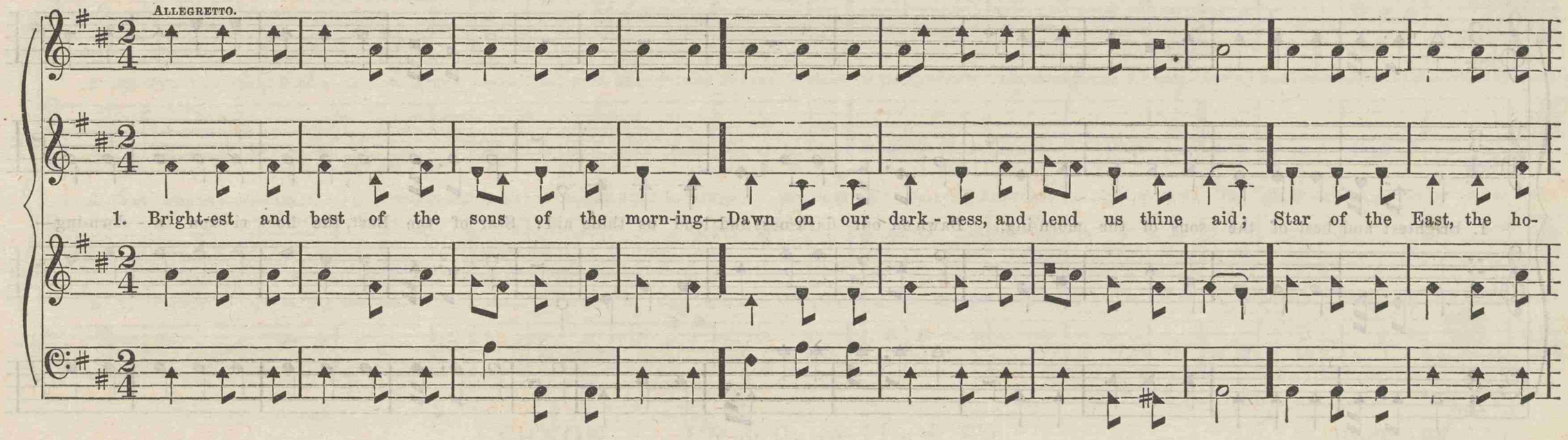
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BARKER. 11s & 8s.



BOWER. 11s & 12s.
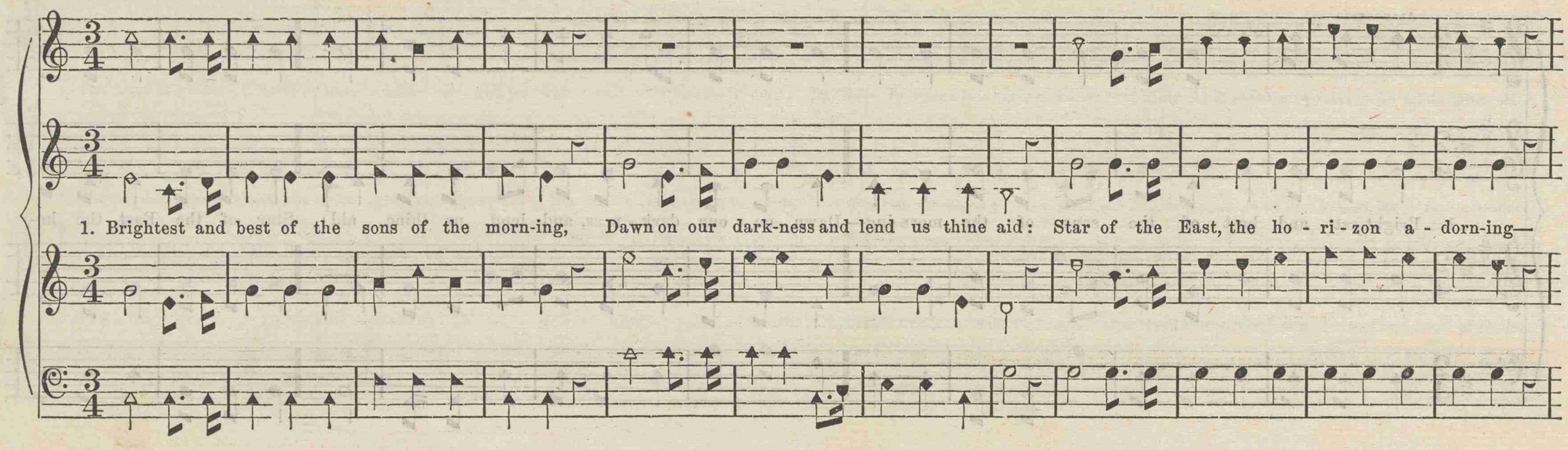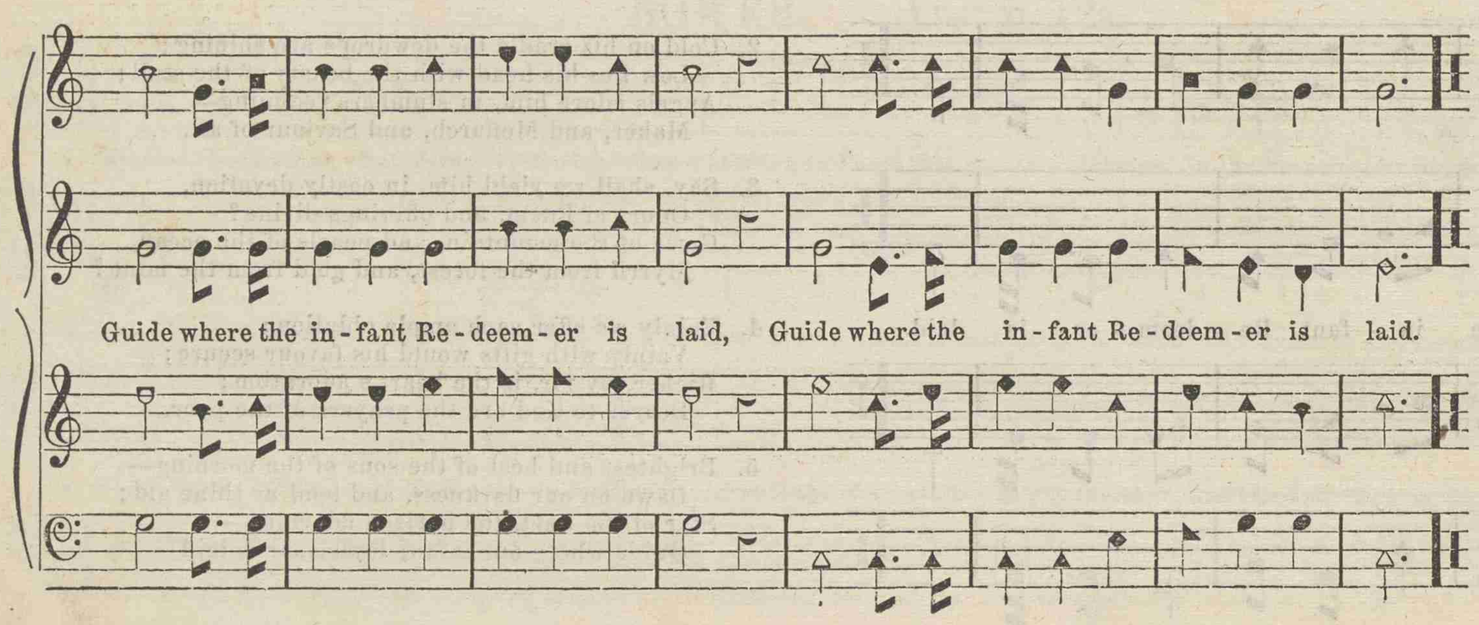




2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning—
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid





2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
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Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid·
Star of the East, the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

MERCER. 11s & 12s or 11s & 8s.

1. My God, I am thine! What a com-fort di-vine, What a blessing to know that my Je - sus is mine! In the hea-ven-ly Lamb, thrice happy I am; And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2. True pleasures abound in the rap-tu-rous sound; And who-ev-er hath found it, hath pa - ra - dise found: My Je-sus to know, and feel his blood flow, 'Tis life ev - er - last-ing, 'tis heaven be - low!

3. Yet onward I haste to the hea - ven - ly feast; That, that is the ful - ness, but this is the taste! And this I shall prove, till with joy I re - move To the hea-ven of heavens in Je - sus's love.

VERNON. 12s & 9s, or 11's & 8's.

E. HERITAGE.

1. Let the cares of the week all be banish'd far hence: To de - vo-tion now let us be given: May the work of the Sabbath this evening commence, And our souls be preparing for heav'n.

2. Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found To hin-der the growth of the seed; And earnestly pray God would clear from the ground Each rank and in-ju - ri - ous weed.

3. And oh that a dew from the Lord may descend, To rest in a-bun-dance on all; For without it no blessing the word will at-tend, Tho' preach'd by A-pol-los or Paul.

4. And may the Re-deem-er his presence be-stow, De - light-ing each heart with his love; And give us to taste in his dwelling be-low, The joys of his temple a-bove.

DUREN. 12s. (IRREGULAR, WITH A CHORUS.)

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain; For sin and un-cleanness and ev'-ry transgression,

2. Ye souls that are wound-ed, to Je-sus re-pair: He calls you in mercy, and can you for-bear? Tho' your sins have a-ris-en as high as a mountain,

3. Bless'd Jesus, thou reign-est ex-alt-ed and glorious; O'er sin, death, and hell thou art ev-er vic-torious; Thy name will we praise in the great congre-ga-tion,

4. With joy shall we stand, when es-caped to the shore; With harps in our hands, we'll praise thee the more; We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the riv-er,

CHORUS.

His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion."

His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who hath bought us our pardon, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jor-dan.

And triumph, as-crib-ing to thee our sal-va-tion.

And sing of sal-va-tion for ev-er and ev-er.

1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,

2. O Je - sus, once rock'd on the breast of the bil - low, A - roused by the shriek of de - spair from thy pil - low,—

3. And, oh, when the whirl-wind of pas - sion is rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its sad war - fare is wag - ing,

Nor hope lends a ray, the poor sea - man to cher - ish, We fly to our Ma - ker,— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."

Now seat - ed in glo - ry, the ma - ri - ner cher - ish, Who cries in his an - guish, "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."

Then send down thy grace, thy re - deem - ed to cher - ish, Re - buke the de - stroy - er,— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."

SCOTLAND. 12s & 11s. (IRREGULAR.)

DR. CLARKE.

Slow.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee, Though sorrows and darkness en - com-pass the tomb; The Saviour has pass'd thro' its

2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no lon-ger be - hold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mer-cy are

3. Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions for - sak - ing, Perchance thy weak spi - rit in doubt linger'd long; But the sunshine of hea - ven beam'd

por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

spread to in - fold thee, And sin - ners may hope, since the Sin - less has died, And sin - ners may hope, since the Sin - less has died.

bright on thy wak - ing, And full on thy ear burst the se - ra - phim's song, And full on thy ear burst the se - ra-phim's song.

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me In yon blissful re-gion, the ha-ven of rest,
Where glorified spi-rits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest!
} En - cir-cled in light, and with glo - ry eu - shrouded,

2. While an-gel-ic legions, with harps tuned celestial, Har - mo-nious-ly join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial, In loud hal-le - lu-jahs their voices will raise:
} Then songs to the Lamb shall re - e - cho through heav'n;

My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded, I'll bathe in the o-cean of pleasure un - bounded, And range with delight thro' the E-den of Love.

My soul will respond, To Im - manuel be giv - en All glo-ry, all honour, all might and do - minion, Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

MALVERN. 12s & 11s.

SLOW.

1. See day-light is fad-ing o'er earth and o'er o-cean; The sun has gone down on the far dis-tant sea; Oh, now, in the hush of life's fit-ful com-mo-tion, We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.

2. Full oft wast thou found afar on the moun-tain, As ev-en-tide spread her dark wing o'er the wave: Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain, Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

3. And oft as the tu-mult of life's heaving bil-low Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep, Let thy healing wing be stretch'd over our pillow, And guard us from evil, tho' death watch our sleep.

4. To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven, Who dwells with the lowly and con-trite in heart, To th' Son and the Spi-rit all glo-ry be giv-en: One God, ev-er blessed and praised, thou art.

RELIANCE. 12s, 11s & 8s.

WITH ENERGY.

1. The Prince of sal-va-tion in tri-umph is rid-ing, And glo-ry at-tends him a-long his bright way: The tidings of grace on the breezes are glid-ing, And na-tions are own-ing his sway.

2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour, Let thousands of thousands sub-mit to thy reign, Ac-knowledge thy goodness, en-treat for thy fa-vour, And fol-low thy glo-ri-ous train.

3. Then loud shall ascend, from each sancti-fied na-tion, The voice of thanksgiving, the cho-rus of praise; And heav'n shall re-echo the song of sal-va-tion, In rich and me-lo di-ous lays.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s & 8s.

WITH ENERGY.

1. The Prince of sal - va - tion in triumph is ri-ding, And glo-ry at - tends him along his bright way: The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning his sway.

2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour; Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign, Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glo-ri - ous train.

3. Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation, The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise; And heav'n shall re - echo the song of sal - va-tion, In rich and me - lo - di - ous lays.

PRAISE THE LORD. (THANKSGIVING HYMN.)

1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when blush-ing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew; Praise him when revived cre - a - tion Beams with beauties fair and new.

2. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when ear - ly breezes Come so fra - grant from the flow'rs; Praise, thou willow by the brook-side; Praise, ye birds a - mong the bow'rs.

3. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth, Keep our feet from paths of error, Make us ho - ly in our youth.
4. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven; An - gels, sing your sweetest lays; All things ut - ter forth his glory; Sound aloud Je - ho - vah's praise.

HYMN. ADORATION.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the morn - ing shall our song a - rise to thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glas - sy sea.
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see.
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty! All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, Je - ho - vah! Fa - ther of e - ter - ni - ty!
Cher-u - bim and ser-a - phim, fall - ing down be - fore thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be!
On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty! Je - ho - vah! Fa - ther of e - ter - ni - ty!

TORBOSS 8s & 7s.

WM. H. JENKINS.
Philadelphia.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

2. Here I'll raise mine E - be - ne - zer, Hith - er by thy help I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.

3. Oh to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrain'd to be! Let thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove; Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!

Je - sus sought me, when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed his pre - cious blood!

Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love: Here's my heart, oh take and seal it—Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

OH COME, COME AWAY.

1. Oh come, come a - way: from la - bour now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while for - bear: Oh come, come a - way:

2. From toil and from care on which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings sweet re - prieve: Oh come, come a - way:

3. While sweet Phi - lo - mel, the wea - ry trav' - ler cheer - ing, With eve - ning song her notes pro - long, Oh come, come a - way:

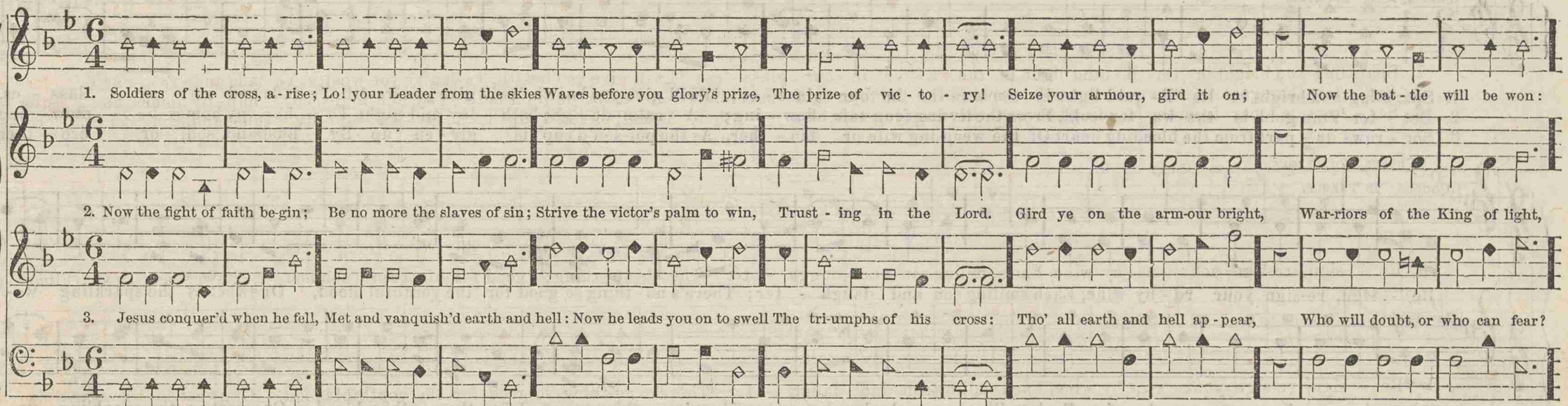
4. The bright day is gone: the moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With silv' - ry light il - lume the night: Oh come, come a - way:
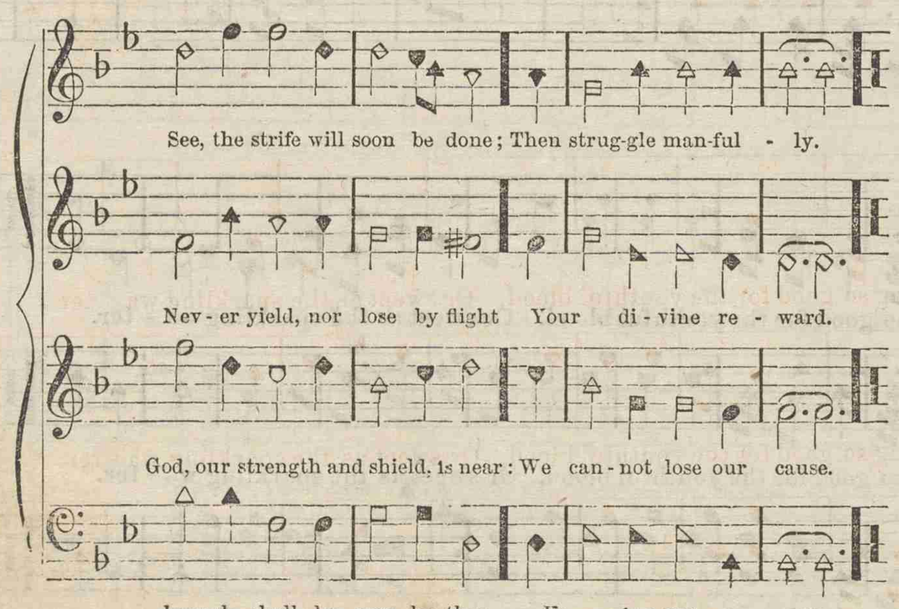
Come, come, our so - cial joys re - new, And then with trust and friend-ship too, Let true hearts wel - come you: Oh come, come a - way.

Oh come where love will smile on thee, And round the hearth will glad - ness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly: Oh come, come a - way.

In an - sw'ring song of sym - pa - thy, We'll sing in tune - ful har - mo - ny, Of hope, joy, li - ber - ty: Oh come, come a - way.

We'll join in grate - ful songs of praise To Him who crowns our peace - ful days With health, hope, hap - pi - ness: Oh come, come a - way.





1. Friends of freedom, swell the song;
Young and old, the strain prolong,
Make the temp'rance army strong,
And on to victory!
Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march a world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy!

2. Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
Of ruin'd families
Raise the cry in every spot,
"*Touch not, taste not, handle not;*"
Who would be a drunken sot?
The worst of miseries.

3. Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to ev'ry breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"*Touch not, taste not till you die;*"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4. God of mercy, hear us plead;
For thy help we intercede:
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT. (TEMPERANCE SONG.)

J. B. TAYLOR.

TREBLE SOLO. SPIRITED.

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 flow - ing; A calm de-light both day and night To hap - py homes be - stow - ing.
3. Sor - rows de - part from the bleeding heart Of the weep-ing wife or mo - ther, As the poi-son'd cup is giv - en up By husband, son, or bro - ther.

CHORUS. 2D TREBLE.

Re - sign, re-sign your ru - by wine, Each smiling son and daugh - ter; There's no - thing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa-

1ST TREBLE.

Re - sign, re-sign your ru - by wine, Each smiling son and daugh - ter, There's no-thing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa-

BASE.

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.

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.

ALLEGRO.

1. All hail to the morning that bids us re-joice; The tem-ple's com-plet-ed, ex - alt high each voice. The cap-stone is finish'd, our la - bour is o'er; The sound of the gav - el shall hail us no more.

2. Com-pa-nions as-sem-ble on this joy-ful day; Th'oc-ca - sion is glo-rious, the Key-stone to lay: Ful - fill'd is the promise by the ANCIENT OF DAYS, To bring forth the capstone with shouting and praise.

3. Now those that are worthy our toils who have shared, And proved themselves faithful, shall meet their reward, Their virtue and knowledge, industry and skill, Have our approbation, have gain'd our good will.

4. AL - MIGH-TY JE - HO - VAH, de-scend now and fill This Lodge with thy glory, our hearts with good will! Preside at our meet-ings, as - sist us to find True plea-sure in teaching good will to man-kind.

To the Power almighty, who ever has guided The tribes of old Israel, ex - alt-ing their fame, To Him who hath govern'd our hearts un-di - vided, Let's send forth our voices to praise his great name.

There is no more occasion for level or plumb-line, For trowel or gav-el, for compass or square; Our works are completed, the ark safe - ly seated, And we shall be greet-ed as workmen most rare.

We accept and receive them, Most Excellent Masters, Invested with honors, and pow'r to preside; Among worthy craftsmen, wherever as - sembled, The knowledge of masons to spread far and wide.

Thy *wisdom* inspired the great institution, Thy *strength* shall support it till nature expire; And when the cre-a - tion shall fall in - to ru-in, Its *beau - ty* shall rise through the midst of the fire.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Poetry by G. P. MORRIS.

WITH TENDER EXPRESSION.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den start: With falt'ring lip and throb-bing brow, I press it to my heart: For
2. Ah! well do I re-mem - ber those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, Af - ter the eve - ning prayer, And
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To bro - thers, sis - ter dear: How calm was my poor mo-ther's look,—Who loved God's word to hear! Her
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried; Where all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The

ma - ny gen - e - ra - tions past, Here is our fam' - ly tree: My mo - ther's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd, She dy - ing gave it me.
speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
an - gel face,—I see it yet! What throng-ing mem'ries come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
mines of earth no trea - sure give That could this vol-ume buy; In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

1. He's gone! the spot-less soul is gone Tri-umph-ant to his place a-bove;
The pri-son walls are bro-ken down, The an-gels speed his swift re-move;
And, shouting, on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in pa-ra-dise.

2. Saved by the mer-it of his Lord, Glo-ry and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his mer-ci-ful reward Ac-cord-ing to his works receives;
And with the seed he sow'd be-low, His bliss e-ter-nal-ly shall grow.

3. Fa-ther, to us vouchsafe the grace Which brought our friend victorious thro';
Let us his shining footsteps trace; Let us his stead-fast faith pur-sue;
Fol-low this fol-low'r of the Lamb, And conquer all thro' Je-sus' name

4. Oh may we all like him believe, And keep the faith, and win the prize!
Fa-ther, prepare, and then receive Our hallow'd spi-rits to the skies,
To chant, with all our friends a-bove, Thy glorious, ev-er-last-ing love.

CHORUS.

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry, glo-ry let us sing! Grateful honours to our King. Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way,
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day:
Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his prais-es ring, For ev-er-more.

2. Come to the hap-py land, Come, come a-way;
Why will ye doubting stand? Why still de-lay?
Oh, we shall happy be When, from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, ev-er-more.

3. Bright in that happy land Beams ev-'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die:
Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun Reign ev-er-more.

PALMYRA. 7s, 6s & 4s.

Slow.

1. Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom. There, there, hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Am I not surely thine own? O Lord, my God, am I not surely thine own?

2. Speak, Lord, speak, I implore thee, Say, say I shall be thine—Thou, thou know'st that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine, Jesus, my God! say but that thou wilt be mine.

3. Faith, faith now has embraced thee, Hope, hope pierces the skies, Joy, joy hath now o'erwhelm'd me, On wings of bright glory I rise. Glory! glory! I am for ev-er thine own

1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame, Is it death? Is it death, That soon will quench, will quench this vi - tal flame? Is it death? Is it death?

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well, All is well. My sins are par-don'd, pardon'd, I am free, All is well, All is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glo - ry, All is well, All is well. I will re-hearse, rehearse the pleas-ing sto - ry, All is well, All is well.

If this be death, I soon shall be From ev' - ry pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see, All is well, All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth a - rise To hide my Sa-viour from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up - per skies, All is well, All is well.

Bright an - gels are from glo-ry come, They're round my bed, they're in my room, They wait to waft my spi - rit home, All is well, All is well.

V

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

1. The pearl that worldlings co-vet Is not the pearl for me; Its beau-ty fades as quick-ly As sunshine in the sea: But there's a pearl sought

2. The crown that decks the monarch Is not the crown for me; It dazzles but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee: But there's a crown pre-

3. The road that ma-ny tra-vel Is not the road for me; It leads to death and sor-row, In it I would not be: But there's a road that

4. The hope that sin-ners cherish Is not the hope for me; Most sure-ly will they per-ish, Un-less from sin made free: But there's a hope which

by the wise, 'Tis call'd "the pearl of greatest price," Tho' few its value see: Oh! that's the pearl for me, Oh! that's the pearl for me, Oh! that's the pearl for me!

pared above For all who walk in humble love— For ev-er bright 'twill be: Oh! that's the crown for me, Oh! that's the crown for me, Oh! that's the crown for me!

leads to God, 'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood, The way for all is free: Oh! that's the road for me, Oh! that's the road for me, Oh! that's the road for me!

rests in God, And leads the soul to keep his word, And sinful pleasures flee: Oh! that's the road for me, Oh! that's the road for me, Oh! that's the road for me!

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den start; With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart.

2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, Af - ter the eve-ning pray'r,

3. My Fa-ther read this ho - ly book To bro-thers, sis - ters dear; How calm was my poor mo-ther's look, Who loved God's word to hear!

4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried; Where all were false, I've found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide.

For ma - ny ge - ne - ra - tions past, Here is our family tree: My mo-ther's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd, She, dy - ing, gave it me.

And speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.

Her an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met, With - in the walls of home.

The mines of earth no treasure gives, That could this vo - lume buy: In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

FRENCH.

1 2

1. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you: I'll take my staff and tra - vel on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.

2. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends, time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss: I leave you here and travel on, Till we arrive where Je - sus is.

3. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, old soldiers of the cross, You've struggled hard and long for heav'n: You've counted all things here but loss: Fight on—the crown will soon be given.

4. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, ye youth, be bold, be strong, And firm the hallow'd cross sustain: In Jesus' service, earthly loss: Will but increase your heav'nly gain.
5. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, poor careless sin-ners, too, It grieves my heart to leave you here: Eternal vengeance waits for you: Oh turn, and find salvation near.
6. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends, we soon shall rise, And join th' angelic host on high: I gaze on heav'n with wishful eyes, And long with angel-wings to fly.

CHORUS.

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

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spi - rits a - bove;
An - gel - ic cho - ris - ters sing as I come, "Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home:"
Soon, with my pil - grim-age end - ed be - low,

2. Friends fond - ly cher - ish'd have pass'd on be - fore, Wait - ing, they watch me ap-proach-ing the shore;
Sing - ing to cheer me thro' death's chill-ing gloom; "Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home:"
Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear;

3. Death, with thy weap - ons of war lay me low; Strike, King of ter - rors, I fear not the blow;
Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly will I go home.
Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,

Home to the land of bright spi - rits I go: Pil - grim and stran-ger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

Harps of the bless - ed, your voi - ces I hear! Rings with the har - mo - ny hea-ven's high dome, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

Death shall be ban - ish'd, his scep - tre be gone; Joy - ful - ly then shall I wit - ness his doom; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

NEVER PART AGAIN.

CHORUS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la-bours have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
We're marching, &c.
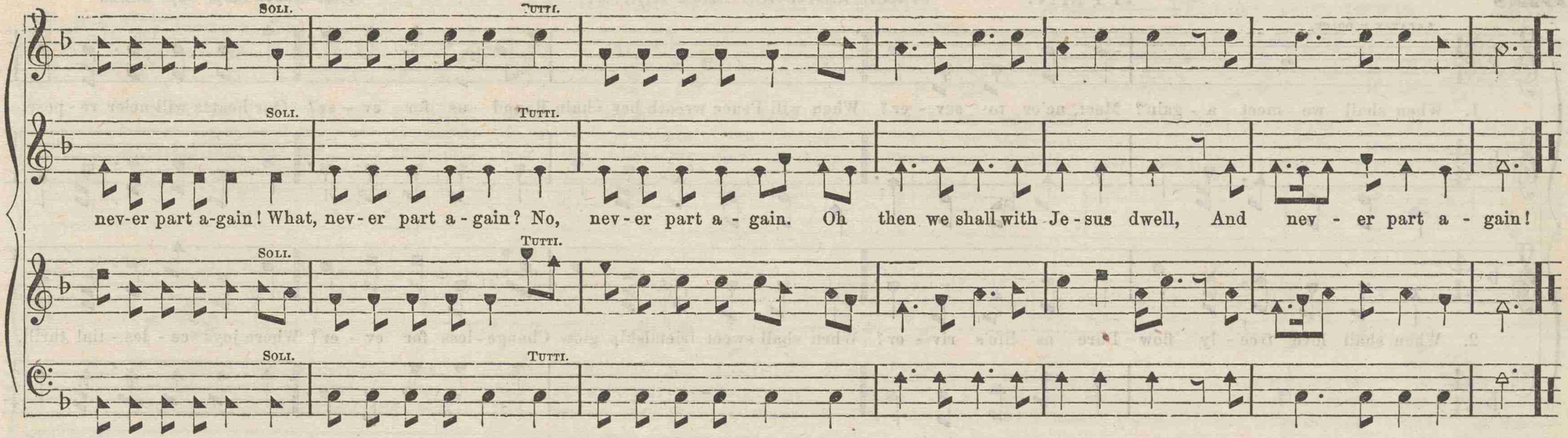
2. Oh when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
Where con-gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?
We're marching through Im - manuel's ground, We soon shall hear the

3. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my la-bours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.
We're marching, &c.

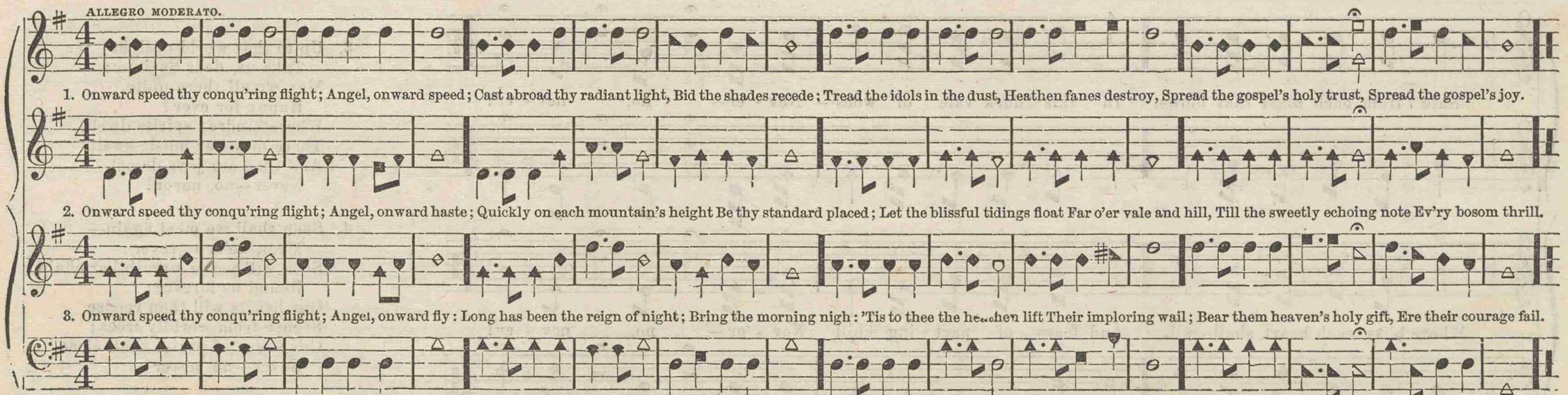
SOLI. TUTTI.

wel - come trumpet's sound: Oh there we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain, What, nev - er part a - gain? No,

NOTE.—SOLI, one voice on each part. TUTTI, in full chorus.


Soli.
Tutti.
Soli.
Tutti.
nev-er part a-gain! What, nev-er part a-gain? No, nev-er part a-gain. Oh then we shall with Je-sus dwell, And nev-er part a-gain!
Soli.
Tutti.
Soli.
Tutti.

GASTON. 7s & 5s.


ALLEGRO MODERATO.
1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; Angel, onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the shades recede; Tread the idols in the dust, Heathen fanes destroy, Spread the gospel's holy trust, Spread the gospel's joy.
2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; Angel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain's height Be thy standard placed; Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill, Till the sweetly echoing note Ev'ry bosom thrill.
3. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; Angel, onward fly: Long has been the reign of night; Bring the morning nigh: 'Tis to thee the heathen lift Their imploring wail; Bear them heaven's holy gift, Ere their courage fail.
4. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight: Angel, onward speed; Morning bursts upon the sight; 'Tis the time decreed: Jesus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall; And the joyous song awakes, "God is all in all."

HYMN. *"When shall we meet again."*

From "Modern Harp," by permission.

ANDANTE E DOLCE.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet, ne'er to sev - er? When will Peace wreath her chain Round us for ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose,

2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow Change - less for ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill,

Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes— Nev - er— no, nev - er!

Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill Nev - er— no, nev - er!

3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever?
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4. Soon shall we meet again—
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Arranged from BELLINI, by C. LEWIS.

TREBLE. TENOR.

1. Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Trav' - ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See the glo - ry - beaming star!
2. Watch-man! tell us of the night, High - er yet that star ascends: Trav' - ler! bless-ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
3. Watch-man! tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn: Trav' - ler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.

TREBLE. TENOR.

Watch-man! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'-ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Watch-man! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'-ler! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watch-man! let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home: Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

CHORUS TO 1ST AND 2D VERSES. CHORUS TO 3D VERSE.

Trav'-ler! yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav'-ler! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
} Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is come.

ORNAN. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes I love them well: Friends, connections, happy country, Can I bid you all fare-well? Can I leave you,

2. Home, thy joys are pass-ing love-ly— Joys no stranger heart can tell: Hap-py home, in - deed I love thee: Can I, can I say, "Farewell?" Can I leave thee,

3. Scenes of sa-cred peace and pleasure, Ho - ly days and Sabbath bell; Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure, Can I say a last fare-well? Can I leave you,

4. Yes, I has - ten from you gladly—From the scenes I loved so well: Far a - way, ye bil-lows, bear me: Love- ly, na - tive land, farewell: Pleased I leave thee,

Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Can I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell? Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?

Pleased I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell, Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. In the deserts let me labour;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell;
Let me hasten,
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell,
Let me hasten, &c.

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,
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell,
Glad I bid thee, &c.

1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glit-t'ring host be-stud the sky, One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.

2. Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev'-ry host, from ev'-ry gem; But one a-lone the Sa-viour speaks: It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

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

4. Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When sud-den-ly a star a-rose: It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

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

6. Now safe-ly moor'd—my pe-rils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem, For ev-er and for ev-er-more, The Star—the Star of Beth-le-hem.

THE CHARIOT.

J. WILLIAMS.

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

2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a - round him are pour'd Migh-ty hosts of the an - gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo - ri - fied

drives on its path-way of cloud, And the heav'ns with the bur - den of Godhead are bow'd.

saints, and the mar-tyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic - to - ry wear.

3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man have 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. Oh mercy! Oh mercy! Look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n!

ALLEGRETTO.

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

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

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

2. How charming is their voice, How sweet the tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."

4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n - ly light! Prophets and kings de-sired it long, But died with - out the sight.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth a - broad: Let ev' - ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sa-viour and their God.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

S. WEBB, of England.

2D TREBLE

1. Come, ye dis - con-so-late, wher - e'er you languish, Come, at the shrine of God fervent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

1ST TREBLE.

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-ing, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure: Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,

INSTRUMENT.

TENOR.

Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot heal.

"Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure." Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."

VOICE.

LATTIMORE. (MISSIONARY HYMN.)

DR. J. L. BROWN.

ALLEGRO.

1. The cha-riot of mercy is speeding its way Far, far o'er the sha-dowy gloom, And the lands that in death's dark obscurity lay Are burst-ing the bars of the tomb.

2. Halle-lujahs are sounding me-lo - di-ous clear, Borne sweet from the isles of the sea, And the lands of the East send the echo a - far, And the long-fetter'd pagan is free:

3. And the dark-visaged son of the Af-ri-can wild Has tasted Im-man-u - el's love, And his li - on-like nature grows ten-derly mild As he hears the sweet news from above.

I see where 'tis shedding its luminous ray, Dis-persing the shadow of night, And the wondering nations are hailing the day, And rejoice in its glo - ri-ous light.

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.

O cha-riot of mer-cy, roll gloriously 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!

THOU ART PASSING AWAY.

1. Thou art pass - ing a - way, thou art pass - ing a - way, Thy life has been brief as the mid - win - ter's day;

2. Thou art pass - ing a - way from the beau - ti - ful earth, Thy much loved a - bode, and the land of thy birth;

3. Thou art pass - ing a - way from thy kin - dred and friends, And the last chain that bound thee the spoil - er now rends;

Thy fore - head is pale, and thy pul - ses are low, And thy once bloom-ing cheek wears the om - i - nous glow.

From its for - ests and fields—from its murm'ring rills, From its beau - ti - ful plains, and its herb - age crown'd hills.

And thy last tones are fall - ing on love's list - 'ning ear, And now in thine eye shines the fond part - ing tear.

GIVE. C. M.

From "The Dulcimer," by permission. J. GRIGGS.

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

2. Come, let us to his tem - ple haste, And seek his fa - vour there; Be - fore his foot-stool hum-bly bow, And of - fer fer - vent pray'r.

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

PEABODY. 11s & 8s.

From "Cantus Ecclesiæ," by permission. W. H. W. DARLEY.

Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and de - vo-tion draw near.

Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near, With love and devotion draw near.

Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de - vo-tion draw near.

W

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part, And go from my home af - fects not my heart, Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,

2. Dear bow'r, where the pine and the pop - lar have spread, And wo - ven their branch-es a roof o'er my head; How oft have I knelt on the ev - er-green there,

3. The ear - ly shrill notes of a loved night-in - gale That dwelt in the bow'r, I ob-serv'd as my bell, To call me to du - ty, while birds in the air,

From that bless'd retreat where I've chos - en to pray, where I've chos-en to pray.

And pour'd out my soul to my Sa - viour in pray'r, to my Sa-viour in pray'r!

Sang an - thems of prais - es while I went to pray'r, while I went to pray-er.

4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine!
But sweeter, oh sweeter superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5. For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deignèd to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6. Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men. So let it be. Life for the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor - tal - i - ty. Here, in the bod - y pent,

2. My Fa-ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times, to Faith's as-pi-ring eye, Thy gold-en gates ap - pear! Ah, then my spir - it faints

3. Yet doubts still in - ter - vene, And all my com-fort flies; Like No-ah's dove, I flit be-tween Rough seas and stormy skies: A - non the clouds depart,

Absent from him I roam, Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home, nearer home, nearer home. A day's march near-er home.

To reach the land I love; The bright in-her - it-ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove, home a - bove, home a - bove. Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

The winds and wa-ters cease; While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart Expands the bow of peace, bow of peace, bow of peace, Ex-pands the bow of peace.

HYMN. *"Dear Comrade Pilgrims of the Cross."* [CONQUEST.]

1. Dear com-rade pil-grims of the cross, Although the way be drear - y, Yet faint not, fail not, on - ward press, Tho' wounded, worn, and weary.
2. Though sore be - set, not o - ver - come, Cast down, but not de-spair-ing, We're trav'-ling t'ward a heav'n-ly home, Our Mas-ter's standard bear-ing.
3. We'll one an - oth - er's bur - dens bear, The toil-some jour - ney cheer-ing; Our joys and all our sor-rows share, Each day our home we're nearing.
4. Our Lord is God; his prom - ise sure, His help shall fail us nev - er; And they who to the end en - dure, Shall reign with him for-ev - er!

Toil on - ward still, thro' ev' - ry ill, Con - fi - ding in the Sa-viour: The jour-ney done, and glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for - ev - er.

Toil on - ward still, thro' ev' - ry ill, Con - fi - ding in the Sa-viour: The jour-ney done, and glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for - ev - er.

Toil on - ward still, thro' ev' - ry ill, Con - fi - ding in the Sa-viour: The jour-ney done, and glo - ry won, We'll sing his praise for - ev - er.

1. Our bond-age it shall end by-and-by, by-and-by, Our bond-age it shall end by-and-by; From E-gypt's yoke set
2. Tho' our e-ne-mies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our e-ne-mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dis-solve with
3. Though bit-ter Ma-rah's streams, we'll go on, we'll go on, Though bit-ter Marah's streams, we'll go on; Though Bo-ca's vale be
4. And when to Jor-dan's flood we are come, we are come, And when to Jor-dan's flood we are come, Je-ho-vah rules the
5. Then friends shall meet a-gain who have loved, who have loved, Then friends shall meet a-gain who have loved; Our em-bra-ces will be
6. Then with all the hap-py throng we'll re-joice, we'll re-joice, Then with all the hap-py throng we'll re-joice; Shouting glo-ry to our

free, Hail the glo-rious ju-bi-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.
fear, Lo! Si-nai's God is near, While the fie-ry pil-lar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on, While the fie-ry pil-lar moves we'll go on.
dry, And the land yield no sup-ply, To a land of corn and wine we'll go on, we'll go on, To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.
tide, And the wa-ters he'll di-vide, And the ran-som'd host shall shout we are come, we are come, And the ran-som'd host shall shout we are come
sweet At the dear Re-deem-er's feet, When we meet to part no more, Who have loved, who have loved, When we meet to part no more, who have loved.
King, Till the vaults of hea-ven ring, And through all e-ter-ni-ty We'll re-joice, we'll re-joice, And through al e-ter-ni-ty we'll re-joice.

PARTING HYMN. C. M. (WITH A CHORUS.)

1. How pleasant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love!
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove;

2 Yes, hap - py thought! when we are free From earth-ly grief and pain,
In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
And nev - er part a - gain, And nev - er part a - gain;

3. The child - ren who have loved the Lord Shall meet their teach-ers there;
And teach-ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care.
Of all their toil and care, Of all their toil and care;

4. Then let us each, in strength divine, Still walk in wis - dom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise.
In nev - er - end - ing praise, In nev - er - end - ing praise;

CHORUS.

And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful! joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.

And teachers gain the rich reward Of all their toil and care. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful! joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er - end - ing praise.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone before.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone before.

EGREMONT. C. M.

From "Mendelssohn Collection," by permission. EARL OF WILTON.

1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.
2. Of his de - liv-'rance I will boast, Till all that are dis-trest'd From my ex - am - ple com-fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.
3. Oh mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, With me ex - alt his name: When in dis - tress to him I call'd, He to my res - cue came.
4. The hosts of God en - camp a - round The dwellings of the just; De - liv-'rance he af - fords to all Who in him put their trust.
5. Oh make but tri - al of his love, Ex - pe - rience will de - cide How bless'd are they, and on - ly they, Who in his truth con - fide.
6. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have no - thing else to fear: Make you his ser - vice your de - light, He'll make your wants his care.

KINGWOOD. C. P. M.

1. Come on, my part - ners in dis - tress, My comrades through the wil - der-ness, My comrades through the wil-der-ness, Who still your bo - dies feel:

2. Be - yond the bounds of time and space Look for-ward to that heav'nly place, Look for-ward to that heav'nly place, The saints' se - cure a - bode:

3. Who suf - fer with our Mas - ter here, We shall be - fore his face ap-pear, We shall be - fore his face ap-pear, And by his side sit down:

4. Thrice bless-ed, bliss in - spir-ing hope! It lifts the faint - ing spi - rits up, It lifts the faint - ing spi - rits up, It brings to life the dead:

A - while for - get your griefs and fears, And look be - yond this vale of tears, And look be - yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

On faith's strong ea - gle - pin-ions rise, And force your pas - sage to the skies, And force your pas - sage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.

To pa - tient faith the prize is sure; And all that to the end en-dure, And all that to the end en - dure The cross, shall wear the crown.

Our con-flicts here shall soon be past, And you and I as - cend at last, And you and I as - cend at last, Tri - um-phant with our Head

1. Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God; Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of wo! Death is coming, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?

3. Brethren, here are poor back - slid - ers, Who were once near heaven's door; But they have betray'd their Sa - viour, And are worse than e'er be - fore.

4. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis-ter aid-ed him; Will you help the trembling mourners, Who are struggling hard with sin?
5. Let us love our God su - preme - ly; Let us love each other, too; Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new:

All is vain, un - less the spi - rit Of the Ho - ly One come down: Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be shower'd all a - round.

See our fathers, see our mothers, And our children sink - ing down: Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be shower'd all a - round.

Yet the Saviour of - fers par-don, If they will la-ment their wound: Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be shower'd all a - round.

Tell them all a - bout the Saviour, Tell them that he will be found: Sis - ters, pray, and ho ly man - na Will be shower'd all a - round.
Then he'll call us home to heaven; At his ta - ble we'll sit down; Christ will gird him-self and serve us With sweet man - na all a - round.

THE PILGRIM STRANGER. 8s & 7s.

CHORUS.

1. Whi-ther goest thou, pil - grim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this lone-ly vale? Know'st thou not 'tis full of dan-ger? And will not thy cour - age fail? "No, I'm

2. "Pil-grim thou hast just - ly call'd me, Pass-ing through a waste so wide, But no harm will e'er be - fall me While I'm blest with such a guide: Oh, I'm

3. Such a guide! No guide at-tends thee, Hence for thee my fears a - rise; If some guardian pow'r befriend thee, 'Tis un-seen by mor - tal eyes. "Oh I'm

4. "Yes, un-seen, but still be - lieve me, Such a guide my steps at-tend; He'll in ev' - ry strait re-lieve me, He will guide me to the end: Oh I'm

bound for the king-dom, &c.

bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glo - ry with me? Hal - le - lu - jah, Oh praise ye the Lord."

bound for the kingdom, &c.

bound for the kingdom, &c.

5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
"No, I'm bound, &c.

6. "No, that stream has nothing frightful!
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge; 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
I am bound," &c.

7. While I gazed, with speed surprising
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel clothed with light.
Oh she's gone to, &c.

8. Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom,
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
Oh I'm bound &c

CHESTNUT STREET. C. M.

Slow.

1. Thou dear Re-deemer, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee: No mu - sic like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. Oh, let us ev - er hear thy voice In mer - cy to us speak! And in our Priest we will re - joice— Thou great Mel - chi - se - dec.

3. Our Je - sus shall be still our theme, While in this world we stay; We'll sing our Je - sus' love - ly name, When all things else de - cay.

4. When we ap-pear in yon - der cloud, With all thy favour'd throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song.

KEMATH.

1. Come, my soul, and let us try, For a lit - tle sea - son,
   Ev' - ry burden to lay by: Come, and let us rea - son:
   } What is this that casts thee down? Who are these that grieve thee? Speak, and let the worst be known, Speaking may relieve thee.

2. Christ by faith I sometimes view, And it does re - lieve me;
   But my doubts return a - new, These are they that grieve me:
   } Troubled like the rest-less sea, Feeble, faint, and fearful; Plunged in sin, a sore dis - ease, How can I be cheer - ful?

3. Think on what thy Saviour bore, In the gloomy gar - den,
   Sweating blood from ev'ry pore, To procure thy par - don:
   } See him nail'd upon the tree, Bleeding, groaning, dying; Think, he suffer'd this for thee, Therefore cease thy sigh-ing.

BEXLEY. C. P. M.

1. The Lord in - to his gar-den comes; The spi - ces yield a rich per-fume, The li - lies grow and thrive; The li - lies grow and thrive, Re-freshing show'rs of

2. Oh that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may a-bound, A fruit-ful soil be - come! A fruit-ful soil be - come! The de - sert blossoms

3. The glo-rious time is roll - ing on, The gracious work is now be - gun, My soul a wit - ness is, My soul a wit - ness is: I taste and see the

4. The worst of sin - ners here may find A Sa-viour pi - ti - ful and kind, Who will them all re - ceive, Who will them all re - ceive! None are too late who

grace divine, From Je - sus flow to ev' - ry vine, Which makes the dead re - vive, Which makes the dead re - vive.

as the rose, When Je-sus conquers all his foes, And makes his peo - ple one, Makes all his peo - ple one.

par - don free, For all man-kind as well as me, Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.

will re-pent; Out of one sin - ner le-gions went; Je-sus did him re - lieve, Je - sus did him re - lieve.

5. Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6. Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more

TENDERLY.

1. How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this; Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions a - bove, To

2. They come—on the wings of the morning they come, Im - pa-tient to lead some poor wan-der-er home, Some pil-grim to snatch from this stormy a - bode, And

CODA. (To be sung or omitted at pleasure.)

breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love! Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men,

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men,

BEYOND THE STARRY SKIES. (HYMN.)

J. J. HUSBAND.

WITH BOLDNESS.

Be - yond, be - yond the glitt'ring, star - ry skies, Far as th' e-ter - nal hills, Far as th' e-ter - nal hills, There, in the bound-less realms of light,

Be - yond, be - yond the glitt'ring, star-ry skies, Far as th' e-ter - nal hills, Far as th' e-ter - nal hills, There, in the boundless realms of light,

SLOW.

Our dear Re-deem - er dwells, Our dear Re-deem - er dwells. Im - mor - tal an - gels, bright and fair, In count-less num-bers shine: At his right

Our dear Re-deem - er dwells, Our dear Re-deem - er dwells. Im - mor - tal an - gels, bright and fair, In count-less num-bers shine: At his right

LIVELY.

hand, with gold - en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine, At his right hand, with gold - en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine. They brought his

hand, with gold - en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine, At his right hand, with gold - en harps, They of - fer songs di - vine. They brought his

Ad Lib.

cha-riot from a - bove, To bear him to his throne; Clapp'd their triumphant wings, Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried, THE GLO-RIOUS WORK IS DONE!

cha-riot from a - bove, To bear him to his throne; Clapp'd their triumphant wings, Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried, THE GLO-RIOUS WORK IS DONE!

FUNERAL ANTHEM. [Rev. xiv. 13.]

SLOW.

I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying un - to me, Write, From henceforth, Write, From henceforth, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:

I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying un - to me, Write, From henceforth, Write, From henceforth, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:

Yea, saith the Spi - rit, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest from their la - bours, from their la - bours,

Yea, saith the Spi - rit, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest from their la - bours, from their la - bours

VERY SLOW.

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

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

HYMN. *"Great God! what do I see and hear!"*

MARTIN LUTHER.

SLOW.

Great God! what do I see and hear: The end of things cre - at - ed!
Be-hold the Judge of man ap-pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed.

The trumpet sounds, the graves re-store The dead which they contain'd before: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

SENTENCE. *"Holy is the Lord."*

MAESTOSO.

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory, Heaven and earth are full of his

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord . . . . . of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory, Heaven and earth are full of his

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory, Heaven and earth are full of his

glory,

NOTE. If the Alto is weak, the Tenor may sing the small notes in this passage.

Ho-san-na, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest! Ho-

glo-ry, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-

glo-ry, Hosanna, Hosanna, Ho-sanna in the highest! Ho-

sanna, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Ho - san-na,

sanna, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-sanna, Ho-san-na, Hosanna, Ho-sanna, Ho-sanna in the highest, Ho - san-na,

san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Ho - san-nah,

san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Blessed is he that cometh in the

Ho-san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na in the highest, Ho - san-na in the high-est.

Ho-san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na in the highest, Ho - san-na in the high-est.

name of the Lord, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na in the highest, Ho-san-na in the high-est.

ANTHEM. *"I have set Watchmen upon thy Walls."*

SUITABLE FOR INSTALLATION OR ORDINATION.

I. B. WOODBURY.

ALLEGRO.

mp *cres.*

I have set watch-men up - on thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall nev - er hold their peace, day nor night.

I have set watch-men up - on thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall nev - er hold their peace, day nor night.

m *cres.*

Go thro' the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo-ple; Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the high-way, and

Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the high-way, and

Go thro' the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo-ple; Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the high-way, and

gath-er out the stones. Lift up a stand-ard, lift up a stand - ard a-mong the peo - ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

gath-er out the stones. Lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo - ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

gath-er out the stones. Lift up a stand-ard, lift up a stand - ard a-mong the peo - ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A-men! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A-men! Hal - le-lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A- men, ... A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu. - jah, A-men! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A- men, A-men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

NEW BRITAIN. L. M.
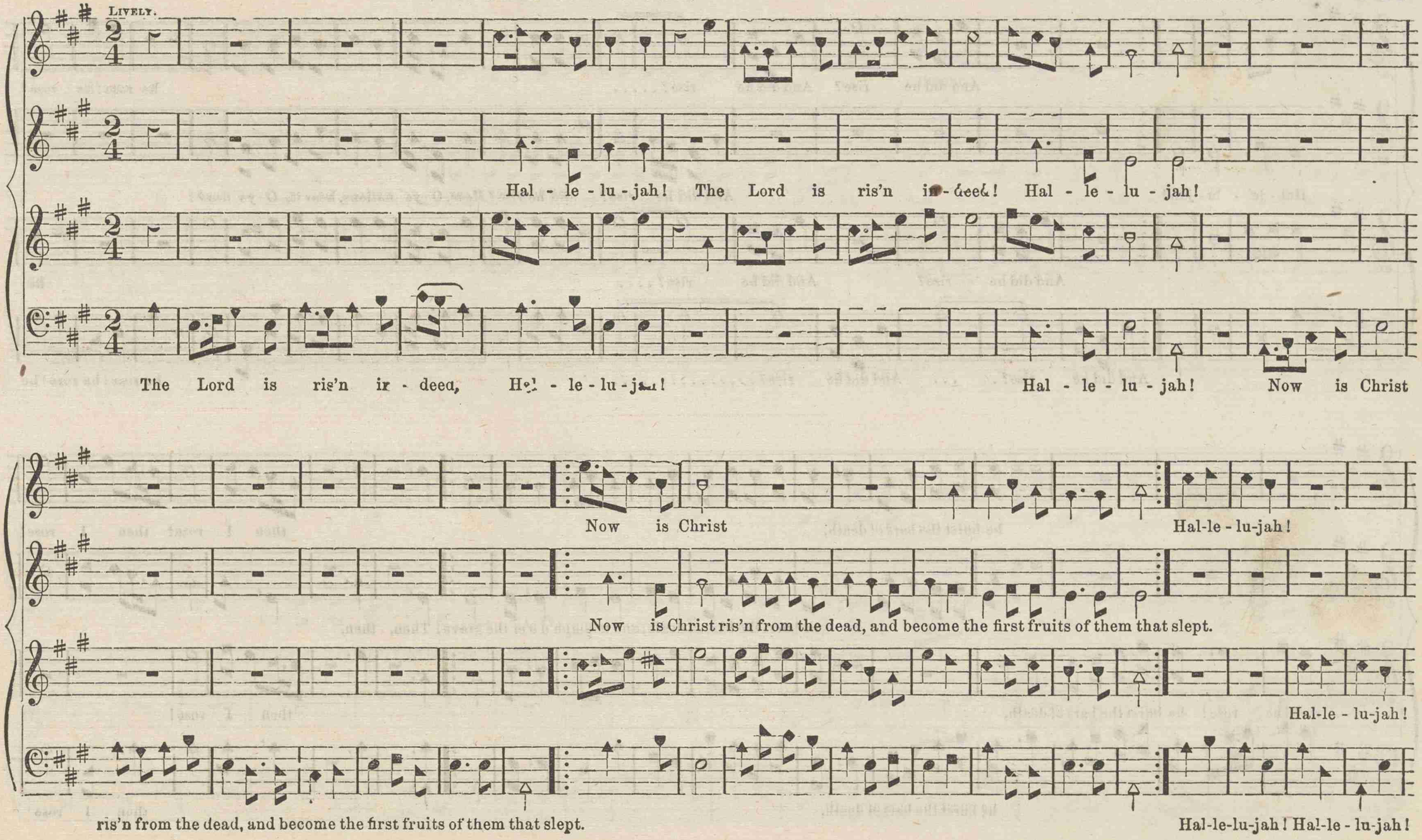
DR. J. L. BROWN,
Philadelphia.

Hark how the cho - ral song of heav'n Swells full of peace and joy a - bove! Hark how they strike their gold - en harps,

Hark how the cho - ral song of heav'n Swells full of peace and joy a - bove! Hark how they strike their gold - en harps,

Hark how they strike their gold - en harps, And raise the tune - ful notes of love, And raise the tune - ful notes of love!

Hark how they strike their gold - en harps, And raise the tune - ful notes of love, And raise the tune - ful notes of love!


Lively.
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
Now is Christ
Hal-le - lu-jah!
Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.
Hal-le - lu-jah!
ris'n from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah!

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . . . he rose! he rose!

Hal - le - lu - jah! And did he rise? did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead!

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . . he

And did he rise? . . . . And did he rise? . . . . . he rose! he rose! he

he burst the bars of death, then I rose! then I rose!

he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,

rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death, then I rose!

he burst the bars of death, then I rose!

then I rose! then first human-i-ty, triumphant, pass'd the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im-mor-tal

then I rose!

hail! hail! Hea-ven, all la-vish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

362 (DENMARK.) *"Before Jehovah's awful Throne."* (PSALM.) DR. M. MADAN.

MAESTOSO. *p*

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and

he de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy. 2. His sov' - reign power, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and

he de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy. 2. His sov' - reign power, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and

form'd us men; And when, like wand'-ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

form'd us men; And when, like wand'-ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

ANDANTE. SOLI. ADDED FOR THE 3D STANZA.

3. We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame: What last - ing hon - ours shall we rear, Al - migh - ty

3 We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame: What last - ing hon - ours shall we rear, Al - migh - ty

WITH BOLDNESS.

Ma - ker to thy name? 4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise, And earth, and earth, with all her thou-sand,

Ma - ker to thy name? 4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise, And earth, and earth, with all her thou-sand,

f

thou-sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise.

f

thou-sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise.

f

5. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall

5. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall

cease to move, shall cease to move, When roll-ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move.

cease to move. shall cease to move, When roll-ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move.

GREEN STREET.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall, ... Let

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Let an - gels pros - trate

All hail the pow'r . . . . of Je - sus name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall, ... Let

All hail, &c. Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Let an - gels pros - trate

an - - - - gels pros - trate fall. Bring forth, &c. And, crown, &c.

fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall. Bring forth the roy - al di - - - - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

an - - - - gels pros - trate fall. Bring forth, &c. And crown, &c.

fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall. Bring forth, &c. And crown, &c

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, . . . And crown him Lord of all, And crown him, crown him,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, . . . And crown him Lord of all, And crown him, crown him,

crown him Lord of all, And crown, ... And crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all, ... And crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all, ... And crown . . . . . And crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all, And crown him crown him, crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.

HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH! (SENTENCE.)

MAESTOSO.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry!

f

Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee, O Lord most high.

SLOW.

Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee— to thee, O Lord most high.

Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee, O Lord most high.

Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee— to thee, O Lord most high

HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH!

Adagio.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a - oth! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a - oth!

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a - oth! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a - oth!

f Lord God of Sab - a - oth! *f* Lord God of Sab - a - oth! *ff* Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

f Ho - ly! *f* Ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a - oth! *f* Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a - oth! *ff* Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

ALLEGRETTO.

f Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the

f Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the

f Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the

high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est; Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed,

high - est, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est; Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless - ed is he who

high - est Ho - san - na in the high - est; Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed.

f Bless - ed is he who com - eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho -

com - eth in the name of the Lord, Bless - ed is he who com-eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho -

f Bless - ed is he who com - eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho -

f Bless - ed is he who com - eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho -

san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME. (DYING CHRISTIAN.) HARWOOD.

SLOW AND WITH TENDER EXPRESSION.

Vi-tal spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh quit this mor - tal frame! Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing! Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!

Vi-tal spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh quite this mor - tal frame! Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing! Oh! the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!

SOFT.

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life!

Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say,

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life! Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say, they whis - per, an - gels say,

Hark! they whis - per, an - gels say,

f *f*

"Sis-ter spi - rit, come a - way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,

"Sis - ter spi-rit, come a - way! Sis-ter spi - rit come a - way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,

"Sis-ter spi - rit, come a - way!" What is this ab-sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,

p *f* *Diminish. . . . . p* *f* *p* SLOW.

Drowns my spi - rit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? The world recedes, it dis - ap - pears;

Drowns my spi - rit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? The world recedes, it dis - ap - pears;

f *p* *f* LIVELY. *f*

Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O

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

p

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

f *p* *f* *p*

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? O death, where is thy sting?

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? O death, where is thy sting?

f

Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly. O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

f

Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly. O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

VERY SLOW.

HEAVENLY VISION.

FRENCH.

I be-held, and lo, a great mul-ti-tude which no man could num-ber, Thousands of thousands, and

I be-held, and lo, a great mul-ti-tude which no man could num-ber, 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 mul-ti-tude, which no man could num-ber, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and

ten times thou-sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands stood be-fore the

thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou-sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands stood be-fore the

thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thou-sands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands stood before the

ten times thousands, thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, 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-

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-

1st time. 2d time.

mighty, which was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come. And I heard a mighty an-gel

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

fly - - - - - ing thro' the midst of heav'n, cry - ing, with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo, ... be un - to the earth, by

rea-son of the trum-pet which is yet to sound. The great men and no-bles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath - er-

rea-son of the trum-pet which is yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and no-bles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath - er-

ed themselves to - 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

ed themselves to - 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

1st time. 2d time. LARGO.

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?

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?

I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER. (SENTENCE.)

LARGHETTO

TUTTI.

mf

mf

will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther; and will say un - to him, Father, I have

SOLO.

I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther; and will say un - to him, Father, father, I have

SOLO.

I will a - rise,

SYM. *p*

will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther; and will say un - to him, Father, I have

Ad lib. . . . . *mf*

LENTANDO.

sinned, have sinned, I have sinned against Heav'n and be-fore thee, be - fore thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

sinned, have sinned, I have sinned against Heav'n and be-fore thee, be - fore thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise him a - bove,

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,

Praise him a - bove Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host.

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - - - ther, Son, and Ho - - - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - - - ther, Son, and Ho - - - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise

BOLD, AND WITH ENERGY.

Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Fa - ther, Son. . . . and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, . . . and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

THE LORD IS KING.

J. CHAPPLE.

The Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, and hath put on glorious ap-pa-rel, The Lord hath put on glorious ap - pa-rel, And

The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious ap-pa-rel, The Lord hath put on glorious ap - pa-rel, And

The Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, and hath put on glorious ap-pa-rel, The Lord hath put on glorious ap - pa-rel, And

The Lord is King, the Lord is King and hath put on glorious appa-rel, The Lord hath put on glorious ap - pa-rel, And

girded himself with strength, And girded himself with strength: The Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, and hath put on glorious ap-pa-rel, The Lord hath

p

girded himself with strength, And girded himself with strength: The Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, and hath put on glorious ap-pa - rel, The Lord hath

put on glorious ap - pa - rel, And girded himself with strength. He hath made the round world so sure, He hath

He hath made the round world so sure, He hath made the round world so

put on glorious ap - pa - rel, And girded himself with strength. He hath made the round world so sure, ... He hath

He hath made the round world so sure, He hath made the round world so

Repeat f.

made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved.

sure . . . . . that it cannot be mov - ed.

made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved.

sure so sure that it cannot be mov - ed

DUET. TREBLE AND BASE.

Ever since, ever since, ever since the world began hath thy seat been prepared, hath thy seat been pre-

pared: Ever since the world began. thou art, thou art from everlasting, thou art. thou art from everlast-ing.

BASE SOLO.

The floods are risen, O Lord, The floods lift up their voice, The floods lift up their voice, The floods lift up their waves, The floods lift up their waves, The

INSTRUMENTAL BASE.

waves of the sea are mighty And rage hor-ribly, But yet the Lord that dwelleth on high is migh-ti-er.

TENOR RECITATIVE.

Thy testimonies, O Lord, are sure, ve-ry sure.

CHORUS.

Ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness be-cometh thy house, Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thy house; Ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness be-

Ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness be-com-eth thy house, Ho-li-ness be-com-eth thy house, Ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness be

Ho-li-ness, ho-li-ness, no-li-ness be

INCREASE THE TIME. SLOW.

cometh thy house for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er, A-men, for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er, A - men, for ev - er, A-men, and ev - er, A - men, A - men, A - men.

INCREASE THE TIME. SLOW.

cometh thy house for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er, A-men, for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er, A-men, for ev - er, A-men, and ev - er, A - men, A - men, A - men.

THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN. (DUET.)

TREBLE. VERY SLOW.

1. This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n, This world is all a fleet-ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n; The smiles of joy, the

BASE.

2. And false the light on glo-ry's plume As fading hues of ev'n, And false the light on glory's plume As fad-ing hues of ev'n; And love, and hope, and

tears of wo De-ceit-ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow; There's nothing true but heav'n! There's nothing true but heav'n! There's no-thing true but heav'n!

beauty's bloom Are blossoms ga - ther'd for the tomb; There's nothing true but heav'n! There's nothing true but heav'n! There's nothing, nothing true but heav'n!

DOXOLOGY

C. LEWIS, Philadelphia.

ALLEGRO

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore, ... The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry

The God whom we a - dore, The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - - - - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry

The God whom we a - dore, ... The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry

as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er - more. Be glo - ry as it was, is

Be glo - ry as it was, is

as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more, ... Be glo - ry as it was, is

Be glo - ry as it was, is

now, Be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er-more.

now, Be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er-more.

now, Be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er-more.

now, Be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er-more.

HYMN. *"Our bless'd Redeemer."*

From "Modern Harp," by permission. T. B. WHITE.

TENDERLY.

1. Our bless'd Re - deem - er, ere he breath'd His ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeath'd, With us to dwell.

2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due; All - power-ful as the wind he came, As view - less too.

3. He came, sweet in-fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing guest, While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.

CONWAY. C. M.

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

2. Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And ven - ture near the Lord; No fie - ry che - rub guards his seat, No fiery cherub guards his seat, Nor double flaming sword.

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

4. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring, Great Ad-vo - cate on high, And glo - ry to th' e - ter - nal King, And glory to th' eternal King, Who lays his an-ger by.

POOR, WILDER'D, WEEPING HEART! 6s & 5s.

Spanish Air.

VERY SLOW.

1. Poor, wilder'd, weeping heart! What can re-lieve thee?
Come, sin - ful as thou art, Christ will re-ceive thee:
Come, tho' with wo oppress'd, Soft is the Saviour's breast, There may'st thou sweetly rest, There nought shall grieve thee.

2. Come, trembling, timid soul, Why this de - lay - ing?
Thunders that o'er thee roll Fall on thee stray-ing:
Turn from destruction's ways, Turn to the throne of grace, There seek thy Father's face, Weeping and praying.

1. Je - sus, the Conqu'ror reigns, In glorious strength array'd, His kingdom o - ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad!

3. Ex - tol his king-ly power; Kiss the ex - alt - ed Son, Who died, and lives to die no more, High on his Fa - ther's throne:

5. That blood - y ban-ner see, And, in your Captain's sight, Fight the good fight of faith with me, My fel - low - sol - diers, fight.

Ye sons of men, re - joice In Je - sus' might - y love: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice To Him who rules a - bove.

Our Ad - vo - cate with God, He un - der - takes our cause, And spreads thro' all the earth a - broad The vic - t'ry of his cross.

In might - y pha - lanx join'd, to bat - tle all pro - ceed; Arm'd with th' un-con - quer - a - ble mind Which was in Christ your Head.

OLDHAM STREET.

J. H. SWINDELLS.

1. What hath the world to e - qual this, The so - lid peace, the heav'nly bliss: The joys im - mor-tal, love di - vine, The love of Je - sus ev - er mine? Greater joys I'm

2. When I shall leave this house of clay, Then glorious an - gels shall convey, Up-on their gol-den wings shall I Be waft - ed far a - bove the sky: There behold him

3. There in sweet, si - lent rap - tures wait Till the saints' num - ber is complete; Till the last trump of God shall sound, A-wake the dead, and shake the ground: Then descending

born to know, From ter - res - trial, To ce-les-tial, From ter-res-trial, To ce - les - tial, From terrestial, To ce - les-tial, When I up to Je-sus go, When I up to Jesus go.

free from harms, Beau - ty ver - nal, Spring e - ter-nal, Beauty ver-nal, Spring e-ter-nal, Beau-ty vernal, Spring e-ter-nal, In my love-ly Je-sus' arms, In my love - ly Jesus' arms.

with the Lamb. Ev' - ry spi - rit Shall in - her - it, Ev'-ry spi-rit Shall in - her - it, Ev'-ry spi - rit Shall in-her - it Bo-dies of im - mor-tal frame. Bodies of immortal frame.

DUET. 1ST TREBLE.

1. There is a stream, there is a stream, there is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup-plies the ci-ty of our God;
2. That sa-cred stream, that sa-cred stream, that sa-cred stream whose ho-ly fount Does all our ra-ging fears con-trol;

2D TREBLE.

Life, love, and joy still gliding through, Life, love, and joy still glid-ing through, And wat'ring our di-vine a-bode, And wat'ring our di-vine a-bode.
Sweet peace thy promi-ses af-ford, Sweet peace thy pro-mi-ses af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.

CHORUS.

*FINE.
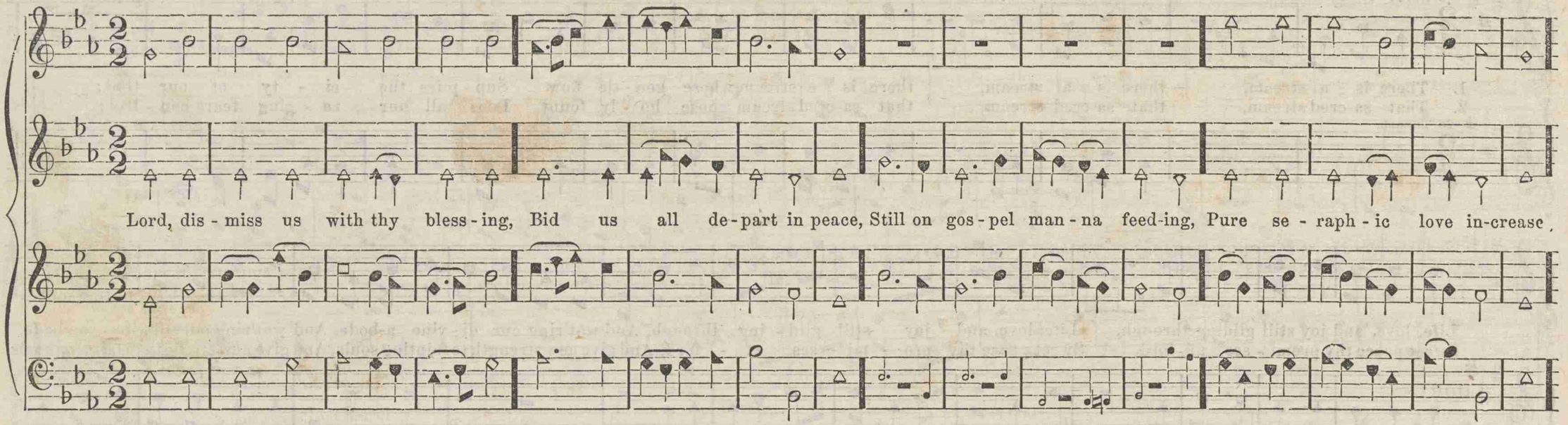
Repeat the Chorus, and close at the word FINE.
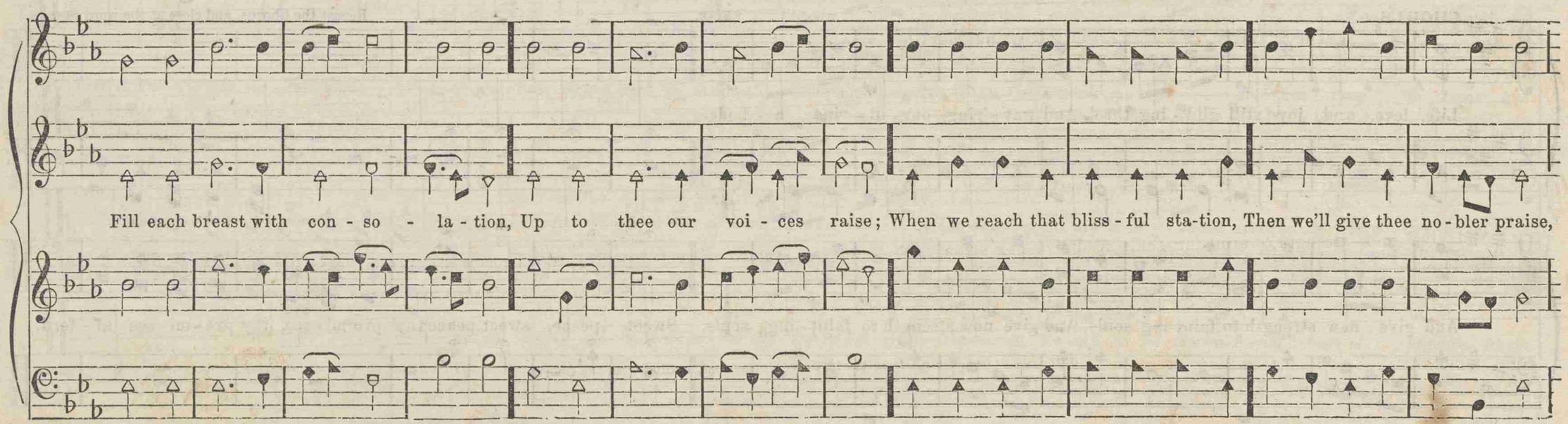
Life, love, and joy still glid-ing thro', And wat-'ring our di-vine a-bode.

And give new strength to faint-ing souls, And give new strength to faint-ing souls. Sweet peace, sweet peace thy pro-mi-ses, thy pro-mi-ses af-ford.

* Sing both verses to FINE, then the last seven measures; ending with the Chorus.

DISMISSION.


Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace, Still on gos - pel man - na feed-ing, Pure se - raph - ic love in-crease,


Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee our voi - ces raise; When we reach that bliss - ful sta-tion, Then we'll give thee no - bler praise,

Then we'll give thee nobler praise, And we'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, halle-lu-jah, And we'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal-le-lu-jah, to God and the Lamb.

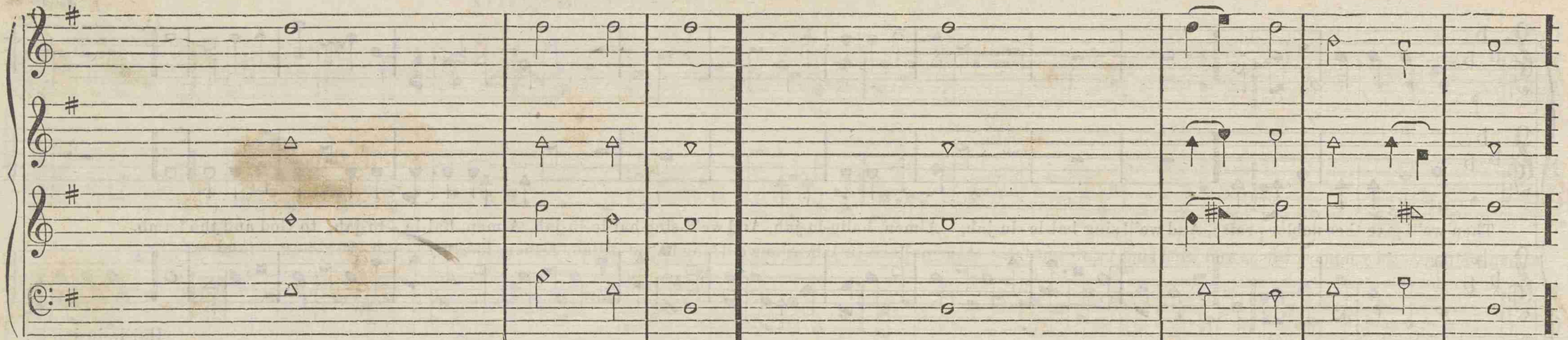
Hal-le-lu-jah for

Hal-le-lu-jah for ev - er, hal-le-lu-jah for ev - er, for ev-er, and ev-er, A-men.
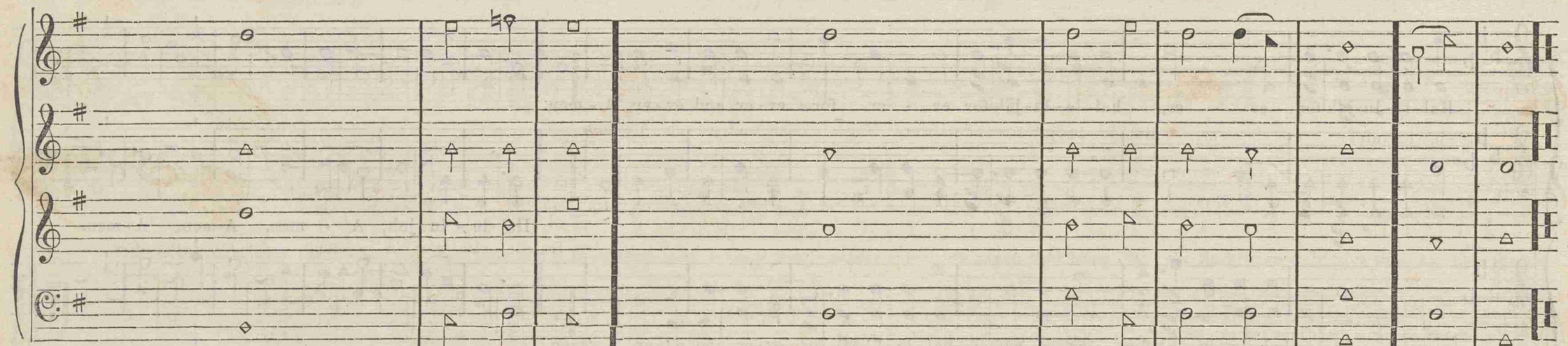
Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, A-men, A-men.

ev - er, hal-le-lu-jah for ev - er, hal-le-lu-jah for ev-er, and ev-er, A-men.
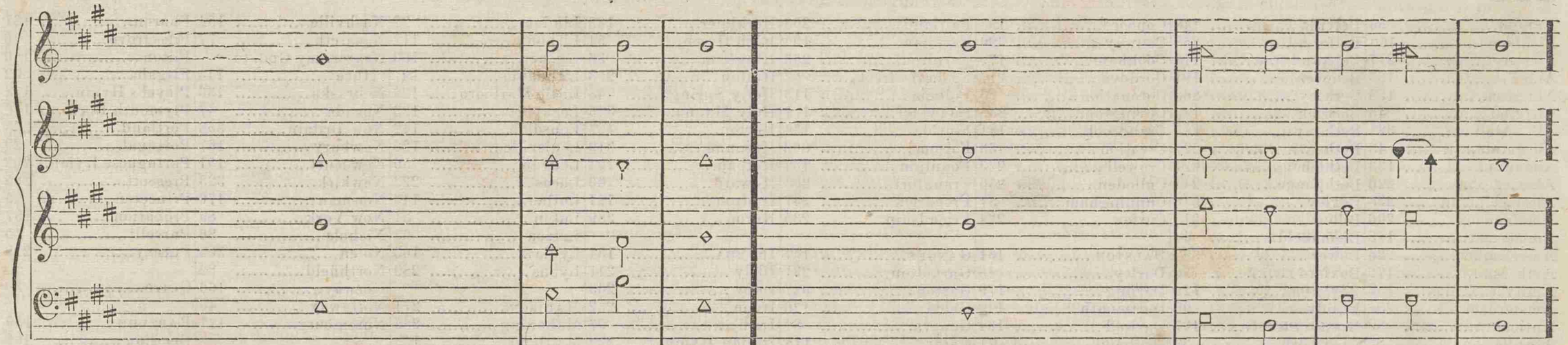
VENITE EXULTEMUS.



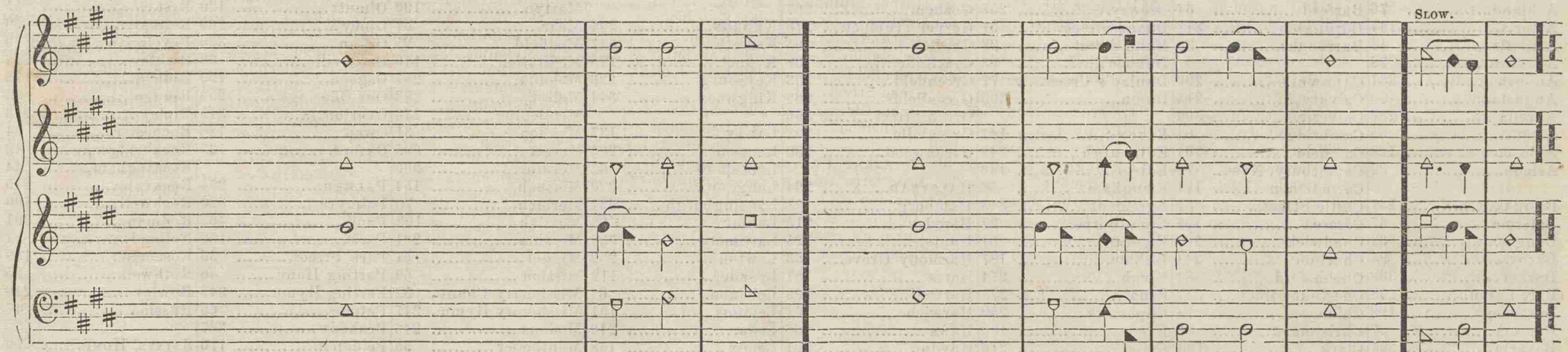
1. O come, let us sing un- - - - - to the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the - - - strength of our sal- vation. 2.
3. For the Lord is a - - - - - - great - - God; and a great - - - - - - - King a- bove all gods. 4.
5. The sea is his, and - - - - - - he - - made it; and his hands pre- - - - - - pa - red the dry - - land. 6.
7. For he is the - - - - - - - Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep - - of his hand. 8.
10. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to the Son; and - - - - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost: 11.



2. Let us come before his presence with thanks- giving, and show ourselves - - - - - glad in him with psalms. 3.
4. In his hand are all the corners of the earth; and the strength of the - - - - - hills is his - - also. 5.
6. O come, let us worship, and - - fall - - down; and kneel be - - - - - - - fore the Lord our Maker. 7.
8. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li- ness; let the whole earth - - - - - stand in awe of him. 9.
9. For he cometh, For he cometh, to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the peo - ple with his truth. 10.
11. As it was in the beginning, - - is - - now, and ever - - - - - - - - shall be, world without end. A- men



1. Praise the Lord, - - - - - - - O my soul, and all that is within me - - - - - praise his ho - ly name. 2.
3. Who forgiveth - - - - - - - all thy sin, and healeth - - - - - - - all thine in- fir - mi- ties; 4.
5. O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- cel in strength, ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken un- to the voice of his word. 6.
8. Glory be to the Father, and - - - - to the Son, and - - - - - - - - - to the Ho - ly Ghost; 9.



2. Praise the Lord, - - - - - - - - - O my soul, and forget not - - all his ben - e- fits; 3.
4. Who saveth thy life - - - - - - - - from de- struction, and crowneth thee with mercy and lov - ing kindness. 5.
6 O praise the Lord, all - - - - - - - ye his hosts; ye servants of - - his that do his pleasure. 7.
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his do- minion. Praise thou the - - Lord, - O my soul. 8.
9. As it was in the beginning, - - - is - - now, and ever - - - shall be, world without end. A- - men.

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